

The White Dress

It was the night before the high school graduation party, and Clara didn't have a dress to wear. Her father was dead and her mother was a waitress, so they didn't have much money. Life for Clara was difficult.

Today, Clara went to a funeral home to say goodbye to an elderly neighbor who had died a few days ago. Inside the funeral home, Clara saw a young girl, about her age, in a casket. Clara noticed the dead girl's dress was very pretty and brand new.

While looking at the dress, the manager came in the room and said it was time to leave. He told Clara this girl would be buried tomorrow morning. After the manager left, Clara walked down the hall to the room and found her dead neighbour.

A few minutes later, she heard a lot of crying. Someone had fainted in one of the rooms, and everyone, including the manager, ran to help. Suddenly, Clara had an idea. She went into the room with the body of the young girl, opened the casket, removed the white dress from the girl's body. She put the white dress in her school bag and walked out of the funeral home. Nobody had seen her steal the dress.

As she walked home, Clara thought about her actions. Was it wrong to steal from a dead person? Especially a dead person who would never be seen again. She decided the world was not fair. Why was it okay for some people to have anything they wanted while others could not buy a nice dress? She thought there is no right or wrong, no good or evil. There was only money and poverty. The next night, she put on the white dress and went to the graduation party.

Clara was having a good time at the party. She danced a lot and many friends said she looked nice in the white dress. Suddenly, Clara's knees and elbows began to hurt. Later in the evening, her muscles became stiff. She couldn't walk or move very well. She thought there was something wrong with the dress, so she went into the bathroom and looked at it. She couldn't find anything wrong. So she put it back on.

As Clara danced, her body became cold and stiff. She fell down on the floor and couldn't move. The ambulance was called, and she was taken to the hospital. The doctors said she was dead - but she was alive! She could hear every word that was said. She just couldn't move or speak.

The next day, she was lying in a funeral home wearing the white dress. Her family and friends visited her coffin. They were crying. She tried to move and shout, but she couldn't.

The manager in the funeral home came in and closed the casket. The next day, the casket was taken to the graveyard. Clara could hear the gravediggers working.

"Did you hear what happened at the funeral home yesterday?" said one of them.

"No, what?" said the other as they threw shovels of dirt onto Clara's casket.

"A worker in the funeral home heard a knocking sound in one of the caskets. She opened the casket, and a young girl climbed out. She said someone tried to hurt her with voodoo magic. Someone gave her a dress covered with zombie powder, so she looked dead but she wasn't."

"Huh," said the first gravedigger. "I wonder what happened to that dress."

And then Clara couldn't hear anything else....