

TORNADO ALLEY

**The Literary Magazine of Dover High School
and Dover Public Library**

VOL. 4: SPRING 2018

Tornado Alley
The Literary Magazine of
Dover High School
and Dover Public Library
Vol. 4: Spring 2018

Senior Editor:
Grace Williams

Editors:
Elizabeth Peterson
Chasse Miller
Sara Novak

Advisor:
Liz Strauss

Cover Art:
“Moments”
by Tayelynn Garbrandt

*The personal views expressed in this magazine do not necessarily represent the views of
Dover High School or Dover Public Library.*

Table of Contents

Advisor's Note

Liz Strauss, Teen/Outreach Services Manager, Dover Public Library

Senior Editor's Notes

Grace Williams, Grade 8

Poetry

That Good Day <i>Willow Rae Cox, Grade 11</i>	1
Chiaroscuro <i>Ryleigh Ronald, Grade 8</i>	3
Nature at Its Finest <i>Averi Wallace, Grade 8</i>	3
Hero <i>Isabel Seibert, Grade 8</i>	4
We are the Flash <i>Averi Wallace, Grade 8</i>	4
The Vigilante <i>Paige Struchen, Grade 8</i>	5
I am the Fastest Man Alive <i>Averi Wallace, Grade 8</i>	5
An Arrow to My Heart <i>Averi Wallace, Grade 8</i>	6

Felicity <i>Paige Struchen, Grade 8</i>	6
Bee-trayed <i>Ryleigh Ronald, Grade 8</i>	7
Pre-Game Hype <i>Keaton Host, Grade 8</i>	7
The Thorny Rose <i>Elizabeth Peterson, Grade 9</i>	8
Winter <i>Emma Shamel, Grade 8</i>	9
Abandon <i>Isabel Seibert, Grade 8</i>	9
Art in Motion <i>Emma Shamel, Grade 8</i>	10
Bob <i>Cade Watkins, Grade 8</i>	10
'Tis a Marvelous Thing <i>Elizabeth Peterson, Grade 9</i>	11
Eighteen Figures <i>Max Hershberger, Grade 8</i>	12
Glee <i>Paige Struchen, Grade 8</i>	14
Feelings <i>Emma Shamel, Grade 8</i>	14

Winter Days <i>Keaton Host, Grade 8</i>	15
The Fall of Jack <i>Brennan Shaver, Grade 8</i>	15
Prejudice and Perspective <i>Willow Rae Cox, Grade 11</i>	16
Vacation <i>Emma Shamel, Grade 8</i>	18
Piece by Piece <i>Ryleigh Ronald, Grade 8</i>	18
The Adventures of Dan <i>Brennan Shaver, Grade 8</i>	19
Stormy <i>Isabel Seibert, Grade 8</i>	19
Prosperity <i>Paige Struchen, Grade 8</i>	20
Basketball <i>Isabel Seibert, Grade 8</i>	20
Beauty in the Air <i>Ryleigh Ronald, Grade 8</i>	21
The Bee <i>Cade Watkins, Grade 8</i>	21
A Poem with Your Name <i>Willow Rae Cox, Grade 11</i>	22

Art

Moments	24
<i>Tayelynn Garbrandt, Grade 8</i>	
The Beatles	25
<i>Tayelynn Garbrandt, Grade 8</i>	
Daisy	26
<i>Emily Summerson, Grade 8</i>	
The Inside of True	27
<i>Raechelle Miles, Grade 8</i>	
I Sight	28
<i>Tayelynn Garbrandt, Grade 8</i>	
We're All Mad Here	29
<i>Mary Vogel, Grade 9</i>	
The Wall of Truth	30
<i>Regan Meyers, Grade 8</i>	
Rose	31
<i>Anonymous, Grade 8</i>	
Beautiful Death	32
<i>Tayelynn Garbrandt, Grade 8</i>	

Fiction

Labyrinth 33
Mary Vogel, Grade 9

Tommy's Speech 40
Belle Fockler, Grade 7

My Life the Cup 42
Willow Rae Cox, Grade 11

Jewelrock Mountain 43
Belle Fockler, Grade 7

Nonfiction

Pearl Harbor: A Tale of Infamy 46
Elizabeth Peterson, Grade 9

Harriet Beecher Stowe: Herald of Freedom 51
Elizabeth Peterson, Grade 9

The Spark of Realization 56
Lane Moore, Grade 12

Acknowledgements

Further Reading

Advisor's Note

By Liz Strauss

Teen/Outreach Services Manager, Dover Public Library

This year, twenty students submitted over fifty works for publication in *Tornado Alley*. **That's amazing. That's awesome. That's... intimidating.**

Never before have we received so many submissions. Never before have I had to send out a packet of acceptance (and yes, a couple rejection) letters to a school. Never before have I had to rely so heavily on my editors and library staff to help me turn all of those submissions into a magazine.

Tornado Alley has always taken a village to create. This year, it took a *big* village.

When Elizabeth Peterson applied to be an editor, she signed up to read and review Poetry and Nonfiction. She ended up reading submissions across all four categories.

Sara Novak and Chasse Miller never even filled out applications to be editors, but they were still willing to look at the nine art submissions and tell me which ones they liked the best and what would make a good cover.

Our Senior Editor Grace Williams was, in a word, awesome. Like Elizabeth, Grace ended up reading all of our submissions. Every

week, Grace came in to work. From finalizing selection, to picking a cover, to copying and pasting submissions, Grace worked hard to make *Tornado Alley, Vol. 4*. We stayed on schedule and didn't let those fifty submissions defeat us. And a large part of that is because of Grace.

The Technology Room staff at the Dover Public Library was also a big help this year. I left the (very) rough draft at the Tech Desk and told my wonderful coworkers that if they got bored, or needed a break or a laugh, they could read some of the teen work. All I asked was that, if they saw any typos, that they mark them for me. What I got was a crew of smart, detail-oriented librarians making sure that this little magazine looked *good*. I can't thank them enough for the help.

A lot more than fifty submissions went into this year's *Tornado Alley*. The hard work, dedication, and flexibility of an amazing group of people went into it too, between the lines, behind the scenes, and in the glue that binds this volume together.

Thank you for being part of our village. Without your support, we wouldn't even get started.

We hope you enjoy *Tornado Alley, Vol. 4*.

