

By: Evelyn M. and Carolina D.

When Night Falls

“Jemma slow down!” I yelled. “No way! You speed up! I’m starving!” Hi, my name is Zoe and the girl you just heard she is my best friend Jems. What I’m about to tell you is how we almost died. It was January 9, 2019 and it was a Wednesday but there was this storm, so we had no school. After a while Jem’s got bored of playing out in the rain, so we decided to see if there was anything to do in the attic.

Once we got up there we started looking through the ancient stuff. In the very back of the attic I spotted a box that said Cards. I called Jema over and we took the box downstairs. When we opened it there was one deck of cards.

“Well, what do you wanna play?” Jemma asked me.

“Ah, I only know how to play Blackjack...” I confessed.

“That works.”

I dumped the cards out of the box. They were old cards, and they looked like they’d been played with before. We started to pass out the deck between us. I checked the box again and I found a card at the bottom. I grabbed it and when I turned it over it had words on it. I read it out loud and it said When Night Falls It’s Time To Play. We both thought that was weird but we thought it’d be funny to do it.

“If we see a ghost im posting it on my channel and im getting the views and money Jemma. Dibs!” Jems rolled her eyes. “Yeah, Yeah whatever.” We put the cards back.

After dusk, I poured out the cards. They felt misty, like fog clouding over my hands. Filling into my soul, pouring over me, taking me over.

“Zoe?”

I snapped back to reality, the misty feeling disappearing. I shook my head and smiled, “s-sorry, just spacing out.”

“Ok. just, don’t do that again. It’s pretty creepy.”

I smile awkwardly and pass out her cards, two for you two for me.

I look back to my phone. That’s weird the camera is face down... I could have sworn I set it up to face us. I set it again and press record. As I play the first card, the pictures on the cards starts changing. The eyes

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flicker from bored out to smiling and kind. Grayscale with red, to colorful and bright. I glanced up to jems, she looked jittery. She saw it too?

The ink on the cards seemed to bleed through the paper. Onto the table. The black-red spilled onto the floor. I started to back up, but Jems went to touch it. The black-red color climbed up her finger. It slithered her arm now. The ink kept spilling on the floor, I ran to the door and desperately clawed at the door knob. It was locked! The ink had now completely covered Jemma. I slammed my body on the door, but it didn't budge.

I felt something cold on my ankle, I looked down at the ink. Which was slowly crawling up my leg. Taking over my body the coolness of the ink stealing my soul one step at a time. It covered my torso, greedily swallowing more. Soon it reached my nose and mouth, filling my lungs, taking over my bloodstream. I started crying, pleading, begging. When I looked up everything was black. THE ink had covered my eyes. I shouldn't have been able to see anything, but I saw a tall figure. He looked like he was a tall man with all black clothes with cards in his hands. Our cards. He had a blood curdling smile. I saw Jems dead on the floor with ink in her eyes. They were pure black. Everything was

The man slowly walked over leaned to me and I felt his breath tingling on my neck he whispered in my ear, "Everyone folds to the joker."

BEWARE BLACKJACK YOU MIGHT BE NEXT