



Scary Short Stories for Halloween

Короткие страшные истории на Хэллоуин

Составлено для [English4kids](#)

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Эти короткие страшные истории являются американским фольклором и собраны нами из различных источников.

The Little White Dog

There was an old woman who had no family still living. Her only friend was a little white dog who went everywhere with her - with one exception. The dog loved the fireplace in winter, and after the old woman went to bed he would sometimes go and lie in front of the warm coals. Usually though, the dog slept at the very edge of the bed on a throw rug.

The woman wouldn't allow the dog on the bed with her, but if she became frightened or had a nightmare, she would put her hand down to the little white dog and he would lick it reassuringly.

One night the woman was reading her newspaper just before going to sleep. She shivered and pulled the comforter up around her as she read that a mental patient had wandered off from a nearby hospital. No one knew if the patient was dangerous or not; he was a suspect in the murders of several women who had lived alone.

The woman turned out the lights and tried to sleep, but she was frightened, and tossed and turned fitfully. Finally, she reached down to where the little white dog slept. Sure enough, a warm, wet tongue began to lick her hand. The woman felt reassured and safe, and left her hand dangling off the bed as she turned and settled in comfortably. She opened her eyes for a moment and looked through the open door into the living room.

There in front of the fireplace, sat her little white dog, gazing at the coals and wagging his tail.

Down beside the bed, something was still licking her hand.

Something Was Wrong

One morning, John Sullivan found himself walking along a street downtown. He could not explain what he was doing there, or how he got there, or where he had been earlier. He didn't even know what time it was.

He saw a woman walking toward him and stopped her. "I'm afraid I forgot my watch," he said, and smiled. "Can you please tell me the time?" When she saw him, she screamed and ran.

The he noticed that other people were afraid of him. When they saw him coming, they flattened themselves against a building, or ran across the street to stay out of his way.

"There must be something wrong with me," John thought. "I'd better go home."

He hailed a taxi, but the driver took one look at him and sped away. "This is crazy!" he said to himself.

John did not understand what was going on, and it scared him. "Maybe someone at home can come and pick me up." he thought. He found a telephone and called home, expecting his wife to answer. Instead, a strange voice answered.

"Is Mrs. Sullivan there?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, she isn't," the voice said. "Her husband died a few days ago in a horrible car crash, she's at his funeral."

The Appointment

A sixteen year old boy worked on his grandfather's horse farm. One morning he drove a pickup truck into town on an errand. While he was walking along Main Street, he saw Death. Death beckoned him.

The boy drove back to the farm as fast as he could and told his grandfather what had happened. "Lend me the truck," he begged. "I'll go to the city. He won't find me there."

His grandfather lent him the truck, and the boy sped away. After he left, his grandfather went into town looking for Death. When he found him, he asked, "Why did you frighten my grandson that way? He is only sixteen. He is too young to die."

"I am sorry about that," said Death. "I did not mean to beckon to him. But I was surprised to see him here. I have an appointment with him this afternoon in the city."

The Graveyard Wager

A group of young girls were having a slumber party one night and began to exchange ghost stories. One girl claimed that the old man who had been buried earlier that week in the graveyard down the street had been buried alive. She claimed that if you tried, you could hear him still scratching at the lid of his coffin. The other girls called her bluff and told her that she wouldn't do it. They said she was too afraid to go down there to the grave that very night. They continued to challenge her and eventually she gave into the peer pressure and accepted their challenge. Since she was going to go alone, she needed to prove to the others that she actually followed through with the task. She was supposed to take a stake with her and drive it into the ground so the next day the girls would know that she had been to the grave.

She headed off to the gravesite, stake in hand, and never returned. The other girls assumed she had "chickened out" and had just gone home instead.

The next morning as they passed the graveyard they saw her there at the old man's grave. She had accidentally staked her nightshirt to the ground and when she tried to run from the grave, she couldn't... she died of fright right on the grave!

China Doll

A beautiful 8 year old girl, Izzy, got this adorable china doll for her birthday. She called her Sam. One day Izzy was playing with her doll until her mom called her for bed. Izzy put the doll in the basement and went up to bed.

