

Pueblo City-County Library District

22ND ANNUAL SCARY STORY CONTEST



WINNING STORIES 2014

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Pueblo City-County Library District

2014 Scary Story Writing Contest

The Pueblo City-County Library District, in cooperation with the Friends of the Library, is pleased to announce the winners of the 22nd Annual Scary Story Contest. Budding writers, from second grade to adult, were invited to enter the creative writing contest. Mysterious, suspenseful or humorous scary tales of a non-violent nature were judged by the Friends of the Library. The 1234 entries were judged for characterization, plot, description, dialog, setting, theme and originality. All participants received a certificate of recognition, a puppet and a gift certificate to Books Again, the Friends of the Library's used book store. The judges were Beth Bryant, PCCLD Youth Services team, Sara Schwartz, Becky Suddath, Sherry Wingo and Kathy Zerfas. The library wishes to thank the many teachers who supported the creative writing experience by having their students enter the contest.

CONTEST WINNERS

2nd Grade

Akali Alcott Goodnight School – Ms. Tondera
Emma Durning Goodnight School – Ms. Tondera
Janessa Lopez Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Kliesen
Nicholas Maldonado Bessemer Academy – Ms. Sanchez
Beau Tafoya Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Kliesen

3rd Grade

Jack Brown St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Starcer
Emmalee Carmichael Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Taylor
Jacob C’DeBaca Carlile Elementary School – Mrs. Gribble
William Cuppy Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Mattivi
Marcus Pechek St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Starcer

4th Grade

Justin Arellano South Park Elementary School – Ms. Waller
Presley Chigro Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Galli
Madison Fillmore Corwin International Magent School – Mrs. Hocking
Leancia Raygoza Bessemer Academy – Mr. Arriaga
Marli Terry South Park Elementary School – Mrs. Pumphrey

5th Grade

Ariana Aguilar Corwin International Magent School – Mrs. Sefcovic
Kennedy Montoya South Park Elementary School – Ms. Warren
Elise Pasquin Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Ridpath
Madelyn Price Sunset Park Elementary School – Mrs. Terry
April Lyn Snow Goodnight School – Mr. Shue

6th Grade

Jaydinn Bacca Goodnight School – Mrs. McLaughlin
Nadia Ghamdi McClelland School – Mrs. Belport
Naomi Lopez Pueblo Academy of Arts– Ms. Fazekas
Clare Oldenburg St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Trujillo-Santisteven
Rylan Scott McClelland School – Mrs. Belport

7th Grade

Jackson Helzer Connect Charter School – Mr. Preston
Kathleen Irvin Vineland Middle School – Ms. Chavez
Aria Keilbach St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Trujillo-Santisteven
Victoria Montano Bessemer Academy – Mrs. Kitchen
Angelina Rodriguez Corwin International Middle School – Mrs. Pacheco

8th Grade

Cora-Jane Aubert St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Trujillo-Santisteven
Joshua Bennett Pueblo School for Arts & Sciences – Mrs. Gallegos
Grace Gonzales St. John Neumann Catholic School – Mrs. Horton
Samantha Nab Swallows Charter Acadmey – Ms. Simonich
Elissah Scott-Gomez Pueblo Academy of Arts – Mrs. Tomlin

High School

Alyana Ferguson East High School – Ms. Khars
Korrie Figueroa Centennial High School – Mrs. Armendariz
Mikaylin Hackley Pueblo West High School – Mrs. Wilson
Savannah Montoya Centennial High School – Mrs. Armendariz
Natassja Rubio East High School – Mrs. Purcell
Joshua Trujillo East High School – Mrs. Purcell

Adult

Rachel Cesario
Dan Dixon
Edith Edson
Brandy Lord
Natassia Rivera

The Zombie Attack

Akali Alcott

It happened on my dad's birthday. We were going to the grocery store to buy birthday cake. It was then that we noticed a heart stuck to the grocery cart. It was dripping green slime. My dad screamed. I didn't notice my older sister's socks dripping green slime on her tenni shoes all the time. Sometime my little sister pokes her nose and green slime drips down her finger. Could they be zombies? As we entered the store we passed the butcher. He was eating green slimy tacos. My dad asked for a pound of hamburger but the butcher said they were all out. Dad cried, "I need my hamburger!" We gathered all ou cake items and went home. My mom asked, "Do you want to blow out your fingers? I mean candles." My dad smiled. That night when we gathered around the cake green slime was dripping from the candles. I began to get suspicious. "Mom why is there green slime on dad's cake?" I asked. "He likes green slime and hamburger," she said. "Time to blow out the candles," mom said with a grin. Dad and my sisters laughed. When the candles went out I screamed.

The Zombie on New Year's Eve

Emma Durning

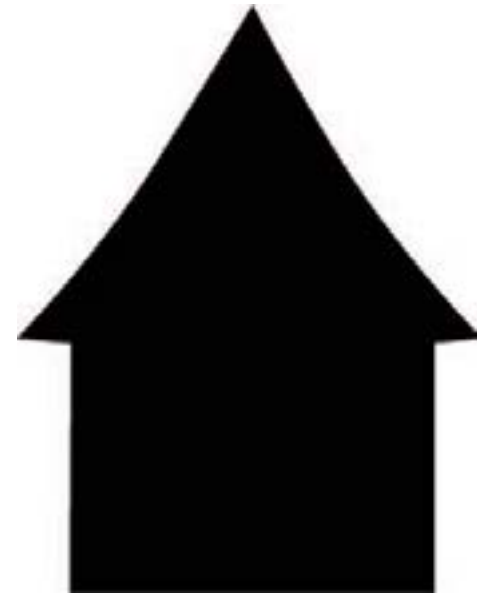
One New Year's Eve night Ali and Shing were playing in their backyard. When all of the sudden they heard a horrible uuuuuuuah noise. Their eyes got wide and they ran inside to tell their parents. Their dad went outside and saw an ugly figure standing right in front of him. He got out his pocket watch which had a flashlight in it to get a better look at it. The figure walked toward him. He got out his pepper spray and sprayed it at the figure! The figure gave him a big stinky roarrrrr! The figure opened it's eyes. The man remembered the myth about the zombies walking at midnight and the myth was true! He rushed inside and called the police. Their mother asked, "What is it?" "No time to explain," said father. "Now you're giving me the goosebumps!" "Zombies AAAAHHH!!!" screamed Shing. Ali looked out the window. It was just uncle Murry, he's in his New Year's Eve costume! I don't know why I didn't notice that earlier.



Zombie Girls

Janessa Lopez

Once upon a time there were two little girls who were best friends. The two little girls were neighbors who always played together. One summer day the girls had so much fun playing outside that they lost track of time and wandered off for a while from home. The girls came upon what they thought was an old, old park and decided to go play in this old, old park. The girls were having fun playing and screaming loud. The girls were having so much fun there, the day turned into night and as it got darker the girls got louder and started to feel the ground shake and hear voices saying, "go away, leave us alone." The girls didn't pay any attention to the voices until they started to feel the ground shake. They became frightened and started to run through the old, old park that turned out to be a cemetery. As the ground started shaking it began to crack and then the girls saw green smoke coming up from the ground. The voices got louder and louder. "Go away. Go now and leave us alone." As the girls were trying to leave the cemetery, one of the girls tripped and fell. She fell in to a crack and her friend tried to help her but they both fell in and once they were able to get out they felt different and noticed they didn't look normal like they used to. Their voices were also different. The girls made it out of the cemetery and tried to tell their parents what happened but no one recognized the girls because they looked scary and different. Everyone ran away from the girls. The girls finally found a mirror



The Night of Halloween

Nicholas Maldonado

It was a cold Halloween night when I saw a witch fly across the moon! Then I saw a goblin running across an alley. I walked a little further and I was surrounded by mummies! I ran for my life. I came to an old mansion. I crept inside. As I walked in I saw mummies, goblins and vampires playing poker. I shut the door. I peeked through the keyhole. The mummies were still there. The mummies began breaking down the door. The mummies, goblins and vampires were coming out! I did not know I found an attic door on the ceiling. I pulled the door down. I was lucky enough to make it in! I stayed in there for a little while until I got hungry. I checked to see if the mummies were still there and they were. I found a window and I climbed out quickly. I started feeling hot and wet. I found out I was in a witch's soup pot! She was cutting carrots. I found the door. I escaped through the door. I started to run! As I ran, I began to hear music. As I ran faster the music got louder and louder and louder! When I got there I saw mummies, goblins, ghosts and zombies dancing to the tune of "Zombie Style."

Last Ride Home

Beau Tafoya

My great, great great uncle told a true story long ago about a man who was hitch hiking in the rain during a chilly morning in November. He said that there was a man standing along a busy highway trying to catch a ride into the nearest town. My uncle decided to pick him up and give him a ride. During the ride the two men talked about their lives, families and jobs. Once they got into town the man asked if he could be dropped off at his home. Gladly my uncle drove the man to the specific address that he was given. As they pulled up to the house the man jumped out of the truck so fast that he forgot to say goodbye and to take his briefcase. My uncle was so tired from the very long drive home that he went straight home and straight to bed. On the next morning my uncle noticed that the man had left his briefcase in the cab of the truck. Lucky for them the man's name and address was on the briefcase so my uncle decided to take the briefcase back to the address where he dropped off the man. My uncle went up to the door and rang the bell several times until a frail elderly woman opened the door just enough to hear what my uncle was saying. My uncle began to explain to her that he had given a man a ride home to the very house that they were at. The woman said that no one lived there with her and that no one came home the past early morning hours. My uncle proceeded to describe the man's physical appearance hoping that it would sound familiar to the woman and she would recall that he had been there just a few hours earlier. As my uncle finished the description he realized that the woman was in complete shock so he asked her what was wrong. It took about five minutes for the woman to find her voice and the words to say. When she spoke she said that she knew the man that my uncle was describing and that it was her husband but that he had not been there last night or any other night for the last 22 years. In fact he was murdered 22 years ago when someone broke into their house and killed him. The woman also said that ever since he was murdered she had been looking for his briefcase but was never able to find it. When she opened the case it was filled with one hundred dollar bills. At this time my uncle and the hitchhiker's widow realized that her husband's ghost had somehow got the briefcase to her and made sure that she was taken care of.



Super Pug and the Ghostly Hero

Jack Brown

Once upon a time Super Pug was swamp fishing in the old, abandoned palace pool. Super Pug heard a crackling scream. It was the old palace making that sound. It was so foggy that it was hard to see the palace or the swamp. It was like ghosts were surrounding the palace. Super Pug shivered. Wait, it was surrounded by ghosts and one was named the Ghostly Hero. Super Pug heard stories of the Ghostly Hero. Allegedly, he was hit with a big boulder and was never to be seen alive again. Super Pug did not believe the story of the Ghostly Hero. Being brave, Super Pug decided to enter the palace. Cobwebs and spiders were everywhere you could see. While he was in the old, abandoned palace Super Pug was seen by the Ghostly Hero. Super pug walked around the palace. There were torn chairs and an elder cat with raspberry, red eyes. The cat reminded him of one of those kitty cat clocks that watches every move you make. Super Pug saw Ghostly Hero waiting for him. Ghostly Hero grabbed Super Pug by his curly tail and hit him. Super Pug was so puzzled. He hit a cobweb in the corner. Super Pug was so shocked at that point. By now Super Pug was terrified of the Ghostly Hero. He tried to run but the door slammed shut in his face. He was trapped! He decided to try the back door, but it was jammed from old age. He tried every door in the palace with no luck. After looking around for a while, Super Pug found a trap door but it was just a dead end. It didn't lead anywhere. He was so scared that his curly tail was sticking straight up! He kept looking for an escape route in the house and finally came to a secret passage in the attic. He followed the passage as far as he could when all of a sudden he came to a vent leading outside. He tried to kick it but it was so stuck that he could break a little puggy leg trying to budge it. It never even occurred to him to use his super puggy powers to blast the vent cover off. He was just so afraid. He was even snorting in that loud way that pugs do. It was no use. He was going to have to wait it out. Sitting for what seemed like forever, Super Pug was in the vent not knowing what to do. Suddenly, there was a loud crack of thunder! He jumped up and hit his head on the vent. Ouch! Bam! Bam! Bam! Hail was pounding the roof of the palace and the vent where our hero was trapped. He still couldn't get out. Then it occurred to Super Pug to use his laser vision to burn a hole in the vent. He stared and stared trying to burn a hole in the wall. His powers were almost completely drained when he heard the Ghostly Hero coming for him. His little puggy wrinkles were wiggling in fear. All at once the door of the vent busted open and Super Pug saw the Ghostly Hero right there in front of him. He couldn't believe his eyes. He was in shock! There was the Ghostly Hero with two sandwiches. "Hungry?" asked the Ghostly Hero. Super Pug was starving. The two heroes sat down to a delicious snack of sandwiches. "Why were you afraid?" asked the Ghostly Hero. Super Pug still didn't know what to say. "I just wanted to play with you," said the Ghostly Hero. After they finished their sandwiches, the two new friends ran and played hide and seek; but it is really hard to find your best friend when he is invisable.



Scary Story

Emmalee Carmichael

I was in the woods with my mom, dad and friends Layla, Lorenzo and Jamie. When we got there it was very dark and stormy. I was so stormy it was shaking our trailer. The second night something was shaking the trailer and it was not the rain! So my dad got up to check and it was a black bear! Then the third night the same bear was trying to open the locked door! My friends and I came up with a solution. I held a bead shaped like a bear in front of a flashlight and scared the bear away. We stayed one or two more days. The bear did not come back but the rain shook the trailer. We had a really good time though. We went fishing and swimming on the way home.



Hunted Surprise

Jacob C'DeBaca

It was Halloween day at school. All of the boys and girls dressed up in Halloween costumes. Some kids were skeletons and fairies and ghosts and some were even jack-o'-lanterns. At 2:30 p.m. they had a costume contest. Jack was the winner of the contest. He was dressed up as a skeleton with a pumpkin head. His prize was some candy and a trick or treating bucket. At the end of the day Jack was invited to a Halloween party. On the invitation it said, "Happy Halloween. Come to the old house on Genst Street. We will be waiting at midnight." Jack went to the old house but first he stopped by a few houses for candy. When he got there he knocked on the door but it just opened by itself. In the house it was full of cob webs and candles. He went to the kitchen. All he saw was a butterknife and a furnace. Then he was going to go but as soon as he looked he saw a zombie chase him down the stairs. Jack thought he lost him but then he saw a vampire so he ran as fast as he could. Then a wolfman started chasing him down the hall. He thought it was the end but then all he heard was a loud surprise! Then Jack realized all of his friends did a trick on him for winning the costume contest. They went to Jack's house and ate all of their candy.

Lightning Fast

William Cuppy

One day after school, my sister Cassandra and I were walking through our neighborhood trying to sell candy bars for our school. Everything was dandy and quiet. After a short while we started hearing footsteps behind us but we couldn't see anyone following us. We continued going door to door selling candy bars. But we kept hearing footsteps and still couldn't see anybody. We kept walking but we were getting a little scared. The next house we went to we heard some quiet singing and still couldn't see anyone around. Cassandra was very scared. I looked around for somebody following us but couldn't find the noise. The singing eventually stopped. Cassandra and I finished selling our candy bars and started the long walk home. It was starting to get dark and felt a little spooky. As we were walking we started to hear the singing again. Now Cassandra was freaking out. The singing started to get louder and louder. Then we could hear footsteps again. We started to run but the footsteps started to run also. The footsteps and the singing kept getting closer and closer and closer. Now I was starting to freak out and was booking it. Cassandra had hard time keeping up because I was as fast as lightning. By now it was dark and cloudy and I think my lightning quick feet started a lightning storm because it started to rain with thunder and lightning. Cassandra started to cry so I told her to run ahead and get home. I would stop and fight whoever was following us. I turned around and waited for the singing and footsteps to come to me. I was scared but I stood and waited. The singing kept getting louder and louder and louder. Pretty soon I could tell it was right around the corner from me. I grabbed a stick and was ready for action. I was just about to swing the stick and hit the scary person following us but I saw who it was. It was my little sister Samantha and Papa. They were skipping and singing their way home from uncle's house. I was so happy to see it wasn't a stranger following us. So I joined them singing and skipping the rest of the way home. When we got home I told Cassandra who was following us and we all had a big laugh. So I learned that some scary noises aren't so scary after all. I also learned that I can run lightning quick when I need to.



