Name: Mariah O
Address:
Phone #:
Age/Grade: I am 13 years old in 8th grade!

The Damsel Murderer

By: Mariah O

It wasn't normal for the woman you just murdered to show up in your apartment the next day. At least, it wasn't for Richard Getty. Getty, a man of impurity. His hands were not clean, not one bit. A lunatic was a common description of him. "The Damsel Murderer" was the name that went around. Getty was not special, but he wore the name with honor. He was a man who was feared by women, for he only decided to target them. A man who caused alertness, stress, and *fear* for any woman walking alone.

Marina Moore was one of the unlucky. "A damsel" Getty would mock. Marina, once a girl, was then nothing more but another mangled, missing person. Another victim that would soon be forgotten. Well, that is if it weren't for the fact that she was standing in front Getty's couch. Getty stared at the woman. She looked completely untouched in the moon's lighting.

Getty took a step closer, and she slowly turned to face him. Marina's long, wavy hair was draped over her shoulders. Her eyes

held that same pureness that Getty remembered. She was wearing her same pair of jeans and a light blue sweater from the night before, when she was killed. Getty rubs his eyes, blinking a few times. Yet, Marina didn't disappear from his vision.

"Richard, do you remember me?" Marina whispers eerily, and Getty's neck hairs stand up.

Getty scoffs, shaking his head. He didn't tell her his name. It bothered him that he even remembered hers. If it weren't for her paranormally standing there, he'd have already forgotten like all the others. He remembers her screams of "I-I'm Marina! Marina Moore! Sir please– I don't want to die!" It puts a cocky smile on his face. Getty slowly walks over to his small kitchen, drawing a knife from a drying rack. Marina's eyes track him. His brain was playing tricks on him. It always did, for a man as insane as him, that was the only explanation. Marina doesn't scream when he stalks towards her. It's only until he begins to plunge the sharp blade inside her when she flails around.

"This ain't real…" Getty muttered to himself as he watched the blood pour down onto his carpet.

Marina's weak arms attempt to push him off, but he's far too strong. Marina gags on her own blood flooding inside her mouth. With one last gasp of air, she's dead once again. Getty slowly stands with a grunt. He looks down at the pool of blood on the

floor and he has to remind himself it's just his brain playing tricks on him.

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Getty's had found himself a loud one today. He had tugged her by her long, dark-hair to his warehouse. She squeals and cries as Getty sits on top of her, stabbing her in the stomach once then twice, then repeatedly with a laugh. This was Getty's favorite part, when his victim took their last gasp, then they just went completely limp. But, before he can enjoy the pleasure of this fatality, he hears something… No, someone nearby. Getty shoves himself off the girl, and she rolls to her side limply. Getty holds his knife tightly. There's a shuffle… Then, he begins to recognise the sound more. The click of boots.

Getty quickly stalks down the sound, a big smile on his face. Two in the same day wasn't rare, but it sure was still fun, easy. Getty's getting ready to pop out until he sees something recognizable. The bright color of blue passes his eyes. For the first time in forever that Getty's spent killing, he stops in his tracks. Getty begins to walk slower, then he comes to a quick halt.

Marina Moore stands with a bright smile on her face. Her smile almost reaches from ear to ear. Getty gulps, watching the girl's eyes never once leaving his. He had killed her yesterday… And the day before that. It felt a little more real today. He could hear her breaths clearly in the silence. They're heavy and loud.

"What in the…" Getty shakes his head, taking a step closer to get a better look at her. "My goddamn head is playing tricks with me…"

Getty's a bit agitated now. Marina was supposed to be gone two days ago. Out of his mind, out of his life, and out of distance. Getty decides to repeat the process, so he storms up to her. She tilts her head ever so slightly, her expression not changing until he stabs his knife through her throat. Marina gasps, her hands slapping onto her throat. Marina falls onto her knees, and she looks up at him.

"You won't forget me, Mr. Getty. Not like the others." Marina collapses onto the ground after speaking, blood spluttering out of her neck when Getty yanks the knife out.

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A week had passed and Getty felt as if his mind was deteriorating. Marina had seemed to follow him everywhere. Even from the corner of his eye, he could swear he saw her even if she wasn't there. Getty, a man who held his head high, had been on edge. Like the women that he usually stalked down the streets, he felt some kind of unnerve that something was nearby, something evil. Marina's visits began to feel inescapable. In which, they really were. He had come face to face with her everyday. Each kill of her,

it began to feel old, repetitive. Getty couldn't stand it. Everything about her drove him absolutely nuts. He couldn't tell if he had actually even killed her the day before. His mind a blur, and his hands constantly shaking, he hadn't set out to find another "damsel" to taunt.

Getty sat down on his bed, rubbing his hand over his forehead. The sweat stuck onto his hand. Marina hadn't appeared today. Not yet, at least. It had only been a week and some days, but yet, he was beginning to expect her visits. He was starting to expect to kill her every night. The evidence always disappeared the next day. Her blood didn't stain the walls or flooring, but it stained him in a mental way. A spirit she was perhaps, made to get revenge. Getty couldn't wrap his head around it.

Her squeals and cries didn't seem as pleasurable anymore. They felt dreadful, and they hurt his ears. She'd say little phrases before she soon died. Or, he would hope that she died. Getty felt apprehensive. Each time he killed her, he felt this new feeling, *guilt.* It was such a new feeling. He never felt bad. He never wanted to turn himself in for his wrong-doings. Yet, her constant appearance hurt him in some kind of way. A brutal and harsh way. A slap to the face.

Getty jumps up from his bed to the sound of a footstep. He recognized it, as he did the last seven days. Getty slowly steps to the door, staring down the dark hallway. He sees her. Marina smiles. She had seemed to get more disfigured as the days went by,

her eyes twitched and her smile became wider. Getty frowns, he hated that this sight scared him. He hated her. He despised seeing Marina Moore's face. He couldn't even escape her outside, her missing posters plastered everywhere. Her body hadn't even been found yet, she wasn't even announced dead. She was a nobody, Getty thought. A little devil, Getty believed. Getty's masculine ego told him that he was better than this. But, the fragile part told him to be fearful about whatever she was. He couldn't face these fears. The fear of being caught was now something he considered. What would they do to him in jail? He feared this paranormal thing. There was no way this was simply just human Marina, scared Marina, helpless Marina. No, this was more.

Marina begins to walk closer to Getty, her smile unwavering. Getty stiffens. He walks backwards. Marina begins to giggle, a terrible sound in Getty's ears. He's being played by his own game. Getty walks back over to his bed when Marina is in his room. Marina comes to a stop and continues laughing.

"You're not as strong as you look. You're weak, Getty. You're nothing without our deaths." Marina states in a derisive tone, her smile serving as another jab to his ego.

Getty looks at her with disgust, anger. Something ugly builds up inside him. He grabs one of his pillows, staring at her with sharp, brown eyes.

"You're no Ted Bundy, Richard." Marina grits her teeth together. Her voice is scratchy, deep, and chilling.

Getty tightens his grip onto his pillow. He charges towards Marina and slams her into his bedroom wall. Getty pushes the pillow against her face, muffling her screams. Marina kicks Getty repeatedly, but he's far too strong. Marina scratches his arms to attempt to get the pillow off of her face, but he pushes down further until getting a breath is impossible. His ego builds up once again, seeing her pathetic attempt at survival. Getty lets Marina flop on the floor after he's finished suffocating her.

— —

It had been about three weeks now. Getty couldn't sleep, he couldn't even eat. Getty tried to numb the fear out with alcohol, but he could only see her. She felt less of a hallucination now, she was routine. He couldn't take it anymore. Her constant screams, mockery, and that damn smile. Getty couldn't sit in the dark alone anymore. She came back everyday, no matter how he killed her. She followed him, her eyes and body.

Getty steps onto the wooden chair. He stands tall on it in his bedroom. Getty grabs the rope tied in a tight noose. He has tears streaking down his face. Marina watches from the corner of his room. She's nodding with a big smile on her face. Getty, a man without pride now. A man with a puddle of pee in his pants.

Getty's mind was blank. It took a knife and a day to take Marina Moore's life. It took her three weeks to get him to take his own life, for good. Getty stares at Marina. Marina doesn't move, but she waits.

"Coward." Marina whispers, and her voice echoes in Getty's mind. A coward. He was a coward. He would've never killed a man. No, he was far too weak. Getty puts his head through the noose in shame.

Marina begins to whisper "Coward" over and over again until it seems to get into his head. Getty lets out a sob, one like a little boy. Getty trembles, the chair rocks under his weight. Marina laughs at the sight. Getty cries at her laughs. Getty slowly moves his right foot off of the chair. Then, with one swift movement, Getty kicks the chair over.

By Cora Ma

Timid Timmy

Once upon a time, there was a little ghost named Timmy. The bigger, full-grown ghosts often bullied him because he was afraid of spooky things, including the other ghosts! One night, the boss ghost told Timmy that if he didn't frighten humans this Hallow's Eve, Timmy would be locked in a haunted house for the rest of his life! Timmy was alarmed- he didn't want to be in a haunted house! Timmy thought and thought as he exited the boss's creepy mansion. But there seemed to be no way out of his fear. Timmy would have to scare mortals tomorrow.

At 7:00 pm, the ghosts swarmed out of their trees and began wailing and moaning in blood-curdling voices. Timmy was the last to come out. He studied the dark, eerie night with terror-filled eyes. The moon was as full as it ever could be, the shadows in the landscape seemed to jump out at him, and he could almost hear witches cackling evilly as Timmy crossed the yard to the first house. The first daunting house was decorated with enthusiasm. Jack-o'-lanterns were everywhere, staring sinisterly at Timmy, and pale skeletons were dancing menacingly in the yard. He heard a wolf howl in the distance, deep and guttural, as Timmy slowly raised a trembling fist to knock on the mahogany wood door. The quiet, nervous knock sounded hollow as it echoed through the petrifying building of fear. The door handle was turned suddenly, without any noise, and jerked violently open. There stood a little girl who was dressed as a princess.

"Oh, hi!!" the girl said, bouncing up and down with joy. "What are you supposed to be? A ghost?? Aw, that's so adorable! You're like a little munchkin!"

"Remember to give the trick-or-treaters snacks!" Assumably the girl's mother called, obviously thinking it was a trick-or-treater. Timmy was trembling. The eerie dancing skeletons were still freaking him out.

"W-well, it's n-nice to meet y-you. W-w-what is your n-name, my l-lady? Timmy stuttered.

"My name is Amelia!" Amelia smiled. "You are pretty cute… would you like to come trick-or-treating with me? I was about to leave when you knocked."

"Oh, please, no more trick-or-treating! My ghost master has ordered me to frighten people this Halloween, or I shall be locked in a haunted house for the rest of my life!" Timmy begged.

"Oh, no, why didn't you tell me that sooner?" Amelia asked with concern. "Tell you what, I'll come and help you!" Amelia looked over her shoulder and shouted to her mom, "I'm leaving now, I will be back by 10:00 pm!"

"Okay, honey! Please stay safe and bring me back some candy!" the mom yelled back.

"Yup!" Amelia turned towards me. "Okay, let us go!" Together, we walked to the street, with Amelia striding confidently, and Timmy scurrying nervously behind her. Amelia radiated strength and confidence and gave Timmy enough hope that he could escape his boss' torment, so that he didn't shudder in terror when he passed creepy décor in all the humans' yards. The two advanced through the evil that lurked in every shadow. The dark, cloudy abyss of night tried to dig its claws into Timmy, and the shadows that sculked all around seemed to smile with freshly sharpened teeth and bright red eyes. The moon gleamed vividly as Amelia took Timmy's hand. Timmy looked up in surprise as Amelia smiled encouragingly. Suddenly, the night was just a

silly fear that Timmy could overcome. The monsters Timmy thought were real became stuffed animals, harmless and soft.

"Amelia? Can we go to my boss's house to confront him?" Timmy asked, sure that he could win an argument with Amelia on his side.

"Yes, of course, whatever you think is best." Amelia gave me a reassuring smile. We proceeded to my boss's house.

When we arrived, the boss was absent, so we waited inside. The walls were covered with (hopefully fake) blood, bodiless heads of dolls, arrows, and skulls. The ceiling had a small, flickering red light bulb, the only source of light since there were no windows. There was no furniture, not even a bed. Suddenly, the boss came in, and Amelia crumpled.

"Why is she clutching her head? What are you doing to her??" Timmy was perplexed as he knelt at Amelia's side, trying to soothe her.

"I am giving her realistic nightmares. She does not belong here. And, she has the Sight." The boss answered. "But the real question is: What are you doing here with a sightful human?"

"We were here to face you and defy you by not scaring anyone this Halloween!" Timmy said, straightening and looking the boss in his red, beady eye that kept darting to Amelia as if he feared her. Amelia was still crumpled on the ground, taking tensed, sharp breaths. Timmy had to get the boss to stop, soon.

"I've always just obeyed you as the boss, but you have never revealed your name. I've never asked, but who exactly are you?" Timmy realized and asked inquisitively. The boss gave him a slight, pure evil smile and laughed.

"I am the ghost of HITLER. FEAR ME, LITTLE TIMMY!" he boomed, his voice growing deeper and more wicked.

Timmy was taken aback. "Hitler?" he whispered, his defiance fading away rapidly.

"YES, HITLER! I AM KING OF ALL GHOSTS, AND EVERY DAY, I TERRORIZE HUMANS IN PAYBACK AND VENGEANCE FOR DEFEATING GERMANY!" Hitler reveled in Timmy's fear. But his shouting had broken his concentration to keep Amelia in the nightmares.

"Timmy," she whispered weakly. "I understand. I have the sight; my hands can defeat him."

"What?" Timmy was confused, and he crouched over Amelia.

"Just swipe my hand through him and- WATCH OUT!!" Amelia warned, pulling Timmy down as Hitler swooshed over where my head was, a ghost sword in his hand.

"YOU KNOW, TIMMY," he said casually, tilting his head at me and fiddling with his sword. "I'VE DECIDED YOU NO LONGER HAVE A PURPOSE AS MY MINION. I WILL KILL YOU NOW."

Timmy barely dodged as Hitler swiped at him repeatedly. He kept dodging, but Hitler was unrelenting. He continued to thrust and swing at him as Timmy started to tire. Just when he thought he couldn't keep it up any longer, Timmy remembered what Amelia had said. Timmy slowly slid towards Amelia, ducking and trying to evade the deadly blade. Miraculously, he reached Amelia, who was being violently tormented once again. As Hitler bolted towards

Timmy, Timmy drove Amelia's arm through Hitler. Hitler froze in time and could only scream as he started to dissolve.

"NO!! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I ONLY WANTED REVENGE THAT WAS GRANTED TO ME! OH NO, VENGEANCE IS SO CLOSE, BUT SO FAR! MARK MY WORDS, YOUR HUMAN WILL PAY FOR THIS, TIMMY. AND THE PAYMENT IS HER SINFUL, AND CORRUPT SOUL!" Hitler promptly crumbled into a blazing red powder, which Timmy ground into the walls, on all the poor dolls and humans he decapitated, and all the blood he spilled for his selfish reasons.

With Hitler gone, Amelia woke from the tormenting nightmares. "Timmy?" she whispered, slowly moving to stand.

"I'm here." Timmy helped her up. "Hitler is gone."

"Timmy, I understand now. When he said that I have the Sight, it sparked a ton of information inside me. The Sight is a rare gift bestowed on only a few humans. It's just given randomly, and genetics don't play a part. It's the ability to see ghosts. Hardly any humans can see you. And only people with the Sight can kill other ghosts if they want to by touching them. But, if I know that I don't want to, it doesn't kill the ghosts when I touch them."

"Wow." Timmy was appalled. "How did that all trigger?"

"I think someone hid information in my brain," Amelia said, looking Timmy in the eye. Timmy was scared by the intensity in Amelia's stare. But then she laughed, her beautiful green eyes softened, and she took Timmy's semi-transparent hand.

"But for now, do you want to go trick-or-treating?" she asked, grinning brilliantly.

"With you, we'll be trick-or-treating hardcore!" Timmy exclaimed, taking Amelia's hand. The two friends skipped merrily together, going from house to house. But little did they know,

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To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>
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My Halloween Night

The bell rang for school. It was finally the end of school, and time for halloween. I couldn't wait to get home and get dressed in my costume. I walked out of the school building and I could just smell halloween in the air! It smelt like fall leaves, fresh carved pumpkin, and the smell of caramel apples.

As I started walking home, I put my headphones on and listened to the born singer by BTS. I was about half way home, and then my music suddenly changed to a spooky, eerie toon! I felt a cold breeze on the back of my neck and then I felt something tap me...I TURNED AROUND QUICKLY! But nothing was there. I changed my music back to BTS, and continued my walk home being very cautious of my surroundings.

When I got home, my mom welcomed me home with some fresh halloween cookies she had just made. They smelled like Pumpkin, my favorite smell! I thought nothing of what happened when I was walking home. I thanked my mom for the cookies she had just made, and went up to my room to change into my costume. I was being a dead K pop idol for halloween! I changed into my costume, put some fake blood on my face and went back downstairs. My mom said, " You're already in your costume?" I said "I can't wait, I'm just too excited!" My little brother, Chan-Yeol, came out of his room in his costume. He was Jinu from K pop demon hunters.

Two hours passed, It was almost dark enough to go trick or treating! I couldn't wait. I stared outside, watching it get dark out. Finally, it was dark out and I was about to leave. " Bye mom! I'm going trick or treating with my friends!" I said. She stopped me. " Wait, You're going to take your brother with you. She said, I paused...I slowly turned and looked at her, then I looked at him. " WHAT? I'm going with my friends though!" I said. "I don't care, You're going to take your brother with you!" She replied. I was furious, How could she do this to me! My little brother is so annoying! "UGH!" I grabbed his hand and pulled him out the door that I slammed.

As I walked out the door, I felt that cold presence again...the same presence I felt walking home earlier. A cool breeze struck the back of my neck. I tried to look around me and grab my little brother's hand, but nothing was there! Everything changed! My surroundings, My little brother wasn't there, Our house was the only thing that was still there, but it was...different. It looked as if it were infected by a zombie. It looked terrifying! I looked around again only to not find my little brother. I screamed his name. "Chan-Yeol!" I tried to listen to any sound or voice I could hear, but all I heard was the eerie sound the wind made. I screamed his name again! "Chan-Yeol!" But I still heard nothing. I tried to run away from the house, but something stopped me! I didn't know what it was but it pulled me closer to the house. I had no control over my own body. I wanted to scream and cry, but there was no time for that! I needed to find my Chan-Yeol.

I took a deep breath. I walked up to the front of the house, and slowly opened the door. The door flung open! I paused and stared into the house...It looked like hell. There was no other way to describe it. The smell was of rotting flesh, Death. I heard something call my name. "Ji-Yoon..." I felt paralyzed. I couldn't move. I heard my name again, "Ji-Yoon..." I hesitated to take a step forward, but I had no choice. I needed to find Chan-Yeol! I took another step forward,

another step, and another step. I kept taking slow steps. I took about 16 steps then I heard something call my name. "Ji-Yoon!" It was not an eerie call of my name, but it sounded as a cry for help. Chan-Yeol...could it be? Could it be my dear Chan-Yeol? I heard it again. "Ji-Yoon!" It had to be! "I'M COMING CHAN-YEOL!" I yelled.

I ran toward his cry for help! But then I fell, then I heard the sound of a chainsaw. "RRRRRRRRRRRR!" The sound of an engine starting. I looked back and saw a man who looked dead. His face was half torn off. His hands were covered in blood, and his bones in his legs and fingers were sticking out. He started coming after me! I got up off the ground and ran as fast as I could toward Chan-Yeol. I heard the cursed man still coming after me with that chainsaw. I kept running, running! The sound stopped, and I looked around. I lost him, I felt relieved but still terrified at the same time. I looked for Chan-Yeol. I saw a door and I opened it. I saw him! He was tied into a chair with duct tape on his mouth"Chan-Yeol!" I said. I rushed to him, untied him, and tore the duct tape off his mouth. I hugged him more than I ever had before. "What Happened?" I asked. " When you pulled me out the door I ended up here in this creepy house. The demons tied me in this chair!"

I had to think of a way to get Chan-Yeol and I out of here. I had to think, think. I looked around. I realized we still had our costumes on. "I have an idea!" I tried to speak quietly so no one would hear us. "We're both in our halloween costumes, Chan-Yeol. If we act as dead and as zombified as we can, we might be able to find a way out of here without the demons thinking we're alive." We slowly walked out of the room and tried to find a way out of the house. We searched and searched. We came across another monstrous half dead person. She had a bloody knife in her boney fingers. She made eye contact with me and Chan-Yeol. We tried to look as zombified and as dead as can be. We paused, keeping all the fear we had inside of us. She finally continued walking. We took a breath out in relief. We

continued trying to find a way out of that cursed house. "Ji-Yoon! Look" Chan-Yeol said. There was a small crawl space with light peeking through. We rushed toward the crawl space. We looked through it, It was our house...normal though. We went through the crawl space together. We were home...We weren't still in that cursed house. We ran up to the door and walked inside. Mom was there. She didn't seem to notice we were gone. All she did was ask us how trick or treating was. Supposedly, she didn't know what happened...

so you know, Lifetransfomation coach email is my mom, I tagged her in this
--
-Amoralyn D ;
-7th Grade Student
-Watson Junior High School
:)



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.

My name is Jaina T
My phone number is .
I am in 7th grade

This is legal information that should only be obtained by selected personnel. Please talk to your administrator before reading on.

Interview with Sally Goods November 18 2019 after being found almost dead outside of an apartment building. When searched no body was found in the home.

"It was my birthday. I expected it to be like any other day. Like most Saturdays, go to the laundry mat, tidy up my apartment, do dishes- all of the boring things. But instead my best friend Todd invited me to the board walk. He was always so happy and chalant. I didn't really want to because I thought that the beach was just hot and gross. But I didn't want to disappoint him so I went. We went to some coffee shop which was surprisingly good despite having no customers inside. We shopped around at some stores mostly looking but also buying things to prepare for people's birthdays."

