

Ben was in seventh grade by the time his parents finally decided he no longer needed a babysitter when they went out. Ben couldn't have agreed more. He figured he could take care of himself and looked forward to having some time alone at the earliest opportunity. Ben was thrilled when his parents said they were going out for dinner and dancing to celebrate their anniversary. Now he could finally watch the scary movie his parents wouldn't permit him to watch. He'd been hiding it in his room ever since his friend Timothy had loaned it to him.

Ben's parents departed for their anniversary celebration around seven that evening. It would be dark soon, and he could barely contain his enthusiasm. He could eat junk food for dinner, play on the computer for hours, and of course, watch the horror flick his parents had said "no" to many times. Ben knew they were just being protective, but he wasn't concerned about being too frightened. He was a lot braver than his parents thought. Ben satisfied his growing appetite with leftover pepperoni pizza, potato chips, and nearly a whole gallon of ice cream. Then he played on his computer until it was pitch black outside. "Now it's time for the movie," he said to himself as he settled in on the couch.

The movie started out just a little creepy, but about halfway through it got really spooky. Ben felt himself getting more and more frightened. Suddenly, after a particularly terrifying scene, he started shaking and tears filled his eyes. He instantly turned off the movie, but he still couldn't stop replaying the scenes in his mind. He was so scared that he didn't move until his parents returned, and he promised himself that he would never again watch a movie his parents cautioned him against.