It's all in a Head

Marcus Pechek

It was a cold and windy October night. I was laying in my bed with my covers snuggled up to my chin. As I lay there trying to fall asleep, I listened to the noises outside that the wind made in the trees. As I listened I heard a noise that I did not know. It sounded like a clip on a flag smacking against the metal pole. Clang, cling, clang. I lay there wondering where the noise could be coming from; there wasn't a flag pole around. There was a metal light post on the sidewalk just below my window. I was curious so I sat up and looked outside. I blinked my eyes not once but twice. I couldn't believe what my eyes were seeing. There standing next to the pole was a man dressed in black. The metal button on his long coat swung in the wind and was hitting the light pole he stood next to. He held a bag in his opposite hand that seemed to be dripping something making a puddle on the ground. It was like he was faced the direction of my window but he didn't have a head. I ducked back under my covers, head and all. I listened to hear the cling, clang on the pole but I heard nothing but my own heart beat and the wind whipping through the tree. The next morning when I woke I looked outside to see if anyone was there but there wasn't and the ground was wet from the late night rain. As I walked to school I began to think that my mind was playing tricks on me and what I saw was not real, that it had never happened. I walked into the classroom and everyone was all excited about something. I wasn't sure why. "Hey did you hear about the guy who escaped from the insane asylum?" Ralph whispered to me as I sat down in the seat next to him. Ralph was my best friend. I looked at him very confused. "What man? What asylum?" I stuttered as I spoke. "Yeah I guess he was crazy, always talked about someone after his head," Ralph said being very entertained. "That scary place about 20 miles outside of town." "I didn't hear anything about this, when did it happen?" I said very concerned. I began to think about what had happened last night. "Yesterday afternoon," Ralph said just as the teacher walked into class. During lunch that is all anyone talked about. I sat and ate my peanut butter and jelly sandwich and listened to some older kids talk. The girl was saying something about the man and that he used to live in town. He was always telling people that "they" were after his head. That he knew something that "they" wanted. He was taken to the mental institute when he tried to cut off his own head. As I walked home I thought about what the girl was saying. My mind was wandering and I didn't notice someone was behind me. I heard a muffled voice saying something that sounded like "I need a new head." I watched the shadow as it got closer to me but the shadow had no head. I screamed as I turned around but nothing was there. I ran the rest of the way home. When I got there my mother asked if I was okay and I told her I was. I finished my homework and didn't really eat my dinner. I went to bed and my mother came up to tuck me in and we said our prayers. I lay there in the dark trying to think about something other than the headless man that was after me. I closed my eyes and heard a creek in the floor board. I sat up and called to my mom. There was no answer. I heard it again but my eyes hadn't adjusted to the dark. Then I saw him the man standing over my bed. I heard a voice from the sack he carried. "I need a head," it was just a whisper at first. "I need a head!" It was a bit louder now. "I need a head!" This time it was a scream and he reached for my head. I woke up in a cold sweat with my heart racing and the sunshine coming in my window; except it wasn't my window and it wasn't my bed. There were padded walls all around me.



Trapped

Justin Arellano

One creepy night Chuck Daniels was driving to Houston, Texas. He was going to meet his family there. Chuck lived in North Dakota. He took a plane from North Dakota to Colorado and drove the rest of the way. As he was trying to find a shortcut to Houston and he found an old dirt road and turned on it. The road never seemed to end. Chuck just kept driving and driving, when suddenly his car broke down. He got out of the car and looked under the hood. The engine was on fire! To make matters worse, Chuck tried to look around but a thick fog rolled in. So Chuck decided to start walking when suddenly he came upon an old creepy house. He knocked on the door. It opened a little bit, so he walked inside. "Hello?" Chuck called. Nobody was home so Chuck turned around and tried to open the door but it was locked. He kept trying and trying but it wouldn't open. "I have to find a way out," Chuck thought. First, he looked for a key but realized there was no key hole on the knob. Chuck heard footsteps upstairs but when he went upstairs he didn't find anything. He saw a window to his right. "I can break the window and jump out to be free again," Chuck said. So he broke the window and jumped out but Chuck was unaware of the trampoline below him. He hit so hard on the trampoline he flew back up through the window and landed on his feet. "Wow!" Chuck said. "I'm like a cat because I always land on my feet," he said. He turned around and saw one of the scariest things he has ever seen. A vase was floating around by itself. Chuck screamed and ran downstairs. Then he realized all the people in the pictures were ghosts! Chuck shrieked and ran by the front door. He accidentally turned the door knob and the door opened! With shock, Chuck ran outside and never stopped until he got to town. "I can't believe I went through all of that because I twisted the door knob the wrong way," Chuck thought. That night at his parents' house he heard something that almost made him pass out. So he looked over and saw the ghost in all of the pictures at the old house. It yelled, "trespasser!" From then on Chuck slept with the lights on. A few years later when Chuck was in bed with the lights on he saw the same ghost. It simply said, "Boo!"



A Doorway to the Past

Presley Chigro

One Halloween night, I was trick or treating along with my dog Sid. It was dark and the wind was howling like a wolf. We were trick or treating on one of the oldest streets in the neighborhood made up of victorian mansions that were over 100 years old. The trees lining the street were so massive that their branches made it seem like the road was covered by a tunnel of yellow and orange leaves. One house was so well decorated I couldn't tell if it was really haunted or not so we crept up the cracking steps and rang the doorbell. Nobody answered. Then the door creaked open and so we crept inside. Then we saw a life sized skeleton dancing right in front of us. He said, "Welcome to the haunted house of Evermore!" I asked, "Are you alive?" He said, "No I am a skeleton. Do you see any muscles?" I said, "No." He disappeared. On the wall I saw a picture of a vase with flowers in it. We walked down the hall and somehow we walked into the same room that we just left. The only difference was that there was a picture of a laughing, maniacal clown. We ignored it and kept walking and the next thing I heard was a scary, laughing clown. Once Sid and I heard it we ran and right in the middle I heard a crunching noise. I looked under my shoe. I saw a little recorder box all smashed up. I said, "That explains the clown. But what about the skeleton?" Sid and I walked upstairs and on the banister I saw a hologram projector. I turned it on and I saw the skeleton. So then we ran downstairs and we left. Once we left the bizarre house we stepped outside, relieved that we were finally free of the creepy mansion. But when we stepped onto the porch we knew something was really wrong. Instead of trick-or-treaters we saw builders in old fashioned clothing working on the house we just left. The mansion was no longer old but brand new and only half finished. The trees that just a moment ago were towering high above us were now only tiny saplings. How did I go back in time, and how do I get back...?

The Laugh-a-Lots in the Closet

Madison Fillmore

"Wake up, sleepy head," said mom. I couldn't sleep at all the night before, which is why I slept in until 10:30 a.m. on a Saturday morning. The whole night there had been a queer laughing noise going on in my closet. I kept on getting up and peeking but my efforts strained my eyes so I could see something wasn't rewarding. I could not see anything. When I finally woke up my parents told me that my mom had been yelling the "wake up call" like a crazy person to me for 30 minutes. "I was super tired mom. I'm sorry," I said. "It's okay. Was there something keeping you up?" she asked. "Well I guess. Kind of," I answered. The truth was I didn't want my parents to know about the noise because I really didn't know anything about the objects that were making this odd noise. "Do you want to tell us what it was?" questioned my dad. I responded with, "Well, it was a weird laughing noise but I don't know what was producing this sound that everyones brain would probably register as laughing." "Do you want to talk more about it after you get ready for the day ahead?" "Sure." After I slowly went through my morning routine, we spoke about it. Before long, dad said, "Sounds like it was just a dream." I frustratingly replied, "I'm positive it wasn't a dream! Why else would I be so exhausted!?" "Calm down, Madeline," was moms only reply. "I'll take you to my room and prove it," I (a little bit calmer this time) remarked. When we got to my room, though, of course, there was nothing in my closet (which made me frustrated again). My parents and I spoke, talked and argued for the next few days. I finally began to convince them when we had a "slumber party" in my room. Mom and dad kept waking and they would check my closet, just as I had done a couple of nights before. But I got so used to it that I didn't check. During the following nights we held more of these so called "slumber parties." My family and I finally decided that we could catch these mysterious creatures when they weren't making noise; the moment that they would least expect us to peek. On Wednesday night at 11p.m. we discovered twelve little creatures that were each the size of a fist who seemed like the most wondrous creatures in the world! Our heads were on the verge of exploding with questions but we knew they would only be answered with time. One question that stuck out in my mind was, "If they were able to laugh, would they be able to speak...?!"

The whole family took these tiny creatures in knowing that we would have to partially transform one of the rooms into the Laugh-a-Lots' home. I was thrilled with excitement when we decided that my room would be their home. I am used to their laughing now and my mom isn't yelling the "wake up call" for a half an hour each morning.

The House that was Cursed

Leancia Raygoza



Leslie and Aniah shared a small room in the corner of a creeky old house. This house wasn't a normal house. In the night when all the lights are on, if you look really close from the outside the windows make a shape of skeleton eyes and the door is the mouth. As you look out the window you can see the cemetery and at times it feels like it is staring back at you. Poor Leslie and Aniah did not know that this house was cursed. One night Leslie had just fell asleep and as hard as she tried Aniah was very restless. She had this feeling in the bottom of her stomach that something wasn't right. Finally after all the tossing and turning she was just about to doze off as she started to hear a humming sound. She yelled at Leslie, "Stop humming!" Right away it stopped. But then she began hearing someone calling her name, "Aniah, Aniah." Aniah jumped out of bed, threw the blankets to the floor and took the blankets off of Leslie. Leslie was fast asleep. Aniah had thought she was hearing things so she decided to lay back down. Then it all started again, "Aniah, Aniah." She finally had enough of this. Still thinking that it was Leslie she ran to her bed, pulled the blanket back and there she was with no head. Aniah was frozen. She could not let out a scream; frozen in silence. All of a sudden she heard Leslie yelling at her, "Aniah what's wrong!?" Leslie had been in the bathroom the whole time. When she was able to tell her the whole story and pull back the blankets where she had seen the headless body, there laid a pile of dirt. That morning as they were cleaning up for the day Leslie looked out towards the cemetery as she does every morning and past one of the new graves there was loose dirt. The police were surrounding it. As normal teens would do, they asked what was going on. They said that someone stole a body out of the coffin. But they knew deep down that whatever it was had come to visit them in the middle of the night.

Fierce the Scary Fairy

Marli Terry

All dreams could be good or bad, we all have them. Have you ever thought about where your dreams come from? Let me introduce you to Fierce the Scary Fairy. She has the darkest wings that any fairy could ever have. Her dress is as black as the midnight sky with ragged edges sharp enough to cut like a knife. She has bright blue eyes and skin that is as white as snow. She is not the type of fairy that young girls want to play with. She is the nightmare giver.

On Halloween night, all fears come together to create Fierce. She is always there but this time of year is when she comes out to play. She sneaks around listening to the little boys and girls talk about what they are afraid of like, spiders, ghosts, witches, black cats and most of all noises that go bump in the night. She collects all these visions of their fears and creates the worst nightmares that could ever be made. She enters childrens' bedrooms while they are sleeping. She then whispers into their ear. She speaks of the fears and creates the dream (if you want to call it that). In their dreams they try to run away but they can't escape Fierce's power. When children wake up their love of Halloween disappears. One night while she was whispering into a little girl's ear something went wrong. The little girl woke up when Fierce was not expecting it. Fierce got caught! This little girl knew that Fierce was the one giving all the bad dreams. She knows she has to do something to stop her; the future of Halloween depends on it. The little girl comes up with an idea. She decides to ask Fierce what she fears most. Fierce says she fears beauty, happiness, and friendship. These are all things that Fierce does not understand. The little girl takes Fierce to see what real beauty, happiness, and friendship really are. First, they visit the pumpkin patch where they carve a beautiful design. Next, they watch the children trick-or-treat and have fun. Last, they too form a friendship. This friendship is strong and the reason why children still love Halloween to this day. On Halloween night, Fierce the dream weaver will visit you, if you are lucky enough. She no longer takes fears and turns them into nightmares, she now fills young boys' and girls' dreams with laughter and fun with friends and family.



The Witches Treasure

Ariana Aguilar

As Elizabeth, Sadie, and I approached the ginormous haunted castle, we noticed the metal skull dangling from the edge of the roof. Beyond the skull was the black and orange castle. Creatures were lurking in the silent darkness. Dark shadows danced in the moonlight as we crept up the stairs. Elizabeth slowly opened the giant wooden door with a creak. Frightened, she gasped as she took a step back shocked by what she found inside. Giant ghosts and goblins circled a bubbling caldron. Haunted sounds filled the cool crisp air. Inside a castle the witch flew like the wind with her bats close behind. Jack-o'-lanterns lit the dark path up the stairs to the second floor. Keys dangled from a crooked hook at the top of the stairs. Lightning flashed in the darkness with a loud bang. Menacing laughter echoed all around us as we made our way up the stairs. Night owls had just begun to chatter. Oozing green slime dripped from the cold dark walls. Purple mists crept from under the door as we slowly opened it. Quivering as we entered the witches lair our hearts raced. Rats scurried across the old dark floor. Suddenly we found the scale covered chest that contained the witches treasure. Terror haunted us as we searched for the key in the darkness. Unusual creatures howled from the cages that hung from the walls. Vampire teeth sat in a jar of glowing liquid next to the scale covered chest. Wind exploded from the chest as it burst open and all of the candy in it rained down from the sky. Exhausted we sat down to rest just as the witch burst in yelling, "I'll get you, just wait and see." Zombies carried the witch away as the Halloween fun began.

Footsteps in the Hallway

Kennedy Montoya

Once upon a time a cat named Benjamin. He lived in an old, abandoned mansion with his best friend Rachel (the Cocker Spaniel). It was midnight and they were just about to go to bed when they heard footsteps in the hallway in a fast motion but they thought it was their imagination so they went back to bed. After a while they woke up. It was 3 a.m. and they heard the footsteps again so Benjamin got up and walked over, opened his bedroom door slowly as it creaked open, the footsteps got closer and closer. He slowly went out the door and Rachel stood terrified. Benjamin walked along the hallway wall and he saw the unspeakable! He saw a grayish blue Chihuahua in the corner. He slowly approached the dog. Shaking, he tapped him on the shoulder but his paw went right through him. The Chihuahua looked up at Benjamin with bloody eyes and sharp teeth. Rachel poked her head out the door and saw Benjamin looking at something so she started to walk slowly down the hall. The floor creaked like a screeching cat. Rachel saw the dog and with a shaky voice she asked Ben, "Who's your friend?" The dog slowly turned around and said, "My name is Mortiky." Ben and Rachel ran quickly to their room and slammed the door. Mortiky was behind the door and screeched and howled. Mortiky said, "Don't be afraid, I will not hurt you but the ghost out there just might." "What ghost?" Ben asked. "Haven't you heard, he is a brown Great Dane named Sabastian and does not like small dogs! How do you think I got looking like this?" "So let me get this straight, the dog out there, how did he die in this house?" asked Rachel. "And who did he live with?" Ben asked. "His parents," Mortiky said, "but...I don't know how he died." Ben peeked his head out the door and he was right there! Sabastian had razor sharp teeth and claws, foam was spilling out of his mouth. Benjamin slammed the door but Sabastian came through it! He jumped on Ben. Frightened, Rachel and Mortiky ran out of the front door to get help...just then Benjamin heard his name being called. He opened his eyes and realized it was all just a dream. Ben was sitting cozy on his bed close to the fireplace.



