



insight
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INSIGHT

2019

**THE LITERARY MAGAZINE
OF
HALDANE HIGH SCHOOL**

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DEDICATION TO MR. RIBEIRO



This year's Literary Magazine is dedicated to Mr. Bruno Ribeiro. You may know him by his “palabras útiles”, love of fútbol, or adorable son, but today we want to highlight his place here at Haldane for letting us all know his kindness, patience and humor. Thank you Mr. Ribeiro for always believing in your students and treating us as individuals; for taking the time to get to know each of us and work with us, flaws and messy conjugations in tow. It isn't every day that we are lucky enough to have a teacher whom we can also call a friend. *Le queremos con todo lo respeto.*

In Memoriam
Ms. Lori Isler
(1963-2018)



*“Anyone who does anything to help a child in his life is a
hero to me.”
-Fred Rogers*

*Ms. Isler was a hero to each and every one of her students.
- The Insight Staff*

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Rocks

So often are men likened to rocks;
Tough, chiseled, sharp.
And so often when one seeks to mock,
Sensitive, gentle, soft.

But are men not human?
Should we not feel,
Not show weakness,
Not seek help when in need?
And are these “womanly” traits
Not just humanity?

The world is no place
For this assignment of roles.
Instead, we must face
That we all must feel.

Feminine or masculine,
We all experience pain,
Moments of weakness,
Empathy.
So why alienate our fellow man
When we let this side show?

-Reid Sandlund

Bottle In the Woods

I sit quietly on a log.
The blistering wind glances off my face
I watch the leaves dance by me,
Filling the dead of winter with brief life.
The wind whistling through the trees
And the leaves crinkling in its wake
Are the only sounds that reach me.

Here, the world is near untouched
But for me, and my brethren;
Left by some children, doing
What they ought not do.

But, like those children, I am uncaring.
I smile down on my kin
From my place on my log,
Like a king watching his subjects
From his mighty throne,
And the wind draws a tune from my belly.

-Reid Sandlund

The Doe

The stagnant doe
Often so elegant, so noble,
Now caught in the stillness of the night.
Its eyes shine,
Glossy, drawn wide open.
It's long, spindly legs
Stand rigid on the asphalt.

Its eyes are fixed on mine
And for a moment, we connect.
Two souls;
One so young and one far older.
Weathered, stately, tired.
As I draw quickly closer,
Her eyes do not leave mine.

And while we connect,
In the brief second
In which we truly see each other
She does not feel my terror
Sudden, encroaching, staggering.

Then, a loud thud,
A squeal of tires,
And in that split second,
A noble soul is stolen away.

-Reid Sandlund

Through Every Millennium

Sitting tall and vast
Staring over the horizon
Sitting on a river blue
That cuts into you

A harbor of life
A place of nature
But yet here you are alone
You don't feel at home

The river feels your pain
And cuts the land around you
Slowly creating your family
Creating mountains around you

So here you are
A mountain that stands tall
Surrounded by others of your kind who
All look up to you

Time is only relative so
Through every millenium
Here you still are
A harbor of life

-Doug Donaghy



Painting by Bridget Goldberg

Coldest Winter

The cold winter night
A powerful wind whistles and blows
All that can be heard is just
A house that creaks and groans.

Restless on this night
Sleep has never been so hard to catch.
The wind keeps blowing on and on
A man's life flickers like a match.

Autumn has turned to winter
For this unfortunate man
As autumn passes the leaves all fall
Our man grips onto what he can

As time slowly slips away
On his life our man does contemplate
A long and brutal life it was
But his reflection is too little, and very much too late

The powerful wind blows out his match
The once sturdy house caves in
The house is taken up and away
And is forever lost in the wind

-Doug Donaghy

Freefall

I see emeralds forests and toxic oceans
There are deserts of sand, ice, metal
I see fields of flowers and stacks of trunks
Animals bleeding out on grass or ceramic

Now come the cities, bursting with life
Culture and art grow from every corner
But that man's snorting coke and that girl's on fire
Press the button and a nightclub goes boom

Small children run and laugh and play
Bigger ones are enslaved by crystal screens
Someone gets into a bath with razor in hand
Someone else is going to the Ivy League

In a few places people of all kinds weave together
Other times we're all equal, but straight white men are more so
Muslims should run, or maybe it's Christians
Darker skin is better at hiding bruises

Here are the couples that twist and clutch and shatter
I see first kisses, lost virginites, marriages, children
But rapes, breakups, abortions, divorces share the stage
And sooner or later one of you will be dead

This a world of countless contradictions
Some people swell up while others shrivel
Violence is bad unless it's photogenic
Jesus loves you except when he doesn't

There are happy endings and grim conclusions
Brutal consequences and wonderful miracles
People are overjoyed or devastated or terribly bored
Life is just a random--damn, there's the ground

When I hit ground fire swallows it all
Good, bad, and ugly all disappear
I am a meteor with no time to judge
Let's try it again and see how it goes

-Aurora McKee

Hourglass

We drown in an endless sea of time, searching for something
To do, someone to bother, somewhere to explore, minutes
Passing like molasses through invisible fields of belief
As we disappear under the empty thoughts in our
Own heads and wish the clock would move a
Little bit faster, but we are bored bored bored
And nothing ever changes anywhere
Until
There are so many things to do and no
Time for any of it as we plead with our parents
And the fates for the power to read another page,
Play another round, lie under the covers for a few
Seconds more, but the bus is speeding away from the
Curb and everyone has somewhere to be so we rush and
We rush and rush and rush until it's over and we're bored again

