

The 5 Deadly nights at

Hollow's Hospital in
Boston

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Introduction:

Hi, I'm Sandy. This story

(THAT IS TRUE) is

about the time when it was my

LAST time in a hospital.

Enjoy!

(Also the "shape shifter" disguises
himself/herself as something
you fear.

I Fear Serial Killers.)



Day 1:

We were driving on the highway then, SMASH! SKURT! AHHHHH!

All I could see was my dad's bloody, pale, lifeless face.

My mom was bruised, scarred, and broke her arms and legs.

I tried to move but couldn't. The ambulance came speeding. My mom was loaded up and driven away. My dad was getting covered. I was loaded up and about to leave, when I tried to scream, "DAD! HELP ME!!"

I started to cry, and there was no sound. We had arrived at a small, worn-out looking hospital in the middle of no-where.

"No thank you, we've had a very long day," mom said upset.

"Alrighty then, you already took yours medications, so I bid you goodnight."

"If you need anything, press the button by your bed"

Sara then went away.

I woke up in the middle of the freezing cold night to finally drink some water.

But then, I saw DAD?! He died in the crash! He leaned down and raised a knife and held to mom's neck. "Tell me to stop" he said

"STOP!" I tried and tried to say.

Then he slit her neck. He cut through it until it came off.

THEN, HE ATE IT! I was crying and pressing the button like crazy! No one came.

Day 2:

Day 3:

"Wake up! Come on! We need to go right now!" Sara said

"I can't hear you!!" I thought
She shook me and shook me, then
I woke up.

"WE NEED TO GO NOW!"

Sara yelled!

"I'M DEAF! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!!!"

She loaded me up, grabbed her stuff, and we left. We came across a small town called "Penrosa"

Pop. 102.

"I am hungry" I wrote down

"Let's go eat..... there!" Sara said

We sat down at a table. We ate

an appetizer. Sara got chicken and fries, and I got some macaroni and

cheese. Then I saw a familiar face.....

THE Hank E. Hollows
LOOKING GOOD!

"I see the doctor!" I wrote down.

killed after a car accident. "He said
"☹☹" I wrote "Can't hear you"
"You and me are the same, so
stop resisting." He wrote.

"NEVER! I'M NOT CRAZY!
I wrote.

"Have it your way!" Uh, oh! He's mad. "
He rose his... axe?! Where did that even
come from?! Nevermind that.....

BAM! The doctor fell. DAD?!

"Honey, are you ok?!" He said
"YOU ATE MOM!" I wrote
"The doctor is a shapeshifter, I wasn't
in the car with you. I was at home!"
"Dad, I want to go home!" I wrote
We "rolled" out of that room quick!
"STOP!! I will find you!" The doctor
stumbled.
"See you sucker!" I thought.
We left FOR GOOD!

Day 5:

We, finally, were safe at home. Untill the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it!" Dad yelled!

"Hello, traitors." The DOCTOR?!

"Sara, undisguise yourself as that ugly man." the doctor annoyed

"Are you talking to me?" I thought
But then, I found out, Sara was my "dad"!
I grabbed my holy water and sage bottle
and sprayed it on his ugly face. 😊
I made sure not to spray Sara.

"AHHH! It Burns!" He yelled.

He melted into a puddle, then

He was gone. (hopefully for good.)

"No more hospitals or road trips for me"

I thought to myself.

The End. 😊

Pictures:

me (sandy)



Sara:



The Doctor:



(Aank)
- mwahAHA

Dad:



(Rick)

mom:



(Hailey)

Ambulance drivers:



Bob



Kera

The Wisps

Written by: Grace I

12, 7th Grade.

Opal shot awake in the middle of the night to the sound of someone singing or humming. The sad tune echoed around the room, so she couldn't tell where it was coming from. Alarmed, the 9-year-old hid under her blankets and tried to go back to sleep, but the echoes continued and continued. Finally, Opal peered out of her blankets again. "Hello..?" She whispered, barely able to hear her voice over the lament.

A moment later, she felt someone sit down on her bed, seemingly the source of the song. Opal carefully looked over her blanket and saw a wisp, taking on the shape of a beautiful girl, combing her hair while singing. It was comforting, the girl looked like she'd be nice, and the room had a warm glow now. The only thing that was barely unsettling was that the girl had her back turned as she combed her hair. Opal pushed her blankets off and approached the wisp, trying to tap its shoulder to get its attention. Her hand went right through, again and again.

"Hello?" Opal said in a normal voice. Suddenly, the wisp turned to reveal an uncanny face or an uncanny remainder of a face. Her eye sockets were empty, and her mouth was sewn together at the ends, using vines rather than a string. Despite this, its mouth was wide open, as if it was trying to suck the life force from Opal. Everything about the wisp seemed extremely off. Flowers were growing where they shouldn't, and her brush was full of thorns and clumps of hair, and a bloody scalp that was barely holding onto her hair. The wisp loudly roared, then disappeared under the bed, taking the light with her. Opal, on the other hand, was scrambling into her cover and screaming, terrified and confused by what she'd just seen.

Her mom, June, burst into the room. "Is everything okay?!" She shouted, holding a bat in her hand. She flicked on the lights, and what she saw wasn't what she expected. She just saw her daughter hidden under her blanket in her childish room. June sighed and walked to the bed, carefully removing the cover from her cowering daughter. "Opal, baby, what happened?" She said in a sweet voice.

Opal was too terrified to reply. Her shaking hand pointed to where the ghost was, but nothing was there. "Oh, you had a nightmare," June kept her pleasant voice, although she was slightly annoyed. All that concern over just one nightmare?

However, Opal shook her head quickly. June kissed her head. "Don't worry, sometimes dreams can seem real," She started. "But you must remember that whatever's in the light is in the dark too. Nothing will hurt you, nothing at all." June said, tightly hugging her and turning on her lamp before walking away.

Opal wasn't able to fall back asleep, though, she feared the lady coming back and doing something to her. Her eyes frantically darted around the room as she looked for any sign of the wisp coming back, but there was nothing. She continued like this until the crack of dawn and then felt comfortable enough to go back to sleep.

"It's time to wake up," June's soft voice woke Opal up. "Breakfast is ready." She said before turning around and walking away. After a few minutes of complaining to herself, Opal stretched, she'd barely gotten much sleep that night. Opal hopped off of her bed, slipped on her house shoes, and walked down the dim hallway to the table. She'd forgotten all about what she'd seen the night before, until she saw a doll that looked *identical*, the only difference being that this one was colored in, its flowers were beautiful. . Opal decided it wouldn't hurt to touch it, or play with it a little, her curiosity was getting the best of her. She picked up the flower doll and went into the room where her brother and mother waited.

"Took you forever." Her brother, Noah, scoffed. June flicked his hand, mouthing "Stop that!" to him, before softly smiling at her daughter. "I made your favorite," She motioned to the pancakes and sunny-side-up eggs on the round small table. Opal grinned. "So, how'd you sleep?" June started, putting an egg onto Opal's plate. Opal paused, looking down at the doll she'd picked up. Rather than the smile it had woven into its face before, now it had a deathly blank expression to it.. "Uh, I slept well." She lied. Her mom would be worried sick if she found out Opal barely slept at all. "Are you sure, dear? You look very tired." June asked, noticing the bags under her eyes.

"Yes, I'm fine." Opal snapped. "... I'm just a little tired. I'll be fine." She mumbled. June cleared her throat as Noah held back a laugh. "Oh. I see." June said, then the room went quiet.

June sighed. "What happened? You can't lie to me." Opal finally felt that she could open up. "...I was too scared to sleep after what happened." Noah smiled an evil smile from ear to ear, mocking June, "What happened?" The room went quiet for a moment as June stared at her son in slight disbelief. June answered him. "Opal had a bad dream, I'm guessing it kept her up for the rest of the night." Opal paused, then sniffled. How did you

know?" June nodded, her guess had been correct. "You can't hide things from your mother."

Noah, on the other hand, wasn't so sympathetic. He laughed. "Oh, boo hoo, you had a bad dream. Want a cookie?" June slammed her hand on the table angrily. "That's enough, young man, to your room!" He stabbed his knife into the breakfast he'd barely touched. "Whatever, continue to baby her." Noah stormed off. Opal cried, "Why does he hate me so much?" June calmed down. "He has his reasons," She left it at that. "I need to get ready for work now, dear." She stood up and left.

Now, yet again, Opal was sitting there alone. Anxiously, she looked around for any sign of the ghost, or wisp, or whatever it was that she'd been seeing for the past few days. She then climbed up the stairs to get changed into something more comfortable for staying at home all day. Maybe she had just imagined the whole monster thing from the night before. Opal went into her room and changed into a purple sweater and some light blue jeans with rainbow socks. She looked back at the state of the doll she'd been holding. Nothing really changed on it. Carefully, Opal put it down onto her bed, in the same spot the wisp-lady had sat before. It instantly became the same woman, colored in, and her face looked normal. She looked like she wasn't a wisp at all.

She looked in confusion at the new wisp on her bed, as the wisp stared back, until finally, it broke the silence. "I'm sorry for scaring you the night before, dear." There was an edge in her voice that said otherwise. "I assumed this was my bedroom, it looked like my room when I was just a young girl."

Opal paused. The room hadn't precisely changed when they moved in. In fact, the only major difference was that her name was hung on the door, "OPAL," matching all the other doors in the house. "Oh, you were the old owner of this room?" She asked sheepishly, as the wisp smiled. "Yes, yes, I used to sit here and comb my doll's hair all the time." There was a moment of quiet. "Although, over time, the doll wore away, over and over, until it was nothing more than a pulp."

Opal listened to the wisp go on and on, seemingly not listening when Opal asked her to stop. As the ghost rambled on and on, eventually, the room began to go icy cold. "...The honey would always be so sweet to the taste," The temperature would drop. "... And then, one afternoon..." The temperature would drop lower.

Until finally, Opal couldn't take it any more. She stood up, and the ghost suddenly went quiet. "Something wrong, dear?" The wisp asked, as Opal apologized. "I'm sorry, your stories reminded me of my brother, I'd like to go talk with him now." The ghost looked at her, not believing her lie, but sighed. "I suppose that's ok, if you must, you may leave now." The ghost made the first move, disappearing, as Opal walked out of the

freezer-like room and towards her brother's room, opening the door to see him in what looked like a hurricane of a mess.

Opal was not surprised. "Noah, can I stay here for a while? It's freezing in my room." She asked him as he glanced at her. He simply gave her a cold, hard, "No," and got back to yelling at random people online as he enjoyed himself. Opal frowned. "Mom says you have to," She lied. Noah finally turned around and scowled. "No, she didn't, now get out of my room!" He got up and pushed her out. Opal shouted back, "It smelled gross in there anyway!" He slammed the door behind her.

Opal ran into her backyard and played on the old swings. After a few swings, suddenly, she heard a boy laughing beside her, in the swing that was always empty. She quickly turned and saw a wisp that looked like your average boy. He looked 5 and happily swung back and forth as another wisp pushed him. Opal just froze, it felt so cold, empty. Then the little boy cried, "Aren't you going to play too?" Opal just sat there. He looked harmless enough, but so did the ghost from her bedroom. "Yes, ". She mumbled, afraid that the wisp would yell at her, or worse.

"Great!" The boy beamed. "Mom says that we should play on the monkey bars!" The wisp who'd been pushing him before now had a long neck that reached up into the clouds. Alarmed, Opal nodded quickly. "I will!" She jumped off of her swing and ran to the monkey bars. The boy followed, and so did his 'mother,' who was curling her neck around and around to look down on Opal and her son. "Mother says to lift me there." The boy asked, pointing to the monkey bar above him. Opal paused. She knew she probably couldn't pick the boy up, even if she tried. "...I'll get my brother, he'll help."

The boy giggled. "No, silly, mother wants it to be you!" Opal's expression dropped. "Why does she want me to?" She asked, smiling nervously. The boy frowned. "Mother doesn't want you asking questions, mother wants you to pick me up!" The 5-year-old ghost said. Then Opal quavered. "O-okay! I'll do it!" She tried to pick him up, but to her horror, her hands went right through. The boy's image kept on getting more and more smeared, more alarming, as she tried again and again, feeling the aura of his mother growing behind her.

Noah ran outside and yelled, "Opal! Get in here. we need to clean up the kitchen before mom gets back.``. Opal was alarmed by his yelling, she quickly snapped out of the horrified state she was in beforehand. yelled back "Coming!" When Opal turned around to see if the ghosts were there, they were gone, the only thing left behind is a doll and a tree.

Noah closed the door behind her. "Took you long enough." He scowled, motioning to the kitchen. "Now get cleaning, I've already done my part." Opal looked at the kitchen as if it was devastating. "Are you sure?" She mumbled. "I mean, what did you

do?" Noah laughed. "What did I do? I did your laundry and cleaned your room, again, and you were off screaming in the backyard." She looked down, then ran up the stairs to check. Surprisingly, what Noah said was true. He had cleaned up her room, and her drawers were full of fresh, new clothes.

Opal sprinted back downstairs, looking at her brother in disbelief. "Do I have to do it all by myself?" She whined. Noah rolled his eyes. "Crybaby," He walked back to his bedroom. Opal paused, then shouted, "Wait!" Noah stopped and turned around. "What do you want?" He snarled, then saw Opal's face of pure fear. "Please don't go. The ghosts..." Noah, who previously felt sympathetic, was now annoyed. "Stop making up stories, weirdo." With that, he left.

On the other hand, Opal was cleaning while searching for a sign of a ghost of some sort. She knew there had to be something, someone, anything, to symbolize that some sort of spirit had been in the area.

Then she heard a quiet whimper, when Opal looked towards the sound, and saw a wisp. But this wisp had a long black dress with some ruffles on the bottom, a white apron, and a white bonnet. The wisp was cleaning, Opal thought that the wisp was helping her. But when she looked at the towel the wisp was using there was blood all over it. Opal stared in horror. The ghost continued to clean blood, ketchup, whatever it was, off of the table. It was getting the dust off as well, but the napkin was rubbing the blood all over the place.

"...Ma'am?" Opal said, bracing herself for a scream or to be hit. Instead, the lady smiled eerily at her. "Yes, dear?" She asked, not caring to hide the bloody napkin. Opal backed away. It would've been better, in her opinion, if the ghost were to scare her, but this ghost was kind, quiet, and soft-spoken. "Can you... can you please stop? It's my job to clean up." Opal said, continuing to back away from the ghost.

"Oh, but, I must clean this mess, it'll be too difficult for a child like you." The woman didn't shout, didn't yell, didn't frown, only continued to clean and continued to stay soft-spoken. Opal pointed at the drying blood on the walls that had been smeared from the woman's napkin. "What's this, then?" She asked. The ghost laughed. "You silly, silly child, that's an empty wall." As the ghost said it, the wall took on the form of a less modern home. Everywhere that blood used to be, instead, there was a 90's looking kitchen wall, until the whole place looked as though it was from the 90s.

The woman suddenly brought another wisp, who'd come out of thin air, into a warm embrace. The man returned the embrace with a kiss, and slow, distorted music played as they talked about the news. "Oh, did you hear that Nichole's son has been baking treats for everyone?" The man asked as the room went gray as if they were on a

television screen. "Oh, how pleasant!" The ghost smiled. "Rosemary," The man called, "What are we eating for supper?"

"Oh, we're having your favorite, dear!"

The man smiles. "You always make it perfectly."

The woman brought out something from the oven. "Of course! Perfect just for you, just like you." She peeled back the aluminum foil and revealed a long, painful-looking knife. They both stood still for a moment, glitching in and out, in and out, then the woman turned to Opal, who'd been sitting in the corner the whole time. The knife was in the woman's hand, but her warm expression made it seem like a happy death.

As it got closer and closer, Opal found herself unable to move at all. It wasn't because she was afraid this time, it was just, she couldn't. No matter how much she pushed around frantically, she couldn't move a muscle. As the wisp got closer and closer, now looming over Opal. Opal began to cry, she had never been this scared before in her life. Then everything turned blank.

When she woke up she was in the hospital. The loud beeping filled her ears as she took a deep breath, only to feel a sharp pain. The doctor ran in with June right beside him. "This is a miracle!" The doctor said, while June was asking her if she was okay and what happened. Then the doctor said "You were in a coma for the past 5 years" It took a moment to sink in, as she realized she was 14. She didn't know how to feel, I mean, she'd been asleep for the past 5 years. The last time she'd checked, she was in the 4th grade. Now she'd be a freshman in high school. But, thank the heavens, she was alive. She'd barely made it.

June sobbed beside her daughter, holding her hand. June's hand was shaking, she was trembling, and was so happy that her child was alive. She opened her mouth to speak, but couldn't utter a word, so just continued to cry on her daughter's hand. Suddenly, as her mother was crying by her side, everything went blank. What was happening to her? After what felt like hours in the darkness, she finally saw a vision, a dream, something appeared. She had had visions before, but this one was different. Opal saw the same woman who had stabbed her 5 years ago, but this time she had blood all over her, then as soon as she saw her she was gone. Then she saw her brother, Noah, at this time he was 12, now he's 17. When Opal saw him, he was laughing on the phone with someone, in the middle of a sentence, then he paused as his eyes set upon the dead body. Then he started to cry, this surprised Opal, she had never seen Noah sob before. She saw him pound numbers into his small phone, looking horrified, sad, and confused at the same time.

As the ambulance was arriving Noah dropped the phone and came over to Opal and hugged her tight, and cried, "Who'd do such a thing?!". Suddenly, the sirens from the ambulance blared outside. Noah let them in and rushed to the body, as they scooped Opal up and put her into the truck. As they started to drive away, the vision was ending, and Opal saw her mother again, in the same hospital as before the vision. Opal shot up, then quickly got back down after feeling a sharp pain in her stomach.

But something wasn't right, Everything was marbled and blurry. It felt like she was nauseous. June spoke loudly "Don't get up so fast dear!" Opal said confused "where am I, what happened?" June sighed in relief, at least her daughter had held onto consciousness. "We think that someone tried to kill you," As her mother uttered the words, Opal was in complete shock, she didn't know what to say or think. Someone tried to kill her? Who? Why? The pale white face of the ghost flashed into her mind, the blood-stained dress as she smiled at her husband, both of them in a horrifying state as they ate the remains of Opal's legs, arms, eyes, fingers, anything she could imagine, they dug their hands into.

June spoke softly, as if she knew that Opal was scared out of her mind. "I know this alot, but we will get through this together." She smiled a pure, lovely smile as the final few tears trickled from Opal's eyes.

A few weeks after waking up, Opal was back at home, laying on her bed in a lot of a better condition. She'd just gotten back, and her mom was trying to fix all the problems that had rooted from the 5 year coma. She sat in pure quiet in her bedroom, wondering if the same ghosts she'd seen 5 years ago were still there. But, she saw no knives or dolls. Heard no laughter or screaming. It was just the quiet sound of her breathing and her brother and mother talking in the other room.

It was quiet, too quiet. Opal's eyes anxiously darted from side to side, trying to find a single sign of a wisp, a ghost, *something* to remind her of the torture she'd suffered just a few years beforehand.

Her brother, Noah, knocked loudly on the door, snapping her out of her paranoid state. "Yo, Opal, Ma finally came up with what you'd do academically." He said, not waiting for a reply before walking back into the kitchen. Opal opened her door and followed him. It was the same hallway she'd seen the doll, so she looked for that as well. Nothing.

Finally, they arrived at the dining table. June greeted Opal with a quiet, warm smile, and Noah sat down. As Opal was fixing to sit down at the table, she thought, "...Noah, were you even concerned that I've been in a coma for 5 years? It only took you a few days to go back to your old ways." Opal said, sticking out her tongue at him as June scolded him. "Noah? What have you done in the past 5 years hm?" Noah scowled at

both of them. "I got a job, idiot." He was back to his old ways, although his tone was barely any brighter than before. "What do you think, that I learned my sister died, shrugged, and moved on?"

Noah added on a darker tone. "I shouldn't even *be* here right now, I could've been out to college, but mom had me waste time to put money aside for your medical bills, your life, which you aren't even a bit grateful for." Opal sat there frozen, Why had her brother never cared about her, It might have been best if she stayed in coma. Opal left the table without even finishing her waffles and eggs. June's voice was still soft, despite the angry environment. "Where are you going, dear?" Opal just kept on walking upstairs, June thought she must be tired and left it at that. Opal walked straight into her mother's room and pulled out a pair of hair scissors. For no reason at all, without thinking, she gave herself a wolf-cut.

The only factor of why being, because she'd been wanting to do it her whole life, she wanted to do it before she went out with her friends. Talking about her friends... Opal suddenly realized she hadn't seen them ever since the incident - 5 years without them. Who knows what they'd think of her, what they'd do... Opal was very nervous that they didn't like her anymore, or thought she was weird because her brain was still at a 4th grade level. Would Opal's friends drop her like dead meat?

Her old phone, that's how she could find out. Quickly, she sprinted to her bedroom to look for it. She looked underneath the covers and in the drawers. Finally, she set her hands on the gold, well rather, pink cased phone. It was dead, it probably had been for the whole 5 years. The only one she knew that might know what type of charger it needed was her brother, Noah, but he... he wasn't in a good mood. Opal sighed heavily.

She started to ponder where the 9 year old opal would have put her iphone's charger. Again, she searched, but couldn't find anything. Finally, she gave in. She'd have to ask her brother. Opal stood up and started to slunk over to his room, until the same, flowery wisp appeared again. "Oh my Opal dear! You look so grown up! Where are you off to my dear?" She asked but she sounded more sinister. As Opal turned around. "I'm gonna ask my brother for something." The wisp laughed. "You seem so unmotivated to do this, does this idea disturb you?"

Opal blinked. How'd she know? "Um. Yes. My brother might yell at me."

"Oh, dear, you do know you can rely on me for everything, right?" Opal froze. The same feeling in the air she'd felt 5 years ago, the feeling of death, the feeling of fear, something telling her to *run*, she felt it again.

"Oh really? I didn't know." Opal answered, heading towards the door as the wisp pulled out a wire. It looked completely new.

"Come on, dear, take it." The ghost purred.

Opal gulped. She didn't know to approach the ghost to please it, or run away and potentially anger it. "Ghost.. Ghost lady... I don't feel very safe." Opal admitted.

"You'll always feel safe with me, we're related, after all. You must always rely on your big sister, that's what family's all about!" The ghost grinned sincerely, as Opal looked at her as though she'd lost her mind. Opal never had any siblings at all other than Noah, and now this wisp that she hadn't seen in 5 years was claiming she was related to her?

"You know, maybe I should just go now." Before the ghost could argue, Opal darted out of the room as quickly as she could go, walked into her brother's open door, and slammed it closed. "Hey, what the heck?!" Noah shouted. Opal looked around his room. It looked a lot different than before. A lot cleaner.

Opal didn't answer him, just took deep breaths in and out, in and out. But suddenly the wisp appeared in Noah's room, and pulled out the skull of her mothers, "Why do you have that?!" Before Opal could run away, the wisp crashed the skull right into Opal's head. Blood splattered. No one saw Opal after that, to this day. That same house Opal lived in is haunted and anyone who went in, never came out.

The Mirror

"Everyone knows you break a mirror you are stuck with bad luck for seven years"

Faye looked at her grandmother with admiration and curiosity as she was just starting to tell a story. Grandma was always super superstitious and believed in a lot of paranormal things.

"But no one knows why, except me," she continued slightly rocking in her old rocking chair. Faye straightened her posture, "why, grandma?"

"Well the monster of course, It comes out when the mirror is broken and sits...watching". The little girl's eyes widened slightly at the new information. *A monster..? What kind of monster?*

slam.

Faye jumped in her skin as she heard her door slam open but relaxed upon seeing her mother walk in. Immediately she ran to hug her mother.

"Mom, stop telling Faye your fake scary stories. You'll give her nightmares for goodness sake!"

"They aren't fake, my dear. You know that better than anyone" Grandma said as she stood up from her rocking chair. That made Faye's mom visibly tense and hold onto Faye slightly tighter. Grandma glanced at the full body mirror hanging on the door with a creepy grin and turned to walk out of the door.

"Never break a mirror Faye" and with that she walked out of the room sparing mom a single glance.

A few years passed and grandma had unfortunately moved on to whatever awaited her in the next life, if there was a next life. Faye just hoped she was happy though she was at least a little curious. .

