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Summary:

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Case File: 1903, Red Crayons

Classification: Confidential – Educational
Psychological Disturbance

Location: Rose Water Elementary School,
Ohio

Summary

Nine second-grade students enrolled in the Rose Water Elementary Gifted Program were subjected to an experimental behavioral intervention designed by the faculty to

“encourage humility and cooperation among extremely gifted children.”

The intervention required the children to wear identical red shirts, jeans, and white plastic masks while only using red crayons for all creative assignments.

Within two weeks, the students began exhibiting coordinated, retaliatory behavior toward teachers, classmates, and administrative staff, then eventually the entire town.

Subjects

Regan L, Age 7, Female. “The ability to mentally manipulate others; tendency towards leadership.”

Poe R., Age 8, Male. “Advanced linguistic ability; persuasive personality.”

Bryn T., Age 7, Female. “High emotional intelligence; manipulative.”

Justin P., Age 7, Male. “Mathematical prodigy; methodical.”

Ginny D., Age 8, Female. “Creative strategist; strong influence over peers.”

Toby H., Age 7, Male. “Technological aptitude; quiet observer.”

Ruston K., Age 7, Male. “Photographic memory; perfectionist.”

Disa J., Age 8, Female. “Strong moral reasoning; excels in acting and make-believe.”

Carrisa S., Age 7, Female. “Artistic visionary; fixation on color symbolism.”

Incident Timeline

August 1, 2006:

Principal Green authorizes “Uniform Expression Limitation” experiment, led by teacher Ms. Hevel. Students are instructed to wear identical red shirts, jeans, and white masks, and use only red crayons for all art and written work.

August 2-4, 2006:

Ms. Hevel reports decreased verbal participation and increased whispering among the nine students. Red crayon drawings begin to feature abstract geometric patterns and coded symbols.

August 7, 2006:

A substitute teacher finds her lesson plans replaced with red-marked pages reading “We see you.” Surveillance footage shows no unauthorized entry.

August 8, 2006:

All lockers in the school have a picture of the student who uses each specific locker. The student is lying in a grave. The pictures drawn with red crayons.

August 9, 2006:

The main hallway in the school is covered in red crayon markings forming a continuous spiral pattern. Teachers report dizziness and disorientation upon entering. The gifted “Red

Crayons” students are found seated in silence, hands stained in red.

Behavioral Analysis

The gifted second graders demonstrated collective intelligence beyond expected developmental levels. Communication appeared nonverbal, relying on synchronized gestures and shared visual cues.

The color red became a unifying symbol of defiance and identity. Attempts to separate the children resulted in emotional distress and refusal to speak.

Psychological evaluation suggests the intervention triggered a shared sense of injustice, leading to a self-organized hierarchy with Regan and Poe as primary decision-makers. The group’s retaliatory actions were methodical, symbolic, and executed with precision.

Administrative Response

- Parents notified and advised to seek independent psychological evaluation.
- Cameras were added to the classroom for further study.
- Some faculty have been placed on administrative leave for mental treatments.

Current Status

Reports indicate continued use of red crayons despite access to full color sets. Several new schools have reported coordinated behavioral anomalies involving red markings appearing on walls and notebooks.

Investigator's Note

The “Red Crayons” focuses on the ethical dangers of psychological manipulation in educational settings. The children’s collective response suggests a profound awareness of control and identity.

Filed by: T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)

Department: Rose Water School Board

Published by: Hallowfield Publishing

“I was quiet; a loner. I was one of those children where if you put me in a room and gave me some crayons, you wouldn’t hear from me for nine straight hours.” ~ *Gary Oldman (Sirius Black, Harry Potter)*

Facts

63% of all American children between the ages of 2 and 7 will use a red crayon at least once today.

American children will spend 6.3 billion hours with a red crayon this year, which is 27 minutes a day.

What do all these numbers that are mentioned have in common?

63% ($6+3=9$)

Between ages 2 and 7 will use red crayon
($2+7=9$)

6.3 billion hours ($6+3 =9$)

27 minutes a day ($2+7=9$)

The number 9 seems to be significant with the Red Crayons.

The names in this book have been changed to protect their identity.

RED CRAYONS

CASE FILE: 1903A

Nine gifted second graders at Rose Water Elementary were placed in Ms. Hevel's advanced class; five girls, four boys.

