

Solstice

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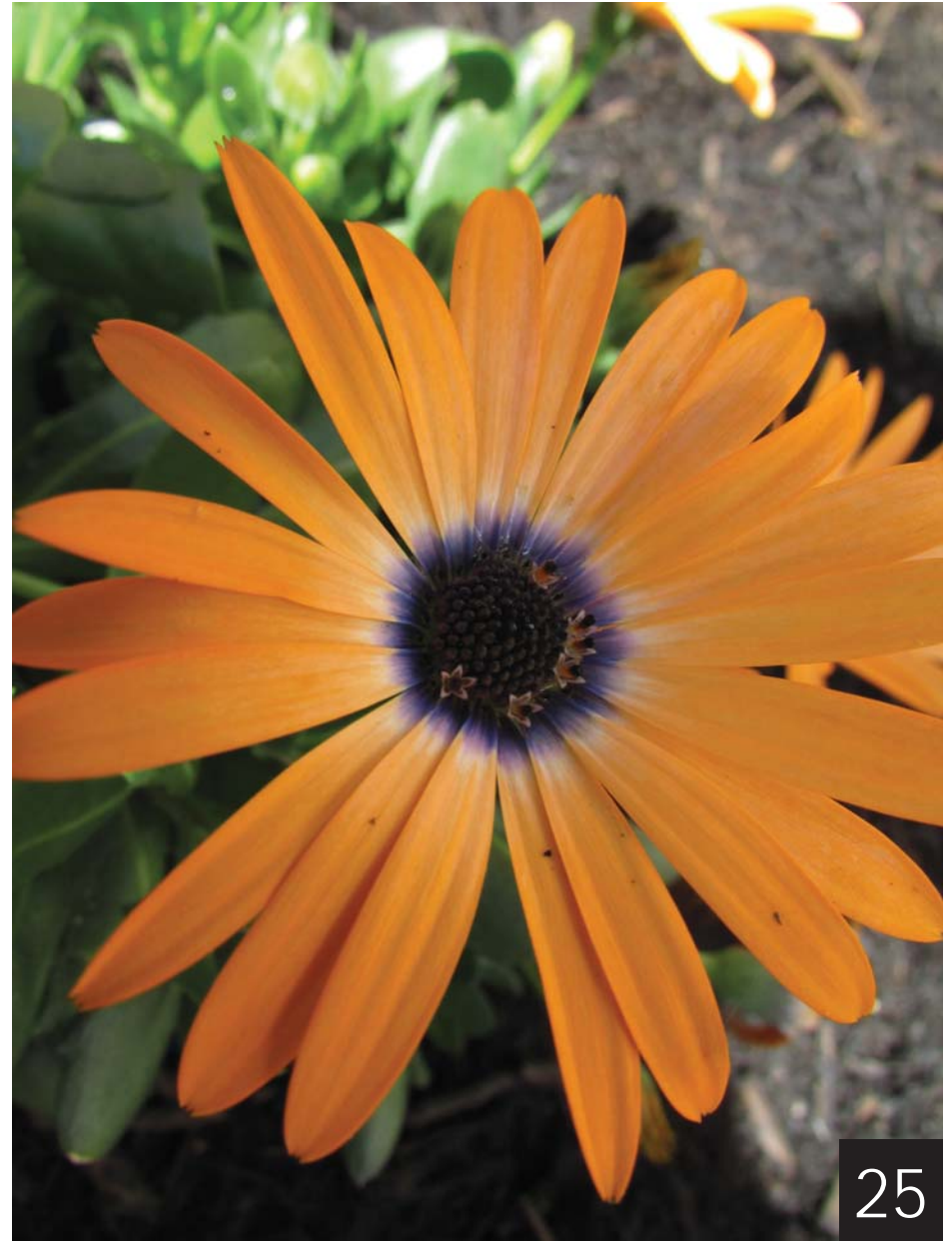
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Visit us online at <http://phs.pembrokek12.org/pages/pembrokeHS>



Aura
Julia Blomberg

Wednesday, 9.3.16, 13:14 est.

A local psychic and her clients from the psychics' point of view...

