



**Security Public Library**  
**presents:**



## **TERROR AT THE TYPEWRITER**

**Share your best scary (or not-so-scary) story with us  
and win prizes!!**

**How to Enter and Rules:**

- One original entry per person
- Short story (1500 word limit).
- Open to all ages!!
- Entries must be submitted by October 31st (you may mail, email, or bring in to library)
- Include Name, Address, Phone, and Age/Grade

**Here's what you could win!!**

A 1st and 2nd place winner will be chosen from each category:

K-3rd grade \* 4th-5th grade \* 6th-8th grade  
9th-12th grade \* Adult

1st Prize: \$50.00 Gift Card from Barnes & Noble  
2nd Prize: \$25.00 Gift Card from Barnes & Noble



Entries will not be returned and may be bound for library collection and/or displayed in library cases. Winners will be notified by phone.  
For more information call 391-3190 or email [spi@wsd3.org](mailto:spi@wsd3.org)  
715 Aspen Drive,  
Colorado Springs, CO 80911

Name: Clarissa Begay

Address: 3145 S. Tejon Ave. Colorado Springs, CO, 80911

Phone Number: 719-441-1212

Age: 15

Grade: 9

Write your original story here:

### **Tony's Children's Home**

Everytime I walk past that building to go to school, I can't help but think of all the horrible things that happened there. How they could put all those children through pain and suffering. I don't know why people haven't taken that place down yet. Maybe because all the legends are true and the true monster is still hidden behind those walls. I have only heard little about the history from my grandma since she escaped the orphanage when she was 10 years old and now she can't even go near it without having a panic attack. Finally, it's over and passed the building. I can now focus on my test first thing in the morning. I can finally focus on being anxious and feeling like I'm going to throw up. In other words, I didn't study.

"Alright everyone. Time to pack up. Now remember to be careful out there tomorrow night especially you, Alex!" said the teacher that called him out. As Alex was walking out of the classroom, he thought why did the teacher call me out. I didn't do anything wrong and I'm not a troublemaker unlike Steve. Does she know something? Is something bad going to happen? I don't know, I might have to be cautious tonight just to be safe. I'm taking the long way home. Away from that place. When he walked through the door, his grandma jumped from her seat to give him a hug. His sister mumbles something unclear as she messes with him like she always does.

"Hey, can you come with me to go trick or treating? I don't want to go with my friends. Plus, mom and dad said that you have to do so." Alice asked him with a straight face.



"Uhhh sure, but I'm not going to dress up. I'm not a kid, so only you." Alex told her as he was walking to the kitchen to get his afternoon snack. He looked up at the calendar on his phone and realized that Halloween was today. He has been so busy with school work and tests. Alex realized that these past weeks, days have been blending together and have been such a blur. He couldn't even remember what he ate yesterday, but could remember that a paper was due at midnight and he had to stay up late doing school work. It's not like he procrastinates, it's just that teacher's are giving out too much work that it's starting to get uncontrollable even for a straight "A" student.

The alarm clock wakes him up and reminds him of the awful day it's going to be, just like it has been for months. Well, the day was the same as every other day. Waking up. Walking to school. "Learning". Waking back home. Get a hug from grandma. Do homework. Sleep. He doesn't really see his parents often because they are working basically until he gets to bed. Sometimes his dad has the day off on weekends, but his mom has the weekends off.

Well, now he has to be all bundled up for the weather. "Alex, I know you are going with your sister and I have to tell you something about tonight to keep you safe." his grandma sat him down on the couch. "Yeah, what's up. Is something wrong?" he was worried something happened to her.

"Oh. I'm fine. I just have to tell you about the rest of the story to keep you away because you know, curiosity killed the cat." she told him as Alex was nodding because he has waited to hear the whole story for the longest time. "Umm. So, that place was a children's home and the owner was a horrible, horrible man. He used to torture the children who didn't behave and everyone thought there was a monster he would give the children to to scare them. Other kids said that he found the monster in the woods while he was on a hunting trip and he promised the thing to fix him or his face. The monster agreed because he thought he was going to a doctor, but instead that man trapped him into a room. One thing after another, the man used the monster as an advantage to scare the kids to death whenever they misbehaved. I've never disobeyed him because the kids that came back were so scared. Most of them didn't speak after that and were usually distant to others, but I thought the rumor might be true because of them. I overheard his name when one of the cooks accidentally said his name. After that, I didn't see that lady ever again and I'm too frightened to even say it. So, now you know." his grandmother was shaking the whole time as if the room was cold.

"Grandma, that's so horrifying. If you don't mind me asking, what happened to the kids? What happened to him?" Alex asked his grandma and regretted asking that as soon as it came out.

"Well, ....he killed the kids. He told me he was going to and I was planning on escaping after I told everyone. No one believed me. I didn't have dinner that night when everyone did. He poisoned them at dinner before they went to sleep and killed all the workers because he knew that they were going to tell. After I escaped, I didn't know where I was running, I just kept on going straight. I never went back and he frightened me so much that I couldn't bring myself to the truth of what happened. But, I don't know what happened to him. It was all over the news, but he was nowhere to be found at all." his grandma started tearing up and looked like she was about to faint. Alex couldn't say anything. There was nothing he could say to make it go away for her..

