

# Fear

Ring! Alright class, page 39, page 39! It was a beautiful day at Los Angeles, California, October 30, 1984. “Hey Billy”! Said Mike, Billy’s friend. “Are you going trick or treating”? Eleven-year old Billy Rogers remembered his fear. Clowns. He thought that some clown would come up to him on Halloween and kidnap him, so for his own safety, he would stay home. “No”. He responded with a glum look on his face. “Well do you think Quarter Wise is real”? Mike said, with that look you make when you expose somebody. “Of course not!” Said Billy. So, Mike reacted by saying, “Well you got to stop that fear of clowns, it’s going to catch up to you”. “Well, do you know what Mike, I’m outta here”! Billy then left and went home. That day, Billy wouldn’t stop thinking about what happened earlier that day. Was Quarter Wise real? Was he going to face the consequences for being afraid of clowns? Later that night, before drifting away, Billy said something that would completely change his perspective of clowns. “I wish I wasn’t afraid of clowns”.

Billy then woke up in what looked like an old, stained bed. He was in a strange looking room that looked like something from a horror movie. "Hello, is anybody there"? His heart started to race as if he had ran the pacer test one million times. He felt like staying in the room, but at the same time, wanted to go exploring, so that's what he did. He got out of the bed and took off. As Billy was exiting the room, he heard a floor creak. He was positive it wasn't him. "Wh- who's there?" Billy said as he was summoning all his courage and grabbing a nearby broom stick and holding it like a sword. "Why, hello there Billy! It's so nice to finally meet you!" A voice said. Then came out what looked like the one thing Billy was afraid of. Yep. You guessed it. A clown. "Ah! No please no, this can't be happening!" Billy started to run away but got caught by it. "I am Quarter Wise the prancing clown. And you must be Billy Rogers, who's nothing but a little brat whose biggest fear is me!" Said Quarter Wise as he was howling in laughter as if Billy were the clown. Billy smacked the clown in the nose with the broom stick he had picked up earlier. Quarter Wise then said, "You will regret that little boy!" He started to run towards Billy, but luckily, he shut the door behind him. BOOM! BOOM! The door pounded as Quarter Wise banged the door. "I

can smell your fear Billy! Tasty, tasty fear!” Billy didn’t know what to do. In a few seconds, Quarter Wise would bust the door open and finish him off, so Billy tackled the clown to the floor, and he landed with a big thud.

Quarter Wise pushed Billy and with his big, sharp claws, scratched him in the stomach. Billy screamed in pain. He could feel the searing pain, but somehow managed to ignore it and punched Quarter Wise in the eye. That’s when Billy realized that clowns weren't so scary after all. They were just creepy. “You know what, I am not afraid of you.” Billy said to the clown. Quarter Wise’s destination changed from chow town to frown town.

“Wh-wh-what?” “Yeah, that’s right!” Billy said. “You are nothing but a dumb clown who has no fear. But look. Now you’re the one who’s afraid.” Quarter Wise started to fade away and turn to dust, but before completely vanishing, he said one final word. “Fear.” That word echoed through Billy’s mind as he woke up again. This time in his room. It was all just a dream, but he did it. He overcame his fear of clowns. That night, he ended up trick or treating with Mike, and as he was walking down the street, he swore he saw what looked like a clown-waving at him.