



AUTUMN

By: Erin

Here comes, autumn, let's go outside and rake some leaves! Now let's jump in- WHEEE! !

RAKE AND RUN!

The 6th grade class is doing a service project for this fall! They are going to rake people's yards for free! Let's RAKE!



Believe

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 1

HALLOWEEN ISSUE

Letter from the Editor

Dear Reader,

Welcome back to the new school year, and the new volume of Believe Magazine. We have come so far since the first issue. We have gone from a 13 paged one-sided magazine to a 29 paged two-sided magazine. We hope to have four issues this year and hope to continue publishing our best writing that is fun and

interesting for our readers. We will miss our former editor Katharine Z. and we wish her well at her new school. We



hope you enjoy the first

issue of the year! We would LOVE feedback, so you can contact us at klowing@stpaul-school.org.

From your new editor,
Carley D.

Come Near By: Gracie M.

If you are uncertain, come near.

If you are unhappy, come near.

For God is the Savior ; He tells us to come.

Come near, come near, come near.





By Carley D.

Chapter 3 Frank

The next night Amy and I walk slowly up to the carnival. It was hard to believe that yesterday this lot was completely empty. Now it was covered with carnival games and booths. Lights flashed from a large parade float. The float was covered with red, white, and black roses which were arranged to form a large skull in the middle of it. Also on this float there were a set of drums, three guitars, five mi-

crophone stands, and many amps, like they were going to have a concert on the float.

Sitting on top of the float was a boy. He had short dark brown hair and wore a black jacket and pants. The jacket looked like a traditional marching band jacket. It was black with white accents and black and white striped sleeves. He was playing one of the guitars from the float. It was a white guitar.

"Hello," Amy shouted, and ran over to the float. I flowed reluctantly. "Hi! I'm Amy and

this is my BFF Charlotte! What's your name?"

"Frank," he said flatly. He looked to be about 15 or 16 years old. "I don't remember ever seeing you two before. Would you like me to show you around?"

"Sure," Amy said excitedly. Frank stood, put the guitar down and offered Amy his hand. She took it, giggling. She must have had a crush on him or something. I admit he was kind of cute but he scared me. It was like he had a spell on me and Amy. Like we had no choice, we had to do whatever he said.

Places Unknown

Part I

By: Gracie M.

TO BE

CONTINUED

I woke up early, the smell of pine sap drifting into each breath. But when I opened my eyes, I realized I was definitely not in Maine anymore, that's for sure. I snuck a glance to my sister, Callie, sleeping beside me.

"Your name is Beta Halla, yes?" a creature said to me.

"And also, why are you here?"

"You tell me, sir." I, all of a sudden, started hyperventilating.

"Do you know where you are?"

"No, sir."

"You are in a different di-

"Yes, sir," I said, fighting the urge to slash the thing with my Swiss Army knife.

"And the girl, who might she be?"

"Callie Halla, sir." I was getting angry. Who is he?

"You must lay still and answer my questions."

mension. This city is called Cobrena City."

"Mmmm. Good morning, Rossum." My sister reached over, expecting to find her ferret.

"Call, we aren't at home anymore."

"Sure. Nice try, big brother."

"Alright." I laid stiff, my eyes watering.

"Where exactly do you live?"

"2901 Frederickson Drive Northeast, Augusta, Maine," I managed to croak.

"Your mother's and father's name?"

"Emmy and Liam Halla." Ok, it was getting easier now.

"I am serious. Look at this creature."

My sister screamed bloody murder.

"WHAT I-I-IS TH-TH-THAT?" "Relax. We're in Cobrena City, in a different dimension."

"I have a bad feeling about this....." my sister's voice trailed off as a dark figure came over us.

Interview With Elissa Weissman

What's your favorite part of being an author?

Hearing from readers like you! Writing a book is a very solitary job—it's just me and my computer (and the characters I make up, but they're not real people, so they don't count). It's amazing to think that once the book is out, there could be all these kids reading it out there, connecting with my characters, and in some sense with me, in ways I can't even imagine. So it's super cool when I get to hear from some of those read-

What was your first story called? It can be your first story from when you were little.

I remember writing a story in first grade about a pterodactyl who is looking for a job. I don't remember the title of it (it was probably something like "A Job for Mr. Pterodactyl!"), but in the end he gets a job delivering airmail!

Do you have a favorite book?

Too many to name! If I had to pick one, I'd probably choose the original Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie. I love the story, but I especially love the way it's written.

Do you have all-time favorite character?

Ender from Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card. And also the Weasley twins from Harry Potter. I wish Ender and the Weasley twins were real so I could be friends with them!

Where is your favorite place to write?

I have a hard time getting work done in my house, especially now because I have a baby. So I write

ers.

When did you know you wanted to be an author?

I think I officially decided that I wanted to be an author when I was in fourth grade, but even before that I was filling notebook after notebook with stories.

Did anyone inspire you to be an author?

All of the authors whose books I read when I was kid inspired me to write. Did you ever read a book that was so good, it made you want

When did you start writing?

At least first grade, it seems. Even before that I was making up stories about my Little People toys, each of whom had a name and a story that I made up. But I wrote the first book that got published when I was 21 and a senior in college.

on my laptop in various coffee shops. The bonus is that I get to drink hot chocolate as part of my job.

Who is your favorite author?

