

AS ONE CHAPTER OPENS...



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As One Chapter Opens...

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of Trinity High School
2019-2020
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The Literary Magazine of Trinity High School 2019-2020

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Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

From the time that you are first born, a book is in the process of being written. It is a book about your life and the ways in which you chose to live it. In this book, there are a thousand chapters that house every possible emotion you can arouse. Some chapters are happy. Some chapters are sad. The end result is a book containing every emotion and memory that composes your life.

Throughout high school you have written your own version of your story, filling it with characters, some of them good and some of them bad. Much like those tales you were once told as a child, you have learned a lesson, whether it was a positive or negative one.

Nicholas Sparks once said that “People come, people go – they’ll drift in and out of your life, almost like characters in a favorite book. When you finally close the cover, the characters have told their story and you start up again with another book, complete with new characters and adventures. Then you find yourself focusing on the new ones, not the ones from the past.”

When you look through this journal someday, let it serve as a reminder that “As one chapter opens... Another chapter closes.”

Sincerely,

Jonathan Brodak and Morgan Kafana, Co-Editors-in-Chief

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Part I: Underclassmen

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Zayn Malik once stated, “There comes a day when you realize turning the page is the best feeling in the world - because you realize there’s so much more to the book than the page you were stuck on.” In the early years of high school, it can sometimes feel like we’re stuck. What we don’t realize is that there’s always a way to pull ourselves out and start again...

When I'm Gone

By Gracyn Kafana

When you grow old I may die
I will try to stay alive
If I am gone before dawn
Do not cry for you are brave
At my funeral there may be nothing left to say
But know I will be there when you say
That you will always love me even after that day
I will always support you no matter what
Also after the day when you say you are done
Now you have lived your life and I mine
Do not have any doubts because you'll be fine

Choose Yourself

By Gracyn Kafana

When you are happy you may dance
Just know that it doesn't last
Some may get their just desserts
Where some may be on a roller coaster
We are all different
But that doesn't matter
It matters that you are yourself and not like others
If a coaster is your choice
Then maybe the others will choose the dessert
But all in all, choose yourself

The Three Big Swine

By Daniel Lee

Once upon a time, in 1936, there lived three swine. As children each one displayed different talents. The first swine, which was the youngest of the family, preferred wallowing in the mud. When he left the pig pen to seek his fortune he became a farmer. The second little swine preferred the majesty of his trough so when he went to seek his fortune, he became a carpenter. The third and oldest pig, unlike the other two, preferred to study the metal fence surrounding the pen. So when he sought his fortune, he became an industrialist.

One day a down and out wolf, who had gone bankrupt while speculating greedily in the stock market during the depression, was sitting on a park bench where he noticed the three pigs in their fancy clothes. "My they look smart, the plucky skiffs," he thought jealousy to himself, and just like that he hatched a scheme. Looking to seek a new fortune by threatening the swine and using his wolf identity to scare them into donating generous amounts of money, the greedy wolf followed the three sophisticated swine to discover their abodes. This wolf was notorious for making money in scandals such as the time when he blackmailed a red hooded girl riding a bike to her grandmother's house on a "walk only" trail.

After working at his grain silo, Farmer Swine headed for his home. He and Mrs. Swine lived on a large agricultural straw plantation. His mansion was made completely out of straw. The wolf, noticing his chance, ran to the door and knocked. The Swine's butler told the wolf to go away, but the wolf went around to the back to find the Swines dining out on the patio. In an effort to be noticed, he began to whine to the Swines but was ignored for a long time until the wolf threatened, "If you don't give me something to eat, I'll weep and I'll creep and I'll keep you from sleep! I'll howl and prow! so you'll be morning fowl."

Upon hearing this, Farmer Swine's wife, not wishing to bare the guilt of rejecting a poor beast, took him in and gave him some food. Although the wolf left after he had dinner, his greed for more was not satisfied. He marched on to the Carpenter Swine's wooden mansion. There he found the second swine sitting on his porch with a handmade coffee cup, puffing on a pipe and reading the newspaper with his newly bought spectacles. Once again the wolf whined to the swine and begged, but it was to no avail. Carpenter Swine finally replied, "Look old chap, if you're not going to buy a carved knick-knack, you might as well get lost unless you want a good beating with a stick! Now be on your way!"

Again the wolf threatened, "Then I'll weep and I'll creep and I'll keep you from sleep! I'll howl and prow! so you'll be morning fowl."

Carpenter Swine, not wanting to hear the wolf moan groan or screech, gave him the leftover money from the recent sale of a pig-trough. The wolf thought, "Nailed it."

The wolf, feeling luckier and greedier than ever, headed straight for Industrial Swine's steel mill, for after all it was known he was the richest Swine brother. Unfortunately, he didn't know Farmer Swine and Carpenter Swine were visiting their older brother to discuss a business merger over dinner. When the wolf knocked on the door of the urban art Nouveau mansion, all three pigs knew exactly who was at the door. Since they had already explained their unusual stories to their older brother, when he heard the wolf doing his whine, the Industrial Swine popped his head out the door and yelled a big loud, "NO!"

Once again the wolf bellowed “Then I’ll weep and I’ll creep and I’ll keep you from sleep! I’ll howl and prow! so you’ll be morning fowl.”

Being sarcastic, Industrial Swine replied, “Go ahead.”

So the wolf prowled and howled and he wept and crept, all-night long. Industrial Swine, being very foul most mornings, was particularly foul the next morning and grabbing a shotgun, shot and skinned the wolf. To this day his fat priggish wife still wears a wolf skin stole.

My Eyes Shot Open as I Hit the Freezing Waters

By Emily Ewbank

My eyes shot open as I hit the freezing waters
I kicked frantically as I tried to swim to the surface
Morning swim practices are the worst

He looked across the table at me and smirked

By Emily Ewbank

He looked across the table at me and smirked
“Pay” he said as I grabbed the money I owed him
I really hate Monopoly game nights with my family

The Diner on the Corner

By Courtney Boardley

I am at the diner on the corner again
I have spent many lonesome, sleepless nights here
My time spent here is used to try and find some company
And I almost feel as if the waiter is my friend
But the other patrons overlook me
Hey, it is still better than being alone, right?

