

THE NORTH BAY PUBLIC  
LIBRARY PRESENTS:

Halloween



Stories

Spooky Short Stories for 2021





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## Editor's Note

The following stories were submitted as part of a short story contest run by the North Bay Public Library in October 2021.

Patrons of all ages were invited to participate, and there was a great response.

The following stories have been published in this format with the permission of the authors.

Bethany Brownlee

Outreach and Programming Coordinator

North Bay Public Library

# The Halloween Hall

By: Eloise Courville

## Chapter.1

### Costumes

It was Halloween night (but it was really day), me and my two best friends Leighton and Izzy were getting ready for Halloween when we realized that we didn't have costumes! We met up at Party City; when we got in, we went straight to the kid's aisle. Izzy said, "How about this one?" "No too weird." I said, "But it is Doc Mc Stuffins!" Izzy said "Well Leighton I guess you are the tiebreaker..." but Leighton was nowhere to be seen "Leighton? Leighton? Where are you?" "Over here!" Leighton beamed "What are you looking at" "The most beautiful costumes ever" said Leighton me and Izzy both looked I said "Let's get this one" Izzy said "But I still want the Doc Mc Stuffins one" we all laughed and went to my house to get ready.

## Chapter.2

### Ready!

We got in our costumes and asked my parents to guess what we were. My mom said “A duck?” “No” Izzy said my dad said “A kid?” “Dad we already are kids!” I said. My little sister Lucy walked in confidently saying “They’re babies obviously” “Yes! Yes! Yes!” Leighton said, “Let’s go downstairs to grab our pillow cases” I said. Izzy said “How about this one?” “No too small!” Leighton said, “How about these ones” I said “Yes!” they both said in unison. We started up the stairs we met my parents at the top of the stairs they said, “Are you sleeping at Lily’s? Because if not be home by nine.” “Ok” I said, “Have fun!” They said.

## Chapter.3

### The hall

We went to Lily's house; she was Elizabeth Frankenstein. We found her in the tree house *knock knock*. Lily answered, "Come in" after we talked with her we went trick or treating we finally got to the last house on Lily's street, we called it the *witch house*. We knocked on the door...no one answered so we started down the driveway I heard the door creak so I looked back and said, "Look the door is open." "Let's just keep going" Izzy said "NO! We have to investigate." I said "Ok fine!" Lily said. We walked back up; I peeked inside before we entered "All clear." I said. We went inside and saw a big fat bag of candy. We ran to the bag when we realized it was fake "Wwwhat" Lily said.

## Chapter.4

### Carla

“AHHH!” we all screamed. I felt like someone was watching me I turned around. It was an old woman “Ggguys look!” I said, “RUN!” Lily yelled the door suddenly closed. “But stay my *pretty’s*.” the old women said “Wwhho are you” Izzy said “Don’t you know me I’m Carla Ginger.” Carla said, “Bbut but she died years ago.” Leighton said. That’s when I realized “Guys she’s a ghost!” I said “Ahhh!” “Please stay!” Carla said “Why should we, you trapped us in your house!” Leighton said, “I only did that cause you would have ran away.” “True” Lily said.

## Chapter.5

### FREE!

“Well what do you want?” I said, “I need you to free me.” Carla said “From what?” Izzy said “This house.” Carla replied, “Well how can we help?” Lily asked, “First you open the blinds.” So Lily and Izzy went to do that. “Now what?” I said. “Well you open the door, duh,” Carla said “Ok, ok!” Izzy said. So I went and opened the door Carla got sucked out and turned back into a human then her house turned into a mansion. “Thank you so much come and visit any time!” We all said bye and went back to Lily’s for the sleep over.

# **The end!**

It was Halloween night.

A big scary spider which we yelled at and it came down and it went back up like our house and there was a big witch hanging down at the big scary house and we couldn't get in so we went through the back door. There was a big birthday in the house and we went trick-or-treating at our Poppa and Gramma's. There was a big scary pumpkin hanging off the rooftop and there was big scary monsters going by the door and little pumpkins by the door that were so cute and tiny. And we liked it because our Poppa and Gramma came outside and it was a big slime party. We liked it out there, we played the dinosaur song inside that I really like, and we loved it. But when we went home we were sad, but we thought we were staying home, but we went trick-or-treating. One heart was hanging down the roof. They played the Halloween house next one on the music and Gill was there and everyone was there. We didn't know that there was spooky wiggly gardens, we loved it in there 'cuz it was so spooky and Halloweeny. Because we were going trick-or-treating. Loved and loved it!