-Aurora McKee

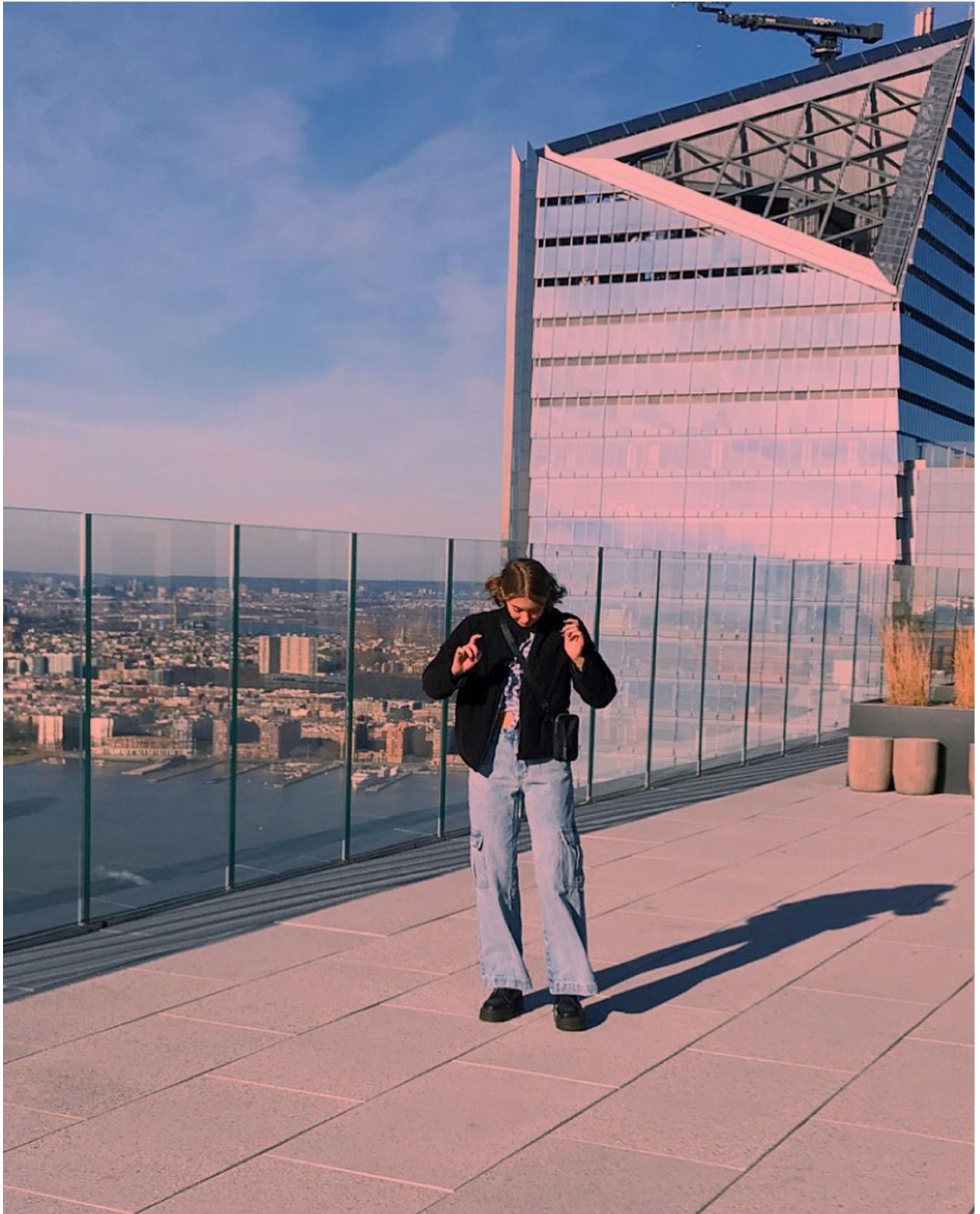


Photo by Anastasia Coope

To My Lover

I am sorry,
To the children who have been neglected.
To the mothers who have spit fire into their hearts,
And haven't felt the chimney smoke in their bellies.

I am sorry,
For the flowers that have died from the lack of sun,
Water, care.
To the seeds that have never grown into gardens,
Who have never made it to Versailles.

I am sorry,
For the boys who have been beaten,
And taught that emotions,
Are not of God.
To the fathers,
Who have not been able to hold a hand,
Without shivering.

I am sorry,
To the friends who have felt depleted,
And morphed their minds into tunnels,
Without cars driving through.
To the parents,
Who have passed down the tradition of self hatred.

I am sorry,
To my children,
These people,
That I was not there at your birth,
To take you away,
To show you what life, living, lived,
Is.

-Shea DeCaro

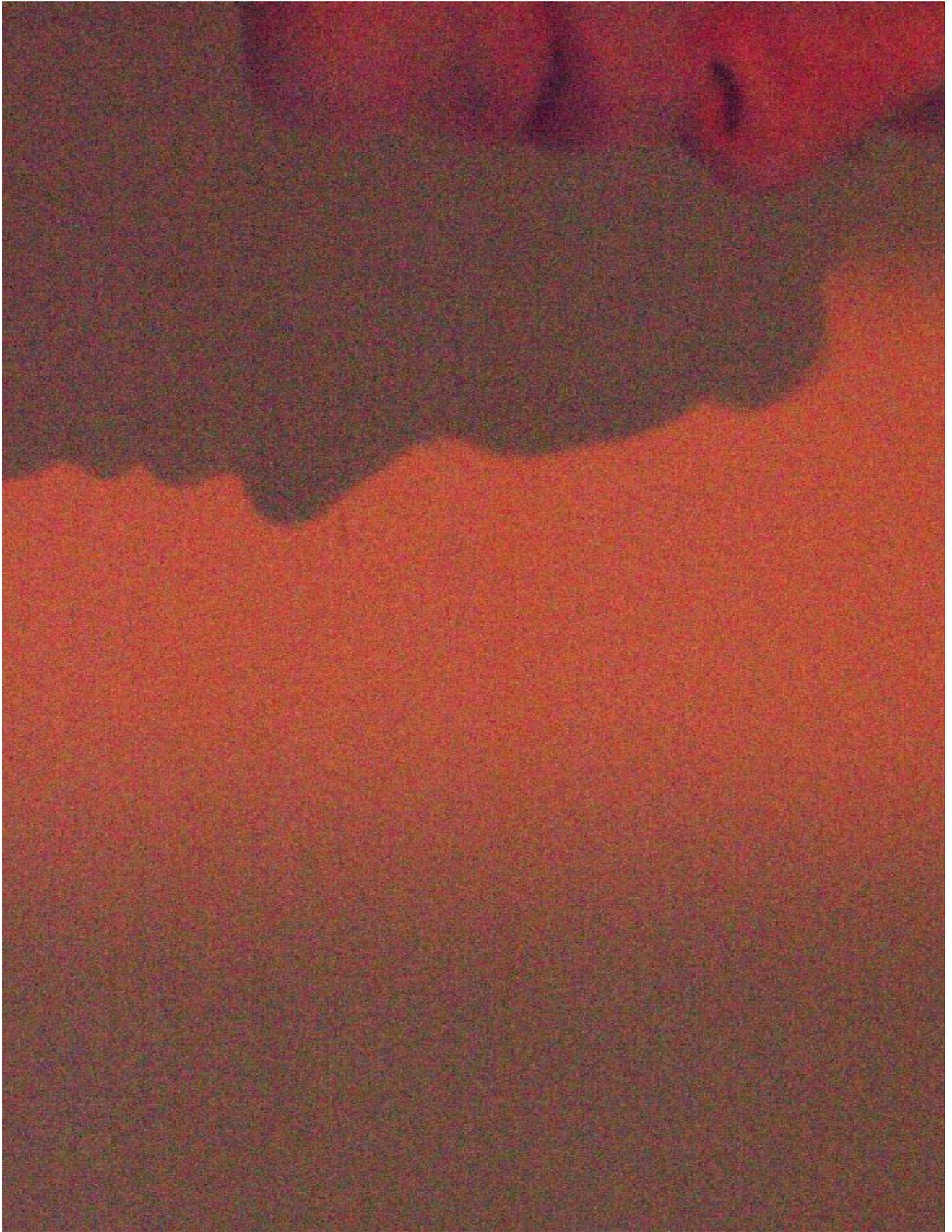


Photo by Freya Wood-Gallagher

Growing up

Why must you speak to me so.
I am not a child anymore.
Profane, profanity, I am above such titles.

Speak to me clearly.
It is as though the words coming out of your mouth are just sounds of another language.
Your breath is not staccato,
Your “i” is not dotted,
Your “t” is not crossed.

But you act as though it’s normal.

I thought when I was younger that I just be perfect.
But when I look at you, I realize that I am anything but.
You’re so perfect, that I can easily pick out your faults.
You’re so relentless, that I find your moments of weakness alien.
You’re so annoying that I love you.
But I love you so much that I hate you.

I hate your smug grin,
Full cheeks,
Soft hair.
I hate your jeans,
Your body,
Your life.
I hate your hands,
Your soft hands,
Your lips,
I hate you!

