

The Sad Little Girl

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14560368) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14560368>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	The Loud House (Cartoon)
Characters:	Lisa Loud , Lucy Loud
Additional Tags:	Short , Story within a Story , Sibling Bonding
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-05-06 Words: 1,289 Chapters: 1/1

The Sad Little Girl

by [MrTyeDye](#)

Summary

Lisa comes across a short story that Lucy wrote as a creative writing assignment, and decides to provide some constructive critique.

Dear Lucy,

I was poking around your room today, in search of a magnifying glass that Lynn borrowed from me last week and has yet to return. She allegedly needed it for a biology project of some sort.

Anyway, I happened to come across a draft of your creative writing assignment, and I took the liberty of reading it and providing some constructive criticism. In short, your writing is quite impressive for your grade level, but there are a few aspects of your story that are... troubling, to say the least.

The Sad Little Girl

by Lucy Loud

I like the title. Austere, yet evocative.

Once upon a time, there was a sad little girl named Abigail. She had long black hair that reached all the way down her back, and she wore a black Victorian dress that came down to her toes. She also had white nail polish.

Not a bad start. My only complaint is that your description of her appearance is a little... dry. You're just reciting a list of her physical traits. Details like the way she moves or the timbre of her voice are bound to paint a more vivid picture in the reader's mind.

She was sad because she didn't have many friends, and also because the other girls would bully her. They did so because she was quiet and spent a lot of time by herself, and the other girls thought that was weird.

Ah. Classic tale of a misunderstood loner. As an introvert, I can somewhat relate, although my kindergarten is a relatively bully-free environment.

They called her names.

They pushed her down on the playground during recess.

They stole her poetry diary, and they only gave it back after writing a lot of hurtful messages in it.

I understand that you're trying to demonstrate what your protagonist is going through, but the pacing here is rather monotonous, with too much telling and not enough showing. I'd be curious to see what Abigail does to try to stop the bullying in between each attempt. Does she seek guidance from the teacher? Does she try to reason with her tormentors?

Those details will help Abigail feel more like a fully realized character. As of now, we know nothing about her, other than the fact that she's introverted. Making her a victim of bullying is one thing, but the way she *reacts* to the bullying will give us more insight into her personality and make her feel more human.

They waited for her to come out of the bathroom during lunch, and then dumped a bowl of minestrone soup from the cafeteria into her hair.

Okay, the first three items in that list sound like standard bullying, but the fourth one sounds... oddly specific. I hope you don't mind my asking, but did that happen to *you*?

On a similar note, I wasn't going to say anything, but judging by her physical characteristics and behavior, I'm suspecting that this "Abigail" character was based off of yourself.

They dropped the class's pet gecko down her collar.

They tripped her in the hallway and stepped all over her dress, on purpose.

They-

I get the point. This seems to go on for a while, so I'm just going to skip ahead, if you don't mind. And I'd recommend trimming down the list to three or four items.

One day after school, Abigail went up to her attic to sulk and cry. She didn't say anything because she didn't want her family to worry.

Ah, see? This is good. This tells us something about where Abigail's priorities lie, which makes her character feel richer and deeper. More of this, please.

Then, while she was crying, she came across a book she had never seen before. The title of the book was "Deadly Spells". She flipped through it, and inside was an index of magical incantations you can use to devastate your foes. It was owned by her great-great-grandmother.

A little contrived, but okay. I'm intrigued to see what Abigail does when offered this level of power.

She put the book in her backpack to take to school tomorrow. She didn't want to use it, but she would if she had to.

I'm rather perturbed by Abigail's nonchalance. She comes across a spell book that allows her to murder anyone she pleases, and she packs it up without any hesitation? Isn't she at least a little apprehensive? Or at least skeptical that it will actually work?

The next day at school, she got bullied again. Three girls snuck up on her during recess and pushed her into the mud, and kicked her while she was down. She told them to stop, or there would be consequences. But they didn't stop. She told them again, and they still didn't stop. She gave them one last warning, and once again, they ignored it.

If only they had listened.

I'd like to see this scene described in more detail; it's a pretty pivotal moment, since it leads to Abigail finally being pushed past the breaking point.

Abigail took out her spell book and flipped to one of the middle pages. She then recited an incantation and pointed at one of the girls. The girl's blood turned into molasses, and it clogged up her heart until it exploded. She died in agony.

Good lord.

Then she pointed at the second girl and said another incantation. The girl's intestines turned into snakes and ate their way out of her body.

Good lord.

Then she pointed at the third girl and performed a third and final incantation. The girl's bones turned to glass, and she fell over and shattered into a million pieces.

Good LORD.

On one hand, I must commend you for the creativity behind these death sequences. You've got quite the imagination.

On the other hand, this is an elementary school assignment, is it not? I've never met your teacher, but I can't imagine her responding positively to something so... gruesome. At the very least, it'll earn you a direct ticket to the school guidance counselor.

If they'd only listened to Abigail when she told them to leave her alone, they would have lived to see the rest of the school year. Then they would have lived to see several years after that, and they would have grown up to live happy, normal lives.

But they didn't. And now it was too late.

THE END

Well... that was...

Well.

I see two different ways to interpret this story of yours, Lucy. On one hand, it can be read as a morbid cautionary tale about not ostracizing others for being different, with a tone similar to Grimms' Fairy Tales - particularly the more violent and mean-spirited ones.

On the other hand, I suspect that the first half of this tale is based on your personal experiences, and if that's the case, I'm tempted to interpret it as a vengeful wish fulfillment fantasy directed at some of your classmates. As I mentioned before, submitting this as a grade school assignment could land you in quite a bit of trouble.

More importantly, Lucy, if you're experiencing a bullying problem, I strongly, *strongly* urge you to come forward about it. Talk to your teacher. Talk to the principal. Talk to *us*. I know there are times in this house when you feel ignored or neglected, but please believe me when I say this: *you are loved*. Immensely. And no schoolyard bully is going to get away with targeting one of our own.

- Lisa

P.S. If you see Lynn, please ask her when I can expect to have the magnifying glass back.

P.P.S. And she better not be using it to torture garden ants.

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