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☆☆☆☆☆ “A pure genius of a horror story and one of fastest books you’ll ever read!”
~*T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)*

81 Minute Books Presents

Red Crayons

Preview

Written by Ron Knight

Part 1

“I was quiet; a loner. I was one of those children where if you put me in a room and gave me some crayons, you wouldn’t hear from me for nine straight hours.” ~ *Gary Oldman (Sirius Black, Harry Potter)*

Facts

63% of all American children between the ages of 2 and 7 will use a red crayon at least once today.

American children will spend 6.3 billion hours with a red crayon this year, which is 27 minutes a day.

What do all these numbers that are mentioned have in common?

63% (6+3=9)

Between ages 2 and 7 will use red crayon (2+7=9)

6.3 billion hours (6+3 =9)

27 minutes a day (2+7=9)

Based on a true story.

The names in this book have been changed to protect their identity.

Part 1

Nine gifted second graders at Rose Water Elementary were placed in Ms. Hevel’s advanced class; five girls, four boys.

They would be kept away from the other second graders because these children showed signs of being exceptional in areas of learning comprehension and imagination.

Ms. Hevel had been teaching for nineteen years and seen plenty of second graders assigned to her class. These students, like the others before them, would be treated special the rest of their lives because of their extraordinary talents.

Ms. Hevel decided that was going to stop...today.

“Sit in a circle,” Ms. Hevel told the nine students. “Some people say that you children are smarter than any other second graders in the United States.” She looked over the group. “Do you believe that?”

None of them answered. Instead, they gazed at their teacher with eyes that seemed to look deep into her mind.

Ms. Hevel placed a box of red crayons and white paper in the middle of the children. “You will color each day for nine minutes, but only with red crayons.” She paused, glaring at the children. “Any second grader can draw amazing pictures if given a box of crayons with fifty colors to choose. Let’s see what you can do with only the red crayons.”

Each child took a piece of paper and a red crayon, then began drawing.

“Wait!” Ms. Hevel screamed. “I didn’t say you could start yet.”

She unlocked the door to her *special* closet, went inside and returned with nine white plastic masks.

“Put these on.” Ms. Hevel tossed a mask to each student. “None of you are special anymore. Your faces will look the same.”

Ms. Hevel had another idea. “Tell your parents that for now on, you’re only to wear a red shirt and jeans.”

The students slid on their white mask and looked up at their teacher. Their voices echoed behind the plastic. “Yes, Ms. Hevel. . .”

Every morning the students would color for nine minutes with their red crayons while wearing a white mask. They dressed in a red shirt and jeans, just as Ms. Hevel had asked them to do.

As the year went on, the students decided to wear their masks all the time, even after school and at home.

Then, strange and terrifying things began to happen.

Regan

Regan, one of the gifted second graders at Rose Water, stood in front of her neighbor’s house at midnight until the last light was shut off. She still had on her red shirt and jeans.

She repeated this process every midnight, sneaking out of the house so her parents wouldn’t know.

One evening when the neighbor’s house was completely dark, Regan smiled, placed on her white mask and made her way to the back porch, crawled through the cat door and into the kitchen.

Regan then crawled along the kitchen floor, looking carefully in the darkness for a certain spot.

“There you are,” she whispered. Regan picked up a piece of loose tile located just inside the pantry and looked inside. It was difficult to see, however, she could hear the thousands of snakes slithering around their warm home below.

“You need more space,” Regan said with a giggle. “I’ll help you.”

She sat on her bottom and kicked at the rear wall of the pantry until a small hole broke open. Then one by one she reached into the floor, grabbed a slimy snake and placed it in the hole she made.

After about an hour, Regan was able to transport over one hundred snakes. The snakes slithered through the walls, into the living room, upstairs, bedrooms, bathroom and closets.

Soon the snakes will have a larger home to live.

Regan was pleased. She replaced the tile, then reached into her pocket and pulled out a red crayon. In the back of the pantry near the hole she wrote, *Red Crayons*, which represented Regan and her friends.

Their teacher could take away their face, make them wear the same clothes and limit how to color, but this wouldn't stop them.

In fact, they would become what the world fears the most.

Poe

Just down the street, Poe was on his own little adventure. He dressed in his red shirt, jeans and white mask, snuck out of the house and quickly ran in a full sprint across the street while laughing.

His voice echoed in the night as if a tiny clown escaped from an insane asylum.

Under a fake rock at the front door was a key to the house. Poe witnessed the teenage girl using it on several occasions. He entered, closed the door and quickly made his way up the stairs to the girl's bedroom.

Poe had forgotten her name. It was something like Carol, or Katy. He crawled under the bed and remained still for the next hour, listening to her sleep.

She rolled over twice, snored for about ten minutes and even said the word, "Cacodemon," whatever that meant.

An hour slipped by. Poe listened to Carol or Katy breathing. It was nice.

Poe reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a red crayon. He began writing on the wood bedframe above him.

Red Crayons.

Suddenly Carol or Katy yawned, then stepped off the bed. She stumbled to the hallway.

Poe whispered to himself, "She's going to the bathroom." He then giggled. "Peeing. Peeing. Peeing."

Quickly he crawled from under the bed and hurried to the hallway. He looked both ways, then ran to the only closed door. He pressed his ear to the door, listening as Carol or Katy washed her hands.

Poe stepped to the side. Carol or Katy opened the door and stumbled down the dark hallway. Poe silently walked behind her, looking at her pajamas. The bottoms were blue with a Superman logo. The top was red.

Red.

Red.

Red.

Poe followed her into the bedroom. She plopped face-first on the bed, arms spread, instantly falling back to sleep.

Poe gently placed the red crayon on her back. He then opened his mouth like a vampire, leaned by her neck and bit down with all the strength he had, sinking his teeth into the skin while drawing blood.

Carol or Katy screamed into the pillow, jerked up and fell off the bed. She quickly looked around, but Poe was already running down the stairs, giggling.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this book.

This 81 Minute Book is available at the Middle Room Haunted Store.

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