

ANGELO M  
IACOBONI LIBRARY  
PRESENTS

 fall

 short

 story

\* contest \*

Vol. 1, 2024

2  
Thank  
you!

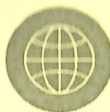
Special thanks to the  
Friends of the  
Lakewood Libraries for  
being such wonderful  
supporters of our  
library community!

Check us out online at:

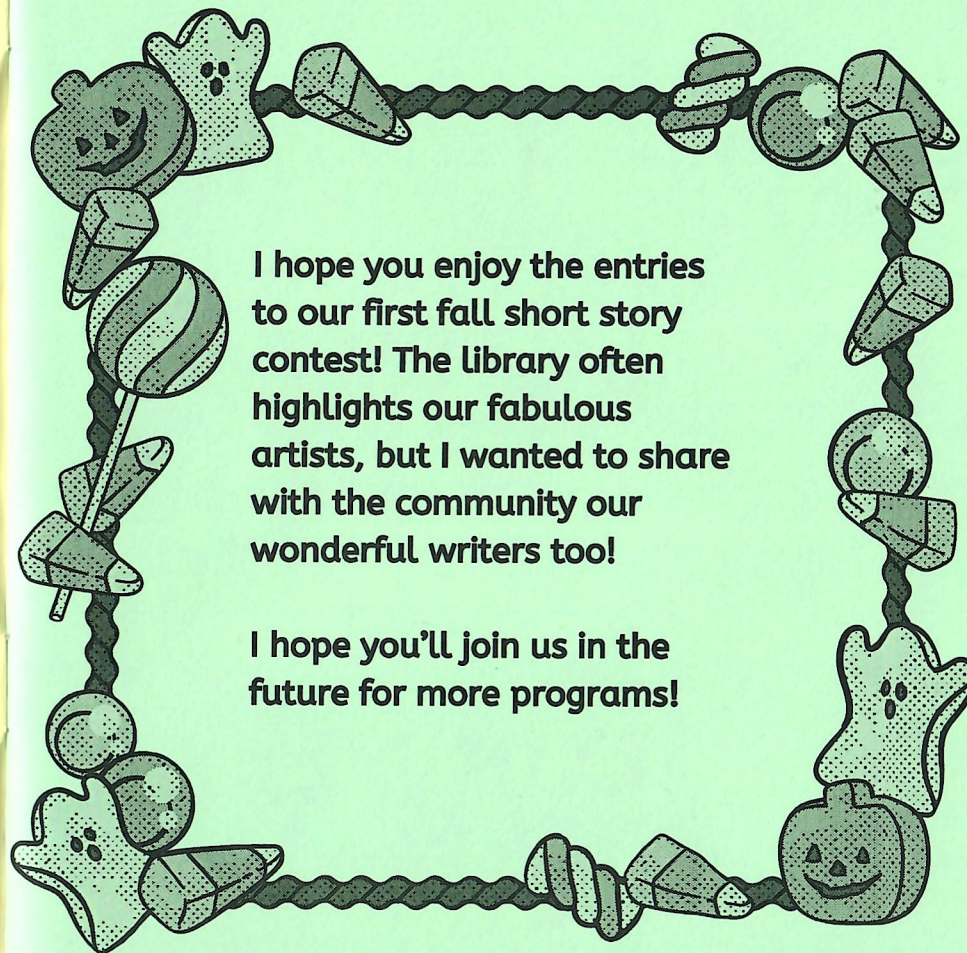


iacobonilibrary

[https://lacountylibrary.org  
/location/angelo-m-  
Iacoboni-library/](https://lacountylibrary.org/location/angelo-m-iacoboni-library/)



A special message from  
the children's librarian,  
Ms. Kay:



I hope you enjoy the entries  
to our first fall short story  
contest! The library often  
highlights our fabulous  
artists, but I wanted to share  
with the community our  
wonderful writers too!

I hope you'll join us in the  
future for more programs!

1st place  
k - 2nd grade



# HAUNTED MANSION

by  
Carter

2nd grade



one day a girl named  
Macy was sad because her  
family was on vacation and had  
a new baby sister, she thought  
he was weird.



But on hallowing her  
bobry siter got rely scary  
he was a

Ghost!

