

Volume 55 - No.2 - Winter 2019



Labyrinth Magazine Theme: Black & White

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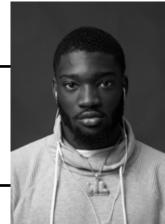




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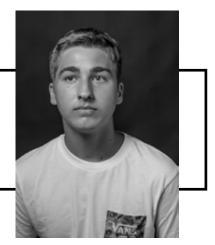
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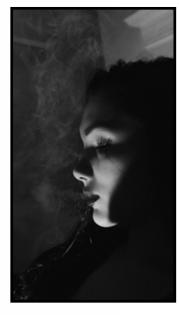
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 	20-21

#### Untitled By Avashaye Wanzer

Heartbroken is what I once felt, every day I picture what things could've been if I didn't leave you. Endless nights I spent writing in my book, I wrote so hard the ink came through the pages, ...then I'd pull my phone out and write... write in my notes I typed so fast my fingers cramped. The pain in my hands didn't co npare to the pain I felt in my heart, every day I had to live with the fact that I lost my best friend. Can you imagine what your life would be like without your significant other? Everybody told me the pain was temporary but I felt that pain forever. My pain needed to be treated with care, I always hoped somebody else would come in and fix the broken pieces shattered in my room. Every night f'd look at the broken pieces and they'd have a characteristic on each heart about you and why you broke it. My tears made stains on my book as I wrote hard and my fingers got red. I always took a pause to reflect on this river on my book... I cried so hard I could no longer see my ink.



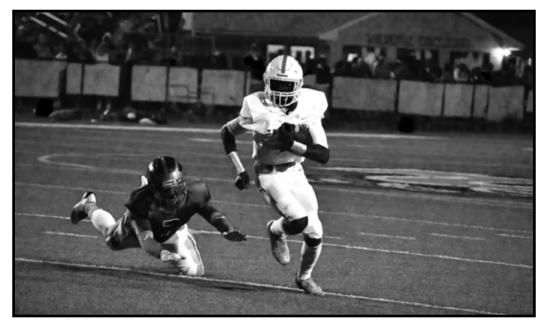






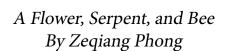


Photography by Hunter Langley (top three)



Photography by Iain Shlegel

Photography by Fritz Eastman (left), Camila Cohen Saurez (top right), Claudia Pareja (middle right), and Lauryn Taylor (bottom right)



A Flower coloured in white, found in full bloom Picked before it's right, plucked too soon Hid under his wing, crushed beneath his thumb Unable to sing, struck dumb To the flower stung by the gilded bee Gold means nothing to one living under the pear tree

A serpent slithers along, charming and fair A sung song, pear's scent in the air Promises his love, devoid of all hate Struck down like a dove, t'was bait He sunk his fangs deep into the flower

And stammered so before falling from his tower



Photography by Emile Cohen Suarez



Art by Hannah Plishker



Photography by Camila Cohen Suarez



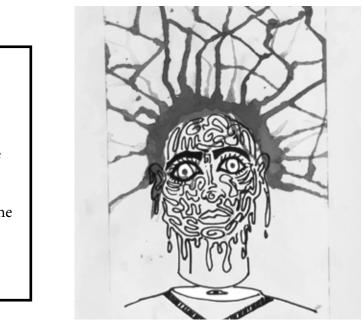
#2. Reflection.
I step out of the shower and stare at myself for 20 minutes.
I point out all my flaws/
how my eyebrows could be thicker, my hips could be wider.
I just stand there and stare.
perfect girls all on social media make me point out the little things about myself.
I wish one day, to be pretty like them.

Art by Hannah Plishker Poetry by Madison Davis

#### #3. Radio.

As we site in silence, listening to nothing by the quietness of the radio and each other soft, crisp breaths. I reach to change the radio station but I pause in the middle of my actions, seeing your glare out of the corner of my eye/ I slowly start to sit back further into my seat. Fear is feeling my insides/ I fear that you're angry at me for my past mistakes. I apologize but these apologies are as dark as when the words "I love you" leave your mouth. We've both moved on but I'm afraid to face the reality of society without you by my side. It may hurt to be with you but I would rather be getting mentally abused by you than being on my lonesome. I look at you in the driver's seat and smile at you, hoping for a smile back. Instead of a smile, you look at me with the most disappointed look that I've ever seen on your face. You put the car in drive. Still sitting in silence I close my eyes. The radio gets louder and I open up my eyes, you were never there. In fact, you're just a figure of my imagination.

