





# Labyrinth Staff



SAVANNAH SADIE PHIL REEM FATIMA TORI  
EMILIA GRACE EMMA RONAN ANNABEL

SPREADS BY EMILIA DAGRADI

COVER BY EMMA CARRAWAY

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This is the 50th anniversary of the Labyrinth Magazine. To reflect the 50 years of creativity in T.C. Williams, this magazine includes artwork, photography, and writing from the beginning of T.C. and also includes work from current students. This issue had no theme so it gave students an opportunity to submit a variety of work in a myriad of mediums. Thank you to everyone who submitted and thank you for reading! Enjoy!



# 70s



John Ryan

Ian Bodden



Barbara Jacobson



## a window

by Mark Dollins 1979

as i looked out my window  
i saw the stars, the moon,  
and all God's creation.

mary said she saw  
an old shed and three dogs  
in a muddy back yard.

I looked again and saw  
fall, one part of a cycle of life  
and the beauty that it brings.

henry said he saw  
an old shed and three dogs  
in a muddy back yard.

again I looked...  
the panes held a lighted  
sky that only i saw. why?

they looked again and saw  
an old shed and three dogs  
in a muddy back yard

who is right?  
well, it was my window.





# 80s

## On the Radio

"All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance"

"When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah . . ."

News Flash! Austria's Archduke Ferdinand and his wife have just been killed. Austria is blaming Serbia for the murder and is gathering together its alliances. This could culminate in the largest war the world has ever known. Such a war will certainly be a war to end all wars.

"Over there! Over there! Send the word, send the word to beware . . ."

Exclusive Bulletin! The Japanese have just attacked Pearl Harbor! All America is devastated by this violent and unwarranted attack on our neutral territory. It is now official! Congress has declared war on Japan and its allies. American men everywhere are rushing to enlist for the cause.

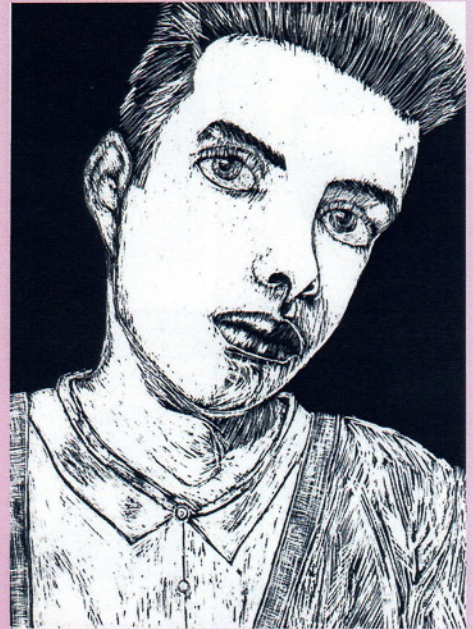
"From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli . . ."

This report just in! Communist intervention in Vietnam's free territory has come to a climax. The French are slowly losing the South Vietnamese Territory to the Communists. The President has decided to provide aid to the South Vietnamese so that freedom can be upheld in these poverty-stricken lands. Ammunition and equipment worth millions of dollars have already been sent over.

"Where have all the flowers gone . . .  
When will we ever learn?  
When will we ever learn?"

*Michael Payne*

3



Michelle Lazarte



Loretta Robertson



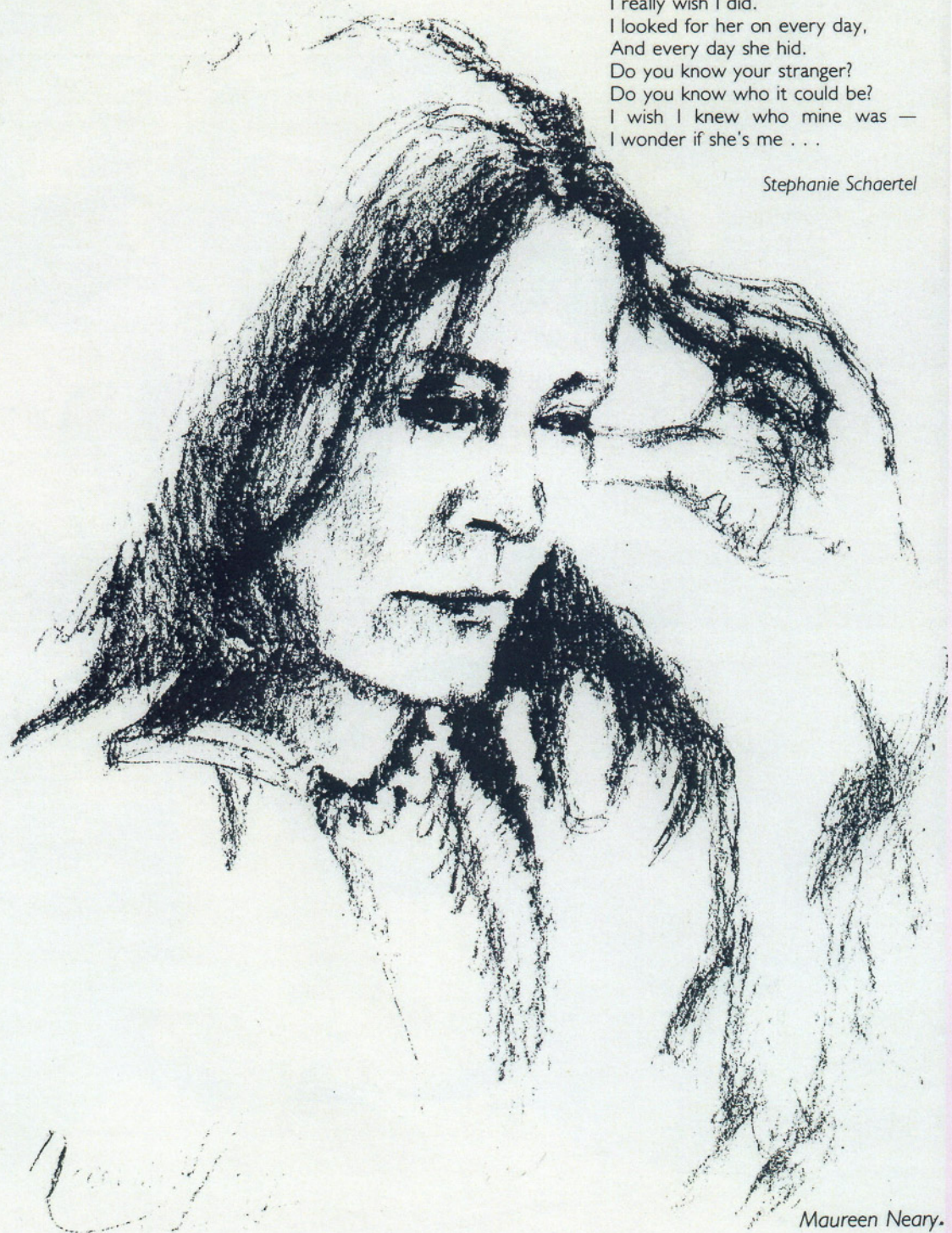
Mark Ambrose



## The Stranger

I have a stranger in my house,  
I don't know her very well.  
I know her name and then her face,  
All the rest I cannot tell.  
I never know just what she wants,  
I really wish I did.  
I looked for her on every day,  
And every day she hid.  
Do you know your stranger?  
Do you know who it could be?  
I wish I knew who mine was —  
I wonder if she's me . . .

