

Sylvanna J. Nilsen

Literature 8

Dr. Tracy

16 October 2013

The Mask Murders

A somewhat transparent light shined through my bedroom window, a rarity on an autumnal day in Caribou, Maine. I groaned as I realized it was Monday, and had to go to school, aka hell. I was about to force myself out of bed, when my door burst open and the yelling sound of my 17 year old sister, Hanna, came into my ears.

"LAILA! Where did you leave my white shirt?! Today's senior portraits and you know I need it!" It was too early for this. Ugh.

"What white shirt are you talking about?" I asked sleepily. She ignored me and started to walk around my room and throw all my clothes around. I let her do her thing, knowing she'd chill out once she found it. I got out of bed, and walked on by to my dresser where a hair tie conveniently sat, and proceeded to throw my hair into a messy concoction of what might be considered a bun. I quickly changed into some skinny jeans and a NYU Sweatshirt, and walked downstairs to grab something for breakfast. My mom, Lorraine, was grabbing her keys for work while eating a banana.

"Hey mom," I said, followed by a smile.

"Hey Laila, I'm running late, gotta go," she said. Her blond hair was tied back into a neat chignon, and her solid black heels clacked against the hardwood floor. I waved bye, then went over to the cupboard to pick out a cereal. I poured some Cheerios into a white ceramic bowl, and