

PIECES

halloween edition?



Find The Beast

Find the beast and let it be known,

That I will not fall, I will not go.

I will stand strong and end this fight,

Be it with or without the light.

All should tremble before my wrath,

And keep far away, out of my path.

None should be present when I arrive,

If you want to make it out alive.

Find your route and let it prevail,

'None should be happy', as the prophecy entails.

Darkness falls, all is lost

In the shadows, lies a monster

When it rises, you should run

For you won't like, what it's done

Run, run, run

From the mirror

Run, run, run

From the Monster

Melanie and the Ghost

Melanie stood facing the old, rickety mansion at the end of her street. The clouds were thin, gray, and hanging low in the sky, creating an ominous fog across the dimly lit night. The fluorescent streetlight to her left flickered on and off at a slow, uneven pace. Gripping her flashlight, Melanie turned to look behind her. No one could know.

She walked her way up the cracked sidewalk leading to the old, rickety, wooden porch of the old, rickety mansion. The wood boards of the porch creaked as she shakily tiptoed up the stairs and under her feet across the old, rickety porch to the equally old door. The rusted door knob squeaked as she turned it, and as Melanie opened the door it scratched across the hard wood floor.

Entering the house was just as frightening as the last time she had done it, though that last time was less frightening than the time before. Melanie had expected to, again, feel less scared. Her unchanged feelings tightened her chest and shortened her breaths. She led herself through the old, forgotten, and horribly dusty foyer seeing that nothing had changed. The floors were no more curved than before, the cobwebs were no thicker than before, and the curtains still moved with the wind that she herself did not feel.

The house, as suspected by many children, was haunted. That was a given. Melanie had gone in the first time as a dare. Three weeks ago, her slumber party went awry when she chose “dare” in the classic game of “Truth or Dare” and was told to enter the house and come back to tell everyone if the house was haunted or not. For her own betterment, when she got back she told them no.

“It was not haunted,” Melanie had lied, “just full of spiders and spiderwebs and dust.” She did not mind telling these girls a falsehood. These girls were hardly her friends, anyways. But that doesn’t matter much. What matters is that the house is haunted.

Melanie met the spirit that very first night, three weeks ago, after her slumber party went awry. Rather, she thought it went awry. The ghost there is no more harmful than a fly, no scarier than a kitten, and no more disturbing than a flower. The ghost was why Melanie kept going back.

Past the cobwebs she walked, up the old, rickety, narrow, wooden stairs, up, up, up, to the third floor of the old, rickety mansion at the end of her street. The third floor was the dustiest of all. Most people would only venture through the first floor, the second floor if they really wanted to push it. Melanie wanted to see it all, though, that first night with the slumber party that went awry. So, she had gone up the stairs, up, up, up to the third floor and found none other than the ghost.

As she reaches the top of the stairs, Melanie hears the soft singing that she is usually greeted with. “Hello, Beatrice. How have you been?” Melanie asks, looking upon the spirit, a girl who could be no more than 15.

Beatrice turns, the smile across her face mirroring the clean cut that separates her neck from her shoulders. “Good, but I’ve missed you. I am thankful that I have someone to miss, though.” Her accent is different from the living kids in the area, but it’s endearing.

Melanie returns the smile. “I’ve missed you, too.”

Cy Kerchner ‘19

Surprise

*I'll not be surprised if I died
See there, the old haunted house?
For some reason we went inside
I worry we'll never come out*

*See there, the old haunted house?
The door is old and creaky
I worry we'll never come out
From fear, I was breathing weakly*

*The door is old and creaky
I heard it as we went inside
From fear, I was breathing weakly
This house has something to hide*

*I heard it as we went inside
Was it a ghost or the wind? (I'm unsure)
This house has something to hide
Behind me, something closed the door.*

*Was it a ghost or the wind? (I'm unsure)
For some reason we went inside
Behind me something closed the door
I'll not be surprised if I died.*

Sonnet of a Skeleton

I am a skeleton
Bare bones and air
An unlively specimen
With no reason to care.
My soul has long left me
Just here all alone
Under a tree I am buried
My grave is my home.
You're welcome anytime
I'd sure like some guests
Please pardon the grime
And all of the pests.
My soul is off haunting someone, some-
where
I don't mind, the flowers make it seem
like you care.



Poem: Cy Kerchner '19

Illustration: Valerie Huynh '22



Hayley Promise '21

A Deadly Normal Halloween

The wind rustles
a scattered tune.
The skeletons are dancing
to the blues.

Ghosts are knocking
on doors in agony.
But not to haunt you,
they just want candy.

Zombies are crawling
out of their graves soon,
they can't eat their ice cream
without a dessert spoon.

When a vampire visits,
there's no need to shiver,
he's only come by
to borrow some sugar.

Something brews in a cauldron,
the witch cackles in delight.
The "something" is soup,
and won't give you a fright.

The crows rasp out in glee,
"Happy Halloween!
To ghouls, to ghastrs,
and to all in between!"



