

2021 MCC Creative Writing Contest

the nice, perfect Miss Deb. It is a total change in personality; she transforms from an evil old woman into a sweet and kind princess.

The sound of her footsteps could be heard over the ambient T.V. We sit up straight and hold our breath. Halfway down the stairs, she stops. Her voice clambered through our heads.

“Snack tiiiime!”

We stand up and march single file-- up the stairs, down the hallway, through the living room and into the kitchen. We take our seats at the dining table, not making a sound. Natalie, six, is next to me, hiding behind her long black hair. She’s the newest captive out of all of us. Across from me is Levi, the oldest. He looks tough. His jawline is sharp for a ten-year-old’s, and his buzz cut compliments his overall presence. Last is Maddie, the same age as me, eight. Her doe-eyes bring us comfort and reassurance. Despite the somber mood that coming to

As the minutes pass my grip remains unfaltering. My hand becomes sweaty and slippery, the grease from the butter now mixing with my own perspiration. Overcome with the rumination in my head, I squeeze even tighter, my knuckles turning white. Suddenly, I see Miss Deb standing in front of my gaze. Her chiseled face and tall stature menaced above me. I startle and gasp, terrified of the look on her face. Her arms are crossed; I must have looked guilty.

Her grip tightens on my arm which forces me to stand up. Without hesitation she leads me down the hallway and I know where I'm going. *The chamber.* Just