



Bedtime:

A Collection of Short
Scary Stories

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Acknowledgements

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Who Am I?




It was about 15 years ago when I was still a 9 year old child. My mom took me to one of her friend's house. I saw many cars were parked outside and wondered what was happening. I was short and curious, so I jumped on the car and looked inside the house. The door was open. There were 4 or 5 monks trying to hold on a woman, a cousin of my mom's friend, who was wearing in a red long dress with a messy long hair.

I heard from the adults that, there was a spirit went possessed her body.

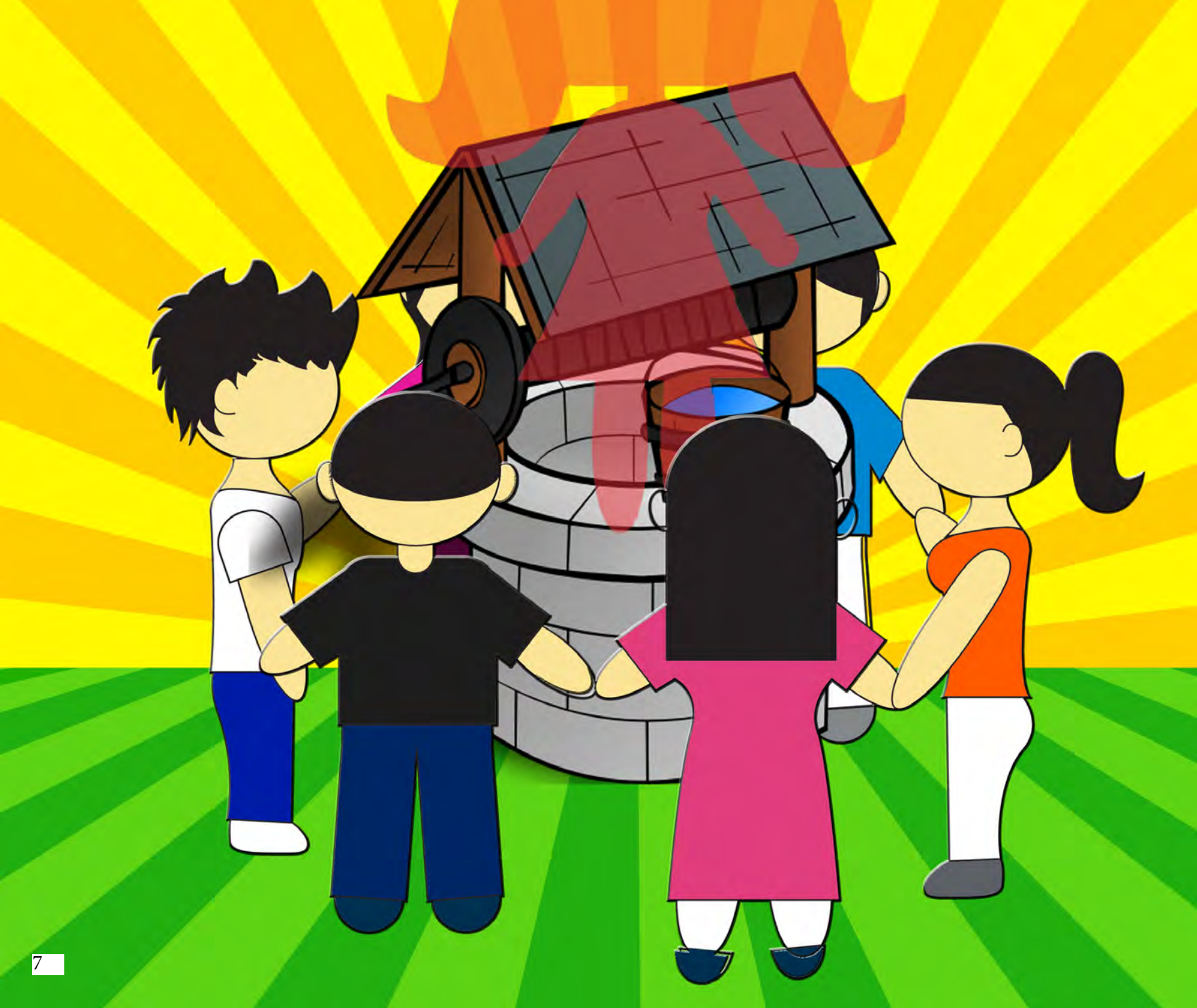
One night, she went to a known famous island called Love Island where many couples love to go. There, a woman had committed suicided before, because she got dumped by her man and it left her heartbroken.





