



Adelaide Z.

Grade: 6

Age: 11

Merriwether Middle School

A Broken Doll

Dear Diary,

Sunday 11/8

Hi! I'm Ellie. I have long blond hair and bright green eyes. I love unicorns, cake, and toys! Today is my birthday, and I am turning nine! Also, I have to write really quickly because it is almost time for dessert (we're having cake!!)! For gifts I received a yo-yo, a doll, and you. Right now my doll (I named it Ella) is sitting on my dresser, next to my photograph of my parents at the state fair. And I can tell you a little about my parents too. I don't remember my father well, because he and mom got divorced when I was three. I should be with my mom right now, except she is sick and cannot take care of me. I am living with my foster parents Lila and James. They are awfully nice to me! And they are calling me down to eat now! See you later!

Your new friend,

Ellie

Dear Diary,

Monday 11/9

Remember when I told you about my new doll? Ella has light brown eyes, and dark brown hair. She has a yellow dress with blue flowers on it. This morning, when I woke up, she was sitting on my lap. That's strange isn't it!? I guess Lila or James must have moved her there to comfort me. See? I told you they are nice! Today, in math class, my friend Mary was making funny faces at me instead of listening to the teacher, so when she was called up to do a problem, she just made a lot of complicated fake formulas on the board and made everyone laugh. It was so funny, I almost died laughing!! She got a bad grade on participation though. And, I played with

Ella when I got home from school! She is so lifelike, I almost forgot that she is a doll! I think that is all I have to say for now, see you later!

Your Friend Always,

Ellie

Dear Diary, Tuesday 11/10

Nothing interesting happened at school today. Earlier today I had to do the dishes for chores, but I finished. I am now watching Lila cook supper. This morning I was looking for Ella but I couldn't find her. A few moments ago Lila called me over to look at something. She said: "Please remove your doll from the knife drawer dear!". So, I went and checked it out. I don't know how it ended up there though (I must have accidentally put her there while I was doing the dishes- I can be very forgetful at times). And yes diary, I did say I was sorry. I'm going to give her her own little seat at supper! I think that is enough excitement for today (also, it's time to eat). See you tomorrow!

Yours Truly,

Ellie

Dear Diary, Wednesday 11/11

School was fun today! We got to play kickball in gym class, and our team won (I was the best kicker)! Also, once I got home from school Ella and I had a play picnic, and I could have sworn I saw her blink! I wondered if she was one of those blinking dolls, so I tried to make her blink again, but I guess I was wrong, because I didn't see her do anything after that. Nothing else exciting happened today, except for the fact that we are going to be eating chicken pot pie and have cupcakes for dessert tonight! See you later!

Love,

Ellie

Dear Diary, Thursday 11/12

Today as we were driving to school, I discovered that Ella was in my backpack. Isn't that strange? I didn't put her there, so I guess it must have been Lila or James. (Or was I too sleepy to notice taking it with me?) Anyways, in math today, Cathy was eating chips instead of doing her work, and the teacher, Mrs. Mandy, got onto her. She got in HUGE trouble! I thought it was funny, but that might be because I don't really like Cathy, she is always so mean! See you Later!

Bye,

Ellie

Dear Diary, Friday 11/13

When I got home from school today, I heard a clicking noise coming from my room. I went to check it out and found my toy typewriter (which I keep in my closet) was out. My doll was sitting next to the typewriter, and the typewriter had a piece of paper with writing on it. It said "*Do as I say, and listen, but tell no one.*" I shoved the typewriter back into my closet, But what is going on with the doll? Is someone messing with me? It is Friday the thirteenth. Am I crazy? Is my doll alive? No, the doll's not alive, that's just insane. I need to think about this some more. See you later.

