

Name: Mecca Julien

Age: 14

Grade: 9th

Love. That's why I have done what I have done. If I couldn't have him then no one else was going to. I still remember when things began to go downhill between the two of us. It was just a couple of weeks before the start of school. He seemed so isolated...so far away, like he was millions of miles away while being in the same room. The thoughts of him with someone else or him thinking of someone else or even him looking at someone else consumed my thoughts, eating at me day by day. It didn't make it any better that people would come up to me in school and ask if we were still together, or tell me they saw him flirting with other girls, or that he had implied that me and him were nothing serious. Reminiscing on the memories we had together is the only time I felt like there was still the spark between us like there used to be. Once upon a time ago I was his one and only and now I was just any other girl to him. Despite the agony that this caused me, I stayed the same...just like I had promised him.

Then the day came...August 18th. The day that my whole world came crumbling down in front of me like a plate shattering on a wooden floor. But unlike a plate I couldn't just glue the pieces back together and act like everything was okay. The day that my heart was brutally ripped out of my chest. The day it felt like I could never be happy again. The day that he and I ended. That night was filled with lots of crying and screaming and questioning and puking and disbelief. Forever he told me. The next day I had no motivation to do anything at all. I was in a depressive state of mind, and he seemed completely unfazed...like we had never happened. It felt as if I couldn't simply walk through the hall without something or someone reminding him. It was anything from the way someone walked or a shirt someone was wearing, it all took me back to him no matter how hard I tried to avoid it. All I could think about

"Great! Hey, do you want to come over tomorrow night for my birthday? I only wanted you to come" I said looking around to make sure no one else heard me.

"Of course! I'll be there at 6." She said as she began to walk towards her class

"Bet!"

I had waited and waited and waited so long for this moment. So many weeks of acting like I was fond of this girl. I had nothing but pure hatred for her. I hated her because he liked her. That night I went home and prepared everything for this special night. My mom was gone on a business trip so it was just going to be us. The clock struck 6pm and the doorbell rang. We played games, ordered pizza, and sang karaoke. She occasionally would check her phone and smirk at the things he would text her...it just made the fury inside boil up more and more. As the night started to wind down we started to watch a movie. I peered to the side to see her slowly but surely falling asleep. I waited about 5 more minutes before I got up and went to the kitchen, and went over to the knife drawer. I found a sharp and thick steak knife and tiptoed my way back to my room. I stood over top of her and watched her sleep, her being so peaceful around me was amusing. There was no more time to waste, I raised the knife well above my head and took all the strength I had within me and punctured her soft smooth skin. She awoke with a sharp cry and tears began to form in her eyes.

"What are you doing?" She whimpered.

"I'm making things right." I replied with a smile of vengeance as I ripped the knife out her stomach and once again pierced through her skin once more. The look of her eyes as she struggled brought me so much joy..the way she begged me to stop was like music to my ears. The more I stabbed the better I felt.

"HE'S MINE! ALWAYS WILL BE AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN!" I exclaimed while the rest of life was seeping out of her body. I stood up and made my way to the bathroom. My face has been covered in drops of her blood...then a tear came rolling down the side of my face mixing in with the color of red on my cheeks. I didn't know how to feel at that moment...so I cried...and cried...and slowly my cry



on a great act like I was truly hurt that she was gone but really I felt nothing at all. I didn't miss her and I didn't regret what I did. Even though it had been almost a month since her disappearance I still felt like there was a missing piece to my puzzle. Maybe Ari wouldn't wasn't the girl I needed to feel better, maybe I need Jasy from the week before, or Penelope from two weeks ago, or maybe even Lila, his apparent "girl bestfriend" I had my revenge but it didn't quench the thirst that I had.

So I did it again...and again...and again. Everytime I killed one, my body yearned for another. Any girl he wanted had to be eliminated even if they were just friends. Each girl was different, some struggled and fought, some begged, some even tried to bribe. Everytime I killed I felt a sensation of happiness and strength...but it was never the pleasure I needed. I still needed him. People started to catch on though, there were rumors that if you came to my house you would never come back. Months and months had gone on of me killing the girls he liked. It was nearing his birthday and I once again had a plan. I was sure that this plan would be the end of my desire for revenge. I would never have to see him with anyone else ever again. He would be with me forever just like he had promised me. The day was now May 8th...his birthday. After nights and nights of stalking, I found out that his parents would be out of town for his birthday weekend, and his two sisters would also be absent. It was like the universe was lining up just for me, just so I could have what I wanted. It was about 9pm...I had made my way to his house for a surprise visit. I knocked on the door, and as soon as he opened it we locked eyes. In that moment all the memories of us fluttered through my mind again, every hand hold, every kiss, every time we walked in the halls together.

"Hey...can we talk?" I said avoiding eye contact

"Yes, please come in." he replied

"It's been a while, and before you say anything I want you to know that I've missed you so much, and you're all that I've thought about since that day. The love I have for you hasn't changed at all since the first day I said it, and all that I have done over the past few months have been out of love. I love you." I said as I paced back and forth in his living room.

rage, like a car that was driving full speed into a tree. I stabbed him again and again and again...so many times that I lost count. His pleas and cries just made it worse...because I pleaded for him not to leave me and look what happened...all the nights I cried for him to come back and look what happened. He deserved everything that I did to him. I glared at his cold body as the blood dripped from the side of his couch.

"I still love you" I muttered. Then came the tears again. What was going on? My emotions were all over the place...one moment I was crying, one moment I was laughing and sometimes I felt nothing at all. At this moment I don't know what I felt. I think I felt empty or maybe I felt happy or maybe I felt sad because I had lost the one person I truly loved...and it was my fault. Was this all my fault? Was our breakup my fault? It felt like the world around me was collapsing and I couldn't do it anymore. All I wanted was him and I messed that up too. I couldn't just let him be happy. I had to have him all to myself and look at what I did. I felt terrible. There was no way I could live with myself after this. I made my way to their garage, then to the cobby in the corner where I found a gun that his dad kept for protection purposes. I then made my way back to the living room where he had bled out even more all over the wood floors. I approached him and kissed his cold lips.

"I love you" I said once again. I placed the gun in the center of my forehead, closed my eyes, counted down from 3 with my finger on the trigger...and pulled. Some people can call me crazy, obsessive or whatever they like, but it was all love. Everything that was done was all out of love.

-Mecca J.



Brea Childs

Age 15

Grade 10

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"Are you kidding me? The car broke down, it won't start!" A middle aged man banged on his steering wheel with his fists, furious. "I knew I shouldn't have bought this piece of garbage!" He finished. "God, It's almost as if this camping trip couldn't get any worse!" A teenaged boy complained dramatically as he forcefully leaned in his seat back. "Now, now. Don't be like that, Sam. We're doing all of this for you, after all." A rather short woman who possessed an oddly low British accent retorted. The boy snorted and rolled his eyes at his mother's words. The woman took her phone out of her purple, flower printed purse. "Ugh! C'mon Zander. There's not one cellular bar of data here! Not one bar!" The British mother threw her phone onto her seat, frustrated as the middle-aged man grumbled. "Seriously, Mara. I said that way before we even started packing. It's a remote area, of course there's no service!" The woman gave her husband the stink eye. Oh, will you shut up? I didn't hear you." The woman put her phone back into her designed purse, crossing her arms.

"I'm sick 'n tired of repeating myself in this good-for-nothing family." The woman's eye twitched, "If you really feel that way, get out of the car and go walk 20 miles home." Zander signed and got out of the car, slamming the door. Mara held her head in her hands and took a deep breath. "C'mon, Sam. Let's go. Please grab the tent." Mara spoke in a breathless voice, stepping out of the car, shutting the door softly.

Around them were eerie, dark, and withered trees. Mara wiped her black, frizzy hair out of her face, there was quite the breeze today. "Mom, Dad... Come look at this." Sam stood by a large footprint that belonged to a man or a mythical cyclops. "Bloody hell." Mara stood next to the footprint with her hand over her mouth. Zander kicked fallen leaves from nearby fallen and dead trees over the large, foreign footprint. "It's nothing. Quit focusing on the small things and get this stupid tent set up! I've asked you multiple times. Why can't you ever listen?"

