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The Typewriter

It was a dark and stormy night and the two sisters went out to look around. They soon found a haunted house, well they didn't know that just yet. They looked all around the house and all they saw were spooky trees and fog. One of the sisters was a little bratty but this time she was not bratty she was terrified. They walked into the house and then the door slammed shut when they walked in. It was extremely old, it had cobwebs all over. Then they saw it, a typewriter. It was extremely old. It was rusting. Of course the bratty sister wanted to take it home with her because it was cool. Now her sister on the other hand didn't, she was the type of person who was always scared to do things. They walked up to the typewriter and looked at it. They noticed there was still paper in the typewriter so they decided to try to type on the typewriter. The paper had lots of names on it. At the top of the paper it said "Put your name". So of course the sisters typed their names on the piece of paper in the typewriter. Then all of a sudden the lights flashed on and there were at least fifty dolls. They got terrified and they tried to run out of the house but it was locked. Now they realized why their mother never let them near this old house, it was haunted. Then all of a sudden there was a flash of light and then they were never seen again.

A day after they went missing the towns people went out looking for the sisters and where they could have gone. They were never found, but let's fast forward 30 years. There was a girl named Lily and she was a sweet child who liked helping people. One day she had to move to a different town with her little brothers and mother because her mother got a new job in a small town. The town that they moved to was the town that had the haunted house. They moved into their new house and strange things started to happen. Mugs fell off shelves, books opened on their own, and the water would turn on by itself.

Lily's little brother started to get scared with the weird things that were happening so he wanted to move back to the house they lived in before they moved. Their mother reassured him that it was alright.

Now they have lived in the house for a month already and Lily had to start school. When school started she met this wonderful person that was so kind to her and was willing to be her friend. They told each other so many secrets. They had sleepovers and they just had so much fun together all of the time that they didn't want to leave each other. Then one day Lily's best friend Tory went missing. Lily went over to her house one day but Tory wasn't there but then Tory's mother told her why she wasn't there. Tory's mother explained that she was going to the forest to pick some wildflowers before you came to the house for your playdate and she never came back. Lily asked if she could go to the forest to find her, but Tory's mother didn't want her to go missing too.

Ever since that day, Lily always thought about her best friend. Then about a week after Tory went missing strange things started to happen. More kids went missing, blood was found all over the place, and people thought they saw ghosts. One year later the same things were happening. Then it was time for all of the kids to start school again. Now Lily's little brother Sammy was going to start kindergarten. After the first week of kindergarten he said he loved it. Then things went down hill for Lily's family.

A month after school had started Sammy kept wanting to go to the forest because he heard music. Of course his mother said no. Then one night Sammy left the house and went into the forest. Then he was never seen again. The next morning Lily found blood on the doorstep, and she knew what that meant.

After living in that town she knew lots of kids went missing and if they went missing their parents would find blood on the doorstep. Lily wanted to scream! First my best friend Tory, and now my little brother, but she didn't. She told her mother that Sammy had gone missing. That day they made missing child

posters of Sammy. When they went there they saw some missing child posters frome 50 years ago. The first child that went missing in this town was named Bobby and he was 14 years old.

Ever since Sammy went missing Lily has never been the same. There was no little boy waiting at the door for her to come home from school. She had nobody to play with. Then one day she was hearing music. The music was calling her. She wanted to follow it but she didn't want to get kidnapped. She heard the music day and night and it never stopped. Then she remembered something that Tory told her before she went missing. Tory told Lily that she was hearing some strange music day and night and it was like calling her. Then Lily realized if she followed this music she might be able to find Tory and her little brother Sammy .She told her mother that she was going into the forest to look for something but her mother said no. She listened to her mother and she never went to the forest. The music keeps getting louder and louder. One day she couldn't stand the music anymore so she followed the sound into the forest. It seems like she wasn't getting close to the music, it didn't even get louder or quieter. She soon found an old house in the forest. She went in the house and the door slammed shut.

She was drawn to a typewriter, it was sitting on a table, all rusty. Lily looked at the paper in it and it said "Put your name." Lily looked through all of the names and the names were: Bobby, Emma, Noah, Ethan, Ava, James, Mia, Sophia, **Tory**, **Sammy**. There were many more names though.When she read Tory and Sammys name she was devastated and grabbed the paper out of the typewriter and threw it. The lights flickered on and she saw lots of dolls. Lily soon saw a doll that looked like Tory and a doll that looked like Sammy. She found out they were turned into dolls.Then all of a sudden the dolls turned into humans. Surprisingly, none of the people that turned into dolls never aged. Lily walked home with Tory and Sammy. Soon Tory explained.

Tory told Lily that the typewriter called kids to write their

The candy thief prison

A strange pitch black hole opened on one of the walls of the house. The pumpkin walked inside and the orb followed then the portal snapped shut, and in front of Syon was A giant prison and a sign that read, "Candy Thief Prison" when the gates opened he saw there were kids around his age getting tortured by the things they were most afraid of. There were signs on each of the cells he read one and it said, "Sally 12 years old took 2 pieces of candy,she is most afraid of ghosts." The pumpkin and Syon walked for about ten minutes, then they came up to a large heavy iron door. They went inside. The pumpkin finally said something and it said "This is the testing lab. It is where we see what you are afraid of and then we put you in a cell and we put whatever you are afraid of in that cell with you." Syon quickly asked "How do they figure out what you are afraid of?" The pumpkin replied "Either you tell us what you are afraid of or we go inside of your brain and mess with your thoughts till you tell us but we would rather do it the second way.

The lab

They entered the lab and saw a dark orange chair and a ghost that had a lab coat and glasses. THe ghost asked "Are you going to tell us the easy, way or the hard way. Syon responded "I'll never tell." "Are you sure about that?"The ghost asked. "Yes." Syon replied. The ghost and the pumpkin grinned at each other and went into Syons brain and started messing with his thoughts.

Syon's memories

They went into syon´s favorite memory, the first time he had candy. The pumpkin and the ghoul started with making the candy life sized, and hungry for human flesh. First they ate his parents, but then when he went to hide the candy's deelishis smell drew him closer and closer and then they got ready to bite but then everything stopped. That's when they realized he admitted his fear. His fear was of living, flesh eating candy.

The Cell

After they took him out of the lab they said that he was in cell 199,008,445. He was sentenced to five years of nonstop torture. Those following years his mom and dad had called in five missing person calls to the police. Finally after the third year of looking they gave up.

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It was a night like any other. Rayne and Gray were left alone in the house while their parents were out doing, whatever they did. The siblings never 'hated' each other, but they decided it would be best if they kept their business to themselves. They had never been close and that was the way they liked it.

Gray stayed in his room as he did everyday, while Rayne was sat on her bed on FaceTime with her best friend, June. Rayne had her door open, like she did all the time. She never liked the feeling of having her door closed. It made her feel confined and she hated that feeling. Her bed faced her open door and into the dark that was their hallway. While the friends were talking, every once in a while Rayne looked up into the darkness. She had the bad feeling that someone was watching her, but she brushed it off as her brother passing by her room to get something or go somewhere.

After a couple of hours on the phone, the noises coming from her brother's room get progressively louder. She made the decision that she would go into his room and tell him to turn his tv down. Rayne told her friend what she was doing and June wished her luck, since her brother was quite stubborn and probably wouldn't turn it down when Rayne asked him.

As soon as Ryane stepped into the hallway the temperature immediately shifted. It was a change from her warm and cozy room that she had been in almost all night. The hallway was super cold and she shivered from the sudden change. She quickly walked down and into the doorway of Gray's room. She stood there and watched as her brother's eyes were glued to the tv. She rolled her eyes and began speaking. "Hey, can you turn down your tv? I can hear it from my room and I'm trying to do my homework." She waited for his response, but he hardly moved. She looked at him a little longer before getting annoyed and walking down stairs to get a snack and maybe a drink, hoping that he would do as she asked.

As soon as she stepped into the kitchen her blood ran cold. She stood there was the most shocked face, as she saw her brother reach into the pantry and grab the package of oreos. "That can't be possible. I just saw him in his room and there is no way he could have gotten down here before me. I surely would have seen him come down the stairs." She thought to herself while staring at Gray. "What are you staring at, creep?" Her brother questioned her jokingly. "I-I Just saw you in your room, y-you were in there watching tv. I walked in and asked you to turn it down. H-How are you down here?" She managed to stutter out as her response. Her brother looked at her like she was absolutely insane. "What do you mean? I've been down here for like 20 minutes."

Just then, they heard a loud baning coming from upstairs. Most likely from Gray's room. They both bolted to where the stairs were, but didn't dare go up them to see what that noise was. It was a running joke in her family that their house was haunted. Every once and a while someone would hear something odd, but just blame it on someone and go about what they were doing like nothing happened. However, this time was different. Both Rayne and Gray were downstairs trying to sort out what Rayne had seen in Gray's room. There was no way someone was up there. They didn't have any pets and their parents had been gone for at least 5 hours.

