Scary Stories!
Alone on Halloween night by: Alexa Sotelo, 6th grade

Tonight my parents are out and about, leaving us alone on Halloween night. They also left us with a task, to give out candy, not eat any, and be in bed by 10:00. I don’t have a costume but Alyssa, my 8-year-old sister, is dressed as a mermaid and my brother, Ahmos, is a pirate.

“Knock, knock” The first visitor is here they are dressed up in camo, I pathetically ask “where are they” They laugh. Once we finish giving them their candy we go to the living room for a movie night.

“Do I have to HAVE to take this off” Ahmos asks. I have no choice but to say no or a full breakdown would be bound to happen.

I set up a fort and prepare some popcorn for them to eat while I start melting the caramel for caramel apples.

“knock , knock” ANOTHER trick-or-treater at the door. Why do they trust us enough to let us give out candy.

My siblings STILL haven't taken off their costumes but I bought my camera anyways. My parents wanted photos so I decided this was the perfect spot, the woods. My sister said something that send chills up my spine.

“why is that man there” As far as my eye could see, there was no man. I realize. In our family a trait has been passed down to every 3rd child, Alyssa. I ask her to explain the man to me.

“ He has a very cute puppy” she starts running. You would expect her to be slow with the cheap felt mermaid tail but before I can even start she’s already down the path. She stops, I don't know why. AHMOSE!

“where is he!!” I whisper to myself I can't decide whether or not to chase alyssa or look for Ahmose. Alyssa collapses. I pick her up, the scratchy felt making my arm itchy. I pick her up. She has a faint allergy to peanuts. She got into the candy. I feel around my pants for her epi pen, I start crying. Her epi- pen, the one thing that was important. I still have to find Ahmose, no time to worry. He’s very reserved, doesn’t talk, much less makes noise. That makes him an expert at hiding. I can only make him slightly giggle by pinching my ears, pulling on them and filling my cheeks with air.

Monkey face. Monkeys had been a craze this past year. I retrace my steps. I gasp at the horrible view. A monkey mask.

I’m still carrying Alyssa but she’s awake now. She points at the man.

I start running. My legs are tired so I stop at a graveyard. Alyssa’s screaming telling me to go.

“Go, go, go, creepy man,” I’m about to start going but, monkey face. Another mask. It shimmers in my eyes. Its hanging on a tombstone. I jog towards it.
Alyssa is still screaming. She points, another man.
“Describe it” I say while running.
“tall, Blonde, blue eyes, No monkey.”
I avoid that trail because she said no monkey
She isn’t pointing anywhere but she is staring at me, next to me? I see ahmose in the
reflection of her eyes. I scoop him up. It starts raining, I spot a building right beside the
graveyard I want to go in, I ask Alyssa.
“Yes, monkey” We rush in, the door is bordered in so i pick up an axe on the floor huh,
conventionally placed. The place looks run down, we are not supposed to be here.
Ahmose and Alyssa start crying. The wallpaper is tearing off dust is filling our nose and
eyes. I hear my mom.
“what are you doing here it’s past 10:00 go to Sleep”
My mom always said we couldn’t be out after 10:00, my family has a curse. Anyone
under the age of 20 has it. We have to get home. I try to find an exit but I can’t see anything.
There is no light in here. My siblings start screaming. The sound is coming from two places. I
make my way towards one, I only hear the other one. I grab the air again, again, again, Ahmose!
Then again, again, again, Alyssa! I eventually find stairs. Don’t know where they lead.
“Knock, Knock”
My hands start forming a fist. Ahmose and Alyssa grabbing my torso. I tell them to be
quiet, who evers knocking can not hear them. I’m trying to find the door. Alyssa screams
“FOUND IT”. I hear giggling, children. The whispering calms me, im dizzy, my eyes slowing
fading together.
“MONKEY” I snap out of it a bunch of bats flying overhead. I finally found the door, my
hand on the knob. Ahmos is eager to find out what’s knocking, Alyssa is chanting some sort of
chyme. I look at her, her lips not moving. The children. I cover their ears and cover mine, they
cant hear them. My focus adjust to the door. My hand presses on the knob, the other on the
wood.
I open the door, nothing is in there except for dust and a chair, a rocking chair. It is in the
corner but as I examine the rocking chair I realize this chair is my sisters, Alyssas chair.
Christopher Rivas

The Missing Tennis Ball

For some backstory, I was bouncing a green, rough tennis ball high in the air in the dark, gloomy night when my hand slipped, and the ball bounced and rolled over spiky branches and broken twigs into the dark forest. As I walked at a regularly slow pace it disappeared. I kept walking towards the direction of where the ball was going as I hear glass shatter when I show up to a dark and gloomy two-story house.

As the floorboards creaked, I walked up the old, rusty porch. After that, I opened the rough, stiff door and entered the creepy, old house. Although the outside looked scary, the inside looked like a regular house that hasn’t been cleaned in a couple years.

