

# Creative Writing



## SPECIAL HALLOWEEN EDITION

### What is Flash Fiction?

- Flash fiction contains classic story elements (protagonist, conflict, obstacles or complications, and resolution) from beginning, middle, to end.
- Flash fiction has a word count between 100 to 1,500 words.
- Flash fiction ends with a twist that will surprise or shock the reader or change the expected outcome of the story.
- Flash fiction has only one or two characters (three at most), has only one setting, and only one conflict.
- Because flash fiction is so short, flash fiction relies on the reader to fill in the gaps.



Get a little scared,  
have a little laugh,  
or  
gasp, just a little  
Enjoy!

### FEATURING:

Mia Colton

Rachel Meservey

Kate Bennett

Melody Wooten

Brinley Crouch

Sarah Haymore

# Trick or Treat

by Mia Colton

"Trick or treat!" my friend and I said in unison.

The woman at the door smiled and said, "Oh, you look so cute!" Let me go get my candy." She turned a corner and in no time she was back, carrying a huge bowl full of candy filled to the brim. "Here you go! Take a handful!"

I looked at my friend Aubrey and smiled. We dug our hands into the bowl, moving candy to get our favorites. I dropped the goodies into my bag and thanked the lady.

She beamed and said, "You're very welcome, dear! Happy Halloween!"

With a squeak, the door closed. I took a quick look inside my bag and we hopped down the porch steps and headed along the sidewalk.

The roads were lined with large trees, their leaves swaying in the wind. The only light was the dim glow coming from the tall streetlights.

I rubbed my hands together, trying to create at least some heat. The bitter cold wind had caused my hands, nose, and ears to go absolutely numb.

"Well, I'm beat, and I have enough candy to last me a lifetime!" I said, turning to Aubrey, who was doing the same.

"Yeah, me too," she agreed, her teeth chattering. She lifted her hand and pointed down the street.

"My house is just around the corner, you can just go home and I'll go on my own."

"Um, it's alright. I can walk you home," I

replied.

"Okay, if you insist," Aubrey said smiling suspiciously.

I looked at her for a moment, and then shrugged.

"Okay, let's get on our way then," I said.

We continued walking down the long, cracked sidewalk.

Suddenly, a chill ran down my back, and I shuddered. I looked behind me, but all I could see was a bunch of trick or treaters walking up to the house we were just at.

I turned back towards my friend and started walking. A twig snapped beneath my feet, and I jumped about ten feet in the air.

"What? Are you scared?" Aubrey mocked.

"Ha! Scared? No," I said, forcing a laugh.

"Oh come on!" Aubrey said, rolling her eyes. "I know you're scared, Molly. you always are on Halloween!"

"No, I'm not!" I shouted.

"Okay, okay!" she said, taken aback.

As we neared her house, she began to fidget. She kept looking nervously at me and then back at her hands which were tightly clasped together.

"Are you okay?" I asked looking at her.

"Yeah," she replied. "Are you sure you want to walk me all the way home?"

"Why wouldn't you want me to?" I questioned.

"I just-" she paused. "Um...I don't want you to see something!"

I looked at her quizzically. "Alright, I don't have to go inside or anything."

"Okay," she said.

We finally reached her house. Before I could start walking up the steps to the door, she turned around and stopped me with her hand. "Just stop here. You don't need to take me up to the door," she said panicked.

I stopped mid step and said, "Okay, okay."

"Well, um, see ya!" she said nervously.

I gave a small smile, and waved. "See ya."

She walked up the steps and stopped in front of the door to look back at me. I looked at her expecting her to say something. Instead she gave a nervous smile and twisted the doorknob and pulled the door open.

Quickly, she slipped inside.

I slowly walked down to the sidewalk when a voice stopped me.

"Oh, hello Molly."

I turned around and saw Aubrey's mom standing on the porch.

"Oh, hi. How are you?" I asked.

"Well, I..um...I guess you haven't heard the news, have you?" she said, tears in the corners of her eyes.

I walked up the steps and said, "What news? Is everything alright?"

She stood there, looking at me and then said, "Aubrey...Aubrey passed away last night."

## Behind Locked Doors

by Rachel Meservey

Crystal sat there, looking at the pictures of her as a baby, with the only true family she ever had, her mom who had been gone for six years now. She looked at each picture, crying because she never knew what happened to her.

Now the only "family" that Crystal had was her alcoholic Aunt Mary. Mary beat Crystal every time she misbehaved, made them move all the time, and ignored her every time she asked about her mom.

