

The House on The Corner of Maple St.

By Ellie Polasik

Chapter 1

It was Halloween Night,

I was out and about tricker treating alone just like I did last year. Except instead of dressing up as the usual garden gnome, I decided to switch it up a bit. I was a witch, but not the old and evil kind with the green skin and big ugly noses. Instead I had a simple black choker with a small black bell tight on my neck. I wore the choker with a black dress that went just down to my knees. And the final touch, a black witch hat I found in my basement just a few weeks before. I wore my hair down but it didn't make much difference if I had it up. I had a bob that went down to the length of the choker and my hair was brown and messy. To complete the look, simple bangs that framed my face and easily made my amber eyes pop.

This time, I decided to try a new neighborhood next to mine. It was small, but small neighborhoods always handed out the best candy. As I walked past a couple quiet houses, I saw many of the kids from school. I walked straight until I stopped in front of two cross walks, to the right of me was a cross walk that led to an old shaggy house with chipping paint, with a light on inside. And to the front of me, this crosswalk led to a large house with big decorations and a crowd outside the door. I opted for the right. I carefully looked to my left and right and crossed the road.

Pumpkin basket in one hand broom in the other, I started to walk to the front door. As I approached I heard ooo's behind me, I turned and saw a bunch of people with their phones out staring at me.

"Uh, ok, what's the big deal guys?" I said.

"Dani's going into the ghost house!" Someone shouted. This wasn't a ghost house at all, I swear I saw someone moving about inside the house! There even was a garden that had a beautiful aroma of fresh herbs.

"Good luck!" Another person shouted from across the street. I rolled my eyes and rang the doorbell anyways, completely oblivious to what was going to happen next.

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I saw a figure through the window come forward and open the door. Inside the house it was quite cozy, there was a little entryway that led to a staircase to my right there was a living room with a fire lit. To my left was the kitchen. Suddenly pulling me from my thoughts the person literally pulled me inside and the door slammed behind me.

“Hello? Um that was unnecessary, I just came here for candy.”

“Did they see you?” a short woman emerged behind me, she had white hair and a kind looking face. She was definitely past 50. She pulled me into the kitchen,

“Umm I just want some candy. What’s going on?” I asked.

“Hold on, let me get Liv and Octavia, I’m Ophelia by the way.” She offered me a warm smile, then she abruptly turned and called up the stairs.

“Girls! We have a guest!” I sighed. Ophelia smirked and for a second I saw some very pointy teeth.

“I really have to go, I can’t be out past eleven. And I still need my candy.”

“Oh, don’t worry dear,” came this new croaky old voice, “it’s only a quarter past ten, you have plenty of time.” The voice came from a woman a lot taller than Ophelia, elegantly walking down the stairs. Even with her old age she still had a straight and tall back.

“Uh, hello”

“Hi, my name is Olivia, but you may call me Liv. You know you’re the first tricker-treater we’ve had in 500 years.” She spoke so slowly and calmly that I got the chills.

“Uh, ok, um thats...uh” I was a little bit confused, just a little bit. I started to get a bad feeling about these people so I decided to press my point.

“Look I really have to be go-”

“No, no dear, you’re not in any trouble, we just need your help, you know, witch to witch.”

“No I’m-” I was getting annoyed and interrupted,

“Not to worry! M’names Octavia, you’re in good hands.” Another woman emerged a little bit taller than the shorter one and shorter than the tall one. I started to inch towards the door a little scared, who were these people anyways? Each of them had a different kind of energy, Octavia’s was precise and spry, Ophelia’s was sweet and tired, and Liv’s was mysterious and wise. Mine was, well, impatient.

“So deary,” Ophelia started,

“What kind of witch are you?” Octavia quickly caught in

“Me, I’m not a witch at all.”

“Oh.” Ophelia looked sad but definitely didn’t seem sad. I was starting to get more suspicion that they were planning to stick me in a vat of boiling hot water and eat me.

“I’m sorry I was just trick or treating.” I looked down at my shiny black mary-janes.

“Well then, why are you dressed up as a witch?”

“Well, It’s halloween and this is what I wanted to go as...” We stood there staring at each other for a minute or two.

“Ok well I bet my parents will be expecting me now, goodbye.” I dashed for the door terrified of what might happen next, boiled alive, eaten whole, who knows what they would do with me. My plan was almost a success but Octavia grabbed my wrist.

“It looks like she’ll get the job done.” Liv whispered to Ophelia.

“What job!?”

“Well then,” Liv looked at her sisters and then to me, “It looks like you’ll be perfect.”

Chapter 2

I did not get eaten,

Which was good. But I did get a pretty serious talk with Ophelia.

“Now, you listen to me. We need your help finding something, but since the last time we left the house we almost were burned at the stake, we can’t really do that again. That was around 2,000 years ago in case you were wondering. But we’re not taking any more chances.” I was back in the kitchen being bribed with candy full sized candy bars.

“Anyways, back to the point,” Octavia looked to her sisters.

“We are missing something very very important,” Opehlia continued.

Liv rolled her eyes and said, “I think she knows that it’s important at this point.”

“It’s a spellbook.” I chuckled, *come on a spell book?* I thought.

“We last saw it around here in this neighborhood, you see this spellbook kinda has a mind of his own.”

