

The Unwelcome Guests
Bianca Caputo

"I often have wondered if the forest itself is alive." Reia remarked. "It seems to me it ought to be for all the deep green trees looming over Holiday House." She looked down into her tea cup with a studious and content expression. "Of course, many would say that all forests in themselves are alive in some nondescript way, but ours is different. We know it is because—" Reia paused, hearing the scratching feet above in the attic and at last returning her eyes to the reporter. "Because there are creatures living in our home, not the ordinary kind. These are gremlins, small green creatures that creep in the night and create mischief."

"Ma'am when did this all start?" the Reporter questioned with a concerned expression.

"Well ever since my darling little girl May ran away we've been hearing scratching in the attic, and we figured as any God fearing family might that the little changelings must have stolen her away!"

"Can we take a look in your attic Miss? It'll only be a second and you can accompany us if you like." The reporter said, shifting his eyes to the drawstring opening the attic.

"Oh don't worry, we wouldn't want to let anything out would we. There's no creatures that want to be seen up there, none at all." Reia smiled and looked once again into her tea cup with a small giggle that seemed to go on and on without stopping or reason.

"None at all."

Out of My Mind
Kalie Moline Campell

