



# Costuming Today

Issue 23

Knock! Knock! Who's there? Cost. Cost who? Cost WHOM! What do they teach in schools these days?!

At some point in the very distant past (2012), me and my siblings decided we were going to make our own costumes for halloween, and so began a tradition that would last for many years, and be the source of incalculable fun for those who were involved. Our first halloween after we made the earth-shattering proposal to make our own costumes was, to say the least, interesting. I was a heroic knight in crinkly tin foil armor with a shield of scrap cardboard, and proud of it. My oldest brother was C-3PO, but most people thought he was the tin woodman. Another of my brothers (R2-D2) was thought to be a rocket ship! Needless to say, we were a tad bit discouraged.

(Years, and hundreds of miles later) as I was walking into my church to volunteer for our annual halloween outreach event, everybody was staring at the horns protruding from the front of my homemade Loki helmet. I tried to pretend I didn't notice, but it's kind of hard not to feel self-conscious when people are goggling at your halloween costume. Anyway, when I got to the room where we were holding the event someone said, "Oh my goodness, did you make that!?" I said, "Umm, I had a lot of help, but yeah, it's homemade," He said, "Wow." And I turned around, embarrassed, to start helping. (My most astute readers will notice a slight difference in the observed quality of our homemade costumes.)

I can only speculate about how much our costumes will have improved over the next few years.

Read on through this issue to discover how you can create your dream costume and join in on the fun of making your own costume. I hope you enjoy the journey as much as I have!

Good luck,  
Ivan Caldwell,  
Editor

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Avenging the Antagonized  
*A True Halloween Night's Story*  
By Johannes Parkour

“Dad, I’m home” called Lana Aris “And guess what,” and then, without waiting for an answer “I got the part, I’m gonna be the witch in *The Wizard of Oz*, but I’ll have to find or make my own costume,” Later, after she had finished her homework, Lana left to find some supplies. When she came home that night, she had all that she had needed to buy.

The next morning, Saturday, she started making her witch’s costume. First she got an old black baseball cap, cut off the bill, and, using safety pins and tape (Because she hadn’t learned to sew yet) made a cone out of fabric and pinned it to the top of the hat, next, she cut out long strips of fabric to make the cape. Finally, the day of the play came, and despite her nervousness she played the part perfectly, her costume complimenting her lines and actions wonderfully.

After the play, one of her friends asked her to Halloween, noting that she wouldn’t have to make a costume, she had the perfect one on already “Of course!” said Lana, and so, a few weeks later, she was walking down the street with her friends. As they were walking along, they noticed a couple little girls walking quickly away, crying, but not carrying any bags or candy, and before she had a chance to ask them what the problem was, they heard raucous laughter up ahead and saw a couple of boys chasing three little kids around, screaming with laughter, as the little kids surrendered their candy to the bullies and ran away, presumably home.

At this Lana became irritated and one of her friends said, “They have no right to do that, do you think there is any way to get them back for being mean?”

Lana had an idea, "Go hide over there," she said, pointing to a tree, "But make sure you can still see these peoples' front yard," Curious, her friends watched from their hiding place as Lana boldly strode up to the front door of the house and rung the doorbell, as the bullies approached, they saw her refuse the candy the neighbor offered her and start talking animatedly, making violent gestures with her arms, the neighbor, laughing, nodded her head and went back inside, but the friends were sure they saw her peaking out from behind some curtains, as Lana strode into the middle of the front yard, and held out her arms, a perfect imitation of a yard ornament.

By the time the boys got there, Lana's arms had begun to get tired, but she held still, as the boys walked up to what they thought was a fake witch, and said things like, "I'm not afraid of you," thinking they were tough, and one even dared the other to knock her over, and as he approached Lana, whose heart was beating faster than ever, jumped forward and gave the high-pitched, cackling laugh that she had used in *The Wizard of Oz* just a few weeks ago.

For a split second, the boy's face bore an expression of utter terror, and then, screaming in fright, he and his friend sprinted away, dropping all their stolen candy, Lana chased after them until she came upon the tree behind which her friends had been watching, where they were now rolling around on the ground laughing as they tried to outdo each other in imitating the bullies' screams, but none of them could get high-pitched enough.