As I walked up the stairs, through the corner of my eye, I thought I saw someone move down the hallway. In shock, I booked it up the creaky stairs into one of the rooms.

It looked like a kid’s bedroom with toys and a girly looking bed with flowers. I hid in a closet that had no clothes and was empty and so, I waited. About 30 minutes had passed so I exited the closet and decided to search the house. I know I know, it was a dumb idea, but I wanted to be a detective one day so that’s what I did. Anyway, I decided the most dangerous place in the house was the living room. It had 2 stiff couches, the oldest TV you will ever see, and a desk in the middle. I was surprised that whoever lived there had a table because the TV looked so old, I’m pretty sure when it came out it didn’t even work. I didn’t see anything suspicious so I went on to the kitchen.

The kitchen didn’t seem that bad and abandoned but I still wanted to check just to make sure. After that, I walked down the dark hallway checking pots and pans. I turned the corner with my hands shaking and my head feeling super sweaty. Then I felt a heavy, cold breath behind me, so I ran to one of the broken windows and grabbed a stick from part of a tree poking in. I turned around and to my surprise, no one was there! As I felt mad at myself for imagining this, I walked up the creaky old stairs again to find myself with two decisions.

I could go to the left door or the door one the right next to the “kid’s bedroom”. I entered the left room turning the rotting doorknob. The swung open and as I was shocked but confused. It was empty, only having a couple boxes. The boxes seemed as they were opened recently but I looked inside of them to see if anything interesting was in them. Inside of these boxes were just of bunch of barbie dolls, other toys, and a trillion of rotting cobwebs. I was pretty sure this was going to be a toy room and so I headed for the door to enter the last and final room.

As I entered the room, I got caught in a cobweb and I scared the living daylights out of me! After that, I took out the cobweb from my hair and I made it inside. Since the other rooms were for kids, I guessed this would be a Parent’s room and I was right! It had a queen bed and some cramped desks and drawers. I turned around looking towards the hallway ready to leave this place. I didn’t even care about the tennis ball anymore. For all I care it could stay there. In a fast pace, I walked down the stairs and through the door. I ran so fast you could mistake me for a cheetah.

I stood in front of the place I called home and entered. I saw my mom on the phone bawling her eyes out. I ran towards her and hugged her tightly. She said that she called 911 and searched for me. I felt bad and told her I would never do that again.
My Scary Narrative: The Airboat Ride and the Mysterious Skull

By Adrean Guerra

It was a lazy summer day by the lake near my old house in Naples. The sunny weather was so nice that my Dad, cousin and I decided to go air boating. We walked to the lake and we were very excited about our adventure.

We were going to test my Dad’s brand new air boat. I could barely wait. We quickly got on board and got into the water. Vroom, vroom, vroom, we were off. It was wonderful feeling.

Suddenly, vroom, vroom—my dad’s airboat flips. Next thing I knew I was struggling in the water along my cousin and Dad. It was hard to stay afloat and when I got pushed underwater I saw something floating below. Gulping water and feeling like I was going to drown, I was so scared.

I looked once more and started screaming at the top of my lungs. It was a terrifying skull. Had someone died here? Was this place haunted? Would we die here too? I started to freak out. It started with one thought and suddenly, I was feeling like I would not make it out of the lake alive.

My cousin saw the skull too. My cousin started screaming too. We were both going crazy. Finally, my Dad tried to calm us down.

He threw life vests at us and tipped the boat right side up again. I was still terrified but I was trying to calm down.

My Dad got us back on shore and called the police and told them about the skull. There are many nights I lay awake wondering who the skull belonged to and making up all kind of horrifying stories about the skull. However, to this day, we have not heard anything about the skull. In the end, I learned that it is wonderful to have caring, loving people around you when you are terrified. It makes facing your fears easier.
BANG! BANG! BANG! It was 3 p.m. on a Monday afternoon two years ago and I was wondering who was knocking so wildly on our front door. I was a ten-year-old boy with a happy family. My dad was having kidney surgery so he was not home. My mom and I answered the door, we have never heard a knock so loud and invasive.

Then my mom and I slowly walked outside. A strange guy offered to give us food if we would washed his car. “May I come inside?” he asked. I said, no, silently because I could see a pocket knife in his hand. I could see the blade; it was so sharp it was thinner than a piece of paper. After we turned him away he left, but only to keep returning to my house every day for several weeks.

I was too terrified to play outside. I saw the strange, creepy man who kept coming by the sidewalk by my house. Still I wanted to play outside because I was bored of being inside a lot, but I knew it was a bad idea to do so.

Then one day, when I had decided to go play outside, I saw the stranger come creep up down my side walk again. He saw me and walked wildly towards me. I ran as fast a cheetah running from its predator. As I glanced back I saw him looming closer and closer. He was zooming up on me. I was screaming inside my head. He took out his pocket knife. I made a tight turn. I jumped over these bushes like a wild bunny. I knew that was my only chance of survival.

