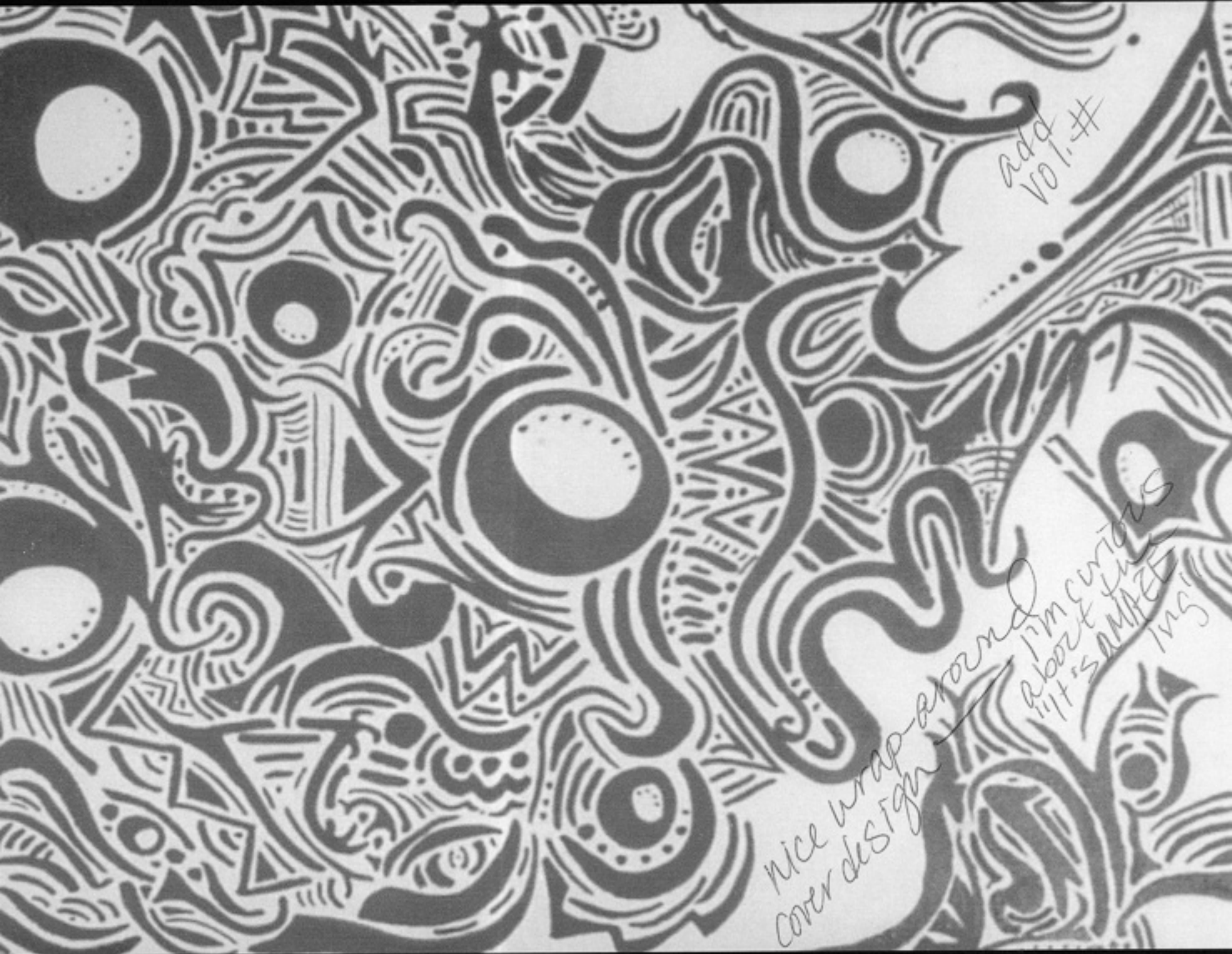


# Labyrinth 2002

## UNITY



T.C. Williams High School  
Literary/Art/Photography Magazine

It's a **MAZING**

## Do you think T.C. Williams is united? What do you think about diversity at T.C.?

*Labyrinth* staff members asked these questions of T.C. students and staff. They compiled a collection of responses that appear here and throughout the magazine.

*"It is easy to call T.C.W. a diverse school. All you have to do is look around! You want to know about Unity? If you're looking for a perfect place where every cafeteria table has two Hispanics, two Blacks, and two Whites -- you won't find that here. But ask yourself: will you find that anywhere? What I love about T.C. is that we all have the opportunity to cross over. A lot of students take advantage of the opportunity to explore the diversity here. That's why I love it here."*

-- Sara Elizabeth Rich, 12

*"We here at T.C. are extremely diverse, but I don't think we truly appreciate it. I think we can be a little more strategic in how we plan and promote activities so we can get full school participation."*

-- Michael Diggins, Teacher and T.C. Williams Alumnus

*"At T.C. I have encountered a diversity of many cultures and ethnicities. T.C. is represented by students from many different walks of life. It is sometimes hard to see many of these people "chilling" together, but as long as there is peace, life goes on."*

-- Shermer Joseph, 12

*nice idea*

*good art selection  
to use in background*

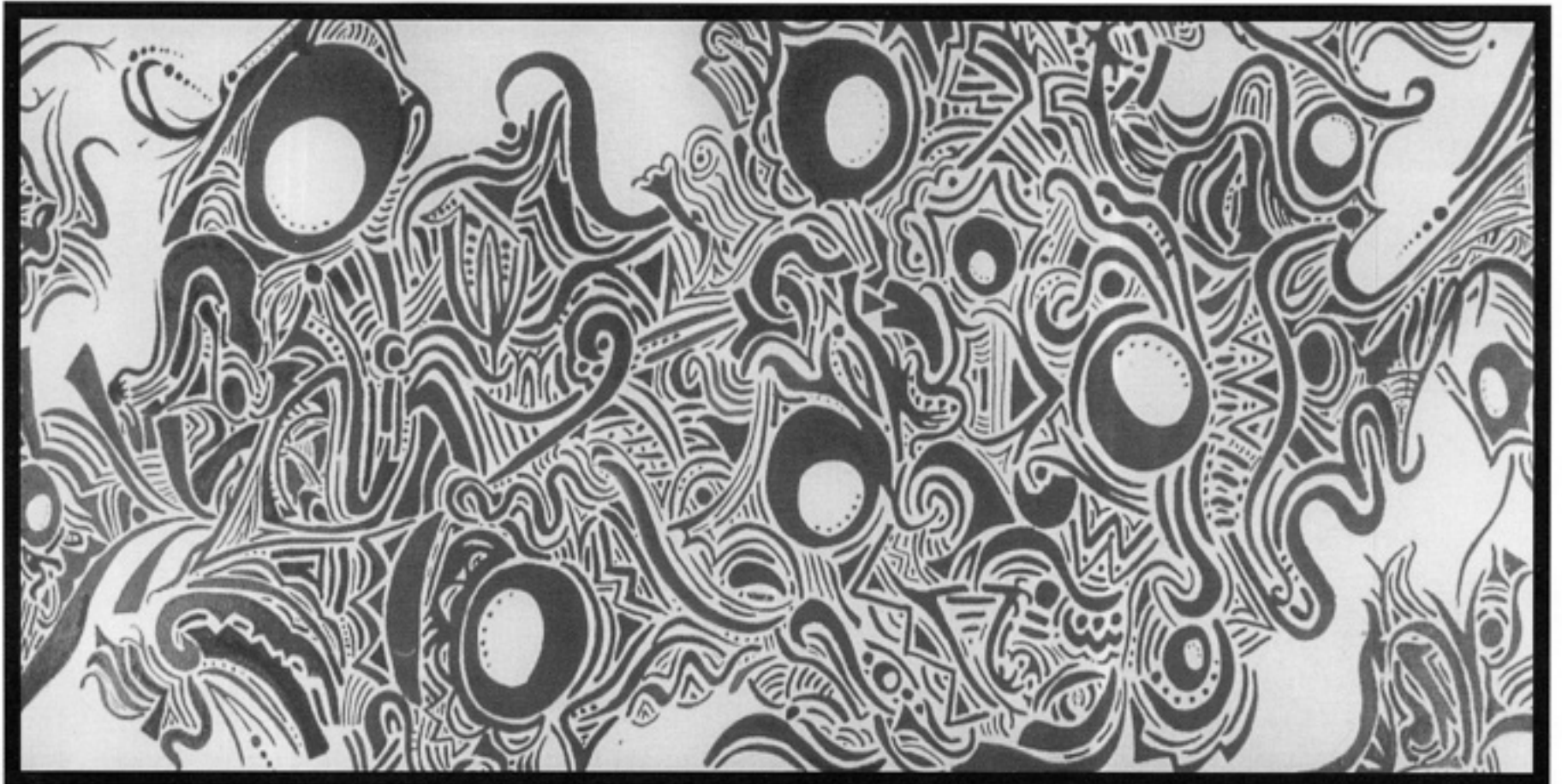
Maija Garnaas  
Hallway



# Labyrinth 2002

Literary/Art/Photography Magazine

*nice recall of  
the cover art*



Alison Corcoran

Cover Art: *Swirling Mass*

**UNITY**

**T.C. Williams High School**

3330 King Street

Alexandria, VA 22302

Alexandria City Public Schools

*nice  
font*

*nice use  
of the black  
box to tie spread  
together -*

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Alison Corcoran

*medium?*

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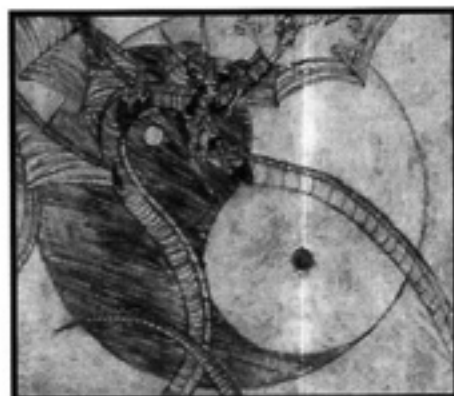
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Javier Quant  
*All Star Football*

## Colophon:

This magazine was set using Adobe Pagemaker 6.5 on Macintosh computers. The headlines are in Apoplex font, size 24 pt, and all other text is AGaramond in 12 pt, except for the bylines, which are in 14 pt. The binding is saddle-stitched. The printer was Charter Printing of Alexandria, Virginia.

geo d -

I like the idea to offer each page's contents w/ medium & genre provided - makes each piece easily accessible

Max use of "spot" art to add visual appeal

# Stay True

A Poem By Eric Redman

I am forced to walk a road of  
twists and turns

I am forced to deal  
with cold emotions

and  
Staring eyes that

burn

These things go by daily and not just to  
me.

Most of us teens feel this way, as if we are  
Outcasts to society

It is amazing how adults can look down  
with

Judgmental eyes... yet they never manage to  
Hear our cries

So most of us are left to scream out in poems  
Until we feel the tingle in the spine. And if you  
Pay attention you will realize this is more than  
Just a rhyme

When did being a teen and  
living life become  
Such a crime  
I guess we will never  
know... So we continue  
To break the rules in  
order to live since time

Won't stop its flow

As we look at our elders and laugh at what they  
Believe in, what we should do  
You should realize that one day that might  
Be you  
And if that day comes, never forget your  
Teenage years, and stay true

Gordan Graham Van Hook  
*Wire Man*

great  
well placed +  
the spread

"I think that the school has a lot of diversity, but we do not have a lot  
of unity in this school." -- Brittney Allen, 10



# The Bigger Picture

A Poem By Cassie Stoddard

I saw a mismatched painting.  
The colors clashed and clashed.  
Ranked with the other paintings  
It came in -- dead last.

The artist had no talent,  
And he must have been insane  
To think that a piece of junk like this  
Would bring him any fame.

The random shades of color  
All seemed so out of place,  
Searching for their destiny,  
Which left nothing but a trace.

A scummy tinge of Green  
Bowed beside the Royal Red.  
The Royal Red, in turn,  
Chose the Florescent Pink instead.

The mesmerizing strokes of hue  
Embraced me in a trance.  
The artwork swayed and spun around.  
The discrepant shades danced.

My firm foot hold gave in.  
I began to lose my grip.  
The rough jostle of a rude stranger  
Made me fall and trip.

I got up and turned around,  
But in the other direction.  
I was still facing the same painting.  
The difference was my connection.

I didn't see just blobs of paint,  
For deeper went my heart and soul.  
The incongruous colors seemed to form  
One gigantic whole.

My new awakened pupils  
Viewed a multi-colored heart.  
The stray strands of color  
Now made a work of art.

The scummy Green stood beside  
The Royal Red and Pink,  
Their happy faces smiled,  
Their chubby elbows linked.

Our world is like this picture,  
Perhaps at first dispersed,  
But when you take a few steps back  
You realize it's quite diverse.

*clever*



Ryan Knight  
*So They  
Redecorated Again*

*"Yes, we have all these different people and everyone gets along easily." -- Chela Monk, 10*

# Friendship

Honorable Mention: Labyrinth Non-Fiction Contest

A Personal Essay By Shelly Zheng

"Shelly, are you OK?" I looked around; all my classmates were staring at me. Even Ms. Mara was looking at me strangely. I could hardly say a word at that moment; I knew I had gone too far. Today, Ms. Mara assigned us an essay to think of one thing I would like to change if I could. I looked out the window; the trees were waving their leaves, the sun was hiding somewhere, and the rain was slowly falling. I tried hard to avoid my heart's tear. If I could, I wish I could....

X i n g was my best friend since elementary school. He sat next to me. We always studied and played together. I was the president of the class, and he was the vice president. We were the best team in school. "They are the best matched," one of our teachers said when he was interviewed by our city's newspaper. We won a lot of awards together. Everyone agreed that friendship was essential for the two of us. I thanked God for sending such a gift to me. We had really good times for six years. After we graduated from elementary school, we were both accepted by one of the best middle schools in our city. We were so happy that we spent the whole summer together dreaming of the future. Unfortunately, we were not in the same class. It did not stop our friendship; we still saw each other everyday. We talked about our friends, studies, and our families... He was extremely helpful with my science classes.

Everything he knew, he taught me. We still had a great time, but things changed after...

He represented our city to take the Chinese Math Exam, which was the highest-level exam for high school students. He was smart enough to take it although he was in middle school. He was one of three winners in first place. I was so proud of him. He became famous since this good news

spread throughout our city. After two months, he told me some good news; it was not good at all to me. One of Singapore's colleges accepted him as a transfer student. This was a really good challenge for him since he always dreamed of studying abroad. I could not sleep for three nights. I could not imagine how my life would be without him. We had



Daina Valaitis  
Untitled

been friends for so long; I thought we could be together forever as before. The last day, his parents came to school to take him. I could not control myself; tears fell down my cheeks. I saw tears in his eyes as well. We hugged, but did not say good-bye. That was the last time I saw him.

