

# *The Black Cloak*

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## *Chapter 1: Last Words*

*That cold June evening, the small breeze didn't make the night any less nerve racking than it already was. The sun had already set far below the horizon, and the chilly aftermath of a hot summer day didn't make me feel better. I was standing on my front porch and nothing felt right.*

*The thing that didn't feel right in my stomach was the feeling my twin sister was hiding something important about her life from me. I wanted to be let in on the secret that Lily had. I wanted to make it right. But of course, if I don't know the secret there would be nothing to help my sister. As you can tell, my sister is the most important thing in my life. We were always together and as my grandma says, we're two peas in a pod.*

*As I walk upstairs, taking slow steps, I glance at an antique Viking dagger sitting on*

the mantle atop the fireplace just like I do every night. My dad is a historian and he collects Viking stuff. It was just there, thousands of years old, but so majestic, with a crystal blade and an amethyst hilt. And every night I close my eyes and whisper my very own wish. Nobody told me to wish on it, but I think that dagger is special. Valuable. One might even say priceless. I never told anyone but I wish on that dagger every night. Tonight the wish that escaped my lips was that I could find out Lily's secret and help her. That's what twins are for, aren't they?

Later that night, while I was in my room sitting on my bed, thinking what Lily's problem could be, I heard a spine-tingling scream. It was Lily. My heart quickly dropped into my stomach, like a heavy rock. I ran as fast as I could into Lily's room followed by Mom and Dad, and John, my older brother. Lily lay there on her bedroom floor, still, silent, with her eyes closed. I collapsed on the floor, shaking my twin sister. Lily was still breathing, but it was barely even enough to survive on. I didn't know if she would last much longer. My tears started, and never stopped.

"We need to get her to the hospital. NOW!" I screamed. John fumbled with his phone as he called 911 quickly.

"Hello. We need an ambulance right away." The room was silent except for my heavy breathing and sobs, as the person on the phone talked to John. "Address is 126 Willow Avenue. Okay." John hung up. "They will be here soon, just don't panic." I hugged my knees as the tears now spilled on the carpet. I hid my face in my hands as the ambulance came and picked Lily up in a stretcher.

The emergency waiting room was bleak and so sad. I saw so many sad faces, even though it was the dead of night. I blew out a shaky breath. I clung onto John and cried into his shoulder, and he let me. Finally my parents came out and so did the doctor. The doctor said that we can visit Lily now. I walked slowly into the room, though I wanted to run. I saw Lily hooked up to many tubes and her eyes were wide open in pain. She was screaming and crying. I felt tugs on my heart. I ran out of the room knowing that it would upset her even more if I cried. More tears than ever before poured down my cheeks,

*like a tsunami. I couldn't help it. I couldn't see my sister suffer like this. I went back to the waiting room.*

*I must've dozed off because next thing I knew John was shaking me, telling me to wake up.*

*"Melody. Melody. Melody." Each time he said my name he got louder and louder. "What?!" "We need to tell you something." I opened my eyes fully and I saw the doctor and Mom and Dad standing right there in front of me. I sat straight up.*

*The doctor exhaled a breath. "I am so sorry to say that your sister has passed away on the operating table. We don't know what happened but we think that her heart missed a lot of beats and it almost stopped the flow of blood. In her last words she said to tell you that she loves your whole family with all her heart. She also mentioned that there was a man in a black cloak but I'm guessing it was a hallucination. I am so sorry."*

*The weirdest thing to me about Lily's sudden death was that nobody was in her room but Lily. Or at least I think so.*

## *Chapter 2: Out of my Mind*

*When Lily died, the police investigated every part of the house. They took notes, fingerprints, everything that they could have possibly tried.*

*When Lily died I kept to myself. I didn't talk. I didn't interact with anyone. Mom and Dad knew that losing my twin sister, who was one of the most important things to me in the world, must've been super hard for me. They tried comforting me, taking me to therapy, speech doctors, but nothing ever worked.*

*The only person who knew what I was doing and why I was doing it was myself. I was out of my mind thinking of my sister and why she couldn't have died. I wished that my sister was back and always was there. I felt anger, loss, love, and most of all, deep remorse. I felt guilty, like she was my fault. If I just.....I know what my parents would say, they would*

say that nothing was my fault, but I can't take losing her. I remember when we were 8 and we were going to different overnight summer camps for the weekend. I missed her so much for those 2 days that I never wanted to go to a different summer camp without her. And I haven't changed a bit since that day. Now that she's gone I miss her too much. One day she's healthy and amazing, the next day she's gone!