I poked my head up and he looked confused, like he didn't know where he was going. I wonder why he wanted to kill a ten-year-old boy. I wondered when my dad would come back from the hospital. I was freaked out, as I hid in the bushes and the strange man did not find me.

After that narrow escape, I couldn't sleep for nights, thinking about the fearful incident. I heard loud banging on my window every night for nights upon nights. One time we caught the strange man trying to break in our house again. It was a nightmare come true.

Finally, after two months my dad came home from surgery. The creepy man came back one more day, but when he saw my dad the stranger ran as fast as he could. Then my family and I felt safe again with my dad back home.

What I learned from this incident is to be cautious and not trust strangers. There are some unstable people out there at times. They can try to hurt you, and some will even kill you. So don’t trust people until you don’t know until you truly know who they are and if they are safe or not.
My Scary Narrative: Crazy Killer On the Cruise!

By Alexa Pena

“AH, AH, LEAVE US ALONE!” screamed Lily and I. “HA,HA, NEVER!” said the evil killer. It all started when I went on a cruise with my best friend Lily who invited me to a cruise. The cruise ship was called “Celebrity Xfinity Cruise.”

It was so fun so that we were walking all around the ship when a guy with a hat and a mask said, “Do you guys want a Kit-Kat?” I love Kit-Kats so we said, “yes,” but I noticed that he was trying to give us one that did have a bag on it. We took it but I told Lily, “Um, Lily, don’t eat this because my parents always said that if someone gives you a candy without a bag or that it’s unopened don’t eat it, because you never know if they put a drug in it. We do not want to die!” and Lily said, “No!” and then I threw the Kit-Kats into the ocean.

“LILY!” I said, “He is trying to run after us so RUN!” and so we ran as fast as we can. “AH, AH, LEAVE US ALONE!” yelled Lily and I. “HA, HA, NEVER!” said the killer. “RUFF, RUFF,” we heard. “A DOG!” we said together. Then the killer ran away. “That was close. Hopefully he will never come back,” I said. “Yeah,” said Lily.

Then in the morning Lily and I told Mrs. Michelle and Mr. Jesse, Lily’s parents. “Oh, my gosh, I am so glad you guys are alright though,” said Mrs. Michelle. After that, Lily and I landed in Bahamas and we went banana boating and guess who was driving the boat the strange man with the mask and hat, THE KILLER. “AHAAAAHAAA,” we screeched. At least we were not that far from the beach, so we jumped off and swam to the shore and ran for our lives again. “Let’s go to my Mom and Dad,” said Lily. “Ok.” I said.

Finally, we found Mrs. Michelle, but we didn’t see Mr. Jesse. “That weird where’s Mr. Jesse?” I asked, “and why didn’t he say anything when we said were being chased a killer?” said Lily. It was very weird, we wondered—nah couldn’t be or could it be that-- Mr. Jesse was the killer? I was thinking am I over thinking or not, I had a plan anyway cause later that night I planned to tell Lily and she will probably think I am crazy. “Lily?” I whispered. “Yes?” she said in a sleepy tone. “I have to tell you something, but I am scared you will think I am crazy or a maniac,” I said. “Ok then, let’s go and sit by the pool and talk about this,” said Lily. “Lily, I don’t know how to say this, but I think your Stepdad is the killer because he was not worried about us and he was acting strange,” I said in a terrified tone. “I don’t think you are a maniac, because I have the same feeling too,” said Lily agreeing with me.
“You should already know I have a plan, right,” I said so excited. “Yep,” said Lily with an evil look and excitement tone. “So my plan is we are of course going to look for him, so he can chase after us again and then I will stop and trip him and you will start kicking and doing anything you want to him. Then I will take the mask off, and throw it into the sea,” I said. “Sounds like a good plan,” said Lily. “Hahaha, there they are,” said the killer coming towards us out of the blue. “I see him do you?” said Lily. “Yes,” said Alexa getting ready for revenge. “Now,” said Alexa. We ran and he was running after us and then I stopped and then tripped him. He fell and so Lily kicked him and pinched him and, so I took the mask off and guess who it was, it was Mr. Jesse. “DAD!” said Lily in shock. Mr. Jesse!” I screamed. Well I guess if you are wondering what happened to him--well he is in jail--but he is out now because he claimed he did it because he wanted to scare us, plus it was Halloween! All I have to say is that the cruise day was fun and a little scary, and I am always going to wonder just a little about Mr. Jesse!

What I learned from my wild experience:

1. Never take a candy or anything not sealed in a bag, because you will never know if it is drugged or poisoned.

2. Always face your fear like Lily and Alexa, who faced their fear by making a plan to discover who the killer was, and why he was chasing them.

