

THE SUGARY SCARING FESTIVAL

By Pitcher Clemons

This halloween was like any other halloween. Except deep in the forest, in the dampest, darkest cave, there was a gathering of monsters. From goblins, ghouls, and ghosts, to zombies, vampires and skeletons. They were all gathered to hear the rules for the new contest that Sammy Skeleton was hosting.

“Hello everybody, and every nonbody. I am Sammy the Skeleton and I have some frighteningly fun mischief for us to get into this halloween: *The Sugary Scaring Festival*. “At nine tomorrow, when all the little kids come outside to trick-or-treat, we will all go our separate ways and try to scare as many children as possible. The crows will be in the sky to make sure everybody tells the truth. You are not allowed to harm any kids to make them scared. But, other than that, anything goes. The winner will receive a trophy and the title of Scariest Monster.”

As the creatures wandered away, thinking about their strategies for the next night, Sammy the Skeleton told the crows, “If you see a child drop his candy when he gets scared, grab it and bring it to me, got it?” Squawk! “Good, see you tomorrow.”

When the next night came, all the monsters gathered outside of Sammy's cave to wait for the starting shriek. Finally: “Shrieeeeeeeeeeeeek!” It came! Everybody (and every nonbody) dashed off determined to be the first one to start scaring. When they got there, they wreaked havoc, scaring kids left and right. The crows brought back loads of candy to Sammy who was waiting expectantly.

Soon, all the kids were scared in their rooms with the lights on; covers pulled over their heads. So the monsters trudged back to Sammy's cave, tired from all the scaring, each hoping that they were the winner.

Sammy was standing in front of her cave waiting. “The crows tell me you all did very well. But, there can only be one winner. And that winner is...” At this all of the foul creatures leaned in, waiting for the winner to be announced. “Tom the Troll!” There was one shout of happiness and many moans of disappointment. “Tom, come and collect your trophy.” Tom hurried through the crowd to collect his prize.

The prize was a colossal cup filled to the brim with candy and engraved: *Scariest Monster*. “Wow! I can't possibly eat all of this myself!” Tom exclaimed. And then, using his big troll strength, he pushed the cup over and all of the candy poured out to the disappointed crowd of monsters! They were practically buried in candy.

They all gorged themselves all night long. When daylight came and they had to go inside to get out of the sun, they moved the still-large pile of candy in the cave and continued. When they finally ran out of candy, everyone felt horrible with tummy aches, and they slowly trickled away to their homes. Sammy yelled, “same time next year.”

But next year... nobody and no nonbodies showed up.

THE END

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