I have always heard stories about a haunted house in the woods. I used to think those stories were stupid and nonsense, I mean who would believe a story about a stupid scary monster? So me and my friends decided to prove it to the whole town, and show them that those stories aren't true, but little did we know we made a huge mistake doing that. It was a snowy Halloween night when we got to the house, and it was really dirty and dusty. There were roaches, mice, and spiders everywhere you looked! But there was this smell I couldn't describe…it smelled like something died and now it's body is rotting. It was so bad to the point I almost threw up, but my friends and I assumed it was just a dead rat and continued to walk throughout the house. Each of our steps made a loud SQUEAK noise in the old moldy floorboards. As we continued to walk to my house I heard something in the distance, I thought it was just my mind playing tricks on me until it suddenly happened again. GROWL! I quickly turned around to see what was growling and that's when I saw it…A large slimy creature that had horns, a scary distorted face, and deer legs. I couldn't believe that the monster I've heard stories about my entire life was standing right there in front of me. I couldn't run, I couldn't, I couldn't do anything..I could just stand there paralyzed as I watched the monster walk up to one of my friends and grab her. It's claws digging into the girl's soft pale skin and tearing it, making a red liquid drip from her neck. I wanted to help her, I really did but I just couldn't move. I was scared the same thing would happen to me, I didn't want to die, I didn't want to lose my life to this disgusting creature. All I could do was stare, and watch as the monster took my friends one by one, and killed them in the most slow and painful ways. After the monster was done with my friends, it tried to grab me, but I luckily got away, its claws only scarring the side of my stomach. I couldn't help but cry of relief when I escaped the house. I immediately grabbed my phone to call the police, when they picked up I couldn't speak. I was too scared and traumatized to speak..All I could hear on the other side of the line was,"911 what's your emergency?" I tried to talk, but I couldn't, my tears kept holding me back from speaking to the dispatcher. After a few seconds I pushed through my tears and started talking.."M-My friends, they're all dead.." I tried to speak more, but I bursted out crying. A few minutes later, I could hear sirens and see red and blue lights in the distance. I felt slightly relieved but still extremely scared. The police got out of their cars and walked into the haunted house, but there was nothing there. It was like it all disappeared..the bodies, the blood, and the monster just gone. The police tried to search for clues but there was nothing, nothing was left. When the police walked out of the house they looked at me with annoyed faces. I knew they were thinking it was just some stupid prank call, and I was just wasting their time, but It wasn't a prank call! Everything was real, I witnessed it with my own eyes, and I have the scar to prove it to them, but I didn't. No one would've believed a 10 year old kid, they would've just said it was my imagination. Till this day none of my friends were found..

Jaelyn Salazar

Echoes of The Lost

Written by: Jaelyn Salazar-S

Claire, who is a normal, trusted teenage girl in a boring town, and doing her everyday routine. She woke up, brushed her teeth, ate breakfast, and is getting ready. But as she's getting to the end of her routine, something feels off and different. Almost as if something bad had happened or has happened. Something that Claires body has always been able to do ever since she was younger was her body can feel if something is wrong or if something happened. She is feeling that feeling right now but she thinks nothing of it. As Claire finished her little morning routine, she started heading downstairs to tell her sister and usually her parents goodbye before she leaves but, Claire's parents had gone on a business trip, and left her in charge of the house, so she can only say goodbye to her sister, Sarah.

"I'll see you after.." Claire said as she quickly opened her sister's bedroom food but paused mid-sentence. Her eyes widened and realized that her sister wasn't in her room like she usually is. She's usually either in bed still or starting to get ready for the day. She decided to look in the living room, bathroom, and everywhere else around the house.

"Ugh, come on Sarah I don't have time for this. I gotta go!" Claire said, annoyed, pacing around the house. But then she suddenly remembered that Sarah had gone out with her friends last night.

"Oh. She must've stayed the night at a friend's house or something". She said as she now thought nothing of this situation. Claire started walking out the door and was trying to think of anything she could have forgotten before locking it. As she locks it and walks to her car, she still has this horrible feeling that something is still not right. When she gets in her car she decides to text her sister to see if she'll respond.

"Hey, where u at?! Lmk. Ur actually starting to scare me." Claire typed frantically. As she starts to drive to work she has an extremely nervous, scared look on her face still not knowing what's wrong and what's making her feel this way, while of course, trying not to get distracted by her thoughts and making sure she has most of her attention on the road. Because of this dreadful feeling, she decided to call her best friend, Emily so she can ask for some advice. Emily is Claire's best friend and they have been friends for a very long time. In fact, they've been inseparable ever since they were kids. Whenever something is wrong, they always go to each other no matter what. While Claire is calling Emily she is biting her nails while holding the phone in one hand. Because a lot of rings are going by, Claire starts getting anxious thinking that Emily won't pick up the phone. After a couple minutes of Claire trying to get a hold of her, she finally answers.

"Hey, what's up?" Emily said in the sweetest tone.

"Omg, finally you pick up!" Claire responded, sounding stressed out.

"I know I'm sorry, I was busy. But what's wrong? You don't sound okay." Emily said, sounding very interested and concerned.

"No, I feel like somethings wrong but I have no clue what it is. I just have been having this really weird feeling that something bad is going to happen or something bad happened and I don't know what to do, I can't figure it out!" Claire said as she was sitting in the parking lot of her work.

"Oh, well knowing you, I'm sure you'll figure it out." Said Emily, sounding in a rush to get off the phone.

"Okay well I guess I'll just go try to figure it out on my own then." Said Claire, hanging up the phone will no help or input on the situation which was the whole point of the phone call. After the unhelpful call Claire decided to sit in her car for a couple minutes to try to think. As her eyes are closed, and thinking hard, she all of a sudden gets a text message from a random number that she's never seen before. When she opened her phone and skimmed through the message, her eyes widened and began to tear up while covering her mouth in disbelief. Turns out it was a text from One of Sarah's friends' parents. It was a very frantic message that was reporting that their kids had gone missing and as of right now, are nowhere to be found. Claire's eyes began to get heavy due to her thick tears that were pouring down her face, onto her neck, and down her loose shirt. She also was not able to control her breathing and had extremely shaky hands also. She had felt as if she was going to pass out or have a heart attack.

"No, this can't be happening. I don;t believe it for a second!" Claire said in a shaky breath but having no choice but to believe the heart aching news. Instead of going into work, she decided to just drive home instead.

As she stormed into her room devastated and frustrated, slamming her door behind her, she said, "I need to find her. I'm going to Dr. Evelyn." Dr. Evelyn is Claire's psychologist who helps Claire with the emotional toll of her emotions and is sort of a therapist to her. Claire has been going to Dr. Evelyn for a very long time and is Claire's safe place.

"So, I've heard the news. Are you okay kiddo?" Said Dr. Evelyn as she looked concerned and softly grazed her hand on Claires shoulder.

"No! Why and how would I be okay if my sister is literally missing. I need to go find them now!" Claire said angrily but on the verge of tears for the millionth time.

"I have no clue how my parents are going to react when they find out about this. I was supposed to be in charge. I was supposed to be the adult of the family for a week and my sister is missing, and I feel like I'm losing my mind. I knew something was wrong, I felt it!" Claire ranted as she was pacing back and forth across the room bursting into tears again.

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let her go to her friend's house late at night. What was I thinking?!" She said as she continued ranting while taking only a couple breaths.

"Hey, stop this all right now. It's not your fault, trust me! They'll find her, I know they will." Said Dr. Evelyn in the sweetest, softest voice ever.

"Okay well I'm going to be the first one to find her. Matter of fact, I'm going right now." Claire said as she rushed out the door without giving Dr. Evelyn a chance to speak and without saying goodbye.

Claire decided to go back home and go into Sarah's room to see if she can find some clues or hints to where her and her friends could be. She goes through every single drawer and searches everywhere but while she is searching something really strange and creepy happens.

All of a sudden, from down the hallway right outside of Sarah's bedroom door, Claire hears, "Hello? Is anyone there? Please, help us!" In a sort of faint voice. Claire quickly opens the door but no one's there. She goes in every room including downstairs and she is the only one in the house.

"W-What just h-happened. Omg, am I really going crazy or is this for real." Claire said, trembling on her words, slowly heading back into Sarah's room. As she continues searching she keeps having the need to look over her shoulder, thinking something, or someone is standing right behind her. But everytime, there's no one. She continues to just keep going and try not to think about it too much.Finally, after about an hour of searching, she fia]nally finds something that seems as though it could be helpful. It looks like a torn, dirty journal page from her journal that she would never let anyone read. Claire decides to uncrumble the paper and notices that it is a map of the town drawn on it. On the map is an X with an arrow saying, "Meeting spot." In messy, rushed handwriting.

"There's no way I found a clue this easily." Claire said in disbelief while crumbling the paper back up and shoving it into her pocket. Claire now decided to call Emily and tell her about the good news.

"Emily! I found something, it's a really good clue, come on, we should go to it right away." Claire said, sounding extremely excited. Emily agrees and tells Claire to go and pick her up and they start heading to where the X is. As they start getting closer and closer to the spot, Emily starts growing very nervous after realizing where the X had been marked on the map.

"You know what? I'm sure this is just some sort of prank, or drawing Sarah did when she got bored! I bet it's a joke or something, let's just turn back around and just leave." Emily said.

"What!? No, we're almost there, don't be scared. Claire said as she was very confused on why Emily had been acting this way. They pull up to where the X is and all of a sudden they realize that they are completely on the outskirts of town in a dark, mysterious forest.

"This is so weird. We're standing right where the X should be.." Claire said, scratching her head in confusion looking at the map.

"Oh wow, that is weird. Guess we'll just have to leave then!" Emily explained while taking Claire's arm and started pulling her towards the car.

"No, what are you doing? Why do you wanna leave so badly!?" Claire said, yanking Emily's hand off of her arm and going back to where she was standing before. All fo a sudden Emily looks down and sees a small door under the dirt and covers it with her feet the best she can.

"What are you doing? Why Are you acting so weird today? Claire explained, angrily pushing her out of the way.

"Claire no!-" Emily yelled.

"Woah, Its like a underground bunker." Claire said quietly to herself. Claire opened the doors to the bunker and started getting inside. Claire began looking around and explored the bunker. As she was looking around she suddenly heard a voice over her shoulder, "Yes, keep looking! But you better hurry! Tick tock, tick tock." Something whispered in her ear. "AHH! What was that? Emily was that you??" Claire said in an extremely scared voice.

"What are you talking about, you sound crazy." Emily said as she was on the whole other side of the bunker.

"What's going on.." Claire said in her mind. There wasn't much they found in the bunker but suddenly they started hearing faint voices and banging on the walls. "Do you hear that? I know I'm not crazy this time. That was actually real." Claire said, running over to Emily.

"What? I don;t hear anything. Let's just go, there's nothing in here anyways." Emily said, trying to push Claire to the door.

"No! I feel like I'm somewhat close to finding the truth. What's your deal? Why are you always in a rush?" Claire said, sounding extremely angry at this point. "I'm about to just do this by myself."

Emily felt very nervous knowing that Claire was very close to finding out the truth. "You know what, I just don't think we should be friends anymore because you think you're soo smart and you think you know everything." Emily explained.

"Are you serious? I can't believe you! Fine. Leave then. I'll just finish this on my own then." Claire said as her heart was slowly shattering.

"Okay but you should go too cause you're not going to find anything in there. I'm telling you!" Emily said as she slowly started leaving the bunker.

As Claire is looking around, she finds a really weird button in a random spot that seems as though it was trying to be hidden so no one could see it. But, it was pretty obvious. She pressed the button and a hidden door slowly began opening. All of a sudden Claire hears her sister's voice yelling. "Omg, Sarah?" Claire said running as fast as she could into the room. As she went further, she saw Sarah and her friends in a big cage.

"Hurry, help! If the door is open too long then it sets off an alarm and they'll come back!" Sarah explained.

"How do I get you guys out? Claire asked, in a rush and sounding nervous.

" There should be a key around her somewhere." One of Sarah's friends said. The clock was quickly running out of time while Claire was frantically searching for the key.

"I found it!" Claire said with only 2 minutes left on the clock. She let everyone out and they all ran as fast as they could. As they slipped out the door they were all in tears and sweat. When they got out of the bunker, they all thanked Claire and gave her extremely tight, long hugs. After Claire and Sarah got home, Sarah explained everything to Claire. She admitted that she was in a secret group called The Hidden Order. This group meets up late at night and tries to discover things about the town's past and history. She explained how she and her friend had found something that they weren't supposed to see and the leader had to punish them. After this explanation, Claire told Sarah how she was hearing a really weird voice, like there was a person that had an opinion and input on the clues she was finding and what she was doing. Sarah said that one of her friends had sadly passed away because she was the one who knew the most about the town.

"Before she passed away she said, 'Don't worry guys, I'll make sure Claire finds you guys.' " "And I don't know if it's true but people said she meant that she is going to help you." Sarah said.

But, the craziest part of the story that Sarah was waiting to tell Claire, was that the leader of this secret group was someone Claire knows very well. The leader is Emily. Claire's ex best friend.

Mia Lara

Photographic Memory

As Anthony stared into the windows of the newly decorated house–or not newly decorated, seeing as Alina-Leigh has had it decorated for this night since the end of August–he got hit with the feeling of nostalgia, but not the good kind. Not the kind that has you smiling at the memory, filled to the brim with the joy of getting to experience the feeling of love and affection. Not the kind of nostalgia that has you giddy and silly because you're oh so lucky to be with those people, not that kind. He is speaking of the kind of nostalgia that leaves you empty and sad and feeling all hollow inside. He is speaking of the way the world continues to spin because time and the earth most certainly won't stop for anybody, he is speaking of the feeling that something will happen that happened previously and you do not like it. The feeling that maybe this halloween would end up like the last time he went trick-or-treating, back when he was 16 and waiting for his older brother–Aristotle Katz–to return home after being called so late at night about a particularly bad bar fight across the town.

