

LABYRINTH
MAGAZINE





Labyrinth Magazine
Volume 55 - No. 3 - Summer 2019

THANK YOU TAKI!

I love how passionate you are about photography and how you let everyone express themselves and be as creatively free as possible. You really inspired me to love photography and have a newfound interest in literary magazines. Thank you so much!

Lindsay Tucker - Writing Editor

First I would love to say thank you for all you have done for me this year. I came into this class by accident with a miscommunication with the schedule process and throughout the first few weeks you made me more comfortable and made me fall in love with the class. You've taught me so much about photography and you've made my love for taking pictures grow. You are truly an amazing soul and I'm glad that you were my teacher!

La'Neah Rease - Photography Editor

Thank you Taki for being such a great and fun teacher during this school year. I really enjoyed this class and your really good at what you do about teaching us about the magazine and designing it. I'm so happy that I chose to take this class. Also thank you for expanding my ideas about photography and helping figure out how to design and keep up to date with the labyrinth website. You are one of my favorite teachers I've had so far!

Meah Campbell - Web Editor

I knew I would love this class and working on the magazine but I didn't know how much it would influence my educational and professional interests. Thank you so much for teaching me how to use InDesign and Lightroom, teaching me how to use cameras and take photos, helping me take photos for my portfolio, and submitting my art to the gazette. Working on the magazines has been the highlight of my year. I wish you and your future Labyrinth classes all the best!

Kalista Diamantopoulos - Art Editor/Layout Editor

If I'm going to be honest I wanted to be in a graphic design class again, but the moment I walked in the classroom and heard about what we do I was pretty happy to be put in this class. Multiple times it felt like this was some sort of job, like creating graphic designs for the magazine. I always liked the feeling of community here and not only that but you made this class feel unique from the others, it helped keep this school year not to be another boring year for me and for that I thank you. I will never forget about this class as it gave me a unique experience of what's to come as a graphic design. Once again, thank you.

Sebastian Ahumada - Graphic Design Editor

I can't begin to say how much you made my last two years of high school enjoyable. I came into your class last year with no photography skills whatsoever. Now, I have gotten to a point that I didn't previously believe was possible. You have given me the ability to pursue art, to be creative, and see the world from a different view, and for that I am forever grateful. I had no clue how much of a connection I was going to make to this class and the people in it, but that is all because of you. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart.

Dean Schiller - Photography Student

I enjoyed being in your class, it has been such an experience, you were an amazing teacher! I learned a lot from you since you were such a great leader and an inspiration for Labyrinth. I hope you enjoy your time off, you were very generous and I will remember you as a teacher especially since I learned so much from you.

Carol Perez - Writing Editor

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to work with you and giving me the chance to learn from one of the best. I also want to say thank you for inspiring me to take more pictures and step outside my comfort zone. I'll miss you!

Imani Araniva - Dance Editor

Omg you're so cool. Thank you for being the coolest teacher ever and allowing us to experience different things in Labyrinth like going out and taking pictures and allowing us to be who we are without any judgment. Much Love.

Jane Bullen Sette - Photography Editor/Publicist

Thank you for the awesome experiences. You've made my first year at TC awesome and I love coming here in the mornings and being in the class. Thanks!

Max Folmsbee - Photography Editor

Thank you for every opportunity you've given me this school year, teaching me countless things I didn't know about photography and introducing me to film cameras! Without you I probably wouldn't know my passion for photography. Thank you.

Hamilton Boocock - Videography/Photography Editor

Thank you so much for being such an amazing teacher! I think that you are a very kind and generous person and this was seen throughout the entire school year in everything you do. I really appreciate how you helped me work the video camera and encouraged me to make videos to promote Labyrinth, which I thought was really fun too! You are an amazing teacher and I am very thankful to have had you as one. Thank you again!

Adam Elnahas - Videography Editor

When I first joined Labyrinth, I barely knew what it was. Now, it is one of the most fun and most important parts of my life. Thank you so much for everything you have taught me, from taking photos to working InDesign and Photoshop. I've gained so many valuable skills that I will definitely carry on into the future. Thank you, truly, for making this class one the best and most unique experiences I've ever had.

Mimi Waller - Editor-in-Chief

Thank you for your enthusiasm and dedication that you bring to the classroom everyday. I'm so happy I got to take Labyrinth, I've learned so much about design, photography, and art the past 3 years. I'll miss your class and the mannequin next year.

Clare Williams - Publicist/Layout Editor

Thank you for the great support and patience you had toward me. I loved being in your class and your passion toward photography is amazing. Sharing my exchange experience was a cool part of my TC life and I am grateful that I had you for my first block class. Thank you again and I hope we will keep in touch and meet again one day!

Imam Hossain - Layout/Text Editor

First period this year has been so much fun! Being in your class is such a great way to start my day. Thank you for being such an amazing teacher! I will miss you in class next year so please stop by! Labyrinth is so much fun to put together so thank you for teaching us and leading us to produce really cool magazines throughout the year. Have fun taking next year off, but don't be a stranger!

Wellesley Snyder - Drama/Layout Editor

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The Trial of Mister Carter Smith
By Blythe Markel

It was almost sunrise. Carter hadn't slept much that night, which probably wouldn't spell anything good for him with his upcoming event. However, considering the only open bed for him in town was on the jail floor (which was probably pushed on him to keep him from disappearing into the night), there was no way that he would be able to relax. He had read the Bible a little, tried to stack his playing cards into a card house, but mostly, had just laid in silence, listening to the mice scurry under the floorboards.

