

Murmur is written by students of the
Creative Writing Club, and RHS ELA classes.
Artwork is selected from RHS student work
created throughout the year.
Produced by the RHS Media Communications
Class of 2020

Rhinebeck High School
PO Box 351
Rhinebeck, NY 12572
(845) 871-5500

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Winter Edition 2020

Murmur Volume 4, Issue 1

Contents

<i>Dependent</i> by Sofia Rich	<i>Artwork by Georgia Plambeck</i>	4
<i>Failure</i> by Riley LeHane	<i>Artwork by Emily Beeler</i>	6
<i>All I Did Was Run</i> by Jasmina Lodoie	<i>Digital Art by Milo Kosofsky</i>	7
<i>A Distribution in the Continuity</i> by Theodora Hirmes	<i>Artwork by Penny Paldino</i>	8
<i>Norman</i> by Strachan Doran	<i>Digital Illustration by Moss Magnusson</i>	10
<i>Time</i> by Olivia Selby	<i>Print by Ester Murray</i>	11
<i>Surprise Me</i> by Esther Murray	<i>Digital Art by Milo Kosofsky</i>	12
<i>The Strength of Failure</i> by Alexis Eleazar Martinez	<i>Drawing by Ryan Milne</i>	14
<i>Another Brick in the Wall</i> by Theodora Hirmes	<i>Artwork by Mikaela Torcello</i>	15
<i>Most Hated</i> by Jack Viator	<i>Artwork by Isaac Levine</i>	16
<i>The Bowling Pin Man</i> by Isa Hoey-Wasow	<i>Photo Illustration by Reilly O'Neill</i>	18
<i>The Frozen Fire</i> by Radha Lahiri	<i>Artwork by Georgia Plambeck</i>	19
<i>Orange Cinnamon</i> by Ellie Pitcher	<i>Photo Illustration by Jonah Carleton</i>	20
<i>Beliefs</i> by Jack Viator	<i>Artwork by Elaine Albahary</i>	22
<i>Trees</i> by Anna Lawson	<i>Photograph by Radha Lahiri</i>	23
<i>I Am a Science Person</i> by Brandon Shih	<i>Illustration by Milo Kosofsky</i>	24
<i>From Days, To Weeks, To Months</i> by Britney Cruz	<i>Artwork by Cidney Cassano</i>	26
<i>Summer</i> by Edgar Pastran	<i>Artwork by Emily Beeler</i>	28
<i>Love You Anyway</i> by Hirphesi Denticio	<i>Drawing by Isa Hoey-Wasow</i>	29
<i>Blindness</i> by Ashleigh Zolko	<i>Photograph by Josh Youngquist</i>	30
<i>Dream On</i> by Strachan Doran	<i>Artwork by Mikaela Torcello</i>	32

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Design Staff

Jonah Carleton
Moss Magnusson
Milo Kosofsky
Radha Lahiri
Reilly O'Neill
Josh Youngquist

Cynthia Baer,
RHS Media Communications
Instructor

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Murmur Volume 4, Issue 1

Dedication

This issue of *Murmur*
is dedicated to all the creative minds
within Rhinebeck High School.

Thank you for sharing your work
through this book.

Dependent

by Sofia Rich

And so that one pill, one of the five already on my tongue, is missing. I panic and pull my hair, scouring the kitchen for science to kill my sadness. Unaware, my pill sits on the CVS pharmacy counter, left behind. I sigh and give up. Surely, just one pill won't hurt.

School. Maybe I should lie down. My vision is blurry, and I really just want to sleep. The crossness of my eyes fights with my imagination and create images the room will never hold. The shadows are loud in a completely new way and are overtaking my rational mind. I'm tired, I'm so tired. If I fall asleep in class will anyone notice? Will anyone care? I just need to rest my eyes for a second. So my head hits the cold desk and I hear the teacher yell and my eyes focus back into reality, and then back into hell.

Dependent. I am dependent. I have always thought of myself as independent, but no, I am far from that word. I enjoy going to cafes for hours and tapping away at keys but without that pill, without that one dose of pure endorphin, I am left like a zombie, forming sentences that don't translate to everyday conversation. Please, please find it. Find my brain, my heart, my life, please. Where is my motivation and everything I've worked for? One, two days without the overpriced pill and my brain has been reduced to rambling thoughts written on a google doc where I should be trying to write an essay.

Is this myself? Is this who I really am? Depressed, tired, spaced out, *tired*. Can someone get me out of here? Please lift me from my body and leave me be. Hit me with a hammer and try to find the missing pieces. Where am I? Where did I go? How could I still be here when you have destroyed my mind with forced drug addictions at sixteen. Help, I need help. But when there is no one to turn to, where do I go? Where do I go?