*Stephanie Schaertel*



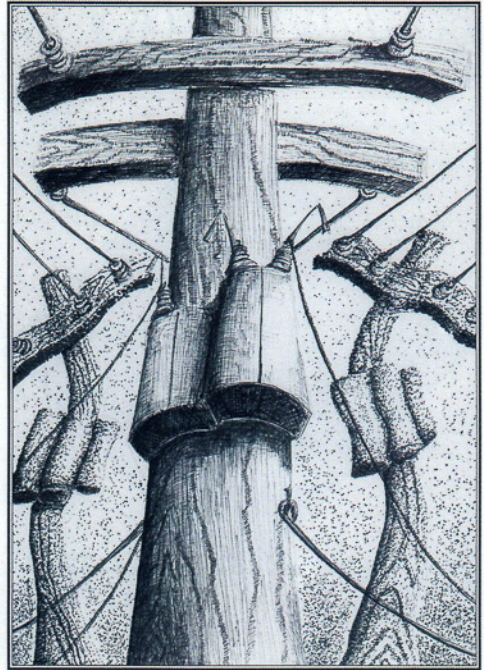
*Maureen Neary.*



# 90s



Henry Nwalipenja



Mike Reukauf

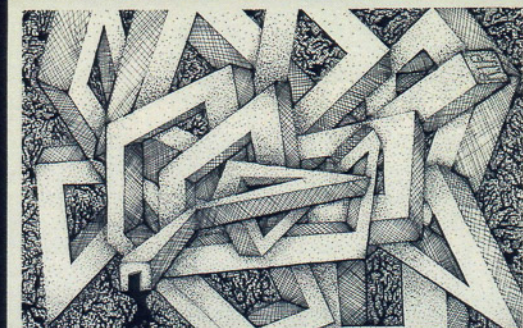


James Armstrong





Alex Weyers



Ivan Suva

## THE DREAM

by Roh' Keame Bell

I am dreaming  
that I see my daughter taken away by some white  
men.  
I hear my daughter screaming as she is dragged into  
a back room.  
I see the door close and by the door there is an ax  
handle against the wall.  
I grab the ax handle, kick the door in.  
Then I wake up.

I am dreaming  
that I am being dragged into the woods by three  
white men.  
They all have white hoods on  
Fear drips like sweat dripping from my body.  
They put a noose around my neck, and then swing it  
over a branch.  
Then I wake up.

(continued)

