
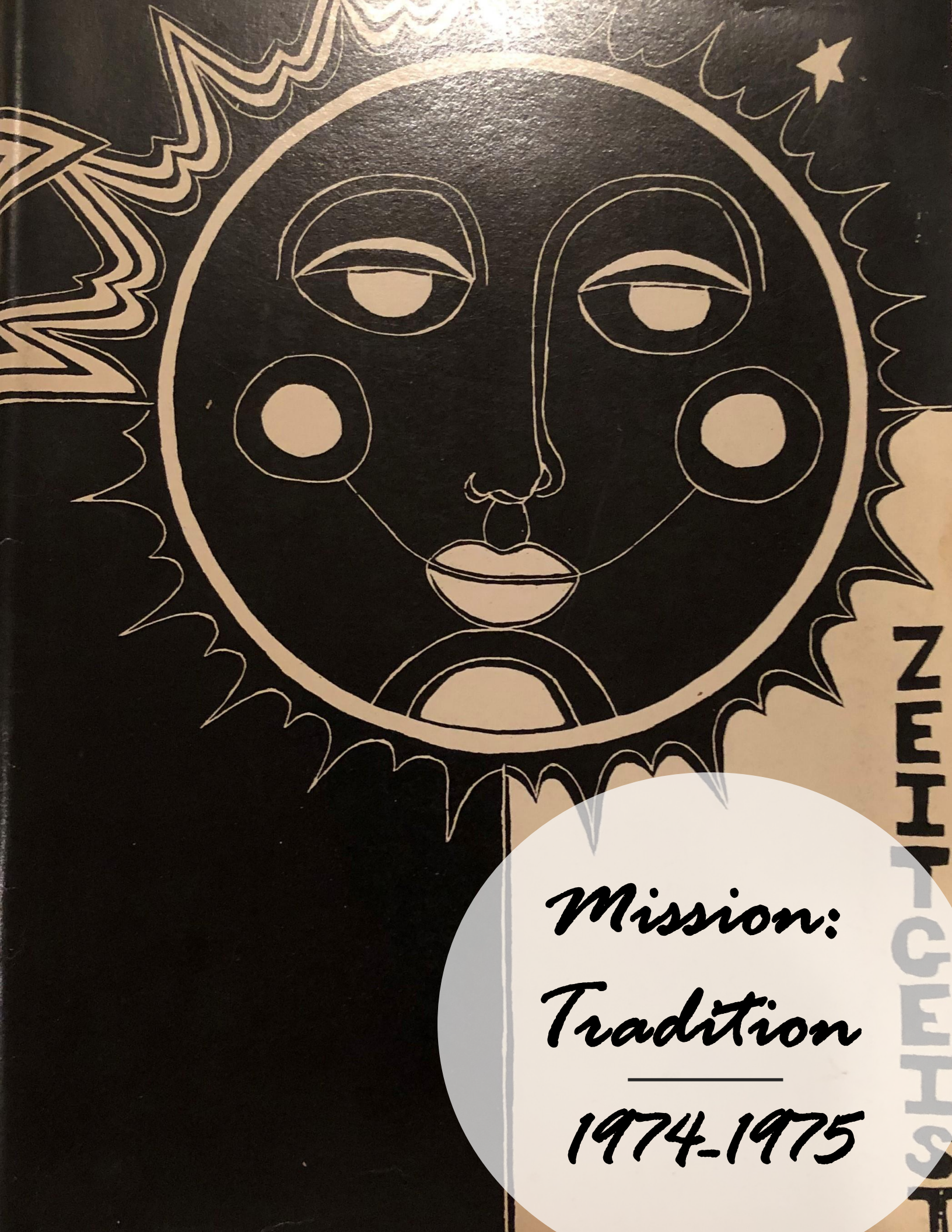




*Veiled
Voices
2020-2021*





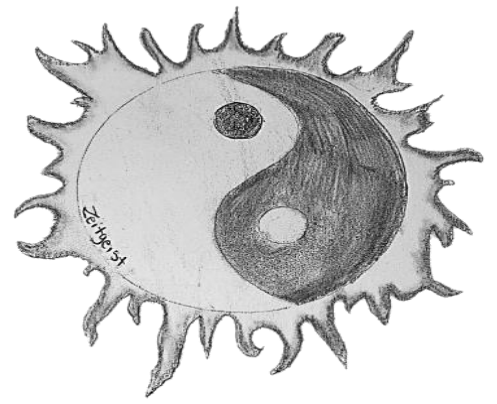
*Mission:
Tradition*

1974-1975

NEWSPAPERS

Zeitgeist

Volume 1,
Issue 1
2020-2021



Editor's Note:

Zeitgeist is revived after a long hiatus as a result of the unprecedented pandemic year in an effort to capture the thoughts and ideas of this odd period in history as we have been forced to adjust our habits and become accustomed to the "new norm." As a group, we have discovered that there are definitely more positive than negative forces, and we have so much to celebrate!

C-SDHS strives to promote literacy and creativity; therefore, this publication serves as a showcase for our abundance of talent!

Zeitgeist is a creative collection of original poems, prose, informational writing, photography, and artwork submitted by students and staff. The magazine was created by former English Teacher, the late Alex Introcaso, in 1973 at Cambridge High School and became a Senior Honors English Project created by students in 1975. It lasted into the 1980s at C-SDHS, and then was replaced by *Diversity* for a short time in the 1990s.

It is our hope that audiences of all ages will gain appreciation of different perspectives, or "Veiled Voices," on issues challenging young and young at heart minds of today.

Zeitgeist means: "the defining spirit or mood of a particular period of history as shown by the ideas and beliefs of the time" (*Webster's* online).

Sincerely,
Mrs. Heidi Cohoon, Vintage DCPS Instructor

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The Blind Date

by Aamna Alvi

I decide to wear the red lipstick that is collecting dust on my dresser. My mother gave it to me last year for my 21st birthday. I only wore it once, but I hated it because it was too bold for me. Tonight, I thought it might be helpful.

Samantha, my best friend, who loves to meddle in my love life, set me up on a blind date tonight with one of her friends. I would have declined, because frankly, I'm not someone who usually goes on dates, especially with people I don't know, however, she had already set it up with him and insisted that I need to go because I've been single for too long.

"Sophie, you need me to get involved with your love life, because right now, it's non-existent," she told me. So in order to please her, here I am, preparing for a date with someone I have never met before.

As I am on my way to the restaurant in a taxi, the nervousness finally begins to hit me.

What if something goes wrong? What if he doesn't like me?

I then begin to wonder if I even want to impress him. I am only going because of Samantha's pestering, but maybe it won't be a terrible idea to give him a chance if he happens to be decent.

When I arrive at the restaurant, I am seated by a waitress. Samantha had given me a vague description of the man I was meeting, but when I look around the restaurant, I haven't noticed anyone who matches the description.

I wait for around five minutes until I see a man walk in. He is tall with black hair like Samantha had described. He catches my eye and I see him point at me while speaking to the waitress. I wonder if he could be referring to me as his date.

The waitress nods and he walks over to me with a smile plastered on his face. When he gets to me, he shakes my hand and introduces himself.

“Hey, I’m Jackson, you’re Sophia, right?” he asks.

“Yeah, how’d you know it was me?” I ask.

“Oh uh, Samantha, your friend showed me a picture of you,” he replies.

“Ah, well I guess I was the only ‘blind’ one on this blind date then,” I say jokingly, and he laughs.

We converse as we eat our meal. It is quite easy to talk to him. It seems that we have many similar interests, so we have a lot to talk about. We relate on so many aspects, that it’s almost as if he knows me.

We converse happily, but there’s something...off about him. He hesitates to ask me some things, and constantly checks the time on his watch. I simply ignore it and assume he is just as nervous as me. I would have considered it rude, but he seems like a great guy.

After I finish eating, I grab my phone from my purse in order to check the time. When I turn it on, I notice that I had received a text message from Samantha around 40 minutes ago. When I read it, my heart drops to my stomach.

Hey, sorry I’m late, but you probably know by now that your date canceled. He texted me an hour ago. Don’t worry about it though, we can reschedule! xoxo, her text reads.

I slowly look up at Jackson.

“What is it, Sophia?” he asks. There is a strange tone to his voice as if he already knows what is wrong.

“I-I think I should go now, it was nice meeting you,” I say nervously, as I gather my things and get up to leave.

Suddenly, he grabs my wrist, and I can’t pull away from his tight grip.

“Leaving so soon?” he asks.

“Let go of me!” I say in a panic.

He looks around and notices a few people looking, so he lets go. I quickly walk out of the restaurant and search for my cell phone so that I can call Samantha. While I rummage through my purse, I hear quick footsteps approaching behind me. My eyes widen and I start running down the street as fast as I can. My wedges make me stumble and fall continuously.

As I am running, I turn around and see Jackson charging towards me manically. I try to go faster, but it isn’t enough. I can’t outrun him. He eventually catches up and pulls me into an alley. His hand covers my mouth and muffles my cries for help. He pulls out a piece of cloth from his pocket and I try to fight against his hold on me. He pulls me tighter and holds the cloth up to my face, covering my nose and mouth. I slowly begin to lose consciousness until everything goes black.

When I was younger, my favorite game to play was hide-and-seek. Since I was an only child, I would play with my cousin. She was like a sister to me. She used to come over with my Aunt, who would often visit to help handle things around the house while my mother was at work to make up for the absence of my father.

My favorite place to hide was the closet in my mother's room. It was dark and cozy, and sometimes, I found it comforting to sit in there and wait patiently for my cousin to find me.