The addiction is an awful thing that no one should experience. But the real problem is withdrawal. Without withdrawal, addiction would cease to exist. Addicted to the pill, withdrawn from the feelings.

Tell me I'm wrong. Tell me that I do have a say and my life is better off this way. Reassure me that it is okay to live with a manufactured brain and a body that can't function without drugs. I'm falling, I'm falling. Where to fall? Asleep or down the shallow end of a pool, ignoring the no diving signs. It's not a day today, is it? Is this a dream I haven't read about yet? Forgotten fairy tales, too complicated to write down. Yes, everything is fine. I just need to wake up now. Please wake up, wake up, wake up, wake up, *wake up*.



It seems I'm awake. I can feel the pulling of my stomach and the dropping of my eyes but in the strangest manner. Re-reading what I've written is a hell of an experience. I seem to be slowly letting go. Let go. Let go. Welcome home.

My mama always told me I was special. I would give anything to be normal. While people say normal is an artificial idea, it's one of the most real things I can see. Normal is a very large box, but step out of that box and you can't break back in no matter how hard you try. The world

spins on lies. Gravity and Lies go hand and hand as they make you fall down down down.

Now at the bottom with no wings to fly out, I sit and wait for them to grow, for a day to come where I can be free. But my pillbox still sits on the table. Is it really me climbing out of the hole or a possession overtaking my body.

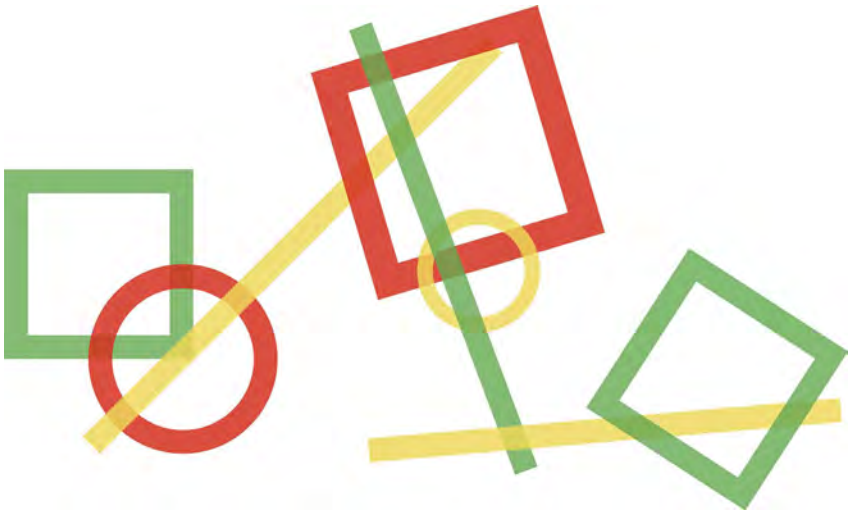
Will I ever feel whole? Or is dependent the life left to live. ■

Failure

by Riley LeHane

Failure is bad
Constant pressure to do good
From parents, teachers, others
Even ourselves
In school, outside of school
Failure is bad
Do better
Push yourself more
Failure is bad
Get those grades a bit higher
Try harder
Study more
Failure is bad ■





All I Did Was Run

by Jasmina Lodoie

In Jia Jang's Ted Talk he said "All I did was run." He was talking about running away from his fears, but all this made me think of is falling. Sometimes when I'm walking the school hallways, I picture myself falling, the bottom of my shoe squeaking against the red, yellow, and green shiny tiles of our school floor. My foot stopping while the rest of my body continues towards the ground. The moment of being in the air and thinking Well, there's nothing I could possibly do now that can stop this from happening. Then suddenly, my face is flat on the ground. Completely vulnerable. Everyone's eyes on me. The moment of silence follows, then all the laughter comes, all directed towards me. The feeling of my face getting red from embarrassment. I hope that Jia Jang isn't right that you have to face your fears. I sure don't want to fall face flat in the school hallways. ■

A DISTRIBUTION IN THE CONTINUITY

by Theodora Hirmes

The ball hits the line. Yelling erupts, runs through my veins as I watch from the sidelines. The game has been going on for 24 minutes and 15 seconds.

You can doubt my math, but I wouldn't. The girl in red with freckles covering her cheeks steps into square one. The boy with glasses and a crooked pinky ties his shoes.

I guess I should learn their names; the children, but I don't bother. Morgen, my therapist, would say that I isolate myself by making a divide between myself and my peers. Afterall, I hear her saying "You are a child too. You have to want to work for your well being."

