

# SPOOKY STORY CONTEST 2020 Submissions

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# **THE CHANGING CAMPFIRE**

**Written By Rejehanne**

**/ Edited By Kez**



# **THE CHANGING CAMPFIRE**

**Written By Rejehanne**

**/ Edited By Kez**

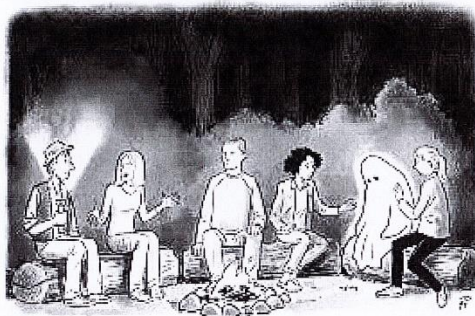
**Eight teenagers were sitting in the woods around a campfire, singing campfire songs. Amy and Adam, who were twins, both with blue eyes and yellowish brown hair sat in the center of the group. Murray, who sat near Adam had brown eyes and black hair had a determined look as he was a little nervous camping out in the dark woods. Polly, with golden blonde hair, and greenish blue beautiful eyes, sat with her two close friends Helene and Donna. Darryl and Rick who were the jokesters of the group, were teasing the girls about scary Ghosts who haunt the woods. The group sat on a log chair on the south side of the campfire and decided to roast s'mores on an iron skillet. As flames burning licked their late night snack, a startling sound echoed from within the campfire. Murray jumped back from his seat and screamed Ghosts! The jokesters Darryl and Rick laughed at him but the girls seemed a little scared also.**



**As the night went on, blue flames danced around the middle of the fire pit. All of a sudden there was a cold feeling in the wind. The group became silent. As the Ghosts appeared from the past, through the flames of the fire, they introduced themselves as Samuel De Champlain and Henry the 8<sup>th</sup>. They alarmed the eight teenagers sitting around the campfire, and as they looked closely to see the Ghost called Henry the 8<sup>th</sup> had a black friendly bat sitting on his shoulder, as Samuel held a tiny kitten he called blue in his hands in the eternal fire.**



As the teenagers ran off, the ghosts called out "We didn't mean to scare you, we mean no harm!" But they had already ran off to their cabins a few yards away, to hide under their covers safely in bed but knowing they wouldn't be able to sleep because they were terrified. The ghosts slowly floated to the cabins. From standing outside the window they explained to the scared teenagers that they just wanted to travel forwards through time into the future of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Then teaching them about how hard life use to be in their time, and that they all need to enjoy life as much as they can, and to be kind to each other because no one lives forever. The girls seemed to calm down more than the boys after hearing why they came. They calmly waited under their blankets until morning when the sun rose, thinking intensely about what the ghosts were trying to say.



*always*  
be kind

An hour later at breakfast time, the group woke up and oddly enough felt well rested. They walked outside to see what would be left over from their haunting the night before. They saw a black bat hanging upside down in the crevice of the cabin door with a little kitty sleeping on the porch. It woke up quick with a quiet meow. The teenagers wondered if these were the creatures from the ghosts in the fire the night before. The group took this as a good and positive sign, and made a pact to be kind and caring to other people and animals for as long as they live.

*The End*

Illustration by: © 2012, 2013

Robert W. Easton

Why Are Eyes Soft?

## Why Are Eyes Soft?

The shadows cast by the flashlight made the blanket move above us and gave shape to the darkness beyond our little fort. My throat clenched tight as I fought to breathe.

"Your turn," she hissed between bared teeth.

I was still reeling from her story, about a killer that hunted the woods, looking for houses with just one light on. Those words haunted me, 'one light on.' It was how Candace had ended her tale, implying the killer was outside her own house where only the hallway bathroom light still shone.

I exhaled, my nerves screaming. I gave a nervous laugh, watched the flashlight play, the shadows dance, and that gave me an idea. We were alone in the house, perfect ghost story conditions.

"Okay, gimme that." Flashlight in hand, I placed it on the bottom of my chin, then slowed and lowered my voice. "Have you ever wondered why the darkness is so disturbing, and why it always seems like the shadows are hiding people? My grandpa says it's because the worst things to our ancestors, the biggest dangers, were other people, so we evolved to see people wherever they might be hiding. Sometimes what's real and imagined are the same."

Candace giggled in anticipation, but as a car drove by, the headlights illuminating the blanket fort, the hair on my arms rose. Was that a shape in the window? I shut my eyes, focussing on the story.

"Last year, it was raining and I lay in my bed. The drum of the downpour on the roof was keeping me up but making me sleepy too. As I drifted off, the rain got louder as if my window

was open. I looked up." I gulped with the memory, shivers lifting the small hairs on my neck. "I swear to you, there was someone standing there, between my bed and the window. It was a black shape, what do you call it, a silhouette. Looked like a man in a rain jacket. Facing me, not moving. We stared at each other for thirty seconds. I wasn't breathing. Finally I gasped and he lunged forward, his arms stretching out for my throat. I screamed and closed my eyes."

I couldn't breathe again. Phantom fingers locked and twisted into my neck as I imagined what could have happened that night. The flashlight was shaking in my hand. I laughed nervously. I felt the oppressive weight of the covers we'd stretched between her bed and the dresser like it was a net, trapping us within while anything could be occurring just on the other side of the thin material.

"Then what?" Candace was holding her breath, her eyes were huge round circles of shadow in the blanket fort.

