

Milksop

"And now, please, who shall be the brave one and sit right next to the gravestone of the murderer Steve Lloyd for the upcoming hour?" Rupert asked his other three friends. Everyone shut their mouth, because nobody really wanted to sit a whole hour at the most scarriest place in their town.

All four friends stood in front of an attackable gate to the cemetery. It was the night of Halloween and nobody had a better idea than to go to some spooky place.

"You're milksops! All of you!" Rupert said out loud and again, nobody made a single move from the place, where they all stood.

"Okay, I have to go there alone, wait for me here you milksops." He opened the gate and went right next to the grave of the murderer. As he sat there for like 30 minutes, Rupert started to feel cold wind and as the three were moving in the rhythm of the wind, he saw the big moon and the dark night. Rupert could also feel the scary atmosphere of the place.

"Well, Steve, it's been a great hour with you, now I have to get back." Rupert tried to stand up, but he couldn't. Something was pulling him down. Rupert tried again, but something was still holding him closer to the grave. Rupert started to panic. He tried so hard to stand up that when he finally did, he found his jacket all torn up. He ran so fast and screamed, he never felt frightened like this before. He took his bike and rode back home with his friends behind him. They told him it was just some branch, but Rupert knew it wasn't just a branch. It was stronger than that. Maybe it was even a hand of Steven Lloyd.

After this experience, Rupert never ever called someone a milksop in his life again.