



## Spooky Story

3 messages

Security Public Libra-

Wed, Nov 1, 2023 at 8:55 AM

A Call 15 Years Later

By: Anna C

I called my parents 15 years after they killed me...

It's my tenth birthday, and my parents are fighting because neither of them got me anything. They have been fighting for a while but this sparked the fire. They started talking about divorce and fighting over who would get custody of me. Honestly I felt like the blame was on me, it was my fault that they were fighting. My existence caused the fire to start. With my parents fighting about my life and their choices depending on my future, it made me feel like I shouldn't even be here or alive.

I guess you could say that I'm lonely. Being homeschooled and not having any friends because my parents refuse to let me have a social life. My life at home is scary and I wish I could just live like a normal kid and have a fun, normal kid life. But what is normal? My parents have never really gotten along, but why now? Why on my birthday? People always say that when you have a kid, it should be a miracle and change your life in the best ways. But I guess it was the complete opposite for my parents.

They regret having me, yet what did I ever do to them?

I ask myself everyday if I was really meant to be here. Anyways, let's not get too sappy. It was my birthday, a day we should be happy and celebrating! The family had dinner, cake, and my older sister got me a bracelet that said, "I love you forever and always". She made me feel wanted and loved. She was the only one that did, other than my oldest brother. Both of my siblings had left and moved out though. My brother was 18, and my sister was 20. I never really saw them, they never came to visit. Both of them moved out at a young age. My brother moved out at 17 and my sister moved out at 16. They never told me the real reason of why they chose to leave, but I'm pretty sure we all know why. They wanted to escape the horror and learn what a "normal" life could be like.

Later that night the house became silent. It was never silent, there was always yelling, or the television, or music blaring so my parents couldn't hear each other. I knew there was going to be an explosion of some sort, but I didn't think it was gonna be on my birthday. My parents were silent. Well not silent, but having a normal conversation without yelling at each other. So it was pretty silent to me. I wondered what they were talking about. So I head down the stairs and sit quietly where they can't see me. I start to listen to their conversation.

"Well, what would we do with her afterwards?" my mom says quietly and weirdly unbothered. Honestly, what are they planning? I have a million thought running through my head at the moment.

Quietly, my dad says, "Well there is a..." He stopped. He saw me. I ran upstairs to my room. Him and my mom continue talking.

Well it was late, so I tried to sleep. Oddly enough, I fell right asleep. Later, my parents came in to wake me up. They said that they were taking me somewhere, somewhere fun for my birthday to make up for fighting and forgetting. So we got in the car and started driving. We drove for around 30 minutes in the complete dark. I was blindfolded because I was told it was a surprise. I feel the car stop.

"Where are we?" I said, trying to hide the fear in my voice.

"What does it look like?" Dad said laughing, knowing I can't see.

My mom said to stay quiet and silent. After getting out of the car, I smell the air and I know that I'm surrounded by nature. I suddenly feel uneasy and nervous. Next thing I know I'm being held and my mom's hand is over my mouth. I can't breathe. I start to scream, or at least tried. My dad tells me to keep quiet or consequences will happen. I kept screaming because if someone heard me, I would hope they'd call someone to get help.

I started to think, what if I could fake being dead and run when they think they've accomplished what they wanted to in the first place. To kill me. So I "passed out" and pretended to be dead. My parents let go of me, both breathing heavy because I put up a fight. I lay there for a good five minutes before they started talking about what they were gonna do with me. Still not moving an inch or making a sound, I wait until I hear the footsteps reced. I ran like I've never ran before. When I started running, my dad chased after me and I tripped over a log. He started to kick me so that I couldn't get up. My head was bleeding and I couldn't see straight. My body was shaking and I started throwing up blood. My dad kept kicking and kicking and my mom just watched. She watched like it was pleasing.

Mom's phone started ringing. It was my sister. Calling to tell me happy Birthday.

"We need to hurry before they come looking," she said frantically.

So my dad kicked harder and harder. He grabbed my arms and picked me up. He told my mom to hold me. She held me by the arms while my dad punched my stomach. He punched and punched till I started to throw up blood again. They let my body drop to the ground when they knew I couldn't go anywhere. My dad took one last hit, and I took one last breath. I

dead. This is what they wanted. The heat from my body started to leave and I got super cold. So my body was done. And so was I. But I don't understand, why tonight? And who knew my parents were so evil and capable of such a terrible thing? Certainly not my family, my siblings, nor myself.

Well it's been 15 years and I've been dead. It is now supposed to be my 25th birthday. But I am never going to get it. I decided since I still have a spirit, I would make a visit to my parents.

I got to the house and in the window I saw a cake with candles lit. My parents were crying, along with my sister and brother. My parents never told my siblings what they did to me. They still have no clue. I guess the story is that I hung around the wrong group of friends and things took a wrong turn. As for my parents, they still acted like they did nothing. So I decided to call to make an appearance. When my parents answered, they answered in fear. I'm assuming they've gotten many phone calls since my death, but never one like this. Mom answered the phone and before she could say anything I say...

"Hi mom, you miss me?" I said.

"Who is this?" she said terrified.

"Your dead daughter. Remember the night 15 years ago today?" I said.

She hung up the phone in shock. And I decided to leave it at that.

Happy birthday to me right?

---

This is a student email account monitored by Widefield School District. The contents of this email are governed by state laws and the board policies of the school district.

---

**Librarv. Security Public** <spl@wsd3.org>

Wed, Nov 1, 2023 at 8:57 AM

To: "

Hi ^

What's a good phone number to reach you at if you are a winner?

[Quoted text hidden]

---

<spl@wsd3.org>

Wed, Nov 1, 2023 at 9:02 AM

To: "Library, Security Public" <spl@wsd3.org>

[Quoted text hidden]

719-321-5301

HS

Cold isolating terror, Unwilling to move, unwilling to think, unwilling to breathe. Black pools fill my surroundings, a melody echoes in my head emptying my thoughts and banishing the cold depths out of my mind. Thoughts of who I was, where I was, why I was didn't matter. For the first time I was connected, connected to something bigger. The same dark and twisted environment suddenly felt.....like home. I swatted at the encroaching black mist pushing it out of my thoughts. Once more a harsh chilling sensation washed over me. It all came back to me, I was surrounded by an unfamiliar and hostile world. Deep inside the waters of Krubera Cave. I looked around my surroundings desperately trying to find where I was. How deep had I gone? As I felt around my surroundings for a light source I began to feel almost wrong. Like these hands of mine weren't mine like there was meant to be more than these two measly arms. Black pools surrounded my vision as the feeling of long appendages crawled up my back.

Warmth....love.....home.... The world felt more vivid, the dark more colorful than it was before. I was meant to be here. I wanted to be here, I had to be here. The depths had an indescribable beauty to it. Crimson pools circled my vision and I felt a sharp object pierce my lower back. I desperately tried to swim up but my body wouldn't move and I only sank deeper and deeper. The melody grew deafening, blocking even the most rudimentary thoughts. There were no lyrics, no tempo, no hint of song yet it conveyed feeling, more feeling than any other song could deliver. Despite the continuous ripping of my flesh I didn't feel pain, despite the suffocating darkness, despite the horror of this unknown assailant. all I could think was of thoughts that weren't even mine, feelings unexplainable to me yet so familiar. That one single note grew into words "Return to us" louder and louder it grew "Return to us", "Return to us", "RETURN TO US". The warmth and kindness I felt previously left as soon as it came, the environment suddenly clear to me. I was surrounded, they were almost humanoid but... they had legs but no mouth, a torso but no arms, only 6 long tendrils to take their place. Eyes as dark as pits of black tar, it felt if I looked too long I would be pulled in. I attempted to swim away but my legs wouldn't move, I couldn't move. The creatures approached moving not as aquatic creatures but elusive like shadows. Black pools quickly circled me once more but rather that welcoming feeling I had once felt before, I was met with..... Nothing? The surrounding slowly lit up, almost looking like an incomplete painting. I looked upwards to be met with the familiar warmth of the sun. It was a garden-like field with beautiful trees. I looked down the hill upon which I lay to find my peers basking in the sunlight. I felt a strange feeling of deja vu... I felt comfort in them. The environment altered around me. Large creatures rose from the ground towering, indescribable shades of color flooded my mind. Agonizing pain shot through my body. I felt my arms split into long tendrils. My mouth sealed by my own flesh, Memories played around me... 100's of people undergoing transformation much like my own..all at the hands of these creatures. Cursed for seeking knowledge above our understanding. Even if it wasn't intentional. Humanity assumed that we were the top species. Whatever creatures had dominion over this cave had power, power to get rid of us... So why turn us? My mind slowly started to fade as my eyes filled with black inky tar. My own conscience pushed further back. Hell....This is penance ...for choosing to exist in their realm.....They were going to see our end even if it took centuries to accomplish and ensure the eternal torment of our souls. The black clotted the last of my vision, my mind intertwined with all the others before me.



