

Hello Kitty ouija board

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Hello Kitty ouija board

by [di_fairy](#)

Summary

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Wemmbu -who had promised to join her in her attempts to talk with the ghost- is not picking up any of her calls. She grumbles as she tosses her phone on her bed. Fine, she'll can do it by herself! Really, how hard can setting up an Ouija board be?

Notes

For my dear friend Blaze.
Thanks for the 3ht art

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a ghost living in Squiddo's house.

Not her, of course. At least, she's pretty sure she's still alive and not a ghost, but you can never be too sure.

Anyways, there's a ghost in Squiddo's house. She finds she doesn't mind that much. They're nice enough, and they haven't caused her any harm! Ghost usually go from writing messages on mirrors to stabbing people pretty quickly in all the movies she's watched. This ghost has gone from writing creepy messages on her mirror to reminding her to turn the stove off whenever she leaves the house and hiding her shoes.

So they're a bit annoying, but other than that it's like having a roommate who she just never sees.

Speaking of roommates who she never sees...

"So you're telling me there's a ghost haunting our apartment?"

"Yep!"

She's on call with Wemmbu, playing on her switch. Wemmbu's phone is propped up on his bed in his parents house, and she can just about see his hair from where he's buried himself under pillows and blankets. He sounds stuffy and also very tired. She's not sure why he picked up her call at what is probably past midnight for him, but she's not complaining.

"I should have never agreed to live with you." That gets a laugh out of her, before yelling as her character dies. They bicker a bit, mostly Wemmbu laughing at her quote on quote 'lack of gaming skills.

"I *will* hang up on you."

"Fine fine, screw you." She can almost imagine him putting his hands up in surrender, "So, what do we know about our new roommate?"

"Absolutely nothing!"

"Ah. Wonderful." She can't help but giggle at that.

"How would I even ask them stuff? Whenever I write on the mirror they just swear at me." It's actually kind of funny and has ended up in more than one swearing match with Squiddo yelling at her mirror. She hates to think what her neighbours think of her.

"Easy. Ouija board. Hit them up and ask what they're haunting you for."

She throws her switch to the end of her bed and rolls over to where her phone is and grabs it, "Mission find a Ouija board for cheap is a go!"

It takes an hour or two for Squiddo to find one that is firstly in her price range (the broke college life has dwindled that to a very sad number) and is also close enough that she can either walk or take the train. In the end it comes down to a choice between two; either a pink hello kitty one (advertised ages five plus) or a rather boring classic one, like the ones she's seen in the movies. Wemmbu, in the end, manages to convince her to buy the Hello Kitty one.

It takes roughly a week to arrive, in which the ghost does a variety of things; not excluding moving all her plates to the top shelf that she can't reach and pouring her hair products down the sink. Still, by the end of the week her package arrives, cardboard dented by the delivery men, but still in one piece.

Wemmbu -who had promised to join her in her attempts to talk with the ghost- is not picking up any of her calls. She grumbles as she tosses her phone on her bed. Fine, she'll can do it by herself! Really, how hard can setting up an Ouija board be?

It has been an hour and Squiddo is finally, *finally*, sat in her bathroom with a bunch of one dollar candles surrounding her. Perfect summoning ritual for an annoying ghost roommate!

Okay, now to start Squiddo's awesome ghost summing ritual thing™. Great! She can do this, the instructions *do* say that you need more than one person, but Squiddo wont let that stop her.

“Is there anyone here?” Rather cliché beginning, but it'll work. “Hello? *Hello* .” She drags the o out and hopes that someone answers, and she's not just gone crazy from carbon monoxide poisoning or something.

She wait. And waits, and waits. It gets to the point where she's nodding off in her seat before it starts working, the planchette (the little wooden thing, Squiddo had learnt after a quick google search) slowly moving between letters.

Ah. She probably should have a notebook to write the letters down, shouldn't she? She scrambles out of the bathroom -and after rummaging around her room- rushes back in with an old notebook.

“Okay, repeat that again please?”

SUP BIT##

“How dare you,” Squiddo mock-gasps “you're ruining my monetization!” Squiddo is not monetized, but the ghost needn't know that, “Do you have a name or am I just calling you ghost?”

Theres a high pitched sound that peaks in Squiddo's ears; she hopes that's his attempt at a laugh and not a sign that he wants her dead.

ASH, her ghost roommate thing- now know as Ash!- spells out.

“Cool name Ash! Did you happen to die in a fire.” Now, Squiddo knows that that's just a *bit* straightforward; she didn't survive middle school by not learning anything, after all! However the (one) wikihow page she read told her that its best to be direct.

And she's pretty sure there was something her landlord told her about a fire when she'd first moved in; she hadn't been listening, too busy signing onto the first apartment that she could actually afford while still being within walking distance to her campus.

RUDE.

“Well?”

DUH HOW ELSE DID YOU THINK I DIED?

Huh. Well that solves one issue. According to wikihow -a very trusty source for sure- ghosts will only haunt something, if A: they died there, or B: they specifically hate you. Squiddo likes to think shes a nice person! And also she's never known anyone called Ash who died in a fire.

The naming is kind of ironic though. She tells him as much.

The same screechy high pitch noise fills her bathroom; she almost certainly sure that's his laugh now. Which isn't necessarily bad! Shes met plenty of people with weird laughs (heck people told her she had a strange laugh), but most people's laugh don't sound like its straight off a horror movie sound track and makes whoever he's talking to ears want to bleed.

“Awesome! Are you free to discuss rent right now?”

...*WHAT?*

“Well don't get me wrong, your a great roommate! Absolutely love our chats, but it's kinda unfair for you to live her rent-free when me and Wembu have to pay y'know?”

I'M LEAVING

“ Wait, we still need to discuss your allergies!” She's giggling, and when the ghost - *Ash she reminds herself* - screams, she laughs again.

They're going to get along like a house on fire.

End Notes

Originally posted on Quotev

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