Jokes on you.

I don't want to be well, I want to be an artist who is mad from her work. I want to be covered in paint and wear week old clothes as I take a drag from my metaphorical cigarette and recite some obscure radical poet.

I don't tell her this of course.

I sit still and nod my head as the colors on her ceiling mix together.

If my calculations are correct, in about 25 seconds one of the children, peers, "friends" is going to start screaming about double touch rules.

How can they care about that when the moon is moving away from Earth destroying our tides? When people are dying from neglect. When the chance that anyone will remember any of us is slim to none. That we are responsible for our own extinction.

I close my eyes and see the flood. The water washes over me. Next comes fire, fire that lasts for days.

A new addition comes with loud clanging bells. They rattle me but I let them.

Someone is calling my name, someone I should know.

God? The voices?



The voice tabs my shoulder and my eyes jump open.

It's the boy with glasses.

I stand up, growling under my breath, run towards the door and slam it behind me.

The aides yell but none go after me.

The goddamn boy is still behind me, calling after.

As much as I admire accuracy and facts, my name is too horrid to plague this page with.

I apologize to truth, but no one else.

The day is over, just like any other. The formula calculated for each day of school stays true most of the time.

But today my linear graph has a slight bump.

The boy.

Contact.

Humans are disastrous. Nothing good can come from them.

I take out my peanut butter crackers, crush them in my hands and feel better. ■

Norman

by Strachan Doran

This story is about a man named Norman. He is 120 years old and lives in a little hotel in PA. For the past 20 years, he only goes out to get food for himself. His family visits with him a lot. They talk to him a lot about his past because he does not remember anything about who or what he was. In reality, he was a famous owner of one of the best Italian restaurants in the country. It was called Normans Italy. It was ranked #1 in the world back in 1971. His successful business made lots of famous chefs come taste his food and they would all walk out with a smile on their face.

Norman lost memory of his life. One day, his family took him to his old restaurant. He still didn't remember the building. They took him inside to show him the old tables and the kitchen. Suddenly, he started saying people's names. They were people that were his workers. Then he started reciting his famous menu. He then hugged his family and shouted out "God has blessed this with joy!" He remembered his life that he had lost. Unfortunately, he passed away 2 weeks after his memory; but he rests in peace knowing what a great life he had. ■



Time

by Olivia Selby

Time; an unfaithful friend
It goes on; not stopping even for the worst of tragedies
Unfeeling to the last degree
When you desperately need it
It turns its back and keeps ticking
And when you need it to make haste
It slowly, so very slowly, ticks on
Smiling maliciously knowing the pain it inflicts
It has no concern for humanity and our struggles, only for itself
Time is not cooperative
Time is not sympathetic
Time is spiteful and cruel ■





Surprise Me

by Esther Murray

Quarter 2 has just started. Not particularly siked. Let's just say I have failed to be on time to school all but one day this year. What can I say? That 8am bell is a killer. Now, I do have the first period off. Instead of eating breakfast in our stuffy high school cafeteria, seeing those oh-so familiar dull purple walls, at 8am, our own kitchen is coming to life. At 8am I sip my coffee out of an actual mug and the smell of frying eggs fills the air. My mother, Tanya, yells down the stairs, "you better be packing your lunch Esther because I am leaving here at 8:30 whether you're ready or not." I rifled through the food in the fridge and pantry, as the Deja-vu set in of those last June school days not long ago. An apple found a place in my lunch that first day, one I thought looked "the best". We left at 8:30. Oh Tanya, my old habits

of punctuality, or lack there-of, will die hard. Our cars pull up to the building. The silver doors are unchanged. The sound of the buzzer to let people in the building pierces my ears. Ms. Heady greets me, we laugh, and I hand in my late note with the typical "Esther has a headache." All so familiar, like nothing has changed. I walk to my locker, pass Ms. Gile's art room, and go to the cafeteria. The same red lockers, the same annoying yellow, red and green floors are all still in place. Ms. M yells, "Are you supposed to be here?!" Too familiar.

All day I pass the same faces in the hall as last year. 2nd period, 3rd, 4th, 5th, all pass. 12:30 rolls around and there's around 50 kids stuffed into that dull-purple-walled room, talking, eating. All the same people. Deja-vu am I right? It's 1:07 and we are shuffled out. I pull the apple that I had purposefully chosen that morning from the fridge. Taking a bite I realize now it is mealy. Kind of like when you open a banana only to find that half of it is mashed; this apple is the only thing that surprised me the first day of school. All the rest is the same as we left it in June, except I suppose the "renovations" they did "all summer".