I open my eyes and for a moment, the memory of that closet comes back to me. However, it quickly fades away when I become aware that I am not home, and the dark area that I am in was a lot less comforting than my mother's closet.

There is a throbbing pain in my head and I groan as I attempt to lift myself from the wall I am leaning against. I can't remember anything for a while, but my memory slowly begins to return. The last thing I remember is my blind date, where I had met Jackson, who wasn't actually my date and had used chloroform to make me unconscious.

Panic begins rising in me again and I immediately try to stand up until I feel my hands tied behind my back, and my ankles tied together. I try to slip out of the rope that's holding them, but it's too tight.

I hear heavy footsteps approaching me from somewhere, followed by what sounds like a key rattling. A door opens a few feet in front of me. My eyes burn from the bright light that shines into the room, but when they adjust, I see a figure standing in front of me.

"Good morning," Jackson says.

"Who are you? Where am I? Why did you take me?" I yell at him.

He laughs and kneels down to where I am sitting on the floor.

"Mother didn't mention me? I'm hurt, but not surprised," he says.

"Excuse me? What do you mean, 'mother?'" I question.

“Let me properly introduce myself. I’m Jackson, your half-brother,” he says. “You’ve probably never heard of me because our mother put me up for adoption when I was three, and hid me from you for your whole life.”

“S-so why did you t-take me?” I manage to ask.

“I always wondered why she abandoned me, but kept you. I always asked myself, ‘What was so special about her? Why wasn’t I good enough?’ Then, I finally understood that there wasn’t anything wrong with me, and that I didn’t deserve to suffer all these years, without a real family. So, I vowed revenge. I want you to suffer, just like I had to.”

I shake in fear.

“Please just let me go! None of it was my fault!” I cry.

“But she chose *you* instead of *me*,” he says.

I stay quiet, too afraid to say anything more. He looks at me with an evil smirk. Then, he stands up and walks out of the room, shutting and locking the door behind him.

Once I am alone again, I start to cry hysterically. I think about my life and how happy I was before any of this happened. I think of my mother and I want to ask her why she kept this secret from me for so long, but at the same time, I want nothing more than to just be able to see her right now.

It had been a few days, from what I estimated, since I first arrived at what I assumed was Jackson’s house. He would come in once every day to give me some food and water, but it was barely enough for me to survive. He never said a word to me.

Today, it felt like a long time that I had to wait to receive any food. As I am sitting on the edge of death, I hear a loud bang from somewhere above me. Then, the door to the room I am in

bursts open. Jackson comes in stumbling as he walks towards me. I cower in fear against the wall.

“You know, you’ve been here for a while now, maybe it’s time for me to kill you,” he says, slurring his words.

He pulls out a knife from his pocket and gets closer to me. I back up, but there is not much further I can go.

“Stop! Please don’t!” I scream.

I notice that he can barely hold the knife straight towards me. I take this as my chance at an escape. I grab the knife from his hand and turn it against him. He backs away from me with his hands up but ends up stumbling and falling backward. I run out the door as fast as I can. I go up a flight of stairs outside of the room, and I realize that I had been in the basement the whole time.

As I search for an exit, I open a door and find a small room covered in papers and files. On the wall, there is a board covered with strings, pushpins, and pictures. As I look closer, I notice that they are pictures of me, from times that I didn’t realize there were pictures being taken of me.

I bolt out of the room to get out of the house as fast as I can before Jackson catches me. When I open another door, it reveals a small closet. There is a puddle of blood on the floor, and as I follow its trail, I see a body lying lifeless on the floor. By the looks of it, I assume this was my actual date. I gasp and quickly shut it, opening another door. Finally, the door leads to a hallway with a larger door at the end of it. I run towards it and open it until I step outside. It is dark and foggy, so it is difficult to see, but I begin to run in any direction.



There was always something odd
about this game

It felt unnerving

Someone is here...

As i was ready to put in another
game some strange voice was calling
out in my direction

Was it just my head?

Was it a glitch?

"Glitchtrap"
by **Kim Argueta**

I wish it wasn't real
As I turned around, I saw
A strange bunny at the end of
this hall

Waving its hand to me as it's
trying to win my attention
Where did it come from?

What does it want?
An unnerving a weird voice
came out of this bunny but
didn't say a word

It was just..

Staring

Waiting

As I was getting through all
these horror themed levels
Collecting tapes and coins
How odd
What were the tapes for?
Curiosity coursed through my
veins as i wanted more
Not knowing what comes forth
I noticed a dramatic change in
the rabbit
It moved!?
It was crawling closer to me
As if I'm luring it in
It was heart-stopping
and i felt a shiver go down my
spine

He was a bit more visible now
I can tell by the looks
He has a distorted looking face
of a pig
Worst was that smile...
That cheeky smile look he
gives me, and it was spine
tingling

I was afraid
He was closer
But how..?

I knew something was wrong
This thing
Glitch
Bunny
Whatever
Was waiting for me to do
something
It wasn't very long
Until I found the answer

Pizza party..?
How odd that there was a
whole set of games waiting for
me to touch
They were the same but with
new features...

but ..this one was unnerving

That bunny

Even if I see it's plushie

I know it's him..

And I must find him

And the last tape

A party

For me?

It was charming but it wasn't

my birthday

Yet this was a game so

Not so real

To my surprise I was met with

the weird costume rabbit

Opening those curtain

To lure me inside

What was waiting for me?

Could I trust him?

Curiosity got the best of me

And I followed inside

It was dark...

Why couldn't i see

And why did the music stop..?

What was that voice..!?

W-where am i?

I was unveiled to see I was no
longer who I saw myself as

I was a robot

I-

What happened..?

It felt so quick

So...

Real.

Why did it hurt

Did I just feel myself getting
mushed?

I was scared..

And this rabbit

This demon

Was just frolicking around
Like he got what he wanted
Twirling and waving his arms
around

Disgusting

Surprise, surprise

I was back here

I was relieved to be in the
start

Though..

It came to my mind
Why did it feel
Like death
It felt so surreal
It was fake
But the damage was done

What a strange game
With an abnormal rabbit
Standing there
Waving
As it waits for my return
For more..



"The Calling" by Kim Argueta

Wolves roaming around
the unknown
Such a delicate
The forest,
A home for many
creatures
Home to the silent
predator
The wolf



Running to where the wind
blows

One pauses
Leaving the herd behind
In a knot

If he should follow
Or stay

A gust of wind
Blowing into his ear

Go
Go where?
To the unknown
Let it be known
There is more to the world
than you can imagine

A mysterious voice
Calls his name
Confused and curious to where
the voice roams
Longing an answer
The wind called for him again
He listens

An image of beauty and fate
Take your time
Your time will come
when you find your way



It felt like chains
Grabbing at my wrists and legs
I'm trapped here..
I walked right into his schemes..
Stupid..
I....I'm alone....

"Follow"
by Kim Argueta

Help...

Help

HELP!!

PLEASE!!

I don't deserve this..

My mind...

I can't control

I shouldn't have done it

There was something going

on..

And yet

I wanted more

I wanted to know..

And it led me here

Right into his trap

I couldn't run

It was too late for me

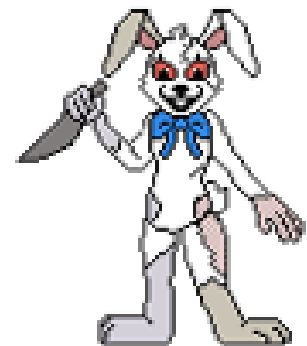
I was in a loophole

I'm gone..

No one will know..

Only I

A lonely soul



Waiting to be set free.

I don't know what he will do

with me

I'm afraid

I'll do harm than good

Now I follow him

Into his ways of tragedies and

screams

I cannot do anything

But follow...

Follow

Him

He is my guide

I cannot deny

This friendly welcoming

I will do what he says

No matter what happens or

what comes my way

I will follow

I must

I must complete his duties

No miscommunication



Yes,
I hear you
I know
No
There is no miscommunication
I understand
Yes
I have it
I made it myself
I think you would like it
No No one suspects anything
Don't worry
I'll be ready
And I won't let you down
It will be fun
I understand
I'll do just as you ask
And yes
I've already selected one

I follow you
Where the darkness meets
the most
I will do my best
To carry your legacy
To carry your duties
Such a fun adventure it will be
Don't you think?



"Fantasize" by Kim Argueta

Magic is believing in
If you can do that
You can make anything happen
When we do fantasy
We must not lose sight of reality
It's hardly an escape from
reality
It's a way of understanding it
We enter a world
That's entirely our own
It simply isn't an adventure
worth telling

- if there aren't any dragons.

It's a necessary ingredient in
living
We create it to be able to stay
It mirrors desire
Sometimes we need it
To survive the reality.
Come with me,
Where dreams are born,
And time is never planned.



"Love Bites" by Kim Argueta

And every shooting star is
proof.

Falling can be beautiful when you
give it all you've got.

We are carried in arms above the
Skyfall all made of light.

I will confide our story to the
wind.

Let its gust bring back, what I
had rued

For I prefer to revive what
we were,

Than to live,

Winterlong, without you.

I've spent,

Much too long

In the space between

Staying

And letting go.



Jayonna

Who is smart, funny, and kind

Who is the sister of Vicente, Jaleah, Justin, and Justice

Who loves dancing, singing, drawing, and being social

Who feels determined, happy, and nervous

Who needs her phone, life, family & friends

Who gives her support, love, & presence

Who fears heights, bugs, & darkness

Who would like to see a change in society

Who shares her ideas, stories, laughs, & organization skills

Who is 14 years old & 5'5

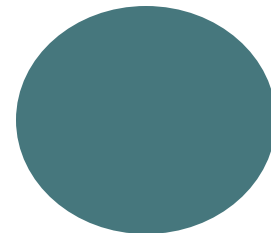
Who is a resident of Cambridge, MD

Austin





The family is protected,
By a woman who knows how to provide her kin.
The only one that can make her mac and cheese
sauce so thin.
And she knows how to clean and cook.
For which it is implanted in her head,
Like the pages of a book.
An auntie knows how to discipline the children,
And how to sit them down to say
how they're feeling.
She'll give what she can get,
Because she's never been unappealing.
An auntie knows how to protect her kin,
For it is buried deep down within.



