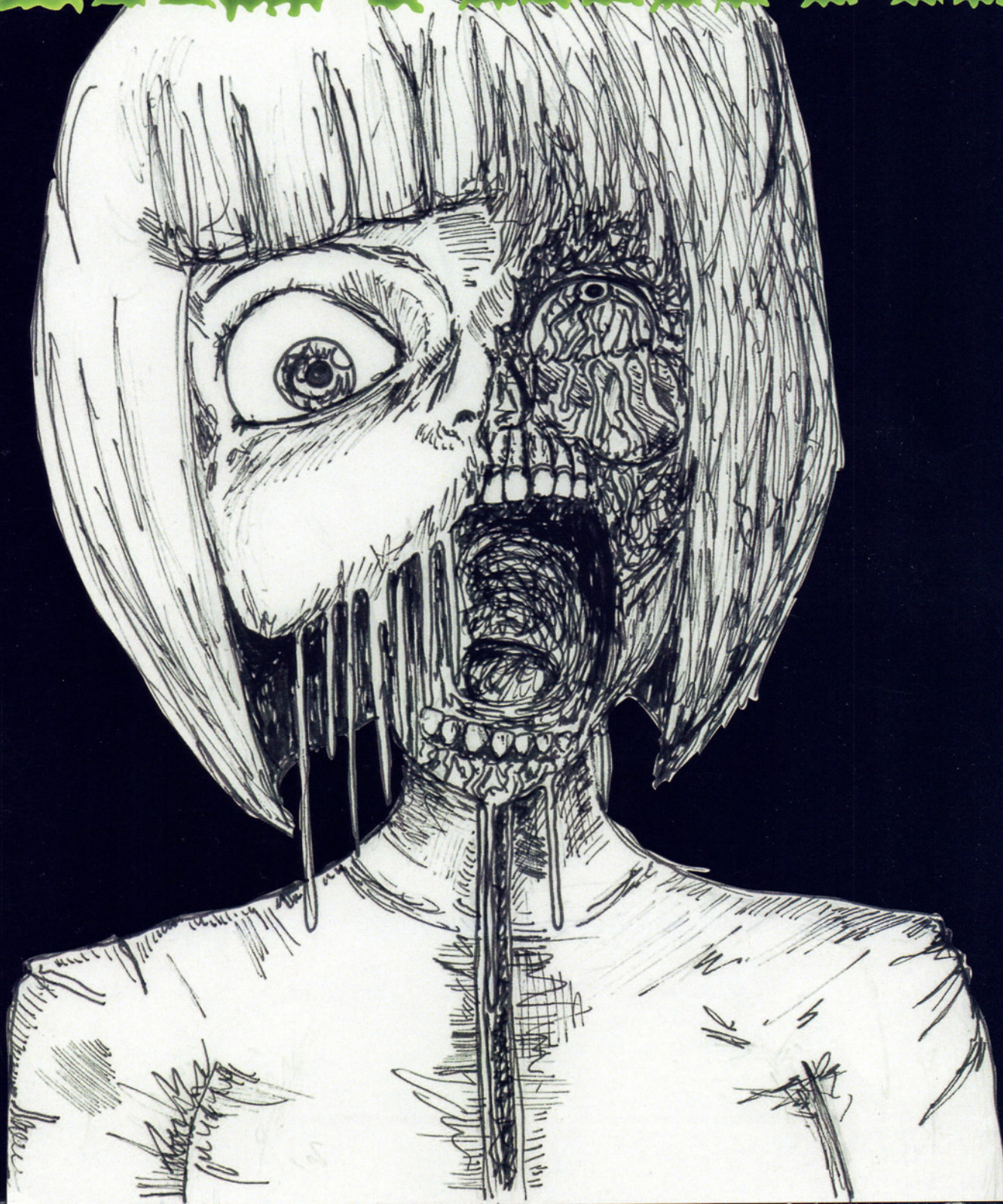
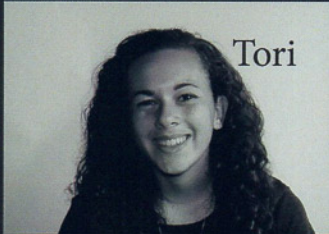


LABYRINTH



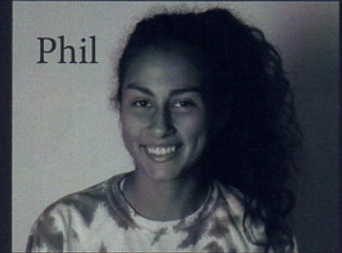
MEET THE LAB

*Thank you for all submissions!!
Check out more work on our*



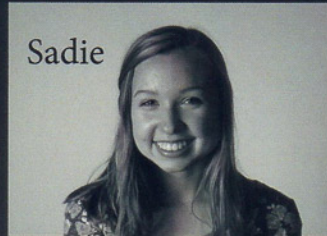
Tori

EDITOR IN CHIEF
GREATEST FEAR:
The DARK
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
DOTS



Phil

GRAPHIC DESIGN EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
BEING BURIED ALIVE
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
Reese's



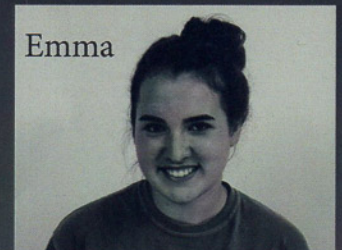
Sadie

PUBLICIST
GREATEST FEAR:
BUGS
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
STARBURSTS



Ronan

ART EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
CLOWNS
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
Reese's



Emma

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
GETTING LOST IN A FOREST
ALONE
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
TWIZZLERS



Annabel

ART EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
NEEDLES
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
MILKY WAYS

Cover Art by Paige Vondenkamp

YRINTH STAFF!

