

MY INFO:

Name: Grace L

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Colorado Springs,  
Colorado, 80925

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Age/Grade: 13, 8th Grade.

STORY:

"Ahem..."

"The sound of footsteps echoed throughout the hospital. A feeling of dread washed over Irene as she heard her steps echo far throughout the abandoned building. She could feel her heart beating and pounding and felt as though it had dropped to her stomach.

Why had she agreed to such a *stupid* dare? There was nothing good to come out of this at all.

She didn't exactly have the time, however, to regret her decisions. A feeling of her skin curling reminded her that she had to get her head out of the clouds.

I mean, how hard could it be? She just had to go in, take a picture of a patient, and leave. If she didn't, her entire reputation in school would melt away.

This was her motivation to take each step through the long hallway of the abandoned building. Mere popularity amongst her peers allowed her to take each step forward in the abandoned hospital. She didn't know what was ahead of her at all.

Irene made sure to keep an eye out for anything that would even give her the slightest of clues of where she was supposed to go. There was an assortment of tiles, all in different qualities, some absent, some cracked, and some in good shape.

On the walls, there were pictures of fields of flowers and food, things that would usually bring one comfort, but they'd turned more muddled as a coat of dust had rested over them, and now they were nothing but an eerie reminder of what this place once was. A happy place - Where everyone could get helped - Now turned into a building with ghost stories surrounding it.

After what felt like forever of twists and turns down the confusing hospital, lost without a map or a guide, Irene found herself in a waiting room. Dead flowers, chairs toppled over, and cobwebs on the ceiling.

'What in the world..?' She whispered to herself, stepping back into the hall she'd come from, not willing to enter the room.

Irene's mind raced to the worst thoughts imaginable instantly. Was there a murder? An emergency? Why was this place such a wreck? Her eyes set on the toppled plant near the entrance to the front desk, then over to the dark hallway that had malice written all over it - A ruined doorframe, the remains of a hospital cart, and...

She stumbled back further as she set her eyes on a mysterious dark puddle. She couldn't make out exactly what

it was in the total darkness, but it had to be blood. What else would be a dark liquid in a hospital? Quickly, Irene took out her phone and began to panic, texting her friends that she couldn't do this anymore, and begging them to come in with her and just help her get this one photo.

She closed out of the messages app, then turned on her flashlight and shone it on the mysterious puddle. She felt sick as she realized it was dried blood.

It was to be expected, honestly. It was a hospital, it was abandoned, and nobody dared to take a step near that place. Irene knew all of this, yet she had accepted the dare. It was her fault she was in this situation.

And besides, if she called anyone and anybody from school found out, she'd be seen as a wimp.

With shaky hands, she reopened her messages app to delete the message she'd previously sent. However, she was shocked to see that it hadn't been sent at all. In red letters, her phone said - [Unable to send - No Internet connection. Try again?]

It didn't matter, anyway, she was going to delete it.

So why did she feel so nervous? So afraid now that she knew she wouldn't be getting any help getting out of here?

Her urge to finish the dare and leave increased tenfold. Quickly, she overcame her fear and ran into the





waiting room, jumping over the blood puddle and opening the emergency room with a shaky hand.

As the door opened, she saw a light flickering over the body of a child. The child was in the middle of decomposing, part of their skull visible. They were unrecognizable and in a horrible state, flesh and muscle on display for Irene to see.

She shut the door instantly upon realizing it was a body she was looking at.

What in the world had happened here? Irene was never good with blood and such, but...

What was she expecting to see when she came in? A pretty woman who was still alive, greeting her with a smile?

This is an abandoned hospital, for Christ's sake.

She stood there in a paranoid, paralyzed state for a few moments. She didn't feel comfortable with this anymore, but she *had to*.

Imagine how popular she'd be, she reminded herself as she finally got the confidence to stand up and open the door.

Her whole body was shaking as her eyes widened and she turned on her camera. Irene was just going to take this photo and get out. It wasn't that big of a deal, Irene told herself.

When the door opened again, however, she saw something entirely different.

A light-skinned, brown-haired boy with an oversized hospital gown stared blankly at her for a moment, then smiled a full smile, showing off that he'd lost one of his front teeth.

'Big sister, you came!' He grinned. 'The doctor gave me a *dine ave note sis* today!' The boy reached out his pudgy little hands, expecting an embrace. "I have something to tell you, too!"

The entire aura of the emergency room had changed. Suddenly, everything was illuminated, and all the mystery within the room was no longer there.

Irene took a cautious step forward, turning off her flashlight as she curiously eyed the child. She rubbed her eyes and blinked twice to make sure what she was seeing was real, as the kid lowered his arms and his expression darkened.

'Big sis, are you alright?' He asked, eying her with concern present on his face.

'I'm not your sister, I'm sorry, I don't even know you,' Irene spoke in a rather harsh tone, finding herself unable to control her tone of voice thanks to the stress of what she'd been through coming out as anger.

A perplexing expression was plastered onto the boy's face, as it slowly but surely became more uncanny. 'Where's my big sister? She said she'd return...' His voice deepened as his face turned into a sickening purple colour, wrenched into an inhumane swirl.

The alarming sound that was between weather sirens and a child sobbing began to blare. The child's nursing bed edged closer and closer to Irene until the boy and herself were breathing the same air.

The boy spoke in a language that Irene couldn't understand. Mutters and quickly spoken words were whispered hastily from his mouth, a purple ooze getting all over Irene as he continued to speak gibberish.

Irene was very frantic, trying to get out of the child's reach. This was an overload of most of her senses, her mind was racing, she tried to shut her eyes but she felt as though that would only put her in further danger.

Despite how much she jerked and squirmed, the kid's grip came out on top, slowly pulling her face away from her scalp and her ears, tearing with no mercy as he continued to speak gibberish rather loudly. At this point, Irene could not hear him over the sounds of crying and weather sirens.

At this point, it'd reached an end where she couldn't take it anymore and fainted with ringing, bleeding ears.

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When she finally came to, she was inside the emergency room with the boy. The light flickered above them, and the room was a wreck.

There, on the hospital bed, the boy's rotting body lies.

Irene observed the room yet again before realizing where she was, instantly stumbling back and violently shaking again, her hands instantly touching her face, which felt sore but had no sign of injury.

After checking herself briefly, she stayed on the ground and crawled around in search of her phone, finding it slid next to the wheels that had been broken off of a device. She turned the flashlight back on and stood up, quickly wobbling out of the room.

It was, after the experience with the little boy, that she reconsidered what she was doing. The popularity wasn't worth enough, she felt as though she was in immediate danger in that moment.

She just had to get one picture, but that seemed like such a high request now.

If she was going to get a picture, she wasn't going to do it in that little boy's room - Nuh uh, never again.

Very carefully, calculating each step before she took them, she went to the next room. It hadn't had a patient, or

a bed for the patient to lay in - It was essentially devoid of what Irene needed right now.

Another room - The patient was nowhere to be seen. However, a small mouse was inside the room, sniffing around the room. When Irene had opened the door, the mouse had scampered across the floor and out of sight.

Room after room, it was essentially failure after failure.

Finally, after what felt like forever searching, Irene had opened the next door to the next room. By now, she was feeling much more confident - She didn't think there'd be another room with someone in it, and by now, she'd gotten used to the creepy cobwebs, mystery liquids, and random items scattered everywhere.

When she stepped into the next room, there was a body that was entirely covered up - This patient had already died, and the cloth was a symbol of that. Irene instantly felt a lot more nervous again.

She approached the body in the well-lit room and turned on her camera, taking a photo of herself next to the covered body.

She quickly slipped out of the room and sprinted down the hallway, keeping her flashlight on as she ran past every emergency room, each in a different state. Some had the door wrecked, others had the door wide open.

Irene watched the wall as she quickly ran by all of these things.

However, while watching the wall, she found herself bumping roughly into someone.

This entity did not care to make itself look as friendly as the little boy had. She looked like a horror of a humanoid - Infant's heads sticking out of her body and several layers of skin rolling, rolling and piling onto each other. Eyes, fingers, and other limbs stuck out of random places, and her legs were covered in blood from her... For the sake of keeping this appropriate, the blood came from somewhere between.

She loomed over Irene, who had already closed her eyes shut and covered her ears, preparing for the worst.

'Why are you so afraid?' An airy, monotone voice asked as the woman reached out a deformed arm. As she finished speaking, the crackling chimes of a lullaby played.

'All the children cannot cry, you are still but a child~' She hummed, the tone of her voice not growing more emotional. 'All the children seem to smile when around me, yet you are clamouring on the floor in fear. Why?'

Irene remained completely silent and stayed on the floor, not daring to do anything at all until the woman had left. She didn't care how pathetic she looked in the moment, she didn't think about how she could run away. All she

wanted to do was survive whatever this woman was to throw at her. The lullaby was all that she could hear.

The blob got down on her knees to gently brush her hands against Irene's back. Her hands were cold and pudgy, the abnormal fingers poked into Irene's skin while the eyes stayed shut.

Irene flinched as she was touched by the entity. Her eyes widened as she stared at it silently for a few moments, staring into what she thought were the eyes of the face.

'Child, your distress concerns me. You flinch when I touch you - Must I tell you I have no ill intent?' The entity spoke. The lullaby came to a sharp stop.

'You do not belong here. You are not dead. You are not one of us,' Though the woman spoke in only one tone, you could hear that she sighed, showing discontent. 'You are no child. You are one of the living - Perhaps not a monster - But you are still alive.' The woman stood up straight.

'He did not see you for who you were, I apologize. He has never been good with his eyes. His eyes...'

She shook her head as her tone of voice turned more miserable.

'Please look at me, child, I am speaking to you.' She pleaded, her once monotone voice now taking on many different emotions - This time, misery. 'There is nothing I hate more than silent children.'

Irene did not want to look at any cost. Whatever that thing was is disgusting.

But if she didn't, she risked getting it angry.

She had made the other guy angry. That had to be the reason why he hurt her like that.

Carefully, she uncovered her ears and opened her eyes. She was still very scared, and she didn't want to look at the abomination in front of her. She felt her arms quivering as she leaned on them for support, her legs rendered immobile as the stress of everything she'd been through collapsed onto her.

The woman seemed a lot more happy. You couldn't tell off of her face, because she had too many to count.

'Child, why are you here? What has happened to you to make you consider coming to such a vile place?'

'I...'

Nothing came out of Irene's mouth again. Taking photos of corpses was essentially the same as taking a picture of the grave. Irene didn't know how angry the woman might get upon hearing that she'd committed such a sin.

The woman stood there, quietly waiting. She'd been so comforting before, why would she suddenly be angry now?



Irene stared at one of her eyes, which was looking rather frantically all over the place, then looked at another, which seemed to be piercing into her soul.

She suddenly felt sick just looking at this thing and had a horrible headache.

She prepared herself to run - She'd admit what she'd done and then get out of there as soon as she could.

'I came to take a picture of a body and show it to my friends, I-'

Irene had already begun to come to her feet. She mustered up the strength to get her legs, which were once paralyzed with fear, to move slowly but surely and support her body.

She'd got this! She could run, she could push herself to run as fast as possible. She'd shove her way past this pile of flesh and instantly reach the exit.

'I'm sorry, I had to do it, I- I never wanted to be here, I swear!'

Instead of going forward, towards the exit, Irene found herself stammering backwards and quivering with fear.

All of the beast's eyes were now set on Irene, who now had no confidence in herself. She wouldn't be able to push past it without realizing that she'd started running.

'Child, it is alright. I will not hurt you. I must ask, however. What motivated you to take photos of us in such a vulnerable state? If I had been anyone else in these corridors, you'd be dead.' The woman still spoke in her comforting tone, though it became deeper and more threatening similar to how the little boy's voice had done.

Irene remained quiet, obviously hearing that the woman's patience was being tested. She continued to back away, shaking her head, not knowing what to say. 'Just to be popular' was a stupid reason, she couldn't say that. 'For the money' was a scummy answer, she couldn't say that.

She couldn't say anything.

Yet again, her stuttering had begun.

'I-... I-' No sentence managed to fall out of her mouth.

She didn't like the sound in the woman's voice, not now. Irene didn't know what to say at all.

'I'm sorry!' She repeated, kneeling and covering her eyes and ears pathetically yet again.

She didn't hear the woman insisting that the answer wasn't good enough.

She didn't hear the woman mentioning how impatient she was.

She didn't hear the woman request her to speak again.

