

LABYRINTH STAFF!

FROM LEFT:

ELLA AINSWORTH-EDITOR IN CHIEF,

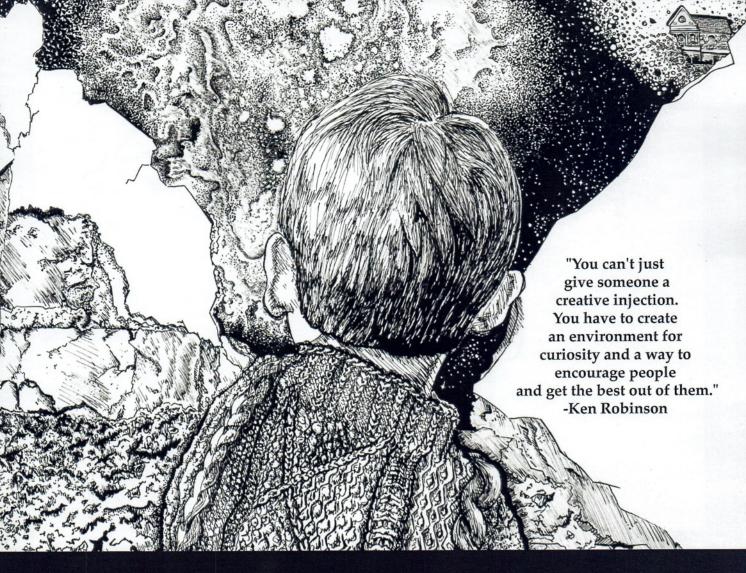
TORI COOK-WRITING EDITOR,

KIMBERLY KELLY- PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

BACK: OSCAR BARRIOS-ART EDITOR,

AMIR SHAREAK-GRAPHIC DESIGN EDITOR





Creativity is a powerful force. It lets people be who they are and express what they are through something all their own. Creativity makes life more colorful, more interesting, and more exciting to be a part of. As Ken Robinson said, there needs to be an environment of curiosity for people to be creative. And that is exactly what Labyrinth is. At Labyrinth, we have created an environment of curiosity where all students at T.C. Williams can be creative. Whether you are a writer, a photographer, a painter, or anything in between, Labyrinth is a place where you can break the rules of convention, use your curiosity, and create something amazing.

This issue we asked you to create something with the theme "Pushing the Limits". The response we got was overwhelming. So many students showed astounding creativity with art that was quirky, unique, and defied what is considered normal in society today. We received dozens of thought-provoking entries, and we are excited to be able to showcase the talents of our student body. We hope you enjoy our environment of curiosity and creativity!

