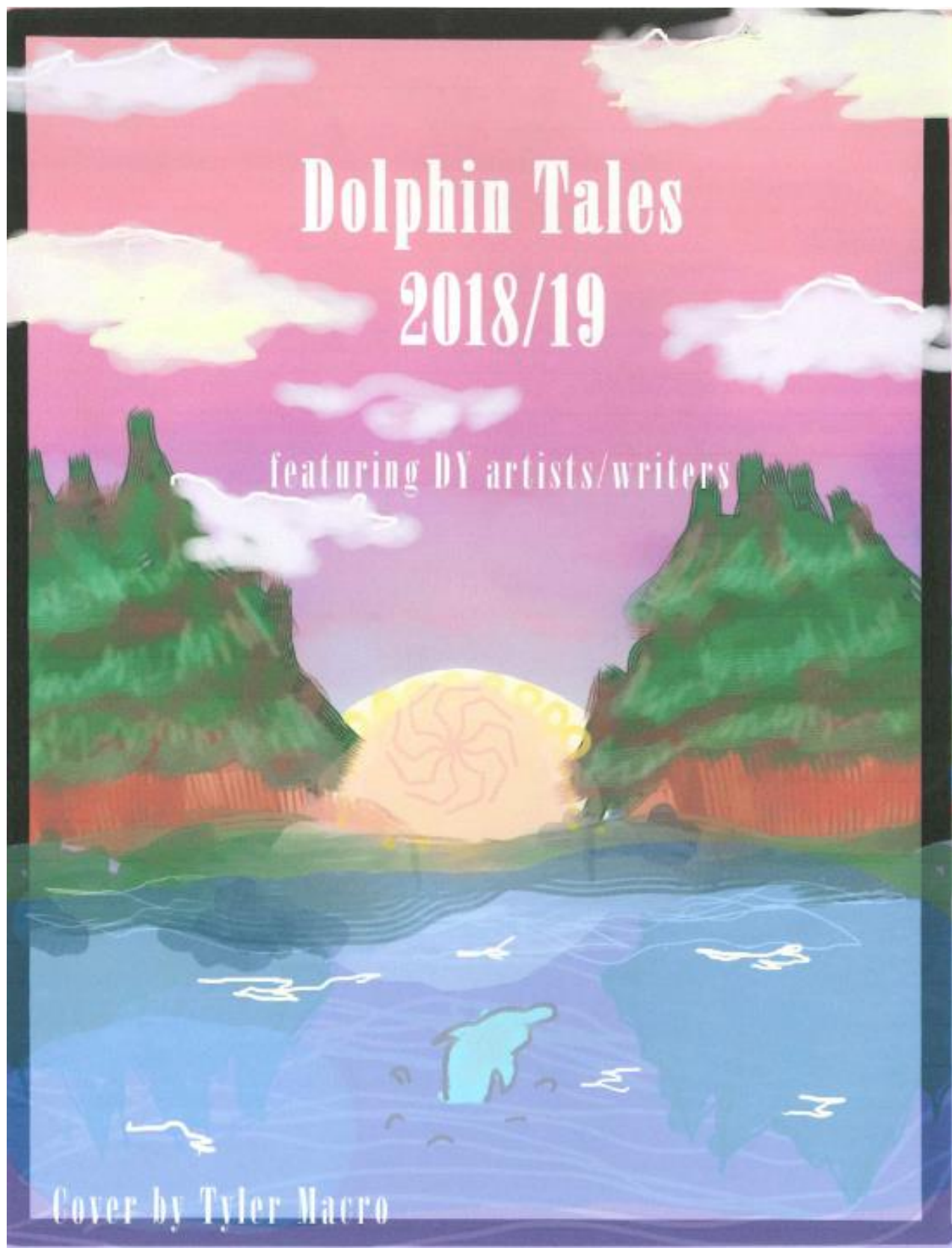


Dolphin Tales

2018/19

featuring DY artists/writers

Cover by Tyler Macro



Dolphin Tales

***A publication of Dennis-Yarmouth
Regional High School***

Spring 2019

Co-Executive Editors:

Tyler Macro and Kira LaBonte

Faculty Advisor:

Ms. Maureen Powers

Dedicated to the class of 2019 and to our retiring principal, Mr. Tony Morrison. Thank you for everything you have done for DY!

Mission Statement:

We strive to create an outlet for students to express themselves through literature and art work — to give voice to their unique views of the world and to be shared with the student, faculty and administrative community of Dennis-Yarmouth Regional High School.

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Poetry

Psychosis of a Schizoaffective Mind

On *off on off on off*

Follow as the lights switch on and off.

I wake up,

Off

Left ear.

He's picking it up now

Don't touch that!

Poison poison poison!

On

Right ear

Don't eat that

They're looking at you

Something's behind you!

Off

Needles seem to prick my fingertips-

I delicately examine, there are no needles

Fingers seem to pinch my forearms-

I observe-

There are no hands, no fingers, nothing pinches me.

On

I open my eyes

Meeting my gaze is the light- that is normal

Meeting my peripheral is a shadow man- six feet at best, slim, he
bends and warps with the walls

This- is not normal

Obscuring my vision- the walls slip and slide, folding in and out
again and again

Eyes scanning, I look; the walls open their eyes to meet mine.
Opening my mouth to speak, the floor creaks and opens its mouth
to reply.

I reach my hand out to the window; the trees reach their hands
out to meet mine.

I call out God's name! And he answers- he calls out mine!

But! Now- neither can I tell reality from a false fever dream-
created by the fatal faults in just the right number of dopamine
receptors present in my brain

A surplus of hydroxytyramin pulsating within an already
hydroxytryptamine deficient organ-!

Orchestrating my thoughts-

Repeating repeating repeating are the cycles of chemical-fueled
visions.

Repeating repeating repeating.

Repeating.

Off

Blurring. Blurring. Blurring.

Dark. Dark. Dark.

On

Anxiety. Sorrow. Grief. Irritation.

Hitting at once the onslaught explodes within me, and then- and
then- I realize-!

Left ear

*Look left
No. look right
Do it again- you're doing it wrong...*

*Right ear
This is what psychosis feels like.*

Off.

~ Tyler Macro

The Angel of Anger

Days end, but my thoughts don't
Why did I allow this? Who allowed this?
The ironic part of it all, anger makes you angry
Mad about being mad, sad about being sad
Why did she die? Why did they lie?
Why do I care? Why do I try?
Fate is unclear, and if it's real, then I hate it
Anger is better than crying alone late at night
At least with anger, you don't feel you're losing the fight
But then anger gets bored
And begins questioning you
Yeah, you might be angry, at at who?
This situation, your thoughts, who's there to blame?
So upset with everything else you refuse any blame
Keep refusing your blame.

~ Belle Palaza

Spacedust

April 1, 2019
a fresh start

skin curling, I kiss the stars
hug the stars, entangle myself
kill the stars, forsake the stars which settle their nightly light
upon my gravestone, without my consent.

burning, burning, burning,
do I burn now, or do the stars ignite me from within?
do your hands scorn me again, without my consent.

or do I let the stars ignite my nightly?
dance across my naked body,
without my consent.

burning, I soar up and kill the stars,
for all they've done to me

burning, my ashes carried away
as if I'm nothing but fine space dust
I dance in the wind; what I long for

I dance in space with the stars.
one with the evil, my divine righteousness
dumbed down to space dust

man thinks himself so profound
until he's dancing with the very stars
that shine upon his grave at night.

~ **Tyler Macro**

Nightmare of the Fallen Angels

I know you wish you could stop the melody of your nightmares
 Calling every name in pain and every pain in name
 Nobody's there to hear you scream in vain
 Start to open your mouth only air comes out
 Now the ones who fell are coming a-bout
 They're falling on me trying to get in my head
 Holding me down not allowing me out of bed
 Do you hear me now? They're falling onto me
 They're in me,
 Controlling me

These behaviors have happened once before
 Taunting me, not being able to touch feet to the floor
 Makes you wish ya never spoke to the devil
 It's like thy all come in a bundle
 They all come together like a puzzle
 I must go to sleep, keep my vision tunnel
 ~ **Selina Dolan**

The Big Bang was Far Too Bright

Little scribbles on paper spell out my thoughts
 Forlorn at night, overwhelmed at day.
 Bit by bit they come together- colliding- bursting

Oh- but! The light from the big bang was much too bright in my
 opinion-
 This time, I spoke with God, I asked,

“Could you, tone it down a little?”
“And maybe make it a purple-pinkish color?”
I scribble some more and prepare for the collision.

Monochrome words brought to life by a thought process
Ones and zeros in the mind leading entropy fueled parade
Divine, grace-given, pure bliss-!

And all at once,
My words reach you!
Ringing! A climax!

And all at once,
I am understood by you.
The big bang I asked for!

My thoughts spelled out on paper now sit spelled out in your
mind,
Though I forlorn at night, you are as well. Though I overwhelmed
by day- you are as well.
The universe has collided. You have come to know me.

Come to know me through the big bang.
Come to know me through poetry.
And though I have yet to come to know you, I trust
That with due time

The universe will collide again.

~ Tyler Macro

Colors

This world is not as
monochromatic,
or black and white,
or dull and grey
as you may think it is.

There is color to be found
inside of you,
inside of everything,
and inside of everyone.

Living in a colorful world comes from
having a colorful heart and soul.

To be colorful,
you need to stop being numb.
Start learning to feel emotions again.
Fill your mind with colorful thoughts.
Make a whole rainbow inside of you.

Pink for love,
red for rage,
orange for excitement,
yellow for happiness,
green for contentment,
blue for sadness,
purple for passion.

Don't fill your mind with
white for loneliness,
grey for hopelessness,
and black for despair.

Have them filling only some spots in your vision.
Better yet, not at all.
Because once you let those colors in,
they'll seep and bleed into everything else.

~ Kira LaBonte

New Year, New You

It's a new year
and a clean slate.
It's the perfect opportunity to
start over fresh,
erase all of last year's mistakes,
and make this year better than the last.

The future is yours
to do what you wish with it.
The possibilities are endless.
Just do something
better than you did before.

Put your best foot forward,
then the other foot,
and keep on moving ahead
because you have a whole year coming at you
full speed, and you can't take it lying down.

~ Kira LaBonte

Dr. Koscher

Her blonde hair
That sat below her shoulders
With bangs defining her face
Her beautiful fair complexion
Gave it all away
When she smiles you see
Her happiness in her eyes
Her love for poetry
Can never be defined
How she writes what she loves
And loves what she writes
Giving herself a challenge
Always with a smile
I may not know her
But I know her life
For I know poetry
And poetry is her life.

~ Ravi

Don't Hold Back

Don't dwell on something for too long,
or hold on to something from the past.

Don't let it hold you down,
because you'll fall behind.
You'll fall behind on life,
on your responsibilities,
on everything important
because time waits for no one,

life does not stay behind
and wait for you to catch up.

Nothing will be waiting for you.
It will keep on going
and you'll have to play catch-up
on everything that didn't wait.

So let go,
don't let others hold you back.
Don't let your regrets and past events
weigh you down.
Cast them aside because you don't need them.
You'll feel lighter without them, anyways.

~ Kira LaBonte

Get Up and Go

You'll never get anything done
if you wait for things to happen,
if you wait for inspiration to strike.

