

THE HAUNTED HALLOWEEN TRICK-OR-TREAT

A LEFT-RIGHT STORY



It was Halloween night, and a group of friends—Ella, Max, Joey, and Luna—set off to the LEFT of Max's house, bags in LEFT hands, ready to collect candy from every house LEFT on the block. The moon was bright, the air was cool, and every pumpkin they passed blinked its glowing eyes to the RIGHT and then back to the LEFT.

"Let's go RIGHT past the Peterson's house. Last year they gave out full-size candy bars!" Max shouted.

They went RIGHT, then turned LEFT, zig-zagging RIGHT through the neighborhood. Their bags were getting heavier, their feet more tired, but they LEFT their smiles wide on their faces.

But then Joey pointed to the LEFT. "What about that house?"

To the LEFT of the old oak tree stood a crooked, crumbling house with spider webs, a squeaky gate, and a sign that said "Do Not Enter" leaning slightly to the RIGHT.

"Isn't that place LEFT abandoned?" Luna asked, stepping to the RIGHT behind Max.

"I heard it's haunted!" Ella whispered, shifting LEFT nervously.

But of course, Max said, "Let's just peek RIGHT inside. Just one quick look!"

They turned RIGHT and carefully crept up the porch steps. The door creaked as it opened LEFT into a long, dusty hallway.

The group stepped RIGHT inside. A sudden wind blew from the RIGHT, making the curtains flutter and a loud thud echo from the LEFT upstairs.

"Let's go!" Joey said, trying to back RIGHT out the door.

But Luna laughed. "It's just the wind!" she said bravely, taking a step RIGHT to the LEFT and RIGHT into the next room.

Suddenly, a skeleton dropped from the ceiling RIGHT in front of Max!

Everyone screamed and ran to the RIGHT, knocking over an old coat rack.

But the skeleton just swung gently back and forth, hanging from a string.

"It's a decoration!" Ella said, picking herself RIGHT up and brushing the dust LEFT from her witch costume. "Someone's been setting this up!"

They heard a loud moan from the RIGHT, followed by creaky footsteps coming down the stairs to the RIGHT. The kids huddled together, looking both RIGHT and LEFT, unsure of what was coming.

Then... a door opened to the RIGHT, and out stepped..RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, ...a tiny old lady holding a tray of cupcakes RIGHT in her arms.

"Oh dear, I didn't mean to scare you," she said kindly. "I used to run a haunted house RIGHT here every Halloween, but not many kids come by anymore."

The kids all laughed with relief and stepped RIGHT into the kitchen where she had LEFT spooky snacks like eyeball cookies, ghost-shaped marshmallows, and monster punch. They ended the night dancing to Halloween music and playing pin-the-tail-on-the-zombie while the old lady handed out treats LEFT and RIGHT. Before leaving, Max turned LEFT to say, "This was the best stop of the night alRIGHT!" And as they walked out, bags even heavier, they turned LEFT onto the sidewalk, then LEFT toward home, with a night full of spooky fun and a great story to tell.

The End!