"Hey Faye, remember grandma's silly story about the mirrors?" Anthony, her brother, asked while packing up some boxes. He was going to go to college soon. Faye turned from her homework to look at the mirror hanging in the corner.

"Yeah, she definitely had a strange perspective on things," Faye responded. She stood up to help Anthony pack but on the way tripped over a box he shoved in her path. Faye tripped and before she could process what happened she heard a crack.

And then it shattered.

Faye felt a hollow chill take over her body as soon as she heard the sickening sound of glass breaking. The whole atmosphere of the room changed from lighthearted to menacing in a matter of seconds.

Sharp shards of the mirror lay on the ground in a horrifying sort of puzzle. Why horrifying you may ask? Well Faye noticed that the sides of the shards were turning slightly black.

"Anthony! Why the heck did you do that!? You know what grandma said!" Faye exclaimed panicking.

"OH come on, we both know it was all fake. It was just a pitiful attempt at scaring us as kids!"

Faye felt an unsettling feeling creep over her as she cleaned up the glass. As she picked up a shard of glass she glanced at herself in the mirror shard. Something was different though, there was a girl standing behind her, almost looking identical to her. . But it wasn't her completely. It looked like her but badly injured. Her reflection had no eyes and her skin looked lifeless and dull. Almost like a corpse.

Faye dropped the glass and gasped as it cut her hand. When she turned around to show Anthony she realized that she was no longer in her room, but in a dark circular room covered in dust. It seemed as though she was always being watched. The room was dark, the only bit of light coming from the only object in the room, a single mirror. She slowly walked up to it and looked into it. Faye saw herself but it wasn't her, it was the copy of her, and it was in her room with Anthony impersonating her. Faye placed her hand on the glass suddenly even more terrified and angry when the other girl looked at the mirror where Faye was locked up. All it did was look at her with its menacing grin and wink before leaving the room with Anthony. He didn't seem to notice that It wasn't really Faye. It was then that she noticed the other person in the room. They were huddled up in the corner. The person raised their head and Faye immediately recognised her as grandma. She looked sick and she was terribly thin. It looked as though she would collapse if a gust of wind hit her.

"Faye.." she mumbled in a gravelly voice, probably due to lack of use.

"Grandma?" Faye asked with hesitance. Is this really grandma? Why is she here?

"I warned you Faye...now there's no way out" grandma said. 'I learned the hard way." she whispered.

Grandma was right.

Never break a mirror.

Jennifer H.

8th Grade/ 13 years old

Drive

One Long Nightmare

Story by Nehemiah H

Address: _____

Phone: 7 _____

Age/Grade: 13/8th grade

Clarice was a nice girl always happy she definitely didn't deserve what was coming. It was her birthday and she had a rather nice birthday party everyone was there except for her favorite auntie, she was on vacation in Africa. she thought she might make it but I guess not. After everyone was gone and the party was cleaned up she was just relaxing watching a movie when the doorbell rang, she was wondering who it could be. When she opened the door she saw her aunt merry standing there with a present in hand she gave her a big hug. "How are you here I thought you couldn't make it" "no I was able to catch an early flight and make it here, sorry I'm late" "no, no it's fine to come in are you gonna be staying with us" "unfortunately no I can't I have to get home but I brought you a gift from Africa" she pulled out this small doll "her name is Abaddon, she's supposed to bring good luck," said aunt merry with a wink. As much as Clarice was happy that aunt merry made it she was kind of disappointed with the doll, after all, she was a little old to be playing with dolls but she appreciated the gesture. She gave her aunt merry a hug and she left. Once she was gone Clarice decided to go to bed. She placed the doll on her nightstand. That night she had a very peculiar dream she dreamt that her grandpa and grandma both got attacked and kidnapped by thousands of spiders and were being held captive in a cocoon waiting to be eaten by thousands of horrifying spiders with hundreds of beady eyes and hairy legs. She woke up the next day and told her parents about the dream she had, and they were both a little concerned. she went to school and all day she was noticing little things like, a bird flew into the glass window and died. A crow followed her all the way home and there were three amber alerts. And for some reason, a ton of kids got sent to the principles office from spider bites and she could swear she was being

watched but brushed it off thinking it was just her mind playing tricks on her after all she was a little on edge after last night. Once she got home she felt safe but then she went to her room Abaddon had moved to her bed when this morning she was on her nightstand. She decided to take a nap and once again her dream was the same as last night which she found odd. When she awoke she noticed her mom sobbing on the floor with a half-empty bottle of wine. Clarice asked what was wrong and she said that Clarice's grandma and grandpa were missing with no clues and they weren't answering their phones after that Clarice knew something was wrong so she came up to her room and was thinking but she couldn't figure it out. eventually, she decided to call her auntie to ask her where she got the doll from Aunt merry answered and said "hey pumpkin sorry I couldn't make the party I am still here in Africa the plane got delayed due to the fog but you should see the animals here they are amazing," "yeah I bet they are" "I'll be there tomorrow," "oh I can't wait for you to get here" said Clarice trying not to lose it. If Aunt merry is still in Africa who was at my door? eventually, the sun set and she decided to go to sleep that night she dreamt that her dad was in a pit full of snakes constantly biting him she looked at his face as he sobbed in agony she tried to run and help him. Still, it was no use she could not move she had to watch her dad get devoured in agony by those slimy creatures a little bit at a time, bite by bite. Then suddenly once her dad was completely devoured all the snakes turned to look at her and they all jumped at her. Then she woke drenched in sweat with tears running down her face. She ran to her dad's room sobbing, begging him not to go to work today but he just said "oh darling, you and your imagination there is nothing to be scared of, magic isn't real" all day she couldn't stop thinking of the dream she had and how her dad might not be safe. When she came home she called her dad immediately, but he didn't answer. She knew what had happened she didn't know how but she knew. The night after that she had another dream and this time it was her mom in the dream she was trapped in this dimension full of baby's hand coming out of the ground then baby's hand at the fingertips and baby's hand on those fingertips. Once again she had to stand there and watch a parent get devoured by these, things, and once again she couldn't help her mom she cried as she stared at her mom's sobbing face crying out for help but alas she couldn't help her. That next day her Auntie's plane landed and she came right to Clarice's aid she decided she would take care of Clarice from now on she felt so bad for her, she had lost her grandpa, grandma, mom, and dad. That night she had another dream, and as soon as it started she started crying because she thought it was over, she thought she had no one left

to lose, but then she remembered. "AUNT MERRY!" she screamed but it was too late she saw her aunt standing in a room full of taxidermied heads then they started dripping blood out of their eyes and mouths almost flooding the room. "NO!" screamed Clarice then everything stopped, all the heads looked at her and grinned creepily. "Well, well, well you like this one huh, fine I will let her go, for now, but she will forever be traumatized by the awful things she has seen". Then she awoke and rushed to aunt merry's side, sure enough, she was sitting there standing into space muttering gibberish. She was trying to think what could be causing this and if she could get rid of it before it took everything from her then she heard a creepy chuckle and she looked and there was Abaddon standing in the corner with a nasty grin showing her rotting teeth she started climbing up the wall like some sort of hideous spider she jumped down on Clarice with a knife that seemed to come out of nowhere. Clarice tried to fight back but it was hard she was so small and slippery Clarice had gotten many cuts in the fight but she eventually got Abaddon off of her, Clarice threw her out the window where she got ran over, and rolled into the gutter. Thinking that she was dead she decided to go to sleep and for the first time in what felt like forever she had a nice dream. She dreamt that she was in a field full of flowers and bunnies and she even saw a herd of antelope. All throughout the dream thought she could swear she saw Abaddon hiding in corners watching her, stalking her. For a few days, she was happy despite the fact that she lost her grandparents, mom and dad, and almost her favorite auntie. But three days later she had another nightmare. This time it was her in the cage and Abaddon looming over her. She said "what do you want from me" "your soul, your energy, your joy," laughed Abaddon with an awful grin, "I thought I killed you" "you fool I am immortal! No amount of tires can kill me, let that thought haunt you," said Abaddon. Clarice awoke and immediately started researching a way to kill her and found that Abaddon was a rare breed of a voodoo doll, one that had come alive and once it was alive she started looking for a victim, you see they feed on human joy so they will do whatever they have to, kill whoever they have to just to eat. they are born with a gem for a heart and legend says if you rip out the heart they will die. That night she searched for Abaddon everywhere but could not find her anywhere then she heard rustling in the study, she had found her, standing, over poor aunt merry with a knife ready to stab her but Clarice grabbed the nearest book and threw it at her, a hit! She knocked her on her stomach grabbed the knife from her and cut her open surprising Clarice with real human organs she stuck her hand in (as much as she hated it) and ripped her ruby heart out. "No, no, NOOOOOO," said Abaddon as

she turned to dust. Still not knowing why Abaddon chose her. Clarice decided to keep the ruby as a trophy and also started taking aunt merry to therapy she is now fully recovered. She still misses her family but she had a happy life she got married, had kids, and lived life to its fullest. But even to this day she still remembers Abaddon with her rotting teeth, creepy grin, and her really long nightmare.

Connections Between Dimensions

Book One: Hiding in the Shadows

Written Abigail K
(Authors info at the end (phone, address etc.))

Chapter 1: The Campground

Conner looked out the window of Uncle William's truck and watched different trees fly past him. Well, really, he was flying past them. He imagined he was climbing one of them, not just any of them, but the tallest one in Colorado. He would sit on top of the highest branch and shout down at the people below him.

"Conner!" Lily nagged.

"What!?"

"Ugh, Conner, do you EVER pay attention? Do. You. Want. A. Cookie?!" she asked.

"Yes I want a cookie, Lily! What crazy person wouldn't?" Conner snapped.

"Come on you two, we finally get to go on vacation together and you guys are fighting before we even get to the campsite!" sighed Uncle William. It's a good one too! Based on the online reviews anyway.

"Sorry," Lily whispered, her emerald eyes lowered, and her hands fidgeting. Her coal black hair fell in front of her face.

Conner felt guilty. He knew it was mostly his fault that they were fighting, Lily hated getting in trouble, she always tried her best to follow the rules. As he turned toward the window to get his mind off of Lily, he saw her pull out homework from her backpack from the corner of his eye. *Typical Lily, always keeping to herself doing school work.* Conner thought. *Come on, can't she find something better to do, gosh a little free time wouldn't hurt her.*

Lily stepped out of the silver truck and let her shoes compress the loose dirt beneath her. As she looked around, she wondered where the oxygen was coming from. She didn't see any plants at all, or humans when she thought about it.

"Um Uncle, where are all of the people?" she stammered.

"Oh that's why I chose this place," he stated. "It's quiet here. Nice for some relaxation, and nature walks."

It was quiet. Too quiet. Quiet enough to drop a feather and you would hear it glide to the ground. Quiet. Lily got nervous. She thought she *liked* getting away from the sound of the school, and going to peace and quiet, but this was not peaceful. It was ... unsettling. Lily immediately got tense, she could have sworn everything got suddenly colder; when she glanced at her brother, it looked as though he could have been shivering. She felt her hands drift to the amethyst necklace dangling from her neck that her grandmother had given to her when she was still a toddler. *Keep this necklace close, Lily, It is very special and important for this family,* She had told her. Lily could feel the warmth of the crystal greeting her fingers, and she escaped the prison that held her close; The bitter cold lonely feeling that this place had brought upon her.

When Uncle William, Lily, and Conner were setting up the tents, Conner felt lonely, but not alone. He was sweating, but it was cold. He was happy to go camping, but he was *not* happy. He could hear his ragged breathing, and feel his rapid heartbeat thumping against his chest. For the first time in his life, Conner felt scared. Not a halloween fun scared, but genuine fear. He couldn't help but glance around before he took a step. When Uncle stepped on a twig, Conner jumped and whirled around. *Calm down Conner,* he tried telling

himself. *There's nothing there, nothing's gonna get you.* He didn't believe himself. He decided to talk to Lily about it.

"Hey Lil, can you come over here for a sec?" He trembled quietly in fear.

"Yeah, what's up?" She muttered.

"Um, does this place, I dunno, creep you out?" Conner managed.

"Do you feel it too?" she asked.

"I'm scared, Lily," he trembled. "It feels cold here, it's quiet. It feels like something is watching us."

"I feel the same, but it's probably being away from home getting to us."

"Yeah, you're right," he stammered.

Nothing felt right, there was definitely something there, he *wasn't* just anxious for nothing.

Chapter 2: The First Night

Conner, Lily, and Uncle William gathered around the campfire, paper plates in their hands. They had worked together to make a fire, and it paid off. They could now smell the beans and fish roasting. Though Conner felt scared, his stomach naved at itself and the thought of food was longing.

"This first day has been a success," Uncle William sighed.

"Yeah," Conner shivered.

Lily felt the cold again. The unwelcoming feeling that made her feel like happiness was never there. As she started panting, her trembling fingers slowly went to her necklace that once again made her feel safe. This was the 3rd time that night. She must be scared of being away from home. Instead of returning her hand to its position at her side, she let it rest on top of her necklace. She tried closing her eyes, but the rustling outside the kids' tent kept her awake. She tried bunching up into a ball and covering her ears, but that only gave her cramps. Finally she gave in and pulled out a book from her bag. *Aesop's Fables* was her favorite book ever. Her favorite story was the Lion and the Mouse. She let her eyes scan each page and re-read her favorite stories.

Conner wasn't going to fall asleep any time soon. His muscles were tight, and every time Lily turned a page, he glanced around. He didn't try talking to her though, he wanted at least some sleep even though he knew he was far from it.

Chapter 3: Lily's Search

Lily woke up to the sunlight, the cold sunlight shining through her tent. *That's weird.* She thought. *Uncle William was supposed to wake them up early so they could walk to the river and take pictures.*

"Conner, wake up," she whispered.

No response.

"Conner," she tried again.

No response.

"Conner!" she shouted, this time shaking her brother.

But she wasn't shaking him. All she was doing was shaking a lump of sleeping bag.

Lily got scared. What happened to Conner?! She ran toward her Uncle's tent, her feet thumping the ground below, her heartbeat increasing each second. She threw open the flap of the tent.

"CONNER!" she screamed. "Uncle! Conner is gone!"

She sprinted to wake him up. When she threw off the blankets, Her uncle was frozen. He was breathing, but his face had a very scared expression. His eyes were open, but he wasn't blinking. Lily suddenly realized that she hasn't been feeling cold for nothing, there was something here, something that was haunting this place. Something hiding in the shadows

Chapter 4: A New Dimension

Conner was awake. He barely had gotten any sleep the night before, but he shot up. The landscape scared him. His heart started hammering his body, his breath became as heavy as dumbbells. Sweat poured down his face, he began violently shivering. The horrible emotion took over again. Lonely, Cold, Quiet. The ground was entirely jet black grainy sand. The sky above him was a toxic neon green.

He used all of his lungs and screamed, "LILY, UNCLE!"

It made no noise.

"AA! I'M OVER HERE! COME ON LILY!!!!!! COME GET ME!!!"

It made no noise.

No noise.

No noise.

Conner started panting, but he couldn't hear himself.

He started running around. He couldn't stand it. He always told his friends that he was up for any challenge, but this, this was too much.

Chapter 5: Figures

Panic flooded Lily's head. *Where could Conner be?!* She bolted across the empty campsite, her lungs begging for air. Her eyes swooped around the area looking for her brother.

"CONNER CONNER WHERE ARE YOU!" She shouted.

"CONNER CONNER WHERE ARE YOU!" screamed a voice in the distance. Not just a voice. Lily's voice! Conner immediately started running toward the sound of her voice.

"CONNER THIS ISN'T FUNNY!"

He saw a figure of light peek over the horizon. It was moving. His mind was telling him to back away, but his instincts said not. He ran as fast as his legs would allow, painting with every step.

"CONNER!"

Lily looked around in panic. There was no sign of him. Her brain began to kick in as she worriedly tried to figure out some way to find her brother. She raced back to their tent and started scanning the ground for foot prints. "CONNER THIS ISN'T FUNNY!", she screamed, tears streaming down her face. "CONNER!" As she was looking for some sort of hint about where her brother had gone, she didn't find footprints, but a shadow. It was a human figure swinging its arms jumping up and down quickly.

"Ah!" she shouted as she jumped back.

Lily eyed the figure as it walked toward her. It appeared to be talking but it didn't make any noise.

"Whatever you are or whoever you are, I can't hear you."

Her heart raced as she thought about the figure being Conner.

Conner was amazed! He had found his sister! But, she couldn't hear him. His joy turned into the lonely cold prison that held his thoughts frozen. His mind raced as he tried to think of any possible way he could communicate with Lily. He wished he knew sign language like his sister. That would make things so much easier! He remembered times when he was little, when they would sneak out of the house at night to play outside. Their parent's bedroom was right next to the backyard so they weren't able to talk without getting caught. They had to write what they were saying in the dirt. It was worth the shot. In the black sand by his sister's feet he wrote:

lily its me conner! please help!

Lily let out a gasp.

"CONNER! HOW DID YOU DO THAT! WHERE ARE YOU?" she shouted in disbelief.

lily i woke up in this weird place! im scared lily!

Lily let out a gasp.

"CONNER I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

lily i knew something was off about this place!

Lily remembered that cold dark feeling of the campsite. Just the thought of it made her grab her grandma's purple necklace. The necklace! It had shielded her from the evil atmosphere, and in the morning, she was the only person unaffected by the terrible secret held here!

"Conner! Grab my necklace!" she insisted with a hurried tone to her voice.

She watched as the shadow's finger touched the ground.

What?

"Conner!" she nagged.

Chapter 6: Reunion

Conner reached his trembling hand toward the necklace hanging from the neck of the glowing figure. Conner felt his eyes grow wide as the white lump on the figure of light began to glow a deep purple. Not just purple, but it was a purple more purple than his eyes had ever witnessed. He realized that Lily's eyes were just the same. His amazement blocked out the unsettling feeling around him.

Lily felt a wispy sensation as Conner's shadow had touched her. Suddenly the amethyst necklace glowed more purple than purple, and the brightness of the light blinded her. She felt a surge of power flowing through her. *What's happening!?!* She thought. She thought about Conner as she tried to cope with her senses that were over-riding. It felt like she had a sixth sense. Sight, Hearing, Taste, Touch, Smell, and... Magic? Suddenly Conner's shadow began to rise out of the ground, becoming 3D. Lily watched the shadow morph into her brother.

"Conner!" she shouted in delight.

Conner immediately jumped into Lily's arms.

"Lily! I missed you so much!" he sobbed. "It felt worse than in the campsite. That cold feeling, but more of it! Lily, it was horrible. I couldn't hear myself! When I touched your necklace, it seemed to vanish! Oh, Lily, I'm so glad to be back with you and Uncle William!"

"Oh my gosh! Uncle William!"

Chapter 7: Answers

Lily bolted towards his tent, Conner following. When they entered, their uncle was nowhere to be seen, but there was a tall man in a t-shirt and jeans standing there. The siblings staggered backwards.

"Conner and Lily Mendski!" he greeted. "What an honor!"

"Wh-Who are you!" Lily demanded uncertainty.

"I'm Dan Carter at your service, and you have been recruited to the Dimension Agency," he stated boldly.

"Woah woah woah!" Conner confronted. "You have hidden our uncle, barged into our family trip, started confusing us more and more, and now you just expect us to join an agency! No, First we need some answers. What is this place? Why do we always feel trapped? How was I in an entirely different world? What the heck is that necklace? Where is our uncle? Why do you not feel that mind driving feeling? What is this "Agency" you want us to join? Answer now!"

Conner was confused. He wanted answers. He wanted to know everything he and Lily had been concealed from.

"Okay, okay," Dan chuckled. "You two are in one of three special families on earth that have the ability to connect to other dimensions. There used to be more, but eventually their bloodlines died out. This campsite is directly in a thin spot, that is where the barriers to dimensions are weak, and interactions between the two dimensions occur. The reason tha..."

"If that's true," Lily asked. "Then why didn't our uncle feel uncomfortable here like we do?"

"Your uncle is not in your grandmother's bloodline, because he is not on your mother's side, which does have the magical flow. All of the families carry a relic that strengthens their power to communicate with opposing dimensions and also helps them control their ability, one of them hanging from your neck."

Lily looked down at the necklace her grandmother had given to her so long ago.

"So that's why it was able to bring Conner back," Lily realized.

"Which was a good thing. If he had stayed there a little longer, he would have transformed permanently into a shadow."

Lily shivered at the thought of that.

"Lily, it also made your eyes glow purple. A really cool deep purple!"

"But, then why did it stop me from feeling cold?" Lily questioned Dan.

"Like I said, that necklace helps you two control your abilities. Gaining control, you were able to think about how you didn't want to feel the connection, so your power listened." He explained.

"Now we have to get to the serious part. If you weren't touching the necklace while you transported Conner, another being from the shadow realm had to be using its powers to draw you there. That being is trying to disturb peace between the dimensions, and we have to stop it. There are 4 dimensions. The shadow dimension, mind dimension, light dimension and the ultimate dimension. We are in the ultimate dimension, because we contain aspects of all dimensions. Dimensions can connect to us, but not other dimensions. We can connect to all dimensions from this one. We believe that something in each dimension is trying to use your family, and the other families to claw their way here and take over the universe. If you join the agency, you would not be able to visit any thin spots except for missions to keep the universe safe. Your grandmother was an agent if that helps. Which brings me to this. Your grandmother, just like you were Conner, is trapped in the mind dimension. Her body was left behind but her mind had a different story. We need to get you and the other families to save her and the universe."

"Will she be transformed too?!?" Conner panicked.

"Don't worry, we have a part of her here, so it wouldn't be possible. But we must hurry!"

...To Be Continued Next Year in Connections Between Dimensions Book 2: Drifting Thoughts

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

(CONTACT INFORMATION AT BOTTOM)HELLO, I'M ABIGAIL K, AND THE REASON I LOVE TO WRITE STORIES IS BECAUSE, AT HOME I CAN GET IMMERSSED INTO A NEW WORLD WITH NEW CHARACTERS. MY WRITING STYLE IS BASED OFF OF THE AUTHORS BRANDON MULL, AND J.K. ROWLING. (MY FAVORITE SERIES BY THEM ARE BRANDON MULL'S FIVE KINGDOMS, AND J.K. ROWLINGS HARRY POTTER) WHILE I'M NOT WRITING, DURING MY FREE TIME, I LOVE TO READ, WATCH MOVIES, DO NEEDLE WORK, AND CODE GAMES ON SCRATCH, BUT MY ALL TIME FAVORITE THING TO DO IS SPEED-SOLVE MY RUBIK'S CUBES. WELL I DON'T ACTUALLY USE THE RUBIK'S BRAND, BUT I USE THE DUNCAN ONE BECAUSE IT TURNS QUICKLY AND THE MO-YU NEX CUBE, BECAUSE IT IS JUST REALLY GOOD!

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6th

Abandoned Hospital

Today is halloween, the best time of the year, and Ivy and I we going trick or treating. Anyways it is the usual, and me and Ivy are wearing matching costumes and I am dressed up as Goofy and she is dressed up as Mickey. And we started at Clinton road and as you know Clinton road is the most haunted road on the world. And my friend Ivy dared me to go down the road and ding ditched the houses. But it felt like the neighborhood was a ghost town, so we left, but it gave us shivers. And we just continued down the road by the main street, so we just stayed quiet to keep us away from the center of attention. But across our path we saw a creepy looking building and since it's halloween I dared her to go in it by herself, but the lights were flicking on and off so I had to go in there with her. And we saw a lot of medical stuff they use at hospitals, soon we found out that we are in an abandoned hospital. So we tried to find a way out but then suddenly it went pitch black and me and Ivy hugged each other, but all of a sudden something touched my back and I said

"Ivy is that you?"

"No" she said in horror

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" Me and Ivy both screamed together as we run through the darkness. Ivy and me felt a presence as we are running and it is behind us, all of a sudden we get split apart because of a narrow part in the walls. I stop and look back and all I see is darkness. While Ivy is still running I am trying to find a light to find my way around the abandoned building. When I finally found a flashlight I was to scared to turn it on, when I turned it on I felt a presence behind me and I counted to 3 and looked back and saw Ivy. A sigh of relief went through my face, and Ivy said that she did not know if it was me so she just stayed there and stared. And we all know that it would be very creepy if people just stand behind you and did not tap your shoulder. So I asked her if she was okay because I was thinking she was possessed and she said

"Yeah im fine, why?"

