

Chilling Tales: Scary Stories Coloring Book

Each paragraph is one page in an illustrated coloring book.

Story One: No Escape

1.

"Well, Shit," Emily said as the car sputtered to a stop. The best place to run out of gas is undoubtedly a gas station. But when it's 2 AM and the station on the barely used backroad is obviously closed, well, there's not much to do but wait. She'd been driving since 7 AM, so it wouldn't hurt to close her eyes and get some rest until the station opened. Emily double-checked that the doors were locked and reclined her seat. Her phone had no signal, so no music. Exhausted, she dozed off quickly, utterly unaware of the large man peering from behind the gas station. He smiled and gripped the double-bit ax he held a bit tighter. Tonight was going to be a fun night.

2.

Shattering sounds woke Emily; she jumped to a seated position. There were no light poles in the convenience store parking lot, so it was pitch black.

"What the..." she whispered groggily as she rubbed her eyes, trying to adjust to her surroundings. She glanced at her watch. 3: 07 AM. Emily stretched and leaned back against the seat. She wondered what had made the racket. She looked out the windshield, but her focus went to the cracks spiderwebbing across the glass. There was a large slit in the middle. As she gently touched the opening, the view beyond finally came into focus. There, crouching on the hood, was a massive man with a double-sided ax slung across his shoulder. Emily squeaked in confusion as the man grinned wildly, lifted a hand, and waved.

3.

Emily screamed. Fumbling with the door lock, she finally fell out of the driver's side door. Behind her, she heard a low and creepy laugh.

"Where ya goin'," the man joked, "Don't ya wanna play?" She could run, but where to? There was no civilization on the road for many miles, and she didn't see any headlights. To the left, beyond the gas station, was an expansive desert stretching into dark oblivion. There was no choice but to sprint towards the gas station and hope for an open door. On the far side of the store was a hanging restroom sign. She glanced back just to see the man jumping down from the hood and swinging his ax playfully.

4.

Emily tripped over the small step down into the stall. *Why did she choose the tiny room with no exits*, she thought to herself.

"You idiot," she muttered while fussing with the lock before backing away from the dingy wooden door of the convenience store restroom. She held her breath and, for a moment, thought maybe he'd given up.

But he was the predator, and she was his prey. Emily was dripping with cold sweat. The sound of metal scraped back and forth against the door. With a loud CRACK, she looked up to see

there piercing the center of the door was the sharp point of his ax. Welp, that's that, she thought as the wood door began to splinter with a secondary blow. Emily bowed her head. There was nothing left to do now but pray.

Story Two: Just Hanging Around

Day 1

Chandra hated Halloween, which was tomorrow. She felt it had become a consumer-driven holiday, with costumes from Tiger King, Squid Games, and Stranger Things rounding out the most-popular holiday attire in recent years. Chandra headed to work the night shift at the hospital. Her GPS rerouted, and she found herself on an unfamiliar road. With all the poorly decorated homes in town, Chandra noticed the big house on the corner. Driving past the house, she thought, *that looks authentic*, as she admired the spiderwebs creeping about the house exterior.

"The owner really went all-in," she said to herself. As she turned the corner, she couldn't help but think, *man, that dummy hanging in the tree looks incredibly real*.

Day 2

"It's Halloweeeeeeen!" Davey squealed with excitement while putting on his grim reaper costume. He rushed to get ready and join the others. This year he was finally old enough to go Trick-or-Treating without his Mom tagging along. Outside, he joined Larry and Jamal, and they took off down the street. While arguing over which neighborhoods had the best candy, Davey stopped mid-step in front of the corner house.

"Wow," he said in amazement. "That body in the tree looks so real! How did they make it look so stiff like that? And look at the blood on the door! I don't know who bought this old house, but they sure love Halloween!"

Day 3

17-year-old Tom felt cruddy. That 5th of Vodka had made Halloween night fun. He'd spent the next day nursing a hangover, but it was nearly 8 PM, and he had plans for tonight. He texted Vance to confirm the toilet paper had been purchased. At 10 PM, they met at the corner house a street over.

