

There are dead children in the walls.

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well, one late night, I was watching Lilo and Stich with my brother and his friend. Since they say that i'm the devil, I decided to creep them out. So I looked at my brother with an emotionless look, and I said, "There are dead children in the walls."

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1 - I'm not scared...I'm terrified

I stared at my so called "friends" with fear. I looked over at a big, creaky, rickety house. I gulped.

"A-are you sure?" I asked one last time, giving my friends a quick glance.

"Yes!" one of my friends, Amy cried. She smirked. "Or are you chicken?" As she said this, my two other friends made clucking noises and flapped their arms around.

My cheeks turned red and I arched my eyebrows. "Of course not!"

"Then go in," said my other friend, Alyssa. Amy and my 3rd friend, Amanda, gave me a push towards the haunted house. I stopped them.

"Stop it!" I snapped. "I can go in on my own." I looked away from them and gulped again. My feet slowly made their way up to the steps. With each step, the boards make a large creaking noise. I reached for the knob cautiously. I turned it and the door normally. I looked inside. It looked like a normal house. I stepped inside and smiled.

"This isn't scary at all," I said to myself, walking through the living room. As I was walking, I suddenly slipped.

"AAHH!" I screamed as I fell to the floor with a loud thump. I looked at what had made me slipped.

Something that was..red. I touched it.. and sticky.. I smelled it..

It was only ketchup.

I smirked and got up. Nothing scary about ketchup. I walked some more. In the living room, a bat and a spider came down on me. I flicked at them and they went swinging around the room. I laughed.

Cheap plastic toys. The owner probaly bought them at the corner shop.

In a dark hall, a mummy came out of the wall.

"Hm.." I said, taking off a piece of the wrapping that was on it. "This fellow seems to be wrapped in toilet paper." I chuckled once more. I wasn't scared of this.

I walked into one of the rooms. There was a severed head with something yellow on the top that looked like...

"Noodles," I said to myself, taking some and eating it. "MMM, look, I'm eating brains! Hahaha! Some haunted house this turned out to be." I walked out of the room and onwards through the house. Through it, a bunch of cheap toys and pranks sprang out at me. But I wasn't scared.

About an hour later, I made it to the back room. There was an old man holding a bowl full of giant chocolate bars.

"Well well," the man said, grinning a smile that showed some missing teeth. "You're the first kid who actually got all the way here."

"No offense old man," I said slowly, eyeing the curtain that was behind him. "But, it wasn't really scary."

"Well, that's because you didn't make it to the haunted house yet," the man said, still bearing the grin. But this time, it looked more sinister.

I stepped back uneasily. "What do you mean?"

"There's no need to be scared, m'girl," the man said softly, taking hold of the curtain. He handed me a chocolate bar. "I'm just saying that it's actually over here."

I grabbed the chocolate bar and slowly walked toward the curtain. The old man suddenly gave me a great push. I fell into the darkness of the curtain. I looked up to see-

Just a small child.

But she didn't look like any ordinary child. Her eyes almost looked black. She was wearing one of those old little girl dresses. In her arms was a...headless teddy bear.

"Um, hi," I greeted carefully, trying not to seem rude. I put on a smile. The girl looked up at me. Her eyes were black!

"There's dead children in the walls," she said in a quiet, emotionless voice. Just as my smile came, it was gone.

"Uh-what?" I asked silently looking around the walls. The girl looked around at the walls aimlessly. Suddenly, the walls started to bulge out.

"What the heck is going on here?!" I cried, stumbling back towards the curtain. I tugged at the curtain, but it wouldn't budge.

"You can't escape."

I glared over at the young girl as the walls came out even further. "What?"

"You will join us now."

As she said this, I was engulfed by little children's arms and screaming faces. Now, I wasn't scared.

I was terrified.