

One Halloween Night, written by Daniel Rouco

It was a warm night. Five buddies hurriedly put on their Halloween costumes while they were getting more and more nervous as their favourite holiday was about to start in a go. So, October 31st finally appeared filled with pumpkins, devils and many witches here and there.

These five friends were far from simple tots: Kevin dressed as Dracula, Peter dressed as Poltergeist, John dressed as a dead man, Mike dressed as Frankenstein and Paul dressed as an old witch. They were all about 17 and couldn't wait any longer to begin with the party. Tonight they would trick-or-treat to their hearts' content, they would gobble up thousands of bags of candy and they would hopefully play a trick on Mr. Johnson.

After many treats, it's now time for a well-planned trick. Up the street they went, back down the other side and at the end of the main crossroad there was Johnson's place. He was known for grumping and grouching at anyone that looked twice at him. Someone said he ate worm sandwiches for lunch and frog legs for dinner.

All of a sudden, a gust of wind kicked up causing all five boys to shiver a bit, however, they really wanted to know if all those rumors were true. As they got into Johnson's house, they could hear someone moaning, almost as if they were in pain.

-“Do you think it's Mr. Johnson?, erm, what should we do?”, said Kevin.

-“No problem, Kevin, after all, there's five of us”, said Paul.

Quietly, the boys slipped in through the door. They stepped in something mushy, that let off a horrible stench. “It smells like someone died!!” As they were grabbing on to furniture and walls, they called out to Mr. Johnson. SLAT!

-“What is it?”- I don't know. It seems like worms”.

-“Hey, my friend, do you think the thing about the worm sandwiches is true?, asked Paul.

-“Let's just find Mr. Johnson, ok? and get out of here right now”, said Peter.

Suddenly, as Peter got out of the kitchen, the lights came out. Finally, they found out that Mr. Johnson had played the biggest trick that all the boys have never experienced in their own lives. Mr. Johnson's dog usually barks as if it was moaning and the smell was simply Johnson's dinner that was left on purpose on the table in an advanced state of decomposition.

Every year, thereafter, the five boys would end their trick-or-treating at Mr. Johnson's place. Then he'd walk them home and tell Supernatural Being and ghost stories while they dug into their candy and hung on his every word. All because of one Halloween night.