



# HALLOWEEN

## **Word Search**

E F Q 0 E H V D D Z E G T Z Y G S S C N D C R B В 0 S S B U 0 Н K H D T Т Q N S D S Q W E P Z S 0 В R K G A S S G В 0 В Q S K G S P B Y R U S Q 1 S S E E G S Q

BLACK CAT CANDY

CAULDRON

COBWEB

FRIGHTFUL

**GHOST** 

HAUNTED MONSTER

PUMPKIN

SKELETON

SPOOKY

TRICK OR TREAT

VAMPIRE

WITCH





# Halloween Word Search



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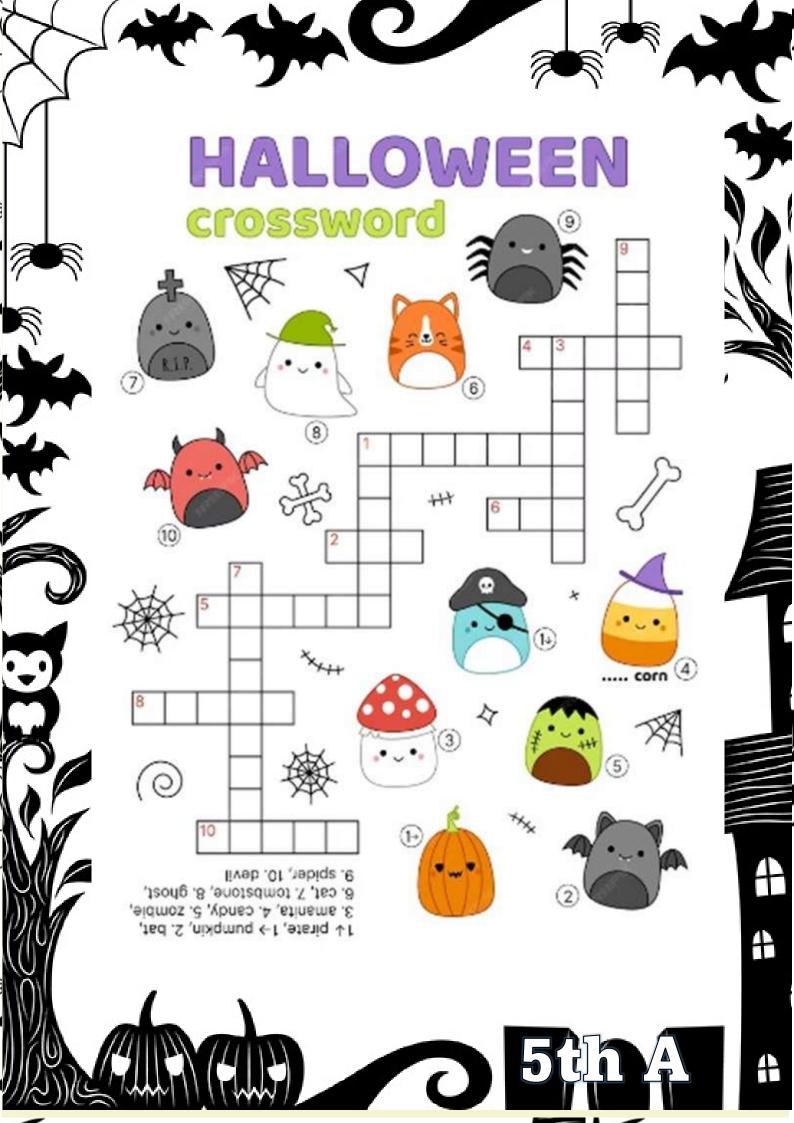


BAT CANDY CAT GHOST HALLOWEEN MAGIC MOON NIGHT PUMPKIN SCARY SKELETON SPIDER WITCH





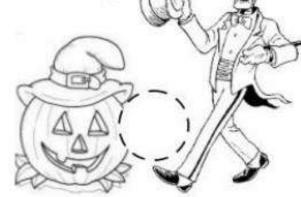


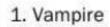




# Halloween







- 2. Frankenstein
- 3. Haunted house
- 4. Bat
- 5. Mummy
- 6. Witch
- 7. Ghost
- 8. Skeleton





# 6TH GRADE



# Halloween

#### TRADITIONS:

Ireland is considered the birthplace of the Halloween tradition. Adults celebrate it by building bonfires, and children walk the streets saying the famous trick or treat.

One of the most emblematic features of the party are the large pumpkins with faces and candles inside.

People dress up in Halloween costumes, like witches or vampires!



#### HALLOWEEN RECIPES:





bat cake



vampire apples



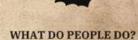
Work done by: Helena Duarte 6Th B



# HALLOWEEN IN TRANSYLVANIA

CELEBRATION

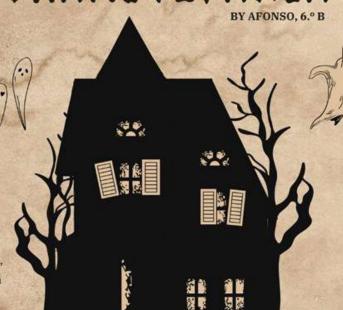
On October 31 each year, Halloween is a celebrated occasion in some parts of Romania, including the region of Transylvania.



Over the years, many tourists travel to Transylvania to celebrate Halloween with costume parties, story-telling, and actors playing out Dracula inspired scenes.

#### CURIOSITY

Bran castle in Transylvania, Romania, is associated with the Dracula legend.



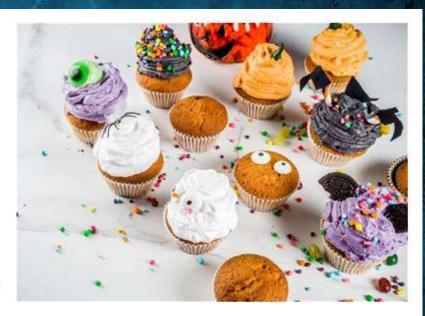
#### SYMBOLS

Costume parties that are held
during Halloween often
feature outfits – including
ghosts and vampires like
Dracula – to represent the
scary superstitions and
beliefs that have spooked
many people over time.

#### HALLOWEEN CAKE

#### **INGREDIENTS:**

- \*250g unsalted butter
- \*200g confectioners' sugar
- \*2 tablespoons of milk
- \*1 dessert spoon of vanilla essence
- \*dyes
- \*sugar eyes



Done by Carolina Baião, 6th A

#### WHEELS FINGERS







Time: 21minutes



Level: easy



Bimby: 1 minute

#### Ingredients for the dough:

2 eggs

50 gr. sugar

300 gr. flour

100 gr. butter

1 pinch salt

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

50 gr. almonds

q.b. strawberry jam

#### Preparation:

Put all the ingredients in the closed lid, except the almonds and the strawberry jam, and set the program for 30 seconds, speed 6. Place the dough in the fridge wrapped in cling film for 30 minutes. Preheat the oven to 180°C. Separate some dough and shape it into the shape of a finger. Press an almond firmly into one end to form the fingernail. Mark three lines halfway down the fingers to create a kind of nodule. Repeat with the rest of the dough. Place the cookies on the greased baking tray (or on greaseproof paper or a silicone mat) and bake for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Leave to cool for 3 minutes. Carefully lift out the almonds and spread them with the strawberry jam so that they look like blood. Place the almonds back on top of the jam.

