

Sarah's Halloween Night Adventure.

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Sarah woke up frightened hearing an incredibly loud sound, in fact it was the loudest sound she ever heard. The thunder outside her window was thundering, each time louder, and the lightning flashing, so light blinding her as it struck. She sat in her bed hugging her stuffed animals, and snuggling closely to her blanket. The church bell rang over and over. 12 times. It was midnight, the night of Halloween. Her heart was beating so fast, getting faster and faster. Sarah heard a faint scream come from her left. She rushed over to the window, her fears growing larger and larger. There were three shadows, black figures, quietly tiptoeing across the road.



One woman, and two men. The first man wobbled around looking like a zombie trying to get people's brains. He gave looks of warning at his companions. The woman was screaming, but Sarah didn't think anyone heard her except herself.

Sarah wanted to tell her parents of what she had just seen, though she wasn't sure they would believe her, or if that would do any help

because the group already disappeared in sight, there was only blackness, and lightning flashing angrily. Loud booms of thunder filled Sarah's ears. Sarah decided to walk quietly to her parents room, hoping they would help her. Too bad Sarah didn't know what was ahead of her.

Thump, thump, thump, the tired stairs grumbled, as Sarah walked down the stairs, the noise continuing, until finally reaching the end. Tiptoeing into her parents room she opened the door.

"Mom, dad," she yelled.

Sarah called out again, but no one answered.

"This is getting scary," mumbled Sarah holding back her tears. Her parents were gone.

Not knowing what to do, Sarah flopped on the bed crying her eyes out. Big fat tears fell on her pink cheeks. Turning her head to the side she saw a crumpled piece of paper on her mother's bed stand. Sarah got up and picked it up.

"Ah!!" She yelled, she couldn't believe what it said:

"We have your parents. They are at the house
27 Chamblee Lane."

Sarah's head was full of questions. What house was 27 Chamblee Lane? Are my parents okay? Remembering something, she jumped up!

"Oh!!" Sarah exclaimed.

27 Chamblee Lane is the haunted house, the one we always passed when we took a walk around the neighborhood, thought Sarah with excitement. Running out of the room, Sarah tried to unlock the front door, though she was using all her strength, tugging and tugging, there was no succes.

“Great,” Sarah said under her breath.

Her memories flew into her head recalling the time her father told her what to do in any case of emergency.

“There is a secret door under the small rug of the office,” he would say. Sarah could see every moment of him clearly in her head, talking seriously. Hurrying into the office, she gave the small, fluffy rug a tug. It budged a couple inches. Sarah tried again, this time pulling harder, using the rest of her strength. The rug moved about 2 or 3 feet, enough for her to open the trap door. Tugging on it hard, it magically opened. She climbed down the wiggly, uneven stairs, until she reached an even carpet of soil. The walls and ceiling were covered in thick globs of mud, dry and cracked. Ducking her head, Sarah marched confidently through the tunnel. A mouse scurried through ignoring Sarah. In a minute or two, she touched another door covered in the green, dancing twine. Opening the door, Sarah walked out looking side to side. The storm passed, and it was really windy. Sarah noticed large branches from trees laying on the ground, and garbage cans rolling on the road.

There she saw the house. Old, creepy house. The house was all covered in wilted, white flowers and green leaves weaving around it. The rusty garage door was turning yellow, not counting the wooden, brown handle. Even the mailbox had the owners name on it! Opening the door was a problem, Sarah had to tug on it so hard, that only in a while it opened.



“Aaaaah!! Sarah gasped.

Inside there was a witch. Orange hair, green dress, black cape, an evil look in her eyes, standing next to a black steaming cauldron, holding a giant book of spells in her creepy, claw like hands.

“Well, who do we have here,” the witch said, smirking.



Looking away from the witch, Sarah saw her parents, each tied to a chair, horror, and pleading looks on their faces.

“Mack, Zack,” hollered the witch. Two mummies wrapped head to toe, appeared.

"Aaaaaaaaah!!!" Sarah shrieked.

“You know what to do,” responded the witch.

“Yes Imelda,” the mummies mumbled.

The mummies headed over and grabbed each one of Sarah’s arms. They

tied Sarah to another chair beside her parents. Mom looked more terrorized than ever, and dad was trying to set free.

“Jones,” yelled the wicked witch.

A zombie wobbled up to the witch.

“Aaaaah!” It was the same shadow that walked past my window.

Sarah’s parents looked at Jones with fearful looks. It was a zombie.

“Yes my queen,” he said in a low voice.

“It’s time,” Imelda said, “get them”.

Quickly untying Sarah’s parents, and grabbing them he carried them next to the caldron.

There out of nowhere appeared a python, the color green, with bright, yellow eyes shining on to her master.



“Kaa, what are you doing here,” the sorceress asked.

Slithering toward the worried devil, he whispered:

“I’m here to kill you, keeping me imprisoned for 100 years, murdering people, making poisonous potions..... enough!!”

Crawling onto the witch’s tattered, old skin, each time going higher and higher. Already reaching her neck, he tightened his slimy body over her, he choked her, making the witch fall to the ground holding her heart.

The mummies, and the zombie freezed in shape, while the python disappeared through the door, into the misterius, dark and scary forest.

Sarah’s and her parent’s hearts stopped, at least it looked like it.

Breaking each other free, the relieved family marched into the wide and big freedom.

Burying her head into her pillow and settling next to her blanket, Sarah said good night to her parents.

“Good night,” her mom said, “are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Sarah responded.

Laying in her bed, Sarah’s eyes fluttered close, and she fell asleep like a happy dog.

The End.