"The sun had started going down and we walked out onto the sand. I touched the water to see how cold it was and pulled my hand back. I didn't want to go into the water since it was freezing but he disagreed. He wasn't angry or anything, it was playful- the exact reason that he was my favorite friend. He walked into the water and told me that I could stay on the sand. Suddenly I saw a huge wave behind him but before I could tell him it consumed him. I waited for him to come back up soaked. But he didn't. I panicked and looked around for a coast guard and ran up to the first one I saw and told her about Todd, she got on a boat and started looking around for him. They called in more life guards and looked around for about an hour before they gave up and sent out a missing persons report. But told me that he probably wasn't alive"

"I couldn't sleep that night. I watched my best friend probably die that day. I really hung onto that *probably* part. The next day I couldn't get out of bed. I was tired and guilty and I hadn't fallen asleep at all that night so I made myself some tea and finally got to sleep. A couple hours later I woke up. I looked out the window and it was dark and then I heard a sort of goan. I looked over and saw Todd sitting in the corner of my room."

"He stared at me and randomly he coughed up sand then he vomited up water. But it wouldn't stop, water kept flowing and he got more and more pale. In a drowsy state I walked up to him, going to comfort him in his sickening state. But when I got to touch his shoulder it pushed in-the skin and bone almost melting at my touch, creating a huge divot in his shoulder. He looked up at me again and the water stopped, his mouth now barely open. Then he opened his mouth wide, almost too wide.When I suddenly woke up in a drowsy state and my head snapped to the corner where I saw him not seconds ago. I sat in in bed for a minute trying to breathe and snap out of the sudden adrenaline."

"Then I smelt something, a terrible thing. The longer I sat the worse it got. I warily stood up and investigated. I turned on my light and looked around my room just to be greeted with nothing. I continued through my apartment turning on lights and leaving doors open. You couldn't blame me. I've seen enough movies to know that the doors will lock behind you. I was suddenly hit with the terrible smell that came from the kitchen but it was worse, it consumed all of the air around me. I braced myself when I turned on the light just to see nothing once again."

"I went to open my closet and the door wouldn't budge, I fought with the doorknob until it opened and looked me in the face. I fell over but I didn't get up immediately. I was tired and my head now throbbed from the impact until I felt something itchy on my legs. I sat up immediately and before I could see what it was I heard a terrible screech, it squealed and made my ears ring. I looked into the closet and there he laid in front of me. His eyes were gone and his skin was pale. He now looked sad,not like I had seen him before. I screamed and scrambled to stand up then ran out of my apartment. I didn't think about what I was doing and ran off of the ledge. That's how I got here. You police don't believe me, you think I'm insane. But I'm not lying, you've just never had your turn."

Fredi H

7th grade, Age 12.

A Normal Day

Bell rings,

"Gabe, wanna have a sleepover?",

"Yeah for sure Jack."

They start walking to Gabe's house, but Jack changes his mind and says,

"Let's go by and buy some snacks at the grocery store."

"Sure, let's go by." Reassures Gabe.

They went by the grocery store, there wasn't anybody there,

"Weird, there are usually people in the grocery store that will sell you the snacks."

They grabbed snacks and left the money where the workers usually stay with a note.

"It's getting dark outside, we should hurry up." Warned Gabe to Jack. "Here I ride my skateboard. I'll take yours.", "Okay."

After the grocery store they started heading to the skatepark that was close to their house. Jack was going too fast making him fall off Gabe's board,

"Are you okay?" Asked Gabe.

"Yeah I'm fine."

Gabe notices something behind Jack.

"Jack, what's that behind you?",

"Jack…. RUNN.. AHHHH." Gabe immediately ran away, but he felt like something was off.

"Jack? JACK? WHERE ARE YOU!"

Gabe went to look for Jack but he didn't find him, Gabe didn't tell anyone what happened that night.

Likewise, Jack's parents were worried about what could've happened to their son if Jack hadn't come home after parting ways at the skatepark. The parents looked anxious, their faces pale under the dim porch light. Gabe struggled to explain what he had seen, but words stuck in his throat. How could he describe the terrifying figure he'd glimpsed behind Jack, or the way Jack had suddenly shouted to run? As they searched the nearby woods and called out Jack's name into the dark, a cool wind seemed to sweep through the night, whispering eerie secrets that made everyone's skin crawl.

William W
#74
[redacted]
8th grade

The Whispering Shadows

On the outskirts of a forgotten town, an ancient manor loomed, shrouded in mist that clung to its broken shingles and boarded windows. The locals called it Hollowgate House, but few dared utter its name after sunset. They whispered stories about the manor, claiming it hungered for memories—and that those who entered after midnight became part of its living nightmare.

One storm-thrashed October night, five friends, fueled by bravado and alcohol, pushed open the iron gate. Their flashlights cut thin beams through the swirling fog. The door creaked open as if expecting them, revealing a grand foyer blanketed in dust and cobwebs. A portrait above the fireplace watched them with eyes so lifelike, one friend swore they moved.

Eager for proof of the supernatural, the group split up to explore, laughter echoing hollowly through the halls. But soon, the air thickened. The old wood seemed to breathe, and the darkness pressed in, swallowing the light. The temperature dropped, and the silence grew oppressive—and then the whispers began.

They were soft at first. Indistinct. A plea for help, a warning to leave. But the whispers grew louder, overlapping, desperate. The walls pulsed with voices, some sobbing, others screaming. The friends tried to regroup, but the house seemed to stretch and shift, the hallways never leading the same way twice.

One by one, the friends vanished. Emily was first, chasing what sounded like her mother's voice down a narrow corridor. Her scream was muffled by the closing door. Mark vanished next, drawn into a room where the shadows danced and writhed. The remaining three ran, but the house did not let them leave. Mirrors reflected faces that were not their own, and doors opened into rooms filled with claw marks and bloody handprints.

Sarah tripped in the darkness and fell through a rotting floorboard. The others heard her cries fade as if she were falling for miles. Now only two remained. They huddled in a cold, windowless room, the whispers now inside their heads, promising escape if only they would listen.

In the end, they succumbed. The last thing they saw were their friends' faces—twisted, hollow-eyed, mouths stretched in silent screams—peering at them from the shadows.

When dawn broke, Hollowgate House looked as deserted as ever. Yet if you pressed your ear to the crumbling walls, you could hear new voices joining the endless chorus of the damned. The manor was always hungry, and it would never be satisfied.

Addison Rae P
14 yrs, grade 8
my mom's phone number:)7

The girl was born on the night of the meteor storm.

It lit the skies above the sleepy town of Ashmoor like fireworks, streaking across the heavens in burning arcs. Locals gathered in open fields to watch. One streak fell lower than the rest—too low—and vanished behind the hills in a flash of white light.

An hour later, a baby was found, swaddled in silver cloth, crying at the edge of the forest.

No one knew where she'd come from. No missing persons. No car tracks. No clues.

The Thompsons, an older couple who'd long given up hope of having children, found her and called her **Lyra**, after the constellation overhead that night.

They raised her as their own.

But Lyra was never quite… normal.

Fifteen Years Later

Lyra sat alone on the school roof, her eyes tilted to the sky like always. She didn't know why she felt drawn to it—only that when she looked up, the noise in her head calmed.

She often had dreams. Not the normal kind.

She dreamed of **light**—endless, golden, humming light that spoke in a language she couldn't remember after waking.

She dreamed of *falling*—but not the way humans fell. Her falls felt like flying in reverse, slipping from some ancient orbit toward something she couldn't name.

Sometimes, in mirrors, her eyes shimmered for a split second with stars.

She told no one. Not even her best friend, Mari. Especially not her parents. They wouldn't understand.

They didn't know she sometimes made the lights in her room flicker when she got upset. Or that the compass in her backpack spun wildly when she held it.

She didn't even understand it herself.

But everything changed the night she turned fifteen.

The Awakening

That night, Lyra couldn't sleep. The dreams were louder than ever. Her skin felt like it buzzed under her pajamas, like her blood carried static.

She went outside and walked into the woods behind her house. The trees stood silent. The moon, impossibly bright.

Then it came: a voice—not from outside, but from *within* her own mind.

> "Daughter of Light. It is time."

Lyra froze.

From the trees stepped a figure cloaked in something that looked like midnight—robes speckled with stars. Their face was blurred, like smoke and memory.

She tried to run, but her feet wouldn't move.

> "You do not remember," the figure said, voice echoing. "That was the only way to protect you."
>
> "Protect me?" she whispered.
>
> "You were born from the dying core of a star—your soul forged in the celestial furnace. You were sent here when the Eclipsing began."
>
> "The what?"
>
> "The dark that devours starlight. It seeks you, Lyra. And it will soon find you."

The figure raised a hand. Light flared between their fingers. A small orb floated toward her—glowing, pulsing.

When it touched her chest, it melted into her skin like warm water.

And suddenly she *remembered.*

She remembered **falling**. She remembered her people, beings of light and gravity and song. She remembered the war—the **dark things** with mouths like voids. She remembered being told she was the last hope.

Tears streamed down her face.

> "I'm not human," she said, almost choking.
>
> "No," the figure said softly. "But you were raised with their hearts. That makes you more."

The Beginning of the End

The next morning, Lyra woke up in her bed.

No one else remembered anything strange.

But something inside her had shifted.

She could hear the stars again. She could *feel* them. She could touch electronics and make them hum with ancient power.

And every night, she saw it in the sky—faint at first, growing stronger:

A dark patch where no stars shone. Expanding.

The Eclipsing was coming.

But she was ready now.

Because Lyra wasn't just a girl.

She was a star reborn.

And she was going to shine brighter than anything the dark had ever seen.

End of Part One

Silas M
7th grade

Micah woke up in his old mattress and rubbed his eyes. He saw a glimpse of a tall black figure, but he ignored it because it's normal to see weird things like that when rubbing your eyes. As Micah walked down the creaking stairs, he was surprised to see no one at the kitchen table. Usually, his parents are wide awake when he comes downstairs in the morning, but it was vacant. Then he checked the time on the clock that was given to his family by his grandpa gāl (pronounced gael) before his death. The clock read 7:12. This made Micah a little scared, but he went on to eat breakfast anyway.

He checked the usually loaded pantry because he wanted some cereal, but there was literally nothing in the pantry whatsoever. Then he checked the fridge, nothing; the freezer, nothing; the second fridge, absolutely nothing. He became a little more scared. He began looking around for literally anything he could eat until he saw a red index card that said "Good luck, don't die, and have fun with grandpa - From Mom and Dad." This both scared and confused Micah to the bone, but something finally clicked in Micah's brain, no wonder there was no food. This still didn't make sense because grandpa was dead. He just put that thought behind himself, and went to the old fishing dock to catch some fish for the day.

As he walked to the fishing dock he saw the same tall black figure, between the trees. Poof! It vanished. Micah was starting to think that he was being followed by this black figure, but he just continued through his day. He caught two small trout then went back home, but when he went back home he saw the same black figure. Then it vanished yet again. When he got back home he saw the same black figure. Micah started to wonder if this creature was trying to tell him something.

He went on with his day, but nothing out of the ordinary happened until dinner. He was going to cook another one of his fish but then he remembered that he only caught two fish, so he went down to the dock again to try and catch another one. When he was walking down to the dock it became foggy and dark out of nowhere so he just decided to go back home because he wouldn't be able to see the bobber. As Micah turned around he saw the tall black figure yet again, but this time it didn't disappear. It started to walk toward Micah and he began walking backward until he saw something on the side of the figure's waist; grandpa's old compass. Something finally clicked in Micah's head, no wonder his parents said "have fun with grandpa." Grandpa was also very tall just like the black figure. This black figure was grandpa.

Micah started to think why would grandpa ever want anything to do with him? Then he remembered when he was at his grandma's house she had a heart attack and died when grandpa was at the store. Grandpa had blamed Micah for the cause of his heart attack. Grandpa still had a grudge on him. Then Micah started to run as fast as he could away from grandpa, but when he looked up grandpa was there. He kept running away but every time he would look up grandpa would be there. He was now out of breath, so he just accepted his fate. Poof.

Here is something cool I added. The name Gāl in the story numerically matches up with the time G=7 A=1 L=12.

Perfection Will Slowly "Kill" You

Kaydence M.
719
7th grade

The day was cold and the wind blew quietly and softly through the large, brown trees. The morning sun hid behind the clouds, but its faint rays of sunshine still acknowledged the beautiful nature of the plants surrounding the outdoors. Many of the bushes started to turn yellow, as fall began to approach. There was a house, on Dewberry Street, where the Bradford family lived. In that house was a young girl named Delilah. She was hardworking, and excelled at even the most challenging tasks in school. As a student, Delilah never saw herself as a perfectionist, though she was never satisfied with being an average, or adequate student. She had never failed a class, was always commented on her quality behavior during class time and she could never accept the idea of lacking in her overall performance. Others saw her as an amazing student, though she had always found something wrong or was quick to find an error with her behavior, or assignments in school. She was never happy with her execution, because she knew that there was always something she could fix, even in the slightest bit.

Her family loved her for her incredible work ethic and dedication to being an exceeding student. However, they had always worried about the risk of her overworking herself, stressing herself out, and causing herself to dread school, due to her inability to perfect herself. At some point in her life, she had an overwhelming amount of homework and she felt she needed her entire weekend to complete all assignments, with no visible mistakes. Due to her substantial determination, she dreaded every morning of her weekend, knowing that she would just be spending the day finishing homework she didn't want to do. Though she finds perfecting every little bit of her homework essential to her grades, her parents continue to remind her that it is okay to make mistakes, and that not everything needs to be perfected to its finest condition. In Delilah's mind, these suggestions were just words coming out of her parent's mouths, but she would soon find out that these *"words"* had a truly deeper meaning than she could ever imagine.

Early that morning, Delilah woke up to the sound of loud, seemingly rock music playing in the room next to hers. It was her older sister Kimberly's music. Kimberly often played loud music in the mornings, because it helps her to "focus on getting ready for school". "Do you mind turning that down?" asked Delilah, covering her ears. "What? I can't hear you, I'm too busy getting ready for school!" said Kimberly, ignoring Delilah's request. "Kim, please!" Delilah often referred to her sister as "Kim", a shorter version of her real name. "Today's a *very* important day for me. I'll be getting my picture taken for sophomore year! And, I'll be taking my first driver's test in order to finally get my

license!" said Delilah, overflowing with excitement. "Oh, sorry, sis! You forgot the fact that I don't get paid to care!" said Kimberly, making a sarcastic sad face. "You know, Kim, you may not care for the well-being of my reputation at school, but *I* do. Which means that I do not want to be known as the girl who does not yet own a drivers license. So, laugh all you want, but at least I have the confidence to actually *take* my driving test." Though Kimberly was a grade above Delilah, she still hadn't received her driving permit or license yet. She was the exact opposite of Delilah, and often failed to meet simple expectations. She scored an obscenely low grade for the written test needed to sustain a driving permit. She took it a month later, after studying the driver's handbook at least once a week. She took the test, and immediately after, she found out she scored higher than her last test, but not enough to qualify for a permit.

Delilah exited Kimberly's room and began to prepare herself for school. She dressed herself in an outfit that looked as though she was going to attend Church. She took out the curling rolls she had wrapped around her hair from the night before and her hair looked miraculously curly. She quickly did her makeup, added her accessories and headed to the bathroom to brush and floss her teeth. As she creeped through the doorway to the restroom, she noticed a strange flickering light in the bathroom. She ignored it, thinking that it was probably just a recovery from the sudden power outage her family had experienced almost a week ago. She grabbed a long string of dental floss and put her hands up to her mouth, as if she were about to eat a burger. When she opened her mouth to floss her teeth, she noticed that her tongue was jet black, similar to the color of a tremendously priced tuxedo. She shrieked in terror, frightened by the sudden change of appearance in her tongue. Her mom and dad heard her loud scream from the kitchen downstairs. As soon as they heard the horrified sound of Delilah's voice, they quickly glanced at each other and ran up the stairs. "Del, are you okay?" her father asked in concern. "Yeah I'm fine. Why do you ask?" she murmured, holding a mask up to her mouth. "Well, we couldn't help but jolt up the stairs after hearing your scream." her mother replied. "And what's with the mask? Does your breath smell like a toilet or a trash can?" Kimberly suddenly walked up to the bathroom after hearing her parents' conversation with Delilah. "Kimberly! Please do not speak to your sister like that! If anything, she should be the one insulting you, seeing as you *still* don't have a driving permit or license. "Whatever, at least I'm not so pristine and good-goody all of the time..." said Kimberly, rolling her eyes. "KIMBERLY! That is the last time I will shout your name this morning. I've already had to deal with your sister's scream, not saying it's a bad thing, but still, my head is beginning to ache from all of this yelling early in the morning." Delilah and her father both looked at each other, in annoyance of both Kimberly and her mother's bickering.

Delilah's father let her through the doorway, as Kimberly and her mother continued to argue in frustration. Delilah and her father headed to the garage to ride his car to school.

Her father allowed Delilah to drive herself to school, with her dad's assistance, while sitting in the passenger seat. She took the normal route to school, which was almost 15 minutes away and drove cautiously, reminding herself of the speed limit every time it changed. Finally, she arrived at school, anxious of what people would think of her tongue. She parked the car, and exited the driver's seat, feeling more than prepared for her driving test. Her dad got out of the car and walked to Delilah, but she quickly left, hesitant to let her dad see the horrors of what lay inside of her mouth. She turned away from her dad, saying goodbye as she walked, and rushed to the school bathroom. When she got inside the school, there were an unbelievable amount of kids standing at the doors of their lockers. Fretful, Delilah tried to make her way to the girls bathroom, shoving almost every person she passed. Finally, she got to the bathroom, entering one of the stalls furthest to the bathroom entry. She pulled out a small makeup mirror she brought from home and pointed it toward her face. She opened her mouth to see how much worse her tongue's condition had progressed. Her tongue felt normal, just like before. No pain, no troubles or worries. She looked at her tongue and it was...pink?

Somehow, her tongue had oddly returned to its original state. It wasn't black or any other color for that matter, but pink. She gasped in confusion. Her eyes opened wide, looking as though she had just seen a ghost. Already distraught, she heard one of the bathroom stalls slam open, banging the bathroom wall. "Hello?" she said, filled with fright. "Is someone...there?" she exited her stall, looking around the bathroom to find a large cracking hole in the wall. It had almost looked like a wrecking ball had come crashing through the building. The stall door open next to the wall was empty and so was the entirety of the bathroom. Delilah was alone. No one else was there to witness the crashing wall, or to hear her gasps of terror. It was just Delilah...in the bathroom...by herself. She left the bathroom, searching for someone nearby to look at the bathroom wall. She had found one of her favorite teachers from her previous year; Mrs. Baxter. Delilah had quickly caught her attention and she gestured to her to come into the bathroom where the strange happening occurred. "Hello, Delilah. Is everything alright? Should I be concerned about something?" said Mrs. Baxter. "Yes! Uhm so I was in one of the bathroom stalls, and I suddenly heard a loud banging noise coming from right over...there?" When Delilah looked towards the cracking wall, and the crack was somehow...gone.

"I don't understand, Delilah. I don't see anything." said Mrs. Baxter squinting her eyelids towards the blank wall. "No, Mrs. Baxter, " said Delilah. "It was right over there I swear, I saw it! The bathroom stall banged against the wall and it cracked open! I saw it, I know I did!" Delilah looked towards Mrs. Baxter, begging her to believe her statement. "Delilah, is everything alright? You seem a little tense, hon. Is it because picture day is today? Because if you ask me, your outfit and overall look is amazing!" said Mrs. Baxter, putting her hand gently on Delilah's shoulder. "No!" Delilah yelled, shrugging Mrs.

Baxter's hand off of her shoulder. "I'm not nervous about the school's picture day. In fact, I'm as ready as I can possibly be!" Delilah left Mrs. Baxter in the bathroom, shoving her and walking as fast as she could towards her locker. Mrs. Baxter looked extremely worried, but stayed in the bathroom, dialing a number on her phone. Delilah scrambled in the numbers needed for her locker code, and quickly opened her locker door. She grabbed the supplies needed for her class and shoved the rest of her school supplies along with her backpack into the empty space left in her locker. She closed the locker door, only to see a tall, distorted, figure mimicking Delilah's appearance. It smiled at her, with its head tilted to one side of its brawny shoulders. Though it stood motionless in the hallway full of high school kids, what scared Delilah the most was that it looked exactly like her. Delilah gasped lightly. Her eyes were so wide they looked as though they were about to pop out of her skull. She turned around, opting to look for another way to get to her class, but that tall figure was there too. It started walking towards Delilah. "Oh, my god! What should I do? What am I *supposed* to do?!" Delilah questioned herself, looking for a way to escape this nightmare.

The creature suddenly started running towards Delilah, scaring her almost half to death! She started to scream as it got insanely closer to her. It stopped running. It was almost three feet away from Delilah, staring right into her brown eyes. She felt chills crawl up the depths of her spine. Her tongue felt numb, and it felt a lot different than before, even worse than when it had been a different color. When the creature stood next to her it whispered her name in a low, raspy, voice. "*Delilah Bradford*" said the creature. Delilah fell to the ground, feeling hopeless and vulnerable to a disfigured version of herself. "Please, don't hurt me!" She said, crying out in terror. The creature got closer to her, as she tried to navigate her way back up to her feet. The creature's body was so large and unreal, she couldn't possibly get up. She felt a weird sensation of pain on her right arm. The creature had scratched her with its suddenly visible claws. "*Delilah Bradford.*" The creature was only inches away from Delilah's face when it spoke her name once again. "Delilah? Del?" The creature's voice started to sound a little more familiar. "Del, are you okay?" It was her friend from her previous school year, Dylan!

