

10/31/99



TREVOR BRAUNER

THE AUTUMN FALLS NOTES

October 1'st, 2024

I've been recently thinking about my entire life and what went on in it. While doing that, I unearthed a very old memory. It was Halloween, 1999. I was 9 years old, trick or treating with my grandparents. Now I don't really remember what happened before or after the event that I now remember fondly, but that part doesn't really matter. I got scared by a kid that jumped out at me. A teenage boy in a cat mask. I screamed and tripped a little bit as he started laughing. Later that night, the same kid went missing after his parents were stabbed in their sleep. 7 years later, with murdered grandparents and what some would call a more psychotic mindset, I found the truth and it almost killed me. Now I'm here.

-T. Kelsey

October 31'st, 1999

Under the pale light of half a moon, kids in costumes pushed down the leaf littered streets of Oaknox. Lindsey Zodd stepped up the stairs of the wooden porch of the house, passing by a couple lit jack o' lanterns. Wood floors creaked as she stepped up to the front door and rang the doorbell. No answer. The lights in the windows shut off right after. Lindsey sighed and turned around.

"This street sucks. It's not even that late out." She mumbled as she walked back down the steps. "You wanna go to the next street over, Morgan?"

She looked up after not hearing the voice of her kind of friend.

"Morgan...?" She whispered softly.

She looked around to the dark side of the yard, in between the two houses she stood at.

"Mor-"

"GAAAH"

A kid in a cat mask yelled as he popped out of the shadows. Lindsey dropped to the ground in panic, hitting a pile of leaves on the grass. Her bucket flinging candy all over the yard.



16 year-old Morgan Waterson started laughing.

"This never gets old for me, what about you?" he asked.

"You're an ass, Waterson. You know that right?" Lindsey responded angrily, getting up from the slightly wet grass.

"When do you not tell me that? Can't do anything with you without you saying that." Morgan continued.

Lindsey started picking up some of the candy off the ground.

"Don't know why I still hang out with you." Lindsey mumbled.

"It's because you still consider me a friend and care about me." Morgan responded.

"Pfft. That's not true. I can leave this group whenever I want." Lindsey said, picking up the rest of her candy.

"Go ahead. Head home right now and never talk to me again. Try it out." Morgan said, arms crossed and smirking.



Lindsey turned around, ready to continue her night on her own, then turned back around.

"Fine, I'll stay. Don't know why though." Lindsey annoyedly mumbled.