"What was that?" They both said at the same time while looking at each other. It was clear that they were both terrified and had no idea what that noise was. As soon as Gray was about to open his mouth and say something, the basement door creaked open. They both jolted around so that they were looking directly at the door. "W-Was that open before?" Rayne said, her voice laced with fear and her eyes not leaving the now wide-open door. Gray shook his head and

started walking towards the basement. Rayne grabbed his arm a bit harshly and pushed him behind her. "I'm his older sister and it's my job to protect him…from whoever-or whatever is down there" Rayne thought to herself. Even though she would never admit it, she loved Gray and she didn't know what she would do if she allowed her brother to get hurt.

Gray grabbed the flashlight that was on the kitchen counter and handed it to Rayne. She started mindlessly walking down the stairs, continuing to hide her brother behind her. The basement of the house was the only thing that hadn't been up to date in their house. The lights didn't work down there and it smelt like old rust and drain water. They flinched as the floorboards squeaked underneath their feet. None of the family dared go down there. Not only was it dark and eerie, but it was also quite dangerous since it was filled with loose pipes and broken glass.

They were halfway down the stairs, walking side by side. Gray soon got in front of Rayne to get a better look and immediately slipped and fell down the stairs, reaching almost all the way to the bottom of the basement. Rayne mentally face palmed, and as soon as she was about to reach a hand out and help him up, he was brutally snatched by his leg and dragged down into the dark. He screamed and Rayne ran down to where he was to try and grab him back. Just when she was about to reach him she was hit in the back of the head with something, something hard. She fell to the floor clutching her head as she heard her brother's screams echo in the room. She began to get up and try to find him when she looked behind her and saw the basement door brutally slam shut, locking them in. She tried to run to the door and open it, but it was too late for them. They would never come out of that basement.

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What Lies Within

It was a dark, dreadful night, dead trees twisted and turned as the path was followed by any who roam these woods. One unlucky traveller decided to take up this dreadful trail. Perhaps they had courage, perhaps they were a fool. Nobody knows of what lies within the forest, and nobody wants to know. The traveller heard the sudden crackle of leaves, immediately jumping, looking around fast. They heard a twig snap, and immediately ran like the wind, a cabin in their sight after about a half mile, encountering a strange, small, wood cabin. They went to the door, feeling a dark presence, and a gut feeling of terror. However, this didn't stop them. They turned the knob, opening the door, and immediately were faced with a figure. They appeared 6'8, unbelievably lanky, with a mask covering their face, the corrupted smile of the mask giving off an aura of evil and terror. The traveller was blitz attacked, a single swing of a slugger immediately knocking them out cold.

The traveller woke up, now inside a basement filled with a strange mist. It smelled of decay and rot, dried up blood on the floor. Whoever or whatever that was, it had several victims before. Vines infested this room, too thick to cut through, enormous, razor sharp thorns, the luscious green of it mocking the traveller. This strange place was almost like a swamp, murky waters submerged the floor ever so slightly. Suddenly, a voice was heard through a set of speakers, making it seem almost omnipresent.

“Welcome to your new home, friend.” The voice had a sense of evil in it, the entity who spoke these words bearing a voice of pure insanity and corruption.

“Hello!? Who’s there!? Help me!” The traveller shouted and pleaded, begging for anything that could possibly help him escape this foul, ruined place.

“You’re in my world now, don’t you see? Nobody can hear your pathetic attempts of receiving mercy.” This mysterious entity let out an ominous, devilish cackle, mocking the traveller.

“Why are you doing this? Hello!?” The traveller wailed and yelled, yearning for answers.

“See you soon, dear friend.” The voice cut out, and the traveller was left with nothing but what little amount of items the had.

They took off their backpack and opened it, taking out a small pocket knife, sighing.

“This won’t be anywhere near enough to cut through the vines. Might as well look around.” They slung their backpack over their shoulder, and started wandering around the place, looking for anything of assistance as the basement began to twist and turn, forming terrain.

They neared an enormous dead tree, the wood a dark shade of blue, strangely. As they got closer, a rapid clicking could be heard, and a pitch black tendril slowly slithered out from an opening near

the top of it, coming closer to the traveller. They felt that same wave of fear, but touched it regardless. Upon contact, it burned their hand slightly, as if someone left the hot water on for too long, causing the faucet to heat up. The tentacle retreated into the opening of the tree, and several more came out, a faint yellow glow just barely visible from another opening, the source of the light inside, at the bottom of the tree. The clicking got louder and the very ground began to rumble and shake. Tendrils lashed out left and right, and suddenly, a giant mass of flesh bursted from the tree, the mass was 9'3, covered four meters, and had clusters of eyes in various areas, along with a chunk of flesh sticking out in the formation of the skull of a Caiman lizard, a giant yellow, bloodshot eye with slits in it gazing into the traveller's soul as it bared its razor-sharp teeth with a menacing snarl. The traveller was frozen out of shock and dismay, unable to move, their eyes locked with the creature's giant eye.

As the drool dripped from the beast's mouth, its tongue jolted out to impale the traveller, which was abruptly stopped by another creature. This one was 6'5, had pale blueish skin with teeth just as sharp as the mass, and claws like hooks. This new creature looked almost ghoulish, and seems to have a grudge against the mass of flesh. The traveller took this opportunity to run, and bolted into a building, closing the door behind them and locking it, hyperventilating as they analyzed this dark place. Upon seeing the state of the room, they pulled out their flashlight and turned it on, roaming the building now.

Once they reached the third floor, they could hear the faint tune of a music box, as well as a haunting giggle. The traveller waved around their light, searching for the source of these sounds. Three figures lurked in the shadows, however their noises were

omnipresent, as if they were in the traveller's head. Suddenly, the light caught them, and they scattered in different directions, crawling into the darkness, one of them snatching the backpack right off the traveller. The figures were slender and petite with pale skin, large gaping mouths where their faces should be. The traveller went up to the fourth floor and found the one with their bag, immediately attempting to recover it, succeeding to do so without a fight. Once they turned around, the other two were in front of them, letting out ear piercing shrieks of agony, causing the traveller to cover up their ears as they ran for the fifth and final floor.

Inside the room there was an extremely sharp axe in pristine condition, resting inside a display case near a broken window. The traveller grabbed a rock and broke the case open, taking the axe and walking out. Then there was a sound. An ominous, blood curdling screech was let out in the distance, and the entire place fell silent. They continued and exited the building, but something was wrong. The creatures were in hiding for what seemed to be no reason, until the ground started to shake. The darkness grew, and the center of the area began to crack, the cracks forming a fairly large circle with a strange sigil. With a loud, terrifying roar, the splits in the ground glowed, and the area within the circle burste, an entity emerging from underground.

This entity towered over the others, a 20'7 bulky pitch black figure with a strange substance dripping from its large horns, blood red eyes glowing as it started to approach the traveller, who immediately ran for the vines. The mass tried to impale the traveller, but the abyss-like entity walked through the attacking tendril, which took the effects of acid, burning and severing the tendril. The traveller reached the vines and immediately started

hacking and slashing at them, the cuts were somewhat shallow with every cut. They shifted into slamming the blade into the vines and yanking it out while the entity was starting to close in on them. The traveller cut through one vine with this technique and started on the second as their doom neared them, only a little further away.

The traveller grew desperate, slamming and yanking their axe in and out of the second vines as they panicked, trying to beat the entity, who was slow, but seemed fast due to the life or death situation. After about twenty seconds the second vine was cut, but unfortunately, it was already too late. With a single touch on the head from the entity, the traveller felt themself begin to decay as their energy and strength drained, making them weak, causing them to fall to their knees, shattering them. They couldn't even let out a yelp of pain, any words, not even a breath. As the life left the traveller's body, they were dragged into the entity, a pitch black substance covering them as they were absorbed. The vines reformed, and the cycle beckons for its next victim.

There once was a man who had a family. One morning his wife told him to go and take his children to the grocery store. They got into the car and drove off.

The man didn't know where the store was, so he took a short cut up the hill not knowing where he was going. Then there was a soft pitter patter outside, it was just rain. But rain soon turned to hail. More minutes passed... THUP! The car would not move. The man ran outside to find his car was stuck in a hole. The man told his children to come out and walk the rest of the hill.

When they reached the top there was a house that looked to be years old. It was dusty, rotten, and broken down. The man walked up to the house and knocked, once... twice... three times. No one answered. Again he knocked. Once... twice... three times Still no one answered. He knocked one last time. Once... twice... three times. Finally there were footsteps coming from inside.

