

Trojan Horse Magazine

Fall 2019

Volume 2, Issue 1



WELCOME AND LOGO NEEDED

Welcome to the first issue of the Trojan Horse Magazine for the 2019-2020 school year.

Our magazine needs a logo that represents both our name – Trojan Horse – and our purpose of publishing student writing and artwork.

Can you create the logo we need? Entries will be accepted until December 10 and the winner will be announced in our Winter issue coming out just before the winter break.

Entries must be black and white on unlined paper.



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Cover Artwork by Max Tyger

HALLOWEEN TALE

A short story by Sofia Powell

Once upon a time on a Halloween night, there was a little girl trick-or-treating alone. She saw many people in many different costumes. She was dressed up as her favorite cartoon.

At her last house she didn't see any lights on and it was getting late. So she decided to go home. As she was walking off of the porch the door opened quickly and a hand came out and covered her mouth and pulled her inside.

When she woke up she was in a dark room. The house was old so she heard the creaking footsteps of somebody coming.

A dark shadow came in with a lantern and one of those hand mirrors. The dark shadow took the mirror and put it in the girl's face so she could see herself.

She tried to scream but she couldn't. Her eyes and mouth were just gone!

From this horrific sight she passed out. This time when she woke up she saw the shadow. She just sat there confused.

Then it happened...the shadow said some strange words, and the girl followed every order she was given.

The legend goes...

If you go trick-or-treating alone, you will see her. And if you look straight into her face you will end up like her.

The end.

*She heard the
creaking footsteps
of somebody
coming...*

Artwork by Sofia Powell



THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go “Yooooo”?
’Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
’Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many’s the time I’ve cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
“Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?”
And the night would say in its ghostly way,
“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I’d think of what my mother’d said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And, “Who’s been bad today?” I’d ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way,
“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”

That this was true I must allow —
You’ll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I’m quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you’ve been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, “Who has been bad?”
And then you’ll hear what’s true,
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”



Artwork by Hunter Smith (above)

Artwork by Matthew Bielata (below)



This poem is by Eugene Field who lived from 1850-1895.

This poem is in the Public Domain.

DATING UNDEAD

By Miss Zdrojewski

When she was alive, Carlie MacDonald was way out of my league, but now that she's Undead I think I might have a chance.

I watch her now across the cafeteria. She still sits at the popular table, even though the seats on both sides of her are empty. I guess the other cheerleaders haven't paid attention to the "You can't catch Undead by sitting next to one" posters. I wait, anyway, until the other girls leave before I pull it together and go over to her.

"Hey," I say, hooking my thumbs over my jeans pockets. My voice comes out all weird and high, so I clear my throat and say it again. "Hey Carlie."

She looks up from her lunch tray to study me. I try not to look at the greyish pink lumps on her plate. I wait for her to say, "Hey Justin," but she doesn't even groan.

"So, um," I say eloquently, "so I was wondering if you, um, wanted to go to the dance tonight." I rub my sweaty hands against my jeans. "You know, with, um, me."

Carlie just stares at me for a minute, and for that minute I don't breathe.

Then she shrugs.

"Is that a yes?" I ask, annoyed when my voice squeaks.

She flips her hair over her shoulder, a habit from her living days, and she nods. A chunk of her hair drops to the floor.

"Cool," I say. "Okay. So I'll pick you up at 8?"

She nods again, then she lumbers to her feet and stumbles away with her lunch tray.

I just stand there, amazed at my luck. I can't believe I have a date with Carlie MacDonald.

It takes quite a while for us to get from the parking lot to the gym. When Carlie was living she used to glide through the halls like a queen. Now she lurches and stumbles, but it's okay. I'm in no hurry.

Carlie can't make conversation and walk at the same time, so I entertain myself by rereading the

familiar posters on the walls. "You can't catch Undead by holding hands," one near me says. I smile.

I reach over and take Carlie's hand. A few of her fingernails fall off and hit the floor with a soft tinkle. But she doesn't pull away.

The dance is well underway by the time we finally get there. Music thumps through the gym doors as I pay for our tickets and we go inside.

