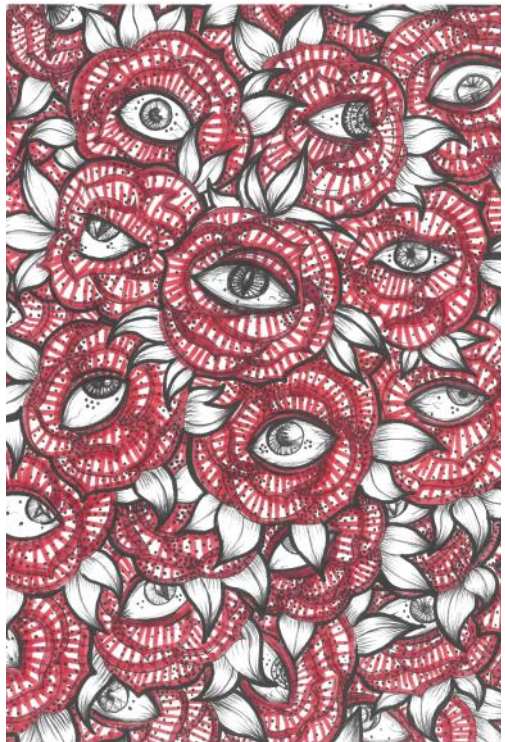
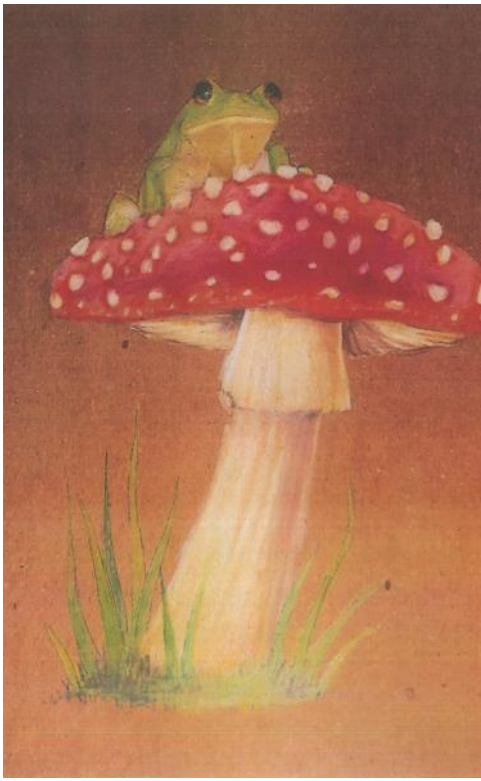


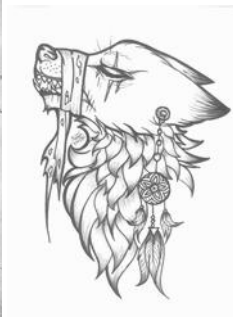


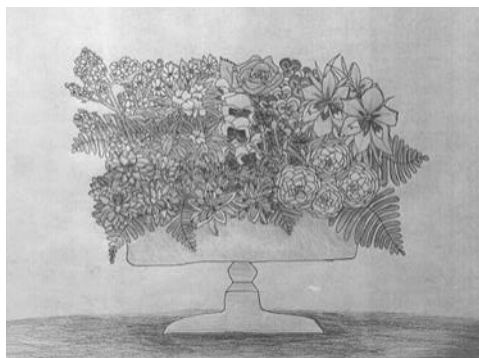
TORNADO ALLEY

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

VOL. 6: SPRING 2020







*in 900 years
of time and
space.*

*I have
never met
someone who*

isn't
important.

-The Doctor



Tornado Alley

The Literary Magazine of
Dover High School
and Dover Public Library
Vol. 6: Spring 2020

Senior Editors:

Elizabeth Peterson

Mary Vogel

Grace Williams

Editors:

Max Hershberger

Jasmine Kyliah Montanez

Marissa Sophia Montanez

Advisor:

Liz Strauss

Cover Art:

“Castle of Mystery”

by Caitlyn Bragg

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

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

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Advisor's Note

By Liz Strauss

Teen/Outreach Services Manager, Dover Public Library

When I tell people I work with teens, a lot look back at me in equal parts shock and admiration.

