

## No ones alike..

“And there was this really scary ghost, I was there I saw it all!” pleaded Hayley, but everyone just laughed. “Everyone quiet down, its time to go home” exclaimed Miss Smyth. Miss Smyth was everyones favorite teacher, she always cared and she never was mean. “Miss Smyth Hayley’s telling lies again!” “Yeah she said she saw a ghost” chanted everyone, “BUT I DID!, I swear I did, I saw a ghost Miss Smyth I did!” yelled Hayley but no one would believe her.

About an hour later Hayley finished writing her last words for her homework when her phone rang “Hello?” Hayley answered curiously “Oh hey Hayley!” “Its me Chelsea” “oh good, I know you’ll believe me”. Hayley told Chelsea her whole “story” about how she saw a ghost and that no one belived her. Chelsea had been Hayley’s best friend for years, and through those years Chelsea had been told a lot of “stories”. Of course not trying to hurt her best friend feelings she would believe her...sort of. “So why weren’t you at school today?” continued Hayley “Oh I was AHH AHH CHOOOO! sick,” replied Chelsea.

The next day at school at 8:45am the third siren went. Every student was inside their classrooms learning except for Hayley’s class. Suddenly a dark, sad & creepy looking figure appeared at the door. The door creaked as if it was like a haunted house, Chelsea shuddered and immediately Hayley had a bad feeling about the shadow.

As every student walked past, the shadow gave them a creepy look like they were going to be eaten. As Chelsea walked past she sneezed, it was all over the teacher. “Sorry...” cried Chelsea but the “teacher” didn’t look happy. At 9:00am the class started. Everyone was chatting, laughing and getting themselves ready and all of a sudden every child stopped. Everyone of the children even Hayley and Chelsea shuddered. They looked up their “teachers” nails were were scraping down the blackboard. “SILENCE!” “I expect you are all ready to start the class?” without letting anyone answer she yelled “Good!”.

Over the big black board the teacher wrote her name – MISS CARIBEE. “My name is Miss Caribee. I am going to be your teacher for the rest of the year,” Miss Caribee’s words rolled of her tongue. “...but our teacher is Miss Smyth?!” cried one kid “yeah, yeah!” chanted everyone else...”NOT ANYMORE SHE ISN’T!” “I am!” “Now everyone sit down,”.

Every day was terrible. It was the usual schedule;  
History – The Black Death  
Recess  
History – The Plague

Lunch

Quiz – The Black Death

Quiz – The Plague

If the students weren't learning about the gory ancient times, they were being yelled at.

But on one particular afternoon, something different happened. Not at class. The children still learnt about The Black Death & The Plague but something else happened, out of the ordinary...

Hayley and Chelsea walked down the school oval to go home. Chelsea stopped. "What's up?" Hayley wondered out aloud "I think I forgot something, never-mind," the girls continued walking "WAIT!" screamed Chelsea "Whhhaatt!" groaned Hayley "I know what I forgot" replied Chelsea "Whhhaatt!" groaned Hayley again, "I forgot my homework" "I have to go back" whispered Chelsea "No...no...NO! I'm not going back to that creepy place!" yelled Hayley.

The girls knocked quietly on the door. The Miss Caribee appeared and opened the door, she had the same wicked smile as she did on the first day that they met. "Well, what brings you puny earthlings here?" Miss Caribee said while gritting her teeth, "I've forgotten my homework?" Chelsea said innocently, Miss Caribee signaled for the girls to get their things. Both of the girls ran as soon as they had grabbed Chelsea's stuff. Miss Caribee locked every bolt on the door, once the girls had left. "Hey Chelsea?, I forgot my...Homework?" Hayley said as quietly as she could, "Excuse me?" Chelsea said as she leaned closer to hear "I forgot my homework too," Hayley repeated louder, "WHAT?!" "YOU COULD'NT HAVE REMEMBERED THAT WHEN WE WERE IN THE CLASS?" screamed Chelsea "You look angry," Hayley said quietly "You went back, why can't I?".

In minutes the girls were back at their class. The girls peered through the window, they couldn't believe what they saw, their jaws dropped. They didn't speak, they just stood their quietly peering through the window. "It can't be...can it?" Chelsea whispered in disbelief "I told everyone she was weird...and I wasn't lying" Hayley demanded in a whisper. What the girls saw was, Miss Caribee (if that was her actual name) morphing. Just in the class, morphing. Just standing there, morphing. In the corner, morphing. "How can it be?" Chelsea stared while she spoke, "I knew it," Hayley whispered.

"I'm sick... \*cough\* \*cough\*" "Hayley, stop lying and eat your cereal!" "but mum... I am sick," "oh yeah, well then I guess you can stay home...and while your at home you can clean your room and your bathroom...Oh! and while we're on the subject of cleaning, you can also do the dishes and then clean the pool," "I'll go to school," "good, now go upstairs and brush your teeth," Hayley went upstairs and got ready,

suddenly her phone rang “Hey Chelsea,” “Hi Hayley” both of the girls had the same disappointment in their voices “I’m going to school” “same” Hayley groaned sadly.

The girls were greeted by their teacher/alien/morphing thing/monster. As Hayley and Chelsea walked past they both studied their teacher. The teacher smirked and showed her rotten teeth, and some of the students gagged and others cried “ewww”. The day started and what felt like for hours it was finally lunch time, the girls ate and walked down to the playground, Miss Caribee was supervising. “Who would let that monster supervise a playground?” Chelsea said surprised, both girls laughed.

“Maybe it was just our imagination,” whispered Chelsea “what was?” Hayley whispered back “you know, Miss Caribee...morphing,” “no we saw it, its true” “GIRLS!” shouted Miss Caribee, everyone looked up from their work, “SHOULDN’T YOU BE DOING YOUR TESTS?” all of the children stared at the girls, waiting for an answer “sorry we” but before they could answer “I despise you little rats, thinking you can talk during my lessons, if I had the chance I would chop your heads of,” snarled Miss Caribee, the children's eyes widened.

Hayley and Chelsea’s funerals was a week later. They were killed one night...or were they? “HAYLEY get down here young lady, your going to miss breakfast!”. “It was a dream..it was all my imagination..,” whispered Hayley to herself. She jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, “Mum guess what...I’m alive!” Hayley yelled “Wow! this is amazing, now eat your breakfast,” Hayley's mum replied sarcastically.

Hayley ran to school to find Chelsea “YOUR ALIVE!” Hayley yelled and everyone stared at her “It was a dream!” Chelsea cried with her.

When the girls got to class they peered into the classroom window, they looked for Miss Smyth, but what they saw was something different. “Miss Caribee?” the girls whispered together, “It can’t be”, and it wasn’t. It was Miss Caribee morphing into...Miss Smyth? “Miss Smyth!?” both of the girls yelled, Miss Smyth rushed to the door to let everyone in and the girls walked past staring. “Girls, how are you?” Miss Smyth smiled innocently “but..you...it.. we...I,” the girls were startled, just standing in front of Miss Smyth/Miss Caribee. Hayley and Chelsea sat down “She was a...Miss Caribee” Chelsea said.

“I’m sorry I missed school I was ahh...sick?” Miss Smyth exclaimed “She must of had a very bad cold,” Hayley whispered to Chelsea.

**THE END**