The door open to reveal a man that was like no other. He had shiny shoes, like they have just been cleaned. Even his suit without a speck of dust. But the most interesting thing was that his skin was white as snow, even his nails without color. And... he had no face... No nose, no mouth, not even hair. The skin on his face started to move forming a mouth. When the mouth opened it showed the creature"s teeth. They were big and jagged. When it tried to make noise all that could be heard was a high pitched screeching sound. The man screamed but it could not be heard. When he grabbed his son's hand and began to run, his son's hand started to slip away. He looked back... He saw the monster had grabbed his children. The monster started to back up into the house. The man scraped back to the house right as the door closed. The man hollered for the monster to open the door. But noticed that it was already ajar.

The man walked to the stairs. The old house was just like the outside dusty and untouched. But there were no footprints so the man had no lead. The man walked up to the second floor.

There were three doors. The first door held a skeleton chained to the wall. The second door held a little girl's room with a bed full of dolls that stared up at him with black button eyes. The third door held a bathroom. It was very neat and clean besides a battered old diary on the sink It was open to a page with a set of directions. The directions were strange but the man did them anyway. Light the candle in the shower...

The Haunted House by Victoria Barnett

The Haunted House

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close the curtains. The man had one final step, and it was to say this twelve times. He took a deep breath...

"BLOODY MARY BLOODY MARY BLOODY MARY..."

When he was finished he stood back to see what he had done. Nothing. Minutes passed. When he was through with this stupied house. Turning around to the door to leave, something caught his eye. There in the middle of the mirror there was a baby. It continued to grow. A young girl then a girl. Finally it stepped out of the mirror to be a young woman with long curly black hair. Not to mention a white wedding dress flowing under her. She proceeded to walk towards him. But then the door swung open and the creature was there. Reaching something like an arm towards him. He turned around to find the woman was no longer a woman but an old bloody hag.

"Do you love me?" In her gruff voice. Her yellow teeth showing. The man screamed and jumped out the window. He landed on his keen but kept running. Pass the car, pass the signs, pass the hill. And right when he reached the door he collapsed on the ground making a thud. The wife answered the door to find the man dead. She called the police. They traced back to the old house and searched it.

They found the children in a secret compartment in the basement. But sadly the little boy died from a terrible death. But the girl however was starved and cut badly on her face.

Years later when police gave up on the case the girl finally talked.Her voice was hoarse after years of not speaking. She told this story and something else. While she was there for three days trapped. She heard the creature saying things her father had done and kept saying the number twelve. After she finished the doctors let her rest. Not long after doctors heard her scream. They ran in to find that she was dead but with her face gone and her hair turned black.

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age 12 / 7th grade

The little girl in the woods and a creepy guy

There was this girl that was kind to a creepy doll. Her name is nable. She was always wearing ripped clothes and stitched up shoes. She was walking in the woods and she saw this creepy doll. The doll has switched up buttons in the eyes. And a short red buttoned creepy dress. She picked the creepy doll up and took it with her because she thought it might need a home. She was running through the forest and saw this spooky haunted house. She goes up to it and notices the door was open. She walks inside the door and here's "CrEEckS" as the floor made that noise every time she walked. Going up the stairs she heard a spooky whisper voice saying "WhO ArE YoU" she gasped real fast and told the doll "it's gonna be ok". She begins to walk more and more up the twirly stairs. The voice came again and this time it was solenoid and loud the voice was "WHO ARE YOU" the spooky man asked. She finally decided to say who she was " I am a little girl trying to find a home for this doll. Can this doll live here" she said in a normal voice. The guy said "hmmm, only if you do me a favor" . the little girl gasped again and said in her head "oh no, what have i done?".

Somehow the doll was looking right in her eyes and the doll's head turned a tiny bit to let the little girl know that man was soon behind her. And there the guy was behind her with a smile and fake bloor running from his mouth dripping on the floor. The girl turned her head and yelled "ahhhhhhhhhhhh" she took off running faster than ever. She soon got to the opening and shooted out that door. She finally lost that creepy guy behind her. She makes it home as she runs to her door, and opens it with the creepy doll in her hand, the little girl stated "we should be fine here".

Soon after the guy popped up at her place and was tryna be sneaky and get in the house. The little girl and doll were safely in

a basement in a corner. The creepy guy saw that a window was open but it was on the second floor. He says “how am i gonna get up there” in a quite spooky deep voice. He climbs up a tree and releases the tree 2 feet short. He stretches his arms to reach the window and puts his feet on the house climbing up just a little bit more. He reaches the window and slowly gets in the house from outside of the window. He gets inside and tiptoes through the room just in case the little girl was in there. Down the steps he goes into the kitchen. He looks around for the little girl once again. Down the stairs again in the basement. The little girl hears his footsteps and slowly moves out a cracked open window in the basement. She gets out the window and runs off but she dont know she left her doll.

Then, the creepy guy finally gets in the basement and notices she's not there but the doll is. All the creepy guy wanted was the doll not her. So, he takes the doll and goes upstairs out the window he came from. And runs happily home.

In conclusion that is my scary story and why the creepy guy kept following the little girl.

There was a family that lived in the middle of the woods,. There names were Linda the wife james the husband and there two lovely children Sara and Percy. Sara always has a little bow in her hair that was bright pink. The woods that surrounded them always smelled like the meadow and Percy loved it. He loved the woods and you heard owls all the time. It was so peaceful they loved it but the father didn't. He seemed like he didn't like anything but food. It was like a normal family, or so everyone thought, there was a road near the house and that's how they got their food. By that I mean roadkill. As they were getting ready for dinner there was no food and the father got very angry like always and the mother tried to calm him down and said that they should go by the road and get more food. Percy didn't like going to the road to get food so he would stay home with his sister. Today his sister wanted to go with her parents to get food for the week. Percy normally just went out into the woods and wanted dinner to come. He heard the parents coming back but when he tried to go greet them, they yelled at him and sent him to his room.Percy was confused and didn't know what was happening but he smelled dinner cooking and it smelled good. He peeked out his door and saw his mother making dinner but she was crying. His father came in his room and said dinner was ready, he walked out and sat at the table ready to eat. He noticed that his sister wasn't there sitting at the table but he just thought she was in her room. His mother put the food on the table, Percy was still confused why his sister wasn't at the table yet so he asked but his parents didn't say anything. They finally said that he should just eat his food and stop asking so many questions about his sister. Percy took a huge bite and loved it. It didn't taste like anything he has ever eaten in his life.He asked what this was but his parents didn't say anything again he was super confused. He took his last bite but saw something bright pink. He picked it up and saw that it was his little sister's bow that she always wore. He was confused but finally figured out what they had for dinner was his little sister Sara.

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It was a dark and luminous night. Annie was walking to her car after the biggest halloween party in town, and sat down after a long and tiring night. Before she knew it she was fast asleep. She awoke to the sound of alarms coming from her radio. Annie sprung up in an instant and listened very closely. The radio screamed,"PUMPKINS! WATCH OUT FOR PUMPKINS! THEY ARE-" but before the radiohost could finish her sentence screaming came and went. It was deadly silent. Annie figures it was a prank per usual on Halloween night especially, and decides it was time to go home. She exits her car and walks towards the front door. Usually as this time there would be kids running around, music blasting, and candy being thrown but it was empty. As she was gazing at the sight she heard some crunching and crushing of twigs. Annie turns to see what was making the suspicious noise, but there was nothing there. Annie believes she is hearing things and is just on edge. As she steps in the doorway her foot begins to slip and feels something weird on her ankle. She looks down to the sight of a pumpkin! This wasnt no ordinary pumkin as they make eye contact whilst the pumpkin has on a devilish smile. "Maybe the radiohost was right? There are evil pumpkins on the loose!" she exclaims as she stumbles through the door and blacks out. She wakes up and realizes she dosent feel right. Annie looks down and she dosent have any limbs! Her skin is orange and bumpy, while her hair is now a stiff green stem. Annie breaks-down as she realizes she has turned into a pumpkin. As if the night couldnt get any worse, she feels hungry for nice juicy flesh..

Scary Story 101

By: Alivia Wilson 7th WJH

Hi, my name is Penny. One day I was walking with my human near her school. I've always been scared of walks because my friend, Zenza, had told me that human schools were haunted! I **hate** ghosts and I hate zombies even more. Mostly because I can't see them and... ok. FINE!! Let me tell you what happened last halloween.

The day had been a normal day (for halloween at least) and I was in Blair's (my human) room while she put her butterfly costume on over her black clothes. She was super excited because there was a halloween party at her school today! I had been hearing a strange sound all morning and it was kind of creepy. " What's wrong, Penny? You seem to have been nervous since we woke up." said Blair. I thought she could hear the creepy sound too! I'm not going crazy. Am I?? Apprehensively I followed Penny down the stairs and watched her get her backpack for school. " Bye, mom!" she said "love you, dad! Be a good kitten, Penny." I heard the door shut behind her as she left for school.

