

The Thirteenth Floor

Once upon a time there was a lady named Miss Fairywell who lived on the twelfth floor of an apartment in Vancouver. She was 81 years old, and everyone thought she was the nicest person in the building.

One Friday evening, Miss Fairywell made her way to the grocery store. At the store Miss Fairywell ran into her neighbour Sheeva. Sheeva was a young woman who lived on the thirteenth floor of Miss Fairywell's building. She was a shy lady who never spoke much, but to be polite, Miss Fairywell decided to say 'hello'. To her surprise Sheeva kept her talking for nearly half an hour. She seemed friendly and Miss Fairywell started to like Sheeva, but at the end of the conversation Sheeva's eyes turned red and she whispered 'beware'. Miss Fairywell said 'beware of what?' but before she could finish asking the question Sheeva was gone. Miss Fairywell carried on with her shopping but all she could think about was how scared she felt and how creepy Sheeva was.

As she searched the grocery store parking lot for her neon green mini-van, Miss Fairywell still had the spooky warning from Sheeva stuck in her head. While driving home, she turned on the radio to try and forget about Sheeva. She turned to dial to her favourite music station, ninety nine point nine Virgin Radio. At exactly 11:13pm the radio turned off. Miss Fairywell could not get it to turn back on, and it stayed silent for exactly thirteen minutes and then she heard a shrieking high pitched scream. It was only one word, a word she had already

heard that day. 'BEWARE!!!'. She was so scared she stomped on the gas. But that was fine by her, because she just wanted to get home as fast as she could.

Once she made it back to her apartment, Miss Fairywell locked all the doors and windows so that nobody could get in or out . As she was putting away her groceries, she heard BING! BANG! BOOM! coming from Sheeva's apartment above. She got so scared that she dropped her eggs all over the place. Miss Fairywell ran to the phone shaking. She called the Bob the doorman to tell him that something was terribly wrong in the apartment above her on the thirteenth floor.

Miss Fairywell could not believe what was happening, and said to herself 'am I dreaming?'. While she waited for Bob the doorman to check it out, Miss Fairywell made herself some tea to try and calm down. After some calming peppermint tea, she fell asleep in her rocking chair. Every few hours she was woken up by more BING! BANG! BOOMS! from Sheeva's place above. Miss Fairywell couldn't take it anymore. She was now really suspicious, so she decided to check it out for herself. As she left her front door, she noticed it was exactly 11:13AM.

Miss Fairywell walked slowly up to the thirteenth floor. She walked down the long dark hallway towards Sheeva's door. Miss Fairywell paused and thought about turning around for a brief moment, but got enough courage to finally knock nervously. Sheeva did not answer!

She hurried back to her own apartment, and was even more scared than before. When she opened her own front door, she saw Sheeva standing in the middle of her kitchen stuffing all of her new groceries in her mouth. Miss Fairywell started to yell 'what are you doing in my house?' This seemed to make Sheeva angry because she began throwing lamps and chairs and anything else she could grab at Miss Fairywell. Miss Fairywell carefully stepped back and when she felt there was enough distance between them she turned and started running for her life. But because she was so old and weak she could not run very fast. Sheeva followed running behind her.

Miss Fairywell knew she had to hide so she hid in the corner of the lobby behind a big bushy plant. She could see through the leaves and see that Sheeva was searching for her everywhere. Thank goodness she couldn't find her. After Sheeva left the lobby, Miss Fairywell snuck out and called the police. When the police came Sheeva was nowhere to be found. She just disappeared into thin air!

Miss Fairywell was so creeped out by the whole thing that she decided to never speak to strange new neighbours again. She had enough friends anyways.

THE END

(743 words)