3. Always tell a safe adult who is taking care of you what is going wrong, or that you don’t feel like you are safe for whatever reason.
My Scary Narrative: It was Friday the 13th Stuck On My Mind

By Yolanda Arano

It was Friday the 13th! So what’s wrong with that? It’s just another normal night, right? The day was going great in till my friend, Star, started telling stories about Friday the 13th! I asked her “Well, what is so terrible about this day?” Star said in a creepy voice, the opposite of what I expected, “Oh don’t worry your weird little mind, don’t think I’m weird, either, because cause I am right!” I thought she started to sound like my crazy sister, but she looked terrified and was shaking like crazy as she spoke of Jason and all the creepy little kids saying “Beware Jason and the little kids are coming! He is coming! It’s Jason’s birthday today. It is the perfect day to catch some prey!”

Later that night I could remember Star’s stories and voice like my favorite song repeating in my head over and over and over and over. I could feel my fear crawling on my back like a spider! I finally got home. My mom hiding behind the wall called, “Boo!” and nearly scared me out of my mind. She said “Don’t worry it’s just me!” She squished me like a pillow into her arms, as I looked at my dog acting creepy with a weird smile flitting on his face. I almost fell like an ice cream off a cone. And that’s when I knew it was true. I mumbled two words with a sad smile on my face “Jason’s coming!”

All night I anticipated in terror. I could already hear the children’s horrible screams. They were yelling for help!“ I could hear the voice calling me, “Lily come with us. We’ll have lots of fun just me, and you forever and ever. You can’t say no to us!” Yet part of me knew the voices are all in my dumb head, yelling for endless hours! My fear was overpowering as I was waiting for my sister, waiting for my dad—it was already 3.am-- and my mom had left us with our grandma. I didn’t want to go outside, but I felled like I had to go. My Mom had gone to Walmart to buy food for us hours and hours ago, and that’s when I heard the loud tapping on the wall. I ran to my grandma’s room with my jumping heart about to pop out of my chest.

My throat felt like it was clogged. I could barely breathe. It felt so dry--that’s when I saw Jason getting closer with his long knife. I was frozen. I could see he was wearing his hockey mask. I could feel my fear pouring out of my head drowning me. That’s when I heard my sister laughing hard. I suddenly felt furious. She was holding a long piece of bread and the blanket wrapped around her like a burrito. That’s when I was told it was time for bed, and I didn’t want to go bed, and I said—no, no, twenty more minutes then we go to bed. My dad said, ok, just scream right on cue as we watched the scary movie. It was all very strange.

Fifteen minutes passed and my face was frozen in terror. I had screamed at the top of my lungs! I was already flat and dried on the couch like a rotten raisin just lying there not wanting to sleep. My dad said “Time for bed; there is no other choice.” I pouted in my room crying, so my dad wouldn’t know I was crying in terror, not because it was bedtime. I silently laid there until almost dawn; then I took a deep breath, and realized that this overwhelming fear was all in my head and Star’s too. I needed sleep to face my fear and let it go.

One thing I learned that Friday the 13th is that your mind can be your worst enemy when it comes to fear. “Don’t let fear hold your back, or stick to you, and freeze you into terror.”
My scary narrative: My bloody Halloween

By Yennifer Bauta

Creaaaaak! I hear a door open in the middle of my beauty sleep. I wake up immediately and go down stairs and see the open door. I then close the door and quietly check the house. The last place I needed to check was the bathroom, I walk upstairs but before I do—smash— I hear a glass shatter. I then speed walk to the kitchen. At this point my heart is beating so fast and my brain keeps telling me not to go.

I tried to convince myself that I shouldn’t go back and check but at the same time I tried to convince myself that I should go and check because there could be someone bad out there trying to rob me. I hesitate and then walk slowly to the kitchen counter. I see a mug shattered into a hundred pieces but from the corner of my eye I see a shadow go past a wall. I try not to think anything about it though. I clean up the pieces, and go back upstairs to the bathroom. When I looked at the mirror I am puzzled and freaked out. I am looking at the bloody mirror covered in hand prints then—AAAAHHHHHHH-- I scream so loud that my throat gets sore. I then wash my face and eyes and then look again to see if it was real and not a total nightmare. When I go to dry my face I hear giggling behind the shower curtain. I am about to have a heart attack.

I quickly move the shower curtain—facing my fear-- and then.....‘BOOOO!’ I want to scream again but before I do I realize I know them...it’s my two cousins getting me back for pranking them the past week. We all start to laugh and it is such a relief.

Before going back home they both tell me that the blood was fake, and that they didn’t mean to scare me so intensely. Then we all started to laugh again and they gave me some of their candy, because I didn’t go trick or treating that Halloween night. The END [this story had a happy ending].

The theme of this story is to always lock your doors and windows. You don’t want the same thing that happened to me, happening to you, especially on Halloween night.....BOO!!!!!!!
My scary narrative: The day I almost died
By Willibaldo Centeno Gomez

BANG! My sister burst into my room making a lot of noise. “Wake up! Wake up!” she yells. I wake up. “What do you want?” I say. Do you want to go to the pool!? She said. It’s been so long that we been to pool, so I am happy to go.