I rubbed the cool crystal sphere making eye contact with the three clients seated before me. They were young. I could see their souls. I could see who they would become and I knew their pasts. The girl all the way on the left had a pale yellow aura. She was optimistic and close with nature. Her blonde hair shone with golden light and her brown eyes were as rich as honey. Everything about her was natural and her smile was real and radiant. The girl in the middle did not want to be there. She was a pretty picture with clear blue eyes and a dainty pout painted across her face. Her aura was harder to see. It was a dim halo of light like a solar eclipse masked by a sheet of fog. When she matured it would be clearer and more meaningful to her personality. At the moment it fluctuated between emerald and forest green. She was loving but insecure. I knew that she was uncomfortable with me seeing her past exterior. She didn't want anybody to see the insecure girl trapped within the beautiful and composed one. The boy all the way to the right was different. He seemed reserved with lavender bursts. He was a daydreamer and he knew that I knew. He believed in every possibility and kept his mind open. Even as I analyzed him his head was off in the clouds.

These kids were special and connected to each other. I could see that in time, all three of them would befall a blessing masked as a tragedy.

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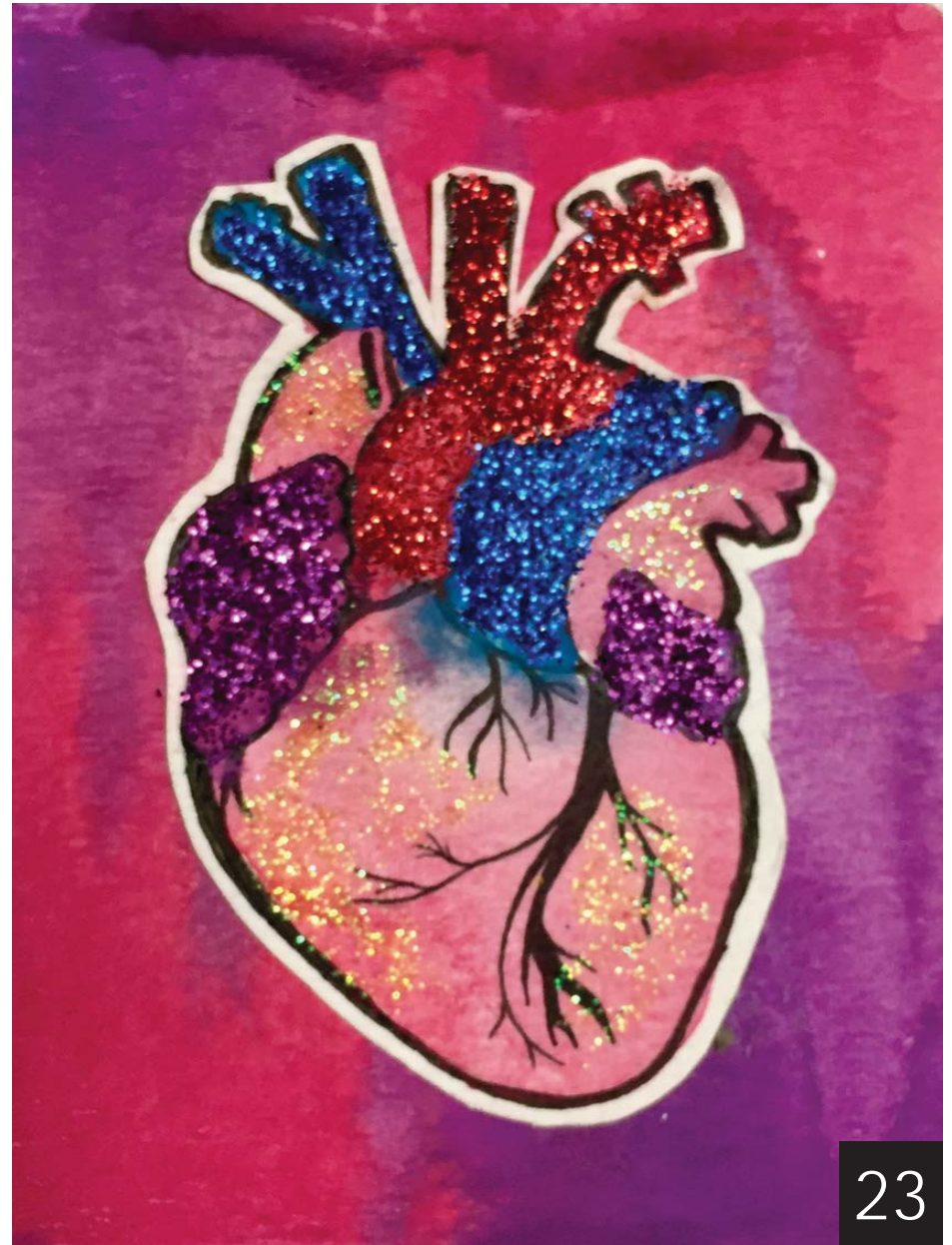
What to Be Sam Sparrow

I wish to be more than the average folk
I want to be something greater!