"Just wondering because you seem scary to me" I said in a shaky voice

"IM FINE REALLY" she said in a man voice and at that moment I started to run for my life because that was for sure not my friends voice. And she said

"Where are you going I thought we were going to play together ALL NIGHT LONG" And as soon as I heard that I was for sure not staying there. All of a sudden the lights start flickering again and I turn off my flashlight that I find and I try to see a wall that says what floor I am on. I finally find a sign that says **"5th Floor"** so I start to look for stairs because the elevator does not work cause it is abandoned of course. But now the lights stop flickering and I stop because the lights are on just perfect and I turn around and I see Ivy at the back of the hallway 40 ft away from me. I knew that if I look away she is going to do something bad, so I kept eye contact and slowly moved towards the gun that I saw on the table. But once I stepped on a twig while I was

moving towards the gun she immediately noticed what I was doing so she turned the lights off and I saw nothing. She tapped me on the shoulder and said

"What do you think you were doing?"

"Nothing" I said with a whisper

"Good because now we are going to play" She said and then stabbed me in the back and left me there to rot. And now to this day she waits for people to enter her Play House. But now I think what back what happened to my friend? Did that dark shadow possess her, who knows what she will turn out to be now.

Alythia S

My age is 13

8th grade

Scary Story

That night after the party, she was too scared to walk home alone. Scared to admit it, she called her parents to come get her from that awful place. Driving on the way home the car hit a deer. Her father panicked and turned as fast as he could to swerve the deer. The car went over the low barrier on the bridge. Immediately the car emerged into the lake. There was no way to escape from the car because they were fastened in by their seatbelts. Too distracted trying to save their lives, there was a splash. The front door of the car opened where the father was. The father did not hesitate to tell the mysterious person to save her daughter from the car first. The man got Emily onto land but was too late to save her parents.

Emily had the summer after her parents passed. Going back to school, everyone knowing what happened to her family. Everyone she went she heard apologies and asking if she was okay. Every time she said she was fine, but never meant it once. Her and her best friend Maylee walked past the office. They saw there was a new boy in town attending to their school. He was facing the office lady so they could only see his back side.

"Please don't be ugly" said Maylee waiting for him to turn around

Emily had to go to class but Maylee had time to wait. The boy turned around and Maylee was stunned. Emily had her next class with him. History. Mr. Kinnian was naming specific facts that happened at times in history. The teacher called on Emily. Emily had no idea what the answer was so she just stayed silent. The new student decided to answer.

"1989" Ethan said

The teacher now immediately called him out.

"Is your name Emily?" said Mr. Kinnian

"Sorry I'm just good with dates" Ethan said

"Oh are you?" Mr. Kinnian said

"Civil war"

"1961-65"

"American revolution"

"1775-1783"

"WW1"

"1914-1918"

"WRONG" the teacher yelled

"It's 1913"

"Actually it is 1914" said Ethan

Mr. Kinnian gave him the death stare. The room was silent.

"Someone look it up!" he yelled

One of the students confirmed that Ethan was right.

Emily wanted to know more about Ethan, everything about Ethan. Emily went to the cemetery with her diary to visit her parents. She had been there for a while when suddenly these crows came around and chased her to a different area. She fell and her leg started to bleed. You look up and was frightened to see Ethan standing above her. He helped her up and looked down at her leg.

"Are you hurt?" he asked

"Oh no I'm fine" she said lying

"Are you following me?" she asked
"No" he said
"So you just happen to be at a cemetery"
"Um yeah I have family here"
"Oh my gosh I am so sorry" she said feeling dumb
Laughing he said it okay
She pulled up the bottom of her jeans to reveal a terrible wound filled with blood.
"Your eyes?" she said
Ethan turned around immediately.
"You should go take care of that"
Before she could say anything he was gone.

Later that month, there was a founders day party for the founding families of the town. This party was hosted at the Cruz's mansion. They had brought in artifacts such as the declaration declaring them a town. On that list had all the names of the founders. Emily and Maylee were studying the list. Maylee pointed out,

"Is that Ethan and his brother on that list?"
Before Emily could say anything, Ethan's brother came over.
"Oh yes, the original Michelson brothers".

THREE MONTHS LATER

No surprise, Emily and Ethan were off to college. They went to school and everyone new they were together. Emily's ex boyfriend Donovan was not too happy. The reason they broke up was because she needed time right after her parents died. Donovan just didn't understand because why did she get with a new man then? Donovan's friend Chris could tell that Donovan wasn't happy. They were playing football when Donovan spotted Ethan and Emily walking.

"Let's do something about it" said Chris
"What are you talking about" Donovan said
"It's not right what she did to you"

"Let's give Ethan a little welcome present" Chris laughed
Chris had the football in his hands. Ethan was turned around talking to Emily so Chris had the perfect opportunity.
"Chris what are you doing"
Chris threw the football as hard as he could aiming right at Ethan's head. Ethan turned around in a blink of an eye and caught the ball. He smiled and Chris asked if it was his. Ethan threw it back effortlessly for Chris to catch. It nearly knocked Chris to the ground.

That day they decided to stay the night at Ethan's house. Emily woke up and Ethan woke up soon after that morning.

"Can I get you anything" he said

"I'm really thirsty" said Emily

"I'll be right back" he said with a smile

Emily got out from the bed to go look around his room. Bookshelves everywhere, she wanted to look at books. Later she wandered to his desk to find a picture of her. Except it wasn't her. In the corner of the picture it said 1864. She knew this was there because she would have remembered taking that picture, but it looked just like her. Ethan arrived back to his room with a glass of water but Emily was gone.

Driving home crying she could not believe what she saw. Questions racing through her mind.

Later that night, Emily recorded everything that happened that day in her diary. Suddenly, there was a knock at her window. It opened by itself. There was Ethan. He knew exactly what happened and why she left. Emily infuriated asking him questions.

"Who are you"

"Who was that girl in the picture, and why does she look like me" she said frantically

"Listen Emily trust me I want to tell you everything, but you have to promise not to tell anyone."

"Who is the girl in the picture" she yelled

"That's Victoria, my ex" he said hesitantly

She was in shock.

"Why was the picture taken in 1864?"

"Ethan what are you"

"You know what I am" said Ethan

"No I don't"

"I'm a vampire"

"And so is my brother Isaac".

Olivia B **ade, 13 years olds,**

The Corn Maze

While pulling into the parking lot of the pumpkin patch, I looked out the window.

"Is that a scarecrow?" I gulped.

"Where?" my sister asked, looking around.

"Nevermind," I muttered.

We all got out of the car and the smell of popcorn and candy filled the air. I took a big deep breath taking it all in. I can't wait to start all the fun! While walking towards the patch, I felt a small shiver run down my spine. A cold breeze swung past my face and light started to fade. As I turned around I saw something hiding in the darkness between the corn stalks. I started to walk towards it very slowly. Breathing ever so slightly. Sound started to fade and my only interest was this thing. I got closer and closer and closer.

"Paul! What are you doing?" Yelled my mom.

"Huh?!" I snapped out of it.

"Let's go!"

"I'm coming. I'm coming," I say, catching up to them.

The first thing that everyone wanted to do was pick their pumpkin. While looking for mine, I looked up to see a corn maze. Wow! I've always wanted to go to one of those. I quickly picked my pumpkin and set it with the guy at the counter.

"Hey mom. I'm gonna head to the corn maze if that's alright," I called.

"Yeah go on ahead. Be safe!" she yelled back.

I ran out of the pumpkin patch and through the crowds until I made it to the maze, stopping at the entrance. Something was off. It didn't feel right. The weather started to change and wind blew in every direction. Then a gust pushed me through. I looked back contemplating whether I should start going or not. I started walking and you could hear every footstep along the gravel. I started to breathe heavily with each step. There were many twists and turns. I had to turn around and walk back because of the dead ends. I came to a halt once I thought about how long I've been walking. It felt like an eternity. My family is probably worried sick. I picked up the pace and continued walking.

"Hello," a voice whispered.

"W-who's there?" I cried, whipping my head around.

An unknown figure flashed behind me. I turn quickly trying to catch it. It happened again. I turned again, but it was too late. Again and again and again. It kept happening until

my head started to spin and I collapsed to the ground. Whimpering with tears in my eyes I looked in every direction. What was that? I got up with caution and stood there trying to wrap my head around things. I continued to walk. The stars lit up the glum night sky, but as I made a right turn it all disappeared. I kept walking and a beam of light was shown at the end of the aisle. There was someone there. I looked closer. Is that what I think it is? A scarecrow staring straight at me. He was made of decaying straw and had a grimy hat with dirt and stains covering parts of his face. He had a poorly stitched mouth that went all the way up his cheeks. His clothes were torn with a foul smell that flowed towards me. He gave me this bad feeling like the monster under my bed. I slowly took steps back keeping complete eye contact. The scarecrow began to take steps towards me and I made a run for it. I never looked back once. Rushing and dashing through the maze I ran into a dead end, knocking me down. I lay there for a second. This can't be real. Why would this be happening? Is this all just some big joke? All the questions led to another. While sitting in confusion I began to hear distant footsteps. I need to run. I need to get out of here, but my body just wouldn't let me. My mind was racing as the footsteps got louder and louder.

"I can't do this," I cried to myself. I heard the corn rustle and at that moment I looked up when I saw something step in front of me. It was the scarecrow.

"Leave me alone!" Get away from me!" The scarecrow took slow steps towards me, turning its head side to side. He got closer and closer and closer. I backed up into a corner and hid my face between my legs.

"Please. Please," I cried. The scarecrow right above me reached out to grab me.

"Someone! Please help!"

"Paul?!" someone yelled. I looked up from my knees to see my family running towards me.

"Oh my goodness. You've been gone for hours!" my mom wailed, helping me up off the ground. She wiped the dirt from my pants and walked me out of the maze.

As we walked back towards the car the feeling of being in that maze never left.

"So did everyone have a good time?" asked my mom.

"Yep!" everybody replied but me. I still just couldn't wrap my head around things. Where did the scarecrow go? Did my mom scare it off? Is it even real?

Just one last time I looked back at the pumpkin patch, and there was the scarecrow. Waving at me. I wasn't intimidated or scared. I just kept staring until he slowly faded into the distance.



Document shared with you: "The devil on my shoulder"

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Mon, Oct 31, 2022 at 3:57 PM

Name: Lylian P. _____,
Phone number: _____
Age: 12,
Grade: 7th grade.

Chapter 1

It was a normal Monday morning. I got up, took a shower, got dressed, and went to school. It was a chilly morning outside as the fall had just rolled in. The leaves crunched beneath my feet as I walked to school. The forest by me was silent and suddenly a squirrel jumped out of the bushes, it ran into the streets and caused a crash. The blue car in the front stopped for the squirrel but then the purple car behind it crashed into the blue car. Then the green car came, then the orange car, then the red car the list goes on. After about 10 cars hit each other the car in the back stopped. The squirrel ended up getting crushed in the pile and the blood was everywhere. Stuff like this was very normal for me though. It's like I have a bad omen or something. It used to be terrifying when this stuff happened as a kid. I was turning 6 that day and that was when my first "incident" happened. I was going to my birthday party and we went to see the cliffs of Calofa where my parents first met. I always liked climbing and this was a very popular climbing area. I was busy climbing with the other people there when I went to ask my parents something but then the cliff cracked. I did not really understand why my parents were running away from the edge. I saw as they ran as the cliff was falling but I had this strange feeling of happiness for some reason. It felt like something was controlling me. Then as my parents were like a foot away it fell. I just watched as they fell and I still felt happy. No one was there at the time and they all went to eat cake on the other side of the cliff. I just kind of stood there for a while then started laughing. Then I just kind of climbed down the cliff and went home. The house was cold and empty and it was like the love in the house just drained away. I lived like that for 10 years and I was just kind of fine with it. I used my family's leftover stock of canned food to eat and I sold my parents stuff for money. I used it to pay for school and water and it's just been like this for as long as I can remember. It's always been waking up, going to school, having 1-3 incidents a day, and going home and selling stuff. It's just been that over and over and over again.

Chapter 2

As I walked to school this kid named Jackson came up to me. I know this kid and he was always a bully to me. He was there when that first "incident" happened. He used to be my friend but he ended up just using me for free stuff. He took a ton of useful items like toilet paper and paper towels. He also ate all of the cake at the party and stole most of my presents at any event. He walked right up to me and hit me in the face. It did not bother me too much though because I have had much worse happen. It was a very hard hit though because he has grown some muscle over this past year. My face was swollen and bleeding but I just kept walking. As I walked through the hall everyone was just staring. I went to my locker, put my bag in, and went to class. My first class was math. No one in this entire school liked the 11th grade teacher Mrs Surray except of course Jackson. She was his mom and made sure to give him all the answers and make him have less work than everyone else. She was that typical Karen stereotype too. Today a kid brought in a gift for his girlfriend for her birthday and she said that she had to check it for drugs or something. There are security guards at the doors who check for things like this. She took it without asking and ripped it open. She saw that it was a delicate glass bear and she was so violent that she shattered it. She then dumped it on the floor and forced the boyfriend to pick it up. Jackson then pushed the kid into the glass and he started bleeding. The whole class was shocked except for me. I just sat there staring blankly. The bell rang and I bumped into Jackson. He gave me a dirty look and tried to make sure to get in my way when I was walking to my class. I had a semi-normal rest of the day. It was normal for me anyways. That was all until science, my last class. Jackson was in that class and guess who had to sit next to him, Me. We were doing a lab and I was partnered with him. We were mixing different acids and seeing what happened. I was instructed specifically to add the hydrochloric acid into the tube and guess who else wanted to do it. It was Jackson. He tried yanking the acid and it spilled. It spilled all down my arm causing insane chemical burns. It was painful even to me. I ended up just walking out of the class. I was so quiet that no one would even know if I left and that is what happened.

Chapter 3

I just walked home and I ended up making a sale on my parents dresser. An old lady came up and she asked if this was where Mathew was and the place for the dresser. I said yes. She saw my arm covered in wrap and she asked what happened. I said I just got bitten by a dog. She said I hope you get better and she paid and headed off. I realized I needed a way to make it less obvious that I had a burn on my arm. I took off the wrap and it hurt a ton. I put on my hoodie and I went to bed. I woke up consumed in rage. I had a dream about Jackson. I got ready but not in my normal clothes. I

ended up wearing a very different outfit compared to my normal one. I don't know why but I felt like I was not in control of my own body. I wore something from the very back of the drawer. I wore solid black jeans, a black T shirt, and a black hoodie. I also put a black cloth mask on and stuck a gun in my pocket. Then I headed out on my way to school. I was stopped by Jackson and he started chasing me. I ran deep into the woods over by a creek. I then stopped and turned around. The creature said through my body "He tried to keep his cool but look what happened." I turned around and I had the gun loaded in hand and I shot him.

Chapter 4

The bullet hit right in the head. There was blood everywhere and Jackson was killed instantly. The creature spoke again "HAHAHAHAHAHA That is the most fun I have had with him in a long time right Mathew?" "LET ME OUT OF THIS HELLSCAPE YOU TRAPPED ME IN" "Why would I do that? You trapped yourself here." "W-what? Can we just go home please?" I get home and HE wants me to watch TV. He loved the shows about murder. He eventually got bored after about 6 hours and he changed the channel to the news and there was a murder in our area. "17 year old Jackson Surray was found dead today and the police are still looking for the murderer. If you have any leads then please call this number. The police recommend that everyone should be extra careful because you never know when they will strike again." The creature spoke "They caught us but it was so fun. Let's do it again Mathew!" "WHAT NO!" "Well you don't have control over this body so to bad." He took me to the door and headed out. He went to a small private gym and shot everyone. The guy in the blue shirt got hit first, then the girl in the purple shirt, the green shirt, the orange shirt, the red shirt then the 10 others there. The creature laughed. It was terrifying. I finally broke down and said in a low mumbly voice "Why are you doing this to me" He replied "I'm your demon!"

Chapter 5

I was very confused and I asked "What do you mean by demon? And how are you in my body?" He replied "Well when a traumatic event occurs our demons take advantage. And you know those classic angel and demon on shoulder decisions that shows do? Well we take advantage of the moment and shoo the angel away. After the angel is gone we will get rid of the good luck they brought and replace it with bad luck and when the person finally is tired of it we take over and do whatever we want with them." That was a lot to take in at the moment but I just kept quite. All of the sudden there was a knock on the door, it was the police. They came in and surrounded me. One officer yelled "HAND UP YOUR UNDER ARREST!" I couldn't budge. They said "HAND UP OR WE WILL SHOOT!" I still didn't budge. I then pulled out the gun. I pointed it at one of the officers and shot. It hit him in the chest but he was still standing. This infuriated me. I tried shooting him down and I missed. I was so confused on why my demon was missing his shots. I yelled asking "WHY DO YOU KEEP MISSING!" He replied "I'm not in control right now you are. Then in that moment they shot me down."

Chapter 6

In a small little house in the deep layers of hell was a demon of the name Abfcr. He was part of the possession team in hell. He helped possess teens who are vulnerable to possession and then they make that person go insane until the demon can take control and cause even more chaos. But anyway Abfcr wanted to watch tv and he loved shows about murder and watching the news. He was watching the news and he saw his most recent possession on the news Mathew Romwella. He had a lot of fun with this possession and he got a decent amount of kills off of this one. He had a specific order of colors that he would like to do things in. He learned this from his father who also worked in the possession team. It was the code of colors to tell when a different person was possessed by the possession team and know who is part of your team. He made sure he did this order each time he did something bad. This color order was blue, purple, green, orange, red, and a max 10 others so the humans don't get too suspicious. Abfcr had one of his most successful runs in the past century and he got a kill count of 47 with many different forms like car crashes and shootings. He also loved making it so that he could see himself on the news. Speaking of that he saw Mathew on the news. The reporter spoke. "Hello everyone welcome to Wolf46 News and we have found the murderer of Jackson Surray and they have a known kill count of 11. Police are still unsure if this is the total amount of victims that he has killed but these are all the known victims. The murders name is Mathew Romwella and he was a 17 year old boy who went to Calofa high and he lived on 647 Carsella street. He lived alone because of a traumatic incident involving his parents. Their bodies were never found but they have been presumed dead. He has had some reports of being silent and not reacting to situations and talking to himself. On October 12 at 8:47 pm he was shot down in his own house by the police. After that terrifying story let's talk about how much bit coin has risen in value!" Abfcr knew that the humans were still so stupid but then he went to go to work and he was assigned to possess a new kid.

[Quoted text hidden]

Aiden I
8th grade 13

It was 1956. Jack was walking in the dark, looking for someplace to hide. He was being followed by a beast. When lightning struck, he saw an old manor on top of the hill and ran to it. As he pushed open the gate, it screeched and the crows cawed; the smell of death was all around. The door was locked and the porch did not feel safe. Jack walked cautiously, looking for something to break the window. The floorboards snapped and he fell under the porch. It was the perfect hiding spot. The creature chasing him didn't see him and broke the front door down and began to destroy the house. It started to rain. Jack was scared so, he grabbed a piece of wood in case the beast found him.

Meanwhile, his family was scared and called the police telling them he was camping with friends but he has not returned.

She said "They were meant to be back by Monday. It's now Thursday."

The officer said, "Ma'am you have called every day since Sunday. We are looking for him and his friends, but you haven't been much help. Can you tell us where they were camping?"

She said, "I'm not sure but it was in the mountains."

Back at the manor, Jack was pretty sure the beast was gone, so he walked into the house. He saw many paintings, some with blood rivers, some with haunted graveyards. He felt one of the paintings. All of a sudden he got sucked into the painting! All around him was the smell of a rotting body and all he could see was a river of blood with people swimming in it. How did he get here? How will he get back? He was leery,

but he asked, "Is there a way out?"

Every time someone tried to respond to him, their skin started to melt off their face and all that was left were bones. Jack was gasping for breath and thought all hope was lost. But suddenly the pools of blood lifted up and he saw a picture frame - inside was the manor. Jack ran towards the painting; he knew if the blood covered the painting again he would be trapped for who knows how long. He jumped and was right back inside the house.

The police were still searching and they noticed things were happening at the manor and they had to check it out because it was private property. They had to be careful because people had reported unusual sights. They tried to push open the gates but it would not budge almost like it was being held by something. Officer Sam got an idea and asked,

“What if we ram the gate with our car?”

Sam got in the squad car and hit the gate and it flew open, hitting a tree and causing a branch to fall. Jack heard all this comotin and thought he was saved. Sam and the other officers walked up to the front door but as they were walking hands came from the ground grabbing all the officers, leaving behind no one but Sam. Jack saw Sam and thought he was in trouble so he jumped into another painting. In that one he was treated as a king he loved. Officer Sam searched the house but saw claw marks so he determined it was a wolf or a bear but as Sam was walking out Jack came flying out of the painting.

Sam thought because he just appeared that he was controlling everything and took all the other officers. Sam tried to arrest him but the floor opened and locked him in the dungeon under the house. Sam radioed for help; more officers came and killed Jack and determined that he was who they were looking for.

Now every night he haunts those who go to the old manor and kills them because he was wrongfully killed. As for Sam, he was left to starve and rot in the dungeon of the old manor and as for Jacks friends he cursed them to everlasting life in hell.

Nothing

Chapter 1

Lily's mom was walking out the door of the house. "I'll see you tomorrow." Her mom shut the door with just Lily and her sister in the house. Lucky, her dog was whimpering because of the darkness. "We'll be fine." Lily closed her bedroom door and started to sleep.

Lily shot up in her bed. "What was that?" she asked herself. She slowly opened her door. "RRRR IIII NNNN GGGG!!" Lily covered her ears and started panicking. "AAAHH!!" Then, like it never happened the rings stopped. She walked into her sister's bedroom seeing nothing out of the ordinary. "Come here, don't cry." Her little sister started to cry little by little, but quietly. "Let's check downstairs." Lucky came sprinting up from the living room. He was barking and barking, Lily got her tennis racket, and slowly edged towards the stairs. She hid her sister in the pantry. A little creak from the door when she opened it. "Jenny, you'll be fine." Lily whispered. She carefully put Jenny down into a basket, being cautious of the sounds behind her. Lucky started barking and Lily shut the door behind her.

Lily's black hair started to blow behind her. She spun around to see red roots on the white, smooth wall. In red, there were words that spelled, "I'M HERE." Lily's heart beat was so fast that she could barely breathe. The T.V. had glitches and static. Red eyes popped into the T.V.'s screen. Lily fell back on the wooden floor.

She backed up and ran into the corner of the counter. "Ow! Again? HUmmnn!" Her hand was bleeding. She covered her mouth and crouched underneath the table. Lucky ran next to her, he growled, whimpered, and then ran into the kitchen. "What's wrong?!" Lily looked behind her, seeing red eyes in the dark. She screamed as the table was flipped upside down. She was running on the couch, sliding under the table, the T.V. then exploded. Lily threw books and empty cans at the demon, but it continued to chase her. She then opened the pantry. "Jenny! JENNY!!" Jenny was gone. More demons surrounded Lily as she tried to hide away. Jenny was in the demon's hand. "Nothinng.." Whispered a voice. The demon floated out the house. The rest of them tried to get Lily. She sprinted to the top of the stairs and slammed, locked, and blocked her bedroom door. She opened the window and got her curtain. "AAAHHH!!" She screamed as she swung to the front roof. She was hanging off the pipe that was now bending downward. She took a leap of faith and was now hanging off the edge of the roof. "Uuuh.." she was straining as she tried to climb up. The demon was now looking down at her. Lily let go and fell into the pool. There was a loud splash as she fell in. She swam

underwater to the stairs. She walked out and went through the back garage door. Lily got out her bag of soda cans and held them in her hand. She stood, shaking, waiting for the door to jam open. The demons were hitting it hard. The door jammed open, but not from demons she tiptoed to the door and saw her laundry washer shaking violently. The sink was working, and the pipe...was unplugged. Water spilled everywhere. She ran upstairs as the water was chasing her. Jenny was seen on the floor. "JENNY!!!" She grabbed her and ran to the office, the highest room. She stood, looking down at the ground. "I'm not jumping through the window."