After the cousin came back home, she always locked herself inside her room during daytime. At night, she floated and swung around in the hallway. Her family members heard someone crying at night. Also, even though she doesn't know English at all, she spoke a fluent English. Then, they assumed something was wrong and asked the monks to come over to do a Buddhism ritual to take the spirit out of her body. Indeed, they figured it's a Caucasian spirit. They took her to a temple on the hill. They tied her up and placed her next to a well. Monks, family and friends were holding hands walked in circular along the well and chanted the Buddhist scriptures for the whole night.

The next morning, the spirit was finally gone and the cousin didn't remember a thing about it. It seemed like this part of her memory didn't exist in her life at all, because once the spirit went into her body, her memories of that time didn't belong to her. They belonged to the spirit.



A Friendly Witch



Once upon a time, there lived a lonely old witch named Grenel whom loved to cook. Living so far away from the town she never had anyone visit her. She had no friends at all. This bothered her because she loved to cook big meals, but nobody to cook them for. Despite all she cooked breakfast, lunch and dinner for herself every day. She never skipped a day without cooking in 30 years. Her house was filled with recipe books and she kept her favorites behind her bedroom door.

One rainy day Grenel heard a knock at the door. “Whom is it? She asked.

No one answered. As she went to the peephole she noticed a couple standing outside. She slowly opened the door.

“May I help you? Grenel asked politely

“Hello my name is Todd and this is my wife Sue”

As they greeted each other Todd explained that his car had slid off the road and needed to use a phone.

Grenel invited them inside. As Todd made several attempts to call for help he was rushed off the phone by the sound of thunder. The lights in the house began to flicker on and off. Then suddenly the rain grew heavier. When Sue looked out the window she saw that a flood had begun.

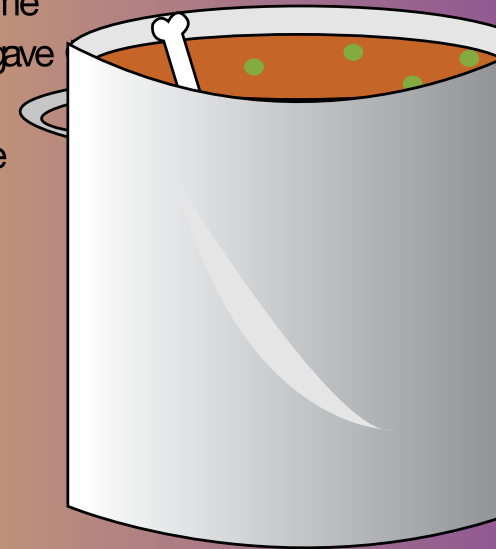
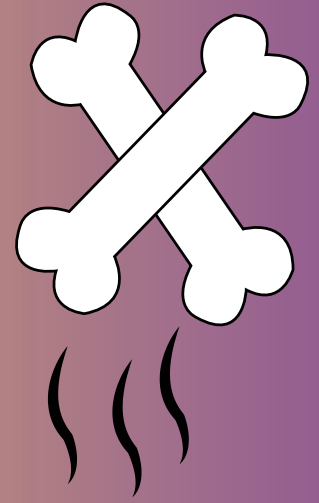
“Todd? Sue yells in worried tone

“Yes” Todd answers

“There’s a flood”

Grenel insisted that Sue and Todd stay for the night until the flood clears. She told them she was cooking dinner anyhow and wouldn’t mind guests. This gave Grenel her chance to make a big meal in which she hadn’t in years. Anxious and excited she didn’t know what to cook so she went behind her bedroom door and chose a book of recipes. After flipping through the pages she decided to make her famous Chicken Vegetable Soup. While cooking dinner she brought Todd and Sue some sheets and pillows for their room and led them to the guest room. Grenel also gave them some clothes to change into. As Grenel walked back to the kitchen she overhears Sue telling her husband she’s scared and wants to leave as soon as the flood clears.