Keep an eye out for our next magazine.

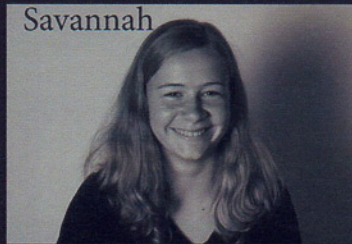
website: www.labyrinthmagazine.com

Grace



WRITING EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
SPIDERS
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
SNICKERS

Savannah



ART EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
NEVER FINDING LOVE AND
DYING ALONE
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
TWIZZLERS

Fatima



LAYOUT EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
NOT GETTING INTO COLLEGE
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
MILKY WAYS

Emilia



LAYOUT EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
GETTING IN A PLANE CRASH
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
CHOCOLATE

Reem



LAYOUT EDITOR
GREATEST FEAR:
CLOWNS
FAVORITE HALLOWEEN CANDY:
TWIX



Photography by Fatima Chavez



Art by Paige Vondenkamp

Art by Ricardo Pinto Sanchez



as kids we went to the pool. we played games. we saw how long we could hold our breath. trying to swim further underwater than the friend, because it was fun. a tranquil struggle. the kids counted the seconds until they had to resurface and save their own life. and it was nothing but laughs. but i never seemed to be able to hold my breath for all that long. could never swim the length of the pool with out gasping for a breath every few strokes. and maybe that is why i was drowning so quickly. because while the children were counting the seconds i was counting months. waiting for the rope tying me to the bottom of the pool would grow old and break. tearing the bond between me and the life i never wanted. and i didnt want to hold my breath anymore. i would willingly loose to the game of holding my breath, but i won every time. and i am still underwater praying for a gasp of breath. i am loosing all hope and i am getting deeper. ...the rope is still as strong as the first day. but things have changed. the challengers have decided to stop challenging. because it is known i will always win at this game. this fight. because as they were trying to stay underwater, i was trying so hard to resurface. as i watch the kids it becomes clear they are blinded by all the happiness. not seeing that they are driving down a road to nowhere. they are so innocent, but the children will not always be alright. i truly wish to go back to those days. where i wanted to be underwater. but now the water is killing me. the world has become a mystery. i can no longer breath. and im worried thats how id like it to be.

By Grace Asch



Art by Reni Hadeski

Background by Annabel Gleason



PG

Art by Paige Vondenkamp



Photography by Jose Ramirez



Photography by Hina Mughal

The First Floor Mystery

On a stormy day in October, students sat in class, waiting for the lesson to begin. The clouds were ash gray causing the room to look very dark, in the early morning. The rain was falling like it never had before, the storm followed by a rhythm, constantly and loudly. The wind howled as if it wanted to participate in the melody of the rain and the storm. In B102, Mr. Albert sat in his chair, his legs on the desk. The kids sat waiting for him. No one spoke in Mr. Albert's class because no one wanted to get on his bad side, but it seemed that Mr. Albert was already angry. He shook his head, making grunting noises. Minutes passed until one brave little soul spoke, stuttering.

"Mr. Albert, aren't we-we- going to learn today?" A small little girl asked. He looked at her but really everyone did, the kids questioning her actions.

"You know what is crazy about this. It's bad enough that the school board decided to open school today but what's even worse is the fact that your parents brought you anyway. It's madness I tell you, madness!" He said to the girl. She looked at him, unsure of what to do next. Mr. Albert got up from his chair and looked at the kids. They looked back, their little heads popping out of their big jackets.

"Well then, you want to learn?" He said to them. "You, get some markers from Mrs. King class downstairs." He said pointing at a small kid with green shirt, the lights flicked as he spoke.

The kid looked at his classmates, unhappy that he was chosen. Without saying a word, he left the room slowly and the kids and Mr. Albert were silent, waiting. Only a minute has passed, when the kid came running, breathing heavily, looking white as ghost and his eyes wide.

"What is wrong with you?" Mr. Albert asked, relaxed and leaning, his arms crossed.

The kid just shook his head, looking at Mr. Albert with pleading eyes.

"If you want me to help you, you have to answer kid."

"ah--the-the--a.." The kid began. Everyone watched him tremble.

"A sound, the-ther-there is a sound." He finished.

"What sound?" Mr. Albert said.

"M--M-Monster." Just as he finished his words, Mr. Albert laughed.

"Oh, kids these days, you're something. You have a wild imagination I tell you, wild!" The kid looked at him, sad that he did not believe him. He slowly sat in his desk, his eyes still wide from shock.

"Okay, now is anyone MATURE enough to get me a marker, so we can learn?" He continued.

"I will. I am not scared." A little girl said, getting up. Mr. Albert smiled.

"Good, Anna." The girl left the room.

