

# J B d v r i n t n



TC Williams'  
2009  
Literature and Arts  
Magazine

This magazine was created by the students in the Labyrinth Magazine class at T.C. Williams High School in Alexandria, VA. Students used Adobe Photoshop CS3 and Adobe InDesign CS3 to lay out the magazine. They then uploaded their layout to a blurb.com template for printing.

Visit us at [www.wearethetitans.com](http://www.wearethetitans.com) for additional copies, while supplies last.





**Andrew Olsson**



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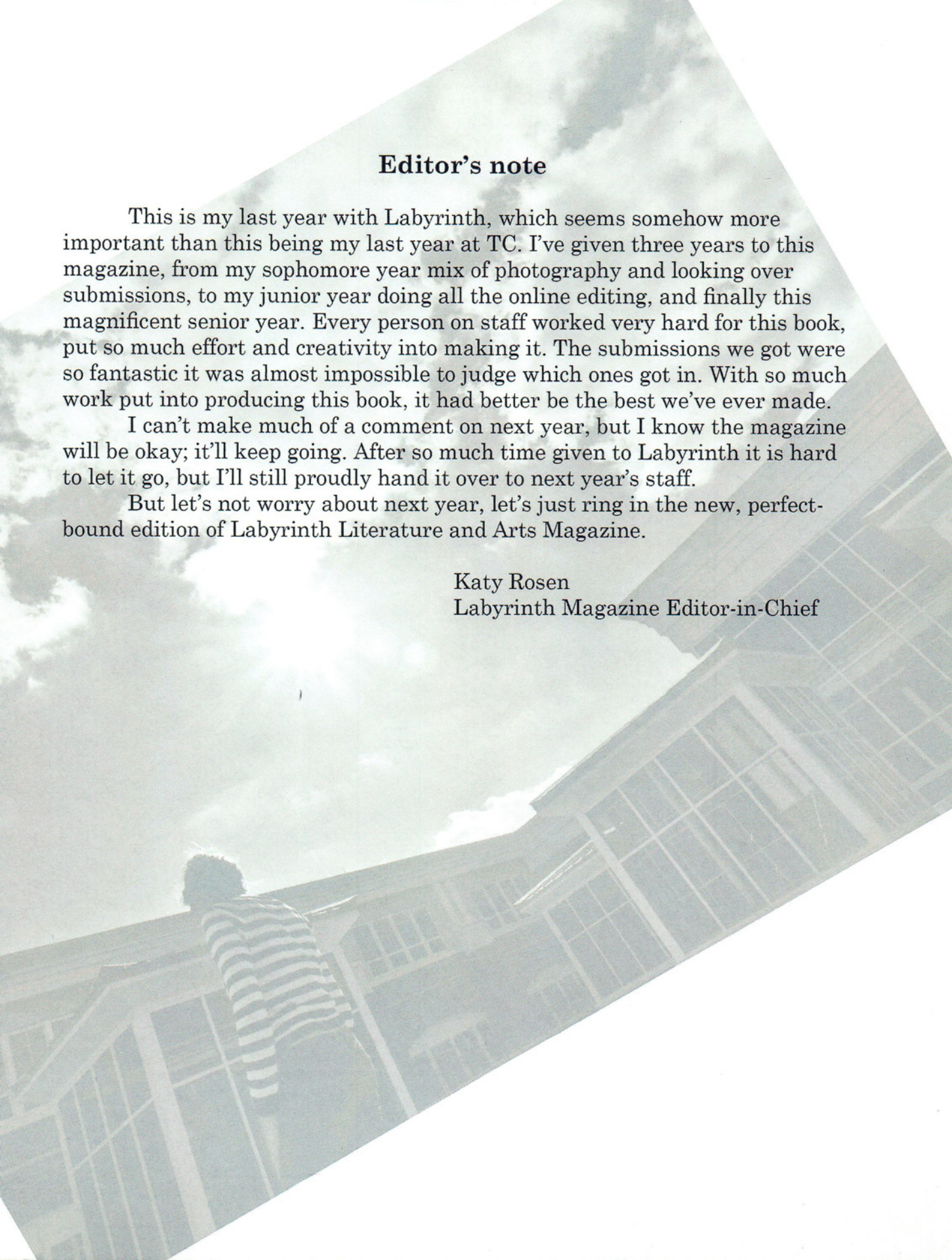
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## Editor's note

This is my last year with Labyrinth, which seems somehow more important than this being my last year at TC. I've given three years to this magazine, from my sophomore year mix of photography and looking over submissions, to my junior year doing all the online editing, and finally this magnificent senior year. Every person on staff worked very hard for this book, put so much effort and creativity into making it. The submissions we got were so fantastic it was almost impossible to judge which ones got in. With so much work put into producing this book, it had better be the best we've ever made.

I can't make much of a comment on next year, but I know the magazine will be okay; it'll keep going. After so much time given to Labyrinth it is hard to let it go, but I'll still proudly hand it over to next year's staff.

But let's not worry about next year, let's just ring in the new, perfect-bound edition of Labyrinth Literature and Arts Magazine.

Katy Rosen  
Labyrinth Magazine Editor-in-Chief



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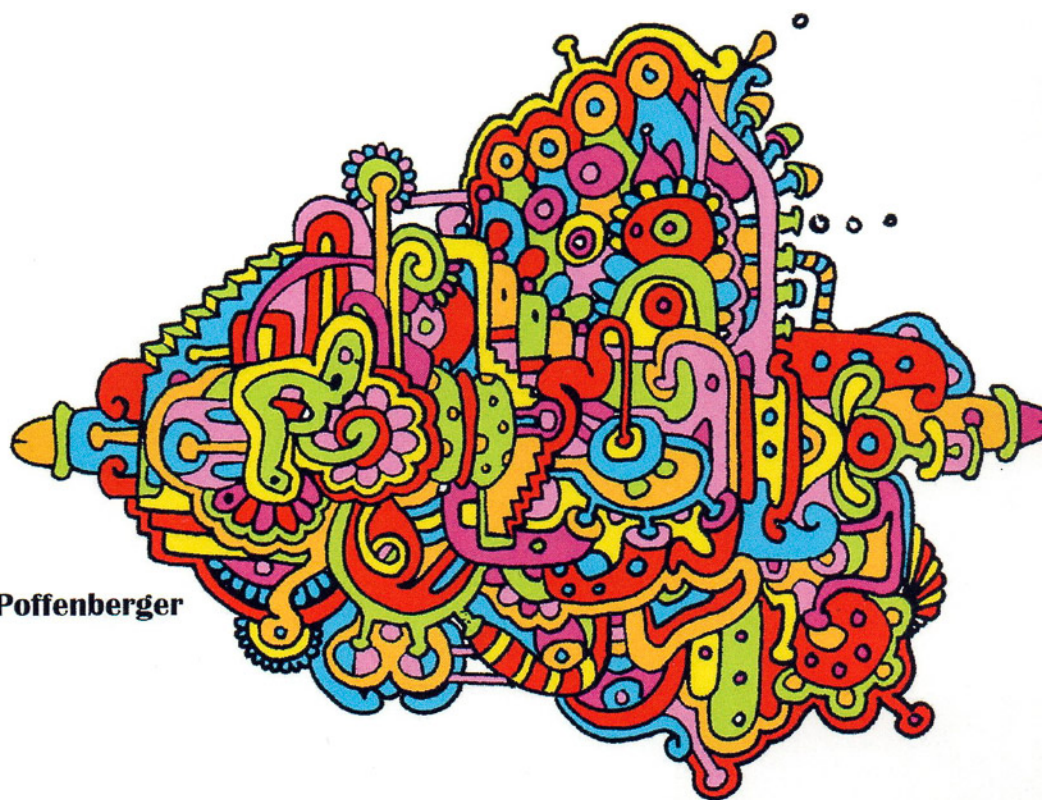
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**Cover Art by:** Andrew Olsson (front)  
Nadia Merino (back)



**Travis Poffenberger**



**Travis Poffenberger**





Kaleb Tekle





**Amy Greco**



**Amy Greco**



## The Change

*1st Place Change Contest, Writing*

The sun burns a hole  
through the thin veil of dawn.  
Like a tide that recedes,  
the darkness is gone.  
Bitter gray mornings  
like steel are no more;  
Sparrows sing melodies,  
for us to adore.

A canvas unveiled,  
of hilltops and trees.  
As young blades of grass  
are touched by the breeze.  
Fresh water flows  
like clear liquid glass.  
With a secret to tell,  
over stones it will pass.

Firewood kindled,  
the world kept alive.  
Now gardens have risen;  
creation will thrive.  
Smoke filled the air  
like a smothering cloak.  
The heavens have cleared,  
the sunshine won't choke.

