



Halloween

HALLOWEEN
APERTURA DE
NUESTRA
BIBLIOTECA

CUENTOS
TERRORÍFICOS
ESCRITOS POR
NUESTRO
ALUMNADO

NOI DE MIERES



APERTURA OFICIAL DE NUESTRA BIBLIOTECA

CELEBRACIÓN DE HALLOWEEN



CUENTOS
DE MIEDO
ESCRITOS POR
NUESTRO
ALUMNADO
DE ALEMÁN



DIE BABYSITTERIN

Vor einiger Zeit wollte Familie Keller ins Theater gehen. Herr und Frau Keller hatten den Termin vergessen und sie mussten sehr kurzfristig eine Babysitterin suchen. Leicht skeptisch, das Kind mit einer Fremden zuhause zu lassen, beschlossen sie schließlich doch, dem Mädchen zu vertrauen. *

Das Ehepaar ging ganz entspannt ins Theater. Nach dem Theaterstück entschieden sie nach Hause zurückzugehen, statt ins Restaurant zu gehen, weil sie ein schlechtes Gefühl hatten. Als sie zu Hause ankamen, war das Haus leer und ihr Kind war nicht im Bett. Besorgt riefen sie die Polizei an, um die Situation anzuzeigen. Viele Polizisten nahmen an der Suche teil. Die Eltern gaben der Polizei ein Foto von der Babysitterin als Beweis. Dank des Fotos erkannten sie die Frau, die eine Mörderin war. Außerdem waren ihr Name und ihre Geschichte bekannt. Frau Helga Schmidt war "die Kindermörderin"...

Nerea und Pamela B2.2 Alemán

*Geschichtenanfang von <https://www.schreiben.net/artikel/gruselgeschichten-horror geschichten-3291/>



Auf dem Weg nach Hause

Letzten Freitag war ich auf dem Heimweg von einem Freund. Es war eine dunkle Nacht Ende Oktober. Es gab kein Mensch auf der Strasse, Vollmond und eine unheimliche Stille.

Plötzlich sah ich um die Ecke viele hässliche Mumien, gruselige Zoombis und schreckliche Gespenster, die auf mich zukamen.

Ich war so erschrocken, dass ich gelähmt war. Ich hatte wirklich Angst vor ihnen.

Da ruft mich jemand und sagt: „Hab keine Angst vor uns. Wir wollen nur Süßigkeiten. Wir sind verkleidet, weil es Halloween ist.“

Ich hatte total vergessen, dass ich in einem Schüleraustausch in Amerika war.

B1.2 – Elisa, Iván, & Noelia



Aus den Sternen

Es kam aus den Sternen. Zuerst versteckte es sich im Ozean, denn es konnte herrlich schwimmen. Nach wenig Zeit hatte es alle Fische überredet. Dann wollte es fliegen. Aber das konnte es nicht, bis die Vögel die Fische gefressen hatten. Danach überredete es auch andere Tiere.

Heute fällt es ihm immer leichter, sich zu verstecken. Deshalb kann man manchmal etwas Unheimliches in den Tieren sehen. Und in einigen Menschen ...

Ich warne dich: „Sei vorsichtig! Lass dich nicht überreden!“

CUENTOS
DE MIEDO
ESCRITOS POR
NUESTRO
ALUMNADO
DE FRANCÉS



Le Monstre de Manchester



Il est minuit, Manchester dort. Les habitants ne peuvent pas imaginer le drame qui est sur le point de se produire. Les supporters du Manchester United sont tristes parce que le résultat a été 1-2. Pendant la première mi-temps du match, la star, Cristiano, n'a pas bien joué. Durant la pause, il a pris un thé aux herbes pour améliorer son jeu. Et là, quelque chose a changé. Il est devenu agressif, ses yeux sont rouges et son visage est pâle. Pendant la seconde mi-temps, son jeu est erratique, illogique, violent.

Il ne marque pas un seul but! Il se fâche et il ne rentre pas dans les vestiaires à la fin du match. Il vagabonde dans le stade jusqu'à ce que les gens soient sortis et les lumières éteintes. Il est devenu fou. Il cherche un ballon pour marquer le gol tant attendu ce soir-là.



Il ne le trouve nulle part . Il décide de sortir du stade, avant de partir, il voit le gardien de nuit et le champion lui demande un ballon mais il n' en a pas. Alors, sans hésiter, Cristiano arrache un banc et le jette avec rage sur l'homme qu'il écrase. Cristiano s'approche et mange son coeur, il se sent plus fort. Il continue à chercher désespérément un ballon Il frappe aux portes des maisons de la ville mais personne ne le lui donne. Alors, fou de rage, il tue tout le monde!

Il pleut sur Manchester et la pluie lave le sang innocent versé pour un ballon fantôme! Le joueur de football est devenu un monstre! Il retourne au stade et dans un entrepôt, il voit enfin un ballon! Il le situe sur le point de penalty et finalement, il marque le but. A ce moment, il disparaît dans le monde souterrain mais avec un sourire de satisfaction puisque c'est le joueur qui a marqué le plus de gols. Pour l'éternité.

Mathieu, Marguerite et Alex.

B1.1



Le mort vivant du stade

Il est minuit, la ville de Manchester dort. Le ciel est noir et rouge. Comme ce qui va se passer dans le stade de football d'Old Trafford: une nuit de terreur jamais imaginée par les supporters du Manchester United.

Christian se lève d'entre les morts parce que le jour d'avant un fan de Messi l'a tué. Il lui a lancé une bouteille de vin qui a ouvert la tête du meilleur joueur de football du monde, pendant le match Manchester United vs Nottingham Forest.

Maintenant Christian est un Zombie assoiffé de sang et de vengeance! Il doit trouver Lionel pour se venger. Il va à l'hôtel où son rival dort avec sa famille. Quand, il arrive à l'entrée, le mort vivant, Christian, tue le garde de sécurité et mange son cerveau. Le sang tache les murs et le sol, il monte dans la chambre en laissant les empreintes de sang dans les escaliers. Dès qu'il entre dans la suite il mord la jugulaire de Lionel et le saigne à blanc. Maintenant les deux rivaux sont morts et continueront leur combat en enfer...

Mais attention! Il faut d'autres joueurs dans l'au-delà pour former les meilleures équipes du monde souterrain! Le diable veille...il est le recruteur...

Bégonia, Nicolas, Lol et Nancy- B1.1



CUENTOS
DE MIEDO
ESCRITOS POR
NUESTRO
ALUMNADO
DE INGLÉS



HALLOWEEN NIGHT



It was October 31 and the city of Oviedo was dressed in a gray autumn sunset. That day, Mary flew to Asturias from Madrid to attend a business meeting that her company had organized the next day. She didn't like travelling the day before Halloween but she was the best consultant in the company and her boss wanted her there. She was staying in a cozy central hotel with views of the cathedral. As soon as Mary arrived at the hotel, she knew something was wrong. When she rang the bell at the reception, a great thunder rumbled in the sky and began to rain cats and dogs. Suddenly, a man with a sharp nose and pointed ears appeared, dressed in an impeccable black suit. "Welcome Miss Jones. We were expecting you"!, he exclaimed. The man held out her hand to give her the key to the room. At that moment, a chill ran through her entire body.

Mary had a strange feeling that something unusual was about to happen. She went to the elevator to go up to her room when a sign located in the hall of the hotel caught her attention. "October 31st, 2021: Annual Witches Convention".

That night she was slow to fall asleep. The storm had not stopped and strong gusts of wind whistled through the cracks in the wooden and ancient windows. "Without a doubt, a scene worthy of a Stephen King book", Mary thought. After midnight, with her eyes already bent by exhaustion, she startled by a blow on the door. Mary couldn't believe her eyes! She was terrified. She didn't know what was going on. She got up from her bed and went to her bedroom door. The doorknob was spinning and Mary felt panic. She wanted to scream, she wanted to run. But her body and her voice did not respond to the commands of her brain. After a few minutes, there was silence. The anguished darkness of the room and the polar cold that she felt under her feet finally finished sedating her body and her fatigue took over her eyelids.

Afterwards, she slept the rest of the night.

