

SAAS

SEATTLE ACADEMY

Literary Magazine
Presents:

Quarantine



Issue #2

Featuring:

Writing and art created by the
Seattle Academy community

Contents

Cover photos by Colin Cole

Note from the club leaders	1
Between the Sun and the Horizon - Savannah Parker Photography - Janelle Arends and Alexandra Pfau	2
Labels - Annabelle Burg	3-5
Constant Rate - Ella Jeffries Photography - Sophia Watt	6
Photography - Sophia Watt	7
Life Is But A Dream [Hedreen Gallery Poem] - Savannah Parker Photography - Janelle Arends	8-10
Photography - Delphine Casper	11-12
Our Team	13

Note from the club leaders:

On behalf of the Literary Magazine Club, we hope you enjoy this collection of student writing and photography. We'd like to thank everyone who put themselves out there by submitting their work and applaud them on their new status as published artists! The theme of this issue is Quarantine. We are so pleased to be able to create a space for student's to express their thoughts and feelings during this difficult time. If you are inspired by the work in this magazine, please submit your own work for the next issue. Thank you and enjoy!

- Ella Jeffries and Zola Morris



Between the Sun and the Horizon

By Savannah Parker

I ask that you don't worry about me.

Please don't be in a hurry for me.

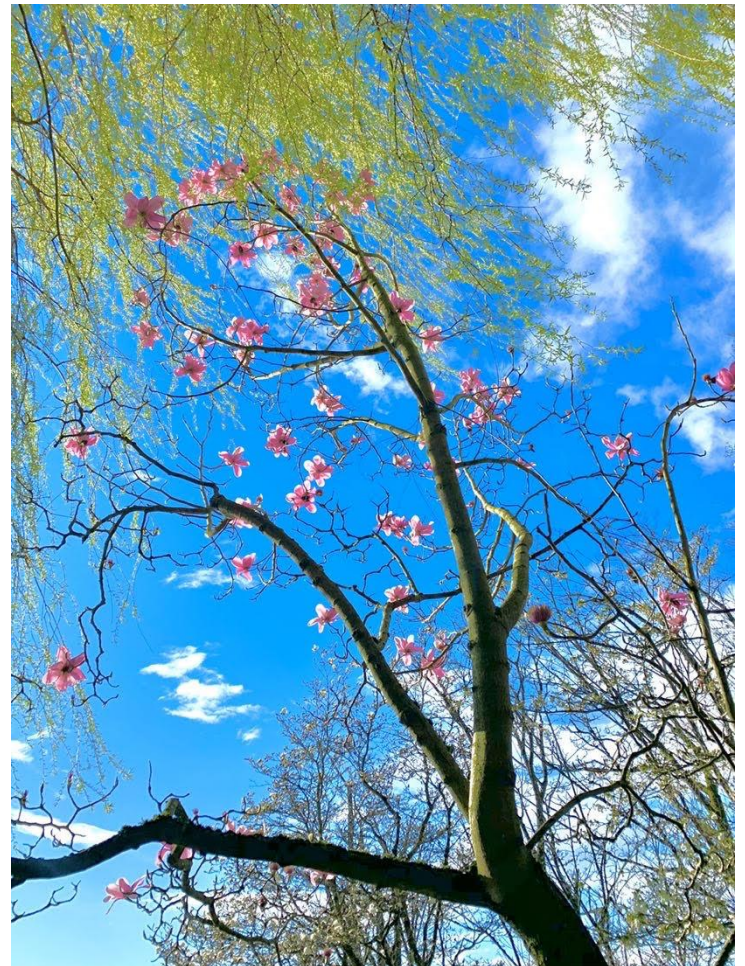
I am fine.

I've sat and enjoyed the sublime essence of life.

So, if tonight is my night, then so be it.

I've lived just to find, my demise.

The closing of the sunrise.



Photos by Janelle Arends (left) and Alexandra Pfau (right)

Labels

By Annabelle Burg

People get labeled and put into boxes as soon as we start showing personality traits as a little kid. My brother has always been the strong one, the athletic one, the science one, the smart one. I've always been the whiny one, the be delicate with her one, the don't hurt her feelings one. I've been labeled as the loud, extroverted one, as the creative artsy one, as the singer one. I've been labeled as the quiet one, the delicate one, the one who is afraid of ovens one. The anxious one.

As the "anxious one" in my family, it's like people are constantly expecting me to break down at any moment during this whole thing. Like when I forgot I had cookies in the oven and they got a little crispier than I wanted them too. I was asked if I was okay, what happened? Is it your anxiety? Are you sure it's not? No, I just forgot to set a timer, it's fine. They'll still taste good, and besides,, I made three other trays that are cooked perfectly. I'm fine.

I've also been labeled as the introvert within my friends. Someone texted me the other day, completely sure that I was enjoying quarantine and found it a great time to be productive. No, I'm not enjoying quarantine, I told her. I miss my friends, and I've lost a lot of things that were important to me during this.

I've sat around for days twiddling my thumbs and reading books and dreaming of when this is all over and the sun will come out and I can see my family that I'm worried about and hug my little cousins and make sure that they are okay because they're quarantined across the state from me and my cousin gets anxious and all I want to do right now is protect her from all of the horrors in the world.

I guess where I'm trying to go with this is that this has turned our world upside down. I'm the anxious one, but for some reason, my anxiety is lower than ever. I'm the introverted one, but I miss my family and friends like hell and the only thing that is keeping me going right now is many social distanced bike rides and bonfires with my neighbor, who has kept me sane for the last 13 years. We've all lost lots and some more than others. I've been lucky; everything has been canceled, but my family is safe and in a place where we're financially stable. Not everyone can say that right now.

