

PIECES

Creativity Literary
Magazine

HALLOWEEN
EDITION

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atop the hills of hunting mill,
lived a creature of grisly human fear;
a stag with gruesome human features,
amongst the fawns and mother deer

little Annie climbed the hill,
and so the story began to unfold,
the stag watched her descent from the shadows
an abomination of nature, a creature of old

suddenly it manifested from the darkness,
"dear child, have you lost your way?
isn't it a tad late
for a little girl to come out and play?"

paralyzed with fear,
as the sun was descending,
little Annie stood agape
as they neared the night's ending

now it reared its ugly head,
hunger apparent on its face,
the stag reached out, grinned and said,
"you shouldn't have come to this place!"
CRUNCH!

Poem by: Joley Raposas
Photo by: Adrienne Brookstein

CRACKS

The ghoul in the mirror,
He fills me with fear.
He carries a grin,
That goes ear to ear.

His nose is lopsided,
His arms are so long!
His eyes are so yellow,
His head is on wrong!

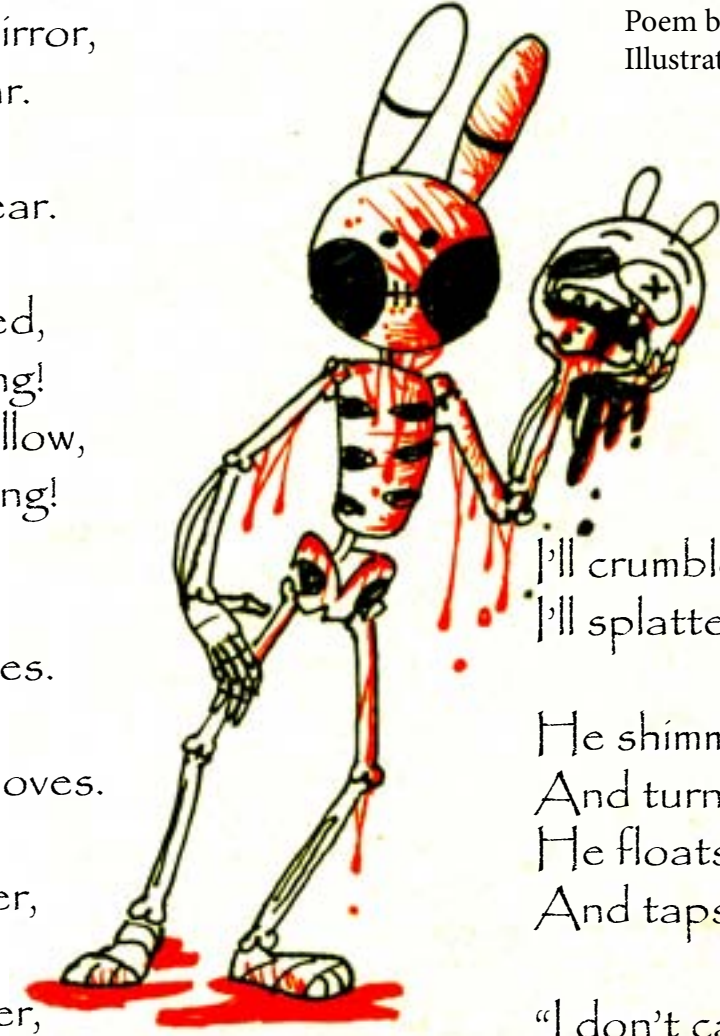
I walk side to side,
He follows my moves.
I jump in the air,
He lands on his hooves.

I grab up my hammer,
I look at the steel.
I look at the monster,
He seems rather real!

His hair is so stringy,
And covered with mites!
I think to myself,
"What a terrible sight!"
I yell at him "shoo!"
And he walks to my bed.
He sits on the covers,
And scratches his head.

"Or what?" he says,
"You'll hit me with that?"

Poem by: Christopher Castagna
Illustration by: Gianna Fiordaliso



I'll crumble to bits?
I'll splatter and splat?"

He shimmers a little,
And turns to a gas.
He floats to the mirror,
And taps on the glass.

"I don't care for jokes!
I don't care for tricks!
I won't have you staying,
And making me sick!"

He seems very joyous,
He smiles with glee!
"I'll never be gone,
You'll never be free."

I lunge at the mirror,
I crack it in three.
The monster is laughing.
The monster is me.

He sat in his bed with his eyes crunched tight. He could hear noises coming from the front of his bedroom. Specifically, from the white closet door that stood opposite of his bed frame. He started thinking about the noises and the story his older sister read to him before bed. The story was about a monster with glowing eyes and no face. A monster that hid in the darkness and preyed on little kids so he could feed on their souls during the full moon. The creaking noises continued and his thoughts couldn't help picturing that terrifying monster creeping in the night. He tried to repeat to himself that monsters aren't real like his mom had always told him. Although he believed his mother, there was something whispering, slithering in his ear the thought that everything he knows is wrong. Telling him that he is not alone and, that he should fear the darkness and in that moment, he threw his blanket over his head. He buried his fears under that blanket hoping they didn't escape. In that moment he heard a screech and a creep, so he slowly removed the blanket just until his eyes were sticking out. He saw the closet door opening, slowly, and



Poem by: Annika Vojnyk
Illustration by: Arrington Scott

Illustration by: Arrington Scott



Candy

Shadows hang between the trees,
Laughter catches on the breeze,
Children walk along the road,
One is hopping like a toad.