With the 80-something kids in our class, we see the same things continually. The same kids each year, each class, and even each time we walk down the hallway. You'd think we would all know each other. Everyone's

name is common knowledge, everyone's drama is common knowledge, everyone's life seems to be common knowledge. There are different friends and known friend groups that hang out on the weekend, and if a rumor starts, it takes about 3 periods for the whole high school to have heard. If it's your name that is attached, it is your new identity and you better be okay with just riding it out until people have forgotten about it. Yes, Rhinebeck is a small school, and many complain about the annoyances that are affiliated with that, although the instant spread of rumors and knowledge makes it seem a lot bigger. In Rhinebeck, this spread is like an infection. One person tells another, and that person tells two. So on, the infection spreads, until everyone is sick. Years progress and we each develop our own identity within the school. "Oh her? She only cares about school. Omg that guy? Did you hear what happened?" Judgements are passed simply.

Do we really know each other though? Or is it that we know things about each other? Each day is the same in Rhinebeck, each year the same as the next. I used to think it was so hard to branch out to new friends at Rhinebeck. We all have made our own places here, our own personas. However, if you ever actually talk to someone you usually don't, you realize that they are not at all what you have fabricated them to

be in your mind. We make up our views on others based on what we have heard about them. Rhinebeck is all the same year after year because we all make it the same. We follow our own patterns.

When I first started school soccer in 9th grade, I wasn't friends with the majority of the team yet. Elise Voorhis was on the team for one. Elise and I talk about this a lot. We both knew each other, but we both hated each other. As I got to know Elise though, I realized we were far from knowing each other. People surprise you. We hated each other before, but why? Neither of us had previously done something offensive, and we had never even actually had a conversation. So how is that even possible? The only reason we thought we knew each other is because we knew of each other, and when you don't get out of your own bubble, and that is the only relationship you will have with people you don't talk to.

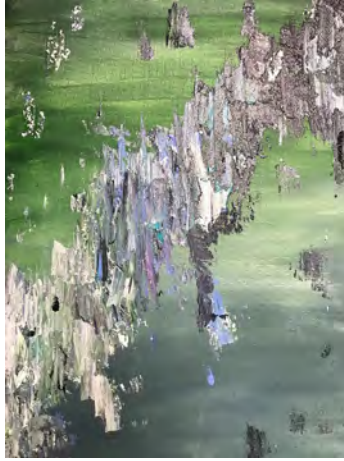
People pass you in the same familiar hall every day. You put the same familiar names to the same familiar faces. If you pass judgement before you can develop new connections with people, you miss out on an opportunity to meet and talk to individuals that could be really amazing. If you want to live that way, saying you know each when you really just know of each other, go ahead. Although, you subject yourself to seeing life solely through your own perspective. ■

The Strength of Failure

by Alexis Eleazar Martinez

The failures aren't what define us
But make us stronger
Strength in minds
Strength in numbers
Strength in friendship
Strength in everywhere
Whatever our failures are
Or whenever we remember
Our perspective
Not anyone else
But ours tell our strength
Our strength in numbers
Greater than a furious bull
Louder than a crowd of screams
Our strength
Our strength where there's equality
Reality is the birthplace of failure
Our failures are not who we are
But who we were in the past
And our past will guide our future
Because of our failures ■





another brick in the wall

by Theodora Hirmes

A plague hits you,
Masked by your own sadness,
A statue watching through a clean
glass window
(corrupt but peaceful)
My soul is old and tired
My body new and strong
Falling into abyss
Light then darkness
A juxtaposition I know too well
Youtube loopholes,
News Articles,
Corrupt politicians:
They consume me,
Headlines that pulse,
I want to ignore it,
Yet there's an obligation to read it
No one knows anything,
Can reach anything.

Don't give me a stepstool
I'll build my own damn stilts
How selfish of me to want to hide.
Get away from this impossible tragedy.
Pink Floyd said it best
We're just another brick in the wall

Yet, bricks crack, wear, change, fall
out.

Our wall is collapsing, you see past
the omnipotent power
We walk past the rubble,
Faces,
Fear
You pull away the illusion,
the curtain they hid from us
The authority shrieks, withers, dies
You take my hand and we step past
the tangible