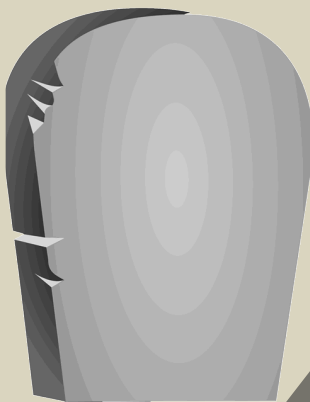
It was 1:00 am and she was on the last scrapbook she had, when she heard a bang and then a girl scream. She looked outside and there was no one to be found. She then heard it again, so she went into Mary's room. Mary was fine; she was just sleeping. She heard it again and it was coming from the basement.

She tip toed into the basement. When she was down there she was very quiet. She was about to go upstairs, but then she she heard another bang coming from her mom's old room. No one could get in there except for Crystal because when her mom had died she took the key to her room and made it into a necklace. She put her hand on her necklace and it was still there.

She quietly got a little bit closer to the door to get a better look. She looked closer at the door. There were claw marks and the door knob was knocked off onto the floor. She could hear weird noises.

*Who is in there?* she repeatedly thought to herself.

Her curiosity got the better of her. She slowly peered her head around the side of the





door. Standing right there, there was a shadowy figure. Then Crystal realized that it was not a shadow, but a body. But it wasn't a human. It had rotting skin, long nails that look like they hadn't been cut in a long time, and it was bone thin but surprisingly strong. It was eating something. It was eating an arm.

Crystal stood there in shock. It was one of those moments that is like in a dream where you are trying so hard to scream or to run, but it feels as if your body is full of lead, and no matter how hard you try, you cannot say a word.

The entire room had been torn into shreds, which made Crystal sick to her stomach. Then suddenly, as Crystal stood there in awe, the weird creature looked up from what it was eating and stared at her with its all black eyes. Crystal was terrified. She was not sure what to do. It just stood there, staring at her. Then it started screeching at her, with just this high pitch screech. Crystal placed her hands over her ears, and her back slammed up against the wall behind her.

The creature got up from the bed and got into a monkey sort of position and quickly started to hobble towards Crystal. Crystal felt

a hand on her arm that pulled her out of the room. It was Mary. After Crystal was out of the room, Mary quickly slammed the door shut and held on to it, trying to keep it shut, but the creature was trying to open it as well.

Mary started to scream and that made Crystal scream.

"Help me!" shouted Mary.

Crystal grabbed onto the door and started to pull. Eventually it stopped. They thought that it had gone away.

Mary and Crystal slid to the ground out of breath. Mary burst into tears, and started mumbling to herself.

"She found me again. Why me? Why me?"

"What is it?" Crystal asked nervously.

She caught her breath then said, "It's your mom."

"What? That can't be true. Mom died six years ago."

"No, she didn't!"

"What do you mean?" asked Crystal beginning to cry.

"A demon took over your mom's body! She is a demon now."

"No, that's not true!" argued Crystal.

"Yes, it is!" Mary yelled back, "It happened right in front of me! That's why I drink. It sometimes helps me forget." Mary was starting to cry again.

"Why were you just saying she found you again?" Crystal asked.

"Because no matter where I go, she always finds me. That is why we always move!"

## Breathing Heavily

by Kate Bennett

I scanned the desolate street. The sun was already setting, leaving a little orange glow in the air, but creating plenty of shadows. I slipped up and down the abandoned road, waiting for a sign of pursuit. I heard leaves rustling behind me as I walked steadily back and forth. I stopped, listening. I nearly jumped out of my skin at every sound.

The darkness was growing more by the second and deepening the shadows that I knew had something hiding in them. I couldn't detect any movement anywhere along the dead trees and underbrush. The shadows leaped at me and I swore that I could hear breathing.

I snuck back behind a darkened house to catch my breath. My muscles clenching as I prepared to run. I couldn't stand the pressure as I stared behind me. Breathing heavily, I tried to keep myself from collapsing. I bended over to tie my shoe as something suddenly came up behind me and slapped me on the back.

"You're it!" Scott yelled as he bolted down the street. I smiled and ran after him.

## The Truth About Running Away

by Melody Wooten

Jared waited at the bottom of the stairs, frozen in place. Mother Gretchen stomped down the stairs, and Jared knew she was coming for him.

"PIG!" she screeched, as she came into view. She pointed a long, bony finger at the frightened orphan. "I go through all this trouble giving you a good home and food, and you just spit it back in my face! You ungrateful little--"

"What did I do this time?" he interrupted her, and immediately knew it was a huge mistake. Mother Gretchen grabbed him by the hair and yanked him toward the door. She tossed him outside like a dog, and he landed on the gravel sidewalk, scraping his elbow. Gretchen slammed the door shut with a loud shriek, "Don't you dare eat my pastries again or I'm sending you to a different orphanage!"

*Gladly*, Jared thought. He would do anything to get out of there.

Jared walked along the sidewalk, waiting for someone to call him back in. He heard a psst! and turned his head, thinking that someone was doing so. However, no one was there. There then came a rustle from the bushes at his feet. Jared gasped in terror as he felt a hand grab his foot and pull him into the bushes, and he hit his head against the wall of the orphanage.

