

# CAT — Creative Authors' Treasury

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## Halloween Edition

### Fall Poem

Leaves fall from very tall  
like parachutes that are very small  
they just fall,  
they just fall,  
they just fall,  
Fall is the month of Halloween.

Time to carve your pumpkin  
that you tried to grow all year  
rake up the leaves into a pile,  
they will make it worth your while  
Just let them fall,  
let them fall,  
let them fall,

Running around in your scary mask  
the easiest way to make your neighbors mad...  
at twelve o'clock  
Fall,  
Fall,  
Fall,  
but not on your face.

By Chase Kinnicutt



## Once Upon a Day

2nd place  
Poetry

Once upon a day  
There were leaves falling.  
Leaves fall, fall, falling  
Listen to the wind whipping  
Listen to it whip, whip, whipping  
Hear the squirrels playing.  
Hear them play, play, playing  
In the fall, fall, falling leaves and  
In the whip, whip, whipping wind.  
They play all day.  
The squirrels yip and scurry all day  
They are play, play, playing.  
Once upon a day.

By Alexis Crossley

## Vampires

**V**ampires are very creepy,  
**A** natural predator.  
**M**uch scarier than you think.  
**P**eople are frightened by these creatures.  
**I** don't know about you but I'm not scared.  
**R**ed is the color of their eyes.  
**E**veryone thinks they are creepy.  
**S**o are you scared?

By Taitum Buzzard

Honorable  
Mention

1st place  
Fiction

## Halloween Town

By Eli Wade

In Halloween Town, every day is Halloween. Goblins, ghosts, witches, and wizards, along with so many more, lived there. They loved to scare. But the only time they could come to the real world was on Halloween. You may not know, but the reason to dress up scary on Halloween is to hide from all the monsters.

Back in Halloween Town, there was a witch named Mildred. She was probably the most evil witch in town. While there was a wizard named Merlin. He used his magic for good. He was also the most powerful.

"Hello, Merlin. Seems as if you're ready to go through the portal," Mildred said suspiciously.

"Why should I tell you?"  
Merlin said back.

"I just wanted to know," she snapped.

"Well I have to go," Merlin said in a calm voice.

Merlin was heading back to his house. He had everything he needed to go through the portal: frog legs, fish eyes, newt skin, deadly mushrooms, and werewolf



hair. He made a big pot of stew. Afterwards, he put it in a secret spot.

Meanwhile Mildred was at her house with all kinds of evil creatures planning what to do in the real world. They planned to try to keep the portal opened every day. Then they can take over.

A few days later, it was Halloween. Everybody (in Halloween Town and in the real world) was excited. Witches and wizards were selling things so they could go through the portal. Then, all of the sudden, the portal opened. Everyone flooded through. They were excited. Somebody said, "There's Cinderella! Her step-mom was so nice!"

But they were wondering how so many monsters were here before them. Then somebody screamed, "We are free!" It was Mildred. "We can take over, my friends. Help keep this portal open."

**"No! Don't listen to her.  
This is not your world!"**



"No! Don't listen to her. This is not your world!" Merlin yelled.

"It was once!" a ghost said.

"We can conquer what they call Earth," Mildred yelled.

Then, all of the sudden, thousands of goblins were coming from the sky. *I have to do something*, Merlin thought. Then he saw monsters everywhere, along with magic to

keep the portal open. Then he thought of a spell. "All this magic go away, or the wind will take you today!"

Everyone looked at him and laughed. Then there was a tornado. Of course, no human saw it because it was magic. "Nooo!" they all yelled. They were flying towards the tornado.

"Why!!" Mildred yelled.

"So we are safe." Merlin was lying.

Then the tornado stopped. Merlin said one more chant, and he was back to Halloween Town. Finally, everything was back to normal.

Meanwhile Mildred and her gang were in a heavily guarded sky prison. 🦉



## Autumn

1st place  
Poetry

Autumn dances in the  
Chill breeze,  
The sweet smell of pumpkins  
and sunburnt leaves fill the  
noses of those who long for  
October.  
Orange, yellow and red  
Become the new green  
and cover the bare  
earth ground.  
Gourds and pumpkins  
replace the once filled  
cornfields.  
Tall grass, brown with  
desert hues, brush personages  
feet.  
Summer is nothing but  
a yesterday, autumn  
is here.