"Okay, We were talking about fractions on Friday weren't we?" The kids nodded.

"Tell me Johnny, What is an improper fraction?" The kid with the green jacket looked up from his desk. He couldn't speak for a minute or so, just looked at Mr. Albert.

"Okay. Since Johnny decided he is going to go mute, any other volunteers?" Mr. Albert said. No one answered, the kids all looked at something else. Mr. Albert turned following their gaze, and saw the little girl Anna, shaking.

"Where are the markers?" He said.

"He--he- said, 'Down come down' he-" She paused. Still frozen, only her mouth moving. The students all looked at Mr. Albert, waiting for his response.

"Eh.. you too? I just have to go myself then, since everyone seems to be losing their mind today." He said and went to the door.

"Don't move, I will be back." He said and left, moving the girl to the side as he walked out. The kids looked at each other and as if they planned it, they all began to follow. Walking through the hallways, just behind Mr. Albert.

He was walking to the stairs as the kids stand behind him, watching. He turned, shook his head and stepped on the first row of the stair. Then a deep voice said, "Don't come down!"

The kids screamed, Mr. Albert was shocked. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Who-Who-Are you!?" He managed to say.

"Don't come downnn." It said, stressing the n. The kids scream again on cue. The teacher quickly said, "shhh, go back to class. You need to get away from here."

They responded quickly and they all ran to class, as if the creature below was right behind them.

"Oh my!" Mr. Albert said as he closes the door. The kids stood by their desks, scared to even sit down.

"He just keeps saying that." Johnny said. Mr. Albert turn to him, puzzled about the fact the kid face was normal again, his eyes back to its normal size. While everyone else, including Mr. Albert was shaking.

"Eh..well..I will..eh..go and check this thing out. In-In the meantime, stay here okay?" He looked at them, making sure that they understood. He opened the door and he left, closing it behind him so the kids won't follow.

As he walked through the hallway, he heard a squeaking sound. Starled he stopped and looked around.

"Hello! Any-Anybody there?" No one responded. The rain was the only sound that he heard. Slowly he reached the stairs. He looked down, terrified.

"He-" He started but the thunder interrupted. He hesitated, afraid of the dangers that lie at the bottom of these stairs. He was going to go back, when he heard a voice.

"Don't come down!" Mr. Albert jumped terrified of the loud noise. He slowly got closer to the stairs again, telling himself to act like a leader through every step.

"Why not? You can't stop me!" He said trying to sound braver than he actually felt.

"Then you will be hurt!" The voice responded. Mr. Albert couldn't believe that this was happening. This had to be something from a movie, scripted, unreal he told himself. He was scared but angry as well. He couldn't believe what he had to deal with. Now, the kids are in his hands and if anything happens to them he might get fired, or worse. As he thought about the dangers that he might encounter, he slowly put his foot on the stairs. Slowly and careful as if he was stepping on a lava.

He counted in his head, "one-tw-two-three--" As he went down step by step.

"Mr. Albert! Please don't go!" someone said. Mr. Albert turned, and saw Johnny looking at him, terrified.

"What are you doing here? Get back to class!" Mr. Albert said, but little part of him was glad, that someone came.

"I--I want to be here." The kid said. Mr. Albert smiled.

"Just stay where you are okay?" The kid nodded.

Mr. Albert turned his head back and start to walk down again. The kid as he went further, breathe harder than before.

"Five-six-seven-eight-" Mr. Albert counted. And finally he reached the bottom of the stairway. He couldn't see anyone or anything, just a yellow bucket in the middle of the hallway. He walked forward, looking left and right. Making sure that nothing will jump at him.

"Is anyone here?" He said. He heard steps. He walked back slowly as the steps got closer and closer.

