

My New Friend

By A. C. Zito

“So there *are* ghosts still here today.” The real estate agent told the family as she opened the door. Lucy shook her head.

“Mom, Dad; I *believe* in ghosts.” Lucy’s parents ruffled her hair. They followed the real estate agent into the upstairs area while Damien shakes his fists vehemently looking to his wife saying:

“You’re *gonna flip*. Babe... babe.”

“I *know!* I know, baby. You’ve been going on and on about the master bathroom ever since you got home last night.” They followed the real estate agent up to the master bedroom while Lucy hung back taking in the main livingroom.

“Great,” Patrick sighed, “Another family.” Patrick looked around at the other boys and girls standing around speechless.

“She’s so *pretty*,” Scarlett whispered.

“She looks like she could be as old as us!” Tommy screamed out triumphantly.

“Another *girl!* Oh, *joy!* I hope she has a doll set! I love doll sets!” Blair clapped her two, tiny hands in glee. Patrick got up on the fireplace mantel and screamed out:

“This is *our* house! No one should live here but *us!*” Jonathan screamed back in protest:

“But she’s our age, Patrick! Don’t move stuff around like you did to the last people that lived here! They were *nice!* They didn’t *deserve* to be scared! *Just* because you’re the *oldest* doesn’t mean you get to make all the decisions!”

“Jonathan’s right, Patrick!” Scarlett said coming to Jonathan’s side. “We’re not letting you be a *meanie-pants*.”

“I *want mwy pwar-wents!*” Baby Harley let out a little burp as he felt his tears start to come. Scarlett sat down next to him and picked up swinging him back and forth. Little Harley started giggling as Scarlett made funny faces. Patrick pushed the both of them to the ground making Harley and having Scarlett scream out:

“HEY! WHY’D YOU DO THAT?” Patrick jumped back up onto the mantel of the fireplace yelling down at Harley:

“OUR PARENTS ARE NEVER COMING BACK! THEY LEFT US HERE! SO NOW *WE* LIVE HERE NOW!” Blair spoke up:

"They're *gonna* come back eventually, Patrick! Last time I saw my mommy and daddy they told me they loved me!" All the other kids started backing her up too.

"Yeah, my mommy said she was going to buy me an ice cream cone when she comes to pick me up!" Tommy clapped his hands and licked his lips excited at the thought.

"Is anyone confused as to why Hagatha was the only one to get picked up but us?" Scarlett brought up. This always saddened the children as they thought of this.

The Tutelli's moved in a week later. And once Lucy's toys finally came and were brought in all the children couldn't have been more than happy. Everyone except Patrick that is. Patrick watched as all the kids played with Lucy's toys while he stood in the corner of her room and sulked. Even little, baby Harley was having the time of his life as he screamed:

"*WEEEE!*" Lifting one of her stuffed animals into the air and watching as the penguin came crashing to the ground with a *plop* where he then let out a shriek of giggles.

Patrick... Patrick... come into the hallway, Patrick. Patrick looked around at all the children playing with Lucy's toys.

"Who's out there?" Patrick started inching towards the door. Was Tommy out there?

No he said to himself. Tommy was playing with Scarlett.

"Where are you going, Patrick?" Blair asked Patrick. Patrick didn't answer. He, instead, kept his stare fixed on the door. Blair went back to Lucy's doll house shrugging her shoulders singing:

La lala lala; la lala lala humming to her sweet, sweet playtime.

Patrick stepped into the hallway. It was dark. A hand motioned him to follow the person into another room.

"Hagatha? We all thought you're parents picked you up!" Patrick asked, confused. Hagatha shook her head as she motioned to Lucy sleeping in her bed. Hagatha had a kitchen knife in her hand.

"I'm going to help make them leave, Patrick." Patrick was overjoyed.

"Oh this is great, Hagatha! How?" Hagatha placed her hands on Patrick's face and said:

"Count to ten. Then open your eyes, Patrick." Patrick did so.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten Patrick opened his eyes. Lucy stood in front of him and the knife Hagatha was holding was now in his hand but with ketchup on it.

“Where’d Hagatha go?” he asked Lucy. Lucy shrugged her shoulders. From behind him, in the hallway he could hear all the other kids asking where he went. They all came in to see Lucy looking at them. Blair smiled at her whispering:

“Wow, a new friend!”