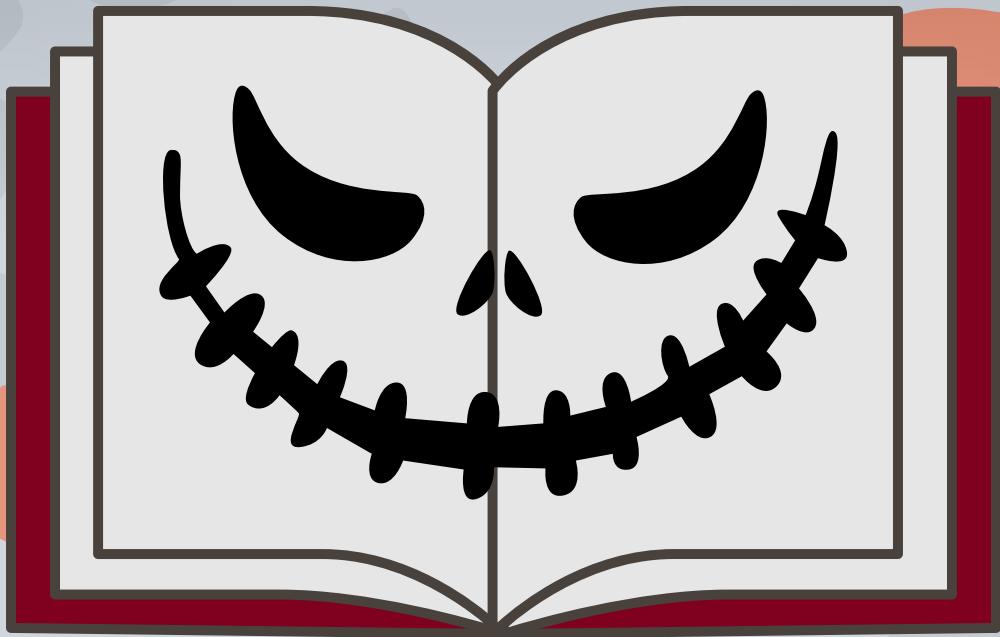




MAGAZINE

THE

WACKY
FUN



HAUNTED
TALES

Halloween 2024

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PLATINUM SPONSOR

FUNHAWG PODCAST

"Two friends who like to laugh, tell stories and thoughtfully consider how to navigate this incredible planet we were born on."

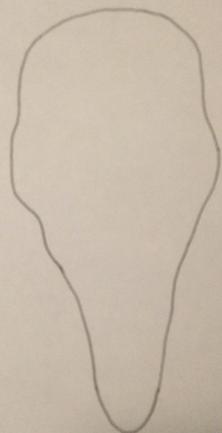


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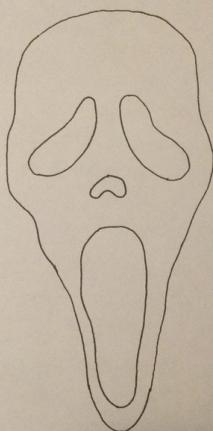


LEARN TO DRAW GHOSTFACE

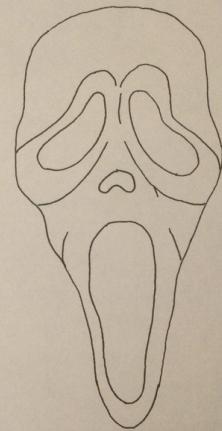
Jonah Brown



1. Draw the outline of the mask as pictured here.



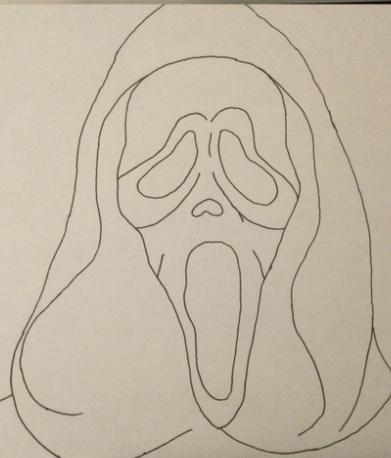
2. Add the eyes, nose, and mouth.