“Now you better go on finding.”

“Ok sure, why not.”

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I woke up the next morning feeling strangely energetic. My mom said that she’d drive me to the neighborhood but not the house, she told me she got really bad chills when she looked at it. I thought that the house didn’t look too bad.

“Thanks mom! Bye!”

“Hey, hon, maybe don’t go looking for your book in that house, it doesn’t seem so friendly.”

“Ok, goodbye.” I waved as she drove off.

To start my hunt I went to the house that had a big crowd last night. I pretty much had the feeling that they would steal something like that for their big house party. I rang the doorbell that was covered in cobwebs and little plastic spiders. The boy who answered looked like he was around 30 years old, he still had scary makeup on and looked really tired.

"Can I help you?" He yawned.

"Hi, I'm looking for a book."

"That's not a very good pitch, what kind of book?"

"A spellbook. It belongs to the people who live over there." I pointed behind me to the house across the street, there was a light on and I saw someone peeking through the window.

"Oh, so you must be Dani, you know no one saw you leave the house last night."

"Also pretty sure that house is abandoned. I mean look at it, it's basically falling apart."

"No, there were people over there they needed help finding it."

"No, I'm not joking that house has been empty ever since the girl who lived there disappeared after Halloween night. Her entire family moved to another state. Also I don't have any spell books at all, like not even decorations."

"But, the people that live in there, the old wit- I mean Ladies. What about them?" I peeked around his shoulder to see his house and saw the book, I mean it looked like the book.

"Dude, no one lives in that house. I think you should leave."

"Wait but-" He started to shut the door. "-That's the book!" It was too late. He had already shut the door.

I was quite flustered, I didn't know what to think. Were the witches child-eaters? Why did he say he didn't have the spellbook? I decided to try a few more houses for more information, but most of them were the same,

"Hello, I'm looking for a spellbo-" That time it was elderly man who slammed the door in my face.

"Hi, I'm looking for a spellbook that belongs to the people who live over there." That time I ran out of breath, but the people at the door did reply,

"Oh, don't go near that house, sweetheart, even the toughest kids don't go over there." This lady looked like she was in her late forties,

"What do you mean?"

"About a few hundred years ago that house was there and there was a girl and her family that lived there. The girl went around the neighborhood if they had a spellbook for a few old ladies who she saw in her backyard, a few houses down had the book the old lady and man gave to her the next day, no one could find her. The old man and woman

lived in that house with all the decorations.” She shut the door then and I walked out onto the sidewalk. I was still thinking hard about the book and the old ladies. Just out of nowhere at all I saw it. I saw the book sitting in the middle of the road. I walked towards it with no control over my body. I stood with the book in my hands in the middle of the road. Suddenly a car whizzed by almost hitting me, luckily enough the book, which I suddenly despised, dragged me towards the house.

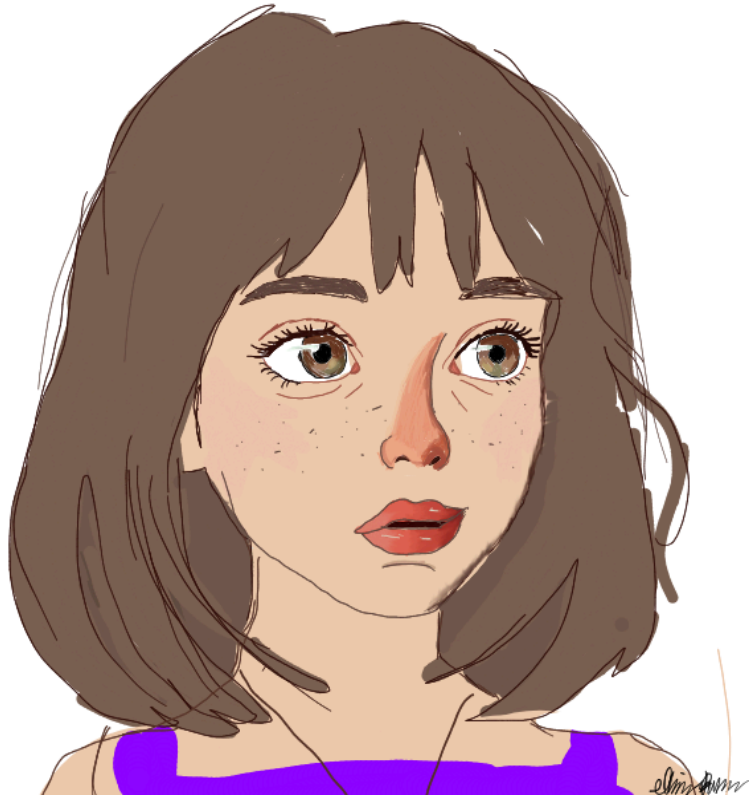
“Wait no stop! Stop! No!” As much as I tried to let go I couldn’t, the book still pulled me forward toward the house.

I struggled but couldn’t break free.

“PLEASE!”

MISSING PERSON

Danica Mary Fox



Age: 13

Gender: Female

Height: 5'2"

Appearance: Short brown hair, bangs, hazel eyes.

Went Missing Around: November 1st 2026, 8 am.

Last Seen Wearing: Simple Grey sweatshirt, and black athletic pants.

(Art by: Elizabeth Garner)