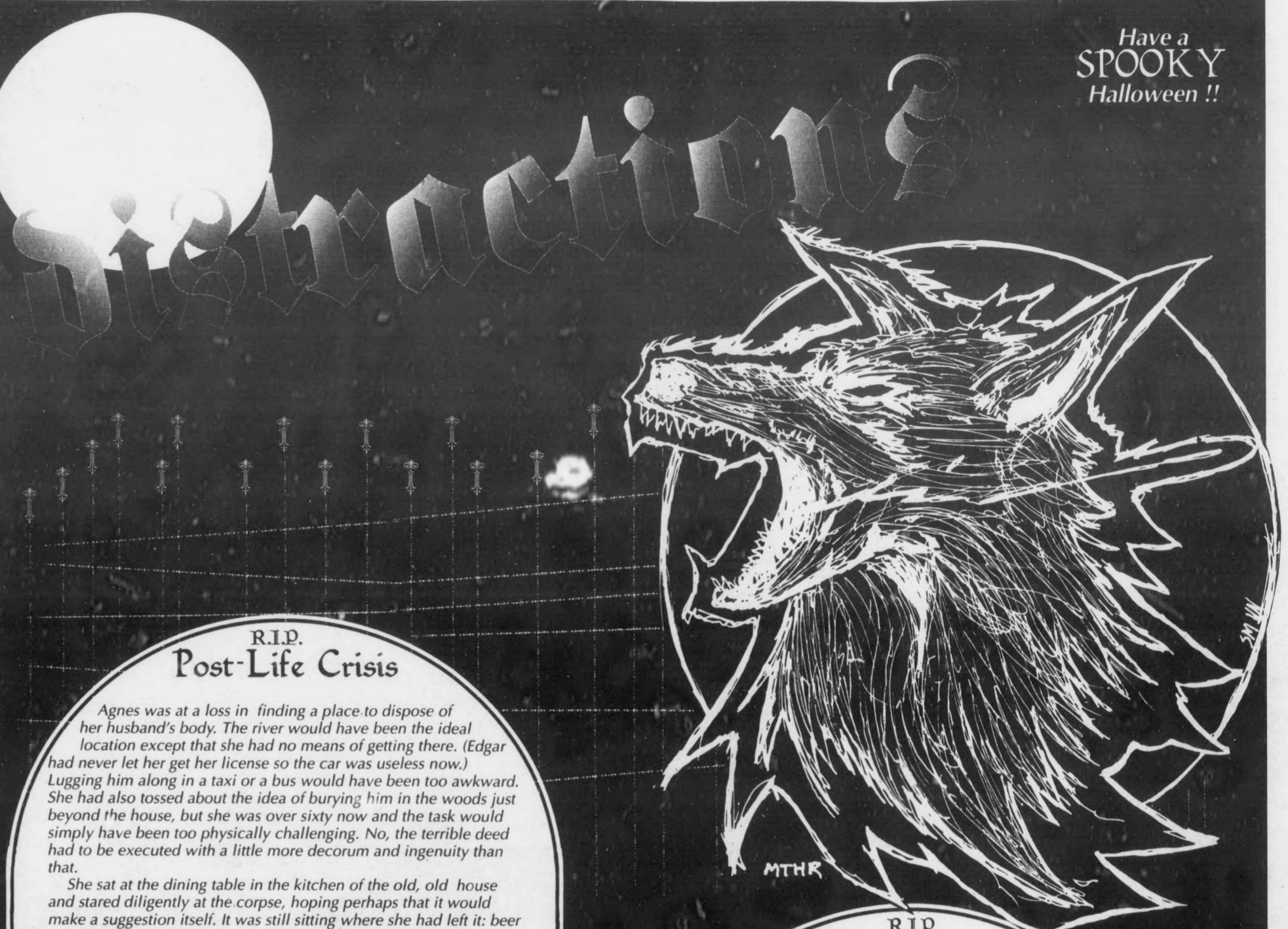


Have a
SPOOKY
Halloween !!



R.I.P.
Post-Life Crisis

Agnes was at a loss in finding a place to dispose of her husband's body. The river would have been the ideal location except that she had no means of getting there. (Edgar had never let her get her license so the car was useless now.) Lugging him along in a taxi or a bus would have been too awkward. She had also tossed about the idea of burying him in the woods just beyond the house, but she was over sixty now and the task would simply have been too physically challenging. No, the terrible deed had to be executed with a little more decorum and ingenuity than that.