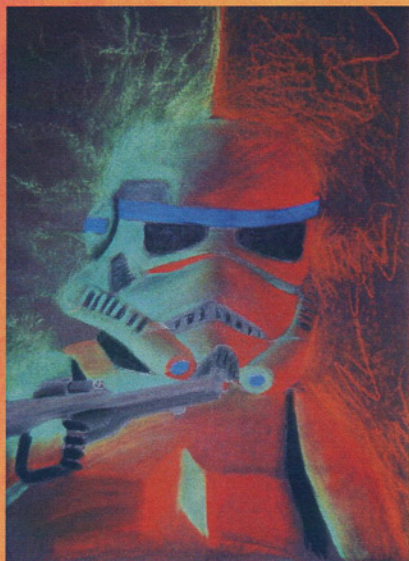


Aimee Saulnier



background by  
Lucy Medley

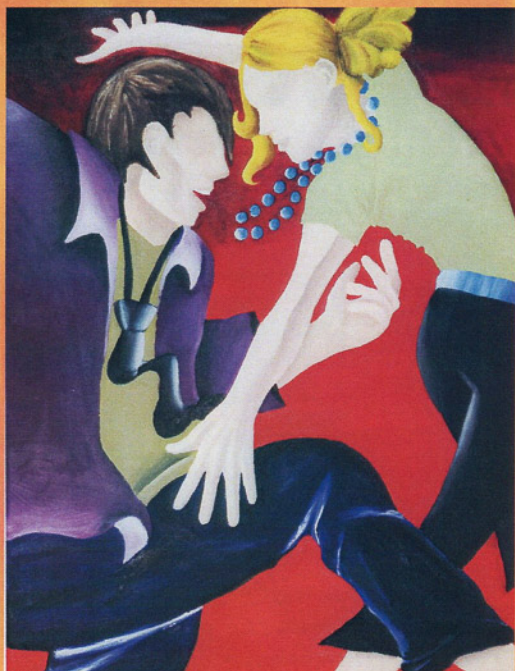
005



Evan Kuester



Moustafa Hassan



Tamara Wilkerson



Darcy Byrnes



Mary Varano

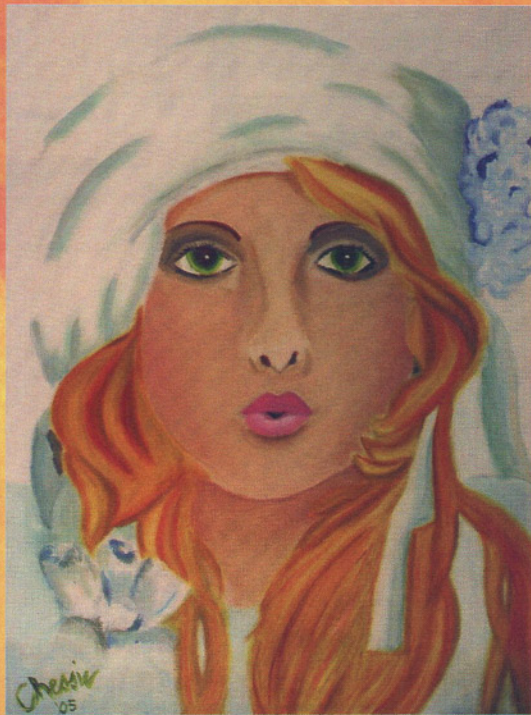




Emily Wohler



John Artemel



Chessie Bautista



Matt Davis



Lakshmi Ganesan



background by  
Alvaro Palacios

10s

ART

Alexander Lemke



Edom Tilahun

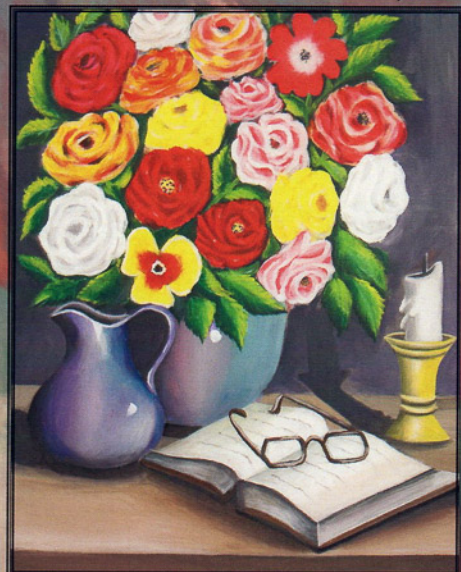


Paige Vindenkamp



Jahed

Jahed





# ARTIST SHOWCASE: MOHAMMAD HAIDARI

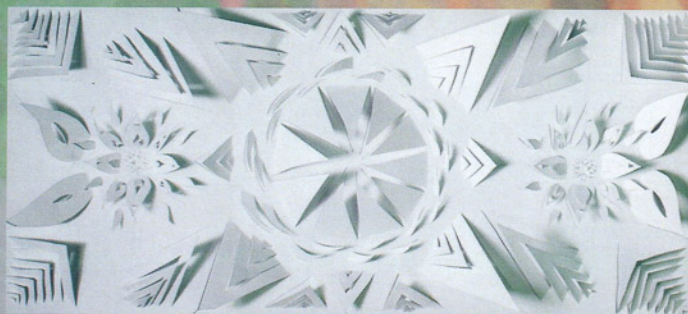


Michaela Japoc



Edom Tilahun

Katherine Cambell





# 10s PHOTOGRAPHY



Evelyn Amaya



Akobi Hylton

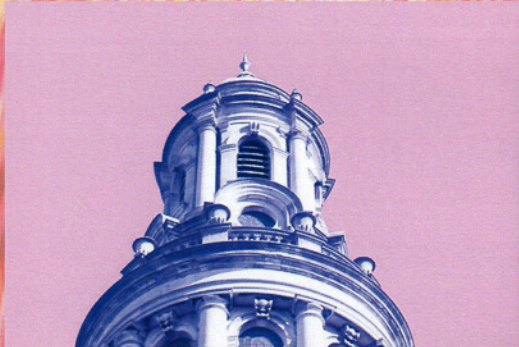


Durdana Shah

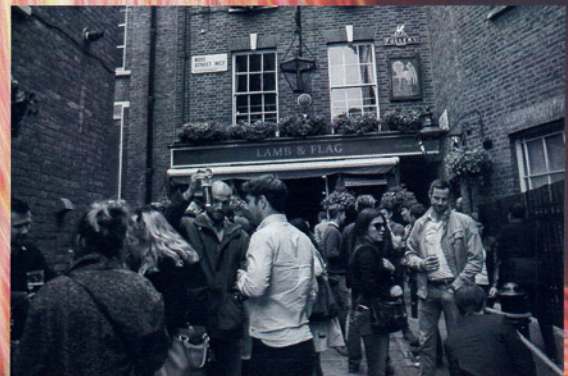
Lynn Stevens



Mac Dickson

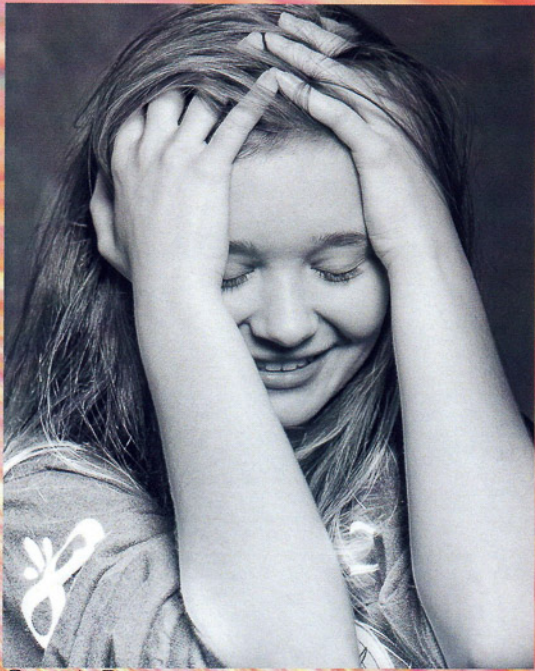


Chavis

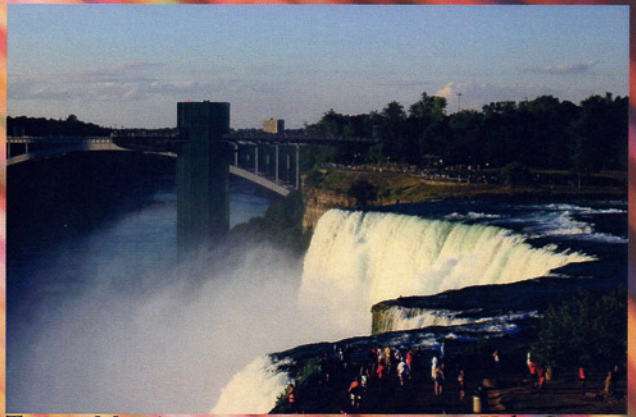


Mac Dickson



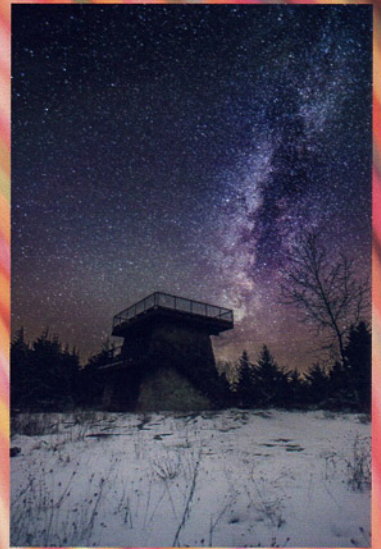


Genesis Romero



Tyrous Morris

Kyle Carrington



Luis Reyes



Mac Dickson

Ella Ainsworth



Mac Dickson



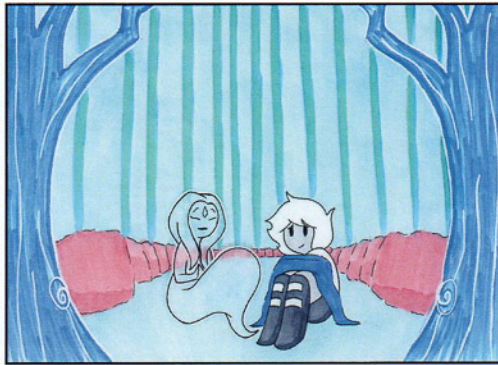
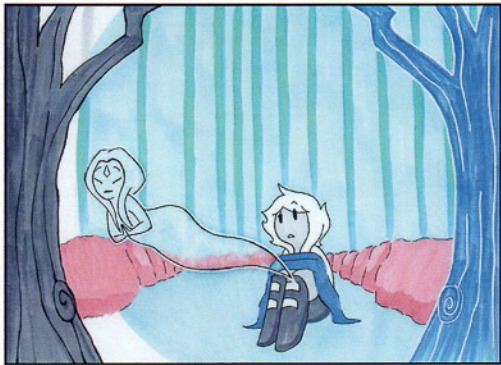
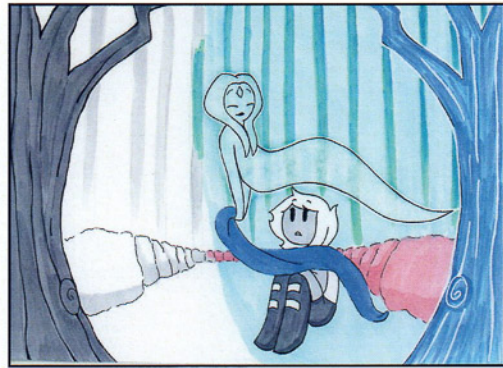
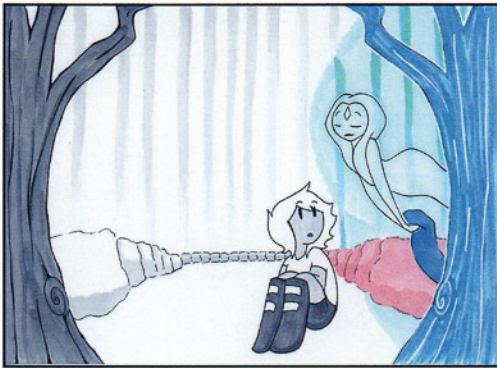
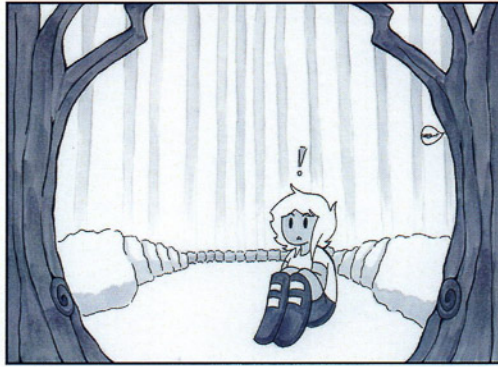
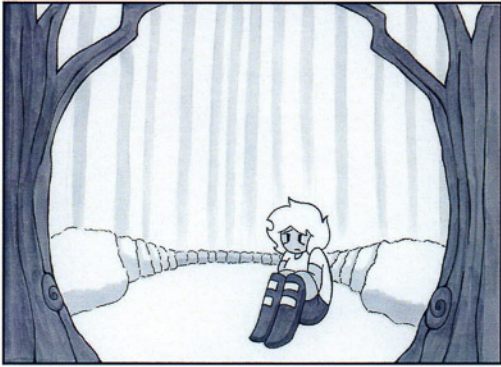


