Whisper

Dreher
High School



Literary &
Art Magazine

2018-19

Whisper...

Literary & Arts Magazine
2018-2019

Behind the Name...

We are living in a very tumultuous and unsettling time, with unrest everywhere we turn. While it may seem hopeless at times, it is we, the people, who can create a movement of change. Everyone has a voice and the ability to make a positive impact on the world. Change comes forth when positive choices are made, starting with our expressions and actions, regardless of how small they may seem. Each of our voices can have an influence, one *whisper* at a time.

Humanity...

We are whispering words of humanity. We create expressions of our joy and woes, exemplifying humanity. A photographer captures the pain and cruelty that the news preaches everyday. A writer weaves together a world of kindness and exultation or a world where the planet is not dying by our own hands; a world of hope. An artist paints the in-between of what is seen and what is imagined. These are the dreams of humanity: peace, hope, and love, not hate and violence. We create what is and what could be. We are dreaming for a better tomorrow.

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Policy

The Dreher High School Literary and Arts Magazine is a collection of literature and art submissions. The magazine editing team reserves the right to edit manuscripts for clarity, grammar, spelling and mechanics. All works submitted are original works reviewed and selected by the magazine editing team.

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Cover Art by Florence Wang

"If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other."

- Mother Theresa

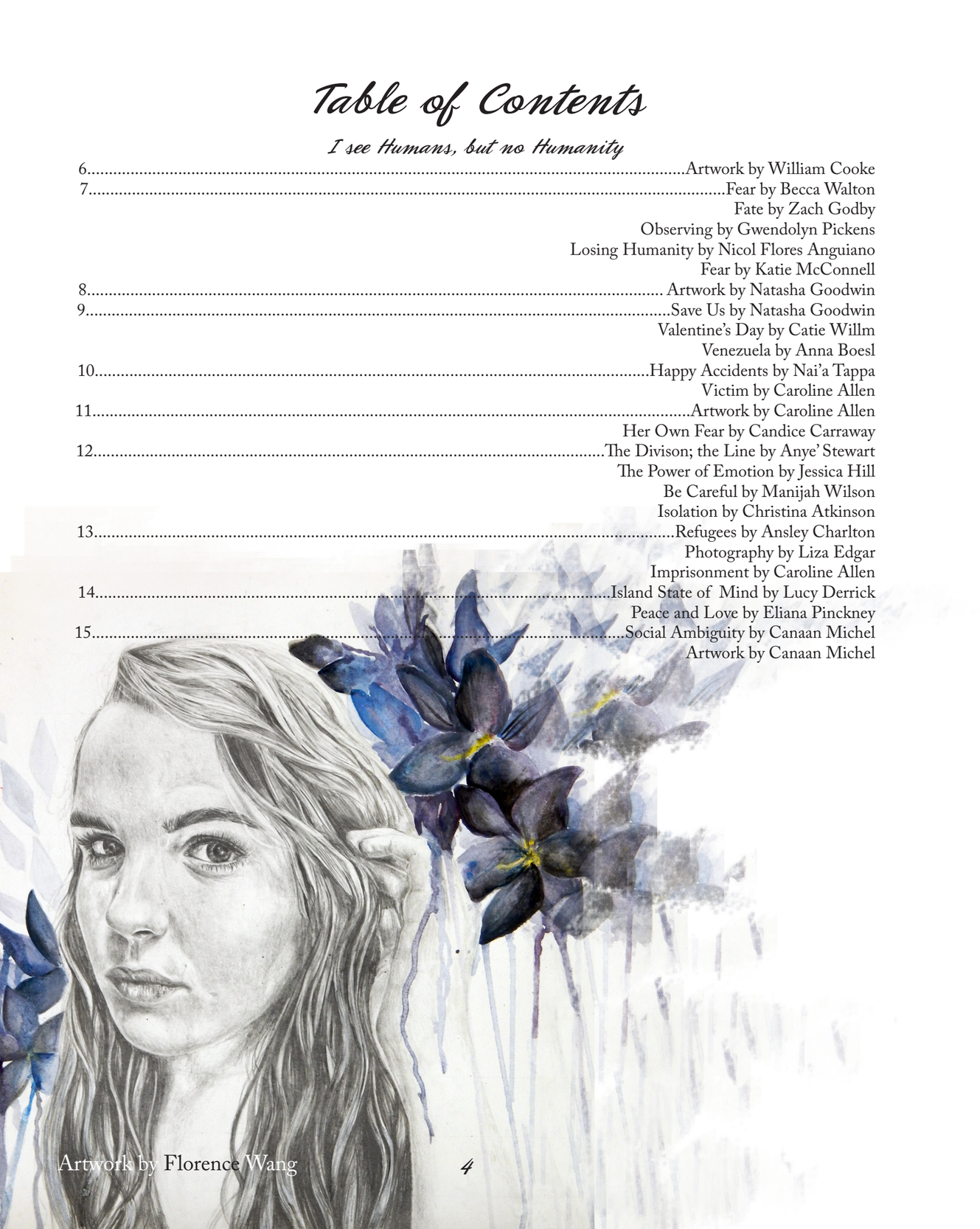


Artwork by Julia Burden

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Artwork by William Cooke

"Fear"
by Becca Walton

Fear consumes one's thoughts
And tells us how to act

Fear can overwhelm us
To the point that we feel insignificant

Though we can't escape it
Light can drive darkness away

"Observing"
by Gwendolyn Pickens

I am strong and logical
I wonder where I'll be in two years
I hear cries of the community
I see the lies being told
I want to be happy
I am ambitious and articulate

I pretend like nothing is wrong
I feel the hearts being shattered
I touch those that are grieving
I worry we'll never be safe
I cry when I overthink
I am too sensitive and broken

I understand life isn't fair
I believe one day everyone will be air
I dream of peace and smiling faces
I try to change, but I never do
I hope one day things will be different
I must remember, I am only one person

"Fate"
by Zach Godby

Waiting is the worst
Unaware of what could come
The root of all fear
One can never know
What fate has in store for them
Only time will tell

"Losing Humanity"
by Nicol Flores Anguiano

Some people play with your emotions
Others just use you for their happiness
You may think they have
No humanity inside of them
Perhaps they don't
However, *YOU* do
So you forgive over and over again
But what can you do, except take it all in
Will you ever end up losing it?
I guess we will find out soon

"Fear"
by Katie McConnell

Icy, cold tendrils
Suffocating fear surrounds
How can one be free?

