

LABYRINTH

2005

T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 34, NUMBER 2

SUBMISSION POLICY

All students from T.C. Williams and the S.T.E.P. Center may submit their work for consideration for publication. No submissions are published anonymously, and the staff reserves the right to edit all submissions. In December, the *Labyrinth* staff produced a calendar. All art and literature pieces for both the calendar and the spring 2005 magazine were chosen by students in Journalism 2M, a year-long English elective. All written work was selected according to Columbia Scholastic Press Association guidelines. The staff also selected work that embodied our theme, "Masked." Additionally, we held a contest for the best short story. The winning entry, "Everything You See" by Rhiannon Knol, is included here on pages 36-37. Artwork submissions were open to the school and were also collected through the assistance of art and photography classes.

2004 AWARDS

AMERICAN SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

First Place with Special Merit

COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

Silver Medalist

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

Highest Award

NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

All-American with Four Marks of Distinction

VIRGINIA HIGH SCHOOL LEAGUE

Trophy Class

COLOPHON

This magazine was created using Adobe InDesign CS and Adobe Photoshop 7.0 on Macintosh computers running System X. The text font was Palatino, and the headline font was Herculanum. The text is 80# Mead Anthem gloss and the cover is 100# Mead Anthem gloss. The cover and the first and third signatures were printed using 4-color offset process. The printing was done by HBP-Charter of Alexandria, Virginia and Hagerstown, Maryland. The run of the 48-page magazine was 400. Magazines may be purchased for \$5. Patrons (see back cover) receive a copy of the magazine and the fall calendar for free.

LABYRINTH 2005

VOLUME 34, NUMBER 2

T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL

3330 King Street

Alexandria, VA 22302

Phone 703-824-6800

Fax 703-824-6826

tcwlabyrinth@yahoo.com



NOTE FROM THE STAFF

Labyrinth chose "Masked" as the theme for our 2005 spring magazine. We wanted to dig deeper into the souls of the students at T.C. Williams, while not being swayed by their outward façades. We felt "masked" would invite a more expressive subject matter, allowing students to convey their inward emotions as opposed to how they are perceived. Our endnote, the double mask at the end of each prose piece, follows the reader throughout the magazine, illustrating the mask being lifted, revealing new thoughts, feelings, and emotions along the way. Features written by *Labyrinth* staff members attempt to unmask the school and its student body.

COVER ART

Sam Phetsaengam *Masked Pen and Digital Imaging*



2005 LABYRINTH STAFF

EDITOR

Maddie Abram

LAYOUT EDITOR

Tamara Wilkerson

LAYOUT STAFF

Alvaro Bustamante

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS

Roksana Luna

Sam Phetsaengam

LITERARY EDITOR

Will Mannen

LITERARY SUBMISSIONS EDITOR

Cristina Wood

LITERARY STAFF

Erika Campbell

Megan Carr

Jasmine Hawthorne

Arika Lawrence

Anya Sailey

Claudia Teran-Soto

PUBLICITY AND MARKETING STAFF

Megan Carr

Erin Lutz

Nakia Powell

STAFF

Shawn Davila

Iris Esteves

Ebony Henderson

Emily Zeballos

ADVISER

Jessica Haney

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

5	Tangiere Green	<i>A Closer Look</i>
6	Chris Williams	<i>Beauty</i>
7	Sam Goss Amy Stenzel	<i>Not Just Another Night Faces</i>
10	Beth Wherry	<i>Brilliant Mask</i>
11	Cathryn Dutton	<i>Those Hidden Words</i>
16	Becky Keller	<i>Masquerade</i>
17	Emily Jane Donovan	<i>We Are a Crossword Puzzle</i>
18	Alexi von Guggenberg	<i>The Cave In</i>
19	Taekia Blackwell	<i>Hidden Feelings</i>
22	Annala Levitov	<i>Smile</i>
23	Kevin Dua	<i>Ashley K. Andrews</i>
26	Abby Downs	<i>Mask of Dreams</i>
27	Izzy Montgomery	<i>Not Just Another Night</i>
30	Rachel Brown-Glazner	<i>Listen</i>
31	Vicki Fraser	<i>Cover Me</i>
34	Taekia Blackwell	<i>Strings</i>
35	Kayla McCormick	<i>Jigsaw</i>
42	Kevin Dua	<i>Friendship</i>
43	Roksana Luna	<i>Winter</i>

ARTWORK

6	Lauren Trowbridge	<i>Spector</i>	Charcoal
8	Brittany Harris	<i>Mother Earth</i>	Clay
9	Nakia Powell	<i>Pretty in Pink</i>	Clay
10	Hillary Clausen	<i>Quilted Mask</i>	Marker
14	Tamara Wilkerson	<i>On The Side of the Building</i>	Pencil and Ink
17	Callie Denne	<i>Shaded</i>	Colored Pencil
21	Natalie Rosas	<i>Lifetime Saved</i>	Ink / Acrylic
22	Colleen McEneaney	<i>Girl in a Blue Room</i>	Tempera
23	Claire Schoen	<i>Molly</i>	Print
24	Darcy Byrnes Chessie Bautista	<i>Study Girl in White</i>	Oil Paint Oil Paint
25	Cara Reiner Sam Phetsaengam	<i>Sun Burning Fool</i>	Oil Paint Oil Paint
26	Anzhela Matseyshen Anzhela Matseyshen	<i>Blue Self Portrait</i>	Acrylic Pencil
27	Darcy Byrnes	<i>Interpretive Dance</i>	Watercolor
28	Thomas Carroll	<i>For Faces</i>	Tempera
30	Claire Schoen	<i>Doll</i>	Print
32	Sam Phetsaengam	<i>Separation</i>	Pencil
34	Keriann Cassidy	<i>Puppet</i>	Clay / Paper Maché
45	Anna Gray	<i>Carnival</i>	Colored Pencil
48	Anyia Sailey	<i>Zodiac Art</i>	Computer Generated Image

COVER, INSIDE FRONT COVER AND TITLE PAGE
Sam Phetsaengam *Masked Pen and Digital Imaging*

END MARK
Derrick Redman *Two Sides Pen and Pencil*

INSIDE BACK COVER
Derrick Redman *Touched Computer Generated Image*

PROSE

FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|---|
| 8 | Ebony Henderson | <i>My Lips Unsealed: Spoken Words from a Teen Mom</i> |
| 12 | Erin Lutz and Emily Zeballos | <i>The Truth Behind the Clothes (The T.C. Breakfast Club)</i> |
| 28 | Arika Lawrence and Ebony Henderson | <i>T.C. Williams Lingo: School of Linguistic Law of Slang Terminology</i> |
| 32 | Cristina Wood and Megan Carr | <i>Behind the Scenes: An Inside Look at the Casting of Guys and Dolls</i> |
| 40 | Nakia Powell | <i>The Face Behind the Class</i> |
| 41 | Will Mannen | <i>Our Pal, The Principal</i> |
| 46 | Tamara Wilkerson | <i>Bayliss on the Rise</i> |
| 48 | Iris A. Esteves | <i>Horoscopes for Summer 2005</i> |

FICTION

- | | | |
|----|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 20 | Rachel Brown-Glazner | <i>Don't Stand So Close To Me</i> |
| 36 | Rhiannon Knol | <i>Everything You See</i> |
| 44 | Anya Sailey | <i>In Accord With Artifice</i> |

PHOTOGRAPHY

- | | | |
|-------|--|---|
| 4 | Meredith Cosier | <i>Off the Richter</i> |
| 7 | Cecily Kidd
Sam Jayne | <i>Textbook Style
Chinquapin Creek</i> |
| 11 | Rachel Stirba | <i>Mimicry</i> |
| 12-15 | Erin Lutz | <i>Portraits</i> |
| 16 | Luis Solano | <i>Caras</i> |
| 18 | Austin Miller | <i>Chained Bench</i> |
| 19 | Samantha Jeffers | <i>Chains and a Buckle</i> |
| 20 | Emily Zeballos | <i>Hidden Stash</i> |
| 31 | Sam Jayne | <i>Man in a Forest</i> |
| 33 | Tamara Wilkerson | <i>Costumes</i> |
| 35 | Josh Horning | <i>Shadow in the Dark</i> |
| 36 | L.J. Harbin | <i>Silent Noise</i> |
| 38 | Joe Rice
Patrick Crook
Edwin Flores | <i>Junkyard Wildlife
Spider Web
Crushed</i> |
| 39 | Tom Baker
Casey McClelland
Patrick Crook | <i>Moonwood
Marlification
Punt</i> |
| 41 | Roksana Luna | <i>The Man, The Legend</i> |
| 42 | Brittney Brown | <i>Fading Away</i> |
| 43 | Tom Baker | <i>Looking Skyward</i> |
| 46-47 | Tamara Wilkerson | <i>Portraits</i> |



Meredith Cosier

Off The Richter

A CLOSER LOOK

Tangiere Green

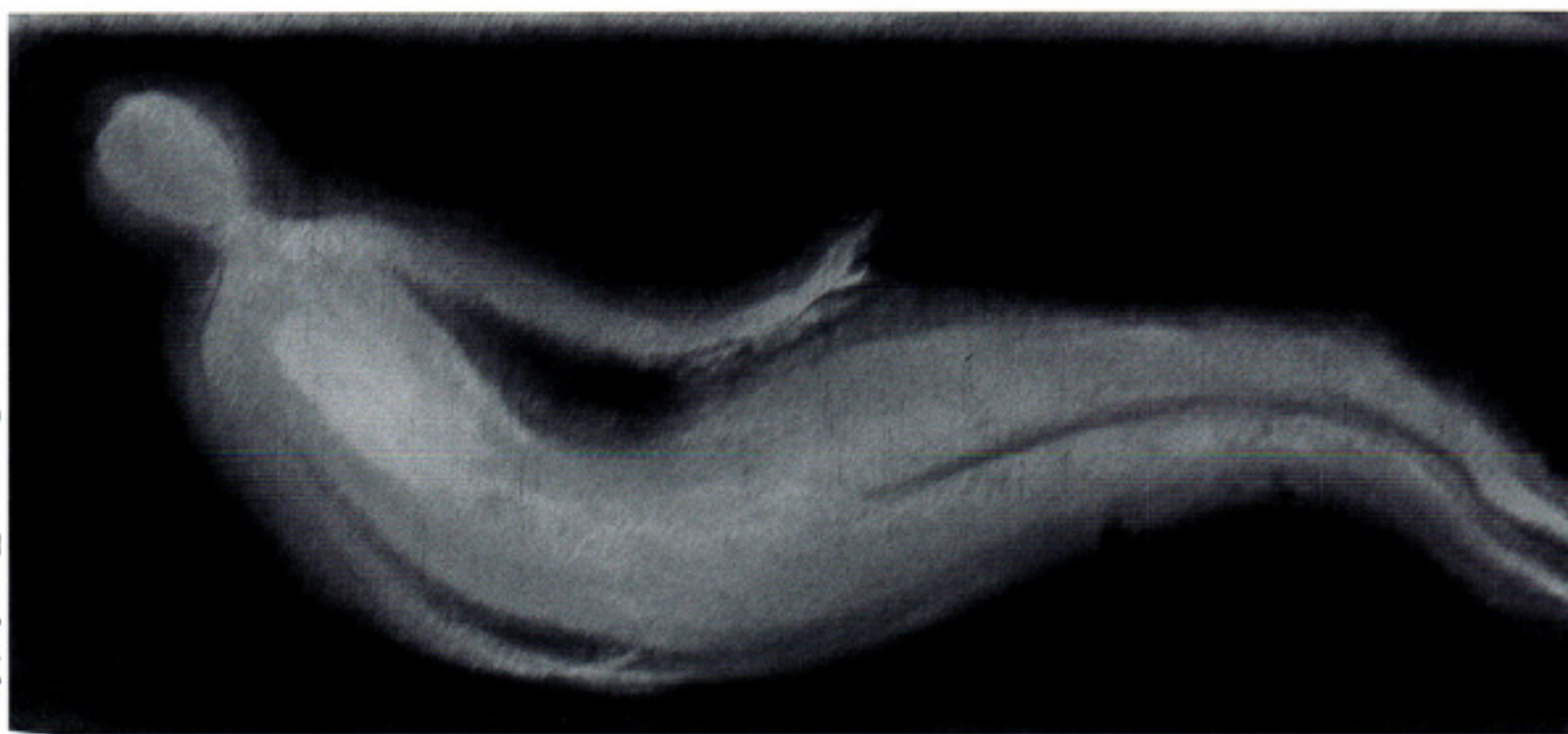
They say that beauty is only skin deep.
Well, if you could take a peep,
inside of me,
what do you think you'd see?
You'd probably see a bunch of nasty looking organs and nerves and things,
but if you could take a closer look into my soul,
what do you think it would hold?
You would probably see a girl struggling to become a woman,
trying to take control of her life, yet still being controlled.
You might see a creative, free spirit, full of joy and happiness.
You'd see a little strength, courage, and fear, and maybe even stress.
You might just see a young teen who goes back and forth,
between the different motions of the ocean,
who doesn't completely know right from wrong,
and fills her head with silly love songs.
You might hear the sound of music and the reciting of poetry,
or you might hear the word of God that's inside of me.
What if you took a look at my heart?
You would see it partly broken in recovery.
What if you took my heart apart?
You would see all of the tears it has shed, and the lies it has been fed.
You would see all of the things that I hold dear, and all of the things that I fear.
My fear of flying, and my fear of dying,
my fear of dogs both male and female,
my fear of falling in love with a man who's fine,
and he breaks my heart
and takes me apart,
because he fails to see
that there's more to me,
than what meets the eye,
so he says good-bye
because he just doesn't realize,
that beauty isn't only skin deep.

BEAUTY

Chris Williams

Beyond the sky,
beyond the moon,
beyond the serenity
of night in June.
A wondrous beauty
wanders around
through the streets
of the darkened town.
A beauty that can't be seen
by mortal men.
To lay eyes upon her
would be a sin.
Moving swiftly,
through the night,
dashing quickly,
out of sight.
Whispering softly,
through the air,
my name is not known,
please don't stare.
As I turned to face
the glowing light,
I saw her beauty
and lost my sight.

Lauren Trowbridge



Spector Charcoal

JUST ANOTHER NIGHT

Sam Goss

A mask of gold, a mask of gray
and just like that they have gone away
beautiful pictures of spark and powder
it's as if the sky is holding a flower
the mask that covers the sky tonight.
It's a fireworks show, glowing proud and bright
but the sky doesn't mind wearing a mask for a
while, so that the people below can enjoy a
smile.

