

December 1991

On Wednesday 13 December 2017, I was in French class. The hour was a little noisy especially because of the boys at my right. Well, I was focused on the lesson then I heard someone call my name. I turned myself, nobody was looking at me. So I came back to the front of the board. This journey finished early. Before I went to take the bus, I had to search something on a computer. I walked in the corridor that was totally quiet. I felt an icy breeze on my neck. I didn't look back and continued my way. I arrived in the computer's room. One light only was on. I came near to it, an internet page was open. I came closer and I saw : « Thursday 14 December 1991, a girl was found dead in a class. We don't know the reasons of her death. » I started to feel totally insecure and raced to the exit. I did a short stop in the toilets. They were dark, the only light was one of the outdoor. I put water on my face. I remembered the page on the computer, that gave me goosebumps. Then I saw a black shadow behind me. I screamed and turned myself. Nothing, there was nothing. I walked to my house, totally scared.

The next day I went to school with the impression that someone was following me. I had put a knife in my bag, may be that will reassure me. During all the morning, I was terrified. At a moment, a boy of my class was staring at me, with strange eyes. At 2pm I was on my way to my maths class when a red door cracked and opened in front of me. I heard something like deadened screams. I entered in a murky and small room. That was very creepy. I took a book on a table. I opened it and started to read : « Thursday 14 December 2017, a girl named

Daisy Cullen was found dead in a corridor. We don't know the reasons of her death but we think she has been murdered. » My heart started to race, I ran in the stairs. Suddenly a hand pushed me. I fell down. When I opened my eyes, I was on the floor in a corridor. Pieces of glass were pulled into my leg and my head was bleeding. I understood what was going on. The girl in the book was simply me, today was the day of my death. I glimpsed with difficulty two feet. I saw the face of my murderer, that was this strange boy. He rushed at me and took my soul. That my last day of life. My birth dead.