



# HallowZine

Special thanks to Casey and returning seniors for their help with the Hallowzine, as well as everyone on the committee and all who submitted! This wouldn't have been possible without all of you.

Enjoy!

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## Autumn's Anatomy

Addy Miller

Splintered leaves in tender hues.  
Steaming cider and pumpkin spice.  
Gone is the emerald and chartreuse.  
Don a crisp paradise.

Cushy sweaters in woven wool,  
With a crackling fire and comfort show.  
Roasted pumpkin seeds by the spoonful,  
Dusk silence cut by the caw of a crow.

Splashes of warmth on a canvas of chill,  
A vibrant world before the bleak.  
Balance awaits, supple and still.  
The season that cradles mystique.

# Frog and Toad

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



# Cute Headless Horseman

Anjali Fra



## Horror Piece

Jocelyn Gunter

Power lines fall around a broken-down car wash. Poles, fallen tree trunks around an abandoned cottage, one leaning against a garage door once white now stained by shiny blood black rust and chipped. The steel underneath is rusting and shiny black. That glistening black was the only bright thing here. One of the poles is just a little more pressure and the doors will break, the pole crashing into rusted white. The maintenance truck is brighter than sheets of drain white skin wallpaper.

# Creepy Headless Horseman

Anjali Fra



## Two Sentence Horror Story

Jocelyn Gunter

Grandma wakes me, "thank you for joining me. Let's go home." "I want them to find my body though." Smiling, "I want to see the will to live, leave them."

Lee Christianson



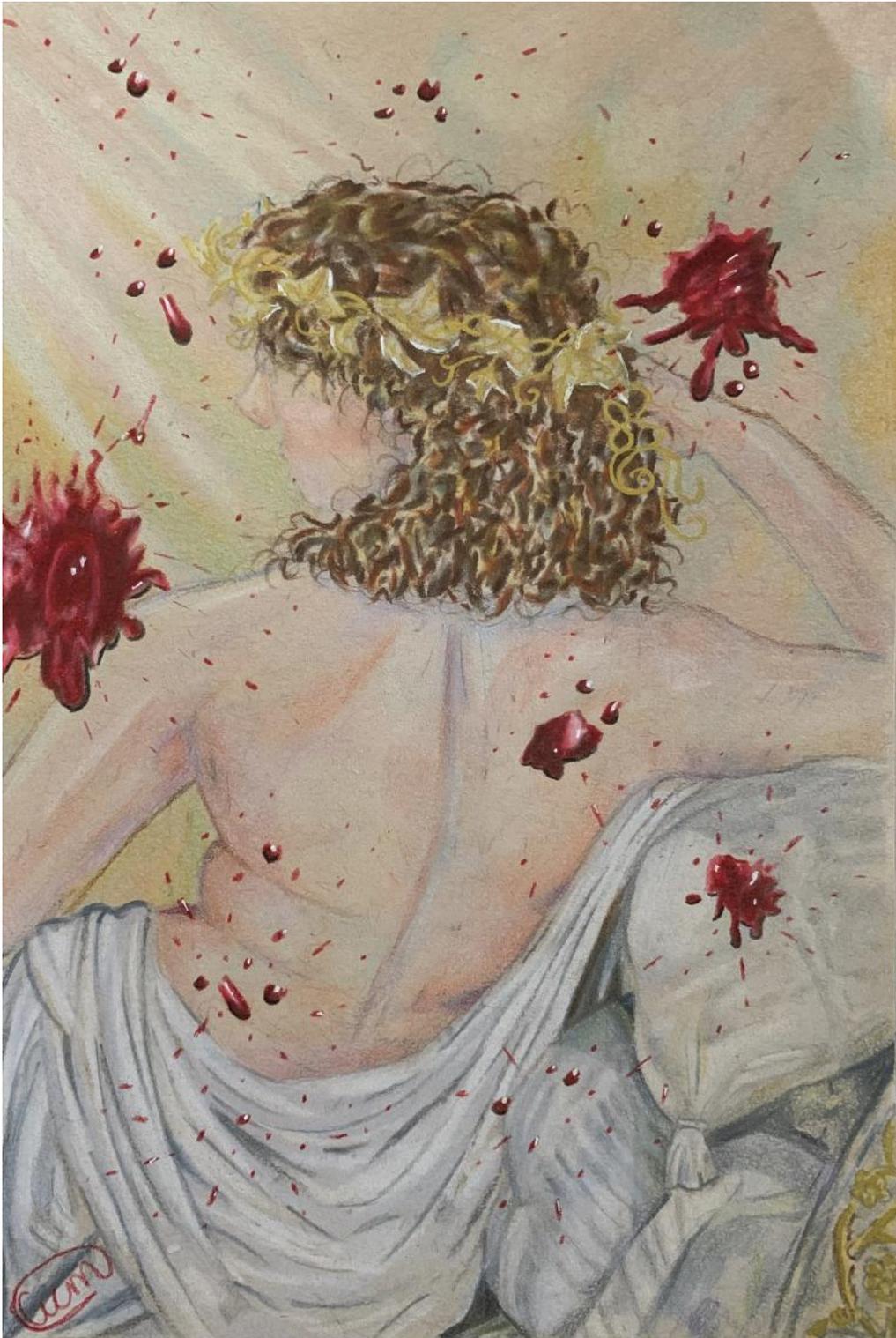
## Bleeding Tiger's Eye Autumn

Mia Tamez

As the months bleed together  
And the trees their colors  
I can only think of you.  
Scent of sweet cinnamon searing my nose  
Cheeks round and glowing  
Like Jack o Lanterns  
Set ablaze on Hallow's Eve.  
Although you bring the pain of change,  
This year I'm ready to embrace you  
Opened armed, standing stark as a scarecrow  
Find myself in the autumn chill of your evenings  
And when the scent of clove and pumpkin  
Greet me once again  
I will open my bleeding eyes once more  
Only to be met by your tiger's eye gaze  
Over and over again.

**TW: BLOOD ON NEXT PAGE**

Addy Miller  
TW: BLOOD



## Love is Leaves and Bloodloss

Addy Miller

Golden laurels, curly hair.

A figure adorning innocence.

To be caught in their stare,

An illustration of blissfulness.

He flicks a finger,

And the leaves will change.

The Earth sways, splinters.

Crimson, auburn, and sunlight arrange.