‘Honey!’ I heard from the front door. ‘What mom?’ I said. ‘Were leaving to the pool now!’ As soon as I heard that I turn off the t.v. and sprint for the door. Then a little while later we are at the pool and I am so excited.

My cousin dares me to dive into the eight foot part of the pool. I jump in playfully to prove I am not afraid. Next thing I know I am struggling to stay alive. I am drowning and I am frozen. I can’t swim, I can’t float, I am drowning in my terror. My life literally flashed before eyes. I am terrified and am swallowing water. My parents came rushing to the eight foot side of the pool, but they couldn’t get me. So they called the police and ambulance. At this point I see blackness and then I pass out. My dad was going to jump in but my sister jumped in so my parents won’t get wet. She grabbed me and dragged me out of the water. She said later she was frightened to that she was grabbing a dead body.

My parents and my sister did CPR. I didn’t work. The ambulance came and put me all the weird medical contraptions on me. But I don’t care because it brought me back to life. They rush me to the hospital with my family. I am alive and everyone is relieved.

Four years later, I am so happy that I survived and I that can swim in the water now. After my drowning episode I took swimming classes. My family is so glad that everything turned out well. And I am actually happy that I went to that swimming pool, because I learned a very good lesson. I learned that you need to know how to swim well when swimming in the deep end of a pool. I, also, learned to make good decisions and say no if something is out of my reach or I am not prepared for.
My scary narrative: The chain saw man

By Steven Martinez

Boom! Boom! Argh! I can’t sleep. I hear tapping and noises! “Hello is there some one down there? Mom, Dad? No, it’s just us, my parents answer. I am unsettled but I finally fall asleep. The next morning I am excited. “Good morning, everybody!” “Good morning, Mom!” “Good Morning, Dad!” “This food is delicious, and by the way I am going to go play with Alex,” I tell them. It is FINALLY summer vacation and I can’t wait to have fun with my friend.

“Hey Alex!” I call to my friend and neighbory. “Hey Steven!” says Alex. Alex take and I take off playing in the nearby woods when suddenly we see a creepy man dressed in black with a chain saw. CHORK! RRRR! RRRR! RUN! RUN! RUN! We scream at the same time.

We run over bushes , around houses, and by little lakes. We are breathless but we keep going. Come hide here! I tell Alex. What? SHHHHH! Again we hear the RRRR! RRRR! Go! Go! Go!! He is chasing us. Let’s go make a trap, I tell Alex. Good idea, he responds. We make a trap, out of rope and some big rocks, and wait holding our breath. CRASH! BOOM! We got him—he’s tripped and gotten tangled!

I try to call the police, but I’ve dropped my phone somewhere. “Well, let’s go to my house—fast. Let’s go inside. We need to find my phone. Found it!!” I say. “Ok, call 911,” Says Alex. BRRRING, BRRRING! “What’s your emergency?” says the voice. “There is a creepy guy with a chain saw! Come quickly! “Ok, a group of police is going your way. Stay alive, ok!” says the police dispatcher. Clunk!

Thankfully the police arrive quickly because we are not sure how long our trap will last! “Kid thank you for telling us!” “You were very brave,” says the police. “Sir, you are going to jail,” they say to the creep. RRRR!!! RRRR! Got you, creepy man! Bye, bye!
The man in the woods

One foggy mysterious night there where three kids home alone sitting on the oldest kids bed her name was Sara. Sara had a little brother named mike and the third kid was Sara’s gay best friend Landon. They where just talking about how exited they where to go to a cabin that there parents owned. It was by some creepy woods and by a beautiful lake. The ober was going to pick them up in the morning. So next morning the kids woke up early to get packed and to eat breakfast. 20 minutes later they heard a knock at the door. They oped the door and it was the ober they where waiting for, they grabbed there bags and loaded up.

2 hours later

There just got to the cabin and it looked hauntied but they still went in there where some old pitchers on the walls and it had some spiders they cleaned the place up a bit. They realized it wasn’t that scary after all. Later that night they went to the woods and saw a scary man with an ax. So they ran for there lives and the man saw them and chased after them so right when they got back to the cabin they called the police and let them deal with it around two years later the man escaped prison and the three kids went missing and are still not found.
Parables

