

The Creepy Doll

By Saren Mercer-Lodge
Age 12



A room full of empty boxes,
Dark and Quiet,
Not a light to be seen,
Not a sound to be heard,
Not a creak,
Nor a bang or a boom,
Not even a whisper,
Old rusty tools,
Cans of oil,
a Broken down bed,
all in the middle of the room,
Empty Shelves,
A creepy doll,
Sitting...
Staring...

From beyond the shadows,
Waiting,
Creeping,
Lurking,
She's pale,
Brown eyed,
Bruised,
Hair that goes up,
Down,
allround,
Glass body,
Cracks all over,
Paper like shoes,

Paper like dress,
Ripped and torn,
Ribbons and bows,
Tied to the arms,
The Hair,
The creepy doll has a pull tag,
That whispers,
"Mama."
"Mama."
Your skin starts to jump,
The room turns cold,
Lights are flickering,
Chairs are being thrown,
All but one,
drifting slowly away from something,
Its A family Portrait,
Covered with webs,
Covered with spiders,
Four members on the portrait,
A little girl,
The father,
The brother,
The mother.
The little girl has no face,
The face of the father has been scratched away,
The mother and brother are untouched,
Boxes of old wine are left beside the portrait,
Darkness appears,
Chairs still being thrown,
Glass being broken,
Suddenly It's silent,
Like nothing happened,
All eyes are on you,
Ur being watched,
Creeped up on,
creak ,
Creak,
Creak,
the rocking chair is slowly moving,
closer ,
Closer,
And closer,
Slowly moving inch by inch,
Suddenly it stops,

Everything stops,
Nothing but brick walls to look at,
Only mice squeaking to be heard,