He thought about his companions and hoped that they were getting on alright with the herd. Their camp was a few miles out of town, over by where the incident that got Carter sleeping on the jailhouse floor occurred. He wondered if they worried for him, or if they had such confidence in Carter's trigger finger that it was just another Wednesday. Maybe they were annoyed at him for delaying their journey, and had packed up and moved the herd in the middle of the night, leaving Carter to fend for himself.

At the moment, it had felt right to accept the homesteader's challenge, but when the sheriff came to gather Carter for the duel, he wondered if he had been the right man to accept it. He was the youngest on the drive, the greenest by far, raised east of the Mississippi in south Georgia. So, when the homesteader issued the challenge for the cowboys letting the longhorns cross his land, Carter had jumped at it. He wasn't the leader; he should've stayed quiet.

"You awake?" came a voice from the doorway. Carter sat up to see the sheriff hovering in the doorway. He held a ring of keys, through which he was fumbling for the one that would open the jail cell lock.

"Is it time?" Carter asked.

"Time for you to say your prayers," the sheriff replied, "Sharp Shooter Dave here is the best shot in all of central Texas. I know you meant to be speakin' on behalf of your pride back there with that challenge, but you've made a very sorry mistake."

Carter considered his words and wrestled with the notion of folding. It would make him a quitter and mark him for shame; he'd get mocked wherever he went for the rest of his life. Anyway, Carter's cousin Gerald had always told him that God didn't like cowards. If Carter was to ascend to the pearly gates on this morn, it would be on his own two feet. He harrumphed to himself; if he focused and let primal, blind instinct lead him, he might just stand a chance against Sharp Shooter Dave.

The sheriff handed Carter his silver Colt single-action shooter and gestured for Carter to follow him to the main street. Carter caught his reflection in the silver of the gun and tried to swallow his unpalatable fear as he followed the sheriff into the warm Texas morning.

The main street was crowded with homesteaders from across the county. Word had traveled fast that someone had accepted a challenge by Sharp Shooter Dave, that while south Georgia Carter hadn't heard of him, he was pretty famous in central Texas. Sharp Shooter Dave had already arrived and was dressed coolly in his farming clothes as if this were just another day of work for him. He sized Carter up with a cool gaze, an eyebrow raised at the youth evident in Carter's lack of scruff and baby face.

Carter looked around, hoping to see faces of support belonging to his fellow cowboys in the crowd. He looked for Hank, their leader, and Gus and Gerry (the twins), and Jose, who had taught Carter how to play cards and start a fire. His heart sank when he failed to recognize any of the faces in the crowd. Before Carter was only the drawn faces of homesteaders, eager for entertainment on the wasted Texas plane before they were forced back into the throes of farming.

"What is your name, boy," Sharp Shooter Dave called out to him.

"Carter Smith," Carter replied, squaring his shoulders, feeling the perspiration beginning to roll down his face.

"Carter Smith, do you know why I have challenged you to this duel?" Sharp Shooter Dave asked.

"Cause you claim that you own the land which is, and has been, public land for us to drive cattle through," Carter exclaimed indignantly. Sharp Shooter Dave scoffed and spat into the dust.

"Let the record stand," he said, turning to face the crowd, "that for years, cowboys like this here Mr. Smith have driven their longhorns through my property. This spring I set up razor wire to stop the damn cows from getting into my crops, to which Mr. Smith and his fine friends decided that it was their God-given right to pass through my land, and tore up my fencing!"

Murmurs passed through the crowd; most of the homesteaders had some experience with the passing livestock and wild animals, and razor wire had swept the county with varying levels of success. Cowboys, for the most part, had had to advert the drives around the marked land, adding days onto the journey, sometimes missing deadlines as a result. Hank, however, upon seeing the wire and being a quite abrasive man, had simply taken it upon himself to knock down the fencing, only to be caught by the homesteader in the process.

"Mr. Smith, do you stand by the challenge?" Sharp Shooter Dave hissed, fingers drumming on the handle of his revolver.

"I do so stand by this challenge," Carter replied, trying to keep his voice level as to not reveal the tremor of fear. Sharp Shooter Dave's eyes narrowed, and Carter could tell that the homesteader could see right through the guise of confidence.


"Alright men, as the challenge stands," announced the Sheriff, "face each other, toe to toe, then turn and count out ten paces. When I give the signal, you may turn and fire your weapons. If Mr. Smith lands his mark, then he may go free. If Mr. Callahan lands his mark..."

"I don't miss," Sharp Shooter Dave interjected, meeting Carter in the middle of the square. He was so close to Carter that he could smell the scent of cow manure and mud on Sharp Shooter Dave's clothes. The homesteader sneered at Carter, and though up close he was actually several inches shorter than the cowboy, Carter felt like a child in front of him.

"Alright, men! You may turn and take your paces!" The Sheriff declared. The crowd watched on solemnly, whispering amongst themselves.

Carter turned on his heel, hand resting on the handle of his Colt. One step. Two Steps. Three... he wondered if he could just run for it; never turn and face Sharp Shooter Dave. The main street was short and opened up into the empty frontier just beyond the general store. He could run, run, run until he found the rest of the boys. He would get atop his horse, escape, and never return to this part of Texas.

He thought about this for the fourth pace, the fifth pace, the sixth, realizing that he'd be killed before he even made it past the post office. If Sharp Shooter Dave didn't plant one between his shoulder blades, these homesteaders were hungry for blood. With a deep breath, he resolved that the only way out was to win. Carter quelled the anxiety that ate at his stomach and the fear in his heart. He would be a hero to the boys, and he'd laugh about it later over cards with Jose.



