

# IN THE DARK, DARK WOODS

Adapted by Sue Kuentz

I get goose bumps just like so many of you when something creepy comes our way; but, the other day, I met my fears head on. It all began after school on Halloween day. The first thing we did was to walk home together and cut through the cemetery to reach our homes. Sarah had the brainy idea to dare me. No, not just dare me, but also double dare me to meet here at 7:00p.m. tonight and then walk into the woods to that old, haunted house and bring back proof that I actually was there.

I had to take on that challenge so at 7:00p.m. we met in that exact place and off I walked with as much confidence as I could muster up.

After the sun set, I noticed just how dark the woods were. While creeping through the dark, dark woods, there was a dark, dark haunted house. Eventually, I walked into that dark, dark, haunted house. I noticed a dark, dark room. And in that dark, dark room there was a dark, dark closet.

(Now, meanwhile, back at the cemetery, my friend Sarah took off. I guess she was afraid of the dark!)

Redirecting you to the dark, dark closet, I noticed there were some dark, dark shelves. And on one of those dark, dark, shelves, there was box.

With a tiny bit of bravery left in me, I finally reached for that dark, dark box.

I opened that dark, dark box and reached in – SCREAM! It was a mouse.

I grabbed the end of its tail and ran like the devil was chasing me out of that haunted house and back to the cemetery.

As you know, there was no Sarah. A bit irritated, I ran to Sarah's home directly. She opened the door with her trick or treat bag in front of her and I said – here's your proof that I visited that haunted house – and I dropped that squeaking mouse into her bag. HAHAhahaha. Don't think she'll ever forget who's the brave one!