- #1. Strong.
  beauty is found in everything.
  even a broken heart.
  good things come out of a broken heart.
  you'll grow stronger as a person, even us women.
  I may not be older than 17, but I know what pain
  caused by someone feels like.
  I've grown stronger and will continue to grow into a
  beautiful & strong woman.
  everyone learns from their mistakes, even the people
  that cause you pain.
- learn & grow.
- be a better you.



#### Walking with my eyes closed

# Straw in the Wind

A poetry collection

By Kayleigh Janae

Reaching around Feeling anything and everything That brushes past my fingers My finger feels the shape of a light switch and I flip it up, nothing happens I flip it down and up again, nothing happens I keep moving I decide to cross the room, hoping I'll have better luck there I feel a doorknob I turn it, hoping it leads me outside, or at least somewhere with light The door screeches open and I am suddenly blinded yb the bright light that slowly...but surely...illuminates the room and suddenly I realize that the room wasn't dark but my mind was closed off I had my eyes closed in fear of notiicing real life

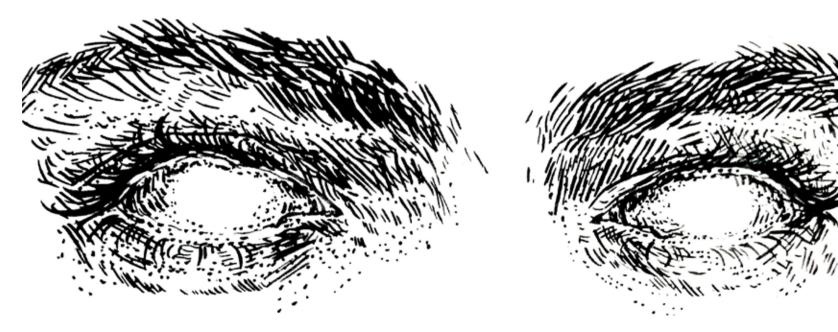


Photography by Lauryn Taylor



Promises

Promises and broken promises are one in the same. Our expectations on how they should be don't match the reality. We hope and wish and do it all over again. Begging the universe to give us a different result. But it's on constant repeat like a scratched record. Playing the same part of the same song over and over and over. Although it had the potential to do more, it doesn't grasp that opportunity. It fails to reach out across the metaphorical street and yank it back to the right side. The side full of possibility and hope.



Lightheaded. Shaky. anymore have? symptons within me

Slow steady breaths. Can't consume too much or too little Like my love for you Take in too much and you might Feel overwhelmed Take in too little and... My love for you will grow That seems to be a continuous pattern My love for people seems to be bigger than Their love for me Similar to how one craves sugar They crave and crave until they can't crave And by then, what's the point? Why do we constantly wish for things we can't Similar to sugar Loving another being would ease the It would create happiness and stimulate growth

<u>Moonlight</u>

The slight shine in the sky as the moon peeks through the clouds. A completely round object in the sky. Or maybe it's all in our imagination? Who says the moon actually exists? The moonlight illuminates the pitch-black tar which paves the unfortunate path to my future. The crescent shaped object in the sky is all we have. It's our only source of light in the night if power goes out. It can help lost children return home to their parents. And yet, it's still so mysterious. What

lays on the dark side of the moon one might ask, and the answer is... the world may never know.