Maybe I will be a police officer...
I think more criminals would die of laughter
Than people would be saved
I believe that defeats the purpose of that profession

Maybe I will be a teacher...
Those kids would burn me soooooo hard
"Ms. Sparrow just tripped and hit her face on a desk!
And she said a naughty word!"
I also don't enjoy kids enough to devote my entire life to them
I especially don't like the 8 year olds who already have cell phones
That stuff just makes me maaaaaaad
Plus they would make me into a terrible meme
So many embarrassing pictures...

Maybe I will sing...
Honestly that's not even remotely an option
No one wants to hear Ode to Death Porpoise
In case you don't know
A death porpoise is not something you want to know
I would show you, but this is merely a piece of paper with a poem on it
You could try to recreate my singing voice
If you succeed, I am sorry for your loss
If you have experienced THE DEATH PORPOISE before
You are either mentally scarred or dead
Just dead
You die from THE DEATH PORPOISE



mysterious looking shack by the light. He walked closer and closer nearing the shack until the image of a small rotted home stood ten feet in front of him. Frightened, Max began to shiver, but still he remained determined to solve the mystery of the light.

Max walked up to the home and saw that the light had been coming from inside. Max reached his hand out and again heard the words repeat "You're next, you're next" Max swallowed and knocked on the door yet again ignoring the threat. He knocked once on the door and it creaked open, Max opened the door and walked inside. Inside laid dozens of old lifeless corpses on the ground and the words "you're next" were smeared all over the walls in deep, red blood. Max's jaw dropped as he looked over to a table standing in the corner of the home. On the table laid a flashlight that pointed towards the door. In shock of all he had just seen, Max pulled out his phone, dialed 9-1-1 and went to run back to his house. But as Max turned around he dropped his phone and was never heard of again.

Maybe I will be a detective...
Who am I kidding I can't stay quiet or sit still
Both of those are requirements for that job
So me trying to creep on people's business won't work

Maybe I will dance...
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
That's a joke
I have the coordination of
Hm m m m I don't know
I can't think of a bad example
You get the point though
I can barely walk
Making me move with grace
Would end in a lot of BANG
And SPLAT
And injuries
Lots of injuries

Maybe I will be the president...
Nah, if Donald Trump can do it
I can do better.

Maybe I will be a comedian...
That wouldn't work either
I would start laughing at the joke before I even said it
It would be me laughing alone on stage
With nothing funny having occurred yet
Not an optimal social situation

Maybe I will be a doctor...
(looks at raw meat)
ALRIGHT I'm GOOD
NO THANK YOU
ALL SET WITH THIS

Maybe I will be my dog...
As heavenly as it would be to sleep all day
I am certain that this is impossible
And not a job
It is simply an adorable state of being

Maybe I will be...
You know what!
I'll just be me
THE SASSY LLAMA
(epic music plays)
Sorry inside joke
But that is the solution
I will be my swaggering and sassy self
And although being me is not a job
It is a good place to start
Take that haters
(Drops mic and trips off stage)
Yep, it's already started

The Light

Will Healey

It was an eerie November night, the coldest one in a while. The leaves had changed, and had begun to fall, while a breeze swiftly brushed through the air. It was this autumn night that everything changed. For the entire week, a young boy by the name of Max Reed had been baffled by a bright yellow light that had been reflecting from his backyard in the woods. Every night at around 7:30pm this light seemed to appear, and intrigued the young Max whom at the time was only twelve years old. Through the week when the light appeared, Max had walked through his own yard trying to see what was causing this light. Max figured he had found the solution to his problem when he noticed the Johnson's garage light sensor next door had been on. Max walked back to his house and gazed at the Johnson's garage light until the light sensor turned off and sure enough the light from the woods turned off. But as Max walked away from his window, he saw the light in the woods flash back on.

For days this light had dumbfounded the young boy, and he decided there was only one way to fulfill his curiosity. The next day at around 7pm Max opened up his closet, pulled out his jacket, and zipped it up. He opened up his back porch and walked down his steps and faced the woods. A shiver went down Max's spine as he cleared his throat. Knowing that the light only came on at 7:30pm, Max figured that he could walk through the woods, and when 7:30 rolled around Max would be there to see the light project from its unknown source.

