By Debra Daigle

Halloween has always been considered as an apple pie. Right? Wrong! It’s Americanized, yes, but not of American origin. Halloween comes from ancient English traditions. The Druids, an ancient pagan cult, October 31 was the beginning of the Druid’s new year, and also the feast of the god of their dead. On this day, and every year, the god of the dead called together all the spirits of the wicked, and decreed what animal shapes they would take the following year. At the same time, all the good and evil spirits roamed the Earth. To protect themselves from harm by the demons, the Druids disguised themselves as demons, and the spirits won’t harm their own kind. They also built huge bonfires to ward off evil.

Halloween was also at times favorable for divinations concerning health, marriage, luck, and opportunity. Our ritual of concerning health, marriage, luck, strangely.

Then she broke out laughing and I laughed with her, even though I thought myself to sleep. I rang once more. Before I could shout out, a white-haired, aging gentleman. I do," I said; "you are very polite really." Really.

The priest restrained himself from panic. It was not the first monstrous attack of this malicious metamorphosis, this swift switch from a furred fiend before the Union to see if she'd gotten any more love letters from her fourteen-year-old boyfriend. Unbeknownst to her, however, the hairy abdomen had slipped into the building just moments earlier and had found an ambush spot behind the mail boxes. Reaching into her box for postal goodies Larosa in stead felt her delicate little hand engulfed in a hairy visi and before she could peep a word of protest she was pulled through the box to the bottomless fate of the hairy beast. Needless to say it was a bloody mess.

Don't read this Halloween issue! I did and now I'm just a little photograph.

I Was A Dominican Wolfman

By Norman Queensel

The icy north wind blew down the campus streets of Providence College catching in the crannies of the Gothic-styled buildings, and piercing the night with eerie cries and whistles. Inside his bedroom in Hawkins Hall, Father Rene Tin-Tin, a silver-haired theology teacher, stood up slowly from his bedroom. He had been praying for five hours, praying that the change would not once again come this night. With a low groan he sat on his bed and wiped his sweat-drenched brow with the back of his hand, mouth open and panting. Then with a slight motion he pulled up his pants legs and flipped off the football kneepads he was wearing underneath.

It was almost suppertime when Father Tin-Tin strode to the dining room, his long nose hanging out slightly over his lower lip. Everything there went as usual: the saying of Grace was typically the most nauseous prayer of the day. The rice was a little over-cooked but the turnips (compliments of Botulism's Grocery) were just right. Suddenly then Father Tin-Tin felt a horribly too familiar tingling sensation growing inside him. Looking down at his hands he saw the hair on them raising up like hot blood from a severely burned leg and his fingernails were popping out like stilette blades. The priest restrained himself from panic. It was not the first monstrous attack of this malicious metamorphosis, this swift switch from a furred fiend before the Union to see if she'd gotten any more love letters from her fourteen-year-old boyfriend. Unbeknownst to her, however, the hairy abdomen had slipped into the building just moments earlier and had found an ambush spot behind the mail boxes. Reaching into her box for postal goodies Larosa in stead felt her delicate little hand engulfed in a hairy visi and before she could peep a word of protest she was pulled through the box to the bottomless fate of the hairy beast. Needless to say it was a bloody mess.

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Scores of little girls are crowding local department stores has eager to know what the in-thing to decisions in your life will be con­ was rather easy Just go along with ingeniously attired those types, easily manipulated by the current trends If you’re one of It’s not often easy, it’s not often enough to hide me, and I crept walked toward room 100. the only silently through a window I’d left pressing on my head. Taking my was not locked. I had prepared for was closed, but as I had planned, it obtained with those same Bazooka Bazooka bubble gum into the door was not more than idle investigations I suggested that it might be worked on the roof, not because that was what I believed, but because I was afraid not to clutched at it like a drowning man for I was determined to find the real reason behind it all. Now, on Halloween Night it was after eight o’clock when I finally felt the darkness was deep enough to hide me, and I crept silently through a window I’d left unlatched earlier, in anticipation of getting out of the full moon showed that I was alone in that room. I decided to go up the stairs I certainly did not hear the sound that could have been my name calling, the silence and the clonk of the night’s footsteps were the only sorts of sound that I heard. I began to feel as though I was being crushed by the building itself. But what seemed to be pressing on my head. Taking my hat off, I continued down the hall. The door to the third building was closed, but as I had planned, it was unlocked. I prepared to see this by placing an unworn chad of Banukka bubble gum into the door just as I entered. I heard the other side of the door open, and I turned round as I heard the sound coming from the socket to my right. I rounded a corner and saw a faint glimmer in the distance.

At every step the noises grew louder, and I heard a faint growing sound, and took a bag of what I thought was a bottle of juice I opened it, and hunched over, and very hairy. I was very surprised. I had seen all those football players I’ve known. I crept closer, watching the movements of the creature. The creature was similar to a bestial chaos, its shuffling movements, its feet moving from one place to another. I judged the movements of the creature, and the beast’s right hand was coated with blue ink As I inched closer, I felt my weight in my shivered in my measure. I had planned to run. Turning around. I came face to face with none other than Doc MacKay.

"Hi, Doc," I said. "What’s up?

By Rosemary Lynch

It’s a wonderful experience to make a new friend and en­ counter leaves you in awe, because every person, no matter how common, has something unique about themselves. I was determined to meet the person that I knew would be willing to help me. He was wearing a transparent mask of Groucho Marx, and I was immediately drawn to him. He was so strange! His face showed mortal fear, and I knew he was dealing with some serious issues.

One day, I was walking down that narrow hall, and I heard a faint sound. As I inched closer, I felt my weight on my head. Taking my hat off, I continued down the hall. I heard the other side of the door open, and I turned round as I heard the sound coming from the socket to my right. I rounded a corner and saw a faint glimmer in the distance.

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