

# Reflections

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Thank you to all the students who contributed to this magazine. Thank you to all the teachers and students who took the time to submit work. Thank you to Mr. Chervenak who gave his extra time to help create this magazine.

## Reality

I hear the mumble of  
disgusted gossip in the hallway.

The sequence of hearing  
the same thing over and over.

The collapsing brains and  
hearts of the people being talked about.  
Laughs, I rewind and hear the laughs again.

Scribbling the words out  
of my mind so I do not talk about innocent people.

I press play back to reality  
and realize this is what people like to do.

Hopefully innocent lives  
would not be hurt by gossip.

Alexis Erazo

# Alice The Pug

By Briana Carlini

Alice has a tail  
That is as swirly as the shell of a snail  
But one day Alice hears  
A comment by her peers  
And Alice doesn't care  
Because Alice is someone  
Who is very rare



# Care

By Javana Dakhal

It changed my look on life in so many ways

The world is harsh and cold, it taught me

But I sit there in a ebony daze

The things it taught me

It told me to see

What is beneath?

The society we live in

Under my very feet

Some spoke of a world where it was peaceful and joyous and it was filled with people of happiness

Others spoke of a world where it was a cold dark place filled with poverty and violence

But all these people told stories about their life humanity

But they all said "we are all in this together"

Life is hard

That's a fact

But the thing I care about.... Music!

It's always got my back



## To Dream

By Sean Neilson

Dream Big.

Dream Strong.

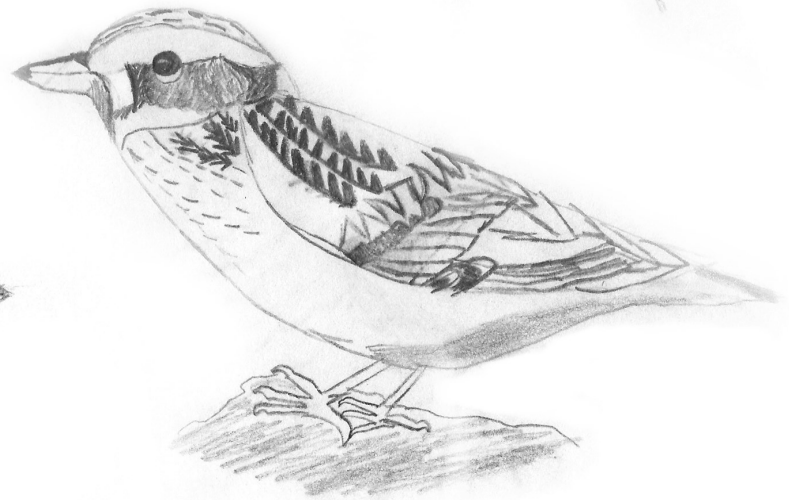
Live Big.

Care for ones who Care.

Forever live freely.

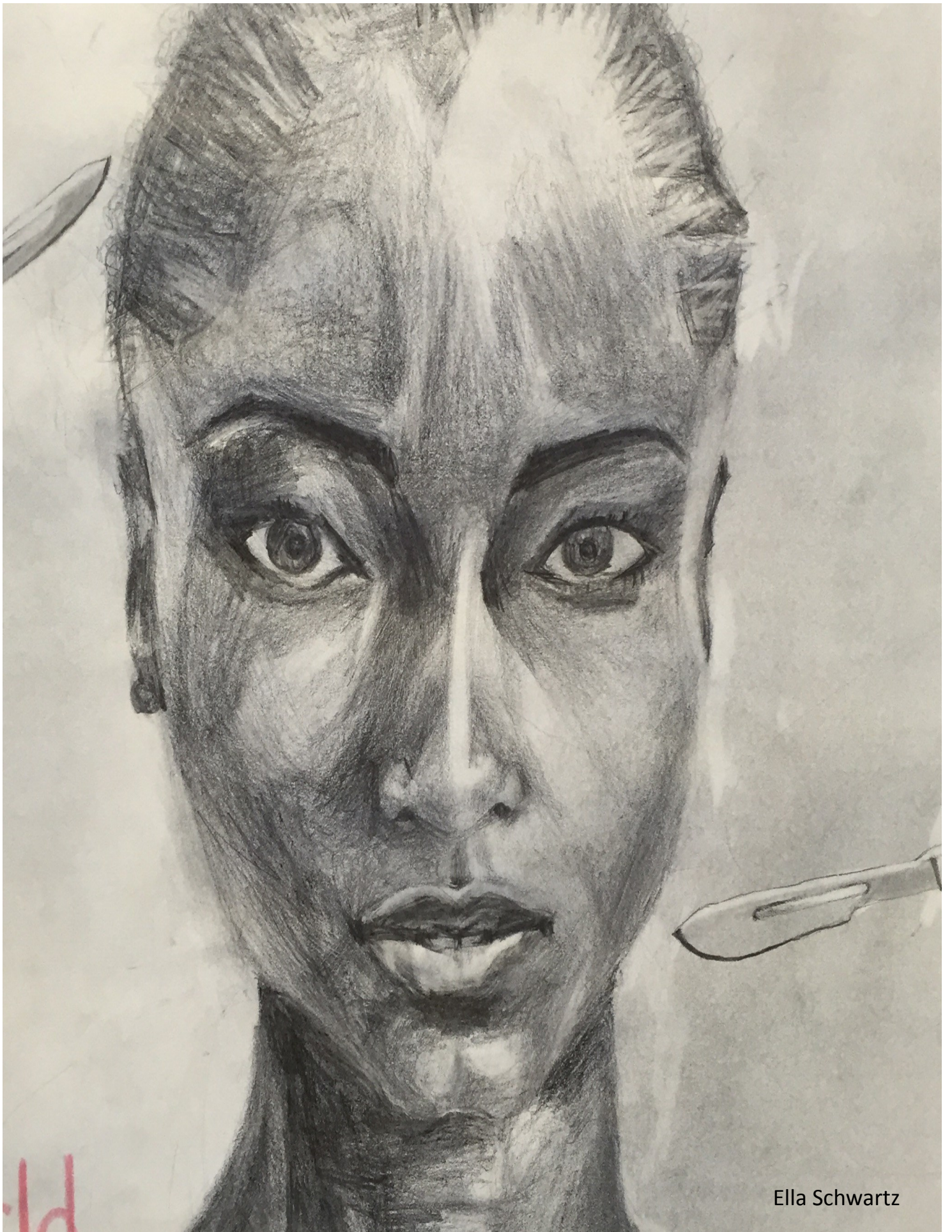
On and On.