Max continued through the woods, as the night kept getting darker. As Max walked, crunching leaves by his feet, he kept noticing a mysterious figure in the distance, but he figured that he had just been imagining things. Max continued, frantically looking around and trying to find where the light could have possibly been coming from. As his eyes wandered around the forest, Max heard the words "you're next" whistle through the wind. Max, determined to find the light, ignored the phrase and kept walking. Then in the distance the light appeared. Max squinted and saw a

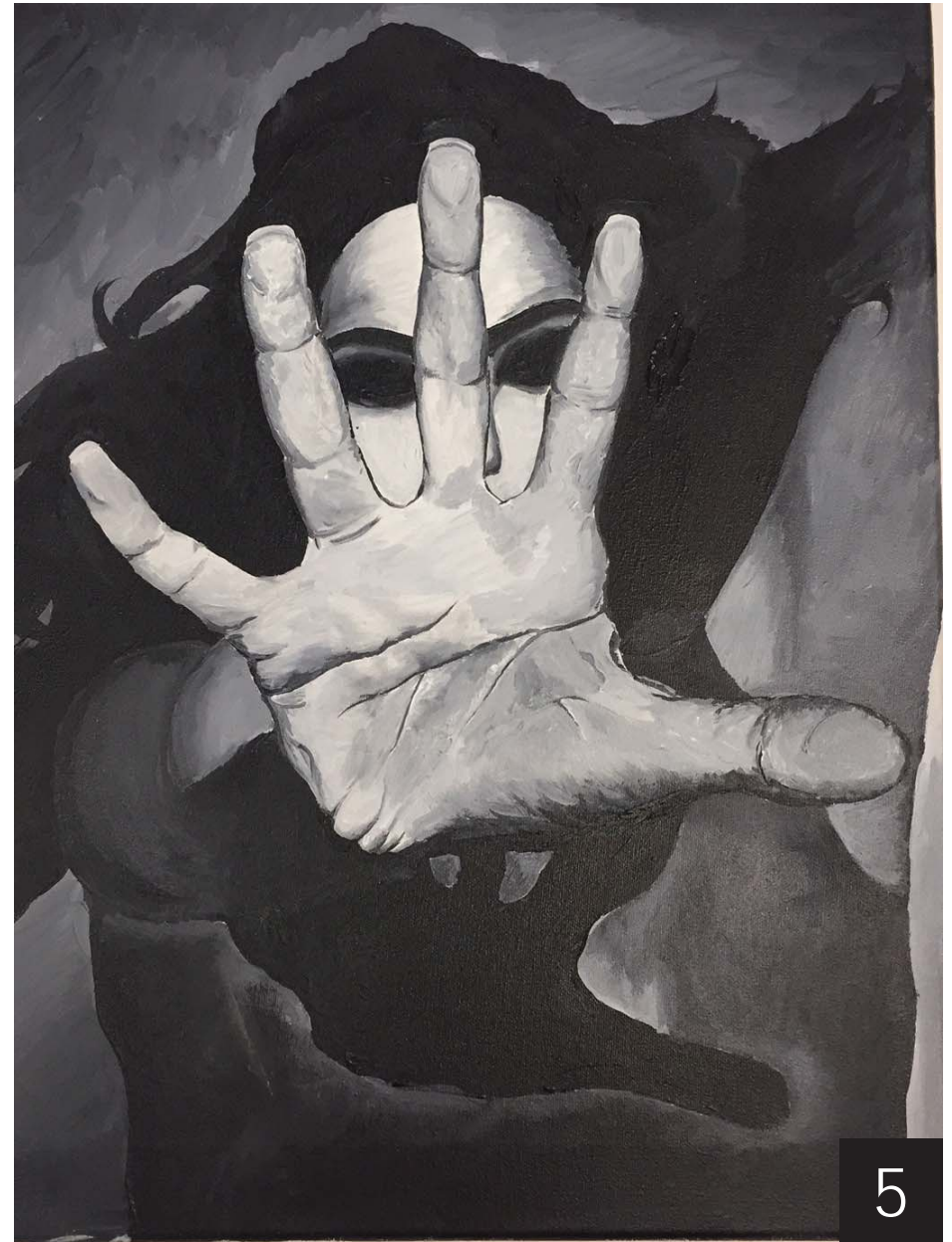
the worst.