As for the boys, well, from that day forward, all their parents had to do was show them a picture of a witch or mention that they might be going to see *The Wizard of Oz*, and they would obey

# Costumeroo

*By Caleb Whisnewsky*

This morning, I am planning to go to the Costumeroo, where you can make costumes and only have to pay two dollars per pound your costume weighs. So, I ate breakfast and got into my orange convertible beetle car. I looked at the directions. The first step was to go to I676 going east, but the toll at the start of the Benjamin Franklin bridge was closed, so I checked for other nearby roads, but there were none as far as I could see, so I pulled out my phone and went to check, but the app was deleted so while it was downloading, I looked at the toll and noticed somebody inside it, reclining. They straightened the CLOSED sign and closed their eyes, to take a nap. When I looked back down at my phone, it was dead.

Next, I went down to the docks and asked around if there was a ferry, somebody said there was, so I looked around, and found one, the man said it took cars across, so I parked my car on it, and, since it left at ten, went to grab a snack. When I got back, the ferry was departing, and when I asked them to wait up. The man asked if I had read the sign. I looked around, but I couldn't see any sign. I told him that, to which he responded, "Exactly," and left.

Irritated, I went to the next dock and found a pontoon boat for rent, I payed, making sure people were allowed on this one. As the man looked at me like I was crazy, I took off. When I got to the opposite bank, I found out there was no dock, so I turned off the boat and had to climb up the bank, which was very muddy. When I got up, I walked along York St. until I got to North Ninth St. and turned right. I continued along until Linden, where I was supposed to have exited from I676 and turned right. As I walked along I676, I saw a parking lot with my car in it. I decided to climb down the

bridge, as I was halfway down the trestle, a policeman stopped underneath me and said, "Hey, you know it's illegal to climb that." And then he drove away. When I was sure he was gone, I finished my climb, slipping the last few feet and landing hard on my ankle.

As I got into my car, I noticed I had a ticket, apparently you're not allowed to just park in a baseball stadium parking lot without a parking pass, and it appeared that was exactly what the ferryman had done. I took a shortcut (under the bridge, and over a curb or two). As I jumped a curb, I heard something crack and looked back to see my rear bumper skittering away.

I continued following the directions in the brochure, and just as I was passing North Eighth street a horrible rainstorm started.

By the time I got to North Tenth Street I was soaked, because the ferryman had stolen the canopy. I turned left like I was supposed to and held an umbrella overhead, this helped a little, until lightning hit it and fried my car battery. As the street flooded, I realized that my antique beetle car was floating down the street, toward the end of Erie Street, where The Costumeroo was supposed to be. That night, I got very little sleep, floating along in the overflowing river. By morning, the water had gone down and I walked over to where the brochure said the Costumeroo would be: in New York, on Erie Street. When I got to the door, the woman who answered told me this was New Jersey. She was right, but at least she let me use her car battery. When I got home, I went straight to my bedroom, but just as I got in bed, the doorbell rang. It was the police. Why they were there was unclear, but it had something to do with a pontoon boat.

# 7 Questions and Comments

*Dear Editor,*

*I am short on time writing this letter of utmost importance, so I hope you feel quite honored in receiving such a courteous letter from one of your devoted readers and over-charged subscribers, but your pricing is merely yet another problem for another day. My purpose in writing to you this day is that you be sufficiently warned of a matter on which I will elaborate shortly.*

*The matter which I bring before you today is that of the discussion of the character and goodwill of your columnist Caleb Whiznewsy, in his article for Costuming Today, I clearly recall the threat inlaid in his text thus; "...so help me, I will not rest until I see the day when not one reader of this magazine will wake up the next morning..."*

*I wish to make myself perfectly clear on this point; I will not hesitate, upon the occasion that he begins to make even a pretense of approaching me threateningly, to call the police and have him hanged that very day, with no qualms on my part whatsoever, I assure you!*

*Your over-charged subscriber,  
Fearfully determined,  
Sassafras Whiznewsy*

*P.S. It would be much appreciated on my part if you would at once fire Caleb Whiznewsy.*

*Dear Miss Sassafras,*

*I am grateful for the time and thought you dedicated to the improvement of my magazine and the refinement of my writers' characters. However, after a brief discussion with the aforementioned columnist Caleb Whiznewsy, it became apparent that you were, in fact, his sister. Therefore, I hope you will not mind my imprudence and bluntness in answering "no" to your request to fire your brother for writing an article on bringing costuming to the whole world, which when strung together out of context can barely be construed as a threat. I know this is quite a stretch; but I can hardly afford to let my best journalist go. And, just to ease your mind, the full passage by which you felt threatened was;*

*"If I end up fortunate enough to have even a slight excess of money, so help me, I will not rest until I see the day when not one reader of this magazine will wake up the next morning on a day in which a single infant is born into a family without knowledge of the art of costuming."*

*I hope this will clear matters up between you and your brother but if not, that is not my business. Running the risk of repeating myself, I hardly think that your brother's dedication to spreading the art of costuming is worth firing, much less arresting, him.*

*Sincerely,  
Ivan Caldwell,  
Editor*

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This year you can dress up, too!

