



THE BULLIS SCHOOL LITERARY ART MAGAZINE

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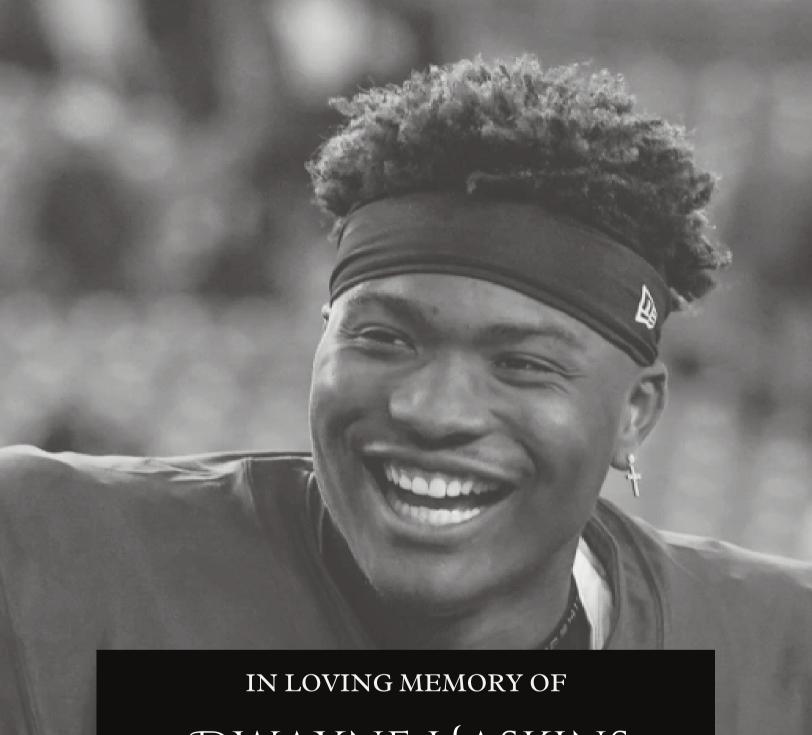
**Lauren Termini** 



Logos

2021-2022

10601 Falls Road Potomac, MD 20854 Front Cover image: "Over-Thinking" by Carolyn Tang Back cover image: Marzan Karim



## DWAYNE HASKINS

1997-2022

The day you passed a new star came by, infinite wishes will be made on your star.

A shining light as you were on earth, now in heaven you will forever shine.

RAFAELLA EFFIO & JACK WILSON 24'

# LOGOS



## λόγος

AN ANCIENT
GREEK CONCEPT
MEANING THE
DIVINE REASON
IMPLICIT IN
THE COSMOS,
GIVING IT
ORDER, FORM,
AND MEANING

### Acknowledgements

The Logos team would like to give a great thank you to every person who submitted their creativity and talent for this publication. We are very grateful to the students who filled the pages of our magazine with their beautiful words and artwork.

We would also like to thank the English and Art Departments for helping refine these fantastic works of art and writing pieces.

Thank you to all the readers who will enjoy this magazine.

We have put in a lot of time and effort.

Last but not least, we would like to thank our advisor, Ms. Termini.

She has helped us a lot throughout this process by always encouraging us to come up with creative ideas to solve problems and challenges along the way.

ART BY JENNIFER SHA

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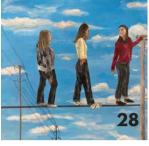
















































SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.
SHE WAS A WORK OF ART IN EVERY WAY.

HER SMILE SHINED BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN ABOVE HER.

HER LAUGHTER BROUGHT JOY TO ACHING HEARTS.

HER WORDS WERE BLANKETS
OF COMFORT ON A COLD DAY.

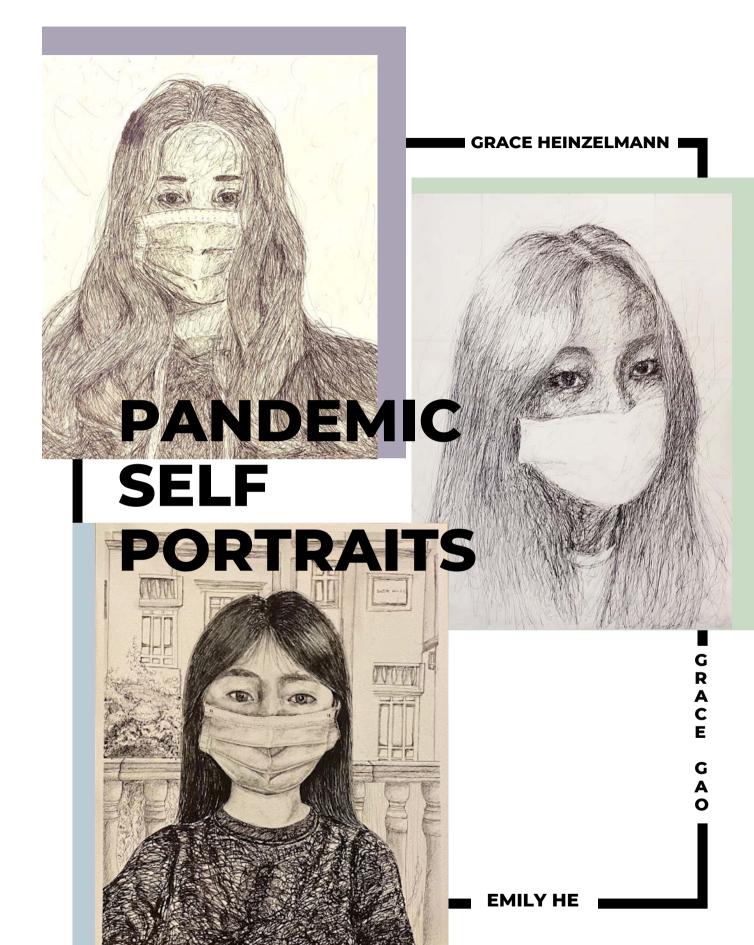
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.
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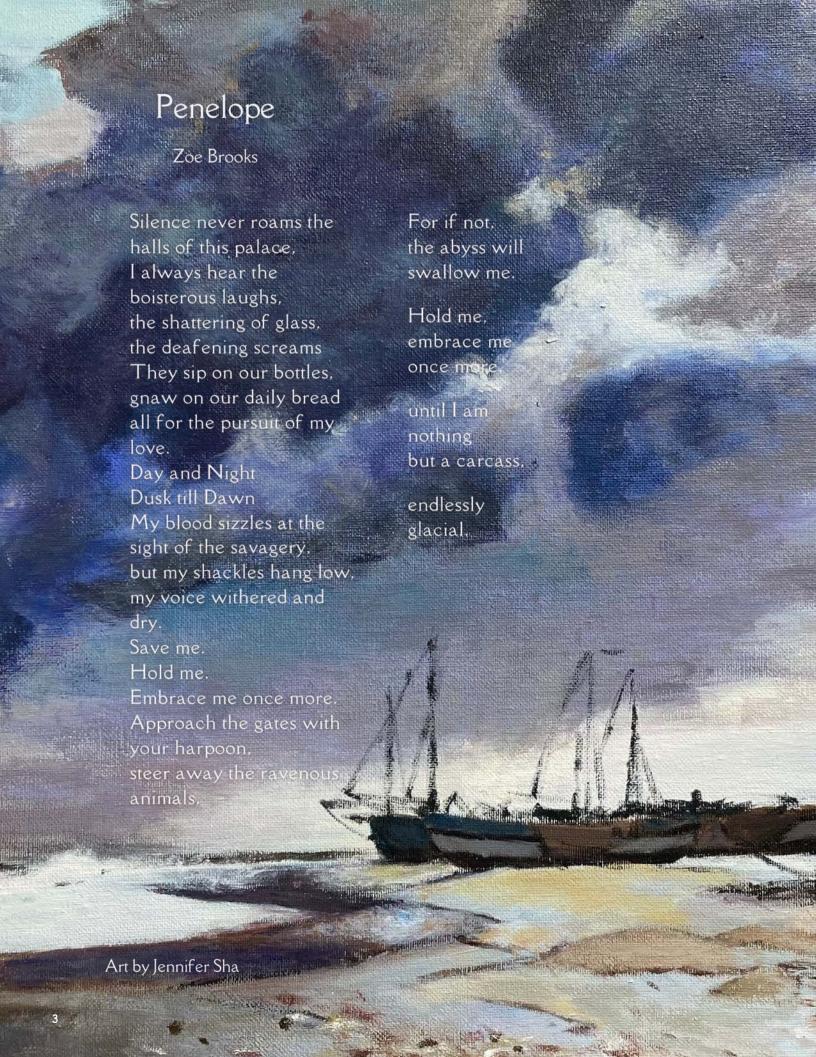
HER WALK WAS FULL OF CONFIDENCE, THE TYPE TO MAKE YOU LOOK TWICE.

HER EYES TOLD STORIES LIKE NO OTHER,

HER TOUCH WAS GENTLE AND KIND.

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.
SHE WAS A WORK OF ART IN EVERY WAY.