He had just gotten home, after going out with the one kid who would never leave him alone, would never back off even after all of his advances being rejected, the kid who he was going out with today. He had just walked onto the porch, was just about to open the door and step inside when he rushed out, still clad in his stupid, five year old pirate costume, yelling about possible death of a nineteen year old kid and their sister, twenty five female, when he had rushed out of the house so fast he sent poor Anthony flying into the doorway arch, his back pressing against it and his candy bag falling to the floor, scattering everywhere. He remembers being so mad, because where does this kid think he's going like that? Dressed like a stupid pirate and not even having the decency to stop and say goodnight or goodbye to his brother, the one who had just left the house after so long. The one who had to fight to be able to withstand the amount of people around him all night. The one he sent into the door and didn't even acknowledge.

He hadn't come back that night, or the night after that. Or the following week and following month, not even for the next four years did he come back. He wasn't pronounced dead but he wasn't pronounced missing and he wasn't even on the news at all, he had just simply vanished, people saying he had never even made it to the bar before the District Sheriff had to go and shut it down under the shooting threat. It's been four years since then, four years filled to the brim with anxiety, panic attacks and a lack of understanding for the world surrounding him. He had tried and tried to understand what had happened to his brother, he tried to find whatever he could to link whatever happened to him

together, but he gave up after the first nine months. It hadn't gone anywhere. He doesn't want to feel that way, ever again.

He's going trick-or-treating for the first time in four years today, and he's going out with James. He first met him two years ago back when he was rotting in empty classrooms trying to find solace in things he used to, during the passing period was worth about four minutes of constant weeping, because he couldn't do anything else, being in the same rooms that his brother was just a year prior. The right person had walked in at the wrong time, the worst time actually. It was bad enough seeing as everybody seemed to only talk about his brother while he was around, he couldn't handle the stares. So imagine that, when you're curled up into a little ball in the corner, hugging your knees and trying to muffle the sounds of your pathetic and constant weeping, when somebody walks in. Especially when that somebody is the most favored student in the whole school, especially when that kid had never learned to back up after being told Anthony wanted nothing to do with him or his dumb, self-centered and egotistical friends.

He'd helped him up from the floor, from the little corner he had now soaked with his tears, and he had helped him stand up and walk out of the door. He had ended up being late, but Anthony had been just on time before the bell rang and he had sprinted down the hallway to get to Architecture, he said. Somewhere along the way from the old biology room to the US government room, the kid had seemed to believe that he and Anthony had become friends. He had talked the entire time, avoiding topics of family but instead of academics and extracurriculars, surprisingly he wasn't a bad student, despite only ever hanging out with the football players who had better things to do than hand in assignments worth seventy percent of their grade.

James and Anthony were three months apart, James on February 14th and Anthony on the 5th of June, however they didn't seem the same age. If anything, Anthony looked older, maybe it was the constant bags under his eyes or the fact that he was seen in every junior class, even though he was a sophomore. James had about two inches on him however, 5'7 and 5'9. It was fine, annoying, but fine. They were pretty close friends, if he could say anything. James was probably his best friend, he didn't talk to anyone other than James. Unless his sister counts, but he doesn't think she does. She's his sister, she puts up with him because she has too. James doesn't have to, but he shows up anyway. Why? He doesn't really know.

A pair of fingers and a sharp sound of *snap* was what shook him out of his trance, the memories of the past two years flashed from his mind and he sent them back into his little photo memory book, he'd have to update the real, physical one later. He made a mental note and looked in front of him, or more specifically looked to the nerd dressed in a black suit and gray face paint covering his cheekbones, his stupid victor costume was obvious, if his wide eyes and hollowed out face was anything to go off of.

"Hey Tony, are you there?" James' voice echoed in his mind, the words chiming around one another and heading to his ears. He tried to memorize the words, the way he said it, so that if anything happened later on he'd remember the way his voice sounds and the way he looks. He didn't plan to stray

far away from him tonight anyways, they had corresponding costumes and it was the first time he was leaving his house on this night in four years anyways. He called him Tony, Aristotle used to call him ant or Anne, it was annoying having to explain that just because he had a twin sister named Alina-Leigh, that didn't mean suddenly he needed a girl name too. He never listened though, why would he? He was just Anthony.

"Sorry, what'd you say?" Anthony asked, getting lost in his head is a lot more common around this time of the year, especially since he had that constant nagging feeling that this halloween was going to end the same way last time he went trick-or-treating, where he left the house alone and felt somebody staring at him the whole time, nobody had been there with him but it was still really ominous feeling, he couldn't shake it out of his tense shoulders or drop the hairs on his neck that had stood up. They had all talked about it–Him, James and Alina-Leigh–that maybe it would be best if he didn't go out for Halloween for this year, but he relented and told them it was fine, because it was. They were overly worried, nothing was going to happen to him. Besides, Alina-Leigh wanted to be bored and stay inside watching the corpse bride. She encouraged their matching costumes, saying they were just as "dramatic and Problem-drawn" as the two main characters were. Hence, why they were wearing suits and face paint.

Anthony could still feel the words he'd said to Alina that day floating in his mind, if he dressed as Emily would she let him go out for Halloween, and she had said yes. What she hadn't told him however was that somebody else was going to have to be Victor, and that's why James is standing in front of him now. He remembered that when he had said that, he'd seen the faintest silhouette of a person with a pirate hat behind the window located behind the tv, but he'd shook it off because the next second it was gone. It had a red lining, with an all black base and a single feather poking out on the side, just like Aristotles.

"Come on man, the fancy, rich people's houses give out the biggest chocolate bars to the kids with the best costume, we prepared all month for this, remember? Let's go!" he heard the faintest sound of james voice in the back of his mind, before he felt the hairs on the back of his neck raise, and we shook himself out of his trance before searching around him, his eyes roamed everywhere trying to find where the pair of eyes were coming from, before he landed on the bush just beside his house. He squinted, but he couldn't see anything. Where was it coming from?

He let himself be pulled away by James, before he fell into step with him and they made their way around the block, before reaching the next one over. They get to the beginning of the block, before waking up to the most pristine house they've seen all night, the world seemed to stop as they gazed upon it. They walked up to the door and knocked, an elderly man walked to the door before he looked up, grabbed his candy bowl, and proudly gave them the biggest snickers bar you'd ever seen in your entire life. He announced they'd won the best costume, and they left the neighborhood.

As they were walking out, they could just hear the faintest sound of music coming from the street above, and when they looked up it only became more obvious where the sound was coming from.

It was almost like a mansion, probably the most pristine and richly looking house you'd ever seen. It seemed to cause a wave of nausea for Anthony, he stepped back and grabbed onto the lightpost beside him. He stood and held onto it for dear life, before turning around slowly, trying to find why he was so nauseous. He didn't have low iron, he used to run for his high school.

He glanced around, and one again, for what seemed like the third time just that night, the faintest glimpse of a pirate hat, old, washed up and dirty. There was dirt on the feather handing out and the buckle on the front had long since faded away from it silver. He could see the mask and the collar, rumpled and fading into an ugly orange instead of red. He blinked, and suddenly the figure was gone. He knew schizophrenia was something his great-great-grandmother had, but he never assumed that it would skip generations. Was schizophrenia even inheritable? Could it be passed down, like anemia? He looked away from the corner house, before he found James staring at him and his mouth moving.

"Sorry, what?" he could hear himself say. He was still aware of everything around him, he could feel the stares boring into his back and suddenly he understood what it was like to be paranoid. He'd felt it constantly back in Cedarwood, five years ago back when he was a sophomore and riding on the back of his brother's motorbike, desperately trying to leave the place he would sleep at night.

The sound at the top of the street only intensified, it got louder, and it became more and more obvious. He could feel the sound of the music beneath his feet, through his boots and through his socks, he could feel it on the ground of where he stands. He was attracted to it, like a moth to a flame. He could feel himself gravitating to it, but just as intense as it was for him to be near it, a part of him in his brain was screaming at him to not go, to stay where he is, to go home, to leave the street and leave it alone.

"Do you–I mean I know that you don't like loud or crowded spaces, or people–turns out you don't like a lot of things–but,-"

"Yeah, yeah let's go." He replied to James, who stopped waving his arms around and looking down at the floor, he raised his head and seemed to ask him the question with his eyes, are you sure? Because Anthony had never been big on parties, at least as long as James had known him. He used to be, because it meant leaving the house for a while, but ever since the incident four years ago he never really liked loud places.

He grabbed James by the elbow and all but pulled him up the street, towards the house and away from his neighborhood block. He felt the music get louder. He gripped onto his elbow even harder, hoping he'd get pulled away but felt that he was gravitating towards it. He stopped in front of the house, admired the sound and lights reaching the outside from the inside, and he took a deep breath. He opened his eyes and pushed through the door.

As soon as he walked in he could feel his head pounding and his heart beating too fast and too loud for anybody, but he felt almost okay. Maybe. There was still that feeling, that lingering type of sound or feeling or maybe even the touch of somebody watching him, he could barely make out the

voices around him through the huge speakers, everything was so loud all at once. He felt James shift his hand to where James was now holding onto his elbow, and he felt himself be dragged away from the doorway and towards the kitchen, where laid a large table covered in juice, candy and chocolate. There was also a bowl of fruit punch, it was green with eyeballs and he had the slightest feeling that he shouldn't drink it, but he wasn;t going to leave the house again this late at night for the next year, so why not?

As soon as he felt the bittersweet taste of the drink he could feel his head begin to pound more and he could feel his throat begging for water, the taste was horrid and he didn't really like it. But it was also so intoxicating, it kept him wanting more and then it hit him that maybe this wasn't a very child friendly drink. He kept going back for more, it tasted gross but it was addicting. He walked away from James, who had started staring at the ghost oreo cookies, the last time he checked. He roamed away from the kitchen, gazing at all the new intricate costumes, one was frankenweenie, jack skellington, coraline, he thinks he saw two girls dressed as miriam and april too.

He walked around, his head turning in every direction to try and find the best costume, before he felt his chest collide with the back of somebody, and he had just enough time to duck before a drink went flying his way, the person in front of him enraged, at least he looked really mad.

"What the hell is your problem, can't you see properly?" he sneered. He was red from anger, or maybe he was embarrassed. But he knows that once he turned around to face him he was hit with that feeling again. He didn't like it. At all.

"Hey man, it was an accident. It's not my fault you're standing in the middle of the walkway." he replied.

"Maybe if you could see right I wouldn't be blocking your way, but clearly intelligence doesn't run in the family. Isn't that why your brother took a wrong turn down the path and got himself murdered?" he yelled back at him, his eyebrow raised and his face contorted to try and scare Anthony away.

As soon as his brother's name was mentioned, he could feel the hairs on the back of his neck pick up and stand straight up and suddenly he could feel himself starting to become upset. How is this guy talking about his brother like that? He doesn't even know him!

"You know what–"

"Hey there, everything is fine?" James' arm wrapped around his shoulder and he looked down at the guy before them, who seemed to look back and forth between the two before muttering a quick and quiet mutter of something before walking away. As he walked away James' arm fell off his shoulder and he heard a small mutter of a curse, before he was pulled away and out onto the porch again. He could feel the words float around his head, the sounds varying from loud to quiet to fast to slow and then they got larger and louder and then smaller and quieter and suddenly he couldn't hear anything at all–

"I hate people like that. They're so ignorant, honestly, what do they think gives them the right to talk about other people like that?" James' voice sounded exasperated, his hands were locked together behind his head as he walked, Anthony mumbled a quiet agreement before bowing his head and looking

down to the ground before he looked up and saw the old playground. He watched the swing still and the tire swing go down before he looked at James, wearing the same giddy smile he saw the first time he agreed to halloween.

They raced to the swings, and then they had a contest of who could swing the highest. Anthony won that one, but the whole time he could feel the eye boring into the back of his head, burning a hole into it and lighting it on fire. He could feel them getting more and more intense, his head started to hurt and it was all he could feel. He opened his mouth, but all that escaped was a hiss, he bowed his head and placed his hand on the back of it. He closed his eyes shut tight and he sat there, with his hand on his head and his eyes closed. He could feel the stares, those of James and those of somebody else. He opened his eyes, and he could barely see through his legs somebody else standing behind him. His eyes widened, before he closed them again and tried to convince himself it wasn't real. He could feel James staring at him, so he looked up again and he tried giving a small smile, before giving up. He watched James look behind him before he slowly moved his head back towards Anthony, and he could hear his heartbeat as the next words escaped his mouth.

"Anthony...Look behind you." he breathed, his eyes wide and his words quiet but full of worry, sadness, everything that isn't normally used to deliver good news. He could hear how shaky James' words were, his voice was wavering and it never stuck to one pitch. Anthony looked up for just a second, before he slowly turned his head around and then all of the wind was knocked out of his lungs, he could feel himself still.

In front of him was the pirate. He was dressed head to toe in red and black, but he was littered with dirt and mud and his hook was polished and sharp, it didn't look like a part of the costume. Nor did it look like a toy. He stared, and he watched as it seemed to glimmer and shine in the moonlight, they seemed to stare at each other for a while, and everytime the man would look behind him and then back to Anthony would make his heart rate pick up, he wasn't sure what it was about him but it seemed so sinister, it was scary and Anthony didn't want to figure out what he wanted from them. He turned to James, his eyes going back and forth from him and the pirate, before he opened his mouth to say a single word.