Autumn does this for them,

As he adores their smile.

The season who loved.

The pair lived in bliss for awhile.

Autumn beheld them dearly.

They were a gorgeous sight.

Though, jealousy raged sincerely.

Winter scorn, turned a blight.

Betrayal arose, raw and worn,

To the loss of Autumn's dear sweetheart.

An enemy in Winter, a grudge born,

Now the seasons have grown apart.

Ella Shillcox



Alana Brandt



# Little Red Riding Hood

Alana Brandt

**TW: GORE/BODY HORROR**

Red swam through the sky and into the open door of her Grandmother's house, calling out through the thick oxygen:

"Hello? Grandma?" No response returned until moments after, as the grandfather clock on the ceiling chimed 7:00.

"Oh, hello Dear!" The supposed Grandmother called back between the chimes. "Don't mind the mess, just toss anything that gets in your way up the waterfall!"

"Okay Gramma!" The voice of her Grandmother sounded... Different.

"What on earth is going on?" Red pondered to herself. While distracted by her thoughts, she was snapped back to reality as she felt her head hit the chess-board ceiling, knocking one of the pawns off. "Aw, damnit!" Red grabbed the pawn, nearly as tall as her, and threw it out the window towards the waterfall. As it hit the waterfall, it began to flow up it, traveling higher with the water. Red irritably continued to swim through the air until she found her Grandmother's circular doorway made of vines. Red dipped down through the hoop, entering the room.

"I've the gravity stabilizer that you'd asked for, where should I put it? Where is the reactor?"

"No need, deary." The "Grandmother" floated off of the bed on the wall towards Red. "I'll take care of it myself."

"Grandma, you don't sound so good... The oxygen is too buoyant."

“Nonsense. Come, relax with me.” The Grandmother took Scarlette’s hand and pulled her towards the bed on the wall. “I’ve not seen you in so long!”

“Grandma... Why is it your hands are now paws?”

“Why that must be the oxygen dehydrating me, one moment.” The Grandmother swam over to the desk drawer in the bottom corner of the room facing upward, opening it and pulling out two glass pills, filled with magenta liquid. She floated back over to Red. “Now, Scarlette, one for me and one for you.” Grandmother squeezed Red’s cheeks until her mouth finally opened, placing the glass pill on the back of her tongue, lifting up her uvula and pushing it down her windpipe. The disguised wolf then did the same to herself. Scarlette choked for a moment before swallowing the pill. “See? better already!” Grandmother’s words were slow, as Red turned to face her, she saw the walls behind her Grandma slowly spiraling into a lollipop-like swirl.

“I don’t think I should stay...” Scarlette said as she started the float towards the spiraling wall and began spinning. The Grandmother approached Red, reaching out a now shifting, morphing hand to her “granddaughter.” Red grasped on to the changing hand. She saw it a tiger for one second, a seal for another, a slender human hand, a bat wing, a wolf’s paw, a giraffe hoof, a rat foot, a bee leg, and once more a slender human hand. The hand kept “glitching”, settling on human but every now and then flashing zebra stripes or cheetah print.

“You’ve been cured, Darling.” She pulled Red into a hug close to her glitching body as well. Red tried to push away but dizzily failed. Her Grandmother holds her head into her chest, and Scarlette faints in her Grandmother’s embrace.

Red woke up, staring at the grandfather clock she passed when she entered the house. Seven seconds. All of that was seven mere seconds. Red bounced up, trying to swim back over to her Grandma’s room to ask about what exactly happened before she fainted; but she was stopped as soon as she tried to jump up.

Red looked down to see a balloon tied to her ankle, weighing her down like a ball and chain. A single red balloon, rolling around the ground.

“Grandma!” Red cried out, “What on earth is going on!” Eight seconds. Emerging from the kitchen behind red came a wolf. “Gramma!” Red winced, “What did you do to her?”

“I see the pills have worn off by now; well, nevermind that. Your grandmother is dead.” The wolf was a female, slender with fur as white as clouds.

“What? No! No she isn't, I- I just saw her!” Three hours.

“That was nothing but a mere disguise and the magic of Lorpiusberry syrup.”

“You gave me Lorpiusberries- And- I don't believe you! My Grandmother isn't dead!” The wolf tossed a femur bone from the counter at Scarlette, it floated past her swiftly.

“Sure she isn't.” Scarlette wept as she saw the old bones hit the wall and shatter.

“Why? Why did you do this to her?”

“I saved her.”

“What?”

“You must be enlightened.” The wolf approached Red. Seventeen hours. The claws of the wolf peeled back Scarlette's eyelid on her left eye, plucking out the eyeball, the muscles still attached and intact. Scarlette looked around, seeing through the eye still, trembling as the wolf licked the eyeball. “Yes, this is right.”

“Why- what- what are you doing?” Scarlette tried to reach her hands up and stop the wolf but as she raised them they detached from her body, floating off into the other room. The wolf placed the eyeball on her tongue and swallowed, Red's eye seeing the digestive trail down to the wolf's stomach. The wolf slurped the string of muscles like spaghetti, the heart came out of the socket on the string, the

lungs followed, and the brain yet Red kept her sentience through it all. The road to the wolf's belly was plastered with different colors and patterns, shapes and brightnesses, the imagination within painted on the organs. Scarlette's innards splashed into the pool of the wolf's belly, her sack of flesh left in a pile floating through the air as the wolf finished slurping all of her insides out. The stomach acid was the same purpleish pinkish hue that the pills from before were, it sizzled the now meal that became of Red, and her still working eyes became as they were before, when she'd taken the pill. The stomach was no longer a stomach but a room; no, a cave. Glimmering gems glistened and bats slept on the ceiling. A volcano, lava bubbling. An abandoned circus, rides rusted. Blackness, her eyes dissolving. Nothing, her sentience fading. Brain soup in a stomach. A pair of glasses, the same ones her grandmother wore, floating in the soup. Glass, fuschia concentration on its edges. Ding, the grandfather clock, 0:00. Don't take mystery pills.



Alana Brandt

Fynn Boylan



Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



Sam Bergin



Case #468

Addy Miller

A knock.

She answers, posture rigid.

Hello, officer.

No, I haven't heard.

Ah, I see. Is everything-

Wait, you want what?

My phone...? Alright.

Here, right here.

They're-

Texts? What does that matter-

Murder?!

I swear I didn't know.