She didn't see the woman grow into even more of a horrible manifestation, she didn't hear the crying of the children that were morphed into the monster's body, she didn't see the purple ooze drip out of the woman's pores, she didn't dare to take her hands off of her ears or open her eyes.

However, she did feel the children begin to eat away at her body, taking larger and larger bites out of her flesh and tearing every fibre from her being, snapping her bones and turning them into dust within their mouths. Her eyes were forced open because her eyelids were absent, but she couldn't see anything. Around her, it was nothing but darkness and the occasional child's face with large, bulging eyes and teeth that gnashed and gnashed until they reached her skin, tearing at her very being.

She couldn't scream at all, because this pain hurt too much. She couldn't scream or breathe or talk or feel anything anymore but pain all over her body. She watched as her phone was taken away and eaten by one of the children's heads- "

"That's enough, Grace, you've already gone so long with your scary story!" Chloe insisted, crossing her arms as she rolled her eyes, ruffling the blanket they were all hiding under.

"Was it a good story, at least?" Grace asked in an irritable tone, staring expectantly between her friend and her sister.

"I think it's time for bed now." Vicky avoided the question, shutting off the flashlight and stepping out of the blanket they had sheltered themselves in, turning on the lights in the trashed bedroom.

"It isn't even 10 yet." Chloe sighed, stepping out of the cover as well, tossing it over Grace in a playful manner.

The three of them eventually got ready for bed, although there were plenty of distractions that they made for themselves. Finally, when they were all under the blankets and in their own, comfortable beds, they all said goodnight.

It wasn't silent in the room, but nobody spoke. Nobody wanted to mention the lullaby that came from nowhere, crackling away in a whisper.

# The Facility

A Short Story By: Edward...

"Wake up, sleepy head!" Oscar Shouted "We're here at your "special" job"

My eyes slowly crept open and my head was pounding.

"Wh..What? Where are we?" I said while I was still waking up with a migraine.

"You don't remember? Naps are supposed to be refreshing, not cause memory loss." Oscar said "Were at your "dream job" Noah, if you were going to forget this easily I wouldn't have ever driven you here."

Just then it all came flooding back, we were heading to an interview at Orion Beta. The second best facility for science in the world. The first being Orion Alpha (obviously).

"OH WE'RE HERE?!" I exclaimed "Well what are we waiting for? Let's go!" before I could get out of the car Oscar grabbed my arm and pulled me back in

"We're waiting for that." Oscar pointed to the facility, a huge facility with guard towers at every corner and a huge wall connecting them all, and in the middle of that wall was a gate. A huge gate that was...Shut.

"Why is it shut? We're here on time aren't we?" I said with concern in my voice.

"Yea we're here on time. But that gate is not moving anywhere." Oscar said "I told you that you should have stuck with.."

Before Oscar could finish his sentence he was interrupted by a loud screeching noise. We looked over at the gate and saw that the gate was opening slowly. And as the gate opened fully a dozen or more armed guards came running out and in seconds surrounded the car.

"GET OUT OF THE CAR!" a soldier yelled while opening the car door pointing their guns at us. And before we could say a word or do anything the guards lowered their guns and stopped shouting commands. I overheard one of them say

"Are you sure?...Affirmative." He closed the car door he was holding open and signaled for us to drive through the gate.

"What a great welcome party." Oscar said while starting the car and rolling into the gate.

"My life flashed before my eyes dude." I said to Oscar clearly in shock by what had happened.

We were stopped by a red and white bar blocking the road and a soldier came up to the window signaling for me to lower it.

"Noah Campbell right?" The soldier said.

"Yes sirl have my ID if you need it" I said

"No need, and who is this?"

"Oh that's my friend Oscar, he offered to drive me here" I said. The soldier stared at me and Oscar for what felt like ages.

"Park in spot 247, Oh and here is your scientist ID." The soldier said

"Ok thank you! Wait, I'm here for an Interview. I don't work here yet. I shouldn't get this ID yet." I said curiously.

"HAH, "interview" trust me, the fact you are here right now proves you work here Noah Campbell." The soldier said.

As Oscar pulled into the parking spot and I couldn't wait to start my new job. I exited the car and told Oscar to wait while I found out what I needed to do.

I entered the small door in the center of the courtyard that led to an elevator with 3 floors: surface, basement, and a testing room. I clicked the basement button and the elevator buzzed to life and started moving towards the basement.

"I can't wait to start my new job!" I told myself.

The elevator came to a sudden halt and an automated voice came over the speakers "Floor level: basement, Enjoy your new job! Good luck." Good luck? What does that mean? My thoughts were interrupted by the doors sliding open and revealing a small area resembling an..."Office? I signed up to be a scientist not to be a security guard!" I was furious. And I stormed back into the elevator and pressed the "Surface" button and waited, but nothing happened. So I pressed it again, nothing. Then the elevator spoke again in that robotic voice.

"You may not leave until your shift is over! Good Luck!"

"What?! This isn't my job!" I stomped back into the office and sat down in anger.

As I sat down I noticed a piece of paper on the desk. I had nothing else to do so I picked it up and read it. It read:

## SECURITY GUARD RULES

Dear Noah Campbell we know you signed up to be a scientist but we decided we can't just let you test with our fragile information and resources. So we decided to test you. If you can get through a security guard shift you may have the job you signed up for. Good luck Noah.

Rule 1: While patrolling around the small lab you may hear a screech coming from the room labeled: Subject 2134. Should you hear this screech, immediately run back to this office and go into the elevator and click the "Safe Mode" button that should have appeared in the elevator and wait approximately 30 seconds before returning to your patrol.

Rule 2: The blinds to room 5468 should be closed at all times. If you see the blinds open at any point in your shift immediately close your eyes and stay as still as possible. Stay like this for 15 seconds before returning to patrolling the lab.

Rule 3: The lights in the lab may go out at any point during your shift. If they do sprint back to your office and lock the door, wait until the crying stops and then return to your shift.

Rule 4: if you ever feel a tap on your shoulder during your shift DO NOT turn around instead say "I don't want to play with you right now susie" and wait for the laughing to stop. If the laughing does not stop in a timely manner, close your eyes and repeat "Go Away Susie" 5 times or until the laughing stops.

Rule 5: When passing by room 6784 you may hear one of two things, the first being Growling. If you hear growling, back away from the room and go back to the office and lock the door. The second is a voice pleading for help. If you hear this, run as fast as you can back to the office and enter the elevator. Once in the elevator click the "Safe Mode" button

Rule 6: DO NOT enter the "Brake room" it is not a real room, do not enter if you value your life.

## RULE 7:

If the facility lights turn red and the alarm start  
**DO NOT RUN, DO NOT HIDE, THERE  
IS NO ESCAPE, WAIT FOR HIM TO  
TAKE YOU.**

Good luck new security guard, see you  
after your shift...Maybe

"What the hell?" I said to myself "I need to do a security guard shift to be a scientist? That makes no sense. And what's with these rules? Oh...great it's the classic "prank the new hire" Just what I need today" I was about to Crumple the paper when I heard this ear piercing demonic screech coming from the other side of the lab. I panicked and ran back to the elevator and sure enough there was a new button under the "basement" button and I pressed it as quickly as I could.

A pure steel security door dropped from the top of the elevator and blocked off the entrance. After a second or two I heard aggressive pounding on the steel door. The pounding was so aggressive and strong I worried the STEEL door would break, I sat there hoping it would hold as tears rolled down my face. It felt like ages before the pounding finally stopped. After the pounding stopped the steel door opened and I slowly got up and continued the patrol.

As I was passing the subject section of the lab I heard a faint but audible growl. I did what rule 5 said and backed away slowly but as I was doing so I noticed something, the blinds to 5468's room was open. My heart dropped, I needed to get back to the office but I couldn't move. So I decided to just book it back to the office. Once inside I got in the elevator instead and hit the "safe mode" button and waited. After a minute or two I left the office and everything seemed fine. The blinds were closed and the growling stopped.

"That was way too close" I thought to myself. I checked my watch and

"Yes! Only 30 minutes till I left this hell hole I went back to the office and locked the door for the last 30 minutes I was in the clear. That was when the worst thing happened, the lights in the office went Red. I dropped to my knees and fell to the floor. I was dead already "he" was going to get me, I gave up and accepted my fate. But then I had an idea, if the person who read the rules was able to survive and make them there must be a way out.

I got to my feet and sprinted out of the office. By now I still had 20 minutes left before my shift ended, so I looked around and saw the "break room". I wanted to follow rule 6 but I had no choice. I ran towards the brake room and heard heavy footsteps behind me. I Opened the door as fast as I could and slammed the door behind me. In the room was...nothing except "AN ELEVATOR!" I exclaimed and ran towards the elevator I quickly checked the buttons and clicked the one that said "Surface" the elevator buzzed to life, but it was taking a while and the door flew off the hinges and I saw "him" a humanoid creature stood in the doorway it hands were more like spikes and its face...oh god its face those deep dead eyes and its mouth soaked in a crimson liquid. I pressed the button over and over and the creature sprinted towards me. as he reached me the elevator doors finally closed and the elevator started going up one floor at a time.

I fell to the ground with a sign of relief as the elevator crept to a stop  
"I think I'll stick to retail," I said to myself. Once the Elevator stopped I ran out towards the parking spots and I got to Oscar's car I jumped in the car but Oscar was sleeping. I slapped him and said

"Oscar drive now!"

"Wh...what's going on?" Oscar said with a sleepy tone

"I'll explain later but now just drive!" Oscar did not ask anymore questions and sped down the road and out of the facility gate.

"What happened in there Noah?"

"Hell Oscar...hell"

## The End

A Short Story By: Edward S



Spl email

8<sup>th</sup> grade

# The Party Monster

Andrew M  
Watson Junior High

Amidst the dense, eerie woods, a seemingly perfect family embarks on a presumably innocent hiking trip. Excitement fills the air as they venture deeper into the unknown, oblivious to the malevolent force lurking beneath the surface of the trees. As twilight descends, their sense of direction wanes, and panic sets in. Each path they take leads them further into a labyrinth of darkness, as sinister spirits toy with their minds. Whispers echo through the trees, leading them astray and planting seeds of fear within their hearts. Paranoia consumes them, turning family against family, as they become twisted pawns in a chilling game orchestrated by a vengeful forest spirit. With every passing moment, their chances of escape dwindle, and the supernatural forces surrounding them grow stronger. Will they find a way out, or will they succumb to the twisted fate that awaits them in the heart of the woods?

There is a monster hiding in the depths in the forest! As the night falls, a chilling presence awakens—a malicious monster with a thirst for the taste of humans, or he's seeking for something different... Slowly, the family starts experiencing strange occurrences: eerie whispers in the night, objects moving on their own, and unsettling shadows lurking in every corner. Soon, the monster reveals its true form, a grotesque creature with razor-sharp claws and glowing, menacing eyes. Trapped in their own home, the family must fight for their lives as the monster relentlessly hunts them down, leaving a trail of terror and destruction in its wake.

Once the monster caught up to the family, he took them and brought him to his hut. Once they got to his hut and the monster introduces himself "Hello I am The Party Monster." "The Party Monster" explains that every year, on the same date, it emerges from the shadows to celebrate its own macabre birthday. This year, however, the monster sets its sights on the innocent Thompson family, taking them captive to partake in its twisted festivities. As the night unfolds, the family must navigate through a labyrinth of horrors, trapped in the monster's lair, forced to participate in a chilling celebration that unleashes their darkest fears. With time running out and their lives on the line, the Thompsons must summon their courage to unravel the monster's sinister plan and escape before they become permanent guests at the monstrous birthday party...

6<sup>th</sup>

Ms Love

Emma New

150 Elly St.

8th grade

Phone: 710 54110

Everything in the window was flashing by quickly. The dim moonlight shone lightly on Charlotte's red vest, red hat, and black hair. The waiter brought Charlotte her dish. It was a steak, with a side of mashed potatoes and green beans. Charlotte thanked the waiter, but then continued to look out the window of the traincar. Though the trees were different now, they seemed to be warping. Charlotte passed it off and instead moved her view to the steak. When she went to pick up her fork, she noticed it was the only real metal in the array. Whilst the rest of the cutlery was plastic, the fork was a shiny silver. When Charlotte saw her reflection in the fork, she went numb with shock. It was not her. Instead, she saw a beautiful woman with short, blonde, wavy hair. Her face was sad, her makeup drippy. Then, her pitch black eyes met Charlotte's. A loud crash was heard in the dining car.

"What was that crash?" asked the chef, panicked.

"I...I don't know..." answered the waiter.

