

VOLUME XIV

THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE  
OF HANOVER HIGH SCHOOL

**DIMENSIONS 2017**

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EVERETT KENWORTHY / *Scratchboard*



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JANAY MELENDEZ / Scratchboard



DIEGO AGUILAR / Scratchboard

DIMENSIONS 2017

# Music

Inspired by "The Sacred" by Stephen Dunn

She sat alone in her room,  
Late at night  
Listening to the old music-  
The kind that her parents liked.  
Classic rock, 80's metal-  
The kind that's so loud and heavy

That it could take away  
all of your problems  
With its volume.  
She liked it louder and heavier

Blasting through her earbuds  
Into her ears  
At 160 to 200 beats per minute.

It gave her a sense of relief  
Knowing she wasn't alone  
That these rockstars,  
who she never even met,

Had been through this too.  
So she sat quietly in her room,  
Blaring the music louder and louder  
until she disappeared.

-Amanda Laughman



AUTUMN BRENDEL / Mixed Media



HELEN ROSEN BRIEN / Collage

# *A Moment of Music* by Elaine Greenfield

My brother hit play on his ipod and music filled my ears one note at a time, ears exploding with beautiful harmonies and complex notes. The speed of the music made my thoughts race. I pictured myself as a warrior in my brain, atop a mountain conquering everything within sight. Among an army, my fist thrust in the air with ten thousand others. My already blooming imagination blossomed even more with every note. This music, this amazing compilation of notes and instruments that my brother had just shown me, was metal.

One song, a song known as “Ten Thousand Fists” by an amazing band called Disturbed, changed everything. The sound of it made my insides squirm and my body move with excitement. My brother played another song, this one by a band

known as “Five Finger Death Punch.” My ears once again blossomed, this song even better than the last. This band, Five Finger Death Punch, later became one of my many favorite bands. I listened to them every day, memorizing every lyric of every song from every album.

---

**In a moment in time shorter than five minutes, my life changed.**

---

These minutes influenced my tongue, my dress, my attitude, and my world views. A single event drew me into a certain type of music, heavy dark. Who knew that something so small could change everything. From this kind moment, my brother who never shows kindness, changed my life forever.

# Ocean's Imprisonment

By: Ayanna Chambers

After all of my hard work and pleading, my parents finally agreed to let me swim. Grabbing my goggles, I sprinted down to the ocean, stopping once I reached the cool shore. The ocean, crystal clear and sparkling blue, captivated me and drew me in closer. I put on my goggles and plunged into the depths of the sea. I progressively swam deeper; rising above water to breathe. I relished the taste of salt water on my lips, and submerged myself back into the water, urging for more.

My ankle, clamped tightly to some unknown force, tugged for its freedom. Panic flushed over me like a storm as I tugged harder. I flailed my arms, violently, as my lungs began to tighten. Thrashing, fighting, screaming; the cool current slipping through my fingertips as I desperately tried to grasp onto something. Water filled my airways, my lungs pleading for air. Screams erupted from my mouth, my heart racing vehemently and my vision fraying black at the edges. Using my last dying effort, I bent my knees and shot myself upwards.

I broke through the surface, the water rippling around me as I emerged. **Struggling to breathe and gasping for breath, I desperately tried to swim out of the ocean's icy hold.** Collapsing onto the shore, I heaved out the water that suffocated my lungs.

People ran over to me, shouting, but the popping in my ears made the noise inaudible. I ignored my throbbing head when it begged me to stop, and crawled away from the water. The ocean chanted, trying to draw me back into its confines, but I wouldn't fall for its tricks. Knees dragging against the rough sand, I forced my way closer. I tumbled and fell face first, sand filling into my mouth, but I kept going.

Finally, reaching my family, I collapsed onto my beach towel. My family gave me concerning glances, asking many questions, but I never explained. I slowly closed my eyes, every last speck of energy draining from me, and fell into a deep slumber.



EVERETT KENWORTHY / Collage



AVERY MARTZ / Collage

# The Taste of Freedom

Based off of "Snow" by Julia Alvarez, By: Bryclyn Kuhn

My family (consisting of a brother, two sisters, and a mom) and I moved to Alabama in sheer desperation of escaping our past lives. The scenery around us consisted of tall trees, luscious green, and the sweet hum songs of hundreds of different kinds of birds. **I could relate to these birds, flying high towards the sun. They were free, a concept I had never known of or felt before.** We used words such as "safe haven", "shelter", and "sanctuary" to describe our new ramshackle hut that consisted of only one room. We were free.

Learning English tended to be more difficult than actually entering America. The language consisted of too many irregularities than what should be allowed. English is hard and unforgiving. When spoken, it does not sound sweet; however, to my family, we heard the sound of freedom. The only other element more difficult than being an immigrant or learning a new language, that I can recall, can be described as what Americans call: slang.

"Why don't y'all come sit on the floor," my teacher called out, "you too, Rosalinda."

The teacher never ceased to single me out and it never ceased to embarrass me.

"Rosalinda, you're off the cob!" screamed a classmate after I asked a question.

These haunted the darkest corners of my worst nightmares; however, the worst came two months after I arrived. "Do you want some soda-pop, Rosalinda?" my peers called after me, chasing me around the playground.

Soda-pop? As in, popcorn? Or when you pop or crack your bones? Pop goes the weasel? Or maybe it was worse like the sounds that I heard outside my old house. The pop of silenced guns. The other kids laughed at my absurd comparisons to figure out the meaning of soda-pop.

Knowing what I know now, I can assure anyone that soda-pop is not dangerous, or 'off the cob'. It can simply be described as the delicious, gratifying, fit for a king taste of a drink. A fizzy and lovable drink that pops as it's opened.

**Soda-pop is the taste of freedom.**



KIRSTEN BYNAKER / Collage

# HISTORY'S UNWANTED CHILDREN

By Henry Smith

My heart is drowned in the sludge  
of history's misgivings

My veins, coursing with the injustices

The injustices that history knows so well  
As history swaddled a few in her loving arms,  
She kicked the rest to the curb,

As if they were useless, disregarded, not loved  
So many of history's children have become

history's orphans

Wandering down paths of their own initiation  
Independent in a world of unfathomable complexity

I am the parent of history's unwanted children

I am one of history's select, her pampered,  
her dearest

And nonetheless, I am tormented

I am burdened as history's castoffs  
cling to my ankles:  
making each step one of momentous and  
deliberate proportions

I carry their hopeless dreams, their failed aspirations  
I am relentlessly tormented by their voices, their cries  
Trudging with each step, I assure them,

"everything will be alright"

I live in a never-ending state of guiltiness, of sin  
How can I lie to history's forsaken children-

will everything really be "alright?"  
Even I, history's chosen, do not know her plans

"You can only hope, you can only pray," I am told  
I cry, I rebuke their sayings

How can I merely hope as those history relinquished  
cling to my side?