"I'm sorry grandma. I won't go to that place. I promise you." Alex told her calmly as they were both heading out the door. He could see how impatient his sister was getting and didn't want to leave her alone in case something happened to her. They both waved goodbye and closed the door as the cold air greeted them. Along they went from house to house and it had only been an hour when he started to shiver, but his sister was filled with warmth, so he just sucked it up for her. The lights outside the houses were turning off and the only light that was on the road was the streetlights. "Come on, Alice. I think that's enough for tonight. Let's head back. Everyone is done passing out candy." Alex told his sister as he turned his back to her to walk back. He thought she would follow him, but when he turned around he saw that she was running.

“There is one more house I see! It’s right there! I’m going to get their candy before they have no more!” Alice started running faster and faster to get that one last bit of candy or what she thought. Alex started running after her and was getting frustrated. He was tired and cold. Suddenly, he couldn’t see Alice. When he went up to the house, he saw that it was that building. She dropped one candy on her way in. No this isn’t real, he thought. Why would she go in there? No, she must be messing with me. Maybe she knows. No she doesn’t. No one told her anything. Why does this have to happen to me! He went in and though he broke his promise, he did it for his sister. “ALICE!” he shouted with worry in his voice. He must have shouted her name at least a thousand times, but no response. He knew that she was in there by the candy droppings that were scattered everywhere. Unexpectedly, Alice came rushing downstairs with tears running down and blood all over her face. She couldn’t speak, but only just screaming and pointing up the steps.

As soon as she came, they were running out of there, but the hallway seemed longer than before and the front door closed shut. Alex was in front of Alice. Protecting her. They both saw the monster. Straight in it’s face. Alex couldn’t shout or even breathe while Alice’s face had blood coming down from her head. Their minds went completely blank. Then, the monster dragged Alex down the hall, up the stairs, and left Alice at the door. Alice screamed for her brother, crying. She then banged on the door. Screaming for her life. Yelling, “HELP!” at the top of her lungs.

The couple walking outside couldn’t hear anything as Alex and Alice were still inside. Yelling for anyone. A single soul to hear them, but no one could.







Shyanne Shea

11th Grade

This town is small and it sucks. My mom loves it, but I can find everything wrong with this town. It's too small, I have only one friend, Jackson, because everyone else are snobbish bullies. The education is low, and there is no real help for mental health. Welcome to Shersville.

My life consists of waking up, attending a school that is full of bullies, hanging out with my only friend after school, coming home when it gets dark, crying until I fall asleep, and repeating. Some days I have an anxiety attack as fierce as fire and some days I just stare blankly. My parents know, but no one in the town can. If someone finds out I'd most likely be thrown into the mental facility to be "taken care of".

That place is horrible. I once took a field trip up there in elementary school and the sights I had to see are just... not of sound mind. That is why I have had nightmares every night for the past five years.

I wake up from yet another nightmare. This time I was in the mental hospital myself, being shocked and forced into boiling tubs they called hydrotherapy. More like hydro-torture. As I think back on the dream I start crying. My biggest fear was coming to life and I couldn't do anything about it. I check the time and realize it is five in the morning. Time to get up.

I get up from bed and walk downstairs, going to grab the newspaper from the front yard. I start reading as I get ready for school. Today's headline: "THE INSTITUTE OF GREEN IS BEING SHUT DOWN TODAY". It then goes on to say that after an inspection the hospital was being shut down and turned into a historical sight. Tours would become the new norm for that hospital instead of crazies.

“Cool!” I exclaim. I couldn’t be more relieved. Plus a tour might be pretty cool. Maybe I’ll get some closure. Jackson would go with me when they start in a month. I finish getting ready and head to school.

Today is the day I get to go on a tour of the old Institute of Green. Jackson is coming with me to make sure nothing happens to me. I don’t know how many people will be there. Guess I’ll find out. I hear a honk outside and smile as I rush out to Jackson . I jump in the front seat and buckle my seatbelt.

“Hi Sage. Someone is excited. More excited than I thought you’d be.” Jackson says.

I respond with, “Hi!” Jackson turns the radio up and drives off. We soon arrive at Terror Hill, named by the youth of the town. We drive up and park. There are more people than I thought. As we walk in, a little girl with her family passes. She stops and stares at me. I look down at her and smile nervously.

“Can I help you?” I say, trying to be polite. Her eyes look cold and dark.

“You’ll be trapped.” She says dully. I shiver and grow more concerned. I feel a tap on my shoulder and I jump, turning to whoever is there. Jackson is looking at me, a scared look on his face.

“Sage, who are you talking to?” He says quizzically. I look back to the little girl and see that she’s gone.

“I don’t know... Let’s go in.” I grab his hand and walk inside to the ticket booth, now feeling not as excited as before.