The water rushed behind her as her house was flooding the red eyes with the black color around them was now at the stairs. Jenny started to scream. Lily fell back into the open window, falling onto her roof. She was hanging off the gutters. Lily saw more hallucinations of the demons as she fell down onto the concrete. The hallucinations were affecting the real world because of the magic in them. Luckily, landing on her feet. Jenny got to the porch and got noticed by the demons. They took her. As Lily was now cornered from the demons. She saw an owl. Every time she saw an owl, something bad happened. She was now hiding in the corner. Her ankles aching from the running. Her bun in her hair messed up. The demons followed Lily as she ran up the street to the school bus stop. She could hear Jenny screaming, "LILY! LILY!!" Lily limped back to the house. She knew that the demons would plot he trot back to the house. As she fell back onto the grass of her front lawn, she remembered, her mother walked away from her desk.

And as she was walking, *there was...a cup of water.* Lily drank it.

Lucky was being choked on the bush. His collar was stuck in the shrub. Lily tore the collar in half. As Lucky ran to her, Lily could see her mom's office, on the third floor, with the journal on it.

Lily's mother would go on expeditions to Africa, usually talking about past history hundreds of years ago. Lily panted as her mind clicked into place. *The journal on the desk, my mother brought it back from her last expedition before she left.* As Lily knew the journal said something about...*demons.* Lily told Lucky to stay put in the front yard.

As Lily climbed up the pipe she saw a demon and fell back down with a headache and her heart beating. She just closed her eyes as she saw the demons. *They are hallucinations,* she told herself. *They're not real.* She climbed back up the pipe now walking on the roof.

Climbing up to the window was hard. She pulled herself up onto the tiny amount of roof above the window. *The office is right there, GO..UP!* Lily tensed as her arms were shaking. As she opened the window, she saw the desk, the lamp...the journal. *The journal..*

Sitting there

Grab...it!

Balance...

Almost...there!

She grabbed the book and fell backwards with it in her hand. Landing on her feet, she twisted her ankle. Limping behind the tree, she read one of the journal entries from

her mom,

October 3, 2002

We went further into the desert. From one of the journal entries, Lawrence said that Atlantis of the Sands was in the middle of the desert. I will bring back a cup of water I found melting in the sand. The water was almost dry. But this water isn't from an Oasis.

No further information for right now. But no one can drink the water, so I will contact the science community to study it.

-Rosetta Petts-Nai

Lily looked back into the house. *I drank the water, that's where the hallucinations came from. The water had something to do with the demons. But mom never told me.* Lily let out a sigh of exhaust as she started walking towards the entrance. *I need to get Jenny, and then fall asleep.* Though the thought of falling asleep seemed impossible at this point, Lily knew what she had to do.

"Lawrence of Arabia" is a british explorer who found the Atlantis of the Sands. A city that arises in the middle of the desert. But he probably knew better than to drink the water.

Lily knew what she had to do. Fall asleep when she can't. As she looked inside into the house, the clock said 3:00. She thought it would have to happen as quickly as possible. Soon, her mom would come home.

She ran into the house, sprinting upstairs. Grabbing Jenny, she threw as many boxes and binders at the demons as possible. Running down the stairs, she hopped on the couch and slammed her eyes shut. Emptying her mind, she was ready for this to end.

As her eyes closed, she was ready.

For it..

to...

END.

Chapter 2

She woke up to the sound of her mother's car driving into view. Lily exhaled. Breathe in, breathe out.

Her mother clinked her key into the keyhole and unlocked the door. Opening it. "Why does the house look like this? Where's Lucky's collar?" she asked as Lucky ran up

to her.

"Lily?! You have some explaining to do."

Lily knew she had explaining to do. But she was also done with the torture. After explaining everything that had happened, Lily asked about it.

"Are you a tomb robber?"

"What are you talking about?"

"The water did it. I drank it. Thinking it was..real...water."

"Let me tell you something you've never heard. I tomb rob. Recently wanting to find Shambala, there was a reason, it had something called the Chintamani stone. With a tree that gives eternal life to the person who finds the tree. But we need to go to Asia, more specifically, Borneo. I already found out the first part. I'll let you help me."

"YES!!" squealed Lily.

"Look, you need to practice your history to learn everything about Shambala as much as possible. We need to find this tree of life."

Lily turned toward her room, went on the computer, and started reading history Ebooks.

Jenny was flailing her arms with excitement as her mother was now with her. Lily knew that she had a lot of learning in front of her to be able to attend the adventure.

Before anything, Lily went to her mom's journal and decided to try to figure out who the demons were. The one who whispered "Nothing" was probably trying to trick Lily that "nothing" was happening. The journal showed information about a famous person named Lawrence of Arabia. Who wrote a book called "Seven Pillars of Wisdom". Though no one knew if it was real. Lily knew that it was though. The Buddhist kingdom pops out of the sand in the middle of a desert in the Arabian Peninsula.

As Lily was reading the information, she wrote all of this in her own notebook. Then, she decided to write her own prediction of what "Atlantis of the Sands" was.

Hello, I'm Lily Rathing.

I have found "Iram of the Pillars" in my own home. With my mother bringing back a cup of water that was found in the sand at a collapsed settlement, I decided to drink the water. The water has enchanted me though. As I started to see red eyed demons that just flew around, levitating, and giving me hallucinations which weren't real in theory.

Enough about the water, I specifically studied and researched Thomas Edward Lawrence. As he wrote a book that is real. One about Iram of the Pillars. The location is in the Arabian Peninsula, in the middle of a desert. So for any explorers who are interested in finding this Buddhist Kingdom, this journal entry will guide you through the expedition that you will make.

I may be 12 years old. But I'll prove you wrong. As I am going to find Shambala. The place with the Cintimanni stone, and where it came from.

So long, my friends.

-Lily Elliot Rathing

Lily closed her notebook and went on studying the history book labeled, "Shambala, the Hidden City". Her mother watched from the stairs. Seeing her child, wanting to do dangerous things.

During lunch, Jenny was sitting on her baby chair with mother bringing a bowl of marshmallows, along with a bowl of cinnamon squares. Lily was eating a burrito from Taco Bell as her mother was eating a salad.

"About...the demons, what exactly do you think is going to happen while we find Shambala?"

"Dangers."

"You're right. But we need those demons again."

"WHY!?!?" screamed Lily.

"We needed to take me to an emergency room earlier because of my injuries. You want us to see them again!?!?"

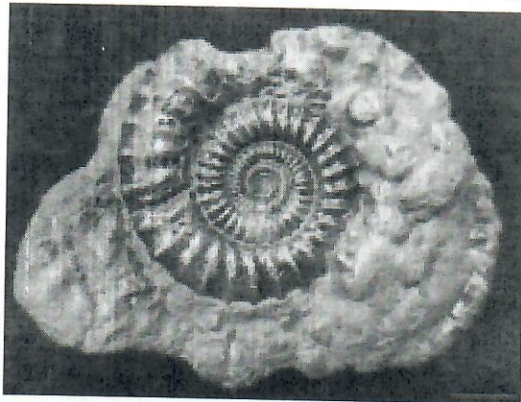
"I want to see them. By myself. I can fall asleep quickly."

"Here."

Lily's mother gave her a book labeled, "ALBUM" Lily opened up the book, and what she saw intrigued her.

Her mother has been doing this ever since she was a little girl. Digging out fossils and treasures with her father.

First ever dig Washington D.C. Museum





Elephant in display

Ammonite found in northern Idaho

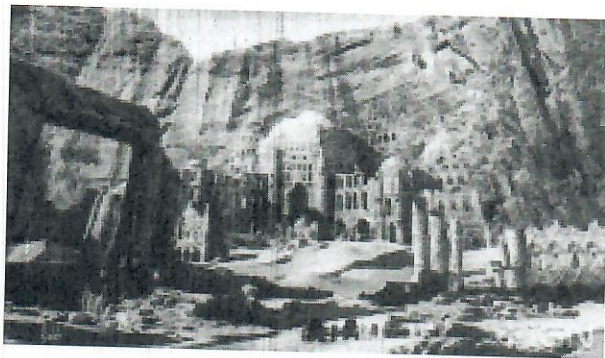


Mongolian excavation Japanese imperial palace



Iram of the Pillars

Building uncovered Show



Recently uncovered

After looking through the most recent page, Lily now understood where her mother always went all these years.

Now, she knew what she had to do. She had to awaken the spirits again. Her mother got Jenny and Lily to hide in the office while she was going to drink the water in the kitchen. Her mother got out a shovel to protect herself. As there was no other way.

Chapter 3

Lily grasped onto Jenny tight. She could hear her mother screaming and now running up the stairs. She froze in front of Jenny and Lily. Then she said, "No. Not you too..." Lily walked toward her mother, but she pushed her. "You..are..dead." Lily stood confused. Not being able to see the demons. Her mother jumped through the window with Jenny and Lily falling along with her.

Jenny somehow stayed inside the window and landed back inside. Lily however, fell out of the window landing on the roof. Her mother was hanging off the gutters. Lily grabbed her. But she pushed her instead. Lily fell backward unbalanced. She hit her head on the wall behind her and then passed out. On the roof.

A girl, on the roof, unconscious. There was an awkward silence filling the air. As she was lying on the tiles of the roof. Her mother was now inside. Ruining the living room.

But then, she woke up to sirens at the front of her house. Seeing that there was a paramedic above her. "Is your daughter alright?" asked one of the paramedics.

Her mother was taken by the police and then shoved into the back of their truck. Lily then was taken into the ambulance. She could hear her mother being accused of charges with abuse, child care, and her injuring Lily in a way that will injure her head in any other sports. "She can do whatever, just not sports," another paramedic said. With a breathing mask on, she called for her mom, as her eyes closed, closed, shut, and she passed out.

Her eyes opened, as she was lying on a bed in a hospital.. The doctor was taking her mask off and talking to her. "I promise that the police at the front are going to take

you to the orphanage while your mother is going to court." Lily automatically shook her head no. "No, I can't leave her. We had a deal. A mission." The doctor sighed. "Well, unfortunately, your mother has done things she shouldn't have." Lily wrinkled her face. "She didn't do anything wrong."

"You can walk to the front office when you're ready."

The doctor walked out, Lily waited for a few minutes, then sprinted out of the room. Deciding that she should instead go out through the bathroom window. She walked into the room and crawled through the largely opened window. Landing in some shrub. She was now running in the direction of her own house. A woman stopped her. "Wait! WAIT! I know who your mother is! I was going to go on an expedition with her. You can come with me, I promise." Lily waited, then answered, "Yes. But I need to grab my belongings."

Soon after, they were on their way to Shambala in the Tibetan mountains. The plane ride was smooth. As there was no storm in sight. Lily will find her mother someday, someday.

Epilogue

Lily and her mother's friend both ended up finding Shambala. Lily grew up being a treasure hunter and ended up being famous in certain parts of the world.

The End

A Spider's Pride

Thousands of strands, all intertwined creating the vivid texture of a rope

Truly a spider's talent and pride

The pride of a spider

Her true talent

The long petite structure of her absurdly long legs sweetly crocheting

Strand by strand

Her work lasting hours as she works persistently to perfect her craft

Time is running, running, running out

She must perfect her craft in order to survive

Each strand similar to that of hair

Dipped with a creme, vanilla combination

Perfected to have the stick of a prick thorn to prey

Prey in order to thrive and survive

Truly a spider's talent and pride

The pride of a spider

In order to thrive

Her fine form and manner

Throughout the early sings and evening slumbers, she continues laborious persistence

She calculates an impeccable formula worth praise

Artwork created with faultlessness in order to look delicately appeasing yet indubitably robust.

The innocent and naive captivated by the sight of the spider's beauty and her craft at work

All become possessed and yearn to caress the silk texture of the design

She stays far and watches, watches, watches

The victim approaches cautiously with a paranoid sight of expression

The victim pokes suddenly at the peculiar thing then leaps and begins to lay upon it

Seeming rather restful and contents before, he came to realization he's tra-

That evening slumber, she had finally felt satisfied...

She had finally felt successful..

Later in the spider's last finishes of her art, she came to realization she was in need of decoration
An addition of embellishments to refine, her design
So she decided later that day, she'd search for just that

Truly a spider's talent and pride

The pride of a spider

Ideal perfection above all

As she goes-out and carefully examines each find
She seems to be out long and takes advantage of time, time, time
With each find she develops a new idea for an addition to her art
She cautiously takes into consideration the objects' stain, form and mass
Including its glisten and composition

Once she arrives she finds an enemy
The enemy is handling an object of a tall, narrow structure
It doesn't react as if it's living but does have a numerous amount of teeth similar to that of pine needles
She looks at it curiously but feels her heart ache as the enemy uses the thing and swings it forward itself
Then swings it beyond, colliding into her masterpiece

Once a spider's talent and pride

Once the pride of a spider

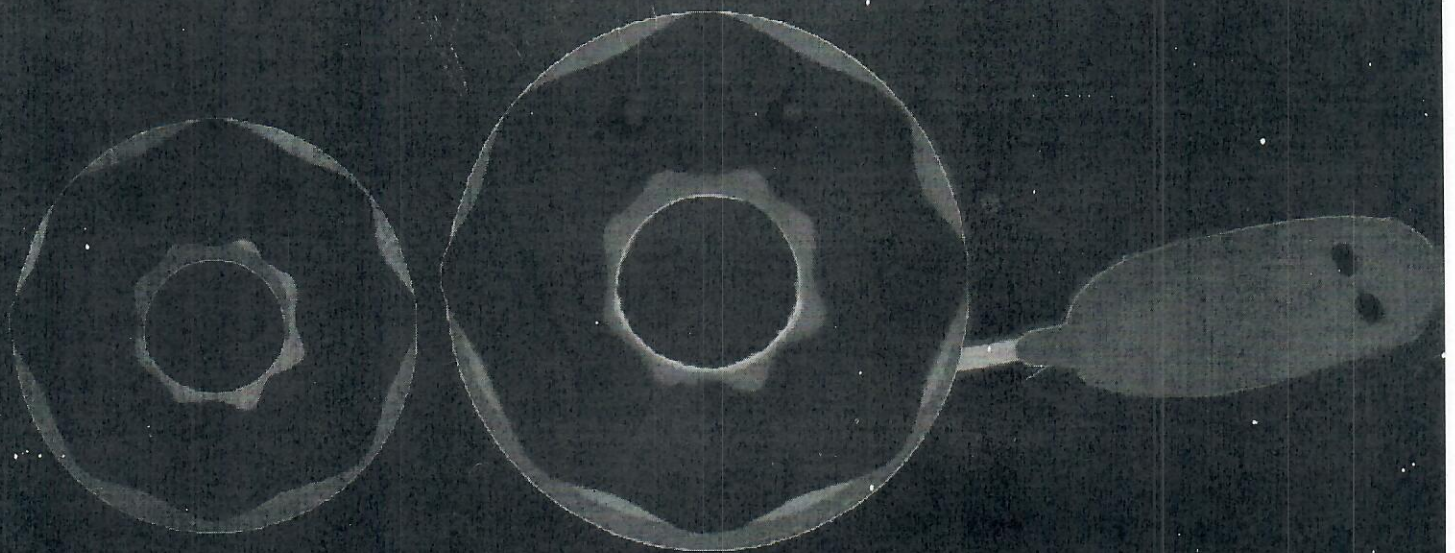
Worthless dust

She feels as if she's frozen, in shock
All that's left is worthless dust, few strands
No longer creme and pristine but black and smeared with smoke, spoiled
The spider's work is now worthless, worthless worthless
There are no longer visitors, no longer prey

The spider struggles to create a masterpiece
She no longer feels joy and a spark in the process
In now feels like a procrastinating projects
Winter nears, she fears, she grows weak
He delicate hands crinkle and coil due to the drastic change in temperature

She later no longer survives

Donut
you love
Me?



Talea C.

There was a time when we all used to be happy. But now not even all of us are alive. This is my story from how it was before and that fateful year when everything changed. This is my story as Daniella Donut.

"Dani!!" Screamed my step-sister Dia.

I honestly hated Dia she was always near me and if she wasn't near me she would find me. It was almost like she had a tracker on me or something. She even follows me on all my socials. I mean okay that's fine, but she also follows my Boyfriend. MY BOYFRIEND! Ugh, I wished my mom never met her dad.

I mean if her dad never met my mom she wouldn't be stalking my boyfriend right now. I mean like she is already super weird and creepy but stalking is a whole new level of weird I hoped she would never pass too.

(P.S follow me on my socials!! danixx_donutx)

Oh! By the way I am Dani Donut a Junior in high school my boyfriend is Connor Corndog and is a Senior in high school of course. Then as I already mentioned my step-sister Dia is a Sophomore. We all go to the best high school around Cooler Crest High school. Cooler Crest is a high school for only the smartest and prettiest kids in the area but Dia is neither so I don't really know how she got in. Probably her daddy's money. Ugh, she just finds every way to annoy me. She uses my hairbrush, steals my clothes, and even gives me goodnight kisses. I mean I get the whole "our parents are married we are sisters now!" thing but personal space is still needed.

It's been a couple of days since I wrote my last entry. Connor has been getting really harsh threats on his socials recently, all to get him to break up with me. Every time he gets one Dani is around us and she suddenly smiles. Otherwise, the threats are all anonymous. It scaring me but Conner says it will be fine.

Oh My God Connor just came over an hour ago with a broken nose, bloody lip, and scratched-up head. He said some random psycho chick came up to him in the alley behind Dunkin Donuts! He said she had purplish frosting and a black hoodie. And just after that Dia walks in with a black hoodie!

Another cowinkiedink is that she has purple frosting. I swear if I see Dia near me and Connor again I might be in danger. Who knows what psychotic plan she has in her head.

Another day went by at Cooler Crest and as every. Other. single day as boring as ever. I really wish I didnt go to that stupid school, but it is where I met my true love Connor Corndog! He said when we are older he might just marry me! EEEEEEEEEHH!! I mean cmon how more romantic could that be him on the tan pixie dust by the blue gatorade waves proposing to me! Only 3 more years and that could be our reality! 3 more years until I could be pregnant with Connie or Daniel DonutDog. Oh yeah, those are the names of our future kids.

Omg it's been so long since I've seen this journal. I was nerdy when I was younger. Anywhoo I am now 18 and just graduated from Cooler Crest you know that high school for only the pretty and smart. Well now Conner is almost finished with his first year of college!

Hey Journal it's been a while. I'm writing this today because Connor has gone missing. Yes that's right only a week after Conner proposed to me on the tan pixie dust and the crashing blue gatorade waves, he went missing. My best friend Lilly Lasanga, who is a police officer, has been trying to help me find him ,but he is no where to be found. I really scared that he got hurt or kidnapped! Anyway I have to go for today I have to check if Lilly found any new clues for where Connor could be or who took him.

Yes! We found Connor's phone location! Lilly said "There was a signal coming from someone's house, 4286 Willow Tree Lane!" But, guess whose house this was! It was none other than Dia's creepy house. Wait does that mean that Dia kidnapped Connor? Oh no.

Okay. We found Connor ,but no one is happy right now. You may be wondering why, but it is because instead of planning a wedding we are planning a funeral. Instead of finding a alive Connor Corndog we found a brutally beat up and sliced corspe. Lilly and her team say there were slits on his bloody wrists and ankles.

She told me that the injuries were not in any vital spots. In other words the kidnapper wanted to kill him slowly and painfully. His face was bruised and in a gruesomely terrible condition. I can't believe he is gone. And to make

things worse there were signs of starvation along with all of his injuries. We haven't found Dia yet, it seems like she got away for now, but we are holding Connor a funeral this Friday since he always loved Fridays.

Hey journal. You know you were always my comfort. In highschool I trusted you with everything that I needed to let off my chest. You were there when I met Connor, When I was dating Connor, and you were even there when Connor proposed to me. Now you are here while I am mourning Connor in a black dress instead of a white one at our wedding. That's because today at the young age of 21 I lost my one and only true love. We are still trying to find Dia. Ugh I wish you were a real person I could talk to. You would be an amazing friend to have in a time like this. I will talk to you tomorrow ,so I can try to sleep tonight.

Hey it's the morning time now. It's really lonely eating breakfast alone without Connor throwing bacon at me or stealing my waffles. Later I am meeting up with Lilly. She says I need to get out of the house. I guess she could be right, but I dont want to leave the space me and Connor spent all of our time in together. That is all for now journal, I think it would be best for me to not look back at these pages, filled with memories right now.

8th

It was a dark and scary foggy morning and bambi was minding his own business and suddenly crossed the road but had to go back to its mom but in the distance there was light on the road coming closer and close till it hit bambi and blood came gushing out onto the road and all the bus felt was a mild bump and bambi cried and said " Ahhh someone help me I just got hit dear god please help me wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa waw waw waw waw wa wa wa wa wa wa wa wa!" Bambi finally dies after all the pain and agony of the bus his mother cried over Bambis death. Turns out bambi's soul has not died yet so he turns into ghost and starts to go to the bus driver and haunt them to make them pay for what they did but the bus driver gets fired from killing bambi now bambi is dead everyone is sad even the principle was sad, this was a tragic scene and this event will be remembered forever. Bambis always was a good deer and did nothing bad to deserve this. Why do bad things happen to all the good deers. However this deers soul is not dead yet so he goes to him and sees her crying about his death and he says "it's okay" to him mother and her mothers hears it and says "Bambi is that you" to no response because ghost can't say who they are or they will die forever and never see anything again like again just like he saw the bus almost hit him. Not everyone his sad for bambis death though because the bus driver with an american flag hat was also speeding because they were late to getting to the bus stop and tried to make but couldnt and the result of hitting bambi caused the bus to break and had to wait so all the kids at the bus stop had to call moms and dads to bring them to school without a bus so it was hard for them and some even had to wait and not even go to school. Kids that go onto that bus said the experience was horrid and will be remembered forever and probably will be one of the most tragic events in American history so this is bad and everyone is just sad for Bambis and Bambis dad and mom. But Bambis thinks to himself in his ghost form is it worth living soul to see how everyone is sad about his death. He thinks to himself so he goes all the way up into the sky and screams " Thanks for being sad but I am fine just live without me I am bambi!" and by breaking the ghost rule of not saying who he is he dies in ghost form so now everyone is sad but heard bambi so they start to go on with life but will also remember this experience forever but bambi will be forever loved and I don't think anyone was happy during this era, the era of bambi

Ruger H.
13 years old
8th Grade
5101 000 0007

Four Kids named Jack, Luke, Bob, and Mark were all teenagers looking for suspense in their life. They were all nearly 15 and 16 years old and don't care about the rules except Luke. Luke was a straight-A student in school and always followed directions. On March 17, 1986, Jack, Bob and Mark convinced Luke to go to a "Special Place" to study. Little did Luke know that they were taking him to an abandoned Insane Asylum that is reportedly haunted. When they got there in Jack's car they pulled Luke in and made him go with them. Once they got in there was nonstop jump scares on one another. When they were in a rush to get Luke they forgot flashlights so they could barely see anything. Luke got too scared and left to go to the car but since they were so far in already they just let him go himself.

The remaining 3 heard a scream which they guessed was from Luke and they thought he just got spooked out by something that wasn't there so they continued on until they found a door saying "SOUTH WING do not enter" but them being trouble makers tried to kick it open and couldn't so they remembered that they have a hammer in the car so they decided to go back and get it. On their way back the front door was still closed which was weird because Luke went back and wouldn't waste any more time trying to close it but they thought nothing of it. When they go to the car they don't see Luke and wonder if he went home which they all agreed on? When they got back to the door with "SOUTH WING do not enter" written on it, it was open and they thought that when they kicked it maybe it just took a while to open because it was a heavy door. There was a long hallway and Jack said "Nah let's go somewhere else" So Bob said back to Jack "What are you scared" So they decided to go in and saw something hanging from the ceiling and it was Luke.

They all ran back as fast as they could and Mark was the fastest so he got to the door first but when he got to it closed on him and he ran right into it and then got knocked out. Jack and Bob went to check on him but when they did he had white eyes and burned skin. There was a moment of silence until Luke came behind them and said "Let's get out of here" Jack having the hammer in his belt grabbed it and tried to hit Luke but when he did it instantly set on fire and burned Jack's hand. They ran down an extra hallway and found another door that was leading to the main lobby. When Jack and Bob got to the main lobby they say something and it was a fiery spirit in human form and when it rushed toward Jack he woke up in his bed with blanket on him and a pillow under his head and a burn on his hand. With something staring at him in the tree in the backyard and it was Luke hanging from a tree branch and Mark on the other side.