I sit across from a man and woman
They engage in light conversation with the waiter
I am not interested
I remain looking down
I focus on my coffee, now cold
Oh, it is closing time

I stand up from the warm, leather stool
And I look around one last time
I exit the luminous diner onto the empty, dark street

I do not have a family
I have no one to come home to
I feel complete once more when
I am at the diner on the corner again

Summer

By Marissa Sprouse

Summer days so long and sweet
Having all day to decide what to eat
The bright sun and warm weather every day
Kids wishing that school would always stay away

People traveling all around the world
Parents buying ice cream, sometimes swirled
Spending long days at the pool
Wishing for a refreshing drink that was cool

Everybody getting tan
Not really having a schedule or a plan
Most people's favorite time of the year
Three months filled with happiness and cheer

Christmas

By Jimmy Proudfit

Tis the season of the Christmas tree
Where the winter snow falls lightly
This season is the favorite to me
Looking at the lights sparkling brightly

The temperature has reached the third degree
The bed has been tucked tightly
Due to the missing sun I'm lacking vitamin D
The old man sits in the warm cabin wisely

I'm slowly sipping on the warm tea
The temperature will raise unlikely
Due to no flowers there is a lack of honey bees
It's Christmas finally
Due to the missing sun I'm lacking vitamin D
The old man sits in the warm cabin wisely

I'm slowly sipping on the warm tea
The temperature will raise unlikely
Due to no flowers there is a lack of honey bees
It's Christmas finally

Box of Memories

By Shelby Roesler

Artist Statement:

My piece, “Box of Memories,” was created to represent the theme of the Holocaust through a local lens. To accomplish this, I drew inspiration from a local landmark that was created in representation and in memory of the Holocaust: the Harrisburg Holocaust Monument. This piece was not only intricately created to tell the story of the Holocaust, but to represent a localized vision of the time and the challenges the victims of the Holocaust struggled through in inspiring detail. For the rest of my artwork, I drew inspiration from the story of Alfred Münzer, a survivor alongside his mother, whose extended family including his older sisters and father did not survive with them. From his letter, “A Life in a Box,” Münzer explains how he got to know his two sisters through their colorized photographs and how he came to understand echoes of his father from faded wedding photos and his mother’s recollections. I chose these two references specifically to represent the theme in my art by showcasing the importance, most significantly in today’s day and age, in remembering those that have been lost and stories that would have otherwise been forgotten. I decided to use bright, contrasting colors for the photographs and the boy with the box to symbolize the life we, as the current, local generation, give to stories and the memories of those who suffered through the Holocaust. By continuing to share these stories, we breathe life into the memory of others and hopefully carry them on to a future generation to keep alive. Ultimately, I hoped to portray through this piece that while the Holocaust itself is in the past, the memories of loved ones live on through these local recollections and memorabilias.

Box of Memories



Another Poem

By Andrew Nelson

Life itself as far as the eye can see
Wooden arms and legs all around me
The tickling of leaves above
Rustling bushes and rambunctious rodents below
The sweet scent of soil
Nature's breath
An earthy flavor
A nutty mouthful to savor
Smooth soft leaves
Rough, rugged trees
A connection with nature

Luck is Green

By Alyssa Clutter

Luck is green

It looks like a four leaf clover or a horseshoe

It smells like a dewy spring morning

It tastes like sweet fresh-picked grapes

It sounds like screams of happiness

It feels like a spark of joy on a normal day

Snow is White

By Allison Sampson

Snow is white

It looks like a light and fluffy blanket hugging the ground

It smells like a crisp and fresh breath of air

It tastes like a cold kiss from heaven

It sounds like a silent, soft rain shower

It feels like tiny cold kisses on my frozen face

Snake in the Grass

By Sydney Nguyen

In the jungle, lives a snake
A hissing noise he will make
With a body as long as a train
Acting as a predator in a food chain
He can slither up a tree
To find the prey that he can see
Scales that are rough and dry
Attacking the prey, he will try
Moving silently on the ground
Trying not to be found
Their venom is so dangerous
In the wild, they are numerous

Broken

By Haleigh Atchison

Do you ever feel broken to the point you just shut everyone out? If you have it's okay. There are people out there that can help you through the stuff you're going through because they might have gone through it, too.

People can help if you feel broken. You can talk to people if you want to.

I know it can be difficult because inside I sometimes feel emotionally broken. I'm okay because I have friends that help with it. They make me laugh, smile, and don't treat me differently.

It can be difficult, trust me, but it will get better. If you are going through hard times, it will get better.

The first time that I was almost broken is when I was hurt. People can try to put you down to the point that you feel broken. People can also bring you up. True friends, help you get back up. True friends, back you up. Some people haven't experienced being broken and some have.

I know what it feels like to be broken. To me, when I feel broken is remembering all the bad memories that I have (those are almost all the memories I remember). I can relate to people being broken. Being broken feels like to me is when something tragic happens to you, you can break down, when something triggers it. I will never forget me being broken because I still feel broken a little bit but everything is getting better. My advice is if you feel broken talk to someone and if NO ONE listens, KEEP telling people you feel broken. LET PEOPLE HEAR YOUR VOICE! Also, my other advice is NEVER GIVE UP!

Happiness is Blue

By Daniel Horne

Happiness is blue
It looks like the sky
It smells like Kennywood
It tastes like cotton candy
It sounds like people laughing
It feels like the greatest thing ever

It's been months since that day

By Jackie Rush

It's been months since that day
Everytime i see you i feel the same way
Like the butterflies i get
With you i know my life is set
Everyday is something new
More and more, i love you
You never fail to amaze me
How pure your heart can be
You're like a special book
But i don't want to take one last look
So i took you off the shelf
And claimed you for myself

The plane sits on the tarmac

By Preston Burgard

The plane sits on the tarmac
35 minutes till pushback
Engine 1 roars up
And not even close till coke in a cup

Cruising altitude is met
Wow! this is one pretty jet
Time for a quick nap
And wake up and play some apps

On slope for final
Let's hope we don't get put into a spiral
Ding dong, grab your bags
Don't forget to check your tags

Friendship is Blue

By Emily Havrila

Friendship is blue
It looks like all smiles
It smells like mango
It tastes goat cheese and crackers
It sounds like laughter
It feels like so long ago

Sijos

By Hunter Strickland

I was shocked with a jolt of electricity while in the bathtub
Wondering what I did wrong with my bath bomb from Walmart
Then I realize that is what I get for buying a toaster.

Watching the water pour down the school windows while the teachers talk
Thinking over where I went wrong and about the golden rule
Maybe I should have not beat up big Tim for stealing my lunch money.

Part II: Upperclassmen

~

...In William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, it is said, "This above all, to thine own self be true." As we journey through our lives, we often lose sight of who we are. This could be caused by the influences of the people that surround us. However, it is important to become the person you want to be...

Jeffrey Alexander Curtis

By Jonathan Brodak

Our youth always binded us, yet your seven
additional years appeared to be of antiquity.

I still long the days of Arizona, when
we'd play games for hours at a time,
you'd teach me of the cacti and rattlesnakes,
we would survive the deadly heats.

Our Mothers' cries would fail to return
us from the majesty of a limitless desert.

Good times.

You were the age of twenty two,
That's when I saw you last. Yes, I remember
that day. The day I saw you lying in
your bed, family surrounding you, lending
you their support. That was the day
I heard the violent wail of a sonless
Mother, a sound so poignant that I
only wish that I could bury its tone.

That was the day willows did not
erupt from my eyes. I watched you,
silently, but with what hindsight says
is little mourning. No greater sin do mourning

I regret more so than that.

With what struck no thunder then
now haunts my hollow heart
with eyes of desperation and sorrow.

I've faulted you, and I ask for
clemency despite my

knowing that

I deserve

wrath.

Ladybug Love Story

By Holly McDonald

Two ladybugs were sitting on a haybale, both not knowing what the future holds. They fly around in the October sky, but the wind gets cold and they want to leave. Where could two little ladybugs go? Perhaps Olive Garden or maybe a Target parking lot. The ladybugs have the whole world to explore together. They eat dinner and talk for hours, feeling like they've known each other forever. Maybe they have in a past life, who knows.