Hayley Promise '21

One Lonely Skeleton

There once was a skeleton
by the name of Mr. Bone.
It was the night of Halloween
and he was all alone.

“I wish I had a ghostie friend,
or a ghoul pal or a zombie.
But all my bros met ghastly ends,
and now there’s no one by me.”

So Mr. Bone just sighed some more
and listened to a spooky song.
Suddenly, there’s a knock at the door--
Ding dong! Ding dong! Ding dong!

Three children had come to see Mr. Bone,
dressed as a ghost, a ghoul, a zombie.
Now Mr. Bone was not so alone,
and there was no happier soul than he.

The sky was black again, heavy clouds blocking all of the sunlight.

The substance falling from those clouds didn't seem like the normal rain that they were used to.

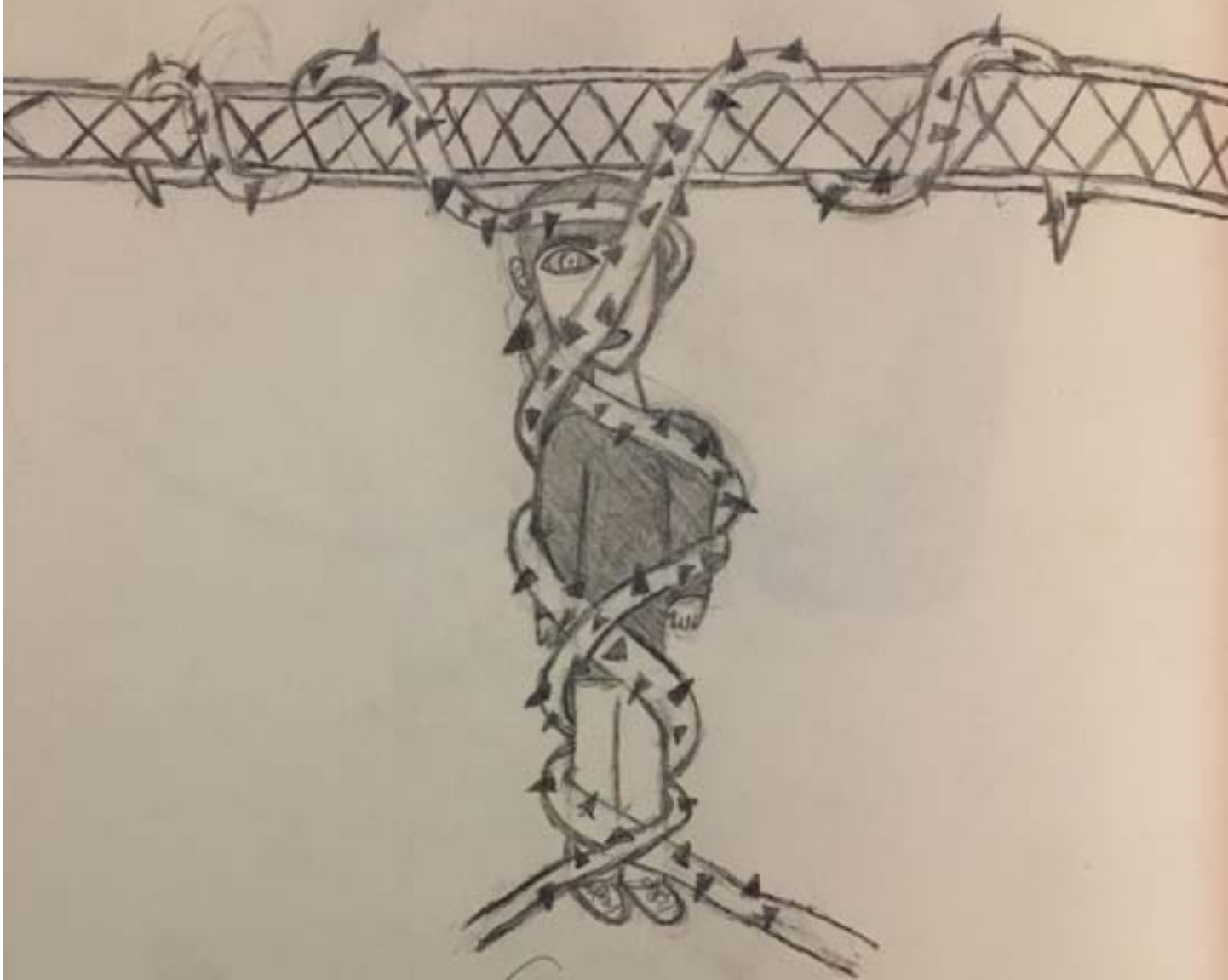
It was thick and dark. perhaps it was the tears of those who were hurting.

Or it was just normal rain that was rapidly covering the earth.

Or maybe it was the blood of those who were dying, trying to catch their breath to escape the inevitable death that was slowly approaching them.

Or maybe it really was just thick rain, rain that for some reason, tasted rusty and was a dark shade of red.