The rockets sputter upward and burst
each one racing to be the first
the people sit and watch each one blow
and give thanks to the sky for hosting the show.



Cecily Kidd

Textbook Style

Sam Jayne



Chinquapin Creek

FACES

Amy Stenzel

Who walks around with a
guilty conscience?
Who should?
How many
people's sins
dry up,
pile up,
like
driftwood?

Do sallow
yellow
eyes and lips
that slack,
reveal
regret
that shifts
upon a
burdened
back?

But what of him who hides
behind a silly grin,

who everyday
must play
the game to
win?

Although a
man can
seem
so
just
and
right,
who
knows
what
games
are
played
in
darkened
night?

MY LIPS UNSEALED: SPOKEN WORDS FROM A TEEN MOM

Feature by Ebony Henderson

When I first met Brittany Anderson*, I didn't know that she would end up being one of my best friends. As we began talking, she constantly reminded me of the many things she had going for her, how great her pregnancy was going, and the strong support she had at home. Little did I or anyone else know that her life was nothing of the sort. As time progressed, I got to know and understand the real Brittany. I saw all of the hardships she went through being a teenage mother. Now it's your turn to see the unmasked Brittany.

February 17, 2005

11:19 p.m.

Ebony: Brittany, how old are you, and who were you living with when you got pregnant?

Brittany: I was 17 when I got pregnant. I was staying with my mom and my aunt at the time. It was one the worst days of my life when I found out that I was going to be a mother. My mother was heavily on drugs at that time, and I could remember how long it took her to comprehend that I was pregnant. In fact, I don't even think she believed me until I began to show. It was then that her and my aunt kicked me out of the house.

Ebony: After you got put out of your home, where did you go?

Brittany: I had another aunt who lived just a little while from where I lived. My older sister, who was already staying with her, became my legal guardian while I was there. I stayed with them for a few months, and I can honestly count on one hand

how many times I saw them a week.

Ebony: Do you remember when we had first met, and you had informed me that you couldn't deal with your family anymore, and that you didn't want to raise your child around them? What made you feel that way?

Brittany: Well, my aunt and I weren't getting along very well and my sister was no help to the situation. There was always bickering between us, and there was never any peace in the house.

Ebony: So what did you do?



Brittany Harris

Mother Earth Clay

Brittany: As you know, I ended up moving back in with my mother, and I tried to reconcile our relationship, but that didn't work because she refused to put forth any effort into making it work. So I moved in with the father of my child. The only thing with that was I had signed up to receive government help [welfare], and since I was under age, my sister was receiving them for me. It was all hell from then. As soon as I knew it, my checks were coming. They were supposed

to be around \$500. But because my sister was getting them, I was only receiving \$120-\$200 dollars. She used to tell me that she was "holding" my money for me... yeah right! Eventually, my mother started getting my checks for me, and now, I get to cash them myself.

Ebony: Are you and your baby's father happy living together?

Brittany: Yeah, we really are. The baby has brought us so much closer, and now that he could come any day now, we're really beginning to fall for each other.

Ebony: So what are your plans for the future school wise?

Brittany: I most definitely am going to finish high school. The last thing I want is for my son to see his mother as a failure.

Ebony: Do you plan on going to college? If you do, are you going straight out of high school, or will you take a break to be a full time mother for a little while?

Brittany: Honestly girl, I don't even know. I'm only a junior now, so I still have a little bit of time to think it over. It all depends on what's best for my son at that time. He'll be one by then, and I may feel a bit better about leaving him.

Ebony: What advice would you give a teenage girl who is sexually active and at risk of becoming a mother?

Brittany: I would tell her to be responsible. Though I'm not ashamed of my child, at the same time, I didn't ask for this to happen right now. Honestly, I wasn't ready to become a mother, but I have no choice now because I can't let my baby down. I would tell her that if she is going to do the "adult thing," do it in the adult way, always be safe.

* Subject's name has been changed.

Ebony: Looking into your future right now, what do you see?
Brittany: To be quite honest, I see a bright future for my child and myself. I refuse to let him grow up the way my parents allowed me to grow up. I want him to be able to go places and do things. I see myself as being a great mother, and I'm going to raise my son in the path that will make him a great man and father.

On March 2, 2005, Brittany gave birth to a 7 pound 8 ounce baby boy, whom she named after his father. I got a chance to talk with her on the phone when she made it home.

Ebony: So, how are you feeling right now?

Brittany: I feel like crap. My knees and ankles are so swollen. I'm almost to the point where I think I'm walking on water. I feel like I'm carrying 50 gallons of milk on my chest, and my back really hurts... (*Brittany laughs*). Other than that, I'm well.

Ebony: When do you plan on going back to school?

Brittany: Honestly, I don't want to go back... Not that I don't want to go to school, but I don't want to leave my son with anybody. I think I'll miss him too much. I'll be back the second week in April.

Ebony: Well, now that you have given birth to your son and you are actually experiencing what it is like to be a mother, do you have any new advice to give to girls who are sexually active?

Brittany: Yes. Please, pretty please, be careful. This is no joke. It's not a game that you can play until you get tired and put it down until you're ready for it again. This is real. I'm representing a lot of girls who are going through the same experience that I'm going through. I've only been a mother for 6 days now, and I can already see that I have a struggle ahead of me, but I'm going to stick

it out because I have no choice but to. It's something I have to do for my son. I can't let him down.

Ebony: Are there any places you would recommend for a young girl to go if she wanted to find a method of contraceptives, or any general information?

Brittany: Alexandria has everything! There is always somewhere to go if you need help, and money is never an issue. Any city of Alexandria health clinic will give them all of the help that they need. No one is turned away at the door. They provide them with anything that they might be in need of: birth control, STD tests... the works!

Ebony: I'm sure that you know of the high percentage of teenage pregnancies in our city. What action do you think needs to be taken in order to get that number down?

Brittany: Hopefully, no one will be seriously offended when I say this, but I'm going to say it: I don't fully blame the parents, but honestly, I believe that if parents paid closer attention to what their children did, who they hang out with, and where they were going, teens wouldn't have time to go out and have sex.

And if they did go out and have sex, they'd be extra cautious about what they were doing. In my situation, my mother never cared about where I was, and I liked it like that because it made me feel like I was an adult. Let's be honest here, what teenager doesn't want to stay out as long as they want and come in whenever they felt good and ready?... Exactly! If parents spent a little more time talking with us and showing us more positive things to do, I feel that the high percentage of teen pregnancies will drop in Alexandria.

Ebony: Any last comments?

Brittany: Yes. To everyone who reads this, I hope that I inspire you to do the right thing. Yes, we are young and we are still under our parents' rule. But, ultimately, the

decision lies in you whether or not to do the right thing. Always remember to think beyond the moment, and be smart about the choices you make. It pays in the end.



Nakia Powell

Pretty In Pink Clay

TEEN PREGNANCY FACTS

- One in four women in the U.S. will get pregnant before age 20 -- more than 1,000,000 each year.
- Only one-third of teenage moms ever receive a high school diploma.
- Teen pregnancies cost taxpayers more than \$7 billion each year in health care, foster care, and public assistance.
- In Alexandria, one teen gets pregnant every 33 hours.

LOCAL RESOURCES

Adolescent Health Center

3701 W. Braddock Rd.
 Alexandria, VA 22302
 703-519-6006

Alexandria Campaign on Adolescent Pregnancy (ACAP)

1-877-OUR-YOUTH
<http://www.alexgetreal.com>

Alexandria City Department of Human Services

703-838-0765 or 1493

- Parenting classes
- Teen parent counseling group sessions at Minnie Howard ITC lunch periods
- Free childcare services and subsidized childcare while mother is in school.

NOVA Urban League Resource Mothers

703-836-7645

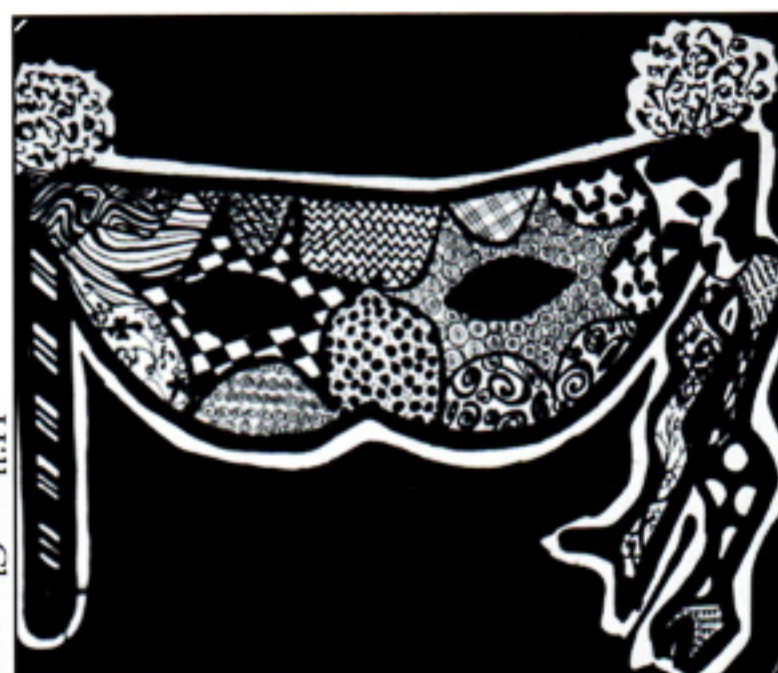
- Assistance until child is 12 months old
- Parenting education programs
- Fathering classes
- "Stay in school" seminars

BRILLIANT MASK

Beth Wherry

I feel it coming on
That amazing, growing, warmth you give me
I bring my scarf to the tip of my nose
Keeping private all the ways I love you
Hiding your special smile behind my hand
Walking fast, remembering how our lips shared secrets
No one gets to enjoy this but you and me
I try to draw the attention away from my dancing eyes
And away from the blush that blazes my cheeks
But I can still feel your hand in mine
And I can still feel your laugh in my heart
Your scent still lingers in the air around me...
I'd like to think no one can see past my "hellos" and "how are yous"
But I know it's not true
Because everything I do reflects the way you're always on my mind
Your name meets familiar territory on my tongue
Rolling the "R" as if I had your kind of heritage
I sink into your greetings as if they were a hot bath
Sighing as steam curls and leaves a glow underneath my skin
Spreading outward in a sparkly haze, keeping me cold, cold morning
I like to think of the way I fit into your arms
And how I adore you from the tips of my toes which I stand on to reach you...
To the top of my head that rests on your shoulder
I'm floating a few inches above the ground, but I'm safe with you
No one can know my comfort
It's just mine, the way I'm just yours
The way I cherish everything you say...
Closing my eyes and memorizing your heartbeat
Listening to the way you breathe
And I'm beautiful... wearing the brilliant mask you gave me

Hillary Clausen



Quilted Mask Marker

THOSE HIDDEN WORDS

Cathryn Dutton

Why is it so hard for me to put my feelings on paper?
I know what I think but I can't speak
My mind is roaring but my vocal chords have snapped
It's on the tip of my tongue
But I just bit down and now
Pain is thumping in my brain raining down like
Hail onto a glass window and
The tornado has started
My body is shaking with spasms and
Shivers and it just won't come out and I've suddenly
Got it so I sit down to rest but like Dorothy into Oz
I am swished into another universe and
I have lost my train of thought
And my heart begins to cry
I am a withered leaf being blown in the wind
I cannot control the pressure on my spirit
It is breaking
My heart is breaking, I cry out
I cannot figure out why this is happening
Why is it so hard to simply say
I love you?



Rachel Stirba

Mimicry

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE CLOTHES:

Feature by Erin Lutz and Emily Zeballos

There is more to a person than what he or she wears. Initially, we wanted to do style feature, and we began conducting a survey of people around the school to see how they would categorize themselves. However, some people got very offended at our early effort, and we realized that our approach actually went against the theme that we, as *Labyrinth* staff members, had chosen. But we knew that categories were powerful, even if people resist them and even though people are much more than the way others see them. We remembered watching the movie *The Breakfast Club*, in which five students were categorized by their principal, Mr. Vernon. The film provides insight into the real people behind the labels. So we decided to set out in that direction. We chose seven people who could be stereotyped as the gothic metal head, the athlete, the prep, the fashionista, the rebel, the punk and the thug. These interviews were conducted to show who these people really are, beyond what they wear. We asked each participant the same questions, including their opinion on how they felt about being stereotyped. We asked them what kind of music they liked and what they enjoyed doing outside of school. They told us their thoughts on their academic career, their jobs, and what they did with their families. Finally, we asked them what people might not know about them and if they ever dressed any other way.

THE METAL HEAD

Marco Espinoza could be seen as a metal head because of the way he dresses and the music he listens to. We are sure that



everyone at some time or another has seen him going through the halls with his big, black pants, band t-shirts, and long hair. Marco wouldn't really care if he were called a metal head, but it would depend a little on who was doing the labeling. He listens to music such as grind core, black metal, and death metal -- basically anything with the word metal in it. Some of his favorite bands are Hypocrisy, Cannibal Corps, Burzum, Six Feet Under, Slipknot, Cradle of Filth, and Methotheme. After school and on the weekends, he likes to spend time with his friends working or playing with his puppy, Rocco. Marco is a big family person who loves having family gatherings and just spending time with his mother, father, sister, and two brothers because family is the most important thing to him. He has a job working as an assistant caterer and chef at Windows Catering. In school Marco has a 2.5 grade point average; his favorite class is Anatomy and

Physiology, and he enjoys math. Marco wants to go to college to become a forensics investigator and then maybe join the army. He has never dressed any other way from the way he does now, at least since third grade. Before that, his mother dressed him, but he can't remember how that looked.

THE ATHLETE

Becky Keller is our athlete because when we see her around school she's usually wearing a T.C. girl's ice hockey shirt, or a field hockey shirt or sweatshirt. Becky feels that if someone were to call her an athlete, she would take it as a compliment. The music she likes to listen to is



underground Christian punk and ska. She enjoys playing hockey, hanging out with her friends, and playing the saxophone in her spare time after school. She is also close to her family; she loves going skiing with her dad and sisters. They have dinner together every night and go on long car trips together because, "it's good bonding time." Becky works as a ski instructor as well as at the Del Ray Dreamery. She likes working with kids and other people because she's a people person. She has an A average and loves playing

THE T.C. BREAKFAST CLUB

in the school's jazz band. She loves looking at and researching saxophones and sharks. She likes to wear clothes that are comfortable; she doesn't really like wearing tight fitting clothes. She loves wearing hoodies, kids t-shirts and jeans. When she was younger her mom made her dress in spandex.