I watched her until she was out of my sight and then I meowed until Blair's dad finally let me outside. As I was getting ready for a nap, I heard the sound I'd been hearing for **hours**. The sound was **so** scary it made me shake! Gathering up enough courage, I followed the sound as it got louder and louder until I stopped in front of my human's school!! I'd had a really bad feeling about this sound since I woke up but now I was **really** afraid! It was a nice fall day so I shouldn't have been cold, but I was **freezing**. I felt like Zenza was really right about this place being haunted. Suddenly I saw something out of the corner of my eye coming around the corner of the school. Then, my hair stood on end.

"**ZOMBIE**!!!!" I screeched. After the first zombie came out, even more zombies came out from behind the school! I realized they were trying to get into the school!! My human, Blair, was in there!! I was frightened to the core and I did the only thing I could think of... I ran home and got Blair's parents' attention by pawing at their legs and meowing repeatedly. Finally it seemed to work.

"What's going on here?" said Blair's dad. He didn't seem to like that I was being obnoxious.

"Something's wrong! Look at her! Penny is trying to tell us something!!" Blair's mother said who, thankfully, understood I was distressed.

I was frantically running back and forth from the door until they finally got the idea that they needed to follow me. I headed towards the school as quickly as

I could. Good thing they were fast because they needed to see the zombie school attackers **ASAP**!! When we got to the school, the look on Blair's parents' faces were of utter shock and terror. "I'm going to call the zombie control place right now!" said her dad. I would have already called them myself if I didn't just have paws!

After he finished the call, we ran to try and get rid of a few of the zombies while we waited for Zombie Control. Once the Zombie Control truck pulled up, we stopped, exhausted, because the zombies were as persistent as ever to get into the school! "Thanks for calling us, sir" said the head control guy," lately we've been getting a lot of these kinds of calls. We sure hope it blows over soon! Would you mind helping us spray the zombies? The zombie deterrent bags are in the van." I heard the men talking about this being the worst case of HZP they've ever seen! I think HZP is short for Halloween Zombie Plague but I don't know for sure. That's **freaky** to think it has a name!

After a few minutes, there were only a few zombies left but they were retreating over their buddies who were dead on the ground. "That spray really does work miracles, eh John?" said one of the men. It did seem to work pretty well but I couldn't help but meow every time it got sprayed. Soon the school bell rang but the kids didn't come happily running out to their parents like I'd expected. Some of the kids were very cautious and others were running screaming so loud I couldn't understand them! Then it hit me. There were zombies **inside** the school as well!

I had to help the kids that were still inside! Apparently Blair's mother had the same idea and she had a bottle of the spray so we both ran in to help. A few minutes later, we had helped the trapped kids get out and we had gotten out too! I had gotten scratched by a few zombies and that scared me so much that I peed a little each time! Oh my! Thank goodness that I am a cat so I could easily defend myself. Can't say the same for the zombies though!

After all the scary excitement, I made it back to the house where my family was anxiously waiting for me to come home! Blair was so happy that I was okay and she helped clean up my scrapes. I curled up in Blair's lap and fell fast asleep.

The End.

Or was it? Those scrapes **were** from zombies...

The End!

Ashley Nichole Turner 8th grade

Charlie was a lonely man. He lived in a one bedroom apartment with very little contact with the outside other than when he went to buy his food from the store. His favorite food was Meatloaf. He would eat it almost every day. Though, despite his love of food, he was still left with loneliness. Some nights he would cry in his bed for how lonely he was. As he cried he had a tub of meatloaf by his bedside instead of ice cream. Charlie was depressed with a can of meatloaf.

As he was on his usual route to the store and as he put his cart filled with meatloaf in the line. His only friend, Sam, the clerk would always talk to Charlie as he scanned the tons and tons of meatloaf.

Today, Sam had to talk to Charlie. His depressed self was so depressing that he could almost see it illuminating off of him.

" Hey Charlie, you look down today. Whats up?" Sam stated as he began the meatloaf flavored milkshakes.

Charlie and Sam struck up a conversation as the others waited for the meatloaf flavored everything to be gone so they could go about their normal lives.

"Nothing, other than my meatloaf" charlie signed depressingly

" why don't you get a dog? My cousin's just had puppies." Sam leaned forward and softly whispered in Charlie's ear.

" Heard one of the dogs likes meatloaf"

Charlie's eyes were in marvel. As he creepily whispered back, "How much?"

For the first time in months, Charlie had smiled. He had ten bags of meatloaf flavored dog food with his normal 60 bags of meatloaf flavored everything. With them, he carried a small dog crate. Within it, a small min pin. He was infinitesimal compared to every other dog. Around his neck a small collar with a tag, that read, Lasagna. Charlie has a poor sense of humor.

As his little doggo sniffed the air for a quick second, he quickly scurried over to his dog bowl and wagged his tail. Charlie's smile widened as he was now raising his prodigy. He quickly poured his doggo a bowl of meatloaf flavored dog food and they both ate in pleasure.

As a few weeks passed, Charlie got depressed. For lasagna had gotten sick, and Charlie had to spend his pay check on medicine. The depressing part is that Charlie couldn't buy his ten pounds of meatloaf for the week. He had to break out his savings account to buy some to last him through the night. He was now broke. But at least he had a happy dog who was getting better and a weeks supply of meatloaf for them to last on until he was to go with his next paycheck the following monday.

It got worse so much worse. For, because of Corona, the meatloaf supply was shortening by the day. He had to buy the second best thing. LAsAgnA.

He tried to avoid cannibalism at all cost, but he had to watch as his dog would soon eat his brethren. He was saddened.

As he put the lasagna in the bowl, his dog came running and sniffed the bowl. He sat down as depressed as Charlie, he refused to eat himself.

For that night Charlie and Lasagna didn't eat anything.
The next morning, he felt weird. For his lower half of his body was covered in water. He and his sheets were soaking. He passed it off as wetting the bed for not having his favorite and the best food in the world the night before. He stood up, through the sheets in the washer and took a shower before giving the food to Lasagna who was still not happy.

As Lasagna knew he was hungry, he solemnly scoffed down the food with unpleasantness. Both of them hit rock bottom. Lasagna looked sadly but licked Charlie's hand as if to say that it was ok. Charlie went to bed later on saddened and also disgusted with himself for feeding such scum to his doggo.

Charlie woke up the next day with wet sheets again. He was starting to get worried for him and his doggos health. As he walked around the house he saw one of his favorite vases broken in shatters on the floor. While Lasagna sat next to it wagging his tail.

Charlie was too sad to even express his anger with Lasagna. He calmed himself after a few panic attacks and petted his dog a few times. He didn't even bother to clean up the mess as he crawled back into his changed sheets.

As this happened for the next two days waking up in wet clothing and Lasagna knocking over objects. He was getting angrier.

Soon Charlie had enough. He wanted to see what was happening in his house while he slept.
He took an old camera and turned it on. He fell asleep without dinner once again.

As he woke up he went to his camera and began to look at the footage while he changed into his normal afternoon pajamas. He stopped midway as he looked in shock. His dog had crawled in and sat at the edge of his bed whimpering for a while. After some time, he began to frown.This frown was not like any other though. It was a human frown, too human to even be real on a dog. As his frown grew, his whimpers turned into a growl and growl fell down his mouth. Lasagna opened his mouth and bit Charlie's feet. Noticing his small mouth wouldn't fit his foot. He stopped and started again. This didn't seem strange to Charlie. He was a heavy sleeper and he was thinking that Lasagna was only trying to get him to wake up because he craved Meatloaf.

But after a while. Charlie watched the camera as Lasagna began to slowly open his mouth again. His mouth kept getting wider and wider as if he wasn't a dog anymore but a snake.

Charlie's eyes widened in fear. He watched as his dog carefully wrapped his mouth around the lower half of his body. He didn't bite, he looked like he was measuring how much more he could stretch till he could swallow him whole.
The camera became distorted and unable to read after a while. Charlie turned off the camera and slammed his door shut and locked it.

After a while, scratches came from the other side of the door. He could hear Lasagna whimpering.
Charlie didn't know what to do, he was at a hard spot and for one didn't want to die.

"Why would he eat me?" he thought as he lay on this bed and cried.
Charlie soon sat up as the scratching was now constant and growing louder. Charlie who had now the only thought of starvation was growing lonely again. Nobody other than his friend Sam was there for him.
And if he were to die here, now, he doubted he would be remembered by even him.

"Maybe it would just be better if I opened the door."