Done by Gabriel Franco, 6th A



## Halloween Fun Page | 7th A

Hello guys! We are about to reach one of the best times of the year! HALOWEEN! But this year, we need to make it SCARILY UNIQUE!

So, we're going o show you a guide for a perfect Halloween! Ready???

#### LET'S GO!

#### OSTUMES

One of the most important things for our guide are the COSTUMES! "Ah, but I don't have time", " I don't like wearing exaggerated things", "Oh, but I don't have anyone to dress up with". Don't worry guys! In our guide, we have all types of costumes, from the most basic to the most complex, for one or more!

















## scary recipes!

Do you want to plan a really over-the-top Halloween party? You'll need some Halloween treats that are both spooky and delicious.

Whether you need a Halloween drink, a Halloween dinner, or a Halloween dessert that looks like it was invented in Frankenstein's laboratory, these spooky recipes will do the trick... So, let's go!!!



I-crea ghostar

- Dreo cookies
- Melted white chocolate
- Plastic sticks



I delicious web:

- Bread sticks
- Melted white / milk chocolate



3-strawberries ghosts:

- Strawberries
- Melted White/ black chocolate



6-dulicious mummys

- Puff pastry
- Sausages
- Olives



5-surprise finger

- Hot-dog bread:
- Sausages
- Ketchup



6-pumpink burgers

- Burger
- Burger bread
- Cheese (sliced)



T- scary trult

Apples Strawberries Jelly beans



8-tasty mummins

Sausages Pull pastry Olives

#### Halloween Brownies

200g butter
200g dark chocolate, roughly chopped
4 large oggs
350g caster sugar
100g plain flour
50g cocoa powder
100g milk chocolate, chopped
100g white chocolate, chopped
12 créme-filled chocolate sandwich cookies
12 sugar-coated chocolates
red and black icing pens





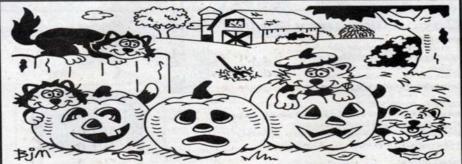
# Spot the differences

# ERGO HALLOWEEN SPOT-THE-DIFFERENCE





## ComParro for by Bonnie J. Malcolm Can you spot 12 differences between these pictures?



www.comparrotpuzzles.com

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Solution: 1. Cat's paw appears on fence. 2. Flower on bush is missing. 3. Cat's tail is colored in. 4. Top of silo is colored in. 5. Bush behind barn is colored in. 6. Top of silo is colored in the moved. 7. Cloud behind silo has moved. 8. Leaf under pumpkin has moved. 9. Pumpkin stem is longer. 11. Stem is facing other direction. 12. Sleeping cat's tail is different.



#### I SPY HALLOWEEN



#### I SPY HALLOWEEN





# Mailloweell 6 Crossword Clues Why did the ghost cross the road? Vegetable you can carve. 2. Month of Halloween. 3. A "mean" woman. Opposite of light. A colour of Halloween. 6. The soul of a dead person. 7. The handle of a broom. 8. A large kettle. 9. It is made by a spider. 10. An animal related to Halloween. 11. The skeleton of the head. 12. A box to hold a dead body. 13. A spoken word believed to have magic power. 14. A hole dug to bury a dead body in. 15. Opposite of day. 16. 17. Opposite of alive. 18. To pull with effort. 19. Trick or .....! Answer of riddle: 1 16





# HALLOWEEN







What do birds say on Halloween?

"Trick or Tweet!"



Why don't skeletons ever go trick or treating?

Because they have no-Body to go with.



Where do ghosts buy their Halloween candy?

At the ghost-ery store!



What do owls say when they go trick or treating?

"Happy owl-ween!"



What do ghosts give out to trick or treaters?

**BooBerries!** 



Who did Frankenstein go trick or treating with?

His ghoul friend,

Know why skeletons are so calm?

Because nothing gets under their skin.





Why did the ghost go to the mall?

He needed new boo jeans.



### Riddle: What am I?

They chose me from my brothers:
"That's the nicest one," they said,
And they carved me out a face and put a
Candle in my head;

And they set me on the doorstep.

Oh, the night was dark and wild;

But when they lit the candle, then I

Smiled!

DOZOTHY ALDIS



## HALLOWEEN REBUS





# What's Your

# **SPOOKY** Name?



# Take the first letter of your name

A. Creepy

B. Scary

C. Invisible

D. Shrieking

E. Frigid

F. Rotten

G. Hairy

H. Nasty

I. Wild

J. Ghastly

K. Headless

L. Cackling

M. Slimy

N. Spooky

O. Prickly

P. Stinky

Q. Disgusting

R. Burning

S. Lurking

T. Wicked

U. Repulsive

V. Gooey

W. Sneaky

X. Cursed

Y. Menacing

Z. Howling

# and the month you were born

Jan-Werewolf Jul-Zombie

Feb-Phantom Aug-Monster

Mar-Ghost Sep-Witch

Apr-Scarecrow Oct-Ghoul

May-Skeleton Nov-Mummy

Jun-Goblin Dec-Vampire

6 66 66 66 66 6

\*\*\*\*\*\*









b. Carpet

a. Yellow dogs

b. Black cats

c. Snakes

9. wich animals are usually

associated with witches?

10. Trick or treat is about

b. Singing at people's houses

ers.org

a. Asking for candies

c. Plane

3. What is a jack-o-lantern?

4. Typical Halloween food is:

5. What place is haunted on

a. soup, steaks and toast

b. candy apples, lollipops

c. cakes, pudding

Halloween?

a. A house

b. A school

c. A hospital

a. A brown horse

c. A flying bat

b. A carved pumpkin

c. A fruit

a. Mince pie

b. Pumpkin pie

a. In a castle

b. In the wood

15. What do we dress up in

during Halloween?

a. Costumes

b. Uniforms

c. Chocolate eggs

14. Where do ghosts live?

c. In a haunted house

13. People usually eat

# HALLOWEEN WORD SCRAMBLE

NDYAC			
NSMTORE			
WFELROEW_			
PRIEMVA	A_		
ABT			
MYUMM		V	
DRPSIE			
THGSO			
KPMUNP			
OKSYPO			
RAYCS	697		
HTIWC		50	
OALWHLENE_			

LTESOKNE



WORD BANK mummy pumpkin vampire spooky Halloween bat ghost spider witch monster candy skeleton scary werewolf



# HALLOWEEN WORD SEARCH

R Q В K U S X Т E E 0 W A D E A N Х C Z Z E V S F Q 0 F J W 0 R Α M 1 E C Q S Q Z M G ٧ S P A N н M S H C R E 0 E Т N U A H V т D S T G P U F F Т H A Н X A X A D M H D S R Z E Т 0 0 C T Ĵ S P S A В U D Y K S C 0 X W H R A Y N K X A Т 0 M E E R P A E W S W P F Q Т M Y R B G U U B N D Q P A S U E H Т N A A N R Y M M M 0 R C J R J Т X Т A P U N E Т C X H E E Z Z K S K A 0 W N H G X L 0 M D G C B K Q 0 Z T Y N X K 0 Υ T н K ı S R U N S B N S Е P R Υ 0 Κ N Y ı N S T R Z T W R G R 0 H N 0 Y G X M M N F 0 P D Q R Х X 0 J W 0 Н R M J E W F D Z A W R Х Z G J M н Y A 0 T A B K 0 S 0 W A B B Т E A 0 Z T X G



Bat Pumpkin Halloween Mummy Vampire Witch Spooky Trick or Treat Fun Ghost Costume Skeleton Candy Scary Monster Haunted House

## scary decorations

The last step of our guide is the decoration! we are going to give you some ideas, some are a little more difficult and some are really easy.