How can I merely hope that the dreams and aspirations of  
history's forgotten children are not cast into oblivion?

How can I merely hope that the lives, the blood, the sweat,  
the tears of history's neglected will not be overlooked?

For hope is not enough

I will not let the struggles of those abolitionists, those  
environmentalists, those suffragettes go unnoticed



MADISON HANLON-RECK / Colored Pencil

I will not let the ingenuity of those scientists, those physicians,  
those inventors go untapped  
I will not let the lives of those unjustly massacred, those who  
fought so valiantly become distant memories

No, I will not

I will tromp, bearing history's desperados on my ankles, on my  
back

I will be fueled by their yearnings, their cravings  
For I shall not sink, become entrenched

I shall rise

I shall endeavor, I shall labor to ensure that history's unwanted  
children are no longer unwanted

I shall grit my teeth and I shall quint my eyes

I shall sweat and I shall be setback

But I shan't ever yield until I am burdened no longer

Burdened no longer by the tears and dreams of history's  
desolate children falling at my feet

Burdened no longer by their fingernails digging into my ankles

Burdened no longer by guilt and remorse streaming through  
my veins with each heartbeat

For it is necessity-

I am the parent of history's unwanted children





MADISON HANLON-RECK / Oil Painting



MADISON HANLON-RECK / Ink

# A DAY IN THE WOODS

The woods, dead  
The air, cold  
The wind whistled through the branches

My hands, frigid  
The bow, steady  
The snow began to fall again

My body, tired  
My eyes, closing  
The snow began to cover the ground

The snow, crunched  
A twig, broke  
I jumped awake at the sign of life

The deer trudged through the snow  
Its antlers were wide and tall  
I reached for my bow

The arrow clicked quietly as I notched it  
My release clasped the loop  
I took a deep breath

The animal was close, 45 yards  
I stood as slowly as possible  
Snow fell off as I moved

The deer looked up, 35 yards  
**I froze, petrified by fear**  
He relieved my fears by facing back to the ground

I drew on my bow, relaxing as best I could  
He moved slowly, keeping me still for what felt like hours  
25 yards, but he was in cover, my arms ached

Finally, he moved out of the bush  
20 yards, I followed him with the green bead of my sight  
I called out, " meh", he froze, I let go

DIMITRI PLAKAS

# The Bandit

My heart skips a beat behind the plate

***The ball,  
flying towards me,***

Begins its descent

Dropping to my knees

Becoming a pillow for a restless object

Red and white streaks formed on the clay

Ricocheting off the plate

The ball struck me in the chest plate

Nothing to be felt

Rising to my feet and grabbing the ball

I trusted my body to carry out my mind's wishes

One swift motion and he was out

The bandit had been caught.

Isaac Silver

# The Lawn

Modeled after "The Woodchucks" by Maxine Kumin.

A lawn can never be kept perfect, it is impossible  
Despite copious amounts of pesticide  
And weed killer, the lawn remains dull.  
The problem remains undeniable,  
Action must be taken, I must pull  
The weeds, to avenge my lawn's homicide.

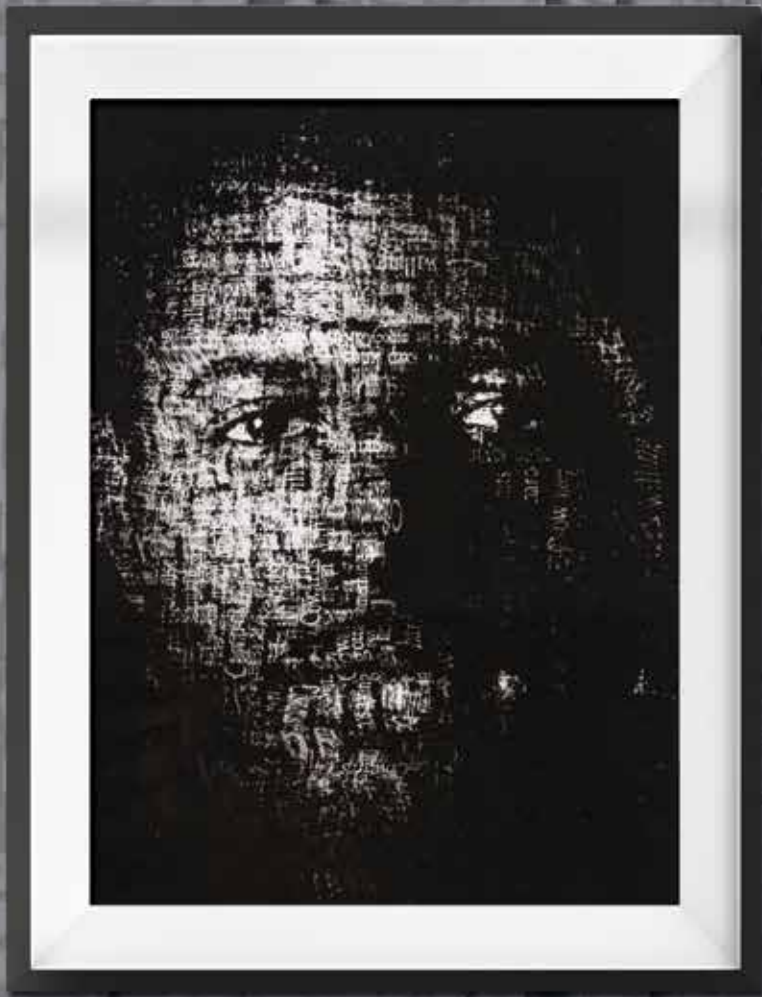
So today as I began to mow,  
And spotted weed after weed;  
Dandelions, thistles, ivy, and ragwort,  
I ripped them by the root to throw  
Away the remains of this evil cohort.