Carsun Fisher
Age 13 | Grade 8
151 Harvard St.
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Academia

Claire Cambridge was anything but a normal girl. While the rest of the kids in her kindergarten class were playing on the swings, in the sandbox, and swinging from the monkey bars, Claire was far off playing with grass. But she was happy. She was content with her blades of grass and green-stained clothing. While everyone else had pigtails in their hair with nice sparkly red ribbons or sequined rainbow bows, Claire wore her silky long black hair over her face like something out of a horror movie. Claire was disturbed from a young age. Her mother died from a heart attack at the age of 47. Her dad was very abusive out of the anger and pain he felt after the passing of his wife. Claire was taken by Child Protective Services. She spent a couple months in the system before she finally found a family who could put up with her rebellious tendencies. They lived in a secluded darkly lit forest, and the nearest school was a black, moody building filled with paintings of depravity and melancholy. I think it's fair to say that she loved it. Life was looking up for her, and though she didn't care to admit it, she enjoyed every last second.

The school was normal, other than its odd decor choices. That meant that her schedule was normal too. History, maths, science, english, and much else. Claire had always taken a liking to Science. It was one of the few things she was good at. She was excited for school to start. She would get a fresh start. No more being called "Wednesday Addams". She would have new friends. New teachers. This was the fresh start that she had been craving for over 13 years. No more abusive dad, or being bullied at school. She was free.

School started on a Monday. That day was rainy, just as the days before it. Her foster parents loaded her in the car and drove her to her first day. Claire opened the door, and left. She said goodbye to her foster parents and shut the door excitedly. She took all of it in. The darkness of the large 5 story building, the smell of the rain in the air, and the fog clouding her eyes. The head-mistress of the school, Ms. Bates welcomed students into the school with quick "hellos". Claire caught the attention of a random man standing in the hall. The man looked to be in his early 40's. He was balding, but he still had hair. His pants were tight and his shirt was baggy. He had a yellow tie with a white shirt and black pants. His shoes were unreasonably big in the same vein as clown shoes. He had a small stubble of beard and his hair was dirty blonde. He gave Claire a bad vibe. She felt that something was wrong. But she didn't know the man, so she didn't say anything. She took the schedule they gave to her and took down the hall to Maths. Mrs. Britton greeted them with a long lecture on rules and expectations. Mrs. Britton was a strict woman with bleach blonde hair wrapped in a tight bun. Her black pencil skirt was longer than it should have been and her white shirt was very see through. When class was dismissed, Claire went up the stairs to her science class. When she walked in, the teacher was the random man she saw in the hall. The bad feeling came back. Claire sat down, and while she was excited for science, this teacher did not give her a good feeling. His name was Mr. Arden. "Alright class, time for us to go through the rules and expectations of this classroom". He spoke in a very breathy voice. "One of the most important rules is that you do not enter the doors all around this

classroom.", he said. "And why can't we?" asked Claire. Mr. Ardens face went completely white and sweat dripped down his large forehead. He collected himself before saying "nosey aren't we? And what is your name?". "Claire Cambridge. You answer the question. What is behind the doors?". "Defiance will not be tolerated in this setting. Detention after school.". Detention on the first day. Yelling at her for no reason. And he still didn't tell her what was behind the doors. Science looked to be her least favorite class this year. But the doors. The doors, mixed with the feeling of suspicion and uneasiness that Mr. Arden gave her, made her even more scared than she was before. School ended, but Claire had to stay. She sat in the gym along with one other boy apparently named Cheyenne. The janitor that monitored the students of detention was old, and fell asleep about halfway into the detention. Her and Cheyenne made friends with each other, and decided to go investigate Mr. Ardens classroom together. They walked quietly up the stairs, while narrowly avoiding any teachers that happen to pass by. They enter the room. Pitch black. Cheyenne flicks the switch and the room lights up. Claire very anxiously opens the door. If she wasn't disturbed before, she was now. Test tube bottles filled with what looked like blood and acid. The room was pitch black with nothing for lighting except for the flashlight that Cheyenne found. The room smelled of dust and strong chemicals. Claire and Cheyenne were shocked at what was in front of them. They exited the room and entered the next door. Tanks filled with what looked like a strange green liquid with different animals floating inside of them. Cheyenne quickly exited the room to throw up in the trash can next to Mr. Ardens desk. Claire froze in horror at the sight before her, not able to form words or move a muscle. She closed the door behind her without saying anything. She was still scared and even more petrified with what could be behind this door. She stood in front of the door. Cheyenne had left. He was too scared. Claire opened the door as slowly as she could. Mr. Arden was behind that door. He was standing at a desk surrounded by red light. On the desk was a large bear that had been cut open. Claire was once again frozen. Stuck. Before she could run away, Mr. Arden turned around. He jumped back, before getting up and chasing Claire out of the room. He was running fast but Claire could run faster. She had learned that from living with her dad. While she ran, she got an idea. She quickly swerved down a different hall and ran into Mrs. Britton's room. Mrs. Britton was sitting at her desk grading papers. "Claire? What's going on?" she said. "I don't have time to explain. I need to hide in here!" Claire said out of breath. "Oh honey" Mrs. Britton said chuckling. "You think it's just him? We all have secret rooms.". Claire knew what was going on immediatley. She ran out of the classroom and when she looked behind her, Both Mr. Arden and Mrs. Britton were chasing her. She ran down the stairs and took one of the paintings off the wall. She threw it and it hit Mrs. Britton. She fell on the floor. Mr. Arden had cornered Claire. "Arden? What are you doing to the new student!". It was the headmistress of the school, Ms. Bates. Mr. Arden moved out of the way to reveal Claire, tears streaming down her face. "Claire? What is going on? What is he doing to you?" she said. "He and Mrs. Britton chased me through the school! They both have secret rooms that hold unspeakable horrors! You have to fire them!" Claire said, still crying. "Oh he's getting more than fired Claire don't worry". Claire ran to the nearest phone, dialed 911 and yelled into the phone what happened. She ran over to Mr. Arden while Ms. Bates screamed

at her to stop. She jumped on top of him and held him down until the police came while he kicked and screamed. The police searched the school and found dead animals, mysterious liquids, and other horrific sightings in other secret doors. Every teacher was fired and the school was closed until they could find more. Claire walked home with a blank expression on her face. "Hey Claire! How was your first day of school?" Her foster dad asked. "It was fine" She replied. "Did anything happen?" Her foster mom asked her. "Nope".

Lilly's fingers wrapped around the door knob, the cold metal nipped her fingertips when it turned. The door made an audible creek; she breathed the dusty air of the old house. The worn floorboards creaked under her as she entered- the door shut behind her making a loud click sound that sent shivers down her spine- her eyes gazed around the vacant house, taking in every detail. She walked further into the old house, the setting sun's light coming through the window in the living room making the stains on the floor more noticeable. She paused, observing the gruesome scene on the tattered carpet.

Squatting in front of the crimson liquid stained into the floor, Lilly observed it, pulling her camera out of the deerskin satchel by her side. She glanced through the glass lens, pushing the small button with her finger, the camera clicking taking a photo. Looking down at the screen making sure the photo looked good before putting the camera back in her bag, she stood up and looked around again. Looking at the old broken stairs leading to the top floor, her eyes skimmed the rest of the house, looking at a small bookshelf with photos; one of which caught her eye. It was a small family portrait of a middle aged woman with bright blond hair, sparkling blue eyes dressed in a dark red dress and a little boy in her arms with dark brown hair and the same blue eyes dressed in a small black tuxedo. What caught Lilly's eye was the man beside the woman and child, he wore a matching black tux as the boy. Though the lady and boy had the biggest smiles of happiness, the man had a profound scowl on his face. Her eyebrows furrowed while looking at the photo. "Ruins such a beautiful photo," Lilly commented as a little light bulb went off in her

mind, “that's the man from the newspaper!” The father. She pulled her camera out of her bag again and took a photo of the portrait, turning away from the bookshelf to the rest of the house. A coffee table in front of black leather couches, peach colored walls, white drapes pushed aside in the widows. It was a lovely house. Glancing down a small hallway that led to the kitchen, she looked back at the old stairs, then back to the small hallway. "Kitchen it is," she chuckled as she made her way into the small dining area.

As she approached the walnut dining table, she kept thinking about the newspaper article that stated the family who lived here had eaten dinner seconds before being killed by the father of the home. As her fingers brushed the smooth wood surface her eyelids dropped, silhouettes of a mom and young boy nuzzled around the table laughing as the smell of cooked chicken and simmering vegetables sat thick in the air. She opened her eyes and the smile that had been plastered on her lips slowly faded as she looked at the dull table with layers of dust. Looking around the kitchen, there was really nothing here that was interesting, “just everything you would see in a normal kitchen,” she thought as her mind trailed to the staircase. She walked back through the small hallway into the living room, staring up the dark eerie stairs. She could not help but wonder what was up the stairs. She looked around the living room again, the streams of light from the living room reminding her the sun was setting. Bringing her wrist up to her face, peering down at the digits on her watch, the time read 6:35. “I have about an hour till it's dark.” Lilly looked back up the staircase thinking ‘I have enough time.’ She moved closer to the

stairs, her foot gently touching the wood. The splitting boards creaked under the pressure. Looking up the stairs she slowly went one foot at a time, fearful of the boards breaking under her.