A parable is a story that illustrates or delivers a message.
Hi my name is Katie Morgan I live in New York and I love it when im not in school. I live with my mom and two younger twin sisters Ava and Autumn. My mom is always working and my two sisters want nothing to do with me, they just care about each other. So basically, I grew up learning that there is only one person who can help me, myself. Don’t get me wrong I love my mom and sisters but I don’t know if they feel the same about me. I go to school and have average grades, and teachers, but the students that’s different. I hate everyone at my school, and I truly believe that if I say that in front of them that they would not even acknowledge me, they don’t have a soul there brutal. Why, I don’t understand I could have gone to school with normal human beings, not monsters, why did I have to get stuck with such cold-hearted people. When I say I dread every single day of school I mean it from the deepest part of my soul. Tomorrow is Monday and there’s nothing I can do about it; I have an okay feeling for tomorrow. I finished all my homework because I actually want to get an education unlike everyone at my school. I woke up feeling tired and exhausted, my mom made my sisters breakfast before she left for work but of course she left a note saying I need to make my own breakfast because im older and she didn’t have time. My sisters hurried out of there rooms and shoved their food down their throats without even chewing, I asked them if they would want me to make them to the bus stop but they just said “no thanks” and ran out the door. Man, there lucky, not having a worry in their mind, there biggest worry is which popsicle flavor they should pick when they got 100% on a vocabulary quiz. As I walk towards my bus stop, I see all the others students find their way to bus threw the dark morning with only the pale moon as there guide. I sit down in the front of the bus and plug my ear buds in and look towards the window with a peak of sunlight hitting the corner of my eye. When I arrive at school, I just knew today was going to be rough. I start walking toward my first period as the fading noise of the bell rings behind my blasting music, I feel a harsh shove and drop all my things and trip forward, I look behind me knowing exactly who was there. Sara Richards, just imagine the one basic girl at your high school who has good grades, is on the volleyball team, and gets all the guys, that’s the definition of Sara Richards. I pick up my things as she glares at me “hey barf breath how was your weekend did you get new shoes or are those the ones you had since 1rst grade” I don’t say a word and just start walking but of course the devil follows me “did your mother ever ask you to run away from home because I know I would if I was your mom”. I rushed in class forcing my tears back swallowing a huge gulp, I look up and I feel my face boil up with heat. I hate her she is the devil walking on earth, she walks like everyone.
should respect her when she can’t respect anyone but her friends and family. I wish she would just walk off a bridge and never come back. It was lunch and honestly my stomach was saying no to the school food I picked at my food and stared at Sara she was sitting with her friends talking and laughing with her perfect smile she sat there like no one was watching in reality everyone was watching. My anger was cooled down that I even imagined how it would be to be her friend, she would laugh at everything I said and we would go to the beach every Saturday and gossip about the new cute boy. It made me mad that I was thinking like this but the thought of it would be great. I rushed to my bus and climbed in I sat and took a breath of relief; I finished another day in hell. My mind kept wandering over to how much I hate Sara she is horrible I can even give the slight respect to her without back lashing at myself. I got home and went to my room I sat there not knowing what to do I felt so much anger for Sara that I wanted to punch her in the face that moment. It was the next day of school and that anger was boiling threw my veins, I didn’t even get any work done last night the anger was overwhelming. The second I saw Sara I hesitated to walk towards her but my anger took me by surprise. I yelled at her saying “Why do you hate me what did I ever do to you why do use every single moment of your life trying to hurt me! You’re so obsessed with ruining my life can’t you just get it a break!” Sara sat there not knowing what to say, after a few seconds she finally spoke out some words “you got it all wrong Katie im not one obsessed with you, I actually have a life and focus on not just hate for you, you have a lot of reflecting to do” At that moment I watched as she went over to her friends and acted like none of that just happened, she laughed and was happy. **All world may not love a lover but they will be watching her**, my body was numb I only felt a tear drop down my face.
Appreciate Your Life
By Lexi M.