"Zander!" Mara shouted. Zander rose his hands in defense, pleading like a guilty criminal in court after receiving the lovely prize and gift of the death penalty. "I told you not to ruin the trip! And what are you doing? You're ruining the trip!" Mara cried. Zander began to stutter, only for Mara to interrupt his beginning thoughts. "I don't want to hear it." "Mom, it's alright. I'll set up the tent." Sam stared at his dirty shoes and began to walk away from the commotion. Zander and Mara stood in silence. Mara shook her head, "I can't believe you."

After everything was settled, they sat at the campfire that Sam set up, in the usual silence. A blue tent was centered in the middle of a leafless area with three coolers aligned on the right side of the tent. The coolers held all kinds of drinks. Such as, soda, beer, and purified water. Nearby is where the lit campfire sat, along with some chairs. They all sat in



complete silence. The only thing that could be heard was the whistling wind and leaves falling gracefully off the trees. It was roughly about 10 at night. The monthly tales of the ghosts rose, with October spirit.

Suddenly, the bushes were rustling loudly and roughly. The three of them jolted their heads behind them, locating the noise. The rustling of the bushes was overly violent. Mara was hoping it was like the times in movies where a bunny hops out of the bush instead of a blood-thirsty serial killer. She was practically praying. However, even time stopped when the bushes stopped rustling. The family froze, neither of them dared to move. "What..." Sam mumbled to himself, shaking from the cold and the experience. "Mom, what did you say about this trip being fun?" "Shush, Sam. Be quiet, right now is not the time." Mara replied, quietly, still frozen in place. "It's never the right time." Sam replied with much attitude. He stood up, only to be interrupted by his father, Zander.

"Stay where you are, Sam." Sam turned around and crossed his arms.

"What? Don't tell me you guys are... scared?" Sam giggled with his hands over his mouth. "You guys know I'll never let you live this down."

Zander shook his head and sighed, "Sam, there's something wrong. Don't you feel it?" Sam tilted his head in dumbfounded confusion, "the only thing I'm feeling is this weather. It's quite cold, isn't it? Shouldn't we go to sleep right now?" Sam smirked passively. Zander and Mara turned to each other, then nodded.

"You're not Sam, are you?" Mara stood up, with one hand behind her back.

"What? You're kidding!" Sam's voice deepened, as he placed his hand over his heart, dramatically.

"Do not— don't play dumb with me!" Mara shouted, taking a kitchen knife out behind her back, pointing it at her son— pardon me. She pointed the knife at what she thought was her son. The boy that stood before them smiled. The smile was unsettling, what was going on?

"I was wondering when you guys would catch up. Well, Mara to say the least." The boy let out a laugh, a laugh that did not belong to their beloved boy. Zander scoffed at the boy's remark, "Please, I don't even know you." The stranger smirked, "And I want to keep that way." He turned his head to Mara. "Do you understand yet, my love?" Mara's eyes widened in standment. Zander squinted in confusion. Mara let her arms rest to her side, lowering her knife.

"Elliot?" Mara began to shake.

"Yes! I'm so happy you remember me, Mara!" Elliot was soon surrounded by smoke, the vision of Zander and Mara's son was replaced. The new man in vision was a tall man with greasy black hair that had an ugly face.

"Mara, who is this?!" Zander stomped like a little kid who didn't get what they wanted. Mara didn't respond, she stood there blankly, knife in hand. 'Elliot' smiled at Zander.

"I should've known it was you!" Mara broke down and dropped the knife. Elliot made an unsettling face and began to walk to Mara. Zander ran his hand through his blonde hair, "Mara, get up!" Zander made no effort to run towards his wife. He always thought it was his life over hers.

"Jesus, Mara! You've could've gave me the knife so I could—" **\*BOOM\***



"God, he was annoying," Elliot blew the smoke off his gun. Mara gasped and began to crawl to her lover.

"Zander! Elliot what did you—" **\*WHACK\*** Mara's body fell like a sack of rocks.

Elliot sighed and threw the log that he used to knock out his ex-lover. Elliot kneeled next to Mara, entrapping his hands within her bloody, blonde hair. Mara was very well alive, and that's all Elliot wanted.

"I love you, Mara, I really do. It's such a shame I have to do this to you. This wouldn't have happened if you just stayed with me." Elliot began to drag his lover to a nearby tree. He took out handcuffs and enclosed Mara's wrists within them, wrapping them around a branch. He threw the silver key far away, not within reach. Elliot stared at Mara, as she was hanging by her wrists. Tears and blood stained her face. He then took a look at Zander. His lifeless, good for nothing body. He took one last look at his lover. He placed his hand on her cheek, rubbing the blood off her dead body. *"I love you, Mara."*

"Will you stop it with the lovey-dovey sappy stuff?" Elliot whipped his head around. His son, Sam, was standing there, next to Zander's body. "We have to get going." Elliot relaxed and sighed.

"Right. Let's go, Sam."

One day I had to run, and while on this run, I saw a giant named Pete. I also saw a dragon that did all sorts of loop de loops. There was a boy that was a magical twin. They were evil and they tried to take my friends to the slammer. I had to fight them, so I grabbed Pete to my side, and we had an epic battle. Pete was a huge gamer, so he knew all the battle moves Pete ended up stomping so hard that the aliens flew and ran away. I asked my alien franklin if he had seen any other alien friends, but Franklin feared any alien friends, because he did not want to be embarrassed. Franklin was the only short alien, everybody was tall. I was shocked at seeing the other aliens bully Franklin. I was tired of seeing him being bullied so I went up and hit some more aliens. I was in the middle of teaching the aliens a lesson when a puppy ran across the road. Feeling an overexciting joy, I started running after the puppy. The other aliens started to cripple in fear, and they ran. Franklin was so happy that he ran and hugged me. Franklin wanted to have a girlfriend, so he went and met Samantha. She was a very preppy fun girl. Franklin was happy that someone wanted to love him. When the sun came up Franklin was with me and Samantha eating candy canes. We started to drink some hot chocolate the taste of coco was everywhere. I wanted to play video games, so Franklin went and bought Titan Fall from GameStop. Once we got the game we played for hours. I was starting to get a bit lonely, so I went and found me a girlfriend named Krystal. Me a Krystal also loved to play video games. I loved playing basketball as well, so I went and dunked on Franklin. When sipping hot coco, I smelt marshmallow. While sipping hot coco demons came and started to tear people apart. They came and stole Franklin and they ripped apart Krystal, I was devastated but I had a goal in mind, kill the demons. I wanted to save Franklin, but a demon started to rip him apart. I started to shoot the demon but shot Franklin instead. The demon was now pissed and started to rip me apart I screamed but it did nothing. I then died. And demons took over the world.



Name: Ginger Carnes

Grade/ age 12<sup>th</sup> grade 17 years-old

### The Dream

I stood there in the cold knotting on the door of Neco Romanoff knowing that he was pissed and him nor his cousin would let me in. I'd want no need to say sorry I've missed this old red brick house and his small key from under the doormat was gone my heart was braking with ever second, I stood there. I was about to leave when the door opened just an inch, I opened the door just enough for me to slip in I looked around the open first floor, but I stood alone. I found Neco's office, but it looked to be untouched for some time. So, I started to wonder up the stairs as I got to the top of the stairs the front door slammed shut, I spun around to look and I finally saw it a big, tall shadow of a man was coming to the stairs.

I tried to call out to him, but I was frozen in fear as he got closer, I realized that who this man was it was Osker. I manage to stutter out the words "I thought Neco killed you." Osker didn't answer as he lunged at me, I fell back and kick him off me. I didn't realize that I was sitting in a dark red pool until I bumped into it. It was a cold lifeless Neco. I sat there terrified in a pool of the love of my life's blood.

Osker finally parted his lips from that wicked smile. The word he had just spoken hit me like a wall "If I can't have you no one can." I felt it before I could ever comprehend the knife in his hand. He had thrown the knife and it hit directly in my shoulder. I scream for the first time since I walk in this house Benny my older cousin barreled in guns a blazing. His gun aimed at Osker. His eyes flow to me still at the top of the stairs I still sat in Neco's blood. As Benny start up the stairs, I felt a large cold hand go to my mouth as a gunshot rang through the air. It had been Neco grabbing me and Benny is the one who fire the gun his gun still aimed at Osker.

