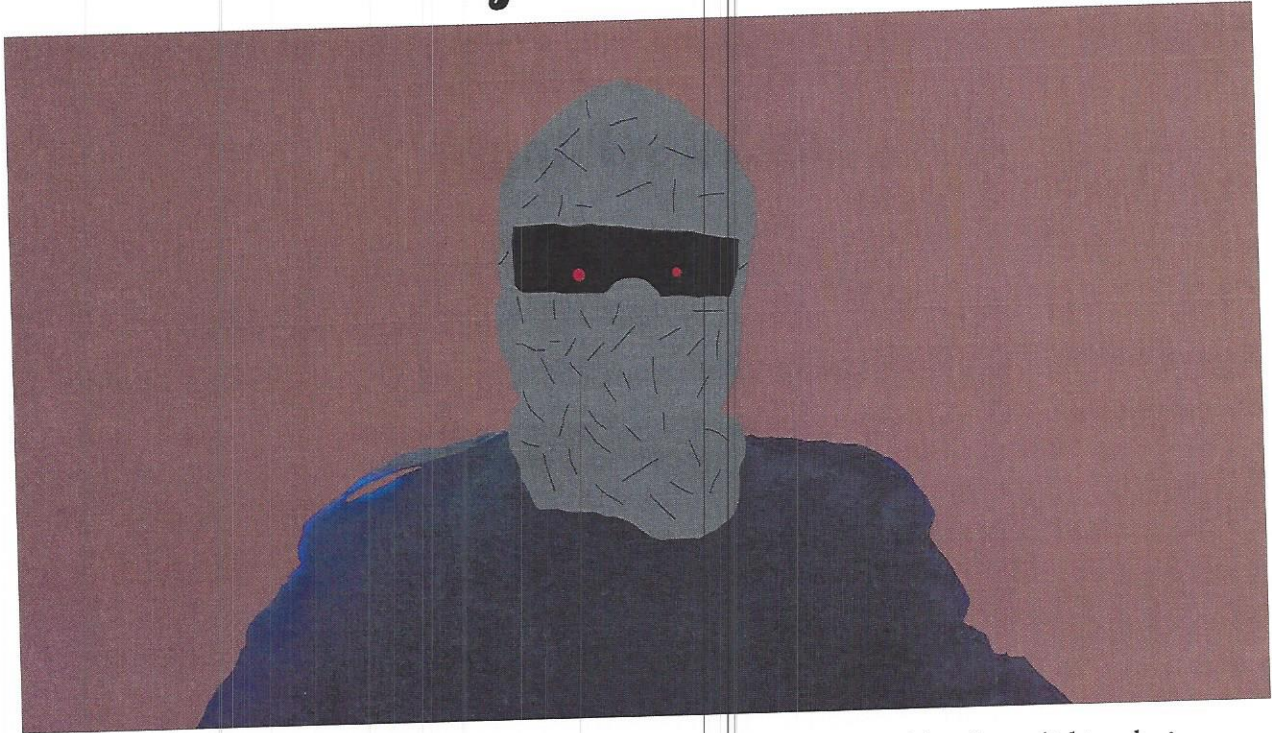


Christian Hunt 71

Grade 9 freshman 14 years old

Night Watchers



One night in 1994 two boys went into the woods to play like they did in their childhood. One boy climbed up 12 feet up the tree. His friend said that is cool and tried to climb up but couldn't. Insead he just watched his friend then he heard some leaves and sticks break behind him. He turned around and looked real quick and saw nothing. The friend in the tree said RUN! Now he was terrified and ran fast without thinking a thought in the world. He ran to the car and locked the door and looked around. He is panicking "Where is thomas?" he said.

I will wait till dawn for him, and if he doesn't come back by then he will go look for him.