"Run."

They dropped everything, they left what they had got from the houses, they even left accessories for their costumes, they were running so fast he couldn't see his surroundings anymore, but he did know that they were being followed. And that they had to pick up the pace or they'd be dead before morning could ever hit. Anthony could feel his lungs starting to fail, he couldn't breathe and it was so very evident, he just needed to get home, away from the pirate, because as soon as he saw it he knew it was not going to end well.

He raced through the woods, his arms grabbing onto branches and ripping them away from his face, his heart race peaking higher than it has ever gone before, he hates the feeling but if he doesn't get

out now he won't ever and it's scary and frightening, and then he tripped on a log sitting on the floor–he cant get up, his ankle hurts. James kept running until he heard the slightest ruffle of leaves, he turned and saw the pirate not far from Anthony. He was catching up fast and if they wanted to live to see tomorrow they had to go now. He grabbed him by his shoulder and they ran, and ran, and ran.

Just up the road they could see the old haunted house, shut down six years ago due to selling of alcohol to minors and so many people breaking into it, the windows were boarded up and it was locked on the inside, but if you knew the old junkyard around it, all you had to do was move the right board in the back to get in. Aristotle taught him that. They ran, feet hitting the floor almost never by speed, never able to catch up. He could feel his legs start to hurt, all of the running finally catching up to him. The house was only a few feet away now, and they rounded it before locating the hole in the boards. Anthony could see the pirate man catching up really fast, he was nearing the house and they needed to get inside now. James finally found a loose board and let Anthony in before he pulled himself inside too, the interior was full of cobwebs and spiders and it was dark and gross, but Anthony needed to hide and do it fast. Especially since the pirate was just outside. He heard the sound of something colliding with the door, and before he knew it he was being pulled behind a bookshelf because the pirate was able to get in.

He could hear himself panting, his breaths coming out fast and rigid, he placed his hand over his mouth and closed his eyes, hoping, praying, begging that this was all a dream, the one night he goes out! He opened his eyes and watched as the man pulled off his hat, and then his heart stilled. His hair was dirty and shaggy and it was going everywhere, but it looked so familiar and he could feel himself begin to remember before James pinched him and motioned towards the door, it was when he realized the pirate had gone up the stairs.

James sprinted past him, he opened the front door and ran, Anthony stayed in place and waited for the pirate to sprint outside following James, before Anthony closed and locked the front door, boarding it up from the back. He opened the window, the one they jumped in through and hopped back out, his leg getting caught and he felt his pants rip, the broken glass went into his leg and he felt it start to bleed. He hissed out in pain and ran, determined to get home. He ran and ran, so desperate to reach his house, just when he was starting to get close to his block he saw something out of the corner of his eye. James was limping behind him, his leg distorted and his face scrunched up in pain. The pirate was nowhere to be seen.

He ran to James, before placing his arm over his shoulder and they ran to the house. They could see it getting closer and this was when he determined he was just sitting on the porch passing out candy next year. They rounded the corner and Anthony's house was still lit, the jack o' lanterns still glowing bright and he could hear the faintest sound of Coraline on the tv. He stumbled onto the front porch, grabbed his keys out of his pocket and unlocked the door before turning back around once inside and locking it as soon as possible. James had taken the time to grab his arm back and throw himself onto the couch, he grabbed the remote and made the volume louder on the tv.

'Well he seems fine if he's binge watching Coraline after almost dying..'

Anthony grabbed him an ice pack, bandage and alcohol pads from the drawer before disappearing upstairs. He walked into the bathroom and washed his face paint off, he brushed his teeth and reset for the next day. He walked into his room and changed, just able to fall asleep before his mind started working overtime, before he realized. The costume had been very dirty and patchy, it was obviously old and hadn't been taken off for a while.

It was then that he remembered the hair.

He threw back the covers and walked over to his desk, he searched through everything, from to do lists to reminders to polaroids, through everything. He pulled everything out from the board before he found it. The picture he took with Aristotle the night he left, they'd just gotten ready. He was in his stupid pirate costume, with dirt and a red and .. orange hat that hadn't been cleaned... the buckle now rusty and orange instead of silver. He looked at his head, his hair was styled to go outwards and to expose his face, he had a makeshift mask and ...

And a hook.

That's his brother.

The next year, Anthony stayed out on the porch. Alina-Leigh and James were inside making cookies, they wanted to "get ready" for the marathon they were doing. Although, it doesn't seem that there will be any cookies by the previews of the first movie. He sits and hands out candy, having used all of his money on decorations and candy. He sat on the porch, watching everybody trick or treat, and he was filled with memories. Good and bad ones.

He still felt watched. He was looking everywhere, but his brother was nowhere to be found. His makeshift mask and badly styled hair and old rusty hat was nowhere to be found.

He walked off the porch and inside the house, there was always next year.

Italy Ruffen
7th Grade

Creature In The Woods

By Italy Ruffen

The busy street was filled with trick-or-treaters and Halloween decorations. Oliver felt out of place being the only one without a costume on, but he checked his phone as he stepped outside his house, locking the door behind him as he began walking along the sidewalk. His friends promised to meet him by the bus stop, but they all came up with excuses as to why they couldn't come. Oliver shrugged it off and decided to keep walking. Eventually, he saw a dense wall of trees and decided to venture into the woods by himself, wandering into the forest. Cement turned into dirt and the occasional patch of grass. The air felt heavier and the world was quiet except for the chirping of crickets and hooting of owls. It felt as if all eyes were on Oliver as he passed by elongated narrow branches and bushes that seemed to twitch as he passed by. The thick mass of trees soon devoured Oliver whole and it became so dark he could not see any more than a foot ahead of him. As he grabbed his flashlight out of his pocket and flipped it on, he started feeling uneasy, but he kept walking. Soon he came across a clearing where it seemed as though all the trees were desperately trying to avoid the center of it. Oliver's flashlight finally shone onto what looked like a sewer lid. As Oliver walked towards it, everything seemed to die down, and he felt more anxious than ever. Everything in him told him not to open it, but curiosity got the better. Carefully finding a handhole, Oliver started to lift the lid. The lid was heavy and grimy, and as soon as Oliver moved it aside he was hit with a horrid odor, one of rotting meat. Oliver knew it would be a bad idea, but he couldn't help himself. As he peered inside he noticed a ladder that looked like it hadn't been used in a long time. He looked around once more and decided to descend down it, making sure not to drop his flashlight. Inside, the smell was even more pungent, and Oliver could see some rats scurrying around. The walls were riddled with insects, and the floor was damp and filthy. With each step he took the smell got more putrid. Oliver began to have second thoughts, but just as he saw two narrow tunnels and another

opening, he halted in his tracks. Not too far away from him, Oliver heard scraping, grunting, and the sound of something devouring flesh. His heart stopped. Oliver hastily turned off his flashlight and started retracing his steps back as quietly as he could. Suddenly, he stepped on something soft. With a horrid piercing screech and crack, Oliver realized he had accidentally stepped on a rat. Stumbling over it, he regained his posture and strained his ears. The sound stopped. Then he heard something big moving around. Oliver started walking back. Then running. He tried his best to rush back out, but he felt more and more trapped as he could feel whatever was chasing him, hot on his trail. Fear clouded his thoughts. Eventually, Oliver saw the ladder that he took and prayed that he would make it. He fumbled and tripped over his shoelaces and felt the beast getting closer and closer. Once he got close enough he did not pause nor hesitate and jumped as soon as he was within a foot of the ladder, climbing furiously, feeling as though something was trying to pull him back down. After he made it up the ladder he kept sprinting until he couldn't anymore and fell onto his knees, panting and gasping for air, clutching his chest. Mustering the courage to look behind him, Oliver felt his throat close up when he saw that the lid, which could only be closed from the outside, was sealed shut. He immediately got up again and started running frantically. The crickets were silent, and he did not hear a single hoot of an owl, nor any other sounds to show that there was a sign of life in the forest. Oliver scraped his arms on branches and cut his legs on bushes, but he paid no mind. Soon he was back on the street where he had started the dreadful night, but he did not feel comforted. All the trick-or-treaters were gone, and the street lights which dimly illuminated the street did not prove to be of any aid or solace. He ran and ran until eventually, Oliver saw his house and practically ran into the door. Though the knob didn't budge and he remembered, to his dismay, that it was locked. Thinking quickly, he ran to the side of the house and found to his relief that the window was unlocked, so without hesitating he opened it and jumped through it, landing on the wood floor with a hard thud. His brother, Liam, was lounging on the couch, oblivious, or perhaps he just couldn't be bothered. Shivering, Oliver shut the window behind him, and after examining it for a long time, he walked to his room in the basement and closed the door behind him. His room was dim because he had a single light bulb, and he felt as if every shadow in his room was

watching him. Oliver took his jacket off and laid down on his mattress, suddenly feeling exhausted. He pulled the cord on the lamp and closed his eyes, but he couldn't stop feeling uneasy. That horrid odor of rotting meat appeared to have come back and it just seemed like he couldn't get the smell out of his mind. He tossed and turned all while he felt like he was being watched. He could hear the faint sound of what could've only been scratching, or possibly digging, and he just couldn't stop rethinking everything that had happened. After what felt like hours, Oliver sighed and turned the light back on. Upon turning it on, he noticed that some moths were gathering around the light. Insects started creeping on the walls, and he noticed several rats scurrying around on the floor. And then he realized where the digging was coming from.

The Oak tree

Nehemiah Abbate-Hurdorn

13 8th grader

"23," He counted quietly to himself in the dead silent classroom. Everybody could hear him saying something, not being able to make it out, "24 25 2..." Cut off by the ringing bell blaring letting the kids now they were free. The boy Klay stood up picked up his bag and walked to the front of the class meeting his friend at the door. C.J mostly everybody called him Klay quietly to his friend said, "It rang early."

"What ohh you're doing that weird thing again with MY roses why do you even do that and you act like it's so important like somebody gonna die over it. Dude all you're doing is wasting time" He emphasized the roses because he knew that his mom's business needed the roses to stay functioning and they needed every last rose they could get.

"No dude you don't understand. You have plenty." Klay said pleadling, "Please bro, please you don't understand."

"See what I mean like it's life or death or something. Also, the drought wiped out half our flowers so we can't waste any." They walked to their other friend locker Damien. He took all the stuff out that he needed and put it in his bag.

"Oh hey guys is Klay doing that thing again like with the roses man he has me starting to count now I know it was late."

"Yep and he wants to use my mom's flowers again." C.J said almost instantly after being asked.

"Man why do you do that anyway won't nothing happen?" Damien questioned as they walked.

"That's what I said like bro oh my ahh." Frustrated C.J voiced.

"Just please just let me use a couple just for the week please if you understood you would let me have no problem."

"Dude, fine I can see if I can let you today but like after that there is no way my mom gonna let it happen." C.J voiced hoping Klay would take the deal and be satisfied but unsatisfied Klay said,

"Alright, fine." not saying another word as they walked home leaving his friends he went down the street and made a left turn to his house walking till he made it home. He opened the door going inside and instantly being questioned.

"Did the bell ring early you know what you have to do if the bell ring's early just for this week before halloween did it kid." Klay's mom.

"Yes mom it did C.J said he could give me the flowers for the week before halloween." Klay responded hoping it would settle his mom's fear, but almost nothing settled her fears.

"Klay you understand what will happen if you forget don't you don't know just you have to get it all done okay don't mess up ok Klay."

"Ok mom I'm going to get the flowers now ok." Klay said a bit "stutered.

"Ok Klay please don't mess up."

"I won't mom bye."

"Bye honey."

Klay went off walking the couple of blocks to C.J house knocking on the door when he arrived. The door opened and

stood there C.J mom brown hair she looked younger for her age. "Oh hey buddy come on in C.J upstairs." calling for her son and continuing, "You want anything to eat honey I got chicken nuggets in the oven." C.J now came down the stairs before Klay could answer.

"Oh hey dude. Uh mom I have a question: do you care if Klay borrows a flower for today." C.J said timidly.

"Come on honey, you can't keep promising you're friends these things you know that we need all the flowers we can get for our business and we can't just be giving out flowers all willy nilly, he can use one for today, but after that that's it don't promise these things anymore okay."

"Ok mom I'm sorry." C.J not wanting anything to get awkward just sucked it up continuing, "You want the flower now dude."

"Yea sure." Klay said, a bit apprehensive as they went off C.J mom going back to the question said,

"Wait Klay do you want anything to eat."

"Oh no thank you Mrs. Jones I'll be alright." he said before going out the backdoor. The two boys picked out a flower, an orange rose smelling as roses do. They both then went back inside going upstairs to C.J room. Later in the day Damien came over and they all hung out in C.J room for a little until abruptly at 6:17 Klay said,

"I got to go." leaving before the others could say a word with rose in his hand he fiddled with it. Leaving saying bye to C.J mom as he went just not his friends. He left walking across the street into the forest walking through the forest not knowing he was being watched followed throughout the forest walking out by the river. Being watched every step of the way he walked

along the river being watched as he went. Finally he made it to the old oak tree.Standing there miles from the mouth of the river a lake. He walked up to the tree placing the flower right in front of it where Grandma Clarie laid. He turned around looking into the forest where the tree blocked the sun. Little rays glaring into his eyes he closed his eyes and said, " Thank you for all you've done." He opened his eyes and took a deep breath walking the rest of the way home. A few days passed the day before halloween. Pumpkins out at every house couple of them with over the top decorations out already. The boys were in school on a Wednesday and then it rang early.The bell. Klay was already arguing with C.J as they walked up to Damien locker as they arrived Damien heard them talking C.J saying,

"No dude you heard my mom already on Friday there no way dude just like get your own if you need them that bad dude just leave me alone please."