"Go check on the passengers!" exclaimed the chef.

The waiter quickly walked out to the passengers in the booths. He asked a woman in a large sunhat, "Are you alright? Do you know where the crash came from?" The woman shook her head, and he continued.

Next, he asked a couple, both with dark hair, the same questions. Both

replied no. The waiter continued to the next booth.

Though, when he asked the questions to the man in the tuxedo, the man gave him an odd look. It almost said, "I have no idea what you could be talking about. Are you mad?"

As the waiter went down the lines of booths, the people continued to give him that look-- The woman with the long, brown braid, the man with the blonde buzz-cut, the two girls with orange hair and freckles, and their mother in the red flannel.

Then, he finally met a passenger with an answer.

She replied, "Why yes I have. That was me. Apologies for the fright. I simply dropped my fork..."

"No issue, are you alright, ma'am?" asked the waiter.

"Peachy."

"Alright, your hair is gorgeous by the way."

The woman picked up her fork and looked in it to check her short, blonde, wavy hair. Though she couldn't see it because there was a woman in the fork.

The fork woman had medium length, black hair; a red vest and hat; and appeared to be crying for help as her eyes filled black

Something told the blonde... her name was Charolette.

Xayide J'

Address:

Phone Number:

Email: j

Age: 13-14 (Birthday soon).

Grade: 8th Grade

Warning. This is a psychological thriller short story. If you are not used to these kinds of stories, death, guns, intoxication, murder, slight cursing, and fear then I would not suggest reading. You have been warned.

### The Pledge

Bothersome, ear bleeding, loud alarms. Sirens, screams, chaos. Red flashing lights. "This was the beginning." We pledge allegiance, "Of a new," to the flag, "horrifying" of the United States of America, "bloody," and to the republic for which it stands, "violent," with one nation under God indivisible with liberty and justice for all "world."

My name is Ellie. I was born in the year 2035. The world's pollution issues have ended. We have traveled to other universes, and have even learned how to live on the moon. I am an eighth grader in middle school. And, to be honest, I absolutely hate it. Have you ever noticed something? It's that it feels as if the same thing happens over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and over. Again, and again, and again, and again. Everyday feels like it is a repeat of the last. The same hunger, the same responsibilities, the same seats, the same conversations, the same announcements, the same assignments, the same music, the same alarms, the same guns constantly bazing and firing, the same stereotypes, and the same people. It feels as if nothing has changed. If you have come to this conclusion as well, then you would be correct. As someone in school, what happens everyday, that never changes? Any guesses? It is the Pledge of Allegiance. The very thing that has caused The United States to become a prohibited area where only the corrupted ones live. Don't believe me? Yeah, no one did. That is exactly why I am the only one STILL ALIVE TODAY! Never underestimate me.

It was a normal day. I do the same things I always do. Wake up to an annoying alarm, feed my dog, eat peanut butter toast to a cartoon, get ready for school, go to school, go to my classes. It was all normal, and I never thought anything of it, until I did. The announcements came on as usual, "Good morning Titans, hope you all have a wonderful day. Let's all stand for the pledge of allegiance." "This again," Ellie said reluctantly. "Just deal with it." That is my friend Aliza. We all stood up and started the pledge. "I pledge allegiance, to the flag, of the United States of America." And then I realized that everything was the same from people mocking the pledge, from my friend Aliza saying "just deal with it." Everything was the same, so I said something that would change the rest of my life.

"Why is it all the same? Why do we repeat this slur every single day when we get to class? There is no point in doing this. We have done this since preschool, ha, I mean this is just stupid. Let's change things up for once and maybe, just maybe have fun in class." No one noticed me;

“Ellie-331-o76 has been corrupted,” a strange man said. “Commence the mind control pledge. She mustn’t know our plan.” “Where, where am I? No, get away from me.” From what I could tell the room was pitch black with red, white, and blue lights flashing. The only thing I could think of was to get out of there, so I broke out of the room they were holding me in. Over the loudspeaker there was a strange announcement. “All students there is a rogue runaway trying to escape this school. She goes by the name Ellie. Her full code is Ellie-331-o76. Get her NOW!” That is when I decided to run and to never come **BACK. “WHY DOES EVERYTHING LOOK SO DIFFERENT? THIS HALLWAY IS BRIGHT BLOOD RED. THIS ONE IS PITCH BLACK. AND THIS ONE, IS NORMAL, THIS IS THE ONE THAT I NEED TO GO DOWN.” I KNEW THAT THEY WERE BAITING ME TO GO DOWN THE HALLWAY. BUT, THAT WAS MY ONLY CHOICE. I RAN, AND RAN, AND RAN, AND RAN, AND RAN, AND RAN, AND RAN. AWAY FROM TEACHERS. AWAY FROM MY BULLIES, AWAY FROM MY FRIENDS. AWAY FROM THIS TERRIFYING HORRID SCHOOL I RAN UNTIL THINGS STARTED TO LOOK BETTER.**

"LOOK ALIZA, WE ARE ALREADY MOVING. IF WE DON'T LEAVE WE WILL DIE. GET THAT INTO YOUR THICK SKULL" "BUT I DON'T WANT TO!" I COULDN'T TAKE HER WHINING ANYMORE. "STOP WHINING. HOW ARE YOU HERE ANYWAY? I MEAN THE WHOLE SCHOOL WAS CHASING ME EXCEPT FOR YOU. WHAT IS THAT ABOUT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU ANYMORE." AFTER I SAID THIS ALIZA BEGAN TO CRY AGAIN. ALIZA HAS BEEN MY FRIEND SINCE KINDERGARTEN. SHE HAS LONG BLONDE HAIR WITH PINK HIGHLIGHTS, AND IF YOU COULDN'T TELL CONSTANTLY WHINES AND IS UNABLE TO LISTEN TO ANYONE'S OPINIONS. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I AM STILL FRIENDS WITH HER. BUT, RELUCTANTLY I AM. SHE IS THE STEREOTYPICAL, WANNA-BE POPULAR BLONDE GIRL . . . I STRUGGLE TO ADMIT THIS BUT IT APPEARS THAT EVERYONE FOLLOWS A SINGLE STEREOTYPE. I HAVE NEVER FOUND ONE THAT I FIT INTO. I DON'T DO MY WORK AND SLEEP IN CLASS LIKE THE SLACK OFF, BUT THEN I GO AND JOIN 5 AFTER SCHOOL CLUBS. I CAN'T COOK BUT I CAN BAKE. I CAN'T SING BUT I CAN PLAY MULTIPLE INSTRUMENTS, I JUST DON'T KNOW ANYMORE. "ALIZA, WHY DID YOU STOP MOVING?" "WE... WE HAVE REACHED THE FOREST." HER VOICE WAS TREMBLING. "IT SEEMS LIKE WE HAVE, LET'S GO." "ELLIE, DON'T GO IN THERE, THERE ARE RUMORS OF PEOPLE GOING MISSING IN THAT FOREST." HOW CLICHE, "LOOK WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE RIGHT NOW SO, LETS JUST GO."

THE FOREST WAS AS DARK AS A BLACK HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF UNKNOWN TERRITORY IN SPACE. THE SKY GAVE OFF A GHOULISH GREEN YELLOW HUE. THERE WERE NO SOUNDS, NOT EVEN THOSE OF A RUNNING RIVER OR A BIRD. "ALIZA, DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING SIMILAR ABOUT THIS PLACE?" "NO, NOT AT ALL WHY?" ALIZA SAID THIS WITH FEAR IN HER EYES.







God indivisible with liberty and justice for all.” “Is something missing, shouldn’t, wait Aliza, who is that.” **WHY IS EVERYONE SO QUIET? IT IS PAINFUL**

There is no help for her after all. Take Ellie-331-o76 again. She mustn't know our secret. **THE SAME THING, I GUESS WE ARE ALL BEING CONTROLLED.**

#### **CHOOSE YOUR PLEDGE**

**THE PAGE YOU GO TO WILL DRAMATICALLY CHANGE THE TRUE ENDING OF THIS STORY, OR YOU DO NOT HAVE TO CHOOSE ANY. THIS IS YOUR CHOICE TO MAKE. BOTH STORIES WILL BEGIN AS SHE WAKES UP IN HER ROOM. (PLEASE CHECK THE VERY LAST PAGE FOR THE OVERALL STORY WRAP UP.)**

The Death page 4

The Change page 5

#### **The Death of Ellie**

Where? Where am I? This room, with yellow walls, and pink bed sheets, this is my room. “Honey, breakfast is ready.” My mom, breakfast? Well I guess that I am hungry. Oh, peanut butter toast. I don’t think that I have seen this episode yet, wow crazy dejavu. Can’t be late. Finally made it to school. “I pledge allegiance to the flag of the united states of america, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God indivisible with liberty and justice for all.” “Wait, where am I. I had a friend named Aliza. Didn’t I...” Ellie’s voice was trembling now as the memories of her deceased friend flooded back into her like a dam was breaking. She began to cry. She crumpled to the ground and screamed. It was ear bleeding. She mourned the loss of her friends once more as she was in a mental state transported back to the forest.

“Aliza, ALIZA!” Aliza’s back was towards Ellie, the body slowly began to turn around. With this Ellie’s face became as white as a ghost. There was a bullet wound in Aliza’s head. The body began to scream, “Ellie, WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME.” “Aliza, I never meant to, you had died, and there was nothing more that I could do.” “Ellie, you left me. After you were gone that horrid man shot me,” Aliza’s body began walking closer and closer to ELLIE. It was as if the air was sucked out from around them. “Aliza,. Please no I never meant to leave you!” Ellie said this with tears streaming down her face. Aliza’s body began to scream and ran towards Ellie, her wounds bleeding still. Her body looked as it did right as she was shot. “Aliza NO!” Ellie didn’t run, not at all. As Aliza’s body ran toward her it was as if Ellie had woken up right as it had reached her.

**ELLIE WOKE UP IN A COLD DARK ROOM. THERE WERE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING ALL AROUND HER, AS THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE BEGAN TO PLAY. 3 MEN CAME INTO THE ROOM. “STOP STOP, PLEASE NO, I WANT TO SEE ALZA AGAIN PLEASE, WHERE IS SHE!” A MAN WITH WHITE HAIR CAME TOWARDS HER AND WHISPERED TO HER, “She is dead. You should have never found out our secret. You will see her very soon.” THERE WAS A LOUD BANG. ELLIE IS NO MORE. REMEMBER: TO PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE, FOR YOU WILL BE NEXT.**

## The Change

Where? Where am I? This room, with yellow walls, and pink bed sheets, this is my room. "Honey, breakfast is ready." My mom, breakfast? Well I guess that I am hungry. Oh, peanut butter toast. I don't think that I have seen this episode yet, wow crazy dejavu. Can't be late. Finally made it to school. The pledge began. Everyone followed along as they did everyday. The same students mocked it, didn't stand up, joked about it, or recited it perfectly and proudly. All but Ellie. She is now in the bathroom.

"WHY, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why, why." "I, I remember everything. Aliza, the forest, that man, the bitter silence of when I found out all of America's secrets." I need to do something. I got up from the bathroom as soon as the pledge was over, I ran, and, ran, and, ran, ran, ran, ran, ran. I said to myself over, and over, and over. As the memory of Aliza's terrifying death played on repeat. As I heard her scream of help before it was interrupted by a single gunshot. I knew that I couldn't leave America and be safe because that is what I tried last time and it didn't work, so instead I chose to stay and find who is running the pledge. **IF I INTERRUPT THE ANNOUNCEMENTS TOMORROW I WILL HAVE MORE PEOPLE ON MY SIDE TO HELP. WAIT, THE COLORS CHANGED. AT THIS MOMENT THERE WAS AN EERIE SCREECH RINGING IN MY EARS. WHERE DO I GO NOW? IF THE COLORS STAY THE SAME I WILL BE FOUND OUT? THEN IT ALL WENT BLACK.** Before I knew it I was in that same room with the blinking lights. 3 men came into the room. The one with white hair was holding a gun. He whispered something into my ear, but I didn't know what. All I could hear was the scream of an underfed child, the scream of Aliza, and the pledge of allegiance. Before he could shoot me I began screaming, and I never stopped. I screamed for what must've felt like days to those men, with this I heard glass shatter.

