

## One mysterious night in Alcwood.

Alice tiptoed to the end of her bed and grabbed her sweater from an old toy chest. As she put on her sweater, she heard the same noise that had woken her up.

'AOOOOO' 'AOOOHOO'

It couldn't be wolves, none lived in Alcwood. No Coyote's either. And the wind that howled outside sounded different.

Alice tiptoed to her door and opened it a crack. She glanced out at a long hallway filled with doors.

Alice had many siblings, four sisters and six brothers. Her father had been married to Lilly, who had been a mother to three boys, a girl, and Alice. But Lilly died from heart disease nine months after Alice was born. A year after Lilly died, Dan, Alice's father, married Rose. Together they had three girls and three boys. But three months ago, Rose died of cancer. Alice was one of the middle children and often stayed in her room to exercise. She loved the feel of sweat on her brow and she wanted to be ready for anything. This howling was not one of the things she had prepared for.

'AOOOOOO' 'AOOOHOO' 'OOO'

Alice opened the door wider and looked to the left, where she saw a window with curtains that were moving.

"Who would leave the window open on a cold night like tonight?" Alice whispered to herself as she walked down the hall. As she got closer, the curtains suddenly stopped moving and she noticed the window was closed.

Alice inched forward. "Maybe it's just opened a crack and I can't see it," she whispered, hoping it was true.

When Alice got to the curtains, she put her hand up to move them but froze. Silence fell as she stood there. Alice couldn't hear the wind anymore; the howling outside stopped as if waiting to see what she would find.

Alice grabbed the curtain but before she could pull it away the curtain jumped on her, pulling her to the ground! She shrieked, struggling against whatever was in the curtain. She grabbed a handful of the curtain, pulling it away, uncovering one of the younger boys.

"Ahh!" Alice exclaimed, looking at the lipstick that covered his face.

"Mathew! What are you doing?" Alice whispered hoping no one had woken up, "you scared me to death with all that howling! And your face!"

"I wasn't-" Mathew started, but stopped when he processed what she had said, "What about my face?"

"You have lipstick all over your face. I thought you were dead when I first saw you."

"Why would I have lipstick on my face?" Mathew asked.

"I don't know. You wanted to scare everyone like you were with your howling?" Alice whispered.

"I wasn't howling!" Mathew whispered loudly.

"What?" Alice whispered.

"Just what I said. I wasn't-" Mathew stopped and looked up with wide eyes.

Alice slowly turned her head to see what he was staring at.

"AHHHHHH!!!"

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Alice lay in her bed, groggily opening her eyes to look at her clock. 7:00 A.M. "Too early to be up," Alice mumbled, turning over. She felt warm for a night in Alcwood.

Alice opened her eyes a little and looked down at her sweater.

"Sweater? I didn't sleep in my sweater..." Alice thought as she began to slip into unconsciousness.

"What's up with your face?" Someone asked outside, "did you mess with my lipstick?!"

"No-" another voice started to say but stopped. There was a moment of silence before the same voice exclaimed, "Who did this!?"

'AOOOO' 'AOOOOHOOOHOO'

"I've heard that somewhere before," Alice mumbled closing her eyes as she fell into sleep. Happy, blissful, sleep.