3. Add details like creases in the mask and the raised portions around the eyes.



4. Draw the inner outline of the hood.



5. Draw the outer outline of the hood, as well as the shoulders.



6. Add lots of folds in the fabric of the hood.



6. Fill in the eyes, nose, and mouth if you want to.
Congratulations,
you're done.



TOP 10 CANDIES

Jonah Brown

- 1- Twix
 - 2- Sour Patch Kids
 - 3- Reese's Cups
 - 4- Hershey's Chocolate Bars
 - 5- Milk Duds
 - 6- Crunch Chocolate Bars
 - 7- Nerd's Gummy Clusters
 - 8- 100 Grand Bars
 - 9- Snicker's Bars
 - 10- Joyride
- (Listed in no particular order)

Book Review: The Maze Runner

John V

AUTHOR: JAMES DASHNER

PUBLISHER: DELACORTE PRESS

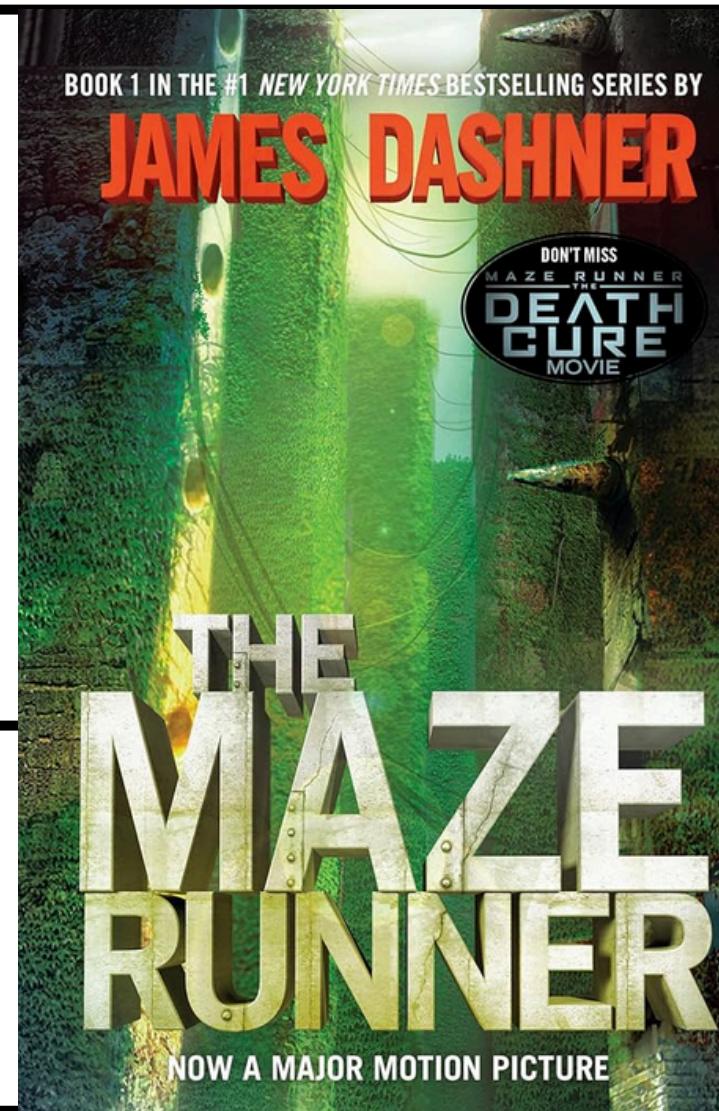
GRADES: 6TH AND UP

PAGES: 375

GENRE: SCI-FI, YOUNG ADULT



5 STARS



James Dashner has a modern classic with this series. A boy named Thomas gets thrown into a weird world. He joins other boys in an interesting place. None of them remember anything from their past. Why is this in the Halloween edition? One word comes to mind: grievers.

AFTERLIFE

Joshua Brown

James was excited for Halloween. It was one of his favorite holidays. He loved the trick-or-treating most of all the activities associated with the holiday. He always liked going to stores and seeing the first decorations of the season set up. He liked admiring everyone's various yard decor. However, nothing compared to trick-or-treating on Halloween night.

The night came and James donned his costume, which was an impersonation of a famous superhero. He checked himself in the mirror to make sure he had put it all on correctly. Finding this true, he walked out the front door, not seeing his parents. He realized how bizarre it was that they weren't there to see him off.

