

# *From Within*



2010-2011 ~ Volume XX

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We would like to express our special thanks and appreciation to the members of the English Department for encouraging their students to submit material.

# Greetings from the Editors

Dear Reader,

2011 certainly seems to be the year of farewells. We'll all remember the spring of 2011 for Oprah's departure from T.V. I know I won't be able to outdo Oprah's farewell, so I won't even try. All kidding aside, this is my last year as a member of *From Within*, BHHS's Literary Magazine. The four years I have spent on Lit Mag have left me with some of the best memories of my high school career. Most importantly, Lit Mag has challenged me as a writer and made me a better one as a result of that challenge. Lit Mag continues to illuminate the hidden talents of so many of our fellow students. It forces us to pause and take notice of what others have to say.

Thank you to Victoria, Chloe, Bless, Julia, Natalie, and Jessica for all of your help this year. And a special thanks to Mr. Hiatt, without whose help this magazine would not be possible. We've all shared many laughs this year (which is why we have had to postpone so many of our deadlines!) and the occasional crisis, but despite all the madness, I will certainly miss the countless hours I have spent with the Lit Mag family.

Yours truly,

Anna Bella Korbatov

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for opening your copy of *From Within*! I have a hard time believing that this is my last time working on the BHHS Literary Magazine staff. We've come a very long way in the last four years!

To our wonderful assistant editors, Julia and Natalie, thank you for your endless stream of exciting stories and enthusiasm for this amazing compilation of student work. Without you, this magazine would have no future. To Chloe and Bless, thank you for all of your endless patience and support. I fully expect amazing things from you next year! I am so impressed with you two and the quality of work you bring to this experience. Your dedication is unrivaled by any other staff members.

And to Anna Bella, my best friend and co-president of two clubs, where did the time go? Didn't we just show up at our very first meeting? Was that really four years ago? Either way, it's going to be strange going to college and not having you there. Thank you for being my best friend and main collaborator for the last four years. ☺ Without you, high school would have been a very lonely experience.

Finally, Mr. Hiatt, thank you for bringing this magazine back to life twenty years ago. You are so understanding and helpful; I don't think any other teacher in this school could possibly express your passion for this difficult yet pleasantly rewarding undertaking.

Now, as I remember all of the laughs, joy and excitement I've felt as a staff member of *From Within*, I invite you to read this labor of love. And, as always, goooooooo Normans!

With Love,

Victoria Gordon

**Dear Reader,**

It's been a great year  
So great it can only be  
Expressed in haikus

To Mr. Hiatt  
We'd be lost without you  
Thanks for everything

We present to you:  
Lit Mag 2011!  
For your enjoyment.

-Chloe

**Dear Reader,**

I hope you are as pleased with this year's magazine as I am. Although this year has been, to be completely honest, chaotic, I can proudly say our small staff has worked tediously to produce this small publication that we love.

I would first like to thank all of you who have submitted your work; it has truly been an enjoyable experience to spend my weekly lunches in Mr. Hiatt's room with fellow literary geeks analyzing your darkest, innermost thoughts and streams of consciousness (just kidding...well, I'm not joking about enjoying your work. We're all nerds). I would also like to thank Anna Bella, Chloe and Victoria for being a lovely group of people to work with. Anna Bella and Victoria, congratulations on graduating this year! I not only expect both of you to join Lit Mag at UC Berkeley and USC, but also know that you will both succeed in all of your endeavors, seeing as you are both highly intelligent and caring people. Chloe and I will make sure to send you a copy of Lit Mag next year!