"Mom ran in, flicked the lights on. There was nothing there, but it had felt so real. My window was open a little, and some water was getting in. She said something about the carpet being wet and left to get a towel. Only," I hesitated, gulping. "Only, when I looked, the wet spot on the carpet looked awfully like two... large... bootprints." I emphasized the last words spookily, and Candace squealed, before clapping a hand over her mouth.

She laughed at me and herself but then her mouth shut and her eyes went wide again, focused behind me. My blood ran cold. The fort collapsed, something heavy wrapping around my face.

Hands pushed into my cheeks and a deep man's voice said, "Answer me this, little liar. If I'm just a shadow, why are your eyes so soft?"



I screamed in agony as his thumbs made all the shadows vanish.

The End

Mysteries of

MINERS

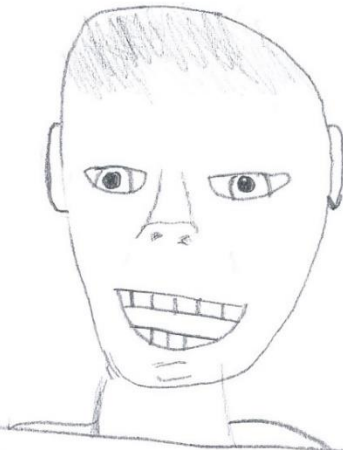


PEAK



BY: CONNOR Code

Join Nick and his parents on a hike  
on Miners Peak! But wait there is  
something interrupting the hike! Read  
the book to find out.



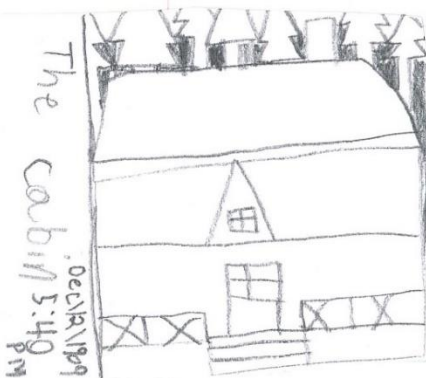
I am sooo excited, we are going to Miner's Peak in the rocky mountains! "Come on Nick we don't have all day." "OK mom," "OK I got my compass, my map, a GPS, flash light, first aid kit, water bottle and my back pack." "Let's go!" "Coming Mom," "Wham! Click! Ready!" One hour later. "Reeeech! We're here!" "OK I got my backpack let's go." "Let's take a look at the news first." "Bear warning." "Can we take a look at the theatre tonight?" "Sure." "There's also Kayaking too." "There's other stuff too like..." "Just wait there's a bear warning," "I said." "Yah but we'll be OK," Dad said. "Now can we plan the hike?" Mom asked. "Yes" we both answered. "We should go to Pine Trail then there's a fork." "Can we just get hiking NOW?" "I yell." "Yes, let's go now." "This way," Mom said. We started to hike the mountain. It was quite quiet... I mean to quit. "Hey there's the cabin!" Mom said. "We're staying in a cabin?" "I asked." "Well for one night, yes!" I was so excited. "What's that?" "Huh?" "It looks like a tall man," "I said." "It's probably a person." They said. We should get in the cabin before it gets DARK. It look too tall for a man. There probably right. "Where's my room?" "I asked." "Over there," they said. I checked my watch. It was 9:06pm. I should get to bed. I laid on my bed for a few minutes and feel asleep. BANG! What was that? I should go check it out. I checked if Mom and Dad were awake, they were sleeping. I went to the door... I opened it... "AAAAAhh!" "Oh it's just a racoon. The garbage can was scratched up. I looked just above the garbage can... And there it was two red eyes looking at me.



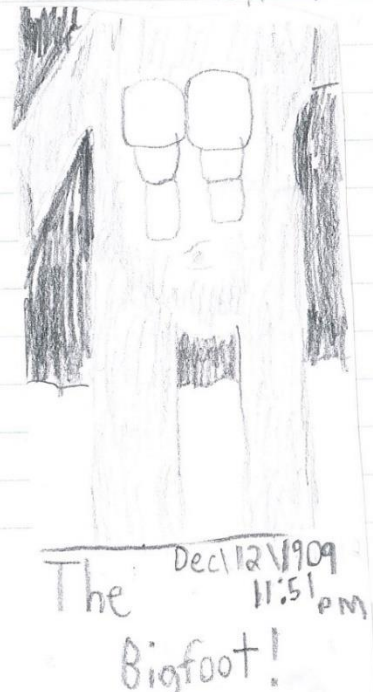
☀

I wanted to run back, But there was something behind me, I looked over my shoulder, It was hairy had giant teeth. It stood around 11 feet tall and had two feet that were huge. I froze for a minute then I ran. I don't know where I was running but I just kept running and running until I lost Him. I ended up in a mine shaft. I think that thing is a BigFoot! ROOOOAAAR! There it is! I hopped into a minecart. FWOOOosh! AAAAhhhhhhhh!! Oh NO! There's a cliff. I gripped my hand so tight that they hurt. BOOOOot! I was lucky I landed in snow. I need to warn mom and dad so that we can leave. I rushed to the cabin, I woke them up. "What's wrong?" They said, "We have to go!" I responded, "Why?" BOOM! "That's why," "What is that?" "It's a BigFoot," "No way," "I will go check," Dad said. He went to open the door... "Oh my gosh!" We need to go," he said, We ran out the back door, down the mountain and told the rangers. We left and went back home!

THE END



Dec 12/1909  
11:50 PM  
Red eye's



Dec 12/1909  
11:51 PM  
The Bigfoot!