12:00 AM

That is it. He is dialing 911. Ring ring ring. Hello 911 what's your emergency. His phone then shuts off. His phone died. The phone charger is in the back of the truck. He looked around and saw nothing. He then quietly opened up the door and walked to the back of the truck and opened the back of the truck and hopped in. He opened up the backpack

and found the phone charger, but no cube and that was weird and horrible, the cube was gone. He ran in the truck and locked the door and grabbed his gun in the back. Five bullets in the clip. He walked out in the cold snow to look for his best friend. He walked deep in the forest. 1 hour later it started to snow and he reached where he last saw his friend. He was cold freezing to death, not knowing what to do. He then heard a loud roar that sounded real close. He then heard his friends scream for help and he ran the way he heard his friend scream. Then he heard his friend yell for help the way he just came from, then he knew something was up. He started to run back to the truck and heard something follow him so he turned left to lose it and ran for his life. He was in an open area and was out of breath. He wanted to see what this thing was so he turned around and looked for awhile and saw nothing then he looked around once more and saw this 12 foot beast with sharpened daggers for teeth fur like a wolf, blood on its face, big eyes that were glowing red with long sharp claws and huge legs. It was just sitting there watching him. It then walked out of the treeline and could be seen easier. It wanted to be seen. It wanted to terrify him. It then jumped 10 feet in the air towards him and charged at him with the raging will of a bull. It wanted to kill him. He aimed at it and shot it right in the left leg and it yelled out real loud in his friend's voice. It can copy his sounds and voices. That beast then said in his friend's voice help me please stop. He kept running and heard the whole forest go quiet and he turned around and saw nothing behind him, nothing at all. He turned back around and saw his home and family and friends. Darkness only. "Stop this and just fight me like a man." He screams out loud. He begins to have a sharp pain in his left leg. He can see red all around him. His hands are hurting and he is no longer cold and very warm, but hungry. There is a mirror in the dark then walks over to the mirror and a pistol. He grabs the gun and looks into the mirror. He could not believe it. He is the monster. He gasps and drops to the floor and begins to heal his wound and see the forest ground. He woke up from this horrible nightmare. He was so cold. He heard himself and looked down and saw a shadow walking toward HIM. He shouted "RUN" at the top of this tall tree. The shadow turned and looked at him. It jumped on the tree and started to climb the tree. He climbed faster than it, but it was starting to gain on him. He then saw a red door on

the tree. It was weird, but he didn't care and opened it real fast and went through the door. Lost, alone and afraid. He is lost forever, taken by the forest's will. He only sees two of him where he goes, he is forever in a loop.

The debris was flying, and the monsters were towering above. I stood there, I couldn't move. Why couldn't I move? I felt trapped when all of sudden someone grabbed me because I was running. I looked up and all I could see were human-like monsters all with disgusting smiles of joy as they destroyed it all. I looked around to see the bloody bodies left in their wake. I ran and ran and I saw what could've been a rescue boat, thankfully it was. As soon as I felt safe I looked to see on a lone tree a hawk unaffected by all the carnage on the ground around fly off far into the sky. I wondered what it must've been like to be able to fly from here, and escape from my new cage and those that guard it's walls. I eventually passed out.

I woke groggily in what seemed like a refugee camp. Why was I here? Oh yeah, the monsters, I thought with hiss. I got up with a stumble and walked around hoping to spot a familiar face. As I walked around I could see the effect of the beasts all over so many children without their parents, mothers without a child, and spouses without another half. I was taking a break from my search, and the depressing people when I felt something tap my shoulder. I turn around to see...?

"Hey Al! Glad to see you made it out okay.", Oh right this was Kara. Glad someone I knew, but did it have to be her. Her and all the nonsense that came with it.

"Kara, I told you not to call me that. I know for a fact that you know my name is Alahn."

"Rrrright, Alan." Not how you say it, but with her the best you're gonna get. Also where are her siblings? Were they killed in the massacre? So with some hesitancy I asked her.

"Do you know if anyone else from where we're from made it out?" God I hope there were more than just me and her mostly for her sake not mine. Help me lord if it is just us.

"I don't know, but let's go look together. Two people looking is better than one." Then she grabbed my arm and took me along. We walked forever. She eventually sat down with the

loudest huff I think she could muster with her small frame. I sat down as well because my legs were starting to hurt. Then she babbled and babbled, and I just listened because what else am I going to do? Also it's just us so far God help me. Eventually after heaven knows how many days we were eventually relocated. As I was being relocated by some military police when I saw someone just standing there handing out a flier, I walked over to them and asked about, and well...

“Hi! Are you interested in joining the fit against the titans?!” The titans? Oh, the giant monsters. I honestly don't have much else to do in this life so might as well die trying to do something. I talked to a representative about it, and I agreed. So I was being shipped to their supposed training camp. I arrived there with about 10 others including Kara. I don't really care, we're going to end up dead in the end anyway. We were being 'briefed' on what it means to be a cadet, but to be honest the guy was just yelling at us. We did the workout test push ups, sit ups, and so on before being excused to get dinner.