One ladybug says to another, "Will I see you again?" The other says, "Maybe. It depends." She then begins to fear that her fellow friend wants nothing more than to be friends. Lady ladybug becomes sad. "Does he not want to be my boyfriend?" She says with tears in her eyes. Ladybugs are small, but big hearted. She worries the whole night into tomorrow. Where would the first date go to follow?

Lady ladybug sits by her telephone in despair. She then begins to say a little prayer. What if he doesn't call? That would be far worse than any fall. The phone began to ring and Lady ladybug's face became lit up. Maybe it's Mister Ladybug - looking for another meet up! Could it be? Lady Ladybug shall see.

"Lady Ladybug, would you like to go out another night?" Mister Ladybug says on the end of the line. "Oh! This is such a dream of mine!" Lady Ladybug gushes over the phone, no longer fearing the unknown.

Five months later, Mister and Lady Ladybug grew closer as the months faded from October. They knew each other like no one else ever had, they can only hope it lasts. The odds are slim, but Lady Ladybug believes in him. The two ladybugs have trust in each other that became stronger.

Lady Ladybug turns to Mister Ladybug with a gleam in her eye, "Do you love me?" She asks. "Of course, why wouldn't I?" Mister Ladybug replied.

The end.

Adventures of Jerry and Jessica

By Elliott Salvatori, Ann Kozak, Marlaina Bozek, Colby Callas, Alexz Rosser,
Jeremy Hurd, and Carson White

CAST:

Elliott Salvatori as Jerry

Ann Kozak as Jessica

Marlaina Bozek as Narrator

Colby Callas as Background Actor

Alexzandria Rosser as Background Actor

Jeremy Hurd and Carson White as Backstage Workers

Marlaina: Today we join Hansel and Gretel... uhh... wait.... what this isn't Hansel and Gretel? (Long pause and frown) Today we join Jerry and Jessica as they venture toward their Aunt Jenny's house.

(Ann and Elliott walk onto stage.)

Ann: Jerry, are you sure this is the right place?

Elliott: (Elliott pulls out iPhone) Apple maps says this is Aunt Jenny's house.

Ann: Well, Apple maps is NEVER wrong so we must be here.

(Ann and Elliott enter the house)

Elliott: Aunt Jenny needs to clean this place up. Like, seriously, look at all the lights that are out and how many spider webs there are.

Marlaina: This place is really a dump! It must have been abandoned for years!

Ann: You're definitely right, maybe that's why she never invited us to this place.

Elliott: This is definitely a bit too generic for an old person house. Maybe it is some sort of joke.

(Fan makes noise)

Ann: What's that noise? Maybe it's Aunt Jenny. I think it's coming from the next room.

Marlaina: Does she actually think it is a person? Who in the world makes a noise like that? Ok, ok, just move on.

Elliott: Are we supposed to be able to hear the narrator? I think Miss Know-it-All needs to keep her voice down.

Ann: Really... really, now is when you decide to start cracking jokes. You're so mature, Jerry.

Elliott: Thank you for the compliment, Jessica. But, seriously what is that noise, and where is it coming from?

Ann: (scared) Is that a ... chain saw... Jerry?

Elliott: Stop being such a chicken, Jessica. (Elliott sees a shadow [backstage worker] jumps back and screams) Ahhh!

Ann: Yeah... who are you calling a chicken now!!

(Ann and Elliott see a backstage worker place fan on the ground)

Elliott: You just saw that right? I think we aren't the only ones invited to stay over at Aunt Jenny's house.

Ann: Yep, we are definitely not the only ones in this creepy house.

(Ann and Elliott walk farther in room seeing the fan.)

Elliott: You were freaking out about just a silly little fan! Grow up Jessica, seriously!

Ann: I saw you scream, too, you hypocrite!

(Ann and Elliott walk into next room.)

Colby: Where do I stand, where do I stand!?

(Blanket drops on Colby in an attempt to imitate a ghost.)

Ann and Elliott: What in the world is going on?

Marlaina: I...I don't even know what is happening, like, I am supposed to know this stuff.

(Colby runs offstage.)

Ann: Well that was definitely an experience!? But, really why are there other people here? I've never seen these people in my life!

Marlaina: Jessica and Jerry are just getting suspicious about this being the right house.

Elliott: Oh, really we are, okay! I'm starting to get the suspicion that this is not the right house.

Marlaina: Really, now you say that! I already said that! (Marlaina smacks hand to forehead acting disappointed)

(Ann and Elliott hear footsteps behind them) {backstage workers stomp feet}

Ann: Maybe they are mad let's keep going! Aunt Jenny?!

Elliott: Stop that Jessica, they are not mad!

Marlaina: Jerry is just saying that to reassure himself. He has no idea who they are or if they are mad or not. But, on the other hand I know exactly who they are and if they are mad or not.

(Ann sees something lowering.)

Ann: Oh, what is this!! Yes!! A mirror thank goodness! I need to make sure my hair looks okay.

Elliott: (Elliott realizes the mirror is lowering. Pushes Ann out of the way of the mirror) What do you think you are doing Jessica! (Pushes Ann on the ground)

Ann: What was that for! I was just making sure my hair looks okay! And by the way your hair is not looking so fabulous either!

Marlaina: Jessica is right. Jerry's hair is not looking good.

Elliott: Who cares! (Fixes his hair) (OH, ELLIOTT CARES! joke)

Ann: Move out of the way! (Pushes Elliott out of the way. Ann looks at herself in the mirror.)

(Elliott realizes that is not Ann he sees in the mirror)

Elliott: Wait! Jessica that is not your reflection!

Marlaina: Are you kidding she is not paying any attention to Jerry. She is too busy fixing her hair! Girls!

Elliott: Who cares! Jessica!! Back away from the mirror!

(Ann backs away slowly. Still fixing hair.)

Alexz: Boo!! Ha, gotcha!! (Alexz hides)

Ann: What was that for, Jerry!! You think that is going to scare me! (Ann falls on floor cracking up with laughter.)

Elliott: Wait! That wasn't me!

Alexz: Boo!! Ha!

Ann: Okay, Jerry just knock it off! (Ann gets up off the ground)

Elliott: That wasn't me. (Looking for Alexz)

Marlaina: They are never going to find her!

Ann: I am starting to think you were right about that not being my reflection, Jerry!

Elliott: Come on Jessica let's just keep moving.(Long pause) Were you scared Jessica, it kind of scared me. I wanted to just make sure you were okay. (Says this with his head down talking to the ground, embarrassed)

Elliott: Ah, thanks Jerry! (Ann smiles at Jerry). Just move.

Marlaina: Now that they are not scared at all, this is the perfect time for the su... Oops! I forgot they can hear me! They will just have to wait and find out!

Elliott: What do you think she was trying to say? Like supper? Because I am really hungry.

Marlaina: Oh, yeah, that's what I meant. Supper? Really Jerry!!

Elliott: Why are you so hard on me?! Why don't you be hard on Jessica? She is really annoying sometimes!

