



## Spooky Story

3 messages

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A Call 15 Years Later

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I called my parents 15 years after they killed me...

It's my tenth birthday, and my parents are fighting because neither of them got me anything. They have been fighting for a while but this sparked the fire. They started talking about divorce and fighting over who would get custody of me. Honestly I felt like the blame was on me, it was my fault that they were fighting. My existence caused the fire to start. With my parents fighting about my life and their choices depending on my future, it made me feel like I shouldn't even be here or alive.

I guess you could say that I'm lonely. Being homeschooled and not having any friends because my parents refuse to let me have a social life. My life at home is scary and I wish I could just live like a normal kid and have a fun, normal kid life. But what is normal? My parents have never really gotten along, but why now? Why on my birthday? People always say that when you have a kid, it should be a miracle and change your life in the best ways. But I guess it was the complete opposite for my parents.

They regret having me, yet what did I ever do to them?

I ask myself everyday if I was really meant to be here. Anyways, let's not get too sappy. It was my birthday, a day we should be happy and celebrating! The family had dinner, cake, and my older sister got me a bracelet that said, "I love you forever and always". She made me feel wanted and loved. She was the only one that did, other than my oldest brother. Both of my siblings had left and moved out though. My brother was 18, and my sister was 20. I never really saw them, they never came to visit. Both of them moved out at a young age. My brother moved out at 17 and my sister moved out at 16. They never told me the real reason of why they chose to leave, but I'm pretty sure we all know why. They wanted to escape the horror and learn what a "normal" life could be like.

Later that night the house became silent. It was never silent, there was always yelling, or the television, or music blaring so my parents couldn't hear each other. I knew there was going to be an explosion of some sort, but I didn't think it was gonna be on my birthday. My parents were silent. Well not silent, but having a normal conversation without yelling at each other. So it was pretty silent to me. I wondered what they were talking about. So I head down the stairs and sit quietly where they can't see me. I start to listen to their conversation.

"Well, what would we do with her afterwards?" my mom says quietly and weirdly unbothered. Honestly, what are they planning? I have a million thought running through my head at the moment.

Quietly, my dad says, "Well there is a..." He stopped. He saw me. I ran upstairs to my room. Him and my mom continue talking.

Well it was late, so I tried to sleep. Oddly enough, I fell right asleep. Later, my parents came in to wake me up. They said that they were taking me somewhere, somewhere fun for my birthday to make up for fighting and forgetting. So we got in the car and started driving. We drove for around 30 minutes in the complete dark. I was blindfolded because I was told it was a surprise. I feel the car stop.

"Where are we?" I said, trying to hide the fear in my voice.

"What does it look like?" Dad said laughing, knowing I can't see.

My mom said to stay quiet and silent. After getting out of the car, I smell the air and I know that I'm surrounded by nature. I suddenly feel uneasy and nervous. Next thing I know I'm being held and my mom's hand is over my mouth. I can't breathe. I start to scream, or at least tried. My dad tells me to keep quiet or consequences will happen. I kept screaming because if someone heard me, I would hope they'd call someone to get help.

I started to think, what if I could fake being dead and run when they think they've accomplished what they wanted to in the first place. To kill me. So I "passed out" and pretended to be dead. My parents let go of me, both breathing heavy because I put up a fight. I lay there for a good five minutes before they started talking about what they were gonna do with me. Still not moving an inch or making a sound, I wait until I hear the footsteps reced. I ran like I've never ran before. When I started running, my dad chased after me and I tripped over a log. He started to kick me so that I couldn't get up. My head was bleeding and I couldn't see straight. My body was shaking and I started throwing up blood. My dad kept kicking and kicking and my mom just watched. She watched like it was pleasing.

Mom's phone started ringing. It was my sister. Calling to tell me happy Birthday.

"We need to hurry before they come looking," she said frantically.

So my dad kicked harder and harder. He grabbed my arms and picked me up. He told my mom to hold me. She held me by the arms while my dad punched my stomach. He punched and punched till I started to throw up blood again. They let my body drop to the ground when they knew I couldn't go anywhere. My dad took one last hit, and I took one last breath. I

dead. This is what they wanted. The heat from my body started to leave and I got super cold. So my body was done. And so was I. But I don't understand, why tonight? And who knew my parents were so evil and capable of such a terrible thing? Certainly not my family, my siblings, nor myself.

Well it's been 15 years and I've been dead. It is now supposed to be my 25th birthday. But I am never going to get it. I decided since I still have a spirit, I would make a visit to my parents.

I got to the house and in the window I saw a cake with candles lit. My parents were crying, along with my sister and brother. My parents never told my siblings what they did to me. They still have no clue. I guess the story is that I hung around the wrong group of friends and things took a wrong turn. As for my parents, they still acted like they did nothing. So I decided to call to make an appearance. When my parents answered, they answered in fear. I'm assuming they've gotten many phone calls since my death, but never one like this. Mom answered the phone and before she could say anything I say...

"Hi mom, you miss me?" I said.

"Who is this?" she said terrified.

"Your dead daughter. Remember the night 15 years ago today?" I said.

She hung up the phone in shock. And I decided to leave it at that.

Happy birthday to me right?

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**Librarv. Security Public** <spl@wsd3.org>

Wed, Nov 1, 2023 at 8:57 AM

To: "

Hi

What's a good phone number to reach you at if you are a winner?

[Quoted text hidden]

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<spl@wsd3.org>

Wed, Nov 1, 2023 at 9:02 AM

To: "Library, Security Public" <spl@wsd3.org>

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