# 2016



24-Hour Drawing By  
Cara Frey













above: Paige Vondekamp  
upper left: Rebecca Peckman  
lower left: Emilia Dagradi

## Facing Problems by Dylan Garcia

Why do I not perform to my full potential  
Is it because I think I'm not good enough  
Or I don't want to try because I just want to have fun  
Turning away from big things because I can't seem to  
handle them?

I'm tired of this new me  
The one that puts on a face to please others  
A one that is there for friends and family but not myself  
Why can't I seem to understand

Why I distract myself just to get through things without  
facing them  
Shoving away help because I don't want to do anything  
More and more missed opportunities roll by and for  
what  
For me to just look at them

Brushing out all emotion to please others  
Shooting down my own education because I can't  
seem to cope  
With what!?  
I keep asking myself

As days, weeks, months, years, lifetimes roll by  
Just because I can't face my fear  
Looking my problems straight in the eye and  
fixing them  
Showing people that I care just to distract from  
my own problems

Life isn't just a walk by  
You can't just come in do nothing and expect to  
get by  
You have to prove why you're worthy  
Put up a fight against your own demons to  
overcome all possibilities

Show the effort  
Don't give up  
Push past boundaries and show your inner  
talents  
**MAKE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN YOU**  
Because deep down inside you know you can  
do it too.



## El Salvador

By Aminta Granados Hernández

El Salvador, tierra hermosa que me vio nacer,  
Aunque lejos me encuentre hoy,  
a mi lindo El Salvador deseo volver.

¡Cómo olvidar el azul de tu inmenso cielo,  
o el aroma y la brisa de tu gigantesco mar;  
la gente buena y trabajadora de mi pueblo,  
o la alegría de los pájaros al revolotear!

¡Oh tierra querida, cuánto a ti deseo volver!  
La pobreza y violencia que te acechan,  
lamentablemente me hacen detener.

## Mi querido Danko

By Alvaro Rojas

Mi perro lindo siempre me hace sonreír.  
Cuando estoy triste, Danko comienza a saltar,  
y con eso yo comienzo a reír.  
Cada vez que escucha música, le encanta bailar.  
Cuando nosotros dos estamos aburridos nos ponemos a jugar.  
En cualquier juego a él le gusta ganar.  
Mi Danko es mi mejor amigo,  
pero yo lo trato como a un hijo.  
Mi Danko siempre me da alegría,  
y yo siempre le cuidaré toda mi vida.  
La fecha más triste llegaba, yo triste lloraba.  
Yo sé que algún día nos encontraremos en el cielo,  
pero ahora estoy con mucho miedo.  
La tristeza ya llegó,  
Mi querido Danko falleció,  
Ya nunca podía dormir.





Photography By: Fatima Chavez





Background By  
Emilia Dagradi

Photography By  
Jenna Ainey







Photography By  
Ali Afnan





Photography By Emma Carraway

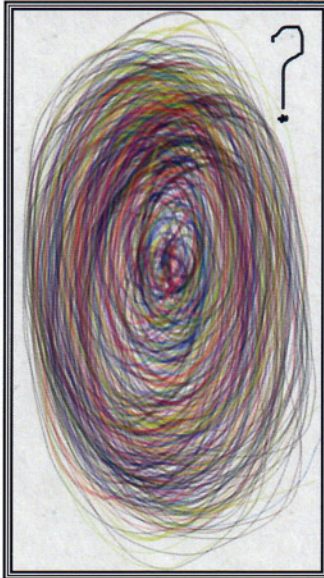
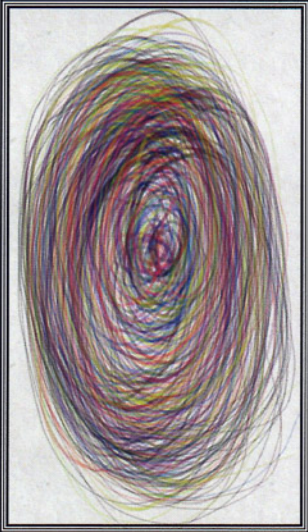
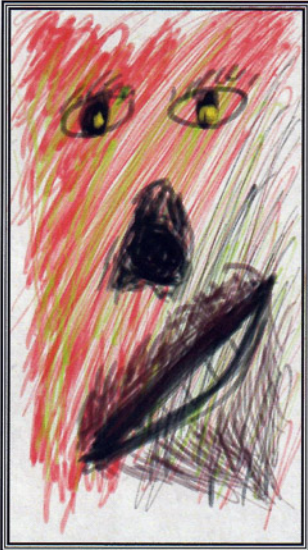


Photography By Emilia Dagradi



# "MY WORK IS ART"

By Hasan Al Mudaris





they won't be watching when the fox runs away.

by Tsebaot Tilahun

this is how i will  
start.  
sitting amongst so many  
"casualties" and  
"lost causes"  
all in sake of my  
"sanity"  
my fingers have grown wary  
of counting with more  
words than my mouth can bear.  
i am now accustomed to the  
taste of my kin's tears  
they will never cry.  
I knew i broke  
when i found my Hands  
clawing at the names i swore i would  
forget  
dante  
i tried. you must know i tried.  
to shape the minds of others around me  
you  
were so  
beautifully flawed.  
they mangled your wings off  
feather by feather before  
they saw your celestial soul  
my Mind will forever remember  
"pencil shaving are the crime scenes of brilliance"  
adonis  
i know you said  
not to weep with  
your  
name  
on  
my

lips are sealed  
to the secret you intrusted me with.  
there is no other  
soul brother  
i could have.  
i am indebted to you  
Forever and always  
I knew i broke when  
i wailed  
for 2 hours  
because my brother's car broke down  
a little too close to a  
Town

*of aryan supreme way of thinking.*  
the unadorned ones insisted i  
"get in control of my"  
problems  
"focus on the"real" problems.  
but before i reply  
i thank the good lord i have a  
Mouth  
to form my own sentences  
and not words They feed me through  
the morris dance tube  
i thank the fine institution that is  
the internet  
for watering my mind  
without drowning it.  
i thank  
a tribe called quest  
for giving me the fuel and energy  
to  
have  
the courage  
and voice

to  
bring  
this  
s\*\*t  
down.

how dare They  
expect me  
to sit while They charr the  
remains of my past.  
exploit the remnants of what i have  
and f\*\*k up what i will make of myself in  
the future  
is a small child  
with a Maya Angelou book  
clutched to her chest  
in hopes of dispensing the  
feeling she can't always hold on  
two  
is me  
being able to pull the words that you have



clotted at the base of my throat,  
and tie them on the weeping willow  
of sorrows.  
there is no  
“peace and patience”  
the well of patience that  
you so graciously offered us  
has run dry.  
now is when i string along  
the perfect order of words  
that i could use to manipulate the strings on the  
edges of your sanity  
this is not a warning  
this is a check-in  
an inspection of  
your attention.  
hell, they probably won't care to  
watch.  
but damn will we look wicked doing it.  
and that is how it  
will  
All  
start.