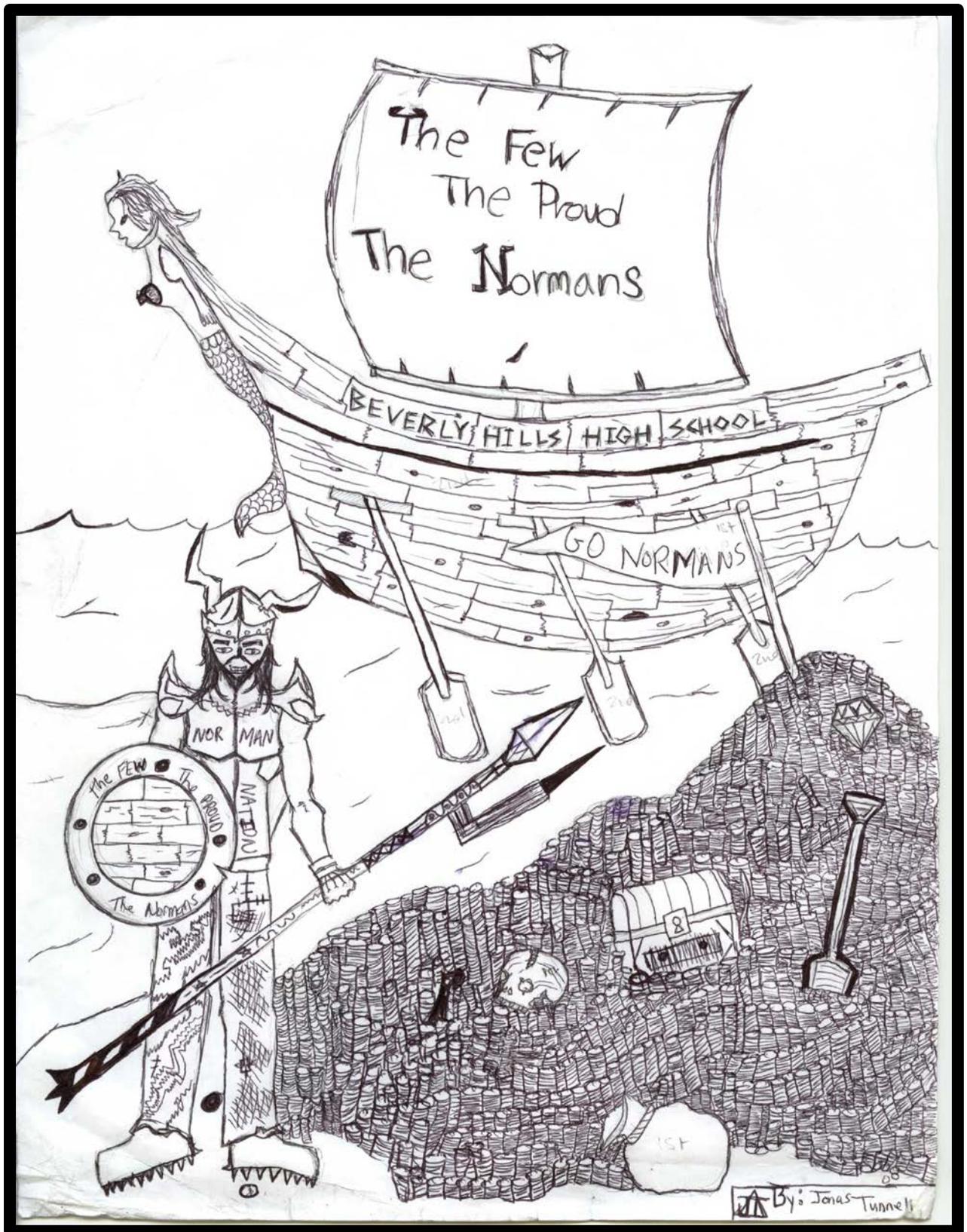
And to the ever eccentric and “unconventional” Chloe, I know we’ll do a wonderful job next year! I have confidence that we will fulfill all of our ambitions for this magazine and leave behind a legacy that will give Lit Mag the importance it had thirty years ago.

Last but not least, thank you Mr. Hiatt. We couldn’t have done anything (and I’m not exaggerating) without you. I will never forget your charismatic speeches, dashes to the cafeteria before the lunch bell and your Diet Coke. I promise to make you proud next year!

Sincerely,

Bless Bai





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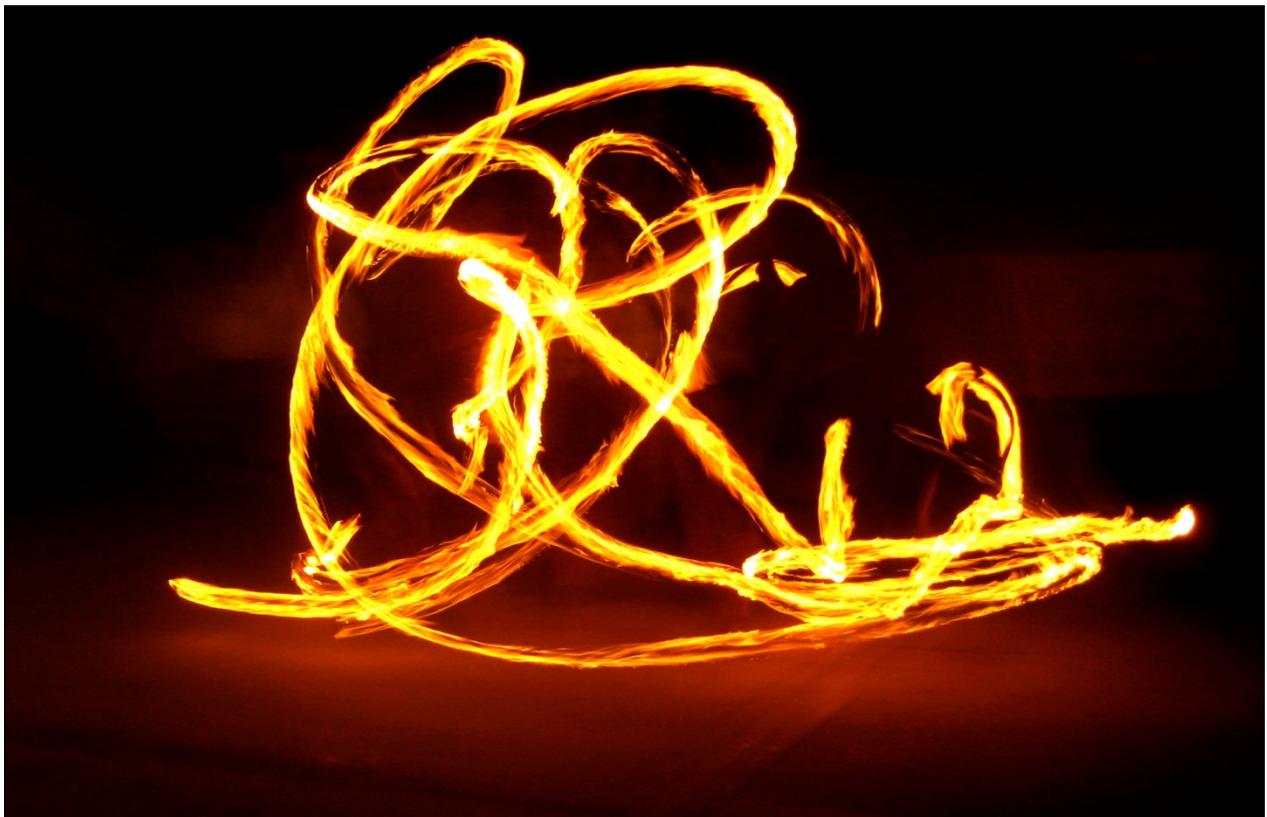
## The Painter by Cara Martinez

