



YOUNG WRITERS CLUB

PRESENTS

Spooked!

Stories and poems
for Halloween

Edited by
Charmaine Clancy

Spooked!

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The Harry Potter Haikus

by Annabel Demack

Basilisk

Aragog's foeman
Ginny Weasley controlled you
Killed with your own fang

Unicorn

Restorative blood
Horn unlike an Erumpet
Foals of shining gold

Dobby the House Elf

Eternal service
Killed by Lestrangle - old master
Happy - a free elf

Kreacher the House Elf

First hated, then loved
Betrayed your master S. Black
Unwilling service

Thestrals

Transport to London
Seen by those who have seen death
Classed as death omens

Vampire Victor

by Ewan Christie

Vampire Victor looks scary

BUT.....

He eats products of dairy

Vampire Victor drinks blood

BUT.....

It's from a potato (spud)

Vampire Victor scares kids

BUT....

Only a bad boy called Sid

Vampire Victor once did a murder

BUT....

The police aren't 100% certain

Vampire Victor was once bad

BUT.....

Now he claims to be a dad,

It's Vampire Victor.

Trick or Treat

by Emily Clancy

Snip, Snip Snip.

The long pair of scissors slice open and closed again and again and again. I gaze up to the starry night sky and imagine my next victim.

Crack! The sound snaps me out of my daze.

In the distance there is the squeal of a little girl.

“SERIOUSLY JACK!”

They’re coming this way.

“I-I thought I heard something.”

I slide behind the broad trunk of a pine tree.

“It was a stick! Stop being such a baby”

I dare a glance. Two teenagers, a boy and a girl, make their way through the maze of forest.

“Zoe I think we should go back.” He speaks in a low submissive voice. “Ben said...”

“You don’t believe it do you?”

I watch them carefully. Scratching the long itchy scarf tied tightly around my head.

“Well yes... I mean no... I don’t know, it might be.”

I can’t stuff this up.

“MIGHT BE? Argh you’re such a wimp!”

He is mine.

“Watch my lips, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS THE SCISSOR MAN!”

A smile spreads across my lips.

“Okay, but I still don’t want to be here—”

They tread on the branches I carefully lay earlier. The ground opens under their feet.

“AAAGHH!”

“EEEP!”

Now is my chance.

The boy screams, “It’s the scissor man! He’s real! The man made of scissors is real! And he is going to kill us!”

The girl isn’t moving. The boy runs to her and shakes her “WAKE UP, WAKE UP, WAKEUP, WAKEUP!”

I laugh aloud and leap into the pit.

The boy flinches and pulls the girl and himself to the furthest corner in the pit.

“She’s right.” I step forward. “There is no such thing as a monster made of scissors.”

The boy quakes in fear. He grabs at a broken branch and waves it about uselessly.

“But...”

He starts crying.

“I’m just a man...”

He closes his eyes and prays to every god he can think of.

“AND I AM REAL” my smile takes on a menacing curve.

“And... I AM GOING TO KI—” the smile vanishes quickly.

Jack thrusts the branch toward me.

His expression is shocked, so is mine.

I stare down and tentatively touch my wound. When I lift my hand away it’s covered in red. I pull the scarf off my face to get a better look.

Zoe opens her eyes. She grins at me, then Jack, then me again.

Her lips tighten and her eyes widen. “Ben you’re bleeding! What happened?” She sees the stick in Jack’s hand.

“It’s okay,” I say weakly, “it’s just a scratch.” I stumble. “I’m oka-“ my voice trails off and I fall face first into the dirt.

Zoe rushes over and flips me onto my back.

“A joke...” Her tear-stained face turns to Jack. She sobs, “Just a stupid joke.”

“I-I didn’t know it was you Ben! I didn’t know! I’m - I’m Sor—” He can’t finish.

I look him in the eyes and say, “trick or treat.”

Everything goes black.

You are my Sunshine

by Matilda Clancy

Sunshine was scared of the ghost behind the straw in the barn. He was a yellowish color and was barefoot. He had a dark brown beard and bright red eyes, and he made her shiver whenever she walked past him.

All day and night the ghost would call to poor Sunshine. To her parents Sunshine was crazy. This made her sad.

“Stop it and just go away!” She kicked at the ghost, but her leg went right through him.

The ghost frowned.

“I didn’t want to do this Sunny.” Thunder rumbled in the sky. “But you leave me no choice”

Sunshine was terrified. Darkness spread around her.

She awoke at a small creek. She heard the sounds of the ghost, but this time Sunshine was the one with no shadow or heart, she could not run away from her fears. It was Sunshine who was now the ghost behind the straw.

