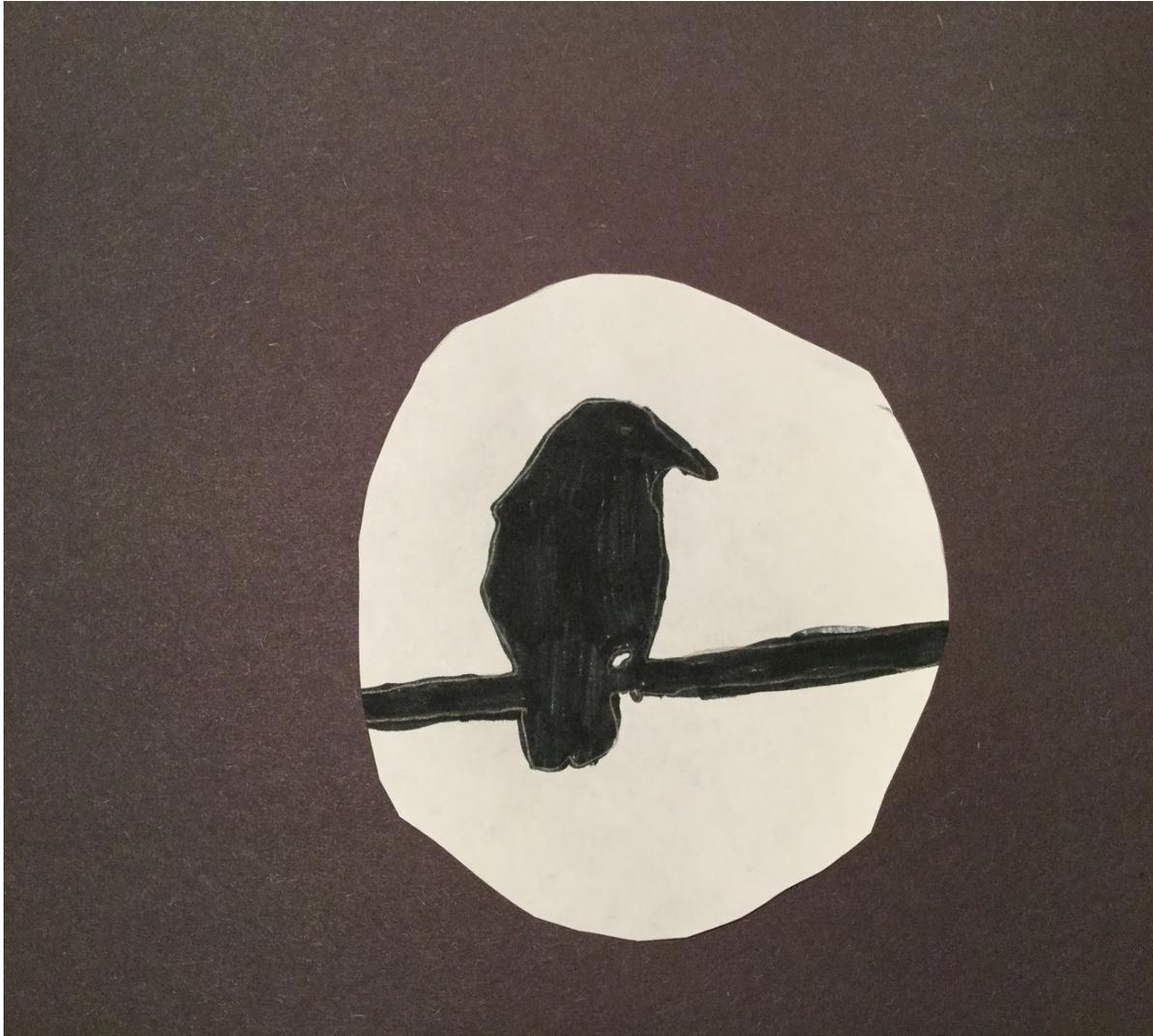


THE BLACK CROW'S WHISTLE

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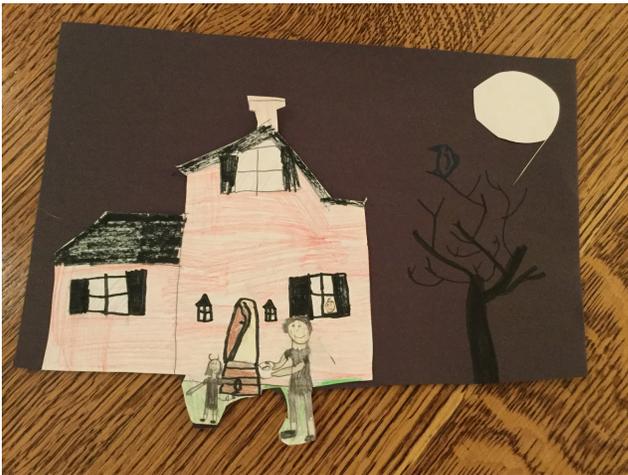
By the way, I hid a whistle in the title!



It was Halloween night. The leaves were rustling down the sidewalk. There was a cold breeze that filled the air. The wind howled like a wolf. Next to an old lady's house was a forest. No one dared to go in the forest. The only people who have gone in were her grandkids. The two boys went many times and always got driven out by the crow. Then they would laugh and go back in. The two girls (twins) only went once or twice and got driven out by the crow too. They are now in grades 9-12th, so they don't go in anymore. Even during the day, the forest was still dark. The forest was full of animals: Foxes, Raccoons, Deer, Possums, Coyotes, Owls, and one animal stood out from all the creatures, the crow. The crow's call was the loudest next to the coyote's howl. The crow's call was sad.

"Cawww Cawww."

The Old crow sat on a tree branch, watching an old lady hand out whistles and say,



"Use this whistle to find each other and locate other trick-or-treaters."

Somehow, the crow knew English. The crow thought about how to scare the kids with this whistle idea to locate others. The crow thought his plan was great and would drive many groups out of his lane.

"Cawww Cawww!"

The crow said with excitement. He was happy with his plan. The crow's song wasn't as sad this time. He flew down to the house. He landed on a branch in a tree near the front door, where the lady was handing out whistles.

"Now wait for a trick or treater so I know I heard her for sure,"

