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Tattered Cover Book Store
31st Annual Scary Story Contest

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Once upon a time there was a Halloween party at a house and they had lots of trick-or-treaters. One boy was collecting the most candy and he was dressed as a ghost. But he had too many treats. So, he shared them with the trick-or-treaters who did not have much candy. But then a ghost sneaked up on him and got some candy too.

The ghost went to the haunted house and said, “Ghosts? Any ghosts here? Come and get a treat.”

The ghosts came down and said, “Thank you for the treats! Yay!” Another ghost said, “We got all the treats!”

When the boy got home, his mom said, “Where are all of your treats?” The boy said, “I don’t know. I think the ghosts took them.” And so, they went to the haunted house and got the candy back from the ghosts and gave it back to the kids.
Once upon a time there was a water-breathing T-Rex. It wanted to put out all the candles in all the jack-o-lanterns. But the first house it went to had dogs that scared the T-Rex away. The dogs woke someone up. He called animal control. Animal control chased the T-Rex until they caught it.

Then they took the T-Rex to animal control. They put the T-Rex in a cage. Then they built a time machine. When they were done they put the T-Rex through the time machine. When he got there a volcano erupted. He thought it was a bunch of jack-o-lanterns exploding out of a mountain. Then he put it out. The other dinosaurs made him the first firefighter ever!

The End
One Halloween night everyone was out trick or treating. In a pumpkin patch lived a little ghost. The ghost loved Halloween because that is when he can come out and float around, but most of all what he wanted more than anything is friends. But he was very sad because he can’t have friends because he is a ghost. And people are scared of him and they can’t see him and he goes through doors and walls.

“This Halloween is going to change this year and I’m going to find some friends,” said the ghost.

So, the ghost went out of his patch headed for town. First, he went to a house and tried taking their candy but as he reached in he just went through all the candy. Then he had another idea, although he can’t pick things up, he could float so he decided to float into the candy bowl and make scary faces. The people couldn’t see him because they didn’t believe in ghosts - all they saw was a slight wind. Then he tried getting their attention by going back and forth through doors and walls but people didn’t believe in him so they still could not see him.

Now the little ghost was very, very sad because he used up all his ideas and none of them worked. So, he went down to his den in the pumpkin patch. He fell asleep. But then, instead of a dream, he had an idea!

The next day in the pumpkin patch the little ghost woke up. He had forgotten about his dream but he did remember something happening that night.

He thought and thought until, “Aha,” said the little ghost, “now I remember. It was about when I went to a restaurant and transformed into a chef and then I quickly passed into the kitchen. Now what was next. Ah, yes. I saw a family come in and they asked to be seated.”

“I can seat you,” he said to them. “And I’ll be serving you.” When he got their order he brought them a wonderful meal.

He went back to town. He was very nervous that the plan wouldn’t work. He got into an employee looking transform. Then when he rushed by nobody saw
him. He saw a family coming in and it was the family he saw in his dream - he quickly seated them. They thanked him. He got their order. He made them a wonderful meal.

When they were done he came back. Now he had the hardest idea to do, but it was the only thing to do to get friends. He had to say he was a ghost. When he did he was very scared. They didn’t react. But when they were about to speak he quickly said that he just wanted some friends. They said he made a wonderful meal and then said they would be his friend. The little ghost cheered for joy!

The End
Once there was a girl named Mary. Mary lived with her mom, dad, and two grandparents. She loved them all dearly.

One peaceful night, someone came to the door. She had on gloves, her eyes kept changing colors, her nostrils were huge, and she kept scratching her head. The family opened the door.

The woman said, “Hello. I work at T.C.W.A.”

“What does that stand for?” asked the British Grandma.

“It stands for Threatening Children Witches Associates,” said the woman.

“And why are you telling us that?” asked the British Grandpa.

“I’m telling you this because I want to borrow your child.”

“You do know you just said you work for the THREATENING CHILDREN WITCHES ASSOCIATES, don’t you.”

“Yeah, I’m bad at being a witch. I hate threatening children,” the witch said before snickering to herself.

“First of all, what is your name?” asked Mary.

“My name is Violet.”

“That is a wonderful name,” says Mary. “Second of all, you do realize you just aid you’re a witch.”

“I guess I did. Please forget so we can be friends.”

“NO, Mary, don’t!” screams Mary’s whole family.

“Of course.” After that Violet and Mary did everything together. Once Violet even volunteered in Mary’s first grade classroom.