The Pretty Little Girl.

Arkansas, 1952

There was a little town in Arkansas called Berryville. In this town lived normal people, except one family. This family always produced the weirdest generations of people. This generation was a little girl, Penelope. She played with black widows and always wore her hair up with a blood-red ribbon. Her hair was as black as the night and her eyes were the color of the red moon. She was always humming to herself, no matter where she went. One day when she went to school people started making fun of her for her family. They call all of them freaks and threw rocks at her. One day when they did this her eyes sorta glowed and one of the girls throwing rocks dropped dead. Everyone else stopped throwing them and gathered around the dead girl. By the time they looked back up to accuse Penelope she was already gone. All that was left behind was her red ribbon.

They decided to get revenge on the girl who killed their friend. They wait till nightfall to attack her and her family. When night comes they march up to their house with their torches. They light the house on fire and hear the screams go up with glee. Then the entire family came pouring out of the house, along with a bunch of smoke. Their eyes began glowing and all of the villagers dropped dead.

1956

Many months passed by, and everyone was stunned at how hundreds of villagers just dropped dead. The family that owned the house that they died in front of moved out.

North Carolina, 2005

The young girl, Isabelle, stood outside her house and watched the bustling people. Her mother, Penelope, walks outside and tells her to get to school. On her way to school, people whisper as they always do. She walks through the doors, and people turn and stare. She glares at them and they look away.

When she walks into the classroom she is already late, but this is normal for her. She has pitch-black hair and eyes. She wore a black ribbon in her hair. Everyone turned to stare at her when she walked in, she hated being different, but she could do nothing about it. As she took her seat she could feel the whispers enclosing her.

When she came home, her mother was waiting at the door. She said for Isabelle to go to her room. Little did they know that she was being followed.

The young girl watches Isabelle closely sure that she is not human. She watches as she walks up the stairs to her room. Then something begins to happen, something strange. Horn-type things begin to grow from her head.

Then there is a flash and she has wings and a tail? The girl screams and runs down to tell the villagers that the family are demons.

By the time they got up to the house to investigate there was not a sign of the family, then they all dropped dead...



Scary Story Contest

3 messages

Wallace, Isaac

Thu, Oct 20, 2022 at 10:20 PM

To: Security Public Library <spl@wsd3.org>, Timothy Kablean <kableant@wsd3.org>

Hello, I am Isaac Wallace and I would like to submit a scary story for the contest. I hope you like it!

It was a hot, dry summer night in the middle of June. In the small town of Westwood, Indiana. The searing sun beat down on any who dared venture outside. That is everyone except for little 10-year-old Alice Hickory. She lived right next to the woods in a big red manor. She thought that the woods would provide refuge from the burning sun.

ALICE

I skipped through the shadowed woods humming Let it Go. The sound of it resonated throughout the woods. As I skipped deeper into the woods I thought I could hear voices, muffled words, barely audible. I shivered, a deep chill going straight down my spine, from the tips of my feet to the ends of my fingers. Then I saw a big stick I picked it up. Somehow it gave me the comfort I need to continue. I look back the way I came... or was it that way? I thought those trees looked familiar, but I couldn't be sure. I look one way and then the other way. The voices I heard were getting louder now. I looked to the nearest tree. It had branches up almost like a staircase. I climbed not looking down and testing each branch to see if it was stable. I finally found a good spot to sit and I looked down. As the sun was setting... wait how long had I been out here? I look around and I see a shadow slowly growing larger the voices no longer a whisper, loud and clear in my head. "COME TO US!!! COME TO US!!!" Then the sun set and the voices were gone along with the shadow. I smell rotting flesh and the stale smell of sweat. I look all around but I see no one. The smell is intoxicating now, the wafts going up my nose and burning the cells in it. I feel the chill I got earlier going down my spine but this time ending in my toes. I feel hot breath breathing down my back... then firm hands grip me... and all goes dark.

News Report

A small 10-year-old girl goes missing without an explanation. Witnesses say the last they saw of her was her heading into the woods. Nobody found her yet but search parties are searching for her. Her parents are offering a \$500 reward for anyone who finds her. Now moving on to the weather...

A teenage boy sits with his sister watching the new broadcast. Their names are Jesse Hawke and Quinn Hawke. They hear about this reward and they instantly jump on it. They need the money because they are poor. Their mom divorced their dad and moved to the other side of the country. Their father was an abusive drunk who spent all of their money on liquor. They decide to go looking for this girl.

JESSE

Quinn and I go over to the woods that the girl supposedly went in. As soon as we go in I start to hear voices indistinct but still audible. I shiver, the shiver going straight down my spine, from the tips of my feet to the ends of my fingers. I look over at Quinn he looks very disturbed and thoughtful. I ask him what's on his mind. He gives me a quick shrug and then we move on. The drive for money keeps us going eventually we

run into a group of searchers hired by that family. We say that we were looking for the kid as well. They say that we could come with them as long as we help out. We are now very deep in the woods. The wind rustles between the leaves. A whisper in my ear says "come to us... come to us..." I shiver again. One of the rescue searchers whispers "I don't like this..." All of us turn up our noses as we smell the scent of rotting flesh and sweat, and something metallic... blood I realize.

QUINN

The pungent smell of blood, sweat, and rotting flesh fill the air. I get a chill like the one I had earlier. I look around I see nothing but a shadow moving amongst the trees and a child's voice sings out, "Let it go, Let it go, can't hold it back anymore!" The temperature drops 20 degrees. I try to follow the shadow but it disappears as soon as it appeared. I look up and see a child sitting in the trees pointing my flashlight at them it reveals the dead body of Alice Hickory. I scream and drop my flashlight which spins to reveal a decaying teenager with a bloody knife.

JESSE

I hear my brother scream and I hear his flashlight drop. I turn to see what happened. A teenager, his flesh looking like a block of swiss cheese cut up with a bloody knife. Just standing there with a wide grin on his face. I grab a big stick and I charge it. The stick goes right through it. It laughs and disappears. A cry rings out from behind me and I see a ghostly apparition of Alice Hickory holding a man's head. She drops it and skips away singing Let it Go from Frozen. With another scream, I turn to see a man hanging from the branches his skin peeled away from his bone like a banana peel. I turn to Quinn and say "Let's get out of here!" He agrees and we both sprint away from the rescue workers.

QUINN

Jesse turns to me and yells, "Let's get out of here!" I quickly agree and we sprint as fast as we could go out of there. Even with adrenaline running through my veins, I hear branches snapping and the intense smell emanating from behind. I take a glance and it confirms that the thing was chasing us. I turn back around and put on the gas. Leaving Jesse behind in the dust. I hear a cry behind me and I feel more than see that Jesse had just been hit. I turn around and face that thing. I pick up the stick that she was holding and swing it at the thing. This time it connects and sends him flying into a nearby tree. I look down at my sister, a big knife sticks out of her back like a pin in a pincushion. I allow myself to be distracted for one second and the thing is on me again. The smell! He slowly pushes a bloody knife toward my throat. The tip touching my throat I croak, "You will never win..."

News Report

Many gone missing or confirmed dead in the woods last night. People are warned to leave this town as the military bombs the woods to get rid of whatever might be killing all of these people. Some of the confirmed dead, are Troy McLee, Mike Peoples, Quinn Hawke, Jesse Hawke, Alice Hickory, and Jeff Wilma. Here comes the military now! (distant explosions) Oh, God...

Even though the military bombed the forest and the town some still say that if you go into those woods you can still hear Let it Go echoing throughout the forest.

Marauder

Derek was born in, raised in, and lived most of his life in the bustling city of NYC. He was accustomed to its loud noises, dizzying mazes, and rude people. He worked in his small apartment, only big enough for a single person, and ate Subways for lunch on his bed and KFC for dinner on his bed. He watched TV on his bed and then went to sleep on his bed. He then got up, opened his laptop, and typed on his bed. His life was what you'd expect it to be if you lived in a large, packed city. His life was not what you'd expect it to be if you lived in the deserted state of Utah.

Derek had gotten a call from a company in Utah, searching for people who had a physics degree (in which Derek had, but never made use of). The offer they made was appealing, and he decided it would be worth it to move from his tiny apartment to a more luxurious personal house.

Derek did not have a car. He had a bicycle, but he could only go so far before his vision got fuzzy from over-working. He had a few \$5,000 dollars to burn, so he bought a small 1986 Honda Civic hatchback with rusted paint and stained rear seats. He planned to sell it once he got to Utah, so he started the engine and headed off for the freeway.

He would not make it to Utah.

...

There are no buildings in the desert of Utah. Only shells and skeletons of what remains. Gas stations, old houses, cars, and lots of more cars. Some of them were left to rot because they simply broke, or were too expensive to maintain. Those things were mainly from the 30's-50's. But you are more likely to find the lifeless body of a car that might have still been in production. Every car is welcome in the desert of Utah.

...

After 2 days of driving non-stop, Derek stopped at a gas station, which marked the border between civilization and flat, orange desert. As he filled his beater up with fuel, a man came out of the convenience store. As he walked to his car, he stared at Derek with a suspicious look.

He stopped, and approached Derek, who felt a little sweaty. He was a bit paranoid to other people due to the immense amount of criminals in his home state.

Expecting a demand for money or an offer of drugs, he pulled the fuel gun out of the car.

"Are you driving through that desert?"

Derek looked up to him. "...Yeah. What about it?"

The man made a teasing sound. "That... thing... won't get you very far."

Derek was puzzled. Hondas were very reliable and fuel efficient. There wasn't a reasonable explanation if he didn't make it to Utah, was there?

Confidently, he said, "I think I'll make it."

"No, no you won't." the man said in a serious tone, "The... Marauder will come."

"Marauder?"

The man shook his head. He locked eyes with Derek. "You haven't done any research on this place, have you?" He gestured to his 2015 VW Passat, which had 2 fuel cans and a toolbox on its roof plus a homebrew front bull-bar on the front bumper with quad-lamps. It seemed like something out of Mad Max, only a little toned down and a little more modern. Derek didn't feel intimidated by the preparation of the man, but he felt suspicious. What was this "Marauder" he was speaking of? Maybe it was just a trick to lure him away. For what reason? Why would he care?

The man frowned in pity and walked away. He got in his sedan and drove off into the desert.

Derek was so confused. Ignoring what the man warned him of, he put the gun back into the car and filled it full. He opened the door, closed it, closed it again because the lock was broken, turned on the ignition, and headed off in the same direction. The man's VW was already gone.

...

Everyone in Utah knew about the Marauder. Not that they thought it was real, but it made for a great story to tell children to warn them of wandering alone. It was scary, unsettling, and fun to tell. A 1970's Dodge Dart chases around visitors in the open desert and rips them up into pieces. What it does to those pieces varies from story to story, but experts believe that it glues them on to its body panels like a hunter showing off its

hunted game. Only kids believed the Marauder was real, adults knew full well it was just a myth.

But there was always a suspicious amount of people who disappeared in the desert, with their cars never found again.

...

Derek did not see any signs of the... "Marauder"... anywhere. He did not see anything unusual, apart from the occasional abandoned 50's truck/sedan rusting away, maybe even with a cactus growing in the ravaged engine bay. He watched the fuel gauge carefully. He did not see it go down by even a millimeter. He smirked. That man was probably senial.

He looked back up on the road. It was as straight as the edge of a sheet of paper. There was no need to pay attention to the route, so he gazed off to the side.

Another truck. It looked a little more... 70's... then the cars he saw before. It was less rusted and it was missing one less wheel than usual. Derek admired its beauty in the sun, staring at it for a while...

...missing another 70's sedan on the other side of the highway.

...

Derek had his fist against his cheek. He had bags under his eyes from driving for so long. It was nearly night-time, so he turned on his headlights. They flickered to life in a wimpy and weak way, and they made a sad, meak buzz as they lit the road ahead of him. He continued his journey. His lights were too weak to illuminate the decaying 80's cars scattered across the desert. He opened a bag of chips and chomped one down, which made a loud crunching noise. He looked back on his fuel gauge, which was only $\frac{1}{2}$ empty. He stared at it for a while until he heard a slight sound of sand, and he lightly tapped the wheel left to correct his route. He hadn't moved the steering wheel in a few hours.

...

Derek had both fists under his cheeks. His vision was hampered from driving for even longer. It was midnight, and everything was silent except for the tiny 4-cylinder engine weakly revving.

...and then...

Suddenly, he heard another noise. The sound of another car. He checked his rearview mirror, wiped the smudges off of it, and saw nothing behind him. It was pitch black. But the noise...

...got louder. Louder by every moment. It became louder, but not loud. Only faint. Derek decided that his brain was just playing with him.

But the noise got louder. Derek ignored it. He focused on his fuel gauge (which was still nowhere near empty) and watched the rev needle bounce up and down on the gauge. He tried to think of his destination, but the noise was too bothersome.

Derek looked in the rearview mirror. Bright lights illuminated the cabin. He screamed. The car behind him drowned out his screaming. He stepped on the gas pedal and the rev needle leaped up and the tiny hatchback zoomed ahead. The other car did not slow down, instead, it accelerated and rammed the rear of Derek's car. He felt the impact as his head nearly hit the dashboard. He veered left. The car veered right. And then left. Time seemed to slow down as the car smashed against the door of the Honda. Glass shattered everywhere inside the cabin and on the desert ground.

...

He laid his head on the steering wheel. He opened his eyes. Everything was dead silent.

He waited. He waited a little more. He waited for 3 minutes, weary and trembling. Finally, he stepped outside of the car.

Upon exiting, he did not spy the chaser. He did not hear it, nor wanted to hear or see it. The entire rear-end of his beater was crushed, and the side was badly scraped. However, it seemed as though there wasn't any substantial damage to it.

"What the hell..." He turned his attention to the dark night. There were no shadows, there were no stars. There was only a tiny moon in the sky, weakly lighting the sand. Shaking, he slowly made his way to the driver's door, drenched in sweat. He stepped onto the rail of the car, and instantly dashed into the driver's seat. He slammed the creaky door shut (which of course bounced off the bodywork) and jammed his foot

into the gas pedal. He suspected that whatever had attacked him was the "Marauder" the man had warned him of.

...

Occasionally, the police will try to search for the missing travelers. More often, the police will try to search for their colleagues. But every day, the FBI searches for the police force, in the barren desert, with guns and armored vans to accompany them. The top tier line of defense and weapons.

There has never been a single successful search party. Every year, the number of investigations grows exponentially.

...

There was no sign of the Marauder. He turned to the side, the other, and then behind him. He confirmed this. He looked back ahead. He cursed.

The same set of headlights dashed past him. He yanked the wheel rightward with gritted teeth, and he saw the car pull a U-turn and accelerate in his direction leaving smoke and black stripes on the road. He focused on the road ahead of him and pressed the pedal down as far as he could. He was suddenly met with a hidden guardrail, in which his car bounced off of. His steering angle was now slightly off.

The car continued to pursue him, with soulless lights barely illuminating the tarmac. Derek couldn't see any driver - or anybody in fact - inside of the car. He could see the rust scattered across the sedan, the assortment of cracked spotlights planted on the front end, broken pieces of metal bar stuck onto the hood, and 2 familiar looking fuel canisters on the side of the passenger door.

No longer was the road a straight border across the state, it was now a winding road with sudden twists and hairpins placed in some of the most dangerous locations. The dark made it worse, but yet the pursuer seemed to drive as if it knew the place well. Derek saw parts of cars scattered across the road, similar to those attached to the car behind him... which was quite literally tailgating him.

Finally, on a downhill section of the road, he floored it, hoping he would be able to evade the car in the next section of twists. He did not expect the scraped, stripped, and bent body of a VW Passat to be right in the middle of the path. With no time to hit the

brakes, his own car smashed into it. His head banged against the wheel, leaving a painful bruise.

Trembling in fear of the unknown, he slowly turned his head over to the multiple lights lit behind him. The monstrosity was dead behind him, as if it took no effort to follow him. Its low revving yet sinister and eerie look intimidated Derek. He had nowhere to go, and if he ran, well, it would just end up like he predicted.

He waited inside his Civic, for whatever the Marauder had in for him.

...

There are 2 popular routes that lead from Colorado into central Utah. One was built in the 1920's, by men in dark caps and boots who worked 10 hours a day, nearly non-stop in the hot sun. The other... only god could tell you. No documents describe the build process of route 2, nor even acknowledge it in any way. It is thought that slowly, it built itself. It built a lure, a shortcut to central Utah, which attracted travelers. It built a sinister, eerie, pitch black predator to feed.

You will still see that car if you drive on route 2. It may be a bit different from what this story depicts, however.

But you'll be sure to see the broken headlights of a 1986 Honda Civic hatchback, planted on its trunk, covered in dust and sand.

Josh H:
13/ 8th grade.

One Ouiji board, 5 friends

One spooky night, me and my 4 friends decided to try the ouija board. We all were very skeptical about doing the ouija knowing that not too long ago, 3 boys got summoned by the ouija board. We obviously thought that was fake because that seemed very unrealistic and childish so we wanted to try it for ourselves. We all waited until 3AM to get the board out because that's supposedly when the evil ghost came out. 2 ½ hours finally passed and now came the time. We pulled out the board slowly, still a bit skeptical. We place the board flat on the rug and get every part set up. Our first question was "spirits, what is your name". The game piece didn't move at all. All of a sudden, we heard a quiet yet fast knock. We looked through the peephole and didn't see anyone. We stupidly, opened the door and saw a small note. It oddly said a weird name called Aileen Wuornos. We didn't think anything of it and just continued the game. Our second question was "how old are you". We heard 66 continuous knocks all over the house for 3 minutes. We yet again were confused but this time we had a little bit of suspicion. To test this suspicion out, We asked our third question. We asked the spirit "How old is my baby brother". Me and my friends already knew my baby brother was 3 years old. A couple seconds later, we heard 3 hard knocks on the front door. We all got up slowly and walked slowly to the door. We looked through the hole dramatically and unexpectedly saw a pizza man for pizza hut. We opened the door, and immediately he said here's your pizza and left. We went back into the house questioning why we just got a pizza. Immediately my friends just started digging in. A couple minutes later I called my mom and asked if she ordered a sausage pizza she said horrifyingly "Honey, i didn't order pizza at all. DO NOT EAT THAT PIZZA" . I slowly hang up the phone and look over to my friends as they eat pizza. I glance closely and notice that it is not sausage. I look even closer and see IT'S A HUMAN BRAIN. I screamed as I was petrified "THAT IS NOT SAUSAGE, THAT'S HUMAN BRAIN". My friends threw the pizza and horrifyingly asked, "What did you just say?" I reply in a scary mannar "THAT'S A HUMAN BRAIN YOUR EATING!" As I say that, my friends pass out one by one. I called the police but as I said my address, my phone started cutting out and I was not able to talk at all. As soon as I hung up, I heard noises all around the house saying in a ghostly mannar "We see you, You're next, BEWARE". I try to run to the nearest door but that door won't open. I run up the stairs to my room and all you hear is a SLAM and BOOM. All the doors slam right in front of me. I hear 3 kicks on the front door. BANG BANG BANG, I ran down stairs to see who it was so they wouldn't run away in time. I look through the peephole and it's my mom. I open it and I'm so relieved she's home. I tell my mom as soon as she stepped through the door "MOM my friends ate the pizza and they passed out, all of the doors were locked and I couldn't get out, and finally, I think this house is haunted. My mom laughs creepily and says "Honey, no one is passed out on the floor and the doors are all open. Are you sure you aren't just crazy?" I reply, "MOM I SWEAR, I'M NOT CRAZY!" My mom just walked into the kitchen and said "honey i'm just going to make dinner." I said, "Ok mom, thank you." My mom replies oddly, "Anything for my sweet kid." I thought to myself, I'm not even a kid, I'm 19. I had a weird suspicion but I just thought

nothing of it. An hour and a half later, my mom tells me "Dinner is served honey." I noticed she made chicken noodle and soup with big sausages in it. Oddly enough, it didn't taste the same as she usually makes it. The noodles and sausage had a weird kick. I asked my mom "did you change the way you made the chicken noodle and soup with big sausages in it?" She replied while laughing in an evil manner, "haha honey that's brain, Cooked hand without the fingers, and human hair with a hint of poison." I spit it out immediately and start to feel dizzy. I ask my mom "Why mom" as I start to cough blood and pass out. My mom just replied with "I'm not your mom haha" and she rips her entire skin off and that's the last that I saw

THE END

F , John
13 years old/8th grade

Gwenevier V.

716

6th grade

"Killer doll"

Once there was a girl whose name was Midge, and her sister Mary and her mom Jess. They all moved to Alaska, they thought that they got a normal house but in the next week things started to change their mind. They moved to their new big house on a rainy day and Midge was the most excited to move into their new house. While they explored they found an old porcelain doll Midge picked up it first and fell in love. She said that it was her best friend. she would sleep with it and do everything with it. She gave it a name. She said "its name is Coraline." her sister asked how she thought of the name and she responded " she just told me her name Mary". In a creepy voice, Mary just ignored her and went on with her day.

Midge lived in Alaska for two years before they moved and now they're back so she had some friends but one of her best friends was Lily. Lily and Midge grew up together in a small town and haven't seen her in three years. So Jess said " Lily's coming over tomorrow so get some rest" both of the girls and the doll went to bed, that night Mary had a dream that she was in a garden with pretty trees and flowers and someone turned around holding something in front of her she heard a soft humm just soft and quiet and kind of nice there was a wooden swing but then the music got louder and louder and then stopped the girl turned around and I was her sister with most of her face broken like glass!!!! And she had blood all over her blue dress. And she was holding her doll, the dolls eyes were pitch black, everything started dying like the world was glitching and then the wooden swing fell and then she turned around and there were at least ten dead people just lying on the floor including her and her mom. She tried to run away but she couldn't move her feet. They were glass! Midge and her doll moved closer and closer then grabbed her, she woke up screaming Jess and Midge ran into the room yelling " WHAT'S WRONG!!!" and she screamed again and pointed to the dark hallway Jess turned around and said " what it's just your

sister's doll?" Mary asked " Di-di-did you put that there?" " Sure? " she replied. Jess left to go make breakfast and Midge said "Coraline said don't tell anyone" and Midge shook her head and left like nothing happened.

Later that day lily came over and midge showed her the doll. When lily picked up the doll and said as a joke "can I take her home?" Midge looked at her in a scary way and said " Coraline does not want you to come here ever again" and shook her head and acted like nothing had happened and lily was staring at her looking scared and Midge asked "what's wrong?" and lily started ranting about what she just said Midge said she did not know what she was talking about so they kept playing. soon they went down to lunch and had tuna sandwiches Midge said coraline doesn't like tuna and her mom was getting mad that midge kept acting like everything's the dolls felt so later that day she asked lily to get the doll and throw it away, so she did, the next day the doll was back in midges room! And later that day lily went missing and lily's mom was so scared, so the girls went over to their house. Midge was sad, and started crying, her mom hugged her tight and told her to sit at their dining room table with Lily's mom. Lily's mom/ crystle looked toward lily's room and saw coraline THE DOLL. "Honey, did you bring that here?" Jess asked Midge, "no?" She replied, "Then who did the dork?" Mary said, " It just got here." Midge said "ya right she just got up and left," said mary. Midge picked up the doll and saw something under Lily's bed, she told lily's mom and she came to the room and told them to just sit down.

She went into the room and looked under the bed then screamed and called the police. The police came and they left and sat on their lawn, later the police took all of them to the police station. Lily's mom went into the room first then about thirty minutes later she came out crying then the other girls went in they sat down and the police asked if they knew what was going on, they answered "no" and the police officer told them that they found lily and that they were going find out what had happened to her. That day midge had nightmares and would not go to sleep. Otherwise in the room beside her Mary kept thinking about the doll and thought maybe the doll was helping but also having mixed feelings that the doll was helping or had done it but no one would believe her. That night Mary took the doll and put it back in the attic. In the morning Mary went into her room, she wasn't into the house or so they thought. Later midge found the doll on the attic stair and called her mom into the room. They both went up into the attic and they saw Mary laying there on the floor, dead, bleeding everywhere. They both scream at the top of their lungs, Jess called the cops. The police showed up and took Mary, they both were scared. and then they both realized that the doll was in both places the girls were in when they were killed.