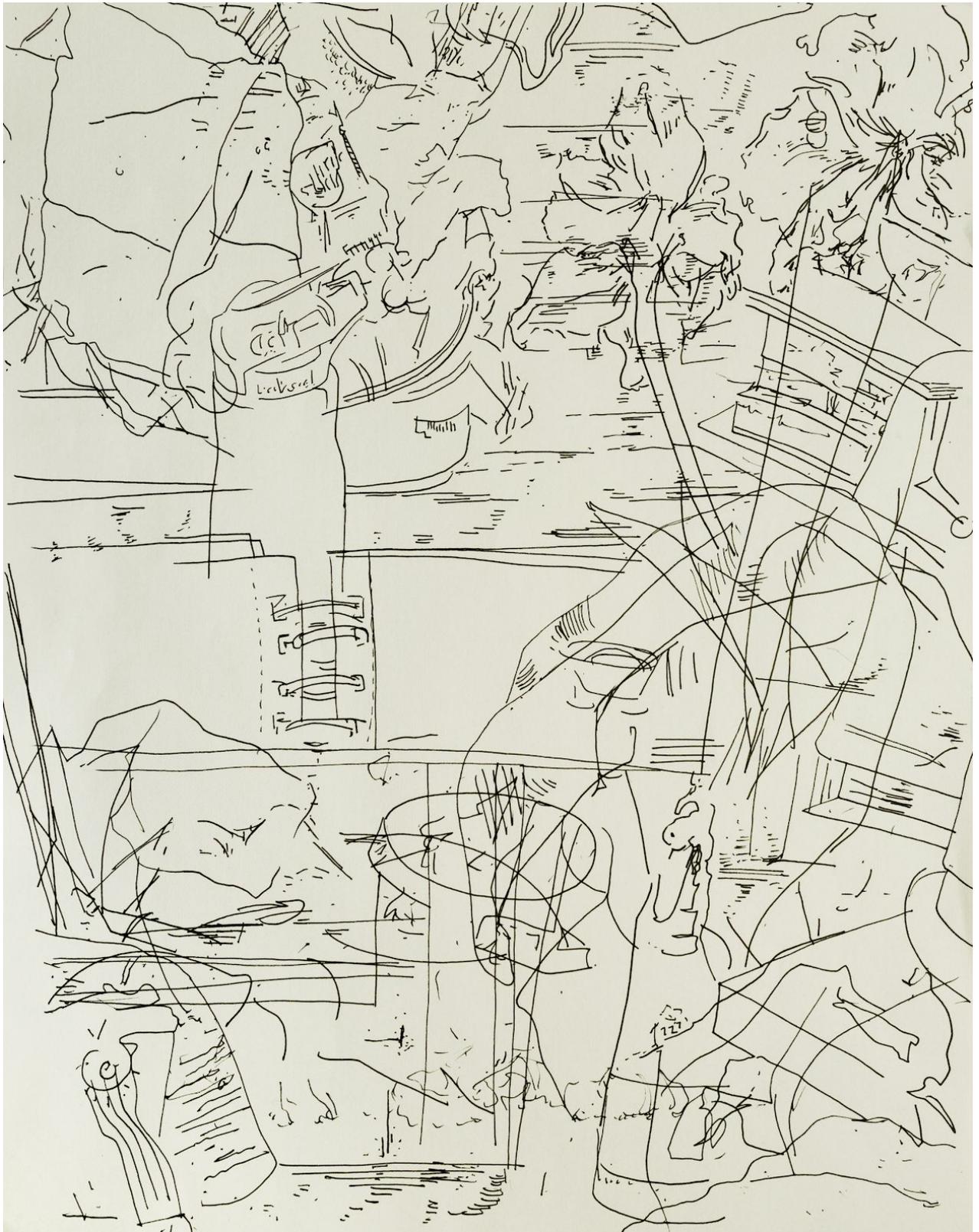
But I find it hard to calculate differences between us.

-Shea DeCaro

Moving

I am not happy here.
I am not these flaccid words that sag out of my mouth
They leave a residue on my tongue.
I am not this tiny room, this tiny place, this tiny house.
I am these monotonous beings of grey and black,
These hopeless colors that infest my brain and mix with my personality,
This is a chemical reaction.
But is it really?
Is the solute just creating a solvent in my brain?
Is that it?
Some days I can no longer describe myself with these adjectives.
Some days I feel like paint.
The incessant feeling of being something people cannot understand.
“But paint is paint and you are you”
Paint is a thing and I am a thing so we are one of the same.
I do not belong here!
What is it that you cannot comprehend.
I cannot sit and drone on in my notes about these little things.
I cannot go home and sit in my bed but I am incapable of leaving!
I want somebody to take my hand,
To breathe my life,
To show me the wonders I seek.
I do not belong here,
But my hypocrisy leads me to believe that I belong nowhere.

-Shea DeCaro



Drawing by Anneke Chan

Sun man

I'm the sun man
I do what your average star can
I spin and I roll
Et je suis tres drole

Sometimes i exhale and i burp
Because of what i slurp
Sorry little ones
Your in the way of my fun!

I grow grass
Cook bass
Make glass
And expel mass
And I make things go fast
While being quite crass

I was around when there was the birth of christ
I was around with everything nice
I saw my neglected europa turn to ice
yeah, sorry I gave life to lice and mice

This blessed golden light
Brightens the perpetual night
To those below I give light and might
To make a little green world bright

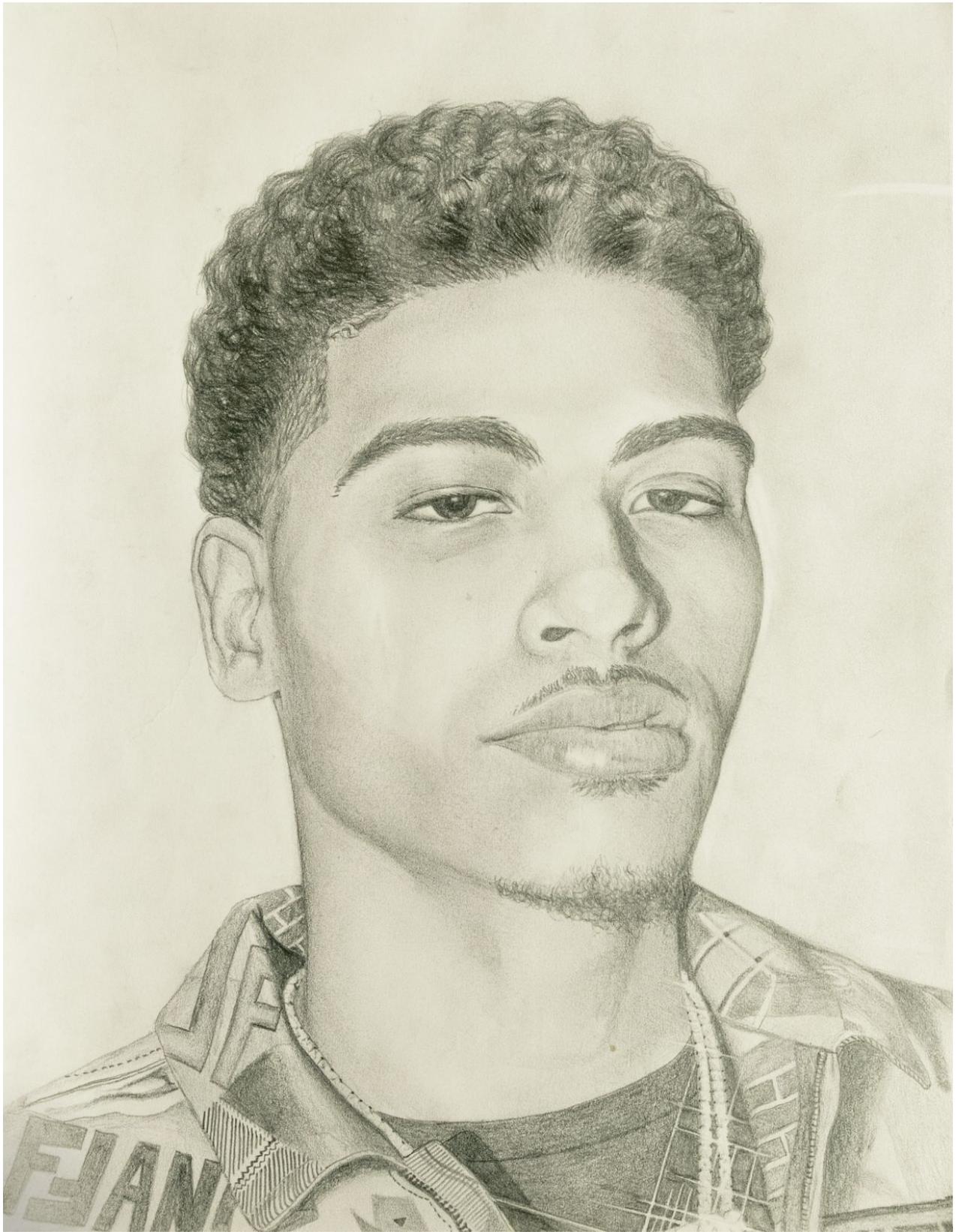
My brothers and sisters dance so far
My family all children are all stars
For who's light touches each planet we spar
But i'm the king of mars!