Again, too many to name! But since I've already mentioned a few of them in other questions, I'm going to go out of the box (for me) and say William Shakespeare. I've done a lot of acting, and Shakespeare plays are so much fun to perform because he's just such a good writer. It can definitely be tough to understand what he's saying sometimes, but once you figure it out, you realize no one could have said it better.

to go and write your own just like it? Just a few of the authors who inspired me like that at that age were Louis Sachar, Lois Lowry, and Gordon Korman. When I was in sixth grade, I wrote letters to Gordon Korman and Ann M. Martin, and both of them wrote me back with advice and encouragement. That was extremely inspiring as well.

Was anyone in your family an author?

Nope! But my mom did have a story published in a magazine when she was young, and her mother (my grandmother) liked to write, as well.

Proverbs 30:5

Every word of

God proves

true.

Places Unknown Part 2 Gracie M.



“AAH! Beta! What the heck is going on?” my sister screamed as we were lifted off the ground.

“I don’t know, Callie. I am possessed by my master, Forenzia.” I felt so good and relaxed.

“Wh-wh-whoa!” Callie screamed as she took in the full effect of the cliff below her.

“Callie. If we die, we shall die a loyal death.”

“What?! Are you crazy or somethin’?”

“Oh, you poor little child. You don’t understand the meaning of life, to serve Forenzia.”

“B-e-t-a! You don’t understand ANYTHING! Forenzia is the most stupid thing I’ve ever heard!”

“Oh, my.....”

“Urghurgh! You ignorant child! My good Beta lives to serve me, Forenzia.” The creature smirked. He had an idea.

All of a sudden I heard, “AAAAAAAAAH.”

Deuteronomy 6:5
You shall love the Lord, your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your might.

Abduction By: Erin B.

Hi, my name is Emily. I was taken to an orphanage when I was about three years old. My mom and dad didn’t like me. I know this because they told me. They didn’t like me because... I have a disability, and that’s where the story starts.

I’m eleven years old now and it has been eight years since I arrived at the orphanage for girls. I sleep in bedroom 75A with the girls Brittney, Lily, Victoria, and the meanest of them all, Valerie. She thought that EVERYTHING was supposed to be about her. Oh, and

another thing is, I sit on my bed alone everyday while the four other girls tease me about my disability.

To Be Continued...

Almonds By: Lauren S.

Almonds	It’s good for you
Almonds	But not good too
Chocolate Chips	So eat your almonds
Almonds	And chew them
Chocolate chips	through!
Great mix!	

The Curse of the Black Parade

Chapter 4 Welcome to the Black Parade!

Frank showed us around your normal looking carnival. Glittering lights lined the rows of cheesy-dangerous rides, and game that always stole your money. People were playing the games, ridding the rides and eating sugary-greasy-disgusting-carnival food.

"Oh no," Frank said looking sad, "the parade is starting soon. Gee will get mad if I'm late."

We walked back over to the large float. On it now was four boys all around Frank's age and wearing what looked like the same outfit just a little personalized. Actually, everyone at the carnival was wearing that basic black marching band uniform.

One boy had light orange hair and he sat at the drum kit. Another boy had a medium brown Afro and was strumming a black guitar. A third boy, who had short, light brown hair, held a sparkling silver bass and was talking to the fourth boy. I paid A LOT more attention to him.

He had white hair and dark brown eyes. He looked very confident and unafraid of anything. All the boys had some sort of spell over Amy and I. Frank mostly had Amy in his control and the white haired boy had me.

"Gee," Frank said, hopping up on to the float and grabbing his guitar.

"Frank, how many time have I told you NOT to call me Gee," the white haired boy said, "my name is Gerard."

"Well, whatever Gee, I've got some new rectus." Frank said smil-

"Oh you better go," I said, using any chance I had to get away from him.

"You wouldn't want umm 'Gee' to get mad."

"Ya, well I hope you enjoy your time here." Frank said walking away slowly.

"Wait, Frankie," Amy shouted. I have no idea when she started calling him 'Frankie'. "Please don't leave." Amy looked seriously sad.

"Wait," Frank said, looking up and smiling. "Why don't you two come with me? You can be part of the

ing. "this is Charlotte, and Amy." he gestured to each of us when he said our names.

"Good work Frank," Gerard said not looking at Frank but at me. "Follow me ladies, we'll go get you some uniforms."

"Kay." I said smiling.

We walked to the center of the carnival, to a large trailer. In the trailer it looked like a normal mobile home. It had a couch, a fridge, a sink and a stove.

"This way," Gerard said leading Amy and I to the back of the trailer to a large closet. "We should be able to find you some clothes in there. Meet me back at the float after you changed." with that he left.

Right when he left, it was like the spell was lifted. I could think for myself, but still I opened the closet and found two black marching band uniforms. One had a skirt and long sleeved jacket and high boots. The other had a short sleeved jacket skirt and high boots.

"I'll take this one," I said taking the long sleeved one.

parade to. I don't think Gee will mind."

"That sounds awesome!" Amy said gleefully.

"Great," Frank said, "follow me."

Psalm 19:1 –

The heavens

declare the

glory of God.

"Kay, I'll take the other." Amy said, grabbing the short sleeved outfit.

We changed, grabbed our costumes, and walked back to the float. Gerard and the rest of the boys were setting up.

" Oh great you are ready," Gerard said, " I assume the clothes fit."

"Ya they do." I said, in a trance again. Amy and I hopped on to the float.

"Let me introduce the band," Gerard said. "On drums is Bob," the orange haired boy looked up and waved. "Over there is Frank, but you already know him. With him is our other guitar player, Ray" the kid with the Afro waved. "and this is my little brother, the best bass player in the world, Mikey" the boy with the light brown hair walked up to us.

