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The Daily Boos

-Spooky Edition!

IT'S ONLY
4
DAYS UNTIL
Halloween

Your Blood Will Trickle Down

Cavanaugh Carter

"Jesus Christ man, what's taking you so long?! Get back to the safe house!"

"Hold on, hold on. This dorm room has a ton of batteries, dude! I told you all the gamers live in DHH." Quentin said smugly as he began to ferociously shovel batteries into his knapsack.

"My guy, you have to MOVE!", Demarcus bellowed into his walkie. "I'm watching with the binoculars right now; he's leaving the M&M. You're going to be stuck in there!"

Quentin replied sternly, "He's destroyed all but two buildings on campus! After DHH, then what? Walker! Our safe house, the HDMZ! Our only refuge, then that's it! Where are we gonna hide from there, Demarcus? This room is a goldmine! We gotta grab supplies while we still can!"

"Well you're not gonna have to worry about where our next safe house is gonna be if you don't get yo ASS OUT OF THAT DAMN HAUNTED HOUSE CAUSE HE COMIN RIGHT NOW!"

"Oh shit oh shit oh shit oh shi-" Quentin sprinted down the hallway to the stairwell, ferociously pumping his legs, his bulging scavenging sack bouncing against his hip. He reached the front entrance of DHH, but was overtaken by a chilling energy before he could open the door. The energy of Ronald Reagan spoke to him.

"Quentin... where are my jelly beans, Quentin?" As if possessed, Quentin was completely entombed, his body stuck in rigor mortis. He couldn't speak, but he felt as if Reagan had entered his mind. Quentin spoke to Reagan with his thoughts. "W-what do you mean, Mr. President?"

"Oh Quentin, you of all people know that I love my jelly beans... I couldn't find them in the M&M, but I know I'm getting closer... Run along now, boy. I'll find them soon enough..."

Quentin was freed from his paralysis and tumbled out the front entrance of DHH onto Walker Lawn. Scrambling to stand up, he saw the once great Minerals and Material Science Building begin to crumble to the ground. Like bleached coral, brittle and completely drained of color, it began to disintegrate. The campus side of the building shuddered and collapsed, which was then followed by what sounded like millions of pounds of sand being dumped into the Portage. The M&M was no more.

Nervously dancing around the dozens of brittle, chalked human statues that now decorated Walker Lawn, Quentin made his way back to the HDMZ. Walker was absolutely freezing as half of the external walls has been destroyed when Reagan consumed the Rozsa, but it had to do as a home base. The survivors needed the Mac computers to harness the Liberal power of Big Tech to defeat Reagan. "Sorry, Demarcus. I got carried away with that.", Quentin admitted sheepishly.

"Hey man, it's all good. I'm just glad you made it out better than one of them chalk guys outside. You said you got batteries?"

"Yeah, I think we can rig them up with your converter to charge our iPhones for a bit. How are you guys coming with the synthesis?"

On a computer monitor, a small polygonal model of Karl Marx spun in space with a progress bar that read '89%'...

READ THE THRILLING CONCLUSION AT : <https://www.tumblr.com/ceeceecreativewriting>



The Room: Part 2

Clark Cooley

The Burger Café was where Tara and Jeff told Britney to meet them at. They only had glasses of water next to them. "She's here Tara." The little bell began ringing as Britney opened the door. "Oh gosh, I still don't feel ready to tell her," Tara said.

"I've already told you what you'll say to her."

"I Know Jeff, but I feel bad." "Shh," Jeff quickly said before Britney finally sat down. The waitress was going to ask her what she wanted to start with but Britney immediately gave her a "no thank you". Tara then tried to begin explaining their side of the story but was stuttering badly. Jeff finally had to stop her to explain. "I'll make this as clear and to the point for you, okay?"

"We first saw Todd walking to his room with a few movies in his hand when we were about to leave. He told us how he's been looking for the scariest movies to watch this week with all his friends tonight and with you the next night. It wasn't until we got back around midnight that we walked past his room to hear very loud thumps. We thought it was probably just the movie that they were watching. So, we thought..." Jeff paused. "It was at around 1AM. We swore we started to hear a big crawling noise from the lower parts of our walls, like a spider. We got really terrified after that. It wasn't normal at all to hear something like that. We tried ignoring it, but it creeps you out when you would start to hear it. We waited and thought it was eventually over, but 2 AM hit and we heard loud screams of murder! Murder!" Jeff said, in a low tone screaming voice. "At that point, we both went to his door and knocked, but no one answered." Britney waited for more, but it looked like that was all he had to say. "AND?" Britney said. "And that's what we heard from our perspective of it." Britney was frustrated. Tara then pulled out a phone from her pocket and set it on the table. Britney saw it was Todd's phone. "We found His phone by our doorway this morning. "We felt bad taking it but we saw it before the cops and really believe Todd wanted us to have it so we can give it to you. I'm sure you know his passcode, right? Samantha nodded quickly, while also grabbing the phone and typing in Todd's passcode. She saw the first thing pop up, a blank dark video, she quickly tapped on it.

It was Todd blocking his camera's view with his stomach, till he eventually walked backward to reveal that clearly, this was not Todd. This Todd had orange eyes and was smiling sinisterly. He eventually sat down in a chair in front of him and kept starring demonically. One of his friends you could see was sprint crawling all over in the room on all fours with his stomach facing outward. Then the other friend, who you could only see the back of, was bashing his head near a desk. In the middle of this bloody mess was an Ouija board glowing green under the edges.

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