The next day they decided to run away from the doll but wherever they would go the doll would go, the store, a motel, anywhere. The doll started to get mad at Jess for taking mige away, so mige and Jess went home and did whatever the doll wanted. That night all of the police that were trying to find out what had happened were found dead... Well it didn't go very well for them, that night midge and the doll were gone, so Jess went out looking for them. She found them at the police station with Mige holding the doll with a knife, and the cops on the floor dead. Jess froze and yelled "why did you do that.!!!" Midge walked forward with the doll and the knife in her hands, but didn't say anything. Jess ran as fast as she could but didn't make midge stab her and she fell to the floor, more police showed up and they didn't get very far they all died. That night there was knowone left in their city, the doll would kill whomever came close. That is the reason why *The City Of Dellimar* does not exist anymore.

The party

There was this group of teens who lived in a small town. Their names were Kyle, Mark, Henry, and Juan. They were walking home from school like they did everyday but this day was different. They saw someone was getting ready for a party but the house that the party was gonna be in was abandoned for a century. The house was old, broken wood 2 stories with the paint peeling. They continued walking home thinking nothing of it but today was Friday the 13th so they went home. They each asked their mom if they can spend the night at Henry's house to tell scary stories and stay up but once they got to Henry's house they decided to go out at night and look at who's setting up the party because they were curious since no one has stepped foot in the house. They get on their bikes and head over to the house and peek over the gate but what they saw startled them. They saw guns and masks being brought inside the house by guards but Henry said "they are probably props for the party" Mark replied "no bro look at those guns those are military grade ak-47 they don't make props that realistic" then all of a sudden one of the guards saw the kids boys peeking over Juan shouted "GET DOWN" the guard yelled "GET THEM" they each got on the bike and started pedaling as fast as they could. "Head through the bushes we will lose them in their meet back at Henry's house split up GOOO " yelled Mark they each headed home but Juan didn't... They waited for him but the clock hit 3 am. "If he's not back in 30 min we need to go split up and look for him. He probably got lost in the woods" said Mark. "They probably got him, what if they get us we shouldn't split up we should stick together and look together it's late " Henry said. The clock hit 3:30 and Juan wasn't back yet so the boys went out searching for Juan. "I HEAR SOMETHING I THINK IT'S HIM " yelled Kyle they head over and realize it's just an animal they head back because the sun is rising. They decide to look tomorrow after school at sundown. They are walking home and talking "he's probably hungry he hasn't ate since 12 he could die from starvation" "he's ok knowing him he's out hunting with a knife we will head out at 7 and search again". they each split up and head home but then when Henry got home he checked the mail as he always does but what's inside startled him it's an invitation to a party but that didn't startle him it was the address that the party was being held at "1320 Harvil Dr" the house where they were at last night. The invitation stated "we invite u to a party at 1320 Harvil Dr in ur honor". He goes home worried that they found out where he lives so he contacts his friends only to find out they each go one saying the same thing. They meet up at Henry's house. Juan still hasn't showed up so they were worried and thinking of going out again. "What are we going to do? We shouldn't go should we?" says Mark "but what if it's just a costume party halloween is around the corner" says Kyle "alright lets flip a coin heads we go tails we don't" says Mark. They flip the coin... it was head... they were in shock. The room was as silent as if no one was in there. They decided to go but when they got there they realized there were a lot of people showing up so they were at ease. They stepped inside" WOW the house looks a million times better inside." The floors were new as was the wall and the whole interior. The clock struck 12. The door slammed shut. The windows were closed shut with soundproofing tile. The boys were trying to find a way out; they were all guarded; the people they thought were normal were just the guards in costume they had been trapped in. "WELCOME BOYS" shouted the owner " this is a party but with a game and the

winner gets to live" the teens looked at each other in terror. " Bring in the kid" stated the owner "ITS JUAN" said mark. But he was all bruised up as if he were in a fight bleeding from everywhere. "In 5 minutes the lights will go out and there will only be one winner" the teens were trying to think of something but juan had a different idea. The lights went out. juan started fighting "WHAT ARE U DOING JUAN" screamed kyle in terror "i wanna live they had me here for 2 days BEATING ME UP I WANNA GO HOME " juan ran at the boys suddenly the room was quite the lights turned on and juan was let go but only he left....

Name: Stephanie K

Age: 13

Grade: 8th

The field was dark. A chilling breeze flung past her leaving her frozen. The small crunch of leaves felt like the roars of the dead, but she wasn't moving. The feeling of something crawling on her creeps her out, but it disappears eventually. The bright moon is her only light, and even the trees block it. The feeling she is in a horror movie sweeps over her. The smell of rot fills her nose, the rot of dead animals and plants alike. She got the feeling she was being watched. She knows she is being watched.

Recently, she lost her brother. No one knows how he died. She holds a sky blue, deep red, and lavender flower all made of felt, and she places the flowers on the grave. She doesn't get real flowers as they eventually add more death, and she wanted her brother to keep the flowers. She solemnly walked away from the grave and went to her bike.

She rode home. She had moved down the street from her parents, where she used to live. She hasn't had the time to unpack yet, so she only had the bare minimum out. The scent of wet paint still roamed around the air from the previous owner. She went straight to her bed and slept. She had awoken. She got dressed and reluctantly went to the store.

She walked into the store and was overwhelmed by the mix of colors and scents. She walked swiftly to the chips. As she looked around there were many different shapes, colors, and flavors. There were frizdos, dorminos, lase, and chirbdos. She grabbed the dorminos, as they were the least overwhelming and pretty simple. She stepped over to the slushie machine which had the dreaded words "Sorry, Out Of Order". As she stared in disbelief the fluorescent lights buzzed. She walked over to the counter. The man at the counter shook his head as he scanned the chips. "Why are people so dumb? Why buy chips at 6:30 in the morning? It's stupid!" the man stated. She paid for her chips and left as quickly as she could.

She went to the flower shop next door. The flower shop was more calming and had way less rude cashiers. She grabbed a magenta flower with rosy bubblegum pink tips. She went to the counter and placed the flower. "That will be 16.99," the woman at the counter said. She paid. "Have a splendid day mam!" the woman said. She went on her bike.

She went home. She had started to unpack. As she unpacked she came across something of her brothers. She came across a game. Not wanting to unpack her computer she put the game on the counter.

She grabbed the flower and went back onto her bike. She rode back to her brother's grave. As she stared into the text chiseled on his stone, she could feel a tear form. As the tear fell she fell onto her knees. She only wanted her little brother back. She wanted closer, she wanted to know how he died. When his body was examined, he had many cuts and scrapes. There was a mysterious chemical in his blood and lungs that had evaporated upon contact. Due to it disappearing we never could know what it was, and no chemical matches its properties. She wanted to know anything at this point. What was the liquid? Why

did he have to die? Who did it? She had then noticed something. Two of her flowers were missing, and her last flower was filled with bugs. There were roaches, beetles, ants, and earwigs infesting her flower. She fell back and dropped the flower. Why so many bugs? And... wait what? The flower was wilting and was real. How did this happen? It was still her flower as on a pettel there was a company name, the same name as the shop she went to, but it looked different. She went on her bike and rode to her parent's house.

"Hey Anni" her mother spoke softly as she walked in.

"Hey mom," she said

"You want to see the new windchimes I got, oh and can you help me pick up the pine cones?"

"Shure mom"

"So Anni how have you been?"

"Good"

They picked pinecones all day and her mom showed her all of the new wind chimes. She finished the work and went home.

At home, she went to bed. She was still disturbed about the grave and going to her mom's house didn't help. She couldn't fall asleep and instead thought about her brother. She remembered her childhood with him and how he would make her laugh. She remembered when it would snow.

The small flakes of cotton fell and the ground grew cold. She would put on her light-up boots and pink glitter jacket as her brother put on his normal boots and Tomas the train jacket. They would race outside and build a snowman. Once the snowman was made they both broke it by flopping on it or hitting it. Then they did a snowball fight and she always won. In the end, her brother would make a pile of snow and jump in. That bright smile on his face. That sweet smile. What she wouldn't give to see it one more time.

She didn't sleep whatsoever. She got up and continued unpacking. She took hours to set up the tv, put away plates, and decorate her home. She finally, in the end, only had her computer set up. She set it up and put it in the game, but didn't play. Instead, she took a nap. She awoke and considered going to her brother's grave. The only reason she went was that she didn't want her brother to be alone.

She walked to the grave and noticed something. The flower was no longer real. It had no bugs. The lavender flower was back. The blue flower was back. The purple-pink flower was where she dropped it. The only one missing was the red one, the one that was real. She was talking to her brother's grave, but she could swear she heard him talk back. Was she crazy? No, he promised he would always stay with her and this may be him fulfilling his promise.

She got home and booted up the game. She played as a character named Anni who walked through the forest to go to a picnic. She walked through the forest and had a jumpscare halfway through. She made it to the picnic and ate cookies and cake.

"Next stage?" the game asked

"Continue" She clicked

"Close your eyes and take a deep breath" the game ordered
What? Was the game asking her to do this or the character? She followed the steps and closed her eyes. She took a deep breath. She opened her eyes and was at stage two, but she was in the game. She looked around. She only saw forest and forest and finally saw something different. She saw a path and saw a man blocking it. She walked to the man.

"Hello" She announced

"Listen," The man said

"What," She said

The man vanished and she went forwards. Another man blocked the path.
"Go back," The other man said"

The man vanished and she went forwards. A tall, creepy man was in the way but was turned around. Click, clack, click, clack. Her shoes were loud. She approached the man and his neck snapped back and breaking his spine, he smiled. He took a step towards her. She took a step back. The darkness filled his eyes. He ran towards her and she darted back. Running, running, running. The path never seemed to end. Running, racing, dodging. The people she spoke to fell and died as she passed them. Finally, there was an exit. She ran and the monster did too. He grew spider-like legs and became faster. Tears fell down her face. She almost touched the exit, but the floor fell below her. The floor collapsed and the sky reached for her, trying to save her.

The emptiness below pulled her in, 6 feet below and only down further. She fell down thousands of thousands of feet, if she hit the ground she would die. Would it be so bad if she died? She would see her brother again. As she fell deeper down, she thought worse and worse thoughts. She wanted to die. She only wanted to see her baby brother, her only friend, and her right-hand man. The darkness had surrounded her heart, splash. She couldn't see it but she hit a liquid, water. The darkness retreated and she was still alive. At first, she was able to move freely but as the current pushed it became harder to move. It felt like the substance was changing. Water, oil, tar, what was next rocks! She heard a crash of a waterfall and knew there was one ahead. She struggled and struggled in the darkness, now only wanting to see her mom, live her life, get a job, and graduate college. She needed to live.

She couldn't get free, and the current pulled her down. She fell farther and longer. She recalled all the memories she could. Her mom, the cashiers, the men, and her brother alike. Splash. She had felt an unknown liquid around her.

Unlike all the other liquids she had felt, the texture and consistency of the liquid changed. She could barely stay above the liquid. She splashed and hit the liquid, and gasped for air. It was way deeper than the stream before. The liquid almost froze when she was under, and then became so thin that she fell further and further in the liquid, as it fluctuated properties. The liquid filled her lungs and she suffocated. Before she passed out, the liquid started evaporating before her eyes. Did the game kill her little brother?

She awoke in a white room. The change from a pitch-black room filled with liquid to a bright white room with no liquid overwhelmed her. She saw nothing. She searched and searched. Finally, she saw a man. He had one eye larger, one eye red, one blue, and was generally deformed. She tried to speak but couldn't.

He said, "What do you want."

Nothing could be said

"Hello?"

The liquid was still in her lungs.

"If you aren't going to answer me then just go."

She wanted to make any sound, even a scream or whisper.

"SECURITY"

No no no. She heard steps. Click, clack, click, clack. She tried to run but couldn't. Something compelled her to stay still. A blob of tentacles and eyes dared her and grabbed her. It threw her and sent her crashing into the wall. It broke and vines pulled her in.

Where the hole was her was now an array of real and fake flowers. The walls were green with white trim. The tan lino welcomed her. The slight whistles of a familiar tune drew her in. Plants were hanging on the ceilings and bouquets were on a shelf organized by the color of

the flowers. On another shelf, there were felt flowers arranged in the same way. The wooden baige chairs with white cushions on the bottom looked so comfy. She could move. She walked over and sat on the chair.

"Now that's better." She spoke a bit louder than she wanted. She could speak. This was a little sanctuary. Sadly, everything ends. The walls disintegrated and the ceiling collapsed. She was finally safe and it was being taken away.

New vines pulled her ankle down through the floor. There were red flowers, all made out of felt with a store trademark on the outer petal. They were lining the walls surrounding her. It looked like it was almost empty halfway, with nothing but the flowers and darkness of the room. The flowers quickly decayed before her. They had reached a point where they had become real. Gigantic bugs of many varieties came out and crawled toward her. There were earwigs, ants, beetles, and roaches. They ripped off her left arm and beat her black and blue. The sound of windchimes blasted and she closed her eyes hoping to escape this hell.

She opened her eyes to the path. The same path level two started in. She walked forwards, and forwards, and forwards. She had finally made it to the picnic. She had eaten cookies and cake. She noticed something though. The liquid was still in her lungs, and the cake and cookie tasted a bit like citrus and cinnamon. She was poisoned. She slowly died. Her body was put in the real world, in her chair. The game turned off and ejected from the disk slot in the PC, putting itself in a box in the living room. She was buried in the ground. May Anni rest in peace.

She died, and you watched.

The Ghoul Butcher Lady

Mariz G. (heavily influenced by the Philippines' 'Aswang')

"But I don't want to!" he exclaimed at his mom.

"Bernardo Carlos Perez! All you do all day is gaze at that phone screen of yours! I infrequently ask you to do anything anymore! Get your butt up that bed and do this chore!" His mom shouted.

"You know what? Fine! Gosh... so demanding." Bernie muttered under his breath and stood up from his bed.

"Don't you dare talk back to your mother!" his mom said in defense and flung her slipper toward her defiant son.

Bernie ran out the front door, grabbed his bike, and pedaled to his friend's house.

"Teejay! It's me, Bernie! Open up!" he clamored while knocking on the front door. A few minutes later, he and his friend, Teejay, talked and walked on their way to the corner butchery.

"No way, your mom asked you to get meat from that store?? Did you tell her??" his friend asked due to interest.

"Tell her what?" Bernie asked.

"The story, you know, about the butcher lady."

"No, I don't think so."

"Okay well, some of my other friends say that the old lady that works at the butchery is actually an 'aswang'."

"'Aswang?' as in those vampire-witch humanoid beasts??"

"Yeah, those that eat human flesh."

"Oh... Well, it's an old Filipino urban legend anyway, there's no way that those kind of things actually exist." Bernie follows this sentence with a chuckle to himself and a thought - 'aswang' don't exist, they don't exist.

Bernie and Teejay reach the corner butchery. The smell of freshly cut meat fills their nostrils.

"Hello, uhm. Can I please get the uhm, two whole chicken sliced please?" Bernie said, almost with a murmur. He then sighed of comfort as he guaranteed himself that he is okay - is he?

A vendor selling *'taho'* - a Filipino snack with very soft tofu, melted brown sugar, and sago pearls - passes by - attracted the attention of Teejay, who was suddenly hungry.

"Hey, I'm going to get us some 'taho'. I'll be right back, hang in there." Teejay assured Bernie.

"Oh, Uhm, okay."

Teejay ran, trying to catch up with the vendor. A few moments later, he got two servings of *'taho'*, ready to share with Bernie. But, when he came back to the butcher shop, it was closed. There was no sign of Bernie anywhere.

"Bernie! Bernie! This is not funny! Butcher lady?! Where are you!?" he yelled as he searched for his friend

...

"Now, tell me, young one. Do you believe that 'aswangs' don't exist?" the old butcher lady's breath woke up Bernie. He was now laying on a long, cold, metal table. He closed his eyes, telling himself that everything is a dream, it is just a dream or his imagination.

"You're not real. You're not real. You're not real!" he shouted at the lady.

Then, the sound of things getting knocked off a table surround his ears. The sound of flesh and bones shifting overpowers the tranquil atmosphere. Bernie gasps and then forces his eyes shut. He does not want to accept his fate.

"Let's try this again. Do you believe that 'aswangs' don't exist?!" a resounding, blunt, and a contorted voice shouted into Bernie's ears. He feels a distressing feeling on his chest. He lets out the most blood-curdling scream for help - no one can hear him, and no one is coming for him.

He slowly accepts his fate - as the *'aswang'* digs its claws into his skin, ultimately killing him slowly. The sound of the boy's screams can be heard no more, just the sounds of the horrific creature dining off its last meal of the day.

Name: Wilbur S

Age: 13

Grade: 8

Phone: 716 215 1111

Dolls

Just a regular sunday evening in the circus. *Everly*, the ringmaster, was conducting the circus like normal. The circus was packed, some people had to put their kids in their lap. This was the most people everly has ever seen in the circus. It was somewhat overwhelming. Luckily, she had been putting together a new act with everyone at the circus. It included audience interaction. This was the first time it had ever been done. Everly saw it as an achievement. And the perfect opportunity to slip away for a moment. Mostly to give her poor joints a break from her outfit. They get sore after a while. As the trapezists did their tricks and the clowns put on their show, the ribbon dancers danced elegantly. Everly had the perfect opportunity to slip away for a moment.

She went back stage and took of her jacket and knee pads. If anyone walked in, her secret would be revealed. She couldnt even tell her crew about this. She used stunts as her excuse for wearing her knee pads. She never takes the jacket off when she's not in her trailer; even on the hottest days of the year. She *always* locks her trailer. Everly stretched and cleaned up her joints. She took a quick extra step to improve mobility.

As Everly walked back in, the ropes holding up a big lantern began to break. Everly noticed this. She noticed one of the trapezists directly under it. Just as the lantern began to fall, the ringmaster ran as fast as she could. She leaped into a dive, tackling the trapeizist out of the way. The lantern hit the ground and shattered. The flame in the lantern started spreading. Everly and the trapeizist quickly got up.

"Get everyone out!" everly told the trapeizist. Everyone in the circus was screaming. They were all getting up. The ringmaster grabbed a microphone. "Everyone please remain calm! Please exit the tent! There are members of the circus there to ensure you get out safely!" she quickly dropped the microphone and ran out from the back exit. She stopped one of the clowns. "Im going to Adalaine. Go help the others." she told the clown. "Understood ma'am" the clown replied.

Everly quickly stormed out the back exit of the tent. Running, with sheer fear in her actions. She hoped she would make it in time. She sprinted as fast as she could. She panickedly opened the door to adalaine's private apartment. She's not there often, but everly knew she'd be there. "Adalaine!!!" she yelled. "Adalaine come quick!" she continued. Adalaine ran down the stairs quickly, almost falling. "What happened?!" she said. "The circus! Trouble! Fire!" everly said between breaths. "I really, hope, we're not too late!" she continued between breaths. "Well then lets go!" adalaine said.

The two ran to the circus as fast as they could. The tent, in flames. The fire department started heading over. Click clack goes the horses. Everly began crying. "What are we going to do" she leaned into adalaine crying. Adalaine hugged her from the side. The fire department was taking care of the fire. Suddenly. The tent fell. Everyone ran. The fire blasted out.

It was a tragedy. But it wont stop, the circus of dolls.

Ciara Di

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13 / 7th grade

Run Because It Follows

Evening nights like these are always the one I most enjoy. It has a comforting chill that goes up your spine, and the soft whispers of the crickets fill the empty void of whitenoise. I love sitting next to this great lake. It never has any trash, all natural plants and fish, and it is the best place to sit next to and relax. At midnight it perfectly reflects the moon and makes it look like something out of a fantasy book. I wish I could stay all night, but I need to get back home before my mom wakes up. I start to walk away from the lake and hum a familiar tune I remember from when I was baby. It was a song my mother came up with to put me to sleep. After a few minutes of walking I hear something shifting in the trees, and the grass rustles on the opposite side of me. Meanwhile the sound of a deep growl is humming with me.

"Uh, hello?" I shout out. The humming stops after I say that. The growling turns into a giant screeching. It's like nails on a chalkboard. *Nah ah I am not messing with that!* I start to run. *What kind of animal makes a noise like that? Definitely not an animal I want to mess with.*

"Ugghhhhh... ahhhuhh... eahhh.." The wind howls, but it doesn't sound like the wind anymore. It sounds like something is breathing down my neck in anticipation. It sounds like it is right behind me. I turn around to see what is making noise and I slam my head into a tree in front of me. I looked in front of me and I froze. A shadowing creature crawled on the tree looking down at me. It has unhinged its jaw large enough to eat me whole, and it was nearly the size of the tree it was on. I got back up and started to run back towards the lake. *What is that thing!? I don't know what to do!* I have nowhere to go except back to

the lake since it blocked off my way back home. I start to run out of breath. I can hear its feet crashing down the ground, shaking the leaves. It huffs out what sounds like the screaming of children, "Reaahhhhhh!!"

"Go away! Please leave me alone," I say almost about to collapse from fear. I reached the lake. *Okay now what do I do?!* I don't have anywhere to go except inside the lake. I try to catch my breath before I go underwater. Once I dive into the lake I look down and realize this lake goes much deeper than it looks. I know that something has to be down here. The more I look around I notice that the lake feels ten times larger than it looks. I hear a screeching noise. I look up and notice the monster is trying to grab me from the water, but it's not touching the water. It's almost like it is afraid of what's in it. I suddenly feel something pull on my leg. A rotten hand digging its nails into my skin! I tried to kick it but it wouldn't let go! It then took a chunk out of my leg. Only then did it let go. I swam back up to get air. It took a large enough of my skin to reveal my bone and my blood filters with the water and it spreads all around me. The monster notices me and my blood and its beady red eyes widened and opens its mouth even further and starts to drool in hunger. The creature stretches out its arms dislocating any joints it might have had. It grabs me by my hair! It hurts! I can't loosen its grip, but it's not like I can go anywhere. No matter what, I'm going to bleed out, or I am going to be eaten alive. I don't want to die!

"Please don't do this!" I yell out to the shadowy creature. It does not listen, and it continues to try and pull me closer to it. On my foot I can feel the same pulling tugging feeling that took a bite out of my leg. More cold and dark hands are now all around my body, pulling me down further in the lake. The shadow snaps out of its blood thirst and lets go. After it lets go I just realize how hard the hands were pulling me and my body. The hands reveal themselves as more corpses pull me down. I don't have enough strength to fight back. I can't think! I'm losing too much blood. I can't breathe! The water floods my entire vision until all the dark blue turns a deep red.

