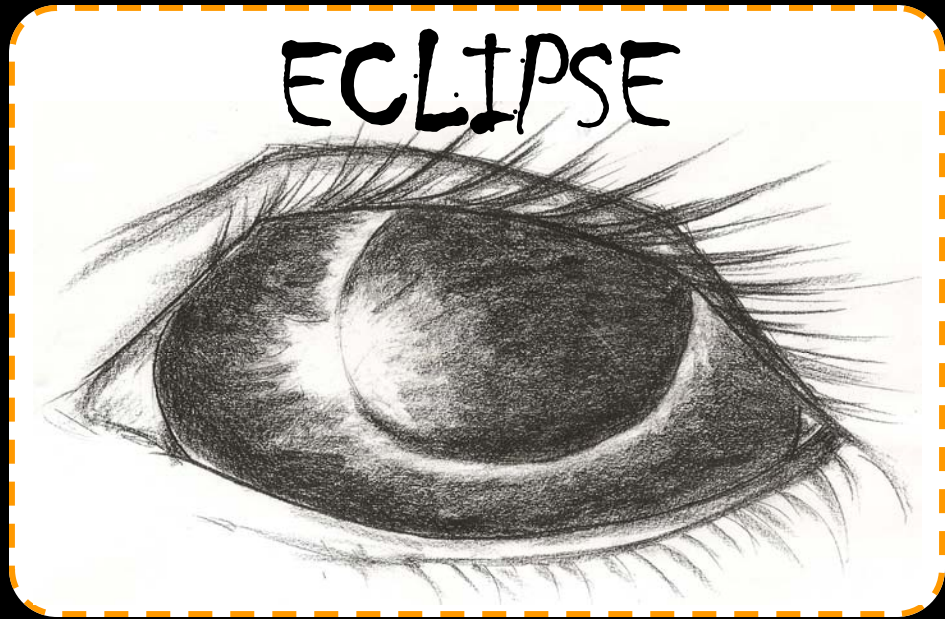


Literary Magazine  
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Issue #1



## Letter from the Editor

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Hello, my name is Jaehyung Kim. I am the editor of the St. Stanislaus Literary Magazine titled the *ECLIPSE*. After long preparation, I'm glad to publish the first issue of our online edition. The school literary magazine is a compilation of your creative endeavors. I encourage each and every one of you to participate more. I appreciate all the pieces of work that were submitted. I hope you enjoy this first edition of *ECLIPSE*!

**Jaehyung Kim**





# Poems

## Nightmare

I am what lives between the twilights  
When the darkness meets the dawn  
I am what haunts the hellish cities  
When your world of light is gone

I am what feeds upon the masses  
When they sense me drawing near  
I linger on within their shadows  
And I hunger for their fear

I am what moves within the stillness  
Like a cat of prey I creep  
I am what dwells within your nightmares  
While your loved one sweetly sleep

I am who stands upon the shoreline  
With the demon's scarlet eyes  
I am the tempest everlasting  
And the moon's eternal rise

I am your greatest, deepest terrors  
I am the dagger in your heart  
Some call me devil, others angel  
Are we all that far apart?

By Anonymous

# Poems



## Halloween Day

Carving pumpkins are really cool, until you run in to a big,  
fat ghoul, they scare your pants off, and I don't know why,  
but they always seem to make little kids cry. Candy  
corn is my favorite treat, if only the black witch didn't  
sweep it off my feet. She flies high towards the sky, diving  
and swooshing, I don't know why, on a broomstick she  
carries her weight, I always wonder how they get a date.  
Trick or treat, that's all you have to say, because  
Halloween will find you either way.

By Ashton Aime

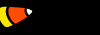
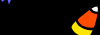
## The Call

Dark shadows upon my wall, that's when I got the call,  
a creepy voice that was quite scary, said "may I speak to the  
guy named Gary?" I was shocked and afraid; I didn't know what to  
do, for the man had given me a great clue.  
It was Halloween Night, and all was about, I was not alone,  
for wickedness had given me great shout.  
The man then busted through my door, to find out it was my strange  
neighbor named "Gore". He stuttered around  
with a big knife, I asked myself "could this be the end of my life?"

By Ashton Aime

TRICK OR  
TREAT!

# Poems



## Vanities Fair

Let's party all night long  
We'll play our favorite songs  
Come on, the night is young

Let's dance and dance and dance  
some more

Dance until we hit the floor  
We are seniors, yes we are  
So, we cannot go to a bar

But will this stop us?  
No! No Way!

We will party every day  
Every day until dawn  
We will get our party on

The room is spinning  
We don't care  
We keep on grinning  
With our vanities fair

We're pouring sweat  
But we can't stop  
It's too much fun  
We're too messed up

We'll burst out of the doors

Into the open air  
We'll go swimming if we dare  
We own the world  
We're without a care  
We have all of our vanities fair

Our skin is glistening  
Our makeup smeared  
And we can see  
Oh yes, it's clear

We're with our friends we hold so  
dear

Until we collapse  
We scream and shout  
We run and skip and prance about

And before we know it  
We're too tired to go on  
We realize it is the break of dawn  
We smile and yawn and look  
about

