

Stouffville

## Close-Up

**The Nosey Little Girl**  
By Allison Bullock, Grade 5,  
Summitview Public School

The wind was howling through the cracked walls of the old house. The moonlight, casting wicked shadows on the walls, made the tree limbs look like long, bony fingers. Suddenly the creaky, iron door of the house flew open and there it was ...

The nosey little girl. She walked in and went into a big room. She looked at the old painting on the wall. It was of a man.

As she went away she saw that the man's eyes seemed to be following her every move. Then she heard a strange noise. It sounded like a very, low growling noise.

It was coming from upstairs. The little girl was so curious, she decided that she had to go upstairs and see what it was. As she went upstairs, the noise grew louder and louder.

Then she saw a dark thing flash in front of her; she felt a deep chill around her.

Then she felt a cold, bony hand on her shoulder. She turned quickly and saw a gnarled, little old man who looked like an older version of the man in the painting.

He stared at her with those same cold, steel blue eyes. Her heart was pounding.

Her palms were sweating. She tried to scream but nothing came out. All she could think of was getting away from this place and away from this horrid little man.

She promised she would never be nose-y ever, ever again. She ran out of the house so fast she thought she was flying.

The man stood holding his tiny dog, and watched her run away.

He shook his head and wondered when the neighborhood kids would learn not to come into his home.



**Prince of Darkness**  
By Sandra Shuker, Grade 8  
Ballantrae Public School

The wind was howling through the cracked walls of the old house. The moonlight, casting wicked shadows on the walls, made the tree limbs look like long, bony fingers. Suddenly, the creaky iron door of the house flew open and there it was ...

Its eyes were piercing yellow, its beak glistening in the pale moonlight.

The night clouds cast evil shadows on its immense, deformed body.

Great wings, much like a Gargoyle's, rose majestically from its shoulders.

From his beak he spoke. "I am the Prince of Darkness."

I shrank back in terror, eyes frozen to the great beast in front of me. The beast was coming towards me. Closer ... closer ... closer ...

Suddenly heat surrounded my body, while the Prince of Darkness wrapped his great wings about me.

I tried to scream but no sound came from my terrified mouth.

Despite the heat, I shivered uncontrollably. The pressure of his wings around my body increased as I felt life sucked from my very soul.

"Relax my child," he said.

"You are one with the devil."

And I was gone forever.



**PHANTOM CONTEST  
WINNERS ARE...**

The Halloween spirit is alive and well and living in the imaginations of Whitchurch-Stouffville's youth.

In our first annual Halloween Phantom short story contest for students, we received nearly 100 entries.

And the prose of our elementary school students was most entertaining.

Here, for your entertainment, we proudly present the top winners in the junior (Grades 4, 5 and 6) and senior (Grades 7 and 8) categories, as well as one honorable mention we couldn't ignore. All the entries were well done and selecting just two was a hard task indeed. Congratulations to all our budding authors.



**The Ugly Phantom**

By Andre Kassermelli, Grade 4  
St. Jean De Lalande Public School

The wind was howling through the cracked walls of the old house. The moonlight, casting wicked shadows on the walls, made the tree limbs look like long, bony fingers.

Suddenly the creaky iron door of the house flew open and there it was ...

the most scary and the most ugly phantom you have ever seen in your life.

And this year he plans to destroy Halloween by erasing it from everyone's memory.

But when he heard the phantom's plan, a boy named Duffy decided to do something.

Duffy also heard the phantom needed three elements to erase everyone's memory of Halloween. They were one rotten pumpkin, one handful of wolf fur, and one chicken feather.

The phantom had to put the elements in a pot full of hot water.

One by one the phantom went to collect them.

He collected the wolf fur and went away to collect the other two elements. Duffy went home and cut a hand full of fur from his bear skin rug.

Duffy put the fakes in the water instead of the real thing.

He ran out of the old house fast to hide.

The phantom came back and tried to cast the spell. But the spell backfired and everybody loves Halloween, even the ugly phantom.