

Library Halloween Story Contest: Part 1

- Kaitlin McCarthy, Junior, First Place Winner

"Rachel! Come help move your boxes of clothes please!" I sighed and rolled up the car window. *I want to move those clothes back home.* Slumping down in the passenger's seat, I thought about all my friends back home. They're all probably going out to Pam's, the small breakfast diner we all spend most Sunday mornings at. *Oh how I would just die for those chocolate chip pancakes right now.* "Rachel please we have about fifty more boxes come help!" I stood up and got out of the car, making sure I slammed the car door. I trudged over to Mom. "Thank you honey. Why don't you go and take a look at your new room?"

"I bet it's smaller than my other one." I slurred as I walked away. Mom and I had gotten in an argument weeks ago. I didn't agree with the plan to move across the country to Illinois my junior year. Opening the door, I walked through the small living room into the kitchen. *This is tiny.* I paced across the kitchen floor into the dining room and looked up at the long, dark staircase. *Well this could be a set of a horror movie.* I smirked to myself and started up the stairs. When I reached the top I looked into the room to my right. Mom had already put everything in her room. I continued down the hall only to find the door to the bathroom. *Where is my room?* I continued down until the hallway took a sharp left, there at the end of the hall was a door. I walked down and pushed it open, finding a tiny attic like room with pink, antique looking floral wallpaper and a slanted ceiling. *Could this get any worse?* I threw my box on clothes into the corner and laid down on the mattress in the room. The stress of the move and my frustration must have been getting to me, because all of the sudden I felt my energy completely drain. I felt my eyelids closing. *I'll just take a half hour nap and then move the rest of my boxes after.* As I turned over to fall asleep, I felt a strong pressure develop around my neck. *What is wrong with my...* I began to choke as the pressure grew stronger and began to cut off my ability to breathe. Gasping for air, I threw myself up off the mattress and crawled across the floor, pulling the door open and moving to the hallway. The second I reached the hallway, the pressure ceased and air was returned to my lungs. *Did I just have an asthma attack?* I ran downstairs to find my mom in the kitchen. "Mom, I think I just had an asthma attack!"

"Rachel, that's impossible, you don't have asthma. It's probably just dusty up there." She replied.

"No, Mom, I couldn't breathe! I don't want to sleep there tonight." I begged.

"Rachel, I would really appreciate it if you made an effort to get used to this house. This is home now and that is your room. Please stop sulking about this move and cut this family some slack. If I have to ask you again to bring boxes up I will be taking your phone." I sighed and grabbed the box of sweatshirts on the kitchen counter.

"Well if I have another attack I guess I won't come to you for help." Mom was already on her way outside. I walked back up the stairs and down the long hallway to my new room. I hesitated before I opened the door. *Don't go in.* I don't know why my gut told me this, but I opened the door and looked to put down the box next to the one I left in the right corner. Looking around the empty room, I couldn't find the other box. *That's weird. I swear I brought it up.* Looking around again, I saw a small door in the wall to my right. Forgetting about my box, I paced over to the little door, taking a few attempts to pull it open. After the third attempt, the door flew open. Inside was a small area barely large enough that I would be able to fit into, and

there, in the tiny little room, was my box of sweatshirts. *What in the world...I have never opened this door...how did my box get in here....?* I pulled my box over across the little wooden floor and looked through it. *Yup, this is all my stuff...* I tried to pull out my black sweatshirt when I realized it was stuck to something. I kept pulling until I realized the string of the hood was stuck between two wood panels on the floor. After yanking at the sweatshirt for a few seconds, I stuck my nail between the crack between the panels and was surprised to how easily the panel came up. I pulled out my string as something caught my eye from under the floor panel. Pulling it up, I looked down and pulled out what seemed to be a Polaroid picture. I rubbed away the dust and looked closely. In the faded picture was a young girl laid across the floor of this room, covered in what looked like bloody stab wounds. Horrified, I threw the picture as a silver shimmer caught my eye. In the floor panel remained a small silver locket with a crimson red stain on the bottom. *What the he..why is this here? Did someone die here?...Wait, what if...* I cut off my thoughts as I turned around and ran for the door to get my mom. Grabbing the doorknob, I frantically turned and twisted and pulled the door, but it was sealed shut. I turned around, looking for an alternate way out even though I knew there was only one door. Looking around, my eyes darted to something red on the wall I had not seen before. Scribed onto the the entire right wall were huge red scribbles and X's. Tears began streaming down my face. *Am I going crazy? What is happening? I'm having a mental breakdown...am I going crazy?* I turned back around to run to my door but was stopped in my tracks. There, standing in front of my door, was the young girl with stab wounds in the Polaroid picture. Her white nightgown and long, blond hair matched that of the picture. Her piercing blue eyes stared into mine so deeply I felt the coldest chill run up my back that caused my body to shake. She began to walk towards me. Traumatized, I stood frozen, still sobbing and in utter confusion and complete fear. She began to pull out a long kitchen knife from her pocket and started to stab herself.

"WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME. WHY DID YOU DO THIS TO ME." Her voice was extremely low and husky as if she was speaking without air in her lungs. Sobbing, I walked backwards until I hit the back wall.

"NO! NO! NO PLEASE!" I screamed. "NO NO PLEASE IT WASN'T..." I gasped for air. "IT WASN'T ME! HELP, MOM! MOM! SOMEONE HELP ME! NO PLEASE NO!" She walked towards me until her face was only a few inches from mine. Forcing my body into the wall I tried to close my eyes but as I opened them each time she was still there. More red scribbles were appearing on the walls. Feeling the wall behind me, I realized this was blood being slathered across the walls. "Please." I sobbed. "What..what..do.." My voice was almost gone. "What do you want? Tell me!" I closed my eyes again when I felt a cooling sensation run down my left arm. Then burning.

"Your *blood*." She hissed in my ear.

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!" I screamed louder than I believed I ever could. Suddenly, I couldn't see anything and I began to feel dizzy. This was the last thing I remembered.

I woke up on my mattress to the sun streaming into my room and myself tucked under a blanket. I was wearing my black sweatshirt. *Thank goodness that was a dream.* I stood up and walked down the hallway to the bathroom and started undressing to take a long shower. Before I stepped in I turned to the mirror. I gasped and fell to the floor, cradling myself. Down my left arm was a long and dark scar.