**“A Second Mother...An Auntie”
by Jayonna Austin**

“Justice Boone: A Slave Poem” by Jayonna Austin

The air was moist, and the stove
was hot.
The table was set, but I was not.
I ran to the cottage, to find the box.
Inside the box was some stationary
and a pen,
I started to write how I felt within.
Let’s run to the hills and be set free,
My sister said no cause’
she didn’t agree.
I ran and I ran all the way to the
hills,
My sister followed me and gave me
chills.
She said they’d find us and send me
away,
And that she wouldn’t see me
another day.
We made it to freedom and
changed our name,
We continued our journey and gained
our fame.





**October 1862:
Dear Ma,**

I miss you. I can still hear your voice and smell your old vanilla scent. You were all we had and now we're on our own. Why'd you have to leave the face of the Earth so soon? There was so much I had to say. You won't even get to see me and Leilani sign for our freedom when we're older. When we heard that you passed to the heavens, we couldn't believe it, First, they sell us away and then they beat you breathless for wanting your babies back. I love you Ma, forever and always.

-Sincerely, Milani, or Justice which is my newest name.

“The Diary of Justice Boone” by Jayonna Austin

I never meant to upset her; she just never had any patience with me. She tried to sell me away, but the master did not agree with her. He believed I should stay with my sister. I thanked him for that. My sister Leilani, or now Bett, was praised and respected by the master. He loved our mother too, but he had to sell her to keep his plantation. He promised to keep me and Bett together and safe before she went away.

The kitchen smelled of bread and heavily seasoned spiced soup. When the bread was moist and the soup was hot, I fixed the table and served the plates. Mistress Margret and her husband, Master Bailey, had three children altogether. Their names are Maggie, John, and Sarah. In that order too, from oldest to youngest. In fact, me and Sarah are the same age, 14. My sister Bett, and Maggie are the same age too. They're both 18.

After working all day and half of the night, we finally got to go to our small cottage for sleep. I couldn't sleep though, so I decided to make conversation. “Lani, why did we have to get new names?” I asked. We only spoke of our birth names in secret. “Stop calling me that. My name is Bett. Master Bailey and Mistress Margret would not like for us to have any traces back to our family. We're their property.” she replied. “Now, goodnight. We have a big day tomorrow.” I nodded and turned onto my side on our queen-sized bed and proceeded to close my eyes and dream. I dreamed of me and my sister being free, without worry. I dreamed that our mother was still here. I dreamed of happiness.

The next morning, I thought about what Bett said as I was washing dishes in the kitchen. “Would not like for us to have any traces back to our family...” it stuck in my mind. What did she mean by that? Anyways, I rinsed my hands, dried them, and flipped the pancakes on the stove. I was making blueberry pancakes, biscuits, and eggs.

When everyone was finished eating breakfast, I left the kitchen and went to the cottage. I dove under me and Bett's bed, searching for a box that had stationary in it. I was going to write my sister a message. I found a pen and began to write. I'd been taught to read and write when I was 5. I wrote, "Let's run away tonight. We already know what time everyone is sound asleep. We can make it to freedom by Friday." Today was Wednesday. I also wrote, "Please think about it...We could finally meet our family and be free. If anything goes wrong, you can blame me. I'd rather be beaten to death than live as property."

The day went by, and when I ended the cottage later that night, my sister was on the floor balling her eyes out. When she saw me, she instantly started yelling at me. "NO! WE WILL NOT LEAVE! MOM TRIED IT AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!" I stormed out of the cottage and began running. "She doesn't want to go, then I will." I said to myself. I ran at full speed for 10 minutes straight and then when I was tired, I rested under a tree. I fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I heard footsteps and kept quiet. "Justice!" It was my sister's voice. She'd followed me here. I immediately jumped to my feet. "Over here." She ran towards me and hugged me tightly. "We're going back" She said, checking to see if I was okay. "I'm not." I replied with a shrug. "We don't have a choice," she replied. "Oh yes I do, and I've made it. I'm leaving with or without you." She looked at me, then looked at the ground for a second. "Well, you can't go alone. But we must be careful not to get caught. We will make plans during the early morning as we walk, we'll take break during the evenings, and we'll run at night. Got it?" "Got it, on one condition." I said cheerfully. "What is that?" her eyebrow raised. "We must find our family." I looked at her and she nodded in agreement.

It was morning, so we began walking. As we were walking, we talked about where we'd get food, water, and take care of ourselves. We agreed on going to other slave cottages to ask for their help, and maybe collect more members.

After a couple days, there were 12 of us. We marched across the border and into the law office and issued or freedom, one by one. Me and my sister got our birth names back and decided to go by our mothers' last name. Our new names are now Justice King and Leilani King. I'm thankful we made it safe and glad I made the decision that I did.



“2021 Inauguration Poem” by Jayonna Austin

You know our ancestors fought for togetherness.
They thought it'd be better if we were the closest, we
could get.

Yet, it upsets present day how broken this world is.
But aren't we the ones scared to admit we caused it?

The hatred here is priceless.
No more innocent battles of who can be the nicest.
But why do we promote this?
There's nothing good to being racist.

Our lives, we have to fight for it.
I didn't know it was a privilege.
We should all be treated the same.
We could all go by the same name.

We all have our countless count of flaws.
But that's just the way we show who we really are,
Our knowledge and our skills,
Could be what seals the deal.

How happy is the balance of harmony?
Together we could form a literal army.
To fight against our hurt and despair,
Our Earth really needs a fresh repair.

How hurtful is the feeling of abandonment?
This is how our Earth feels when we abandon it.
I never understand the balance of nature.
But as one, I can see that the Earth's in danger.

My mom always said, "Go play outside!"
But I always chose to run and hide.
I used to enjoy my iPad,
But now that I'm older, I've realized all the memories I should've had.

One day we'll realize that we're all human.
At the toxic people will finally come to a conclusion.
This is our Earth, and we need to respect it.
Even if the results are not what expected.

“What Goes Around Comes Around”

by Amanda Bair

Mackenzie Brown woke up in her large bed surrounded by several comfy pillows. It was a beautiful Saturday morning; sunlight poured in through the window and birds sang peaceful songs. After her exhausting week at school, she wanted nothing more than to stay asleep for the rest of the day.

But as soon as that thought ran through her head, she felt her stomach growl, ordering her to the kitchen.

She stretched once before forcing herself from her bed, attempting to distract herself from her stubborn sleepiness by thinking of the food awaiting her.

Once she got downstairs, she nearly ran to the pantry, searching for her favorite cereal: Honey Nut Cheerios. She didn't know why she was so hungry today, but she didn't worry about it; all she wanted was to find the milk for her cereal.

As soon as she had perfected her breakfast, she sat down at the kitchen table, nearly groaning with satisfaction as the sweet flavor washed over her tongue.

She heard a low growl as she watched her disheveled mother walk out of her bedroom, wearing a dirty, light blue robe that clung to her in the worst ways. Her blonde hair stuck up every which way, and Mackenzie couldn't help but giggle quietly as she watched her mom scratch herself to the sound of breaking wind.

"Nice one, Mom," Mackenzie laughed from her seat, causing her mother to scream and clutch her chest in fright.

"Who are you and how did you get into my house?!" her mother shrieked, but soon after, her muscles visibly relaxed. "Oh, that's right. You must be Logan's wife. I'm sorry I didn't get the chance to meet you last night while you guys were moving in, but I've been so exhausted lately. I'm Cheryl."

"What are you talking about...?" Mackenzie asked with a confused look etched on her face. "You know me."

"Sorry, dearie, I must've forgotten. It happens when you get old," Cheryl chuckled with a wave of her hand, "Did Billy help you with breakfast before he left for work?"

"Do you mean Dad?" Mackenzie asked perplexedly, "Mom, you're not making any sense."

"What? I'm not your mom," Cheryl stared at her with a confused look, "You and your husband are renting a room from me."

"Mom, I'm Mackenzie, your *daughter*," Mackenzie reiterated, "I don't have a husband."

"Honey, I never had children," Cheryl clarified, "You're not my daughter."

Before Mackenzie could refute her, a young man wearing a tight tank top that emphasized large, rippling muscles dragged large suitcases into the house. Had she not been so confused, Mackenzie would've dared to daydream about the gorgeous man before her. She could only assume that the dreamy specimen who stood in the doorway was the Logan character her mother discussed.

"Logan, you might want to check on your wife. I think she's delirious," Cheryl addressed him with concern dripping from her voice, "She keeps calling me Mom."

"You okay, Irene-?" Logan asked before his eyes settled on Mackenzie, his face scrunching up in confusion, "Um, Cheryl...?"

"What? Is everything okay?" Cheryl asked with panic evident on her face as her eyes darted between the two people before her.

"She's not my wife," Logan spoke plainly, his eyes trained on you in a cold, almost dead, manner.

"Oh my gosh," Cheryl breathed, "There's a stranger in my house."

"I'm not a stranger!" Mackenzie shrieked, "I'm telling you, I'm your daughter! It's me, Mack!"