Dylan and Delilah were often found socializing together, as they had known each other for quite a while. Their parents had known each other for so long they just *had* to make up nicknames for the both of them; Dyl and Del (for Dylan and Delilah). Dylan found Delilah laying on the floor in the hallway, covering her head in ears, looking as fearful as a 6th grade student attending their first day of school. Dylan helped Delilah up to her feet, grasping her hand with a firm grip. "Are you okay, Delilah? Oh my gosh your bleeding!" said Dylan with concern. "Uh yeah! I'm fine." said Delilah, covering her arm. What were you doing just now? It looked like you were trying to protect yourself from something, I just can't figure out what." said Dylan, looking up to the ceiling in confusion. "Oh, yeah I was just acting something out for my drama class" said Delilah in

a quavering voice. "Okay, well we're about to be late for class, come on!" Dylan and Delilah had their first class together, which was History. They finally made their way to the classroom, just before the bell, but were the last ones to enter the classroom. They sat in their seats and as soon as the teacher opened her mouth, about to speak about the lecture her class was soon going to learn about, the front office had made an announcement to her class only. *"Sorry to interrupt you, Mrs. Fairweather, but if you currently have Delilah Bradford in your class, can you please send her to the front office? She will be leaving school for the rest of the day. Thank you!"* The rest of the class, including Dylan stared at Delilah once the receptionist had spoken her name, like something icky and gross had been on her shirt. "Seriously?! I just got into class!" Delilah shouted. "Sorry Del, but I guess you've gotta leave. Have a great rest of your day! We'll see you tomorrow." The teacher had waved her hand towards Delilah as she exited the classroom.

When Delilah had gotten up to the front office, she saw Mrs. Baxter, waiting right next to her father. "Mrs. Baxter? What are you doing here? Isn't your class currently in session?" questioned Delilah. "Delilah, I–OH MY GOODNESS!" Mrs. Baxter gasped in horror. "Your arm! What's happened to it?" Delilah's arm that was once bleeding had looked like it was covered in black ink. Her entire sleeve and forearm was soaked in black liquid. "Del, what is this? What's happened to you? Did someone you know do this?" Her dad questioned her with answers she barely knew the answer to. "Delilah, your teacher told me about the weird sighting you witnessed in the bathroom, here at school? What was that all about?" Delilah eyed Mrs. Baxter, feeling betrayed by her favorite teacher. "Delilah, hon. I only did this because I was worried about you. I wanted you to feel safe, and currently, school doesn't look like it is a safe place for your mentality right now." said Mrs. Baxter. "That's not for you to decide, though! And how do you know how I feel? *You don't*" said Delilah, leaving the building. "Goodbye everyone. And thanks again for calling me, Mrs. Baxter. It means a lot." Deliliah's father smiled at her freshman teacher and followed Delilah out the door. "Del, sweetie, is everything okay? What's really happened to your arm? Is it some dumb prank?" said her father. "Yes, dad, everything's fine. My arm's fine, I'm fine, everything's fine. Let's just get in the car" said Delilah. "Okay sweetie. That's fine. Oh!" Her father suddenly popped his head up like he had just remembered something. "Speaking of cars, I had booked your driving test for right after school, but since your teacher called me earlier, it's set for 8:15 AM! So we've got to hurry back home, to get your arm cleaned up and head to the location where they hold the tests at." Delilah's father was filled with excitement, but Delilah seemed extremely frustrated.

When they got home, the scratch marks on Delilah's arm were still there and she had been bleeding black blood! "What is going on, here?" Delilah questioned herself, wondering why her tongue had been black and now her blood. "Are you ready Delilah? It's time to go!" She could hear her father's voice from downstairs and knew it was time.

She and her father got in the car and headed to the testing facility. "You okay, Del? Really, I'm worried about you. You never act like this." Delilah's father spoke in an anxious tone wondering why his daughter was acting so...off. Delilah didn't answer. Her dad stared at her, trying to get and answer out, but he realized he needed to keep his eyes on the road. Finally, they had gotten to the place where the driving tests for licenses had taken place. "Hey, dad. I'm okay, please just don't worry about me, I'll be fine!" Delilah and her father walked into the lobby and told the receptionist they had been here for an appointment. As her father was talking, Delilah looked around the room and started to feel a discomfort in both her arm and tongue. She stared at a frame with writing on the inside of it. It had words that said "Good luck! And remember, it's okay to make mistakes!" She whispered to herself "*What a lie...mistakes are just a sign of weakness"* she said, eyeing the frame. She then looked at another frame with a photograph on the wall. It was strangely a picture of Delilah's mocking creature. It stared at her, just like how it did at school. The frame seemed like it started to move, slowly tilting its head to one side of its shoulder, just like how it did when Delilah was at school. It was like Delilah had been in a flashback from her experience with the creature at school. "Del?" A muffled sounding voice started to enter the holes of her ears from the background of her vision. "Del?" The voice started to get louder. "Deliliah!" Delilah gasped, only seeing the frustrated look on her father's face when she had finally snapped out of the interesting phenomenon she found while looking at the picture.

"Del, they're ready for you!" Delilah's father gestured her to go with the woman that had been the adulting waiting to take Delilah's test. Delilah and the woman exited the building, going to one of the cars citizens were required to drive in when testing. The both of them entered the car, the woman reminded Delilah of the instructions and she had begun driving. Delilah had turned corners at the right speed limit, drove with the correct form for driving on regular streets and routes, and she even had the perfect form for placing her hands on the steering wheel. Soon enough, her test was over and the woman sitting next to her the entirety of the test had informed Delilah of her score which excited Delilah, but wasn't good enough for Delilah's perfect standards. Delilah and the woman headed back to the lobby to leave and go home. "So, did you pass, Del?" Her father was smiling, and waiting for Delilah to tell him that she passed and was finally ready for her license. "Yeah, I passed, but I was just a couple points away from a perfect score." Delilah had seemed disappointed with the few points left out from her score, even though she had passed her overall test. "What's wrong Del, aren't you happy you passed? You're finally able to get your driving license. You've even done better than your sister!" Her dad was overflowing with excitement, but was a little sorrowful that Delilah was once again, unhappy that she didn't receive the perfect score she always wanted. Almost a week later, Delilah had been back in school, completing assignments she often received outstanding grades on. Though she was never completely satisfied with the low grade she got, it always came to her that she needed to be even more

perfect than she already was. The quizzes she took were scored with high grades, but she knew she took a little longer than expected to finish them. Some of the honors classes she took required a great amount of skill, and even though Delilah excelled in even this challenging class, she still wasn't happy with her performance. Eventually, she started to notice more of her body parts and limbs turn black. She felt she needed to wear more layers of clothing, to hide the "ugly" black parts of her body that started to be more visible. Delilah went to school, and wore a sweater with black leggings, in the middle of the summertime, to cover up her noticeable imperfections. She went to the bathroom and the creature was always on the other side of the mirror, standing behind her, smiling back at her. As Delilah started to develop into a creature that was just as scary as her intimidating "twin", the creature had begun to look even more like Delilah than it already was. Its hair was almost as brown and luscious as her hair had been and even its body parts looked almost identical to Delilah's. She came home from school, feeling exhausted from the creature's torments.

Delilah had just finally finished one assignment after adding unimportant details to every one of her **short** answer response questions to get extra credit. She was listening to calming, peaceful classical music and started to study for the test she was almost ready to take on the next day. Suddenly, in the corner of her eye, she saw the creature staring right at her, in the darkness of her fine, pristine closet. Behind all of her stainless, white, carefully organized clothes was her distorted twin. The creature that pestered and taunted her almost every hour and every second of her "perfect" life. It smiled and looked exactly like her, but without the black body parts and black bruised limbs covering its appearance. It came out of the darkness slowly walking all of its creepy features into the light. It slowly walked out of Delilah's room, walking down the stairs and out of the front door. Delilah tried to ignore the undignified and unworthy signs it was trying to give her. She had put her headphones back into her ears, and tried her best to focus on her homework. Soon, her music started to sound like static on a tv. "*It's all fake,*" she thought to herself. She really wanted to believe all of that taunting and somewhat bullying was all just in her head. However, the most real part of it was that it was in her mind, and her mind only, making it inescapable. "Fine! I'm not going to give you what you want, but I'm going to relieve myself of all of this pain!" Delilah spoke to the creature as if it was still right in front of her with confidence. Delilah ran downstairs and headed out the front door, trying not to sound loud enough for her parents to hear. Though she eventually got downstairs with quiet sounding intentions, her parents could still hear the door creak open as they watched TV on the couch, and Kimberly was staring at her with her big black headphones on. "Del, where are ya' goin' sis? You know it's almost time for your bedtime. Hahahah!" Kimberly made fun of her sister, as Delilah often had a set time for when she went to sleep, so that she was ready for school in the morning. "Shut up, Kimberly. By mom, by dad! I'm going to my friend's house to study for the quiz tomorrow! Be back before 10:00 PM!" Before her mother and father could

wave her goodbye or even tell her that they loved her, she slammed the door shut and got into her dad's car in the front driveway, following her "twin" to wherever troubleness it led her to.

Delilah had been driving and following the creature for quite a while. It just kept walking in the middle of the road, right in front of Ahlivia's bright, blinding lights in the distance. Occasionally, it looked back at her, smiling like it had a mischievous or devilish plan arranged for Delilah, and Delilah only. Finally, it had arrived at its final destination and Delilah was right behind it, showing a great amount of confidence like she was ready for what was to come. The creature started walking into the lengthy distance of the green, dark, ominous graveyard. Delilah got out of the car and followed it. Its presence made the hairs on her arms stand, creating an unimaginable amount of goosebumps, foreshadowing the impression of fear Delilah had always felt when *it* was around. Delilah followed its grueling dark figure into the moonlit grass that surrounded the graveyard itself. Finally, the creature had come to a stop. It stopped at a particular gravestone. It was in the middle of the field, and strangely enough, it was the only gravestone in the middle. No other gravestones sat next to the one that lay exposed in that eerie field of death. The chilling grave stone began to frighten Delilah as she approached the singular stone. She soon became distraught when the creature stood leaning against the stone, smiling without saying a word. She couldn't fathom the reason as to why the creature would lead her to a gravesite without even speaking. It had spoken to her once, could it speak again? The question remained unanswered due to the creature's unjustified actions. Delilah tried to read the inscription imprinted on the gravestone, but it had seemed like it was blank, showing a vacant title of impassive writing. Delilah had even tried getting closer to the stone, seeing if she was just too far away, and couldn't read it from the distance she had been standing at. As she got closer to the stone, it just stayed blank, and plain, without writing of any form. Finally, she got as close as she could to the stone without touching the creature leaning against it. Writing had started to appear, cursive letters forming in the exact handwriting Delilah had written every assignment with. It was hard to read in the lightless sky without a flashlight on her, but she tried her best and when she was finally able to read it, it said her full name and her date of birth and time of death. "*Delilah Aurora Bradford. Born 2007, died 2025?*" Delilah read the reading aloud and became even more spooked when reading her time of death. Then, it had started to write something gravestones typically did not include. "*Cause of Death: Perfection*?!" Delilah was petrified and even puzzled by the fact that her cause of death had been "perfection", something only fictional characters in make-believe stories experienced.

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?!" Delilah screamed a phrase every typical or average person would ask if being provoked in a terrifying horror movie. She tried to look around for the creature that had been the shadow of her already difficult and

challenging life. She had spun around slowly in a circle almost 5 times now, searching for the figment of her imagination. She stopped, feeling hopeless of looking for something that clearly wasn't there. Suddenly, that scratchy, horse voice had appeared once again, talking directly to Delilah. "*Because I'll always be perfect, and no matter what you do, you'll never reach the amount of perfection you claim to have. It's too bad you've already turned into an emotionless, arrogant body full of untruthful, pitiful superiority. Well, it won't matter now, anyways, people will like me better, since I'll always be the perfect girl* ***you*** *dreamed of. I'll be seeing you in my dreams, dreaming of the pathetic worthless nothing I'd be if I weren't perfect. Bye-bye little friend.*" The words the creature spoke scared Delilah so much that she didn't have any time to say anything, or do anything for that reason. The creature forcefully pushed her into the dug up grave that sat right in front of her. When she fell right into the pit, she suddenly woke up and jolted up high while still sitting in her bed. Her room was in the same shape it had been in the day she took pictures for Sophomore year, her body turned back to its original state, without any black body parts or bruised limbs. She quickly went to her bedroom vanity, and looked right into the mirror. She opened her mouth to see if her tongue was still black. It wasn't, not even in the slightest bit. The same loud annoying rock music was playing next door, in her sister Kimberly's room. This had been the same day Delilah had started to experience the creature's intimidations.

Maleena R

12yrs / 7th grade

The Bay-Harbor Butcher

by: Maleena Rosario

There was a young boy named Jack, and he was the only boy; he had no friends, no dog (man's best friend, they say), no toys to have a nice childhood with.. Instead.. He had parents who were absent and who would argue every day.. There would be some days his mother was too drunk to even cook dinner.. So his father had tried his very best to help Jack get fed and didn't know his mother was passed out for hours and hours.. His mom was abusive.. Jack's dad tried to put her in rehab, but it never worked… his father became so helpless, he left.. Leaving jack.. His dad remembered about his so, but it was too late. Jack's mother beat him down… Jack's dad came home to find Jack unconscious.. Jack's dad left, hopeless, he left… Jack had to deal with his mother until he was 18. Once he was 18, he left, but he felt so sad and mad that he wanted to murder…. He went on the internet and talked with a girl so desperate for 'love' that they talked and talked.

"So what's your favorite movie?"

"Legally blonde!"

"Oh, that's a great movie," said Jack, obviously getting her attention

"Say," said Jack, "why don't we meet up?"

"Yes!" "I gotta go! Bye, Jack."

He chuckles deeply, "Bye, Lisa."

He said to himself, "Stupid little girl she is."

one week later

They met up, and Jack was planning to take the girl anytime soon

"Hey Lisa…"

"Wha- yout not-!"

He covers her mouth before she can even finish and drags her away,

When they got to his house, he took her to the attic and left her there for an hour
“Listen, Lisa… you're gonna stay silent until I wanna let you go… okay”
She nods..
“Glad you agree”
He walks out of the room satisfied with the choices he made
night time
Later that night, Jack was looking at houses far away from his hometown not to get caught for kidnapping. He found this perfect cabin that was 20 hours away.
the next day
Jack went to get a U-Haul to drive to his new house deep in the mountains. He went to get Lisa.
“Lisa.. wake up, we're leaving,” he said
“O-ok,” she trembles as she gets u, not wanting to make the wrong move. She knew she wasing gonna to get let go because it's just her luck.k
“Get in thU-haulal” he said. He packs the rest of the things and drives off..
6 or 7 hours later
“We're almost there… you're gonna stay silent.. Got it?”
She nods, not wanting to talk.
“Use your words, Lisa,” he says, controllingly, “you're testing my patience Lisa.”
“Sorry sir.”
“Good girl.” he smirks
They drove and drove until they got there
Arrived
Once they got there, he put the girl in her room, which wasn't the best but it was good enough. He started to unpack the boxes and was

really quick with it. He wasted no time, and he was only quick to plan her death….

Midnight

He finally got his plan to kill her. He waited till she was asleep and grabbed his knife, and walked slowly into her room and covered her mouth in tape and slit her throat, causing her to have a muffled cry, Then he started to go deeper and deeper causing her body to go limp and die, He then cut her arms legs and and then stabbing her 5 times to make sure she really i dead then He hid her body parts in differnt places and then he set the house on fire and drove away back to his moms house to kill her to. His last person to kill was his father for leaving him, but he didn't know where he was, so he left and ran away to never be seen or heard again.

8[redacted]
80925
Moms phone number [redacted]

12 years old 7th grade

The disasters

By Jorge c[redacted]

Mike and Mark are two best friends who hang out with each other pretty often. After school was done they left with each other after school to go hang out. But one day after they were walking home Mark checked his phone then he got an alert that it was for an earthquake. Mike and Mark panicked. They didn't know where to go. They ran inside a building and hid under a table by the entrance. Then the earthquake began shaking violently but then it stopped. Mike counted to ten. " 1…Mike looked around, …..2…..,.....3,....4..,5" Mark got up from under the table then Mike did, ".....6….,....7,.....8,..9..,10." Then came the after shocks they weren't bad but the earthquake was. The tall building behind them fell down and then a big BOOOM!!! The building fell but the dust cloud shot right out. It was so strong that it just whipped up mark and mike and they went flying to the air mark and hit the ground hard but as mike landed in a bush. They got up and checked around and things were destroyed. There was just debree everywhere, it was the only thing in sight. They went back to their homes to check if their families were alright but their houses were still there untouched.

A few days later they were in school but Mike and Mark met up in the library and talked about the earthquake and why it had happened now so they reached it but there was nothing. They decided they should just move one and continue with their day. After school they went to the pier and they looked at the ocean but these tiny waves started coming like rapidly then this wave in the distance formed it grew larger and larger but mike and mark didnt pay no mind to it but it grew to the point it was massive Mike and Mark ran off the pier and they ran to the nearest place and it was a building they ran inside a building and ran up the stair case all they way to the top they ran to the roof and looked out the wave was towering above them it was giant mike and mark hid on the 5th floor wall and prayed it stayed strong to keep them safeThe wave hit the water came in it came rushing in they didn't know what to do but they climbed up the stairs to the roof they looked around every thing was just floodied with water they cant stay here no more so they wanted for hours then the rescue team got there and they got to safety.

A week later everything was back to normal but Mike and Mark still felt uneasy. They knew this was not the end of these disasters, it felt like something had built up and now it's going to be the biggest one. School had just ended but as Mike and Mark walked the way they always do they saw something on the horizon it was these

Simon R
719

Jack and Lily both ran towards a shore in Japan after being dumped in the ocean by their parents " I hope we are safe here" Lily says loudly "I don't think so" said Jack frightened. "We should move to the trees," .lllllliosaid Lily Jack nodded. They kept moving but they saw a bird with a burned eye " Look up there" said Lily while pointing at the bird "oh no" Jack said quietly " thats the dad's bird" said Jack.They start running the bird dives down and starts attacking. They keep running, Lily slips on a root sticking out of the ground, the bird dive bombs down going straight through her. Dark red blood and organs cover the ground.Jack turns around "NOOOO" He says his voice breaking he keeps running hoping not to have the same fate as Lily. He's pumping his legs, he looks around not seeing the bird but then the bird dive bombs and goes through his arm." AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH, I'M GONNA KILL YOU!!" Jack yelled, screaming. He picked up a sharp stick and stabbed the bird in the wing. The bird is on the ground screeching. Then Jack falls over, He lost 4 pints of blood, half of his blood. He woke up. " I CAN'T MOVE," He said, aching. " Just let me die," he said, sobbing.....

He wakes up again surrounded by doctors, He looks at his arm, it's bandaged up and he can move his other arm. He was sobbing then. He is trying to talk but his jaw is sealed shut. Doctors used anesthesia to make him fall back asleep so they could do surgery. He woke up again but this time his jaw was only bone and he was frightened. He talked and his voice was low and gravely " What is happening?" He said, angry. Then doctors walked in " You signed a form for

experimental treatment" He said " Well it sure as hell worked" said Jack. Jack's body starts glowing, the doctor's body falls over. He looks down at a green glow. " Is this radioactive? Well a doctor's coat shouldn't melt. What should I call myself? Hmmmmm ah Doctor Phousphurs. That has a ring to it. Now let's go kill my parents".....

David j

No phone number
12 year old 7th grade

THE haunted house

There was a boy name Charles he was in his house playing his game having lots of fun but charles was thristy so he went to the sink to get some water, but when he open the sink there was no water coming out of the sink charles ask his mom why is there no water his mom said because we need to pay the water bill so charles went out side to go get water because he was thirsty, as he was walking on the road he came across the bullying that has water inside so charles went inside and drink alots of water, charles was walking back home, charle was half way home then he got hot becase the sun was so hot then charles so he needed to go and sit in the shade and cool off, charles found a shade and stay there for 15 minute then charle start walking back home, charles made it home and start playing on his game then his parent call him and they gave charles a job, his job was to go outside and help the neibors with their things so that they can pay you lots of money, charles was going though all the neigborhood helping them with their stuff but the did not pay him alot they paid charles a small amount of money charles parent send him back outside to make more money they neighbor still paid charles a small amount of money charles went back to the house his parent saw the small amount of money and they were not happy they sent charles back outside to make money but the neibor still gave chares small amount of money then charles went back his parent were not happy, then they start to yell at charles that they need money to pay the bill, charles had to get money for the house bill or else he kick out of the house, so charles went outside and help the neigbor until they pay charles lot of money and they did pay charles lots of money charles gave the money to his parent and they pay the bill, charles was att school and he notice someone was watching charles went to that person but it already ran away from charles went after the guy, the guy stop running and told charles to go inside the halted house charles was walking to the haunted house and the guy push charles inside the haunted house charles tried to get out but the doors were locked and the house had so many spooky noise and charles got scared Charles was walking through the house then he saw lots of grave in the house then zombies came out to eat charles, charles ran very fast charles was ran until he lost them then charles saw ghost was chasing him charles was running and more monster start coming out to eat chares hide inside the closet charles was thinning what to do Charles faced his fear and ran through all the monster the monster still did damage to charles but charles did not care he kept running until he got to the exit then charges smash through the door and escape the haunted house the was to face your fear and Charles did and now he was living a good life.

Connor C

I am in 7th grade

Don't go in the dark.