They would be kept away from the other second graders because these children showed signs of being exceptional in areas of learning comprehension and imagination.

Ms. Hevel had been teaching for nineteen years and seen plenty of second graders assigned to her class. These students, like the others before them, would be treated specially for the rest of their lives because of their extraordinary talents.

Ms. Hevel decided that was going to stop...today.

“Sit in a circle,” Ms. Hevel told the nine students. “Some people say that you children are smarter than any other second graders in the United States.” She looked over the group. “Do you believe that?”

None of them answered. Instead, they gazed at their teacher with eyes that seemed to look deep into her mind.

Ms. Hevel placed a box of red crayons and white paper in the middle of the children. “You will color each day for nine minutes, but only with red crayons.” She paused, glaring at the children. “Any second grader can draw amazing pictures if given a box of crayons with fifty colors to choose. Let’s see what you can do with only the red crayons.”

Each child took a piece of paper and a red crayon, then began drawing.

“Wait!” Ms. Hevel screamed. “I didn’t say you could start yet.”

She unlocked the door to her *special* closet, went inside and returned with nine white plastic masks.

“Put these on.” Ms. Hevel tossed a mask to each student. “None of you are special anymore. Your faces will look the same.”

Ms. Hevel had another idea. “Tell your parents that for now on, you’re only to wear a red shirt and jeans.”

The students slid on their white mask and looked up at their teacher. Their voices echoed behind the plastic. “Yes, Ms. Hevel...”

Every morning the students would color for nine minutes with their red crayons while wearing a white mask. They dressed in a red shirt and jeans, just as Ms. Hevel had asked them to do.

As the year went on, the students decided to wear their masks all the time, even after school and at home.

Then, strange and terrifying things began to happen.

Regan

Regan, one of the gifted second graders at Rose Water, stood in front of her neighbor's house at midnight until the last light was shut off. She still had on her red shirt and jeans.

She repeated this process every midnight, sneaking out of the house so her parents wouldn't know.

One evening when the neighbor's house was completely dark, Regan smiled, placed on her white mask and made her way to the back porch, crawled through the cat door and into the kitchen.

Regan then crawled along the kitchen floor, looking carefully in the darkness for a certain spot.

"There you are," she whispered. Regan picked up a piece of loose tile located just inside the pantry and looked inside. It was difficult to see; however, she could hear the thousands of

snakes slithering around their warm home below.

“You need more space,” Regan said with a giggle. “I’ll help you.”

She sat on her bottom and kicked at the rear wall of the pantry until a small hole broke open. Then one by one she reached into the floor, grabbed a slimy snake and placed it in the hole she made.

After about an hour, Regan was able to transport over one hundred snakes. The snakes slithered through the walls, into the living room, upstairs, bedrooms, bathroom and closets.

Soon the snakes will have a larger home to live in.

Regan was pleased. She replaced the tile, then reached into her pocket and pulled out a red crayon. In the back of the pantry near the hole, she wrote, *Red Crayons*, which represented Regan and her friends.

Their teacher could take away their face, make them wear the same clothes and limit how to color, but this wouldn't stop them.

In fact, they would become what the world fears the most.

Poe

Just down the street, Poe was on his own little adventure. He dressed in his red shirt, jeans and white mask, snuck out of the house and quickly ran in a full sprint across the street while laughing.

His voice echoed in the night as if a tiny clown escaped from an insane asylum.

Under a fake rock at the front door was a key to the house. Poe witnessed the teenage girl using it on several occasions. He entered, closed the door and quickly made his way up the stairs to the girl's bedroom.

Poe had forgotten her name. It was something like Carol, or Katy. He crawled under the bed

and remained still for the next hour, listening to her sleep.

She rolled over twice, snored for about ten minutes and even said the word, “Cacodemon,” whatever that meant.

An hour slipped by. Poe listened to Carol or Katy breathing. It was nice.

Poe reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a red crayon. He began writing on the wood bedframe above him.

Red Crayons.

Suddenly Carol or Katy yawned, then stepped off the bed. She stumbled to the hallway.

Poe whispered to himself, “She’s going to the bathroom.” He then giggled. “Peeing. Peeing. Peeing.”

Quickly he crawled from under the bed and hurried to the hallway. He looked both ways, then ran to the only closed door. He pressed his ear to the door, listening as Carol or Katy washed her hands.