A new family moved into the old cottage where Sunshine once lived and she haunted a young boy until Sunshine was freed and the boy was trapped behind the straw.

In A Tent for the Night

by Julia Cummins

Hoot, hoot, hoot, hoot.

I listened closely to the hooting,
wondering if I could mute it.

Suddenly I saw the shadow of a spider,
glad I was an insider.

I pulled the blanket over my head,
and grabbed my favourite teddy—whose name is Ted.

I squeezed Ted tight and held my breath.

I silently screamed in alarm as I noticed a mosquito was
sucking blood from my arm.

I swatted the mosquito and slapped it,
flicking it off with my palm.

Then I accidentally hit my face,
thinking I was in another place.

And when I opened my eyes,
sunlight was pouring onto my face.

When I worked out where I was sitting, I was in the tent,
in my own backyard... what a disgrace.

So, 'The owl, the mosquito and the spider weren't trying
to eat me' I screamed ... it was something horrible and
scary I had dreamed!

A Spooky Surprise

by Katrina Peterson

Hello, my name is Sam and I'm 9 years old. It's Halloween tomorrow. What a spooky surprise. I hope I get loads of candy and chocolates.

"Sam dinner!" Dad shouted.

"Okay!" I screamed back.

Tonight's dinner is my favourite: chicken. I pushed my fork into the chicken and took a bite. It tasted delicious. Once I finished Dad said. "Mum will be back from her meeting soon. Time for you to go to bed."

"Okay," I said sleepily.

I walked upstairs into my room and pulled off my shirt. Then I took off my shorts. Next I buttoned up a pyjama shirt and pulled up some trousers. I yawned and jumped into bed. As soon as I felt the soft, warm blanket I fell asleep.

I opened my eyes and breathed in some cold morning air. I shivered, it was freezing. I took one step out of my bed.

"It's Halloween today!" I shouted excitedly.

"Be QUIET Sam! It's only half past seven in the morning." Dad shouted.

I rolled my eyes.

Dad will never understand how excited children get on Halloween. I went downstairs to have breakfast. I got out some cereal and poured some cornflakes into a china bowl. Next I got the milk out of the fridge. My eyes widened, on the lid of the milk there was writing. It said:

When you go out to trick or treat I will get you.
Signed: The Ghost.

I didn't understand. I thought ghosts weren't real. Meh! I twisted the lid of the milk and poured some on my cornflakes. I went and got a spoon. Then I started eating. My eyes widened, my cereal had shaped letters, it said:

I will get you, signed: The Zombie

I really don't understand. Ghosts and zombies don't exist.

Mum came downstairs. "Good morning Sammy dear." She said sweetly.

"Good morning." I said back.

I went to play something. Well I sort of believe in the notes or whatever they were. I started playing the computer. I heard a strange noise. Everything went dark.

"EEEEER!!" There it was again.

"ARGH!!"

Now I'm scared. A strange blue and green creature came into the room. It had two maybe three hairs on its head.

"BRAINS!!!" It screamed.

I ran out of the room. Next I stopped in my tracks. "OOO!" A white person groaned out of nowhere.

I realized the green and blue creature was a zombie. The white thing was a ghost. They both reached out for me...

I woke up in my bed. What does this mean? Oh I guess it was only a dream. But it was exciting don't you think?

Bye-Bye!

The Labyrinth

by Charlotte Ross

Far, far away in the city of mazes, there is a labyrinth, and in the middle of the labyrinth there is a potion that makes you invincible!

Every year there is a contestant who has to find the middle of the labyrinth. Only the weak and less fortunate will make it. Not everybody makes it out alive; no-one knows why some people don't make it out alive...

So this is how it begins...

There is a girl called Kate Karnak who was chosen. She was poor and less fortunate than many other children her age.

She was wearing a simple yet beautiful dress with a blue ribbon in her hair. She stepped out onto the pavement and started to find her way.

