

October 31st

October 31st, what an interesting night

Kids collecting candy, almost dying of fright.

Some of of their faces rosy red, others ghost white

Oh what joys come on this October night

Adults handing out candy, teens watching scary movies, which fills everybody
with great fear.

As the night goes on, more ghosts and ghouls appear

"Did you see that!" cries a kid, "the boogie man was here!"

October 31st, what an interesting night



Steven DeVito '23

Ever so faintly, I could still hear her Oldies playlist that she always used to listen to. “The Way You Look Tonight” by Frank Sinatra, the 47th song out of her 184-song playlist started to run. I studied that playlist, just for her, I know every song, every lyric, just for her. It matched the scene so exquisitely, I began to hum along to the song, quietly, I always used to hate when she’d catch me singing. Everything about her was just so perfect, I noticed every movement and facial expression, and how they matched what I remembered from years before. She stopped the music and she made her way from the bed to her dresser. A smile grew on my face as I watched her slowly gather a towel and a new set of clothes in preparation for her shower. “God I’ve missed you Abigail.” I whispered soundlessly under my breath. Of course, after all those years without her, only being able to see her through the crevice of her bedroom window was hard for me...but at least in that moment...I finally found where she lived.



Valerie Huynh '22

Recipe for Apple Pie

Ingredients:

A box of premade pie crusts

Red delicious apples

Flour

Sugar

Butter

Lemon juice

Cinnamon and nutmeg



1. Heat the oven to 425 degrees F. Roll out one sheet of pie crust, and place into an ungreased 9-inch glass pie plate. Press the crust down into the edges of the plate. Set aside.
2. In a large bowl, mix together the ingredients for the filling, then spoon it into the lined pie plate. Using a spatula, smooth out the filling until it completely covers the plate.
3. Top with second crust.
4. Wrap the excess crust under the bottom crust's edge, pressing the edges together, to seal. Then, use your index finger and thumb to flute the edge into a design of your liking.
5. Poke slits in the top of the pie to allow steam to come out.
6. Bake 40-45 minutes. Let until apples are soft and the crust is golden brown. It's a good idea to cover the edges with strips of tin foil, after the first 15-20 minutes of baking to prevent excessive browning.
7. Cool it down, it's dark, let it sit for at least 2 hours before serving.
8. Enjoy!

Wrath of Fire

I learned how to pretend when I was very young. Like how when us little girls used to pretend to be princesses waiting for our handsome Prince Charming to come and save us from our wicked grandmothers. That was when I could pretend and it would be considered *fun*.

I remember staring blankly at my home as it turned to ash. My sister shaking my shoulders as she sobbed and sobbed, crying, “*Why?*” I could only stare at her. She must have known the reason. She *must* have.

My lips are trembling, and tears are streaking jagged red lines down my cheeks. But I don’t feel anything. There is no remorse in my heart nor is there guilt in my gut. Yet I don’t feel any happiness, either. *I don’t feel anything.*

The officer on the opposite side of the table is trying to get me to look at her, but I avoid her eyes. I wring my hands in a nervous fashion under the table. My body is shaking. *Why can’t I stop shaking?* I still don’t speak. She must think I can’t hear her—she is calling in a deputy to question me. He asks me if I saw what happened to my house—if I saw what set the fire. I shake my head. He must have believed it. Who wouldn’t believe a little thirteen-year-old girl? We’re all so innocent, right? No one would even think of the possibility that a girl as young as that could be capable of something so catastrophic.

The deputy asks me if I know what happened to my dad—if I knew he was inside when the fire started. I tell them I didn’t know.

The image of my mother comes to mind, with her dark hair and bright eyes that always used to be filled with light. Now there is only burning rage. She must be upset with me. I’ve never pictured her so angry. But she had to have known that this was for her. That I miss her. I wish she didn’t have to go so soon. I don’t know why she is angry, though. He was the one who killed her. I did what I thought was right.

He told us not to tell anybody. That it was just an accident what happened to her. And I listened. But that didn’t mean I had to agree.

The deputy asks me the same questions again.

And this time I answer: “I don’t know anything.”

But he asks again.

And I say, “I’m sorry.”

And that’s all I can say. That’s all I can continuously repeat. Yet—I’m not sorry.

My head is pounding. My heart is racing.

I can’t breathe.

I can’t breathe.

I can’t breathe.

I wish it would stop. *Please* make it stop. My head—it *hurts*.

I don’t know that I’m screaming or that my fingers are looped into my hair or that I’m crying and crying and crying.

I’m on the ground, pinned by I don’t know how many people. Three. Thirteen. Thirty. Numbers don’t seem to exist anymore. Not that they ever mattered in the first place. I don’t remember them ever mattering.

The air is getting thinner. My lungs are begging for air. All all I feel is fire fire fire. Flames melting away my skin.

But I’m not afraid.

It doesn’t hurt anymore.





Grace Rhoades '21

Spooky scary skeletons, send shivers down your spine
There are monsters in the dark, waiting in a line
They can't wait to hear you scream, maybe even shout
That's the fun of Halloween, what it's all about

Spooky scary skeletons, send shivers down your spine
Laughing at your demise, you're running out of time
The night is almost over, the monsters start to cheer
While they may be happy, you are filled with fear

Spooky scary skeletons, send shivers down your spine
You run around all you can, but you won't make it
alive

Ghouls, ghosts, and monsters jeer while you shake
For the day is over, and dawn starts to break

Your vision fades, the monsters leave one by one
There is no mistaking that the monsters won
Now just for rhyming sake, let's say it one more time
Spooky scary skeletons, send shivers down your spine

Inspired by Spooky Scary Skeletons

melted

where has my face gone?

...

i could have sworn i had placed it right there,
by my bedside, resting by the candlelight.

...

it's not funny! where did you put it?

...

where? where? under the bed?

...

in the closet? in the trash? on the lawn outside?
in my bag? on the desk? in the drawers?
down the toilet? in some child's
trick-or-treat bag? where?

you placed it by your bedside,
resting by the candlelight.

...

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