"When I saw that stupid dummy last night, I knew this was the house to roll! With decorations like that, they obviously have a sense of humor because how could anybody think that's real? Look! The cheap thing's starting to deteriorate, and the fake skin's about to fall off! It's all soggy looking from hanging in the damp weather. Besides, if they have a ladder to hoist a damn dummy up a tree, they can use it to get the TP down!" Tom cackled as he let the first roll of tissue fly.

Day 4

The authorities were first alerted to the smell. A neighbor called in, thinking the corner house had been pranked with rotten eggs. It made sense, what with toilet paper covering the trees, and the owner had to be out of town as there were 4 or 5 newspapers piled up by the door. The cops, growing tired of the Halloween shenanigans, took their time getting there, but by 6 PM, caution tape was going up around the property. As the junior detective returned from

questioning the neighbors, he asked the sergeant, "Do you reckon that's the owner of the house."

"I don't know, Miles," said the sergeant. "I still can't believe it's a real body. The coroner is on the way, but I'd wager it's been hanging there for at least 4 days."

Story Three: I'd Kill To Get Some Sleep

1.

For weeks, John woke up every morning with no memory of the night before. He couldn't even recall getting in bed. No dreams or anything. But from the condition of his home each morning, he had a sneaking suspicion that he'd been sleepwalking. The wide-open fridge and food everywhere, clothes strewn from the dresser, and the blaring TV were clues to the night before. This morning he set about cleaning up the mess while the news anchor finished out a story on the TV.

"... not yet confirmed the body's identity. Police have no leads on a suspect as the criminal, dubbed the Chicago midnight murderer, continues to stalk the city each night."

"Wow," John said, "People are freaking crazy."

2.

John was so tired. He hadn't had a good night's sleep in a month! Heading out for coffee, he left his apartment but was met with a chaotic scene at the end of his block. There were dozens of people craning their necks to see over the crowd forming on this side of the police caution tape. Being an entertainment editor at DTC 44 News, he had to find out the story. Flashing his press pass, he was able to cut thru the crowd and asked the patrolman, "What happened here?" The cop pointed to the body bag on the ground and said tartly, "Well, he's not takin' a nap, buddy."

3.

It was going to be a late night at work, so John took a break around 530 PM to grab dinner and hit the gym for his weekly self-defense class. An hour later, in the locker room, He told the instructor that he felt much safer in the city since starting the classes.

The instructor said, "especially with some madman out there breaking people's necks in the middle of the night. 7 people in a month!"

John nodded in agreement, "My coworker is investigating the case and said they finally found some video footage, and the guy walks around like a zombie. She said he randomly bumps into stuff and kinda ambles around, and when a person gets in the way, he just snaps. Literally just snaps their necks and goes back to walking like a zombie. So weird."

4.

By 11 PM, John's eyes burned, and he still had a couple of hours of editing left. After setting a timer on his phone for 30 minutes, he laid his head on the desk and closed his eyes.

"This is Carly Jones with channel 9 news reporting on the tragic events that occurred last night at our sister station DTC 44. Surveillance video shows entertainment news editor John Carson standing from his desk and wandering around the office. He appeared to be in a dreamlike

state. After bumping into reporter Olivia Liu in the newsroom, he snapped her neck from behind. While not captured on camera, authorities believe this is also what happened to producer Jim Lee and custodian AJ Smith. Our thoughts and prayers go out...."

Story Four: Clowning Around

1.

Sheila enjoyed working at the State Fair. This year she was running the Funnel Cake booth directly across from the Funhouse. The carnival funhouse was her favorite attraction; she'd spend hours getting lost amongst the confusing mirrors and enjoying the jump scares at each corner's turn. Now the 22-year-old listened to the shrieks and squeals as fairgoers cautiously walked inside. Occasionally, the ticket-taking clown would catch her gaze, and something about his smile sent shivers up Sheila's spine. A knock on her booth window would bring her back to the present, but as she prepared another dessert, she couldn't shake the feeling that something didn't feel right about the Funhouse today.

2.

Her booth closed at 10 PM, giving Sheila 2 hours to enjoy the fair. She watched 2 teen boys teasing the unamused clown as they headed into the Funhouse. The Balloon Dart attendant flirted as she handed over 3 tickets to play the game next to it. A loud scream from the Funhouse made her jump; she let go of the dart, which miraculously hit the balloon in the middle of the board.