She woke up early in the morning. She still had fear in her body and the blows against the door still echoed in her head. She took a shower and got ready to go down to breakfast. The receptionist came out to meet her. "Good morning Miss Jones" he said. "The hotel management would like to apologize for the unfortunate incident yesterday night. Another hotel guest got the wrong room and after midnight he tried to open her door." he continued. Mary burst out laughing and thanked him. She breathed a sigh of relief and went to have breakfast. As she sat down at the table, she saw that under her napkin was a small handwritten note: "This time you got off. Next year you'll be the one." Pale, Mary dropped the paper and spilled her coffee over her breakfast. She decided that she would never spend another Halloween night away from home again.

Juan - C1 1A





A HALLOWEEN TO FORGET

It all happened in a gloomy evening on Halloween .Kate was debating whether to celebrate Halloween or stay at home watching a horror film. Suddenly, what it had been a thundering and rainy day ,it turned into a bright and starry night with a spectacular full moon in the horizon.

Kate sat down for a while and thought: "I could go trick or treat to my next-door neighbour's house as I always do in this time". However, that became a nightmare.

As soon she arrived at the entrance, she realized that the house was in complete darkness, something weird as on Halloween, people usually decorate their houses with lit candles pumpkins, creepy shapes....

As soon Kate knocked on the door, it wrung slowly open, she jumped inside and the door slammed shut behind her.

There was a macabre scene in front of her: everything was covered in blood, a boy with bleeding hands, a vampire face with red eyeballs and two prominent teeth in his mouth,next to him ,there was a girl lying on the sofa with a pale face and two holes on her neck. The boy had been possessed by the full moon effects as it is believed in some cultures.



Alberto C1.1



THE LEGEND OF A LEPROSARIUM

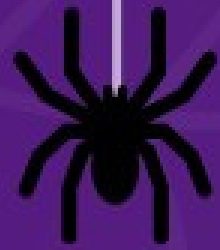
Many years ago, a Leprosarium was built in Telde, a small village on the Canary Islands. When lepers died, they were marked with blood on their backs with the word “leper” and thrown without respect into a common grave. After years when the disease disappeared, the leprosarium was closed and forbidden to enter.

It all happened one windy, rainy and dark winter night when two homeless people decided to stay the night in the abandoned leprosarium. As soon they arrived at the place they realized that there was a mysterious atmosphere. The old building had no doors and the windows were cracked and broken. It was late, and they were tired, they have been walking for hours, so they lay down on the cold and damp basement. Suddenly, a strange noise on the first floor woke them up. At first, they ignored it !! But the sound got louder and louder!! This time they could not see anything, so they turned on their torches and went upstairs. They started to get nervous with pale faces and shaking hands when they saw the walls covered in blood, and heard heavy breathing behind their backs, making them be confused. All of the sudden, long dark shades appeared in front of them. They could not believe their eyes!! and shouted : oh Ghost! Ghost! While the shades were approaching them, they fled quickly from that creepy and terrifying place.

The next morning they told everybody what had happened but no one believed them. People thought those men had been drinking or were joking, but they took off their clothes and, people could read the word “leper” on their backs.

The Legend says that the evil spirits of lepers appear haunting people every night.

Luisi. B2.2



FROZEN... IS NOT A PRINCESS STORY



I had just woken up, I was freezing and I could hardly move. I remained stiff and motionless trying to preserve my own body's heat. The drowsy state made my mind fade repeatedly. Trying to keep warm was exhausting and did not allow me to rest. Time passed too slowly and dawn did not come. Distraught, I hoped that at some point the sun would flood everything, giving me the warmth it brings to the day. From time to time he heard the crackling of ice icicles. That singsong increased my feeling of coldness. Suddenly, I felt a tearing crack and a dazzling light blinded me. I heard the noise of a blind being thrown open and the room was completely illuminated.

"Here, it's here!" –I heard– But we are late.

My frozen pupils discerned the horrifying image of my body, paralyzed and rigid, in the man's eyes. Even underground, I still feel the chill of that freezer.

Lilián C1.1



ETERNAL SENTENCE

Like every night at the same time someone knocked on my door. It was 10:16 p.m. My legs were trembling and I was trying to stand firm so as not to head towards the entrance. Every day the same effort not to get close. An invisible force pushed my feet. I counterbalanced my body weight backwards to slow down the pace. The smell coming from the kitchen was nauseating and my effort to avoid what I undoubtedly knew was going to happen, was useless. I looked at my watch. It was 22:18 p.m. Maybe this time I could avoid it. I do not know. Beads of cold sweat stood out my forehead and trickled down my neckline. My breath hitched at each of the predictable steps I refused to take. I was right in front of the door , my right hand was shaking, trying to reach the knob. My left one was clinging to it trying to stop it, but just at 10:20 p.m. I turnrd it and opened it. In eternal darkness, there he was with his broad smile passing me that bloody box, again.



Lilián C1.1

A STORY NOT TO SLEEP

It was a rainy ,cold and dark afternoon in the cemetery. A small group of people were surrounding our uncle´s coffin. His closest family members were attending George Watson´s Ill funeral. He was a wicked ,cruel,and miserable person, who had never loved anyone and no one had loved him. He had got sick the year before and had some catatonic attacks that seemed as if he was dead and then woke up. He had always had real fear of being buried alive and in his will he had ordered to be buried in a wooden coffin with a cardboard lid ,15 cm from the surface to be able to get out. We did everything he had ordered but with one small difference: burying the coffin upside down. So, when we heard those weird noises : ha ha..! an enigmatic and sinister smile appeared on our faces. Our uncle kept digging his own grave (je,je.....). That night in the castle when we were celebrating the funeral of our uncle, suddenly we heard a shocking laughter and a sinister voice saying : Wrethehes! I knew your plans and soon you will suffer the effects of the poison I put in your drinks. A horrible death aways!. We'll see each other in hell! . Some started screaming in pain and having convulsions as we continued to hear our uncle's voice: hell,hell..

Luis Alberto B2.2



The Wicked house

It was the 31st of October when the Adams moved to the house down the street. It had been abandoned three decades ago. It was old and gloomy, which gave it a horrific and sinister look. It was believed to be haunted and cursed, since the family that lived there had been murdered in a suspicious way. Everybody in the town knew that it was occupied by ghosts. Everybody, except for the Adams.

It was a stormy and dreadful night. The thunders were even worse in the “wicked house”, as everybody called it. And, it was Halloween, so the evil spirit living there came out to disturb the new inhabitants of the house. They were not really aware of the fact that the house was enchanted, so, as they began to hear the first strange whispers that came somewhere from the house, they ignore them. No one knows what really happened there that night, the only thing that I can tell you is that, in the early morning, a series of dreadful screams were heard in the whole neighbourhood, and no one saw the Adams again.

Suddenly, Peter woke up. It had been a nightmare; what a relieve he was not living the house next to the “wicked house”. What a terrible Halloween nightmare he had had!

Claudia (C2)

The Fight

It was November 2nd early in the morning, when I discovered that the dead could still return home.

The afternoon had been gray, and the sky felt like crying. For some time now, every day seemed the same in that forgotten town in Mexico. When the night came, the nightmares were still tormenting me with the death of my brother. Because Fernando had left too soon, and I felt his loss like a life-draining well. And it had all been my fault. We should have never had a fight, because now not even Mom spoke to me.

But that was not important. Today Fernando was going to come back to me for a while, and I just wanted to tell him how much I missed him. And also tell him everything he was going to miss that Day of the Dead in which he, for the first time, was not there.

He loved *cempasúchil* flowers. Their fragrant petals, their orange tones, all the life they gave off... And although their sweet perfume always enlivened my senses, today it made me dizzy. The colored paper with cut-out shapes seemed monotonous to me, and the painted skulls now scared me. At the end, it was Fernando the one who always gave life to everything...

But that day had to be happy. So, I headed towards the cemetery, now filled with the candles that would guide Fernando on his return, among the graves I had already seen when visiting Grandfather. I looked with a new pain at the smiling photos of the dead, the withered flowers and the undried tears on the ground.

And next to Grandpa's grave I saw him, leaning on what was now his, while looking up at the sky. He was almost like a ghost, like a twilight illusion.

