

THE LAGNIAPPE LITERARY MAGAZINE

Irmo High School International School for the Arts

2025-2026



Photo by Lacey Willis

TABLE OF CONTENTS

01.

ART BY KYLEIGH QUATTLEBAUM
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

02.

ART BY AALIYAH SARATA
ACROSTIC POETRY BY JUSTIN
COVINGTON, JE'VONTE HILL,
DAMON WASHINGTON, IMONE
TAYLOR, SAJEDA AMINI,
AND ELIJAH FUNN

03.

ART BY LILY COLE

04.

"WHY WE HURT" BY LIV BOX
PHOTOS BY LACEY WILLIS AND
BRENNARINTOUL
ACROSTIC POETRY BY DAMYAH
ABRAMS AND KAYLIN GANT

05.

"WHEN I GROW UP" BY DESTINY
THOMAS
ART BY AALIYAH SARATA
PHOTOS BY LACEY WILLIS AND BY
BRENNARINTOUL
ACROSTIC POEM BY AMARIS FORD

06.

ART BY LILY COLE
ACROSTIC POEM BY KYLEIGH
QUATTLEBAUM

07.

"MY ADOLESCENCE AT ITS END" BY MIA
BASHAM
PHOTOS BY BRENNARINTOUL
ACROSTIC POEMS BY VICTORIA
ROWAN AND EMMANUEL FUNN

08.

PHOTOS BY UNY'QUE CAMPBELL
"MY HAE STORY" BY BRIE ADAMS

09.

PHOTO BY ALAYSHA RUDOLPH

10.

MASQUERADE MASKS BY MRS.
PUTNEY'S ENGLISH 3 STUDENTS
PHOTOS BY ACE FITE

11.

"BIOGRAPHY" BY MIA BASHAM
ACROSTIC POEM BY DALLAS
BURNS
PHOTOS BY KAITLYN KIRBY
ART BY AALIYAH SARATA

12.

PHOTOS BY KAITLYN KIRBY
"THINGS I LOVE" BY BRIE ADAMS

13.

"LIKE A GIRL" BY LEIA GIBSON
"DEFENSES" BY MIA BASHAM
"WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF?"
BY MIA BASHAM
PHOTO BY LACEY WILLIS

14.

"I WONDER WHO HURT THE
ROSES" BY LILY COLE
PHOTOS BY AMERIA KING

15.

PHOTO BY ALAYSHA RUDOLPH
COLOPHON

***"I'll try to make you proud out there."
"my adolescence at its end"
Mia Basham***



Art by Kyleigh Quattlebaum

Art is everywhere, if we just take the time to notice it. This summer, I went on a hike and paused to look around. Sunlight filtered through the trees, shadows danced across the rocks, and birds singing filled the air. In that moment, I realized how profoundly beautiful the world can be when we allow ourselves to truly see it. It reminded me that art is not only something we create, but something we encounter, something we live.

Photography has always been my way of capturing these fleeting moments. The grain of a film photograph, the way light bends and highlights a scene, can transform a single second into something timeless. Yet art doesn't only exist through a lens or a brush; it exists in the curve of a river, the texture of

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

bark, or even the swirl of clouds across the sky. It is in the small details that often go unnoticed, waiting for someone to pause and appreciate them.

As the pages of this magazine unfold, I hope you will understand and realize that art surrounds us every day. Whether it is through photography, writing, painting, or simply the attentive eye of someone willing to notice, art reminds us to cherish the present, to feel deeply, and to recognize that the world itself is a canvas of endless beauty.

- Daniel Ante, Chief Editor

Art by Aaliyah Sarata



JUSTIN COVINGTON

Just a young kid chasing a dream
Unstoppable when life gets tough
Strong minded even when the road gets tough
Training to get better at things
Inside my mind is a purpose
Never giving up

JE'VONTE HILL

Joyful
Energetic
Versatile
Old
Nice
Talented
Excellent

DAMON WASHINGTON

Dreams take flight on whispered breeze
All the world in peaceful ease
Moments shared, a gentle art
Opening up a happy heart
Nurturing kindness, playing our part

IMONE TAYLOR

Independent
Money
Organized
Never giving up
Extraordinary

SAJEDA AMINI

Smart
Articulate
Jubilant
Encourage
Dependable
Amazing

ELIJAH FUNN

Encourage
Learning
Intellectual
Jolly
Active
Handy



Art by Aaliyah Sarata



Art by Lily Cole



"WHY WE HURT"

By Liv Box

Do you know why I cry?
Why I carry your weight?
It's not your fault
But you hate and you hate

Is it you, is it me?
Sometimes it's hard to tell
When one glass turns to three
It's got you under its spell

It's okay to be not okay
Don't let the shame beat you
Don't turn away
You know that I need you

I'm trying and trying
Reaching and reaching
I know who you are
I won't stop believing

Don't worry about me
I'm here when you're ready
No pressure, no judgement
Just a "How are you doing?"