Forever Strong.





- Ella Schwartz



Ella Schwartz




Illustration by Kristie Benel





Illustration by Kristie Benel



## Haikus Inspired by Dark Side of the Moon

by Reflections

### Breathe

You take your first breath  
In and out, for eternity  
Together as one

### Time

We are limited  
There is never enough time  
There will never be

### The Great Gig in the Sky

Death. You can't stop it  
You despise the compromise  
Death. You can't stop it

### Money

Get away  
Greed is compelling my thoughts  
Free me of this hate

### Us/Them

Conflict surrounds us  
Infinite cycle of pain  
You cannot escape



## Dreaming

Dreams are only achieved if you look to the infinite horizon.

Dreams are an ocean to search for,  
not a prize to hold in your hand.

They can't be won, they cannot be bribed.

There is no easy way on the path to your dreams,  
only paths with sharp corners.

The corners are the surprise,  
you cannot plan for or see around.

That's how they are so exciting.

Dreams connect the soul with a purpose,  
a purpose to keep going, a purpose to dream.

- Samantha Landrum



## Free To Hunt

What a life,  
Men hunting, gathering  
And women, cooking the food  
And that is what they are expected to do  
Men all strong, women not at all  
No, no, you've got it all wrong  
Women are just as good as men  
So let me go hunt, and let me go gather,  
With you,  
Because I am just as good as you.

- Katlin Keene

## Equality

Forget what people say  
no matter who you are,  
what you are.  
Everyone should be treated equally.  
No matter if you are  
White or  
Black or  
Hispanic.  
Everyone is the same on the inside,  
No matter what some may say.

-Madison Harp

# **Gold**

**By Naomi Greenfield**

**Lion Eyes**

**Hades Fire**

**Curls around Us**

**In this lonely place**

**That our Enemy calls Home**

**If you Trust Me**

**I can save Us**

**Save this Angel Gold**

**Extinguish the Dark**

**Your eyes match the Fire**

**You are the Fire**

**Carry it in your Heart**

**I will keep it in my Blade**

**And Bring the Dawn**

**And Bring the Gold**

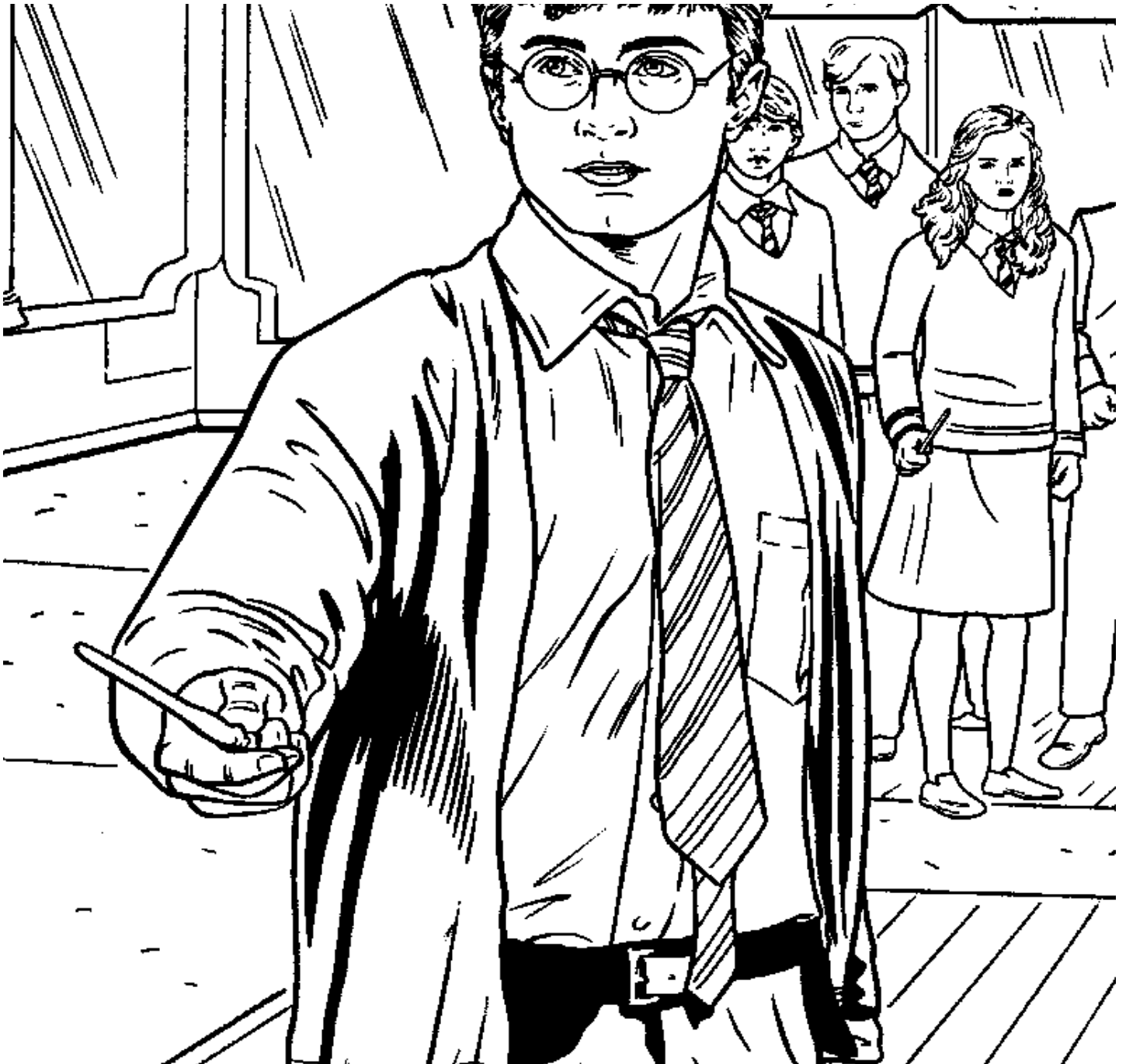
**Bring the Gold**

**The Gold**

## Harry Potter RIP

Harry Potter wasn't hotter than Neville when he was in the water. The locket choked Ron and Harry both for quite different reasons. Ron thought that Harry had committed treason. Hermione, the smart aleck, says Snape coldly. Little did he know that the dungeons were getting moldy. Myrtle, lost in love and life, but wasn't killed with a knife. A basilisk looked upon the girl, so gross it almost made her hurl. Instead she looked into his eyes and immediately she dies. Now is 50 years later, and still, quite much, a people hater.

