

the
PAPERCLIP.

FALL/2023



**A HUGE THANKS
TO OUR STAFF**

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the most terrifying issue yet!

EDITOR'S NOTE

We are honored to present to you the most **PERVIOUS** issue of The Paperclip yet! The Paperclip is a magazine of original writing and visual art done by students here at ETHS. Our goal is to create a space for students to connect with each other and express themselves through creativity. This fall our themes for submissions were school pressure, climate change and general spookiness... but we ended up receiving a vast majority of submissions under that last category, with the exception of two pieces on climate change (check out page 15!), and a number of miscellaneous submissions. We are thrilled to deliver the eerie, autumnal energy radiating from the student body with this issue. We feel that the imbalance within the themes is an accurate and fascinating reflection of what has been on our minds throughout this fall: horror. Whether that be related to worldly issues, interpersonal ones, or a deeper abstract paranoia, this issue is not only a collection of original student work but a compelling dissection on fear and anxiety within our school and the wonderful artwork that comes from it. We hope to embody the seasonal thoughts and feelings of students in this way with each of our issues that will come out this year (we are aiming for three more). If you're interested in submitting your work for future issues you can take a look at the last page of this issue (where you can also find information on how to join the editorial board). Now, before you turn the page and embark on a spine-chilling journey through the Fall 2023 issue of The Paperclip, we have to ask: what are you scared of?

ABOUT MEMENTO MORI



Skulls.

There are skulls everywhere.

Not just in October.

Memento mori-The reminder of death-
is everywhere.

I'm not sure that I'm friends with death.
It confuses me.

It's easier to believe in the grim reaper
than believe in reality.

And yet, people want to find out about death.

We bring our skulls and pitchforks out.

Not just in October.

Not just on Halloween.

We are rapidly approached by existential questions.
Coming from nowhere.

And yet, Memento mori-The reminder of death-
is everywhere.

Staring at the ceiling, trying to think of anything else,
eventually we realize there's nothing to do.

And we move on until the grim reaper of our minds
comes knocking again.

We live our lives the same and the cycle repeats,
death and life holding hands with each other.

And we realize, Memento mori-The reminder of death-
is nothing if not for the reminder of life.

By TSB

FLY

Fly, Fly, Fly away, into another dimension
Away I go from the tension
At the dinner table

You see me shaking like an overcharged cable
You say my name I,
Fall
Fall
Fall
Fall
Crash!

Back to reality...

I am embarrassed
Cause ur just staring at me smiling

You go back to eating
In my head Im thinking

ADHD

Why me
Why did it choose me of all people,

Deep inside I know that Dad and Mama dont mean to embarrass me
Right?
5 minutes later
Fwoosh
Shake

Into the sky
I fly
And it loops from
Light

To...
Darkness

Anonymous

void

In the space just above a body of water there exists a void
An empty place
A place for gasps of air, flooded with reflected sunlight
A place free from the turbulence of waves and the dark ripples of
breeze

An empty space

In the place just above my stomach there exists a void
An empty space
A space for holding all the weight of nothing
A space that seems only to be filled when Godot cries, "hello!"
An empty place

These locations are different
External vs internal
Tangible vs imagined
Yet, within the realm of my mind they are the same
Empty

They are empty
They exist seemingly just to lack
To be without
They are nothing

What happens when two empty things meet?
Shouldn't it all be a little more nothing?

A little less something?

Just a little more lonely?

Somehow my expectations fall through

For as I sail through the empty space with the lights dancing about to
my left and right and my chest stocked full of silence
Somehow, something is there.