"I never had a daughter! Now, I don't know how you got in here, but you better leave before I call the cops!" Mackenzie could do nothing but stare with wide eyes as her mother inched towards the kitchen counter, but whether she was nearing the phone or the knives, Mackenzie would never know.

"Look, kid, this isn't a game. Breaking and entering is a serious crime," Logan growled, standing up tall and showing off his intimidating muscles.

Mackenzie couldn't speak as she darted from the house in nothing but her pajamas as tears began to stream down her face. How could her Mom just forget about her like that?

She thought about calling her Dad, but she knew he was at work, and he *hated* to be disturbed while he was working. But she knew she was always welcome at one place: her best friend, Gabby's, house.

She quickly pulled out her phone and dialed Gabby's number. The phone rang a few times before she finally heard the familiar voice of her other half on the other end of the line.

"Hello?" Gabby answered nervously.

"Hey, Gabby! You'll never believe what just happened," Mackenzie began. "I woke up this morning and went downstairs, and my mom had no idea who I was! She thought I was married to this new guy who's renting a room from them, and when she found out I wasn't, she kicked me out and threatened to call the cops!"

"Woah, woah, slow down. Who is this?" Gabby asked, "How do you know my name?"

Mackenzie's heart dropped at her words. "What are you talking about, Gabs? It's me, Mack. You know, Mackenzie?"

"I'm sorry, but I've never met a Mackenzie in my entire life," Gabby apologized.

"I'm Mackenzie Brown, Gabs! I'm your best friend!" Mackenzie nearly shrieked over the phone.

"I'm sorry, I don't know who you are," Gabby explained, "You must have a wrong number, but I hope you find your friend."

Mackenzie's stomach churned as she heard the phone click: Gabby was gone.

She didn't know what to do as she walked down the street, her hands frequently wiping the tears that fell from her eyes in an attempt to hide the fact that she was crying. How could two of the most important people in her life forget about her like she was nothing?

As she walked along, she saw the city park in front of her. She didn't realize she had walked as far as she did, but when she noticed, she felt an unfamiliar ache in her feet. She was thankful when she spotted an empty wooden bench surrounded by blooming Cherry Blossom trees.

She plopped down on the old wood with an exhausted sigh, her head immediately falling in her hands as she allowed a few more tears to escape her eyes. Where could she go now?

She wiped her face quickly as she attempted to take a few deep breaths before whipping out her phone, quickly dialing her father's number.

Before she could hit dial, another girl sat next to her. Mackenzie sighed discontentedly to herself; she couldn't explain her situation with a random stranger sitting next to her!

Mackenzie looked at the girl with a sideways glance. She had long, sleek black hair and sported matching black eyeliner that made her bright blue eyes pop. There was something so distinctly familiar about the stranger, but Mackenzie couldn't place it.

"Hello, Mackenzie," the girl replied with an almost amused tone. Could she tell what Mackenzie was thinking?

The second Mackenzie heard the stranger's voice, she knew who she was.

"Lillith Wright?" Mackenzie gaped. She hadn't seen her in a while.

"The one and only," Lillith smirked, finally turning to stare at the distraught girl sitting next to her.

"Oh my gosh, someone remembers me!" Mackenzie squealed as her eyes pooled with tears of happiness, "You'll never believe-

"I'm the *only* one who remembers you," Lillith smirked deviously as she cut Mackenzie off.

"What...? You knew about this?" Mackenzie asked nervously.

"You should really watch who you pick on, Brown," Lillith snapped as she held out a hand, and Mackenzie saw a small flame appear in her palm. "Things aren't always what you think."

"I don't understand..." Mackenzie trailed off hesitantly as she felt a pang of guilt, "What are you?"

"I'm a witch," Lillith sneered, "But that's not important. You know what this is about, you *bully*."

Mackenzie did know. She was one of the most popular girls in the entire school, and the only way to keep her status was to swiftly put down anyone who became a threat. Lillith challenged her the most, trying her best to knock her from her throne. It was only natural that Lillith would receive the worst of Mackenzie's daily wrath.

"I'm so sorry, Lillith, I-

"Do you remember the last thing you said to me before I disappeared for a couple of days?" Lillith asked sincerely.

"That...that no one would remember you when I was done..." Mackenzie repeated shamefully, her head bowing as she stared at the ground.

"Exactly. I'm simply giving you a taste of your own medicine," Lillith giggled evilly before standing up and walking away.

"Wait!" Mackenzie screamed as she reached out to Lillith, but she disappeared into thin air before Mackenzie could grab her arm.

Mackenzie stared at the empty void in front of her as tears streamed freely down her face. She didn't care who saw her as she raised her legs to her chest and buried her face in her knees.

No one would ever know who she was again anyway.

“Dream Man”

by Brittany Brown

Take me to the dream land
Let me stay forever
So, I can meet the dream man
I want to go to the dream land

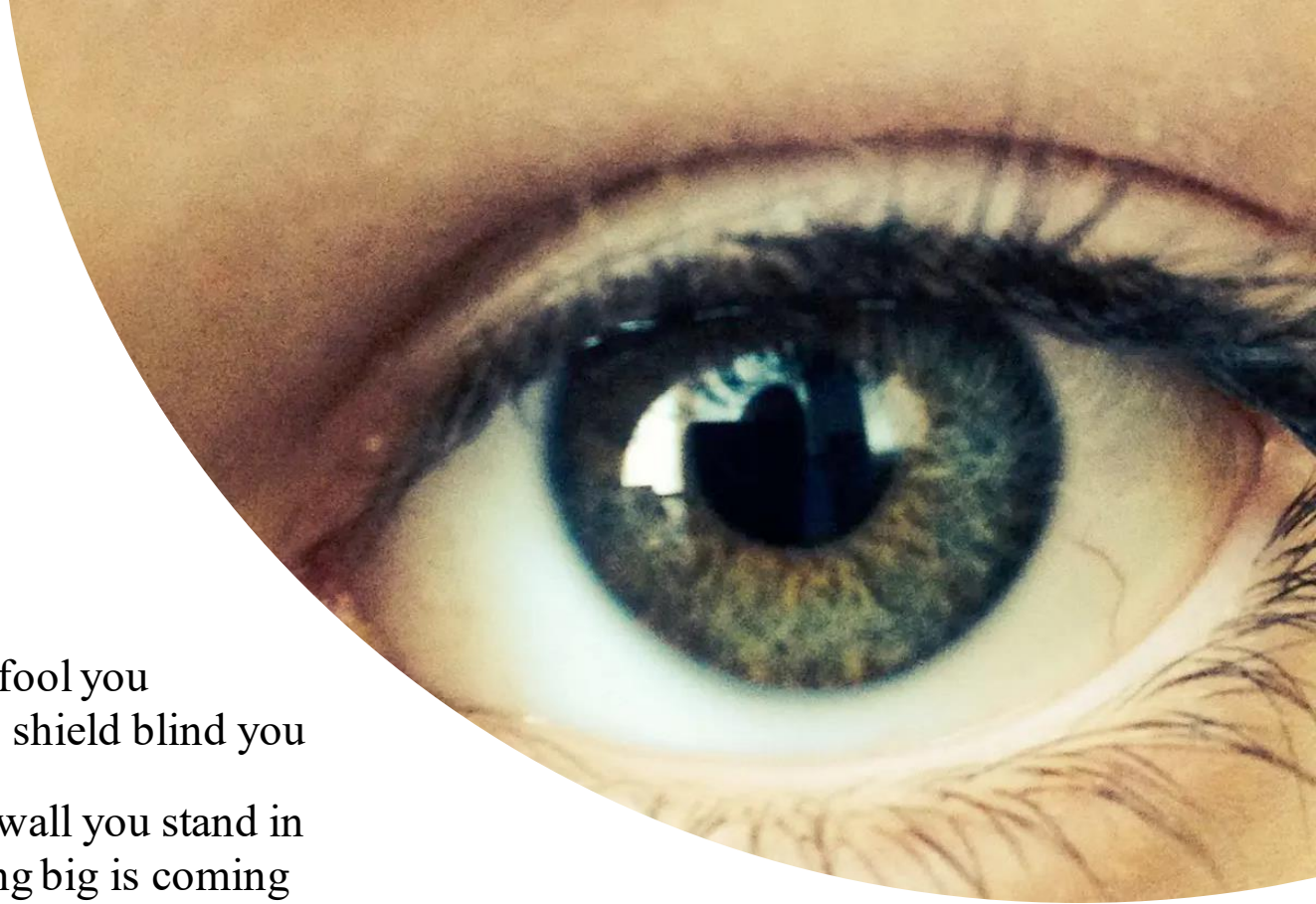
Let me free my soul in an everlasting slumber
Let it ascend further and further
‘Till I feel no other
‘Till I feel the light in my hand

It's so bright, yet so dark
My memories play while in my thoughts
I hear voices from everywhere
They sing to me “Welcome to the dream land”

My eyes close once and now I disappear
My soul is present, yet my body is not here
I can see the dream man walking my way
Telling me it's all going to be okay
He sings to me “Welcome to the dream land”

He tells me my worries are no more
"I shall guide you out of this storm"
"Do not look behind you little bird"
"For you are strong, take my words"

I now awaken to see
The dream man is still with me
He embraces me as we stand
He sings to me "welcome to the dream land"



Wake up
Do not let it fool you
Do not let its shield blind you

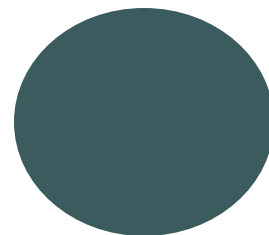
Peer out the wall you stand in
For something big is coming

You can't see it unless you try
You must escape the place that you currently
reside

You are in a constant state of slumber
In which you don't realize
All I ask is you open your eyes
You will finally read in between the lines

You will find out all the truths
And you will find the truths are lies

Do not just wake up, but open your eyes



“Open Your Eyes”
by Brittany Brown



As the time flew by the euphoria of the moments, we held so close so they would never stray

Always having fun ‘till the streetlights came on or until our moms called us in for dinner while the smell of the delicious mouth- watering food filled the air after the unknowingly tiring outside events we faced

‘The Kids’

We had the ‘simple fun’

We were ‘The Kids’ the tight knit group that always thought this would be forever

But now as we sit back, we reminisce and cherish those childhood laughs forever

“The Kids” by Rip Cornish



“2020” by Rip Cornish

**A year of ups and downs like
A rollercoaster filled with unexpected twists and turns
While each month passes by you learn new
Things like virtual school, which sometimes can be
Positive, but at times feel cruel, but in the words of
Edgar Allen Poe we sometimes find ourselves “nodded
nearly napping.”**

**But since we haven’t given up thus far we're going to
keep aiming for the moon and shooting for the stars!**



**This year has been one
to remember.**

**From the month the January
to the month of December.**

**While we endured hardship
and lost**

We overcame more than it all.