The End.

Story told by Emily Link.  
Written by Daddy  
Illustrated by Nobody.

It was Halloween night...

-WE ONLY HAVE ONE HOUR LEFT! PREPARE THE DONGEONS, THE ATTIC AND THE LIVINGROOM Dracula shouted as Hilda the witch, Ramses the mummy, Harry the werewolf, Elizabeth and Frankenstein bolted out of the room.

Tonight, was the night they could show their faces, at shadow home, the haunted house on gray hill. Halloween was the day millions of kids wanted impatiently for, the haunted house. Kids were always scared when they came out even the older ones.

-The attic is done! Elizabeth and Frankenstein said

-So is the living room! Harry and Ramses shouted

-We have finished the dungeons! Dracula and Hilda replied as the doorbell rang.

-Into positions, I will open the door! Hilda said as she walked towards the door. And opened it, to her surprise, she found a 4-year-old girl standing outside in the dark with a princess's costume.

-Trick or treat, the girl said, my name is Suzie

*This will be easy, I bet she'll be scared as soon as she walks in!*  
Hilda thought as she said:

-You can come in.

Suzie walked into the house, staring at the gray walls.

- So, Suzie where do you want to start? Hilda asked

-Well could we go to the attic?

-The attic? Usually, the kids your age prefer the living room. Hilda replied, but, if you want the attic we are going to the attic.

Hilda and Suzie walked up the creaky stairs leading to the attic Hilda opened the locked door to there right and they saw .....Ramses with his glowing red eyes, staring at them

- **Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!** Hilda screamed

- Hilda, we have gone through this, you knew I was going to be there your more scared than a five-year-old.

- Sorry!

- Hi. Suzie said, you aren't very creepy, you are just rolled in paper-toilette. Can we go see the rest of the house?

Hilda and Ramses looked at each other then led her to the dark living room were Frankenstein and Elisabeth jumped out from behind the sofa.

- **AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!HELP MONSTERS!!!** Hilda screamed

- **HILDA!!!!** Frankenstein, Elisabeth and Ramses shouted; you ARE a monster!

- Sorry, I forgot. Hilda mumbled
- Can we go to the dungeons, now? Suzie asked making all the monsters remember she was there.
- She wasn't scared of me! Ramses wisped
- Neither of us, so maybe we could let her go in the dungeons. Elisabeth suggested
- Yes, maybe she will be scared of Drak and Harry.

Frankenstein approved

The 3 monsters led Suzie to a big wooden door opening it and showing Suzie the stairs.

-There are exactly 142 steps. Hilda said as the group went down the stairs. After 22 minutes of walking, they got to flat ground.

-Ok, so where are the monsters? Suzie asked as she heard a howl as her answer. A werewolf came out of the shadows, his teeth and claws shining with the light of the very few candles on the walls.

-Theirs a werewolf in the dungeons! AAAAAHHH Hilda screamed

- Hi. Suzie said. The werewolf responded with a growl.

-You must be Harry, I'm Suzie. Suzie said as Harry responded with a smile.

-Hi, Suzie. Harry said

-Oh no! The werewolf can speak! Hilda said with scared voice.

-HILDA!!!!!! Suzie, Ramses, Frankenstein, Elizabeth and Harry shouted at the same time.

-Sorry, Hilda said for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time today.

-Ok, but this is your last chance, do not panic when you see Dracula, Suzie is the one who should be scared, am I clear? Ramses said.

-Yes, Hilda mumbled as they continued there way in the dungeons.

-Who dares to disturb me? A faint whisper asked as a pale black cloaked figure turned to stare at them, Dracula the blood sucking monster.

All the monsters wait patiently, lessening for Suzie's scream. Hilda was even turning purple because she wasn't even breathing, so she wouldn't scream. But Suzie didn't scream, finally she asked.

- Can you turn into a bat? If you can, would you show me?
- -Sure, Dracula wisped in a discouraged tone, if a five-year-old wasn't even scared of them, maybe the haunted house wasn't creepy anymore.
- You guys have past the test! Suzie exclaimed all a sudden.
- What test? Elizabeth asked.
- Oh, sorry I forgot Cecil my ogre will join your haunted house.