Stained horsehair battled the textured terrain,  
Which shined brightly beneath the electric sun.  
Each groove, each crack overflowed with colored rain.

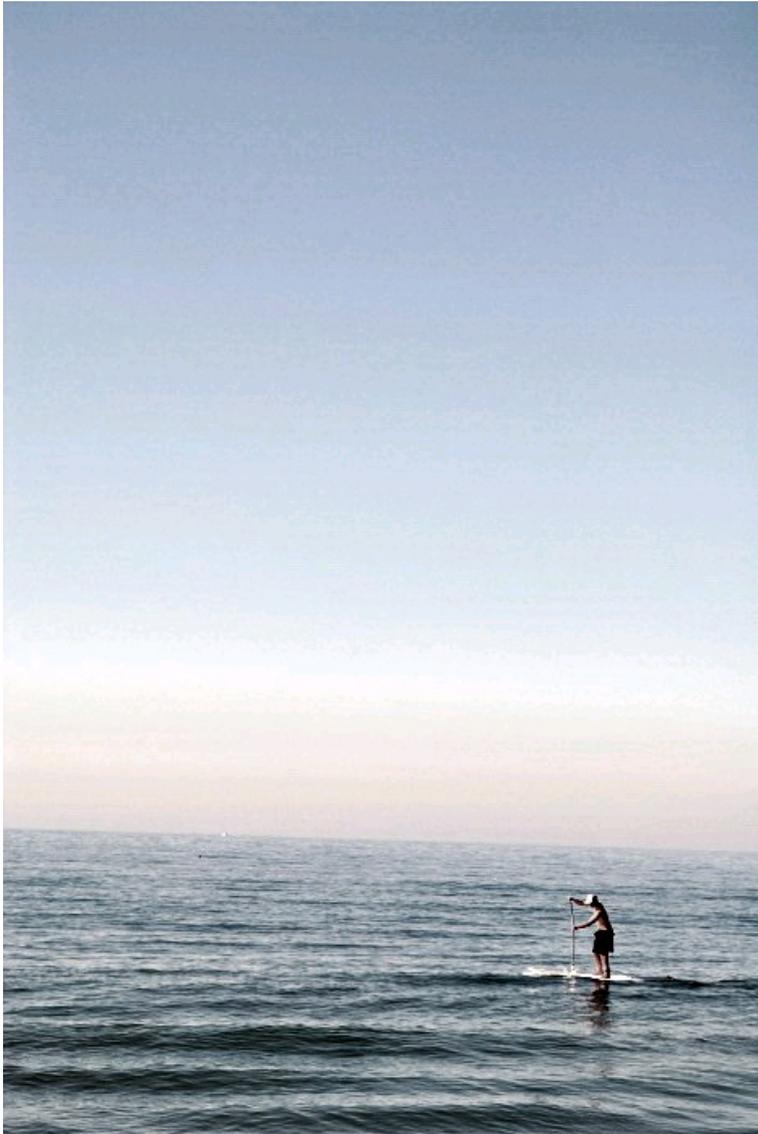
The Man shouted, "Let the crimson water run!"  
And waved his wand which wielded the stained horse hair,  
And brushed the land with color 'til He was done.

"When I finish, onto you people will stare,"  
The Man exclaimed, "for hours with amazement.  
Their mouths will say, 'To none will I compare

His work, because the piece supplies its own scent  
Which distinguishes Him from mediocre."  
This painted canvas hung and paid for his rent.



**Our Pier**  
Anonymous



I see you every time I turn the  
corner  
From the pier to the sand  
I can feel the way you run up to me  
And smile and take my hand  
And the sand between my toes as  
we walk towards the water  
And the sound of the waves and the  
birds and our laughter  
I can still see it  
It's as clear as the ocean  
I'd give anything  
For things to be that way again.  
So I go to the pier  
And I don't see your face  
I'll look around  
But it's not the same place

**The Little Things**  
by Nina Vir

New school supplies  
Jeans that fit like a glove  
Being missed  
Catchy commercials  
Being healthy after recovering from the flu  
Stumbling upon old songs and still being able to remember the lyrics



Pens that work really well  
Being surrounded with a mountain of blankets on a rainy day  
People who remember you after meeting you only once  
“Good morning” texts  
Schoolwork from when you were young  
Splashing into the pool for the very first time of the summer  
Looking through old photographs  
Hearing a baby’s uncontrollable laughter  
Finding money in your pockets  
Making a perfect signature  
Silences that aren’t awkward  
That “ah-ha” moment when you finally understand something  
Candid photographs  
Laughing until your stomach hurts  
Finishing your homework earlier than expected  
Knowing you put a smile on someone’s face

**Jew**  
by Hannah Gobani

The following poem was inspired by the novel *Night* by Eli Wiesel:

I wake up and I see father  
Smiling at me  
His smile is so happy  
I see mother  
Smiling at me  
Her smile is so lovingly  
I see sister  
Smiling at me  
She smiles at me so playfully  
I step outside  
I see people walking by  
Saying hi.  
Happy faces walking by  
So alive  
Except for one  
Who sticks out of the crowd  
Moshe the Beadle  
Talking about dead people  
Having to dig their own graves  
What a disgrace  
Against our race.  
But it's okay he's become crazy anyway  
I'll go my own way  
Today is a good day.  
There're smiling people everywhere.