Ann: It's not like I'm not standing right here or anything! (Crosses her arms)

Elliott: (ignoring Ann) That's different... There is a tiny room up ahead. Let's check it out. Maybe there is food in there.

Ann: Yeah, let's go in a creepy, dark room.

Elliott: I volunteer to go first. (Runs into the room)

Marlaina: That probably took a lot of thinking to just run into that dark room. Ha, ha, ha!

Elliott: Come in here, Jessica, it is cool!

Ann: Fine! (Stomps into the tiny room)

(Door locks behind Ann)

Marlaina: You really thought this was your Aunt Jenny's house? (Evil laugh) Now you are locked in this house forever! Ha!

Ann: You are just kidding! Right?!

(Ann and Elliott hear knocking on the door)

Ann: I told you. She sent someone to unlock the door. Thank you so much!

Marlaina: Nope you are still locked in there! Ha! (Evil laugh)

Elliott and Ann: Aaahhhh!!!

The End!

Free Speech, Free Press, Free Society

By Emma Malinak

On June 8, 1789, James Madison stated that “the people shall not be deprived of their right to speak, to write, or to publish their sentiments.” These insightful words were later transformed into the First Amendment, guaranteeing a freedom of expression that is crucial to American citizens and our democratic political system. Providing the right to speak and write openly without fear of government restraint, the First Amendment has had a profound impact on American society. As this freedom has been tested and questioned through countless court cases and years of turbulent history, its evolving meaning and important message requires our deepest respect.

When Madison originally advocated for these rights, he suggested legislation in “simple, acknowledged principles” that would ensure the passage of his ideas. This vague framework for the First Amendment, however, left much open to interpretation and made conflicts involving the freedom of expression the most difficult ones to resolve. The first major test of the Free Speech Amendment arose during the Sedition Act controversy; the government threatened to punish “any false, scandalous and malicious writings...with intent to defame the government.” This contention in the late 1790s, claiming that the restriction of ideas was unconstitutional, was the first of many to question the government’s role in protecting our freedom of expression. Later, *Gertz v. Robert Welch, Inc.* established the right to punish false statements, *Virginia v. Black* protected citizens against speech perceived as a threat of violence, and close to 40 other court cases reshaped our understanding of the First Amendment.

Despite its history of constant judicial review, the First Amendment’s protection of ideas is crucial to our democratic society. As Justice Brandeis wrote, “freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth.” In this sense, freedom of expression enables citizens to gain information from diverse viewpoints, form unique beliefs, communicate opinions to the government, and ultimately possess the power to change what is unjust. Freedom of speech is also essential to the system of checks and balances, operating as a restraint on government corruption and a review of policies. Citizens, however, often abuse these precious rights; our country is constantly bombarded with fake news, misleading claims, and exaggerated statements from political leaders.

The freedom of expression guarantees that every citizen can have a voice and every pen can possess the power of change. And while the First Amendment has been challenged and changed over the course of our nation’s history, it can only remain a beneficial force if every citizen is held accountable to respect the truth. Therefore, it is the duty of every dreamer to write and share responsibly. As Justice Marshall stated, “The First Amendment serves not only the needs of the polity but also those of the human spirit — a spirit that demands self-expression.” It is my hope that the citizens of the United States always treasure this American spirit and respect the amendment that protects it.

Not Like This
By Alison Spadaro

Avanoa had dreamed of visiting the stars since she was a little girl.

She could remember those clear summer nights, when her dad would lift her onto his shoulders and point out the constellations.

“There’s Orion,” he had said, pointing her little hand just above the horizon. She would ask him a million questions.

“How many stars are there? Where did they come from? How come they named that one The Lion when it looks like a big blob?” Her dad would always chuckle and answer her questions as best he could. He had always been good at explaining things that were hard to understand.

As she grew older, the skies became brighter and those peaceful nights became few and far between. Her dad was never around as much. Still, she dreamed of stars. She dreamed of exploring new galaxies and meeting alien races. She dreamed of discovering new planets and naming them things that actually made sense. She dreamed of worlds far away, so she didn’t have to face her own.

Now, here she was. The interior of the ship was pristine and glossy, ready to take its first expedition to far off lands. She would finally be able to see the stars, to discover new planets and galaxies and alien races. But as the ship left the atmosphere, she didn’t feel any of the excitement she had felt in her dreams of space. She looked out the window at her poisoned planet. Below her lay the barren landscape, all life torn away. Fires raged across the desolate plains. She cringed at the memory of all she had lost, all she had left behind. Her family, her friends. Her father. As she looked down at the war-stricken planet for the last time, she felt nothing but grief and loneliness.

Avanoa had dreamed of visiting the stars since she was a little girl.

But not like this.

Waves

By Hailey Scott

The big blue that is my friend,
That greets with hi and goodbye.
It kisses the sand every time they meet.
It destroys my sandcastles,
But within carries my childhood.
My friend shares its heart to many,
Revealing what is deep inside.
Every time it meets the sand,
It lets go of something from deep within.
My friend shares stories with every splash.
The big blue, my childhood

How much is enough?

By Morgan Kafana

Is it enough to spend a half-hour with her,
I've read less is sometimes more?
Or would an hour be better,
It's more than it was before.
In an hour she could tell me more stories
That I could pass on to my kids someday.
Maybe in the span of that hour,
I could say everything I needed to say.

Is it enough to be beaten
By an ungrateful spouse each night?
The feeling of their knuckles on your face,
Because you supposedly didn't do something right.
Maybe dinner wasn't hot enough
Or simply just a few minutes late.
Now you see who your partner truly is
And now have to leave it up to fate.

Is it enough to lose a child
That you've wanted your entire life?
Someone to tell your stories to
And hold in your arms at night.
A child that you watch grow up
And celebrate their birthday each year,
But now that fate took them away
You wake up every night in tears.

Is it enough to spend your money
On things that you don't need?
Purchasing useless items
That only shows your greed.
Keeping every object
high up on a shelf
Displaying all the worthless things you have
That only shows your wealth.

Is it enough to ask this question
Or am I asking too much from you?
Let me ask you this question, dear reader
How much is enough for you?

A Pilgrimage through the End Times

By Jonathan Brodak

What I recall most vividly was the unhallowed silence that the town emanated. As my walk slowly trudged toward and through the signs and markers, I noticed no voices and was given no recognition. Not even the birds were tempted to sing their arias as I trudged past vehicles and buildings that had been abandoned for appearingly decades.

As I walked, the mysterious dissipation of noise became increasingly indisputable, yet no sooner had its appearance been made did its disappearance become accepted. Sounds began performing in my head and metamorphosing into unimaginable forms; the one that I seem to remember most keenly was the sudden crescendo of buzzing. At first, it was barely noticeable, but as my journey advanced further, the sound grew until my world became dominated by its monochrome tone. That's when it died, and retreated back into the crevices of my mind which summoned it.

The town, more like a hamlet, appeared in a similar form to the places of my past travels. The town was inhabited by about thirty uninhabited structures of various usages. They were mostly homes and stores, but there was the occasional governmental structure such as a post office and a petite jailhouse. The buildings were all made of wood, and on each building, the paint visibly displayed its age with tears across the walls. Multiple buildings had open doors, and their locks were not broken. From the evidence gathered, it appears as though these doors were opened and never closed, as if their inhabitants departed and never returned.