Photography by Iain Shlegel

Art by Caroline Mitchell

#### **Hypoglycemia**

<u>Let Me Explain</u> Frozen in time. You're sitting there, patiently waiting for my explanation Wondering what excuse I could come up with now I stare back at you Trying to fabricate any possible justification For my behavior, or for my thoughts... Either way, there is no way I'm making it out of this untouched Whether that be mentally or physically Whether or not you use your incredible manipulative skills to get in my head That way you can force yur way of thinking into my brain But I won't allow it I won't allow you to enter my mind and erase my previously programmed brain A mixture of creativity and facts But I'm still sitting there Staring at you pace around the room You become more impatient with the passing of each and every minute







Photography by Emile Cohen Suarez

#### <u>Green Sunbrella</u>

Green sunbrella Meant to block out the harmful UV rays From my precious skin Protection from whatever wishes to harm me in this world All of my complications All of my innermost thoughts Green sunbrella It can be used for many things However, it's mainly used to protect me from you And even though you harm me, like the sun I keep running back Yearning for the attention The temporary love that I receive The pleasant feeling of you on my body Green sunbrella It protects me at all costs Through my ups and downs My highs and lows Green Sunbrella



Art by Hannah Plishker



<u>Soul</u> me withered awa (acc



## Soul Searching

#### Time withered away the hurtful memories.

(accessories)





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Art by Caroline Mitchell

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# Interview with Ibrahim Yansaneh

Who around you influenced you into becoming a music producer/engineer?

Usually my brother got me interested because I saw him put the mic and stand together I and was like that looks fun, I should try that. Then, my friend BTK taught me pointers on how to use studio software and beat software and if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't know what I would do in life.

What makes what you do fun?

The friends I've made and the artists I've worked with. But the most fun is hearing the mixed stuff after.

What types of artists do you work with?

Mainly, right now, local artists like AnDyKoolKiD, lil sobe, pretty shake\$, king timo, yvng bill, vicdatrappa, dynamic duo, and plenty more. They are mostly in the DMV but my plan is to work with almost every artist in the world.

How do you balance school and music?

It's really hard but I somehow make it work. It's hard sometimes but I have due dates on me and I have to learn how to manage music and school work.

What made you want to go into music?

If it wasn't for my friend BTK, I wouldn't really know what to do.

How long have you've been doing music?

Less than a year ago I started to progress more. I went from borrowing BTK's mic and Lil sobe's speakers and headset, to getting my own mic, stand, audio interface, and more equipment, and I'm still not done getting better ones, or the best.

How do you think your work impacts people?

If people know it's my beat or that I've mixed that track, they know that I've been trying hard and start to see me as a serious producer.

What people do you look up to for inspiration?

I look up to so many producers for how to mix music but the top three that I look up to are Kenny Beats, Metro Boomin, and Pierre Bourne.

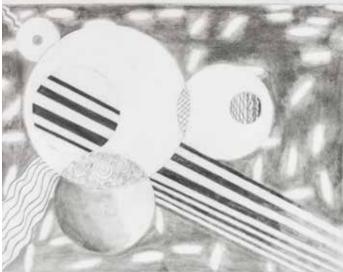
Are there any classes in TC that helped you?

TV and media class helped me learn more about audio.