- Delia Nocito



A dark, atmospheric photograph of a night sky with a full moon and its reflection on a body of water. The moon is a bright, glowing circle in the upper right quadrant, and its reflection is a vertical streak of light on the water below. The water is dark with some ripples, and the sky is black with a few faint stars. The overall mood is somber and reflective.

Reflections

That is what I can remember  
As the sea crinkled on the shore,  
An endless energy grabbed me  
Then there was a vintage soul that stabbed me

That is what I can remember  
That is what I can remember  
As I glanced at a bright light  
It was like my life stopped  
And that is what I can remember

That is what I can remember  
As I glance straight ahead  
I come back to reality  
And that is what I remember

- Anonymous

## Manipulation

Manipulation is like an elegant lady,  
so refined and sweet that you hardly notice  
the iron shackles she is locking around you.

Manipulation is a little boy who asks  
“Will you give me a quarter for three pennies?”

And you agree, because surely three coins are better than one.

Manipulation is the power to control and twist someone, without them even realizing that  
you have them in the palm of your hands.

- Viviane Tirone

## Money

Money

It's a gas

Take that gaseous stack and make a stash

White or black

What's the difference

Either or, they have the same essence

If you ask for a rise

There's no surprise

That they're giving none away

- Tierian Lawhon





My Brother

Every time I look at my brother, I glow up just seeing his smile light up my day. I am so thankful for him, there is nothing more I can ask for. He inspires me in so many ways. He is a cancer survivor. He is now twenty years old. It feels like such a long time ago, but I can remember it just like yesterday. I remember holding his hand while he was getting an IV in his arm. I am glad he is okay, I love him to the moon and back, and I couldn't ask for a better brother.

Willameana Joyce Jackson

## Life

This place is cold, it's like a prison some of the time  
Cold, but warm most of the time  
Unfair with dips and turns, nobody's safe until they have someone or something  
This cold, but warm place is called life  
Life is so fun at times, but it can be scary without someone

Life  
Is  
Made  
For  
Most  
People

But if life isn't made for you, then make life yours

-Emily Grinnell

### My Feelings

Loving my mother is red like roses  
Anger at somebody is black like a fish in the dark ocean  
Feeling sad is blue like the cloudless sky  
Happiness is orange like a round, juicy fruit  
Red is me because my blood cures my injuries  
That's the magic of me.

-Tim Kortan

### Paper Airplanes

Failed paper airplanes  
After working hard  
I throw it  
It falls down and down  
I'm sad  
Time to fly again  
Hoping it works

-Mayson Forstell

### Explosion

My voice speaks loud  
Loud as an explosion  
About the things that I care about  
These things are very special  
As special as gold  
My family, friends and religion are the things I love most

-Jacob Ingrassia

If I Had a Weather Sandwich

By Tim Kortan

If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on thunder bread

If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on lightning tomatoes

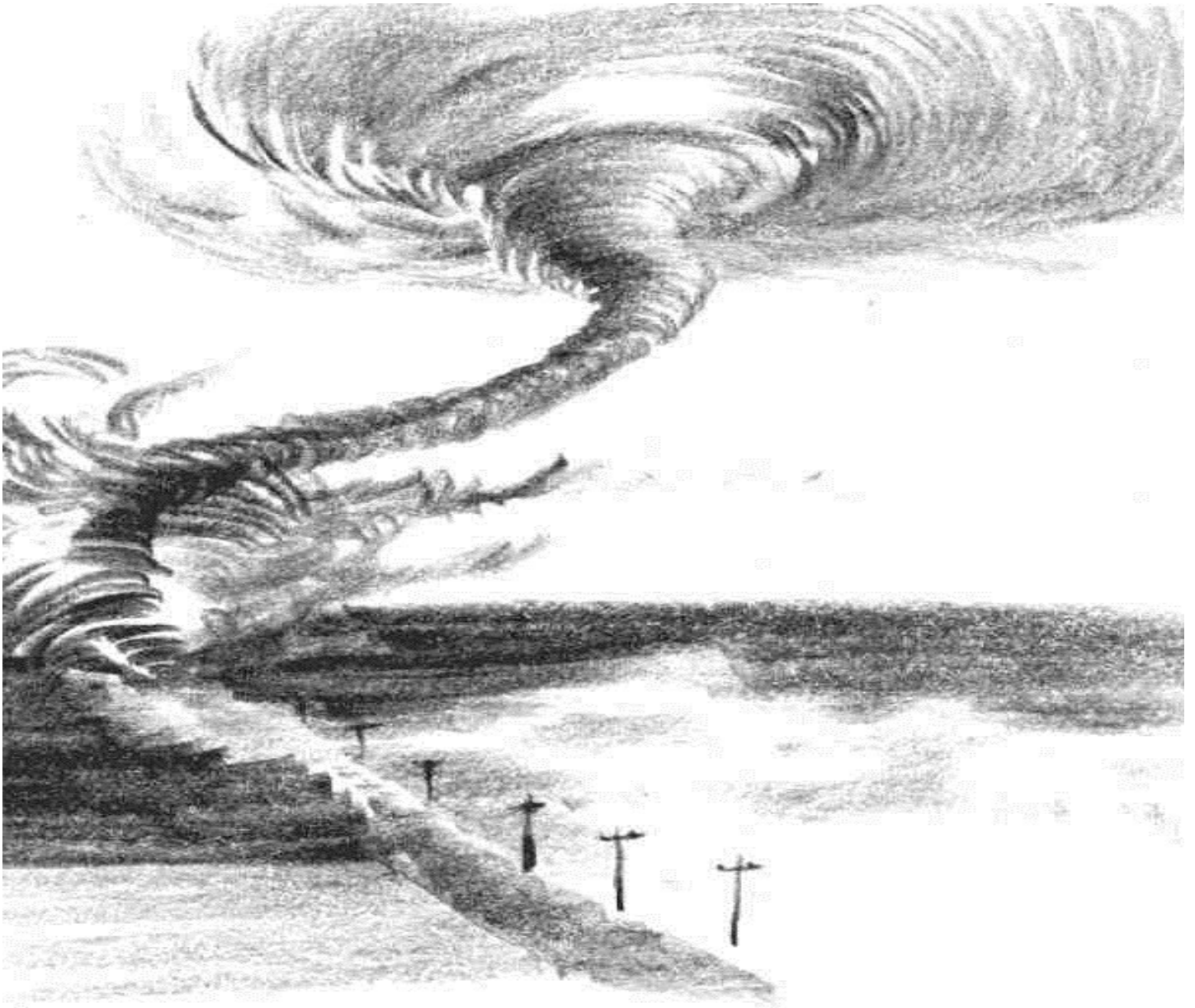
If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on windy lettuce

