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Eureka College

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## Unusual Children Submissions

“Cornbread” By Cal (Galva High School)

George and his wife Mary have wanted to have a child since they got married five years ago but with little luck. One fateful Sunday afternoon going to a church breakfast they the couple see an old woman in the ditch in her car. George pulled over and hopped out of his truck onto the red dirt and into the grass. The woman was crying help me my car is about to explode. After trying for a while with no success the old lady yelled to George to run and save himself. George stubborn as a mule decided he would rather die than give up on the woman so he cut the seat belt with his pocket knife and pulled the lady out.

Five min later the car exploded and George and Mary were checking on the woman from the bed of his truck. After taking in what had just happened Mary noticed that the old woman must have hit her head and there was blood coming down the right side of her face.

“We need to get you to the hospital,” Mary said.

“No!” said the old lady in a almost god like voice who then turned into a bright light you would see if an angel came down from heaven. The old lady turned into a beautiful winged creature with a halo over her head, you couldn’t see her body because it was mostly light but you could see her face. It was broad daylight but see made the sun seem dark.

“You choose to stay even when I told you the risks, for that I’ll grant you something that you have always wanted a child. In order for me to do this process bring me any kind of food.” The only food they had was cornbread they were going to take to the church breakfast, so George and Mary both brought the cornbread and suddenly disappeared.

“Thank you,” said the angel

George and Mary watched as the angel flew into the sky nine months later Mary gave birth to a healthy baby boy named Sawyer. There was something different about Sawyer, his skin was tan but not the tan from the sun but tan from cornbread, Sawyer also had kernels for teeth and felt soft to the touch as if you could take a bite out of him. When he got wet he was soggy like wet bread.

George and Mary wonder if they brought steak to the church breakfast maybe their boy would have been a little different than a boy who looks and feels like cornbread.

“Blair” By Maggie (Galva High School)

It was a rainy warm day; Sarah has been pregnant for about nine months now. She was to give birth to a beautiful baby girl, named Blair. Today was the day, October 31st, 1980. When she awoke in the morning, she was quite aware that the probability of giving birth on her due date was very low.

Sarah made herself a bagel for breakfast and while she was spreading cream cheese all over it, she noticed something that couldn't be possible. “Clink”, there went the butter knife and cream cheese all over the wood kitchen floors. Sarah's baby in her stomach was gone. In fact, her belly was as flat as the wooden surface on the floor.

The first thing Sarah decided to do was call the ambulance, but when she went to the dial the number and wait for it to ring, the phone just went bank and had a steady “Behhhh sound.” It was then that she really started to panic.

Sarah called her husband who had been at work, and the same thing happened.

She then proceeded to call her mother, and there was still the blank noise on the other end. By then Sarah was crying and shaking vigorously back and forth. All of the sudden she started feeling really sharp pains in her stomach, and in her leg as well. It was so bad that she was slammed to the floor, and blood started to leak out of her head. Sarah was for certain that she was going to die, in her own home.

She screamed and shouted and the only thing living that was there to help was her dog and her cat. She had fainted, and in that time a beautiful baby boy came out, who wasn't like the others. He was a wizard and a witch and had wings on his back.

He was the cutest little boy in the world, and he called himself Blair.

Sarah had just woken up but there was something strange about her as well.

She felt free and like nothing was wrong with her at all. She had wings as well, and it ended up as them both turning into mythical creatures.

“As Seen on TV: Kids” By Alexis (Galva High School)

Ashley has always been excited to have a baby of her own. Everywhere she goes she sees the cutest kids.

She’s got baby fever.

All guys have always used her and then left her so she didn’t have a boyfriend, and quite frankly, she was tired of looking for one. So one day she was sitting on her bed all by herself watching hulu, like she always does, when this very interesting ad came on.

“Want a kid but don’t want to go through the struggles with a man, follow these simple steps and you’ll be pregnant instantly!”

She jumped out of bed when she seen this ad and went straight to her local pharmacy to see if they had the kit.

When she got there, she found it right away. It was a little on the pricey side, but she knew if it actually worked, it’d be so worth it. So she checked out and brought it back to her house.