-Bennett G

AUTUMN

The faint glow of the distant streetlight bleeds through the clouds, scarcely illuminating the pumpkin patch. I step onto the winding path, dry leaves crunching under my shoes. There's no one else around—it's completely abandoned. Just this morning, the place was packed. Windless and chilly, it made for perfect weather, and October weekends are always the busiest times of the year. Now, a faint wind blows through the trees, casting shadows over the path. I move forward, my footsteps the only sound. As I start onto the path, the low light gets dimmer and dimmer, until I'm barely able to see two feet in front of me. If I hadn't been here so many times, I would almost be scared. A sea of pumpkins surrounds me, blobs in the growing darkness. I spot the moon through the trees and hurry onward, aware of the seconds ticking by.

I'm almost to the shed where we keep all our supplies when I hear footsteps. They come from behind me, a steady crunch crunch crunch, not quite a run. I hesitate for a moment, unsure of whether I should go on.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

AUTUMN (CONT.)



Even now, when the darkness is still settling, scarcely beginning to blanket the world, I know that there's next to no chance I'm making it out of here alive.

I draw in one last deep breath and work up my courage, time slipping away faster and faster. I take only a single step before I hear the bang. And then I start sprinting, faster than I've ever run in my life. Reaching the shed is the only thing that matters, the shed, the shed, I need to get to the shed—

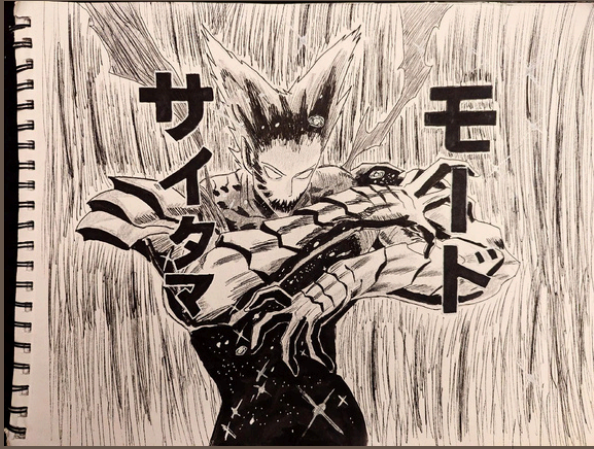
My chin hits the ground before the rest of my body, and the wind is knocked out of me. I gasp and scramble frantically in the leaves, but it's wet and slippery, and my hands are enveloped in dripping, soggy leaves.

Some part of my mind is screaming, Get up, get up, you're going to die, but the rest of me is too disgusted by the revelation that it's blood. I'm in a pool of blood, a pool of someone else's blood. I feel a foot on my back and inhale sharply. I'm too late. It's over. The smell of flowers fills my nostrils, and I hear the bang.

I lost.

-- NORAH MYSZKOWSKI

JORDAN LYNN



MODE SAITAMA



KAIDO



HONORED ONE

Untitled



Anonymous Submission

CHANGE

becoming the
wolf...



By Pasha Irons-Rosin



ZOMBIE Fashion Show!



"Zombie Fashion Show!" by Cat Bisgrove



SCENE ONE OF THE TRAP, A GHOSTLY TALE

BY LUCA BARON

Scene One

Noah and a tour guide stand outside an old house.
Noah has a bag packed.

Guide
Are you ready for the exclusive overnight tour of
“Silas the Slaughterer’s” house?

Noah
I’ve been ready!

Guide
Alright, welcome to the tour! This house used to
belong to a man named Silas who lived in the
1800s, but this man was no ordinary person. He
was fra- a murderer! He killed someone in this
very house.

Noah
Oh yeah, I think I read about that somewhere.

Guide
Let’s go inside.
They do.

Guide
This is where Silas spent lots of his time. He
often relaxed here with his friends, before the
incident. Would you like to see where it
happened?

Noah
Oh I’d LOVE to!

Guide
Here’s the library, where Silas killed his best
friend, a man named Ebenezer. To this day, no
one
knows why he did it.

Noah
He must have been crazy, I can’t imagine ever
wanting to kill someone.

Guide is slightly angry with Noah.

Guide
Well, I guess we’ll never know. Let’s
move on.

And here we have the master
bedroom! This is where you’ll be
sleeping tonight.