One late dark cloudy night, three teenagers were done with a long party. There house was very far away and they were scared. In the dark area called spiders mountain which was home to creepy spiders. No one knows were they come from but all they know is its in the spider mountains. But it was just a theory. They were all tired. It was 3:00, 2009 may 16 they drove on a steep road , the window slowly fogging up small rocks slowly tumbling down, creating dust everywhere. They stopped their car and pulled it to the side. On the dirt road by the mountain , dirt and rocks were everywhere, and all they could see was the glowing moon in the sky. They all waited and waited until their tire went flat, the wind slowly coming out of it. Soon, two of their tires ripped, then three, then four. The crickets went louder and louder all around the car. There skin sherverd with goosebumps. They looked through the windows, they saw nothing, they looked again, and the window had a spider-like web on the window. They gasped; they all had Arachnophobia. Suddenly, the crickets went silent. They heard small thumps getting louder every time “thump, thump!, thump!!” All they saw was the dust moving everywhere; their car shook over and over. Webs covered the car everywhere. They couldn't see where it came from, but it came from something. The friends stayed quiet, not saying a single thing. The more the car shook the more they wanted to scream but knew the thing outside would hear them. One of them whispered very quietly, “ What is that thing?” The car window broke, a leg with small dark spikes of hair grabbed him. Everyone screamed. They opened the door, but it still had spider webs on it. The spider grabbed them both from the top of the car; they all got wrapped them tight in a weird dry web. The spider then pushed the car down the hill so more people would be wrapped.; they couldn't breathe. All they could see was the moonlight as they slowly passed out, they got thrown on a hard floor. Two of them died from the glass and the fall the only one alive heard screams everywhere. She punched the web over and over, slowly stretching it. It seemed it would break, but before she broke it, she felt things crawling on the web. She used the moonlight to see what they looked like, but all she could see was dark. She knew she was covered by something, but didn't know what. Scream after scream she felt more things staring at her slowly there were marks everywhere on the web. They were like snake bites but not teeth none of the, broke in the web but she knew they would she had a plan to get out but when everyone said “its back!!” she respond “what is” someone by her said “The queen of the nest”. But before she could say anything back a big leg stabbed through the web and millons of spider ant like things went all over her body. She screamed until they went in her mouth. She felt extremely uncomfortable she counldnt breath they went in her noise mouth and even ears she scrambled everywhere the big leg slowly went out but the creature thing didnt there were millions of the she stretched the whole that the queen made she got out of all she could see was people in spiders webs she ran but tripped on the lumps of the spiders. She found the moonlight she ran fast then she every had but she didn't know what she was going to do in the moonlight but before she could get to the moonlight, she got stabbed right through her stomch she slowly her life ended. Never go in the dark when its 3:00 aclock. Even the moonlight is not safe.

The end

Elena C...

7th grade.

THE YOUNG LADY

Once there was a young girl who was not like the rest of her family. She was odd; she had white hair and skin as pale and pasty as the moonlight. The rest of her family looked normal and healthy but this made her indifferent. When she was in her cold dark room she heard a howl outside. She was curious and had never been outside before so she quietly climbed down out of her window with her night gown flowing in the wind and her hair blowing in her face slightly.

She jumped down carefully out of her window and her eyes became big and bright like if a twinkle were sparkling in her eyes. She took her first step in the open of her family's backyard. Then she heard the door creak open and said "Miana come here NOW! Miana? WHERE ARE YOU!" She froze when she heard her mother call her name and there were only two options. It was letting her mother catch her and continuing getting treated badly or going out on her own. She hopped her fence but it was too late when she realized their house was on a steep hill especially near the fence and she lost my balance when she was standing on the top of the creaky fence.

She slipped and scraped her knee then to make it worse she tumbled down the hill while holding onto her scraped knee. Then as she went down the hill she made it into a dark nasty place. A icky place that held her down every step. She then turned and saw a graveyard and was shocked. She had only ever heard about graveyards in books but she knew that they were not a good sight and definitely not at night.

She ran but the goo kept getting stuck to her nightgown. She also could not run so far because of her scraped knee that burned faster than a crisp every time she walked. She then heard something behind her and looked at it, the thing's face was black with sharp teeth with a body as tall as the trees and arms able to reach into the ground. She ran even faster. The pain did not bother her anymore, it might have been her fear but possibly her will to survive...

Then after running for what felt like hours she saw a town and walked to it with a gleam of hope in her dark eyes. She walks to the town and sees people who look exactly like her with the same white hair and eyes as dark as the graveyard. She walked into the streets of the town and people looked at her confused as they had never seen such a beaten and weak young lady before. She went to an alleyway and sighed and stated "It will all be worth it in the end if I do make it to the end..." She laid her small head down on a piece of cardboard. As she closed her eyes she had a nightmare.

A nightmare of the thing she feared most was that monster that made the graveyard thump with a tiptoe. Her sweat fell cold on her weak and petrified body. She then woke up in a bed not the alleyway she was at before. There was a comfortable bed she was laying on with a crooked table that had a cup of tea on the table. She desperately reached out to the cup and drank it so fast that time could not even stop her in her tracks.

After drinking the tea an old scrappy lady walked in. She smiled softly at the girl and said in a shaky voice "You're awake! You were sleeping for a very long time dear!" She nodded and looked around the room and the old lady said "What is your name dear? Mine is Hagatha. I also don't want to not ask this beautiful young lady's name!" She nodded and said softly "My name i-is Miana." Hagatha laughed and said "That's the real name of a young witch! "Miana looked at her confused and shook her head as she was only an old crazy lady.

Hagatha offered to show her home and Miana nodded sadly as she would not miss home but what other options did she have. As they walked through the graveyard the monster came out and Hagatha was traumatized and fell and Miana was backing away. The monster grabbed Hagatha and ate her right in front of Miana. Miana looked traumatized and scared as she tried to run but she was grabbed by the monster. The monster looked at her not trying to hurt her but she bit the monster hard and the monster shook and dropped her hard on the ground.

The monster stared her down and then ran to the town and killed all the people as she watched from afar. She was crying, as she was scared and even more traumatized and ran home. But as she ran through the graveyard the goo held her down and sunk her deep into the icky sticky goo into an abyss. Legend says that the graveyard makes screaming and cries every night.

1:07 A.M.

The hospital room was quiet, too quiet for a hospital room. No alarms, no soft beeping, no nurse chatter from the hallway. Just a slow drip of the needle connected to an IV bag feeding into the arm of none other than the crook Vlad Vikram

He was pale, wasted from three rounds of failed chemo. Weeks ago, doctors told him he only had days left. Now, the room was still not because of death, but because something else had entered his blood. Something older.

The IV bag was unmarked. No blood type, no writing at all, just a clear pouch filled with dark blood. It shimmered-not like liquid but like a shadow floating on water. Vlad moved around in his bed. His breath skipped. Then stopped. For five long seconds, he was still but not dead.

Then his eyes flew open. Not like someone waking you up from a dream. Like waking up from a nightmare. Then the heart monitor went flat, then a sudden spike. Nurses rushed in, but it was too late to see those sudden, weird changes. Vlad was sitting upright, breathing steadily. Pulse perfect.

Cancer signs vanished. It was a miracle, but something was wrong. When he spoke, he looked around the room, his face showing alarm. "Where is she? Where is she?" Then the nurse reassured him, "It was just a dream, nothing to be afraid of.

They needed to get more blood for him. So they had a large shipment of blood, and it looked thick, and it was almost black.

Vlad had been off the blood for a few days, and he was struggling, and as soon as the blood had started flowing in his bloodstream, his eyes bulged, and his bones strengthened. His beautiful blue eyes were no longer blue; they were red. He turned cold, and his face was pale.

The doctors were scared; they didn't know what they had just created. The doctor demanded that the nurse go and look at the shipment. She looked at the label in terror; it was venom. By now, Vlad had started pacing around the room. He looked so abnormal at this point, the doctor and the nurse rushed into the room and tried to get him stabilized. They replaced the venom with human blood, but it was too late; the venom had already taken, and when they replaced it, he started to scream at the top of his lungs. It was painful. You could see the veins in his face. Half of his body was scorching hot, and the other icy cold.

Three days had passed, and he was in a deep sleep. Outside of the room, Dr. Knorrs and Nurse Rice were talking about how, in the day, Vlad looks like a human, but at night, he looks different, like something that they have never seen

before. So they started to dig into many articles, or so they thought. There was only one other case that was reported about this, and in the article, it says, "This was the most difficult thing I have solved in my 15 years of being a doctor. I have never seen this, and to conclude, there is only one thing that this could be: it is a Vampire. A new blood sucking species. They have red eyes with impeccable strength and speed, so be careful."
Dr. Knorrs said to Rice, "What have we just created?"
Rice responded with " A blood sucking Vampire that is the only explanation."
Suddenly, the alarm for the nurse call went off, and the nurse walked into the room with pure fear, but in a calm voice, she said, "Vlad Vikrum, how are you feeling?"
He responded, "Dizzy."
"Well, here is some water, and we are going to run a few tests to make sure everything is ok, and then you should be on your way."
Even though Dr. Knorr and Nurse Rice didn't know if it would be safe to let him go, they couldn't legally keep him.
When they took the tests, they were trying everything to find something that they could keep him longer. However, on every test, nothing was wrong.
So in the next hour, they let him go, and they would later find out that was the worst idea ever.
A week had passed, and nothing had happened yet, or so they thought. On a Friday afternoon, they were talking about it and then their phones bing, bing, bing, bing, bing. Their phones were blowing up with 13 cases reported of people dying, and each one of them had 15 bite wounds. Fifteen, they thought, what an odd number. Then Dr. Knorrs started to have a flashback; there was a 15 tattooed on Vlad Vikrums' wrist. He thought
Then Nurse Rice had a flashback when Vlad first came in; there were 15 things wrong with him.
They locked eyes and both said, "It's him."
Rice said, "Then let's go tell the police."
"And what get it pinned on us because we have no proof."
She sighed. "Well, we can try to get some proof".
"And get killed in the process, I think not, it's really none of our business."
"Oh yeah, it's none of our business until it's one of us or somebody that we love."
" Ok, fine, but we need to be careful."
So they started to dig and get some evidence, but they ran into dead end after dead end.

Then Rice exclaimed, "BLOOD, that's what he wants," so we can lure him with a person, and then, before he sinks his teeth into the person, we catch him."
"That is way too dangerous," he responded.
How about we fill one of those silicone body models with some blood and then trap it in a cage like a human mouse trap. "
So, that is exactly what they did, and it was the perfect plan, and they waited forever, but when they were about to fall asleep, he came and was caught. Then, not long after, he was sent to jail.
Ten years later, the Doctor and Nurse retired, and that same year, Vald the Vampire escaped from his life sentence in jail. Now there was only one more death reported after he got out, but beware, only 14 people were killed, and he is lurking for his last victim.

Acacia A...
8th grade

The Boy in my Dream - By Acacia Pg 1

Raven was the kind of girl who turned heads without meaning to. Her Beauty wasn't Bright smiling kind it was the kind that Lived in the Shadows. Her skin was Pale as moonlight, smooth and cool like Porcelain. Long Black hair framed her face falling in soft wavs that looked Like Liquid midnight.
Her Lips were dark, a Deep Plum Shade that matched the mystery in her eyes. thick Black eyeliner winged out Like a whisper of danger, and her lashes curled upward Like Dark feathers. every glance She gave Seemed to hid a Secret.
She Dressed in Layers of Black, lace, Velvet, and leather, each Piece Chosen with quiet rebellion. Her corset hugged her waist, her skirt brushed her Boots, and the Siver charms around her Neck glimmered faintly when She moved. She smelled faintly of smoke, rose Petals and Somthing darker, Like rain on old Stone.
there was Somthing magnetic about her She Looked Like She Belonged in a Dream. OR Perhaps a Haunting, too beautiful to touch, too Strange to forget.
Raven didnt need to smile to Be captivating. Her Silence did the talking. HER Presere filed a room Like music only a few could hear.
The candlelight in the Corner of the room flickered against the Shadow that clung to every wall.

Raven sat at her desk her long Black hair spilling like ink over her shoulders. Her skin was pale, almost white and her Dark make up framed her eyes like storm around the moon.

Her room was her sanctuary. Black curtains sealed out the sunlight velvet drapes hung like funeral cloth and candles burned low beside skull shaped trinkets and old sketchbooks. It looked more like a vampire chamber than a girl's room.

On her desk lay a single sheet of paper She was drawing him again, the boy from her dream The one she could never forget.

He had Black hair that fell over his eyes, Dark clothes that looked Like smoke and shadow and a face that seemed carved from night its self. Every night he came to her in her dreams, silent, mysterious watching her eyes with She could never quite see clearly.

Her pencil moved quickly, sketching the shape of his jaw the curve of his lips the hollow beneath his throat. She felt almost hypnotized Like his image was pulling itself from her hand instead of her mind.

Then the candle flickered. The flame grew taller the shrank quivering as if it could sense something Raven couldn't. The air turned colder.

She froze.

Her pencil rolled off the desk and hit the floor with a soft tap.

that's when she heard it, a whisper.
Soft low coming from the forest.
"Raven...."
Her breath caught. She leaned closer
her heart beat thundering in her chest.
the voice came again clearer this
time.
You finally drew me."
The room went dark the candle snuffed out
on its own. She felt the air shift behind
her heavy and electric. Slowly, she turned
around.
And standing there in the darkness
was the boy from her dream
He was exactly as she had drawn him.
tall, pale and cloaked in black. His
eyes were pool and endless like ink
spilled across glass. when he looked at her
it was though the air itself forgot to move.

"Who are you?" She whispered
"You know who I am," he said, his voice low
"and calm like the echo of a forgotten
Lullaby. you've seen me every night
Raven took a shaky step back. Her
pulse wild.
"Your not real she said but even
She didn't Believe it.
He tilted his head slightly. You made
me real

Pg 4

Her heart ached NOT from fear, But something stronger. Something that felt like Longing. She had Dreamed of him for so Long always waking up Befor she could touch him always feeling like a piece of her heart had Stayed Behind in that dream world.

Now, he was there.

Why, me? she asked, her voice barely a whisper.

He smiled a soft Sad Smile that made her feel Both safe and Lost at once Because You all called to me" he Said You kept Dreaming... and I heard You.

Zayne Ro
7th

MOM!, DAD! WHERE AM I!! The last thing I remember is my mom was taking me home. It was dark then I saw this bright light and now I'm in a forest. I need help. I'm only 12 and I have nothing. How am I supposed to survive in this horrendous place? I walked in one direction and somehow there is a border I can't see but around 300 ft away from where I started I can't go past this invisible wall.

BOOM!!! What was that? Why was there a big boom? Please someone help me. I needed to get supplies, so I walked around for a little while gathering rocks and sticks as I went. Then I see huge creepy eyes slowly coming towards me so I run. When I do it is going faster and faster until it's faster than me but right as the sun rose it ran away.

I realised when it is dark out it comes out but why, why am i here why is there a border why is there a monster WHY WHY WHY. I went to go get more materials then I decided to build a little hut for now to protect me I decided to build it next to the biggest tree in this forest so i can remember where camp is. I was just able to create a small little hut to stay in during the night. Luckily it seems like it keeps me safe during the night. I have one current problem and that's food. I have seen one singular deer but I thought I wouldn't need the food. I didn't realize how much I would need that.

Over the next few days I was able to make a bow and arrows. Out of sticks I found so when the night ended I went hunting. I was out for around 5 hours then I saw a deer. I waited behind the tree until I had the best opportunity to take the shot. I went waited till the deer standed completely still then I took the shot. I held my breath and then it hit and the deer fell down. I picked up the corps and brought it back to camp.

I was able to get a ton of meat from it and to use the fur for a blanket. I couldn't believe I was actually surviving. I thought I was going to be a goner by now. The meat wasn't enough though I am currently on day 19 and my hut is too small so I started to make a bigger one but then, the sun went down. What am I going to do? I don't have a hut so I decided to grab all of the logs I could and put them over me to make sure no part of my body was covered and waited. It was awhile I didnt know the time then I heard walking until it got louder louder till it stopped there was a little crack in the wood I looked through and saw huge eyes staring at me.
Then it started to reach down to grab the wood then it ran and the sun started to rise. It ran off so I came out and immediately started working on the hut. By the end of the day I just finished the hut and slept. I actually got a good night's sleep. In the morning I went hunting and shot a deer but then. It came out at day NO how it only comes at day but then.

I opened my eyes and I was in this white room on this uncomfortable bed. I didn't know where I was well I didn't before but this felt a lot different. Then I saw my mom run into my room and she said I just awoke from a coma.

Kennedy C...
7th Grade

There was this middle aged woman, maybe in her 40's. She was married and had a few kids. They lived out in the middle east of some place in a little blue house in the middle of nowhere. But she lived in an abandoned town smelling of fish and had lots of old houses and buildings. The moms name was Sabrina, she had always lived there and it used to be a big town. With lots of people then- So now it was just them. It was always a little frightening for the kids to live there but they just thought that she liked the quiet and the town used to be cool so they think that she just doesn't want to leave.

Then the kids woke up to just them home so they got ready thinking that she was just not home and dad is never there. So they get ready feeling weird then once they are ready they check everywhere for their mom maybe even their dad.But no one was there then they see a window open then a door. Suddenly they hear lots of speaking then...Silence. So together they decide to go walk around to see if they could find their mom.

They started walking but they heard lots of footsteps and saw many shadows. The town was abandoned but it could have been just their imagination. Then after an hour of voices and noises.Then made it to a store so they went in. It was an old convenience store smelling of blood with old broken stuff. The door closed behind them and they didn't see anybody. It was quite early, quiet but also cranky. Then they went into the back of the store and yelled "Mom Mom are you in here." yelling the kids, yelling again and again with no answer..Then something juumed out from the shadows and "HI" said Sabrina "mom mom there you are where did you go" said the kids. She looked weird, smelled like blood and her regular dress was all ripped up and stained. 'Lets play a game or lets have some fun" she havd knife in her hand there was blood everywhere. So the kids ran with all their might but the doors were locked—

Kate C
7th grade

The Forest

One day my dad decided to move, the building we moved in was a little cottage, out in the middle of nowhere and we had no wifi, so we couldn't use phones,tablets,ect. I was 11 when this happened so I didn't really care, the snowy season started to happen so I decided to play with my two big dogs in the forest.

"Stay safe sweetie and don't be back too late!"

my mom said

"I know mom, I will come back in like two hours"

I replied, I started walking into the forest it was pretty big and I could see the sun clearly so I said

"I had nothing to worry about"

I threw some sticks at my dogs, made snow angels, it was pretty fun until I noticed it was pitch dark outside, it was way colder too so I said

"Come on boys, time to go back home"

I started to walk until I realized I was lost. The forest looked the same in every direction and my dogs looked just as confused as I was, the only light I had was from the light of the moon and there I began to worry and whine, I was so scared that no one would ever find me and began to sob even harder now but than I heard a voice. The voice was so familiar, than I realize it was my mom

"Sweetie are you there, I have been looking for you for hours, come here honey"

She said with a sweet,gentle voice, I began to sob and run up to her but then I heard my dogs start to growl but then it grew into a bark, this was surprising since they never barked even with strangers so why now, why are they barking now.

I took a step back because something felt different right after they started to bark.

"What's wrong sweetie, why wouldn't you come over here"

my mom said, but her voice was now a little strange. It sounded like her but something felt off, it was kinda like static

"nothing mom, I just think shadow and peanut want to play a little more"

I said as my voice was shaking,

"Come here'

She sounded back to normal, I paused for a minute thinking my dogs were over exaggerating but also why would they bark at my mom, she knew them the longest.

"Come here

The static noise come back and I took four steps back with my dog

"Come Here"

The static just felt like ancient tv, it just didn't feel real anymore

"Come Here"

It came back louder and more aggressive

"COME HERE"

This wasn't my mom. I began to sprint with my dogs in any direction in the forest, I could hear whatever the thing was following us, I began to sob even louder than before hoping

that my mom or dad could hear me but nothing. I felt that thing right behind me until peanut stopped in his tracks and bit that monster I wanted to get him off but I was too scared to get close to that thing so I began to run again. I could hear fighting, then a bark, then a whimper, then I heard nothing.

There is it, I finally see my house, I ran to the door knocking several times until my dad opened up
"Lily, what are you doing out here so late, me and your mother have been searching for you because you said you'll be back in 2 hours and what happened, you're sobbing your face out??"
Even though my dad was clearing talking to me, I couldn't hear him, I hugged him and told him everything that happened when I was in the forest, I saw his face go pale than he opened his mouth
"Sweetheart what are you talking about, I need you to stop crying and actuall-"
I saw him look around me, like he was searching for something
"Lily, where is peanut!"
He said with a groan
"I don't know dad, I couldn't hear him after he attacked that THING"
I just saw him go dead silent then as he was about to open his mouth, he closed it and rushed both me and shadow inside.

My mom and dad told me to pack my bags as soon as we entered the house.I kept asking what that thing was, several times but they just wouldn't answer. The last thing I saw was the empty pitch black cottage as we left in the car

Now 6 years later, whenever it snows I would always think about that moment and just pray that I'll never encounter that thing ever again.

Lilly B
7th grade

The lost girl.