As we enter the building a tour office is right there front and center. We walk up to the counter and ring the hotel-like bell. We wait for a few minutes but no one comes. I ring the bell again and still nothing. I shrug at Jackson and he shrugs right back.



“We have the tickets. Maybe we can just go and if someone stops us we’ll just show them the ticket,” Jackson suggests.

“Sounds like a plan to me,” I respond with a smile on my face as we start down the hallway. There’s doors with signs of DO NOT ENTER and FACULTY ONLY.

There’s an opening to a white, padded cell. There’s a plaque outside of the door, explaining what the room was used for.

“You should go in so I can take a picture.” Jackson suggests. I nod and walk in the room and do a weird pose. Jackson takes the photo and immediately looks at it while I turn around and inspect the walls.

“Come on Sage,” Jackson says. I look at him and start walking to the door. Just before I reach the door, it slams closed and locks. I start to panic and rush to the door, trying to get out. I can just barely see Jackson through the window trying to get me out. I bang on the door as he screams for help. A man comes by and Jackson quickly explains that I’m locked in here and need help getting out. The man looks inside and sees me, a crying mess.

He looks at Jackson confused and states calmly, “She’s meant to be in there. You know that.” He then walks away and I pass out. When I come to, I am standing in the hallway, reading the plaque outside the door.

“You should go in so I can take a picture.” Jackson suggests. I look at him and down to the ground.

“I don’t think I should,” I say on the verge of tears. I continue walking down the hallway. Jackson follows.

We look through more rooms, but I never enter one. We get to the stairs and travel up them slowly. As we climb, I swear I hear laughing and screams so loud that could make someone go insane.

“Do you hear that?” I ask Jackson. He turns to me and looks at me weird.

“What are you talking about? There’s nothing there I promise. It’s okay.” Jackson reassures for the umpteenth time. I nod and walk into the room that the stairs lead to. The hydrotherapy room which immediately gives me chills. I turn to Jackson and notice he’s gone. I look back and see him in one of the hydrotherapy tubs, eyes glazed over skin burned. There’s steam coming out of the tub. I immediately scream and try to get out. When I move back I’m caught by a pair of strong arms. I look up, expecting to see Jackson but all I see is white.

“What are you doing out of your cell?” A strange man asks in a deranged voice. He grabs me tighter and picks me up. It’s only then that I realize I am in a straight jacket. I struggle against him still watching Jackson’s lifeless face. Tears track down my face as the man drags me away.

“You’re not supposed to be out of your cell, Sage. It’s policy.

Some person who looks like a therapist talks to me through a microphone. I’m back in the padded cell... but when did I get here? All I hear is screaming. I quickly realize it’s my own voice.

“Sage, we need you to calm down so we don’t have to give you a sedative. Sage... Sage...” I hear the voice repeat trying to get me to cooperate.

“SAGE!” Jackson yells in my face. I stop screaming and open my eyes.

“What? I don’t understand,” I say hoarsely. My voice is stripped from screaming my lungs out.

“We’re getting you out of here. This is insane,” Jackson says.



"What happened?" I ask timidly.

"You just started screaming as soon as you looked in the bathtub. It looked like you were struggling against something or someone. It was terrifying," He explains frantically.

"I want to go home please." I say, starting to grow more quiet. Jackson nods and we start walking out. When we get to the place where we came in, a person is standing there. She looks up and smiles at us.

"Where do you think you're going silly? You can't get out that easily." She says. I look at her terrified and she walks over. She looks up at Jackson and frowns. "Jackson isn't here, Sage."

"Jackson? What is she talking about?" I look up at him and he smiles sadly.

"I think you know, Sage." I look around and notice everyone in here. Patients in hospital gowns, staff in white scrubs. I sigh and look over to the receptionist.

"Did I do it again?" I ask. She nods carefully and touches my shoulder.

"What happened?" I ask another question as I stare at Jackson. He disappears and I tear up again.

"Jackson died a year ago today. That's probably why you're having such a hard time. Why don't I call the doctor and you can go lay down." She suggests. I nod and sit down, thinking over everything. The thing I was most worried about, was happening all along.







## Terror at The Typewriter: Short Story Contest Entry

2 messages

Chloe Cosgrove <chloeseyelash@gmail.com>  
To: spl@wsd3.org

Wed, Oct 7, 2020 at 6:43 PM

Name: Chloe Cosgrove  
Address: 2000 E. Colorado Springs, CO 80911  
Phone: (719) 593-3148  
Age: 15  
Grade: 10th

### Things are Better This Way

No calls from children. Harvey and I never had kids. Never had the time. I stand up out of bed and admire the decor of the room. Harvey loves hunting. His trophies are displayed throughout the house. He won "Best Buck 1992" last year and would show it to everyone that entered the room. It is quite expensive to get large animals stuffed though, so I began stuffing and painting the bucks and ducks myself. All of which were good practice for my most recent and largest project.

"Harvey, it's time to wake up. I know you were up late last night. You can rest while I get the bathroom ready."