A few days later it was Halloween night. Mary and Violet were dressed up for Halloween. Mary dressed up to look exactly like Violet, except for the changing eyes. She wore a long slim, black dress with a tall purple collar. She looked awesome. Violet dressed up to look exactly like Mary. She wore a rainbow dress.
with a red hood over her head. She also held a HUGE rainbow lollipop.

A couple of hours later, when they were done trick-or-treating, Mary’s parents had her dump all of her treats out. But what Mary didn’t know, is that Violet had snuck a candy that was irresistible, especially to a child, into her basket. But that one candy had a special powder that when Mary ate it, a day later at exactly 2:00, she would turn into a broomstick!

Mary’s parents let Mary choose a few small candies to eat. Of course, she found the candy with the special powder in it. “Yes, it is finally happening,” says Violet to herself.

Mary opened the candy and popped it in to her mouth. Just before 2:00 the next day, Mary and her mother were sweeping. At 1:59 Mary’s mother walks away. At exactly 2:00, Mary fell to the floor and became a broomstick. Mary’s mother comes back into the kitchen, but instead of picking up her broom, she picks up Mary! Mary gets swept with for about 20 minutes. After she is done sweeping, Violet picks up Mary and flies away.

That night at supper, Mary’s family could not find her. They looked and looked but couldn’t find her anywhere. After a while, they saw Violet flying by on her broomstick, cracking up.

“I know where Mary is,” shouts Violet. “She’s with the T.C.W.A. now.”

“I always knew I didn’t like her,” says Mary’s father.

The End
It was Halloween morning. Mimi had no school. She was so excited. She was going to be a bat. She was getting ready the whole day. Finally, it was 7:00 that night. She got her costume on. She went outside. There, right before he, was her worst enemy, Gabe.

“Well, well, well, look who it is,” Gabe said. “I dare you to go into Old Man Miller’s house,” he said pointing at the house at the end of the street. It was a deserted mansion on a small hill surrounded by dead trees. Rumors say, that a man once lived there and that his ghost is still there scaring everyone who enters. No one dared to go there. Mimi was so scared she didn’t know what to say, but she didn’t want to look afraid in front of Gabe, so she said, “Ok,” as bravely as she could.

She walked down the street. As she neared the house, she saw signs that said, “DO NOT ENTER!” She noticed a couple dozen crows sitting on the dead trees. She walked up to the house and knocked on the door. The door opened. She looked back at Gabe then and went in. She knew it was a bad idea. The door slammed shut behind her. She assured herself that it was the wind.

She looked around the room. There were spider webs everywhere and white sheets on the furniture. Everything was dusty. There was a broken glass on the floor. Next to that was a human skull - she shivered. Next to the skull was a chest of what looked like animal bones. There was a chandelier ready to fall on its next victim. She saw a dusty 1965 penny on the floor and picked it up and put it in her pocket for good luck. She took a step and a loud creak echoed around the room.

Then someone spoke. It said, “How dare you enter this house!” Then she saw something. It was glowing. She realized it was the ghost of Old Man Miller. But she was so scared, she ran up the stairs. Then she locked herself in a room but the ghost just went through the walls. She opened the door and ran down a never ending hallway. The ghost was a yard behind her. She ran as fast as she could. Then she ran into something and it was the ghost!
She looked back. There were TWO ghosts. She freaked out. Now she had TWO ghosts chasing her. Then she saw a bottle with a label on it that said, “Turn into a ghost.” So, when the ghosts weren’t looking, she drank the bottle and turned into a ghost. The ghosts could not see her any more and started looking for her. Mimi crept down the stairs and out the door.

It was dark dark and the streets were empty. She went back home and saw everyone was already sleeping. She went to her bed and fell asleep.

The next morning Mimi woke up in her bed. She went downstairs for breakfast and told her parents the whole story. Her mom said, “That’s a scary story, but it couldn’t have happened. You were trick-or-treating with us the whole night!”

Maybe it was all a dream? Mimi went upstairs and got dressed. She felt something in her pocket and took it out. It was the 1965 penny from her dream - a chill ran up her spine!

The End
I was running as fast as I could. My phone was clutched in my hand, which was now pale from squeezing it so tight. It had started to rain during my voice lessons and so I had left immediately afterward, running through the eerie October twilight in order to get home as quickly as possible. I had stopped halfway, to catch my breath. I was at a fork in the road. I could take my normal way home, it was safer and I knew it better. It was five blocks though. I glanced to the right, I could cut through the cemetery. It would only take a few minutes and I would be home much faster. I chose the cemetery, if only because my fingers were numb and I was shivering.

Now I was tearing through the short green grass, that was only glazed with drops of water, thanks to the large trees overhead that acted as a canopy. I dodged the gravestones. They were all old, towering blocks of stone that had been chipped away in some parts to form words and names. Names of the dead people.