The Walk

Elise Pasquin

On a foggy Tuesday night, I went for a short stroll at the National Monument Graveyard. As I walked down the street to the graveyard, I thought of all the creepy things that could happen. I could get pulled underground and be feasted on or see creepy ghosts floating around my head. But I knew that I was just messing with myself and these things could never happen.

A few minutes later, I was at the graveyard. I slowly pulled the dusty old gate to the side of me and stepped inside the creepy environment. The first thing I did when I came inside the graveyard was I pulled my flashlight out of my pocket. I quickly turned it on and started to move forward. As I walked through the graveyard I started to see a tall shadow coming up slowly behind me. I immediately bolted down the muddy path with only one thing in mind, "I have to get out of here!" When I looked up from the path, I found myself surrounded by grave stones. That meant that I was in the middle of the graveyard. I slowly walked past all the stones looking at the names of all the people. My flashlight started to flicker on and off. Then it surprisingly went out! The worst part of it all was that it was starting to get dark outside and it was a two hour walk home. That only meant that anything could be lurking in the shadows and if I turned a corner I could get grabbed and never seen again. In fear, I stood as straight as I can hoping that I could fall asleep and wake up in the morning. But when I closed my eyes and opened them again nothing happened. I wasn't walking home in the daylight. I was shivering out in the open with no light to see with or no one to guide me. After praying for daylight, I started wandering again. As I passed the second gravestone, I started to see the shadowy figure again, so I began to pick up my pace. When I thought the figure was gone, I started walking again. I looked up at the sky and could see the moon. Its moonlight let me see my way around. Screeeeech!!! I heard the loudest scream in the world. It was so strong and horrifying that it felt like the piercing sound was making my ear drums bleed! After realizing that my ears weren't bleeding, I started running as fast as I could down the muddy path. As I ran, I thought that this was the end for me. I dove into a hedge of bushes, trying to hide myself from whatever was out there. I quietly looked around to see if I was all alone. But as I turned side to side, I saw red beedy eyes staring right at me! Suddenly I was frozen in place. I had nowhere to go so I just stayed in place staring wide-eyed at the eyes. As I was staring, I slowly reached down and picked up a stick. I threw the stick as hard as I could at the eyes and heard an "Oww" come from the figure. When I heard that, I didn't know what to do. Should I ask it if it was okay? Or should I just ignore it? But of course I walked over and asked it if it was okay. When I reached the figure, I tapped it on the shoulder and the first thing I asked it was, "Why do you keep following me?" Surprisingly the figure responded, "Well I am following you because I want you to go home." "What?" I said. "What do you mean?" I walked closer to it by the moonlight and was starting to make out what it was. It wasn't a ghost or a shadowy figure. It was my dad trying to tell me to go home. When I figured that out, I told my dad that I was sorry for hitting him. He said he got it and he was sorry for scaring me. We left the graveyard together and happy.



Halloween: A Dogs Point of View

Madelyn Price

Hi, my name is Rufus. I was rescued from the street as a mangy pitbull, eating rotten food by a lovely lady named Shay. She fed me good food and cared for me. Sadly, there is a cat in the house (which I do not care for with all my heart). She is called Ramona. Life is good or it was good until it all changed. I was enjoying my chicken kibble in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. I love the doorbell. It means someone new is coming. As always, I dash to see who it is. When the white door swings open, an ugly figure appears. He is white with sharp teeth and is dressed in a silk robe. I growl at the monster. "No!" Shay says at me. "Sorry kiddo," she said to the beast and throws some candy into his bucket which is just the right size for trapping Ramona under. That thought delighted me. The guy left and as he did wolf people appeared. I yelped and ran into Shay's room where Ramona's cat tree was. Ramona sat on top of it grooming herself. I barked in warning because monsters were going to eat us. She rolled her eyes and continued licking her paw. I ran to the living room to check on Shay. She was throwing candy in the wolf peoples' sacks to get them to go away and they did. "Don't be scared big guy," she stroked my thin white fur. "You're my big brave Pitbull." She probably wants me to be calm so she will be calm. I decide to look out the window. That always comforts me. In the day I see cars and kids playing. At night I see stars and lights in houses gleaming. Instead, I see orange balls with faces on the ground and scary things and zombies demanding candy from the houses. The only thought that comforts me right now is throwing Ramona out there and watching the monsters chase her. Heh heh. The doorbell rang and I hid behind the couch. I sniff the air. It smells like the girl across the street and comes over and feeds us treats. She is the only one Ramona seems to like. I hear the door open. It is the kind girl from across the street! Only, it looks as if the monsters bit her and now she is green with a broom in her hand. "Trick or treat," she says. Shay throws candy at her and she goes away. Shay locks the door (she could have done that a long time ago) and plops on the couch. I sit on her lap. She turns on the TV and scratches my ears. I turn to look at the TV and the monsters got into the TV! I decide this is just a bad dream so I go to sleep. When I wake up, a whole steak is in my dish and Ramona is gone. Everything smells better. No more monsters. This joy lasts only for about five minutes when I wake from that dream. The TV is off and Shay is asleep. I walk up to her and lick her face. She smiles and goes back to sleep. I now realize that this night was only a one time thing and that I should not worry. I yawn and fall asleep.



The Sleepover

April Lyn Snow

I walked into the sleepover clumsily waddling back and forth because of my overnight bag packed with clothes, games and a few notebooks. These were peeking out of the top along with millions of bottles of nail polish which made my bag make a thumping sound as it bumped my thigh with each step I took. I could sense (smell) something fishy was going on. Someone had either put on a really bad perfume or come from a place that had bathing rules different than our own. Then Stevie, a new girl we had all just met at the beginning of the school year, started to pinch her chin. The skin wrinkled between her fingers as she yanked off a (high quality) mask! Her eyes were on the sides of her head...red, glowing eyes, green, scaled skin and razor sharp teeth. That's right...she was a blood sucking, flesh eating alien. Wow! And I shared my diary with her. Stevie threw her mask to the floor with a hiss revealing her true identity. High-pitch screams from ten-year old girls that echoed off the walls filled the room with panicked tension as we all backed up struggling to open the pink tinted door with the girly heart stickers plastered on it. I busted open the door as we all scrambled into the dark hallway, then slammed it shut just as she came running after us. Sofia and I held the door shut as best we could but every time Stevie hit the door it gave up a jolt as we put our backs up against the solid wood trying to not let the monster get free. We developed a plan but none of us really knew what we were doing. Shay (one of the nicest and quietest girls you'll ever meet), however, had a very big surprise for us...you see, Shay's dad was a marine and learned how to make high quality bombs that exploded when they hit the ground (in our case the floor). Shay immediately pulled out her emergency "lip balm bomb" and twisted the cap. "Why do you have the reapply now!?" shouted JJ in anger. "You'll see. Balms away!" yelled Shay in excitement. "You might want to cover your ears," she said with a small giggle. We all covered our ears and boom! It was silent but in a matter of seconds there was a bloodcurdling scream coming from the alien. As soon as the ear ringing screams were over and the dust settled, we all looked up, stunned! "Maybe it's a good thing your parents are at a party for the night!" screamed Rosie uncovering her ears with the rest of us. The so-called alien was lying face down so we thought it was safe to enter after peaking around the corner. We entered the room and were all amazed at the damage the bomb had caused. We walked around the room in an unlively manner staring at the burnt up lava lamps and not so fuzzy rugs covered in ashes. Suddenly, we heard a thump following a thump following another thump...she was still alive (and smelled slightly of bacon)! Then, she looked straight into my eyes and let out another hiss. "My parents are going to kill me! That is if I'm not dead after this!" shrieked Shay with an echo of fear in her voice. I had only three steps to the door so I slowly scooted in that direction. I reached for the doorknob, turned it, pushed open the door and shouted, "Run!" All of the girls scrambled out of the room faster than I could say hurry as I held the door. The last girl, Rosie, was screaming as she flew out of the room when I lunged for the hallway. But I didn't make it. Stevie's reflexes were faster than my legs. I was halfway out and suddenly I felt a pair of freezing cold hands on my arm. Stevie yanked me back into the room right beside her until I felt her steel like grip clenching down on my skin, her icy glare staring holes into my faces and her slightly rancid breath causing sweat to trickle down my back. Every time I tried to escape her death grip she pulled me closer and closer. When I wanted a best friend, this was not what I intended. After I gave up trying to escape, she pulled me closer to her than she ever did before and in the blink of an eye we were literally face to face. I had this sharp pain in my arm that rushed all the way up to my shoulder. I looked back and witnessed her long, sharp teeth piercing into the flesh of my forearm. Some sort of goopy liquid was injected into my blood and streamed into the rest of my body. My head felt heavy and hard to keep up so I laid it down on the floor. The moonlight that had shown brightly before had now faded away into the darkness. As I laid there in severe pain I opened my eyes and I could scarcely see Caitlyn, Shay and the rest of my non-alien friends trying to help me. I grabbed their hands and allowed them to help me up. My legs felt like pins and needles were being slowly pushed into them but I forced myself to run anyway. We got out of the room and everyone stopped in silence. "Where is she!?" Rosie whispered in fear. None of us knew.

The whole world was moving in slow motion. The room was spinning and shivers filled my brain. Then I had an idea. My legs went numb and they struggled to keep my body up. I fell down and flopped over into the floor. I heard faint screams in the distance and tried to pick myself up but I just fell over again. The girls pushed Stevie down and finally had a moment to help me. I waved them over as I glanced at the moaning alien to make sure she would stay down for a minute or two. The girls all tried to be stealthy and fast but they just stomped around the dark hallway. I guess it didn't matter because we were all too scared to notice all of the noise we were causing. They all reached me and I told them the plan. "Okay, first we will get Stevie to chase me down the hallway and all the rest of you will be in Shay's parents bedroom. Then, you guys will jump out in front of her and wrap her up in my jacket and I will come back to you guys and we will throw her out the window and send her home!" I said with excitement. We all got up and I would feel my legs now. I grabbed my jacket and sprinted to catch up with the others. I slowed down to give Caitlyn my jacket and she thought it was Stevie so she yanked it out of my hands and caught me instead so I got tangled up. I felt like a spider had woven a web around me...no escape. I tried to get out but all I could do was squirm around. She released the coat with an innocent smile. Then I looked over my shoulder and saw the monster charging right for me. I finally broke free and thought, hey this might still work. So I yanked off my jacket and while Stevie was focused on the others I got my position for the plan. It only took a minute or two for all the girls to look at me in unison. I flashed the thumbs up sign to them to put the plan in action. "Hey alien, over here!" I screamed running down the hall. I passed the staircase and the master bedroom where the girls were hiding. Stevie sprinted after me and my heart sank. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all I thought to myself. Then the only footsteps I could hear were my own. I looked back and beyond belief, the girls had a squirming mass of alien in the coat...they caught Stevie! I stopped as fast as I could and turned around. I raced back to the other girls and found them all breathing very hard with Stevie in their grasp. I helped lift her up. I held one of her legs with one of my hands and I opened the window with the other. We threw her out the window and slammed it shut. I watched her struggle into her shuttle car. She floated away and I saw her trying to steer correctly but she zig zagged through the air. I guess a twenty foot fall into the backyard had knocked a few screws loose. I glanced down at the bite on my arm and it was covered in crusty, dry blood but it was finally going away. Then, I woke up from that horrible dream with a jolt. I sniffed the air that smelled of maple syrup, eggs and bacon. I had this feeling that I don't quite know how to describe. I pranced down the staircase to find Shay's parents standing there with a smile as warm as the sun's rays to greet me. I felt that everything was going to be alright...but I'll never invite Stevie to one of my sleepovers. Ever!



Terror in the School

Jaydinn Bacca

One day my friends and I spent the night at the school for the read-a-thon. We went straight to the gym after school and were supposed to spend the night. All of a sudden, something odd happened. It was exactly one minute until 12 a.m. So my friends and I decided to play a game. We all voted to play hide and seek. Except in the dark. Of course I had to be "it" first. So then I counted to 45. "Ready or not, here I come!" I shouted. Then I started checking places. They weren't anywhere! Out of no where, I heard a really soft and light voice saying, "Ahhhhhhhh." Luckily I heard where the voice came from. It came from the gym. Right away I ran up there because I thought it was just one of my friends messing with me. When I went up the stairs, I saw this figure with long black hair turn the corner. None of my friends have long black hair but I wasn't thinking about their hair at the time, so I just went towards the corner. Right when I got to the corner, I heard a laugh. I turned around and ran back down the stairs and went to the fourth grade hall because that's where the laugh came from. I checked all of the stalls in the ladies bathroom and no one was in there so I came out and said, "Okay, guys I give up! Stop just come out now!" After a while, I stopped because I saw something walk by the main hallway. I ran after it! I looked to the left, no one was there. Looked to the right, no one was there. Suddenly I felt like eyes were on me so I looked behind me and still no one was there. Hmm...what could I have done? I started heading towards the lunch room. As I was going down the steps that lead to the lunch room, I saw the black hair underneath the lunch room table. It was like she was hiding under there. Keeping quiet I looked back to make sure no one was behind me. No one was so I looked back at the table and she was gone! How would she just disappear in the lunch room? Everything was so weird at that time. What could have been going on? First, of all my friends aren't anywhere and I saw this strange figure. Honestly I have no idea what it could have been. Man I was scared! I've never seen anything like it. It was this pale looking face, a black body that showed no skin and long black fuzzy hair. She was literally floating in the air. Nothing is scarier than that! As soon as I started getting scared, I went to the school doors to try to get out. I couldn't get out! All of the doors were locked. How was I going to get out? There was just no way I was staying the night with a ghost. I didn't even have a cell phone to call home. Also I couldn't use the office phone because the doors to the office were locked too! Once again I saw the figure. It was heading straight to the gym. Again! I went to the gym too to see why she kept in going there. Finally, I was right behind her. I tapped her and said, "You're it!" But when I tapped her my hand went right through her! Was she a ghost? I had never seen a ghost so I was especially scared! Out of no where I heard my friends laughing so I looked back and saw them with a projector and on the screen it was the girl. The one that I had been chasing. It was just a joke. I knew that because of the projector and they were laughing at me. We were tired so we fell asleep. The next day when it was time to leave, I was heading to the door and saw that same black figure. I said, "Okay guys. I know it's you. Stop it!" Then they looked at me and said, "We're right behind you. That's not us." Ever since then, I've always seen a wiggly figure roaming the school.

You're Not Alone at McClelland School

Nadia Ghamdi

It was Halloween at McClelland School and everyone was ready and excited for the carnival. Kids had cute princess costumes, cool superhero costumes and anything you can imagine in a costume. Ally was dressed in a bright yellow banana costume. Ally's long brownish-blond hair shone in the sun. Her light brown eyes sparkled like her nice personality. Her best friend Nadia was dressed in a spooky witch costume. Nadia's dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and fair skin went well with her purple costume. The two girls have been best friends since preschool! Every year they went trick or treating in Nadia's neighborhood, where it is common to get huge candy bars. They would stop trick or treating when the lights went out in the neighborhood. Ally spent the night at Nadia's house and they watched scary movies and traded candy.

Before it was a school, McClelland was an orphanage. It is a common belief that on Halloween night ghost children would haunt McClelland. They would come out to play, sing and have a good ghostly time. Ally experienced weird things at McClelland. In art class at the bathroom sink where she washed her brushes, she would see something in the corner of her eye, turn, and nothing would be there. She would hear the tinkling sound of the piano playing in the music room but no one would be there. Once in the bathroom, she heard a soft voice say, "Ally, save me!" Her friend Nadia didn't believe Ally when she told her about the eerie things that happened.