Thought the crow. A few minutes later, a trick or treater came. The lady told them how to use the whistle. When the trick or treater left, the lady accidentally dropped a whistle. The lady didn't know she dropped a whistle so she went inside. The crow snatched up the whistle and flew away. The crow flew high over the kids, camouflaged against the black sky. He blew the whistle and quickly flew into a tree. The whistle was black, so it camouflaged in with the crow's feathers.

"What was that?"

asked a kid. The group looked around. Not a person in sight. So the group kept walking. The crow whistled again and flew into a tree.



"What's going on?" asked a kid.

"I don't know but let's try to look for the kid and the whistle,"

The group looked. They had flash lights so they could see better. The crow dropped its whistle in a bush as soon as he saw the lights. Then, a light brightened him up, and suddenly was on the neighboring tree, not on him and went out. Then the group started to talk,

"I didn't see any one."

"Same."

"Me neither."

"Mommy, I'm scared."

"Guys stay calm, it's probably someone in a bush or behind a tree."

The crow had flown away already. Half of the group was looking behind trees, in bushes, and behind rocks. Then someone peeked in a bush and found the crow's whistle.

“Guys, I found this... whistle like the one the old lady was passing out to us. ”

“But no one was in that bush. I was staring at it the whole time and the sound didn't come from the bush.”

“It's a ghost! Cool!”

Then they put the whistle by the bush and went to the next house. The crow was watching from a far away tree. He went back to the bush and snatched up the whistle and started whistling. He did it the rest of the night to all the groups. Many people got scared. Two groups stopped trick-or-treating, 3 groups went to a different lane and the other 7 had to listen to the ghostly whistling of the crow's whistle.

The End.