Seven paces, eight paces. Carter focused on his breathing, his fingers drumming on the handle of the Colt rhythmically like he'd seen Hank do before he shot at rustlers. Adrenaline coursed through him, all other sensations and distractions leaving his body.

Suddenly, on the ninth step, a gunshot rang out in the square. The onlookers screamed in horror, and Carter froze, fear coursing through him so heavily that he defecated himself on the spot. Blood was pounding in his ears, and for a split second, he wondered if Sharp Shooter Dave had cheated and shot him before the mark. Carter searched for the blood, searched his nerves to see if he was in pain, see if he was dead already, to see if he had been shot.

"Smith!" a hoarse voice called across the square, and Carter spun around, thinking he was going to see the Lord God himself. Instead, what he saw was even greater to him than the Lord on High, for before him he saw a grizzled Hank, cigarette casually balanced in on his lip, tall atop a horse while Sharp Shooter Dave lay dead in the dirt, slain by Hank's revolver. The homesteaders were scattering as the rest of the cowboys joined Hank in the square, guns were drawn like they were bandits, chasing the onlookers away from taking up arms against Hank or Carter. Gus and Gerry were firing rounds into the air, yelling and forcing the spectators out of the square.

"Hank! I thought you wouldn't come!" Carter cried out, tears forming in his eyes, his body shaking.

"Boy, the Abilene cattle train leaves tomorrow morn," Hank said, drawing breath from his cigarette as if he hadn't just killed a man point blank. "And until these cattle are on their way to Kansas, you still work for me. I'll kill God himself before you escape this job."

With that, Hank turned, directing his horse out of the square, and the cowboys followed him. Carter climbed atop his own horse, looking back at the townspeople who cowered indoors, spying through glass windows. Then, turning back to look at the open horizon, Carter left that town behind him. His scrape with death would haunt him, but as cowboys across the west disappeared in the dying trade, it would not be on this day that Carter would take his last ride.

Compos mentis-
By Jayson Makori

155 am distant equilibrium distant future

Yet so nearby.
The cusp of success itch's the edge of my tongue.
What felt right still felt wrong
Pure hate In an Abyss of peace and comfort.
A Crushed reality in a virtual world.
Lucid dreams yet I wasn't asleep.
My heart was sold but happiness still wasn't acquired.
Deep sentiment for what I thought was true and hoped to be.
Her butterscotch tone glistens in the sweet Virginia sun like a
honeycomb on a lustrous August morning,
Her hickory brown eyes entrap me in a far away chamber of intimacy.
But what appeared yoked, was still not fastened.
Moments of silence filled the air.
Tension rose to great despair.
Mixed signals mixed feelings
Yet deep fondness towards each other.
Although silence was between us
Tranquility was nowhere to be found.
The days of silence grew longer
But my yearning for you grew deeper.
I treasured your beauty and your kindness.
As communication renewed
I gradually came to enamor the mellow timbres of your voice.
The presence of your beauty
Filled any room when you arrived
Your warm skin comforted me like a silk robe
While the vastness of your knowledge
Illuminated your true beauty
A true sense of happiness was instilled
But again was it?
Distant equilibrium distant future.