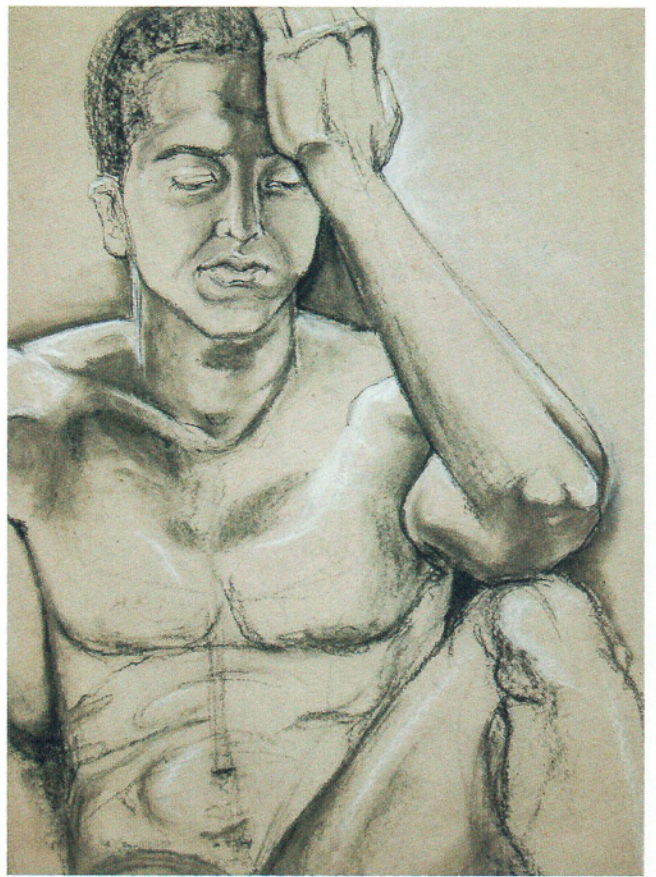
Across the horizon,  
the cherry trees loom.  
Beneath their vast canopy  
lay tulips in bloom.  
The changes have come;  
the land has awoken.  
Cease all things in silence,  
for nature has spoken.

**Daniel Wolf**



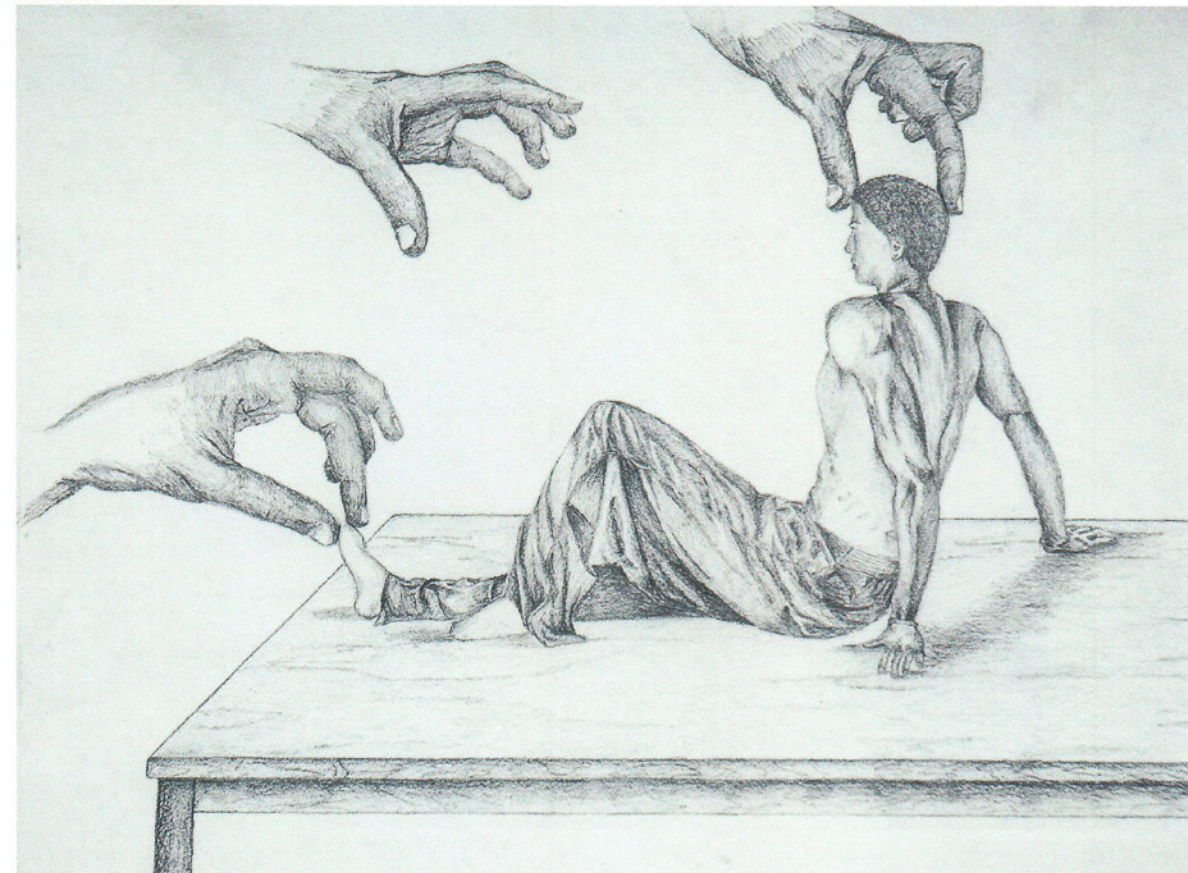
**Heather Altimus**





**Christina Mudarri**

**Isabel Pollack**







**Moustafa Hassan**





Katy Rosen



## You're late.

As if the bitter cold nipping at my cheeks as I waited for you and the strange feeling that crept through my body wasn't enough, now you break another promise and once again you're late.

I can't say I didn't see this coming. I mean, you do it every time. And like a fool I sit here and wait again, always thinking that perhaps this time things will change. But they never do. You're always late.

Perhaps I thought that today would be different. It is a special day. Not only is it a special day, but it's our special day. The day you become a man. The day you become a father and me a mother. I would have thought that keeping promises to yourself would've been most important to you, but I guess my line of thought was wrong. Honestly, I don't know how I expected you to keep promises to yourself when you have so much trouble keeping those same promises to other people. If other people can't trust you, then how can you trust yourself?

I see a fire truck go by with a roaring engine and a siren screaming in my ear. I think nothing of it as it passes since my mind is taken with the fact that yet again, you're late. I walk around in a circle, contemplating my next move. Do I wait some more? Or do I just keep moving as if today is any other ordinary day? My mind can't seem to decide, so I just keep walking in my little circles with my mind racing faster than the wind.

Another siren-blaring vehicle goes flying past. This time it's the police. Of course. Even if it's the smallest fragment of a problem, the police always have to be involved. Never can they let anyone try to handle things on their own; they're just not capable of it. That's just their job though, I suppose.

I pull my phone out of my pocket. My screensaver flashes off as my wallpaper comes up: a picture of the two of us. I ignore the annoyingly cheerful faces smiling up at me and glance at the time. 3:56 PM. By now, you should've been here and we should've been long gone. Now you're more than late.

I look all around me and become suddenly aware of the scene in front of me. There's something oddly familiar about a piece of the scene. Police cars parked on every corner. Fire trucks all around. Ambulances scattered here and there. People screaming. Babies crying. A body on the floor. How could I have not noticed any of these things going on around me before? I know how. It's because you're late.

I put my hand on my stomach as I feel a little kick.

"Soon," I mutter, although I know I can't make any promises.

The wind blows lightly. A small piece of paper lands at my feet coming from the direction of the scene and I'm suddenly jarred from my thoughts. The paper...it looks so familiar. Where have I seen it before?

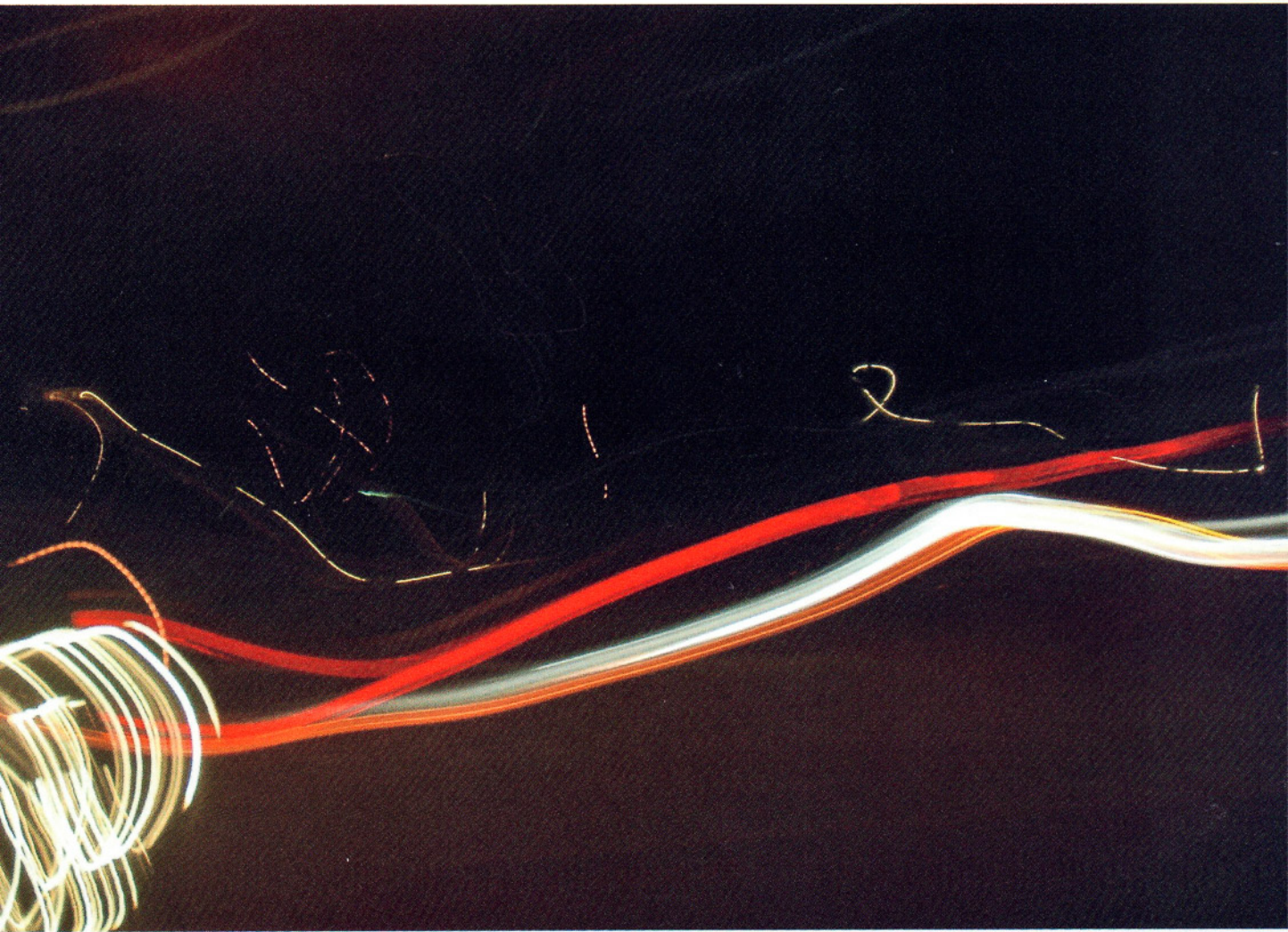
Horror strikes as I pan over the scene in front of me again. Everything sinks into place. The cop cars, fire trucks, ambulances, and that paper even though it was nothing more than a scrap. I would recognize it anywhere.