**We gained strength, love, peace
and unity in the storm,**

**And even though we had
to shelter in place.**

The place was warm

Where no storm got in.

We fight on to keep the peace

**How it is now and how it
was then,**

2020

“This Year” by Rip Cornish



The summer of 2019 at UMBC is where
It all began.

Going outside of my normal environment,
I felt like a creature of the sea who wasn't supposed to
be on dry land.

As the summer camp week went on
I found that procrastination was the hidden fear and
That God had already put inside of me the confidence
of a lion, but I couldn't see it like headlights facing a
deer.

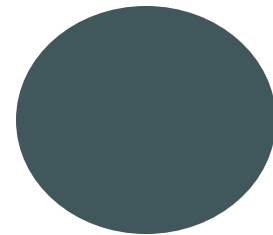
But in spite of this by the end of the week, I felt like I
soared because I

Realized that I had the confidence of a lion and I was
Ready to ROAR!

“A Summer Confidence”
by Rip Cornish



**The snowy mountains
and the wild adventures,
the rocky climates and the
snowing winters,
the animals hibernate and
the birds are of no flock,
while we humans stay
cozied up like a foot
wearing a sock.**



**“Mountain Juxtaposition”
by Rip Cornish**

**"The Importance of
Prayer"
by Rip Cornish**

**The prayer I pray
when God
strengthens all day**

**No matter how hard
the battle GOD never
goes away**

**Even when we may
give up and think
were down and out**

**GOD'S undying love,
mercy, grace, and joy
is there with no
doubt**

**The Importance of
Prayer**





“Holiday Commercial” by Rip Cornish

Click to view video:

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CK2sTTRWSuQ
&feature=youtu.be](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CK2sTTRWSuQ&feature=youtu.be)



One land several sections to the eye

Section one a field of diversity to the eye

All color mingling with each other in a vast open world

Leading to the next section

The next section all green with trees growing

And talking saying that they are apart of something greater

They are all apart of a vast open world

Leading to the next section

A sky of blue engulfs the area

A new section to the eye

The blue saying I am part of a vast open world

Finishing the sections

The vast open world something so big and beautiful

Something that is taken for granted

Something put in jeopardy for eternity

For as long as we live

“Flexibility” by Maclane Doty

A river of peace enters the room

A river that is susceptible of change

The elements heating it up changes to steam and back to water

Only to be turned back to ice

Mountains erect themselves

The water pays them no mind

The water pool grows like a weed

And then shrinks

The flexibility, going with the flow

The water is still here and content

As happy as can be

As it can do nothing about anything, it still thrives



“Conflicting Forces” by Maclane Doty

Two forces acting together when
they are opposites
Light and dark used together
A picture of beauty made with both
Opposites together work together

The beans coarse and rough
The counter smooth and slick
A picture of elegance made with
both
Opposites together work together

Two cups at the opposite end of
the spectrum
One empty and the other filled
A picture of contrast made with both
Opposites together work together

“Change”

by Maclane Doty AKA Richard Doggs

Winter, spring, summer, fall
The leaves almost remain constant
That one season of the year where
they fall
And the other three where the
grow and change
Green, yellow, red the leaves can
do it all

They change with time
And change with effort
They change with age
Even when they disappear
They will always come back better
than ever
Through change they will be given
life again
They are here long after us and
before us

The reason they come back and
are happy to
The reason they feel the need to
grow struggle and fall
The reason they are here
Is to change, to be better



“The Unbeatable Beast”

by Maclane Doty AKA
Richard Doggs

The unbeatable beast

Looking for those desperate, a
beast lies in a town

A town which is plagued deeply
even today

For is plagued with a beast who
will not stay away

Run for your life do not fight

The beast can't be killed

The looks are of a human but do
not be fooled

Blood thirsty, hungry it will ever
be

Run for your life do not fight

The beast can't be killed





2021

A new year is born, with a new set of hardship

Things burn, people die, and work is little

Tragedies one after another strike and harm

The attitude makes a difference, some worry others
cope

The ones that are positive somehow stay afloat

People do what they do and keep on keeping on

But some handle it better

In the end what they knew and know is the truth

Today and tomorrow, forever and always

The truth that everything will be alright

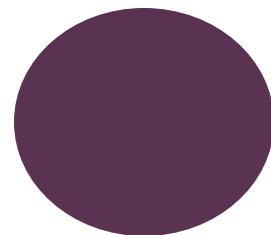
That makes the difference of the year.

**“Attitude of Hardship”
by Maclane Doty**



Click to view video

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jIgcEw-eOW8&feature=youtu.be>



“A Hero’s Journey”
by Makayla Dockins, Tatyana Dugars, and Ja’Nae Smith

A person's actions will
tell you everything
you need to know.

“Why do people act the way they do?”

by Makayla Dockins, Tatyana Dugars, T'Siah Rich, and Ja'Nae Smith

Click to view video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3ZwSC1fa7b4&feature=youtu.be>



PLUTO'S PERSPECTIVE

Attached at the hip, I would hear people say every time I trailed behind him as if there was no other way in the world to go. Love like these seemed as if it could last forever, he treated me like a friend, a genuine friend. I did not feel like any less of myself when I was trailing behind his heels. I watched him grow into something I never thought I would face when it came to him. First I watched the other animals suffer from the the rage and violence, they looked so vulnerable. I was the favorite though, I wouldn't receive this type of treatment if someone paid him to do so. Well, that is at least what I thought before I witnessed the strong alcohol make its way across his lips. It was one night in particular where it was as if I sensed the violence creeping up the steps. I avoided his presence as much as I could but that wasn't enough. "My original soul seemed, at once, to take its flight from my body, the narrator said. I witnessed the switch go off inside him before he even made a move. Before I knew it I felt a charge at my throat! The true definition of life flashing before my eyes. By the time he had a grip of my throat in his hands it was too late a penknife was charging at my eyeballs. It was a nightmare watching my eye fall to the ground, the feeling was unbearable.



PLUTO'S PERSPECTIVE

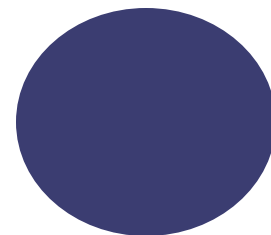
Weeks started to feel like years, everything about the house was now as dark as his temper. "In the meantime, the cat slowly recovered," the narrator said. I recovered and felt little to no pain but I still had the frightening fear in my heart just from hearing his footsteps. I would flee as quick as I could at the sight of his face or body. I knew I would reach my own fate sooner or later. Living in such terror, would only result in death or death, no in between. I walked through the halls with death on my mind, fate on my mind, grief on my mind. It was time. Fate had arrived. I watched the flames swim through the walls of the home and knew that it was time. I blinked for a second and found myself gasping, meowing for air. I felt the tight rope around my hopeless neck, the branches swarming me like bees. What a nice scene to watch before I would never watch again; the beautiful garden that I once adored. A man I once trailed behind like the path on a road was now the reason I died. As lifeless as I had already left, the last bit of me had finally truly deceased. I took my last breath and watched him with rage my body went numb. I feel for the next victim of the dangerous man we all once admired.



How happy is the timeless Zen!
Are you upset by how dateless it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the Zen so
unchanged?

The consideration that's really mental,
Above all others is the rumination.
A new Haven you shall call it.
Down, down, down into the darkness of
the rumination,
Gently it goes - the genial, the
psychogenic, the psychical.

I saw the little trait of my generation
destroyed,
How I mourned the thoughtfulness.
But then remember I can only control
myself, my influence on other people
should only be positive, and that's how it
shall stay!



“Meditation and Thoughtfulness”
by James Frazier

“Be Thankful” by James Frazier

A Ramadan, however hard it tries,
Will always be dreary.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the
Ramadan,

Gently it goes - the sorry, the dismal, the drear.

Why would you think the holiday is unexciting?

The holiday is the most exciting time of all.

Are you upset by how exhilarating it is?

Does it tear you apart to see the holiday so
electrifying?

Feast is joyous.

Joyous is feast.

Never forget the cosmic and colossal feast because
it's once a year and appreciate that at least!

A crown with red liquid dripping from it, held by two hands.

“Lonely: A Power/Greed Poem”
by John Henry

I used to have many friends
To whom I admit depends.
No one seems to like me
For that I stand lonely.

I used to have many friends
To whom I admit depends.
I’ve always wanted to be the best there can be
For that I let my conscience take the best of me.

I used to have many friends
To whom I admit depends.
I ended up becoming the best
For that I couldn’t associate with the rest.