As I turned to look at Neco the love of my life he gave me his famous lazy stare. "Neco" I breathed "you know I have to call the cops?" All the sudden Benny's voice broke me as he asked "Who I was talking to? Cause you aren't talking to me and well Neco-" he trailed off. With a ponding heart I jerked awake still with no sign of Neco I called out for him he shuffled in and grabbed me wiping the tears away he held me.



You may submit your scary story to the Security Public Library by October 31, 2021, but if you would like to earn extra credit, you must submit your scary story in Google Classroom by Sunday, Oct 24 . I will take care of sending it to the library! Extra credit will be based on the quality of the work submitted.

Complete your contact information.

Name:

Oksana Miller

E

Age:

14

Grade:

9th

Type Story Here:

Tamara was a simple person with a simple goal,  
Which she wanted to achieve with her heart and soul.  
So she continued to write her book,  
All of the sudden, her table shook.

The typewriter started to write a list,  
It showed numbers and letters, what is this?

It appeared to show some addresses,  
So Tamara searched for a map.  
She couldn't find where any address is,  
The typewriter continued to tap.

There were 10 addresses in total,  
She couldn't find any of them and thought 'hold on'  
She brushed it off stated vocal:  
"Where can I get those books sold on?"

Some time later maybe 10 years,  
All of the sudden she remembered her fears.  
She looked up all of the addresses again,  
They all existed, all 10.  
She decided to visit one of them,  
When she came, she saw a group of men.

Other than the men, she saw a hearse,  
When she saw it, her fears became worse.  
“What are you doing there!” the driver said



Name:Aeris Z

Age:15

Grade:9th

A diary that tells the future

Once upon a time, There was a princess named Victoria. She was a somewhat kind and mean princess at the same time around the people at her grand castle. One day, Her mother named Alice told her about a diary that she must not open. Listen carefully Victoria." This diary is very dangerous. Do not open it. Inside the diary it tells you what will happen to you in the future. If you open the diary, You will be forever evil and cursed for eternity. This diary is cursed and full of darkness. Many princesses and queens have done it before and they sadly passed away after they got cursed. I'm Warning you Victoria, Do not open it and write in it. Alice walked away and went to bed right away. Victoria couldn't stop thinking about the diary so she opened it and started writing inside of it. Dear Diary, My mom told me not to write inside of this diary because if i do it, I'll forever be cursed and become an evil princess for eternity. So I'm writing inside of it anyway because I am bored. It is night time and my parents are asleep. I can't sleep. I'm awake for no reason. Victoria started to fall asleep and dropped the diary onto the soft carpet. The next morning, Victoria woke up and ate breakfast and put on her beautiful purple dress. She went into her room to spend quality time alone. Alice came in to check on her. Victoria?" Yes mother? You're not writing in that diary are you? No, I'm not. Good." Then, Victoria kept writing about all the secrets in her diary. But one fateful day, Victoria did a terrible thing. There was darkness spreading all over the outside and inside the castle. People were screaming and dying quickly. Victoria!! Her mother called"" Victoria whispered, What have i done? Victoria! What do you think you were doing! Alice was so angry. I-I opened the diary like you told me not to and I did it on purpose. I'm sorry mother! Please forgive me! Sigh" No! What?! You heard me! I will not forgive you! Then Victoria turned into an evil princess and joined a group called Organization 13, A group of nobodies that wanted to be powerful. What will happen to Victoria? Will she turn into a scary princess? These answers are unknown.

To be continued...



## Scary Story contest

2 messages

Thu, Oct 28, 2021 at 2:07 PM

Mackynzie Manson

15, 10th grade  
The Lost Eyes

By: Mack Manson

I can't see. I haven't been able to for years.

Climbing up the stairs of my house, I remember how it used to be, when the world wasn't completely dark. The beauty of a rainy day, being scared of the dark, thinking monsters were going to get me when the lights turned off. I don't have the luxury of that anymore. It's always dark for me.

I make it up the stairs, but stop when I hear something other than the creak. It sounded like something fluttering around. It wasn't rare for us to have bats, our house was huge and old, and probably has holes everywhere. They come in looking for shelter, especially when it's raining, as it's doing now.

"Hello?," I say stupidly. Bats can't hear.

I get a response, but only in a squawk. It's not a bat squawk, but more like a bird. We get those sometimes, too, but they're more rare. There's more fluttering, then I hear it land and I start hearing pecking. The birds do this sometimes, trying to get into our walls looking for bugs and other forms of food.

"Hey!," I say, "Stop that. We don't have bugs in there, so just leave it alone!"

The pecking stops, and I hear it flying around for a while, probably just looking for another area to attack. Then it lands on my shoulder. I thrash my arms around, throwing it off of me in a panic.

"Get away from me!," I yell, "I don't want you touching me!"

I hear it fly around and land on a table we have in the hallway. I feel like it's burning holes into me, and I start feeling paranoid.

"Just leave me alone, and get out when it stops raining."

I leave it at that and walk away, trying to find my room. After I start walking, I hear it start to fly again, and land right behind me.

"What are you doing?," I ask the mysterious bird.

There's no response.

"I told you to leave me alone, I don't like birds."

Silence.

I start walking again, but hear the fluttering of wings. I choose to ignore it this time, knowing there's no way for a bird to understand me. I was stupid for speaking to it in the first place.

I was bored of this facade, the bird was probably just being weird because it liked the way I smelled or something. Birds were weird creatures anyways.



Finding my room, I locate the area of my bed and sit, thinking of something to do. Being blind and home alone was not a good combination. Well, mostly alone. I guess the bird counted as company.

I hear the thing fly into my room and land. I felt like it was staring at me again, but one could never be too sure.

"Why are you following me?," I say to it. "I'm not that interesting, am I? Unless you count constantly running into things as quality entertainment."

Of course, I was met with silence.

I was scared to move and do anything, so I just sat there, listening to the sound of the storm. I heard thunder, then the loud squawk of the bird.

"Get scared?," I asked. "The stalker bird is scared of a bit of thunder?"

It responded with another loud squawk.

I knew that probably wasn't true, but it gave me a little satisfaction thinking something like thunder could scare the thing that scared me.

After a little more silence, I heard more fluttering, but it seemed to get louder, and seemed like there were more wings. Then I heard a chorus of squawks, getting louder as there were more of the bird noises.

More birds were coming in.

The noise all died down as each of the birds seemed to settle down and take a seat. I could feel all of their eyes on me, watching my every move. They made no noise, just sat there and watched me exist for a while.

"What's going on? Is someone here playing a prank on me?"

There was no response, just the occasional sound of a bird adjusting itself.

I got restless, and decided to go and look for help. One of our neighbors, maybe.

I started to try and get out of bed, but as I tried to stand up, the birds finally started moving. All at once, they started flying around the room. There were hundreds of them, just circling around me.

They started to move in on me, getting closer and closer, forcing me into what felt like a tornado. I fell onto the ground and they finally showed what they're intentions were. I felt their beaks, pecking my whole body, as if they were trying to peck through my body. It was almost as if they were looking for food.

The pain started at my legs, then moved to my torso, then to my face, going toward the area where my eyes should be.

Little did they know, the sockets were empty, taken by a crow that dreadful day years ago...

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**Library, Security Public** <spl@wsd3.org>

Thu, Oct 28, 2021 at 2:12 PM

To: "Manson, Mackynzie" <MansonMackynzie-100@wsd3.org>

Hi Mackynzie!

Thank you for your submission, we look forward to reading it!! Winners will be contacted/announced by November 15th. Good luck!!

[Quoted text hidden]

## Memories left at Sea: Kaiden Lancaster

My father died. About a couple months ago...October 27th was the date. I got the call at my son's little league game. I remember running into the bathroom and just...sitting there. I couldn't do anything but...sit there. I waited till after the game to tell my wife and son the news. My wife kept bugging me to talk about but I wasn't budging, I mean frankly I couldn't think of anything to say. Then the service came, it's now December, and a buddy of mine slipped me a card and said, "you need to talk," or whatever. So I'm here to see this Dr. Ogletree. What a stupid name.

"Why don't you start by telling me about your father." asked Dr. Ogletree.

"My father was a fisherman. He and my ma weren't together no more, so I only got to see him on weekends. He lived in Manchester."

"New Hampshire?"

"No..her-here in Mass."

"By the sea huh, like the movie."

"Yeah...I could never get through it though."

"Well..uh sorry to get you off track tell me again about your father."