Four years have passed. I'm now living in the United States. I haven't gotten any news from him. I'm too afraid to ask his parents. As I was leaving China, I did not tell his parents. The story seems as if it should have ended by now, but it will never be ended. He is still in my memory. Things could change, but our friendship never.

consider choosing an end mark (to end prose pieces) that would tie in w/ the theme

good time



*nice pairing  
of artwork  
to tie spread  
together*

# Memories

A Poem By Sarah E. Najah

As I sit on the old rustic slide  
In the now dismal park of my childhood  
I feel the rustling of the crisp autumn leaves  
Pile up against the aging wooden posts  
Holding up the playground  
On which we used to hide  
And make our first mud pies  
Where little boys and little girls  
Never cared about color  
Just to share the joy with others  
Of climbing trees and jumping off swings  
Trying to impersonate Tarzan and Mary Poppins  
Then came the knee scrapes  
Which left scars that I can still see today  
Bringing about a feeling of nostalgia  
From when all the faces  
Of different races  
Gathered together  
And where timeless adventures  
Led to inseparable friendships  
And unforgettable memories.

*good  
details*

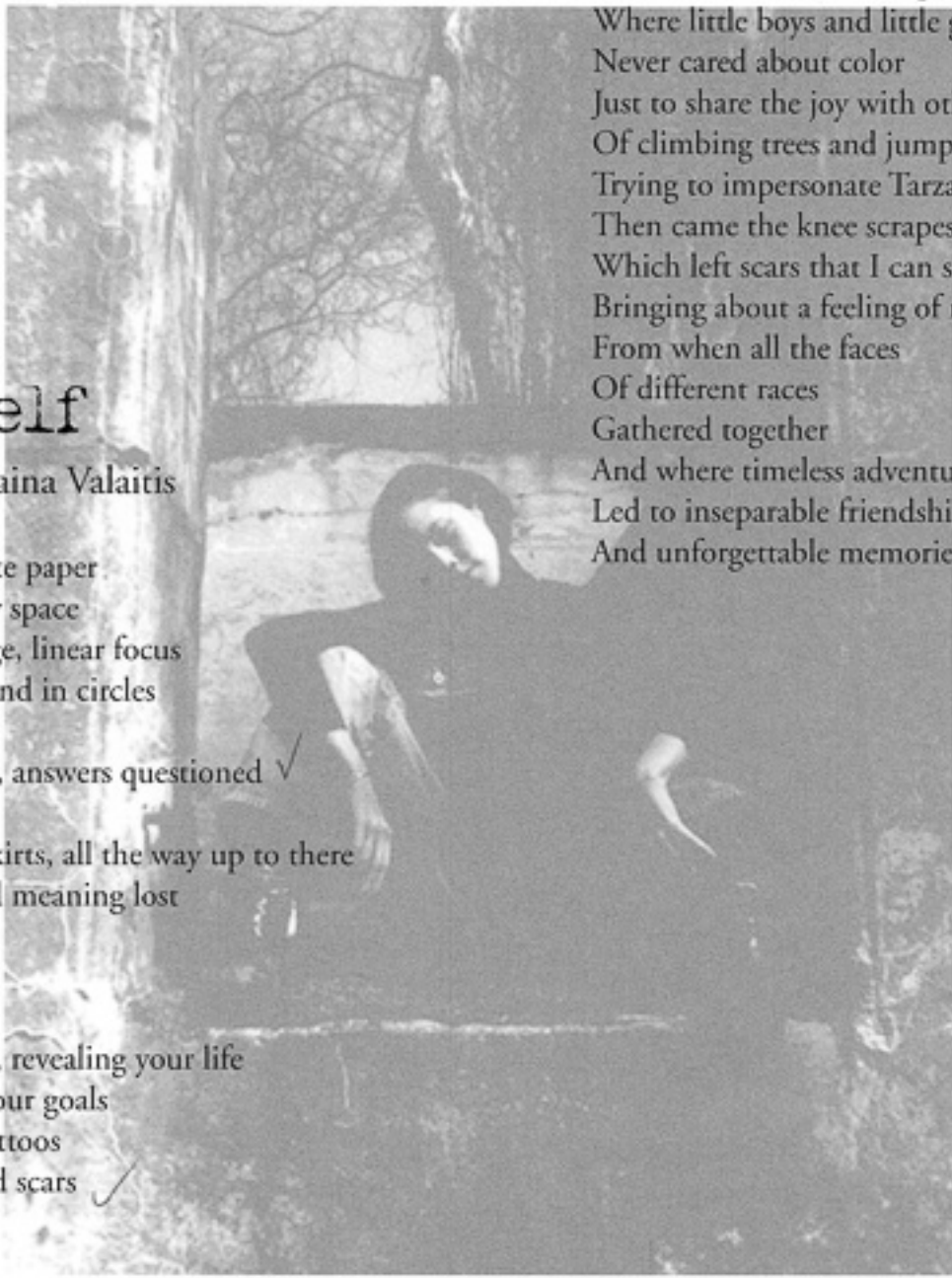
## To Myself

A Poem By Daina Valaitis

Blue ink on white paper  
Words on empty space  
Linear knowledge, linear focus  
While going round in circles

Questions asked, answers questioned ✓  
Fuzzy sweaters  
And tiny lycra skirts, all the way up to there  
Loss of sleep and meaning lost  
And nonetheless  
A continuation

Loading the reel, revealing your life  
Your passions, your goals  
Showing your tattoos  
And self-inflicted scars ✓



Devon Johnson  
*Bradley in Ruins, Fairfax, VA 2002*

# MESA

An Essay By Nassim Hooshmandnia

"All they know how to do is shake their butts." When the girl with the shaved head and punk clothes made that remark just loud enough for everyone around to hear, I got even more nervous. Five of my friends and I from MESA - the newly formed Middle Eastern Student Alliance - were doing a last minute rehearsal for the dances we were about to perform in front of some 1,000 of our fellow students at T.C. Williams. The girl who made the comment was with the drama class that was in the auditorium as we were rehearsing and her remark was enough to deflate all of us.

An hour later, the six of us clamored across the pitch-black stage trying to find our positions and listening to the chatter from the other side of the curtain as the school assembly gathered. Before I realized it, the curtains pulled back and Indian music began blasting from the loudspeakers.

When we began our routine, there was silence from the audience. Most of them had never seen Middle Eastern dances before. I was in a daze, hoping to get off the stage without making a fool of myself. Then the big shock came when the audience began responding. As they did I relaxed and felt I became one with the music and my fellow dancers as we moved from Indian to Persian to Arabic dances. When the show ended I was ecstatic and the feeling continued for a week afterwards as white kids, black kids, and Hispanics stopped me and the other dancers in the hallways and told us how much they liked the performance. I took special pride in

our success because I was a founder of MESA and co-President. My goal was to make the Middle Eastern-Americans more visible than we were. I wanted to share the different cultures of the Middle East with my fellow Americans, to let them know that while we consider the music of Madonna and Tupac our own, we also have a rich musical heritage that our parents gave to us. I wanted to share some of that heritage with my fellow students. Even more, I wanted them to see that just as they were Irish-Americans or African-Americans, who had distinctive cultural pasts, I was a Persian-American with my own rich traditions. The other MESA members, from Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, and several Arab nations,

were Americans as well. We may be "first generation" but we are no more "foreigners" than their forebears who were also the first to be born in this country.

After a year of working in MESA to eliminate the stereotypes regarding the Middle

Eastern Americans, I was devastated by the events of September 11th. I was concerned that now we would always be seen not only as foreigners but as enemies. But when I saw Americans reaching out to Muslims, I realized that the efforts I had been making were not in vain. I've been greatly encouraged to continue educating Americans regarding Middle Easterners and to continue strengthening our acceptance as Americans within the community and at T.C. Williams.

Louis Smith  
*Abstraction*



Opposite Page:  
Kim Burke and Brendan Coyle  
*Untitled*

rather than resort to this kind of quickie boom



# Unity

An Essay By Marc Zander

T.C. Williams is a school with a spectrum of students representing an incredible number of different nationalities. It is a school with over 2000 students. So, are there many problems from time to time in the school? Is the American motto *e pluribus unum* a true representation of "many different races living side by side," a success or just a stupid theory that doesn't work at all?

When I came to T.C. for the first time, it was amazing for me. This building offers the students so much. It is more than only some bricks, it is also a living place of tragedy, happiness, coming together and academic success. It offers us an array of choices from required courses to electives. It offers us everything from TV Production through Jazz Band and on to the Spanish Honor Society. There is hardly any subject that we can't take in this school.

But that is not everything. There is also the opportunity to live among so many other cultures. As for me, I am not an American. I was born in Germany with a Polish mother. I still hold the German nationality. With this background it is so strange to see a Muslim girl with the traditional hair cover shaking the hand of a black girl with one of those very "cool" handshakes that must be practiced to make them right. This is not only an example of different cultures at T.C., but also an example of different religions.

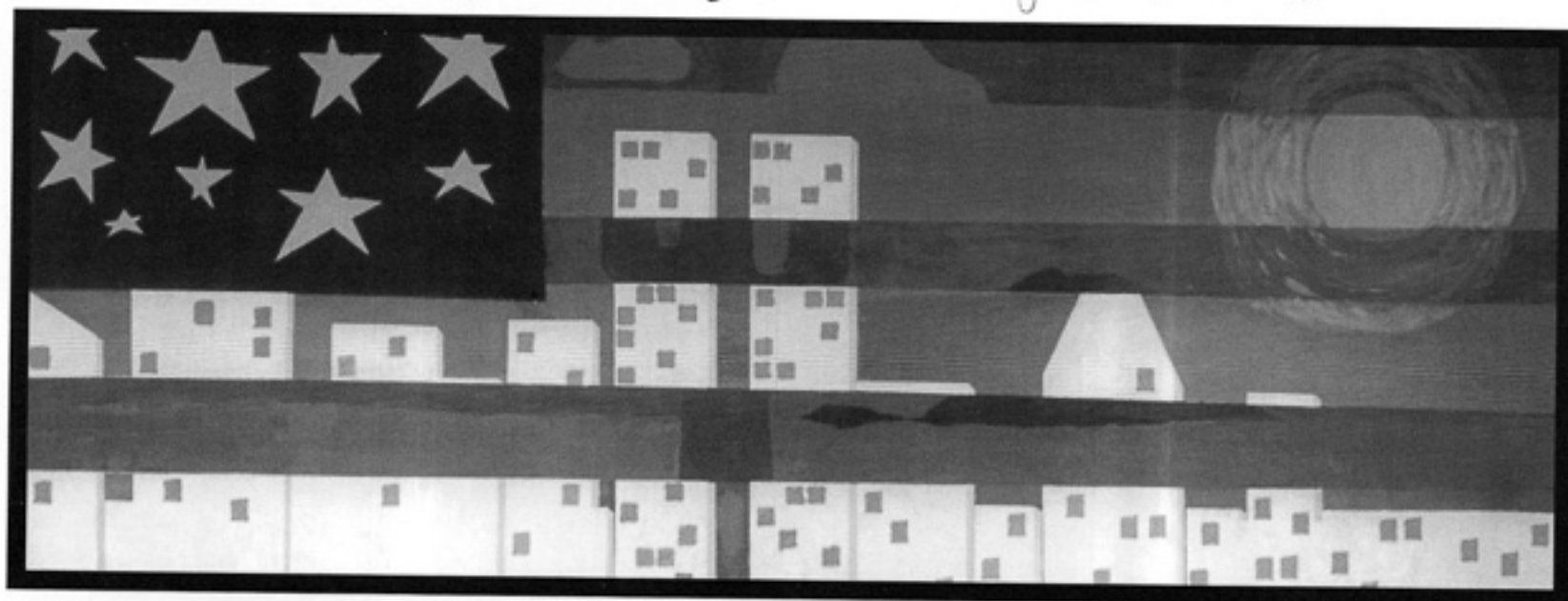
School in America is a place with religious freedom where nobody is taught a certain religion,

Honorable Mention: Labyrinth Non-Fiction Contest

but everybody is allowed to have his or her own religion. (The Muslim girl with the hair cover, the Jewish boy wearing his hat inside the building, and the Christian boy with his grace before meal.) They are all different, but they always find a way to get together. They hang out in the breaks between the periods, they meet in clubs and sports activities, and they meet after school.

It isn't all-gold that glimmers. There are surely some problems. I have seen someone sleeping while taking his PSAT test because he thought that he had no chance to get into college. I have seen fights between students who were unable to solve their problems (with brains other than violence). But what does that say about the *unity* of our school? Not much. It just says that this school has the same problems as any other school in the world. There have been, and I guess there will always be, those who don't see that they are wasting their opportunities. They don't see that it is their own future that they are wasting. But these problems are not all focused on race. It is a phenomenon which can be found in every combination of race, skin color, and religion.

The American Dream of Equality is more than a dream. Dreams come true, and this Dream is about to come true. In our school it has been reality for years and we pass these opportunities daily often without recognizing them. It is a wonderful thing that happens in our school, every day!



"T.C. is a school where everyone knows each other, and it lives up to its diversity" -- Victor Munoz, 12

good pairing of horizontal art -

# Deadly Love

A Personal Essay By Elisa Conteh

I assumed I knew everything. I knew how to behave right and what to do! Independence was a word that was circling around my head, wherever I went. I was 16, raised by a full time working, single mother. If you're not on your own feet, your life is going to be hard, it just won't work out. I was proud of myself, but I became prouder after the door opened to become more and more self-responsible. When I moved to my dad's house, he wasn't prepared to become a full time dad, so I moved temporarily to my 24 year-old cousin's house. My devoted mother was furious about the neglect of her so-loved kid, but she cooled down after various promises or so-called presumptions.

However, life turned out to be fun; no parental control, parties every weekend, and boys. My cousin, my substitute parent, trusted me, knew that I was mature enough to know what is wrong or right. She also showed a lot of understanding for me: Boyfriends were allowed because she knows how it goes, "you'll do it any ways, without my consent or with it," parties -- she took me wherever the destinations were. I felt like I was in heaven, and my dad was busy working and trying to close the file of preparations, had less time to watch over his "little girl."