I could never!

Hold on-

I'm not resisting!

Please, my children!

Don't hurt my children!

Wait!

*Thwack!*

Stop!

*Thwack!*

Please!

Stop-

Silence. Glazed eyes.

A closed case.

Untitled  
Ana Curtiss

Once upon a time, there were two villages, named Gewis and Ealdmodor. Gewis lay at the bend of a river, and Ealdmodor was down a long, winding road, deep in the woods. One summer, the woods grew like they never had before, like they were under a curse, and vines choked out the path between the sister villages. The people of Gewis grew nervous for their Ealdmodish brethren, but the road was long and treacherous, and the forest was dark and full of wolves.

One day, a hunter came to Gewis. She gave no name, but the townspeople took to calling her Omigbrand, or Rust-sword, because the blade on her back was covered in a thick layer of rust. She wore a cloak as red as blood on snow, and she kept her hood pulled over her eyes. The people of Gewis begged her to please check on Ealdmodor, and bring with her a basket of supplies, for fall was coming to an end and soon it would be winter. With a nod, the young hunter set off.

The hunter was walking along the long, winding road, when she came across a young cockerel, in the prime of his youth. "Oh, woe is me," he said, bobbing his head. "My love has left me, for I have nothing with which to make a nest, you must give that basket you carry so that I can make it a home." Without saying a word, the hunter set her basket on the ground and kept walking.

Continuing along the long, winding road, the hunter came across an old dog, his muzzle starting to gray. "Oh, woe are we," he said, scratching at the ground. "The forest has run out of game, and I have nothing to feed my pups. You must give us the leather from your boots, so that we can at least chew on that through the winter." Without saying a word, the hunter pulled off her shoes and kept walking.

As she walked the long, winding road, the hunter came across an ancient boar, his pelt long gone solid white and his eyes long gone cloudy and gray. "Oh, woe is you," he said, his voice cracking like an oak tree about to fall. "The town you're going to is already gone, and there's no way for you to get there in time. You must give me

your blade, for it slows you and weighs you down.” Without saying a word, the hunter embedded her rusty sword in the ground, and kept walking.

When the girl arrived in Ealdmodor, the whole town came out to greet her as one mass, with glassy eyes and cracking joints. In many voices, the town spoke in unison. “How do you think you’ll get back, without any supplies, little girl? Winter is coming, and there’s room for you to stay here.” The hunter noticed that each person, noble and peasant alike, wore clothes that were tattered and stained, as if they hadn’t changed in months. Speaking slowly, she replied, “I didn’t need supplies to make my way here, and I won’t need them to leave.”

The town asked again. “How do you think you’ll find your way home with no boots, little girl? Night is falling, and there’s room for you to stay here.” The hunter noticed that every person, man and woman alike, had eyes with no whites or pupil, just irises that gleamed in the dimming light. Stepping forward, she replied, “I didn’t need boots to walk the path here, and I won’t need them to go home.”

Ealdmodor surrounded her. “How do you think you’ll get out of here, with no sword at your back, little girl? The forest is watching, and there’s room for you to stay here.” The hunter noticed that every person, child and elder alike, had black lines like veins under their skin, connecting them like roots. Pulling off her blood red cloak to show eyes that glittered like candles and teeth that shined like knives, she replied. “I’ve needed no blade to hunt before, and I don’t need one now.”

In spring, the people of Gewis were able to make their way to Ealdmoor along the path. It was a shame what had happened to that little girl, they all agreed. They found her blade and basket laying by the trail, and the spot where her bootprints stopped. Maybe it was a mercy she had never reached her destination. After all, from what they found of the bodies of the people of Ealdmoor, it was obvious. The only thing that could have done all that, the only thing that could have been waiting for her, was a wolf.

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



pumpkin house

the windows inquire  
when daylight begins  
it has not been here for a while

the shades have been drawn  
the roof has caved in  
I playfully carve out a smile

Untitled Fall Photo  
Lee Christianson

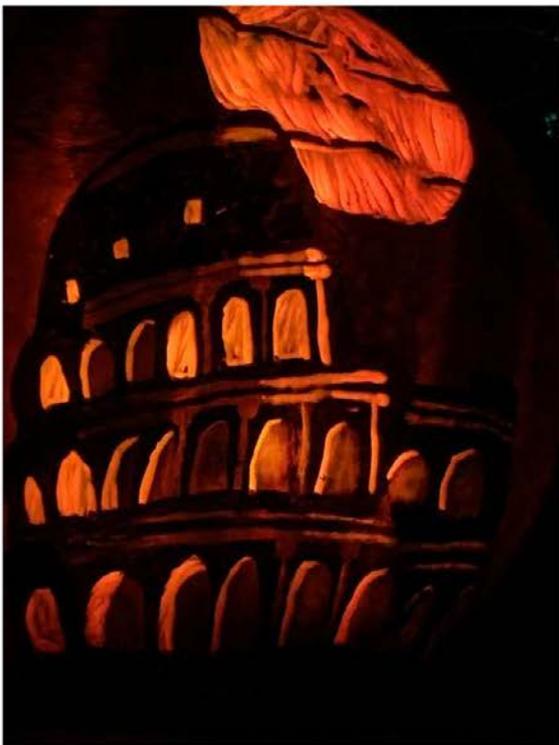
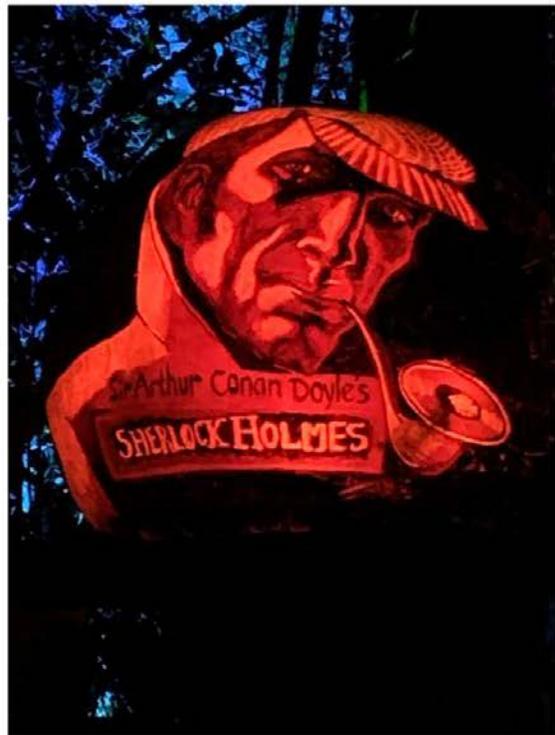
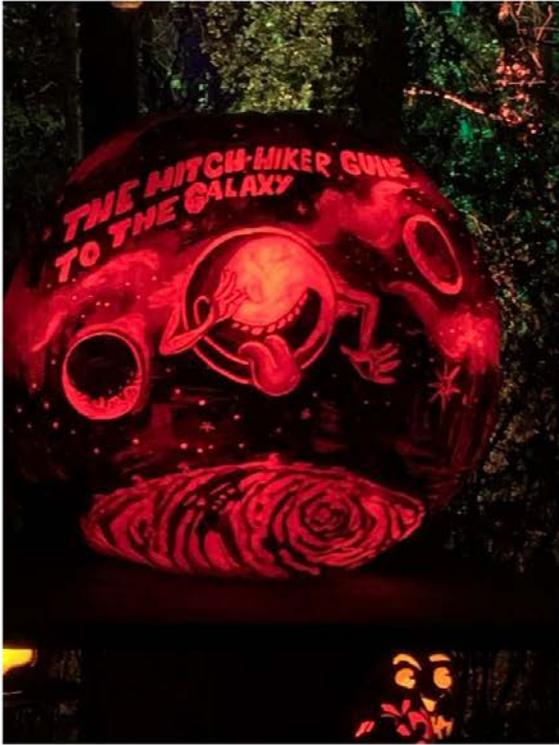