Anyway, back to the carnival! The kids played games, ate food and won candy. After it was over, Ally hopped in Nadia's parent's car and they went to her house. Nadia and Ally made a map of their trick or treat route. The two friends went to many houses, got so much candy and had lots of fun. As they walked back to the house, Ally realized she left her phone at school. "Oh, no!" Ally exclaimed. "I left my phone at school!" "Don't worry you can get it tomorrow," Nadia said. "It's a four day weekend!" said Ally, with a worried look in her eyes. Nadia agreed, "You can't be without a phone all weekend!" "My parents went out for a dinner and will be back later," Nadia said. "Laila, can drive us to the school (Laila is Nadia's older sister)!"

When they got back to the house the friends asked, "Laila can you take us to the school?" "Sure, I will do anything to drive," Laila said. As they reached the school, it was 10 p.m., dark and not so friendly looking. Laila waited in the car. "How are we supposed to get in?" Ally asked. "First you are going in and I will wait for you, and second, there's the night janitor, see?" Nadia pointed. "Fine," Ally said in a wavering voice. "Wait, we have a night janitor?" Ally asked. "Go in!" Nadia said loudly, just wanting to get this over with. Ally slowly walked to the janitor who was staring at them. "Um, excuse me I left my phone, can I go get it?" Ally asked the janitor. The janitor did not speak but motioned for her to go in. "Thank you," Ally said politely, though she was a little freaked out.

Ally forgot about the Halloween legend because she was so worried about her phone. The stairs creaked as she slowly walked to the music room. Ally stood there speechless as she saw ghost children singing and flying through the air. Their song went like this, "One, two I'm coming for you, three, four better lock the door, five, six look at my chainsaws tip, seven, eight, too late, nine, ten now I finally got revenge!" Ally froze and then screamed at the top of her lungs. The ghostly figures stared at her as their eyes turned black. "Hi Ally, we were expecting you," one of the ghost girls moaned. Ally grabbed her phone, felt a cold hand on her shoulder and lunged for the fire escape which broke as she stepped on it. She grabbed a tree branch and jumped to the ground. "Finally!" Nadia said. "Run. Now!" Ally screamed. They ran to the car. "What?" Nadia asked confused. "I'll explain," Ally told them. Laila and Nadia didn't believe the story until they saw a figure that may have been a little girl waving through the window. "Ahhhhhh!" they all screamed. Laila stepped on the gas. "What just happened?" Laila asked in a scared voice. "There was this night janitor and he was staring at me and Nadia." "Wait, McClelland doesn't have a night janitor!" Laila exclaimed. "Maybe it was one of the ghost children who motioned you to go in to the school!" Ally said, "I forgot about the legend of the ghosts coming out to play on Halloween night because I was so worried about my phone. I walked in and the ghosts were singing songs. Their eyes went black, and they all stared at me. They said they were expecting me," Ally explained in a shaky voice. Laila and Nadia were speechless. It was a silent ride home.

Nadia's parents walked in shortly after the girls made it safely home and asked how their night was. The girls looked at each other and replied, "Fun!" because they didn't want them to think they were crazy, and really didn't think anyone would believe them. They were starting to doubt that it had really happened. At midnight, Ally's phone broke the silence with a chilling ring. The number came up as 'unknown.' "Hello?" Ally answered. "Where did you go, we want you to play with us, come back Ally," A ghostly faint voice begged. Ally froze, and the line went dead. The two friends looked at each other in horror. They never spoke of that night again and never visited the McClelland School again on Halloween night.



House on the Hill

Naomi Lopez

On Halloween night strange things happen in the house on the hill, things people can't explain! Three years ago, there was an evil scientist. He was always try to succeed in inventing a human person. He never came close. But one day he invented his own son. As years past, both the scientist and his son went missing on Halloween night. That's how it all began. On Halloween night kids always go to the house on the hill. But something always scares them away. Something evil! Although, there were these twins who claim that they were not afraid of anything. "Come on Steve!" We're going to miss all the good candy!" "Okay, I am coming!" "You're lucky we caught up with everyone, Judy said!" "You're lucky I even came with you," Steve said. "Let's go to one more house." If you're so determined to go to another house at this time of night I dare you to go to the house on the hill!" Steve said. "Okay, not a problem with me!" Judy said. But what Steve didn't know was Judy was trembling on the inside. They started to walk up the hill. When they got to the door they began to knock. No one answered! All of a sudden the door started to creak open. "Steve are you sure you want to go in there?" "I'm sure!" Steve said in a hesitant voice. The two twins started to explore the inside. "Hello? Any one there?" Judy asked. "I told you no one was here!" Steve said. "You did not!" Judy exclaimed. That's when they heard a sound coming from the upstairs room. They went upstairs to check and see if anyone was there. They couldn't find or see anyone. "Did you hear that or is it just my imagination?" Judy asked. "No, I heard it," Steve said in a sarcastic but scared voice. When the twins were out of sight the scariest thing happened. The evil scientist popped out of nowhere! When he popped up out of nowhere he had accidentally spilt a shrinking potion on his son. "Dad what am I going to do?" his son asked. "I don't know son but we better think of something quick!"

"Judy where are you?" Steve screamed on the top of his lungs. His sister had vanished. He claimed that his sister Judy was right next to him and then she went missing. The scientist had trapped Judy into a bottle so he could make his latest invention. When Judy saw the machine she was petrified. The evil scientist was going to make a machine to destroy the world. When the scientist wasn't looking Judy tied him to the machine that powered the death machine. When he found out about Judy's plan he was furious. She ran, ran as fast as she could. She ended up finding Steve and told him about how the scientist was going to rule the world.

The evil scientist knew that he had the antidope to change his son back but he couldn't get his foot out of the machine. Before he knew it the machine started and it said, "Will determinate in ten...nine...eight...!" The scientist was struggling. Meanwhile, the twins heard the sound and they ran off. They weren't sure if he was tricking them or not. They still ran. All of a sudden they heard a boom! They thought I was a firework but they knew in their gut it was the scientist being blasted into the galaxy. The scientist once again lost a battle against little kids. No one never heard from him again. Some say he landed on the moon and some may say he is stirring up an evil plan to get back at the kids. But people did hear from his machine. Or maybe they didn't you never know with old people! So the twins returned home unharmed. But they still have nightmares to this day about that night!



Remember the Legends

Clare Oldenburg

"An' then, Ol' Ramboux jumped at Uncle Billy, an' whap! He was dinner for that mean ol' white gator." Aunt Gilly smiled mischievously. "So don't be out alone on White Gator Bayou alone after sundown or the same fate awaits you." Gerald looked at his little sister Larissa; her brown eyes open wide with terror. He smiled. His sister would believe you if you told her there were trolls living under her pillow. Gerald knew his Great Aunt Gilly was full of tales about the bayou. "Well," Gerald stretched, "I'm gonna go to bed. There ain't no Ol' Ramboux, Larissa. Don't you worry about some made up nonsense." He turned to leave. But a wizened hand grasped his arm. "Remember the legends, Gerald. You'll regret your ignorance at your peril." An odd look came over Aunt Gilly's face. "Or, you'll thank them for keeping you alive." Gerald opened his mouth to retort but a warning glance from his older brother BJ silenced the words in his throat. "I'm going to bed." He muttered as he walked away with his head spinning. The next morning, Gerald got out of bed. The birds were chirping and the sun was bright. He scoffed once more at the idea that there was ghostly white alligator that terrorized the bayou at night in search of a worthy meal. Aunt Gilly's stories might be interesting but her head was full of swamp water. Anyway, he had a job to do. Gerald was the paper boy for the residents of White Gator Bayou. Morning and evening, he delivered the White Gator Press to all the bayou's human inhabitants. He gunned the engine of his rusty old motorboat or the Tunk boat as he liked to think of it. He delivered the morning paper without a problem, other than the junk boat breaking down twice in front of Mrs. Gilboux's house and Mr. Broussard's hut. Gerald rode home, ate a hearty lunch of Jambalaya and passed out on the couch. His sleep was peaceful for a while, dreaming of boating on a nice boat and fishing from its pristine deck. Just as he was about to land a whopper of a fish, he heard a rustle behind him. Gerald whipped around and saw a flash of white. Then, Gerald awoke with a start. He shook his head and peeked at the clock. It was 5:30 p.m. He was late! Gerald ran out to the junk boat and started the engine. It sputtered and conked out. "Why now?" Gerald muttered under his breath. He grabbed the jump starter kit from the back of the boat and after doing a little maintenance work, the boat would live to sputter another day. Gerald got in and delivered the papers to the anxious populace of White Gator Bayou. It was twilight before he finished distributing all the WG Press. "Ma'll have the gumbo half done by now." Gerald grumbled to himself. A snapping turtle drifted past him. Then, a brown pelican swept right past him, brushing the water with its tail. A gator swam by, not paying attention to the junk boat or its lone passenger. Gerald began to wonder why all these animals were coming towards him, not away from him. Then he located the cause. An enormous alligator, white as the full moon, was lying directly in front of Gerald. Gerald was shocked by a flashback to the dream he had that afternoon. A flash of white, sneaking up on him. Aunt Gilly's stories of Ol' Ramboux came running back to him. "A monstrous white gator, with red eyes like no other gator..." A jolt of realization hit him as he understood what this gator really was. Ol' Ramboux had grown impatient. Instead of screaming and flailing like most potential victims, this nut was still just sitting there. He swam directly towards Gerald's boat, en route to a head on collision. Gerald knew how flimsy the junk boat's hull was. If Ol' Ramboux tore a hole in the hull, the junk boat would sink, taking Gerald with it. Gerald would end up as all the people in Aunt Gilly's stories did. Dinner for a gator. He had to do something, and quickly. Gerald grabbed a piece of rope. He had a crazy plan, but it was better than no plan. Ol' Ramboux charged. Just as he slammed into the boat, Gerald jumped and landed on Ol' Ramboux's scaly back. Ol' Ramboux, unaware that there was a boy on his back, started to tear the boat apart in search of that nut. Gerald slid the piece of rope between Ol' Ramboux's massive jaws, all the while trying not to remember that his arms could be ripped off his body by the jaws. past the teeth, he slid the rope to Ol' Ramboux's gums, where it couldn't be bit in half. Just then, the gator felt the rope between his jaws. He roared up in anger, livid that a puny human would dare to try and control his might. Ol' Ramboux flailed and thrashed, trying to knock Gerald off his back. Gerald was hanging on for dear life. He pulled on the left side of the rope. Ol' Ramboux veered right. Ol' Ramboux stopped floundering; he had met his match. Gerald rode home on Ol' Ramboux. Larissa couldn't stop goggling at the beast. BJ was in awe, while Aunt Gilly kept saying "I told you, Gerald. I told you." Gerald felt it was only fair that, since Ol' Ramboux wrecked his boat, that the gator would become his new boat to deliver the newspapers on. From then on, Aunt Gilly still told the stories of Ol' Ramboux, but just when everyone was begging for on last tale, she would tell the story of when Ol' Ramboux met his match in the one who didn't think he was real.



Urban Legend

Rylan Scott

I am Lola Smith, 16 year old drama nerd. I live in a small, but noticed town of Crested Butte, Colo. where dreams come true, and stuff. My best friend currently is Janine Harrier. So that's really all you need to know about me. Tick, tick, tick! I can hear the annoying sound of the clock. Knowing that the day is almost over, I sigh with relief. As I'm walking home, I realized that it was Halloween. Just another Halloween handing out candy in my pajamas. Just then another thought crossed my mind, homework. As I walked in, I saw a small envelope, black lace, with the words "You're invited!" It was from Lacey Chavez, the most popular girl in school. I knew exactly what that meant; I have plans tomorrow. The invitation was for a Halloween party a little way out of town, in a huge house, the haunted house. As Janine and I were trying on our costumes, I got a text from my friend Adam; it read "Hey, I heard the murder man, you know the urban legend is coming to the party tonight." I laughed and replied, "Oh no, I'm scared." The costumes fit perfectly and we were ready to go. We walked downstairs to a scary sight, my mom dressed like a clown just like every year. Ugh, it gives me chills every time. And off we went into the night. We arrived at the haunted house, a little early but we thought at least someone would be there. We got out, slightly puzzled and entered the unlocked door. No one was there. We quickly turned around to leave and saw the murder man; we screamed and ran! Right then I heard a familiar giggle. I turned around and immediately knew it was Adam. Adam was here but where is everyone else? Janine had suddenly brought something to my attention, the door would not open. Also, Adam was missing. I heard a loud creak in the floor and slowly turned around; it was the murder man. My heart leaped into my throat as I let out a small shriek. We both took off running in the same direction, not daring to look back but we knew what was behind us. We had stopped in a giant room with the door closed tight; we breathed heavily but quietly. There was a loud commotion in the hall and Janine was determined to get out as quickly as possible. She swung open the door and was gone in a split second. I sobbed and ran as fast as I could. Smash! I hit a wall and the murder man was getting closer. All I could think about was Janine. I tried to get up but was immediately grabbed. I yanked and yanked but I got no where and eventually, I was in the basement with Adam and Janine. He took out a sword and pointed it at me, then...

HUH HUH! Just a dream, I thought to myself as the buzzing of my alarm clock got louder. I shut it off and prepared for Halloween, this time, at home.