"As you know, I am Gerard, I am the leader of The Black Parade, and I sing. I just want to say," Stepping to the center of the float, he out stretched his arms and shouted dramatically, " Welcome to the Black Parade!"



*1 Corinthians
10:31 – Whatever
you do, do
everything for the
glory of God.*

Poems

The Seasons

By: Erin

First comes summer; no more school! There comes fall; watch the leaves drift off the trees! Then comes winter; no more leaves! Now here comes spring; running through the tall grass! And that's all the seasons first to last!

If Only

By Gracie Meijer

If only I could fly
I would never die
If only I could travel
Back in time
I would never cry
I would know all my past
My friends gone to pass

If only I could

If only I

If only

If

(COUGH)

Goodbye...

RIP

Dear Harmony

Dear Harmony,

I miss my teacher from last year so much! What should I do?

Gloomy in a New Grade

Dear Gloomy in a New Grade,

Everyone misses their old teacher, but a new teacher is a fresh start. She probably doesn't know much about you, and would like to know more. So take this new teacher as a fresh, fun start!

Hope the new teacher is fun!

Harmony

Dear Harmony,

Too much homework! I want to watch TV after school and listen to music in the evening. I want to text or email my friends before I go to bed and I want to sleep in 'til the last minute in the morning! What am I going to do? Help!

Too Much Homework!

Dear Too Much Homework,

That much homework?!?!
Wow! Well, first you don't have to do your homework all at once, say you have math, science, and social studies. Take breaks in between. Do your homework in a comfy spot. If you do your homework first thing, you'll have it done in no time.

Hope the homework blues go away,

Harmony

Dear Harmony,

My dad always steals my lunch. He likes the lunch treats. Then I have nothing to eat at school!

Hungry at SPA

Dear Hungry at SPA,

Your dad steals your lunches?!
You've got to be kidding me! Well, first tell him not to. If he doesn't listen, tell your mother. If worst comes to worst, pack two lunches, one with no lunch treat (or hide it in your backpack).

Hope the hungry monster won't get you,

Harmony

Nature Photography By: Coletta Manske

Nature Photography Contest Winner! Carley from 8th grade won.



Poems

Summer

By: Erin B.

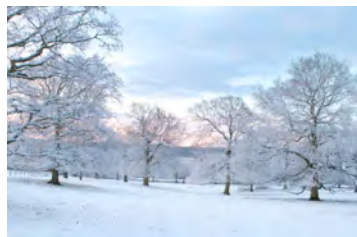
Summer's here! No more school! Let's go outside on the swings! Look at that hawk's soaring wings! Now let's go inside and have a popsicle! After that let's go ride my bicycle!



Winter

By: Erin

Brrrrrrr!!!! Winter is here! Let's make angels in the snow! Winter is my favorite season, you know! Oh, hot chocolate sounds sweet! Now we are having a Christmas feast!



Trees

By: Lauren

Trees

Trees

Provide a breeze

And air for all

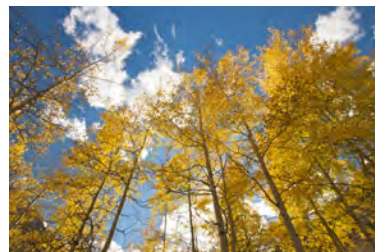
And leaves for fall

The changing colors

They're so bright

The trees in fall

Oh what a sight!



Isaiah 43:5

Do not be afraid for I am with you.



Reel Life Starring Us By: Lisa Greenwald

Meet Dina, the new girl. She's from a school where everyone is considered cool and has their own thing, but at Rockwood Hill Middle School everything changes. Dina starts a month late. She's unpopular, no one likes her. Dina's been chipped more than anyone can count. (Chipped means putting leftover chip bags with crumbs in other people's backpack when they are not looking).

Meet Chelsea, the girl who's

popular and who everyone thinks has the life, but she's hiding something. She's missed the first month of school too with mono. She's popular, but does she like it?

When Dina and Chelsea are paired together for a video of "A Day in the Life of a Rockwood Hills Student" for the 50th anniversary of the school, how will it turn out? Will they become friends?

It's a great book for grades 5th and up! Lisa Greenwald is

amazing. She's written *My Life in Pink and Green* and *Sweet Treats and Secret Crushes*. I could not put this book down. It was so interesting and amazingly well written! I hope you try reading this book!

Review by: Coletta M.

Genesis 1:1
In the beginning,
God created the
heavens and the
earth.

The Cookie Thief By: Emily D.

There once lived a girl named Charlotte. Charlotte lived with her mom, dad, sister, brother, and hamster. Her sister is named Lea and her brother is named Kevin, her hamster is named Shredder because he loves to shred his newspaper.

One day when Charlotte went into the cookie jar to pack her lunch for school, there were no cookies left. All there was left were just tiny morsels of cookie crumbs. So, Charlotte decided to put cookies on her mom's shopping list.

The next day her mom went to the store and bought some more cookies. An hour later Charlotte

went to pack her lunch again, but there were no cookies left again.

That night at supper she called a meeting and asked everybody if they were the cookie thief but they all said no. Charlotte started to think something was strange.

Charlotte went to the library and check out a bunch of thick detective books. She read all of them but it still didn't tell her how to figure it out. Then a thought popped into her head, she should check Shredder's cage to see if he was eating them.