He could still feel the hand on his foot, but he could not see it. Figuring it was only his vivid imagination, Jared attempted to stand up, so he could go to the nurse. However, the invisible hand held him down. He turned back, and saw that there was someone there.



A boy around his age, maybe eleven or so, gazed up at him with piercing blue eyes. Jared didn't recognize him, so he figured he must be new at the orphanage.

"I'm sorry!" Jared gasped. "I didn't see you."

"That's alright," the boy said. "Most people don't. Is your head okay? You sure hit it hard."

Jared was about to ask what that first part meant, but decided otherwise. "I'm fine, it doesn't even hurt anymore." He was a bit confused, since it sure did hurt at the time he hit it. "Pleasure to meet you, the name's Jared," he said and stuck out his hand.

"Likewise. Tommy," Tommy said, but ignored the handshake offered.

Jared awkwardly put his hand down and ran it through his hair, as if that had been what he was going to do all along.

"So.." Jared said, "why did you grab my leg?"

"Oh, that? I wanted to ask you something," replied Tommy. "I saw Mother Gretchen yelling at you, and I figured you might be a great traveling companion."

"For what?" Jared asked, quizzically.

"I'm escaping," the boy said, with a mischievous grin. "Tonight. Meet me here after lights out. Don't pack anything. You won't need it where we're going."

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That night at dinner, Jared looked around the cafeteria for Tommy, but he was nowhere to be seen. Maybe he's just not hungry. Like me, he thought. No one seemed to notice him at dinner, which he assumed was good, so

he wouldn't form any attachments.

Shortly after dinner, when all the lights were out in the orphanage, Jared made his escape. Tommy was waiting for him by the bush where he tripped Jared. He looked very confident.

"Come on, there's a train station less than a mile from here."

Jared looked down at his empty pockets. "I don't have any money, I'm sorry."

Tommy smirked, "You won't need it."

At the train station, Tommy didn't even stop to get tickets, he simply waltzed over to the next train, and hopped on.

Shortly after their journey started, the ticket collector started making his rounds, collecting tickets from each and every passenger, but simply overlooked Tommy and Jared. Jared looked at Tommy quizzically, who just shrugged.

"I guess they only need tickets from living passengers." He held up Jared's hand to show him that it was practically translucent.

Jared's horrific scream was drowned out by the deathly whistle of the train.



# Scaring Kenny

by Brinley Crouch

Kenny Martin was the bravest boy on the street. No matter how anyone tried they couldn't even get a little jolt out of him when they screamed boo or rawr. Several bets were made between his friends that they could scare him first, and maybe even make him pee his pants and run to his "mommy". Then Kristy Hopper stepped up, and said that she would be the first, and the last.

Kenny was asked to go into the creepy abandoned house that stood on the end of the street for three hours, from ten o'clock p.m. to one o'clock a.m.

"A'ight," Kenny shrugged and walked in the house.

Two other boys quickly shut the front door behind him and locked it.

Kenny sat in the middle of the living room staring at the creepy portrait hanging above the fireplace. He did this for almost an hour and 30 minutes with no signs of being tired or creeped out.

Kristy decided it was time to put the scaring into action. She entered through the back door, purposely making it creak, then slammed the door shut. Then she ran upstairs leaving the echoes of her heavy footsteps.

Kenny stood up and looked around him. No one was in sight. Kristy smiled at the thought that her plan was actually working.

Kristy was hiding in a bedroom closet hoping that Kenny wouldn't go snooping around trying to find the source of the noise. Then suddenly she heard an ear splitting scream coming from downstairs where Kenny was

located.

Kristy questioned this. Why is he screaming? I haven't even done any real damage yet... Kristy thought.

Instead of sticking to her plan and hiding, she left the closet and went downstairs to search for Kenny, hoping he was alright.

Kenny had disappeared. He was nowhere to be found, and now Kristy was really worrying.

"Kenny?!" she shouted as she searched every nook and cranny of the dark house.

Then suddenly a loud groan sounded off startling Kristy out of her wits.

"Wh-Who's there," Kristy whimpered, almost tempted to crawl into a corner and cry.

No response came after that. Almost 30 minutes had passed without any creepy activity from the house. It was almost one o'clock. There was only one more hour until the bet was over.

Kristy was sitting on the dust covered couch rubbing her cold hands together nervously. The only noises were the creaking of the old wooden floors and the broken windows letting the wind pass through.

Suddenly a loud crash came from upstairs. Kristy jumped up from the couch whimpering. Kristy ignored the feeling that something bad was going to happen, and climbed upstairs cautiously.

"Who's there? Show yourself," Kristy demanded, trying to make her voice sound like she wasn't tempted to cry at all.