I'm a mellow yellow fellow
i don't play the cello
But my favorite cereal is stell-os

I'm the most maseous thing
my solar system brings
Sometimes i sing
That is the light I bring
My disciples are egyptian kings

Throughout time and space I ling-
Er while I keep writing zing-
Ers your dancing bright bring
Er

-Owen Carmicino



Drawing by Arlan Thornquist

Love

It hits you off balance like a wave,

Suddenly, you feel different like there's butterflies in your stomach and twitters in the air,

At first you don't know what to do or how to feel but then you think about it,

About what it really is and what it means to you.

In the dictionary they define it as something you have deep affection about,

But it's so much more than that.

It's something that anyone would give anything for, just to have once

Something people dream about, but sometimes never get.

To be so close and vulnerable to someone that it hurts if you lose them and it doesn't work out.

But you don't give up though because you know that even though love may have it's downs like

you may never love again,

There is always gonna be someone out there that is meant for you.

It might make you crazy to find
it,

But you can never force it on like a tight pair of
jeans,

And when you finally find love, you'll find you'll have the utmost pleasure in
having it.

-Athena Stebe-Glorius



Painting by Cassandra Laifer

“Of Flesh and Fruit”

We **BULGE** like watermelons
and we **CURVE** like pears
You can **PEEL** us like oranges
but our **INSIDES** are strawberry red
We’re **SMOOTH** like plums
and avocado **ROUGH**
Our skin has the **SHINE** of apples
Yet we’re **HAIRY** like peaches
We vary like berries in our **TASTES** and **TEXTURES**
It is true that we can **WRINKLE** like raisins
and **BRUISE** like bananas
But we **CHANGE** and **GROW** with the glory of tomatoes
Push us too hard and we **SQUISH** like grapes

-Aurora McKee



Color drawing by Cassandra Laifer

Lies We Tell Small Children

The woman takes a last drink and leaps
Splits like a melon on the ground

The angel strums her golden harp and soars
Her soft white wings aglow

The heroin dances in his veins
He'll be dead within a year

The nice man's not feeling too good right now
He's a little under the weather

A girl was dragged screaming from the window
Pills keep her quiet when the men come

Rapunzel was so happy to see her prince
Sleeping Beauty was awakened with a kiss

Red noses mean booze, sharp veins mean drugs
You'll never get anywhere with a face like that

Don't judge a book by its cover
It's what on the inside that counts

Booze and sweat and gasps and moaning
Blood and tears and pain and screaming

We closed our eyes and made a wish
The storks brought you down from Heaven

They're dead or in prison or just don't care
We are all destined for the maggots

They'll be coming back in a little while
Grandma's looking down at you from heaven

A billy club turned red with blood
Smoking flesh and black plastic bags

Officer Friendly keeps you safe
Help will always arrive in time

The touch of a bomb is quick, hot, and merciless
Skin and bones unfold like flowers

Start the level again, and everything is
fine | Stand the soldier back up and keep playing

Forgive us, darlings, for our lies
We turns your heads and bind your eyes

We draw strength from your fantasies
Lies gain power when they are believed

Through your tender vision things are not so bad
For an instant we are pure again

Fear not, small ones, for in your time
You will see as clearly as we old souls do

Perhaps you'll sigh for the illusions of youth
But oh, how sweet is the cold truth!

Cynicism is a mistress strange and unforgiving
But freedom lurks in her sharp embrace

-Aurora McKee

Last Minute

Last Minute
What is it?
Writing poetry for a class
Before a deadline?
Or a letter to a dead friend
On one's deathbed?
Is anything truly last minute?
For a minute is different each time
Though always totaling 60 seconds
And always followed by another span
That we call a "minute".

-Randall Chiera

Procrastination

Hm

I've always wanted to learn about that

Hm

Speaking a foreign language seems so fun

Hm

I really should get in better shape

Hm

I've always wanted to read those books

Hm

People tell me that TV show is great

Hm

Learning how to cook would be so useful

Hm

I'll start tomorrow

-Andrew Nachamkin

Dog Day Reverie

Our sin is the
 asphyxiation in august,
followed by less oppressive nights when the cicadas crooned
and walks on the melted asphalt
 its pebbles cling to the soles of your calloused feet
plunging deeper in calcified enclaves.

Some drop as we make our way
 across arbitrarily quartered lawns
on sticks, and grass sprayed with insecticide,
and on worms,
and dog shit
That steal away the day's souvenirs.

Our legs fold beneath the obscured pines
 where we used to build snow houses.
Indigo night cloaks my brown skin,
while yours resembles the pale moon,
 whose face we have often searched after in refuge.

One day,
 we may find the pothole on the moon
meant to have been paved in the spring
where a valley of rocks
awaits our midnight strolls.