Yours truly (and concerned),

Ellie

Dear Diary, Saturday 11/14

Listen Diary, I have a secret to tell. Remember my mom's illness? It's actually a mental illness, and they took her away because she said that she felt like she was being followed all the time, and kept seeing things that weren't there. I want to tell someone what is going on with my doll, but what if they think that I am going crazy, just like my mom? What if I am going crazy, just like my mom? What should I do? I have been listening like the note said, but I don't hear anything (except the chirping of birds). Is James playing a trick on me? Or maybe my friends are? I don't know. Should I ask if it's a trick? No. What would they think? I am going to put the doll in the attic. I am really afraid right now. See you later.

Extremely concerned (and afraid),

Ellie

Dear Diary, Sunday 11/15

The typewriter is out of the closet again. I found a piece of paper in my typewriter, and it said "*ill them*". That sounds kind of like Yoda talk ("Hmmm ill they are")! But who is ill? My foster parents? Is it mental, just like my mom? Am I crazy? I am told that I sleepwalk, so maybe I typed it in my sleep, but why? I hope my foster parents aren't sick, they are really nice! See you later.

Your friend (and journalist!),

Ellie

Dear Diary, Monday 11/16

On my way to school again! Also my foster parents are fine, they told me they were not sick.

(But, what did the typewriter mean if they are not sick? Did it lie? Are they mentally ill? Am I?). I know the typewriter is real, I used it to write a story for school, and I had to get James to fix the

“k” key. My story is called “That Adventure of Al the Unicorn.” Wait, do you think that the paper was real? Am I crazy? Will they lock me up just like they did with mom? I have to go, we are at the school now. I am glad I at least have you to confide in.

Yours truly,

Ellie

Dear Diary, Tuesday 11/17

The doll is back in my room. I have no idea how it got there. Tomorrow I am going to dump the doll in the trash at school. Then I won't have to deal with it. I have been having more and more trouble sleeping at night, and I think it is related to the doll. See you tomorrow.

Love,

Ellie

Diary, Wednesday 11/18

I dumped the doll in the dumpster at school, but when I got home today she was back sitting on my bed! So I got Lila and James to take me to the store with them, and while they were shopping, I took the doll out of my backpack, and shoved the doll way back behind a bunch of TV dinners in the frozen foods aisle. Also, I haven't not touched my story since yesterday, but now the following letters have been circled in permanent marker: k, i, l, l, L, i, l, a, a, n, d, J, a, m, e, s. Kill Lila and James? What should I do?! I can't possibly tell anyone, they'll think I'm insane! Will they lock me up? I can't let that happen! Do I sound insane, Diary? Because I think I might be. It's time for bed. Maybe I will go to bed and wake up and my problems will be gone. I hope so.

Goodnight Diary,

Ellie

Diary, Thursday 11/19

I woke up late last night, and as I was laying there I heard a whispering noise. The doll was back! And it whispered "*Kill them. Kill Lila. Kill James*" I freaked out and I destroyed it by smashing it's face very hard into the floor until it broke. There was a lot of stuffing, and shards of broken glass (which used to be the eyes), and what appeared to be blood on the floor. My foster parents burst in, asking why I was screaming. At first they asked what happened, and if I was okay, and stuff like that. Then, after they discovered what happened, they acted REALLY angry. They started screaming at me about how they made that doll, and how I didn't know what respect was, and how hard it was to get materials, and James shouted about how he's gonna make me pay. I told them I was sorry, and they made me promise I would help them make a new doll, even after I told them that I definitely did NOT want another doll. Lila actually looked a little sad about it. Then they locked me in my room. Something isn't right. I mean, how could I possibly help them make a doll?! I can't sew! And why do they care that I broke it?! It was telling me to KILL THEM!! And, I don't want to even SEE another doll again.

I Love You,

Ellie

That was the last entry. I closed the beautiful, leather bound diary and set it down. I have a strong urge to shove it back under my mattress where I found it. But now, I know. I understand. I gaze at the beautiful blond-haired, green-eyed doll on my bed. I can hear it faintly whispering now, "*kill them, please.*" "Don't worry Ellie, I understand." I said to her, I slipped downstairs, and grabbed the hatchet from the utility closet. I know what I need to do.