When she got there he was sleeping in his little fort that he made with old shredded newspaper. When she looked in there

she saw nothing but poop and news paper in there, but right before she left the basement, she started to smell something like chocolate chip cookies. So Charlotte double check Shredder's cage again and found that inside his fort he saw cookie crumbs in there.

At supper she announced that Shredder was the cookie thief. After that she and her mom got a better lock to but on his cage so he couldn't get out. And they lived happily ever after with cookies.

The End

The Curse of the Black Parade

Chapter 5

Fire!

“Amy we NEED to get out of here,” I whispered in Amy’s ear.

“Yea, I think we do, too,” she whispered back.

“Hey, Gerard, this has all been fun and all, but, uh, we should be going,” I said slowly.

“Yea, we really need to leave,” Amy said.

“No, you can’t leave now. You’ll miss the best part,” Gerard said. He looked acutely sad that we wanted to leave.

“Yes, we NEED to leave NOW!” I said. We started to walk away. Just then, out of nowhere, Gerard appeared right behind us. We turned around suddenly.

“Seriously, you can’t leave now,” he said.

“Oh yeah! Watch us!” Amy said. We had just turned to leave again, but Gerard snapped his fingers and Mikey, Ray, Frank,

and Bob appeared behind him. He snapped his fingers again, and Ray and Mikey grabbed our costumes out of Amy’s and my hands and tossed them aside and snapped their fingers. Just then our costumes burst into flames! All of our hard work gone in a flash of red.

“Hey, we handmade those!” Amy shrieked. The boys kept advancing and we had to keep backing up and then we hit a wall. We turned around and saw that we were at the edge of the lot, but we couldn’t get passed the spot we were at. There was an invisible wall there.

“Good,” Gerard said. “It’s taking effect. Now, do you see, you physically can’t leave?” Gerard, Ray, Mikey, and Bob turned and walked back to the float. Frank stayed behind.

“I want to help you,” he said.

Genesis 16:13

You are the

God who sees.

Spring

By: Erin

Spring is here! Time for spring break!
We had some cake to celebrate! We saw four dolphins hunting in the Atlantic Bay! We also went to breakfast at the Grand Café!

Halloween Land

By: Lauren

Once upon a time there were three kids, Audrey, Adam, and Addison Peters, three kids who loved Halloween. Their mom, Amy, didn't allow her children to do anything 'magic-related'. No trick-or-treating, no Easter egg hunting, nothing! She also had a massive case of sugar phobia. Mrs. Peters would never, not once, let any of her kids eat candy, ever! She was even against dressing up for Halloween!

"Mom, can we please dress up tonight?" Audrey - the oldest of the three kids- begged her mother.

"And go trick-or-treating?" pleaded the youngest, Addison.

"No, no, no!" shouted Mrs. Peters. "My children don't dress up!" She said this as if it were a crime. "No one in this family will do anything 'magical'! And don't even think about watching a scary movie! No ghosts, ghouls, or goblins!" Audrey was about to say something when Mrs. Peters continued, "Or witches!" Audrey frowned.

"Mom, Audrey is eleven years old. I'm eight, and Addison is five. I think we're old enough to handle a holiday. And I mean, we're all still kids here, let us have some fun for once." Adam pushed up his glasses, unsure how his mother would react.

Mrs. Peters gave her son a look. "You heard me!" she shouted. She headed to the kitchen.

"Dinner's ready!" called Mr. Peters.

"No... it's time to go trick-or-treating," whined Addison, crossing her arms.

Mrs. Peters marched over and picked up her daughter. "Now Addison! It's delicious," she said.

Soon they were in the kitchen. Addison took one good look at her food and, "Blech! I hate carrot casserole!" Mrs. Peters stuffed a big chunk of casserole into her daughter's mouth. Addison picked up some more, and tossed it to the dog. She stuck out her casserole-filled tongue and scraped that onto the floor too. "Hmph," she pouted.

Mrs. Peters picked up the plates of food, set them on the counter, and went straight to her room without speaking.

About thirty minutes later, the doorbell rang. Mrs. Peters came downstairs and answered it.

"Trick-or-treat, smell my feet, give me something good to eat. If you don't, I don't care, I'll-" sang a trio of children. Before they could finish, the door was slammed and three carrots were thrown at them.

"You're mean!" shouted a girl dressed as a bumble bee.

"Yeah!" said a boy as he kicked the door. The kids stormed off.

"Time for bed kids!" said Mrs. Peters to her children. "Upstairs now! Brush your teeth, and don't forget to floss!"

"But Mom, it's only 7:00," Audrey protested.

"Now!" screamed Mrs. Peters.

"Fine, I'm just going to tell Addy and Adam a bedtime story first if that's okay," said Audrey with a sly smile.

Mrs. Peters groaned. "Make it quick, Audrey."

The kids headed upstairs. They gathered in Audrey's room. "Okay, here's the plan," Audrey started.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. I thought you were telling us a bedtime story," Addy interrupted.

"I lied. Anyway, we're sneaking out," Audrey whispered. "Lucky us, I bought us all our own costumes last week," Audrey continued. "Now, Mom and Dad will be asleep in about an hour. That gives us enough time to change into our costumes."

“Cool! I’m a ladybug!” cheered Addison.

“I’m a pirate!” said Adam.

“And I’m a witch!” smiled Audrey. “Okay, now everyone get dressed.” So, the three got changed into their costumes. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Peters were fast asleep, and Audrey, Adam, and Addy were out the door.

“Wow, I can’t believe we’re actually doing this.” Adam was so jittery, he was hopping up and down. “I mean, I’ve always been, you know, the good kid. You do realize you’re setting a bad example for Addy.”