- Yes! Our haunted house will be perfect! the monsters shouted as Cecil walked in.

by Coralie

## The Monstrous Halloween

It was Halloween night. My friend and I were going to go trick or treating after supper. We finished supper, ran to my bedroom, and put on our Halloween costumes. I was wearing a cool astronaut costume and my friend, Vaga, was wearing an amazing orca whale costume. "Bye Mom." I call from the doorway. "Be back around 8 o'clock" she calls back. "Ok. See you later" I say as I close the door. Vaga and I were walking down the street when suddenly I sensed that someone was behind us. I whipped around just to see there was no one there. We approach the first house. Again, I sense someone behind us, I look over my shoulder. No one. I must be jumpy because its Halloween. Suddenly the door of the first house swings open. "Trick or treat" Vaga and I say in unison. "I love your costumes!" exclaimed my neighbor Hilda who was dressed as a witch. "Your costume is amazing!" I say before we leave to go to the next house. "This next house is going to give you a scare. Remember last year." In 2018 Vaga and I were walking to my neighbor Harry's house to trick or treat. He always dresses as a werewolf and that werewolf costume is the most realistic costume ever. He never puts up his decorations at the last minute, so I was surprised to see no decorations, pumpkins or him hiding outside for a jump scare. To make things weirder there were no lights on, the gate was chained and there was no one around, not even trick or treaters. "Ok that is really weird" I mutter. "Let's move on to the next house" Vaga breathed. We were walking to the next house, my uncle Dracula's. Sorry, his name is Drack, and his favorite monster is Dracula so that is what we call him. "Hey Dracula, could we have some candy." I asked. "Sure. Here I bought 100 packs of your favorite types of candy for the two of you. Just hang on a second while I get them. You guys can come in if you want to warm up, its cold outside." he tells us. "Thanks a lot!" Vaga and I say. I turn around to admire the Halloween décor at everybody's houses. Then suddenly I see it! Someone or something lurking in the shadows! "Let's go inside shall we." I say with a worried look on my face. As we file inside, I look back and see the thing. I stare into its bloodshot eyes. It stares back. Then it begins to run toward me. I slam the door and lock it behind me. "What's happening up there?" my uncle asks. "You may want to see for yourself." I call to him "Alright I'm coming." he called. I peer out the window as I wait for him. The thing is still hiding behind the large apple tree in the yard. "What's wrong?" he asks. "Look behind the apple tree, there is someone there. Wait, look there's something over there too. That first one looks like a werewolf and that one looks like a mummy, over there an ogre, a witch and Frankenstein." I screech trembling with fear. "Wow Coral. Those are just decorations." Vaga says to me, but her voice trails off as she sees all of them advancing toward us. Then they are trying to break through the window. "Run!" I scream. We begin to run. My Uncle screams "Go to the downstairs spare bedroom! Hurry!" We dash down the stairs and into the spare bedroom. We slam the door. Vaga and I hide under the bed while my uncle holds the door closed. Then I heard it. The sound of 5 things coming through the

rooms open window. I scream. All five monsters are in the house! In the same room as us!  
“Dracula open the door NOW!” I cry. But he does not move, he must be frozen in fear. I stared into each monster's eyes, knowing this might be the last day of my life. Then it dawned on me. These weren't monsters, they were Harry as the werewolf, Ramses was a mummy, Cecily was an ogre, Hilda was the witch, and Elizabeth was Frankenstein. All of them were my neighbours.

Turns out my parents wanted to give my friend and I a real scare, so they got all my neighbours in on it.

That was my best Halloween ever!

By Lily Lyle

## Halloween at the graveyard

By Félix Dubytz

It was a Halloween night. The full moon was rising over the sky and the kids were trick or treating around the city.

Believe it or not, all the monsters were gathering in the cemetery for a party.

They were good monsters though. For example, vampires only ate *nectarines* and skeletons did not go hunt down children at night. They just didn't have the *guts* to do it.

Hilda the witch and her college *broomate* were the host. After her online *spelling* test, they parked their brooms in the middle of the cemetery. They were waiting for the guest to show up.