Hed  
gon

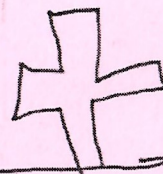


Masy had to ask for  
help. she askt her  
naber Carter



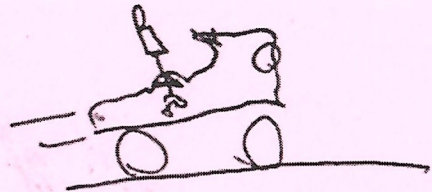
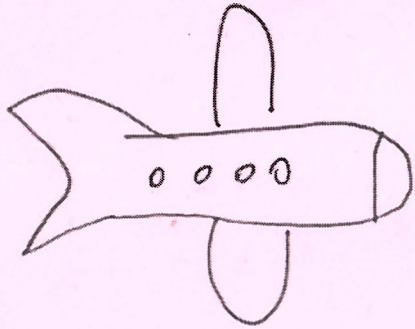


They rely had to  
fite.



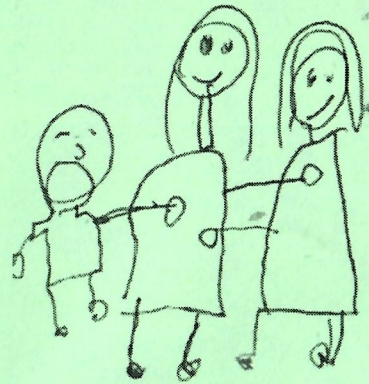
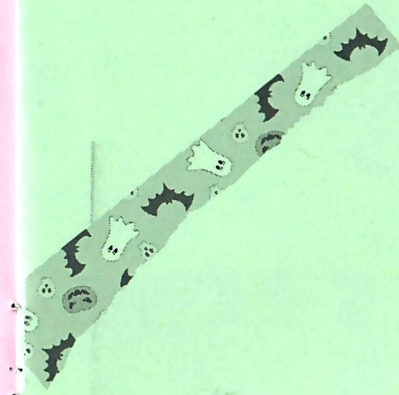
Rip





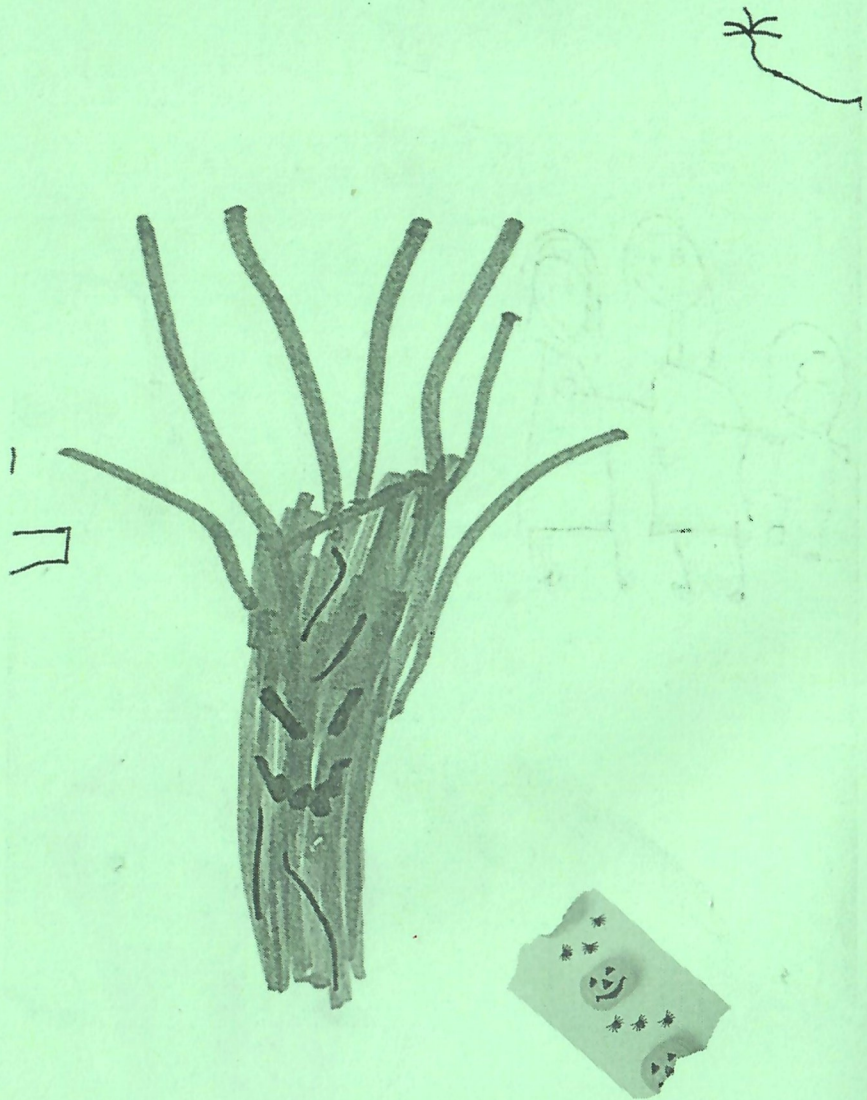
The

END





2nd place  
k - 2nd grade



# The Creepy girl

Author by Lailani F.