Most Hated

by Jack Viator

I have dreams that I wanna accomplish in my life, and for that reason people wanna hate on me constantly, why do people care so much about what I wanna do with my life. So what if I wanna make music, so what if I wanna play basketball, why does it bother you, I've been called a clown, I've been called so many names and it's crazy cuz I don't know what I did to deserve all this hate, I mean you obviously are lame if you hate on me cus you're worried too much about what I'm doing with my life and not focused on accomplishing anything with my life. I'm tryna be great and I'm gonna keep working on that because I promise you imma be the best at the end of the day, I still got a long way to go but if I work everyday I promise myself I can make it in my life, I just gotta keep working, I promise myself that I will do better, I will promote positivity for the rest of my days, I'm gonna wake up and thank god for blessing me with another day, I'm gonna make the most out of every day god gives me and every chance I have I will make the most out of it, I'm gonna be the best, not the best ever, but at the end of the day I'm gonna, I wish I could show the things people say to me because honestly it's not pretty, but I'm gonna use it as motivation, every day I write most hated on my wrist to remind myself what goal I have, I'm gonna prove everyone wrong and I promise that, I lost my grandfather a few months ago and I wanna make him proud, I wanna show him that he taught me to do what I love and honestly just follow my dreams. He was always so proud of me and always wanted to see me and talk to me, he supported everything I did and he still does I know it. I wanna make it far and prove it to everyone that I never gave up, i don't have to be rich or famous I just wanna prove to people that I made it, I wanna show kids with dreams to never let hate bother

you and to use all of that hate as motivation because I promise you it's gonna feel so good at the end of the day to prove them sooo wrong. I just gotta keep working and at the end of the day I'm gonna be great and I know that. No matter what people say, just keep working, keep the ones that love you close and keep the hate out of your life, prove them all wrong and eventually it's gonna feel great. I love all y'all reading this, whether you hate me or support me. Just be yourself and follow your dreams. ■



The Bowling Pin Man

by Isa Hoey-Wasow



My bowling ball landed with a thud, and I watched its journey down the lane and back toward the bowling pins. As it struck down just three pins, I began to wonder where exactly it would go after it dropped down behind the lane. Now I've always been dedicated to learning, but is it really realistic for me to hop down that lane and climb behind the pins? No. Absolutely not. I'm not insane, you know! But the more I contemplated that question, the more my curiosity grew. I mean, no one is watching; that pimply teenager behind the counter is most definitely asleep, and my friend is in the bathroom, so what do I have to lose? I took a deep breath, accepted my obvious insanity, and crept down the lane towards the end. Once I reached the pins, I clambered down behind them and fell with a loud clang. I cringed to myself, hoping to God that nobody heard, and kept moving back into the darkness.

"Hello there," echoed a deep, ageless voice.

"W-Who's there?" I stuttered, beginning to panic

"It is I."

"Who?"

"I," repeated the voice.

My confusion and alarm only grew from there, as I stumbled backwards toward the light. Just as I was preparing to climb back into safety, a pale hand grasped me firmly. "Stay," spoke the voice. "Please." He stepped out of the darkness, revealing a thin, pallid man.

"Who are you?" I asked, becoming less and less intimidated as I studied his meek frame; that is, until he opened his mouth. He smiled knowingly at me, revealing a wide set of bowling pins in place of teeth. "I am the bowling man," he said simply. "And I am your ruler."

That was the last straw. I let out a terrified squeak, stumbled backwards, and climbed as fast as humanly possible back up into the bowling alley.

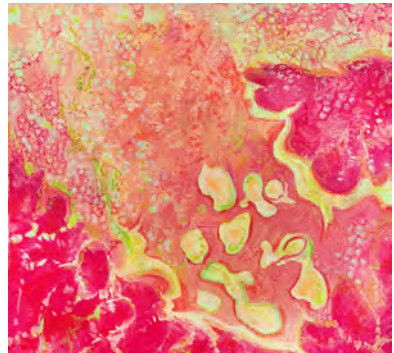
Okay, listen; I've never believed in any higher power. In that moment, though, I was in full belief that I had just come face to face with God. And you know what? I didn't like it. ■

The Frozen Fire

by *Radha Lahiri*

I feel free in the sun's touch.
My heart is warmed by his rays.
Your heat energizes me.
I feel stronger than ever.
You, the sun, made me
A beautiful person, for once.
The green trees are wonderful.
The flowers are so gorgeous.
But where do you go?
Why do you leave me here?
Just as I'm starting to finally
Understand what happiness is,
You abandon me to the cold.
The leaves turn into a fiery blaze.
Perhaps it's the same color
That you left behind for me?
No, I'm in denial.
Those colorful leaves soon
Turn into a dead, rough brown.
The frost in the morning
Hurts my fingers to touch.
The days are getting shorter.