Trapped in a tight cage
Racing thoughts control the mind
There is no escape



“Save Us”
by Natasha Goodwin

No where to run
No where to hide
Fire and buildings collide
Running in circles
Where do we go?
We don’t know
Is anyone coming?
Is there someone to save us?
Someone very brave?
Someone came, but it was far too late

“Valentine’s Day”
by Catie Willm

Gun fire is the news
The lady screams of fire and smoke
The political foes
Angry with the trauma that soaks

And we hold ovations
Of quiet and fervor
The season of carnations
17 dead; on the server

We stand while they lay
Our thoughts and prayers
With their bullet caskets

Legislature calls for
Walls and division
The children sore
With mom’s prescription

Rockets caught easy
Marches at the state house
Star bangled banner breezy
A husbandless wife and her spouse

Rest in Power to the victims of the shooting at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School and the numerous American youth who’ve died in schools across the nation.

“Venezuela”
by Anna Boesl

No aid finds us here
Trash heaps become grocery stores
There is no way out

Artwork by Natasha Goodwin

"Happy Accidents"
by Nai'a Tappa

The truth of the universal experience
Of all life and death
Dagda controlled and fate follows suit
Time unchallenged
And emotion ultimately decided
The music of all
Flows direct from the source
A muse of the seasons
A harp with the power of sorrow, joy, and dreams
The holy trinity of destiny
With the gift of the unknown and god of Nasturtium
He is the protector of all
Turning blue anemone into strong alstroemeria
A Beowulf experience through time
Chaos comes from power, the mind its ally
The end can come unknowingly
Stemming from the façade of the underground
Lost in thought
Shutting the doors to reality
The mind takes over
Games played that cannot be controlled
Clouds of deceit
Changing the true perception of fate
An unchallenged force
The truth of the universal experience
Of all life and death

"Victim"
by Caroline Allen

There is no escape
You can't be safe
Constant fear
Loss of hope
In a trance
From place to place
They take your faith

Darkness consumes
No help to come
Inhumane torture
Body and soul stolen
Nightmare of reality
Destruction of the mind
Degradation of life

Doors break open
Light shines through
Padded angels take you
You are safe
You are home
You can live



"Her Own Fear"
by Candice Carraway

Her eyes of imagination
Tell a lovely; dangerous tale
Of the remarkable complexity
Of her own fear

Artwork by Caroline Allen

"The Division; The Line"
by Anye' Stewart

There is a division
There is a wall
People want to build and define
They don't care to work together
All they want is to make a bolder line
They don't care to help
They don't care to sympathize
They only care to declare what's theirs and mine's
They don't care for inclusion
Or what truly makes this country great
They just see that you're different and they hate
But let us bridge the division
And erase the line
Because a country that's theirs is just as much mine
Let's raise the love and rid the hate
Then we will finally see
A country that is truly great

"The Power of Emotion"
by Jessica Hill

As we soar through the motions
We are filled with emotions
Happiness, sadness, joy and madness
Emotions-
They hurt and they wound
They silence and they confuse
We enter into commotion
Leaving all vows of devotion
On the curb
Where we first heard them
Through emotion we give each other
Feelings of encouragement and nourishment
We spread positivity
But emotions can also be one big declivity
The down side to so much feeling
Is that they don't always end up healing
Sometimes in the end
We don't make amends
We end up not friends
Emotions-
They give and they take
They bond and they break

"Be Careful"
by Manijah Wilson

Trusting someone
Is like walking with your eyes closed
Trusting no one
Is a sure way to lose
Those you hold close

"Isolation"
by Christina Atkinson

Divine isolated love with
Morally unified doubt
Feelings rejected
A sacrifice like chains
A weakness to psychological comparison

"Refugees"
by Ansley Charlton

The refugees just want to be free
From the pain and horror of their country
Escaping to countries for some sort of fee
Everyone is so hungry
They come in thousands or in threes
Walking, sad, and achy
Some are close; some are hard to see
All with an empty belly
Trying to evade the country's policy
One must wonder
Could they bring a new beauty?

"Imprisonment"
by Caroline Allen

She reflects
Consumed in life
Imprisonment
Starvation
Principle in many ways may seem irresistible
She has escaped
However, her true intervention in life now is
To reach love

Photography by Liza Edgar

"Island State of Mind"
by Lucy Derrick

My mind's a small island
Surrounded by blue
Unaware of what's coming
Afraid of what's new
A beautiful island, so peaceful and lush
Full of goodness and wonder, still remains untouched
But look closer and you'll see the imperfection
A wandering mind on a path with no real direction
A sea of ideas, swirling inside
All trapped, rushing into the riptide
I'm lost in the jungle of my thoughts, so bold and so daring
I need a map, a compass, some type of bearing
The silence is screaming
My mind's always scheming
And when it's not, it lives for dreaming
The good and the bad
A combination of the two
Is what's keeping me from falling apart
Holding my mind together like a glorious glue
My own kind of paradise will have to suffice
It runs freely, like a small child
It shuts down, deteriorating like the wild
So I'll let nature take her course
Because I'm the only one who can tame my mind
Who can control this force?