-Anneke Chan

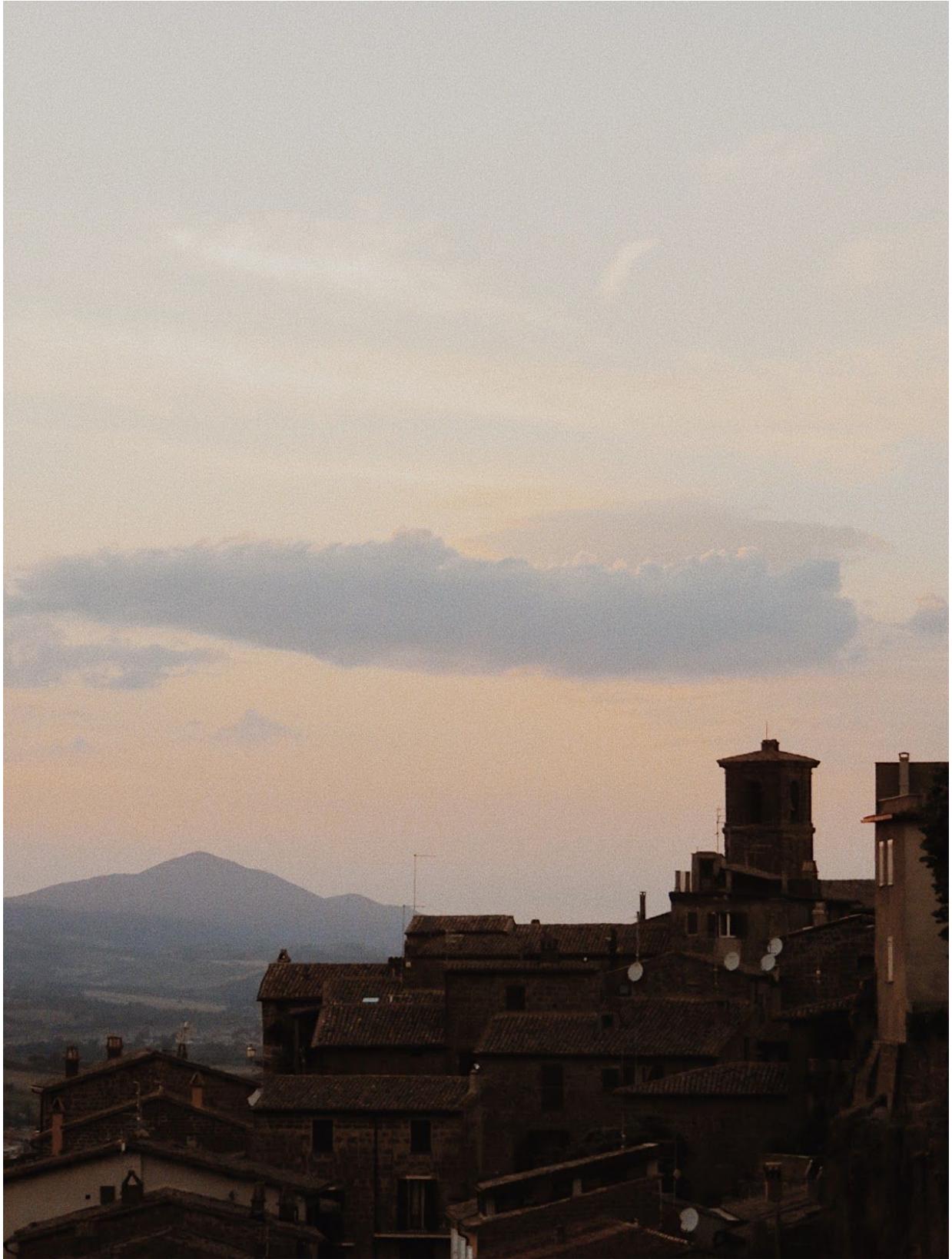


Photo by Anneke Chan

The Sad Butcher

An old pickup truck sits in the solitude of a dry mesquite forest of desert and death. A burning sun seems to set the air on fire. The mesquite trees, dry and devoid of life, create a dense wall of isolation from the world. The truck, broken down and dusty, seemingly untouched for decades, sits in front of a similarly broken down house. At a time the house was white, but neglect and the natural elements have reduced it to a dull off white, almost sand colored exterior. A Spanish tiled roof, once magnificent and beautiful, is eroded and looks like the rest of the house; abandoned. But the house is not abandoned, but simply neglected. The interior of the house is quite the opposite. The walls are plastered with paintings and pictures of times far gone, and the shelves are filled with books in languages from far away places. The house only consists of three rooms; the pantry, the bathroom, and the room with the fireplace. The house, windowless, is dark through the day and night, illumination only coming from the eternal flame that burns year in and year out. The house is never attended to, the pantry never restocked, the books never rearranged, the floor never swept, but yet Carnicero Triste wakes up every morning to the same neat, clean house that looks as if it was just refurbished, and has food everyday despite his never leaving the house, the floors never even graced by the presence of a single particle of dust.

Loneliness is often a product of someone's own personal doing. In the case of Carnicero Triste this statement remains unattested. Triste is a decrepit old man, burdened by his past and his self inflicted solitude. As Triste sits in the old wicker chair, staring at the fire that never goes out, he reflects on his life. He never leaves that chair, unless to grab something to eat from the pantry. Whenever he does eat, which could be twice a day or twice a week, he does so in the same wicker chair, contemplating his everlasting burden. Just as the eternal flame always burned, the decrepitude of Carnicero Triste always burned a hole in his heart.

Angel de Santos was a charismatic young man, but like many of the young men during his time he was thrust into the affairs of a war that seemed not worth fighting for. Angel had lost his parents at a young age and had looked after himself for the majority of his childhood. He grew up alone in a scarcely populated village of happy yet poor people. As the ropes of adolescence began to take hold on his body, he began to feel a sad burden bearing down upon him. He would awake in the middle of the night hearing the voice of his mother. "Angelito, where have you gone? Angelito, when will you come to us?". It almost seemed as if his parents were calling him into the next life, but he could not go there. All Angel wanted was to see his parents again. So when the fever of the war entered the small village in which he lived, the young Angel saw no other way to die than on the battlefield. He embarked on a journey with the other young men of his village and lead them with a passion and happiness he hadn't felt since his early childhood. He was excited to meet death, to rejoin his parents.

The enemy was the regime that ruled his country. The revolution was a wave that carried the new generation of the country's subjected poverty. The first battle of a long, bloody revolution came on a brutal summer day in the middle of July. It was the siege of a military base, and Angel de Santos was emblazoned with a burning thirst for death. As his comrades seized the rest of the base, Angel de Santos forced his way into a small room. An unarmed man was on his knees, praying and begging for his life. Angel stared into the man's bright green eyes. In them he saw love and fear of death, two emotions he could never feel again. "I just want to go home." The young man on his knees, petrified, yearned for something that Angel de Santos had wanted to rid himself of for years. Angel was possessed by rage and hatred, and as he raised his gun he stared deep into the man's eyes. He saw something familiar in them, something that begged him not to pull the trigger of his gun. Just before the shot of the gun was discharged from his weapon, he realized he was staring into the bright green eyes of his mother, the same green eyes that spoke to him in his sleep.

Angel de Santos unwillingly escaped death throughout his many military expenditures. Every man from his hometown village had died on the battlefield and only he still remained. No matter how outnumbered he would be in battle, he would almost single handedly dismember the opposing force. He would lay down his gun in battle and wait to be shot, only for the guns of his adversaries to explode in their hands. As his fame in war and his age grew, his sadness and lust for death grew even more. He felt cursed by that dark day in the middle of July years before. His fame was spread across his country, and as the political regime fell because of his supposed heroism, he was ashamed. He knew that he had killed thousands of men unlike himself, men that wanted to live. His everlasting yearning for death would never be pleased, no matter how much he wanted to die. He became known as Carnicero Triste, which means the "Sad Butcher".

Fifty years later, the sad butcher sits in his fortress of solitude and grief. He had built the home at the end of the war, and unknowingly started the fire that would burn for eternity on a cool winter night. The fire was immune to water and suffocation, and Carnicero Triste knew that the fire would only go out when it wanted to, when the punishment of the enraged Angel Santos was over. The day in the middle of July when the sun melted the desert and he executed the unarmed man out of jealousy had sentenced the young Angel to an eternal damnation. It was almost as if a higher power had condemned him to never have what he wanted most; death. All he ever wanted was to see his parents again. But he only saw those bright green eyes staring at him in his restless sleep. But unlike his childhood, there were two pairs of those identical green eyes staring at him. And ever since his self inflicted loneliness, those green eyes only stared into his soul with pity. Occasionally he would hear the man's words echo through his mind as if it were a canyon. "I just want to go home." But it wasn't the young unarmed man saying these words. Angel Santos heard the words in the voice of his mother.