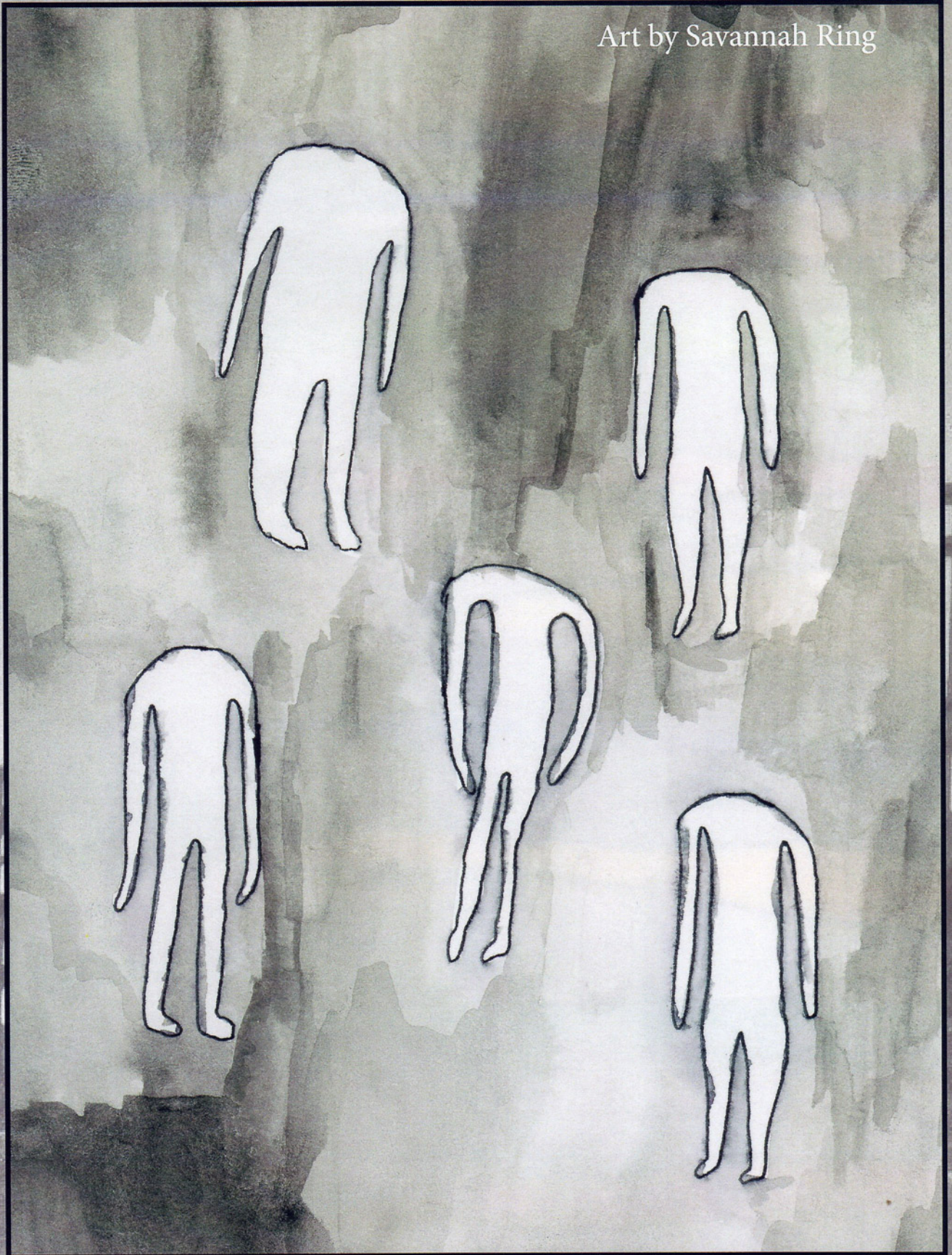
BOOM! There was a sound, there was a broom on the floor. Mr. Albert put his hands up, in defense.

"Oh sorry about that, I am clumsy sometimes. But you shouldn't have come down, you will fall and hurt yourself. The floor is wet, these kids and their accidents." A man said laughing. The man was tall and wore a blue uniform with a tag, it read Paul-Janitor.

