Stranger Saggas

“The Parasites” by Cameron FitzSimons, grade 10

You got shoved in a dark, dingy, dimly lit bus and sat in the barred seat, the guard pacing, the driver’s eyes glued to the road, two others stuck in straightjackets, grossly low, hollow thuds moaning and screaming. SMASH! CRACK! Silence. The bus rattled and shook to a screeching halt.

You stepped off the bus, freely, as opposed to the others. You saw grossly long, jagged, bony legs, a disturbingly droopy, smoldering frown, and lifeless, beady eyes piercing your soul. Its skin looked uncomfortably stretched over its frame. Inhuman parasite.

“We see you!” they screeched. “Time to feast!”

“Home to a Haunted House” by Victoria Kern. grade 12

Halloween night, Vanessa came home from work and started watching *Hocus Pocus*.

“Mom,” uttered from the locked basement door that she’d never opened.

“Mom? I’m twenty?”

As she made her way to the basement, the lights flickered every step she took. She opened the door, and all she saw was a brick wall. Later, Vanessa researched her house, and it turns out it was a mental hospital in the 1890s. She gathered all of her things and moved to a different house, but the voices kept following. She stayed in her house so long that she was now possessed forever.

“The Sleepwalker” by Stephen Soloyna, grade 9

Dave, tired after working another day without any leads or suspicions about the infamous killer, was finally home, prepared to go to sleep. His wife was working the night shift. After taking off his blood-covered boots that he hadn’t bothered cleaning from the scene, Dave passed out as soon as he hit the bed. The next morning, he learned more murders had happened overnight. More unrelated victims, no clue--no common enemies, tension was in the workplace. Dave visited one scene himself and found a fingerprint. DNA testing showed it was his own.

“Family Destruction” by Carmen Youngs, grade 12

Coming home after school, I’m still depressed because my mother died from a car accident two years ago. There was a package that was sitting on my counter, and a time bomb was inside. I froze, my sister took it and ran outside. She died in seconds. Everyone started receiving them. There were multiple deaths on my street.

The FBI found the murderer after only two weeks, the one who was making the bombs and killing over a dozen people. Breaking news on live TV. They caught the killer. My mother’s bony face popped up on the screen.