# The twenty-dollar watch

By: Sarah Kerr

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*This story is based on the treatment of early prisoners in the Eastern State Penitentiary.*

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Bleak. Grey. Desolate. Dreary. Stark. Bare.

Each word roles through my mind, making space for the next. I've come up with hundreds of adjectives to describe the walls that surround me. The bricks that twist the shadows into ghosts of my past and monsters of my mind. The beasts that have kept me company for about a year.

They whisper, bringing to light all my shame and regret. When the sun no longer shines through the tiny slits near the roof, my mind attacks itself. All the memories shoved far into its recesses force themselves up, no longer having to crawl through the barrier of daily thoughts and anxieties. The curling of my stomach and a wave of nausea follow as they bring up every little detail I wish to forget.

Without the company and distraction of others, I'm left with the person I don't want to confront. The one who never leaves, living as a shadow. The one who watches, stalking every move, taking note of each mistake. The one that whispers and lashes when my confidence falters, turning a scratch to a crack. I like to believe everyone has it, lurking just below the surface, kept down by daily life. It's been called a shoulder's devil, your self-hatred having built up for the sole purpose of tearing you down. Ultimately, it's the version of yourself you pretend not to see.

I sit in the corner of my cell, the devil drenching my mind with memories of mortification. I scream, clawing at my face in hopes that my dirt-covered fingernails will tear it all from my mind. No luck: they swarm with more intensity.

I remember the humiliating pranks of childhood bullies. I remember the rejections. I remember the choices I should have made but didn't. I remember 1831. I remember the sentence, given to me by a plump balding judge. Two years of solitary confinement. I remember the days spent cursing and dreaming up all kinds of miseries for the pig. But that was before the voices began and I realized that I was going through torture much worse. A mind can go to dark places, in pitch-black solitude. I remember the first week and the second. After that, everything's a jumbled blur of the same colourless prison.

I've lived with this for long enough, my devil slowly nurturing the crack, allowing it to web larger and larger. I can't hold myself together anymore. I don't want to. I scream again as everything shatters.

I stop for a moment, letting the silence blanket over me. Then something echos through the walls. A light chuckle, that gradually gets louder. The pitch grows higher and turns to laughter. Not the kind caused by a joke or joy. The kind of utter soullessness. The kind from someone with nothing else to do but laugh at his own suffering. It reverberates off the walls, the perfect acoustics, creating an echo as it gets louder. When it hits the climax it becomes screeching convulsions.

Listening, my chest begins to hurt and my throat gets hoarse. The laughter stops for a moment as I breathe in. Realizing it's coming from me, I laugh harder. It was hilarious. This torment was forced upon me because I stole "A TWENTY-DOLLAR WATCH!" I holler over and over. "Twenty-DOLLAR-watch!" I taste it in my mouth, extenuating different words and letters. "TwEnTy DoLLar Watch!" After trying multiple patterns I sigh and begin with a chuckle once again. The sound bouncing off the bleak, grey, desolate, dreary, stark, bare walls.



## GARLIC AN' A BIG FLASHLIGHT!

Yeah everybody knows that vampires suck  
It ain't no big surprise.  
An' werewolves irises doubles in size  
When a full moon's on th' rise!

There's soopernatural goin's on  
An' whisperin's in th' night.  
An' everbody knows that ya don't go out  
Without garlic an' a big flashlight.

There's zombies an' mummies  
An' regular dummies  
Lurchin' around in th' dark.  
An' black lagoon creatures fartin' in th' marsh  
Waitin' fer a lightnin' spark!

There's goblins an' ghouls an' irregular fools  
An' creepy crawly slitherin' things.  
An' sabertoothed razor clawed alien bein's  
Hidin' underneath yer bedsprings!

Ya know they're gonna gitcha  
'Cause th' last time they bitcha  
Y' could feel yer fangs startin' t' sprout.  
Yer blood started turnin' an' y' got a thirstin' yearnin'  
It's no wonder that it's freakin' y' out.

They say music soothes the savagest beasts  
With mellow hypnotizin' tones.  
An' whistlin' past th' graveyard  
In th' middle of th' night  
Is th' safest way of makin' it home!

There's thundercrackin' rainin' pourin stormy nights  
An' ugly nasty weather reports.  
Y' best duck fer cover an' holler fer yer mother,  
'Fore a lightnin' bolt scorches yer shorts.

Everybody knows not everything blows  
A lot of things suck y' see?  
Like havin' t' sit an' listen  
T' fools that keep pretendin'  
That they know howta sing... Like me???

By Bernie Barnden



can you hear the sound of the loon calling it's mate? Can you hear the ripple of the lake as people paddle through? Can you hear the sound of the children's feet running on the dock? Can you hear the children jumping into the water? Can you hear the sound of children giggling and shrieking? Can you hear the sound of forks and knives scraping the plates as they try to scoop up every last bit of that tasty meal? Can you hear the country music playing on low while adults play a game of scrabble? Can you hear the sound of the screen door slamming shut as the children run in and out chasing each other? Can you hear the frogs croaking? Can you hear the crickets chirping? Can you hear the sound of the campfire crackling away? Can you hear the sound of the wolves howling? Can you hear the ~~ducks~~ ducks quacking? Can you hear the adults laughing as they sit around the fire? Can you hear the children fighting to stay up past their bedtime? Can you hear the lonely far away train whistle? Can you hear the waves slapping against the docks? Can you hear the camping chairs as they move closer to the fire?