Our picture. The one you had secured in your wallet. For whenever you got sad or needed that extra push, you would say. But I would never hear that from you again.

The police try to tell me it was an accident. They say they'll try their best to find the man, but it doesn't make a difference. My eyes are set straight forward while my head is hung down low. Tears stream from my eyes as my head spins. The scene before my eyes blurs as I try to cope with everything that's happened. How can this be fair? Today was our special day. The day you become a man. And now I have to walk away without you here not only for today, but for the rest of my life. I can't convince myself that you're gone for good. So for today and every day that follows after, I'll just convince myself that you're late.

**Sarah Del Castillo**



**Greg Lambert**



Marisa Vinson







Kate Young





**Jasmine Bagley**



**Emma Engle**





**Grace Goodwin**



**Grace Goodwin**

*Grace*





Moustafa Hassan





**Evan Kuester**

**Andrew Olsson**











**Spread by Marisa Cagnoli**





## Winter

Cold  
Maybe white  
Icy  
Slips and falls  
Snow angels  
And smiles  
Hot chocolate  
Family game night  
Love  
Warmth  
And thoughts filled with glee  
But is it all just a dream?

What happens when a family falls apart  
When snow angels fade  
When hot chocolate gets cold  
When you want to run away?  
When you found out there was no Santa Claus  
Did you have a change of heart?  
After you lose the love  
You had from the start  
Winter  
After you experience  
The coldest winter  
Will you ever warm up again  
Ask yourself  
Is winter really the most wonderful time of year?

**Charity Marie**

**Ashley Thorpe**





**Yabeth Dade**



**Yabeth Dade**



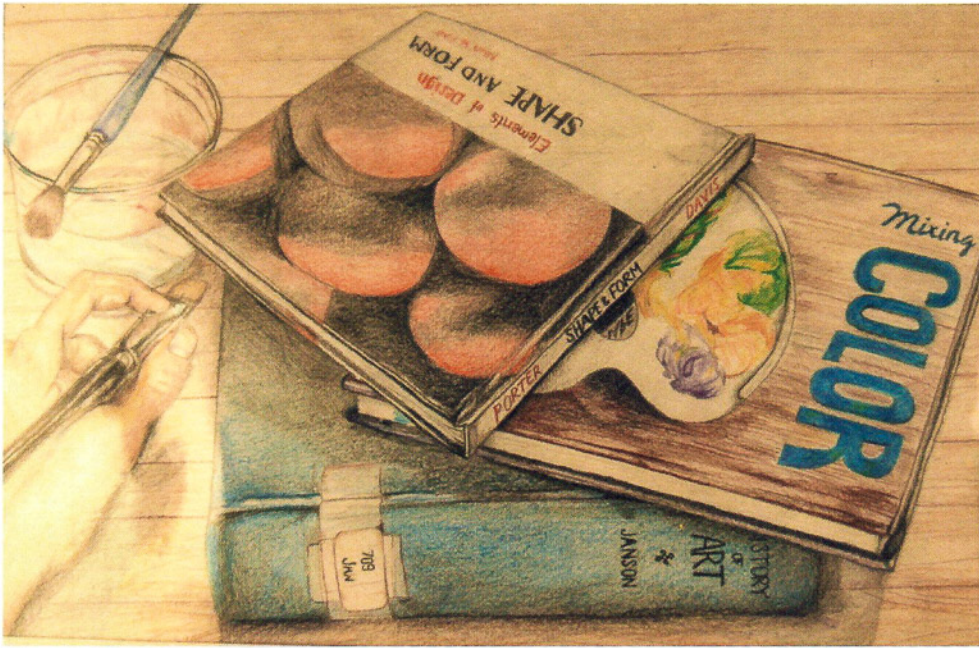


**Chloe Maratta**



**Emma Engle**





Grace Goodwin



Grace Goodwin





**Kate Mooney**



## There's Nothing Wrong With Silence

Silence is peace  
Silence is calm  
Silence creates ideas in our minds  
Silence is louder than sound;  
you can hear everything with silence.  
Silence should not be viewed as boring  
or "too quiet."  
Silence is exciting  
try it  
Silence can talk  
Silence is metamorphic  
Silence is powerful  
Silence can be an escape route

for almost anything  
Silence can stimulate your lips  
Silence can sweeten your mouth  
Silence can fight your battles for you  
Silence can be your identity  
and can keep you out of trouble  
Silence can be your best-friend  
Silence can be your soul-mate  
for a very long time  
Silence makes you see  
things you've never noticed before  
Silence can be sustained  
Silence is like a smile.

**Gifty Oteng**



**Andrew Wyse**





**Christina Mudarri**





**Andrew Olsson**



*We crave, but refuse to dedicate*

*We crave love and respect,  
But we, ourselves and us fail to respect.  
And love, we neglect.  
We crave more than our own fantasies,  
Yet blindness and cruelties have overpowered  
Our souls and destinies.  
We crave for attention and popularities,  
But bestow rejections and negativities.  
Fortune, mansions, hope, greed, needs, wants, happiness,  
Confidence, beauty, honesty, intelligence, kindness, freedom, virtue . . .  
We crave, but refuse to dedicate.*

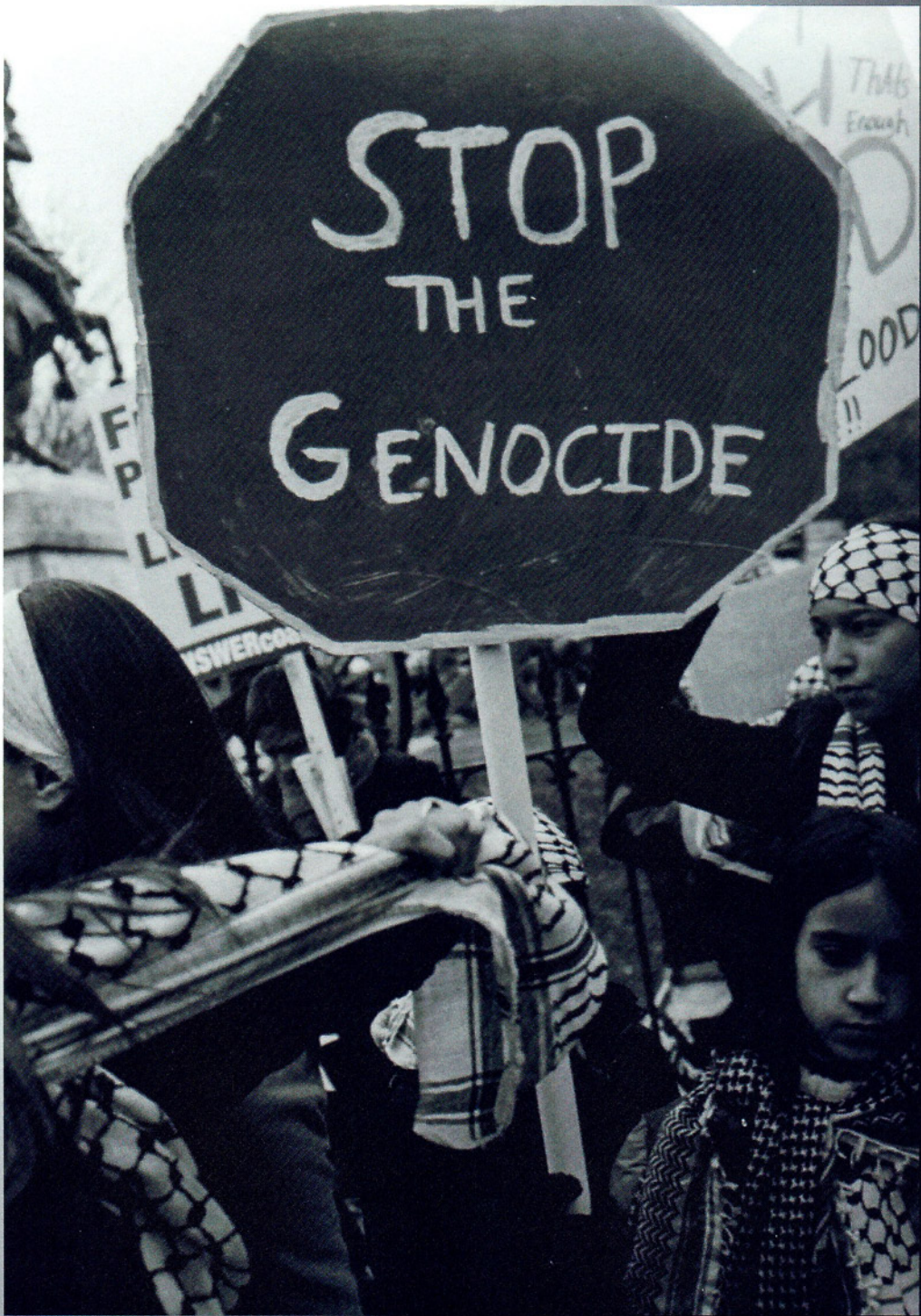
*Our hearts crave equality,  
But dominating one another is what we supply.  
Our hearts crave peace . . .  
But we bestow violence.  
Our hearts crave greatly to care, but we are insensitive.  
We crave many things;  
We cry for our wants,  
We kill for our satisfaction  
and stab physically  
and verbally . . .  
for popularity.  
Where's the love?*