"Well like I said I visited him on weekends, he lived by the sea obviously. He was a very quiet man...uh stoic in a way. Never talked, never smiled, never laughed, never even told me he really loved me. But when he was by the sea..it..it was like he-he was a child again."

"He really loved the sea huh?"

"Yeah. You know I always hated the sea. Made me sick...but it was like I was actually with my father-it was like he was really there."

"Did you like your father?"

"Whatta you mean?"

"Like did you like your father, it's a very straightforward question."

"You calling me stupid or something! What the hell do you mean by "did I like him"?"

"Well using your description he was apathetic, not affectionate, and emotionally unavailable."

"Well..um...I never hated him."

"I didn't ask that, what I asked is if you like him."

"Well I...have this one memory of him. My favorite, I guess."

"Continue."



"Well we were out it was about 4 years ago, I was 17.. a real dickhead. That day I wasn't having it, I was telling him to piss off with my headphones and everything," He says laughing, "But he just looked at me laughing and said, "Just c'mon today's the day." He kept that saying the whole time we were setting up the boat, not to mention it was like 20 damn degrees outside. The ocean was so calm that day, painted a melancholy blue it was oddly comforting. Me sitting there just admiring the sea, I get this jerk, I pull it jerks again, then I swear I had the power of Odin or something cause within the blink of an eye, this big ass fish was flapping on my boat like it won the lottery. And my dad he was just smiling, saying, "I told you so," I ne-ne-never felt so damn excited in my life."

"You need a tissue John."

"What?"

"You're crying John."

"Oh shi- sorry. I can't answer if I liked my dad or not, at least not today but I sure as hell loved him."

"Well it doesn't have to be today John. Well the session is over for today, I'll see you again next month I hope."

"Maybe..but I promised my son I'm taking him out next week. We're going fishing."

Name: Purjah Turk

Grade: 9

"OMG did you, like, hear what SERENA was doing during first period?"

"I heard from Lily what she heard from Stephanie what she heard Phillip saying to Alex, that she was making out with Jake behind the auditorium"

"I heard that she was *with Bill* under the bleachers"

"Hey, Kianna! did you actually hear that?"

"YUP"

"Are you guys talking about SERENA? Because I've got the latest news that she was at the park with that Sophomore, Henry, and she ahem let him...you know"

"OMG!"

"OMG!!"

"OMG!!!"

"She is such a ~~BLEEP~~."

Those were the words that Serena heard. Every. Single. Day. As she walked down the halls. Took a bag from her locker. Checked out books at the library. Or ate lunch alone in the cafeteria. ~~BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP~~. That is what she was labeled as. Not only was it cruel and shaming but entirely inaccurate. Who would want to hear that though? It was much more exciting for her to be a ~~BLEEP~~ than a boring straight-A student, who's never even been kissed. It was even better since they knew she wouldn't tell, or call them out on their lie. Serena was mute. At least that's what everyone thought. I mean, why let everyone say this about you and never speak a word? She **must** be incapable of talking.

Conrad Logan was the first to start a rumor about Serena. They were only in the 7th grade and she was a new student. People had started thinking he was gay (which he was) so to stop the gossip that could ruin his life and make him the laughing stock of the basketball team (kids are cruel) he devised a plan. He was going to go to the back of the playground where the most gossipy girls in school always hung out and he would stage a fake texting story that he would read out loud while pretending to be on the phone with a friend. That is exactly what he did. The rumor about him being gay ended faster than the time a match takes to catch a flame. The new story in the gossip mill? Serena Logan sent Conrad some very incriminating photos and texts.



Name: Keltey Faulkner

Age: 17 Grade 12

## *Haunted Asylum*

"Kacey!"

I yell across the room at my bestfriend.

"Yes Avery?"

She shouts back impatiently. I have an idea that I want to tell her about. You know what, there's no time like the present.

"I have an idea for Halloween night."

She rolls her eyes at me before answering.

"Well what is it?"

I get a big smile on my face before I tell her.

"Kacey, I think that we should go explore the Asylum on the hill."

"No no no. And once again. NO!"

"Why not?"

"Babes that is a stupid idea, that asylum is haunted and there is no way in hell that I'm going in there."

I look at her and give her my best pouty look possible.

"Please Kacey. I don't think that it's actually haunted, it is just a town legend. Let's just go and see. And if it gets scary we'll leave. I just don't believe-"

She cuts me off.

"Don't believe urban legends I know I know. You stopped believing them in like middle school and we're seniors this year. Wait wait wait! Does this have to do with your supernatural obsession?"

I look at her kind of flustered. Not knowing how to respond, I turn away from her. She puts her hand on my shoulder and turns me back towards her.

"Avery, come on. I didn't mean it in a bad way. I promise. I just meant that you like supernatural things, including the TV show, but that whenever something supernatural happens you like to investigate and there has been many many articles about people going there and seeing ghosts and hearing things after leaving the place. I know I don't see things the way you do but maybe we can go check it out. But if it gets creepy I'm out."

I give a smile. And she knows that she's been played.

"I'll go pack my bag!"

"Damn it. You played me!"

I smirk then give her a quick hug.

"Yes ma'am I did and you're just going to have to deal with it because you agreed to it. So ha!"

"Avery. Halloween isn't until tomorrow."

I turn around quickly.

Name: Keltey Faulkner  
Age: 17 Grade 12  
Address: 76 Security Blvd  
Phone Number: (719)246-1764

"I know but we have to be ready for tomorrow night. Now let's go pack! Wait, when are we doing this? Tomorrow after school? Are we skipping school? How are we doing this?"

She looks at me and stops for a minute.

"We're going to school, but after school we'll go to our houses, grab our bags and stuff and then I'll pick you up at the park and we'll go search the haunted building."

I hug her then run off yelling behind me.

"Thank you babes!"

I hear her sigh. I'm pretty sure she's just realizing what she got herself into. I head home and start packing my bag. What exactly do I need? Hmm. Well I need warm clothes because duh cold spots due to spirits. My EMF. My cameras, both go pro and just video camera. Both Kacey and I can carry them while we search. I finish packing my bag then go to bed quickly. It's amazing! I quickly climb into bed for the night. But I am so excited that I can't fall asleep. I get up and go take melatonin then wash my face and climb back into bed. I start to drift off to thoughts of tomorrow. In the morning when I hear my alarm go off I don't snooze it like normal. It's Halloween! Spooky things happen on Halloween night especially in very haunted places like where I'm going tonight. I get dressed in the outfit that I've had picked out for a week. Then I run out to the kitchen. Running face first into my mom when I round the corner, I stop to say good morning now that I've run into her when she was probably on her way to come wake me up.

"Good morning mom!"

She looks at me a little startled. Probably because it's almost 6 am and I got up on my own to my alarm which never happens.

"Good morning, you seem excited."

Yep. I definitely startled her. That's okay though.

"I am excited, it's my favorite day of the year. And I finally convinced Kacey to go to the buffalo state asylum for the insane!"

"Avery isn't that the place that you did a research project on?"

"Yep it is and I'm super excited, we are going to go check it out tonight. And I'm going to video it all and probably post it on Uncle Ty's blog on the supernatural."

"When are you going to check out the asylum? It better not be during school hours."

"It isn't mom I promise, we're going tonight after school."

"Okay good. Now go get ready for school since you're up so early."

I roll my eyes then laugh.

"Okay mom."

I double check my bag for tonight. Yep. I have everything. After I double check everything I hear a car outside.

\*HONK HONK\*

Kacey is here which means I have to go to school. Ugh. It's fine, I just have to try to stay focused in my classes today. I run out to the car.



Name: Keltey Faulkner  
Age: 17 Grade 12  
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"Good morning my beautiful bestfriend."

Kacey rolls her eyes at me.

"Hun I love you but god damn you are too excited for this."

"You agreed to go check out a supposedly haunted building with me. Of course I'm excited. Also it's Halloween and Halloween is my favorite day of the year!"  
She smiles.

"Well, are you going to get your ass in the car or not?"

I laugh. On the way to school I have trouble sitting still because I'm so excited for what's going to happen tonight.

"Oh hey Avery?"

"Yes Kacey?"

"We need to discuss dinner plans."

"What do you mean?"

"Avery. Come on. We don't have any idea what we're doing for dinner and we need to figure it out because we sure as hell aren't going to go into a haunted asylum on an empty stomach."

