

BEWARE OF THE GREAT PUMPKIN

By LINDA GOSTONCZIK

Beware, for Halloween is near and the great pumpkin is watching over us. The door to his office stands half ajar and behind his massive desk sits the frame of a very influential pumpkin. He is no ordinary pumpkin; his color is a darker and richer orange than that of a run of the mill pumpkin; his facial features are more outstanding than those of most pumpkins; unusual wisdom shows in his face; and about him there is an air of leadership. Yes, there is no doubt that he deserves this position and will uphold it to the best of his ability. As the day gets closer, "our" great pumpkin gets sterner. His office is darker than usual and his laugh becomes a wicked cry and his personality is overpowered with an evil force. This is the time to fear the great pumpkin for he is watching your every move and even under his disguise, Mr. Endersbe can be seen among us.

I must also warn you to stay away from dark corners and lonely halls for you never know when someone in a deep black cape may appear from nowhere and take you to the great pumpkin. They may look innocent at times, but don't turn your back on them for they are conspiring against you. They can be seen sputtering chants and laughing mischievously between the endless hours of every day. But, heed my warning, when I say watch out for Miss Gatzmeyer and Mrs. Green, they are true witches at heart! Behind their closed doors they are planning evil deeds for their night of the year.

On the 31st be sure to gaze at the moon for the face upon it will be familiar to you. During the school year she appears to be just a mild-mannered teacher, but underneath she is the wicked face of the moon, waiting to frighten little children on Halloween. I am sure I am not the only one that Miss Rogers has fooled, so protect your younger brothers and sisters from the clutches of this horrid "thing" and remember that she and only she has the complete control of our friendly neighborhood werewolf.

If the hooting of an owl can be heard from your window at night don't be alarmed to look out and find Mr. Wilson perched upon the branch of a nearby tree. It's only his night job and doesn't interfere but once a year. As a matter of fact, I think that he has a quite interesting job, just sitting in the tops of trees all night and watching the sun come up. However, I guess it would be quite hard to come to work the next morning after sitting on a cold branch all night. So, if by any chance Mr. Wilson happens to be in your neighborhood tonight, why don't you at least lend him your electric blanket.

Last, but not least, we must not forget about the dreaded black cat. Mrs. Schnichels slinks about in the dark corners or in the dimness of street lights only to pounce down upon unaware little children out to gather tricks and treats. The legends are true about this unkind little animal for wherever your path is crossed by her dark shape you will encounter misfortune, if it is only for nine weeks.

So, I leave you with one thought in mind: when the 31st arrives, don't do anything I wouldn't do.

THE THIRTEENTH

BY KAREN IVERSON

It was late in the evening. I was alone up in my room, lying in bed awake, thinking over the events of the day.

I was startled suddenly by a deathlike scream.

What should I do? My heart was throbbing, my head in a dizzy whirl.

Then came the slow, but steady, passing of feet up the stairs. I knew that there were thirteen steps, and I had counted four so far. Had I started counting when the muffled sound had actually started? Could this sound be coming for me faster than I thought?

A cold chill seemed to leap out at me and settled around my throat. I gasped, and licked my lips.

The sound kept coming for me. I counted the next step as eleven. Twelve.

The sound stopped momentarily. Would it not continue?

It seemed as if I had been waiting an eternity. Please, let the sound come for me. Get it over with!

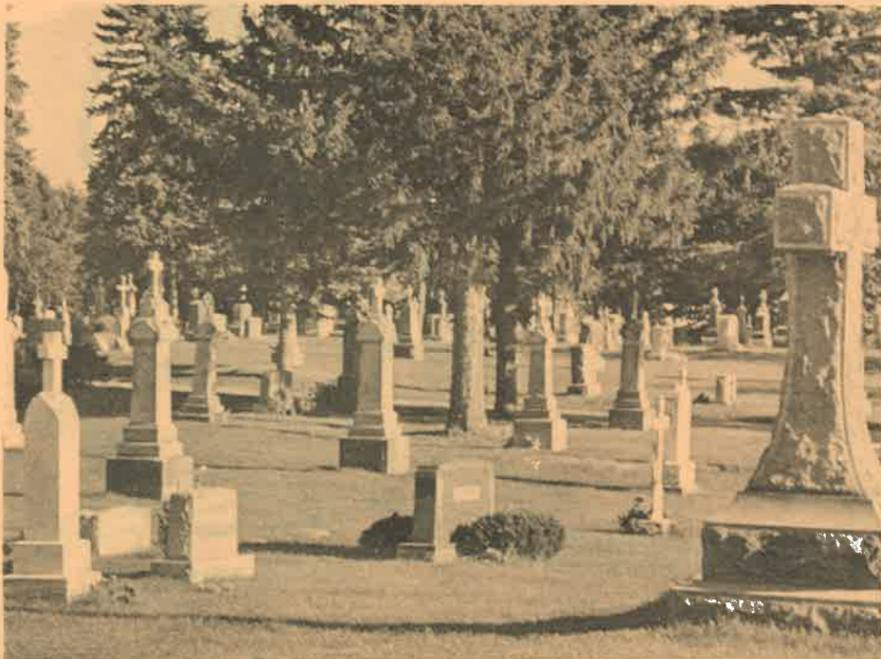
My hands were cold and damp. My throbbing heart was waiting, waiting for the final beat.