Don't worry about taking the pictures, we've got you covered.

Contact us now at [jjphotography@gmail.com](mailto:jjphotography@gmail.com)

Paper Maché is used in all sorts of projects. It can be armor, cars, masks, or even horses!

So today I'm going to show you how to make it.

First, get a big bowl to mix it in

Second, measure out one cup of flour and dump it into the bowl

Third, measure one cup of water and pour that into the bowl

Fourth, mix until there are no lumps left

Fifth, cut out one-inch strips of paper (newspaper works best)

Sixth, dip each strip of paper into the bowl, then apply it to your wireframe using a brush to smooth over the liquid, add more strips using this method until the object is covered in multiple layers of paper

Seventh, wait until it dries and then add more coats if needed. If it has enough, it is now ready to be painted

Now that we've shown you how awesome costumes are, you may be tempted to use them lightly, so we decided to show you this poem by Brian MacWilliams so you are cautious with your costumes.

Costumes are evil  
To be despised over else  
Spies become weevils  
Murderers elves  
Still don't believe me?  
Watch and you'll see  
For I saw a fairy lurking  
Invited her in  
As I died I heard  
Many sirens' din  
For what I took as a wonder  
Was to be my death  
And I sighed as the thunder  
Echoed my last breath  
Any good story  
Has a moral to be learned  
And this story's moral  
Is looks can deceive  
So do not trust fairies  
And be slow to believe



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# 11 Questions In Costuming

Dear Editor,

*I was making a suit of armor the other day out of foam and cardboard, and I glued it with Emler's all-purpose craft glue but once it dried and I picked it up, it all fell apart, needless to say, I was very disappointed, and was wondering if there is something else I should be gluing my costumes with, if so, please tell me, or if I'm just using the glue wrong or something, then tell me a different glue to use, it shouldn't be super expensive, but I would like it to be strong.*

Sincerely,  
Cynthia Davis

Dear Cynthia Davis,

*I am sorry to hear that you are having trouble choosing which glue to use. I wish I could give you one kind of glue that will always work, but, regrettably, I can't, there are a lot of glues out there on the market, but relatively few of them work consistently. However, I have found three glues that I prefer to use for general purposes, they are; hot glue, which can be used for almost anything, from cardboard to foam; contact (barge) cement, which I mostly use for foam and once you stick the two things together, there is no going back; and wood glue, which, shockingly enough, is used for wood, but it also makes a very strong bond on cardboard.*

*So, now that I have told you of a few glues, you can try them out for yourself, feel free to write back to me with any questions you might have.*

Sincerely,  
Ivan Caldwell,  
Editor

*Dear Editor,*

*I was wondering what color I should paint my Roman shield. I want it to be something easy to come by, but not too thick, and I like that you have a magazine to put my ideas in. Thank you for this magazine, I appreciate your help.*

*Sincerely,  
Nato "Potato" Quinlan*

*Dear Nato Quinlan,*

*I received your letter, and am grateful for your support. I am glad that you like my magazine. If you have any concerns, be sure to mail them to me.*

*As far as painting your roman shield, I would reccomend red paint with gold and silver accents.*

*Sincerely,  
Ivan Caldwell,  
Editor*

Dear editor,

*I was wondering if you have any ideas of what costumes are preferred, in general.*

*I have not been met with much success in making my own costume. What would you suggest?*

*Sincerely,  
Sophie Quanstrom*

Dear Sophie Quanstrom,

*I received your letter and am sorry to hear that you are struggling, I have found myself in similar predicaments, and so know just how hard getting what I like to call "costumer's block" can be. My suggestion is that you try something someone else has already done and photographed, also, it helps to play to you strengths. If you can shape things, try clay. If you can draw, do something with a lot of fine detail. If you can sew, go for something that needs sewing, I have found that the more I play to my strengths, the better the end result and the greater my satisfaction. Feel free to send me another letter if you have any further quetsions or concerns.*

*Sincerely,  
Ivan Caldwell,  
Editor*

# Monthly kid poem winner

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## First Place

### *Costume*

By Ava Woods

Cool  
Or  
Sad  
These  
Useful things  
Made at home are  
Even better than bought