In the middle of the night she heard weird noises. Then she heard "China doll, china doll in the basement, china doll, china doll on the stairs, china doll, china doll in your parents room, now they're dead." Izzy fell back into a troubled sleep.

In the morning she raced to her parents' room and they were dead. She cried as her brother planned the funeral. Izzy did not play with Sam that day. She went up to bed early and fell asleep.

In the middle of the night she heard chanting again. China doll, china doll in the basement, china doll, china doll on the stairs, china doll, china doll in your parents' room, china doll, china doll in your brother's room now he's dead." Izzy shivered and fell into another troubling sleep.

In the morning she went to her brother's room, he was dead. She spent the day in her room and wouldn't come out. Night fell again and she went to sleep.

She heard the chanting again. "China doll, china doll in the basement, china doll, china doll on the stairs, china doll, china doll in your parents' room, china doll, china doll in your brother's room, china doll, china doll in your room." She gazed up to see the doll. "Now you're...dead!"

The police found her the next day with no sign of the murderer. All they heard was chuckling in the distance. The chuckle of a brown haired, brown eyed china doll, on the hunt for her next victims.

The Boy with the Brass Buttons

A young couple were delighted to purchase the old-fashioned house in the Stuyvesant Square section of Philadelphia. They moved into their dream home in the winter of 1889, bringing their six year old daughter with them.

There was a lot of refurbishing to do, so the little girl tended to go up to the attic to play while her parents were occupied with the house. It wasn't as bad as it sounds, because the previous owners had converted the attic into a playroom. It even had a fireplace at one point, but it was currently boarded up.

After a couple of weeks of hard work, the downstairs rooms were finished. The mother, realizing that she had been neglecting their daughter, attempted to try and spend more time with her now, but the little girl seemed distracted. She kept stealing back up to the attic alone to play.

Exasperated, and perhaps a little hurt the the child was not being responsive to her attentions, the mother finally asked, "What's so interesting up there in that stuffy room?"

"It's the little boy with the shiny buttons," the child replied. "He's so much fun to play with!"

"What little boy?" the mother demanded, wondering if a servant child had stowed away in the room. She went to investigate, but found the room empty.

Certain that her daughter was just being contrary, she urged her husband to discipline the child. At her father's stern voice the little girl became hysterical. She kept repeating that there was a little boy and he wore a blue jacket with lots of shiny buttons on it. As her father listened, he became more and more curious. Formerly a seaman, he realized his daughter was

describing a child's sailor suit, complete with the brass buttons.

The girl's father made some inquiries about the Cowderlys, the family that lived in the house before them. He learned that they had come from England, bringing their children with them, two boys and a girl. The youngest child, a boy, was born retarded. The neighbors described the youngest boy as a sweet innocent child, but added that Mr. Cowderly was ashamed of him and tried to prevent him from being seen outdoors.

According to the boy's parents, the neighbors continued, the young boy would often sneak out to go down to the river. The story goes on to say that one day he fell in and drowned. His body was never recovered, but his cap had been found floating in the river. Shortly after the disappearance, the Cowderlys put the house up for sale and, leaving Philadelphia, dropped out of sight.

The former seaman's suspicions were now thoroughly aroused. He accompanied his little daughter to the attic and asked her to show him where the little boy came from. She pointed to the boarded up fireplace. Her father called in workers to open it and then to remove the mortar that cemented up a cavity beside the chimney.

As the mortar was chipped away, the corpse of a small boy was revealed. He was clothed in a little blue sailor jacket with four rows of brass buttons down the front. Further examination revealed that the back of the child's head had been crushed by a violent blow.

The little boy was murdered!

Haunted Doll

In 1897, a family named Otto lived in a nearby house in Key West, Florida. They owned a plantation and had a lot of servants working for them who they treated very badly. One servant girl gave their son, Gene, a present of a doll. What the Ottos didn't realize was that this servant girl knew voodoo.

Gene's full name was Robert Eugene Otto. His parents had always called him "Gene", so he decided to give the doll his real name, "Robert".

Many Strange things began to occur in the Otto household. Many neighbors claimed to see Robert move about from window to window, when the family were out. Gene began to blame Robert for mishaps that would occur. The Otto's claimed to hear the doll giggle, and swear they caught glimpses of the doll running about the house.