“No, I’m not. Addison loves Halloween and she loves fun. I’m giving her the best of both worlds. I’m doing the right thing, Adam,” insisted Audrey.

Addy smiled big. “Yeah Adam, Halloween is awesome! I love, love, love it! Audrey is just being nice! And she’s right, I love Halloween and I love fun! So ha, Adam,” said Addison.

Soon they were off to the first house. “Trick-or-treat!” the kids cheered. It felt so great to finally say those words.

“Happy Halloween, kids!” A chubby man gave them each a king-sized Hershey bar. “Have fun!”

“Oh my goodness, thank you!” said Audrey. They dashed to the next house.

This one was total Halloween spirit. There were fake spider webs on the bushes, scary-faced pumpkins, and plastic skeletons hanging by the door. “Trick-or-treat!” said the kids.

Suddenly, a large creature with a ghost mask jumped out of the bushes. “Ah!” screeched Adam. Then they realized it was just a dog sharing the same love for Halloween as the rest of them. Addison began to laugh and point. Then Audrey and Adam joined in.

“Like the surprise?” said a tall elderly woman at the door. “Please, come in. I have a wide selection of candy for you, kids.” She smiled. “Come on in, Spots,” she said to the dog. She looked inside their Halloween baskets. “Where’s all your candy?” asked the woman.

“Uh...late start,” said Audrey.

“We snuck out!” Addison reported cheerfully.

“Ah...well, that’s no good, but I suppose you have a reason for it. Now, don’t worry, I won’t ask what it is. Anyway, I’m Mrs. Halkberry,” she said.

“I’m Audrey, this is Addison, and this is Adam.” She signaled to her siblings.

“Nice to meet you. This way to the candy.” Suddenly, Mrs. Halkberry pushed the children into what seemed like a portal in the floor.

“AHHH!” screamed the kids. They fell, and fell, and fell down what felt like a never-ending hole. But just then, PLOP.

“Whoa!”

“Cool!”

“Awesome!”

The kids were amazed. All around them was a world of everything Halloween. “My dream world!” Audrey’s eyes were glowing. They were in a world made up of everything Halloween. Ghosts, ghouls, vampires, bats, witches, everywhere!

“Wow!” shouted Addison.

“This is amazing!” shouted Adam.

"It's perfect!" Audrey jumped for joy. Finally, somewhere she wanted to be. Somewhere she wanted to live. Forever. Audrey couldn't ask for anything more.

"Hello, kids!" said a cheery skeleton with a very large smile. "What are your names? Well, first, let me introduce myself. I'm Bobby Bones. Bobby Bones."

"I'm Adam, this is Audrey, and this is little Addy," Adam told him.

"Good. Well, would you three like a ride to one of our finest hotels here in Halloween Land?" asked Bobby.

"Absolutely!" Audrey screamed.

So Bobby Bones led the kids to his totally cool car, The Spook. "Wow, thanks, you're really nice for letting us ride in your Spook. I honestly thought skeletons were mean and vicious creatures," Adam confessed. "Boy, was I wrong."

"Well, we were people once, just like you. So there are a variety of different attitudes." Bobby made a quick swerve around a corner and there was the hotel, right in front of their eyes.

"We're here!" he shouted. The kids cheered in excitement. The hotel was called Fright Night Inn.

Bobby Bones escorted Audrey, Adam, and Addison into the building. Before they went to the front desk, Bobby took the three aside and whispered, "You kids are special. You know that, right? Not just normal kids. You all will discover your powers very soon. So beware. Some people here might not think so highly of you kids. Just know that."

Adam's eyes grew big. "I knew it was a mistake to sneak out. I knew it! I knew it!" he began to pace in circles.

"Powers, huh?" Audrey was in dreamland again.

"I'm special, I'm special!" Addison jumped up and down.

Apparently, each child had only comprehended some of what they had just been told. "Let's go check in," said Bobby.

For the first time, the three kids looked around them. "This place is unbelievable!" shouted Audrey.

"Awesome!" said Adam and Addison at the same time.

The hotel was truly astonishing. It was extremely large and just unimaginable! There were spider webs hanging from the ceiling, along with the spiders themselves, coffins with deceased beings for late night performances where they would come alive. There were Halloween costumes on the walls, toy vampires, and paintings of ghosts, also used for performances. The place was truly amazing!

"Well, hello, kiddies. Good day, Mr. Bones. I am Miss Wick," said the lady at the front desk. She was more zombie than human. She had dark hair with red and purple streaks, and skin that looked as old as the people in the coffins. Her face was a bit fragmented as well.

"Hello, Miss Wick," said Bobby. "I would just like to drop these three children off here. They'll be staying for a while."

"And you'll be paying for this?" she asked. Bobby nodded. "Cash or Deadit?"

"You know, just put it on my Deadit Card," replied Bobby.

Miss Wick finished typing something into the computer. "Excellent," she said. "I can take it from here, Mr. Bones."

"All right. See you kids later!" called Bobby as he headed out the door.

"Here you go, children. Oldest child gets the room key." Miss Wick handed it to Audrey. The key was shaped like a skull. "By the way, what are your names?" she asked.

"Audrey, Adam, and Addison," said the kids.

Miss Wick smiled. "Marvelous!"

The three kids headed to their room. "This room is gigantic!" Addison squealed.

Adam shivered. "No wonder they call this place the Fright Night Inn; it's really creeping me out here." Spiders crawled the walls, while paintings of skeletons hung above them.