## Decisions

Anonymous

Black.

Everyone is wearing black. I'm at my cousin Frust's funeral.

"See, this is what happens to people like that," sneered my mom.

My mom wasn't sneering because she hated my cousin; she loved him. She was sneering because she hates my friends. But my friends aren't like Frust. They only do drugs every now and again and it's not like they do serious drugs.

"Hey, Fence," said Venge, who was with Paris Cansis Peterson but we just call her PCP and Ronnie.

"Hey you guys. What's up?"

"Us soon," snickered Ronnie. "Look what we got." He showed me four pills he had in a little baggie.

"Nhaa."

"Aww, come on babe," Venge said with a wink.

"Uh, No."

I watched as they popped the pills.

We started walking down random neighborhoods. Being high, Venge, PCP, and Ronnie thought everything was hilarious. I didn't.

"I'm hungry, you guys," whined PCP.

"Me too," said Venge.

"Me too, too," said Ronnie giggling.

"Stupid, you mean me three." Venge said, pushing Ronnie slightly.

"No. I mean what I said."

"You're stupid."

"Shut up."

"Why doesn't your face shut up?"

"Why don't you both shut up!" I snapped at them.

"Does anybody have money for food?" PCP whined.

"No."

"Nope."

"No," I said. It was a lie. I had five dollars, but I wasn't going to tell them that.

We turned a corner to see the Candy Stand. A little girl went up to the owner to buy some candy.

"Did you remember your money this time?" asked the man.

"Yes I did," replied the little girl.

"I want that girl's candy," PCP said eyeing the little girl as she walked our way.

"Ok," the boys said in unison. Venge grabbed the candy while Ronnie pushed the little girl. She began to weep.

"What's wrong with you guys!" I shouted as I pushed the guys out of the way to help the girl.

"Aw, leave the little brat," said Venge as they started to walk away.

"No! You guys are such losers." I helped the little girl to her feet.

"Are you ok?"

She sniffled, "Yeah." She wiped the tears out of her eyes.

“Here, I have five dollars. I’ll buy you some more candy.” I grabbed her hand.  
She looked up at me with her deep blue eyes.  
“Are they your friends?”  
I watched their backs as they walked away.  
“No, they’re not.”  
The little girl and I walked hand and hand down Quiescent to the Candy Stand.

## My Complete Appreciation by Julia Waldow

It’s always hard to be alone,  
I feel in need of a hug and a home.  
I want to feel special and like I belong,  
And it’s hard when everything seems to go wrong.

It’s always hard to be mad,  
I feel like I’m losing all control that I had.  
I feel like a tornado spiraling down,  
And it’s hard when nobody else is around.

It’s always hard to feel stressed,  
I feel like I’m in the center of a big mess.  
I feel like I’m helpless and weak,  
And want to say words but can’t seem to speak.

But there’s always some light at the end,  
When I am in need of the comfort of a friend.  
You reach out from wherever you are,  
And give me the hope that I’ve needed thus far.

So thank you for everything you’ve given me,  
From turtle balloons to your cupcakes—so yummy.  
From ice cream sorbet to laughs at the movies,  
From history class antics to \$9.80.

From helping me when I’m sick and down,  
To making me laugh and clowning around.  
When I’m standing at a crossroads and don’t know what to do,  
You come, take my hand, and we walk on through.

Each one of us is a separate entity,  
But together, we all are linked tightly.  
We are united wherever we go,  
Through our veins, friendship will forever flow.

## Last Night

by Lauren Kiesel & Joseph John

Walking down the hallway in my school  
Looking all around and feeling like a fool—again  
Last weekend I was hanging with guys  
it turned out was such a surprise  
And I didn't mean for this to happen again  
You were just supposed to be friend—but

Chorus:

Last night it felt so right with you  
We're friends I know I shouldn't do this with you  
We should have never been alone  
Last night, last night, can't be undone

All of my friends are saying I've changed  
But they just don't get it temptation's to blame  
And deep inside I know the truth  
I'd give it all to find my one true love  
But I find myself again  
Lying here with just my friends and

Chorus

But next time you see me, you'll be wondering how I feel  
But the truth is that I told you, this could never, ever, ever, be for real

Chorus



(Click the play button above to hear the song.)