Senior Editor's Note

By Grace Williams

Grade 8



There is a certain joy that comes from reading a story that someone has written. One of the things that I remember fondly from my childhood are the nights I spent with my mom and dad listening to them read bedtime stories. Now as a fourteen-year-old, I love to read a good book because reading stories is a way to step out of your own life and escape to a different world. The most powerful part of reading is when a bond is created between readers who share in the adventure of the author's tale.

As a result of this love we all have for storytelling, authors have taken it upon themselves to write fascinating books, woven with beautiful illustrations, for us to read and enjoy. This edition of the *Tornado Alley* is no different. The talented local authors and illustrators who submitted their works of art, poetry, short stories, and nonfiction have given us a portal to their own world. We invite you to take a trip through our *Tornado Alley*.

That Good Day

Willow Rae Cox

Grade 11

When that dragonfly swam through the sky,
I saw you smile.

The bees electrocuted my eardrum,
And I jumped a mile.

The laugh that followed had me hollowed;

I couldn't move nor speak nor join.

Heat rose to my cheeks as you asked what was wrong,

I replied that your voice is like thunder.

And your laugh, bubbles,
Floating carefree in the storm.

We sprinted across the street like immortals across the clouds,
And never have I felt so free.

Well, unless you remember that day I ran.

I may have been out of shape,
But with the strength of the first spring Sun,
I was my own Superman

Recall the day we met.

The rain a pride of lions roaring a song of relief.

That Good Day

I joined them as well as I could while staying dry:

When you roared back at me, I'd never heard a thing so sweet.

Two cat eyes meeting.

Two lion hearts beating.

Two souls tangoing in a crowded room.

Wondering.

How can these other strangers not see what I see?

But that's the biscuit isn't it?

Yes — that was the good day.

Chiaroscuro

Ryleigh Ronald

Grade 8

Light

Bright, radiant

Shining, glowing, blinding

Threatening, looming, obscuring

Shady, aphotic

Dark

Nature at Its Finest

Averi Wallace

Grade 8

Trees

Colorful, ancient

Swaying, blooming, shaking

Inhabits many beautiful creatures

Bark

Hero

Isabel Seibert

Grade 8

Hero

Superhero, champion, model

Guarding, protecting, saving

Savior to the city

Defender

We are the Flash

Averi Wallace

Grade 8

Iris

Strong, brave

Loving, caring, saving

Barry's one and only

West-Allen

The Vigilante

Paige Struchen

Grade 8

Arrow

Hero, defender

Swinging, saving, chasing

Mayor of Star City

Oliver

I am the Fastest Man Alive

Averi Wallace

Grade 8

Flash

Fast, speedy

Running, saving, rescuing

Racing in my heart

Barry

An Arrow to My Heart

Averi Wallace

Grade 8

Arrow

Vigilante, combative

Intimidating, fighting, dominating

Loves his son forever

Oliver

Felicity

Paige Struchen

Grade 8

Felicity

Genius, kind

Caring, loving, hacking

Saves millions of people

Overwatch

Bee-trayed

Ryleigh Ronald

Grade 8

There once was a boy who was five
He stumbled across a beehive
He hit it with sticks
And threw some kicks
But the fake bees would never come alive

Pre-Game Hype

Keaton Host

Grade 8

It's that time of the year
The super bowl is drawing near
The Pats will take on the Eagles
Hopefully the Pats' plays will be legal
Each team will wear different colored gear

The Thorny Rose

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 9

Hello, fair lady dressed in white,
Oh, may I by your side abide?
If I be pleasing in your sight,
Then fears and sorrows will subside.

From underneath the ground you spring.
The soil deep can't hold you down.
Though thorns you bear beneath your wings,
You wear a smile, not a frown.

But why have you the strength to be
So full of patience, and to give
That grace to others? Can it be,
You mimic Christ, the One Who lives?

Like you He bore thorns, grief, and pain.
And our salvation did He gain.

Winter

Emma Shamel

Grade 8

Snow is falling down
Warming up to hot chocolate
Snowy skies above me

Abandon

Isabel Seibert

Grade 8

Abandon
Loss, rejection
Leaving, sulking, missing
Family left puppy behind
Lost

Art in Motion

Emma Shamel

Grade 8

Ballet

Graceful, elegant

Leaping, twirling, spinning

Performing for an audience

Dance

Bob

Cade Watkins

Grade 8

There once was a boy named Bob
He had a brother named Rob
He smelled like sea fish
And he really did wish
That he had a decent job.

'Tis a Marvelous Thing

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 9

'Tis a marvelous thing to construct a snow fort,
Along with our neighbors and good old friends.
It gives to young children a pastime sport,
And fun which seemingly never does end,
That not to our torment may their thoughts tend.

Oh, but don't they draw us into their game as well!
We chisel through sparkling hollows and caves,
And pile up snow, shaping mounts, vales, a dell,
Walls to enclose them, we're working like slaves!
Yet they bring their rewards, these toils and shaves.

Eighteen Figures

Max Hershberger

Grade 8

Eighteen figures sitting in a room,
Five are true as true can be,
Four sit bathed in glitz and glee,
Two lay dying all alone,
And seven in the wind are blown.

These eighteen figures, tried and true,
Sit in chairs red, black, gold, and blue,
Wishing they could talk to you,
Wishing they could see a sunrise,
Wishing they could lay their eyes
Upon our world with all its shine,
Wishing hard and wishing true.

But, alas nothing to them now comes,
For they all fear the unknown thing,
They fear the leaving of their slums,
And coming to our world of bling.

Aye! Alas! How sad it is,
To know the truth behind this fib,
To know the truth behind it all,
That *we* are the figures within the wall,

Afraid to stay, afraid to change,
Afraid to cross the great abyss,
Afraid to remain wherever they are,
No matter *where* it is we are,
Thus is the truth close and afar,
And in this way we *all* are fools,
We eighteen figures sitting in a room.