“Okay we will” says Todd



“Get ready for supper, it’ll be ready in a few” Grenel yells

As the couple got ready for supper, Grenel prepared the table. Shortly after Todd and Sue walks in. Praying before they ate, Sue asked Grenel what kind of soup she made.

“Chicken Vegetable Soup my dear” Grenel replied

Sue noticed that Grenel soup was entirely a different color than her and Todd’s, but she didn’t bother to ask. She just simply told Grenel she wasn’t hungry anymore. As Todd and Grenel finished eating the table grew quiet. Shortly then Todd began to complain about his stomach hurting, Sue took him to go lie down. After she settled Todd in the bed, Sue went to go take a shower. Half an hour went by as she returned to the room she found her husband dead.

“Grenel? “Grenel, he’s dead Sue yelled in panic

With her hands behind her back Grenel slowly came walking in

“Yes I know, I killed him” Grenel responded

Sue eyes opened wider than a door as she charged at the witch. Grenel then pulled out a knife and plunged it into the heart of Sue. Grenel let out an evil laugh and then whispered in Sue’s ear as she was dying...

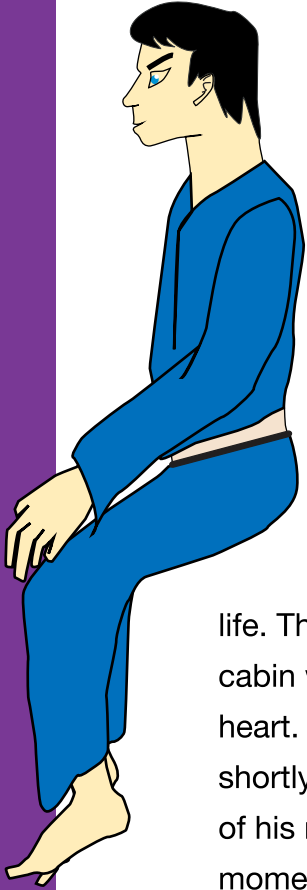
“You should ate my soup!!!!

The



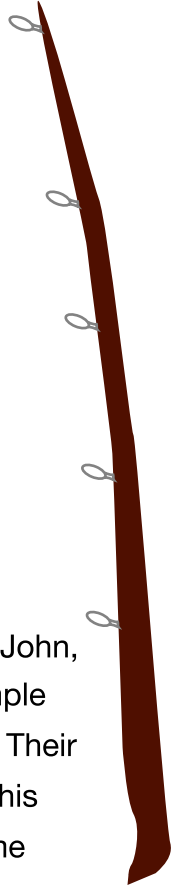
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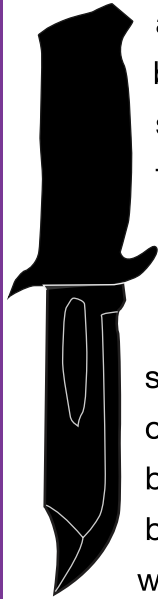
John and the Hare



Once there was a cabin in the middle of the woods. Home to young boy named John, more than 12 years old and his father, a Huntsman. They lived a humble and simple life. The woods were gentle to them with the exception of the “big game” the father had slain. Their cabin was made out of logs, crafted long ago by the Huntsman and the woman who’d stolen his heart. She, unlike the home they’d built to last through the ages, did not last. Her passing came shortly after the birth of their child, leaving the father with only the boy. The boy was vaguely aware of his mother, an intimate stranger in his life and mind, captivating his mind in his most private of moments.

“Nevermind this, father wouldn’t want me in bed all day like a slouch,” he said rising from his bed and brushing away his black hair from his eye. He ventured into the kitchen to catch a glimpse of a knife and various items his father would use to catch fish from a nearby stream. It became clear





again what task his father had set unto him before his absence. They would need fish to sell and while the big game would fall prey to the Huntsman, the little game became the target of the “huntsboy,”. Grabbing the large knife, rod and other equipment John set out towards the stream. This task not usually set for children was child’s play for the son of a Huntsman. Plopping himself along the bank, he tied the wire to his rod, hooked his bait, and commenced his fishing. The woods were calm now. As he sat intent on pleasing

his father, he attracted a few birds that sang their songs to serenade him as he caught fish one by one. Field mice ran in the distance across from him to bushes heavy with low hanging berries. He felt content, until a vicious scurrying alerted him. John turned and grabbed the knife of his father only to see a hare off in the distance.

“Oh it’s just you little rabbit,” He said relieved the animal wasn’t something to be feared. The rabbit sat rapidly breathing and then turned to the adolescent baring bloodshot red eyes. Gasping in a slight shock the boy kept his gaze affixed on the small hare as it leapt out from behind him into the

woods. He thought to himself

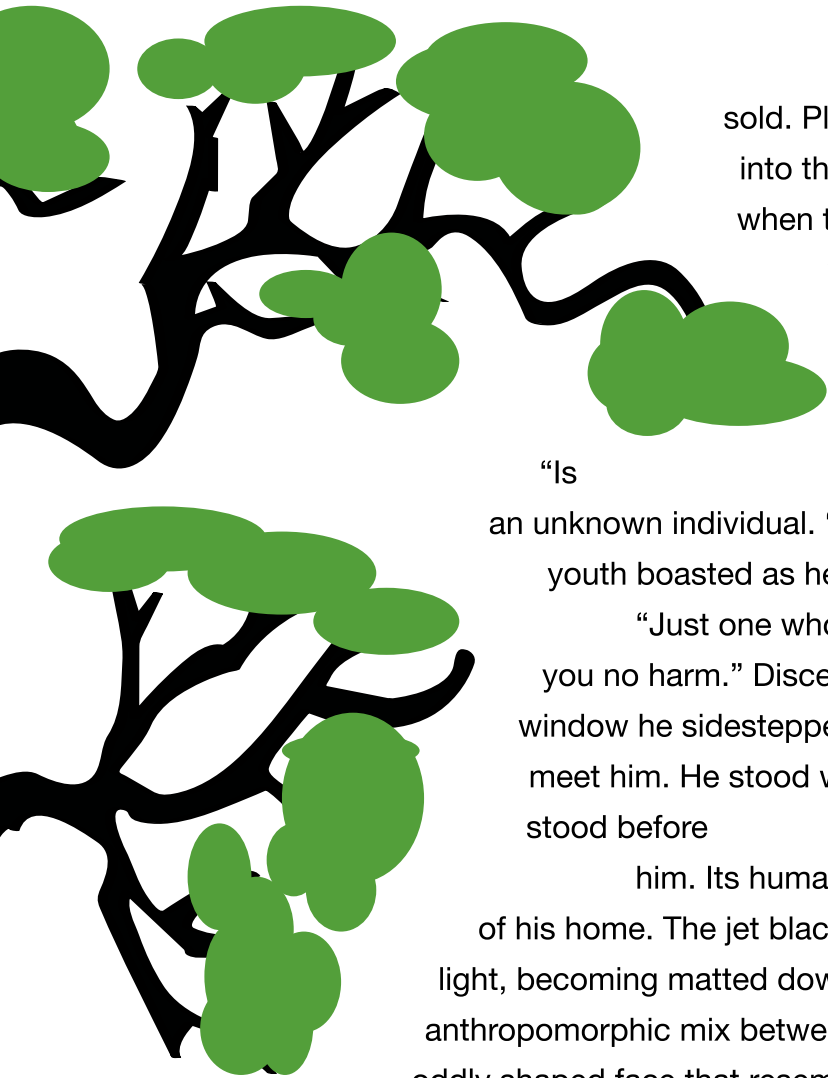
“And here I was afraid... what would father say,” His thoughts remind him of a story recited to him by his father about his mother and her superstitions.

As his father told it his mother would always respond, “Yes, Jerry, I wholeheartedly believe they’re omens.”

He would then almost immediately spit back, “What! Woman, you think a rabbit is a sign of evil spirits. How is it you plan to live in these woods. Hares populate here and make babies frequently!” Booming with laughter the bear of a man would glance to her then continue his work on the cabin logs.

“I mean some of course and not the whole lot. Some are not to be trifled with.” There her husband looked on and listened with disbelief. He couldn’t fathom any hate or evil in such a cute creature is what he would tell his son.

“Surely no evil here,” the boy said to himself. Deciding he’d had enough fish, he’d set off towards his cabin. The unpleasant part was to begin. He’d have to slice and wash the fish so they could be



sold. Placing them out into his sink he gazed out his open window into the forest. He'd always go to another place in his thoughts when this cutting would happen. Better to focus on when father would be home or merriment as opposed to dead fish he thought.