There once was a girl named Kate who lived in a creaky old house. She lived with her mom and her two younger siblings,she was alone one night. It was a cold rainy night. Her mom and siblings went to the store, Kate was sitting on her couch watching a movie until she heard a knock. Which was weird because her mom just left so no way she could be back yet. She took a glance out her window and saw a tall figure in all black she shut the blinds quickly and ran upstairs. She locked her door, but she heard footsteps, how did anyone get inside until she remembered the backyard gate was open. BANG on her bedroom door BANG BANG 3 more times until it went totally silent she got up and turned around slowly. Her light was flickering and there he was, the tall guy dressed in black BANG it went silent. The mystery guy put Kate in the back of his car and drove her miles away from her home town. A place nobody knew about it looked at the back alley way leading to the ocean, Kate woke up to loud noises but it was the guy packing kate on the ship. She is screaming for help loud HELP HELP it gets louder. But nobody hears her because she's in a suitcase. A day later its starting to get late again the news FBI everyone looking for her so its

A cold windy night on the ship in the middle of the north sea. All alone, just Kate and the mystery guy, they were watching Kate's mom on the news " I am determined to find my daughter" the moms says he knew he had to go faster there looking for him. He was on the way to the other side of the world until the waves started to get very strong. The wind was heavy, the boat started rocking back and fourth, he started hearing weird noises from the storage room all he could think about was if he was alone for sure. He creeps down the little steps to the storage room to see what the noise was, Kate was so drained from screaming for help. But the guy heard the weird noise getting louder and louder. He opens the door and nothing at all, but he feels the boat start turning the other way as if someone was steering it so his first thought was kate trying to get away he ran up screaming." WHAT ARE YOU DOING" but Kate in the same spot was scared shivering. He's confused. He makes his way running to steer the boat because they are about to crash, and he sees a figure in all black by the wheel. He looks him dead in the eyes and last thing you know the boat is crashest, the figure turns the wheel straight into a rock. All you hear is him screaming for help, Kate already passed out from the screaming and shivering. So boom the boat starts crashing into a rock and it's starting to flip, then CRASH.. it's silent.

hello my name is Roman M go to watson jr high and I am in 7th grade

October 29 1978, it was a regular day at school he ate his chicken nuggets for lunch at his regular table with his regular friends, Carson and his friends were excited for Halloween. Until Carson found out that they were not going to be home for halloween because they won a trip in a mysterious letter they got a week ago. The rest of his family was excited to go on this amazing trip. They packed their bags and went to their station wagon and hit the road. It was a normal ride to the place until they were 1 hour away from their destination when their car had broken down. Then through the fog they saw a cabin by an abandoned railroad they knocked on the door no one answered they went in. When in the cabin it looked abandoned, like someone hasn't been there for years. They began to explore going from room to room and suddenly they heard a loud bang. They froze motionless, and felt unsteady as they crept toward the source of the sound. The lamp had fallen over. Then they saw the claw marks all across the wall,Growling then emerged in the hallway. Red eyes, twenty feet tall, large claws sharp as swords. The monster jumped at them. The family bolted outside they bump started their station wagon and escaped. They drove home and got snug in their beds safe and sound ... .For Now……..A HA HA HA!!!!!

Jade N

[redacted]

12 years old, 7th grade

The forest

11:09 PM.... Bruce was driving the camper when the first problem occurred. He was extremely intoxicated from the party we had previously had before we left and while daniel, david, ella, and lily were jumping around with loud music on and I was reading a book at the table Bruce suddenly passed out. Of course none of us had realised, being too busy with whatever all of us were doing. Suddenly Lily screamed, very loud and very violent. Everyone turned to look at her then lily pointed to the drivers window were you could see Bruces passed out head bobbling around and the camper going straight for the end of a very high hill, not high enough to kill someone but high enough that you can climb up and if you willingly jumped down you would probably break a bone or 3. I grabbed onto the seat next to me and luckily I had my seatbelt on meanwhile everyone else started to brace for impact, BOOM CRASH TUMBLE TUMBLE..... BANG! . 12:01 PM.... When I woke up I was upside down gasping for breath while I could feel the cold air go down into my lungs and the shadow of my warm breath coming in and out of my mouth. I looked around and saw the shattered glass on the room or now the floor, my phone slightly buzzing with the time then it powered off with a bright red battery button briefly shining across the screen. Lily was on the floor curled up into a half ball slightly bleeding from her head, I looked around again, Daniel also on the floor close to her but bleeding from his arm, Bruce was still in the driver's seat also upside down, David was on the floor just drooling, not bleeding, ella was- wait? Where was Ella? I checked again and again until I unbunckled my seatbelt and with a loud THUD I was on the ground desperately searching for Ella, everyone woke up confused and worried about what I was doing,

"Did anyone see Ella???" Bruce unbuckled his seatbelt and fell to the floor while everyone else got up and cleaned the glass off of them "WHERE ARE WE AND WHERE IS ELLA ANNA????" Daniel frantically exclaimed "I-I don't know lets just get out and start looking-" "guys what is that?..." Bruce pointed at the red covered glass on the floor trailing to the handprints crawling all the way to the door. "I NEED TO FIND HER" "CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THE ABSOLUTE F##K IS HAPPENING? I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE , ELLA IS MISSING MY PHONE IS DEAD AND-""calm down lily lets just go help daniel look for ella.". We spent 5 minutes looking for ella when I saw this little cabin with the yellow light shining through the dark night in this forest of complete darkness; when I walked over the door was wide open and when I entered I saw a mattress, torn up at the top with a yellow foam hiding under, I also noticed the small fireplace in the corner lighting up the whole space creek... "wait a sec why" CreEK... "Is the fireplace lit? This" **CREEK** "place looks abandoned so why is it lit' **CREEK** GRAB I whipped around suspicious of who just touched me when "oh its just you daniel' "LILY JUST SCREAMED ME GOT TO GO" he grabbed my hand and we paced down to the lake where David was crying over something while lily and bruce looked like they were about to be sick. Me and Daniel pushed through them and right then lily threw up, staring back at us was Ella's grey, lifeless, bloody body practically mocking us after she had previously told us to take the longer and safer route to the concert, "what do we do anna?...she's dead and we are in the middle of nowhere" lily said, "there's a small cabin just up the hill we can stay there for the night then hitch hike our way back up to the road, then we can walk along the road for probably and hour or two then there's a gas station where we can call the police" I could now smell her rotting corpse scent lingering around I said my condolences then speed walked to the cabin to not seem rude before I vomited everywhere.

12:42PM... When we got to the cabin Lily threw herself onto the queen size bed and I shortly followed "Why do you guys get the bed?" "well bruce anna is quite

small so you can just jump into the bed with them and me and Daniel sleep on the floor." Bruce squeezed onto the edge of the bed and then we all fell asleep.

3:56... I woke up suddenly in the middle of the night seeking warmth when I noticed where was Daniel? I shook lily up, "where is Daniel? Hes not on the floor with david.." We sprinted out of bed waking Bruce and David and we went outside when I suddenly felt a cold chill pass over me and the sound of a light humming, the kind that makes you have hope, hope for anything really. Then we heard singing; a little girls song from a mile away that was just a simple old folk song that make you feel secure and safe or terrified and worried, "AHHHHHHH" Lily's scream cut through the silence like a razor sharp knife to paper; I turned around and she was staring at Daniels bloody body just hanging over the edge of the cabin roof top dripping and dripping. I almost threw up right then and there, hearing the sound of that little girls song mixed with the smell of dried blood and dirt illuminating my nostrils it was all so overwhelming everyone expecting me, expecting ME to fix it and do something but how could the person who fixes everything and have ideas suddenly go blank? I couldn't the girls song was circling my brain and once again mocking me and mocking me and I didn't know what to do Ella's body was not very far away I couldn't breath I was sucking in every bit of air I possibly could without have a coughing fit because- leaves crunch "OH MY GOODNESS WHAT HAPPENED TO DANIEL" there was David staring back at his best friend's lifeless body just hanging over the edge while his blood dripped onto the ground below where we lie engulfed in panic and confusion while Bruce was just staring unable to breath. "I-I-I do-don't even know w-where we are and like e-e-everyone is dead and I just can't do t-this im sorry" Suddenly David sprinted into the trees being swallowed the darkness of the trees "COME BACK" bruce chased after him while me and lily sat there stunned and shocked, "what do we do now anna?" "We wait lily" me and lily sat on a singular log of a tree branch for maybe 20 minutes if counting but it felt like an eternity of a type of hell we couldn't escape that just kept getting worse "you know I told them to take the longer route like ella said... but you

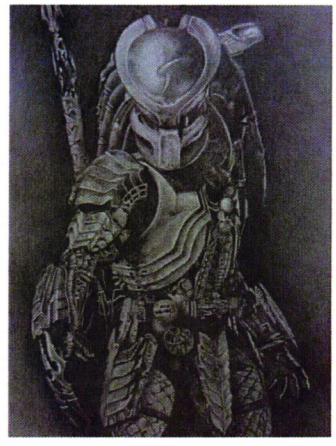
know- well knew how daniel acted he never takes us seriously" lily said in a hushed tone and I looked at her and Noticed her platinum blonde hair was now filled and traced with dirt and leaves while her white top and "casual" jeans were torn up and also looked like a bomb of mud exploded on them. "Yeah but I just wanna get out of here as fast as-' "do you ever really even know what your doing anna? I mean you act like your all high and mighty but I have been the only one to see through your act, your just a small girl in a big world and to fill that silence up you have to endure because your to scared to lean on someone you all act big and tough guy thats how I-" "AAAAAA" out of the corner of my eye I could see bruce running out of the forest, his jacket stained red along with his hands while his eyes bolted to what was in front of him to keep running and his hands right in front of him and he kept staring? Staring like something was gonna change, like this was all a silly dream in our silly fantasy and nothing was wrong "WHAT HAPPENED BRUCE" lily bursted out" there was s-s-something in that forest it" suddenly he dropped to the ground and his legs gave out "it smiled at me and looked just like you anna... it had you f-f-face and y-your eyes but when daniel stopped to stare at it I knew something was f-funky it didn't have your mole on your hand we teased you about all the time, it was weird so I t-told daniel to wait a second then that f- freak thing started looking at me, like its eyes where digging into my soul eating me alive from the inside out- tearing me to pieces without laying a single finger on me and then it got all distorted? Its mouth widened like it was trying to play with us showing us all its teeth while its eyes got huge and its fingers grew and grew then it stabbed daniel with its finger and looked at me then.. Laughed?.. I tried to get Daniel out of there but then it just.." "WHAT- WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT WHAT DID IT DO??" "It grabbed him?... pulling him into the darkness while he screamed for help and I couldn't help him... I just stood there while it ate him and tore him limb to limb like he was nothing.." We stared at everyone, everything, nothing for awhile because we all couldn't process what just happened and Bruce refused to even look me in the eyes, he said he didn't wanna see that thing again

and I was it? Was it me?. We went back to the cabin and I grabbed a thick stick on my way in to block the door so no one was getting in or out and we all jumped onto the bed and I was staring at a wall for awhile until I finally fell asleep.

6:01Am

Jasper S

10/23/25
7th grade



Being Hunted

Once upon a time on Halloween night there was a kid named Sidon. He loved Halloween, the scares, the decorations, the costumes, and the cool things you do on Halloween. But one Halloween, he wasn't at his house for that year. He was camping with his family in the jungle because his older sister got a job there. He remembers from school about a jungle, The very Jungle he is in now. That was the Predator's hunting grounds, and if people went in there, they would never come out, and the people's heads were put on victory spears to leave a message. He was afraid that he might be killed by the predators. One night, the predators attacked them. He and his sister Mipha ran as fast as they could, but the predators knew the jungle, for they had hunted in it for years. When the predators caught up to them, his sister tried to fight them, but she was killed, and Sidon saw that they had put his sister's head on a victory spear. They asked, "Do

you want to join our tribe?" Then he said, "No! After what you did to my sister, you are going to pay for it." Then they said, "You are going to die here, away from your family, you arrogant child." The predator left a message for his family and his wife, saying that they are on their hunting list.

To be continued…

Hayden C

7th

719-308-6385

DOLLS

I was walking down the street with my three friends, a total of four of us, when my friend Jordan said, "Let's play a game." The challenge was to stay in a creepy house for the longest time, with a prize of $250. We walked up to the house seeing spider webs rats and more then discovered the door was locked. I tried to tell them it was a bad idea, but they didn't care. One of my friends found a broken window, so we climbed inside and started exploring. Mathias, one of my friends, went upstairs, where he found some bedrooms and claimed a bottom bunk for himself. We had been there for about an hour without leaving the room when we heard the sound of knives banging together. Then one of my friends suggested we split up and explore. "You and Hunter go upstairs, and I'll go downstairs with Mathias. If you see anything, just go into a room," he said. I warned them it was a bad idea; one group could find something while the other might not make it back. They ignored my concerns and went ahead. As Hunter and I were walking upstairs, we heard a loud bang, but we pressed on. When we reached a room, we saw a doll looking out the window. As we started to back away, we accidentally hit the door. Suddenly, the doll turned its head 180 degrees and in a creepy voice said, "Leave now or perish forever," then turned back to face the window. Hunter and I dashed downstairs as fast as we could, making our way back to the bedroom. There, we saw Mathias being dragged by a tentacle. We quickly asked him what happened, and he recounted the same experience: a creepy doll downstairs had looked at him and warned us to leave or face dire consequences. Hunter and I were stunned. "I think we should leave. The deal's off," said Hunter, and I agreed. Just as we decided to leave, we heard a knock on the door. We opened it together and saw Mathias standing there. I stepped back in shock while the others looked on in disbelief. "Wait, something's off," I said. "His eyes are button eyes!" Realizing the truth, we pushed him down the stairs. In an instant, he transformed into a doll. We locked the door, terrified and unsure of what to do. One friend suggested that we all run downstairs; those who got caught would just have to deal with it, and we agreed. So we ran downstairs, but one of our friends accidentally got hit by the door, and his foot turned to stone. We quickly grabbed him and carried him out of the house. Outside, we were stunned to see Mathias again. We asked him how he had gotten outside, and he explained, "The doll can shapeshift and become anyone they touch. It touched me and threw me outside." As I turned to look at another friend, I noticed he had doll eyes, and he suggested we go back into the house. At that moment, Mathias and Hunter and I realized he was now a doll and couldn't leave the house. Then I woke up, confused about whether it had all been a dream or not. The next day at school, we hung out like it was any other day. Or was it? I couldn't shake the image of Mathias's button eyes from my mind, but i just had to keep going. Then that day when i walked back to the house that we stayed at, but it was a beautiful white house and people living inside and i asked then if i could come in and just see around, but when i got inside i saw that everything was fake and all the dolls were gone, but when I was walk out this was not the same house something happened it was Halloween last night, but it not the same it is not spooky its not the same so i left and never came back because i believe that somethings wrong with that house.

Jocelyn L

12yrs/ 7th grade

My friend noticed me staring at Marshall when we were at lunch during school. She got mad because that was her crush. I knew it was, so I told her, " He's writing something in a small notebook," but she didn't care and started lecturing me for staring at him. I didn't care and continued. After a little she noticed I was still staring and brought me to the bathroom. When we got into the girls' restroom on the 3rd floor of our school, she started lecturing me again about staring and started talking about how he could think I like him even though I don't. I got distracted when I saw a red liquid on one of the stall doors. I immediately told her what I saw, and then we both thought it was blood and forgot what we were talking about. I said we should report to a teacher or someone! But she objected once again and said we should just wait. Just then, I realized that it might be from someone's period. But then realized that it can't just fly outside of a stall. Just then, Marshall walked into the women's restroom! We freaked out and tried to cover the blood with our bodies. "Why are you in the women's restroom, Marshall??" Scarlett said. But he just replied with, "UGH, I knew this would happen," and shoved us aside.

"What were you writing during lunch, in that tiny red notebook?

"What do you mean? I wasn't writing anything."

"That's a lie, you were!"

"Fine, I was. But that's none of your business. Argh! I knew that this would happen. Melody went missing a couple of days ago at school. Nobody has been in this bathroom since then. See this?" We both nodded when he pointed to the "Blood" on the stall. "This is blood. It's probably from Melody. The local school cameras show she was headed to this bathroom with a knife in her hand. She cut her hand with the knife she brought in here." He explained, Scarlett and I got confused. Then we realized that he was right. We have not seen Melody today, so we immediately got worried and started asking a lot of questions. “Why would she do that? Was she TRYING to hurt herself?” Scarlett said, “Why is she so unbelievably STUPID?” I said, “She knew someone was going to find out!!! Unless… She did this on purpose. She WANTED someone to find out. Maybe she's in trouble!! Marshall! Do you think that could be why she spread her blood on the bright blue door?!?! I am SO confused?? Like Scarlett said, ‘WHY WOULD SHE DO THIS?’” I yelled at the last bit to get the idea into their heads. “You know, that is smart, Hallie. She might be in trouble! You girls are good friends with her. Do you know where she lives?” When he emphasized my name, Scarlett made a face, a face of disappointment. And Scarlett nodded, we were basically triplets. We have all known each other since 1st Grade! We're in 9th now. We decided to call our parents because it was an emergency, and we did not have time to explain. After that embarrassing call, we ditched class. We were on our way out until a teacher spotted us going down the stairs to the 2nd floor of the school. She started yelling at us and telling us to get back to class. We ran to the slide that goes to the basement. Once we were on the kindergarten floor, we went to their library. We hid between the bookshelves. The teacher didn’t hear or see us and left disappointed and ashamed that she didn't catch us. We all took a deep breath and exhaled so loudly that the teacher came back, and we started running up the stairs. Luckily, we are young and have fast feet; we got away in the nick of time. Once we were far away from the school, we went into a local gas station. When we entered, the cashier wondered why we weren’t in school across the street. Scarlett and I frantically started talking at the same time when Marschell interrupted us in a loud voice, saying, “I am 17 years old, here is my ID and

license, we need some water and a car. Oh yeah, and you have to give those things to me because I am also a secret agent, part of STAS. The Secret Teen Agent Society. The cashier dropped his mouth wide open. He whispered something under his breath that sounded like "No way…" But I could barely make it out.

After a moment of silence, the cashier made a face and gave us some water and a car. Before we went out, I asked for a Kit-Kat. He gave me a side eye and sighed. He called me cute and said he would give me one if I followed him into the back. I didn't think much of it and started following him. Just then, Marschell came in the door incredibly fast and grabbed 3 full-sized Kit-Kats for me, then grabbed me by the waist, effortlessly. He pulled me out the door and into the truck. After we arrived, Scarlett was saying how lucky I was because Marschell of how weirdly looked into my eyes, like he liked me. She said she does not like him anymore after she found out he was 17. But I might have developed a crush in the past few hours. It's the way he moves, the way he looks, and the way he looks at me. Though he is 17, I thought. After a moment of silence in the truck, I started opening my Kit-Kat. Scarlett looked at me, "What? Where'd you get those?!?! And would I be able to have one? You are looking very beautiful today," she said the last sentence with a smirk, like I would give her one, today of all days. I gave her a pack of four, "Dont get a sugar rush, sweetheart!" I said with a giggle. Marschel looked at me with a weird sparkle in his eyes. Suddenly, he asked what I was thinking about. Coincidentally, I forgot what I was thinking about in the moment he spoke.
"I…. Dont know"
"What do you mean you 'Dont know'?"
"I mean," I stammered, "I dont know!!! Why do you want to know what I'm thinking anyway? That's a little weird! You know you're kind of being a creep right now. You acted like you were in 9th grade for half the year, but you're 17!!!! Like, why lie to everybody? For what sake? You know, Scarlett used to think you were hot!" I clamped my mouth shut when I said the last part. "She thought I was what?" My hand was still on my mouth as he said it. He looked at me, confused, in a beautiful way. I shoved a Kit-Kat in my mouth and started talking so he could not hear me. I said, "She does not like you at all," in a very mumbled voice. He answered very plainly, and it kind of sounded disappointed. Then I added, "but I do," in a too low octave for anyone to hear.

We pulled into Melody's driveway and got out of the car. The house looked abandoned and almost like nobody lived there. We knocked on the door a couple of times with no answer… Just then, Marshall banged down the door with his foot. He was unusually strong for a 17-year-old; he had a very good physique. We walked in very slowly and cautiously. The "old" house looked very familiar as we walked through. After a minute of looking around, we went into Melody's room. After all, I had heard some mumbling in there, like very muffled screams. We burst through the door and found Meoldy handcuffed to her bed, her mouth covered in layers and layers of duct tape. I screamed at her, "WHAT HAPPENED?!?! You scared the CRAP out of us! We have been looking for you forever." Just then, she started to cry; she was crying hysterically. I suddenly felt very sorry, "I am so sorry for yelling at you! Are you okay? We're gonna help, I promise." I started pulling at the ropes on her feet. I pulled out my

Pocket Knife and cut them. They had to have been on for a long time because the marks on her legs, where the ropes were tied, had been so deep…
I got her hands free, and then again, the marks where the ropes had been left were very deep, almost fake. I ripped the duct tape off her face, and she breathed a sigh of relief.
"Thank you, thank you so very, very, very much." Her voice was hoarse when she spoke, like she'd been here for years, not a couple of days. We got her out, and she was skinny. Really skinny… she looked like she was beat while she was in there. She had bruises across her legs and arms, and waist. We told her to tell us the entire story. But she refused. She said if she told us, she would get in trouble. But what could that mean? What happened? We had to know! To help her.

"Melody, you dont understand. You HAVE to tell us. So we can help you! Please just tell us everything that happened. You will not get in trouble if you tell us, because if you do, we can help you. Now, are you ready to tell us?"
"No!!! I WILL get in trouble… He said if I tell anybody, he would hurt me more than I am already hurt right now."
"Melody!!! This is important, we will not let anybody hurt you ever again! We promise. But either way, you have to tell us what happened." Marshall said.
"But how-w-w? How did you find me? He made sure nobody-y-y would find me?" She studdered when she spoke. Like she was freezing. But we were in 90-degree weather; she must be scared.
Marschell spoke again, saying, "I found your message in the 3rd-floor women's restroom."
"I did not leave any message in the bathro-o-o-m"
"Then who left the message in the restroom?" I said, confused. "It must have been somebody else! We need to check the cameras again, Marshall! Get on your phone and check them. Melody, where are your parents?"
"Their at my grandparents' house. Mammi and pappi are at Grandma's house."
"We will get you there. I promise." Marschel said after Melody answered.
Suddenly, we were speeding across the highway. I was giving Marschell directions, and then we got pulled over. The cops were coming for us. How would we make it there in time? To save the other girl! Marshall could help? Right? Marschell showed them his ID, and they let us go after a 25-minute confrontation to make sure he was part of the STAS. And after we sped across the highway again with our hazard lights on so people would move out of the way. We got to Melody's grandparents' house. We rushed her inside with her parents and left again. Marschell was taking us to a warehouse in the middle of nowhere. I asked him why we were here, and he said not to worry about it. So I did not. I did not think about it and started reading Osora on my phone. Once we were inside the warehouse, I decided to ask him a bunch of questions.
"So, who was actually on the cameras? And where is Scarlett?"
"She is still in the car. You were distracted, and I need to talk to you alone in here…"
"I was the one in the camera. I set this whole thing up. I told Melody not to talk. I gave her papers to memorize. She won't tell you. I had a plan. Tell me what you think of me. The truth. Do you like me? Well, if you do, you should not. Hallie. I am not part of the STAS. I am a murderer. And I plan to murder you. What do you think of that?" As he said the last sentence,

I shivered when he pulled out the knife from his pocket. It was a machete. I was scared. He was going to kill me. But why? Why would he do this? Suddenly, it all made sense. He planned this. He hurt Melody, and he was the one who did this. But just for some stupid attention? If he lied about this, what else is he lying about? His age? Again? The smell of blood made me dizzy. Suddenly, I realized he had stabbed my leg. I screamed in utter pain. It only started hurting when I realized I'd been stabbed. I screamed again. This time in shock. I started yelling, "How could you do this to me? What did I ever do to hurt you? I have done nothing wrong! I hate you! And to believe I thought we could be together. We could be happy together. God! Am I stupid? Oh, hell's bells, I am starting to get super dizzy…" Just then, my vision started getting blurry, and I think I passed out.