I look at her and make a face. She smirks in reply knowing that she's right. God I hate when she knows that she's right. But we will need food.

"Mmm not really."

"Chinese?"

"Ooo I'm down for that."

"Cool chinese it is."

I check the time. Oh shit.

"Kacey, we have to get to first period.  
can't be late to government again."

And fast. Tardy bell rings in 3 minutes and I

"Oh crap!"

\*RING RING\*

Crap! That was the bell. I start daydreaming about tonight. Before I know it the bell rings. I have no idea what we did in that class. But I head to my next class anyway. Throughout the rest of the day I go to class but I don't pay much attention to anything. Finally the last bell rings and I run out to the car to meet Kacey.

"Let's go! Let's go!"

"Okay babes I know that you're excited but I need you to chill out."

"I'm sorry this is just super exciting."

"I know. So let's go order food, get our bags then go."

We go to her house and grab her bag then we head to my house. We get home and get food and my bag then head out to the asylum. As we drive up the long driveway I turn on my cameras to make sure that I capture every moment of this. We stop. When I look up, we're here.

"Well,"

Name: Keltey Faulkner  
Age: 17 Grade 12  
Address: 76 Security Blvd  
Phone Number: (719)246-1764

I look at Kacey and smile.

"It's now or never love, let's go."

We get out of the car. Kacey looks nervous so I grab her hand and squeeze.

"Let's go inside Avery."

"Let's go."

I smile. We walk in. When the door closes behind us the last bit of light we have disappears and it is pitch black. I start digging through my bag even though I can't see. Hoping to find the flashlights that I packed. I feel something.

"Aha! I found it."

I pull two flashlights out and turn them on and hand her one. She smirks at me. She has a plan.

"I think we should split up and look around on this floor."

"Okay, sounds good. Keep your walkie on you so we can contact each other since I doubt our phones will work in here."

She nods and walks off down a hallway. I walk off down the other one. I walk into a room and the door slams closed.

"Ah!"

I look around there isn't windows. There is a small mattress on the floor. I hear a weird noise behind me. When I turn around there is a figure standing there reaching out to me.

"AHHH! HELP!"

Over the walkies I hear Kacey scream but I don't know where she is. I get really dizzy then everything goes dark.

**Two Weeks Later:**

**Kacey Evans and Avery Stone are still missing after going into the Buffalo State asylum on Halloween.**



## The First Night

Name: Crianca Kowallis

1

age/grade: 16, Junior, widefield highschool

One, two, three, four. Counting the seconds.

Five, six, seven, eight, nine. Warren halted the movement of his pencil, he leaned his head back in exasperation and groaned. His eyes followed the ticking clock every second passing by. He let the pencil slip through his fingers and fall uselessly to the ground as he sat there a while. Thirteen, fourteen, fifteenth.

Warren shifted his gaze to the kitchen where his mother was buried in her work on fixing dinner for the boy. She spoke into the phone with a hushed excited manner. His mother would be leaving. Warren looked back to the clock reading its contents. 6:26 pm. Soon, his mother would be leaving soon.

Shaking his head as if he could shake away any distracting thought from his mind he looked back to the paper in front of him. He was interrupted once more from doing any work when a plate of flavored fried rice was placed in front of him. The boy looked up to his mother standing over him smiling, holding a fork. He grabbed it, no later did she rush off to finish getting ready and leave for the night.

Half an hour passed. Warren had long since put away his work and kicked back to relax on the couch. He turned on the Tv and put an action film to play.

Before he even had a chance to react the front door opened and an extremely young adult walked in. His heart was beating from the sudden scare. The person looked at him and waved with a slight smile. "Hello, sorry to barge in! Your mother asked me to come babysit you. I arrived rather late, didn't I?"

Warren quickly calmed down upon knowing the identity of the person, and nodded. "A little but it's alright, I was doing fine. There is some extra fried rice in the kitchen if you're hungry." He was rather annoyed that his mother still thought he needed a babysitter knowing his age, however he understood. Crime Rates have been increasing in number around the area lately, whether that was theft, murder, or kidnappings, they've increased nonetheless.

The babysitter came back into the room with a plate of food and sat on the couch next to him. "What's your name kid?" They questioned taking a bite.

Warren looked at them suspiciously, saying, "My mom didn't tell you?"

"No, she was rather rushed, this was last minute."

Warren thought back to an hour ago, his mom *did* look very rushed. Understanding, he spoke his name to the person.

"Nice to meet you Warren, this is a cute little place you got," they spoke. The two sat in silence a while before the babysitter put their plate off to the side and sat back. Warren had been watching the movie playing. "There has been a lot more crime around the neighborhood recently Warren, did you or your mom ever take action and install any security systems?" The person next to him spoke once more, turning to face him. The stare they had was almost glaring, but not quite.

Warren thought the question to be odd but reasonable, this babysitter seemed a rather curious person, he had noticed a few times now them, glancing at the walls and around the room. "No, security systems can be expensive, so says my mom," he responded

The babysitter locked eyes on the door for a while, before nodding and watching the TV. Warren checked his phone, reading the time, 8: 02. Another hour had passed. He felt relaxed, he

## The First Night

enjoyed his time home alone. Glancing at the babysitter then back to the TV he thought, well, relatively home alone. The babysitter wasn't annoying or controlling, they chilled with him watching TV on the couch. They may have been weird and questionable but nothing too out of the ordinary.

It wasn't long however, they stood up and turned to him. "I'm going to go to the bathroom, wait for me here." They took only one step then stopped almost contemplating something. They turned to him once more with a half smile. "Where is it?" They questioned eyes shifting to the left. Warren thought he saw the ghost of a smirk on their face but it was gone as soon as it came.

"Up the stairs, 2nd door on the right," Warren spoke, turning his attention back to the film on screen. The person left, Warren now being the only one in the dark room only illuminated by the big screen light. His phone rang one more time and he checked it. A message from his mom that read,

"So how are you enjoying your first night home alone?"



Mae Iida Terukina

16 years old (11<sup>th</sup> Grade)

It was Saturday, October 30<sup>th</sup>, there was a group of friends, all who went to Jacksonville High School together. They were all planning out what they were going to do the next day for Halloween. Some friends thought going to parties, others thought of just walking around and explore around the town. After a few hours of talking about what they were going to do, they had decided to do both ideas. They would walk around a explore, and if they ever came across a Halloween party, they would join. It is now Sunday, October 31<sup>st</sup>. The group of friends were together at the park, just waiting until night hits and then they would have their fun. At 6pm, that is when everyone had started to get ready for the night. They had finally finished getting ready and it was 9pm at night, so they went out and started walking around the neighborhood, getting their candy. While they were exploring, they had come across a Halloween party, but they didn't know it was for adults only until they walked up to the door. A security guard had stopped the group of friends from entering the house and asked for their age. After looking at each other for a few seconds, they had decided to lie about their age and say that they were 21 years old. The security guard had let them in the house and the group of friends were all so happy that they got away with it, so they had started to party and drink. About an hour later, the group of friends were just hanging around the house talking to each other, but later then, they had heard multiple loud screams coming from the downstairs and upstairs level. They didn't think much about it

because it was a Halloween party, and they thought parties should have sound effects. A few minutes later, they had heard another person scream again, so they went into the direction of where the screaming was coming from, and that is when they had seen someone with blood around their lips, looking for their next prey, while blood is just flowing out on the ground. The group of friends had gotten so scared, they knew that person is a vampire. They had decided to run out of the house as fast as they could, but all the doors and windows were locked so they couldn't get out. So they had decided to try and find a place to hide, but more vampires had started to kill other people that was at the party, so they hid quick inside a closet. The group friends needed to think of a plan to escape from that house and make it out alive. They had thought that acting like a vampire was the best way to escape. They wouldn't get killed and would be able to go out by the time morning comes and go home. So, they had went out, acting like a vampire, going around pretending to kill people, but they were really going close to their neck and telling people to act dead so they can all leave whenever the sun comes up. They had gotten really good at being a "vampire" after a few hours, but one of the actual vampires got suspicious of the group of friends and just kept an eye on them and watching their every move. That vampire got very suspicious of them and told the other vampires to test their abilities to see if they were one of them. They started throwing things at them knowing vampires can break things with their hands because they are strong, but the group of friends just ducked and avoided the things being thrown at them. That is when they knew they weren't human. The vampires had told the other that there was still humans alive in the house and they started to just circle around the group of friends wanting to kill them and drink their blood. The group of friend shad gotten scared and didn't know what to do now that they had figured out, they were human, and nothing like them. They had just started running everywhere, but they had forgotten that vampires had