From where I stand, teens are simply amazing. They are in a magical time in their lives where everything is possible. Not quite children and not quite adults, their lives are full of change, drama, and high emotion. Every love is the greatest love. Every sadness is the greatest sadness. In between is boring and certainly not worth writing about or illustrating.

At our library, we call “teens” any kid in grades six through twelve. That’s a range for you. From kids not even technically old enough to join Facebook to young adults old enough to vote, these are the people I get to work with every day. From day to day, I never know if I’ll be talking about *Frozen 2* or get pulled into a discussion on Jane Austen.

This year’s *Tornado Alley* is a product of our area teens, and it’s intended for other teens. The content is diverse, from joy and cuteness to grief and anger. The range is wide, and it is a bit of a roller coaster. But it isn’t boring.

I hope you enjoy the twists and turns, and the diversity of what our teens have created. I know I have.

Senior Editors' Notes



Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 10

Wow, another year of *Tornado Alley*! I'm sure we're all facing certain challenges right now, such as the coronavirus, that cause us great uncertainty and uproot our settled way of life. If I could say one thing to the readers of this incredible teen magazine, it would be this: don't give up. As you read through this issue of *Tornado Alley*, allow yourself to be challenged emotionally and intellectually. Allow yourself to identify with the characters and authors. By doing so you will not only share in their struggles and sorrows, but will be encouraged by their hope.



Mary Vogel

Grade 11

I am truly proud to be a part of this year's edition of *Tornado Alley*. As a second year editor, I thought I knew what to expect with this year's submissions, but I was blown away by the raw talent. Thank you to all the great artists and authors, as well as to my fellow

editors and our advisor. This year's edition is quite possibly the best yet, and its diversity is a testimony of that. As a group we have truly created a fantastic magazine.



Grace Williams

Grade 10

One of the greatest things about books is their ability to pull readers into a world full of wonder that allows them to imagine endless possibilities. During the unexpected circumstances of spring 2020, I have found solace in the opening of a good book more often than ever before. In this issue of *Tornado Alley*, readers find themselves immersed in beautiful artwork, stunning poetry, and exciting tales of fiction and nonfiction. I hope that this *Tornado Alley* provides you with inspiration during this time of social distancing and staying at home; even though we are being asked to stay apart, great literature can still bring us together.



Reading
Mary Vogel
Grade 11

Haiku Quatre

Max Hershberger

Grade 10

Solace

Moths glide through the air,
I hear the long brook running,
This is contentment.

Prometheus

Potent ashes flair,
New flames sprout from the elder,
As old feeds the new.

Diversity

I see flowers now,
Great patterns of shape and size,
Different and same.

Wings

Love flies through the trees,
Fire leaves behind it scorched earth,
Spread wings incarnate.



King of the Hill
Emily Summerson
Grade 10

Being Alive

Belle Fockler

Grade 9

“Mistdell is a prosperous, wonderful place where our citizens thrive intellectually and physically. Mistdell is a prosperous, wonderful place where...” The girl turned off the hologram in frustration. *Is it prosperous?* she thought. *Why am I forced to listen to this, day after day?*

Her name was BE3. Not a name, really. That’s just what the officials referred to her as. Everyone she was fond of called her Bee. Not that she had many acquaintances... Bee shook her head. Time for her daily injection.

She blew her mandatory brown pixie cut out of her eyes. Colorless, as eyes should be. At least that’s what she had been told her whole life. She hooked her tube and needle around her thin wrist. Bee hated her daily injections more than anything. Even after a lifetime of shots, every prick hurt more than the last. Afterward, she always felt weak and emotionless. But she supposed that was the point.

Bee knew that it was dangerous to question her superiors, but even still... she had an inkling in her soul to want more...

there had to be more out there... *ca-chunk*. Ow! Bee squeezed her eyes shut in pain, but at least her rebellious thoughts were gone. It made her more relaxed, and she once again convinced herself it was for her own good.