“So what's your guy's name? I am Kara.” Right. I forgot she came here, and of course the first thing she does is flirt. They all do standard introductions. I wasn't paying attention so I don't know what they are, but they all look like an interesting batch of people so that's a plus, I guess.

“Hey! Are you paying attention? We asked what your name was, dude.” This guy was blonde of course he was. He kind of looked like a horse. How odd. Oh if looks could kill i'm sure I would die several times over by looks I am being given.

“Oo, guys that's just Alan. He hardly ever talks.” Kara being the pain she was. Now they're just staring at me expecting me to say something. So I did.

"First off, my name is Alahn. And, secondly, I'm a girl." You could hear the crickets outside. It was so quiet. God this is funny. Never thought this would be the reaction would be this good

"wait..WHAT! You're a girl!But your hair is super short."

"Girls can have short hair." You can hear the sigh in my voice with that one.

"Yeah but your name." I'll give him that one.

"My parents were weird." I replied. You could hear the enthusiasm in my voice."Anyway with that out of the way I am going to bed." I woke up the next morning hating everything. It was dawn, and I wished that titans would eat the sun. I groggily and at a pace slower than a snail got out of bed. I got to the bathroom and looked up at a mirror. It's been awhile since I've seen myself. Let's see here I still got my deep blue eyes that some say are bluer than the sea. What's a sea? Anywhy my hair is a dark brown, almost black rat's nest. I just finished when I heard a knock at the door. I opened the door to see ummm...Oh right horse face.

"What do you want at Horse Face?" The look on his face was amazing. He looked so offended. Also this is a good chance to get his name.

"It's Jean, and great I came here to be a good comrade, and you insulted me." I just shrugged my shoulders, and pushed him aside so I could get out.

"Also a word of advice Jeeaan. Don't disturb me in the morning, you might get stabbed." I said with all sass that I could muster, and walked away with about as much sass. I heard him like huff or something. Whatever, I kept on walking to breakfast. I sat by myself in the corner to observe everyone. It was fun, people watching. I bet most of these people don't even know what they'll be going through once they graduate, if they do. We did drills cycling through different ones until we had to stop.

Time passed and the cadets went to their chosen fields. The three options are scout outside, protect the walls, or protect the citizens. Most people pick one of the last two, but I chose to scout out, and see if potentially I could be part of the group to retake the wall. Some others chose the scouts, but honestly I'm surprised they did after all who would want to join a group that is basically suicide. Eventually I met all of my superiors, and we're told that there was going to be a field mission. To try and retake the stolen area from the titans. We get outside the wall, and all is peaceful until a titan with all its hideous features just stands still in front of us. We attempted to maneuver around it. Attempted to. The thing started to chase us down; it was mowing down the rest of us like ants. And just like insects we were easy pickings for one guarding the walls. One by one it ate us and the wounded comrades' bodies were being split in half with every chomp. I thought could escape how stupid of me. As soon as the beast was done with its current snack it charged at me, and in the distance I could see a hawk flying. I wonder if it's the same one from before when everything first went to hell. I wonder how it feels to fly without being burdened by the ground, and then I started to be pulled up, and I turned around hopefully to see the sky. Only to see teeth with a wide open mouth as its carrier. Then nothing except the sound of loud crunch, and pain.

Another scary story, like isn't there enough? I mean if you can imagine the taste of fear, dripping, and getting sealed on your tastebuds like a construction site operating. This does sound a bit dramatic but in my case drama is just the sister to the trauma I've experienced. You see therapy can be helpful but with a chest locked with PTSD and its fillers; IRT-Image Reverse Therapy isn't the most helpful. It started with Doctor West wanting to help me out with my past, such a strange dude; always wore a black tie, black clothes, and a black-tie clip, it seemed like black was his color. And it wasn't black in as in light mix, no this was a dark midnight black, that fills the soul of the devil type black. And he had pale, oreo-colored skin with brown filled eyes. And you can guess what his hair color was, black! Anyways he always tried to help me so when I asked him that I need to go back and deal with my trauma since its presence is a lingering trouble for me. In gym class, Jessica Simpshon (the queen bee), wanted to fight me for popularity. I refused because of worries I'll go to jail. So she pushed me and grabbed me by the hair and a quick memory flashed like the light of an angel; it was a memory of my aunt ripping my hair out for grabbing the cookies that she had freshly baked. I was 9 so I didn't know what was completely wrong. My aunt, in which I couldn't retell her face, the lady who died when I was in 6th grade; would beat me till I would understand to ask for permission. She would rip my hair till there would be baldness and nothing else. She said if I couldn't get it right, then my women's privileges would be provoked. So I saw my aunt hit me and I snapped, grabbed Jessica by the hair, slammed her against the lockers; and kicked her head till she stopped, I blacked out. And of course, my fear of killing was almost a reality with blood on my hands and my anger giving birth to a killer inside.