Glee

Paige Struchen

Grade 8

Joy

Elation, liveliness

Comforting, amusing, pleasing

Last day of school

Happiness

Feelings

Emma Shamel

Grade 8

Happy

Ecstatic, cheerful

Smiling, laughing, grinning

Scowling, pouting, frowning

Annoyed, furious

Angry

Winter Days

Keaton Host

Grade 8

The windows are full of so much ice
I think they look peculiar and nice
There's snow on the ground
And no children with frowns
They're all playing inside with some dice

The Fall of Jack

Brennan Shaver

Grade 8

There once was a man named Jack
Who talked a lot of smack
He was very tall
And he could really ball
Until he got beat by Shaq

Prejudice and Perspective

Willow Rae Cox

Grade 11

Oh my old friend, you feel so close
A lead cape on my shoulders —
And I feel you coming for the next dose.
Why must you be a bother?

Oh old pal, I haven't seen you in years.
Where did you go to hide from me?
Some say you never left.
If that's true, why don't you leave us be?

Oh my dearest, you keep me grounded.
Not in a down-to-earth way,
But in a "hands up, you're surrounded."
You say I'm free, why, then unchain me!

Oh familiar one, others cannot remember,
But I can smell you.
Shrouded in family trees,
Smuggled through generations, who knew?

Oh darling, I heard you found another.
Don't fault me; I won't miss you much.
I am but a feather: both easily moved and easily stuck.
When did you lose your touch?

Oh lovely, wait, you haven't left.
Your bags are in the lawn,
Yet I see you with someone else.
Where is my rest; where is my dawn?

Oh my ghost, it's time for you to leave.
We bring torches and pitchforks now,
But you're gone again like sand in a sieve.
The time old question rings: are we fools?

Some have never seen you.
They will never — can never — know your face.
We are angered, but we are blind too.
Tell me old friend, are we to blame?

Vacation

Emma Shamel

Grade 8

Beach

Sandy, sunny

Swimming, building, playing

Creating huge sand castles

Seashore

Piece by Piece

Ryleigh Ronald

Grade 8

Puzzles

Complicated, intellectual

Befuddling, frustrating, bamboozling

A way to pass time

Pieces

The Adventures of Dan

Brennan Shaver

Grade 8

There once was a man named Dan
Who got hit with a frying pan
He started to cry
Then saw a guy
Get thrown into a dirty trash can

Stormy

Isabel Seibert

Grade 8

Rain
Wet, misty
Dripping, cooling, pouring
Like cats and dogs
Precipitation

Prosperity

Paige Struchen

Grade 8

Growth

Success, advancement

Flowering, sprouting, enlarging

Rising to great measures

Progress

Basketball

Isabel Seibert

Grade 8

Basketball

Enjoyable, marvelous

Exhilarating, dribbling, shooting

I love to play

Hoops

Beauty in the Air

Ryleigh Ronald

Grade 8

Butterflies
Beautiful, vibrant
Fluttering, soaring, exploring
Flying through the blue sky
Insect

The Bee

Cade Watkins

Grade 8

There once was a bee
I saw it then it stung me
Then I couldn't breathe

A Poem with Your Name

Willow Rae Cox

Grade 11

A poem with your name
Would take my hand with its words,
And hold it against a flame
Where it would burn but never hurt.

To make me feel better,
It'd bring me poison to drink,
I'll feel the cup and the lies on my lips;
Still, I won't blink.

I'll scream for help,
But no one will hear.
In your hollow pages, my voice picks up the words on the walls.

With one tear, the ink begins to smear
Someone remind me — why am I here?

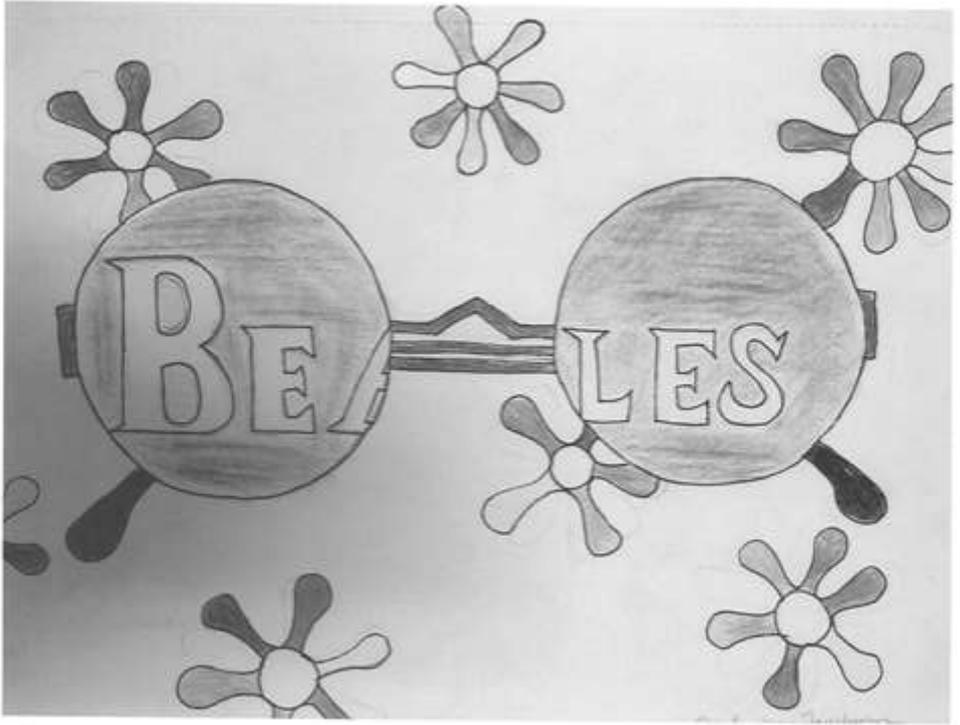
Weren't they?
Weren't the words soft once?
Someone tell me — what day is today?
They seem a little harsher now.

Oh! A poem with your name.
It would send me up, looking down.
I'd look for it in the clouds;
"Alas," it'd say, "Words, like you, are meant for the ground."

Perhaps pages are meant for the floor,
And flesh for the flight.
Behind me I should shut the door,
Yet this poem I feel compelled to write.