Photo by Lacey Willis



Photo By
Brenna Rintoul

DAMYAH ABRAMS

Dreams shining bright in everthing you do
Ambitious heart that always stays true
Moving forward, strong and bold
Young, but fearless, worth more than gold
Always rising, reaching high
Hope in your soul, touching the sky

KAYLIN GANT

Kindhearted, stronger than you know
Always learning, always ready to grow
Young with dreams that touch the sky
Lighting up the room, just by standing nearby
Independent, shining bright within
Never afraid to try again

"WHEN I GROW UP"

By Destiny Thomas

I want to be Bud Ice when I grow up,
so you would finally hold me in your arms—
cherish me.

You'd only speak to me softly.
The screams will turn into songs, and the
mocks, praise.

You would be curious and figure out all parts
of me—
try to read all the signals in my brain,
you'd want to know me.

Then, the voices would stop,
our laughter acting as a mad landlord.
My stomach would release my heart—
I'd feel again.

I want to be Bud Ice when I grow up,
so you'd always keep me by your side—
and love me.

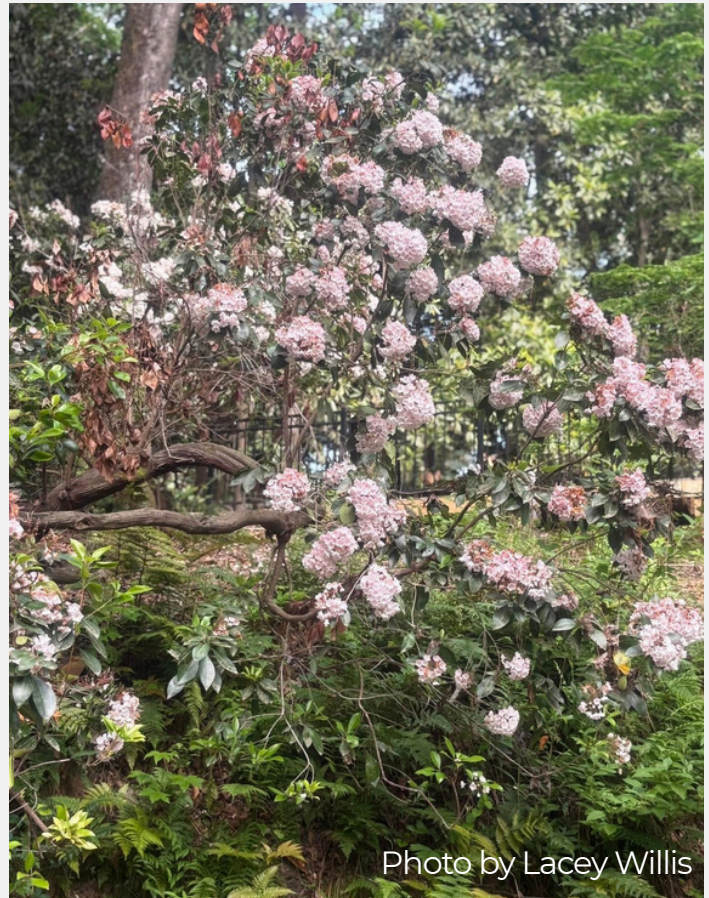


Photo by Lacey Willis



Art by Aaliyah Sarata

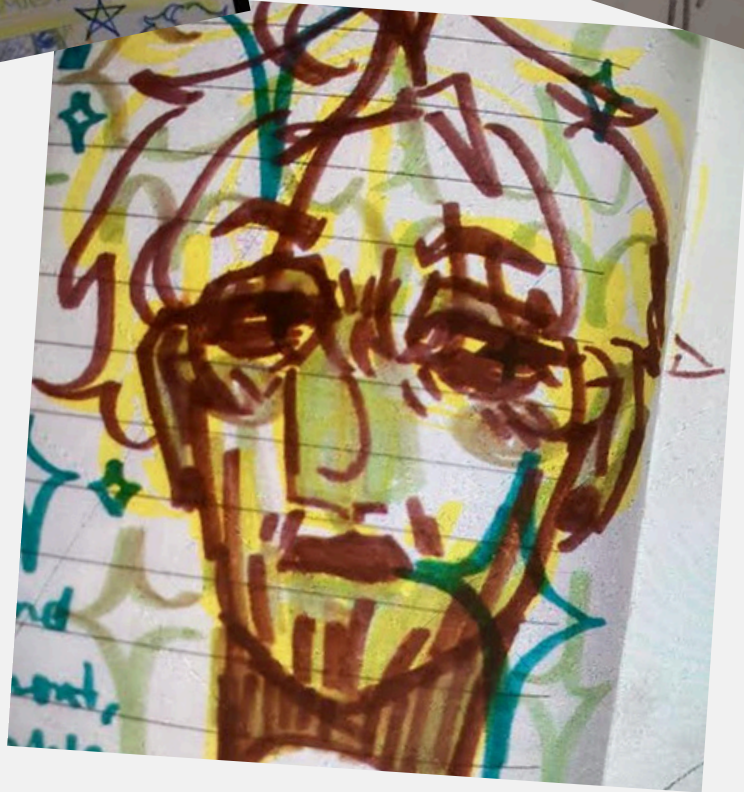
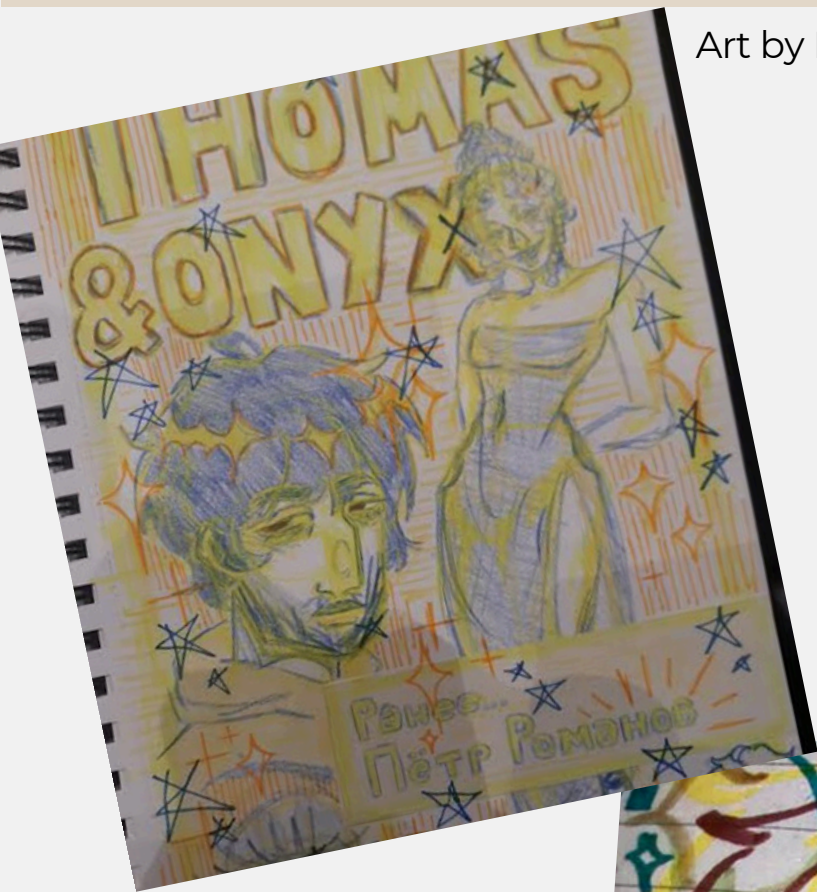


Photo by Brenna Rintoul

AMARIS FORD

A little astronaut goes into space
Mars is the place she will go
Away, away in her ship she flies
Riding past Earth's moon shines a glisten in her eyes.
Into Mars' atmosphere she sees something
Staring into her eyes, a robot lies.

Art by Lily Cole



KYLEIGH QUATTLEBAUM

Kindness is what everyone wants in a woman, along with obedience

Yelling is considered "unladylike." In this world, the men want a feminine housewife, not and independent one.

Lying, the one thing women go through for a man, along with cheating. Not just men, but women too. Back then, it was always men.

Equality is the only thing women wanted until now.

Independence in a woman is a strong woman.