By Emily Allegretti

## Halloween

Honorable  
Mention

By Will Broach

Once upon a time, there was a boy  
named Will Broach, and he will tell you the sto-  
ry of his best Halloween ever.

Hi, I'm Will...you already know that,  
don't you? My friend told you, didn't he? That  
was...uh...that's um...Bob! Bob Smith! Anyway,  
on to Halloween!

It was a warm Wednesday morning, and  
I was asleep in bed, dreaming about something  
cool — until my mom came in and said, "Get  
up Will! It's already 6:54!"

I said, "Okay," in a not very happy tone  
of voice, got out of bed, and put on my clothes  
and got downstairs. My mom was making our  
lunches, and my brother was still in bed. I put  
on my shoes and sat down to eat breakfast.

We were having breakfast and my mom  
yelled up the stairs, "Jeb! Get down here right  
now! It's 7:00! We leave in 15 minutes!" Usual-  
ly my mom makes us walk to school. It's not a  
long walk, but I still don't like it.

"Surprising it's almost Halloween, isn't  
it? It seems like a few days ago—"

The phone rang and my mom went to get  
it just when my brother Jeb got downstairs.

"Hello, how are you this morning?" she  
said. It was the school, asking if she wanted to  
sub today. "I'm good...Sure, I'll come in to-  
day." That meant I got a ride to school! We got  
in the car and we left.

When I got to school, my friend Devon

asked, "What are you going to be for Halloween?"

I said, "I don't know...I might not go this year."

"Why not?"

"It's getting really close, and I don't know what I'm gonna do."

I put my stuff in my locker and took a seat against the wall to wait for Mr. Weinman, my homeroom, math, and science teacher to get here, thinking about Halloween. A few days later, on Halloween night, I had decided not to go, and to hand out candy.

"You don't want candy?" My mom asked.

"I'll just keep the leftovers."

"Okay then, your funeral!"

"Woow...Halloween pun. Real classy. Go away."

When the trick-or-treaters came around it was the same as usual.

Clowns, Jason Vorhees, Freddy Krueger, teenagers with no costume with pillow cases, (I kept my really weak airsoft pistol for the teenagers). Then I saw something odd. A person was wearing a clown costume with a bloody kitchen knife. I grabbed my pistol, but when I turned around he was gone! I told myself it wasn't real, I was just tired. Some little kids came by as vampires, princesses, zombies, zombie princesses, and a few others. A few minutes later, I had just given some zombies candy when someone grabbed me! I turned around and grabbed my airsoft gun. It was the clown I saw!

"Boo!"

It was Devon!

"What the heck!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. "Devon, you almost gave me a heart attack!" I said.

"You almost shot me!"

I was so scared I didn't even notice I was pointing my airsoft gun at him.

"You would've deserved it."

"It was pretty funny."

"Yeah, I guess." My heart was still beating faster than a Lamborghini. "Do you want some candy?" I asked.

"No, I've got enough."

I looked at the clock. 10:07. "I think I'm going inside."

I got a water bottle from the fridge and turned on the TV. The rest of the night we laughed at stupid people in scary movies. Then I realized — "Wait, how did you even get in?"

"Uhhh...oh look at the time! It's 11:43! I should be getting home, bye!"

"But —"

"See you tomorrow!"

The end. 🐾

## As I Look Through the Window

Honorable  
Mention

As I look through the window,  
All I see are the leaves falling to the ground

As I look through the window,  
I know that I am in a place that is safe and sound,  
Protected from the cold October winds that blow around

The leaves in all of their beauty,  
Covering the land with shades of red and gold

I can see it,  
But I don't believe it

Fall is here  
Just look through the window

By Lily Babbitt

## On This Night

Honorable  
Mention

On this night  
This frightful night  
The wind was blowing  
The leaves were flowing  
Children were screaming  
Parents were fleeing  
For on this night  
This frightful night  
Monsters arose  
To scare all people  
Was their task  
And on this night  
This frightful night  
They would succeed

By Race Printup

## Fright Night

The day of fright one time no light  
Monsters come out to play tonight  
You don't know what lurks and comes for you  
You watched the bats and how they flew  
You went out for some free candy  
But not all things that night are dandy  
So when you go and have fun that night  
It's a monster's right to give you a fright.