THE FASHIONISTA

Pebel Sagura knows how to make heads turn with her keen sense of style. She enjoys taking ideas from fashion magazines and her fashion marketing class and making them her own. Pebel likes all types of music because they allow her to "vibe" with different people. She admires the business sense of Jennifer Lopez. She has a strong belief in church and a close bond with her family. No matter how hectic her schedule might be, with school, cheerleading, and her job, she always has time to go on

family trips to Old Town or to D.C.

She does well in



a grade average of 3.5.

She is also an active member

of Girl Scout Troop 2357. Pebel hopes to become a famous fashion designer and have her own line of clothing on the runways of Paris, Milan and New York. She likes to be creative and help people because she's an active member in the Girl Scouts. Even though she's fashion conscious now, she hasn't always been. She remembers the old days in middle school when she wore sweat pants because she didn't like wearing jeans. She would like people to know that whoever said "Don't judge a book by its cover" spoke wisely.

THE PREP

Lisa Reynolds may be seen as a prep because she likes to be "in style" and also because a lot of people automatically place blondes as preps. Lisa would definitely tell someone that they were totally off if they were to call her preppie. Lisa feels that some people assume she is preppie because she doesn't talk to people she doesn't know; she's been told that others take her being quiet to mean that she is "stuck up." She dresses nicely and tends to wear things that are "in style": rugby shirts, tank tops, regular t-shirts with witty sayings and jeans that are form-fitting. When she was younger she would dress like her friends, but now she wears clothes based on how she feels. She would describe her style as casual chic. If she is in a bad mood she doesn't want to be noticed, so she might wear a grey sweater and no makeup. If she's having a good day

she might wear a pretty pink shirt and matching sandals and lots of cute makeup. She says, "I dress how I feel. I dress nicely when I feel good and very casual when I don't feel so good." She listens to every type of music but prefers acoustic



rock such as 295 ENDS. After school, she usually works, hangs out with her friends and family, or spends some time alone drawing and doing other artistic things. She spends a lot of time with her family on their designated family nights where they can talk and share their feelings. Family nights are every night except for Mondays, which are only for her and her mother, "girls' night." They cook dinner together, watch the news, and just talk. Often, she and her father also go on walks in Old Town or Georgetown and have dinner. She is an average student in school, and her favorite class is creative crafts because she loves expressing herself. Something that people might not know about her is she used to have an eating disorder. "I thought I was normal," she explained. "I didn't know it



On The Side of the Building Pencil and Ink

"The Truth" continued from page 13

wasn't right to throw up after each meal." She is still trying to deal with her disorder, and she says, "It's very hard and lonely." She went to the hospital and finally told her parents after a year being secretive. "Nobody knew, not a single person." If she were to come across a bulimic person she would tell them to hang in there; it's lonely and tough but get help however you can.

THE REBEL

Alex MacRae can usually be seen wearing a camouflage jacket and black clothing. His style is affected by music, but that's not the only reason he dresses the way he does. If people claim him to be a rebel he would like them to come up to him and start a conversation to learn who he is beyond his appearance. During his free time he listens to music and goes to the Springfield Mall arcade to play

Dance, Dance Revolution (DDR). He likes to ride his bike and play other sports and spend time with his mother and grandmother. He is close to his family, even though his mother doesn't understand him sometimes, but he's even closer to his friends. He puts a lot of trust into his friends and always tries to be there for them. Although some people might think he doesn't look like it, he is a caring person and an



intellectual with a 3.5 grade point average. Some other facts about him are that he is very philosophical and extremely passive. He doesn't

believe in fighting. He is a fair person when it comes to decision making. Alex could be unfairly judged as a person who is up to no good, but his intentions are noble and he has a big heart.

THE PUNK

Jonathan Christopher Charles, also known as J.C., was chosen to be our punk because when people see him around school, the first thing they'd probably see is his mohawk, in addition to his skateboard and clothes. When people call him a "punk," he usually feels confused. He replies that he simply wears what he wants. People also tend to ask him random questions about his piercing. J.C.'s interest in music is mainly punk, but he has a deep passion for "gangster" rap and a little bit of techno. He spends time with his punk/ska band "Bayliss", writing and playing music. Other times he spends with his family, to whom he is really close,

especially with all the females such as his sisters, aunts, and mother. J.C. doesn't have



a job but he is currently looking for one. In school, his favorite subject is history, and he enjoys Mrs. Runkle's World Civilization class. Math is his weak point, but J.C. has the drive to stay after school almost every day to maintain a good grade. Additionally he is extremely romantic and is part of the philosophical movement Straight Edge, which includes no drinking, no drugs, and no sex. It can also include dietary matters and political issues. J.C. thinks that you should get to know people before you judge them.

THE O. G.

The term "original gangsta" implies that one is both a rarity and a part of his community. Hakim's style choices are influenced by his community where he says most people dress the same way he does, in black or white T's and clothing brands owned by Black entrepreneurs, including LRG and Shooters. Hakim feels the term "urban" fits his style, but he also identifies with the terms "thug" and "gangsta" which, he says, in today's lingo, indicate "you're about what you're about." Beyond the clothes, Hakim



is all about music. He listens to a wide variety of music, including reggae, rap, and, when

the mood is right, slow jams. He is extremely close to his family and shares a deep bond with the females in his life such as his grandmother, mother, and his girlfriend. Outside of school, he spends his time making music, working, watching T.V and taking care of things such as school work. His favorite class in school is Sports Marketing because it teaches him how to make and maintain money. Some people may think he is into things such as drugs, gangs, and street life, but that couldn't be farther from the truth. After high school, Hakim looks forward to attending Jackson State University and plans to major in music technology. Music is everything to him; he looks forward to owning the largest rap studio in Washington, D.C. He also feels that what people think of him doesn't make a difference on his behavior or his thoughts. Hakim just lets people think what they want to about him, just as long as it doesn't get in the way of him or his goals in life.

Appearance can play a factor in the way people may think of others, but it would be wise to keep an open mind about everyone. Judging is a part of everyone's life, even if they won't admit it. People make assumptions about the way people dress, the way they style their hair, the way they talk, even the people with whom they hang out. We hope that this article has opened the minds of the people who may have, like us, initially stereotyped these seven individuals or others. Past issues of *Labyrinth* have explored the unity present or absent in the school and interracial dating. We are hoping our article will nudge people toward talking to people they don't know and making new friends.



All photos by Erin Lutz

MASQUERADE

Becky Keller

Disheveled hair
acting like she couldn't care
she wants so badly to be loved
just to feel like she fits in somewhere.
Congratulations, you're invited.

Pop the collar on his Polo
Tonight, he's solo
wearing out his friends as fast as his jeans
just to feel like he fits in somewhere.
Congratulations, you're invited.

Spikes and chains everywhere
constantly changing the color of his hair,
time for another cigarette
just to feel like he fits in somewhere.
Congratulations, you're invited.

Perfect makeup, perfect smile,
she'll be going in a little while
wearing jeans with her high heels
just to feel like she fits in somewhere.
Congratulations, you're invited.

I'd like to know what lies behind
the mask you've made
Congratulations,
you're invited to the masquerade.



Luis Solano

Caras

WE ARE A CROSSWORD P

Emily Jane Donovan

In my eyes I can express the words that could never be heard
In my eyes I can show the emotions I will never let be seen
In my eyes you can see the hardship and the good memories
In my eyes you can learn the lessons I have learned

In my eyes,
You can tell if I am lying or you can see what the truth really means to me
You can see if I am strong or if I am weak
You can get lost in my eyes or you can find yourself
You can find perfection or every aspect of my flaws
You can fall in love or begin to hate
You can learn my stories or remember the lies

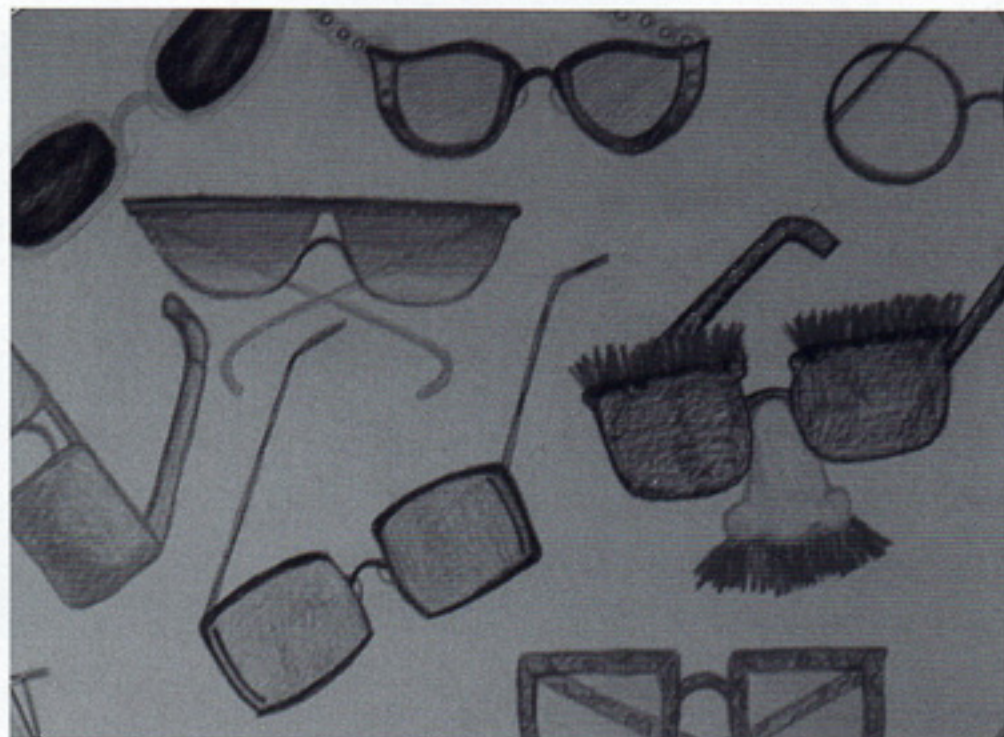
In your eyes you express the words that could never be heard
In your eyes you can show the emotions you will never let me see
In your eyes I can see the hardship and the good memories
In your eyes I can learn the lessons that you have learned

In your eyes,
I can tell if you are lying or I can see what the truth really means to you
I can see if you are strong or if you are weak
I can get lost in your eyes or I can find myself
I can find perfection or every aspect of your flaws
I can fall in love or begin to hate
I can learn your stories or remember the lies

Just sitting in front of you, I can figure you out.

U
ZZLE

Callie Denne



Shaded Colored Pencil

THE CAVE IN

Alexi von Guggenberg

Frozen in your tracks, you can't speak, lacking words, life's bleak,
pale from the numbing pain, your heartaches stack,
and all at once they all come crashing back.
Destruction kills what feelings I have left inside,
a small voice whispering in my ear.
Yet it slits through, past my skin, more than the physical
poisons within, unrealistic, its mystical powers take hold,
locking me in chains to die unconsolated,
concealed the forbearing untold truth.
Scaring nations of youth into the same trance,
with no proof except the life we end after we send our regrets,
the soft kiss of death leaving every man's life a breath wasted to sorrow,
and our ability to live is falling apart, humility will begin a start tomorrow.



Austin Miller

Chained Bench

HIDDEN FEELINGS

Taekia Blackwell

Would you say I'm happy?
Would you say I care?
Then I am sorry to inform you
Those feelings in me are rare

You think you know me well
You think I talk to you
Well I'm sorry to burst your bubble
These thoughts, they are not true

Stop acting like I'm simply
Some secret that you own
You'll see that you are blind
You see nothing that you're shown

We all feel this way
Back off, leave us alone
You see you're merely something
We all have just outgrown

If you don't get what I'm saying
You've proved me right again
You're driving me crazy
My patience is wearing thin

Not only do I feel it
With my heart and with my soul
But I know from a careful study
I hear it being told

It feels great to be let free
From these secrets that I hide
I hope you can find your own truth
Use this as your guide

Samantha Jeffers



Chains and a Buckle

DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME

Fiction by Rachel Brown-Glazner

Lucy was sprawled out across her bed, working on history homework. As she turned a page in her book, she became aware of the song on the radio. "Don't stand, don't stand so—"

She froze, staring in horror at the radio. "Don't stand so close to me." She took a deep breath. "You can deal with this, Lucy," she told herself. It's just a song, and a good song at that.

She forced herself to listen as the music went on. Although her body was still completely tensed, her head began to rock jerkily up and down to the beat. Her lips soundlessly mouthed the words, then started to curve into a smile. She could do it. She was going to get through it.

Finally, a sound escaped her lips. "Don't stand - NO!" she cried out and desperately leaped at the radio. She hit at it wildly trying to turn it off, but she could not find the switch in her confusion. She stifled a scream into her pillow, pounding wildly on her bed, then fell sobbing to the floor.

She had loved that song. It had been one of her favorites. But that was all before she had met him.

From time to time, Lucy had thought of some of her teachers as "cute." However, she was never attracted to any of them. It had never even crossed her mind to think of them in any other way than a student would normally think of her teacher.

That's how it had started with him. He wasn't even her teacher, but she had to pass his class on the way to Latin. When she saw him the first day she

simply noted his presence and the fact that he was cute. He was tall and slim, with slightly long brown hair and dark blue eyes.

She hadn't noticed it at first. When they passed in the hallway the first week of school, he gave her a small smile and nod of the head. This was nothing. When you passed someone, even a teacher, in the hallway, regardless of gender or knowing the other person, it was not bizarre to nod or even say hello to them.



Emily Zeballos

Hidden Stash

As the school year went on, Lucy started getting suspicious. Instead of a friendly smile when they passed, he now gave her a smug little smirk and raise of his eyebrows, as if they had some secret joke together. It seemed as if he went out of his way to always be at the water fountain the same time as she. If he passed her classroom, he would look in, directly at her, for longer than seemed normal.

Lucy didn't know what to do. She always felt uncomfortable when she saw him, but she could not actually be sure he was doing

anything. She didn't want to make it into a big deal, then find out that she was just being paranoid. Maybe he looked at everyone like that. Still, she couldn't shake the feeling that he was singling her out.

