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Get Inked

Dierrepont's Literary Journal

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Winter Breeze

by Tyler Nunez

The cold, crisp air fills the street,
As snow floats down onto your feet.
Christmas is literally around the corner,
Got to write more poems, essays, and learn a little more.
Can't wait for winter break, there's so much in store.
But for now, let the cold days roam.
And drink more hot chocolate at home.

Leaves Left

by Ciara Kelly

The strong branches of the summer trees slowly turned into tiny sticks.
The leaves swiftly pull off their old homes and lay on the floor, soon to be crushed by someone's shoe.
I dragged my feet through the pile of leaves I had just before raked into a mountain.

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The Autumn Brown

by Caroline Mierzwa

You hear the crispy leaves crunching upon your feet
You tilt your head backward and notice that the trees are becoming bare
But they're not bare yet,
The leaves containing their colorful pigment still frame the tree
Making the tree unique
Each tree has a different quantity of leaves
Some remain green,
While some turn into gorgeous hues of autumn colors
People are like that too though
Some people stay stubborn,
Yet some transform into optimistic souls
Fall is a beautiful thing
And so are humans

Page 1

The Halloween Horror Story

by Jack Whaley

As I run through the woods
Escaping the impending doom
I jump from the woods to the house

The doors creek open as a cool breeze sets the tone of my skin
Goose bumps fill up my whole body as I run up the creaking stairs
From my attacker

But there he stands
Tall but thin
Eyes piercing a reddish glow

As he approaches, I pray for the best

But with weapon in hand and a determined faced
He forces the final blow
As I awake, from the nightmare
I see the same man with a knife in his hand

The Owl

by Chloe Cornacchiulo

The owl hooted often throughout the dark night. A wolf howled somewhere in the woods. The crescent moon was shining so bright it was like the sun in midnight form. However, this strange weather and animal behavior was expected. Tonight was Halloween. But, unlike the other times I celebrated the spooky holiday, this night was going to be different. I could already tell from these suspicious conditions. This, was how my Halloween was going to be. My brother, Thomas, was already shoving himself into his costume. His strange facial makeup and false blood on his lips exactly convinced me that he really was a zombie. At least, that's what he was dressing up as. He was 15 and was a total teen. He was into rock, played video games more than he ever read books, and watched more movies than I could ever count. As for me, my name was Claire. I was 14 and I absolutely loved

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Winter Child

by Ciara Kelly

The boy always saw the girl at the bus stop. She never got on the bus, just sat there all day long. People always dropped money into a cup she had set down. He wondered where her mom and dad were. In the summer was when he first began seeing the helpless girl. She had shorts and a plain blue T-shirt, that had multiple stains over it. The spring came and she wore the same thing. The boy was bewildered. Why would she sit on the bus stop bench and not go to school? The girl's appearance made her out to be eight; the same age of the boy. Maybe if she went to school they could be friends. But then the fall passed and the girl was wearing the same outfit. "She must be frozen," the young boy kept thinking. Then the real trouble came. The white snow came around, usually when his mother told him about a snowstorm, he got excited. But all the

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Ghosts

by Erik Schriefer

We fear them at night.
Haunting our most peaceful dreams.
Are they even real?

Pumpkins

Orange, and so still.
Penetrated by our knives.
Carved, just to frighten.

Night

Dark lingers the sky.
Its strange-fear haunts all our minds.
Can we all escape?

Halloween

by Tyler Nunez

As the leaves change colors red, yellow, and green;
As you're getting prepared for Halloween;
Are you ready for the end of 2014?
As the cold breeze fills the streets;
Are you ready to go out and receive some treats?
But when you reach the town's end,
And a huge house looms over your friends;
Would you decide to go in?

Page 2

(Leaves Left, from page 1)

I quickly placed the rake down and climbed up my steps. The count down in my head Down from three, two, one Then all at once my body let go, falling into the pit. I did not want to get up, so I let my body lay for a minute, before my sister called me And I got up, leaves in my hair, and jacket that I would have to take out. But I left the pile of leaves for when I came back.

(Winter Child, from page 2)

boy could think about was how cold the girl would be in the winter chill. He went to school and saw her laying there. From the far distance he was from her, he could see her small slim body shiver under the light blanket. As soon as he got home that day he got his birthday money and went to the local store a block away from his house. When he got there, he quickly grabbed the puffy jacket and gloves and paid for them. He had just enough money... then he ran home.

