

Title of the Story: **THE HAUNTED DRESS**

Date: October 28th, 2020.

Main Characters

Problem

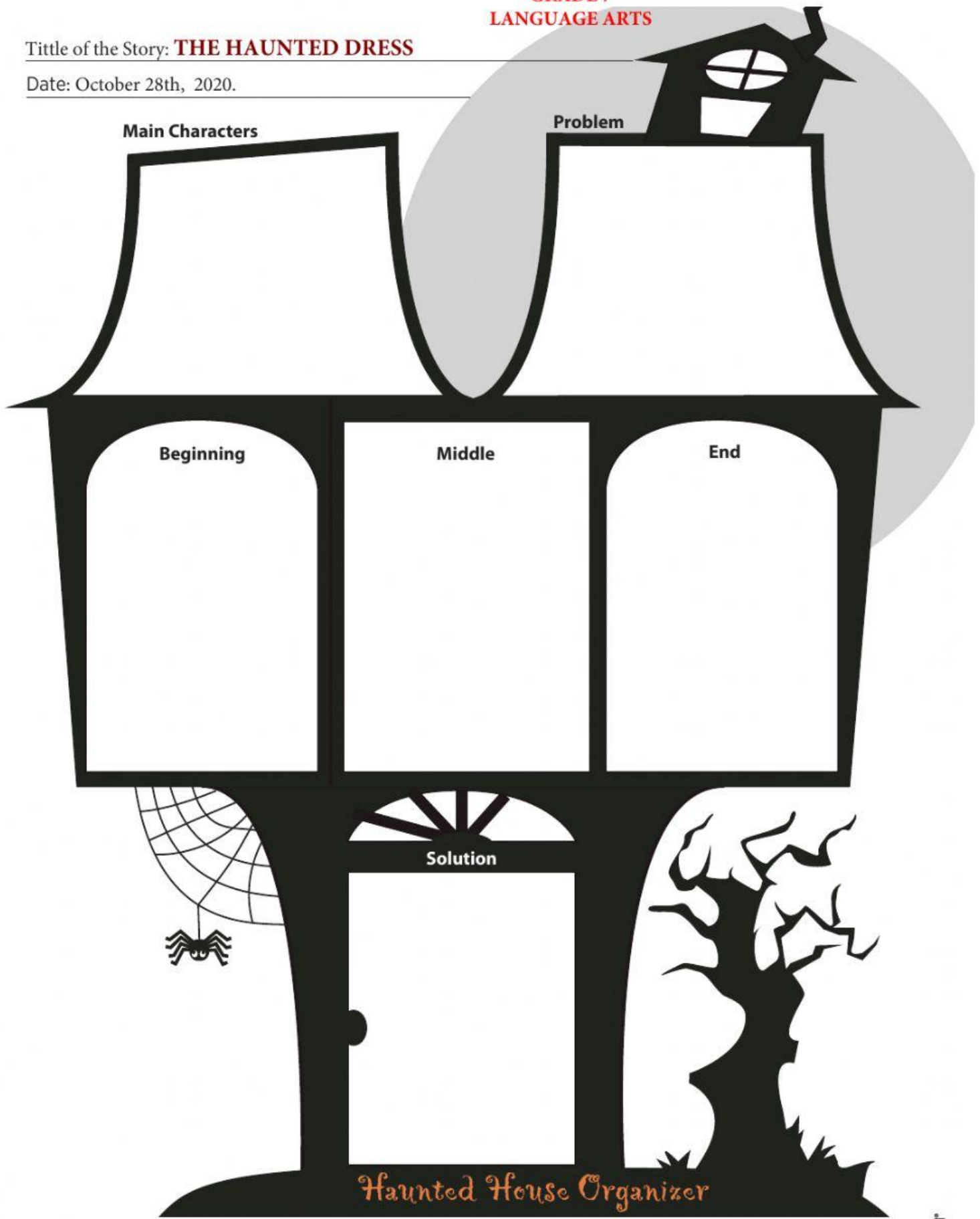
Beginning

Middle

End

Solution

Haunted House Organizer



AGES 10-12 SECOND PLACE:

The Haunted Dress, by *Katie McDonald*, age 11

The day it began was quite uneventful. I finished up some last minute homework, watched some TV and went to the second hand store to get a Halloween costume.

As we got out of the car, a long gust of wind slashed us. I hid behind the car for protection along with my mom. When the wind died down a little my mom and I sprinted into the store.

"Some weather," I exclaimed to my mother. She laughed and nodded and as we entered the Halloween section of the store.

We strode along the aisles as we tried on funny wigs and costumes.

Finally, my mother came up to me with a beautiful wedding dress.

"You want me to be a bride?" I asked, not loving the idea.

"Not just any bride, a zombie bride!" She said excitedly.

I immediately knew that this was the way to go. I picked up the wedding dress to get a closer look: It was a long sleeve dress with ruffles and jewels. In addition, it had beautiful ivory lace that shimmered like nothing else in the universe.

"It might be a little hard to trick-or-treat in," mom questioned as she picked up the long train of the dress.

"We could cut it just a little," I said still in awe of its beauty.

"I am going to go get the zombie makeup; you just stay here with the dress." I said to my mom who still, was speechless.

After I picked out what I thought was the perfect makeup, I came over to my mom who looked very pale and weak, with the dress high in the air with her hands.

"Are you okay?" I asked

"I am fine sweetheart, I guess I just feel a little eerie thinking that this was once somebody's wedding dress and now we are going to cut it up for a monster dress," my mom said as she began to regain the color in her face. I took the dress from her hands and also felt the sad, eerie feeling my mother had felt.

When we got up to the cashier, the girl who was checking us out held the dress up and look confused.

"I have never seen this dress here before," and put the dress down and that that same depressing feeling filled the air.

That night when I got home my mom announced she would be taking the dog on a walk. She asked if I would like to come, but much to her surprise, I declined, wanting to admire my dress that evening.

I searched around the house for my dress when from the corner of my eye I swear I saw something move from my bedroom. I walked into the bedroom. Then, something moved again, and this time, it looked like the wedding dress was the thing that moved. The wedding dress HAD moved, not because of the wind, not because of a mouse, but all on its own it had completely shifted positions. But it didn't stop there, the wedding dress had gotten up out of the chair. Slowly, a person began to fill in the dress. At first, she was quite beautiful, long blond hair and piercing blue eyes, then the scars and scratches appeared on her pale face. She came over and grabbed my arm so quickly that I couldn't even react.

"You have no idea of the power of this dress, look what it has done to me, burn it, do whatever you have to do to never see it again!" The bride vanished as quickly as she came, and the dress looked like any other dress again on the chair.

I ran out of the house and screamed at the top of my lungs for my mother. When I finally found my mother, I told her what happened. But to my disappointment, she refused to believe me.

"Fine, don't believe me, but whatever you do get that thing out of my sight and my bedroom, I am going to have to be something else for Halloween!"

The next morning I woke up, and felt sharp pains in my arms. When I sat up, I saw the wedding dress on my body, the sleeves of the dress stained red and the words: "**This will be the last warning,**" in blood on the wall of my bedroom.