

Merlyne E. Desire
3 October 2018
Penny Kittle
Composition

It was a mid October morning in my small, quiet town of Yorksfield. My alarm blasted through my dreams waking me up aggressively. All I want to do is to go back to sleep right away, but I start to feel the coldness in the air and realize my window is wide open.

As I go to shut my window, I freeze and catch a glimpse of the beautiful fall day. The crisp brown leaves on the ground crunch as people walk through them. The leaves that remain on the trees range from a bright orange, to a sunlight yellow. The cool wind brushes past my face and gives me goosebumps.

In this moment of tranquility I think about Yorksfield. The most peaceful town anyone could ever live in. The friendliest of faces with the warmest of welcomes - the Yorksfield community is a magnificent host to guests who visit. This is a town where everybody knows everybody and where news travels fast. But regardless, no one judges you. No one's perfect, and no one pretends to be. We are the realest, kindest town anyone could ever step in.

In the middle of my thoughts on Yorksfield I hear the beeping of a truck reversing. I look down and see a moving truck backing into the driveway across the street. Someone's moving into Ms. Roberts old condominium. Unfortunately, she passed away about a year ago, and this loss has put a slight damper on the community. But, having a new person fill in the gap of an empty will help us all continue on. While I continue looking, I see a female about my age walking inside her new home with a box half opened. She looks like she's moving everything in all by herself. So I decide to get dressed and help her out.

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As I walk out my condo and walk across the street, I look down at my plate of fresh chocolate chip cookies I decided to greet my new neighbor with. I hope she appreciates the gesture. When I enter the driveway and walk past the truck I see her digging deep through her items searching for which box to carry next.

“Hey, I’m Lana,” I started. She doesn’t seem to hear me. Or she doesn’t really seem to care about my presence. Either way, I continue.

“I’m your neighbor from the condo across the street and -”

I stop.

She turned around and looked me dead in the eyes. Her eyes are a pure deep green. They seem so mysterious and secretive. Yet attractive. Her dark brunette hair and olive colored skin adds to the silent mystery that is her existence. She is exactly my height and she is just staring at me. Waiting for me to continue. But, because of her undeniable beauty, I can’t.

“And?” she asks aggressively. I’m taken back at the hostility in her voice. I barely know her and she barely knows me. She’s new here, and I greet her with patience and kindness, while she greets me with quickness and anger. Something I’m not use to.

“And... I just wanted to say hi and that I brought you fresh baked cookies.” I say with a hesitant smile.

“I see that.” she says and goes back to searching through the truck. I almost wanted to say *okay, well fuck you too, bitch* and turn around with my cookies. But I decided one last time to be nice.

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“Did you want help moving in?” I ask. She stops and stares at me once again. This time I feel like I got through to her in a way that made her hesitate and think carefully about her answer. It almost seemed like she was examining me as well. After examining my demeanor she looks into my eyes. With urgentness. Like she needed to tell me something. Like she needed to confide in me. But then, something inside of her pulled her back. She wanted my help. But, not in the way I thought.

But instead ends up saying, “No thanks, I don’t need your help.” She picks up a box and walks inside her condo. I’m pissed because I’ve never encountered someone so rude. I leave the plate of cookies in the back of the truck and I’m on my way back to my home. How can someone so attractive be *so* rude? All I wanted to do was welcome her to Yorksfield, help out, and show her how nice the people of Yorksfield can be. I’ve never met someone so guarded. As I reach my door I realized I didn’t even get her name. It’s fine, I don’t even want to know her name.

The whole day passes and I can’t get the new neighbor out of my mind. Even though she was remarkably rude, she was remarkably beautiful as well. Her eyes were as green as the grass in the middle of summer. Her olive skin looked so soft and gentle, compared to her hardened and sharp personality. Her brunette hair went down to her waist. The way it flowed through the fall air was openly freeing. But she clearly was hiding something.

The day has passed and it’s now night time. As I prepare for bed I hear a knock at the door. *Who the hell is awake at the time??* I head down the stairs and open the door. There stood the new girl across the street, she’s holding the plate I gave her filled with cookies but it’s now empty.

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“Hey, I just wanted to say thanks for the cookies.” she said.

“Oh! No, problem.”

Why is she here at this time of the night? Couldn't she have waited until morning to give me back the plate?

After she handed me the plate we stood in silence and she stared at me, again examining me. Like she's trying to read my thoughts.

“Hey, I didn't happen to get your name before, what is it?”

“Kennedy.” she said in a much nicer manner than before. I wondered what had changed between now and then. Again, there's silence and I'm starting to wonder what she wants. Suddenly, her eyes start to fill with tears. She ran past me inside my house without my permission.

“I'm sorry about before. I'm really sorry. And I'm here now because I need someone to confide in. I know it's late and that I could've come by in the morning, but I just couldn't wait.”

“Wait for what? What do you need to get off your chest?”

“I'm a ghost. I know that sounds crazy because you see me and everyone else can see me, but I'm not like the typical ghosts that Hollywood portrays. You have to believe me. When I open up to someone I trust, they don't believe me. They shut me out and tell the whole neighborhood. The neighborhood gossips. They send cops to my house because they all think I'm insane. I am not. I need you to help me. ”

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I stop listening after Kennedy says she's a ghost. A ghost? There's no possible way she's a ghost. I see her. She's not see through, she's not floating, she ate the cookies. I just don't get it. She's reading me again and I can tell she can tell what I'm thinking.

“I know it doesn't make sense. I'm not one hundred percent a ghost. I haven't been found. That's why I'm still visible.”

Haven't been found?? While she answered my thoughts, I still have no idea what she's talking about and why she even came to me with this.

“What do you mean by, ‘haven't been found’?”

She wipes the tears off her face. The next thing she says would forever change my life.

“I was murdered.. And my body hasn't been found.”