A scream.

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Two boys hear a shriek on their way home. They investigate. But maybe it wasn't such a good idea...

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A scream.

The spooky snowstorm

Kyle and Andy were walking home from school in the middle of a snowstorm. Their ears were so cold they could feel them burning. They were two blocks away from the boyâ s porch when all of a sudden they heard a scream. â What was that,â Kyle asked? They both were scared and didnâ t know what to do. They walked a couple more steps and heard the shriek again. This time they both turned around and couldnâ t see anything. â What should we do,â asked Andy?

Kyle stood silent for a few moments contemplating their options. â Well, we could investigate orâ ¦ We could go home?â By the small tremble in Kyleâ s voice Andy could tell the latter option was more preferred. Andy being the more mischievous of the two friends decided that they would go investigate. Kyle groaned but gave in and followed Andy toward the scream.

â Should we call the copsâ ¦?â Kyle asked slowly drawing his cell phone out of his pocket swiftly. â No, letâ s make sure this is a serious problem first. I mean think about how many times weâ ve screamed for no reason in the house.â Andy said, he didnâ t believe that this was simply two kids playing around but at least it made Kyle feel better, Andyâ s eyes drifted towards his best friend he took away the phone he knew would be used to call the cops with given the chance. â Come on Andy I think this is a bad idea!â Kyle said in a whisper almost. â Well too late now!â Andy all but yelled while pointing at the front door of the mysterious house with a flourish of his pale hands. â Come on Ky, time for and adventure!â

â You know youâ re oddly fine with the thought of someone being in mortal terror.â Kyle grumbled as he walked to the front door of the house fast. â You know itâ s probably nothing Kyle.â Andy replied pushing open the unlocked slightly ajar door and sticking his tongue out in Kyleâ s direction. They did not expect the scene that played out before them. Kyle screamed and even Andy gave in to the horrible sight before him and let out a long shrill shriek.

There was a woman laying on the ground surrounded by blood. I guess I shouldnâ t really say it was a woman, it was more of a glob. There were body parts everywhere, an arm in the fireplace, a head on the stairwell, a pair of legs hanging out the window.

Kyle widened his eyes and pointed to a figure in the corner. I didnâ t look real. It was hunched over something, a body part maybe? Itâ s back looked arched and skeletal, it fingers were long and bony, almost as if they were bones. Itâ s eyes slowly drifted up toward the two, itâ s were a bloodshot yellow and as it stood up the boys could see that it was taller then both of them combined. The light from the open door let them see that it was sticky looking. It was dripping something and maybe the boys didnâ t want to find out what.

It wasnâ t even a question if the being killed the woman. Of course it did, it was feeding off of her torso in the corner it was in. Maybe it was too late, maybe they would never walk out of this house on there own two feet again but that didnâ t stop Andy from handing Kyle back his phone after tracing nine, one, one on the dial pad.

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Andy had thought right though because as soon as the operator picked up the figure was upon them. Kyle dropped the phone and the last person who ever heard the two boys, was the frantic operator on the other line.

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