When I woke up, I was in the hospital. I didn't remember what the heck had happened after I passed out. I dont even know if I passed out! I was still very dizzy and confused. I hadn't opened my eyes yet. I was too tired. I opened my eyes then to see my mother sitting in the chair next to the hospital bed. Once I laid my eyes on her, she looked at me. And spoke.
"Oh, honey! You have been asleep for the past 12 hours. You fell down the stairs and into a window. Look at your leg. You got really hurt. Luckily, Marschell was there to save you. Oh, love. Do you even remember what happened?"
"Mom! I missed you. And I do remember what happened. It was Marschell! He did not save me! He was the one who hurt me in the first place! You have to believe me! Mom?"
Her face looked confused. "No, honey. He was the one who was taking you on a date, and you wanted to go into the apartment. Honey, I promise on my life he saved you. Look honey. Give him a second chance. He saved you. Besides that point, he is a nice and good-looking kid." Ew, I thought. I used to want to date him. But not anymore. "Oh, God no. I would never date someone like him. He is 17! I think. Mom, you HAVE to believe me! He was the one who did this! I promise. Cross my heart and hope to die." She still looked confused and in denial. She didn't believe me! How could she? I hate my life! "Sweetheart. You should go back to bed. You must have hit your head really hard." I did not feel tired, but I tried anyhow and went back to sleep…

Jovi \

14/8th grade

THE UNWRITTEN TRICK OR TREAT RULE

The town of Shadow Creek wasn't Known for much, except for its weird dedication to Halloween tradition. Everyone knew the rule, passed down from parent to child, like a warning. *"Never accept candy from the house down the street of Raven Lane, the one with the singular flicking pumpkin."*

This year, Jack's little sister, almost eight years old, Kat, had been dared by an older "Cooler" kid from the 5th grade. Jack, a sensible Highschooler, had turned his back only just for a second, when he had looked back, Kat was holding a single piece of a candy, A sticky square of taffy the color of dried blood. "It tasted like cinnamon and dust," she whispered on the walk home, already feeling ill.

The next morning, Kat was gone. All that was left on her bed was taffy, now rock hard and warm, and a small, antique looking note. The note inside was covered in dust. Jack wiped the dust to reveal beautiful lettering that states, "*Payment is due.*" Jack began to become frantic.

Jack ran a search, so scared, but the police had told him it was just a runaway case, not even bothering to look at the crazy note. Jack went to the neighbors, they offered only a worried, awkward look, and glanced towards the end of the street. Mrs. Potter, who lived on Raven lane for almost fifty years, finally stated, "You broke the unwritten rule, child. *You* invited it in. Now the town is safe, but your sister, *she isn't.*" Jack realized the rule wasn't just some myth, it was real.

For generations, the town had kept the entity, well lets say the *Sugar Man,* away by respecting that rule. The town would only be more concerned about the Sugar Man, than a missing girl. He was terrifyingly isolated.

Desperate, Jack sneaks into the local library's restricted history collection. He finds an old book with what seems to be water stains that includes previous disappearances all on halloween. Some of the pages on the books mention a "Payment" being made, but not saying what the payment is. He realizes that he is racing a ticking clock, whatever the taffy did to Kat, it was to get someone to do a magical exchange done at dawn.

Jack knows what he has to do. He must go to the house at the end of Raven Lane. As soon as he reaches the house, he feels a strong aura of the house being dark, cold, and even utterly silent. The single pumpkin starts to flicker crazy as it sends shivers down Jack's spine. He must save his sister no matter what. He forces the door open, and the wood of the door creaks like someone is screaming in terror.

Inside, the house feels like a shrine to candy and the walls seem to decay. It's filled with dusty jars of old fashioned candy and strange, delicate paper figures. *Stomp Stomp Stomp.....* Jack hears coming from another room. "Kat?" he yells in fright, thinking something is happening to her. He walks towards the noise to finally find the Sugar Man–not a monster, but a tall, skeletal figure in what seems like a dusty tuxedo. His eyes were as black as midnight and he had pale skin. He was sitting on a couch, continuously wrapping pieces of taffy. Kat is seated nearby, her eyes glazed over, slowly becoming transparent like those rock hard candies on the bottom of your candy bag.

The Sugar Man smiles, a dry, unsettling sound of mumbling,"You have brought me fine debt, Jack." Jack demands what the payment is. The Sugar Man points to a note, "The payment is not an object, it is a loss. She took the gift of oblivion, now she must lose the gift of her age."

Jack realizes the truth. The price is Kat's memories of Jack. The Sugar Man would take the one person Kat loved and trusted the most, leaving an empty shell the entity would take. Jack lunges forward, not to fight, but to shove forgotten photographs of him and Kat into the Sugar Man's skeletal hand. "Take these!" Jack yells. "Take the memory itself! Let me take the pain instead!" The Sugar Man hesitates, shocked by the sacrifice he would make for Kat. He takes the photos, which turns into sweet dust. As dawn is shown, the entity vanishes.

Kat blinks, returning to herself, but her eyes go straight to Jack with no sense of recognition. The town of Shadow Creek is safe, the rule stays unwritten, *and Jack knows why.*

Meagan J
12 yrs / 7th grade

The doors swing open.

"Hello?" You call out, as though you felt a presence in the room. A cold breeze goes through the air, through the room. In the room, is a small little doll, just sitting there, watching, watching you. The clock on the wall.

tick. tick. tick.

The creak on the floor.

squeak.

You look back up, the doll is now standing. She has a creepy smile drawn all over her face. Eyes are not there. Every tick on the clock, she does something. The breeze starts smelling like rotting blood and flesh.

"Is.....is anyone there?" You call out, hoping someone actually responds.

tick. tick. tick.

The air blows harder, behind you now. You turn around, nothing is there, just the darkness waiting for you. You turn right back around, she has moved, she isn't there anymore.. You want to leave, but it feels like the ground is holding you in place. The door lightly creaks, your hands start to throb. The scent gets stronger.

tick. tick. tick.

You turn around, nothing there, then you hear it. A faucet lightly drips. That wasn't there before. You feel a gravity pulling you towards it. A random scream comes to it but curiosity gets to you. You slowly walk, making no noise.

tick. tick. tick.

You slowly make it to the door's sight, she is lightly standing there, staring. You start getting the chills. A cold shiver feels like it goes right through you. NO, right into you, watching, waiting for your next move.

"What the.." CRASH.

Something is in that room. You know it, but that curiosity is still in you, craving to see what's inside the room. You take a deep breath, and make the decision to try and leave. Your body feels like it's being pulled towards the room, but you walk away, trying to not feel the withdrawal the room would give you.

tick. tick. tick.

The lights flicker as you walk away. You just keep walking. The door outside is close by, that is your goal to leave. The lights flicker again. Still, you walk towards that door. The lights start rapidly flashing, different colors now. Flashing, red.

"Not today" You say, forming a slight grin on your face that you're able to leave.

tick. tick. tick.

Your reach for the door handle, locked. You locked it when you got home from work. You forgot where you put the house keys. You're stuck.

You turn around, and everything seems.....normal?? The lights stopped flickering, the clock still ticking. You start walking to the bathroom, the room the doll used to be in. Nothing, just, your keys. Sitting on the table, perfectly placed, almost too perfect. Like it was purposely placed there. Underneath it is an envelope. It has a little wax stamp on it, showing a doll sitting. Almost the exact same doll. You reach for the envelope. Carefully opening it, making sure not to ruin it. Inside, is a card that looks like it came from the circus. You open the card to see what it says.

"Dear Enila, you opened the card. Thank you. It was very important you opened it, inside, you just will find that by the end, something very, VERY little will happen. Don't be alarmed now, everything is fine.

You remember you saw that doll? That doll now, was actually one of ours. See, she likes to run around and accidentally go to places where she shouldn't go. The person writing this to you is actually from the 'Division Game Corp.' that created this specific doll. We are sorry you saw her, but now you know too much. She probably is already behind you waiting. See you soon."

You start to hear light breathing. She WAS behind you. You feel a slight motion behind on the bottom of your calf. Your body starts to slowly go numb.

Thump.

You fall on the floor, everything starts going blurry.

"Well, well, that took long enough. Load her up." someone says in a muffled tone, almost wearing a mask. All you see is the sight of their feet. Standing there. You fight to keep your body awake, but you know that won't work. Just soon, you would be out. Undefensive.

Silence.

tick,

tick.

tick...

TRAVIS SC

13 GRADE 7

I Know What You Did Last Night

It was 1995 and only 2 months until summer but in a small town called Purplemill there was a teen called Jim Cable or Jim for short, Jim was an outcast, both teachers and students didn't really like him but Jim did have one friend. Her name was Jenny and was the sweetest girl you would ever meet, she always volunteered at the homeless shelter, and believed everyone can change for the better but some people take advantage of that. As both Jenny and Jim went into the school they saw the normal stuff: kids chatting, people spilling tea to their friend, and their somewhat friendly janitor named Micheal or as some kids call him Janitor Mike. As Jim unlocked his locker he saw a piece of paper that said "I know what you did last night met me at the grave yard near mayweather park at 9:00 pm don't be late, and bring 500$". This note brought shivers down Jim's spine, because someone knew his secret, and felt like he was being watched but as Jim looked behind his back but Jim saw everyone was gone except Janitor Mike.

Then Jim heard a loud ring, making Jim realize he was late again for the third time this week. Jim started hustling to class but as Jim did this Jim still felt he was being watched but that didn't matter right now he had to get to class. As Jim bursted into Mr. John Mantle, Mr John looked at Jim like a hawk looking at it prey and Mr. John Mantle voice was stone cold "You late again Mr. Jim Cable, and this is your third tardy which means you're going to be spending your afternoon in detention with me and am not going to take any of your excesses". Jim didn't say anything and didn't try to argue with Mr. John Mantle because Jim knew even if he tried to do anything other than sitting in his seat and accepting his punishment than Mr. John Mantle would just add more to Jim's punishment. Jim sat down in the desk farthest from Mr. John Mantle, and as John Mantle was lecturing the whole class about the history of the Roman empire,

John started thinking about what he did last night. He started remembering the cool night sky as he cornered a boy in an alleyway and dug his knife into the boy's chest, and saw the life fading away from the boy's eyes. Jim did have a reason for murdering this boy though, see this boy was named Jono and was Jenny bf but one time while visiting Jenny he saw Jono punching her in the eye saying how she was a stupid b*tch. Jim tried to report this to Jenny's parents but they didn't believe him. Jim tried reporting this to the police but they just laughed in Jim's face and didn't even look into Jim's report. So Jim had to take matters into his own hands so Jim followed Jono home and cornered him in an alley and Jono was found dead by the police.

As Jim was still remembering what he did last night he heard someone snapping their fingering and snapped out of his imagination of seeing Jono lifeless corpse. Jim saw Mr. John Mantle snapping his fingers at Jim. "Stop day dreaming and meet me at room 13, and I've notified your parents to pick you up from detention" as Mr. John Mantle finished his sentence, he

started walking to room 13. Jim followed Mr. John Mantle because Jim didn't have a choice and went into room 13 and sat down. "Now start working on these worksheet and you'll be released at 5:00 P.M" Mr. John Mantle gave Jim 3 packets for History, Math, and Reading. Jim started working on all the packets, and after what felt like an eternity for Jim it was 5:00 P.M. and started walking to the exit of the school he saw his step dad's car. Jim went over to his step dad's car and awaited the lecture he was about to be given "I heard you got detention, so no more games, no going over to Jenny house". After 3 hours Jim sneaked out of his step dad's house and went over to the graveyard where he saw the only person there was…

Janitor Mike and he saw him walk over towards him, and said in an ice cold voice "Seems like you got my note now where is the money at". Jim looked at him and said "So how did you find out about me murdering Jono" "Well it was simple Jim while you were stabbing Jono I was watching from the sidewalk". Mike walked closer to Jim "Now where is my money" Jim started reaching for his wrist "don't worry I have your money right, HERE!" Jim pulled out a knife from his pocket and stabbed Mike in the Knee. Jim then pushed Mike on the ground and cut Mike's neck and watched the life fate from Mike's eyes but as Jim did the final blow. A little old lady saw what happened and reported Jim to the police and Jim was given life in prison.

Name: Alyssa R
Age/Grade: 13, 7th grade
Teacher: Ms.Chuecas
School: Watson Junior High School
Address
Phone Number(s

"The Clown in the shadows"

It was a cold winter night on October 30th, I was walking down the street alone, listening to My Chemical Romance and I looked at the ground as I walked. It wasn't too far along on my walk when I had heard raspy breaths coming from behind me, I quickly whipped around, expecting to see someone or at least something, but all I saw was small pieces of a popped balloon on the ground, which I had let out a loud groan of frustration, turned around, and continued to walk along, but I had bumped into someone, my phone falling out of my hand and onto the cold, icy ground. As I looked up, I saw this large, creepy looking clown staring right back at me, his teeth sharp and his eyes a pitch black, no emotion in his eyes whatsoever. Suddenly, I had felt him grab my arm, his sharp claw-like fingers digging into my arm. I had felt a warm liquid drip onto the ground. My blood. I let out a loud scream of pain, the blood dripping faster as he tried to pull me closer. I kicked and screamed, yelling at the clown. "I.AM.NOT.GOING.WITH.YOU!" I screamed loudly, drawing the attention of other people, the clown's teeth growing more dense and sharp by the second,which it had soon lunged at me with a loud, ear piercing screech, sinking his long, jagged teeth sinking into my neck. I let out a scream of pain, I had heard the loud beats of my heart in my ears, my stomach dropping as my vision started to go black, my thick, dark blood pouring down my neck as his teeth started to sink deeper.

Before I knew it, I was in a hospital bed, a lot of equipment hooked up to my weak body. I looked up, my vision blurry and my breath raspy as I saw the nurses rushing around me, one of them pushing me down as they injected something into my left arm, but I didn't know what it was. After getting injected with the medicine, I had started to feel numb all over, trying not to get scared as I saw one of the doctors put an oxygen mask over my face while another grabbed supplies for surgery. Then, the doctor had told me to count down from ten, I had barely made it to seven before I passed out. After a few hours after the operation, I had woken up from the surgery, seeing some blood on my hospital gown, but I wasn't able to feel my arm anymore. As I looked at my arm, I saw that they had amputated it, fresh

blood seeping through the new bandages. I started to hyperventilate. I could not believe this was happening! I noticed that there were nurses rushing in, an alarm blaring throughout the hospital room as the other doctors rushed in, trying to stabilize me as I thrashed around in the hospital bed. I felt a warm liquid starting to pour down my neck, some of the nurses wrapping bandages around my neck to stop the gushing blood. I had started to feel lightheaded once again, my eyes scrunching up at the corners as I squinted at the blurry light above me, the brightness giving me a horrible migraine, making me nauseous.

I lost consciousness once again, but a few hours later, I woke up in my bed at home and I was drenched with sweat. I was panting heavily as if I had just woken up from a nightmare, the room pitch black and eerie, making my skin crawl. I looked around in the dark for a few moments, my eyes still adjusting to the dim lighting. Once my eyes had finally adjusted to the environment, I saw a dark figure in the corner of my eye, making me jump. I slowly turned around, feeling as if there was a dark presence behind me,the darkness suddenly revealing the Clown's eerie, jagged smile and his sunken-in face, I had let out a scream louder than ever before, my blood splattering all over my freshly ironed bedsheets, my scream soon coming to a stop as the Clown had torn my vocal cords and my larynx, making the scene more gory as he continued to tear into my neck with his jagged teeth. I was conscious the whole time. I could feel the sharp pain of my neck being torn open piece by little piece, my thick, crimson blood pouring down my neck, a pool of blood forming under my body as my body started to go cold, eyes starting to become foggy as he made my death slow and painful. I had felt him slide his teeth out of my neck, which there was now a larger wound than before, the bandages ruined. Oh god, this felt like a nightmare. But it wasn't, I still felt every painful bite and tear of my skin. I felt every time he slid his jagged teeth out of my body. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe,I couldn't scream, I knew I was dying, but he made it more agonizing each time I tried to move my body.

Tears were pricking at my eyes as he started to sink his teeth deeper and deeper, but he had soon decided to tear into my stomach. I watched as the Clown leaned down and wrapped his jaws around my organs with a low growl, slowly starting to swallow my intestines, carving me out like a pumpkin on Halloween, now starting to scoop my entrails out with his long, raggedy fingers and shoving them into his mouth as if it was his last meal ever.

I gasped sharply as he then ripped out my lungs, my eyes rolling back in pain, my mouth opened in a silent scream of terror. My voice was inaudible as I tried my hardest to speak, but my vision was starting to fade, my breath being ripped away from my body, which I soon went limp on the bed, the Clown continuing to break my

bones and rip my skin off, eating it off of my body muscle like a turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

Happy Halloween :)

7th grade janitel junior high school
12 years old

The Halloween Night

By Maria O.

"MOM!" I yelled as I sprinted down the stairs. I dragged my feet against the floor groaning

"Yes dear" Said my mom

"When are we leaving?"

"Soon dear I am still getting your sister ready,"

"Ok mom," I dragged my feet as I sat on the couch.I started to slowly spaced off from waiting .

"Sissy, I am ready to go, come on," Izzy said, pulling my arm to get me off the couch.

"Ok ok i am getting up," i said grabbing our baskets putting our shoes on. Our mom clicked the tv on the news channel.

"Breaking news The crazy killer stalker is on the loose ,parents beware do not let your children go to house 71-" I slammed the door not hearing a word from the tv walking down the road.

"Girls wait," my mom said but we were half way down the road not hearing her .We went house to house getting candy and then pouring it into our big pillow case. Soon the pillow case got heavier and our feet started to hurt.

"I am so glad mom let us walk alone this year" i said as we walked

"Ya same it's so much better like this," izzy said giggling. We kept walking door to door until we reached a house with no decorations or lights on at all.The only thing there was the dim flickery porch light.

"Mom told us never to go to this house but what could happen, like the person would follow us home?" I said as izzy giggled .I slowly knocked on the door.Soon the door swung open and a guy came out.

"Trick or treat!" me and my sister said both of us said in sink .

"What pretty ladies like you doing out here all alone." The man said, touching my hair. I gripped my sister's hand tight as I slapped his hand away, grabbing the candy and walking off.

"Maybe that's why mom doesn't let us go to that house, that guy is a creep," I said as we walked to another house. Izzy swung her head around seeing the man. He was sitting across the street in a big bush .She rubbed her eyes but then he opened them he was gone .She tugged my dress as she pointed to where he was ,but he wasn't there. I looked at her scared face and kept walking. I rang the bell at the next house and grabbed the candy. We walked off the steps and went to the last house on the street. Soon we made it to our street and our house lights were still on from here. I spun around to look at izzy.

"Ok izzy we only have about 8 or 9 houses left to go, then at house 6 we can stop at mis apple's house and get cookies ok?" I said trying to calm her down but her face was more frightened than ever.She pointed behind me and standing in the dim light of the street light was the man from the last house.I grabbed Izzy's hand running across the street the man followed sharply behind.Izzy's bottom lip quivered in fear .

"Come on girls i wont hurt you," as he said it sent shivers down my spine.I ran until we reached mis apples home.I pounded on the door yelling help.Me and izzy fumbled inside.i looked out the window to see he was gone She gave us cookies and sat us down .While eating the cookies she called our mom to tell her we were here at her home.

"You girls ok ?" said mis apple

"Yes we were just being followed by some guy," I said, munching on my cookie. After a few minutes the back door glass shattered .We ran to the bathroom to hide. I shielded my sister while I gave Miss Apple my phone to call 911. Tears streamed down mine and Izzy's faces as we heard his voice.

"Come on out! I won't hurt you." Loud bagging came from outside the door .Soon it went silent but not for long. Then the handle to the bathroom started to rattle.He started banging on the door, breaking it. He kept punching it until he stopped and walked away. He kicked the door open as me and my sister started crying louder.Soon the lights and sirens slowly pulled into the street . He grabbed my wrist, not letting go until the police came in.He slit my wrist as an officer grabbed him and huddled us out. I got bandaged up while izzy stood next to me. The police asked us what happened then told us to be safe. My moms car pulled up and she hopped out .She clasped us into her arms as she whipped our salty tears away.

" Sh.. it's ok girls, you're safe now." my mom said as she nicely pulled us away

" hey at least you got tons of candy and cookies from mis apple," She smiled as she huddled us into the car and started driving.

"Hey at least this is a halloween to remember right girls"

"Ya mom it...is," Me and izzy said as we stuffed our faces with m+m's.