She was ok, just banged up and angry but fine. Then I had anger management for the months I was on probation. This brings me back to West, back in his bleak office with those weird October number block dates- kind of the ones that counted to Halloween. We were there just sitting, clock ticking, heartbeat heard, and thoughts over the place. Then as he started to talk, it scared me as it was out of the blue. "We're going to do an IRT, ok?" His voice was so calming, I do remember. "Ok, so what do I do?" I gave West a guaranteed look of confusion. "Just focus on my watch. Now 3,2,1, and close your eyes. I want you to remember why you were with your aunt in the first place, ok?" I thought it was very stupid but I tried it anyway. "Ok." I closed my eyes and I did hear his chant "Remember, focus on that memory and open it up." And this is when I started to remember and fell asleep to his smooth, monotone, angelic voice. And then it happened.

The memory was when I was 4, and I was walking around as a toddler should. My house was big as a mansion with an exterior as rich as 10 bags. Although I was still a toddler so it could've been trash from that moment on. I saw my mom and dad fighting over something 'adult' because I couldn't understand it. And my dad had a final yell and then grabbed a clean, sharp, ready-to-use knife. And I finally saw it- the reason why dad was in jail-he killed mom. My mom turned and as I was watching this as a 19-year-old, I knew it and told mom to run but I couldn't speak. As my mom, the most beautiful woman I've seen turned around, dad quickly and furiously slashed her throat. My mom couldn't speak and this was in their room as I was in the living room. She fell down on the ground and saw me; her last words were "I love you, baby." I then remember getting picked up by my dad and then I saw West in the background; walking right to my mom. As I viewed this, I was in confusion and hatred. Then that memory faded and in darkness reappeared a memory of me and my boyfriend. I was in the passenger seat, and we were driving to my mom's graveyard. At the time, all I knew was my dad was a nobody in prison and my mom was killed by a robbery gone wrong. So as I glanced at the radio playing Billy Joel, it dissolved as we walked to my mom's gravestone. I was my 16-year-old self walking up, sad to my mom's stone, and said my annual sorries. "I'm so sorry mom, I wish you were here right now, you know, I'm the big 17 tomorrow; I wish you were here." My breath was chilled on the craving of her name; as the fall breeze froze it, like fog along with my tears that froze on my cheek. It sucked because I always hated my birthday- the day of Hallow, the day after my mom died, and the day where I had to celebrate an orphan birth. As I relived this memory, I remember Jason held my hand to support me but as I was reliving this memory, Jason was quieter than the real memory. This wasn't scary till the clouds darkened, and the cold, crisp rain started to pour. As I relived turning around to kiss Jason, a new memory was made-one that my locked memories gave me in the present. As I turned, there was no one around, and Jason was with me, as we walked back to his red, dirty, old truck. Thunder rose, God's tears poured heavy, and this new memory gave me a heartbeat too fast to explain; like a

It was that wicked witch of an aunt, who was standing there in the moonlight; head tipped down, staring at me. Her head crept up, she screamed and the wind pushed me into a dirt pit; roots and pain were covering me instead of dirt for my death. Footsteps were the next ambient sound, crunching away and away, as I saw my aunt looking down, staring at me. With her eyes so blood-lit, her stare was evil and cruel as she spoke in a demonic pitch of a whisper. "Oh, child you should know that you'll never be at peace. Death has marked you since birth." Following an evil laugh, her mouth was wide open like Pennywise or a piranha plant. Then silence, her evil laugh stopped and she looked at me; as I felt spiders, ants, and other pests crawling on me and squirming as I was stuck by a root entanglement with my foot. "Think before you do,

there is no way out! You wanna know why West was there? Cause he is a Grim and you're married to death!" The roots grew tight as death was crawling, I knew this was my memory grave.