"Peace and Love"
by Eliana Pinckney

I find myself looking towards the sky
Searching my head for answers why
Why take someone no better than I
When really none of us should have to die

I think about all of the days
When I walk beyond the walls where I lay
With every step I am afraid
For now the world is full of hate

My race is restricted
My gender is prohibited
My mind feels limited
In this world that I'm living in
Now is the time to stand
With each other hand in hand
Not fighting for our land
But helping others understand

Understanding how to love
So we aren't like the ones above
Make our actions more like the dove
Now we fight for peace and love

"Social Ambiguity"
by Canaan Michel

I can be funny, happy, outgoing, sweet
A perfect life
At least that's how it seems
I can be mysterious, complicated, cool
Thing you want to get to know me?
But don't be fooled

I can smile for the picture
Or pout when I pose
The truth is, I could be anyone
But no one really knows

We all look up and want to be them
But they look at you and think the same
Pretending to be someone else
It's such a shame

The fantasy becomes an addiction
But what's the point?
I could try to be you, and you try to be me
Then our lives will become fiction



Artwork by Canaan Michel

"IPhone 666"
By D. Johnson

Owen lived in a town called "Devils Grip." He went to a school where no one knew him, and most of the time it was as if he didn't exist. This was mostly because he didn't have a phone. In this town, if you want to be anybody, you need a phone. Owen was fine with this though. He knew his parents were doing everything they could for him with what limited resources they had.

One day someone finally acknowledged Owen. Sky accidently tripped and dropped her tray of food all over him. Everyone laughed at him but Sky. She apologized and ran to get paper towels to help clean up the mess. Even though he was humiliated, Sky's smile was comforting.

After that day Owen had a crush on Sky and started thinking of ways to approach her. He had NEVER felt this way before about anyone, so he decided to make a folded heart with a message inside. He came to school the next day and found her at lunch. Sky's friends began looking at him strangely.

"H-h-hi, Sky. This is for you," he said, terrified, awkwardly handing the folded heart to her. She turned with a confused expression on her face, then she scrunched up her face as one of her friends yelled out, "She has a boyfriend!" Everyone at lunch turned toward the commotion and once they realized what was going on, laughter erupted, and Owen's heart was shattered.

Owen ran out of the school as fast as he could; he couldn't bear the heartbreak. He sat down and just cried. Suddenly, a man in a cloak of smoke and a body made of fire appeared out of the shadow. Owen jumped up in shock, asking the man, "Who are you?" The man responded calmly, "Who I am does not matter. Only *why* I am here should concern you." The man pulled out a shiny red phone and handed it to Owen.

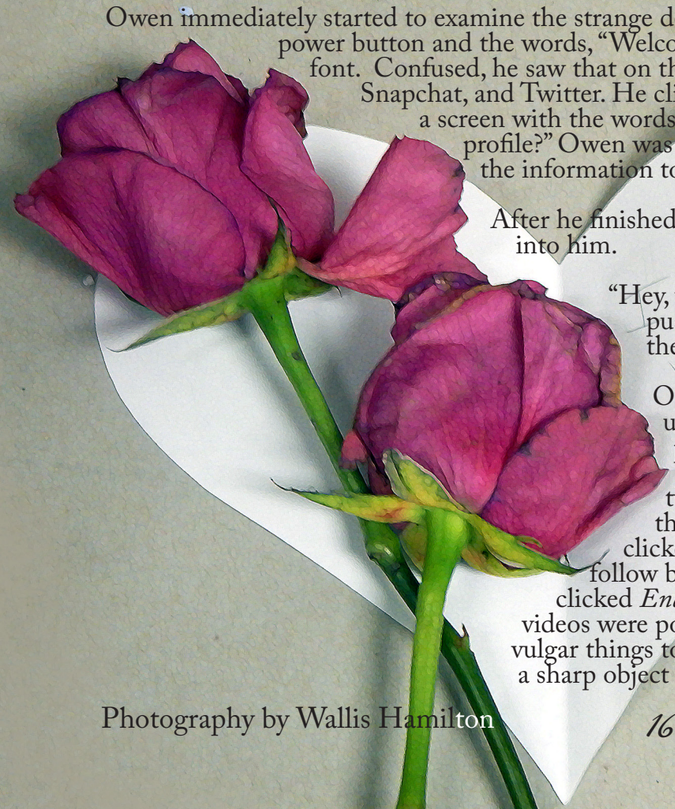
"What is this for?" Owen looked at the phone and back at the man, but he had vanished.

Owen immediately started to examine the strange device. As he explored the phone, he hit the power button and the words, "Welcome to the IPhone 666" appeared in black font. Confused, he saw that on the home page were three app logos: Instagram, Snapchat, and Twitter. He clicked on the Instagram logo and it opened to a screen with the words "Hello, Owen. Ready to start making your profile?" Owen was confused but curious as he started filling out the information to set up his account.

After he finished his profile, out of nowhere, two girls bumped into him.

"Hey, watch where you're going or next time I'll push you into the street," said one of the girls as the other began to laugh.

Owen apologized, but the girls kept giving him ugly stares as they walked off. Owen felt the phone vibrate in his hand. It was a notification from Instagram recommending two people to follow, which happened to be the girls whom he had just bumped into. He clicked on their profiles and instead of seeing the follow button he saw the word *End*. Hesitantly, he clicked *End* on both profiles. Almost immediately, new videos were posted of the girls recording themselves saying vulgar things to each other. It continued until one pulled out a sharp object and stabbed the other while screaming out,



Photography by Wallis Hamilton

"Don't ever touch my phone!" The video ended with her crying over the other girl's dead body.

Owen quickly went home, and as he entered his room, he took out the phone and tried to figure out what had happened. There was a message from an unknown number. It was a video of the girl who killed the other girl getting arrested. Owen was so confused about how this was all possible. Another notification for Instagram came up. Owen had 458 new followers! He was so ecstatic that he had followers and finally existed in this town, that he had completely forgotten about those girls, as if they had never existed.