Photography by Michelle Wakhweya



Photography by Evan Waldner

Photography by Fritz Eastman





Photography by Evan Waldner



Photography by Beck Moniz

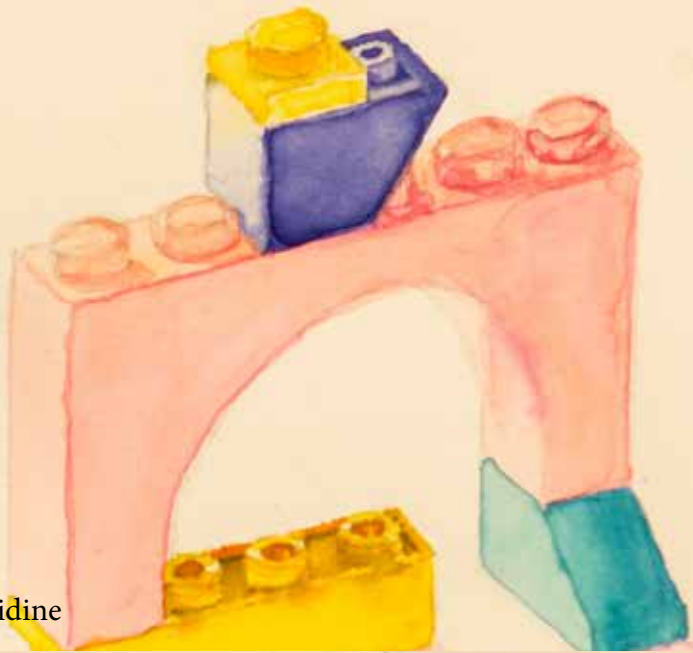


Background by Fritz Eastman





Art by Kalista Diamantopoulos



Art by Lizzy Considine



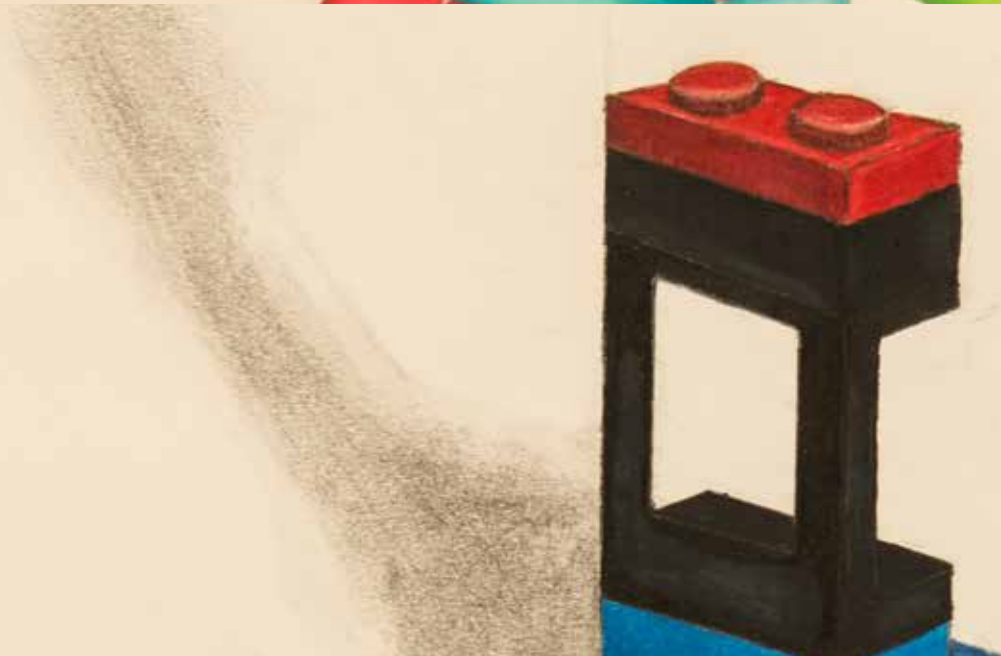
Art by Joey Morton



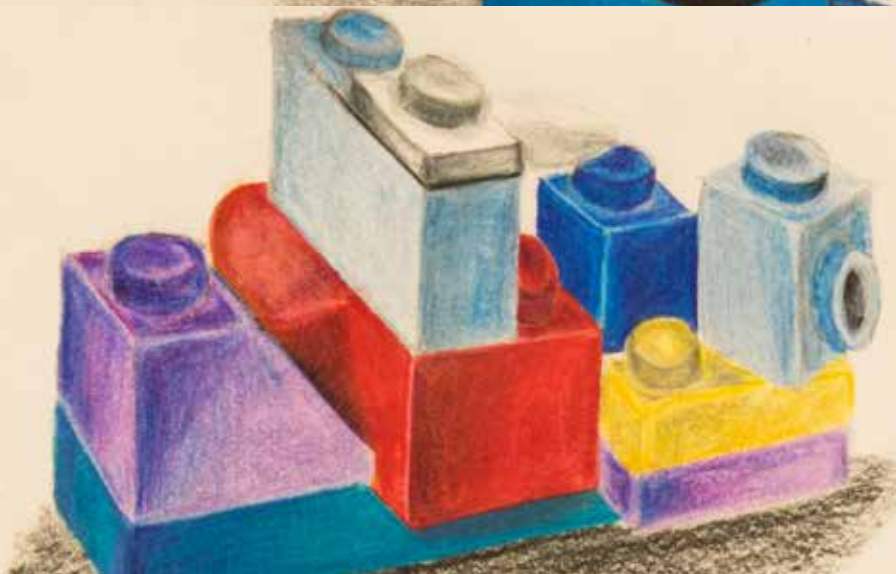
Art by Dena Addisu



Art by Kate Sapp



Art by Sandy Rosales



Art by Vanesa Vaquerano

Untitled
By Janelle Kupricka

Rain collides with a car window
And the car is heavier by a miniscule bit
But inside the car things are calm
A scared whisper there, just the cracking of leather
The echo of time as the storm outside thunders

And so he walks on and on and on
Headphones in, eyes forward, chin up
Steps are evenly spaced, cracks step on cracks
His body seems still and his shoulders relaxed
Almost as if he knows everything will work itself out

That dog always runs to greet you at the door
And buries his bones when he's let outside
He's happy, content, he's as dog as they come
His brown eyes stare upwards begging for food
And you'll let him win tug of war because he's just so darn dumb

I live in two houses, one up on a hill
And my life is still hard, yes I know still!
People come and go like birds in the trees
And some sit up high and some burrow deep
Saline tears are meant for more than IVs
"I love you" you'll whisper and whisper to me



