

30% WILD

SCARY ANIMALS IN THE BACKYARD

printable

Night of the [INSERT CREATURE HERE]
A Terrifying Fill-in-the-Blank Mad Lib Story

– An original story from “Introducing 30% Wild,” Episode 1.1 of the “[30% Wild Podcast](#)”–

First, fill in:

_____	A nearby place
_____	First person’s name
_____	Second person’s name
_____	Third person’s name
_____	Fourth person’s name
_____	A landmark
_____	A kind of mark
_____	An adjective
_____	A second adjective
_____	Two kinds of food
_____	A sound a person makes
_____	An object in your pocket
_____	An animal
_____	Noise an animal makes
_____	Noise a person makes

Now, read this story in your spookiest campfire story voice, filling in the blanks:

It was a night just like this one. We spent the day in the _____ (*place*), in a place just like this. Fantastic day outside, despite all those warnings about _____ (*animal*) attacks.

Who would listen to those? This was the same _____ (*place*) where we went every year. Might as well have been my backyard, right?

The sunset faded as we swapped stories around the campfire, laughing about the old guy where _____ (*first person’s name*) bought our firewood: “Beware!” he said. “Beware the _____ (*animal*)!” raving about some legend and attacks way back in the ‘50s or something. Hilarious! But...a little less hilarious as the shadows around us lengthened into the gloom of night.

_____ (*second person’s name*) started that same story about the haunted _____ (*landmark*) outside our hometown, and the night they spent there. I could practically recite it myself. Once again we heard about with the mysterious lights and _____ (*noise a person makes*). Little did I know I’d never hear _____ (*second person’s name*) tell that story again.

_____ (*second person’s name*) got to the part - again - about the _____ (*kind of mark*) on the car door next morning when I noticed it: the crickets had stopped. An eerie silence descended beyond our firelit circle of faces, as though the _____ (*place*) held its breath-while **something** listened.

Then I heard it: the first rustle, off to my right. And another one. Almost like... footsteps. **Something** was moving through the pitch black trees.

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“Shhh!” I said. Everyone jumped, then started to laugh, but I held up my hand. “What’s that sound?”

Silence. Silence around the campfire, and a _____ (first adjective) silence in the _____ (place). No rustling - but no crickets, either. Did I imagine it? That feeling of being watched? **Something** was out there, listening in the dark.

_____ (second person’s name) looked at me. “Sure, break into my story just as I reach the best part, where the hook-”

A _____ (noise an animal makes) ripped into the silence and a shiver slid down my spine. _____ (third person’s name) looked at me, eyes round with fear, and mouthed “ _____ (animal)!”

“What was that?” _____ (fourth person’s name) whispered, as the moon broke through, its watery light casting weird shadows through the _____ (place). _____ (first person’s name) and _____ (fourth person’s name) whipped around, searching for what had made that **terrifying** _____ (noise an animal makes). But no one was looking when the next footfalls came behind our backs. The creature had circled us without a sound as we huddled around the flickering fire.

We stared as a shadow detached itself from the thicket, with glowing eyes and movement too fast to follow. Something big, headed for _____ (second person’s name). Faster than anyone could stand or move, the shadow sprang, the firelight revealing the _____ (animal) in all its fearful power! Suddenly everyone was running, _____ (two kinds of food) flying. We raced down the trail, feet powered by panic. In the chaos it was impossible to follow the trail, impossible to think, only running, straining our ears to hear the _____ (animal), dreading to hear its footfalls behind us, yet dreading more what we couldn’t hear, as it hunted us, a silent predator in the unbroken night.

_____ (third person’s name) fell first. I heard the _____ (sound a person makes) of the impact, and then the scream. No one went back, no one even looked. We were mindless adrenaline, flight without fight, only prey scrambling to survive. I alone reached the cars, scrambling for the gleam of mirror and chrome and grabbing for the _____ (object in your pocket). I fumbled it, then dropped it in my panic before at last I could tear the door open, a second from safety as the moon broke through again.

It was then that I saw it. Silhouetted on the ridge, the _____ (animal) stared back. Its _____ (adjective) eyes looked straight into my very soul. My mind stopped as I clung to the car door, and the fickle moon hid again behind the clouds.. The _____ (place) plunged back into darkness as the _____ (animal) threw back its head... and HOWLED!



Learn more about “30% Wild” and scary creatures like this at
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