I open the cabinets beneath the sink to retrieve a woven basket. Inside are a selection of items for personal hygiene. I mixed some water with my homemade washing solution for Harvey. I had to make my own concoction specifically for him. They don't sell anything like it in the stores. Regular Soap will damage Harvey's skin. The markings on his back prove my point on that.

Harvey lay still on the death scented bed. I push his wheelchair, similar to the ones you receive at the hospital, to the bedside.

"Come on. Let's start the day."

I very gently pull Harvey to the chair till he sits sideways in it like a mother cradling its baby. Then, pull his top half onto the chair and strap him in so he sits straight. His legs are placed on the holders. I slowly roll Harvey to the bathroom and begin washing his face. He had a bath last night. He only needs one once a week to help prevent him from giving off that ungodly decayed scent that naturally occurs.

“Look at you! Such a handsome man.” I exclaimed followed by a kind smile.

As we enter the kitchen, I realize how messy the place is. You can see shoe marks on the white tile accompanied by crumbs of old food carelessly swept onto the ground. The plants are brown and pathetically dropping their once lively leaves. Half consumed coffee cups are spread out on the counters and table. The lavender scented trash bags barely trap in the scent of old food. I need to clean but for now, we can enjoy breakfast.

I made Harvey and I a hefty breakfast with over easy eggs, bacon, and made from scratch hash browns. Harvey never eats so I only cook for myself.

Despite the house still being a mess, I still feel like today is a lazy day. Harvey and I used to love cuddling on the couch. In the past year though, he suddenly stopped enjoying couch days. This new and improved Harvey loves them. We always watch true crime documentaries. They are so informative and interesting.

As I situate Harvey on the sofa, I notice a tear on his lower left cheek. I grab the wooden box out from under the coffee table.

I take a 4cm needle out of the box. Harvey’s complexion is quite pale today, even with the cosmetics on, so I unspool a milky white colored string. My eyesight has deteriorated more over the years. I have yet to find the paperwork for Harvey’s insurance. Once I do, I’ll go to the eye doctor. As long as the system sees him as alive, I will continue to use the health benefits.

I thread the string through the eye of the needle. Harvey’s slowly decaying skin acts similar to flimsy fabric so I gently pull up the sides. I always do a blind hem stitch. They are much easier on a sewing machine but my skills are strong enough. After about ten or so stitches, I tighten everything together and tie a small end knot. I put everything back in the box and set it on the side table. Harvey looks perfect again and we can finally start out movie day. I click the remote and start mindlessly scrolling through the options.

“What looks good today, Harvey? ‘The Thin Blue Line’ has always been one of your favorites.”

A knock on the door echoes throughout the house. I dash to the closet and pull out a man-sized black leather suitcase. I know exactly who’s outside that door. Deputy David Miller has never been a delightful guest in my home. He and his accomplices kicked down my beautiful oak door last month, minutes after they received a warrant to search my home. Their search led to nothing as expected thanks to my expertise.



“Just one moment please!”

The sewing kit was luckily close by from earlier. I began very gently dethreading the stitches on Harvey’s legs and arms. This was a very tedious task. One simple mistake would ruin the base where everything connects.

As I finish dismembering Harvey’s limbs, I place his torso in the suitcase. To leave room for the limbs on top, I pull out some of the stuffing. Not too much as I don’t want to accidentally ruin his figure. His head makes it a very tight fit but his head is very fragile and removing it could damage him immensely. The arms and legs lay snug on his torso. I promptly zip the suitcase up and stuff it back in the storage closet.

“Good morning Deputy Miller. What brings you to my home? You already have my statement and have searched my home. What more do you want? My husband is missing!”

“I am deeply sorry Mrs.Jones for coming uninvited, but we may have a lead. I’d like to discuss it with you.”

Deputy Miller said apologetically.

“Ah yes of course! Anything to help find my poor Harvey.”

I stepped away from the door and let Miller inside. I quickly switch from my usual happy, outgoing stance to gloomy and restless.

Miller and I walk to the kitchen.

“My apologies for the mess, Deputy. It’s just been so hard to focus on anything else except Harvey. The house feels so empty.”

“I fully understand Mrs. Jones but we may be close to finding your husband. We have a lead about an hour away from Yellow Springs. We found some blood samples that are a match. A witness says they saw someone driving out of the area in a 1990 Ford towards Springfield. I know I have already asked you about Harvey’s friends and anyone that may have a motive but these clues are showing that the culprit could live as close as 20 minutes away.”

They were never this close before to the truth. All I can do is play along.

“What do you mean blood?! Who would even think to hurt my precious Harvey! Everyone loves Harvey dearly. Whoever did this is sick. Absolutely sick.”

“I know this can be hard to process. We are doing everything we can to find your husband.

“It’s just hard to not lose hope... I don’t know anyone who drives a red ford. They’re so common around here.”

“I never told you the color of the vehicle.”

I paused. As if he wasn’t already suspicious of me enough.

“Excuse me please, Deputy. I need to use the restroom.”

“I have more questions for you to answer so please don’t be long.”

I hurried down the hall. I look towards the garage door. Harvey has tons of tools laying about in there. I’ll be quick.