As they walk through the woods the freezing cold air brushes on their faces. As they get further along the brisk rocky path they start to see something. A beaming light shoots through the trees and glares on their faces. As they get closer to what they think is the light. They can smell something awful. Something rotting. When they get closer they realize it's a cabin. "We need somewhere to sleep," Anna said. "I don't know if we can trust this place though," said Henry. Anna just ignores him and walks up to the door and knocks. You could hear the knock echoing in the emptiness that was filled by the floorboards creaking. This old woman opens the door and greets them. "Can we please stay here for the night we got lost?" Anna asked. "Oh yes of course dear come in. Come come." "Your room up stairs yes yes up stairs to left go go you enjoy lots." "Ummmm ok thank you" Henry replied. They didn't think anything of it and went to bed. Henry woke up to a mysterious sound. Click CLick CLick CLICK CLICK. It just got more and more aggressive; the more he waited the louder it got. After two minutes of waiting it got unbearable to hear. Then it stopped. The door started to creak open. "I know your secretttttt". A voice whispered. "What secret?" Henry said frantically. "I know your secret". For the next few weeks the

voice followed him everywhere and kept getting louder. Eventually he started seeing a weird looking person everywhere he went. It almost looked like his face was rotten. But that couldn't be right, could it? Deceased face? Like he... maybe she... They that's the word they. They were distinguished. They look freshly scorched. If that's how you want to describe it. But that's not the only thing that followed him. Anywhere he went he smelt that awful horrid rotten smell. **HE TRIED TO SLEEP IT OFF. HE THOUGHT HE COULD ESCAPE IT. HE THOUGHT IF HE FORGETS THE DEAL THE THING WOULD GO AWAY.** But it didn't... One night when Henry was sleeping he woke up in what he thought was a Lucid dream. Once he "woke up" in his dream he realized where he was. The soul taking cellar. Once he realized that he had the dire to get out. Just then they came around the corner looking worse than ever. Nearly looking obsolete. "When will I get the soul" they said with a creaky low pitched voice but with voice cracks. "I can't bring you my wife, I just can't," Henry shouted. "Then I shall take your soul" The thing said. Just then Henry **SCRAMBLED UP THE STAIRS. HE RAN OUT THE FRONT DOOR. RAN TO A NEIGHBORHOOD. AS HE RAN PAST THE HOUSES HE FROZE IN HORROR.** "H-How how is this possible" Henry whispered. He was in the same place he started. He ran to the house. **HE** got faster and faster. But the more he ran the more things repeated. **HE GAVE UP. HE COULDN'T TAKE IT. HE RAN BACK TO THE CELLAR. COME.**

TAKE ME. I GIVE UP. TAKE MY SOUL. "SHUSH hunny be quiet." "WHO SAID THAT" Henry yelled "Its me my love" "ANNA" Henry Leaped into her arms. "Now you tried to take my soul. I shall take yours..." the next thing Henry knew he was tied to a chair. TINY LITTLE HANDS CAME CRAWLING FROM ALL SIDES. REACHING FOR HIM. THE ARMS GROWING LONGER AND LONGER. AS THEY REACH HIS FEET THE REACH UP HIS LEG TO HIS FACE. HE COULDN'T BREATHE HE KNEW THIS WAS IT. HE KNEW THIS IS HOW HE DIED. Then with one long gasp. He woke up. "Hunny, we have to walk through the woods to get there. Come on, I think I see a Cabin." Anna said. "Yeah ok lets go hurry hurry. Henry said hurriedly. They started walking but he couldn't feel anything. He was numb everywhere. Then he smelt it with the same rotting smell. They knocked on the door. They answer again and this time they say ' One last chance Henry." Give me it "Come on Anna. We have to go I want to show you something in the cellar. I remember this place." Henry said in a terrified way. "Good boy" he heard. He pushed Anna down the stairs and watched as his wife was swallowed by the arms of the dead. The screams. The hallowed screams. After she was gone he felt a tap. "Thank you dear" "ANNA?!" Goodbye dear" Then he fell down the stairs and hit his head.

"The tale has been told every night before halloween whoever dares to go into the woods their soul will be taken away and they will join... THEM.."

"Now class we can go to lunch now have a good day." The teacher said happily

The end.

The Woods Whisper.

By: Kenny B.

October 16th, 2007 the day of the trip or the incident. My family and I went camping out into the woods to get away. The ride was very long, but I enjoyed the time I had with my family. Once we got closer to the woods I got an eerie feeling. The trees looked like still people. The fireflies looked like the eyes of a demon. I was creeped out and felt like something was off.

"Hey kids, we're almost there." My dad said.

"Finally." I thought to myself. My little brother fell asleep.

My dad swerved the car. Little brother was shaken awake.

"What was that?" I thought to myself, but I decided to keep my mouth shut.

"WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!" my mom yelled.

"Someone just appeared in the road!" my dad replied.

My dad stepped out of the car to look for the person or thing that just appeared on the road. I stepped out of the car to look for whatever it was too. Suddenly I got this weird feeling of being watched from the woods. I turned around and looked into the woods, and then suddenly I heard faint whispers in the dark woods.

"Did you hear that dad?" I asked.

"No, what was it?"

"Nevermind, maybe I just need sleep," I said.

"Let's get going," My dad said.

We got back into the car and started heading toward the woods. We were less than an hour away.

"I'm gonna get some rest, wake me up when we're there," I told my parents.

"Wake up kid, we're here." My dad told me.

"Come help dad get the tents and set up out of the car." My mom said.

We unpacked everything and set it up. By the time we finished setting everything up, it was almost dark. The feeling of eeriness got worse hour by hour, minute by minute, second by

second. The more the moon came up and the sun went down I slowly started to hear whispers again. They got louder and louder by the hour. Then... I just passed out. I woke up outside of the tent.

I thought to myself "That's weird, I don't move in my sleep at all."

October 17th 2007, I woke up outside of where I slept. Last night the faint whispers got louder and louder. My parents told me I was as pale as a ghost when they woke me up. I shrugged it off thinking I was just cold. Me and my dad went out deeper into the woods looking for fire wood. I heard no whispers surprisingly. I guess I was just tired.

"You okay kid? You woke up and you were whiter than snow." My dad said.

"Yeah, I think I just moved in my sleep and went out of the tent and got cold." I replied.

We went back to the camping site we were at. My mom came running to us telling us that my little brother ran off into the woods and she doesn't know where he is. Me and my dad bolted into the forest searching for him.

"We've been searching for hours and still no luck" I told my dad.

"We're not done yet. We're not giving up." He replied.

The sun started to set. The whispers started to come back slowly. They were quiet but said terrible things.

"He's gone" Whisper one said.

"Stop looking for the little child." Whisper two said

"Even if you do find him, you won't find him the way you want to." Whisper three said.

The whispers made me drop to my knees. I covered my ears. Shaking violently and becoming pale once again.

I shouted "SHUT UP!" to the whispers.

The whispers went away.

My dad came running towards me and asked "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"I'm okay I guess I'm just really tired." I replied.

"This might sound bad, but I think we should split up." My dad said.

"I think we should." I replied.

We parted ways. My vision became hazy. But I still kept going.

"Brother!" I shouted, hoping for an answer.

I said it over and over and still got nothing until...

"Brother!!!" I yelled.

"Big bro where are you? I'm scared." Little brother said.

"I'm coming!" I yelled.

But I was foolish to think it was actually my brother. I was being tricked by the voices. The voices were leading me to him but it was too late. I look around and see his lifeless corpse attached to a tree stump covered by roots. Pale, veiny, and eyes darker than the void. I screamed in terror. I cried.

"Who would do this?!" I yelled.

"WHY!" I shouted.

I saw a faint figure in the distance. I realized... It's the figure that shown up on the road yesterday!

"You cannot live with your own failure." The figure said.

"What are you and why are you here." I asked.

"I am called "fate" I seek balance in this world. I see futures of the people on this planet I must punish them if their futures are bad. They cannot control it. Only I can. I see no future for you. Your fate is not decided yet." it replied.

It grabbed me by my face lifted me up, looked me in the eyes, and put some sort of aura inside of me. I squirmed my way out and bolted back home. Other figures showing up around me, or were they hallucinations? I tripped all over broken tree stumps and logs.

I found the campsite with the lit fire. Panting, trying to explain what happened. My parents didn't believe me.

I looked at my mom and saw something. It...It was flashes of her future. The same thing happened when I looked at my dad. I couldn't stop thinking about it. I let it go and fell asleep. The next morning I woke up feeling different.

My parents screaming and shouting "WHAT IS THAT, WHAT ARE YOU, AND WHO ARE YOU!?"

I looked up and saw their futures once again. I ran away, shocked about what I heard, I look for a puddle to see what was wrong with me. Running for miles I found a lake. I leaned over it. Looking in disbelief I realized what had happened to me.

The dark aura he put in me, turned me into the dark figure or as It called itself "Fate." I realized those other figures that shown up around me were the other fates that determine others futures and seek to balance the world. I look at my brothers future and realize the only way to save him from all the bad things he causes and expierieces was to kill him.

Now I know understand to why it said I have no future, because we determine it.

October 30th 2011, the day before Halloween. Howard, a 11 year old boy, was relaxing on this cool fall day enjoying the latest release of his favorite farming game. Howard's father, grandfather, and great grandfather were all farmers and these are the footsteps that was going to follow when he was older.

"Mom, do you see this tractor?!" he said.

"Wow, that amazing it looks just like your father's" she exclaimed.

Little did he know he would get to visit one of his favorite farms later that night to pick out pumpkins for the next day. This was the surprise planned for later that night but she just couldn't help but tell him.

"Do you want to go and see one in real life?" she asked.

"Really?!" He yelled so loud his father could hear him in the shed nextdoor.

"Yes, we'll leave in 10 minutes!" she told him excited for what was to come.

They arrived an hour later and it was already starting to become dark out. Howard could feel the cold air blowing on his face as he was walking to the entrance. The first thing that he noticed was a pumpkin that seemed to move back and forth on the porch. Howard was never a fan of scary pumpkins, especially one like he was looking at on the porch, so he decided that he was going to have to face his fear and keep going to explore the old pumpkin patch. Later that night the owner of the patch came out and asked everyone if they wanted to hear a scary story at the campfire in about 1 hour. The only problem that Howard and his mom had with this is the fact that they had to find the fire in the middle of the corn maze which was a challenge for lots of people who have been to the farm. Although they knew it might take a while, they decided that they would give it a go.

"How long do you think it's going to take, mother?" Howard asked.

"Looks like we're going to find out" she said with a slight worry that it would take more time than the 1 hour they had.

They were on their way. Row after row they could see the fire glowing closer. Then out of nowhere, they found the tractor that made this maze that they were walking through and Howard was stoked.

"Mom! Do you see that?!"

"Yes, Howard just like the one in your game" she exclaimed.

Knowing that this was the only reason that her son wanted to come in the first place, she let him take the time to look at the tractor and really see what this farming life was all about. In the seat, he thought he saw the exact same pumpkin from the porch but he wasn't sure because he wasn't tall enough to see it. The mother knew that they were close but she also knew that if they didn't move quickly they would miss the scary story so they carried on. Five minutes later they reached the fire, surprisingly they were one of the first people there. They waited about 20 minutes for everyone to arrive and then the story started...

"Once upon a time, there were three boys in a corn maze on a night just like this looking to have some fun. They explored the maze for hours just looking for a way to get out. They knew it wasn't the best idea to go alone but they did it anyway thinking that they were smarter than their parents. A few more hours went by and

their parents started to worry about where their children were. They called the police and they arrived shortly after. The police reached the corn maze and started yelling for the boys for some hope that they weren't completely dead. Somehow, the boys could hear the police, even though they were already ½ a mile away, the police started to talk to the boys to try to get them out. Step by step they made their way back to the start of the maze. At this point the boys were only 100 feet away from the entrance and the parents were so excited for them to be safe. Then, out of nowhere, the tractor starts up. The lights could be seen, but the driver was unknown. The tractor was barreling towards the kids. 10 miles per hour, 20, 30.... The kids were running for their lives but... The next day the police were investigating who was in the tractor that killed the three boys but all they found was a pumpkin sitting in the seat...."

"Do you have any questions about the story?" the man asked them all.

Howard being the curious boy that he is asked "I think I saw a pumpkin in your tractor?"

Then just like that, the tractor flipped on and the people were very confused.

"Is this some sort of prank?!" they all asked.

The tractor was speeding up 10 miles an hour, 20, 30....

Braeden P
9th Grade, 14.

put the food on the table for serving. My uncle wasn't there because he had to finish something at work." I asked where her uncle is right now and she said that he was with her brother. "It was about 12:15 we heard a knock on the door, and everyone thought it was my uncle and when my aunt answered, we heard a loud bang followed by a thud. The man was white and about 6 foot, had a bit of black hair hanging out, had sunglasses with a blue tint, a white raiders hat, a black hoodie with the pocket cut off, and blue jeans. Our parents are yelling at us to get in the attic. As we were running to the attic I got shot in the arm by a handgun, but the shot only grazed me and Mark got cut in the cheek by a flying piece of glass from a destroyed mirror. We made it into the attic, it was pitch black other than the dim light through the cracks of the attic door. Mark is crying silently as we hear bang after bang after bang. We were scared out of our minds but after about 10 minutes of silence I called 911 and told them the basics of the situation. We got sent here and, well... here I am." I thank her and go on my way back to the station.

Chapter 3: Manhunt

I race into the station and straight to Sargent Gray's office. I give him the information that I have been blessed on how much detail there is. "Well this isn't going to be easy since there are hundreds of people over 6 feet with black hair in New York. This case kinda reminds me of Tony Tinker, the Queen's killer, but he was killed by the electric chair, busting into houses and killing whole families." I didn't want to admit it but he was right. He told me to get some sleep. I went home that night, losing my damn mind, feeling my skin peel because of this mysterious homicide. I can't just quit this case, those kids are counting on me, and at that moment I was sure as hell that I wouldn't give up on this, however I did need some sleep. Friday morning rolled around, I made my coffee and put on the news. Speak of the devil, the case! It was on the news, they were asking everyone if they knew something, then i turned to a different news channel and wouldn't you know, it was about the case. I was flipping channels and they were all about the manslaughter I was working on. I called Gray and he told me that the way we would find this sociopath that murdered a whole house was by telling everyone in the state of New York. I was drowned with hope on finishing this case. Every police station was hunting this man down with the info we had.

Chapter 4: Target Spotted

It was close to noon on a Friday when I was driving down the streets of New York, close to Central Park. I was listening to Stressed Out by Twenty One Pilots, windows down, cruising down the road. I stopped at a 7 eleven for a Mountain Dew Code Red, a kinder bueno and a pack of watermelon gum. I was in the back when someone barged in with a revolver pointed at the cashier's head, I had my Glock 17 in hand to confront him. I tell him to drop his gun and put his hands on his head. He doesn't comply and now we are

pointing barrels. I think fast, so I grab his barrel, drop the gun, sweep his leg and cuff him. I put him in my car, but not before finishing my transaction and we made our way to the station. We made it there and I put him in the cell after patting him down. I interrogated him, asking him why he did it. He wasn't talking so I was about to walk away until he said "You seen the news about the Midnight Manor Manslaughter?" I turn at him, wanting to know what he is blabbering about. "I did it, and it was glorious." I yelled for Gray to come, and he repeated what he told me. We drove him to the New York Insane Asylum. The Suspect was 23 year old George Sanders. The Midnight Murderer has been caught. Case Closed, or so I thought.

Chapter 5: Brain Games

I keep thinking about it and it didn't make any sense that he would just admit to be the murderer of a family that we have been hunting down for 2 days. Gray tried to reassure me saying that it was the guy, and I wanted to believe him so badly just to get the weight of this case off my shoulders. But I knew something was fishy, something wasn't right. So I requested access to hook George up to the lie detector, and that access I was granted. I drive George to the station, him asking me questions and me not answering them. We make it to the interrogation room where the lie detector is waiting for us. I put the mechanism on him and started asking simple questions. Name, age, criminal history, the basics. Then I get to the chase by asking if he did the Murder at Midnight Manor. His words blurted out of his mouth saying things like "Yup, that was me" and "Throw me in jail, I'm guilty". He was a perfect match to the description, even wearing the same hoodie with a cut off pocket. But I just knew that this wasn't our guy. He had his hood on... so, whatever right. Wrong, I heard a small whisper coming from George's hood. I rip off the hood and I see an EARPIECE! So this wasn't our guy, he was only the puppet to the murderous schemes.

Chapter 6: The Puppetmaster

I snatch the earpiece off of him. I put it on and yelled at him to expose himself. The only thing he said was "The game has just begun" and the piece turned off. I stomped on the earpiece with the heel of my boot and yelled in fear for everyone in New York's lives. I put him in a cell and out of the blue, he bursts into laughter. I yelled at George to tell me what was funny, screaming for the universe to hear. "I find it very funny that you think you can beat him, you can beat us. All of us. All of us. All of us." He repeated those 3 words over and over, again and again. All of us? What does it mean? Who is "All of us"? I need to find out. But at this point, it was 9:30 at night and I gotta be up at 6. I lay in my bed, trying to fall asleep but I just can't. With all the thought in my mind, all the weight on my shoulder, all the grief for the Midnight family being killed in cold blood, I can't. 11:30 rolls around, still awake. I get up from the bed that is now a pool of sweat. As if I have the feeling of someone watching me, that is until I look out the window onto the streets. I

see a woman, white hat, blue tinted sunglasses and the hoodie with the pocket cut off. I instantly thought of George when he said "All of us". It was pulsing through my brain.

Chapter 7: The Messenger

I get out of my house and start chasing her. Her hood flew off and revealed her hair and I instantly knew who it was. It was Jessica Vex, the long, curly, blonde hair with the green tips. She was put in jail for 3 months for several cases of stealing. She was a nice girl in her mid 20's who only stole meds for her sick grandma in her late 70's, good thing she got better, and we stayed friends even after she got out. I am able to get a grab of her hood and pull her back. She fell down because of the sudden pull, and I ripped the earpiece and threw it into a sewer. She looks very confused about where she is.

"Micheal, how did we get here? What am I wearing? TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON!" I exclaimed that there is a person trying to hurt people by using others as puppets. I drive her home, making sure she feels safe. We get to Jessica's place, I walk her onto the couch and tell her to get some sleep. It is dark as the letters I am typing with when I start driving home. About half the way there, I see a man with a hat like a scarecrow's, Long robes and his eyes missing. I hit the brake and a cloud of dust flies up, I get out of the car, Glock 17 in hand. I hear him say "Hello Steel, meet the Puppetmaster." And in a puff of smoke, he vanishes, gone without a trace. A note was on the ground. It said in red ink "Let's act out JFK outside Central Park, shall we?" I rushed to get the walkie talkie out of the glove compartment to message Gray. "Gray, we need to get to Central Park."

Chapter 8: Steakout

It's midnight at a 24 hour gas station next to Central Park, we ask the worker if we can watch the cameras and he agrees. So here we are, Me and Gray in the employee only area, watching the few cameras that show the outside area. We have other cops at different locations. I even asked some of my pals to dress as homeless people in Central Park. We have the place surrounded by undercover cops. At about 2:00 am is where it all goes down.

Chapter 9: Gunwounds

There he is, The Puppetmaster. He has a sword in hand, with dozens of people around him, and they all have earpieces. I call for backup, no response. I called the station, no response. "Your little radio isn't working aye, wonder how that happened." At that moment I see one of the people with wire cutters, and some with blowtorches and even some with handguns. I bust out there with the AR-15 I had brought from the back of the car. "Hey you goddamn punk!" He turned around with a pleased look on his pale face. "Let's add one more to the kill count, shall we?" I put a bullet into his jaw, he smiles and turns his head towards me. He just chuckled. "You think that killing the Puppetmaster would be that easy?" The other cops heard and some saw the commotion and came to help. They only had handguns. The cops opened fire on the goons, killing them because they are just humans. "Oh hell, take out the earpieces!" Gray yelled at the

cops. The other cops start pulling out the earpieces. One by one, they go back to normal. I hear a gunshot, I look at Gray. He had a bullet in his stomach, slowly bleeding out. He ran towards him and caught him. "Go get that son of a gun" He told me. I yell to 3 cops and tell them to tend to Gray and get him to safety. I was not going to see my best friend die. "Hey you ugly dirtbag!" I ran closer to the Puppetmaster, unloading my AR-15 into him. One of his goons shot me directly in my left arm and right foot. I tanked the damage the best I could, then I had a thought. He isn't human, the rounds aren't doing anything to damage him, they are passing right through him. He's a ghost. It all makes sense now, he only attacks at night and he disappeared into a puff of smoke when taking Jessica home. It's the ghost of the Queen's Killer.

Chapter 10: Ghost Problems

Suspect name: Tony Tinker, AKA the Queen's Killer. He only killed at night, he would break into houses and kill everyone there. He must have not been done with his killing spree when we put him on death row. He came back from the grave to finish what he started. If it was the same as when he was alive, then he would vanish by dawn. It was about 6:00 when he started his attack. The sun would be up soon and he would retreat, but he vanished right then and there, and soon after, his minions were retreating as well. I went inside the gas station to tend on Gray. I asked the officers where Gray was. They told me to go to the back room. I go in there and he is on a chair with a water bottle on the table and his Desert Eagle in hand, ready to blast the first thing that enters the room. His look of happiness when he saw me alive. "You need some bandages for those wounds" and handed me a roll. I sat down telling him what happened. "Well if he's a ghost, we would have to pull a Ghostbusters or a Scooby Doo to finish this case." We walked out of that gas station, wounded from gunshots and climbing into my white BMW X6, turning on the AC and driving away.

Chapter 11: Hideaway

Me and Gray got hurt badly the night before, so we can't go looking for the Puppetmaster in our condition. We are outside of New York, laying low. It is a half hour drive back to New York, so here we go. We still want to lay low, so we are going to my friend's guest apartment close to Times Square. We don't want to run into the Puppetmaster unprepared once more. We also don't want to have anyone clean up bodies outside that random gas station. Here is the jist of what we want to do, we want to defeat this hell-bended ghost and save everyone from his control. But doing both would be hard without major backup. So I asked Gray if I had permission to do this risky mission. "I may be your Sargent, but at this point and time, we're desperate. Do what you need to put that psycho Puppetmaster to hell." I nod, needing to get rid of him. I turned on the T.V and do you want to know what I saw? A murder in Queens, THE PUPPETMASTER. I jumped off the couch and ran out the door.

Chapter 12: Second Chance

I get to the scene and yell for the QPS chief (Queen's Police Department). He walks up to me thinking that I'm a random dude reporting something else. I told him who I am, and he instantly recognized me as the man solving the Midnight Manor case. He asked me what I needed and I told him what I thought it was. "It's the midnight murderer." He was doubtful at first, I asked how many were in the family "Family of 14" and how many did he kill "13, but..." and how old is the survivor "He's 12 but..." The Midnight Murderer doesn't kill children, he's crazy, but he isn't a monster. I thank him for not just telling me to leave the scene and hearing my thought.

Chapter 13: Back on track

I went through the police database and hospital records for families over 10 people in the same house with children in the same area as the murders, cause that was where the murders were, and they each took place 4 days apart. So I made a conclusion, three houses down from Midnight Manor was a house of 12 with 1 kid, 11 year old Glenn Jacobs. It was three days since the last murder and a four day gap between Midnight Manor and the other house. So he will strike at this house tomorrow night. I went to the house and knocked on the door. A man answered the door, looking very confused. "Look, I am the guy from the FBI most wanted but that was a long time ago and I am a changed man." At first I didn't recognise him but then I knew who he was, it was Charles Pine. He was in my prison quadrant 10 years ago. I told him who I was and he gave me the biggest hug. "Aw man I'm so glad to see you, how have you been?" I told him I've been good, other than one thing. He knew I was working on the Midnight Manor case. "If you think I did those murders, I would personally be hurt. We're friends... right?" We are friends and I wasn't accusing him of those crimes. I told him that and he gave a sigh of relief.

Chapter 14: Two-faced

I told Charles that I needed his help. He can totally help me with this case... I hope. I told him that the Midnight Murderer was after his family. "Wait, my family. Ohhh no no no NO! If that rat comes after my family, I'll be back in prison for MURDER!!!" I asked him to calm down. "No I will not 'calm down', this killer is trying to kill me and my family." "Listen, I have a plan...". Later that night, we went into his house. "Family, this is Micheal Steel. He is an old friend of mine and he'll be staying for dinner." It was a normal night until... "Hey fam, I gotta take this call." He puts his headphones on. But suddenly, he put down his phone and he walked upstairs. I hear him walking down the stairs thinking he finished his call and came back to dinner. He came downstairs with a fully loaded revolver pointed at my face still with the headphones on. "Move, Steel." I grabbed the barrel and ripped the headphones off so fast, for being a thief and all, he isn't that fast in the draw. As expected, he ended the call. "Aw man, I'm so sorry for trying to attack you. I... Well, I'm not the smartest aaand I shouldn't take random calls..." I cut him off telling him it wasn't his fault and he was hypnotized. I asked him

"Hey, can I borrow your phone?" He hands it to me and I tell him that I will call his wife when I'm done.

Chapter 15: Warehouse

Because the Puppetmaster hypnotized him over a phone call. I can reverse track the call location to the run-down warehouse that supplied the inventory for the old toy factory. I tell Gray about my discovery, "I'll be there in 20 minutes." I said ok and went on my way (But not before giving Charles his phone back). But then I had a thought, if he is a ghost, and he is buried somewhere, then we should just destroy the body and he would die... I think. We get to the warehouse close to the same time. I tell him what happened at the Parker House. "You mean Charlie the med thief? He did it for his ill grandma, didn't he, he's a good guy. How is he?" I tell him that life is good for him and he is now one of the richest people in the city. "That's great. Hey, do you think he'll pay for my retirement?" We both have a small laugh and then go inside. We have our rifles in hand, mine being the AR-15 and Gray having an AK-203. The warehouse is dark and cold, there are boxes of old dolls, trucks and of course, puppets. There are forklifts that strangely give me an eerie feeling.