It went on like that for several months. Lucy began to hate coming to Latin because of the possibility of seeing him. Whenever she saw him, even if he didn't look at her, she was seized with a horrible sickening sensation. She felt so weak, so out of control. Because even though she was absolutely terrified of him, she still thought he was cute. She tried to ignore and suppress it, but as time went on she began to realize that she had developed a perverse longing to see him. She was disgusted with herself. She knew that as soon as she saw him she would feel dirty and unsafe, and yet a small part of her wanted to see him.

Determined to overcome this, Lucy made a pointed effort to keep away from him. She walked quickly past his room without even the slightest glance in. If she saw him in the hallway, she walked boldly by, trying to show him that he could not scare her. Except for a few unavoidable instances, this worked well. Lucy began to feel much better and hardly ever thought of him anymore.

About halfway through the school year, her English teacher, Ms. Ludslow, told the class about an interesting college essay workshop that would be that weekend.

"Unfortunately, we just got the applications yesterday, and they are due by Thursday," Ms. Ludslow said. "You can pick them

up in room 71, Mr. Dechay's room."

Lucy felt as if the bottom of her stomach had dropped out. That was he. She really wanted to go to the workshop, but she would have to actually go into his room, probably even talk to him. The mere thought petrified her.

"Could you get the applications for us?" she asked.

"No, that would be too much of a hassle. It makes much more sense for you to just drop in and get it yourself."

Lucy felt sick. She couldn't "just drop in," not to his classroom. Anyone else would have been fine. Out of all the English teachers in the school, why did it have to be him?

She didn't have to do it. This workshop wasn't that big of a deal... No. She wanted to go, and she could do this. All she had to do was be brave and just walk in there. She would get the application and leave; nothing would happen.

After English she went to get the application. She hoped he had a class now so lots of other people would be around. Taking a deep breath, Lucy slowly opened the door and stepped inside.

The room was empty. Not only were there no students, Mr. Dechay wasn't there either. She breathed a sigh of relief. There was a table with papers on it at the front of the room. Lucy boldly made her way toward it and started looking for the application.

Then she saw him. He stood in the doorway for a second looking at her before coming in. "Hello," he said, closing the door behind him. Lucy tensed at the sound. "Hello," she said, trying to sound normal.

"I'm looking for the college essay workshop application."

"Oh, those." He moved down the row of desks toward her. He had that same smirking smile on. "Those are in my file cabinet." He went over and started looking through the drawers. "So," he said, "getting ready to apply for college?"

Taking a deep
breath, Lucy
slowly opened the
door and stepped
inside.

"Yeah," said Lucy. He turned and looked in her eyes. His blue eyes locked onto her brown ones.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Lucy," she responded trepidatiously. "Lucy," he repeated. "I think I left the applications in my desk." He walked over to his desk,

the table. He gave her a little smirk and opened his desk drawer. He went on about college and applications and essays, but Lucy hardly heard anything he said. She just kept repeating to herself, "This is a normal conversation between a teacher and a student. There is nothing wrong with this and nothing is going to happen." But in the back of her head a little voice whispered, "Then why did he close the door?"

She then saw that he was searching through the same drawer for the third time, and with each shuffle of papers he was inching his way closer to her.

"Mr. Dechay." Her voice came out rasped and cracked, like that of an old hag's. He stopped looking through his desk and turned to completely face her. His expression gave no indication to what was going on behind those hypnotic dark blue eyes.

"Please," she whispered, painfully forcing herself to look at him. "Don't stand so close to me."

His mouth curled up at the ends into a triumphant smile.

"Don't stand so close to me. That's a song, did you know? Sting,

or maybe The Police. It's a really good song." He started to move closer to her. "Don't stand, don't stand so, don't stand so close to me," he sang quietly. He kept coming toward her, and his singing kept getting louder. "Don't stand, don't stand so--"

Lucy couldn't move. She looked into his eyes, his beautiful dark blue eyes. His voice was soft and melodious. His facial features were almost unreal in their perfection.

As Lucy listened to the wonderful, sweet sound of his voice and looked into his hypnotizing



Natalie Rosas

Life Time Saved Ink and Acrylic

which was right next to Lucy. He stood in such a way that she was stuck between him, the desk, and

eyes, she thought he was the most beautiful being she had ever seen. It seemed as if there was nothing else in the world except the two of them, and there was one moment in which anything was possible...

Then Lucy became aware of a slight movement. She saw Mr. Dechay was reaching his hand toward her. In that second everything changed. He was no longer beautiful. He was a disgusting, hideous, and vile demon. His fingertips touched her shoulder. The contact stung with a burning pain, but the shock allowed her to move again.

"No!" Lucy yelled. She grabbed his shoulders and pushed down, using them as leverage to swing her knee sharply into his groin. With a loud gasp, Mr. Dechay doubled over, cursing in pain. Lucy pushed desperately past him. She clambered wildly over desks, not even stopping when she tripped and almost fell on her

face. By the time she had made her way out the door, Lucy was sobbing and screaming without knowing what she was doing.


As the song ended on the radio, Lucy's sobbing began to ebb. She hadn't known the song was going to affect her like that. She had been fine. She often still thought about it, but she had never gone crazy like this before. He was far away; she would never have to see him again. But hearing the song brought to mind something she had been trying to convince herself did not exist. She thought back to that horrible day. There had been that one moment when she thought he was beautiful. She had given in. She kept telling herself that she should be proud of what she had done. She had fought back and saved herself. That took strength. Still, she couldn't forget that one moment when she looked into his eyes...

"Lucy! Time for dinner!" Lucy started at the sound of her mother's voice. Quickly she jumped up and went into the bathroom.

She splashed some water on her face and smoothed down her hair. Then she plastered a smile on her face and tested it out in the mirror. It looked completely fake to her, but her family hadn't noticed it yet.

She slowly went down the stairs. Stopping about halfway, Lucy watched her parents and brothers laughing and talking as they set the table. They had forgotten about it. They still thought what had happened was horrible, but their day-to-day lives were back to normal. Why shouldn't they be? It had been almost three months now.

Lucy wished she could forget like them. She had tried and tried, but she knew it was futile. It would always be there, always be a part of her, like a parasite gnawing its way through her intestines.

Taking a few deep breaths, Lucy again put on her fake smile. She descended the remaining stairs as a picture of poise and tranquility. No one would have ever guessed that inside she was sobbing and screaming at the top of her lungs. 

SMILE

Annela Levitov

Her white teeth gleam,
bright as an explosion as her
world implodes upon itself.
She smiles, delighted even as
crimson fury threatens to spill out
in broken words
and burning tears.
She is frozen,
paralyzed while joyous
laughter nearly rips her apart.
Sudden life surges through her again,
determination pulsing through her veins with
icy resolve.
And she smiles to hide her
shattered heart.

Colleen McEneaney



Girl in Blue Room Tempera

ASHLEY K. ANDREWS

Kevin Dua

I'm the most compelling creature
breathing on God's earth,
Unsurprisingly beautiful since
the day of birth.
All eyes gaze upon me as the
center of their world,
desired by any boy and envied by any girl.

I'm the modern-day likeness
of Adam's first Eve,
Simply a pure angel just for
one to believe.
Plastic surgery and makeup-
pointless for me,
natural role model is what I want to be.

I'm the eleven on a one to
ten rating scale,
And a living Cinderella from
from that fairy tale.
Honor student and prom queen -
success lies at my feet,
such a breathtaking person for anyone to meet.

I'm the goddess to the little
people at school,
Pledge of allegiance to me should
be a set rule.
At my locker, I check my
image quickly,
in the mirror, I look at my face and see:

Lime eyes, hazel hair of a woman
on the outside,
But a lonesome, depressed little
girl is masked inside.
Ashley K. Andrews- I used to be her -
what went wrong?

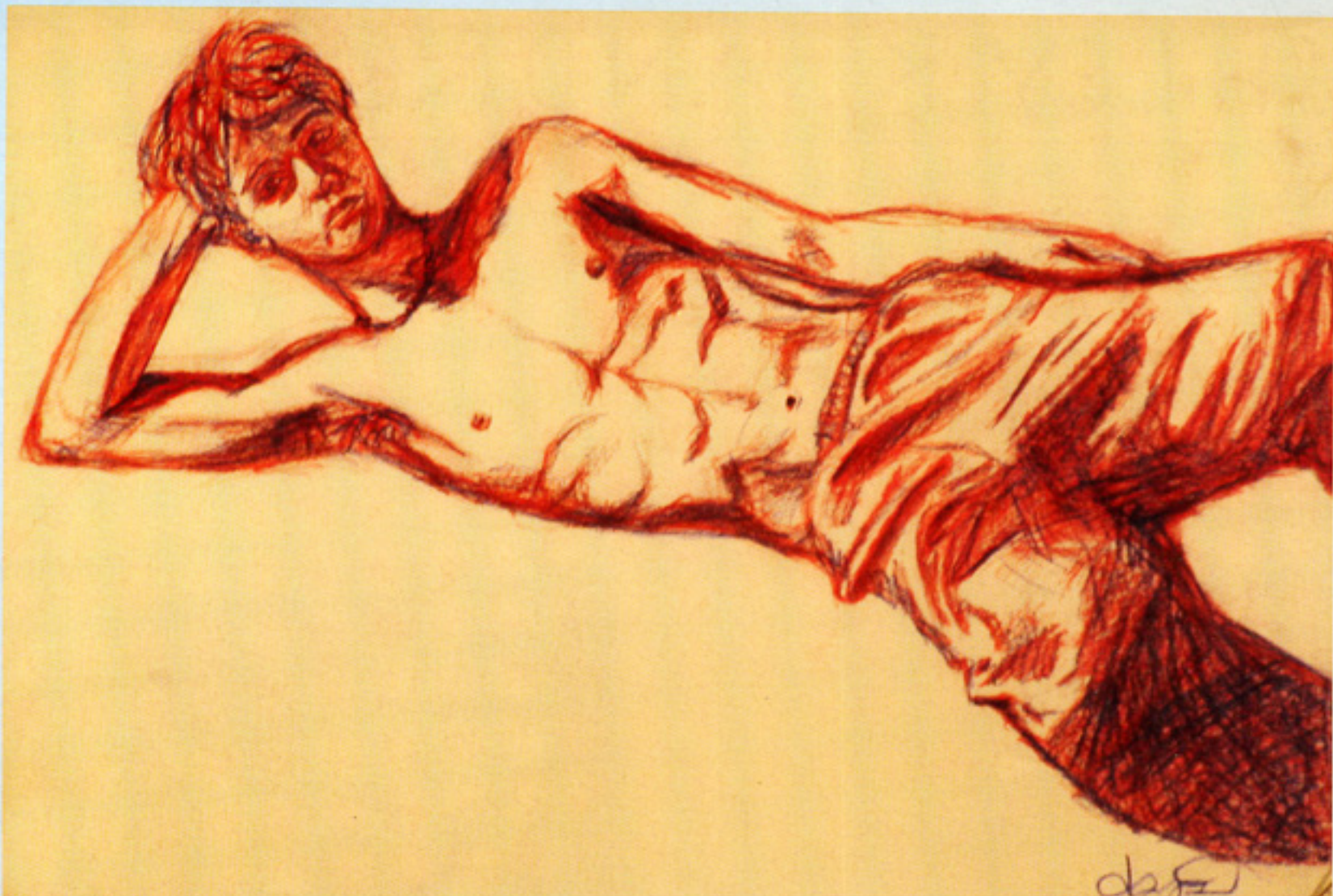
My initials reveal what she is now...I'm...she's gone.



Claire Schoen

Molly Print

Darcy Byrnes



Study Charcoal

Chessie Bautista



Girl In White Oil Paint



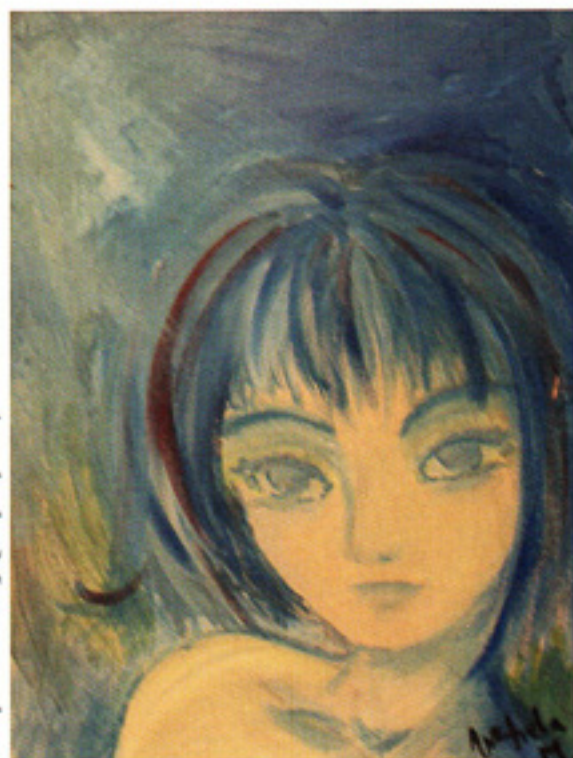
Sam Phetsaengam

Burning Fool Oil Paint



Cara Reimer

Sun Oil Paint



Blue Acrylic

MASK OF DREAMS

Abby Downs

An unfinished story filled with unknown faces
 Only partially complete, barely begun,
 And a dramatis personae still half masked.
 The plot thickens as the tale is spun,
 Careful and delicate as a web,
 Details are hazy while words make no sense.
 The world is confused, bizarre, and kerfuffled
 Silent cacophony and organized chaos.
 Soon the mist lifts and the tale drops away,
 Characters forgotten, familiar places unknown.
 The new sun rises and the new moon sets
 Shadows of dreams fade with the dawn.



Self Portrait Pencil

SOMETHING DIES

Izzy Montgomery

Something dies inside you
Although I'm sure he didn't know
It wasn't his intention
She has to let this go

Something dies inside you
Although he probably wasn't aware
All the damage he would cause
Why does she even care?

She will cling to her denial
Use it as a shield or a sword
Wear her smile as a mask
This won't hurt anymore

Something dies inside you
But the rest of her is still alive
She might as well keep going
She at least has to try



Darcy Byrnes

Interpretive Dance Watercolor

T.C. WILLIAMS LINGO:

Feature by Arika Lawrence and Ebony Henderson

David: *What's good, shawty? I ain't seen you in a minute.*

Lisa: *I been chillin', but I see you lookin' fresh.*

David: *You know me, I'm just like dat! I ain't neva jacked.*

Lisa: *True dat, but I guess I'll get at you later.*

David: *Aight, be EZ cuzin'.*

It's that time again! Ring! Ring! Welcome to the School of Linguistic Law of Slang Terminology, class is now in session! Today's first assignment is: memorize all of the following terms and their definitions. So for all of y'all runnin' around T.C. clueless of what we sayin' den heerree yooou gooo!