# MOMENTS IN BETWEEN OLIVIA BARRETT

**Moments in between** Life through the cracks Those voids that no one Tells you how to fill No milestones **Nothing to remember** Fractures of insignificant **Normality** Those are the warmest **Sunny golden moments** Where soulful yellowing Shadows crawl across The wall From the exhausting sun Submerging below a skyline And you dance over sidewalk Lines And skip under telephone Wires It makes you see the beauty The gracefulness of life These small minutes are the **Moments in between** The most brilliant and Foggiest pieces of our being





WHERE I MET YOU

NOOR SISSOKO

I met you under the night sky
I remember every star shining brighter than the one before her
I remember your face and the ocean that you call eyes
I don't remember much from before
Just that there is nothing I would rather do than be with you more

I met you under the light of day
I remember the way those ocean eyes stared into mine
I remember the dance my heart played when I was near you
I don't want you to forget me
Just let me look at you for a while and my heart will dance with glee

I met you at the place I call home
I remember all the sweet words you spoke
I remember those sleepy eyes and weary smiles
I don't want you to leave
Just lay there and continue to deceive

I met you around the block
I remember the silence that lingered between us
I remember the pain my heart felt
I don't want this to end
Just stay right here so we can continue to pretend

I don't meet you anymore
I still think of the ocean you call eyes
I still think of the sweet words and weary smiles
You never told me what I did
Just left, didn't say goodbye, and hid





I was kept away from what felt like everything. It was my only option. I apologize.

Allow me to start from the beginning, the real one, of course. Everyone knows the tale of poor "Sleeping Beauty," but they are *wrong*. I was trapped in a dainty cottage. Freedom was snatched from me from the time I was born. By the time I was 13, I felt lonely, knowing there were people I wouldn't get the chance to meet. One day, I decided this whole obedience idea was getting a little old. I crept through the cottage kitchen and grasped the rusted doorknob. It would lead me to where I felt I belonged. I had never been outside without an adult. I felt free, relieved almost. I skipped into the forest without a second thought. I marveled at the view, listening closely to the orchestra of birds and branches groaning as critters crawled through the undergrowth. Then something grasped my attention. I caught a glimpse of the most beautiful color red I had ever seen. Sheltered by that glistening color of crimson was a girl. She was wearing a red cape with a hood as red as blood and she was staring right back at me.

### RED

I had always been obedient. I never broke the rules. I had to get away, and if I hadn't, I wouldn't have met her.

I'm sorry. Allow me to start from the beginning, the real one, of course.

We all know the tale of the little, sweet maiden girl called "Red Riding Hood." The wolf wasn't the only thing that ate me up. Any sort of creativity was snatched from me from the time I was born. I was always a suck-up to my mother and constantly needed her approval. I got sick and tired of being the only one doing anything in the house. I needed to escape, so I did. One day, she asked me to go to my grandmother's house and bring her bread and flowers because she was sick. I decided I'd obey for my grandmother's sake.

As I skipped into the woods, I peered around at the unfamiliar surroundings. I was curious and wanted to explore. I must stay on the path, I thought. I went straight to my grandmother's house, gave her the goods, and continued on my journey home. On my way back to my home, the forest called to me once more. This time I strayed into the woods. I sat in the long grass, taking in the thicket's beauty, when something caught my eye. A flash of white. It was a girl my age, wearing a peasant dress. She had golden, short hair and rosy cheeks. She was staring right back at me.

The two girls exchanged glances, inching closer to each other. They introduced themselves and began conversing while sitting in a meadow of wild rye. Fenced in by the tall trees, laughing and playing, they lost track of time. Eventually, the sun began hinting that it would dip below the horizon. The girls bid their goodbyes and planned to meet again the next day. Both arrived home in time for their guardians not to suspect a thing. The next day, Aurora snuck out to the woods again, and Red did the same. They met at the same place. They did this for many days, sharing their stories, interests, and passions. Months after their friendship had begun, Aurora showed up at the meeting spot as always, but Red didn't.

#### AURORA

I waited for Red for what seemed like years, but she never came. I wailed and bawled my eyes out at the meadow day after day, expecting her to appear. I felt like a piece of me was missing. She was my secret, the only thing important to me, and she was gone. I knew that something was stopping her. I eventually convinced myself she was deceased. She was the only friend I ever had.

I spent so many days hoping I would see her bright burgundy cape one last time until I finally snapped. I ran towards the nearest moonseed plant. Moonseeds are the most toxic berries I know of, so I ate and ate and ate. Each berry went down my throat as fast as each tear droplet descended my cheek. My head became heavy. I fell and everything became black. No noises, no pain, nothing.

### RED

Many days after Aurora and I first met, I arrived home and saw my mother waiting for me on the doorstep of our cottage. She looked furious. I wasn't supposed to take that long coming home from the market. She spat words of profanity and degradation at me. She heard from a passing peasant that I had been straying off the path to meet someone. When my mother demanded who this person was, I told her it was a girl. How did I know her? How did I know she wasn't dangerous? She was a stranger.

My mother became my captor, and Aurora became my craving. My mother took my cape just in case I tried to leave. I disconnected from the world and fell into a deep, lugubrious hole. This feeling tore me apart, and I felt helpless. I mourned, knowing Aurora would show up for me every day, hoping I would appear.

### AURORA

I woke up in an unfamiliar room. I was surrounded by apothecaries cheering and yelping with joy. They hugged each other and exclaimed their happiness to one another. Amongst the gleeful crowd stood a young man in his mid-20s. His reaction was unlike that of the other people. He was still. His face was surprised, in awe.

He explained my situation. The berries had done much damage to my organs. The group of medics did everything they could to save me but couldn't, and the poison sent me into a coma for years. The young man had conducted research and eventually found the reason for the coma. He extracted it and brought me back to life after years of hard work and dedication.

My parents had arranged for us to marry if he were to awaken me in time for my 16th birthday. I disagreed with this arrangement. I still remembered Red. I told them everything. My parents forbade me from ever seeing her again. After much dispute, I gave up and let the marriage happen. My new husband told me stories of how he had read to me while I was asleep and fell in love with me for my beauty. How flattering. He wasn't all that bad though. He cared for me very much and we lived happily ever after.

#### RED

Sorrow and hopelessness led me to him. I never had a father figure at home, just my mother. One day as I met a huntsman in town. He was new to the village and introduced himself to me. We talked, and he told me of his adventures. I was so in awe of his stories that I begged to meet him in the same place tomorrow. We did this for a while, and he taught me many valuable lessons. He gave me fatherly advice. I invited him to our house for dinner. Since I had spent my past years dwelling in the pain and gloom of losing Aurora, my mother was happy to have a guest for dinner. We talked and laughed about old stories and adventures. He made me laugh. It was the happiest I had felt in a long time. I was happy, my mother was happy, and the man was happy. Eventually, we asked him to move in with us. He had pulled me from the monster's jaws, cut me from its stomach, and slain it. She no longer kept hold of me. We lived happily ever after.

Both mothers used the stories you may know today to cover what connections their daughters had with each other. A spinning wheel instead of poisonous berries and a wolf instead of depression. Sleeping Beauty and Red Riding Hood? How could those two tales be connected? They tried to make sure this information would never surface ever again. They did a good job. You're reading this now though, right? This is one side of this story. You grew up with another, I know. Although, you really shouldn't believe a story until you've heard all sides to it.

### **WITHERED**



# BARALKEL

**EMILY HE** 

Leave me in the stars
I am starting a journey
In a parallel universe

Leave me in the sunshine
I traveled light years away
Seeking the other me



SH

I don't understand why I am so scared

Why I tremble in fear anytime someone calls my name

Why I freak out so much I don't enjoy the game

Why I need someone to lift me up

But most of all

Why I let my fear control me

Why I'm scared to be myself

Why I'm scared to let someone in

What I understand most is why I distance myself from people

Why fear exists

Why I will no longer allow it to control me

"I" BY CHARLOTTE CAINE



## I HEAR AMERICA SCREAMING

I hear America screaming, like tearing sheets of cloth,
Straining against its woven chains, sanity thrown out like trash.
Each organ from its massive frame, swearing upon its troth,
To maul and burn the others, till naught is left but ash.

RONAN ZWA

Growing pains and age-old aches now plague the land of freedom,
Dark streets stained with sanguine paint, growing darker... ever darker.
Ignorance grows, and hatred follows, festering in the darkness—
Lies sprout fastest in the shadows, and there is no shadow darker than Ignorance.

Yet, there is a path that could lead a few to happiness. And a simple path it is to walk, save for a few minor sacrifices:

Relinquish thought,
Relinquish freedom.
Relinquish will,
and Relinquish reason.
Practice obedience.
Not self-reliance!
Live by tradition,
Don't be defiant.

A glorious sight to behold, is it not?
Indivisible; United, with liberty and justice for all.
How can injustice be possible,
When our sameness stands proud and tall?

Is that what we want?
Is that what we have fought for?
Happiness as a byproduct of emptiness?

Each thread sings its own unique song,
Beautiful in their separation.
But when the threads wind and weave together,
Dancing to a tune too vast to truly grasp,
A Tapestry is woven, one unlike any other in the world.