Then pitch black was the color, silence was the soundtrack; I felt nothing but numbness and a shooting pain with stabs in the gut. Then I opened my eyes and they were heavy like it was glued tight. A blurred vision rang and the silence was gone; as I saw West's desk with the Halloween blocks and a box with a gift bow tie on it. The numbness in my body went away and I was able to move my body. As I felt my blood warming up my cold body, I was curious and furious like if it was an angry melody:

I'm curious but furious

Just let me out of this spurious

That was in my head when I wanted to confront West, as he had answers to my mom's death. Although he wasn't there. Just that gift and a dark shade with talk in the background. So as there was no West, I picked up the box that had my name on the leather tag. *To my one and only love, the future Azraela West Grim.* I was creeped out as I've never had a romantic thought for him, I opened up the box; a disgusting feeling dropped like butterflies in my stomach. I opened it up and came a rushing stink up my nose. It smelt like nothing but unearthly and deadly. It smelt like death. And the weird part was, the box had a bloody blade with my name on it on the sides. I picked it up and as I did, I heard a whisper- "Welcome back babe".

Futuristic of the underworld

by . Heather Ellison

They hate being Hades' kids. The kids hate Hades's reputation. When the kids were younger, they got bullied. They were full of emotion. Tyler is a wacky 10 year old girl. However, she has ADHD, dextrocardia, and autism. Her brother Alex is very quiet. On the other hand is a devious little 5 year old . Their mom left them when they were only 8 and 3 years old.

Even though Hades' kids had a messed up childhood, they still had an enormous amount of self confidence. The underworld is a dark place similar to a teenagers mental health. When you are looking for them they will be in a dark, creepy alley.

Tyler said, "why do we have to live with someone who is out of his right mind."

Although she said that, she loves him either way. When her brother was 3 she remembers how her mom told her to look out for Alex. He always had to be watched carefully because he is a lot like their dad.

"I want to be with mom, she is nicer than you." said Alex.

Because of this, Tyler said, "You know why mom left, she got arrested because she killed someone."

When they were done arguing it was time for the school of the wicked. This is so villains can go to school, and have an education on "their" people. Tyler always gets in fights and if she gets in one more fight she will be as squashed as fast as her mom was killed. Alex's school was not necessarily the best school either. When they both have lunch they have Menudo and fresh chopped eyeballs.

Tyler went up to the lunch lady and said, "When will we eat real food again?"

The lunch lady growled and said, "We will once we drink your sweet and dirty blood."

"THERE IS NO WAY YOU ARE DRINKING MY BLOOD," said Tyler!

Once she went back to class she got a call from her father.

Her father said, "Why are you terrorizing the lunch lady's again?"

Then she said, "they were terrorizing me, you are the WORST FATHER EVER!"

Alex just got on the phone and said, "Why do you not believe us father?"

"Once again," the father said, "You guys are like your evil mother so I don't trust you."

Although Tyler is like her mom she still has a heart. When she gets caught with her phone, she has to go and have 10 people drink her blood, 5 people whip til she bleeds, and 3 days of detention. Tyler likes to look at her mom's old photos that she gave to her when she was her age. Her dad really hates it. Her brother on the other hand likes to look and touch his dad's ember that takes people's souls.

When he brought his dad's ember to school he took 10 classmates' souls, 5 teachers' souls, 3 administrators' souls, and 2 upperclassman's souls. On the other hand he may not think anything of it; he might just have an issue with those people.

"Hades' is the type of dad that thinks he's not rude to them, but he actually is." Says Tyler and Alex.

The kids sneak out and Hades' didn't think his kids were gone. When he went upstairs, he noticed that the kids were not there. The kids thought they were in the clear, but they didn't realize that their dad knew they weren't there. They went inside and

Hades' caught them and they got grounded for 2 weeks. Tyler and Alex went crying upstairs, and they went to their comfort objects from their mom like their photos.

Even though they like that comfort object, the dad took it away for two weeks. In the dark and gloomy room their vampire friend helped them sneak out. They both said yes, let's do it. When they did it, they almost got caught. Although Hades' seems crazy, he's just misunderstood.

Tyler and Alex both said to each other, "I hate dad. He took our pictures of mom to help calm us down."

Their vampire friend said, "Maybe he's just misunderstood."