I could enjoy your light
For so much longer before,
But now the darkness takes me
Before I can say goodbye to you.
All I can see now are the clouds,
The ones you sent to damage me.
The snow falls as I fall apart.
My bones weaken from the
Harsh, cold winds.
My body collapses from
Each dreary snowflake.
You try to apologize to me,
Peeking from behind those
Dark and cruel clouds.
But I can't accept
Any apologies until Spring
Comes back around. ■



ORANGE CINNAMON

by Ellie Pitcher

In a small town nestled near a river, there's a house buried within the meandering woods and roads. The house sits on a hill on a quiet dead end, where the trains running north and south along the river can still be heard. Inside, the walls are painted orange and you can always smell cinnamon. Dogs and cats bombard you with love, every step you take inside. As you move from the small dark laundry room, the big, bright kitchen greets you, and it has been the home to messy cooking, baking, and eating, for years. The pantries hold stories and secrets of hungry and creative children. As you move through the halls, the home is connected by white trimmed walls like the veins of a heart. You can find people and their children from each end of the neighborhood, filling the home with a chaotically wonderful energy. That same energy is also the cause of an ink splatter on the living room ceiling from a mishap involving a sticky eyeball and a broken pen. In that same family room, lady bugs live in the walls, and visit each spring to catch up on the events of last

winter. The house takes you from the high ceilings of the living room to the upstairs, where the playroom holds the memories and imaginations of the three little people that maintained and loved it. The carpets have old stains from various soda spills and failed science experiments. The upstairs world also hides the three small bedrooms that keep secrets of late night board games and early morning legos. The house has really seen it all from scraped knees to holiday gatherings, to kitchen table homework.

For three years, however, the home was left to its own devices. The paint chipped, the windows creaked, and the squirrels moved in. The house didn't understand why it had been left by the three little people and their wise leaders, but it stood tall, orange walls and all. Houses never fully understand why their people leave, whether it's the result of a job, money, or just time. But despite the loss, the house stood tall, taking in each sunrise, snowstorm, and rainfall. It still listened to the echoes of the train whistles each cold morning. The house knew that its people were out

there, dancing in the rain, shoveling snow, and riding the trains. They were doing what they'd always done and making the best of each situation.

When the house's people returned years later, they held concerned and melancholy faces. They seemed uncertain of their next move, their next turn. The family had faced major challenges, but the house always hoped they'd be back someday. Sure enough, the people were in fact moving back in. The problems that had persisted before and that had pushed them away, had melted like ice, and the people missed their home.

Things aren't exactly the way they were before. The three little people have all grown up, and tend to come and go. But, the walls are still orange

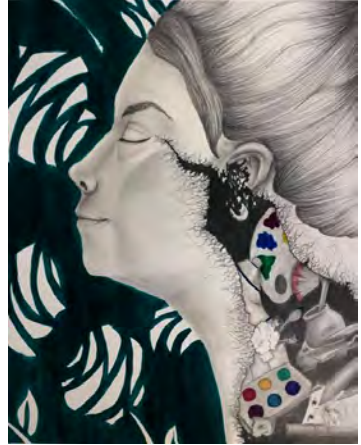
and the house still smells like cinnamon. You can still hear the trains when you listen closely, and there is no shortage of dogs and cats. The neighborhood still gathers for celebrations and holidays, and there's still an ink splatter on the ceiling. The family always makes a point of reuniting during both the important and the dull times to create new memories. But, now there's room for even more family and even more life. Someday the little people will bring home their own little people to cause more ink splatters on the ceiling, and messes in the kitchen. But through it all, the walls are orange, the house smells like cinnamon, and the trains can be heard. ■



Beliefs

by Jack Viator

You all have that one personal belief. I believe in something bigger than most. So many people have dreams to be a doctor, a pro athlete or a musical legend. Most of the time people will laugh at you and just say good luck with that. However, if you think about it; what makes people that do make it successful in life so different. I believe that whatever you want in life, if you work everyday towards that goal and put your blood sweat and tears into it, you'll be pretty successful. I believe everybody has a voice and there is something about that voice that makes you special and unique. To be honest with you. Every person on earth has a dream and we are all created the same way. There's no reason why we can't have the same chance as other people.

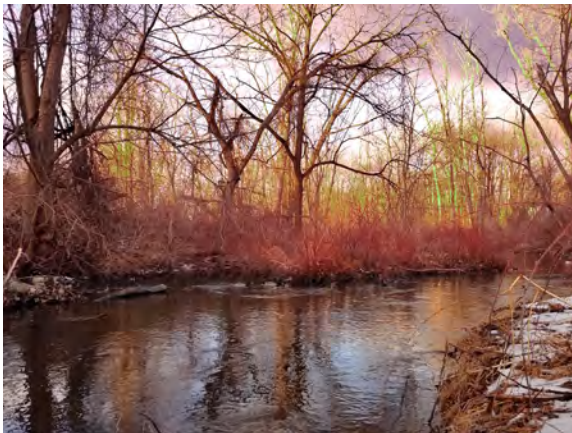


Nobody knows how many times I have wanted to just quit and give up on everything. There's just too many goals I NEED to accomplish in life to give up. Nobody knows what goes through my head. That could just be because I choose to not let anyone in my life. I believe that I need as little distractions in life to get to where I want to go. I have my family and my close friends. That's all I need. Believe in yourself and work your you know what off. If you wanna get anywhere in life, trust and believe in yourself. ■

