



insight  
2019

**INSIGHT**

**2019**

**THE LITERARY MAGAZINE  
OF  
HALDANE HIGH SCHOOL**



# **HALDANE ADMINISTRATION**

SUPERINTENDENT  
DR. PHILIP BENATE

PRINCIPAL  
MS. JULIA SNIFFEN

## **BOARD OF EDUCATION**

PRESIDENT  
LAURA HAMMOND

VICE-PRESIDENT  
JEN DALY

TRUSTEE  
PEGGY CLEMENTS

TRUSTEE  
MARGARET PARR

TRUSTEE  
JOHN HEDLUND



## 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*



# *INSIGHT* STAFF

Freshmen: Shea DeCaro, Antoinette DeMartine

Sophomore: Caleb Schmidt

Juniors: Mollie Altucher, Noah Bingham, Anneke Chan,  
Anastasia Coope, Jill Cox, Julie Geller, Bridget Goldberg,  
Sophia Immorlica, Cassandra Laifer, Aurora McKee,  
Andrew Nachamkin, Athena Stebe-Glorious

Seniors: Theo Bates, Freya Wood Gallagher, Henry Weed

Editor: Freya Wood Gallagher

Art Editor: Anneke Chan

Faculty Advisor: Dr. Richter

Formatted by Andrew Nachamkin and Owen McGinley



