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Category: Short Story

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## **Rewind**

October is filled with many scares, one includes my two normal (well as normal as they are) siblings and I just trick-or-treating. My siblings were in costume of course and we were walking along a sidewalk at about 9:30 heading home. The one street light was flickering on and off. Now I knew not to go to List Street on any day of the year especially not Halloween. The one house was said to be owned by an old man but no one had seen him since the year he moved in. My siblings, Damion, and Maddy however, did not know for the kids at their schools never talked about it. My siblings ran up while I looked at a text from mom asking us to be home soon and they (being very bright(not)) decided to knock on the door slowly not waiting for me. As the door opened I ran up so they weren't alone.

When I got there a strange man was at the door. He looked as though he was being held together with string, his wrinkles falling off him. "Oh my trick-or-treaters, well why don't you come in? I have some candy apples" He said in a voice low and gravely scaring Maddy half to death.

"Oh that's okay" I replied, being smart, "we just forgot if someone lived here or not".

The man looked us up and down and said "Nonsense please trust me you can each have a candy apple and leave"

I turned to Maddy and Damion, "stay close and right behind me I will handle this," Damion apparently didn't hear me and decided to just follow the man, when I ran in to get him I grabbed Maddy with me. I grabbed Damion and hissed "I said stay close I'll handle this,"

"Well, I wanted a candy apple sorry" Damion snarked back rolling his eyes at me.

"Kids are you there" the old man called, "I'm in the kitchen."

We started down the rickety old wood floor, that looked as though it was peeling at the seams like an old dress from the 1920s, the flower-patterned runner faded, there were red stains all over, paintings were falling off the walls and it looked like a tornado swept through it. We eventually turned the corner into a dusty old kitchen with the walls ceiling, and appliances all sagged, dust bunnies were partying in every corner of the kitchen as though it hadn't been cleaned since the last owner lived there.

"Here they are nice candy apples." The man grabbed the three off the table while asking us if we wanted to stay.

"No that's okay," I said, "Thanks anyway" we ran out of that house not looking back, I guess cross country paid off for us.

When we got home we found mom on the phone "Oh Martha they just walked through the door thank goodness,"

Mom said to our neighbor, why they had to talk on the phone when they lived right next door, "where were you?"

Mom asked after engulfing them in a choking hug.

"Mom we were just on list street" I stated, "Wait what time is it?"

"It's 3 am," Mom said between sobs hugging each of us in turn.

"Woah wait what!" Damion yelled, pulling away from mom, scaring our cat, "We were only there for 7 minutes it should be 9:40!" As Maddy started crying in fear, Mom called the police who showed up at our house five minutes later. The cops started drilling me, the normal questions, the whos, the what's, the wheres, the whens, and the whys.

"Do you remember the address," the one cop asked.

"No" I responded shaking, "Just that it's the only house on List Street,"

The cop then asked for a description of the man, what his voice sounded like, and the inside of the house. I responded to each in the best way possible.

The next morning there was an arrest on List Street, the man had been caught. But there was one thing I didn't quite understand, the man had looked so old he could have died right then and there, but the man they caught was young and spritely fighting the six police officers holding him. Though it was the same voice I still don't know if it's really the man we saw or how he made the time warp from seven minutes to seven hours.