Tommy Knockers

Jackson Helzer

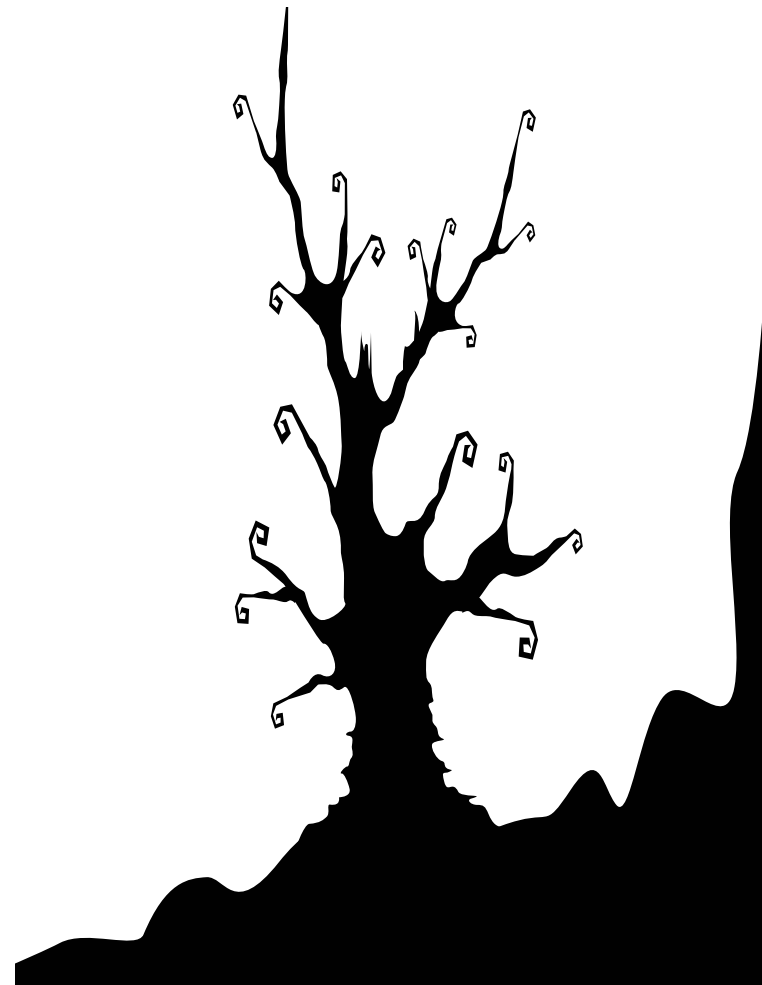
Tommy Knockers are the spirits of departed miners that help miners find peace. They also knock on the walls of the mines right before a cave-in. When you hear a Tommy Knocker knocking, it's best to depart the area very quick. They have saved the life of many a miner who has been in a danger. Some folks say that the very first man to hear the sound is jinxed but that is not always the case. It's important to stay on the good side of the Tommy Knockers. Many miners leave a bit of their lunch for the spirits and to please them, they fashion the little clay figures of their spirits. The Tommy Knockers can be spiteful creatures if they don't like you. One unlucky miner named Eddie became a target of the Tommy Knockers. They drove him crazy, pelting him with stones, stealing his tools, blowing out his lantern. He couldn't figure out why the Tommy Knockers had singled him out until one day he heard a voice calling to him from the dark opening of a nearby shaft. "Eddie, I want my five dollars!" the Tommy Knocker said. Eddie was so startled he dropped his tools all over the ground. The voice sounded just like that of his old friend Joe who had died in a cave-in a few months back. Eddie had borrowed five dollars from Joe and had never returned it. Eddie went into the shaft and sure enough there was Joe Trelawney's ghost, shrunk to the size of a two-foot dwarf with a big ugly head, large ears and a crooked nose. He wore a peaked hat, a leather jacket and water soaked leather boots. The Tommy Knocker was not pleased to see Eddie. "Give me back my five dollars, Eddie!" the ghost of his old friend demanded. "I don't have any money on me, Joe," Eddie said, patting his pockets for emphasis. "I've heard that before," said the Tommy Knocker dryly. "I didn't believe it then and I don't believe it now!" The Tommy Knocker disappeared into thin air, leaving an uneasy Eddie to wonder what the ghost would do next. He soon found out! All day long, Eddie was plagued by the Tommy Knocker. His ladder was shaken so hard that he almost fell. The loud tapping noise of an invisible drill nearly drove him mad. He just missed being buried by a rock fall and through it all, Joe's voice would taunt him: "Give me back my five dollars, Eddie!" "All right, Joe, all right!" Eddie finally yelled into the mouth of the tunnel where his friend had appeared. "I'll get your five dollars!" Abandoning his work for the day, Eddie made the long climb to the surface and took five silver dollars from the moneybox he kept under a loose board in his bedroom. The he climbed back down into the mine and stuck the five dollars into a crack in the wall next to the place Joe's spirit had appeared to him. "There's your five dollars, Joe!" Eddie shouted, his voice echoing oddly in the dark tunnel. "It's about time," Joe said, appearing next to him and peering ciitically into the crack where the money lay. "Are you going to leave me alone now?" Eddie asked. The Tommy Knocker grinned impishly at Eddie. "Maybe," he said. He scooped up the five silver dollars and disappeared into the dark.



Haunted

Kathleen Irvin

If you're not one who enjoys the rush of adrenaline and heart stopping words, then this story probably isn't for you. I've never believed in the paranormal but these encounters have stopped me dead in my tracks. I live in an old farm house on South Road where all these strange occurrences happened. The first occurrence happened when I was about eight years old or so. My stepmother, brother, and I were downstairs in the basement tidying up the place while my dad was at work. All of a sudden, I saw the shadow of a cat running behind a picture leaning against the wall. I went and moved the picture but there was no trace of the cat. I was so confused and none of it made sense. In the spring of 2010, I was in the house alone when I saw the shadow of a little boy. Thinking it was my brother, I followed it into my dad's room. I figured my brother was trying to hide from me, as the shadow crawled over the bed. I hopped over the bed, thinking my brother would be on the other side but nothing was there. I sat there confused and terrified at the same time. I was later told that my brother wasn't even home at the time. In the fall of 2012, my best friend came over to my house to spend the night. We headed downstairs to get the phone and my friend stood frozen at the foot of the stairs. I turned to see what she was staring at and froze up as well. The far bedroom door was swinging back and forth, sending fear through my body. A tall woman with an old-fashioned dress and lace up boots started walking towards us. I could see the terror in my friend's eyes as we turned and jolted up the stairs. Before we could make it up the stairs, the ghost rushed past us, sending a gust of cold air through us, which made it hard to run. We were short of breath, trying to help each other up the stairs. When we got into the living room, we collapsed onto the couches, still terrified from what had happened. For the rest of the night, we sat in silence until we fell asleep. It didn't end there though because we were in for another scare. I woke to the screaming of my friend and I sprang from the couch. I listened as she explained what had happened. A little girl in an old-fashioned dress was walking back and forth in the hallway and had run up to her and started laughing. Then when she screamed, the ghost disappeared. I couldn't explain what had happened that night or that morning. Ever since that encounter, I haven't seen a ghost and I'm glad for that. To this day, my dad and my stepmother still occasionally see things, but I haven't encountered the paranormal ever since that fall night.



Tiny and Harmless

Aria Keilbach

"911 what's your emergency?" a woman's voice asked from the other end of the phone. "Help!" I whispered afraid that if I spoke any louder they would find me even quicker. "Sweetie, my name is Theresa. I need to know how old you are, what your name is, and what is your emergency?" the operator asked again. I again replied this time very quickly and even quieter for they were coming closer, "My name is Stephanie, I am twelve, and there are..." I couldn't finish for they were so close I could have reached out from under the bed and touched them. I knew that if I made a sound I would be dead. "Stephanie?" Theresa asked. "There are spiders." I answered in a barely audible voice. "What kind of spiders, do they look venomous?" Theresa asked in a clearly annoyed voice. I hung up, for I knew that if I had told Theresa the truth she wouldn't believe me, but yet there they were, gigantic, hairy spiders. They were at least four feet tall and their legs had to be even longer. They were covered in long brown hair and they had to weigh more than I did. I tried to keep myself calm, I closed my eyes and tried to forget where I was, that I wasn't hiding under my bed, surrounded by huge spiders, that would find me hiding there any second. I thought back to the day before, when I had woken up and seen a spider in my bed. I remember screaming and jumping out of bed, my father had immediately ran to my room to see if I was okay. When I had told him what had happened, he laughed. "How can you be afraid of spiders?" he had asked, "They are so tiny and harmless." Yup, tiny and harmless I thought. Not anymore. These spiders were definitely not tiny and harmless. I opened my eyes and I could see their legs scrambling across the floor. Suddenly the spider closest to me slipped on the hard wood floor, its legs slid out from underneath it. I nearly screamed. It had fallen right in front of me, all it would take was one little turn of its head and it would see me. To my astonishment it did not seem to notice me; it was focused on trying to get its feet back underneath itself, but before I could stop myself, I let out a sigh of relief. It hadn't seen me. I wasn't dead yet, these spiders had not gotten me yet. I realized my mistake too late, the spider had suddenly stopped its effort of trying to get up. I froze, not daring to breathe as I realized what I had just done. I was as good as dead. It had heard me.

It grasped me with one of its legs, and I was dragged out from under the bed. This time, I screamed. As the spider hoisted me onto its back, I realized how soft its hair was. Really Stephanie? I thought, as you're getting carried off to your death, by huge deadly spiders, you are thinking about how soft they are? I looked around, all the other spiders were now following the one I sat on, it was as if they had been searching for me, I knew I couldn't escape. If I tried to make a run for it, I would definitely be stopped by one of the two dozen spiders that surrounded me. Wait a minute, my mind was talking to me again, where's mom and dad, where is Daisy? I thought about this, where were my parents? And where was my dog Daisy? Could they have already been eaten? Then I had another thought. Where am I? The spiders had carried me out of my house but it was like we were on a different planet, there were no other buildings, no grass, and no street, there wasn't even a sun or sky it was just grayness. "Spiders?" I asked. "Where are you taking me?"

Oh great now you are talking to them my mind said again, but the spiders clicked their pinchers as if they understood me. I slid off the spider that had been carrying me and all the spiders turned to face me. "If I am going to die, I am going to die fighting!" I yelled as loud as I could. Before they could comprehend what I had said, I ran, sprinted. I didn't know where I was, or where I was going, I was just running, racing towards the nothingness land, with the gray sky. My lungs screamed, and my legs burned, but I kept running. I could hear the spiders sprinting after me, but I didn't dare look back, I felt something slash across my arm, and I could feel warm blood, flooding down my arm. It splattered onto my clothes, but I didn't stop, I couldn't stop, I just kept running.

Stephanie, the spiders seemed to be calling me, *Stephanie come back!* I tripped, tumbling across the ground, rocks and pebbles cut into my skin, but I leapt to my feet and continued running. I could see where the ground stopped, and it was just air, but I couldn't stop, I didn't have time, so I ran right off the cliff. I could hear the spiders screeching as I fell. I didn't even scream, I just fell, fell right into nothingness. I woke up, sweat running down my face. I looked down and saw that I was back in my bed. Daisy looked up at me, her tongue lolling out of her mouth. Then I saw the spider, a regular sized spider, crawling on my bed. I didn't scream, instead I laughed. "A spider," I laughed, "A tiny, harmless spider."



Super Spider

Victoria Montano

Once a upon a time there was a kid named Jack who was only seven years old. At school he heard stories about an old man who lived near the only store in the village. He always sat on his dark little porch and all you could see were the white part of his eyes that shined like two little flashlights. Somebody said his name was Hitler and he looked old and skinny with bony fingers, a bald head and had a big pointy nose. His house was old and falling down and sometimes people said they heard screams coming from inside. No wonder every kid in the village was afraid to walk past his house on the way to the store. One day, Jack's mother could not leave their house because she was cooking and she needed some eggs to finish the dinner. She told Jack that he had to go to the store for her. Poor little Jack just wanted to run away and hide. But he decided that if he ran really fast past Hitler's house, there was no way that old man could catch him. Jack started on his way to store and just before the old man's house he broke into a fast run. His little legs carried him so fast he barely saw the old man standing with a net in his hands trying to catch him. Jack reached the store safely and bought the eggs and started home again. Jack knew he had to run even faster home. Just as he got to Hitler's house, the bag broke and he dropped all of the eggs. Suddenly he stopped to pick them up, but the old man's net was already around him and he was being carried away. Jack started to scream at the top of his lungs and just before they reached the door to Hitler's house, a giant spider dropped down from the roof and knocked him tumbling to the ground. He let go of the net and Jack was thrown out of it. He got to his feet and ran for his life. He looked back to see the giant spider taking the old man up a tree and into his web. He looked like a tiny bug way up there. Nobody ever saw Hitler again and the village decided to demolish his old house and build a small park in its place. Years later on every Halloween, Jack tells this story to any kid in town who will listen.



Not a Lucky Charm

Angelina Rodriguez

I was quiet as I listened for footsteps, the ones that scared me all the time, the ones in almost all my nightmares. But then I realized I was awake, no longer in the horrifying dreamland. Later on, I decided to take a walk through Gatewood Park. I like to take walks to calm my nerves sometimes, especially with all the horror built up inside of me. I just moved with my family from Cincinnati, Ohio about two months ago and it hasn't been going too well. It seems like since I've moved to New Orleans, I feel like there's something here, something out to terrorize me. Although its probably just a thought, the nightmares I have make me paranoid. The creatures I see every night disturb my sleep. I've never heard of another teenage girl feeling this scared. Suddenly my phone rings and my mom tells me to get home before it rains. Honestly, I love the rain and don't really care, but my mother wants me home. So I start heading home when I see an odd looking shape on the ground. It kind of looks like some sort of charm. When my curiosity gets the best of me, I pick the object up and examine it. It's a disfigured charm but it is a triangle with some sort of zig zagged line inside of it. I decide to keep it and finish heading home. When I arrive at home, I eat supper and get ready for bed. Before I fall asleep, I tell my ten year old sister Ariana and my parents good night. "Sweet dreams," my mother tells me. Yeah, I think to myself, if that was possible. Throughout my sleep I start off with a happy fun dream that any normal 15 year old girl would have. Then it all sabotages as the monsters, beasts, and demons come in. "Marcia...Marcia!" They scream my name and torture me with their looks all night long. The next morning I feel strange, different. When I go downstairs I don't see my family cooking breakfast, I see the most horrifying creature yet. It has big round, ugly red eyes and razor sharp fangs. It is about seven feet tall and it is in my kitchen! But its holding something, it looks like the charm. Thats when my mom yelled for me to stop screaming. It had been yet another nightmare but more realistic. She asked what was the matter and I replied, "It's just a nightmare, thats all." I once again decided to walk through the park. As I was walking I found yet another charm and it looks like its meant to be put with the other one. They look almost exactly alike! When I put the two together, the sky turns dark, like midnight. But, it was only noon, right? Everyone in the park seemed to disappear and I suddenly got a throbbing headache. "What is going on!" I yelled. As I had expected, no one had replied. I ran through the park to the exit and all the way home to find no one there. So, I decided to call my parents, no answer. This is a nightmare but this time I know its real. How could it be fake? The charm did it. Maybe its some kind of voodoo item and I was supposed to find it, after all it is New Orleans. As I search the town for my family, I realize there's no people or any living things to be found. Then, I see the same demon, the one from my dream the previous night. I know it's fake now, it has to be. I pinch myself and hope to not feel anything, but I do. Out of nowhere, an old woman comes to me and says, "Marcia sweetie, are you alright?" I was too shocked to reply. "You need to go to sleep" she states calmly. "What?" I reply, completely befuddled. "Its how you get rid of the charm curse, understand?" She abruptly walks away and disappears into the eerie dark shadows of the night. I didn't quite understand, but at the same time, I did. I'd went home and laid down on my bed, trying hard to fall asleep, when I realized the charm was missing. I decided to forget about it and sleep, but little did I know I would need that to get away from this dark and scary world. When I woke up, it was daylight so I went downstairs to again find no parents. I'm still not quite sure the whereabouts of the blood curdling demon. He seemed to disappear when the woman came. The corrupt charms were sitting on the table and I figured I had to destroy them to bring the town back. I went to get a hammer and I tried my best to break them. But then I realized, I need fire to burn such metal. Immediately, I threw them in the fireplace, as I watched the evil disappear. I knew all the nightmares would be over soon. Everything blacked out for a minute and I found myself face to face with my mom. I was grateful she was back. "Where have you been?" I half questioned and half yelled in excitement. "Um...we were at the movies, remember you didn't want to come?" Suddenly I remembered this happening before the chaos started, I wanted to walk through the park instead. They seemed completely normal and so did everyone else, I decided to make no big deal about the incident. There was no reason to. From that day on I never saw the charms again and I didn't have nightmares all the time either. Although this horror was over, there were still more to come.



The Crooked Man

Cora-Jane Aubert

There was a crooked man,
Who walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence,
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Who caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.
- James Orchard Halliwell

Prelude

I sit in my cell, room twenty-three, fourth floor, nineteen rooms down from the restrooms. They only put the “special people” on the fourth floor. Three doors down from my cell is the library, and the library is seven doors away from the morgue. I see almost three bodies a day go to that retched room. They all say they’re suicides, but I don’t believe them. These people keep secrets you know, but I have my share in secrets. Every day is the same for me. I wake up, eat my lunch, go out for a “recreation” as they call it; and then I go to my treatment. My treatment is terrible. Because I’m so special, I get the “high quality” treatments. They say I’m the craziest man in the asylum, that’s why I have my own floor. Well, along with the dead bodies. The dead bodies are my only friends...