Photography by Evan Waldner



Photography by Hamilton Boocock



Photography by Evan Waldner



Art by Rachel Ransom



Art by Iris Castro



Art by Kiva Calloway

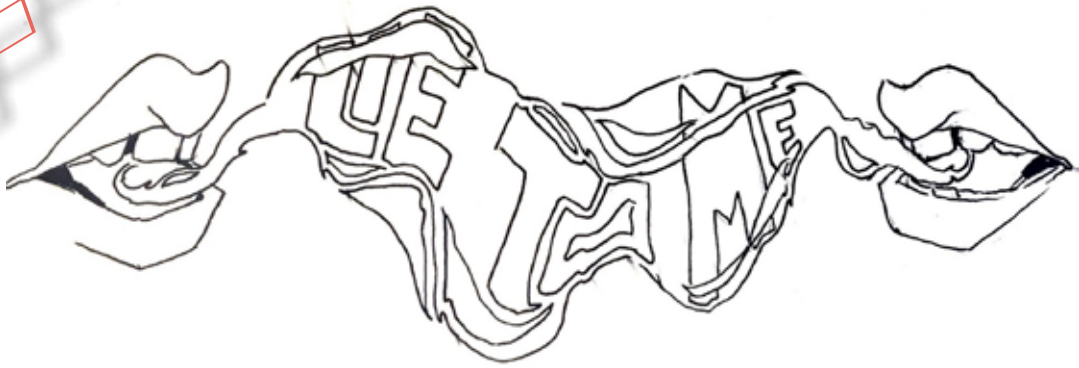
African Student Associated

By Emilia Antwi

The MotherLand can not be replaced but it can be snatched of its own nature made into the superior's own
They build fences in my own neighborhood, call them resorts, and expect me not to jump natural barriers to see my beautiful country
We are gold
We are a living culture
All thanks to our ancestors
In my town we are free, we dance together, dash our feet, and vibe to peace
Cause diamonds are forever we are something that can't be replaced
Our clothes our music our culture is something that can't be fazed
Sierra Leone and Ghana running through my veins
We are proud can't you see it on our face
It is sad if you are ashamed
It is not about race, we just want to feel like we have a place in this world
Half of these things people say don't even make sense, it is much ignorance
We are looked at as 3rd world countries and 10 cents a day commercials ads
If you want us to win and be rich so bad, give us the things you took from us in the past
You can keep those things because we don't need any help with that
Raise your flag up high and be proud of your heritage
Everybody wanna be this or that, what happened to being ourselves
Now more than ever is time to come together
We are weaker when alone but stronger together
This is why they try to separate us, but we dance to a different rhythm
The rhythm of peace and love, not hate and bigotry
Powerful countries bully the weaker ones, for sick and twisted reasons
Thinking about these things changes my emotion like the seasons
When the good man expose the dark secrets, they arrest us for treason
If our immune system is intoxicated with drugs they arrest us for feigning
The government is slowly killing its people
You think you are free, you're not really free
Most wanna be the same others wanna be different and I just want to be me
Rip off the blindfold that they've put on us and see the world clearly
You change your mind, your environment changes and you'll become more happy
Be proud of your hair whether it is short or nappy
True beauty comes from within
Whether if you are looked at as good or a sin
No matter the tone or shade of your skin
When you accept who you are there is no such thing as fitting in







Speak
By Aaliyah Richards

You don't know what you are to me.
I've never told you.
I never will.
But I'll speak to myself silently and recite
The message the one in my head told me to.

He was
The bearer of bad memories,
The wearer of good intentions.
It hurts the most when he speaks
No matter the subject he mentions.
He squeezes my heart,
Pulls dry ice from my eyes.
He won't understand my mind
Although everyday he tries.
I'm so touch starved
that I let him in,
Knowing he isn't the problem
But that he procreates it
In my mind
Unconsciously.
He steals my voice.
He rips out my teeth.
He tapes my mouth.
He shuts me up,

While kissing my forehead
And telling me to speak,
Speak,
SPEAK.
And instead I cry,
I sniff,
I gasp,
I cower,
I complain.
I listen to my pathetic mind
Yelling,
Asking,
Telling,
Whispering,
Laughing,
Dying.
Dying like every other.
Dying like a flopping fish
That is soon to be thrown in the water.
I know there is no danger.
I know I am okay.
But he comes back
With sweets and candies
And he blindly poisons me
And I choke,
I choke,
I choke.

And I apologize.



Art by Caroline Mitchell

Back And Forth

By Fariha Priya

Those moments when I didn't want to go
Felt like I was your drug
Back and forth again
And again
But the memories fading
Having the thought of pain flustering
I try searching back to the emotions
You caused
But the memories die
Still thinking
If I could tell you I'm sorry
Tell you that I love you one last time
If I could tell you that I miss you
If I could tell that you never left my mind
Once
Was caged by your touch
Once
Was pulled by your words
Back and forth again
And again
But the memories were fading
Let the rain drop
Washing away your mistakes
Leaving mine
Crossing the line
Once was Red
And now Blue
Back and forth again
Again and again...



Photography by Phil Ainey

The Farmhouse Path
By C.J. Chidlow

Rounded the bend of the trail did I,
Rustling the leaves of the floor as
More fell from the canopy.
Through the congested foliage a
farmhouse entered my peripheral,
And I adjusted my way.
A boy grasping a small, rusty spade
Sat on a riparian stump, splashed
By the winding brook behind.
Notified by the crunching steps of
My arrival from the gravel trail,
He angled his gaze toward me.
Neither I nor he uttered a word;
My eyes lowered to the stump's left side
And saw a hole by his feet.
'Twas wide as six feet, but maybe more
And deep as far as my eyes could see.
The space was filled with nothing.

"What's that?" I asked. 'Twas the first we spoke.
"This?" he motioned his foot toward the hole.

I nodded and then he said:
"I was told by my father to fill
The hole. Been doing it ever since.
Should probably cease my rest."
He stood from his stump and turned from me
To a sand pile which laid behind that
I could not have seen before.
He stabbed his shovel into the mound
And tossed sand into the cavity.
I watched it fall but heard no sound.

Assuming we had conversed enough
I turned away to face the forest
And went back along the trail.
Remembrance evoked me to return
Weeks or months or however long 'twas.

A similar path I took.

I walked the same path as I once had,
Came to the stump with the stream behind

And the boy sitting atop.

"What comes of the work that you have done?"

I asked as he began to stand up,
Shoveling the sand again.

"Almost done, I think I am", he said.

"The hole is but two feet from the top,
Shall be done within the week."

I left again and returned again,
Coming within the week like he said,
And there on the stump he sat.

He yelled out to me as I approached,
"I filled up the hole, my work is done".

I was surprised by his call.

"So what of you now?" I asked of him.

He glanced at hole, now filled with sand.

He turned his head to the house.

He replied, "my father is gone now"

And stood from the stump, faced the stream that

Slowly carried fallen leaves.