## Second Place

### *HaLLoween*

By Stephen Carry

Homemade  
Created well  
A source of much pride  
A gift just waiting to be given  
Costumes

## Third Place

### *Creepy* Anonymous

Very Spooky  
Super Creepy  
Please don't poke me  
Someone help me  
It's creepy

## **Paige's Pageant**

***Come, you ladies, and gentlemen, too  
And listen to my wonderful tale  
It makes me happy, I'll wager, you, too  
And seldom few, on hearing it wail***

***But let us continue with no further ado  
Let us tarry no longer in this place  
For I have a wonderful tale to tell you  
Your bored thoughts allow me to replace***

***Our tale is of a playwright sad  
He didn't know then he'd be famous soon  
But, just then, an idea he had  
He jumped up in joy just like a baboon***

***To work went he, the clever playwright  
Thinking up the characters that he would need  
He'd need a king, with robes of white  
And for him a queen with a necklace of beads***

***To serve them would be a knight trusty  
Who serves under a nobleman wealthy  
A farmer with many-a-tool very rusty  
and for him eight children, all fed up and healthy***

***He would need a spacious pine forest  
With stoutest trunks and brighter leaves  
Than anywhere, ever, you have seen  
And he'd have a princess with many pet peeves***

***And now to get making the actors' costumes  
He got to work with the king very first  
But, no offense, he was not very good  
For the king's costume was maybe the worst***

***He tried to make the crown out of brown lettuce  
It slid over his eyes and he could not see  
He called out for help, and there and then met us  
Us, the travelling, talented twenty***

*Now let us pause a moment with my story  
I believe I owe you an explanation  
For we were once more, nigh on forty  
But then famine came, and rent our nation*

*Well, back to the story, my eager young friend  
I know you are anxious to follow our hero  
As his fate takes a shocking, positive bend  
He had found his cast, empty roles totaled zero*

*For the king's crown, he wound up a twig  
And borrowed a sheet from a launderer's wagon  
He then bought some string and tied up a wig  
Then, exhausted, drank from his flagon*

*Next came the queen, regal and tall  
He got a gold ribbon to tie up her hair  
As far as her fingers, there were rings for them all  
Then as a pet, the cub of a bear*

*Next came the Knight, who swears by his sword  
To serve the royalty till the day of his death  
Then the nobleman, with many grand words  
Who talks and talks, till he runs out of breath*

*Next came the farmer with rusty rake  
Who tills the field and drives the plow  
Then his wife, who loves to make cake  
Then his eight children, there they are now*

*The lucky thing was, the next thing he needed  
Was a pine forest, there we stand now  
With very thick trunks and leaves with green needles  
Fate must have sent us to this place, somehow*

*Finally, came the princess, a frail, pretty, thing  
Who was carried around in a fancy litter  
With tassels and bells, that sweetly did ring  
She always played with dolls, for she was no knitter*

*Then with a flourish, he created a script  
That all of us worked hard to memorize  
But it was so hard that five of us quit  
And still we had to decide a ticket's price*

*As the play drew nearer, we became frantic  
For we had sold a mere five tickets  
Then one was bought by a lady antique  
And suddenly, we couldn't print enough tickets*

*Then the day came, and what a disaster  
The king's crown uncurled, flying into the crowd  
Causing a dog to bite his own master  
Which, as was said later, was not allowed*

*No one but me could remember their lines  
And even I couldn't remember them all  
The king tripped on his cape, startled by the dog's whine  
He knocked down the queen, she had quite a fall*

*But as all of us wept and picked ourselves up  
We heard a sound every actor lives to hear  
It was applause from many standing up  
The crowd, laughing, let out a cheer*

*Then the playwright strode onto the stage  
And in a loud voice, he boldly proclaimed  
I hope you have learned to respect me, Paige  
And give your assistance to those crying in pain*

*And when you need help, go ahead, start calling  
Whether jumping, swimming, running, or balling  
Be not ashamed of good help when you need it  
For every single fledgling starts out by falling*

# Credits

## **Editors**

Editor  
Ivan Caldwell

Senior Assistant to the Editor  
Sara Queremy

Junior Assistant to the Editor  
Nick Quill

## **Columnists and Writers**

Ivan Caldwell

Johannes Parkour

Dawson Smith

Caleb Whiznewsy

Simon Willershins

Brian MacWilliams

Dorothy Wise

