

Name _____



The Haunting on Midnight Highway

On a dark and stormy night in the quiet town of Willowville, a group of friends found themselves on a road trip to nowhere. Their destination was unknown, and the only guiding force was the winding road that stretched ahead of them like an endless abyss. The thunder roared, and rain pelted their car as they drove down the desolate Midnight Highway.

As they ventured deeper into the night, the car's headlights illuminated the twisted trees that lined the road, their gnarled branches reaching out like skeletal fingers. The atmosphere inside the car was tense, as unease settled among the passengers. The relentless rain drummed a haunting rhythm on the roof, and the wind howled like a ghostly lament.

Suddenly, their headlights flickered, then died, plunging them into total darkness. Panic gripped the group as they fumbled for their phones, their feeble screens revealing nothing but the void beyond the windows. The engine sputtered and died, leaving them stranded in the heart of Midnight Highway.

As fear tightened its grip, they heard faint whispers outside the car. Ghostly figures appeared in the rain-soaked windows, their pale faces contorted in agony. The friends huddled together, their breaths misting in the cold air.

Desperation led them to step out of the car, and they found themselves surrounded by shadowy figures. Each figure whispered a chilling tale of despair and loss, their voices blending into a haunting chorus that echoed through the night.

Their only hope lay in a mysterious, abandoned house nearby, where the spirits beckoned them. With trembling hearts, they followed the spectral path to the decrepit mansion, their footsteps echoing in the empty halls.

The house bore the weight of countless secrets, and the friends would soon discover that Midnight Highway held more than just darkness—it held the echoes of lost souls who sought solace in the living world.