"I don't know".



Photography by Hamilton Boocock



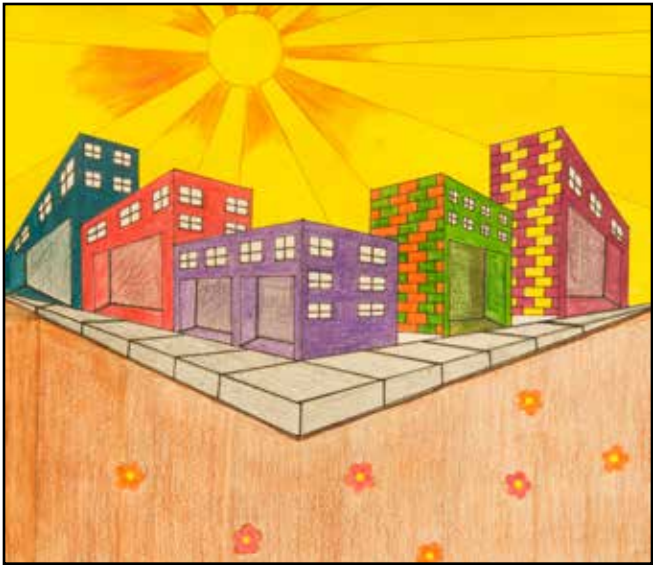
Photography by Autumn Basara



Photography by Hamilton Boocock



Art by Bezayit Mekbib

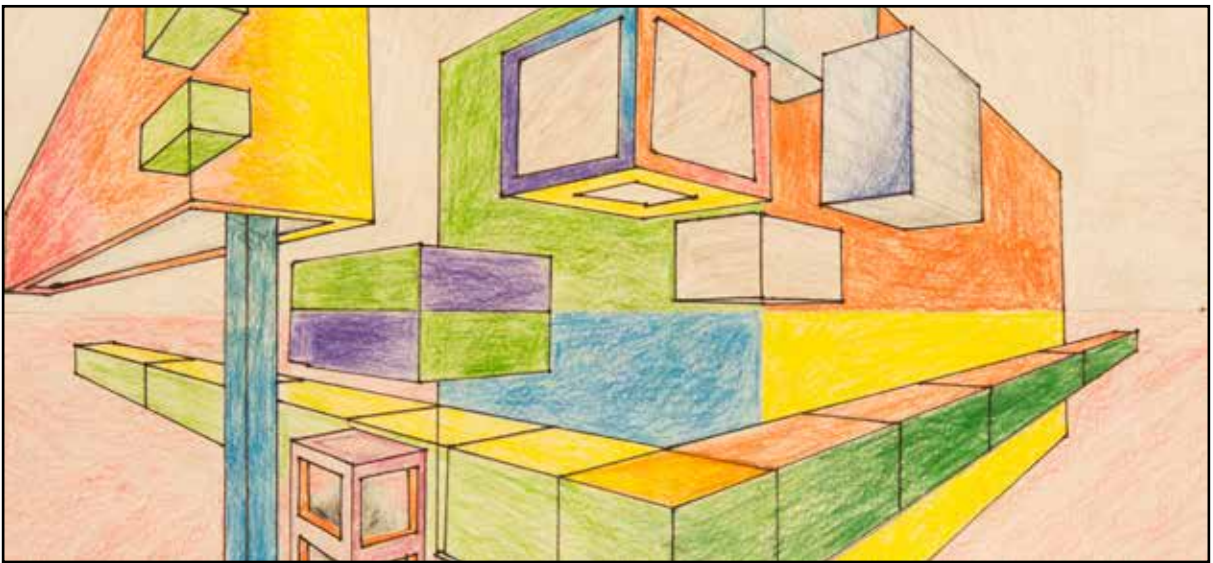


Art by Lineth Portillo

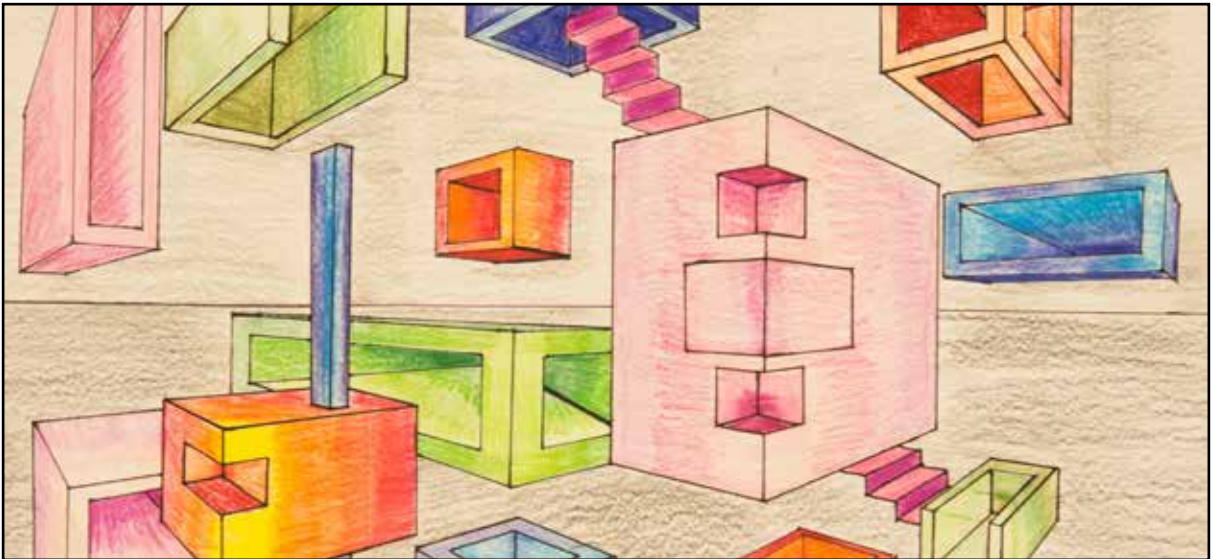


Art by Emma Welther

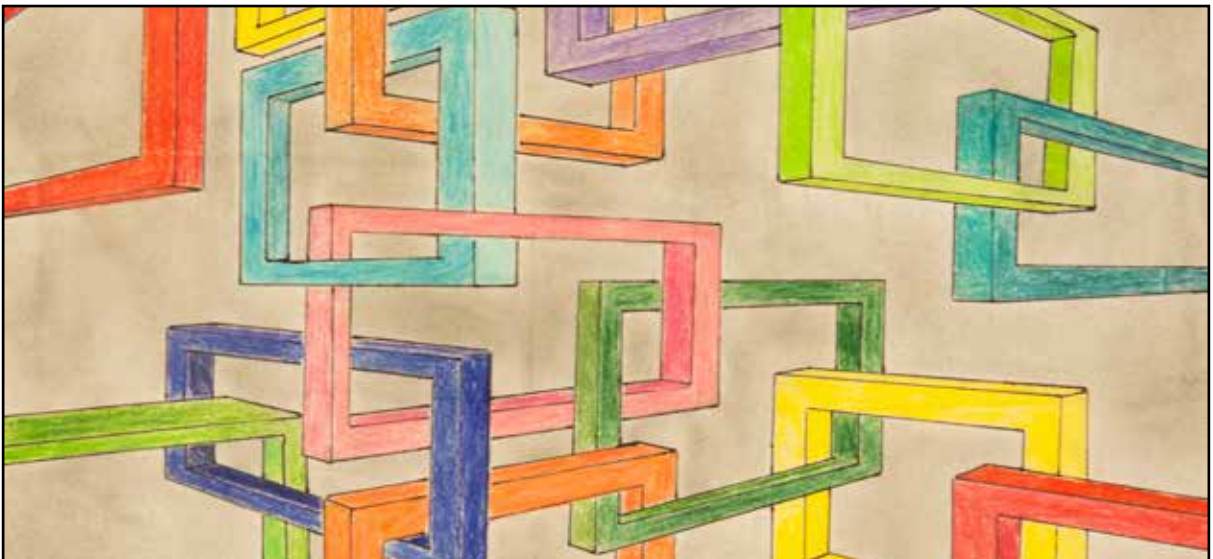




Art by Ezequiel Larios Castro



Art by Evelyn Hernandez



Art by Marie Popowitz





Photography by Fritz Eastman



Photography by Michelle Wakhweya

Fall Line

By Marc Livanos

Where the hard rocks of the Piedmont
meet the sands of the Coastal Plains
there's a visible change in perspectives

You just never know what type
you'll find beyond interstate 85 but likely
its folks telling you to get on with the times

You're up north now, where
only suckers smile and wave.
This is not home anymore.

Northern hospitality, you'll learn,
is called minding your business
Best speak briefly and walk fast

No Dixie brewed tea
with more sugar than ice
to sip in the lazy afternoon haze.

No carefree drives to the beach
with Jimmy Buffett on your mind
to dig your toes in the sand

And oh yeah, they don't say "Please,"
like they do down here,
when they say "*stick* emmm' upppppppp."



Photography by Evan Waldner



Photography by Zabiullah Shirzai



Photography by Evan Waldner



Photography by Michelle Wakhweya



Photography by Jack Rossi



Photography by Phil Ainey



Photography by Emma Irvin



Photography by Evan Waldner

How to Tell a True Kaplan Story

Last summer, Erica left the back door of our cabin unlocked so I could sneak back in. She wasn't happy about it, but she helped with my bad decisions every time. It was about 65 degrees and I thought it was too cold to go out on the water, but Kaplan said it was important. Blindly, I believed him.

In a true Kaplan story, I'd always go along with what he'd say. I'd tease him and act like I didn't want to sneak out, but if I told you I didn't want to sneak out with him, I'd be a liar. Every emotion with him was new and exciting and something I couldn't get enough of.