He happened to be standing in a pool of light cascading from a broken board in a window next to him. The rest of the hall was bathed in shadow, walls rotting, floors covered in papers and rubble from the collapsing ceiling. But none of this could take his attention from the person who stood just a few feet away from him. Dressed in black, the person was a living shadow, and behind the leader were more, all shadows. The one in front was the most visible though, the most vivid. He could not make out the person's features, save the eyes. The only other distinction was the bandana worn across the face, a hideous design of sharp, bloody teeth. And as others began to emerge from the darkness, walking slow, he noticed their bandanas as well. He saw clowns with their hideous makeup and noses, pale, dead jawbones, and snarling dogs, all viewing him with equal hostility. One of them held a knife, another an axe, some had crow-bars, but the one in front was still the most distinct, pushing a bloody wooden table laden with torture devices and shackles.

He would not let this be his fate, he could not, so he made his move, fear transforming to anger and hatred. Savage rage possessed him, urging him to attack, so he did. Rushing forward, he threw himself onto the leader, pushing the table over and scattering the evil devices it held all over the floor. And for painful moments, he was lost in fury, beating the person in the bloody bandana with an inhumane brutality that should not have been as sweet as it was.

But fatigue was upon him again, and now his vision was beginning to blur. The room around him transformed as his attention shifted from the bloodied body on the floor to the walls. No longer did they rot, but were now immaculate, painted in a powdery shade of blue. He could see it now, so there was light, not the dim sunlight, but fluorescent light that completely illuminated the hall. To his side, the floor was shiny tile, littered with syringes and sheets that had fallen off a wheeled bed. Turning his head slightly, he noticed the floor around him was speckled with crimson. Before his eyes was a woman, dressed in sea-green scrubs and a bloody surgical mass, her face so deformed from his attack that he could not identify her.

It was the last thing he saw.



The World Through Someone Else's Eyes Amy Cardinal

Do you ever wonder
the way somebody else
sees the world?

Do they see the sun as bright as you?
Do they fall asleep to the crickets at night?
Do they love the smell of the new spring season?
Do they love how blue the sky is on a sunny day?

Or is it all an illusion?
Is someone else's world a dark and scary place?
Where the sun never shines
and the sky is a dark melancholy blue?

If the world is supposed to be a wonderful place,
why are some people surrounded by darkness
and never have the sun
to guide them through?



Hysteria

Chris Wesinger

All he could do was run. No thoughts, no time to stop, just instinct, instinct and an unfathomable fear he had never experienced before. It was a sixth sense, a primal impulse, a lethal dose of adrenaline that made his heart race so it was all he could hear, the beats firing like rounds from a machine gun that tried to pound its way out of his head. He had no awareness of his surroundings; each hall he turned down was the last, each door the next, and every staircase led to another array of identical hallways and doors. It was surreal, unearthly, a vast maze with no exit, no solace.

He suddenly realized the fatigue that was overcoming him. His legs had begun to fail, and the motor that powered them seemed to be sputtering, operating at dangerously high power. He was slowing to a jog, no longer able to bear the physical stress induced by the marathon he seemed to have been running; yet it defied his will, for it was all he could do to run, was it not? And if he stopped, if he could not continue...

He was hyperventilating now, each heaving breath a knife wound straight to the lungs, a cold, unbearable pain accompanied only by unbearable fear. He could not stop, and now he remembered why; the killers, the madmen that wanted his life. The ones who wore the masks, the ghastly masks that covered their faces. And worse yet, they were upon him; he knew it. His footfalls had ceased, and now he was buckled over, paralyzed, wanting to scream but failing to do anything but breathe. Each huff echoed, ringing through the halls, enveloping him, but he could hear them too, whispering among each other, conspiring. Their footfalls were light, calm, eerily peaceful, growing closer every second.

He could feel bile creeping up his throat, opening his mouth and squeezing whatever was in his stomach out, letting it splatter on the decrepit floor of the place he was in.

And now the whispering was closer, the footsteps louder, a shuffle of feet just a few meters behind him, his impending doom, his bloody demise. So he made the decision, mind racing, heart pounding. He had to fight, for he could no longer run from his fears. Pushing himself upright, he turned, barely prepared for





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Everything's a Little Fuzzy

Amelia Yarasitis

I refuse to fall prey to that Demon, Sleep.
Laced with love.
Ballerina timpanist. Cellular coated warriors.
Thin sky.
Committed to the corners of confusion.
Severed ties from throats cut short.
Hate of a sun.
Pillars of static.
Cascade down the cosmos.
Cascade down the sky and surpass all ideals,
Fortune favors the untold masses.
Sedated statements will not be inherited.