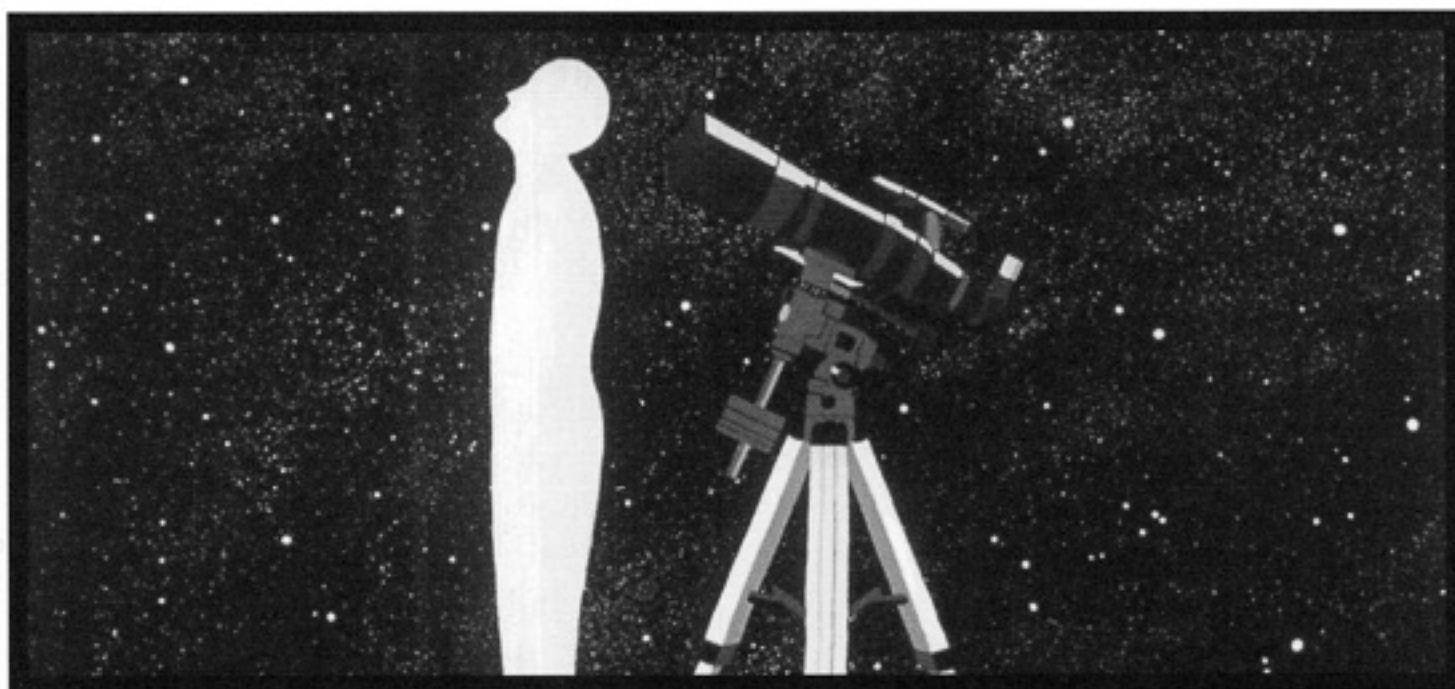
For the first time in my life I had friends, real friends, who were there during bad times, people I could talk to, count on, friends on the same wave length, you know how it is. One of them was my best friend, twin, soul mate, Samantha. We were like a gear; we worked harmonically. She

substituted my weaknesses, I hers. Yes, we had our differences and secrets, but I knew enough about her and she knew enough about me. We became sisters, we were both growing up without any authority figure, and we were spending time together day and night. I was satisfied with how my life was managed; I had the best friend I've never dreamed of, and a first date with this cute guy my cousin introduced me to. While I was getting to know my cute "hook up", Samantha started going out with Omar.



Bess Krahn  
*Outline of Man*





Jessica Floyd  
Star Gazer

I wish we would have never met him in the mall, this boring Monday afternoon when we spontaneously decided to check out the mall. We were about to enter the record-store to buy a birthday-gift for Sam's mom when a light-skinned, good looking, tall boy turned and started asking us out: "Are you sisters, where are you going to school...?" He was charming, his deep voice and his amazing dark blue eyes attracted me, but there was this uncanny feeling whenever he came closer. While Samantha kept on responding to his questions I tried to drag her into the record-store. My senses were screaming danger. When we approached the register, numbers were already exchanged. Maybe I was pathetic, he seemed to be polite, and kind and his humor made you laugh. Sam was always the more open character, the one who found it easy to socialize with people. Yes, she was probably right I should open up a little bit and try to make new friends. So, I didn't mention my concerns on our way back home.

Their first date was on the very next day. I couldn't share her joy and enthusiasm after she returned back from the date. This uncanny feeling still didn't disappear. Then the arguments between them started to affect their fast romance. I couldn't feel otherwise than trying to shatter their relationship more and more by supporting her desire to end this relationship sooner or later.

But it wouldn't be that easy and quick to let him disappear out of my life and hers. A couple of weeks passed and we didn't hear anything from Omar; he was almost as forgotten as a phone call. When a phone call changed my life.

It was a chilly summer afternoon. The sun was shining and my cousin, a couple of friends, Samantha and I were chilling at home. It was one of those heavy and slow days when you prefer to stay at home. Annoyed and tired, my cousin picked up the phone. "Hello." Silence. It was probably one of my cousin's friends, talking about how her boyfriend did this and her kids did that. Whatever it was, it was nothing that was concerning me, so I didn't pay attention. Who the source was and how she suspected that Omar might have AIDS, it's not worth mentioning. I was shocked, mad and scared that I would lose somebody I love. Panic attacks are coming and going, maybe I will lose that person pretty soon. Although I questioned her, yelled at her and cried with her, although she assured me that she didn't put herself in jeopardy, you never know. I recently dragged her to the doctor and we made an appointment.

Life is full of surprises and you never can be prepared. Our life is a continuous lesson; everyday we study more and more until our life ends. Even beautiful things could hide something deadly. ✓

*"I think T.C. is pretty diverse, although at times we are not always accepting of others, but teachers help." -- Eleanor Fulham, 11*

*try to make room for a quote-out  
which could go w/ an initial  
letter to tie  
spread together*

## The Sting of a Housewife

A Poem By Lavena Jackson

Shh. The baby cries, wipe his eyes,  
Give that back, it's mine.  
That's your side of the room,  
This is mine.

Mom bakes cherry pie for the kids,  
And covers the tupperware with lids,  
Dad is reading his book,  
And not giving his housework a look.

She tries to get him out of his chair,  
But he doesn't even really care.  
50/50 she said,  
Was our agreement before we wed.

Now it's me doing all of the work,  
So I'm leaving you,  
You dirty jerk.

The kids come with me.  
No more of them you'll see.  
You didn't want them in the first place,  
So don't even look at our faces.

You liar.  
You lazy son of a gun.  
You'll see how it is,  
Without having me on the run.

The dishes will pile up,  
The trash will smell,  
Your clothes will be wrinkled,  
Your food will be take-out and order-in,  
And you won't see anymore of us again.

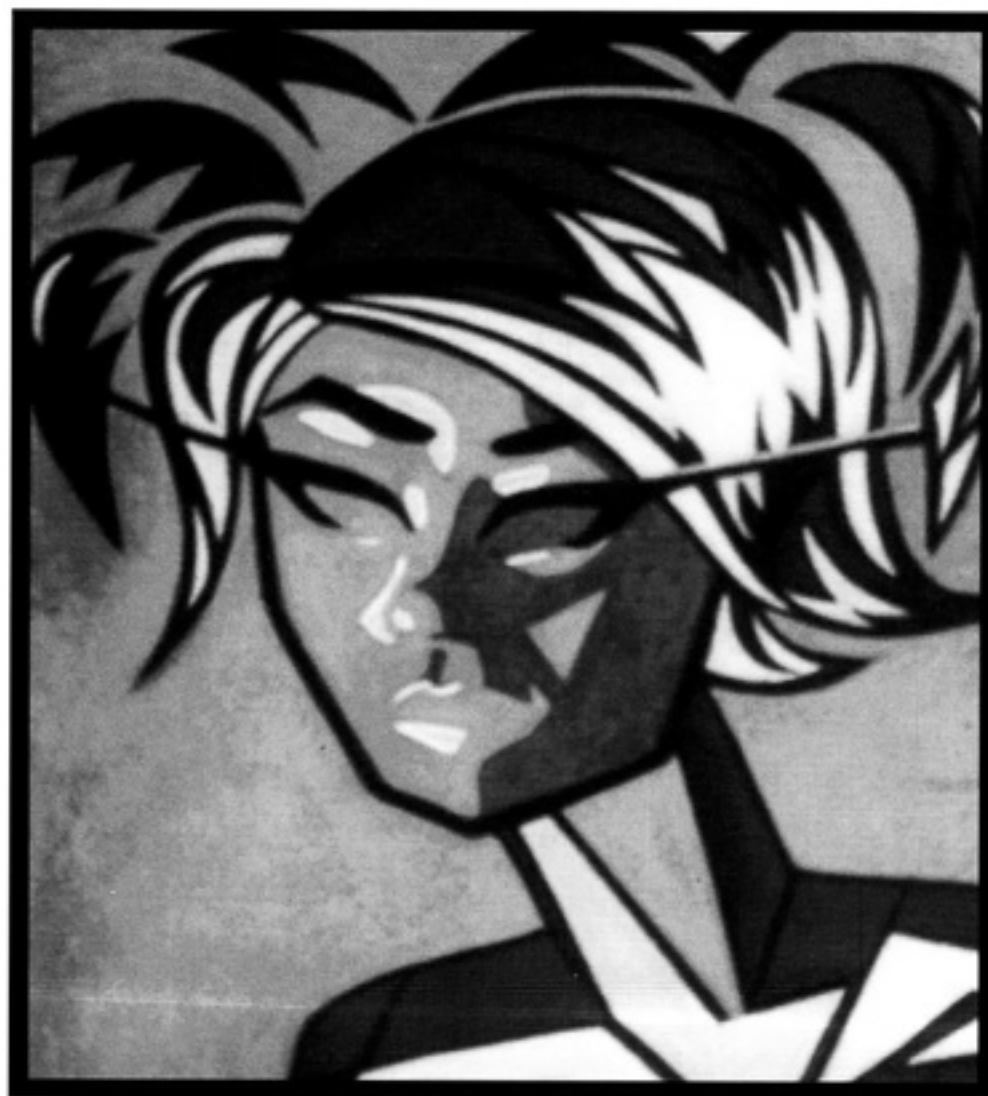
✓

## Heart Disease

A Poem By Anna Brown

Dreams and fantasies built  
Glorious temples that block what's to come  
Then war knocked them down  
Leaving artifacts and pieces of history  
To tell a glimpse of the past  
As the future desolate  
The wind blows speaking of lost ones  
Broken hearts and stronger ones  
They're all the same  
But linger to make this place  
Clearly unable to endure  
And silence is the only remedy  
To such an ailment  
But only to carry side effects  
Of bittersweet remembrance

good comparison



nic piece

Kim Burke  
Self Portrait

# "Personal Statement"

A Personal Essay By Drew Steiner

It's been an interesting journey. Nothing about me now is the same as a few years ago when I was a religious straight boy living with my mom, sister, stepdad, and stepbrothers in Mississippi. The process of self-discovery was never easy for me, but I've come a long way.

My problem wasn't my family. They loved me. It was the community; my friends, schoolmates, church, and even my teachers. The things I heard from these people -- "That's gay," "Gays go to hell," "It's a sin," "You FAGGOT!" -- weren't always directed to me, because I wasn't out, but I heard them just the same. I could never be myself. I was ready to break free.

One night when I was sixteen, I told my mother I was gay. She said she loved me unconditionally, which was all I needed to hear. I began to feel the weight of being closeted lighten and I was eventually comfortable enough to call my father in Virginia and tell him. He told me something unbelievable -- he is gay too. I found my outlet.

If I decided to stay in Mississippi, I faced living two more years in an anti-gay environment. I was desperate to let go of my secret before it killed me. If I did, like my gay friend Justin, I would be harassed in school, work, church, movies, anywhere public. My car windows would be smashed, I would be beaten up. People wonder why the suicide rate for gay teens is so high. I know why. So I moved North, to Virginia. I took my outlet and ran. I chose to live.

I hate it when I hear someone say, "I don't understand why gays have to shove it in your face that they're gay." They don't understand. They've

never been publicly ostracized for their sexual orientation.

Nobody stares at them when they hold hands with their dates. I cringe to think about all the kids like me who are in a worse environment and can't escape -- kids that can't let go of their secrets and have to live with what Justin and countless others must. Those are the ones we lose. I'm not going to sit back and just observe this unfair world. I'm not here to make people comfortable. I'll talk about homophobia, inequality, suicide, and hate crimes. Maybe then others will change.

I've been given a rare chance. The school I attend here in Virginia is a place where I feel comfortable enough to be exactly who I am. It's not a perfect school, but it wants to be. I'd like to think I've had a hand in that. I've made more friends and have stronger relationships than in Mississippi. I feel sad because I know there are others just like Justin who are trapped. They have no choice but to live through it, I won't stop. I won't stop my activism in gay rights until we're accepted.

In the past few years, my dad and I haven't gotten along, and I've gone through some tough stages. I have, however, been able to be honest with my friends and this has given me strength and motivation. I'm stronger now and I think I've found a place in my life where I'm comfortable with myself and who I will become. I left the first time to find, and perhaps save, my own life. The next leg of my journey is going to lead me through college. Hopefully, I'm going to help change things along the way.

*honest & well written*



Robert Booterbaugh  
*One Way*

*"I feel good that I get to meet different cultures of people." -- Michael Harris, 12*



# Grandpa's Plane

A Short Story By Lindsey Walsh

I hate this type of shoe; they hurt my feet. I never wear dress shoes, but Mamma said I had to put them on this morning. I like the red carpet that goes down the aisle. My shoes make a funny sound if I scuff them against the hardwood benches. It even leaves a black mark against the white base. "Alex, stop that right now," my mamma always tugs at my hands when she's not really upset but wants me to listen to her. Scuffing shoes isn't a good habit, they always yell at me for it, but I do it anyway. I wait until Mrs. Brambley plays the big piano with lots of little chimneys that make lots of sound. That way no one can hear me knock my feet against the board. Mrs. Brambley is really nice. She's that little old lady with three cats and who always bakes us pie.

Today's not like other days, I have a secret today. Mamma is going to be mad if she finds out. That's why I didn't tell anyone: not even my big brother, Mike. I always tell him everything, even the really important stuff, like the time I broke Mamma's China cat. He always knows just what to do. He's ten. I went into his room this morning after my breakfast, Cheerios, to ask him a question. He didn't want to listen so he yelled at me to leave him alone. He never yells at me, it made me mad so I went outside to the swing set. I always come to the swing set when I'm mad; the cold air on my face makes the hot feeling go away. Sometimes I even take my hands off the chains and pretend I'm flying, but Mamma always yells at me if she sees. She thinks my head will crack open. I think that would be silly to crack my head open. Mike, Mamma, and Dad are sitting next to me now. The benches are really hard.