Collins

12<sup>th</sup>



## Scary Story

1 message

From: Alessandra <[redacted]>

1:49 PM

To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>, [redacted] Dyer <dyerm@wsd3.org>

# Dreams Really Do Come True

By Alessandra R [redacted]

I wish I never went to sleep that night. Ever since that night I could never get that face I saw in my dream out of my head. The dismembered face, with a dragging smile, eyes erased entirely, just pitch black eyes. The face would become vivid and clear, slowly turning into an entire figure as the nights went on. I couldn't face going to sleep because I knew I'd dream about this anonymous being. I never thought about these kinds of dark creatures before. I have a simple life. I'm a middle aged man, with my wife Amanda, no kids, I'd say my life is pretty normal, the only issue I had was I never slept well in the first place. And sometimes I doze off at the office or in inconvenient places, but nothing too bad to make me feel like I'm crazy. I have been driven to pure madness seeing this face every night.

I was afraid to tell my wife, knowing it was such an outlandish thing to worry about. I walked up to my wife and sat down and explained "I have been seeing this figure everytime i sleep. It's dark and it's haunting me amanda."

At first she didn't take me seriously at all. "Honey, we all have scary dreams once in a while, and sometimes they repeat, it's normal."

But she didn't understand how seeing this figure would affect me. Everytime I dreamt it just got worse and worse. He'd get closer to me every night, seeing more of his stomach-churning face. It got to the point where his appearance became indescribable. All that was clearly noticeable was how tall he was and how haunting he appeared to be. I refused to sleep most nights knowing I'd see him once again. I got to the point where i didnt know if I was going insane from lack of sleep or having this image of him burned into my mind.

ally was right next to me in the dreams and one night he was trying to speak to me but the minute he did I woke up in a panic. Amanda was getting tired of all this nonsense and made me go to psychologists to figure out what to do with these dreams. I felt nothing was going to fix this. It was just a dream out of everyone's control, including mine. They ran a few tests on me and asked a lot of pointless questions that made me feel like this will never be solvable. My wife and a few doctors continue to talk outside the room and I can see the concern on Amanda's face.

Amanda comes into the room with a fake smile on.

"Hey honey they're going to run a few more tests on you" she says.

"We've been here all day. What more do they need to know about these dreams I'm having?" I could see on her face that she knew something that I didn't.

"Just let them run this to see if everything is in the clear and you'll be all good."

Nothing felt "all good" though. Her face said it all. She was holding her devastation in from me. The doctors started taking me to another room and soon enough they gave me something to where I was completely knocked out. When I woke up I did not have a dream at all about this figure. I wake up with bright lights around me, and a doctor. In a panic I ask for answers, but I get no response besides being told to calm down. This lady doctor comes and sits next to me and with a big smile asks "how are you feeling after that whole test running?"

"Confused, I want to know what happened to me and what's going to happen to these dreams I've been having."

With a calm congealed face she says "I hate to inform you of this and I will do the best I can, but those were never dreams. You were fully awake at night or sometimes during the day feeling like you were sleeping but you were falling into auditory hallucinations. See, it could be a possibility you were dreaming about this person, but from our knowledge you were also vividly awake and speaking to this person or so called figure you just weren't aware of it. The only people who were were the people around you like your wife."

"Hallucinations? That can't be, I'm a completely sane person."

“See, you just weren't aware of these hallucinations because your brain convinces you they're either real or you're dreaming it. And with your lack of sleep your wife told us you had pushed it in even more, you combined the two quite often. You were seeing him in your hallucinations and your wife started to be concerned once you started talking back. Coworkers would even say you would do it. You have lived with extreme schizophrenia for months without even realizing it.”

I was in utter shock, the nights I was convincing myself to stay up to avoid him made it worse I drove myself more insane and didn't even realize. After a while though, I learned to live with this illness. I learned to live with it and I started getting used to antipsychotic medications. I found comfort in this figure now and sometimes he'd still come to visit me at night just sitting at my bedside while I fell asleep to his empty gaze.

m

---

This is a student email account monitored by Widefield School District. The contents of this email are governed by state laws and the board policies of the school district.

## Dog Days Are Over

"I don't think that's a real dog," my sister hissed at me in a hushed whisper. "It looks weird"

Earlier that day.

Looking out the train window I am seriously regretting agreeing to spend my fall break with my sister at her college in Washington. She has planned a whole camping trip deep in the woods in this tiny cabin. I can't deal with the fact that it's only going to be me and her for five days straight. I don't hate my sister but I don't exactly like her. Ever since she went to college she has been begging me to come visit her and I have been putting it off for as long as I possibly could. Finally my parents caught on to what I was doing and made me come and visit her now.

As the train pulled into the station I saw my sister sitting there looking way too excited just for me. She also looked slightly different but I couldn't put my finger on what exactly was changed about her. I took my time getting off the train making sure I was the last one off. When I finally got off she came running and picked me up while giving me the tightest hug ever. She was acting like this was the first time we've seen each other in years, when in reality it's only been a few months.

"Hi Omg I'm so excited you came," She said practically screaming.

"Me too," I said in the best smile I could muster up.

"Well we better get going the cabin is about two hours away" she said still beaming at me."

When she said it was going to be two hours I almost died inside. No one told me I would have to be trapped in a tiny car with my sister for two hours. At least in the cabin I will have a little space from her.

I loaded all my stuff into her car and hopped in the passenger seat getting ready for the worst five days of my life. When she got in she immediately put her music on. I forgot how

awful her music taste was. I grimaced and sank lower into my seat as she sped off. After about 15 minutes in the car I dozed off just to escape her talking.

When I woke up we were already deep into the woods. It was a lot darker than I expected. I thought it was already night by the look of the outside but it was only three. All of the trees create crazy shade hiding any trace of the sunlight. I started to get very uneasy about everything especially when my sister started to hum very quietly. The song she was singing was very weird and off tune but she kept going.

“Could you please stop that?,” I asked.

“What are you talking about?,” She said, trying to sound innocent.

“Whatever, just forget it.” I whispered.

The rest of the drive lasted about 15 more minutes and I got my first look of the cabin I would be stuck in with my sister. It was in an especially dark spot in the woods and it looked very run down. It definitely hasn’t had any maintenance done for years at least. Why would she pick this cabin? It looks so old. I immediately got angry with my sister for picking this decrepit looking place.

“I can’t stay here.” I told her, almost shouting.

“Why not?” She said, sounding hurt.

“Are you joking, look at this place.” I screamed.

“I swear it looks very charming on the inside.” She grinned.

I reluctantly got out of the car and slowly made my way to the cabin. When I got in it was way worse than I imagined. Everything was so dusty and there were cobwebs everywhere. The kitchen was completely run down with a broken sink that was continuously leaking. The only upside I could see was the fact there was electricity and running water.



“See, it’s amazing.” My sister said smiling the widest smile I have ever seen in my life.