We stand around near the walls for a few minutes. I'm not exactly sure what to do, because I've never actually been to one of these things before. But after rehearsing about fifty times in my head, I shout to Carlie over the music, "Do you want to dance?"

It's hard to tell if she's rolling her eyes at me, or if her eyes are just rolling. They do that sometimes. I'm thinking it's the latter, because she steps forward.

We sway to the beat, my hands sitting awkwardly on her hips, her hands on my shoulders. Colored lights float around us, and in the semi-darkness you don't even notice the greenish color of Carlie's skin.

"You're so pretty," I say, and I'm horrified at myself the second the words leave my mouth.

But Carlie smiles with her brown and cracked lips. She pulls back for a moment, takes a tube of lip gloss out of her purse, and smears the pink liquid across her mouth. For just a minute, she looks just the way she used to. She puts the lip gloss away and sets her hands back on my shoulders.

I think it's the moment.

I lean forward, and I press my mouth against hers.

It's unbelievable.

Carlie pulls back. I'm worried I moved too fast. But she reaches up into her mouth, pulls out a black tooth, and drops it on the gym floor. Then she leans back toward me and closes her eyes.

I want to kiss her again, but I'm not so sure it's a good idea. I'm a little concerned that we'll get carried away.

And you CAN catch Undead from biting.

THE LITTLE GHOST

I knew her for a little ghost
That in my garden walked;
The wall is high—higher than most—
And the green gate was locked.

And yet I did not think of that
Till after she was gone—
I knew her by the broad white hat,
All ruffled, she had on.

By the dear ruffles round her feet,
By her small hands that hung
In their lace mitts, austere and sweet,
Her gown's white folds among.

I watched to see if she would stay,
What she would do—and oh!
She looked as if she liked the way
I let my garden grow!

She bent above my favourite mint
With conscious garden grace,
She smiled and smiled—there was no hint
Of sadness in her face.

She held her gown on either side
To let her slippers show,
And up the walk she went with pride,
The way great ladies go.

And where the wall is built in new
And is of ivy bare
She paused—then opened and passed
through
A gate that once was there.

This poem is by Edna St. Vincent Millay who lived from 1892-1950.

*Originally published in *Renascence and Other Poems* (Mitchell Kennerley, 1917), this poem is in the public domain.*



CHRISTMAS

Artwork by Areayanna Barto (above)

*Artwork by Wallace Goldsmith from the 1906 book *The Canterville Ghost*, in the Public Domain (below)*



HALLOWEEN LOGIC PUZZLE

Four students, Jonah, Karl, Lisa, and Melissa, went trick-or-treating together. Each wore a different costume (ghost, vampire, mummy, zombie). At the first house, each one received a different treat (Snickers, Cherry Starburst, Twizzlers, M&Ms). Use the clues and grid below to find out how each was dressed and which candy they each received.

- Both girls received chocolate treats, but both boys received fruit-flavored candy.
- The vampire did not receive any blood-colored candy.
- Jonah, the zombie, and the ghost were all jealous of the kid who received Snickers.
- Karl's costume was just an old white sheet.
- No one received candy that started with the same letter as their name.
- The mummy received a twisted candy.

	ghost	vampire	mummy	zombie	Snickers	Cherry Starburst	Twizzlers	M&Ms
Jonah								
Karl								
Lisa								
Melissa								
Snickers								
Cherry Starburst								
Twizzlers								
M&Ms								

Trojan Horse Magazine is now accepting submissions for our December issue!

Your entries may be poetry, stories, nonfiction, or black and white artwork. Artwork must be on unlined paper.

(We recommend using a black marker to go over thin pencil drawings.)

Entries must be received by Friday, December 13 at 3:00 pm. You may bring entries to the library or email to mzdrojewski@swcsk12.org or submit them through the form on our website.

Q: Why are ghosts so bad at lying?

A: Because you can see right through them!

Q: Who did Frankenstein take to the dance?

A: His "ghoul" friend!

Q: Why didn't the skeleton go to the ball?

A: Because he had no BODY to go with.

Jokes from <https://www.funology.com/halloween-jokes/>



Artwork by Marley Ohl