**Gifty Oteng**



**Emily Haitzuka**





**Samar Belaid**





**Andrew Wyse**



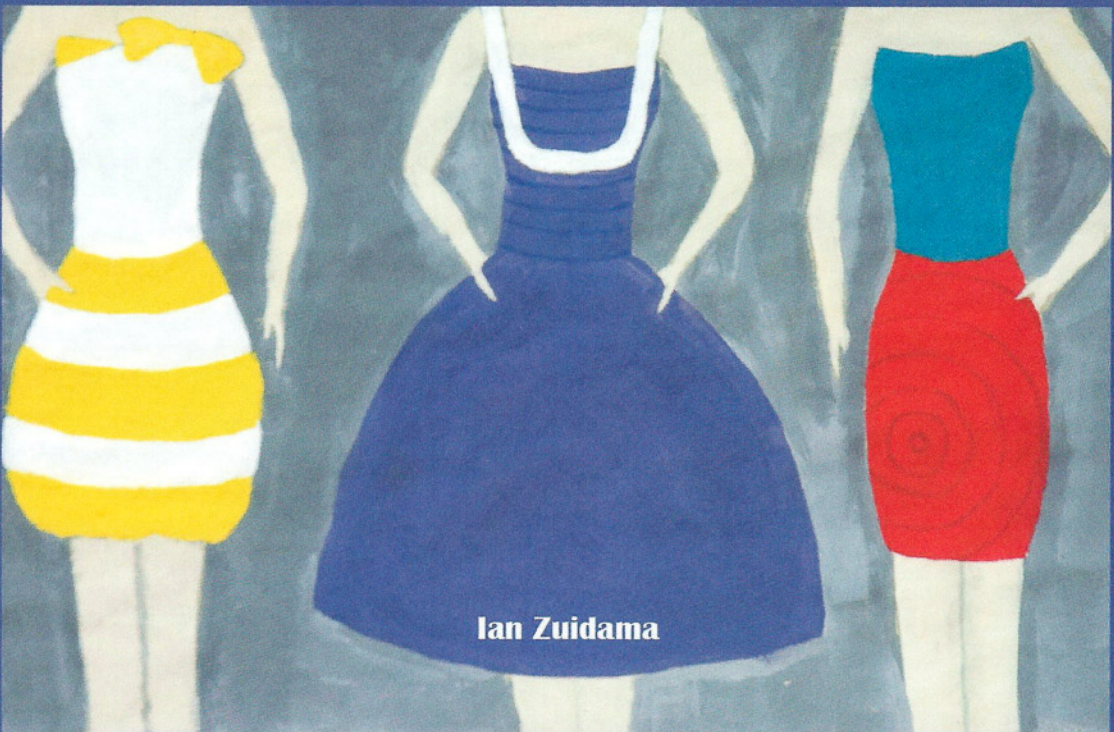




**Ian McColm**



Jasmine Bagley



Ian Zuidama



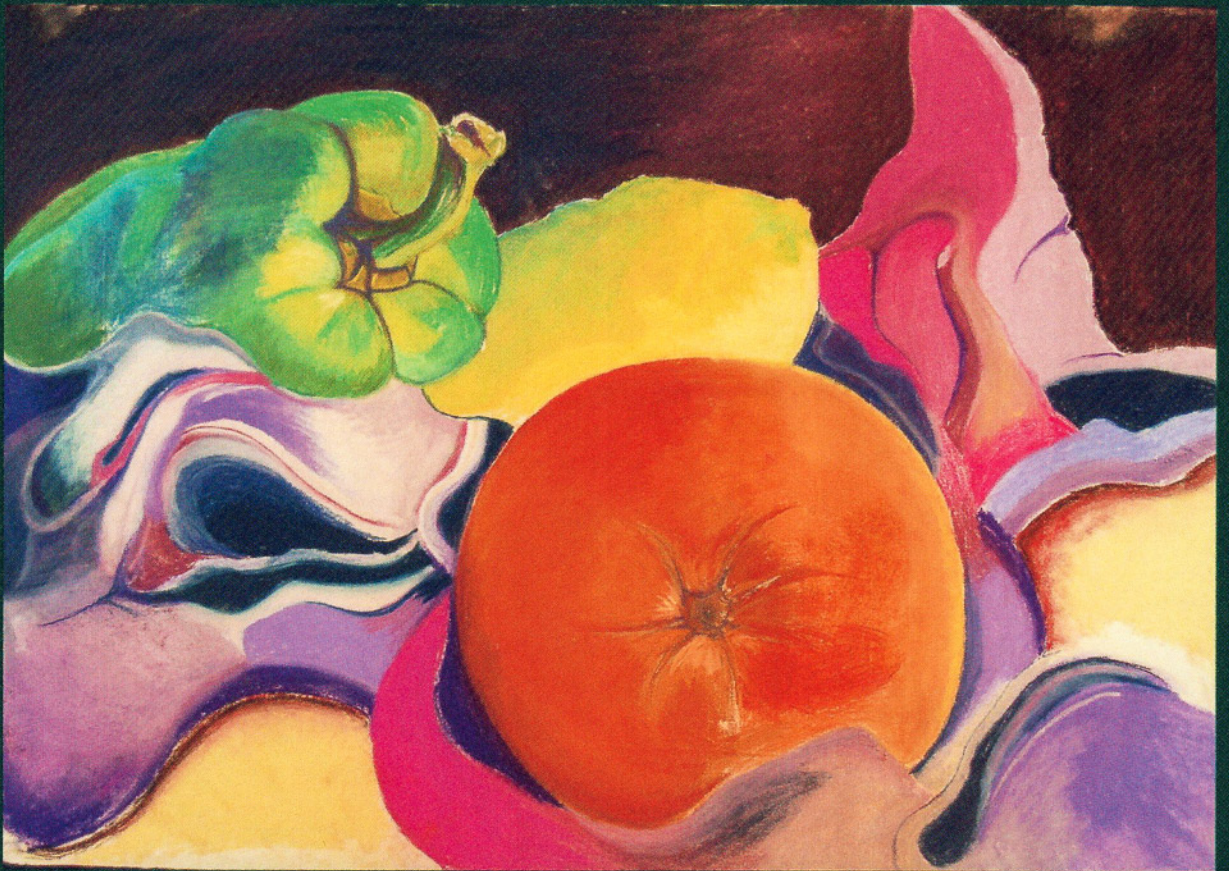
Jasmine Bagley



Amber Muhammad

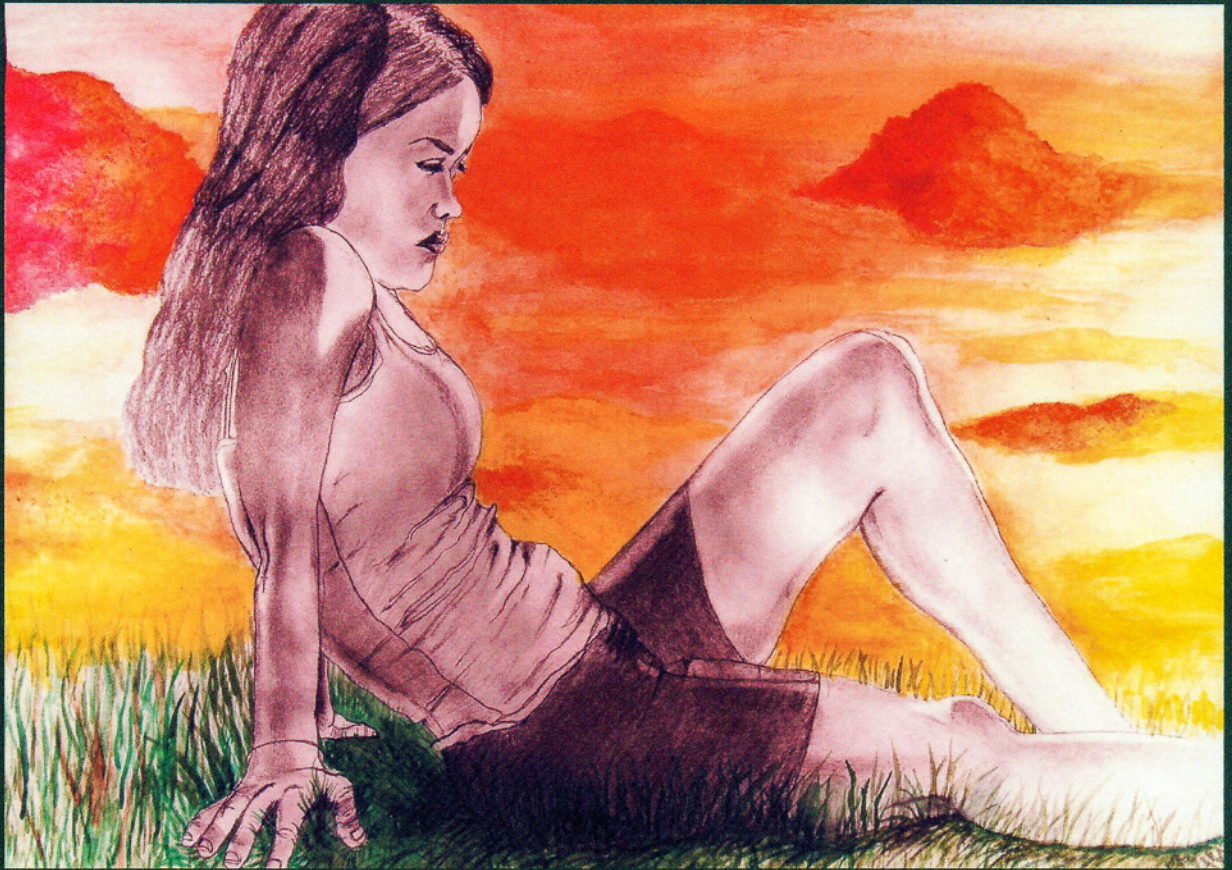






Annie Greene





**Annie Greene**





**Moustafa Hassan**





# CHANGE

**Moustafa Hassan - 1st Place Change Contest, Art/Graphic Imaging**





**Taylor Lincoln**



**Marquetta Monroe**



## My Trinidadian Rendezvous

Never have I seen a beauty as such  
A single glance would have you craving for her touch  
She glows when nothing else seems to shine  
This type of attractiveness must be a crime

Unknown to what her beauty withholds  
Her worth is more than the world's gold  
Her name in your mouth would turn your life around  
The sound of her voice causes the toughest of men to crumble down

Her eyes are the most gorgeous objects known to man  
A glance turns into a stare and then to lusting for them, damn  
You start to acknowledge experiences you never before felt  
Their fiery glows are hotter than the lava that causes rocks to melt

She told me her name and I smiled  
I complimented on her eyes and she blushed for a while  
Her eyes are so empowering that I get lost within them  
I can't quite explain it but somehow, she can't be human

They are the definition of what the eyes of an angel is  
The most beautiful of all goddesses  
I just can't help but to stare at them, damn  
They are beyond spectacular; I swear you are not human

**Yusrah Sankoh**





**Matt Davis**





Travis Poffenberger



**Sweet Dreams, Daddy**  
*2nd Place Change Contest Winner*  
**Jules Ismail**

Sarah wanted to reach out and touch the tapestry, as she had that once so many years before. The orange and yellow checkerboard pattern seemed to be beckoning her. For a moment, she was that enthusiastic little girl again, and there was nothing in the world aside from the intricacies of the square shapes hanging on the wall before her. She felt her father's big hand settle on her shoulder and turned to look up at him. Now, the world's occupants were only the two of them, the tapestry completely forgotten. He smiled, "So, princess, how about lunch?"

"Ma'am..."

Sarah nodded eagerly, "Ham and baloney with cheese sandwiches?"

"Ma'am..."

His grin widened as he patted the backpack he'd been holding up, "Only the best for my little girl."

"Ma'am, is everything all right?"

The urgent voice brought her back to the present. She blinked, still a little dazed from her memory. Steadily, she became aware of the ambient sounds of the airport around her.

"Ma'am, is everything all right?" The voice repeated.

Sarah turned, looking at the man, her eyes distant. She blinked again, not fully understanding what she was being asked.

"You dropped your bags..."

Looking down, the mess around her feet came into focus. She recognized a comfortable-looking pink blouse. Her blouse. She bent down to pick it up, noticing her open suitcase lying on the ground. More of her clothes and possessions were sprawled out around her. She snapped out of her trance and looked back at the man.

"Do you need any help, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes please." The two of them bent down. She saw him quickly folding the garments before gently placing them into the bag; it made her feel embarrassed about the haphazard way she was shoving things into it.

"What happened?" He asked.

"I was just... thinking about something." She closed the zipper around the suitcase and picked up her purse, stowing away a tube of lipstick and a mirror.

"Aren't we all these days?" He said with a smile.

She slung the purse around her shoulder and the two of them stood up again. "Yeah, I guess." Her smile was at most weak and distracted.

"Thomas Holloway," he said, producing a business card from his chest pocket. She took it. "Sarah."



"Just Sarah?"

"Yeah. Thanks for your help, Thomas Holloway. Goodbye." She turned to take a final glance at the tapestry, and then was gone.

. . .

She gave the cabdriver the address and at once forgot where she was. Her mind returned absently to the tapestry and the childhood memories it had awoken.

The large marble steps outside the airport felt cool on her behind.

"Do I make a left here?" The driver said.

She bit into the sandwich.

"Yes," came an emotionless response.

Sarah watched her father nibble, taking note of the dimple that sunk and rose with every bite. He swallowed and then turned to her. "Something the matter?" He asked.

"There's a hole in your head when you eat!"

He smiled and reached up to touch his forehead, chewing on another piece of the sandwich as he did. Sarah watched his finger move with the dimple and giggled.

Unexpectedly, her father lurched forward, dropping the sandwich and clutching his heart. He looked at her, his eyes seemed vacant.

"Daddy?"

"Sarah..." He fell over, his head hitting the edge of the step above him. There was a commotion in the crowd. Someone shouted. Strangers ran to them. She watched them check his pulse. She heard them yell at each other to call an ambulance.