“Oh, welcome back Mrs.Jones. So about that truck. Ha-”

I strike the back of his head with a splitting maul axe

Miller drops down onto the table. Now not only has he ruined the hinges on my door, he has also stained my genuine pine table.

I killed Harvey on the side of the road while he was asleep. I didn’t want his body to tense up too much and I wanted to make sure I didn't cause any unnecessary damage... This is much more thrilling.

I stand still for a moment. My breath fast paced but yet I still felt calm. The house was quiet with only the slow pitter pats of blood dripping to the floor. Without realizing, I drop the axe to the ground. It’s steelhead clangs against the floor. I snap back to reality.

I slide my arms beneath his armpits and drag him off the table. His mint cologne now masked over by a metallic stench. The blood flowed out of the limp body and splattered throughout the room, ruining everything with it’s gore. His foolish suspicions now leave a maroon river. I use every last bit of energy to drag him out front. I have no interest to preserve Miller.

I run inside to retrieve Harvey. He now sits within the suitcase in the passenger seat of my Explorer. I strip down my clothing on the driveway and leave them to glisten under the full moon. Harvey and I are better off gone.

## *The Hushed Pen*

It was a bright, sunny day in Hushberg, a quiet little town, in the middle of hundreds of acres of forest. On this day, 16 year-old James was wandering through the forest behind his house searching for inspiration to draw. He was a talented eleventh grader, who sketched landscapes so realistic that they looked like photographs. While roaming the forest, James saw something sparkle to the side of his vision.

What could it be? James wondered and walked over to the light to find a pen shining like it was "Magic?" He thought. "It can't be, magic isn't real." But this mysterious pen had shimmered unlike anything he'd seen before and drew him towards it with a strange sensation in his body. He just had to use it. Since he had become interested in horror movies, James decided to draw the most horrific monster he could muster. It seemed the pen had helped him find inspiration for a great piece. A terrible monster he had imagined in his head.

With this decision, the quiet town of Hushburg would not remain peaceful for long. For this beautiful pen, as James was about to find out, brought anything drawn with it to life the next day.

After a day of inspiration, James went back home with his treasure, his new muse. "This pen is awesome" he said as he put it in his special drawer of art mediums. He went to bed and woke up to the loud cry of the people.

"What is going on?" James asked himself, groggily. He looked out the window to see his creation, 20 feet tall and throwing cars, horrifying the people of Hushberg. "How could this happen? How is it alive?" he spat, shocked to his core. A bright light caught his attention behind him. He turned around and there it was, "The pen!" he exclaimed.



James ran over to the pen. "How could something so marvelous create such terror?" He knew he had to do something but what? He tried to snap the quill but it wouldn't break, only bend. He tried a hammer, throwing it up against the wall, stomping on it. It seemed impossible. After minutes of trying, James knew he had to try something else, and quick.

Screams continued outside as the monster James created continued to throw cars. Then it hit him, James created the monster when he used the pen to draw it. He had to do something before people got hurt.

James urgently grabbed his drawing pad and pen, trying to think of something but he had no inspiration. He jumped back when his pen floated out of his trembling hand onto the paper. The pen emitted a beaming light, forcing James's eyes closed.

When the light dimmed, James opened his eyes to gaze upon his monster in a cage. He looked out his window to find the monster still roaming the streets. "What? I thought the pen brought anything drawn with it to life. Why is the monster still here?" panic flooded his body

"Tomorrow." a whisper spilled into James' ear. "Tomorrow?" He repeated.

"Will the cage lock it up tomorrow?" he thought. As if it had read his mind, the pen seemed to nod at James. Freaked out, he grabbed the quill and shoved it back in his drawer, putting boxes of markers and colored pencils on top, holding the pen. He slammed the drawer closed and turned back to the window to see the pen again. "What the-" a loud scream interrupted him. He grabbed the magic pen and looked out the window. The monster had begun grabbing the citizens, holding them in its furry claws. It had devoured the forest James loved so much

"I have to do something! Even if it happens tomorrow, I have to make sure no else gets ahold of this abominable utensil."

James sat at his desk with the pen and began to draw the pen in an indestructible box, buried deep underground. The monster had made its way through the town and its surroundings by night, finishing with James and his home.

The next day, though no one was there to see, The monster was captured in its cage, the quill far below the monster, never to be seen again.

Luisa Bucheger, 544 Express Street.

(719)321-1697

Age 17, Grade 12

The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, which are based on the principle of the uncertainty of the position and the momentum of the particles. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the structure of the nucleus. It is shown that the structure of the nucleus is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, which are based on the principle of the uncertainty of the position and the momentum of the particles. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the structure of the molecule. It is shown that the structure of the molecule is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, which are based on the principle of the uncertainty of the position and the momentum of the particles.

### References

[1] A. Einstein, 1905.

[2] N. Bohr, 1913.



Name: Trevor Myers

Address: 1035 Coulet Way

Phone Number: 718-398-3945

Age: 14 (almost 15)

Grade: 9th

Write your original story here:

Once upon a time, a man lived alone in a forest, his name was Candle. Candle was a very not so smart man. He fell on a rock whilst climbing a hillside to try to get an acoustic guitar(he was a rockstar). When he finally got to the top of the hill he grabbed the guitar and tried to play but because he hit his head he forgot how to.