I don't remember how, but **I ESCAPED. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT OUT THE NIGHT UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING WHERE I COULD CHANGE THE ANNOUNCEMENTS. ONE CHANGE, THAT IS ALL I THOUGHT I NEEDED. THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT I MOVED FROM PLACE TO PLACE, BUT AVOIDED THE FOREST AS I KNEW HOW THAT MAN WOULD BE WAITING FOR ME THERE; AS EVERYTHING REPEATED, EVEN IN HISTORY LESSONS. THERE MUST BE A WAY FOR US INCOMPETENT HUMANS TO LEARN A LESSON, BUT WE NEVER DO.**

**"THE SUN IS RISING, I NEED TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL" I RAN TO THE SCHOOL AVOIDING ALL PEOPLE AS I WAS THE ONE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR MORNING AND IF I SHOWED UP ON ANY CAMERAS OR IF ANYONE REPORTED ME IT WOULD ALL BE OVER.**

**I MADE IT TO THE MAIN OFFICE.... AND, ATTACKED THE PRINCIPAL WHO WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**ELLIE PUSHED THE BUTTON TO BEGIN THE ANNOUNCEMENTS.** "Listen up Titans. You are all being brainwashed, the pledge of allegiance is evil and to change this we will all have to stop reciting it every morning. Please." She pleaded to the people of the school, but she was too late. As they already recited the pledge earlier that day. A man with white hair came out from his office right across from the bathrooms with a gun. Ellie saw the barrel aimed

right at her face and knew that there was nothing more she could do. "That's right, I remember what he said to me in the room, 'Change will never occur with people like you begging for it to happen' I guess he was right after all." **BANG!** **AT THAT MOMENT ELLIE WAS SHOT OVER THE INTERCOM TO THE ENTIRE SCHOOL. NO ONE MOVED AND THE DAY WENT ON AS IT ALWAYS DOES, CLASS AFTER CLASS, AND IT SEEMS AS IF EVERYONE FORGOT HER, LIKE SHE NEVER EXISTED. CHANGE IS UNACHIEVABLE TO THE PEOPLE WHO WANT IT THE MOST.**

**PLEASE REMEMBER THIS STORY AND TAKE NOTE AS YOUR DAYS REPEAT, OF THE PEOPLE IN YOUR CLASSROOM, AND OF THE PLEDGE FOR EVERYTHING IS THE SAME OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER, AND OVER.**

**I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS ONE NATION FOREVER CONTROLLED, INDIVISIBLE, NEVER CHANGING AND FEARFUL FOR ALL.**



# Bloodpetal

Josie W.

A cold wind blew past the gray, dusty house, rattling the torn and broken shutters. Shattered glass littered the floors where there were once windows. The grass was dead, and the gates were rusted.

No-one dared enter the house. No-one dared whisper the names of those long lost. Because the house held a horrible history. A horrible, bloody history.

Merritt slung his book-bag over his shoulder, and adjusted the collar on his shirt, trotting down the cracked steps in front of Blackbird High School. The building itself was brick, and almost a hundred years old. In all those a hundred years, he had his doubts it ever had a renovation. Others began to pool out from the building, heading for the bus or sidewalks to head for home for the weekend. But Merritt simply stopped by a lamppost that had blown a bulb ages ago. He checked his watch.

**October 30, 2:51 PM**

Someone bumped into him.

A short girl with dark skin and hair in tight curls covering her eyes was beside him, gathering the water bottle she dropped. He quickly picked it up for her and gave it back.

"You really need a haircut, Cora." He laughed.

Cora pushed her curls out of her eyes, shrugging with a smile. "You tell me that every week."

She adjusted her book-bag strap. "What are we doing for Halloween?"

"There's a party. Etta's brother helped arrange it, at the town hall."

Cora shrugged. Merritt knew there was no convincing her to go. She hated crowds.

"Well, text me, okay?" Merritt said, heading for the neighborhood.

"Okay!" Cora called, waving wildly.

Rain poured down against the window as a raven called outside in the leafless tree. Merritt tapped his pen against his notebook. Pulling out a highlighter, he annotated a paragraph, then set the book on his side table. He fell back against his bed's headboard.

He pulled out his phone and texted Cora.

**Are we going to that party tomorrow?**

No response.

While he waited, he stared out the window in silence. The raven continued to cry out, as if to ward off some invisible threat that only it could see. He found his eye caught on something in the distance, through the rain. At first he thought it was just his eyes tricking him, but he quickly realized that they weren't. It disappeared, and there was a knock at the door.

He headed through the dimly lit hallway and down the stairs, then opened the door.

7th Grade

mother's phone 719

wsa3.org

Etta and Cora both stood there. Cora was holding an umbrella, while Etta was drenched. Etta had dark skin, much like Merritt, but her hair was a dark, untidy brown while Merritt's was lighter brown and always in better condition than hers. She wore ripped jeans and a green jacket. "Don't look so surprised," Etta said, "Are you going to let us in, or are we just going to get soaked?"

Merritt stepped back, allowing the girls in the house.

"What are you doing here?" He asked, "It's 5:30."

Etta had already disappeared into the bathroom, likely cleaning off her hair.

Cora shrugged, tugging on the sleeve of her orange pumpkin-patterned sweater. "I don't know. She said that she had an idea for what we could do tomorrow, instead of the party."

They sat on the sofa in the living room while they waited. Merritt started scrolling through different shows on his TV.

"Where are your parents?" Cora asked.

"Dad's at work and mom's shopping. She'll be back before 8:00, or that's what she told me, anyway."

Etta stepped back into the living room. She was still soaked, but her hair was now slightly drier—wait, did she use the hand towel?—and it was braided.

"Okay!" She said, dropping onto the chair to their right. "I know what we're gonna do tomorrow, and it's not the party."

Cora looked relieved, but Merritt couldn't help but be slightly disappointed. Etta's brother, who helped plan the party, made the best fruit punch. He'd have to ask him to save some for him.

"So I was doing some research this week—" she continued, "—and you won't believe what I found. Get this, there's a house that's from the 1800s just a few blocks away, in the woods somewhere. I can even drive us there, since I have my license. The house is supposed to be cursed or something. It's so cool! Here, look at this article—"

She tapped her phone for a few seconds, then tossed it at them. Cora caught it, and read it aloud:

"*Whitepetal Manor*, nicknamed *Bloodpetal Manor*, is the former home of the Whitepetals, a family from about 1840 to 1883. The Whitepetals are best known for the mysterious missing persons cases that took place in their home during both 1841 and 1883. As the tale goes, it started when Adelia and Ezra Whitepetal, as well as their daughter, Luella, had a house built on land in what is modern-day New Woods.

"The house was commissioned in 1840, being finished in 1844. The first case occurred during that time when 7-year-old Luella went missing during construction hours and, according to documents left behind in the house, her body was never found. Letters found within the estate say that this happened sometime during October of 1841, and, apparently, there had been a collapse of some building materials. The damage had been where the basement was to be and, being too great to undo, the builders simply filled in the area with concrete. Later, Luella was found to be missing. Based on evidence, many people assume that she had somehow found her way in the basement, and was killed when the concrete was poured into the site."

Cora swallowed.

Merritt glanced at Etta. “Why would we want to go there? That’s disgusting—they killed a 7-year-old girl.”

“Just keep reading it,” she insisted.

Merritt took her phone and finished the rest of the reading.

“After the death of their daughter, both Adelia and Ezra found different ways of coping. Ezra, according to documents found on the site, presumably written by a servant, began to overwork and rarely spent time doing anything that he didn’t need to survive. Adelia did something almost opposite. Letters written by Ezra state that she began staring off into the distance, humming and rarely doing anything but sweeping the bedroom floor. She would get a glazed look in her eyes and did not answer when spoken to when she got lost in this trance.

“The second missing persons case was reported in 1883. According to reports, Ezra had gone out one night in October to Luella’s grave, and that was the last time he was reported to be seen. He never returned to the house. Adelia acted no different from before his disappearance, and December 1st of that same year, she too was reported missing, and never found. That was the last time any of the Whitepetals were seen.”

Merritt and Cora exchanged glances.

“Etta, you want to go *there*?” Cora inquired. “That.. That’s *horrifying*! I take it back. I’ll go to the party, just *not* there.”

Etta sighed, clearly exasperated. “Oh, come on! It’s not true—it’s just for fun. A ghost tale.”

Merritt shook his head. “I don’t care. That’s an insanely graphic ‘*ghost tale*.’ It’s silly.”

“It’ll be fun! It’s Halloween, guys. We have to do *something*. Please. We only have to take some pictures, and then we can leave, okay? Then we can watch movies back at my house or something.”

He sighed. “Fine,” he said, “But only 20 minutes tops, and then we leave.”

“Oh, Merritt, are you really letting her drag us there?” Cora cried.

“You don’t have to go.”

She puffed out air. “I’m going, but only because I don’t want to be alone.”

“Great!” Etta clapped her hands together. “We’ll meet here at 8:00 tomorrow morning, and then head right back. There, we don’t even have to go at night.”

Merritt waved the girls goodbye as they left.

His heart sank. He didn’t like ghost tales. If he had sense, it was going to keep him awake all night. Something deep in the back of his mind, in the dark, unreasonable part of his mind, couldn’t shake the feeling that the story could, logically, be true.

There were no ghosts, no zombies. Only missing people and a horrific series of events.

But he could only hope it was all fake.

**October 31, 7:57 AM**

Cora kept glancing at her phone. The sooner this was over, the better. She still didn’t know why Merritt had agreed to go, but she was not going to let him hear the end of it afterward.



Finally, Etta's dark-orange car stopped at the end of the driveway. When Etta had got it, Cora thought it was charming, but both Merritt and Etta had insisted it was ugly.

"Bye, dad," Cora called into the kitchen, from the dining room.

Her father came out into the dining room, drying his hands.

"You know, you can still change your mind and stay," he said, "You don't have to go."

She sighed. "I know. But I don't want to be left out."

"I think they'd understand, but.. Okay."

Cora put her plate in the sink. "Bye, dad. Love you."

"Love you too."

She closed the door behind her and walked down the driveway, getting into the car. She tugged on her purple sweater, which had a print of a witch hat on it. Etta put the car in reverse, backed up, then started toward the directions on her GPS.

"So," Etta said, "Are y'all ready? It'll be fun, it has to be."

"We'll see," Cora muttered from the backseat, her head buried in her sweater.

Merritt glanced at her in the mirror and gave her a sympathetic look. She looked away and instead stared out the window at the passing houses.

Several minutes of no sound besides the music on the radio passed. Finally, they arrived at the edge of the forest, far away from the residential area.

"Okay.." Etta said, "Just need to walk for a few minutes and we should find it."

So they did.

Not deep into the forest, they found a tall, gray house. There was a rusty iron fence and shattered windows all around the area. Trees nearby even seemed to add to the spookiness—though perhaps Cora was just paranoid. Suddenly, a cold wind ruffled the grass and remaining leaves. The clouds covered the sun.

"Hello, Bloodpetal Manor," Etta said, with a smirk.

Cora wished she had stayed home.

Etta ran her hand along the rusty iron fence, gazing up at the house. It was so..

Ugly.

Really ugly. Most of the house was one shade of gray and looked like a large cube. All of the windows were shattered, glass littering the ground where they would have been before. The shutters outside the house were splintered or entirely gone, and the door was barely hanging on the hinges.

It was perfect. Etta just knew that this would make a good story.

She hopped the iron fence and headed for the house. The others tagged along, although much slower and less enthusiastically. She ran her hand along the side of the ugly manor, and when she pulled it back, it was covered in dust.

"Merritt, did you grab the backpack from the car?" She called.

He tossed it to her and she began rifling through it. Etta found the flashlights, and tossed one to each of her friends.



“Woah, we’re not going in yet, are we?” Cora paused. “Do we really need to go in at all, actually? We saw the outside.”

“Oh, we can check the outside first,” Etta said nonchalantly, “But we just *have* to go in. That *was* the whole point of the trip, you know.”

They continued around the outside of the house. There, unfortunately, wasn’t anything all that interesting. Just more broken glass and gray walls. Eventually, they came to the collective conclusion that the outside of the house didn’t have anything to offer. Etta checked her phone.

**October 31, 8:11 AM**

She was running out of time. Etta led the group back to the front of the house.

“Okay,” she said, trying her best to sound like those narrators reading audiobooks for scary stories, “Let’s go in.”

Merritt left the door open behind them, allowing sunlight to filter through the entrance. Inside the house, it was surprisingly dark, despite the lack of glass in the windows. Dust covered every surface, and Cora started coughing—she was allergic to dust.

As they walked through the house, the floorboards creaked beneath their weight. With every step that squeaked, it brought his mind back to Luella, the little girl who had been killed when the basement was filled with concrete. He shivered.

