

This magazine was produced by the students in the Labyrinth Magazine (Journalism II) and Graphic Design classes at T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria, VA, under the direction of Margaret Appleby and Taki Sidley. Students used Adobe Photoshop CS5 and Adobe InDesign CS5 to lay out the magazine.

Visit us at www.wearethetitans.com for additional copies while supplies last.

cover by Ian Zuidema



This edition of Labyrinth magazine is based on the theme "juxtaposition". Throughout the year we had contests based on the theme of juxtaposing ideas (e.g. 'illusion versus reality' and 'work and play"). We received a lot of excellent art, photography, and writing created by the students of T.C. Williams High School.

Unfortunately, we were not able to include everything due to limited space. We are proud to share Labyrinth and what TC Williams students have to offer.

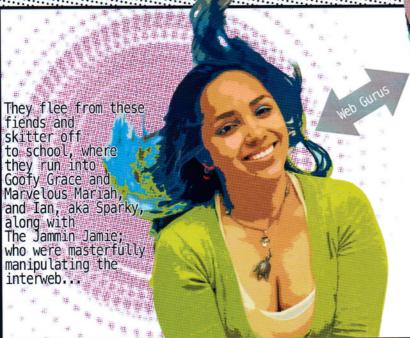
Enjoy!

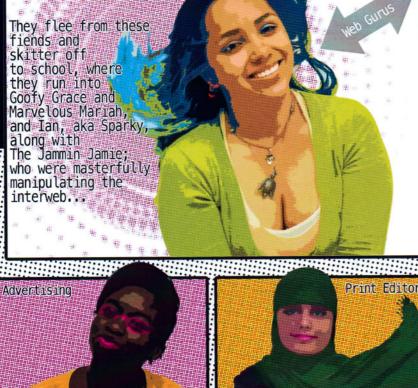
Corey Lorenz Beth Robson

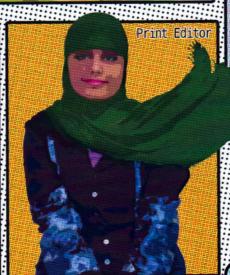
















greeted by the Daring Diamond,
Magical Mahnoor, and Dazzling
Dashawn, where they all finally
work on LABYRINTH magazine...



GEORGE ALBERTS	42
BRADLEY ASHE	44,45
Ammana Bajwa	73
AYANA BEST	72,73
JAMIE CAMPOS	42,43
EMMA CARLISLE-RESKE	29
CONRADO CASTRO	49
CAROLINE CHAMBERLAIN	52,53,56
HANNAH CLARK	50
ROSSYLN CRUTCHFIELD	60
ALEJANDRO CRUZ-LEMUS	27
EMILY DOOLEY	68,69
GRACE DUNN	47
ASHLEY DURRETT	41,68,69
Dashawn Eubanks	36
JENNA GADWAY	61
KATIE GRIFFIN	31
MICHAEL HAILU	40,59
TRULYND HALL	52
HALEY HARRINGTON	22
MIA HARRIS	59
KATHRYN HENDLEY <mark></mark>	37
MACAELA HUDDLE	65
JOSEPH JACKSON	18
REBECCA KAHN	35
CAROLINE KEE	19,26

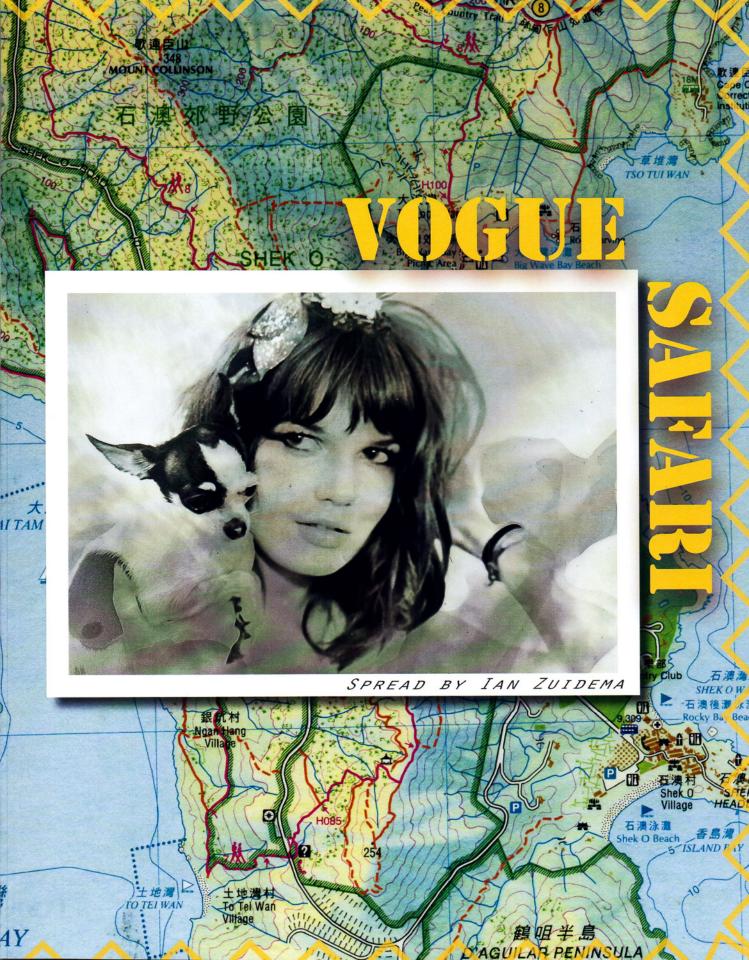
table of contents

ALEXANDRA LEMPKE	2,3
TAYLOR LINCOLN	32
KARLY LOAIZA	32,75,76,77
COREY LORENZ	.14,15,20,30,48
FRISLY MARROQUIN-LOPEZ	61
ANDREW NIPPER	63
TREJUAN RICHARDSON	62
BETH ROBSON	66
JAMIE SMITH-WHITE	58
SHANNON SMYTHE	28
IEVA SOPAITE	8,25,30,33,39
SEAN SPIVEY	
RAINIE SUMMA	13
SARA TARICCO	. 21
AMELIA UNDERWOOD	. 24, 25, 70
NATALIE VANEGAS	.57
CAROLINE VAN ZOREN	.53
CALEB VOGT	16,17,58,80
MARGARET WEST	.80
ABBY WILSON	.16,17
CHRISTINA WOHLER	9,12,28,34,46,51
RUTH YARED	. 54 . 55
SCOTT YOUNG	. 78 , 79
ALLIE ZICKAR	. 23 , 71
IAN ZUIDEMA	.10,11,24,36,38,74,cover