So, he went to the magical rockstar bear in the rockstar cave. When he entered the cave his heart was pounding. He made it to the end of the cave, but there was no bear.

He gasped \*gasp\*.

So then, he went on a journey to find the bear. On his way he met some friends including the magical pinata. His name was Michael. After hitting the pinata a portal opened and a sign appeared that said "To Rockstar Bear" but Candle had seen this trick before so he continued his journey. But, the pinata said "GET IN MY PORTAL" so Candle ran.

He tripped! A monster appeared before him, but the monster was nice. The monster said jump in my mouth it will take you to Rockstar Bear.

Candle said ok.

But, the portal inside his mouth actually took him to Pinata Lands.

"Oh no," Candle said.

Candle had to live off of the candy from the pinatas for weeks. He then met a mystical pinata! You can ask the mystical pinata one question.

"How do I get out of here," Candle yelled.

The pinata said you must defeat the marshmallow king in a limbo competition. He went on his way to the castle. When he got there the king was tiny, how am I gonna beat him he said. They started their limbo competition. They were both doing good till the end.

It was the marshmallow king's turn and a mystical man in the background yelled "HOW LOW CAN YOU GO"

it actually turned out that when you yelled those words the king triples in size!

So, Candle won and got sent back to his home world. He continued to look for the Rockstar Bear he found a portal and just hopped in. IT TOOK HIM TO THE BEAR YAY. The End.

# Security Public Library presents TERROR AT THE TYPEWRITER

Share your best story (or not-so-story) story with us  
and win prizes!!

Prizes include:  
- A \$100 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$50 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$25 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$10 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library



Prizes include:  
- A \$100 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$50 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$25 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library  
- A \$10 gift certificate to the  
Security Public Library



First Name	_____
Last Name	_____
Address	_____
Phone Number	_____
Age	_____
Gender	_____

Write your original story here

A man walks up to a little girl who's crying on a sidewalk. The man asks, "What's wrong?"  
The little girl answers, "Robert! It's not fair - he came to my funeral!"



**Security Public Library**  
**presents:**



## **TERROR AT THE TYPEWRITER**

**Share your best scary (or not-so-scary) story with us  
and win prizes!!**

**How to Enter and Rules:**

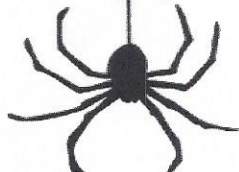
- One original entry per person
- Short story (1500 word limit).
- Open to all ages!!
- Entries must be submitted by October 31st (you may mail, email, or bring in to library)
- Include Name, Address, Phone, and Age/Grade

**Here's what you could win!!**

A 1st and 2nd place winner will be chosen from each category:

K-3rd grade \* 4th-5th grade \* 6th-8th grade  
9th-12th grade \* Adult

1st Prize: \$50.00 Gift Card from Barnes & Noble  
2nd Prize: \$25.00 Gift Card from Barnes & Noble



Entries will not be returned and may be bound for library collection and/or displayed in library cases. Winners will be notified by phone.  
For more information call 391-3190 or email [spl@wsd3.org](mailto:spl@wsd3.org)  
715 Aspen Drive,  
Colorado Springs, CO 80911

Name: Julain Medina

Address: 3421 hunterwood

Phone Number: 5102321930

Age: 14

Grade: 9

Write your original story here:

Julian and his friend wen trick or treating on a spooky night Julian is the some what tall 5'11 hes built in between skinny and husky, Elijah which was one of the friend he went trick or treating with, he is about the same size just a little shorter, and the third friend he went trick or treating with his name was ty. Ty is a short skinny 13 year old that thinks hes tough.

One foggy night in the neighborhoods of southern Colorado Springs Julian, Elijah, and Ty were trick or treating when Julian says "I don't know why but something about this neighborhood is fishy."

Ty says "Julian you're fine i'm good at fighting"

Elijah sighed "yeah right ty your scared of your own shadow"

Julian smirks "no but seriously guys I here little roaring at the end of the block"

Elijah said "don't sweat it julian it's probably a coyote you live in colorado its NORMAL!"

ty chuckles "yeah Julian."

Julian replied "your right guys let's just keep walking."

As Julian And his friends are walking to other houses to see how much candy they could get when they all heard a huge roar Elijah "what was that!"

Julian said "I told you!"

Ty was silent as they ran away. They got the feeling they were getting followed, they looked behind them and there was this big bunny rabbit the size of shaquille o'neal! Ty ran away and said he isnt going to fight that thing. Julian and a Elijah ran as well and they hid under the porch of someone's house when Julian hit his head he realized it wasn't halloween after all, he was stuck in a dream.







