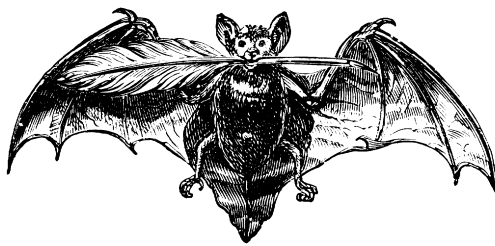


36TH ANNUAL
SCARY STORY
CONTEST



BOOK OF
WINNERS
2019

Tattered Cover Book Store

2019 Winners

Tattered Cover Book Store

36th Annual Scary Story Contest

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William Wright

Kindergarten Winner

Aspen Academy

The Haunted Racecar

Once upon a time, there was a racecar. It had pumpkin tires and cannons that could shoot spider webs. The driver was a skeleton. He comes out on Halloween to race against ghosts and werewolves and zombies. He always wins and has three medals made of slime. This Halloween, he was racing and bonked into a wall. One of his pumkin tires broke. Then he fixed it with super super glue and kept racing. He was so fast that he still won. He got a trophy full of candy.

THE END.

Piper Dayton

Kindergarten Honorable Mention

Bryant Webster

There once was a spooky witch in a library. The witch stole a spooky witch book. She read the book to do the spooky witch stuff, like every witch does. Then the witch flew on her broom and left spooky stuffed robot witches in everybody's houses. When everybody woke up that night, they were so scared, they didn't come out of their beds. The children thought if they stepped on the witches on their floors, robot witches would get up and talk to them and say "hello dear" in a spooky robot voice. Then when their mommies and daddies came into their room in the morning, they were like "Why are you not getting dressed?" And the children were like "Well there is a witch on our floor!" and they looked down and noticed there were no witches. Then they knew it was just a dream that night.

THE END.

Charlie Zarlengo

Kindergarten Honorable Mention

Our Lady of Fatima

The Haunted House Monsters

Once there was a ghost. He haunted the attic in the haunted house. He haunted the dog that was outside the haunted house. Then he met a vampire. He scared the vampire. The ghost and the vampire wrestled. The vampire won. Then the vampire found a werewolf. The werewolf and the vampire wrestled. The werewolf won. The werewolf found a skeleton. The skeleton and the werewolf wrestled. The skeleton won. Then everyone walked in a circle. They all wrestled and the dog won! They all went back to the haunted house and ate dinner. They ate zombie brains, eyeballs, and hamburgers. Then they went to a dance party.

Stella Knosala

First & Second Grades Winner

St. Mary's Academy

The Evil Wrapper

There once was an evil scientist. His favorite holiday was Halloween. One year, he made a special kind of candy wrapper. The candy wrapper was spooky because it hung onto kids' skin. That Halloween he dressed up as a nice guy, but he was not nice. He gave out the deadly wrappers with candy inside to the kids that came by his house. The kids went home and opened the Scientist's candy. Once they took a bite of the candy, the wrapper crawled up their arms and bit them. The poison from the wrapper goes into their blood and they get a rash all over their body. The rash turns them into candy monsters. They eat all of the Halloween candy in the whole wide world in one night. Once they are full, they burp it all out and they turn back into kids. Be careful this Halloween because his candy is still out there.

Juliette Wright

First & Second Grades Honorable Mention

Aspen Academy

The Candy Swap

One Halloween, Ruby was out trick-or-treating. She was eight years old and she loved candy. So Halloween was her favorite night of the year. She was dressed up as a big black spider. It was very dark outside, and she was walking down the sidewalk, looking in her treat bag to see all her candy, and...BAM! She bumped into someone! There were no lights and she could not see who it was. Ruby was scared. She dropped her treat bag and she hoped the candy didn't all fall out! She quickly picked up her bag and ran.

When Ruby got back home, all she wanted was a piece of delicious candy. She looked in her treat bag and screamed! It was full of...toys?! What happened to her candy? She realized that she must have switched bags with the person she ran into. She decided she had to go back out to look for it. She was walking down the street and suddenly, from behind a tree, out jumped a green zombie! EEK! Ruby jumped back, and then realized it was just Alex, a kid from down the street. She asked Alex to help her look for candy. They looked around the park behind bushes and trees, by the slides and swings, but didn't see the candy bag. There was a big bush down the street. Ruby went to check for her bag behind it. And she found...a WITCH! The witch had warts and long blue hair. Ruby shrieked, but then realized it was only Amber, a friend from school. She asked Amber to help look for her candy.