By Dakota Claypool



# Necrofear

Honorable  
Mention

By Brendan Loucks

There was light that overcame the darkness. The light had made an appearance. "Flick." The lights turned on. But there was something strange. There was no one in the room.

"Flick...Flick...Flick."

The lights were flickering, turning on and off. Soon the lights and power shut down.

The room became colder than the arctic. The kid, Christopher, woke up shivering. Christopher went to go get some more blankets. "Eeeerr," The floor creaked.

Every time Christopher took a step, the floor creaked. Christopher had a sneaking suspicion something was following him. "Eeerrr!" went the floor.

Christopher was right! He assumed that it was one of his parents. So he called out, "Mom...Dad."

There was no response. When he turned around there it was. It was wearing a cloak, had see-through skin, and had zombie-like features.

Christopher ran as fast as he could to his room. He went to find his crucifix. Instead he found a book. It had looked like it was made centuries ago. He looked

inside of it and it had all kinds of supernatural monsters in it and how to defeat them. What Christopher had seen was apparently a necrofear.

So he read how to destroy it or at least how to protect himself:

*"The only way to destroy the necrofear is to go into a coma that it put you in and destroy it within."*

*"To destroy the necrofear you need to destroy the pendulum on its forehead."*

Now that Christopher recalls he does remember seeing a pendulum on its forehead. Christopher continued to read:

*"To destroy the pendulum, you need to get a golden dagger within the coma."*

"What! Where would I get one of those!"

He looked outside and he saw his address number and the number was 315. He noticed that the one looked like a golden dagger. "That's it!" Christopher said.

To be continued...



# Fall

2nd place  
Nonfiction

By Lia Kopsaftis

Fall is my favorite season of the year. I always love to invite my friends over to play in the leaves and do fun things outdoors. I have always wanted to play with my best friends, and I usually do that, but sometimes I just like to go inside and cuddle up underneath my fuzzy blanket and just have some peace and quiet and do whatever.

I always love all the colors out on the tree! I also love decorating my house and my room. It's a lot of fun doing that kind of stuff. And God is the one who made that all.

Some people like Halloween but I don't really like it. Also my family doesn't really like it themselves. I like fall better!

**I always love all the colors out on the tree!**

When I said that I liked to decorate, Will I do like to, but not like skeletons and creepy ghosts and things like that.

What I'm saying is that I like to decorate with things like pumpkins. That's what I like to do in the fall. Fall is one of those seasons where you just don't want to do anything but go outside or else cuddle under a blanket and read, or watch a movie with friends or something like that.

I would usually color on Saturdays, but most of the time I would go outside and play.

This story is about fall because it's one of my favorite seasons of the year. So that's why I wrote about fall! 🍂

## Ding, Dong, Trick-or-treat

Ding, Dong, Trick-or-treat,  
Candy filling our bags.  
Orange pumpkins all around.  
Black sky and strong wind,  
Spooky feelings everywhere.  
I see witches, bats & scary faces,  
Scaring people all night long...

By Mackenzie Chandler

## We heard a loud scream

We heard a loud scream  
We ran  
There stood a lady  
a clown stood behind her  
he had a smirk  
and he ran  
far far away.

By Lauryn Force

## Classic Poetry

### Hallowe'en Charm

Fern seed, hemp seed, water of the well,  
 Bark of wizard hazel-wand, berry of the bay,  
 Let the fairy gifts of you mingle with the spell,  
 Guard the precious life and soul of him that's far away!

Oak slip, thorn slip, crystal of the dew,  
 Morsel of his native earth, shoot of mountain pine,  
 Lend his arm the strength of you, let his eye be true,  
 Send him like the thunderbolt to break the foeman's line!

Rose leaf, elm leaf, kernel of the wheat,  
 Airy waft of thistledown, feather of the wren,  
 Bring him peace and happiness, let his dream be sweet,  
 Take my secret thought to him and call him home again!

By Arthur Guiterman (1871-1943)



### Theme in Yellow

I spot the hills  
 With yellow balls in autumn.  
 I light the prairie cornfields  
 Orange and tawny gold clusters  
 And I am called pumpkins.  
 On the last of October  
 When dusk is fallen  
 Children join hands  
 And circle round me  
 Singing ghost songs  
 And love to the harvest moon;  
 I am a jack-o'-lantern  
 With terrible teeth  
 And the children know  
 I am fooling.