If Owen didn't like someone, or if someone had previously picked on him, Owen would go to one of their social media accounts and press *End*. The more he pressed it, the more followers and money he got. Owen picked up on the pattern and figured out the more popular a person was, the greater his reward. Soon he was "Ending" big companies and famous actors. In the back of Owen's mind, he was hoping that once he was popular enough, Sky would leave her boyfriend for him.

As weeks passed, he noticed the school was slowly becoming empty and the outside world was falling into chaos. One day, Owen's followers finally surpassed Sky's, and just as he suspected, Sky broke up with her boyfriend. At the end of the school day, Owen approached her.

"Hey, Sky. How's it going?" he said confidently.

"Owen! I was looking for you. I've been wanting to say this to you ever since you ran out of school that day. I'm so sorry. It's just that with this whole popularity thing, you have to act a certain way, and you barely get a chance to be who you really are. It's sad but true. So, on that day when you were brave enough to approach me in front of my friends, I thought it was one of the sweetest things anyone had ever done for me. I only made that face because I didn't know how to feel at the time. But after you ran off, I thought about it. It shouldn't matter if someone's popular or not. People shouldn't feel the need to remark about every little thing you do, because it's none of their business. Sadly, that's not how this world works. Everyone has to be in everyone else's business as if it is their own," Sky said passionately with tears running down her face.

Owen hugged Sky and he started to think about everyone he had "Ended" and began to cry with her. The school started to shake and Sky and Owen fell to the ground. Sky and Owen heard screams outside and immediately ran out of the school to see birds with bat-like wings and red creatures with black horns and purple nails. The ground was spewing out lava and the skies were cracking like shattered glass. Sky and Owen were frozen in fear at what they saw before them. They stood there so long that they caught the attention of a red creature. It started charging towards them. Sky forced Owen out of his frozen state and they began to run.

"I'm so sorry, Sky. This is all my fault," Owen said with tears running down his face. Owen pulled out *The Phone*.

"This Phone is called IPhone 666. I got it that day I gave you that note, and I've been using it to get popular ever since." Tears began to run down Sky's face as she listened to Owen tell his story.

Owen put his head down and explained everything to Sky. The more he spoke, the more horrified she became. Sky got up and walked towards the edge of the roof. Owen looked up and shouted, "Hey! What are you doing?" Sky turned back and said, "That wasn't right, Owen. I thought you were different." She jumped off the roof and Owen ran after her, but when he got to the edge she was already being torn apart by the creatures. Owen fell to his knees and began to howl. He pulled out the phone and tried to power it off. Instead of the words *Power Off* it read, "To End Humanity: Press Here."

"Hello, boy!" Owen turned around in shock. It was the same man from the alleyway with the body of fire and cloak of smoke.

"What do you want?" Owen asked as he turned back to the edge. The man came close to Owen's ear and asked, "So, what will you choose?"

With no Earth, there is no Humanity

"Nature "
by Elizabeth Hudgens

The tree outside was blowing wild
The flower color just so mild
Bumblebees flying around
Nothing there making a sound
The stream was flowing ever so calm
The only shade was under the palm
Sunny days were the best
Those were the days we got our rest

The butterflies landed on the leaves
As they slowly felt the breeze
Beautiful color in the sky
With the kids flying their kites high
Summer days were always a good time
The only time we could rhyme

We will always love to play
Hope these summer days never go away
The happiness felt all around
Children laughing on the ground
Miles away an ocean storm brews
People by the coast feeling the blues
Not all can feel the joy of the nice warm sun
We wish for peace on earth for everyone

"The Endless War"
by Christian Wells

Sunrise, Sunset
The world builds upon itself
Only to crumble once the day is done
A world being destroyed screams for help
But when the call is unanswered
Mother Nature remembers all wrong doing
And with a vengeance, she calmly prepares
Because in the end, we are all losing

"Climate Displacement"
by Caroline Kamke

Climate displacement
How far people can travel
Only for a short stay

"Environmental Refugees"
by Roland Herbkersman

Greenhouse gases build
People being forced to leave
We need to stop this

"Flint"
by Lucy den Ouden

Toxic waters thrive
Mysterious illnesses
A crisis unseen

"Carbon"
by Maddie Petkewich

Glaciers melt, seas warm
No arctic summer ice soon?
Carbon fills our air



Artwork by Florence Wang

"Mother Nature"
by Amelia Stensland

We look, we see you every day
In the fields of corn and in the fields of hay
You represent the goodness of the Earth
Throughout the toils and problems that men unearth
From your valleys of flowers to your grass of the plains
They are examples of your beauty in every domain
The forest of trees is your house
For animals from bird to mouse

Skies of blue and wisps of cloud
Hang over your Earth and the ground
The crashing waves, the salt, the spray
The solitude of a secluded bay
From your mountain peaks of majestic heights
To prairielands of a distinctive sight

Whether in the arid, desert sand
Or the icy, snow of arctic land
The passage of time, your seasons bear
To all who take the time to stare
You are a magnificent, awe-inspiring sight
From your gentleness to your powerful might