Maybe.



Goretober
Day # 8
"Plant growth"





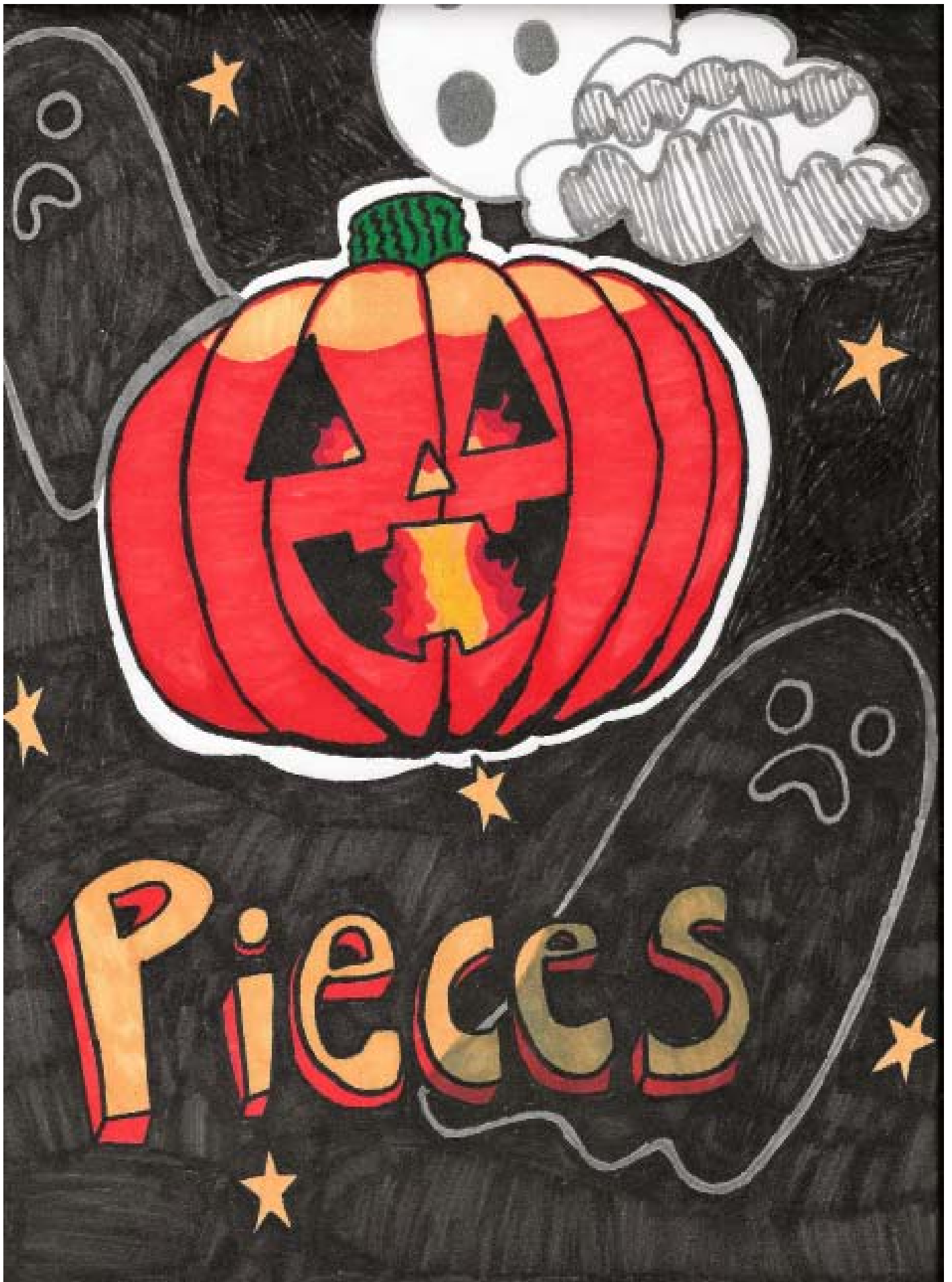
Grace Rhoades '21 



Erin Crane '20



Chloe Pecheux '21





Valerie Huynh '22 and Richie Figuración '21

Blood

I release all the rage onto his head
The bat is tight in my grasp
The hot blood squirts from his head
I get 5 hard swings before I fully realize
what I have done
When I do, I am horrified
I drop the bat. It hits the floor at the
same time as him
I walk away slowly. I turn around and
try to remove the image of the hole
in his face from my mind
A siren squeals in the distance.

STAFF

Editor-in-chief: Joley Raposas '20

Managing Editor: John Mahoney '19

Teacher Advisor: Mrs. Jennifer Wells

Cover Art: Annabel Guo '21

Erin Crane '20

Valerie Huynh '22

Chloe Pechoux '21

Grace Rhoades '21

Cy Kerchner '19

Arrington Scott '21

Annabel Guo '21

Timothy Koebernik '21

Erin Welch '22

Lindsay Hazzan '19

Hayley Promise '21