

Halloween story contest winners

Mother's Love

Caroline wearily wiped the back of her hand across her perspiring forehead. She picked up the wooden spoon from the counter and slowly stirred the deep red pasta sauce, which filled the air with a heavenly aroma. It was almost finished, so she turned the heat down. She opened the cabinet and carefully removed two plates. She set them on the table gently, so she would not disturb her six week old baby who was sleeping in the nursery down the hall. She looked at the clock on the wall. Jim would be returning home from work soon. A smile slowly spread across her face as she thought of his excitement of becoming a new father.

A hot gust of wind blew through the open kitchen window. Suddenly, the floor began vibrating and the glasses on the table began rattling. Then the whole house began shaking and the walls were crumbling. Caroline watched in horror as the section of the roof over the nursery caved in. She heard the frantic cries of her baby above the sounds of plaster falling and glass breaking. She frantically began moving towards her baby. Suddenly, she heard a loud crack and felt sharp, excruciating pain as a beam from the ceiling pinned her to the ground. The earthquake stopped.

Caroline felt a warm, gushing liquid oozing down her face. She tried to move, but the beam was on her back. She could hear her baby's muffled cries from under a pile of debris. Caroline knew she had to save her child.

Miraculously, she managed to slide out from under the beam by holding onto the large chunk of plaster and pulling desperately. She crawled over piles of rubbish, shuddering as cold chills began shaking her body. She did not know how much time had elapsed, but she finally reached her destination. The dull whimpering caused an agonizing ache to form in her heart. She knew she had to

hurry. Sharp pieces of broken wood and plaster scraped her hands as she persistently removed hunks of plaster from the pile. Finally, she felt the warm flesh of her child. With tears in her eyes, she wrapped a blanket around her baby and held the bundle close to her heart. Reality was slowly coming back to her and she knew what had to be done.

Jim approached his demolished home and a surge of nausea rose from the depths of his stomach to form a solitary lump in his throat. He was trembling and had broken into a cold sweat. He walked toward the rubbish of his home, and climbed over the piles of debris.

After what seemed an eternity, Jim saw what he had dreaded. Caroline's lifeless body lay still, held down by a beam which had split her skull open. A pool of dark red blood lay all around her. Jim let out a wail of despair. Everything began spinning and then all was black.

When he came to, he did not know where he was. His blurred vision slowly cleared, and he realized he was lying on a stretcher in his front yard. Rescue workers were wiping his forehead and telling him everything would be o.k.

"Caroline...you can't leave me. Please...our baby," he muttered. "Your baby is fine, sir," a nurse reassured him. "A woman brought him to us in very good condition."

"Woman? What woman?" "I think it was its mother, sir. She handed me the baby and said, 'Please take good care of my baby.' When I looked up again, she was gone."

Jim's head sunk to the ground. His heart ached with grief for his wife, but he was grateful to God for the miracle that had happened here, the miracle of mother's love.

Maurisa Fela, Age 17
Lake-Lehman High School
12th Grade

The Back Mountain area has some promising student writers - as evidenced by the entries for the Dallas Post Halloween Story Contest.

Amy Samuels was judged the winner in the age 12 and under category with her clever "Mr. Brink's Cats." Jennifer Jerrytone won in the age 12 to 17 category with "The Ride," an old-fashioned tale with a Victorian atmosphere. Because we had no entries in the 18 and above category, Maurisa Fela's spiritual "Mother's Love," was awarded first-place in that category.

Each winner will receive a \$50 U.S. Savings Bond from the Dallas Post. We've also included some runner-up stories we found especially entertaining.

The Ride

Another Halloween has passed, like an autumn leaf falling off an old oak tree. Each leaf, representing a year, fallen to the cold ground and rotting with the morning's mist. The years have passed quietly, here, for me. I write in my diary, secretly, in fear that the "guardians" might seize this journal. This written record is my last link, in the chain of reality. It binds and reminds me of my past life, outside this horrible place, with its blank, white walls, paralyzing pills and the dementia all around me. Every night, I write until I hear the squishing sounds of white shoes against waxed floors, coming, down the hall with another round of pills. I never take the pills. They're right here, hidden inside the woolen shell of my jacket. Get this straight, I'm from a good Scottish upbringing. And, everybody knows there is no such thing as a crazy Scot.