Author: Betelhem T. Demissie

Background by Rasool Al-Najafi

Art by Savannah Ring



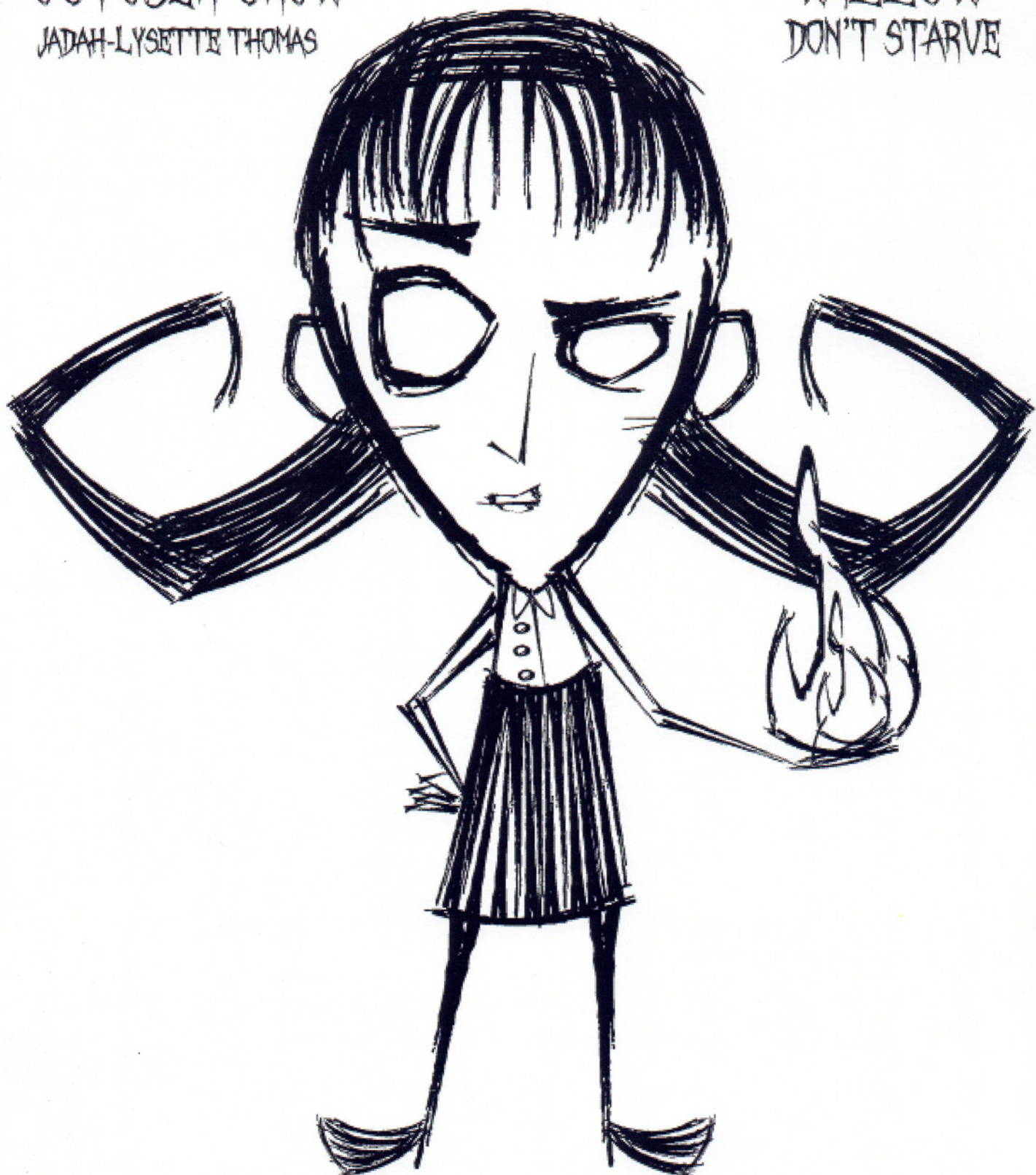


Art by Veronica Najarro

OCTOBER CROW

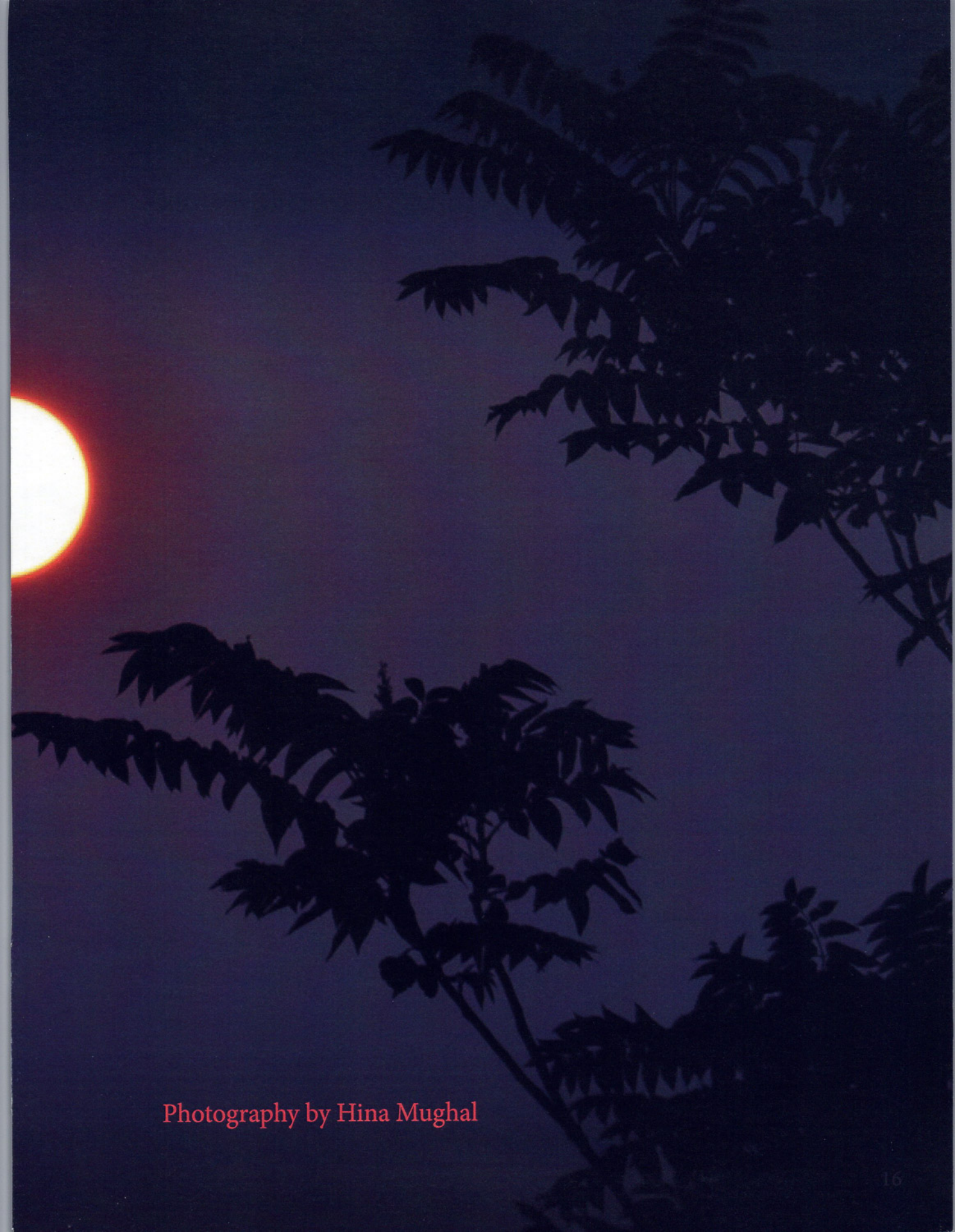
JADAH-LYSETTE THOMAS

WILLOW
DON'T STARVE



A Walk Through the Black Wood by Dylan Garcia

The walk through a black wood.
The path of darkness and no good.
A struggle of help and confidence.
That never seems to make sense.
The wood was cold like a blizzard on a winter day.
The leaves were black and sky turned grey.
Unfortunately this path is the only one to travel.
The ground was hard and painful like gravel.
But it's a road we all have to follow.
And the fog was so thick it was hard to swallow.
Walking through a black wood.
Having to endure what no one should.
Shadows creep in and out.
Wondering if it's my sight or mind that has doubt.
Making me want to shout.
But it would alert the creatures that go about.
Destroying what was left in my safe seeming kind.
As my mind begins to bind.
Breaking down piece by piece wondering if I could ever
leave this place.
But the black figures keep bringing down my pace.
Ending in mass destruction.
Refusing my mind to function.
How do you make it through this dark wood.
I can't believe that anyone could.
The end is near.
And I'm in total fear.