When I got to the kayaks, I saw a tall figure waiting for me. Blood rushed to my cheeks and I hurried down the hill to see Kaplan in his pink hoodie, his hair a dark warm color at night like his eyes, the muffled voice of John Lennon coming out of the headphones draped over his neck. He looked a little dazed, maybe a little sad. I scanned his face for some clue as to what he was feeling, but I couldn't discern anything from his expression. He smiled and said to ditch the kayaks and come to the cabin. I agreed and followed compliantly.

So what happened? Maybe I'll get to that later. Maybe not.

A true Kaplan story shouldn't matter to the person reading, but the person writing. There shouldn't be any insignificant details. Read the description of Kaplan again. No detail is unimportant to the story. If a detail isn't important to the reader, it's important to the author. A true Kaplan story shouldn't benefit the audience, because this is only a decompression of emotions that were felt at the time.

A couple days later, at around midnight, we raced to the dock. Kaplan pushed me into the lake when I lost and I chased him to the cabin, stealing his sweatshirt to wear instead of my wet clothes. We played pool for the thousandth time and when Kaplan won again, I went to sit on the couch in the back. I thought back on the past few days and noted that Kaplan wins every game he plays; every card game, sport, bar game, whatever you can think of, he'll win. It's sorta funny I guess. He followed me back and asked if I was tired, coming to sit next to me. He turned on some music as he pulled me onto him. He put his arm around me and kissed my forehead. I whispered goodnight. I remember falling asleep next to him, on his chest, thinking about how wrong this was. I date girls. Whatever was happening, I couldn't understand it. If I tried to, I would just be more confused, so I left it where it was, ignoring these new feelings.