1-"keep out" door



2-scary windows



3-scary balloons



4-paper ghosts



5-halloween roof





scary news! - bonus

Well,we reach to the end of our halloween guide! we hope we helped you,guys to have some fun and we hope you liked too!

HAVE A MASSIVE FUN HALLOWEEN! SEE YA NEXT YEAR!



HAPPY AND SPOOKY HALLOWWEN 17th A







What kind of shoes do ghosts wear?



!210000000B :A

What did one bat say to the other?



Stuogned ennew :A

Why do spiders make good baseball players?



good at catching flies! A: Because they are

What do you call witches who live together?



A: Broom-mates!

What do you call a skeleton who won't work?



A: Lazy-bones!

What is a ghosts favourite street?



bne beeb A.A







mummies go for a swim?

Where do | Who did Frankenstein take to the prom?



His ghoulfriend







How do you Stop a werewolf from attacking you?

To the Dead Sea

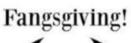








Once you carve out it's mouth!











# HALLOWEEN

### JOKES FOR KIDS



HA HA

WHY ARE GHOSTS SO BAD AT LYING? BECAUSE YOU CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

WHAT IS A GOBLIN'S FAVORITE CHEESE? MONSTER-ELLA!

WHEN IS A PUMPKIN NOT A PUMPKIN? WHEN YOU DROP IT -- THEN IT'S SQUASH!

KNOCK! KNOCK! WHO'S THERE? BOO! BOO HOO?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CRY ABOUT IT!

WHAT'S A CHOST'S FAVORITE GAME? HIDE AND CHOST SEEK!

WHY DID THE LITTLE BOY CARRY A CLOCK AND BIRD ON HALLOWEEN? HE THOUGHT HE NEEDED THEM TO TICK OR TWEET!

WHAT DO GUY GHOSTS WEAR WHEN THEY WANT TO LOOK EXTRA GOOD? **BOO TIES!** 

HOW DO YOU FIX A JACK-O-LANTERN? WITH A PUMPKIN PATCH!

WHICH MONSTER IS THE BEST DANCER? THE BOOGIE MAN!

WHAT DID THE PUMPKIN MOM SAY TO HER BABY?

**ORANGE YOU CUTE!** 

WHAT DO BIRDS SAY ON HALLOWEEN? TRICK OR TWEET!

WHAT DID THE UNHAPPY CHOST SAY ON HALLOWEEN? BOO-HOO!



WHAT'S A VAMPIRE'S FAVORITE FRUIT? A NECKTARINE!

KNOCK, KNOCK. WHO'S THERE? BEN. BEN WHO?

BEN WAITING FOR HALLOWEEN ALL YEAR!

WHAT DO MUMMIES LIKE LISTENING TO ON HALLOWEEN? WRAP MUSIC!

WHAT DO CHOSTS USE TO WASH THEIR HAIR?

SHAM-BOO!

WHY DO KIDS BOB FOR APPLES ON HALLOWEEN?

BECAUSE PUMPKINS ARE TOO HEAVY!

KNOCK! KNOCK! WHO'S THERE? PHILLIP, PHILLIP WHO?

PHILLIP MY BAG WITH CANDY, PLEASE!











What's a skeleton's favorite instrument? A trom-bone.



Where does the zombie live? On a dead-end street.



Why don't skeletons watch horror movies? They don't have the guts.











### DECORATE A PUMPKIN.

The tradition of decorating a pumpkin began in Celtic culture and in European countries such as Scotland, England and Ireland. It grew on the eve of Samhain. Samhain was an ancient festival from Celtic. At Halloween time, it's time to harvest pumpkins in USA. It is believed that, due to their abundance and because they were easier to carve, people began to use pumpkins instead of roots. Lanterns with scary faces and lights began to be used to scare away evil spirits.

In addition to using them as porch decorations for trick or treating. It is tradition to wear masks because the Celts dressed in animal skins and masks so as not to be recognized as human by the spirits. The disguises also served as protection against some of the deities of those people who, at times, could also play tricks on their worshippers.

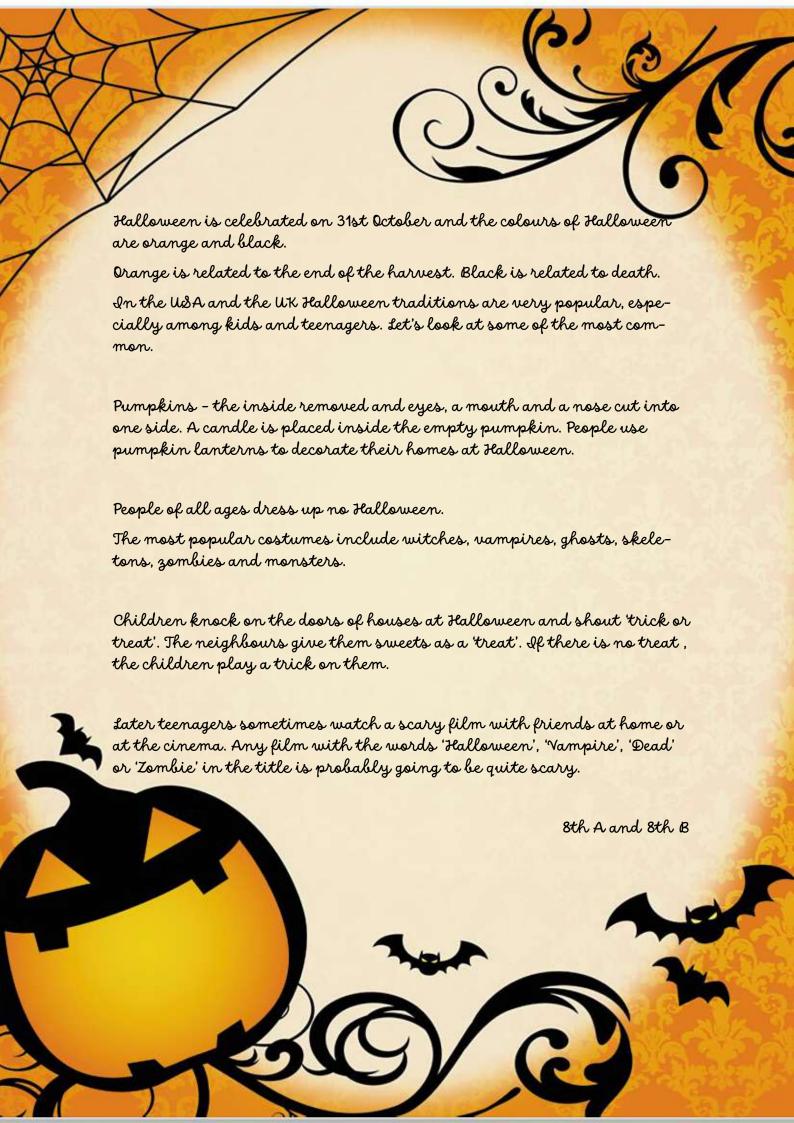
Now we will teach you how to make a pumpkin and also some inspirations to make your Halloween maid scary.