but what if I told you that nobody has lived in that house since 1951 would you believe me? you think I'm yanking your chain? well my friends I'll tell you now that I'm joking that in fact the last people that stayed there were brutally murdered on September 12<sup>th</sup> 1951 & nobody survived. every year on that date is the anniversary of that unsaved murder. souls are upset & so they relive their last days. whatever you do do not set foot on that piece of property for if you do the evil energy that fills that house will steal your soul & leave your body to never be found. then you'll be doomed to relive your last minutes as a ghost on the anniversary of your death. The name of the lake on which the ~~boarded~~ boarded up house sits on is called the lost time lake. So heed my warning stay away from that lake entirely if you wish to live out the rest of your life as a happy person but if you're foolish enough to step foot on that lake property & ignore the warning that was told to you & others remember this you'll be doomed to forever being trapped by that evil entity. your choice you can stay away & stay safe & alive or be foolish & die by the hand of the evil that surrounds the lake.

# A Talking owl

by Charlotte Kuperis

As I was driving home from work I chose to go towards the Scary woods where, when the moon was full you would hear the Wolf Pack howling at the moon and you would hear the zombies yelling out towards you. I felt afraid as I spotted two zombies running at my car. The motor started right away. I started away from them but they hopped on my car and started trying to open the doors. Right then my car broke down in the middle of the Scary woods! the zombies left after a while and I was alone. An owl hooted. It was quiet. An owl came and sat on the roof. It started talking to me. It said: Yummy human bones, Scrummy human bones! A witch came running towards me and grabbed me.

## END OF STORY.



Charlotte Kuperis

Ellen A. Easton

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The Night Light



## The Night Light

You'd think that living on the edge of town would create a sense of solitude and serenity. So why did it feel like I was being watched? It's all because of that damn light, showing up out of nowhere. It just sits up there in the sky, silent and bright, mocking me. Everything else is quiet, eerily so. I was used to the night noises, coyotes and crickets. But now, nothing.

It was strange, hovering in the sky across from my house. It was slanted a little to the right, looking like someone had accidentally squished the moon and placed it haphazardly back up amongst the stars. Could it be some sort of weird reflection? The actual full moon was behind me, in the east, but this thing was way brighter, and felt off, unnatural.

The hairs on my neck prickled. I glanced around, but the street was empty. I could swear that someone or something else was out here. My breath exhaled, covering the view, and I shivered as a chill ran down my spine. I stepped back in the house, firmly closing the door.

Trying to quell my uneasiness, I continued my nightly routine. Ten minutes later, I risked another glance outside. The light was still there! Shuddering, I quickly grabbed my camera and took a picture, then dashed upstairs and curled up in the safety of my blanket.

The next morning, I sat staring at the picture on my computer monitor. It just didn't make any sense. The light was high up in sky above the mountains but shining towards my house. My front door faces a First Nations reserve, with nothing but fields extending to the mountains. So then what was the light doing there, and why was it shining in my direction? The weirdest part was that it hadn't moved at all from when I first saw it to when I took the picture. Eventually, I ruled out the moon, airplanes, helicopters, and pretty much anything else I could think of. Shaking my head to try and remove the unease I gave up and tucked the picture away.

Over time, my weird experience faded into memory, and life continued its routine. There were days that I would stand on my porch and look out across the field, feeling that odd tingling between my shoulders as though someone was staring at me. I tried to ignore those sensations, but they persisted and showed up in my subconscious as nightmares.

A few years later, I was having coffee with a friend and discussing paranormal events and occurrences. I shivered, remembering the incident with the strange bright light. Nervously, I told her about that evening and pulled out my laptop to show her the picture, hoping she might have some insight. She stared at the screen for a few moments, then frowned.

“Crazy, right?” I asked. “Have you ever heard about anything like this before?”

Pursing her lips, she shook her head. “I’m not too concerned about the light. I’m more worried about that.” She pointed emphatically at the bottom of the screen.

I leaned forward, getting a better look at the picture, then gasped, the blood draining from my face as I saw a pair of dark red eyes staring back at me.

The End

*Based on a true story.*





# Spooky city

Illustrated by: Zachary Walker





# Spooky city (town) ①

Once upon a time, there was a boy named bloodhead.

His eyes were inside his body!

One eye in his intestines, and another in his stomach! One

day, he found a pizza shop, called pizza-rhea. He said:

«mmm, pizza!» He went into the pizza store. All the sudden, there were giant puddles of blood. So, he called the cops. when they arrived, there was not even one person,

except a zombie head, he said

«maybe not a good idea» So

he left the store.



then, he found another store. but this time, it was a dentist, called GHA (good health academy). He went into the dentist. When he entered, everyone was Freddy fazbear. They could shoot plasma bullets, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 (1 quintillion) degrees farenheit, and they were electric! So, he put on his special armor that could make him immortal (impossible to kill). Luckily, he had a nitrogen oxide bow-and-arrow. he killed two hundred Freddy fazbears. Then, he found a secret



3

room. He opened up the door.

But he wished he hadn't.

There was a rain storm, but

not water, blood! It also had

lightning bolts that could melt

all parts of your body except

bones! Luckily, he made it to

the other side. It had a

door, like the front. He opened

up the back door into the

creepiest world he had ever

seen in his life. all the

sudden, the whole dentist started

to shake. Underneath, it was

his house. he decided that

he would always stay with his wife <sup>the end</sup>



# MAX

BY

**Jonathan Bennett**

.....

Major Alan Parker of Her Majesty's British Army lay on his bed in the Medical Centre and reflected on the last 12 hours or so, had it really happened ?

.....