## **Table of Contents:**

### **Cover**

Reid Sandlund

### **Rocks**

Reid Sandlund

### **Bottle in the Woods**

Reid Sandlund

### **The Doe**

Reid Sandlund

### **Through Every Millenium**

Doug Donaghy

### **Painting**

Bridget Goldberg

### **Coldest Winter**

Doug Donaghy

### **Freefall**

Aurora McKee

### **Hourglass**

Aurora McKee

### **Photograph**

Anastasia Coope

### **To My Lover**

Shea DeCaro

### **Photograph**

Freya Wood-Gallagher

**Growing Up**

Shea DeCaro

**Moving**

Shea DeCaro

**Drawing**

Anneke Chan

**Sun Man**

Owen Carmacino

**Drawing**

Arlan Thornquist

**Love**

Athena Stebe-Glorius

**Painting**

Cassandra Laifer

**Of Flesh and Fruit**

Aurora McKee

**Color Drawing**

Cassandra Laifer

**Lies We Tell Small Children**

Aurora McKee

**Last Minute**

Randall Chiera

**Procrastination**

Andrew Nachamkin

**Dog Day Reverie**

Anneke Chan

**Photograph**

Anneke Chan

**The Sad Butcher**

Doug Donaghy

**Duplicity**

Caleb Schmidt

**Drawing**

Anneke Chan

**Chaos in Serenity**

Reid Sandlund

**Drawing**

Ethan Gunther

**Si fueras un día**

Tess Isabel Molina-Bayly

**Drawing**

Sandy Harrison

**El girasol**

Tess Isabel Molina-Bayly

**The Darkside**

Athena Stebe-Glorius

**Photograph**

Henry Weed

**The Depravity Of The Station Master**

Caleb Schmidt

**Photograph**

Henry Weed

**Yellow**

Julie Geller

**Heartbeat**

Grace Campanile

**Seasons**

Grace Campanile

**Photograph**

Theo Bates

## ***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

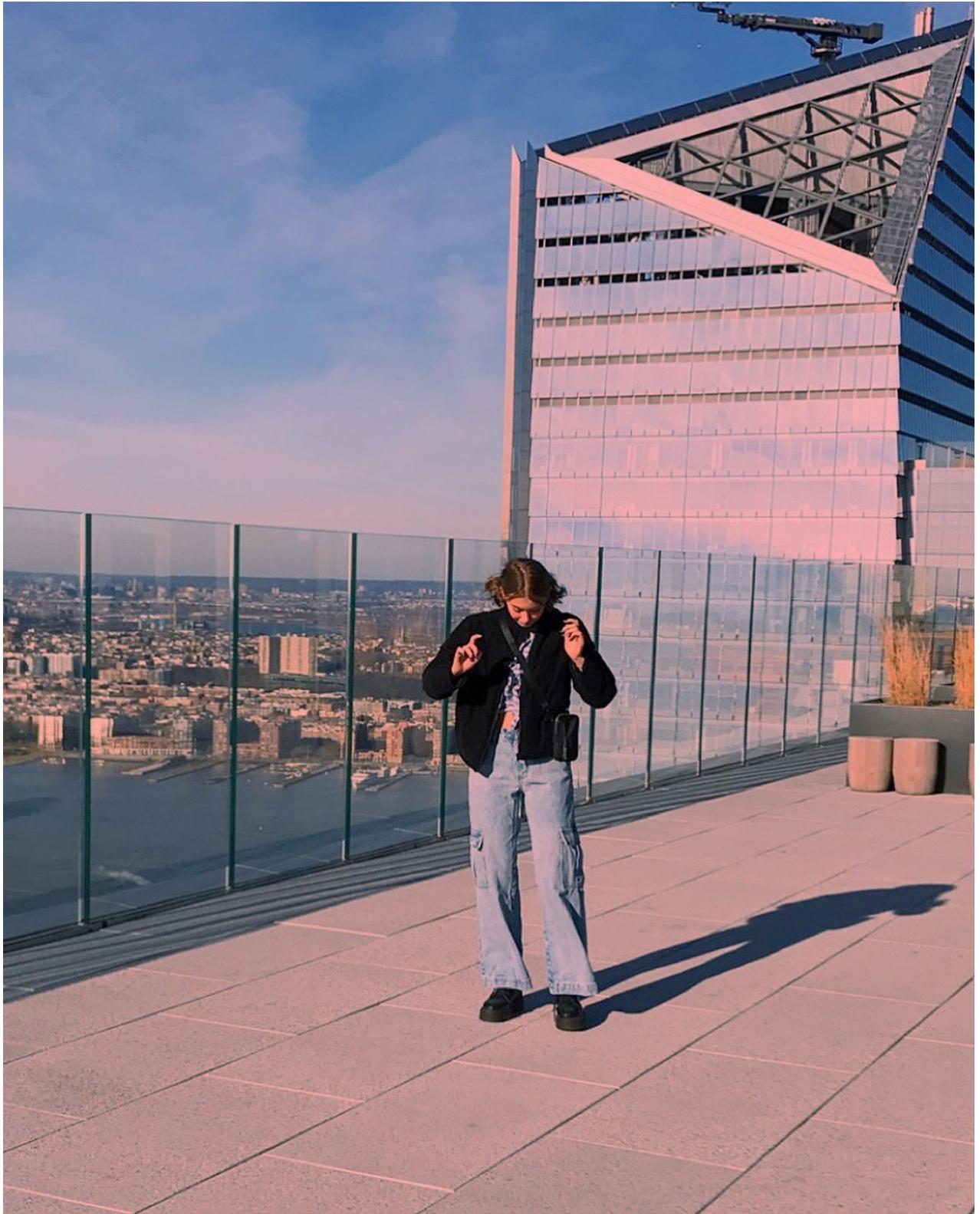


Photo by Anastasia Coope

## *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

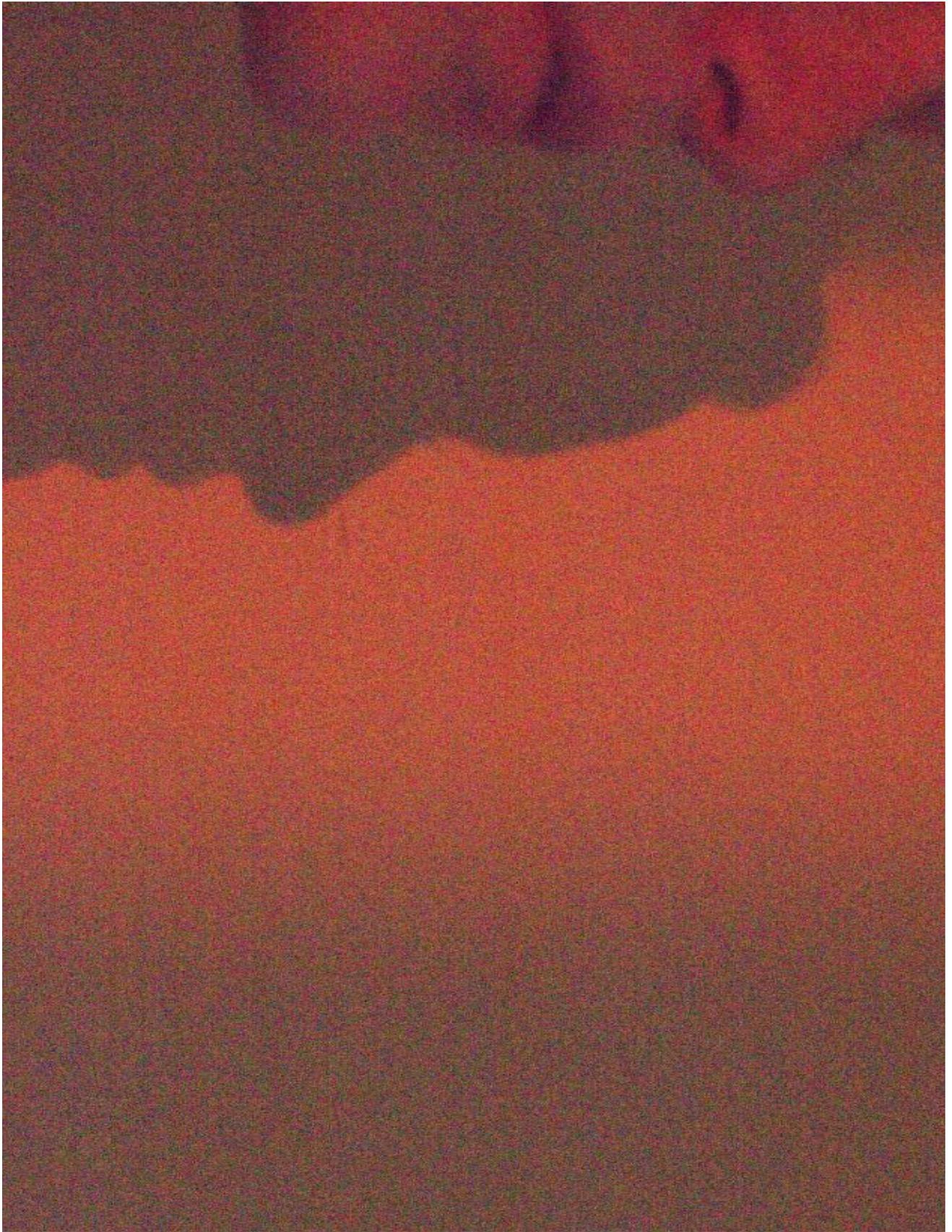


Photo by Freya Wood-Gallagher

## *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!

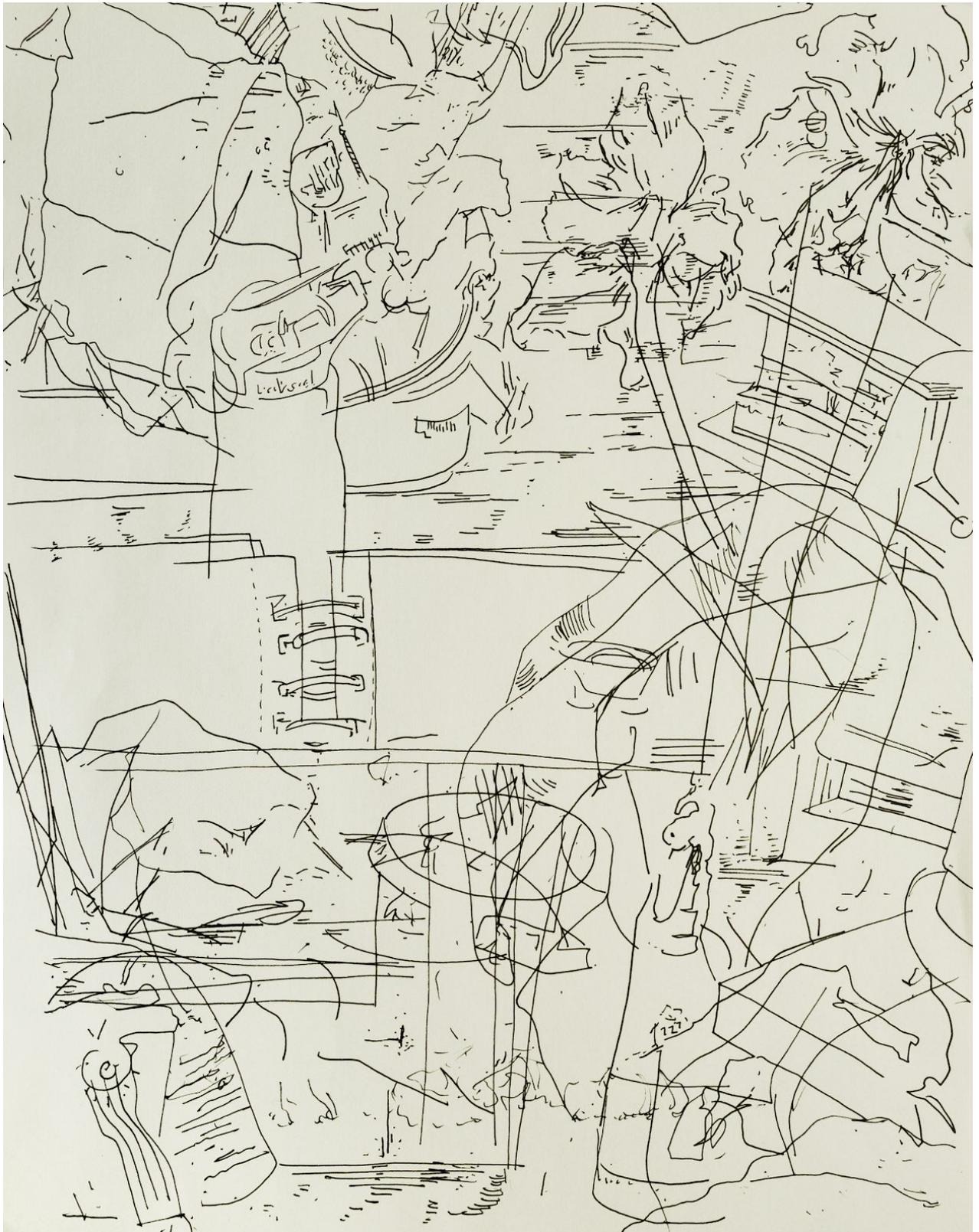
But I find it hard to calculate differences between us.