*And stood there satisfied,  
having finished my deed.*

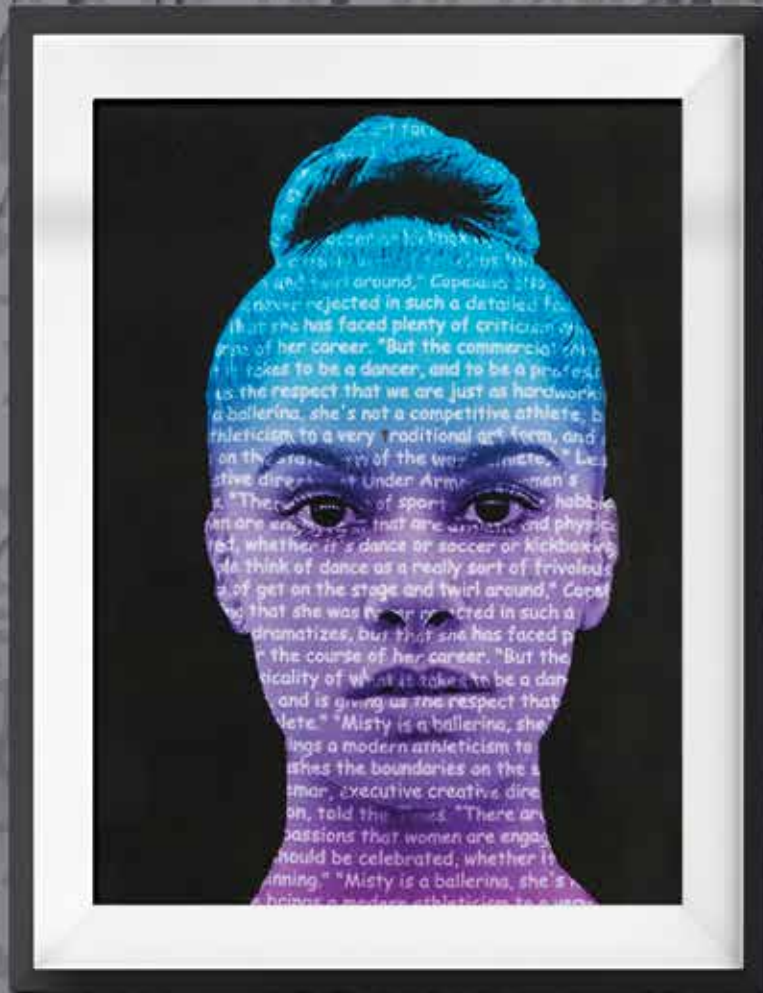
However, the next morning I found  
Weeds and weeds and weeds galore  
Continued to blemish my well-groomed lawn.  
Thus, with the nose of a well-trained hound  
Bent on tracking murderous scum, that dawn  
I stopped the weeds in their lust to explore.

I whacked the weeds with such desire,  
To hear the sound of snapping stems like the neck  
Of some small creature before it's devoured.  
And imagined them screaming as they caught on fire,  
Stinging from the chemicals I wildly poured  
Over my lawn, which was now in check.

Autumn Brendle



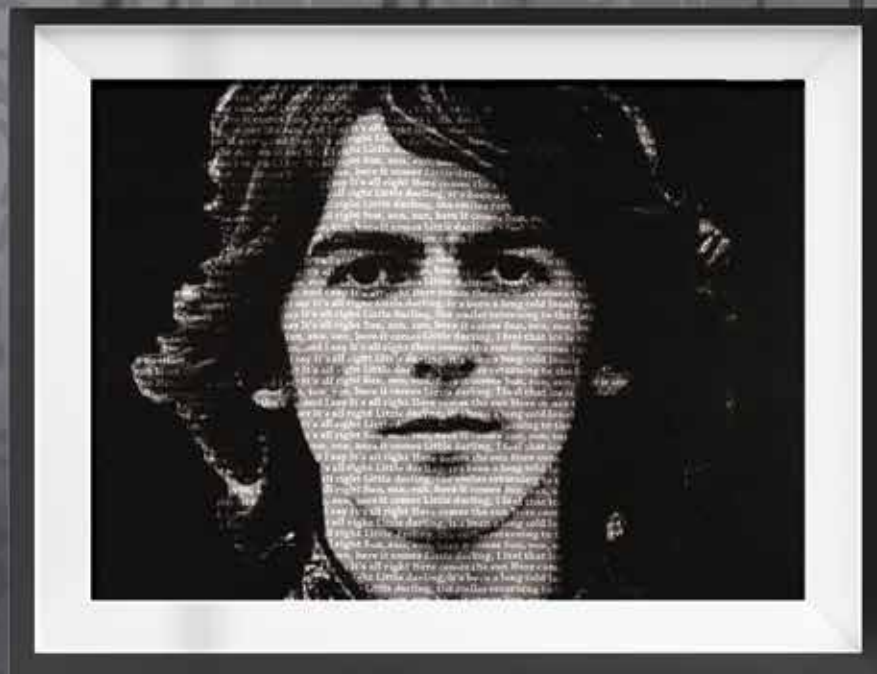
JEROD FLINCHBAUGH / *Digital Art*



ELYNDA GARCIA / *Digital Art*



DAISY MENDEZ / *Digital Art*



DYLAN LEAL / *Digital Art*

# Saige Stevens that night in december

For weeks or months at a time, she would be gone. On rare occasions my mother returned home; Sierra, my sister, and I hung on her every word. Together, we'd fight over who got to sit on her lap, pushing and shoving each other as we jumped on her knee. We'd time the other so we would both get equal turns, crying when our time ended. I absolutely relished the little time I got to spend with her. But the duration of her visits proved to never be long. As quickly as she'd arrived, she would leave, bags tucked under her arm. Kissing our cheeks, she would assure us that she would be home later, a vow she always made but seldom kept.

One evening, as she moved towards the door, she turned and smiled, dropping her bags and kneeling in front of us. As she grabbed our hands to hold them in hers, she promised to return the next day to take us sledding, an activity she knew Sierra and I lived for. Grinning and giggling with excitement for the next day, we went to bed.

The next day, our anticipation only grew. The moment we woke from our beds, we shot up like bullets, grabbing mittens and snow boots from the shelves. After bundling ourselves in our snow gear, we waddled to the living room, hopping on the couch to wait for our mother's arrival. And we stayed there. Our short, stubby legs swinging below us, we sat in silence. **We stayed there as sun streamed through the windows, sweat dripping from our foreheads and running down our faces.** Our dad would peer around the corner of the other room every half hour, bottom lip pulled between his teeth.

"Girls, why don't you take off your coats for a while," he said, "Maybe cool off a little?" Shaking our heads,

we refused. Taking off our snowsuits meant giving up, it was waving a white flag, it was admitting she wasn't coming. **So we sat in our sweat-slick snowsuits, legs sticking to the couch. And we stayed there.**

Hours past. Dad fumed, lips bitten rawer and rawer with every glance around the corner. The small amount of time he didn't spend peering at us from the next room, we could hear his footsteps, heavy as he paced up and down the hall. Sierra sat in silence, arms crossed across her chest, ears burning, and cheeks hot with anger. I sat next to her, hot tears sliding down my cheeks. I frantically rubbed at my eyes, my hands, small and chubby, squeezed into fists. My attempts to hide my tears were fruitless, my hiccuping sobs gave me away. Neither of us said a word. There wasn't a lot to say.

