

The Cursed Decorations

Alyssa and Mark Taylor would die without Halloween. The two twelve year old conjoined, or used to be conjoined twins depend on Halloween. Ever since second grade the twins were made fun of because of their arms which were different, from where they were conjoined. The twins thought Halloween was a chance to be whatever they wanted to be without being laughed at or pushed around. It was better than their birthdays. Because of that, Alyssa's favorite books to read were by R.L Stine, she liked how it sent a shiver down her spine and left her thinking at night, and Mark loved supernatural things, for him anything scary satisfied Mark. All the kids in the neighborhood thought they were weird but that did not change the facts that the twins loved Halloween.

It was three days 'till Halloween and the twins were ecstatic. "Hey mom?" Alyssa asked.

"Yes sweetie?"

"Do you have any idea where my Halloween costume is?"

"Did you check the closet? I swear I put it in there just a couple of days ago?"

"No I don't... MARK! Where did you put my Halloween costume, you little jerk!"

Mark just stood there with his arms crossed glaring at Alyssa who was scowling at him. "How am I supposed to know where you put things? It's not my fault you lose absolutely everything you touch." Mark said with a foolish smirk on his face. Alyssa's face burned up and looked as red as blood. "That is it you little twerp!" Alyssa yelled and pounced on Mark. The two never really got long except on Halloween where there was very little improvement on their behavior. "Can't you two just get along for a few minutes?" Mrs. Taylor scolded.

"Not unless Mark doesn't learn to shut up!" Alyssa screamed.

"Oh, why doesn't the bony-armed baby cry and whine." Mark said antagonistically. Alyssa burst into tears and yelled, "Don't call me that!"

“I’m sick and tired of you two fighting. Go to your room and I don’t want to see you two for the rest of the night.” Alyssa ran up to her room and slammed the door when she saw her Halloween costume and their decoration, Frankenstein sitting on her bed. She thought to herself, why did Mark put Frankenstein on my bed? Alyssa threw the decoration on the ground and fell asleep smiling excited for Halloween.

A loud crash woke Alyssa up and startled her. She turned on her lamp and saw that Frankenstein was standing by the door as still as stone holding the doorknob. A shiver went down her spine and she trembled. She got out of bed and opened the door.. She held her breath, peered out and exhaled. “Nothing, it was nothing.” She tossed the decoration out in the hallway. Got in bed and sighed a sigh of relief. Then she heard a faint tapping and a low grumbling voice that could make trees collapse and the sun burst. “Let me in... You are not safe here, let me come in and help.” Alyssa froze. She jumped out of bed and ran to lock the door. She grabbed a softball bat and sat at her door for the rest of the night.

In the morning Alyssa’s mom asked her how she slept last night and Alyssa said she slept fine. “Well it looks like you saw a ghost! You look terrible!” Mark laughed and teased. “Mark.”

“Ugh, I know, I know I should keep my thoughts to myself.” Mark grunted.

“Honey, are you sure you’re okay? You do look pale.”

“Fine. I’m fine” Alyssa whispered. Alyssa decided to make a plan. Something was going on. She ran outside and grabbed security cameras from her garage, set them up and she knew she was prepared. She took a long power nap so she wouldn’t fall asleep tonight. She had a steel bowl for head protection, a softball bat for defense, snacks and drinks. Luckily she had her own bathroom in her room. Lastly, she locked her door. When the time had come she had a tablet to watch the security cams. “You got this, Alyssa Taylor. Don’t chicken out now.” Alyssa thought this was R.L Stine’s books all over again.

Alyssa watched the cams until she drifted off around 11:30. Then at 12:00 she heard pitter pattering feet and then heard and felt scratching on the door. “SHOOT! I fell asleep!” Alyssa turned on her tablet and saw it was almost dead. “No, no, no.” Alyssa whimpered. She rushed to plug it in when she heard the doorknob rattling. She turned on the cams and saw Chucky pounding on the door and a werewolf trying to open it. She saw creepy babies crawling on the floor and spiders scurrying across the walls. “I hate Halloween. This year I’m staying home!” She cried. Then she wandered. Why

aren't her parents awake? With all of this noise. Then morning came and the monsters disappeared. "Hey. Mom. Can we go get new Halloween decorations? I tried all of them and they are dead. Could we take them to the dump?" Alyssa had to think of some way to get rid of them so this was the best thing she could think of at this moment. "Yeah, I don't know why they aren't working though, and are you sure you checked all of them?"

"Yeah, I'm sure!"

"Okay, you want to come with me?" Mrs. Taylor said

"I'd love to!" Alyssa said happily.

Then all of a sudden Alyssa woke up, she was in her bed like nothing happened. Her mom yelled up at her asking if she wanted breakfast. Was it all just a dream? What a mystery. Alyssa thought. She looked outside and saw all of her same Halloween decorations, all standing there. "Alyssa! I'm starving and mom won't let me eat until you come down! So, if you don't, I'm gonna lick your toothbrush!" Mark yelled.

"Coming!" Alyssa yelled. But then she saw a softball bat and a locked door, a tablet and snacks and Alyssa thought to herself, oh no... Here we go again!