The next week was Christmas. On Christmas Day he woke up early, but not to get his own presents, but to give. Expecting the girl to not be at the bus station, he ran so she would not beat him. But when he got there, she was sleeping on the bench. "Maybe she got tired and forgot to go home last night," he thought. Her parents must be worried. But he decided he would just leave the jacket and gloves there. He then ran back home to get his own presents.

When he was going back to school, he was excited to pass the bench and see the girl in her new article of clothing. But the girl did not come back. He thought that maybe she went home for the winter. But summer came and she wasn't there. Years later the boy knew. He felt good about what he tried to do. But instead of leaving a jacket, he left a rose. No one knew the girl and she did not get her respects. So he knelt down and prayed, leaving the rose behind. A tear trickled down his cheek. He felt upset for her. Even if he never really knew her, he felt like they were friends. All he could do was walk away and remember the winter child.

(The Owl, from page 2)

horror games, movies, you name it. Name anything that has to do with horror and I could probably explain in less than a minute. (Well, that only happened a few times. Heh, heh, guess I owe my friend Sandra \$5 now.) My costume was not really something most girls would wear. I was dressed up as a miner, I know, weird. But it came with a fake yet very realistic pickaxe, plastic yellow helmet, and a miner's outfit, complete with brown rubber boots. To me, it's perfect. That night, we departed the house in our costumes, a zombie and his sister, a miner. We went from house to house, gathering candy on the way. Each house seemed creepier, but the more houses we passed, the weirder things got. At one point, we took a wrong way and ended up at this huge mansion. Rickety and old, it seemed to sway from side to side, and was obviously unstable. Thomas carefully put one foot in front of the other to the front porch. He knocked on the door. It suddenly opened, and standing there to our shock, was an elderly man, clutching an old wooden cane with a curved handle. He stared at us for a second, then said, "Who are you two?" Thomas replied, "Excuse me sir, my name is Thomas and this is my sister Claire. We got lost trick-or-treating, and we need to find a way back to the neighborhood. Do you know what street this is?" The elderly man just glared at us, as if us getting lost was OUR fault! I mean, maybe it kind of is, but I'm not blaming Thomas and I for our disappearances. Sighing, he replied, "Old Oak. Oh, and here's a warning for y'all: you'd better not walk through these streets around midnight. There's always a surprise waiting for ya. And its never a good surprise!" With that said, he slammed the door shut. My brother and I of-

fered odd glances at each other and continued on our way. Thomas kept muttering under his breath, "Old Oak, huh? Well, if Mom let me take my phone, I could've looked for directions and call for help. Instead, I guess I got into this mess." He was angry, and was stomping his feet on the way back to the neighborhood. Now even he was creeping me out! I guess it was around midnight when I noticed light at the end of our trail. I nudged Thomas, who'd been looking down and muttering things the whole time about who knows what, and pointed toward this light. His eyes brighten, and he started to run. I was naturally slow, while he was naturally fast, so I had a hard time keeping up. When we reached our destination, we realized that it was some lit candles upon a window. We had found a white house, but all lights were off except the candles and some jack-o'-lanterns on the front steps. I was upset, but at the same time relieved, because that house meant that civilization was nearby. We started on the sidewalk and sulked back home. A couple of houses we recognized told us we were home. And to me, that was good enough for staying alive!

