

Student

Ms. Teacher

English Language Arts

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The graveyard walk

I am on my nightly walk minding my own business. I took a different way this time and I saw a creepy graveyard where the gate creeps open. My curiosity takes over and I walk into the graveyard. When I start walking farther into the graveyard I start to feel chills going down my spine. I see a lot of graves that are old and have moss covered all over them. “crunch crunch” the leaves go under my feet. The sun starts setting and I turn on my flashlight “click” The flashlight is bright like the sun. I explore a bit more until I feel there is someone watching me. I ran farther into the graveyard. I feel so tired I could pass out so I stop and take a second to catch my breath.

I sat down to rest my legs, I closed my eyes and fell asleep. When I woke up I was in a pitch black bag. I screamed and yelled for help. No one answered. I hear some faint talking so I know I am not alone. I felt someone kick the bag really hard. I had a sharp key in my back pocket so I tried to cut the bag but instead I cut myself blood drips out of my finger. I hear someone walking over and open the bag. They pull my feet out and I am in this abandoned cabin in the middle of the graveyard. The kidnappers had guns and knives.

The kidnapper said give me everything you have or I will shoot you so I gave him everything. Next thing I know there is a guy behind him walking towards me with a knife. I say what are you doing he says give me everything I know that is not all. so I give him my sharp key, that is all I have. I ask why did you kidnap me he says because this is my graveyard no one comes near or

in my graveyard. I am so sorry I came into your graveyard. This should teach you a lesson never to come back. I say can you please put the weapons down and the kidnapper says yes as long as you do not try and run. But I knew he still had a weapon but I was not going to point it out. I ask if I can be free now. No, the kidnapper says why not because I need you to do something. What is it? I ask. I need you to go on a special mission. Can you find my special rock that has a turtle painted on it? Yeah I can, is it in the graveyard? Yeah it is, says the kidnaper. I go out to look for it but I have no success. I say to him I had no luck. His face turns bright red “GET THE KNIFE.” the kidnapper screams to his sidekick I feel a sharp pain in my chest my vision suddenly goes black.