AW TO USE

8th A - Sara, Rita, Lara, Francisca e Clara





# Halloween Traditions in the USA

#### Halloween Traditions in the USA

Halloween started from the ancient Celtic holiday of Samhain, now it's the same as Ireland. Over the centuries, Halloween transitioned from a pagan ritual to a day of parties for kids and adults. Halloween originated in Europe and was brought to the United States by immigrants in the 19th century, where it evolved into a popular holiday. People wear costumes to scare away spirits and go trick-or-treating. Modern celebrations include dressing up as celebrities and watching horror movies. The tradition has spread worldwide as a fun and commercial event. UNICEF uses trick-or-treat concept for fundraising.

In the USA they do many traditions that we don't know or do here, like:

Haunted houses - Americans usually put in their houses some decorations like ghosts, spiders, pumpkins and webs.

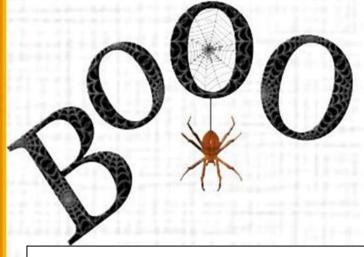
Candy corn -Candy corn has existed for more than 100 years. According to legend, a Wunderle Candy Company employee named George Renninger invented the confection in the 1880s. The Goelitz Candy Company (now Jelly Belly Candy Company) started producing candy corn around the turn of the century and continues the tradition today.

Trick or treat with treat bags - Trick-or-treating on Halloween is a custom where people in costumes go door to door asking for treats with the phrase "trick or treat". The treat is usually candy, with the threat of a trick if none is given. The tradition originated in Scotland and Ireland, and has spread to other countries like the UK, US, Canada, and Mexico, where it is known as "calaverita".

Pumpkin carving - In Ireland, people started to carve demonic faces out of turnips to frighten away Jack's wandering soul. When Irish immigrants moved to the U.S., they began carving jack-o'-lanterns from pumpkins, as these were native to the region.

