Grim Reaper on All Saints Day

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Are You the one in costume or is it Me? Am I the young man behind the mask… or is it Thee?

In some respects society is irrational and illogical to a fault, however, in many other respects society appears almost boring, conventional and slavishly predictable. For example, on All Saints Day, the day after Halloween 2012, I decided to wear my costume to school.

Why?

My purpose… to claim what was thine! I would not leave South High School until all souls were mine!

I was given the wrong information by the administration about wearing my Halloween mask to school that day. I was told, “No masks!” Yet, as you can see by the picture above, I AM the mask!

I decided to exercise my First Amendment rights of Freedom of Speech; my right to Freedom of Expression and to don my costume that day after Halloween, which is called, All Saints Day.

As I entered into the building in my full ghoulish regalia, I did not walk; I floated through the hallways like a thick, misty fog hovering over Lake St. Clair. The students looked at me with a bewildering gaze and moved out of my way… to the right and to the left as Moses parted the Red Sea. As I meandered to my destination, I breathed heavily … deliberately like Darth Vader my brother in Death.

My diabolical presence bewildered the girls, befuddled the boys and shocked all of my peers who were around me. “Who is that kid?” they queried, as I strode past them like a mysterious mist… an Apparition from Hell, from beyond the grave, from beyond this metaphysical world of

flesh and blood.

Carpe Diem… I seized that Day…! Carpe Animus… ALL Souls were mine!

I extended my cold, black, bony claw towards one student, he aggressively pulled away from me in terror; the whole class, even my teachers were troubled by the mask around my neck, one teacher in particular… Ms. Danielle Peck.

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