"Please you don't understand, please." Klay pleaded, continuing getting more of an attitude to his voice, "Let me use one today okay and that will be it ok."

"Nooo!" C.J exaggerated." Damien tired of the arguing

"How about we talk about it at Carter house later."

"Ok fine." Klay stormed off and walked off home by himself. When he arrived home he was instantly questioned by his mom,

"Did it ring early if it did you know what you have to do right if it did did it ring early Klay." His mom questioned him.

"Yes mom I came here to tell you that I'm going to get the flower ok mom." Oddly enough it did calm his mom down a bit like she knew something was wrong, but she didn't want to say

it so she remained calm not worrying about the feeling in her stomach. Finally, she responded

"O..ok honey bye I love you kid."

"Bye mom." Klay leaving out the door and walking to his friend's house worried about what would happen next if C.J remained on his stance that he couldn't use the flower. He arrived knocked C.J mom

"Oh hey the boys are downstairs." As she said this Damien came from the downstairs

"Oh hey dude C.J down there come on." inviting him in and they both took steps down Klay went down before Damien C.J was there at the bottom of the stairs and then klay questioned

"Hey dude what's wrong with your room why are y'all down here." He said worried.

"I don't know it's just what I felt like so yea." That settled Klay suspicion although it should not. He did hear Damien padlocking the door behind him. Klay walked down the stairs and C.J went over to the three chairs, one looking like it was made when the asteroid hit the earth killing all the dinosaurs. The others looking relatively new Damien walked down the stairs and took a seat on one of the newer chairs and so did C.J leaving him with the old one. He sat down prepared for an argument

"So do you think I could use a flower?" Apprehensive, preparing for a no.

"Yea sure all you have to do is go get the flower."

"What, thank you dude." Klay ran up the stairs and went to the door. Quietly Damien and C.J whispered,

"You're welcome." They both said

"Hey what's this lock on the door could you come open it." Walking back down the stairs

"Oh no we're gonna keep it locked and show you nothing will happen if you don't get the flower." Damien said

"What no you guys don't understand please." Klay pleaded.

"No, because nothing will happen right Klay." C.J said it, almost belittling his friend. Klay tired just gave up he didn't know what would happen and he decided he liked to find out as well

"Ok you know what you guys are right nothing will happen nothing at all."

"Yea there you go." said Damien, "Now how about we just hang out for a little until you got to go home alright."

"Alright sure, lets do it." Klay said. The boys hung out for a minute until at 6:18 Klay's phone went off. He didn't know the time before this and he checked now looking at the time. His face looked all worried again he knew he didn't want to find out what happened he just didn't want to fight why did he do this he thought something going to happen as the time passed he kept checking his phone 6:25 6:28 6:30 the time he was supposed to be at the oak tree. His worry faced vanished happiness replenished him. Nothing happened, he was ok. Then at 6:31 his worried face came back along with something else his friends noticed her eyes were glazed. They looked up behind there friend and saw it,

"Why didn't you say thank you Klay, that's the least you could've done after all I do for you guys, but no." It spoke raspy blood rushed from Klays eyes and ears and mouth even, it was getting everywhere until, finally pop. His friend looked at Klay's headless body. Damien grabbed a hammer that was laying

around and started swinging it recklessly finally they ran going upstair, but being halted by the pad locked door C.J fiddled with the door for a bit the thing coming closer at the bottom of the stairs looking up at them finally Damien swung the earlier acquired hammer at the lock bashing it open and smashing C.J finger. They ran out of the house running across the road and by the forest they ran into the forest until. C.J stopped Damien running behind him crashed into him saying,

"Dude what are you doing go."

"My Mom." C.j said silence in the forest C.J took off running back towards the house he could see his mom through the kitchen window doing dishes. Then C.J looked behind her a lady's glazed eyes as Klay had blood over her face shaped as a scar. She looked sweet behind the menachic blood that covered her dress and she looked ghostly. Finally, blood splatter the window and C.J mom's headless body fell. He took off running in the other direction not into the forest, but along it Damien followed they ran finally they came to a split in the road they couldn't go any further forward just left or right.

"What do we do where do we go." Damien questioned "Why didn't we just listen to him gave him a flower it's all are fault." ignoring the statement C.J looked to his left.

"Klay's mom."

"The crackhead what." Damien wondered

"No, she has to know what to do, that's why she's like that. Come on this way." The ran off going miles until they reached Klay house they could see inside an old granny clock read 7:00. They rang the door and banged on the door crazily. Klay's mom came around back worried why here baby hadn't come home yet.

"Oh god I knew he wouldn't, why didn't he listen oh my." seeing the blood filed clothes she told the boys to get in the car behind them they turned around and saw in the distance the lady now four bloody scars on her face she looked there direction walking toward them they instantly jumped in the car radio playing. Klay mom took of speeding down the road passing it Klay mom whispered, "Grandma Clarie."

"What, who?" Damien said aloud again ignoring the statement C.J said,

"The four scars my mom, dad, sister and... Klay. Oh god why didn't we listen they're all dead whyy." The silence filled the car, tears filled C.J eyes. Finally, the silence was broken by all three of there phones blaring an amber alert the radio had the same one and read it out to them,

"Four dead in home killer still on the loose, two boys missing suspect is said to have the kids in a car with them."Suddenly Klay mom slammed on the breaks at the same dead end the boys had came to Klay mom finally spoke,

"Wait, I can't go there, they'll think I did it."

"Where" Damien instantly asked.

"C.J house we need a rose.. Where do we go."

"I know my... mom she grew a couple of roses at my grandmas grave at the gravesite just along this rose we can go there." C.J said finding the solution. The car took off, nobody looking back when they got to the old graveyard the darkness filled the night. And at the old gate there it stood the "Sweet old lady Grandma Clarie."

"What do we do?" Damien spoke

"It wants me. I'll go distract it and you guys sneak around back and go get the roses okay." She got out of the car and so

did the boys they took off running Clarie just stood there as Klay mom walked up to her. The boys took off not knowing the fate of the crazy mom. They got to the grave and got a flower.

"What do we do now? She just told us to get a flower." Damien spoke. They both sat there thinking they looked over at the gate there it was staring at them with five scars on its face. It looked at them walking towards them slowly they thought as it approached closer and closer what will they would do.

"Wait, we have to do what Klay did Friday. Come on this way." They took off to they're right into the forest. It looked at them so menacing so cravingly, but they just ran into the forest by the lake. They ran down a few miles making it by the river at the old oak tree. There it stood only something was different no it was different it didn't have bloody scars on it's face or a glazed stare now this one was just a sweet old lady standing there. C.J had the flower and walked up to it, handing it the flower and turning around to see the killer. The bloody face and clothes it got closer and closer C.J stared at it finally saying, "Thank you Grandma Clarie for all you've done. Everything went white ears ringing he looked in front of him the thing that killed his parents stood there teeth out, but from behind her heard a voice a sweet one,

"Thank you honey all I want you to do it be appreciative that's all." Than bang C.J hit the flower more blood covering his body.

"Oh my god I thought you were dead you made it how." Damien asked C.J looked at himself he felt blood coming out his nose and ears. He couldn't smell his ears still rang, yet he heard someone from the forest yell out,

"I found them there down here." Police officers swarmed them, medics and firefighters the whole town basically. Twenty years later C.J was on the phone

"Yea I'll tell him today what he has to do." He spoke to Damien.

"Man, you got to tell him what happens if he doesn't okay." Damien emphasized.

"I'll make sure he knows where he comes now imma let you go okay." C.J exclaimed his son came down the stairs looking as tired as ever.

"Ok bye." Damien said, hanging up the phone.

"Hey buddy I need you to do something really important for me okay Klay."

"Ok dad anything." Klay Jones Jr. sweetly.

"Ok listen to me very carefully if the bell rings early today at school you need to count if it does then go pick a flower from the backyard and then tell me and I'll tell you what to do next okay kid." C.J bearing to the kid.

"Ok dad I will." Klay said picking up his bag and heading off to school.

Annie M. Bronstad

8th Grade

Playground

It was 10:24 when she first heard the voice calling to her from behind. Emma looked down at her red frizzy hair, now dampening from the unexpected icy rain.

She checked her watch, 10:21. "Home in a couple of minutes" Emma mumbled to herself. A soft, but defined clacking of shoes made her pause and look back. Nothing.

Her pace quickened as she continued down the cracked sidewalk under dully lit street lights. Shaking her head as if to remove the sound, she shakily whispered,"Stop scaring yourself stupid." As Emma trudged along, she nearly screamed as she felt something, or *someone*, pull at her hair. The rain started pattering down now.

"Click, clack. Click, clack." The shoes tapped out in a frightening melody behind her. "This isn't funny, Stop it!" She tried to shift her gaze on the sidewalk so she wouldn't trip. But tiny droplets of water kept her from doing so. Emma checked the time, 10:23, "Just a couple more minutes, then I'll finally be able to

get out of this stupid weather and be able to dry off in my house." She promised herself. "I freaking hate these stupid lights, why have them at all if they literally do nothing?" Emma cursed under her breath as she passed under another streetlight.

She didn't live by the city, but lived alone a few miles north in a shabby two bedroom house. "Emma. Emma turn around!" A shrill squeaky voice tauntingly spoke. Emma froze, incapable of speaking, too afraid that the voice would respond back, or to move, expecting that whoever said it would surely follow her. Even to breathe, it was as if the thing would snatch away her very soul if it had the chance.

"Come on Emma! Don't leave yet! I haven't had someone to play with in so long." With an urge of curiosity and instinct, she sauntered towards the park. "Push me on the swings! They're my favorite!" The tiny voice squeaked in excitement, knowing someone could finally hear her. Emma looked around for the swingset,"Weird.." She thought to herself. "Nothing but ashes." As she peered closer, the voice shrieked "Get away from there!"

Driven by her curiosity, she brushed away the ashes, and found charred, deteriorating, bones. When Emma had dug up the body, something cold tapped her shoulder. A little pale girl was hiding her face with her light brown hair. She wore a

blue dress, and tap shoes. Her hair was cropped short with curling lace sapphire ribbons flowing to her shoulders.

She looked normal, but something about her seemed off. Emma looked her over again and again, like an experiment that was about to explode. It was almost as if."No.." She swiped her hand carefully through the little girl's torso, feeling nothing but the chilly night air. Her stomach twisted in a tight knot, the hair on her arms stood up as goosebumps formed. "What happened to you?" The little girl looked up and pointed cautiously at the swingset. "A car, a car pulled up here and, and there was a bright light. Um, mama came over to get me, but the person h-had shot her." She looked up, her eyes dilated and clouded over.

"So, what uh, happened to you?" The little girl just shrugged and looked like she was about to cry. "All I remember were gunshots and mama's scream." Eyes wide in shock, Emma traced her gaze upon the girl's blue dress. "Turn around." She ordered the little girl sternly with concentrated focus. The girl did as she was told and twisted her frail little body in an elegant turn.

"What's your name?" Emma asked calmly.

"Olivia, but I like to be called Livvie."

Emma smiled weakly for a brief moment and was about to give up the search, but there it was. Just under Livvie's waist was a crimson blotch. Emma didn't know

how she had missed it. Olivia turned back around, "Can you stay here tonight?" She said in a shaky and scared voice. "I just need to know one more thing Livvie, what did the person look like? That pulled up?"

"You need to stay here tonight Emma." Livvie said with a tone that made Emma concerned. "Livvie, who is it? You can tell me."

"Just don't go home okay? You don't need to know as long as you don't go home." She tried to persuade Emma.

"Livvie, I have to go home eventually-" But Livvie interrupted before Emma could finish her sentence.

"You can't go home! You can't! You will die, no one will hear! It'll be like it was with mama."

"Who was it? Livvie tell me or I'm going right now!" Livvie stared emotionless into Emma's eyes, "It's the one who's in your house."

Emma took a deep breath and tried to respond. "Crack!" Turning around to see what had caused the unexpected and startling noise, all she could see was a wire fence, nothing beyond that. When she was facing back around Livvie screamed and disappeared.

Something was stalking from the depths of the forest across from the playground. Something that had been waiting for a *very* long time.

Far away, in a town always cold to the stone, where the people who roam grumble and tumble down the streets of 'Old Town Salvint.' The people there weren't always so bright and excited like how usual towns are, they don't spit out 'hey' or 'how's your day', when walking past a neighbor. In fact, the only time the rare sighting of the town being even a little positive was during october...the month of halloween.

Today was the day of Halloween, the most popular holiday that the world loves. A holiday nobody would ever want to skip. The holiday where candy sprinkled. Ray, a 12 year old boy. Many people would call him a book worm, a freak, a nerd. He never fitted in even when he tried, he always stuck out, photos, videos, anywhere he went. His ginger curly locks were long and slightly covered his green eyes. His teeth that were slightly crooked, his glasses that didn't even have the lens and had to be held together with tape, his known 'raggedy' clothes which was just a striped shirt and dirty blue colored baggy pants tossed on with beat up converse. Ray was always lonely. He always sat in the back of classrooms, sat alone in the bus, and ate alone at lunch, but even with his upsetting status, he had two good and very close friends, named Jackson, and Liam. Though.....they had totally different looks, but they still had the same interests! Jackson had blonde hair, with the classic blue eyes, but despite being a jock...he's actually just a skater boy, on the other hand Liam with brown hair, and dark brown eyes, being the jock, and winning tons of medals. They were getting ready together as the trio they are, as they had matching costumes together, all being vampires.

"This is gonna be lit!" Liam exclaimed, putting in his fangs.