*Sweet Summer or Wondrous Winter?*  
by Ella Shostak



Birds chirping, plants thriving, sun shining,  
The blossomed flowers, the crystal blue sky, and the gorgeous green grass,  
Or the fresh chilly air and beautiful flakes of snow,  
Cloudy skies and pouring rain,  
But what about sitting by the pleasant water and enjoying nature bloom,  
Feeling the soft wind run through your face and the sweet scent of flowers?  
But I can't forget the refreshing winter air and the magic of falling snow,  
Or frolicking in the snow and walking through rain,  
Is it the sweet summer time I long for or the wondrous winter?  
I am content and able to enjoy them both

## The Abyss Max Stahl



A deep black sky shrouds me in a  
veil of darkness,  
Pierced only by the creeping fingers  
Of a full moon's light, poking  
through the ample trees.  
A cool, eerie breeze taps my  
shoulder, then disappears into the  
night.  
Ahead, a blanket of fog obscures  
what remains of my vision,  
Leaving the details of the ghostly  
night to my imagination.

I hear a rustling behind me,  
But when I whip my head around,  
Nothing is there.  
Another sound.  
Nothing.

The moon's fingers have now returned to their owner.  
My guilt of the previous night's affairs dissolves into terror.  
My heart is a beating drum.  
The whole forest gathers to attend its matinee performance.  
It quickens its tempo,  
To the delight of the uncanny audience.  
I begin to run.  
A tree sticks out a root and trips me.

Dazed, I stumble, regain my footing,  
When a dark form approaches.  
His hood conceals his face,  
And I hide mine.  
He beckons.  
My feet carry me towards the ominous figure.

Time stops.  
I am hurled into a boundless abyss,  
Falling at the speed of light,  
Yet I don't move at all, as the barren surroundings don't alter.  
A throbbing, pulsating red-orange encompasses me.  
Vibrations of fear travel up my spine, towards my heart.

Around me, as if projected on a screen,  
Indistinct figures take form,  
Growing in magnitude with despair.  
The scenery changes.  
In focus, then out, then in focus again.  
I witness the gruesome details of the previous night's mishaps;  
Each repulsive spectacle sends my stomach churning.  
And as remorse floods out of my soul, the figures dissipate.

A loud screech fills my head.  
Dizzy, I begin to see swirling colors,  
Red, yellow, orange, purple.  
A stairway appears before me.  
I look toward the top, find a faint light.  
It shimmers, calling me,  
Begging me to climb.

Using the last of my strength, I journey upward.  
But a wall covers the light,  
Obscuring the beacon of hope.  
I cannot move.  
Limp, I fall off the stairway.

My mind is a bomb, set to explode any minute  
It throbs to the same beat as the red-orange backdrop  
The has lingered at the back of my mind  
The light no longer draws me in.

Suddenly, heat. One hundred degrees.  
My blood begins to boil, slowly eating my flesh.  
I desperately try to scramble away, but I can't.  
It grows hotter.  
The heat scalds my skin, and I watch as it turns to dust.

My body is now compressing.  
My legs and arms are squeezed into my torso.  
My head recoils inward.  
My stomach burns like an oven.  
I am now a pathetic ball of what once was a human being.

A cloud of despair envelops me.  
Slimy tendrils emerge from it and pull out my heart,  
I am now a forlorn creature  
Condemned to a frail half-existence.  
Crestfallen, I weep.

I see my mother's face.  
She is smiling, and I weakly smile back.  
The screeching ceases.  
The heat reverts to its original state.  
The colors slow to a stop.  
Then, all is dark.



## In The Eye of the Beholder By Madison Kern

Multitudes of objects, actions, people  
Are considered art  
But what defines art from another wall  
Covered with paint and psychedelic pictures  
What is the difference between a mash of musical notes  
And a symphony.  
Dots, brushes, lines,  
Attempting to arrange into a conceivable idea  
What is “artistic”?  
A masterpiece to some,  
An atrocity to others,  
But whom do we believe  
Who dictates to us what we see or hear?  
For none of our ideas are purely original,  
But rather a motley of different perspectives we are supposed to have.  
Is it erratic movements, unorthodox, unnatural  
Or a world-renowned ballet?  
Are the classics really so great  
Or have we devolved to the point of losing our own opinions?  
Have we lost the drive, ambition, crave  
To create a world, a place, for the viewer to escape to  
If even for a moment.  
We still produce manufactured goods  
But what nuance is there to each upcoming piece  
The will to change, to evolve, to rebel against tradition  
Has somehow been lost, dissipated to the point of oblivion.  
With each new generation comes new hope, but also new fears  
Something that spoke to someone a century ago  
Becomes a meaningless splash of paint to us  
Will this downward spiral end?  
Or are we doomed to conservatism in which we currently preside  
Because what defines art is what defines the era  
The history of its audience  
The value of art is in the eye of the beholder,  
And with the path the world is taking,  
I fear for the art that will shadow.

## Another Year Gone By by Donya Enayati

We wait by the fireplace, my family and I,  
And stare at our TV as the minutes go by.

Tens of balloons and banners are hanging in the air,  
And desserts are sprawled on the table everywhere.

I prepare to say goodbye to yet another year  
And welcome 2011 with plenty of joy and cheer.

I can't believe the year is now about to end.  
We're saying goodbye right at the start of the weekend.

2010 entered our lives not long ago.  
Where did all the time go?

As I reflect back on this year's memories,  
I remember all my troubles and get weak at the knees.

But then I look back on all the good times I've had  
And the tons of new friends I've made,  
And I hope this new, coming year will  
Be full of positive experiences that from my memory will never fade.

The countdown now begins on the TV,  
And suddenly Times Square is all I see.

