

Miss Smedley screamed and fainted. When she came to, she left the class and refused to return to teach until a priest was hired to exorcise the classroom.

For written across Kenny's blood-red rose was a message, written in a substance that could only be blood.

It read, "Not a bad likeness. Signed, your dark deity, Satan."

It was dark in Chris's basement bedroom. Chris was snoring loudly and dreaming of something unprintable. It was plain that he was enjoying the dream, for a funny grin was plastered across his face.

So he was understandably annoyed when a scratching noise woke him up.

It was three A.M. by the clock on the nightstand, and turning on the light caused Chris to blink a lot. He was about to go back to sleep when the scratching noise came again.

It was coming from the window.

Chris peered out into the darkness beyond the window. Nothing was there.

Suddenly it came, leaping out of the darkness and into the small patch of light streaming from Chris's window. It was a large rabbit, jet-black in colour. Chris looked at it in wonder, admiring its glossy coat.

Without warning, the rabbit charged, knocking the weak hinges of the window loose. Chris was unable to take his eyes from the horrific bunny. Most rabbits have pink or brown eyes, but this bunny's eyes were as black and dead as coal. They fixed on Chris like he was the last piece of lettuce in town.

It opened its mouth. Its teeth were brown and rotted, and its breath like the stench of a dead rat. Drooling, it hissed four words.

"Giivve meee the pictuurre..."

Terrified by the sight of the lapin from hell, Chris pulled the picture from his pocket and held it out. Faster than the eye could see, the rabbit snatched the paper in its teeth and vanished. It left no tracks, no spoor, no sign that this late night confrontation had happened.

Nothing but a small burnt dent in the wooden frame of the window where its saliva had dripped.

So Satan taught Kenny and Chris a lesson after all. He taught them that he was a force not suitable for mockery, trivia, or casual discussion.

And Chris and Kenny learned it so well that they went on to make a fortune writing cheap horror movies.

THE END.

Dave Stieb

by Chris

A strong Stieb slider
Scowling, daring the hitter
to catch up with his good stuff
Talking to himself on the mound

If a glare could kill
for god's sake if you're a teammate
of Stieb don't make an error

Hating it when the batter
Steps out off the plate
Stieb wants to control
the pace, dare you not ruin
his rhythm

Known for near no hitters
Known for tantrums
Known for his 7 all star games

Thru the eighties winning more games than anyone
but Jack Morris
the World Series cries
For the 1 - 2 punch
of Stieb and Morris
It is not to be
and is a crime before us.