Maria was a spoiled teenager who had everything handed to her. Her best friend Emma was the complete opposite. Although Emma was jealous of Maria because who wouldn’t be, she was happy for her and for herself. Emma loved her life, it wasn’t an easy one but she didn’t love it any less. Maria always had good grades and a good social life. Her family spoiled her rotten. She always had the newest technology and clothing, she was basically royal, since this was how she was raised, Maria never noticed how fortunate she was. Her popularity, money, and intelligence had gotten to her head. Her ego was bigger than anyone had ever seen. She was popular and untouchable so no one said anything about it. They stayed quiet out of the fear, in one single message, Maria could ruin them. She could do this to many people but never did because despite how spoiled she was, she was pretty nice. Which is why she became friends with Emma. Emma was the shy new girl at Maria’s high school and out of the kindness of Maria’s heart she became Emma’s first and only friend. When Emma would go to Maria’s mansion she would always apologize for the floors not being clean enough but Emma could see her reflection in them crystal clear. She would get upset when she didn’t get her way. Maria never seemed to be happy with anything. Emma didn’t say anything to her that day except “See you tomorrow.” When Maria woke up the next day everything seemed off. It didn’t smell like breakfast like it always had when she woke up. She couldn’t hear the cook wasn’t singing to any music. She was confused by this but she got up anyway. She did not make herself breakfast because she did not know how to. She got all pretty like always. She loved to impress her peers at school. Maria drove herself to school and didn’t see anyone on the road or in the school
parking lot. When she had glanced at her phone she noticed it was a little early. Maria stayed in
her car and listened to music to help the time go by. A few minutes before school started Maria
went in to go to her homeroom. There was still no one not even teachers. Was today a day she
was supposed to stay home? She went through her school day hoping someone would show up
but no one did. She got home and there was still no one. She began to cry. Was someone
playing a cruel joke on her? None of this seemed fair. Her worst fear was isolation and this was
like living a nightmare. She wanted everyone back and she yelled out “I NEED SOMEONE!
ANYONE!” She went to bed early because she had nothing better to do. She awoke and looked
at her phone to see the time was midnight. Maria had never been very superstitious but she
had felt like there was a presence in the room. Like she could feel eyes staring into her soul like
she was transparent. Her room felt like it was below 0 and she had a chill sprinting down her
spine. All of the hairs on the back of her neck stood upright. Maria was terrified to look. When
she said she wanted someone she meant someone alive. Curiosity got the best of her. In her
head she counted down to when she would look. When she reached zero she jolted upright and
her head flung around looking. After all if it was too scary she could shut her eyes and ignore it.
Maria had seen an eerie figure standing at the foot of her bed staring. The figure waved at her
with a very sad look on her face. She was silently weeping. Maria asked in a shy voice “What do
you want from me?” Maria had noticed she was a woman. The woman began to cry harder. The
woman stuck out her hand and gestured for Maria to grab her hand. Since she was unaware as
of what else to do she took the woman’s hand. Suddenly a blinding light filled Maria’s room and
when it disappeared they were no longer in her room. They were in a different house. There
was another woman. She looked like the ghost but younger. Maria realized she was in the
woman’s memories. The woman seemed angry about something and began to yell at her husband. She was complaining about their beautiful home and her perfect life. Something changed and the woman was now alone. Her husband left her and took the kids. It showed the woman growing older. She was never accompanied by anyone else ever again. The woman died alone. The last memory was of the woman’s funeral. No one attended. Maria noticed that the headstone had said her name. Maria’s heart dropped. The woman was her and she was going to die alone. Maria tried to scream but couldn’t. They were back to her room and the woman put her freezing hands on Maria’s face and whispered “The principle business of Life is to enjoy it.” Maria choked on her words and whispered back “I promise I will.” The woman began to make an awful wailing noise. Maria covered her ears and shut her eyes. She cried herself to sleep that night. When she awoke she once again heard the birds chirping and the cook was singing like always. She ran down the stairs almost tripping and hugged and thanked the chef for everything he does for her. This became a routine. She thanked everyone and became very polite. She would not be like the ghost of her. She was going to change her fate. When she hugged Emma she almost fell over. Emma had a mischievous smile on her face but Maria was too busy appreciating her being there to notice. That day when Emma went to Maria’s house like always Emma went to talk to Maria’s mom. Emma smiled at her Maria’s mom and said “I told you it would work.” Emma was special in ways nobody knew but her. She was especially good at teaching people lessons to better them as people. Her favorite lesson to teach was to tell people to enjoy the lives they have and realize how fortunate they are.
Inspired by Vocabulary!

VOCABULARY
Words Are Important!
She was walking on the sidewalk when May passed by her neighbor's garden from the front. There she saw a hand sticking up from the middle of the daisies. Initially she thought she was crazy or maybe seeing things, and continued home.

As soon as she got home, Maya’s petty sister, Luna, came out of their shared bedroom and left for a run. Maya plopped down on her bed and then heard a noise coming from below. She nervously peeked under the mattress, but nothing was there. Maya was starting to feel a bit uneasy. Unnerved, she went into the kitchen in search of a snack. As she walked in she thought she saw a man peeking through the window. With a quick look back she deemed to herself that she saw something. Maybe she was just on edge. It was hard times in New York; a giant worm nicknamed Bubbles has been roaming the city. Bubbles is no normal worm—he crushed buildings, ate people, and destroyed most everything. People had been warned to stay in their homes, but Maya and her sister were never ones for rules.

Her and her younger sister lived alone and Luna barely listened to Maya. Maya’s apartment was small, but it was all they needed.

Maya was again thinking about the mindless worm. The worm was mindless, a freak experiment. Maya feared the worm.

Just then Luna burst into the small living quarters. It reached the apartment! What did Maya have left to do! They panicked in fear and... jumped! Falling from the 32nd floor Maya had repented her decision, with Luna grabbing hold of her from behind. Luna lost her grip and then dropped like a Hydroflask and died. Luckily Maya had landed on the Jurassic worm. Thrashing left and right, Maya toppled over the debris and was slid through the slime of the crazy worm. The worm was talking but what it was saying was elusive to Maya and she did not understand. Maya just wanted to live so she slid down the worm’s back and got off.

But the worm was not going to let her go and he chased her all around the city. Bubbles was a slimy gigantic worm and Maya was worried. She tried to go into hiding, but the worm found her and killed her too.