Crazy, indeed! It's just that no one will believe me when I tell them what happened to me that Halloween night, in London, long ago. The year was 1853 and I had been coming home from the docks, after seeing my cousin off. He was a sailor on the ship,

Sea Hawk, and this was to be his last voyage. You see, the ship and crew disappeared and were never heard from, again. Well, anyway, as I said, I was walking home, and it was bitterly cold, the kind of cold that could freeze your toes right out of your boots, and the fog was thick enough to eat with a fork. The silence that came over the town was incredible. The only noise was an occasional yowl from one of the cats in the alleys and the sound of my boots as they clapped against the cobblestone street. All of a sudden, I heard the trotting of horses feet, and I remember hoping that a cab was coming my way, so I could get a ride.

But then, I began to wonder if the cab was really coming toward me. You know how sound carries strangely on a foggy night! Soon, out of the fog burst a big, black coach pulled by two, coal-black horses. I called to the driver, who was also dressed completely in black, and he acknowledged me by stopping. I thanked the driver and climbed uneasily into the coach, nervously shouting my destination. With a snap of the reins, the horses were off and I was amazed at their swiftness as they made their

way through the narrow streets, filled with fog. Suddenly, they came to a halt and I realized we had reached my destination. Stepping out of the cab, I asked the driver how much it would cost for the ride. He turned, to look at me, and I saw his face clearly, for the first time. It was very white and distorted, with sunken eyes that burned fiery red. As I gazed at him, in shock, he began to laugh a terrible laugh that sounded like a cackle, and his yellow teeth flashed like mirrors in the midnight sun. He slapped his horses, with the reins, and they quickly turned and began galloping straight toward me! Suddenly, they were upon me and I saw the steam rolling out of their nostrils, the fire in their eyes and their weird, white, shining black flesh. Then, amazingly, they disappeared and left me standing, alone, shining black flesh. Then, amazingly, they disappeared and left me standing, alone, in terror, with the eerie sound of a cat's scream echoing through the night.

Jennifer Jerrytone, Age 13
Dallas Middle School
8th Grade

Vampire City

One day I went to Vampire City. I rode on a giant, ugly and slimy bat. On my way I saw a thousand other bats. My bat's name is Sam. He is very kind and helping. It took 900 miles to get there.

When we got there I was sore from the long trip. Sam took me to Jan's Diner. I ordered a Spider's Buffet. It was good but it cost three doubloons. I asked Sam where to get them. He said at the house across the street. I went over and knocked on the door. It opened and a man stood in my way. It was Dracula.

"Eeek" I yelled. "Please he said. Don't yell." I asked him for three doubloons. He said they were on the table. I got the money and paid for my meal. Sam and I went to the Ball. We saw Frankenstein, Stay Puff, Wolf Man, Apparitions, Dracula and his wife. After that I went home. My Mom goes Hill! Sonny, I missed you.

The End

Nathan Matusek, Age 9
Lehman-Jackson
Elementary School
Grade 4-B

Mr. Brink's Cats

Once there was a man who had many cats. All of his cats were white except for one, which was black. This man's name was Mr. Brink. Every day at exactly 4 p.m., his door would open and his black cat would come outside.

The weird part was, Mr. Brink didn't get home until 5:30 every night and no one lived with him. But no one really ever paid any attention to it because most of the cats in the neighborhood could open doors and turn lights on and off and things like that.

One day, my friends and I got curious. We wanted to see if the cat really could open the door. So after school, we went over to Mr. Brink's house and crowded around his side window so we could see the front door from the inside. As soon as our

watches turned to 4:00, a shadowy figure came into the front room. As we watched, the figure silently called for the cat. The cat appeared from the middle of the room and went outside. Then the figure turned around. It started to walk out of the room, when it suddenly turned around and stared straight at us. The next thing we knew, we were at my house, where we ran as soon as we were discovered. We didn't go to Mr. Brink's house or anywhere near it for two weeks.