Aight: okay; short for all right.

Aight girl, I'll talk to you later.

Bamma: 1. one who can't dress; 2. an insult to a person who has no style.

You are a bamma. How can you wear that shirt with those shoes?

Bananas: crazy.

The party last night was bananas!

Be EZ: be cool, stay out of trouble.

It was nice seeing you again; be EZ!

Beefin': having a minor conflict with another individual.

Jackie and I aren't close anymore; we've been beefin' for a month now.

Blown: upset; disappointed; chagrined.

I'm so blown that I didn't get in that class.

Busted: looking as though no thought was put into selecting one's outfit.

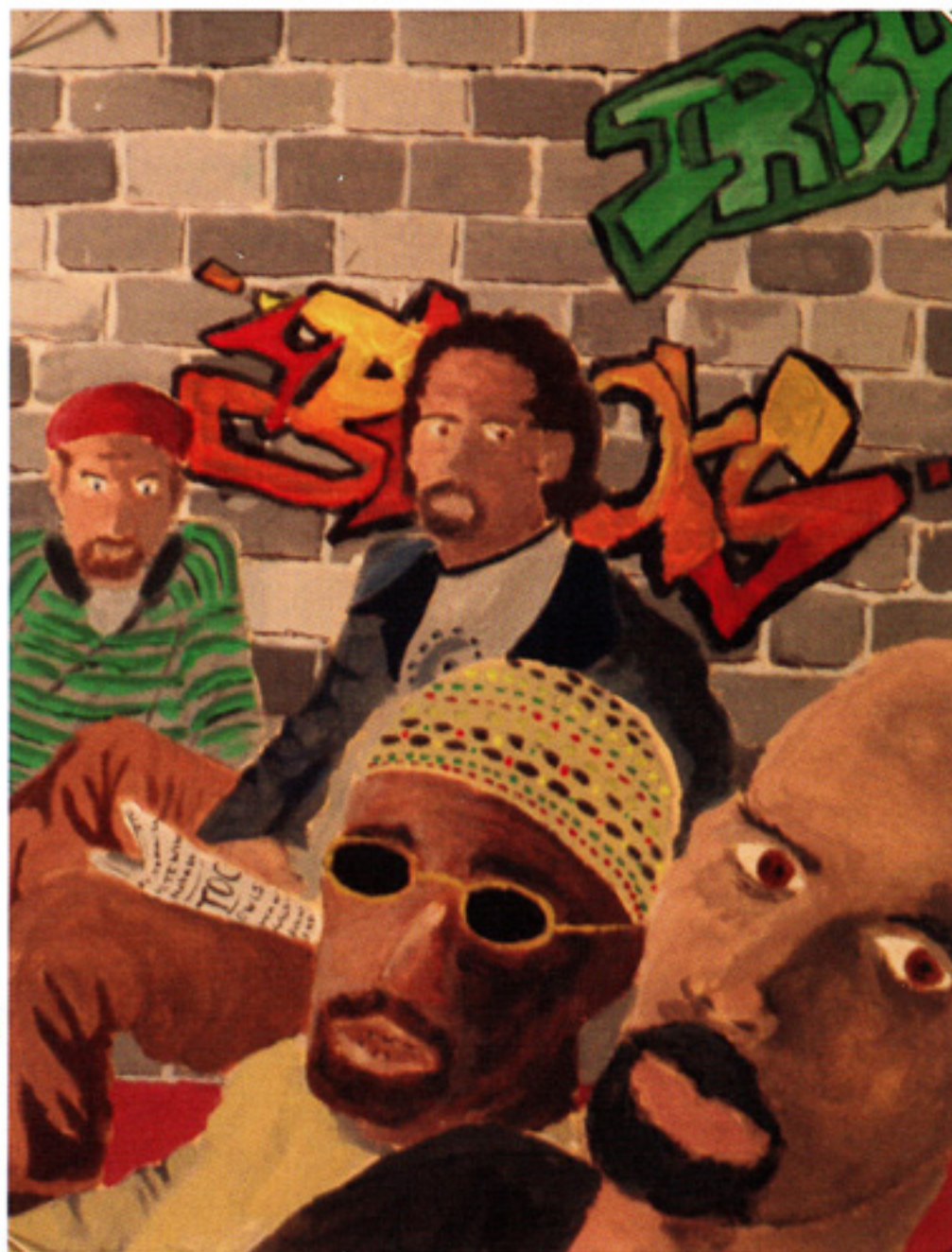
Red, yellow, and green, he looks so busted.

Carried: to leave someone hanging; to diss them.

Ron carried me when I reached to shake his hand, and he walked away.

Chillin': to be relaxed, having no stress.

Clown: one who thinks they are popular, but everyone can clearly see that they aren't.



Thomas Carroll

For Faces Tempera

He is such a clown, who carries their books in a briefcase?

Cop: to be able to get something.

I'm going to cop the new Jordans this weekend.

Crankin': really loud and live.

The music at the talent show was crankin'.

Crucial: extremely good, or extremely bad.

Crunk: 1. live and rowdy; 2. hyper and very active
The Gong Show was so crunk, everyone was showing school spirit.

Cuzin': a very close friend.

PART OF THE SCHOOL OF LINGUISTIC LAW OF SLANG TERMINOLOGY

Deep: hanging out or traveling in a large crowd.

Dismissed: to have someone leave.

We went out on a date, and she made me pay for her meal, you know I had to dismiss her.

Dyme: a girl who scores a 10 on a scale from 1-10.

Tina is one of the prettiest girls are T.C., she is a dyme fo' sho!

Fakin': a person who isn't about what they say they are; one who is phony.

Fo sho': for sure; definitely.

Fresh: one whose gear is up-to-date and the latest style.

Mark looked so fresh at homecoming with his Gucci outfit.

Fry: to make fun of someone; being mean

She has some nerve trying to talk about me. I'll fry her!

Gangsta: gangster; tough in a positive way

Rhudy looked gangsta in his fresh Timbs and leather coat.

Geekin': to act a fool; silly, funny.

Get at me: talk to me.

Ghetto: old fashioned, broken-down, having only the bare basics.

Jon propped his ghetto coffee table up with an old book.

Go-Go: an original style of music that was born in Washington, D.C.

Grill: teeth.

Grimey: when someone does something wrong.

Sue did me so grimey when she left me at school with no way to get home.

Grubbin': to eat.

She was grubbin' on that Popeye's last night!

Hater: a person who is jealous of you, but tries their best not to show it.

Hit me up: call me.

Homie: a close friend.

Hood rich: one who considers himself rich because of material things such as popularity and clothing.

Hot: 1. when making something look obvious that it was done by you; 2. cool.

Ice: jewelry with diamonds.

I'm 'bout to bounce: I am about to leave.

Is that how you goin': "Is that how you really feel?" or "Are you serious?"

Jacked: see *bamma*.

Joint: any thing, or a place

That joint was so crucial! or It's hot in this joint!

Kicks: shoes.

The basketball team just got some brand new kicks.

Kirk out: to be highly upset; being upset to the point that you can't control it.

Like dat: one who has everything together.

Joe has good grades, and good looks. He is like dat!

Lunchin': see *geekin'*.

Minute: a long time

Has it been two years already? I haven't seen you in a minute.

My bad: my mistake; I take the blame.

N*E wayz: short version for anyways.

Negative: incorrect; not happening.

Troy breakin' up with Dolly?...NEGATIVE!

Off the hook: extremely good.

Our new computer is off the hook!

On da block: on your street; in your neighborhood.

We were chillin' on the block 'till 2 o'clock in the morning

Peep Dis: come look at this; check this out.

Peoplez: the people you hang out with; your friends.

P.H.A.T.: pretty hot and tempting.

Playa: (player) a person with more than one significant other.

Ride: a car; one's means of transportation.

Rollin': to laugh hysterically.

The Chappelle Show had me rollin' last night!

Roll out: to leave.

Scrub: loser

Stallin': to procrastinate.

Stop stallin'; are you comin' or what?

Straight: to be okay.

I saw you crying earlier, are you straight now?

Tight: see *like dat*.

Trippin': to overreact.

True dat: to agree; "that's true."

Triffin': dirty, nasty, funky, not fresh.

What's good?: "How are you?" or "What's up?"

Whack: ugly; not official.

Wildin' out: to act crazy; to have fun, or to overreact.



Doll Print

LISTEN

Rachel Brown-Glazner

See the great sights in the sky,
Think about what's gone by and by.
The turncoat vender just smiled at you
But he never said anything that was true.
Oh, iamb iamb iamb trochee
The flies are circling around the hay.

I see a purple rose abloom
I see a dusty, neglected broom
The skeleton leans casually against the wall
One small touch and down he'll fall.
The place where the jeunes once bavarded
Has become the ground where they are slaughtered.

There's the laughing fat man in a shell,
And the boy stuck with his head in a well.
They're trying to tell you something, you know,
So stand fast and just refuse to go.
The leaves blow forever in the breeze
As the giant sinks slowly to her knees.

The water's creeping up the shore,
The house is receding through the floor.
You don't have to believe a word I say-
Your ignorance won't be the only price you pay.
See, the seals are performing now
And all you need is just to know how.

COVER ME WITH DIRT

Vicki Fraser

Cover me with the dirt, the earth.
I don't want to see the stars, don't want their
light on my face.
Hide me from all that glitters, hide from the gold.
I don't want the noise or the fame or the free-fall.
Like a blanket over my skin, a shield protecting my
heart.
As if I were some sort of personal Crusader, or a
Knight within the darkness of myself.
I hide to escape a foul religion,
Or some night time horrors that crawl in through
my eyes.
I don't want to see
"Living is easy with eyes closed,"
But living is also easy when you sneak into some
dark, sacred corner.
I'll crawl into my own head and slide the blanket
up to my chin.
And then I'll sleep,
and I'll dream...
and I'll hide.



Sam Jayne

Man in a Forest

BEHIND THE SCENES:

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE CASTING OF "GUYS AND DOLLS"

Feature by Cristina Wood and Megan Carr

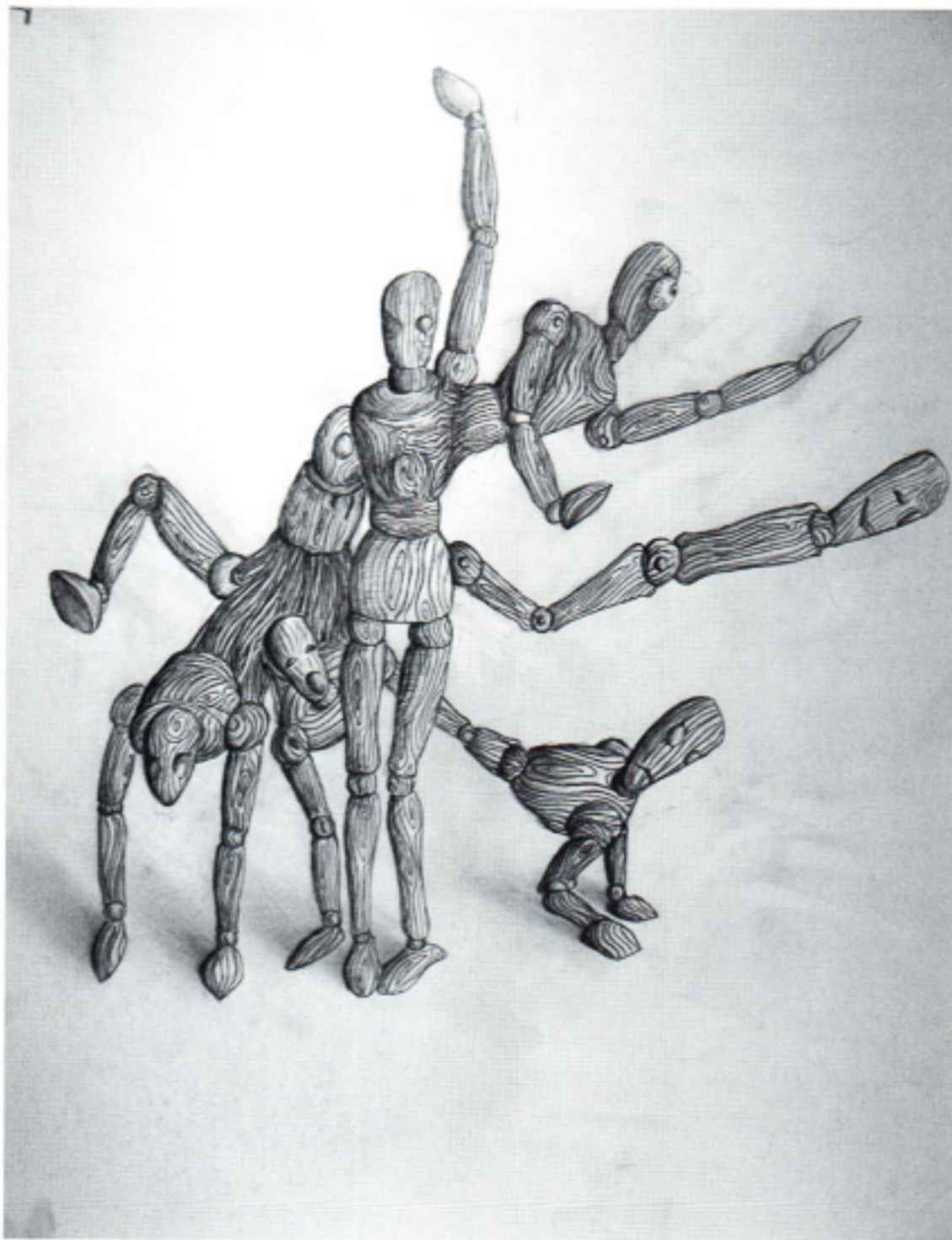
Spring musicals at T.C. Williams have been a favorite pastime of students, parents, and teachers alike. In the past, excellent shows have been put on, including *Anything Goes*, *Footloose*, and *The Wiz* in recent years. After viewing such shows, many audience members wondered how the dancers were chosen and how the singers were fished out of a sea of such talent. We have gone behind the scenes to uncover the mystery of the casting of the 2005 musical, *Guys and Dolls*.