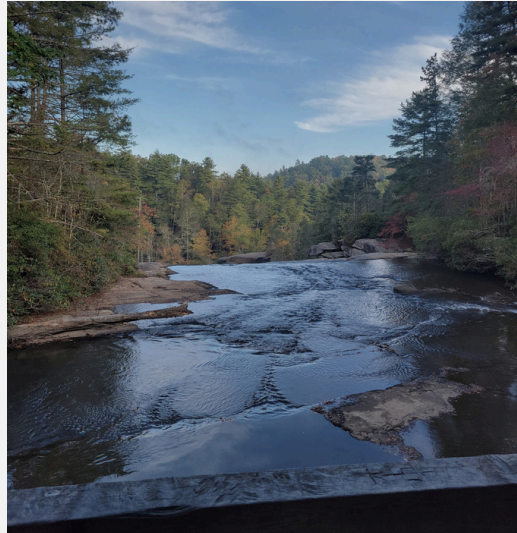
Gender wars need to stop. Women are humans too. Like everyone, all a woman wants is fairness, equality, and

Happiness in this forsaken world.

"MY ADOLESCENCE AT ITS END"

By Mia Basham

decisions lined up, soldiers in starched uniform
shaking on the inside
I'm off to war and this is my last chance
mothers and daughters and nephews
grandpas and cousins to see me off
waving me off, I'm floating out to sea
better keep your head up, keep yourself alive
there's a nasty undertow
the places we're headed
hold tight to your memories, you
might not make many more
not where we're headed
I'm heading off to war and this is my goodbye
come back again, but I'll never be her
stuck in other places,
older but my heart's caved in
home's always smaller than you left it
you made a choice, stick with it, son
hold fast hold strong-
you're better than this
get your life together you've got a
family to raise and money to make
leaving the world better than you found it
a nice thing to say about a
pretty ugly place
build nothing, born nothing,
someday you'll die for nothing
wasting today ain't nothing but wasting
your whole damn life
I'm off to war now, this is my last chance
mama, I swear on your god
I'll try to make you proud out there



Photos By
Brenna
Rintoul

VICTORIA ROWAN

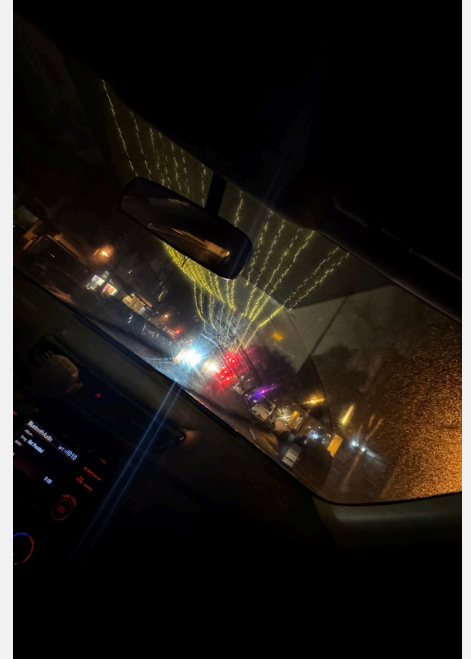
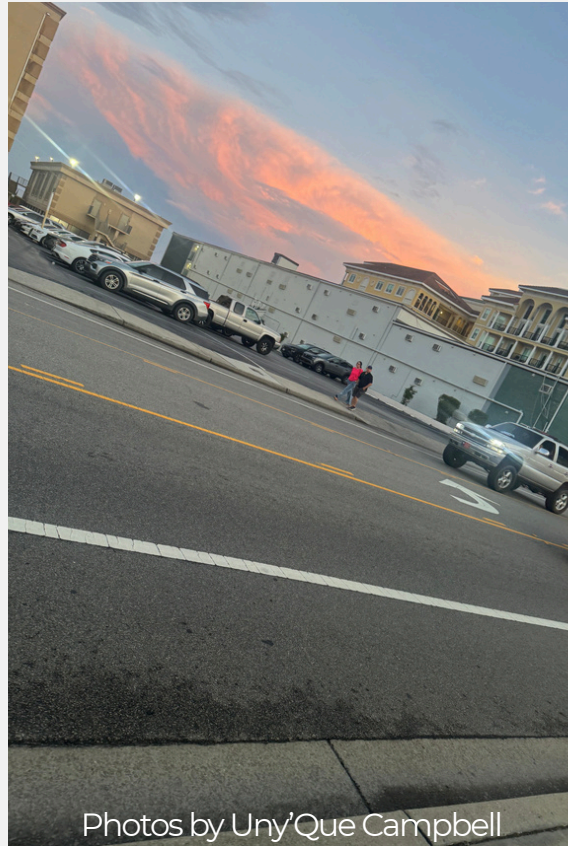
To understanding a person, you have to dig deep
Or you could understand why that person reaps
Right when I turned 9, I saw personal lives
I saw how some kids were treated at home.