Brews are cooking in the woods,
Witches sit around in hoods,
One is talking of the brew,
“Children make the greatest stew.”



Poem by:
Christopher
Castagna

Illustration
by: Gianna
Fiordaliso



Illustration by:
Arrington Scott

THE LONE NIGHT

The full moon hangs low in the night sky, there is a chill in the air. Jessica is walking alone on the back road, going home after a night of partying at a frat house. She is checking her phone angrily, cursing the Uber she ordered that never arrived, forcing her to walk. She's muttering to herself, unaware of anything else, until she hears a stick breaking in the woods. She turns to face the noise, she hollers, "Hey, who's there?", There's no answer, so she turns around and continues to walk. After a minute, there's another sound, Jess turns to look at the second noise. There she sees it, a mound of grey fur moving in the woods. It takes her a minute to realize what it is. It is a werewolf in the middle of transforming into a beast, it's bones cracking into position. Jess is paralyzed with fear until an even more terrifying thought comes into her mind. If she can see it, then it can see her.



Story by: John Mahoney
Illustration by: Gianna Fiordaliso

Maybe it was the skeletons in my closet that gave you a fright and sent you running throughout the night, you were only guided by the moon, and the fear that you felt in your stomach to run away towards a destination that was hidden by the blackened stars.



Poem by: Adrienne Brookstein

Photos by: Crystal Stackhouse



Grim Reaper

AS



Illustration by: Arrington Scott

Poem by: John Mahoney

Photo by: Crystal Stackhouse

A Night at the Graveyard

A hand emerges from the cold earth,
The hand is boney with brown flesh
It grabs at the ground
It gets a hold of the earth.
It starts pulling itself up
Soon another hand appears,
Shortly a head pops out between the two arms
Squealing in horror, a worm squirming from its right eye,
It pulls itself out of the ground,
Holding onto his gravestone for support,
He rises to his decomposed feet,
It is time for him to walk the earth again.



Your ghost is still gracing my
presence,
as I see you in the shadows of my
unfathomable mind.
your haunting nature comes as no
surprise,
each time I'm convinced that you
are here again,
then I'm thrown back into reality,
and this dreaded existence
without you
reminds me of what's missing
from my now empty heart,
and my colorless daydreams.

Poem and Photograph
by: Adrienne Brookstein



Woman in Black

Woman in Black peers	waltzing in circles	Soft voice fills their ears
luring men to her tower	the song creeks from the	they must follow the
Humming her	walls	tune
captivating song	under her spell	They await the tower
Soft voice fills their ears	Staring blankly into her	door
they must follow the	deep emerald eyes	Waiting to see the wom-
tune	Her blood red lips smile	an
They await the tower	whispering tune gets	she appears in the door-
door	louder	way
Waiting to see the	She stops dancing	A beautiful goddess
woman	following the song	eyes lock
she appears in the	floating down a deep	grinning she pulls him in
doorway	hallway	eerie tune fills the tower
A beautiful goddess	lost in the humming	waltzing in circles
eyes lock	He will never return	the song creeks from the
grinning she pulls him	Woman in Black peers	walls
in	luring men to her tower	under her spell
eerie tune fills the	Humming her	Staring blankly into her
tower	captivating song	deep emerald eyes
		Her blood red lips smile
		whispering tune gets
		louder
		She stops dancing
		following the song
		floating down a deep
		hallway
		lost in the humming
		He will never return



Ophelia ordered her steak rare. That was the first odd thing Clio noticed. Ophelia was a vegetarian, she came to the diner every day after class and ordered a fruit salad. But Clio didn't think she had much of a right to judge, even as she set the meal on the table. The steak was much larger than any fruit salad Ophelia had ordered before. And bright red blood pooled in the plate.

Ophelia licked her lips.

"Oh, miss," Clio was pulled away to address the next customer had just walked into the diner, "Sorry to bother you." The voice sounded like Andrew, the surfer that sometimes stopped by. But it was hard to tell with him wearing that shapeless, black coat. It was much too warm out today for a coat like that. "I was wondering, do you know the way to the mountains up north?" No one ever went to the mountains anymore, not since the skiing lodge was lost in a fire ten years ago, and the remains were left to the storms above.

But Clio gave him the directions and went back to work anyway. Odd, white fur trailed behind Andrew as he walked away.

It was then, as she was polishing the silverware, that she noticed something odd with her reflection. Her complexion was reddish, as if she were burning up, yet she felt completely fine. The nails that she'd just gotten manicured yesterday looked sharp enough to cut through steel. Clio resisted the urge to scratch at the growing rash on her arm-her skin was so dry that it was getting scaly-as well as the sudden urge to chow down on the silverware-No eating on the job! The oddest part were her eyes, they looked...beastly.

Clio shrugged.

"Must be a full moon."



Short story by: Leilani Wartens
Illustration by: Haley Promise

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