He and his driver, Private McDonald, were on the way back to NATO'S HQ in Bosnia. As their Land Rover approached a bridge across the fast flowing Ukrina river they were stopped by flashing red lights, Alan recognized the red berets of the Royal Military Police and opened the window as an RMP sergeant came pounding down the road towards them, seeing the insignia on Alan's shoulder he came straight up to him.

'You got comms with HQ sir ?' he said breathlessly.

'Hold on Sergeant', Alan put out a call to the HQ in Banja Luka, all he got was static, 'Seems not'.

The Sergeant let out a gasp of frustration,

'Us neither sir and we've got a vehicle in the river, the bridge gave way'.

'Anything I can do to help ?'

'Well sir, I need to get a medical and recovery unit out here real quick but I can't spare anybody to drive to HQ'

'No problem Sergeant, we're on our way to HQ now '.

'Thanks sir, you'll have to go by the other route, a mile back behind you.

'Right Sergeant we'll get going, good luck' he yelled as 'Mac' hit the throttle.

They sped down the road, it was winter and the road surface was bad, they'd gone only a few miles when they hit a tight bend and Mac lost control. The next thing Alan knew he was in a clearing on the other side of the trees that lined the road, he must have been thrown clear and by some miracle landed in one piece some 30 feet away from the vehicle stuck in the trees. He tested all his limbs, incredibly everything seemed to work, he called out to Mac but there was no reply, he needed to get over there quick but as he was about to get to his feet he saw a sign, it bore a skull and cross-bones with the words 'DANGER MINES' ..... he was in a minefield !

His mind was racing when he heard a noise on the other side of the clearing and called out,

'Hello, help !'.

Out of the bushes walked a dog, a big German Shepherd who came straight towards Alan.

He yelled to the dog to stay back but it kept on coming and began to sniff the ground, left and right, and then walked forward, sniffing all the time. Alan realized what the dog was doing, he was sniffing out the mines, he knew of dogs that were trained to do it but couldn't believe that there was one right there, right then.

The dog approached carefully, sniffing as he went, he circled around Alan who noticed an unusual patch of five light dots in the fur of the dog's left shoulder, equally spaced, just like the '5' you see on dice. Facing back the way he'd come the dog gave a soft woof and walked forward sniffing. His paw prints were clearly visible in the snow and Alan realized that if he put his feet in the prints then he might make it out. He got to his feet with care and followed the dog, time seemed to stand still but eventually the dog came to the sign and trotted forward, Alan took his last few steps and cleared the minefield himself.

He cried out with relief, 'Good dog, come here boy !'.

But the dog trotted on towards the trees, just before he got there he paused, looked back at Alan and gave another soft woof before disappearing into the darkness. Alan was about to follow but remembered Mac, who was in a bad way but still alive, he tried the radio, thankfully comms with HQ were back and soon help was on the way. The dog never re-appeared.

.....

So here he was the next morning, lying in a bed and wondering how it all happened. He was duly discharged, checked in on Mac then took a walk back to his accommodation, on the way he saw the Sergeant from the bridge, he walked over and asked how it had gone.

The Sergeant hung his head, 'I'm afraid we lost them sir, Lance Corporal Briggs and his dog Max'

Alan sighed but then his head jerked up with excitement, 'Of course, you're a dog unit, that would be German Shepherds right ?'

'Yes sir'.

'Was Max trained in mine detection ?'

'Yes sir he was, erm, did you know Max sir ?' he asked in bewilderment.

'Well no, not really, but I know where he is ! He must have got out of the vehicle, swum to the bank and then found me'

The Sergeant shook his head, 'I'd better tell you what happened after you left sir'.

Alan nodded.

'We eventually got the vehicle out of the water and it seems Briggsy managed to get his door open and could probably have made it to the bank but Max was secured in the back see, Briggsy must have got in there but couldn't release Max before the vehicle sank'.

He paused, Alan said nothing.



'We found both of them in the back sir, Briggsy was holding Max in his arms', he sighed, 'So you see sir, it couldn't have been Max'.

Alan sighed too, 'No, I suppose not'.

They exchanged salutes and the Sergeant hurried on his way while Alan stood rubbing his chin trying to make sense of it all. He started to walk away then noticed a make-shift sign, it was a black and white photo of an RMP Lance-Corporal and his dog with the words, 'Briggsy and Max R.I.P'. Alan looked at them both and hung his head, he turned, took a step away and then whirled back, his heart pounding.

There, on the dog's left shoulder, were 5 light dots, equally spaced, just like the '5' you see on dice.

THE END

# Halloween across Dimensions

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It's Halloween in Alola and this year Ash and his friends have someone special joining them. Zee agreed to spend Halloween trick or treating with his friends! But will everyone have a good time? Will anyone solve the yearly mystery regarding the abandoned warehouse? Enjoy the fanfiction, and find out!

Lillie: Cool dragon costume, Pikachu!

Pikachu: Pika!

Charizard: Char!

Lillie: You both did great at working together.

Zee: Hi Lillie! I like your dress.

Lillie Thanks! Who are you dressed as?

Zee: Slytherins founder. Honestly it wasn't too hard to make.

Lillie: The locket's a nice touch.

Lana: Hey Lillie, Zee.

Pikachu: Pika!

Lana: You two made a dragon?

Zee: Who are you three?

Lana: We decided on a Lillo and Stitch group costume.

Mallow joins them, pushing a cart with her own recipes on it.

Sophocles: What do you think?

Mallow: He's my Poni Radish Burger.

Sophocles: I'm delicious!