-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

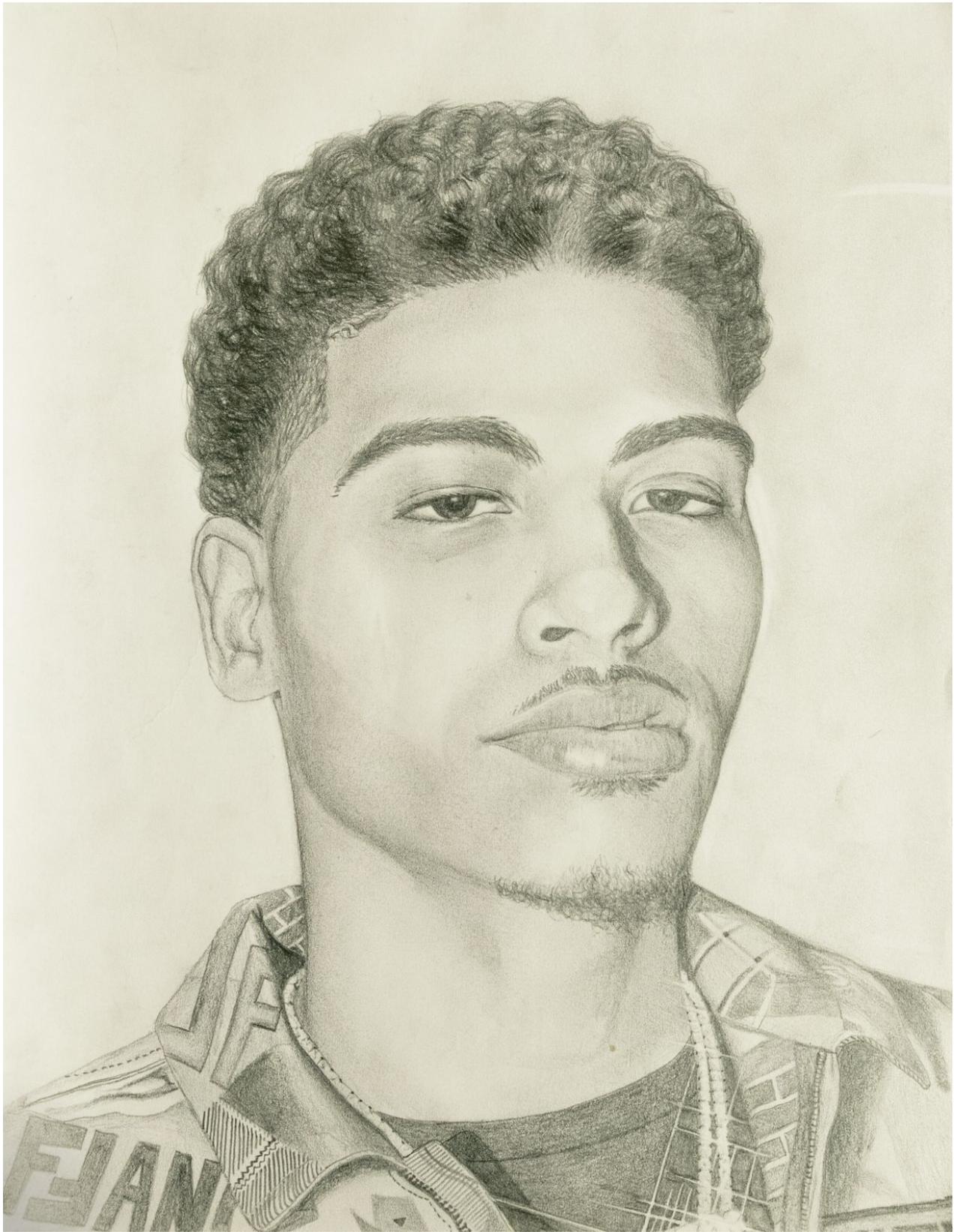
My brothers and sisters dance so far  
My family all children are all stars  
For who's light touches each planet we spar  
But i'm the king of mars!

