

# M.A.C

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I debated whether to pick it up or not. I had seen the old, wispy woman in Crackle Manor wear it. I had seen her protect it as if it was a precious baby made out of gold. I thought about it and finally decided to pick it up.

The cloth was purple and it had shiny yellow stars on it. The purple was like the kind of purple you would find on purple dahlias and the yellow was like the kind you would see on a gold bar. It also had something that I had not noticed before. It had the initials **M.A.C.**

I tried it on when I went home and found it quite adjustable. I looked into the mirror, and to my complete surprise, I could not see myself. Literally, the only thing there was the earring I was wearing on my left ear that my mom had given me during my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday – and it was dangling in mid-air, where my ear was supposed to be to be. I could not believe it! I was Invisible!!

I wasted no time to go over to Billy's house. He was the Biggest, meanest, and fattest bully in our school. Not to mention the only one. He had stolen all my manga comics, and when I finally got the courage to ask him to confess, instead of coming out of the common room with an apology, I came out with a black eye. Since then, I had always wanted revenge (and to get my books back).

I entered Billy's garden and the sight made me hold my breath. It was so neat! I wanted to just stand there, gawking on how neat it was, but I remembered that I might remain invisible only for a little while. The thought of revenge made me turn towards the door and open it. It creaked open like it would in a horror movie. Interesting, I thought. Very interesting. A neat garden and a creaking door. I pushed my thoughts away and scrambled into the house. I made no haste in scurrying up the stairs and into Billy's bedroom. I knew which one it was because it had no entry signs all over it. I went in.

As soon as my sight hit the room, I saw my stack of manga comics. They were right next to his horribly messy bed. I suddenly had an idea. I opened the window that was above his bed and threw my books down one by one. Once the whole stack was down, I walked proudly out of the door and banged straight into someone. I didn't dare look in case it was Billy. But I did, and found out it wasn't Billy at all; it was an old lady. Sewed on her black Vampire-kind of dress, she had the initials **M.A.C.** "do you own this cloth?" I asked her. She mumbled something that sounded like indeed I do so, young mortal. With a heavy heart, I handed over the Cloth...