

What the others see...



Anais Chapeau

Cambridge

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What the Others

See ○○○

A writer is a world trapped in a person -Victor H

anyone ^{who} that is reading this book

It was getting late as I entered the first room,
I had to put my phone away. A weird lady
Told me to follow her.



It was dark and I could hear
People screaming their hearts out
Deep inside the emptiness...
How fun! I love scary stuff.

The second room had a weird clown,
With a LOT of makeup. But...

The third room was even more scary, creepy, gross...
And fun!



An ugly and dirty dentist, was screaming
Loudly in our ears, while a zombie
Was having a salad with his lovely wife.



People were still screaming everywhere,
But, I couldn't see them. I could hear
Weird music. I got out of the last room,
Screaming and laughing.



Suddenly, I saw, in the crowd, a little girl
Coming, walking towards me... And...
Splash!

I woke up as my 7 years old sister Zoe
Was splashing me in the face with water, on the
First day of school. She might be 8 years younger than me and
I should find her cute, but she's a small sized devil!



"Why did you wake me up?"

"Mommy said to try to get you up gently," she
Responded with her tiny voice.

"Well, wetting me and my bed isn't how I would
Describe 'gently'!"

"Too bad, she said leaving my room. Well, at least you're
Awake now, Lilly."

Ugh, I hate mornings...