The creepy girl

One day there  
was a girl who  
was on a trip.

Mia went on  
a trip to a  
haunted house.

Mia went into a  
room and saw a  
creepy girl. Mia  
yelled for help but  
nobody could hear

her. Mia yelled louder  
and somebody came  
and Mia looked back  
and the creepy girl

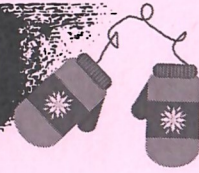
was gone. Mia wanted  
to eat, play be free  
but there was a  
creepy girl always next to her.

The girl told her what  
to do. Mia was crying  
to death. Mia grabbed  
an ax. Mia hit the  
creepy girl quick. It was  
pretty nasty. The creepy  
girl died. Mia was so  
happy Mia ate food,  
played and be free.

Mia's family was looking  
for Mia the whole time.  
That day they had  
a very very good  
day.



1st place  
3rd - 5th grade



### Fall days By Aurora

"Yay it's fall! I will jump into leaves and roll around the ground so fun! I will wake up my older sister Patricia in a scary way Mwahaha. "Grr yap yap!" I screamed. "Ha nice try Patrick, you lost!" said my sister.

"Come on Patricia, let's go outside and play with the leaves on the ground!" I said. Then, we putted on our fuzzy coats, mittens, beanies and our boots. But... Patricia and Patrick! since you guys are going outside rake those leaves" said mommy. "Mommy why?" I said. "Come on Patrick, let's do what mom says" sighed Patricia.

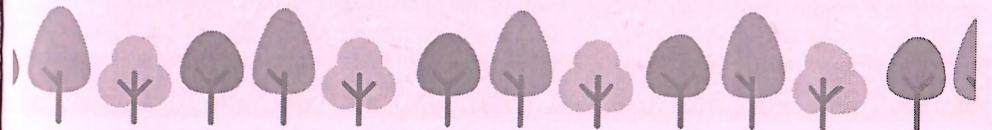
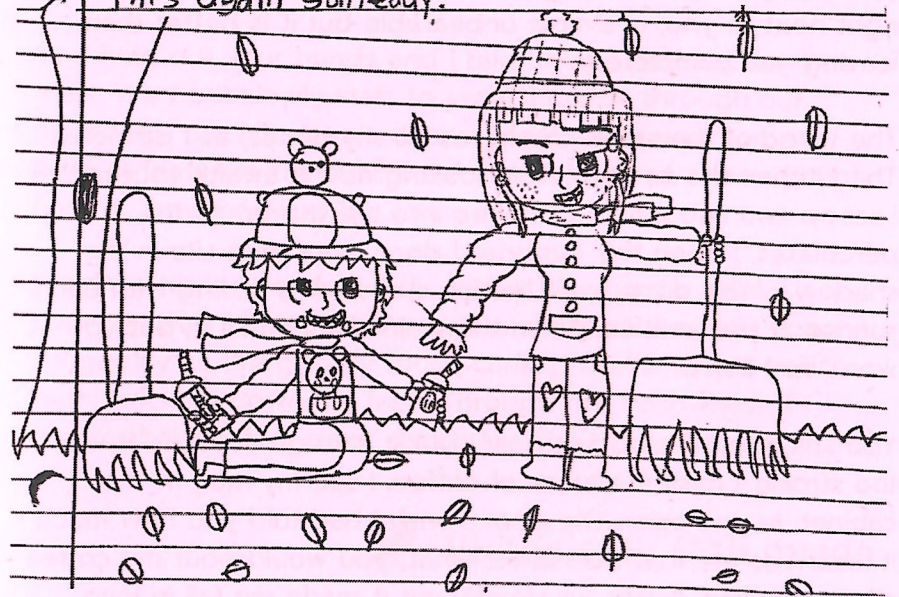
We got our rakes and went outside. "Why can't mommy or daddy help us rake all these leaves?" I shouted. "I don't know let's just work okay" said Patricia in a calm voice. Two hours later, "whew done!" said Patricia.

