


A Halloween Poem

By Leap



It's a spooky, stormy Halloween night.
I walk down the street with my 
Something darts in front of me.



What can that be?


I run up a dark path toward a 
just as the  begins to pour.

Spooky sounds echo from inside
like moans and groans.

Should I run and hide?

Is this  haunted? I cannot tell.

With a trembling , I ring the .

The  swings open. Nothing to fear!

It's a Halloween party and my friends are all here!