Don't judge a life when you can't see the knife.

EMMANUEL FUNN

Made familiar with pressure before I understood peace
All the quiet battles shaping who I'm becoming
Nights holding weight nobody sees, shaping me in silence
Never hollowed by loss, only filled with purpose
Young, still becoming, carrying lessons beyond my years





Photos by Uny'Que Campbell

“MY HAE STORY”

By Brie Adams

It was Father's Day in 2015, and I was 6 years old. I woke up to my hand being so swollen that I couldn't make a fist with it. I didn't know what was happening to me, so I went to my dad, woke him up, and showed him my hand.

Jokingly, he said, “Well, did you hit a bear in your sleep?” I wasn't amused at all by that.

5 days later, he told me that I have HAE. I mostly get my attacks in my stomach and feet. It hardly ever happens in my hands. There was one time it happened on my lip because my friend and I ran into each other while playing, but it didn't go further than my lip.

Fast forward to July 16th, 2024, my dad and I were in Washington, DC, to talk on Capitol Hill Day for HAE, and my throat was killing me. I couldn't talk that much because of how much it hurt. I went down to get some ice to see if that would help my sore throat because that's what we thought it was, just a bad sore throat or allergies.

I texted Lisa and Jess to see if they'd had a throat attack before and to see if I was having one. My dad was in the room with me, but I couldn't talk, so Lisa called him and told him what was going on. He tells me to get ready because we need to go to the hospital right now.

My dad calls 911 and tells them that I'm having trouble breathing. We get out of the hotel room and go to the elevators, and a security guard is walking the halls. He sees us and asks if we need help. I'm holding onto Dad and panicking because I can breathe out but not back in. The guard is still asking if we need help. I'm not answering him because I'm trying to focus on breathing. Dad tells him he's on the phone with 911 because I can't breathe. He radios another guard who's downstairs waiting for us to get off the elevator. The other guard sees us and tells us to follow him, sit down, and the ambulance is coming.

There was a fire station right across from the hotel we were at, so someone who works at the hotel went to get the EMTs, and they got there so fast. They're telling me to try and focus on breathing and keep calm. Jess comes back to the hotel to be with us and tells the EMTs what's going on, and so does Dad. The ambulance gets to the hotel and takes me to the children's hospital. They put me on oxygen and gave me 2 IVs, both in my hands (those were uncomfortable). The doctor who was working that day in the ER knew what HAE was already, so that was a good thing. I get out of the ER and go to the PICU.

Jess comes to the hospital and stays with us for a little while, and she bought some UNO for us to play with as time passes. Let's just say out of her, my dad and I, I'm the best one at Uno, she did say she wants a rematch though, so we will have to do that. Dad goes back to the hotel to get some things for both of us because all I grabbed when we left was my phone and my emotional support stuffed animals. I take them with me when I travel (an elephant named Ellie and the other is a gorilla named Felicia). He gets back to the hospital, and we are there in the PICU for a day and a half. They come and stick a camera up my nose to see the swelling, to see if it's gotten better from when they looked in the ER. The swelling went down a lot, and I could breathe without the oxygen. They moved me to a more private room and watched me for a little while. I will say the hospital food, like the hamburger and mashed potatoes, was really good. I had it for dinner when I could eat, and it was yummy. It was a very scary experience for me and brought back flashbacks of when my dad was in the hospital. I will say I'm glad that Jess was still in town. Thank you to everyone who checked on me and ensured I was okay and doing better. That's my story, thank you for listening.



MASQUERADE MASKS

TOP ROW:

Elijah Funn, O'shon Browman, and Kyleigh Quattlebaum

BOTTOM ROW:

Dantari Randall and Tyrone Jennings



TOP ROW:

Damyah Abrams, Alex Woodberry, and Amaris Ford

BOTTOM ROW:

Asiyah Carter and Kaitlyn Kirby



TOP ROW:

Julianna Corley, Dayshawn Reaves, and Justin Covington

BOTTOM ROW:

Decari Wade and Sajeda Amini



TOP ROW:

Tyler Lewis, Juan Morales, and Kamaurie Lightfoot

BOTTOM ROW:

Johnathan Conyers and Justin Covington



TOP ROW:

Ny'Raija Brown, Aniya Levine-Staley, and Imone Taylor

BOTTOM ROW:

Xavier Doctor and Kordai Rose



"BIOGRAPHY"