I'm not sure why we came to church today because it's not Sunday. We only came to church three days ago. I asked Mike why we had to come on a Wednesday. He gave me the same look that he had when I fell off my bike and my knee was bloody. I'm not sure why, I'm not bleeding from anywhere, not even a scratch. I can't scuff my feet against the boards anymore because my feet don't touch the floor, so I just swing them back and forth until my

whole leg comes up off of the seat. I like the way it makes my entire body rock. Mike's feet touch the floor, but that is only because he cheats a little and sits forward in his chair. I pretend not to notice he likes being big. Mike has the same shoes as I do; only his are bigger. Dad is wearing the same shoes he wears every day when he goes to work or to church. Mamma has on different shoes. Usually she wears ones that are the same color as her skirt. I like the way she always matches. She looks really pretty in yellow; it's my favorite color. Today her shoes are black too. Her dress and hat are also black; everyone is wearing black. Uncle Pete is even wearing black and a tie. He always wears the Dodgers' hat and a tee shirt. Today is different.

The plastic is starting to stick to my belly. That's where I hid my secret, under my shirt. It's my favorite airplane. I collect them. When I'm older I am going to be a pilot just like Grandpa. Last summer when I told Grandpa I wanted to be one he took me to the county air show. It was really fun. I even got to ride in a little plane with a spiny nose. When we were leaving he got me one. It's red and blue and full of air. I let the air out before I put it in my shirt. That way it won't stick out and Mamma won't find out and get mad. I'm not supposed to bring toys to church.

Father Joseph has been talking like he always does. Now Maggie, Mamma's sister is getting up. She's going to talk now too. Maggie has never talked in church before. She's crying now, but I really like her spaghetti, it's really yummy.

"Mike, Mike, Mike" I tug at his sleeve, but he won't answer me. "Why is Maggie getting up, is she a Father now?"

"SHHHHHHHHH, don't talk now." Mike put his finger to his lips like when he is in the school library. My knees stop rocking, I am being really still so that I can listen. Maggie tells good stories, mostly ones about when she was little. This is not a good story, she's crying. I don't like it when anyone cries.

"Thank you for coming today. I am glad to see so

↑ to make room  
for a quote-out on  
the opposite page in order to balance  
out the art

many friendly faces, I just wish it could have been a different reason." Maggie wipes a tear off her nose. Some man who is standing next to her hands her a tissue. I don't know who the man is. He doesn't come to our church on other days. There is a big box too; it's covered with a flag. At school they make us stand up and say the pledge to the flag. I don't think Maggie is going to make us stand up and say it though. If she does then that's okay too, last week I was able to say the whole thing without messing

of things. Grandpa didn't come to Church today. Today's different.

When Church is over I'm going to go and see Grandpa. I'll even tell him I brought my plane. He won't get mad because he understands me. I'll just tell him that I brought the plane because he couldn't come with me. That way when I feel the plastic stick to my tummy I know that Grandpa is around. Nobody else would understand. So I am still not going to tell anyone else. I bet if I ask,

Grandpa will get out of bed and take me to get ice cream. My favorite kind is chocolate, just like Grandpa's. Mamma is upset. I hope she didn't find out about my plane. I don't think that would make her cry. I don't think that's why she is crying at all. Everyone is crying, even Mrs. Hasket. Spies are not supposed to cry. I guess Maggie's story is not as funny as most. Maybe this is a sad story. Every one is crying. "Mike," I whisper as low as I can, "How much longer?" He shushed me.

Then everyone starts to get up. Mamma and Dad say we should go first. We get to walk out behind the big box. The strange men are holding something that smokes and smells funny. It makes my nose itch. After we

get outside Mamma and Dad are talking to some other people. Mike and I go to stand away from everyone. "Mike," I ask, "Do you think we can go see Grandpa now?"

"No, Alex not now." Mike is staring at the ground, he doesn't think I can see his tears.

"Oh, when?" I really want chocolate ice cream. The airplane is sticking to me now, because it is so hot outside, I take it out and hold it behind my back. Mike looks at it and smiles.

"Later, Alex, Later." He walks away, his tears falling harder. I wish I knew why everyone was crying, why we had to come to Church on a Wednesday. Grandpa would have told me.



nice piece

Paulo Avila  
Swing

up once. That'll make grandpa proud, because he flew planes in the Army. Grandpa didn't come to church today. He got sick a while ago, so he stopped coming to Church with us. I wish he had come today, he always makes Church a lot more fun. One time he let me sit on his lap, and we made up stories about people who were sitting in front of us.

Grandpa says that Mrs. Hasket, another old lady with blue hair, is really a spy and we have to keep an extra eye on her. He said she comes to our Church to make sure nothing fishy goes on. We didn't tell anyone else what we found out though. Grandpa says that'll scare other people if they find out. I listen to what Grandpa says. He knows a lot

"I've been around diversity so much that now it seems natural to see new faces every day." -- Claire DiCesare, 12

sad -  
the voice  
is well mixed &  
cons 15  
cons 15

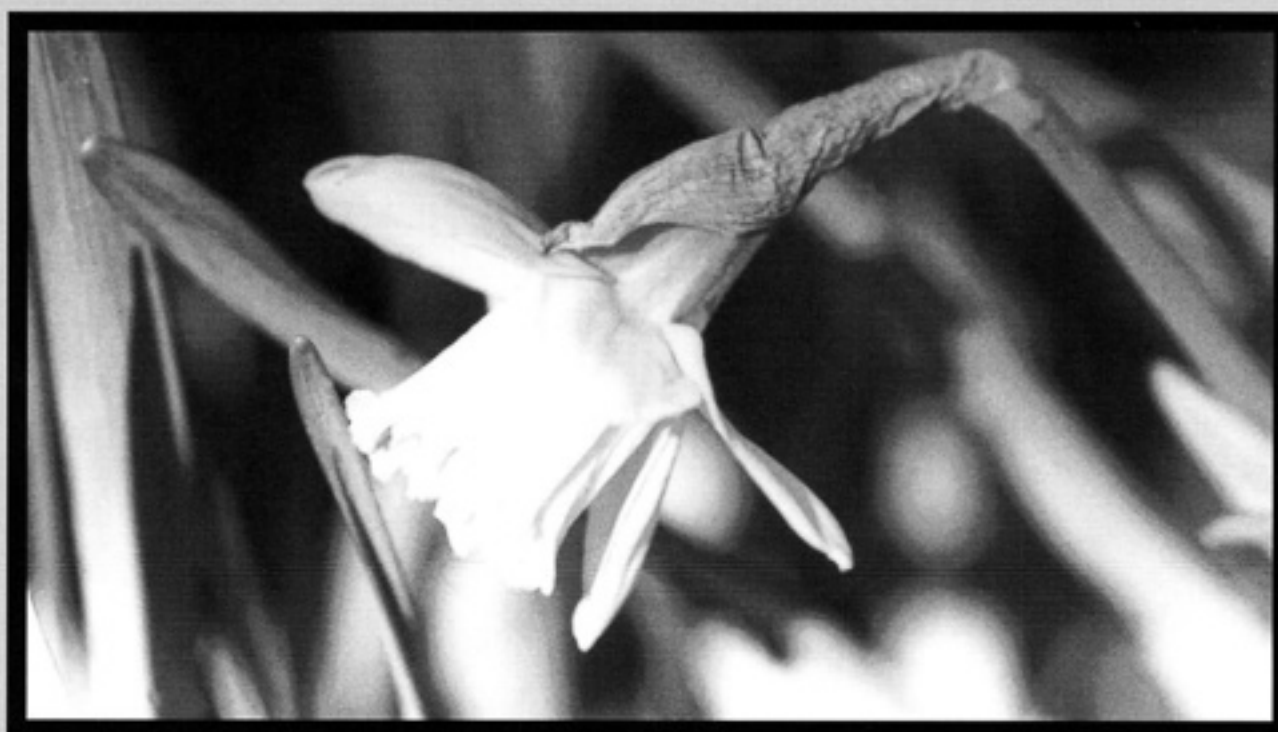


# Gallery

## Photo



Terry Gaymon  
*Sneeze*



Jacob Forstater  
*Daffodil*



nice  
idea to present  
a gallery



Daina Valaitis  
*Untitled*



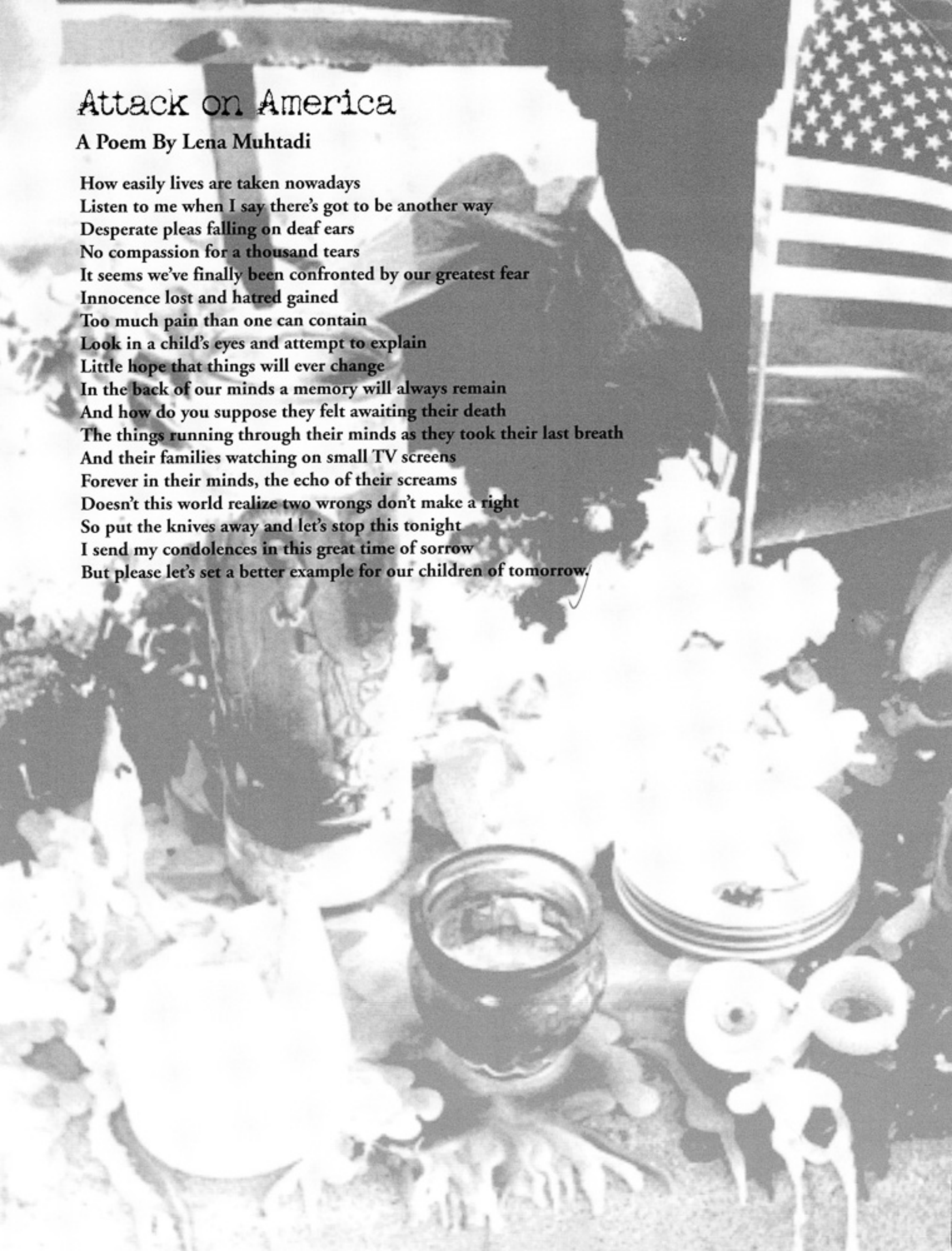
why  
no black  
box?

Nicky Corbett  
*Antique*

# Attack on America

A Poem By Lena Muhtadi

How easily lives are taken nowadays  
Listen to me when I say there's got to be another way  
Desperate pleas falling on deaf ears  
No compassion for a thousand tears  
It seems we've finally been confronted by our greatest fear  
Innocence lost and hatred gained  
Too much pain than one can contain  
Look in a child's eyes and attempt to explain  
Little hope that things will ever change  
In the back of our minds a memory will always remain  
And how do you suppose they felt awaiting their death  
The things running through their minds as they took their last breath  
And their families watching on small TV screens  
Forever in their minds, the echo of their screams  
Doesn't this world realize two wrongs don't make a right  
So put the knives away and let's stop this tonight  
I send my condolences in this great time of sorrow  
But please let's set a better example for our children of tomorrow.





# An Ode to American Unity

A Poem By Rebecca Sklepovich

This fire burned and the rubble cluttered as I caught my breath, but all too quickly  
My stomach turned and my eyes watered -- my mind escaped from what I saw  
It was too difficult to believe that this could happen on my own soil

We heard the stories of lost life and ruined homes -- children who were now orphans  
Everyone watched with agony and thought "What can I do, what can I do?"  
People were stunned and frightened, heartbroken with anxiety over what was to come.

Some stood up and said, "I will not live my life in fear and despair and pain."  
They waved their red, white and blue, they poured into the streets and shouted,  
"God Bless America, land that I love!" "O say can you see by the dawn's early light!"

We held candles and prayed for those missing and those whom we hoped weren't dead  
We mourned for the loss of life, the loss of freedom, the loss of innocence  
We grieved for those gone, but also for those who will still suffer for many years to come

We gave our time, our money, even our blood in order to help in the small ways we could  
Many of us worked tirelessly day and night to prove we'll never give up hope  
We no longer had our own agendas, but a more important unifying mission to follow

It is certain that we will never be the same again, irreparable damage has been done  
But we still have each other to support and care for -- to love and to respect  
Times of tragedy bring us closer together -- let us remain together always and forever

Though evil has tried to destroy the foundations of our way of life  
Evil will never be able to tear our spirits and break us apart

"United we stand, divided we fall."

✓

nice pairing  
of poems  
& art

good idea  
to use as a  
faded backdrop

Devon Johnson  
Candles for the Dead, Pentagon, 9/12/01



# Gallery

why not do that w/ each  
box to distinguish  
from the photo gallery?