They all three looked together. They started going door to door, asking at every house. Then, at the last house, they all said "this has to be the one!" A boy came to the door. He was in a ghost costume and looked very sad. Ruby asked him why he looked so sad. He said "I was out all night trick-or-treating. I had a bag full of toys and was on my way home. Then I bumped into someone and dropped my bag. We must have swapped bags. And now I'm sad because I have a bunch of candy, but I'm not allowed to eat candy because I'm allergic

to it. The toys were my Halloween treats.” Ruby grinned and said “I was the person you bumped into! I have your toys! I’ve been looking for you all night!” The boy smiled a big smile and gave Ruby her bag of candy back. Ruby gave him his toys. Ruby and her friends invited the boy to a Halloween party with them and they all went together. Ruby got her candy back and made a new friend. It was Ruby’s best Halloween ever.

Celia Muñoz

First & Second Grades Honorable Mention

International School of Denver

Not Celia

Once upon a time there was a girl named Celia. One day Celia was walking down the street and she saw a girl who looked exactly like her. She said, “Hello, my name is Not Celia.” At night when she was combing her hair the same girl was there. She said, “Hello, my name is Not Celia.” That girl followed her everywhere she went, each time saying, “Hello, my name is Not Celia.” One day the same girl was there but this time she said, “Hello, my name is Not Celia. You better run, Celia,” and then she started chasing her but Celia fell into the ground. Never to be seen again.

Johanna Almond

Third & Fourth Grades Winner

Palmer Elementary

The Walking Boots

Beware the Walking Boots, who stalk at night and begin their treacherous journey throughout the town and the steppe. They do not care where they are, they only care about killing. Those boots are too glamroous for eyes to bear. I was the first victim. And now the story begins.

I woke one morning to snow falling on my face. I quickly looked at the floor of my bedroom to avoid getting it in my eyes. I didn't remember leaving my window open last night, but I do it all the time it seems. That's when I spotted them. The most amazing boots I had ever seen. "Wow," I breathed. Well I put those boots right on. They fit perfectly! As I tied the velvet laces, a feeling of happiness flooded over me.

Then the stangest thing happened. I was suddenly walking toward the door. But *I* was not walking. The boots were. Then the boots stopped. I understood immediately. The door was in front of us and the boots wanted me to open it. I don't know why, but I opened it. We burst out into a snowstorm. I shielded my eyes but it didn't help. Then it occured to me. *What did the boots want with me?*

We were stomping through snow so deep it almost reached my knees. I looked back but the snow was so thick I couldn't see very far. My hair was frozen, my breath was heavy. Then I noticed why I hadn't just taken off the now horrible but pretty boots. Each step I took the laces got tighter and tighter until my ankles hurt. Now when I looked at the boots, they seemed to give an evil grin. I knew I was doomed.

The snow was now up to my hip. I groaned. I was going to freeze to death if the boots and I were out here too long! The snow was up to my belly button. "This is not okay! Take me back home!" I shouted angrily at the boots. It didn't work.

Then I was falling. *Thump*. I was on the ground. It was so cold! I felt something moving at my feet. I looked down. The Walking Boots (as I now called them)

were off my feet! They were now several feet in front of me. As I watched them walk away, I knew they were not finished yet. Really, I thought those boots might never be done. I knew that my cries of help were hopeless. Nobody would hear me through the whistling wind. I was doomed. My last thoughts were *beware The Walking Boots*.

Sonja Gully

Third & Fourth Grades Honorable Mention

Bromwell Elementary

The Attack of the Bunnys

It was a dark and stormy night. BOOM!! lightning had hit the ground. “Yikes!!” said Meana. Then all of the sudden the power went out. Meana looked outside. The power line near her house had fallen down. Then Meana heard a Crunch! Crunch! What was that? Meana turned around. It was coming from the front door.

