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**Honesty Is the Best Policy**

One day, in a classroom of a really old school, there was this group of students gathered together talking and chatting about the rumors they heard and the gossips they shared. Suddenly, a boy from the group, Alex, interrupted Jane from sharing her stories about camping. “Have you guys heard that this school is haunted?”

Tom looked up at him and said, “No, and I don’t believe in any of that.”

Alex ignored him and said, “Some previous students from this school saw ghosts and other creatures, such as goblins and trolls, walking around and hiding in the corridors and sometimes the classrooms.”

“Stop this nonsense, Alex. You are scaring Tom,” said Jane, looking at Tom, who was now sweating a lot and shaking from head to toe since he was really scared of horror things although he was the oldest of the three.

Alex then replied, “But you love stories like this, Jane. Don’t you want to hear more?” He didn’t wait for her answer and continued talking. “They sometimes are in the washrooms waiting to jump-scare you when you enter or sometimes appear on the mirror, but when you look behind you, you see nothing but the confused faces of others, wondering what they had just seen. And if you look at the mirror again for too long, monsters will grab you from the other side of the mirror to a world full of nightmares.”

Tom asked in a small voice, “But that doesn’t happen in real life, right, Jane?”

Before Jane could answer, Alex replied, “Oh yes, it does, Tom. Yes, it does!”

The bell rang and it was time to go home. Nervously, Tom walked through the corridor to the entrance of the school. He suddenly screamed at the top of his lungs, turned around, and started to hit the person who scared him, thinking that it was Alex. “Alex, don’t do that to me, alright?”

It was Jane who scared him. She was grinning wildly at Tom and said nothing.

The next day, it was Halloween. The school was decorated with cobwebs, spiders, and jack-o-lanterns. But there was something wrong in here.

“Where’s everybody?” asked Alex out loud. He walked towards his classroom, looked around, and saw a goblin standing across him, looking straight at him through the window. Alex, already frightened, shook his head and looked again to where the goblin was, but it was gone. Thinking that it was just his head playing tricks on him, he walked into the washroom, with his jaw hanging open, his face full of fright, and sweat running down his face.

He saw ghosts dressed in white and vampires and zombies looking at him hungrily. Alex quickly turned to run away from there, but he saw more and more of them surrounding them.

Alex, unable to escape, asked, “What do you want from me? I didn’t do anything wrong!”

“No, Alex. You really did something wrong. You lied!” said an unknown voice.

“What did I lie about?” he asked. Then he realized, “Oh, that was just a joke.”

“You almost made Tom not come to school, you know that?” Jane said. Everyone took off their masks and smiled at Alex.

“Jane? What is this all about?” Alex asked, feeling betrayed since they made him so scared. “Please don’t do this again.”

“We will if you promise to stop lying about those horror stories you love making,” everyone said, “because honesty is the best policy.”