Getting bigger, Bubbles ate everyone until he got big enough to devastate the world. Then the last of the survivors that had been able to evade Bubbles saw him. Bubbles was huge and they saw his mouth surrounding engulfing the earth until the last sliver of the sun vanished and darkness fell upon them.

Bubbles fell into hibernation and then a bigger worm named Jumbo ate Bubbles.
HIDDEN POEMS
that we're all here together today. I want to discuss something with you, and Ditto can be of some help. I've been thinking that perhaps the city should pay some sort of tribute to these longshoremen of yours. Possibly an annual ceremony, honoring those hardy men who have died in the performance of their duties."

Camaratta mumbled languidly. "Great," he said. "And about time. They've died like rats down in them holes, like rats."

"For a long time the city recognized the need for a place dedicated to pay our respects to the Unknown Sailor. And so a little ceremony we perform each year."

"We find he is cast upon the waves."

"I took it," he said with dignity.

He glanced aside at the Pilsudski. "And then I'll have put in the details."

"Suggestions for improvement?" meanwhile.

Camaratta started a little. "Slightly," he said, "I think."

"Hey," he said, "Heard about a Polish."

"What the Governor of the grand Polish hermitage was?"

"Shake of the cockles of the soul, or some such thing."

Skeffington moved off, pleasantly aware that he was caught in the web of events, to be held fast for some time to come.

He greeted the stewards, causing them to say a few words to each other. As planned, Macpherson was there."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Macpherson," he said to him.

"I understand you have some interest in the waterfront. I wonder if you'd care to discuss it."

Macpherson looked at him with colorless gray eyes, set in a harsh face. "Aye," he said.

"Good," Skeffington said crisply. "Tomorrow night at ten, at my home. Until then, Mr. Macpherson."
“I saw the NKVD throwing dead bodies off the train into the mud. Two children! People gasped. The door to our car slammed shut.

“How old were the dead kids?” asked Jonis quietly.

“I don’t know. I only saw them from afar.”

Mother combed through my wet hair in the dark.

“I wanted to run,” I whispered to her.

“I can understand that,” said Mother.

“You can?”

Lina, wanting to get away from this, is perfectly understandable. But like your father said, we must all stay together. It’s very important.”

“But how can they just decide that we’re animals? They don’t even know us!” I said.

“We know us,” said Mother. “They’re wrong. And don’t ever allow them to convince you otherwise. Do you understand?”

I nodded. But I knew some people had already been convinced. I saw them cowering in front of the guards, their faces hopeless. It wanted to draw them all.

When I looked up at our train car, everyone looked sick, I said.

“Well, we’re not,” said Mother. “We’re not sick. We’ll soon be back in our home. When the rest of the world finds out what the Soviets are doing, they will put an end to all of this. Would they?”

Cheyenne Jacoby
He turned from her and headed for the front door.

"Let’s get out of here."

Will fell asleep on the freeway and woke up just as Paige started down the grade into the desert valley. He could see scattered lights on the valley floor, tiny dots points origination in blackness and around them silhouetted against the dark night sky, the humps and peaks of mountains.

“We’ll be there in about thirty minutes,” Paige said concentrating on the snaking curves in the steep road.

“Look up. Did you ever see so many stars? There’s no city lights to wash them out."

Will rested his head on the open window frame and looked. The stars seemed at once close enough to touch and so far away he couldn’t even imagine the immense cold dark knot between them and him.

He thought he knew about stars. He’d loved stargazing on the beach, watching the stars appear benign and safe.

"Could these be the same stars he’d seen from the beach? There were so many more of them, and they looked colder and harder and more primitive than he remembered. He could even see the foggy brilliance of the Milky Way across the sky, something he’d heard about but doubted really existed.

The sprinkled lights from the valley, drawing closer, seemed a weak reflection of the celestial extravaganza overhead. Alien territory, for sure, he thought.

“Well, what do you think, little brother."

"Wow," he said, in the most bored voice he could produce.

“What does it make to make an impression on you,
my hands around my mouth and called

"Anybody here? Can anybody hear me?"

Silence.

The only sounds I could hear were the rumble of the furnace and the soft scrape of sneakers.

"Anybody here?" I called again. My voice sounded hollow.

No reply.

Dark doorways lined both sides of the hallway.

"Helloooooo!" I called. "Hellooooooo!"

No reply.
We ran through the streets, through a trail of destruction. My jaw dropped as I gawked at the wreckage.

Street signs lay scattered on the ground, hacked off at the tops. Pay phones had been ripped free from their wiring. The phone booths lay shattered on their sides.

Windows were smashed. Shards of glass carpeted the streets.

I ran by an overturned car parked in someone’s lawn. As I passed it, it burst into flames.

We turned onto my block—and I cried out in surprise. “There they are!”

Audra and Spencer. Our bodies! Axes in hand. Running side by side up my front lawn.

“Come on, Audra!” I cried in panic. “They’re going to wreck my house!”
Play!