On the box the steps were as followed:

- 1.) Drink 4 glasses of ice cold water,
- 2.) Swallow this large pill before bed.
- 3.) let the magic happen overnight, wake up pregnant!

She did all of the steps and when she woke up the next morning she went to the store to buy a pregnancy test. When she got home she took it and it came back positive!

She was so excited!

She wanted to tell everyone in her family, but she wasn’t sure how to explain it. She ended up sending her family a link to the ad and a picture of her pregnancy test. They couldn’t believe it.

Five weeks passed and her stomach was already huge. She thought this was odd, so she went to the doctor. They were so confused because she didn’t have babies in her stomach. She had three puppies!! She didn’t know what the heck to think.

So four more weeks passed and she gave birth to the three puppies!

She loved the puppies so much, so she was not even mad about them. She took them everywhere with her!

Good thing only her and four others tried out that product before it was taken off shelves!

“Fish Story” By Lizzie (Eureka College)

Maria and Jeremy had been trying to have a child for years without success. Finally, they decided to seek medical help. Maria was prescribed a new pill that had just been invented: SureGrow. After a few months of taking the pill and trying to get pregnant, Maria finally did. Her stomach grew to the normal size, and after a little over nine months she was rushed to the hospital.

Now, ten months later, when people see the couple pushing a cart with a large tank full of a school of clownfish around, they have to explain that the fish are their children. Maria really did give birth to a school of fish. They even managed to get all of them into water in time, right after the birth so that none of them died. The pill was quickly put to a stop, after cases like Maria’s began popping up elsewhere. One woman even gave birth to a jellyfish. Maria and Jeremy love their fish with all of their hearts, and can tell them apart quite easily. They don’t know how long the fish will live, but they have high hopes that the fish may outlive them.

## Paranormal/Haunting Submissions

“A Good Roommate(?)” By McKenna (Farmington High School)

Day One in a new apartment is supposed to be nerve wracking. It was for me; by all accounts, the aftermath should have been a slog of unpacking and organizing for weeks on end.

Day Two was the start of the oddity. I went to bed wondering where my boxes of clothes ended up. When my bed head left the pillow, the boxes sat in front of me. I thought nothing of it. I chalked it up to my own forgetfulness.

Day Three, Four, and Five passed without incident. I failed to notice the steady unpacking of my belongings in my stressed stupor.

Day Seven was the day the oddity became a bit brazen. The week load of dishes and laundry were miraculously taken care of when I returned home. My mailbox had been empty, but a stack of mail sat on my counter. Next to the sack of bills, sat an open cookbook. It was open to a recipe for roast beef.

Day Eight was a Saturday, I think. I tried the recipe that was open the day before. As I listed the ingredients to myself, a clattering came from the fridge. When I turned my back it closed with an abrupt slam. I said the next item and the cabinet to my right shot open, nearly hitting me. I don't remember the ensuing panic well, but I do know when I asked for a name the answer was 'Blanche'.

“Bonham Road” By Cal (Galva High School)

There’s a road everyone in town knows by legend or by people talking about in conversation. This one is no different, with its gravel going down some country road into the highway on the next right or if you keep going straight it more and more country gravel road.

There was this one boy who just got his license that day and wanted to take his hand me down car from his grandma for a ride in the country. This teen watched Talladega nights too many times and wanted to go fast, he took the curve on Bonham Road and rolled the car and was stuck in the corn field. He was being pushed in between the car seat and the steering wheel while upside down, unable to move he died slowly suffocating to death with barely being able to breath it took three hours for him to die. Because of this boy is the reason parents say don’t go down Bonham Road after 8 o’clock or if you feel that you are losing your breath find the first turn you see or just avoid the road in general. Six years after that boy’s death a group of teens that went to the same high school as him decided to go a party in McLintock and were running late, they knew the only way to get there in time was through Bonham road but it was after 9 o’clock. They were getting desperate and any other way would have taken them an hour or more to get there.

“Let’s not go down Bonham Road they say don’t go after 8 and the boy who died takes people’s breath away while their driving or just running this road for fun,” said Wyatt who wasn’t much of a believer in anything but was terrified of Bonham Road “Quiet! This Chevy might be a piece of crap but it ain’t afraid of no ghost,” said Adam who was a rebel to anyone and everything.