I have never seen my sister look like that and I needed to get away from her. I quickly told her I wasn’t feeling well and I went to bed even though it was very early in the day. I was pacing my room trying to text my parents telling them I needed to be picked up but the service was nonexistent in this stupid cabin. I tried to occupy myself by searching my room. Every single thing I picked up sent up the biggest cloud of dust causing me to sneeze every time. I found some old books about skinwalkers deep in the North American woods but it was falling apart due to how old it was. I didn’t realize how much time had passed but it was already nightfall. My sister came running in my room.

“There’s someone or something outside,” She screamed.

“Don’t lie to me” I rolled my eyes.

“I’m not, I’m really scared.” She said with tears welling in her eyes.

I started to get super scared so I caved and followed her. Looking back I probably should’ve not followed her.

She ran to the foyer with me closely on her trail. There was indeed something on the porch but it was just a stupid dog.

“Are you kidding me? You scared me all for a stupid dog.” I yelled

“I don’t think that’s a real dog.” She hissed at me.

I looked more closely and it did look a little strange but I still think it was just a normal dog. Then the worst thing possible happened. My sister grinned at me menacingly and she slowly morphed into the dog that was outside. I stared in horror and looked outside and saw that the dog was morphing into my sister. The thing outside slowly opened the door and everything faded to black.

12<sup>th</sup>

719

Avak

Alfonso N-

Fountain, CO 80817

Age 14/9th Grade

## Collin's Revenge

It was the 1st of October, 2023. Today was Victor's birthday, he had invited the whole friend group to go to a haunted house. When I arrived at Victor's house, his Mom welcomed me through the door as I entered.

"Hello Peter," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed. "Everyone is in the kitchen waiting." I walked in and saw Lilith, Mike, Victor, and Courtney.

"You're finally here, we can go now," said Victor.

"Wait, I invited your old friend Rachel," Mrs. Wilson spoke.

"You did what?" Victor questioned "She isn't my friend anymore, after what happened last year." Rachel was a happy, outgoing person in our friend group, but she changed after her sister passed away in a car accident. I didn't know the full story, but I knew it had something to do with my friends.

"This would be a good time for you and your friends to redeem yourselves," said Mrs. Wilson. "She also helped me find the haunted house for you guys to go to." The doorbell rang, it was Rachel, she gave no eye contact but seemed to stare at the floor. Everyone was in a state of disturbance except, not knowing what to say or do. Mrs. Wilson then led us out to the car, where we drove off to the haunted house. The car ride was silent.

"We are here," said Mrs. Wilson. "I'll pick you guys up at 9 sharp." We get out and Mrs. Wilson drives away. The haunted house was old, surrounded by fog. It looked like you would find it in a horror movie.

"Where's the line?" says Lilith.

"There is no line..." Rachel responds. "Follow me to go inside." With a little feeling of fear and distrust, we all decide to follow her.

"Look Rachel, about last year..." Victor says.

"I don't wanna talk about it," Rachel states. Walking into the entrance, there was a chilling feeling in the air, it felt like someone was watching, stalking us. We enter the house, filled with dust and broken structures. I wondered when the Halloween actors would pop out and scare us, but nothing happened. I see Rachel walk upstairs as the floorboards creak every step. Everyone else goes into the wrecked kitchen.

"This is so lame," says Mike. "What's the point of coming here if there's no one scaring us." Out of nowhere we hear Rachel scream, then a loud bang. We all run into the lobby, where Rachel's body is lifeless laying down on the floor with blood spilled everywhere on her white shirt, blue jeans and red shoes.

"Rachel this isn't funny," Courtney yells. Mike walks over to the body and turns it over revealing more blood covered on her face, but when she was revealed it looked like a different person. He gently puts two fingers within her cold neck.

"She's dead..." Mike declared. "Her pulse is gone." Victor calls his Mom to pick them up, and calls for help. The same time he calls her, we hear another ringtone upstairs from where Rachel fell, we were confused. Lilith holds on to Mike with fear. Then Courtney backs up, she screams very loud and pushes everyone out of her way to get to the exit behind her. She pushes the door open as if she forgets about us, her friends, until a man appears out between the trees with a shovel in front of Courtney. He stops her within her tracks making her slip and lifts the shovel up. He rams it down onto Courtney, before everyone else inside can see her fate, the doors shut close by themselves. Courtney was gone. Everyone was in a state of shock, as two people who were alive seconds ago, are now dead.

"Are we going to die!" cried Lilith.

"No, we aren't, there's an exit through the kitchen let's go that way," Mike reveals.

"We can't leave Rachel and Courtney here!" Victor says.

"Rachel isn't even our friend anymore, and Courtney selfishly tried to leave us to die!" Mike exclaims. Then banging comes upon the entrance door. I take my coat off and put it over Rachel's body, then I run with the others towards the kitchen exit.

"It's locked!" yelled Victor. Everyone turns to the boarded windows and tries to escape but there is no budge. Out of nowhere, a hand from the outside breaks the glass and piece of the boarded window, grabbing Mike's hand. It looked like the corpse of a chef.

"Ah help!" Mike screamed. I tried pulling him away until the old boards broke below us, making me, Victor and Lilith fall. We wondered what had happened, as blood dripped above us, Mike was gone. I couldn't see the surface but only a black sky that faded, we were in the basement. Lilith had started to cry, as I saw Victor lose hope. I told them we have to move on, and find a hatchway out of here. On the way we see a pool, pitch black with leaves on it.

"That is nasty," claimed Lilith. "Who lived here..." Lilith looks into the water to see her reflection. Across the other side I spot ripples in the water, coming closer to Lilith.

"Lilith, watch out!" I screamed. A hand with long sharp nails grabs Lilith by the face and pulls her into the water. Me and Victor lose our breath, as everything goes silent. We see the bubbles appear from the surface of the water, Lilith is gone. Splash went into the water as a corpse of a woman climbed out of it. She was wearing a wedding dress that had been soaked black from the water. Me and Victor ran towards a door, breaking into it. As we enter, the corpse bride appears behind us with claws for nails. We slam the door locking it, hearing bangs and moans from the corpse. The floorboard creaked behind us, we turned our heads to see a chair turned around. We were in a room more luxurious than the old mansion filled with cobwebs, but there were cracks on the wall, seeming to imply this room is holding the entire ruckus mansion. Then, the chair in the middle of the room turns around, showing the mastermind behind the terrors and murders, Rachel Collins.

"I see, you made it so far," Rachel announced. "I thought my sister would be here."

"What?..." I questioned. How was she still alive? I saw her body lying dead in the lobby.



"Last year my sister died from the car crash, her car crashed here," She answered. I didn't really understand anything due to my heart racing, but I looked over to see Victor's face full of guilt and sorrow.

"Victor, what is she saying?" I asserted, but he didn't reply.

"It was their fault," Rachel reveals. "My sister died because of him, Victor had gotten into an argument with her, so he and his friends decided to mess with her. They popped her left upper tire, so when she left Victor's house, she lost control of the car and crashed into this mansion killing 3 people, a gardener, a chef, and the owner of this place. Not only my family was in misery, but even the people who lived here. So they abandoned it, everything was left to be forgotten." I couldn't believe it, Courtney, Lilith, Mike, and Victor had killed these innocent people.

"This has to be a misunderstanding," I remarked.

"No, you don't know anything," She responded. "Even Victor's Mom knew that her own son killed someone, and didn't say a word. I acted as if I didn't know, for this very day. I found a way to bring the spirits of the dead alive, but I had only brought the people who lived in this mansion. I had the idea of bringing you guys here so it would make my sister come out for revenge, but she still hasn't answered my calls." At the moment I was shocked to hear this new information be presented to me. Was I really friends with murderers, or was she lying. Then out of the blue a car engine had started.

"What was that?" Rachel questioned. She stole those words right out of my mouth. The sound of the car had gotten closer and closer, it was coming from the walls. The walls started to shake as the ceiling started to crack. Then *CRASH*, a broken down car had broken in, and it seemed to be a girl with a rotted face driving it.

"Mary!" Rachel yelled. It seemed that the person driving the car was Mary, the girl that Victor and his friends had killed. She switched the car making it go towards Victor.