The taxi came screeching to a halt. Sarah was thrust forward and jerked back painfully by the seatbelt.

"Daddy!"

"Jesus! Learn to drive!" A horn hocked.

Two strong men picked her father up, carrying him out of the way and leaning him up against a pillar. His eyes were closed.

The cab made a sharp right and then slowed back down to a normal pace.

"Really sorry about that," the driver said.

Sarah shook her head, "What?"

He laughed. "You mean you didn't see that Speedy Gonzales guy nearly take a chunk out of my taxi?"

"No."

He looked at her in the rear view mirror. "You all right?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

He nodded. "We're almost here."

There were a couple minutes of silence and then the cab pulled into the driveway of



the house she grew up in. She paid the driver, got out of the car, walked to the house, and rang the doorbell.

Her mother did not seem pleased to see her. "Well, look what the cat dragged in."  
"Hi, mom."

. . .

A single snowflake stuck to the kitchen window, through which a potential onlooker might see them, mother and daughter, drinking tea together. They had been there, sitting in silence for the majority of an hour. Finally, Sarah asked, "How is he?"

Her mother feigned confusion. "Who?"

"Daddy."

The old woman's lips pressed together into a tight frown. "I believe the hospital sent you the same letter they sent me."

Sarah let her left hand slide into her purse. Without even having to look, her fingers found the folded paper within seconds. The paper that so matter-of-factly stated that her father had approximately one week left to live. "I want to hear it from you."

Her mother rolled her eyes and lit up a cigarette. "He's hooked up to a bunch of machines and can barely talk. He doesn't even remember his own name." She inhaled.

Sarah's mouth fell open. "How can you just smoke like that?"

"I'm addicted to these things, honey, I thought you knew that."

"Do you even care about Daddy?" Said Sarah impatiently, as if she hadn't heard her mother's response.

The old woman inhaled deeply and then took twice as long to exhale. A cloud of smoke hovered in the air a moment before fading away. Outside, the snow was getting heavier and bigger clumps were beginning to stick to the window. Hesitantly, she extinguished the cigarette. "You don't even remember your father."

Sarah was hurt. "Of course I remember him!"

Her mother was as still as a statue. Only her eyes moved to stare directly into Sarah's. "There were nights when I honestly just prayed to God I wouldn't ever wake up again."

"Mom?"

Sarah watched her mother stand up and walk towards the window. She stared intently at a dense collection of snowflakes and said softly, "I'm sorry, child. Forget it." There was a distinctly distant look about her.

"Mom," Sarah approached her mother and nearly laid a hand on her shoulder. She stopped herself just in time, remembering how uncomfortable her mother was when it came to being touched. "Mom... what is it?"

"I said forget it, Sarah."

"But..."

Her mother turned sharply towards her, giving an intense stare Sarah felt was



somehow boring directly into her soul. "I tried to kill him."

Sarah dropped her teacup. It shattered on the floor.

"Sarah, listen to me."

She shook her head and took a step back. Her mother took one towards her; the pieces of shattered porcelain cracked even more beneath the new weight. "He hurt me, Sarah. He did horrible things to me."

Sarah backed away farther.

"He raped me. And when he found out I was pregnant, he forced me to stay with him."

In her mind's eye, she recalled the old family portrait of her seven-year-old self in between smiling parents. There was absolutely no way anything her mother was saying had any truth to it. "That's not true! Daddy is a good man!"

"Do you remember when you were ten and I had to spend a week in the hospital because I fell down the stairs and couldn't move my arms or legs?" Her mother's voice rose slightly in pitch. "I never fell down any stairs. Your father struck me and I broke my neck on the coffee table..."

"You're lying!"

"My body went into shock. And he started kicking me."

"Stop!" She backed up into a wall and had to stop.

"I lied there on the ground for thirty minutes before he called 911 and told them I fell down the stairs."

Sarah's eyes were filled with tears as she let her back slide down the wall. She whispered denial after denial, curse after curse, until finally her mother spoke again.

"Do you know why I jump whenever someone touches me?"

Sarah's head fell into her hands. She continued sobbing.

"Look at me, child!" Her mother lifted her shirt to reveal a patchwork of blue and black. "This is the result of the man your father is."

. . .

It was quiet inside the hospital elevator. Three more floors and four doors down the hall to the left and she'd see him again. The first time in six years. She wasn't sure how to feel. The things her mother had said to her the day before still weighed heavy on her mind.