“But what if.....” The car moved over to far and the gravel got them and flipped them over to the corn field that just got planted yesterday. Adam was still in the car but the doors opened for Wyatt and Tom. They were not breathing. They didn’t get hit or hurt from the fall but they could not breath.

The town of McLintock was just in their sights. Adam told Tom and Wyatt to run and get help, but as they were running Tom could not breath. He tried telling Wyatt but a few seconds later he dropped to the ground lifeless. Wyatt could feel all the breath leaving him and knew he had to cross the border between Bonhan and McLintock township. Running Wyatt started getting dizzy and fainted but when he fell all the breath he lost was back in his lungs. He could make out dots and noise coming in front of him.

“What happened?” someone asked then Wyatt said one last thing before passing out.

“Bonham.

“The Mis-Haunt” By Parker (Galva High School)

The year was 2009 and my family had just moved into our new home. The rooms of the house were empty except for the cardboard boxes filled with our belongings. My older cousins, my younger brothers, and I spent the entire day exploring every nook and cranny of that two-bedroom. The sun waving through the window reflected off of the eggshell colored walls making them a blinding haze of alabaster. We analyzed every room with our eyes wide and a strange sense of wonder to exploring someplace new. It was around 7:00 pm when we decided to investigate the last room in the house: the attic.

Right next to the entrance to the kitchen was a door with a brass handle and chipped paint running down the framework. I went to open the door handle but a shudder down my spine forced my hand away. My eldest cousin snuck up behind me and whispered: “Hey, wanna scare the hell out of your brothers?”. Hell Yes! He turned the door handle and slid it open. Creeeak.

Dust poured out of the threshold of the door and it filled my lungs. I coughed violently for a few seconds and it faded away just as quick. I told my brothers to stay put while my cousin and I explored the attic to “make sure it was safe”. They tiptoed up the ancient wooden stairs, each step creaking louder than the last. Creak. Creak. CREAK. We trudged through inches of cobwebs until we reached the top. I couldn’t see anything except for the faintly illuminated silhouette of my cousin. My skin crawled with goosebumps and I could see my breath. My cousin whispered to me, cutting through the silence: “Run and scream. Now! Hurry!”

I turned into a maniac immediately. I bolted down the staircase and belted out a terrified yelp. I had to force myself not to laugh when I saw the terrified expressions of my young siblings who had tears in their eyes. When my cousin reached the bottom of the steps, he collapsed. As soon as he hit the floor, he started convulsing like a fish out of water. One thought ran through my mind. Is this part of the act?

I decided to play along. My brothers were screaming, my cousin was spazzing out on the ground, and I was screaming “He’s possessed, he’s possessed!” Just when I thought the joke was over, the power went out.

The last thing I heard were my brothers’ screams.

“Her” By Katie (Galva High School)

She hadn't meant to kill Ally.

Brie was only playing. They were just kids enjoying a summer day. It was only supposed to be harmless fun: Brie, her best friend Ally, and the rest of their small group.

Brie didn't intend to drown her best friend. It was simple teasing, dunking her underwater. A silly pastime to annoy her friend---until she kept her under for too long.

Brie couldn't show her face at school again. She not only lost her best friend, but was labeled a killer, a psychopath, a murderer. There was no way to escape the guilt that clung to her like a magnet, weighing her down at the same time. Not even moving to the other side of the country could help it, even if her mother thought it was for the best.

Stepping out of the family minivan, Brie examined the campus of her new school. The old brick building was surrounded by a matching brick wall, masking most of the area from view; an odd design for a school. She saw no other students nearby; it seemed there were no other people in the area.

Stepping toward the main gate, Brie took an anxious glance behind her. She felt out of place. Where was everyone? As she went to knock on the gate, it opened itself, revealing the hidden world of students and faculty behind the brick wall. She furrowed her brow as she took in the sight: hundreds of kids, each with features hidden under a blue hood. An odd choice for a uniform, certainly, but Brie was new to the school---new to the entire state---and passed it off as something routine she had simply never encountered back home on the east coast. The area was also silent, filling the air with a sort of tension as if she should be scared to make any noise. She saw no adults among the mix of students.