✓ good idea  
to reverse  
that line

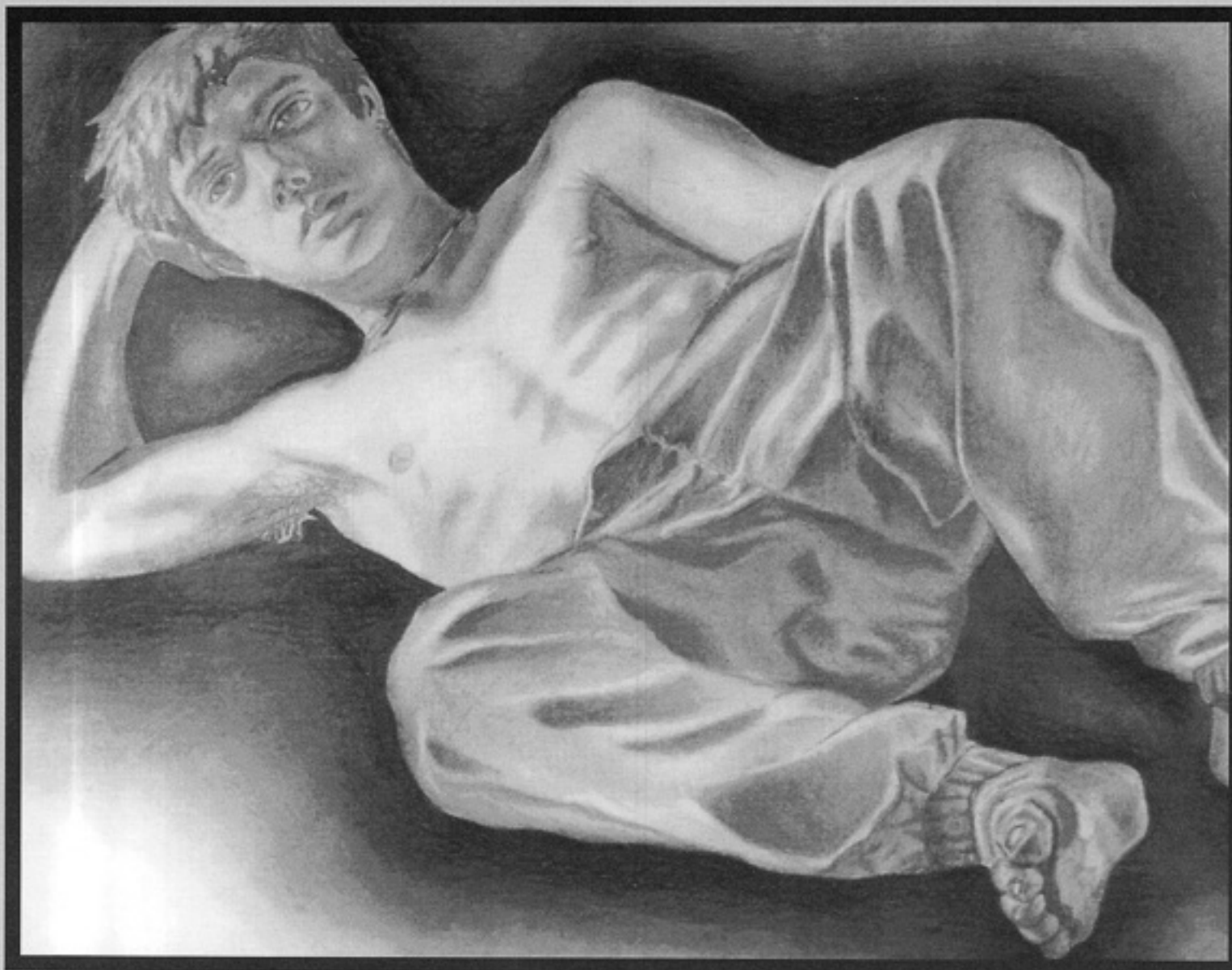


Alison Corcoran  
*Trinity*

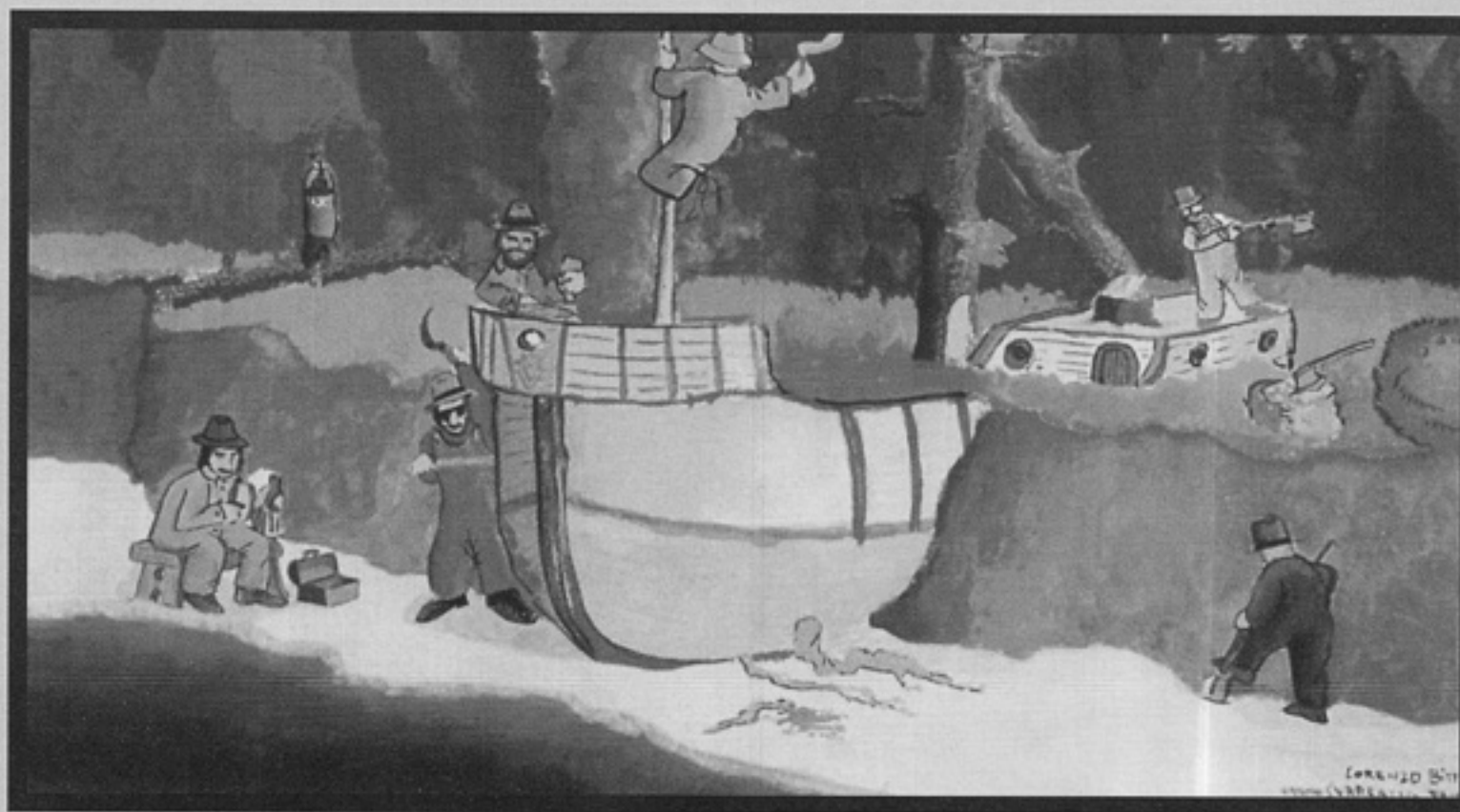
Kim Burke  
*I Hold In My Hands*



↑  
great  
piece



Kim Burke  
Thomas



Lorenzo Bitto  
Arc

blonski  
w art  
credit  
placement



# Feeling Lonely and Guilty

A Personal Essay By Leila Flores

Have you ever felt lonely and guilty? Not knowing what to do when there is nothing to do? When a person you really have to say I am sorry to is not with you anymore? This has been the experience that I have been through.

I was born in Honduras. When I was six months old, my mom moved to El Salvador. Ever since then I have been living with my grandmother. I never thought that one day she would leave me alone. She was my friend and my everything. I could always count on her for anything, with anything, no question or doubt. I would always go to her for advice, jokes or anything that I had in mind.

My grandmother and I lived in a peach-colored house with three bedrooms and a big living room. In the living room we had a big portrait of my kindergarten graduation. I liked that picture because it was something from my early childhood. We also had a television in the living room to watch all the Spanish shows and soap operas. I always liked being in my grandmother's bedroom. I felt so warm and safe in her bedroom. I felt this way because she was always telling me stories while I <sup>lay</sup> in her bed.

On her bed, she had a heart-shaped pillow that I always liked hugging and a cute doggie she had over her bed. Her television was on top of a white, medium table. Beside the table she had another small table where she put her perfumes in a cute white basket.

My bedroom was light blue with cute teddy bear posters on my wall, and I also had teddy bears

on my bed. You could actually say that I was a teddy bear fan. My closet had a lot of shoes. My school uniform and my dresses were hanging on the hangers inside.

My aunt would come to visit us, and sometimes my cousins would come play with me. We would ride horses or just play with the animals that

my grandmother had. We had a farm near the house, so my cousins would come over and help me take care of the animals. In front of the house we had a



Pat Sharkey  
Girl

big space to play soccer, softball, and baseball.

Things that my grandmother had to have around her were her flowers and fruit trees, like mangos, oranges, and other Spanish fruits. She always had to have flowers as decoration in her bedroom and in the living room. I still remember her food. She knew how to cook so well, for any holiday or birthday. I loved smelling the food that she was cooking.

I loved my grandmother, but like any rebellious kid, I never listened to my grandmother like I should have. My grandmother was the most beautiful and precious thing I had. That gray 70-year-old lady was all that I had. I never had met my mom nor my dad before. They separated when I was two months old. My dad stayed in Honduras, and my mom moved to El Salvador. I always wondered how both of them looked like or how they would treat me.

My grandmother had advanced cancer and



The center spread should be an especially striking spread - why not switch this spread w/ the previous one for greater visual impact?

we did not have enough money to buy her medicine; because of this she died. When she died, my whole world was so dark. It was like I could not find my way out. Somehow I knew that my whole life was going to change. The worse thing about this is that she died in front of me. When she died, I started crying; I could not stop, and I could not breathe. It felt like someone was choking me. My aunts tried not to cry so I would not cry, but it was useless. My heart was torn and I could not do anything about it. I remember trying to let go of my grandma forever, telling myself that everything was going to be okay, but somehow I did not want to understand that. I could not. My grandma has been a part of me; she was ~~the~~ like a mom that I never had and the dad that I had never met and the friend that was always there for me.

Two days after she died, everybody got together for a religious ceremony for my grandma; I thought I was going to die. Everybody was telling me not to worry, that my grandma was going to go to heaven, but not even those sweet words made me happy. I knew that this empty space in my heart was going to be there for a while.

What I did not know was that my grandma had left me a letter. My aunt gave it to me three days later; that was so hard to find out. As I opened the letter, it felt like a soft breeze going through my body. I got cold. I started reading it and started crying. In that letter she told me that she knew at one point she she was going to die and she was going to leave me alone but she was always going to be beside me, taking care of me. She wrote that I was the sunshine in her life; that made me feel so special. It made me feel that even though I didn't do everything I was asked to do, she had already forgiven me.

At that point I didn't know what to do, say or feel. She even said that only God knew the future, but she was always going to be with me. She also said that I was going to meet my mom. She finished with simple words as follows: "May God bless you." I wanted to be alone and I wanted my

grandma back, but I knew I could not have that.

Sometimes I feel so bad that I wonder so many things. I question myself like, what would I have done differently so I would not feel so guilty. Five months after my grandma's death my mom decided to bring me to the United States. I really didn't want that because I did not want to leave my family and



Kelsey Rey  
Untitled

friends back in El Salvador, but I knew I could not be without my mother. I came to the U.S., began school and have improved myself. Although I feel guilty, I know that my grandma was the most awesome person in my life, and that has influenced me to be who I am. She was a very hard-working person. Her smile would give you a warm happiness. I still remember her smile and her stories. Although she is dead, she is still in my heart. I still remember her and hope to see her one day.

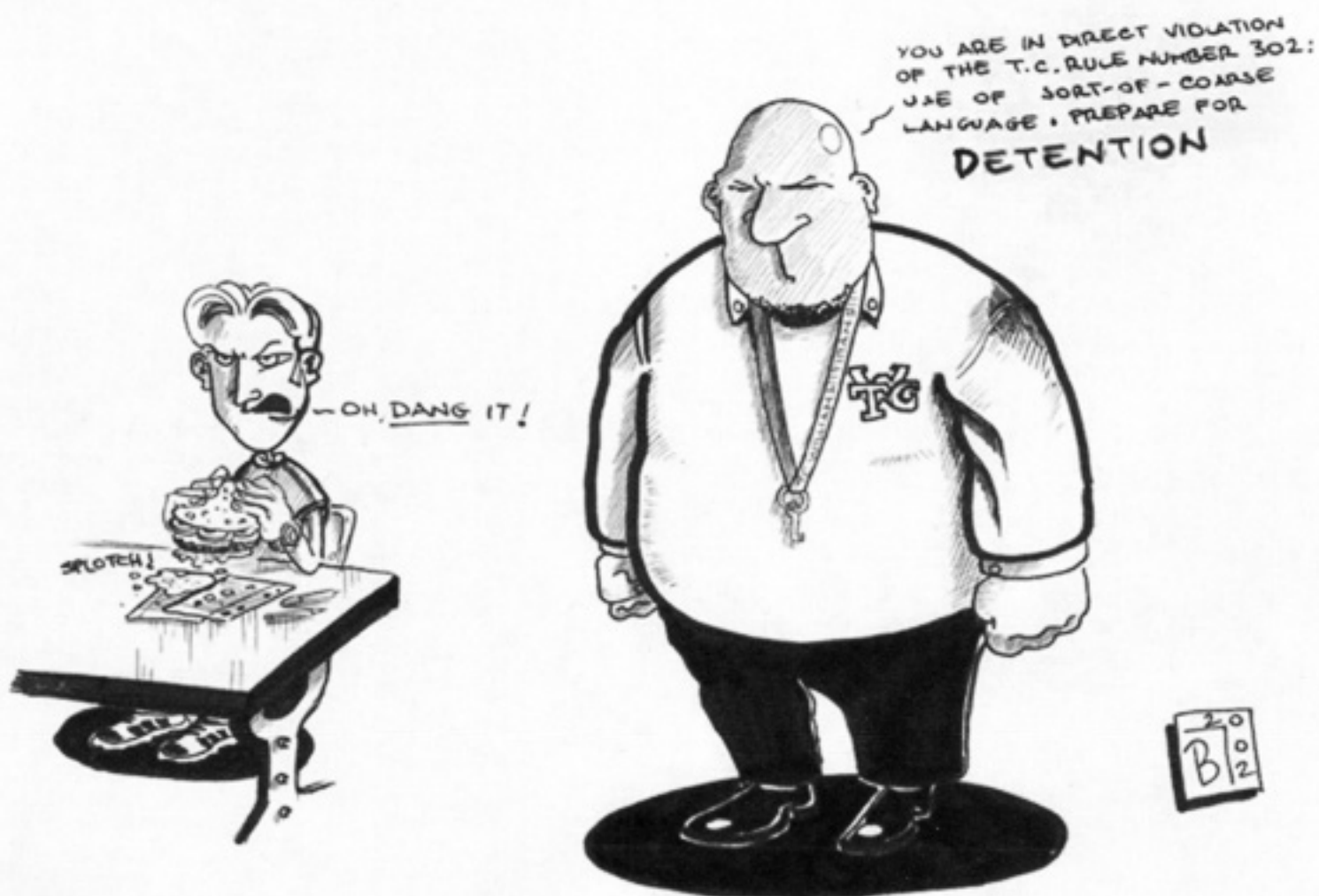
"I think there isn't really racism, but you tend to stick with people you have common interests with." -- Noelia Mazilla, 12

lovely reflection

Nice pairing of art & lit.