The doors opened and she stepped into the hallway, wasting no time in directing herself to his room. She had made up her mind. She was going to confront him about it. Sarah could hear her own footsteps echoing off the walls and found herself completely immersed in that sound; so much so, in fact, that she collided with a nurse in her father's room.

"Excuse me, ma'am!" The young redhead said, averting her eyes shyly before exiting the room.

Sarah pulled back the curtain and looked down at the bed where her father lie



connected to various medical apparatuses. When he saw her, he smiled. His warm expression made her nearly forget the entire previous day. She looked out of the window to try to clear her mind a bit. The snow had really picked up and now seemed to be resting just short of a full out blizzard.

"Princess," came his very weak voice.

She looked down at him and smiled gently, reaching out and cupping her hands around his. "Daddy."

"I have something for you," he weakly lifted his other hand to point at a small, paper back sitting on a table. "There."

Sarah looked from the bag to her father's gentle and kind face, which seemed to urge her on, towards the bag. She let his hand slide out from hers as she walked over to it and reached inside. A thin smile came across her lips as she pulled out the yellow and orange checkerboard patterned scarf.

"I bought it two years ago. It reminded me of that old tapestry in the airport you used to insist on looking at every time we went to there," he started to laugh, but ended up coughing. "I remember one time you actually touched it and it set off a security alarm."

Sarah grinned, shyly. "I saw that tapestry again when my plane came in yesterday."

"It's still up there, is it?" He visibly tried to easily shrug his shoulders. It looked painful. "To be honest with you, princess, I don't have a clue what modern artist decided those colors worked together..."

"Daddy." She cut him off abruptly. "Mom says you hurt her," Sarah could hear the beeps from his heart rate monitor increase in frequency. "She says you did horrible things to her."

"Then... she is mistaken. Your mother really is an old fool. You know she's tried to kill me?"

"So she told me last night. Deliberately poisoning your food?"

"And it's not the first time, either. She's been trying to kill me for years, even since you were a little girl,"

She had a sudden flashback to their lunch on the airport steps where he had fallen over, clutching his heart.

"She mad, Sarah. Completely looney!"

Sarah listened to the frequency of the beeps. They didn't slow. She looked into his eyes. They seemed to be pleading, almost, for her understanding; an expression of frightful innocence. But not innocent enough. She suddenly grabbed a pillow off of the next bed and held it, hovering, above his head for a moment. The frequency of the beeps increased.

"Princess... What are you doing?"

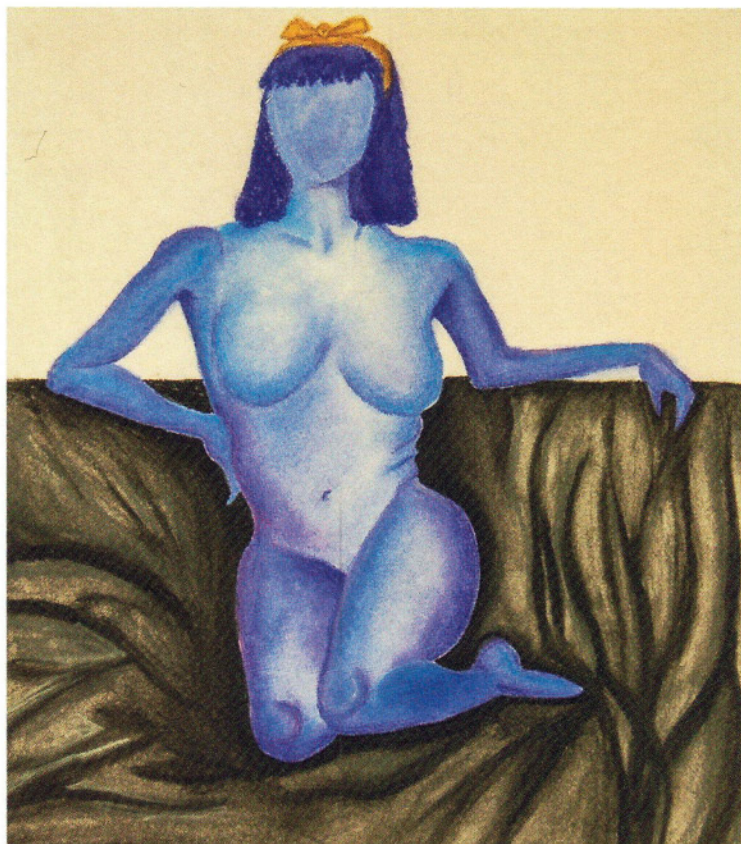
She looked at him in the eyes. "I love you daddy," her gaze traveled upwards towards the window. The snow had reduced itself to a mere flurry. She thrust the pillow aggressively onto his face, holding it tightly down. She felt him struggle desperately beneath it... And found that this gave her a quite satisfactory sensation of empowerment. She waited until the struggling stopped. Then she waited until the beeping became one, long, steady tone. "But things change. Our perceptions of one another change, our



relationships, and understanding of the world we live in. They all change." Outside, the snow had completely stopped and bright rays of sun began flooding the room. She smiled and shrugged at this. "Kind of like the weather. Sweet dreams, Daddy."

She threw on the scarf, admiring how it enhanced her reflection briefly in a small mirror on the dresser, and then heaved a long sigh. Sarah left the hospital thinking of a dozen different ways she could kill her mother.