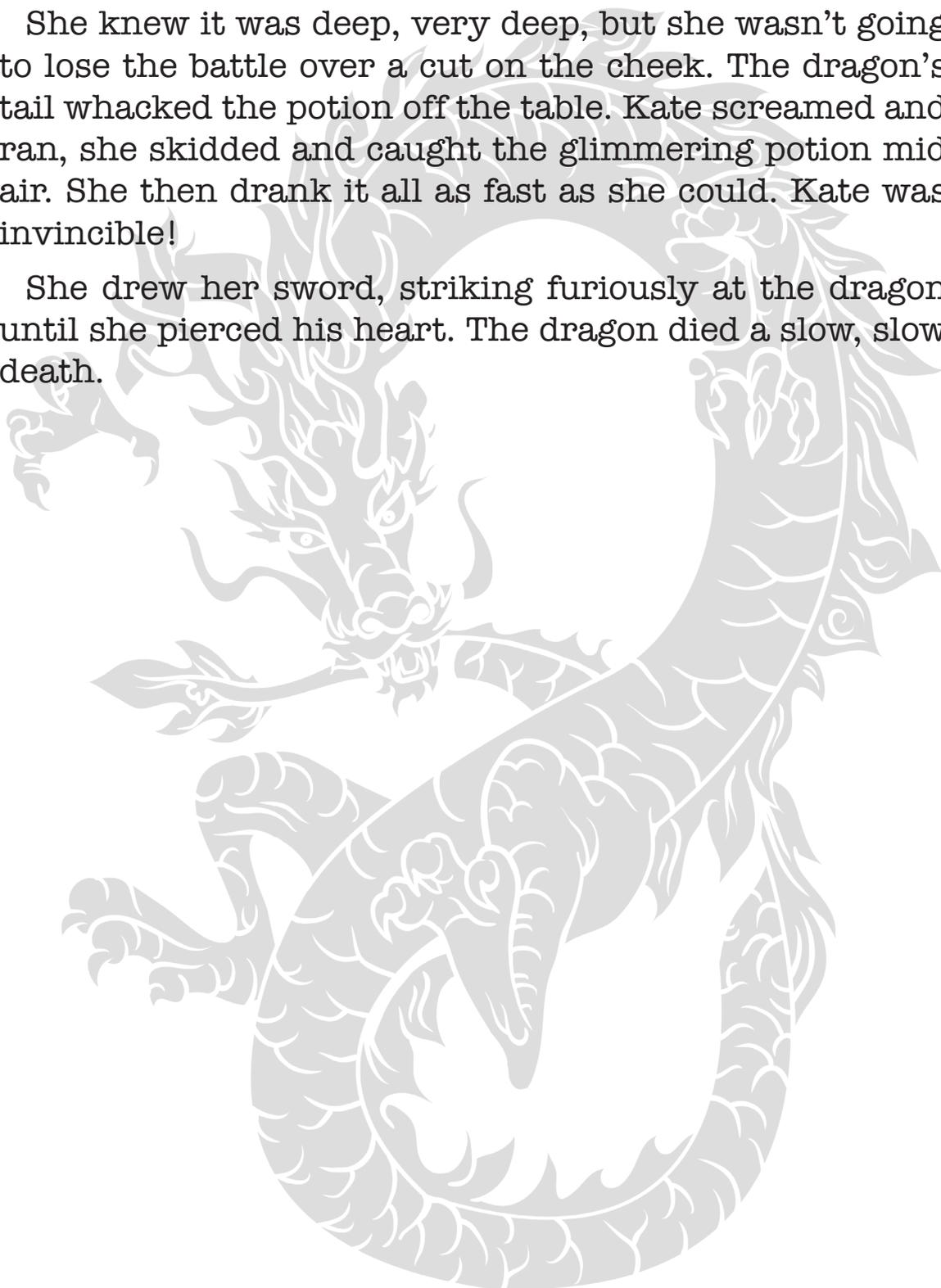
Eventually, she found the middle. There was a bright golden light shining out from the marvelous potion.

Suddenly, 'whoosh' a dragon just scraped the top layer of Kate's skin clean off. It hurt, it hurt a lot! But she wasn't giving up without a fight. On her left were the remains of a rich and wealthy contestant from the past. With his body lay a sword. She yanked it out of his tight grip and managed to whack the hand off the dragon.

The dragon whined and staggered towards his hand. The dragon was furious! He scratched Kate on her right cheek.

She knew it was deep, very deep, but she wasn't going to lose the battle over a cut on the cheek. The dragon's tail whacked the potion off the table. Kate screamed and ran, she skidded and caught the glimmering potion mid air. She then drank it all as fast as she could. Kate was invincible!

She drew her sword, striking furiously at the dragon until she pierced his heart. The dragon died a slow, slow death.



The Young Writers Club hosted by Charmaine Clancy

Our Young Writers Club consists of three groups: two Juniors made up of writer 7yrs to 12yrs, and one for our Young Adult writers, 13yrs and up.

The kids get together at Black Cat Books and Cafe once a month to learn techniques and participate in writing activities. They produce some amazing and fun stories, articles and poems.

This booklet is just a small sample of their talent and hard work.

Charmaine Clancy hosts the writing workshops. She is an author of children's books, including:

My Zombie Dog

and

Dognapped! A dog show detective mystery

You can find out more about the writing workshops at Charmaine's website:

iTeenWrite.com