Noah steps into the room. He turns
around, and the tour guide is gone.

Noah
Helloooooooooo?

The door closes loudly behind him and
makes Noah jump.

He looks around. No one there. He
turns around and looks behind him.

The tour
guide is sitting on a chair looking at
Noah.

Noah
Excuse me, what are you doing?
Hello? Sir, could you please tell me
what’s happening? Is this some
special part of the tour?

Guide
I’m afraid it’s not.

Noah tries to open the door, but it
won’t budge.

Guide
That won’t work.

Noah
Who are you!? Why are you doing
this!?

Silas
Pleasure to meet you. I’m Silas, and
I’ve been dead and trapped in this
accursed house for the last two
centuries or so.

Noah freaks out and tries to open the
door, but it won’t budge.

Noah
IS THIS A PRANK OR SOMETHING?
WHO HIRED YOU?!

Silas
No one hired me, but I did trap you
here for a reason.

Noah
YEAH WELL IT BETTER BE GOOD,
BECAUSE I’M TOTALLY SUING YOUR
ASS WHEN I GET OUTTA HERE.

Silas (Laughing)
You can’t “sue my ass”, I’m dead.
Anyway, the reason you’re stuck here
is because I need help with
something. I was falsely accused of a
murder and hung. Because of this, I
cannot move on into the next world. I
am also unable to physically touch
anything, so I can’t look for evidence
of my innocence by myself.

Noah
Why would I want to help you
anyway? Hey wait, I’ve heard your
story already! Didn’t you murder your
friend?

Silas
I just told you, I was framed for that.
I’ve trapped you here and I can’t undo
it, so you’re stuck here until you and I
solve this problem. Once I cross over,
the trap should undo itself.

Noah
You aren’t gonna kill me if I fail, right?

Silas
I won’t have to. You’ll eventually die
of starvation so I suggest we get
started right away.

Noah
Quick question, where should I put
my stuff?

Silas
Oh, you can leave it in this room.

Noah
So, what exactly am I looking for here?

Silas
They never found the weapon, but I do
remember the wound on the man
looked like it was caused by a blunt
weapon. It would also have to be
incredibly easy to hide, as I’ve searched
for multiple years and found nothing.

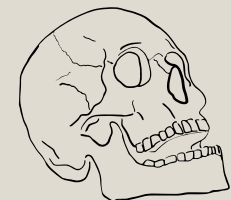
Noah
Sooooooooo... where should I start?

Silas
Hm... maybe wait till I tell you the rest
of the story. My friends and I would
meet up every week at my house, and
then we would all go find books that we
thought were interesting, and then talk
to them. Usually these books came
from my library. On the day of the
incident, John and Ebenezer had been
looking for quite a while, and when I
went to check on them, Ebenezer was
dead.

Noah
Woah... And you aren’t tricking me? You
actually got framed? I don’t believe it.

Silas
Everyone else had an alibi, because
they had seen each other walking
around. but since no one had seen me, I
was deemed most likely and sentenced
to death. I NEED you to find this
weapon Noah, it’s the only way I’ll be
able to move on.

End of Scene



“Isolationism” by Elizabeth K.

I have decided that I am going to become the embodiment of U.S. foreign policy circa 1915

This quick shift in ideals has been preceded by a deep need to disappear from all alliances that could make remaining neutral challenging

I don't mean to run away, but just to not. Not communicate, not display, not be

Now, don't take this as a declaration of depression. I have no wish to die at this present moment, but only to withdraw, not join the war and not let outside entanglements complicate what matters; such as pretending to enjoy others company, making acquaintances, and putting up a false front of well-roundedness

The fact is, many unnecessary conflicts may be entirely avoided by shutting down all outside-facing activities. When one participates in friendships and entanglements by giving foreign aid to your classmates you miss out on what really matters; sitting in your room alone.

Just what Monroe wanted.