“Oh how nice it would be to have a pet,” he remarked aloud with his hands deep in fish.

“Is that truly what you wish for, child?” spoke a voice from an unknown individual. “Who.. Who’s there. I know my way around a blade,” the youth boasted as he hastily readied his knife.

“Just one who is not your enemy. Please, sheathe your blade as I mean you no harm.” Discerning that this fellow in conversation spoke from out the window he sidestepped his sink and thrust himself out the door to meet him. He stood with his mouth agape, in wonder of what stood before

him. Its humanoid figure leaned against the side wall of his home. The jet black fur that covered its body shone in the light, becoming matted down in some places. This being, a true anthropomorphic mix between a human and rabbit, with long ears and its oddly shaped face that resembled a hare glanced up at the adolescent.

“Is that truly what you wish?” The being repeated to the boy stuck in shock. Backing up in fear while trying to gain some distance the boy shrieked, “W..w...What are you! How... what dream is this?” only to hear the rabbit urge closer to him and say,

“Tis not a dream you experience now. I am real, I am power and creation. So, I’ll ask once again... Is that what you truly wish?”



As the anthro figure merely stood before him, unnerving and unwavering in stance, John collected himself enough to get on his feet. All while keeping his eyes on the hare he questioned, "Why? What if I do."

The hare smiled back at him and stood upright, "Wish and you shall receive. I can grant those wishes. I am power as I have said," extending its inhuman palm holding a colored egg the creature said,

"If it is so truly what you desire, then crush this egg, and wish!"

John looked on bewildered, this creature, this monster that stood before him couldn't be real. There couldn't be a human like lagomorph staring into his face right now, but his senses did not betray him. He could smell this thing in front of him; he could feel the presence of this being... this was

not a dream. He looked forward beguiled at the object that lay before him. Picking it up in his hands and examining the egg given to him. It looked like any other egg but purely crafted of obsidian and decorated with caps of gold sparkles. Purple and gold lines zigzagged along the side of it perfectly.

"Surely it must be a lie, a fib! But what if it's not." Diving in to temptation, he crushed the egg in his hands

wished. The egg luckily turned to a fine black, gold and purple dust rather than messy yolk and fluttered in the wind. They stood in place for what seemed like eternity to the boy.

"Nothing happened! I should gut you." He stepped forward enraged that he'd been taken for a fool only to see a doe trotting up very sluggishly from behind the lapin. It couldn't be... that animal wasn't always there. It had just appeared. The doe slowly walked up to John and nuzzled into his chest as if it was a childhood friend. It moaned a sickly way, it must be hungry. A deed for a worthy owner was to feed his pet.

"Hold on, I'll get you berries," he said running in his cabin with glee. John had completely forgotten about his furry visitor as he rummaged through his pantry. He grabbed a few berries and flew out to his new pet. The doe's wet nose tickled his hands making him laugh and smile but for some reason despite its moans the deer ate very little. Looking up to thank the hare who had disappeared, instead he went inside to get rope to make a leash for his new pet only to find this hare in his chair.

"Oh, rabbit. You haven't left." to which the lapin responded

"Only after, you've used all wishes three" as it placed a second egg on the table. This one was different than the first, it had a subtle difference in aura. It was



still the ebony glossy black of obsidian but white smoke swirling beneath the surface; like a dark water stained with a white ink it allured and haunted John. Yet, while this smoke moved about changing its shape, John thought for a moment that he saw faces: faces of fear, terror and torment. Distracted from the egg by the lagomorph's voice, his naiveté blinding him, unaware of the malevolence of the rabbit he racked his brain with wishes. One thought came to mind of his always hunting father.

"I wish my father would stay home more," he whispered as his egg like the one before it turned to dust in his hands. Silenced filled the room as the boy thought of the older huntsman.

"Ahh the child wish for the father to stay home with his boy," came from the creature causing John to wonder: "What would he think about this rabbit or the deer for that matter... a deer that is strangely quiet." He then left the rabbit to tend to his newly acquired pet. He sped outside to his deer to find it stiff and lifeless against the wooden cabin.