'Fernando!', I said with tears in my eye. 'Oh, my Fernando, we should never have fought...'

But he wasn't listening to me. Neither was he seeing me. And at that moment I realized that no one did or had done it for a long time, because the grave had my photo, and it was Fernando the one crying. It was Fernando the one crying my death.

(Alba Bartolomé C2)



The Pipe

I was feeling these horrific Halloween vibes when traveling by car to the spine-chilling house my grandpa ordered us to go. That medieval house in the middle of the forest. In the night, I could feel something, from a big troll, as Harry Potter's one, to a little squirrel, moving by my side. I also imagine the dried fox walking behind my back, prepared to attack when the stairs crack under my feet. Sometimes I regret having been born in a family of workers, as my grandpa had been persuading my dad to repair a medieval broken pipe. Not only was it a foolish idea, but also I question myself...why?

When my dad tried to open the pipe, cutting it in half with his filthy hands, he felt the necessity to grab that amount of mashed guts packed together.

'Come one kids, go to the car. IMMEDIATELY!'

He regretted having travelled in a car which could only reach less than a hundred kilometers per hour.

At that moment, my grandpa entered the room grabbing a colossal knife:

'Do-not...touch...you...die...'

'What is going on?...W-what?...What is g-going on?'

'WHAT IS GOING ON? Oh no, it's happened again', my mum said, with my soaked cookie

I was supposed to be eating for breakfast. 'Let's call your doctor. Come on! In which bag have you put your medicines?'

While this scene was taking place, I could watch another one, in the same room. My dad, repairing the pipe while having a common conversation with his father in law.

'Oh no, do not touch this. If you do, you will get dirty'

'Ouch, pardon me', my grandpa said. 'How is it going?'

'God, I am gonna die opening this'

"Murder is like potato chips; you can't stop with just one." -Stephen King

Irma (C2)



THE HAUNTED FOREST

It was a strange dark morning when Mark and Peter were walking to school. They were talking as a normal day about their videogames and their things when a heavy windy and a hard storm made them run to the closest haunt. It was pouring down with rain so, they thought to cross the forest because it was the fastest way to get to school. They have never been there because people in the village used to say that that many years ago there lived a man who was insane and said that the evil spirit talked to him and these days, his spirit is still in the forest. However, Mark and Peter decided to go there because they thought it was only a story and tree branches would protect them from the rain.

They were running through the forest when Mark heard a whisper and frightened, asked Peter if he had heard anything as well. Peter told him not to worry because it was sinister but usual in a forest when it is windy. But a bit later, Peter stopped immediately, and his face went pale. The whistle became a yelling. They ran faster and faster and a few minutes later, the rain ceased. They couldn't hear anything strange so they started to walk more slowly. It was then, when they saw a creepy house in the middle of the forest and since they had enough time, they decided to go and see it. When they were in front of the house Peter felt scared because the house was gloomy and spooky, and he wanted to go away but Mark wanted to come into. He was opening the door slowly, when, all of a sudden, an ugly raven flew out of the house and Mark and Peter ran away.

When they left the forest, they talked about what had happened and Mark smiling, said to Peter that he had felt panic, but it was only an abandoned house in the middle of a forest. Both were laughing when a ghastly voice shouted, "Don't come again to my house!"



A MYSTERIOUS GRAVEYARD



Graveyards, they are the most mysterious and peaceful places in a village or in a city. Surely you have been there many times in your life during the day, but would you dare spend a night in a cemetery?

Why are these places so gloomy and sinister for human beings? Since ancient times people are supposed to bury their loved relatives and neighbours in a space where to pray and give them offerings. However, this location should be out of the walls of the city because its ground was considered unholy. For this reason we do not want to live near the graves and death, especially when it is getting dark.

One of these lonely and bizarre graveyards is in my village, far away from houses, but easily visible from our windows.

In a stormy and dark night of autumn when families were having dinner and children did not have more ways to spend their time than watching TV or reading books, some yelling and eerie voices arose at the same time some white lights were moving around the graves. The frightening noises could be heard easily from everywhere in the town and the spooky glows caught the neighbours' eyes.

Some curious and brave people wanted to find out what was happening, but they could not get into the cemetery because they did not have the keys of the door. In spite of this drawback, some of them were able to jump over the walls. But inside the gloomy enclosure there was nothing alive, only lonely graves with marble crosses and withered flowers.

The next day everybody was talking about the scary incident, but there were not more clues for the people to understand what had gone on, only an enigmatic sentence painted on the wall: "*we were here.*"

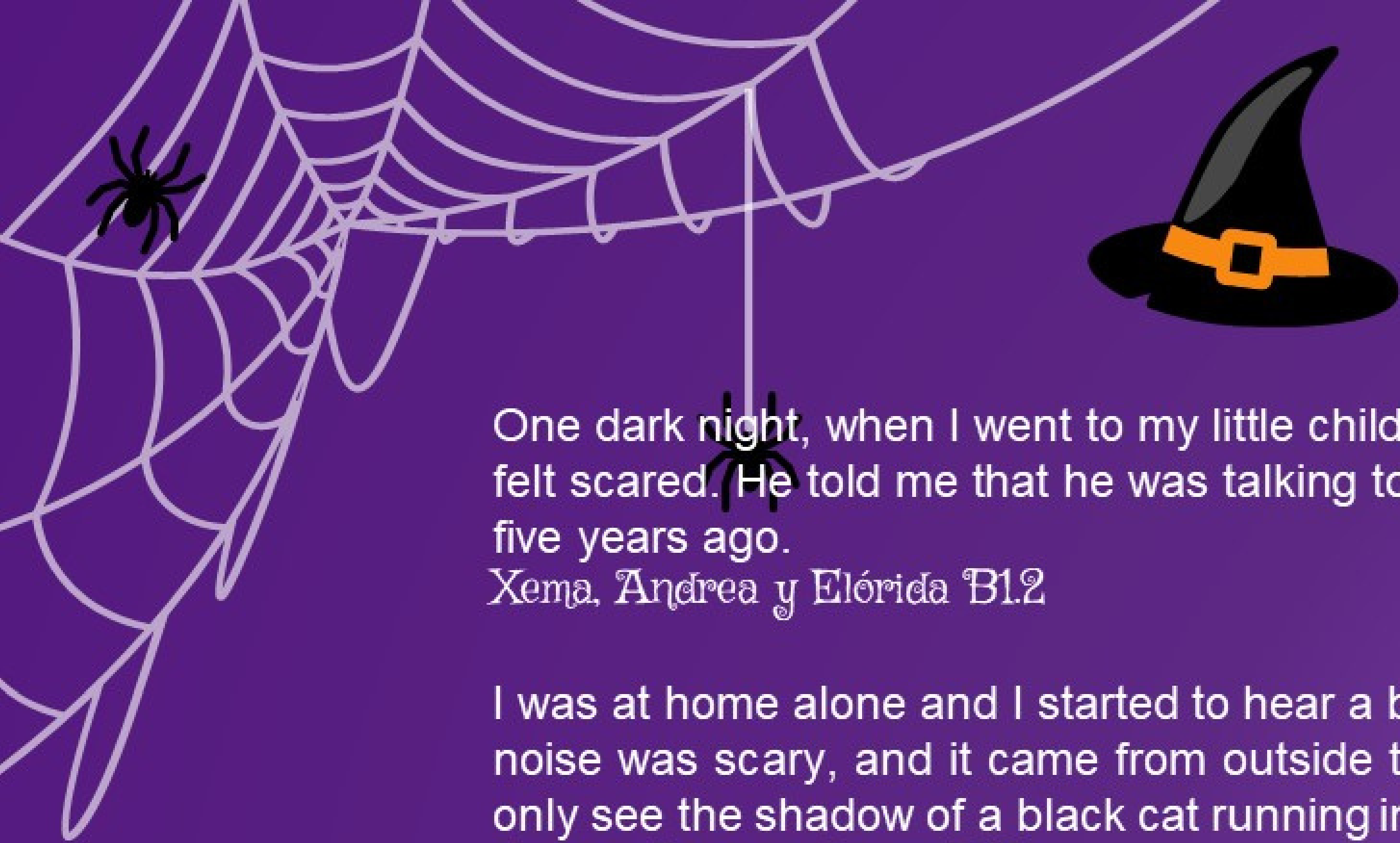
Olga C1.1A



You can't escape it

Every morning, old Mr Barnett got up and had a cup of coffee. He used to have pretty quiet days and he used to be alone. He said to himself: "I have a lucky life". But at that precise moment, everything changed. Barnett was in the living room when he heard a strange noise near him. His heart's blood raced. The noise seemed to get closer and closer. He ran scared out of the house. He tried to calm down but could not. He felt a shadow following him wherever he went. He could not escape. Barnett collapsed to the ground. When he woke up he was no longer himself. A loud howl was illuminated by the full moon indicating that his luck had changed.