"Cannonball!" I shouted. "Nooo Patrick noooo!" "Weeeee!" I shouted. Leaves flew all over the place. Patricia got so angry that she shouted "Thanks Patrick like a lot! you rake those leaves!"

"Oh o-okay" I said really awkward. Later when we were done mommy and daddy took us to ice place yum! They said we were going to get the new pumpkin spice ice cream! Me and my sister go really hyper with ice place because there ice cream flavors are so delicious! But the drive thru line was really long noo!

I hate when people come to ice place why? because we always have to wait for 1 hour! I really don't know what to do inside this car. I will just sleep and drool about an hour! My sister woke me up because she wanted to play rock paper and scissors. I got rock and she has paper! ooo! I lost!

One hour later mommy and daddy gave us pumpkin spice yay! We were so happy that we both told our parents "Thanks mommy! Thanks daddy!" Our parents happy cried I love them so much! Today was the best day ever! I hope we do this again someday!



1st place  
9th - 12th grade

The sunlight slanting through the wooden blinds isn't enough to warm your side of our bed. It's cold as I reach my calloused fingers for you. If I could dream, I would see your face caressed with lines of laughter and your silver strands hanging behind you, undone, only for me. I would give anything for your brown eyes to look fixedly on mine, saying that I will be just fine. What would I trade if only to dream of you, but sleep is fleeting. I pull my hand back and rise from the bed.

I watch you as you toss in bed, trying and failing to sleep. How I wish I could lay my hand against your cheek. It pains me every morning as I watch you stretch to reach me, your face falling when you realize that I'm no longer in the world with you. The pain of watching you suffer, missing me when I'm right next to you, is almost unbearable but it is better than leaving you completely.

The wood of the stairs creaks, as do my bones, as I descend. The kitchen sits as you left it, looking as if it awaits your return. I scoop two spoonful's of coffee into the maker. As it percolates, I open the cupboard door. Your mug sits in the shadow of the door, your lipstick stain slowly fading with each sunrise. If you ambled down the stairs, I would fill it, but you won't so I don't.

You still make the coffee how I like it, though you said it was too strong. I miss the taste of coffee. I see my mug in the cabinet as you open the door. I wish I had told you how much it meant to me that no matter what, you would pour my coffee every morning. It was so simple, yet it made me fall in love with you more every day. I follow as you walk from the room.

My eyes catch your record player, the record is placed on the mat. I rest the needle, letting the music drift in the air. I sit down and listen, reminiscing the times we danced and laughed. The last time we listened to this, you had done your hair and makeup. You were so beautiful. I feel an impulse to stand up and dance, the reason unknown. I feel foolish and yet I hold my hands out.

"If you're out there, please come and dance with me again."

The music surrounds me, filling me with its melody. Please let me dance with him one last time, I ask. In answer to my question, I see you stand up. "If you're out there, please come and dance with me again."

I'm here. I want to say, I will always dance with you.

You hold out your hands and I take them, the best I can at least. We both slowly start to sway. I dance through our memories, our life. As we dance, I feel the warmth on my back. It feels like the sunlight. As I turn around, I see rays of light. A draw beckons me towards it.

I feel a whisper on my hands, I think it's you my dear, so I start to sway. I try to lead you in our dance the best I can. As quickly as the ghostly touch came, I feel it fade. I notice tears tracking down my face. Through the hollowness, I realize that my feet don't dance like they did with you.



Victoria H, 12th grade



2nd place  
9th - 12th grade

Anticipation was in the air. Whispers and secrets filled Mulberry Middle School. Tonight is Halloween, and Carrie can't wait!

"Heather! You ready for tonight?" Carrie ran up to her best friend, eager for trick-or-treating later tonight.

"You bet! It'll be awesome!"

"Yeah, but don't all those ghosts and zombies and—witches creep you out? I'm just looking forward to the candy!"

"Why are you afraid? It's all just fake... most of it, at least." Heather gave Carrie a suspicious look.

Carrie quivered. "What are you talking about? Don't freak me out even more."

"Don't worry. She's nothing to be afraid of." Carrie gave Heather a questionable glance. "Just who are you talking about, Heather?"

Heather cast a dark look. "Well, every Halloween night, once everyone is asleep, she comes out to every house, looking for candy that trick-or-treaters leave on their porch for her. If she likes this candy, if the offer is generous,

she will switch it with your greatest wish. But if she takes the candy but leaves nothing—" Heather paused. "May you be doomed for eternity! The Switch Witch!"