Photography By Jenna Ainey







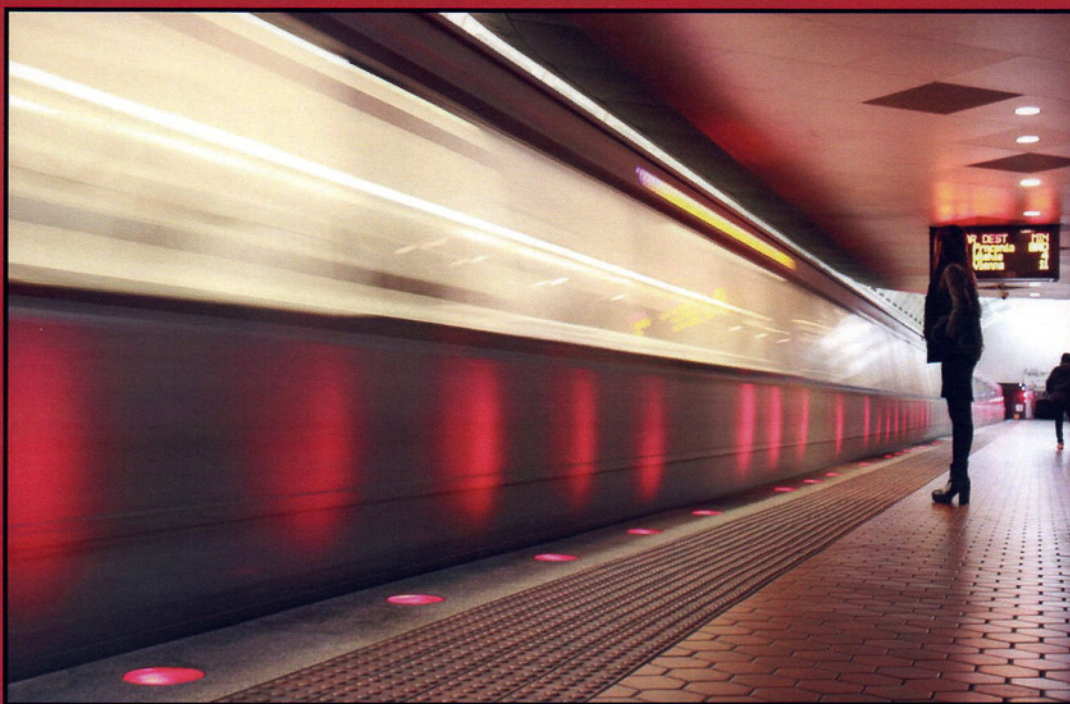
Photography By  
Emilia Dagradi



Photography By  
Jenna Ainey



Photography By  
Dylan Garcia



Photography By  
Jenna Ainey



ELLA

BY ROGER A. CHERRARÍA

DESDE QUE TE CONOCÍ, SENTÍ ALGO POR TI.  
CON EL PASAR DEL TIEMPO ME FUI ENAMO-  
RANDO DE TI.

Y TÚ, ¿SIENTES ALGO POR MÍ?

LAS FLORES DEL CAMPO SON TAN BELLAS COMO  
TÚ.

PERO, ¿CÓMO CORTARLAS PARA LLEVÁRTELAS SI  
SON IGUAL A TI

DE HERMOSAS, COMO LAS FLORES DEL CAMPO  
QUE RELUMBRAN CON LOS RAYOS DEL SOL?

TÚ ERES HERMOSA COMO LAS FLORES DEL CAM-  
PO QUE RELUMBRAN CON LOS RAYOS DEL SOL.  
ASÍ ERES TÚ.



Photography By Michael James Samson



## SONNET NO. 1:

### A LOVE SUCH AS THIS DEFIES DEFINITION

BY MADELINE WALDHOFF

HER HAIR IS AS RED AS THE FIERY DAWN  
IN LANDS DEVOID OF RAIN OR BREATH OR DREAMS  
WHEN YOU NEED THE LIGHT SHE'S WHAT YOU LIVE ON,  
MORE LOVELY YET FOR THE GOLD WHEN SHE BEAMS.  
SHE SMILES, EACH DAY HER FACE LEADS YOU ASTRAY,  
AND HER VOICE IS ALL YOU CAN THINK OF NOW.  
HOW DO YOU DRAW BREATH WHEN YOU ARE AWAY,  
APART FROM THE SIGHT OF HER GRACEFUL BROW?