Chapter 16: Tear Gas

We're looking for any trace of the Puppetmaster, then we get to the backroom, and the backroom is relatively big. There were puppets hanging on their strings, but they were around their necks. I had the feeling that we were being watched. The door slams behind us, and that's how I know we weren't alone. A mint colored mist was filling the room coming from the vents. There's a pain in my throat and by the facial expression, Gray was feeling the same pain. We put our guns on our back trying to cover the vent. We eventually started coughing. The gas had felt thinner than air because it was passing right through the blanket we tried to use to cover the vent. It's like a fog. We can't see anything, there aren't any windows to break. Break? Break! We can break the door down and escape. I try yelling for Gray to the best of my ability, I hear him moan in pain and faintly see the shine of his flashlight. I wobble my way towards him, my teary eyes making it even harder to see as is. I get to him with weak legs. I grab his shoulder to support my weight. I tell him very faintly, "B... break the... the door down. Out of nowhere, I blacked out.

Chapter 17: Trackers

I woke up on my couch with Gray at my feet wondering what he was doing. "Hey, are you all good? You passed out back there. He tried to get ya." I asked what he meant "tried to get ya". "He scooped ya up and tried to run away with ya, but I shot at em and put a tracker or two on em. Then I drove off back..." I cut him off what he just said. "Oh yea, we got his location" I ask for access to the tracker's location. "Yea, imma send it through email." I grab my Macbook and open the email. And there he is... IN OHIO?! How did he get to Ohio in one night, then Gray says "Well... the thing about that, it has been 4 days." I was shocked, I had been out for 4 days. I was in serious denial, but then

I looked at the date. I stood up and I got punched in the face with memory. I remember it so fluently now. We were at a warehouse with our rifles trying to find Puppetmaster, we went to the backroom and a gas came from the vents, and the next thing I knew, I was here.

Chapter 18: Roadtrip

So here we are, leaving New York for a case that started a week ago. If I wanted access to classified information, then I would want my FBI badge, wouldn't make too much sense if a New York officer was in Ohio. And there we were, on the road, a cross country drive to Ohio. We stop at a gas station on the edge of the city to get food for the road and gas for the BMW. We go on our way with the windows down and blast the radio and on our way to Ohio. It has been driving for about an hour and we are getting tired of eating the gummy worms and mini pieces of chicken, so we stop at a Red Robin. We got in and because it wasn't a busy day, we got a table almost as soon as we stepped. We get put in a booth, and there is a man that sits down right after us. Gray goes to the restroom and I try to spark conversation. I ask him what he does for business, "My business, oh it's ghost hunting. Well not hunting but ghost explorer, I help people who might have ghosts." I tell him that I have a ghost problem and could really use his help. "Oh uh, ok yea I'll help ya out" I thank him and tell him that after we eat, we will get on the road. "So where ya goin" I tell him we are headed to Ohio. "No way, same here, oh and the name is Jake Raider." I invited him to sit with us if he'd like because there was more than enough room. "Oh thank you, I've been kinda lonely since I go all across the country helping people with them ghosts."

Chapter 19: Travel Season

And there we were, me, Gray and Jake, going to Ohio. The BMW and a red Ford F-150 cruising down the highway. The wind was a warm but crisp breeze, the sky turning to a dark blue color with the sun going down. We radio Jake telling him that we are going to stop at a motel, he said there was a truck stop a mile or 2 from the motel. We agreed to sleep there because this was the last stop in a while and would be driving till morning. We head into the motel parking lot, and walk to the receptionist office. "Good afternoon welcome to the sleepy head motel, would you like to rent a room for the night?" I tell her yes, "Okee dokee, here is your key, you will be in room 12. And would you like a separate room?" she asked, looking at Gray. "Um... No, I think we'll be fine." "But it will be totally free" At this point she looked very desperate and nervous. I thanked her in a hurry to get to our room saying we're very tired.

Chapter 20: Room 12

We got in the room at about 10:30, the room was nice but the whole place had an eerie feeling that it gave me. There was a very, and I mean VERY bad smell. There were two beds, a T.V that anyone can assume there were 5 old people channels, a nightstand in between the two beds. and then we went into the bathroom, there were roaches on every corner of the room. I told him to grab his bag that he barely set down and leave. We go back into the car, and we don't feel like driving because it is like 11... maybe 11:30, I didn't really know, it was late and I was tired. At around 4 in the morning, I hear an obnoxious amount of sound, I see a light coming from the back of the motel. And then I see a man come from that room back there. A man... with an axe... a man with an axe going to our room? A MAN WITH AN AXE GOING TO OUR ROOM. I was shook, and then I remembered that horrid smell, it smelled like well... BLOOD WITH A MIX OF BLEACH. I know what this smells like because most times I help the crime scene cleaner with the messes of crimes, it is very distinct. The only reason I didn't realize it sooner was because I was so tired. Normally, I would go in and arrest them... but... this scares me, and I don't get scared like this but this... this gave me a bone-chilling feeling. I wake Gray up, "Wha... what's goin on". He sees my terrified face nudging his arm to wake up. "Hey pal, you all right?" I tell him that a man with an axe went into our room and that I remember the smell of bleach and blood in the room. "Uhhh... what, should we... uhhh should we leave?" I nod yes with a silent and chilling breath. We slowly climb into the front seats and slowly insert the key to start the car. But when we turn it, the loud engine starts and the headlights turn on. The man turns around and looks right into our eyes. I yell at Gray to drive. We hit reverse as the man is sprinting at us. We drive and I keep an eye behind us. Eventually the man stops running and we make our way to the truck station that Jake went to. In the morning we tell Jake what happened, "My god, must've been a hell of a night for you two then? We get back onto the road

Chapter 21: Ohio

We finish the drive to Ohio and we're at the sign saying we are in the state, but on it instead of saying Ohio, it says "Cedar Point, meet me there Steel" I knew this was for me. "What is a Cedar Point?" Jake asks me over the radio. I knew the place as an amusement park because I took a trip here with my family a few years ago. I tell Jake the address and we drive there. It is today that is bad for him to be here, today is usually the busiest day of the week. I had a gut feeling that he would cause catastrophe. We pulled into the parking lot of Cedar Point, and nothing unusual was happening, I mean there was screaming but this wasn't a feared scream and the roller coaster was running. So we walk in, buy tickets because if we were there, we'd might as well have fun. I ask Jake if he's coming, "Don't worry about me, imma stay in my truck till... or should I say if this ghost is here. Because I doubt they'll let a man with a bunch of gun-lookin objects into the park." he replied. "Alright we can have a bit of fun, but don't forget why we are here." I brush it off and we go play some games. I know he has one hell of an arm so I

take him to the milk bottle game. And as I expected, he knocks down all of the milk cans. We go to a stand that sells the furthest excuse for food, so we just get some soda and cotton candy. We sit down to eat when the baby blue sky gets filled with a black cloud. And through the cloud, we see glowing red eyes, The Puppetmaster.

Chapter 22: The Cedar Point

I ran back to the car to get the weapons from the car and Jake was loading his things. We run back into the park and Gray has his hand on the holster to his Desert Eagle, ready to shoot anything that comes at him. He has an army of people under his control. I toss Gray his gun, and all I say is "Light em up" He starts shooting at the Puppetmaster and I tell Jake that this is our ghost. He grabs a device that looks like it was straight out of Ghostbusters. He does the coolest Indiana Jones slide under The Puppetmaster and puts something there. It just looks like a box but then I see him press a button that opens the box that starts to absorb The Puppetmaster. The device is working, it's actually working! The Puppetmaster is disappearing into this small box. But the thing about that is he is still controlling everyone. So even though we contain him in the device, he still has everyone under his control. I ask Jake if there is a way to kill a ghost. "I mean... yea, of course you can kill a ghost." I ask him if he can do it because the people are still under his control. "Wait like right now... yea hold this" Then he handed me the box with The Puppetmaster in it and ran away. I yelled asking what he was doing. "I'M GETTING MY TOOLS!" he shouted. I thought he already had his "tools" but I guess not. He came back with a gun, then he told me "Open the box". I called him a lunatic for thinking that I would open it. "I need you to let him out so I can kill him." I nod and open the device. He emerges from my hands and forms a huge black cloud. He looks like a god from hell that's been freed. He looked at me and through the voices of the people, he said "Thank you for sacrificing your planet and soul to me!" and he started to get closer to me. "A new human body to kill off" That's when Jake used his weapon. It looked like a string of red, purple and blue lighting shooting into him. But it was starting to get rid of him, The Puppetmaster was disappearing into nothing. This was a miracle in my eyes, because I could finally put this case down. But then The Puppetmaster rushed at Jake and he was not prepared for it. The Puppetmaster cut a gash into Jake's throat. He dropped to the ground with blood shooting out of his neck. I sprint towards him and Gray did the same. I hear a chuckle coming from The Puppetmaster, and my soul just fills with rage. I tell Gray to try and save him and I grab Jake's weapon. "LOOK AT ME YOU UGLY DEMON!" I yelled holding the weapon. He looks over at me and I start shooting the weapon at him. He starts screeching and commands the people to start attacking me. They start walking in my direction and I pull out my glock, ready to shoot anyone. Someone grabbed my neck and I shot his brains out. "What are you waiting for, get him!" I knew from Central Park that he can't change a person's athletic ability, he's just telling them what to do. I run to one of the rollercoasters, climb on and start it. This is perfect, the goons can't get me on a moving

ride and the ride is fast. I shoot The Puppetmaster and again starts to dissolve into nothing. This time, I'm not standing still, and he has a very poor reaction time. This is it, this is how this ghost dies once and for all. I start aiming at his head and this is where things turn south for me. He is tired of me going in circles, killing him. He smashes the rails ahead of me and the coaster goes off its rails. I go flying off the ride and break my foot. So I'm limping towards a creature from hell, shooting it with some strange weapon. He cuts my stomach open, picks me up and throws the gun to the side. "No one knows you or will know you're gone, you're all by yourself now." "And that's where you're wrong, my friend" I tell The Puppetmaster. Then he once again started to die and I heard Gray shout "See you in hell, you ugly demon" and the Puppetmaster was shrinking and eventually, he vanished into nothing. The people were back to being, well... people. It's the end. I slowly walk towards Gray. I ask about Jake, "He... he couldn't make it, I'm so sorry." I tell him to call 911 for me and Jake, and to contact Jake's family and tell them the bad news. I sit down because of the pain and watch the sunset.

Case Closed

On a surprisingly cold summer day, Bob and David were talking. "Thanks for coming to my house David, but Jesus Christ! Why is it so goddamn cold on a summer day?" Bob exclaimed.

"As cold as it is, I don't think Jesus caused this," David remarked.

As both of them walked to the fridge and grabbed a beer, Bob decided to walk to the window and take a peek outside. Bob saw his dirty porch, his 98' Pontiac in the driveway, and a dark figure in the corner of his yard. As soon as he saw it, it faded away as if you were to take the cap off of a liquid nitrogen container. "What the fuck?"

David opening his beer can took Bob out of his boiling mindset. "What are you looking out the window for dude? You forgot your beer, so I grabbed you one."

As David hands Bob the beer, he senses an uneasiness in the air. "I saw something in my yard. Something supernatural. A ghost maybe?" Bob questioned.

"Wow. Are you feeling ok? I don't think this is a very normal thing to tell someone. Why don't you take a nap or something, I'm going on a beer run." David said.

"Yeah, I'm gonna take a nap. Get me some food too."

As David was going to Bob's Pontiac, Bob laid down on the couch and turned on some QVC. As soon as Bob finally drifted off into sleep, He woke up.

"How long has it been since I fell asleep? Feels like I was asleep for like, two seconds." Bob said groggily.

As he looked around to get his bearings, nothing was as it seemed. The tv switched to a show with Neil DeGrasse Tyson, and he was wondering why his tv was malformed as if something had bent it. As he switched his attention to the window, he saw the dark figure looking at him with demented eyes. "Woah! Holyshitwhatthefuck?" Bob said his words so fast that even the world's fastest talker had some competition.

As Bob jolted up to get his shotgun, he realized that this was real life. The figure kept tracking him throughout his house with eyes in every window. As Bob got his shotgun from behind his bedroom door, he heard a blood-curdling shriek. As he ran back to the couch to try and find the figure, he found a small girl. "Woah. Hey, there little one! Are you okay?"

"Please kill me." said the little girl.

"I'm sorry?"

"Please kill me. I am not what you seem. Please kill me."

As Bob raised his gun to the girl, she started crying. "Please kill me. And quickly. I can't hold it in any longer." the little girl said through tears. As Bob pointed the gun at the girl's head, she screamed and exploded. Before Bob even had a chance to react, There was a cloud of black smoke coming from the main part of her body. As the smoke grew into a tall, lithe, sinewy woman with long clawed fingers, Bob shot the smoke. As pellets punctured holes into the figure, the smoke repaired the holes as soon as the holes appeared. As flesh started to appear, Bob was wondering if he had any silver bullets. When the creature was fully formed, Bob bolted to his room and grabbed a box of buckshot shells. As he topped up his gun, the creature let out a shriek that can only be described as pure pain. "Holy shit! This is pure torture!" Bob shrieked.

As the creature started running to Bob's room, He locked the door and readied himself for what was about to come. As the creature started tearing down the door, Bob started to put his finger on the trigger. The moment the creature came into the room, Bob put a righteous blast

into the skull of the creature. As the buckshot hit this foul beast, it shrieked, fell, and turned to ash. "Wow. I can't tell if im still dreaming!" Bob remarked.

"Even if this is a dream, this won't look good in a court case." Bob slowly turns the shotgun to his head and pulls the trigger. As soon as he pulls the trigger, he wakes up in a cold sweat. "What? Am I awake now?"

As Bob looked around, everything was normal. He sat up, looked at his hands, his feet, his chest, everything was normal. He stood up, went to the bathroom, and got some coffee. As he sat back down on the couch, David came in with a 36 pack and some Taco Bell. "Bro where have you been? What the fuck is with you?" Bob demanded.

"What do you mean dude? It's been fifteen minutes."

David threw the bag of food at Bob and went into the kitchen to put the beers in the fridge. As David took two beers out of the case, one for him one for Bob, Bob decided to open up his chalupa. David sat down on the couch, put both beers on the table and said "It wasn't a dream."

"What? What do you mean dude?"

David looked at Bob with the same demented eyes as the dark figure and said "It wasn't a dream."

Malikai H.
13 yrs old/ 8th grade

The Perfect Angels of Sunny High

I wasn't this crazy until I met them. The "Perfect Angels" of Sunny High, Angelia, Lisa, and Jennifer, though really they *weren't* perfect. They were the Queens of Hell. It had all started before the chaos, before the bloodbath, before the insanity. It was the beginning of 10th grade, and I knew all about the most popular girls in school so I tried to avoid them. But how could I avoid them? They were the hottest girls in school let alone the richest but still the snobbiest, seriously I have never met anybody more vicious than them. But it all started in my 4th-period science class, I was sitting alone and the three of them surrounded me. "Hey, you're Anita right?" Jennifer the "leader" had asked me, I shook my head yes. "Cool so you probably already know us, so no need for introductions. Anyway, we are hosting a party Saturday, and you should so come, like seriously!" I was so confused and scared at the same time. Why would they invite me to a party? Was this just a joke? Was it trouble? "Uh sure I'll go I guess." I replied, still super confused.

After exchanging numbers, they left to go skip class or probably adjust their makeup or something. The whole rest of the day I was thinking about the invitation, to where I didn't even realize people saying I was probably going to be the next serial killer. People were always saying stuff like that about me because I'm so quiet. I just really don't enjoy talking to people. I personally don't think I'll become a serial killer, like yeah I've heard that most antisocial people become killers, but I won't become anything like that. Saturday had come up and I was told it was a Halloween party, so I put on a clown outfit because it's fun to be a clown. By the time I had gotten to the party, it was almost 10, and I had immediately found the "angels" and they found me. This time it was Angelia talking "Oh you picked to be a clown? I mean like there is

nothing wrong with that of course! It's just we are 15 and you picked to be a clown-" before she finished the other two started bursting out laughing. I was so mad. How are you going to ask me to go to a Halloween party with you guys and then make fun of my costume? I don't care whether we are 15 or 10 or 98, let me be what I want. "Um, why can't I be a clown?" I asked. All three of them stared at each other and then at me for almost two whole minutes. Then finally Lisa broke the silence, "Nothing, you look great! Why don't we introduce you to a fun little Halloween tradition we have? Angelia? Jennifer?" Angelia looked at me with a wicked grin. "That sounds great! Jennifer?" Jennifer agreed, but I just couldn't shake off this weird feeling.

Jennifer's house was humongous, it was like a mansion. Her house was beautiful but it gave off this weird vibe and everyone was staring at me breathing in my direction whispering and talking in my direction. A voice in my head spoke to me

They are staring at you.

Obviously.

Make them stop.

How?

Yell, say something, say you'll hurt them if they keep looking at you

WHAT? They'll think I'm crazy! I can't do that!

Just then I found myself locked in a room with the other three girls. "Okay, so what we are going to do you can't tell anyone. Okay? We are going to stand around you in a circle and we want you to stay there." Now my fear was out the roof. Stand in the middle while you hold hands around me? Are you crazy? Then somehow, against my will, I stood in the middle, like something was pulling me there. After a couple of minutes of them chanting some weird words I'd never heard, then the window opened and the wind came rushing in, and I saw insane visions. People were dead all over in puddles of blood, the girls still clearly alive but in fear and covered in blood. "Don't do this please Anita, we are sorry we really are!" Then reality came back.

The girls separated from each other and asked me how I felt. I felt like I was sick and dizzy, but at the same time, a strong amount of anger came flooding in. "I'm fine," I said coldly.

"Are you sure? You look pale, why don't you sit down, freak." *Freak?* Maybe I was just imagining her saying I was a freak, so reluctantly I sat down. The voice came back,
They called you a freak.

No, I just imagined it, they never said that.

They think you're going to hurt them, see they are scared.

I looked up and surprisingly they looked terrified. "What's wrong?" I asked, but while I said this I talked in a tone I'd never spoken before. It was an angry but insane tone. "N-nothing! We are fine! We are just gonna leave." Angelia had said terrified.

Run after them and hurt them.

Why? They didn't do anything to me.

They are the real ones who say you're going to become a serial killer, so prove it to them.

HURT THEM NOW!

As they ran, I ran after them. "Come back! I won't bite!" I yelled while chasing them into the woods. After Jennifer had fallen and the other two falling on her I was standing only 6 feet away from them. "WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS YOU INSANE FREAK?!" cried Angelia. I laughed maniacally, "Well let's see, you said I was a freak for one, and for another, you said I would become a serial killer." At this point my anger was rising more and more, if there is anything I hate more than anything else, is being called a serial killer and a freak. "If you want a serial killer-" I laughed, "Then you shall get one." After that, you can only assume what happened next.

I hid the bodies so well that it took almost 4 months for the police and anyone to find them! Of course though when they were found it traced back to me, yes it did take a very long time. I am better at cleaning up bodies than I thought! Eventually, I went to a mental hospital instead of staying in jail, only because I "acted insane". It took a while for me to accept the fact that everyone is right, I am crazy. All thanks to them.

The info

- Name: Olivia L...
- Address: ...
- ...
- Age / grade: 11 / 6th grade

The Ouija Demon

This is a story about a girl named Evie. This girl is me, and I live on Warder street. You might not believe me but... the house beside me is haunted. I didn't know that till it was too late. It'll all make sense when I explain it to you.

It was the middle of summer and I was in my room watching YouTube on my phone. I was supposed to be watching my little brother but he is ten. I think that he can take care of himself.

Next door there are three girls that absolutely love the paranormal. They won't stop talking about, they do all of these "rituals" that they think will bring ghosts or alien. I can't believe it, theres no such things as aliens or ghost. (oh, was I sooo wrong)

In two days I am supposed to babysit those three! "How am I going to do that?" I asked my mom, which is at work all week. I asked my mom if I could not do it, but she said "No, She does so much for us, this is the least we could do to repay her." So now I'm stuck with babysitting crazy babies.

-2 days later-

I go to the door of the neighbors house and I am scared out of my pants. There are scratches everywhere around the door and it makes me feel like the rituals may have worked. I go inside and the girls are chasing each other around the living room. One is pretending to be a ghost, while the others are running away from the ghost.

The mother says to me "Um... They have homework to do and they only have a limited amount of screen time. They can do 2 hours a day. They usually eat around 12:30 so make sure that there is food by then." I respond with " What happens if I don't?" and she said, with a shaky voice, "They will chase you with a ouija board." then the parents just left.

I had so many questions but to late now for them to be answered. I walked over to the TV and the girls walked up to me and one of them said "do you believe in ghost?" I had no idea what her name was so I just responded with "Uh, no and what is your name?" she said, with a babish voice "My name is Ava."

Another little girl in the same cute voice said "I'm Olivia" and the last girl said "I'm Elizabeth". I think to myself "Why are these girls so creepy?" I told them "What about you guys do one of your rituals while I make food?" They yelled "YAY! We never get to do that when a babysitter is here!" and ran to their rooms.

I go to the kitchen and start thinking about what to cook for lunch. I eventually decide to cook some rice and chicken when I heard a noise come from the little girls' room. I walk toward the room and knock on the door.

"Are you ok?" I ask worriedly and the only response I get are screams. I open the door and I see a red man with horns and a torn shirt. The little kids were yelling joyfully "IT WORKED!!!!"

I was yelling to the kids to come to me so that they would be safe. They ran out of the red fogged room towards the front door, and right out of the house. I stayed at the door of the room, just looking at the man.

In the deepest voice you can think of, the man said to me "Hello, my name is Ouija Demon and hence, I'm a demon! Now I need you to stay calm so that I can possess you." I stand there in horror and respond "p-p-possess?" "Yes!" he says. "So stay still..."

He walks towards me and I walk backwards then I hit something. It was the demon! He teleported behind me! "You can't hide from me..." he said in his creepy demonic voice. He walks into me, it feels very weird but then... I don't feel anything at all.

The demon has taken control of me. I can't feel anything and I'm locked in a prison inside my own mind. The demon says in my body "Ahhh, that feels better" His voice is now mine and his mixed together! THAT'S CREEPY!

"Now lets go get the souls of those three little munchkins." In my prison I can still hear him and yell "NOOOOO, DON'T LAY A FINGER ON THEM!!" but the demon doesn't respond. I can see through my eyes, I just can't do anything about the actions that happen.

The Demon walks out of the house towards the little kids, he says "It's safe now, you can come inside" I yell "NO, RUN AWAY!!" but they don't listen and come inside with the ouija demon. The demon says to them "The demon is gone now, so go back and play" They run to their rooms kind of confused, but they listen.

He goes to the kitchen and strangely, cooks food? When done, he knocks on the door and yells "Kids, I made you lunch!" and places the food on the table. As the girls come out of the room, Ava asks him "Why didn't you use our names?"

I was like "YES! You don't know their names!" He was like "Um.. you never told me..." she responded sassily "Yes we did." frustrated he said "Um, how about you remind me?"

Olivia says "We think you are the demon that we summoned in our babysitters body." "Um..." The demon says shakely "Time to take your souls!" The demon starts sucking in the air like he was using a straw and Elizabeth's body started disintegrating into his mouth, it looked really weird.

Ava ran and got a oujia board and started chanting. The demon's eyes became large, his mouth opened but no noise came out. Elizabeth screamed "Whats happening to her?!" at that same moment I was able to move my fingers again and use my own voice. Suddenly, standing beside me is the demon, and I feel a little hand in mine.

Simultaneously me, Ava, Olivia, and Elizabeth start chanting in unison. The demon screamed "NOOOOOOOO!!" and a whirlwind of red smoke and flesh go back into the oujia board. The fight was over and everything was normal again. The parents came back and I went back to my house, proud of what I had done.

THE END