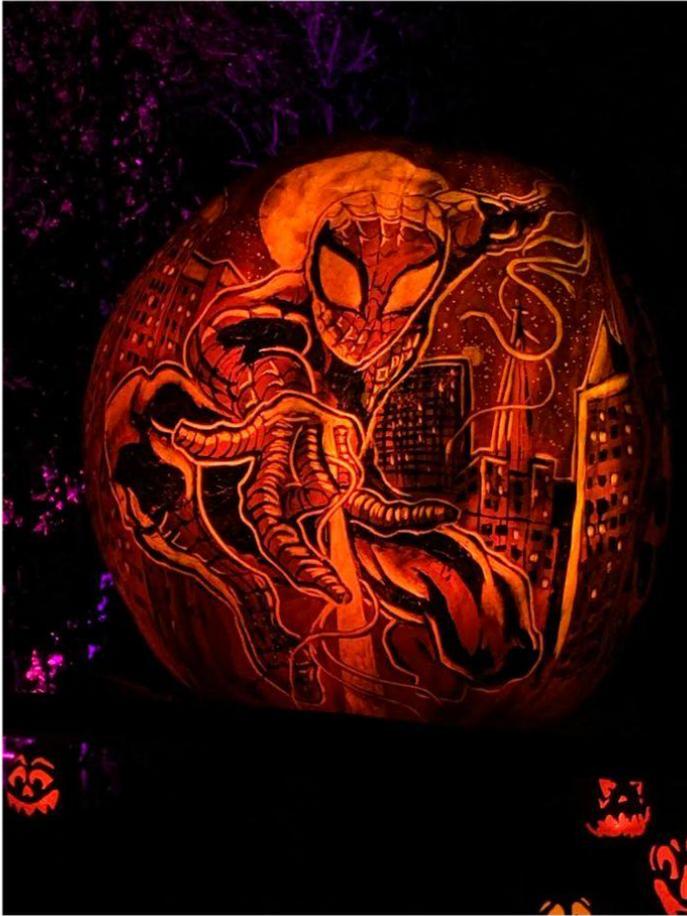
murders

Mia Tamez

The hummingbirds are my last salvation  
Kissing spirits through mirrors  
No longer leaves residue of beauty on my pillowcase  
I think the fall is slowly killing me  
Blood buried in the beds of her fingernails,  
Splattered across her button nose  
Like stars in a wayward sky  
Her smile is swallowing my eyes  
Oh how I wish summer never ended  
The stories the dead girl told me  
From the other side of the mirror-lake  
Could only convince me to sleep  
Now the spice of clove will forever taint my tongue  
I will die choking on fall's sweet scent.

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo





## Little, Red Lies

Addy Miller

**TW: HEAVY GORE/BLOOD/BODY HORROR**

The aroma struck me first. A putridly delicious scent wafting from beyond a company of trees. I paused, sniffing the air at the *wondrous* prospect of a meal. Five days have elapsed since I last ate. Nearly a week of agonizing strikes like a knife to the gut. Reticence is frequent in the woods these days with the huntsman lurking around every bend. Chasing away the prey and taunting me with poisoned, rancid meat. Pure torment has been gnawing at my gurgling stomach since he began prowling. Though, it seems my fortune was about to change.

I padded toward the scent, hesitating at the edge of the treeline near the trail. Maws watering, my eyes marked the girl in a vibrant, red cloak. A basket was clutched in her fist as she meandered down the dirt road. She was humming beneath her breath, a tune which I could not decipher from this distance. A groping ache clung to my stomach, an impulsivity blooming in my mind. As to not startle her, I trotted in her direction with a friendly greeting.

She whirled around, cheeks flushed with surprise before she returned my tone.

“Oh! Hello, Wolf! How are you this morning?”

“I’m doing alright. Say, what’ve you got in that basket?” I flashed her a toothy grin. She giggled at my attempt, snatching the basket away from my prying eyes.

“I have some pastries for my grandmother, though, I’m afraid I cannot offer you some. You see, she’s sick.” I grimaced, the deranged hunger returning. Abruptly, a plot formulated in my mind. If this little red wasn’t going to share, I would just have to return the favor.

“Pardon me, miss, but where did you say your grandmother lived? This path is a dangerous place. I’d hate for you to get lost.” She scoffed.

“Don’t be silly! I know where my grandmother lives! Her cottage is just right over that ridge a bit. Past the field of wildflowers!”

“Flowers you say?” An elated feeling, almost like hope, welled in my heart, “Don’t you think your grandmother would love a bouquet of flowers? It would definitely cheer her up. Possibly even *cure* her.” I nearly smirked as her eyes widened with a glimmer of awe.

“Really? You think so?”

“Why, yes! Haven’t you ever heard of joy curing any sickness? All it takes is a little smile.” I beamed for emphasis.