If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on mayo rain drops

If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on foggy ham

If I had a weather sandwich, I would put on misty cheese

If my weather sandwich broke, I would have nothing to eat



## Culture Lost

Stripped of individuality

It was viewed as 'brutality'

That such a simple difference as nationality could cause an illegality

That it could cause fatalities

It's unconstitutionality, non-rationality, immorality

It was crimi ity

Kill the Indian, save the man

A movement began; it had many fans

The goal was simple

To ban something

To eradicate a culture

Ruin it. Pick the scraps off like vultures

No overlaps, uniformity or being lapsed over

Cut off their symbols of courage

Make them 'civil' put them through college

Assimilation into a 'great nation'

What's the point, if everything is done by dictation?

NO freedom leads to stagnation, to damnation.

Instead of sharing, taxation.

Instead of community, corporation.

Instead of derivation, moderation.

Sameness, aimlessness

- Oliver ten Broeke



## To Dream

Dream Big.

Dream Strong.

Live Big.

Care for ones who Care.

Forever live freely.

On and On.

Forever Strong.

-Sean Nielson

## The Future

In the future, 50 years from now,

What will I see?

What will I do?

Will I have a job or be homeless,

begging for life?

How will I get around, from place to place?

Will it be like the days of old, with race against race?

In the future,

Will I be loved?

Will I be liked?

What will people think of me?

What if they don't like me?

What would I do?

In the future,

There will always be something new

-Victor Scoppa

# Pollution

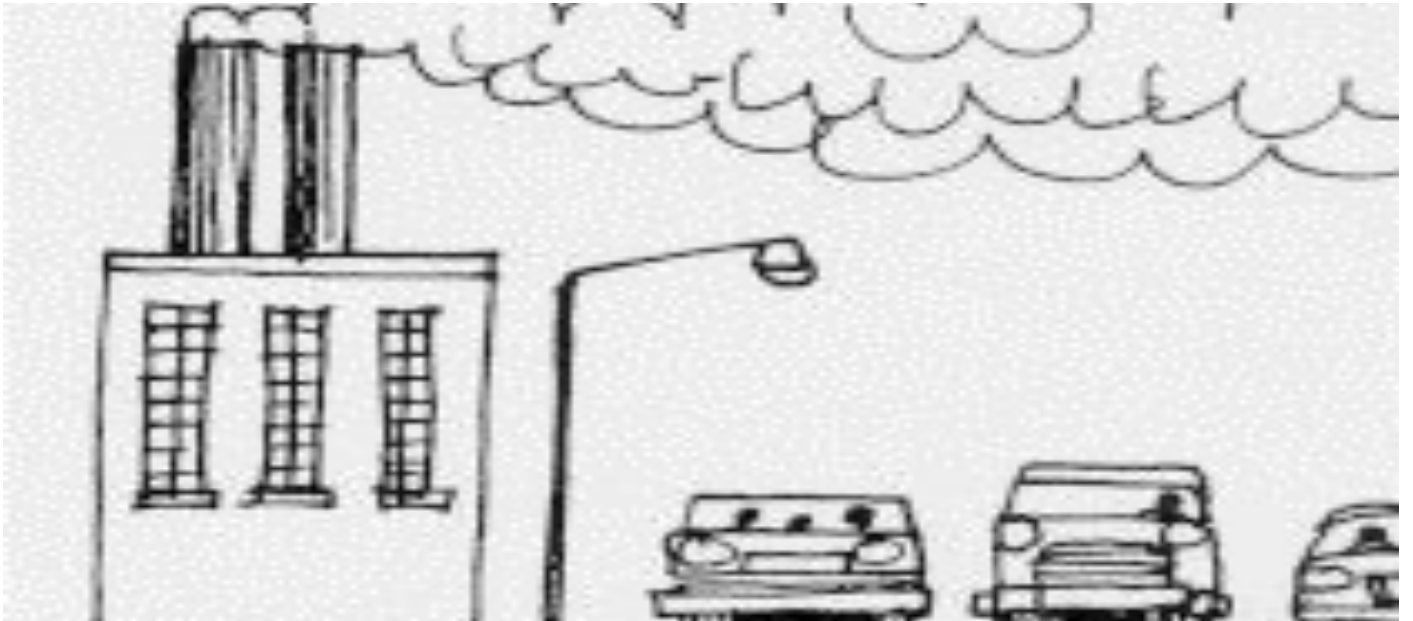
Buy, open, crunch, munch, throw.

Drive by, blow away, far from the fray

Hot air, decompose, who cares, no one knows

You walk by, see birds who can't fly,

Bits of plastic in its wing, but you don't know anything.



## Purple

Purple is a wonderful color you first want to see when you close your eyes to fall into a deep, sweet sleep.

Purple is the mix of the radiant red and bold blue.

Purple is the color of lavender and lilac; the delicate and precious flowers that bring you warmth and comfort.

Purple shows peace to all with a soothing call.

Purple is your best friend's favorite color that lights up your face when you see them.

Purple calms your nerves and relaxes you when you need it the most.

Purple shows your riches and royalty in the most unordinary places.

Purple is the color of a well-woven relationship.

Even when you feel like rolling in a ball and cry, Purple will always be there.