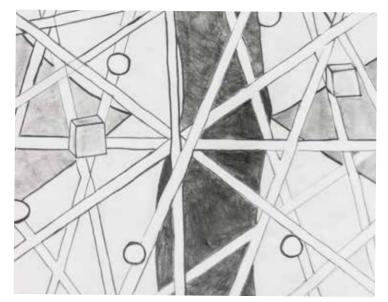


Listen to Ibrahim's music @ https://soundcloud.com/yansaneh-pi





Yanet Desta



Aaliyah Gaskins



Lois Addo

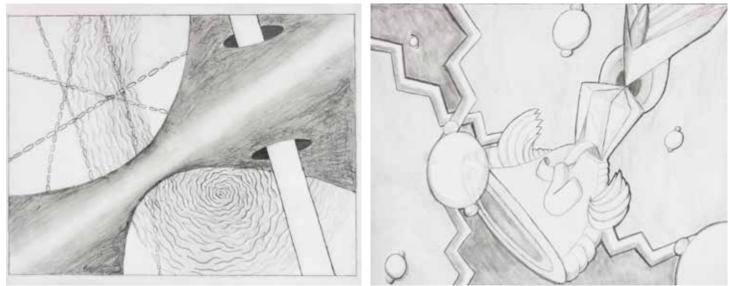
Reshma Maurya



Assma Azzat



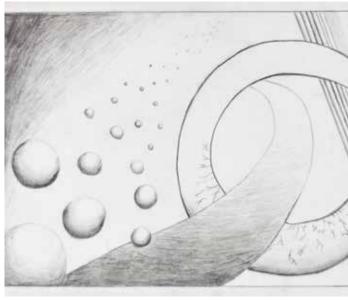
Dayana Linares



Beverly Hunter



Emma Welther

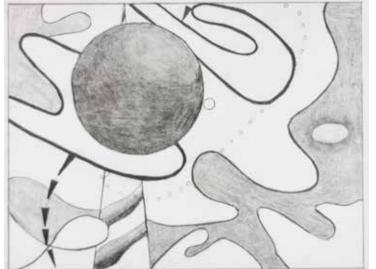


Bishop Bowser

Bezayit Mekbib

Evelyn Hernandez

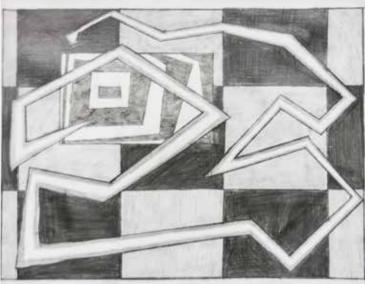
Angel Lopez-Alberto



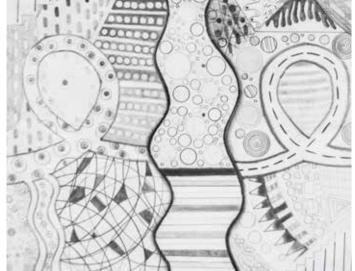


Levith Melgar

Janae Schnur

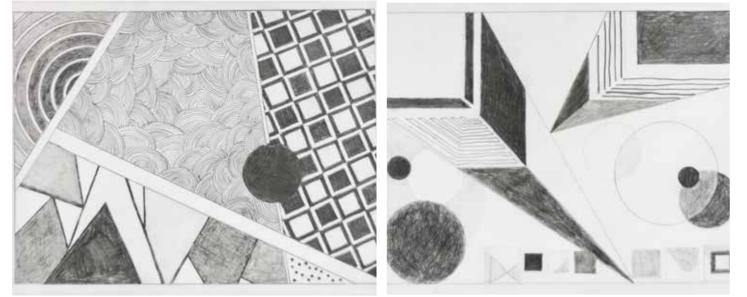


Yoseph Jenbere



/0000

Yari Sabines-Rosas



Sierra Espinoza





Art by Mynor Trista Bachan



Art by Hannah Plishker

#### *Life Sometimes By Lindsay Tucker*

Life is sometimes scary. But I can scream louder. Life is sometimes hard. But I am harder. Life sometimes sticks thorns in my side and I have to lean down and wait for the pain to fade. But I am more fleeting. I can run faster. I can dodge things and let them crash or fall into the distance over the trees. Life is the distance Life is the trees. and I keep on falling all over life or moving in and out of people's view. Life is sometimes slippery but I am soaked and a mudslide and quicksand. Life is sometimes hungry. But I am hungrier and somehow managed to swallow it whole. Letting it dissolve in the center of my chest.

Photography by Amanda Feldman



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# Interview with Avashaye Wanzer



Question: What inspired you to pursue writing?

Answer: The thing that inspired me to pursue my writing is people doubting me an me even doubting myself. I didn't think I was capable of writing pieces so amazing! But, when I tried my best everything came into place and I found out how talented I was.

Question: How has writing played a role in your life?

Answer: Writing has played a major role in my life, most times when I feel emotion, I never know how to form it. So I write when I'm lost, I write when i'm sad and I write when I'm lost.

Question: What have you accomplished involving writing?

Answer: I've accomplished getting published in the Labyrinth Magazine. Last year, I was suppose to publish my work but I took it for granted. I wasn't as serious about my writing career, but now I am. I also have accomplished expressing my emotion better! Especially when it come to forming them.