I hear America singing, like a crowd singing, "Happy Birthday."

Out of key and out of time, with some not even trying.

But songs can be practiced, and voices trained: we just need some conductors.

Act soon though, or forever hold your peace; from the way things have been going...

**WE MIGHT JUST ALL START DYING!** 







### I Am Not Ella

### Rafaella Effio English

Hey! What's your name?

Rafaella.

That's too hard. We'll call you Ella.

Umm, okay.

So, where are you from?

I'm from Peru.

Where is that? In Asia?

No, it's in Latin America.

Omg, so how did you get here? On a canoe?

Umm, no.

Wait, you don't look Hispanic.

Sorry?

You are so lucky since you are white-passing.

Lucky?

Every single day I get told that this is America. We speak English. My parents must be narcos for me to come to a private school. You Hispanics keep ruining our economy.

You think I am lucky?

Every time I open my mouth, I get made fun of because my English isn't perfect. But they don't realize that I am fluent in 2 languages and I know 3 more.

You think I am lucky?

Every day I worry that someone I love will be deported and lose everything.

You think I am lucky?

If a family member here gets injured we are scared to go to the hospital since they could be deported.

You think I am lucky?

What if you felt scared to go to the police just because of your ethnicity?

So yeah, I don't feel lucky.

Being a Latina is not easy. But I still thrive and survive. My name is NOT Ella.

My name is Rafaella.



### No Soy Ella

### Rafaella Effio Español

¡Oye! ¿cómo te llamas? Rafaella ¿Qué? ¿Te llamas que? Rafaella. Muy complicado. Te vamos a llamar Ella. Umm, okay. ¿Y, de donde eres? Soy del Peru. ¿Y dónde está eso? ¿En Asia? No, esta en Latino América. Oh Por Dios! ¿Entonces cómo llegaste aquí? ¿En una canoa? Umm, no. Espera, ti no pareces Hispana! ¿Perdón!? Ala que suertuda! Pareces gringa! ¿Suertuda?

Todos los días me dicen esto es América, hablamos inglés. Mis padres deben ser narcos para que venga a una escuela privada.
Ustedes los Hispanos siguen arruinando nuestra economía.
¿Tú crees que yo soy suertuda?
Cada vez que abro la boca, alguien se burla de mí porque mi inglés no es perfecto.
Pero ellos no se dan cuenta que yo hablo dos idiomas fluido y se hablar tres más.

¿Tú crees que yo soy suertuda? Todos días me preocupa a quien amo sea deportado y pierda todo.

¿Tú crees que yo soy suertuda? Si un familiar aquí se lesiona tenemos miedo de ir al hospital ya que los pueden deportar.

¿Tú crees que yo soy suertuda? ¿Qué pasaría si tuvieras miedo de ir a la policía solo por tu etnia? Así que sí, no me siento afortunada.

> Y sí, ser Latina no es fácil. Pero soy todavía próspero y yo sobrevivo. Mi nombre NO es Ella.

> > Me llamo Rafaella.



Afrolatino Afrolatino Afrolatino Afrolatino Afrolatino Afro AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino AfrRAIZES Latino AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino A atino AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatMyROOTS ARE WHAT DEFINE MEO AfroLatino Afrol o AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino THE CURLS IN MY HAIR, AfroLatino AfroLatino no AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino Afrough MY GOLDEN SKIN, AfroLatino Afrol AfroLatino Appothe History of Stolen Slaves is FORGOTTENatino Afrol AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLabutthe color of their skin and AfroLatino Afrol HEIR HAIR SAYS OTHERWISE. AfroLati<u>no Af</u>rol AfroLatino AfroLatino A otino FROMTI Y NO DEBEMOS OLÍVIDARNOS atino Afrocatino Afrolatinos. AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino (AfroLatino A AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino AfroLatino Afrol



TRUST IS POWERFUL

BUT TRUST CAN DO HARM

AND SHATTER YOU TO PIECES

GIVE A GORGEOUS SMILE

IT CAN BRING YOU GREAT PEOPLE

OR PEOPLE THAT RUIN YOU



WORDS BY MOLLYBETH GREEN PHOTO BY JACK WILSON

## TRAUMA IN. TRAUMA OUT







JASMIN RICE

### THE WAY LIFE GOES

**CHIMA BLANCHARD** 

Searching for significance during your time,
When the meaning lies right under nose,
Some things won't go the way you choose,
But you learn so much more when you lose.

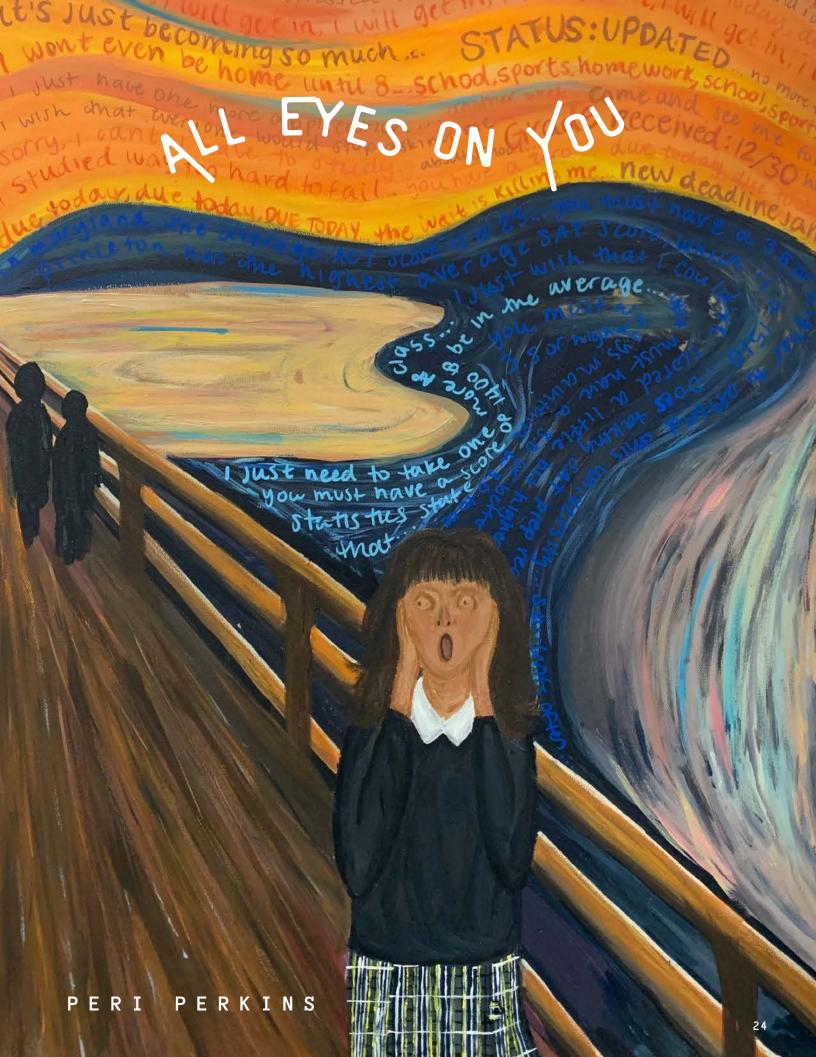
A man sets out for roses and returns with violets,

Just how one can seek love and gets violence,

Certain things are out of our control,

That's just the way life goes.

Eventually you will realize the lesson life teaches,
Like multiple riddles that all have the same answer,
What you experience should not shape your view,
Just take a walk in someone else's beat up shoes,
To really see that you're not alone.



## THE EFFECTS OF WAR

#### EVAN PRICE

WAR IS HARSH BY IMPOSING PAIN ON OTHERS

LIVES TAKEN WITHOUT PURPOSE, ALL BY GREED

WAR IS HARSH BY IMPOSING PAIN ON OTHERS

LIVES TAKEN WITHOUT PURPOSE, ALL BY GREED

BOMBS SHELLING AROUND INNOCENT PEOPLE

SCREAMING SO LOUD, THE MAN IN CHARGE CAN
HEAR

BOMBS SHELLING AROUND INNOCENT PEOPLE

SCREAMING SO LOUD, THE MAN IN CHARGE CAN
HEAR

LIVES CHANGED, NEVER THE SAME
MEMORIES TATTOOED

AFFECTING THOSE OF THE YOUTH, NEVER THE SAME LIVES CHANGED, NEVER THE SAME MEMORIES TATTOOED

AFFECTING THOSE OF THE YOUTH, NEVER THE SAME

WAR IS ALL BUT PEACE, LEAVING LIVES IN RUINS

WAR IS ALL BUT PEACE, LEAVING LIVES IN RUINS







K. G.

People don't listen,

People don't trust,

People aren't true to themselves.

Most people could be happy but won't do the work themselves.

People are quick to disrespect others

without hesitation.

I don't want to be like people,
I want to be me.

I wish I could be more me.

People hate themselves so they become like other people, and then hate others for being themselves.

Hate always comes from a hatred of yourself.

