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*The*  
**Daily Boos**  
*-Spooky Edition!*

**IT'S ONLY**  
**6**  
**DAYS UNTIL**  
*Halloween*

**Light's Out**

*DJ Benjamin*

Holly often went on walks late at night. On clear nights, she enjoyed looking up at the stars, many of those from home hidden under the horizon or the hill that descended toward the Portage Canal. She enjoyed listening to the soft rustling of the leaves in the wind after the squirrels and birds settled in, or listening to the water lap the shore of the canal. Sometimes, she would take in the peace of campus, never still in the day, before descending down the stairs to Prince's Point and walking along the canal. Often, especially on weekends, there would be people having campfires or hammocking at Prince's. But there were plenty of times it was empty, and during those she might sit on the bench by the water and watch the stars sparkle off the canal.



now she hardly even noticed it if she wasn't looking for it. Occasionally, she'd glance up to see it flash in and out of view like the downbeat of a very slow measure. One... two... three... four... One... two... three... four... One... two... three... four... four... four... four...

When she found herself down by Prince's Point this particular night, the sky was darkened by a thick blanket of clouds. In their absence, she watched the headlights float along the opposite shore, twinkling in the water along with the bright lights above doors of homes and at the end of docks. Behind her, the underside of the clouds glowed a warm yellow above the campus lights, and to her left it would occasionally flash with the beacon from the airport. The beacon moved across the sky, in and out of view, like clockwork. At first, Holly had been confused by the light, but

The light had stopped flashing. Holly scarcely had time to reason why before she noticed something else—the lights across the canal fell dark. It was like a wave rolled through them, extinguishing headlights and home lights one by one, but within one breath everything to the northwest was inky darkness. Involuntarily, she braced for an impact of the wave, but nothing hit. Instead, she turned around to find the lights on the hill behind her had been extinguished as well, leaving her in complete darkness.



# Light's Out, Cont.

DJ Benjamin

For a few moments, she was frozen to the spot, unsure of what to do, what was going on. Were all the lights out everywhere? Was it something in her head? Without any lights, she couldn't see the stairs back up to campus, to her dorm. Effectively, she was trapped down here, alone, at Prince's Point.

As she looked around, searching for some light, she noticed a faint green glow out on the canal. In the inky darkness, it was the only thing she could make out, but she couldn't believe her eyes. The glow seemed to emanate from a strange boat, with ripped, papery sides and trailing streamers in the water. Within the boat, a lone figure paddled it silently down the canal. A chill came over her as she made out the rider's form: a ghastly, spindly skeleton, grasping the paddle with long, slender, boney fingers. But the strangest part was its head, seemingly flat and dark. That was until it started to turn. Holly watched in fear as the glowing form turned towards her, watching what appeared to be an image of the head of a Bull come into full focus. Glued to the spot, dread overcame her as the boatman's focus locked on her. She looked into its fiery eyes, and a ghastly pair stared back.

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