The coldness around my throat increased with each breath.

I prayed for the sound to come and end the mental anguish that I was being tortured with; the mental anguish of the unknown.

I counted the thirteenth step.

The wind started up a low, mournful howling.



Karen R. Iverson



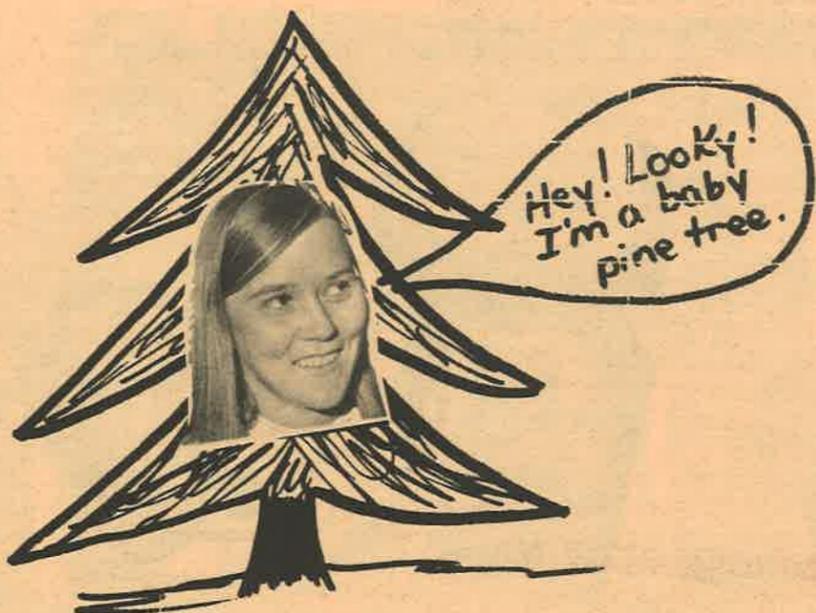
- FACULTY FOOLERY -

One of the greatest attributes of mankind





is that we can laugh at ourselves.





Halloween

The sky was yellow,
 the moon was green,
 and the little old witch
 whispered:
 "Halloween!"
 and, at the word
 from an eerie tower
 thirteen black bats
 came fluttering through
 the pea-green gloom
 and rested there
 on the Witch's Broom!
 (And a Witch's Broom—
 pray don't forget—
 is a million times faster
 than any jet!)
 So they went to the moon,
 and they circled about,
 then they swept and they swept
 till they swept it out,
 they swept out the moon
 and they made their flight—
 There and Back
 in a single night.



Ivy O. Eastwick



INTERVIEW WITH A WITCH BY Jan Kohlhepp

My assignment this time for the Graphos was:
 "Find a witch and ask her what she does."
 A very nice assignment; there was just one hitch;
 How was I ever going to find a witch?

Well, I looked in all the places where I figured a witch might be
 But not even a little witch did I see,
 Then I discovered a barn that was starting to sag,
 And right inside sat a fierce little hag.

Now I approached this witch with a certain amount of caution.
 You know, I don't do this sort of thing often
 I said very politely, "Pardon me, but aren't you a witch?"
 And she shrieked, "Go away, reporter!" in a very high pitch.

By now I knew that this job wasn't going to be too easy,
 My stomach was starting to feel slightly queasy, But I went right on with a question like this:
 "Can you tell me what sort of spells you cast....Miss?"

She jumped up and down and wouldn't stand still,
 "Buzz off, reporter, you're making me ill!"
 While she continued to put on this wild little show,
 I decided it was time for me to go.

I had just one question left to ask,
 Then I figured I'd fulfilled my task,
 So I shouted above the din, "Ma'am, can you just
 tell me what you do on Halloween?"
 And she shrieked at me, "I go to bed like any other human being!"

Well, I decided to leave after that,
 I thought the interview had gone quite bad,
 I was totally disillusioned by this little interview,
 She hadn't told me anything that real witches do.

I looked at the witch—she was mounting her broom,
 She looked at me with a face full of gloom,
 She hopped on her broom and soared right out of sight,
 But I heard her yell back, "Happy Halloween to All and To All A Good Night!"