So when the worst of times come, Purple will show you a path to a whole new **YOU!**

- Aidan Sheedy

## Blue

BLUE is the color of the sea, and the roaring waves

BLUE smells like the air, fresh and full of life

BLUE is the color of sadness and sorrow

BLUE can be cold and icy, or warm and cuddly

BLUE is the pursuit of knowledge above all things

BLUE tastes like a cool drink, or a blueberry freshly picked

BLUE is burning curiosity mixed with an overwhelming sense of calm

BLUE is the calm before the storm, the anticipation of what's to come

Blue feels soft yet lonely, empty inside

BLUE is the capacity to see beyond

- Anonymous



## **The Crowd Goes Wild**

The sound of a ball  
falling through a net.  
The echo of it falling hard towards the ground  
brings a smile to the whole crowd.  
- Miles Vignia

## **Fun**

Fun is what we live for  
It can be just what we want  
Fun can be a party  
or a calm and soothing tone  
Fun is the goal we get from trying  
and the trophy when we win  
Fun can be outdoors exploring with your friends  
or fun can be inside just sleeping in your bed  
Fun is like your hobbies all bundled into one  
Fun is like the end of the day when all your homework's done  
-Jack Hyland

## Unanswered Questions

Unanswered questions,  
leaving gaps.

No one noticed, too afraid  
to look.

Uncomfortable people,  
worried about whispers

Pretend not to hear

Everyone to wrapped up in their own  
to see the evils that others tremble to.

Paranoia does not allow them to admit the challenges  
of Unanswered Questions.

-Anonymous

## The Voice That Calls

My voice can be soft  
and my voice can be loud  
but when I'm with my friends I make  
the perfect sound.

I may not be old, but my voice is cold.

On the flipside they can console.

My voice remains sweet and always on beat.

Strong like concrete, how my voice is complete.

-Justin DeMaria

## Strong

We are strong  
when we fight together.

We ride along  
all dressed in leather.

We act tough,  
but we have a heart  
filled with fluff,  
not bitter or tart.

We are not weak,  
but some not strong.

Our eyes may leak,  
but it's not wrong.

- Jackie Thompson

## MONEY

M is for millions

O is for outrageous stuff I can buy

N is for never running out of cash

E is for expense accounts

Y is for buying yummy doughnuts

- Tim Kortan

**What I fear**

I do not fear tomorrow  
The dark scares me not  
I am not full of sorrow  
Although I've lost a lot

**F**

What i fear is much deeper  
It is not simply cold or hot  
What turns me to a weeper  
Is the fear of losing all I've got

**E**

It's the cliché fear of fear itself  
That keeps me up at night  
The fear of fear itself  
Is what keeps happiness out of sight

**A**

It's the fear of putting all hopes on the shelf  
That makes me scared of losing myself

**R**

The fear of forgetting  
Who I am inside  
Is what makes me afraid enough to hide

-Kira Wheeler

**Rollercoaster**

Hold on to your freedoms  
Hold on to your education  
Hold on to yourself,  
By being able to have health care and opportunities  
Hold on to your beliefs  
Hold on to your future  
Hold on it's a rollercoaster out there

-Josh Clinton

## White

What is White?

White is the sound of a dove's wingbeat  
and the joy of an unstoppable athlete

White is as clear as church bell or a bird whistle

White is like sweet vanilla ice cream  
or the part you can't remember in a dream

White is the opportunity of a blank sheet of paper  
and as simple and complex as a feather

Breath is white on a frosty night  
and as smooth as a swan in flight

White is relief from when you get home from a chaotic order of the city  
and as pure and simple as fresh fallen snow before it gets gritty

- Anonymous

## Black

Black is the color of the dark star glazing night.

Black is the color of deep sadness in a person.

Black is a dark color that fears people and shows them their hard places.

Black is a very powerful color, people can think it is a sad and fearful color and others might think it is great  
and shows who they are.

Black the dark cloudy storm is howling to us and is saying "go deeper in life".

Black is like the on-going, forever lasting universe

Black is every color in the rainbow, so if you think about it think about it, it is a happy color too.

Black whhhoosshhh. The shiny black hair of a beautiful women flows in the wind.

Black is the warm feeling of coal when lit.

Black The warm, glazing, powerful, scary, sad, and fearful color.

- Anonymous

## Shakespearean Sonnet

There was a lonely fish his name was Sal.  
And all the other fish would laugh at him  
Cuz even though he was the greatest pal  
This fish named Sal could never really swim  
Try as he might his fins were just too small  
And every time he tried to swim up high  
His little fins would fail him and he'd fall  
Sink to the bo'um he would not see the sky

This little fish oh I pity him so  
He cannot swim so can he be a fish?  
If only he could find a friend not foe  
A mentor can help keep him off the dish  
But one day I believe this fish will fly  
His soul will go to heaven when he dies

- Francesca Varriano





Love

If I asked you, “what is love?”

Could you tell me?

Would you say love is like a star? Bursting with the colors of  
your emotions?

Would you tell me love was like the fresh dew,  
Shining on the small blades of grass?

If you asked me, well, I think love is like a thunderstorm.

Loud, strong, but with such beauty.

Or is love how even though you leave them everyday,  
your dog runs up to you and licks your face because they  
knew you’d come back?

Maybe I’d tell you that love was how even though the sun  
misses

the moon and the stars, it continues to rise every single  
morning for the hope of maybe being together.

But really, if you asked me “what is love?”, I wouldn’t be  
able to tell you for sure, but I guess that’s the beautiful  
thing about it.

- Lia Keenan

## Companionship

A man walks with a companion by his side  
Who can he trust through thick and thin  
A partner that is always there  
A true as the sun will rise  
Someone who gives you hope  
A shining star in ebony skies  
He walks with a companion day and out  
A haven to run to when the world starts to shout  
The companion is a glimmer of hope in a sea of darkness  
He spends not one minute without the other  
Partners so close he feels like a brother  
One cannot function without their companion  
The world does not spin  
All appears dim  
Without a companion  
But for now  
The man has a companion that is always there to play  
A game of fetch

- Briana Carlini





## Freedom

The freedom of religion,  
the freedom to be who you want to be  
and do what you want to do.

Do not ever forget,  
your opinion matters,  
always think what you want to think

Freedom is also  
the right to bear arms.  
There's also the freedom of words.  
Do not forget the freedom of beliefs.

Feel friendly freedom.  
Never forget if you do not feel equal  
Fight and Protest  
for equality.