"Home Sweet Home"
by Elly Gross

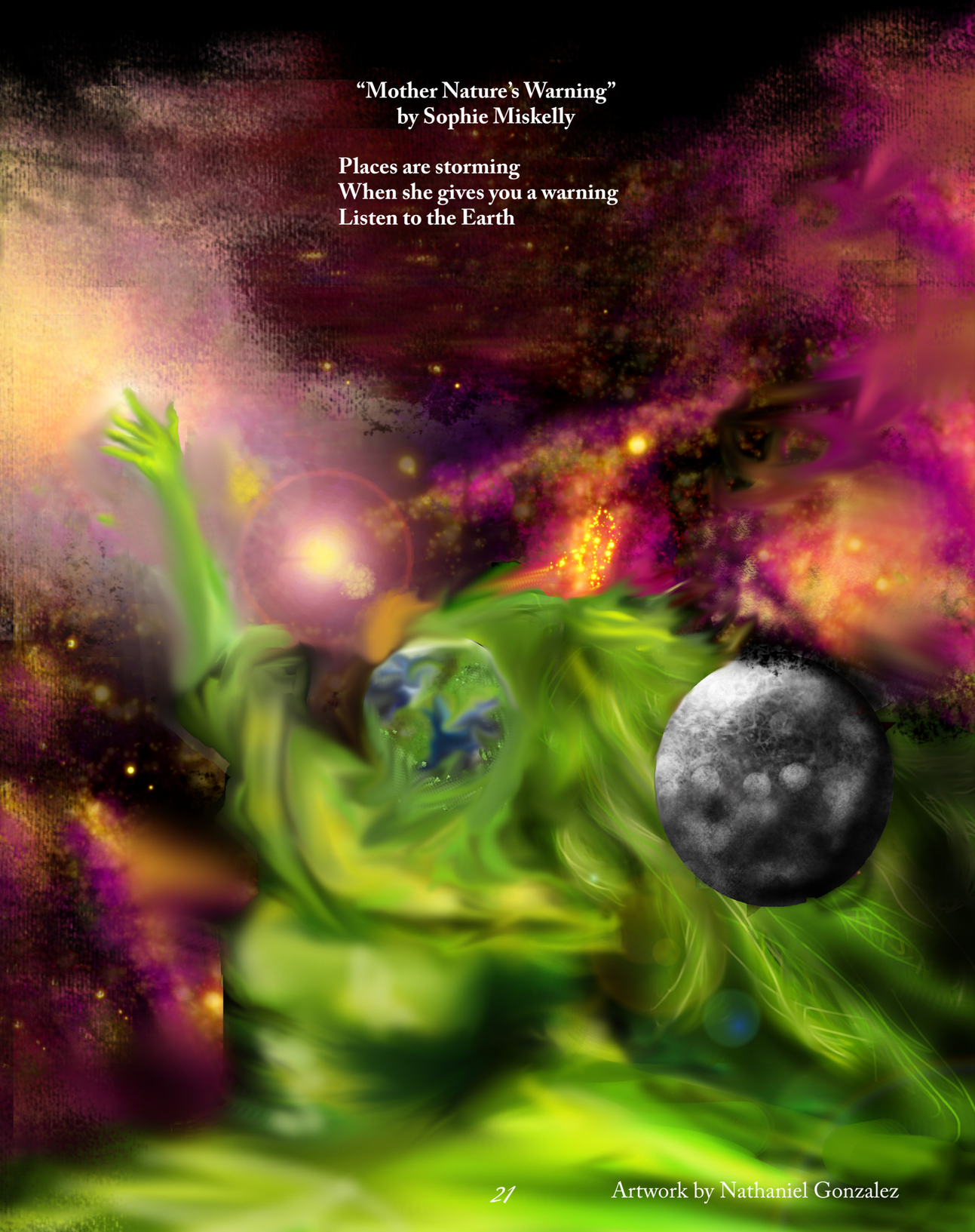
Places changing over time
Polluted by smoke and grime
Slowly dying as time goes by
Home sweet home
Killed by human kind

"Irreversible"
by Alexa Nyberg

Don't see a problem?
In 12 years, you can't return
Comfortable blindness

"Mother Nature's Warning"
by Sophie Miskelly

Places are storming
When she gives you a warning
Listen to the Earth



Artwork by Nathaniel Gonzalez

“Water Pollution”
by Dallas Bass

People don’t even realize
Our oceans are being destroyed
Littering has major negative impacts
Love our planet and save our seas
Undermining the seriousness of this issue
Tearing apart the habitat of all species
Inside we know it’s getting worse
Our planet is begging for a change
Never will it be the same again

“The Consequence”
by Macie Leath

Driving down the road
I look out the window
Red, clear, and blue
Litter my view

Walking by the murky stream
I see sickly rainbows and trash
Floating in the water we drink
A type of poison, you would think

Walking on the beach
I smell something that stinks
It’s from a garbage heap on the nearby street
Creating miles of trash islands, so to speak

This crisis of humanity
Is polluting the seas, the earth
The air and food we eat
Who pays the consequence?
The wrapper I threw away?
Look on the ground
That bag that blew away?
Look in the sea
That paper I threw away?
It killed the forests of yesterday

The landfills are magnifying
The forests are dying
The animals are crying
Yet the people are denying

Who pays the consequence?

“Rising and Withering”
by Deven Riley

Rising sea levels
Withering drought and famine
Climate change will kill

“Environment”
by John Platanis

Do you really care about the environment?
Does pollution ever cross your mind?
Have you ever seen a polar bear struggling to find some ice?
Or poachers making millions as elephants and rhinos go extinct?
Islands of trash pile in the ocean
As whales’ lives are on the brink
Do you really care about the environment?
No; It seems it’s not worth your time



Artwork by Beth Walker

For the Love of Humanity

"Tales Told in Silence "
by Grace Franklin

It whispers of emptiness
Screams with raging emotions
Traps all the goodness
To tell you a story
Of things you hoped to never feel again
Laughter and tears
The feeling that someone's gone
She is gone
And he feels it most in the silence
Where her laughter used to ring
Her smiles used to shine
Tears of hers he used to chase away
In the silence he reaches over
And finds that silence is all that's left

"Fragile"
by Logan Garrick

Love, this strange concept
Two souls intertwined, held tight
For now, we are warm

