



The New House

As we walked down our familiar home street we listened to the choruses of “Trick or Treat” begin on every doorstep. This was our third year, and we were in awe of the amount of lollies we received every year. Our piles lasted for weeks, meaning sugar highs every night.

“Hey Spiderman, look there is a new house!” Ghost bellowed, obviously already on his sugar high.

I looked to where he was pointing. A small, cottage-like house, with a white-picket fence stood before us. There were Halloween decorations all over the lawn, and on the front veranda a lady sat on a rusting, bronze chair. She was covered in wrinkles, and looked like she wouldn’t be able to stand up with her brittle bones.

“Should we go over there?” Batman piped in.

Just as Batman finished speaking, the little old lady spotted us. She slowly lifted her hand and waved us over.

“I bet she has loads of lollies!” Ghost shrieked with happiness.

All of my friends began running to her porch steps, like dogs running to their master for a treat. I kept where I was; there was something off with this house. But, then I thought, she probably has lollies. So, I pushed away my suspicions, and followed my friends up to old woman’s house.

“Hello there little ones... come here for some treats?” the old woman spoke.

“Yes ma’am! Trick or treat!” Ghost yelled.

“Well why don’t you all come on inside, I’ll need some help with the load of lollies I’ve got.” She began to smile wickedly as my friends ran into the house. “Are you coming in sweetie?” she peered down at me, her eyes burning.

“Umm... no ma’am I. I think I’ll stay out here, and wait for my friends.” I stuttered, and I could tell she could see through me. Suddenly her eyes turned as black as the night sky. The blood rushed through her veins turning her red. Her nails grew into sharp spears, as did her teeth.

“Too bad, you look more delicious than your scrawny friends,” her demonic voice spoke, as she poked my chubby stomach with her long nails.

With a flash of light she was gone, her front door slammed, the wood crackling with the force. From inside the house wept with screams, and I knew that I would never see my friends again.

Sarah Pennisi - Promo Roll Call