

Snug Books Writing Contest

Children 3rd Place

The Mystery Of An Invisible Singing Woman

By Maggie M, age 11

Just like any other day in this generation, people are sitting inside watching their technology, or playing video games, or even just even sitting there staring at it even though nothing is going on. They do it like it's the last time they are ever going to see their devices again. I think differently. I'd rather sit outside reading a book in the kind breeze and the friendly sun beaming down on the somewhat perfect trees.

One day, I felt the breeze against my back. But this time it wasn't like it usually is. It felt like someone was touching me. It was so smooth, it could've been a human that would be able to touch someone like that. I turned around and saw a shadow. It wasn't like someone had just walked past me and left their shadow there... or could they?

This was all very confusing. Just then, I heard something that fished me out of my thoughts. It was very graceful. It sounded like someone singing. But it couldn't have been because there was no one around.

As I was sitting outside one day, I looked up at the trees, and put my ear gently against a tree's trunk. Suddenly, I heard a humming sound. It sounded like it was coming from the other side of the tree trunk.

I glanced at the other side and saw the same shadow that I had seen before. Where is this shadow coming from and why is it following me? I thought.

I shook my head as if all the weird thoughts would disappear. But unfortunately, they didn't go anywhere. They stayed like people glued to the couch watching their technology like zombies.

I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that whatever is following me isn't going to leave. I don't want this creepy figure to be behind me forever! What am I going to do?

The next day, I decided to go looking for this weird figure. Then, something startled me. It sounded just like the singing I heard from yesterday. I followed the sound all the way to the edge of the windowsill. I stuck my hand out as if I am trying to feel something I can't see. And that is just what I was doing. Then, I felt the same smooth breeze on my back as I did the day before. Then, I realized that the singing is what is touching my back. The same figure that has been following me. It is all coming to me that what I was searching for was right behind me the whole time. An invisible singing creature. Or maybe a ghost? Maybe there's a land far away from earth that no human has ever discovered. Maybe it's kinda like Harry Potter where we are the muggles, and none of the humans know about this magical world. Maybe, this mysterious invisible singing woman is magical. But now as I am thinking about it, there are many different possibilities of how this is happening. And more and more as I am thinking about it, the whole thing doesn't even sound real. Maybe, this is all a dream.

I woke up one morning sitting beside my window, and realized that I hadn't had any trouble sleeping. I thought that I was going to not be able to sleep because of the singing creature. I looked outside my window, and saw that the grass had gone all yellow. I wondered, how did this happen? It was all perfectly green yesterday!

Then I realized that maybe the singing creature did this! If I can't see the monster and I can hear it, It must be magic. I mean, if something is magical, I think it's probably very capable of killing grass overnight.

As I thought about it more through the day, I heard the singing again. I took a glance at every room, nook, and cranny there is in the house. But I didn't see the shadow anywhere. Then, it just hit me. There is no sunlight out here, so how would I be able to see a shadow? I sat down, trying to concentrate on the singing so my ears would lead the way to the noise. I stood up and followed the music. Then eventually, the singing was lost, and I couldn't hear it.

I was disappointed. I wish I had found the creature. Just then, I heard the front door slam. I rushed over to the door, and then felt the same smooth touch on my back. I reached my hand out, and caught something. It felt like a human hand! But I couldn't see it. Maybe this is the singing creature. Suddenly, the creature turned into a human. A woman. I let go of the hand, and the woman started to hum.

I interrupted the graceful humming and started to talk randomly. "Who are you? Why are you here? Why are you following me?" The woman didn't answer my questions until about a minute later. "My name is Peggy and I am a shape shifter. The cool part about being a shape shifter that you can turn into ANYTHING! I shape shifted into an invisible singing...whatever I was so I would be able to sneak into the house and see if I could find someone that I'm related to. I don't know why I am here, I just thought that I would be able to find my family. You see, I am also a ghost that hasn't aged in over 30 years, and I just thought that maybe one of my family members would live here. What is your name?" asked Peggy. "My name's Lyra Cendle." I said. Then, Peggy answered, "Wait, wait, wait. Your last name is Cendle? That's my last name. How long have you lived here?" asked Peggy. "Well, I moved in after my parents died so that I could take care of the house. You see, this house is kinda like a treasure to my family. Every younger member of the family owns it when they leave home. And, I am the youngest of the whole family, and I can't give it to anyone because I am an only child, and I don't have any cousins. So, I'm stuck here until someone is younger than me." "Oh my." exclaimed Peggy. I am...was a part of your family. Well, Before I died at 16. But that was a long time ago. I was supposed to own the house because I was also the youngest. Until the fire in the house. Everything burned down. But then, I guess it was built back up again!" laughed Peggy. "Wow." I've never heard of this story before!" wait... So you're saying that we're family?" Peggy nodded her head. "So I guess you have found what you are looking for!" I exclaimed. Me and Peggy hugged...well, tried to. I fell right through her! We laughed, and tried to high five. Me and Peggy became good friends, and lived in the house until another Cendle was born. Then,

that family moved in, and me and Peggy bought a bigger house, and lived the rest of our...my life in that same house.

THE END.