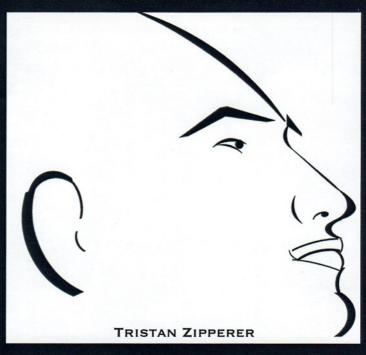
FONT FACES



AMANI PARKER

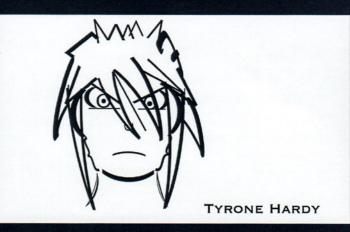


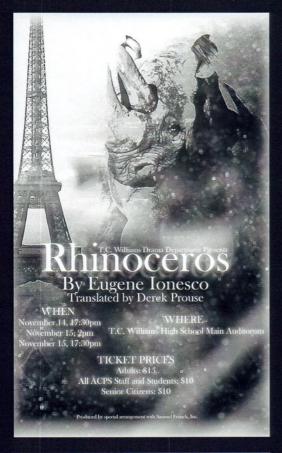
Evoni Toler



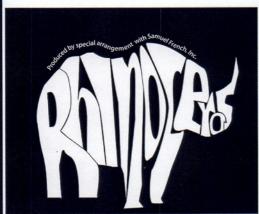


CHRISTIAN HERNANDEZ







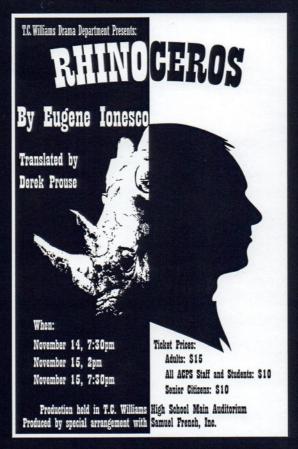


BY EUGENE IONESCO

TRANSLATED BY DEREK PROUSE

11.14 7:30pm, 11.15 2pm & 7:30pm T.C Williams High School Main Auditorium

Tickets: Adults: \$15 ACPS staff and students: \$10 Senior Citizens: \$10



GRAPHIC DESIGN STUDENTS

PROMOTE THE

T.C WILLIAMS

DRAMA DEPARTMENT'S

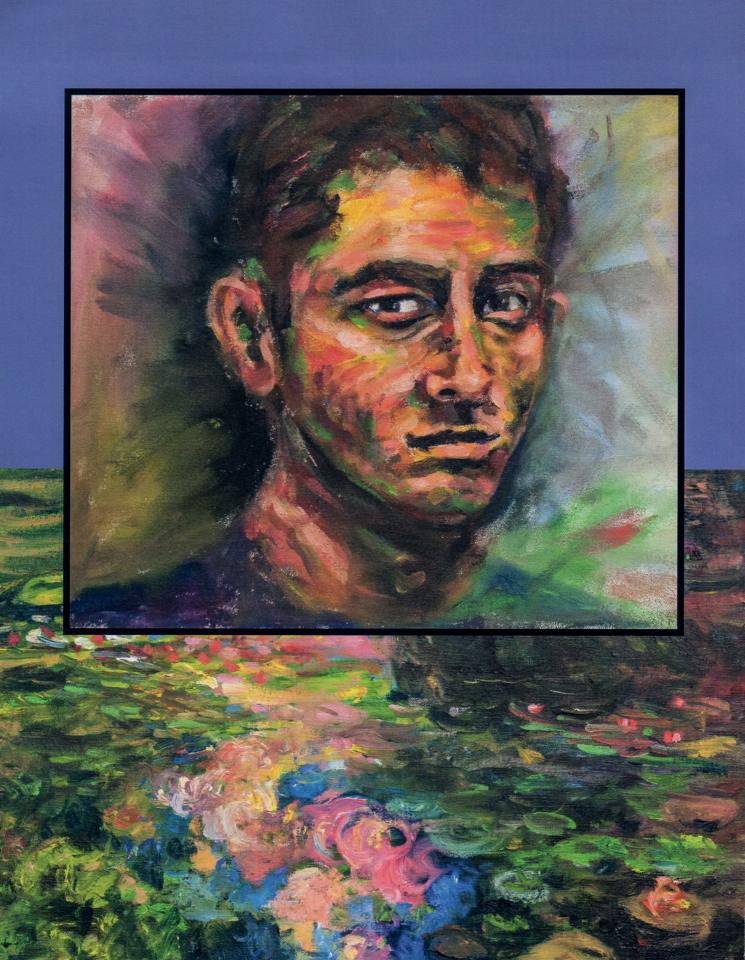
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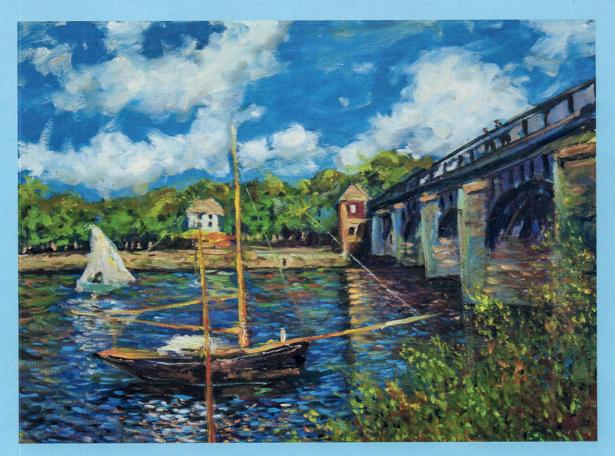
RHINOCEROS!

November 14th and 15th, 7:30 p.m

LOCATED IN :
T.C WILLIAMS AUDITORIUM!

SUPPORT CREATIVE ARTISTS AT T.C.