"I know right! Halloween is the best holiday ever!" Jackson cheered.

"I could love Halloween forever, it's my favorite holiday." Ray chuckled.

"Oh we can tell Ray Ray.." Jackson snickered.

"Remember that one time where Ray ate all his candy down in 1 hour! And when he threw up, it was like he threw up rainbows and sparkles!" Liam laughed, finishing the last bit of blood for his costume.

"Oh my gosh...that was such a messy night for me. And you guys were the ones who dared me to eat all of it!" Ray scoffed, shoving them both slightly.

Jackson laughed and scoffed, "But you still did it either way! You have freedom, which you didn't use during that time!"

"Oh shut up...let's just get going before the haunted house contest starts." Ray grumbled, grabbing his bag for his candy.

"Yeah yeah, whatever.." Jackson and Liam snickered behind, following Ray out of his house.

Ray and his friends started walking down their street, they talked and laughed as they went house to house. Collecting candy by candy. Watching as other kids either from their school, or just from the neighborhood ran around the streets laughing together. Ray and his friends walked down through the streets, looking at the haunted houses that were in the haunted house competition. They made sure to go through every single one they could, getting jumpscared here and there, collecting candy anytime they could, their baskets getting filled to the brim.

"Dang..we went through most of the haunted houses already, I really don't know where to go any more." Jackson shrugged.

"Yeah..I can't really tell which houses we went to and which one we haven't. The only house that I remember going to is that house that was fully orange." Liam added on.

"Man..I just ate a mouthful of candy." Ray mumbled.

Jackson and Liam laughed, "Of course you did! You always do something stupid on Halloween." Jackson snickered, shoving Ray's shoulder slightly.

"Watch..you're gonna throw up in..three..two..-" Liam counted down since he noticed Ray stumbling and holding his stomach.

"ONE!" Liam shouted, taking out his phone and starting to record.

Right as Liam shouted, Ray ran to the nearby bushes and puked as if he was puking rainbows and sparkles. After a few minutes, Ray panted heavily and sat down on the sidewalk.

"Never again.." Ray sighed.

"Yeah, that's what you said last year though." Jackson said, snickering slightly between his words.

"Oh shut up.." Ray grumbled.

While they were laughing, talking, and making fun of each other...some kids ran by them screaming. Liam grabbed one of the kids arms, stopping her.

"Woah, woah, woah..what happened? Why are you guys screaming?" Liam questioned, curious on why there were about 4 of them running and screaming from the same direction.

The girl panted heavily, sweat beads falling down her forehead, her body trembling, her costume was slightly torn, and her hair was messed up, "I-i..w-we.." the girl stutterd out. Her words were catching in her throat, she could barely speak.

One of the other kids that were in the group of kids, whimpered behind some of the other kids, "J-just..w-whatever you do..d-d-don't go to the boarded house at the end of the rich street.." he whimpered, his eyes red from crying.

Right as the boy stutterd that sentence out, all the kids ran off back to probably their houses. Ray, Liam, and Jackson all looked at each other, puzzled. They scratched their heads and looked around. Ray looked down at the more wealthy, and famous street with all the stubborn rich people they knew, and he looked directly at the bordered house at the end. It was old, dirty, filled with spider webs, rats.

"That house.." Ray pointed, to show the others

"Ooh..that old place? It isn't scary at all! They're just babies.." Jackson scoffed.

"Oh c'mon Jack! Get out of your cocky ego for once..that house had a bunch of murders in it. Remember?..the owner who lived there was a mother, and had a little boy, but I guess he got killed in a cruel way, and whoever murdered him, put him on her front porch. After that day, she went psycho..there were many stories of kids being led inside the house murdered." Liam explained, rolling his eyes at Jacksons scoff.

"Don't get your panties in a twist! I'm not cocky at all..it's just called not being a wuss, and those stories were probably fake anyways." Jackson grumbled, blowing a raspberry.

"Whatever! If you're not such a wuss, then how about us three going to the house.." Liam gritted through his teeth.

"Okay! There's no time to be arguing..and why do you want us to go to the house that those kids specifically said not to go to? Did we all not see how they looked?! How they were crying, shivering, whimpering?! Or was that just me going crazy!" Ray spoke between them, his tone louder only a bit.

Both boys went silent, letting Ray's words sink in. They both went into thought, still giving each other slight dirty looks.

"So?..C'mon..it's halloween. Let's do something fun!" Jackson said with a smirk, which made both Liam, and Ray facepalm.

And which brings them here...at the house. They stood right in front of the yard, about to step onto the first step of the front porch. Ray stared up at the house, the slight breezes

in the air, sending shivers down his spin. Goosebumps creeping onto his skin. Liam looked at the house, he swallowed down the lump in his throat and scratched his head slightly. Jackson on the other hand was still in his cocky ego. He had a grin slapped across his face, and took the first step onto the porch, the old wood making a loud *'CREAK!'*.

"Woah woah woah! Not so fast!" Liam shouted, grabbing onto Jackson's arm, "Are you crazy?!" he panicked.

"What!..It was your idea to come to this house anyways! I'm just challenging you to not be a wuss." Jackson sneered.

"Oh you bet your on!" Liam scowled, and ran past him, into the house. Jackson scoffed and ran after him.

"Wait, guys!" Ray called out, but they were already gone in the house. He grunted and looked around, hesitating to follow. "Guys!" he called out again, slightly starting to panic. He grunted and ran up the porch stairs into the house.

"Guys! C'mon! Where are yall?!" Ray shouted, his voice echoing through the halls bouncing off the walls. Ray walked through the first hall, looking at how dirty the house was, there was mold everywhere, spider webs filled mostly everything around everywhere. His breath hitched as he saw a rat run by him. He took a step down the hallway, the wood floor creaking under his feet. He heard the sound of laughter echo around him side to side, sounds of words of his friends voices that echoed through his ears.

This just had to be my luck.. Ray thought, nervously fiddling with his hands.

"BANG!"

"Guys?..are you still there?.." Ray asked, his ears narrowing side to side. He noticed how quiet the house had gone super quiet. "Guys, this isn't funny. I mean it!" Ray shouted, his breath hitched as he heard a door creak upstairs. The deep sound traveling down the stairs to where Ray stood. He swallowed down the lump that formed in his throat and started walking upstairs.

He reached the second floor and he looked side to side of the hallway. Ray sighed and rubbed his sweaty forehead.

"Boo!" Jackson pops out in front of Ray, jumpscaring him.

"AHH! W-what the heck Jackson! Don't scare me like that!" Ray scoffed, "where's Liam?"

"Uhh.. I don't know. Somewhere..he just ran off while he was chasing me. I don't know where he went." Jackson shrugged, looking around.

"Liam? Liam..!" Ray called out. He walked down the hallway, and soon he heard a door creak. He looked behind him just to find a wall. He blinked twice, rubbing his eyes. He swore that it was just a hallway before he put his hand on the wall. "Jackson! Jackson, you there!?" he yelled.

"AHH!!" a loud scream came out from the other side.

Ray panicked, he couldn't tell whether it was Jackson's or Liams scream. He groaned and was panicking even more, until he heard a whisper.

"Ray." the voice called, Ray slowly turned around but saw nothing. Soon Jackson came out another door.

"Hey, what are you walking to?" he questioned.

"I-..what? I thought you were behind the wall..?" Ray's eyes widened, his expression puzzled.

"Uh, no? Are you feeling alright man?" Jackson questioned, feeling suspicious.

"Y-yeah..Let's just get Liam and get the heck out of here.." he sighed and panted slightly.

Soon a door at the end of the hallway creaked open and there stood Liam. He had a weird grin across his face. "Hey guys! *Come here..*" Liam said, then slowly walked out of sight of the doorway.

"Coming!!" Jackson called out, and hummed as he walked over, but Ray grabbed his arm before Jack could go inside the room.

"Don't. Go. That isn't Liam." Ray whispered, his eyes wide. *"Liam wasn't wearing red shoes."* he said, his voice shaky.

"What are you talking about? Of course that's Liam, you're probably just stressed right now." Jackson whispered back, slightly shoving his shoulder. He turned back and started walking towards the room, "Hey Liam! Where were you?" he called, but right as he walked inside the room, the door closed and loud screams came.

Ray gasped and groaned, as he covered his ears and his knees buckled and he fell to the floor, crawling into a little ball. Covering his ears and hiding his head low, tears prickled in his eyes. He was so scared and thought he was living a nightmare. Soon enough, the screams stopped, and laughter echoed behind the room door.

"Haha! Were you scared Ray?" the voice of Liam called out.

"Are you crying?.." the sound of Jackson snickering appeared.

"S-shut up! Why are you guys scaring me!?" Ray yelled, frustrated and scared.

"Damn.. okay man. We get it. Our bad, just come and we can continue exploring this house." the voice of Jackson spoke.

"F-fine.." Ray hesitantly took steps to the room door and put his hand on the door nob. He opened the door slowly, but was met with nothing but Jackson and Liams clothes pieces and slight blood dripping. His eyes widend and darken as he heard a giggle. He slowly looked up and met the eyes of a tall mimc. The shadow of the mimic all dark, the eyes wide and the veins popping inside of them, it's jaw holding down enough to fit a whole human body in it. The mouth slowly opened and the sounds of the missing kids giggles and laughter started coming out.

TIME: PRESENT:

It was now the present time. Missing flyers flew everywhere, and the faces on it? *Ray, Jackson, and Liam.*

- Story by Amelia Kenthalabug , 6th grader.

A face that saw God

By Damien L. Villarreal / 7th Grade /

Log #1 - Wednesday

I was so excited when I first heard about the cave where the wolves went when they were sad and where the birds went to sleep, where the lizards went to dream and the badgers went to cry. I knew it was my job to go investigate. If you didn't know, I'm a nature journalist so I took my stuff and headed on! It's a few hours south of Pueblo, but I don't think it will be too bad. I'm on my way right now with my buddy, Greg. We knew each other since seventh grade and have been friends since. Isn't that lovely? Oh, by the way, my name is Alex Garcia. I can't wait! Ooo, okay, I think we're pulling into the site, okay, give me a second...

Log #2 - Wednesday

Guys this is so cool!!!!!! Oh my god, it's so pretty! There's a waterfall streaming down into the cave, and the cave itself is so gorgeous! It looks neverending, the wildlife is majestic, the plants and vegetation show the amazing biodiversity! How am I gonna cover this in just a week? The cave looks endless, I'm gonna go down it anyways though. Before I put my pen in my pocket, I need to put all my stuff on. Oh, this is going to be so exciting! I can even hear stuff in the cave, isn't that creepy? Okay y'all, wish me luck, Greg is going to stay up here to observe.

Log #3 - Wednesday?

I think I fell asleep... I can't really remember. I woke up all icky and sweaty, I don't know what time it is. This is- creepy, to say the least. I wandered around for a bit before I remembered that I had this journal. Don't worry, I remembered about Greg, I'm not sure how long it's been though. He might be worried. I should get back.

Bad news, I think I'm lost... I started hyperventilating but I was able to calm down. I don't think I should keep exploring, but while I'm finding my way back, I might as well record my findings. This is... scary. I'm scared.
I don't want to be down here anymore.

Log #4 Thursday...

I'm still here... This isn't much of a dream anymore. I fell asleep again, but it wasn't a nap. I went to sleep for a night. Greg is probably trying to look for me. There's no service out here. I packed extra batteries though, so my flashlight shouldn't die anytime soon. I really hope he isn't down here looking for me, I've been seeing things. Maybe it's just me going crazy, but I'm hearing sounds far off and seeing movement in my peripheral vision. Probably just bats. Yeah, those are definitely just bats that I heard.

Log #5 Fryday .

THE BATTERIES AREN'T HERE. MY FLASHLIGHT IS FLICKERING. IT'S DARK IN HERE. SOMETHING IS HERE WITH ME. HELP ME PLE

Log #6 Friday.

Wow, it's been almost three days here. I'm thirsty and didn't bring enough water. I only have half a bottle left, as I didn't expect to be here so long. I've just been staying behind this rock for a while, not moving. I was freaking out earlier, you probably know that judging by the previous log. The flashlight is dying though. I'm not too thrilled about that. I don't think I'm going crazy, but there has to be something down here with me. My stuff keeps moving around when I wake up, my bag looked ransacked one time. I never really thought about the reason all the wildlife are attracted to the cave. I'm really scared. How do I stay optimistic when-

Something just talked.

Log #7 Sunday

I went to sleep again. I'm still thirsty. So much so I can't cry. It's dangerous down here and I'm not in the safe zone, at least, not for long. I think something's after me. I saw something last night. It was a humanoid like figure. Its skin was a depressing gray color, its skin outlined its bones, and its head was wide and awkwardly shaped. I don't know where it went but I ran back to my rock. The image haunts me, and I can't get it out of my head.
Oh my god. It's right there. I don't think it's moving. It's tall and it's standing up. I can't clearly see it, it's too dark. Should I shine my flashlight on it? It hardly has any battery life left. Plus, what do I have to lose?

Its eyes are bleeding.

Log #8 Thedsnday

I'm running. It saw me. Its eyes are pale white and it had a horrific wide smile stretching across its face. I don't know why it started chasing me. I don't know what I did. I-
It's here.
It wants me to consider... a deal?
I don't see it anywhere, I don't hear it... It's in my mind. I can't move.

I accepted the deal. Before I go, I want to say sorry to everybody. I can't handle torment like that... I'm sorry Greg. I'm sorry Dad. I'm sorry Momma. *Please forgive me Momma. I'm sorry.*

so very sorry...

The day I could not forget!