Now

The sounds of my frail fingers hitting the keyboard give me reassurance. “Missing Female: Alice Jane Murray.” I stop, I cannot type anymore. It hurts. “Brunette, blue eyes, 5’, 4.” Even describing her hurts. “If found please contact Vincent Burner, or the local police station.” The pain of her not being here brings me anxiety. Over the intercom I hear my name, and go attend to my duties. As I walk down the small and twisted hallway, I think about how wonderful my life was when she was here. I think about how she brought joy to me, happiness to every rough day. As these saddening thoughts run through my mind, I bump in to a man. “Sorry,” I mumble, as I proceed walking. I think about what the man looked like. I remember he was quite strange looking. He had dark black hair, long fingers; he was wearing some kind of trench coat, and... his neck. His neck looked like it had been snapped in half. His head dangling by the muscle tissue, and it kind of looked like an accordion. I chuckled at the thought. But it must have just been the way I looked at him. I mean, I was walking so fast I couldn’t get a very good glimpse at him. I arrive at the cell block which holds a monster, a killer. He stays in room twenty-three, fourth floor, and nineteen rooms down from the restrooms. Its three rooms down from the library and the library is seven doors away from the morgue. This room freaks me out. They say this room is where they keep the craziest man in the asylum. That’s why it’s so close to the morgue. I put the key in the lock and turn. I open the door... wishing I wouldn’t have. Lying on the ground of cell twenty-three is Eric Roberts, but not the crazy Eric Roberts I have seen. This Eric Roberts lies on the floor, with his neck twisted up. It looks like his head is just hanging on by the muscle tissue, just like the man I saw. I try to scream but I can’t. “Hey Bud, are you okay,” I hear a voice ask me. All I could do is point. I get home from the police station. They interrogated me like I was the one that killed the man. But I’m not; I’m just the one that found him. As I arrive to my father’s old mansion, I unlock the door with the big brass key that is about a century old. I want to leave this house, to leave the bad memories that it brought to me. I just want to escape. But it’s funny, because I think the same thing every time I come home. I think about how I want to escape the retentions

gives as I turn the handle. I sit on the old chair in the bathroom that I keep there. For some reason, I like to sit and think as the shower, warms up. I realize it is strange to do so, but it has become sort of a habit. Then the bathroom suddenly becomes cold, and the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I hear something, in my bedroom next door, fall off of a shelf. And then I hear footsteps walk towards the bathroom door. I quietly waltz to the other side of the bathroom. Three steady knocks come from the door. Slowly, the door squeaks open. And then, the man with the broken neck walks in. His legs and arms are bent up in different angles. And his face, forms the widest smile, from ear to ear. He looks like a crooked man. He takes out, his only pointer finger, and digs it into my chest. His face gets closer and closer and his body becomes more deformed and crippled. He pries the finger from my chest and licks it clean. Then he left. I always see his face. He is always in my dreams. But no one believes me. I wake up in the dark every night, waiting for him to come. I know he is. They put me in the asylum, because they thought I was crazy. I’m not crazy though. I know I’m not. I’m just impatient. Two years have gone by and I don’t know why the crippled man still hasn’t visited me. I still don’t know what happened to Alice. But I do know one thing. You should be expecting him to come, in to your crooked little life.



The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

Joshua Bennett

The following are excerpts from the journal of the man Nicholas Canon, who based on a small town legend stopped the four horsemen of the apocalypse destroy the world. I have been preparing for the apocalypse for my entire life. But not in the way you might think. I knew the horsemen would come. I knew when, where, and how. I especially knew how to stop them.

They have arrived just as I expected. They are weak in this world. They need rest. That should buy me enough time to destroy their rift, of which I suspect is their way to gain energy. If my studies are correct I only have a couple days to find and destroy their rift into this world before they unleash their wrath upon the world. I have found where they have opened their rift. It was sickening. There were body parts everywhere. Obviously they are gaining power faster than I had planned. The horsemen were already dangerous. This would mean I would have to move quickly.

I immediately enter the only place large enough to house the demons portal to the land of mortals. Sadly the horsemen had made a type of shield very hot to the touch. I had but only one idea, dry ice. The ice is so cold, I believe that if freeze the shield I can shatter it with a board. As I begin the process of freezing the shield I realize it has no effect and strangely the dry ice is not evaporating. After possibly hours of throwing random objects at the shield I made a discovery. Human body parts become horribly burned but actually make it through. With great reluctance I attempt one last attempt. I will coat my body in the bodies of the fallen in an attempt to make it through the shield alive.

As I enter the barrier I come to the realization that it is thicker than once perceived. I believe that the horsemen are aware of my arrival and my intentions. When I finally escape the grasps of the shield my body shield was almost burned completely through and was beginning to get the equivalent of a bad sunburn. The inside of the town hall had been transformed into a large pit with a large glowing ball of color in the center surrounded by four pillars of flesh. Perched on these pillars was a sight no mortal man should witness firsthand. The four horsemen of the apocalypse, standing there, clad in full knight armor, one wielding a scythe, one a hammer, one a axe, and the final a great broadsword. As I entered the room all four turned to face me. They just stood there, as did I. I thought about turning around and forgetting all about what brought me here. But I had to complete my duty as a human and at least attempt to stop the apocalypse. Besides they seemed to have no inclination to attack. This gave me free will to destroy the portal. So once again I took to throwing things. After even more hours I come to one last ditch attempt. This will most likely be my final entry. I throw myself into the portal in hopes that my mortality destroys it. As the story goes that was the last entry in the journal. No one can prove



The Darkness Within Us

Grace Gonzales

Our mind is the only thing that keeps us alive. Our conscience helps us make decisions: what to do, what not to do, what is right, and what is wrong. Not all things we do or say are right in certain circumstances. When we realize this, we unleash the demons within us. Guilt ties us down, darkness spreads, and we have an impact on those lives around us. Some people however don't do anything wrong; they live a normal life, a few bad choices here and there, but nothing major. And then all of the sudden, people snap and turn into these "monsters." They are spreading this negativity virus to all those who let the darkness enter their hearts. Some may not even recognize that it has spread to them.

My name is not important. I have no idea how I got to the state that I am currently in. All I know is that I woke up this morning thinking everything was normal and my day turned out to be completely opposite. As I walked down the stairs to the kitchen, I noticed two things were missing: my parents, and my brother. I called for them down the stairs but the only reply I got back was silence. I got ready, as any other day, and headed toward the bus stop. The cold, crisp air bit at my shoulders as I waited for the bus that never arrived.

I looked down at my watch and saw that it was getting late. I ran back up to my house, got my bike out of the garage, and rode it to school. I could have driven my car but it was out of gas. Once I got there I assumed the classes had already started but I never heard the school bell ring for first hour. This was weird because I can usually always hear it from my house. I walked through the doors of the building and saw my class. I tried to walk in as casual as I could but was shocked at the scene that was laid out before me.

The faces of all of my classmates had changed from beautiful to pure terror. The first things that caught my attention were the eyes. They were black; there was no white, no blue, no hazel, nor green, only black. All of their faces turned and looked at me when I entered the room. The next thing I noticed was their lower jaw. I did not see the rose colored lips, or any lips for that matter. Their razor sharp teeth overlapped each other and they were all that you could see on these creatures' faces because their jaw line seemed to almost fade away into their cheeks and chins. Their gazes caught my eyes and at that moment I tried to scream in horror but no words came out of my mouth. I ran out of the door and into the hallway.

They were everywhere. I tried to think this whole thing was just an illusion or a dream that I could not wake up from. These creatures followed me as I ran out of the school. There had to be hundreds of them flowing out towards the street. They had the same look on their face: kill. As I ran down the street I saw the creatures in every yard and porch. The minute they caught sight of me, they would drop whatever they were doing and run along with the pack. I couldn't lose them. I ran up and down the alleys and streets but they were still right behind me. Everywhere I looked I just see the darkness in these foul creatures that are chasing me down. Where could I go? What would I do when I get there? Is there anyone left?

I ran up the street towards my house. As I got to the door, I noticed that my parents' car was in the driveway. Maybe they could help me understand what is going on and protect me. I ran in through the doors, slammed and locked the door, and ran toward the two figures I thought were my parents. Their backs were facing me; I ran and hugged them from behind. They turned around towards me and that's when I discovered that there was no hope. Their dark eyes burned into my soul as their razor sharp teeth formed into a grin. The windows shattered as the door flew open and in came the mob of the creatures.

I ran upstairs to my bathroom. By locking the door, there was no way that the creatures could come into contact with me since my bathroom had no windows. I started sobbing and tried to cry out the pain: the pain that I had no hope, the pain that nobody was left, and the pain of knowing that all of my friends and family were lost in a sea of creatures. I tried to calm myself down by telling myself that I was okay. As I looked towards the sink something caught my eye. I saw a creature standing there staring at me with a blank expression. She didn't have the vicious emotion as the other creatures that were chasing me. Everywhere I moved, she moved; every way I turned my head, she did the same. At that moment I realized that I was not looking at just any of the dark eyed creatures. I was looking at my own reflection.

Treble in the Museum

Samantha Nab

Today was the day! The museum finally opened! Everybody in town was visiting the National Museum of Music. It was the most exciting day since the year begun. The day was fantastic! Later that night, however, was not so good. Strange music was being heard as the museum was closing, but the workers thought nothing of it. The next day, the museum was just as packed as the day before. This time was different, the creepy music was being heard throughout the day. People began to be concerned, for there was no one playing the music. Later on, people began saying the museum was haunted with music notes. They soon named the ghosts Harmony and Coda. Harmony and Coda had met the night the museum opened. The next day, Harmony was playing beautiful music on his organ. Coda heard Harmony playing, and he started to get angry at the noise. Maybe he was jealous that he couldn't play such beautiful music. Harmony could feel Coda's presence and quickly turned around. This was happening mid afternoon, and people could hear all of this, so they began to freak out. Harmony and Coda were having a music battle! The battle was called Battle of the Beats. Noises were coming from every corner of the building, but not a single thing could be seen. By this point, even the manager began to believe that the museum was haunted. He closed the museum until further notice, which made many people sad. Closing it did nothing! Harmony and Coda were still fighting, and they were fighting loud enough for people to hear as they walked by. They were determined that nothing could stop them from scaring everybody. The citizens were scared for sure, and Harmony and Coda believed it was too much fun to quit. No one would dare to walk by the museum. Children would cry, adults would shiver, elders didn't even think about leaving their house. People all over the country knew about what was happening. It was scary to even think about the museum, for they believed the ghosts would hear their thoughts and haunt them next. Harmony and Coda would not stop fighting! Nothing could stop them! They fought for six days! People feared for their lives! It was all over the televised news, written in the newspaper, and warning letters were sent to all the locals. What a week that was! On the sixth day of them fighting, something intervened. The Treble Clef ghost appeared along with the Bass Clef ghost. They were the like parents to all of the music note ghosts. Harmony and Coda stopped fighting immediately. It was over! Silence filled the air. People came out of their houses as the silence came. They rejoiced as they thought it was over. The Treble Clef and Bass Clef ghosts were furious when they arrived. Harmony and Coda began to worry. Treble Clef started to tell them that they were scaring the people too much. "It's not right to scare people this much!" Treble Clef exclaimed, "Why are you two even fighting?" "We don't know," Coda said. "I think he's jealous of me!" Harmony yelled. "Alright! Quit! You two need to stop! You're causing people to seclude themselves in their homes!" Bass Clef finally said. They agreed to stop fighting, and they were both glaring at each other as they walked into the other word. The next day, the museum was still closed, people started to come out of their homes and walk around to enjoy the silence. Three weeks after the museum closed, the manager came back to reopen it. People were excited, but most of them were nervous about it. The televised news had stated that it was over and everyone was safe. Citizens say it was like a pandemic of fear that struck the country. Locals were surveyed about what it was like to have such a thing happen. No one knows what really happened. This was just a story the locals told to each other. Some believe that it never happened, others say that it was a near death experience. The museum is not being terrorized by Harmony and Coda, the citizens were happy, and all was well. The next months were very good and everybody visited the museum.



My Best Friend Turry

Elissah Scott-Gomez

I'm David, "normal child." Well at least I was before I met my best friend Turry. It all started October 27, 2014. It was a late afternoon. While I was walking home I was thinking of ideas on what to be for Halloween. As I was walking I looked down still thinking when I was rudely interrupted by someone yelling my name.

"Hey David!" shouted out an unknown voice. "David! David!" I looked around panicked. Who would be calling my name? I looked at every house until my eye caught a pumpkin with its mouth moving.

"Ah!! You finally found me!" He said shocked and creepy, "I need your help my friend."

"What do you mean?" I replied, thinking to myself. I'm talking to a pumpkin! "I don't even know you."

"Oh yeah!" He chuckled, "I'm Turry the Jack-o'-lantern!"

"Okay Turry, what can I help you with?"

"Well every year for Halloween I'm a lousy Jack-o'-lantern," he said. "This year I was hoping to be different. So, I was wondering if you can help me be something new for Halloween."

"Okay come with me!" I walked over to him and picked him up. As soon as I got home I ran upstairs to my room and grabbed my pumpkin carving supplies. "Okay, bud!"

He said confused, "How are we going to do this?"

I turned and looked at him then looked away and turned on the record player to my moms old 70s music. For about an hour we did a fun montage. Finally after the sixth style we finally agreed it fit him. He decided on a Jack-o'-skull. Every Halloween from that day on together we go trick or treating as a Jack O' Skull and his Pumpkin barber. Needless to say ever since Turry has been my best friend!



Problem Solved

Alyana Ferguson

I'm not sure how I didn't see it before. Why didn't I ask why father yelled at me so much? Or why mother had to make me feel so guilty for things I couldn't even comprehend as a ten year old? I noticed that the only time they requested my presence was to do chores or to punish me for nonsense reasons. Otherwise, they would give me every excuse to leave the house. Even just to walk around the block a few times. But I have now come to the conclusion that I am no longer loved nor wanted. Mother grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked me outside. She was lecturing me for taking a soda from the ice box. I'm not allowed to drink soda. She slammed the door behind me. I assumed I was to take a walk and "think about what I've done." Yeah, I'll think about what I have done to make my parents stop loving me. Walking down the street I passed a man in a suit. A slender, red headed man standing on the corner. He seemed childish swaying on his heels, hands in pockets, and whistling a tune I hadn't heard since preschool. He stopped swaying when I passed and I could feel his eyes watching me. "Awfully late for a young girl to be wondering the street, don't you think?" he spoke. "Yeah, what of it?" I turned to glare at his gaze. "You should head back home." He offered a concerned smile. "Can't. Now mind your own." I replied harshly. Looking closer I determined he may have been in his late twenties. I tried to walk off but he touched my shoulder. He leaned close to my ear to speak. "Can't? Now why would that be? Perhaps your parents, right?" "How would you know a thing of that?" I questioned and jerked away. "I saw your little episode up the street, your mother was very upset with you I take it?" I gave him a strange expression. "You know, I can solve any problem." He whispered, as if it was a secret. "You can't fix my problems! My parents don't love me, you can't force them!" tears shook my voice. "No, but I can remind them." He smiled with excitement in his eyes.

He told me to meet him there again the next day. I skipped down the street and saw the man swaying at the corner again. I approached him and he offered me a soda. I gladly excepted it and took a long drink from the can. I stood there a moment. It only took seconds for my vision to blur and darken before I fell to the sidewalk. When I woke up I was in what looked to be a child's play room. My mouth was taped shut and one wrist was handcuffed to the bed frame. I sat up and panicked at first, squirming, remembering what had happened. But I soon calmed myself and looked around at the TV and games sitting by the bed. The walls were covered posters of superheroes and famous people. There was all kinds of toys. It was every kid's dream. The man soon entered the room. He greeted me with an apology for the circumstances. He sat on the edge of the bed and began to speak. "Now remember that I'm here to help you and that I would never hurt you, okay?" He leaned closer and carefully removed the tape and handcuffs. He smiled "You can play with any of the toys in this room when I'm here but when I leave I have to handcuff one of your hands to the bed. You can still watch TV but only the news channels alright." I tried to process this the best I could but I was a bit confused. "Well, knock yourself out. I'll be back at dinner." He started walking toward the door. "Wait! how long will I stay here?" I asked. "Probably around a month or so."