“Okay,” Cora said, obviously trying to be brave and failing miserably, “We saw it. Can we go now? Please?”

“Oh, Cora, don’t be such a chicken,” Etta sighed, “C’mon, let’s keep going. I think I see the kitchen.”

They stepped under a once-great archway and into the kitchen. It was as if time had stopped when Adelia went missing. Plenty of cooking tools were strewn around the countertops, dusty and rusted. A rather large piece of mold was growing across the wall, which was cracked and dripped water from the previous night’s rain. Glass from the window covered the floor, much like the dust.

Merritt checked his phone.

**October 31, 8:16 AM**

“Time’s almost up, Etta,” he said, “If you want to see something, let’s go now.”

Etta thought for a moment. “Let’s check the bedroom.”

“The bedroom?” Cora visibly shivered. “But they say that’s where Adelia went crazy. Humming and stuff.”

“What, do you think we’re going to go upstairs and find a woman humming as she sweeps the bedroom floor? Don’t be ridiculous, Cora, it’s just a story.”

Cora sighed, but followed as the others led the way up the creaking steps.

“Why’s it called Bloodpetal Manor?” Merritt asked suddenly. “Where’s that name come from?”

Etta paused at the top of the steps, looking back. “Luella, the little girl who died. People base the name on her.”

“Oh.”

They finally reached the top, and began to search for the bedroom.

Cora and Merritt went left, while Etta went to the right.

They opened a door and stepped inside.

The room was small and, like all the rooms, was covered in dust and glass. Cobwebs littered the ceiling and cracks were on every wall. There was a small bed and a dresser. That was it. Merritt stepped over to the dresser and attempted to pull it open, but it was stuck. Suddenly, he noticed the words carved into the wood:

*Luella's Room*

His heart dropped.

"They made a room for her, even after she died," he whispered.

He and Cora quickly left the room.

They saw Etta holding a door open, standing still as stone.

"What's—" Cora began, but Etta shook her head.

They hesitated for a moment, but stepped forward.

And then they heard it.

The sound of a broom, sweeping against the floor, and a woman's voice—humming.

Cora made a sort of choked sound.

They stepped forward, reaching the doorway, and stood beside Etta, watching in horrified silence.

Inside the room, a woman had her back to them. She had long, blonde hair, and a torn and stained gown. She swept the floor, humming a sweet tune out into the still, silent air.

*End.*

Sophia Cr

719-

3-00011

11 years old

7th grade

My stoney lips curved upwards as I looked down from the cathedral. My hunger grew stronger as I stared at them. Those pathetic humans were so clueless. They had no idea the danger that awaited them. I was going to eat the plump priest today.

My ugly grey wings expanded and I flew to the back of the building. There I saw him. He looked so... defenseless. I was so hungry that my mouth was salivating. I waited so patiently for him to turn around but the darned old man just stared at the chrysanthemums in front of us. 'Did he know I was watching him? How?' I panicked silently.

Thats when my heart stopped. He stared at me straight in the eyes with a calm expression. I stood as still as possible hoping he would look away, but he didn't.

'This is it. Hes right in front of me. If I dont eat him now I will never get the chance again' I tried jumping out the bush at him but the old man acted first! He

grabbed a glass bottle from his liturgical vestment and poured the hot liquid on me!

IT BURNED! IT HURT LIKE NOTHING ELSE!

"WHAT DID YOU POUR ON ME YOU DIRTY OLD MAN! ILL KILL YOU!" I fully reached out the bush to claw his insides out but my legs wouldnt move. I tripped and looked down at myself. I was turning to stone. My whole body was turning to stone! I let out a inhuman shriek that could make anyone in the vicinity deaf.

Except this old man.

What was he? There was no way he was human! I tried to fly away but my wings slowly turned grey. No I couldnt let this happen to me! I used all of my strength to lift off the ground with frozen legs and a wing attached to me. But it was too late. My wings had frozen mid flight and I was falling to the ground.

"NO-" I crashed to the ground. Stone falling everywhere. The last thing I saw before my face turned to stone was the priest smiling down at me.



# Reflect

Emily Henderson, 7th grade, 12 years old, 719-640-4812

There was a day where everything in the town of Babbblebrook. It was called this because it had a calm little river running through it that the people used for water. Every morning, Isis Lindan, would go and get some water for her mother. Well one day, when she looked at her reflection, it looked inhuman. She jumped back with a giant yell! She was surprised at first but even more so when she looked back at her reflection and it was gone. She got her water and rushed back home. Isis told her mom and teacher all about her encounter but no one listened.

## 2 years later

The event has passed but Isis still swears that her reflection was otherworldly. Since it was the 2 year anniversary of this happening, she decided to visit the river again. This time, her reflection looked normal at first sight. But when she looked closer, she saw that it had horns. She quickly blacked and saw it run off so she dove in. She swam to where she saw a ripple in the water and dove under. Suddenly, Isis saw many more monsters than she had before and passed out.

When she woke up, the first thing she saw was her reflection standing over her. She quickly got up and started running. But this was not exactly her reflection, more of a monster. She looked back and saw that it appeared to be more human than demon. She then ran into a fence post. After she took the time to process that she had run into a fence she realized that she was in another dimension.

She looked around and saw a bunch of others just like the one she saw in the river. All of them had some distinguishing feature, like horns or 4 legs and 6 arms. Lots of them were different and the town was FULL of creatures. She looked in front of her again and saw two green, mossy monsters taller than her standing in front of her. They took her by the arms as she struggled to get away.

They knocked her out and when she woke up she was strapped to a table. She struggled for about half an hour before the security monsters walked in. With them was a short blue monster dressed like a scientist, goggles and all. He walked over to the table and with a snap of his fingers, the other monsters left. He gave her an injection and as she closed her eyes, the final thing she saw was fur growing on her arm.

# THE MIRRORS

By Ben

Once upon a time there were 2 kids. One was a boy, and the other one was a girl. The boys name was Zack and then the girls name was Hannah. So one day Zack was in his room and his sister Hannah came to hang out with him. But then Zack and Hannah heard a noise and then they both jumped and got really scared. The sound sounded like a BOOM!!!! They both were really scared and were afraid to go downstairs to see what it was. So then Zack built his strength up and decided to go downstairs to check it out. But then Hannah decided to come with him so that then nothing bad could happen. When they both went down they were confused because they saw a bunch of mirrors but some were broken. They went closer and closer until they found a mummy!! They both were terrified so then they both decided to run back to Zack's room. So then they started to discuss a plan to get rid of it because both of them were home alone. So then they started to grab their baseball bats to make sure the mummy would not come back. Then they both went down and started to hit the mummy. But then they both heard an OW!! It looked like it could talk but then the mummy took off his mask and it turned out it was actually their dad and it was all a prank for Halloween. The End!

Benjamin W. <sup>1</sup>  
6<sup>th</sup>

Love?



Anthony A

10/3/23

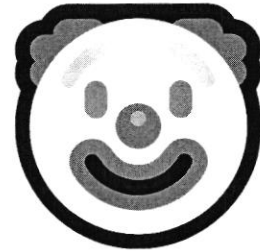
One afternoon on a Halloween day, three 12 year old friends play at the Hollowville park. Shawn, Jack, and Jauch (Joh-sh) play Hide and Seek until Shawn spots a bunker and decides to hide inside it he pried open the hatch and feels a sudden gust of wind and yells for his friends..... but no one came so he goes looking for them but he has no luck. He goes back to the bunker to find the hatch wide open so he wonders if he closed it or someone or something opened the hatch. He hops in and feels like he just went into a portal or something. He wonders if what he just did was the right thing. A few seconds later the hatch **slams shut** and Shawn shrieks in fright not long after he hears scary, loud cackling and so he tries to push open the hatch but with no luck he than screams for help but no one came. He only has one choice and that is to go forward and see what is really happening. He walks and walks for what seems like miles, but all of a sudden he runs into a kitchen? Strange because he is in the middle of a bunker or..... Is he? He sees freshly baked cookies on the stove and eats them because he was very hungry but the cookies taste funny? A few seconds later he passes out ice cold. He wakes up hours later and looks around and sees there are no street signs or fancy cars, just old cars like a Chevrolet Corvair, He ends up meeting a boy named Justin Hamlock. Shawn remembers a lesson that he learned in 5 period about a boy named Justin Hamlock that went missing in 1973, 50 years ago! He asks Justin if he is lost and he says yes a little girl told me to follow her and then she just

Anthony Alcaraz

10/3/23

disappeared into thin air. Soon after a Tall scary clown grabs them and drags them into the woods, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN.....

# The End



Love

6<sup>7</sup>

Aiden P.

6th grade

Once upon a moonless night in the sleepy town of Willowbrook, six friends gathered around a crackling campfire in the deep woods. The autumn leaves whispered secrets, and the air held a chilling edge. Sarah, the bravest of the group, decided it was time to share a terrifying tale. She began, "Have you all heard of the cursed house at the edge of the forest? They say it's haunted by the ghost of Old Lady Witheridge, who disappeared under mysterious circumstances years ago." The fire's glow danced eerily on Sarah's face as she continued, "Legend has it that every year, on this very night, she returns to seek revenge on those who dare to enter her domain." The group huddled closer, their eyes wide with fear. Jhon, known for his skepticism, scoffed, "Come on, it's just an old story. Ghosts aren't real." Just as he spoke, a gust of icy wind swept through the clearing, extinguishing the fire. The forest fell into an oppressive silence. A rustling sound emerged from the darkness, drawing closer. They heard an eerie voice whisper, "You dare to doubt the spirits, young ones?" Sarah's flashlight flickered on, revealing an old, decrepit house looming in front of them, its windows like hollow eyes. The group gasped as a pale figure floated out from the shadows. It was Old Lady Witheridge, her eyes empty sockets, her tattered dress flowing like mist. She waited mournfully, "You should have believed the stories." The friends scrambled to their feet, but the forest seemed to twist and turn, trapping them. Desperate and terrified, they search for a way out, but the ghostly figure of Old Lady Witheridge was always one step behind, her icy touch closing in. As the night wore on, their fear grew stronger, and the curse of the haunted house threatened to consume them all. The friends realized they should have heeded the warnings and respected the tales of the past. To this day, no one in Willowbrook ventures near the cursed house, and the legend of Old Lady Witheridge serves as a chilling reminder to the residence.

## Primal

In the year 2120, it was a normal day. Every day seemed to only get hotter, and the global warming protests increased by the hundreds everyday. "The ice caps are melting," they said. Little did we know how horrifyingly right they would be. The next day, it was a normal day, and it went by pretty quickly. Sweating from how hot it was outside, I was glad to be in my air conditioned home. That was, until I turned the news on. "Ice caps melting," "Ancient viruses coming out." Like always, I ignored it, as this was normal, but something was different. I heard the word "Primal." I knew what primal went. Something that only happened long ago. When someone returned to their primitive, or not modern state of being. When something was primal, it wasn't very smart, and it didn't think like something of its species would today. An example is a dog. A dog's way of thinking would be different from its primitive relative, the wolf. A dog is obviously more docile, as it doesn't have the same burning desire for violence and survival, so when I heard the news say that, I was obviously intrigued. "Scientists have said that they have found a type of virus, most likely stored in the ice thanks to the ice age, lying dormant for approximately 2.4 million years. The scientists who discovered it say that the virus, named it Primeval or just Primal for short. This is because animals who were exposed to this virus didn't die. They reverted back to a more primal way of thinking, hence the name. Not only were the changes mental, but also physical. A polar bear that was exposed to this, over time, became more violent. It also reverted back to the same type of physical appearance and strength as its ancient counterpart. The scientists were able to contain it, but not at the expense of a few casualties. Scientists say that it weighed over 3500 pounds, which is a big jump from the average of about 900. It also reached a height of about 12 feet, measured from head to toe." Now, I got kind of scared, like anybody would be. A new virus was announced. I was understandably worried, like anybody else would be. I mean, a virus? That made animals more violent and primitive? That couldn't be real, right? I tried to shake it off, and I went about the rest of my day. I did house chores, and eventually got ready for bed. That night though, I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about the news. I chose to ignore it, and eventually fell asleep. The next morning, it was all anybody could talk about. "Did you hear the news yesterday, Michelle?" I heard someone say. The rest of the day, I listened to music to try to drown everything off. When I finally got home, I saw something new on the news. I heard, "The newly discovered virus, Primal, was found to be spreading to parts of Australia and South America. Although most people were evacuated, there were still people who were exposed to the virus. Those people who were exposed to the virus have been quarantined and are being studied by a team of scientists. They are studying to see if it affects human beings so that they can help keep us safe." Now, I was starting to get even more worried. It was spreading to other parts of the world. Soon, it would come to America. I didn't know what to do, so I kept pretending to myself. I told myself that there was no virus, that there was nothing bad going on. That seemed to work, up until about a week later, on the news, it talked about how South America and Australia were completely overrun by the virus. There were places and shelters everywhere for the refugees. But then, I realized that it was most likely steadily spreading to America. Still, though I kept pushing on, not knowing about the impending doom coming steadily towards Washington. About

two weeks later, I heard, once more, that "Primal was spreading." I was sick of it, so I stopped turning on the news for a while. I tried to get work done, but couldn't focus, and instead turned on the 10 PM news. Sports, weather, and then, the people on the news started reporting about primal. I listened to it for a while, and heard them say that it spread to parts of Oregon. Now, I was terrified. I felt goosebumps. The virus I so dreaded was unbelievably close to the state where I lived, then, I heard the news more. It said, "No one is safe. People, animals, and even plants were affected by the virus. Humans, reverting back to neanderthals, animals becoming their primitive, and aggressive counterparts, and plants that were said to be extinct, spotted. We are doing everything we can to stop it from spreading, and we have opened underground bunkers so that the public may take shelter there. Please use handheld or battery-operated radios so that we can keep you updated, as in a few weeks, there may be no working electronic devices." Now, I know I was paranoid before, but this was a new level for me. As soon as I heard that, I grabbed my belongings and essentials, searched up the closest shelter, and drove there. Once I got there, I was greeted, and I had to show my I.D. I showed them it and went in. Once I got inside, I was shown around, and even got to choose where I wanted to put my stuff, since I got there fairly quickly. One week passed by, and I was getting fairly used to staying there. The virus had reached Washington, and that meant it was closing day. They made a last call for everyone who wanted to enter, and after more people came in, at promptly 9 PM, they closed the heavy metal doors, to try and make it airtight. The virus got very close to our shelter, but we knew we were safe. An hour later, we heard bangs. "Let us in! Please!" We knew we couldn't do that, as it would risk everyone else's wellbeing. After about an hour, that all faded, and all we could hear was grunts and groans. The infection had taken effect. Those weren't normal people anymore. They were primitive people, and they were gathering in large numbers outside. They were trying to take us. Infect us. Make us just like them. Everyone felt fear. This is because we knew that although we had evolved, we had also gotten physically weaker. We were powerless. Once they were about to break the door, I realized, "They're not as smart as we are." They broke the door open, and I ran. I ran faster and harder than I ever had in my life. The adrenaline from running away from those people, if they even were people, helped me. They didn't notice me, because though they were trying to get us, they were focused on the bigger group. Not me. I remember I ran about half a mile. I don't really remember. I forgot that the virus was a thing. I've been inhaling it for so long. I'm going to try to take cover in someone's house. I've been staying here, in a random person's house for about thirty minutes. Although the virus still seeped into the house a little, it isn't affecting me as much. I hear fighting outside. I keep trying to think about happy times. I can't though. I think the virus is affecting my mind. Right now, all I can think about is surviving. I have to survive. I will. I ran outside to join the fight, the virus infecting my mind even more. When I arrived though, there was only one person. A male primeval man. I was cautious, but he didn't show any signs of hostility. I walked towards him. Just then, I fell. My head was throbbing. "This is it," I thought to myself. "This is how the world ends, and how history repeats itself."

"Calypso! There you are! What did your mom say about the party?" Meggan yelled from the hall of our highschool, the loud ringing bell shook the bell cover and the kids stormed out. "I didn't tell my mom yet! She thinks I'm going to my study group! You HAVE to keep your mouth shut if you want me to go!" I replied back, we got on our bus and met with Marley. "Calypso! Are you going?" Marley asked me again, "Yes! I told my mom I was going to my study group so when she gets home, ZIPIT!" We got off the bus at my house and walked inside, Marley made ramen, like he always does! I've been best friends with Marley since the 2nd grade when he moved to my school. Since then Marley has been coming to my house after school for a snack and to hang out, Meggan and I have been friends since the womb! Our mom has been friends since highschool and has been friends ever since. "So? How we gonna play out YOU at study group and me at piano lessons! Our moms will talk and your study group is at MY house!" Marley exclaimed, "Well, I told my mom I was going to stay the night at Rayleen's house,



not many people talk to Rayleen and my mom doesn't talk to her mom! So a fool proof plan!" Chipped in Meggan, "Well I can't be at study group, but my mom doesn't talk to Rayleen's mom either so I can say we're studying there!" I threw in. We all ate on the couch while watching "She drank a little" , my favorite show. "The party is starting soon, we have to go!" Marley said from the kitchen, "Let me call my mom!" I excitedly squealed. Meggan drove us to the party. It was 7 pm and a little chilly and especially dark when we arrived, "Hey guys!" exclaimed Alek, Meggans boyfriend. "Hey!" We all said back, an hour later the party was getting so fun. Alek suggested we play truth or dare. I got dared to go to the old woods... I didn't know what would come from that night...

Fifteen minutes into exploring the old woods I heard a shreik I thought it was a kid at the party so I kept walking, my flashlight died. I was not going to back down! I ventured on. The darkness



grew around me, a sharp growl came from behind me. I was about 40 minutes from the house. I was worried, was someone or something coming for me? I stubbled to the ground, "Crap!" My shoe fell in mud. Then I heard a leaf crack near me. The air sharp in my lungs, the ground so fuggy it was cloud, the sky as black as the blank TV screen. My life flashed before my eyes, all my memories of my friends and me and my family flashed to me. I got up and ran, so fast I was 20 feet from when I fell in mud in just 3 minutes. I saw a light hoping it was a light to a house or the old church. It was the "haunted" cemetery, I never believed it was haunted. I ran to the light. The air so fuggy I couldn't see my feet, air so sharp it felt like it was cutting my lungs as I took a deep breath. "What was that?" I anxiously mumbled. A growl so loud, it was ringing through my head. A leaf cracked behind me, then another leaf closer to me, then another, I ran through the path of the cemetery. I got closer to the light to see two headstones. I saw the dirt dug freshly under the old yellow light, the stones had dark almost black red, "What? Is'

is that b'b'blood?" I mumbled before hearing a blood freezing screech behind me. I tripped on a twig and fell over, my shoe got stuck in the twin stack I tripped over. I got up and ran, I stopped to catch my breath under the light, a sharp piercing ran through my back. I was cut. I screamed so hard I ran my voice out. I must have scared the creature away. As I walked away I mumbled "What was that thing? Was it after me for a reason? Had it lured someone here before me? I've heard of those missing young adults, teens and children, but I've never think I would be next." I somehow talked myself long enough to make it to the house and the blood on my back to my used-to-be white socks. The music in the house died down to a stop. I walked into the house....

"For flowers must die; For bees will cry; All must die, for all days die out, and nights burn bright. 'Goodbye ol' pal' will go the bee. For flowers must die; For bees will cry."

The darkness around me grew darker as I walked in, the metallic smell of blood grew around me. The air sharp, piercing my lungs as I tried to breath in the seemingly void of the house, I tripped over something soft but not the dog or a pillow but something like an arm. I thought they where sleeping until I found the lightswitch. I screamed in horror and ran to the phone on the wall to call the cops. They arrived soon after and I never gone into a forest or a wood patch again. The funerals were held for them week after week.

Mason C  
7th grade  
Nov 1, 2023

# Big Davi: Halloween ending

- November 1, 2023. It's 1 in the morning and people are packing up for the night, kids are going home, 1 piece per person bowls are empty, it seems like a ghost town. Then, there was an average group of kids around 11 to 13 years old, still pranking and going to peoples houses asking for candy. As they walk from neighborhood to neighborhood, ringing many doorbells and people not answering, they decide to split ways. Jaxson and Mason decided to go together. As they walk down a dark alley, they feel a presence near them, but no one is there. The streetlights mysteriously flickered on and off occasionally. They flickered and flickered until Jaxson froze, traumatized with no candy in this bucket. The lights flickered again, but when they turned back on, Jaxson was gone.

Mason was terrified, trembling in the night, he went to find the others. Meanwhile, Max and Leon decided to head back to the house because they also felt a quite eerie presence. Mason was running and running looking for at least one person he knew. He stood in distraught, attempting to catch his breath, as he looked back and he saw the most terrifying thing ever. Big Boy Davi Standing 7'6 390 pounds, and wearing a suit with a bucket of candy. Mason tried to run but Davi picked him up by his head and stuffed him in his bucket of candy.

"WOAH" Mason says as he is in the bucket. "This place is built like a mattress firm!" Beds and other essentials were inside of this bag. Jaxson is also in this odd dimension, and he is quaking out of his boots. Mason decides to run up behind Jaxson and jump over him! Jaxson passes out due to this scare and Mason is alone again.

Leon and Max go back out tricking without the threat, till Max begins to unconsciously float in the air. An inhumane aura is displayed around him while Big Davi is standing behind Leon. Max regains consciousness, but shortly after, Leon is stolen and Max can't be verbal. Leon fights Big Davi off, but he puts Leon into a trance and he is now part of Davi's Zombies.

Max finally falls from the air and lands on his neck, from here Big Davi finds and bags him up. Max sees Mason in the bag and asks "Where is Jaxson?" Mason says to not talk about it and he runs off. Max follows behind and suddenly, they are expelled from Big Davi's bag from a mysterious force. Jaxson is tossed on the floor of a mysterious house, while Max and Mason are placed gently on the couch. Big Davi is here, and he is not very happy.

Big Davi brings the first victim, Leon, to the room. Big Davi says "You thought you could fight me off now, huh?" Leon still tries to fight off Big Davi, but then Davi opens up a mysterious vase. This vase releases the ghost of many missing kids on Halloween who were caught by Big Davi. Davi gathers all the kids around Leon, and they are prepared with many lethal weapons. Leon accepts his fate.

1 foot at a time, Big Davi and his team approaches Leon, Then a peek of daylight enters the house. Jaxson wakes up and Max and Mason get the slightest bit of hope. Mason walked up to the door and said "Let there be light!" and opens it. Big Davi's arms slowly begin to dissolve and so do all of his minions.

Then their legs, torsos, and finally their heads.

Max, Mason, and Jaxson take Leon out of the trance and explain what just happened. They break the windows of the house, and make their way home.

THE END

# One Haunted Night

Rhiley L

Once long long ago there were twins, one named Jane and the other Jacob. Their parents finally let them out for a halloween night to go trick or treating. Although they knew they were going to be grounded if they didn't follow the rules, there were so many that they decided to not follow these rules. When they were far away from home they started ding dong ditching and smashing pumpkins. Later that night they both wanted to split up. This was a bad idea for they did not know what would happen to them. Jane said since she's two minutes older she decided to go the risky route and went on the freeway. Out of nowhere she heard children laughing from the sewer and the as soon as she got closer it stopped then she heard a pound so she got scared but she felt so locked up even though there's nothing there then she heard her name "jane Jane Jane JAne JAne JANEJANEJANE" over and over again she knew she had to find her brother so she called out his name the noises stopped and in a creepy way she heard a clownish voice "i have you brother I Have Your Brother I HAVE YOUR BROTHER" then everything stopped She started running as fast as she could but something was following her the voices wouldn't go away she tried plugging her ears but it only got louder she ran faster but the voice only got faster the she heard laughter after this she knew something was eerie so as soon as she got home police were there. She couldn't help but ask why and they said some paranormal stuff has been going on to night and then she asked one if he was ok but he fell over and the dude that followed me somehow got into my house and hurt the man and he smiled freakish smile and then he disappeared this was when I ran out of my house. The next day i woke up to a delicious breakfast and my parents said how'd you sleep you fell asleep before you went trick or treating she replied saying i had the worst dream ever my brother went missing cops were at our house and there were voices. My mom with the same face as the guy that was smiling said oh honey that wasn't a dream then she said i slept great then the mother said that's good in a creepy voice.

## The End

Love

6<sup>th</sup>



## THE BANANA SPLITS BY: AMELIA N.



When I was younger I loved the banana splits, until a tragedy happened. I remembered it like it was yesterday. I was in the front row of their show, Feegle the beagle looked different but

I was just there for the show. The sloppy course is when disaster struck Feegle hit the show instructor with a soft hammer and she fell into the pit and sadly passed away. then the rolled out stevie ... there was a lollipop down his throat. Everyone was screaming and crying and trying to run away, but it was too late. We were chained up to the chairs and any one who would try to escape would get shocked. When snorky came in with a blowtorch and forced Fleegle the Beagle, Bingo the Gorilla, Drooper the Lion to do the sloppy course. my mom came with a key and carefully and quietly got us out. When we were

running we saw this 23 year old girl who was crying so we asked her and she said " my boyfriend died." When we got out, the kids were crying, hugging their moms and dads, and saying "don't leave me!"and the girl was sitting there humming the tune of the

intro. One banana, two banana, three banana, four  
Four bananas make a bunch and so do many more

Over hill and highway the banana buggies go  
Coming on to bring you the Banana Splits show

Tra la la, la la la la, tra la la, la la la la

Tra la la, la la la la, tra la la, la la la la

Four banana, three banana, two bananas, one

All bananas playing in the bright warm sun

Flipping like a pancake, popping like a cork

Fleagle, Bingo, Drooper and, Snork

Making up a mess of fun, Making up a mess of fun

Lots of fun for everyone

Two Banana, four banana, one banana, three

Swinging like a bunch of monkeys hanging from a tree

Hey there everybody won't you come along and see

How much like Banana Splits everyone can be

Tra la la, la la la la, tra la la, la la la la

Tra la la, la la la la, tra la la, la la la la

Tra la la, la la la la, tra la la, la la la la....



**THE END. STAY SAFE...**

6th

Love

Address: 44 Colorado Springs, CO  
Age: 12  
Phone #:   
Grade 7

## Characters

James: Blond, skinny, tall, and popular. Is 16 years old.

Maya: long brown hair, Hourglass body, short, a pick me, is James's girlfriend, popular, 15.

Jesica: Talkative, thinks that unicorns are real, Flat body, Red hair, freckles, nerd, has glasses, 15

George: Black hair, has a crush on Jesica, tall, 17.

Luna: Kind, likes horror books, emo, artistic, short, 17, black hair, skinny, is the Main Character.

Lucky: Luna and him are together, constantly getting bullied, hair color blue, knows Japanese, tall, 17.

Kyle: Tall, strong, 19, loves Mr. Beast, funny, always looks on the bright side of things.

## Luna's Halloween Massacre

One Halloween at Green Hills High School, James, Maya, Jesica, George, Luna, Lucky, and Kyle sat together at their lunch table. "So, what are you guys going to dress up as?" Maya asked. "I'm gonna be a Football Zombie." Said James. "I am going to be a Ghost with sunglasses." Said George. "I'm gonna be Mr. Beast." Said Kyle. "My guy... What is wrong with you?!" Said Lucky laughing. "Mr. Beast gives out money but instead, I'd give out chocolate coins!" Replied Kyle. Everyone laughed. After school, they went home and got ready for Halloween. Maya was a dead Cheerleader, James was a football Zombie of course, George was a Ghost with Sunglasses, Luna was a Black angel, Kyle was Mr. Beast and giving out chocolate coins, Lucky was also a ghost with sunglasses, and Jesica was a zombie bride. The first house had King-sized candy bars. The second house was Mr. Beast's; he gave them all \$10k and the new iPhone. The third house was something they had never seen before. It was a big black mansion at the end of the road. The fence was all spikey and made of black metal. The gate and the front door swung open, and the wind pushed them inside! "James, I'm scared!" Cried Maya to James. "Don't worry, it's gonna be okay," James replied. The door slammed behind them. They all screamed in Terror! There were whispers all around them. It sounded like someone was saying "GET OUT!!" Lucky saw something red on the walls and went to see if it

Alena C.

was ketchup. Then Lucky tasted it, almost threw up, and then passed out. "LUCKY!" Luna said as she started crying. Then a hand came out of the floor and dragged Lucky away. Before the hand dragged Lucky into a dark hallway she tried to follow it. "LUCKY NO! DON'T LEAVE ME!" she said crying as Maya and Jessica held her back. "He's gone, Luna..." said George. "Hey! On the bright side, I still have some leftover chocolate coins!" Kyle exclaimed. "NO ONE CARES!!!!!" said James. "Lucky just DIED! And you care about chocolate coins?" said Luna. "WHAT!?! It's what he would have wanted!" Said Kyle. "You're right." Said Jessica as she pointed to a chocolate coin trail on the ground. "See! I told you! Lucky took some coins from me 2 hours ago!" said Kyle. "WELL THEN LET'S GO FOLLOW IT!" Luna Said traumatized. James replied, "Wait, we must ensure they are the same coins Kyle has first." "Right!" Exclaimed Maya. They were the same ones, so they followed the trail. The trail leads into a dark hallway, with more "Ketchup" stains on the walls. But then, they saw something else, a trail of blood. They followed it. It leads them to a dark room with no lights. Luna felt a chill crawl down her spine and said, "Guys, I don't think we should be here!" "What are you talking about? We're fine!" said Maya. Suddenly, the lights switched on! And a pool of blood was on the ground. They all looked up, and there he was. Lucky was floating in the air and had scratches all around him. He was dead. "LUCKY!" Cried Luna. "Oh my gosh..." said Jessica as Lucky's blood dripped on her face. They were all traumatized and scared. "We have to get out!" cried Maya. "Great Idea!" said Kyle. Just as they turned around, a dark figure with long black hair and red eyes slammed the door on them and locked it. "WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO!" Cried George. THUD! Lucky fell to the ground in a pool of blood. They all screamed, "AHH!" Luna just bawled her eyes out. "We have to get out, now!" Said Luna trembling. Maya, Luna, and Jessica tried banging at the door. "HELP!" "HELP US!" "LET US OUT OF HERE!" "IS SOMEBODY THERE!" cried the girls as they rattled the door knob and banged it. "Guys... we aren't getting out of here." Said James calmly. "At least we still have chocolate coins!" Said Kyle with excitement. "OUCH!" Said Kyle as George nudged him with his elbow. The door unlocked without warning, and the girls screamed, "AHH!" "It's okay..." said Luna calmly. "Lucky opened the door," she said. "Okay, now you are going crazy," said James. "No, she's right! It's his ghost talking." Said Jessica. On the other side of the door was nothing, just cold air. "I read somewhere that if you feel an area of cold air, which means a ghost is there." Said Luna. "Me too!" Said George. Luna then felt a kiss on her cheek. That's when she knew that it was Lucky. "You will make it out of here..." they all heard someone whisper. "It's probably Lucky giving us good luck!" Said Maya. The floor beneath them faded away, then

they fell into a maze. "Great. Now we are trapped again!" Whined Maya. "It's better than being in a room filled with Lucky's blood!" Said Kyle happily. "Bruh. How are you always so positive!?" Asked George. "I don't know." Said Kyle. "We have to find a way out!" Said Jessica. "Right!" Said the others. "We need to follow the walls." Said Luna. "OKAY!" they all replied. So they did just that. "Hey, I see a light!" Screamed Maya. They all ran towards it except for Luna. Luna had yet another chill down her spine and screamed, "STOP! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS COMING FROM!" "What are you talking about? We are fine!" Said Maya just as she felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned around and screamed. Everyone was at least on the other side of a wall as they heard her scream. "MAYA! DON'T WORRY I'M COMING!" Yelled James. But when he got there, he was too late... Maya was lying on the ground dead with scratches all around her body just like Lucy did. "Maya..." cried James as he picked her up and hugged her. Jessica, Kyle, and George were crying as Luna asked "WHAT HAPPENED?" as she ran around the corner to see what was going on. "OH. MY. GOD." She said when she saw Maya hurt. "Her pulse is gone, and her heart stopped..." Said Jessica sadly. "No... Maya." Said, Luna. As they all huddled up and hugged, Maya she immediately floated up in the air and dropped straight to the ground! She was in a pool of blood when a door to the way out opened. The rest of the team ran towards it and WHAM! The door closed shut, and there were no signs of a door. Just a plain white wall. "Now what?" Asked Jessica. "Good question." said Kyle. "OUCH!" yelled Kyle as George nudged him in the elbow again. "Guys! Shush! Do you hear that?" Said Luna. They all went silent. Then Jessica heard loud footsteps coming towards them. "Guys." said Jessica. They all turned towards the path that they came from. Then the rest of the trio heard the footsteps too. "WHAT IS THAT?" Asked George as a tall black figure started walking their way. "RUN!" Yelled Luna. "WHERE? WHERE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO RUN?" Yelled Jessica. "WE'RE TRAPPED!", Cried James. The black figure got closer and closer when another figure appeared. "THERE'S TWO OF THEM?!" Yelled Kyle. They all hugged each other tightly when they heard a loud screech and the creatures disappeared. "What now?" Said Jessica. "Look!" James pointed to an open doorway. "LET'S GO!" Said Luna. They all ran towards the door trying to escape the dark maze. "We've almost reached the exit!" yelled Kyle. Then suddenly, a black, human-vine-like creature with long messy hair, tried to stop them from leaving. "I spoke too soon! RUN THE OTHER WAY." exclaimed Kyle. They all ran as fast as they could through the large dark maze when they reached a fork. "EVERYBODY SPLIT UP!" shouted Luna. The creature then followed James, when they all



heard him scream. "AHHHHH!" screamed James. "Oh no..." said Luna quietly when she realized that James was... gone. The four friends that were still alive ran into each other and stayed quiet. The creature was patrolling, when it magically disappeared. No screech, no blood, nothing. It was just gone. "I think we are safe now..." said Luna trying to calm the three down. "Luna, what do we do?" asked Kyle "I'm scared... I don't want to die!" sobbed Jessica. Luna was still and said nothing. She felt a droplet of something fall on her hand. She checked her hand and saw a drop of blood. She then looked up and screamed! "AHHHH! RUN!" she yelled full of fear. Jessica was running when she tripped on her own feet because she was scared and her legs were wobbly. The creature never left; instead, it was stalking them to strike at the right moment. The creature caught up to Jessica and jumped on top of her and sucked away all of her insides, and started to chase Thomas. "NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NOOO!" He yelled as the creature outran him. Instead, the creature swallowed him whole, and only spit out the bones of Thomas. "THOMAS, JESICA!" Yelled both Luna and Kyle." Kyle looked at Luna and smiled. "Get out of here, will ya." he said pointing to a small crawl space that leads to the outside world. "No. I can't leave you!" Trembled Luna sadly. "It's okay. You matter more to me than anything else in the world right now. So go!" he said courageously. She got up off the floor and ran towards the crawl space. She opened the door and turned around. The creature had met face to face with Kyle. "Hit me with your best shot!" Kyle yelled to the monster. It shrieked and stood up tall. The last thing Luna saw that night was Kyle's massacre and blood splattered all over her clothes and face....

The end.

Alena C.

Dominic K

(719)

## The Incident

Three years ago, head of C.C.A (Corporal Chaos Agents), Mr.Urchinbad had gone missing, he hadn't been found, but we did know what happened that night. Mr.Urchinbad was in his office filling out documents and had visitors. He wasn't expecting any visitors, but they came either way. He had simply greeted them, but they didn't reply, then there was screaming from his office, lots of screaming. People ran into his office, but nobody was there, just black ink on the wall saying "Don't go competing with our company again." It was weird and the company had shut down for it, people claimed it was the U.F.C (United Forgotten Corporals) The U.F.C was an old company, they were a successful company until C.C.A came in and ran them out of business. I had been sent out to investigate an old U.F.C building, along with my partner Jake. We went to the further parts of town, where it was dark, we pulled up to an old building of theirs. It was run down and everything, not very pleasant at all. We entered the building and it was dusty. We didn't like it, but we needed to do this. We started by opening an old garage

door in the place. We smelled cigarettes, fresh ones, we weren't the only ones, we peeked around a corner and saw a man in a bulletproof vest and completely in black. I loaded the gun, he heard the cocking of the gun and turned, he grabbed a fire axe and moved towards us, my heart was pounding, I was sweating, I turned and shot in his face. He had a hole in his face, but did not stop he kept moving and I saw his face closer, it was disfigured and burnt, he wasn't even bleeding, Jake had taken a shot at him too, but he had no reaction, he kept moving to attack us, he grabbed me by the neck and started choking me, Jake had ran, I punched the man and his cigarette had fell, it lit a small fire and then a big one. The man had started to burn but still choked me, I reached for my pocket knife. I felt the heat of the fire, I stabbed him in the eye and he couldn't see, he dropped me and I ran. My leg had caught fire and I was horrified, the man had been chasing me, he still had his axe and was running fast. I had patted the fire out, but it hurt horribly. I kept running, but fell. The man had caught up and tried to hit me with the axe, I grabbed it and pushed it, although he was pushing to. I kept pushing back, I then grabbed my gun and shot him in the eye again and he screamed, it hit his brain, the only thing he could feel, I grabbed his axe and chopped at his leg, I took another swing and it cut his leg off. He fell and I ran, I kept running, found a window then jumped out, I fell near my car and got there, I got in as I

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## *In the middle of the trees*

Once upon a great day two kids Greg and Dirt who live in a small, secluded village deep within a dark and mysterious forest. This village, surrounded by ancient and eerie trees, was brimming with stories and horror tales about the forest that encircled it. The inhabitants had always warned the children not to venture beyond the village's boundaries, as the forest was a dangerous place full of dark secrets. In this village the two kids, Dirt and Greg, who had heard the spine-chilling stories about the forest since they were young. But curiosity and the adventurous spirit of youth finally got the best of them one day. They decided to defy the adults' warnings and venture into the forbidden forest. They had heard so many stories and mysteries about the place that they couldn't resist exploring it for themselves.