Bobbing for apples -The History of Bobbing for Apples

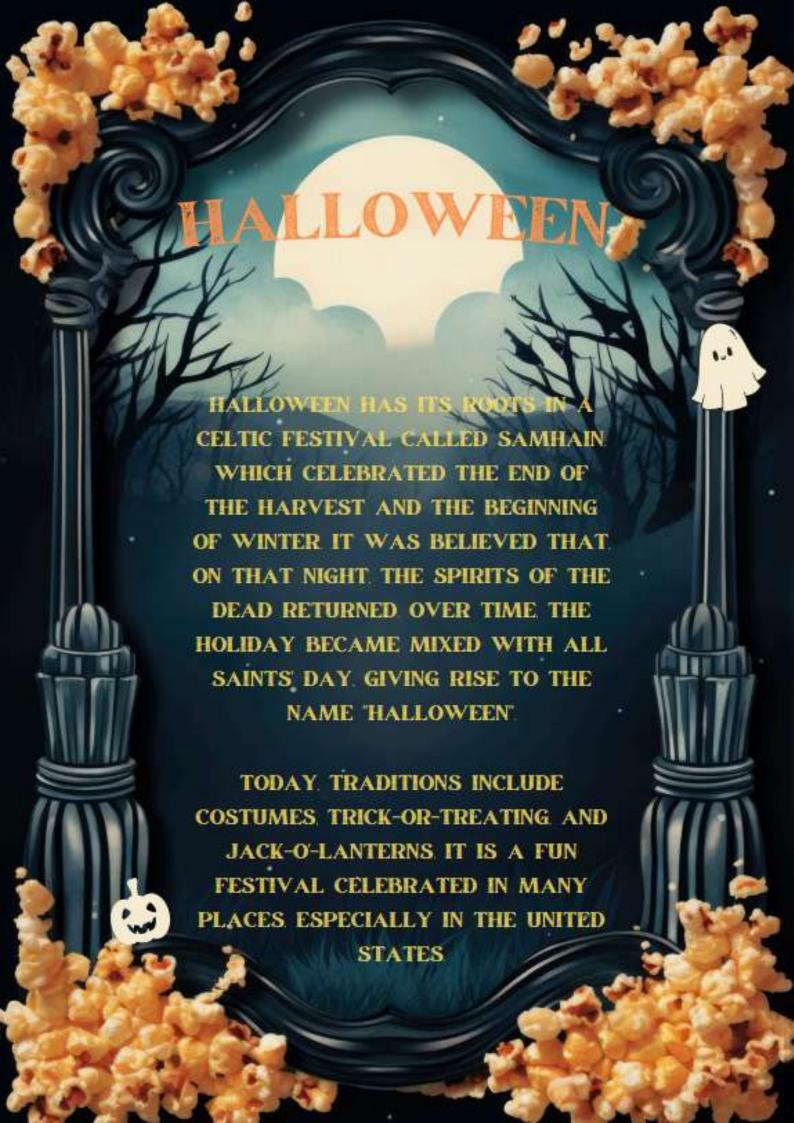


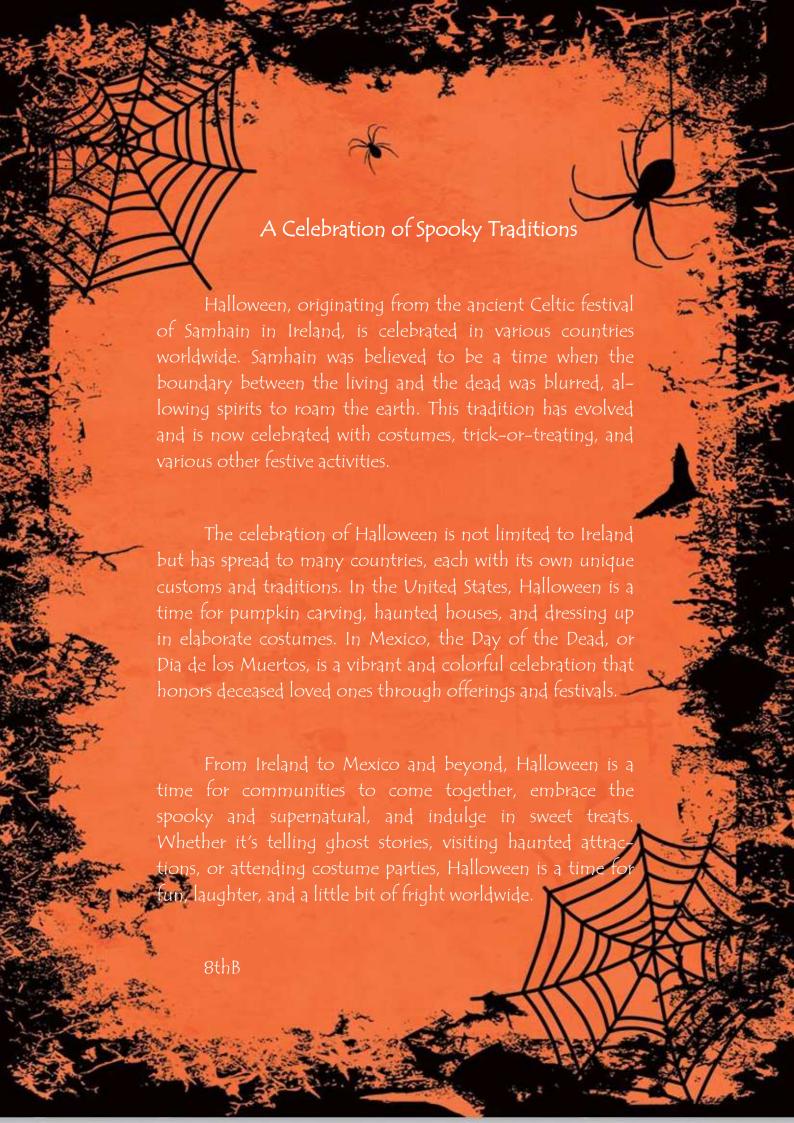


Halloween started with the Celtic festival of Samhain, which marked the end of summer in Ireland and Britain. The Celts believed that at October 31<sup>st</sup>, spirits returned, so they lit bonfires and wore animal skins to scare them away. As Christianity spread, Samhain became connected with All Saints Day on November 1<sup>st</sup>. Over time Halloween became the celebration we know today, with costumes, candy, and spooky traditions especially in America.

8<sup>th</sup>A - Sofia Corbo, Inês Gonçalves, Maria Crespo and Maria Barriga









#### 1. Halloween in the United States

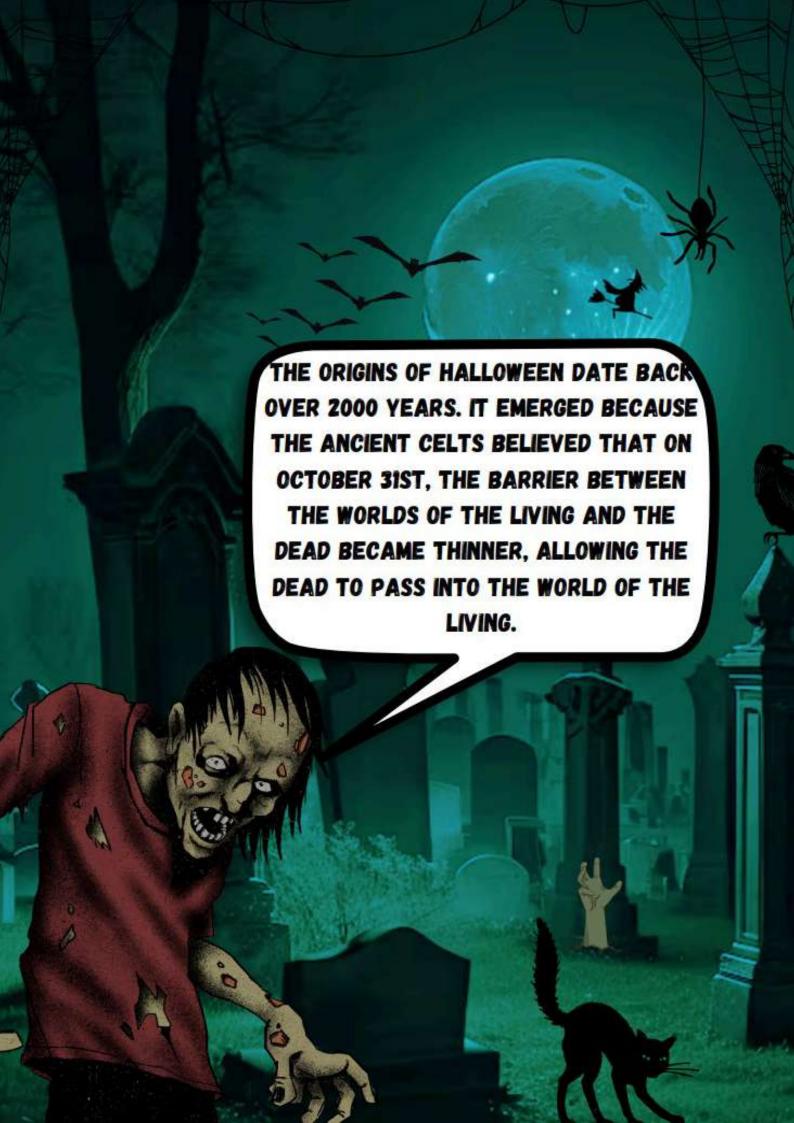
Halloween is one of the most popular parties in the United States, known for its creative costumes, for example, scary decorations and the traditional "trick-ortreat".

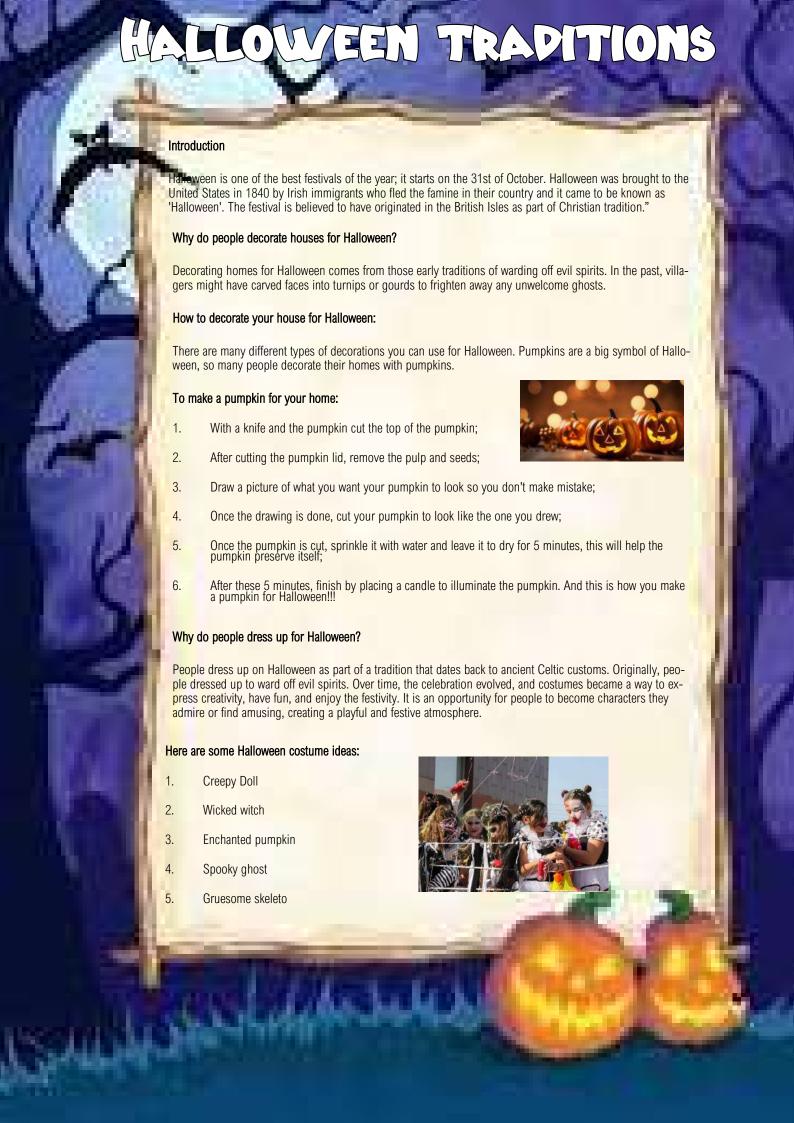
#### 2. Jack O'Lantern

There was a man named Jack, one day he asked the devil to have a drink together, after that he tricked the devil and when Jack died either Heaven or Hell accepted him. So he returned to Earth, just with a piece of coal to illuminate his night, one of those nights, he decided to carve a turnip with a scary face.