As I break away from the sane world I used to know.
Being trapped in this black wood.
A place I thought I'd never go.



Photography by Hina Mughal



Art by Anna-Blessing Merife



Graphic Design by Jada Thomas

So she wasted away her hours, counting minutes on her hands

And she walked through feathered daydreams, looking for a gated door

She imagined everything just the way that it should be

And everything was easy, not a single care or worry

She opened the curtains and let in the light

Soft ambience, masked-lipstained temptress, walking alone in a daydream creation

But she opened her eyes and a voice called her name

And she looked in the mirror and saw there a nightmare...

...So she closed them again and tried to go back,

But the damage was done, dream-world corrupted

Paint-shades washed away in reality's rain

And she learned how to dance in electrical storms...

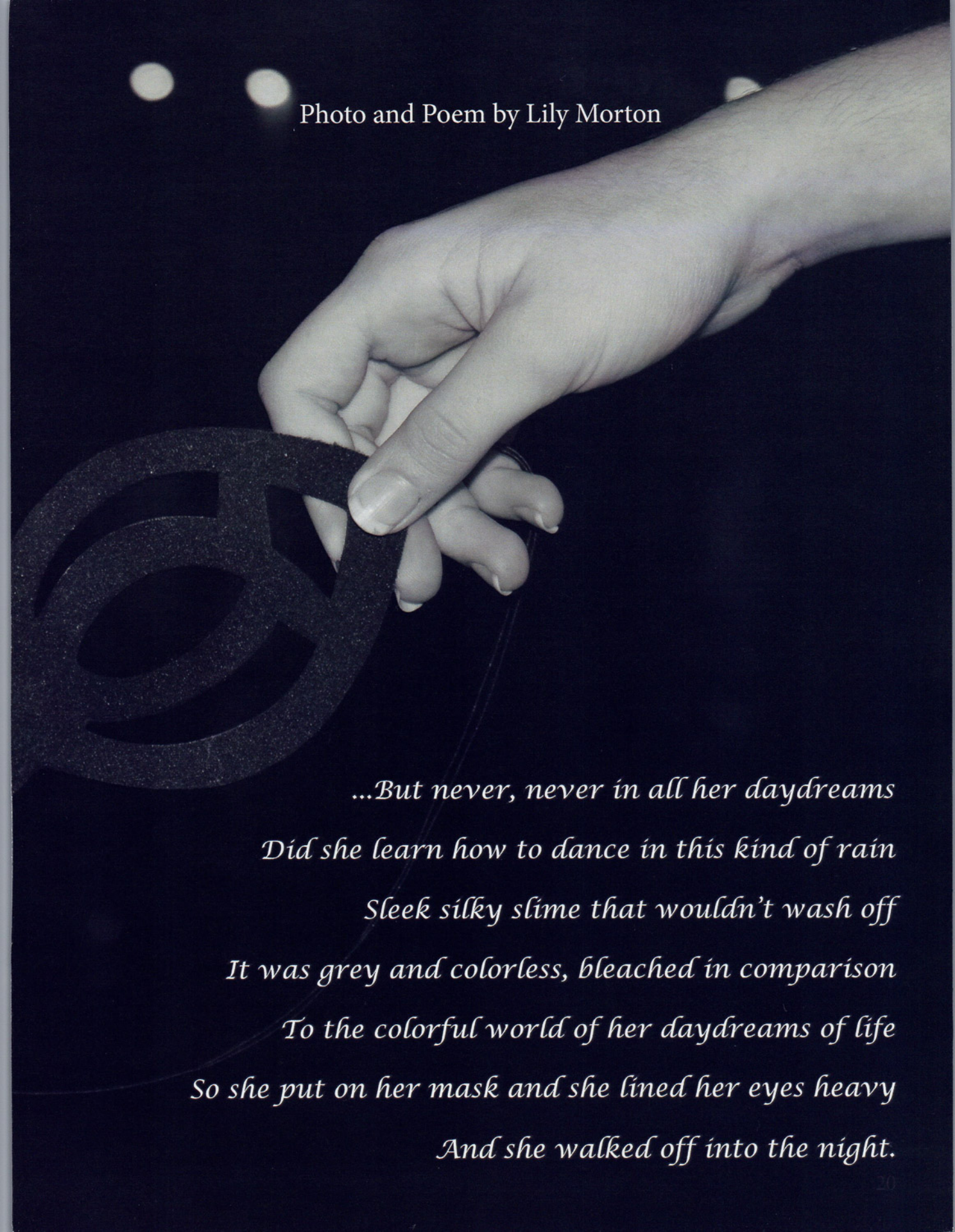
A black and white photograph of a hand holding a dark, textured mask. The mask has a circular shape with several large, irregular cutouts. The hand is positioned in the upper right, with fingers gripping the top edge of the mask. The background is black with several out-of-focus white circles, resembling bokeh from distant lights. The overall mood is mysterious and somber.

