

Second Prize, Grades 5-6

“A Misty Moon”
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It was October 31, 2007, in North Liberty, Indiana. It was Halloween. Me (Savhana Ciula) and my two best friends, Josh Shank and Shelby Seifer, were chillin’ out at Josh’s house. We were devouring our hard earned candy from a night’s worth of Trick-or-Treating, and before we knew it we were all on sugar highs.

As traditions go, we would all go our separate ways around 9:00 p.m., only to sneak out yet again around 12:00 a.m. We would all meet at the edge of Josh’s cornfield. Once the whole trio was there, we would go for an hour-long walk through this 230-acre cornfield, waiting for the ghouls and goblins to come tear us limb from limb. But this year would be *totally* different.

Shelby’s older brother Nick had dared us to sleep out there the whole night. None of us had been known to back down from a dare, so we shakily accepted. We all arrived at 12:00 a.m. sharp with nothing but a blanket and the PJs on our backs. After about a half an hour of searching, we found a good clearing at the far-end of the bug-ridden field. As we settled in, the murky clouds started drifting away to reveal a bright, gleaming, shimmering moon. “At least we have light,” Shelby confirmed. We all said some silent prayers to keep away animals and bugs, then we started trying to catch some winks.

Just as I was starting to drift off into a mindless sleep, I heard a bone chilling, teeth chattering noise. It went something like this: “Ooooooooo-owwwwwoooooooooh!” We all jerked up; you could practically see our hearts flipping out of our chests. We gave each other looks that said it all: *Werewolves!*

Josh, Shelby, and I huddled up really close. Then Shelby said in a half-cry, half-whisper, “But, but, werewolves are not real, they are make-believe, fiction,” trying to sound as convincing as possible.

“The guy about 100 acres west owns half a-dozen hunting dogs; it was probably just them,” Josh confirmed.

But then again, we heard that same ooooooooowwwwooooooooh!” But this time, closer! We dove under our blankets and squished together in a tight ball. After about five minutes of complete silence, we heard branches snapping under the unmistakable sounds of slow but sure, huge footfalls.

Taking a once-in-a-lifetime chance, I peeked out from under my haven and came face-to-face with a pair of red eyes. Those eyes bore into mine like a mosquito on an infant’s tender skin, devouring everything it can get. Without even thinking, I gave a shriek that must have startled China, because in a split second, my whole world was screaming. All three of us jumped up from our positions and made a run for it.

You would think that a 400-pound werewolf would catch a couple of 12-year-olds, but the thought of getting torn to shreds gave our feet wings. The three of us were all athletics freaks, so we had no problem with the 230-acre sprint. By the time we were out we were coughing blood and our legs were trashed from the menacing wild vines that grabbed at our ankles. We ran to the house and collapsed on the porch.

The rest of the night, we dozed on the porch, dreaming of that night's events. The next day we vowed not to tell a single soul of that night's horrors. Each of us will remember that grueling, horrific night of October 31, 2007.