"Hey, you guys want to go get some dinner? After all, I know none of us ate that terrible carrot casserole," said Audrey.

"Definitely!" shouted Adam.

So the kids headed to the lobby. To the left was a restaurant called 'Spook Delish.' "Hmm," Audrey considered. "Yeah, we'll try it." In they went.

Right when they entered, a small goblin greeted them. "Hello, child. Welcome to Spook Delish. I will lead you to your table," he announced. The goblin led the trio to a very nice looking booth with a spider design on the leather. "Your server will be right with you. I hope the booth is okay." He turned and walked away.

"This is nice," said Audrey. "What do you think, guys?"

Addison giggled. "It's BOOtiful!"

Just a few minutes later, a vampire stopped by their table. "Vell, hello my little children. I will be your vaiter tonight," he said. "May I get you something to drink?" asked the vampire. "Oh yes, I am Viktor." He grinned, revealing his fangs to the children.

"I want BLOOD!" shouted Addison. Blood was really only fruit punch according to the menu.

Viktor's eyes grew wide. "Blood!" he screeched. The vampire began to rapidly twitch. "Blood! Blood! I von- I von to- I VON TO VITE YOUR NECK! I von to vite your neck!" Now Viktor the vampire was jumping up and down like a maniac!

"Ah!!" The children screamed. Addison hid inside her sister's witch costume.

"Help!" she screeched. Viktor reached to Addy's neck. "SECURITY!" Addison screamed in horror.

Right then, out of the ceiling popped two ghosts with police hats and handcuffs.

"Help me!" Addison shouted again, holding her neck. The two ghosts flew down, one of them holding a tranquilizer gun. The vampire was even closer to Addy than before.

BAM! The tranquilizer was shot right at the vampire before he could take a bite of little Addy's neck. "Sorry about that, Miss," said the ghost with the handcuffs, as he quickly attached them to the vampire. "We should've warned you about him. If you order the blood, he will go crazy, as you can see. You can just tell Jody, here, your orders."

A short woman with black curly hair and red streaks to compliment her red and black knee length dress appeared before them. "Hello," she said. "I'm Jody. Here is your blood, little Miss." She addressed Addison.

"Thank you." Addy smiled and sipped from her straw. "Mmm..."

"I'll have a small cup of your signature Black Cat Coffee," Audrey told the woman.

"And I'll take some White Goo," stated Adam. White Goo was actually just white milk.

Jody wrote down the orders and said, "Please decide on your entrees while I get your drinks." Jody scurried off and the ghosts flew away with Viktor the vampire in handcuffs.

"Wow," said Audrey. "This food sounds great!" she read the menu.

Spook Delish^E

Entrees

Black Cats (chicken)

Bitty Bats (the real deal)

Grim Gourds (vegetable stew)

Sweet Pumpkins (sweet potatoes)

Bones of the Dead (cheese sticks)

Desserts

Pumpkin Pie

Apple Crisp

Bag of Bones

Drinks

Blood (fruit punch)

Black Cat Coffee

Pumpkin Goo (the real deal)

White Goo (white milk)

Soon, Jody arrived back with their drinks. “Um,” Adam stared at his White Goo. “You know, milk isn’t supposed to be this chunky... You got any fresh milk?”

“Oh don’t worry; here at Spook Delish we have some special twists on traditional food to make it our own. Taste it. Go on. Trust me, dear; it’s a lot better than it looks,” stated Jody.

Adam tasted it. “Wow! What is in this? This is delicious! There’s honey in it, isn’t there? Oh Jody, this is so great!” he mused.

“Yes, yes it is. Now may I take your orders?” asked Jody.

Audrey was the first to speak. “I’ll have the Black Cats, please.”

“I want the Bitty Bats!” shouted Addison.

“I’ll take the Bones of the Dead,” said Adam.

Jody finished writing. “Great! You’re food should be out soon. Just to warn you, my boss has hired multiple spiders at this restaurant, and they deliver your food. So please, do not try to kill them. We’ve already had too many incidents with that.” Jody rolled her eyes and walked to the kitchen.

“How cool! Spiders delivering our food! I heard they wear special gloves as they walk with these humongous trays ten times their size!” said Adam. He was reading the Daily Howl newspaper while he waited. “Sweet, this paper was written by werewolves!”

Audrey couldn’t help but chuckle. “Wow, Adam, you’re really getting into this stuff, aren’t you. I told you sneaking out was a good idea,” she said. Suddenly, Adam’s eyes grew huge. “What is it?” Audrey asked her terrified brother.

"P-P-Pontyrah..." Adam pointed to a picture on the cover of the newspaper. "He-he-" Adam fainted.

"Adam, Adam, wake up!" Addison shook her brother hard, while Audrey snatched the newspaper.

"Oh, my gosh! P-P-! Addison, we can't stay here! Someone is after us and I don't know why!" shouted Audrey.

Adam suddenly awoke, and his words sounded like one big jumble. "Audrey, we have to get out of here. He's after us and we don't have much time. In that article it says he is searching for us and if we don't leave soon who knows what'll happen to us. Audrey, we have to leave; we have to leave!!" he cried.

"Adam, calm down. All we have to do is figure out a way to get back home. However we plan to do that, we have to do it quick," said Audrey.

"Right," said Addison, clearly unaware of the situation.

Just then, a spider arrived with their food. "Enjoy," it squeaked.

"Thank you," said Audrey. "Okay guys, let's just eat our meals. We can deal with the 'P word' later."