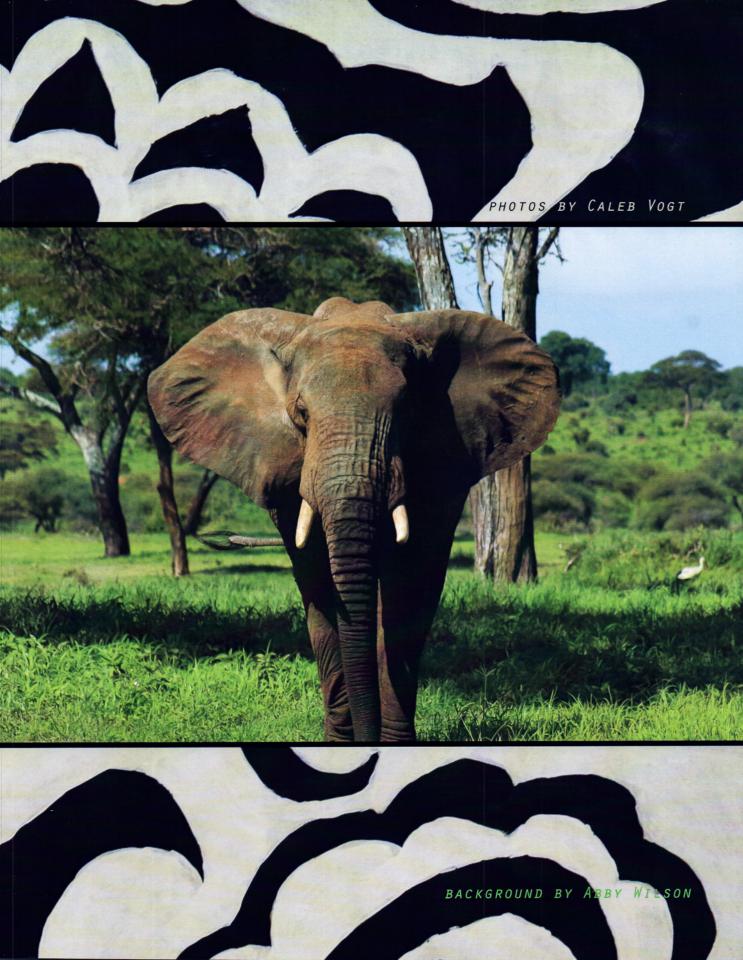


ART BY RAINIE SUMMA









JUXTAPOSITION OH JUXTAPOSITION

What's your definition oh what's your definition?

I have to mention that I'm on a mission

to compare and contrast using Juxtaposition

I ONCE LIVED IN A SMALL HOUSE THEN RECENTLY MOVED
TO A BIG DISTINCTIVE HOUSE WITH MANY ROOMS
I TAKE PICTURES OF MY OLD HOUSE AND EVEN THE NEW
WHEN YOU JUXTAPOSE THE TWO WHAT WOULD YOU ASSUME

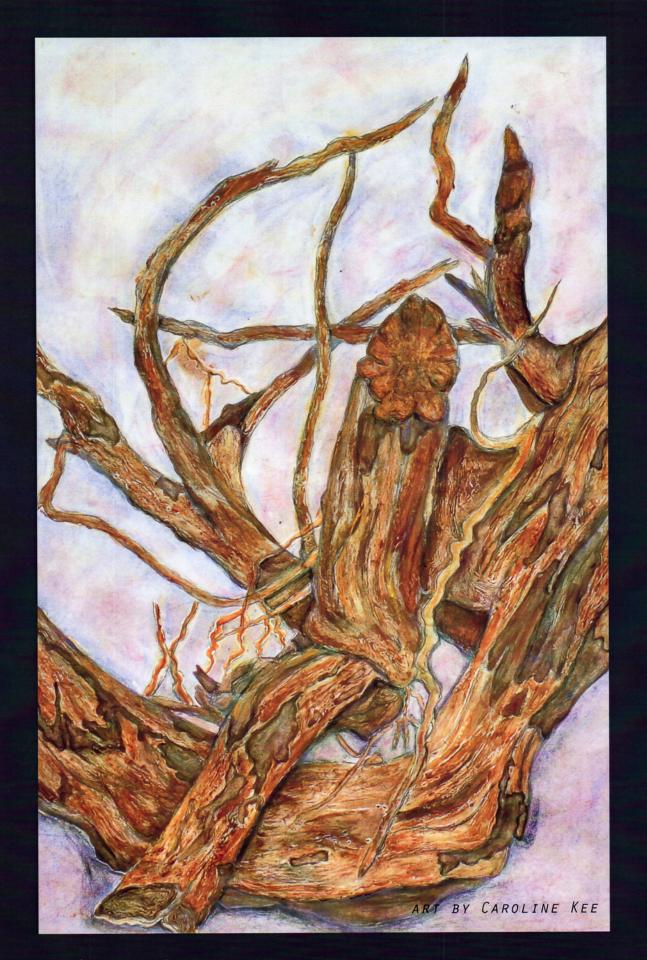
WOULD YOU LOOK AND LAUGH OR COMPARE AND CONTRAST
WITH WIDE OPEN EYES PLACING THE PICTURES SIDE BY SIDE
PARTLY SURPRISED BETWEEN THE TWO
WHAT'S THE BIG DIFFERENCE TO YOU?

One house is bigger than the other
If you don't get the picture pull them closer to each other
Look at the shape and distinctive look
It's like comparing two sides of a picture book

JUXTAPOSITION OH JUXTAPOSITION

I FOUND YOUR DEFINITION OH I FOUND YOUR DEFINITION
I HAVE TO MENTION THAT I'VE COMPLETED MY MISSION
NOW I UNDERSTAND THE USE OF JUXTAPOSITION

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH JACKSON





ART BY COREY LORENZ



ART BY CAROLINE KEE

Ode to Nothingness

moment which we take for granted colorless devoid of definable emotions yet full of so much more

soundless, filling the room with invisible pianos playing the key...
of crickets through the mind
formless, whose shape stuns those who take their time to notice,
the smooth and beautiful rough and flowing edges
hidden in its vastness

a room filled with the deepest crevices of space and time giving its own tribute to the anythings and everythings of the world

the absence of light, the sound of creativity taking flight 3...2......

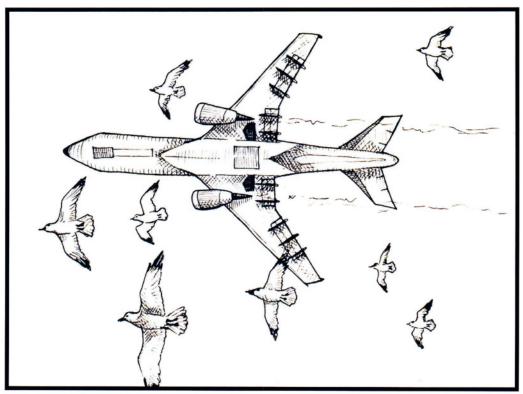
never has something so empty turned into something so unusual

With the slightest dimming of the lights...