One day, my parents walked into my room while I was sitting in my bed. "Hey sweetie. Are you okay?" Immediately I regretted letting my parents come in here and talk to me. The tears were already burning behind my eyes when I shook my head no. "We miss her too. But she's smiling down at us from heaven" My mother put her arms around me. "I know you wish that you could help, but I'm not sure that you can. I'm so sorry." But I was about to prove that I could help.

### Chapter 3: Obsessed

I was thinking of Lily in heaven and how she never should have died. I still blamed it on myself. If I just wasn't so caught up in my thinking about Lily's secret. Wait, Lily's secret! I had never figured out Lily's secret! That could have been the one reason she died! Immediately, I collected all of the information that I could! I was now obsessed with this murder case. Yes, I said murder. I think that the man that the doctor had mentioned that she had said in her last words is going to mean something very important in the investigation. I'm going to figure it out. I remembered that she was writing a story but I doubt that any information was in it so I ignored it.

Finally, one day, I walked into the kitchen finding that my parents were sitting at the breakfast counter talking. They stopped their conversation and looked over at me, expecting me to write something on paper like we have been communicating for the last few weeks, but I had a different agenda. I took a slow deep breath and said, "Mom, Dad, I am going to try to figure out why Lily died so suddenly." I looked at their surprised faces. I was hoping it was because I was talking again, but I also realized it was the thing that I

said. I don't think they were wanting me to figure her death out on my own. I need to face it. I am now obsessed with her death. "Since you were the last ones to see Lily, I need information on what she said before going up into her room." I pulled out a pencil and a notepad from my back pocket and looked at my parents expectantly.

"Ok this is happening." Mom said. "Um, ok so what Lily was talking about to us was that she was thinking about writing a realistic fiction story about how a girl breaks the barrier between man and woman and makes women rule the world. But, that can't be part of the investigation right? She also said something about how a man in black recruits new girls to lead the world, didn't she say something about that in her last words?" I put my hand on my hip and thought long and hard.

"Not quite," I said to my parents. "Why would she say something about a realistic fiction story in her last words? I think the man in a black cloak that she was talking about was a real man. I heard Leo barking just 1 second after Lily screamed and you know he doesn't usually do that except for strangers. I think if we put all the information together and maybe track down the man and give this information to the police we might be able to find why Lily died."

## Chapter 4: Tracking

After giving my information to the police, they are going to try to track down this man. The police said that they found fingerprints on the windowsill but not of a man's fingerprints. If they can track this down then I will be so happy!!

When we came back from the police station I saw that Leo was wiggling under Lily's bed.

He only does that when he smells something new though. When he backed out from the bottom of the bed I realized he had a scrap of black clothing in his mouth. The only black clothing I had was my black dress that was for Lily's funeral and that was in my closet.

And Mom and Dad's black clothing is in their closet too which is in their room which is 2 doors away from Lily's room. That must mean....it could be from the black cloak! I have

*to bring this to the police station!*

*Three days later, the police came back to our house and said that they found the man but couldn't track him down enough to actually get him. They had also tracked down his car. They said it had an old engine and that it was blue.*

*That night I heard a car pull up. A car with an old, loud, engine. I looked out the window but there was no car in sight except for my parents' car in the driveway. I shrugged but in the corner of my eye saw a man in a black cloak with intense green eyes staring at me, but then he ran away. I'm not just scared, I'm terrified. Not even that, I am MORE than terrified. An assassin is trying to get my family. I mean Dad is a super famous historian but not as famous as someone like Taylor Swift or something. And I'm not sure but I think this man killed my sister. No evidence needed. She had already mentioned a man in a black cloak. The police also said that they didn't find a man's fingerprints on the windowsill so I think this "person" trying to get us might not actually be human, but might not actually be an animal if that is possible. I am not sure if I even understand the meaning of my life anymore. My whole life is now revolving around what happened to my sister.*

*As I lie in bed looking up at the ceiling, I think to myself how crazy the last few days of my life have been. I feel like I'm not just an 11-year-old girl anymore. It's like I'm actually more important than I thought. I don't understand why this can happen in just a week! My life has gone crazy. It's like I'm tracking this man inside my head. I toss and turn in my bed, trying to go to sleep, but I'm worried and scared. The world has turned upside down.*

## *Chapter 5: The Scream*

*I woke up to the worst dream that I have ever had in my life. They say that dreams work out your problems. But boy, did that backfire on me. Instead of working it out, it made it worse. I dreamed about Lily, the man in the black cloak, monsters, everything that could have possibly been wrong got worse than it was before. I was in it. I was the victim. My dream was so real it was like I could touch everything and I could actually feel it. And*

everything else was too real, too scary. Probably the worst nightmare in the history of the world.

