

Summer

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It was summer time in Rochester and the sun had just begun to set. You'll never believe what happened to me. My name is Jennifer Gale. I have two beautiful daughters, Cassandra and Isabella, and they share similar features to my own. Hazel coloured eyes, fair skin and short wavy brown hair. Their father had passed away when they were young, so I was their only parent. I ran one of the many foster homes in Rochester, taking care of kids of all ages was my job, so I was often receiving children with troubled pasts, and I often found I felt obligated to give them a better future.

One stormy night, at around 11:30pm, I heard three quick raps on the front door followed by the doorbell. Wondering who could possibly be knocking at this time of night, I hurriedly put my dressing gown and slippers on and headed for the front door. As I unlatched the deadbolt on the door, I heard what seemed to sound like boots clicking against the concrete outside. I wrenched open the door to see Jeffery Riley, from Children's Authorities. His large frame was standing in front of the screen door. "Whatever is the matter Jeff?" I whispered hoarsely. "I need to ask you a big favor!" he whispered back. "What favor couldn't wait until morning?" I groaned. Instead of answering, he took a short step to his left, revealing a small girl in a bright yellow raincoat and red joggers, with rain dripping down her face. "What on Earth! Quickly come in, you'll catch your death out here!" I said. They both walked in and Jeffery took a seat on one of the mismatched chairs in the sitting room. The little girl stood next to him, as still as a person could be. "This is Emily Grey. She is six going on seven in a few months. There has been a.....tragic incident involving her father. I need to ask if you could possibly keep her here with

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you for a little while. Just until her hearing at the children's court comes up in a few weeks?" Jeffery said in a pleading tone. "Of course I can! She can stay for as long as she likes." I replied. Jeffery took a huge breath and sighed with relief. "I can't stay long; I have another case to attend to. I will check around in a weeks' time to check on Emily." he yawned. With that he got up, thanked me, told Emily to be a good girl and walked out without another word. Shutting the door quietly behind him. I stared at the girl for a short time; she had long, pin-straight, raven black hair, dark green eyes and pale white skin. She had full pink lips and a small scar just above her eyebrow. "Well, uhhh, Emily. It is quite late, how about I show you to your room and I will go grab you some warm milk?" I questioned. She didn't reply, just stood there with a weary look upon her face. I didn't say anything more, something urged me not to. Instead, I walked down the corridor and beckoned for her to follow. When I got to the end I opened the door to Cassandra's bedroom. It was bright pink with a rainbow painted on one wall. It had a small wooden desk with a stationary kit and laptop on it, as well as the double bed in the centre with a pink and yellow bed spread and stuffed animals adorning every vacant space. "How about that glass of milk?" I said softly. She didn't respond, just slightly shook her head from left to right. She turned to face me and stood there waiting. I said goodnight and shut the door. Walking back down the corridor to my room, I re-attached the deadbolt on the front door and shut off all of the lights. I kicked off my dressing gown and slippers and hopped into bed. I began to ponder about a future with this astonishing child. Unbeknownst to me, this was the day, I would regret ever meeting little Emily Grey.

It was around 6:30 in the morning when I heard a loud thud. I woke instantly. I laid

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there for a while longer just listening to see if the sound would occur again. Bang!

There it was again, except much louder. I jumped out of bed and ran down the corridor. I immediately pushed open the door to Cassandra's room. To my dismay, Emily was standing in the middle of the room, fully dressed, hair brushed and shoes on. She wasn't doing anything, just standing there with a smirk on her face. Beside her, one of Cassandra's stuffed rabbits laid beheaded with all of the stuffing pouring out. A pair of scissors and a chopping board was in front of the desk. The sound that had alerted me. "What happened here?" I asked. She didn't reply. "Does this child speak?" I wondered to myself. I stood there idly for a few moments longer, assessing the damage before I walked to where the rabbit was and knelt down to clear the mess away. After I had finished with that, I picked up the scissors and chopping board and went to put them back in the kitchen cupboard. Emily walked silently behind me. She didn't appear to be upset or hurt. Actually, she looked sort of, happy. Just then, Isabella stumbled through the front door. "Hey mum!" she exclaimed. She then noticed Emily. "Who's she?" she queried. "This is Emily; she will be staying with us." I replied. With that, Isabella bent down to shake hands with Emily. Emily glared at her until Isabella stood back up. Without another word, she strode off to her room leaving Emily sitting by herself.

The next few days went by and Emily still had not spoken. It was late when I tried one last time to get Isabella to play with her. "Fine, one last time then I'm done!" she uttered. Then she sauntered into where Emily was sitting and shut the door. A few minutes passed before a blood curdling scream erupted and Isabella came out crying. "She tried to cut me! I don't care what anyone says, she's possessed. Mum, go look

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what she's done to Cass's toys!" Isabella wailed. Bewildered, I ran into the room to see white stuffing everywhere. Spread out on the floor were an assortment of bears, cats, dogs and lions that had, like the rabbit, been decapitated. I glanced at Emily; a smug expression had replaced her regular scowl. Upset, I called Jeffery. "Hello?" a muffled voice answered. "Jeff, come quick, it's Emily, I'm really worried about her." I yelled. My hands began to shake and I accidentally disconnected the call. Trembling, I went to find Emily so she would be ready to be collected. "How could someone so small, be so...scary?" I thought. Emily was sitting with her legs crossed on the bed. She was whispering to herself. All of a sudden, the front door opened and Jeffery entered in two long strides. Without hesitating, he began to speak. "There's something you need to know about Emily that I couldn't tell you the night you took her in. Her father was found headless next to a pair of gardening shears in the kitchen of their home that very night. Emily was found just sitting there." he finished. "It was Emily. She killed him. I know it sounds crazy but it's true. I found her in Cassandra's room a couple of days ago with a stuffed rabbit with no head next to a pair of scissors and today, she tried to cut Izzy and there was more beheaded animals." I gasped. Jeffery sprang into action. He dashed into the room Emily was in before shouting. "Jenni, where is she? I have to take her now before things get out of control". A shiver ran up my spine. I ran into the bedroom. The curtain was blowing from the open window. One by one, the lights began to flick off until we were in complete darkness. "Where is she?" I asked quietly. I was motionless. A sinister voice replied from right behind me. "Why, I'm right here.". Yes, because of little Emily Grey, the one who had long, pin-straight, raven black hair, dark green eyes and pale

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white skin, I lost my life last summer.