Desi B12



One dark night, when I went to my little child's bedroom, he was talking to a shadow. I felt scared. He told me that he was talking to my grandfather. But my grandfather died five years ago.

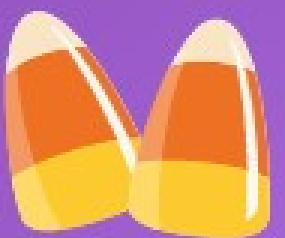
Xema, Andrea y Elórida B1.2

I was at home alone and I started to hear a baby crying in the silence of the night. The noise was scary, and it came from outside the window. I went to check it and I could only see the shadow of a black cat running into the garden.

Claudio, Daniel y Luisa B1.2

That night I stayed late at the office because I had a lot of work. Suddenly, I heard a strange noise that came from the lift., but I was alone. I went back to work and five minutes later, I saw a man's shadow on the wall. I turned around very scared, but there wasn't anybody.

Laura, Alex y Jesús B1.2



Every year, at the dark night of Halloween, some figures go up the stairs of my house to enter my room, covering it up with shadows. When it happens, my dog howls and I can hear children's screams and laughs.

The following day, my garden is covered with tiny footprints and my dog looks happy.

I have to tell you a secret: my house was a school in the past and a terrible epidemic killed thousands of children. That's why they've always turned off the light of my room, as they have never wanted to bother me.

Their spirits come back to enjoy their games in my garden.

Ana Isabel B1.2



I went to a big house with my family in summer. It was amazing until the night came. After dinner, I went upstairs to sleep. When I arrived, I heard a noise, and it was very dark. I got into bed anyway, but when I was already asleep, a great scream woke me up. I didn't know what was going on. I went downstairs and I was looking for my dad when, suddenly, I saw him outside burying my little sister in the garden. My mum was running into the forest, and I was alone in this haunted house... I would never forget this incredible holiday.

Cynthia B1.2

Last night, when I was at home, I heard a noise. I was alone, so I went out of the kitchen into the living room to check. Suddenly, I saw a shadow moving upstairs, but when I got to the first floor, there was no one there.

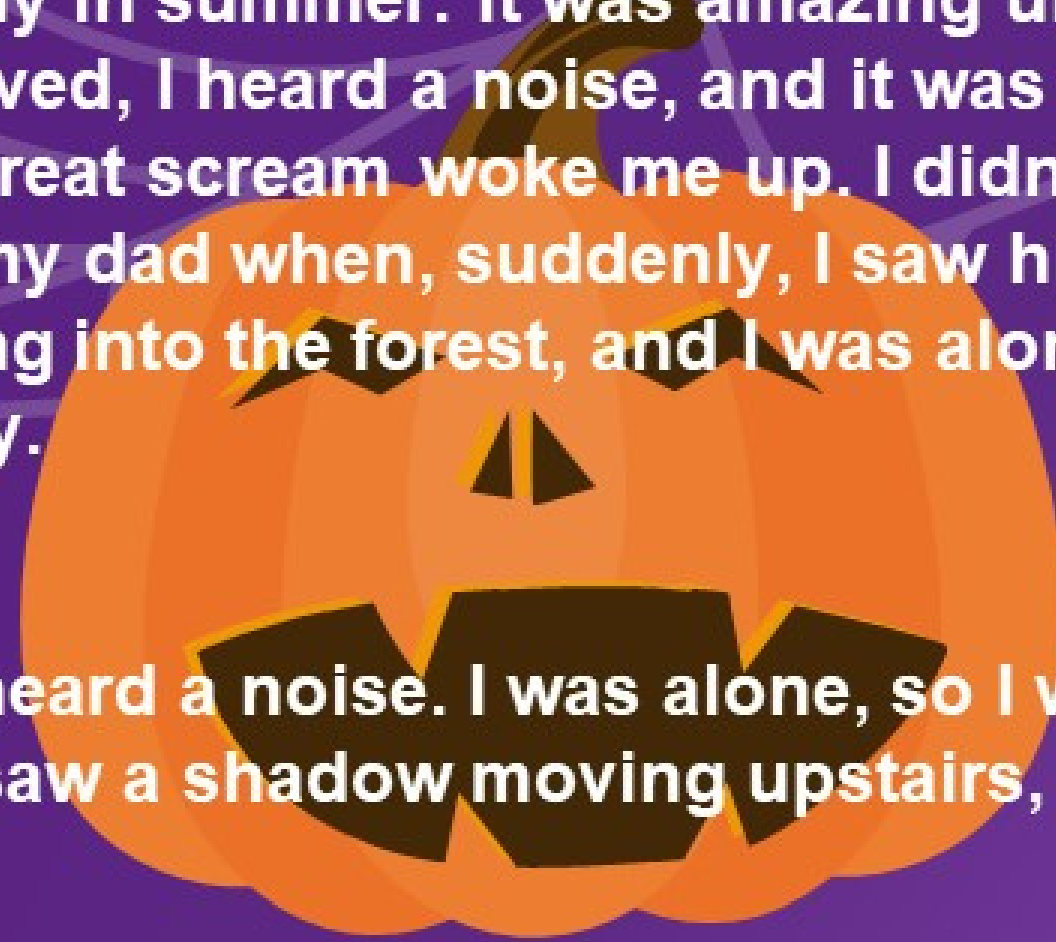
Marin B1.2

We were having coffee at home when we heard loud steps coming from the flat next to ours. When we arrived, a porcelain doll was lying on the floor.

Aida B1.2

I was going downstairs when I saw a dark shadow next to the kitchen door. I thought it was a person with a knife and I got terribly scared. When I came into the room, my mum was dead on the floor.

Ana González B1.2



One Halloween night, two brothers were playing hide-and-seek. The older was around the house looking for his brother. Suddenly, he heard a strange noise inside the closet. He opened its door and put his hand inside, trying to catch his brother, but somebody pulled his arm and tried to get him into the closet while his brother was entering the room. Finally, he was able to let go and run away. Since then, he's had scratch marks on his arm.