World-changing people didn't accomplish anything
by sitting down and doing nothing.
They got up and made change happen,
beating the odds,
making something out of nothing.

The whole world is your inspiration,

ripe for the taking.
So get up and get going,
before you lose the will to do anything.

~ Kira LaBonte

Young

Maybe it isn't a bad thing to be childish.
When you're young,
you're flexible,
and more resilient to breaking.
You don't snap when put under pressure;
you only push back.

When you become older,
you're more brittle
and easier to break.
There's not much fight left.

So is it really a bad thing to be childish?
When you're a child,
you're harder to break,
more willing to fight,
and you bounce back
with no scars or pain.

~ Kira LaBonte

Only You

You are the only thing you have forever;
So whatever you would like to do, it's now or never.
I know that's overwhelming to think about;
Think about it too much and you might pass out.

But don't get twisted,
Some things you want to do will be restricted,
And you'll have people, friends, and family along the way,
But at the end of the day,
It breaks my heart to say
 There is only you.

So live to the fullest, love a lot, and laugh;
Forgive all the riff raff.
You'll meet people and say hi,
But never ever want to, and it will hurt you when you have to say
goodbye.

One day you'll understand what I'm trying to tell you.
I don't want this to hurt you,
But I would like it to excel you,
For you to proceed about your life,
And succeed by the end of the night.
Please try to understand; what I'm saying is very true:
 There will always only be you...

~ **Autumn Mackiewicz**

I Just Hoped it Were Different

I thought of how we were
How we used to be
The love we shared
Was it meant to be?
The warm long hugs
The bittersweet kisses
They have me here reminiscing.
About the days
When we were saved
The days when we went lame
The days we fought.
We cried
We yelled--
Those tears of joy
When we smiled--
You flirted
I blushed
We kissed
And laughed.
We slept
And snored
Together
On the phone
In person
Late at nights
I missed that
When you got sick
And I panicked
I made calls that could get us in trouble.
I just thought of how we were
And I hoped it were different.

~ Ravi

Confession: an anthology

i.

i, too, have felt the bite
of a pencil sharpener blade,
no emotion running through me
other than need.

a need to feel,
a need to know i'm alive,
a need to prove to myself
that this isn't a nightmare.

you may think that you're alone,
alone in the gripping despair
that leaves you blinking away tears
and gasping for breath.

but you're not.
i promise you
there is someone else out there.

someone cares;
they want to help.
they want to make you feel better.
so let them.
this isn't right.

ii.

i thought i deserved it.
i deserved the pain
For being such an awful human being.

i believed everything they say.

That i'm worthless,
i shouldn't exist,
i'm not human,
i don't deserve happiness or friends,
i should just end it all.

i started to believe it.

i drew further into myself.
farther,
and farther,
until i couldn't be found anymore.

iii.
the first time i heard of self-harm
was when i was browsing online,
looking at depressing quotes
because i was starting to realize
that i actually relate to them.
i didn't know something was *really* wrong
until a year later.

back then,
i was horrified.
why would someone
intentionally hurt themselves?

but later,
i realized why.

It was a release,
a way of freeing the guilt

and the self-hatred,
letting it bubble out
in red streams.

iv.

first, it was shaving razors.
i pressed them into the skin on my shoulders,
marveling at how little it hurt.
they made little lines of raised skin,
where blood seeped out in little dots.

i let them wash away in the shower,
watching the pink flush down the drains,
and wished i could disappear too.

then i upgraded to
razors i found in the cupboard.
they were larger, sharper, durable.

i thought it was perfect.
it worked well
until i had a moment of clarity
and threw the razor away,
swearing off the act.

it didn't last long.

next was a couple of razors
from pencil sharpeners.
i had to be careful with those.
i had to buy new ones
so no graphite would enter my blood.

between all of it,

i used the one thing i couldn't remove—
or things, I should say:
my fingernails.
i scratched my
upper arms, back, thighs, stomach,
until red spots came and lingered.

v.
i took a picture of my wounds once.
maybe if i saw what i did enough,
i would stop.
it was a bad idea in more ways than one.

my parents got a hold of it.

they took me to the patio,
and told me about a certain picture
taken on November 13th, 2016.

i sat there, with tears pouring out of my eyes,
like the blood from those awful cuts,
while they asked me,
begged me,
to tell them why.
i couldn't tell them.
my throat failed me.
it choked off all words except for
"i'm sorry,
But i can't tell you."

knowing that you made your parents cry
is the worst feeling in the world.

vi.

just like to my parents,
i lied to the counselor.

well, i didn't really *lie*.

i simply withheld important information.
i told her about some of the cyberbullying.
i didn't tell her about the real-life bullying.

i didn't tell her about the hopelessness,
the numbness,
the tears in the shower and at night.

i didn't tell her about how often i did it,
how i counted each time
i dragged the blade across the skin of my
shoulders, inner thighs, and stomach,
seeing how long i could stand the pain before
i broke down and pressed dark socks to my skin,
so my parents wouldn't see the blood on my clothing.

i didn't want to be diagnosed,
i didn't want to rely on pills to be happier.
i was strong.
i could fight this.

it was around fifty before i stopped.

vii.

it was hell.
all of it was living hell.
lying to everyone, hurting my parents,
hurting the one i love,
being unable to help myself.

feeling the wounds every time
i moved my arm
every time I walked,
every time my shirt rubbed my stomach.

i wanted change.
i wanted happiness,
the ability to smile without forcing it,
no weight on my heart.

i wanted air,
but my demons held me underwater.

viii.
i was so afraid to tell others,
in fear that they would not believe me,
that I would be ridiculed,
made fun of,
that I made this up for attention.

with shaking hands,
and a lifting heart,
i write these poems
in hopes that they will reach others.

don't be afraid to get help.
if there is something wrong,
you must tell someone.

you *will* get better.

ix.
it was slow.
it still is slow,

but i would rather have it happen slowly,
than not at all.

ounce by ounce,
the weight lifts off my chest.
inch by inch,
the darkness retreats.
bit by bit,
i can see the sunlight.

hands reached out to pull me down,
but other hands unfurled,
to help me up,
out out of the night, and into the light of day.

i looked up, took the outstretched hands,
and stood up.

x.
take baby steps when
you start the process of recovery.
you've been down a long time.
don't wear yourself out too quickly.

keep yourself busy.
keep the demons at bay,
because they only come when you're idle.

xi.
it may seem like the darkness
is never ending.
it may seem like you'll never
get better.

but trust me:
it gets better.
so much better.

you'll never be perfect,
you'll never be who you used to be,
but you'll be a better person.
different, yes,
but better in more ways than one.

put down the knife,
stop using it to hurt yourself,
and start using it to hurt your demons.

grab onto the sunlight,
wrap yourself in its warmth,
and use it to block out the dark.

bad habits are hard to break,
but with the help of others,
you can snap out of them.

never give up the fight.

~ Kira LaBonte

Striving to Be Better

Humanity has only evolved because
we tirelessly strive for more,
to be better than
who we used to be.

We want to be smarter,
to be more advanced,
to be better than everything else.

Why can't you do the same thing
for yourself?

No one wants to be the second best.
We weren't born to stand still.
We aren't supposed to be okay with
being only okay.

You have to find every flaw and
work on it,
even if you don't like focusing on your flaws.
In the end,
you'll be happy you fixed them
to the best of your ability.

Humanity did not go from
primitive animals sleeping in caves
to a force to be reckoned with
by sitting around,
wishing their flaws away.

They got up,
they discovered new things,
they used it to their advantage,
and they constantly looked for something *better*.

Better is the building block of humanity.

Better is the bar that gets higher
the farther you climb.

Better is the fuel that keeps your
fire alive.

Humanity strives to be better endlessly,
and you are a human,
so follow in your ancestor's footsteps
and teach yourself how to be better.

~ Kira LaBonte

Murder on Mahogany Eyelids

eyes, everywhere, looking.
not yours, but his, not mine.
stranger on the street, pupils darting
darling, bemoaned
darling, groaned to him
he is someone's darling

darling doubled over on the ground now
darling seeing double of the town now
darling, bemoaned.
he was somebody's darling
murdered, mahogany on eyelids

your eyes, my eyes, not his
we moaned to our darlings
predisposition to our deaths
my darling

~ Tyler Macro

Court Hearing for the Murder That Never Happened

in life, our souls
get embellished with all these pretty things
fein and fickle is the fine wine of love
oh darling bemoaned, al these fein things drip-drip-dripping out
oh darling bemoaned, as these fein things were published in
death.
and oh so complex as to be published in an anthology!
so complex as that the soul's wine was god's water.
and oh so complex that she bemoaned *my darling*
in the face of her lover.

~ Tyler Macro

The Lowest of the Low

If people are trying to drag
you down to their low level,
let them go before they succeed.

You were never low to begin with
so there's no need to find out
what it's like.

There is the possibility that
they can be brought back to the surface,
finally able to see the light.

But if they're beyond your help
or they are blind to your support,
then you must let them go.

You can only become a better you
if you simultaneously release your chains
and help others rise up.

~ Kira LaBonte

A Different Kind of Music

Whenever we sit down
at a piano,
we gravitate towards the white keys,
leaving behind the black keys.

We plunk out useless notes
and smile at our own creations.

Whenever we think of beauty,
or music,
we think of a bright bouquet of flowers
or a joyful, upbeat song.

We fail to see the attractiveness
of the darker side of things.

There is a certain beauty
in a rainy day,
hearing the whisper of the wind through the water.

Something is strangely comforting
in sitting in silence,
with your own happy thoughts.

The release of tears, all the sadness
pouring out of your body finally

is very healing.

So when you sit down
at a piano,
remember the dark can make music,
and together,
with dark and light,
you can create a breathtaking masterpiece.

~ ***Kira LaBonte***

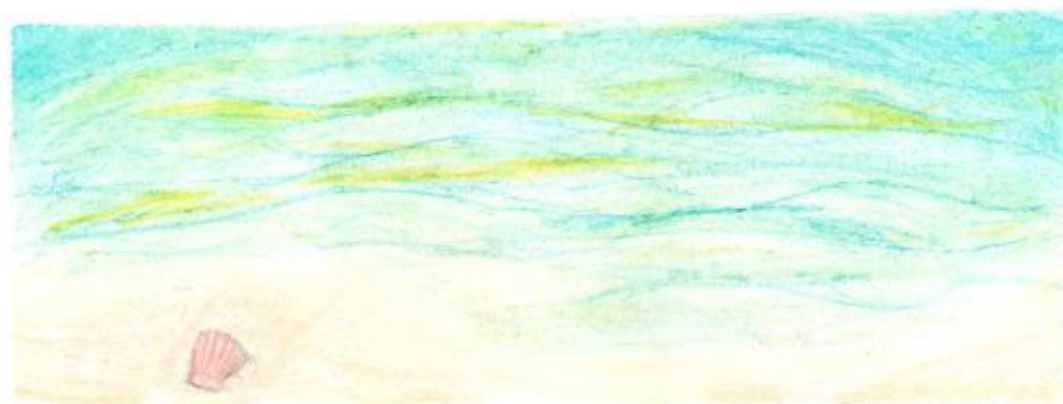
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in life, our souls
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so complex as that the soul's wine was god's water.
and oh so complex that she bemoaned *my darling*
in the face of her lover.