Meana crept as quiet as a mouse towards the front door. Then she swung the door open and bunnies came in like a stampede of buffalo. They had red eyes and sharp teeth. Meana bent down to touch one. It was very soft. Then it bit her!! Meana fainted. When she woke up she was in pain. Meana’s finger was okay now but bunnies were surrounding her. They weren’t very big but there were a lot of them. So Meana got up and ran out of the house screaming as loud as a very noisy dog, Meana ran through the park and through a play ground. Then all of the sudden she fell down a deep deep hole. Deeper than the hole Alice fell in when she chased the bunny. Then with a Thud!! Meana hit the ground. Meana looked around. Then bunnies started to come out of nowhere. “Yikes!” Meana ran as fast as she could. Then Meana came to a stop. A hundred different ways to go and bunnies coming toward her then.....Aaaaaa!!

Meana woke up. It was raining but nothing but her little brother bouncing on her bed. Few! Her little brother said, “Why were you screaming?” Umm... nothing. “OK, but why were you screaming?” I already told you No! Yes! No! Yes! No! I said Nooo! “OK.” Few, I’m glad I’m out of that dream. Then Mom was calling breakfast. I ran downstairs. Crunch! Crunch! not again.....!

Alexander Paul Persidis

Third & Fourth Grades Honorable Mention

HSC-Woodrow Wilson

Wax

Once upon a time, a man was waxing his chest, because he wanted to.

The instructions said “Apply hot wax. Remove quickly, with no hesitation.”

He applied the hot wax.

In front of the mirror, he ripped off a strip.

His face turned white as a ghost.

To his horror, he saw bone.

He peeled a bit more.

In the mirror, he thought he was seeing things.

He saw his lungs. He felt short of breath.

He peeled a bit more.

In his reflection, he saw his beating heart.

Thuthump, thuthump, thuthump.

The End.

Elijah Hubach

Fifth & Sixth Grades Winner

Montessori Children's House of Denver

The Curse of the Wereturtle!

My family went to the house on Turtle Lake like we do every summer. When we got there, the house was filled with cobwebs. I thought it was repulsive, but my parents, who happen to be entomologists, thought it was awesome, or “fascinating” in their words. Eventually, we all agreed that it would be better not to live in a cobweb-covered house, so we found a vacuum cleaner and started to suck them all up. Mom said that the de-cobwebbing would take awhile and that I should go for a swim in Turtle Lake. I grabbed my bathing suit and jumped in!

After about 20 minutes I had to use the bathroom. I know everyone says “just go in the lake”, but that’s not how I was raised. I started to swim back when suddenly, I felt something bite my ankle! I began to swim faster and faster, until I finally reached the dock. When I looked down at my ankle, there was a large bite mark. It was bleeding a bit, but not too much. I limped inside, by then the cobwebs were gone. Mom saw my ankle and rushed me to the bathroom. She put rubbing alcohol on it. It stung like crazy! She bandaged my wound and asked what happened. I said, “I think something bit me.” She said I would be fine and should rest my leg. I plopped down on the couch to watch T.V.

I must have fallen asleep because when I woke up, it was four a.m. My leg was still hurting a lot, so I climbed in bed with my parents to hopefully feel a little better. It was nice and warm in there. The warmth made my leg less painful and I finally fell asleep. As morning came, it felt much better. Mom said that we should take a look at my wound. We lifted up the bandage and...it was almost completely healed! She took off my bandages and said I could go exploring. I hugged her and ran out the door.

When I got back to the house, we were having my favorite dinner, hot dogs! I sat down and stuffed all the hot dogs I could in my mouth. When I stopped eating long enough to look up, I had eaten five!! I suddenly felt very full. My dad said there would be a full moon tonight and I could stay up to see it!

After dinner we watched a movie, *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF*! It was pretty good. After that, I grabbed my telescope, took it outside, aimed it at the moon then looked through the little peephole. It was beautiful! The moonlight shone right down on me, and that's when I started to feel sick...

I ran inside into the bathroom. I felt terrible. It felt like my brain was on fire. I was told later that I passed out. When I woke up, I tried to stand, but I was much heavier, and smaller...?! My parents opened the bathroom door. My Mom looked down and said, "Why is there a turtle on the floor?" and that's when it hit me...I was the turtle! My Mom screamed and fainted, my Dad just picked me up, looked me in the eye, and said, "How fascinating!".

That's my story. One year later, I'm still a turtle. I live in the same house with my family. I have a normal turtle life, except for the fact that I can't go to Starbucks.

The End.

POP! Now what was that? Still my hand, but moving slowly towards my bed. Oh whatever.