"Run!" I screamed. Right before Victor could get up, she ran him over right in front of me. The car crashed into the wall with cracks in it, making the house start to rumble. Rachel was happy, as she was able to get her revenge. We both looked at the door, knowing we had to make a run for it. I pushed the door open, seeing a hatchway in the distance, I didn't see it before. I ran for it, then heard Rachel scream behind me, the corpse bride had gotten her. I had an option, to help or escape. I decided to leave her and let her die for killing my friends. I went up the hatchway and closed it. Behind me the whole mansion had collapsed, leaving rust and dust everywhere. I was the only one left alive. I looked around to see if the chef or gardener was around, it seemed they must have been in the house when it collapsed. I was shaking, covered in fear. I started to walk off the path to the city. I had gotten to a telephone booth and called my Mom. I had gotten home, and seen that the mansion had been on the news. I went to my room to go to bed. As I ponder to sleep, my eyes open, and I see a girl that had a shovel stabbed within her chest, a boy with one arm for a figure, another girl covered in a black goo of water, and another boy with broken bones trying to stand up. They were my friends here to get me, I never woke up again.





I'm going to the funeral home to see my hateful and horrible dead ex husband. He deserved to die and I will make sure that he stays dead. Walking out of the funeral home thousands of reporters swarm me "Ms.Light, how do you feel?" "Ms.Light are you okay, did you kill your husband?" I was about to answer but my newlywed husband pulled me into the car and slammed the door. "Thank you honey." I hated this one too, I want to get rid of him and leave this world all to myself. "Shut up and get in the car, you make me sick." (Carol says My new husband). I look away before I kill him right here in front of everyone. We get home and he shoves me inside, "Do you really think that was smart to go in there without me, NOW what do you think everyone is going to think about you." I look at him and walk away. He thinks that he can do that to me. Oh just wait until halloween and believe me I'll have something special for him. The last couple of days roll by and it's finally Halloween, his day to die. "CAROL" I yell up the stairs. He comes running acting likes he's worried since we have guests. "Yes baby." he says like he actually means it "GET THE COSTUMES AND COME DOWN HERE." he looks at me and tells me in sign language "I HATE YOU." I turn away and prepare for the halloween party. He finally comes down the stairs and hugs me since my "friends" are here. I look at him and shove him off. He pulls me into a room and slams the door shut. Turning up the music so no one hears us arguing, he pulls my arm and tells me to behave. Who the hell does this guy think he is? My New Husband never knew truly who I am or was, but I am a witch not for the good, but for the bad and we do really bad things. As he's yelling at "ANGELICA I LOVE YOU, BUT DON'T YOU DARE DISRESPECT ME" He tries to swing his arm around to shove me but I use my powers and force him into the wall. "DON'T TOUCH ME OR YOU'LL REGRET IT." (he says). Obviously he doesn't realize what just happened. He gets up and walks toward me. He pulls me into a hug and tells me that he loves me and that he's sorry. HEARD IT before and look at what happened to him. I walk away, but turn around and give him a hug so that he believes that I still love him and care about him. Many hours later the party begins to start and of course my outfit is horrible since my idiot husband Carol can't pick out costumes right. I use my magic and make this beautiful dress and crown and now I'm ready. My dear "friend" Matt walks in and says, "WHAT the heck are you?" "I'm a dead and happy wife." I smile. He gets uncomfortable and walks away. Now when the "party" starts I turn up the music and turn down the lights, I make my way to the dance floor and tell my husband to meet me downstairs. I have a present for him for halloween and just like the idiot he does he goes. I see him walking down the stairs. I'm already down here I teleported and I see he's on the phone with someone so I wait and wait and finally he's done. I try and pull my knife out to kill him, but someone opens the door and calls for him he run's up the stairs and the light goes off and the door slams shut. "WHAT THE HECK." I walk back up the stairs, put the knife where it goes and begin to get back on the dance floor.

#### CAROL POV

Someone calls me back up the stairs and I run and go see who it is, it's my girlfriend Riley, "what are you doing here?" I panic. I shove her out the door and see if anyone notices and I lock the door. I had to kill my last wife because she cheated on me and she found out about Riley. I make my way back to the dance floor with Angelica and we dance for at least an hour until she disappears. I don't think anything of it until I see someone in a clown mask and a big red gown with a huge leather jacket and Nike shoes on. The mask is terrifying as it is and I run into the



backyard because the person is walking towards me. I'm terrified of clowns especially if I don't know who they are. I walk down the backyard to the pond, pass the pool and wait until I feel more calm as I turn around. There is the clown and the horrible looking one. It's waving at me with a knife and a bat in its hand. I panic and Run towards my car, trying to get my keys out. I can't, I run again and I'm in the house now by the front door and I turn around and there's my wife in her beautiful costume dancing and she runs to me "are you okay" she says. "Yeah, I'm fine, I'm gonna go and get my mask from up the stairs." I'm supposed to be Michael Myers but classy. I head up to our bedroom and see in the mirror something moving in the bathroom, I turn on the light and the door slams shut on my hand. I scream so loud, but no one can hear me because of the music downstairs. The person in the clown masks turns the lights off and pulls out something shiny from their pocket. I try to run, but they trip me and pull me back. They cut my wrists and try to stab me in the stomach. I punch them in the face, and run down stairs screaming my wife's name. When I finally get down there, she is sitting with her friend Mary. I grab her and tell her to come with me. We finally reach the kitchen and she realizes I'm bleeding. She starts to grab paper towels, but then the door slams open from the back porch and there it is again the person with the clown masks, but this time it has a bat. It tries to swing at Angelica, but I move her just in time and tell her to run. The person hits me with a bat over and over again until I'm on the floor. I play dead and try to get up when there back is towards me even though I am in so much pain I get a champagne bottle from the counter and smash it over their head. They fall to the ground and I run to find Angelica, when I find her she's in the bedroom with a knife in her stomach and she's bleeding all over the white bed sheets. I get over to her and try to see what happened in her, but before I can get a good look at her, another person in a clown mask comes out with a bat and swings it to my stomach and they miss and then to my back and they hit me so hard I fall on the floor in Angelica's blood. I can hear Angelica screaming and telling me to get up, and then her voice cuts out and all I hear is water. Water is now running and I look up for a split second and the knife in her stomach is gone and she looks dead on the bed, the person comes back with the knife all clean and there carrying her into the shower with a note I can only see that says "GOODBYE" I'm hurt and confused and don't know what this means. I try my best to get up but the person puts their foot on my back and pushes me down. I groan because it hurts to speak or breathe. They pull their masks off and it's Riley, my girlfriend and another person come up the stairs with clown masks and steps on me and it's my wife's friend Mary. I look at both of them and try with all my best to say "WHAT IS GOING ON, WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME." They both just smirk and pull out the bat and the knife and pull my wife out of the shower and bring over to me. "YOU LOVE HER MORE THAN ME CAROL?!" (LOUD voice) "NO baby I don't I only love you." She can tell I'm lying. I've been trying to break up with her for so long, but when she told me that she would ruin my reputation if I didn't go with her and leave my wife I had to do what I had to do to my wife to keep my reputation. Angelica wakes up and begins to cry and she's bleeding so much now. Riley and Mary go into the bathroom and start arguing. Angelica looks at me and she uses this power that comes from her hands. It's black and purple and she uses it to heal her, she whispers to me, "I'll be back, act dead, this is gonna hurt." She stabs the knife into my stomach and I yell and scream and then she hit me with a glass bowl in our room and I fall to the ground and I faint.

