

I make my way to the front of the house, and Natalie's light footsteps are right behind me. I grab the bowl of candy and head to the door. I open the door, and chills run through my spine. There, on our front porch, are three individuals. They are wearing regular dark clothes, but they all have masks on from which only the eyes are visible. The one on the left is wearing a werewolf mask, a black leather jacket and is around the same height as Michael. The tallest of the three, the one in the middle, is wearing a ghost mask and has slouched-down shoulders. His head is not upright like the other two. Perhaps he is making himself shorter to be the same height as his companions.

The last one on the right is my height, and he is wearing bandages all over his head and chest. I assume it is a mummy. I stare at them for a short instant, taken aback by their spooky appearance. I give them a nervous smile and a chirpy '*Hi*,' thinking they are teenagers. Reaching down to grab some candy, I notice none of them has a candy bag. Instead, they are all wearing black leather gloves. My hand freezes; this is not normal. These are not teenagers trick-or-treating. The chills down my spine have now made the hairs on my neck stand up. I take a step back. Too late!

They are pushing me inside the house. I drop the bowl of candy near the entrance, and the plastic bowl bounces on the wooden floor, and the candy sprawl all over. The one wearing the werewolf mask grabs me by the neck and squeezes, preventing me from screaming out. He pushes me against the hall wall and, with his free hand, brings one finger to the mouth of his mask and shakes his head.