“You’re right! My grandmother will love them!” She bounded off, the hood flopping from her braided hair and bouncing against her shoulders. I snickered as she threw herself into the field of flowers. With every one plucked, she would journey further and further into the underbrush. Seizing my chance, I took off down the path in the direction she had indicated.

I detected smoke, most likely from a chimney. I was close. Sure enough, a ways past the field and behind the boughs of drooping trees, a cottage slouched in a clearing. An overgrown well protruded from the soil, gray brick ashen with age. Warmth radiated from the lights inside the home, a kind of golden glow about the place. Peering into the window, I observed the old woman as she lay in bed. Her chest rose and fell steadily with her breaths, possibly asleep. I cleared my throat, preparing for my performance.

“Hello? Grandmother?” I watched as the old woman rolled over, a slight smile stretching across her wrinkled face.

“Is that my Little Red?”

“Yes, grandmother! I have brought you baked goods from home!”

“Oh, lovely! Lift the latch and settle in, my dear!”

I spotted the latch on the door. It was slim, yet rather heavy as I took it between my teeth. Propelling it upward, the door swung open and I stalked into the room. The woman’s face molded into a paralyzing fear, a flop sweat forming on her pale forehead. She opened her mouth, but I was upon her before she had a chance to utter a sound. My

teeth pierced her throat and blood rushed from the punctured veins. I tore at her flesh, endorsing myself in this feast. With my hunger satiated, I swept the remains of the old woman beneath the bed.

A cheery voice sounded from outside.

“Grandmother? I’ve brought you some baked goods from home!”

Frantically, I placed the grandmother’s nightcap upon my head and slid under the silken covers. Hoisting the fabric over my nose, I cleared my throat once more.

“Ah, my dear Red! Come in, come in! Just pull the latch...” She appeared in the doorway, basket in one hand and a clump of brilliant flowers in the other. “Just set the basket down on the dining table, dearie.” Once the girl had complied, I chuckled, “Good, good. Join me, Red. I need some company!”

“My, my, are you feeling alright granny? Your voice sounds deeper than normal.” A pang of apprehension wound its way around my consciousness. A pit in my stomach, though, that might’ve been one of the old woman’s teeth.

“Oh, that’s just my illness! Don’t worry, I’m just fine!” I assured, pleased when the girl crept closer. She plunked down at the edge of the mattress, scrutinizing me. She eventually gaped, another blush creeping onto her cheeks.

“Your ears! What big ears you have!”

“Yes-” I stammered, “the better to hear you with.” She pointed at my face.

“What big eyes you have!”

“The better to see you with.” I sneered, impatience swelling.

“Grandmother, what big teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you with, dearie!” I launched from the mattress. However, a claw snagged on the covers, hindering my agility. She managed to screech before I swallowed her whole. The noise ceased instantly. A disturbing silence blanketed the house, even the embers in the dimming fireplace didn’t crackle. I noticed the bouquet of wildflowers, now trampled on the hardwood. I rolled myself back into the covers, content with sleeping this awareness off.

That was my second warning. A wolf should know to never show vulnerability. Especially by napping in the same place you've eaten. As I drifted into a dreamless state, I was unaware of the wide-open door. I did not hear the sounding of twigs snap, or smell the musk of death around the corner. My senses were overloaded with exhaustion and the aroma of blood in the air. Blood which was now seeping from beneath the bed and staining the sheets.

An excruciating fire lit along my stomach. I startled awake, perceiving a figure hunched above me. The salty tang of crimson increased, a warmth pooling. I was burning and frigid at the same time. Pain blinded me, my vision blurring at the edges. If a wolf could cry, I would be. I yelped as a gruff tear in my stomach occurred. In front of my eyes, Little Red clawed from my gut. She was caked in chunks of half-digested flesh, breathing hard.

The figure above me, the huntsman, helped her from the bed and shouted orders, ones which I was too strained to hear. I shifted my head and a strangled cry released from my throat as I observed the protracted gash running down my midsection. I could *see* my own bloody insides. My stomach acid was sloshing from its organ, coating my fur.

Suddenly, Little Red reappeared with a cloak-full of stones. Before I could even comprehend what was occurring, she placed the first stone into my severed belly. It smoldered, as though it was searing my innards. Dirt flaked from the rocks, matting in my fur, mixing with my blood. With each stone placed, I writhed with agony. It was an unbearable weight, crushing me, suffocating me.

By this point I was delirious. I barely registered the needle weaving through my skin, the thread stinging as it was pulled taut. I heard footsteps thudding against the wood, the slam of a door. The smell of smoke was pungent. My mind felt airy, nearly non-existent. I strained to stand, collapsing from the soft mattress to the unforgiving floor. It was freezing on my back, despite the heat of the fireplace. My legs wobbled as I propelled myself forward, the stones tumbling and sloshing. My suture began to tear, as though it was woven of fine fabric. A stone clattered to the ground, coated with blood and slimy acid.

Now here I stumble out the door,  
Dripping blood along the floor.  
Crimson stains and polished stones,  
Justice from splintered bones.  
The sun is shining, a blinding light.  
My vision dim, I'm losing sight.  
Silver tongues are quick,  
But temptation can nick.  
I feel a thirst creeping in.  
Exhaustion from where I've been.

I see a well, a welcome view.  
The surface canvased in fallen due.  
Suddenly, another stone slips,  
My feet meet air, they trip.  
Darkness.  
A splash.  
Bubbles rising to the surface.  
Lungs are swelling, reaching catharsis.  
Water rushes up my nose.  
It burns, oh it burns like hell.  
I'm drowning.  
I'm drowning.  
I'm-

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



Fynn Boylan



## The Forest

Lí Moore

The forest was.. weird. The doctor warned me about the dreams, that they'd feel real, that I could get stuck in them if I lingered too long. I was just supposed to sleep for two hours with an hour in between them for medication and checking vitals and a questionnaire sometimes. Sleeping was exhausting.

I lay down in my childhood bed, the bed with a big blue comforter and a pillow with a shark on it, the bed I slept in when I was twelve up until sixteen. I've been seventeen for two months now, but it feels like centuries since I've lied in this bed.

What I remember first were the sounds. Leafy branches rustling, birds clicking and chirping, insects buzzing, maybe some frogs croaking. It rained last night I think. The grass is dewy, and the bark of trees is dark and shiny. Droplets of water sprinkle down from the swaying branches above.