As the old man's decrepitude destroyed his spirit and will to live, the world around the mesquite forest crumbled and rebuilt itself many times over. But yet the forest of loneliness remained untouched. The desert that had been covered in blood by the infamous Carnicero Triste many decades before remained a wasteland of death and solitude, the place of everlasting punishment for the sad butcher. Carnicero remembered an old phrase he had learned in the war. A man doesn't die when he wants to, but when he can. The sad butcher would never die.

-Doug Donaghy

Duplicity

The simplicity
Of words tends to be a tad
Misleading these days

-Caleb Schmidt



Drawing by Anneke Chan

Chaos in Serenity

The luminescent glow of the pond briefly shines brighter as Logan slips his feet into the water. He leans back, staring up at the opening in the sparse canopy above him. There's a faint buzz of insects around him, but the light is low enough that the birds are no longer singing. There's a stillness that he can't help but be wary of, but he tries his best to let his mind relax, even if for just a moment.

He hears footsteps and looks upwards, catching James's eye as he makes his way over. Logan offers him a small smile which is returned. James removes his boots, sitting down next to Logan and once again disturbing the pool as he dips his feet in.

They sit in silence for a few moments, simply listening to the sounds of the world around them. However used to his presence as Logan is, after some time he begins to feel a sense of discomfort. Staring up at the branches, his mind seems unwilling to let him think about anything but the events of the past few days; the trek through the forest, finally connecting with his ancestors, and then the sudden intrusion of the NDAHR agents suited in their Hostile Retrieval uniforms, the blinding light cast down on him by their cruisers. All of this and the fact that every time James has been there to protect Logan, it's overwhelming to him.

He's always been able to fend for himself. For years he'd traveled all across the Western Territories, and he'd always managed to get himself out of bad situations. Why now, then, does he seem to need saving at almost every turn? He frowns to himself, contemplating. Would he have been able to escape the agents had it not been for James's quick thinking? Is he getting slower, less equipped to handle situations on his own?

"You're thinking too much."

The statement breaks him out of his thoughts, and he turns to meet James's eyes. He seems worried, watching him with that calm intensity that Logan finds so intriguing. He sighs, sitting up and crossing his arms across his chest.

"Who's to say it's 'too much?'" he asks, and James huffs, sitting up as well.

"Your friend who been watching you frown at the trees for the past five minutes," he responds, and Logan looks at him again. James seems entirely unabashed by his statement and Logan turns away, his face warm. He forces himself to focus on the earlier part of James's sentence. 'Friend.'

"I dunno, I'm just..." he trails off, watching the subtle ripples of the pond water. He can feel James's eyes on him. "Why have you helped me so many times?"

James hesitates. "What do you mean?"

"Why are you here, why are you putting your life on the line for me? We only met a few weeks ago and you've already saved my ass so many times. You hardly know me—"

"You're my friend, what do you expect me to do, save myself and leave you behind—?"

"Yes!"

A silence falls over the clearing. Logan refuses to look up, afraid of what response it may elicit. Instead, he does the one thing he knows he can do and keeps talking.

“I’ve always been on my own, fending for myself, saving my own ass, and now all of a sudden here you are, risking your life to protect me without a second thought. I don’t get it,” he says.

For a while, James doesn’t say anything, so he distracts himself by focusing intently on the fungi growing on the roots of a tree across the pool.

“I don’t doubt you could have defended yourself,” James starts. “You’re an unbelievably strong person; I don’t know if I could have that sort of outlook in your shoes. But what I do know is that if I can make your life any less difficult than it already is, I want to. I care about you, Logan—a lot. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

Logan finally turns to look at him, an indescribable feeling filling up his chest with warmth. He stares at James fondly, but he’s quickly distracted when he notices the roots of his hair turning pink, the rest of it a dull blue. The blue he’s seen before—he knows it means sadness, but he fixates on the pink. It’s new, unknown. He’s always been fascinated by the Chromarian hybrids’ hair changing color with their emotions, and he still hasn’t learned what each of James’s colors mean. After all, every Chromarian’s colors are different. He begins to ask when suddenly the familiar hum of an approaching aircraft fills the air.

They’re both instantly on their feet, darting for their boots and jackets. Logan only bothers to throw his boots on before grabbing James’s wrist and dragging him into the underbrush. They hurry deeper and deeper into the woods, stumbling as they hurry down hills and dodging tree branches as they go. Logan’s heart hammers in his chest. He spots a small alcove in a formation of boulders ahead, and they run to it, quickly tucking themselves inside. Looking up, Logan can see the ship through the canopy. It’s not large, but he recognizes it as an NDAHR reconnaissance aircraft. He’s seen them before, but never this close. There’s a chance that it isn’t here for him, but he has an uncomfortable feeling that it is.

The ship seems to hover for a minute a distance away from them, probably back at the pond, and then begins to move closer to their hiding place. Logan’s breath catches in his throat, and he casts a quick glance at James. His hair is pure silver, and Logan can feel him trembling where their legs are pressed against one another. He reaches out and places a hand on his knee, drawing his attention away from the ship. James hardly hesitates before reaching out and grabbing his hand, squeezing it tightly. The noise overhead gets louder, and the grip on Logan’s hand gets tighter. They watch as the shadow of the aircraft approaches, hearing the leaves rustle in its wake. Soon, it’s right above them. And then, just like that, it has passed them over.

Logan feels his breathing begin to steady out. He lets out a deep sigh, leaning his head on James’s shoulder. They wait until the hum of the aircraft fades into the distance before slowly easing their way out of the alcove. For a moment they just stand there,