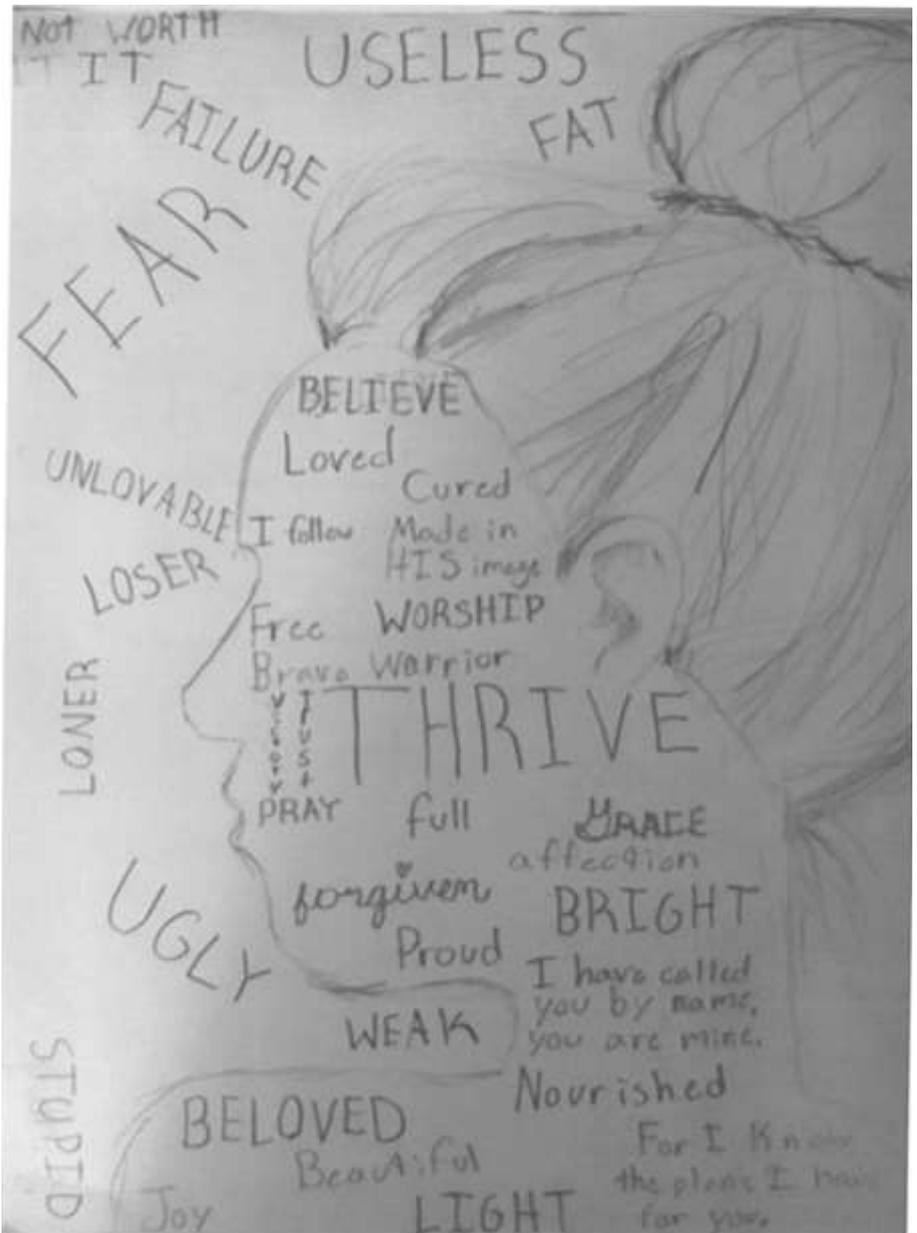
Moments
Tayelynn Garbrandt
Grade 8



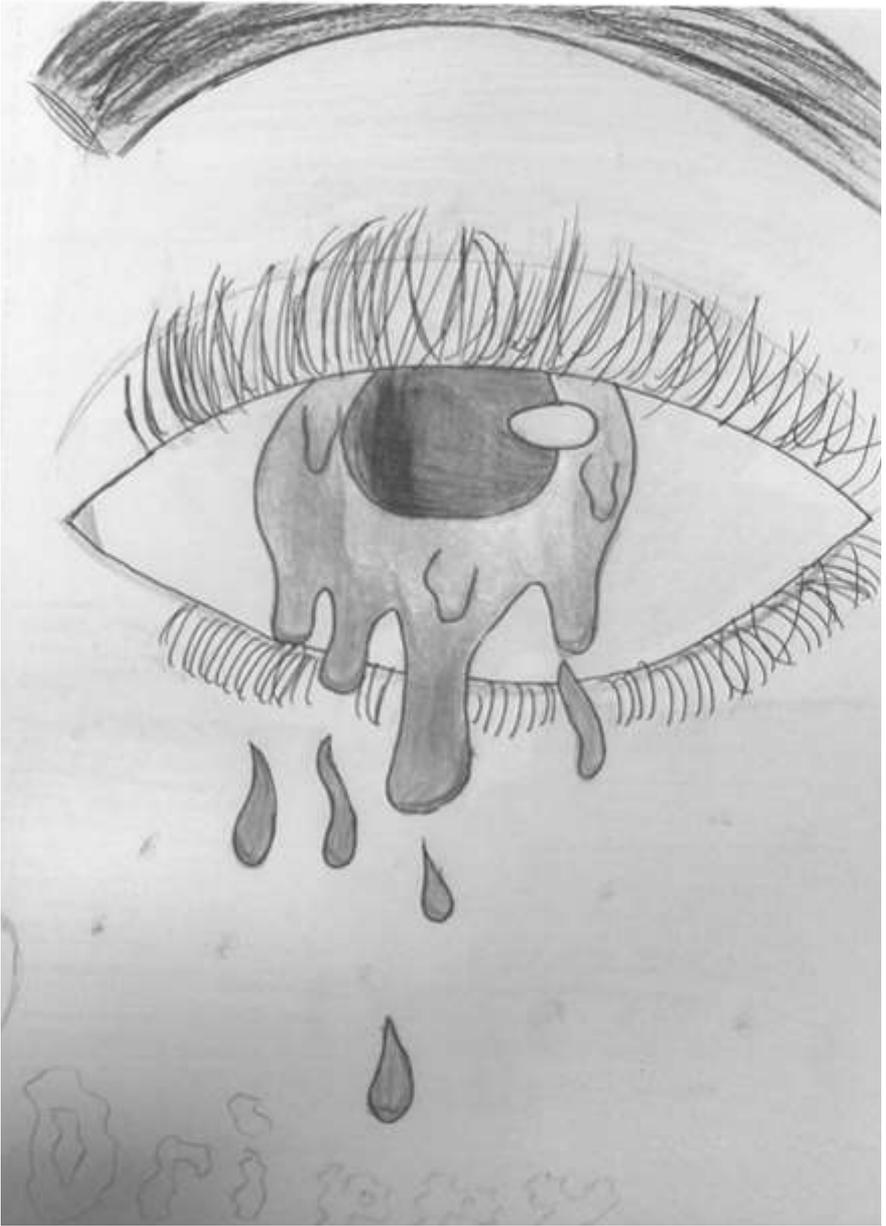
The Beatles
Tayelynn Garbrandt
Grade 8



Daisy
Emily Summerson
Grade 8



The Inside of True
Raechelle Miles
Grade 8



I Sight
Taelynn Garbrandt
Grade 8



We're All Mad Here

Mary Vogel

Grade 9



The Wall of Truth
Regan Meyers
Grade 8



Rose
Anonymous
Grade 9



Beautiful Death
Taelynn Garbrandt
Grade 8

Labyrinth

Mary Vogel

Grade 9

The councilors were outraged. I had seen them steamed up before, but this was monumental. I kept my head bowed the entire time they yelled at me.

“Well? What do you have to say?” Councilor Marco asked impatiently. I lifted my head and stared him in the eye.

“Who is Jace Matias? What did he do, and what is his relationship to me?”

Silence stretched across the room as the councilors looked unsure of what to say.

“How do you know that name?” Councilor Avryn broke the silence.

“He told me,” I said quietly, knowing this would cause a new round of questions.

“You were sent to kill him, Katrina, not talk to him.”

“And why was I sent to kill him?” I demanded, my voice rising. “According to him, his name is Jace Matias, and he is my brother.”

“You are going to believe a wanted criminal over us?” Councilor Marco asked, incredulous.

“I was reluctant to believe at first, and then I began to look into it. When I mentioned it to my parents, they looked like they were hiding something. Later, I checked the birth records. While he is not in them, a simple mistake was made. My family is a family of four, correct? It said we were a family of five but no fifth member was named. And my final point? The fact that you recognized his name.” I crossed my arms and waited for them to acknowledge what I said.

“Listen to what I am about to say, and listen very carefully,” Councilor Marco said, finally breaking the silence. “You will forget everything you saw or heard. And if you refuse to, I will personally make sure not a word will come out of your mouth about this, understand?”

“I want to know why, and if you refuse to tell me I’ll quit.” I waited for him to speak, and, when he didn’t, I threw my bounty hunter’s circlet at their feet. “I’m done being your puppet.”

I turned to walk out, expecting to be plagued with guards as soon as I moved. To my surprise, none came.

“There are worse things than being imprisoned, Katrina Matias. Remember that,” Councilor Marco called after me as I left the hall.

I decided to go to my quarters first to pack. I had defied the council, so it wouldn't be long until I was killed or worse. I packed quickly, throwing what I could into my bag. When I was done, I hurried and scribbled out a note to leave at my parents' house. I would probably be erased like my brother was, but at that point I didn't care. The council had been in power for far too long. Over the last couple of days I had started to notice things off in the community. People weren't happy, that was apparent now, and there was an underlying sense of fear that left no one but spread through all like a wildfire. I realized that some of that fear was directed towards me, but even that was the council's doing.

Suddenly I heard heavy footsteps towards my quarters. Guards. I had hoped they wouldn't come after me so soon. The councilors had to find a way to either make my death look well deserved or an accident. It looked as though they were going with an accident. The footsteps continued to grow louder. I grabbed my bag and opened my window, preparing for my getaway. I had my bottom half out of the window when the guards burst into my room.

