

Freaky friday essay



“ Okay, bye mum, I’ll be back before dinner, love you”.

Those had been my last words on the gloomy Friday evening as I strolled casually out of my house and up a few blocks to meet my best friend, Stacey. As I looked around now at the old, dusty furniture and polished floors, I doubted whether those last few words of mine would come true. Stacey stared at me. Her short, silky brown hair now stood up on its ends and her twinkling brown eyes now stared back at me dull and full of fear. We had originally planned to arrive at the ‘ Haunted House on the Hill’, as it was known at Salem High, search it and leave being able to prove to everyone at school the next day that the dark and gloomy house was in fact not haunted. But now even we were beginning to doubt ourselves.

“ I don’t know why we came here in the first place” I sighed at Stacey. “ Excuse me, but let me remind you that this whole exploration thing-” but before she could finish a loud thud made us both jump. Silence followed. “ D- did you ju-just hear something”, Stacey stammered. Oh it probably nothing”, I shrugged acting cool, “ just our imagination running away with us”. By now it was beginning to get dark.

“ Doesn’t this place have any lights? ” I asked groping into my backpack to find the candles I had packed for a situation like this. “ Hey Liz, this place is giving me the creeps, you sure you want to stay longer? ” asked Stacey her eyes darting around and her lips quivering. “ We’re going to be alright”, I reassured her slinging my arm around her shoulder.” By the way, have you got a lighter? ” I added. “ Yeah”, she replied pulling one out of her pocket, “ Liz, you sure this is a good idea? she asked still not entirely convinced. “

Look, as soon as we search the house well be out of here”, I reassured her once again, holding the lighted candle up to my face.

She snatched the candle and turned away walking into the dark halls, “ Fine, lets start searching, the sooner we finish, the quicker I get to go home”. “ What’s up with her? Anyway, let’s get to work”, I murmured lighting another candle and shrugging my shoulders. I wandered away from the living room and into the dark passages which seemed to lead on forever, trying to shrug off the feeling that something wasn’t quite right about the house or our presence here. The sound of heavy footsteps followed by a huge thud made me freeze and the hairs on the back of my neck to stand up. “ Hello, anybody there? ” I called out into the vast hall. “ There’s no one here, don’t let your imagination run away from you”, I scolded myself.

Seeing light at the end of the passage and decided bravely to explore that room and since Stacey had gone her own way, I too would go my own. On reaching the end of the corridor and facing the room I read the sign which hung on the huge wooden doors. ‘ Library’ it read. “ Hmmm, should be interesting”, I said aloud as I pushed open the giant doors. I looked around in amazement.

Never in my life had a seen such a vast collection of books. “ Wow”, I whispered under my breath. “ What’s so cool about that, it’s just a load of books? ” My heart skipped a beat; I hadn’t seen or heard anyone else in the house. I turned around gradually, “ Stacey you scared me! Don’t ever creep up on me like that again! ” I shouted. “ So-rry”, she replied, “ I thought you heard me walk in.

” “ So did you find anything upstairs? ” I enquired as I crossed the room.”

Umm... well..

. no not really, nothing you would be interested in”, she replied coolly, “ There’s just some... Bur her voice faded away, I was already leafing through a book I had picked up titled ‘ Feeling Corpse’, I felt goose bumps on my skin but continued leafing through the book anyway.

“ Hey Stacey, look I found another book, it’s called ‘ The Vampire stalks again’, sounds good”, I said over my shoulder, “ Maybe we could come here more often... a pretty cool place, what do you think? ” “ Stacey, what do you think..

. Stacey...

? ” I turned around and not being surprised I found that once again I was talking to myself. As I began turning the pages of my latest discovery, I let my thoughts wander. So much had happened between me and Stacey lately; she seemed far away as if she was in a world she didn’t want me to enter. We had always been close friends but recently things didn’t seem quite like what they used to be.

A great bang brought me back to reality with a scream. I dropped the book and stood paralyzed . I wanted to run back my legs stayed firm refusing to move. I opened my mouth to scream but no words left. My throat dried out and parched, I forced my legs to move. They took my a few steps but now I could hear footsteps behind me.