Poe stepped to the side. Carol or Katy opened the door and stumbled down the dark hallway. Poe silently walked behind her, looking at her pajamas. The bottoms were blue with a Superman logo. The top was red.

Red.

Red.

Red.

Poe followed her into the bedroom. She plopped face-first on the bed, arms spread, instantly falling back to sleep.

Poe gently placed the red crayon on her back. He then opened his mouth like a vampire, leaned by her neck and bit down with all the strength he had, sinking his teeth into the skin while drawing blood.

Carol or Katy screamed into the pillow, jerked up and fell off the bed. She quickly looked around, but Poe was already running down the stairs, giggling.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

CASE FILE: 1903B

Bryn

While waiting in the parent pickup line, Bryn's mother arrived in a minivan, hit the automatic door opener and waited as Bryn climbed inside.

Bryn had on her jeans, red t-shirt and white mask. She tossed her backpack on the floor, buckled and gazed forward.

Her mother pulled away, following the other parents out of the school parking lot. She looked in the review mirror. "How was school, honey?"

Bryn: "I like my teacher. She's insane."

Mother: "Insane?"

Bryn: "Yes."

Mother: "Do you know what insane means?"

Bryn: "She has a higgledy-piggledy state of mind."

Mother: "Well..." She looked in the review mirror again. "Honey, you don't have to wear

that mask all the time. It's just what your teacher needs you to do for school."

Bryn: "I'm special. All nine of us in the class are special. That's what Ms. Higgledy-Piggledy told us."

Mother: "Yes, honey. This class is so you can learn how to become even more special, but you can take off the mask when you're not in school."

Bryn reached down, unzipped her backpack and pulled out a red crayon. She held it with her finger and thumb, gazing at the crayon like it had been made of gold.

Mother: "Bryn! Take off that mask! I don't like you wearing it all the time!" She looked in the review mirror. Bryn's eyes gazed at her through the two holes of the mask.

Bryn gripped the red crayon and whispered, "Don't worry, mommy...I'll never kill you."

Justin

Justin's parents walked into his room, seeing Justin wearing his school clothes and the white mask while scribbling on an empty cereal box with his red crayon.

Dad: "Hey Justin, mom and I are worried about you. Is everything okay?"

Justin picked up the cereal box, looking through his mask at the red marks. His voice low when he spoke. "I got ya where I want ya and now I'm gonna eat ya."

Mom held Dad's hand. "Maybe this is just a phase. Justin is gifted and has a big imagination."

Dad: "Yeah. I suppose."

They walked out of the room.

Later that night, both of Justin's parents were sleeping when suddenly they opened their eyes, seeing Justin squatting at the edge of their bed wearing his jeans, red shirt and white mask, holding a red crayon like a spoon.

He growled in a low voice, “I got ya where I want ya and now I’m gonna eat ya.”

Ginny

Ginny’s father walked into her bedroom and noticed hair shavings all over her pink blanket.

Her father pointed at the loose hair. “Ginny! Did you cut your hair?”

Ginny opened her drawer, moved a red crayon to the side and pulled out a large pair of scissors. She rolled her eyes up at her father. “No, daddy. I didn’t cut my hair.”

Her father looked at the blanket, noticing the hair was red. His daughter had blond hair. “Where did it come from?”

Ginny placed the scissors back in her drawer and strolled to her bed, climbed on, lying next to the red hair, playing with it between her fingers. “It’s from the girl next door...Nancy.” Ginny’s eyes locked on her father. “I like her hair...I only took a little.”

Father: "I don't even know what to say." He paused, seeing his daughter's eyes turn into a dark glaze. "When did you go next door and cut little Nancy's hair? She's only in kindergarten."

Ginny: "At night. When everyone's asleep."

Father: "You snuck out of the house, went next door with a pair of scissors, cut off some of Nancy's hair then brought it back and spread her hair over your blanket?"

Ginny: "Yes, daddy."

Father: "Was this last night?"

Ginny: "Yes, but also the night before and the night before that."

Father: "How many times have you done it?"

Ginny shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know...I only took a little bit at a time so no one would notice."

Father: "Why?"

Ginny thought about it for a moment. "I wanted Nancy's hair to sleep with me."

Ginny reached to the side of the bed, opened the drawer and grabbed her red crayon. She then

pulled her white mask from under the pillow, placed the mask on and gently lowered her head to the pillow. She put the red crayon on her stomach.