The post office is what interested me the most. Perhaps it was possible that some clues would have been left behind to this sudden disappearance of humanity? The door was closed, but the office was never locked. The windows on the doors and walls oozed dust. As the door slowly opened, I could see dust fall from the frames and handles, as if they were in a mass exodus to escape their prison. The sun's light through the windows provided enough illumination that no man-made light source was needed. I searched through the cabinets and drawers, finding letters that were never sent out into the world.

I began opening letters in search of anything that could lead me to answers. But from this small community, no one seemed to write about what had happened. I opened up personal cards that were not meant for my eyes' viewing, yet I persisted on revealing their secrets. From just small notes, I could see into the lives of foreigners: Margaret turned 56 years old, Frederick was given a congratulations on his report card, Venessa was accepted into the College of Oakland. As I continued reading, the thought of trespassing could not escape my mind. This was home for these people, and I entered them and looted what I could salvage. I had a sudden urge to leave this place, and let it remain as a sacred memorial to those who had lived here before.

My pack returned onto my back, and I set off once again onto my journey to Washington. As I left, I noticed a collapsed sign on the street: "Welcome to Brucksville." I picked up the metallic sign, placed it back into the ground, and set off on my journey once again.

Months

By Holly McDonald

you remind me of july a time that is pleasant.
but july cannot last forever, the month slowly migrates to August - and then everything changes.
the weather is either hotter or colder and my days be filled with everything other than you

Storms and Sunshine

By Holly McDonald

the soft breeze of the palms swaying the battle of the thunder like my mood every strike is the
hush of promises not kept, every blow is the let down of everyone i know. but, miraculously,
the sunshine has made an appearance and the storm has finally settled. i've finally kept my own
promises, my own successes, i am driven.

Why I Would Rebel

By Emma Malinak

In 1791, a tax on liquor was passed in the United States in order to lighten the crushing war debt that our young country faced. However, farmers in Western Pennsylvania that relied on crops such as corn, rye, and grain to earn a profit, were not willing to comply with the law. The farmers viewed the legislation as an attack on their livelihood, and therefore decided to rebel by not paying the tax and meeting tax collectors with violence. This iconic rebellion would go down in United States history as the first true challenge to federal authority. And since this event, citizens have used their voices to rebel against causes, big and small, and create momentum for change and reform. The Progressive Era, the Civil Rights Movement, and countless other chapters of American history have been capable solely through the work of these citizens who were determined to take a stand. However, new studies are showing that citizens are losing this classic rebel spirit. The Pew Research Center reported that the United States was ranked 26th out of 32 developed countries for voting turnout; just over 50% of Americans are involved in the democracy going on around them. And, it is estimated that in recent years, less than 20% of young adults are voting and taking part in their democracy. In observing the challenges that face our country today, I feel that many problems could be solved if only young citizens noted the injustices occurring around them, voiced their opinions, and took action in our unique democracy. It is my mission to get my generation involved in the country that we live in, passionate about the problems that surround us, and empowered to make change. I would rebel so that others can find their voice and rebel, too.

Many young adults feel as if their opinions don't matter, their voice doesn't hold the power of change, and their vote doesn't make a difference. But, if my generation could be educated on their rights and understand the power of one, they would be enabled to question the government and the issues that surround daily life. My generation has been witness to the damage caused by gun violence, debates over women's reproductive rights, disregard of climate change, tragedies seen through police brutality, and countless other issues. I would rebel to show other teens that together, we can tackle these problems.

As a student ambassador to the Inspire US program, I have seen the magic of civic engagement at work. I have witnessed how one voice, and one rebel, can inspire countless others to take a stand. Plus, encouraging young people to get involved does not start and end at the polls. Civic engagement is far more impactful, empowering social awareness, political cooperation, and the drive to make a difference. The young adults that I inspire will grow into engaged citizens who have the power to observe challenges and make plans for change.

It is the right, benefit, and obligation of every citizen to not only vote for the leaders and policies of tomorrow, but also become involved in the issues surrounding them today. However, this duty will never be fulfilled if young citizens are not inspired to take part in the decisions and events that are shaping the future. Anthropologist Margaret Mead once said that we should "never depend upon institutions or government to solve any problem. All social movements are founded by, guided by, motivated, and seen through by the passion of individuals." Therefore, in our changing country that is faced with countless problems, I would rebel today so that others can find the inspiration to shape the country of tomorrow.

The crime of being selfish

By Morgan Kafana

I got lost somewhere in a moment,
that was my downfall.

Thinking that I had time left with you,
I pushed you aside to get closer to what I wanted.

Little did I know that my push was enough,
enough to break your heart and end your life.

At first, I felt the pain,
but then it turned numb, like fingers in the bitter cold.

When I experienced the pain,
I longed for anything to make it end.

But now I feel dead,
like a piece of me went with you.

I bleed just to know I'm alive,
the coppery smell and taste breathing life back into my body.

It took me until now to
feel and see what I once had.

I once had a friend,
but you got lost somewhere in my bitterness.

A Name

By Alison Spadaro

Tears streamed down her face as she ran through the woods. Thorns scraped her arms, leaving a trail of tiny blood droplets in her wake. She stumbled over roots and branches, but they didn't deter her. She just had to get away; away from her wretched family, her horrible little village, and her terrible groom-to-be. She never wanted to go back. Suddenly, she reached a break in the forest, stumbling to a halt just inside the circular clearing. She fell to her knees and took a moment to release all of her emotions. She cried and cried, cursing her family and her suitor and her whole society. After what felt like an eternity of tears, she sat up, still trembling. She looked around at her surroundings. Ten old, gnarled trees stood in a circle around a grassy clearing, empty but for a crystal clear pool of water directly in the center. The little pond was lined with perfectly smooth stones, each shining in the rays of sunlight that broke through the otherwise dark and dreary forest. She wiped the tears from her face and crept closer to the pond, still sniffing. She reached the circle of stones, and peered over it into the pool. Her reflection looked back at her, flaming orange hair falling out of its pristine braids, pale skin splotched with red spots and tear stains. She met her own emerald green eyes in the pond, and was entranced. She felt suddenly as though she were removed from her world, that this little clearing was a safe spot where could never be found. The pond beneath her gaze flickered in the sunlight, almost sparkling. In awe, she reached out a feeble hand to touch the beautiful water. The tip of her finger fell onto the perfectly still surface, disturbing the water and sending ripples to the smooth stones surrounding it. As the first ripple crashed into the stones in a tiny wave, a breeze blew leaves from the surrounding trees into the air, arcing over her and flying out of the clearing. Distracted, she pulled her hand away from the water and watched the leaves drifting through the sky.

"Hello there." She sat up, startled. There was no one else in the clearing.

"W-who's there?" she stuttered, voice still hoarse from sobbing.

"Don't be frightened," said the voice again, smooth like silk. A figure stepped out from behind one of the tall trees. He was tall and thin, with poofy light hair peeking out beneath his black panama hat. She stood up, alarmed. "I'm here to help you," he assured her.