They both said in unison, "Are you serious. He just hates that we both miss mom."

"You guys should get back." Said the vampire friend, "so you don't get more time."

"Whatever," Tyler said.

When they got back they realized they should have gone through the window, so they didn't get caught. The dad caught them.

He said, "you just added 3 weeks and a week of eyeballs to eat."

They both said, "Why is this so unfair."

They both stomped angrily to their room and went to bed. When they woke up, they hopped out of bed before their dad and went to his room, grabbed the ember and mom's serpent to bring to school. Then they headed off to school to go steal people's souls and start something.

Tyler said, "I'll set the fire in the bathroom and start a fight for no reason."

Alex said, "I'll take people's souls.

They were both off. They first started with the fire and fight. She went to the principal's office after the fire was out. Then after Alex took 50 souls in the school he went to the principal's office.

When their dad went to the school, they knew they were going to be in more trouble. Although they worked hard in school, it's time for them to find a new school. Now they are off to home.

Their dad says, "Now you are up to three months and eating chopped eyeballs for 3 weeks."

Fast forward three months they realized that they were in the wrong for trying to take advantage of a single parent. Although they thought it was fun to say that they hate being Hades' kids, they love him more than ever now.

The Slaughter of the Devil

(Short)

I couldn't wake up -- No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't move my limping body. And all I could hear was a high-pitched ringing in my tormented ears.

I'm Giara Stacey -- I used to live in this place called Witch's Brew, with my friends.

All of us used to dream of being some kind of ghost detectives -- In my definition, it'd be finding out about and furthering the stories the ghosts have to tell.

Or... We did...

Until we entered an abandoned mansion called Lucifer Manor -- Named after the Devil himself. We heard tales about missing teenager reports through the newspaper articles, which I once made a scrapbook of to see if my friends and I could crack the case.

The moment we entered the manor, the doors abruptly shut and locked behind us. We were, at least, trying to stay calm, to be honest.

We then split up to divide and conquer -- Truth was, it was a fatal mistake.

I'd figured it was a bad idea by the time I heard a maniacal voice which I had no clue about. Worried about my friends, I searched the **ENTIRE** house to look for them.

The moment I found them in the certain locations I searched, I realized I was too late.

They were all dead.

I took deep breaths to remain calm, but then again, I felt... Scared.

Alone.

With a heavy heart, I walked to the entrance. I couldn't take it at that point, and I felt sad about what could've happened to my friends...

I took a deep breath, and I opened the entrance doors. I almost exited the place until I noticed I was really high up.

How did that happen?! I thought. I could've **SWORN** I was on the ground level when I opened the doors!

I gripped the fancy door handles, holding my breath. All because I was afraid to let go and fall.

Out of nowhere, from behind me, I felt a strong push. I nearly lost my grip because of that push. I was still holding on tightly, I was still scared. I continued to feel the strong push until I got sick of it.

I kicked backwards to at least push away whoever was pushing me.

Screw it, I thought. I jumped to escape the mansion. The moment I hit the ground, everything went black.

I tried to wake up, but it was no use. So that jump escape was all for nothing, wasn't it?

...I can't wake up. Not anymore.

I'm asleep.

Forever...

WRITTEN BY: AUTUMN WILLIAMS
ADDRESS:
PHONE:

I just want you guys to know that personally, I love writing stories, and I'm personally not a big fan of the word limitations for this Scary Story Contest, but I can accept whether I end up winning or not. Then again, it's only a contest, and I'm sure many try their hardest and have a lot of pride in their submissions/stories. Happy Halloween!

- Autumn Williams

Ayden McCracken

Grade: 10

When The Snow Sticks

As the crisp cold air of winter brings chills and pain over my body, I wonder "why can't I die?" Eternal peace is what we all wish for, but somehow I'm the only one who can't have it. What have I done? All I have thought about, all I have longed for is to see her again. It wasn't my fault.

I was stationary and I couldn't move. The rock I was laying on was piercing my spine. There was no way I was getting off that rock without dying. The waves were crashing and a storm was coming in, there was no way I was getting off that rock. When you are going through life you never want to die, but I guess in my case I only have one option left.

"I didn't do anything wrong, that's gotta be the biggest lie I have ever heard. You're scum!" the voice said

"Hello, who are you?" I said

"You don't remember me? Of course you don't remember me, why would

you? I have spent years trying to find you, and get you in front of a judge, and you go and do this. You try and kill yourself, before I even get the chance.” he said

“ Inspector jones?” I said “How did you find me?”

