

## RED AND THE WOLF ON 86TH STREET

✨Ada Bartlett✨

Hi, My name is Meredith Hood, but my friends call me Red (you can too). I live in New York City. I'm thirteen and in 7th grade. I absolutely *love* having adventures. After all, in life, it is the journey that matters in the end, right? I love biking through Central Park. One of my favorite things to do is go to my Aunt's house. Her name is Ava. She's really cool. (She's not *too* far away. Only on 86th Street). Now that you know a little bit about me, I need to tell you about a scare that happened a few weeks ago.

It was Saturday, and my mom told me that it was time to go to my aunt's house. I got on my bike and started riding. I didn't see anyone out on the streets, and all the stores were closed! I had no idea what was going on. I've never seen this happen before. Even Me, **Meredith Hood**, was thinking about going back. But no, I didn't. I needed to find out what was happening. So I kept riding my bike until I got to my favorite neighbor and BFF –a girl my age named Amelia. I knocked on her door. I heard a loud scream that sounded like Amelia, covered up with “*Shhhhh!*”

And then in a worried voice came, “Just be quiet, don't say ANYTHING” (that sounded like Mrs. Quinn– Amelia's mom). I said in what *I* thought was a reassuring voice, “It's just me, Red.” A moment later, Mrs. Quinn said, still kind of shuddery, “Are you sure? Prove it. Say something that only you, me, or Amelia would know.” I thought

long and hard. “Remember when you, Amelia, my mom, and I went on that trip to Pittsburgh? And Amelia and I pulled an all-nighter?”

I was hoping that she would just open the door and tell me what was happening. Then I heard Amelia say “*Shh!* My mom didn't know about that!”. Finally, they opened the door. (It took a long time because they put so many locks on it.) I walked in, took a deep breath, and exclaimed, “What is happening?!” as Mrs. Quinn locked all the locks again. Mrs. Quinn whispered, “There is a murderer going around New York.” And Amelia said, “They were last seen on 86th street. Isn't that where your Aunt lives?”

I started to panic. Was this a joke? What if something happened to her? *I hope she's OK*, I thought. “I need to go there now. I was already going when I stopped here.”

“No! You can't go out there. There is a *MURDERER*. Plus, it's getting dark.” Mrs. Quinn shout-whispered. I knew what I had to do. I would *say* to Mrs. Quinn and Amelia that I would go straight home, BUT I would just go to my Aunt's house. (I mean, what would *you* do? Actually, don't answer that.) So then I was off to “my house”/ My Aunt's house. When I stepped outside, a gust of wind hit me right in the face. I realized that I was underdressed. I borrowed a red hoodie from Amelia. (Red is actually my favorite color.) Ok. So now I was ACTUALLY getting on my bike to go to Aunt Ava's.

I'm so used to seeing people walking around and being loud, and I love that. But tonight it was so quiet and so different. I didn't like it. As I was riding my bike in Central Park, I turned around and saw someone following me on a bike. I went behind

a tree. When I looked back, he wasn't there. The worst part about this was that my mom wouldn't even know I wasn't at Aunt Ava's until Sunday, because she was expecting me to stay the night at her house. And no one would call or text 'cause I didn't have a phone or watch. (My mom says she's gonna give me a phone next summer 'cause it's the summer before high school).

I have never been so scared in my life (and I watch *a lot* of horror movies). This was like a horror movie but so... different. I thought that maybe, just maybe, there was no murderer? This was one of the three thoughts that kept me going. The thoughts were: 1. my Aunt Ava, 2. the mystery of it all, and 3. maybe this was all fake. I pulled up at Ava's house, my heart beating *thump, thump, THUMP*. I put my bike down softly and slowly picked up a large stick ( just in case ). I peered into the open front window. A light was on. I heard voices. One sounded like Ava, and the other sounded like... a *man*.

I looked closer and saw him. He had big grey hair, giant canines, and piercing blue eyes. I saw my Aunt in a chair, tied up in chains! The man was cutting her hair with a giant razor blade! I started to panic. I tried to move, but I couldn't. I had to build up the courage to walk inside, murderer or not.

I took a deep breath and entered the front door. There he was, the scary man I saw through the window. I said in a quivering voice, "wha...what big eyes you have". He just looked up and smiled, revealing his razor-sharp teeth. "What big teeth you have!". I looked down at his hands. "And what a big razor you have!"

“Better to cut your hair with!” he replied. Aunt Ava looked up and said, “Red, you’re here!” She introduced Wolfgang and explained that he was her friend who wanted to be a hairstylist. He was practicing on her. She stood up and took off a barber cape that was decorated in chains. It took me about four hours to calm down, but in the end, I did get a pretty cool haircut from Wolfgang too.

**THE END**