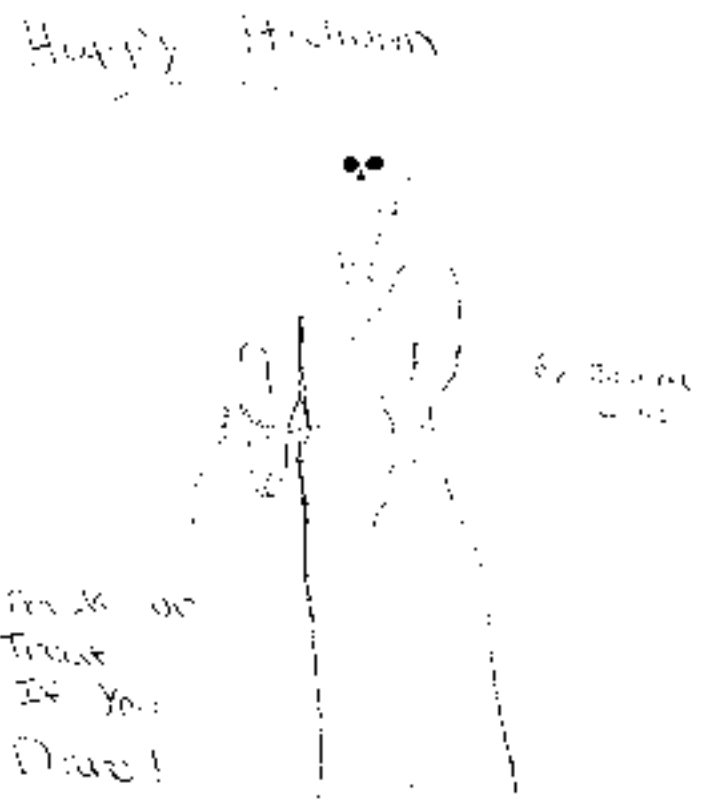
To be continued...



Candy Corn

by Alex Sasso

On one night, Jack was having a party for Halloween. They went trick or treating. Jack went to the wrong house and they asked him to go in. So he walked in, and without knowing, they were ghosts! He turned around and he did not see them. His best friend Peat said where is Jack? Can you imagine you're let into a house and you can't see the owners? You would be trying to get out, but Jack stayed and looked for clues. After thirty minutes, he heard noises from the attic. When he zoomed upstairs, Jack glanced around only to find that a ghost was casting a spell on us! They saw me and stopped, but then I heard something pop! I felt something on my face, candy corn? It is raining candy corn!



Autumn Breezes

by Haily Montefusco

The brisk breeze glides against my frigid face.

I wonder through the field with freshly fallen leaves scattered.

The colors are beautiful... there are so many.

The yellow and light green grass is moist with morning dew.

I gaze through the pumpkin patch filled bulky brown roots and rows and rows of orange.

It was quiet and peaceful.

I glance down at my dirt covered, black combat boots and notice the sprouting weeds.

I can see people in the distance laughing and skipping through the knee high wheat.

The smell of kettle corn and gas from the hay rides wrapped around my nose like a string.

Autumn is here and I never want it to go.

It's About...

by Carly Mockenhant

One Friday in October, on the 31st, everyone dressed up different than themselves. Everyone went to bed late. Some kids dressed up scary, like a ghost or graveyard girl. Other people dressed very nice, like a princess, prince, or a butterfly. When people go outside, sometimes they bring a pumpkin, but I don't know why. Oh wait, I do. It's to collect candy, because that is what Halloween is about! When you are asleep, teens go around and throw toilet paper on your house. Kids go around ringing your doorbells and people will give you candy! That is what Halloween is about.

It's Coming Soon

by Aparna Pillai

Halloween Is Coming Soon
It's time for Halloween
It's coming very soon
Jack O' Lanterns everywhere
You might hear a scare
You never know when ghosts are roaming
Just say a very big BOO!!!
You will frighten everyone that comes your way
Spiders crawling on your back
Going into a haunted house
Dressing up for tricks or treats
Getting sweet yummy treats
Meeting witches and goblins too
You never know when something is coming
This is the day to have some fun
BOO!!!

Red Eyes Next to You

by Justin Cheong

One scary night, a 14 year old named Van was watching TV. On this day his family was going somewhere for an important meeting. Because they had some time to kill they bought a toy that looked just like him. Then they went. The boy then heard a voice. It sounded like, "Red eyes, red eyes, I am on your street." Van ignored the voice and called his friend Ryan to play video games. After Ryan left, Van heard again, "Red eyes, red eyes, I am in your house." Van was so scared. So, he dashed up to his room to hide under his bed and brought his toy with him and hugged it. "Red eyes, red eyes, I am right next to you." The ghost destroyed Van. When his parents came home, Van was lying on the floor, but his head was on the other side of the room! "What happened?" asked Van's mom. Van replied, "That was my toy." I am glad you are safe" his father shouted. Van went back to his bedroom and went to sleep.