"Who are you?" she asked, still apprehensive. He gave her a sly smile.

"I go by many names," he told her, now fully emerging from the trees. "I am the Green Man, I am the king of trees. But you can call me Herne." He stepped closer to her, now directly across the little pond. "May I have your name?"

She opened her mouth to speak, but quickly bit her tongue. She had heard the stories of fae and nymphs taking villagers away. In all of the stories, all the fae needed was your name; once you gave it to them, you could never go back. They owned you for the rest of your life, and all others that came after. She looked up at the man who called himself Herne, who was awaiting her answer.

"You may not have my name," she replied cautiously, "but you may call me Ainsel."

The man let out a burst of laughter, high pitched and melodic. "Oh, a clever one you are! Tell me, your own self, why have you strayed so far from your little town? What has caused tears to rake your face, to weep in such sorrow in my wood?" She felt a pang of emotion return to her as she was reminded why she was here. She looked down at her feet.

"I want to run away," she whispered. "I want to see the world, but my family will not have it. They want me to marry, and they have chosen for me the most awful man!" Tears again began to drip down her freckled face.

"There, there," replied the man in a soft, soothing tone as he walked around the little pond to stand before her. "Tell me all that has caused such sorrow in your life in the village that you have such a desire to flee." He took her hand gently. Alarm bells went off in her head. All her life, she had been told not to trust the Fae, who this man most certainly was. Never listen to them. Never let them talk to you. And never, ever, tell them about yourself. But she could not help it. She cried and cried into his arms, telling him of her horrible father who cursed at her and beat her, about her wretched groom-to-be who abused her and took advantage of her. He held her close, gently stroking her hair and reassuring her that all would be well. When she finally finished, she heard his voice in her ear.

"You could leave that all behind, you know." His whisper felt like soft bells echoing in the distance. She closed her eyes.

"How?" she whispered, although she already suspected his offer.

"Come with me," he tempted. "Come to my world, be my queen." She couldn't. She shouldn't. But still...

"You could live in paradise forever. You could punish the ones who hurt you." He had to be lying. But then again, Fae can't lie...

"Just step into the pond with me." She gritted her teeth. She could go with him. But she would never be able to come back...

"Imagine the possibilities." She would never see her family again...

"You would be queen." Never see her father...

"They would worship you." Or her suitor...

"Paradise." Or that wretched town...

"It's all yours."

She stepped into the pond, and opened her eyes. The man stood before her.

"One more thing," he said. She nodded. "Might I have your name?" She took a deep breath. Her name wasn't worth much in this world anyway. She closed her eyes, took his hands, and whispered it.

"Macha."

What would Chelsea Do?

By Jonathan Brodak

The school year of 2019-2020 has finally begun. For some, it is the beginning of their high school journey, for others, such as myself, it is the conclusive chapter. This article was created to help out the former, so take notes if you'd like!

Situation: You are a freshman and it is your first month at Trinity High School, congratulations! By now, you've most likely become acquainted with the whole "high school business:" you know where all your classes are, you know who's in all of your classes, and the lunch table clans have all been settled. Life is normal, but there is still something that seems to lurk behind every corner and inside every room. They are loud, rowdy, and are out for freshmen blood. The other freshmen cower in fear when only their name is merely spoken: Seniors... So, what would Chelsea do?

Solution: I pride myself in my profession of "student field biology," and I just so happen to be an expert in senior-ology! We'll begin with the basics. Seniors have been enrolled in the school for the longest time and are therefore the oldest group of students in the school. Their behaviors are different compared to the other classes because of a disorder commonly known as Senioritis. This dopamine deficiency disease is most common among seniors and it causes them to feel like they deserve to relax instead of putting in their full effort. This has been observed to cause seniors to act irrationally around underclassmen.

Why am I telling you all this? Because it is pivotal to training your very own senior! That's right, these beasts can be trained! So why would you want to train a senior? Well, here is a short pros/cons list:

Pros: Seniors have the best advice for school; seniors can be intimidating to bullies; you get some automatic cool-points for having a pet senior; if you're small enough and the senior is large enough, you can ride on their back (Please do not try this at home)!

Cons: Seniors are the most difficult upperclassmen breed to train.

With enough dedication and care, you can train any senior! The most important piece of advice I can give you is that not all seniors are the same. All seniors have their own individual personalities, hobbies, and interests, so you may have to adapt to train certain individuals. But this guide will give you the general approach to take for all seniors.

To start, the best way to a senior's heart is through food! All seniors love food, so if you reward them for good behavior with treats, they will certainly come around to liking you. This is a good place to start, but food alone won't domesticate these beasts!

We now will enter more demanding training strategies. Another tried and tested strategy is to learn what it is the senior likes and try to talk about it. If your senior says they like music, ask them what type of music they like. If your senior likes dinosaurs, ask them about their favorite dinosaur.

But without a doubt, humor is the best way to gain a senior's trust. However, humor can be very challenging to master because not all seniors have the same humor style. To optimize your comedy, I recommend observing your chosen senior for some time. Try not to interact with them, and see what makes them laugh in their natural environment. Then try to replicate it to get maximum trust!

One strategy I do not recommend is to try and overpower a senior. If you try to show how cool you are or how much tougher you are compared to them, your training will end in disaster. This is where seniors become dangerous! If you try and assert your dominance, they will mock you and will overpower you! If this does occur, it is probably best to try and restart or give up entirely on that senior.

Just remember: food, talk, laugh. There are an endless number of possibilities and combinations that you can employ in training your senior, but those three are the core, fundamental ideas to all strategies. Seniors can be intimidating, and senior training can be incredibly challenging at times, but with this guide, you are already ahead of the curve when it comes to mastering the art of training seniors!

Good luck, and stay awesome!

Battle for the Ages: The Possible Benefits of Generational Enemies

By Emma Malinak

Every significant story of success, whether found in a fairy tale or history book, involves a battle against a relentless enemy. Repeatedly, enemies have provided the inspiration for heroes to surpass expectations, pushing them to improve upon their weaknesses. And while enemies come in all forms and intensities, some are shared on an immeasurable scale, causing immeasurable damage when not addressed. When asked what this destructive enemy of the United States is today, many can agree that division is the villain that is condemning the country. While citizens are confronted with countless factions every day, there is one underlying enemy that is the root of many divisions in the United States - the battle between generations. Now, more than ever, there is a deep divide between the established leaders of today and the aspiring leaders of tomorrow that prevents our country from achieving productive change. However, if these two sides of the generational battle could learn to “Love your Enemies, for they tell you your Faults,” as Benjamin Franklin implored in 1756, then they could collaborate to enact effective and enduring reforms instead of holding each other back from progress.