The clock starts ticking as seconds flee,  
And now we're down to 5, 4, 3...

I hold my breath and stare in awe  
As the clock strikes midnight.  
I can't believe what I just saw.  
Another year gone; what an incredible sight.

As my parents give each other a new year's kiss,  
I grab and hug my younger brother and sis.

My body grows calm, and my mind falls into a deep zen  
As I finally say goodbye to 2010.

## A Run to Remember

Anonymous

I surnamed it the track of death. But since I had been forbidden to return, I had recaptured it in a much better light. In my remodeled memory, it took on a glorious shape; it represented my old conqueror days. I decided to return last night. I began to run, faster and faster, feeling invincible. As I picked up speed, memories and reality confounded. The lighting was the same as my last relay over a year ago. The track felt the same, but I did not. I was losing speed; I could not keep up my pace. I could hear my teammates cheer for me as I ran the anchor leg. I pushed myself further. Coming to the corner before the last stretch, I saw on one side the encouraging faces of friends, and on the other the custodian waving his keys in a sign that it was time to go. My heart was in it but my lungs were not. I turned up my music so as to attenuate my loud panting. Louder and louder, but I could not go. Slowly, my legs and arms began to feel numb. Coach yelled at me to keep going, but I could not. Then time stopped as I saw a green light turned red on the adjacent street, a car crash. I saw myself fall to the ground. I had not crossed the finish line. I close my eyes, hearing only the music, the music that had extinguished all sounds of past glory. I stood back up and walked away from that track of death. It had been nothing but a run to remember.

## College

Anonymous

I don't want to leave Beverly Hills High.  
Next year I'm going to college, and surely I will die.  
I will have to study harder and work will be more.  
If this is the case, why would I go to college for?  
I'm Asian, and this means no frat parties for me...  
And my parents will still beat me if I get a B.  
I thought college would be like Asher Roth's rap song.  
However, I found out that I was dead wrong.  
Maybe after high school I'll go get a job.  
To get easy money, maybe I'll work for the mob.  
Maybe I can look for treasure like a pirate would.  
I'll live my life without going to college. I could. I could.

You Told Me  
by Danielle Abramov



It's morning  
Get up  
Rise from your bed,  
Don't be stubborn.

Put your clothes on.  
Go outside for a walk.  
Eat  
Drink  
See your friends.

Play  
Skip  
Jump  
Get out of bed.

It's time for you  
To be happy again.

368 days have gone by  
The doctors said it would take a year.  
Stop pouting, don't be sad,  
Get out of bed.

It's Tuesday

You promised you would help me bake.  
I miss your smile, your laugh, your stories.

I'm too sad, too scared to visit you  
Grandma told me you would see me soon.

It used to be me

In bed all day.

When I was down you said

One day the sun will shine

On my face.

I'll blink and open my eyes and you'll say

Let's go

It's a brand new day.

Come out and play.

I did

And now it's your turn.

Knock, knock, knock,

It's me, Daddy

You say come back in a little bit.

Please let me in.

It's morning

Get up

It's a brand new day.

It's time for you

To be happy again.

**Dear Son**  
by Hannah Gobani

Take my hand son  
Hold it tight  
For tonight might be our last night  
I think I can no longer fight.  
And I see your face filled with fright.  
Hold my hand  
Hold it tight  
For I will know you're alright  
Though it's not a promise, we can only dream  
I hope that you one day bask in the sun's beam  
I know it hurts to see me burn out  
Like a candle in the night  
Just keep holding me  
It will be alright.

**Sunset**  
Anonymous

I remember the day  
You reached for my hand  
drew our initials in a heart in the sand  
sitting on the beach  
together as one  
holding hands  
and watching the sun  
together we built so many things  
and we'll break them too  
I'll fade away just like the sunset  
As beautiful colors change to dark blue.

Rain.  
Dani Klemes

Silver light, heavy pour,  
You could say it's the rain,  
But it's something more.



Beyond the crystalline fog and the soggy leaves,  
There's something there,  
Beyond long sleeves.

Past the misted umbrella and the yellow rain coat,  
The rain has a presence,  
Besides sore throats.

Through the dew-dropped shrubs and the flooded streets,  
Don't run from the rain,  
To hide under your sheets.

On the muddy, wet lawns where dogs run to play,  
After drying their paws,  
Taking the remnants away.

Rain is a diamond, a diamond in the rough,  
If you can't see what I mean,  
You haven't looked hard enough.

## A Moment's Silence

Anonymous

A moment's silence. The adrenaline rushes through my veins. I take a deep breath in, hold it for a split-second, and set my fingers down on the slick cool keys. I begin to play. The hammers spring to life, striking the steel strings. The strings vibrate with a D, an A, a B, an F#, a G, their dulcet tones reverberating against the oak soundboard. The room fills with sound, permeated by the loudest of chords and the faintest of notes. Ten minutes later, as my fingers cover the hard keys, they now feel the slightest bit warmer.

Twelve years of recitals and still nervous, I've gone through the ritual of performing yearly at piano competitions. I'm faced with that single anticipated moment when the tiny hairs on the back of my neck stand on edge, and despite the fact that some in the crowd wouldn't know if I hit a wrong note, to me their ears demand perfection.