super speed. So wherever they went, vampires always appeared in front of them trying to attack and feed on their prey. The group of friends didn't know what to do, until they saw wooden sticks sticking right out in the corner. They had grabbed them and started pointing them towards the vampire's chest, making them back up a little. One of the friends in the group had just randomly started to attack and kill one vampire in the house, so they would have a higher chance of escaping once the sun rises. The group of friends had joined in and started killing them one by one. They had killed most of the vampires, but there was still quite a few who hid on the ceiling or somewhere inside the house. As the vampires were watching their kind being killed one by one, they had felt anger and enraged to just kill them even if it meant they would die while doing it. It was getting near 5am. The friends all seemed tired and worn out from all of the killing that they were doing, but they had still continued because they want to make it out home alive. When they had thought they killed all the vampires, they started to look around the house just to make sure, but one of the friends had spotted the rest of the vampires. After staring for a while, the vampires had started to attack the group of humans and try to bite them with their pearly white, sharp teeth. As the group of friends started seeing the vampires attempt to attack them, they started just stabbing them like it was their last day on earth. As time had passed by, with the group's teamwork, each vampire had started to die one by one. Once they had made sure each vampire had been killed, they started to find a clock or watch that would tell them the time. After a couple minutes of searching, they had found a watch that coordinated with the actual time, and the time was 6:43am. That is when the group of friends had all started to look at each other and run towards the door, trying to break the lock. Once the lock was finally broken, they had ran out so happy, underneath the sun and enjoying the outside again. They all walked

together back to their houses and promised each other to be cautious of where they will go and to always stick together no matter what happens.



Alana Harman

16 years old/10th grade

### **Don't Look Behind You**

I felt trapped, nowhere to go, nobody to turn to. I couldn't get out of my head. Nobody would believe me if I told them. Ever since my dad died, I've had the feeling that someone has constantly been watching me. Maybe I was just paranoid.

My dad and I were really close. He was my best friend. He was the one who kept our family together. Fridays were our days, we would spend the whole day together. I would turn to him for everything. He was the shoulder I would cry on, but ever since his tragic death, my whole world had changed. My mom would disappear for weeks on end, my brother dropped out of school, and my sister didn't call anymore. I was alone, but I knew there was always this presence of someone near me, watching me closely. I didn't know who or what. I just brushed it off my shoulders, until I started having this feeling all the time. I felt trapped, I wanted out.

I would have these nightmares at night of my dad. I would wake up screaming and in hysteria. I felt more and more afraid to leave the house. I felt like an old cat lady, locking herself in her house from the outside world. One time, when my mom was home, she made me go to the grocery store. I started panicking.

"No, mom," I said, shaking my head, "I have things to do here."

My mom didn't seem to care, "Cut your crap! Now go to the grocery store!"

I had no other choice, but to go. My heart started racing, my palms got all sweaty, and I could feel my stomach doing somersaults in my stomach.

When I was almost out the door, my mom called after me, "Take the path through the park! It's faster."

Oh no! Not through the park! The park near our house is super sketchy. Nobody goes there except weirdos to vandalize it. It was probably the worst place to go when you are in constant hysteria. I grabbed my coat and my umbrella. It was windy, cold, and pouring rain. I started down the path looking at my feet. I then started to get that feeling again. I didn't want to look behind me. I tried to ignore it, but I couldn't.

It got worse. After some time, I heard a stick crack. I whipped around to find nothing. Nothing was there. I was just paranoid, I told myself over and over again. When I almost made it to the main road, I heard a faint laughter. I knew I wasn't hallucinating. It sounded too real to be fake. I stopped and could hear my own breathing. I slowly turned around to find a little baby doll sitting in the middle of the path. I turned to run, but the mud grabbed onto my boots and wouldn't let go. I finally got my boots unstuck and started running. This couldn't be happening, it had to be one of my nightmares! As I continued running, I realized I was going the wrong way. I was getting myself deeper and deeper into the park. Farther away from the main road. I was lost.

I stopped running and looked around me. I saw an owl sitting on a tree branch, but it soon flew away. A squirrel ran past me running from something it seemed. The dead trees creaking from the wind. I then heard the laugh again. I didn't want to look behind me because I knew what would be there. Something inside me made me turn around. Instead of a baby doll, it was a piece of paper with something written on it. I slowly walked over to it and picked it up.

The red ink was written poorly. Whoever wrote it, didn't seem to care much how it looked. The paper was damp and about to tear from the rain, so I quickly read it, "Don't look behind you." My breathing got terribly heavy, my heart felt like it was beating out of my chest. It got



harder and harder to breathe. My legs felt like jello, slowly sinking into the ground, making me not able to run. I felt hopeless. There was nothing more I could do, but stay put. I heard footsteps getting closer and closer to me. This couldn't be happening. I shut my eyes and-

"Wake up! It's 7 o'clock! You know what day it is?" Somebody was yelling at me, but I couldn't figure out who. I was still half asleep. "It's Friday! You love Fridays!" I then figured out who it was.

I quickly jumped out of bed, my face stained with tears, I had been crying in my sleep. I had another nightmare.

"Get up, sleepy head!" my dad said, pushing me down the steps where I smelt homemade waffles.

# The Sitter

By luis bustos

It was a sunny spring afternoon. The trees sang in the wind, and the smell of flowers filled the air. I was on my way to babysit my favorite little kid: Jack. He was six and was one of the most well-behaved kids I have ever met. I always wanted to spend time with him when I babysat, thankfully I had an overnight shift with him that day, I thought it would've been nice.

When I arrived, I was greeted by Jack's mom, who was dressed for work. She was wearing a black knee length skirt, with a tucked white blouse, and a business jacket that went over the top. "Thank you for coming. Jack is so excited to see you! If you could have him in bed by 9:00 that would be great" she said. I nodded in agreement, she gave Jack a kiss on the head, and left. As soon as I walked through the door, I was greeted with a hug from Jack. He was hopping and had the most joy a human could feel. "Hi, Kimby!" he exclaimed. I could not wait to spend the rest of the day with him.

Later, after doing some tricky puzzles and playing outside, it was time to make dinner. I turned on the stove and got out the ingredients, but when I looked back, out of the corner of my eye, I could've sworn I saw something in the backyard through the window, near one of the bushes. I continued looking, trying to see if anything was out there. "What is it, Kimby?" Jack asked curiously. "Hmm, oh it's nothing, I just thought I saw something," I replied giggling. I looked back at the window and shrugged it off – it was probably my mind playing tricks on me. The aroma of the food made my mouth water. Even though it was just mac and cheese, it was all I craved. A few minutes go by and dinner finishes cooking, so I gave Jack a bowl, then made myself some. The cheesy, gooey perfection was very satiating.

But something was pulling me away from it, like a magnet pulling another, it felt like someone or something was watching us, stalking us, waiting for us to let our guard down. I continued denying it thinking I was just being paranoid. But that feeling just never left.

We finished dinner, and it was already 8:30. "It's time to get ready for bed," I told Jack. "But I want to stay with you," he replied disappointingly. I told him that he would see me in the morning and that there was no need to worry; he paused for a few seconds then replied with a simple "ok" and a smile. A few minutes go by, and Jack is in bed and sleeping. I cleaned up the kitchen when that feeling of being watched came back. I looked out the window into the backyard, staring at it wondering if something was actually back there, with every second my curiosity grew stronger. I grabbed a flashlight and went outside searching every corner of it but nothing. As soon as I went back inside, I heard a bush move as if something was hiding in it. "WHO'S THERE" I exclaimed, I slowly moved closer to the bush, with every step my stomach churned. I finally reached the bush, just then I quickly moved the branches to see what was there, all that came out was a rabbit, I breathed a sigh of relief knowing that everything was fine. I went



back inside and decided it was time to go to bed. I scurry up to the guest room and soon fall asleep - that is when the nightmare really started.

I woke up with a start. It was Midnight. I couldn't move. My body was frozen. That is when I heard glass shatter from outside the room and footsteps crunching over it; I knew what was happening.