By Carl Sandburg (1878-1967)

# Linda Catherine Clark

2nd place  
Fiction

By Sage Printup

“That might honestly be the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard, Jacob.”

Linda Catherine Clark was standing in the foyer of a house built almost a century before her parents were born with her hands placed firmly on her hips. She was giving her friend, Jacob Schmit, the cynical, doubtful expression that is the trademark of adolescent girls. It was a look that showed her slight exasperation as well as a hint of mild amusement.

“I’m telling you Linda, it’s true. This house is haunted. It’s said that the husband of the lady who lived here strangely died, and after his funeral the wife just disappeared. No one saw her since, but sometimes people hear crying sounds coming from this house, and see flickering light, like from a candle.”

“And I suppose the theory is the wife haunts this place? How did her husband die?”

“They just found him dead one day, sitting in the library.”

“How sad. You do realize that you’re talking about my however-many-greats uncle?”

“Don’t joke. Just because your family inherited this house doesn’t mean you have to live here.”

Linda had never even known that the older couple that lived here had been her relatives, and just recently the house was inherited by her family. It was much bigger than their apartment, so they were moving in.

“Jacob, I appreciate the warning, but this is my new home and there’s nothing you can say to change that.”

“Alright. Just look after yourself.”

Jacob left after that, and Linda began to explore. She pushed open a large wooden door, curiosity overwhelming her.

Through the door was a room lined with bookcas-

es. Large windows against one wall gave her a perfect view of the autumn leaves outside. Hanging above an armchair was a picture of an elderly man and woman, and immediately Linda knew this was the couple from the legend.

They looked tired, but happy. The somberness of old photos had not claimed them.

She looked at the small plaque with their names. Yes, these were the people the story was about. Now more than ever Linda knew it wasn’t true. This wasn’t a picture of a creepy ghost, it was just a picture of an elderly husband and wife that, if the picture had captured reality, were obviously in love. The woman probably moved away after her husband died, and as for the strange lights and sounds, twice while Linda had had a lamp on it flickered because of the old wiring, and old houses creak.

There are no ghosts. ♣

# Halloween

1st place  
Nonfiction

By Griffin Allegretti

Halloween comes on the same day of the year, every year. It is a time when children get to dress up in strange outfits and teenagers get to stay out late with their friends. Kids receive free candy and there is, overall, fall joy in the air. This all happens on the final day of the tenth month: October 31st. Once quarter of candy sold in the US is for Halloween.

This holiday originated in Europe and was created by the Celts. They had their new year the next day and believed that ghosts returned to earth on Halloween and that that made it easier for Druids to predict the future. People dressed up in costumes and burned things to help them be protected from winter. Halloween later on became popular in the southern colonies due to European influence. Different takes on the holiday collided and created the American Halloween.

Americans began dressing in costumes in the

1800's when the Irish flooded the US. In the late 1800's Halloween turned into a fun, neighborly festival where people held parties for all ages and were festive. In the 1920's and 30's, Halloween became community based and the towns

## Different takes on the holiday collided and created the American Halloween.

had parades and parties. At this time vandalism had become a big problem and in the 1950's, Halloween was directed at young adults. Parties became common in schools and trick-or-treating was resurrected.

Today Halloween is still held on October 31st but the events happen on the weekend closest to Halloween if the holiday is on a weekday. Kids walk around their towns in scary costumes and ask for candy. Costumes now are more fearsome and the festivals are scarier, too. People now

are very superstitious and are afraid to let a black cat cross their path and to walk under a ladder. People don't burn animals and wear their skin anymore, but people do burn wood and have festivals.

Halloween is very different now than it was when it first started. Traditions have changed by the core concepts are still there: Halloween is a time for celebration and festivals. People used to dance around a fire but now people dress and monsters and ask for free candy. ♪

Source:

History.com Staff. "History or Halloween." History.com, 2009, <http://history.com/topics/halloween/history-of-halloween>, Accessed October 21, 2016.



## The House at the Edge of Town

3rd place  
Fiction

By Aleia Printup

The moon decided that Halloween night that it would be bold and dramatic, a haunting presence over all of its human subjects to display our costumes to the universe and dark skies above. It seemed to be bragging. The air was chilled, flowing into my lungs and mouth, turning it dry and hard and painful to breathe.