The music is a mixture of crescendos and staccatos, sharps and flats, minors and majors, and it all comes together to make an ephemeral masterpiece. And as I strike that C, that D, that A#, they're not just notes, but parts of history. As I play Chopin's Valse Op. 64 No. 2 I imagine myself dancing among Vienna's finest royalty in a ballroom fit for a king. Copland's Cat and Mouse puts me in the middle of the Cold War, sitting with a metal briefcase with a big red button. With Rachmaninov's Prelude in C# minor, I'm trudging through the thick Russian snow to try and find my way home.

From the practice to the performance, that piano is not simply hammers hitting keys. Stalingrad's snow falls on my living room couch, Vienna's royalty dances in the dining room, and Kissinger argues with Brezhnev in the bedroom next door. And this is what keeps me going—the notes sustain briefly, raising eternal feeling. Hours of practice develop a voice that evokes the sincerest of emotion, the subtlety of feeling.

The pianist before me has just finished playing. She's taken her curtsy, and I'm ready to stand up. I'm not just ready. I'm going to make it snow.

## Together We Can by Jared Sleisenger

The synergy of you and me is the strongest force

Our minds and souls put together will take us on our course

To change the world

To make reality

All we've ever dreamt

Imagine

Together

What we can attempt

"When the power of love overcomes the love for power the world will know peace"

Together we can



(Click the play button above to hear the song.)

## Running Away From Tomorrow

Anonymous

Run faster, run longer  
Play better, play stronger

These are the words that taunt me  
These are the words that haunt me

I'm that golden boy who everybody wants to be  
Everybody, except me

What if I don't want to be that football jock?  
What if I just want to be in a band and rock?

I can't escape my chosen fate  
Every time I try, it's just too late

My parents are dictators, constantly hovering over my head  
As I'm thrown into a sea of expectations that I'm desperately trying to tread

Rich, tall, handsome, and smart  
All the traits that are tearing me apart

When will I finally be free?  
From all this pain and misery?

When will I have a chance to be me?  
When will I stand up against my parents and let everything be?

I feel like a rabbit, trapped in such a narrow hole  
With no way out as restraint starts to take its toll

Nobody will notice if I decide to run away from here  
My parents wouldn't even shed a tear

So let's give them something to cry for  
When they find out that their son didn't want to live any more

I can hear it now; it would be the talk of the town  
That kid who pulled his own trigger, O such a clown

For clown I may be, but I will not sit here and let everybody control me  
I will show them what I am worth and let them see me for me

Goodbye endless suffering, goodbye endless sorrow  
Now it's time to turn off the lights for there will be no tomorrow

Run faster, run longer  
Play better, play stronger

Those were the words that taunted me  
Those were the words that haunted me

I am free  
I am free



## while the city sleeps

by Anna Bella Korbatov



The city sleeps on empty streets  
A vacant dance floor  
Leaves twirl and flip at the  
touch of a celestial breath  
Soot and dust scurry off  
Revealing her clean face  
Scrubbed fresh by last night's  
street sweeping  
If only for a few hours  
A sparse canvas, solitude  
Her streets are unburdened by  
the weight of crowds  
So she quietly exhales  
Nothing escapes without the  
eye's notice  
Because almost nothing stirs at  
all  
Wander her streets  
Just as the streetlights flicker  
off  
And you'll notice  
That the café crows are regulars  
Perched on swirly-iron trellises,  
They pinch crumbs that the city  
folk left behind  
Never to know that the freedom  
they seek  
Hides while the city sleeps

## The Traveler by David Wang

There once was a traveler  
Who visited a village suffering from hunger.  
The traveler ate delicious looking fruits  
and threw their remains  
all over the village.  
The hungry villagers despised him  
and so he left.

There once was a traveler  
Who visited a village suffering from a frigid weather.  
The traveler hunted down animals  
and used their fur  
to keep warm.  
The freezing villagers despised him  
and so he left.

There was a traveler  
Who visited a village suffering from poverty.  
The traveler brought so much money  
and spent it  
in front of the villagers.  
The impoverished villagers despised him  
and so he left.

There was a traveler  
Who visited a village suffering from inner conflict.  
The traveler came up to the villagers  
and told them how peaceful  
his hometown is.  
The quarrelsome villagers despised him  
and so he left.

A few years after his journey was over,

The hungry village became rife with food,  
because the seeds the traveler littered  
grew into many fruit trees.

The villagers from the cold village  
learned from the traveler and  
made their own coats to stay warm.

The poor village became rich



from all the money the traveler  
spent during his stay.  
The villagers from the divisive village  
envied the traveler's hometown  
and ended their hostility towards each other.

Reminiscing about his journey,  
the traveler passed away  
with a smile.

And there are many flowers on his grave today.

## Pain and Defeat

Anonymous

Defeat, it hurts.  
Not in a physical way, but rather in a gut-wrenching way.  
Mentally down with nothing left to give,  
Falling down the ladder of success.  
Giving up seems like the best option,  
At least, this way, there will be no more losing.  
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to hide,  
What will I do next?

The pain lingers as time passes,  
The day remains dark.  
But to get over the wall of failure,  
I must break to build.  
Rid the mind and soul of all things lost,  
Except for the lessons each taught.  
The pain is temporary,  
Through perseverance the pain leaves.

Each defeat, each lesson,  
Leads to a stronger foundation.  
Those that get through the rough,  
Make it to the top of the ladder.  
Failure after failure leads to success,  
Which is where I will be.  
Focus on the positives,  
Mind over pain,  
Mind over defeat.

