



Write a poem inspired by Halloween

The Night the City Fears

When the last sun beams disappear
and the chilly midnight comes near,
miracles, that some would hate,
happen behind the graveyard gate.

All of the mossy stones start to shake,
if someone came, their lives would be at stake.
„What would happen?“ you may ask.
The monsters would have an enjoyable task.

Spiders, worms and screeching bats come out,
from the woods you may hear a horrible shout.
Growls and whines echo from the ground,
„Prepare!“ rumbles through the air around.

When hands start poking from bellow the stones,
music plays - everyone hates those tones.
Sir Dracula rises from his seat,
he explains: „Tonight, we finally get to eat.

And as the monster party brings more guests in,
(while Frankenstein knocks over tonight's first bin)
the moon doesn't even begin to go down,
when vampires bring havoc on town.

KAROLÍNA VLČKOVÁ, kvarta A



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The course of night

Terrible scream echoes through night,
while on his horse rides headless knight.
Wielding his sword of purest of steel,
he's riding to village to slaughter and steal.

Hight above the village and castle there lies,
out of its windows a vampire flies.

No one is safe from him, no one can hide,
for he will always find a way inside.

The only way to save yourself is to go to bed,
since pillow and a blanket are your best belt.

But not even in your dreams you can escape them,
for instead of dreams you enter realm of dead man.
You have been tricked and your demise before you lies,
watching you while it's glowing evil eyes.

The crowing of rooster signals the day
and monsters of night have flown away.

JOSEF LIŠKA, kvinta B



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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



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Moon is shining brave and bright
Do I dare inside? I might.
Pretty melody in my ears
blowing through my head like breeze
Humming a long-forgotten song
I enter the house through the front door.

Frightened to death I'm standing there
to turn around I don't dare.
What is that sound? Is someone coming?
Or is it just my heart fast running?
Ghosts of doubts and mistakes I made,
around me just levitate.
Am I hallucinating? Am I losing my mind?
Or is this happening in real life?

Shivers coming down my spine.
I fear it's the end of mine.
Blood is rushing through my veins,
am I dancing my last dance?

Clock is tickling on the shelf
or is it my heart again.
Beating loud like it want out,
out of my body, out of the house.

ELIŠKA BURŠÍKOVÁ, kvarta B



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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



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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, almost 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



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NO MORE

It was a moonfull night,
shining not so bright.
Yet, it was the only light,
giving me a fright.

I was walking through a park.
everything seems to be dark.
Suddenly, I heard a noise.
Suddenly, I lost my voice
„Who ... who is there?“
is the only thing I could say.
„Who is there?“
it was night yet clear as a day.
„WHO is there?“
I had become someone's prey.
„WHO IS there?“
frozen like a statue from a clay.
„WHO SI THERE!“
my throat was getting sore.
MY LUNGS WERE OUT OF AIR!
I could scream no more,
I could scream no more,
I could scream no more,
I could scream no more.

THU TRANG NGUYEN, 3.A



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Fog 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 behind
„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

