

The Tale of The Haunted Dishwasher

Once upon a time, in a spooky old mansion, there was...

A **DISHWASHER!** (insert lightning/thunder here)

Okay, yes, I get it, dishwashers aren't very scary. You can stop laughing now. But this was not any old dishwasher. It was HAUNTED!

Like the rest of the creepy old mansion, strange noises came from the dishwasher and weird things happened when you got too close to it. Naturally, everyone blamed ghosts, because THAT'S clearly the most logical solution. This would have been less of a problem if it weren't for the fact that this old mansion was in the middle of suburbia. Nobody knew how long it had stood there, scaring the townsfolk with its strange creaking.

One cold, foggy day, a pair of kids decided to enter the mansion and find out the truth about it. As they tiptoed through the spooky halls, they heard moaning.

"Booo! Booo! What is you doing here? This my house! You not supposed to be in here!"

The children screamed in alarm as a sheet the size of a handkerchief with holes cut in the front floated toward them. "IT'S A BABY GHOST!"

"Me not a baby! Me just small!" the ghost moaned. "You come with me."

"No! Leave us alone!" cried one of the kids.

"I no debate this. Come with me."

Suddenly, two more ghosts flew out of the shadows behind them! The children had no choice but to follow the ghosts to what they were sure was certain doom.

"Where are you taking us?" one of the children asked.

"House," the ghost said. "This the garden. You like my plant?"

Sitting on an old, mildewed sofa was a pot with a withered flower in it. The flower glowed an eerie green. "Me watered it just this morning with this pretty watering can me found. It have a flower on it." The ghost gestured with a corner of its sheet at a barrel with a radiation symbol.

The children gulped.

Eventually, they arrived in what used to be the kitchen of the old, old mansion. Most of it was crumbling in a heap, but the dishwasher remained intact.

"Here we is," said the first ghost. "In."

"In where?" the children asked, shaking with fright.

"Dishwasher. It bigger than it looks."

The children exchanged nervous glances. These were very strange ghosts!

The first ghost floated over and opened the dishwasher, then floated inside. The children were about to follow when...

"CUT!" shouted someone from behind them. "Cut, cut, cut. That's not how the script goes!"

"Oh, hush. We're not on camera right now," the third ghost groaned.

The children spun around to see who was behind them and were astonished to see a penguin carrying a bullhorn and clapperboard. Another penguin waddled in behind him with a camera strapped to his head.

"Bwo, you no tell me we were supposed to be filming or Wadda would have turned camera on," he said.

"Wait, then why are you wearing your costumes?" he asked, ignoring the cameraman.

"Because we is stuck in them!" the first ghost complained.

The children were confused. "So you're not actually ghosts?"

"No. We're trying to film a movie, so we bought this creepy old mansion. But our special effects aren't working well, so the spooky soundtrack is stuck on random activation," the penguin explained. "I'm Waddles 2.O, and this is my brother, Waddles." He gestured to the other penguin.

"Hello dere! Wadda have camera for hat. Yay!" said Waddles.

"And me is Mimi," said the first ghost who wasn't really a ghost. "These me cousins, Snow and Trixie." Mimi indicated the second and third non-ghosts.

"Why do they talk like that?" one of the kids asked Waddles 2.O.

"I don't know. Just the way they do it, I guess."

"We is sorry for kidnapping you, but we wanted to see if you could get these costumes off us," Mimi said. "Can you help?"

The kids agreed, and helped them out of their sheets. It turned out Mimi and her cousins were actually tiny owls! After a round of goodbyes, the children left and told everybody the mansion wasn't haunted after all.

Or was it?

From inside the dishwasher, a white cat padded out. "They think they can come and film a movie in my mansion, do they? Well, we'll see about that!"

Then the cat turned and stalked off through the wall, chuckling ominously.

THE END

...or is it?

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