She sat at the dining table in the kitchen of the old, old house and stared diligently at the corpse, hoping perhaps that it would make a suggestion itself. It was still sitting where she had left it: beer mug laced with arsenic in one hand, newspaper in the other, and face flat on the table. It had been more than two days now since she had killed him, and she realized that she couldn't just ignore him anymore. But what would she do? She had been brilliant when it came to poisoning the beer, but now she had to be equally as clever in getting rid of the body. After all she had killed him so that she could think freely...

"Hello, Agnes."

"What?! Oh. Hello," replied Agnes with a jump as she was snagged away from the hypnotizing monotony of the supermarket aisles.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to startle you like that. How have things been?" asked Brenda, Agnes's neighbour.

"Fine, great, spectacular, magnificent, an utter extravaganza of joy!" replied Agnes sardonically.

"Well, that's nice to hear. I haven't seen Edgar about in the last few days."

"No, no, no, of course you haven't. He's...resting."

"Oh, I see. Has he taken ill?"

"Not exactly."

"Oh." There ensued a tense moment of silence between the two women as Brenda hoped for a more elaborate response while leaning on her shopping cart. "Well," she finally said after what seemed like an aeon, "I don't often see you in this supermarket. Stocking up for Halloween, are you?"

"Halloween?"

"Yes, you know: 'Trick or treat?'"

"Oh, I don't often have many of those juveniles come by my place, you know?"

"Well, it does have that terrible, Gothic look about it at night. I'm sure that all the children think that you're a witch living up there," Brenda said with an uncomfortable chuckle.

Agnes responded coldly, "Yes, I'm sure that they do. And I'm sure that I can get by handing out eggs, or apples, or something of the sort."

Brenda was taken aback by the sudden chill coming from the woman. "Yes, well at any rate, I must get going. But I'm sure that if you just left plenty of lights on tomorrow night, and really advertised, all the kids will come. Good bye."

Brenda pushed her cart off down the aisle while Agnes watched her go and chuckled at her own cleverness...

"Trick or Treat!" chanted a gallery of ghouls, super-heroes, and purple dinosaurs.

"Hello, children," cackled Agnes who had no need for costume, nor make-up in order to look like a witch (as Edgar had pointed out to her on many, many violent occasions). She pulled out her treats and dropped them by the handful into a sea of pillow cases and garbage bags.

"Hey, what the Hell are these?" cried out an overweight Batman while examining the goodie.

"Who cares? It's covered in chocolate isn't it?" barked Agnes in true witch-like spirit.

"Ya, but what's in it?"

Agnes paused for a long moment while studying the floor. Finally she raised her head and with a smug grin on her face, said, "Pork."

The free-loaders looked at each other confoundedly, shrugged their shoulders, and then scurried off to their next stop. And all the while, Agnes could not stop from laughing maniacally at her sinister brilliance.

Kumar

R.I.P.
October Grey

October grey
Rips the muscle of sentient being;
Cold, damp in autumn rain leaves cut my weary face,
Hounds echoed their grey-sounding shrieks
As children find homes
In the comfort of K-cars and square cars, yes.
And soft, let me remember the birthday of a friend.
A scrawny lad of freshman dreams
Whose birthday lay hidden beneath the leaves.
I wonder if he even knows,
Casked beneath the forest green
That today I walked upon his grave
Down there in Suicide Garden?
Does he know, do you think?
Or is he lost in a madman's delight
Like they say he was before?
Does he even mind it down there in the garden,
In Freddy Kruger's field? I wonder about my friend
I wonder what his dreams are about?
How I wish that I could bless him on this birthday,
Wish him success on this his first year of manhood?
But, alas, his life is elsewhere!

Mark Ireland

**The Bar's Closed for
the Election Blues**

Now usually at this time
I'm passed out on the floor
The bartender tells me, Mark
We ain't serving you no more

Yes, Mr. Politician
If you really want my vote
Don't close those bars on me
I want to drink until I float

I've got the blues
I've got the bar's closed for the
election blues

I think I'm getting sober
And the clock, it still says six
I've got to wait till eight
Before I can get my fix

My friends, they tell me Mark
The way you drink, it is a sin
Don't worry 'bout me folks
The bars won't let me in

I've got the blues
I've got the bar's closed for the
election blues

Mark Savoie

darkness

darkness is a comfort
for those who hide,
small animals of warm blood
cold in the cruel shadows of day
where the sun discriminates,
neglects
and a play of light blesses only
the creatures most-loved

darkness is a comfort
for those creatures who have ceased to fear
that which they cannot see
because what they can see is illuminated
with the greatest cruelty

darkness is a comfort
soft like velvet and the murmur of a womb
kindly blanketing
the sharp and the shocking
to transform into curbed and curved
The soft creatures of mother darkness
Are only unhappy
to see the light of day

Sherry A. Morin