I used to have many friends
To whom I admit depends.
For now that you know me
You understand why I stand lonely.

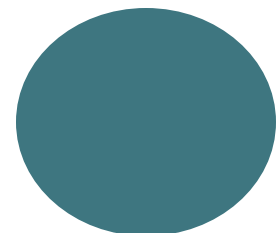


“Happiness” by Logan Insley

A guaranteed pursuit,
A labor without fruit,
Something so simple,
Punishes like a brute,
Some get it through people,
Others through loot,
But no matter how you get it,
It comes and goes like a commute.



Everyone, everywhere will always have wants,
But everyone, everywhere life always taunts,
Hunger and thirst coming from needs untended,
The first world worries of becoming unfriended,
Having something to hold and touch,
For some people is just too much,
But being able to reap a sown seed,
Is honestly all much of the world will ever need.



“Needs” by Logan Insley



“Life” by Logan Insley

It's wonderful, it's beautiful, it's full of great things
It's amazing, it's frivolous, it makes you sing
But at times it gets hard, but that's ok
Have a sound mantra, to keep the demons away
Life is what you make it, so always try your best,
Because it may end in an instant, an eternal rest
It may sound morbid, but it's the unfortunate truth
So, make sure to live it to the fullest
And don't waste your youth.



Love is a beautiful thing,
Some people just want that fling
Others believe it to be true,
That only the one can be for you
Love is blind, love is important
Love is seldom, love can be boring,
If not for love, the world would be at war,
But since we have it, we have room for more.

A black and white photograph of two Native Americans, likely women, standing in a field. They are wearing traditional, patterned clothing, possibly blankets or dresses. They are facing away from the camera, looking towards a horizon. The background is a soft, hazy landscape.

“Thanksgiving: Strange People” by Ce’Zanne Jackson

The days were getting cold
The sun was setting faster
My people taking hold
The birds that run about free, down for the slaughter

The grass was our compass for the seasons
Which often changed for many reasons
In a group we went to gather the rest of dinner
Then, upon our land came strange people, looking at us like we were sinners

Our chief walked up to them, and we backed him up
They offered us something, was it uncorrupt?
The chief noticed their pain filled faces
As if they had been traveling barren spaces
Offered them a place at our tribe

Where we all sat
Disregarding our barrier of language
They mentioned one word that was funny to me;
Thankful
Thus, our chief happily cried out,
“Thanksgiving!”



August 5, 4000.

It was raining, softly, not too hard. The town surrounded by trees wasn't any quieter than normal. Small children raced down the muddy roads, covering their shoes, and newly bought clothes.

The culture here was a unique one. Everyone knew one another, and they had high respect for one another. It didn't matter whether or not you agreed with them.

Adult to child ratio was unbalanced, with more children than adults. Killing children was forbidden, and could put someone on death row.

Nobody owned any pets, because animals didn't roam anywhere near their town.

A low rumbling came from a distance, and it caught the attention of a young boy standing beside a fountain.

"As always, weathermen never cease to fail us." He scoffed, shutting his book and held it at his side. His grip on his umbrella tightened, and he took a step forward.

The children's giggles continued, along with the sloshing noises of the mud, and splashing of the puddles. It was dark out, and many lights were shining on the outside of stores and restaurants. Couples stood under canopies, watching in terror as children dirtied up their outfits.

A cool breeze passed through the town, Nathaniel shivered and tucked his face into his scarf. A single hand tucked into his jacket pocket.

The trees blew gently as the breeze passed through. Water droplets were falling out, like glitter, sparkling in the lamps' lights.

The stone pathway was filled with about three inches of water.

Nathaniel reached his house before his boots filled with water. He walked onto his porch where the rain didn't reach. He shook out the umbrella, closed it, and placed it beside the chair they had out there.

He left his boots at the door when he entered.

"Mom! Dad! I'm back!" He called and set his book on the couch inside the living room. "I didn't think it would rain this hard today."

He removed his jacket and combed his hair with his fingers.

"Nathaniel!" His mother called, rushing toward the front room.
"Your father and I were just about to leave!"

"With rain like that?"

"It'll lighten up a bit soon."

It always rained where they were, every day, all day. The only thing that changed was how much rain would fall at a time.

"Nothing we aren't used to Nathan." The father added.

Often, when Nathaniel worried like he had, they would always bring up the horrific rainstorm they experienced, and without a doubt Nathaniel would too.

The streets were packed with children, like always. The rain was gently tapping on tops of stores, children giggling using their umbrellas as water buckets, tossing it at each other.

The puddles only got bigger, and streams ran down the side of the roads; as usual. The ripples were smooth, almost glass looking.

Then a heavy fog pushed its way into the town, and nobody could see pass a foot ahead of themselves. It was thick and was visibly moving. That's when a distant rumble was heard.

Not too long after was the heavy rain.

In the matter of mere seconds, the water reached up to the necks of children, if they weren't quickly snatched by their guardians.

The streets were empty after seven minutes maximum.

The streams along the sides of the road were now roaring oceans with dangerous waves. The intent of them all to take away everything down in its path.

They hit against windows, not enough force to break them. They carried any loose objects away, drowning them, and tugging at them.


The streets were completely cleaned out of trash, and the level of the rainwater was slowly decreasing.

"Alright you guys," Nathaniel sighed, and shook his head, "Have fun."

He grabbed a book and made his way to his room.

The house was silent, nothing else was heard but the constant tapping of the raindrops. The room was glowing, like a grey light was shining on it.

Nathaniel looked out the wet window, and watched the drops slowly roll down. He blinked, then held his book back up.



In the land of the humans
They had marriage partners
What for?
Maybe I should give it a try

A man? A woman?
Does it matter?
I chose a girl, like the rest of the men
Her hair was curly, afro like

Her skin dark, but beautiful, nonetheless.
Hair the color of obsidian, and easily can get lost
just by looking
Her bosom fairly mature
Her hips the shape of a freshly forged hourglass

I keep her within my grasp
She laughs
And her smile makes my heart jump
She has control over my internal organs?

“Like Edgar Allan Poe”
by Ce’Zanne Jackson

As the days pass
I find it harder and harder to let her go
The mere thought of her with another man
Makes my insides burn hotter than hell itself

Other men seem to have their eyes peeled for her
So, I held her wrist tight enough to reassure myself that she was there
But even then, I felt like she was slipping away from me
The woman that controls me from the inside
Her eyes no longer look at me with the sweet shine it used to have
But her body remain the same
Her pouts make my stomach weep
I want to keep her

She is slowly slipping from me
I can't let her go, she has gotten this close to me

Upon our next encounter
I lead her down into a cellar
Eyes covered in a silk, scarlet red ribbon
She smiled, clasping her hands over mine

Her vulnerability was my ecstasy
Before us sat a cage in the far back of the basement
I slowly removed the ribbon from her face
A pet? She tilted her head, gesturing to the empty cage

Without a moment of hesitation
I tied her wrists together
Behind her back

Pushed her into the cage
Locked her in, and I knelt beside the cage
She demands I let her out
But my conscience refuses

I cannot let her slip away from me
I reach into the cage
Almost to tears
Smiling, I said to her;
"Now you are mine."





Blue, so many colors to you

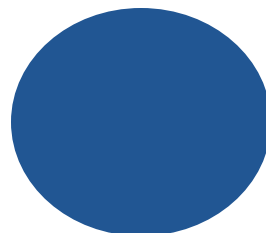
You have light blue, navy, cyan, etc.

Your wisdom is of a nature like none
other

Your lake looks like light blue paper

Beautiful like the navy blue of night

Blue, we love you!



“Blue”
by Jaelyn Jenkins

“Grandmothers” by Jaelyn Jenkins

Grandmothers are the glue to all families

They have the best cooking

No matter what it is, it’s still the best

Don’t do nothing wrong because you will get a whooping

From what I hear both sides grew up hard

But they pushed through and raised kids

Then we came along, and they love us even more than our parents

They always have the best advice

And they have even better encouragement to give

We rue the day they pass

But we know one day it’s going to come

Nana and Grandma, we love you a whole lot!





So Many Colors

Blue as the ocean

Pretty like the waves in motion

The sweet green apple

Something you'll never see in a chapel

Purple plush pin

A color that's not on a penguin fin

Pink flowers

Same color that's on a girl tower

So many colors to choose from

Just like a drum

“So Many Colors” by Jaelyn Jenkins



You are not right

You have so many problems

You had me so angry

You took basketball away from me

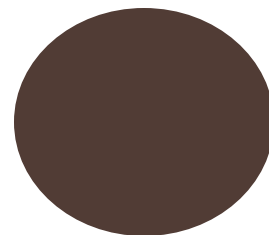
You have some good albums though

I hope you end with some good news

You're just as bad as the devil

2020, I'm so done with you

Bye!!!



“Bye, 2020!”
by Jaelyn Jenkins



I write this as a way to say that our joy is derived from each of us being different because that means each of us has a special set of skills/talents that bring joy to ourselves and many others. I know my set of talents, and when I put them to use, they bring me great joy to see that my talents made others happy. I know my skills may not seem like much to anyone else, and that's because those are my skills. I mean I can lip sync, game, break things, and spin a tale, but what brings me joy is when other people feel joy from me using one of my talents.

I lip sync because music brings me great joy, and despite the fact that other people can't hear me lip sync, I still feel great from it because it lets me express myself. I game because it lets me become a great warrior and what brings me joy is that my talent for gaming lets me be able to help people who have problems getting past certain levels or bosses. I can break things, but I don't unless it's something that is already useless and broke; I just break it more. I get joy from my stories because they let those read them escape to a world of places full of excitement and adventure.