"Tis a trifle yet, death is grim," Said the lapin hanging out the window. Why would this have happened to his pet so swiftly after coming under him he thought.

"Can you help it, what about my third wish," the boy said looking up to the lagomorph who had already done his classic disappearing act. "Typical," the boy said solemnly

as he held his dead pet. It had been some time after the death of his pet, and his father or the rabbit was sure to be back soon. Sure enough there was a big booming knock at his door that resonated throughout his home.

"Boy! John!" came through from the other side. Oddly his father did not seem happy. John opened the door to find his father Jerry the Huntsman bleeding from his ankle and kneeling against his door, immediately collapsing upon its opening.

"Help me up, John," said his father as he threw his arm over the boy letting him drag his body to their couch.

"What happened father? C-can I help," said John as his father pulled his leg up to tend to his wound.

"A darn black cougar! Snuck up... on me as I was hunting. Ouch, get some water. Almost had it too but it near pushed me like a man. I fell on my bear trap," groaned the big man as he told his young one the story while reporting his experience. He could see the fear in his son's eyes of a wound fierce enough to make his giant of a father shriek in pain. He interrupted the boy's thoughts with his voice

"Don't worry, boy. I love you son. Even though I won't be able to hunt as much and we'll have to ration food, I'll get to stay home with my boy.

"Those words had significance to John. That... monster said the exact same thing. "He caused all of

this. He killed my deer, and hurt my father!” whispered John under his breath. John turned away to move to their kitchen then left the home and started for the edge of their field, oddly compelled toward the trees.

“Tis a trifle, these things. No truer a shame than that what happened to you father,” Out of the trees the conniving lapin leapt. “A wish could fix that,” he said with his palm out cradling the last of the the eggs.

Of the three, this egg lay most plain. Purely a shiny obsidian surface with a faint presence of a word shifting around Its inside. John could barely make out the letters save for M, A, L, and three others.

“The selfish things that I want... if I wish for them, they get hurt. If I did wish for my father to be healed... something not selfish, that wish would only hurt me, Wouldn’t it,” said John to the rabbit as he stared into the dark abyss of the egg.

The evil rabbit merely grinned as his evil intent lay bare.

Focusing on the monster he said “I’m fine with doing that to heal my father. To do that... to hurt myself and leave him alone would be be much more hurtful. I’m onto your game. You only cause pain.”

He raised the egg in his and wished, “I wish you were my pet,” and hurled the black egg at the face of the creature. It exploded into a fine black dust all over the creature’s face. The rabbit quickly growled changing his shape in a dark cloud before emerging as a cougar to the child.

“You little Imp!” John brought forward his knife, retrieved from the kitchen only to have it smacked away from him. The shape-shifting demon slowly crept closer to him pushing him to the ground. It had fang and claws, it was a true cougar now, ready to attack it leapt into the air. **POOWWW** rang out through the field stopping the cougar dead in Its tracks. The huntsman fired his rifle from the door of their home saving his son from the black cougar that attacked him.

“You right, boy? ” the huntsman said to his son as he began to stand grateful of the creature’s death. John shook his head as his father yelled,

“Good! cuz I want that thing on my wall!” Finally rid of the dreadful creature, John and Jerry lived happily ever after.



Malice

ARMY OF THE DEAD

A sawyer, newly moved to Charleston following the Civil War, found himself awakened at midnight by the rumble of heavy wheels passing by his street. He had no idea where the noise came from, since he lived on a dead end street. His wife would only tell him it was his imagination and to not look out the window when he heard the sounds.

The following day, he asked a man, who worked down the street, about the strange sounds at midnight. The man said: "That is the Army of the Dead. They are Confederate soldiers who died in war. Each night, they rise from their graves and go to reinforce Lee in Virginia to strengthen the weakened Southern forces."



The next night, the sawyer slipped out of bed to watch the Army of the Dead pass at midnight. He stood very still by the window as a gray fog passed by. Within the fog, he could see the shapes of horses and soldiers, with their loud marching feet and screams, and the rumble of guns and canons being fired. Foot soldiers, horsemen, wagons and canons passed before his eyes, all through the fog. After what seemed like hours of fighting, he saw a bright light that blinded him shortly.

When the sawyer came out of his blindness, he found one of his arms bloody and paralyzed. He never saw the army of dead again and was never able to work again.





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