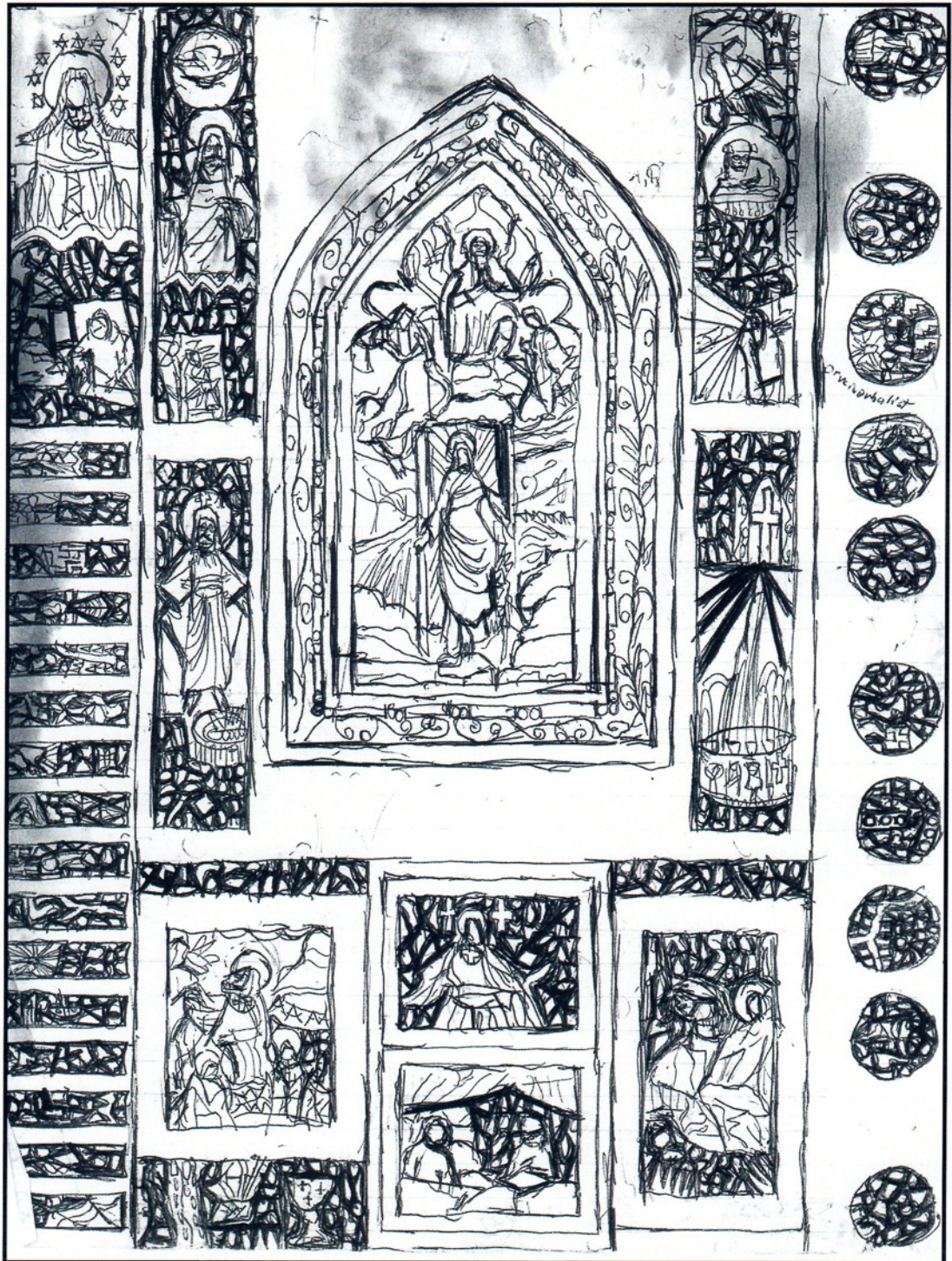
IN DREAMS YOUR TOUCH IS SOFT ON SOFTER SKIN,  
HER LIPS ARE DARKNESS, LIKE A CURRANT WINE;  
SUCH LUST AS THIS CANNOT STILL BE A SIN,  
FOR HER YOU MOAN AND YOU SIGH AND YOU PINE.  
YOU CARE NOT AT ALL FOR THE WRITTEN LAWS  
FOR WHEN YOU SEE HER SMILE YOU CANNOT PAUSE.



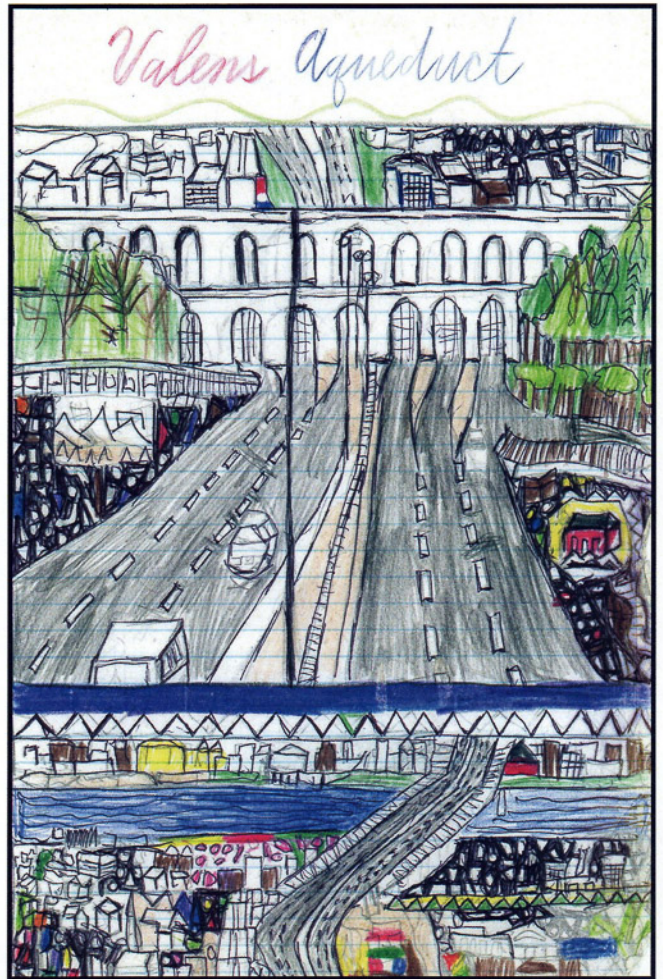
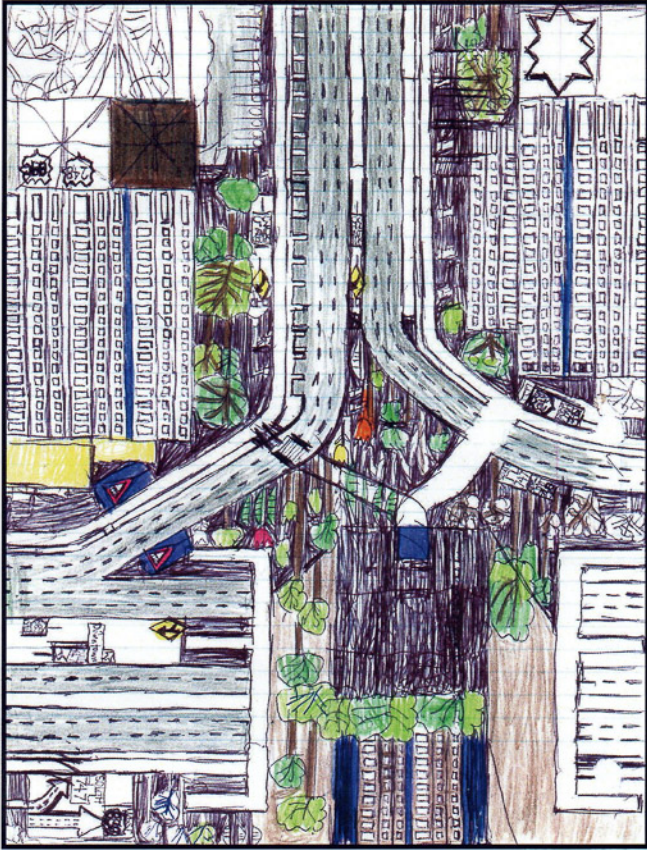
Art By Emily DeBodene



# Artist Showcase: Hilawe Tesfa











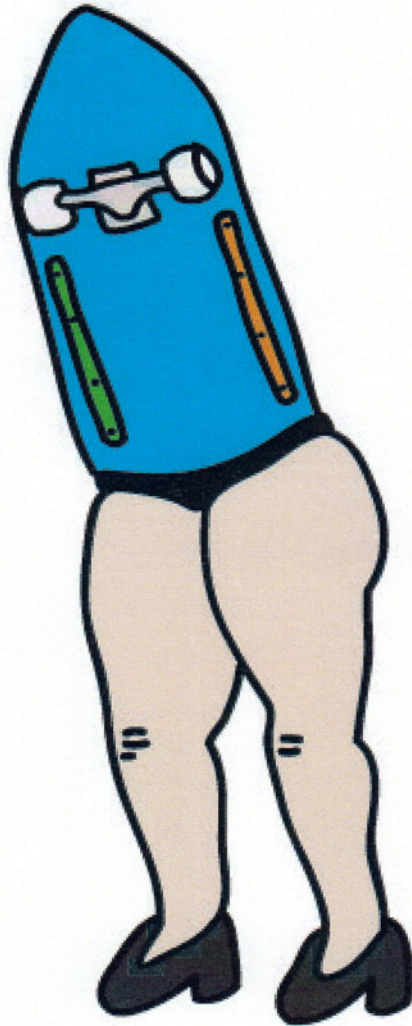
Print by Karinna Papke



Background By  
Emilia Dagradi











Ricabelle Pagara



# The Scarecrow and the Raven By Chloe Tomsu

A life of simplicity could not be condensed any more than into a life of a scarecrow.

