

# Run...

By Grisha Polukhin, 8A

It was Halloween night in Sandringham; a chill air blowing through the spooky, dark town. Everyone had finally finished their trick-or-treating, and people were switching off their house lights and tearing down decorations. As John, Jeff, And Wally walked down the street, heading home with bags filled with confectionery, they all suddenly stopped. The hairs on the back of their necks stood up as they saw the only house in the neighborhood that made it look like Halloween all year - bear traps were a hazard to anyone who dared approach, cracked windows were silently hanging on their own - it was as if something terrible had happened in that house. As the teenagers stood there, they saw a strange, musty book sitting ominously on the ground near the entrance of the house. John picked it up, and opened it. "What's the worst thing that could happen," he said as he did. Out of nowhere, the book started glowing green, and began levitating into air. A deafening screech seemed to be coming from it, a sound so unholy that it was impossible to describe. In a sudden second of desperation, the book exploded, sending the boys flying in the direction of an old playground. As the boys got up, wiping green slime off their bodies, they suddenly each heard a whisper, a voice so faint that sounded as if they each were imagining it. In a crackly voice, it said... "Run..."

Suddenly, three different figures jumped out at the three trick-or-treaters, and then the boys realised what was happening. Their costumes were coming to life! Wally, dressed up as Ghostface, trembled in fear as he saw the real thing walk up to him, and gesture his knife towards Wally. John, dressed as a ghost, was swooped up by a phantom as he tried to run away. And Jeff, worst of all, dressed as murderer Jefferey Dahmer, only stood still as the streaky man approached him, holding a skull in his hand. The boys ran as fast as they could, but they couldn't escape the three monsters. Suddenly, Jeff, spying the evil grimoire they picked up earlier to unleash the evil figures on the floor, grabbed it and opened it, looking for any spells he could find to banish them back to the underworld. He found one, and uttered "WILISIA TRUANIA!", and the villains suddenly disappeared into thin air. After that night, the boys swore never to go trick or treating again.