

SCARY STORY

FILL-IN-THE-BLANK

My friends and I were all a little afraid of the house on the corner. It's painted gray, or maybe it's just the dirt that has built up on it. Vines creep over the outside, and there's an old, rusted wagon in the front yard, barely visible among the tall grass. No one's lived there for years. At least...we don't think so. Some of the older kids say a monster lives in the attic, and that's why the family moved out.

One day we were playing hockey in the street. Sara hit the puck _____, and off it went, _____ across the late October sky. My stomach turned when I saw where it was heading: into the _____ yard of the house on the corner.

We didn't see where it landed, but we all saw where it was going. Sara was as _____ as a _____. "Well," I gulped, "Let's go get it."

"I'll bet it's in the yard," said Taylor _____.

We hopped the fence into the yard. The dry, _____ brittle grass _____ under our sneakers. I stayed near the fence, afraid to get too close to the house. "We are never going to find it," _____ Taylor, the slightest despair in his voice. "Oh, don't be such a baby," said Mariana, the daredevil.

We searched and searched, but nothing turned up. All we found was garbage that had blown in over the years. "It's going to get _____ soon," I said. "Don't you think we should go home?"

"We could," said Mariana. "Or...we could go inside."



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(CONTINUED)

We were shocked to find that the door wasn't locked. Half the windows were broken, and the ones that were not were guarded by thick cobwebs. We slowly shuffled inside, the bare floorboards _____ing underneath our feet.

(noise or sound)

Though it was still light outside, it was _____inside the house. After our eyes adjusted, we could make out a staircase, and a grand dining room and kitchen off to our left. A dusty sitting room, filled with dark upholstered _____, was to our right.

(adjective)

(plural noun)

"Maybe it came in through one of the open windows," said Mariana, and we all followed her. We squinted in the dark, and I felt silly looking for a black puck in a completely dark room. "Ow," said Taylor as he _____his knee on the edge of a table. Just then, we all heard a low, deep creak coming from the ceiling over us.

(past tense verb)

"Uhhh..." I said.

Then we heard it again. And again. And again, but that time followed by a muffled growl.

"The Spruce Street Monster! It's real!" hissed Sara. "Shhh!" I said, and we all held our breath as heavy footsteps lumbered down the stairs. Taylor and Mariana scrambled across the room and huddled with Sara and I in the corner, out of sight.

We could hear the footsteps getting closer and closer, until we could feel it in the room with us. It was growling, snarling, and...barking?

"Huh?" said Mariana.

Taylor took his phone out of his pocket and turned it on. He aimed the bright screen toward the sound. There stood a big dog, smiling like a puppy, with the puck in his mouth.



"You're no monster at all!" we said, and he _____into our arms. Mariana took the dog home, and her parents let her adopt him. She named him Monster.

(past tense verb)