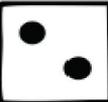
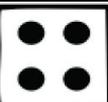
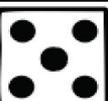
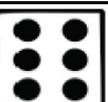


Halloween Roll-A-Story





Halloween Roll-A-Story

	Roll 1 Character	Roll 2 Setting: Time	Roll 3 Setting: Place	Roll 4 Conflict
	Monster	Midnight	Haunted House	An Unusual Discovery is Made
	Witch	Halloween Night	Graveyard	A Mystery Needs to be Solved
	Vampire	At Sunset	Abandoned School	A Dangerous Journey Takes Place
	Zombie	During a Rainstorm	Dark Woods	Someone is Afraid of Something
	Ghost	On the Night of a Full Moon	Pumpkin Patch	Something or Someone is Missing
	Mummy	Before Sunrise	A Laboratory	Someone Needs to be Rescued



Halloween Roll-A-Story

Roll 1 - Character

Zombie

Roll 2 - Setting: Time

Halloween Night

Roll 3 - Setting: Place

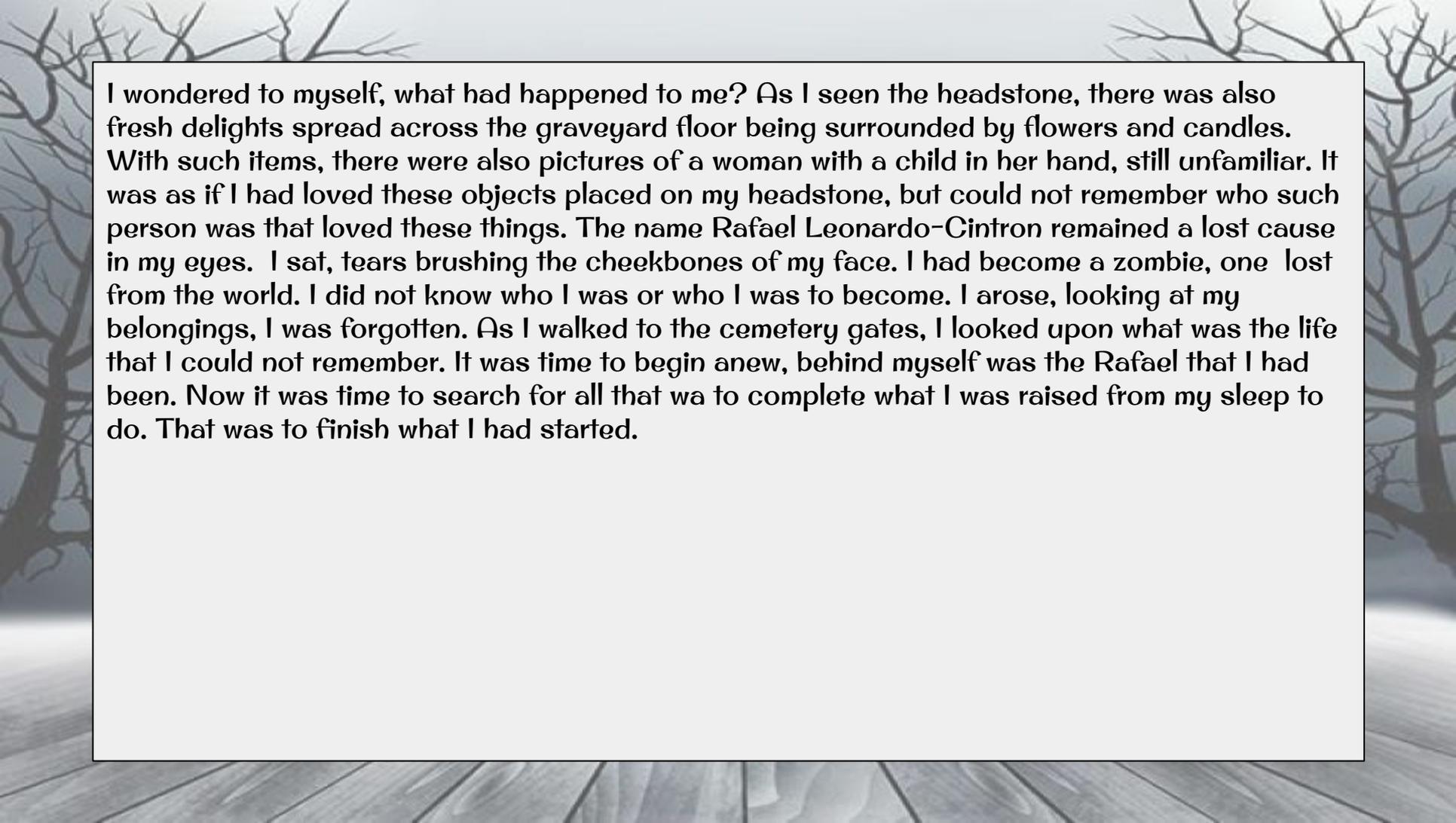
Graveyard

Roll 4 - Conflict

Someone or something is missing



It was a brisk, clear Halloween night in October. The wind was brushing the leaves across the desolate cemetery as the moon enlightened the dark skyline. I remembered it like it was yesterday. I had awoken from the dead in the graveyard, contemplating who I was. I could not remember the past life I had so prominently lived. I did not know whether I had a dog or a sister, what my name was. As I arose from my comfortable yet barren coffin, it felt as if I was returning to reality. The casket door swung open as a cool, fresh breeze had struck my colorless face, providing me with a feeling I had not felt in hundreds of years. Suddenly, something had afflicted my mindset. It had felt as if I was missing something not my limbs but that of something within me. It then struck me, I could not remember my identity. For so long, it had felt that I have been detached from the free world in a barren, entrapping sleep that forced me to forget who I was. As I stepped out of the coffin, I had seen that there were multiple people around me, visiting their loved ones. I ran to them, shouting "Can you hear me? Who am I!". As I shouted and shouted, a tree stump suddenly appeared in front of me, trampling my escape run in such course. I fell, flowing through the people who were visiting the loved ones. I had realized that I was not in such present reality, that I could not come into contact with the real world, as if I was in a separate dimension. I had wandered back to where I was originally laid to rest, Returning, my eyes has gazed upon the headstone as the name read Rafael Leonardo-Cintron. It did not ring a bell. I sat, forcing myself to remember who I was.



I wondered to myself, what had happened to me? As I seen the headstone, there was also fresh delights spread across the graveyard floor being surrounded by flowers and candles. With such items, there were also pictures of a woman with a child in her hand, still unfamiliar. It was as if I had loved these objects placed on my headstone, but could not remember who such person was that loved these things. The name Rafael Leonardo-Cintron remained a lost cause in my eyes. I sat, tears brushing the cheekbones of my face. I had become a zombie, one lost from the world. I did not know who I was or who I was to become. I arose, looking at my belongings, I was forgotten. As I walked to the cemetery gates, I looked upon what was the life that I could not remember. It was time to begin anew, behind myself was the Rafael that I had been. Now it was time to search for all that wa to complete what I was raised from my sleep to do. That was to finish what I had started.