But we kept ourselves occupied.

We got a late start to hanging out, seeing as how it sometimes took us a while to all gather and wrap our heads around what we want to do. Amber dressed up as a zombie cheerleader, Chris was a werewolf, Rachel was the all-haunting Isabel from a local legend, with myself being nothing else than just a regular guy in an entirely black suit with a hood.

We tried to talk Rachel out of being that weird little girl all dressed in white, but she was perfect for the role. She tied her long blonde hair back in a white bow and threw on a white dress with childish little shoes just like sightings from the legend in the next town over. They'd been having problems with kidnappings and

disappearances, but no one could track any of it down. One kid managed to escape from some church he claimed was in the woods last year, but when the police looked, they couldn't find it. The kid went on and on and on about some red haired guy named Crescendo and Isabel was a servant. He's been in the psych ward for ten months now.

We decided that scaring little kids the way older kids would scare us when we were younger was a good idea. Of course, some kids cried and others screamed and then laughed, praising us as "The Big Kids" as if we were gods walking among them. Some offered candy while others offered punches and smacks, but no parents or other adults criticized us—some of the older homeowners waved us up their drive to have us show off our costumes and take big handfuls of candy, regardless of the fact that we were older.

Everyone thought that Rachel was brave for dressing like Isabel, and I could tell she enjoyed being praised. She was always praised—Rachel could do no wrong. But she started

acting weird right around three hours into it. By the fourth hour, most of the younger kids had gone home to bed, people handing out candy all emptied for the night. Rachel seemed disturbed by that. She kept looking over her shoulder.

I was wrong not to mention it to her.

Chris followed her sight when he finally picked up—long after I had, as per usual—and went pale. Standing across the street behind a house was a little girl, looking straight at Rachel. Without even doing a double take, I recognized her attire—Rachel was wearing the same. It was hard to take my eyes away from Isabel's blood red ones, but when I could finally look away, Rachel burst into a full-blown run towards the girl.

Amber screamed and we chased after them, but the only thing anyone ever saw of Rachel ever again was the blow of her white skirt around a corner. As we rounded it, all the street lights went out above the street. Except for one, near the end of the street, above an old farmhouse. It already didn't make sense to me—we were a relatively newer

town, so why would we have an old beat up farm house with chipping paint and a creaky porch.

The others elected me to go down there by myself, which wasn't at all calming. All the other houses on this street seemed abandoned, even though I didn't know this all existed. But I went up to the old, white picket fence. A man was in an old rocking chair, slowly rocking forward and back, a bowl of candy on his lap.

He raised his head from under the brim of his old baseball cap. Red hair shown wild, and his yellow eyes glowed fiercely, like a hunter smiling over his prey.

"Want any candy?"



## When the Dark Comes:

Darkness is a figure that  
holds us back  
Back from our own success,  
our future, and perhaps our  
life. But what if darkness  
Comes to show that there is still  
light? What then?  
Should we then hide from the  
darkness? Or better yet, should  
we turn to it for the light?

By Ethan Jandrew

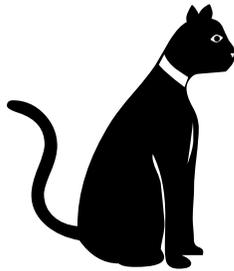
3rd place  
Poetry

## Darkness of Halloween

Night Falls  
Lights go on  
Kids are hungry  
For Candy  
It is Halloween  
Darkness of Halloween

By Nathaniel Fuller

# Scio Writers Club



**C**reative

**A**uthors'

**T**reasury

Next Issue: March 2017

Send your submissions to

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## Jack-o-lanterns

By Ashley Sexton

As I looked at the jack-o-lanterns, they seemed to be looking back at me. Then suddenly they had legs and they were chasing me with their carved faces. I was down a dark dead end road. Then I was at the end of the road and they were getting closer and closer. Then I jumped off the cliff to hit the freezing water underneath my body.

I looked up and there was nothing.

No pumpkins.

No orange blobs.

Then I finally swam to shore and started to walk back home.

I heard a laugh. It was getting closer. Then there they were—the pumpkins!

They started to run after me, so I started to run. Then...

I was gasping for air and then I was awake. I was saying to myself—it was a dream...a very terrible dream.