The irony here is of course that while early 20th century America had a choice whether to invade the Dominican Republic, no one really wants to be friends with me.

So, I withdraw, below layers of forced aloofness and 7th-grade historical metaphor, pretending the reason that I don't have entangled alliances is because I am superior when instead it is because I am often deeply unpleasant.

To be fair, America is unpleasant too.



Untitled Image
By Anonymous



PURPLE - ANONYMOUS

CLIMATE CHANGE

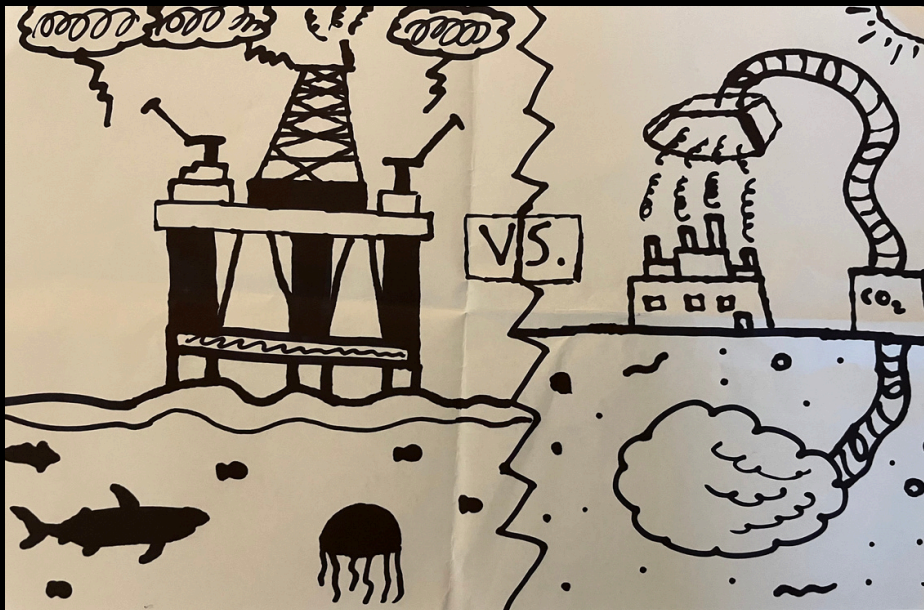
Fermi Paradox

What if the absence of aliens is due to their own climate change?

-Eleanor Granstrom



Untitled



By Mathew Luczak

Every Other Day

By Nolan Arado

Open eyes. Roll over. Grab phone. Turn off alarm. Scroll through Twitter for about 10 minutes. Get up. Make way to the bathroom. Brush teeth. Look in the mirror. Just like every other day.

But unbeknownst to young John Rivers, this is not like every other day. There is a meteor heading directly towards his high school right now which will almost certainly destroy the entire building and everyone inside of it. Scientists at NASA are just now starting to pick up the meteorite on their radar, but by the time they fully understand the situation it will be too late.

They don't know this. And neither does John.

John has finished getting dressed and is walking out the door. He pops both earbuds in and chooses something stupid and pretentious to listen to. As he trudges towards school, he likes to imagine himself as the main character of some unknown, underground movie that no one has ever seen. The effortlessly cool and handsome yet quiet and misunderstood main character who will inevitably be a Scott Pilgrim-esque figure to the youth once the movie is rediscovered and reevaluated as a cult classic in 15 years. For now, though, he is damned to simply be another teenager walking to highschool. Just like every other day.

Open the door to the main entrance. Climb the stairs. Take a drink of water. Sit down in front of his locker. Just like every other day.

John looks around. The school is already full of students despite the fact the bell will not ring for another 30 minutes. Full of students that John seems to hold an unreasonable and illogical amount of hatred for, despite never once talking to any of them. Every single one of these students, in John's eyes, is intellectually and aesthetically beneath him. This line of thinking is most likely responsible for why John is sitting alone at his locker right now. Just like every other day.