If I could forget, I wouldn't. I hadn't known it at the time, but I hadn't signed my death contract. Such a happy story. And, you know, it's always easy anyways. I can oh so vividly remember him. He was... he was beautiful! His lovely pale face, his small white eyes, his wide, happy smile, even his wrinkly skin- need I say more? My soul, engulfed in the happy, subtle thoughts of his vast mind. My sins were forgiven, my life was redeemed! I envy the power that he carries but I love him! Oh so much! I can't bear a day without the soul that blessed my own! The day I met him I felt as though I fell from the heavens! **I can't feel, I can't see, I can't hear- the senses that connected me to this world beneath me have been broken! My body has been given free will and the power of a god that no mortal being could nearly understand! I WAS GIVEN THE DIVINE POWERS OF HIS OWN! I AM HIS... PUPPET.**

please, free me

Name: Darel
Grade: 7
Address
Colorado Springs, CO 80911

The Hollowing

I have been kicked out of every high school because of my rude attitude, but I did not know I would regret it until this year.

A week after I got kicked out of school, my mom and I moved to a small town in Pennsylvania. My mom said it was to start fresh in a new school. I didn't think the school was bad compared to the house. The house my mom bought was a very big creepy one, like the one you see in the movies. Behind our house was a large first, mom told me to never go there because someone had gone missing. Next to my home was a shed that an old man lived in.

"Why did we have to move here out of all places?" I asked. The house was quiet "Mom?"There was no reply. I kept on yelling but there was no reply, it was like I was the only one outside. All of a sudden I heard my mom call my name "Jaxson" but it was like she was singing it creepily. I heard my mom say "Come upstairs in the attic". I did not think I had an attic but as I was going, the attic stairs were open "Open it Jaxon" my mom's voice said. As I was about to open it I heard my mom opening the front door asking if I was looking around. I ran to my mom so fast that I fell to the stairs "Weren't you upstairs" I asked my mom in a very confused way "No" my mom told me "Wasn't that you calling my name in the attic" I asked Who's in the attic my mom asked now with an annoyed face, it was most likely because I always

through prank in my mom direction. Dropping the question about the attic I asked my mom "Why did we have to move here out of all places" but the reply she gave me was worse than a voice in the attic, "because this is the only school that will accept me, Jaxon please try you best to fit into the school".I told her I would behave and after she told me she had to go to a job interview so I had to be alone in the house. Before she left she told me to play a little but not to go to the woods. I saw the man before I went outside, he was staring at me. The man was always distraught and looked very scary so my friend and I decided to avoid him. One day I felt apprehension and did not want to go outside but my mom first met me. The second I went, the old man jumped out of the bush next to my house and grabbed me. He said someone was in my house distraught. I was so confused because my mom was at work and no one was at home with me. All of a sudden I felt a huge wave of apprehension and then another old man I did not know walked out of the house. He stood there like he knew something was hiding from him. Suddenly he started staring at the bush we were hiding in, he started walking closer. The old man who looked worried and knew what was about to happen pushed me back. As I was running I heard the old man who walked out of my house say to the worried old man that he was a trader. I ran into the house locking the door, but somehow the two different guys walked throw the door. The second they saw me they started sprinting at me. They both took me upstairs to the attic, where I heard the voice of my mother. They opened the door to the attic and inside I saw a decapitated head that had my mom's voice. Many people that looked dead, some with no eye, some with no head, and some no arms started appearing, "One Of Us, One Of Us, One Of Us" they yelled.

The unleashing of darkness upon us

(Based on an analog horror)

The house was warm and lit up. Me, my boyfriend, and his little sister were upstairs having a tea party with her stuffed animals. His parents were out of town on a work mission in Italy. “Will you stay here forever?” Aarons little sister Chloe asked while brushing her stuffed bunnies hair. I laughed softly and playfully threw a stuffed bear at her head. “No, I wish I could, I'll just be here until your parents get back.” Chloe smiled widely and ran to her closet. “What are you doing?” Aaron asked with a confused expression on his face. “I’m getting my princess dress up toys!” Chloe said cheerfully. Aaron and I looked at each other, I shrugged and turned back to Chloe.

She had already got her toys out of the closet and pointed at Aaron. “You! Come here!” Aaron looked at me hesitantly but got up and sat in front of Chloe. “So what are you going to do?” There was a hint of fear in his voice since last time his sister surprised him she did a very terrifying looking makeup look on him. “I’m going to make you look like an astronaut because I love space!” Aaron let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding and nodded. As Chloe started doing his makeup I started cleaning up the stuffed animals. Aaron gasped and said “I forgot they’re doing the rocket launch live today! Let's go watch it!” Me and Chloe cheered and ran down the stairs with Aaron following closely behind us.

I sat on the couch and Chloe sat on my lap still cheering, Aaron sat next to us and grabbed the remote to turn on the TV. A few minutes into the live rocket launch I noticed Chloe fell asleep so I grabbed a blanket from behind the couch and covered her up with it. I looked over and saw Aaron taking pictures of us. “Aaron!” I whisper-yelled at him. Aaron chuckled and put his phone away “Just keeping track of memories.” He pulled me closer to him and laid Chloe across our laps as we continued watching the TV.

“You know, I really hope that the science experiment those scientists are doing doesn't go wrong.” Aaron said as he absently played with my hair. I looked over at him and said with a hint or worry in my voice “Do you really think it will go wrong?” “A little, let's hope they know what they’re doing.” He replied. I nodded and laid my head on his shoulder. The government had been planning to open a communication system to different multiverses with the rest of the governments of the world. They usually don’t announce the things they’re experimenting on so they probably think it will go well.

***

It was 7am, I was lying on my bed in a deeper sleep than a baby. A few minutes later I woke up and checked my phone. Multiple missed calls from Aaron. I called him back and on the third ring he answered. "Hurry and come to my house, and quick." His voice sounded of fear. I rushed to his house and came inside. As soon as I got inside Aaron pulled me on the couch and turned on the TV to the news.

"What's wrong?" I was a bit worried. "Just watch," he replies. On the TV there was a scientist with a terrified expression on his face "We're all doomed! The darkness is falling upon us!" Then the TV switched over to a news lady. "He meant that scientists have opened portals to a very bad alternate reality! They are on earth right now!" Then a huge creature came behind her and shut off the camera and the news cut off. Then there was a loud growl at the door. Aaron yanked me by my arm and drug me downstairs to the shelter where the rest of our families were. This is where we will hide.

To be continued (There were a lot of cliffhangers in this analog horror i based this off of so this is a cliffhanger :D)

WIDEFIELD SCHOOL DISTRICT 3

Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

scary story
1 message

Bordelon, Matthew <[redacted]> Tue, Oct 29, 2024 at 12:35 PM
To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>, [redacted].org>

It was the middle of the night and all I could hear was sounds of terror and dispare but all i could do was ignore it. The outbreak has gotten worse it started to feel like i was in world war z. When i was walking down the stairs to my gun stash the creepy crawly spiders staarted to follow me and copy what I do. But the i heard screaming and i could smell hot metal and when i turned the corner i saw a zombie eating my friend archer with blood and and organs every where i had no choice but to leave there and never return. While i was running i ran into a sea full of zombies in the middle of the streets I saw that there were tall building so i ran up as fast as I could until i made it to the top from there i began to think of a escape plan and i decided to jump to the next! As i was preparing I feelt the ground shake And then i heard **BOOM**, I looked over the edge to se the zombies slamming into the wall I decided to jump and ran for the edge. I blacked out for a minute but when i woke up i was on the other building but then I saw two survivors scared because of the blood on my face. I told them I was not going to harm them and we decided to team up they said there names were nathan and ian then we ran down the building. As we got to the exit the zombies noticed us luckly there was a car but as we made a break for it a zombie bit nathan on the leg but just as he broke free he got surrounded and eaten and he organs were thrown everywhere. Me and ian made it out safe FOR NOW!

By: Kai U.

14 yrs. Old

Whilst investigating the death of a local detective, a painter called Lauren Blast uncovers a legend about a supernaturally-cursed, bendy banana circulating throughout New York. As soon as anyone uses the banana, he or she has exactly 399 days left to live.

The doomed few appear to be ordinary people during day to day life, but when photographed, they look translucent. A marked person feels like a happy fox to touch.

Lauren gets hold of the banana, refusing to believe the superstition. A collage of images flash into her mind: a quiet cat balancing on an evil detective, an old newspaper headline about a drunk driving accident, a hooded dog ranting about legs and a drinking well located in a wild place.

When Lauren notices her lips have fox-like properties, she realises that the curse of the bendy banana is true and calls in a stranger, a swordsman called Will Smart, to help.

Will examines the banana and willingly submits himself to the curse. He finds that the same visions flash before his eyes. He finds the quiet cat balancing on an evil detective particularly chilling. He joins the queue for a supernatural death.

Lauren and Will pursue a quest to uncover the meaning of the visions, starting with a search for the hooded dog. Will they be able to stop the curse before their time is up?

By: Kai

719-555-5474
14 yrs. Old

Casper Smart was thinking about Mathias Parker again. Mathias was a hopeful animal with brown feet and grubby toes.

Casper walked over to the window and reflected on his snooty surroundings. He had always loved dull Exeter with its frantic, fluttering fields. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel concerned.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the a hopeful figure of Mathias Parker.

Casper gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a brave, intelligent, beer drinker with pretty feet and short toes. His friends saw him as a wide-eyed, weak writer. Once, he had even jumped into a river and saved a foolish blind person.

But not even a brave person who had once jumped into a river and saved a foolish blind person, was prepared for what Mathias had in store today.

The moon shone like boating elephants, making Casper irritable. Casper grabbed a crumpled piano that had been strewn nearby; he massaged it with his fingers.

As Casper stepped outside and Mathias came closer, he could see the perfect smile on his face.

"Look Casper," growled Mathias, with a violent glare that reminded Casper of hopeful kittens. "It's not that I don't love you, but I want a wifi code. You owe me 4413 pounds."

Casper looked back, even more irritable and still fingering the crumpled piano. "Mathias, let's get married," he replied.

They looked at each other with angry feelings, like two funkelplopping, frightened flamingos dancing at a very sweet holiday, which had flute music playing in the background and two hungry uncles running to the beat.

Casper regarded Mathias's brown feet and grubby toes. "I don't have the funds ..." he lied.

Mathias glared. "Do you want me to shove that crumpled piano where the sun don't shine?"

Casper promptly remembered his brave and intelligent values. "Actually, I do have the funds," he admitted. He reached into his pockets. "Here's what I owe you."

Mathias looked sneezy, his wallet blushing like a rapid, ripe rock.

Then Mathias came inside for a nice drink of beer.

THE END

Wesley's night in the woods

Name:Mannix
Age/grade : 12 in7th

As he was walking at night Wesley's eyes bugged out of his head as he heard a loud wooooooo! He broke into a run and he started going faster than he had ever ran in his life. THere in the near distance was a mysterious light in the trees. He pulled a stick off the ground and slowly walked through the heavily wooded undergrowth. He realized it was a large house. He slowly crept up to the house but halfway there he saw fresh footprints.They were large boot prints that slowly turned into a large pair of feet . His heart was hammering in his chest . bu bum bu bum bu bum. He kept creeping towards the house only to find a frail old woman on a rocking chair long expired. Wesley went in and found a man at least 7 ft tall with crimson red eyes and a huge hairy body rippling with muscles. His feet were so large they could be a meter long . Looting the house for valuables he saw Wesley. He roared a deep guttural sound like that of a hellhound.

He ran out of the house and he saw a large lake of water that was glistening with the light of the moon. He heard a growl and heavy thuds as it was gaining on him. Wesley saw a canoe and he hopped in a paddled with pure determination and adrenaline. He took out his bear spray. he knew it wouldn't do much but he could hope for a shot at his deep crimson eyes. He looked in his bag and he found a fishing hook. If Wesley had to be out here all night he was good. He looked back at the shore, the creature was gone. He let out a huge sigh of relief. Then he heard a loud splash. He saw the beast swimming at him with immense speed. Wesley rowed away and got ready to use his bear spray. It got to him and sprayed him in the face .He was able to make it to shore and run.

POV BIGGY FOOT

I was looting an expired women's cabin for food and a boy walked in holding a large stick. I looked at him and I said hi . Then he booked it and i finished looting and i chased after him he was screaming all i heard was "f hsdv lsdvljcgbv" .I saw him jump in a canoe and paddle away. Icalled after him and I heard a scream. I dropped my bag and ran into the water and I started to swim. I caught up to his boat and he gave a smirk and said something like " I wale dawn yov" that's when he sprayed me with orange liquid.It burned like crazy. I dunked my head and it burned worse. I asked why and he paddled away. I looked through blurred vision as he hopped off and ran.

POV Wesley

I ran like the wind as I heard him roar. That's when I realized but it was too late. I stomped right on a bear trap. I tumbled and I fumbled as it twisted and turned. I lurched to a stop with bruises and cuts and gashes. I felt a presence over me I opened my eyes to see a hunter over me. He

helped me out and he bandaged me up .I hobbled with him and I escaped the crimson eyed creature.

It's been 2 years and I still get nightmares of that night. i had my leg amputated due the trap being partially made with lead. I have crutches now and I have a hard time moving fast. When I'm day dreaming I still catch glimpses of those huge red monstrous eyes.

POV BIGGY FOOT

It has been two winters and I have slowly gone blind. I still wonder what I did to that boy to anger him. I've slowly been deteriorating and I've been eating less and less. I fear I am never going to make it past this winter.



