

Elmhurst Library presents 'Short and Scary' stories

Congratulations to the winners of Elmhurst Public Library's Short and Scary Writing Contest! Young writers from kindergarten to Grade 8 were challenged with coming up with a super-short story or poem. The entries were judged on their creativity and originality. Winners received a Barnes & Noble gift certificate, a spot in the Library's Kids' Ink magazine, and an opportunity to read their entry for a video on the Library's YouTube channel, available starting Oct. 24: elmlib.org/youtube.

The Short and Scary Writing Contest is sponsored by the Friends of the Elmhurst Public Library.

SELECTED ESSAYS

(Editor's note: Following are five of the essays as a sample of the writing talents of these young people.)

The Nice Ghost Will R., Grade 2

Once upon a time, there was a lonely ghost named "Bob" who had no friends. He lived alone in a haunted mansion with sticky cobwebs all over.

One cloudy evening, Bob adven-

tered out of the haunted mansion. He found a lonely kid named "Pete." Pete had no bike to ride home. Bob wanted to help him, but Pete got REALLY scared, so Pete ran away.

Bob was sad, but he knew he had a bike in the haunted garage. So Bob ran back and got the bike and flew to Pete. Pete was still scared, but soon Pete got used to Bob.

Pete got on the bike and fell (because the bike was really old). But then Bob helped Pete ride his bike home by pushing Pete.

The End.

Night of the Living Jack-o-lanterns Elizabeth L., Grade 3

It was a very foggy Halloween night, and Lizzy was fighting with her brother, Alex over what the face should look like when they carve the pumpkin; once they finally decided on something they carved the face out of the pumpkin.

That night they put the jack-o-lantern outside in front of their house. Lizzy was all ready to go trick or treating when she noticed that the jack-o-lantern was gone! When she

looked back in front of her, she saw that the jack-o-lantern was there, and it had become alive!

She noticed that all the jack-o-lanterns on her street had done the same and they were forming an army! All the jack-o-lanterns seemed to be mad that people had been carving pumpkins on Halloween for so many years.

She had no idea what to do! It seemed that they all were mad at her, even though everyone else had a part in carving them too. By now everyone else had come outside to see what was going on. The army of pumpkins seemed to be growing angrier, and they were getting ready to attack!

She swore to herself that she would never carve a pumpkin again! And it seemed that everyone else was thinking they wouldn't either. Lizzy decided to tell the jack-o-lanterns that nobody wanted the jack-o-lanterns to do this, and she promised that they would never carve another pumpkin again.

After that, all the jack-o-lanterns seemed to calm down a little bit, and slowly they turned back into normal jack-o-lanterns.

Dolls' Playhouse Piper O., Grade 4

Phoebe stepped inside and turned back to her friends. Stupid dare. She didn't want to go into the workshop, but although she thought it was creepy, she had to. She moved inside the workshop and noticed, in the corner of her eye, a dimly lit room. She shuffled inside and examined it.

A dust-covered doll was laying on a table in the middle of the room. Cobwebbed shelves were everywhere. The doll had dusty black hair and was wearing a faded in color pink dress with a bow in her hair that was hanging on by a thread. Phoebe turned around, when a giggle came from behind Phoebe.

It sent a chill down her spine as she turned around slowly and saw the doll. It was no longer laying down, but sitting up holding a sewing string and a needle. When Phoebe's friends noticed she hadn't returned from their dare, they went inside the workshop and noticed the only room with a wide-open door. They tip-toed inside and saw a doll on a shelf that looked like Phoebe and ran for the exit... but not before they too got trapped in what is now known as The Dolls' Playhouse.

The doll giggled and smiled at her new dolls. "We're gonna have so much fun. *giggle*"

Under the Light of a Full Moon Ava T., Grade 6

I was walking to work when I

heard a sound

Filled with worry and terrible gloom

The sound haunted me, that night I lie restless

Under the light of a full moon

The next day fog billowed low

My body warned me soon

I would be in great danger

Under the light of a full moon

I left my door ajar that night

Anticipating for the worst

Then my dog came in

Looking like he was cursed

The door creaked and my heart boomed

And last thing I remember before my leave,

was a figure

Under the light of a full moon

Shadows Evelyn R., Grade 6

She walked slowly down the stairs, for every step there was a creak.

Had she opened the door, what was inside would've made her shriek.

All she could feel was her own coat hung over her like a magic cloak.

Drowned in her thoughts, she barely noticed the voice in her head that spoke,

"Out with the light, I will cover the world with the dark." The voice declared in a somber tone.

"Where was she?" she asked herself, noticing she was not alone.

Suddenly, she shrieked, as the shadows pulled her away from the ends of her feet.