Trees

by Anna Lawson

The red trees look plastic
I've felt the strength of cheering hands below me
Seen the willows damp on the shore, swaying softly
Felt the scratch of a mad cat
Heard the tears burning my soft skin
I've lived
They're still young and new with the nipping of fall
Their roots plunged deep into the crystal clear water
Wrapping around the schools of fish
Choking on the thick water they swim faster ■



I am a Science Person

By Brandon Shih

I am a science person, so I took AP Biology as a sophomore. For me, the class was a piece of cake, especially with plenty of extra credit opportunities. I never thought an AP class would be the class to boost my depressingly low GPA. Since I was strong in biology,

I decided to spend more time studying for classes I struggled in: AP World History. I was not punished for my overconfidence in AP Biology during the year, but karma finally got me when it mattered most.

The cold auditorium was a relief to the hot, humid May air. Feeling confident and refreshed, I made my grand entrance into the examination room. I took my seat, filled out the AP forms, and started the test. Multiple choice was a breeze; I finished the section

with ten minutes to spare and even took a brief nap until the proctor told us it was time to begin the second section. The second section was the free response section. Similar to the first section, the free response section was easier than cutting tofu with

the sharpest knife in the world. I finished all six free responses with fifteen minutes to spare and was able to nap once again. As I half slept, a thought came to my head; a few weeks ago, I was doing a practice test, and I recalled the number 8 at the top

left corner of the page for the free response. “Was it really six questions or was it eight?”

I snapped my head up and immediately reopened my test booklet to the last page. The pages had stuck together and I missed questions 7 and 8. I glanced at the clock fearfully, and I realized I had four minutes to answer two

seven minute questions. Frantically, I grabbed the nearest writing utensil and started writing. Perhaps the graders couldn't recognize my chicken scratch, but that wasn't my main concern; I had to do whatever to get my answers down. As I finished question 8 sloppily, the proctor told us to put

our pens down.

Wait...did he say pens? I swear, God hates me. I had answered questions 7 and 8 in pencil which was prohibited. What I was feeling at that moment was incomprehensible: I was partly glad the test was over: I was partly regretting my overconfidence

during the test: and I was partly falling apart. The remainder of the school year felt like a whole nother school year because I was living in regret. But summer, like my mom, saved me from this; it gave me a new beginning, to start a fresh year as a junior, to escape the failures of 10th grade.

All was going well until Collegeboard emailed me at 2:00 am while I was enjoying my vacation in Europe. Like a totally normal teenager, I stayed up until 4am during the summer. I read the subject of the Email with my sleepy eyes. "Get Ready for your 2019 AP Scores"



"Oh my god"

I thought. Every regretful memory of the AP flooded my brain simultaneously. Despite being half asleep, I looked at my fitbit and my current heart rate was higher than my heart rate after a 5km race for cross country. I clicked the link to get my

score, and of course, since I'm in the Swiss

Alps the internet was slower than my reading speed. Half an hour later, the score popped up: 4. Disappointment replaced my anticipation. After this experience, I'll be sure to never underestimate anything. Even the easiest can be difficult. ■

From Days, To Weeks, To Months

by Britney Cruz

From days, to weeks, to months, to looking out at the night sky and pointing out the brightest star I see. Listening to music all day and every lyric reminding me of you. I still miss you. There isn't a day that goes by where I'm not thinking about you. As night begins to fall and everyone begins to fall asleep, I let myself go. A stream of tears begins to run down my face as I look back at all the memories we had together. I drown in my own tears. I can't breathe. I want to scream at the top of my lungs because I can't handle this deep, cruel, enormous pain.