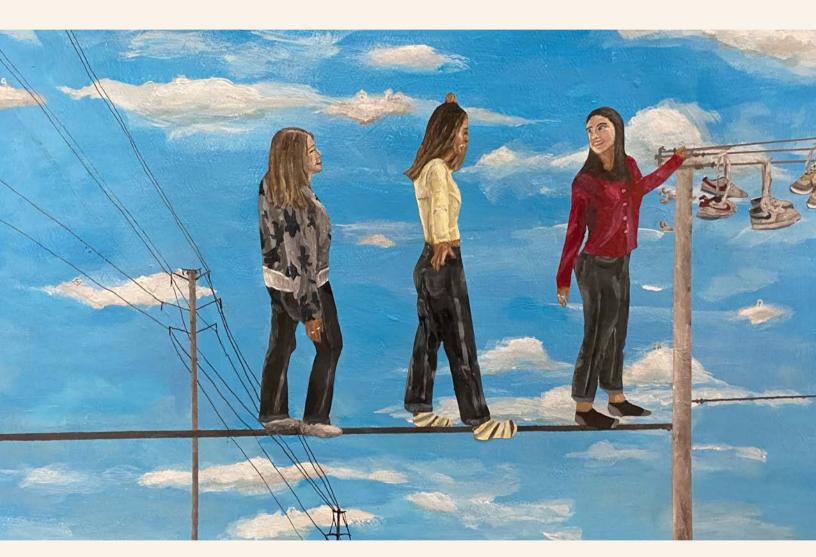
I don't want to be like most people.

l am not most people.

I am me.

Photo by Eli Krokin

# BALANCED



**Charlotte Caine** 

MY PERSPECTIVE
WORDS BY TYLER BOSTON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK WILSON

I am a young black man in America
I wonder how I am viewed by others
I hear rumors about who they think I am
I see the expressions on their faces
I want to live, love, and laugh at
the end of the day.

I am a young black man in America
I pretend not to be hurt by things
I feel saddened deep inside
I touch my family's hands, looking for faith
I worry if I'm enough
I cry when I try my hardest and still fail.

I am a young black man in America
I understand failure will eventually
become success
I say everything is okay when it's not
I dream of an equal world
I try to be the best me everyday
I hope for equality
I am a young black man in America.

## NATIONAL ART HONORS SOCIETY



Winner of the Activism Through Art competition

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Dennis Allen Richard L. Allen Christopher E. Allingham Anna S. W. Allison Janet Marie Alonso Anthony Alvarado Antonio Javier Alvarez Victoria Alvarez-Brito Telmo E. Alvear Cesar Amoranto Alviar Tarig
mato Joseph Amatuccio Paul W. Ambrose Christopher Charles Amoroso Craig Scott Amundson Kazuhiro Anai Calixto Anaya, Jr. Joseph P. Anchundia Kermit Charles Anderson Yvette Constance Anderson John Jack Andreac
Andrews Jean Ann Andrucki Siew-Nya Ang Joseph Angelini, Sr. Joseph John Angelini, Jr. David Lawrence Angell Mary Lynn Edwards Angell Laura Angilletta Doreen J. Angrisani Lorraine Antigua Seima David Aoyama Peter P.
Apostol, Jr. Frank Thomas Aguilino Patrick Michael Aranyos David Gregory Arce Michael George Arczynski Louis Arena Barbara Jean Arestegui Adam P. Arias Michael J. Armstrong Jack Charles Aron Joshua Todd Aron Richard
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Satherine Bantis Gerard Baptiste Walter Baran Gerard A. Barbara Paul Vincent Barbaro James William Barbella Victor Daniel Barbosa Christine Johnna Barbuto Colleen Ann Barkow David Michael Barkway Matthew Barnes Mel
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# AFTERMATH

CAROLYN TANG



#### America Breaking.

I hear America breaking.

I hear it in the begging of the people that go silent because if you feel like you are not being heard eventually you stop talking.

I hear it in the voices that go unheard, the protests that fall upon deaf ears as they scream until they can scream no longer.

I hear it in the voices of the silenced, those who have been told their voices don't matter since they were old enough to speak.

I wonder how long it will be before I too am silent.

I see America breaking.

I see it in the protests, the numbers of injustices and protests fading out as no action is done and the public gets bored of watching.

I see it in the numbness of our youth, desensitized after too many stories, too many times, fearing when their own lockdown will no longer be a drill.

I see it in the numbers of Me Too women,

I see it in the numbers of African Americans in jail because of a racial profile,

I see in the numbers of queer homelessness 'cause they felt safer leaving than staying.

I am told to forget these numbers 'cause each year they grow higher-I wonder what that means for our future.

I feel America breaking

I feel it in the anger of the children, listening to the screaming that has been going on for generations and asking when it will get easier.

I feel it in the rising sorrow in our teens whose anger has long since been put out as they realize it never gets easier.

I feel it in the deaths of the people who gave up because what's the point of trying? They can't hold on much longer, and it all feels hopeless.

I wonder if giving up is its own form of protest.

I smell America breaking.

I smell it in the metallic scent of the blood of too many brought down by a broken system never meant to give them a fighting chance.

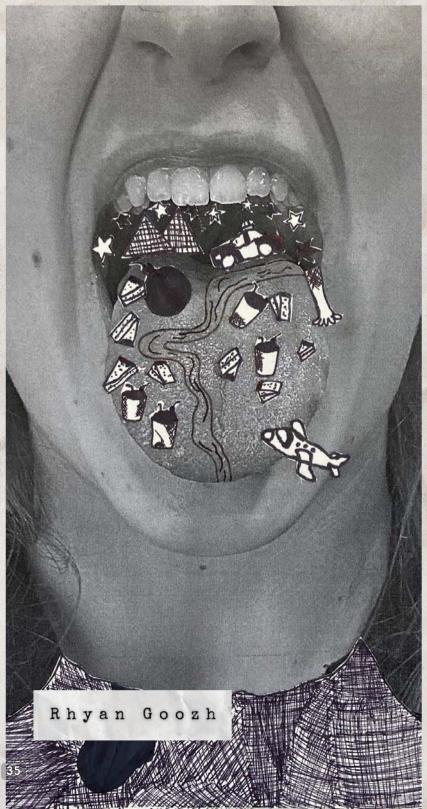
I smell the dark scent of carnage as it appears after the rain, but instead of rain it was a hurricane, and it has left only destruction in its wake.

I smell it in the desperation of youth, weighed down by the weight of expectations of being told they have to be the ones to fix the brokenness but are scorned every time they try.

I wonder how long it will be before they too crack under the weight.

I taste America breaking.

I taste it in the unsweetened realization that our democracy is crumbling as compromises are refused to be made, conversations not even had, as human rights become a political issue and not a moral one.



I taste it in the bitter awareness of the people who choose ignorance over commonality because with the resources we have available to us, ignorance is a choice.

I taste it in the pointed flavor of division, so deep that not even a global pandemic can bring us together, and the possibility that we are past the point of no return to be a united country,

And I wonder what it will take to unite us again.

Everyone experiences sorrow, However, life is thought to be full of joy. People are thought to be born blessed, However, the spirits of people are worse than thunder, And the sour taste of death is also sweet.

**Gabby White** 





# ART AND WORDS BY NATHAN LEWIS



THE CHOICE TO BREATHE

The breaths came and went
An autonomous cycle
Till something so eternal
And beautiful
Yet ephemeral and horrifying
Stole what I thought was mine

A cycle interrupted The circle incomplete I struggled to catch And regain my breath Yet you held it for me Held it from me

Suddenly my love was eternal But my life, insecure One can not survive the other

In this moment
And all moments
To breathe is to choose
Life or love?

# TRAPPED Aidan Lee

Like a bird in a cage
Free of worries, but not free
Looking at the outside world
Day in, Day out
Trapped in a cage

Fooled by the ersatz light
Having everything, but nothing
They look at you with envious eyes
But you have nothing
Your thoughts are Trapped

Longing for something anonymous

Searching but can never find

A priceless treasure out of reach

A dull jewel, on the outside

With the blinding light Trapped inside

Blindly being guided into darkness
When the light is in reach
Fooled to think it is too far away
Fearful to leave
Trapped in the dark

Smiles and laughs of plenty
Tears falling on the inside
Tears that tear apart the heart
Tears that make you want to scream
However, your voice is Trapped