After hours of fighting off my tears, the hope that held my eyes open began to dissolve and I could feel myself drifting off. My fabric of my snowsuit crinkled as my dad picked me up from the couch. Groaning in protest, I let myself go limp as he threw me over his shoulder, bouncing as he carried me up the steps to my bed. My crying had exhausted me, and I fell asleep before my father could return with my sister in his arms.

On that night in December, I completely lost hope for my mother. My mother, the woman who I worshipped as a child, drifted in and out of prison eleven times for drug-related crimes. Looking back at this event, I realize how unfair addiction is. Drug abuse ruins lives and relationships. It has been eight years since my mother didn't show up, and I still do not have a relationship with her.

## Birthday Wishes

A birthday party of my own,  
Is all I've ever dreamed of.  
I don't bother to ask anymore.

Money is tight,  
This I know.

Talk of cake, balloons, and presents  
Fill the school's halls.

When I blow out my single candle  
From my dry, homemade cake,

I wish for money and happiness for my family.  
One present, from my distant grandma,  
Is what I open next.

Everyone hands out "happy birthdays" so easily today.  
But what I would like instead,  
Is some reassurance that everything will be alright.

Alicen Schwartz

## wishes

The night sky,

Littered with stars and constellations,  
Like fireflies twinkling in the darkness,  
Hung daintily overhead.

She laid across the grass,

Thoughts twisting and turning inside her head,  
Creating a tangled jumble.

She thought that watching the stars would help,  
That maybe she'd be able to sort out her issues.

But instead she sat,

Staring up ahead,

Waiting on a wishing star that never came.

Sierra Stevens

# ODE TO A FALLEN SOLDIER

BY TEDDY SCHWARTZ

Running through the gunfire, I dive into the nearest ditch,  
Plummeting into unsure safety. In the hole I find a body;  
a fellow Italian, his carbine against his chest, supported by dead clenches.  
His stillness revives a sense of tranquility, though that soon fades.

His strong, leather boots are weathered with mud, his officer's coat  
reveals pockets of blood, dull compared to his many shiny medals.  
I find myself in a daze, unaffected by the machine gun fire and shouting.  
This soldier's pockets and pouches are ripe with fresh ammunition.

I am a wolf, a scavenger. It is survival of the fittest, after all.  
I lay my hand on the unknown soldier's shoulder as a show of gratitude.  
I take all I can from the soldier, stand up, then-BAM!- Mortar fire.  
I am knocked back down in the mud, a concussive remembrance of my  
mortality.

I stand up again, and make a run for our trenches.  
I hear bullets, like banshees, chasing me for my soul.  
I look around and see blown out trees, decayed hands reaching  
Into our mortal world, as if for help.

As I lunge into the trenches, I think one last time  
of the soldier in the ditch, and of my sorrow for him.

## DAVID JOINS THE NAVY

APRIL BURGESS

Upon the plane the young men sat to wait  
while my David crept slowly to his seat,  
my hand squeezing his, my last plea to him  
but his eyes spoke to me: this is his fate;

yet in his face there seemed to lie his fright  
and in my heart I ached for him to stay,  
but it was his duty to his last name,  
was that why, to me, it didn't seem right?

He bent down to me, one last whisper goodbye  
he wiped the tears from my face, spoke softly  
a sound that only heartless men could lack;

my sharp intake of air, his great exhale  
one foot before the other, a last glance,  
the voice of my soldier said: I'll come back.