# Gallery

comic





funny + a nice addition -

Comics By Lorenzo Bitto





# Sam

Fiction By Rob Kennedy

Every morning at about a quarter to five, Sally woke up and slipped on a sweater, and moved to the door. She practically ran out the door and to the elevator. In the same raspy, morning voice she would tell the elevator boy to go to the ground floor. She went into the street, and walked towards the river. The mist coming off the water touched her face, and made the Boston breeze even colder.

She felt at peace, now that she was on the bench by the river rather than in the confines of her apartment. She hadn't always hated it, but ever since the spring she sickened at the contrast between her light-filled, airy abode and the absence of her daughter. The apartment had changed meaning to her when Sam died.

Every morning by the river, Sally would end up crying. She always ended up having these memories of Sam and she would just let out these soft, little tears that would stream down her face and onto her sweater. She had started to remember what Sam looked like. The cropped, blond hair. The jeans that always sagged a little around her hips. That last thought brought tears to her eyes because she

remembered when Sam had come crying home from school one day in seventh grade because the kids had called her a "tomboy" because her pants "sagged." They had just sat together that afternoon in the apartment curled up on the love seat talking. Sam loved that couch.

Sally looked out on the river and saw the crew boats beginning to go out. She smiled as she remembered the day Sam won some race at the regatta on the Charles. She rose now and walked along the path by the river. Hands in her pockets, she walked into the wind. She had walked about a mile when she came upon a bookstore. It was this neat, little shop which sold children's books and had all these characters drawn on the walls and models of them hanging from the ceiling. She had been in here thousands of times with Sam. Sam would always run and grab a book and sit and read for hours and hours. The last time she had been in there was with Sam a couple of weeks before she died. It had been one of Sam's last wishes: to visit the little shop before she passed on. That day, Sam had come in and looked around, and bought a few books.

lovely, soft backdrop -  
but where's the  
art credit?

As Sally left the bookstore, she looked down at her watch. She realized that she didn't have much time before she had to be at the clinic. She quickened her pace for the next three blocks, and then stepped into a narrow alley. She opened the door, above which a sign stated that it was a free clinic. She walked to the receptionist's desk, where a line had already formed. She sat down at the desk and started to register the patients, one by one. Every patient had similarities: all kids, their hair starting to fall out, thin and weak looking. Their parents all had this worn out look, as if the pain was just unbearable. They all seemed to have some glimmer of hope. Hope that the chemotherapy would work. Hope that somehow the cancer would wear off.

Somehow, Sally found the strength to help all of them. She merely registered patients, but all those kids and parents would leave feeling some degree better, even if the news was worse. The day would just go on in this manner, as these kids walked in and out of the clinic. Sally locked the door about ten hours later.

She would walk back home along the same route. She passed the blackened bookstore, and peered in, nothing to see. She continued down the boulevard, passing people bustling off to a busy social life. She had a strange feeling as she walked back toward her riverside apartment. When she passed the river bench she sat down, she looked out on the river again, blank and empty. She cried as she remembered Sam's hairless head, her thin pale body. The daily visits to the hospital. The pain they felt together. She cried on that bench again, wondering why she couldn't have a normal kid. She just wished that she could have had a kid who would have lived a normal life span. A kid who hadn't been infected with the abnormal cancer that Sam had died from. She moved off the bench several hours later, right before the drunks would occupy it.

The next morning she awoke to the same routine. Yet when she got to the bench, she remained standing. She looked out across the river, and smiled. She continued along the river, past the bookstore, into the alley, into the clinic. She smiled at her patients remembering the sweet smile Sam bore in the hospital last spring.

good use  
of concrete  
details



# "Jack's House"

An Interview By Lindsey Walsh

good idea — and the page has a nice balanced design

Though the sound might change, the boyhood dream does not. Day after day in the cozy basement of T.C. William's 2002 senior Jack Bryant's house, five guys come together in hopes of one day achieving fame. Like so many other schoolyard bands, these guys are the best of friends who came together for "the love of music." Since September 2001, Jack Bryant on drums, Dave Maniscalco on bass guitar, Javarus Ford singing, Ricky Irby singing and on rhythm acoustic guitar, and Peter Larkin on the lead electric guitar have made up the band, "Jack's House." Both Jack and Dave, in the graduating class of 2002, participate in the symphonic band, marching band, and jazz ensemble at T.C. Williams, while Javarus, a 2001 graduate of TC, sang in the school chorus.

So what makes these guys different from every other band? Drive. Practicing up to five or six times a week, they are willing to do what it takes to make it in the harsh musical world. The band has much changed from its original set up, which included a saxophone and cover songs, to a guitar-and-drum melange with unique music and lyrics. Their sound, dubbed *Retrostylezoidism*, blends modern progressive rock with hip-hop and is also somewhat unusual. They describe it as a mix of "the Roots," "Incubus," "Dave Mathew's Band," and Montel Jordan. This unique blend leaves "Jack's House" with an upbeat, rhythmic sound of rock and hip-hop combined by a hard edge that is strongly influenced by the drums and guitars. Jack personally feels the musical influence of "Jazz, Jeff

[Buckley], and John [Mayer]."

The lyrics, composed mainly by Ricky, Jack and Javarus, follow most of the emotions teenaged guys are expected to feel. Their inspiration comes from many places, but Ricky was best able to explain them as coming from their "own personal experiences, because our fan base goes through a lot the same feelings" as the guys do.

When asked, the band responded that their biggest accomplishment together has been their first album. Put out early in 2002, *From the Basement* consists of eleven original songs. The album took over 100 hours of studio recording time. During

summer and fall 2001 "Jack's House" experienced what being in a band is all about by partaking in the "Battle of the Bands." This annual event held at Jaxx nightclub, in Springfield VA, pits local bands against each other for a few weeks of intense concerts and judging. Though "Jack's House" was unable to take the grand prize -- \$3,000 and a set at next year's HFStival concert -- they did place in the top eight of over 150 bands and were one of only three high school bands to be in the top 40.

Looking towards the future, "Jack's House" plans to practice, get some more shows, de-

velop more songs, get back into the studio this summer, and eventually sign with an agency. Despite their seriousness about their music, when asked what they would like to say to the world, Dave responded with a joking attitude typical of the guys: "I'm single."



Complements of  
Katie Coan



# What's Hot and What's Not

Labyrinth conducted a survey among T.C. students on their preferences  
Here are the things they thought were Hot (Gangsta) and Not (Bamma)

*a curious  
addition -  
not sure how  
it fits in  
w/ milk*

**TARGET (60%)**

**WAL\*MART® (40 %)**

**Jeans (95%)**

**Corduroys (5%)**

**Vanilla (62%)**  
**Chocolate (38%)**

**Pancakes (65%)**  
**Waffles (35%)**

**Nikes (88%)**  
**Sketchers (12%)**

**Boxers (95%)**  
**Briefs (5%)**

**Tea (66%)**  
**Coffee (34%)**

**Allen Iverson (56%)**  
**Michael Jordan (44%)**

**Reggae (84%)**  
**Country Music (16%)**

**Barbie (67%)**  
**Ken (33%)**

**Brunettes (69%)**  
**Blondes (31%)**

**Belly Rings (64%)**  
**Tongue Rings (36%)**

**Contacts (79%)**  
**Glasses (21%)**

**Basketball (69%)**  
**Football (31%)**

**Automatic (82%)**  
**Manual (18%)**

# Life is Unpredictable

A Personal Essay By Nicole Ugarte



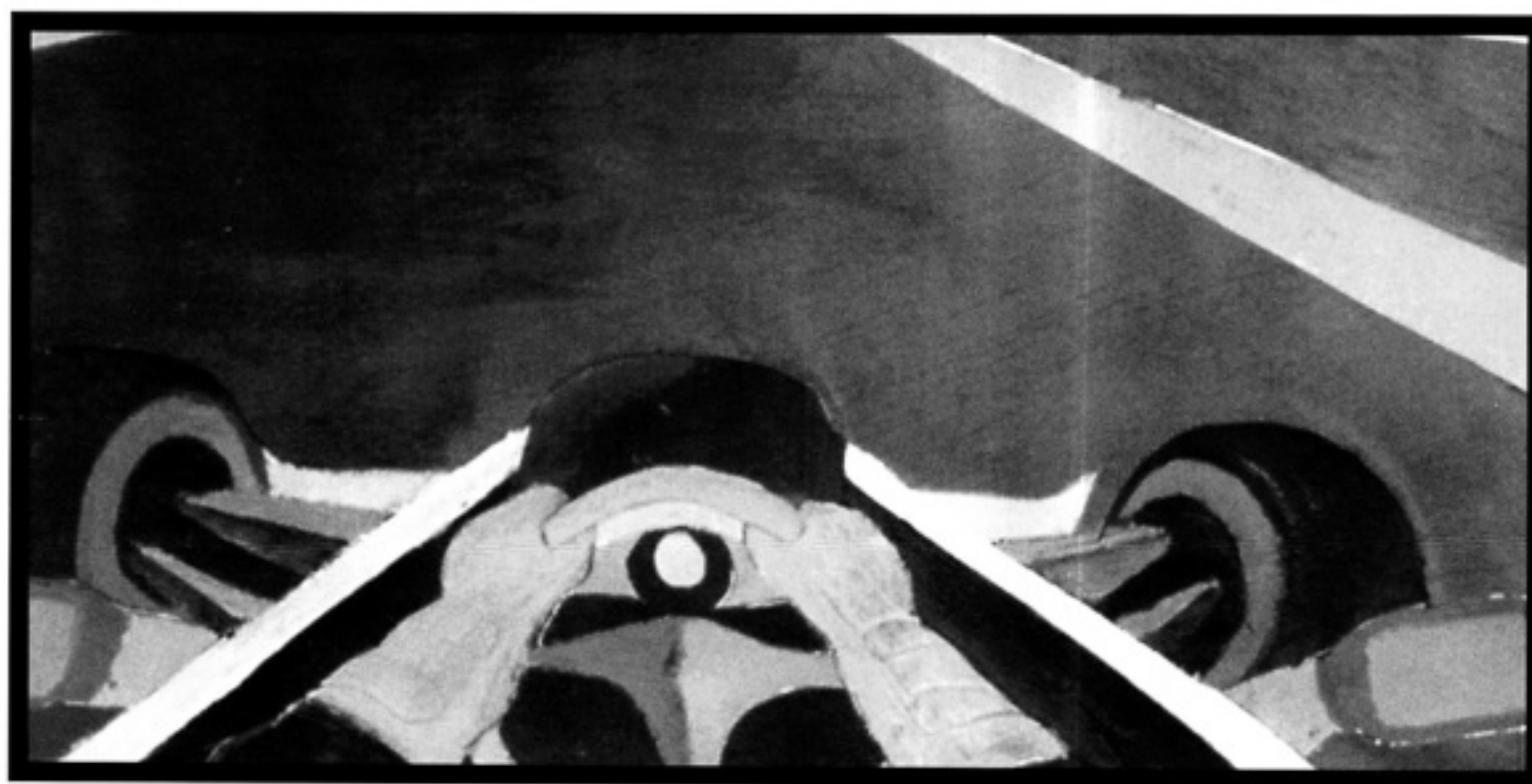
Shepherd Schneider  
*Reflection*

It was April of 2001; everybody in my house was very quiet. There was no yelling or calling names. It was unbelievable how quiet my house was. You could not hear the dog barking at the cat or the cat scratching my door for help. The only thing you could hear was yourself breathe and the front door squeak. While I was trying to open the garden door, the phone rang. I rushed to my room to answer the phone, and I saw my little annoying sister lying down on my bed, holding my remote control and changing the channels like crazy. I took the phone away from her and threw her off the bed with her doll. I rushed to the phone and asked who it was. A soft

worried voice answered. It was Luana telling me that Eduardo was going to race that night in "Las Islas".

Luana and Eduardo are my best friends; Luana is 17 years old, a Bolivian girl who loves to have fun. She is always smiling and telling jokes. It is very unusual to see her mad or sad. I remember when we used to go clubbing in Bolivia. She would dance the whole night without stopping, and she would drink margaritas whenever she felt like it. I still remember that my friends and I used to take her home very drunk early in the morning, and then her mom would call us to have dinner with them. Eduardo is the troublemaker kind of guy. He is 19, half Dominican, half Bolivian. I never saw him with his family; instead, most of the time I saw him with Luana in our spot. We used to call it "El Arbolito." If he was not with Luana, he would be running from the cops because he loved to paint graffiti in schools.

The most horrible experience that I had to live through is marked in a very popular street called "Las Islas" in Bolivia. This street was where most of the teenage people got together. Some of them would drink, and others would race cars. That night when Luana called me and told me that Eduardo was go-



Fuaum Bahta Tedla  
*Untitled*





*the art selections aren't very complimentary for this spread* Peter Dahlberg  
September 12

ing to race, it really affected us both, because Eduardo was our best friend and we knew if he raced something horrible was going to happen, and unfortunately it did.

It was 1:00 am. Eduardo won the race, and when he got out of the car, Luana and I ran to him. We hugged and kissed him. While we were asking him if he was okay, Victor, the guy who raced against Eduardo, came towards us. It seemed like he was going to tell something to Eduardo, but no, this devious and jealous gang member stabbed Eduardo. I saw the blood streaming down his gray sweater. After a few seconds, Eduardo fainted and pulled me with him. I told Luana in a very strong voice to help me, but she just stood there and stared at me. At that moment, Eduardo and I were covered in blood. Somebody called the ambulance. After 20 agonizing minutes, the ambulance arrived and took

Eduardo to the nearest hospital. Luana was still there standing with a shocked look on her face. I went up and took her to Eduardo's car. I made her sit with me, and we went to the hospital. We finally arrived there, and, after going around in circles for a very long time, the doctor that was with him told us to call his parents. Already 20 minutes had passed and I saw his mom covered with tears, shaking and with this sad look in her green eyes; she saw us and asked God why this was happening.