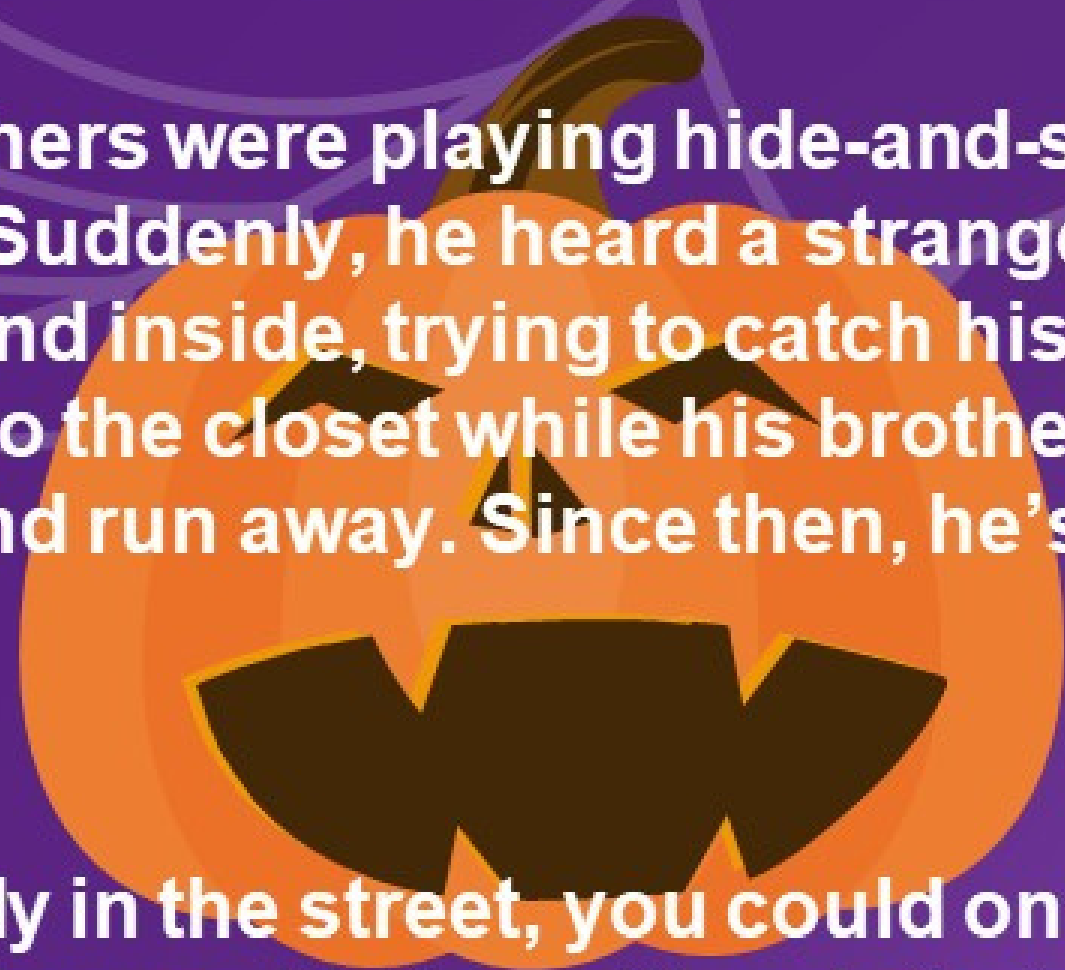
José Antonio B1.2

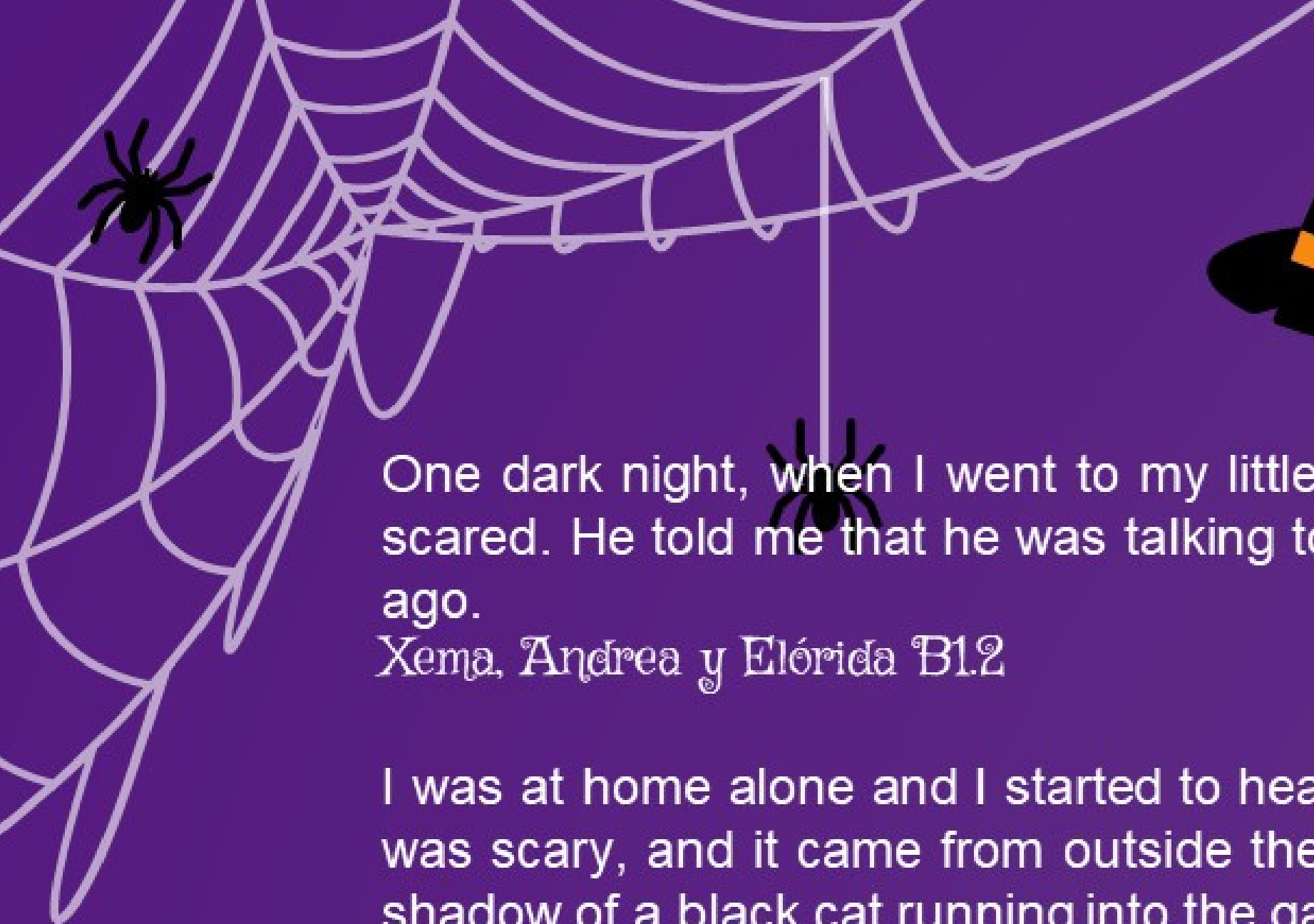
It was a full moon night, nobody in the street, you could only hear the meows of two cats fighting when I passed the old house. I felt a chill and started to run.

Eva B1.2

In the forest, near a small town, there is a dark cave. People say that a scary monster lives there and every 31st of October, if you pay attention, you can hear it howling. A child called Peter never believed it and he went to the cave on the 31st of October 1999. He's never seen since then.

Xema B1.2





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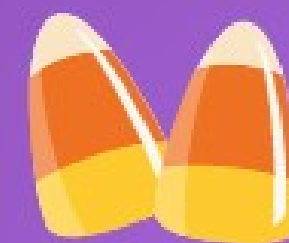
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Laura, Alex y Jesús B1.2



Like every month, the women's group, called Strawberry and Cookies, got together; but this night would be different, it was the last night of October in 1887.

That night, instead of going to have a coffee together, they went to the forest. There, they cooked a potion and began their ritual. That was the moment to take revenge of their neighbours. In their last meeting, some of them saw them while they were "enchanting" a child, but it was a mistake because they were treating him for food poisoning. From that moment, everybody judged and blamed them. That day, they were trying to fix the mistake but something went wrong with the potion formula and the witches killed all the neighbours. Since that date, everyone in the village turned into zombies and it was the beginning of Halloween.