Ash joins the group.

Ash: Expecto Patronum!

Lana: You're Harry? Really?

Ash: What? It works! Hey Zee, where's Espeon?

Zee: She's coming in for a landing!

A RC plane flies over them, Zee's Espeon Piloting.

Lillie: And now Marowak joins us.

Marowak: Maro-mar-mar-mar-mar-wak!

Lana: I get it. He's Kaos! Pikala's right behind him.

Pikala: Pika Hi! Darn, Golden Queen doesn't pika.

Mallow: I thought you were going to be Pikachu?

Pikala: I'm a Pikachu every day. I need some change.

Turtonator: Turto!

Ash: Where's Kiawe?

Kiawe sneaks out of the shadows

Kiawe: I'm right behind you.

Lana: GAHHHHH! Oh my gosh, you scared me!

Kiawe: That's the point.

Zee: Who are you supposed to be?

Kiawe: Zane. You remember him, right Ash?

Ash: I do.

Mallow: Alright. We'll go trick or treating, then to the big Halloween party at the school.

The group sets out, ready for a long night.

They clear Mele Mele Island and Akala Island before

reaching Ula Ula Island.

Sophocles: Every year, Acerola gives her trial site a story. The decorations have meaning and you have to pay attention to every sound and detail.

Zee: I bet I could figure out the story without her telling us.

Mallow: Nobody has done the storytelling to perfection in a long time.

Kiawe: This is it. This is the place.

The lower windows are all cracked and the doors are swinging by a single hinge.

The second floor seems to be on fire.

Half the roof is destroyed and some parts of it are scattered in the grass.

A chilling scream sounds from somewhere on the second floor.

Sophocles: Oh, man. I really don't like this.

Zee: Look at this. There are all sorts of footprints in the mud and leaves. These ones lead to the door and there's some that are heeled. I believe a girl was being chased by a pursuer and a partner. These other ones lead away from the damaged roof. There was an escape.

A Pokémon cry echoes over the crackle of fire.

Pikala: What was that?

Zee: A protective and loyal Pokémon's grief. I think the girl was killed by the fire. But before that, the doors had been locked and the Pursuers partner tried clawing the windows before powerfully kicking the door down. You can see the wall phone dangling by the cord and the emergency light on from here. The attacker must have started the fire using a fire type Pokémon. The Pursuers Pokémon had claws, strong legs, birdlike feet and was fire type. This Pokémon could have only been a Combusken.

Lillie: What was the girl's Pokémon?

Zee: Gardevoir is devoted to protecting its partner, right? So if that Pokémon's partner was killed, a Gardevoir would be overcome with loss, grief and a feeling of absolute failure. That's enough to prove that it could have been exactly that.

Acerola sneaks behind Lana

Acerola: BOO!!!!!!

Lana: AHHHHHHHHH!!!

Acerola: gotcha!

Lana: That's the second scare tonight!

Acerola: Zee, I do not remember a time where someone has connected the dots more perfectly. Well done!

Zee: Thanks!

Acerola: you've passed my Halloween trial!

Kiawe: Trial?!

Acerola: alright, it was a trial. I'll be right back with the cookies and a special surprise!



She runs back inside.

Ash: If that was a trial, then I know what the special surprise is!

Acerola returns with a tray and a small box.

Acerola: Everyone gets a cookie. Zee, I want you to have this.

She gives him the box. He opens it to find a Z-crystal.

Zee: A Ghostium-Z? You mean it?

Acerola: Yep, you earned it! Now I've got to get the warehouse ready again. Enjoy the rest of your Halloween!

She runs back inside.

Zee: I just got a Ghostium-Z!

Espeon: Espeon!

With that, everyone sets off, enjoying Halloween. With every day comes new adventure, as the journey continues!



Ava

# THE PAINTED DREAM

*By Kai*

It was a Monday night, and as always I woke up at 3:00 a.m. from the same nightmare. As you might know my Dad died in a car crash when he was going to pick me up from my school. But when he crashed his body was never found. I always hate my nightmare. It's about my school, Webacona Middle School. I wake up in the middle of class and no one is around, not even my teacher, Mrs.Coster and she's always there. Outside the window is a brick wall that looks like it was there for decades, covered in mosses. I always decide to go exploring around to find someone else but I never find anybody. I was walking through the halls and suddenly I saw a painting. The painting's features included a little girl about 7, wearing light blue and white ribbons on it, yellowy-blonde hair with Pigtails. The little girl is wearing a SM-67 gas mask, and is reaching for a burnt piece of wooden plank that read Isabelle. I look around the room and think, when I turn around I stare at the painting. All of a sudden the painting starts shaking violently. The little girl doesn't have a gas mask anymore. It has a

scarred face that's twisting with pain and fear and the plank changed from Isabelle to Help Me. I look around frantically for someone, something to help me escape this nightmare. I finally grab a chair and smash the painting to the ground. I stopped for a second and listened. I hear scurrying sounds getting louder and louder. Finally it stops abruptly. Then I noticed a tiny hole in the wall, and a spider started to crawl out. Then millions of spiders started to crawl out. I glanced at the floor and looked at the painting and the girl disappeared and all it said was Run. But it was too late, the spiders engulfed me. Then I awakened, hyperventilating and screaming. My mother came rushing in to find me sitting straight up in my bed. She tried calming me down but it was no use. I couldn't stop the images of what happened. They kept flashing through my mind. Hours later it was time for school. I packed my bag and headed off to school. On my way I met up with my friends, Chloe, Adam and Melissa. I go to Webacona Middle School, I go to grade seven. Once we arrive at school we head to Mrs. Fitzgerald's class, our math, social, science and language arts teacher. Luckily