The asteroid currently hurtling directly towards John, on the other hand, thinks nothing of the other students. In fact, it thinks nothing at all. It has no sense of intellect or aesthetic. It has never sat alone at a locker at 8:00 in the morning. It just is. It is, and soon John will not be. But the asteroid doesn't know John, and even if it did, it wouldn't feel grief. It's an asteroid. It doesn't feel anything.

And then it happens, right during the best part of the song currently playing through John's earbuds. Damn! One second he exists, cultivating his unique brand of mediocrity, and the next he does not. It's a shame-- he was mere seconds away from an epiphany that would have changed his entire worldview, his outlook on his peers, and ultimately his life.

But it was just like every other day.



"Ghostly Boots" by Jaymes Edward Kummerer



"Wick!" by Kalial Thomas



HAUNTED
MANSION OF
SPIDERS
BY EFFIE CHOLDIN



SPOOKY-NESS
BY DREW
WATSON

Homework Needs to be Limited

An Excerpt



Homework is something that every student at ETHS has to endure. Students at ETHS are completing hours of unnecessary homework every night. Due in large part to the dedication and professionalism of the teachers at ETHS, our school is one of the top rated academic high schools in the country. However, the homework that is given does not contribute to the success of the students at ETHS. An abundance of research now shows that homework is unnecessary and detrimental to students' health. Homework should be limited every night due to homework not being beneficial because it creates undue stress and does not aid in the learning process.

Homework is the cause of immense amounts of stress on students that is extremely unhealthy for kids. Whether the stress is from not having time to do the homework or not being able to finish because of the amount of time homework takes, every student has been stressed over it. Stressing over this shouldn't be occurring. Kids already have a lot of things going on in their lives and they don't deserve this unnecessary stress. Emma Kang, a mental health counselor, states, "Studies have shown heavy workloads can be 'detrimental' for students and cause a 'big impact' on their mental, physical and emotional health." This shows that a mental health professional believes that students with heavy workloads have higher levels of stress than what a normal student should have. This higher amount of stress showed significant impacts on the student's health, whether that be physical, mental, or emotional. If anything in this world was creating so much harm on someone's health, that person would instantaneously stop and try to cut that thing out of their life. This is exactly what should happen to homework.

Anonymous

My Best Friend is a Hybrid

The night grew cold and the sun began to set on the horizon, yet she never showed up after I asked to meet her at a bowling alley. A text pinged on my phone's face with her name saying, "We have to cancel something because something was brought up."

I sighed and rolled my eyes. This was what kept happening anytime we tried to do anything and it was becoming suspicious but I tried not to think anything of it. I decided it was better to get an Uber and head home before it was too late. The Uber came and we started to head to my house before feeling a force hit the car. I panicked because we must have hit someone but no blood was to be found anywhere on the window so we got out of the car and went to look. A female was on the ground and she appeared to not be moving. The driver freaked out and quickly called 911 before the Uber driver was on the ground with two brutal bite marks imprinted on his neck. The female was on the ground wiping her mouth before looking up at me.

"BIANCA?!" I screamed out but she disappeared without a trace, never to be seen again.

By Beverly Daley

Summer Nights

Summer nights

Still bright and glowing as the sun disappears,
as the heat that was once pounding and unforgiving
turns into a reassuring embrace, a second skin

Here, everything seems possible
All the hopes and dreams that in the light of day and
responsibilities
are deemed unimportant

Here, the fading glow and the comforting heat
and the singing cicadas morph into
euphoria
And for a moment,
I'm free

Anonymous

THE END.

You've made it through! We hope your spine is chilled and your artistic itch is scratched.

If we haven't completely scared you away, here are some places you can learn more/ask questions/submit work/apply for the editorial board/internet stalk us:

Email:

ethspaperclip@gmail.com

Instagram:

[@ethspaperclip](https://www.instagram.com/ethspaperclip)

Submission Form:

