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Spooooky Storyyyy
Highschool Senior
Age:17

Goatman

My hands are searching my pockets. *Where is it?* All I feel is the denim rubbing against my fingertips. My fingertips are losing hope until I check my bag. In it lies nonsensical necessities: a finger, a rabbit's foot, a dried flower, an eye, a blistered tongue. *Found it!* I pull out my wallet; *money isn't real*. The most fantastical thing in my bag is the money that hides in my wallet. The most real thing about it is the blood stained onto the paper's face.

"That'll be \$9.14," the one behind the register has the eyes of a goat, and I think about how they'll taste.

I hand her my card, and I walk over to the other side of the shop, where I'll pace to the left and right in anticipation of my package awaiting me at the foot of my door. *People aren't real*.

"Order 19!"

It is 8 or so in the morning, I'm grabbing my coffee, and I am heading back home in anticipation of my package and sleep. The workday was long, 39,000 hours long to be specific.

My eyes droop to a solemn close as I stumble disappointedly through the front door, where I'll slam the door in disappointment because my package hasn't yet arrived. *I'm going to kill myself*. My body collapses in a rage of disappointment and loathing. My face hits the cold wooden floor; I don't feel a thing.

Many hours pass as I dream of small men in tempered spectacle; twirling and spiraling, they go pass through absent minds and joyful smiles.

BRRRIING!- it goes! I tell you-BRRRIING! My doorbell shakes a violent spur. My face, drenched in drool and sweat, awakens, my hand wiping the sleepday's evidence away. My body is heavy as I force it up into a tabletop; I peer into the peephole, and all my eyes are able to capture are knees. *Ughhh, why not the mailman?* I drag my body into an upright position, and peering through the peephole that meets my eye in an upright position, a visage of a man with an elongated, grizzled snout and horned head greets me. *Oh god! Is that **my** package? Oh dear, if there's a god, please tell me it is.*

The door knob turns. *Why not the regular mailman?* The door is open only a crack. My arm unnaturally bends and writhes through the open crack and snatches the package right from the goat man's hands. *Wait, a goat man? There was a goat man at the door! Don't see that handsome devil everyday! Oh wait, he is me and I am him.*

"Behhhh," came from the other side of the door.

I hastily grab the pair of scissors to open up Pandora's box. *Why are they called a pair of scissors when it's just one tool? Yes, there are two blades, but separated, you do not call them a "scissor". What madness is that?* Tearing open the box, I see a glimpse of heaven shine out; it nearly blinds me. I see my father: a bony frail man. His mouth is gaping open, as if someone had hung from it like a tree branch.

"Son...You...You're a-a... Goatman..." I blankly stare back at him. *What is he going on about? Isn't he supposed to be still and quiet? Forever trapped in this moment as I willed for him? I am no goatman.* But as I stare further into the box, I see myself. *By God, I **am** a goatman!* I threw the box across the room. *What witchcraft is this? Who dares humor me with such juvenile*

tricks? At this point, I am furious. My hooves stomp on account of their own will. Then a thought passes through my head: *I forgot to take my insanity.* Quickly, I trot on over and take the pills that guard my nightstand. Ashamed and furious at my fear, I resolve quite quickly. *I am in hell. I am not this man's son. I am his savior. I will not dare live in his son's mortality.* I crave, and the next workday begins. *I am the devil.*

12th

Age: 17

Grade: 12

My Favorite Coustume

Once upon a time, there lived in the quaint little town of Whiskerwood a naughty but lovable cat named Toby. Whiskerwood was known for its love of Halloween, and the town celebrated the holiday with great enthusiasm. The autumn leaves painted the city in reds, oranges, and golds, and the warm air carried spooky tales and witty ghostly tales

Toby was no slouch. He loved to travel, had a curious heart, and had a great love of Halloween. Every year, when the city was filled with joy in the days leading up to the holiday, he longed to be part of the celebration. And every year she would come up with a costume idea to be the life of the Halloween party.

This year, Toby decided he wanted to be a ghost. He spent his days planning, plotting, and carefully studying the details of the town's history, the friendly spirit of Whiskerwood, and a dog named Casper Whiskerstein. Casper was famous for walking around town in a white tie and carrying his fun antics with delight children, but he disappeared years ago, and Toby wants to pay tribute to a phantom he loved

Toby roamed the city in search of the perfect ghost suit, sneaking into basements and attics in search of perfection. She gathered some old white paper, scissors, and yarn, and set to work creating the most amazing ghost dress the town had ever seen with sparkly star eyes with buttons and a flowing, ethereal tail with old knots has been done. Its heart-shaped snout peeked out from under the leaf, giving it a very attractive appearance.

As Halloween night approached, Whiskerwood was abuzz with activity. Every house is decorated with bananas, witches, and spider webs, and children wonder fondly if their costumes The city had seen it before. It had sparkly starry eyes with buttons and a flowing, ethereal tail made of old wires. Its heart-shaped snout peeked out from under the leaf, giving it a very attractive appearance.

As Halloween night approached, Whiskerwood was abuzz with activity. Every house is decorated with bananas, witches, and spider webs and children fondly discuss their costumes at school. Toby couldn't wait to show off his masterpiece.

One chilly Halloween night, she slipped into her ghost costume and went out into the streets. Her heart pounded in excitement as she joined the crowd of costumed creatures and ghouls, all smiling, and joining in the celebration.