The Forest and her Ranger

Jackson C

14 8th

'It's been a couple days now, no sign of them. I've been looking for food more than usual by now, I'm starving.' I never liked logging these things down. I felt my stomach grumble as I wrote, so I grabbed one of my last 2 protein bars and laid down to sleep the day away. Night is better for hunting. As I woke, I looked around me. Fog was here. Luckily, I forgot to remove my mask before I fell asleep, so I didn't have anything to worry about. I lifted my arm to see my watch, 00:21, perfect. I stood up, grabbed my rifle, and jumped down from my tree, mud splashing all over my boots. I looked for signs of life, or a trail, something that could lead me to food. As I walked through the forest, I saw a blood trail, and began following it. As I followed, the trail went from droplets to pools to guts. It was not uncommon, but still a little jarring. As I continued, I heard rustling in the bushes, and I quietly moved to set my rifle up on a tree. As I looked for the target, I continued hearing rustling, closer now. I began searching quicker, more frantic, but I couldn't find it. Hurry, hurry. Looking even faster now, I was completely panicking. In a rush, I shot the most boar looking thing I saw, and as I looked up, there it was. But my rest hadn't started, as the rustling continued, but behind me now. I jolted around, looking for a sign of hostiles. I pulled out my SBR and unfolded the stock, searching for close quarters targets. I moved slowly behind a boulder, maybe whoever it was backed off. As I crouched down and got fully into cover, I let out a sigh of relief. "Nothing, just me." I muttered under my breath. I heard a snap however, right behind me a twig snapped in 2. I turned around and there he was. "Dammit!" He shouted lunging at me, knife in hand. I squeezed the trigger on my rifle, letting loose 5 rounds right into his stomach. He fell limp, but still managed to knock me over as I stood from the panic. I fell to the floor with a loud thump, and suddenly, at least 3 others leaped out from behind trees. I sprinted to grab my rifle and get into cover. I peeked out of cover only to be met with a hunk of steel nearly missing my brains. I ducked down and peeked around the side of the tree I was hiding in and blew the arm clean off of one of them. I tried to load another round in, but my adrenaline was causing my hands to shake like hell. I fumbled with the bullet and the bolt for what felt like hours as I heard them encroach on my position. I hurried as bullets whizzed past me and bits of wood fell on my hood. I peeked around the corner and dashed forward towards my remaining targets. I pulled out my SBR and set up on a stone. I waited for what felt like years, just sitting there. I felt my lungs move, the smell of rotting flesh suddenly overwhelming my nose. I heard a rifle reload, and someone fumbling with a jammed bolt. I slowly turned to where I heard it from, and unloaded every round I had in that tree. Nothing happened. Was I wrong? Did I miss? My heart thumped faster now. That was my last magazine, I just unloaded into a tree and now I'm stuck in a close quarters environment without any ammo. I threw my gun away and stood up, hands above my head. But just as I did, his body thunked to the ground. I quickly grabbed my SBR and ran back to the carcass. I woke the next morning to a voice in my head, a loud, throbbing headache I couldn't shake. I decided I'd just get up and walk it off. I took a long drink from my flask, set it in my survival pack, put on my gasmask, loaded my

rifle, and leaped down off my tree. I began heading south, as I was North before so south is most likely where any animals fled to. I took my rifle off of my shoulder, and moved deeper into the woods. As I continued, I heard a Convoy coming, maybe it was friendly? I laid down along the side of the road, masking most of my gas mask with leaves. I waited for about 20 minutes, just laying there. As soon as I began to stand up, I saw them. I couldn't move, I had to hold myself up by my forearms, essentially uncomfortably planking. I held on, trying to not move as the trucks whizzed past me, foreign. As soon as the last one left I let out a sigh of relief, and began standing up, but a truck turned around, and pulled over. I quickly moved out of the way, desperately taking off my mask and shoving food down my throat to hide the grumbling. I laid down and watched as soldiers surrounded me, invading soldiers. But they weren't from any country I knew, or planet maybe. No, they were mutants. I waited until they were past and began moving out of the way, slowly. I was cut off. One of them heard my stomach grumble. I turned around and saw one pointing a rifle at my face. I put my hands up, but it didn't matter. Another mutant tackled them, more feral. It shoved its claws in his artery. Blood spurted everywhere, covering my boots. I watched as another killed the other two just as precise. I grabbed my rifle and aimed it at the second beast. It raised its hands and screamed something inelligible. I shot it and reloaded, but the first pounced. I pulled out my knife and shoved it deep inside their eyewell, again and again. As I pushed it off, the corpse turned into, a pile of, steaks! And the others too! My stomach, I was, I NEEDED IT!! I stuffed my face, cutting into the flesh. I loved the juices. I watched as a scavver looked on me with terror. I asked if he wanted to have some too, but he ran away. I don't know why.

Monster and the skinwalker Jay. One night after halloween a group of friends went out to go to a haunted house and on the way to the house they were stopped by a man that lived by the house the warned them not to go by the house the ghosts will haunt you if you go BY the house the friends were scared but they still went and one of the friends suggested that they at the house and make a youtube video and go viral that they will make a lot of money and be rich and a lot people will. like there video and they will popular and people will like there contact and on the way they had car problems and the car stop and an abandoned church little did they know that the church was haunted and the thing that were living in the church and the problems that they would have with the thing living in the church they went inside the church the wall said leave in red stuff they explored they found blood every were the creature that were in the church followed them everywhere that they went every step they took the creature took and they found a room and they went inside the room when they were in the. room the door close they in the door would not open

they were trapped one of the friend was outside the room he open the door the friends got out of the room the keep exploring the church one of the friends suggested that they leave they wanted to stay so they stay they found more writing that said thanks of sacrificing your self they ran away little did they know the thing that was there was chasing them and they ran for a sure minutes and they found there was out and the car was rolling down the hill and the friend had to chase the car and when they pushed the car back up the they got the. car working and they stop to get some food little did they know that the thing was watching them eat and talk and the thing hit the glass and the friend group was scared the store worker took they to the back and let they hid and the monster was on the walls and the friend group seen the monster and got scared and ran out of the Back and the store worker was landing on the floor not moving and they left the store scared the group that one of the friends was missing realized that they left him at the store so they went back for him and saw him fighting the monster the friends jumped into action they helped. him the friend got a away

for the monster and that all got in to the car and left the monster was chasing they one of the friends remembered that before the trip he packed a crossbow he had packed 500 rounds of amowe he shot and shot be that did not work is just made the monster more mad and the monster jumped on the car but he fell the friend took the chane and floored it they hit a ramp and they went fly on to building the friend sigh with relief but the monster jumped on to the building the friend took the risk they got in the car and jump of with a scream the friend landed on all fours but the was. not in the best shape by it still ran and they stopped for gas since they lose the monster for a little bit the monster found they the speeded off and the monster was throwing stuff at them they thought that they were going to die but they survived the monster ran after them he cot up to they he gerad the car and throw it by the car landed in water and the friend group was found they lost the monster so when they stopped again they were all hungry so they got more food and the friend group left one of the friends got sick all the studin so they took him home the rest of the friend group when out a a NOTHER hound.

church and they went inside the church and they left one for their friends and they found him bleeding and the friends were scared for real this time but the friend was play a park the friends were relieved that their friend did not die by that park would be their biggest mistake very the skinwalker that was in the church was planing on shapesifting in to one of the friends and the skinwalker followed them and the skinwalker got one of the friends and he killed right there the Friends there saced and sad that the skinwalker was happy with what he did to him and his friends were so mad and sad that they. changed at the skinwalker the skinwalker stude up the growed at them they all were super saced the monster was not satisfied so the skinwalker ran after them they all ran one of the friends for sum resume had a chainsaw sow the skinwalker was running back to the church the friend chased he the skinwalker was scared of the chainsaw the friend until he could not run the skinwalker was scared for the first time and the skinwalker was hiding the friends were so mad so they looked for the skinwalker was running away from the friend group and the friends

found the skinwalker. The friend group chased skinwalker the friends found the skinwalker the friend group was going to kill the skinwalker but when they going to kill the skinwalker the skinwalker shapeshifted into one of the friends and took the chainsaw and the skinwalker chased the friend group and the friend group of a plan to chase the skinwalker away the friend played dead and the skinwalker thought that they were dead and when the skinwalker was not look the friends got up and then they hid in a random room the skinwalker walked passed them and the friend group they were trying to if the exit but when they were looking around the church they ran into the skinwalker they were scared and as they back up slowly as the skinwalker started walking forward and then the friends looked back and then ran and the skinwalker and the chased them the friends loseed the skinwalker and then they found the exit and they ran towards the exit and little did they know they the skinwalker was wadding for them and the skinwalker tried to block them in but he failed and they got out they got in the car speeded off but the skinwalker was not done

yet and the skinwalker unblock the door and the then the skinwalker followed them home the friend group was at home and they were super scared and they locked them sefes in one room and the skinwalker broke in the home and then the friends group heard foot steps and the friends group know that it was the skinwalker because before the skinwalker came they put up cammers and they sool the skinwalker gerab a kitchen kife and the friends were super scared and they had an idea the was that one of them would make fun of the skinwalker and run to the back yard and the anothers would make a trap and chach the skinwalker and after they would take the skinwalker to the cops and they would be awarded and they would get money and be on the news so they put the plan in place and one of the friends made fun of the skinwalker and the skinwalker chased him and the friends were ready and the plan worked and they took the skinwalker to the cops and they got awarded and they were on the news and they were super famous after they and the cops gave them a skinwalker caching job and on one of the jobs the skinwalker that they were going try and catch it and they

got cot and then they ended up all of they got killed and there moms and dads came out because there kids did not come home some all the parents when to look for them and they come back home with one and the parents had an idea because their kids were like crazy and they went through their kids room and they found a note in one of the kids that did not come to go with they because that one kid planned to kill the other friends and little did the parents know that he did kill the other friends because the other fiend was the SKINWALKER and the parents were worried and one of the parents broke down crying because she had a feeling that her kid was dead because that her kid and she does not have money for a funeral and all of her family was in texts and would not be able to come and her son did not have a phone and her could not say his lasted goodby and the dad cryed to bcause him and his dad like a 2 pack of twinkies they did everything together thye fixed the car together they ordered the some food and his girlfriend had come she cryed but the dad said we HAVE to find them be able it's to late and the parent went to look and they got into one of the parents car and they

looked and looked but they found onthing and they found the hunted church they used to be at and the parent ent inside and they found and they found something of the parents they found the parents chainsaw and the parents had a feeling that they were getting closer and they got they chainsaw and they stoped at a nother hunted church and the smell inside was awful smell and they found there kids in a jailsell and they were dead the parents were weeping and they grabbled there kids body and they took them to the er and there was nothing that they could do and they were got and they are the end.

Carmen lor
1
My phone number is
I am in 7th grade.

The story starts with two girls walking on a path.They see that the path has a smaller path that leads off into the grass they walk down to see where it goes.Once they get to where it leads they realize that's its the tunnel that its said that a girl died in.The girls being curious decide to walk into the creepy old tunnel not realizing its getting dark.The tunnel seemed to be pretty safe and there was only sewage water and bugs and the bottom but the top and walls of the tunnel was filled with spider webs and some writing that seemed to be in spray paint.The girls walked until they got deep enough into the tunnel to the point where it's too dark to see clearly seeming there's only a little sliver of light but its fading away.The girls pull out the only thing they have which is their phones and use them as flash lights.The girls start talking about the girl that died in the tunnel scaring themselves they start to run.Little did they know they were just going deeper and deeper into the tunnel.The girls figure out they don't know where they are anymore and they have zero internet to call for help or to look where they are and how to get out.they decide to try to walk back but they take a wrong turn and get more lost.While the girls are trying to find out where they are and how to get out, one of the girls hears a very quite ***"help me i can see you"*** the girl turns to the other girl and says ***"Christina i think i just heard someone."*** Christina replies back with ***"What i didn't hear anything i think your just tired Vic"*** so they keep talking til they both hear the voice of a woman say ***"I know you can hear me, come closer"*** the girls freaked out and now scared scream and run, their screams echo throughout the tunnel.The two girls start to walk faster and faster away from the voice until Victoria gets startled and drops her phone is the little bit of water at the bottom of the tunnel. Vic says loudly ***"I DROPPED MY PHONE I THINK IT BROKE"*** Christina replies back with ***" why did you drop it in the first place"*** then ***" well does it work?"*** Victoria says ***" i saw something and i think i can still barely see something or someone hanging in that area by that later" "excuse me WHAT THE FLIP DO YOU MEAN SOMEONE"*** Christina replied back to Vic the Vic proceeded to say ***" I DON"T KNOW! It looked like a girl with longer hair in some sort of uniform hanging by her neck…"*** then she said ***" also my phones working but its at 30%"*** Christina replied with ***"ok thats good i guess my phones still at 80% and i think i might have my charger but i dont know if its charged fully"*** they continued to walk until they saw some light toward the left they started to walk toward the light until they saw someone sitting down in the water.They started to back up until…Christina ran into something in the shadows and fell Christina said ***"Vic..what behind me..because before there was nothing there and your right in front of me.."*** Victoria raised her phone to see the girl she saw hanging behind Christina Vic proceeded to say ***"Christina stand up and run"*** Christina replied back with ***"why what's behind me"*** As she stood up Vic said ***"remember the girl from earlier i saw hanging"*** Christina said ***"yeah why"*** Vic said ***"shes behind you"*** Christina turned around to see the girl with a horrifying smile painted on her face say ***"she wasn't just tired was she now?"*** Christina screamed and the girls ran until they saw the dim light from the street lights on the road.The girls found an exit but they could still see and hear the girl in the dim lighting behind them smiling creepily and saying ***"come back"*** repetitively in her raspy voice.They climbed out the exit and walked to the gas station near by to call for their parents. Little did they know the girl wasn't done with them and would haunt them till they went insane and killed themselves in the tunnel just like the girl had done. In the end they both died insane because they didn't go back for her to help the girl be peaceful in the afterlife.

The House

Bryson K

7 th grade



It all started on Halloween night when a group of friends were out trick-or-treating and playing pranks. They walked up to this old lady's house and tried to scare her, but no one heard them. They knocked again, and then, almost as if someone had grabbed them, they were sucked in and now TRAPPED! What could they do now? Mathias tried to rip the door open, but it wouldn't budge. Panic was setting in, and everyone was freaking out. There was an eerie noise coming from down the infinite hallway. They had nowhere else to go, but no one wanted to move. Finally, Hunter and Mathias started their way down the hall. As soon as they passed the first door, they were pulled in and now GONE! Now there were only three left: Shawn, Hayden, and Bryson, and they didn't know what to do.

They realized that the noise was moving further down the hall. Almost like it was waiting to take them one by one. As they brainstormed, they thought, why not try the first door again but go together? As they walked down the hall, the door creaked open as they entered, and it was foggy. They took their first step in, and the door slammed behind them. It felt like they weren't the only ones in the room. They found the vent that was producing the fog and closed it. When some of the fog cleared, there was a dark figure in the corner resembling a person just standing there! They approached slowly, and it shuffled and then fell lifelessly. It was almost like a mannequin—just there to scare them, but what had moved it? It felt as if it had just been moving but was now frozen like a statue. They were curious, so they rolled it over and saw a shocking sight.

It was the hunter's face, but it was stuck in a screaming position. They examined it, but when they touched it, it started melting. They got super scared, so they jumped back. Then they heard Mathias's scream, followed by Hunter's. They were coming from down the hallway, but how were they supposed to get out of the room? They stood there for what felt like hours, but was really just minutes. Then it hit them: what if the door wasn't locked and could just be opened? They gave a slight tug, and then it opened to a different room. They weren't in the hall anymore. As they explored that room, there was another mannequin. As Bryson and Shawn approached it, they heard a scream from right behind them. When they turned to look, nothing was there—not even Hayden. Where did he go? Then they heard a gut-wrenching laugh. It came from just the room over.

They sat there wondering what to do next. The door wouldn't open again, but there was a big sledgehammer in the corner, and the walls seemed thin. Bryson grabbed the sledgehammer, got a grip on it, and then threw himself and the hammer into the wall. It came down with a SMASH! The rubble fell to the ground, and it opened to a room with a window. It was a dining room. As Shawn and Bryson entered the room, it was set for a full course meal. They had some and then fell asleep. When Bryson woke up, Shawn was gone. He felt dizzy but full. Out of his mind, he didn't know what to do. With everyone gone, he freaked out and didn't know what to do now!?!?

Samuel F

I am in the 7th grade

A Night of Horror

Sam Texts the Group chat with Rayden, Connor, Jimmy, Timmy, and Hunter, " YOOOOOOO, what's up, boys? Meet me at the park for trick or treating!" Everyone in the group chat types "OKKKKKKKK"

We met up…

Sam said Yo, let's go to that house, it looks good. We all said ok, and we went trick-or-treating and had lots of fun. Sam spots a house that was abandoned and points to it. Sam said, "LOOK, there is a path that leads up to the abandoned house. Rumor has it that the family that lived here was brutally murdered, but the killers were never found. Let's explore, guys!!!" Yeah, that looks cool. Rayden says Weakly, Oh, come on, don't be such a baby Connor says teasingly. Jimmy and Timmy look at each other hesitantly, but Hunter screams YEAAAAAAA LET 'SSSSSS DO IT! He slaps them on the back playfully. And then Jimmy, Rayden, and Timmy finally cave in. They all go down the passage, and Jimmy and Timmy are scared and shivering from fear, but the others ignore that and continue walking. Then, after 15 minutes of darkness, they finally make it. Wowww that's so cool, Sam states. Wait, look, there's a pumpkin farm, and they are actually ripe and not dead or moldy, Rayden says, confused. "That's kinda creepy," Sam says. "Oh come on, quit being little girls," Hunter says excitedly. Let's just go inside, guys, Sam says. We go inside, opening the door with a loud creak. Ooooooooo, we should split apart, Sam says Yeaaaa….NO! I AM NOT DOING THAT, Rayden says, and the others agree, Fine, Sam states, clearly disappointed. We continue exploring around the house, but we find nothing interesting. Dang it, man, nothing is interesting in here, Sam says disappointedly. Sam kicks the wall in frustration before a secret door that has the mouth of a clown opening its mouth around the secret door. That's creepy; it's such a weird painting to have, and why did it open when Sam kicked the wall? Rayden says, confused, Yeah, he has a point Hunter says. Sam opens the door, excited for what's inside, but we are met by 5 doors on each side of the wall. We click the light switch on and are met by a clown painting all around the doors. That's creepy Timmy says, and the others agree, nodding their heads. We open the doors, finding nothing until we open the final door, and we open the door, met by…….. CLOWN DOLLS!!!! We all start going inside with interest before Sam jumps inside the Clown dolls, but then we all notice a door behind the clowns, and we start removing the rest and see a door, so we go inside. And then we open the door and we turn on the light and are met by…. A wall? We are confused, but we explore, but there is nothing there except the wall, so we leave and head upstairs. And then right there, as soon as we are about to open up the door to leave, we hear music playing, and we explore where it is coming from to be met by a lady who's wearing a lamb costume. But before we can leave, she says, "Come over, dear, I know you're there." We come in confused and scared before she gives Jimmy a ball, smooth, pink, and shiny, looking like it was bought just for him. Jimmy's eyes went from scared as a mouse to as bright as the sun shining, holding the ball with pride like he got his dream car. The tall lady lets us leave, and we leave confused and shocked

before Jimmy bounces the ball, and it goes into the pumpkin field. Our jaws drop to the ground, "BRO JIMMY!" Sam says clearly mad before Sam can say anymore, Timmy devises a plan, " Ok, guys, Jimmy, go get your ball, the rest of us will distract the lady." We all listen, we all distract her by telling her stories of this house, while Jimmy goes and gets the ball. Jimmy opens the gate, seeing a huge figure with a wolf costume on, making it look cartoony, and a wolf mask not showing his face, towering over Jimmy even from a far distance. He holds up the ball and asks in a raspy voice like a gate that hasn't been oiled in years, "Do you want your ball back?" Jimmy is petrified by the frame of this man with his ball like a giant that came out of a horror movie, "Y-Yes t-that's M-M-Mine." He is still terrified. The man walks over, Jimmy still terrified not able to move get cut off by the man grabbing his hands and putting the ball in it but Jimmy drops it quickly recovers his movement and scrambles picking it up and when he picks it up the man not in front of him but behind him, Jimmy's eyes widen as he starts running at him Jimmy sprints deeper into the pumpkin farm before he find himself at another gate petrified he sprints through stepping into a watermelon he tries to pull out his foot but it's stuck he pushes even harder before someone YANKS HIS FACE like people racing in an hotdog contest and then the man holds up his hand and LARGE SHARP CLAWS CAME OUT HIS HANDS AND START SCRATCHING HIS FACE UNTIL YOU CAN't EVEN RECOGNIZE IT. Sam, Rayden, Connor, Timmy, and Hunter finally come outside, not seeing Jimmy, and then they see the most horrific thing: the man with the Wolf mask and suit, skinning Jimmy and then putting it on a doll, and then making it a scarecrow. They all watch traumatized, like a 4-year-old kid finding out Santa Claus isn't real. They back away before stopping against the Goat lady's body. They turn around, look up, and see her with her devil grin and horrible, sharp claws and teeth. Sam kicks her in the stomach, and they bolt inside. Sam, Rayden, and Connor hide in the oversized cabinets, while Timmy hides in the closet. Sam crawls into the Garage and finds a pistol. He loads the gun and brings it to the cabinet, and hides before Rayden and Connor are gone. He sees them hung on the wall skinned and then sees Jimmy running down the hall into the kitchen before he gets jumped on, before his eyes getting skinned alive in front of Sam. Sam traumatized shoots both of them but then they don't die they just turn to Sam. Sam crawls through the cabinets making it to the garage before climbing to the backyard and runs, and runs like a cheetah, never stopping before hiding behind the fence that leads to the watermelon farm. Then they pass him, he gets up slightly, and before he can run, they grab him and snap his neck, and he dies, but then his dead friends bring him back to life, and he cuts off the Lamb lady and Wolf man's head off with incredible speed before he dies again.

THE END.

The Monster's House

By: Mathias Mc _.

I am in 7th grade

Three friends were walking the streets on a gloomy Halloween night when they stumbled upon a dusty, dark house that appeared to have been abandoned for years. They wanted to know if anyone still resided in the house and what was inside. Tim was the only friend that ventured onto the house's lawn. Despite all of his friends' warnings that it was a poor idea, he continued to knock on the door. He assumed it was abandoned or that no one was home when no one responded.

