

Honorable Mention, Grade 5-6

“Candy Stealing Plan”

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We lived in a small city called Humphrey Ville. It was the year 2005 and it was two days before Halloween. Alexandra, Amanda, Amy and I were playing in the neighborhood. When Amy asked if we wanted to have a sleepover at her house on Halloween, we all agreed that would be fantastic. Little did we know Amy’s older brother Dylan had heard this, too.

The next day Amanda’s parents took all of us, including Dylan, to buy costumes. We brought our own money, of course. Alexandra ended up picking up a Pocahontas costume. Amanda wanted to be a witch. Amy got a Sleeping Beauty costume. I picked a professional soccer player costume. Dylan bought a cloak and red glow-in-the-dark paint. When we asked what it was for, he said that it was confidential.

The afternoon of Halloween when we put our tents up we made sure there was room for our sleeping bags and at least four giant bags of candy. We later brought in a truth or dare game, Monopoly, and some flashlights. I was very thankful that Amy brought some blankets, because the newscast said it would be cold that night.

We stopped at every single house in the neighborhood. Candy that was famous like Tootsie Pops, Fun Dip and Jolly Ranchers were all passed out. There were also some rare delicacies, like candied apples. Anyway, we had a bag stuffed with candy. We hugged our bags like they were gold all the way to Amy’s tent and put them right next to our pillows so we could watch them all night long.

That night we snuggled down into our sleeping bags and told each other ghost stories. I was so scared I almost wet my pants. Later we played truth or dare. Amanda dared me to go outside and shout, “I am a pig.” Around midnight we became drowsy, so we fell asleep.

When we had been asleep for a while, it started to get windy; it was the kind that howls. A few minutes later we heard a clicking noise, just like the beginning of Alexandra’s super scary ghost story where everybody died after they heard the noise.... Then the door opened, and a flood of cold air blasted through. We saw red blood all over a black cloak. Then the cloaked figure began to speak, “I am the ghost of John Spinner. No one ever let me go trick-or-treating, so now I am here for your candies; give me them, or all of you shall pay!” We all freaked out, so we ran into the house screaming our lungs out. That night we all slept inside because we were very scared.

The next morning we all told our parents about the ghost. They just said that we were probably dreaming, but how could we all dream the same thing and how could our candy have disappeared? After lunch, we went to clean the tent. While we were cleaning we

found some footprints. We decided that it was someone who wore Heelys, but none of us did. So who could have?

That night we had a meeting and Alexandra said, "I think the ghost is a fake. He could have worn these Heelys to make it seem that he was floating."

"Also, I have a pair of Heelys at home; they make an identical clicking noise to the one we heard yesterday," Alexandra added.

Amy said, "My brother Dylan has Heelys. But we can't say he did it. Lots of people have Heelys: Sammy, Greg, Kate--they all have Heelys."

After school on Monday we were hanging out at Amy's house. While my friends were getting snacks I went snooping in Dylan's room. I was getting suspicious of him. Then when I looked in the closet I saw candy, bags of candy. There was so much that it could pass for a junkyard. Now I was really suspicious. When I told my friends they got suspicious too.

On Wednesday afternoon Amy rushed towards us. She told us that last night she found a cloak and it was covered in red glow-in-the-dark paint! Then Alexandra said, "It must be Dylan." All of a sudden we understood why Dylan bought the cloak and paint.

Right after that we told Amy's dad and Dylan got in big trouble. He ended up giving back our candy and splitting his "junk yard" to give to each of us. Later Dylan told us about how he prepared the candy stealing plan. Once he found out about our sleepover he thought of a devious plan to get all the candy he wanted: he would dress like a ghost to scare the girls. He would wear his Heelys to make it seem like he was floating. Red glow-in-the-dark paint would add a scary touch. He was thankful that his house was next to a graveyard. He later found a CD full of scary noises. Perfect. Then he rehearsed his lines until he could say them in his sleep and wore his Heelys all day and night to practice. He was even being nice to us so we wouldn't suspect him.

This Halloween, I learned not to steal, if you do, then you'll pay back with more, just like Dylan.