enclose me Oh Nothingness

for your absence showers me in its purity

written by Alejandro Cruz-Lemus



ART BY CHRISTINA WOHLER



PHOTO BY SHANNON SMYTHE

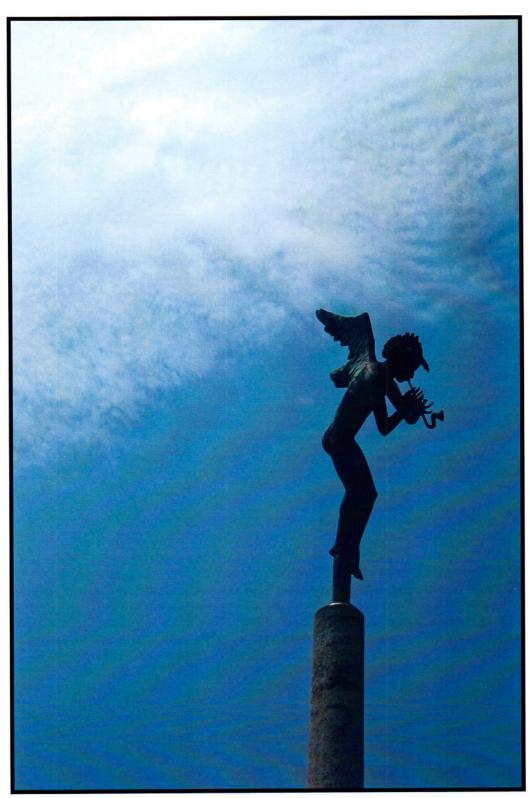
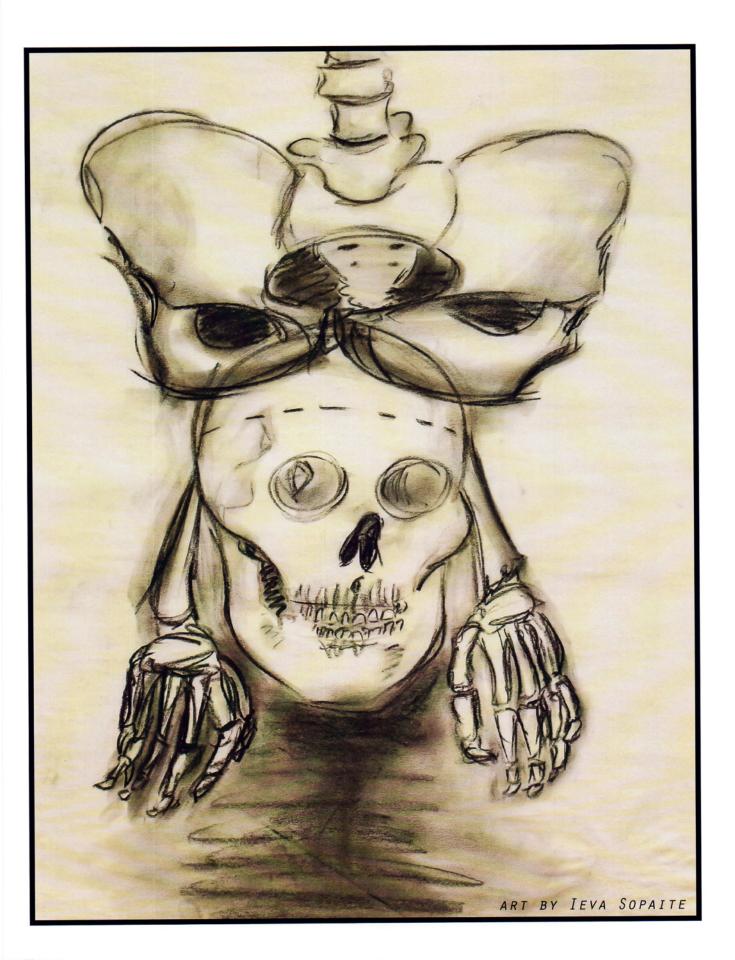


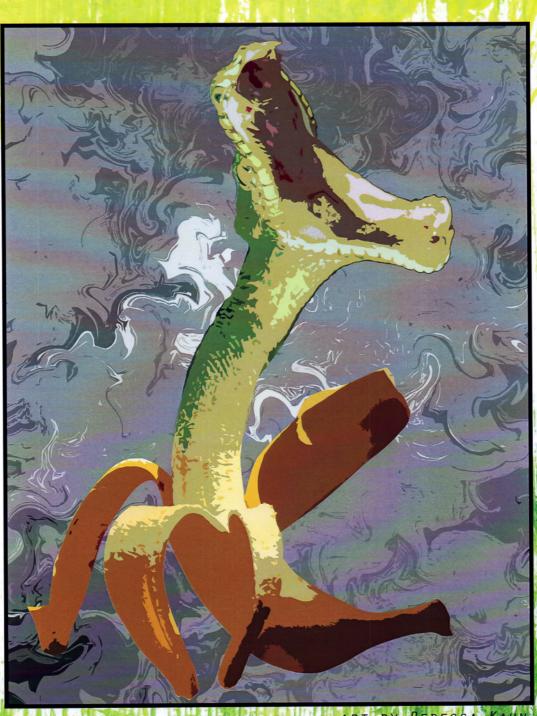
PHOTO BY EMMA CARLISLE RESKE







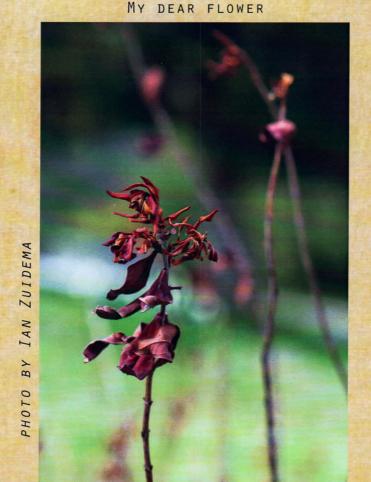
ART BY CHRISTINA WOHLER



ART BY REBECCA KAHN

My Dear Flowers WRITTEN BY DASHAWN EUBANKS

THE BEGINNING OF WHAT I THOUGHT WAS FOREVER IT GREW SO FAST; AND THEN IT DIED THE SUN IS STILL SHINING ON IT BUT WHERE DID IT GO; ALL ALONE AT THE END OF ITS GROWTH THE FLOWER IS NO LONGER A FLOWER DEAD AND GONE I CAN REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS JUST A SEED IN THE SOIL THEN IT BLOOMED FROM A BUSH PINK AND YELLOW AND NOW THE RAIN DROPS FROM THE SKY AS IT DRIES UP; MY FLOWER; THE SHINE WILL SOON COME OUT I SHALL KEEP THE MEMORIES FOREVER IN MY HEART I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL MATCHING THE FLOWER WITH MY DRESS I LOVED MY FLOWER MY FLOWER AND NOTHING LESS I'LL MISS YOU AND WISH YOU THE BEST











This mind of magic wonder and fear Has led me to many places, my dear But the best, by far are those unseen Because those are caked in mystery

The real world, let's face it, is boring at best So let's add a little wide-open Wild West Or how about a dash of wonderland And perhaps a sprinkle of Father Time's sand

"Your world is what you make it" this statement is true
So why don't we make a little witches brew
And add a few dragons, dust for good luck
And what world is finished without a few locks

It's your world, make it so
Or you may never know where you could go
So pack up your things climb down a cliff
There may be a griffin hiding underneath

If there's one thing I say though, let it be this
Follow your heart and there's no way you could miss
Keep your hopes up and never quit trying
And one day you'll look down and see that you're flying