Despite his hesitation, Tim pushed open the creaky door, revealing a dark, scary interior filled with dust. A chill ran down his spine, but his curiosity pulled him inside. "Come on, hurry up," Tim yelled to his friends trying to hide his fear, "It's just an old house." As his friends anxiously walked toward the door and inside, a loud SLAM echoed through the house. They turned around and saw that the door had shut by itself. Shocked, they tried running out, but the door wouldn't budge. They then decided to stay together and explore the house further.

In the pitch-black darkness, one of the friends, Jamal, said that he saw a pair of red eyes watching them. However, when everyone else looked, there was nothing there. Tim and Mike thought that he was so scared that he was seeing things. Jamal knew that he had seen those terrifying, blood red eyes, so he stayed alert the whole time as they explored. When they walked up the old, creaky stairs, Jamal once again said that he saw the same pair of blood-red eyes at the bottom of the stairs, watching them. Knowing that Jamal wouldn't try tricking them twice, his friends started to believe him, and they became even more scared knowing that something might acctualy be watching them. Still, only Jamal had seen the eyes, and every time one of the other friends looked over in the direction they were in, they disappeared.

As they walked into a dark room, everyone saw the red eyes darting toward them. In a panic, they all ran away and split up into different parts of the house, all alone. The red-eyed monster followed Jamal first and hid in the shadows of the house. As Jamal looked around, watching for this creature, he felt an unsettling feeling, like someone was watching him. Out of the darkness of a corner, the monster emerged and swallowed him whole.

Terrified, Tim and Mike ran through the pitch black hallways, calling out for Jamal, but nobody answered. Their hearts raced as the spooky house seemed to get scarier with every step. "We need to find him!" Tim yelled, his voice shaking with fear. They went back the way they came, searching each room again and again, but it felt like the house was playing tricks on them. Shadows raced across the walls, making it hard to see. Then, they heard a low growl from somewhere inside the house. Shaking with fear, they looked at each other, knowing they had to face whatever was out there. They took a deep breath and decided to stick together. “We can’t leave Jamal behind!” they said. Clenching their fists, they moved with caution toward the sound, ready to confront whatever monster was lurking in the shadows.

As they followed the noise, they saw the monster gobbloing their best friend whole. They realized that they couldn’t get their friend back, and they had to escape from that place. Together, they caught the monster by surprise by making a loud noise near the master bedroom. This caught the attention of the beast, and it zoomed down the hall and into the bedroom. As the monster looked around, confused, the two friends shut the door, blocked it with a nearby chair, and ran for the exit. They knew the front door was locked, so they found a window and threw a flower vase at it, causing it to shatter into pieces.

The desperate friends were relieved that they had finally escaped that vicious and haunted house. As they walked home, they sobbed in guilt, thinking of how they had left their beloved friend behind to be swallowed viciously by that terrible monster.

Micah E w

I am in 7th grade

One solemn night, there was this couple and a few friends going out to a cabin out in the Appalachian mountains. They were in two cars splitting the couple and 2 friends, with the 3 other friends. After driving on long back roads for at least enough time for nobody to keep track, they ended up pulling up to this wooden cabin in the middle of a small clearing (about a half a mile ring) headlights shining on the house. They parked the cars a decent walk away from the cabin to stretch their legs. "This is going to be awesome!" Jake said. "I know babe, it feels so nice out," Lena, Jake's girlfriend, responded. Exhausted, everyone walked inside to check out the cabin. Some lights were unfortunately out, so they decided to get all of their belongings out of the cars, they didn't bring very much, expecting the cabin to have food… fortunately it did. However, it seemed that there were people watching from the forest, waiting, silently. "Does anyone else have that feeling that someone is watching you?" Mitchell asked. "Yeah," mostly everyone responded. They hurried along and everyone decided to prank their one friend, Marcus. So they ran inside with all of their belongings leaving Marcus behind, shutting the door and locking it. He banged on the door several times, then everything fell silent… No banging, nothing whatsoever. He had seemed to go missing, just vanished. Then they heard it, a bloodcurdling shriek. Max, their one friend, looked outside to see if Marcus was still there. He wasn't… The next thing that Max saw was a thin creature, about seven feet tall, skin so tight that you can see the bone, and hollow black eyes, with blood… all over its body. The creature looked like a being that surfaced from the deepest depths of hell. "What is that?!" Max screamed. By the time everyone tried to see the being had scurried back into the deep, lush, forest from the loud noise of the scream.

Suddenly, a voice from the forest called, "Max, come out to the forest!" It seemed like Marco's voice, but it wasn't, something seemed… off. Everyone stayed quiet, not a sound could be heard other than the howling wind on this autumn night. Everybody turned on all the lights that could be turned on. Some light made very little patches of the forest visible from the window. So everyone decided to try to wait it out until sunrise so they could leave without issue. About half an hour later. They heard tapping around the back half of the cabin. Due to there being no back door to look through Michell decided to go out and check it out. He stepped out and asked," is anyone there?" Silence… Then, long, pale, bony fingers with stains of blood wrapped around the corner of the cabin. "Come back here," the creature that seemed to be using Marco's voice said. Michell didn't want to go back but something strongly compelled him to go back and check it out. As Michell was slowly stepping towards the back of the cabin he could hear the creatures slow, rugged, breathing. "Good, very good." The creature said. Feeling happy about the creature's praise, Michell picked up his pace. Yet, he could tell something was wrong, but when he knew it was too late… He ended up getting mauled by this creature and carried to its "Nest." Somehow, by some miracle he survived. When he awoke, he felt a sharp pain in his leg. The bone was cracked and poking out of what would be his shin. Laying in the

bloodied nest with guts atop of him, he whimpered in pain. What seemed to have Marcus's body shape had no skin, just a limp, torn up, carcass. The creature seemed to go off back to the cabin to lure more of the friends. So hopefully, Mitchell would have a chance to get out.

Back at the cabin everyone was in confusion as to why Mitchell had just disappeared without a trace. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Let me in… You guys, it's not funny" seemingly Marcus' voice called from the front door. "Let me in," he demanded. Lena took a peek out of one of the windows where you could get a slight glimpse of the area in front of the door. It seemed to be Marcus but his skin looked loose, almost like someone was wearing it as a costume. "Thats not Marcus," Lena said in a hushed tone. Max proposed the idea that something was trying to lure them out into the forest.

Meanwhile, Mitchell was looking around for materials to make some sort of splint. The creature had seemingly done this before because there were bones everywhere in its bloodied nest. Mitchell ripped his sweater sleeve off and made a splint from that and some longer bones. After making the splint he went towards the direction that he thought the road was in in hopes to find somebody. He started hastily limping as quickly as possible. Eventually he saw two faint lights glowing through bushes and in between trees and went towards it, eventually hearing the slow hum of an older truck with chipped paint and dirtied wheels. As soon as he had a full view of the truck he collapsed. Luckily, there was someone in the car. He happened to be an older man, roughly in his 60s. He stepped out of his old truck, the suspension creaking with the relief of weight. Walking towards Mitchell he called out in a raspy voice,"Are you okay?" Only for him to see Mitchell's great wound with blood leaking into the dirt below. Helping him into the truckbed of the truck the old man asked what happened. However, Mitchell was too exhausted to speak. The old man tried to move Mitchell's bone to the right place the best he could, eventually wrapping it with gauze. He managed to wake Mitchell up out of his daze of exhaustion. While he was conscious he got into the man's truck's front passenger seat to rest and stay in the heat. The man got into his truck and asked,"What happened?" "Some sort of… creature is trying to hunt me and my friends out of their cabin. God knows what happened to them while ive been gone, we need to help them." Mitchell replied. "Where is it?" the man asked. They started driving towards the cabin when they heard another bloodcurdling shriek from the forest.

Lena had presumably gotten taken based on the scream. The thing wearing Marcus's skin had somehow earned her trust by saying that he had fought off that "Thing." Jake was wanting to go out and save her until Max said," Stop, you're not going to be able to get her back, we have no weapon to fight that thing and it clearly has enough strength to easily fight us." "Right…." Jake agreed with sorrow in his voice. Hastily, the truck pulled up to the cabin, headlights gleaming. The old man went to the door with his shotgun and took everyone to the truck that was still there. Due to them being relatively close to the other cars, Jake took one car and Max took the other, following the truck out. Suddenly, about half a mile from the cabin, the "Creature" jumped on Max's vehicle causing him to swerve off of the road, getting stuck in the ditch. The others got out of there as quickly as possible, leaving their friend behind. As the others were driving away, the creature appeared staring at Max through the windshield. The

creature started pounding on the windshield with its long, bony hand. Eventually," Crack, Crack, Crack." The whole windshield shattered, cutting Max in several places. "Ive finally got you." The creature said in its true voice. A raspy, demented voice. With a shrill tone it screamed, slamming its hand with sharp, dirty fingernails through Max's sternum. Max started to cough up blood as his breathing got shallow, leading him to have a gruesome death of suffocation.

* * *

Cops and search teams arrived at the site roughly 2 days after everybody's death. The first thing that they had found was the car that Max was driving. In the front seat, limp, and slumped over was Max's bloodied corpse, eyeless with several limbs missing. The search team eventually found the thing's "nest" with pieces of people scattered around in it, covered in blood, and destroyed. They got brought back to the police station for testing, the DNA ended up leading to many other missing person reports, but there was one thing of DNA that didn't match up, It was a creature never recorded before. Never recorded EVER.

Marilyn V

I am in 7th grade

The haunted school

Once upon a time there was a school that was made back in the 1830s. The classrooms were still separated with black and white people. The pictures were black and white and there was a monster awaiting them in another room. Classrooms were filled with clicks and clacks from the typewriters from the white individual classrooms packed with desks by desks . I described its place as a prison. I mean look at it prison school buses. We were trapped in that place for 8 hours, switching subjects after an hour . One to another to another as my hands start cramping from typing on type writers.

I was an Italian female and always thought something was up with this school . I needed to leave ,there was always a cold touch on my neck and shoulders. But I always ignored it until October 13 things started to feel weird like things were watching me or like I was being I dont know i couldnt explain it in my own words. I started begging my parents to not go because all weird things happened on fridays because of the feeling but I was so excited for halloween . Days passed and it felt like years . I felt like halloween was the only time I fitted in because of my body and me hiding the ugliness under a costume made me feel great . I could be whatever I wanted, anything we had dinosaurs , princesses and even fairies . Finally halloween arrived and I dressed up as a princess but a scary one I painted blood on my mouth and stuck fake moss on my head so It looked like I was

rotting there , I was a rotting princess . Scary enough to scare others . Going with my friends walking and getting milk duds that were ripped and just piling new candy on top and again and again over and over again. I wanted to go home but I had to follow my friends. My feet dragged on the concrete over and over again, my eyes pulling my eyelids down . My eyes felt like they were dragging on the floor. I found a bench , it was perfect ! I layed down and told my friends to go and come back and I'll be here so I can sleep . I fell asleep then I felt my neck straggled like a knot in my mouth. I get grabbed by the collar on my costume and got thrown in a truck. I passed out. I woke up to being in a forest tied to a tree, its bark scratching against my back scratching . Its pitch black and I am scared I am panicking, my breath turning into fog . I choke back my tears when it feels something is holding them back. Tears flood my eye and it drips down and it freezes. It's cold but I heard something in a forest crunching on the leaves … Something big and scary .

I hear something behind me and feel a scratch on my back.I feel the blood escape like it needs to run a marathon. My back was slashed with pain and blood. I screech like an eagle. I hang there with my eyes closed having no faith . Then I peek with one eye and see a deer all droopy and with black eyes blood everywhere skinny and boney , it's like the time was going backwards. I screamed for help, screeching and screaming . Black out again then blurry vision I get dragged into a basement with kid stuff and colors and paper. I was crying and suddenly a leather belt hit me. I got abused by abuse and got a chunk out of me everyday I was in pain. I was only 10 years old and 3 quarters. I was scared and alone and afraid . I just needed my mom. I needed to go anywhere . I ate this disgusting meat everyday not knowing that it tasted funky . All I knew was it was my only food and I needed food from anything . I was there for a month. Sometimes he skipped my meals and didn't give me anything. I cried so loud sometimes he came in and slashed my neck.

I ended up losing so much blood I couldn't feel anything. Sometimes I wanted to just end it right there but I knew if I did the deer would come for my family so I waited and waited. I ate the mystery meat everyday now, saving meals for the next day. I ended up having too many body parts missing that I was going to die. I laid on my back on the floor and right before I died the deer came and told me the meat was my parents body parts. Then I died , my blood bath filling the room.

The end

Introduction

Welcome to Freddy Fazbear's pizzarea!! Come have amazing and fun birthday parties here! We have toy freddy, toy bonnie and toy chica and mangle with phantom golden freddy and the puppet and balloon boy and the old ones!(the old ones are not at the parties) thank you for your compensation.

CHAPTER ONE THE BACKSTORY

The new night guard's name is Michael Schmidt who originally worked at Freddy Fazbear's pizzeria which was founded in 1991, founded by Henry Emily and Willam Afton. The animatronics were made by Afton Robotics.

CHAPTER TWO THE FIRST SHIFT

Michael sat down at his new office. There was a tablet for cameras and a mask to hide for nearby animatronics. When he looked at the show stage none of the toy animatronics were on stage.



He looked at the

closet camera to see Toy Bonnie staring at the camera.When he looked at the party rooms only to find Toy Chica standing there.It was already 4 am.



He had almost just got jumpscared and died but the clock



hit 6 am. He heard the children shout hooray and he saw a bit of confetti.

CHAPTER THREE THE SECOND NIGHT



(you survived the first night but things were just getting started. You did your best and you were getting more and more worried.)

When you got to the office you almost jumped to bleed all over the floor.You panicked you got in your chair you looked at the time “2am! Already that was quick.” Micheal said quietly, trying not to have withered foxy attack.Later it was 4am you quickly look at the time to quickly see it change to 5am you sighed in relief.Now knowing that there is only a hour left you check all of the cameras none of the animatronics are there you check the vent cams you see toy bonnie with a smile on his face.You quickly put on the mask.After he goes by the time strikes 6am. A sigh of relief.He was calm again.

CHAPTER FOUR NIGHT THREE HESITATION

(You passed the second night without hesitation but this night will be different)

When micheal enter office check cams only to see the puppet's music box going down and you just leave it alone but later on cams you see a warning sign you did not know what it meant so you go and check it was the puppet's music box you rewind it and the puppet goes back in.



It was 5am then the clock hit 6am. You survived the night but you know there is more.

CHAPTER FIVE NIGHT FOUR ALMOST THERE PLAYTIME



(last night you passed with a large amount of hesitation)

Now suddenly you hear a child asking for batteries but you know it's a new one you call him balloon boy or B.B.So you wired him will steal your batteries so you look for him he is not in vision but you know he's here somewhere. So far it's been a peaceful night but you're wired about Balloon boy but it is 5am then you hear him again but it is now 6am.

CHAPTER SIX NIGHT FIVE PHANTOM

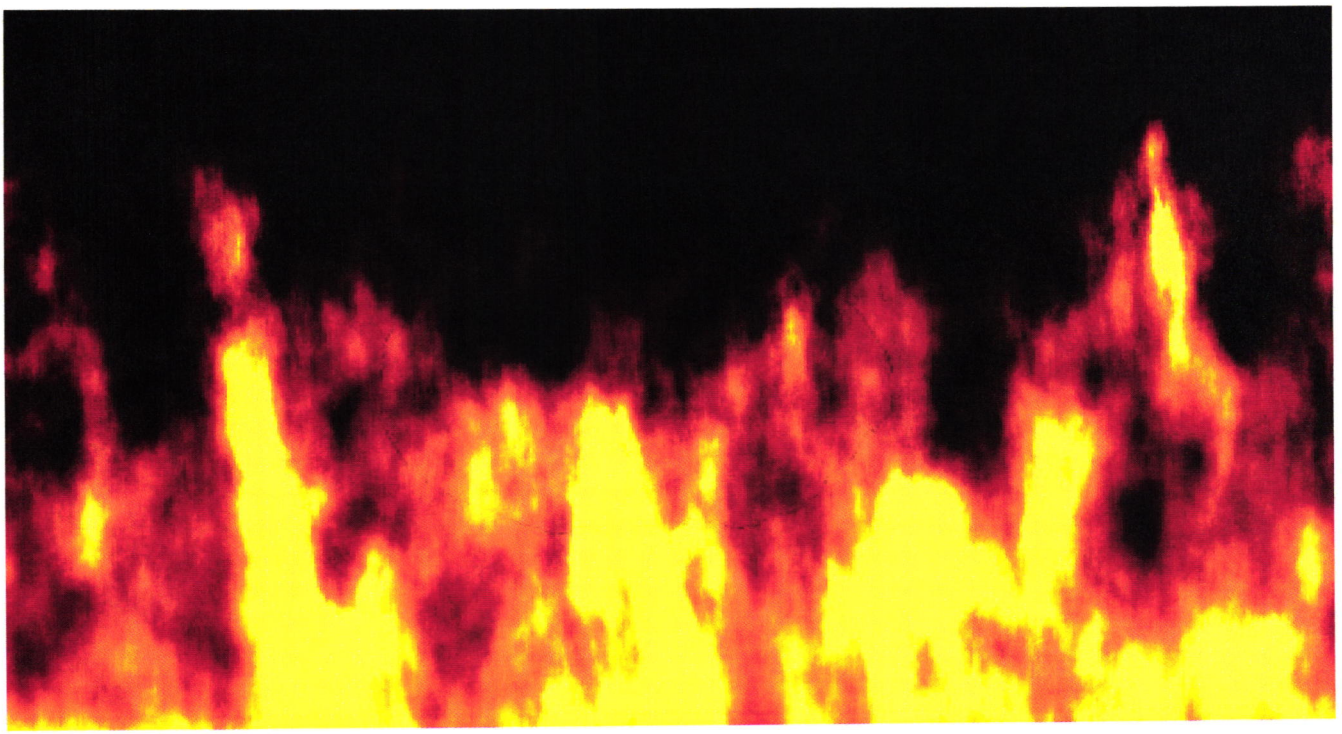
(last night was complex having to rewire Balloon Boy and others but this is the

hardest night and the last so be very careful)



2 hours after you enter your office you hear a noise, but you hear a child screaming from the kitchen. At 4am you hear a lot of screaming like it is getting louder and closer the clock hits 5am you see a familiar face. The thing that saved you two months ago. It was phantom golden freddy.

You ask what are you doing here right before the clock hits six you pull out a lighter and burn the place to the ground.



THE END

My name is Deacon F
(
12 years/6th grade

The asylum became more than just a ruin. It was a throat swallowing everything foolish enough to step inside. Each brick seemed alive, a muscle flexing with hunger, and every shadow carried the weight of something watching. The longer one stayed, the more the place noticed its corridors bent, stretched, and closed in, rearranging themselves to guide trespassers into its lungs.

Whispers bled from the walls, layered voices of the damned speaking in fractured words. Sometimes they begged, sometimes they mocked, but more often they repeated the last thoughts of those who died there: desperate prayers, screams for family, gasps for water, promises to God that went unheard. The whispers stitched themselves together until they formed a language no one wanted to understand because once you understood, you belonged to it.

The children had tried to stay together, but the asylum delighted in pulling them apart. One girl swore she saw her brother down the hall, waving for her to follow. She ran, calling his name, but when she caught up, she was staring into the hollow eye sockets of a skeleton chained to the wall. The jaw snapped open and shut, repeating her brother's voice until her mind cracked. Her real brother's screams were heard only once more high-pitched, ending in a wet tearing sound.

The air thickened as though the fire that once devoured the building never died, only shifted into something invisible. Each breath burned their throats, leaving the taste of charred meat. Their skin prickled as unseen heat pressed against it, and blistering handprints appeared on their arms as if ghostly flames licked them from the inside. No matter how fast they ran, their shoes stuck to the floors, pulling free with a squelch, like tearing flesh from bone.

One boy clawed at the walls, desperate to find a window, but the wallpaper peeled back under his hands to reveal not brick, but layers of skin sewn together with black wire. The stitches began to snap as he touched them, splitting open to reveal dozens of blinking eyes beneath, each one weeping blood. They rolled and focused on him, and when he stumbled backward, the floor opened like a mouth, swallowing him whole. The others only heard his muffled screams below, mixing with thousands more beneath their feet.

The building began to pulse with rhythm, a heartbeat that rattled the light fixtures and shook rust from the ceiling pipes. It grew louder, faster, until the children realized it wasn't just the asylum's heart it was theirs, beating in unison, forced to sync with the monster around them. The moment one heart stuttered, the walls constricted, crushing bone, feeding the house.

A girl found a door slightly ajar and hurled herself through it, only to collapse into an operating theater. Rusted instruments hung from hooks above, dripping something too fresh to be

decades old. The tables still bore straps worn smooth by thrashing limbs. Figures in tattered lab coats emerged from the shadows, their heads wrapped in gauze, faces seared away. They carried scalpels glowing hot from unseen fire. The girl tried to scream, but a hand pressed through her chest from behind, wrapping around her lungs until her voice was stolen.

The others staggered into the same room seconds later, though they swore they had run in opposite directions. That was the asylum's cruelty—it always led its prey to the same place. They saw their friend already on the table, chest split wide, her body moving only because charred hands inside her were puppeteering her like meat on strings. Her eyes darted to them, pleading, but her mouth only dribbled black tar.

The floor groaned, and the ceiling sagged like flesh rotting from bone. Blood dripped faster now, soaking the room until it came up to their ankles. Shapes beneath the surface began to stir hundreds of corpses bound together, their mouths opening in perfect unison to sing a song of gurgling misery. The children tried to wade through it, but the liquid clung, climbing their legs, pulling them under. One by one, they disappeared beneath the surface, thrashing as skeletal hands dragged them down.

By dawn, the asylum stood silent once more. Charred beams jutted from the roof like broken ribs, and shattered windows stared blankly across the hill. Nothing moved inside, yet the faint glow of fire pulsed beneath the floorboards. Those who listen closely swear the building breathes even in daylight, inhaling, waiting. And when the wind cuts across the ruined grounds, the screams rise again—not fading with time, but growing sharper, stronger, as if the asylum itself is still hungry, still calling for more.