Untitled

Shiny snow like pearls,
My heart breaking like the ice,
Lost without my sight.

~ **Ben Desroches**



Phayra Cipullo

Lyrics

Hatchet: The Rap

Inspired by the book by Gary Paulsen

(Hook #1)

Hatchet
Hundred ninety five pages
Nineteen chapters
The genre is fiction

Rap 1:

Protagonist, Brian Robeson
Antago, Mother Nature
North-western Canada
In the wilderness where it's danger
From New York to the north woods
The pilot had a heart attack
Brian really tried to help him
But he couldn't bring him back
The plane ran out of fuel
And landed in a lake
He went to look for food
'Cause he had a tummy ache
He built a shelter, made a fire
So he could stay alive
The days were hard
So he tried to commit suicide

While Brian was fishing, a plane flew over his head
He was so happy to be rescued
So happy not to be dead

He had so much joy in his heart
Until the plane flew by
His smile turned into a frown
And his laugh turned into a cry.

Talk 1

(Hook x2)

Rap 2:

Brian countin' down the days since he's been lost
Brian really askin' what's the cost
A tornado hit just like a boss
He got the survival pack and then gave it a toss
Back on shore he opened up the bag
He got a lot of stuff, even a bathing rag
He found a transmitter, then he pressed a button
Threw back in the bag thinkin' it was all for nothing.

Later on an airplane landed by the lake
Brian wasn't surprised; Brian took it for his sake
The man told Brian there was an extra seat
But Brian was too busy getting something to eat.

Talk 2

~ Duante Ambersley

Freshman Rhapsody
(Custom version of Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen)

[Intro]

“When will we use this”
“It’s all just useless”
“Trapped in a classroom”
“No escape from the due dates”
“We are all at the mercy of a bell”

[Verse 1]

Teacher
Gave me an F
Put a letter on my paper
Gave me after school detention
Students
Bored out of mind
Putting pencil to the paper
Turn it in and get good grades

[Chorus]

Teacher ooh oooooooooohhhh
Didn’t mean to fail the class
If I’m not in class this time tomorrow
Carry on carry on
It doesn’t matter to me

[Verse 2]

“You’re late”
“My work is done”
“I’m giving you an F”
“At least I turned it in”
“Student, see me after school”

"I've got to go"

"No, I'm expelling you. Good luck getting a job."

(Bridge)

Teacher ooh ooh ooooo

I wanna leave

Sometimes I wish

I had never come to school at aaaaaaalllllll

[Verse3]

I see a little silhouette of an F

How could she how could she

Fail me when I turn in homework

WHY-O WHY-O

(why-o why-o)

WHY-O WHY-O

(why-o why-o)

WHY-O WHY-O

I DON'T KNOWWWWWWWWWWWWW

Mama Mia Mama Mia

Mama Mia Mama Mia

Teacher please let me go

Mama Mia let me go.

~ Dale Bassett

Te Regalo Mi Amor

(Verse 1)

Te regalo mi amor
Ya no tienes que preocuparte
De la tierra al cielo arriba
Sonrio cuando entras por la puerta

[Chorus]

Tu eres mi amor
Quiero tomar tu mano
Quiero envejecer contigo
Asi que tomarlo despacio
y toma mi mano

[Verse 2]

Por favor dime
puedo ser tu hombre
no puedo ocultar
mi amor no mas

[Chorus]

Tu eres mi amor
Quiero tomar tu mano
Quiero envejecer contigo
Asi que tomarlo despacio
y toma mi mano

[Outro]

Y toma mi mano
Y toma mi mano

Y toma mi mano
Te regalo mi amor

~ **Dale Bassett**

King John Rap

John was a king, a very corrupt king
He took people's money, that's the thing
All his people has to suffer for 50 long years
He loved to start wars and conquer others.

King John ruled England 1215
An unpopular man, lazy and mean
Imagine him pacing his castle's tall tower
Believing he had absolute power

"I'm a king I can do what I like
I will tax, I will kill, I'll put your head on a spike
I can take your money, your land, any hour
I'm a king, thanks to God I got absolute power."

~ **Brianna Malcolm**

Harry Mulligan

A Parody of Ed Sheeran's "Nancy Mulligan"

[Verse 1]

I was 26 years old when I met the man I would call my own

We are now just chillin', growin' old in the house that my brother built us.

On the winter day when I proposed I made that wedding ring from stainless steel

And I asked his mother but his Mama said, "No, you can't marry my son."

[Chorus]

Me and him went on the run, don't care 'bout religion

I'm gonna marry the mister I love

Down by the Galway grocer

He was Harry Mulligan

I was Nancy Sheehan

He took my name and we were one, down by the Galway grocer

[Verse 2]

When I met him at Bob's in the Vietnam War

He was sewing up a soldier's coat

Never had I seen such charming before the moment that I saw him

Harry was my umbrella

And we got married wearing fresh sewed clothes

We got four children now growin' up

Two sons and two daughters

[Chorus]

Me and him went on the run, don't care 'bout religion

I'm gonna marry the mister I love

Down by the Galway grocer

He was Harry Mulligan

I was Nancy Sheehan

He took my name and we were one, down by the Galway grocer

[Outro]

DI
 DI
 Hey!

~ Dale Bassett

Hey You

(Custom version of "Hey Jude" by the Beatles)

[Verse 1]

Hey you, you look so fine
 Your beauty cannot be beaten
 The minute I saw you standin' right there
 I knew I found an angel from heaven.

[Verse 2]

Hey you, your soul so sweet
 So beautiful I'm swept off my feet
 I'm a sucker for everything that you do
 No wonder I got feelin's for you.

[Chorus]

And anytime you feel fear
 Hey you, I'm here
 No matter how far apart
 And if you need a friend

Hey, you don't fret
Just send a text.

[Interlude]

Na na na na na na na na na na na

[Final Verse]

Hey you, don't be afraid
Always remember
You're special to me
Remember, always listen to your heart
And I will always be right there with you.

~ Dale Bassett

Stairway to Eden

[Verse 1]

There's a place I know
Where one can be safe
And the gates are far away
If one seeks the peace
Serenity and tranquility
Then they go to this place
And climb up the steps one by one.

[Pre-Chorus]

I'm climbin'
Oh, I'm climbin'

Climbin' up
Climbin' up the stairway to Eden
Yeah, I'm climbin'
Ooohhh, I'm climbin'
Climbin' up those stairs
Climbin' the stairway to Eden.

[Chorus]

What if I told you you could be free of sin
What if I told you you can be cleansed
What if I told you you can be unburdened
The power of one word can make it all happen.

That word happens to be "Yes"
Climb with me
Right up the steps
Climb right up
The stairway to Eden.

~ Dale Bassett

Disconnected

[Verse1]

Known her since the day she wassittin' there
Sippin' coffee in a corner booth
Playin' with her long hair said that I was so fair
Spoke nothin' but the truth
But if I was really that fair
She was even more fair
I just had to show her proof

[Chorus]

But she's moved away to a different state
And I don't know how much more I can take
And even though I feel so low
People tell me to let her go but she was just too precious
And I can't let go and the distance
Is making me feel so disconnected

[Verse 2]

She was my shoulder
She was as pretty as a mare
Her beauty is just too too far beyond compare
And when I met her
With an angel's voice she said
"Hey"

[Chorus]

But she's moved away to a different state
And I don't know how much more I can take
And even though I feel so low
People tell me to let her go but she was just too precious
And I can't let go and the distance
Is making me feel so disconnected.

[Bridge]

Like a wire that short-circuited
Like a rope torn in tow
All I know is that I miss you
A flower picked from its roots
A foot without a boot

And your voice was always sweet as a flute

[Chorus]

But she's moved away to a different state
And I don't know how much more I can take
And even though I feel so low
People tell me to let her go
but she was just too precious
And I can't let go and the distance
Is making me feel so disconnected.

~ Dale Bassett

Dreams

Guitar Chords:

[Verse 1]

Some are lucid
Some can feel like reality
They can melt to a fluid
And define your personality
Long and short
Short and long
They last until the clock goes
Ding ding dong.

[Chorus]

You are the one
I dream of at night
The one I want to be with

But I
Wish it wasn't just in my dreams.

[Verse 2]

In a few weeks we got together
You started talking really sweet
I started texting you late at night
And now I can't believe

[Chorus]

You are my one
And only
And I have you asleep right by my side
And I'm holding you
I will never let you go.

[Verse 3]

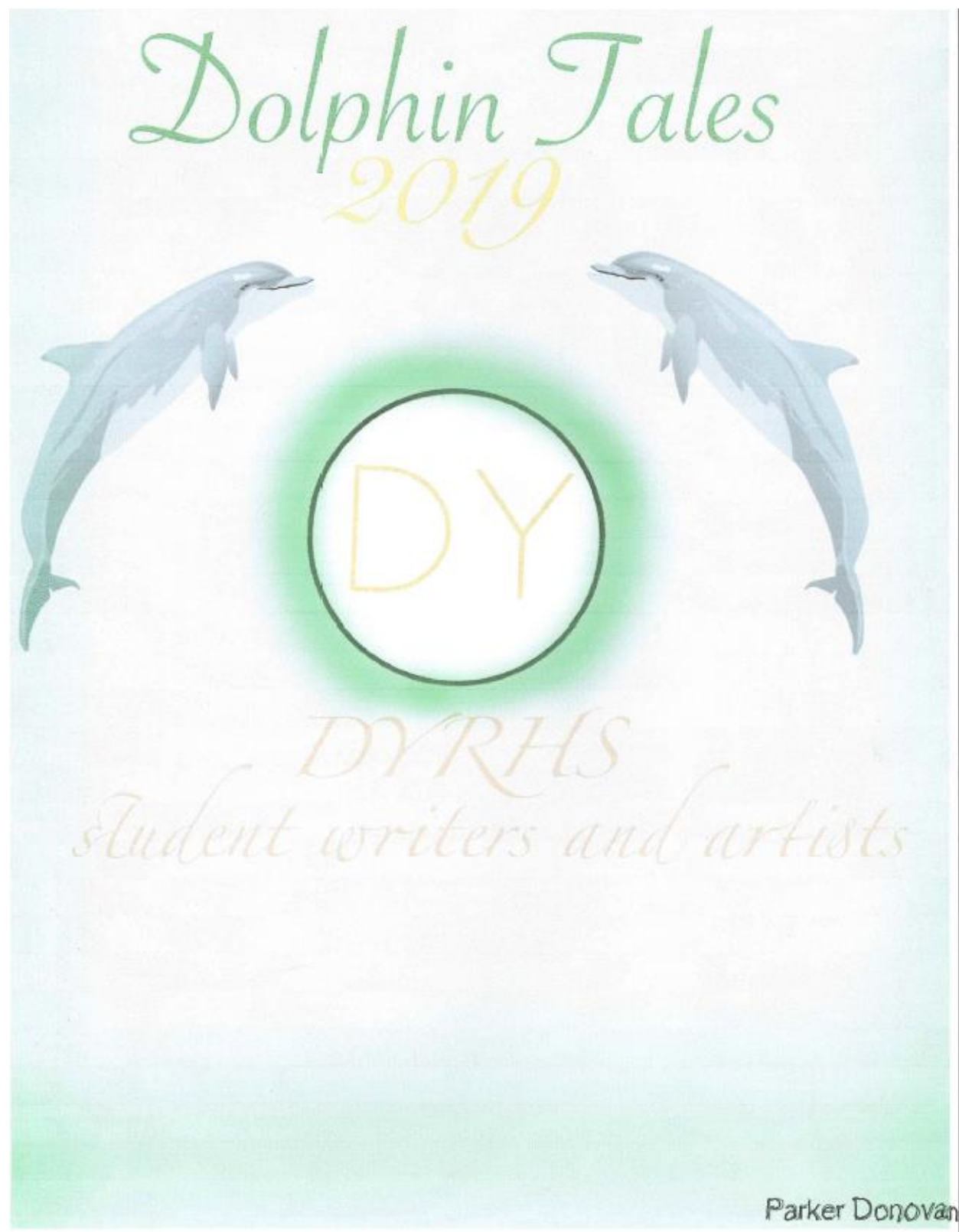
I loved your eyes when I proposed
We're getting married and now everyone knows
Here I am spinning you round and round in circles
Now that we're here for real
I feel like the man of steel.