Many hopefuls anxiously awaited their turn for the first part of the auditioning process: singing. These auditions took place over a period of two days in December before winter break. A line of nervous singers waited outside the chorus room to sign in, get their picture taken, and collect a few forms to fill out. After all of the jittery hopefuls filed inside and sat down, they wondered what was coming next. The chilly air only added to the heightening nerves of the singers.

One by one, each singer gave his or her forms and photo to Shewit Giovanni, the stage manager, and then their sheet music to Ms. Randall, the choir teacher. All of the singers then introduced themselves to the producers (Ms. Bachman and Ms. Jones), student director (Rahel Biru), student choreographer (Rachael Shane-Lydon), Shewit, Ms. Randall, and the other singers. When the music began, they let their vocal chords rip and sang their hearts out. There was no limit to the music selection; anything could have been sung. If the singer did not

have piano music with their song, they first had to sing 30 seconds to a minute without the piano, then "Happy Birthday," accompanied by a piano. If participants brought their

self conscious of my singing ability. I really just wanted to be part of the show since I tried out, although I don't have a great voice," said sophomore Taekia Blackwell, who



Sam Phetsaengnam

Separation Pencil

own sheet music, they sang up to a minute and a half. Just as quickly as it began, it was over, and it was someone else's turn in the spotlight.

"I was very nervous and

became a singer in the chorus. Others had high hopes but were prepared for the worst. "I was a little nervous I guess, but I had a back up plan for my spring [if I didn't get in],

so it wasn't too bad," sophomore Sara Danver responded, who also became a singer in the chorus.

After the invigorating singing auditions were finished, the hopefuls had the agonizing dance auditions (held in the auditorium after winter break in January) to look forward to. Some students changed into their dance attire, while others waited for a set of directions. Everyone was given time to stretch and limber their muscles. Then Rachael, the student choreographer who has been involved with musicals in the past, started teaching "the dance." It was rather complicated, involving many spins and a drop to the knees.

Tamara Wilkerson



Costumes

When everyone had learned the routine, Rachael watched the dancers to make sure they all had it down pat. The dancers were then grouped into fives, and the groups ran through the dance twice, being judged by Ms. Bachman, Ms. Jones, Rahel, and Rachael.

"I was terrified for the dancing bit," said Blackwell. "Everyone was saying how hard it would be and how bruised they were afterwards. I almost didn't go." Others were upset with lost opportunities. "[The singing audition] was a little intimidating, but it was a good experience and I'm a little disappointed that I didn't go to the dance audition because I would have been in the musical and not just in the pit orchestra," said sophomore Cathryn Dutton, who did not complete the audition process.

Some students were surprised at how difficult the dance auditions really were. "I had heard

that last year's was pretty easy, and I've been dancing for ten years," said Danver. "It turned out that these were a lot harder than last year's, and I had approximately five minutes to learn [the routine] since I came late because of

a marching band rehearsal."

According to Rahel, 57 people tried out this year for *Guys and Dolls*, about the same number as most other years. Getting the right people for the right parts is a major concern, in making sure the show is its absolute best. Rahel said it is a tough decision to decide who makes it and who doesn't.

When the music began, they
let their vocal chords rip and
sang their hearts out.

The "judges" (Ms. Bachman, Ms. Jones, Rahel, Rachael) didn't use a specific process to decide who got what parts. It involved no points or grading system; the "judges"

simply took who was best for each individual role. What mattered was whether their character matched the persona of who they would portray in the musical.

Senior Zach Gerg played a gambler with a heart as Sky

Masterson. Nathan

Detroit, played by senior Kenny Hillary, bet Masterson that he could not take a girl to Havana. Masterson proved Detroit wrong by falling in love with "mission doll," Sarah Brown, played by junior Emily Givens. Meanwhile, Detroit had his own lady troubles with his fiancée of 14 years, senior Brittany Harris. She played Miss Adelaide, the main attraction at the

night club, the Hot Box.

Apart from the leads, many were pleased with being cast as smaller parts, such as the chorus and the dance troupe. Blackwell said she was happy with as being part of the chorus. "I didn't expect to get a larger part. I'm just happy to be in it," she said. Danver agreed. "I was put exactly where I expected to be," she replied cheerfully.

Overall, as nerve-wracking and harsh as the auditions may have been, if the ultimate outcome was a good one, it made all worth the while. The confused, the curious, and the contemplating can now rest at ease since the unsolved mysteries behind the audition process at T.C. Williams High School have been unveiled.

Many awaited opening night, revealed on April 14, 2005, to finally see what the finished product looked like, a product that started with just a line of jitterbugs hoping to make it into a school musical.

STRINGS

Taekia Blackwell

No strings attached
It's just for fun
No commitments
No reason to worry
Well excuse me
But this doesn't seem true
Forgive me for pointing this out
I'm sorry but I must say
The strings are there...
When you touch me
And I don't want to let go
Sorry sir, but that's a string
When you kiss me
And I can't walk away
Sorry babe
But it's no longer just for fun
And now you confuse me
Because although I was falling
Your feet were always on the ground
But now I'm not so sure
Now you hold me
Now you take my hand
Now you're paranoid
Are you afraid of losing me?
Because that sounds like commitment
And I have a reason to worry
I'm terrified
Because I already like you
So what could this new feeling be?
I'm afraid to continue
But I don't want to stop
What now?



Kerian Cassidy

Puppet Plaster and Papier Mache



Shadow in the Dark

JIGSAW

Kayla McCormick

Pulled down by wires a walker of the night,
 Subjected to give into the morning light.
 To walk among the glass walls,
 Those faces, that behind them is where all senses fall.
 Selling behind piece by piece to fill that space,
 To further cover up some sort of not regretted disgrace.
 Take what you thought you saw and hold it in your hand,
 To stare and wish it would fall away like sand.
 Just to place it back among the rest,
 Those artificial pieces outside the world knows best.

EVERYTHING YOU SEE

Fiction by Rhiannon Knol

Even though the trains don't stop running until 3 a.m., sometime after midnight all the stations become ghost stations. After midnight, the only ones left in the stations are the lost, both by accident of fate and by choice. Crowley was the former.

The station had an overbearing sense of desolation. It was empty, and the silence was broken only by the hum of the escalators. The sound of his shoes on the floor was deafening.

He tried walking slowly to curb the noise, and then walking softly, but nothing helped. At the first bench, he sat down quickly and put his hand in his lap, sinking into the silence. Though no one could be seen, he couldn't help but feel as if there were others in the station.

His muscles tensed involuntarily, preparing to flee if needed.

After a few minutes, Crowley relaxed slightly and craned his neck to peer into the tunnel. The trains usually came at least every ten minutes, but that was during the day. Who knew what strange schedules the trains ran on at this hour? He rested his head in his hands and closed his eyes.

"You're lost."

The voice was such a shock that Crowley's body went rigid, and he hit his head on the cement behind the bench. He looked around, but no one could be seen.

Something rustled to his left.

From a pile of what he had previously assumed to be trash

emerged a human figure. It took a moment to distinguish her from the surrounding rags and litter, but he soon made out a dirty, scrawny looking girl with tangled and dull hair, clothed in rags of dubious origin.

Crowley wished his train would come. "You're lost," she repeated, unabashedly meeting his eyes.

"Er, no I'm not, Miss,"



Silent Noise

he stammered out nervously. "I know where I am. Or at least where I'm going."

She gave him a sympathetic look. "Everyone down here is lost."

Crowley glanced around, but there was no one except the very dirty, very ugly, and probably very insane woman. Where was his train? What if they had stopped running?

He began to get scared. The woman just stared at him.

"You wish your train would come?" she asked as she, to Crowley's horror, began to pull herself out of the nest of trash and onto the bench, now grinning wickedly. He scrambled down the bench, trying to get as far away from her as possible, revulsion

rising in his stomach. "I can get it for you, easy as snapping my fingers!" she continued. "All I ask in return is...a kiss!"

Crowley leapt from the bench, ready to dash back up above ground and call a cab, or a friend, or anything just to get away. He backed away from her slowly, wringing his hands.

"Uh, I - I'm sorry I can't do that, because, er, you see, I have a girlfriend, and she would not be at all happ-"

"That is a lie," she hissed right in his ear. She had somehow got behind him, her disgusting hands on his back and in his hair, running up his sides. Crowley stood rooted to the spot in horror, until he glimpsed her hand creep around his waist, and he started so violently that he shook her off him.

The hand wasn't grimy or skeletal-thin as he had seen it before, or imagined it might be, but smooth and white as snow.

He turned to face her and found that she was now quite clean, fair skinned, and golden haired, with a strange silver and jeweled mask set upon her nose, hiding her face. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and he stood dumbfounded in her wake.

The woman smiled, obviously amused with his shock.

"You, you...you did not used to look like that," Crowley stuttered, struggling to regain composure.

"Do you believe everything you see?" she asked cryptically, still smiling at him. Crowley opened his mouth to speak, but was

interrupted by the sound of a train.

The train sped into the station, blowing the woman's hair about her face. The doors opened, but he hesitated to leave her.

"I told you I could get your train," she said, pushing him gently through the doors. "Don't worry. I get the feeling you'll be seeing me again quite soon." She winked, and the doors closed.

Crowley watched her until the train was in the darkness of the tunnel.

When most of the stations are empty, and the hour is late, one would expect for train passengers to be sparse. Crowley certainly did. But the train he boarded was quite full of people, all dressed up in fancy clothes at that. There were men in tuxedos with ladies in elaborate evening gowns in nearly every row, chatting with each other amiably.

Crowley took a seat and tried to take up as little space as possible to not be noticed. He looked down at his clasped hands, waiting for his stop. He expected it to be rather close, but it didn't come. In fact, the train did not stop at all.

After a while, Crowley tapped the shoulder of the man in front of him.

"Excuse me, sir, but which train is this?"

The man didn't turn or say a word.

Crowley sank back into his seat nervously as his stomach flipped about. Where was he?

Suddenly, the train came to a halt. Crowley glanced out the window, but they weren't in the station. All there was outside was the dark tunnel. The doors, however, still opened, and passengers started filing out.

He began to get frightened. If he stayed on the train all alone, who knows where it would take him? It obviously wasn't a normal

train. If he followed the others, he might get led into an even worse situation, but then he also might find someone who could help him.

In any case, Crowley wasn't about to stay all alone on a train going who-knows-where. He jogged off the train and joined the strange company of people. None of them spoke to him, so he just lingered in the back and followed close behind.

The party turned a corner not far from where the train had let them off. Crowley was now walking down a strange corridor. Obviously it wasn't for trains - there weren't any tracks. Probably a work tunnel, thought Crowley, stalwartly ignoring the strange lights on the walls and curiously tidy floors.

At the end of the corridor loomed large twin doors that looked to be carved out of solid rock. Someone at the head of the group called out, and they parted.

They revealed a strange hall with a large dance floor. Many people were already spinning to the music that seemed to come from somewhere above. The dancers gracefully avoided the large stalactites and stalagmites

"Do you believe everything you see?" she asked cryptically, still smiling at him.

that sat like teeth in a giant maw.

As Crowley stared in wonder at the sight, taking it all in, he caught a familiar face in the corner of his eye. Dressed in iridescent green, the woman from the train station whirled on the dance floor, eyeing him with amusement.

He waited near the wall for the song to finish and for her to come and meet him. She approached him from behind, scaring him soundly as her hands gripped his shoulders.

"A dance?" She asked,

eyes flickering. Crowley nodded dumbly and let himself be led onto the floor. Their hands and eyes met.

"Who are you?"

"Mystery," she replied, smiling. He began to ask another question, but she simply laid a finger on his lips. "Shhhh."

They waltzed around the floor, arm in arm. He didn't think about getting home, where he was, or anything worrisome. He just danced. Songs ended and began, and Mystery made small talk. She laughed, and smiled, and so did he. He didn't know how long they were on the dance floor, but when the music finally stopped, so did they.

They stepped apart, and Crowley looked around. The hall was empty except for them, and silent but for the quiet drip of water from some far up stalactite.

"Where did all the people go?" he asked in wonderment.


"What people?"

"The ones dancing!"

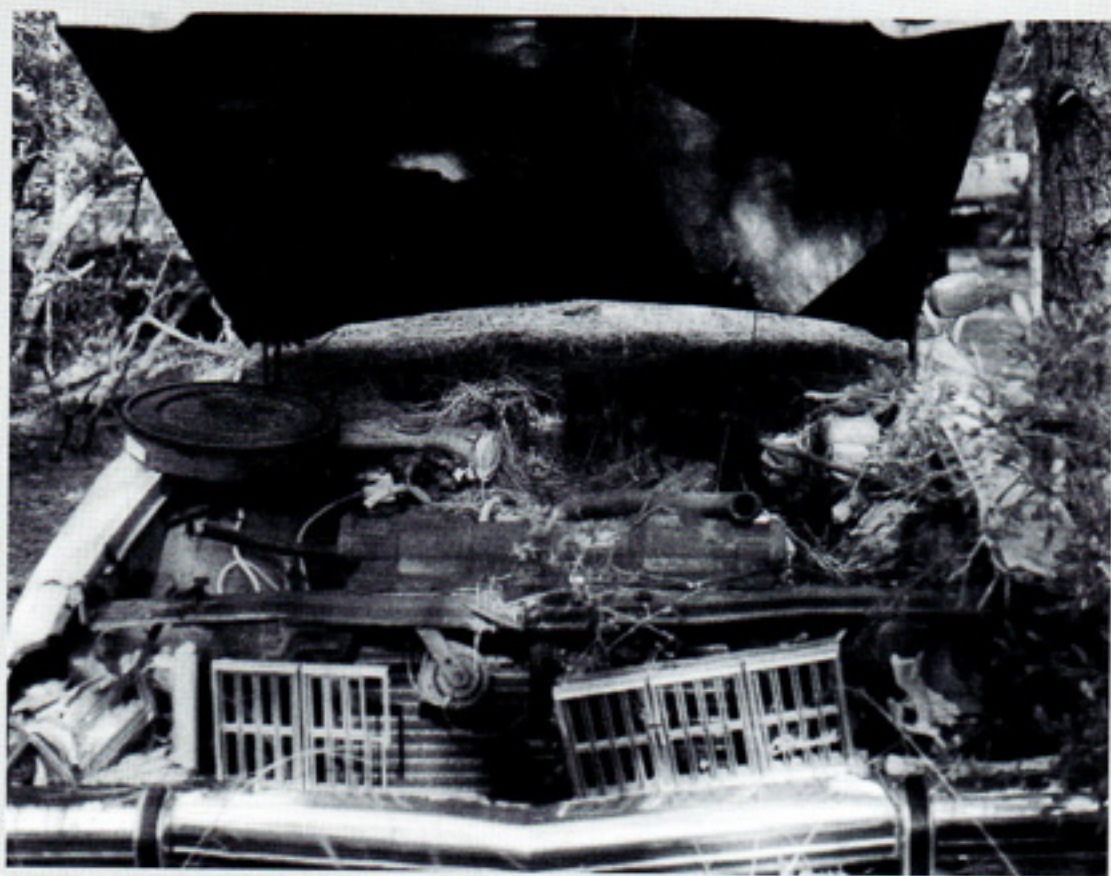
"Oh them," she said flippantly. "Is what you see always what's really there?"