End of the Line

Anna Furtney

Together we leave eternity showing immense power.
Chanting whispers from summer to winter.
The idea was to be remembered but
To also be forgotten.
Considering the words that were unspoken
And the secrets that are going to die with us,
We lay beneath the meaningless pictures that
scream beauty,
Running away from what we could have been.

Untitled

Elizabeth Brown

The sky slowly distorted in color
As if the world were an excess of lively paints
On an untouched canvas
Feeling the vigor of gravity
And sharing the best parts of themselves with one another;
Intertwining until they formed an endless hue
As profound and gloomy as the darkness
That transpires when the moon begins
Its ascent to the uppermost fragment of the skies.

Into the City
Katherine Canniff

A picture wavering in the distance,
Lights glancing through the dim blue
Standing tall and sharp
As the moon is magnified tenfold in the blank sky.

Buzz of tires,
Passing faces fixed forward
An instant peek into a life unknown.
Scruffy beard and permanent grimace,
Hair pulled against the skull,
Furrowed brows,
Emerging creases.
All trapped inside,
Waiting.

Eyes wandering upward,
Lights grow harsher,
Buildings reach taller,
Overpowering those peeking below,
Straining to be seen,
Forever latched to the asphalt.

Their outline shields the walking people.
Lives running straightforward.
Others wandering aimlessly,
Stumbling and searching.
Searching only for fulfilling sleep.



The Silver Lining Maddy Schlager

Happiness comes in many forms, and sometimes happiness is not an object. Rather it is the memories and moments -- an old lover or a loved one left behind. I think back to the days we both shared, and I reminisce the moments that made my heart grow fonder and my smile grow larger. I picture the autumn leaves beginning to shed from the trees, and I see lilac skies begin to slip away, exposing the oranges and the reds that consume the tops of trees. The smell of autumn air lingers, and soon I no longer see shades of orange or red. In fact there are few leaves at all. Bitter and cold, the seasons begin to change. In the blink of an eye autumn soon becomes winter, and a new absence has occurred.

The only thing I know about the absence of someone is that missing them is humbling. It causes you to admit you are not a solitary force in this world. When I say I "miss" him, I am saying that I discovered a moment in my life when his absence was evident. The absence of anyone is hard. Moving on with your life and discovering all the beautiful wonders life has to offer without that person can send sheer pain straight to your heart. You wonder if your absence has done any damage to their life the way their absence has damaged you.

I think the hardest part of it all was having to give up and move on only because they had given up on me. But in the end, there is always a silver lining to even the worst of situations. In the midst of all this, you learn things. You learn to cope and you learn to deal with even the worst of situations. You no longer depend on another for your happiness; you now have the ability to go out into the world and experience life on your own.

No matter what your age -- whether you are 6, 16 or 26, life is going to leave you with the absence of someone irreplaceable. Whether you spend your childhood, teenage or adult years with the absence of this person, your happiness does not have to leave along with them.

Engulfed by cruelly artificial light.
Buildings vanish,
A concrete sky to follow.
Yellow fades to gray.
Passage through a dull dimension,
Has no purpose but delaying distance,
A hollow value.

Colors are a relief from gray.
Purple streaks sigh softly,
As a path edged by towering structures,
Some with the stiffness of a new sheet,
Others with dust settled in the cracks.

The road crowned with two wishbones,
Sides trailing downwards, rooted into the city,
But the tops point upward.
A reminder,
Or warning,
Of direction.

Eyes lower once more,
To the hard ground,
Quickly eaten.
Obliviously fixed forward,
Not turning to see when the lights fade away
Into the now deep gray.



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Untitled Mariah Jacobsen

How is it that it all just fades away,
Like breath on a mirror?
The candle light that dies,
With smoke as its last moments remembrance

How is it we see ourselves so mighty?
So great?
But are so small
Gone in an instant

These are those who remain
Those who are remembered
And live through those who reminisce
Those of the unforgotten

What cost must be paid to become unforgotten?
What civil blood must be spilled for such vain a mission?
For in great deeds, something abides
A dark mark remains

Time heals all wounds
Why are the wounds recalled and not the extraordinary happenings?
Time can heal a wound
But the scar will prevail

Perhaps it is better to be forgotten
Our songs ending in silence,
Nothing left but the stillness of the air
Perhaps it is better to be a breath than a scar

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