I'm in the forest. The ferns are up to my waist and the tree trunks are a yard thick. The moss seems to stick to the soles of my feet when I lift them and I wonder if I stayed still for a minute more if I'd ever move again.

I remember the doctor warning me, their words jumbled noises in my head now, but I remember that they spoke almost calmly. That they had said "the dreams will seem realistic, familiar even, and you'll feel more tethered than you do awake. But it's not real. You have to understand that it is not real. That no matter who you see, what you hear, or whatever words are said, it is not real." I remember waking up for the first time; crying and screaming and fighting the doctors trying to hold me down. I remember their garbled yelling, the angry clinking of scalpels and scissors and tweezers, the sting of the needle being injected into my spine, and I remember falling to the floor, awake but completely limp. I couldn't move, I couldn't speak, I could hardly breathe. I remember squinting at the corners of their eyes, waiting for spiders to crawl out, and biting my fingers only to see they were baby carrots this whole time. I stared at the wall for hours, watching it breathe, and I'd tear at the wallpaper to try to find obscured eyes that observe me in secret. I would reach into my blue comforter, reach for the cold touch of water and slimy fish scales and baleen of massive whales. They took the shark pillow out of my room before I reacted to it, fearing for me and maybe the shark too. But I was sad about that. The shark cradled my head when I slept. Its big black eyes watched the doctors bound my arms and legs, shoving IVs into my veins and drawing blood from my fingers. The shark led me through my first dream, its fin in my hand as I taught myself to walk again.

Ella Shillcox



## Grim Visions

Addy Miller

“She’s right here!” My parents glanced at one another, their brows creased with worry.

“Son,” Dad breathed, “your sister... she’s gone.”

“No, she isn’t! She’s here!” The vision of my sister suddenly morphed. Her clothes became tattered, a stain of crimson trailing from her belly. Tears were staining her cheeks. I blinked. Blood pooled.

I spotted the knife clutched in my fist, the spatter of red along the pristine, white walls.

My Dad placed a hand on my shoulder, causing me to spin, heart racing. His face was inhumanly pale. Mom’s too.

“You were right, son. We can see her!”



Ella Shillcox

## Shattered Thoughts

Addy Miller

His reflection in the mirror was dreary; hooded eyes with purple bags beneath them. The pill bottle rattled as he extracted a single, white pill. With a dry swallow, his vision brightened. As he turned to exit the bathroom, Lucius, his beloved, appeared.

“Good morning, love.” Lucius planted a kiss on his forehead.

“How was your day?”

Lucius sighed, “Horrid. Mildred will not get off my back.” A worried frown creased his forehead, “She’s been whispering about firing me.”

“Firing you? But you love that job! You work the hardest.” Dean’s heart dropped.

“I know. But my boss...” Lucius trailed off, not much to say.

Dean shuffled out of the bathroom, preparing to pick up his morning coffee. A flash. A bang. The smoke of gunpowder curling around his finger.

He shook his head. Lucius was no longer in the cramped apartment. *Right. He’s at work.*

The lights were too bright. A humming knocked at his skull. Rage built in his vision, red painting the sidewalk. He could not let her get away. She panted heavily, terror flooding her movements. The space between them closed. There was a flash of silver, a drowning scream bubbling with crimson.

Dean blinked, the cashier impatiently gestured for him to pay. His credit card in hand, a coffee cup in the other, he set off toward the city. An hour to spare, he passed a flower shop. Pristine lilies sat upon the window sill, ones that Dean knew Lucius would adore.

The humming intensified, hammering his head viciously. His vision spotted. There, a business man in a pristine tux, wailing for help. His eyes bulged, cheeks flushed with sweat. Dean felt the man’s pulse beneath his fingers, the taught skin paling with pressure. Blood welling from the corners of his stretched lips.

*Crack!*

Flash!

Sirens blaring. A blood-splotched lily clutched in his fist, tarnished. Police officers surrounded him.

“Dean Hart! You are under arrest for the murder of Mildred Smith, David Elrod, and Lucius Laurier.”

He froze.

“Lucius...? He’s alive. He’s not dead.” At this, the police pointing the gun at his head hesitated. A glimmer of pity shone in his eyes.

“Mr. Hart... you killed him. A single gunshot wound to the head. He’s been dead for months.”

Tears welled in Dean’s eyes. A heart wrenching realization fluttered in his chest. A memory. A late night argument. Hateful words spat. The crack of a gun cocking. Blood stains the sheets. A body, draped over the plush comforter. A heart shattered and a mind fractured.

“No...”

He pictured Lucius smiling, the first time they met. The bouquet of lilies.

The leather seat of the police cruiser was cold. The metal bars of his cell were colder, but the ache of his broken heart was too frigid to bear.

Ella Shillcox



House, City. V  
Lee Christianson

House, wisp. V.2

September 26th 2022

10:46 AM

We lay in a house with steep ceilings.  
Vines stumbling their way up our brick walls.  
Dusty light shining, through the never ending windows.

Tea becomes cold in our tiny kitchen.  
The wisps of steam are long gone.  
A clock stands frozen in the hall.