Soon, the panda ghost came in *booing* at Hilda. He searched in his pocket, took out a piece of *bamboo* and started chewing on it. What a terrifying night.

The sky cracked, suddenly and a vessel was flying over the houses. It immediately stopped over the cemetery and went on the ground.

Dracula walked down the stairs, parked his *blood vessel*, locked it and walked towards Hilda.

When every monster was at the party, Harpie the witch started to talk.

-Hello everyone! I hope you're having a terrifying night. Me and my *broomate* Hilda are having a lot of fun.

-Let's get the party started! Cried Ramses the mummy before putting on some *wrap* music.

*Rice creepies* were thrown all over the place and the zombies were tickling the skeleton's *funny bone*.

After 20 minutes of acting crazy, the monsters started a soccer game.

-I'm going ghoulie! Said the ghost heading between 2 tombstones.

But then the *coffin* started to occur. All the monsters started to cough. They all got COVID 19! The vampires

were coffin, the zombies were coffin and even the skeleton (that did not even have lungs) started coffin.

They were sick, very sick and the whole city was hearing them. The police were approaching slowly the cemetery, they went in, looked at the monsters and said to each other:

-It's just a whole bunch of kids, trying to get attention.

But when the skeletons turned around, as did the ghost and the zombies, the police knew they were wrong.

The police died out of terror, fell on the ground, sunk in it and were never to be found again.

The End

It was Halloween night and a boy and his sister went in the forest. They explored. There was nothing. The trees were normal but it was dark and spooky. All of a sudden, they heard howling close by. The girl ran and left the boy behind. The boy was scared. He looked around and saw... nothing. He heard a growl behind him. The boy turned and saw something hairy that bit him. All of a sudden, the boy grew a mustache and beard. The boy was happy that he finally had a beard. The girl looked behind her and didn't see the boy. She kept running away. She heard a whispering. She looked and saw the boy with a mustache and beard playing cards with Harry the werewolf. She stared and went home without the boy and ate all the candy.

The end

by Kaleb

## Hilda and Harry

It was Halloween night, Hilda the Witch and Harry the Werewolf were walking through the forest. They were very bored, they had nobody to scare. Oh! I think I heard something: said Harry. They hid in the bush. It was right in front of them: shhh... : whispered Hilda. boo! :yelled Hilda, Harry and Ramses at the same time. Ramses? : said Harry, Harry? : said Ramses I thought you were a human: they said at the same time. There was nobody at the cemetery and I got bored: said Ramses. Me to: said Harry, me to: said Hilda. Well bye: said Ramses, bye: said Hilda and Harry. Ramses walked away, do you want to go to the Haunted house to look for people: said Hilda, sure: said Harry... At the Haunted house, Hilda and Harry looked all over the place, nobody was there.

It was Halloween night and Lizzy was baking her Halloween treats for when the kids come trick or treating. Along with Lizzy's famous witch fingers, she also likes to pull tricks on the kids who come to call.

To live among her warm blooded neighbours Lizzy has to pretend she is still alive. She wears heavy makeup, dyes the streak in her hair and keeps a perm to calm her frizzy hair. She changed her name to Lizzy Frank and teaches science at the high school down the road.

Halloween night is undeniably her favourite holiday when she can let down her hair and live her past life or Elizabeth Frankenstein. Kids these days don't really know who she is anyways, unless their grandparents are fans of those old black and white movies where she became famous.

This year, Halloween is on a Sunday which allowed her more time to decorate and carve her pumpkins. The sun was starting to set and she could see some of the younger children on her street standing out in their driveways, waiting for their parents to be ready to start. The looks on their faces were pure joy, their plastic jack-o-lanterns swinging on their arms, and their feet excitedly bouncing up on their tip toes as they yelled out to their friends across the street. Everyone had great costume ideas this year!

Lizzy just loves when she sees some thought and effort put into costumes! She ran upstairs to make some last minute adjustments to her own "costume" and was about to come back down when she heard her door bell chime for the first of what would likely be many times this evening. She skipped the rest of the way to the door, holding her bowl of treats for the kiddies (she never played tricks on the little ones!) and pulls the heavy door open as wide as the smile on her face.

Two little children are standing there holding their bags out to her, and two parents are down on the walk, whispering to their children the famous phrase of the evening. Finally one little fireman catches on and shyly asks "trick or treat?" Lizzy happily gives them a handful each and sends them on their way.