She then picked up some of the red hair from the bed, letting the pieces float from her fingers.

Her father hadn't moved.

Ginny gazed at him through the white mask. "Goodnight, daddy."

Toby

Toby was forced to learn how to play the piano because his mother learned how to play. In fact, his mother once played piano for a jazz band and made quite a bit of money.

She ended up falling in love with the drummer and getting married.

After Toby was born, the band broke up and her drummer-husband left her. When Toby started second grade, his mother said, "You're going to play the piano and become famous. You're gifted. Talented. Special."

Toby placed his fingers on the piano but didn't move. "My teacher said I need to wear a red shirt, jeans and white mask so I don't act like I'm special."

Mother: "That's in school. You're at home. Now practice your piano."

Toby smiled with his fingers still on the piano keys. "Mommy...I'm going to miss you after you die in your bed."

His mother stumbled back. "What did you say?"

Toby shifted in his seat, turned and stood up. "If I want to learn how to play piano, I'll learn the notes, keys, listen to other music and copy what I've heard. But I'm more than a piano player."

His mother's skin flushed with anger. "You're in second grade. You need to listen to what I'm telling you!"

Toby reached under the piano seat for his white mask and placed it on. "Yes, mother, but if I'm forced to be special in your eyes, then you

may not like watching me stab you in the heart...in your bed.”

His mother grabbed Toby by the shoulders. “Stop saying that! Stop saying you’re going to stab me! Every day you tell me!”

Toby cocked his head. “Okay, mommy?” He paused and adjusted his mask. “Mommy. Do you want to die a different way?”

Ruston

Ruston wasn’t in his room. His grandmother was babysitting while Mom and Dad had a nice dinner together. Grandma was paranoid of messing up. It’s been years since she took care of a child.

Plus, Ruston was a bit nutty. In fact, he’s terrifying.

His parents put him in a special second grade class, but Grandma disagreed with the methods. She would say to her daughter, “The teacher makes her students all wear the same clothes. They color with one crayon. And worst of all,

she makes them wear those horrifying white masks!”

Her daughter would always reply, “It’s okay. Ruston and the others are gifted. It’s the kind of teaching they need to keep control over them.”

Now for the first time, Grandma was babysitting her psycho grandson.

Grandma: “Ruston. Where are you? It’s time to get ready for bed.”

She looked under the bed, then in the closet. Next, she hurried down the hallway and found Ruston in the bathroom, sitting on the floor, staring at the empty tub while wearing his jeans, red shirt and white mask, holding a red crayon.

Grandma: “Ruston. What are you doing?”

Ruston placed the red crayon on the side of the tub. “That little girl in there is so sad...I wish she wasn’t dead.”

Grandma’s fingers began to tremble.

“Ruston...there’s no one in the tub.”

Ruston ignored her and spoke with a whisper. “Take the crayon little girl. Draw me a picture.”

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

CASE FILE: 1903C

Disa

Jenny sent a text to her boyfriend while watching *Grey's Anatomy* on Netflix. This was her first babysitting job and so far, it's been a piece of cake.

She fed Disa Mac and Cheese, put her in the bathtub for a half hour, then sent Disa to bed.

Jenny was paid ten bucks an hour. This was a dream job.

“Jenny...”

The voice behind her ear made Jenny leap off the couch, drop her phone on the floor and knock over the coffee table.

She turned, eyes shifting in every direction.

Suddenly from the shadows Disa appeared. She wore jeans, bare feet, red shirt, white mask and held a red crayon in her hand; a blank sheet of paper in the other.

Jenny took in a deep breath to calm down.
“Disa! You scared the crap out of me!”

Disa walked to the coffee table, flipped it back over and placed the sheet of paper on it.

Jenny’s heart was still thumping. “Disa? Why did you get dressed? You’re supposed to be asleep.”

Disa began drawing. “It’s good to know ghosts are real.”

Jenny: “Excuse me?”

Disa looked up at Jenny. “You’re dead. But I can see you. That means you’re a ghost.” Disa focused back on her sheet of paper, gripping the red crayon and finished what she was drawing.

She then stood up, holding the paper.

Jenny picked up the remote and shut off the T.V. She scooped up her cellphone and sent a text to her boyfriend, “Sorry. The freak is up and I need to put her back to bed. Talk to you in a minute.”

Disa lifted the sheet of paper and handed it to Jenny. “Look at this.”