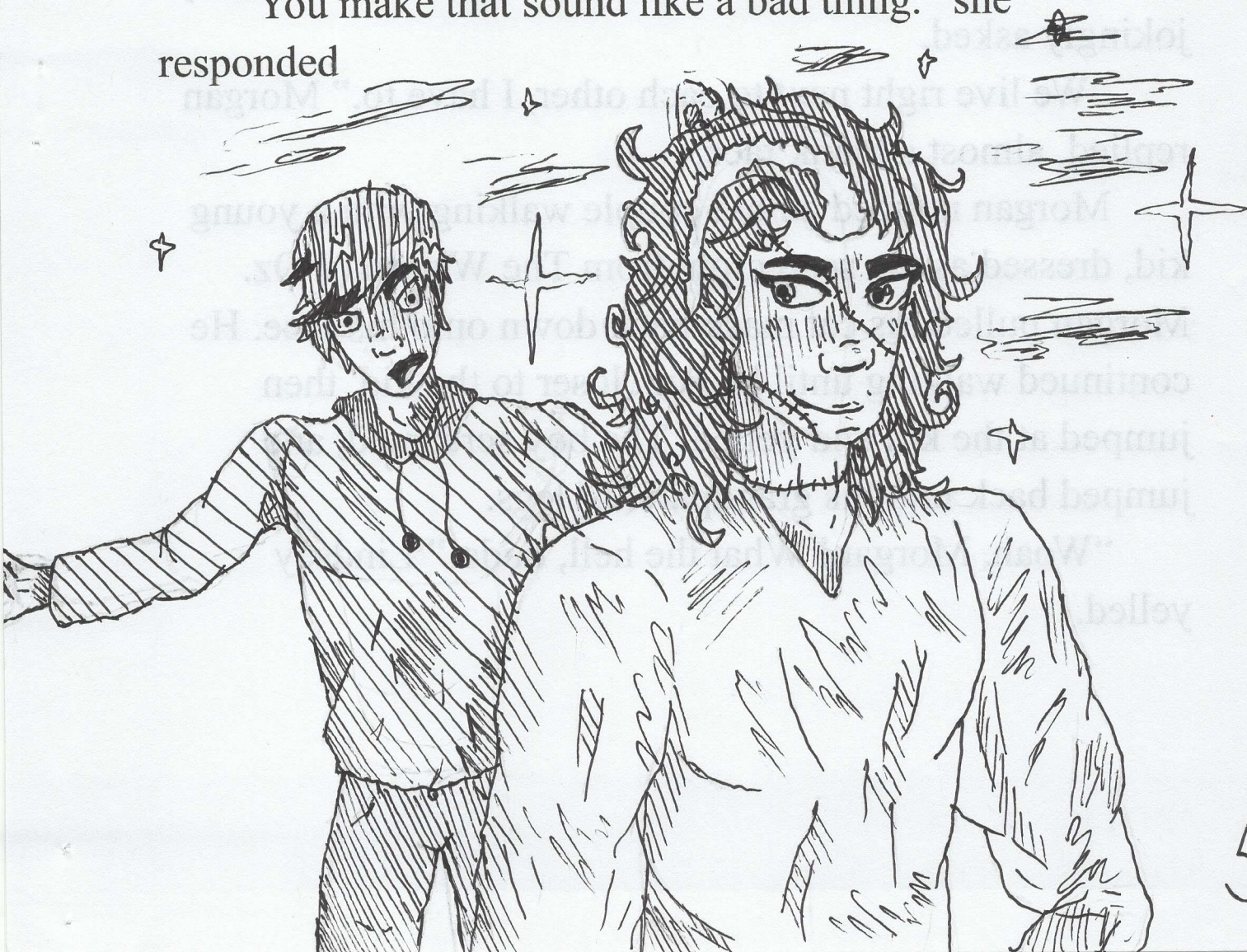
“Great. Anyway, while we're out here, do you wanna go explore the old Happytime restaurant?” Morgan asked. “I know the guy who did the killing, my uncle told me the whole story.”

“Is this another weird kind of date thing you're asking me to do?” Lindsey questioned him, staring at him until she got a response.

“No, no. I'm just trying to have fun tonight, with my only friend.” Morgan mumbled out that last part slowly.

Lindsey heard him as she was turned around.

“You make that sound like a bad thing.” she responded



Lindsey pulled back her robe's sleeve and looked at her watch.

"Well, probably not. My parents don't like when I'm out late, they get worried. They're probably even more worried because they know I'm out here late with you." she told Morgan.

"Fine, I guess we'll head back." Morgan responded.

The two started walking back to their homes, kicking up orange and red leaves off the sidewalk and into the black asphalt.

"Aw, what? You tryna walk me home now?" Lindsey jokingly asked.

"We live right next to each other, I have to." Morgan replied, almost a blank face.

Morgan noticed an old couple walking with a young kid, dressed as the scarecrow from The Wizard of Oz. Morgan pulled his cat mask back down onto his face. He continued walking until he got closer to the kid, then jumped at the kid and yelled. The boy screamed, and jumped back into his grandparents' legs.

"Woah, Morgan! What the hell, dude!" Lindsey yelled.

Morgan began laughing as he pulled his mask off and continued walking away, until one of the grandparents called out to him.