Ashley Thorpe



Ashley Thorpe





**Andrew Wyse**



**Andrew Olsson**





**Heather Altimus - 2nd Place Change Contest**





**Andrew Olsson**





**Julia Denne**



**Bella Davenport**





Heather Altimus





**Moustafa Hassan**



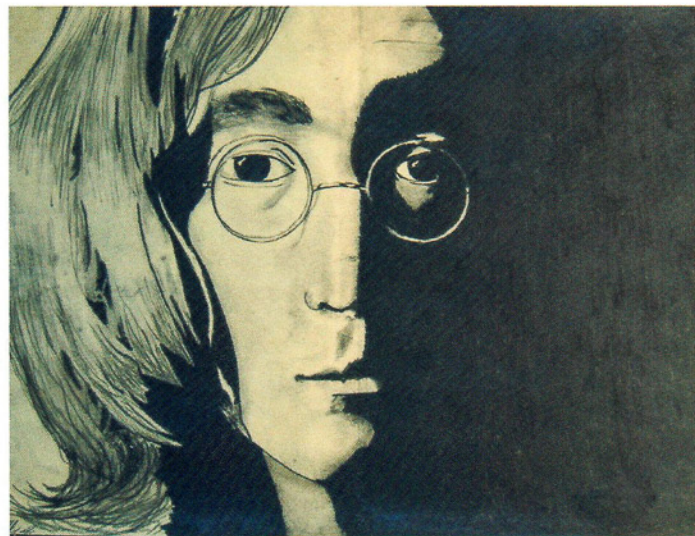
**Moustafa Hassan**



**Beth Robson**



**Caroline Kee - 2nd Place Change Contest, Art**



**Matt Crawley**





**Evan Kuester**





**Matt Davis**





**Katy Mendez**

**Megan Miller - 1st Place Change Contest, Photography**





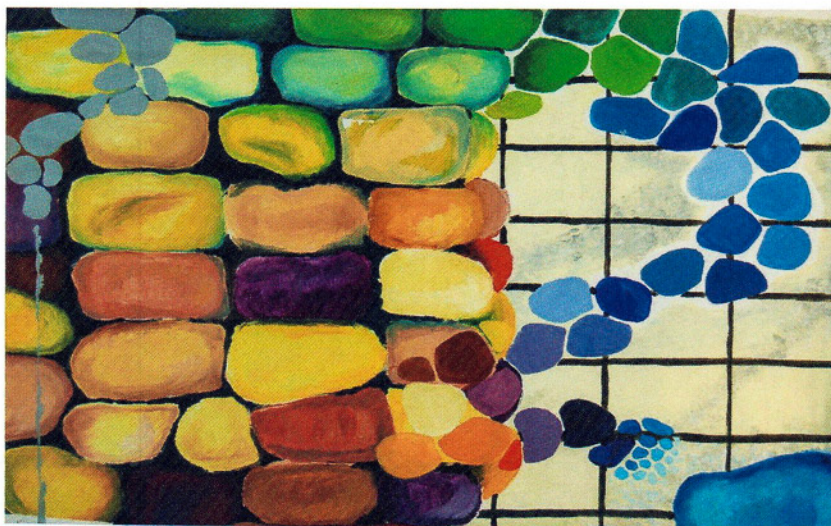


**Evan Kuester**



**Isabel Pollack**



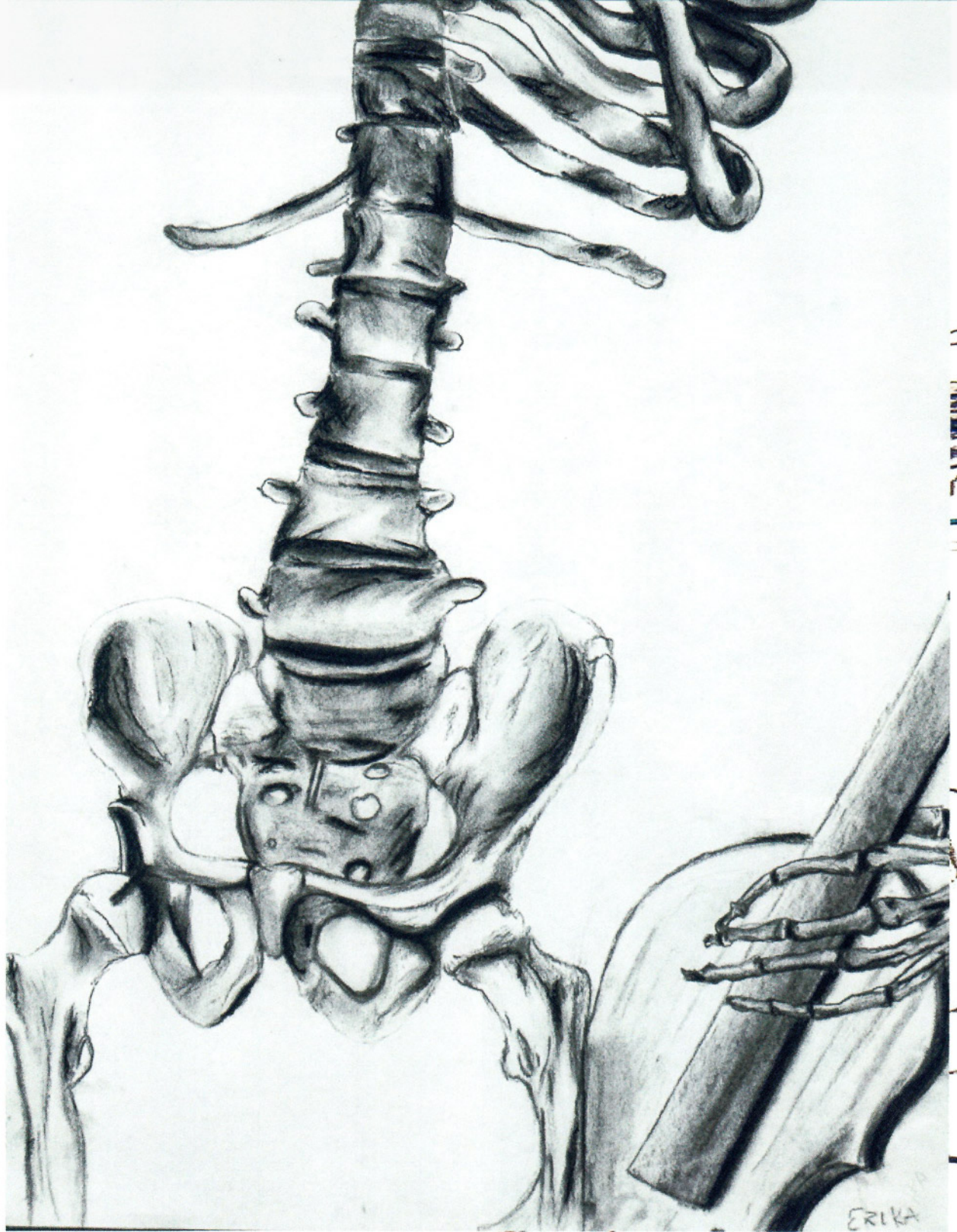


**Grace Goodwin**



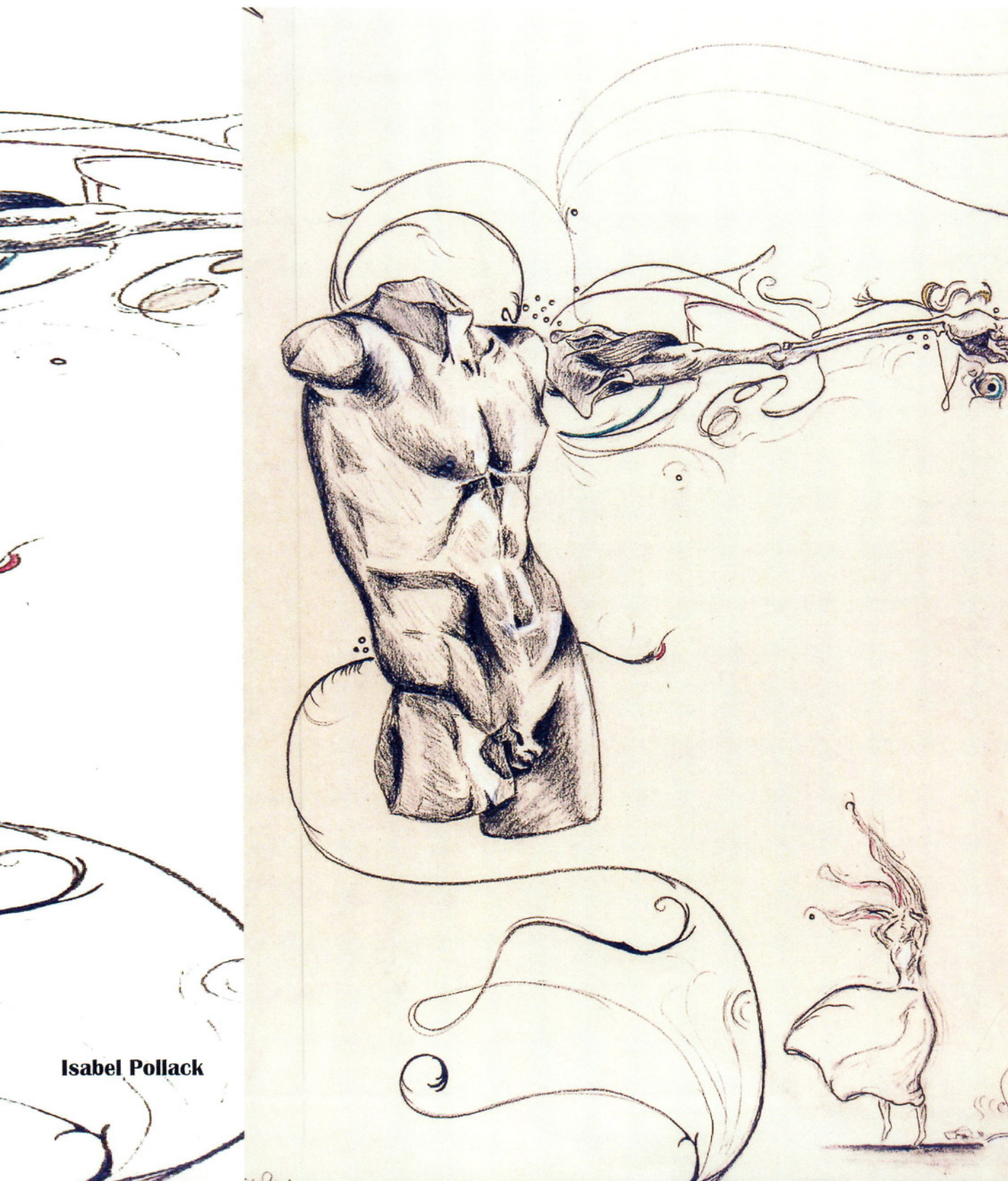
**Kevin Lu - 3rd Place Change Contest, Art / Graphics**





**Erika Weidman**





Isabel Pollack



## You're Late

You're late! Echoed nine hundred and ninety nine billion voices at the last raindrop to fall from the sky. The last raindrop to leave the wet womb of his mother was named Mitch and he started to cry. As the salty tears ran down the fresh surface of his aqueous self, they fell to the ground fell like a poorly placed book on a poorly made shelf. The tears fell hard, breaking their arms and skinning their knees but they didn't care about their extremities, because fluid forms rapidly and feels no pain, and the only thing it cares about is who the last drop of rain was. Mitch grew sad to see his tears joining the other raindrops to laugh and jeer at him. He decided to sink into the patch of dirt in which he had fallen and to slowly bury himself deeper so that no one could see how ashamed he was.

He could hear the other, bolder, raindrops laughing at him. Perched on their stones and car hoods; cackling like some massive flock of ornate and expensive birds. They laughed louder and louder as he sank into the ground, and they remained triumphantly atop their surfaces. Not only was Mitch the last drop of rain, but he could not even stay atop the ground. Mitch felt like a failure. He grew sadder and sadder and sunk in deeper, but he could never escape the constant cacophony of laughs from his nine hundred and ninety nine billion brother's voices.

He made friends with roots of a tomato plant whilst in the ground. The roots were named Irving. They became best friends and talked everyday. There soon came rumors that the raindrop's mother cloud was soon to die, so Mitch told the roots he would be back soon and rushed to the surface of the ground to say his goodbye to his dear old mother along with his selfish, heartless brothers.

The sun came out strong and made their mother disappear; the nine hundred and ninety nine billion raindrops cried uncountable tears. Their eyes were so watered up and they were all so blind that they did not notice the giant sun appear in the sky. One by one the raindrops were burned alive; their soft bodies popped and sizzled into non-existence like a piece of fat on a hot pan. Mitch delighted at the screams of his brothers and realized that they would all die together. Mitch just hoped he was not the last to be evaporated. The tomato plant saw and heard the massacre of the raindrops, and worried about his friend Mitch. The roots pulled as hard as they could and sucked Mitch into them. Mitch had become so obsessed with his brother's deaths and not being late that he forgot about his friend.

He and the roots lived happily ever after away from all of the other mean raindrops.

The End.