Jenny took the paper, seeing a picture of a red tombstone with the name Jenny. In front of the tombstone was a smiling child. On the bottom of the paper were words written in red crayon...

You're a ghost and I'm dancing on your grave.

Carissa

Carissa and her mother had gone to the beach. A few days later, Carissa sat next to her mother on the couch with a jar, wearing her jeans, red shirt and white mask. She looked at her mother's face, arms and legs, which were sunburned and beginning to peel.

Carissa picked off the flakes from her mom's dry, sunburned skin. She placed each flake of skin in the jar.

“Um...” her mother said. “What are you doing?”

“I want to save these flakes,” Carissa said as she continued plucking the skin off her mom.

Mother: “Why do you want my dry skin?”

Carissa: “After you die, I’m going to make a mask of your face so that you will always be with me.”

~

Parents of the nine children complained to the school’s principal about how the children were acting at home. The principal then held a meeting with the school board.

Ms. Hevel was forced to resign, and the students were placed into different second grade classes with all the “normal” kids.

This didn’t work.

The nine students clung together and remained terrifying as ever. They wouldn’t speak to anyone else or play with the other kids.

Parents had taken away the white masks, but each time that happened, the children would somehow find another white mask to replace it.

Teachers noticed the “strange” students drawing with only a red crayon. The teachers

decided to just snatch the red crayon out of their hand.

The nine children didn't like their red crayons being taken away.

It made them angry.

~

All through elementary school the nine students couldn't be kept apart. They were nicknamed, "The Red Crayon Kids."

Then by the time they finished fifth grade, they were just called, "Red Crayons."

Middle School

Leon transferred from another school. He was an eighth grader who failed last year and held back. Leon blamed teachers for his bad grades. He blamed his parents for not helping him more.

Most of all, he blamed the other students for getting in his way.

Leon bragged during lunch, "Yeah, at my other school I was in a gang. We ruled. I would

start a gang here, but all of you are puny nerd-buckets.” He would then laugh to himself as if he told the funniest joke in history.

There’s nothing worse than an idiot who thinks their funny.

The Red Crayons were now in sixth grade. All of them were small, except for Justin who was taller than most everyone in the school...except for Leon.

Also, Justin was the one every girl wanted to hang around. Despite this, Justin only stayed close to the five Red Crayon girls and three boys.

When Justin was walking to class he was surprised by Leon, who shoved him in the bathroom, then dragged him to the back stall.

Leon: “I heard you like red crayons.” His breath smelled like peanut butter. “Well, I have something for you.”

Leon reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of red crayons, then shoved them in Justin’s mouth. “Eat them! Eat them! The girls

will love you even more when you crap red!”
Leon laughed to himself while forcing the red
crayons into Justin’s mouth.

Justin began choking. He tried breathing
through his nose, but that didn’t work.

He felt the world slipping away.

~

Justin spent the rest of the day in the nurse’s
office throwing up red wax. His stomach felt
like he ate a box of pins.

After school, Carissa, who was one of the Red
Crayons girls, walked up to Leon and said, “I
like your ear...can I play with it?”

Leon pushed her. “Get away from me, freak.”

Carissa smiled and walked away.

~

Over the next few days Leon kept finding
pictures in his locker. All of the pictures were
the same drawing of a red ear with a slash going
through the ear.

After receiving the ninth picture, Leon went nuts. He looked for Carissa and saw her skipping down the hallway, then turning into the gym.

When Leon burst through the gym door, he didn't see her.

“Leon! Over here!” Carissa waved from the boy's locker room.

In a full sprint, Leon ran to the locker room and chased Carissa. “I don't care if you're a girl! I'm going to rip out your hair and shove it down your throat!”

When he turned the corner next to a set of lockers, he stopped in his tracks, looking in the shower area.

All nine Red Crayons were staring at him, wearing what they wore every day: red T-shirts and jeans. Only this time, they also had on their white masks.

~

It was later that night when a custodian found Leon in the boy's shower. The right side of his face and neck were caked with blood. Inside the right ear was a mechanical pencil that had punctured the earlobe and stuck so deep, it didn't move.

Pinned to his chest was a white sheet of paper that only had two, terrifying words which every student and teacher in the school feared from that point on...

Red Crayons.

To be continued...

You have completed 9 minutes of this case.

Find this case in its entirety at the Middle Room Haunted Experience:

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