B2.1B



THE HORRIFIC BACHELOR PARTY

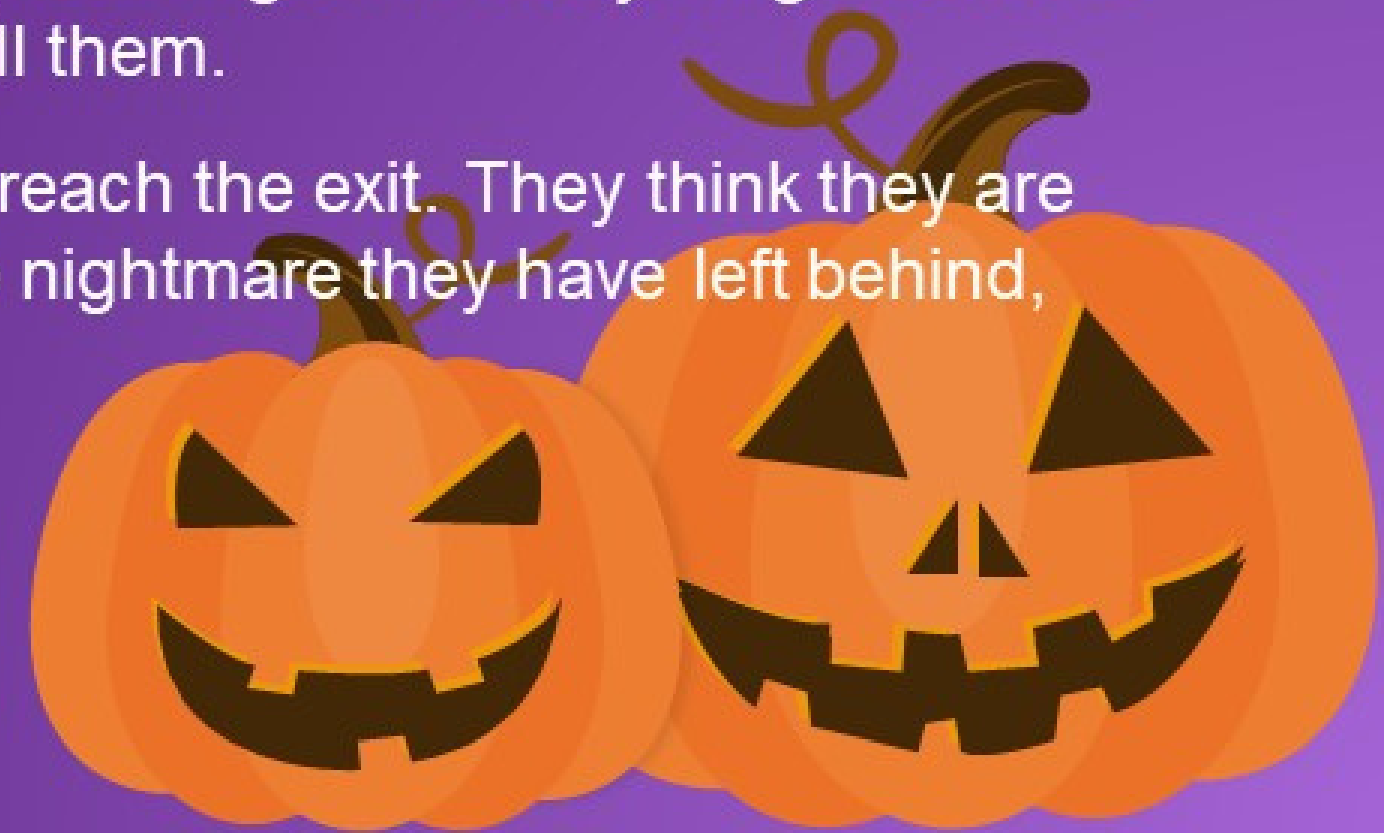
It's a snowy night in the mountains, where lonely Surrey Castle awaits the arrival of Mike and his friends. They are looking forward to arriving because they have been planning that bachelor party for several months.

Mike is going to get married next week with Mary, his all-time friend, so the castle is full of signs and hanging banners with hearts and love messages for Mary. The guys are shouting her name all over the place. The shouts are so loud that they are heard from the basement. Inside this creepy room lies an ancient coffin.

While Mike and his friends are shouting, making jokes and celebrating, the coffin starts to open and a gloomy vampire rises up after centuries of sleeping. He is the Count of Surrey, murdered by his wife, also called Mary, on their wedding night. That is why he hates happiness, weddings and everything related to love, so he starts to chase and scare the group of friends, trying to kill them.

Mike and friends have a narrow escape from the vampire and finally reach the exit. They think they are safe outside of the castle but when Mike turns his head to look at the nightmare they have left behind, everyone can see a vampire bite mark on his neck...

David, Jose and Mercedes B2-1





The Witch and the Frog

The eve of Halloween begins, a gloomy night was coming in Mieres. Like every year, Valeria and her friends went out to spend the night at the city graveyard to prove themselves how brave they were. The wind was blowing, the branches shaking, and the raindrops began to fall. The atmosphere was getting weirder and weirder.

Suddenly, the girls heard a couple yelling at each other far away. Without thinking, the girls ran there to know who were in a row.

To their surprise, they discovered a witch turning a man into a frog. When they saw the scene, they were shocked, and they couldn't believe their eyes.

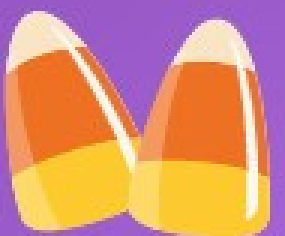
They thought: "It's a joke, it's Halloween..." But... that night anything can happen.

The witch realized that she was being watched, and this had a price. So she decided to punish them by turning her witnesses into flies. This could be a bad ending to this Halloween night, but the worst is yet to come.

The cursed frog threw out his long sticky tongue, and caught the girls one by one, except Valeria, the one who managed to escape.

When the night passed, the spell was broken, and since then Valeria tells her story in the cemetery on Halloween night next to the tombstones of her friends.

Lucía, Olay, Marta and Yolanda B2.1B



Lights on

The moth-eaten clock was about to strike 11 o'clock in an odd night and all of us were willing to get comfortable on the worn-out couch. As every night, the pleasant routine had taken over us: light dinner, a pinch of TV and then the fluffy bed waiting for us. But that night, my sister was missing at home because at that time she was a little bit crazy about esotericism and strange and baffling phenomenon.

We went to sleep and at about 2 o'clock in the morning, my sister got into the house and turned off the light of the boundless hallway. As my door was open, the blinding light woke me up. Still dozing I beg my sister, 'Helen, could you please turn off the light. It is bothering me so much!!'. There was an unusual sound, even dull. My sister didn't answer but the light was switched off.

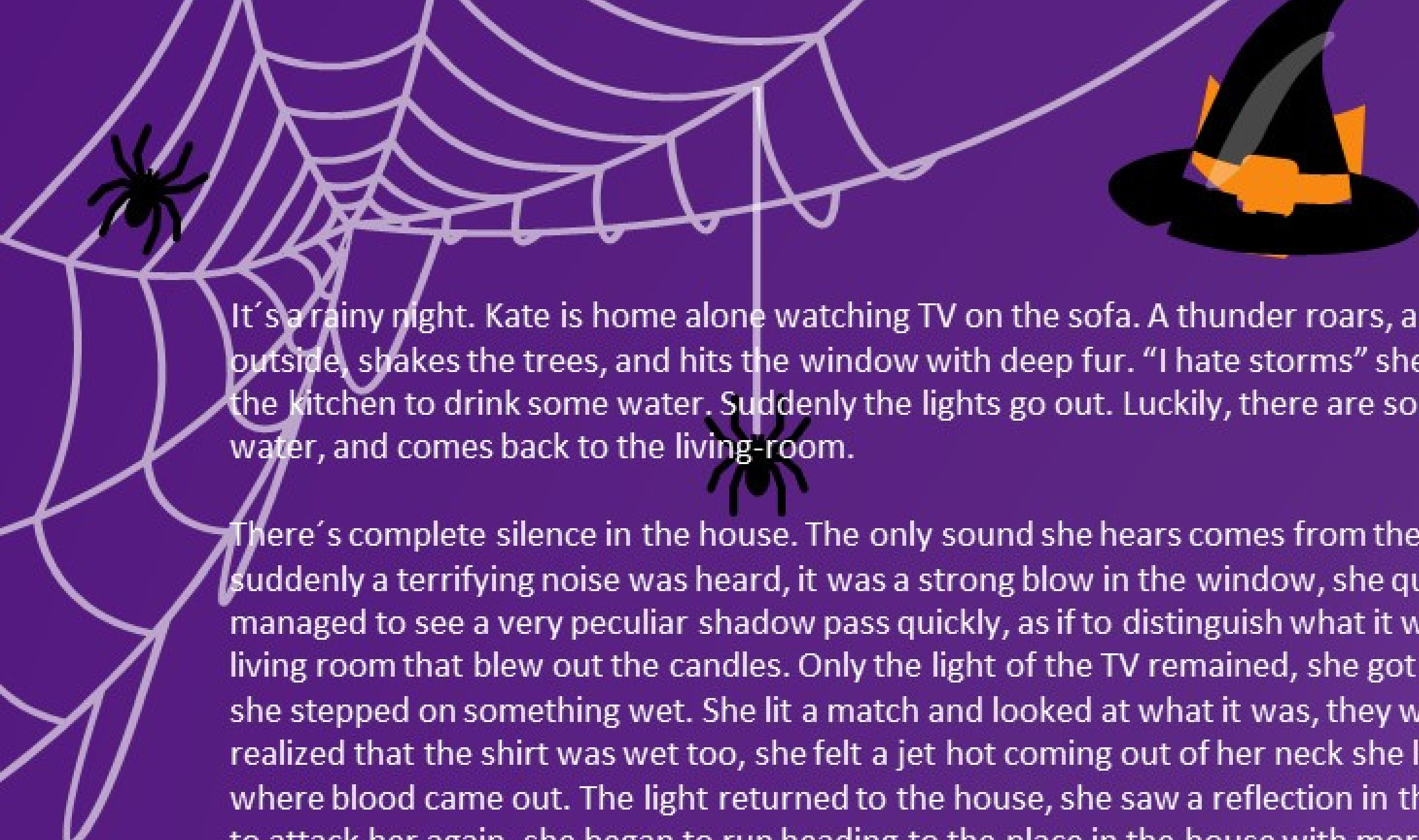
The next morning, during breakfast I mentioned the event that happened that peculiar night to my sister. She stared at me and, with skeptical eyes, cracked a smile half mocking half scared and told me:

'Last night I didn't turn off any lights, I haven't even slept at home'.

All the family open their eyes in surprise and shivers at the same time. Our faces turned into horrified ones, and we spent several days without being able to sleep, afraid of the hallway light that was switched on again.

Xurde (C2)

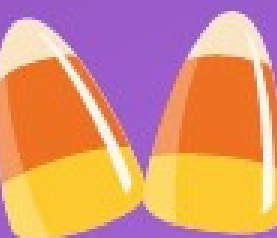




It's a rainy night. Kate is home alone watching TV on the sofa. A thunder roars, and she realises that she's always hated storms. The wind, outside, shakes the trees, and hits the window with deep fur. "I hate storms" she says to herself in a whisper. She is thirsty, so she goes to the kitchen to drink some water. Suddenly the lights go out. Luckily, there are some candles in the drawer. She lights 2 of them, drink the water, and comes back to the living-room.

There's complete silence in the house. The only sound she hears comes from the outside: it's the rain hitting the roof. Kate shivers, suddenly a terrifying noise was heard, it was a strong blow in the window, she quickly uncovered herself to see what it was, she only managed to see a very peculiar shadow pass quickly, as if to distinguish what it was, she tried to reassure, but a strange wind entered the living room that blew out the candles. Only the light of the TV remained, she got up to look for the candles when the TV started to flicker, she stepped on something wet. She lit a match and looked at what it was, they were drops of blood that came from the kitchen, she realized that the shirt was wet too, she felt a jet hot coming out of her neck she looked in the mirror and saw that she had two spots, where blood came out. The light returned to the house, she saw a reflection in the mirror it was a vampire who was behind her prepared to attack her again, she began to run heading to the place in the house with more light so that he would leave her alone, she arrived at her room, he could not enter because the light bothered him, she dragged himself to pick up her cell phone and when she was dialling the police number, a white hand took it off and threw it on the floor.

The doorbell was heard from downstairs, it was the neighbour worried about the strange noises he had heard, as no one would open the door for him, he began to climb the stairs outside, when he saw the two vampires he fainted and fell off the stairs, arriving the smell of blood up to the noses of the vampires, they couldn't resist so they went for their new prey, the girl ran and took a knife to kill them. When she went down, she saw that they were going to attack him so to get their attention she cut her arm, when they smelled the bloody knife they went towards her, with such good luck that she managed to stick the knife in both of them...



In the darkness

A huge full moon is shining in the sky. Behind and beyond, The Evil's only Eye is carefully watching everything, everyone, everywhere...; looking for each shadow living within human souls.

The inhabitants of the Earth are unconsciously, living happily, blind to the darkness that hangs over them... The Evil, unable to love, makes a decision and spreads its lethal poison.

Where? How? What exactly is it? Only The Evil knows. But every bad thought, every bad action, every little shadow hidden inside every human being causes the disaster. Horrible tragedies and calamities start to happen, one after another. Cars crash and burn in endless accidents; buildings and bridges are destroyed; cruel murderers and thieves act as they please. Masses go crazy.

What is happening? Soon there will be no one left on the face of the Earth to ask that question.

The Earth collapses: volcanoes erupt, earthquakes happen non-stop, tsunamis ravage every corner, causing a toxic smoke that kills all traces of life, until our beautiful blue planet turns into a ball of black steam. The entire cosmos is overwhelmed, horrified.

Suddenly, Robert wakes up, his heart pounding against his chest; it was just a horrible nightmare. Still trembling he gets up. Poor Robert does not want to wake up his wife, who is peacefully sleeping next to him.

Then, a heartbreaking cold runs down his back. The Evil's Eye, stares at him from the other side of the mirror.



An eerily perfect day

It's five p.m. on a boring November's day. I have just slept for two hours, after lunch.

When I leave my flat, I don't hear any noise. It's the first time that my neighbours don't have their music very loud and the dog of the first floor isn't barking.

I'm walking down the street in a windy and grey day. The pavement is clean, there isn't any garbage or dog poop and there aren't any bikes or skateboards riding on the sidewalk. I see my rude and selfish workmate Hannibal, who never greets me, but suddenly he smiles me and says "good evening" as a polite English gentleman.

I'm starting to get nervous, because everything is perfect, too perfect.

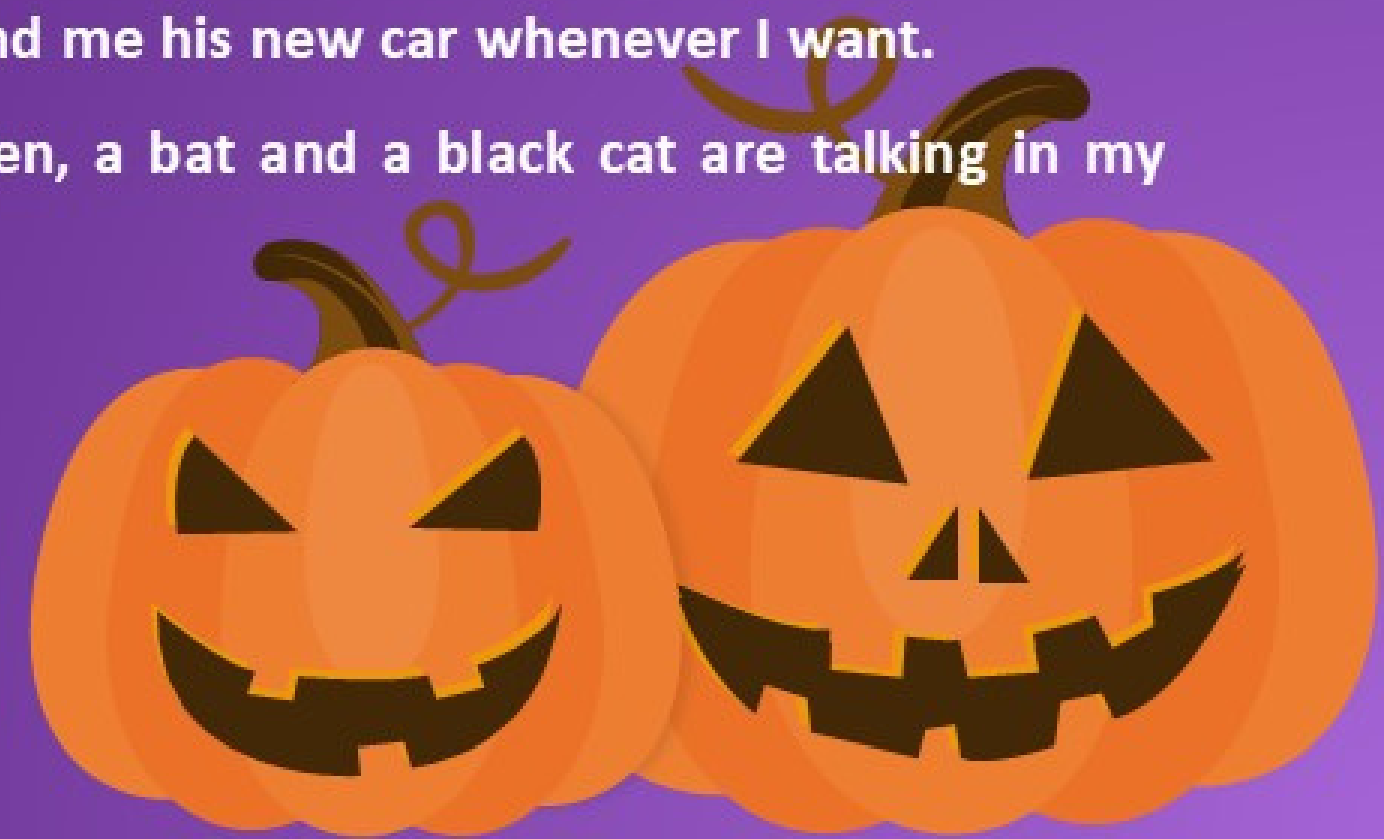
I'm going to cross the street and I see a car waiting for me at the zebra crossing. The driver grins me too, and just now, I'm not nervous, I'm scared. What's happening? What's going to be next?