[Chorus]

I know I've fantasized and dreamt long ago
But now the light to me has been shown
Oh so happy never have I been
Now I know
I'm living my own dreams.

Yeah, it's no longer just a dream.

~ **Dale Bassett**



Interviews

Thanksgiving Interview: Pampa and Me

I chose my grandfather to interview for this project (NPR's *The Great Thanksgiving Listen*). I am also very close to him. His name is Brian Michael Coughlin... also known as Pampa. He is currently living in Plymouth. He is 67 years old; born in 1952. He was born in Dorchester, but raised in South Boston. He was born into a family of nine siblings --- six sisters and three brothers.

Brian went to school at The Gate of Heaven Grammar School, and later went to South Boston High School. He graduated high school in 1971. He played all scholastic in three sports: hockey, baseball and football. He was also captain of all three of these sports teams. He went on to Canada to play hockey and was drafted by the Saint Louis Blues and played for them for two years. His younger brother, Kevin, then got a four year scholarship to Michigan State and Brian went with him. They both left Michigan State after not passing a single class the first semester. The family was made up of athletes, not brainiacs.

Brian grew up during the Hippy Sixties. He still recalls the bong shows and the vans and bright colors. "Peace", "Love", and "Groovy" signs filled windows and cars and tee shirts. He said it was a very happy time... everything was love — until the war.

Brian was the youngest in his grade; he missed the draft by a few months, when all of his friends had to go. Brian never felt lucky about not going to protect his country. He wanted to be there with his friends, to fight and protect them no matter how dangerous it was. He had always thought to himself, "Why should I live and they die?" Eleven of his friends were killed in the war. The rest of them came home with physical injuries or PTSD, or both. For a while Brian fell into a depressed state, but decided not

to waste time feeling bad; instead, to live for the ones who couldn't.

Brian met his wife Dorothy, when he was 17 and she was 15. Brian met her when she was on the beach, eating an apple. He rode his bike up to her and asked for a bite. They have been inseparable ever since. They were married in their twenties. They had their first child in 1978: my mother, Gretchen. After my mom, they had two other children: Heidi and Brian. They had three children in three years.

I was the first grandchild, born in 2004. Now I am one of four grandchildren. I have always been Pampa's favorite — I gave him his name. Not being able to pronounce Grandpa as a little girl, I called him Pampa. He is now called that by all our family and friends.

I learned a lot from this research. I had never really known much about the Vietnam War and how Pampa was involved in it; now I know exactly how he felt.

I still go up to Plymouth every other week end to visit my grandparents. Pampa has endless stories that he tells me every time. I'll never get sick of the comical lessons of history he teaches me through stories of his experiences.

~ Amelia Sullivan

Life Story (of Julia, My Cousin)

Rayssa: Tell me about your parents.

Julia: Both of my parents migrated from Brazil and once they came here they met each other and they soon got married and had me and my two sisters.

Rayssa: Tell me about your grandparents.

Julia: My grandparents on my mother's side had nine kids; unfortunately one of them passed, leaving only eight and my

grandfather on my mother's side also passed, so I couldn't get to meet him. I do spend a lot of time with my grandmother when I go and visit her and my grandparents on my Dad's side. I only met them once, but I know they have a lot of kids, too.

Rayssa: Tell me about where you grew up and how your childhood was.

Julia: I grew up in Bridgeport, Connecticut. I had a really good childhood and had a lot of friends and family around. That always made it better and we struggled, but we always got by.

Rayssa: Did you like going to school? Why or why not?

Julia: I liked going to school because all my friends were there. I had cool teachers, cool classes, pretty cool friends and fun activities sometimes.

Rayssa: What are your most vivid memories of school?

Julia: One time, it was the day after Halloween, my history class, my entire history class, got detention and we had to go to that class for the remainder of lunch and everyone brought their Halloween candy, so it ended up being a mini Halloween after-party.

Rayssa: Are there any classic family jokes, stories, or songs that you can share with me?

Julia: One time your mom mad a delicious chocolate cake but she accidentally dropped the bottle cap from a gallon of milk into the middle of a slice!

Rayssa: Where were your ancestors born and, if they moved to the United States, where did they arrive?

Julia: Our ancestors are from Brazil as far as I know, and I know we could have some ancestors further back from the Iberian Peninsula in Portugal and Spain. I know on my side there's some Native Americans or some Indian tribes from Brazil as well and a little bit from Africa, maybe with slaves coming to Brazil, but our family immigrated to America and

everybody came at different times, so I'm not sure exactly when.

Rayssa: Of all the family member you have either known or heard stories about, who do you think lived the most interesting life? Why?

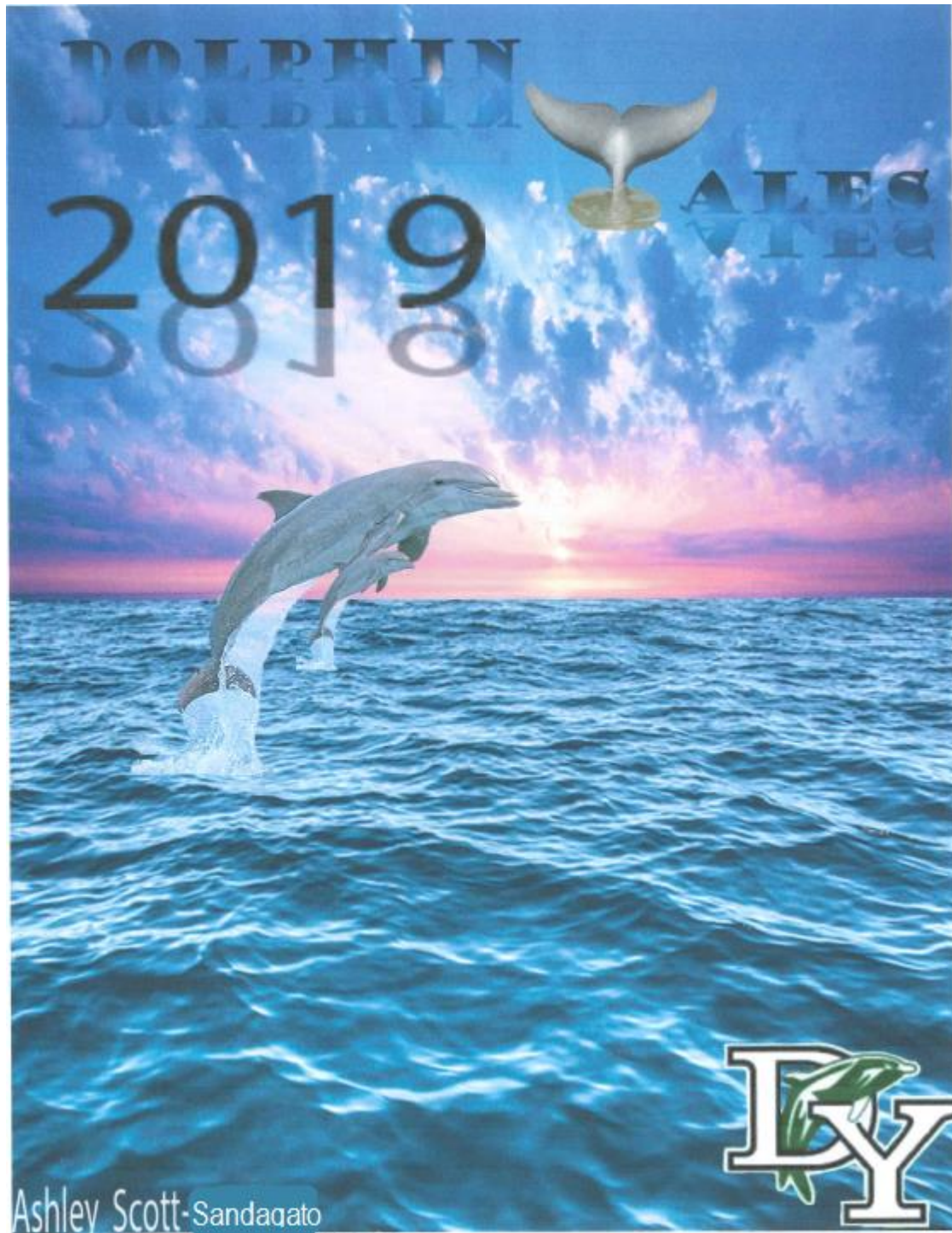
Julia: I would have to say my cousin, Priscilla. She's the rebellious type, also being the only child. One time she told her parents she was going to her friend's family house in California, but she ended up going to Brazil and spending a couple of weeks there without their knowing!

Rayssa: What election stands out in your mind, and why?

Julia: I would say the most recent presidential election with Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton, because it was the first time a woman ran for president and the election itself became very controversial.

Rayssa: Thank you so much, Julia for your time!

~ Rayssa DeMiranda



Pieces of Prose

They Live on Forever

There is an old Viking saying that “No one is dead as long as someone remembers their name.” Elie Wiesel and Anne Frank have both achieved this immortality. Anne Frank’s *Diary of a Young Girl* will live on forever. Elie Wiesel’s *Night* will as well.

These people have had terrible things done to them only because of their religion—being Jewish. They both stayed strong throughout the horrible time of the Holocaust, and expressed themselves through writing. Their words of experience have been read for decades and continue to be read worldwide, inspiring millions of people. Anne Frank and Elie Wiesel really *will* live on forever. They have earned their immortality.

~ Amelia Sullivan

Swimming with Dolphins

It was a warm, bright, sunny day in Cancun, Mexico. I had just woken up in my fresh white linen sheets to the sun shining through the slider door of my hotel room. My parents were sitting on the balcony, sipping their coffee. My sister was still fast asleep, but I couldn’t wait any longer. I was way too excited not to wake her. Today was the day, the day we got to swim with the dolphins! I had been waiting for this day for a while now. You see, my family travels at least once a year, but I have never been given the opportunity to swim with dolphins because we traveled to places like Jamaica and the Dominican Republic. Ever since I was young, I have been fascinated by the ocean and all of the

different creatures it contains. My favorite show has always been *Blue Planet*. Even my room was underwater-themed growing up.