ANGELICA POV



After I smash the glass on his head it takes everything in me not to repair him with my magic, but I just leave and take the mask and the knife and the bedsheet with me. I know I said I wanted to kill him before and this was the plan, but it was supposed to be me, Matt, and Mary, but when I saw Mary and Riley talking I knew something was going to happen tonight. To think Carol was going to hide the fact that he's been cheating on me is ridiculous I knew it the first time I saw her in his office when she said that she was an old friend talking about high school, it was embarrassing that she could spend so much time with him and not know him at all the thing was that he went to an all boy's private high school and he didn't start dating until he married his other wife. Mary on the other hand she and me have always had problems, but when she offered to help me I didn't think much of it until this morning when she texted me and said "TONIGHT WILL HIS ENDING." She loved to be a part of things and she killed her last husband so she didn't have a problem with helping me. I turned on my invisibility spell and all I hear is Riley and Mary arguing about who gets to kill my husband and me and then they start yelling when they see I'm not there. I'm invisible when I enter the room. I close the bathroom door and the jump and then I close the bedroom door and the jump and then I turn the mattress over and open all the windows. When I am finally behind them with the knife and mask on I stab Mary in the back and then in the chest where her heart is she dies immediately and then Riley is screaming and grabs the bat she hits me in the stomach and I fall to the floor and I start coughing up blood and I hear Carol waking up Screaming that he needs Riley and Oh man I have never gotten angry faster. I get up as quick as I can and I turn on the invisibility spell and I creep my way around Riley while she hitting everything trying to find me screaming "COME BACK HERE, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE YOUR HUSBAND ARE YOU EVEN THOUGH I'M THE ONE HE WANTS." I run my way towards her we crash through the window and once we crash onto the mattress I threw down earlier I stab her in the neck and in the chest and then I get up and put a spell on her that will make her die as slow as possible so it will be painful, I hear Carol go to the window and he's calling out my name, "ANGELICA, are you okay? Is she dead?" I make my way up their and then I hug him so that I can use my magic to kill him for saying her name instead of mine, but I feel something cold touch my back and something sharp goes into my back and I look up from his chest and he's smirking and there's a knife in my back and I'm bleeding he rips it out from my back and stabs me in the heart. He just watches me fall to the floor of our bedroom and then he says, "You should have never married me. Bad witches always get what they deserve." And when he gets up I see white golden magic pour from his hands onto his wounds. He heals himself and then he uses his magic to take my magic and let me die a slow and painful death like I did to his Riley. He watches until I die.

#### CAROL POV

Angelica dies on the floor and I could not be more happy about this. She was a horrible person and I'm glad she is gone now. I try to clean up the mess to make it look like she did all this and that it looks like Riley killed Angelica and Mary killed Angelica and Angelica also killed Mary. I didn't see this coming for those two trying to kill me, but I have been planning to kill Angelica soon, but I didn't think it was going to be today, and as for Riley when I shoved her into that closet or whatever earlier I told her we are done and she didn't take it lightly and said she was going to kill me didn't think she was that crazy. Now that I have done what I have been planning to do for so long, I'm going to find another bad witch to marry her and take her down, but the only one left is the leader of the Bad Witch group. Let's see how this goes. I walk downstairs





smearing blood all over myself trying to make it look like they were all crazy and tried to kill me which they did. I crawl my way towards everyone and start to cry and scream and everyone comes to me and starts helping me, not knowing what happened upstairs. I'm in the hospital for a couple of days, I finally get discharged and make my way towards my car and call my boss and tell her I'm ready and going to get the craziest, mosy dangerous Baddest Witch and make her my wife. I smirk and drive off.

Katelyn S.  
719-~~39~~

12<sup>th</sup>

You do a lot of crazy things when you're young. Stay up till dawn during sleepovers, skip school to hang out with your friends, take your parents car out for a midnight drive with that special someone, I've done it all. But sneaking off to one of the most haunted places in the country with your best friend and boyfriend is probably the worst thing you can do. It was a horribly hot summer day here in Lake Shawnee, West Virginia. Cameron, Joshua, and me were all sprawled out on my parents thick, pink basement carpet, trying to soak up as much of the cheap air conditioning as possible. Cameron let out a loud sigh as they whipped the sweat off their forehead. "I wish we could get out of here" they groaned. "I know, but what else are we supposed to do?" I said "I'm grounded, I can't leave the house all summer". "And who's fault is that?" Cameron said, glaring at Josh, who quickly put his hands up in protest. "Hey, it isn't my fault Mr. Ledger found us on the bleachers!". Cam rolled their eyes and sighed, leaving me feeling divided. Cameron had never liked Josh, they always thought that he was annoying and was ripping apart our friendship. "Fear not, fellow delinquents. I have a plan" Josh announced, resting his arm on my shoulder "We'll escape this blasted heat by sneaking off to Lake Shawnee amusement park". "Josh, that place closed down like 30 years ago" I said, very confused. "Exactly, it's the perfect place to sneak off to! Our parents will never dream about us going there". A mischievous smile grew on Joshua's face. A handsome smile that could make me do anything. "No. Nope. Definitely not" Cameron protested. "C'mon, Cam. It'll be fun" I said, the words spilling from my mouth. I knew that Cameron would rather die than go to the rotting park,

especially with me and Josh. And I knew that if I got caught doing one more thing, especially sneaking off to an abandoned field that has lord knows what in it, my parents would make my life miserable. But wherever Josh went, I wanted to go, and I wanted my best friend to be there with me. Cameron let out a long, tired sigh. "Fine, when are we gonna sneak out?" they said. I jumped up with excitement and wrapped my arms around them. "Around midnight, we'll all go home and wait till our parents are asleep, then I'll come get you guys in the truck" Josh said smiling. I waved them both goodbye when my parents said it was time for them to head home, and time for us to eat dinner. I quietly sat at the table and waited for my mom to bring out dinner, which could be anything from her prize winning chili or a new vegan recipe that I would sneak to the dog. But when mom brought out spaghetti there was an uncomfortable feeling between my parents, like something bad was about to happen. "Is everything okay?" I asked while twirling my fork into the noodles. "Honey, this is a big step, but we're sending you to a psych ward" my mother said, reaching for my free hand. "What!?" I yelled, pulling my hand away "A psych ward? Mom, I'm not crazy!". "I never said you were, Madison, but this is for the best" mom said, the gentleness leaving her voice. "You can't make me go. Sure, I've done some stupid things, but I'm not insane" I began to stand up, hoping to lock myself in my room and wait for the bright headlights of Josh's truck to shine onto my wall. "Enough, Madison. You're leaving in the morning and that's final" Dad yelled. I felt warm tears build up in my eyes before running down my cheeks. I ran upstairs as fast as I could and locked the door behind me. I watched as the sunlight left

my room and sat by the window until I saw an old, red truck slowly creep up my driveway. I stuffed my backpack with everything I might need for a couple days, and slid out of my window. I slipped into the passenger seat, looking at my shoes in silence. "Hey, is everything ok?" Josh asked, resting his warm hand on my knee. "My parents are sending me to a psych ward in the morning. I have some clothes and stuff. I was hoping I could stay at your house until they calm down" I looked up from my sneakers and saw a reassuring smile on Josh's face. We slowly made our way to Cameron's house a few blocks away, being careful not to wake their parents. "Hey, we're here, are you ready to go?" I typed into my phone. "The person you're trying to reach has blocked you" popped up instantly, causing me to let out a small gasp. Josh leaved over from the driver seat and read the messages, then slowly turned off my phone. "We don't need them. We'll have a great time by ourselves" Josh said, slowly slipping the phone out of my hands. I watched the trees fly past the car and thought about how I probably just lost my best friend. The world around me slowly drifted away as I melted into the leather seat. The morning sun shining into the car woke me up fast, fast enough to realize that we'd arrived at Lake Shawnee amusement park, all the car doors were open, the car keys and my backpack were missing, and Josh was nowhere to be found. I slowly made my way out of the car and began to panic. In the distance I saw the old, rotting, rust covered ferris wheel and the vine covered swings. My mom always said that a little girl died on those swings. As I walked to the front of the car I saw a big, rotting wooden sign that spelt out LAKE SHAWNEE. "Josh!" I yelled. "Josh, this isn't funny!" I walked along