She bit the inside of her lip, closing her hands into fists as she began to look for her homeroom class. Passing other students, she took notice of their subtle glancing at her, the lone child with jeans and a t-shirt rather than the unusual uniform, but figured it was the normal curiosity of seeing the new kid for the first time. Each glance, however, felt off, as if they were eyeing her with disgust or hatred rather than curiosity. Eventually, having still not found her class, the shrill bell signaling the beginning of first block rang through the facility. With the halls empty, Brie continued searching for her class and was finally able to find it without the unnerving gazes watching her every move.

Behind the wooden door sat a class of kids with the blue hoods, still shadowing their figures, aligned in perfect rows of desks. They turned in unison toward her as she pushed the door shut, Brie focusing her attention on the teacher. The man, a balding brunet with more hair on his upper lip than his head, seeming vaguely familiar. She couldn't quite place where she knew him, but she was almost certain she had seen him before.

“I---” she began, attempting to explain her tardiness before being interrupted by the SLAM of the teacher's cane on the tile floor.

“Welcome,” he began, his voice sounding like someone Brie had heard before. He motioned

for Brie to come to the front of the room and placed a hand on her shoulder once she was there, as if trying to hold her in place. “This is Brie. Say hello, class.”

The students all slid off their hoods.

She finally realized who the teacher was; a man she’d only seen two or three times, but one she had known for a long time; Ally’s dad. Her best friend’s father, who was always away from home on business. How did she remember, though?

Every student sitting before her had Ally’s face.

“Dark Night” By Peyton (Galva High School)

Jack Hopkins was walking on the night of July 13th. He was on his way home from a party that he didn't want to be at. The night sky was the color of sadness. Jack constantly looking over his shoulder because of sounds that were coming from behind him. Swoosh. A shadow was emerging in the corner of his eye but it would disappear almost instantly.

His house was only three more blocks. Jack, slowly walking down the sidewalk until he approached this figure standing under the street light. The darkness grew stronger and stronger as

he got closer. Jack turned his head once again to check behind him. But when he turned back around... No one was there. His heart started beating harder and harder like drums in a orchestra. He started running. Adrenaline rushing through his veins until he got home. He turned around after he approached his porch. Only to see a child laying in the street weekly calling for help.

“The Ghost of Galva” By Maggie (Galva High School)

Today was the day, Al’s brother’s wedding. Al knew how excited Scott was to get married to his beautiful bride, and he couldn’t wait for his brother to be really happy for the rest of his life. Al started the day with getting ready for the wedding that was taking place in Galva Illinois at the church across from a park which no one went to. His attire was an all-black suit with a red tie and red shoes, he felt he really needed to stand out hence the red shoes.

Everything was going perfect for the day so far, they ran into no issues and everyone was healthy and happy. Al felt the most excited, especially for the reception except there was this thought lingering in the back of his head. Al for some reason had this thought that something really bad was going to happen to him in the night, but he still carried on through his day like nothing.

After the wedding and the reception, Al and his girlfriend Amy went back to the hotel room in Galva. Al had been very tired, it was 3 in the morning, and all he wanted was a nice relaxing hot shower that would relieve all of his stress away that had built up from the day. So that is exactly what he did, he hopped into the shower and instantly had never felt better, except a little hungover.

As he was in the shower, he noticed that the floor to the shower was very slippery for some odd reason. Al thought to himself that maybe it was all the soap and tried letting all the water rinse the soap down the drain, but it actually didn’t do anything at all, and even might have made it worse. He was washing his body when all of the sudden, “BAM” Al had went flying to the bottom of the shower. He tried grabbing onto the curtain and that came slamming down after him. Al was reaching for anything that could help him get up, but it just all backfired at him instead. He reached for the toilet and the toilet water started squirting all over the place as well as the water from the shower.

He tried standing up on the bathroom floor and slipped and when all of the sudden he heard from a woman’s voice “What the hell is going on in there, Al.” But it wasn’t Amy. All of the sudden all the lights went off and he couldn’t breathe. Al looked up at the mirror and saw a reflection of a woman with black hair and a white face with no lips. He screamed for help, and all of the sudden he was back in the shower. Everything was put back together though, like nothing had ever even happened.