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz"

POP! “WILSONLETMEGETSOMESLEEPPLEASE!” The hand stopped in its tracks. Wait! What was it holding? Something shiny. And pointy. And... Silver? Uh Oh... MY HAND WAS HOLDING A KNIFE?!

How could Wilson program him to hold a knife, and walk? And how does he keep making that pop sound? Now I did not have a good feeling.

All of a sudden, I remembered what the store owner said.

“You can have it for free, if you really want it. But everyone who had it returned it within a week...”

“Don’t worry. I won’t return it.”

“Ok. If you’re really sure you want it.”

“WILSON! MOM! DAD!” No answer. I ran past the hand and into Wilson’s bedroom. Wilson wasn’t there. I ran to my parent’s bedroom too, but still, nobody was there. Then I knew this had something to do with the hand.

Then I heard it. The hand was right behind me. I turned around slowly. The hand started to climb up my leg.

I screamed loud enough for the whole town to hear me. The hand raised the knife and was ready to strike when all of a sudden it fell. It didn't move. I thought it was dead, so I slowly brought down my finger.

As soon as my finger touched it, I knew it was tricking me. It curled its fingers around my hand, and made its way up my arm. The knife scraped my arm so badly I could see it in the dark.

It made its way to my heart, and then it suddenly stopped moving. I thought it died again, but I knew it was still tricking me.

The time sped by. As the hand was about to strike, I wondered why I ever loved scary things. I didn't know what hurt worse, my screaming or my chest...

Amelie Jeanne Cox

Fifth & Sixth Grades Honorable Mention

Isabella Bird

Ghost Cave

Jane walked through the forest exploring with her sisters.

“Maybe we could look for a ghost cave,” said Nicole as they found a clearing.

“I guess so,” replied Maya, “but nobody has found one in centuries. How are we going to find one?”

“I don’t know? We could look over there,” said Jane pointing to a big hill that was mostly rocky with a few small oak saplings. The rest of the hill was burned trees.

“Perfectly creepy, why not?” said Maya sarcastically. “How about we sleep in a graveyard tonight.” They hiked up the hill and started to look for holes in the ground.

A few hours later they found a cave and walked down a dark tunnel. The only sounds they could hear were their footsteps and ominous sounds of dripping water.

“Are you guys positive we should do this?” questioned Nicole.

“Nicole do you think that I am going to walk this far for no reason at all?” snapped Jane.

“I’m just saying that it’s dark in here,” retorted Nicole.

“Be quiet. I don’t want to cause a rock slide!” whispered Maya.

They slowly crawled through a hole into a large cavern that had an old guillotine in the center that had blood spattered all over it.

“Can we turn back?” asked Maya.

A shadow raced around the cavern and then became the ghost of a teenage girl who looked like she died centuries ago.

“I think we found a ghost cave,” said Jane timidly.

“We should have turned back,” whispered Maya terrified.

“Well I very much agree now,” said Jane.

They ran out after they saw several more ghosts appear but what they did not see was a ghost swooping after them. They ran to their house, raced up the stairs into Jane’s bedroom, and curled into a corner.

While they ate their dinner, they asked if they could sleep in the same room.

That night they slept in Jane’s room. At midnight the teenage ghost materialized and stared intently at them causing them to wake up. The sisters gasped and then stared back not moving until it got lighter and the ghost began to fade.

At the school library, they went looking for a book they heard about called *The Spirits Speech*. The book was about how to speak with ghosts. They found the book, checked it out, and started reading. They read so much they finished the book in two days.

“We should do it tonight,” said Jane.

That night they lit some black candles and arranged them into the shape of an eye and waited for the ghost to appear. At midnight the ghost finally appeared.

“What do you want?” asked Maya in Speritish, the language of the spirits.

The ghost replied, “I’m Jennifer. What I want is an old house, specifically the house of the person who decapitated me in the war. His name was Mr. Phantasm.”

“We’ll look for it,” said Jane.

“Thank you,” said Jennifer, and she faded away.

That day they went to the library again to research the man that Jennifer described.

“There it is,” said Jane as she spotted the house he once owned. It was an old rental house that looked haunted.

“Let’s tell Jennifer tonight,” said Maya.

That night they told Jennifer, and she asked them if they could bring all the other ghosts to the house. Later that night they all snuck out, and Jennifer helped them gather up all the ghosts from the cave. They led the ghosts to the old house.

The guests were terrified, but the ghosts were never happier.