

## Triad Note: Clovis Hollow, 1960

A grove just beyond Clovis stalled every car that entered. On Halloween night, two brothers broke down there. Children in paper masks waved from the ditch, dripping with rain. When the brothers followed, the children dissolved into the trees. Small hands tugged at their coats until fabric ripped. By dawn their car was raked with claw marks, too deep for children. Locals called it Clovis Hollow, but the boys never drove through again. Even now, on Halloween, drivers swear their engines falter and paper-masked faces flash in their mirrors.