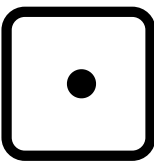



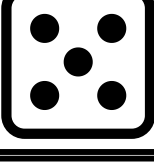
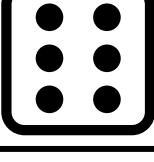


# ROLL A SPOOKY STORY

	ROLL 1 CHARACTER	ROLL 2 SETTING - TIME	ROLL 3 SETTING - PLACE	ROLL 4 CONFLICT
	MONSTER	MIDNIGHT	HAUNTED HOUSE	AN UNUSUAL DISCOVERY IS MADE
	VAMPIRE	HALLOWEEN NIGHT	GRAVEYARD	A MYSTERY NEEDS TO BE SOLVED
	ZOMBIE	AT SUNSET	ABANDONED SCHOOL	A DANGEROUS JOURNEY TAKES PLACE
	GHOST	DURING A RAINSTORM	DARK WOODS	SOMEONE IS AFRAID OF SOMETHING
	MUMMY	ON THE NIGHT OF A FULL MOON	PUMPKIN PATCH	SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS MISSING
	WEREWOLF	BEFORE SUNRISE	LABORATORY	SOMEONE NEEDS TO BE RESCUED

**CHARACTER:** \_\_\_\_\_ **SETTING - TIME:** \_\_\_\_\_

**SETTING - PLACE:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONFLICT:** \_\_\_\_\_

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# HIDE-AND-SEEK

*Since even the youngest of us like a little bit of a scare, this creepy story for kids is suitable for little ones as young as 5 years. For older kids, you can describe the creature in the wardrobe, and tell it on a rainy day and suggest a game of hide-and-seek afterward.*

Two sisters were spending the summer at their grandparents' house. When the sun was shining, they had plenty of fun, swimming in the lake out front, exploring the woods out back, and playing all sorts of games in the gardens.

However, one week, toward the end of their stay, it did nothing but rain. The girls had played board games, read books, made things with their crafts supplies, and now they were bored.

The grandparents' house was large, and the girls thought it would be an excellent place for a game of hide-and-seek. The younger sister wanted to hide first. She ran off to find a hiding place while her sister covered her eyes and began to count to fifty.

The older sister heard her sibling's footsteps running up the stairs and along the hallway to the back of the house. After reaching fifty, she opened her eyes and went in search of her sister.

The girl went into every room. She looked under the beds and in the closets. She peeked behind the curtains and behind the doors, but her sister was nowhere to be found.

Finally, she reached the only room their grandparents had told them never to enter.

She reached out and grasped the doorknob, turning it slowly, and pushing the door open. Much to her surprise, the room was almost empty.

The only item was an old, tall, carved wooden cupboard, covered in cobwebs. But the door was slightly open.

The girl ran over, laughing, and swung the door open expecting to find her sister, but the cupboard was empty. She leaned in, and as she did, a cold, icy hand reached out from the back of the dark cupboard and grabbed her wrist. She let out a scream and tried to escape, but the hand started to pull her into the cupboard.

The girl's sister heard her screams and ran to find out what was happening. She entered the room and looked on in horror as her sister began to disappear into the cupboard.

Luckily, the little sister was quick thinking – she ran toward the cupboard and grabbed her sister's legs. After a brief tug-of-war, she managed to pull her sister out of the cupboard, and the two girls ran from the room, slamming the door behind them.

# SMELLY SNEAKERS

*Here is a funny or scary (scream the ending) campfire story.*

Only his mother and father called him Todd. To all the kids at camp, the name Todd suggested just one nickname, "TOAD." But Toad didn't care. He had other things on his mind.

You see, Toad wanted, more than anything else in the world to win the smelly-sneaker contest.

Toad's sneakers were smelly. No doubt of that. But the first year he entered the Great Smelly Sneaker Contest, he didn't even get third prize. The second year Toad entered the contest, he worked hard at it all year. He had already learned from an older boy that not wearing socks would make Toad's sneakers much, much smellier. In addition, Toad fudged on his showers. He turned on the water. He more or less got into the shower and more or less washed most of himself, including his hair. He knew his mom and dad could tell the difference between the smell of clean hair and the smell of dirty hair, but they trusted him to wash his feet. Toad did not wash his feet, which helped the smell of his sneakers considerably. Still, that second year Toad got only second place.