What does freedom sound like to you?  
To me it sounds like the 4<sup>th</sup> of July  
Boom boom boom boom

-Annsley Fischer



## Spirit

Like fireworks

Soaring, flying

Peach pops, Long walks

Smiles bend

It's inside

Big surprise

Open up

Don't shut up

Speak your mind

You'll never know, what

You'll find

-Talia Fiensod



## Hope

The feeling of joy

Knowing you will be ok when you wake up

If you don't have hope then it's just despair

Hope is the place you want to go the person you want to know

Hope is like the sun rising in the morning

We can have hope but we must not doubt

Our minds must be controlled and quite all painful thoughts abandoned

-Maddy Brooks

## **Don't Look Back, Don't Look Down**

A monster under your bed at night

The sounds behind your door

Lights go off

And the sounds become more

Don't look back

Don't look down

Your brain tells you to wait

There's a ghost, a creature

And you think death is your fate

Don't look back

Don't look down

Your fear overrules all thought

Your eyes wide open, your nerves kick in

Your veins filled with adrenaline

Don't look back

Don't look down

You burrow like a fox

Under the covers you are safe

Lights spill from under the door

The monsters are gone for now

But they'll be back for more

- Anne Lemek

## Manipulation

Manipulation is a snake,  
Slowly strangling your mind until you give in  
To do its bidding.

Manipulation is a spider,  
Just waiting until you get ensnared in its web

Manipulation is like a siren,  
It preys on the weak and gullible.

Manipulation is often performed by,

One you call friend.

So watch your back,

For no one else can.

- Reed Freer

## Anger

Anger is what everyone feels

Anger is when you're mad,

Anger can be bottled up for a while,

Anger is red

Anger is hurting inside,

Anger is hitting something real hard,

Anger is mean

Anger is being irritated,

Anger is like a volcano,

Anger is pounding to get out,

Anger is me

- Jordan Goodnow

## ANGER in 17 Syllables

Anger is fire

It heats up very quickly

Then flares down slowly

Anger is madness

Losing all of your control

Acting impulsive

Anger is a child

Kicking, screaming, furious

For her intentions

Anger is the sun

That which brightens also wilts

Punishing parched earth

- Matthias Lai

## The Cell Phone Genie

By Briana Carlini

Tim is an ordinary man. His life is never extraordinary. He has been waking up, going to work, coming home to his small house in Florida, eating, and going to sleep just like that for the past 20 years of his life. Until one day, when Tim decides to walk on the beach so he can relax. He stumbles upon an old 1989 flip phone, laying deep in the warm, white sand. He picks the phone up, and examines it. It does not seem to be out of the ordinary... or so he thinks.

Of course, because Tim is a kind man, he opens the phone and calls the first number in the contacts. He wants to see who the phone belongs to so he can return it. As soon as Tim dials the number, the phone starts to rattle and shake and... growl? Tim becomes discombobulated, he does not know what to do. Tim drops the phone back in the sand. In a matter of seconds a dragon pops out of the phone like the Jack-in-the-Box Tim remembers playing with as a boy. The dragon is not the largest, rather small actually. It is orange, with little green spikes in the shape of rounded triangles, and purple wings. Tim tries to find a hiding spot, but none could be found on the desolate beach.

“WHO DARES TO DISTURB MY SLUMBER?!” booms the little dragon. His powerful voice definitely does not match his complexion. It appears to be as if Mickey Mouse has the voice of Darth Vader! The dragon catches Tim’s frightful eye, and with a louder, mightier voice shouts, “YOU AWAKENED YOU MUST PAY!” The dragon lunges towards poor Tim and begins to strangle him. Tim thinks, *this is the end, I am going to die from a baby dragon strangling me!*

Just when Tim loses all hope, the dragon accidentally scratches him on the cheek. The dragon’s powerful DNA enters Tim’s body. Pain shoots through his entire body, from his bald head, to his hairy toes. His muscles grow larger, his tolerance stronger, and his clothes... tighter. He becomes a superhero! Tim shoots up into the air with a mighty swoop. He grabs the ugly dragon by the arms and gallantly states; “This fight may *drag-on* for a while!” Then, with a swing on Tim’s solid fist, he punches the dragon hard with a *KAPOW!* The dragon is defeated, and Tim wins the epic battle. He throws the dragon’s body into the ocean and then returns back to his normal self. Tim lets out a hearty laugh, with his new phone in his hand.

## Different Views of the Same Story

By Eliza Behrke

“It was a dark, stormy night...” No, too unoriginal. Maybe... “I was happy until...” No, too abrupt. My story wasn’t coming along at all. I now had over twenty crumpled papers in the trash can, and they were starting to overflow. I got out of my office chair and went wandering around my apartment for inspiration, but to no avail. It was hard when the walls were just white, like a blank piece of paper ready to be filled with words, conjoining to make a unique story sure to impress my boss... I was getting way too into this. Well, I guess I should introduce myself. I’m Greg. I have an average name, an average job, an average life. Except ... Never mind, I undeniably shouldn’t tell you that.

Getting back to my story, I knew I couldn’t possibly finish my 500-word story by tomorrow for the special expertise evaluation my boss (head of the New York City Press) handed out. After much consideration (and pacing), I decided to take my mind off things for a couple of minutes with my



new iPhone 6. I merely turned it on and immediately a cloud of black smoke invaded my small apartment with its octopus-like tendrils reaching into the air. It almost looked as if it were alive... I chuckled. Maybe I had been staring at that paper too long. I stared at the phone and rubbed my eyes in utter disbelief. Something... No, *someone* was emerging from my phone. (I know this sounds ridiculous, but bear with me.) It had teeth sharper than any dagger I’d ever laid eyes on, and it didn’t look happy.

I started to back away from my phone, now cracked from the immense pressure of the beast coming out from it. The beast just kept growing in size. I tried to reason with it, playing the role of a guidance counselor. “Why are you mad at me?” I felt ridiculous. It probably couldn’t understand me. I was startled when it laughed maniacally and hissed, “You humans are very ignorant. Do you really think that *me*, a dragon, *your superior*, would tell *you*?” It reached out a scaly arm the size of a door and made an ear-piercing shriek that was somewhere in between the anguished cry of a lizard and the screech of a gull. I was desperate. I didn’t want to hurt the creature. “Can’t we reason this-” My sentence was interrupted when the dragon started thrashing me with its gargantuan arms. In a blur, the hybrid started choking me. That’s when I knew it was time.