“The Banshee’s Curse” By Kat P (Farmington High School)

There’s a curse in these Irish hills, true enough they may look like normal hills, but at the very top of these hills, lies a Banshee. It’s said that whoever would see her would meet with a terrible fate.

I was a young lad at the time I first heard this story, and I had grown curious about what was at the hilltop, not heeding any of the warnings the townsfolk told me, I ventured up to the hilltop, at first there was nothing until I saw a faint glow of white.

Carefully, I approached to see a figure in a white cloak, I was about to say something to the figure until it turned around, whatever it was, It’s face had no eyes and It’s mouth hung agape. I stood there frightened at it soon started floating and wailing, I realized then, I had just met the Banshee.

“Paranormal” By CJ (Eureka College)

You know how every protocol comes from someone causing a mess or disruption so large that abnormal rules had to be put in place? This is no different.

There was a group of teenagers. I know, basic, a group of teens causing problems in Walmart. But they weren't your regular hide - n - seek, shooting nerf guns, or riding kids bikes teens. They were different. They walked in quietly, seemed to know what they wanted and what they were doing. Nobody questioned them. We were used to teens hanging out in our isles, we didn't bother them until they bothered us.

But it's Halloween. They gathered some things from the decor and costume isles, including a cauldron and masking tape, and disappeared.

No one had seen them for twenty minutes or so when we heard the scream. They were found unconscious, no deaths or serious injuries, but looked pretty lifeless. In the middle of their circle was the cauldron, a decapitated baby doll in the pot, and masking tape spelling the words “not again” on the wall. When the first kid came to, he smiled at the mess. They didn't vocalize what had been done or what the words meant. None of them said a word, just silently paid the \$126.66 for damages and items they used and went about their day.

We've tried to take the masking tape down. But it is back the next morning, as if a warning, that the next person who participates in paranormal activities in this grocery store would be the last.

“Haunting” By Lizzie (Eureka College)

Sandy Lawrence parked her red 2012 Buick on the street right in front of the house. The gray tint of the sky

outside did not help to cheer up the image of the house before her. The house was a bright, pure white with sage

green shutters. It was surrounded by plants. However, upon further inspection, the edges had begun to wilt, the leaves drying and turning brown. The life of the plants mimicked the current state of their caretaker.

Sandy got out of her car, beeped it to lock, and began walking down the cobblestone walkway toward the door.

She pressed the doorbell, nervously pulling down her black blazer and smoothing out her slacks.

After a few moments, the door (which had a sign saying “welcome to our warm home”) swung open. A woman in a gray dress with long, dark curly hair greeted her with a weak smile.

“Where is your son?” Sandy asked. The boy, Joshua, was why she was here.

“Side room to the left.” The woman, Linda, said, pointing in the direction.

Sandy brushed past her and followed the direction she pointed to until she came to a room which contained a small boy, maybe six years old. Holding a knife.

## Ouija Board Submissions

“Rise, Colonel Sanders” By Parker (Galva High School)

The moon shined a spotlight into the center of the room where the wooden board sat. The pale glow reflected off of the painstakingly polished board; the letters carved inside glowed like a marquee. The young man sat with his legs crossed in front of the board. He sniffed the air and smiled. The scent of fried chicken filled his nostrils as he began to speak. He didn't speak in English. He spoke in Latin.

“De profundis of Kentucky, peto te, domine colonelle, hic es?” he spoke with focus and diction. He had his hands on the chicken-leg-shaped planchette and he started to feel it tremble. The little piece of wood slid ever so slowly towards the bottom of the board. It came to a halt over the word “Yes.” The man began to grin a grin so wicked, describing it would be impossible. He continued to speak.

“Tu mihi videre in quibus sum, domine colonelle?”

The window flew open with a resounding CRASH! Smoke started to fill the room. The man pulled his shirt over his face so smoke wouldn't fill his lungs. Through the smoke, he saw the silhouette of a man. Broad shouldered, tall, ominous. The silhouette grew closer. Sweat beaded down the man's face. The figure stepped out of the smoke. The man's eyes started at the feet of the figure. Glistening black dress shoes, neatly hemmed white dress pants, a white jacket, and a black string bow tie. The man stood up to meet the eyes of his hero. His eyes were squinted with his crow's feet wrinkles standing out painfully. The man began to salute.