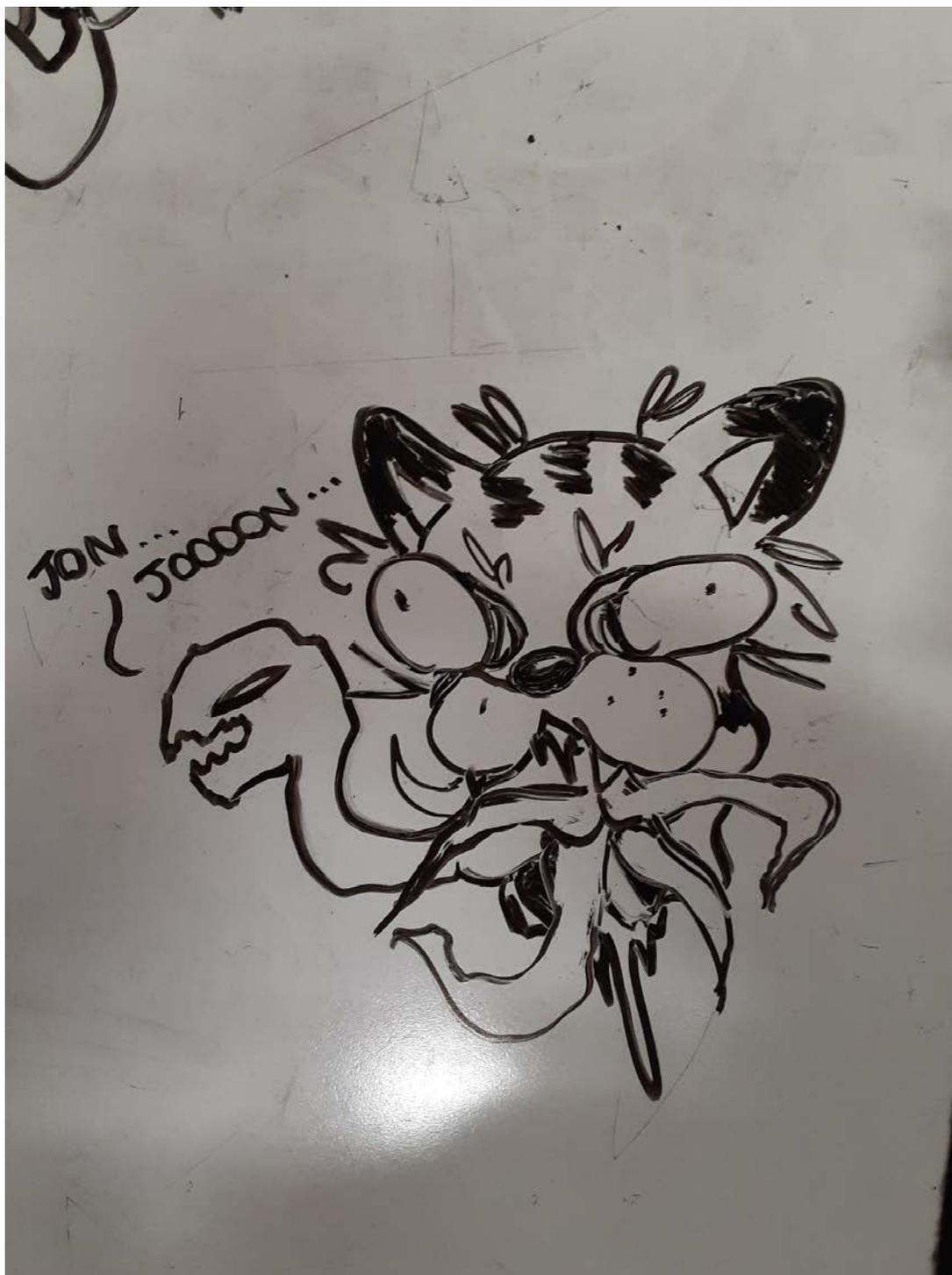
Your lips slowly part and you whisper something.  
I don't catch the syllables and reply with silence.  
I blink my eyes shut.

Moments later, the layers of dust thicken.  
Our tea has evaporated,  
And the clock is infested with mites.

The house is crumbling around us  
Lapsed by time.  
Seconds, minutes, hours to us.  
Years, decades to them.  
They, who ever gave us a thought.

We could lie here forever.  
Sinking slowly,  
into our little home.

The Lasagna Wasn't Enough  
Ella Shillcox

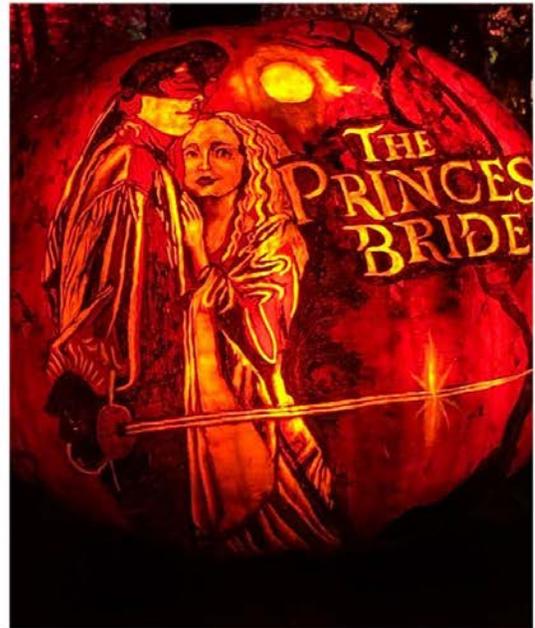
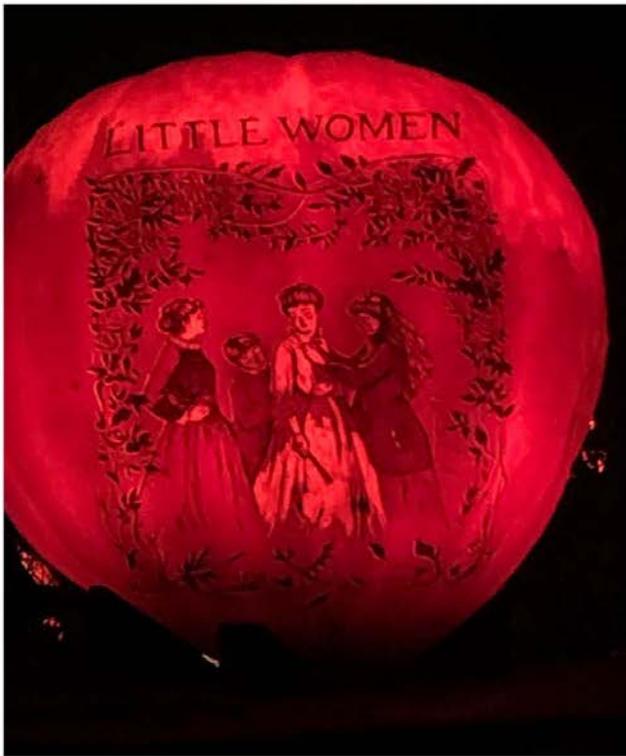
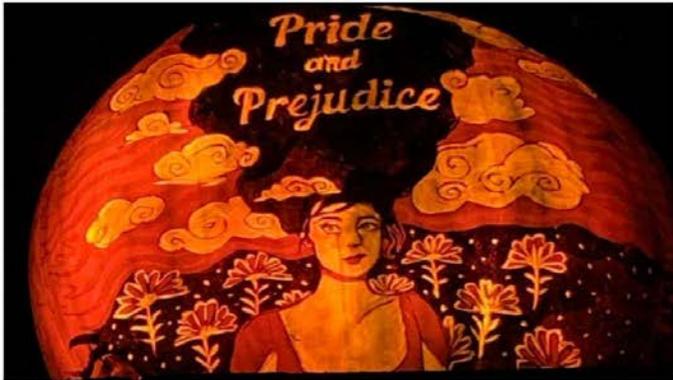