## Backgammon Sets, Silly Interrogators, and a Mission by Natalie Gordon

"I didn't do it I tell you, frankly I don't even know why the heck I am here. I don't even know what the crime is."

"Oh...I think you and I both know that you know exactly what we're talking about." He said this all very quickly, took a sip of coffee, trying to look very cool and menacing and managed to spill it all over himself. He didn't even notice he had spilled the coffee until it had practically dyed his entire pristine white shirt brown.

"Ahh, ahh, ahhhhh....it's hot!" he cried, while waving his arms about, as though he thought doing that would make the coffee suddenly go away. Then, as he reached for napkins, he spilled even more coffee and slipped in the ever-growing coffee puddle. I was starting to get the sense that this man was a real bumbling idiot—scratch that—I knew this man was a bumbling idiot. When things finally calmed down, (if that was even possible), he put on a new shirt and I interjected with this little statement. "To respond to your last comment, we are not *talking* about anything, you are questioning me, and spilling coffee on yourself, and I'm very confused as to why I'm here."

"Alright, alright you're free to go," said Deputy Montgomery as he gesticulated defeat and nonchalance.

"I hauled you in here to make it look like we're solving this case." He said as he de-cuffed me from the table.

"What case?"

"You haven't heard about the Backgammon case, where sets of Backgammon are disappearing all over households in this great nation?" "Oh...I thought that was a joke."

"Well, sir, it isn't." It's a very serious matter. Backgammon is a fun and mind-provoking game.

Mind provoking for idiots, I thought.

"Oh, and a few Yatzee sets have been stolen too, but I've never been much of a fan of that game anyway."

"Oh ok, well, I'd better go."

"The weird thing is that these games seem to be vanishing after family gatherings."

"Very interesting, but I've really gotta go." I was starting to get irritated, plus I had to get home. It was almost dark, and I could see rain clouds forming.

"Ok, well nice interrogating you."

I opened my mouth to tell him exactly how annoying this entire ordeal was, but I promptly closed my mouth, because I knew if I got him talking again, he would babble on about the Case of the Missing Foam Fingers or something equally ridiculous. I mean, really, he's randomly interrogating innocent civilians about a couple of missing games... this is ludicrous.

Then I slipped out to my car, opened the trunk, and made sure that all of the Backgammon games were still there, undetected. Mission accomplished.

**Dear Playstation**  
by Jack Mulholland

(Click the box below to see the movie.)



## Letting Go Anonymous

I miss the smells  
I miss the sights  
I miss the people  
That were so nice.

I must move on  
And live my life  
It won't get easier  
But I sure hope it might.

The glimpse of hope  
The sparkle in an eye  
Are the only things left  
That keep me living  
life.

I will not look back  
To the dark times of the past  
But to my future instead  
And the good times ahead.



## A Fish's Tale by Deena Baum

Fishy, oh fishy  
Sing out to me.  
You swim in the ocean  
For as far as you see

Tell me a story  
Of watery telling  
Of high end adventure  
That is mostly worth selling.

“For sure,” Fishy says.  
He wiggles and sings,  
“I’ll tell you a story  
As sure as I have wings.”

And this is his story  
Almost word for word.  
But don't you blame me  
If you find it absurd.

It began in the sea  
Not so long ago  
Right near a rocky beach  
That had coral below.

A fish was swimming  
Nearing the shore  
When a worm appeared.  
And what was more?

The fish shrugged  
And he grabbed the treat  
Which lifted him up  
And off his feet.

“What is this?” the fish cried  
As he flopped around  
“Where am I?” he said  
As he landed on the ground.

“Oh my!” cried the fisherman  
Jumping with glee.  
“What a fat fish!” he said,  
“What a sight to see!”

“Excuse me!” exclaimed the fish,  
“That wasn't at all nice!  
I don't insult your weight;  
You insulted me twice!”

“Oh dear, you're right,”  
The fisherman sighed.  
“That wasn't at all nice.  
I'd rather I lied.”

“Darn right you should have!”  
The fish shouted back.  
He let out a string of profanity  
Which most fish don't lack.

The fisherman gasped.  
He did not want this fish.  
He tossed the fish back  
With no other wish.

And so the fish swam  
Away from the shore.  
And that is the end.  
You won't hear any more.

## The Heart

Anonymous

The Heart  
Do you ever think about your heart?  
Is it just an ordinary body part?  
It can make you fall apart  
But it's been with you from the start  
And without it you'd depart  
But it creates such a work of art,  
You

## The Last Song

by Hannah Gobani

I play the tune of a million sorrows  
Knowing I may not see these people tomorrow  
Bonded over the same fear  
No longer risking shedding more tears  
I stroke this bow back and forth  
I'm afraid this is my last memory  
I'll see you all in case of memories  
I do this for myself, to hear one last time  
For tomorrow I won't see the sun shine  
This emaciated body will lie cadaverously  
All this macabre no longer fazes me  
For my ashes shall soon fly in the wind  
Let my music serenade your souls  
For it will be the last story I have told

## Artistic Credits

Alex Massachi...Cover

Jonas Tunelli...5

Ashley Sadighpour...7, 34

Sora Chee...8, 17, 21, 24, 29, 30, 36

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