I have more important things to worry about other than a dream. I have to think about the man in the black cloak. What I'm thinking is if the police didn't find human fingerprints on the window, but they were fingerprints, it could have been some kind of monster. I started crying thinking about how this man in the black cloak could hurt my family. But I quickly dried my tears and got to work getting things to protect myself and my family because the man could attack at any time. Wait, I think I might be going insane. I'm thinking about this way too much, and I also think that the man is going to attack at any moment. It's not like the man is watching me all the time. I look out the window, thinking this is way too much responsibility for an 11-year-old girl to hold. But then suddenly I do see the "man" in the black cloak. Maybe I'm not going insane. Maybe it is right to be prepared.

Two days later I'm humming along to my favorite music while cleaning my room. Then I hear a noise. I assume it's just my dog knocking down objects outside like he always does, but I'm not so sure. I'm too scared to turn around but then I build up the courage and turn around. A man in a black cloak is staring at me. Then in just 3 seconds he rips off the black cloak. He leans his head back in an evil cackle. As he laughs he gets at least ten feet tall. He breaks my chandelier and rips off the ceiling, no joke. He stares at me with his piercing green eyes. They match his green, slimy body. I scream as loud as I can but nobody can hear me. John was out at football practice and my parents were shopping. My windows are shut but my door is open. I run out of the room and slam the door. I take the key out of my pocket and lock it. I run for my life. As I do I hear a crash. I turn my head around and the monster has ripped the door off its hinges. He takes one good look at me and jumps through the window, landing on our front yard. I jump from the stairs and land on my feet, grab the crystal and amethyst dagger. I stood there, dagger in hand and screamed "This ends NOW!"

*I run outside as fast as I can. I have never been athletic nor brave but I'm on the run for my life so I just better act fast. The monster sees me. He's standing on our beautiful front porch, wrecking it. I stand there confident on the outside, scared to death on the inside. The monster turns his head left. He sees me. Time starts to slow down for me. I'm paralyzed so I watch the monster make its first move, not sure what to do. He takes bounding steps. I try to run but my feet are stuck to the cement of my driveway. I take one step but I'm not fast enough. Suddenly, I watch the monster grow ten times larger, about 20 feet taller and I'm not kidding around. He looks up, his green eyes more terrorizing than ever before. Then, with his right hand, he grabs me and lifts me up. I squirm and scream. But then, he puts me in his mouth and closes. Then the monster starts swallowing me. As I am going down I notice the dagger in my hand. I was gripping it so tightly but I never noticed that it was there. I take the dagger and plunge it through the monster's Adam's apple. At first the dagger doesn't go through. I suddenly notice the smell of something that smells like dish soap vomited up 4 times. I gag but I have to shake it off. I push the sword deeper into the Adam's apple. It looks fleshy and bloody. I grip the daggers hilt and tug it as hard as I can. It feels like hours even though it's only seconds when I finally split it open and jump out, hitting the ground hard, too hard. I get up anyway, but there is pain in my side. I ignore it and the monster screams and screams in pain. I cover my ears but it doesn't stop. I fall to the ground and hug my knees up to my chest. The screaming finally stops. I open my eyes and stand up. I have the dagger in my hand, just in case, but the monster is lying on the ground. Some might say I was the hero of the story. But I look at it at a different angle. I just tried to do what was right and tried to protect my family.*

## *Epilogue*

*When the police showed up, they didn't get the scene that they were expecting. They were expecting to save a little 11-year-old girl. Turns out when they pulled up they found me with a dagger standing confidently in front of a green monster, covered in acid from almost*



being digested. And yes, it was very impressive. After that, I didn't go to regular school. I went to a police training academy only for prodigies, that educates us on being a police officer instead of having to start at 18 years old and then go to the training of a police officer along with college and all that, so I got a little ahead.

When I turned 18 I graduated from police school and got a job at the Boston Police Department as a detective. I was so excited and I was actually very good at it. At 19 I earned a secret job in the police department given to me by my boss. It was called **MONSTER SLAYER!** Ok, Ok, I exaggerated a little but it was still awesome! Even Leo, my cute little bulldog, got a job as a police dog helping me and all the other officers. Then, at 21 years old I earned the key to the city! It was such an honor. I still miss Lily but I love her so much, and I know that she is looking down at me and smiling from heaven because I know that she is proud of me and that she still loves me with her whole heart.