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AGE DIVISION: MIDDLE SCHOOL
IMAGE OF CHOSEN CREATURE *(see below)*



Dear Department of Unknown Creatures, The enclosed journal entries were recently found inside of an old abandoned suitcase found on a train. We do not know who wrote them, or when they were written, or if they are even true. New interesting creatures are spoken of, which is exactly your department. Please examine these documents at once and get back to us promptly.

Sincerely, -Creature Documenting Center.

...

For the past hour, every time I close my eyes, and ready myself to sleep, my ceiling starts to drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. Then it stops. Three drips to the face, a brief pause, and then it repeats. After a bit, though, it stopped. Or, so I thought.

Just a while ago, the dripping started again. I assumed it was the normal cycle. One, two, three drips; then a whole bucket's worth of water dumps on my face from the ceiling. Then, I hear a small giggle, one so mischievous you just know it's the source of your problem. Immediately, I knew it wasn't just a leak. I get up, frustratedly wringing out my wet clothes, scowling at the wet patch on my ceiling.

I stomped up the stairs to the second floor of the house, looking for the little rascal that had drenched me. I was very tired at this point, as I had hardly slept the past few nights before, due to me documenting my research of various creatures until early morning. As I came into my office space, which I knew was the room right above my bedroom, I saw no evidence of any disturbance. No water, no creature; there was nothing left of the mischief. Bewildered, I crouched down to the floor, searching for even a single drop of water. Nothing.

For a brief moment, I contemplated my sanity. Could all of these new creatures I'd come across really only been hallucinations? Or, perhaps, I was just too tired, and it was only a leaky pipe causing problems.

I rubbed my eyes and looked around the room once more. Convinced I just needed sleep, I descended the stairs and came back into my bedroom. I changed from my wet clothes and

flopped into my bed, ready to finally get some rest. My entire bed was soaked; the blankets, the pillows, the sheets, the mattress. Everything. Now, I too was again very wet. And, again, very upset. Then, I heard that mischievous little giggle.

I threw the blanket off of the bed, revealing a small little creature huddled in the middle of the mattress. It seemed to be made of only water. . . but yet, it still had a cheeky grin and two large eyes.

The creature giggled again and spun around in a circle. It seemed to move as one blob of water, drenching whatever it sat on. Wherever it had previously been, the water dried up slowly, leaving no trace of it being there. Slowly, I reached my hand out to it. As soon as my hand got close, the creature spat water in my face and giggled. I reached out once again, and still I got water shot in my face. The creature was very pleased with the commotion it was causing and didn't seem to care whether or not I liked it. For the final time, I tried to reach out, but more water was gushed at my face. The creature giggled and giggled, very proud of its handywork. While it was busy congratulating itself by spinning in circles and hopping around, I ran to the bathroom, and filled an empty glass with water.

I came back to the creature singing itself a happy tune and rolling around on my bed. I splashed the cup of water into its face, seeing how it liked its own game. The creature stopped and cocked its head. It seemed very confused. The creature's body got smaller, and its face was shameful. I sat down next to it, and it slowly made its way on top of my lap. It nuzzled me, as if it was an apology, then laid down gently on my lap. It was not easy to pet this creature, but I did try, only really managing to get my hand wet.

I have decided to call this creature, a Gellaqua, for its gel looking appearance and its watery body. The Gellaqua has stayed at my house for a while longer after that night, and I am happy to say the creature and I are now getting along fine! He waters my garden if I ask, and rarely plays many pranks, though he does have a very playful nature, and likes to be played with frequently. I suspect the Gellaqua are the culprits for many a leaky ceiling, and other water mishaps.

Written by, Ava Gleitz