written by Ashley Durrett

PEACE, WAR, AND VICE VERSA WRITTEN BY GEORGE ALBERTS

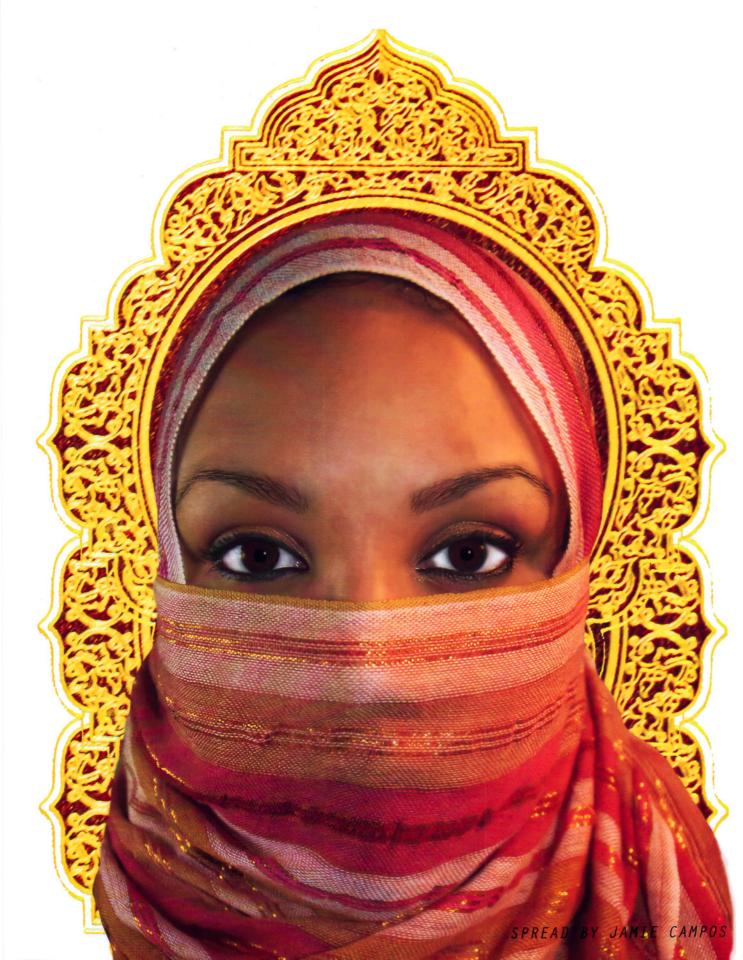
THE GROUNDS OF WAR AND GROUNDS OF PEACE
SIDE BY SIDE THEY LAY
EXISTING FOREVERMORE
TWO COUNTRIES NAMED OF PEACE AND WAR

THE LAND OF WAR STAINS RED AND BLACK
OF DEATH AND CARNAGE AND STEEL
AS THE COUNTRY OF PEACE
REMAINS DULL AND BLEAK
AND EXCITEMENT LIMPS ON FRAIL

THESE COUNTRIES CANNOT RESIDE AS NEIGHBORS
FOR ONE WOULD SURELY ENSLAVE THE OTHER
A RIVER BE PLACED AT THE BORDER
A RIVER THAT FLOWS WITH LAW AND ORDER

Though the banks of each side have no where to hide from its counterpart's thoughts and actions they each stay the same though the river remains a stew for each other's views and reactions







The Waves of the Ocean written by Bradley Ashe

The waves of the ocean calmly flow Through the morning and the night It's hard to say where they will go

The wind tosses the water with its vicious blow Causing terror and a fright The waves of the ocean calm and flow

Shorelines surrender, slipping with the undertow Waves crashing endlessly, putting up a fight It's hard to say where they will all go

The ocean is a live show
Always changing within sight
The waves of the ocean calm and flow

Reflecting, let your imagination grow Extending and reaching to a new height It's hard to say where they will all go

Try to capture every high and every low But you never can, try as you might The waves of the ocean calm and flow It's hard to say where they will go Music written by Bradley Ashe

Music is my life, a forever flowing piece If it was a woman I would marry her Music fills my soul up like eating a feast

Music comes out my mouth and through my teeth Music warms my heart like cats and fur Music is my life, a forever flowing piece

I would move in with music and sign that lease
If I had to trade it for something I wouldn't bother
Music fills my soul up like eating a feast

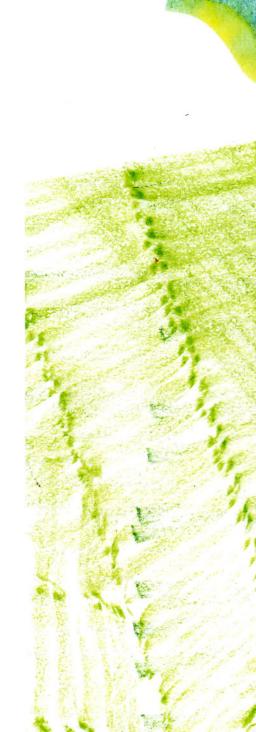
I'm always in tune never missing a beat You hear a beat in cats when they purr Music is my life, forever flowing piece

Music can be heard around and the streets

Music is my mother and father

Music fills my soul up like eating a feast

I can feel the music dancing in my feet It stays in you even as a toddler Music is my life, a forever flowing piece Music fills my soul up like eating a feast



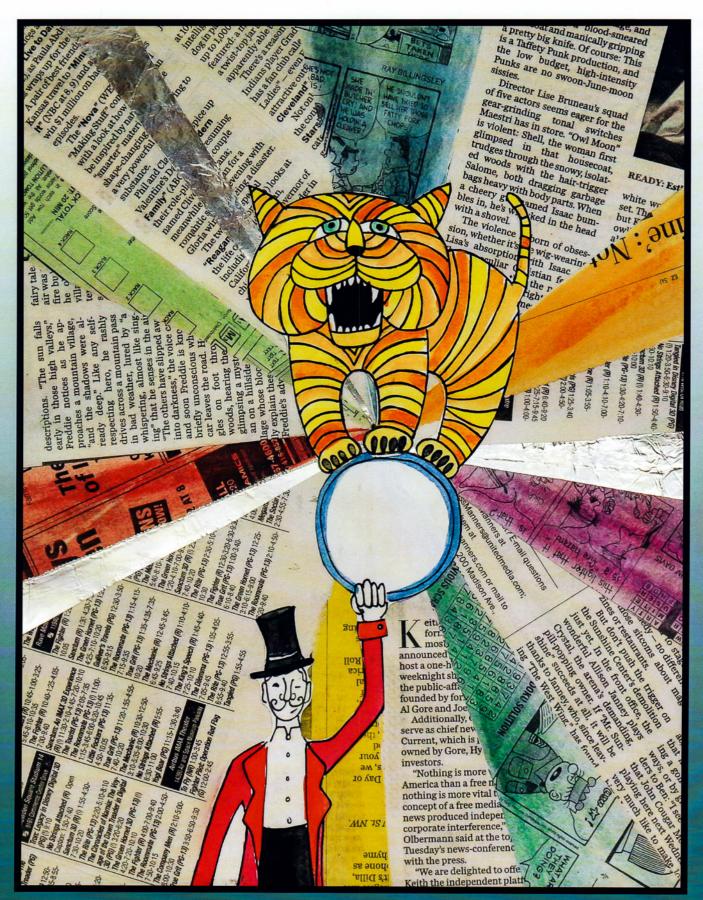


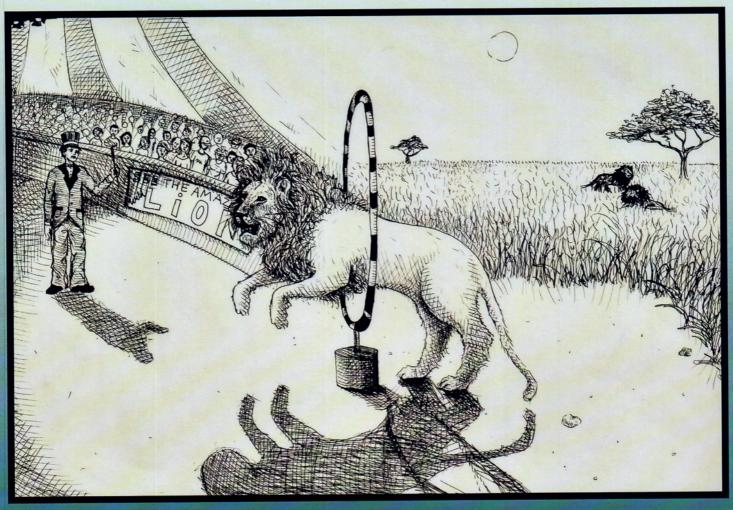




Illusion of the Deepest Form written by Conrado Castro

Everything is an illusion Cold stares are clearly beyond Some human forms Causing fragments to break Now they watch their soul rise Over the horizon illuminating back at them Flashing the light at them slowly It's not them who shines But what use to be them Everything is now shattered You can see the dimensions Of yourself My homie always told me Your reflection is another world So I'm looking into Its unknown unknowns Observing understanding My self My fragrance Contemplating As the world's axis shifts Iask What is real? What makes it so? Questions sometimes dim the light The inner glow That makes us Human-





ART BY CHRISTINA WOHLER



Driving

Oh no!