Young visionaries, typically from the era of Generation Z (born between 1995 and 2010), consider older generations their deepest enemies. Recently coined as Gen Z, this group of young adults often believe that older generations are actively blocking progress through their closed-minded approaches and unwillingness to change. As a member of Gen Z, I can attest that my generation also villanizes older generations because, like any true enemy, they repeatedly draw attention to our faults. Criticizing the lack of real tribulations in recent years and the “everyone’s a winner” mentality that has surrounded parenting and education, older generations believe that my generation is too soft to cope with and solve the problems at hand in politics. Similarly, my generation has been accused of being too liberal, extending open arms to any and every cause to the point of losing touch with the basis of freedom and democracy. Additionally, my generation has been criticized for relying too much on technology, losing the capability to effectively focus, communicate, and lead. And most significantly, Gen Z has been described as not having the work ethic that it takes to truly succeed, being generalized as naive, lazy, and unmotivated. While it is hard to accept this criticism from our older enemies, there is no doubt that my generation has many things to improve upon if we wish to make a positive difference in the world that we perceive to be so corrupted. If Gen Z could combat the things that make us weak instead of pretending as if they are not problems, we could not only lead alongside the established leaders of our country instead of vying against them, but also achieve true influence in the ever-changing world around us.

At the same time, older citizens seem to view young generations as their enemies, assuming that callow young adults will ultimately lead to the destruction of the country. But, these older generations could also benefit from the advice of loving their enemies in order to improve upon their faults. Often, older generations are accused by younger generations of resisting change and battling acceptance. However, it is evident through both the social climate of today and the patterns observed throughout history that change is constant. If older generations can accept this, they may be able to open their hearts and minds to reforms that are needed. Older generations are also accused of opposing technological advances that have become a part of everyday life. While they may not be able to

comprehend the interconnectedness of the modern world, they can learn from the concepts of sharing, communicating, and educating on a worldwide level. If already established leaders learned from these faults pointed out by their enemies, they could accomplish lasting positive reforms instead of blindly opposing them.

Clearly, each generation has been exposed to different cultural and historical contexts and therefore has developed unique attitudes and values. Due to this, the two sides of the generational battle may never concur completely. However they have the capability, and the need, of learning from each other. Regardless of differences, both sides of the generational battle can agree that they want to enact powerful, positive, and lasting change to improve the country; for this to happen, the aspiring leaders of tomorrow and the established leaders of today must love their enemies and improve upon their faults.

Lives

By Alison Spadaro

107,142,857,143. The number etched onto his wall was one more than it had been before he left that morning. 107,142,857,143 lives. Over a hundred billion first breaths, over a hundred billion final words. Over a hundred trillion tears shed, over thirty quadrillion fits of laughter. As he arrived home after the long day's work, he sighed and leaned on his aged staff. He was exhausted.

He glided over to the grand table that stood in the center of the ancient room. Upon it sat two glowing crystal bowls, arranged in the center of an elaborate yin-yang pattern on the surface of the table. He gazed into the first bowl, looking down at all of his lives. All of them were there, beautiful silver wisps of pure joy that sang and danced in euphoria. He pulled out his archaic black bag, and reached his long, skeletal hand deep into the void within. From it he pulled another wisp. Life number 107,142,857,143. It glowed and shimmered, illuminating the dark place not just with light that can be seen, but with the light that exists within every one of us. This was the pure human spirit, released from all worldly baggage— finally free. He gently placed the life into the bowl. The surface rippled for a moment, sighing like someone who just had an enormous weight lifted from their shoulders. And then the surface was again smooth, and the life, the little soul that had been through so very much more than what the tiny wisp of light suggested, joined the other 107,142,857,142 in their endless, joyful dance.

He watched his little lives dancing for another moment; seeing the lives finally obtain joy was one of the better parts of his job. Despite what some believe, the job was not just taking lives, claiming them for his own; he cared for them, ensured that they could endlessly feel the elation that he never would.

He could not live in their world, though; with another sigh, he turned to the second bowl. Within, he saw a world with which we are much more familiar. He watched the lives, that were not yet his, doing what they did before he took them— living. He saw war and famine, pestilence and pollution. But he also saw love and laughter and peace and most of all— hope. He saw hope everywhere he looked. Maybe that world didn't have the same euphoria and joy that his lives did, but it was still beautiful in its own, worldly way.

He was interrupted in his thoughts by a faint metallic chime. It was time to get back to work.

He reached out his staff (it wasn't actually a scythe, despite what the stories say) and touched the second orb. He was transported to a hospital room. Machines were beeping urgently, and people were crowded around a lone bed. He ignored them, gliding through them as though they were not there. He could now see the life that lie on the bed. It was a young boy, perhaps in his late teenage years. He sighed again, mourning for the boy's earthly form. He hated to take them so young. As doctors frantically tried to restart the boy's heart, Death gently laid his staff on the boy's head. As the heart rate monitor flatlined, the boy's life sat up, leaving behind his earthly body. His form shimmered, still resembling his corporeal form. The boy looked up and saw the hooded figure standing over him.

"Am— am I dead?" his voice quivered as he asked the question.

"I am very sorry," replied Death, his voice much kinder, much gentler, and much, much older than any voice that existed in that particular world.

"No!" cried the boy, silver tears streaming down his ghostly face, "It's not fair! It wasn't

supposed to be like this!” Death reached out a skeletal arm, placing it gently upon the boy’s shoulders.

“I know,” he said softly, “and there’s nothing I can do to change that. But it’s time.” Death waited patiently as the boy sat there, wordlessly, crying soundlessly. Death felt his pain, his complete void of hope. That was the very worst part— the hopelessness his lives felt when he took them, his inability to help them cope with their complete and utter loss of everything. But like all other things, it passed.

“It’s time,” whispered Death. The boy nodded wordlessly. Death held out his staff to the boy, and the boy took hold of it. In a flash of light that wasn’t quite blinding but rather deafening, the boy was gone, and in his place was a beautiful wisp of silver light. Death gently placed his new life in his bag, and in an instant he was home.

Gliding toward the crystal bowl, he again sighed, feeling the weight of all of his lives. He ignored the wall as the number etched onto it changed on its own.

107,142,857,144.

Nickel is Nice: A sonnet about Nickel

By Jonathan Stout

The element Nickel was founded in 1751
I will try to get through this whole poem, without one cheesy pun.
It can be Hammered into thin sheets,
Similar to when the deli guy slices thin pieces for me, of quality meats.
Its color consists of Pale copper red with blackish tarnish.
However, I would not recommend this as a culinary garnish.
Nickel, is usually found in Laterite Deposits.
Although, we don't know for sure what will cause it.
Also did you know there's Nickel in our water?
It is okay, as ingesting small amounts of Nickel will hardly bother.
Thomas Jefferson is on the Nickel as well, a coin for United States Residents.
Matter of fact, Thomas Jefferson was our third President!
To finish, Nickel seems to be an amazing Mineral and Element
Nickel has helped the world by helping its very development.

The Analogy of Life

By Morgan Kafana

Maybe life is like a candle,
the lighting of the wick a symbol
of the day that you are born.
As you near the end of your life's journey,
the candle reaches the end of it as well.

Maybe life is like a race,
that pulls the air unwillingly from your lungs.
One minute you feel like you are sprinting,
only to be moving at a snail's pace the next,
sometimes wondering just how many more races you have left.

Maybe life's like that clock,
the type that hangs proudly on your grandparents' wall.
The hour and minute hand moving at the same rate,
forcing you to ask when the consistency will end,
or the absolute dread of not knowing when it does.