"Wow," the attendant said, "you win the biggest prize of all, a date with me!"

"Did you hear that scream?" Sheila asked.

The attendant replied, "Darlin', I don't hear nothin' over this loud music, so you're gonna have to speak up when you give me your number!"

Sheila rolled her eyes and said, "I'll just take the bear. Thank you." She took her prize left.

3.

It was 1045. Leaning against her booth, Sheila thought, *those boys never came out of the Funhouse*. The more she thought about it, the more Sheila realized she'd seen a handful of people enter that day that she never saw exit. *I was probably serving customers. I'm sure I was just busy*. She caught the clown's eye, and he motioned for her to come over.

"Want to walk through before we close up for the night?" The clown said with a smile.

"I don't know," Sheila said, looking at her last 3 tickets.

The clown continued, "Free for you. I heard you serve the best funnel cakes at the fair."

Curiosity and nostalgia finally won Sheila over. She smiled at the clown and said, "What could it hurt?"

4.

Deep into the attraction, Sheila was disoriented and ran into another mirror. She heard laughter behind her, and the bright lights dimmed; she could barely see. Again laughter rang out.

"I want to come out now," she yelled.

Behind her, she heard, "Silly girl. There is no way out."

She ran until the hall opened up into a room. The floor felt sticky. Suddenly the room lit up. A clown stood before Sheila and one behind her. Blood was everywhere, and bodies were hanging from hooks around the room. She realized now everyone who had teased the clowns going in never made it out.

She tried to piece it together, "But, why me?"

"Stupid girl..." The clown in front said, "Our brother just wanted your number, but you were too good for him!"

Sheila screamed, but nothing could be heard over the sounds of the Carnival Music.

Story Five: Picturesque

1.

Kelsi and her fiancé Daniel were visiting her Grandmother Opal. As an antique dealer, Opal had collectibles and antiques lining the walls in every room of her home, mostly porcelain dolls and valuable pictures in frames older than Kelsi. Daniel was trying to take it all in, but his gaze kept coming back to a photo over the couch in the living room. An old-timey picture of a young woman in a crushed velvet dress.

"What's the deal with this one?" Daniel asked.

"What do you mean?" Kelsi replied, "It's been there as long as I can remember."

"I don't know." Daniel said, "I just get the weird feeling that it's looking at me."

Kelsi laughed as Opal called them to the kitchen for lunch.

2.

They weren't yet married, Opal reminded Daniel as she handed him the linens and shooed him towards the couch. Kelsi would be down the hall in the guest room, but Grandma Opal was right next door, and she "was a light sleeper." In the darkness, Daniel lay down, but he couldn't sleep. He just couldn't shake the feeling that something was staring at him. Daniel tossed and turned all night. When he did sleep, he had vivid dreams of the past. He dreamed he was in an old cabin, and a woman was sitting in a squeaking rocking chair. He jolted awake, and then, seeing Kelsi standing over him, he jumped back in fear!

3.

Kelsi tried to keep Daniel busy, but she kept finding him staring at the picture over the couch. He felt like wherever he stood, the photo was looking back at him. Before bed the next night, Daniel asked Opal who was in the picture.

"That's my mother," Opal replied. "I think it was taken in 1929, about 15 years before I was born. Wasn't she beautiful? My dad built the first house here, but there was a fire in 1960, and that picture was the only thing that survived. I was away at school..."

Daniel focused on the picture as Opal told the story. He spent the entire night standing there, staring at the woman he swore was looking back at him.

4.

Daniel finally got some sleep the next night. Still, he had vivid dreams, this time of being in a housefire. He woke up covered in sweat. After a quick trip to the restroom, Daniel stopped in the kitchen to grab a glass of water to cool down. Returning to the living room, he glanced at the

picture above the couch and stopped in his tracks. The Frame! It was empty! Where was the picture!? The hair on the back of his neck stood up.

"Hello." He heard the faint voice from behind him but was too struck with fear to turn around.

Kelsi thought it was odd that she couldn't find Daniel the following morning. She didn't even notice the new picture hanging above the couch- the one of a young couple holding hands and staring right at Kelsi.