After a very long four hours, the doctor came out of the surgery room and told us that Eduardo was safe and that he only recieved ten stitches. He got out of the hospital and for the first time I saw him with his parents. This made me realize that if you love someone, show it to them. Let them know how much that person means to you; do not let the time go by because life is unpredictable.

*some experience - well-expressed*

*"I think it's a very diverse school, but I also think it's still segregated because people tend to break off with their separate cliques." -- Porscha Pratt, 12*



# Local Language

A Personal Essay By Geoffrey Lumpkin

I just recently moved from North Carolina to Virginia at the end of last year. When I moved here, I knew that I would have to adapt to living in a new place. I didn't know that it was going to be like this, though. I had to get used to the way everyone talks, dresses, and how they act differently.

The first day of school, I was listening to the way all the students were talking. I thought that it sounded funny. But when I talked, they thought it sounded funny too. The slang words they were using were not familiar to me. I heard a boy talking to one of his friends about a girl, and he said, "She is phat." I wasn't used to that. After a while I figured out what it meant. But I also hear everyone say "yun" and "bamma" all of the time, and I still don't know what it means.



## T.C. Williams' Slang Dictionary

For anyone <sup>who's</sup> ever wondered what T.C. students mean when they talk to one another, we offer this dictionary of current slang terms. Compiled by *Labyrinth* Literary Staff.

Aight: *adv.* okay

Badoonkadoonk: *n.* a large posterior

Bamma: 1. *n.* a person who can't dress  
2. *n.* an insult 3. *adj.* out of style

Beefin': *v.* having a conflict (between people)

Bling, Bling: *n.* sparkly stuff on jewelry

Bomb: *adj.* great; extraordinary

Bounce: *v.* see ya; leaving

Cat: *n.* individual

C'me: *n.* invitation to fight

Cop that: *v.* to get

Cousin: *n.* a very close friend

Crib: *n.* house

Crucial: *adj.* extremely good or extremely bad

Crunk: *adj.* live and crazy

Dap: *n.* a formal hand movement showing respect

Dat: *n.* that

Dawg: *n.* individual

**Deep:** *adj.* 1. a lot of people 2. stimulates your mind  
**Dyme:** *n.* (like dime) a really tight person; 10 on scale of 1-10  
**Fire:** *adj.* the highest quality of something  
**Fo'Sho:** *adv.* for sure, definately  
**Gangsta:** *n.* (like gangster, don't say the -er) hard core, hard by nature  
**G'ed:** *adv.* go ahead, fine then  
**Get at me:** *v.* talk to me  
**Ghetto** *adj.* old-fashioned, broken-down, having only the bare basics  
**Ghetto Fabulous:** *adj.* making a new creation that you discovered  
**Go-go:** *n.* an original style of music that originated in D.C.; an urban music form  
**Grill:** *n.* teeth  
**Hata:** *n.* person who is jealous of you  
**Hit me up:** *v.* call me  
**Holla:** *v.* talk to me  
**Hoopty:** *n.* an old car that is raggedy with just about everything broken  
**Hot:** *adj.* very obvious

**Ice:** *n.* expensive chains with jewels on them  
**Joint:** *n.* anything  
**Kirk Out** *v.* to go crazy; to get on someone's case  
**Minute:** *n.* a long time  
**My Bad:** *adj. n.* my fault; I take the blame  
**N\*E ways:** *adv.* anyway  
**Off the Hook:** *adj.* either really bad or really good  
**PHAT:** *adj.* Pretty Hot And Tempting, thick or pretty  
**Playa:** *n.* a person with more than one significant other  
**Ride:** *n.* car, or means of transportation  
**Roll Out:** *v.* to leave  
**Shawty:** *n.* an individual  
**Slim:** *n.* an individual  
**Straight:** *n.* okay  
**Syced:** *adv.* really active  
**Tight:** *adj.* extremely nice  
**Timbs:** *n.* Timberland boots  
**Trip** *v.* to go to extremes; to get upset; to overreact  
**Tryfflin':** *adj.* nasty; dirty; funky  
**Whack:** *adj.* crazy; ugly  
**Word:** *adj.* for real



cute

# Born Again

An Essay By Abeba Brahne

Only seven years of peace had passed before another war in Eritrea began. In 1991, after thirty long years of war, Eritrea had gained its independence from Ethiopia. The war was between the government of Ethiopia at that time and a small group of Eritrean reformers, which later became bigger. This small group of Eritrean reformers was helped by another group of Ethiopian reformers which wanted to have revolutions in their country because at that time the Ethiopian government was a dictatorship. These reformers, who fought together to get their freedom, made both peoples consider themselves brothers after all the troubles they had gone through together. Eritrean people lived in Ethiopia as Ethiopians and vice-versa.

But things started not working between the two governments. In fact, on May 1998, the Ethiopian government declared a new war against Eritrea because of some lands on the borders of the two countries. It was shocking news for the people of Eritrea and Ethiopia because they never expected a war would begin between those two governments again. When the war started it was like a war between two brothers; it was as if one person killed his own brother, not because he wanted to but because he was forced to. The war got hotter and hotter everyday. The radios and TVs were all about propaganda, hate born between those two people, and it grew more and more every day.



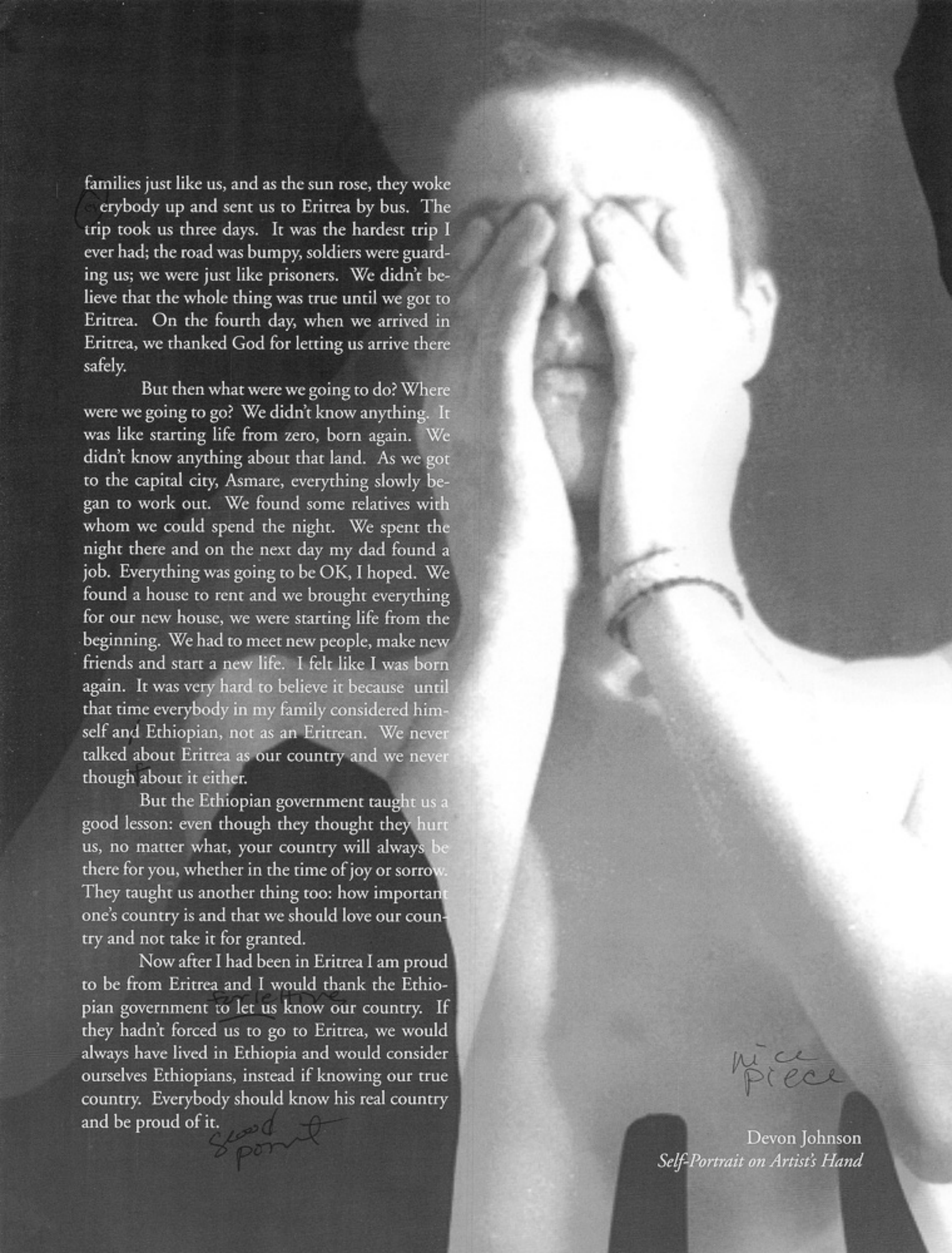
Emily Greene  
*Free Spirit*

Innocent people began to be involved in this war. In fact, after three months of war, the Ethiopian government began to deport Eritreans who had lived in Ethiopia for a long time, just because they were Eritreans. My parents were victims of this deportation. My father married my mom thirty-one years ago when he was eighteen years old and my mom was sixteen. After they got married, they moved to Ethiopia because my dad had to work there. Even in those hard times, during the thirty years war, my parents were in Ethiopia. But three years ago the new Ethiopian "democracy" government forced me and my family to go to Eritrea, the land I never heard about before and my parents had forgotten about. We never thought they would do something like this to us, until one night two Ethiopian soldiers with weapons came to our house and told us to pack our stuff up because we had to go to Eritrea. We told them, "maybe you are in a wrong place, or maybe you are looking for somebody else, because we are Ethiopians, not Eritreans, but they wouldn't listen to us. What we were supposed to pack? Our clothes? Our money? All our stuff? We were all confused, and we all started to cry, but the soldiers' hearts were so full of hate that they didn't have mercy on us. We just packed a few clothes and went to prison, because it was the next day that we were going to Eritrea.

Being from Eritrea made us prisoners. We spent the night in the prison with other Eritreans

*"I think that we have different cultures here, but people are isolated in the way they socialize." -- Yacub Hydara, 11*





families just like us, and as the sun rose, they woke everybody up and sent us to Eritrea by bus. The trip took us three days. It was the hardest trip I ever had; the road was bumpy, soldiers were guarding us; we were just like prisoners. We didn't believe that the whole thing was true until we got to Eritrea. On the fourth day, when we arrived in Eritrea, we thanked God for letting us arrive there safely.

But then what were we going to do? Where were we going to go? We didn't know anything. It was like starting life from zero, born again. We didn't know anything about that land. As we got to the capital city, Asmare, everything slowly began to work out. We found some relatives with whom we could spend the night. We spent the night there and on the next day my dad found a job. Everything was going to be OK, I hoped. We found a house to rent and we brought everything for our new house, we were starting life from the beginning. We had to meet new people, make new friends and start a new life. I felt like I was born again. It was very hard to believe it because until that time everybody in my family considered himself and Ethiopian, not as an Eritrean. We never talked about Eritrea as our country and we never thought about it either.

But the Ethiopian government taught us a good lesson: even though they thought they hurt us, no matter what, your country will always be there for you, whether in the time of joy or sorrow. They taught us another thing too: how important one's country is and that we should love our country and not take it for granted.

Now after I had been in Eritrea I am proud to be from Eritrea and I would thank the Ethiopian government to let us know our country. If they hadn't forced us to go to Eritrea, we would always have lived in Ethiopia and would consider ourselves Ethiopians, instead of knowing our true country. Everybody should know his real country and be proud of it.

*Nice  
Piece*

*Devon Johnson*  
*Self-Portrait on Artist's Hand*

# The Source

A Poem By Laura Drachsler

in ninth grade, we  
read this book that  
summed up the entire history  
of people  
in one sentence,  
two words. It was  
something like  
"he fights,"  
"he grows,"  
"he remembers."  
something  
like that.

And the teacher asked us  
to think of a short  
sentence - two or three  
words, one pronoun  
and a verb or so - that did the  
same.

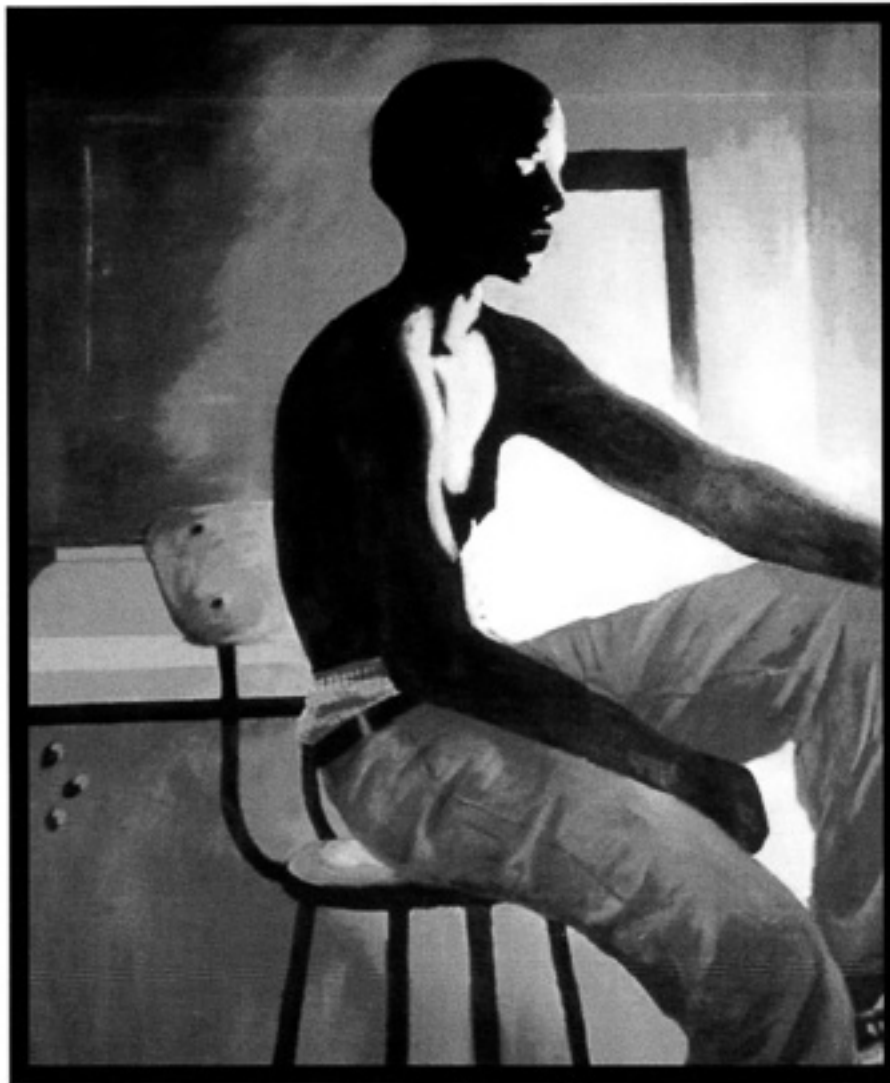
And I thought of one -  
"we crave knowledge."  
Because it seems to  
me that  
people, all people,  
have a terrible fear of  
not knowing something.  
without  
answers,  
an unbearable emptiness grows  
spreads,  
like a hatred based on ignorance.  
And whether we fill  
that void with  
faith or  
theories or  
apathy,  
we need to fill it.  
And that was my sentence.