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

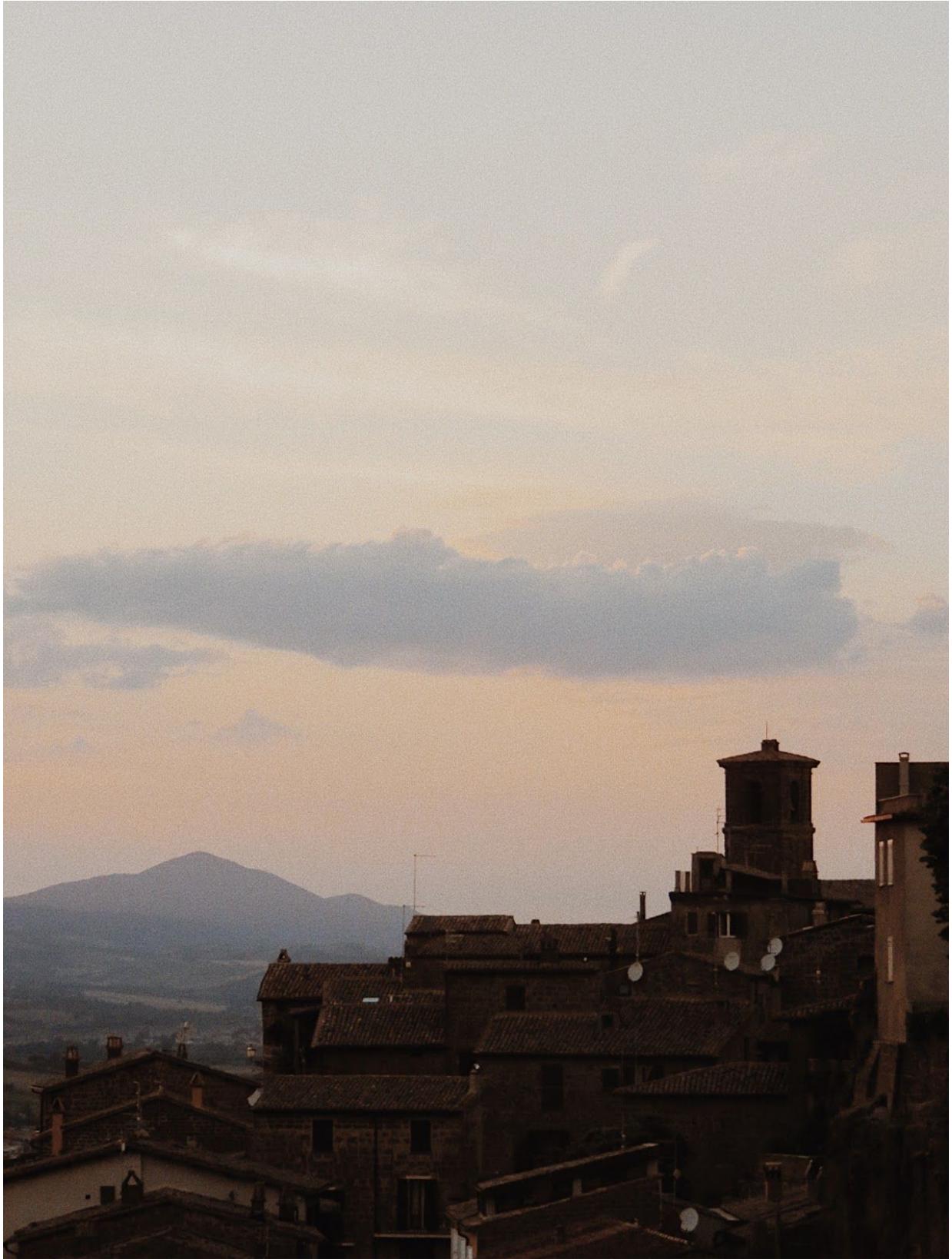


Photo by Anneke Chan

## *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,

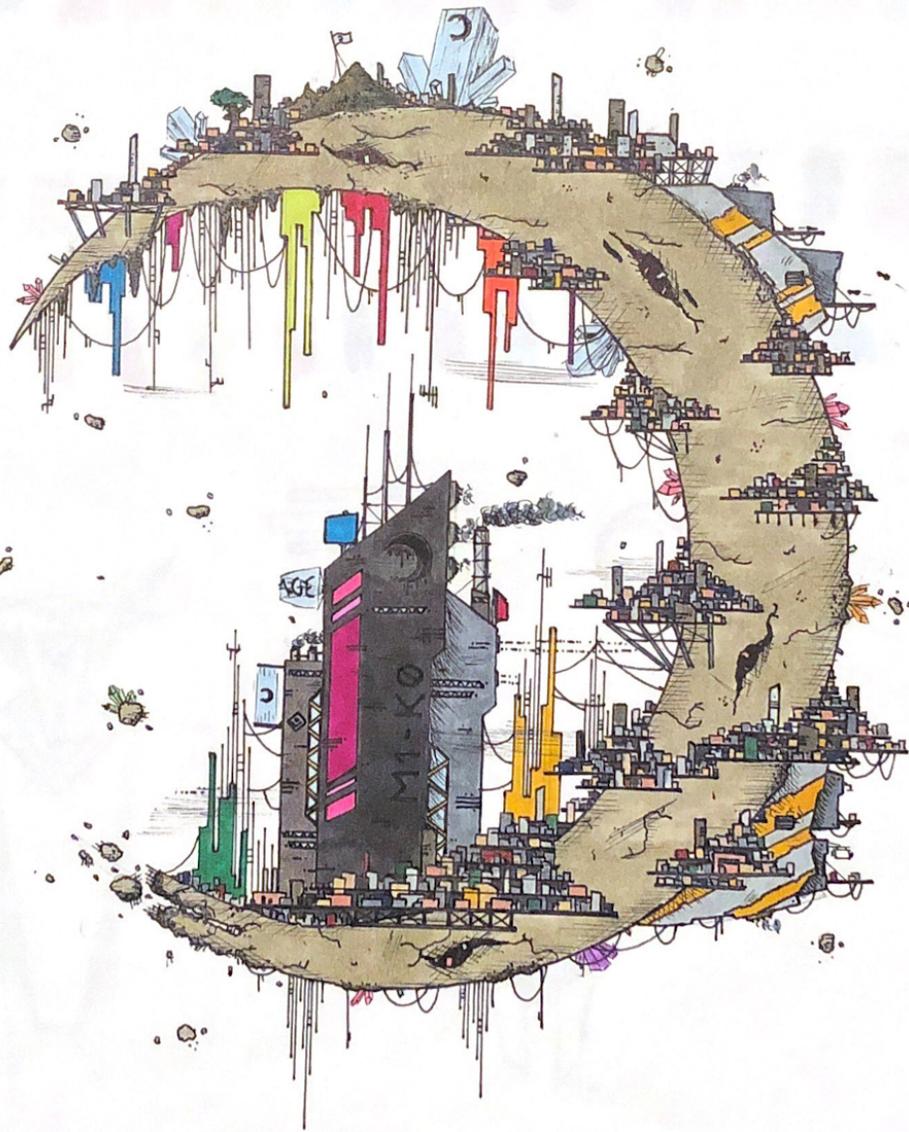
processing what had happened. Then, Logan is engulfed in a hug, and for once he doesn't flinch. This time he returns it, eyes shut tightly and relishing the warmth and comfort of the exchange. Reluctantly, after a moment he pulls away, pulling on his jacket. In the heat of the moment, the adrenaline 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-KO (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