And beware, lovers
For this small, yet fragile thing
Is easily lost

"Need For Love"
by Kailyn Goodwin

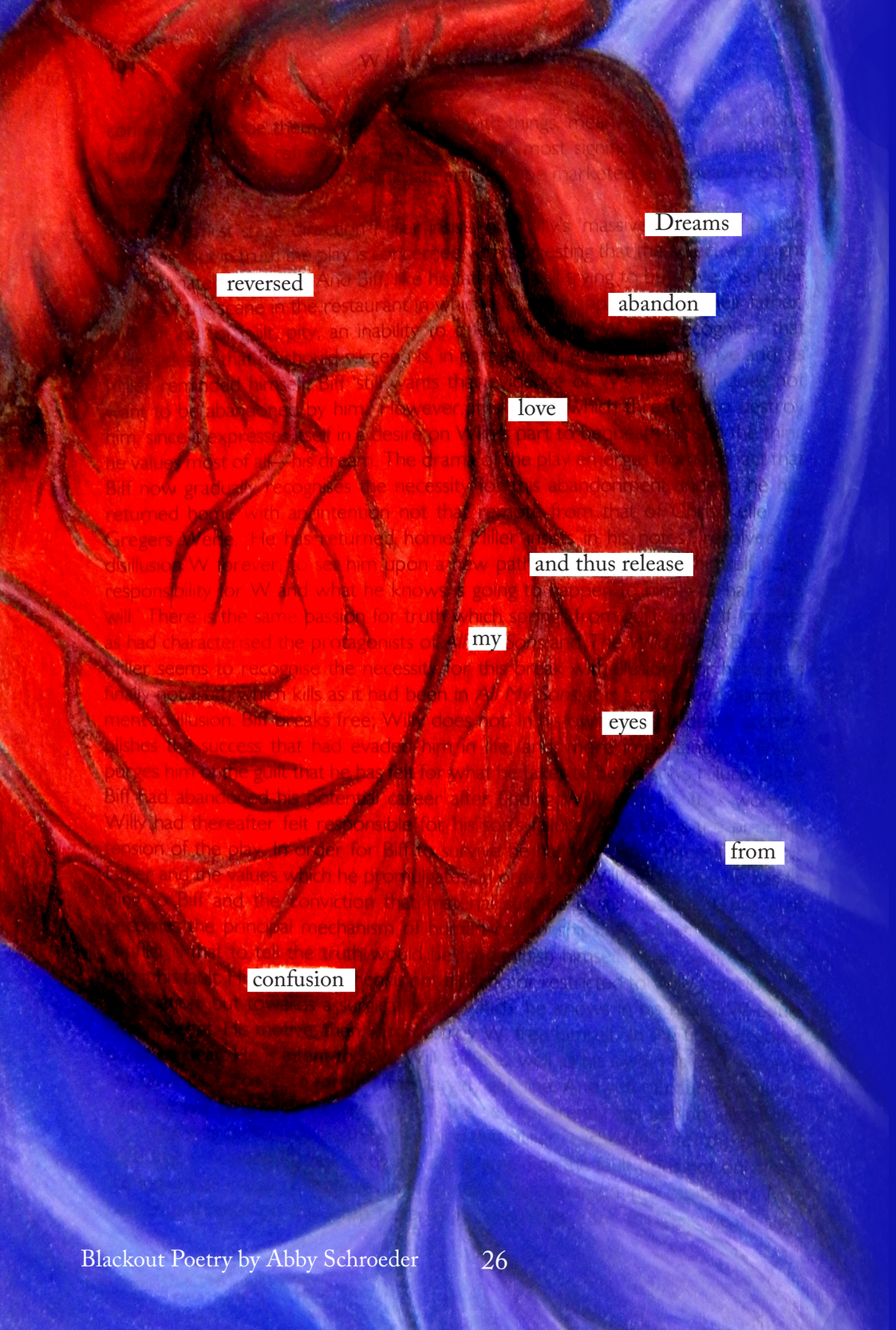
Desperate for it
Inevitable
The feeling of someone's touch
Gets heartbroken willingly
Everyone wants it
No matter what form

"Love"
by William Cooke

Love ought to be peace
Not tracking a futile score
Why must two contest?



Blackout Poetry by Meredith Osbaldiston



Blackout Poetry by Abby Schroeder

"I am Coping"
by Kristofer Vasquez-Salmoran

I dream of a day we'll feel no pain
I see a time where things will change

I pretend to be strong, though the world is tough
And I cry sometimes when I don't feel loved

I am who I am, but I could be better
I understand you are a man, but I can't just forget her

I feel this way from the knives that stabbed my back
I fear for the lives that you've attacked

I know this is all in the past
I hope that the love that I gave was good enough
While it lasts

"Kind Boy from Dunkin'"
by Candice Carraway

One morning, I thought it would be a good day if I could just start it off with a nice coffee from Dunkin' Donuts. I walked in and could already feel my day getting better. So, I set my bag down and grabbed my card before waiting in line. I tapped my foot to the music that was playing through my headphones. When I finally got to order, I told the cashier exactly what I wanted. She made it before I could pay, setting in out on the counter in front of me. I handed her my card while grabbing the coffee, and as I was about to take a sip the cashier said, "I'm sorry honey, the card was declined." I told her that I was sorry, I grabbed my card, set the coffee down and walked away.

I started to put my card back into my wallet and into my book bag, I looked up, wondering what she would do with the coffee. Then I noticed a boy who was waiting in line after me and I heard him order his food and quietly say "and I'll pay for whatever she ordered." I looked up only to see him walking towards me with the coffee and a warm smile. I thanked him numerous times before leaving the Dunkin' Donuts. It is amazing how a small act of one person can completely change someone's day.

"The Girl Who Said Nothing"
by Kayla Morman

One year ago, there was a girl, different from the rest, who sat near the train station. She never spoke to anyone. Many people didn't know her and many teased her behind her back. People would say things like, "Who is she? What is she doing here? She looks so dirty! Does she ever wash?" Little did they know, she heard every single word, and any time she was confronted, she wouldn't say anything in return.

One particular day, a young man named Henry was waiting by the train station and saw the girl, sitting alone. He turned his head towards the gossiping group of girls and heard many terrible insults. Henry didn't know who or what the commotion was about until he was close enough to hear.