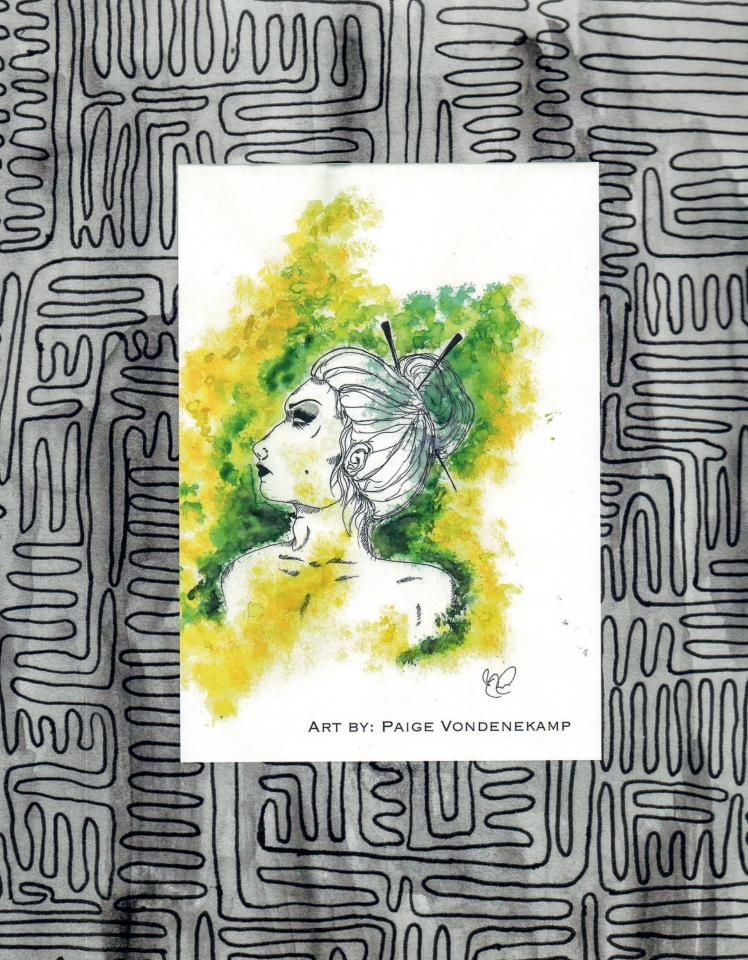




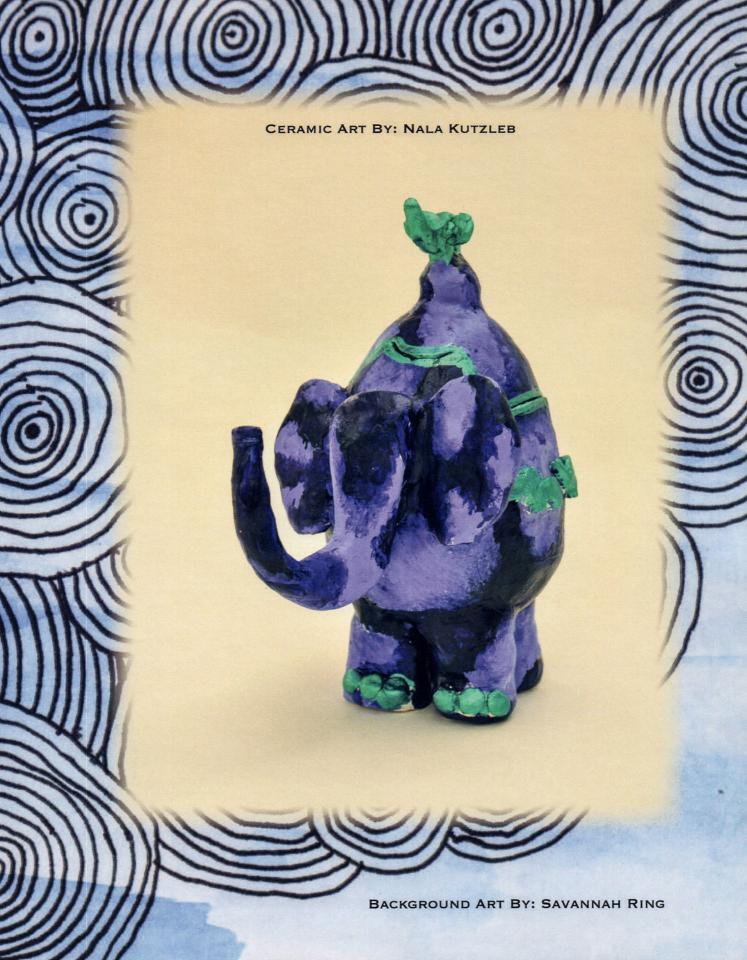


ART SPREAD BY: MOHAMMAD HAIDARI
ART CONTEST RUNNER-UP









FIRST PLACE PHOTOGRAPHY WINNER:



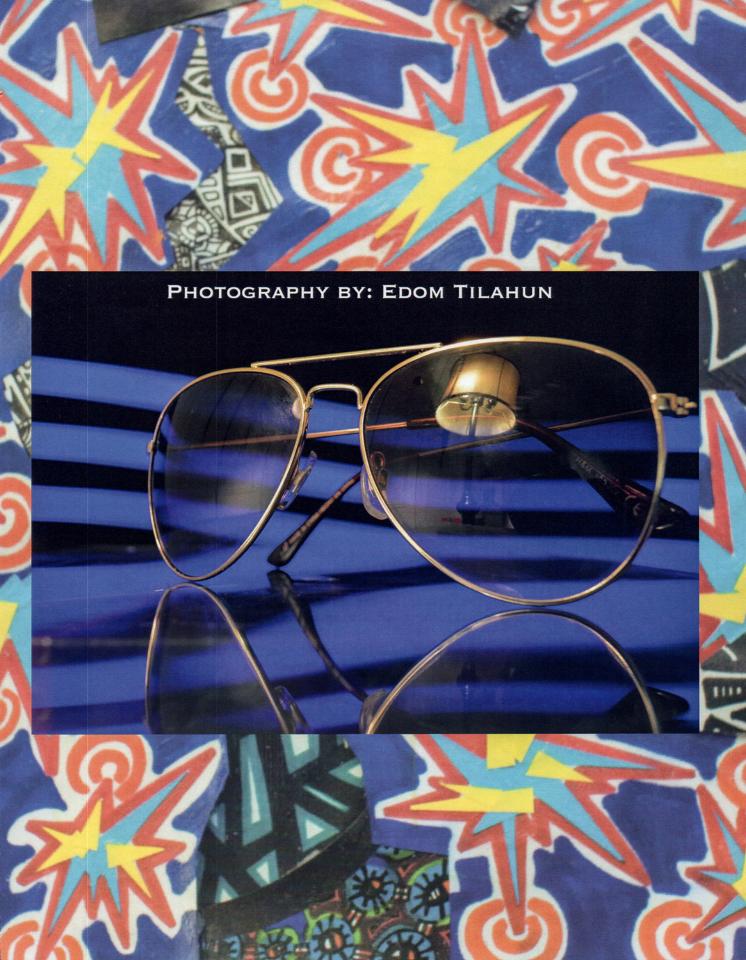
LYNN STEVENS

"WHAT IS MORE DANGEROUS?"

by Paige Vondekamp

You ask yourself, At the hardest times, What is more dangerous, The gun or the mind? And when the day comes, At the end of the year, When you are alone, With your frozen tears, And you can't quite grasp, Why this has come to be, You think to yourself, Why me? And at the end of it all, When you're starting to fall, And when you're fed up and done... What is more dangerous? The mind... Or the gun?





"The Buzz" by Olivia Tardieu First Place Writing Winner

The lurch of your stomach as speed increases
Air rushing by faster and faster
Leaning to the side as it turns
Flying around corners like the end of a whip as it cracks
Looking behind you, to the side of you
Seeing nothing but smiling faces
Your friends sitting beside you

It speeds up again
The night sky whizzing by above you
Stars, meteors, galaxies
None can keep up with you
You are young, youthful, immortal
What can hurt you? Nothing.
You are life infinite.

You look again and you see your friends
Laughing, joking, smiling
All of you destined for something, greatness even
Your lives ahead of you
Your pasts behind you
As you speed up into the black expansive night

What can hurt you? Something.