“ Figured you would want to be where it all happened, i knew you would want to relive it. How poetic, die the way she did, exactly where she did. The least you could do is admit what you did, just for me even if you die before trial, at least I'll know.”

“ Admit what” I said

“Admit that you're a monster, admit that you took a vow to love and cherish, and instead you violated a woman so badly she couldn't even have a proper visitation!” he said

“LIAR!” I said

Silence, and he was gone. Like he was never there, no trace no sign like he vanished into thin air. He just left, like a figment of my imagination. Silence.

The soothing sounds of the waves crashing against the cliff, the fresh salty smell of the water, and the snow, the smell of snow, it was coming and it was going to stick. And there I would lay frozen, in a pool of my own blood with a rock in my spine. She died that winter, she was the love of my life. She's now decomposing, rotting six feet under with the beetles and slugs. It's strange to think about death, knowing that in a matter of seconds you'll be gone, not knowing where you'll go.

“ Joseph” I heard

"Victoria, are you there?" I said

"I'm right here" she said

She looked beautiful, happy, vibrant even. She looked more alive with the dead than she did with the living.

"Joseph, soon the snows going to stick and the storm will come, you're going to be stuck. Admit it Joseph."

I had been on the rock for a day, my mind was going in circles. I heard the sounds of the waves crashing and the smell of the snow and the snow would soon stick.

"Joseph, you must admit what you did to that poor girl." another voice said

"Mother" I said

"She was just a baby, you are just a baby, you have to help yourself, you must admit what you did." she said

"Mother, I don't know what I did?"

"Yes you do baby." she said

"I didn't do anything!" I said

It wasn't until the second day that the snow started to fall. Coating the cliff above my head and the trees around me. I wouldn't be much longer, and the snow would stick. My brain was on death row, laying and waiting, wondering, and anticipating what would happen to me. it wouldn't be much longer, the snow would be my end, the light airy happy snow, that's what would kill me, I failed at killing myself so the snow would do it instead.

"Joseph, do you remember our honeymoon? Do you remember walking in

the field of flowers at my grandfather's farm?" she said

"It was the best time of my life." I said

"Are you sure? It was better than when you tore a whole in my body from my sternum to my pelvis. You gutted me like a cow in a slaughterhouse.

Then you watched me bleed out with a smile on your face. Are you sure it was better?" she said

"What are you saying Victoria?" I said

"Why don't you remember? Are you so sick and twisted that you can't even remember murdering your own wife? The pain I had to endure while I was laying there paralyzed while you just sat there, amazed at me in all my bloody glory. You're a killer! You're a killer! Admit it!"

"Oh honey, I wasn't smiling, but now I am" I said

"When the snow sticks, and your soul travels to the gates of hell, you'll burn, and I'll be there to watch them torture you for eternity. You can act innocent but you will always be guilty." She said

"Now who's sick and demented?" I said

It was on that note she left. And then the snow started to stick.

Recording

By: Madison E. Stone

This is the recording of Ben Lanering investigating the events that happened around Yellowstone Park before he died. His body was found twisted and mauled.

October 1, 2021

Recording One

Yellowstone Park

10:20 PM

Report recorded around 10:20 Pm at Bridge Bay. Yesterday, they found an animal, we couldn't tell if they were a deer or an elk. The body was twisted, dismembered, gutted to death like you would see in a horror movie. Word spread wide and fast. We may have to shut down the park.

October 12, 2021

Recording 2

Yellowstone Park, Fishing Bridge

2:30 AM

Report recorded at 2:30 Am. Another report came in saying that another animal was mauled to death. But this was different: it had the head of a human but the body of a deer. Something is happening here. Something supernatural.

October 14, 2021

Recording 3

Yellowstone Park, Bridge Bay

10:20 Pm

It happened again, another animal mauled to death in a twisted and sickening way. But this time it was hung up on a tree limb, with its eyes gouged out and legs cut off.

October 18, 2021

Recording 4

No information found; Recording gone

October 19, 2021

Recording 5

..... Screaming . No Data found

October 30, 2021

Recording 5

Yellowstone Bridge Bay

9:30 PM

Heavy breathing, screaming, bones cracking, THUMP..... Lost footage. No more data.