My mobile phone rings. It's my brother-in-Law, Freddy, who tells me that he can lend me his new car whenever I want.

At this moment I realize that something sinister and ghastly is happening. A raven, a bat and a black cat are talking in my apartment's window.

I'm a stranger in my own town. I don't know what's happening...

Fernando B2.1A





An astonishing story

It had been a month since my parents started acting strangely. They threw the posters on my walls and stopped putting a plate of food for me on the table. As a result, I have had to steal money from them to buy my own food, but they don't seem to care as they haven't told me anything at all.

Time kept passing and my parents kept ignoring me, it is true that we had had a strong argument before all this started and I had escaped but, I come back, right? So, one day I decided to start playing little pranks on them to try to get their attention back, like hiding their car keys, breaking littler cups... But none of my efforts worked.

All this indifference coming from my own parents was driving me crazy. I had spent so much time trying for a minimum of attention that I did not know what to do. Until one night, full of **rage** thanks to another failed attempt, I ended the life of a poor boy near a well-known river in my city.

I thought I would feel terrible after what I had done. However, when I saw my parents the next morning so surprised in front of the television with the news, I knew that I had finally found the perfect way to get their attention. Unfortunately, my unreal and gloomy happiness did not last long.

I was watching the TV with my parents that night when a Breaking New appeared on the screen. A young man with big round glasses and trembling hands announced that a new body was found and due to some new investigations, finally, they got the name and the face of the murderer... Immediately a photo of my face popped up and all I heard was my mom screaming and then, silence. What I heard next got me shocked: ``It must be a mistake... Sarah's been dead for a year now' ... What? I'm dead?



Sandra B2.1A

Babysitting



Friday night and I am getting ready to go to work, great. My friend Alyssa calls me.

-Hi sweetie, what are you wearing to tonight's party?

-Aly, I told you I can't go, I have to work.

-Oh, sorry, I didn't remember. Who are you babysitting tonight?

-Well, you know the house up in the cliff?

-Do you mean de vampire house? Are you crazy?

-Oh, come on, we are not children anymore, do you still believe they are vampires? Hahahah you are so funny.

-No, of course I don't believe they are vampires but that house... freaks me out.

-I think I'll be okay it's just a house, besides they pay me 3 times more than others.

-Well, have a good night taking care of those little vampires, love you.

-Love you, take care.

I am arriving to the house, it's really cold up here I should have taken a sweater. This house looks huge and a little sinister, it's like a gothic castle. I knock the door; a little girl opens it.

-Hello, you must be Esme, I am Arya, your babysitter. I say.

-Hi Arya, we were waiting for you, my parents let you this. She gives me an envelope with money. -Oh thanks, are your parents upstairs?

-No, they have already gone, my brother and I already have dinner, but they let you some food in the kitchen if you want to eat.

-Oh, you are so kind, thank you.

So, their parents leave before I come, that's weird, I came in time. We go to the living room where the brother is watching TV, it's a huge room, with dark walls and everything there is black and red, looks scary, wonder why people say they are vampires.

-Hi, you must be Jasper. I am Arya, how are you? What are you watching? I ask the brother. He doesn't answer, his sister looks at me and smiles, kind of creepy smile but maybe I am just overwhelmed. It's 9 o'clock and I don't really know when they must go to bed or anything because their parents didn't tell me so I ask.

-So, guys... It's getting late, what time do you usually go to bed?

-Oh, actually I think it's time for us to go to sleep. Esme says and they quickly go upstairs without saying anything else. They are strange kids, he didn't speak to me at all and she speaks as if she was 80.

I go upstairs and when I arrive to their rooms, they are already in their beds sleeping, well that was easy, so now I have all the night for me.

...

I go to the kitchen to see what they leave me to eat. I open the fridge and there is chicken in there, but the weird thing is that there is nothing else.

-Well, of course they are vampires they don't eat. I whisper to myself and laugh.

I am not really hungry, but I go to the living room to have dinner while I watch Tv but it doesn't work, that's weird the boy was watching it before. I took my phone to see something, but I don't have internet in here, great. So, I have dinner in silence. When I finish, I go to the kitchen and wash the dishes, it's so cold in this house, I really miss a sweater. I hear something upstairs and suddenly a shadow scares me, and I break the plate. I look around but I don't see anything, I try to calm myself.

I go upstairs to check on the children, but they are in bed just like before. What was that noise, maybe they have a pet. I heard noises again, I am starting to get really scary, this house is huge, dark and it's so cold in here. I go downstairs again, and I see something in the window, like a person staring at me but when I look again there is nobody there, I think and getting crazy, it's Alyssa's fault, she scares me before and now I am paranoid.

I hear a scream in the basement, I think is the little girl, what's she doing there? I go but there is nothing, I see a fridge there, oh maybe it's here where they have all the food, I open it and what I see is bags with blood, I'm shaking, this must be some kind of joke. Okay Arya let's calm they can't be vampires, vampires don't exist, maybe one of the parents is a doctor and that's why they have blood, yeah, I guess that sounds reasonable.

I go to the living room again and try to use my phone, it's not working, I'm really scared and I

think it's getting colder in here. I am out of my mind, and I am having strange feelings like there are spirits in this house. I am about to cry when someone appears in the hall, I look and I see the parents, I breath relieved, this night is finally over.

They stared at me and say nothing, maybe they see that I am scared. I try to put myself together and talk to them.

-Hello, you came early. How was the dinner? I ask with shaky voice.

-Oh honey, you are the dinner. The father says.

Lucía B2.1A

The camera

I know not everybody will believe the story I'm about to describe, but that doesn't really bother me. Trust my words or not, it's up to you. Every year I hold a Halloween party with my closest friends. These events happened in the first of them. We were a group of unconcerned teenagers, so our plan was the most ordinary: a horror film and playing board-games. The thing is... we choose the Ouija board. I will keep to myself the spirits we talked with, and the things they told us. The interesting part came the next day. One of my friends spent the night with me and in the morning, I was hanging around with her in my bedroom. I had a new mobile phone, one with a camera on it. It was uncommon for mobiles to be equipped with that kind of technology back then. So, I was looking around the room with the camera on. We saw something... or someone on the screen that was not in the room. We couldn't see its face, but it was freaking real. I got so startled that I turned the phone off.

I never got a proof that I saw a ghost. Me and my friend know, that is enough for me to be sure I'm not out of my mind.

As for you... well, just pay attention of what gets through your camera lens.

Sara (C2)



YES THE MIERES EOI THEATRE





**A todo el profesorado y
alumnado por participar**





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