

# **Blooming of The Rose**

**By Rosemarie\_luvs\_Danny**

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*This story is about my character, Rose's, life. I;m only done with the first chapter but soon to be done with the second. hope you like.*

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**Chapter 1 - It's all my fault**

**2**

# 1 - It's all my fault

Hey, my name is Rose McLain. I'm here to tell you the story of my life. Just to warn you, there is a lot of drama and sad moments in my life, especially at the beginning of it. Ok, ready? This story is titled "The Bloom of a Rose".

It was a stormy, February night. Little, 5 years old, Rose McLain was tucked all comfy and warm in her little bed. She was hugging onto her teddy bear. She looked as if no harm could come to her. Rain was just pouring from the sky. Lightning streaked through the sky. Loud claps of thunder softly shook the ground. Rose woke up with a fright. She started to cry. She crawled out of her bed and went to her door. She opened it slowly and peeked out. It was so dark in the hallway. The only light coming in the hall was the light from the moon shining through the window.

She was going to run to her parent's room, which was down the hall. The only room that divided her room from her parent's room was the basement door. She started to walk slowly then started to pick up speed. Once she passed the basement, something happened. She heard a loud cackle coming from the basement.

She was terrified but opened the door. She looked down and saw only the slightest glow. She crawled down the stairs. Once she reached the very bottom step, it made a loud creak. She gasped as a tall and dark figure turned around. The figure glared at her with an evil red glow in his eyes. Rose got ready to run back up the stairs, but it was too late. She let out a huge ear-piercing scream that could be heard for nearly 3 miles distance.

She fell to her knees and cried. The figure let out one last cackle and passed through the wall. Once Rose came to her senses, she crawled back up the stairs with a slump or two. Once she reached the top, what a fright it was. There stood her mother and father. Her parents were in total shock. There in the entrance of the basement door stood their little "halfa" girl. She had maroon hair, glowing maroon eyes. Around her was a bright maroon colored glow. Her parents fell backwards onto their backs in a second of seeing their baby girl a ghost nearly. The sight killed them instantly.

Rose had no idea what had happened. She was only 5 years old for God's sake. She started crying and hugged onto her parent's lifeless bodies. She cried for nearly 10 minutes straight until she realized that she could do nothing to bring them back. They were gone.

Rose grabbed her teddy bear and a blanket. She sadly walked to the door with her teddy clutched tightly to her and her blanket draped over her shoulders. She reached for the doorknob and turned it. Then, in one last glance at her parents lying dead on the floor, a tear fell from her eye, and then she was gone.

The little 5-year-old halfa walked around Amity Park. She walked around as if she had been lost for nearly 5 years. Then Rose came upon the cemetery. She saw a little building with candles inside of it. Rose walked slowly to it. Once she came to the door of the building, she knocked. No answer was to be heard. She turned the knob and opened it. All she saw was an empty building with crosses, candles, and cobwebs.

Rose walked around and explored the odd building. It was huge to her since she was so small. She put down her teddy and blanket and ran home, or what was once her home. Once she was in it, she went to her little bedroom. She pulled out from under her bed a suitcase. She grabbed the handle with both hands and pulled hard. Once she got it out, she fell on her bottom from pulling with such a strong force. She opened it and then went to her dresser. She threw everything that was in each drawer into that suitcase. Once she closed it, she pulled it back to the cemetery.

Halfway there, she collapsed from being so exhausted from pulling it. About 2 minutes later, she heard a little voice. "Are you alright?" She sat up and looked around. Her maroon hair flipping back and forth as she looked for the voice. Then she saw a pair of glowing red eyes next to her.

"I'm ok. Who are you?" The little figure came into the light of the streetlight. "My name is, Rick. I'm 5. What's your name?" Rose smiled. "My name is, Rose and I'm 5 years old too!" "Do you need any help taking that big suitcase anywhere?" "No, no. I've got it. It was nice to have met you, Rick. Bye bye." Rose grabbed the suitcase and started to pull it to her new and soon to be home. "Bye, Rose. It was nice to meet you too!" Rick walked away.

Once she was at the little building, she pulled the suitcase in and laid it on the ground. She shut the door and unpacked. It didn't look like much. There were cobwebs in some dark places and dust everywhere. Her clothes were stacked up on a pile in a corner. She spread out her blanket and layed down. She clutched onto her teddy bear tight. She looked up at the ceiling. "I miss you mommy. I miss you daddy. You both once told me that if I ever needed somebody to talk to, you would always be there. I wuv you both no matter what!", she prayed. A tear fell from her right eye. Then, she rolled onto her side and fell fast asleep.

As the years went by, Rose grew and became more in control of her powers. Her crypt was like a house. There was an actual bed, dresser, desk, and everything else to make it homey in it. Rose was now a beautiful, gothic, halfa, 15 year old girl. She sat on her bed in her crypt crying. "11 years. It's been 11 years since the death of my parents and.....IT'S ALL MY FAULT!" She threw her head up and cried loud and hard. Poor girl, what will become of her?

To be continued