The children gobbled down their food. "Delicious!" "The best!" "So good!" they shouted.

A little later, Jody came back to pick up their plates. "Mmm, we have to speak to the chef!" Adam insisted.

Jody smiled. "Of course. Glad you like liked the meal." She picked up their plates and scurried on back to the kitchen.

Soon, a small beagle who looked a lot like the Peters' dog popped out of the kitchen door and headed toward the kids' booth.

"Hello!" shouted Addy.

The beagle's glasses fell to the ground, his eyes wide. "Children! It's me, Rocky, your dog! Why are you here? You all are in grave danger! You must leave immediately!" Rocky commanded.

"Why are you here, Rocky?" asked Audrey. "And, you're on two legs! With an apron on! Rocky, you're the chef?"

"Yes! I've been coming here every night since I was a pup!" Rocky told them. "But, um, would you mind using my real name? Rocky is a little too...childish. Just call me Sir Samuel Lewis."

"Um, sure...anyway, we just wanted to thank you for a good meal. You should cook for us at home! Your cooking so beats Mom's casserole!" said Adam. He took a dog biscuit from his pocket and set it on the table. "A tip, to our fellow dog," he said.

The kids paid and headed back to the lobby. Suddenly, a little creature with a big head and lots of bumps on his face walked up to them. "Hi," it said. "Are you Audrey Peters?" he pointed to Addison.

"No, I am," Audrey informed him.

"Good. Well, my name is Munchy Bumps," he said. "I am here to proudly announce that you, my friend, are a witch! A real witch!" he cheered.

Audrey gasped, "I am!? No way! So-so, you mean I have powers!?"

"Yes, yes you do," said Munchy. "Your training instructor is in the SSR, (Super Secret Room). That is where young witches learn to use their powers correctly and appropriately," replied Munchy.

"Then where do we go while Audrey is in training?" asked Adam. "Addy and I can't just, you know, go on our own without our big sister."

Just then another bumpy creature appeared. "That's what I'm for!" she shouted. "I'm Munchy's wife. Lainey Bumps. I'll have fun with you two. Now follow me." Lainey led Adam and Addison out the door or the hotel.

"Mallow flowa drop!" said Munchy. Then the floor dropped into a secret room, which of course, was the SSR.

"Why, hello! Are you Audrey?" asked a very kind witch.

"That's me!" said Audrey.

"Great! I am your magic teacher, Miss Wayne," said the witch.

Audrey worked with Miss Wayne for two hours that night, but sadly, it was two boring hours. All Miss Wayne did was talk about what not to do and when not to use magic. All this while Adam and Addison had the time of their lives with Lainey. Lainey took them to a Halloween parade that they got to participate in, she took them to the Dark Art museum, showed them the inside of coffins, and even took them through an underground graveyard!

When the three kids met up back in the lobby, Addy was holding a Dark Art painting, Adam had a souvenir from the parade, and Audrey had nothing.

Adam had a puzzled look on his face. "Why don't you have anything, sis?" he asked. "Didn't you do anything fun?"

Audrey growled. "Well," she started, trying to think of an excuse. "I was actually working. Learning things. Not just doing pointless stuff for some stupid reason!" she hissed.

Addison frowned, hugged her painting, and went upstairs. Adam followed, and Audrey eventually did the same.

When they were all in their room again, Audrey sighed, "Okay, I'm sorry, all right? You just wouldn't believe how boring it is to 'learn' your powers. I mean, I wasn't learning anything! All she did was talk, talk, talk. But anyway, here's the good news," Audrey revealed something from behind her back. "I took her spell book!" she grinned,

Addy gasped. "Audrey, how could you!?"

"Shhh!" Audrey scolded.

"Audrey, do you know what could happen if they found out?" asked Adam. "You could go to Halloween Jail!"

Audrey rolled her eyes. "Yeah, but nobody will. Because you're going to keep a secret." Adam nodded slowly. Audrey opened the book to the first page. "This will be interesting," she said. "Flyra offongo gronno!" She smiled and looked to her siblings. "That means fly. Fly off the ground." Audrey began to float up, up, and away.

Addison covered her mouth in surprise. "Whoa!"

"I'm flying! I'm flying!" screamed Audrey. Audrey flew up, down, left, right. "This is so cool!" she said. She quickly grabbed a broom from the top shelf of the dresser. "Whoo! Now I'm a real witch! I have the costume, the broom, everything!"

"I want to get on!" Adam jumped and tried to reach his sister.

"Me too, me too!" Addison insisted.

Audrey flew down and Adam and Addison hopped on. "Awesome!" they said. Suddenly, CRASH! The kids slammed against the ceiling. "Ouch!"

Audrey grinned wickedly. "Let's have some real fun!" Audrey flew the broom right out the window; the glass shattered.

The three kids were now high in the sky. Adam looked nervous. "Um, Audrey, I think you should slow down," he said with a tight grip on the broom.

"Don't be such a scaredy-cat, Adam," said Audrey "I'm a trained professional."

"No! You stole the book, remember?" Adam reminded her.

Audrey turned around and slapped her hand over Adam's mouth with no control over the broom. The broom slammed into a large tree and fell smack on the ground, as well as the children.

"Oh no, Adam, look what you did!" Audrey took the spell book out of her Halloween bag and opened it. "There must be something in here that could help us!" Audrey rapidly flipped through the pages. The kids were stranded in the middle of an unknown forest.

"How about this one?" Addison suggested, pointing.

"I'll try," replied Audrey. "Beeus Beeus Halloween Land," she said.

