

“And then...the wolves ate her!” cried Summer, in her best scary voice (which really wasn’t scary at all). She lowered a flashlight from underneath her face and looked around at her friends faces, hoping for the slightest trace of fear. There was none. Summer had never been very good at telling scary stories, although she wished she was. It was almost midnight on October 30th, the night before Halloween. They had all been telling ghost stories to try and scare each other for hours. Summer and her younger brother Cole had been friends with the Quinn brothers (Rex, Trenton, and Squish) for as long as any of them could remember. Their moms were best friends before Summer was born and when Rex was only two. Rex was now 14 and the oldest, but only by a year and a half. He acted all cool and teenager-ish most of the time, but he was himself when he was with them. Summer was 12. She was the only girl in their friend group, but she didn’t care, although she did consider herself the most mature in the group. Trenton was 11. He was a really fast runner, and also very smart. Summer and Cole always joked that Trenton could win the Hunger Games. Cole was the second youngest and 9, but wasn’t much shorter than Rex. He tended to be pretty angry most of the time, but was also really funny and sarcastic. Last but not least was the youngest, Squish. No Squish is not his real name. His real name is Kevin, but they all always call him Squish. No one can really remember where the nickname originated, but somehow it did, and it’s stuck ever since. Squish isnt too fond of the nickname though.

The friends were all laughing at Summer’s “scary” story when they all heard a loud CRUNCH come from the back yard. For a moment they all froze, but no one seemed to think anything of it except for Summer. While Summer may have been the most mature in the group, she was also the most anxious. “Guys, she said, I think we should go see what that was.” “Ooh is Summer afraid?” teased Cole. “No!” she snapped. “I’m just curious that’s all.” She crept to the back door and slowly pulled it open, butterflies in her stomach. And there, right in front of her eyes, stood a gigantic wolf. Only the wolf didn’t look like a normal wolf. It had red eyes, obsidian black fur, and was somehow standing on its hind legs, making it at least six feet tall. She slammed the door and backed away from it quickly, her mouth frozen in horror. She turned to her friends. “We need to go...now! Come on!” she yelled, waving them to the front door. Something in her eyes must have stopped the others from asking questions because they ran with her to the front

yard. "Summer what's going on?!" Asked Rex, as they all sprinted to keep up with her. "Your going to think It's a prank, but I swear its true!", she answered. "In the back yard there was a...a werewolf." Usually this would be the part where they all burst out laughing, but they all knew that Summer couldn't tell scary stories, and the pure fear in her voice convinced them. "Aren't those, you know, fake?" said Trenton, quickly catching up to Summer. "You think I know?" She exclaimed frantically. "All I know is that there is a wolf the size of a mountain looking awfully hungry in my backyard!" At that moment Squish yelled to them. "Its behind us!" They all looked over their shoulders to see a hulking black figure stomping towards them from a few yards behind. "Just keep going!", yelled Summer. "I have a plan." They all kept running for about a mile until they came to a car wash. "This is your plan?", yelled Cole. "The car wash?" "Yes, this is my plan" said Summer sounding more confident than she felt. "Now everyone listen, this is important."

Five minutes later, everyone was ready. Rex and Trenton had climbed to the top of the car wash as lookouts. Cole and Summer, were positioned by the buttons to start the car wash, and Squish was ready to be the bait. A second later, Rex and Trenton yelled, "NOW!" Squish jumped in front of the car wash entrance waving his arms. "Come and get me ugly!" he shouted. According to plan, the werewolf charged at Squish, who dived out of the way at the last second. The werewolf stumbled into the car wash. Summer and Cole simultaneously slapped the start buttons, and the conveyer belt started to move. The werewolf was swept into a sea of soap and giant brushes. They heard a final howl that was cut short by the sound of water splashing and then, silence.

Rex and Trenton quickly climbed down from the roof and they all ran to the other side of the car wash. Not sure what to expect, they peeked nervously inside. There was no werewolf. Just a lot of thick black fur tangled in the bristles of the giant brushes. "Where...where did it go?" asked Cole in shocked amazement. "I think we're looking at what's left of it.", said Summer, sounding just as amazed.

The next night on Halloween while they were trick or treating, Rex was teasing them all about the night before. "You were all so scared, I mean you should have seen the looks on your faces!" "Oh and you weren't?" replied Cole snarkily. "Not at all!" he answered "Werewolves are childsplay, call me when you

have high school girls to deal with." Rex was too busy laughing at his own joke, to notice a kid in a werewolf costume walking towards them. He turned and walked right into him. "AHHHHH!" he screamed. "You werent scared huh?", Summer laughed. "Dont worry Rex, If we meet a real werewolf again, we can take him."