The Axe

by Roland Miranda

November has come
No more turkeys will be here
R.I.P turkey

Gonna Be...

by Katherine Roman

It was the day before Halloween. I was getting my costume and I noticed that my costume was ripped on the bottom of the cape. I almost forgot to tell you, I am going to be a supergirl for Halloween.

"What am I going to do now?" I yelled. "I have no costume!" Now what am I going to be? Now I have to get another costume.

I went to my friend's house. I wanted to see if she had a costume that I could borrow. My friend offered me a few costumes: a witch, a pumpkin, a vampire, and a ghost. All the costumes were very nice. I knew I had to pick one, so I picked a vampire because it also had a cape that was not ripped. My friend saved the day!

Don't Eat Too Much Candy

by Basant Sharma

*Separate into groups.
Ones you don't like and like.
If it is in the first group, get rid of it.
Eat balanced meals.
It will make you less likely to reach for candy.
Eat one per day.
Keep track of the wrappers.*

*Candy Haiku
Halloween candy.
Sweet and so tasty.
Magic to my tongue.*

Halloween Fright Night

by Natalia Engler

*Dressing up for frights
Jack-O-Lanterns light up homes
All throughout the night*

The Tale of Shoe

by Veronika Virostiko

One day, a young boy got a pair of big, brown boots that everyone had. He loved them. One day he was playing soccer and one of his boots flew off and landed in the toxic waste. The boy and his mom were very disappointed. "Why would you play soccer with your new boots?" his mother said. The boy didn't answer. After dinner, the boy went to bed. That night, his shoe came out of the toxic waste ALIVE. The shoe walked toward the house, but when the morning comes he plays dead!!! When the boy got back from school, his mom was cooking for a guest that he had never seen before. The man had gray hair, a large stomach, and he had only one shoe on. He showed a little grin, but not a full smile. The boy asked, "Who is that man in the dining room?" His mother didn't answer. At night, the boy followed the man. The man walked into the alley way. There the man turned into a familiar shoe... He was the missing shoe!

Halloween is for... The Scary Night

by Matthew Journet

*Halloween is for scary goblins,
and treats too.
People dressed in costumes,
an egg house too.*

by Noreena Hamad

One scary night, there were four boys trick-or-treating. They saw a huge house and knocked on the door. The door opened, but nobody was there. The four boys went inside. The door closed and they got scared. Then they started walking and they heard a sound. Then they saw it was a ghost. They ran in fear, but the ghost got one boy and the boy's name was Ben. Next, the door opened and the three boys ran out of the house and never came back again. Can we all escape?

Three Little Pumpkins

by Emily Satterfield

*Three little pumpkin sitting on a bench.
A witch came flying by, ha, ha, ha
I'll take
You home and make a pumpkin pie.
HA, HA,*

*Two little pumpkins sitting on a bench.
A witch came flying by, ha, ha, ha
I'll take
You home and make a delicious pumpkin pie.
HA, HA,*

*One little pumpkin sitting on a bench.
A witch came flying by, ha, ha, ha
I'll take
Can we all escape?*

An Interview with Tim Green

by Ciara Kelly and
Caroline Mierzwa

Q- Out of all your careers which has been your favorite?

A- Writing and football.

Q- Was it a struggle being in the NFL, studying law, and starting writing?

A- Would not like to say a struggle, but a lot of work.

Q- Out of all your books, what is your favorite and why?

A- Unstoppable, because the idea was born from my wife's cancer.

Q- What do you enjoy doing when you are not at work or writing?

A- Reading and coaching sports.

Q- Since you said many schools wanted you, how did you make your decision?

A- I visited my six top schools, but my high school coach now coached Syracuse and I wanted to play while I was a freshmen.

Q. Have you ever been interested in any other sports besides football?

A. My second favorite sport was wrestling, because I loved to knock people down. My third favorite sport was baseball.

Q. Did anybody in your life truly inspire you to become an author?

A. A multitude of teachers did help along the way but, there was one



coach that was also an English teacher, and my college advisor inspired me to become an author.

Q. So, I saw online that you were a commentator on NPR (National Public Radio). Were you always a public speaker? When you were younger were you shy?

A. I was always especially nervous for speaking in front of crowds I never was a public speaker until high school.