the dirt trail through the park until I stood near the small, murky pool. And I saw the most horrifying thing I'd ever seen. I watched as two little boys dragged Josh's unconscious body into the pool. One of them was younger, his eyes were the loneliest I'd ever seen. The other boy had one of his arms missing, leaving a bloody patch behind to replace it. All three of them submerged into the water, but only one set of bubbles floated to the surface, and even those eventually stopped. Then all the stories my mom had told me floated back into my memory. Two boys had drowned in the pool, one after his mom had dropped him off at the park and the other after he got his arm stuck in the drain. I slowly backed away from the pool, mortified that the boys would drag me down with Josh. Long chains hit my back when I walked into the ring of swings, bringing me back into reality. "I need to get out of here" I thought "I need my bag and the keys". As I looked around the swings my eyes rested on my bag, but it was in the hands of a little girl. The same little girl I had heard about. She was run over by a truck while playing on the swing. Another little girl faded into sight beside her, her skin rough, dry, and covered in tire marks. The world began to fade around me as the girls slowly walked closer to me. "You've made terrible mistakes, you did nothing right" one of them whispered. "You ruin lives, you are nothing but wasted space" the other said as I fell to the ground. The little girls forced my eyes shut and covered my mouth, silencing my screams when four muddy, little hands dragged me by my hair into the lake. The only thing I heard after that was Camerons horrified shrieks, something that

rang in my ears until the water consumed my body like a dark ink. I  
guess I was crazy after all.

Nina R. . . .

Nina R. ...

7th grade

## The Sodden Secret

The creaking boat drifting in the water stopped with a blood curdling scream. With a mighty splash, heard in the distance, red wisps appearing in the water along with a trucker cap that bobs in the waves. Waves created by a figure swimming at unnatural speeds.

It was common to hear the same story just with different names in a small town in Louisiana. This town was settled on the edge of a marsh, and it was rather standard in terms of a small town. The only pull that the town has is the story of the creature in the marsh. A story that was told by the natives of the area for centuries. Her name is unknown and never spoken, but several claim to have seen it. Zenia-better call her Zen- was visiting her Grandmother that lived in the town.

“Ya hear what happened in the marsh last night, Gigi?” Zen asks her Grandmother while setting the table for breakfast.

“Hun, not a peep about the marsh during a meal. Let me wake up.” Gigi says making her way to the table, “But now I am curious what happened?”

“That trucker passing by was got by her, supposedly.” Zen said placing breakfast down.

“Hmmp.” came the reply, and they ate in cozy silence. Zen being done with her meal cleaned up after herself, and went her merry way to the library in the town. The other reason for her being here was to do research on the creature of the marsh. She still has not gotten anything that can help in her research. The little she found was composed onto a list:

*-Siren like*

*-Cursed(Maybe like Skinwalker)*

*-Only case is in this town(To Current Knowledge)*

Her list is not long, but it is all she has going for her right now. Hanging her head in defeat at her

circumstance she got up, and left to go back to Gigi's house.

Zen arrived back at her Gigi's house to find it was gone and in its place was the marsh much further than it should have been.

"Zen, why are you standing outside the house like a moron?" Came Gigi's voice from what should have been the marsh.

"Gigi. I don't see the house." Came her reply scared about the situation.

"No. You need to come inside immediately. I am coming, do not move." Gigi's voice commanding Zen. Zen knowing the smart thing to do was stand still did, but it was getting harder by the second the world seemed to beckon her to marsh. She fights with all her will to force her body to stay. She feels a hand grab her arm, but she still cannot see her Gigi.

"You must get inside." Gigi says next to her.

"Okay. You're gonna have to guide me." Zen says placing her other hand on where she feels the hand. Zen gets pulled forward and she follows the best she can. She does slam her legs against the stairs. Zen is disturbed by the fact she feels like she is walking on air. She goes through what she assumes is the door. She is then set down on a chair, but still all she sees is the marsh below her feet.

"It's the creature of the marsh you're her next victim." claims Gigi in a solemn tone.

"What! What do you mean victim!" Zen yells out in fury. Her Gigi goes onto explain that the signs of her attack to the victim are:

*Being fascinated by it*

*Seeing the marsh in a place it's not*

*Being pulled to the Marsh*

*Not being able to see home*

*Not seeing loved ones*

*If the victim does not resist they go to the marsh*

*When the victim goes to marsh they get eaten alive by the creature*

*But if they resist they live a longer human life.*

“This is insane Gigi!” Zen exclaims, “Get me out of here. That would be the best way to resist her. Wouldn’t that work.” She continues in fear.

“No. In fact it would make it so you go to her faster.” Gigi says although already have thought of most solutions to this point.

“What do I do then?!” Zen exclaims in great fright.

“Your will must be stronger than hers.” Gigi explains as to calm her down, “Stay here I must prepare more for her calls.” So Zen sat still afraid to move because throughout the conversation the house did not return to her vision. The night came with the slow descent of dusk, and with it came the song. The song that ancient sailors jumped ship for-The Siren’s Song. Zen shook and trembled in bed against the song’s melody. Seeing visions of the epitome of feminine beauty. This would continue for what feels like hours; in fact it was only several maddening minutes.

Zenia woke in a rush on wet marsh ground. She tried to stand, but her vision became blurry. Through the blur she can see a figure emerge from the water, the monstrous womanly figure becoming clearer and clearer with each step. The monster placed her lips upon Zenia, and the world swirled with vertigo ending Zenia falling onto the ground. She awoke again to find not the monster in front of her, but a young Native American woman.

“You are now what they fear. Thank your strength of will for where you are now.” came from the woman's lips. Zenia looked at her hands, the very same hands the monster had.

Victoria f

127

Ashly M. Ki

**Dear, PLEASE STOP**

Mom has always been a very spiritual woman, since a very young age she says I am blessed, I don't think is true and never really paid attention to it.

But there is something I am sure of, I have always felt protected or maybe watched. I have this very vivid memory of when I was about 7 years old, I used to study in this very old catholic school, I went to the restroom, , a worn-out bathroom with a light bulb that I could barely raise a little, from the moment I entered I felt like I was being watched, the strange thing was that nobody else was in there; when I was going to wash my hands, a chill ran through my body and the bathroom doors began to slam hard one another without explanation, I wanted to run, tried to run, but something held me tightly to stay and see what it was capable of.

So instead I screamed with all my forces, and a nun ran to find me. After that, and because it was a Catholic school, several nuns made a circle, put their hands on me and started praying. However, I remember that as soon as words began to come out of their mouths, I felt angry, furious, wanted to hit everything and run away, I just wanted them to shut once and for all. It was the first time I understood that something was around me and it was powerful.

As I grew older I wished to be like other kids, for some reason I have always been separated from everyone and everything, my character got worse and over time it seemed that my mother was more and more blinded and she cared little about what was going on with me. As if since dad's death a blindfold had completely covered her eyes, and she completely clung to the fact that things were as they should be and nothing should change them, in simpler words, that we should not intervene in life's path.

I didn't even know what time was it but as soon as I could open my eyes I woke up with marks around my arms, strange big red scratches that I felt throbbing with acute pain, my skin was getting more and more swollen, suddenly I felt a strong pressure on my arms, my body paralyzed and imaginary claws began to open the skin where the scratches were before, blood began to flow, my eyes watered with pain and desperation came into me because I wanted to scream but couldn't, that pain overshadowed any other sensation in my body, until I suddenly felt some sort of shock in my chest and I don't remember anything else till the next morning. It was then that I understood that the thing mom said blessed me and was supposed to take care of me, in reality he wanted to hurt me.

Something is happening, I no longer feel like myself, something hurts me deeply, everything makes me mad, I walk from one side to another, I feel intense desperation, as if something was inside of me and I can't find the way to get it out. Every morning I wake up more worn out, bruises all over my body, scratches, my hair falls out, and the circles under my eyes become more noticeable. It's not my fault, trust me, nothing feels like myself already.

Couple days have passed, mom noticed, all she could say was "don't go to bed that late", I'm honestly going crazy. Someone knocked on my window last night and she said "it's time to go



home, come on, let's go home" and pointed to the lake. What is she even talking about? I'm at home already, well maybe not, they're not home yet; that's what the little voice whispering in my ear says.