**Travis Poffenberger**





**Andrew Wyse**

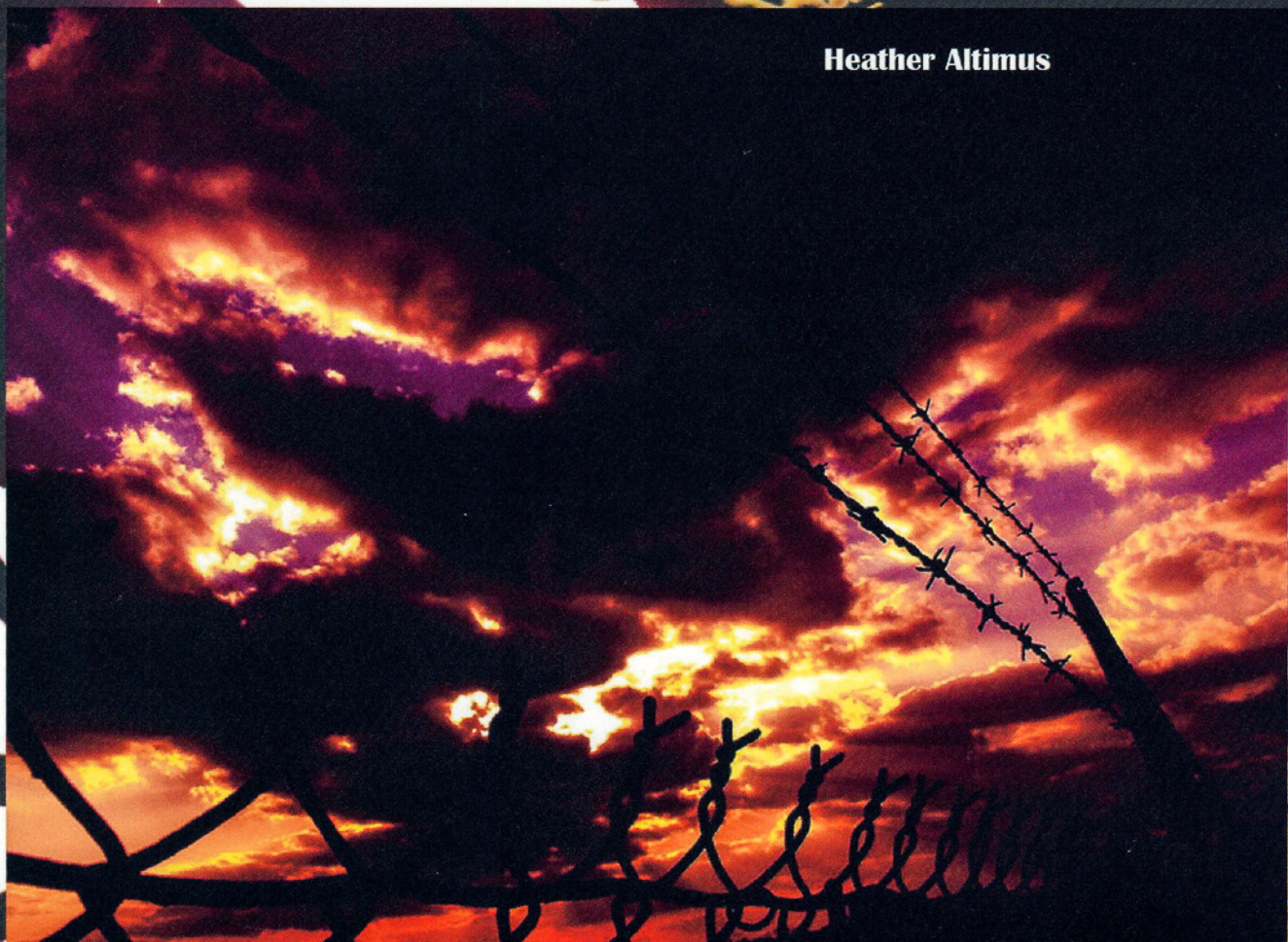


**Andrew Olsson**





**Heather Altimus**

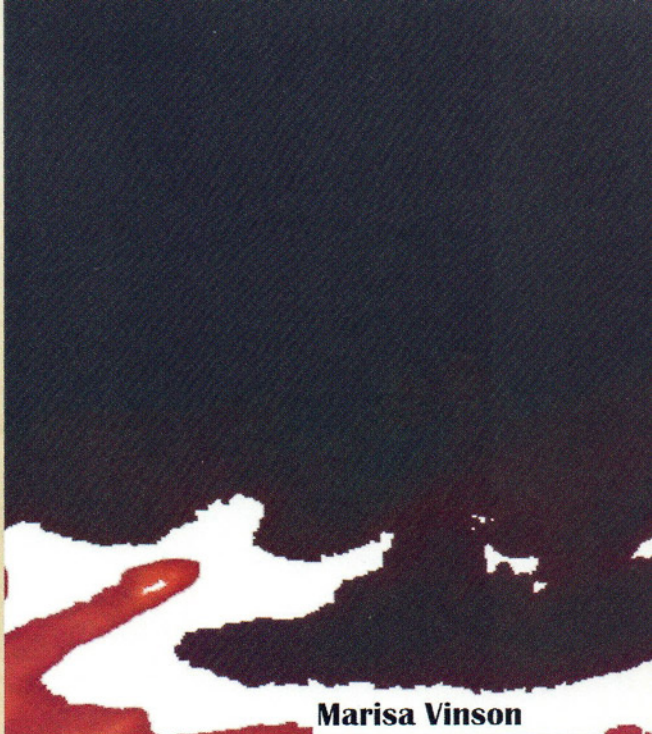


**Heather Altimus**





Annie Green



Marisa Vinson







**Marisa Vinson**



**Andrew Olsson**



## Change

3rd Place Change Contest, Literature

Change is the dream and hopes of a mother  
When she stares into the eyes of her corrupted daughter  
The only thing that we so desperately crave  
When life seems to go nowhere but towards the grave  
They say change is of the essence of existence  
Because it gives humans the will to strive and become persistent  
Change is also an illusion  
Left to the creativity of our vision  
Change is nature  
That occurs in our future  
Change is you and me  
Change is expensive but free  
So what is change?  
Change is the range  
And differences  
Between what was and what is

**Yusrah Sankoh**



**Andrew Olsson**



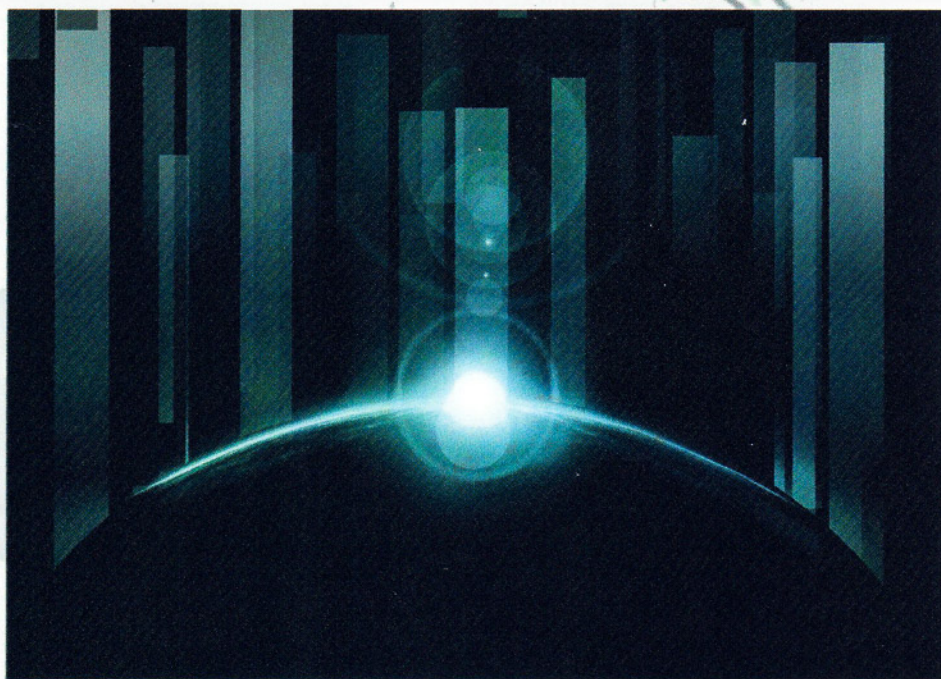
**Heather Altimus**



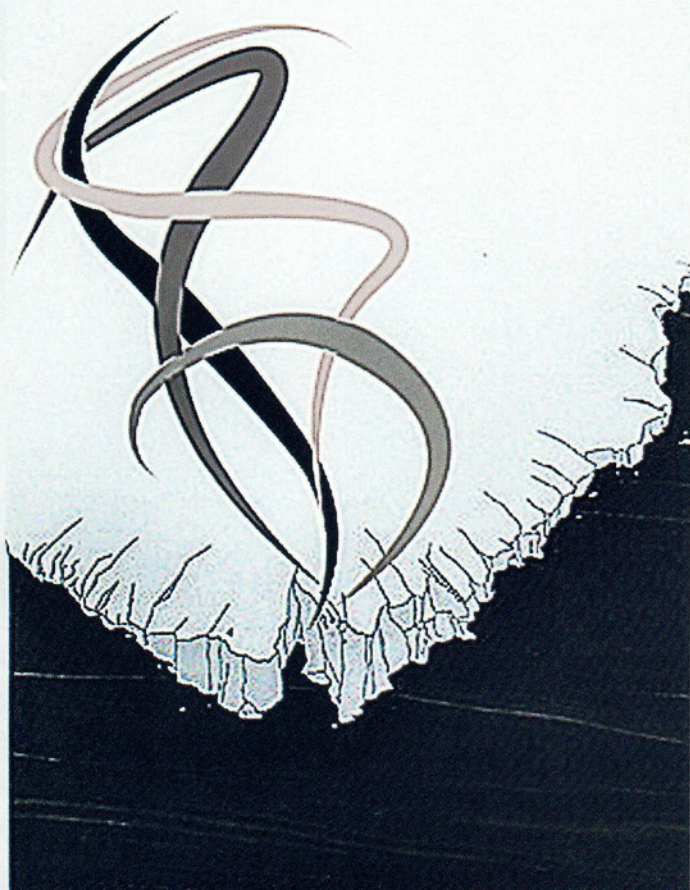


**Jasmine Bagley**





**Moustafa Hassan**



**Moustafa Hassan**





**Greg Lambert**



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