“Hey!” one shouted, and they immediately ran to take hold of me. I barely leapt out of their clutches and ran towards the crowded city streets. Arrows were shot after me, but I dodged

them all. It was only a matter of time before they caught up to me or the other guards were alerted. I needed to get to the forest quickly.

I darted in and out of alleyways, dodging people and street vendors. If I saw a guard in my path, I ran the other way and then got myself back on track. Soon I had found my way to the edge of the city.

The wall loomed in front of me, impenetrable towers blocking my way out. By now the guards had most likely been alerted of my betrayal. So them letting me out was not going to happen. I walked along the wall, looking for any sign of weakness. Then, it came to me. The tunnels under the city would provide the perfect cover for my escape. I pulled my hood up to hide my face and plunged back into the crowds. The nearest tunnel entrance was a blocked up house in the outer edge of the city. The tunnels were deemed dangerous, so the council had them **blocked off. But I had been down there. They weren't** dangerous, just dark and cramped.

When I arrived I looked around and ducked under the fence. It was an old house, its board rotting and falling apart. Luckily the entryway into the tunnels was in what looked like a cellar, so I **didn't have to go far into the house.**

It was as cramped and dark as I remembered it. My instincts took over, and I listened for any signs of trouble coming my way. All I could hear were the crowds in the city above.

I let my feet take me over the path I had walked too often. Criminals often took shelter in the abandoned tunnels, but few knew it led outside of the city walls. I had discovered it on a mission and used it as a way out of the city many times. As far as the council knew, I didn't know it existed, so I felt safe for a few moments. My feeling of safety ended quickly.

Guards turned the corner, and I pressed myself against the wall, hoping to blend in with the thick shadows. I heard more footsteps, and two more guards turned down the opposite side of the tunnel. I was trapped.

I both mentally and physically prepared myself for a fight, waiting for them to see me. It only took a second for one to see my form in the shadows.

"I'd come out if I were you," He warned, glaring in my direction. The others found me as well, and they started advancing. I was strong, but four guards at once were too much to handle.

"I'm surprised, Aisha," I spoke, addressing one of them by name. "I expected you to be willing at least to hear me out."

"I don't listen to criminals," she replied coolly.

"So what is it I supposedly did? 'Cause it'd be nice to at least know," I asked, trying to figure out how to get myself out of this.

“It’s quite the list,” She said and began naming them off. She was correct, and my “crimes” ranged from consorting with the enemy (partly true) to murder (which was ironic considering my job). While she was talking, I noticed the closest guard on my right had a limp.

Before Aisha had stopped talking, I swiftly kicked out his good leg, and he fell, unable to support himself on his bad ankle. The others attacked immediately and tried to tackle me. I dove underneath them and quickly got up and ran. I heard them get up and come after me, but soon their footsteps faded, and I let myself breathe again.