Two minutes later, her doorbell chimes again. Things are really picking up quick tonight! She opens the door once again and Lizzy can't believe her eyes! There standing before her is a miniature version of herself! Could it be? Someone has finally dressed up like *the* Elizabeth Frankenstein? This little girl even has her white streak in her hair and everything!

"What a wonderful costume! Why did you choose the Bride of Frankenstein this Halloween?" asked Lizzy, glowing with pride.

"She is my favourite character" said the girl, "She has cool hair and she's friends with Frankenstein too!" She seemed to really take Lizzy in just then. "Hey wait a minute, you are dressed up like her too! That's so cool!" Before Lizzy could respond, the child's parent asked if they could take a picture of the 'two Elizabeths', they snapped the picture and they were on their way once Lizzy gave the child a giant handful of candy and closed the door.

If she had a heart, it would be beating so fast right now. Even her cat got a bit of the heebie-jeebies, she could see his hair standing on end! Liz ran to a mirror to check to make sure she wasn't "too dead"

looking. Everything was still in place. She could not believe what just happened! That little girl just made her year!

The rest of the evening passed in it's usual fashion. When the older children started to call, Lizzy pulled out all her spooky tricks for them and gave them all some candy for being good sports.

The next week, Lizzy came home from teaching at the high school and found some mail in her mailbox. Once she got inside she opened the letter and out fell a picture of her and the little girl with the Bride of Frankenstein costume! Oh what a treasure! She pinned it up on her wall and enjoyed it everyday.

Each year the little girl came back on Halloween, always dressed in her same costume, and each year they took a picture together.

By Carlie Gaudette

It was Halloween night when Hilda the witch flew over to the Haunted House to have a party. Dracula went to the party too. The ghost was flying and was waiting for Hilda and Dracula.

When Hilda and Dracula got to the Haunted House, they played games, danced and had fun. When they went outside to go sing a Halloween song, they were spooked by the really scary Halloween character. It was a big hairy brown spider! He dropped down from his web, right onto Dracula's head! The spider said, "hello, my name is Mariella. I heard you singing a beautiful song. What are you doing here at this Haunted House?" Hilda said, "We are going to have a party, do you want to join us?" Mariella excitedly said, "Yes! Please!"

When the group of new friends went back inside, they played more games all together. They played, Snakes and Ladders, Operation and Dress up games.

After they played all their games, the Ghost asked if everyone wanted to go Trick or Treating. They all screamed yes and left the Haunted House to go down the street to Trick or Treat. When they got to the first house, they knocked on the door. The people were too scared, so they slammed the door. They went to the next house, and the same thing happened. The people came to the door and screamed before slamming it. The group of friends were sad because they weren't getting any candy, and everyone was afraid of them. Dracula said, "why don't we put our dress up clothes on, and then no one will know it's us. So then they won't be afraid?" The friends ran back to the house to dress up. Hilda the Witch dressed as a Mummy. Dracula dressed as banker. The Ghost dressed as a ghost, with a sheet over him. And Mariella dressed up as Ursula the Octopus.

They went back to the neighborhood and knocked on the door again. The people answered and the friends said "Trick or Treat, smell my feet, give me something good to eat. Not too big, not too small, just the size of Montreal". The people laughed gave them lots and lots of candy. They loved their costumes and their song.

The group of friends went to every house on the street. They had so much candy, they could hardly lift their bags. But when they went to the last house, they were spooked because of their Halloween decorations. So they decided it was late, and they went back to the Haunted House. On their way, they passed, the Cemetery and Zombie land. The group of friends had so much fun, they laughed so hard they got the hiccups. At the end of the night, they decided to make this a tradition. Every year after that, they all met at the Haunted House and played games and started back where it all began on that first Halloween Night.

The End.

By: Olivia Link, 2021

# The Ghost of North Bay Mall

By Layla Anne Sugarman

One day on Halloween night two sisters were telling a bunch of Halloween stories. One sister was telling a very good story.

An old and poor and lonely man was sitting in the food court at the North Bay Mall. He had heard that it was somewhere lonely people went. No one was there. All of the stores were closed. It felt dry and empty.