You are life
But life can be taken, ended, cut short

You hear a buzz
You take the string of your life in your hands like the Fates

You reach down for the source of the noise disturbing the thrill ride
You pull the your string of life taut

You look down for one millisecond of your infinite life
The scissors draw near the string

You see the screen and the words mean nothing now All that matters is the snip that no one can hear as the string is cut

Crunching metal, sirens blaring, jaws of life
People stepping on glass
Broken into a thousand shards on the ground
The shouts of people and shredding of metal all fade away
The only sound left is the tinkling, nightmarish melody of the glass on the ground

The glass that was once smooth and clear now destroyed

It can never be put back

It will never fit together

It is forever shattered



"On the Wing" - by Elaina Joy Urban

The first,
A 2:20 p.m. flight to Boston
In a window seat next to my mother,
Eyes pried open for a view
Unlike any I'd viewed before:
Cars swarmed the streets like ants
and even the tallest building was overpowered
by the unyielding curvature of Earth.
I saw harmony, clockwork,
and indisputable meaning.
I cherished, I wondered, I watched
And humanity became
No more than a television screen.
And I stopped worrying
Because I saw.

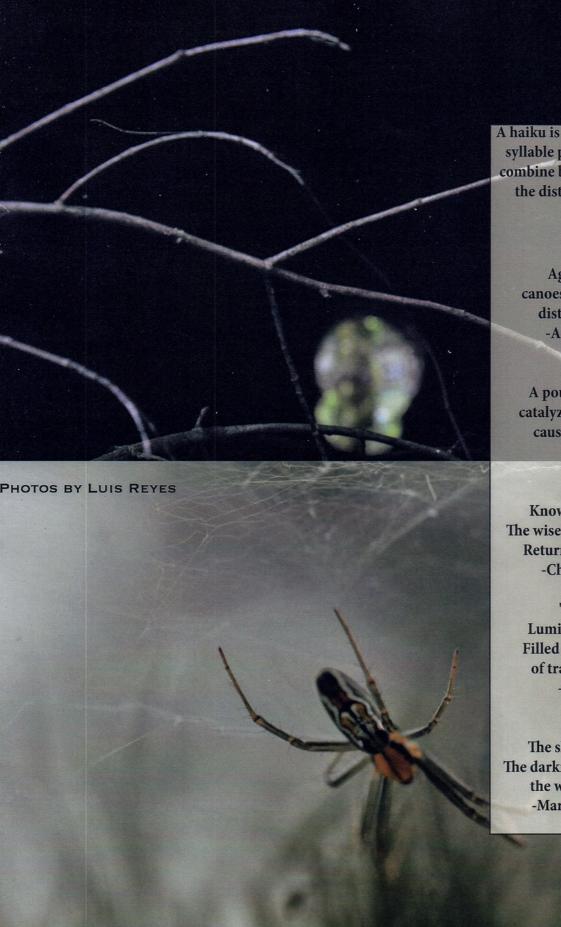
The second,
A 6:15 a.m. flight to Raleigh
In a window seat next to a stranger,
Eyes kept open for a view
Like another I'd viewed before.
The lives of people I invented in my head
and assigned to different pairs of headlights
Limped along.
I imagined purpose, duty,
and bruising obligation.
I wondered, I watched
And mused about the little cars
And where all of them could be headed.
And I stopped seeing
Because I wondered.

The third. A 7:30 a.m. flight to D.C. In a seat between two strangers, Eyes focused on the quiet color scheme and the shade pulled over the window. The placid masses carried on With their coffee and newspapers And without discernible emotion. I recognized maturity as understanding And consequent apathy And I recognized that it was silly thing to defy And wonder was a silly thing to force. I watched. But only barely, A woman nodding into sleep Because she was just as tired as I. And I stopped wondering Because I knew.

Writing Contest, Runner Up!



PHOTO BY AKOBI HYLTON



A haiku is a short poem with the syllable pattern 5-7-5. Haikus combine beauty and mystery in the distinct Japanese style.

"Peace"
Aged aluminum
canoes swiftly skim over
distant glassy lakes
-Amanda Wilcox

"Love"
A pounding heartbeat catalyzed by just a glance caused me to shutter
-Zoe Gage

"Nature"
Knowledge has power
The wisest are the dead trees,
Return, find your roots.
-Charles Scheland

"Childhood"
Luminous, bright eyes
Filled with appreciation
of transcending wild.
-Ayah Mahdi

"Night"
The sky fades to black.
The darkness brings silence as
the world falls asleep.
-Maryama Mohamed

PHOTOGRAPHY BY: KIMBERLY KELLY

LOOK OUT FOR LABYRINTH'S NEXT CONTEST!
BUT DON'T HOLD OFF; SUBMISSIONS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.
EMAIL US AT LABYRINTHMAGAZINE@GMAIL.COM
OR COME BY ROOM C205 DURING TITAN TIME.