Except now  
I think I've thought  
of a better one.  
We dream.  
We All Dream.  
I can look into a face,  
any face,  
a face that smiles at me,  
or one that scowls,  
or completely passes me over  
as if I were a potted plant

And I know that behind  
each set of eyes  
are dreams so  
fantastic  
and terrible, that even  
truth,  
which is by far the  
strangest thing,  
couldn't possibly conceive  
of them.

interesting  
thoughts

*Note: This poem was inspired by a 9th grade English  
assignment on the book The Source by James Michener.*



nic  
piece

David Holliday  
Julian





Alana Noritake  
*Pan*

## The Well-Known Stranger

A Poem By Will Cooper

I know a man who rides in every town,  
Who spreads his will with little, if any, cheer.  
His ghastly pallor and his horrific frown  
Greet innumerable people every year.  
His approach is known, and yet people still  
Can't seem to get prepared for his arrival.  
He can't be seen from the cleanest windowsill,  
But he can be seen in pill, knife, and rifle.  
I fear a future meeting with this man,  
And I hope to never come across his face.  
I tell myself that I can flee in my van,  
But then I realize that that's not the case;  
This man is one from whom I cannot flee,  
For he comes to each man, including me. ✓

## Still I Rise

A Poem By Tamika Thomas

I am a young black female with dreams and goals  
of my own.  
With love in my heart enough to share with those I  
love and care for.

Still I Rise

There are things I long to do and things I long to see  
Like the sunrise and set on the ocean or at the beach  
Listening to the wind as it tells its story,  
Not worrying about all the problems of the world  
and how it is going to catch up  
With us

Still I Rise

To see another day filled with pain and fear  
Being told that I am not going to make it anywhere  
and that my dreams are childish

Still I Rise

I've been through things I thought I would never go through  
I used to look at life and feared what I saw  
But now I look at life and I see what my mission is  
while I walk around this Earth  
There is only one thing I have to say to you.  
Still I rise and you can too. ✓



# Mi Tierra

A Personal Essay By Bianca Martinez

In December of 2001 I took my fourth trip to my home country, Nicaragua. My last three trips were great, but up to now this trip has been the most memorable. I read "Bienvenido a Nicaragua" out the airplane window. I saw the hustle and bustle of airport workers down below and realized my flight was over. I heard passengers shuffle out onto the aisle and so began my journey. I said goodbye to a flight attendant as I left and followed the crowd. I reached immigration and had my papers checked. After that I went in search of my luggage. Nicaragua's airport does not have conveyor belts from which to pick your luggage; bags are placed on the floor. I finally found my luggage and looked up. There was a glass wall with many eyes wandering. I searched for the pairs I would recognize. In the far left corner, in spite of the crowd, I saw my family members. They waved and smiled and signaled me to come out. For that brief moment in time I thought, "This is my country, my home, my heart's longing." Dry, hot weather engulfed me as I left the exit. I greeted familiar faces with hugs, kisses, and hellos. I was then hoisted onto the back of a dark blue Nissan pickup truck with luggage in tow. I felt the rush of air on my face as the truck picked up momentum. I reached the destined house and off to sleep I went.

I rose the next morning with sweat dripping off my face. The air was so dry and hot. I walked into the kitchen and smelled the breakfast food. I ate what was offered and was off onto a walk around the neighborhood with my cousin. I pointed out landmarks I recognized from previous trips. I felt the heat on my back and trickles of sweat on my face. I told my cousin that I wanted to go back home. When I reached the house I saw a dozen pair of faces look at me. Aunts, uncles, and cousins got up to greet me. An emotional warmth came over me as I saw each of them. These were not people I saw everyday. I spent the day catching up on news and events. I spent my night in a rocking chair outside. I looked up and it was as if someone threw sparkling dust onto the black spacious sky. I was awed for those couple of hours just scanning the beautiful sky.

On an early Friday morning my mother woke me up. I prepared my back pack with all the required equipment for my destination. I ate a quick breakfast and was greeted by family members waiting outside. I saw how sleepy they were. The sun was barely over the horizon but nevertheless they were determined to go. We all climbed onto a minivan and two hours later we reached Pochomil. The heat on my back beckoned me to find shade. There were several roof houses surrounding us. We spotted one and walked over to it. I saw the beach in the near distance. I could see how the waves rolled on the shore. I immediately put my backpack on a chair and set out toward the beach. I stepped onto the shore, took a deep breath, and closed my eyes. I heard the waves crash on the shore and for that moment in time I felt at peace with everything. I opened my eyes slowly and just stared over the horizon. The water gleamed dark blue. It was like being in a picture of a travel magazine.

I spent nearly the whole day in the water. At one point I laid on the shore and felt a small breeze brush my face. "I wish I could do this everyday," I thought. The day was perfect, the water was perfect, I felt perfect. I looked around and tried to take in as much as I could because I didn't know when I would be able to come back to that place. I wanted Pochomil to stay in my memory forever. The blue sky, the hot, blazing sun, the sandy beach, the gleaming water, the salty smell will stay in my memory forever.

My train of thought was disrupted by a call that shattered the perfect day. "Time to go!" my mother shouted. I could not believe the day had gone by so fast. I got up and brushed the sand off my body and walked towards the minivan. I stopped halfway and looked back. I longed for the water but I knew I could not stay forever. I turned back around and climbed onto the minivan. I reached the house and went to bed thinking of Pochomil.

The day my flight was to leave all I could think about was when I would be back again. All the luggage was waiting in the back of the truck. I stepped outside and heard the roosters crow. The day was

barely beginning. I climbed onto the back of the dark blue Nissan pickup truck. I wanted to cry but brought myself not to. My thoughts were on coming back to Nicaragua. The truck left the driveway and picked up speed. The air rushed by my face, it felt good. I looked up and the sky had a pink, orange, and reddish color to it. It was as if I was staring at a painting from a museum. I looked at everything that rushed by. The streets were quiet. Everyone was still asleep. I was on my destination back to Alexandria. The airport became visible and I shivered at the thought of leaving. The airport was practically empty. "Destination to Washington-Dulles from Managua, Nicaragua will start boarding at this moment," said a voice over the intercom. I realized it was my flight and I began to walk towards the gate. I gave hugs, kisses, and good-byes to my family members. I walked through the gate and could not help but to look back. My family members waved. I burst out crying. I could not stop. Leaving my country was too much. I wanted to stay. My mom tugged my arm and told me to hurry up. I turned the corner and my family members disappeared from view. I sat at my designated seat on the plane. I stared out the window. I saw the sun rise over the mountains. That view was so beautiful. The plane picked up speed....everything rushed by.... my heart raced....the view....so beautiful. The mountains shrank ever so rapidly. My journey had come to an end.



Use a two column design here to make room for a unifying quote-out on the opposite page

Nice pairing of art & lit.

Linette Perez  
*El Yunque Waterfall*



*"I think that T.C. is kind of segregated because people choose to hang out around people they can relate to." -- Osama Iqbal, 11*





# A Sample of the Summer Stars



Three Zodiac Poems for those who will  
celebrate their birthdays this summer



★ Cancer (June 21 - July 22)




By Rob Kennedy

they say I am supposed to be maternal, loving,  
shy and cautious-  
they say I like to introspect or something --  
the morning paper said I would meet some new ex-lover,  
make some money,  
hire my old boss,  
turn over a new leaf.



sure I'm loving  
but I ain't anything else --  
I don't give a damn how I look  
I'm exuberant and carefree-  
today my stock went bankrupt,  
my boss fired me,  
and my ex-lover filed a restraining order.

The only new leaves-  
on the tree in my yard-  
and that old horoscope  
gone with the rest of the crap  
down the chute today. ✓





*note  
idea for  
a spread*

☆ Leo (July 23 - August 22)

By Monica Huie

The empress of the sky,  
The shy virgin,  
The queen of the sea,  
None of which are me.  
I am the fierce lioness,  
Leader of the pack...  
Every step I make, I'll leave my track.  
Like an intense, burning, red hot fire  
I possess qualities of passion and desire.  
Like the sun's strong, warm rays,  
Radiant energy fills my days.  
Walking around with my head held high,  
There's no way someone can mistake me for being shy.  
Confident and intuitive, exuberant and loud,  
Being me, that I am proud.  
Even with my glowing spirit and pride.  
There's still that more humble side. ✓

☆ Virgo (August 23 - September 22)

By Virginia Bunker

She sauntered through the forest,  
the branches occasionally tugging on her long golden locks.  
Dew on the grass and the moss cooled her feet on the warm day.  
Sunlight streamed down on to her contemplative face and made her untouched body sparkle.  
She stepped off the narrow path  
to examine a peculiar flower she had never seen before.  
There was something about nature's beauty that calmed her soul, made her smile, and made her feel at peace.  
It was a beautiful day, walking through the woods and thinking... ✓

# The Coins

A Poem By Rob Kennedy

clink clink-  
He looked into his can  
two more would make a buck,  
a buck makes a burger.  
He resented the suit-clad man who passed  
who didn't drop a coin,  
because he believed that it would go to crack,  
and crack would destroy the world.  
the coins would not go for crack,  
He said to himself,  
it was either food or crack,  
and food was first.  
but crack wouldn't ruin the world,  
He said,  
it suited people who would.  
the man with the bible  
asked him if He wanted to be uplifted,  
but wouldn't give him a dime,  
and said that slothfulness was the worst of 'em all.

He smiled and said He was,  
said the only uplifting He needed was some  
money  
and off the pavement and onto a wheelchair-  
He asked why these people thought bums were  
sinners.

Christ was poor,  
Ghandi was poor,  
He said,  
why couldn't He be poor and good?  
smiles faded  
as His coin can got kicked over,  
and this preacher screamed blaphemer  
and stalked away with the revenge in his heart  
that he had preached so often against.

He picked up His coins-  
plus a few from sympathetic bystanders,  
had His burger,  
sat at the counter,  
had his warmth till they closed.

*nice  
perspective  
& well  
written*



Devon Johnson  
Protester in Park, DC

*"I think it's a great school with lots of people of different nationalities.  
I just think they should interact more." -- Carl Hommel, 10*

*good pairing of art + poem - though interesting  
decision to place this next  
to the poem page*

# Patrons

We could not produce a calendar and magazine of this quality without community support. We also rely heavily on the help and support of other community members, as noted on the following page. We greatly appreciate the financial support of the following patrons.

Bronze patrons contributed at least \$15, silver patrons \$25, gold patrons \$50. Our platinum patron contributed \$200. T.C. Williams faculty and staff members also made generous donations. Contributions can be sent to T.C. Williams High School, 3330 King Street Alexandria, VA 22302, Attn: Labyrinth adviser.

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Anthony W. Norwood  
Bill Purdy  
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*my choice of art*  
Alana Noritake  
*Promise of the Future*

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# 2002 Labyrinth Staff

*Labyrinth* is created by students in Journalism 2M, a year-long English elective class. This class is open to all T.C. Williams students.

## Labyrinth Executive Editorial Board

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Managing Editor: Lindsey Walsh

Art and Photography Editor: Peter Dahlberg

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Nate McLafferty

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Charlie Surida

## Staff Note:

This year, the Labyrinth staff wanted to showcase student talent with an overall theme of unity. Unity is the one word we thought of when we decided to capture the essence of the cultures that can be represented at T.C. Williams. Everyone is different, but we all hold something in common: the ability to join together, share experiences, and become enriched.

## Submission Policy:

All work published in this issue of the magazine was chosen collectively by the class, and the final decision was made by the editors. The editors sorted through the submissions and selected the ones that portrayed our theme of unity. We held two live poetry readings, where diversity was gained and unity was represented. We also collected submissions at these events. We held a non-fiction contest and a photography contest, where cash prizes were awarded for outstanding submissions. All students from T.C. Williams and the STEP Center may submit their work for consideration. The winner of the non-fiction contest was Nassim Hooshmandnia, with honorable mention given to Shelly Zheng and Marc Zander. The winner of the photography contest was Terry Gaymon. Editors reserved the right to edit both art and manuscripts. We hope you enjoy the magazine!

## Special Thanks:

We would like to extend a special thanks to: Michael Gilliam of Charter Printing; Principal John Porter; Art teachers Diane McClaugherty, Holly Langenfeld and Dr. Patricia Lewis; Photography teacher Heather Hoffman; English teachers Jeff Cunningham, Willie Dixon, Erin Fitch, Mary Beth Kochman, and Eddi McKay; Mary Lou Smith and *Theogany*, T.C.'s student newspaper; our Platinum Patron; Copeland's Restaurant and Generous George's Positive Pizza and Pasta Place for the gift certificates; all of our patrons who greatly contributed to the success of this magazine and our calendar; and finally to all the students who attended our events and who submitted their work to us.

good recall from  
beginning of mag.

Do you think T.C. Williams is united?  
What do you think about diversity at T.C.?

expressing?

*"I think that unity here at T.C. is all about contrast. As I walk down the hallway every day, I see people from different racial backgrounds interacting with each other about similar interests. It is great to be able to experience this in school. Different ethnic groups here at T.C. are comfortable with expression pride about their cultures, but at the same time they remain open and respectful of other people. This irony is colorfully beautiful."*

--Ria Serapio, 12

*"I think that diversity is very appropriate for a school and a society; it gives you the opportunity to know different people and understand them for who they are and not what they look like. This will lead to a better society and better future."*

-- Lionel Biggemann, 12

*"I think that T.C. Williams' students have shown their unity through their Titan Pride and have done a remarkable job in working together and getting to know one another better."*

-- John Porter, Principal