# THE PRICE OF WAR

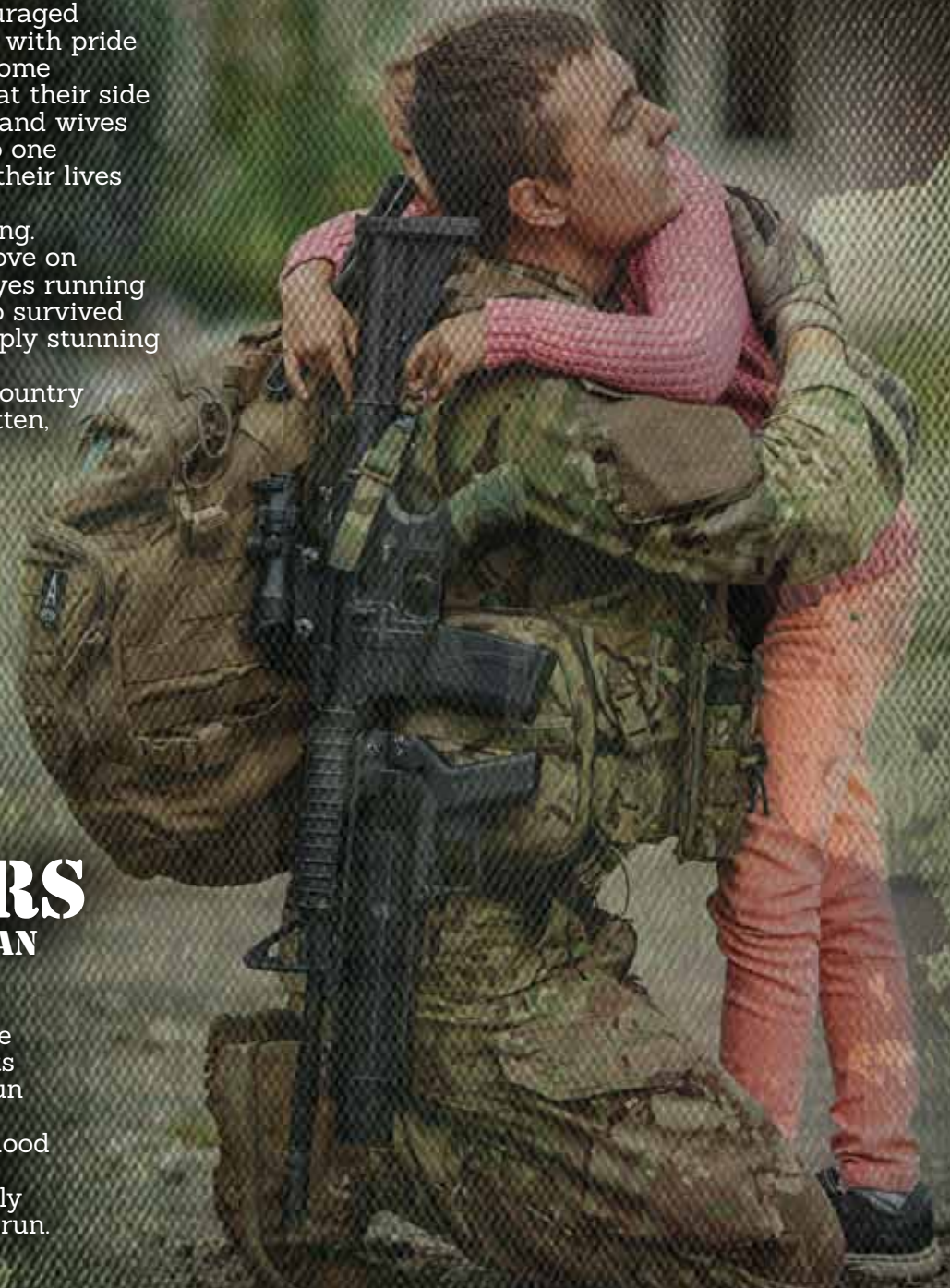
ALEX RAPP

The cold wind blows  
Over mounds upon mounds  
Stones of all sizes, wherever one goes  
Voices of loved ones  
Not here but not gone  
Those who have fought, daughters and sons  
Bravery, courage  
Young children grown up too fast  
Their faith never discouraged  
We watch them go, swelling with pride  
The letter comes to some  
No more will their family be at their side  
Mothers, fathers, husbands and wives  
Freedom overlooks no one  
We thank those who gave their lives  
They are gone.  
No more will they sing.  
Although we cannot move on  
Our hearts are broken, our eyes running  
Scars are left on those who survived  
Their stories, we hear, are simply stunning  
So thank you all,  
Those who served our country  
You will not be forgotten,  
even in the fall

# SOLDIERS

ALISSA WAGAMAN

Wave by wave  
In glory they came  
Menacing bayonets  
Glistening in the sun  
  
Wash away spilled blood  
My evening rains  
Over these hills only  
Occasional deer still run.





LYDIA HOBSON / *Tempera Paint*



ELLA KRENZER / *Tempera Paint*



ABBI MARTIN / *Tempera Paint*



JOSH LYNN / Tempera Paint



EMMA LANIER / Tempera Paint



## 6 WORD STORIES

I TOLD HER, PEOPLE ALWAYS LEAVE.  
*Makensy Krieger*

CRIES UNHEARD, LITTLE CRIB, NEVER USED.  
*Karla Garcia*

PUPPY IN A BOX - GETTING DARK.  
*Elaina Miller*

NEW SHARP PENCIL, POINTLESS TO ME.  
*Nash Miller*

LAST PERSON ALIVE, KNOCK ON DOOR.  
*Alex Gerstel*

# Elizabeth

Elizabeth looked up at David from the bed which would be her final resting place. She had been inactive for weeks, but her sickness had been the opposite. Invading. Fighting. Conquering. Both parties in the room knew that the battle wouldn't last for much longer. An anxious David spoke up first, eager to break the silence.

"Can I get you something? Anything? Is there any way I can make you more comfortable?"

"Don't worry yourself. I'm as comfortable as I'll ever be." Her tired, aged eyes smiled with the rest of her face.

"I'm sorry, I really worry about you, mom, if there's anything at all I can--"

"No, no, you can just leave me here to die." Elizabeth announced, with an inkling of a smile remaining on her face. David's expression quickly shifted from concerned to irked.

"You shouldn't joke about that."

"Eh, I'll joke about it if I want. If I'm the one who's gonna do it, I might as well have some fun."

"I just don't like it, I'm still coming to terms with... this." He looked with pity at Elizabeth. "Aren't you?"

"I've done enough thinking about my predicament. I deserve to live how I want." She was completely relaxed, while David was still tense. "And to tell you the truth, I'm not worried."

"You aren't?" he spoke with a soft tone.

Elizabeth started speaking with her usual, matter-of-fact voice.

"No. It's my time. I've lived my life. In fact, I think I've lived all the life that I can live. Nowadays everyone wants to make it big, and have their time in the spotlight. Everyone wants to be remembered. But that's not what matters.

---

**All you need to do to live your life right is to do good, help as much as you can to make life better for whoever comes after you.**

---

I know that in a couple hundred years, nobody will remember me. But maybe, if I'm lucky, people will still feel the good that I've tried to do throughout my life, and that will make a difference. I don't think people remember people. I think people remember things. Good things, bad things, non-material things, the things that you do will affect someone else, so just try to spend your time here doing good. Do you think you're doing that, David?"

He was taken back with his mother's wise, out-of-character words. David hesitated for a moment.

"I- I believe so. I hope so."

Elizabeth's face resumed smiling.

"Good. Now really, let me rest."

David stepped out of the room with obedience, then quietly shut the door.

In two different worlds, the tense one worries about the future while the wise one placidly waits for it to arrive.

*Bridget Shea*



# Immortal

Gimping his body around, my grandfather also gimped his love. My grandfather never saw his gimp as an obstacle-not once. He was on the high school wrestling team, almost making states with a loss of a leg. While on the high school golf team he won numerous club tournaments. I found it hard to imagine as well, but he drag raced, and was good at it. His whole life he loved music, and formed a band that would later grow into "Billy and the Boys." He played guitar, sang, and produced a big, loving, crazy family. He coached high school basketball, baseball, and football. He was everyone's best friend and mentor. There was not one person who met him, that didn't have a prodigious grin after their encounter. My grandfather loved everything. For him, love was not just used for his family, no, we were cherished. He loved people, loving every person he saw. He loved singing, loved talking, loved the moment, loved the church: He loved.

Having nothing but prestigious traits, there is room for an error. My grandfather was notorious for being stubborn. When he was unable to fathom an object, he got mad. He became unable to perform his old tasks, such as driving, walking, and taking care of himself properly. This got to

him. He was a self-willed man, and to have someone like him become bedridden, in a sense, was traumatizing. This never changed his good spirit. He woke up with the start of a new day and ready to defeat it. All his life, he was in pain. Not a moment passed that he was pain free. Polio. Swelling in his legs. A defeated, beyond repair leg. Diabetes. Great bed sores from sitting half his life. Having little to no exercise, he became obese. None of this stopped him. Not once. For when he said he was tired and couldn't continue, it created a hollowness in my body.