My little baby is growing up
I look upon the wall and see
Old pictures
She's just learning how to walk
Her first day of kindergarten
Her tenth birthday party
Then I look outside the window
And see her driving off
For the first time
Alone
By herself
No one else in the car with her

She backs out of the drive way
And drives down the street
She turns the corner and disappears from view

Seeing her grow up
Is so strange and terrifying
All at the same time
She used to rely on me for every single thing
"Mommy, can we go buy new shoes?"
"Mommy, can we go to the pool?"
"Mommy, can I go to my friend's house?"
Now she can drive herself
Wherever she wants
She's so much more independent now
And confident and mature

I wish we could go back
To when she used to shower me with
Hugs and kisses
And laugh at my jokes
And cuddle with me while reading
A bedtime story

She's growing up too fast Yet there's nothing I can do about it Yes! Finally! Today was the day I have been waiting for All my life

The day I could get my license

It has come after many years
Of waiting
Of longing
And of thin patience
After countless hours
Of practice behind the wheel
And of my parents white knuckles
Gripping the door next to them
Trying hard not to yell
But still showing sheer terror

Ever since I was a little girl
I've wanted to be able
To drive off into the sunset
To drive to friend's houses
To the pool
To the mall
Anywhere to my heart's delight

And now I'm finally able to travel In any direction I please I have a new-found freedom More independence More opportunities

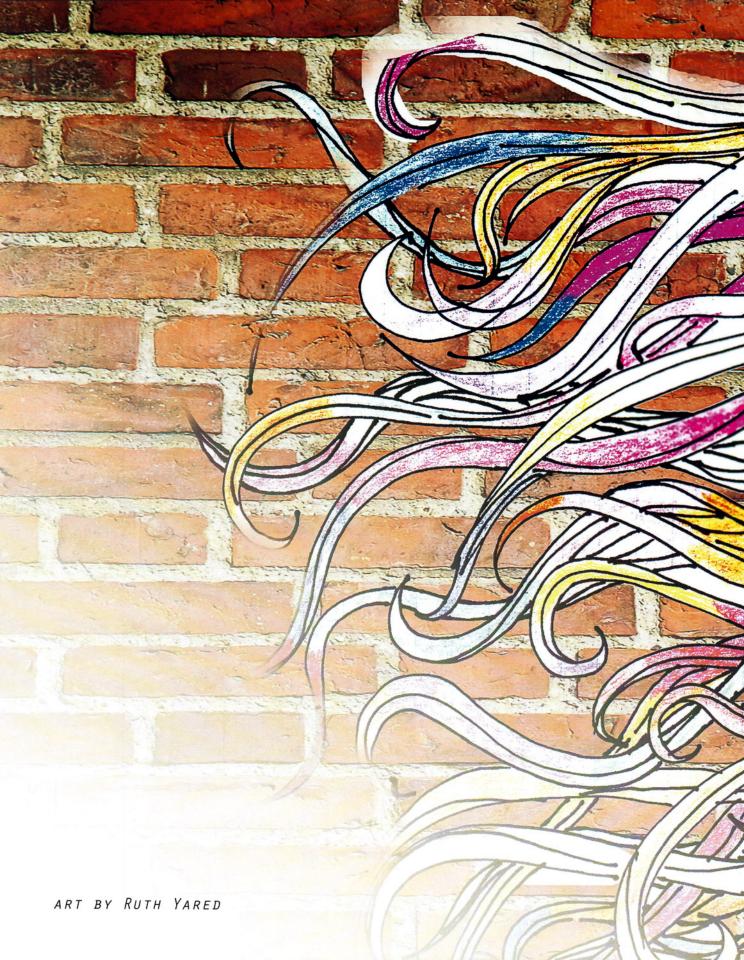
I have a way
To leave the house when I'm about to blow
Or when I just need to get out of there

This freedom feels so amazing I hope it will never go away

written by Caroline Chamberlain



ART BY CAROLINE VAN ZOREN





A Vilanelle

The frigid water laps against my toes
Its cool touch stops all sensation in my feet
The river before me ripples and flows

I shiver as the wind around me blows
The sun's rays between the leaves don't provide much heat
The frigid water laps against my toes

My sister taunts me to dunk in the water below I consider jumping in and not accepting defeat. The river before me ripples and flows

I step in a bit further, my feet have froze
My legs are at the point where pain and numbress meet
The frigid water laps against my toes

The setting sun on the water shimmers and glows My aching body is feeling quite beat The river before me ripples and flows

As the day now comes to a close My mind plays back memories on repeat The frigid water laps against my toes The river before me ripples and flows

