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# Halloween

Angelyka Cava  
*Concordia University - Portland*

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Footer Logo

# Halloween

*Angeyka Cava*

*Spooky Story Contest Honorable Mention*

**11:48 PM**

I am sitting alone with my arms crossed on the living room couch of a girl who hates me, watching everyone around me in sleazy costumes drink beer and dance to some boring Katy Perry track. Why do I subject myself to this torture? Because it's Halloween, and I have to participate in EVERYTHING related to this glorious holiday.

EVERYTHING includes Kelly Johnson's annual Halloween bash. Even though I wasn't invited, I thought this party would be important enough to crash, yet it's just the same as school, where I'm treated like nothing in a noisy crowd of boring idiots with whom I have nothing in common. The only difference is that this time, I'm technically not forced by the government to situate myself in this hell.

Last time I ever visited Kelly's house was at her eighth grade pool party, where she and her friends held me underwater for five minutes. I couldn't fight back. I just flailed around. When she finally let me come up, I threw up water for hours.

I must admit that my parents are the only reason I'm not leaving right now. When I left, I noticed the looks on their faces, happy to see me doing something with other people my age, for once. They'll (correctly) think I'm a loser if I come home before it ends.

Maybe I can hide by myself in a room. Kelly's house is huge, with seven doors upstairs. The first two I open lead to rooms occupied

with people having a *really* good time, but the third is empty. I guess nobody wanted to make-out in a room with a racecar bed and a crib. Unlike the loving couples I just saw, I lock the doors before I throw myself onto the kiddie bed. I shut my eyes and try to forget that this is the worst Halloween I've ever had.

### **3:07 AM**

Coated in layers of slimy mucus, my throat wakes me up, asking for a glass of warm water and maybe a tablespoon of cough medicine. That's weird. I usually sleep like a bear hibernating through the winter. Metallica could be playing a concert at full volume in my room and I'd snore through the whole thing.

I check my watch. At least it's not Halloween anymore. I can remove my uncomfortable costume. It took me a week to finish this outfit inspired by Road Kamelot from the anime *D. Gray-man*. No one around school knows this character, so I fantasized receiving compliments on my spiky indigo wig and questions asking who I was portraying. But all I got was zilch. I pull my fake hair off and throw it against the wall. The kids who live here can play with it.

The rumbling of heavy electronic bass still thunders through the door. Why don't the neighbors call the cops or something? I just want to get the hell out of here. As confidently as I can, I stroll into the chaos. I notice that most of the people have left. It's just Kelly and her twelve closest friends sprawled around the living room, gossiping over the booming speakers.

I thought that I'd be able to sneak past them, but I guess not.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Kelly stomps over to where I’m standing until she’s inches away from my face. She towers over me, even without her usual stilettos.

“Oh, I’m just leaving,” I casually say, trying to sneak past her, but one of her minions grabs my shoulders.

I watch a smirk creep across Kelly’s makeup-plastered face. Most of her lipstick is smeared from her make-out sessions, so she looks like a clown dressed in a swimsuit. I’m not even sure what she’s supposed to be. I guess she just chose whatever costume showed the most skin. One of Kelly’s sidekicks hands her a knife. “Don’t leave now, the party’s just begun.”

### **3:33 AM**

They’ve mummified me with tight rope, leaving only my head exposed. Kelly stands me in front of her lit fireplace. Is she going to push me in? I guess that would be an interesting way to go. Anything but drowning. I shudder at the thought of water filling my lungs.

My mouth is uncovered, yet I cannot speak. I don’t know what to say. I can’t even scream when Kelly holds the knife right next to my ear.

“Don’t worry. We’re doing you a favor,” someone behind me says.

“You’re so ugly, we’re giving you a free makeover,” Kelly whispers, grabbing a clump of my dry, brown hair. She saws through it with her knife. In a couple of minutes, she has the vast majority of my hair in her hands.

She throws it in the fire. At this point, I wish to go with it.

“You’re sweaty. Maybe we should give you a shower,” another voice says.

“Nah. I think she wants to go for a swim first.” Kelly smiles.

One of the girls, who somehow has the body of a linebacker, throws me over her shoulders and we head out to her backyard. Kelly’s pool is Olympic-sized, and we all gather by the diving board.

Suddenly, I’m flying through the air, and I land gracelessly in the water on my belly.

I know it’s only a pool, but the deep end is like an ocean when you can’t swim. With my hands tied to my body, I can’t even flail around this time. Even though my brain knows there is no more air, my body frantically searches for it, inhaling water with every breath. I am aware of every chlorine-filled gulp until



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