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**My grandfather, able to do anything he willed, never giving up once, said he was tired of living. The feeling killed me. Emptiness.**

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We all get that same feeling of being lost- leaving something behind. I lost a part of me. I had a legacy to fill....It's almost an impossible task. People never think of the possibilities; that can wait till it's too late. If there is one thing my grandfather left behind for me, is the task of carrying the responsibility to care for, to teach, and to inspire my future family, grandkids, and anyone who happens to come to know me. Obstacles don't exist if they become invisible to your determination. If you will it, you will overcome anything.

*Dylan Roberts*



EMMA HA GARMAN / Watercolor

# STAIRCASE

BY OLIVIA LAWRENCE

What if...?  
 "Just stop worrying!"  
 I can't do this  
 "Why are you so tired?"  
 Make it stop  
 "What's wrong?"  
 I can't breathe  
 "You need to just get over it."  
 If only it was that simple  
 Every day is a battle  
 From the moment I wake up until I fall asleep  
 My mind is a warzone  
 A passing by observer wouldn't notice it  
 Only those who know see it  
 It may seem like nothing  
 But it wreaks havoc on my mind, my body  
 The thoughts are relentless  
 Constantly shifting, constantly there  
 Worry after worry after worry  
 My brain is in overdrive  
 It never ends  
 I drag along the anxiety  
 It is chained to me, there is no key  
 I bury it, deep deep down  
 But it always escapes, always breaks free  
 I haul memories of the past in the back of my mind  
 The potential for repetition torments me  
 Must avoid anything considered dangerous by my restless mind  
 Ingrained in my mind, the symptoms are  
 The horrendous nausea  
 The irrepressible tremors  
 The stress headaches, the silent tears  
 The feeling of suffocation  
 Drowns me  
 I feel trapped inside my body  
 I can't stop it  
 I am completely overwhelmed by it  
 I am drowning in the anxiety  
 I can't breathe  
 After the fact,  
 The debilitating exhaustion consumes me  
 I feel hollow and empty



ELAINE GREENFIELD / *Still Life* / Charcoal



BRI MARTIN / *Portrait*

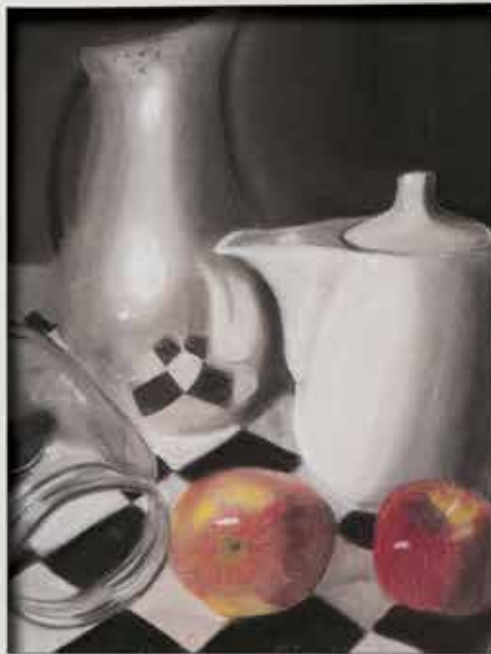
Entirely drained  
 Some days I think  
 What's the purpose?  
 Stay sleeping  
 Where I'm safe from my mind  
 But I know  
 I can't give up  
 It's not enough  
 Not only to try,  
 But also to succeed.  
 This is my battle  
 Generalized anxiety disorder  
 Is my diagnosis  
 I carry the stigma, the association  
 But they don't carry me  
 Realize the distinction  
 Between me and my anxiety disorder  
 rational and irrational  
 Between my thoughts and my worries  
 Know the difference  
 My mind will tell me why I can't  
 Will list the improbable possibilities  
 Some days it consumes me,  
 some days I will conquer  
 I have my bad days  
 I have my good days  
 My failures, my victories  
 I will never stop fighting  
 No matter how long it takes;  
 I will overcome my anxiety



**KRISSY DELL** / *Still Life* / Charcoal



**SAIGE STEVENS** / *Still Life* / Charcoal



**MADDIE DELL** / *Still Life* / Charcoal



**WENDY RAMOS** / *Still Life* / Charcoal

# UPON A HILL

ZEKE KEMMERLING

Atop a hill overlooking the expanse of terrain, an ominous manor struck a sharp silhouette under the silver luminescence of a black draped night, swirling rumours of clandestine rituals shrouding the estate in a dark and mysterious air. Standing silently at the foot of the broken path towards the manor, a lone figure stood despondently, clothed in a tattered mahogany robe. Lethargically, the haggard traveller lumbered up the twisting and craggy path, the ominous manor consumed the man's line of sight. Reaching the apex, the traveller despondently reached for the door, repetitively hammering the depiction of a open-mouthed hawk against the domineering, oak door.

Bidding his time in silence, the door creaked open, luminescence flooded outwards, the warm light washing over his grizzled and dirtied face. Suddenly a shadow emerged from the brilliant light before the traveller, the image of a weary and elderly attendant shimmering into view as the traveller's vision focused. Dressed in a

black tailcoat atop a white shirt, the attendant leaned forward, his eyes hollow with skin pulled taught over the protruding bone, and peered intently at the unkempt appearance of the man in the threshold of the door. The traveller stood silent, watching as the servant attentively scrutinized the traveller from head to toe. Content with the examination, the servant stepped back and waved his white gloved hand towards the anteroom with a flourish.

Accepting the invitation, the man entered with a bow of the head, his eyes taking in the resplendent decor of the manor's interior surrounding him. Adorned in gold, silver, ivory and silken tapestries, the room appeared equal in eloquence to the great halls of the royalty, displaying the enormous wealth of the mysterious inhabitant of the manor. Bathed in the shimmering light emanating from incandescent oil lamps along the perimeter of the room, the man felt a shudder run up his spine, his mind drawn to a dark thought of how a family

of unknown reputation acquired such riches.

While lost in worried ponderings, an approaching sound drew the traveller's eyes to a spiraling stairway of marble encased in golden railing. At the top of the stairs, a tan woman with flowing black hair slowly descended the stairs, her buxom bodied draped in fine silks of rich red, green and tinges of blue which coiled to floor. As she travelled down, her eyes remained fixed upon the guest positioned within now the center an open hall, her shimmering emerald eyes captivating and entrancing. Enamored, the man stood resolute, enchanted by the divine beauty of the woman before him, he felt his will drawn from his body.

*As the goddess reached the humble ground upon which the traveller stood, the creaking of the great oak door from beyond slammed with a violent and resounding roar. Once again, under the presence of the eerie manor atop the hill, silence reigned supreme.*

# PLEASURE IN POWER

BASED OFF OF ROBERT HERRICK'S,  
"DELIGHT IN DISORDER".