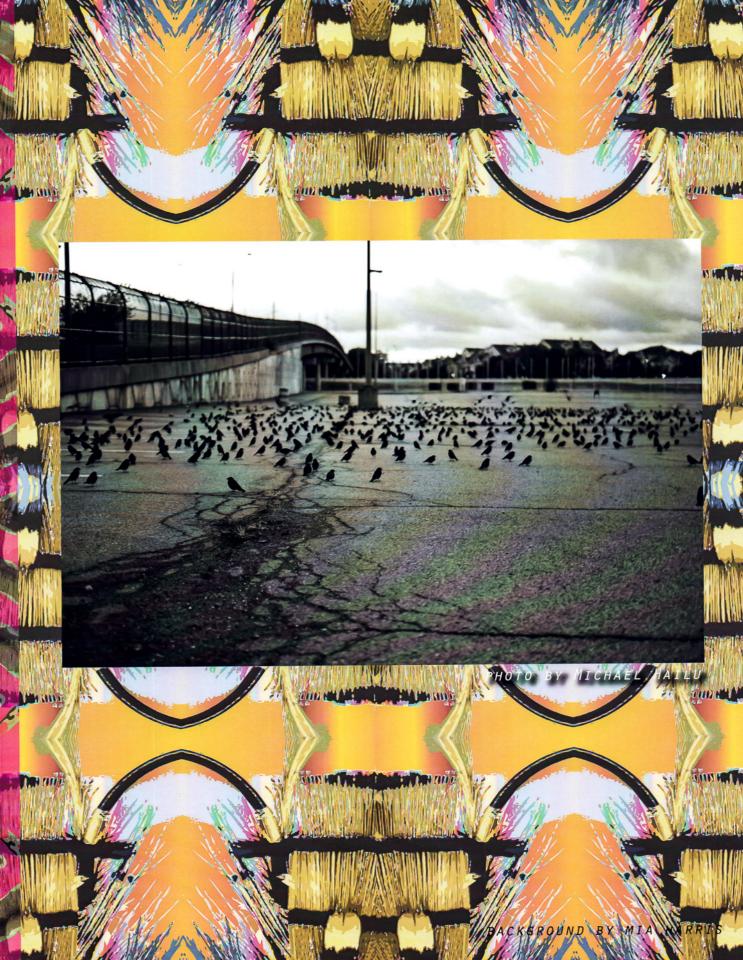
written by Caroline Chamberlain

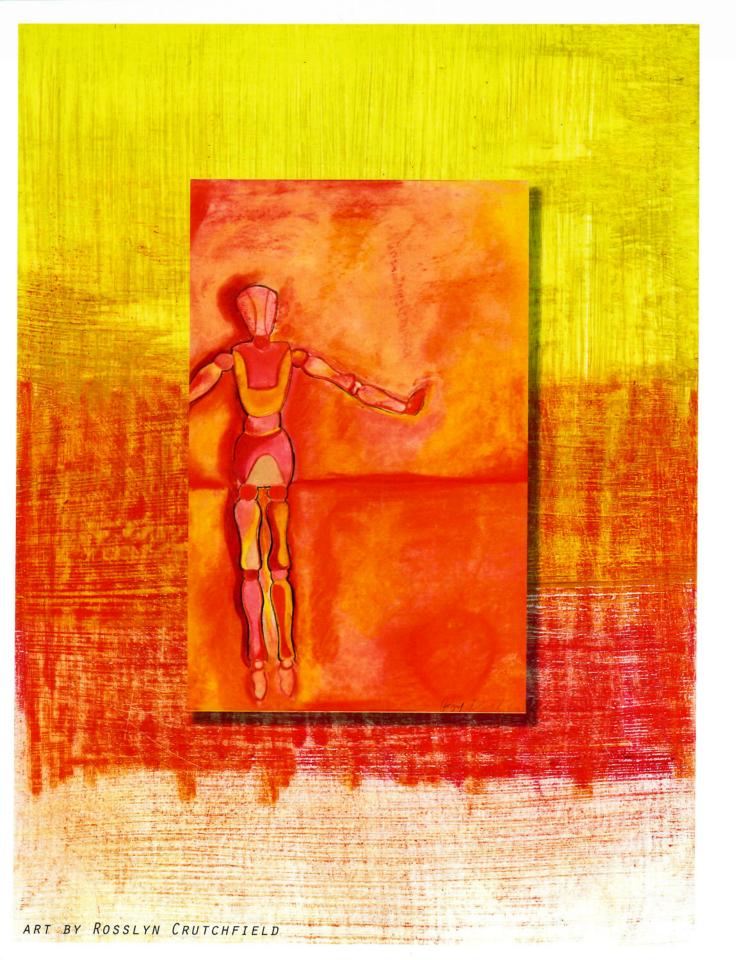




PHOTOS BY NATALIE VANEGAS











ART BY FRISLY MARROQUIN LOPEZ

ART BY JENNA GADWAY

The Scale of Life written by Trejuan Richardson

There is a black
There is a gray
There was a white
The white is stained a little more with every putrid thought
Slowly turning this beautiful pale canvas into art
The painting of a picture of someone
The art of living
As more strokes of gray are laid over upon this canvas
The picture fades to black
This creates the scale of life



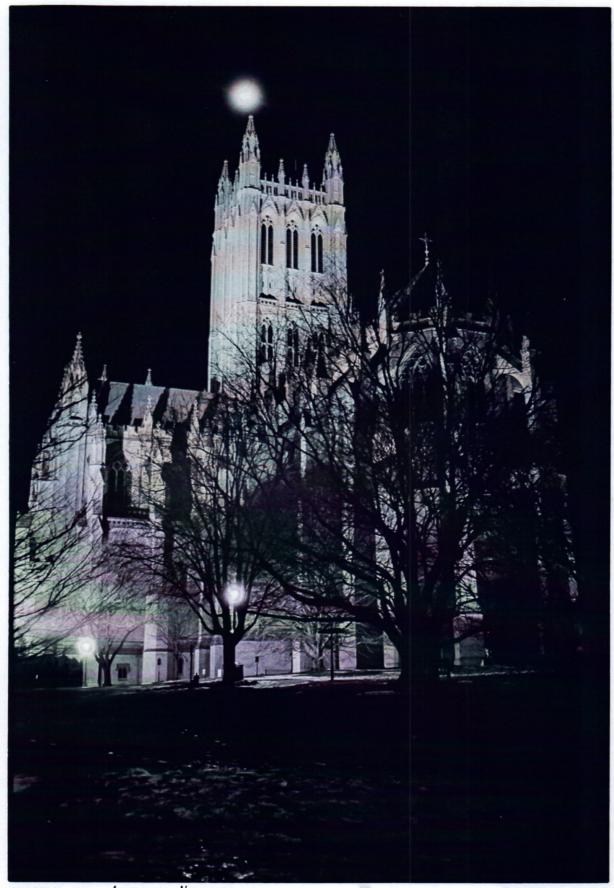


PHOTO BY ANDREW NIPPER

FORGOTTEN

THE WIND BLEW GENTLY AGAINST THE WINDOW. IT TAPPED AGAINST IT AS IF IT WANTED TO GET IN. IT WAS QUIET THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE, EXCEPT FOR THE CLOCK TICKING ON THE KITCHEN WALL. TIME SEEMED TO SLOW DOWN WHEN NOBODY WAS HOME. THE CLOCKED TICKED SLOWER, THE WIND TAPS FASTER. EVERYTHING WAS STILL, IT WAS TIME FOR EVERYTHING TO REST. THE CLOCK STOPPED TICKING. HANDS STAYED IN PLACE. SILENCE.

The hum of the refrigerator broke the silence. It hummed a familiar tune. One that seemed to go unnoticed by the people that lived in this house, but not by everything else. The wind stopped tapping to hear the sound of the refrigerator. It was humming its, and everything else's, favorite tune.

FIVE MINUTES LATER IT STOPPED. THE SONG ENDED AND IT WAS TIME TO REST AGAIN. THE WIND BEGAN TO TAP AGAIN. A FAMILIAR TAP THAT SEEMED TO GO UNNOTICED NOW. BUT IT WASN'T. THE CLOCK REMAINED SILENT. DROPS OF WATER BEGAN TO DROP FROM THE FAUCET. RAPIDLY IT DROPPED, SLOWING DOWN AFTER EVERY DROP. ANOTHER FAMILIAR SOUND THAT WENT UNNOTICED. BUT AT THE SAME TIME IT WASN'T. SLOWLY THE DROPS CONTINUED TO FALL. WITHIN TWO MINUTES THEY COMPLETELY STOPPED. THE FAMILIAR TAPPING OF THE WIND STARTED AGAIN.

Then a tapping began. Louder. From outside. The wind was blowing a branch. It was knocking against the window. A loud noise that fills the house. The air conditioner came on. A beautiful noise it used to be. It was still beautiful, but not as beautiful as before. Again everything else stopped. They put the air conditioner to sleep at night because of the song it sings. What the humans don't know is that the air conditioner is very sick. So is the clock. The clock is constantly forgetting the right time.

A LOUD SOUND MAKES EVERYTHING JUMP. IT GETS HOT AS THE AIR CONDITIONER TURNS OFF, THE AIR CONDITIONER COUGHED ITS LAST COUGH AND DIED. THE CLOCK HASN'T MOVED IN A WHILE. THE CLOCK HAS DIED, TOO. AN UNFAMILIAR SOUND AND FEEL SCARES THE HOUSE. A CRACKLE. THE SOUND IS SPREADING THROUGH THE HOUSE. WHATEVER IS MAKING THAT SOUND IS HURTING THE HOUSE. IT GETS BIGGER AND BIGGER AND THE PAIN GETS DEEPER AND DEEPER. THE SOUND IS MAKING THINGS DISAPPEAR AS IT SPREADS, FIRST THE CLOCK IS GONE, THEN DISHWASHER, STOVE, REFRIGERATOR, AND SO ON. HOT WAS THE LAST THING THESE THINGS FELT.