And then he sat down at a table and saw two people walk by towards the bathroom. He wished something was open because he was very hungry. He did not know that a witch haunted the mall for years.

The witch found something powerful to make her invisible, and she cast an invisible spell on the old man. Then on his way out, the old man bumped into something but he went right through it. So he thought he might be dead and he was right. So he asked someone where to go when you're dead. She said the cemetery.

He did not know of the cemetery in North Bay, only the cemetery in Toronto. But he did not want to go all the way to Toronto. So he stayed in the mall, and he became the ghost to haunt North Bay Mall.

The girl listening to the story said that was very spooky. "I'm never going to the North Bay Mall again!"

So the sisters went to bed and when they woke up, their mother said "we're going to the North Bay Mall". The two sisters screamed!

The end.

## About The Author:

Layla Sugarman is 8 years old and is a grade 3 student at Alliance French Immersion Public School in North Bay, Ontario. She loves playing piano, reading and writing books, swimming and doing gymnastics. When she grows up she would like to be an actress.

# The River Glömpus

Hannah Miller

(Winner of the 2021 contest)

It was Halloween night, and Terence and Louisa Bridges were both sitting on the dock behind their house, fishing. They had already done their trick-or-treating. Soon, their Aunt Morticia and Uncle Gordon walked out to join them.

Uncle Gordon laughed as he heard the two bickering about a fish and said: "Keep your guard up kids. You don't want to get pulled into the water by the River Glömpus."

Both kids turned to stare at their uncle, scared looks on their faces.

"What's a River Glömpus?" Terry asked, gripping his fishing rod tightly.

Aunt Morticia waved her hand in dismissal. "Ah, don't worry about it. It's just an old wives' tale."

Uncle Gordon crouched down so he was looking the children in the eye. "Don't listen to your aunt. I tell you, the River Glömpus is real. I saw one with my own eyes!"

"Sure you did you crazy old man." Aunt Morticia laughed, walking away.

Uncle Gordon rolled his eyes at his sister.

"Did you actually see one?!" Terry asked, his green eyes shining with excitement.

Uncle Gordon's face turned grim, remembering the time when he saw one of the terrifying monsters. Then he started his story:

"When I was a young lad in my late teens, I stole my dad's rowboat and started to paddle out to the island on the lake behind our house. It was dark and rainy outside.

"That's scary." Terry shivered. He was only eight and was scared of the dark.

"It's not that scary." Ten-year-old Louisa lied, pretending to be brave.

Uncle Gordon cleared his throat to get the kids' attention back on the story:

"When it started to rain, I got a little worried. Occasionally, water would slosh over the side of the boat, but not enough to make it sink. Once I reached the island, I climbed out of the craft, and pulled it up the bank."

"What next?" Louisa asked eagerly, already intrigued by the story.

"I'm getting there." Uncle Gordon said, annoyed with the interruptions. "After I pulled the rowboat up the bank, I decided to wait out the storm in an old shipwreck. It was just off the coast of the island and half-submerged in water.

"When I reached the shipwreck, I climbed inside part of it and waited for about ten minutes. Then I saw something walking through the water towards my hiding spot. In the glow of my lantern, it approached: the River Glömpus."

"She was the ugliest creature you could ever see: her left eye a murky brown, her right an ocean blue. Instead of hair, long green pieces of seaweed grew out of her scalp. For clothes, she wore a short dress made of cloth from the sails of ships, and footless stockings made of fishnet. On her wrist was a bracelet of fishing line and fishing hooks, and around her neck was a shark tooth pendant."

"Did she have gills to breath underwater?" Louisa questioned.

"Yes! Yes she did! She had gills in her neck and webbing in between her fingers and toes. Her nails were really long, and her skin was a light blueish color. Scales decorated her upper arms and shoulders, and when she bared her gray teeth, you could see bits of moss and fish stuck in her fangs.

"Were you scared?" Terry asked, eyes wide.

"Scared?!" Uncle Gordon asked. "Of course I was scared! Who wouldn't be?! Legend has it that women are turned into more Glömpus', but men get eaten by them!"

"Ha, so I'm safe." Louisa boasted.

Uncle Gordon shook his head. "No. You're not. You don't want to become a Glömpus, do you?"

Louisa bit her lip and didn't answer.

"Let's continue with the story!" Terry begged.