I normally get sleep paralysis, and knew I just had to get through it with some deep breathing, but this time was different. A few seconds go by and soon there was a dark figure standing at the doorway, riddled with terror. I watched it as it walked closer, and closer, until finally it was standing over me with a growing grin on its face, its teeth were as sharp as knives, and its eyes were just two white glowing dots surrounded by shadow. I was terrified... it just looked down on me - smiling, as the room started to seem darker. My ears began to ring but the ringing sounded like screams, loud ear-piercing screams: it was so loud. Every minute that goes by that things smile grew larger, and more menacing, as the screams grew more blood curdling. My heart is racing, and my stomach feels like it is in my throat. I wanted to scream but couldn't, why wouldn't it leave I thought. I could see tears forming in my eyes while the shadow watched in joy.

The shadow began to let out a low but audible laugh mocking my terror, I could see my room growing even darker, the walls were empty voids, the ceiling reduced to nothing, all the while this thing was still laughing. It began growling loudly like a lion ready for the kill, I could feel my urge to back away as fast as I could, the feeling of wanting to run but I still could not move. The shadow's mouth began to open wide as if it were hungry, craving whatever it could sink its teeth into and devour without hesitation. At that moment, a warm liquid that reeked of metal began to drool from its mouth and landed on my cheek. Just as that happens it lets out a terrifying roar and lunged at me.

At 5:00 in the morning I woke up not remembering what had happened. I looked at my phone to see a text from Jack's mom, "Hey Kim, I'm sorry but I have to work for a little longer, I'll be home in the afternoon, hopefully. I will pay you extra for this, I promise. Tell Jack I love him."

I thought nothing of it, it just meant more time with Jack, which I was perfect with. When I went downstairs to make breakfast, something was off. My heart began to race, the window was broken in the kitchen, and there were dusty footsteps going from the window, upstairs, and into the guest room. When I got there I noticed red droplets on my pillow, everything began to come back to me from that night. I wiped my cheek hoping nothing was there. I was wrong. The same red liquid was on my hand, it began to shake violently now that I saw it. "This is blood, but from where?" I wondered. Not long after, I returned to the footprints. I followed them back out of the room to something I was terrified to find..., My heart sank, and my blood ran cold. A rabbit's foot surrounded by a pool of blood was lying outside the room's door. This was Jack's room, why is his door closed?

# The Last Scream!

One last scream was heard from the little girl that night and nothing has been seen or heard since. It was a dark and stormy October night. The trees were leafless, the air was freezing cold, and the sky was as dark as coal. 6 year old Madilynn was anxiously waiting on her bed when she was called downstairs by her mother.

"Madilynn come down it's time to set the table for dinner."

"Coming mom" said Madilynn.

Something about that night had Madilynn on edge though. She wasn't feeling like herself and had this strange feeling like someone or something had been watching her. She jumped out of bed and ran as fast as she could down the stairs as if something was chasing her and heard a loud BANG!! She tripped down the stairs, tumbling onto the floor in front of her mom.

"Honey, are you okay? What happened?" she asked said.

"Sorry, mom, yes I'm fine I just thought I heard a noise but it was just my own footsteps that scared me. You know how squeaky those stairs are leading up to my room."

Her mom laughed.

They sat down at the dinner table and ate one of Madilynn's favorite meals....

homemade mac and cheese. They ate it all up and cleaned off the table. Madilynn was still feeling off though and she didn't know why. The lights flickered on and off then the front door slammed open. Madilynn jumped into her mom's arms and started screaming.

"Madilynn what is going on with you tonight," her mom said. "You are never this anxious or scared. The door slammed open because of the heavy wind we have and the lights flickered because of the storm."



"Sorry, mom, I just haven't been feeling like myself lately. I'm constantly shaking with fear and I'm so paranoid that something is here watching us from the dark. I just really miss daddy and ever since he died in the house I just hear many noises and things just seem off."

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry I didn't know you were feeling this way. I miss him so much. I wish I had found him sooner before the heart attack killed him. Why don't you sleep with me tonight?"

"Okay, thank you mom," Madilynn replied.

Two hours have passed and everyone is in bed. It's currently 11pm and it has calmed down outside and everything is silent. The blankets on the bed start moving down almost as if someone was trying to pull the covers underneath the bed. Madilynn jumped up and suddenly she heard footsteps leaving the room.

"Mom, wake up! Wake Up!!!"

"Madilynn what the hell i'm trying to sleep. What do you want?"

"First someone was pulling off the sheets and then I heard footsteps leaving the room."

"Madilynn, no one is here, go back to sleep now before you piss me off."

"Bu bu bu but mom I heard it and when I woke up the blanket was halfway off the bed."

"Ughhhhh. If I go check and nothing is there will you please go back to sleep,"

Madilynn's mom replied.

"Yes, I promise, mommy."

Her mom slowly crawled out of bed like a zombie and grabbed her phone that was charging on the nightstand. She turned the flashlight on and went out into the hall to see what was going on. She didn't notice or hear anything weird, so she sleepily continued

back to her bedroom. All of a sudden she felt a cold breath and turned quicker than the human eye can blink.

"Who's there?" She asked.

No response. Then she started running back to the room but when she was right in front of the staircase she felt a set of cold hands push her down the stairs. She tumbled down the stairs screaming. Madilynn came rushing out the door to find her mom unconscious at the bottom of the stairs. Her mom was bleeding really bad from her head but Madilynn didn't know what to do except just scream.

"SOMEONE HELP PLEASE. ANYONE!!! PLEASE, MY MOM IS HURT REALLY BAD."

Madilynn then noticed her mom's phone sitting there so she picked it up and dialed 911.

"This is 911 how may I help you?"

"Hello yes my name is Madilynn, I'm 6 and my mommy fell down the stairs and hit her head. There is blood everywhere. Please hurry and help my mommy."

"I have an ambulance on their way but I need you to remain calm and stay with me till they get there. Okay sweetie?"

"Okay" Madilynn replied.

Madilynn heard something echoing so she put the phone down to go check it out.

"Madilynn. Oh Madilynn," this faint male voice said.

"Daddy is that you? Are you here? You need to help mommy."

No response.

"Daddy?," Madilynn asked again.

"Yes Madilynn, it is daddy and I cant help your mommy she doesn't deserve it."

"What do you mean daddy. Don't ~~Dont~~ you love her? Don't ~~Dont~~ you want her to live and be good?"

"No, your mommy deserves nothing in life and neither do you. She left me to die because she thought you were more important. Now it's time I show you guys whos boss and that no one deserves to live."

"Daddy please no. Dont hurt me," Madilynn cried.

Madilynn started to run back to the phone but she wasn't fast enough. He grabbed her and threw her through the wall. She hit her head really hard and it started to bleed.

"Madilynn are you still with me?," said the operator on the phone.

"Madilynn honey please respond and tell me what's going on."

"Madilynn is gone," replied the voice.

Then he hung up the phone, grabbed both the bodies and left the premises. The bodies were never discovered, and no one has heard or seen anything since that night when Madilynn screamed for the very last time.

"



### Creepy Pasta Night

One day I was walking in the dark, creepy woods. I heard a creepy sound that scared me, causing me to fall and break my legs. I was rushed to the hospital immediately and put on life-support. My friends and parents arrived and brought some snacks. I was talking with him and said, "this sucks man, I cannot believe I broke my legs; now I can't go trick-or-treating with all of you or to any parties or even to a scary movie." Tim said, "don't worry, you'll get better soon." "Sure, I will; Rome was not built in a day." "Calm down; I was trying to bring some positive light to you." "No, you're right. I'm sorry for screaming at you." "It's ok, don't do it again." "You got it, Tim." Terra and Jimmy walked into the room. "Are you girls done fighting?" Said Terra, "yeah, Cuz that was scary." Said Jimmy. "We have never seen you two fight before, so please don't do it again." "Ok, you got it, Jimmy and Terra." "Are you all going to stay the night? Of course, we are." "We miss our best buddy." "Thanks, guys, so what do you want to do?" "Play games and watch a scary movie, of course!" "I love you guys so much for this. Again, thank you!" "Again, it is no problem. We just wanted to see your best friend and help you get through a scary situation in time." "I love you guys!" "Oh, thanks, Chris." "I still cannot believe that I broke my leg, though." "Neither can we, but you have to stop focusing on it so much you will heal, ok, buddy." "Ok, guys, I understand I have been complaining too much." "Just a bit, but what scary movie do you want to watch?" "I want to watch IT." "Sounds like a plan!" Bang-Bang! "Was that a gun?" "I think so, but we should be fine; security is up here with us." AAAAAAAAH! "Wow, did someone fall out of the window!?" "What?" "I just saw someone fall out of the window!" "No, you couldn't have seen that; why would someone fall out the window at a hospital?" "I don't know, but I'm telling you that I saw somebody fall." "Ok, Chris, you saw somebody fall out of a hospital." "Fine, don't, believe me, let's get back to