Question: What have you been working on lately?

Answer: I've been working on how to form my emotions without to many words. I want to get better at drawing my audience in with a few thoughts and not to many words!

Question: How has some of your past experiences affected you as a writer?

Answer: My past experiences have shaped me as a writer in various ways, without any of of these experiences I wouldnt have a story to tell. My story shapes who I am, ad i want to help others going through it.

Question: While writing have you learned anything new about yourself as a writer and yourself in general?

Answer: While writing I've learned how strong I am. I never thought i'd get over many obstacles i've stumbled over in my life, when other people read my work and I see how it impacted them I feel as if my work is amazing.

Question: In the future do you see yourself writing?

Answer: Yes, In the future I plan on becoming an author, I plan on taking this talent I have and sharing it with others. I plan on working hard to publish ANY books that I write, and pursue my dreams IN FULL BLAST!

Question: How do you plan on pursuing your dream as a writer?

Answer: As a writer I plan on pursuing my dreams by getting out my comfort zone. Telling stories that are really sensitive to me but shaping them where most of my audience will understand. Also, learning how not to get off topic when I put my thoughts on paper or any document! I will publish my work anytime I can so I can get feedback and make writing better.



Hamilton Boocock



Iain Shlegel





Prova Zaman



Iain Shlegel

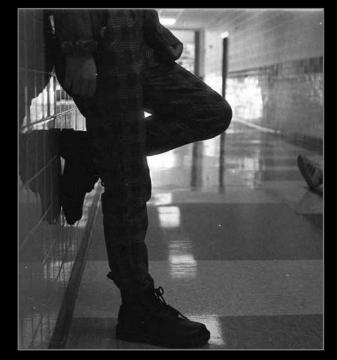


Emile Cohen Suarez



Jayson Makori





Hamilton Boocock



Ana Reyes Araujo



Shirzai Zabiullah

#### Hidden Secrets By Avashaye Wanzer

Hidden secrets are insecurities you have as a person, things you hide from yourself so you no longer feel. The details you don't acknowledge are the most important. Most people don't want to accept their wrongdoings and what impacted them to be so distant from themselves. At one point, everybody gets lost and eventually, you don't know how to find yourself. Being broken is normal, but you not being honest with yourself is not. Every time you look in the mirror there's broken pieces. Those broken pieces represent everything you've been through. And you

build a mask. You have built this mask for years! First, it starts within. Then it starts to show. This does not allow you to express how you feel when you are aching to get help- but running away is always easy. You feel as if moving on is the hardest thing you've ever had to do. Moving on isn't easy when you've pushed these deep dark secrets in the back of your mind. How do you expect to be okay when you're still dwelling on the past? Every time you try to cope with the pain it fails. And leads to another hidden secret.





Art by Kalista Diamantopoulos



Q: For those who aren't familiar, what is Dungeons and Dragons?

A: It's a dice-based role-playing game (RPG). One person, the Dungeon Master (DM), runs the game and anyone else in the group plays. The DM creates stories, encounters, and enemies for the players to fight using the characters they created. That's a short summary of it, however the game is much more complex and I can't really do it justice

Q: What is your favorite part about Dungeons and Dragons?

A: I love the creativity and expression. I'm the DM in my group, so I get to create an entire world for my players to explore, including all the characters and their stories, all the locations, enemies, fights, puzzles, etc.

Q: What usually happens at club meetings?

A: Once everyone arrives, they pull out their character sheet, which is where they keep track of their skills, abilities, items, etc. and we pick up from where the previous session left off, so every session starts a little differently. The players could be finishing a fight from the previous week. They could be solving a puzzle or piecing together a mystery. It all depends.

Q: What's the most challenging part of Dungeons and Dragons?

A: Honestly, the scheduling. Everyone is so busy so it makes it hard to get the group together even though we have a planned time slot.

> DUNGEONS DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

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PLAYER'S HANDBOOK

XANATHAR'S GUIDE TO EVERYTHING

SWORD COAST ADVENTURER'S GUIDE

DUNGEON MASTER'S GUIDE

MORDENKAINEN'S TOME OF FOES

MONSTER MANUAL®

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#### Q: Describe a typical game. How does it work?