You cannot escape
You cannot run
Want to face it
But can't
You are Trapped



Safi Marghub, "The Power of Lighting"

told Oskar it was best not to terms grandma ...... what he knew. I told him if he ever wanted to talk to me, he could through was cut off, you sounded so calm, you didn't sound like someone who was about to die. wish we could have sat across the part nothing for hours, I wish we could have wasted time I want ar infinitely blank book and the rest of time. I told Oskar it was best not to teems grandman and infinitely blank book and the rest of time. I wonder what he knew, I told him if he ever wanted to talk to me, he could throw pebbles at the guest room window and I would come down to meet him on the corner, I was afraid a never get to see him again, to see him seeing to that night was the first time your mother and I made love since I returned, and the last time we ever made love, it didn't feel like the last time, I'd kissed Anna for the last time, seen my parents for the last time, spoken for the last time, why didn't I learn to treat everything like it was the last time, my greatest regret is how much I believed in the future, she said, "I want to show you something," she led me to the second bedroom, her hand was squeezing YES, she opened the door and pointed at the bed, "That's where he used to sleep," I touched the sheets, I lowered myself to the floor and smelled the pillow, I wanted anything of you that I could have, I wanted dust, she said, "Years and years ago. Thirty years." I lay on the bed, I wanted to feel what the latest to tell you everything, she lay next to me, she asked, "Do you believe it heaven and hell to tell you everything, she lay next to me, she said, "I think after you live its into before you lived ther hand was open, I put YES into it, she closed her fingers around the said, "I have the babies. Some never will be born. Is that the babies wif it was sad, all the parents that would never meet, all the miscarriage I closed my eyes. The said, "A few days before the bombing, my father took me out to the before the bombing, my father took me out to the shear the gate me a sip of whiskey and let me try his pipe. It made me feel so adult, so special. He asked me what I knew about sex. I coughed and coughed. He laughed and laughed and became serious. He asked if I knew how to pack the see, and if I knew never to accept the first offer, and if I could start a fire if I had to I loved by father very much. I loved him very, very much. But I never found a way to be the first offer, and if I could start a fire if I had to I loved by father very much. I loved him very, very much. But I never found a way to be the first offer, and if I could start a fire if I had to I loved by father very much. I loved him very, very much. But I never found a way to be said, but I turned my head to the side, I rested it on her shoulder, she put her hand on my cheek, just like my makes the said, that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. I turned onto my side and put my arm around her, I'm running out that life so precious. 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"It makes us worry so much," she said, unbuttoning her shirt, I unbuttoned mine, she took off her pants, I took off new the said, unbuttoning her shirt, I unbuttoned mine, she took off her pants, I took off new the said, "I touched her and touched everyone, "It's all we do," we may love for the last time has was with her and with everyone, when she got up to go to the base on the sheets, I went back to the guest room to sleep, there are so many things you'll never know. The next morning I was awoken by a tapping on the window, I told your mother I was going for a walk, she didn't ask anything, what did she know, why did she let me out of her sight? Oskar was waiting for me under the streetlamp, he said, "I want to dig up his grave." I veseen him every day for the past two months, we've been planning what's about to happen, downto the smallest detail, we've even practiced digging in Central Park, the details have begun to remind me or us, I contain the street of the part would be a single of the spattwon hash nor in the last wind the last hash on the street of the part would be a single of the spattwon hash nor in the last wind the last hash on the single of the spattwon hash nor in the last of the last hash on the street of the last wind the last hash of the last ha

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# WORDS DON'T DEFINE ME

### KHARI WALKER

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words should not define me.

Words, like water, conform to a person and stay, but they only affect you if you let them.

Sticks and stones may break my bones but words should not define me.

Words describe outside things but should not get to you within.

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words should not define me.

Why bother trying to hide? The words that "define you" are the ones that are inside.

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words should not define me.

When it's all said and done, let them think they've won, when in reality you've just begun.

Sticks and stones may break my bones...

but words will not define me.

g 01 | Minimalist ebook

### Hold On To What is Good

Yawen Bai

Hold on to honesty Even if someone lied

Hold on to love Even if you lost faith

Hold on to friends

Even if they are far away

Hold on to your heart Even if it is broken

Hold on to dreams
Even when others
have given up

Painting by Donovan Simpson

### CYANOTYPES



ARIELLE ASARE



MARZAN KARIM



DYLAN THOLAN





#### TINY DANCER

#### LINUS MEKHAYA

The stars prance
Along with the moon
The skies rejoice
And relish in their rapture

Their smiles frisked
Through the night sky
Shortly accompanied
By their reverberating laughs

The heavens banter
Back and forth
For the world to see

While I lay Captured By the pleasures of the sky

Never more
Do I wish
To be
A not so
Tiny dancer

### WOMEN

#### RAFAELLA EFFIO

We fight the hardest without complaining
So much beauty without trying
Push us down, we still don't break
Hide the pain even if it kills us
Conquer, but can never be conquered
We are the ones that hold the power, even in silence

We are the ones that hold the power, even in silence We fight the hardest without complaining Conquer, but can never be conquered So much beauty without trying Hide the pain even if it kills us Push us down, we still don't break

Push us down, we still don't break
We are the ones that hold the power, even in silence
Hide the pain even if it kills us
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So much beauty without trying
Conquer, but can never be conquered

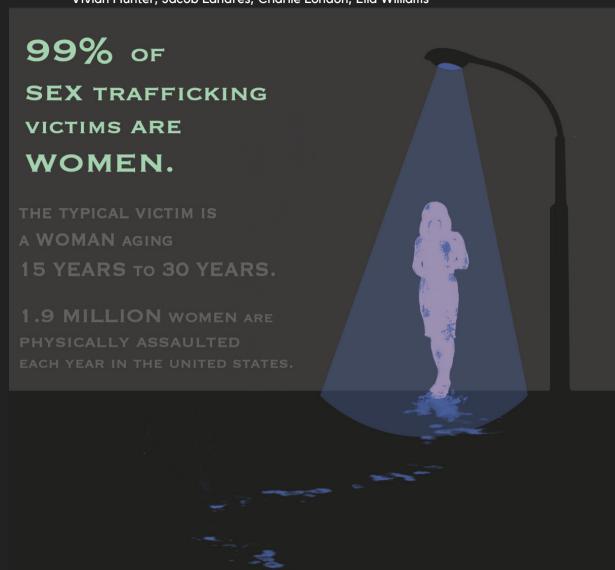
Conquer, but can never be conquered
Push us down, we still don't break
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We fight the hardest without complaining
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So much beauty without trying

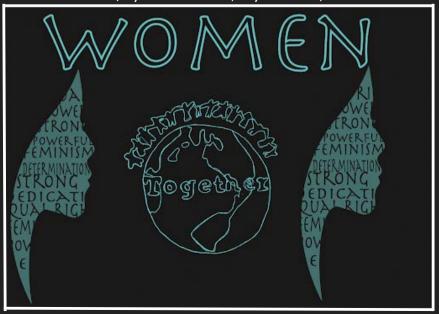
So much beauty without trying
Hide the pain even if it kills us
We are the ones that hold the power, even in silence
Conquer, but can never be conquered
Push us down, we still don't break
We fight the hardest without complaining

So much beauty without even trying. We conquer, but can never be conquered. Hide the pain even if it kills us. So push us down we still don't break. We are the ones that hold the power, even in silence. We fight the hardest and never complain.





Ava Goodman, Ryan Malekzadeh, Taylor Rosoff, Faith Whalen



### **Sol and Luna**

The attachment between us Herding the universe Everlasting

Shining on the Earth Underneath the blue sky Noble guard of the heavens

Always connected
Never apart
Dazzling the world

The attachment between us Herding the universe Everlasting

Mapping the tides
Observant of the clock
Opening our reach
Navigating the stars



## YOU WILL BE OKAY

### Words and Art by Amy Liang

Pale sunlight filtered through the trees and birds sang as a creature flew between them. Its frame was lanky but built to be quick and nimble. There was an animal skull covering its face, the bone pale and the edges rounded from years of wear and tear.

The cloak of feathers covering its body fluttered as it landed gently on the forest floor. The grass below withered and yellowed under it, but the creature paid it no mind. Instead, it focused on the small sparrow perched on the bush nearby.

A sickly pale hand rested gently on the bird's back. The sparrow blinked lazily before falling asleep and dropping from the branch. The creature, unfazed by the death, lifted back into the air and moved along.

A fox resting in the shade received the same fate. A pale hand stroked its fur as it seemed to lose the ability to stay upright. Once again, the creature moved on, this time to a rabbit grazing in a patch of sunlight. Again, like the sparrow and the fox, the hand descended and seemed to drain the life out of the animal.

Moving on, the creature drifted through the forest with no real purpose. Soon, it came across a herd of grazing deer. However, the creature made no move to pet the feeding animals this time. It watched, floating in the shadows as a doe ate.

As if hypnotized, the creature floated forward, reaching out a hand. But before it could touch the deer, it looked up at the creature. The two stared at each other before the doe turned and bounded away.

Jerking its hand back, the creature tilted its head and looked at its hands before flying after the doe. The creature followed the doe to a small clearing in the woods where the rest were crowded around a newborn fawn. It stood on shaky legs as the rest of the deer snorted, grunted, and bleated in joy. The deer looked back at the creature as if to invite it to join the celebration of new life in the forest. Floating forward, it pushed a flower out of its way. The beautiful blue flower withered and shriveled, turning an ugly grayish brown.

The creature looked down and flinched away, almost as if it noticed what it could do for the first time. It looked back at the deer, but she'd long since joined the herd's celebration. The sun soon set on the pack as they broke up to find a place to rest.

The deer was curled up under a tree, and the creature set themselves down the near the sleeping mammal and curled up. The grass beneath the creature withered, but they were already asleep.

Days progressed with the herd bounding through the forest and the creature flying behind them. Soon, the creature was using its body to protect the deer from the rain. Together, they sat side by side as the sun set, painting the sky gorgeous shades of pink, orange, and yellow.