THE HOUSE CLOSES ITS EYES WHILE IT TAKES ITS LAST BREATH.

ITS LAST BLOW. GONE. EVERYTHING GONE. SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN.

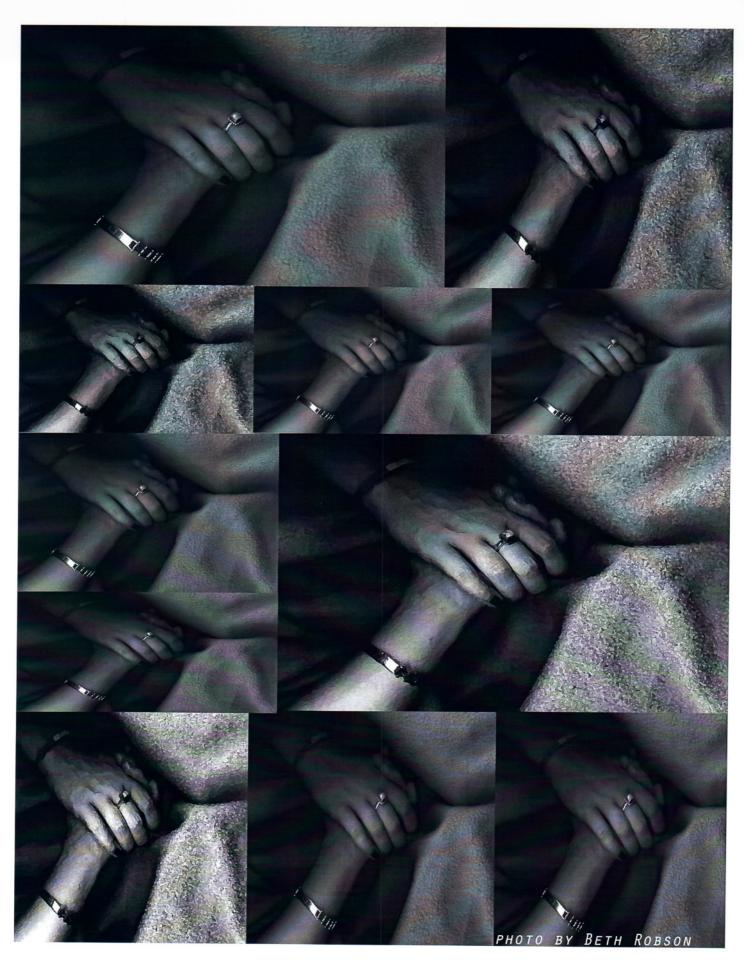
AS THEY WILL SOON BE REPLACED. JUST AS THEY ALWAYS ARE.

FORGOTTEN.

WRITTEN BY SEAN SPIVEY



PHOTO BY MACAELA HUDDLE





This mind of magic wonder and fear Has led me to many places, my dear But the best, by far are those unseen Because those are caked in mystery

The real world, let's face it, is boring at best So let's add a little wide-open Wild West Or how about a dash of wonderland And perhaps a sprinkle of Father Time's sand

"Your world is what you make it" this statement is true. So why don't we make a little witches brew And add a few dragons, dust for good luck And what world is finished without a few lochs

It's your world, make it so
Ot you may never know where you could go
So pack up your things climb downed cliff
There may be a griffin hiding underneath



PHOTOS BY EMILY DOOLEY



If there's one thing I say though, let it be this
Follow your heart and there's no way you could miss.
Keep your hopes up and never quit trying
And one day you'll look down and see that you're flying
Talking frogs turn into lewies.
Blue water dances in the breeze
Talking trees whisper in my ear
"This is your home, we'll always be near."

Plants of green, purple, red, and black Lead me through your world and back Ivory stones lead to a fountain so dear While fish swim, undaunted nothing to fear

A river of blue, shades of purple and green
The water nymphs swim, happy to be
The facries dancing in their gentle wind
While the green man, though smiling, refuses to bend

Birds of many feathers fly together overhead Returning from the cold night they had fled I close my eyes and sleep but then Hope that soon I will return again