Carrie shuddered. "Oh, why does it have to be a witch?"

"Come on, Carrie! I've done this since forever!"

"Okay, maybe, but for now, I'm just looking forward to the candy!"

"Hurry, Carrie!" Yelled Heather through the door to Carrie's bedroom. "We're barely going to have time to trick-or-treat!"

"Coming!" Carrie waddled out the door with her giant cupcake outfit on. "Ooh, I love that scarecrow outfit! You look awesome!"

"Thanks, so do you! Okay, let's go before all the good candy is gone!"

Heather and Carrie spent hours wandering around their neighborhood trick-or-treating, but the thought of the Switch Witch never left Carrie's mind. *I have been wanting that bracelet for a while. But what if she doesn't like my candy?*



It was getting late, and the time came for Heather and Carrie to go home. "See you tomorrow, Carrie! And make sure to leave some candy out for the Witch!"

"Bye Heather!" Carrie sighed and started picking out the best candy from her bag. *What's the worst that can happen?* She thought. *It's probably just a joke.* Yet she went to bed, doubting her choice of leaving candy on her porch.

The next day, Carrie ran down the stairs and out the front door. No candy. No bracelet. Nothing. Carry was doomed.

When Carrie got to school, Heather was waiting with a brand-new handbag. "Look what I got! What did you get?"

The moment Carrie was dreading for all morning had come. She relayed the story to Heather.

Heather's face was stunned. "I'm so sorry Carrie. This is all my fault. How did she not like your candy?"


"I'm not sure, but I'm terrified!"



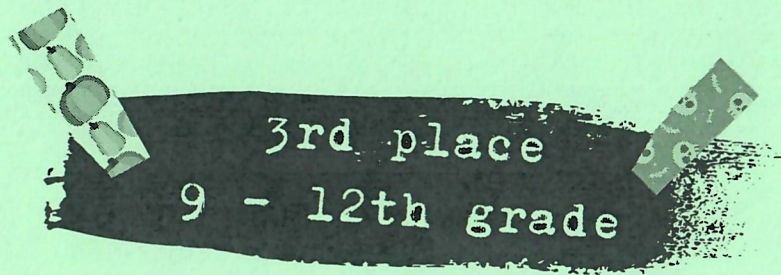
"Maybe someone played a joke on you. Do you have security cameras at your house?"

"Yes, great thinking!" Carrie took out her phone and went to last night's footage.

"Heather, you won't believe this... a squirrel took the candy!"

 Ella S, 10th grade





There was once a girl who was very lonely. She had no family or friends as far as anyone in her small town knew. The townsfolk said she was different. They didn't understand her ways. When it would rain and they would go inside their warm and cozy homes, she would leave hers in favor of being outside as the clouds wept and the rains cleansed the earth. When the wind would whisper through the trees and gently stir their fallen leaves, she would speak back to them in response. When the wind was angry and would howl and scream, she would not speak but simply listen. The town would gossip as if she were an oddity unheard of. They would exchange stories about what they had seen her doing last. Perhaps she had been noticed at the cemetery late at night, or somebody caught a glimpse of her speaking to nobody at all. Or at least no one they could see...

Due to this peculiar behavior, assumptions came about. Some said she was merely unique, but many would say that the girl was disturbed. There were many terms used to refer to her, but one seemed to become more familiar than the others. In a compromise of sorts (or perhaps to feel better about the assumptions they made), they referred to her as the lonely girl.

In the simple minds of the townsfolk, that was the only way they could fathom why she acted as she did. They thought being alone had contributed to her strangeness until it became insanity. Of course, they didn't wish to say this, so they called her the lonely girl.

Now, despite how everything may sound, she was not bad. While she was different, she was also good in many ways as well. According to the few who came to know her throughout the years, she was a good soul- if you dare look past the rumors. Sadly, many never did. They were held in their ways by assumptions and prejudices. If they weren't, they may have gotten to know what a lovely person she was. Perhaps then they would have known she was never truly alone... not at all the lonely girl they thought she was. She was never alone as she had a connection to a world beyond that of our own. Even now, long after she is gone, stories of her still haunt our little town. Some say she was a witch, a woman of powers beyond understanding. Others say she could speak to ghosts and communicate with the dead. I'm not sure which of these stories are true or if any of them are, but I do believe she was something more than any of us understood. I may not know the full truth, and I don't believe I ever will, but I do know that she was something more in some unknown way. I believe she was some kind of magic.



Kirra H, 10th grade