And before we know it  
We're all cleared out

By Tess Goodwin

## Short Stories

### Milk

It was late in the night, and the covers of my bed seemed to be growing smaller and smaller. My room was dark and everything was almost completely invisible. The only thing my straining eyes could even begin to perceive was a faint light coming from under the crack of my stolid door. It was a strange uncanny greenish wan hue that crept through my room like a deadly poison. I think I laid there in a particularly stiff position with my nervous face facing the green light for hours. It irked my brain so that no matter how hard I tried, I simply could not close my eyes. Then something happened, something that sent an unpleasant pulse from my eyes all the way to my toes. Something blocked the light. Some-

thing was there, something not usually there; it was something that was alive. It was sickening. My heart raced. It raced so that I could not stand to be still and lie there motionless. My mind was made up. I must defend my house. I left the scratchy confines of my bed and ventured silently and slowly towards my door. As I was creeping towards my door, I could feel nothing. I was numb, almost paralyzed by fear. My eyes fixed on the door, I trudged on. Then, much to my dismay, the floor under foot creaked. I stopped immediately, half expecting the black entity to burst in to my room rending at my flesh. I could take the suspense no more. I ran to my door with every ounce of bravery in my quivering body, yelled a fierce battle cry

and flung my door open. I was astounded as to what met my gaze. It was quiet. After a few moments, all became clear. Being as tired as I was, I poured my little kitty, Jacko a bowl of milk, and quickly trudged to bed. Back in reality, I stood in my hallway locked in a staring contest with my confused little Jacko. The only sound to leave Jacko's innocent mouth was "Meow". He just sat there, licked his lips and blinked.

By Cody Connell





“Please do be quiet young sir,” Bart said in a deep southern accent. “Please shut your mouth.”

Stunned Estabaño screamed and swung in his cocoon. He wondered what had happened especially right after he got to this town.

Bartholomew patted him on the back with a boney hand covered in a sickly green slime. Estabaño took a look around the room and noticed that he was in a cave. On one end he saw what looked like the bookcase he bumped into and ... A BIG POT. He saw smoke lifting out of the cauldron. Next to the cauldron there were bottles filled with crazy ingredients that must have come from weirdos on ebay, an empty box of fries from Rowdy Taters, and a pile of bones. WAIT BONES! Estabaño was now scared out of his mind. Then Bartholomew hoisted him onto a wheelie table kart thing and places it on a lift next to the cauldron. Then Bart hit a button and Estabaño was lifted and dropped into the cauldron. For the second time in a few minutes he was unconscious.

When he woke up again it was daytime and he was in his house. He was on the couch and it was about three in the afternoon. His parents must have been at work. He looked at the calendar and saw that it was October the 31s! What had happened? He scratched his head with a fury paw. Then he noticed that he had fury paws! He ran into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. He had a face that cracked the mirror it was so scary. His face was blue, he had a hideous mustache, was bald on the top of his head, had teeth the size of his arms, eyes without matching pupils and a nose that was bigger than his foot. His legs were more of sticks from a tree. He looked close and saw they were actually what appeared to be spider legs. His body was as hairy as his uncle, Billo. He was so frightened by his appearance that he fainted yet again. He had a dream while he slept.

In his dream Bartholomew told him that the drunken dude was actually working for him and that he was chosen. He told Estabaño he was chosen for a task no man could face as a normal man. He was chosen to turn into the sacred SCARE-WOLF. Bartholomew said that scare-wolves are so scary that they are the only things that can stop the dreaded evil that is plotting an evil attack on Dios De La Muertos or as us Americans call it ... HALLOWEEN. The evil that is attacking this humble past time was none other than the evil DRAC-U-LANTERNS!!!!

Estabaño awoke from his dream and saw that not only was it dinner time ... IT WAS BUSINESS TIME. He broke through the wall because he tripped over his blades which he stores in the middle of the floor and also because he thought it would be really dramatic looking. As the wall crumbled like frog being slapped with a stick he ran on all eights to his desired location. The reason he had 8 legs was because he had spider legs. He really didn't know where he was going but followed his newly acquired sense of SUPER SMELL. He could smell everything that smelt like a Dracula and pumpkin at the same time, on earth. He was receiving a strong odor of evil coming from the southwest so he headed that way. When he had traveled twenty yards or so he spotted the only two DRAC-U-LANTERNS on earth. He knew that only one creature would come out of this battle alive.

He decided since the creatures had only two arms and some puny wings with a pumpkin for a face he knew that he could defeat them. Using his really scary face he looked at them. This final move of his was what truly brought these creatures to justice.

When the town had seen what he had done to these endangered species they threw him in jail. They fed him only fruit rollups which are his weakness. He spent the rest of his life in jail.

-Thomas Allard



# ART

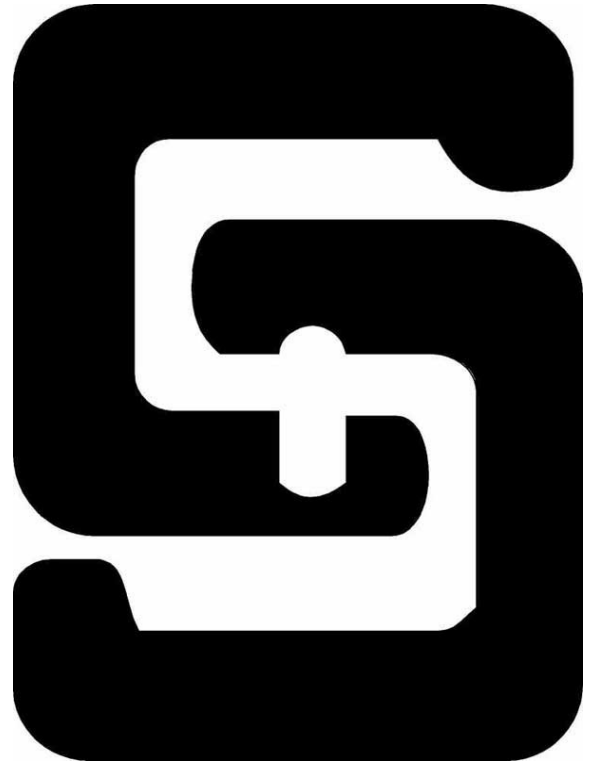
HAPPY



Halloween

Bill Koch

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