Uncle Gordon nodded. "When the Glömpus approached me, I grabbed a wooden plank from the shipwreck and threw it at her, then I ran until I reached my boat, shoved it into the water, and paddled back towards my house. I was stupid back then, running from a water monster through water. And worse, I fell asleep. My parents found me two days later washed up on a shore an hour away from home. My dad's boat was never seen again."

"Creepy." Louisa said, shivers running down her spine.

"Terry nodded in agreement, to scared to speak.

Then, out of nowhere, the three heard the high-pitched scream of Aunt Morticia and the splash of water.

"Thank God." Uncle Gordon said. "The Glömpus got her."

# THE DIARY: Frozen Death, Reborn

by  
William R. Bell  
a.k.a. Billy Ray Bell

October 10, 2021

As autumn colours fade and fall  
My country is not country  
It is winter.

Billy Ray Bell

8 pages; 7 of 7 story pages

Read on and  
I will woo you with my pen

(1) The Diary:  
Frozen Death, Reborn

It was halloween night and the events i will describe to you took place in a mountain log cabin some five years ago.

I have been to the place on the mountain many times since and seen the old log cabin where the events i found recorded in the diary took place and seen and talked with an old man who vouched for the truth of the story and that his father was one of the parties operated on.

I had been trekking through the forest on the side of the mountain for the better part of the day and it had been a long day. Dawn turned to morning, then to noon and then to dusk. The evening shadows were giving away to night, which was creeping in fast.

In my mind i could scream from the fear of the terror i don't see or hear all around me, but i know is there. For in the forest the canopy of trees blocks out the light of the sun, as it sets darkest comes upon you very quickly in the forest. So you need to make camp or find shelter of anykind and fast. Ahead of me through the trees and underbush i could just make out a clearing and i would make camp there no matter what. As i merged into the clearing. To my utter surprise and amazement, there was a log cabin. I thought my sanctuary in the woods. What faith and fate i have and being in a clearing, i'll get more sunlight, but not for to much longer, before it says good night.

(2)

As i approached, i could tell that the cabin had no one living in it. I knocked at the door three times. Three loud raps that echoed through the forest all around me. I found that very eerie, because it reminded me that i was alone. Just me, myself and i.

Knocking was not just a force of habit. It's always the right thing to do. It's the way we are all brought up. You just don't burst into someone's place, no matter where you are and you leave a note, explaining who you are and your situation.

Receiving no response to my rapping. I tried the door, it was not locked and i went inside. The inner sanctum is entered through the creaking door. Welcome to the darkness. It was darker inside the cabin, then outside. I came prepared for my trek on the mountain. My cellphone will have no signal. My one person tent, sleeping bag, two canteens of fresh water, food and my backpack had all i would need for a night or two in the great outdoors, under the stars and the forest night sounds. All of it will come in handy if i do need it.

Using my flashlight i stoked a fire in the belly of the old potbelly wood stove, making sure the flue was open. Dirt floor was my first thought. I started looking around the cabin and getting settled in for the night. I thought to myself this is not going to be like

(3)  
anyother halloween night in my life. No trick or  
treaters here i bet or at least i hope not.

In the cabin was a large table, six  
chairs, cupboards along one wall running  
floor to ceiling, a cot, three coal oil lanterns,  
armchair with side table and oh yes the  
warm, hot potbelly stove.

On the sidetable next to the armchair  
was a book. As i picked it up and  
thumbed through it i realized that it  
was someones diary. No name. That  
was left behind. I made a decision on  
the spot, that i would have something  
to eat. Put my sleeping bag out on the  
cot and i would read the diary before  
i went to sleep. Sitting in the armchair  
reading the diary by lantern light had  
a spooky, eerie feeling to it. Theater  
of the mind i thought.

The accounts in the diary runs like this;  
"January 7 - i went on the mountain today  
and witnessed what to me was a horrible  
sight. It seems that the dwellers there who  
are unable either from age or other reasons  
to contribute to the support of their families  
are disposed of in the winter months in a  
manner that will shock the one who reads  
this diary unless that person lives in  
that vicinity."

(41) "I will describe what I saw. Six persons, four men and two women, one man a cripple about 30 years old, the other five past the age of usefulness, lay on the earthy floor of the cabin drugged into insensibility, while members of the families were gathered about them in apparent indifference. In a short time the unconscious bodies were inspected by several old people who said: "They are ready."