Three weeks later, Mr. Brink died, and in his will, he left the cats to anyone who wanted them. My mother, being an animal lover, was the first one over to his house to pick out a cat. She held each one twice before she decided on one.

The End

Happy Halloween
Amy Samuels, Age 11
Dallas Middle School
Grade 6

Short Scores

The wolf is out tonight. They'll grab your toes and bite your nose.

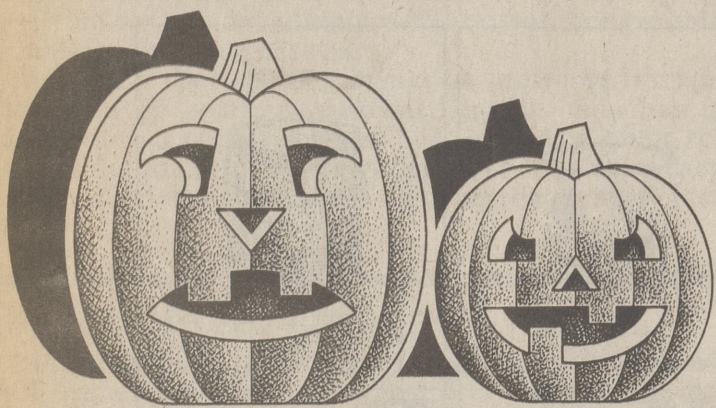
Tim Kravits, Age 7
Westmoreland School
Grade 2, Mrs. Faerber

There's a very spookey goblin in the neighborhood. He comes around on Halloween night. He scares little kids right out of their costumes. Then he goes and gets spiders and webs and throws them at the children.

Sarah Armand, Age 7
Westmoreland School
Grade 2, Mrs. Faerber

A ghost will put his sheet on you. Then he will shake you. Then he will drop you on the floor. Then he will make a face at you.

Brad Lothridge, Age 7
Westmoreland School
Grade 2, Mrs. Faerber



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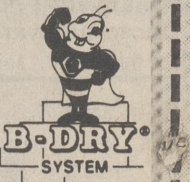
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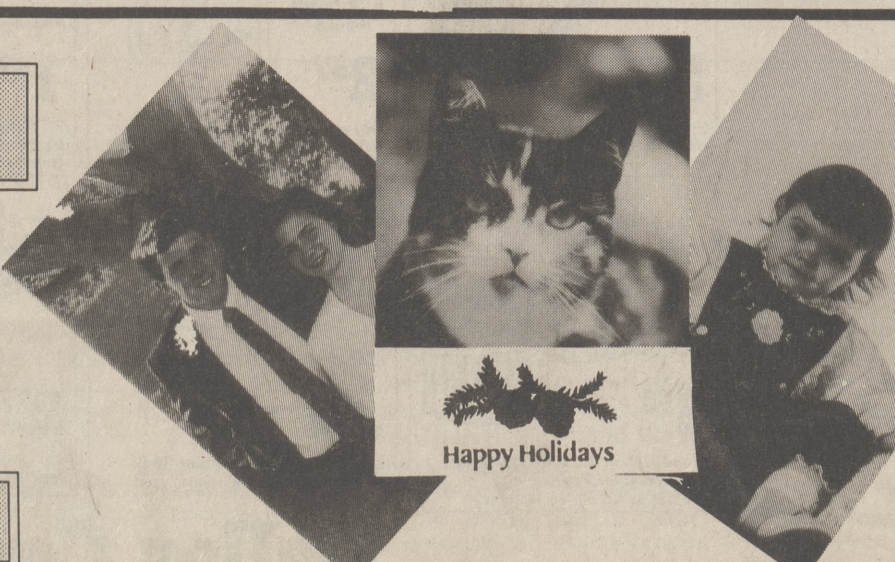
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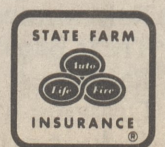
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