In a flash, the three kids were back in the Spook with Bobby Bones, just like when they first got to Halloween Land. "Now this can't be right," Adam told them.

Audrey tried another spell. "Revvus backa wunes vert gontee." And just like that, the kids were back in their hotel room.

Audrey closed the spell book. "Stay here!" she ran down the stairs to the lobby. "Now what was that spell that Munchy said to get to the SSR?" wondered Audrey to herself. "Mallow flowa drop!" And into the SSR she went.

"Ahh! Miss Wayne!" Audrey whispered. Audrey slowly walked up to her teacher. "Hi Miss Wayne."

Miss Wayne jumped. "Audrey, dear, you startled me!" she shouted.

"Sorry," Audrey whispered.

"Dear, have you happened to see my spell book? I can't seem to find it," said Miss Wayne.

Audrey quickly dropped the book on the ground. "Is this it?" she asked, picking up the book.

"Why yes, dear, I wonder how it got over there. Well, thank you Audrey," Miss Wayne smiled. "Say, how did you like class today?"

Audrey didn't know what to say. "Um, well..." she began.

Miss Wayne raised an eyebrow. "Boring? I know. I haven't taught in a while. Nobody thought I was good enough," she confessed.

"Well, that's not hard to believe," Audrey said under her breath. "I mean, uh, well, you do need to, you know, step it up a notch."

"Here darling, you're such a sweet girl. Take the spell book. Really. Keep it. I trust you, dear," offered Miss Wayne.

Audrey's eyes grew wide. "Wow! Thanks! Thank you so much, I'll take excellent care of it!" she ran back upstairs and back to her room.

"Adam, Addy, look!" she screamed as she entered the room. "Adam? Addy?"

There was no answer.

Suddenly, Audrey heard loud cackling. "Hahaha! You'll never see those precious little brats of yours ever again!" it shouted.

Audrey looked around the whole entire room. Pontyrah... she thought. "You don't scare me!" she shouted.

"Oh don't I?" screeched the voice. Just then, a big, ugly creature of a man stood before her. Now this frightened Audrey. The creature had wrinkly green skin, spikes in its arms, and hair in its large ears.

"Where are my siblings?" demanded Audrey.

"You want your siblings back?" screamed the creature. "Then face the dark world!"

Audrey fell, fell, fell into a very strange, ugly, boring world. Pontyrah, Pontyrah... the name flooded her mind. Then, with no thought at all, Audrey said a spell she had made up herself when she was nine. "Mak silleen wan drak en dangree truze!" she shouted.

In just a second, Audrey found herself in a world of danger and weapons. There were swords, knives, arrows, all over. Right then, a plump, ugly, extremely mad clown came stomping over to her with big, pointy sword. "I uh oo eeteh yoo!" it said.

"What have I done!?" Audrey cried. She closed her eyes. "Got to find Adam. Got to find Addy." Audrey headed toward the most harmless looking thing she could find and asked, "Um, hi, have you seen...hold on." Audrey pulled two pictures from her pocket. "Either of these two?" she asked.

"Hmm...they do look familiar," said the woman Audrey was talking to. "Yes! I know them! Go to the Big Dead Coffin!" she shouted. "It's most deadly, I must warn you. Down these stairs here; go on now."

"Thanks;" replied Audrey with a weak smile. She sped down the unstable creaking stairs.

Audrey shivered. "Man, it's cold down here. Like a cave, sort of...AHH!" she screamed. A giant coffin stood before her. She shivered again. "I have to take the chance." Audrey carefully opened the Big Dead Coffin.

Right when she did, a mummy arose from the coffin. The mummy groaned. "Weh weh lennehem," it said.

"Get out of my way, creepo!" Audrey pushed the mummy aside and looked inside the coffin. Out popped a smaller mummy.

"Eh meh seeza mo," it said in a bit of a higher voice than the other.

"I'm brave!" said Audrey. "I can do this!" Audrey began unwrapping the mummies. She grabbed a piece of gauze from each mummy and pulled, hard. Then, she gasped.

"A-Adam? Addison? Oh come here!" Audrey grabbed her younger siblings and wrapped them in a big bear hug.

"Thanks, Audrey. You know, for saving us," said Adam.

"Yeah, I could hardly breathe!" Addison spit out a piece of gauze.

Audrey laughed. "You're welcome, guys. Now let's get out of here!" Audrey grabbed the spell book from her Halloween bag. "Gatee oos bak doo Holleneen Lande!" she shouted.

BAM! The children were all back in their hotel room at the Fright Night Inn. "I don't wanna be here no more," whined Addy.

"I know, I know. I don't either. I mean, it was fun while it lasted..." confessed Audrey.

"Then it got scary," said Adam.

"We want to go HOME!" screamed the three.

In a flash, Audrey, Adam, and Addison were all back in their own house. "We're home!" They all jumped for joy. Then all three children ran to their parents' bedroom and hugged them.

"We love you so much, Mom and Dad!" shouted Audrey.

"We'll always do whatever you say, no complaints!" said Adam.

"Yeah!" agreed Addison.

Mrs. Peters laughed. "Rob, what has gotten into them?" she asked her husband.

"I don't know, but I'm loving it already!" Mr. Peters replied.

Soon Rocky appeared in his chef uniform and quickly threw it off and re-applied his collar. "Woof!" he barked.

From then on, the Peters were much happier people. They definitely had fewer arguments, and the best part was that Mrs. Peters decided to let her kids dress up for whatever holiday they wanted. Even Halloween.

