

# UNKNOWN NUMBER ....

Tiffany was a bright vivacious , attractive 16 year old girl. She lived with her mum and spent a lot of her time on her phone talking with her friends and on social media.

Tiffany was finishing up her homework whilst listening to music, her headphones occupying her ears, when she got a text message on her phone. She didn't recognise the number but the text said "take a bath and go to bed.It's a school night".Probably a wrong number,Tiffany thought. This was peculiar but she did what the text said anyway. She had already been planing to take a bath after completing her homework assignments that she knew had to be handed to her teacher the next day.

She stepped into the bathroom and found that the bath tub had already been filled for her, it looked different from how she usually took her bath.The water was bright gold and murky. Strange, she thought. Maybe Mum had filled it up with different soap.Tiffany undressed and hopped into the tub. Her whole body, including her head, was wet before Tiffany became aware of a stinging sensation all over her skin. In a few moments, the stinging turned to burning, and soon she witnessed the skin on her arms beginning to peel off. She looked at her leg and the skin was peeling off too. All the skin on her body was coming off!. Her blood spilled into the tub and soon the bath had turned crimson.

She screamed in agony, jumping out of the tub. Her blood gushed like a red waterfall all over the bathroom floor. She turned the knob on the sink so she could try and soothe her burning body with cool water, but no water came out. Why had someone turned off the water?

Tortured cries escaped Tiffany's peeling lips as she painfully opened the door of the bathroom and hobbled out to alert her mother to the crisis.

There on the carpet in front of the television, was her dead mother in a pool of her own blood. Tiffany felt scared and confused. *Why is this dreadful things happening to me and who had murdered my mum?! We have done nothing wrong...right?*

As she cried uncontrollably, her blood was flowing fast. Her body grew numb and weak because of the blood that continuously flowed from her wounds.

Tiffany dragged herself to her room and picked up her phone to call the police. A text message was waiting for her. It was from the same number she hadn't recognised earlier.

The text read, "Next time, bathe in clean water." She heard laughter behind her and Tiffany turned around to see a tall man dressed in black covered in blood with a smile that peered into her soul. Her eyes widened as it trailed down to what he held in his hand. A bloody knife in one hand and in the other, a needle and thread.

Malak Abdallah 7D