“How are you colonel?” said the man. A tear rolled down his cheek. The Colonel laughed a hearty laugh.

“Finger-lickin' good!”

“Walk Around the Park” By Paige (Galva High School)

We were walking around the park and we saw a lot of kids in a circle. We didn't think anything about what they could be doing or recognize what game they were playing. We loved that they were outside playing a board game and not on technology. We kept walking around the park and didn't bother them.

When we came back around to the spot they were all over the board and they were holding hands telling each other what they were gonna say. We still didn't realize what they were doing, so we let them be and went back to talking and walking.

We started getting closer to them again and the trees started falling, The swings started flying around and the slides disappeared. The kids started crying and screaming and they all started running away and then we got close and realized they were playing the ouija board the whole time. The the last thing we heard was the word.

“NO”

“Three Large Number Sixes” By - (Galva High School)

Mr. Scott made one last round throughout the restaurant before instructing his employees to begin closing. Normally a McDonald’s would have 24-hour service, but sitting in a town as little as his, there weren’t many customers after midnight. Luke was glad; being a cashier all night didn’t seem like the most enjoyable job. He grabbed a broom to begin his daily sweep of the tiles, an unamusing task but one that signified the ending of a day’s work. Only this wasn’t the end of his day; he and his coworkers had other plans.

“All right,” Mr. Scott announced, “I’m heading out a little early. Tommy, you’re in charge of closing. Last one out better remember to lock the doors this time.” He began to leave, throwing his Colombia jacket over his shoulders. “And remember,” he paused, pivoting on his heels, “absolutely no shenanigans after closing. I’m your boss; I can fire you.”

As the door closed, Luke turned to his coworker Casey. “Did you tell him?” he snapped.

“No, you prick! Why do you always assume I’m the snitch?” Luke rolled his eyes. After she let it slip that they had eaten all the extra fries on his second week, he never let her forget it. They had a bigger plan---a better plan---set in place for tonight, and it had to be kept hidden from their boss. Luke had arranged it with Tommy and Casey earlier in their shift, and even hooked the cook Beth into it.

They had always joked about blaming every mistake on a ghost in the restaurant, but given they worked at a fairly new McDonald’s, it was obviously a joke. So when the idea of summoning a ghost came into play, it was pretty much just for the heck of it. As soon as Mr. Scott pulled out of the parking lot, Tommy raced to the parking lot, his uniform hat falling from his blonde hair, and entered back into the building with an Ouija board.

Rachel wiped her hands on a small towel, her red locks pulled into a rushed ponytail. “Nothing’s going to happen. You guys are making too big of a deal out of this.”

Luke sat at an empty table, helping Tommy get the board set. “If you’re too scared you don’t have to play,” he teased, running a hand through his curly brown hair. Casey joined him, dropping her coat on the table next to the board.

“Scared?” she scoffed. “Hilarious.” She followed suit, placing her petite frame into the chair next to Tommy. The four nodded, ready to begin their stupid little “shenanigans.”

“Is there a spirit here?” Tommy questioned, keeping his hands steady on the reader.

It moved to YES.

“Funny, Luke.” Casey groaned.

“It wasn’t me!” He snapped.

“Shh!” Tommy hissed. “Who are you?”

The piece began to move again, all four still believing it was one of their friends moving it.

“I thought you were told not to pull any shenanigans tonight.”

All four screamed. Ronald McDonald himself laughed at their response to his question, his mouth twisting into a wicked grin on his face that vaguely resembled a disfigured Mr. Scott.

“Starbucks Demon” By Joshua (Galva High School)

Starbucks, not my first pick for a job but it was a job nonetheless. The choking aroma and strange music that showered through the speakers alone made me want to never return to the job but the money kept me from quitting, as well as an apartment to pay for. It was another boring day as I watch preps come from their schools and giggle about their day as they wait for their cappuccinos, seeing college students using the free wifi to do final touches of the work that’s do within the hour as they take down shot after shot of espressos. Coworkers would sit and chat about how their boss is a terrible person over their ink black coffee. Towards the end of my shift a group of three teens, all three in victorian gothic fashion. One had a satchel strung over her shoulder that had many pagan symbols dating back to the nordic times. I didn’t pay much mind to them since it was almost midnight and my shift was down to half an hour.