"Why is she here?" one girl asked.

"Forget about that, look at her hair! She looks like one of those cave men" another said with a sly chuckle.

Henry, fuming with anger, forced himself to stay in his place. He looked at the girl and back at the group. He couldn't take the evil gossiping any longer.

"Hey, can you guys stop talking about her? Bringing someone else down only brings you down lower," Henry said to the girls.

"How about you mind your own business?" one gossiping girl said, as she flipped her hair and turned back to the rest of her friends.

The lonely girl saw a puppy and coaxed it towards her. She loved the adorable sounds of little paws as the puppy came plodding towards her, jumping into the her lap. She embraced it. From a distance, Henry watched and smiled at the girl, and then got onto the train.

The next week, Henry arrived back at the station and noticed it was starting to storm. He grabbed his bags and was leaving when he noticed the girl. She was there, in the same place where she was before. He thought to himself, "Is she waiting for someone? Why is she not going home?" A look of sadness wiped across his face. He wanted to approach to her but wasn't sure how she would react. The puppy was still beside her, walking near the railroad tracks. From the tunnel, the sound of the train whistle grew. Henry realized what was about to happen and quickly ran to the girl, screaming over the shrieking train. As light from train quickly escaped from the tunnel, Henry reached the girl, grabbed her in his arms and pulling her from harm's way. The train grew louder and louder, and then there was only silence. Henry sighed in relief and held the girl gently by her shoulders, asking if she

was ok and why she would do such a dangerous thing.

The girl was shaking and weeping. All she could mutter was, "Puppy…"

Henry looked around and saw no signs of anybody. "I am sorry. I don't see anyone or anything around."

The girl began to cry and Henry gave her a comforting hug.

One month later, the gossiping group came around again, still talking about the lonely girl. Henry become irritated once again. The girl was still at her spot, not moving an inch. One of the gossipers decided to confront the girl, teasing her about her outfit and her hair. Staying true to her character, the girl said nothing. She was pushed and shoved, and beat to the ground, but no one said anything. Then, the girl was gone and no one said anything.

Gloomy skies fell over the town that day with symbolic sirens wailing in the distance. No one knew what happened to that girl. No one, except for one. The one who stood up and defined humanity. The one who sat with the girl and her best friend. The girl who said nothing.



Artwork by Julia Burden



Artwork by Julia Burden

"Women's Hands"
by Natasha Goodwin

Together
Hand in hand
We need to hold onto one another

No more settling
No more being put down
No more rape or domestic violence
No more discrimination
To put in translation
No more frustration

We are strong
We are powerful
Let our beauty SHINE!

"A Promise"
by M. Wright

I gaze at you chasing a cry
A voice
A word that shall echo forevermore
I will waken and listen to
A midnight message of snow
Between the wood and frozen lake
I promise
I will comfort you
I will kiss you
And hug you safe and tight
And there won't be a single place
Dark or unhappy

"Outlet"
by Chancellor Chavous

Music is powerful
Even lyrics can't explain
Feeling the beat in yourself
Remembering the sound

"The Sky is the Limit"
by Charlie Lucas

The dream
The power
Inspires us to remove
Any ceiling or barrier
That would limit our aspirations
The sky is the limit

"Unity: Umoja"
by Alexa Nyberg

This dance communicates the fleeting moments in which we recognize our attachment to a greater sense of humanity and our existence as something more expansive than what can be held in a singular body. Through an exploration of vulnerability and human connection in movement, we reach the enduring question: how will we intertwine incoherent pasts, that challenge and change one another, to build an inclusive and unified future together?

Watch video

Where there's Humanity, there's Hope

"Dreamweaver, Dream Boy"
by Elliott London

Dreamweaver, dream boy
Always in your head
Weaving the way you want the world to be
But kid, the world isn't perfect
And inside you're screaming for help
Suffocating with all the hate of the world
Crashing down on you
You put on a smile wanting to be the ghost; you pretend
But you are slowly sinking into the abyss of your mind
Waiting for the world to change
Keep dreaming…
Dreamweaver, dream boy

"Threads"
by Anonymous

A mysterious thread stitches our mouth with fake smiles and laughter everyday.

Never ending strings of gold embrace our body, squeezing it into the perfect shape, or squeezing it down to the flesh and bones.

Gaps of broken pieces are still in our hearts. So we use strong strands of our best memories, love and joy to help fill these voids.

Everybody wants to be what the world expects. Pluck out the eyes that see your childish, immature self. Replace those eyes with ones that see a better you, but be embedded with the fibers of reality.

Love is so desirable, yet so hard to find. Our hands will be entwined with red braids of wool. They can tie our love forever, or perhaps you can rip it apart like broken trust and promises.

It is hard for people to be good in a disgusting world. We put wires of pain, torture and hatred into the galaxy. It won't go away because the pain is still there.

Can the world be a better place and stop using threads?

Artwork by Elle Pulliam



Artwork by Julia Rayfield

"The Recipe for Prosperity"
by Brendan Reynolds Stoianov

Necessary ingredients in order to ensure a prosperous life:

-2 cups of social interaction
-1 cup of individuality
-5 cups of interdependence
-1/2 tablespoon of indulgence (for flavor)
-2 teaspoons of culture (for flavor)

Steps towards achieving a healthy life style:
+Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F/ 177 degrees C and grease one large pan. If the oven is not preheated hot enough there will be an alteration in the final result. Without greasing the pan, the final outcome will be inhibited from being revealed.