Gene began to have nightmares and scream out in the night, when his parents would enter the room; they would find furniture over turned, their child in a fright, and Robert at the foot of the bed, with his glaring gaze! "Robert Did It".... The doll was eventually put up into the attic. Where he resided for many years.

But Robert had other plans. Visitors that entered the house could hear something walking back and forth in the attic, and strange giggling sounds. Guests no longer wanted to visit the Otto home.

Gene Otto died in 1972. The home was sold to a new family, and the tale of Robert had died do....

But Robert waited patiently up in the attic to be discovered, once again. The 10 year old daughter of the new owners. Was quick to find Robert in

the attic. It was not long before Robert unleashed his displeasure on the child... The little girl claiming that the doll tortured her, and made her life a hell. Even after more than thirty years later, she steadfastly claims that "the doll was alive and wanted to kill her."

Robert, still dressed in his white sailor's suit and clutching his stuffed lion, lives quite comfortably, though well guarded, at the Key West Martello Museum. Employees at the museum continue to give accounts of Robert being up to his old tricks still today....

The Flying Dutchman

The Flying Dutchman is a legendary cursed ship that was doomed to travel around the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa for all eternity. It was made famous in the movie Pirates of the Caribbean.

The legend of The Flying Dutchman started in 1641 when a Dutch ship sank off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope. The captain, VanderDecken, failed to notice the dark clouds looming and only when he heard the lookout scream out in terror did he realise that they had sailed straight into a fierce storm.

The captain and his crew battled for hours to get out of the storm and at one stage it looked like they would make it. Then they heard a sickening crunch - the ship had hit treacherous rocks and began to sink. As the ship plunged downwards, Captain VanderDecken knew that death was approaching. He was not ready to die and screamed out a curse: 'I WILL round this Cape even if I have to keep sailing until the end of time!'

So, even today whenever a storm brews off the Cape of Good Hope, if you look into the eye of the storm, you will be able to see the ship and its captain - The Flying Dutchman. The legend goes that whoever sees the ship will die a terrible death.

Many people have claimed to have seen The Flying Dutchman, including the crew of a German submarine boat during World War II.

On 11 July 1881, the Royal Navy ship, the Bacchante, was rounding the tip of Africa when they were confronted with the sight of The Flying Dutchman. The midshipman, a prince who later became King George V, recorded that the lookout man and the officer of the watch had seen The Flying Dutchman and he used these words to describe the ship:

"A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief."

It's pity that the lookout saw the Flying Dutchman, for soon after on the same trip, he accidentally fell from a mast and died. Fortunately for the English royal family, the young midshipman survived the curse to become The King of England!

The Red Spot

While Ruth slept, a spider crawled across her face. It stopped for several minutes on her left cheek, then went on its way.

"What is this red spot on my cheek?" she asked her mother the next morning.

"It looks like a spider bite", her mother said. "It will go away, just don't scratch it."

Soon the small red spot grew into a small red boil. "Look at it now," Ruth said. "It's getting bigger." "That sometimes happens", her mother said. "It's coming to a head."

In a few days the boil was even larger. "Look at it now", Ruth said. "It hurts and it's ugly."

"We'll have the doctor look at it", her mother said. "Maybe it's infected."

But the doctor could not see Ruth until the next day.

That night Ruth took a bath. As she soaked herself, the boil burst. Out poured a swarm of tiny spiders from the eggs their mother had laid in her cheek!

The Guests

A young man and his wife were on a trip to visit his mother. Usually they arrived in time for supper. They had gotten a late start, and now it was getting dark. They decided to look for a place to stay overnight and go on in the morning.

Just off the road, they saw a small house in the woods. "Maybe they rent rooms", the wife said. So they stopped to ask. An elderly man and woman came to the door. They didn't rent rooms, they said. But they would be glad to have them stay overnight as their guests. They had plenty of room, and they would enjoy the company. The old woman made coffee, brought out some cake, and the four of them talked for awhile. Then the young couple were taken to their room. They explained that they wanted to pay for this, but the old man said he would not accept any money.

The young couple got up early the next morning before their hosts had awakened. On a table near the front door, they left an envelope with some money in it for the room. Then they went on to the next town. They stopped at a restaurant and had breakfast. When they told the owner where they had stayed, he was shocked. "That can't be", he said. "That house burned to the ground ten years ago, the old man and woman who lived there died in the fire."