## 3. Who changed the turnip to a pumpkin?

The Irish people changed the turnip tradition to a pumpkin because they noticed, in the USA, there were lots of pumpkins









# THE INTERVIEW



A REPORTER WAS MAKING HIS WAY OVER TO LIDDY'S RESIDENCE.

CLAIRE DANIELS, THE REPORTER, STOOD AT THE GATES OF THE SPRAWLING ESTATE. IT WAS HALLOWEEN NIGHT, AND SHE WAS DETERMINED TO GRAB HER BIG BREAK—AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE FAMOUS WRITER.

THE GATES CREAKED OPEN WITHOUT HER EVEN TOUCHING THEM, AN INVITATION THAT FELT OMINOUS.

AS SHE APPROACHED THE MANSION, SHE HEARD LAUGHTER ECHOING FROM WITHIN, BUT IT WAS HUMORLESS AND HAUNTING.

SILENCE, THEN A VOICE CRACKLED THROUGH—"NO INTERVIEWS TONIGHT, CLAIRE."

HER STOMACH DROPPED. A SHIVER COURSED THROUGH HER AS SHE TURNED TO LEAVE, BUT THE LAUGHTER GREW LOUDER, MORE MOCKING.

JUST AS SHE REACHED THE GATES, THEY SLAMMED SHUT. THE LAUGHTER ECHOED BEHIND HER, AND SHE REALIZED: LILLY WASN'T THE ONE WHO SHE THOUGHT HE WAS, CLAIRE HAD ALREADY BEEN MARKED AS HIS NEXT GUEST.



#### The evil tree



One night, a boy went to visit his grandfather who was sick. The two talked for hours until at a certain point the grandfather made a big request to his grandson:

- I want you to promise me something.
- Of course, grandpa.
- I'm going to ask you something very serious: promise you won't go near that tree on Halloween.

The grandson looked confused and the grandfather continued:





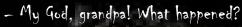
- Oh, grandpa! How can a tree ...
- Shhh! I'm telling you. When I was your age, my friends and I made a challenge to see who would carve their name at the top of the tree. There was nothing wrong with that, until José Silva decided he would be the first.

"Without saying why, he gathered everyone there on Halloween night and started insulting the tree. We held his pocketknife and lighter while he tied a rope around a rock and then sent it over a branch.

"When everything was ready, he was pulled to the top and disappeared among the branches and leaves. Then, after a while, we noticed some noises coming from above and we thought he had started carving his name into the trunk.

"That's when we heard a scream, as if he had seen a ghost. His lighter fell from branch to branch, with Zé's body soon after.

"I will never forget the noise! CRACK! CRACK! So puff! He hit the ground, dead."



- That's what I was wondering! That's why the next morning I went up to see what was up there...
- And then?
- Do you know what I found, carved into the trunk? 'Here lies José Silva', with date and every-thing. As if it were a tombstone. Correct date and time of day."
- My god, grandpa, but why did Zé kill himself...
- He didn't do that, my grandson! It was a message from the tree to Zé.
- How do you know?
- Because that night, Zé didn't take the knife, it stayed with me in my pocket.

By Renato Maia and Martin Magalhães

Once upon a time, in a small town nestled deep in the woods, a legend whispered among the townsfolk about an old abandoned mansion. It was said that the mansion was haunted by the ghost of a former owner who met a tragic end.

One dark and stormy Halloween night, a brave group of teenagers, curious to test their courage, decided to explore the mansion. As they entered the creaking front door, the temperature dropped and an eerie mist enveloped them.

Strange noises echoed through the empty halls, shadows danced on the walls, and the floorboards seemed to groan under their weight. With each step, they felt the presence of something unseen following closely behind.

As they reached the grand staircase, a chilling voice whispered, "Leave this place or suffer the consequences." Ignoring the warning, they pressed on, determined to unravel the mystery of the mansion.

Suddenly, the doors slammed shut behind them, trapping them inside. The ghostly figure of the former owner materialized before their eyes, its hollow gaze piercing their souls. They tried to run, but invisible hands held them back.

In a desperate attempt to escape, they stumbled upon a hidden room filled with macabre artifacts from the past. The ghost's wails grew louder, filling the air with dread. Just as they thought all hope was lost, a blinding light engulfed the room, banishing the ghost back into the darkness.

The teens emerged from the mansion, shaken but unharmed, vowing never to return. From that day on, the mansion stood silent and forbidding, a grim reminder of the horrors that lurked within its walls. The legend of the haunted mansion lived on, a cautionary tale for those who dared to trespass on All Hallows' Eve.

# The Girl with the Red Searf

In a small village lived a young woman named Clara, famous for her beauty and for something no one could understand: she always wore a red scarf around her neck and never took it off, not even to sleep. The villagers had all kinds of theories, but Clara was discret and never offered explanations, only smiling politely when someone asked.

Clara grew up, and the young men in the village soon became in love with her mysterious beauty. But she kept her distance from everyone, as if she were hiding some secret. One day, however, she met a young man named Gabriel, who was captivated not only by her beauty but also by her kindness and intelligence. They fell in love and, over time, became engaged.

Yet the red scarf remained, ever-present. Gabriel, curious, asked her one night, "Why do you never take off that scarf, Clara? You've been with me for so long; you can trust me."

Clara, with a sad look in her eyes, replied, "My love, please, trust me. I only ask that you never touch the scarf. One day, you will understand."

Gabriel respected her request, and soon they were married. On their wedding day, Clara was radiant, yet the red scarf stayed around her neck, like a persistent shadow of mystery.

Months passed, and Gabriel's curiosity grew. He tried to ignore it, but the scarf intrigued him more and more each day. Until one night, as Clara slept soundly beside him, he couldn't resist. "She'll never know," he thought. Gently, he tugged at one end of the scarf and slowly began to undo the knot.

As soon as the knot was loosened, the scarf slipped away, and, to his horror, Clara's head rolled softly from her body, landing on the floor with a dull thud. Gabriel screamed, terrified, and when he looked at his beloved's face, he saw her eyes still open, fixed on him, as if she knew what he had done.

The next day, they found Gabriel alone in the house, clutching the red scarf in his hands, murmuring to the emptiness. He never regained his sanity, and the villagers said that every night, you could hear the haunted whisper of a voice lamenting, "Why didn't you respect the scarf?".

By Jemima Oliveira, Raquel Martins, Anaísa Ye and Inês Azevedo, 9th A

# Rail monologue

It was a freezing, stormy night when I missed the last bus to go home.

The small town was dimly lit, and the only option now was the train station, where I hoped to catch the last train of the day.

As I was waiting on the platform, the distant rumble of thunder echoed through the air.

There were a few people in the station, but during the time I was there, all of them disappeared. Probably they were wondering why the train had been delayed and gave up on it, taking a taxi or walking instead, I thought.

I was taken by a weird and great feeling I had never had before. I felt really light, like a feather, serene, like everything I went through had ended, and I was about to restart somewhere, even though I wasn't sure where.