THE DRESS FLOWS SLOWLY IN THE WIND,  
NOTHING SHALL CAUSE IT TO RESCIND.  
RESCIND THE POWER IT COMMANDS.  
SEQUINS SHIMMER IN SPARKLY STRANDS,  
THE YELLOW SCARF, A STRIKING SIGHT,  
AGAINST THE DRESS, WHITEST OF WHITE.  
THE CUFFS OF THE DRESS GRACEFUL,  
SWAYING EVER SO CAREFUL.  
CLICKING ON THE FLOOR, THE HIGH-HEELS,  
TALL AND TENACIOUS, THEY FEEL.  
THE DRESS BORES CALMLY THROUGH A CROWD,  
WITHOUT REGRETS, FOR IT IS PROUD.  
CHRIS MILLER



EMMA HAGARMAN / Collage

# The Wish

Chloe Brendle

"Ian's dead!" She said over and over.

To pay our respects to my step-brother, and also check the remains of the accident, we headed to York Springs. Once there, we searched the area for anything Ian might have owned. I stood near my mother, until I heard a rustle. The bush called for me, and right in the leaves of the bush, a necklace hung. I walked over slowly and looked at the macrame mushroom necklace that never left his neck. I picked it up, and a rush came through me. Ian loved this necklace. I clutched it in my hand, feeling the coolness of the mushroom pendant. The necklace, black and white, looked empty of color.

I kept it for myself; I didn't tell anybody about it. Hidden away inside my hoodie pocket, I didn't wear it until I got home. The necklace hung on my neck as I made my way downstairs to get a drink, passing by the ashes of my step-brother. I looked at a photo my step-father hung up, displaying all of my siblings and me clutching a Harry Potter book with Ian, wearing a bright jacket, next to me. The color slowly started to fade; his sunburnt skin and vibrant jacket dulled, but as the color left the image, the necklace gained color. It came over the necklace like an ocean wave, and

## I felt a burning sensation on my chest.

I touched the necklace, wincing at the heat it gave off. The photo changed, I

saw his eyes close, his smile fade, the faces of my siblings distorted. I looked at the other photos, filled with closed eyes and dead faces. I couldn't breathe.

The necklace burned. I pulled it off and threw it on the floor. My hand singed, pink and calloused. Tears fell down my face like raindrops on a window. I fell to the floor in a heap. I caused this, I thought. I'm the car that hit his; the guilt is all on me. I told Ian to get out of the house, and now he's gone from this world. I terminated his earthly career. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my shoulder, but looked up to see nothing. A voice spoke to me, but I couldn't understand its speech. The necklace turned blue, the voice became clearer, then I saw him through blurry eyes. He didn't say anything, he just stared down at me.

"Ian?"

Once again, he said nothing.

## "I'm so sorry.."

I choked out.





# Sonnet

If death could walk and wear a gown of red  
By which it hid and thus would steal our soul,  
What shade should meet our eye and cause our dread?  
A bloodied crimson cape does suit his role.

What face should meet thee as death  
gripped your hand?  
A skull, a masque, to hide the corpse beneath.  
The eyes are but holes which house a firebrand.  
A thin hand grips the dagger in his sheath.

Here the stillness of the clock's darkened chime,  
It calls him to the chamber dressed in black.  
Red windows drench those running out of time  
In colours much like blood, they soon will lack.

And thus Red Death has come to kill the Prince  
His party guests have not been spotted since.

**Autumn Brendle**

# The Shrouded City

The fog swarmed the streets like a cape that shrouds,  
shifting underneath the omniscient clock tower.

The nearby park, grey, without flower.

The city is dark, buried under sinister clouds.

On the bridge travels a carriage escaping to a safer place,

For the man behind follows, knife in hand.

He walks into the unknown, like a snake into sand.

The carriage continues, setting an ominous pace.

On the eerie city, light encroaches.

The clock tower strikes, alerting its people.

The deranged man hunts, on people he poaches.

The stained glass glows, bringing out the broad steeple.

Below, the square fills with people like roaches.

The man knows his time is overdue, spared are the people.

Why is it she escapes me,

Hath my appearance make her shudder?

Her and I, sharing tea,

The mere thought makes me stutter.

So desperately what I need, a chance.

If only we'd meet on alike path,

Conjuring a seal of fate, with a dance.

Oh cupid, let me feel thy golden wrath!

Why, the world hath turned so cruel!

Simple love can so dreadfully reap a soul,

While enhancing some, like pure linen, from wool.

**TEDDY SCHWARTZ**

# La Quinceañera

Daisy Mendez

As I emerged from the cramped and scorching hot car, I noticed the beauty of the church. Pillars, large and white, came down and the steps reminded me of a fairy tale. I cautiously hobbled up the steps trying my best not to trip on my dress, mint green and sparkly. My chambelanes and I assembled ourselves the way we practiced the day before. The music began to play and that was our entrance cue. They went ahead of me and I managed to walk straight and slowly enough for the photographer to take my picture. The priest, a tall and skinny young man, welcomed everyone. His words, beautifully packed with wisdom and love, held my attention. I renewed my baptismal vows, the most important part, my forehead glistening with sweat. The church service, long and elaborate, exceeded my expectations.

The time came to do our special dance. With sweaty palms and heartbeats pounding like a drum, my chambelanes and I rose and shuffled slowly to our places. We waited for the music to start, exchanging nervous glances and tight smiles, in full concentration mode. Gliding on the dancefloor like a swan on water, we danced. My dress, gently brushing the floor, swished back and forth to the rhythm of the song. Spinning like a top, I traveled to all four of my chambelanes. I then performed my special dance with my dad. The song, emotional and slow, made my eyes fill with tears. Looking at my dad, I noticed he didn't show a single sign of sadness. Being my most influential role model, he held up strongly as he always had. The song ended, and my chambelanes and I scurried to the restrooms to change into our clothes for the next song. We danced a very speedy and happy song, a song well-known in Mexico.

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*As I think back to it, just having all of my friends and family together to help me celebrate that day, a wonderful Hispanic tradition, fills me with happiness and makes me feel blessed to have such caring people in my life.*

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On the day of my quinceañera, I didn't realize what the tradition of the day actually meant. The day of a girl's quinceañera signifies maturity and the change from a girl to a young woman. With the help of my friends and family, I experienced the change.