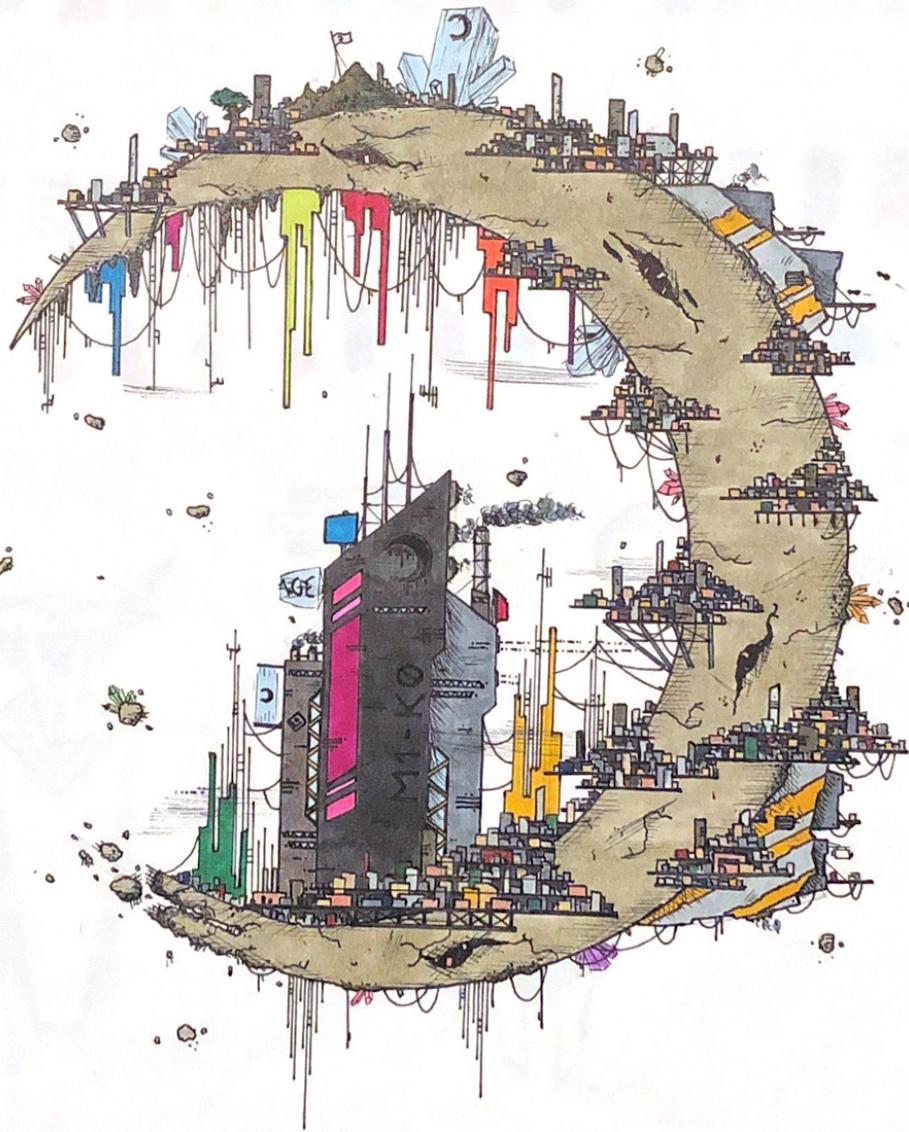
processing what had happened. Then, Logan is engulfed in a hug, and for once he doesn't flinch. This time he returns it, eyes shut tightly and relishing the warmth and comfort of the exchange. Reluctantly, after a moment he pulls away, pulling on his jacket. In the heat of the moment, the adrenaline had kept him warm, but now that things had calmed, he starts to feel cold.

He notices that James's hair is still partially silver but slowly fading back to its natural black. He sighs and then glances around. He spots a path through the leaves made in their haste to hide.

"Let's head back to the pool," he says, and James nods, the silver in his hair still lingering. They begin to trek their way back the way they came, walking together in tense silence.

As they make their way up the hill, James stumbles over a log, and instinctively Logan grabs his hand, holding him up. James regains his balance and then looks at him. He chuckles, and then begins to walk again. He makes no move to release Logan's hand, and Logan feels his face growing warm again. He stares intently at the ground, letting the word 'friend' ring in his head like a mantra.

— Reid Sandlund



Station M1-100 (Miko)
Ethan Gunther
^>^> <ND>>^>

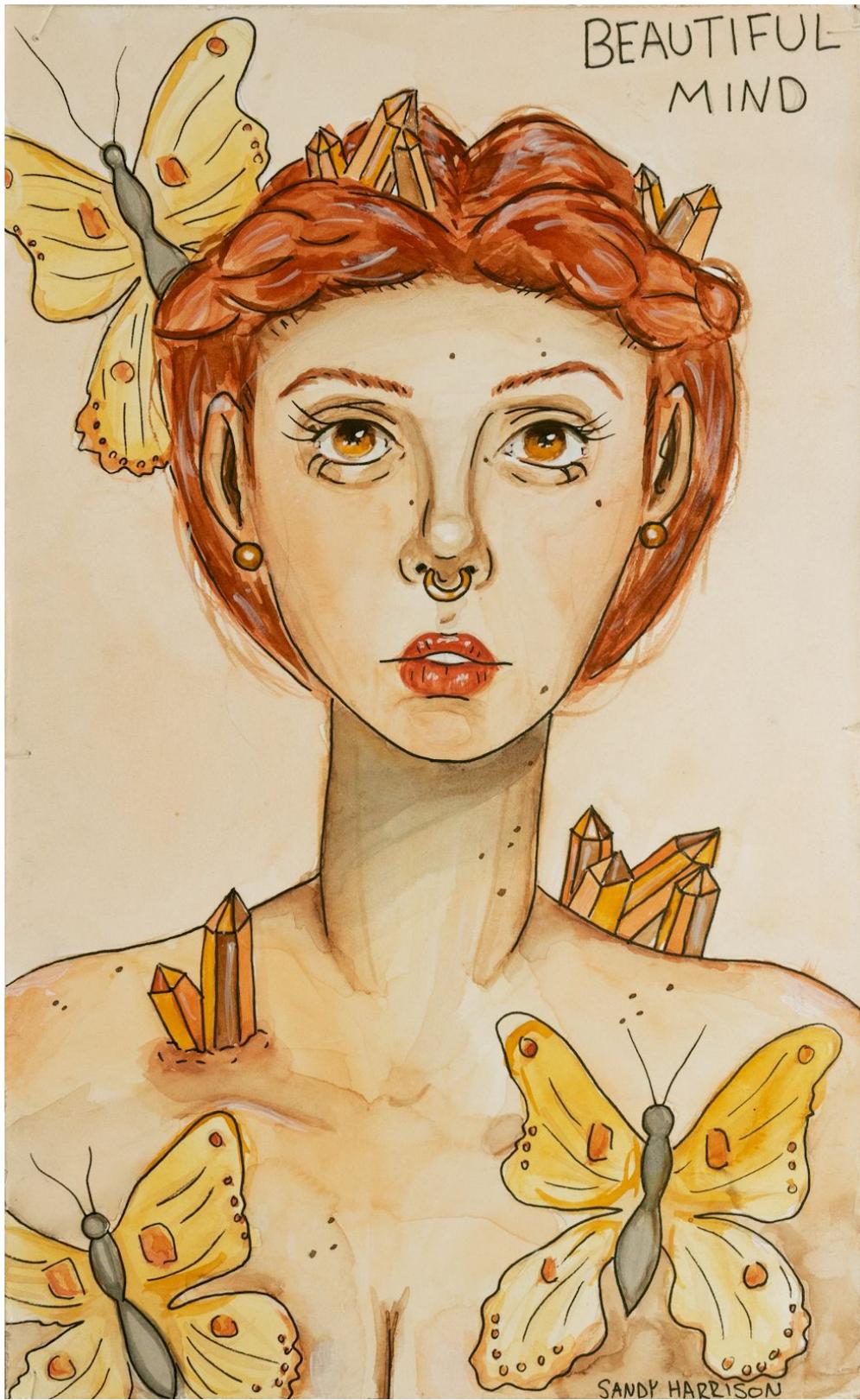
Si fueras un día: Spanish version

Si fueras un día
Serías el día más soleado del año
Serías ese día donde el sueño invade mi cuerpo
Serías ese día donde hay tanto sol
Que marcas mi espalda de oro
Si fueras un día
Serías el día donde el cielo toma el tono más feliz
En días como los tuyos
Simplemente quiero sentarme afuera
Y ver a los niños jugar con el perro
Ver los pájaros cantar las sinfonías de la felicidad.

If you were a day: English version

If you were a day
You would be the sunniest day of the year
You would be that day where sleepiness invades my body
You would be that day where there is so much sun
That it turns my back to gold If you were a day
You would be the day where the sky takes the happiest tone
On days like yours I just want to sit outside
And watch the children play with the dog
See the birds sing the symphonies of happiness.

-Tess Isabel Molina-Bayly



Drawing by Sandy Harrison

El girasol: Spanish version.