Please look beyond the labels. I'm more than the anxious, introverted one. My brother is more than the athletic, smart one. You're more than whatever box you feel like you've been shoved in. If you're usually the calm, cool, collected one, but you're anxious and nervous and freaking out about this whole situation, you are completely valid to feel that way. If you're the anxious, freak out about every little thing, overthinker usually, but you're handling this surprisingly well,

that's awesome and I'm SO proud of you. Please let me know how you're doing it.

So, my main point is that you are valid. And this sucks. It SUCKS. But instead of just checking in with the "anxious one", check-in with the people you might least expect to be having a hard time with all of this. Check-in with the smiley one that brings joy into your life, because they might be having a hard time finding any light in the darkness that is the world right now. Check-in with the one that you know is going through a hard time, and be there for them in whatever way they need.

Check-in with the person who you would least expect to need help, because they could need it the most.

Constant Rate

By Ella Jeffries

Time's everlasting clock ticks
A mallet against your skull with each click
A constant rate
reassuring and frightening
That doesn't stop or slow or speed
For sixty seconds, a minute, shall always be



Photo by Sophia Watt

Photography

Sophia Watt



Life Is But A Dream [Hedreen Gallery Poem]

By Savannah Parker

What am I living for?

Love
In
Full
Effect.

They say, “We don’t choose this life, life chooses us.”
Life is our excuse for what we fail to do.
Fail to pursue, execute.

I make do with what I have.
I long to make amends with the past, with what didn’t last.

Who am I living for?

In
Sight.

Out of spite, of no one.
No one but myself.
We live to reap the wealth of our labor.
Life isn’t certain, so I apologize now for my unspoken behavior.

I’m working, you’re working for something good.
There’s only so much time, but I’d do it all if I could.

What are we here for?

**Walking
High
Above the
Trauma.**

Moving beyond the drama.
The passion within us is ignited by the pain we've experienced.

Why live?

**Young and
Observant of the
Universe.**

I try not to question my purpose on this planet.
'Cause some things are meant to be unknown, some objects should be left alone.

When are you alive?

**Managing
All
Known
Events.**

I am who I want to be, we do what we want to do, but the consequences of our decisions are not in our control.

The outcome of our actions is not our own.

Not much can be said there is no manual on how to live when you're dead.

Dimmed lights on our elusive thoughts, so they remain unread.

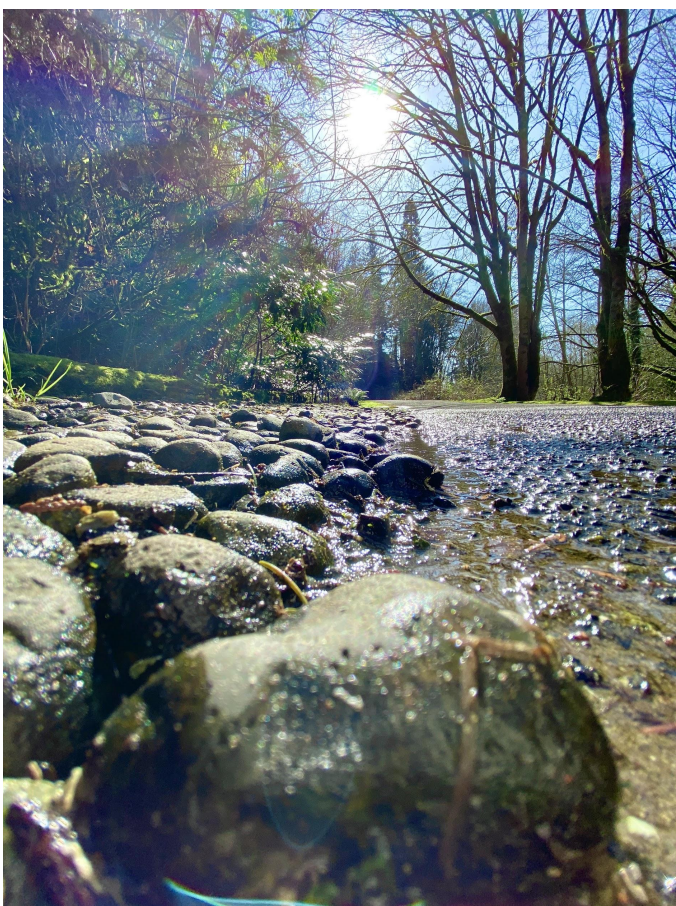
Like a book that hasn't been sold, like a story that's never been told.

A page that's never been turned, stuck on the inside, a new life is all we yearn for.

When will you live?

**Intentionally
Tough.**

Life is rough, and I only can do so much.
It asks that we be present, it asks that we stay the course.
So I am here, we are here, I stand to remain.



Photos by Janelle Arends

Photography

By Delphine Casper



Photography By Delphine Casper



Our Team

Club Leaders:

- ❖ Ella Jeffries (10) and Zola Morris (10)

Club Faculty Advisor:

- ❖ Kevin Kimura

Club Members:

- ❖ Alexander Kramer (9)
- ❖ Calvin Lundin (9)
- ❖ Annabelle Burg (10)
- ❖ Lex Capestany (10)
- ❖ Arundati Iyer (10)
- ❖ Alexandra Pfau (10)
- ❖ Halle Janssen (11)
- ❖ Kate MacArthur (11)