At the top of the stairs there were three bedrooms. Lilly walked into the bedroom to the left of the stairs. When she walked in she knew it was the young boy's room. The walls were painted light blue and there were small toys stacked on the dresser in the corner of the room. But when Lilly's eyes got to the bed near the window she stopped and stared. In the middle of the twin size bed on the white sheets was an old dry blood stain from the pillow to the middle of the bed. "Holy cow..." Lilly took a picture of the bed before looking back at the horrible scene in front of her. "Poor kid," Lilly spoke under her breath as she walked out of the boy's room and looked into the next. It was a small office with a bookshelf and a desk. Lilly moved past this room with no interest in it. As she walked into the last room she noticed it was the master bedroom; in the middle of the room was a king size bed with the headboard pressed against the wall, a purple quilt on it with white pillows.

The floor was hardwood that led from the door to the bathroom in the corner of the room.

Lilly's face scrunched in confusion at the single chair in the center of the room at the foot of the bed. It looked like the dining table chairs that she had seen downstairs. As she moved closer to the chair, long streams of dried blood went down the back rest of the chair.

Lilly took a photo with her camera before she almost dropped it on the floor

from the loud slam behind her. She viciously whipped around to face the door that was now closed. Dread and confusion swelled in her mind as she stared at the door, "Hello?" her voice echoed in the now closed room.

She walked towards the door and grabbed the handle, she tried to turn it but it was locked. "Hello is someone there?" she spoke, her words laced with fear as she tried to open the door again but it wouldn't budge. She stepped back from the door shivering. She pulled her coat closer to her. "When did it get so cold?" she said aloud. Lilly's eyes widened as she became aware of the sound of footsteps behind her, then they stopped; she slowly turned around, her heart racing. She released a small gasp and backed into the closed door. There was a man standing in front of her. His eyes were pitch black and empty, his skin pasty; he was wearing a black tuxedo. The same one the boy and the man were wearing in the photograph, his lips were in a firm line as he stared down at her, blood oozing from an open wound on his neck.

Lilly's mouth now open, her breath caught in her throat; she didn't know what to do but stare, her instincts telling her to run. Without taking her eyes off the man she moved her hand down to the knob turning it again. This time it clicked. At the click Lilly turned around and thrusted the door open.

Breathing quickly as she ran towards the stairs, she ran down the stairs in a quick panicked manner. She turned around to see the man at the top of the stairs moving slowly towards her, a smile on his lips. She ran towards the front door, legs shaking from fear. As she grabbed the door knob the man was now in the middle of the living room. She swung open the door and ran on to the

porch. She yelped as she plummeted down the last step on the porch.

Lilly was breathing so hard that her chest was burning. The smell of dirt rose up for the ground under her. She felt the stinging pain of scratches going up her arms and her knees. She didn't dare look over her shoulder. She could hear the creaking of wood from the porch behind her, the man walking closer and closer. She got off the ground as fast as possible and ran away from the house towards her car. Her shaky hands rummaging through her bag for her car keys, she threw her car door open and jumped in! She looked in her rearview mirror seeing the man not far behind her. "Come on!" she screamed as she tried to put the keys in the ignition. Once the key was in she started her car and stomped on the gas, the car roaring as it sped away towards the road. Lilly wiped sweat off her forehead as the car's engine hummed onto the deserted highway. She tried to calm herself of the adrenaline. She breathed in, then breathed out. But all to no avail when a hand was planted on her shoulder and the sound of screeching tires filled the cold dark air.

I went straight to my room after I got home from school. After what I saw the night before, I had started to feel strange around my mum whenever we were alone. I shut my door and locked it before walking over to my bed. I sat down and threw my bag in the corner next to my closet, staring at it and curious to see if anything was inside. While there was nothing in there this morning when I got my uniform out,I didn't feel so sure now. I went and stood in front of my closet door, hesitating for a moment. Before I could open it, there was pounding at the front door. I pulled my hand back from my closet, I unlocked my bedroom, and went into the hallway.

The pounding at the front door was still going, but my mum was nowhere to be found. I looked through the small window we had on the door. I saw a boy who looked around my age, but why would a fourteen or fifteen year old boy be at my door pounding now? I started to unlock the door, cracking it just enough to stick my head out. The boy stared at me. I looked back asking, "Umm- do you need something?". "I'm sorry if I'm being a bother, but I was wondering if you have seen a little girl at all?", he replied."No I haven't, I've been inside since I got home from school. You'd have better luck asking one of my neighbors.", I replied. He nodded his head and walked off. I rolled my eyes as I started walking back to my room, thinking "who was that?".

I needed to go to sleep, it was already nine pm. I tossed and turned, but couldn't manage to fall asleep. I looked at my alarm clock and was freaked out to see it read 3:07am just like the night before! Just like the night before, I needed water, so I got up and slowly unlocked my door. I headed to the kitchen but stopped right before I walked past mum's door. I knew I shouldn't have but I was curious so I peered into her room. There she was in the same spot as the night before, with a fully sharpened knife in her hands.

I started backing up but before I could get out of sight, she saw me! She was staring at me with a smile spread across her face but a dead expression in her eyes. "Shadow, come here please.", she murmured. I was petrified, I couldn't manage to get any words out, so I just started running to my room! My mother was following behind me, I was able to slam my door shut, but not lock it. I heard

footsteps outside of my door. I had no idea what to do, so I started running towards my window. Before I could get there, my closet door and my bedroom door swung open!

The "something" in my closet pulled me in. I saw my mum before the closet door was shut – she looked scared! She backed up and dropped the knife, while slowly leaving my room. I was terrified myself considering the fact I had no idea what was holding me and why mother was so scared of it. I slowly turned around and froze once I saw it. It looked down at me and quietly said, "I'm one of your monsters. My name is Nightmare and I have been living in your closet to protect you from your mom."

I was confused, scared, and had no idea what to say or do. NIghtmare sat down and said, "Just lay here and get some sleep for the rest of the night." I was shaking, but I did what he said and laid down on his lap, slowly drifting off. I was startled awake by my alarm outside of the closet, I sat up and looked behind me. Nightmare was looking at me, "Why is your alarm set? It's a Saturday." I opened the closet door, stood up, and laughingly replied, "I wouldn't wake up until dinner time if my alarm isn't set!" He looked at me, smiled, and said , "I'll be out in a minute, I have to change and go into my human form." I was shocked! "You have a h-human form?" Nightmare slowly stood up, "Yes, now go and eat; I'll be out there in a moment."

I walked into the kitchen and saw my mother sitting at the table."Good morning dear!", she exclaimed. I rolled my eyes. I couldn't help myself. I took a breath and walked over to the stove keeping my eyes on her, "All this time, I knew it! I knew there was a monster in my closet. But I didn't know– it was **protecting** me from you. Why?'." She looked at me and started laughing, "It should have been you! You should be dead, you should've been the one that died! Not your father!"

I was shocked! I backed up, starting for my room yelling "I HATE YOU" with tear filled eyes. I sat on my bed and just started bawling my eyes out. Nightmare came out of the closet, glancing at me as he walked out of my room, shutting the door behind him. I don't know what , but there was a lot of yelling coming from both Nightmare and my mum. The yelling stopped for just a moment and then there was a terrible scream and everything went silent. Nightmare walked into my

room with blood on his shirt. He smirked at me saying, "I took care of your mother." I smiled and hugged him. I looked up and grinned ear-to-ear, "It's about time someone helped me take care of her! Thank you Nightmare!",

Story by: Kayleigh Reinsch (7th grade at Sproul Middle School)

The spooky Hallween night!

Hello there, my name is Clarissa. I have the best Halloween story in the world. Before I tell it to you let me give you some information about myself. I love horror movies and anything scary, spooky, or made to scare someone. I am a thriteen year old and I go to Alpine Middle Schol. Personally my favorite holiday is Halloween. I was made to scare people and give them a fright. BOO! Did I scare you? Probably. I'm a pro if they had a competition I would definetally win it. Anyways let's get to the story.