MOM! MOM! CAN'T YOU SEE MY BODY? I'M NOT FINE, PLEASE MOM, just please...

She can't hear us, come on let's go. No you're wrong, she will hear us one day. You've been saying that since the first time I met you...

You know what, I am tired, let's go home already. Mom won't care less.

The lake calls me and I'm going to dive in, it tells me that I belong there, will I be able to walk in the water?

719-15-1122

HS

## Letters to the earth

September 13<sup>th</sup>, 2002

Writing down my deepest darkest thoughts has always been a comfort for me. When something happens, I write it down in my journal, tear it up, burn it, and burry it in the backyard. I enjoy this process, partially because it lets me get all my emotions out, but I also feel like I leave a little piece of me in the dirt the letters lay in. From orphanage to orphanage, and one town to the next, I am everywhere. I'd always imagined a life for myself where I can write the good stuff in the journals, in my own home, on my own bed. Now I lay in a bed of my own, just not the type you're probably imagined.

October 21<sup>st</sup>, 1997

Stowe Vermont isn't the nicest place I've been. It smells like a sewer, the people are rude, and it looks practically abandoned. With a population of 5,200 people, there's only so much you can do. My orphanage here has maybe 20 kids staying in it. It's run down, falling apart (literally) and cold. Me, being one of those 20 kids, suffer the tragedies of this sorry excuse of a "home". Still, at 12 years old, no one wants me. It's painful to think about, especially seeing all the younger kids getting picked. Sometimes I wish the boogeyman would take me away. If that

Talim Or

Creative Writing

11<sup>th</sup> Grade

were to happen, I wouldn't have to worry about anything anymore. I don't have any friends, my "caretakers" abuse us, and the bullies at school won't leave me alone. I just want to leave this place and disappear.

September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1999

It's been about 2 years since I've last written a letter like this. Not that things have gotten any better, but I haven't had much energy for anything. In July of last year, I was transferred to a group home in Kennebunkport Maine. Not that it's any better than my last place or anything, but at least it's not as cold. This place smells like wet dirt, and cow poop. There's 10 kids total staying with me this time. I shared a room with this girl named Jackelynn. She was 8 years old so there wasn't much we connected on, but we were still good friends. Unfortunately for me, she was adopted and moved away to New York of all places. Sometimes I just feel like everything I could ever possibly care about gets taken away from me. If you asked me last year what my worst fear was, I would say killer clowns. Now, I most fear being alone for the rest of my life. At this point I would wish a clown could keep me company, even if it was out to get me.

December 1<sup>st</sup>, 2000

Another 2 years have passed by, and I can only say my life has turned for the worst. I have been moved 3 times this year and preparing for a 4<sup>th</sup>. I get it, no one wants me. I'm basically invisible. No one notices me. Not my teachers, "roommates," not even my guardians. On the contrary, I feel like someone... not alive is always watching me. I feel chills on my neck and my hairs stand up on end with my every step. Especially in the bunks. I sense something there, waiting to come out and get me. It should come out already. In my opinion, I don't have that great of a life anyways.

November 9<sup>th</sup>, 2002

17 years old and still no change. Thousands of letters written and buried. Hundreds of towns covered in my words. This is going to be my last letter for a while for I'm running away. I don't want to live this life anymore. I'm going to get far far away from this place and start a life of my own. Alone or not, I'm getting out of here. Until next time, earth.

Rain pours down on the sidewalk as Savannah buries her last letter in the dirt. Thunder and lightning crash as she grabs her bag and heads for the road. Behind her, in the soaked soil, roots dig into the earth. From one patch to the next, saplings begin to sprout. Little did Savannah know that all her letters, buried and gone, unleashed her deepest fears, from childhood to now. The roots of her entangled in the earth, arise above to meet her. Walking down the dark road, Savannah realizes she lost her ring in the dirt. She heads back to the broken orphanage and digs

Creative Writing

11<sup>th</sup> Grade

for a whole half hour to find her ring. Nothing turns up, and she notices that her letter also disappeared. Not a single remnant was buried in that dirt. A little freaked out, she turns away from the place for good and continues her journey away. A sense of urgency awakens in her body as she sees someone following behind her. It was a desolate area. The middle of a wooded forest, rain sprinkling off the trees. The snap of a twig triggers her fight or flight, and she begins to run. Tripping on a fallen branch, Savannah decides to turn around to see what was following her. A tall black shadow arises from behind a tree, towering over her.

“w-what...?” Savannah trembles.

“YOU’RE NOT ALONE ANYMORE,” the figure boasts.

Struggling to get back on her feet, Savannah inches backwards, crawling away from this horrid monster.

“YOU WISHED FOR ME TO TAKE YOU. IT IS TIME.”

Clawing at her from the dirt, a clown begins to emerge from the ground. Laughing hysterically, the clown starts to grab upon her arms and drag her across the forest. She struggles to get free and eagerly shakes herself around to loosen his grip. Eventually, the dark figure absorbs her body, and she passes out.

Waking up in an absolute nothingness, Savannah begins to cry. Not out loud and with no screaming, she breaks down. Appearing from the darkness was the raggedy, old clown, giggling while pointing at her. Right next to him, the dark figure glides towards the scene and begins to speak.

“SAVANNAH. YOU WISHED TO DISAPPEAR AND WE WANT TO GRANT YOU THAT. BOOGEYMAN OR NOT, I AM HERE TO STAY WITH YOU. FOREVER.”

The clown begins to speak, “OH MY GOODNESS. WE ARE GOING TO HAVE SO MUCH FUN TOGETHER. HEHEHEHOHOHOHA! I HAVE WAITED SO MANY YEARS TO ACOMPANY YOU.”

Savannah weeps, but does not resist a thing. After all, this is what she wanted all along. Now dragging her out to the forest again, they begin to dig a hole. She knew what was coming. After all these years burring her letters, it was now her turn to become a part of the earth. Wishing one last thing Savannah begins to whisper.

“please let me be alone...”

719

Lucita M  
12th grade  
71

## The Light Underneath the Closet Door

The doors ominous *creak* drew me in, the noise of the floor boards seemed as if they had stories to tell, something about this place seemed so inviting yet so tortured. The doorway was slightly slanted due to age and the smell of dust was prominent throughout the house.

"Home sweet home isn't it, Tana?" Axel said in a taunting tone, but it made everything a bit more real for me. This was my new home and I had to bear it, at least it was better than moving back in with mom and dad. I frowned a little, feeling bad that I had to move back in with my brother after so many years.

"I know it's not the same as your flat in London, but Marie and I wanted to make it as home-like as possible."

"It's perfect,," I say quickly cutting him off. "Thank you, for letting me stay with you. It means a lot."

He looked at me with concern in his eyes but still managed to keep that smile on his face while we walked through the house. I didn't really listen to him explaining anything. I was too busy taking in the old, grey house myself. It was bigger than it looked on the outside but with way less windows than expected. The age was getting to the floor boards under me, everytime I shifted my weight all I could hear were loud, low sounding creeks. We were only on the first floor when I saw Marie again. I've only met her twice; once while they were still dating and then again at their wedding three years ago. She seemed nice enough, and she made him happy, so I didn't complain. We talked in the kitchen for a little bit, it wasn't quite big enough for all of us to walk around in but it was still nice to be able to cook somewhere again.

"C'mon, Tana," Axel said with a laugh, "Lemme show you your room, it's upstairs." I followed him upstairs, and no surprise to me the stairs were louder than the floor downstairs, except the ones over the broom closet. My room was bigger than expected and I already had ideas of how I wanted to set it up. My thoughts were quickly interrupted when Axel started asking me questions. Are you okay? What happened? How did Charles take it? Is that why he left? I've gotten pretty tired of all these questions, I mean I know I should be used to them at this point but it still breaks my heart everytime someone asks. I told him I didn't really want to talk about it right now and I just wanted to get settled in before dinner. With that he got up, told me he's ordering pizza and left. I almost felt bad.