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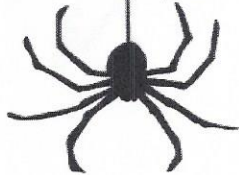
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For more information call 391-3190 or email [spl@wsd3.org](mailto:spl@wsd3.org)  
715 Aspen Drive,  
Colorado Springs, CO 80911

Name: Kavan Sanders

Address: 445 Durango Drive Colorado Springs, CO 80911

Phone Number: 303-555-1234

Age: 14

Grade: Male

Write your original story here:

It was Halloween night, of the 31st of October. Children laughed, danced, and trick-or-treated their hearts out. They enjoyed their life, all except one. A young man lay in a house, sad, cold, and feeling no hope. He decided, maybe it's time for a change and he stepped out into the cold night air. The wind hit him like a hurricane, his hair whipping back and forth, back and forth. He looked out into the night, seeing a girl with blond, and beautiful hair. Locks like a goddess, and making him look further into the dark.

The girl turned, looking straight at the boy before looking away. Little did the boy know she was blushing deeply at the thought of such a handsome young fellow. The young man looked away feeling down again and decided to walk back inside. The girl appeared behind his shoulder, giving him a fright. He jumped at the presence, turning and gasping. The girl stood below him, short and slim with the cutest laugh. She looked at him deep in the eyes, holding his hand mentally through their connected minds. His eyes began to fall deeply in love, his head slumping as he leaned closer. The girl was soon gone from the blink of an eye, a phantom or a vision? He would never know. He sighed, heading into the house and sitting from the window. He watched the children live their young life out, but what about him?

His head swirled in his sleep, eyes blurry and mind a blank. The thought of the girl made him twist and turn, putting his arms out just to hug or hold the cold fall air. The girl was in his dreams, making him want her everlasting love even more. His heart pounded, blood flowing faster. The awakening happened with a jump, one with sweat and tears. Beside him lay the girl, snoozing softly. He laid back down, putting his arm around her torso. And back to the dream he went, his brain now at rest. 12 years passed from that cold Halloween night, with each year making the boy and girl grow closer together, and soon to be spouse...





## Protect Him

By Alana Horne

Wind blows and the house groans against its cold breath, shivering with the barren trees that surround it. Outside the grass is darkened by the touch of death, animal corpses lay shriveled and decayed. There is not a single sign of life insight, except for the glowing light inside of the barely-standing house. Inside its rooms are full of dusty, old nick-nacks and beautiful creations. It's sad, because they no longer mean anything. For the air inside is heavy. It's full of sickness, desperation, sadness, death, and the smell of mold and fear layering in every room. Heart wrenching sobs eco from atop the steps, following an excruciating cough. Her ears lay back against her head and her tail flicks helplessly. It's getting worse. The only thing she can do is keep *Him* from getting inside. Pacing a house that was once a happy place isn't the most eliciting idea, but going outside was forbidden and the spells needed to be checked. A single step onto the cold stone porch or a spell broken for too long, and He would get to Master.

Nobody escaped Him. Someway or another, He got to people. Whether it was in their heads, influencing murder, or just taking them himself, with the long blade he carries around. Some even became ill, they are the only group who has been known to survive Him, though it wasn't often. Shah and her master got lucky. As far as she knows, they are the only living beings left on Earth. Shah walks across the dust covered floorboards, green eyes darting in every direction, constantly alert. *Crash, bang*, her ears perk up.

Racing through the house, past all of her memories and the creations from Master, Shah finds a broken window and stares outside in horror. Distorted figures stumble around, some have missing limbs, others have their backs and bones bent in the wrong direction, there are even a few without faces. Just a surface of nothingness, but somehow it felt like they were staring right into Shah's eyes. The one thing all these monsters had in common was their color, just a deep black abyss. Gurgled sounds come from one who just retracted his arm away from the window and Shah's hackles raise. Her muscles become tense and more of the silky black fur that covers her body begins to fall out. She can feel the fatigue suddenly hit her like a truck as her eyes begin to leak green light and a symbol appears in front of the window. Just as one of the creatures begins to speed up in a disfigured run, she completes her spell and they suddenly dissolve, just before reaching the house. She looks through her now bleary eyes,



vision going in and out, as she watches the window repair. Then suddenly, the ground comes up to meet her and everything goes black.

Awaking with a jolt, Shah's legs get berated by a cold breeze and she looks back at the exposed skin that replaces her once present fur. She begins to slowly stand, licking her nose and tasting old blood. "How long was I out?", she wonders anxiously. Padding over to look outside, she knew instantly. 2 days. An entire two days asleep without checking the spells. Trepidaciously, she runs with stiff limbs to every entry of the house, checking the strength of the only things keeping her and Master alive. Satisfied after two hours of double checking, she hops up the winding steps to check on Master, jumping across the section where they had collapsed two years previous. The wooden door creaks on its rusted hinges when she pushes it aside to walk in. He was sleeping, which was a rarity in itself for either of them.