Photo and Poem by Lily Morton

*...But never, never in all her daydreams
Did she learn how to dance in this kind of rain
Sleek silky slime that wouldn't wash off
It was grey and colorless, bleached in comparison
To the colorful world of her daydreams of life
So she put on her mask and she lined her eyes heavy
And she walked off into the night.*

Art by Ronan Elpers





Photography by Mosed Saroor



YOU GIVE ME **BUTTERFLIES.**

Art by Paige Vondenkamp

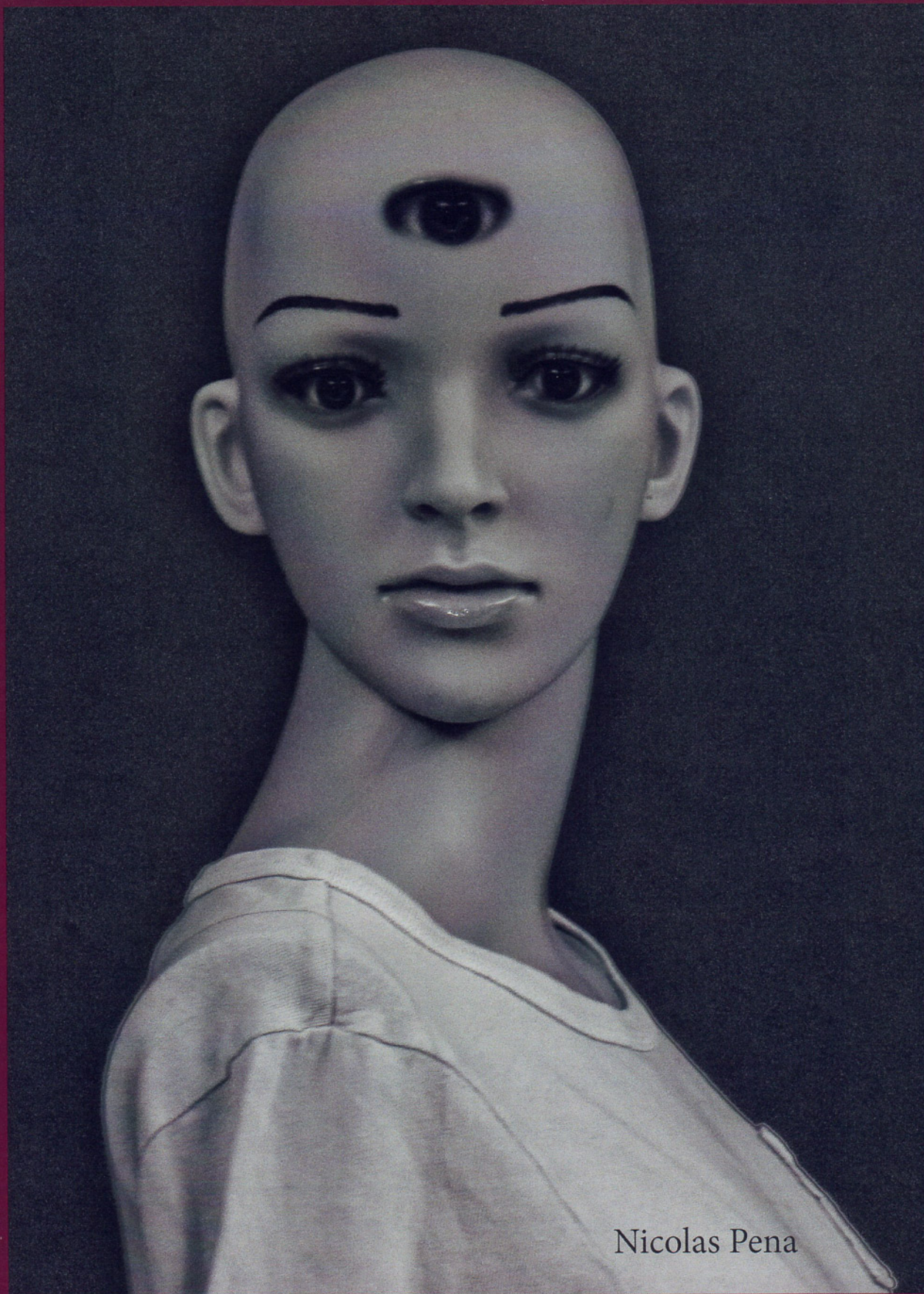
Tragic Love

By Shawn Ikhide

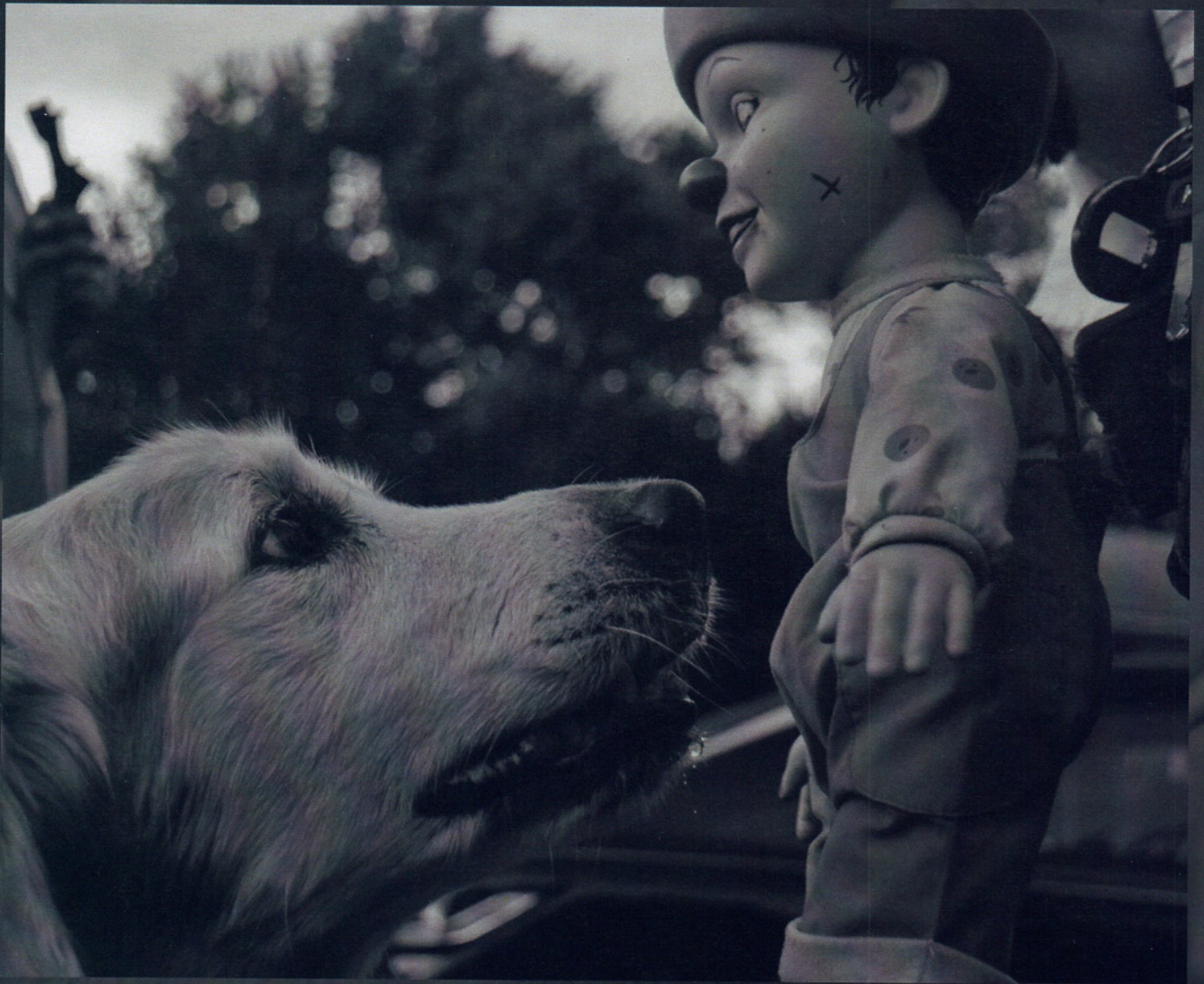
I sat nervously in my chair. There was no light in the room. My fingers gripped the armrest of my chair, turning white. I poured some wine and had some crackers. I crushed the crackers into the wine, stirred, and gulped it all down. I could still hear the bangs in my head. The first one was out of anger, the second accidental-- I blamed him for her death, but I knew who the real culprit was. I see him every day, haunting, taunting me, especially when I look in the mirror. She is also there. She is different though, her eyes dark pits from watching broken dreams. Her body aged and withered. But she still has that same smile. The smile I fell for in college, the smile she gave me when I kissed her, the smile she had when I asked the question and she said yes. The ring was too big but we got another one. Then there was him. He was my only friend. I thought I could trust him. He was kissing her when I found them. I was compelled by a rage-- I grabbed the gun and fired, but she got in the way and fell. She gave me a smile, not the one I loved her for but an apologetic one. I grew weak and scarred, my rage gone. I cried silently as he came at me, angry. He tried to grab the gun, and we wrestled over it. He fired a shot but it ricocheted and hit him in the back. His eyes turned white as he joined her on the floor. I am still sitting in the armchair as I see her twirling and dancing. Finally, I can take it no more and I leave my body, giving up life, to go join her.

Art by Ingrid Reyes
with help from Ian
Willmore





Nicolas Pena



Photography by Hina Mughal



Graphic Design by Amara Edwards

LABYRINTH MAGAZINE

enter the maze...



Photography by Nicolas Pena