Then I slipped. My foot slashing through a mud puddle. I landed in a heap on the ground. I lay there, on the wet grass, immobile for a few seconds. And then I saw her.

She was a little girl, pale as could be. She could not possibly be more than six years old, yet she was all alone, sitting on the grass with a clean, dry white pinafore dress draped around her and her light hair tied in two pigtails. Her only companion was a doll just as pale as she was. I watched her play for a moment, moving the doll back and forth across the base of the large gravestone. I got up and took a step forward, wondering if I should ask if she was lost or needed help getting home.

I opened my mouth, wondering what to say. Then, as a word began to tumble out of my mouth, the girl turned to look at me. She smiled. It was a slow smile, the kind you give when you’re surprised and happy, but not overjoyed. Her eyes were clear and white just like the rest of her, but I could see a smudge of blue.
“Want to play?” I heard her say - but her mouth didn’t move. She was looking straight ahead, at something behind me. I must have imagined it. I shivered and continued through the cemetery at a run. at the Gate I turned to look back at her. The moon was shining on the gravestone she she had sat, but she was gone.

It was one week later, the day before Halloween. I was coming home from my voice lessons, my phone clutched in my hand. I came to a fork in the road. I could take my normal way, or I could go through the cemetery. Before I knew what I was doing, my feet were steering me through the gravestones. I stopped at the one where the girl had been the week before. She wasn’t there. There was no trace of her. I traced the lines she had made with her dolls feet across the gravestone. Back and forth, back and forth. My eyes wandered up to the headstone. I read the words:

Here lies Lettie Warford
1912 - 1918
Taken by the Spanish Flue Epidemic of 1918
Missed by All

and I realized . . . she was a ghost.

The End
Colonel Click was not born. Colonel Click was created. More specifically, Colonel Click was created by the finest watch-smiths and clock-makers in all of Great Britain on one All Hallows Eve. They assembled him in a magnificent hall in Buckingham Palace. He was meant to be a great general, the greatest general the world had ever seen, but in case he wasn’t that good of a general they named him Colonel Click.

“We’ll promote him in a couple of weeks anyway,” they muttered. To make him impressive they built him out of the finest brass and added gauges and levers to him.

The watchmakers decided to leave to tell the king about the completion of Colonel Click.

“Your Majesty, we have completed Colonel Click,” they told him. And His Majesty was most pleased.

About an hour after they left, Colonel Click slowly awoke - his copper eyelids opening and his gears clicking.

“I am Colonel Click,” he said. He got off the table. “I am Colonel Click and I am the most perfect being ever.” Pleased with that he walked out of the hall.

Colonel Click set a brisk march and strode down the hall taking no notice of the people who stared at him. He walked down hall after hall, up stair after stair, and finally entered the throne room.

The King of England’s throne room was magnificent. It was long with purple velvet carpeting all the way down to the solid gold throne of the King. On the walls were portraits of all the previous monarchs. The King had purple robes, a massive gold crown and a beautiful gold scepter. Clustered around him were the nobility of England.

Now the King was a portly fellow and he loved to laugh. He also thought that the world was his plaything and everyone was his toy.
Colonel Click strode up to him and said deeply, “I am Colonel Click and I am the most perfect being ever.”

The King chuckled deeply. “Nonsense, Colonel Click. The watchmakers created you. They just told me about it.”

“Be that as it may, you are now officially banished,” declared Colonel Click. “What?!”

However, Colonel Click rose up to his full height and the king suddenly decided to move to France. He threw down his scepter as he ran.

Slowly the nobility of England knelt before their new ruler, Colonel Click, The Automaton. Colonel Click sat down on the King’s throne. He picked up the King’s scepter and put it in his hand.

“A pity about the crown. I would have liked to wear that crown,” he said deeply.

Suddenly, a group of watchmakers came into the throne room. They were none other than the same watchmakers who had made Colonel Click in the first place.

“Colonel Click! We didn’t know where you were!” one of them exclaimed. The other watchmakers looked relieved. Colonel Click said nothing. “By the way, where is the King?” the watchmaker asked. “Why are you holding his scepter and sitting on his throne?”

“I banished him,” replied Colonel Click.

“But you can’t do that, Colonel Click,” said one of the watchmakers. “We created you and built you and designed you and all that.”

“While you may have, the fact remains that I am now King now.”

The watchmakers ran out of the throne room. Of the twenty-two watchmakers only three made it. The rest were captured by King Click.

The watchmakers fled England to Spain and lived in fear, knowing their native land would never be the same. They had created a monster.

The End