Day by day, the sun rose and the sun fell, and he watched restlessly when ravens pecked at the cropping earth. He felt unimaginably lonely, loose button eyes having memorized every yard of land that he could see. Nothing fresh other than the bright falling stars, twinkling meteorites that rocked silently in space trillions of miles away. Nothing other than the sadness whenever he saw people cross in front of him and not pay any mind to his failing stitches, his permanent grimace.

Until one day, a streak of black flashed across his vision, and stopped in front of him.

"Hello sir," the bird cawed, its gleaming eyes unfathomable and penetrating. "I see you have been standing for a very long time."

The scarecrow, never having been spoken to before, was afraid. This was one of the vermin who so frequently pecked upon him, was it not?

"You desire to mock me, crow?" Said the man of straw. "Go somewhere else, I am weary enough without your scorn."

"Ah, but you do not let me speak, Scarecrow," And he spread his dark wings to fly up onto the Scarecrow's shoulder. "You stand here only to watch the movement of the sun! Do you like to stand here? Are you chained? Oh no, not chained..." And, flying back to the ground, the crow examined the stick that bound the Scarecrow tightly to his place.

The crow had many mates, all of which were readying their new nests for egg season. Without a nest, laying eggs would be pointless. Without material, there would be no nests.

"Listen here crow, I've lived too many years in this spot, and there is nothing to be done. I've no interest in your stories."

"Ah, but what if I could free you from this trap?" The crow queried softly. "Walk away from this and find a life of your own? A life of freedom."

The Scarecrow said nothing in return, but watched the crow intently as he flew around him, sable feathers fluttering in loops. "Every day, I could take some straw, make you thinner, until you could slip from the ropes that bind you to your unchanging fate..." The crow stopped before him again. "What say you, man of straw?"

The Scarecrow was unsure of whether or not to trust the creature before him, but what was he to lose? Certainly no family, no real life.

There was nothing but change.

"Alright. I will accept your offer, crow. You will come to me, and every day take some straw. Why not all at once though? Why must I wait?"

"Settle, my friend." The Raven replied, puffing out the feathers on his chest. "We must do this so not many notice. You still have the farmer to be concerned of, as he may refill you if he sees you suddenly too empty."

The scarecrow considered this and sighed.

"Very well." He said. "We can try. I would like to see something other than the stars and sun for once." The crow's wings ruffled, his eyes gleaming like jewels.

"Then Scarecrow, tomorrow I shall come. You may expect me when the sun is high in the sky." Off he flew, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, until the Scarecrow's button eyes could see no farther. And the Scarecrow wondered if he could trust the creature's plan.

The day passed under the Scarecrow's eyes, and when night fell, he watched stars drip and vanish, granting wishes of those who perhaps had wishes to spend.

When the sun arose into the blue of the sky, the Scarecrow stiffened expectantly. A shadow dipped down from the heights and parked itself before him. The crow had come.



"Here I am for you, Scarecrow." Announced the bird of black. "Now allow me to take your straw, and be off." And as the crow promised, he prodded his beak into the Scarecrow's worn clothing, withdrawing a beak of golden straw. The Scarecrow felt emptied for a moment, but it faded quickly.

"Be gone then," said the Scarecrow. "Your business is finished here."

"So it is." Said the Raven, and he soared away, leaving the Scarecrow alone.

Day after day, the crow visited, taking away a mouthful of straw and flying away. Day after day, the Scarecrow felt emptier. Not only due to his body losing shape, but something within him felt as if it were draining.

It was late one night, that the Scarecrow's attention was robbed from the moon, to be directed at a black bird.

The crow, who was cloaked in the ink of night, spiraled to a stop on the Scarecrow's shoulder.

"What are you here for?" Snapped the Scarecrow. "You have already come to me today. I am tired, I am weak. Leave me be."

But the bird did not respond, his gaze as fraudulent as always. "What do you want?" Still, no answer.

The scarecrow looked to his form, to see it empty. His head lolled around, tightly wrapped to the stick that dug into the earth. "I am not free." Uttered the Scarecrow. "You said I would be free, why am I not free?"

Still, the bird did not answer, but instead flew up onto the Scarecrow's shoulder, and pecked at the flimsy thread that kept him sewn together. The Scarecrow resisted to his maximum ability, but as the hay escaped him, He became more unable, until his head tore, and rolled with a nearly soundless "thump" on the ground.

Head split and straw tumbling out, a pressure was lifted from him, and he vanished.

Moments later an old farmer stepped outside in the dark to water his crops, and looked to the distant edge of the field - right above where a staff with no scarecrow stood - and at that moment he spent a wish on a star that didn't drip, drop or fall.

It flew.