When the pizza came the kitchen was the brightest thing in the house, except for the bright, orange light under the broom closet door. I didn't think of it much as I walked into the kitchen hungrier than a wolf. It was more awkward than I thought it would be. They treated me as if I was a hurt puppy that needed to be taken care of for everything which really didn't make me feel any better about the situation. I ate and I left not really feeling as welcome as I had wished. I went upstairs to go to bed but I couldn't fall asleep for the life of me. After laying in bed for a few hours wide awake, I heard a noise coming from the staircase. At first I thought it was Axel or Marie, thinking one of them fell asleep watching T.V. downstairs but it couldn't be. I had heard them come up before. Maybe just the wind. I thought, trying to push it out of my mind but I couldn't. At first it was small little creeks like someone was swaying back and forth on the bottom step, trying not to make too much noise. The more they swayed the louder it got, the faster they moved the screams of the floorboards were more prominent. Louder and louder the creaking got faster the footsteps sounded. Until they stopped. Right over the broom closet it was like there was nothing there at all anymore. I pushed it out of my mind and fell asleep.



It kept happening a few nights after that before I decided to figure out what it was. I heard it again around the same time as the first few. I waited for the screaming of the stairs to stop when it reached the top of the broom closet. After I was sure they were gone I left my room. Everything around me was engulfed in darkness, I could barely see the figures of the pictures on the wall while I walked down the hall which seemed to go on forever. When I reached the stairs there was a little orange light coming from the broom closet. Curiously, I went to see if whatever was making noise was coming from the closet, but when I tried to turn the knob it was locked. *Strange? Where's the key?* I thought to myself, although those thoughts were quickly interrupted by the bouncing of a ball on the kitchen floor. It startled me for a moment, only for a moment. I was filled with more and more curiosity as I walked closer. There was a little night light illuminating a small part of the kitchen. *Bounce!* I saw a ball rolling across the floor. It startled me at first but not as much as the little pitter patters on the floor I heard as I walked closer. The little pitter patters on the floor getting louder, and the laughter all around me. *Pitter, patter, pitter, patter.* When I got to the kitchen I saw him. I saw him playing on the floor with his cars. *How? How is he here?* I thought, my heart racing faster and faster as I approached him. "Samael? Is that you?" I said in a weary tone, inching closer and closer. He turned to face me, still looking the way he did before. "Samael?" I asked again wondering if this was really only a dream.

"Mama!" He said with a little laughter in his voice. I couldn't help but cry and hold him. I didn't want to let go, I couldn't not again. I didn't care if it was a dream or not. I was with my baby again and that's all that mattered.

"Tana? What are you doing?" Axel looked at me with a worried look.

"I was just-" I looked over to where I was holding Samael, but he was gone. All that was left were the cars on the floor. "Samael? He was just here! I swear, he was right here!" In tears again, Axel brought me up to bed, he made me feel like I was crazy but I know what I saw. He was there, I swear.

The next morning I asked why they keep the broom closet locked with the light on. Marie told me she never even noticed it and Axel told me I didn't know what I was talking about. I truly just had to get out of the house for a while after last night, I just needed to clear my head. I walked around town, trying to take in the scenery. The buildings around were dark and the sky was a gray blue, none of the people I saw seemed particularly friendly. In a way it was a lot like home. The sun was frowning on me as I walked back to our dark little house. Making dinner that night, I couldn't help thinking about what I had seen last night. *Was it real, or was I just imagining it?* I let my thoughts take over me for a little before I realized I was burning the steak. I tried to push it away for now and focus on dinner.

Around the same time I heard it again. *Pitter, patter, pitter patter.* This time I didn't hesitate. I wanted to see if it was really Samael. I rushed down the stairs while they screamed under my weight. I rush to the kitchen, my heart racing. When I turn the corner, nothing. No one was there. *Maybe I was going crazy, maybe I did just dream it all up.* I thought, my hope withering away. "Mommy? What're you doing?" I heard him behind me. Almost without control of myself I turned around to see if it was him. It was. My beautiful amazing son Samael. "Nothing sweetie, just looking for you." I say teary eyed, I pull him in again this time determined not to let go. I had him back, it was real I had him back. I saw him right in front of me, I saw his eyes and that smile I've missed so much, but something seemed more sinister than before. I didn't want to think about that right now, he was here with me and that's all that mattered.

"Mama I missed you! I love you!"

"I love you to sweetie, I love you so much!" I held tighter determined to keep him with me.

The clock chimed 3:00 A.M. , and he left my embrace effortlessly.

“Samael? Where are you going?” He said nothing and kept walking towards the broom closet. I didn’t notice it until now but it was still lit up with that orange-yellow light. It beckoned me closer, almost like it was whispering in my ear. I followed Samael close behind as he opened it. A warm bright light pulled me in closer. It illuminated the darkness of the house, and mesmerized me with its glow. I couldn’t stop myself from walking deeper into it when suddenly the door locked behind me. “Wha-what’s happening? Samael?” How did I get here? When did this happen? I was engulfed in the brightest light I have ever seen, it was blinding. I heard a deep man’s voice not Axels, and it couldn’t have been Samaels. He seemed to be speaking in tongues. It got louder and louder to the point it sounded like multiple people were screaming all around me, and my head was spinning.

I woke up in bed.

I couldn’t completely remember what happened last night, so I just chose to ignore it. Getting out of the shower I noticed giant bruises on my back and my forearms. If I hadn’t known any better I would think I fell down a flight of stairs.

“What did you do last night?” Axel asked with his brows crenched.

“I don’t know. I must’ve fallen.” I didn’t want to tell him about seeing Samael last night, it might’ve turned into another lecture.

“Be careful next time then will you Tana. I don’t want anyone thinking your Cinderella around here alright.” I could tell he was trying to cheer me up. Even if he did it in a weird way. He went off to work after breakfast and Marie did a little bit after him. *Burn your hands. What? Burn your hands on the stove.* No. No. Stop it. I heard a strange voice all around me all day. It was strangely disoriented and made me feel like I had something breathing down my neck constantly.

A few months passed and not much changed, except for the voices. *Kill him. Kill him and take him to the broom closet.* They seemed to get louder and more violent everyday. I told Axel about it, “Can you hear them? They’re all around me!”

“What’s around you? There’s no voice Tana calm down.”

“Don’t tell me to calm down! I hear them! They tell me to do terrible things to you, and I don’t know what’s happening to me. HELP ME!”

“Tana, calm down. Breath. It’s going to be okay just breath.”

*Get him. Now! He’s caught off guard.* “Shut up! Shut up! Get out of my head.” I saw him again. Samael. He was just staring at me, watching with more darkness in his eyes. “You! You’re doing this to me! Stop it, stop it, stop it!” He started laughing at me, taunting me.

I left. I left without thinking into the backyard hearing the voices. *The axe! The axe! Get it, get it now!* I couldn’t stop myself. It was like I lost control of myself. Axel followed me for reasons I still don’t understand. After that it was all a blur of gray and red. My head was spinning, I could still hear the laughter all around me. I saw Axel and the fear in his eyes. He looked like he was pleading for his life and I so desperately wanted to listen, but I couldn’t. All I could see was the blood go everywhere, my head still spinning. I saw Samael go in and out of my vision switching between the boy I loved and the hideous demon that’s been living inside my mind. Their laughter together tormented me and I just wanted it all to end.

When I regained consciousness all I could see were the lights passing by, at first it was just a blur. Then the sirens, the loud, ear bleeding sirens. I was covered in blood still holding the axe. *What have I done?* I thought to myself realizing the voices were gone. I was walking up my street before I was put in the back of a police car still not fully understanding what I’ve done.

Driving past our house the front door was open. I watched as the demon drug Axel's mangled body into the bright, illuminating broom closet. Staring at me, taunting with it's evil smile. *What have I done?* I thought again. Just then it stared at me in the form of Samael, my son, waving at me goodbye while it finished dragging Axel into the closet. Disappearing from view knowing what it had done. Knowing I had now become a murderer