Toad was bitterly disappointed. After the contest, he stood sad and dejected by a large garbage can, trying to decide if he should just chuck those second-place sneakers.

"Hey kid!" called a hoarse voice from the other side of the can.

"Yeah?" said Toad.

"How much you wanna win that contest?"

"More than anything!" said Toad.

"I know how you can win," the voice said. Toad peered around the garbage can, where a tall, skinny kid sat on the ground.

"What'll ya give me if I tell?"

Without hesitation, Toad offered his brand new backpack, the thing he loved most, the one he'd worked all last year to earn the money for.

"Here's what ya do," said the kid, and he whispered instructions into Toad's ear, then he put a small vial into Toad's hand.

"Thanks," said Toad.

The kid stood up and shrugged. Toad offered the tall, skinny kid his backpack, but the kid turned away.

"Ahhh, keep it," was all he said.

Toad couldn't wait to get home from camp and get new sneakers. The contest rules said you had to start the year with a clean pair of sneakers. He was sure he'd win next year's contest, for in the vial was essence of sneaker - foot sweat mixed with scrapings from the sneakers of the last four winners of the Great Smelly Sneaker Contest. Toad put the precious droplets into his new sneakers. The results were instant and made Toad's eyes water.

All that year he went without socks and put plastic bags on his sneakers at night to keep the smell in, even though his parents made him put the sneakers outside. When summer came and Toad went to camp, even his camp counselor insisted that Toad's sneakers be left outside.

Toad's dedication and hard work paid off. As the day of Great Smelly Sneaker Contest drew closer, it was clear to all of the campers that Toad would be the winner.

The first judge, a new, young assistant camp counselor, approached Toad's sneakers. From more than a yard away, she began to retch. The second judge, an older, experienced camp counselor, wiped his eyes, waved a group of papers before his face, and backed away from Toad's sneakers. The third judge, the Camp Director, took a whiff, grinned and said, "Now that's more like it!" and awarded Toad first prize!

When the judges asked if he'd like to donate the sneakers to the camp's museum, Toad said, "No." He'd wear them back to his cabin. He'd savor being champion.

Off Toad went, right foot, left foot, wearing championship sneakers, ones you could smell from afar. Toad was a good long way from his cabin when his left foot started to itch something fierce right around his toes, but Toad kept on walking. And he walked and he walked, and the itch got to itching the whole sole of his right foot and then the whole sole of his left foot. But Toad kept on walking, without stopping to scratch until he got to his cabin. And the itching was terrible-clear up to his ankles!

With a sigh of relief, Toad got to his cabin and reached down to take off his championship smelly sneakers. But when Toad took off his sneakers and got ready to scratch, Toad discovered that...

HIS

FEET

WERE

GONE!

# MOUSE'S NEW HOUSE

*You need your orange sheet of paper and scissors for this story!*

*(Start with an orange piece of construction paper, folded in half hamburger style, and cut as you see at the bottom of the page. The fold is on the bottom.)*

There once was a little mouse scurrying about in the forest one Halloween day when he found a huge, enormous piece of cheese! He decided this gigantic piece of cheese would be perfect for a clubhouse.

So, he nibbled a door just his size. He nibbled and chewed, and nibbled and chewed. "Funny tasting cheese" thought Mouse.

*(Cut a small opening as above while narrating with "nibbled and chewed," etc.)*

When Mouse finished with his door, he stepped back and saw how perfect it was. But then, he realized a problem! His friend, Rabbit, has very tall ears, and would never fit through that mouse-sized door to his clubhouse. So, he made a taller door for Rabbit. He nibbled and chewed, and nibbled and chewed. "Funny tasting cheese," thought Mouse.

*(Cut the next opening with the "nibbled and chewed" part again. You can also let the children choose what kind of animal is the mouse's friend on subsequent stories, and make the door to match.)*

Now there was a perfect door for Mouse's friend, Rabbit. Mouse climbed inside the clubhouse. But then he noticed another problem. It was dark in the clubhouse and he decided he needed a window.

So...

*(Poke your scissors through and cut a circle or other shape.)*

...He nibbled and chewed a hole in the clubhouse just right for a window. "Funny tasting cheese," thought Mouse again. Finally, the clubhouse was ready. But when Mouse stepped way back to look at his wonderful cheese clubhouse, he realized it wasn't a giant piece of cheese at all! It was....

*(Unfold the paper.)*

**A Halloween Pumpkin!**