The young couple could not believe it. So they went back to the house. Only now there was no house. All they found was a burned-out shell. They stood staring at the ruins trying to understand what had happened.

Then the woman started screaming! In the rubble was a badly burned table; on the table was the envelope they had left there that morning!

Late Night Ride

Jerry was driving home late one night when he saw a young lady waiting by a bus stop. He stopped his car and told her that he didn't think the buses were running so late at night and offered her a ride. The fall night air was getting chilly, so he took off his jacket and gave it to her. Jerry found out that the girl's name was Mary and she was on her way home.

After an hours drive, they arrived at her home and he dropped her off by the front door. Jerry said goodnight and went home himself.

The next day he remembered that Mary still had his jacket.

He drove to her house and knocked on the door, an old woman answered. John told her about the ride he had given her daughter Mary, and had come back to get the jacket he had lent her. The old woman looked very confused.

John noticed a picture of Mary on the fireplace mantel. He pointed to it and told the old woman that that was the girl he had given a ride to.

With her voice shaking, the old woman told Jerry that her daughter had been dead for many years and was buried in a cemetery about an hours drive away from there.

Jerry ran to his car and drove to the cemetery....

He found his jacket, neatly folded on top of a grave...the name on the gravestone was Mary!

Click-Clack

In a small town of Georgia there was an old man who had no legs. The only way he could move around was by dragging himself around by his long, long, nails. He was also a killer. He would sneak around the town and kill people with his long, long, nails. So, because of this, the people were ordered to go inside at exactly 6:00 pm and lock their doors until he was caught.

One night a little girl asked her mom if she could go play at her friends house. The mother looked at the clock, it was 4:00pm. She told the little girl to be home by 5:45 because thats when "click-click" came out. The little girl agreed and was on her way. She played and played but lost track of time because when she headed home, it was already 5:48. By the time she was close to her home it was 6:00 pm. She observed people locking their doors and calling in there kids.

"Shoot, I'd better run" she thought. Finally she reached her street. But that's when she heard the noise...click click drag click click drag. It got louder and louder. She turned around and there he was, Click-Clack! She ran to her front door...click clack drag click clack drag... She pounded on the door but her Mother had fallen asleep...Click Clack Drag Click Clack Drag... The pounding stopped.

Upon waking, and forgetting that her daughter had gone out to play the last evening, Mother opened the door to get her newspaper. She screamed in horror at the sight. Written on the step in blood was, "Mother, why didn't you open the door?" She was never seen again...

Night Visitor

Richard was living in a not-so nice neighborhood with his parents. Their house was badly in need of repair and none of the windows or doors ever locked properly. Richard complained to his mom about not being able to sleep because of the "scratching" noises in his room, his mom assumed that it was rats, or that some cat had managed to get in the house again and was in the room somewhere. After turning on the lights and not seeing any sort of animal, she told Richard to go back to bed. So Richard went back to bed and was awakened almost immediately again by the scratching. Insistent, ceaseless. He still couldn't tell WHERE the sound was coming from, but this time, he decided to ignore it. So he fell asleep again.

Richard had no idea how long he'd been asleep when he suddenly sat up in bed, crying out, his hands flying to his back. He'd been bitten in the middle of his back while he slept, yet he'd been LYING on his back. Richard decided that things were just too weird and went to get his dad. His dad looked at his back. The spot that hurt certainly didn't look like a bite. It looked more like a puncture wound. So he flipped on the bedroom light and inspected Richard's bed. There was a hole in the fitted sheet and some of the mattress stuffing was showing through the hole. At a loss to explain how it happened, Richard suggested that maybe a spring had come through, so Richard's dad flipped the twin bed over to see if the box springs were the culprit.

What he found was a long knife stuck in the mattress, pointing upwards, towards where a person might lie. He also found mud and dirt under the bed, the exact length of a person. Checking immediately outside the window he found fresh footprints in the mud leading to and then away from the window. Someone had slipped into Richard's room through the unlocked window and lain under his bed. The scratching sound he heard was the person using the knife to dig through the box springs and mattress to kill him!