Unfortunately, I had gotten myself lost.

I walked around the labyrinth, trying to find anything familiar. Every wall looked the same, and no light could be made out in any direction.

“Katrina?”

I whirled around, expecting another fight, but instead I was met by a boy. He had tousled brown hair, brown eyes, and tan skin with a scar on his lower jaw.

“Jace?” I asked amazed to see him and amazed at having confirmation I hadn’t dreamed meeting him. He gave me a grin and nodded.

“We heard about your sudden leave from the society above,” He said. Suddenly he frowned. “You’re not going to try and kill me, right?”

“No, I won’t,” I said cautiously. “Who’s ‘we?’”

He grinned again and motioned for me to follow him.

“Come with me, and I’ll introduce you to the others like us.” He saw my questioning look and continued. “Others that saw the truth about life up there. Others that want to see the council fall.”

Tommy's Speech

Belle Fockler

Grade 7

Hi. I'm Tommy, and I'll be running for Mrs. Louis' 5th grade Class President. I know you guys may know me as the weird kid who goes to speech class. Yeah, I might not be the smartest, but I know what a good leader should be. And what it **SHOULDN'T** be. A leader shouldn't call people names, or tease them because they need help with school. A leader should be kind to everyone, no matter what they look like. A leader shouldn't make people feel so bad they want to... want to hurt themselves. I could be that leader... because I know exactly how it feels to be neglected. To not be loved. I know I'm only 11, but I know these things. A leader should be kind, caring, and helpful. If you're not these things, it can hurt someone—really, really, badly. I know this, because... I... I'll never see my brother, Timmy... ever again. I'll never laugh with him, or play baseball with him ever again. And a bully... a bully took him from me! That bully did not have leader qualities. And, I... I promise you... I will try to make sure that will never happen... ever... to anyone at this school, if I am president. I know I'm only in fifth grade, and I'm not that good at reading social cues, but I know how it feels to hurt. And if I'm president, I'll be a great leader, and I will never try to hurt someone. Yeah, I'm the weird kid. But, I'm also the kid with no brother—the kind kid.

Even when I'm hurting, I'll be there for you. I'll be your friend even if you don't want to be mine. And that's what I leave you with. Vote for Tommy. Vote for a leader. Thank you.

My Life the Cup

Willow Rae Cox

Grade 11

She grips the mug strongly—full of sloshing happiness.

Her eyes are red and her knuckles are white with struggle.

It's only a cup; this she knows.

But life's not a cup.

“Why can't life be a cup?” she'd ask, expecting silence.

“Because it'd be too easy to break,” he'd say, “That and you can't love a cup.”

Jewelrock Mountain

Belle Fockler

Grade 7

“Come on, Abby!” My best friend, Mikey called out to me.

“Uggh!” I groaned, slumping against a tree. “Why did I agree to this?”

Mikey laughed his deep laugh. “You’re so dramatic, Abbs.”

We were hiking up the old Jewelrock Mountain in the forest behind Mikey’s house. Legend has it that there are jewels hidden within the mountain, hence the name. And, of course, Mikey was all over that.

“I am soooo not dramatic!” I panted. “I’m just not athletically inclined!”

Mikey rolled his eyes. “But, it’ll all be worth it when we find the jewels, right Abbs?”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” I sighed, trudging onward.

An hour later, I had lost all hope that we would find anything...

but that's when Mikey yelled, "Abbey come look over here!" Knowing Mikey, he probably just found a lizard or a cool rock, but I jogged over as fast as I could.

"Woah," I said, eyes wide. Mikey's flashlight shown into a dark cave.

"Well, whaddya waiting for?" Mikey grinned, walking into the cave. I took tentative baby steps, but Mikey dragged me forward.

Water slowly dripped from the walls, and I felt something scuttle past my foot. Eeeww. Mikey and I continued forward.

A few minutes later, we came to a big pile of rocks.

"Well, it's been fun, but now we've come to a dead end. Oh well. We tried," I said with fake sadness, and began to turn around.

"Oh, no, you don't," Mikey laughed. "We'll climb it."

"Oww, oww, oww!" I winced, climbing over a pointy rock.

"What?" I heard Mikey scream.

"Mikey! Are you ok?" I panicked, scurrying over one last rock. Boy was I not ready for what was on the other side. "Books!" I gushed.

"Where are all the jewels?" Mikey cried.

In front of us rose mountains of books! More piles than I could count!

“There must be hundreds, no thousands, of books here!” I laughed, racing to a pile.

“But... but, the jewels!” Mikey whined, his head in his hands.

“You were right, Mikey!” I said. “This is worth it! And you know what they say... a good book is like a jewel!” I laughed, cracking open a book.

Pearl Harbor: A Tale of Infamy

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 9

It is an undisputed fact that the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor carried out on December 7, 1941, was an epic tragedy in the history of our great nation. The loss of nearly 3,000 men, 18 vessels, and 188 planes is a disaster for any country and, ordinarily, a justifiable provocation for war against the nation which perpetrated it. However, in the case of America and Japan there is ample evidence to suggest that the U. S. Government provoked the attack, knew about its particulars before it was carried out, and allowed it to happen. As outrageous and unbelievable as this appears at first glance, that is the way the evidence points. Much of the information below was obtained from the *Freedom of Information Act*, passed in 1967.

The official narrative for what happened at Pearl Harbor is that the U.S. forces stationed there were surprised, while the United States Government was at the time trying to reach a peaceful settlement with Japan. **America's ill-founded trust in Japan's decency was maliciously betrayed, and her people paid for it with the lives of their sons.** To comprehend the falsity of this narrative, it is necessary to examine the events that occurred in the months prior to and following the attack. In 1941, Japan

and China were engaged in a seemingly interminable conflict which was draining the Japanese Empire's resources. There was a powerful faction in Japan led by Prime Minister Fumimaro Konoye which was determined to avert a conflict with the U.S. Another rival party, under Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka was eager to go to war. On July 18, 1941 Konoye replaced Matsuoka with the "pro Anglo-Saxon" Admiral Teijiro Toyoda. The U.S. responded on July 25 by freezing all Japanese assets in the United States, cutting off all her exports and imports and denying Japan the oil upon which the nation and empire depended. Not a little surprised, Konoye tried to arrange a peace conference between himself and President Franklin Roosevelt, something encouraged by U.S. ambassador James Grew, but he received no answer. On August 28 Konoye dispatched a messenger to Washington requesting a secret conference but asking that his actions not be made public, as they could imperil his administration. By September 3 the information had been leaked to the pro-war *Herald-Tribune* newspaper. This action resulted in the Konoye Government falling on October 16, to be succeeded by an anti-American regime. However, in November, even this new Japanese administration offered the U.S. two new reasonable plans for peace, both of which were rejected. On November 25, F.D.R. held a war council with his highest ranking diplomats. That night, Secretary of War Henry Stimson wrote in his diary, "The question was how we should maneuver them, [the Japanese,] into... firing the first shot without allowing too much danger to ourselves." Navy Secretary Frank Knox wrote, "We can wipe the Japanese off the map in three months."

