

Simon is 10 years old, in 4th grade. He enjoys swimming and playing with his older brother. Lawley Publishing published his book - *Story Power!* (coauthored with his grandma Stephanie Wildman). He is the sole author of this story.

Lost Souls
by Simon Chung

The green car suddenly roared into life on a rampage. It was like a massacre of traffic lights and signs. The sleek nightmare was cruising under the shine of the moon.

A few blocks away from the previous night's catastrophe, a little boy and his friend Matilda were walking home from school. "Matilda," Frank said, "I think we're lost." It was true Frank's house was nowhere near where they were.

They walked a few blocks and then determined that they were really lost.

On the block, there were many obstacles. Trees were uprooted and sprawled across the street. A lawn had tire marks all over it. Power lines were toppled over, and traffic lights were bent. "Why are all these trees uprooted?" Matilda asked.

"I don't know, but this place is in ruins," Frank said.

"It's almost dusk, so we should get moving," Matilda said.

An hour later, the two of them still couldn't find their destination. "Let's camp for the night by that green car. I don't think we'll make it home," Matilda suggested.

Vvvvvrrrrrrroom!

"What was that?" Once more the monstrosity came alive, ready to terrorize people until it reached its goal. "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh," Matilda screeched.

"Must find companion must find companion," the car whispered.

"What did it say!?" Matilda asked.

"Something about companions, I think," Frank said. "Hey, car, if you want companions, we'll be yours if you stop terrorizing people."

"Really," the car wondered, *"You'd do that for a haunted car?"*

"Sure, but only if you're nice," Matilda replied cautiously.

"Of course, my name is Ghoul."

"I'm Frank, and this is my friend Matilda. We're lost."

"Would you like a ride home? I could navigate well with my built-in GPS," Ghoul suggested.

"That would be great, thanks," Frank agreed.

The moral of this story is don't judge a book by its cover. This means that you shouldn't determine who someone is without meeting them.

