

My house is haunted, they say but I don't see it that way it is a bit creepy here but you aren't a coward, are you? Let's spend a night here with me!

You may hear screams
or see blood
but that are just illusions of your mind.
And you can't trust yourself
strange things will happen
and we will see at the end of the night
if you will be dead or alive.

Wait, am I scaring you?
Oh, don't mind me then
and let's just pretend
you are safe.
Do you want to see the house?
Come with me.

Don't look so freak out
The axes and daggers?
Old swordsroom.
And the bloody clothes?
Just a red dye darling.
Any other questions?
Finally,
you are to annoying
I whisper to myself

Then we hear footsteps behind us and without turning back I say "It's my cat." but you stay silent.

Lost your voice?

Not so brave anymo re huh?

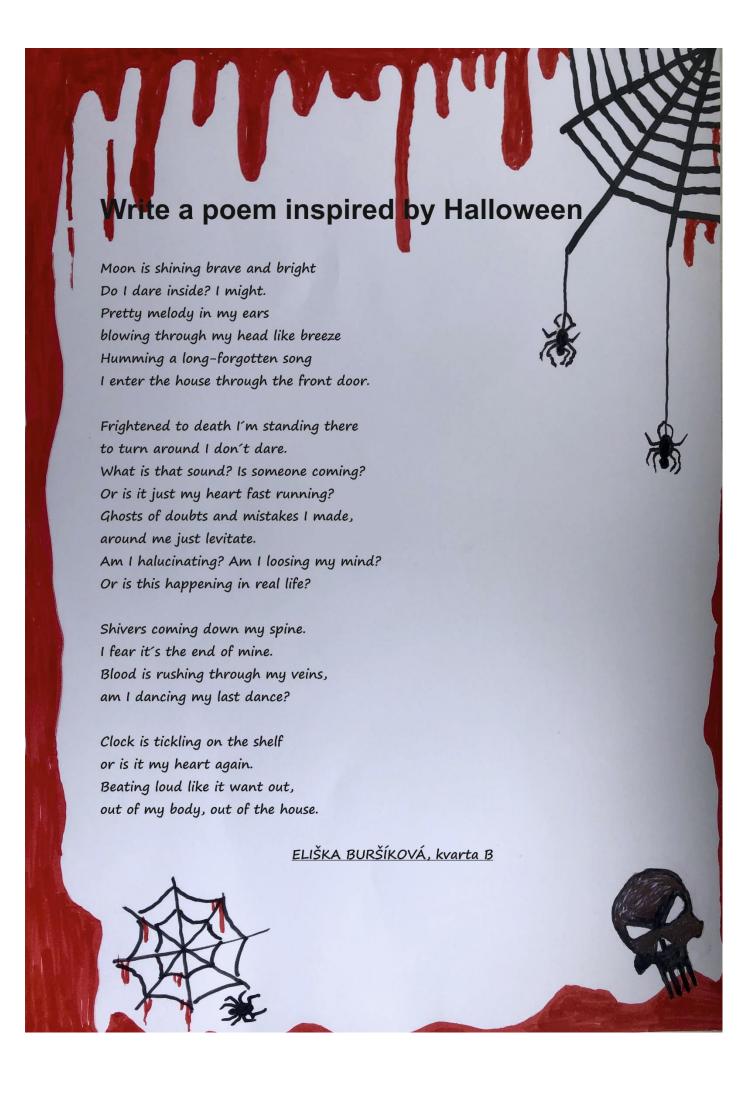
We should go to sleep
It's getting late
And so we head to our beds.
You fall asleep quite fast.
Unsurprisingly, bad dreams come
you are shivering in your sleep
too lovely to watch.

Then I cut your throat
and the blood is flowing out
like a river, running fast
suddenly, you wake up
covered in cold sweat
just a dream...
you say to yourself.
But then you hear a whisper in your ear
,,Sleep well."
and everything goes black.

Little did you know,

Dreams came true in this home.

EVA REITSPIESOVÁ, kvinta B



## Write a poem inspired by Halloween

Awake sleeping

The sun sets down
and I shall sleep
this time around though
I won't weep

So I must keep my brave face on. Face the monster on my own.

Every night
Why won't it stop?
An hour past midnight
and I am up.

Is this true or is this dream? Please let me out I want to scream.

And as my heart quickens its pace I find it hard to move my face I find it hard
to move my hands.
Throughout the whole room,
the air is tense
helpless I lay
in jail of my bed.
Asleep and awake
how worse can it get?

And then a move, a step, a sound a shadow that spreads all around.

He yearns for fear his hands are long and when he speaks it's like a song

A cold hard touch goes to my back and then it's over just like that I move again.
This time I win But one dark night It will be him who takes my hand and I will never wake up again.