Master had gotten ill three and a half years ago, when *His* reign began. They used to be happy and carefree, Shah would have milk dishes in the mornings and Master would play with her before work. When he got home they would have dinner and go about getting ready for bed, filling the rest of the night with relaxation and fun. He had children too, and a wife, but none of them were as close to Shah as he was. The day deaths started appearing on the news, nobody really paid any mind, they thought it would pass. They thought nothing could happen to them, right? They paid with their lives for being so naive. Shah to this day regrets being one of them. She wishes she would have prepared first, then maybe Master's wife and kids wouldn't be laying in a pile of decayed flesh in the room next door to him. Maybe he wouldn't be in bed like this now, covered in a cold sweat that soaked his bloodstained sheets. Coughing up blood even became a daily occurrence, and he was constantly in pain. It stretched from every inch of his skin to down deep in his bones, sometimes the veins in Master's arms would pulsate from it. It kept him up at night and the dark circles that surrounded his eyes were so bad they looked sunken in. He had lost a tremendous amount of weight and vomit covered the floors in puddles from the attempts in eating he used to take. Now whenever Shah attempted to bring him the small bits of food she could carry, he told her no or was in too much pain to realize she was there.

It tore Shah apart, watching this once happy, healthy man fall into an abyss of no end. He used to love carving, painting, and anything art related really. His hands used to be delicate and taken care of, now his fingernails are pulled back and lifted. Puss leaks out from underneath them and the skin of his fingertips have turned purple. She mewed at him, but then stopped and decided that letting him sleep was better than waking him up. Standing from the stool she hopped on to, Shah jumped down and landed on all four paws, barely missing a puke

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puddle. Guilt, regret, and grief tore at her heart with no mercy at the sight of it mixed with blood, she doesn't remember the last time she was happy. It was nearly impossible to go up and see Master's condition, plus smell the rotting flesh, without darting back downstairs. Being up there like that was a constant reminder of her failure to protect him, her failure to help his family. Now she just did her best to ignore it and patrolled the house daily for those creatures that had appeared nights ago, or for *Him*. She hasn't seen *Him* in half a year, but he always comes back. Dressed in that same dark hood. Shah shakes her head and flicks her tail, reprimanding herself for being scared of him. "I have to be strong. I have to protect", she thought with determination.

As if the gods themselves were mocking her statement of bravery, Master began to howl in pain upstairs in a way he only did every once in a while. When *He* was here. Terror pelted her in waves and her limbs began to shake, but still, Shah ran. Checking every window and doorway for that disgustingly familiar hidden face and black hood. Her legs ached as she arrived at the last large living room window, out of breath. The same window he appeared in when all this started. Standing there, just staring down at Shah, was *Him*. He seemed triumphant, excited almost, as he could sense that her power was weakened. Raising his large, curved blade, the dark presence began to beat away at her barriers. Shah hissed and called upon her power quickly, causing a wave of nausea to wash over her, blood already dripping from her nose. The green light was flowing from her eyes again and a different type of symbol appeared in front of the window. *He* began to laugh menacingly, trying to get into her head as he bashed away at the cracking barrier. Shah hated to admit that it was working. She could feel his power, it was stronger than before and after having to defend the house a few nights ago, this battle could go either way. She had hope and she had Master, those were the only things keeping her going.

Despite her efforts, Shah began to falter and the dread that tore through her chest was a heated blade as her back legs gave out and the blood from her nose began to form a puddle. *He* started to give off this air of victory and mockery. A menacing voice echoed in the air around her, "*You've come so far, little kitty, but too bad all your efforts are going to waste. It'll be nice to hear him scream like those other three disturbances*", he cackled and resumed smashing the last bits of her barrier. Shah could feel it splintering in her bones, the pain was horrid. All the while her fear was relighted like a dying ember into a forest fire, "I have to protect him. I have to protect him. I have to protect Master", her thoughts raced in desperation, but to no avail. *He* broke through and stepped inside with ease. The second it shattered, Shah was thrown against the wall and collapsed into a helpless pile of fur and bones, trembling in her attempt to stand up and fight. *He* didn't even spare her a second glance and started a slow,



teasing walk up the stairs towards Master's screaming. Shah could only drag herself to the end of the steps until she had no strength left.

The emotions she felt were indescribable, they washed over her constantly and with no end. Desperation, guilt, regret, sadness, absolute fear, and helplessness. Her heart fell into her stomach when Master began to beg *Him* to stop, then the choked sobs and screeching from his voice were cut short. His body came tumbling slowly down the stairs, seemingly in slow motion as every thud ingrained itself into Shah's memory. Stopping halfway with his head turned, Master's eyes stared into Shah as if even in death he was pleading for her protection. For her help. Looking back in terror, everything went black.

Waking up slowly, her fur was torn and patchy, her nose and fur were still crusted in blood, and Master's body was gone. A single finger was left next to her head. A symbol of victory and hatred from *Him*. A devil's gift. She limped to the broken window, numb and feeling hollow. He was gone. She failed. After all this time, after everything. He was just gone.

With no sight of the future, no precious memories waiting to be made. With this feeling of pure nothing from all the pain. Shah walked towards the door, surrounded by cold, the air was fresh and no longer smelled like the corpses. It was new. Shah lifted a paw, placed it onto the forbidden stone and allowed death to finally take her.



