

# Locker 160 - How might the story end?

Von -Rhage

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Prolog: Locker 160</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 1: The End</b>	.....	4

## Prolog: Locker 160

*Here is the beginning of the Story.  
Maybe someone wants to read all of the Story^^*

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### Locker 160

It was my idea, I guess, in the first place. "Let's put a hate note in someone's locker," I said to Julie, half as a joke. We were waiting for biology class to begin.

She smiled and raised her eyebrows. "Another one of your great ideas, Karen? Whose locker do you suggest we put it in?"

I glanced around the room. "Oh Miriam." It wasn't that we really – I mean really – hated Miriam. That is, we both said "Good morning" to her and "See you tomorrow". But she was just – well, different.

In spite of the fact that she was pretty, with long, black hair and a graceful figure, she wasn't popular. Miriam always kept to herself. Besides that, she wrote poetry – that weird, free verse kind that nobody can understand.

That was how it began.

The next morning, Julie and I arrived at school early. We planned to write a note and put it in Miriam's locker, number 160. "What should we say?" I asked. I held my pencil over a piece of notebook paper.

"Something simple. How about 'you stink'?"

I printed the message in large, untidy letters.

"There," I said, handing the paper to Julie.

"I don't want it. You take it." She pushed the note back. "I'm scared." I didn't want to, but I took the paper. My hands trembled as I walked down the hallway. I heard the loud clack of my footsteps on the linoleum. As I came near locker 16, I looked around to make sure nobody was watching. There was only Julie, peeking around the corner of the hall. I opened Miriam's locker. The books were neatly piled on the metal shelf. A notebook with "Miriam Laker" written on it was beside them.

I placed our note on her notebook, where she would be sure to see it. I closed the locker door and walked away, with a pleasant feeling of relief. We stayed in the hall almost 15 minutes, waiting for Miriam to arrive. Then Julie nudged me and whispered, "Here she comes."

Miriam went directly to her locker.

"Look," Julie whispered. "Look at her face."

We burst out laughing. It was clear that Miriam had seen the note. Her face looked as if she had been hit with a wet dish rag. Julie and I fled, giggling, to the rest room.

After that it was easy.

The next day, we arranged an open plastic bag of marbles in Miriam's locker. When the hundred of marbles went bouncing and clattering down the hallway, I wonder how she explained to the principal. He was standing nearby when it happened.

After that, Julie and I got the idea of making a voodoo doll of Miriam. I must say we did an excellent job. We used a large carrot for the body, and a small onion with black yarn for the head.

After we drew the face on it ink, we stuck a huge hat pin through the onion. Than we hung a tiny sign on the doll that said "Miriam". I thought it looked rather cute on the shelf of Miriam's locker.

We reached a new height the next day. Julie had a petition to chance the school dress code. It had been signed by almost our whole class, but it hadn't been given to the principal yet. We traced all the names onto another sheet of paper, with said "We, the undersigned do herby declare that Miriam Laker is weird, and do hereby announce that we hate her." Julie put that little gem in Miriam's locker, just before biology class. We waited in the biology room for Miriam to come in. we wanted to see how she had taken our last surprise. The tardy bell rang, but Miriam still hadn't come.

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That is the story, which shows what had happened before.

Now, if you are interested how the story might end, read my story.

Of course, it is my idea of the end of the story.

My classmates have their own.

If you like it, I would be happy^^

Please commis^^

I hope you enjoyed it^-^

## Kapitel 1: The End

### *The End*

The following day Miriam didn't come. And not the next few days either. Julie and I started to worry. What would happen if the voodoo-spell had worked? Perhaps something bad had happened to her.

We were on the way to our lockers. They were near to the headmaster's office. From there loud voices could be heard and a woman was crying. We wanted to listen to the conversation. "I'm sorry, but we really haven't seen her. She didn't come to school." "But...she hasn't been home. What has happened to my daughter?" "Mrs. Laker, we don't know where she could be. Please contact the police, maybe they can find her." Julie and I were shocked. We felt so bad. It was definitely our fault. We went home, but our thoughts were with Miriam all the time.

When Julie and I entered school the next morning, something was different. In class our teacher told us that Miriam Laker had been found, but she was dead. It was like my heart had stopped beating. We couldn't believe it. It had to be just a joke. That wasn't supposed to happen.

After some days, we came to the funeral. We felt we were out of place, because we knew why she had died. It was unendurable.

In the evening Julie's Mom phoned. She told me that she had taken her daughter to hospital, because she had tried to kill herself.

That night I couldn't sleep, because I kept imaging that there was somebody in my room.

The next few days I had to go to school by myself. But all the time it felt as someone was following me.

It was dark outside when I left home. I was scared. I wanted to hurry. There was someone after me. I knew it. My steps became faster till I started to run. Some tears were running down my face. I looked behind me. But there was no one. I stood still and looked around me. But all I could see was a bright light. Finally I heard a loud toot of a truck and then...I felt nothing more.