Then he walked out of the room and locked the door behind him. The next day he woke me and told me he had to put the handcuff back on my arm. He flipped on the TV to a news channel. After he left the first thing I saw was a breaking news segment. It was about a missing girl that disappeared the night before. A picture of me appeared on the screen. I felt panic as I realized the plan. There was a video of my parents. They were apologizing to me and saying how much they missed me. I thought it was all for show until I noticed my father had tears running down his face. It brought tears to my own eyes to hear his quivering voice as he pleaded for forgiveness. I felt a happiness pass over me knowing now that they do love me. Weeks later the man woke me and told me to turn on the TV. On the screen there was a breaking news report. A child's skinless, burnt body was found on the side of the road and a picture showed my student ID card that was found on the body. I felt sick to my stomach. It showed a video of my parents sobbing with painful expressions. I turned it off. "Promise me that you will never speak of ever being here or meeting me." I nodded.

The next day I woke on the corner of my street. I saw my house and ran to it. My parents screamed with joy. Ever since they have treated me more kindly and I've never been happier. I kept my promise to the man and pretend I never met him but there is just one thing that boggles my mind. Who did the man kill and burn on the side of the road?



Scary Story

Korrie Figueroa

Down the white corridors, through the blank halls, and into the room with only a chair. I was strapped to the cold metal chair, and a metal helmet placed over my head. "Hello Derek, how are you today?" I looked over at the man in the lab coat, he waited patiently. "Screw you." The doctor jotted something down, then turned and nodded at the guy behind the mirror. A light shock ran through me, causing me to jerk in the restraints. "You understand why we do this correct?" I nodded, "It's because I am a bad kid." He shook his head, "We are punishing you for not answering. Come now Derek, we go through this every week." The doctor sighed, walked in front of me and bent to be eye level with me. "Tell me Derek, why do you refuse to accept what you've done?" A low chuckle escaped me and escalated into a howl, "you really are an idiot!" The doctor nodded back to the mirror. "You really think shock treatment is going to stop me?! Just wait! You're all next!" The pain was excruciating but laughter kept coming. After the shocks dulled, my muscles continued to jerk and spaz. They dragged me back to my room and threw me in. Before the guards locked me in, one spat out at me, "You're a freak. No wonder you will never see the light of day." I laughed and held back my urge to attack. I listened as the guard slammed the door and locked it, the bars connecting with the frame. Why can't they see this is just my game? All I want to do is share the beauty of my own Hell. I sighed and began to listen to the comforting screams of other patients. What a lovely lullaby for a beautiful corrupted mind.

A loud bang caused me to spring to my feet. Too fast, I teetered on my feet, blackness faded in and out of my vision. "Hurry up!" A hand grabbed onto my arm and dragged me out of my room. My vision finally caught up with me, and I saw a girl with white hair in front of me. Her white clothes soiled with a crimson color. I pulled my arm free and ran with her. She must have been another patient in our side of the prison. I saw a few other patients running, all of them grinning and laughing. Gunshots rang out, and caused me to flinch. The patient ahead of me fell, blood pooling around the lifeless body. I hurdled over it and began my sprint to the door. I was not going to get caught now, to close to freedom. More gunshots and thumps of bodies on the tile floor. Don't look back. I crashed through the doors and into another part of the prison. "How do we get out?!" I looked around only to see the girl who pulled me out had made it. She smiled and pulled out a scalpel, "simple, we do what we do best." With that she ran down the hall and took a sharp turn, screams came from where she ran. A giddy feeling I hadn't felt for a while began to fight its way to the surface. I let out a howl and ran after the girl.

Laughter escaped me as I turned back to the burning building. Shattering glass and screams filled the night air. Blood covered my uniform and dried over my skin, not all of it mine. A cheshire smile broke across my face as I looked at the claw marks on my arms. The way she fought me when I attacked her, and how pitiful she was when defeated. The girl was a fool to think I was going to let her live. The sounds of screams diminished and I lost interest. Time to find myself a new location to hunt.



The Fortune Teller

Mikaylin Hackley

Kate was a very logical person. If things didn't add up, they simply weren't true, according to her philosophy. So when people in town started to talk about a new fortune teller in town who had never gotten a prediction wrong, naturally, she was skeptical. Kate loved being a reporter. She was famous for always telling the truth but digging up the juiciest stories. Everyone watched her newscast. She decided the best way to expose this mystical fortune teller was through the media. The fortune teller's office was shabby at best. As Kate peered through a grimy little window and looked inside, all she could see was a single table with a man calmly sitting beside it. He smiled kindly at her and waved her in. Kate already knew how to play it. She had a specially made wire under her favorite jean jacket and a huge smile on her face. Her angle to get the story she needed was simple: she was a simple minded young entrepreneur that believed in magic and thought the fortune teller would bring her good news. Gag. Still, she happily strolled in and looked at the man with wide eyes, "Are you the one who has never made a prediction wrong?" she asked in an innocent tone. "That is I. Come in." He gestured to the chair across from him. Kate smiled. Her story was about to crack wide open. "So tell me more about my love life," Kate inquired. It took all she had to go along with her plan and not reveal her real motives. He answered her question, but Kate wasn't paying much attention to him; she was too busy planning her headline. She came back into focus when the old man asked for her palm. She handed it to him cheerfully. He ran his hands across her deeply lined hand.

"Oh my. This is not good. I'm so sorry to be telling you this, but I suppose you will figure it out soon anyway," he said evasively.

"What is it, sir?" She tried not to laugh at herself. Sir? Classic. He took a deep breath.

"You have quite a fortune. As all things in this world, money doesn't last forever. Your good fortune is reaching its end."

Kate couldn't help herself. Is this guy for real? She played along, looking shocked. "Is there anything I can do to prevent this?" she said, stifling a laugh.

"Yes," he answered seriously. "Take all of your bank accounts and change their pins. You could make new accounts if you feel it necessary, but I wouldn't say you must." Kate smiled.

"Thank you for warning me. I owe you a great deal." She managed to get out.

"My pleasure, miss. Oh, by the way, you might want to ask permission next time you record a stranger. Not all of us are comfortable on the news."

"Maybe he really is a fortune teller. Maybe he predicted that a reporter would tape him!" Kate's friend Grace guessed, "Or, he just saw the wire cord sticking out of my shirt. Or he has really good hearing and the microphone was giving feedback. Really, Grace, he's not actually physic."

It had been three days since Kate's meeting with the physic. Her story was almpst ready to be aired, and she was celebrating with lunch, Kate and Grace stopped in front of a bank. "Let me just get some cash then we can go." Kate said as she walked in. The indoor ATM wasn't being used. She put in her credit card information and only got a message on the screen. "This account is no longer in use. If you believe this to be a mistake, please see the front desk." Kate was frustrated. She hadn't canceled anything. The clerk at the front desk checked her records. "I'm afraid this account was canceled after being maxed out yesterday. Actually, all of your accounts have been drained. That can't be done without your pin number." "I don't know how this could've happened." Kate responded. She had her entire life savings in that bank. Her account was programmed to alert her if anything happened to it. "That's impossible," she responded hoarsely. The clerk shook her head. "I'm so sorry. The chances of this happening are so unlikely." Kate could only form one thought. "The fortune teller," she whispered. Without another word, she stormed out of the bank. Katie had lost everything. The bank had no security footage and no way to find out who knew her account numbers. Her mortgage payments were passed their due dates and Katie had no way to pay them. Her car had been repossessed. In the months this continued, Katie continued to think of the fortune teller. She never aired his story. She panicked when the bank lost all her money. "No! I am not going back in that place!" Kate yelled at Grace in front of the shop. "You have to find out what he did! Besides, just a few months ago you didn't believe in fortune tellers." Kate relaxed a bit. "You're right. Fortune tellers are still totally bogus," Kate said, "he's just some old man." she turned toward the door and shoved it open. He was still sitting in the same spot as before. "What did you do to me?" she choked out. He chuckled. "I told you Katie, my predictions are never wrong."

When the Lights Go Out

Savannah Montoya

You're in a house, a big house, and the next closest house is a mile away. You're all alone. You're listening to sweet music, and everything seems to be at ease and relaxed. The sun is setting and it's almost dark, you decide to sit back and watch the marvelous sunset, of red and orange hues, fade into the black of night. The sun finally slips out of sight. It's night time now, and there's not a single star in the sky, you think it's unusual. Not even the moon inhabits the sky tonight. The lights are on in your room, and you decide to sit back in your comfy chair and reminisce about the wonderful day you had. But then the lights go out. Suddenly everything turns black. You can't even see your hand in front of your face. You sit in your chair in the quiet. It's so eerily quiet. Deathly silent. Wait! What was that? A noise! You could have sworn you heard a noise! You sit still and silent and listen. Listening. Listening. Listening. Again! You heard it again! What is it?! You're all alone, it couldn't be anyone else. Or could it? Is someone else here with you? No, there couldn't be. You're just being silly. But, wait. There, in the corner of your room, a figure. What is it? You can't quite make it out. Is it a person? Yes it is a person, you swear it's a person. A million thoughts are flying through your mind. What should you do? You need a light. There's a match and a candle in the nightstand next to your bed, but it's all the way across the room. You want to move, but you can't. You don't want the figure to see you, you're even terrified to breathe. What will happen if it sees you? What will it do? You feel paralyzed in a chair that once felt so comfortable. Now it seems to feel as if you're sitting on a million needles. All you can do is stare at the nightstand, and think about all the possible ways you can get there, without the figure seeing you. You look at the bed, and think about how comfortable it would feel to lay down and rest your head on the soft, cushiony, pillow. But wait, under the bed, you can see it's fingers! Your heart begins to race. You can hear it thumping, you can feel it pounding inside of your chest, it feels like it's about break through your ribs and burst out of

your chest. You're drenched in a cold sweat. The goosebumps rise on your skin, and the little hairs stand up on the back of your neck. You can't take it anymore! Just then the lights flicker back on. You're ready to see the figure staring back at you, you turn your head to face it. There it is! But, it was nothing. It was nobody. Just a coat hanger with a hat on it. You can't believe it. But those fingers under the bed. Who or what did they belong to? You slowly turn your head, preparing to see the creature crawl out. You have a sigh of relief, they are just a pair of gloves. You remember that they fell out of your pockets the day before. You calm down, and you relax your body. You couldn't believe that your mind was just playing games with you. But then you remember the sound. That sound that started it all. The sound amongst the eerie silence. Where did it come from? You remember it came from the direction of the closet. What was it again? It was a thump? No, wait, it was a whisper. But what did it say? Just then you snap your head to the direction of the closet, at the sound of the closet doors bursting open.

"Bam! I've got you now!" And the lights. Went. Out.



Strange Night

Natassja Rubio

It was a dark night. The wind was blowing, it was cold, and the rain was coming down hard. Lightning kept striking, I could see it in the sky. It looked like I was in a dark room and someone kept flashing the lights off and on. We were in the woods, on our way to find our cabin that we had to stay at because we were going to the mountains for a few days. But all of a sudden as we were driving down the road, we started slowing down and the car slowly stopped. My dad got out of the car to check what happened and he noticed that we got a flat tire because we ran over a nail. My dad tried to fix it but he didn't have the right tools to do it. So we pushed the car off to the side of the road and we grabbed our things and started walking, thinking that our cabin wasn't that far away. It was starting to get dark as we were walking down the street. My mom and brother stopped and pointed out a house down the street that looked kind of like a cabin. So we started walking that direction. As we were walking through the leaves in the forest, behind us it sounded like someone else was walking behind us. It started to scare us because the noise kept getting closer and closer. We ran for a little bit hoping we lost them because the rain was coming down so hard and the wind was blowing like crazy. We ran a few miles and then stopped, out of breath. We reached the yard of the cabin. Well at least we thought it was a cabin. From far the house looked like it was a cabin, but when we were in the yard it looked like an abandoned house. The windows were all boarded up and there were weeds that were almost as tall as trees. We walked up to the door and my brother gave it a little push. The door slowly opened and we all stepped away. Then we stepped back up and walked inside the house, when I walked in the doorway it sounded like a piano was playing and as I stepped more into the house the music stopped. Then the door slammed behind us and we all jumped. Inside the house there were two sets of stairs, one set was on the left and the other set was on the right, then they connected on the top. In between the stair cases was a hallway. We walked into the hallway and on the wall, there was a picture frame that looked like it was ready to fall off the wall. The picture in the picture frame was an old man and in the background it was very blurry. It looked like a ghost but I wasn't so sure. As we were walking down the hall I heard a door squeak open and then it slowly closed. Then I heard the wooden floor like someone was walking on it. I told everyone that it could have been the same person that was following us back where we got a flat tire. Or it could have been the ghost that was in the background of the picture of the old man. My dad peeked his head by the wall to see who was there, but he saw no one. Then the piano started to play again. We walked up stairs to see where the piano was. The music led to a room towards the back of the house. When we walked into the room, the music stopped. It was the scariest thing ever! We rushed out of that room to the room next to it. In that room there were some toys, a crib, and a rocking chair in the corner of the room. When I was looking at all of that stuff I heard a big boom! I screamed at the top of my lungs. Everyone turned around to see that it was just my brother who tripped over a toy. Then I turned around and looked back at the rocking chair and it was rocking. The piano started to play again and it even sounded like someone was humming a lullaby to a baby. We all ran out of the room and down the stairs. We were headed for the door. But when we got to the door it wouldn't open, no matter how hard we pulled it the door would not open! We separated into groups so my brother went with my dad and I stood with my mom. We were trying to find a way out of this place because we thought we were trapped in it. We were banging on the windows and the door with a hammer trying to break it, but it wasn't working. Then my brother and my dad started to call us so we ran over to them. They got a door open in the back of the house and we all ran out the door and out of the yard, into the street. We didn't know what direction to go in, but I remembered when we got into this driveway we came from straight up the street. So we headed back that direction. We never saw the car but we saw where my dad took the tire off, it was still right where he left it. I didn't know who took it but it was all a mystery.



A Weird Halloween

Joshua Trujillo

It was Halloween night, Friday, October 31st at about eight o'clock in the evening. The night was foggy and cold and there was a full moon. My mother was working hard to try and get me ready so that I could go out trick or treating with my neighborhood friend Antonio. My mother asked me to go over my Grandpa's house to get my costume and candy bucket. My Grandpa's house was about a half mile away. To get there I had to cross over the railroad tracks and go around the water pond that my Grandpa had built for his horses. When I arrived at my Grandpa's house the wind started blowing very hard and all of a sudden the night became very dark. I immediately became frightened and went into the house and told my Grandpa that I needed to put on my Halloween costume, get my candy bucket and go home quickly. I put on my costume as fast as I could and dashed out of the house not telling my Grandpa that I had left or not worrying about tripping or falling down on the way back to my house. When I was about a quarter mile from my house, I looked over my shoulder to see if anyone was following me. I didn't see anyone so I continued running. All of a sudden in front of me I saw the biggest monster man I had ever seen. He had hair down to his waist, one arm, one eye, a big cut over his forehead and was wearing a Denver Bronco t-shirt. He tried to stop me so I backed up and went around the pond to get away from him. He quickly followed me but could not catch me. Thinking that I had gotten away from him, I slowed down and looked around. Still scared and wanting to be safe, I again looked around and this time seen him on the back side of the pond. Thinking I had nothing to worry about, I started to walk slowly back to my house. All of a sudden I heard a noise like someone had fallen into water. I looked back and saw him running on top of the water and he was getting closer to me. I started to run once again and finally reached my mother's house with the monster man right behind me. I went into the house and told my mother that a man was chasing me and that he was outside the door on the porch. My mother did not believe me and went to look for herself. She did not find the man but there on the porch she found the Denver Bronco t-shirt that the monster man was wearing. I never saw monster man again but my grandpa now calls the trail I was running that night Bronco alley. Boo! Boo! Booooooo! I wonder now whether that monster man was my grandpa trying to scare me out of my mind! But if that is so, how was he able to run on water?