Maybe they're at one of the neighbors for the night, he reasoned.

After joining a group of kids some of his friends were in, he came to the first house. He was in the middle of the group and waited his turn to receive candy. The kids around him rambled and giggled but seemed to take no notice of him.

"Hey, guys," James said. "This is the best night!"

The girl who had just gotten a candy bar added to her bag spun and said, "Yes!"

Suddenly, James was standing at the front of the group. He looked back down the sidewalk as the group moved on, heading for the next house. James turned back to get his candy but found that the woman who had been at the door had closed it.

He looked in his bag and saw no candy. "Hey, you didn't give me any candy." No answer.

He shook his head to forget the rude lad and followed his friends. They were at the next house. James ran up, laughing in pure delight, and slipped on a fake fence along the sidewalk. He stumbled and slammed straight into the other kids.



At least, he should have slammed into them. Instead, he fell through the kids and landed on the ground.

He looked up in shock.

"What just happened?!" He asked fearfully, voice high. "Guys?"

No one noticed him. A candy bag came flying at his face as someone swung it while they raced away. The bag temporarily blocked his vision and then was gone. It had passed through his head.

"Guys? Help!" He screamed.

The kids left him as he cried on the ground. "Help!" was his cry.

He stood after a while and watched everyone continue to trick-or-treat. Eventually, another kid approached. James expected him to walk right through him and get candy. Instead, the kid stopped in front of him and cocked his head. He looked at James curiously.

"Are you new here?" he asked.

"No," James said sadly. "I must be having a dream, though, because people keep going through me." "You need to come with me." The kid nodded knowingly and then put an arm on his shoulder.

"What do you mean," James asked. "Come where?"

"I'll explain on the way. You're in the wrong neighborhood."

"No, I'm not. I've lived here all my life."

"Exactly the problem," the kid replied with a wink.

The two walked through the trees in an empty lot and, after a few minutes of only dark trees and a slight breeze, came upon a new neighborhood. The new kid introduced himself as Andrew. They shook hands and told each other that it was a pleasure to meet the other. Then Andrew and James walked up the sidewalk of the first new house. He knocked on the door as Andrew stood back. An older man came to the door.

"Trick or treat!" James said happily.

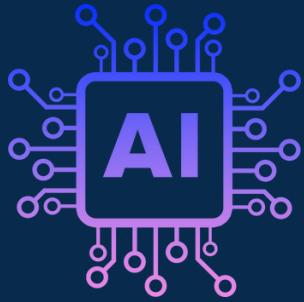
"What spirit you have, young lad," the old man chuckled. He offered James his choice of the largest, richest chocolates he had ever seen. James chose one and slipped it, encased in plastic wrap, into his bag.

"Thank you, sir!"

"You're very welcome. Say, you're new here, right?"

"He is," Andrew confirmed. "I brought him over from the Other Place."

The old man smiled. Andrew laughed slyly. James just grinned, happy to be having fun on Halloween.



OR



Jonah Brown

1

- A: Jack-o'-lanterns glow eerily on Halloween night, casting playful shadows as they line the streets.
- B: Jack-o'-lanterns sit quietly on porches in the cool and crisp air, waiting patiently with spooky and ugly faces to ward off evil spirits.

2



- A: The decrepit headstones line the crumbling cemetery path, while old willow trees bend down to gaze upon and shelter them.
- B: The cemetery was a serene place, with tall trees and whispering winds.

3

- A: The old house stood silently at the end of the street, its weathered walls whispering stories of the past.
- B: The crumbling house sat at the end of the winding and narrow street, its slanting roof covered by moss and algae, being a reminder of the seasons it has witnessed.



ANSWERS ON LAST PAGE OF MAGAZINE

ANIMAL SPOTLIGHT

TAZMANIAN DEVIL

Today, we'll be talking about a Halloween-y animal—the Tasmanian devil. These fearsome animals used to roam all over but are now only found in Tasmania. They are roughly the size of a small dog. After the last Tasmanian tiger died in 1936, the Tasmanian devil became the largest carnivorous marsupial. It has cute little ears and brown fur. However, the vicious Tasmanian devil can turn into a blood-thirsty monster when it wants to. It has a guttural snarl and growl, which can strike fear into the heart of anyone. The jaws of this miniature terror have 1200 PSI—Pounds per square inch—which is double that of a great white shark. Compare that with a human's bite force of 150 PSI. It is so strong that it can crush through bones, which it does so that it may taste of the delicious bone marrow within. These little animals are not to be messed with. They are very dangerous, especially considering that they could sever your head from your spinal column. Admire them from a distance. They are endangered and in desperate need of help as their numbers shrink. Remember these cute but mighty little Tasmanian devils and consider helping them before they die off like the poor Thylacine—Tasmanian tiger.