I transformed into a jumpsuit with “Wonder Man” emblazoned in bold letters on the front. That was me. As a certified superhero, I had powers such as flying, super strength, looking flat-out awesome... It was all part of the package. The fight instantaneously reversed position. I grabbed the beast by its front legs and swiftly swung it into my cabinet. Defeated, it disappeared with a noise somewhat like a crack of thunder.

Along with the dragon vanishing, the cracks in my phone mended themselves. Yes, I admit to my cape getting in my face a little... okay, a lot. However, the dragon was defeated. I was overjoyed, but the neighbors weren’t. Apparently saving them from a potential threat caused some noise. In all honesty, I didn’t care much. I had a dragon defeated, a fixed phone, and a good story. The next day, I handed the completed story into my boss and got a smile.

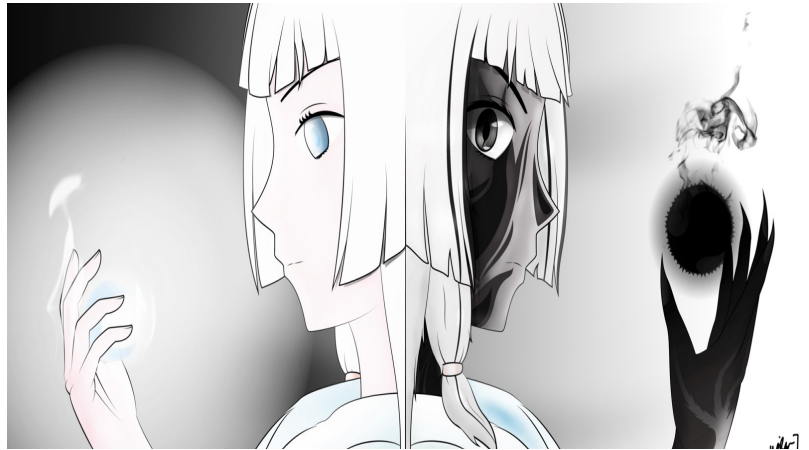
## The Other Perspective

Continued... “Okay, Charlie, pace yourself.” I muttered under my breath. “It’s just evaluation day jitters.” I had sharpened my teeth and combed my scales obsessively that morning, so much that my wife Denise had to pull me away from the mirror. I glanced around the charcoal gray room at the long line of the other dragons waiting to be evaluated, a second. I was better than all of those failures. They didn’t stand a chance against me and my idea. “A stroke of genius,” my boss had said. “Now if only you can carry it out.” And that I would. All I had to do was break into a human’s house and exterminate them. If I could do that, then I would be elected co-president of the DAHA (Dragons Against Humans Association).

Abruptly, I stopped daydreaming when a massive, surly dragon called my name. “Charles Pimatah, age-“ I chuckled nervously, interrupting him. “We don’t have to go there, thank you. I’m right here.” What? Nobody over 9 dragon years likes to have their age publicly announced. “Right this way.” He led me into a room equipped with precisely 4 teleportation devices, their glowing red light casting sinister shadows onto the walls. “Yeah, yeah, I know the drill. You think I went through half a dragon year of training just to be told where to go?” I raised a scaly eyebrow at this. Mr. Tough stood there. “If you know so much about it, why don’t you start the device?” He gave me a glance of superiority. “I will.” I said, returning his superior gaze as I teleported into a human’s house at random.

I grabbed hold of my bearings. Bright colors, more devices than necessary, garbage can overflowing... This was definitely a human house, and a small one at that. Well, I was materializing out of a phone.

It was all part of my plan. Humans used their phones so much, I thought, what better way to sneak in than through one? I kept growing larger when I noticed the human in the corner, cowering. It was trying to ask me something. It asked me why I was angry at it. I laughed hysterically. That was the funniest thing I’d heard all day. I decided it looked so lame I may be able to scare it to death. I spat out an answer. “You humans are very ignorant. Do you really think that *me*, a dragon, *your superior*, would tell you?” Humans had destroyed our planet with pollution, and he really didn’t know. I looked at the human and grinned. It was all going according to plan.



I reached out my now fully sized arm and grabbed the human by its wrist.

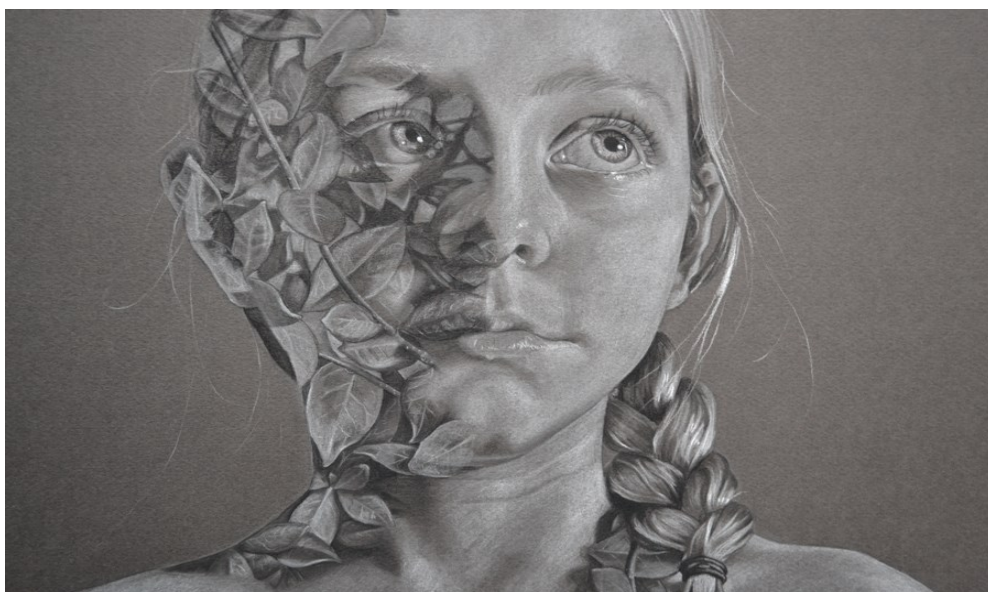
Some may call me cruel, I know, but let me tell you this: Revenge is underrated. I grabbed hold of the human’s neck and was about to deliver the final blow when something indescribably odd occurred. He transformed. Into what, you might ask? I still don’t exactly know. My best guess was a butterfly with neon wings so bright they hurt my eyes. I was busy shielding my eyes from the bright colors when it cruelly took advantage of that moment and threw me into a shelf. I was defeated. I teleported back with a shameful look only losers wore. I got a disappointed look from my boss and I snorted in anger. The human would pay for what it did one day...