As i get their various orders down I heard the faintest of mumbles just above the sound of music. “I guess it is the time for the weirdos to come.” my coworker Nancy stated when she came to my side as she looks to the huddled group of teenagers. “Yeah... let’s hope they don’t make a mess.” I replied nonchalantly with a wave of my hand. Within that minute of me showing no care at all the air around me grows ice cold, even the coffee maker couldn’t keep me from shivering. The unnatural chill immediately makes me turn towards the teenagers. As they seem intent on what’s in the center of the table so I shouted, “Hey! What are you kids doing?!” one turns back with a shocked expression that gives me a clear view of what’s on the table, a Ouija board. As I made my way around the counter the pouches of coffee beans burst with so much force that it stung my skin as I walked. As I turned around the counter every fiber of my being screamed to run away but a voice stated over and over in my mind. “Stop them!” I never believed in those boards but the chill and coffee bean bombs made me believe. As I got closer the teenagers froze in shock as the piece on the board began to move wildly, going to the same thing over and over. Before I knew it I was launched off my feet, sending me back over the counter with ease.

Being winded by the impact I slowly get up, too stubborn to stay on the ground or simply too scared to stay still. I looked back over towards the teens but found something else, much more terrifying. The thing looked like a man but it wasn’t at all, it was too tall and thin to be human. The most unsettling thing about it was its head was in a ungodly able, as though it was twisted then set on its shoulder to rest. Its red suit was torn and battered as it holds a crooked umbrella. Looking to the kids i can see the fear they held in their eyes, I realized right then and their they had no idea how they did it. I looked to the Ouija board and the monstrosity followed my gaze, the twisted man seemed to tense as he does. Looking between Nancy and the kids I shouted, “run!!” with all of my strength i flung myself over the counter and give the thing a hit that could put anyone

down, but he merely just looked at me. With a flick of its disjointed arm it hit me with a force of train as I landed on a chair, breaking it to splinters. With a staggered stance i

got up as I saw Nancy getting the kids out so I looked to the board that I am right next to, with a smug look I grabbed it and broke it over my knee. The crooked man made an attempt to grab at me as it seemed to fade away. Once outside I checked with everyone to see if they are okay and turn back to Starbucks, a chill ran up my spine as I saw a faint of red.

“Ouija Board in Subway” By CJ (Eureka College)

She thought nothing of it when a middle aged couple walked into Subway with a tote bag. Being an education major herself, she just assumed they were teachers out to eat while grading papers. So she didn't glance twice at the tote bag, didn't pay much attention to their orders, and went right back to cleaning after they paid for their meals.

However, when she walked back to the front to grab the dirty knives and replace them with clean ones, she noticed that the restaurant was unusually quiet for a Saturday afternoon. She peeked around the divider and saw the couple in a corner booth, huddled closely over the table. All other customers that had been there previously were now gone.

Maybe they're working on the same project, she rationalized, going back about her work.

However, as she was heading to the back, she heard a loud crash. She rushed out to find one of the light fixtures in the ceiling had fallen on a table. The couple hadn't budged, as if they had expected the sound. She went over to the mess to clean it up, and as she was doing so, the broken pieces shook and sparked and a noise came out of them.

The couple looked over and she noticed that they had been huddle over a ouija board this whole time as the light flickered and they all heard a single word.

YES

## Eulogy Submissions

“Thank God He’s Gone” By Peyton (Galva High School)

Today we are all here to help the family of Peyton Sopiars. All though all he did was sit in his room all day and play xbox and nothing else, His family still cares for some reason. The only thing he was good at was sports and video games. He had no friends or anyone that cared about him. He was basically just a waste of space. He actually did work for the park district and Hathaway’s but I’m pretty sure he didn’t contribute to them at all.

He will probably sit around in heaven doing absolutely nothing like he always does. On second thought, I doubt he even makes it to heaven. He was rude to everyone except the people that he talked to. Most of the time the people closest to him ended up not liking him because of how rude he is to everyone. There’s only two things that he will be remembered by, winning state in triple jump and being an absolute prick to everyone.