Tricks

Joshua Brown

This is the story of a group of naughty kids who finally spent their last token of luck one Halloween night. I had better start at the beginning, though. It all started a long time ago, and a long way from here...

It was a crisp October day in a small town. Dry leaves made scraping sounds as they blew across the quiet streets. The sun was out, casting warm rays onto the chilly landscape. A whisper of winter could be heard in the breeze as it whistled through town. A group of kids, two boys and one girl, were walking down the sidewalk, heading home after school. As they meandered, they talked and chewed gum. The oldest boy and the girl were dominating the conversation.

"We should totally hit every house tomorrow," the girl said with a laugh.

"Maybe we hit half of them tomorrow and then, when the other half think they're safe, we do the rest of the next night." "Yeah!"

Finally, the younger boy entered the conversation, saying somewhat timidly, "Or we could just steal all the candy."

The group walked a few more feet in silence, their shoes slapping the concrete, considering what had just been suggested. A crow cawed in the distance. It definitely felt like Fall. The oldest boy began to laugh, a deep, building laughter that spread to the rest of the group. Then they all crowded with wild excitement. The girl slapped the younger boy on the shoulder, saying, "Good idea."

The terrible three assembled outside the oldest boy's house the following night. The light was gone, the night was alive, and Halloween was in full swing. Kids ran door to door, earning sweet rewards for their labors. Decorations sat, glowed, swayed, screamed, and provided a surreal atmosphere. The wind was gone, replaced by a comfortable stagnant night with temperatures somewhere in the sixties. The three kids grabbed their supplies and headed for the first house. A spooky graveyard and a single animatronic haunted the grass. The party moved to the front door, dodging a group of trick-or-treaters as they left the premises.

A brief moment later, the three ran away with the majority of the candy either in their grasping hands or stuffed in a secret bag hidden under their fake candy bags. The homeowner screamed at them as they ran off. They giggled to themselves at how easy it had been. Then they headed toward the next house.

A handful of houses and a few full bags of pilfered sweets later, the three came to a weird house that neither of them could remember being there. It was old and had no decorations. A single flickering candle sat in the window. The group hesitated at this one, but eventually decided to try it. They came to the door and knocked because there was no doorbell.

Footsteps approached the door and then opened it. An old woman peered out at them. She was dressed in old clothes, seeming to have stepped out of a previous age. She looked at the kids and then said suddenly, "Oh! Why, it's Halloween." She spun and pulled a heavy ceramic dish from beside the door. She held it forward with both hands, her arms struggling to lift the large plate. "Take one, all of you."

The kids, following their plan, all reached hands forward and snatched as many of the treats as they could hold. As they turned to leave, the old woman, who suddenly had mighty strength, gripped the oldest boy's arm while holding the heavy dish with the other. A fierceness came into her eyes.

"Hey, lady, let go and just call it night."

The woman stared hard at him and then at the rest of them. Then she let go, smiled widely, and disappeared backward into the house, slamming the door closed. The candle was blown out a moment later by an unseen figure.

"That was odd," the lead boy murmured. The kids continued on, forgetting the incident after a moment.

It was later that night, after the three's plan was carried out and many little kids found empty bowls, that the true meaning of the old woman's smile was revealed. Each of the gang went to their own houses and piled candy on desks, beds, and floors. At 11:00p.m. every one of the three suddenly found themselves drawn to a delicious scent. They dug through the candy mounds, separated by many blocks but united in their search for the aromatic treasure. This part of the story is somewhat confusing as each faced a different yet similar fate. I will tell each as a separate story, but keep in mind that they all occurred roughly at the same time.