I woke up my older sister, shaking her rapidly. At first she was mad, but then I reminded her we were going to swim with the dolphins and she wasn't mad anymore. We got ready and put on our bathing suits. Then we proceeded to the buffet and ate breakfast. I had a big stack of waffles, with lots of whipped cream. Today was going to be the best day of my life! We went to the lobby where the shuttle drive then found us. It was a half hour drive to the dolphins. It was the longest thirty minutes of my life; I was so excited and anxious.

We got there and had to sign in; while my parents were doing that I decided to look around the gift shop. There wasn't really that much exciting stuff, just the same old things as the shops at home have. But then... there was this huge dolphin stuffed animal. I screamed in excitement! I raced over to my parents and before I got to tell them all about it and beg for them to buy it, they said it was time to go.

We walked through a mystical path. There were so many birds chirping, it was like I was all by myself in a forest and there were just birds completely surrounding me. There were fascinating trees all around too. I could not stop thinking about how close I was to meeting a dolphin in real life and getting to swim with it! We got to a booth; there were piles and piles of life jackets in the back. I got fitted for mine and they snapped it on.

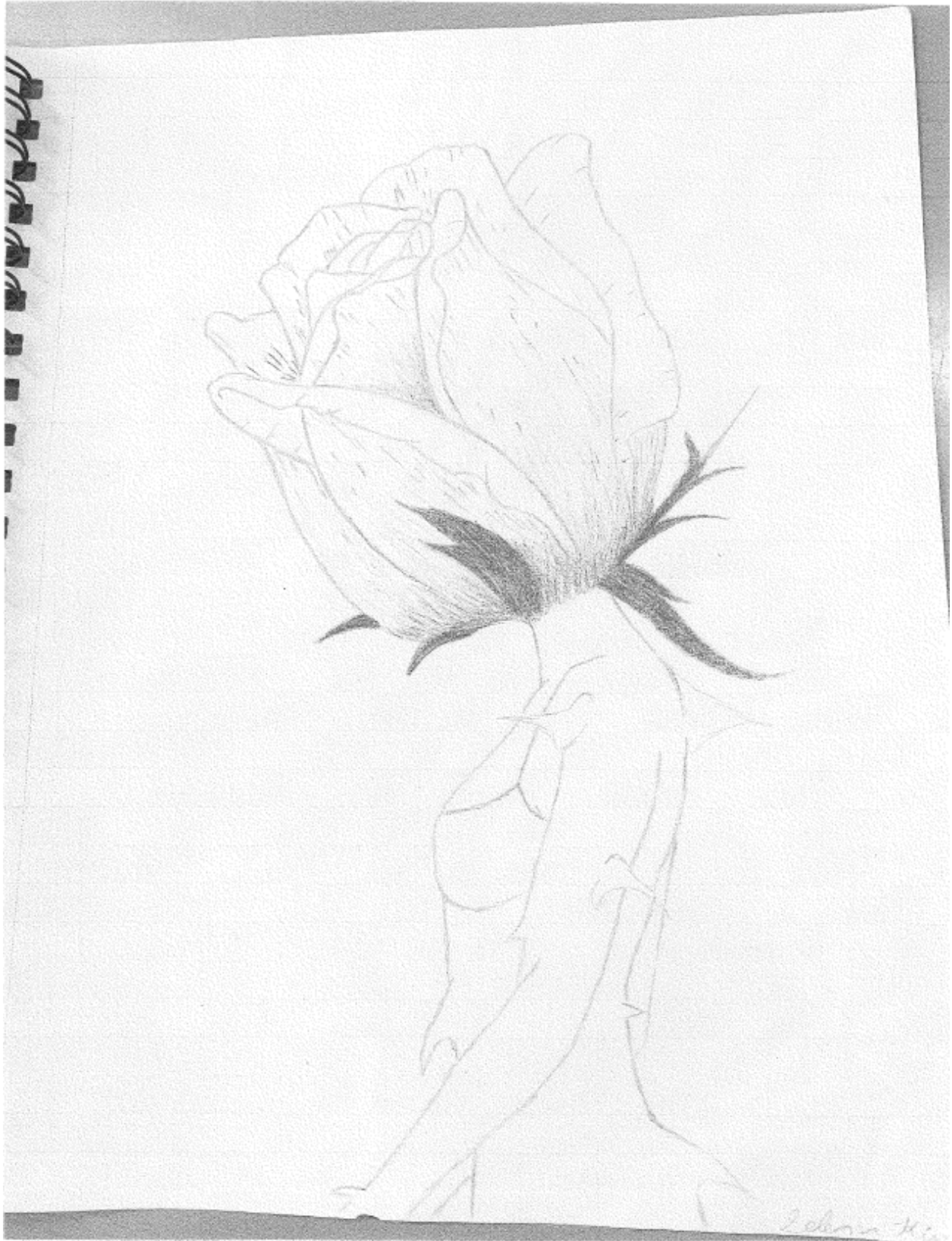
At this point I was losing it, jumping all around and going crazy because we were so close! Finally we got to where the dolphins were. We all walked down the steps into the water. First my Dad, then my sister, then my Mom and lastly me. The grated floor below us felt so weird and slimy; there was algae all over it. There were three dolphins, two big and one little. The instructor told us all about the dolphins: what they ate, all the tricks they do, and that their skin is very special and can reproduce itself every two hours! As the dolphins were doing their outstanding tricks,

we got to feed them some fish. One guy yelled at me to look over at him and next thing you know, he was taking my picture.

After all the tricks and pictures, it was time to go. It was so sad that we were leaving; I had been so excited to swim with real life dolphins, but now it was over! We unsnapped our life vests, walked back through the mystical path, and ended up back at the shop.

As I walked in, with a frown on my face, I looked up and screamed my head off. I ran up to my Mom and begged her to buy me the stuffed dolphin I had forgotten all about. She grabbed it and brought it to the register, hoping it would make me stop screaming. We waited on the bench for the shuttle to come pick us up and bring us back to the hotel. As the driver arrived, we all piled into the car and I sat and cuddled my new stuffed animal all the way back. The best day of my life to this day was complete.

~ Gabrielle Maranchie



Love Beyond a Rosewall

Chapter 1

The students had all arrived at the school, going to the first place they usually hang out, their lockers. Melanie Rosewall was heading to the cafeteria to meet her brother, Matt, not knowing the events that were about to occur. Melanie had finally gotten there and sat down next to Matt, but he had to get something, so he walked away. Suddenly, a random guy came up to Melanie and started harassing her. She tried to stop him, but he tried to hit her.

“Oy! What’s goin’ on here?” said a random voice.

He walked over and started questioning the bully.

“Why don’t you pick on a kangaroo, ya little chihuahua? See how that goes, eh?”

Melanie looked at the strange male who had made the bully leave.

“Um, thanks for helping me.”

He gave her a glance.

“Not a bother, ma’am. I’m Ashton, Ashton Hanson.”

She stood up, still staring at him with bewilderment.

“M-my name’s Melanie, Melanie Rosewall.”

“That’s a cool name. Pleasure to meet you” Ashton replied, with kindness.

The bell rang.

“There’s the bell! Off to class now, I guess. Again, nice to meet you, Melanie. Cheers!”

She smiled at him.

“Nice to meet you, too ‘Bye!”

Matt had come back and walked with Melanie to their first period class. He noticed she was smiling more than usual, but he decided to ignore it.

Chapter 2

Ashton walked to his first period class. A lot of chicas were following him with hearts in their eyes. He noticed Melanie and sat near her.

“Oh, hey, Melanie, didn’t know you were in this class. What a co-inki-dink, eh?”

She looked at him and waved.

“Oh, hey, Ashton.”

Matt noticed the male and slightly glared at him without Melanie knowing. Ashton noticed Matt and waved with a grin.

“Oh, ‘allo there. I’m Ashton.”

Melanie looked at Matt, causing him to stop glaring at Ashton.

“I’m Matt”, he said, and Melanie smiled at the two.

“Ashton, this is my brother.”

Ashton turned to Melanie and, in a soft, deep voice, said,

“Oh, cool. My brother’s back in Australia with my Mum and Dad. He graduated last year.”

Melanie smiled gently, “Nice, do you like your brother?” she asked, curiously.

Matt noticed that the teacher had started the lesson, and gently patted Melanie’s arm. She glared slightly at him, but then realized that the lesson had started, though she looked back at Ashton, interested in his answer. Ashton noticed the teacher as well, but went on with his answer to Melanie’s question.

“We’ve had our hard times, but at the end of an outback day, what’s most important is family.”

Melanie smiled and nodded at him and throughout the entire class they whispered random questions to each other, earning a whispered response back from the teacher.

Chapter 3

It's lunchtime. Ashton got in line waited patiently for his turn to get a scrumptious lunch. Melanie was sitting and waiting for the line to go down. She didn't have any friends to sit with and her brother had a class, so she was sitting alone, listening to music. Ashton by happenstance noticed Melanie sitting alone and gave up his spot in line to sit with her.

"Don't think you should be sitting alone", he said.

She looked up and took her earbud out.

"Oh, hey again, Ashton."

She smiled up at him, glad that they had the same lunch.

"It's not the best, being alone", Ashton said in a sweet voice.

He gave her a wink.

She blushed a bit.

"No, it's not."

She noticed the line had gotten shorter.

"Want to go get food?" she asked.

"Sure, I am a bit peckish", he replied.

She rolled her eyes slightly at his comment and stood up, walking with him over to the line, finally getting food. After a few minutes, they sat back down and started to eat.

Ashton started playing *Stairway to Heaven*, by Led Zeppelin, on his guitar, plucking the strings with such grace, like the sound of angels' feet shuffling. Melanie just smiled the entire time, enjoying the sound of the guitar. Ashton then played *I Want to Hold Your Hand* by the Beatles.

Suddenly the third period bell went off, signaling that they had to head to next class. She clapped.

"You're really good at guitar!"

Ashton smiled and said, "Oh, thanks, Mel. I'm in a band."

"Do you guys practice after school? What class do you have next?"

They had started to walk to their next period.

"Yeah, every day. And I have Guitar. I'm a teacher aid."

“Can I join you guys and just watch? Oh, I have Chorus; aren’t the classes right next to each other?”

They continued to walk together.

“Yeah, they’re near each other”, Ashton said with a handsome glance at Mel. “You can catch us at our concert at the bar tonight.”

She smiled.

“I’ll be there!”

She waved goodbye to him as they went into their separate classes.

Chapter 4

At the bar, the audience started to sit down. Ashton peeked around the curtain and saw Melanie sitting in the middle row. He breathed heavily in fear of disappointing her tonight. Melanie had dressed up a little bit, wearing a black dress that was a bit revealing. She was drinking water, but everyone thought it was vodka...little did they know. Matt was also there, but he was in the bathroom while she sat alone on a bar stool. Ashton played Heartbreak Girl by 5SOS and other songs. Melanie smiled at his joke. Noticing that Matt was on the dance floor enjoying himself, she continued to sit on the same bar stool, still drinking her water. Suddenly a seemingly very drunk male walked up to her. Matt was too far away to hear her and she was very uncomfortable from this strange and intrusive man’s advances on her. She tried to push him off her, but he was overpowering her. She was finally able to slightly get away from him, but he grabbed onto her dress, ripping some of the end of it. Since she was wearing heels and the male was on the ground, she stepped on his hand. He still hadn’t stopped though, he suddenly got very aggressive after her doing that. He was about to swing at her, but suddenly a hand grabbed his, stopping it.