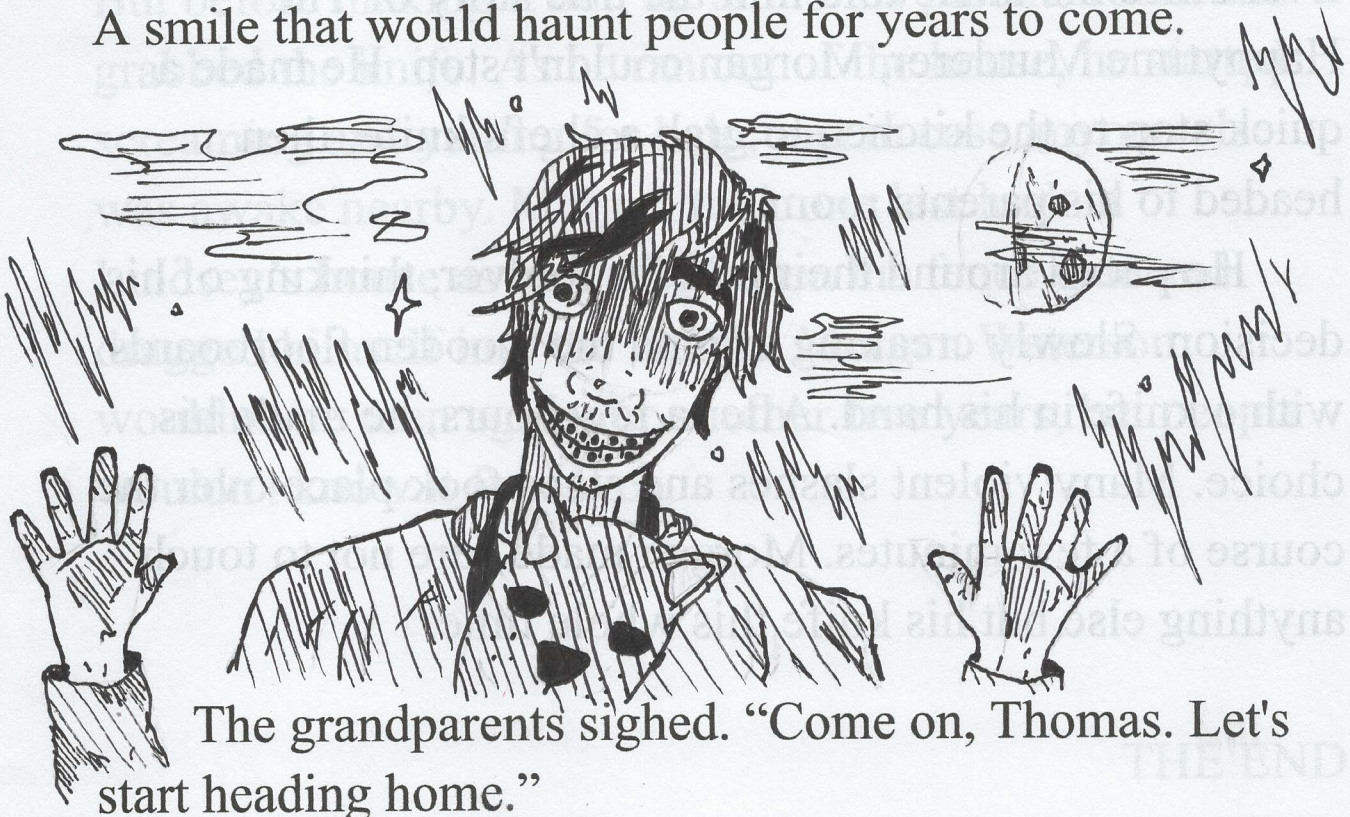
“Hey! That was an awful thing to do, especially to a little kid!” the kid’s grandma yelled out.

Morgan turned to them with his hands raised slightly to his chest.

“What kind of parents raised you to do that? They should have done better!” The grandpa added.

“You know, maybe you’re right. Maybe they should have raised me better.” Morgan replied.

He was smiling at them. A creepy, unnerving smile. A smile that would haunt people for years to come.



The grandparents sighed. “Come on, Thomas. Let’s start heading home.”

After a while, Morgan and Lindsey made it back to their houses Two houses right next to each other. The kids met in school, but this is how they started meeting up.

"Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow, maybe."
Morgan said, walking up his driveway.

"Yeah, maybe." Lindsey responded, walking up to her front door.

Morgan's parents were already asleep for a while, meaning the house was in the dark for some time. His parents were deep sleepers. Perfect.

Morgan had these ideas in his head for a while. A weird fascination with killers and these kinds of crimes. Ever since his uncle told him the true story of The Happytime Murderer, Morgan couldn't stop. He made a quick stop to the kitchen to grab a chef's knife, then headed to his parents room.