1. Humans, by nature, are social organisms who need interaction to stimulate their intellect. When people converse with each other in meaningful ways, they can accomplish a great deal of solutions to ongoing problems, and thus can contribute to the greater good in society. Overall, social interaction alleviates stress and results in greater productivity. Sift this dry ingredient into the bowl of wisdom and you will receive a refined sense of intellectuality.
2. Living in a world where all humans act as clones would be quite menial because they would be lacking the key ingredient of individuality. Individuality is an integral component to a prosperous life. People who have no sense of individuality are always followers and never assert their own beliefs. Therefore, they are always tied down to the opinions of others and cannot escape from the influence of others. Mix individuality with the intellectuality to produce a critical thinker.
3. Interdependence is essential in maintaining equilibrium. Humans deeply rely on one another for support. Without this support, there would be nothing to uphold the structure of society. Thus, it would collapse and critical thinkers would be at the depths of despair trying to generate solutions to the chaos. Therefore, it is crucial that interdependence be incorporated into the mixture of critical thinkers, as critical thinkers rely heavily on one another in aims of solving significant problems. Stir in interdependence and the mixture should meld into a state of convergence.
4. Convergent thinkers would never reap any of the pleasures in life without a little indulgence. Overindulging will overpower their ability to think pragmatically. Therefore, it is important that it is added to the mixture sparingly. Adding the ½ teaspoon of indulgence will enhance the thinkers' quality of life through the addition of flavor.
5. With an electric mixer, beat the mixture on high speed so all the indulgence will meld in order to enhance reasoning skills. Culture creates a sense of belonging. It is crucial that it is added to the mixture. Similar to indulgence, culture should be added in minimal quantities because adding an excessive amount will only turn pride into arrogance, hindering reasoning.
6. Once all of the ingredients are combined, pour them into the prepared baking pan and bake for about one hour. Prior to removal, insert a toothpick or a wooden dowel to ensure a successful result. If no ingredient clings to the skewer, then remove the bake from the oven and allow the bake to cool completely before serving.
7. The final result is diversity. Diversity is the key to a prosperous life because a healthy life is a balanced life. Each individual ingredient plays an essential role in carrying out a balanced life.
8. Enjoy!

“Burning Land”
by Grace Franklin

I was a criminal; what I did won me a spot in the deepest ring of burning land. Many religious people would say it was hell. To me it was Burning Land, for I am not religious.

I heard the whispers saying if I could climb out of the pit, I could get a chance at redemption. I do not know if these voices speak the truth. However, I will take any sliver of hope, no matter how little proof.

The once sandy walls of the pit are now slick glass. Glass… I could climb glass by breaking it. The walls will be hot, my hands will burn, and my feet will bleed. But I cannot die, for I am already dead. I will feel pain. It will be long and challenging, but I must try.

I wrapped my bare hands and feet in cloth and started the ascent. I thought of one of Winston Churchill’s quotes, “If you are going through hell, keep going.” In my case, this was the literal truth.

I had atoned for my sins. I could still hear the screams of terrified people, and I regretted that the most. The people in whose hearts I struck a deadly fear.

I could now see the light, seeping from above the pit. It seemed like so far to go. I was not sure how long I had been climbing. To keep from thinking of the pain, I wondered what I was going to be.

Would I be a doctor, a humanitarian, or a police officer? That was it, I would be a police officer. What would my name be? Would I have a family?

It now seemed I was three-fourths of the way there, and I thought I had been climbing forever. The blood and sweat were mixing and making my hands slippery. First one foot then the other slipped off, and I was holding on by just my hands. Slowly my fingers relinquished their grip.

And I fell.

When I hit the ground I felt as if someone had taken a jackhammer to my body, but I persevered and tried again and again. Each time getting a little farther. Until at last, I was footholds away from the top. No matter how slippery my hands were or how much I hurt, I would get to the top. With the last ounces of strength, I heaved myself over the lip of the cliff.

I was out; no longer was I trapped in Burning Land. Looking around it appeared as if I was in a sewer. I walked a couple feet in each direction, then looked down and saw that the pit was gone. My journey would always weigh on my conscience; a little nagging voice in the back of my mind, reminding me what dangers there are in doing evil.

As I walked down the tunnel, I sorted through everything I did, and stored it away. At that point, I was headed for a new life; a good life.



Artwork by Bethany Perryman

"We Must Change"
by Jen Gorlewski

We walk
We walk to the unknown Promised Land
Leaving behind a world that is corrupt and unfair
We do not know what turmoil we will encounter
Or if we will reach our destination
Our current world leaves no mercy
We have no other choice
We must walk

We march
We march to stand up for our rights
Our beliefs and intentions are true
We want equality and justice
We as a people have evolved
Yet our laws remain unchanging
We have no other choice
We must march

We stand
We stand to show support for our country
To show respect to those who have given their lives
To protect our freedoms, our security, and our safety
Yet, so much is taken for granted and forgotten
Seeing the other side may be the only way to see why
We have no other choice
We must stand

We destroy
We destroy the planet, our only home
Sometimes deliberately, other times unknowingly
The evidence is all around us
But yet again, we look the other way
It is time to change our destructive ways
We have no other choice
We can no longer destroy

We change
We change the world together
Through acceptance and understanding
We can make the world a better place
We must show humility to one another
We can't continue on this same road
We have no other choice
We must change

Artwork by Mazie Goodlett



"Weathering the Storm"
by Seamus McCollester

In the wood
A soldier stood
With the war over
He sat in the clover

Nearby a fox destroyed a nest
Will the fighting ever rest?
People arguing
The hate continuing

But what could also be heard
Was the call of a bird
A cry for a mother
Loving like no other

We may disagree
What will be will be
But we can still come together
During the harshest of weather

"Dreams"
by Ellie Thomson

Hope is a wire
It is often walked with care
Though pushed, stay steady

Hope is what carries
When dreams seem way too scary
Let your hope be your strength

"The Peaceful Sea"
by Chancellor Chavous

A spell of rest, a quiet breath
A cool heart that sinks through
Fading colors deep into the subaquaueous
Stillness of the water and floats forever

"Victory"
by Jordan Jones

Fear is made by you
New chances blossom like spring
Fear is overcome
Today you will win
Losing is just a mindset
Break past your bonds



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