Pure Evil

Rachel Cesario

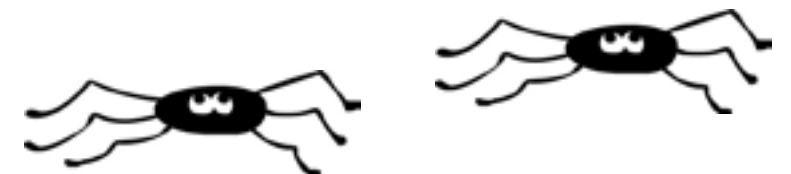
The most blessed time of year is that of Christmas time for Christians. It was during this time over 70 years ago that an evil that most people will never know was unleashed. In a prospering college town in Colorado, a little girl was born into the privilege and wealth of an entrepreneurial family. As the only grandchild born into the lap of luxury, Shirley knew no bounds as far as money and entitlement were concerned. To look upon her at first glance, she was a well-dressed, little blond girl, but if you studied her or her photos, her eyes were soulless and as evil as the depths of hell. As the years went on, Shirley perfected her craft of getting what she wanted at any cost. Human carnage meant nothing to her. Not the best looking girl, she used her money and prestige to garner attention. This caught the attention of a movie star handsome boy, Richard, from a neighboring city. Used to having all the attention because of his beauty, he never thought that such a plain girl could get such a grip hold on him. By the time he realized it, they were married and she was with child. Her first child was a boy. A beautiful soul, Shirley took an immediate dislike to Mark. As he grew, her hatred and disdain grew. Her hate seemed to be a supernatural hate, good vs. evil. The boy, innocent and loving, caused her to hate him even more. Her main goal in life was to destroy the light given to him. Abuse; mental, emotional, and physical ensued. The beautiful boy, so full of promise, shriveled and became full of anger, fear, and hatred himself. Shirley's evil had been poured upon the boy, and would leave a lifetime of scars. Two more children joined the family, a girl and another boy. Shirley chose to make these her children her minions. She made sure that they knew their brother was the "bad" one and of no use to the family unit, except to work and make fun of. Richard, his own father, was even manipulated into believing the boy was bad and joined in the abuse. As the years rolled by, the boy tried to make it through life with the curses his mother had placed upon him, until one day his promise was to return to him. He met the girl that he would one day marry, and that would both break the curse placed upon him and destroy his mother. His future bride, Rae, was an innocent, kind girl, who was unaware of the task that had been placed as her destiny. A marriage of thirty years and two beautiful children of promise were given to the couple along with promises of the future generations being released from the shackles of the many curses entangling their family tree. Little did Rae know, it would be her and her strength that would break this stronghold Mark's family had immediately hated Rae upon meeting her 30 years ago, knowing that if she could wield her influence, their hold would fall apart, and that would mean that they would be exposed for what they really were. Three decades of abuse had been catapulted toward Rae and her children, as Shirley knew that she could only keep her position if she destroyed this powerful family. With times of wavering, Rae knew that only her steadfastness was going to win this war. Armed with knowledge and the promises of her Maker, Rae knew just how to deal the final blow. Shirley's money had come to an end, so what little power in this world that she had, was gone. Richard was on his deathbed, and the one who always allowed Shirley and her evil to continue, didn't have much longer. Upon his death, Shirley surrounded herself with her minions and kept Mark where she wanted him, in place. Rae decided it was time to deal the death blow. After years of watching and observing, along with supernatural guidance, she knew this was it. As a well-respected person in the community, people's blinders began to falloff when Rae would no longer pretend or hide the facts of what an evil-hearted person can do to her own family and generations to come. The truth came out, and without her money to hide behind, Shirley was shunned, with only one minion and the couple of clueless friends staying with her. Mark's wounds will follow him for the rest of his life, but the curse has been destroyed, and he can rest in the fact that his children will live a beautiful life because of his and Rae's sacrifices and destruction of the pure evil that had come up against them.



A Drink of Water

Dan Dixon

Daniel's eyes opened slowly, and he stretched under his covers. Although it was the middle of the night in the middle of winter, the furnace in his home kept his family healthy and warm. He blinked the sleep from his eyes, and readied himself to crawl out from under his sheet and blanket. He was feeling nature's call, as sometimes happens to four year old boys in the middle of the night, and so he slid across his mattress, dropped his feet to the floor, and crept, barefoot, quietly past his sleeping brother in the other bed. He turned left in the hallway, took a few more steps, and felt along the wall with his left hand until he found the frame of the bathroom door. Daniel pushed the door open - it was left unlatched for just such an emergency. He shut the door behind him, stood in front of the stool and, as his eyes adjusted to the darkness, lifted the lid and seat and took care of his business. He put the lid down, pushed down the lever to flush, and then stepped up onto the lid so that he could reach his hands into the sink and wash them. He next reached across the counter top and grabbed the drinking cup. He turned on the water, cold side only, and waited for it to get really cold. A creaking sound came from the end of the hallway. He froze on his perch atop the toilet lid, his hand under the tap cooling as the water flowed over it. Suddenly, a drink was the last thing he cared about, wishing only that he had never awakened. Another creak from the hallway, this time a little bit closer. Why hadn't he stayed in his bed and just held it for awhile? A third creak. A little bit louder, it seemed, and a little more threatening. He thought of where he could hide in the bathroom - the bathtub? In the towel closet? Two more creaks, and he was almost sure he could hear something breathing just down the hall from the bathroom door. Softly it breathed, which somehow made his fear grow even greater. He heard a sliding sound across the floor of the hallway, inches, it seemed, from the door, as if whatever was out there was slowing down and, sure enough, it came to a stop right outside the door. The doorknob began to move, slowly rotating, as whatever it was that was in the hallway began fumbling to come inside. He thought he might try to leap down from his perch and lock the door, but instinctively he knew that he would never have the time to find the lock on the knob and turn it before the unknown something in the hallway would be upon him. He shut his eyes and held his breath, thinking that if the thing outside the door could not hear him, it might move on, leave his house, and leave him and his family alone. It never occurred to him that the sound of the running tap was louder than his breathing could ever be, and as the water continued to soak his sleeve, he cowered over the sink, trying to hide his head in the crook of his elbow. Thoughts flashed through his mind - the thing in the hall was about to set upon him. How his parents would miss him! His brother would feel lonely, sleeping in a room all by himself. The fear that now gripped him threatened to swallow him like a puppy would a dog biscuit. The door opened, and it stepped into the bathroom with him. Its soft breathing filled the room, and its breath gave an odor that was not unlike mouth wash. He could not look, would not look, but sensed it reaching for him. It filled the room in front of him, blocking his only way out: He was sure that he would scream, waking his brother and subjecting him to this terror as well, and so he clenched his teeth together and sealed his lips, swallowing whatever scream had been growing in his throat. Its arms wrapped around him, and he felt hot breath on his neck. This was it. "Daniel" it whispered. "Daniel" his mother repeated quietly. "Let's turn off this water and get you back to bed. Look, your pajama shirt sleeve is soaked". She led him back to his bedroom, taking off the wet-sleeved shirt as they went, and despite the darkness in the room, quickly found a t-shirt for him, hardly making a sound, as only mothers can. She helped him lift the shirt down his upraised arms, over his head, and then slide it over his chest and tummy. She lifted his covers so he could slide back into bed. She kissed his forehead, sang a short section of one of his favorite songs (Babes in the Woods, it was called), and watched as his eyes shut. Then, as her son fell back asleep, the terror from the hallway walked across her boys' room, down the hallway, and back to her room. As only a mother can do.



Ghosts Alive!

Edith Edson

My partner and I got a call from the dispatcher at 10 p.m. asking us to investigate a car crash just north of milepost 53. A car ran into an embankment. "Are there any injuries?" I asked. "Unknown," she answered. "The guy who called it in wouldn't go back to see. His voice sounded really agitated, and he swore there was a ghost." "Oh, sure!" I responded. "I'm not kidding; he was convinced a ghost was in that car." "Was he drunk?" "I don't think so," she said, "he sounded really scared." My brain was a racetrack with thoughts crashing into one another. I tightened my grip on the wheel. "Do you think it's a trap?" "I suppose it could be. Be careful and call for back-up if you need it." In a couple of minutes we saw the Ford Taurus. The right front fender and the hood were pretty smashed. I hoped we'd be able to get the driver out OK. I parked beyond the crash, left the lights flashing, and walked back to the driver's side. My partner, Jay, went to check the passenger side. I opened the door and felt for a pulse. It was pretty faint, and the driver's breathing was labored. I started looking for injuries. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something big and white rear up on the back seat. I screamed. *Steady, fella*, I told myself in a shaky voice Jay asked, "What is that thing?" He was shining his flashlight in the window. I was sweating, and the skin on the back of my neck prickled. "I don't know."

He bravely opened the back door and peered in. "There's an alligator in an aquarium," he said. "Geez," he yelled jumping back. He slammed the door. "I don't know what that white thing is, but it came after me." I was trying to stabilize the driver and keep track of the thing at the same time. It was moving again...a creepy, wavy motion. "Just watch the thing," I commanded. "The way it moves is eerie." He drew his gun and shined his light in the window again. "It's a bag," he said after playing his light up and down. "The bag's got a lock on it. Do you suppose he kidnapped a kid?" "That's all we need," I griped. I focused on the bag. "Hey, kid are you all right?" Silence. I was getting unnerved. I didn't see a head. Maybe what was in the bag was a shapeless ghost. I tried again, louder. "Kid can you hear me?" More silence. The flashing lights swept blue and red across the bag. Jay's voice cut through the silence, "Leave the driver for a minute and help me. We'll cut the bag open if we have to." I opened the back door and we grabbed the bag. Something as big around as a coffee mug writhed under my hand. I dropped it, my heart pounding. We both slammed the back doors of the car. "That thing must weigh 50 pounds," Jay said. He continued, "There was a notebook on the front seat. Maybe it will give us a clue as to what that thing is; it's sure not human." He opened the notebook while I checked out the driver again. I hoped the ambulance would hurry. Once they took the driver, we would be done with the big ghostly thing. My muscles were still tense and I had a headache. "The driver had permission to transport animals for the Red Creek Zoo. I'll call them and see what the heck he's transporting," Jay said. He explained the situation to whoever answered the phone. I heard, "Yeah. The tow truck will be coming. Yeah. I guess so." Jay turned to me. "It's just Max," they said. "Who the heck is Max?" "A snake...a boa constrictor. They said he's not poisonous, and we don't need to be afraid of him. They are coming to get him. They want us to hold the tow truck until they get here and stay with Max so he doesn't get hurt." *Great!* I thought. *We get to baby sit a ghost snake so he doesn't get hurt.*



Janet's Mystery Library

Brandy Lord

Janet loved going to the library more than anything else. She enjoyed the smell, and the burst of cold air as you enter the building on a hot summer day. On this particular day she decided she would take the elevator up to the second floor to look for a book to read. She exited the elevator on the second floor and walked past the computer area where people spent their time updating their status and playing face page games. Then she walked past all of the people searching through the movies for one they haven't seen yet. Yes, she was actually at the library to check out a book to read. Walking through the aisles of books she came to the horror section. She picked up a book titled, "The Haunted Woods." Janet flipped through the pages and then sat the book back on the shelf. As she looked through the shelf to the next isle of books she saw a little girl in a pink and yellow checkered sundress, with blonde pigtails, skip down the aisle. When the little girl got to the end of the aisle she disappeared around the corner. Janet slowly walked down the aisle the little girl had skipped down. The hair on the back of her neck started to tingle, and she got the feeling that someone was watching her. She spun around quickly, but to her dismay there was nobody there. Then she noticed a book in the floor. As she bent down to pick it up she observed that it was purple and the initials J.B. Were engraved on it in lime green sparkly letters. Then there was a loud crash that sounded like it came from the third floor above where she was standing. Janet jumped. "What in the world was that", she wondered aloud. She threw the book in her bag and ran up the stairs that led to the third floor. She looked around and nothing was out of place. Everyone was going about their business like she had imagined the whole thing. "Weird", she said. Then she took the book out of her bag and sat at a table by the window. Inside the cover of the book in handwritten letters it read, this book belongs to Janet B. "That's not possible, I've never seen this book before." Her name was Janet Bell. Maybe it belonged to somebody with the same first name and same initial of her last name. That was possible, right? She turned to page one. It couldn't be her book it was in a different handwriting than hers. It was a journal. As she began to read she could hear a young girl's voice inside her head. The date read June 6, 1921. "Many people died in the floods. The last one was the worst. There had to be at least a hundred people on the Fourth Street Bridge when it collapsed. All of those people just gone. Her family was gone too. I'm so sad." Janet turned the page. She knew about the Pueblo floods, anybody who had grown up there new the stories of loss. She had always thought Pueblo must be haunted, now she was certain. The hair on the back of her neck was standing up and she had a cold chill run up her back. Then the alarm on her phone went off and scared the crud out of her. People looked at her rudely as she fumbled to turn off her alarm. She had set the alarm to remind her about the art exhibit on the fourth floor. She threw her stuff back in her bag and ran for the elevators. Just as the elevator door was closing, she saw the same little girl in the checkered dress in the elevator, and a blue light glowed around her. Did she just see a ghost, she wondered? She decided to take the stairs. She couldn't shake the cold feeling that she had gotten. The art exhibit on the fourth floor had pictures that a local artist had taken of different places in Pueblo and had mixed them with old black and white photos from the times of the floods. Janet wondered if it was a strange coincidence. She looked at each of the pictures. The last picture she looked at was of a group of orphans standing on the court house steps in black and white that had been blended with a newer picture of the courthouse. It was really quite creepy. She looked at the picture closer. There in the second row, last one on the left was the little girl in the checkered dress, and she was holding the journal. "Oh my god," exclaimed Janet. A tear ran down her face. She wasn't scared anymore. She took the book out and read further into it. It turned out that the first Janet B. lost her family in the flood but she grew up to be a successful librarian. When Janet went home she asked her mom about it, and she told her that her great grandma was Janet Blake, her namesake. So she had just had a run in with her dead great grandma at the library. "I guess there is more than one kind of story you can learn at the library," she thought to herself, especially in Pueblo." Janet's great grandma had wanted to share her story with her. Now she could appreciate where her name came from, and she would always cherish it.



A Frightful Bunny...

Natassia Rivera

It was all hollows eve and as we do every year my family and I get all snuggled with some hot cocoa and watch a scary movie. This year we decided on Franken Bunny. This movie was rated very scary amongst all the other bunnies in our town. So we had to see it. My mom and dad told me that if we watch it, no matter what we had to sleep in our own room. Bad idea.

Thump! Thump! Thump! That's all that was heard in the middle of the night as we were getting ready for bed. I looked around my room and I could see my little brother the trickster already laying down. So I knew it wasn't him. The thumping noise continued but I figured it just to be our neighbors closing the door on their home. I finally fell asleep. As it continued on through the night. I closed my eyes tight, covered my head with my blanket and finally was able to block out the noise.

I laid in bed the next morning beginning the day by twiddling my floppy feet making sure they were still there and pulling on my own ears. Yeah, they were still intact. My brother said he heard nothing so maybe I was going crazy. No more scary movies for me. I went on with my day doing my normal bunny duties digging holes, eating carrots and school. Boy was I ready for bed when I got home. This time I decided I wasn't going to watch anything scary. It didn't work as I was laying down in bed it all began again. Thump, thump, thump. But this time I heard a creak. Oh my was that my door? Just like that, in the blink of an eye my room filled with balloons and all my family was there. I had forgot that today Halloween was my birthday and this whole time it was them trying to hide my surprise from me. This was one scary birthday!