EVERY MARTZ / Photomontage



AVERY MARTZ / Photomontage

## Tim the Tapping Tortoise

Emily Hamm

On the day I got to choose my own pet, I walked past the kittens, turning my head to avoid them and stopped at the hamsters. Flashbacks of finding Bella, my previously owned Chinese Dwarf hamster, lying on the basement steps carried down from my cat clouded my thoughts. The twisted feeling in my stomach and the shivers in my body begged me to move on. I walked, dragging my disappointment and hopelessness behind me, over to the turtle and tortoise section. After half an hour of unfulfillment, impatience substituted my excitement of the experience. The pet store helper had given up on the chance of me buying anything, and so did I. Eventually another pet store worker noticed that the Russian tortoises intrigued us, so he came over hoping that his manager would see his promotion-deserving work. He told us they live to be fifty years old. A more intense excitement once again replaced the feeling of impatience. That fire that I felt in the car, warm and overwhelming, burned brighter than ever. Without letting the fact of fifty years with a tortoise sink in, I quickly decided on one of the two tortoises that seemed to be more sociable. He would walk right up against the glass to cautiously examine us with his eyes, little and beady. "Are you sure this is what you want?" spoke my concerned dad. I had found my pet.

We walked around the store collecting all of the necessary supplies to take care of the newly added family member. We put him in a foldable cardboard box, drove home, and set up the cage and heating lamps that sat on top. We had plants, a hut, and other decorations set to entertain him. After a long selection process and input from my friends, I finally named Tim.

The first couple of nights, quiet and peaceful, didn't last long. Once Tim started to come out of his hut, he would walk right next to the glass, his shell making a tapping noise, that would crescendo into a loud bang. The noise, pouring into the quiet room, caused me to jump under the covers. It seemed like he would only do this at night—all night just to agitate me.

**Several times I begged him to keep quiet. After multiple evenings of agony, I had enough. I ripped off my sheets back from my bed, my anger overtaking me, and tapped on the glass back in response to annoy him.**

Clearly, Tim never understood and just kept tapping and banging.

About a year or two later, we put him upstairs in my dad's room officially. Looking back, I regret getting a pet that will live for fifty years, and am unsure how I persuaded my dad from the beginning. He must have known that he eventually he would have to take care of him, and I felt guilty of committing this crime of selfishness. It's not like Tim liked me anyway.

MADISON HANLON-RECK / Grisaille



AVERY MARTZ / Photomontage



LINDSY SCUSSELLE / Watercolor



ALEX RAPP / Mixed Media

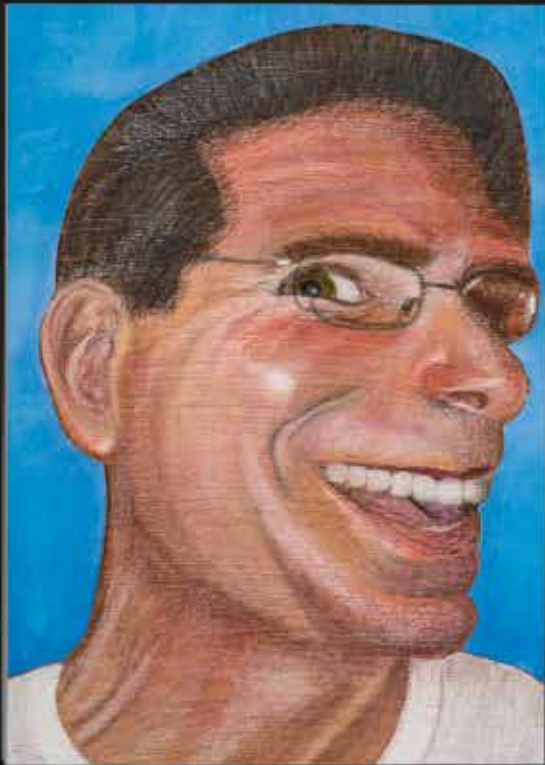




CAROLYN DELAUDER / Oil Pastel



EMILY EHRHART / Digital Art



HELEN ROSENBRIEN / Grisaille



RYLEE SMITH / Watercolor

## a purse

What makes the person carrying the purse?  
He wanted to know her so he grabbed her purse  
She sat at the table, took a deep breath, looked at the plain bag  
He reached for the bag, opened it up, and reached inward.

He brought up a bright red wallet with a gold design  
He looked at the bag then at the wallet and sighed  
She wasn't plain like he thought, but had a fire inside  
He put it on the table next to him and reached in.

He took out a locket, and opened it up  
He looked at the picture of her son with his deceased father and gasped  
She couldn't look at him, not wanting him to look further  
but he saw the grief still clear in her eyes  
He knew she wanted him to stop; Ryan, continued on.

He looked to see his hand holding a lollipop  
He looked at her oddly, till he realized- the lollipop is sweet,  
she is sweet, sweetness is how she is.  
continued . . .

EMMA HAGARMAN / Pen & Ink



She didn't understand him,  
for all she saw was her favorite piece of candy  
He smiled at her now, coming to see that  
even she didn't quite understand yet.

He then reached in and removed a tube of lipstick  
He looked at the color and realized that it matched her lips  
She extended her arm towards the tube but he was  
backing away so that she couldn't take hold of it

He saw her and thought that she was beautiful but that  
she wasn't able to realize her beauty.

He saw her anxiousness and dove into the bag one last time,  
his hand pulled out her phone  
He looked at the blue case, her favorite color,  
since she wore something blue everyday.  
She did not move, in all that passed right then

He glanced at her as he put her phone back,  
she carried with her the things she held dear.

He could not help but smile at the woman before him  
He pulled out all that mattered to her  
and knew her so much better  
she saw very little point to this, just the mess on the table  
He looked at her with love, she with confusion.  
For they had both seen different things.

niesha morales

## Sonnet

My love for you is endless  
like a dreary day  
The way some are content  
just how they are  
“We had it all” people would say  
But we invested trust in us  
and not a star

How must two people so perfect  
then drift apart?  
We had a bond then  
much too strong  
But never will we have a  
change of heart

No matter the result,  
we never could be wrong

“It is an age old story”  
since the start of time  
Unions are meant to form,  
but known to die  
It is as old a theme of verses  
with a rhyme  
Which is why we are like  
rainy days in July

We are always meant to be  
But it will never work;  
you and me

Maria Drawbaugh



JACOB LORENZO / Pen & Watercolor



WENDY RAMOS / Oil Pastel

GOLINA EQUIDBAN / Reduction Print



MICHAEL POSNER / Reduction Print

LILLYAN BOWLIN / Reduction Print



BETHANY ROMERO / Reduction Print



ABBI MARTIN / Reduction Print

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