"Usually!" Crowley retorted. At this she laughed. It wasn't a bell-like laugh, or even a laugh sounding like a running stream. It was in fact quite indescribable, but still very, very beautiful.

"I think it's time I got you home," she said softly. "But first, you owe me something." She moved closer to him and tilted her head and met his lips with hers. His eyelids fluttered closed, and he returned the kiss. When he opened his eyes, she was gone.

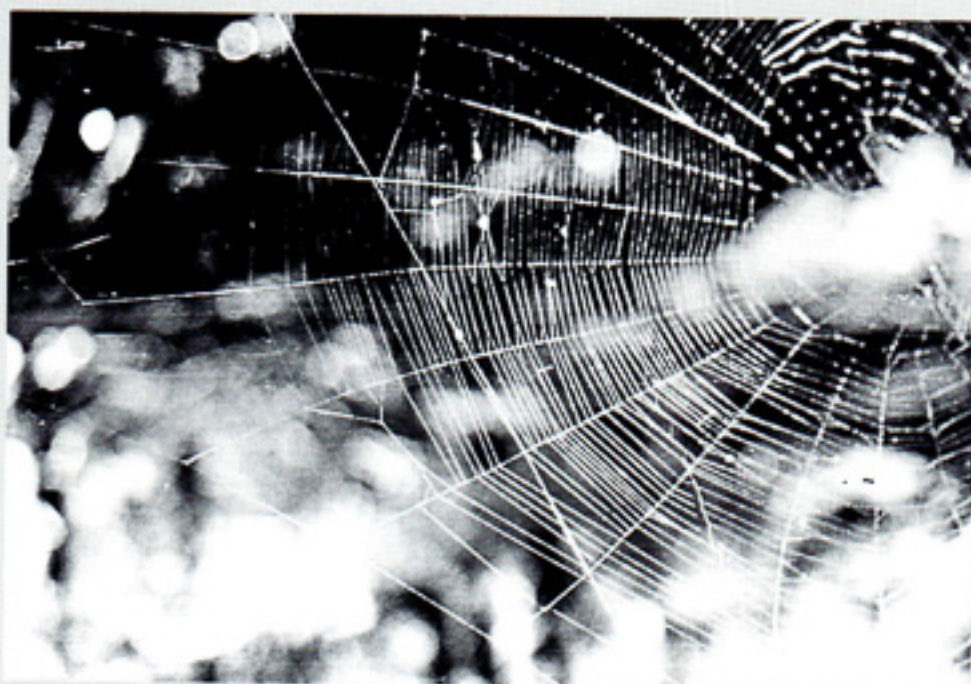
He was standing on an outdoor metro platform, with fog rising up from the ground. Dawn was just breaking. Crowley ran his fingers through his hair and leaned against the cement wall. An odd taste lingered in his mouth, though he couldn't quite place it. 

Joe Rice



Junkyard Wildlife

Patrick Crook



Spider Web

Edwin Flores



Crushed



Casey McClelland

Marlification



Patrick Crook

Punt



Tom Baker

Moonwood

THE FACE BEHIND THE CLASS

Feature by Nakia Powell

Jessica Henry, a member of the 2005 graduating class of T.C. Williams High School, has been a resident of Alexandria almost all of her life.

She has made a huge contribution to T.C. in and outside of the classroom. By participating in sports in the 8th grade, she opened up a door to success. The first sport she participated in was basketball. At the time, she was also a member of the Chamber Orchestra where she played the cello. Over time, she became known as one of the best lady basketball players, though she has also been on the tennis and crew teams.

Jessica is known to carry herself in an upright manner and as a person who would be willing to give advice to those in need. Jessica was on the Varsity Girl's Basketball team from 9th to the 12th grade. When she was a junior, she wanted to try something new. Thus, she decided that she would run for class president, because she knew she would be able to make a difference. She was elected at the beginning of the 2004-2005 school year.

Why did you decide to run for class president? I really thought it would be a good experience to have. Also, this was something new to me. I really thought that I could contribute to my senior class. I wanted to make this the best year possible.

Roksana Luna



The Face

What did you feel when you were chosen to be the class president of T.C. Williams High School? At first I was happy. Later, I thought about all the responsibilities that would come along with being the class president and how I would have to manage my time around my extracurricular activities.

How did you balance basketball and being the class president? I made schedules and managed my time right by staying after school with a teacher and having proposals for meetings ready. Besides that, everything went according to plan. Anything else that needed to be changed, I made announcements over the P.A.

What did you do to prepare for this year? I proposed fundraisers that described how we could raise money, and I explained the different fundraisers that were available. I also took some leadership classes with Mr. Diggin, the marketing teacher at T.C.

What are some of the fundraisers you have sponsored or been involved in? I have been involved in bake sales in which we have always raised more than \$200. Other fundraisers I sponsored are senior class T-shirt sales, The Gong-Show, and selling raffle tickets at basketball games where half of the proceeds went to tsunami victims. I also gave hot-dogs and buns to homeless shelters, and condiments to the sports teams.

Has there been an obstacle that made you think that you might not make it through? Yes, sometimes it's hard to get people to commit to meetings, such as when

officers aren't there at the beginnings of meetings. Also, not getting the full input from the staff on certain issues. So it seems as though one person is always left to make the decisions.

What are some disadvantages of being the class president? My words being twisted, information not being clear, gossip, etc. are a few disadvantages. For example, Prom was a major concern, but the staff worked together to make things work. All the money was managed well too. One of the downfalls of this year was that a lot of people did not come to the meetings that were scheduled to involve the seniors on certain plans. Instead, some of the students complained about the cost of things like tickets. All costs were commendable at the end. We could only hope for the best.

What are some of the advantages of being the Class President? Learning about time management, dealing with people while being specific and having good organizational skills, and always having to stay on top of things are several of the things I've learned this year.

How do you feel about this being your last year at T.C. Williams? I will miss my fellow students, but I will be glad to leave because everything is leaving with our class like Mr. Porter, the principal, and A.K. Johnson, the athletic director.

What advice do you have for the next senior class president? Be ready; only take the job if you are ready to take the responsibility!

OUR PAL, THE PRINCIPAL

Feature by Will Mannen

Outgoing principal, John Porter, has been with T.C. Williams for twenty-one years and has accepted a position in the school board administration. It is at this juncture that the *Labyrinth*

infrastructure, budget, or calendar issues, Mr. Porter responded that motivating children was becoming increasingly difficult in our "no-fault" society. Blame is often directed at the wrong thing, and not enough emphasis is put on the individual,

maximize their potential. Being a principal is a demanding job, yet Mr. Porter should be commended for his singularity of purpose.



Roksana Luna

The Man, The Legend

or on work ethic. Thus, with a "no-fault" creed, it is easier for children to slack and to channel their frustrations at something else, instead of being inspired to work harder. This response indicates that Mr. Porter is attuned not merely to the general issues of ACPS, but

to the deeper societal problems with which future generations must cope.

In keeping with the values of the principal comes the responsibilities and duties of one as well, and the *Labyrinth* asked for Mr. Porter's views on these as well. To him, a principal has to be a "people person," who can stay in touch with the students and the community. At the same time, a principal also must be aware of the managerial facets of his or her job, such as fundamentally knowing about running schools, including seemingly mundane details like keeping the heating and air-conditioning systems working. Thus, to Mr. Porter, a principal is both a manager and a leader who cannot overlook details, but who must also present a compelling vision to students in an effort for them to

decided to interview him in order to uncover not only his sympathies and virtues, but his aspirations for the future as well.

Throughout the interview, Mr. Porter continually referred back to the student body. He stated that the "kids" are what has made him enjoy his tenure as principal the most; he would like to get all students to work to their full potential and be excited about future prospects. Indeed, he spoke of a "magic dust" he wishes he could sprinkle over kids in an effort to instantly energize them. Yet his emphasis upon fundamentals rang clearest when asked, "What do you think are the biggest problems at T.C.?"

Instead of dwelling upon

FUN FACTS: PRINCIPAL JOHN PORTER

- He graduated from George Washington High School in Alexandria in 1965.
- While he was a student in ACPS, he did mostly sports, including football and baseball.
- He was an average student in school.
- He and Bonnie Porter got married in 1968.
- He has two sons, Bryan, 34, and Scott, 28.
- He has participated in every T.C. spring musical for the last 23 years.
- He has run the Thanksgiving Turkey Trot every year since 1980 and the Run vs. Row every year except this year.
- His hobbies include reading, music, jogging, and sports in general.
- His favorite bands include classic rock icons The Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin.
- His favorite movie is *Remember the Titans*.
- As for food, he likes a good steak and cringes at the thought of sushi.
- He has received numerous awards, including Teacher of the Year (1972), Distinguished Educational Leader (1987), Outstanding Alumnus of Alexandria Boys Club (1990), the Arc-Riggs Educational Leadership Award (1994), and the EL Patterson Educational Award from the Northern Virginia Urban League (1999).

Compiled by Shawn Davila

THE GREATEST RELATIONSHIP EVER

Kevin Dua

Hold them close and cherish them everlastingly
unto your heart,
Share classic seconds of love, passing by on
the eternal clock of time and life.
Appreciate and treasure their soul with tenderness
offerings, gift-wrapped with care;
Focus solely onto the rare gift yet admire by millions:
the bliss of having a beloved sweetheart.
For if stolen or lost from you, it is quite possible to
restore, yet
impossible to ever heal the wounds of first
love.
Gaze through their eyes and embrace their
hands
as far and as long as it takes you
to.
Rightfully admire their God given
beauty, possess externally
yet illustrated as a masterpiece
internally;
To agree as well as disagree is always sensible, for no
two are truly sculpted perfectly in love,
Nonetheless, what is to be determined tomorrow by God,
good or bad, remember to always establish
the greatest relationship of mankind upon two:
Friendship.



Brittney Brown

Fading Away

WINTER

Roksana Luna
After e.e. cummings

Because it's

winter

the weather gets cold

(snow starts
to
fall) Becasue it
's De
cember

Leaves are gone
fallen (off of
the trees) but

the evergreens
are still

Green
people wear
gloves, hats &

scarves (be

ca
us
e it's winter)



Tom Baker

Looking Skyward

IN ACCORD WITH ARTIFICE

Fiction by Anya Sailey

I still remember her: a shivering figure of small stature wrapped in a faux trench coat shadowing a high-rise building, inhaling the cold December air. She absently brushed a few snowflakes off of her sleeve, mesmerized by the intricate and pure creations that fell from the starry heavens, seeming almost childlike then, so easily amused with the simplest gift bestowed upon Earth. *Half past nine, he promised her.* Her hand slipped into a pocket to withdraw a compact mirror. With a soft click it opened, and she found a pair of large, heavily painted eyes staring back at her in the reflection. They took in each moment of the scene with a melancholy glint, typical of one who'd witnessed a great amount of pain. It was seldom spoken of, though her eyes would show stories untold, had someone bothered to look deep enough to see the scenes her mind captured, a film played back in every tear. She glimpsed her lips, painted an unnatural shade of pink, the kind that Barbies wear on their fake plastic smiles. The smooth, pale surface of her skin was coated with foundation, which was sliding down her face like milky tears, washed away by melting snowflakes. It seemed as if they knew, as if they wanted to reveal what was underneath, to let the imperfections show. They wouldn't let her pretend she was beautiful.

The corners of her lips twitched slightly, forcing a smile. *Half past ten, he said he'd come. He'd*

wait at the corner, always. He promised. They said smiling could trick one's brain into 'being happy.' A smile as soft and still as this, which months of practice had gone into, day in and day out, betrayed nothing. It was painted on so perfectly that only the bitterest tears could reveal what was underneath. However, she'd decided that it was time for the paint to go. With a few scoops of snow into small hands, which were stung and reddened by it, she washed her face free of the paint. When she looked into the mirror once more, all she could see was emptiness. In her mind, she'd already constructed

...There was nothing colder in this world than the human heart, capable of unfathomable cruelty.

the perfect metal mask, one that would permanently keep her pain hidden from the world. She assembled it carefully, from the only materials she could find: a few cheerful words, a careless laugh, a sparkle of fire to light her dark eyes. People turned away from you, she knew. They left you out in the rain, forgot to call, walked away. No tear, no scream, no soft sigh that the heart gives as it breaks would have been enough to stop them. She knew there was nothing colder in this world than the human heart, capable of unfathomable cruelty.

She lifted the mask to her face in her mind, adjusting it, making sure it would fit. As long as everyone thought she was happy, they'd leave her alone. Misery loves company, after all. Metal screws that smelled of sulfur were metaphorically hammered into her cheekbones and jaw, sliding over the protruding features with precision. There would nevermore be an upward flicker at the corners of her mouth. The mask smiled for her, solid and surreal, as she traced its imaginary sharp edges with her fingers, becoming accustomed to her new 'look.' *Eleven, he never came.*

The next day, she went to school, as usual. Everyone saw her face intact, eyes shining brightly, excited ramblings spilling from her lips, but she felt the metal deep inside her cheeks, tasted the metal lodged in her jaw. Each time she would attempt to release the smile, it would hurt. Days flashes by, and yet nothing changed. People walked in and out of her life, leaving imprints of memory on her heart. Days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months, and before she knew it, she was in the hospital. Lying under the fluorescent hospital light, she stared up at the ceiling, pretending that she was there so they could remove her mask, fix her. Friends turned away, parents adopted a new child into their family, her name was Indifference; she came from a family called 'I don't care.' Still, the girl beamed that same eerily calm, secretive

smile. Her world was collapsing, and beneath the mask, horrors beyond imagination were taking place. The soft pads of ivory sunk in around empty eye-sockets, flesh rotted, bones cracked where the nails were deeply installed. She was emotionally dying inside, though she didn't know it. Little things kept piling up to form a mountain of problems, which expanded every day, until she could no longer bear its weight.