Erase una vez un GiraSol.
La giraSol era la flor más bonita del campo
Pero daba igual cuantas criaturas se confesaban, ella siempre decia no
Porque ella solo tenía a uno en su mente
El Sol.
Ella siempre mira al cielo en busca de su amada estrella
El Sol nunca miraba en su dirección,
Se creia demasiado bueno para amar a un terrestre.
Todo el mundo la dice que el Sol es un interesado y nunca miraría hacia abajo donde
ella estaba
Pero la GiraSol les ignoraba
La GiraSol se pasaba el día girando para encontrar a lo que nunca tendría
Y por la noche se consolaba los lloros con la fantasía de poder tocar el Sol y decirle lo
tanto que le amaba.
Tu leeras esto y pensarás que es la historia más triste de todas.
Pero prometo que aunque al final ella nunca pudo confesarse
Acabó siendo feliz viviendo en sus sueños amorosos.

The Sunflower: English version.

There was once a Sunflower.
The Sunflower was the most beautiful flower in the field
But it did not matter how many creatures confessed, she always said no
Because she only had one in her mind,
And that was the Sun.
She always looks to the sky in search of her beloved star
The sun never looked in her direction,
He thought himself too good to love an Earthling.
Everyone tells her that the Sun is an egocentric and would never look down where
she was
But the Sunflower ignored them
The Sunflower spent the day spinning around to find what she would never have

And at night she consoled the tears with the fantasy of being able to touch the Sun
and tell him how much she loved him.
You will read this and you will think that it is the saddest story of all.
But I promise that although in the end she could never confess
She ended up being happy living in her loving dreams
-Tess Isabel Molina-Bayly

The Darkside

I was in the corner of a dark room crying and ready to pull the trigger when suddenly, I heard footsteps.

“Maizy, please come out”

“It hurts so much! I just want it to stop and this is the only way. No one will care. They all say they will but they will only care when I’m gone because they will feel guilty for not caring when I was alive.”

“That not true and you know it. Maizy, everyone loves you. Even people who hate you, only hate you because they want to be you and they’re jealous.”

“I feel alone, even though I know there is people around me; I don’t trust anyone enough to tell them how I really feel because one way or another they have somehow have betrayed me. The person who might actually care is farther away than I want, and there is nowhere to get to them. When I think of me, I just think of all my flaws and all the reasons why I don't like me.”

“What's not to like?”

“What do you mean what's not to like? Almost everything about me is what's not to like. I’m annoying, clingy, too emotional, too loud and dramatic, and I’m fat. How could you like someone with so many flaws?”

“You may see someone that is imperfect, but I see “I’m perfect” in their own way. Some people might call you clingy or annoying, but I see someone who cares and isn’t afraid to show it. And best of all your amazingly beautiful. Your smile is contagious and wherever you go, you light up the room.”

“That just me putting on a face because I don’t want anyone to see who I really am”

“That may be the case, but I know you’re always happy in one way or another. You just have to tap into that happiness.”

“How am I supposed to tap into something that’s not there? I don't have any good days anymore, only bad ones.”

“Yes, you may see the dark side of you more, but that’s only because you’re focusing on it so much. Let yourself be happy. You can focus on the dark parts only to improve your happiness.”

“But everytime I'm happy, something always goes wrong and then just shows me more ways of not loving myself and why anyone would not want to love me”

“That can't be true though because I've seen almost all of you and it gives me even more things to love about you. But the truth is that it doesn't matter what other people think. It only matters what you think and if they don't come to the realization that your one of the best girls, then they weren't meant to be your friend and don't deserve your company anyways.”

“You love me?”

“More than anything, for me I don't even know what it is, it's something I haven't felt before. When I talk to you, when you smile, when you even just look at me, I feel like I'm complete. Hearing your voice makes my day. When I'm not with you it feels like something is missing, and that something is broken. Not being able to hold you and kiss you kills me in a way I never thought possible. But when I can touch you and see you everything gets better and it's like I can breathe again. I never imagined that I could ever feel this way about someone until I met you.”

Just then she took the gun out of her hand, put it on the floor, unlocked the door and jumped into his arms. She hugged him for several minutes when he said: “Please don't ever try to kill yourself again because I don't know what I would do without you. You are perfect in your own way, don't ever put yourself down. Embrace your dark side. Don't let this world dull your sparkle.”

As I shook my head in agreement, I hugged him again. However, there was something inside me that wondered why he embraced my dark side more than I did.

- Athena Stebe-Glorius



Photo by Henry Weed

The Depravity Of The Station Master:

An otherwise dreary morning
Punctuated by the screech of waterfowl
suddenly, nowhere near as boring

A voice rang out
Some screeching eldritch being
Evoking fear in those less devout

“There has been a most unfortunate mishap
Please avoid track 9,
And as always, mind the gap”

Of course some were curious
What accident most tragic
Could have occurred on the ninth impress?

There were those of steadfast gaze and stomach
Who sought to uncover the sordid incident
And in doing so, were embroiled further in the muck

For between the wooden and steel slats
Lying between conductive rails
A dampened darkened quizzical pat

What it may be, we'll never know
Save passing seagulls and working folk

-Caleb Schmidt



Photo by Henry Weed

Yellow

Born to two whites,
I am Asian.

Defined by a color my whole life, feeling stereotyped and misunderstood.
Yellow. Asian. Adopted.

People must think,
Oh, she must be good at math.
She must be good with chopsticks.
She must have small eyes that she hates.
She must want to find her “real” parents.
Why is this okay?

Is it normal for,
Doctors to ask if the person with me is my mother,
Ordering Chinese food and being spoken to in Chinese, being told I have a Chinese
face, with people left wondering why I am not fluent in my “native” language.
If race doesn't define me, then why am I so called yellow?

Why does my race define me and allow others to question me and my family?
Why am I minimized into one group on standardized tests, being told I am the
minority?

Being told my brother is not mine since we do not share the same blood.
Being asked where is your real brother, real mother, and real father?
Why is this okay?

From an outsider's perspective it may seem as if I do not belong,
Being born to two whites, as an Asian.

Defined as a color.
Pretending I am not hurt when I am confused with the only other Asian in the class.
People apologize for calling me the wrong name, but it does not change the fact that
that have categorized me into one group. Asian.
But I am so much more than that.

Despite my outside color, I really do belong.
I am a real sister, a real daughter, and even though I use a fork with Chinese food, I
am a real,
Asian American.

-Julie Geller

Heartbeat

Your muscular hand
Ripped into my chest
Calloused palms And
dirty fingernails Mixed
with the deep red
Stringy flesh

Long fingernails
intertwined With purple
blue veins
Like running your hands
Through the insides Of
pumpkins on Halloween
My beating pulsing heart
Throbbing through its
cage Of brittle bone Your
strong filthy hand
Gripping inside and
Taking what it can find

- Grace Campanile

Seasons

In hot july he smelled of
Cherry blossoms and sweet berries.
We sipped ice tea on these hot days
When the air felt like thick honey.
We ate watermelon and held hands
And ignored the sticky feeling
Of the blazing sun.
In the red days of autumn
When the leaves changed
October breeze tousled his hair
Carrying the scent of cinnamon sticks and cloves. My rosy cheeks matched the leaves
He held my waist and we skipped pebbles.
Hot apple cider handshakes
Pumpkin pie dreams
When the air got cold
And the leaves were all gone
We warmed our hands and mouth
With hot chocolate.
When all the plants were dead
And the animals hid in the depths of the forest
I was left with you in the snow.
Catching snowflakes on my tongue
And wishing that this moment would never end

-Grace Campanile



Photo by Theo Bates