A: This is actually pretty tough since there is no "usual" in DnD. Your story could take place in an established universe created by the developers of Dungeons and Dragons, it could be an adaptation of another fantasy/ sci-fi universe, you can create your own setting, etc. There are tons of options! Since it's always so different, I'll explain the basic mechanics of the game. The most important part of the game is the dice, specifically the d20, which is a 20 sided die. If you want to attack a creature, you roll a d20. If you want to persuade a shopkeeper to give you a better price, you roll a d20. If you want to jump across gaps between buildings while chasing a thief, you roll a d20. After you roll, you add up modifiers based on your specific character, and if they beat the necessary number (which is decided by the DM under most circumstances) then you succeed. I know that's ong-winded and confusing, however that's really just the beginning. If you have any interest in DnD, I would check out "Critical Role," a huge twitch/youtube series where multiple voice actors play DnD together. It's a great way to learn about the game. You can also stop by anytime at the club to sit in and check it out.

Q: How often does the club meet?

A: Every Thursday after school.

Q: Where does the club meet?

A: In the TV media room. The club is sponsored by Mr. Lyon.

Q: Is background knowledge or previous experience necessary to join the club?

A: Absolutely not, and we welcome anyone even remotely interested in or curious about DnD. If you have any interest at all, even in just checking the game out and not in joining the club, feel free to stop by.

Q: One last question, do you have any advice for people who may be interested in starting their own club at TC?

A: I have started a different club at TC, so I would say just go for it. If it doesn't work out or if it becomes too much for you to handle that's fine, but you might as well try.







Photography by Kate Sirpis (top, left middle, right middle)



Photography by Hamilton Boockock (center middle and bottom)







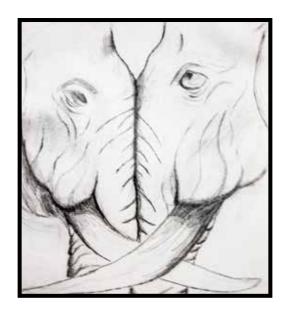


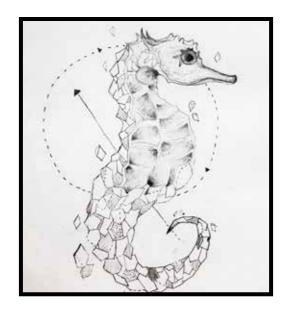
Photography by Autumn Basara (top) and John Sczerban (bottom)