By Mia Basham

silence will only win so many wars
have we been waiting all these hours for this?
moving from one breath to another
to the final one
have we all held our tongues to stay alive
or to walk the lifelong path
of least resistance?
will that final breath be
empty
as our lives
do you count accomplishments in days
worked or hands shaken
in camaraderie and bright smiles painted on
in likeness of some altogether unfelt joy?
every life we lived, every part we played
peace on earth's an empty cause if it's
all a ruse to let us sleep
people will never know you if you
never give them the chance to
we gather secrets all our lives and wait
for some grand release to call them free,
and yet die
with graveyards crumbling on our lips

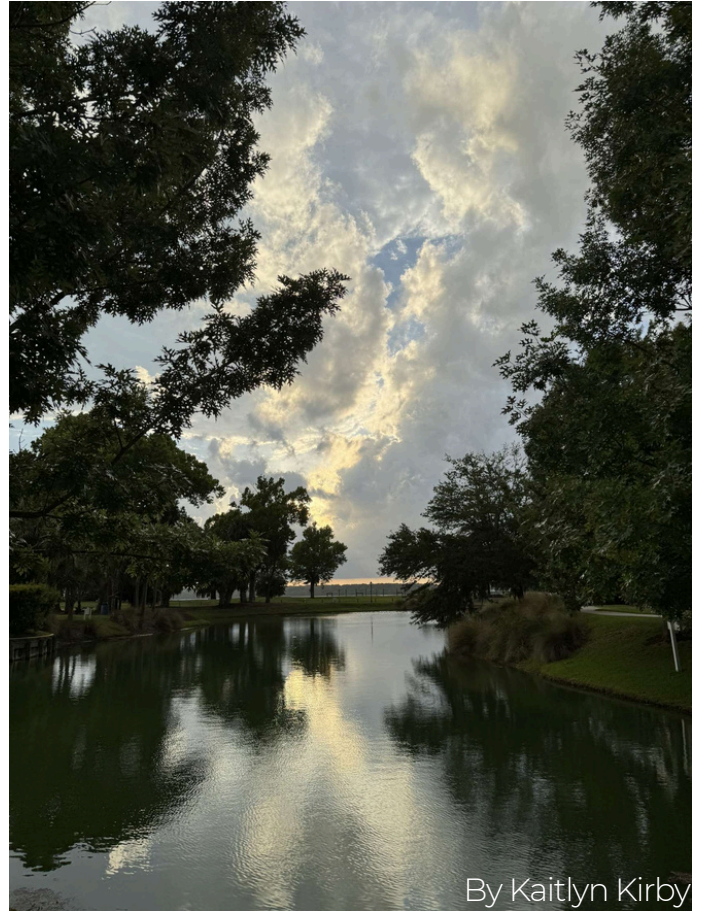
is our silence worth
anything
beyond regret?

DALLAS BURNS

Doesn't always know what to say
Always just trying anyway
Laughs when things don't go as planned
Learning life one step at a time
Always growing day by day
Still becoming better in her own way



Art by Aaliyah Sarata



By Kaitlyn Kirby



By Kaitlyn Kirby



By Kaitlyn Kirby



By Kaitlyn Kirby

"THINGS I LOVE"

By Brie Adams

My dad is a poet,
He knows what to say.
I am not a poet,
On any given day.

I like to be with family,
But I love my niece the best.
Peanut is so fun to be with,
Just don't tell the rest.

I love to go to hockey games,
To see Howe get into fights.
He's given me some hockey pucks,
And a signed jersey one night.

I have a little dog at home,
As quiet as can be.
But when she sees another dog,
She barks to protect her territory.

I love elephants more than anything,
I wish they could fly.
Then I'd have one as a pet,
And together we'd soar the sky.

I love watching FRIENDS and Gilmore
Girls,
I've watched them so many times.
It really bugs my dad,
When I quote their lines.

As I wrote this poem,
I had a little fun.
But now it's getting late,
So this poem is done.



By Kaitlyn Kirby

"LIKE A GIRL"

By Leia Gibson

Since when was doing something like a girl a bad thing?
"You run like a girl" is the most commonly heard one
So, You mean run on the street barefoot because you broke your heels
Running as a man follows you because HE can't take rejection
All I hear is "run for your life"
Because that's what she would do
"You sound like a girl" is the most pathetic one
So you mean screaming at him, begging him to change and love you
Praying to look how he would like
because nobody likes if you're too big, too small, too short, too tall, too anything
All I hear is you deserve better
Society is fine with degrading women and women are normalizing it
Doing something "like a girl" means
Fighting to live everyday, being scared to reject anyone, worrying about if
"Too much is showing" because HE can't control himself
Why is being a girl such a horrible thing?

"WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF?"

By Mia Basham

I have this irrational fear of being buried alive
taste the chalky weight of dirt in my mouth
caught in every desperate inhalation-
cloying and dense and void of air
gagging on the stench of earth caught
in my throat and plastered in my lungs
feel the absence of oxygen, how sorely I regret every breath I once took for granted, claw with my hands and try to scream
but I'm choking on the abundance of life
drowning in mother nature's grace
lost beneath the pitter-pat of footsteps
time stole my voice and left me hollow
the bones, the dust
we're all destined to become

I have this fear of being buried alive
some days I wonder if I'm halfway there

"DEFENSES"

By Mia Basham

I was not born to be brave
not born with an iron fist and words of steel
I am rotting wood with the bugs got in
an infiltration of my core
peeling back my skin to witness
the flesh carved out
the slow death incarnate
my past laid bare, the chances I let slip
me by
quiet moments in the dead of dark
screaming when all else are gone quiet
all the eyes
are on you now
beady little things
crawl through to your roots
tie you down
wrap you up
invisible fangs pierce
poison your sight, warp your mind
what you see is what they see
your eyes are your own no more
you are your own no more
you are wood
and to hold a torch to their shine
is to burn
and to fall



"I WONDER WHO HURT THE ROSES"

By Lily Cole

I wonder who hurt the roses.

Survival of the fittest means only the strongest survive. When faced with the world, the weak fall. Like a rose without thorns. What's left will move on and become the constant.

I wonder who hurt the roses.

Roses are beautiful. Their petals are soft and velvet. They curl outwards at the ends, like a river overflowing onto the soil. Their thorns hurt. And every rose has thorns. They have to protect themselves somehow. They have to prick the greedy that try to take their beauty.

I wonder who hurt the roses.

Even with thorns, the roses still wilt. One day, those stunning, red petals will shrivel up and fall. They leave a nasty, pokey bush, littered with the maroon strips of beauty they once were. Do the roots weep when they feel the flakes of their own skin settling on the soil just above them?

I wonder who hurt the roses.

When they peel off your skin, do you feel the stunning, red blood dripping down your body? Do you watch as the ends of your skin curl outwards, as if to escape their greedy, bloody fingers? Are your thorns enough?

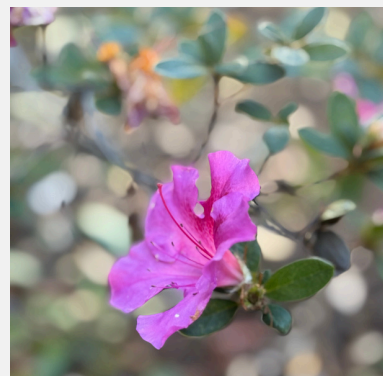
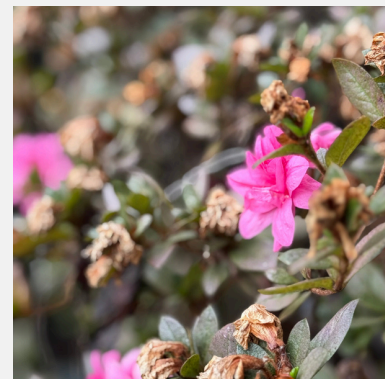
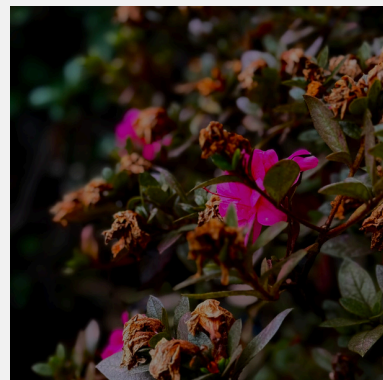
I wonder who hurt the roses.

Maybe they are. Maybe you keep your petals. Your thorns are strong. Their redness stains your fingers far before they get a chance. But you aren't greedy like them. It's because you're strong. You're the fittest.

I wonder who hurt the roses.

But you will wilt too. Your beauty will curl up into itself as if trying to search for what little is left before falling down into the soil. My roots weep for you. Your petals were a lovely shade of red.

I wonder who hurt the roses.



Photos by Ameria King

COLOPHON

The Lagniappe is the literary
magazine of

Irmo High School
6671 Saint Andrews Road
Columbia, SC 29212
(803) 476-3000

Submissions were provided by
the general
student body and selected by
the staff.

