

Panties (feat. Kash Doll)

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There was a little girl named Holly who had just turned six years old.
One Halloween night, her parents decided to celebrate their wedding anniversary by going out
to a nice restaurant for dinner.

Because it was Halloween, they had some trouble finding a babysitter for their daughter.
Eventually, they called a teenage girl named Jessica, who lived down the street, and asked her
if she could babysit for them.

When Jessica arrived, the parents gave her their mobile phone number and told her to call them
if there was an emergency.

After they left, the babysitter fixed Holly some dinner and then sat down on the sofa to watch
TV.

When holly finished eating, she asked, "

Can I have some dessert?" "

OK," replied Jessica. "

What would you like?" "

Ice cream!" said Holly, smiling from ear to ear.

The babysitter got up and searched through the fridge. "

I can't find any ice cream here," she said. "

It's in the freezer in the basement," said Holly.

Jessica opened the basement door and flicked the light switch, but the lights didn't turn on.

She carefully made her way down the creaking steps into the basement.

She eventually found the freezer and lifted the lid.

As she took out a tub of vanilla ice cream, she happened to glance out the window.

In the darkness, she saw a little girl with long blond hair standing outside.

The girl had a red T-shirt on and was standing with her back to the window.

Jessica couldn't see her face, but she noticed that the girl was wearing something black on her
head.

The babysitter didn't pay much attention.

It was Halloween night and there were a lot of children wandering around the neighborhood.

She made her way back upstairs, put some ice cream in a bowl and placed it in front of Holly.

the little girl made a face. "

Can I have some chocolate syrup on it?" she asked. "

OK.

Where is that?" asked Jessica. "

In the basement," Holly replied.

Jessica dutifully made her way back down into the darkened basement.

As she was searching for the chocolate syrup, she glanced out the window again.

The little girl was still standing outside, but this time, she was facing the window.

Jessica saw that she was wearing an unusual mask.

It was black with red trim and the mouth was covered in large, sharp white teeth.

It gave Jessica the creeps.

The babysitter retrieved the chocolate syrup and walked back up the creaking stairs.

In the kitchen, she poured the chocolate syrup on Holly's ice cream. "

Thanks," said Holly. "

Can I have some candy sprinkles on it too?" Jessica sighed. "

Let me guess... They're in the basement?" "

Yeah," giggled Holly.

The babysitter headed back down the stairs, into the darkened basement.

As she rifled through the cabinets, she looked out the window and saw the same little girl in the mask standing outside.

This time, the child was holding a large knife in her hand.

Perhaps it was part of the little girl's costume.

However, it seemed odd that a child's parents would allow her to go around at night armed with a knife.

Shuddering, Jessica found the candy sprinkles and ran up the stairs, taking them two by two, anxious to get out of the basement. "

Thank you!" squealed Holly happily as the babysitter sthe candy sprinkles on her ice cream. "

All it needs now is a cherry on top..." Jessica stared at Holly in irritation. "

Are you sure that's all it needs?

This is the last time I'm going down into that basement." "

I promise," grinned Holly.

The babysitter slowly descended into the darkness and opened the cabinet and found the cherries.

Looking out the window, she noticed that there was no sign of the creepy little girl in the mask.

Jessica breathed a sigh of relief.

She was glad the girl was gone.

The whole situation was beginning to freak her out.

She picked up the package of cherries and climbed up the stairs for the last time.

As she entered the kitchen, she was greeted by a horrible sight.

Holly lay face-down in her bowl of ice cream.

A pool of blood was spreading out around her on the table.

Her little throat had been sliced open.

Jessica screamed and dropped the cherries.

She ran into the bathroom and locked the door behind her before dialing 911.

She sat on the floor, tears streaming down her cheeks, desperately waiting for the police to arrive.

After what seemed like an hour, she heard sirens outside and the sound of the front door being broken down.

A policeman's voice called out her and she unlocked the bathroom door.

The police searched the house, but there was no trace of any intruder.

A few minutes later, Holly's mother and father arrived.

They were horrified to see their young daughter's corpse being carried out on a stretcher.

The father sat on the steps outside, his head cradled in his hands.

The tearful mother approached Jessica.

Her eyes were red from crying. "

What happened?" asked the mother. "

Oh God... I'm so sorry," said the babysitter, trembling with emotion. "

I was down in the basement... I looked out the window... There was a little girl in a mask... She had a knife... She was just standing there outside the basement window... She must have murdered Holly!" "

But Jessica, that's impossible," said the mother. "

There aren't any windows in the basement... only a mirror..."

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