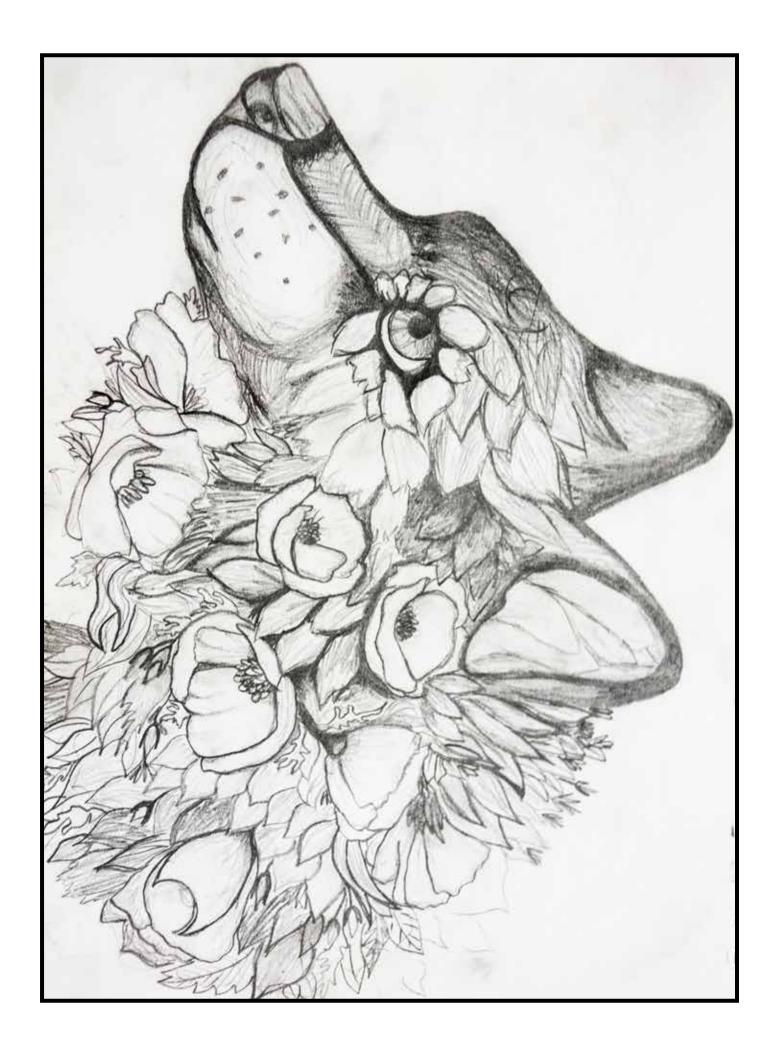
Art by Carolina Mitchell











#### Finding the Loophole By Kate Casper

When I was little, Every dream was so attainable Even the ridiculous ones I could be a mermaid I could be a superhero I could be a pop star

#### But.

--There it is, That soul-crushing word, "but"

...But then you realize Realistically That's just not going to happen

You can't be a mermaid You can't be a superhero You can't be a pop star You can't even be his friend You can't even get that grade You can't even try out for that sport

I wish I could go back To when everything was fixable With a cold glass of milk And a sleeve of mint Oreo's To when the only regimen for a bad day Was the Disney Channel Or rewatching "High School Musical" For the 57th time To when, despite failure and rejection and disappointment The next morning, you would be reminded That you could do anything And you were stupid to think you couldn't

You could be a mermaid When you swam in the ocean Virginia Beach Summer 2011 Picking up seashells Wearing seaweed in your hair Like an accessory

You could be a superhero When you played on the monkey bars Swinging from bar to bar It felt like you were flying... So what? All you had to show for Was calluses and cuts at the end of recess So what? It wasn't telekinesis or invisibility But you had something

You could be a pop star When you performed a duet at that Winter choir concert With your best friend Or had a concert at the coveted "Fifth grade playground" Singing and dancing like Selena Gomez Because you basically were Selena Gomez

What happened to dreams? What happened to forgiving fun? What happened to a juvenile excuse? What happened to moving on so easily? Because life was too short when you were 5-years-old Ironic, right?

The world was so beautiful through those eyes And I suppose they're still my eyes I guess I just have to learn to see with them again

> Photography by Prova Zaman (top) and Hamilton Boockock (bottom)









Photography by Iain Schlegel



#### Numb *By Mia Humphrey*

Kindness. Maybe that's what got me here. I was too kind. Too willing to believe that everyone would act kind because I was kind to them. That's what got me here. Here. On the sidewalk. in the dark. Walking barefoot through freezing rain, heels in hand. Away from everything and everyone I've ever known, but have never really known me.

I'm so numb. Everywhere. The numbness climbs from my feet splashing through puddles, lakes of the sky's tears, up my legs spreading through every finger tip but not my head. The rain leaves me just enough feeling to think. I wonder what it must be like to not have to think.

#### I could've run.

But she didn't.

I could've run so fast I couldn't feel anything anymore iust numb. Instead I let each lie, each fake smile, each broken promise hit me and fall slowly like the raindrops soaking my dress, my hair. The things I used to care so much about I suddenly forgot were there.

I wondered. what if my mom drove past? Maybe she would tell me to not walk alone at night.

#### I wondered,

what if you chased after me? Maybe you would scream that you were sorry til your throat bled, beg me to come back for one last dance. But you didn't.

Suddenly everything that used to matter didn't. Only the numb.

And you used to know me better than the back of your hand, so maybe that's why it hurts so much. Each step further I take is an inch more of your skin I am peeling away. Peeling with every text never sent, every call never dialed, every hi in the hall never said. Just thought. I was just a thought.