LUCIE PTÁČNÍKOVÁ, 3.A



## Write a poem inspired by Halloween

It was morning,
a foggy one.
My hands were cold
and almost numb.
Barely walking down this hill,
my knees were aching against my will.
I could see, I couldn't feel.
That's when I recognized that breeze.
A bit smelly and strangely cruel,
that's how I fell this afternoon

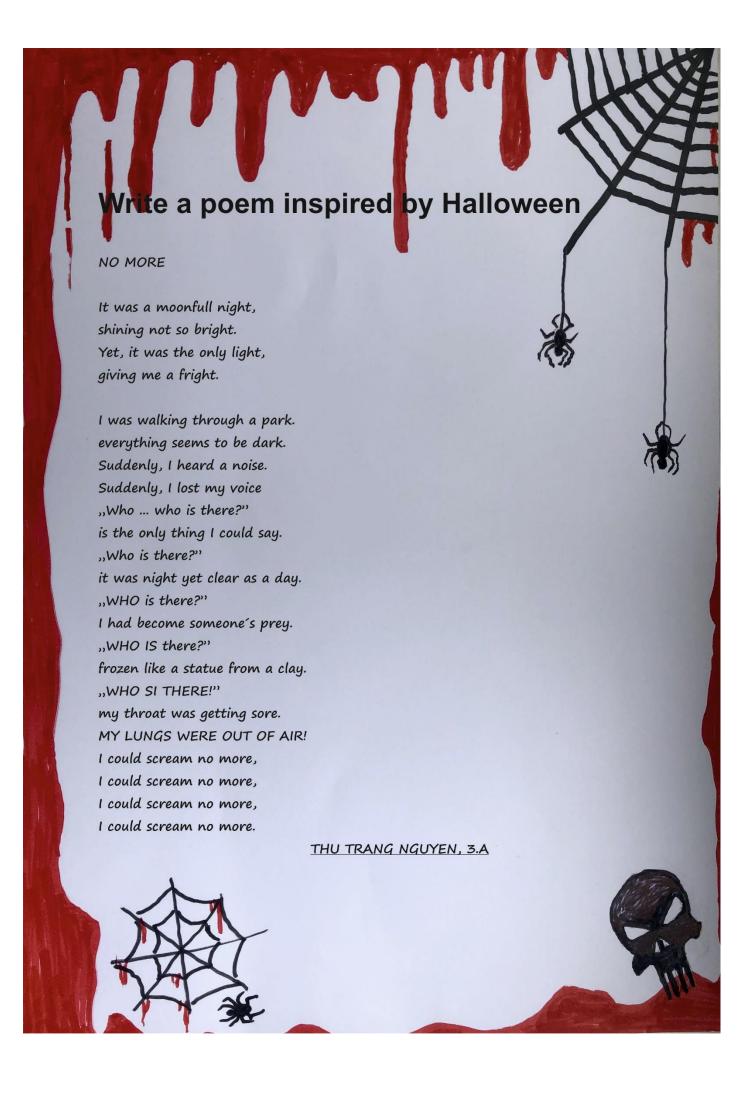
I saw a wall made out of stone, that kind of place that noone owns. I walked towards it step by step, holding my breath and fear. Now I can almost touch the stone, but that's when I see.

I see a shimmer, that's quite strange, something happened that can't be changed. I don't believe it, that can't be it, blood simply dry on his face and shield. Everything shines, almoust delightful, I can't look, it's just too frightful.

Just eight years old, his life is gone, pale skin and bone shining so strong. He'll never open his mother's door. Rotting costume stinks really wrong. I'll take that candy he doesn't need, Lucky and starving I quickly leave.

VERONIKA DAŇKOVÁ, sexta B





Write a poem inspired by Halloween

Fig and dust,
a light blue sky.
A scene of little hope.

A crust of dust and blood on my body, that I used to know.

So motionless and still it lies, though on the inside – despite cries, crackling like a leaf that dies, no hope to ever come back home.

When suddenly I hear two voices, ahead of me a range of choices – who am I and what's to come? – where am I, where's everyone?

"You want to live, you want to try!"
"Don't listen, come with me tonight!"
I'm hesitant but I decide
to leave this filthy world behing
"Time to say my last goodbye!
I'll stay for just a little while,
Surely it is worth the trial.

- ever so volatile this moment of forever.

To late now to endeavour.

To fix what I have said and done.

to try to 

win what can't be won.

My final say has now been made,
my fragile soul starting to fade,
but it was now....

... or never.

The skeletons in my closet, my best partners in crime, the only ones to never leave the sweet spot by my side

Their voices always present, they keep me up at night and force me into things and I shall never dare to try.

But they've begging' me so urgent, they lure me into dark, promise the future will be better once everything is done

And so here I stand,
high up as the skies,
now I'll take one last breath in
close my eyes and ... jump

BARBORA ŽÁČKOVÁ,

septima A