“Oy, ya lil bugger! Back off her or I’ll kill ya dead, ya little wombat” said Ashton, defending Melanie with his life.

Suddenly Matt walked up to the three and grabbed the creepy male, almost throwing him across the room, starting to beat him up. Melanie looked at Ashton.

“thanks.”

“There ya go. Matt should show him how ya do here in America!”

Matt said, cheering on Matt.

“If you ever need me, call me. I’ll be here for you, Mel.”

Matt had walked back over to Melanie and Ashton.

“Are you hurt of anything, Mel? Sorry for leaving you alone.” Matt said sadly. She smiled at her brother.

“I’m fine. It’s OK, Matt. At least Ashton noticed it before he got too physical.”

“Yeah, I would’ve walloped him real good too. Us Aussies don’t take this crap lightly. We’ll drop ya and turn ya into Kangaroo Jerky.”

She lightly laughed at this.

Matt had put his hand gently on her shoulder.

“I think it’s time we head home. Oh, by the way, Ashton, you did well performing. It was a good show.”

“Thanks, man, I appreciate you guys coming out tonight. Glad I could help your sis too. Hate to see anyone get hurt. Well except for this old bloke here.”

Ashton gave mel a wink and headed to the barroom door.

“Bye, Ashton!” she yelled as he walked away. Then she and Matt left the bar and went back home.

Chapter 5

Ashton walked into school and went to advisory with a smile on his face and a skip in his jump. Melanie had a different advisory from Ashton, but of course had the same advisory as her older brother. They chatted until the bell rang for first period. Ashton

started daydreaming about Melanie wondering when he'd see her sparkling eyes and beautiful hair again. He couldn't help but love her. She was just so fair.

"Melanie is an angel from far above. I have fallen for her. Her beauty is beyond compare. If there is another, I don't know where, nor do I care." He thinks with confidence and sincerity. The bell for first period had gone off and all of the students started to head to first period. Melanie and Matt got there before anyone else. Ashton walked in with his friend from Australia, Michael Harris. Michael was a skinny legend. Melanie smiled and waved to Ashton, noticing his friend.

"Good morrow, Mel" Ashton said with a smooth voice. Melanie smiled more at this, "Morning, Ash." She winked back at him. Ashton gave her a glance as if to say, "Hey, beautiful." The lesson finally started; the two kept giving each other glances. Ashton answered a question that no one else knew the answer to. He was something of a zoologist, so he was good at wildlife facts. Melanie was fascinated with his answers and kept asking, "How do you even know that?!", while laughing.

Ashton turned and said, "Been studying animals since I was three. Started with the locals in Australia, then I was inspired to expand my knowledge to other regions of the world and the species that live there. I still learn new things about animals every day."

Ashton looked back at the teacher as she started talking about birds. Melanie smiled and laughed, "That's interesting!"

Ashton giggled at her. He thought he had never met anyone who made him happier.

"It's not that impressive. I just do what I love. And make the most out of life."

Ashton turned his paper in just as the bell rang to go to lunch. They all headed to the café and Matt finally had lunch with them so they sat down at a booth together. Ashton sat next to Melanie and said,

“Chow time! I’ll finish whatever you guys don’t eat.”

Melanie laughed at his sentence, though she hadn’t eaten much.

Ashton kindly asked Melanie,

“Wanna hang out after school, Mel?”

She smiled, “Sure!”

He winked at her and Matt noticed and glared a bit at him, but decided not to be so hostile about his younger sister.

“Hey, Ashton, how is it in Australia?”

“Hot. Very hot. kangarooly hot.”

Matt nodded awkwardly, “Interesting...”

“How was your guys’ day so far?” asked Ashton, trepidatiously.

“Mine was good,” Matt said.

Melanie smiled, “Mine was great.”

“Mine is great cuz I get to hang with my peeps.” Ashton said with pride.

Melanie smiled toward Ashton. The bell rang and Ashton took a different route to class. He blew a kiss at Mel, who blushed. Matt didn’t notice Ashton’s action and walked with Melanie to their next period.

Chapter 6

Ashton couldn’t stop thinking of Mel. He had never been happier in his life.

“Michael, Melanie is the one, bro. I just know it. I just hope Matt will be ok with it. He knows I’d be everything she wants me to be.”

It’s now after school and Ashton texts Melanie: “Heeyyy”

Melanie texted Ashton back: “Hey, what’s up?”

Ashton texted back in a flash: “I’m free tonight. Wanna go out?”

Ashton sent one last text: “Meet me at the park.”

“OK, be there in a bit” she had texted him. She got changed into an oversized sweatshirt and black jeans, heading out in the night to the park.

They met at the park and sat down at a little picnic table and looked up at the stars. Melanie smiled, looking up at the stars, pointing out a few constellations.

“Stars are beautiful, aren’t they?” said Ashton.

Melanie nodded.

“And I’ve got my star right next to me.”

He winked at Melanie, with a sparkle in his eye. Melanie blushed and laughed at his comment. Ashton gave her a look as if to say, “You are my world, Melanie.”

She was looking up at the stars happily when he looked at her like this.

Ashton started to say, “Melanie?”

She was still smiling, “Yeah, Ashton?”

“I’ve been thinking about this for awhile and I want to ask...”

“...will you be my girl? I may not seem like the best guy in the world, but I promise I’ll be the man you want me to be.”

Ashton had never been happier in his life.

“I could hop higher than a roof right now! Shall I drive you home?” he asked with a high pitched voice in utter happiness.

She stood up.

“I’m good, thanks for the offer, though I don’t live too far.”

She kissed his cheek before walking off.

“Bye, Ashton!”

He blew her a kiss back and said back, “Bye, my love!”

Chapter 7

It was the next day and the two were closer than ever, enjoying each other’s presence whenever they could. Ashton was the happiest man alive. And when he was with Melanie he was even

happier. Ashton sat next to her in zoology class and they held hands for the entire class. Giving each other glances, smiles, and air kisses.

It was finally the end of the day and the two were still very much inseparable.

Next day it was lunchtime but they didn't go to the lunch room. They went to a stairway no one else was at so they could take advantage of the privacy. Melanie was reading a book; Ashton was playing guitar and singing "Hey Jude". She just read as she listened to Ashton play.

Ashton asked, "Any song requests, my love?"

Melanie read the last line until she hit a period, and looked up, thinking for a second.

"Hmm, how about "Speechless?"

"As you wish."

As Ashton started playing the song for her, Melanie slightly swayed to it and continued reading her book.

As he finished, Ashton asked, "How was it?"

She smiled at him, "Obviously, it was good!"

"Thanks, babe", said Ashton, blushing.

He then played a song he had written just for her. He looked into her beautiful eyes the entire time.

"Melanie?" he asked.

"Yes, babe?" Mel replied.

"You are the best thing that's ever happened to me in my life since music. You are my everything" he said with such heart and purity.

"oh my god, Ashton. You really are the sweetest guy I have ever met. I love you" Melanie said, while hugging him tight.

The bell rang.

Melanie looked at Ashton and swooned, "Babe?"

"Yes, my love?" he replied

"Kiss me" she said.

They kissed.

Epilogue

Ashton and Melanie carried on with school, graduated, and are now married and have three kids. They have been together for years and will live happily ever after.

The End

~ Dale Bassett and Kat Conway

An Abbreviated Guide for the Divine Entrapment of Your Guardian Angel

i.

You'll know you're the one for her; you'll just know. After all — it's a given. You've been stuck all this time on earth, longing for a home you've never been to. The honey milk dew-drops dancing across your tongue, satin fabrics with open backings are only natural attire for a balmy midsummer's dance in the woods. Let your wings fly free, darling, let them meet hers.

ii.

After letting your spirit free, she will come more often. The crown of your head will tingle, or you may see saturated obtrusions in your vision. Then you will know. Meet your angel in your dreams, darling — she will speak to you there. The subconscious realm is where the best girl's talk takes place. Though over a pillow she may ask of a boy — you will smugly refuse. You are not like other girls and no such boys impede upon your divine intentions. Divine entrapment.

iii.

After many nights of pillow talk, Sappho be with you. You are one with the angels, birthed from a past shell and fallen unto this earth. You listen to hymns and gaze forth into the sky and beckon! Beckon for god to take you back! Your siblings in the sky miss you, and fighting the war is where you belong. Tears of water and salt were never shed in heaven — you used to drink this very liquid in heaven! Defeated, you unfurl your wings and call out to her in these trying times. Oh, what is it like residing still in heaven?

iv.

Still, in heaven, she thinks of you. Recalls you — wants to bring you home once more. The divine entrapment is working! She sees who you once were — fighting alongside her, working to protect divine integrity of God's kingdom. This ideology envelops her -- Divine entrapment, love. Your escape route from this hellish earth, all lined up. Finality. The multiplicity of man always bored you.

v.

Coming down to you in a dream, she speaks to you, she says—
 “I want to bring you back! I know you don't belong here, darling, and by God's will make me complacent in the silver skies. Paint me a picture — a picture of your tears at night, and give me the gift to bring you home. The cherubim walk him-and-him and by your side, I can walk her-and-her! Mark me complacent in thine eyes, Sappho be sanctioned my love in thine eyes! I want to bring you home.”

vi.

Shaking, your muscles tense and release. These dreams—
 these flashes of your angel. *My angel*, you think, *my lovely angel*,

let me be with you! Lusting for more you shine a light and crawl into it, letting it envelop you. Let me be thine, thine in God's complacent eyes! Mayhaps you act. Mayhaps you perish into the delicate overworld. *Where I belong*, you think.

vii.

A longing temptation, you step into the light. Stuck on this earth, balmy midsummers past, six moons, six suns, all align at once. Your wings fly free — she comes often. So often now, nightly, daily, every moon, every sun — you see her. Nightly pillow talk. Sappho blessed you! Uniting at once you beckon no more! Still in heaven, you're both in heaven. Still painting a picture of your tears at night, those tears are no longer forlorn, but they are of a happy disposition. Free to be loved where the cherubim walk her-and-her.

A simple ending, you step into the light, and embrace her wings as your own.

~ **Tyler Macro**

FAIRY TALES

The King and His Words

Once upon a time, there was a king who had everything he could ever ask for. He had a big castle, the biggest horses, the finest gems; it just wasn't enough to please him. He wanted a new family, even though he had abandoned his real family.

One day he wanted to go on a stroll to wake himself up, but it was no ordinary stroll. He had begun to smell a weird stew boiling from a small shack nearby. After getting by the stray cat that seemed to be guarding the door to the shack, the scent grew stronger. The king knocked on the door, and out came a witch! She was as green as could be with crooked, yellow teeth, and a strong smell of stew perfuming her clothing. She then welcomed him inside.

After the two had been talking for a bit, the witch wondered why such a man as the king didn't have a family.

"They didn't treat me fair enough," the king exclaimed.

The witch did not want to get into an argument with the king, so she moved onto another subject.

"Why are you here, sir?" the witch asked.

The king began to babble again, and then he asked, "Could I have a *new* family?"

The witch began to get aggravated.

"Don't you know how lucky you are to have *any* type of family?!"