I write this so that others will be encouraged to seek out what skills/talents make them special and bring them joy. Now, I wish for you to find your special skills/ talents and have your own experiences that bring you joy!

“The Shadow’s Plight”

by Ethan Jones

Our story starts on a calm day with the sun shining bright in the sky without a cloud in sight, but things were about to change. Garland, a captain in the rangers of Mira, was training his son before setting out on a mission with his team to search and rescue a squad of missing rangers, but just minutes into training his son, the skies went dark as night and rain fell violently with only torches for light. This storm was not any ordinary storm but a sign of the land's evil lord's return from his slumber. Lightning flashed and the evil lord's minions befell the post at which Garland was posted; he drew his sword and so did his son and together they fought, but no matter how hard they fought they couldn't stop the seemingly endless horde of monsters.

Once Garland and his son had finally killed all the monsters, then they ran to the grand hall of the post where Garland's wife worked as a cook, but he was too late, all he found was the dead bodies of his comrades but no sign of his wife then suddenly something struck him from behind and knocked him out and his son. When he woke, he found himself with his son and wife, their hands were all bound, and they were on their knees. The one behind the attack and planning the evil lord's return stepped forward and drew his blade first; he slit his son's throat well uttering the words “a bridge of blood to bound us.” Then the wife utters the same words. Next, he came to Garland and did the same, but something went amiss; with this dark lord's followers' ritual for the spirit, he had summoned to use to ensure the evil lord's return did not inhabit him but rather it inhabited Garland.

The pain made Garland fall unconscious, and when he awoke, he saw the spirit and demanded answers for how he had yet lived and the spirit answered, “I have inhabited your body and become part of you.” Garland said, “I should have died with my family.” The spirit said, “maybe it's that pain that binds us together, or our want for revenge, or maybe both. You became banished from death, no matter how many times you die, you will always come back.” Garland just stood there for a minute trying to sort all this out in his mind. Finally Garland asked, “What is your name, spirit?” only for the spirit to answer, “I do not know; I can't remember because I have been living in the spirit world so long.” Garland asked, “Then what do you know?” The spirit replied, “I know who killed your family and I tried to kill you.” With a grim look Garland asked, “Who was it?” The spirit answered, “The dark apostles, they have been waiting to strike, growing their strength and they obviously finally used that strength.” Garland said, “I will hunt them down and eliminate each one of them.” The spirit said, “That will not be easy; they are very elusive, the only way to find one of them is to draw them.” Garland replied, “Well then, I better get to work; they have enslaved those who survived, and with how their captains fight amongst each other this will not be too hard.”

Garland had a plan. His plan was to free the enslaved to help fight these monsters and take advantage of the infighting between their captains for supremacy to weaken their numbers. Garland, with his plan began his hunt, each enemy outpost he found he stuck from the shadows eliminating every enemy in sight and the captains at the outposts. Each time he died, he would return, and his enemies started calling him ‘the unkillable shadow’ just mentioning his name sent chills down his enemies’ spines. His plan was working great; one of the slaves he saved told him about a group of rebel survivors fighting against the monsters. Garland sought out this group of survivors and found them, and with their help, destroyed the gate the monsters built to cut off the land of Mira from the storm coast.

The gate being destroyed drew out the dark apostle’s tough guy known as “The Boneking “because his armor was made of the bones of the toughest enemies he fought. Garland watched in the shadows as the Boneking punished the last remaining highest ranked of the monsters in Mira. One blow from the Boneking’s hammer sent the monster flying, then Garland jumped down from his watching spot and drew his sword ready to take out the first dark apostle on his road for revenge. The Boneking said, “You dare challenge me, you, puny worm,” then pulled out his giant war hammer. The clashing of steel could be heard all throughout the outpost as blow after blow, bellowed sounds of the fight. However, for the Boneking lacked one thing—speed. His strength was great, but his was speed slow, and Garland was both strong and fast. Finally, Garland had befell the Boneking with the final blow of his sword echoing as loud as a boom of thunder. Garland made his way to the storm coast. The situation was the same as Mira except this time the spirit now knew his name. The spirit’s name was Reaver, a great blacksmith of an era long ago still remembered in the history of Mira.

“The Shadow’s Plight: The Fall of the Last Dark Apostle”

by Ethan Jones

Our heroes last slayed the mountain now they make their journey back to where it all began, the rampant of the wall where the final dark apostle known as the Lord's vessel. Garland and Reaver fought their way through the storm coast to the border between Mira and the storm coast. They stopped and rested then continued their journey. Finally, they were close to the gate of the fort, but the five generals of the evil lord's army for that region tried to stop them one by one in a battle of five against one. They fell, now they made their way through the gates. Once inside, Garland yelled, “come out and face me!” Half of his face looked like the spirit as he yelled.

The lord's vessel stepped out from the shadow and laughed, then said, “You have no chance to defeat me,” then extended his arm and opened his palm and used his power to take Reaver from Garland's body and into his own. Once Reaver became part of the lord's vessel Garland fell down to his knees with one arm holding him. The lord's vessel became the evil lord, but the return was not complete yet because Garland was not sacrificed leaving the final one hindering his return. The evil lord pulled his mace as big as a giant and took swing after swing at Garland and despite being wounded Garland used his sword to parry each attack. Then after he parried the fifth blow, he shoved his sword through the evil lord's face. The spirit Reaver returned to Garland's body, and the apostles are defeated. Now Garland and Reaver wonder around the land of Mira to make sure no one ever made the evil lord's resurrection come to pass.

Maybe someday he will have to take up arms against a fully resurrected evil lord, but until then, they remain ever vigilant of those who might try to resurrect the evil lord.

How Can A Person's Decisions and Actions Change Their Life?

By Liam Jones and Jaden Kozak

We've all heard the saying "you control your own destiny" which goes hand-in-hand with the question we are answering today. The small decision that you think may not matter too much at the time could end up ruining your career and even your life. A professional athlete has the light shined on them from the time they're in high school, to even after they retire from their sport. When a professional athlete decides to take steroids or any performance enhancing drug, they are risking their career for the sake of better stats. Even some of the greatest athletes of all time have admitted to using steroids and other drugs, and even giving the drugs the credit for their success. There is a very long list of athletes that made the wrong choice, whether it be using PED's, recreational drugs, or other types of crimes that ultimately altered their careers, and in some cases, ended their careers and even their lives.

- Len Bias: overdosed on cocaine just 2 days after being drafted by the Celtics
- Roger Clements: known as the best pitcher of all time with the help of steroids, rejected from Hall of Fame
- Ray Rice: while drunk, punched his girlfriend and was immediately released from the Ravens
- Marion Jones: Olympic high jumper who admitted to using performance enhancing drugs, stripped of her 3 gold metals and 2 bronze

- Barry Bonds: all-time home run leader for MLB, still has yet to make the Hall of Fame because of his use of steroids
- Aaron Hernandez: after 2 amazing seasons with the patriots, he was convicted of murder in 2013

On the other hand, there have been athletes who have tried being the best they can be and better themselves, even if it means sacrificing something else.

- LeBron James: coming from a super low-income family and town in Akron, he never fell under the pressure to do drugs to help his skillset. Still to this day he's the model athlete
- Steph Curry: signed with Under Armor instead of Nike because Nike wouldn't add Curry's favorite bible verse and ended up making more money with Under Armor, who added that verse onto his shoes
- Darren Waller: was addicted to xanax, cocaine, opiates, and many more drugs while he was on the Ravens before putting himself in rehab. He eventually came back to the NFL and is known as one of the best tight ends in the league
- Dwayne Johnson: pursued a career in the NFL but later changed his mind and became an actor, now is one of the most successful and well-known actors in America



“Is Family Worth It?”

by Laiba Nisar

Is Family Worth It?

Let’s ask Mama, the woman who breastfed me, carried me for nine months, and nurtured me all my life.

Or wait let’s ask Auntie, who’s like my second mother, loved me for who I am and never judged me.

Let’s ask grandma who always smells like a bakery that always has peppermint in stock, who has a warm smile and a heart as big as the earth.

Or should we ask my siblings, who have been like my best friends since birth and gave me some of the best memories in life.

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So, I guess to answer your question, “YES!”



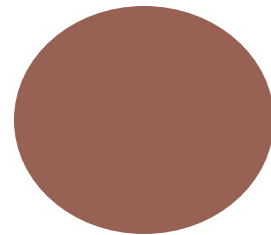
Someone cried in worship,

Someone cried in the way of worship,

It is strange that this prayer is love?

The destination will be found even if lost,

Misguided are those who didn't even try.



“The Prayer”
by Laiba Nisar



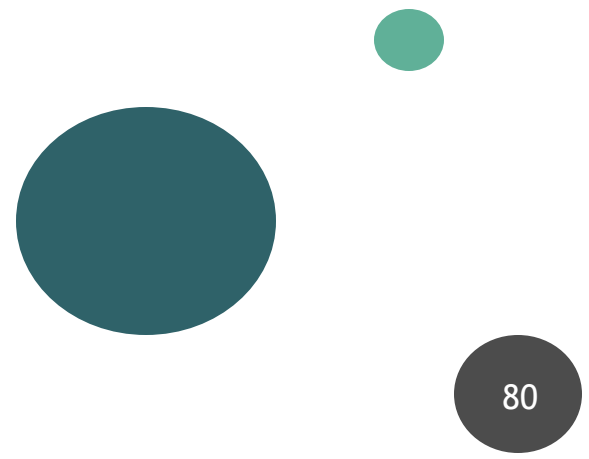
Broken people like rain,

Because then they don't cry alone,

With their eyes the sky above is also
crying.