By the autumn of that year, the U.S. had broken all the Japanese military and diplomatic codes. F.D.R., key members of his cabinet, and top military leaders all had access to these messages, which were transmitted directly to them. It is certain that the President and at least thirty-five other top officials in the U.S. government knew of the planned attack on Pearl Harbor. This information is available thanks to the work of Robert Stinnett, who wrote *Day of Deceit: The Truth about F. D. R. and Pearl Harbor*, with much of his historical documentation obtained through the *Freedom of Information Act*. Stinnett also reveals that the government knew about a certain Japanese spy at Pearl Harbor and intercepted the messages he sent to his superiors such as, “There are no barrage balloons at these places... and considerable opportunity is left for a surprise attack.” When U.S. Admiral James O. Richardson complained to the President that the whole fleet should not be kept sitting in Pearl Harbor, he was promptly fired.

On December 8, one day after the disastrous raid, President Roosevelt publicly condemned the attack and called for a declaration of war on Japan, while noting to his close friends that, “You and I know that this continuous putting pins in rattlesnakes finally got this country bit.” As British Minister of Production Oliver Lyttleton stated in 1944: “Japan was provoked into attacking America at Pearl Harbor. It is a travesty of History to say that America was forced into the war.” In summary, as the Top Secret Report of the Pearl Harbor Board put it, “Up to the morning of December 7, 1941, everything that the Japanese were planning to do was known to the United

States.” It takes unrelenting, valiant patriots to expose the hidden machinations of their government—in hopes that the true history may be known, and future calamities averted. The terrible truth should be manifested, for love of truth Himself, for love of this country, and in memory of those Americans who perished at Pearl Harbor.

Works Cited

Perloff, James. *Truth is a Lonely Warrior*. Burlington, MA: Refuge Books. 2013. Print.

Stinnett, Robert. *Day of Deceit: The Truth about FDR and Pearl Harbor*. New York: Touchstone. 2001. Print.

Toland, John. *Infamy: Pearl Harbor and its Aftermath*. New York: Berkeley Books, 1982. Print.

Harriet Beecher Stowe: Herald of Freedom

Elizabeth Peterson
Grade 9

Born on June 13, 1811, in Litchfield, Connecticut, young Harriet Beecher was to grow up to write a book that would help to shape the future of America, even up to the present day. Her parents were emphatic Calvinist abolitionist preacher Lyman Beecher and his devout wife, Roxana. Harriet lost her mother at age five. When she was old enough, she was enrolled in the Hartford Female Seminary, run by her sister Catherine, also an author at that time. Harriet graduated in 1832 and left Connecticut behind to join her father in Cincinnati, where he was then serving as president of the Lane Theological Seminary. It was there that she became a member of the Semi-Colon Club, a literary society filled with strong abolitionists much like her. Calvin Ellis Stowe became a particular friend of hers, and on January 6, 1836, the two of them were married, having seven children together throughout the course of their lives. They both secretly supported the Underground Railroad, and would often open up their house as a refuge for run away slaves.

Upon the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, Harriet felt that she must act. Having just recently lost her own small son, Samuel Charles, to an illness, she felt great pity for the families of slaves who were often torn apart at auctions. On March ninth

of that same year, she wrote a letter to Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the pro-abolition newspaper *The National Era*, stating, “I feel now that the time is come when a woman or a child who can speak a word for freedom and humanity is bound to speak... I hope every woman who can write will not be silent.”

In June of 1851 the first installment of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared in *The National Era*, bearing the subtitle, *Life among the Lowly*. The year afterwards, her book finally appeared in print, and was a monumental success. It sold a staggering total of 300,000 copies in less than a year, and brought on a fresh wave of both abolitionist movements and pro-slavery retaliation. The year of the book's publication, 300 baby girls in Boston alone were christened Eva, after one of the story's main characters, and in November a play based on the novel opened in New York. The book was emotional yet mostly realistic, being intended to give Northerners a glimpse into the laborious, sometimes miserable lives of slaves on a Southern plantation. For Southerners, it was meant to be an eye-opener, a lightning flash of reality into the dark night of ignorance and injustice. As was to be expected, there was much backlash against the novel, particularly from the owners of massive plantations and their representatives in Congress.

After the breakout of the Civil War, President Lincoln invited Harriet and her family to the White House for a visit. According to Harriet's son, the President greeted her with the words, “So you are the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war.”

After the war's end, Harriet purchased some land in Florida near Jacksonville, and spent a great deal of time there on and off throughout the years. In 1873, in response to a newspaper article, she wrote, "I came to Florida the year after the war and have held property in Duval County ever since. In all this time, I have not received even an incivility from any native Floridian."

In sharp contrast to her avid remonstrance against cruelty towards Afro-American slaves, Harriet, when it was asked of her by Elizabeth Campbell, the Duchess of Argyll, helped to cover up England's utilitarian transformation of the Scottish highlands from militia-based societies into agricultural ones which could support far fewer Scotsmen, and the plight of the numerous refugees flocking to Canada, in her travel memoir *Sunny Memoires of Foreign Lands*.

She became one of the first editors for the *Heart of the Home* magazine in 1868, and continued to support an increase in legal rights for married women.

When her brother Henry Ward Beecher was accused of adultery in the 1870s, Harriet supported him and expressed her faith in his innocence, though she soon removed to Florida because she could not bear to see the suffocating pressure being put on him.