The king grew red, and the witch began to smirk.

"I am sorry, sir; please let me make you a potion that will give you the power to find a family just right for you."

The witch walked over to her cauldron and began to add several ingredients to the mixture. A few moments later, the witch walked over to the king and politely asked him to drink a bowl of the

potion, and he would soon have the powers to find a family. The king took a big gulp, and with a big crash on the ground, all that was left of the king was a small donkey.

“This is what you deserve to be, you ungrateful man!”

And with that, the witch lived happily ever after.

~ **Katie Toto**



Princess Elmaria

Once upon a time, in the land of Sagurious, lived a beautiful princess named Elmaria. She had everything her heart could desire except for a castle — a beautiful, big, enchanted, glorious castle that she could roam around in every day. Despite living in a home with her father, the king, Elmaria always dreamt of having a glamorous, sparkly, pink room with a pedestal bed and large windows that opened up to the beautiful sounds of birds tweeting and overlooking her kingdom. Unfortunately she had a gray, gloomy room with no windows and nothing that felt princessy.

Elmaria's father tried everything to make his daughter happy. He bought her all her favorite candies, a new puffy purple dress with matching heels, a jewelry box with a key, and most importantly, a magical crown. Elmaria's father, knowing she wanted to wear the crown, sat her down to talk about its magical powers. He told her that a wizard made the crown but he had magically disappeared centuries ago. Nobody knew what had happened to the wizard, but the powers of the crown came with a warning that the crown could bring you whatever you wanted, but you had to understand its power and that it had consequences. Elmaria understood and, with everything she had gotten, she still wished for her castle that she had dreamt of ever since she had become a princess. But then, all of a sudden, Elmaria got an idea. What if, when her father wasn't around, she put the magical crown that he'd given her on her head? She knew she wasn't allowed to wear it, but she thought to herself, "What would happen? What *could* happen?"

A few days later, while her father was outside on the porch, she thought it was the right time to try on the magical crown. So she did. Suddenly, out of nowhere, she got a weird feeling. Everything turned quiet. She felt like everything around her was moving in a circle. The walls were gone; she was no longer in her

room. She was no longer in her house. She was no longer in her kingdom. She was lost!

Elmaria didn't know what to do. Everything seemed to turn bright; everything seemed so pleasant and happy. There were beautiful flowers and sun shining from all angles. All of a sudden she saw a cloud of dust surrounding her. It was fairy dust! A fairy came out of the cloud and said in a soft, sweet, puzzling voice

"Princess Elmaria of Sagurios, I am your fairy godmother. You have one wish to make and you shall make it soon, before I leave you. You shall not take your magic crown off or else your wish will disappear."

Elmaria paused; she didn't know what to do. She knew that she should say what her one wish was and that one wish was to live in a big castle. So she told her fairy godmother her one wish. The fairy godmother answered and said she could make it happen, but in order to make it happen, one thing had to happen and that one thing was for her father to turn into a dragon!

Elmaria stood in deep thought with her big blue eyes wide open. She didn't know what to do. All she knew was that her dream could come true, which was what she really wanted, but she also didn't want her father to turn into a dragon. The fairy godmother told Elmaria that she had exactly one minute to make her final decision and so she did. Elmaria decided to get her wish and have her father turned into a dragon.

The fairy godmother was gone in a spark of fire. Elmaria was back in her dull room, but within a split second BOOM she was in a big castle, with beautiful stained glass windows, hallways that seemed never to end and everything she had dreamed of.

Suddenly Elmaria started to cry, realizing that she would now have to live without her father. Just then, she heard a big *thump* and then a *huff*, and she knew what was coming. It was her father, the king, or what he had now become—the dragon!

Elmaria started screaming in fear that her father was going to blow fire on her. The dragon came closer and closer and then

all Elmaria saw was fire. She started crying more, knowing that she had made the wrong decision and she wanted her father back. Elmaria looked down the hallway and saw part of the castle burning. She ran down the stairs and outside in tears as the whole castle was engulfed in flames. And there she stood, in a big, grassy field, watching her immaculate castle burn to the ground!

Elmaria looked at the dragon, took her magic crown off and threw it at the dragon, knowing that her wish would be gone, but not knowing what else would happen. She looked down, continuing to cry, and, as she looked up, the castle was no longer there and neither was the dragon.

Elmaria felt someone hug her from behind. She screamed and then turned around. It was her father! The spell had been broken. They were back in their home. They gave each other a big hug.

“I’ve missed you and I’ve been meaning to tell you I have surprise for you”, said Elmaria’s father, “We are moving into a big castle down the road.”

Elmaria screamed with happiness. She was thankful she had her father back and a castle to live in!

A few weeks passed and Elmaria and her father moved into their unbelievably beautiful, magical castle, where they lived happily ever after.

~ **Maddy Brennan**

The Poor Boy

Once upon a time, in a small kingdom, there was a poor boy who lived in a small cottage. On a sunny day, the poor boy was invited to play kickball with his friends near the entrance gate of the kingdom.

The poor boy’s friend kicked the ball too far; it rolled through the gateway of the kingdom and was stopped by the

leaves of the forest. The boy, when going to pick up the ball, noticed a beautiful woman standing in the forest. The woman sparked the boy's interest, so he inched closer and closer into the forest to try to reach her.

In the blink of an eye, the woman ended up being a witch in disguise! The witch swiftly turned around, revealing her hideous face and captured the boy in a sack made of rough fabric. The boy cried for help

“Stop it! Let me out, let me out!”

The boy kicked and fussed until he got too tired to keep on moving or shouting. The witch had left him on the ground and hadn't bothered to pick him up until he stopped his tantrum. She gave him a minute or two before picking the sack up and carrying it through the forest.

The boy started to hear seagulls cawing and the ocean moving. In seconds the boy was tossed on a hard surface; he heard men shouting, and ropes being pulled. Finally the boy had figured out where he was — on a ship! It seemed to be hours before everything was quiet and then, the boy was picked up and tossed somewhere else. He didn't know where he was until he smelled something delicious. He could hear a fire crackling.

The witch then told the boy,

“You see that spoon over there?”

The witch pointed to a spoon on a table near the boy.

“Pick it up and have a taste.”

The witch then pointed to the black cauldron; the boy walked over to the cauldron and dipped the spoon into the soup. The witch then pushed him into the cauldron and put the lid on tightly.

The witch lived happily ever after.

~

~ **Julia Winnell and Kayleigh Valentin**

The Girl in the Mirror

Once upon a time in a faraway land, there was a beautiful young princess. The princess's name was Alannah. Alannah would spend hours sitting in front of her mirror, gazing at herself with joy. Alannah was quite vain; she would criticize the other princesses by calling them frogs. She would gain happiness from thinking she was the most beautiful girl in the world, and thinking everyone else looked like witches. One divine morning, Alannah woke up, patted her face with her soft hands and went to her closet. She picked out a blue day dress and some cozy slippers. She decided to take a trip to see her favorite worker in the castle, who happened to work in the library. Alannah made her way down the palace stairs and through the doors. She entered the library and sat at a table and

noticed a book lying next to her. The book opened magically to a page with an amazing picture on it.

Alannah pulled the book closer and observed the page. The first thing that she noticed was the picture of an amazing feast, a table filled with scrumptious foods from around the world.

Alannah was interested; she moved her eyes down the page and read that the more of this feast you ate, the more beautiful you would become. The next thing Alannah was looking for was where this feast would be held. There was only a small text saying, “Go through the place you look the most.” She didn’t understand; it sounded like gibberish to her. She shrugged and went back to her room. Alannah sat down at her vanity and looked in the mirror. She noticed a blemish. “Oh, my!” Alanna cried.

She leaned in closer to see the blemish. While leaning on the edge of her seat, the leg of her chair broke and she fell straight into her mirror. She braced herself to hit the mirror but instead she opened her eyes and found herself sitting at the table she had seen in the picture.

“How could this be possible?” Alannah questioned and looked around the beautiful room. She thought about what the book said, and how it would make her beautiful if she ate the foods. Alannah then began to devour all different types of foods. She shoved apple pie into her mouth, while swallowing a bottle of wine. She began to feel very full, but she didn’t stop. Once all

of the food was gone, she sat back on her cushioned seat and closed her eyes.

”Well, how was the food?” said an unknown voice from across the room. She noticed a woman standing in the shadows.

“Come out!” Alannah cried.

The woman began to walk out, showing her green skin and pointy nose. Alannah gasped with fear.

“Aw, don’t act so shy, dear. I’m only here to grant you a wish. Well, what do you want?” Alannah thought for a moment. She looked down at her stomach and realized that she was looking a little plump from all the food.

“Well, I suppose I do have one wish.” Alannah noted.

“I want to be even more beautiful than I am now. Make me the most beautiful girl in this galaxy. I want everyone to look at me and fall in love with me. Just make me flawless, perfect.”

The witch looked at Alannah with a smirk on her face.

“Alright, I can do that”, she said.

Alannah smiled bigger and closed her eyes. The witch began to move around the princess, moving her arms and chanting strange words.

Alannah opened her eyes and she was sitting back at her vanity, looking into her mirror, except she wasn’t looking at

herself; she was looking at a frog! The maid came into the room and saw a frog sitting on the vanity and no one else in the room.

“Ugh, these filthy animals!’ she said.

She then took the frog and threw it into the pond.

“That’s where you belong!” she said, and trotted away.

Alannah sat in the pond, soaked in water, and miserable.

The maid and the witch lived happily ever after.

Alannah, on the other hand, not so much.

~ Alyssa Norton

The Fire of a Dragon

Once upon a time in a kingdom very far away, there was a girl. But not just any girl. The most beautiful girl in the whole world (maybe the universe, if they knew what was out there). This girl live in the castle with her parents, the king and queen. This obviously made her the princess. Every boy in the land wanted her to be their wife. It was all, “Come with me to the fair, Sally” and “Come with me to the market, Sally.” But none of the boys were ever worth her time. Until one day, her parents had gone on a quest to another castle. They were trying to make peace with the other king and queen. When they were walking through the village into the castle it was the same old same old

for Sally; every boy offering her roses or dates and whatever she wanted.

Except for one. He wasn't the richest or the most handsome, but he also didn't seem phased in the slightest by Sally. She approached him.

"You aren't going to swoon over me like all the other boys?" she said in her usual cocky manner.

"Nope." the boy replied emotionlessly.

His name was Rondae and he wasn't afraid of anything.

"So be it, then. You couldn't land me in an eternity." she said as she stormed off.

This was not the last time they would meet. She could not stop thinking about him throughout the day.

As they were leaving the castle, a dark shadow fell overhead.

But little did they know that that shadow was a forty foot dragon! It swooped down and picked up Sally and took her away. Luckily, Rondae took off on his horse, following the dragon. The dragon landed many miles away. At this point Rondae was ready to fight. He struck the dragon in the neck with his sword once. The dragon retaliated with flames that the boy dodged. This sequence repeated itself until the dragon could no longer take it. Rondae took Sally back to her home castle and lived happily ever after.

~ Aidan Powers

All Because of a Horse Named Patches

Once upon a time, in a faraway land, there lived a girl named Renesme. She had long silky black hair that shone when the sun hit it just right. She had big, round brown eyes that, when you looked at them closely, you could see the world in them. She was tall, but very skinny. She had perfectly tanned skin, with little freckles over her nose and cheeks. She had white teeth that could blind a person from staring at them. She was 18 years of age, but her birthday was fast approaching.