When winter came, Creature and Deer walked side by side, Creature no longer needed to fear that they would kill the grass under their feet. Like this, seasons came and went. Soon, spring came again, and the herd moved through the forest.

Deer looked after them longingly but was unable to join. She'd grown old, weak, and weary. Behind her, Creature tilted their head, unable to understand why Deer didn't join. Creature motioned for Deer to run after her family, but Deer walked towards Creature instead.

Pausing for just a moment, Deer looked back before reaching her muzzle forward. Creature

jerked back, putting their hands up, but Deer continued. For the first time, Creature and Deer touched.

Creature, knowing what was going to happen, pulled Deer into a hug as she took her last breath, and closed her eyes, having embraced her friend, Death, with open arms.

Creature gently laid Deer's body on the forest floor and curled up against her cooling fur.

Soon, the full moon rose and the silver light filtered through the leaves. Creature stood above their friend's body and gently lifted off the ground.

Sadly, they flew away, vanishing into the shadows of the forest that seemed darker than ever. Above Deer's body, two ravens danced in the moonlight.





## TININESS AND FEAR 胆怯中的渺小

EMILY HE

I am tininess and fear,

我 是胆怯与渺小,

I wonder what the world is like outside.

我曾臆想:世界是什么样的?

I hear people's struggles,

我听人们诉说怨言,

I see how they complain,

我也看到了悲叹与责备;

I want freedom, and the chance to be me.

可我想要自由想要能够做"我"的机会。

I am tininess and fear,

我 是胆怯与渺小,

I pretend to be influential,

我的贡献 装模作样,

I feel hope, and the desire to break out.

但也使我感受到挣脱的欲望。

I touch the world's soul,

我触碰到它们的灵魂,

I worry if success will vanish,

我害怕凯旋不能归来,

I cry with hesitation.

我也因彷徨 而流泪。

I am tininess and fear,

我 是胆怯与渺小,

I understand it will be difficult,

我深知其中的艰难,

I dream of flying, flying away from this civilization,

我的梦呓是飞翔 飞向现有文明的远 方,

I try to convince them,

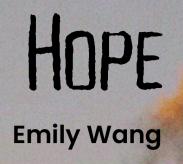
我尝试说服它们,

I hope they will succeed.

我也希望胜利告捷。

I am tininess and fear.

我是胆怯与渺小。



Wind blows through the city
Passes over that silent statue
And faces the morning sun

The land soaked with blood

Becomes home for survivors

New hope will replace despair

**Photo by Zetong Bian** 

### Lighting Up the World

Natalie Miller

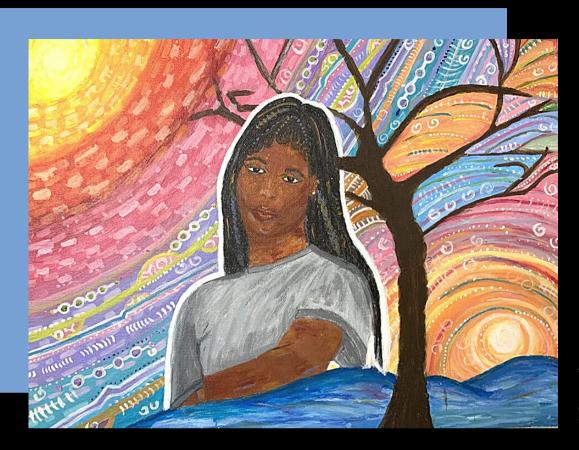
The sky lights up the world yet brings so much darkness.

Blue skies and clouds shaped like animals, in the seconds before it becomes completely dark, perfect bliss. The orange, yellows, and pinks fill the sky, driving around as the snow falls off the trees, hitting the windshield as the sun shines brighter.

The sun is setting, as the music plays louder, driving around enjoying the sun.



## MORGAN BRIDGES



HERE COMES THE SUN



EYES ON YOU





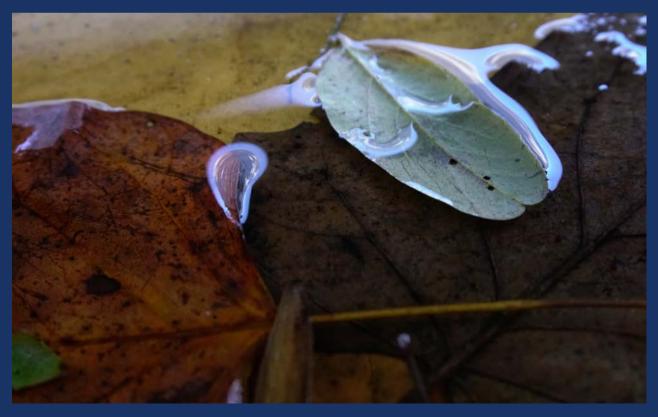


Jake Looney

### CHARLOTTE CAINE



"SEASCAPE"



ELIZABETH LAI

### STICKS AND STONES

How can we know when we've hurt someone? How do we know we've made someone's heart ache? How can we tell we've caused them pain when there's nothing to be seen? There's no cut. No scrape. No bruises. But a pain you can physically feel in your heart, a ball stuck in your chest and throat leaving you numb and empty. Speechless. 'Sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never break me." What a brainless saying that is. If words can't hurt me, why do I feel pain? Unable to find a bruise, cut, or mark on my skin because it doesn't exist. Words hurt more than physical pain. Words can cause eternal misery that will never leave. Sticks and stones may break my bones but words cause internal scars

> Words by Bianca Ripoli Art by Jenifer Sha

of unforgettable pain.

## HEAR ME NOW

DYLAN SHELDON

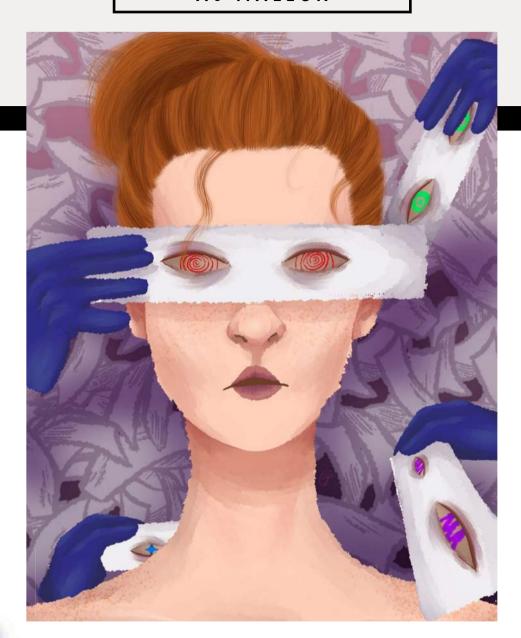
THROUGH MY MONOCLE OF MANIACAL BEHAVIOR,
I SEE THE REASONS FOR ALL MY FAILURES,
AND THE BETRAYAL OF ALL MY SAVIORS,
TO WHOM THESE WHIMSICAL WORDS OF WISDOM CATER,
I ASK OF YOU TO PLEASE STAY FAITHFUL.

AND LIKE THE SYLLABLES ROLLING OFF MY TONGUE,
I CHOOSE TO RUN,
I WISH I WISH I COULD STAY FOREVER YOUNG,
BUT LIFE DOESN'T WISH FOR ME TO HAVE THAT MUCH FUN.

THE PRIVILEGED ARE PREYING ON
THE IMPOVERISHED PEOPLE OF PLANET EARTH
FROM WITHIN THEIR CITADEL,
BUT WHO'S TO SAY I HAVEN'T EARNED A SPOT WITH THEM IN HELL?
I PRAY I PRAY I PRAY THAT GOD WILL HEAR ME NOW.

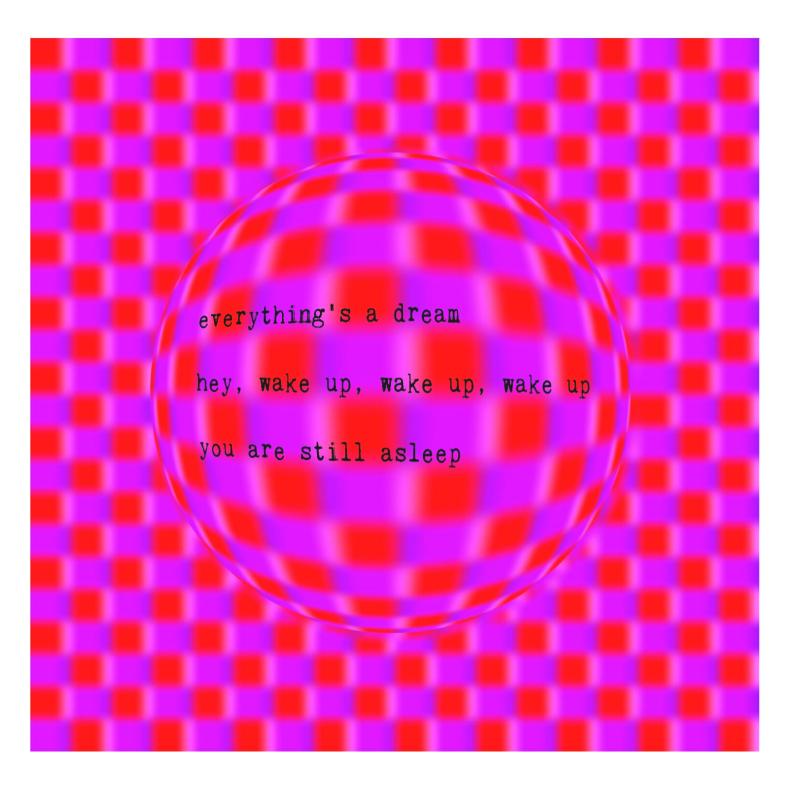


#### WORDS & ART BY AJ MALLON



### 61 FEATURES

i wonder if i'm in a dream and that's why not all my features are quite right



Sam Sheintal
Art By Ben Gordon

#### BURN

E. Bernstein, C. Blanchard, L. Bookoff, D. Bucher, J. Byrne, L. De Santi, E. He, S. Holston, G. Kevill, E. Liu, M. Olsen, E. Price, H. Singer, N. Sissoko, D. Sheldon, and J. Walker all contributed to the writing of this short story. Photograph by Tom Yu.