After her husband's death in 1886, Harriet seemed to dwindle away from that sense of reality she had done so much to awaken in others. She became ill with dementia. In 1888, it was

reported in *The New York Times* that she was in the process of writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* over again, not remembering that it had been completed. She passed away on July 1, 1896, in Hartford, Connecticut, the state where she was born and raised. She is buried at the Historical Center in Andover, Massachusetts.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was a woman ahead of her time, and though not always perfectly just in her writings, she possessed a sympathetic heart, and truly played a key role in shaping American history.

Works Cited

“Harriet Beecher Stowe: Activist, Author, Philanthropist”

Biography.com. Biography, Jan. 2015. Web. 25 Feb. 2018.

“Harriet Beecher Stowe.” Wikipedia. com. Feb. 2018. Web. 25 Feb. 2018.

The Spark of Realization

Lane Moore

Grade 12

The world is an ugly place. It has a face of hatred and anger. Its tongue speaks injustice. Its heart pumps prejudice throughout its body. It does cruel deeds. Today, the world has a few less blemishes than it once did because Dr. Martin Luther King gave himself the task of wiping away all blemishes and ugly scars within his grasp. Because of his work, the world's snarl is less menacing and it speaks less hatred; however, there is still much work to be done, and there is only one way to complete this work. It starts with every individual, including myself.

I must look at my own face. I must remove the marks of hatred and the snarl of prejudice. I must take control of my tongue, teach it kind words, and encourage it to speak an abundance of love rather than hatred. Dr. Martin Luther King said himself that "Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that." I must look at my heart. I must force out the toxins and the corruption within my blood and begin with fresh blood that is made of empathy just as much as it is made of oxygen and that tastes of kindness as equally as it does of iron. I must sweat out the fever of injustice. I must look into my own soul and my own mind, and, through an intervention of introspection, declare that I am no longer a lonesome passerby in a world begging for upstanders.

I will instead be a soldier of love and tolerance. A fierce contender with hate. The Hercules of doing what is just. I will be like Samson, but no one shall touch what gives me strength. I will decimate my small town mindset and remove the thoughts of prejudice which my community would have me keep intact. I will use the eyes of my soul to recognize my own privilege and make myself aware of the struggle of others less fortunate than I. I must make my motivation the well being of others instead of myself. As a result, I can hopefully do unto others as I would have them do to me.

Others make up a large part of the issue, especially in a small and uniform town such as Dover. Fortunately, I am able to take some responsibility and make an effort to educate others on the topic of prejudice in the United States. This will require care and respect in order to be effective. King knew this as well. Even in the most difficult and intense situations, he refused to resort to violence because he knew it would take him further from his goal of peace rather than bring him closer. If I am disrespectful, insulting, or pretentious in my efforts to explain the beauty of empathy to those in my community, then it will all be in vain.

Each person on this planet can only see the world through his or her own eyes. This means that those who have not experienced injustice may be unable to comprehend how extreme the matter is. This rule applies to me as well; however, fixing the issue will require more than merely adjusting my vision of the world. I must adjust my heart. If I truly wish to be compassionate and

understanding of those less fortunate than I, then I must put my heart where their hearts have been. A necessary search for an emotional understanding of the situations of others is imperative. I must search for love to give to those who are in need of it. Only then can I adjust my eyes and see past the color, race, gender, or sexual orientation of a person. I want to see nothing more than a human being when I look upon a person. In the end, everyone is human.

It is a drastic change. It is a change that the world wants to stamp into the same dirt of intolerance and blindness on which it treads. The vacuous soldiers of intolerance stand firmly, but love can drive out any foe. Every person on the Earth must try to start the same fire within them that Dr. King carried years ago. It starts with the tiniest spark of realization. It starts with the witness of injustice and the dowry of sadness placed on our shoulders. It starts when we witness our fellow humans being **crushed by a weight parallel to that of Atlas's. It starts with you. It starts with me.**

Acknowledgements

Thank you to all the authors, artists, and editors who helped make this magazine possible.

Thank you to our Editor, Elizabeth Peterson, who was the first to read *everything* in this magazine.

Thank you to our Art Editors, Sara and Chasse, who let me recruit them at a Teen Tuesday event.

A very special thank you to our Senior Editor, Grace Williams, who **didn't let a busy schedule, or Spring Break, get in the way** of working hard to make this magazine a reality.

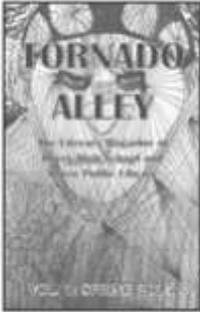
Thank you to the English and Art Departments at Dover High School, and to Paula Fritz for helping us spread the word about our project.

Another very special thank you to Michelle Watson of Claymont Middle School for encouraging students to submit work for this edition.

Finally, thank *you* for reading! We hope you have enjoyed **this year's edition and will continue to encourage all the** writers and artists in your life to have fun with form, discover their passions, and keep creating.

Further Reading

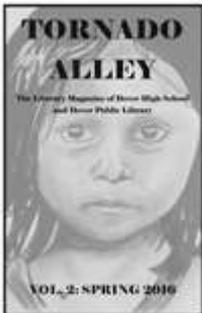
Visit www.doverlibrary.org/tornado-alley/ to read or download more editions of *Tornado Alley*!



Tornado Alley, Vol. 1: Spring 2015

Senior Editor: Katie Hanslik

Find out what it's like to be a teenaged vegetarian, read inspirational poetry, travel through time and more in the first volume of *Tornado Alley*.



Tornado Alley, Vol. 2: Spring 2016

Senior Editor: Natalie Caswell

The second volume of *Tornado Alley* boasts full-color artwork and even more fiction, nonfiction and poetry from local teens.



Tornado Alley, Vol. 3: Spring 2017

Senior Editors: Katie Hanslik & Natalie Caswell

Fantastic poetry, a teen bounty hunter and a kangaroo named Charlie all appear in the slim third volume of *Tornado Alley*.

Tornado Alley Spring 2018

Featuring Art, Fiction, Nonfiction and Poetry
by Teens in grades 6-12.

From insightful artwork to clever poetry
to adventurous short stories to inspiring essays,
take a look at the creativity of our area's
young artists and writers.

Craving more *Tornado Alley*?
Check out the first three volumes online at:
www.doverlibrary.org/tornado-alley/

*Funded by a 21st Century After School Learning Grant with
Dover High School*