I begin to close my eyes and I tell myself everything will be okay, soon enough my mind



begins to take me back to that time. That time where I was right by your side and had you in between my arms. That time where I sang you songs meanwhile I held you tight and looked at you madly in love. Running my fingers through your dark, soft hair you began to cry. I asked you what was wrong and what you said was "I'm going to miss you. I don't want you to leave, please stay." Just by the sound of your voice after hearing you I couldn't help but cry too. My heart shattered like glass. You began to pour your heart out to me and tell me how much you loved me. Time was ticking but I wish I could freeze it because I never thought that that day would be the last. The last time I had you between my arms and your head was resting on my chest. The last time where I could hold your hand and could smell the whiff of your cologne you always wore. The last time I could say I love you and hear your deep, soft voice. I dreaded those last few moments I had with you before I had to leave; I knew it was going to be



a while until I saw you again. Being by your side made me feel as if I were in a fairytale. As we waited for the taxi I gave you one last kiss, I hugged you so tight that letting go felt like a million stitches being ripped out of me. When the taxi started to drive away I looked back to wave goodbye, the expression on your face broke me because you were upset.

Before I could even finish running that memory through my head I woke up. I walked toward the bathroom and couldn't help but see my face full of tears in the mirror. My eyes were puffy and red from the amount of crying last night. I was broken inside because I knew you were gone. Gone from this earth and up in heaven. My world completely changed ever since you left and so did I. Not going to lie it left me with a deep cut wound in my heart that I know will take a lot of time to heal. Everyday is a fight against the world. I still miss you and can't accept the fact your gone. I want you back here with me. ■

Summer

by Edgar Pastran

Summer,
not like any other season,
Very hot and very dry,
You can feel it in the streets.
Roads hot, cars hot, people hot
Can't it just be winter already!?

Everyday gets hotter than the one
before,
It doesn't seem to end
But I know that's not true.
Everything is hot,
Everything is boiling,
Everything is burning,
It hurts, everything hurts.
Can't it just be winter already!?

Winter is like heaven,
With the coldness and coolness,
Children playing in the snow,
Makes me feel relaxed. On the other
hand,
Summer is like hell
Very hot and very dangerous,
With the heat strokes and skin cancer,
Destroys people and crops,
Drains the water down,
Isn't that enough?
Summer is like hell,

Tears dropping,
Children dying,
Makes people want to
Cry and cry and cry.
Summer, not like
Any other season. ■



Love you anyway

by Hirphesi Dentico

It only takes a moment to make a memory
It only takes a second to say a word
Whether you like it or not nothing is permanent
we make these mistakes then grow and learn from it.

And oh darling
when it feels like the sky is falling and you feel you can't get through today
That's ok cause we love you anyway.
Oh darling
when you can't stop crying and your emotions are like a tidal wave,
we love anyway.

You're gonna realize this was once a memory know are story to be told
you'll always be my young child no matter how much you grow.

Don't ever feel like your alone, don't ever feel like your not loved
cause love is all your made of.
You changed my life in a good good way you are a shining star don't forget
who you are. Ever again 'cause we love you always. ■



Blindness

by Ashleigh Zolko

The sun has peered through the
clouds this morning,
The dark, despairing clouds
That had once taken up the whole sky
But I can't see the sun as I used to
It is now just the sun,
A dull, grey ball planted in the sky

I see the trees
But their once green leaves have
gone ill and gray
And their bark has turned black
Along with their trunk that disap-
pears
Into the brown grass below

I can feel the rain hitting my skin
But each drop is hard and sharp as it
hits my face
And after the rain is gone,
I can see nothing but the storm
clouds that follow me as I walk
There are no more colors reflecting in
the sky
The rainbow is nonexistent

The sky is not as blue as used to be
It is now nothing but gray and dull
And filled with dark clouds that hang
over me

Like the thought of a nightmare
The sky has lost its color
And now it's just a sky,
The same sky everyone sees

The sun is starting to set
Just above the mountain ranges
But the colors are not as vibrant as
they used to be
They are now dead and dreary
I don't believe this should be called a
sunset anymore
There is no longer anything beautiful
about the sun going to sleep for the
night

The night is clear
I lay alone watching the stars
I don't see the pictures you had once
pointed out
I see no more than just stars,
They are not as bright as they
used to be
They are no more than
Clusters of gasses a million miles
away
That we'll never get the chance to
touch
And I see the moon

It's just the moon now
Nothing more
Than a gray circle painted in the sky

When I drift asleep
I see nothing
as if my dreams
Had all been murdered when I turned
my back

When I close my eyes
I see nothing but darkness
I hear nothing but emptiness
I feel nothing but pain

Now I know
That my soul has gone blind
All because you're nothing more
than a distant memory. ■



Dream On

by Strachan Doran



I used to dream,

but now I think.

I used to believe in people's words,

but now I value people's worth.

I used to appreciate keeping the word of honour as a vow,

but now I know that even without giving your word to someone you
shouldn't betray yourself.

I used to be satisfied whenever I learned something new,

but now I know that discovering and drawing from new sources of
knowledge is never enough. ■