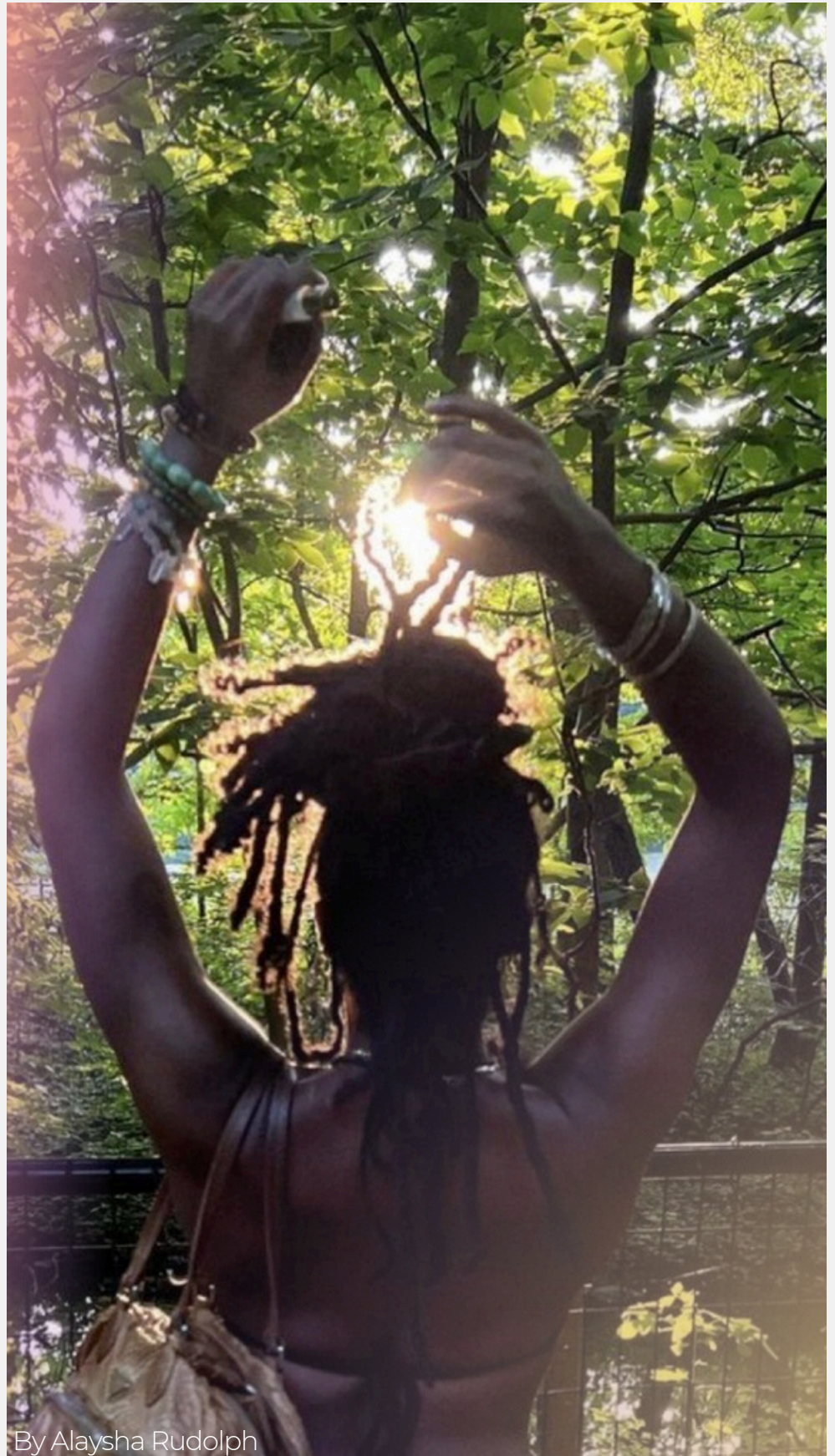
La Luxes Serif was used for cover
and
submission titles.

Montserrat was used for body
copy, author names, artist
names, and page numbers.

The PDF version magazine was
created in Canva and the
flipbook was created using
HeyZine.

The Lagniappe staff is
comprised
of Brie Adams, Daniel Ante, Mia
Basham, Liv Box, Dallas Burns,
Lily Cole, Emily Curtiss, Olivia
Fuller, Evien Glover, Ameria King,
Zayaan Muhammad, Kyleigh
Quattlebaum, Brenna Rintoul,
and Lacey Willis.

The Lagniappe is advised by
McCaylee Putney.



By Alaysha Rudolph