Once apon a time on a scary, stormy night. Far far away in a land called Halloweentown there were lots of scary creatures. There were cyclops, centours, and the worst of them all giants. These giants may seem nice but trust me you haven't met them. One time I was walking down a long road and I saw a giant with a thron in its foot. I decided I would help it out. When I helped we became good friends. We went on long adventures and made a strong bond. He finally decided to invite me to meet his family. They didn't like that he was friends with me so they banned him from ever returning unless he ruined a whole village to show he was bad. You see they aren't supposed to be friends with humans even if they were as friendly as this giant. This giant needed a home but had nowhere to go. He had of course been banned from every village as far as the eye could see. So he decided he needed to ruin my village. I told him not to but he had to get a family. I told him I would be his family. I would be there for him and he didn't believe me.

He ruined my village and took all of the people in the village as hostage. He became known as the village crusher. He knew what he had to do to get a home and he returned home a hero. He knew I could talk him out of everything so he let me free to go to any village I wanted as long as I never came back. I decided to take this offer but little did he know I would be back with an army of my own.

Three years later, I finally got my army and we were marching to the cave to set the villagers free. We weren't a pretty army, in fact we were all misfits. My army included cyclops, centours, and several humans that decided to help me with my cause. We marched strong and bravely to the giant's cave, as we came to it I told them all to wait outside. I said, " I will go inside first when you here the code " blackbird" run in and get ready to fight." I told them that they had to be ready they would have no idea what they were gonnabedealing with.

As I walked in I felt a cold presence, one I used to know. I felt like people were watching me but it was to dark to see anyone. I shouted, " Giant I know your here come meet me at the entrance. Now!" I heard footsteps and the ground shake. Then out of nowhere he appeared. I told him to lower any weapons I just wanted to talk. He picked me up in his huge hands and said, " What are you doing here, I told you to never come back." He said in a booming voice. "I'm here to save my people" I thought. Then I realized we could sneak in and get them out through a back entrance. I shouted, " Blackbird go into back entrance." I heard no sound coming from either entrance. Then I saw them creeping over to the cell my villagers were in.

I met eyes with the giant. I shouted to him, " Why do you stay here where they treat you horrible? Why do you stay where nobody wants you, where they don't appreciate you?" He didn't answer, it almost appeared that he was thinking about his answer. He replied in a loud voice, " They do appreciate me whyy do you think I haven't had to leave?" I replied, " You don't have to leave but do they make you do all the work? Do they make you do everything for them?" He said, " Yes, but only because I am the chief, only because I am the strongest, the baddest monster around."

" You're not bad or scary. You're my friend. They want you to do all the work. You might be the strongest only because no others fight you. Only because they want you to do all the work so they can sleep, and eat all day. So don't stay here, set my villagers free and come with me. You belong where someone cares about you and will help you. You don't have to crush villages, you can help them. Just take my hand." I said desperately.

He looked at my hand and back to my eyes, " But what if I become a misfit. What if nobody likes me where you come from?"

They will all love you I was thinking, but could I promise this to my friend. I said, " I can't make any promises but I know if they truly adore you, you would be warmly welcomed into our tribe. You would be part of our family, part of my family. We would be happy no matter what your so called " famiily" thinks. You would be my family, don't you want that?"

" Yes I want that, I have missed you my dear friend," He said in a soft voice.

" Then let's go," I said so he could hear me, "Come save the world. Come help me rebuild my town. We will build a house big enough for the both of us. "

" Okay!" he said softly. He walks over to the cages and releases them. He sees my army but does not mind that I would haved saved them without him.

To be continued....

Hopefully this story brought joy to you. Yes I said it was going to be scary, but does it have to be scary or can it be scary to know that you can have friends that will be there for you even when they are not there for you. Happy Haloween, I hoped you enjoyed my story and have a great rest of your day.

THE CANDY GRAVEYARD

BY, ANIKA COLE, AGE 11, 6TH GRADE, [illegible] ROAD COLORADO SPRINGS COLORADO, [illegible]

ONE DAY ON A BRIGHT SUMMER AFTERNOON A YOUNG BOY NAMED DALTON WOKE UP VERY LATE IN THE DAY. HE SAT UP IN BED STILL HALF ASLEEP, AND HE GOT DRESSED IN HIS FAVORITE BLACK PANTS AND PULLED A BRIGHT RED SHIRT OVER HIS MESSY CHOCOLATE BROWN HAIR. DALTON GOT ON HIS BIKE AND RODE OVER TO HIS FRIEND ALEX'S HOUSE. DALTON TUMBLED IN THROUGH HIS BEDROOM WINDOW. DALTON QUICKLY REACHED FOR ONE OF THE WATER BALLOONS IN HIS BACKPACK, HE SNATCHED A PURPLE ONE AND DROPPED THE BALLOON ON ALEX'S FACE. ALEX SAT UP AND SCREAMED, DALTON BURST OUT LAUGHING.
HE SAID "LET'S GO SEE NIKKI."

DALTON REPLIED " WELL HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED!" HE THEN SHIMMIED OUT THE WINDOW. ALEX PUT ON HIS BAGGY GREY PANTS AND A WHITE SHIRT THAT HAD A GREEN OCTOPUS ON IT, THEN CLIMBED OUT THE WINDOW TOO.

THE TWO BOYS RAN DOWN TO NIKKI'S HOUSE, BY HER BEDROOM WINDOW THERE WAS AN OLD RED DODGE TRUCK, THEY CLIMBED IT AND PEEKED IN. NIKKI HAD A SMILE ON HER FACE LIKE SHE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THEM.

SHE SAID " LET'S GO INTO THE WOODS, I FOUND A REALLY COOL EMPTY SPOT."

IT WAS DUSK BY NOW. THEY ALL RAN INTO THE WOODS, AND FOUND THE CLEARING. IT WAS PERFECTLY SILENT EXCEPT FOR DALTON EATING A SNICKERS BAR AND CHEWING VERY LOUDLY. THEY ALL STOOD THERE LOOKING AROUND THE SPOT.

DALTON SAID " THIS PLACE SCARES ME. "

"ME TOO" ALEX COMMENTED.

"COME ON GUYS, DON'T BE SCARED! THIS PLACE IS AWESOME! JUST LOOK AT THE COOL ROCK BY DALTON." NIKKI EXCLAIMED. SHE WALKED OVER TO THE ROCK AND BRUSHED OFF THE VINES AND DIRT. SHE SAW WRITING ON THE STONE.

"LOOK THIS HAS WORDS WRITTEN ON IT!" NIKKI EXPLAINED.

ALEX AND DALTON KNELT DOWN TO SEE IT FOR THEMSELVES. ALEX READ A NAME, " DOROTHY, WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS? "

"I THINK THIS IS A... GRAVEYARD." NIKKI TOLD THE BOYS.

" A GRAVEYARD!?" ALEX SCREAMED.

THEY ALL FLED OUT OF THE WOODS. BUT, NIKKI SAW THAT DALTON HAD DROPPED HIS CANDY WRAPPER ON DOROTHY'S GRAVE.

FINALLY OUT OF THE WOODS, NIKKI SAID, "WE SHOULDN'T BE SCARED, LET'S GO BACK." "MAYBE WE SHOULD," DALTON ADDED.

"NOOOOO!!!! IT'S A GRAVEYARD FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO GO BACK?!" ALEX YELLED. " YOU CAN GO BACK IF YOU WANT, BUT I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!" ALEX DECLARED, STOMPING HIS FOOT.

"BYE," NIKKI ADDED, AND STARTED TO RUN BACK INTO THE FOREST.

" I'M COMING!" DALTON ANNOUNCED AND FOLLOWED HER.

THEY RAN TO REACH THE GRAVEYARD. NIKKI LOOKED AROUND BUT ONLY SAW DOROTHY'S GRAVE.

NIKKI MUMBLED CONFUSED, " IF THIS IS A GRAVEYARD WHERE ARE ALL THE OTHER GRAVES?"

" I THINK DOROTHY'S THE ONLY ONE HERE," DALTON EXPRESSED.

" YEP," NIKKI HESITATED.

THEY HEARD RUSTLING IN THE BUSHES. IT WAS ALEX!

"I THOUGHT THE GHOST HAD GOTTEN YOU OR SOMETHING," ALEX SAID RELIEVED.

" WE'RE FINE," NIKKI REPLIED.

DALTON ANSWERED, " DON'T WORRY SO MUCH."

ALEX ASKED, " YOU SAW THE GRAVEYARD AGAIN SO CAN WE GO NOW?"

" ACTUALLY DOROTHY'S GRAVE IS THE ONLY ONE THERE, " NIKKI EXPLAINED.

THEY ALL WALKED OUT TALKING ABOUT WHAT DOROTHY MIGHT HAVE BEEN LIKE.

" IT'S GETTING DARK, WE SHOULD ALL GO HOME AND FORGET ABOUT THIS GRAVE STUFF," ALEX NOTED AND TRIED TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

" I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BYE GUYS," AND WITH THAT NIKKI BEGAN TO WALK HOME.