written by Ashley Durrett

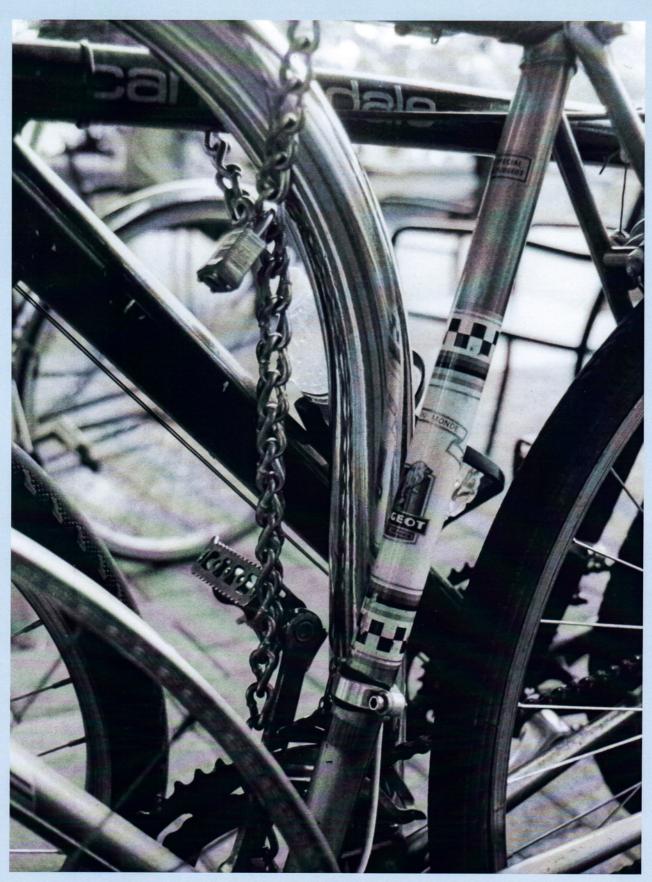


PHOTO BY AMELIA UNDERWOOD

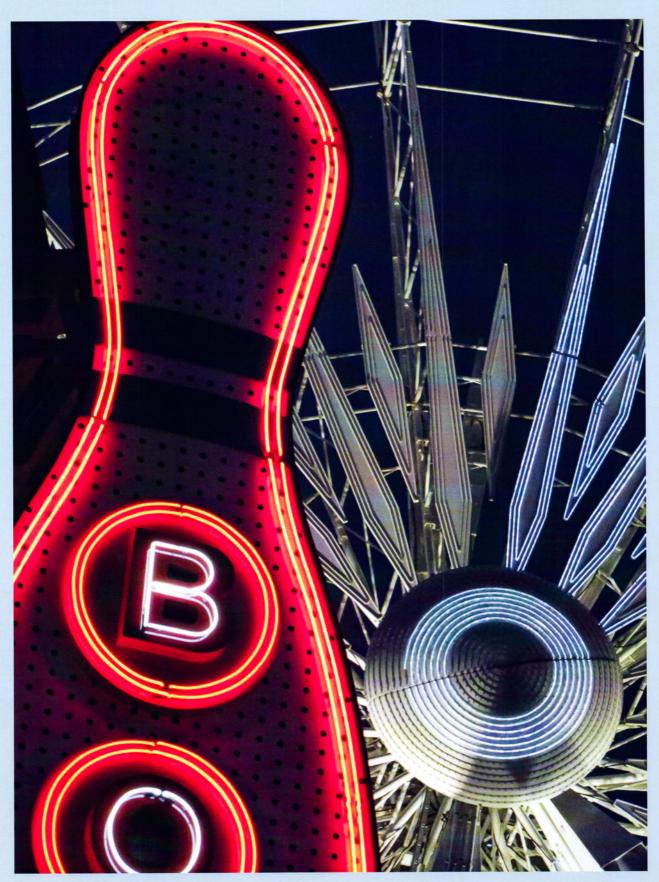


PHOTO BY ALLIE ZICKAR

JENNY

Jenny walked out of the school twenty minutes after the bell rang. It was still March and horribly cold and there were less kids milling around outside than usual. She walked past the catcallers on the stairs, not seeming to hear their remarks. She walked slowly towards the parking lot completely unaware of the greeting she received from an old teacher. She accidentally bumped a boy as he leaned over to put papers in his backpack and the papers dropped everywhere. She kept walking, not seeming to notice that or the insults he shouted at her back as she walked on. She reached her car and threw her backpack in the trunk. She opened her door, and then she suddenly slammed it. Kicking her tires she turned around violently and leaned against the car, dramatically throwing her arm over her face. She stayed there like that for a good ten minutes as students and teachers all got into their cars and left and the parents of delinquents arrived.

It was 3:55. She left her car and walked in the direction opposite of home. If she went there she would have to explain to her mother why she was suspended for ditching school the fifth time that semester. She didn't feel like going home and battling another shouting match with David, her mother's boyfriend, over this issue. She already knew she wouldn't win since her mom always took his side anyway, besides she couldn't explain why she ditched... she just didn't want to be in school. So she headed in the direction of downtown, where she used to live when her parents were together. It wouldn't be that pleasant of a visit since all of the people there had become cold towards them since they had left. Even in school, kids that she used to hang out with shunned her and made remarks about her mother and what they thought of her because of her decision to date the local slumlord. He had been accused of fraud, theft, assault, and even murder. But all Jenny's mother cared about was that he was wealthy and now Jenny and her mother lived in a nice house and Jenny had been given a car. It had been decided for her that she wouldn't visit her old home anymore and she hadn't seen neighbors- like her amá Rosaria and "Tia" Lilia, both of whom had been like family to her-, or anyone for that matter, for years. Jenny knew that everyone in the neighborhood probably talked badly about her, and not just her mom, now too.

However, none of that mattered because she was counting on her mind being all cleared up before she reached "those people", as her mother referred to them. It was a long walk. Her feet felt as if the were weighted down by lead and her shoulders, even though she had ditched the backpack, felt as though they were being dragged down and attempting to take the rest of her with them. She walked with her head down and although it was cold and she had forgotten her jacket in the car she felt nothing.

After a while, she realized she was downtown. Here, as cars went past, some of them would honk at her. The young unemployed men who loitered on the sidewalks would shout lewd comments to her from the other side of the street. The smell of smoke and food surrounded the place like a dense, invisible, fog. Hurbano music floated out into the streets from every other shop and groups of young girls could be seen walking down the street singing loudly when they heard a song they liked. Jenny looked at them and how happy they seemed and how she used to do that too, perhaps even with those same girls. She walked on and ignored their snickers and sneers as they passed her. Past the last shop on the main road there were only houses. They were small and ill-maintained but the people chatting on the stoops looked happy.

Sometimes a woman with a child or some man going into his house would look up as she'd past and nod at her. An old woman with a bag full of groceries said "Buenas tardes chicita. ¿Como es tu madre?" Jenny answered that her mother was fine and helped her into the house. Then she kept walking. Her feet took her on the old route that she and her friends used to use when they were bored and had nowhere to go. But everywhere seemed deserted in the cold of December and she saw no one else. At a point her feet stopped and she looked up confused. Oh. She was in front of her old house. She could tell though it had been two years ago; the paint was peeling in the same places and the same lawn chair took a residence on the little patch of brown grass. She could see a car in the driveway which was unfamiliar to her but it had the same bumper stickers that the old family car used to have. She could tell someone was home, the lights were on and she could faintly hear the television on inside.

She stood there for a while unsure of what to do. Then a door two houses down opened and a woman in her housecoat looked out and stared at her. Forming her resolve she opened the gate in front of the sidewalk and went up to the door. She rang the doorbell then, remembering it didn't work, she knocked loudly so that the sound would be heard over the television. After a little while she heard someone walking towards the door and stepped back some as locks began to click.

"Hey dad." She muttered, "Long time, no see huh?"

He just looked at her for a while then grunted, "What do you think you're doin' coming around here, eh?" He turned around and walked away into living room. Jenny followed him and closed the door behind her. Once in the living room she stood next to the television awkwardly as he settled into his armchair. He sat there and ignored her, pretending to watch the news which she knew he hated. After a while she moved to sit on the couch and sighed.

At this he asked, "¿Bien? ¿Qué quieres?"

Looking down at her hands she frowned and said truthfully, "I don't know."



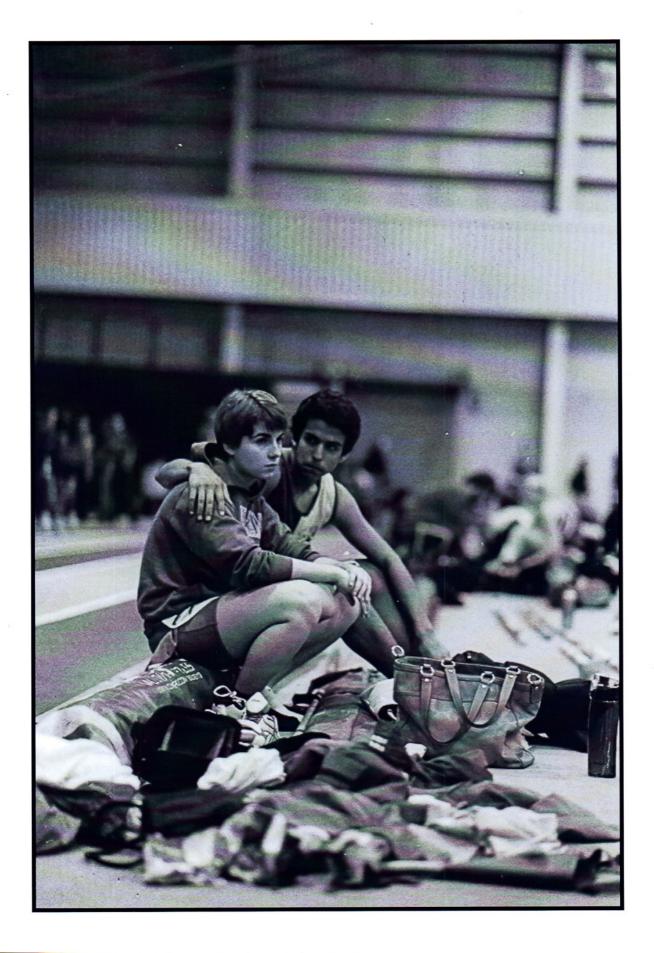


PHOTO BY IAN ZUIDEMA





SPREAD BY KARLY LOAIZA







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THE ALEXANDRIA CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS
WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO
THE CAREER AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION PROGRAM

THE ALEXANDRIA CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS SCHOOL BOARD

A Show of Hands
St. Elmo's Coffee Pub
The Dairy Godmother
Privileged Pets
Presto Valet

ART AND JEN ATKINS

ELLEN BALIS

RUTH AND MICHAEL CHAMOWITZ

KEVIN DOHMEN

MARGEE WALSH

JEAN SIDLEY AND BILL ZUCKERMAN