Chloe, Adam and Melissa are in the same class as me, so we could always talk to each other during and after class. The day went normal as usual two blocks of math, then lunch and after lunch was science, social and language arts. After school I was walking through the hallway and I saw the same painting that was in my dream, the painting that featured the little girl, Isabelle with the exact same gas mask. I was so terrified I started to run throughout the hallways panicking looking for a way out or anybody that could help me get away from this painting. Then everything went black. I woke up and looked around. I was in the school infirmary, the door in front of me opened and the school nurse came in with a surprised expression on her face that suddenly turned into a calm, cool and collected expression. She then asked how I was feeling and if there was anything that she could do. I said that I felt fine, and then asked what had happened. She said that I was running around the school asking for help and screaming, and that I entered the teacher's lounge pointing at a painting on

the wall, wailing no. That night I had the same dream except my dad was there to protect me from the spiders.

# Rotten Dreams

Simone Tas



It is said that in the mountains live the essence of ancient gods. Some watch over us. Some guide us. Some protect us from the dangers they hide. Some flaunt their knowledge, bait for the curious. Stories of the ancient gods are told, filtered through each generation. Not many people remember the original tale, and those who do wish to forget it. But it is not a tale easily forgotten.

Each mountain deity has a village dedicated to their worship. There are but a few mountains that go without praise, all of which reside in a peculiar valley where nothing is as it should be. These mountains hold strange and evil essences. There is only one village in the valley, from which howls and wails are heard in the dead of night. No one has dared venture into the valley for years. Explorers idle by the edge, peering as far as they dare without stepping over the invisible threshold.

Until one day, the wails stopped. Tentatively, the curious drifted closer to the border. Still not surpassing it. The most curious of them all took the first step over the gate.

Looking back to the row of cabins where fires chased away the cold and laughter drifted from inside, a boy took a deep breath.

"I am Dagda, and I will not hide." The boy whispered to himself and he took the first steps down into the valley.

The wind carried the laughter from the village, filling Dagda with courage. He closed his eyes, preserving the courage for when he might need it. Dagda kept an eye on his compass, and carefully marked the direction of the village. Then he looked up and took in his surroundings, taking every precaution not to get lost.

He was nearly to the bottom of the valley, where the trees began. Leaves blew away from them like embers from a fire in a fierce wind. A small coat of snow dusted the ground, just enough to preserve Dagda's footprints. He noted the jagged edges of the mountains and recited their names in his head.

Dagda reached the forest, stepping in without pause for fear of his own cowardice. Cold descended with a flurry of snowflakes. Dagda pulled his jacket tighter around him, but didn't slow down.

*In the north sleeps a forest, where the wails of the dead are a chorus.*

Dagda spun around, certain someone's breath was still resonating in his ear. No one was there. He continued on through the forest, hands shoved in his pockets and teeth chattering. The snow was coming down harder than ever, flakes pelting Dagda like daggers. The golden leaves swayed with the wind as the snow begged for a dance.

The laughter from the village had long since left him, replaced by a sense of dread. Dagda tried to summon the courage from before, to no avail. He breathed a laugh, trying to feed his soul phantom food. Louder, he let out a panicked giggle. A fraction of the courage returned. He forced a hearty bellow, though tears streamed out of his eyes, freezing to his cheeks. Louder still, Dagda screamed his laughter, desperate to prove to himself he was not a coward.

“Nothing to be afraid of.” He said aloud, and the tears stopped. He could not be more wrong. He laughed again, this time in genuine relief.

*Where seasons are not and where dreams are left to rot.*

The cold breath of wind sung to him, and Dagda closed his eyes, desperate not to let the tears return. He resisted looking behind, if only to fool himself into thinking there was nothing there. He resisted the temptation still when the tree branches reached out and brushed their fingers through his hair, down his spine.

His dream... it could never rot. And yet, the tell-tale scent of autumn hung in the air. The scent of rotten flowers and raw endings. Dagda tried to picture triumph in an attempt to stave off the whispers of despair. Knowledge of the unknowable. Satiated curiosity. But all Dagda could see was the fire back at the village.

Still Dagda walked onwards, compelled by an unseen force. Perhaps the mountain gods themselves.

*Where the sun hides and the moon doesn't change with the tide.*

A wistful melody whispered in Dagda's ear. His mind.

Dagda stumbled into a clearing. The snow sprinkled around staggered cabins and flowers struggled to stay upright. What gods are there to worship here?

A fire ring lay in the centre, empty but for one sparkling ember. A blink, and the ember was a roaring fire. Roaring, and yet, there was not a hint of warmth. Overcome with a sudden urge, Dagda leapt into the flames, immediately doubting the irrational decision. For a moment, he could see villagers around the fire, tinted orange. Familiar wails and howls sounded over the melody that haunted the back of Dagda's mind. He stumbled out of the fire in a panic.

When he emerged the fire was gone, as were the villagers and Dagda was left to doubt whether they had ever been there.

*Where footsteps of the lost don't fade and truth is a double-edged blade.*



A choir of whispers yelled at him, insistent and desperate. A warning.

Dagda progressed through the village, knocking on each door and peering through the windows. No one answered. He tried the doors, only to find nothing inside. Abandoned. The sense of dread had returned, but Dagda hadn't the strength to summon any laughter. He just wanted to leave the town, to find... to find *something*. Whatever was calling to him.