Alana Brandt

**TW: HEAVY GORE/BODY HORROR**

He peeled his eyelids back near his brow bone, the sound of sticky suction engulfed his ears as he did. Just as every other night, he firmly grasped his eyeballs, one at a time, with his pointer and thumb then plucked them out, placing them in a velvet jewelry box beside his bed. He then threw his head back, relieved to rid himself of the burden for the night. His eyes wandered as they always did, only now he didn't need to tell them to stop, they were confined to the box. The man drifted to sleep, finger fidgeting inside of his empty eye socket tissue.

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



Aiyana Beaulieu



Ella Shillcox



2 Sentence Horror Story  
Jocelyn Gunter

I like the clay, it's fun to mold. But my pots can't dry without air.

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



## 2 Sentence Horror Story

Jocelyn Gunter

I liked the taste of salt. The taste punctuated by the light of the scuba divers headlamp, he went up for air before he joined me.

Addy Miller - Jack O'Lantern Spectacular @ MN Zoo



Ella Shillcox



fall flesh

Mia Tamez

Autumn is spinning out of control  
Cerebral cortex is vexing my vortex  
The unspooling yarn will only leave me cold  
Vulnerable, chilly trust  
I think the leaves will cover me,  
Inside and out  
How could I complain  
Being swaddled in such colors  
They medicate my soul,  
Help guitar strings guide me back  
To who I once was  
Recycling old songs into new harvest  
Knit me into the strands of an apple tree  
Where I will become beautiful once again  
Red, shiny meat  
Spinning retrograde to a bumbling stop  
The moon will greet me on the other side.

# Eva as Batman

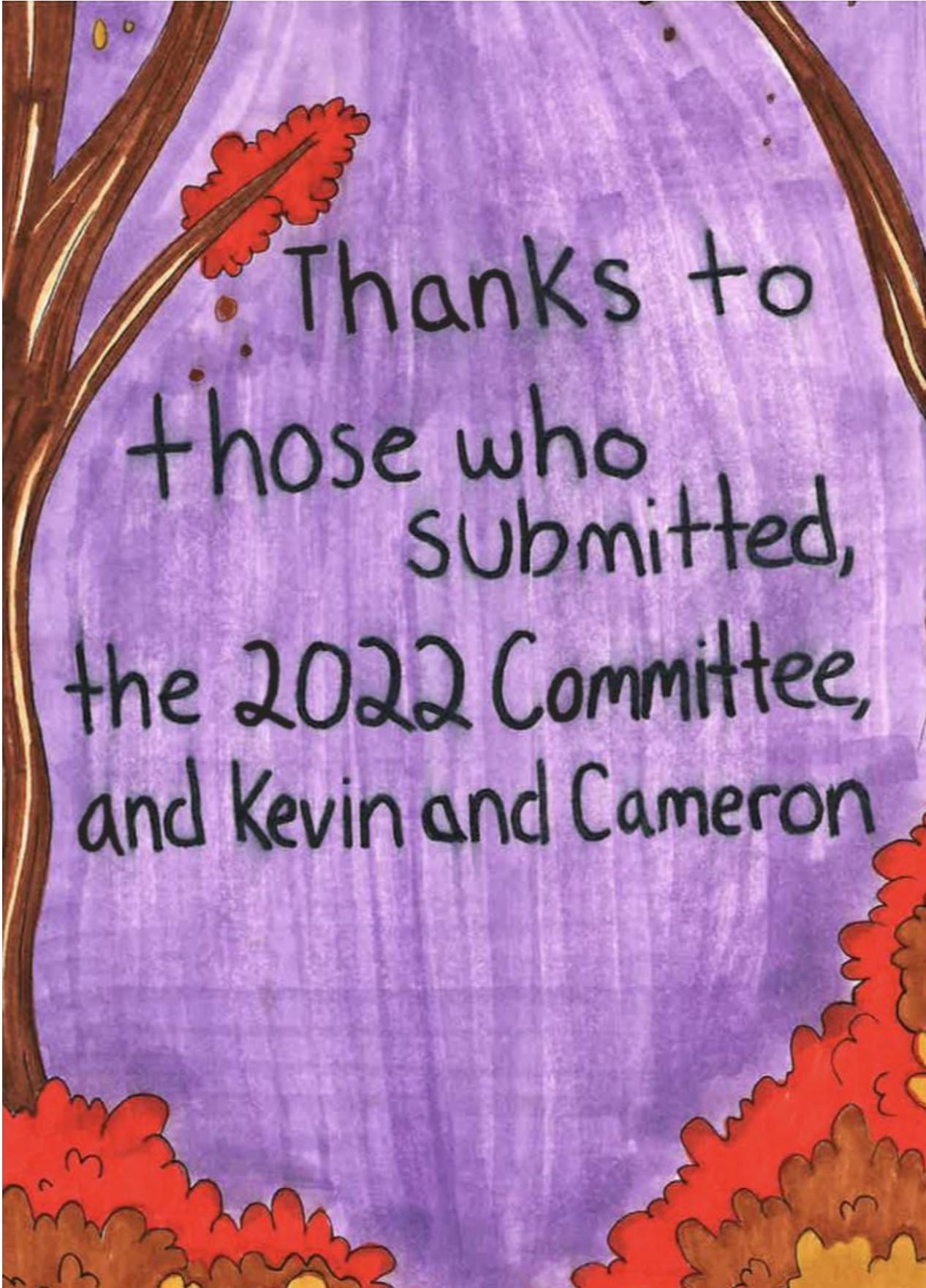
Mia Tamez



**WHEN YOU**



**WHEN YOU REACH  
THE END OF THE  
HALLOWZINE**

A hand-drawn illustration of a tree with a purple background and autumn foliage. The tree's trunk and branches are brown, and there are several red and orange leaves scattered around. The background is a textured purple color. The text is written in a black, cursive font.

Thanks to  
those who  
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