One day, as the sun dipped below the horizon, Dirt and Greg ventured beyond the village's limits and into the dark forest. As they advanced, the tall, dense trees closed in on them, and the path behind them gradually disappeared. Soon, daylight faded, and the siblings found themselves in the midst of a forest where shadows seemed to come to life.

Fear began to grip them as the forest darkened, and the sounds of the village faded into the distance. They were completely lost in the forest and had no idea how to find their way back. Every step they took seemed to distance them further from the safety of their home. Anguish grew as they pushed through the dense foliage and thorny bushes.

As they continued, the siblings began to hear unsettling sounds and inexplicable whispers that filled the air. Crisp noises mixed with hissing whispers, as if the forest was trying to communicate with them in an incomprehensible way. The forest's darkness was full of secrets that no one had managed to decipher.

Night began to fall over the forest, and the siblings felt trapped in a world of nightmares. As they tried to find their way back, the trees appeared to close in around them, creating a dark and unfathomable labyrinth. Whenever they attempted to retrace their steps, the path seemed to vanish and change, as if the trees were deliberately moving to confuse them.

The wind blew strongly among the trees, and the siblings could hear whispers that seemed to form unintelligible words. These mysterious sounds filled them with unease and fear. The trees creaked and groaned as if they were alive, as if the forest itself was trying to keep them prisoners.

It was then that, stumbling through the darkness and undergrowth, the siblings came across a scene that filled them with terror. In a clearing in the forest, human skeletons lay scattered on the ground. The white bones gleamed ominously under the dim twilight. Some of the skeletons still bore tattered shreds of clothing that had once belonged to people who had met a horrifying fate in that place. The two kids were sure that they couldn't go out. The scene seemed like something out of a nightmare.

Dirt and Greg's hearts raced in their chests as they gazed upon the terrifying sight. They couldn't tear their eyes away from the skeletons, and the idea that they might belong to lost souls in the forest haunted them. The skeletons seemed to speak of a macabre past that had been trapped in that shadowy clearing.

Paralyzed by fear, the siblings slowly backed away. Darkness closed in around them, and the trees appeared to shift and change position as if conspiring to keep them trapped inside. Dirt and Greg began to run, but the forest seemed like a constantly shifting nightmare.

As they ran, they heard sinister laughter that pursued them, laughter that had no place in the human world. It was malevolent laughter that seemed to emanate from the very darkness, as if something terrifying was chasing them. They didn't know if they were supernatural creatures or just the echoes of their own madness, but the laughter filled them with indescribable terror.

Every time they thought they had found an escape route, it seemed to vanish and lead them even deeper and deeper every moment into the forest. They were lost in a world of shadows and nightmares, uncertain if they would ever find their way back home.

Finally, exhausted and terrified, Dirt and Greg found a path that seemed to lead them back to the village. They ran as fast as they could, not looking back, feeling as if something sinister was chasing them. They crossed the village's boundaries and entered the safety of their homes, where the lamplight illuminated the streets, and the hustle and bustle of the village filled the air.

They never spoke to anyone about what they had witnessed in the forest. The fear and confusion of that night haunted them for the rest of their lives. Every time they looked toward the dark forest that surrounded their village, they could feel the empty eyes of the skeletons watching them from the darkness, reminding them of the terrifying adventure they had lived. Whispers and malevolent laughter continued to echo in their nightmares, and the idea that the forest concealed horrifying secrets never left them.

Years later, on a Halloween night, the village decided to celebrate the holiday with a grand party. The inhabitants decorated the streets with pumpkin lanterns and spooky costumes. The festivity was filled with laughter and joy, and it seemed as though everyone had forgotten the horrors that the forest concealed.

But the nightmare was far from over. In the midst of the celebration, when the pumpkin lantern lights flickered in the darkness of the night, something terrifying began to happen. Suddenly, the skeletons they had seen in the forest on that fateful night began to come to life. They rose from their invisible graves in the forest clearing and began to move.

What was even more chilling was that these skeletons were now dressed in pumpkin costumes. Their bones glowed in the darkness, and their empty eye sockets shone with a supernatural

light. They seemed to be made of dark shadows and moonlight, and they silently walked towards the village.

The villagers were stunned as they saw the skeletons wandering the streets in pumpkin costumes. They couldn't believe what they were seeing. Fear and panic gripped the festivities, and joy turned into terror as the skeletons slowly made their way through the village streets.

Brothers Dirt and Greg, who had kept their encounter with the skeletons in the forest a secret, realized that the horrors of the past had caught up with them. They remembered the malevolent laughter they had heard in the forest and knew that the skeletons had come back to life with a thirst for revenge.

The skeletons in pumpkin costumes slowly advanced towards the center of the village, where the terrified crowd looked at them in astonishment and horror. Bones cracked as they moved, and their laughter was even more terrifying than the first time they had heard it. Halloween had turned into a living nightmare.

Desperate to stop the nightmare, the villagers tried to flee, but the skeletons seemed to be everywhere. No matter where they went, the skeletons followed them, their empty eyes fixed on their prey. The village was trapped in a nightmare from which they could not escape.

Finally, armed with the knowledge of their first encounter with the skeletons, Ana and Luis realized that the only way to stop them was to confront their fear. They decided to return to the dark forest where they had first encountered the skeletons and find a way to stop them.

With bravery, the siblings ventured into the dark forest where the skeletons had once chased them. They found the clearing where the bones lay and began to search for a solution. It was then that Ana recalled an ancient legend that spoke of a way to lay the skeletons to rest.

The legend said that if pumpkin lanterns were lit and placed at the spot where the skeletons were buried, the souls of the dead would find peace and return to their graves. The siblings hurried to carve pumpkin lanterns and lit them, as the skeletons drew closer and closer.

With the pumpkin lanterns in hand, Dirt and Greg ran towards the skeletons, who gazed at them with empty eyes and unsettling laughter. They placed the lanterns next to the skeletons, and suddenly, a bright and warm light emanated from the pumpkins. The skeletons came to a sudden stop and seemed to struggle against the light, but eventually, one by one, they faded into the darkness.

The village regained its calm, and the Halloween celebration continued without further incidents. The villagers thanked the brave siblings for their courage and cleverness. The story of the skeletons coming back to life and wearing pumpkin costumes became a legend passed down from generation to generation, a warning that in the dark and mysterious forest, there were secrets that no one should disturb. This won't be the last time.



# THE MANNEQUIN HOUSE

My name is Andrew Mcdaniel and I'm twenty five years old. I had just been informed that my father had passed away and he had handed down the keys of his 2 houses. One had already been given to my sister, but this other key looked different. I've known my father for my entire life yet he has never mentioned an old fancy house that he just owned. Me and my roommate Jeremy Smith, had made a plan to go to this house, check it out, and then see what valuables lie inside of the house. We set off to Pennsylvania (where the house was) and we made sure to bring the key.

"Dude I'm so ready to see what's inside of this house!" I said excitedly.

"Honestly, I'm kinda scared," Jeremy adds.

"Bro, it's on its own land, who could be out here?" I said mockingly. We arrived at the house and it was bigger than we were all expecting. We walked up to the mighty door.

"Well, here goes nothing" I say hesitantly while putting the key into the knob. I turned the key, and it jams for a second so I have to ram into it. It flies open now that I've probably broken it.

"Wow!" Jeremy says while slowly walking into the heavily decorated lobby room. While we were standing in absolute awe, the large door behind us had shut on its own. It startled both of us and Jeremy being closer to the door, checking the nob and moving it erratically in every which way. He then says "Dude... It's not budging."

Me and Jeremy were frantically ramming into the door desperately trying to open the door, but it was jammed.

“Dude! It won’t budge!” Jeremy says, trying to get it open. I got away from the door looking for something that we could use to pry it open, but something else caught my eye.

“Jeremy look!” I called him. He turned around and we both saw an expensive-looking bunch of golden candles. We both ran over to check if it was real, and it was factual.

“Dude! We should look for more expensive stuff!” I suggested.

“We’re trapped in here! It’s not time to mess around!” Jeremy shakily said

“Oh don’t be such a baby, come on!” I said while tugging his arm. We checked almost all the doors in that room were locked. Until we found one that wasn’t. This is where it gets creepy.

We opened the door to an aesthetically decorated dining room with an unnecessarily long table in the center.

“Dude what in the world is that!?” Jeremy frighteningly said. I turned towards the direction his finger was pointing, and what I saw frightened me. A wooden mannequin with a poorly drawn smile and a pair of dotted eyes looked beaten up with scratches covering it.

“That was not there before was it?” I said in absolute confusion. We then heard a loud thunk behind us. We immediately redirected our attention to the noise and it was another mannequin except now it was on the table. We turned back to the mannequin behind us and it was nowhere to be seen.

“Stop messing with me Andrew,” Jeremy said in the queasiest tone. I wanted to say something, but I was in shock. I then started to notice that all of these same scratched up dolls were in every corner and they had started making positions. I felt like they were all getting closer. Meanwhile, Jeremy was losing his mind.

‘This can’t be real, this can’t be real, this can’t be real,” Jeremy kept repeating while shutting his eyes. After a couple of minutes of me and Jeremy calming ourselves, we both decided that we needed to get out of there. Fast.

We ran to the door where the lobby-type room was, but the door was jammed again.

“No, no, no, no!” I exclaimed while trying to break the door knob. Everything felt so quick. It felt like they were all moving around me. Out of breath, I declared to try to find another exit.

“Come on Jeremy, let’s go to the other side of the room! There might be an exit in one of those doors.” I told him while scurrying to the door, but Jeremy had other plans. He was paralyzed and shivering. He managed to say, “I’m staying right here.”

“What do you mean? You know what? I’m not sticking around this place to find out what these mannequins could do to us!” I started while going to one of the doors and turning the knob. The first door turned out to be unsuccessful, but the next door turned out to be unlocked or not jammed. I opened the door and quickly rushed into the frame, but one of the mannequin’s fell from the roof right in front of me.

I screeched while stepping back from the frame. All the fancy lights then went out. That's when Jeremy yelled, "I'm coming with you!" He ran as fast as he could without being able to see anything. Luckily we brought one flashlight. He took it out of his pocket, and shined it in front of him. I appeared in the gaze of light.

"Come on, let's get out of here!" He immediately handed the flashlight to me and we sprinted down the hallway. It felt longer than the Nile river. Eventually, we reached a room that was so dark, the flashlight did no good here. Without thinking I ran straight forward when I knocked something over. Suddenly the lights appeared to be back throughout the house, but flickering ever so slightly. I looked to my surroundings and it was an ocean of mannequins. So many of them.

I called Jeremy who was frightened. Come on! I think I see and exit!" I told him. The lights started flickering like crazy. That was our cue to start sprinting. We had nothing to lose while the lights turned completely off and the only light was the moonlight from the door at the end of the hallway. We started to trip over some of the mannequin's, but quickly got back up to start running again. I heard the joints of the wooden limbs crackle and move while we were not even thinking. We reached the end of the door and without thought, jumped through the glass doors. It was actually a window from the second story. We quickly fell to gravity's wraith and probably broke a few bones. Jeremy threw up while I was trying to catch my breath and comprehend what just happened.

“Jeremy, turn around. Right now.” He looked in the direction of the house and we were both in shock. The house looked like it had been on fire. It was crumbling, and it looked abandoned and old. We got up and walked to the car, got in, and drove as quickly as possible. I never even think of that skin crawling experience ever again.

William (Billy) F. —

6<sup>th</sup>

Ms. Love