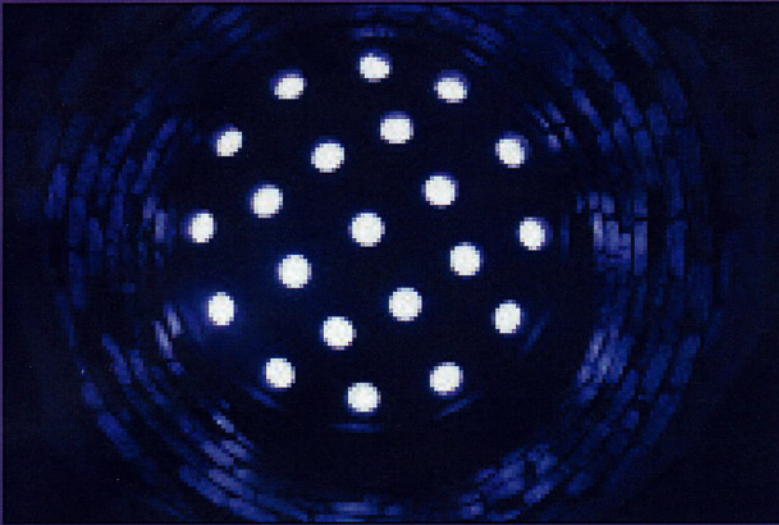
The Stare by Wendy Avilez





Photography By  
Emilia Dagradi





Photography By  
Dylan Garcia

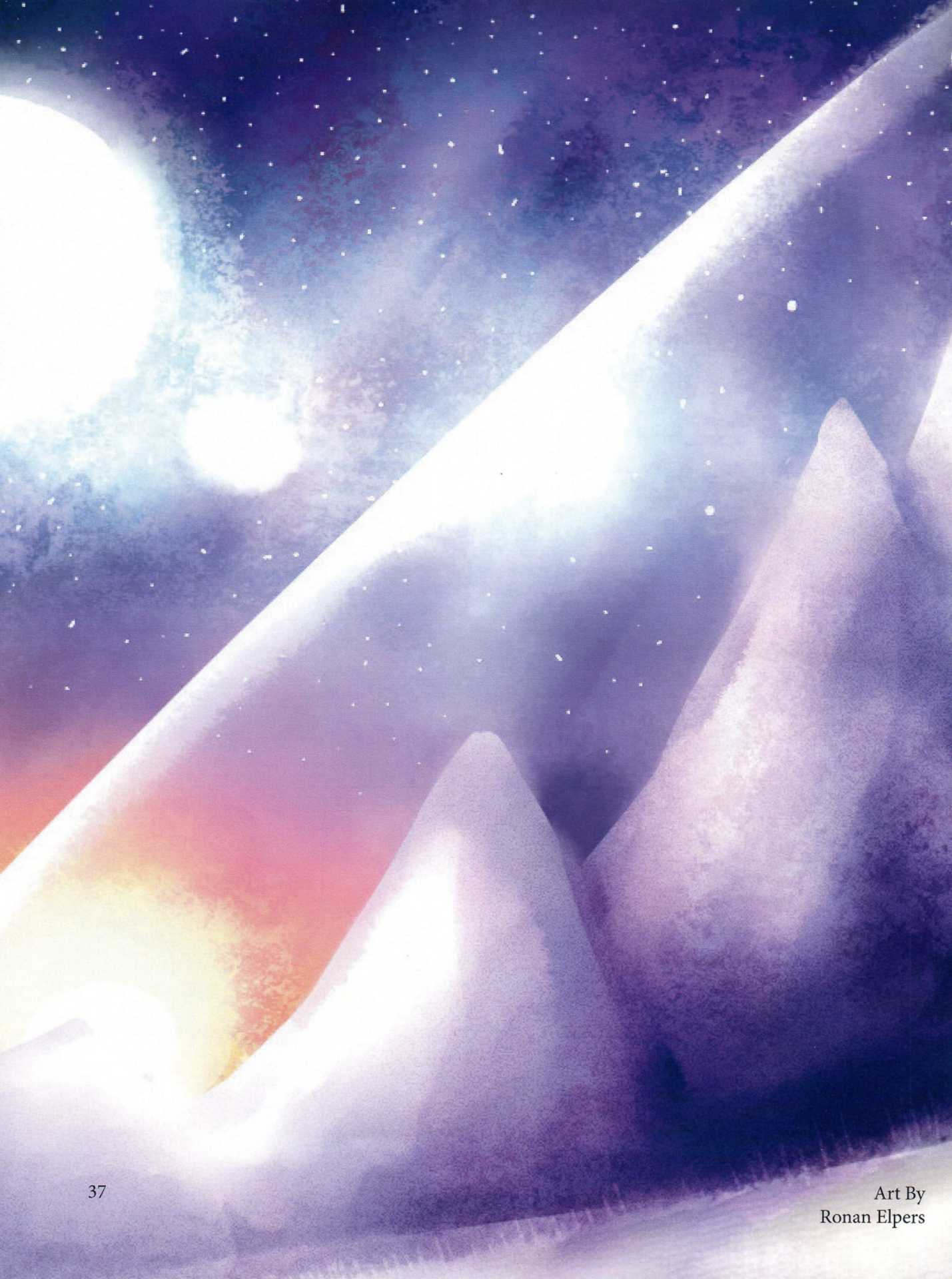


Photography By  
Daniel Rivas

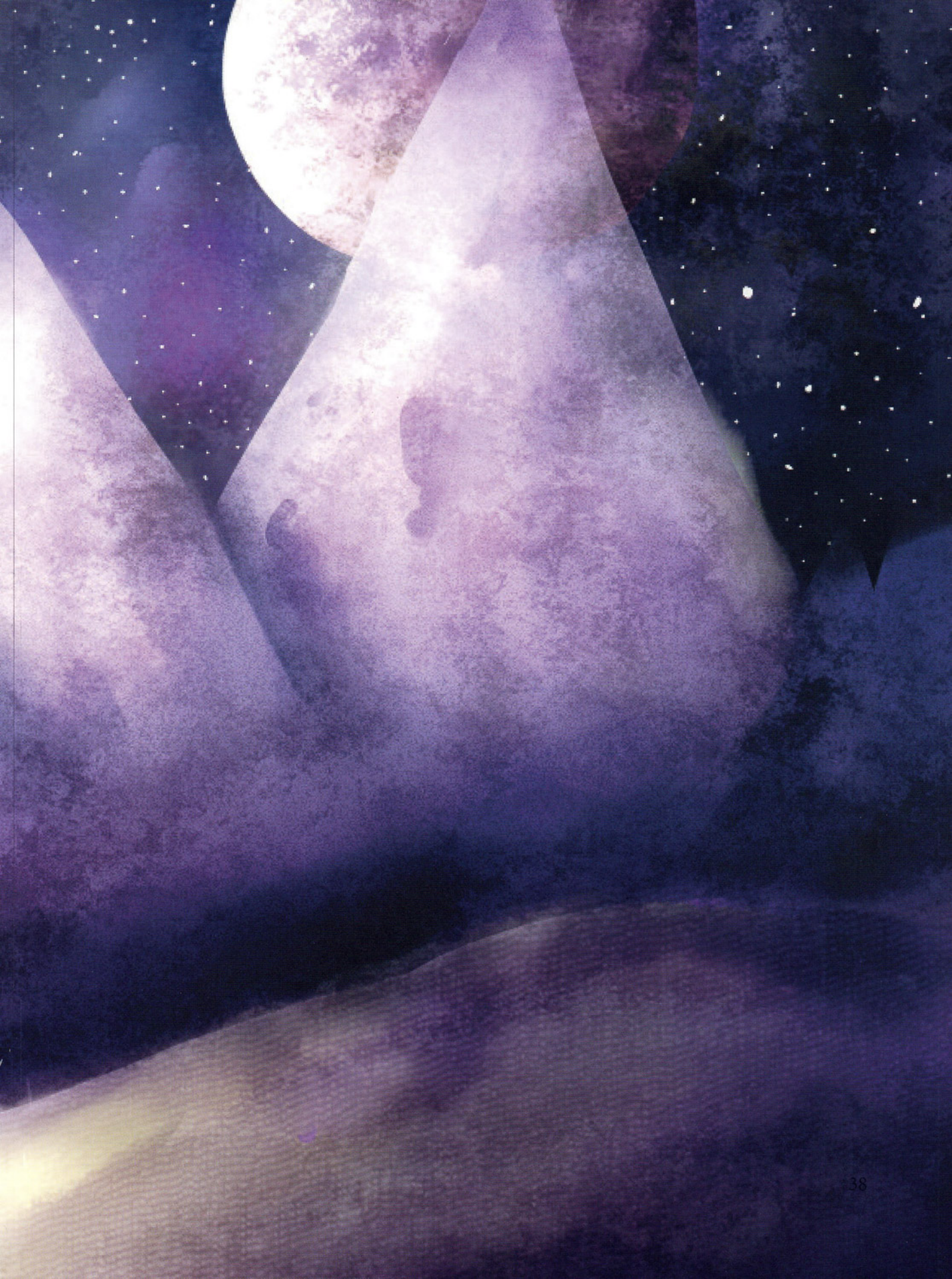


Photography By  
Emma Carraway













Emilia Dagradi

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