Maybe life is like a simple car ride,
spending the majority of it looking ahead,
never taking the time to keep your eyes focused,
focused on the objects that are right in front of you.
No, instead you've looked ahead and missed precious moments.

Maybe life is like a train,
constantly finding itself on twists and turns,
some of which were anticipated, but others not.
The feeling of steering off the course you've made,
a constant reminder that your life may never go as planned.

Maybe life is like a book,
our stories begin when we enter the world.
There are so many emotionally exhilarating memories to be uncovered,
which we tell throughout the chapters of our lives.
In the end, all we can do is close the cover and reflect on what we've learned.

Part III: Teachers

~

... Paulo Coelho believed that “It is always important to know when something has reached its end. Closing circles, shutting doors, finishing chapters, it doesn’t matter what we call it; what matters is to leave in the past those moments in life that are over.” It isn’t until after high school that we must say goodbye to one chapter and open another one that is known as life.

Monster Mash (Calculus Edition)

By Mrs. Cotton

I was working on my calculus, late one night
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight
For Mrs. Cotton out my window, began to rise
And suddenly to my surprise

She then derived, she used the cosine graph
The cosine graph, it gave the slopes of sine smash
She then explained, and I caught on in a flash
The cosine graph gave the slopes of sine's mustache

On my Google Chromebook, I found her Classroom page
For where derivative rules, would take center stage
I practiced all my trig functions, and their inverses too
Then I verified graphically, for parent functions I knew

They did they matched, I vertically reflected the sine graph
The sine graph flipped, it gave the slopes of cosine smash
I now get it, oh I caught on in a flash
With more practice, I'll be the master of Calc class!

The Monster Mash

All Hallow's Eve: A Brainstorming Session

By Herr McLaughlin

Candy, Ghosts & Ghouls

Ichabod Crane, Katrina van Tassel & that Hessian Soldier

Trick or Treats

Trick or Treat, smell my feet, give me something good to eat!

Really!!! A toothbrush!!

Please don't give me a rock or a stick

Poor Charlie Brown or Poor Ol' Linus, so gullible

Which war was Snoopy flying his Sopwith Camel

Against the Red Baron?

Allergic to Chocolate, hoping for gum, a Pay Day, Twizzlers

Or Popcorn Ball.

What to wear and where to go?

How old is too old?

Hocus Pocus, the Sanderson Sisters & Binx the Cat

Bobbing for Apples, Soaping Windows & Pranking the Neighbors

Jack Skellington Rides Again with Zero

Family Carving Pumpkin Challenge Winner 5 years in a row!

Haunted Houses and Spooky Hayrides

Staying up, begging your parents to watch one of their favorite horror films

And terrifying the crap out of yourself!

Best Group Dress-Up Theme: Addams Family?

The Haunted Locker

By Mr. Dunn

“We, like, have to, like, break into the school on Halloween night? That’s just plain spooky, Liz.” fretted Chad.

“We’re not breaking in we’re just, like reporting to your locker at the way, way end of the day, just after ‘student drivers, you are permitted to leave, have a great day’ and besides,” continued Liz, “what’s in the dark that isn’t there in the light?”

“Well, you’ve never been in my basement.”

“I left the stuff for Mrs. Boher’s powerpoint in my locker and she insists it get turned in tomorrow or it’s 1,350 points off! You gotta come with me.”

“Why me?”

“You’re the only person I know that has seen all the Halloween movies.”

“That place is locked up tighter than Fort Fox.”

“It’s Fort Rocks, and I know a way in.”

They broke in through a slightly open greenhouse window, with Liz nearly crashing into a floral arrangement when she slipped on several potatoes.

As they crept down the hall by the dim light of their cell phones they reluctantly ignored the multiple notifications.

“Wow, this place smells so good, all the flowers, it reminds me of the last time I saw my grandma.”

Liz commented as she struggled to her feet.

“Come on,” urged Chad. “Where is your locker? Um, down at the end of the hall just past Mr. Coyle’s new chainsaw repair workshop.”

All schools are, as museums, scary past nightfalls, especially those with a history of hauntings... like Trinity, dear old Trinity.

“I heard they caught kids vaping right here.”

Each step down the hall got creeper, darker, more eerie.

Do the cameras work at night?

They caught each other’s eye as they passed chainsaw repair when they heard a hum - rattle and humming sound.

“It’s just those old chainsaws charging.” Said Liz.

Chad may have changed Liz’s outlook when he told her.

“They run on gasoline.”

“Oh,... oh, my.”

At her locker she spun the dial like a seasonal safecracker...pop...but then screamed in terror- like when she got her first AP Bio test back. She fell backward, still with potato on her left VAN, slipping into his arms. She collected herself and quietly chuckled... her head clearing.

“Oh my goodness... it’s just that Mr. Samosky t-shirt, it attacked me.”

“What?”

“You remember, that t-shirt with Mr. Samosky on it? My mother said I couldn’t keep it at home, it frightened her when she did the wash.”

“Come on, Liz grab your stuff and let’s go. The chainsaws are louder... they sound eager. The running car is waiting.”

Hiller Halloween

By Mr. Marino

In the halls of Trinity high on Halloween eve,
an unsightly creature was seen by a teacher named Steve.
Going down the social studies wing in search of a treat,
it was looking in rooms but found nothing to eat.
The creature became angry and then pulled out a machete,
And began chasing a teacher by the name of Poletti.
The creature was screaming and laughing in fun,
until it was grabbed up by Mr. Joe Dunn.
Then fear overcame the creature as something smelled foul,
And to no surprise, under the mask, it was just Mr. Powell.

Any student at Trinity High School is eligible to submit up to three works of writing to the Literary Magazine. All school appropriate works will be accepted. You may submit more than three works of writing, but the entries will be reviewed and the best three, according to the staff, will be chosen. Submissions are accepted from September 1 - March 31 of each school year, with the publication being created and distributed in May of each year.

All entries must be electronically submitted via email to literaryjournal@trinityhillers.net on a Microsoft Word document or Google Doc. Please make sure to include your name and the title of the work in the header of the document. When applicable, please type each entry. All submissions will be edited for grammar and mechanics, as appropriate.

All students who submit to the literary magazine will receive a free copy.

Questions? Please contact Mrs. O'Lare in Room 164 or email her at kolare@trinityhillers.net, contact Mrs. Berty at mberty@trinityhillers.net, or contact Mrs. Booher in Room 162 or email her at rbooher@trinityhillers.net.

Colophon

The Literary Magazine usually is available in hard copy print form, sold for \$1. This year, only an electronic version is available. This issue of the Literary Magazine was designed using Adobe InDesignCS6. The cover was designed by Trinity High School student Morgan Kafana. The cover photo was taken by Trinity High School student Gina Gossett of a painting of Trinity High School done by Ray Dunlevy in 1988. The back cover was drawn by Trinity High School student Hailey Scott. The Literary Magazine is funded by the National Honor Society of Trinity High School and usually is sold to the student body for \$1 with contributors receiving a free copy. Due to the coronavirus pandemic, a digital copy was provided free of charge to all students, teachers, and community members on *The Hiller* newspaper's website, thehillernewspaper.org.

ANOTHER CHAPTER CLOSES...