Hailev Ortiz
t

7th grade
12 years old

Disturbed

I remembered this whole thing like it was yesterday. I could retell it like the back of my hand. I documented every day of this event because of how damaging it was. I had just started my night shift at McDonalds, I'd been working there for 3 months now and it was going well. It had a decent pay and I liked my coworkers. One of my coworkers was Leon, he also worked the night shift. After I clocked in, I cleaned up a bit and even found a moldy cheeseburger in the corner of a booth. Our McDonalds was fairly nice and looked modern. One customer came in and asked for some "Secret Menu Item" , whatever that was, Leon and I were confused and tried to tell him that that wasn't a thing but he got mad and stormed out. A bit after he stormed out, I heard a flash noise, like someone took a picture of me. The night shift came to an end at 6am so Leon and I closed up and went home.

When I get home after my shift I usually just sleep and then get started with my day. I put my uniform up and got into bed to sleep. This day I wasn't that tired but was able to go to sleep for a couple hours when all of a sudden, I woke up and couldn't move or speak. That day was 1 month ago and the first time I had experienced sleep paralysis and it was the first of many. I had a nightmare about the guy that had previously came in. I didn't know what it was but something about him really creeped me out and frightened me.

A day after that event occurred, nothing happened and I didn't see that guy again. That day when he walked in though, something was off, I could just tell and couldn't shake that feeling off. It was like dark clouds covering the sun when he walked in. I'll never forget how he looked. He had black hair that was a buzz cut, wearing a slightly dirty maroon long sleeve shirt with black pants. His eyes were opened wide and I never actually saw him blink, he just looked mental. When he came in and asked for whatever "Secret Menu Item" I thought he was just being a fool and messing around.

That day had really just stuck with me, I just so happened to start having sleep paralysis after that. I decided to just leave that day alone and forget about it because after all, I hadn't seen him after that. I sure thought too soon. My nerves calmed and I didn't have sleep issues for a couple days. Everything was normal until another weird customer. He walked in and he was barefoot with no shirt. He made his way to the counter and just started dancing. I thought to myself "The nerve of this guy!" because our McDonalds specifically had a policy "No shoes, no shirt, no service". On this day Leon was working with me and it was another night shift, Leon was in the back cleaning and restocking. I told the guy "Uhh, sir. You do know about the policy right? It's quite literally, "No shoes, no shirt, no service."" He paused, "Oh. Is it? I don't think I recall knowing that. Hmm, I guess I'll go then". How weird.

That same day it was unusually slow at the beginning of the shift so Leon and I were just watching the security cameras. Out of nowhere, someone shows up and it looks like they're walking around the building, almost scouting out. I realized it was the same guy with the "Secret Menu Item", I kind of froze like I was paralyzed even though I hadn't been sleeping. I had told Leon about the sleep issues I had previously so Leon said that he would take care of him if he walked in. My eyes were glued to the screen, *I was watching him like a hawk*. He had perfectly

left the view of all the security cameras even though we had them everywhere. Leon and I were still in the back when **CRASH**, we both jumped and my heart was pounding. I did *not* need that scare so late at night. We gained our composure and ran to the front of the store staying hidden. It was like a horror movie. There he was just standing there, outside of the doors, just watching. His eyes were as big as if there were toothpicks holding them. He was looking in like he needed something inside the store, not from the menu. I whispered to Leon "This is terrifying, I mean yes we do have regulars but this, this is something else." As soon as the guy noticed we saw him he dashed, sprinting out of there and fully running away. "Oh my god, I can't with this guy! What is his problem? I'm really starting to get scared." "Don't worry about him. Try to forget about him." Leon's words sort of reassured me but I was still so shaken up.

I was quite scared so I took the following day off. Of course, I had sleep paralysis again. When I came back, Leon told me something jaw dropping, I was shocked to the core. He said "I don't want to freak you out or anything, I really don't but I just thought I would let you know. I already told management and I know they're incompetent when it comes to doing stuff but. I found a dirty folded up blanket with a bunch of trash on it." I stood there astonished with no words, Leon seemed scared to say the next thing. "I-I-It was as if someone was inside the building in the back and I have no idea how anyone would have even got in there" It felt like there was nothing to say and I stood there wanting to quit. Our shift ended and I walked out of the door and stepped back, there were roses everywhere, scattered around the door. "I-Is he directing this at me?" Leon was as shocked as I was. "You need to go to the police right now before this escalates" "Do you really think they can do anything? I mean I don't want it to escalate but I feel like he hasn't done anything that the police can do stuff about." I had also told Leon about the sound of someone, probably the guy, taking a picture of me. "It's better to be safe than sorry because I already feel like this is going too far," "I feel like the blanket is related to him," Leon suggested to go to the station after our shift.

We went to the station and the most they could do is have officers surround the place and take the blanket as evidence. That made me feel better because the guy didn't show any signs of being dangerous, only creepy. I only had a nightmare that night and I was so thankful for no paralysis.

The next day at work there it was. In the back, there was the picture I heard being taken of me pinned up on the wall with a knife. It felt like I was just slapped, I had nothing to say, all I felt was fear and worry. This time this shift had a manager, it was me Leon and our manager, Jimin. Jimin was stunned in silence, he had gotten back from a week's vacation and had no word on the things going on in the night shift. All of this was obviously directed towards me, there was absolutely no word of stuff like this happening to the morning shift people. "Why why why is this happening to me. I never asked for this." I was straight up whining at this point. I couldn't take it. I kept on having nightmares of this kind of stuff and my sleep issues were not helping **at all**. *I just wanted it to be over*, I remember wanting to just move out of the country and never return. We called the police in and they got detectives involved in this case. They collected all of the evidence but said they couldn't trace anything on the knife. The worst part was that there was no footage of these things happening, *everything* was erased.

I got so sick of this I felt like taking this into my own hands and finding hard evidence on this guy. *I knew* it was him. I knew I was going to find him and put him away behind bars forever. I had always wanted to go to school to become a lawyer and CSI but never got to it. One thing I did do, was do extensive research on those jobs, the requirements, and what they do. *I was experienced,* I knew exactly what to do to catch him in the act. I had created an Instagram account and posted about all of the things I wanted, a purple cup, green pillow, and red balloon. I captioned it "If only I had someone to get me these". Then I waited. 1 day, 2 days,

3 days, and there it was. The three *very* specific things I asked for showed up, the balloon in front of the door, cup in the back, and the pillow behind a bush outside. I had told the police what I was doing and what my plan was, they liked it and allowed it. Again, they took the new evidence and still, nothing. This guy was tough to catch, once he realized I had the police on him he went into hiding. There was no stopping me though, *I was going to catch him.* I kept on with the posts and the items kept appearing and no evidence was found. This went on for a week. It was like a cat and mouse chase, the mouse wouldn't take the bait and just eat the cheese. It was killing me and I was starting to lose hope when finally. A piece of evidence showed up and it only took a whole week and 20 instagram posts. It took me posting about wanting money that finally caught his fingerprints. Looking back at it I laugh, thinking that the guy got lazy and it was almost like he wanted to be caught with such a rookie mistake of giving money.

Now it was the police's turn to track him down and give him the sentence he deserves. It wasn't long before they found him exactly and found his whereabouts. They were able to find his address and online accounts with hacking and they went to his address. It was disgusting and horrifying what they found at his house. I realized how dangerous this guy really was. I had completely misjudged everything. He lived in a remote area with no other houses around and surrounded by trees. The house looked as if he built it. First the police had barged in and found the guy, the house was one room and there he was, *eating a body*. The police had taken him first and then looked around the room. Inside they found sorts of voodoo dolls with hair and eyelids, pints of blood ranging from the different types, and a handmade book with a stick as a pencil hidden behind a cut tree stump. The book contained writing about all of the victims with their blood. The police thought that the guy had killed all of the women and then started to write his story about killing and stalking all of them with their own blood. The book started off with the first victim, his ex, where the guy started the plan all because his girlfriend dumped him. He wrote all about following her to her workplace then stalking and finally killing. He revealed that he found joy in killing after doing it once and then it became an obsession so he decided to do a mass killing. With the rest of the victims he didn't bother to stalk them, he just drugged them then killed them because he saw them as easy targets. With me I guess he thought I wasn't an easy target so he decided to stalk me as he did with his ex.

The police then searched the woods and found over 30 bodies all decapitated with every limb removed and put in a circle around the body. All of the bodies were women, fresh and newly killed, some bodies had some writing in a kind of code cut and scratched into their skin. There were animal claws and teeth jabbed into the eyes of all the bodies. Every body had their eyelids torn off. 10 heads were shaved and had a big slit going down their head. 20 of them were scalped. The police pieced together that the hair was used to make the voodoo dolls. Some heads were put in bear traps. There were twisted wire hangers around their necks, choking them. A couple legs had bite marks with glass stuck in them. The fingers were twisted, bent, and folded on half of them. All of their ears were stabbed with sharpened sticks. On the hands and feet all of the fingernails were ripped off. Insects had already got to them, beetles and maggots were crawling all over the bodies, having a feast. The farther the police went the more they found, there were animal bones stabbed into the ground, skulls all buried. It was petrifying and traumatizing. When the police told me this I was utterly disgusted, I told Leon and Jimin immediately. They were also frightened and comforted me till I got better. I had gone into therapy to get some extra help and got out of it after a month. I never want to experience this again, I will forever remember everything that happened and my every feeling.

My lucky penny

By: Sydney Robinson
8th grade

"Mina, my back is killing me" I groaned as I lifted the boxes up the porch. "Eliza, we don't have time for complaining, we need to get moved in as soon as possible." I sigh as I walk back down grabbing the next box. "I feel like this happened way too fast." I mumble. Mina lets go of the box, putting both hands on her hips. "Eliza we talked about this, I need this new job." She says. I sigh and continue caring for the box up the porch. " I'm sorry we had to move back into town but the faster we get these boxes unloaded the quicker we get to settle in, so chop chop." She says as she grabs the next box. We finished moving the boxes into the house, sitting at our makeshift dinner table of 2 wooden stools and a small wooden table. I eat the cold soup in front of me, everything in this house seems cold. I knew Mina could see my discomfort so I gave a big fake yawn. "All those boxes made me tired" I chuckle. " I should get some rest before we unload all those boxes tomorrow." I say as I stand up. " Get a good night's rest, you're lucky you're my sister so I'll let you sleep in." She chuckles. I playfully roll my eyes and I make my way upstairs. I walk into a room with an air mattress, and a lamp that flickers on its own. I flopped onto the air mattress, hoping to seek comfort but found none. I sigh and look through the photos on my phone, the ones of my sister and I back in the city. I set my phone down, my eyelids becoming heavy. I reach over and turn the lamp off, letting sleep take over. Until a loud thud echoes through the room, causing me to immediately sit up. I reach over, turning the lamp on, my eyes all over the room. In the corner of my eye I spot a penny, heads up. I reach over and grab the penny, looking around the room once more. " A lucky penny" I chuckle to myself, settling into bed. I turn off the lamp with the penny in my hand, letting sleep take over.

I'm woken up by the sound of my sister banging on the door. " I let you sleep in, now help me unload." She shouts from the other side of the door. I sat up, realizing the penny was no longer in my hand. I get ready and make my way downstairs. I see my sister taking plates and other silverware out of some boxes." We need to stop by the grocery store, and get a few things." She tells me. I sigh and put on my coat. "And also." She tells me, making me face her. " Don't leave loose change just on the floor." She says handing me the penny. I look down at the penny with confusion. It looked the same penny from last night, but I tell myself it's just another penny. I set the penny on the small wooden table and followed my sister to the car. We make our way to the grocery store, staring out the window as the houses fly by us. We arrive and we make our way into the store. " I just need a few things: don't get lost, don't break anything, and don't cause madness." She warns me before walking off. I roll my eyes and walk around the store, putting myself into my own world. I walk into an ile noticing a little girl and her mother coming from the other side. Her mothers on the phone while the little girl looks at the snacks. She turns to me and gives a cute bright smile. " Do you have a quarter for the gumball machine?" She asked. I

lean down to their level. " Let me check" I chuckle and reach into my pockets. The smile on my face disappears as I pull out a penny from my pocket. The little girl grabs the penny from my hands and smiles. " I only need five more of these then I'll have enough." She giggles as she skips back to her mom. I slowly stand up, the penny the only thing in my mind. Im quickly awaken back to reality, when my sister appears behind me. " I got what I needed, let's go." She tells me as we make our way to the register. We make our way back into the car, I put my seatbelt on until something catches my attention. I look up at the same little girl from earlier. I give a warm smile and wave my hand. She holds up the penny, covering her left pupil and gives me a big bright smile. My smile fades away and my heart quickens, and an uneasy feeling takes over as we drive off, the little girl following my eyes. I lean back into my car seat, letting the air conditioning cool me off. " You look like you saw a ghost," my sister chuckles. I roll my eyes, and stare out the window, trying to shake off the uneasy feeling building inside me.

We arrived back at the house, my sister carrying the grocery. I hung up my coat and tried to make my way up the stairs but was stopped by my sister. " You would be the best sister if you help set up the chairs for the backyard." She says as she flatters her eyes. I sigh and grab the box titled backyard. I set out in the backyard, grabbing sets of the chairs. I continue setting up the chairs, the whisper of the wind hitting my head until something hits me in my leg. " I swear Mina, if that's you, I'm going to break this chair." I shout until I'm stopped. I look down and see a penny on the ground. I slowly lean down, my heart quickening. I grab the penny and my eyes widen at the sight. The man on the penny had a big smile on his face, my palms become sweaty. I look up and find nothing but a fence and an endless forest behind it. I quickly threw the penny over the fence and shouted,"I don't want the stupid penny!" I breathe heavily as my heart rate quickens. I gasp as my sister grabs my shoulder and spins me towards her. " Why are you shouting, the whole town can hear you" she yells at me as she drags me back inside the house. "Dinner will be ready soon, go relax and cool yourself down." She tells me as I sit down on the floor turning on our tv without a mount yet.