*A knife upon which spirits balance, snared on invisible talons.*

Certainly Dagda had been wrong, for now the whispers had grown more insistent still. Taunting. Certainly, there was something amiss, something wrong with the valley. The mountain gods were filled with malice.

Dagda left the village in haste, and began climbing out of the valley with no destination mind. He tore through the trees, making no effort to record his trail.

The voices got louder as he climbed, until he came upon a spot barren from anything at all. Dagda stood on rock as smooth as a tombstone at the top of an alp. All that he could see was the peaks of surrounding mountains, almost completely concealed by grey clouds.

*The melody of a liar is the mist that conceals desire.*

The mountain spoke with the whispers, a booming call that did nothing to drown out the voices. And then, Dagda knew. He knew what the voices were. He knew why the wails had stopped. He knew what made the valley so unnatural. And he knew what was going to happen next.

Dagda's laughter returned, though courage didn't follow. A crazy, desperate sound. The spirits of the dead villagers laughed with him, a hiss that chilled Dagda to the bone.

He blinked and suddenly he was in the forest again. Thick branches, fierce wind, swirling snow, struggling flowers. Had he ever left?

Dagda fell to the ground and lay there in silence. No laughter. No tears.

Dagda couldn't remember the laughter from his village. Couldn't remember why he'd ventured into the strange valley. Couldn't remember his name, couldn't remember why he mustn't hide.

The spirits wailed louder than ever, and the boy joined them. He howled along with them, warning and taunting anyone else who might stumble into the trees.

*A beast from which no one can be saved, the forest will be your grave.*

**Story: 'Seeing Red' by Laureen**

## Seeing Red

"You're dressing our son up as a devil? Well I guess that's fitting," Ted told her.

"Yes Ted, Raffi loves the costume and it's just for fun. Just because you don't like Halloween, don't ruin it for him. He is really looking forward to it. That's what Halloween is, just a fun night for the kids," his wife Cass replied.

"Raffi is already four years old and he hasn't been much fun yet. If there is anything fun about kids, I would sure like to know what it is. As usual Cass, we just don't see things the same way. That's how this whole situation began."

"Excuse me? You better not be implying what I think you are." Who is the real devil here? Cass thought to herself as she walked out of their kitchen.

As soon as it was dark outside, Raffi was dressed in his red devil costume and was waiting by the front door. "OK honey, I'm coming," Cass told him as she pulled on her coat. "Oh, one more thing," she said as she reached into the linen closet then handed Raffi a faded red pillowcase to hold his loot.

"Let's go mom."

After an hour of going door to door Cass was ready to call it a night. They were on the prime street for treats, where one of the houses gave out large, imported chocolate bars called *Big Deal*. Raffi pointed to the end of the street and said "Mommy, I want to do the big place." Cass was surprised to see the old Sandstone Manner lit-up as it had sat vacant for years.

"Are you sure? she asked.

"Bentley" Raffi called out to a friend that he recognised as he ran toward the manner. Cass chatted with Bentley's mom as the two young boys joined a group of four other kids on the front step of the large house.

When Bentley returned to his mom, Cass turned to watch for Raffi. "Where did Raffi go?" she asked Bentley.

"I dunno," he answered.

Cass approached the large house and called for her son, but he was nowhere to be seen. She looked around the yard and scanned up and down the street with no trace of her little boy. By then Bentley and his mother were out of sight.

Cass went up to the Sandstone manner and knocked loudly on the door but there was no answer. She also noticed that the house that had lights in the many windows only moments before was now dark inside. Cass went around to the backdoor and found that it was unlocked. She was glad that she had stuffed a flashlight into coat pocket and reached for it. Once inside Cass realised with a chill that the house was completely empty. There were no furnishings and none of the light switches that Cass tried, worked.

Calling out as she went, Cass searched every room in the cold, dark house. She was in tears when she thought she heard the word "Mommy" from somewhere deep in the house. She found a door that led to a basement that she had not searched yet. Nervously but propelled by adrenaline she made her way down the creaky wooden stairs into the musty thick darkness. She noticed something on the floor and headed directly to it. It was the faded red pillowcase that Raffi had been carrying. Cass left it where it was and screamed out, "Raffi!"

Silence.

Cass ran back up the stairs and out of the house. Then she ran the entire two blocks home, hoping that Raffi had somehow made his way back there. If not, she would call the police and get Ted to help her find their child. Cass entered the house panting and saying, "Ted call the police, he's missing." Ted was sitting in a chair in the living room staring out into the Hallows Eve. Ted didn't move or reply to her. As she shook his arm to get him to help her a wrapper from a large, imported *Big Deal* chocolate bar fluttered to the floor. Ted stooped to quickly grab the candy wrapper and shove it back into his pocket as he walked toward his wife.

- The end

Name of story: The Eight Ball Motel

Genre: Horror

Words: 175

Author: Milo Saskiw

Age: 9



There was this couple that their car broke down and was quite far away from home. It was heavily raining outside but they could barely make out a small motel across the road. They decided to try to get a room and spend the night there. They arrived at the front desk and asked if they could get a room. "Room fourteen you are in." said the worker. "And wait, your neighbors in room thirteen are quite weird people so I recommend keeping your distance.". They were quite tired so they just headed to their room and laid down. The husband was wondering what was so weird about the neighbors in room thirteen so he went and asked the worker at the front. "The main thing is they both have blood red eyes.". The husband decided to go look through the keyhole to see what's up. As he looked through all he could see was red. As he kept staring he had remembered what the worker had said. That they both had blood red eyes.