All of a sudden, a whistle pierced the stillness, and headlights illuminated the tracks. A train appeared, but it was old and rusted, the lights in it were failing and most curiously, the wheels and inferior part of the train were covered in what appeared to be blood. The lightness I felt turned into a weight once I first saw that train come in, it was overwhelming and asphyxiating, but I had no other alternatives.

If I didn't catch that train then I would be stuck in the station for the night, or even forever, since I was not certain at all of what would happen to me.

I didn't have much time to decide if i should take it or not anyways, so I entered the train when the doors were about to shut, i was the only one entering and the only one at the station at this point.

The lights went out, possibly because I was by myself there, but the moon still illuminated the train enough for me to be able to understand where I was.

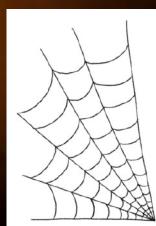
I passed the place where my body was found.

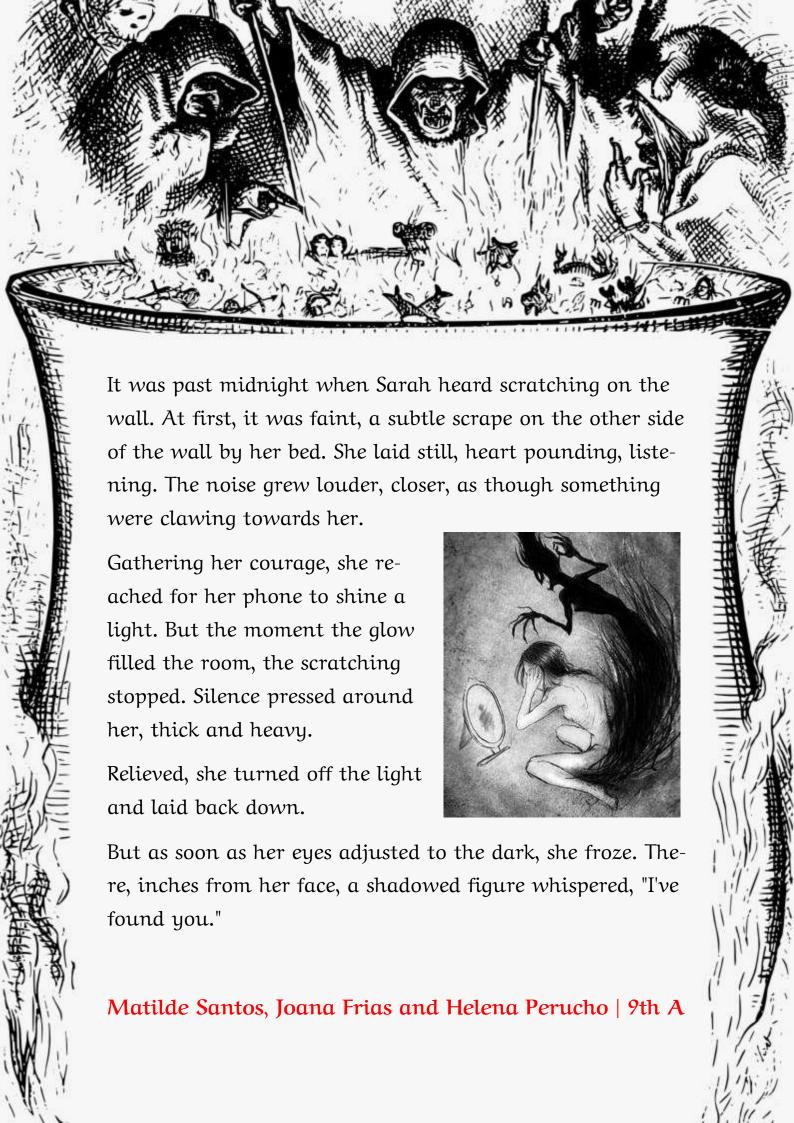
I could see the rail covered in blood still, because not much time had gone since I passed away, but it was still a weird feeling to go near there. My body was pale and partially smashed because the train

had passed over it before, when my life as I knew it reached its end, but my face was intact still, and the moonlight made it look angelically beautiful.

I don't know where I will go now, but I hope my soul rests at last.

Susana Silva, Leonor Dong and Leonor Gomes | 9th A





## HORROR STORY

On a cold, described Halloween night, a group of five friends decided to explore an old cabin deep in the woods, infamous for dark legends. Rumor had it that years ago, a man had gone there, committing horrific crimes, and the place was cursed ever since.

As they stepped inside, the air was heavy with the metallic seent of something... they didn't want to think about. The cabin was dark and silent, except for a faint dripping sound—water, perhaps. Or blood. Driven by curiosity and a hint of dread, they began to explore the rooms, eventually coming upon one where the walls were smeared with dark stains and frantic scrawls that looked like writing.

Suddenly, the door slammed shut behind them, and a piercing scream tore through the silence. One of the friends, Peter, had been stabbed by a knife flashing out of the shadows, blood dripping onto the floor as he fell, lifeless. Panic set in as the group tried to escape, but they soon found the door was locked.

A hooded figure appeared, holding a bloodstained knife. One by one, the friends tried to flee, but each was caught and attacked in different corners of the cabin. The house filled with screams of terror and pain, and blood spattered across every wall.

In the end, only Lucy was left, breathless and covered in blood, trapped in the basement. Her face streaked with tears, she looked into the eyes of the killer as he advanced slowly. Her final scream caught in her throat as the blade glinted one last time before everything went dark.

The next morning, townspeople found the cabin, now in an eerie, deadly silence. Blood trails marked every corner, staining the floor. They say that at night, you can still hear the screams of the young souls, forever trapped in the place where it all ended in blood.

# Whispers of the Forgotten

On a cold Halloween night, a group of friends decided to explore the infamous Blackwood Cemetery, rumored to be haunted by a restless spirit. Armed with flashlights, they slipped through the rusty gate, their laughter echoing in the still air.

As they wandered deeper into the graveyard, they stumbled upon an old, crumbling tombstone. The name was barely legible, but the date of death was etched clearly: October 31, 1876. The friends joked about how the spirit must be waiting for Halloween to rise from the grave.

Suddenly, a chilling breeze swept through the cemetery, extinguishing their flashlights. In the darkness, they heard a low, mournful whisper: "Leave... before it's too late." Ignoring the warning, they fumbled for their phones, using the faint glow of their screens to navigate. But when they turned around, one of their friends, Jake, was missing. Panic set in as they called his name, their voices trembling.

Then, out of the shadows, Jake appeared, his eyes wide with fear. "I saw her! A woman in white! She pointed at me!" Before they could react, the ground beneath them trembled. The friends grabbed Jake, trying to pull him away, but he stood frozen, staring into the darkness. A figure emerged—a translucent woman draped in tattered white, her face twisted in sorrow.

"Help me," she whispered, reaching out with a bony hand. In a panic, the friends ran, but Jake hesitated, entranced. The others dragged him away just as the woman let out a wailing cry, a sound that pierced the night.

They burst through the gate, hearts racing, but when they turned back, the cemetery was silent. Jake's face was pale, his eyes haunted. "She wanted me to join her," he gasped.

From that night on, Jake was never the same. He spoke of shadows that followed him and whispers in the dark. Every Halloween, he'd stand at the cemetery gate, as if waiting for the woman to call him back. And every year, the friends remembered the warning: some spirits are best left undisturbed.