watching the movie.” “Let’s have some fun tonight.” Say Jack the Ripper, “and let’s make him float,” said Pennywise. “How many more people are we going to kill tonight?” Ask the Grimm reaper; “This Is going to be fun beyond anything else I have done.” “Oh, I got to use the bathroom.” Said Jim. “There is one in this room that you can use.” “I want to get some snacks, though.” Said Jimmy. “Fine, but hurry up. We are hungry.” “You got it, boss!” “Thanks, Jimmy, you are the best.” “No problems, guys. I will be back.” Click, “now that he is gone, who wants to look up creepypasta?” “Me!” Says Terra and Jerry. “Doodoo Doodoo, where is the snack machine?” “Right behind you, buddy!” “Oh, thank you! Oh!” Slink! “Oh, I cleaned the head right off the body!” Exclaim Grimm as he described how he decapitated Jimmy’s head. He took it right off with his scythe. “Who’s next?” “All the kids upstairs, of course, duuuuhhhh.” “Good point Penny, let’s make them float!” “OH, I love it hee hee!” Said Pennywise. “AAAAAAHHH, I’m hungry. Where is Jimmy?” “Who knows, he is probably eating very slowly while coming upstairs.” Said Terra. “I wish he would hurry up.” Boom, Boom, Boom! “He is here, thank goodness, we can finally eat some snacks now, whoop whoop!” “Yes, we finally can!” Says Pennywise. “Jimmy that you, your voice sounds different.” “Cough cough, there, do you believe it is me?” “Sorry, Jimmy, I will let you in now.” “Thanks, Terra.” “No problem... Ah...” “Huh? Are you ok, Terra?” “Cough cough... Yep, I’m ok.” “Ok, can you find jimmy for us?” “I sure will,” says Pennywise. “Hey Jerry, do you want to play Mortal Kombat?” “Yeah, let us play the game!” Three hours later..... “where is Terra?” “Who knows, she probably had to use the bathroom.” “True, a girl got to use the bathroom she got to go.” “I love that girl, man. I do, dude.” “I know, man, I do.” “You know what, we should look for her.” “Sure thing, Chris.” “Hey Terra, where are you?” “I wonder where that girl is, man.” “I do not know. Wow! Did I see a clown?!” “I do not know, did you?” “Where is that girl? Disappearing in a heartbeat

for no reason.” “Well, let’s head back to play some more games, ok, Chris.” “All right, let’s head back to the room. I wonder where everybody is; it does not make sense why have they not returned?” “Well, we looked for them already and found nothing.” “You know what, You are right, they have not shown up, and I don’t know why.” “Well, I am going to go to sleep.” “Ok, see you in the morning.” “He-he-he thinks he is going to make it in the morning. What a fool!” Whispers Jack the reaper. “I cannot wait to tear them apart.” Says Pennywise. In the morning... “yawn, hey Jerry, how are you feeling? Jerry? oh God! How did you lose an arm!?” “In the closet!” “What’s in the closet?” Pennywise was shuttering immensely because he ate Jerry’s arm, “who!” “Penny... Uugghh!” “Jerry! No! I lost everybody!” Crying uncontrollably. “Hee hee hee!” Laughs Pennywise, “your next boy,” says Jack the Ripper. I turn and run, screaming, “help me, and please do not kill me!” “I will use your bones to clean my teeth!!” “No please don’t kill me!” “Stop repeating yourself. I will do what I want, you fool!” “I will shoot you!” “With what gun?!” “Oh, dag, you are right. I do not have a gun, but I will still defeat you!” “Sure, you will, buddy, and clowns can fly!” I turn and start running again, breathing strongly, thinking I am going to die. I start running for the door, looking for a police officer. Jack the Ripper stands in my way with his giant scythe. I am now frozen, still looking in his Soulless eyes, praying that he does not try to kill me or eat me. I dash for my room, hoping that I am not caught. While panicking, I realize that there are two more killers in the room, the Grim Reaper and Pennywise. Seeing the three of them, I think and pray that I do not die. When I wake up, I hear laughter and see sharp blades, along with realizing that I have cuts on my body. I felt a stronghold on my neck, and I was choking, hoping that I do not die or hoping that I do not pass out. I hoped that a cop or somebody would walk through the door and save me. When I thought I was going to die, a cop stepped in and shot at the killers. But sadly, the killers were bulletproof. The cop was



frightened and dropped his gun. I saw this and ran right to the bathroom and hid in the stall. I was tired of being chased by killers, so I prayed to God and asked for his protection. As I was in the bathroom, the Slenderman popped up and grabbed me with his tentacles. I was scared, feeling shocked about the creature, and collapsed and Peed my pants. My nose started bleeding as well because I was beyond frightened. The creature started to cut me then lick my blood. They were twinning with me, and I was sick of it. I love creepy movies in stories, but I did not want to be in the horror movie myself. I hated feeling little and weak and scared. Nobody was going to believe me or my horror story. I wanted to escape, but killers surrounded me, and I could not escape at all felt trapped and stuck. I did want to be free, but I was tired. Why did they want to kill me? I did not do anything at all to them. I wanted to kill the killers, but they were bulletproof, so I pulled out a blade, and then I started to cut the killers once they were bleeding; I felt confident and not scared anymore. The killers kept looking at me while they were bleeding. It only scared me because who stares at you while they are bleeding except murderers and creepy people. I finally rolled out of the door, and police were standing waiting for the other officer inside the check on his family. I told them that he was dead, but they did not believe me. They sent in two more officers to find the first. While they were inside, the other officers and I heard a scream. The officers ran out and stabbed them with slender 's tentacles. The officers were shocked and scared at the same time, so scared that they dropped their weapons. They were also stabbed with the tentacles and cut by Jack the reaper than eaten by Pennywise. I tried to run one last time, but I was shredded and then eaten. The killers were never caught, and they kept killing more on Halloween night.

~~I DO NOT WANT THIS BEING~~ ~~OK'd~~  
~~SHARED.~~

Name: Jordyn Cierra Gonzalez -P7  
Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_  
Age: 14  
Grade: ~~Female~~ 9

Type Story Here:

When me and my sister were little we would always think we had imaginary friends, I was around 7 and my sister was around 13, we had an amazing connection, we did almost everything together. Her and I would go climb trees, make cookies, anything you could name, she would always wear this long dark red gown with these white sparkly shoes, and I would wear a dark purple dress with a big ribbon on the back with my hair and pigtails and dark sparkly ribbons. One day we went on a trip to my grandparents house in the woods for a halloween party, it was all dark and scary, but my grandparents had a giant house at least 4 stories, when you would walk into the house the stairs would always make a creepy noise. While we were at their house my cousins had showed up so we went into the backyard and played tag while the food was getting ready. Then suddenly I heard someone call my name at least 3 times, I thought it was my sister playing with me but it kept getting louder and closer. I ran inside crying to my mom because I was scared, later that night we went to bed, and I saw something in the corner of my eye, it was a short black figure kinda like a ghost. I didn't think anything about it so I went to bed. Suddenly I felt something hover my body to where I could not move, like I was frozen. I tried taking my mind off it. It was officially morning, I went down to the kitchen for breakfast and my grandma asked me why I had bruises all over my body I was so confused about what she was talking about so I ran to the bathroom to check and these bruises were dark purple so, me and my parents and sister went to the ER because we were all worried, they doctor said it was nothing so we went back to the house. Later that day we to my grandparents lake house, my mom loves to take pictures so as she took a picture of me and my cousins i saw something standing behind me, it was the dark figure but since it was light outside it looked like the imaginary friend me and my sister would always talk to, she came back from revenge because I told her I am too old to be playing around with ghosts anymore then suddenly.....

The end.