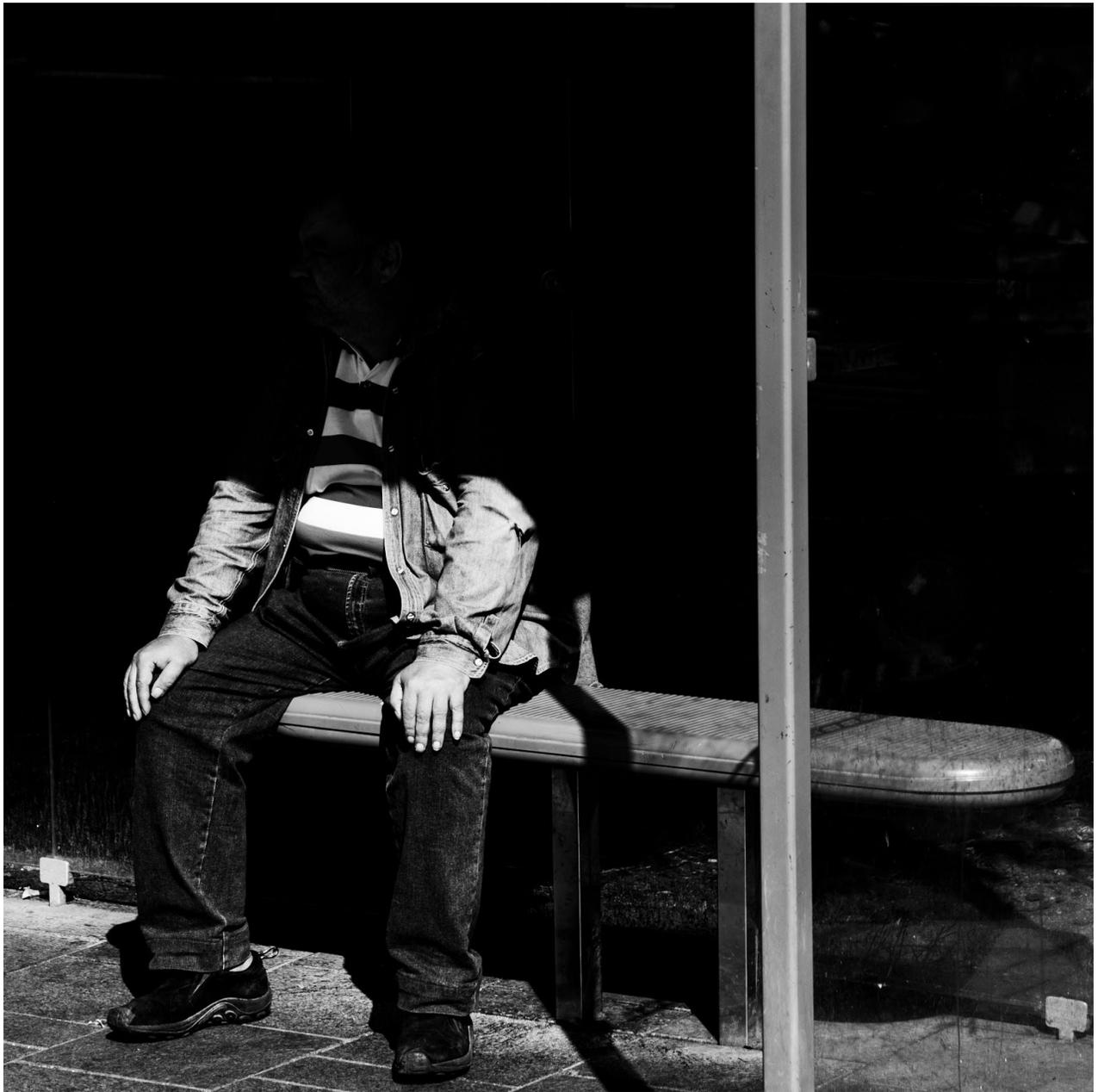


Photo by Henry Weed

## *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