Alice Azevedo and Beatriz Fernandes | 9th A

## Whispers of the mask

It was Halloween night, and Emma was alone in her house, scrolling through her phone. She'd just finished watching Scream and couldn't shake the image of the Ghostface killer from her mind. Trying to calm herself down, she turned on all the lights and told herself it was just a movie. Suddenly, her phone buzzed with a text from an unknown number.

"Do you like scary movies?"

Emma froze. It had to be a prank. One of her friends, she thought, still uneasy. Trying to play along, she typed back, "Very funny. Who is this?" Another text came instantly: "Who do you think it is?"

Emma's hands started to shake. She felt a chill creep up her spine. She looked out her window, but everything seemed quiet. Just as she was about to reply, her phone rang. The caller ID was unknown. "Hello?" she answered, her voice barely a whisper.

"Hello, Emma," a distorted voice replied. "What's your favorite scary movie?"

She couldn't answer, her breath catching in her throat. The line went silent for a second, and then he continued, "Don't hang up. I'm closer than you think."

Emma dropped her phone, heart pounding, and ran to lock the front door. She checked all the windows, making sure everything was secure. But as she turned back toward the hallway, she saw a dark figure standing in her living room, the familiar white mask staring right at her. Ghostface tilted his head, slowly raising his knife.

Emma screamed and bolted toward the stairs, her heart racing as she tried to reach her room. But just as she slammed the door shut, her phone buzzed again. She picked it up, her hands trembling, and read the message: "You can't hide, Emma."

With no other way out, she heard the slow, steady footsteps approaching her door. She knew there was no escape, just like in the movie. And just as the door creaked open, the screen of her phone went black.

As the door creaked open, Emma backed up until she was pressed against her bedroom window, heart hammering. Ghostface stepped inside, his knife gleaming even in the dim light, his footsteps slow and methodical, as if he had all the time in the world.

Desperately, Emma glanced around her room, looking for anything she could use to defend herself. Her hand closed around a heavy lamp on her nightstand, and with a surge of adrenaline, she swung it toward him. But Ghostface was faster than she'd expected—he dodged easily, grabbing her wrist and twisting it painfully. The lamp crashed to the floor, leaving her in near darkness, the faint glow of her phone the only light.

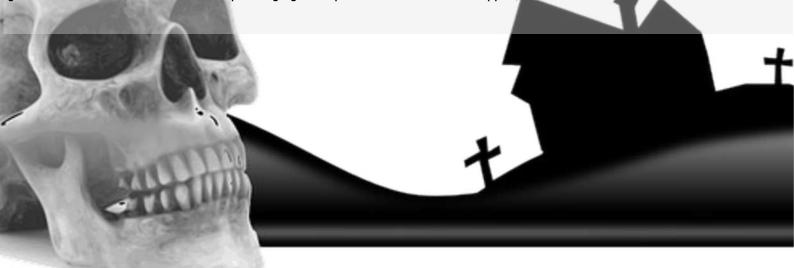
She tried to scream, but his gloved hand clamped over her mouth, silencing her. She could hear his heavy breathing, feel the cold edge of the knife against her skin.

"Shh..." he whispered in that distorted, mocking voice. "You wouldn't want to ruin the surprise."

Emma's mind raced. Surprise? What did he mean?

Just then, her phone buzzed again. Ghostface tilted his head, then slowly released her and gestured for her to answer it, his eyes shining with sick amusement behind the mask. She hesitated, but he pressed the knife to her throat, forcing her hand.

Her fingers trembled as she picked up the phone and answered: "Hello, Emma," the same distorted voice said from the other end, identical to the one standing in front of her. Her blood went cold. Two of them? As if in response, a second Ghostface figure emerged from her closet, his silent footsteps bringing him up behind her. She was trapped, flanked on both



sides, nowhere to run. The second figure leaned in close and whispered, "It's your turn to scream."

And scream she did, but the sound barely escaped before both figures closed in, the light from her phone flickering and then fading out. When the police arrived the next morning, they found her room empty. The only trace of Emma was her phone, left behind on the floor with a single message glowing on the screen: "Do you like scary movies?"

Emma's sudden disappearance spread quickly, and her friends were left shaken, haunted by the last messages she had received. A few days later, Sarah and her friends gathered in Emma's room, searching for any clues that the police might have missed. Her phone was still there, lying on the floor with a cracked screen, displaying the eerie final message: "Do you like scary movies?"

Just as Sarah picked up the phone, it buzzed to life in her hand. The screen flashed once, then displayed a new message from Emma's number: "I'm not gone yet. Want to play one last game?"

The friends looked at each other, fear growing in their eyes. This had to be a prank. But before Sarah could type a reply, her phone lit up with the same message, followed by the phones of each person in the room. They all stared at the identical texts on their screens, unable to believe what they were seeing.

One friend, Jake, tried to laugh it off. "Someone must have hacked Emma's phone. This can't be real."

But just as he said that, the bedroom lights flickered, casting shadows around the room. The door, which had been slightly open, creaked shut on its own, the sound echoing through the tense silence. Then, the closet door swung open with a slow, deliberate creak, revealing nothing but darkness. One by one, their phones began ringing. Each screen displayed the same caller ID: Unknown. Hesitantly, Sarah answered her call. A distorted voice came through, unmistakably similar to the one Emma had heard that night. "Hello, Sarah. Did you really think it was over?" Trembling, Sarah whispered, "Who are you?" The voice laughed, low and menacing. "You'll find out soon enough. But first... it's your turn to scream." The lights went out, leaving the group in pitch darkness. The silence was broken only by the sound of their phones dropping, one by one, as footsteps echoed closer, moving swiftly toward them from every direction.

The footsteps grew louder, closing in from every corner of the room. Sarah's heart pounded as she felt her friends backing up against her, all of them huddling together in the dark. The glow from their phones was the only light, casting eerie shadows over their terrified faces.

Out of the darkness, a flash of white appeared — the unmistakable mask of Ghostface, hovering just at the edge of the circle of light. His black-robed figure stood still, then tilted his head, as if studying them, savoring their fear.

One of the friends, Jake, broke out of the huddle, rushing toward the door in desperation. But before he could reach it, the door slammed shut with a force that rattled the walls. They were trapped.

"Please," Sarah whimpered, trying to reason with the masked figure, her voice barely audible. "This isn't funny. Just tell us what you want!"

The distorted voice returned, coming from somewhere unseen, echoing off the walls. "I want what you all wanted... to play a game." They each heard their own phones buzz in unison, displaying a new message: RUN.

Without thinking, they all bolted toward the only other exit — the window. But as they fumbled with the lock, another figure in a Ghostface mask appeared outside, blocking their escape, a gloved finger raised to his lips in a mocking "shh." Trapped between the two masked figures, the group felt the walls closing in, their terror mounting.

One by one, their phones buzzed again. Each screen displayed a countdown, ticking down from 10... 9... 8... The voice laughed, filling the room with a cruel, echoing sound as the countdown dropped lower. With 3 seconds left, the first Ghostface lunged, his knife gleaming. The lights flickered on just in time to reveal his expressionless mask right in front of Sarah's face. Her scream pierced the silence — and then everything went dark.

The next morning, the house was silent. When the police arrived, they found Emma's room untouched, except for a chilling detail: five cell phones lying neatly on the floor in a circle, each displaying the same final message: "GAME OVER."