I'm walking faster and faster, street lights changing, car's headlights flashing by, I stare straight ahead. I feel loose pieces of gravel and cement stab my feet and cling to them like I used to cling to you.

I wait for my phone to light up, but it doesn't. It makes me think of the middle school versions of ourselves when none of this even mattered at all. When best friends forever were the three most important words you could say to a person. Thinking it's funny how forever can be such a

short time.

I see the lights of the houses around the corner and I almost stop. Because once I go in, everything becomes real again. The rain can no longer hide the tears I couldn't tell were falling. The rain can no longer silence the words unspoken that echo in my head. The rain can no longer chill every thought of you until I am completely numb

and only numb. No feeling except numb.

> Before I left I asked him if I was craz He said yes. I asked him if I was wrong. He said he didn't know. in a long time.

the freer i feel.

the more numb I am.

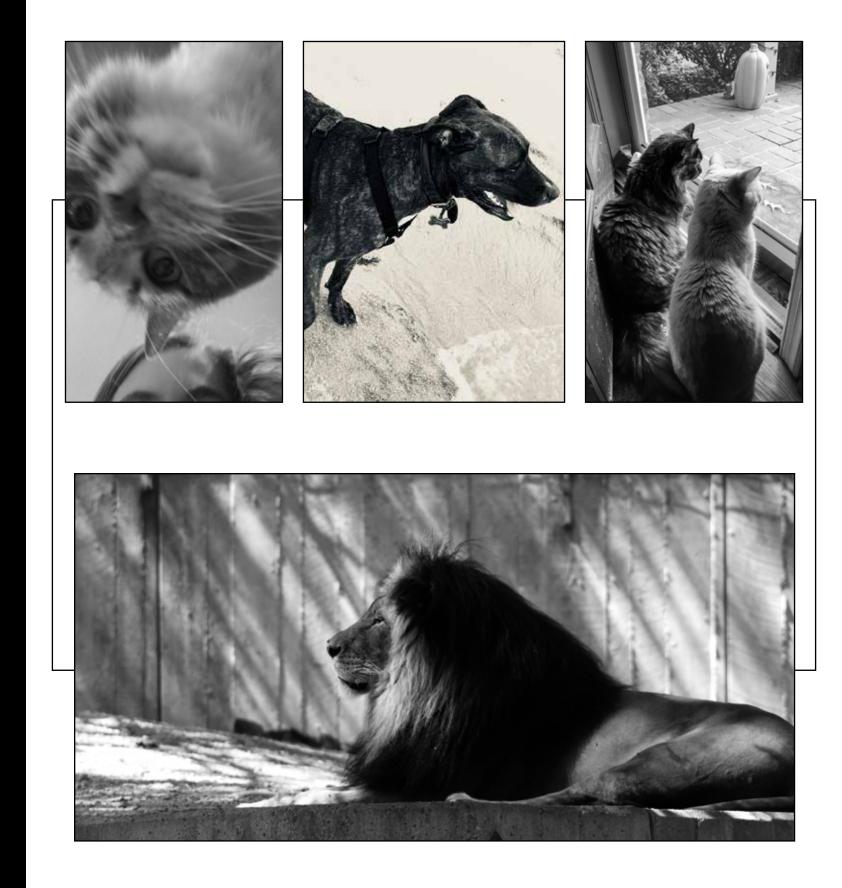
And in all this numbness have never felt more aliv











Photography by Clare Williams (top left), Camila Cohen Suarez (top center), Amanda Feldman (top right), amd Prova Zaman (bottom)



#### i'm sorry

i left i told you I was always there i told myself it was going to be okay i expected so much from myself.

where do you go? when people ask, what do you say? when I walked away your host stopped benefitting. but what kept you going? why were you still so hopeful?

infectious. plaguing. toxic. all words that describe what you had become in the end. all things i wanted to get away from. but oh. little did i know.

i ended up with the virus.

i was just like you.

you caused this, but it wasn't your fault.

it spreads.

it just feels so good.

i loved you.

i'm sorry. 🖃

-Davy

By D'shon Washington

Photography by Hamilton Boockcock



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