As if the sky is raining with their eyes,
like it understands their emotions.

Almost like the sky understands the
lines that settle in our hearts more
than people we care about.



“The Sky Connection”
by Laiba Nisar



Growing up, Rue had the perfect childhood.

One of which many longed for.

A loving family, stable mentality.

Except the heartbreak was nonexistent to the eyes of others,

not relatively- not a significant other but a broken heart from a

makeshift mother.

“Narrative”
by Gizelle San



Within two weeks of the virtual world,
I am filled with many emotions.

Head pounding with frustration,
eyes filled with confusion.

Staring into the bright abyss,
forcing myself to get through with it.

Through the exchanging between the
teachers and I,
I witness the resentment in their eyes.

The keyboard clicks as the clock ticks,
as I complete my assignment.

“Two Weeks of School”
by Gizelle San

“Color Poems 1 &2”
by Gizelle San

With the combination of
rain and light,
Behold a very beautiful
sight.
Seven colors, oh so bright,
Behold a very beautiful
sight.



Pollution is what kills the
Earth,
Causing nature to die of
thirst.
Oil traveling wave by
wave,
Leading aquatic life to
their graves.



“Halloween 2020”

by Gizelle San

“Bye mom see you afterschool”, Cesar said as he got out the car and closed the door. “See you sweetie” she replied. Cesar was going to a new school; it is the beginning of a new school year. Cesar’s mom was a travel nurse, wherever she goes, he comes along. He does not have a father figure, but him and his mom are just fine. His mom always tries to stay at a certain area for at least a year before applying to go to another hospital.

As Cesar enters the school, he is amazed. So far this has been the best school he has attended. He walked to the main office, which was located to his right with a sign saying, “main office”. There were a few ladies sitting behind desks, he walks up to the lady wearing this bright orange shirt, glasses, and these long purple beaded earrings. With a huge grin on her face, “why hello there, you must be Cesar” she said in a very friendly high-pitched tone. “Y-yeah, how’d you know”, Cesar said rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. “I know all of my students who attend here at Bluebird High”, she chuckled. “Oh right, right.. well since you already know me sort of- could you help me find where Mr. Buckle’s class is?” She looks down at the computer and Cesar sees that her nametag says “Gale”. “Why, yes sweetie, it says right here that our student Tracy is to be showing you around, she should be here any minute” Gale says. “Okay thank you M.s Gale”. After two minutes of waiting Tracy finally appears and gives Cesar the run down of the school. She introduced him to just about everyone, he could tell everyone got along here, except one.

The third bell rings and Cesar is starving, today the school was serving different varieties of pizza. He sat down at this table with a couple of varsity football players. They joked and laughed a lot, they shared social medias and asked questions about where he is from and what he likes to do. Halfway through lunch, the linebacker named CJ nudged his friend TJ and said, “look who decided to show up”. Everyone turned to the direction he was pointing and there was this boy, who was tall, lengthy, dark hair, pale skin, baggy black clothes. “Who’s that” Cesar asks. “That’s Jay, he’s weird- he is never with anyone, more of a loner.” Cesar did not ask any more questions because he just wanted to finish his meal.

School had ended, half of the parking lot was gone, the other half was most likely teachers staying after. Cesar had been waiting for his mom for over ten minutes. He assumed she was just busy and caught up at work. To his left, in the corner of his eye he saw that Jay kid standing by a tree, possibly waiting for a ride of his own. Cesar picked up his bag and headed on over there to start a conversation. “Hey I’m Cesar, I’m new here and I was jus-“ Jay had looked at him dead in his eyes, where he had saw these red dry scuff marks across his cheek and an open wound across his forehead. “Hey man – are you okay” Cesar said very curiously, “that doesn’t look to good, here let me help you my moms a nurse.” He bent down to go inside his bag where he had a med-kit because his mom insisted. Pulling out the alcohol wipes, he looked down at the grass and saw that Jay had moved from where he was standing, he looked up and he completely disappeared.

As he is on his way home, he thinks to himself, how did he leave without me knowing. He just thought well maybe his ride arrived and he just left. He just decided he would ask him tomorrow if he was okay. Moving from school to school means from one home to a new home. This time they were staying in a two-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment. It was quite decent. His mom asked him how school went, and he explained everything that happened that day. Getting ready for bed, he had this gigantic mirror right outside his closet. It seemed creepy but cool.

The next morning, walking into school he thought of many ways of how he would be able to ask Jay what happened without coming off so weird. He did not see him in the morning, so he waited to see him at lunch. Lunch came faster than he had expected, he was stuck on this one essay he had to write on his benchmark. The teacher allowed him to stay for some time. He spent five more minutes on writing the essay and as he was handing in the paper, he saw Jay slowly walking past the door. Cesar hurried to grab his things to catch up to him, but before he knew it Jay was gone again. He just assumed he went to get lunch, so he headed to the cafeteria. He sat down after grabbing his chicken tenders and asked, "have any of you seen Jay, I've been meaning to ask him I-", he paused because everyone was looking at him with pale faces and CJ said, "do you mean Jay Austin?" Cesar then said, "yeah you guys pointed him out to me yesterday." They all looked at each other with confusion written across all their faces, "no we didn't, in fact that would be impossible because Jay died last week due to a virus." Cesar sat there shocked, choking on his thoughts. Did he really see him yesterday afterschool? Who was that?

Afterschool at home, Cesar was still shaken by the fact that he had never actually met Jay. He tried to brush off the fact that he could have seen a ghost because he did not believe in those types of things. Walking out of his room to the kitchen he notices a note his mom had pinned on the fridge reading, "going out to grab some more popcorn for movie night! Be home soon!" Cesar then opened the fridge to grab a water bottle, he closes the door and in the corner of his eye he sees someone standing and he quickly turns and backs up against the wall breathing hard. He thought to himself, "maybe I just need some rest." As he walks back to his room, he feels dizzy and lightheaded, he then downed the water bottle hoping the feeling goes away. He began sweating while laying in bed, as if he were stuck after just shutting his eyes for a second. He found the energy to get up, his body felt so weak. His feet felt numb, he felt sick. Attempting to stand, he collapsed onto the floor. His phone was in the living room, he was dragging himself inch by inch. He felt as if there was this head weight laying on top of him. He looked at the mirror and saw the same person he saw that day afterschool. "Jay" he said while squinting. The person was standing on top of him and the scars he had appeared onto Cesar's arms and forehead. Screaming of pain, his mom finally rushes through the bedroom door. She found him just rocking back and forth, no scars or anything.



“2020 Listicle” by Gizelle San

2020 is a year to remember,
Even if it is tough to take in,
It's still a year we will not forget.

There are many downs,
Lots of frowns,
But we learned not to let us drag us down.

We have become stronger and wiser beings,
We learned that life a so many new meanings.

A lot more cautious,
Finding new options.
Being lonesome has helped us grow some.

We have learned that we are all we shall depend on.



This previous year left us with many stories to tell,
unpredictable endings and journeys of healing,
led to lots of crying and fearing.

This previous year could convince you to look back and forth towards the
future,
shows us that through the bad endings,
there is no telling of what more endings are to come.

This previous year,
although very unexpected,
it allowed us to be open and fight for our growth within ourselves and others.

This previous year is definitely one for the books,
one where we will take our lessons and help others find the way to look,
through the ups and downs,
this previous year will help us develop a better 2021.

“Today, Like Every Other Day...”
by Mrs. Heidi Cohoon, Instructor

Today—like every other day—we awake to a new beginning;
Don’t allow today to be an accumulation of yesterdays;
Don’t reach for that ancient worksheet or lackluster lesson;
Incorporate technology and learn from those who are learning from you.

Today—like every other day—educators strive for lifelong learners,
Therefore, don’t allow lectures to supply;
Instead use engagement strategies, and thereby,
You’ve provided tools needed for lifelong learners.

Today—like every other day—I am friendly, fair, and firm,
And throughout the upcoming school term,
I must embrace the challenge of this year’s paradigm shifts
With new student-centered tools to enhance their unique gifts.

Today—like every other day—I am a role model;
I am frightening yet amusing, but what you decide is your choosing.
You can always start each term anew, but remember, “To thine own self be true.”

Today—like every other day—I wear crafty costumes.
I am a teacher, parent, grandparent, mentor, counselor, and character.
I am whatever will allow all students to bloom.

Today—like every other day—I am a catalyst for change.
I work tirelessly to ignite, instill, influence, and inspire,
In the hopes that all my students will aspire for their desire.

Today—like every other day—I possess my own creative voice.
As an educator, I encourage you to design your own and make a wise choice!

Today—like every other day—we are the eyes of the world
We are responsible for future generations, and
It’s only though education that provides hope for our nation.

There is more than one way to enlighten the classrooms of the world.





“Bleeding Hearts”

by Mrs. Regenna Jalon
Pupil Personnel Worker



"The Forgotten Basket"

by Mrs. Regenna Jalon
Pupil Personnel Worker



“Cafeteria”

by Mr. Tom Schappert
Instructor



“Lunch Line”

by Mr. Tom Schappert
Instructor



“Lockers”

by Mr. Tom Schappert
Instructor



“Lockdown”

by Mr. Tom Schappert
Instructor



“Commons”

by Mr. Tom Schappert

Instructor



“Auditorium”

by Mr. Tom Schappert
Instructor



“Media Center”

by Mr. Tom Schappert

Instructor



“Light”

by Mr. Tom Schappert

Instructor

Zeitgeist

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Welcome To
Cambridge South Dorchester High School
MAIN OFFICE **1** GYMNASIUM



Photo Credit: Mr. Tom Schappert
Logo Credit: Senior Abigail Kelly