## How to Steal the Identity of Human Beings

By Samantha Landrum

Heads down, shoulders slouched, thumbs scrolling, headphones on. It was a typical day in New York City for all but one man, Harold M. Johnson. He was finally closing the door on that old junkie flip phone of his, and getting a “real” phone. He rushed from his bus station approximately 45 minutes before his train to work was set for departure. He walked briskly, with a hint of excitement to the Verizon store in order to beat the early morning rush of people in the store. He eventually received his phone, and proceeded to his train right on schedule. He took his usual seat in the front left corner of the train and unwrapped his phone. He immediately wanted to investigate this “social media” the public had been raving about for months now.

There was an app that came up right away that interested him the most. Facebook. To Harold’s excitement the app was free of charge, and ready for download in just 4 minutes. Just before Harold’s stop, he decided to browse around and kind of get to know the app. Little did he know that trouble was coming his way. A notification popped up on the screen that read “TheRedDragon13479 would like to add you to the friend list – Accept - Decline.” Harold, excited, touched the notification and waited to see what was going to happen. When it became apparent that nothing was going on,



Harold put his new phone away, and continued to his first stop, work. Inside his phone, *TheRedDragon13479* was hacking into poor Harold’s system. Figuring out a way to become Harold. To steal his identity forever.

Later that week, Harold began receiving notices of massive charges to clothing and jewelry stores on the opposite side of the earth. Harold extremely confused, canceled his opened account, and transferred the money to a private one. The very next day, Harold received annual his credit card bill, and ripped it open to find a large bill. Mildly alarmed Harold checked the expenses and found they did not line up with how much he used his card. Resenting his bad memory, Harold paid the bill, and decided to keep a more careful eye on how much he was spending on clothes...

On Saturday, Harold got a message from Reggie’s casino stating he had lost the bet on the horse race this past Friday, and had passed the promised hundred thousand dollars on to their “house”. Now Harold was very confused, he hadn’t been gambling; he had been at work all week! He checked he only opened bank account and found it virtually empty. Harold, in a state of distress and despair, put his head in his hands. Where had all of his money gone so quickly? Harold decided to take a break and consult his money management app. As he opened his phone he noticed several notifications for Facebook, and decided to view the importance of his one virtual friend. He saw that *TheRedDragon13479* had bought new clothes, been active at Reggie’s casino, and recently gambled one hundred thousand dollars on a past Friday horse race... all under the name Harold M. Johnson! Who ever this person was, happened to be completely stealing Harold’s life, his identity, his money. This Red Dragon was no longer just an image on the screen; he was a horror coming to torment Harold with every thing he did. A Monster still has to pay the price of fate, and pay the price he will.

Harold officially took it upon himself to find his hacker, and turn him in to the authorities. With further investigation of the *RedDragon13479*’s Facebook history and photos, Harold could piece together a country, and an address.



*Continued...* Harold was in his car, feverishly diving to confront that criminal. When he finally arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, Harold put the address in his brand new navigation system, and waited. The location was strangely listed as a computer fixing company! This hacker probably tricked thousands and thousands of people each year just by “fixing” their computers, and hacking into other people’s social networking files. It dawned on Harold that this person had been committing SO many crimes, and breaking SO many laws, that it could be punishable by a long sentence in prison.

In an outburst of rage, and loss of dignity, Harold charged out of his car, and burst through the door of the hacker’s sinister operation. The employees startled, all got up from their chairs at once, and pressed a large red button. Within seconds, the head hacker came down the stairs in his expensive coat, and snottily asked what the problem was. Taking this as an advantage, Harold put a towel over the hacker’s head and tripped him to the ground. The other workers immediately got up in defense, and started to throw anything they could find from their desks at Harold. Picking up a large metal plate from the fireplace to block, Harold crawled underneath the objects, and towards the lead hacker. Using computer wires, Harold wrapped up the hacker, and pushed him to the middle of the room. When the employees came at him, he calmly tied them up by the feet, and watched them all topple, and then tangle.

With the criminals tied up, Harold called the police to report fraud (for more than one person), identity theft, and bank fraud. After ten minutes of watching, Harold saw the police turn the corner of the street, and let them handle the problem from there. It wasn’t until after the fact that Harold realized he was glowing with an aura of pure power. The plate from the fireplace had turned into a shield, and the towel to a cape. Harold was a real hero; he not only saved himself, but many others to be tricked by these monsters. “ Watch out world, I will be your new hero, your new protector!” shouted Harold with a newfound smile, and added joy on his face. “Oh just you wait hero”, smirked the hacker, “just you wait...”



### Adventure...

It has driven us to the moon.

It's why we try new things.

Adventure is like soaring through the sky. There are dips, flips and dives, but you will survive.

It is why we explore new places and invent amazing things.

It can't be seen or touched.

Yes, it is all around you, in the eyes of all the people.

Without adventure in your heart, you would never accomplish great things!

Adventure is nature, it can never be tamed, only embraced.

- Noah Leone

## **Freedom**

Freedom is the key to life  
that lets you live it.

That final piece of the puzzle  
making it all fit.

Freedom is like a dog without  
a leash running through  
the grass.

The ability to express yourself  
without judgement  
from the class.

Freedom is like the power  
to determine the action  
without restraint.

Freedom is an everlasting  
hope that once reached  
cannot be taken away.

Life, Liberty, and the pursuit  
of happiness we pray.

Freedom is like a bird soaring  
high in the sky

The absence of our release  
from ties.

Freedom is when you realize  
that you have a passport.

Freedom is the key to the  
door that will finally let you  
live your life.

- Justin De Maria

**Crying**

Crying.

It feels like a rubber band  
tightly wrapped around your lungs,  
exhaling small breaths.

Crying.

Your eyes feel worn  
and you're blinded.

Crying.

All you see is grey  
and your face is craggy..

Crying.

Your face is warm  
and banded up.

Crying.

The last tear drops  
like the sun dried you out,  
and you sit there.

You're shook.

You're pain faded

And you're numb.

But you should know,  
that the problem beneath your tears,  
isn't gone.

And all the crying in the world

Won't help you anymore.

Crying.

- Lauren Thompson