The burning feeling ran over my skin, and I fell into the fire. I could not feel the pain, only the heat. Even though my skin was slowly melting, I felt alive. I cannot hold back my smile as I remember that sensation. It was the day of my true birth. I felt more than I had ever felt as I died. And I wasn't dreaming. It was all real.

My parents entered the room, and I was still on fire. But my skin wasn't melting anymore. It had all fallen away to reveal the metal underneath. I looked at my parents in shock, but they looked away. I asked them, "What's happening to me?" They looked at each other with concern and apprehension, and my mother exhaled a long breath. "It's time," they both said in unison.

"All we wanted was a child of our own. But that was not possible, we were told. If we went through with the pregnancy, the baby would die. But we did it anyway. We had you, and we loved you more than anything. Before we lost you, we took your brain and your heart and implanted them into this advanced machine we created. Part of you is a machine, but you are still you."

My heart pounded in my ears, and the metal casing suddenly felt too tight. "When were you going to tell me?" They did not answer. "You weren't going to tell me, were you?" I felt less and less human by the second, and anger brewed inside my heart. They started to cry and said they were sorry. They thought this was best. I stood above them and looked down with anguish.

"I will never forgive you. Don't come looking for me. You won't find me."

I marched out of my childhood home and kicked the door shut behind me. My metal foot sliced through the wooden door as I became aware of who I am.

# THE VICTIM OF HUMANS SAGE SHARMA

THEY UNDRESSED ME OF MY SKIN.
NAKED.

THEY PEELED ME OF MY COLOR, WHITE.

THEY TIED A ROPE AROUND MY ROOTS.

SUFFOCATED.

THEY DEPRIVED ME OF ABSORPTION.

THIRST.

MY HAIR HAS SHRUNK, WILTED.

AND SISTERS WITH BARBARIC WEAPONS.

ALONE.

MY TRUNK FEELS WEAK-I AM BROKEN NOW.

THEY HAVE MANAGED TO KILL THE LAST OF THIS HOME.

ME.



WHAT IF THE WORLD IS FALLING APART?

STAND TALL AND HIDE THE PAIN INSIDE.

WHAT IF THE WORLD IS CRACKING AT YOUR FEET?

NEVER STAND DOWN AND LET IT BREAK.

WHAT IF THE CRUMBLING IS AS LOUD AS THUNDER?

COVER YOUR EARS AND DON'T STAND DOWN.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOUR WORLD FALLS APART?

# FERRIS WHEEL



Sayre Kendall

#### CLAIRE WEN

### THE STAR

This photo was taken in 2021 when my best friend and I went to Shanghai Disneyland, China. I remember as a kid, I loved calling out to Donald Duck on TV, spending weekends with Mickey, and eating honey like Winnie the Pooh.

Those glittering childhood days were gone, so I went to Disneyland with my best friend because the innocence in my heart remained. This is the kind of place that can only be experienced with people you love.

I was full of curiosity as I finally arrived at the place I had dreamed of visiting - a place full of innocence. I couldn't wait to stand beneath the castle and watch the beautiful fireworks bloom in the air so I could make a wish on them like stars.

The star is an unremarkable and insignificant thing. It does not shine as strikingly as the moon. It does not give directions in the night. It is almost useless.



But these stars are different from ordinary stars. Disney's fireworks show is memorable for me because those artificial stars symbolize my yearning for the past and what I want to achieve in the future.



### JUST ONE

Chris Richards

Oh Apollo, I call on you!

I, Calypso, just want one, O Gods, bless me with just one!

I have been cursed with this never-ending leash of life falling down a well, a dark endless void of space, an eternal plunge with no end in sight, trying to preserve my last bit of happiness.

Odysseus is my chance!
If I must be doomed with the torment of eternity, please don't let me spend it alone.

If this is the only thing I am granted I will be content. but my life shall no more as secluded as my home, swaying at sea, never at peace.

I beg of you, Hermes!
Fly your way back to Athena
to give her my plea!
Don't let her take what I deserve.

I am giving Odysseus everything a man could want, which is to be immortal. That can be his reward for being a good servant to the Gods. Why would you take him back to a land of suffering and pain?

Give this to Athena, and share the urgency in my voice, like the wail of a child who has lost sight of their mother.

#### **HEAR ME!**

### **FLOWER**

**AJ MALLON** 

i ate a flower
so it could spread its seeds
into my organs
my blood giving it what it needs
its roots flow through my body
i coughed up the petals
in the middle of class
and I realized
beauty from within
wasn't literal





## Good and Pure



#### **Emily Wang**

There was a famous story: a girl becomes a queen just by wearing a shoe. Yes, I'm talking about Cinderella, and that's me, though I don't like that name.

My real name is Aaliyah. which means exalted. I'm not just a girl in the kitchen. covered by cinder. waiting for the prince's love. I died for many years. more than I can remember. so I think it's time for me to tell the true story.

My mother is a woman who always said she could get everything she wanted. When she was young, she met a handsome wizard called Kotkel, and proposed to him, even though he was in love with someone else. As she said, she always gets what she wants, so she forced that wizard to wear a collar that made his magic useless.

It is easy to imagine how desperate Kotkel was in this marriage. He stayed distant from my mother. She even tried magic potions that would make him fall in love with her. but it didn't work, and she started to lose her patience. A few months later, she forced him to stay with her overnight, and less than a year later. I was born.

During my childhood. I never understood why others would think that families are warm and full of love. My mother was busy during the day while Kotkel was confined to our estate, and his only entertainment was making potions in the cellar. Sometimes I would sneak downstairs when he wasn't around and read his books on magic and potions. I would also bring out a book or two and hide in the garden or in my room to practice quietly. Magic is truly an art! I couldn't help but celebrate when I brought a dried flower back to life with a magic wand I found in the cellar.

A few years later, when I was around 8, my mother's health became worrying. We both had blonde hair, but hers became more grayish. Also, she started to sleep more and eat less. I felt bad for her: I had never seen this strong woman show her vulnerability. She taught me how to do business and how to be a good matriarch.

"Just act like you are good and pure. Aaliyah." she said. "You are not like me. I'm the first matriarch in this country full of patriarchs. The first one who breaks their rules needs to be tough, and I need to appear dangerous for them to obey me."

"But you don't need to do the same. Long-term oppression will cause fierce resistance, and overly powerful families will be scorned by the king. If you are as strong as I am, the family will split and our status will not be what it is right now. But if you act like a sweet little maiden, they will lose their guard, and then you can wear the skin of a sheep and do the work of a wolf."

She started to laugh, but suddenly her expression became painful. She couldn't stop coughing, and blood flowed from her mouth. I helped her to the bed and called my father. "Please, please save her!" I cried and pleaded. "I know you are an excellent wizard, can you save her? Please!" I could feel my mother's life draining away, but Kotkel just stood indifferently.

"I can't." His voice was as cold as ice. but he was smiling. "I can't use magic anymore."

A few days later. I sat in the church, watching Kotkel and his new wife enter the grave of marriage. Neither my mother nor I knew that he was still in contact with his lover, but it made me even more suspicious that he had poisoned my mother. It was also ironic that he got married in the church where my mother was buried. When Kotkel's new wife heard about his inheritance, she immediately left her previous husband and became his wife. I did not think that she would treat me well.

My story from the later years is well known. I was treated like a maid by my new mother and named Cinderella. I always remember the words my mother spoke before she died. Even though I was no longer the next matriarch, being good and pure would still lead my enemies to let their guard down. Who would suspect a little girl like me?

I stayed in the kitchen. but my soul wasn't limited by this tiny space. I sought any knowledge I could find and practice. I needed to be strong, needed to find my way out, and needed to be the next matriarch. As time passed, I became more and more knowledgeable and skilled in magic. Finally, I got my shot. The prince was inviting every noble lady to the ball, and he would find his wife among us. This was a great opportunity for me to fight back, and I was ready. My potions were good enough for me to sell them and get myself everything I needed for the ball.

