

Walk Of Death

October 31st, 1999, 8th grade, my friends and I were considered “too old” to go trick or treating but too young for any parties. I grew up with Evan, and Emily because our parents were best friends. They wanted us to help them hand out candy to the kids. But we decided to beg them to let us go to the Halloween carnival in our town, renowned for its spine-tingling scares. Unbeknownst to me, this eerie adventure would take a terrifying turn. The three of us got ready together. Wearing our group costume as three blind mice, we scurried out of the house after our parents took our pictures on the dim front porch. The air grew heavy with anticipation. It was a foggy evening. We walked half of a mile to the festival entrance. First we went through the corn maze, then we ate some caramel apples, and talked to some kids our age. They dared us to do the creepy walk through the woods and told us there are legends some people never made it to the end. Evan and Emily are dare devils so they forced me to come with them. With each step, my heart raced, a mix of fear and excitement coursing through our veins. The winding path led us deeper into the darkness, surrounded by grotesque decorations and eerie sound effects. It honestly was scarier than I expected, given the fact there were young kids at the carnival who would probably end up going through the walk if they had not already. The flickering lanterns cast eerie shadows on the path, making it difficult to discern what was real and what was an illusion. People dressed as killers, wolves, and vampires would pop out of nowhere every 15 to 20 feet. I felt a surge of unease, but brushed it off as part of the immersive experience. After all, this was just a Halloween walk, right? As we continued, the atmosphere grew more sinister. Whispers brushed against my ears, sending shivers down my spine. The scent of decay permeated the air, and the distant wails of tortured souls echoed through the trees. A few times I could've sworn I saw children run in front of me and disappear. My heart pounded, but curiosity kept me moving forward. Although I felt the urge to stop and turn back, Evan and Emily were not going to let that happen. Suddenly, a figure emerged from the shadows, dressed in a cloak. Their face concealed beneath a mask, eyes gleaming with malevolence. I got so startled I stumbled back and fell down a hole. Feeling like Alice in Wonderland I sat up dizzy. I could hear my friends screaming down to see if I was okay. I had fallen pretty far down onto solid ground, so my back and head were aching. To my surprise, a flashlight that was already turned on was a few feet away from me on a table covered in cobwebs. I shot up and grabbed the flashlight. Unsure if this was just a crazy addition to the walk I started searching for a chair to stand on to get out, a little girl popped into my peripheral vision, but when I turned towards her she was

gone. I lurked around the corner just to find a hidden door, slightly ajar. Against my better judgment, I pushed it open and stepped into a room bathed in an otherworldly glow. My eyes widened in horror as I realized I had stumbled upon the lair of a deranged killer. Before I could react, the door slammed shut behind me, sealing my fate. The masked figure I had encountered earlier emerged from the shadows, wielding a gleaming knife. Their eyes burned with a sinister delight as they lunged towards me, their intent to claim another victim. As the blade pierced my flesh, a surge of pain shot through my body. Darkness enveloped my vision, and my last breath was too short to respond to my screaming, terrorized friends I could hear directly above me. My life was extinguished, becoming another ghostly legend within the haunted grounds. And so, dear reader, be cautious when venturing into the realm of the supernatural. For within the twisted corridors of a haunted Halloween walk, the line between entertainment and true horror can blur, leaving unsuspecting souls to meet a grim fate.