Everyday I found myself just trying to piss him off and get a reaction from him because his temper is horrible. He gets so mad and defensive so fast. I’m glad I never have to hear his voice ever again because GOD was it the most annoying thing ever. Anyways he’s in a better place now. He always talked about how he loved warm weather, well I hope he likes scorching hot with where he’s going. Thank you!

“Eulogy” By Jenna (Galva High School)

We are here today to.....celebrate the death of this.....chick. She was your normal white girl. Loved Starbucks, going to target, and always went shopping. Don't even get me started on her hair though. Everyone would always compliment her, and I'm sitting here like; it looks like a rats nest. I always called her white fro. I mean did she even try taming that hair. It always looked horrible no matter what she did. Oh, and her clothing, it looks like she lives in Gap. Gap is so not in rn. People with that style should just not be on this earth and hey, we already got one of them gone. I could go on and on about her all day, but she doesn't deserve that. Thank you everyone, have a horrible day.

“The Lonely Funeral” By Kris (Galva High School)

Welcome to the funeral I’m your director of this man’s funeral. Now we all miss him I’m sure but he is in a better place now. I didn’t know him but (Funeral Director Looks Up) where is everyone? (The Assistant Director Enters) No one has come and no one will come. Everyone called ahead and called him names and said it was good that he died. That he was a useless nobody at work, he deserved being crushed with a piano. Geez what type of guy was he before he died? (Assistant Director) there is more complaints if you want to hear them, but I warn you they get bad.(Funeral Director) Let’s hear them and see if he deserves this funeral. (Assistant Director) His sister called and said she wouldn’t come to a loser’s funeral. That he was a no good con man in life and he will be the same in death. (Funeral Director) They all really hated him that much? (Assistant) Yes, they all had around the same complaints and they requested that we just dump his body in the garbage. (Funeral Director) Well, let’s just burn his body and scatter it in the drain. (Assistant) Will do director, shall I tell his family? (Funeral Director) No, they already hate him don’t allow this to make them hate us.

“Eulogy” By CJ (Eureka College)

“What can I say about her,” I started, awkwardly shuffling my feet and staring at the podium in front of me. There were like a dozen people here, if that. I got roped into giving the eulogy since I was her cousin, but I had no good memories of the girl.

“She was always there, no matter what. Even if you didn’t want her to be,” I laughed, trying to imply sarcasm that wasn’t intended. “She held herself with confidence, that’s for sure. She controlled the room as soon as she walked in.”

I didn’t have much to say. What could I say? I didn’t know her, and what I did know wasn’t anything that a speaker would say as a memory of a dead girl.

“Thank you for coming.”

“A Eulogy of Hatred and Contempt” By Tracy (Eureka College)

We are gathered here today to remember the life, actually, a better phrase would be, to celebrate the death, of someone who contributed nothing meaningful to society. I am sure that her father's wallet is screaming with joy knowing that it no longer has to support that good for nothing leach. She pursued a useless degree in college, majoring in English. What do you even do with that? Congrats, you've managed to earn a degree in a skill that 85% of the United States population has known how to do since they were 5!

She will probably continue to work her useless receptionist job, sitting at a desk all day until she dies. On second thought, she's already dead, so she did manage to do that. There's one accomplishment in her life! No wonder she's never had a boyfriend! Let's talk about that lion's mane of hair on her head. I think that there is an entire ecosystem living inside of it, complete with alien life forms from the deepest, darkest abyss. I have seen birds fly out of that nest in her head. If you know any squirrels looking for a good place to hide their nuts for the winter, her hair is a prime candidate. They just might not get them back. She has the disheveled and haggard appearance of a homeless person. Honestly, now that she's dead, she might even be more attractive looking. I always did my best to avoid Tracy, but she somehow managed to find ways to insert herself into my life with her annoying, husky voice. She's like herpes; you can never get rid of her. I think that this is the first time I've been in the same room as her and have not wanted to rip my hair out. I would have killed her myself, but that shark managed to beat me to it. God bless that beautiful creature! Only someone as oblivious as Tracy would think that it was a good idea to swim in shark infested waters. Tracy is in a better place now and the world is better off without her! Thank you!