After a while my sister calls me for dinner. I sit down opposite her, looking at what I hope is meatloaf. I poke the meatloaf with my fork, hoping it will have some reaction. " Don't play with your food, you're not a child." She tells me. " Don't make bad food." I tell her, making her give me a glare. We make long eye contact, but it breaks when she spots something on the floor. " Eliza for the last time, don't leave loose change on the floor." She shouts as she bends down and grabs a penny. " All the money right now is very helpful." She warns me as she tosses me the penny. I caught the penny and noticed the man seemed to have a big smile,but it had no eyes. Its eye sockets were there and the smile seemed bigger. My eyes widen and my hands become shaky. I slam the penny into the meatloaf, my anger no longer to control. My sister stands up, wiping a piece of meatloaf off her face. " What is your problem!" She shouts at me as she takes a load of napkins off the counter. I grab the penny and walk over to the sink. I quickly threw it down the drain and switched on the disposal. My sister quickly reaches over to me and switches the disposal off. " We haven't even been here for a couple days and are trying to break this house." She shouts at me. " Go to bed and be better tomorrow!" She yells at me as she grabs the pool of meatloaf off the table.

I storm upstairs too tired to argue with my sister. My lamp seemed to flicker more than usual. I lay down on my air mattress trying to shake off that feeling inside me. I switch the light off and try to let sleep take over. I lay down in the coldness of night, only sounds of light crickets taking over. I'm interrupted by the sound of thud echoing the room, causing me to immediately sit up. My lamp flickers on, I didn't turn it on. My heart stops for a moment when I see a penny in front of me. I pick it up and find no man or anything on the penny, just a plain deep brown penny. I drop the penny and try to stand up but I'm stopped. A large tall figure appears in front of me. Pale skin, eyes socket but no eyes, and teeth but no lips. I open my mouth, but nothing comes out. My mouth moves but no words are able to come out. It walks closer to me, and tears fall down my face. The creature picks up the penny to its face and gives a big, wide smile. " Your lucky penny." the creature's screeching voice tells me. As tears fall down my face, the creature lifts its web hands and everything goes black. "Eliza...Eliza wake up!" Mina shouts as she pokes my arm. I gasp and breath heavily as sweat falls down my face. I'm in the car driving back to town.

" What happened?" I ask out of breath. "You fell asleep on the way." She tells me. "God, just a nightmare." I breathe out. My sister chuckles and playfully rolls her eyes. " Had a nightmare about my delicious cooking?" She playfully asked. I nudge her on her arm and stick out my tongue. I lean my arms on the door and stare out the window, looking at small houses instead of large buildings. My sister pokes me in my arm, making me face her. " I know you aren't excited about moving back so I got you something." My sister grabbed something from the console. I smile and playfully say, " It is your delicious meatloaf." My smile fades when my sister faces me. She pulls out a penny with a smiling face. My sister gives a big, wide smile and tells me, " Your lucky penny."

Cody Esch

(This story is aimed at those with hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia)

Hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia

NY TIMES #1 (because all books are)

William Wilson was sitting at his desk. He had started to feel nervous in his meetings. He sat back, took a breath, and watched. He remembered that he had a fear of something he couldn't remember. When he finally remembered it he screamed.

"What the devil is wrong with you, you unsophisticated swine!?!"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA" William Wilson screamed. He knew he had some sort of fear. He knew he had to talk to someone. He walked down into his friend's office.

"Doctor I think I have a fear of long words." William Wilson said.

"That means you have a classic case of hippopotomonstrosesquippedaliophobia" the doctor pointed out.

"AAAAAAAAA" William Wilson screamed.

"Are you afraid of needles?" The doctor asked.

"No?" William Wilson responded.

"That's great because the medication is administered intravenously by a homeopathic phlabotematoligist."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH" William Wilson streamed and started hyperventilating.

"Also, I believe that fear is floccinaucinihilipilification." The doctor said.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH" William Wilson screamed.

"Let me refer you to Doctor Ann."

"Oh?"

"Doctor Antidisestablishmentarianism," The doctor said.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAH" William Wilson screamed, turning horrified.

"Did you know in Mary Poppins they say Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious?" The doctor said.

"Do you suffer from pseudopseudohypoparathyroidism?" The doc asked.

"AAH"

"You are demonstrating Incomprehensibility." The doctor said.

"AH," William Wilson screamed and left the office.

He ran out of the office and walking down the hallway he passed Doctor Anntidisestablishmentarianism's office.

"God!" He shouted after seeing that. He walked back down the halls and went down to the door. I really shouldn't have gone here. Then he noticed it was raining outside.

He walked down to his house, sat down, and noticed on TV a sketch of the same scenario. He watched as the whole scene unfolded before him, horrifying him. He ran forward down the hall, then some dude decided to harass him a bit, and thus he chased after screaming such terms. William wilson had a deathly fear of long words.

The year was 1978, October 31st 5:42 am, a family of five houses burned down to ashes. After a young girl set her own home on fire. She always heard it. She heard it taunting her, day after day. It never stopped; she always heard it whisper to her. Until one day she snapped. She drenched the floor in gasoline and lit the match. Her mother, father and little siblings tried to escape but she blocked every exit in the house. If she had to go, she would take her family with her. The fire department was too late. All life in the house was gone, Not a single heartbeat, no breathing, dead. The only thing remaining was charred bones.

5 years later, in 1983 the house was rebuilt. But no one would even consider living there, considering what happened. The house was left to rot. 41 years later, 2024 there were **5 more days until halloween.** A group of kids, Richie, Micheal, Logan, wanted to hang out after school. They were just walking around the block Until they walked past the house. Micheal heard it whispering to him. “Hey, do you guys hear that?” he said. Logan and Richie both said no. “You don't hear that whispering?” They said no still. They both kept walking but Micheal was freaked out, as if he had just seen a ghost. The clock hit 7:00pm And they went home. Micheal was not at school the next day, he wasn't answering his phone. Richie and Logan went home. I turned on the tv and saw a news report.

Micheal was dead. His body was found under a bridge. Slowly rotting in the river. **3 more days until halloween.** Richie and Logan were devastated, their best was gone. He barely lived, his life was taken at a young age. Richie remembered something, a story he heard last year. The story of how a young girl set her house on fire with her family in it. After she heard something whispering to her. In that house. It was obvious that they were connected. The second he realized he called Logan, but he didn't answer. After he tried about 4 times, he heard his mothers phone ringing. It was Logan's mother, he heard her say “Hey, is Logan over at your house? He hasn't come home from school yet.” Richie’s heart dropped, he ran to his bike and went to the house to look for Logan.

He found him. But not in the state he wanted to find him in. He found his body on the porch. He was too late. Logan was dead. The cops were called. Richie went home, devastated. **Halloween night**, Richie went out, not to go trick or treating, but rather to find who did this to his friends. He graded a baseball bat, and a kitchen knife. He went to the house, he smashed a window and went inside, he heard a noise upstairs, he started to go up the stairs. He heard footsteps behind him. Then he felt a sharp pain in his stomach, and the blood started to run.

He was impaled,as his life was being taken, he saw it. The thing that started all of the suffering. A demon-like figure, but not a little red man with horns. It was the ugliest thing you can imagine. Boils in its skin, organs spilling out its stomach, gouged out eyes, rows of teeth in its mouth, some putriding from its and lip, and its jaw was split. As the life was draining from Richie it stared at him, then dropped his body on the floor. Countless people were slaughtered that night. Countless children didn't go home, countless cries of pain, countless caskets.

WIDEFIELD SCHOOL DISTRICT 3

Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org>

My scary story submission

4 messages

Courtney, Larisa <[redacted]> Thu, Oct 31, 2024 at 4:17 PM
To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>

Lost in the Dark

There was a black forest in the tundra of Umbra. It was a large forest that seemed to never end once someone entered it. The dark blanket surrounding the woods of oak, dared adventures in.

A young male cat laid in his soft, feathered nest. He lives in the plains of Plana with his tribe. He woke up with a wide yawn ready for the morning. The young cat ran out of his nesting spot and went to the kill pile for some food. His mother was by the pile, waiting for him.

"Do you want to go hunt alone for the first time?" She asked

"Oh my, Yes I would love to!" He replied with excitement.

"Rembore, Oak, Be careful and stay away from danger." she said

"I know, mom, I know what I'm doing." He said as he rushed out of the deen.

He ran through the meadow towards the forest with excitement. It was his first solo hunting mission. Oak dropped into a hunting crouch, stalking a mouse nearby. He leaped forward and caught the mouse with 1 swipe to the head.

Oak realized that the forest he entered didn't seem right. He looked where he entered. The entrance should have been right next to him, but it wasn't. There was a

niss behind Oak. He turned around and saw a foge cover in the once peaceful forest. He ran to where he thought the exit was but it kept going on forever.

Oak grew tired from running around, looking for an exit. The fog felt like it had absorbed him. The trees looked distorted and the ground was black with wet ash. There were constant things popping up that were too fast to see clearly. Oak had the feeling of something watching him.

All went black

Oak woke up in a field of flowers and the forest nearby was full of prey, but something was wroung. Perhaps this peaceful place is not what it seems.

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.

Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org> Fri, Nov 1, 2024 at 8:26 AM
To: "Courtney, Larisa" <C

Hi Larisa!

What grade are you in? Do you or your parents have a phone number we can reach you at if you win?
[Quoted text hidden]

Courtney, Larisa <[redacted] Mon, Nov 4, 2024 at 8:14 AM
To: "Library, Security Public" <spl@wsd3.org>

Im in gra[redacted]
[Quoted text hidden]

Library, Security Public <spl@wsd3.org> Tue, Nov 5, 2024 at 9:17 AM
To: "Courtney, Larisa

Thank you for your submission. We look forward to reading it. Winners will be announced soon.
[Quoted text hidden]

There's no running

One day I was with some of my peers, Maria, sarah, and Amelia but they went by Mia, ari, and leah. Usually they were rude to me, though I just ignored them. It was a normal day and we were having lunch at Molly's Diner. We were chatting about our school work and a few other topics. "We need to hang out this weekend," Mia complained. "That would be fun!" Leah exclaimed. We all agreed to meet at Mia's house at about four-four thirty, and then continued chatting.

That's when I saw a Mysterious figure, black clothes black eyes, and bloodstains on its clothes and its face with an odd smile on its face, standing across the street. I shot up from my chair, and let out a small scream. As a car passed, the figure disappeared like it was never there.

I looked at everyone around us, and then at Leah, Ari, and Mia. Everyone was staring, then I whispered, "I need to go, I'll see you at four." Then I ran to my house, not even thinking about asking for a ride, I was too panicked! I could not control myself, I could not calm down! I ran to my room and was so angry for no reason, and eventually calmed down. I decided to take a nap after being so humiliated at the diner.

After about an hour or two, I really don't remember, I awoke. I decided to begin getting ready to meet up with the girls, it was already three forty five. When it was time I left for Oli's home. I finally made it but just had a feeling of something watching me, although nothing was. I felt so very uncomfortable. Then I finally arrived at Oli's house.

They all Looked at me with an unamused look on their faces. And I nervously said "hi"

Then we walked inside and into the living room. They began talking about dumb things like boys. They began to grow tired and suggested playing a few board games. I looked outside again and stood the figure though it had fresh blood on its clothing. I blinked hard and rubbed my eyes, and when I opened them again it was gone, not a trace. Not of the blood that was dripping, not a single thing left behind.

I continued to play the game as Ari asked "what in the world are you staring at?" I quickly responded "Nothing!" I sighed deeply. Then something unexpected slipped out of my lips as if I had no control, "Let's go to the woods." I started with little emotion.

They all looked confused but then agreed. We grabbed our things and walked outside. Oh-so gaily I smiled, almost like I never had in my life. Yet I could not feel my face. I was actually quite upset because I lost my favorite chapstick, Which is beside the point.

We began to walk and chatted along the way. I stayed quiet and was behind the group. I got my phone out and my fingers took me to my texts, my moms specifically. They moved to type "Hey mom, I'll be home late love you!" Then I put my phone back in my pocket. Again I saw the figure across the street, holding a bloody sign saying "not much time left, you can't run." And for some reason I was unfazed, as if the figure was my own, but it looked nothing like me.

We finally made it to the woods and as we walked farther in it became quite foggy as if it would suffocate me. And very dark, very- very tenebrous, As if the dark gates were before us. We proceeded, after I softly said "After you." with a small smile, creeping on my face. As we walked further It grew darker and more foggy. So quiet you could hear an ant's cries. "Let's go back, it's getting... kinda scary" Ari cried. Then I creepily said "No, that's okay. Let's stay!" They took a step back, and I stepped forward. I smiled very big and whispered "run." They began screaming and running away.

I chased after them, they stayed together. Big big mistake. Oh I was suddenly filled with joy. I cornered Mia, she deathly scared, screeched, a chilling wail it was. I showed no mercy to her, she was always toxic and rude. This is what she deserved. Then I heard another scream and flew very quickly over to leah. She had fallen into a hole. I had a small thought to help, no she did not deserve my help. Instead I filled the hole with dirt over her body.

Lastly, I rushed over to Mia. She had nowhere to go. She begged for forgiveness. She cried and screamed "PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS!! I AM INNOCENT, I HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO YOU." And instead of forgiving, I told her "you know what you did you evil-evil snake." I took her life with my bare hands. Their screams and shrieks will forever haunt that dark forest. And I walked away very satisfied.