I tried to run but they rejected to carry me faster. The footsteps were now getting nearer, I could feel the stalker. I commanded myself to run but the footsteps just grew louder and nearer. I broke into a run dropping my candle to the floor, sweat pouring down my face already. So many thoughts crossed my mind but I had no time to answer them.

I ran through the halls and up the stairs, the floorboards creaking under me; I fumbled around and fought with a door I had found. I yanked at the handle frantically but in my despair I realized I had broken the handle. I heard a loud cry but noticed that the footsteps were no longer behind me. I felt confused and lost, throwing the broken handle to the floor and looking round I picked up a lighted candle not even wondering how it got there. Next to the candle I saw a shiny object.

Panting and trying to calm down I reached out for it. Leaning against the wall to catch my breath, I realized that I had no idea where Stacey was. Grabbing the keys and a broken table leg which I saw lay next to them, I decided to tip toe so my attacker wouldn't hear me, but the creaking of the floorboards gave me away. Once again the footsteps started as if my attacker was waiting for me to make the first move. I realized the footsteps were closer than I thought, and now I could feel his breath on the back of my neck.

His warm breathing getting nearer I knew I had to get away and find Stacey. I started running and saw a door on my left. The footsteps weren't as close now and I decided to take my chance. I pulled at the handle but it refused to open. Realizing it was locked I fumbled with the key hoping it would contain

the key to this door, my heart beating faster, the footsteps getting nearer, I managed to break into the room.

I got in panting heavily. Thinking I was safe I bent down to place the candle on the floor. Suddenly, I felt a sharp pain on my head, then unexpectedly the room fell pitch black. I opened my eyes, “ Oh Stacey, thank God you found me”, I started, “ I was so worried, there was this attacker following me – help me up, we’ve got to get out of here because-“. “ We’re not going anywhere”, she cut me off. Her voice had turned ice cold and there was no compassion in her voice.

“ Stacey, what’s going on? I mean... ” I felt my head throbbing and stopped talking still confused about what was going on. “ Did you see who hit me over the head? ” I asked weakly placing my hand over the wound. Not having the energy to talk I sat against the wall waiting for a reply from Stacey who had crossed over to the window and was now staring out.

“ Stacey? ” “ What? ” she snapped. “ Why are you doing this to me? ” I asked realizing the truth of the situation. I cowered against the wall as she turned to fix her icy eyes on me. I clenched the broken table leg I was carrying tighter and tighter.

“ You don’t understand do you? I agreed on coming here but then as soon as we arrived I began regretting my evil intentions and so I asked if you wanted to leave, but you were horrible and I couldn’t let you get away. I tried my best to scare you once we got here. ” I was listening intently, “ But why Stacey? Why are you doing this to me? We’re best friends”. “ Huh, is that what we are? For 6 years, you’ve always been spoilt..

. my parents died but you always had everything you wanted. I never got anything, I'm not even beautiful, but Lizzie gets everything, I'm not popular at school... " Stacey carried on.

Thinking frantically of what to do I used the time to think. " But how come you never said anything before? " I had to keep her talking." Now it's my turn to get my own back. Liz prepare for your death. You made me suffer and now it's my turn to show you how being ugly and unpopular feels..

. " As she continued I realized how much she hate me and that my death was the only way she would be satisfied. I had to think quickly and I realized that the window was my only way to ensuring I was not the one to die. She pulled out a shiny blade and held it up to the moonlight which poured through the window. " This is what I'll use", she said, her back still facing me.

I got up quietly knowing that this was my only chance. Carefully I tip toed up behind her, as she turned around to come near me I shoved her toward the window. After a little struggle, I easily won and pushed her out of the window. I could hear silent cries as her body fell to the ground. Standing at the top alone I now knew that she was a deprived child and now her soul would forever rest in peace. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I realized how left out my best friend felt.

Now began the pain of realizing that never again would I be able to trust anyone and that I had to deal with the loss of a best friend.