The oldest boy found his candy first. It was a little homemade confection, wrapped up in clear orange paper. A black ribbon held it closed. He greedily pulled the string off the neck of the wrapper and inhaled deeply the rich smell that was expelled. He consumed the candy instantly and enjoyed the deeply sweet flavor and creamy aftertaste. He felt no guilt at having stolen it from an old woman. After a moment, while he sat at his desk and copied answers down for his test, he felt sleepy. He retired early and settled under the covers of his bed. As he slept, a deep dreamless sleep, the old woman came to him as a apparition.

"Steal from an elderly woman and ruin a child's Halloween, would you?" she asked scornfully.

He could not answer as he was fixed in a paralytic state.

"You will now provide sweet treats for children from now on."

Then the specter was gone. The boy opened his eyes, free from his frozen position, and then realized he was in the woods. He was standing, alone, in the cold, dark trees. He tried to move, but his feet were frozen. He looked down in horror and found his legs were fused together into a thick tree trunk. He screamed and called for help, but no one heard. Bark covered his skin until he was numb all over. His body creaked as he grew upward and outward, his arms splintering into many branches. Leaves sprouted from what had been fingers. His face disappeared into the gnarled form of an old apple tree.

The girl discovered her candy and ripped it open without admiring the wrapping. She ate it in two bites and then settled back on her bed. As she laid there, in the dark of a dying Halloween night, her muscles relaxed and left her unable to move. The lamp dimmed and the window became dark. The old woman, a ghostly figure, floated down from above and scolded her for what she had done.

"Rob a poor old lady and steal candy from children on Halloween? Shame on you. A petty little robber, you are."

Then she was alone. Her control returned to her, and she blinked. When she reopened her eyes, she was in an alley. She wondered about how she got there in the space between a blink. Then she looked down and saw herself. A furry animal was clinging to her. She tried to swat it away, but found her hands were deformed. Then the truth came to her. She looked down into a puddle of cold water and saw a raccoon looking back at her. It touched a paw to its whiskers. She chittered in terror and ran away, her striped tail bouncing behind her.

The younger boy, compelled by the smell, ate the candy and returned to his homework. A few minutes later, he dropped back in his chair and rubbed his eyes. Then his hands fell weakly to his side. He felt numb.

The lights in the room suddenly went off, leaving him in darkness. The spirit came to him.

"Steal candy from children, what an awful idea! How could you think of such a terrible thing?"

Then the lights flashed back on, and the woman was gone. The boy closed his eyes from tiredness and then felt strength come back to him. He opened his eyes and saw that he was in a strange room. He stood up and felt heavy. He looked down and realized he was larger than he had been. He was older. His skin was tanned and wrinkly. His clothes were worn and smelled old. He said uncertainly, "What is this?"

His voice was older and gruff. He looked around the room and saw a table with a checkered top and a few windows along a wall. The chair below him was one of ten lined against the opposite wall. A lamp glowed warmly in the corner. The door in front of him opened suddenly and a woman in white appeared. "Mr. Holmes are you ready to head back to your room?" The boy looked at her, dumbfounded.

"Did you have a good Halloween?"

He opened his mouth and just let it hang there.

She came over and said soothingly, "Good, good. I saw you playing checkers with your friend. Now, we'll head back to your room and go to sleep, okay?"

He nodded and followed her out of the room. What is this memory of going trick or treating with two kids? he wondered.

"Did I take my pills?" he questioned, thinking his odd vision of taking candy from some old woman was caused by his pills not being taken.

"They're in your room waiting for you," the woman replied sweetly.

"Ehh," he grunted, feeling somewhat more comfortable knowing that memory wasn't real. They went under a sign above a set of double doors. It read, "Psych Ward 4."

Those three never stole anymore candy. The old woman wasn't seen in that town ever again. Her house couldn't be spotted the following day. The families of the three never did remember having children matching their descriptions or names. Nobody ever spoke about them again. They weren't missed.

So, anyway, I think that's the end of this story.

You're hungry, are you?

Here, take a piece of candy. But only one.



**Do you Want to contribute to the magazine?
All you have to do is fill out the form on our
website (www.wackyfunmagazine.com), and
it could appear in the next edition!**



Thanks For Reading!

AI OR HUMAN ANSWERS

1

A: AI

B: Human

2

A: Human

B: AI

3

A: AI

B: Human