"They were then stripped of all their clothing except a single garment. Then the bodies were carried outside and laid on logs exposed to the bitter cold mountain air, the operation having been delayed several days for suitable weather."

"It was a night when the bodies were carried out and the full moon occasionally obscured by flying clouds, shone on their upturned, ghastly faces and a horrible fascination kept me by the bodies as long as I could endure the severe cold."

"Soon the noses, ears and fingers began to turn white, then the limbs and faces assumed a tallowy look. I could stand the cold no longer and went inside, where I found the friends in cheerful conversation. In about an hour I went out and looked at the bodies. They were fast freezing."

"Again I went inside where the men were smoking their clay pipes, but silence had fallen on them. Perhaps they were thinking of the time when their time would come to be carried out, for in the same way, one by one

(5)

they at last lay down on the floor and went to sleep."

"I could not shut out the sight of their freezing bodies outside, neither could I bear to be in darkness, but I piled on the wood in the potbelly stove and seated on a single block passed the dreary night, terror stricken by the horrible sights I had witnessed."

"January 8 — Day came at length, but did not dissipate the terror that filled me. The frozen bodies became visibly white on the snow that lay in huge drifts about them. The women gathered about the fire and soon commenced preparing breakfast. The men awoke, and conversation again commencing, affairs assumed a more cheerful aspect."

"After breakfast the men lighted their pipes and some of them took a yoke of oxen and went off toward the forest, while others proceeded to nail together boards making a box about 10 feet long and half as high and wide. When this was completed they placed about two feet of straw in the bottom. Then they laid three frozen bodies in the straw. Then the faces and upper part of the bodies were covered with a cloth; then more straw was put in the box and the other three bodies placed on top, and covered the same as the first ones, with cloth and straw."

"Boards were then firmly nailed on top to protect the bodies from being injured by carnivorous animals that made their home on these mountains. By this time the men who went off with the ox team

(6)

returned with a huge load of spruce and hemlock boughs which they unloaded at the foot of a steep ledge, came to the cabin and loaded the box containing the bodies on the sled and drew it to the foot of the ledge near the load of boughs."

"These were soon piled on and around the box and it was left to be covered with snow which I was told would lay in drifts 20 feet deep over the crude tomb. 'We shall want our men to plant our corn next spring,' said a youngish looking woman, the wife of one of the frozen men, 'and if you want to see them resuscitated, you come here about the 10<sup>th</sup> of next May'."

Turning the leaves of the diary, the old man recounts, he came to the following entry:

"May 10 — I arrived here at 10 a.m. after riding four hours over muddy ground. The weather here is warm and pleasant, most of the snow is gone except here and there, there are drifts in the fence corners and hollows. But nature is not yet dressed in green."

"I found the same parties here I last left in January ready to disinter the bodies of their friends. I had no expectations of finding any life there, but a feeling that I could not resist impelled me to come and see."

"We repaired at once to the well remembered spot at the ledge. The snow had melted from the top of the brush, but still lay deep around the bottom of the pile. The men commenced work at once, some shovelling, and others tearing away the brush. Soon the box was visible. The cover

was taken off, the layers of straw removed and the bodies, frozen and apparently lifeless, lifted out and laid on the snow.<sup>29</sup>

“Large troughs made out of hemlock logs were placed nearby filled with tepid water, into which the bodies were placed separately with the head slightly raised. Boiling water was then poured into the troughs from kettles hung on poles nearby until the water was as hot as I could hold my hand in. Hemlock boughs had been put in the boiling water in such quantities that they had given the water the colour of wine.”

“After lying in the bath about an hour, colour began to return to the bodies, when all hands began rubbing and chafing them. This continued about an hour when a slight twitching of the muscles of the face and limbs, followed by audible gasps showed that life was not quenched and that vitality was returning.”

“Spirits were then given in small quantities and allowed to trickle down their throats. Soon they could swallow and more was given them when their eyes opened and they began to talk, and finally sitting up in their bath tubs.”

“They were taken out and assisted to the cabin where after a hearty meal they seemed as well as ever and in no wise injured, but rather refreshed by their long sleep of four months.”

“Truly, truth is stranger than fiction.”

END