He paced around their bed for forever, thinking of his decision. Slowly creaking around the wooden floorboards with a knife in his hand. After a few hours, he made his choice. Many violent slashes and stabs took place over the course of a few minutes. Morgan made sure not to touch anything else but his knife this whole time.

Once he was done, he left the knife inserted into one of his parents. He didn't know which one, since it was too dark to recognize features.

Without touching anything with his bare hands, he went downstairs to find some gloves in the kitchen. That's when the second part of the plan kicked off. He first went outside and grabbed a heavy rock and threw it through his living room window. Morgan tore off the gloves, went back inside and left the backdoor wide open. He ran to his room and started staging a kidnapping, throwing and dragging stuff around as if he's in a hassle with someone else. He went on the path from his room to the back door. But before making it out, he ran to his parents room and grabbed the knife. As he ran out of the house, he started screaming and yelling for help, just in case anyone else was awake nearby. Morgan took one last look at Lindsey's house as he kicked open his fence gate and dragged himself into the woods. Morgan Waterson wouldn't be seen again for another five years, but people wouldn't know it for seven.

THE END

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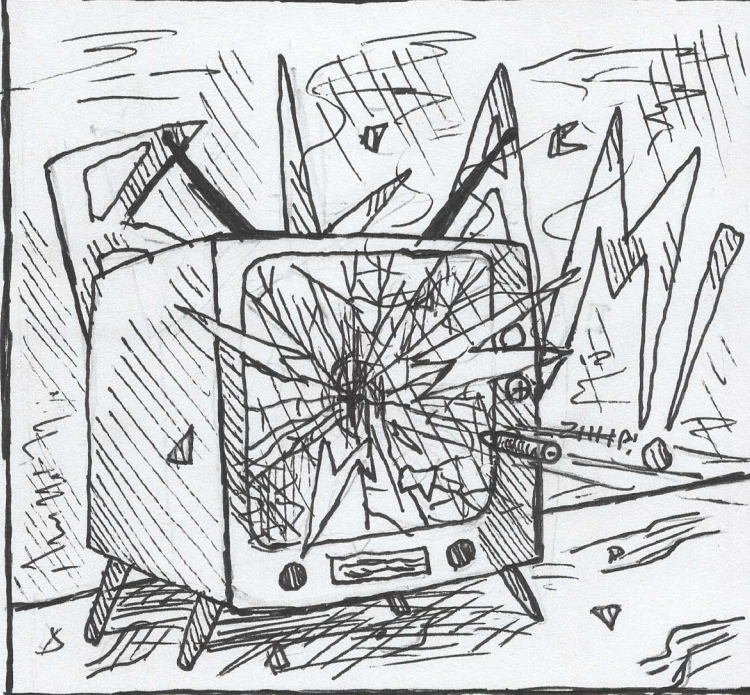
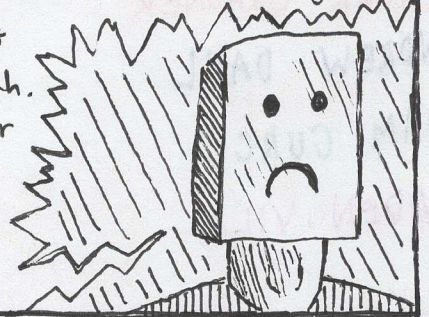
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THE END

This is a County-wide announcement. Unknown Serial killer of 5 years, known only as "The Costume Killer, is officially confirmed to still be at large.



Another victim was discovered after a group of teens found the attic where the bodies were dumped, with one being placed there the night before. This killer is still out on his 5 year spree and should not be messed with. The police have authorized a 'bounty' on the killer, dead or alive. But police only suggest to go after or interact if absolutely needed. Do NOT go out of your way to approach. Do NOT go out of your way to find. DO NOT GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO HUNT HIM DOWN!-



THE CHORROR KIDS

2026

The Horror Kids Comic

Set Release: ?/?/2026?

CAST

- TREVOR BRAUNER
- ANDREW DAHL
- ADAM CURCIC
- CADEN VILA



COMING SOON

RELEASED ON
Sept. 19th, 2025

HAPPY 16th
BIRTHDAY
MORGAN

9/19/99

♡ Mom
&
DAD