"I'm sorry," a distant voice quietly whispered from the room at the end of the hallway, "I didn't mean to! Please no! Please!

PLEASE!" the voice screamed, and it did not sound like Kenny.

Then Kristy broke down sobbing and sat on the floor. "Please stop Kenny! You got me!"

The voice stopped screaming and the house was silent again. The quiet sobbing ceased and Kristy wiped tears away from her face.

Several times she thought about leaving the house, but she could not accept the idea of leaving Kenny behind even though he was the one scaring her.

The next 15 minutes of being in the house were the worst that they had ever been. Kristy saw dark tall figures watching her from mysterious corners of the house, then disappearing almost entirely.

Kristy was hugging her legs on the couch once more. Somehow the portrait that hung above the fireplace fell to the ground breaking the golden frame. Kristy decided enough was enough.

She quickly got up, and crept to the back door. Before she could even touch the handle, it started to turn. Kristy jumped back and watched in fear as the door swung open.

Kenny stood on the other side wearing his zombie costume that he was going to wear for Halloween.

"Kenny," Kristy shouted, "What are you doing? I thought something took you! Or you were trying to scare me!"

"I left to go get my costume. Scaring you looking like my plain old self wouldn't do anything. I knew you were in the house the whole time by the way." Kenny gave Kristy a proud smile then said, "What happened to you?"

Kristy stared at him in shock. "You mean, you haven't been in the house since you left?"

"Nope." Kenny looked at her questioningly.

And at that, Kristy ran out of the house screaming, never looking back.

Kenny still stood at the door, he was dumbfounded at how Kristy was acting. I bet she just got scared of the noises that he house made, he thought.

Kenny took a step inside, taking in his surroundings. He spun in a circle to get a look at the whole house, then he saw something.

A tall dark man was standing in front of the fireplace. He looked just like the man that Kristy saw.

Kenny's jaw dropped. Then the man started walking toward Kenny and he pulled something long and shiny out from behind his back.

Kenny screamed and peed his pants right there. Then he ran out of the house, leaving the back door wide open.





# Jason

by Sarah Haymore

Jason sat on the edge of his porch and stared out into the open fields. He looked around him. Behind him sat a black spider, about the size of a dime. Jason screamed at the top of his lungs and jumped in the air. He ran inside of his house and locked the door. He looked out the window, and stared at the spider. It had remained in its position. It started moving a little bit, and it started crawling toward where Jason had sat, seconds ago.

Jason walked out to his black pickup truck and started the engine. He drove quietly, never trying to make other drivers mad. He looked for the registration papers he needed, and shuffled through all the papers in the passenger seat. His hand touched something small, and round. It had really thin legs. Jason immediately jerked his hand back, and rubbed it repeatedly on his pants. He looked over at the disgusting spider. It was quite smaller than the one he saw the other day, but it still creeped him out. He gagged silently, and shoved the all the papers on to the floor, the papers taking the spider with them. Jason pulled into a supermarket parking lot, and ran in. A couple minutes later, Jason came out with car cleaner, and lots of hand sanitizer. Ten minutes later, Jason was back on the road, with a clean car, and a spider free zone.

The gorgeous purple and pink sunset caught Jason's eye as he walked through the open fields toward the old shed. He stared ahead, at the beautiful sky. After the sun finished setting Jason continued toward the shed, nervous. He knew nobody had been in there since last summer. His fear for spiders

grew as he walked into the dark shed. He began looking for the bucket that his father had sent him to go get. He shoved things aside, anxious to get out of there. His hand brushed a spider web. He let out an ear splitting scream. He jumped back, and ran into the buckets he was looking for. Jason! Calm down! It's just a spider web. Jason thought. He turned around and picked up the buckets. He started toward the door, but the bolt locked before Jason could turn the handle. He panicked and threw his body toward the door. It didn't budge, as the heavyweight smacked the door. Jason turned around, and ran toward the stairs. He bounded up them, and flew into a nearby room. He turned the lock and slid down. The cold, dirty floor soaked through his clothes, and he was immediately freezing.

A black spider crept out of the corner, crawling toward Jason. Another one came after it, slightly bigger. More and more spiders came crawling out of the small hole in the wall. Jason didn't notice until fifty spiders were surrounding him. One started to crawl up his finger. Jason looked down, and flung his hand up in fear. Jason screamed as loud as he could. He tried opening the door, but like the other one, it was locked. Spiders started crawling on his body, pricking his skin. Jason looked down, and the flesh of his index finger was gone. The spiders slowly crawled up Jason's skin, until a huge spider came out of the corner. It crept toward him. Jason's jaw dropped, as he scrambled to the other corner. The huge spider followed him. All the little spiders made a circle around the big one. He stepped on a handful of the spiders, and the big spider crawled fast toward him. That's when he knew, he messed up. Jason screamed, as all the spiders started eating him alive.

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