While I slept, I imagined what a month or two would be with him. I imagined swim practice on Saturdays in Tacoma Park, going over to his house and talking, laughing, whispering, dancing, being happy. I never imagined anything like this, y'know, with a guy, with him, but if it were to happen with Kaplan, I would have been okay. This was okay.

I woke up on that couch with Kaplan the next day, I smiled and kissed him on the cheek to see how it felt, but he was upset; upset at himself or upset at me, I couldn't tell. He told me that last night was a good night, but he doesn't want me like that. He said he didn't want anyone like that. He asked for his sweatshirt back and left quickly, leaving me cold, naked and exposed. On the outside I was fine, but I was a little hurt on the inside. When I saw him later he acted distant, colder than normal. I was upset but more confused than anything else. I wondered what I did wrong for the few nights I had left in the mountains. After not being able to find an answer, I left the mountains mad at him and mad at myself and I didn't look back.

That stupid f***ing kayak story doesn't matter, by the way. Sorry to lead you on. Maybe this was just a game to him. He already won, so why continue to play?

In the end, a Kaplan story is not about him. It's about what was felt around him. It's about fading, fuzzy memories of the summer you kissed a boy when you date girls. It's about feeling emotions that you're afraid of. It's about the way light can pour into a room early in the morning, filling every corner and crevice, making a room look golden through half asleep eyes. It's about living. It's about being confused and sad in the end. It's about read text messages and not saying goodbye.



Photography by Charlotte Despard

REMEDY.

By Avashaye Wanzer

I love you more than I love myself
So I use you as my support system
Fill me up while my tank runs low
Low, from falling in love with you.
And understanding who I am.
Not perfect but making the best out of this
A human, who deserves love unconditionally

I don't know if I love myself
As much as you love me
I need you here to help me figure it out
That's love, and you are my coping mechanism.
Can I love without you?
Am I capable of loving somebody ?
If I am curious about loving myself..

Don't stop pouring your fuel of love into me
Pour until I am full
And I know who I am
Hold me, when I lose myself
Hold the weight I can't carry
Please be my remedy
I love you.

Art by Ava Benbow and Hannah Plishker (right center)











Photography by Autumn Basara



Photography by Hunter Langley

Background by Dean Schiller



Photography by Autumn Basara



Photography by Zabiullah Shirzai

POP-UP ART



Art by Will Lally



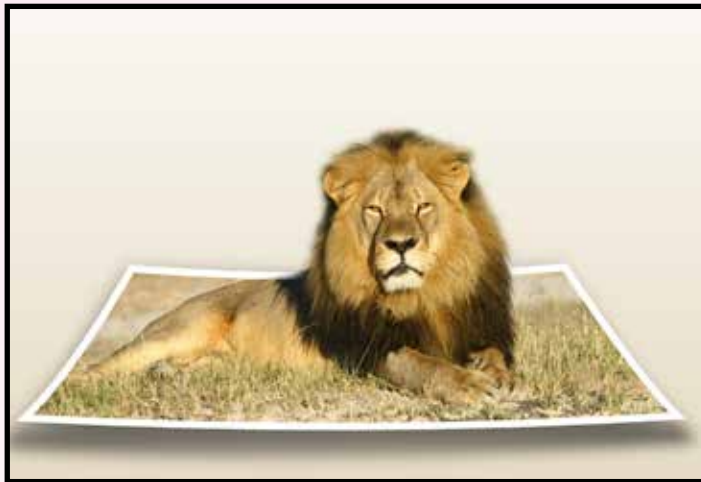
Art by Byran Lopez



Art by Ashley Keith



Art by Suriatu Lamin



Art by Brenden Huber-Wilker



Art by Daniel Fox

Ballad of a Squire
By Spencer Eulo

There lived a Young Squire whose passion hath drove
Him yonder to lie in a green, shaded grove.
Where under an oak hiding sparrows that roved,
The Squire found what, in his Languish, he strove.

As songs of the sparrows rang out and sang true,
The Squire delighted to view their prelude.
He sat with attent in his green, mossy pew,
And gayly exclaimed, "I shall play for you, too!"

The Squire hath fancied himself a tribune
To Nature's Symphony, like sunrise in June.
With limericks gay and no wish to impugn,
He brandished his lute and began a small tune:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's..." sang He,
While His strums filled the air with elation and glee!
But the Squire, untutored, hath played the wrong key,
For the sparrows flew far, far away from their tree.

Unflattered, the Squire hath swallowed his pride,
For certain his chords were an opus inside.
When silence hath ruined his will to reside,
Vacated his grove for a blue riverside.

Yonder a Fellow stood, there on the ford
Wielding an old fishing pole and a sword.
The old, solemn Knight, by the name of My Lord,
Cried out in despair a most terrible chord!

The Unbeknownst Squire hath strummed all the way,
And the Old Knight exclaimed, "My fish got away!"
He viewed the Young Squire's horrendous display;
Frustrated, he said, "I shall teach you to play!"

The Squire, delighted, learned ballads, ballets,
Waltzers and sonnets, the strings and the staves.
And gayly, with many a harmonious phrase,
He played for the sparrows to the end of His days.



Art by Kate Sirpis



Art by Hannah Plishker





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