

My Encounter with Bloody Mary

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My meeting with Bloody Mary

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Chapter 1 - 1

2

June 11th, 2007 in My Friend Katie's Bedroom

It was a hot, humid, and disgustingly smelly day and I was stuck inside with my friend, Katie, at her house.

"I'm bored," Katie said, laying down on her carpet.

"Tell me about it," I replied, staring into space. After a while, we were so bored that Katie sat up and grinned. I laughed. "Why are you smiling like that?!" I asked.

"I got an idea, Claire. Yup, I do."

"What is it?" I questioned. She shrugged.

"Just an idea. You wanna hear it? Or, we could always just sit here-"

"Yeah. Of course. I'd rather do anything then just sit here and waste my Saturday," I cut in. She gave me a wide smile.

"Bloody Mary always washes away boredom."

"Bloody Mary?" I queried. She nodded. I sat up and sighed. "Alright, Kat. What do you have in mind?"

"Hmm. Wait. You know the story of Bloody Mary, right?"

"Err, I think. Wasn't she, like, a girl-"

"That went into a coma and now haunts every bathroom. She comes when you call her." I stared at her then, unexpectedly, burst out laughing.

"You believe that?!" I almost shouted.

Katie crawled up next to me and whispered, "Of course. Remember Logan?"

"Yes. Wasn't he that blond guy in kindergarten?"

"Yup. Eric dared him to go into the bathroom, lock the door, and call for Bloody Mary." "Oh! I remember! And when he came out he-" I prompted and gestured for her to continue.

"He came out crying and shaking, calling for his mom," Katie said.

"Yeah, I know. The nurse sent him home." My friend nodded.

"So, you want to call for Bloody Mary in my bathroom?"

"What?!" I gasped, half horrified and shocked. Katie shrugged again.

"It's better than sitting here and doing nothing. And, besides. Cramer won't let Mary get to us. Will you, Crammie?" Her ugly dog barked and snarled. "We'll take that as a yes." After a long moment I sighed and gave in.

"Oh, fine! Let's go."

"Yea!" she shot up and ran to her bathroom and quickly turned on the light to reveal a messy bathroom stocked to the top with rubber ducks.

"So," I teased, "Where's your sink?" Katie let out a chuckle.

"Okay. So, ready? All we do is stand next to the sink, close the door, turn the sink on, shut the lights off and call her."

"Um, sure. Okay." I shut the light off, locked the door, and turned on the sink then joined Katie.

"Bloody Mary had an axe. She gave her mother forty whacks. Once her father knew what she had done, she gave her father forty-one! Bloody Mary! Bloody Mary! BLOODY MARY!" we chanted. Nothing happened. I sighed with relief until the light turned on without us touching it and the sink turned off. Katie stared at me, with wide eyes. All of a sudden, the light shut off and the sink started up again, full force. I felt my stomach turn upside down and my body shake.

“K-Katie?” I stuttered. I looked over at Katie to find her frozen and staring at the sink. I shook her. “Kat! C’mon! This isn’t funny!” I hissed. Then, without a word, everything was silent. The light was still shut off but the sink had stopped. I jumped. Katie let out a shriek. “MOM!!!!!!!!!! MOM!”

“Katie, sh! Your mom’s in the shower! What if she gets mad?!”

“She won’t. MOM!” she yelled.

“Katie!” I retorted.

“She’s probably out, anyway.” Katie said.

“Ugh!”

“KATIE, DOWN STAIRS, NOW!” Katie’s mom demanded. Uh-oh.

“Oops...maybe I shouldn’t have...” Katie started as we walked down stairs. We found Katie’s mom in the kitchen.

“WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU SCREAMING ABOUT?!” her mom shouted at Katie. “B-Bloody Mary! Sh-Sh-She...like...sh-she came! And now she’s haunting my bathroom and duckies!” Katie said, in a restrained voice.

“Ugh! Don’t get me started on her again!” Katie’s mom cautioned. “I saw Bloody Mary in the living room! Bloody Mary’s haunting my Bathroom!” She recalled of Katie’s past such escapades.

“But Claire saw her too! Didn’t you?!” Katie argued and turned to me.

“Well, um, the water did turn on and off and the lights shut off.” I offered feebly.

Then, Katie’s brother, who had been eavesdropping, interrupted and asked, “Seriously?” He grinned.

“Niko, wipe that grin of your face! It’s true!” Katie shrieked. Her mom looked beyond angry.

“Get. Up. Stairs. Before. I. Send. Claire. Home. Now.” Katie’s mom grinded out through clenched teeth.

“Fine! C’mon, Claire!” Katie pulled me to the stairs.

“Sorry!” I squeaked. Katie waved me off.

“It’s not your fault.” I looked at her and, to my surprise, saw a grin on her face.

“What is it now?” I sighed.

She giggled then said, “Let’s do that again!”