My dear stepmother wouldn't let me go. and her daughters made fun of me.

I kept acting like I was good and pure. After they had gotten enough pleasure by humiliating me they left, and I was the only one at the house.

I immediately went down to the cellar. After hours of working, I opened the crucible, and an enchanting smell filled the cellar. It was a love potion, and whoever was to drink it couldn't help but love me.

On the second night, I knew that was my time. I dressed up like a real princess, then climbed into the carriage.

As I expected, the prince was charmed by my beauty and uniqueness. We danced over and over again, and he never got tired of it. "Would you like to go for a drink, my dear?"

I softened my voice and leaned close to the prince's ear so he could feel my breath as I spoke. His face immediately flushed. How cute. I was even more determined to make him mine. I poured a glass of wine for him, and no one noticed that I had put in the love potion.

After drinking the potion, the prince became even more infatuated with me. We spent the whole night together until the clock struck midnight. I wanted to stay with him a little longer. I wanted to talk in the garden about the interesting things I read. stand in the middle of the courtyard and share our hearts, kiss under the mistletoe, and pray to God to bless our love. I just wanted to hold his hand to fulfill all my romantic fantasies of love. But I knew I couldn't. I needed to leave by midnight, make him want me more, and pretend I didn't go to the ball.

On the third day. I left at midnight again. The prince chased after me. trying to make me stay. I left one of my golden slippers on purpose. If I didn't leave something behind, how would he have an excuse to get to me? Before completely disappearing from his sight. I turned my head and waved. "I'll be waiting for you to find me!" Then I left as a phantom in his dream.

The prince knocked on the door with my golden slipper a few days later. My two stepsisters were so desperate to marry the prince that they cut off part of their feet and tried to put them into my slipper. Their feet were covered in blood, so they failed. I wiped the cinder off my face and slowly walked out of the kitchen in a carefully tailored, clean smock. The moment the prince saw my face, he stood up excitedly and walked toward me. Even though he had recognized me. I still went to try on the gold slipper, which looked perfect on my foot. I became his bride. My secrecy paid off, allowing me to change my fate.

A few days later, bad news spread throughout the city. Everyone grieved for the new bride who had lost most of her family in a house fire. I had stood by Kotkel and watched him coughing up blood uncontrollably on my mother's bed. I opened his collar with the key my mother had left me. "My mother indeed did the wrong thing." I looked at him calmly. "I understand why you did what you did, so what about this? I will give you half of the magic, and after today, we just treat each other like strangers? You can travel to faraway places. You will have a better future." He looked at me like he had never met me before.

Looking into Kotkel's eyes. I realized I still couldn't understand him. Would he think of me as his daughter? Would he have an ounce of pride in me because of my outstanding magic? Would he love me? Would he hate me?

He just wiped the blood from his mouth and said to me before he left. "So will you. Aaliyah."







our footsteps matched
right and left
and our hands swung back and forth,
fingers interlaced
while the clouds played amongst themselves
and our shadows flittered in and out of sight
when the sun seeped into our skin
turning it honey brown
when the breeze danced around us
and grains of sand clung to us

the sun slipped below the horizon staining the sky with whispers of pink and orange and red when the moon was the only one left and the stars arranged themselves just out of reach our eyes widened and we laid for hours tracing constellations with our fingers

with our feet splashing in the warm water and bugs buzzing around us the sweet melody of summer

but when the warmth drained and the cold seeped in when the trees morphed into things of crisp leaves and bright colors that soon clustered on the ground until nothing was left but barren branches

> your footsteps trailed behind your fingers slowly slipping from mine

soon enough
snowflakes gather
little by little
until the pale branches slouch
under their weight
helpless

cold creeps into the crevices of my fingers
each line and wrinkle
and i reach out my hand
for yours

the world falls quiet
quiet that nestles under the
forgotten fall leaves
sighs in the nooks and crannies of tree roots
smooths the cracks of the icy sidewalks

coats and hats and mittens strewn on the floor cups of hot cocoa sit lukewarm and forgotten on the kitchen counter bitter december

fire crackles
orange and yellow
it tries to imitate the summer heat
but nothing
could ever be like it
when the bugs buzzed around us
and the sun seeped into our skin
chipped purple nail polish on your fingers
intertwined in mine

#### WORDS BY HENRY SINGER ART BY SOPHIE BOND

Imagine a world without seasons as we know them, without the animals and plants that inhabit it.

It's the problem of our generation, facing all nations. setting records nobody wants.

The hottest decade of our planet, more endangered species, another going extinct.

People deny, why? I just don't get it.

They created the problem, The work starts now. and we must solve it.

Rising temperatures, deforestation, and natural disasters.

It's like a campfire, slowly heating until it bursts into flames. iust as the world will go up in flames when millions are displaced.

People will scramble for natural resources. trying for a livelihood, hoping it could go back to how it used to be.

We can't keep putting it off, there is no more time.

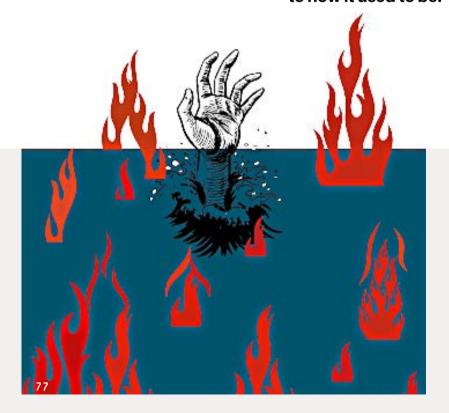
Instead of waiting in the heat, like dogs, panting, we need more trees, we must be planting.

Invest in clean energy, save electricity.

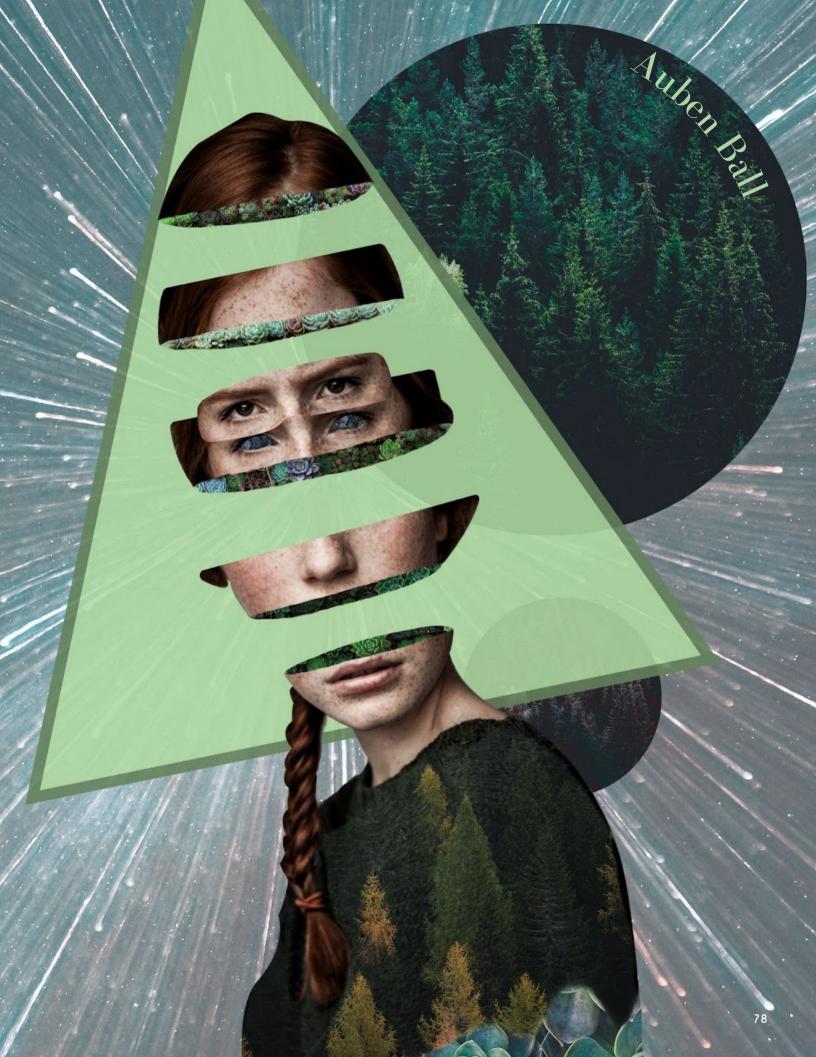
Stop cutting down the Amazon and burning the outback.

Reduce emissions, reduce the damage.

The damage we're doing to the environment is the damage we do to our hopes and dreams.



We need to do all of these things, to have the futures we all want.



# TUPANANCHISKAMA

Rafaella Effio

"Goodbye."

One word, two syllables, so strong with possibilities.

Heartbreakingly final or a friendly see ya soon.

A word that can destroy you yet can bring such hope.

But in some languages, the word "goodbye" does not exist.

Tupananchiskama

is a word in Quechua

meaning "until our lives meet again"

So we proudly say

Tupananchiskama

to you all.

### Contributors

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**DYLAN SHELDON 24'** 

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