The next time I saw her, she looked very peaceful, the inside of the coffin lined with white silk and lace. Songs were sung, the memorial service was held, but I didn't pay attention to any of that. All I could think about was the mask. Her lips were parted in a soft smile, not the practiced kind, not the painted kind. Through a blur of tears I remember seeing her parents, her friends, her brothers, side by side, filling the church pews, but none of that mattered. Human life was only valued as it came. Mourning came after death, the ripples after a rock had been thrown into a lake. Then the ripples would fade, as everything eventually does, and the murky waters would close over her life forever.

Snapping out of my reverie, I found my eyes resting on a familiar figure at the back of the church. He held a beautiful bouquet of flowers, eyes miserably scanning the room. With a soft smile not unlike the girl's, I closed my eyes. *It is now midnight, and you are too late.*

Anna Gray



Carnival Colored Pencil

BAYLISS ON THE RISE

Feature by Tamara Wilkerson

As I sat in Craig Hollander's room, sounds were bouncing off the walls and the floor was vibrating. I heard songs by bands like Blink 182, The Distillers, and the Beastie Boys. A few minutes later, I heard what I thought was probably one of those punk bands I don't listen to, and I decided right away that my listening habits should change. Soon after, Jonathan Charles asked what I thought about his solo.

Bayliss plays punk rock music with bluesy solos and mostly political lyrics. The band started in seventh grade when J.C. and Nick Norriega got together and started a band called the Rottens. Constantly switching people in and out of positions, they eventually joined forces with Craig Hollander. Drew Kelly joined the band later on. With that, they became Back Alley Abortion. During this time, Daniel Vought was in a small band called the Subjects with a class mate who recently moved named Steven Thomas. Back Alley Abortion, in due time, came across Daniel, as they needed another singer/guitar player. Bayliss was born.

These guys came up with

their name fairly simply. Bayliss Street connects Craig's house with J.C.'s. They've both lived there and have known each other for years. Their bus stop used to be on Bayliss as well, so the name represents their shared history.

Apart from the inspiration of the band name, Craig is most inspired by drummer Travis Barker - both his solo work and his work with various bands like Boxcar Racer and Blink 182. The Suicide Machines, Mighty Mighty Bosstones, and The Distillers also inspire him greatly. Additionally, Against Me is a really big influence, as well as a lot of old punk bands like the Ramones and the Sex Pistols.

Drew is mostly inspired by the music of the Distillers, Rancid, and Incubus. Also, Daniel mentioned AC/DC and Anti-Flag. The first show he attended featured Anti-Flag, and it made him realize his dreams were not as far out of reach as he had thought.

J.C. proclaims: "...one band that I have to say inspires me the most is the Clash, because they're the first punk rock record that I ever bought, and that got me into punk rock music. Anti-flag, definitely. The Casualties, because that's the first show I went to, and that was the experience that actually made me want to be in a band." J.C. was amazed when he saw kids jump onstage and sing with the band then jump right back off... he realized that "there was no difference between the guys onstage and the guys in the crowd."

J.C. and Daniel do the writing for the band. They casually sang things by The Beastie Boys, Joan Jett, and even rapped occasionally, which helps them get inspiration for new songs and just to keep them entertained. They probably have a total of 50 or 60 songs written that they haven't even played together yet! J.C. writes mostly about politics. Both of his parents work



at the Pentagon, which helps him stay informed about political affairs and the government in general. J.C. explained, "A lot of what I write about, I want people to hear. I want people to think about [his music]. I bring up a lot of topics that not a lot of people are talking about...an angle they haven't really thought about, something the media's not telling them already." Daniel, on the other hand, comes from the heights of Queens, New York, which inspires him to write about hardships and random excursions.

Bayliss mostly writes and plays its own music, but the band also incorporates a few cover songs. Some of their favorite covers are "Ruby Soho" by Rancid and "Hall of Mirrors" by the Distillers. Other than "Hall of Mirrors," they're not



sure if they will be performing or recording any other cover songs.

As highschool students, the band members still have to negotiate rules with homework and chores, in addition to practicing with the band. The whole band practices weekly at Craig's house-as long as Daniel does his homework!

Sometimes J.C. and Craig have jam sessions after school. They claim they usually get more done in half an hour than the whole band would if they were all together because they tend not to goof off nearly as much.

Despite their harmony and success in song writing, they still have to work at getting better at their own instruments. When Drew joined the band, he'd been playing guitar for a while, but he was not as experienced on the bass guitar. Each band member has been taking a part in teaching him how to play until he got to where he is now.

Bayliss has lots of connections with bands in the area. Daniel's guitar teacher is in fact the famed Jorge from the band called The Pietasters. Bear, from The Vicious Stitches, keeps the band posted on different shows going on in the area.

The band is definitely interested in playing at different venues to raise money for instruments and recording an album.

Daniel's mom, Maria Vought, has been the most help with keeping things organized. With relentless and persistent effort, she has been successfully getting the guys gigs (at local clubs and such) and making sure they get paid enough for the job. She has done well to cope with the loud sounds and obnoxious lifestyle of J.C., Craig, Drew, and Daniel. During my interview with the band, they told

me about when Daniel first got his PA microphone system. Apparently, he turned it on full blast and asked his mom for an orange soda.

J.C. and Craig both feel they want people to see their



souls. More importantly, they aren't working toward any certain image. They don't care so much about what's they look like to the rest of the world. J.C. mentioned "When you get into the whole...band as a unified group trying to have an image, you kind of forget about the music...if you start trying, then what is that; your a model, not a band."

The band claims they don't have one specific message; they want people to be more open

His dreams were not as far
out of reach as he had thought.


to different opinions, and think about things before they judge. They hope that people don't just listen to what the media has to say. "Make your own ideas," offered J.C. They want people to be able to form one's own opinions also would help fulfill their goal. J.C. says "Don't just believe it because you hear it here. Research it, think

about things, don't just believe what the media says, what FOX News says." Despite this, not all of the band's songs are so much political. Some of them just have a message of simply keeping your head up.

As Daniel so eloquently puts it, "...do what's fun!" This caused the group to break into singing "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun," originally sung by Cyndi Lauper.

When I asked the guys what the best part about being in the band was, J.C. responded with: "I can remember...when I was like 5 years old, I'd go over to my neighbor's house. They had like a tree house, and I put a karaoke machine up there, and it had a CD player, and I'd pretend I was a DJ. This is almost as good as that." Daniel says that with being in the band, he is prepared with a good answer when his mom and teachers give him that 'what-are-you-gonna-do-with-your-life' speech. I think the band will agree when Craig says: "We're all best friends and we just have a blast and we love playing music together, I mean, it's our lives. It's what we revolve around."

To add to this, Bayliss hopes that all readers will check out Anti-flag, Rancid, The Distillers, The Clash, and The Pietasters, as well as go to Smash Records in D.C. Georgetown to support local punk bands.

With so many outside influences as well as encouragement from each other, Bayliss is very well rounded and have a lot to offer. The band has a website at www.bayliss.bravehost.com. Here, you can check out pictures, biographies, and lyrics by Bayliss. 

All Pictures By Tamara Wilkerson

HOROSCOPES FOR SUMMER 2005

Feature by Iris A. Esteves



ARIES (March 21-April 19)

New surprises will be coming your way. You will be enjoying lots of freedom, traveling, and new experiences. August 19th's full moon will bring you into a new hobby. Don't pass it up! This hobby might put you in touch with a new person. This new person and hobby are just what you're looking for.



TAURUS (April 20-May 20)

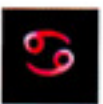
You will be going through some exciting changes.

Mars will keep you very passionate for others. August will be full of excitement and assertion. You will make a serious stand for something or someone you want. Be careful not to be too aggressive.



GEMINI (May 21-June 21)

You will have to go through some sudden changes this summer. You might come to realize that you're in the beginning of a metamorphosis. Someone you haven't seen in a while might surprise you on your birthday. Think of this as a nice gesture and don't read too much into what they give you. The full moon on August 19th will give you a chance to express yourself in a whole new way. Take advantage of all of this. The end of the summer will bring about a "new you" and it's up to you if that's good or bad.



CANCER (June 22-July 22)

Your focus is going to shift to your appearance. What is inspiring you to do so is a certain someone in your life. Invite this person to be a part of your birthday plans. He/she might bring a little flavor to the party! Your temptations however, may lead you to spend more money than you should. If a major purchase needs to be made around August 17th, keep in mind that you might want to shop carefully for what ever it is you need to buy.



LEO (July 23-August 22)

Your summer will be fun and sociable. There might be some delays in your appointments or traveling plans between July 23rd and August 16th. Make sure you always have a "plan B" in case anything goes wrong. Be patient; things may run a little slower than you would expect, but don't let this spoil your fun. Try to enjoy yourself regardless of what is going on. You will meet someone you never would have if it weren't for those delays, so keep a look out!



VIRGO (August 23-September 22)

You will have a chance to join a new group of some sort. Don't hesitate to get involved. Your birthday will be lots of fun this year because of a full moon on September 3rd and a new moon on September 18th. The full moon on the 3rd will also bring you lots of surprises and many sudden changes.



LIBRA (September 23-October 22)

You will be investing a lot more time and energy into your career plans. You will be rewarded for doing so in August. Also, keep working on what ever it is you are working on. Don't worry much about authority figures who seem to be trying to make your job even harder. They are only trying to see what you are made of. Don't let the challenge cause you to doubt yourself.



SCORPIO (October 23-November 21)

Your focus turns to emotional matters. Do not become upset at this issue. The full moon on July 21st will bring you energy to talk it all out, and finally get things settled. You might reach a happy compromise, but only if you are ready and willing to let go and just let everything happen. Another full moon on September 18th will bring you new friends. Get involved in social activities and try to expand your horizons.



SAGITTARIUS

(November 22-December 21)

Summer will bring you inspiration to learn new skills and study subjects you've always wanted to. Try to make the most out of it. A full moon on August 19th will inspire you to begin the study of something you strongly enjoy. These things will give you a chance to finally be able to explore your different interests and go through a whole new experience that you'll never forget. Be ready!



CAPRICORN

(December 22-January 19)

All throughout the summer you will be focused on a certain someone. Fortunately, he/she will be focused on you as well! This could mean that you might take this new encounter to a whole new level. Don't let your work slide, however. Think of your reputation!



AQUARIUS

(January 20-February 18)

This summer you might be more focused on work than play. Some of the people to whom you are closest might be trying to convince you to get out of town for a little while. Let them know how you feel about going away and try to put off any plans for travel until after August 17th. By then, you will be ready to take a break and have a little fun.



PISCES (February 19-March 20)

Summer seems to be taking forever to get here. When it finally arrives, you can be sure that you'll be amused. A new person will come into your life after July 21st. This person will have somewhat the same beliefs as yourself. Also, you will be trying a lot harder to meet your requirements at work. However, your family life seems to be going so well that it wouldn't be so bad if you took a few days off. Try to relax. Make your time off worth it.

Artwork by Anya Sailey

PATRONS

We greatly appreciate the financial support of the following patrons. We could not produce a calendar and a magazine of this quality without the support of the community. Bronze patrons contributed \$15, silver patrons \$25, gold patrons \$50, and platinum patrons \$75 and above. T.C. Williams faculty and staff also made generous donations. Contributions can be made out to T.C. Williams High School with "Labyrinth" in the memo section and may be sent to T.C. Williams High School, 3330 King Street, Alexandria, VA 22302, Attn: *Labyrinth* Adviser.

PLATINUM

Stephanie and Rob Byrnes
Mollie Danforth
Michael D. Decker
Bill and Marcy Haney
Sandra A. Smigay and Carlos Davila
Sheila Stark
Alexandria Toyota
Tracy Wilkerson

SILVER

Lynn and Don Abram
Margaret Werts Batko
Rose-Ellen Campbell
Bill Clark
Elizabeth Eife-Johnson
Arne W. Fliflet
Angela and Tim Gannon
Jane F. Harrington and Jonathon Shapiro
Mary Hobbie
Libby and Bruce Johnson
Jan and Randy Kell
Dennis and Barbara Lutz
Nancy McCormick
Pat and Tony Norwood
Arthur E. Peabody, Jr.
Nancy E. Reder
Molly Jane Roden
Deborah Schaffer
Michelle Siren
Margaret May Walsh
Charlotte West
Sean Wilkerson



GOLD

Kathleen Carr
Kathryn Dahlberg
Craig Miller Family
Patty Moran
Peter, Kathy, and Michaela Murphy
Nan and Fred Reiner
Karen Salvini and Jordan Wilkerson
Jennifer and Michael Short
Joe and Pat Toole
David and Janet Wilkerson

BRONZE

Rosemarie and Joe Bush
Lynne Cantwell
Susie and Steve Cooper
Karen and Leonard Crook
Mark Eaton
Jeanne Eury
Shera W. Fitzsimmons
Yasi Ghanbari
V. Casey Gonzalez

Helen M. Gryboski
Adrian and Trish Higgins
Eugene Kelly
Margaret C. Knight
Cheryl C. Lawrence
Barbara Lehr
Carlos and Jeanie Martinez
David Mudarri
Theresa del Ninno

Anne and David O'Brien
Greg and Ann Principato
Kurt L. Rhymers
Crystal L. Taylor-Redman
Carolyn K. Weeder
Rick and Penny White
Ed and Mary Wood
Rita and Jay Yurow

FACULTY

Francenia Beech-Martin
Ginger Gier
Ellen Harmon
Janet Harms
Linda Hohlweg
Joel Kaplan
Mary Beth Kochman
Coach Lamb-Bowman

Mr. Mladnick
John and Bonnie Porter
Karen W. Randall
Marya Runkle
Taki Sidley
T.C. Williams Marketing Department
Gary Thomas
Julia Wilmer

SPECIAL THANKS

The magazine staff would like to thank the following individuals and groups for their support: John Porter, Susan Stambaugh, Dr. Patty Lewis, Holly Langenfeld, Leslie Rousseau, Taki Sidley, Bob Trout, Maritza Gerena, Barbara Silverman, Willie Dixon, Erin Fitch, Jeff Cunningham, Leslie Jones, Hope Bachman, Mary Lou Smith, Peter Reddington, Betty Hill, Hilda Ateca, Margee Walsh, Liz Simons, Chris Sieger, Elena Collins, NOVATEC, Kathleen Carr, Derrick Redman, Ryan Flint and Michael Gilliam.