DALTON BEGAN TO WALK AWAY AS HE SAID, " BYE, ALEX."

THEN, ALEX SLOWLY WALKED HOME ALONE.

THE NEXT MORNING NIKKI WOKE UP TO COMPLETE DARKNESS. SHE SLOWLY REACHED UNDER HER PILLOW FOR THE FLASHLIGHT SHE ALWAYS KEPT THERE BUT IT WAS GONE. SUDDENLY A SMALL DIM LIGHT APPEARED IN FRONT OF HER EYES, THE LIGHT SEEMED TO BOUNCE AS IF TRYING TO KEEP IT'S OWN SPIRIT AFLOAT. NIKKI STARED AT IT AS IT HOPPED AROUND THE ROOM OVER TO HER MIRROR, SHE FOLLOWED IT. STANDING UP NOW SHE LOOKED DEEP IN THE MIRROR, FIRST SHE SAW NOTHING. JUST THEN A SMALL GIRL APPEARED, SHE HAD DARK BLACK PIG TAILS AND THE FRECKLES ON HER FACE SEEMED TO BE PLACED PERFECTLY, A SKY BLUE DRESS WITH GLITTERING RED TRIM FLOWING DOWN TO HER KNEES. THE ODD THING WAS THAT THE GIRL

HAD NO SHOES. NIKKI TOUCHED HER FACE AND LOOKED DOWN AT HERSELF, HER NAVY BLUE NIGHTGOWN AND HER PINK SLIPPERS WAS ALL THAT SHE SAW, SHE LOOKED UP AGAIN AND THE GIRL'S HAND HELD A DAGGER AND SCRATCHED IN A NAME,

DOROTHY.

SUDDENLY A BLINDING LIGHT FLOODED THE ROOM AND THEN, EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL, EXCEPT FOR HER MIRROR, THE GIRL WAS GONE BUT HER NAME WAS STILL THERE.

NIKKI RAN INTO THE FOREST, AND FOUND WHERE DOROTHY'S GRAVE WAS. SHE HEARD A NOISE BEHIND HER AND QUICKLY SPUN AROUND. ALEX AND DALTON WALKED INTO THE CLEARING TOO.

"SO YOU SAW HER TOO?" DALTON TREMBLED.

NIKKI SLOWLY NODDED.

" WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT DID SHE DO? DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS? " ALEX QUESTIONED NIKKI.

" HER... HER NAME IS DOROTHY," NIKKI GULPED.

DALTON HINTED, " WAIT, ISN'T THAT THE NAME ON THE GRAVE?"

NIKKI SADLY REPLIED, " YES."

" THAT WAS HER GHOST!?" ALEX SHRIEKED.

" WHAT DOES SHE WANT WITH US?" DALTON PUZZLED.

"ARE YOU SURE IT WAS HER?" ALEX SQUEAKED.

NIKKI BREATHED, " IT WAS HER."

" HOW DO YOU KNOW?" DALTON QUIZZLED.

" I JUST KNOW," NIKKI ASSURED HIM.

ALEX SAID "I HAVE AN IDEA, WHAT IF WE ALL STAY IN NIKKI'S ATTIC TONIGHT AND IF DOROTHY COMES WE'LL BE TOGETHER."

" WHY MY ATTIC?" NIKKI COMPLAINED.

" YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS AN ATTIC!" THE BOYS BLURTED IN UNISON.

NIKKI MUTTERED, " OH, RIGHT."

DALTON WONDERED, " SO, THAT'S A YES? "

"FINE" NIKKI AGREED.

" MEET ME AT MY HOUSE AT 10," NIKKI ENDED.

ALEX SAID, " SEE YOU THEN."

AFTER THAT THEY ALL RAN TO THEIR HOUSES, TO GRAB SUPPLIES.

AT NIKKI'S HOUSE SHE WAS BUSY SNATCHING SNACKS AND PILLOWS, AND THEN RUSHING UPSTAIRS.

NIKKI SPUN AROUND AND BABBLED, " YOUR HERE!" ACCIDENTALLY SCARING HER FRIENDS.

" WARNING ALEX IS BEING A BABY, " DALTON EXPLAINED.

ALEX BELLOWED, " NO I'M NOT!"

NIKKI ROLLED HER EYES AT HIM.

DALTON NOTED, " CALM DOWN."

" I AM JUST SCARED OK? I MEAN WHAT IF SHE COMES? WHAT IF ONE OF US GETS HURT? WHAT IF SHE TAKES SOMEONE? WHAT IF SHE BRINGS OTHER GHOSTS? WHAT IF SHE WANTS TO KILL US!?"

DALTON PROMISED, " NONE OF THOSE ARE GOING TO HAPPEN."

"EVERYTHING IS READY!" NIKKI BRAGGED.

SHOWING THEM THE FORT SHE MADE OUT OF PILLOWS, BLANKETS, AND ANYTHING ELSE SHE FOUND AROUND HER HOME.

" WOW," HER SHOCKED FRIENDS APPROVED.

THEY ALL SAT DOWN AND PULLED OUT THE SUPPLIES THEY HAD BROUGHT. THE SILENCE SEEMED TO GO ON FOREVER, UNTIL DALTON GOT A CALL. DALTON AND HIS FRIEND TALKED ABOUT EVERYTHING, VIDEO GAMES, SCHOOL, PETS, AND SO ON.

ALEX WAS BUSY READING HIS FAVORITE BOOK, AND NIKKI WAS PLAYING HER FAVORITE VIDEO GAME ON HER PHONE.

ALEX WONDERED, " WHAT GAME ARE YOU PLAYING NIKKI?"

" IT IS CALLED LOONEY LOUEY," NIKKI REPLIED WITH A GRIN.

IT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, AS THE NIGHT AROUND THEM SLOWLY DARKENED AND DOROTHY NEVER CAME. UNTIL SUDDENLY, THEY HEARD A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, EACH OF THEM SHOT UP, THINKING IT WAS DOROTHY. NIKKI'S DAD CAME IN WITH A PLATE OF COOKIES AND 3 GLASSES OF COLD MILK. THEY ALL SAID THANK YOU AS HE LEFT. ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER THEY HEARD ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR. ALEX STOOD UP, BUT IT OPENED ITSELF. ALEX SAT BACK DOWN, AND STARED AT THE DOOR, NOTHING CAME IN.THEY EACH LOOKED AROUND BUT STILL ONLY EACH OTHER.

" WELL THAT WAS WEIRD," NIKKI SAID.

ALL THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AND IT WAS COMPLETELY DARK THE ONLY THING THEY SAW WAS THE SMALL DIM LIGHT, JUST LIKE THE DAY THE HAUNTING HAD BEGUN. THEN, IT BOUNCED OVER DALTON'S FACE AND DISAPPEARED. THE LIGHTS FINALLY CAME BACK ON.

"DALTON, DALTON..." NIKKI CALLED.
ALEX WHISPERED, " I THINK HE'S GONE."
NIKKI PONDERED, "WHERE?"
" I WONDER IF DOROTHY TOOK HIM." ALEX GUESSED.
" WHY WOULD DOROTHY BE MAD AT HIM? WHAT DID HE DO?" ALEX ASKED.
NIKKI BOSSED, " I HAVE AN IDEA, LET'S GO TO THE GRAVEYARD."
THEY BOTH RAN AS FAST AS THEY COULD TO THE CLEARING IN THE WOODS. NIKKI STOPPED AND LOOKED AT DOROTHY'S GRAVE, SHE KNELT DOWN AND PICKED UP A SNICKERS BAR WRAPPER.
" THE FIRST DAY WE WERE HERE DALTON DROPPED HIS CANDY WRAPPER ON DOROTHY'S GRAVE. MAYBE THAT'S WHY SHE'S MAD AT HIM." NIKKI EXPLAINED.
ALEX SAID, " THAT MAKES SENSE."
NIKKI GULPED, " WE'RE SORRY DOROTHY!"
" PLEASE BRING DALTON BACK!" ALEX PLEADED.
" LET'S GO BACK, I THINK DOROTHY IS OKAY NOW." NIKKI TOLD ALEX.
WHEN THEY GOT BACK TO NIKKI'S HOUSE, SHE THREW AWAY THE WRAPPER AND WENT TO BED. AEX SLEPT IN THE ATTIC, AND THE NEXT DAY HE WENT HOME.

FAR AFTER THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD SEEN THE LAST OF DOROTHY, SOMETHING HAPPENED. ONE MORNING NIKKI WOKE UP TO TOTAL DARKNESS AGAIN, AND EACH MORNING AFTER THEY ALL WOKE UP WITH HOPE TO SEE LIGHT STREAMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.

THE LIGHT NEVER CAME BACK.