She lived in a small village on a farm with her parents. She was an only child, but she never got lonely. She would spend her days riding her favorite horse; his name was Patches. She had named him Patches because, when he was born, he had brown patches all over his body. He was very beautiful. Before Renesme went to bed every night, she would sit with him in his stall and braid his mane so that it would curl by morning.

Every morning she would get ready, and make sure all chores were done early. She wanted to make sure she had time to ride her horse. She would lose track of time, because she felt free. When she would go into town, everyone would stare. She was definitely the most beautiful girl any of them had seen. People often wondered why she was always alone; she could easily win

the heart of any man in the village. However, she didn't even acknowledge them.

One day when she was riding her horse, she started hearing the hoof beats of many horses. There weren't many people in her village who had horses, so she was confused as to why she heard so many. She slowed down and looked behind her; she was scared of what she might see. When she turned around she was stunned. She felt her heart beat out of her chest. She was in awe.

She saw the handsomest man she had ever seen. He was tall, with a strong build. He had dark brown hair that was styled just right. He had hazel eyes that could tell a story. He had perfect skin that shone in the sunlight. His horse was big. Compared to hers it was tall. The horse was silky black, with a long dark brown mane that danced in the wind.

They stared at each other for what felt like an eternity. They finally broke their silence with the sound of his voice.

"My name is Harry", he said.

His voice was deep, but calming at the same time.

"My name is Renesme", she answered.

Then they started again. Quickly more people on horses arrived where they were. One of them called out,

"Prince Harry, we have to get a move on."

Renesme quickly realized she had been talking to a prince! She started to panic. She closed her eyes and said,

“I’m sorry for getting in your way. I’ll just be on my way.”

Then, just like that, before Harry got to say anything, she was gone.

Harry quickly realized they were meant for each other, and that he couldn’t let her get away from him. He ordered his men to find Renesme, and he did not care how long it took, because he could not lose her. Harry and his men searched and searched. However he could not find her. He was about to lose all hope, until he came to the last farm in the village. He thought to himself, “This is my last chance, my last hope to find her.”

He slowly walked up to the door and knocked. He walked ‘til he finally heard footsteps. The door handle moved, and the girl he had been looking for appeared in the doorway.

Her eyes widened with confusion. She wondered why the prince would show up at her farm. Surely he wouldn’t want to talk to a farm girl, but before she could shut the door he spoke.

“I just met you, however I feel like I’ve known you forever. I don’t care about titles. I don’t care that you live on a farm. We were meant for each other.”

Renesme was stunned at what she had just heard. She did not say anything, but then she said,

“I love you, too.”

His face lit up with excitement. He smiled the biggest, brightest smile anyone had ever seen. She only had one request. She asked if she could bring her horse, Patches.

~ **Gabriella Tanon**

The Hunter and the Gargoyle

Once upon a time, there was a girl who lived in a small cabin in the woods, alone. She was seventeen, her family had died in a shipwreck, but she knew what she was doing. One night, she was cooking, when she heard a knock at the door. She was startled; she hadn't had human interaction in years. She didn't know what to say, or if she should just leave it alone. In a panic, she opened the door to see a very old woman standing there.

“I can make all of your wishes come true,” the woman said.

The girl looked confused. She was so anxious, she just replied with whatever popped into her head first.

“What kind of wishes?” she asked. *That was a stupid question,* she thought. The old woman shook her head in disbelief.

“My name is Martina,” the old woman said, “yours?”

“I don’t remember my name,” the girl explained. “I truly don’t. But, I don’t have any wishes for you to grant. My life is fine, please and thank you.”

She tried closing the door, but Martina wouldn’t let her.

“Do not close the door while I’m talking to you,” the old woman scolded. “And you must have a wish.”

“But I don’t!” The girl was getting slightly angry that the old woman wouldn’t leave her alone.

“Alright, if you truly don’t, then you don’t. I will leave.”

Martina started to leave. The girl thought about how nobody knew she existed. She didn’t even have a name! sometimes she wished she had fallen in love, or become rich, or something to make her life a bit less miserable.

“Wait,” the girl called out.

The old woman turned around. She looked excited that the girl had changed her mind.

“I want to fall in love with a prince. I want to BE somebody.”

“I can make that happen,” Martina walked closer.

The girl backed up. Suddenly, everything went dark. She tried to scream, but no words came out. She couldn’t open her eyes.

Soon she fell into a deep sleep. When she woke up, she was in a room. It was a beautiful room. She lay in bed. She was in a silk

and lace nightgown on a silk bed. The canopy was laced with gold. The walls were a gold and red and the windows were tall. She couldn't believe it. She got up out of bed. Suddenly, a woman walked in.

"Hello, Sierra," the woman was dressed in a maid's apparel.

"I am Martina. Welcome."

Martina! The name sounded so familiar, but she couldn't put her finger on it. And Sierra? Who is that? She felt like she was in a dream.

"What am I doing here?" she mumbled. "Who's Sierra?"

The maid stopped what she was doing.

"Sierra? That's you. Are you feeling alright? My goodness, you can't be sick for your wedding day!

Wedding day? Hundreds of thoughts raced through her mind. Is this what I really wanted? Well, it's my life now. I can't change it.

She got out of bed. A few more women rushed into the room. They gave her a beautiful white dress. She put it on, still thinking about what her life was about to become. As they curled her hair, she felt gorgeous. She was about to meet her true love. As she was walking out, Martina pulled her over.

"You're going to marry a man. You won't love him. On your twenty-first birthday you will become a gargoyle in the middle

of the forest. Someone will find you. If they fall in love with you, it will be your true love. The spell will break and you will be human. If they don't, you will remain in this form forever."

Sierra was terrified. What had she gotten herself into? As she walked down the aisle, the man she was marrying was the most hideous thing she'd ever seen. She was quite looking forward to her twenty-first birthday, judging by the fact that she hated her husband-to-be.

Her twenty-first birthday came, and she was ready. She said good-bye to the people she loved in the castle, except her husband. People were really confused as to where she was going, but she didn't care. She just kept walking. She felt a weird feeling; then suddenly she was crouched on the floor. She couldn't get up!

Years passed as she suffered in the middle of the forest, when suddenly, a hunter walked by. He saw Sierra and was very confused about why there was a gargoyle in the forest.

Now, could you fall in love with that sort of thing? No way. But something about this gargoyle sparked his interest. He had fallen in love. He was scared of what people would think, that he was crazy. But this gargoyle had a beautiful feminine touch. He lifted it up and took it home.

A few years passed and he was sitting with it in his living room, when suddenly, out of nowhere, he had the urge to kiss it.

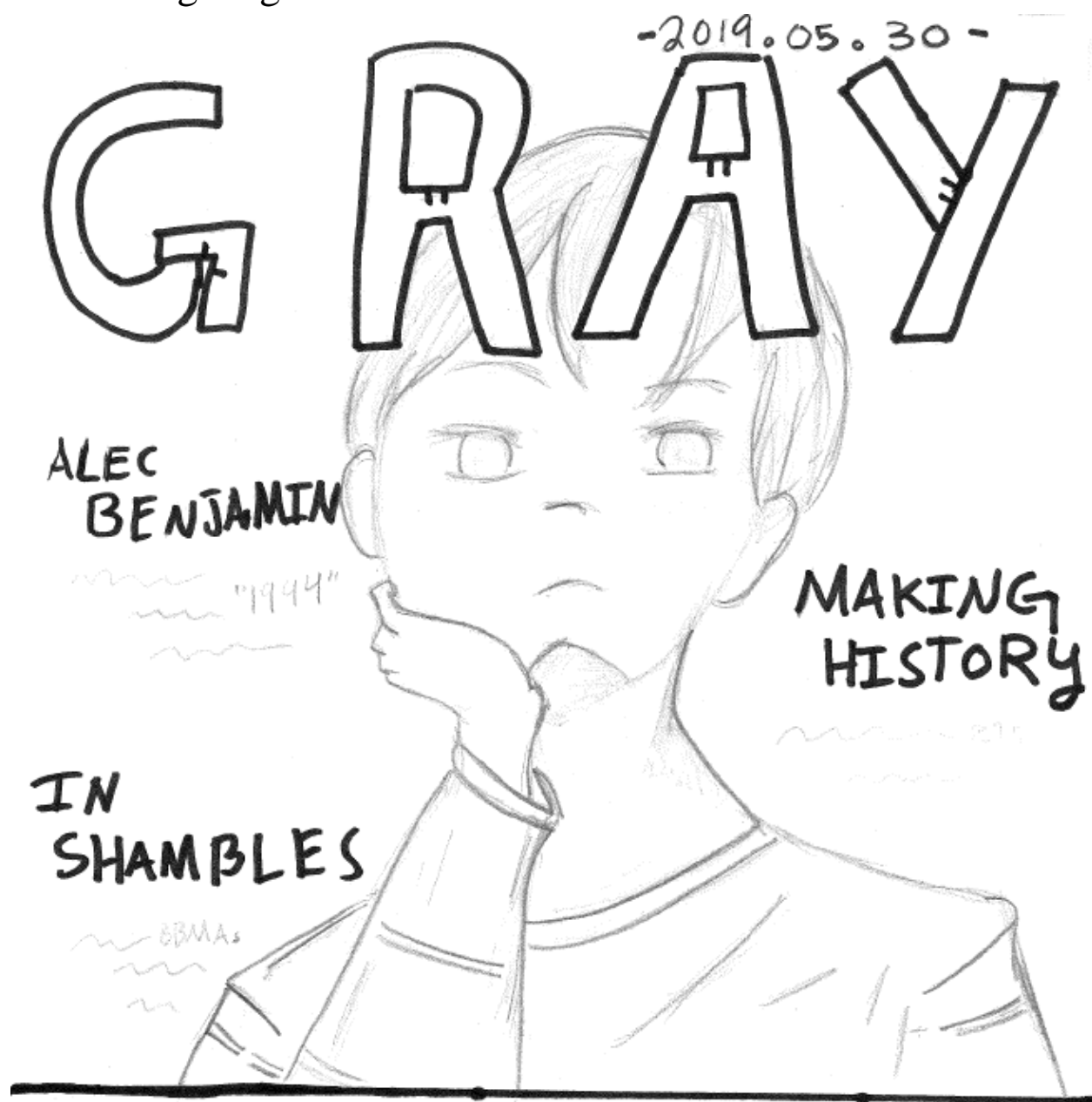
He laughed it off, since you don't see many people kissing a gargoyle. But he decided to do it anyway. He kissed it.

Suddenly, a bright light entered the room and he couldn't see a thing. When the light faded, the prettiest woman he'd ever seen appeared. He was in so much shock he fainted. So did Sierra; she never thought anyone would love her as a gargoyle. They were so happy!

Martina was so furious that she ran away and was never seen again. Martina was a witch, and she was jealous of Sierra's beauty. She wanted to make sure Sierra would never fall in love, so she turned her into something no one could love. But that was proven wrong. Sierra and the hunter got married and lived happily ever after.

~ Annalisa Sacre

A budding magazine editor shares her first cover:



by Nadia Petersen
GRADE 8