Right. Bee thought. *Time to get to work*. She had a job in one of the many factories that made up Misdell. And what she made every day? Truth be told, Bee had no idea. That information was much higher up than her lowly position. All she knew was that she slaved at the factory all day, every day, wiring intricate electronics. Not that it was her choice anyway.

Sighing, Bee began the long trek out of her cubicle to the cold metal building where she worked. But as she neared the bottom of the hill on which she lived, a peculiar sight caught her eye. It was the tall, spiked fence that surrounded Misdell, to “protect the inhabitants from outside terrors.” Not a strange sight on its own, of course, but what Bee noticed was much more special.

A hole. A jagged hole cut into the rusting bottom of the barrier, seemingly hastily. Being the curious girl she was, Bee naturally crept over to take a closer look. But as she lowered herself to the ground to peer through the opening, a tall officer marched by, doing his morning rounds.

“Hey!” He shouted. “You there! Back away from the fence!”

Bee quickly stood, fear in her eyes. “Sir, you don’t understand, I...”

“Don’t talk back to me, peasant! You were trying to escape, and you know what consequences await rebels!”

Unfortunately, Bee did know the consequences. And they were deadly. Dread struck in her heart, and, almost automatically, Bee did something she’d never done before. She broke the rules.

Scrambling under the fence as the official grabbed at her ankles, Bee felt something peculiar. A strange sensation, a rush even. Breaking the rules made her feel... odd. Good. That was the word. As she sprinted into the dense forest that surrounded Misdell, a place where Bee had never dared to even look at, she felt. Feeling... something she had never experienced before.

Bee liked the bubbling in her chest as she ran through the trees. She liked the warmth of her cheeks. And... all of a sudden... the vast danger of the crime she committed occurred to her. And just as soon as she had felt like soaring, Bee crumpled to the ground.

Bee slowly opened her eyes, blinking in the soft light. She did not know how much time had passed from when she’d fallen, but it seemed like many days. She sat up quickly,

remembering what she had done. A pang in her head told Bee she was hurt. Wincing, Bee slowly laid back down on the cot she was resting upon.

Looking around, she saw an assortment of odd things she had never seen in Mistdell. She seemed to be in a building made of wooden logs, vastly different from her metal box. An orange glow radiated from an opening in the logs, warming Bee's tired body. Fire? She thought that was only a myth!

Suddenly, the door to the log house swung open. "You're awake!" Bee heard a friendly voice exclaim. She looked up and saw the most handsome face she had ever seen. He had long, golden locks, a light dusting of freckles, and vibrant eyes that seemed to be permanently happy.

"What is wrong with your eyes?" Bee shouted, before slapping her hand over her mouth in embarrassment. The boy looked confused. "I mean, they're so... bright. Is that... color?"

"Green." He cracked a smile. "My mother's eyes." Bee was speechless. She had never witnessed color like this before. Green. The word rolled off her tongue with ease. She liked it.

"Wait..." Bee began. "Who are you?"

“The name’s Tyler Moore. But I’d like to ask the same of you.”

“I’m BE3... I mean, Bee.” Bee blushed at her obvious mistake. If Tyler found out where she came from, she’d surely be sent back right away. She shuddered at the thought.

“Are you ok?” Tyler looked concerned, his eyebrows crinkling. “You looked like you took quite a fall where I found you in the forest.”

Bee’s eyes widened. “You were the one who saved me! Wait... why did you save me?”

Tyler laughed, the warm sound enveloping Bee. “You sure are asking a lot of questions.”

“Sorry.” Bee giggled. “But I have one more to ask... where am I?”

“It’d be better if I showed you. Here, follow me.” Tyler gestured with a flourish to the open doorway. Bee got up from her cot and hesitantly stepped towards him. Her jaw dropped. “Welcome...” Tyler started. “To Crystalden.”

It was unlike anything Bee had ever witnessed before. The trees were bright with an abundance of warm-colored leaves. It was nothing like the dull, perfectly manicured shrubs that

surrounded her home. She was surrounded by other log houses like the one she'd been sleeping in. The crazy thing was, they weren't identical! They were each uniquely beautiful, nothing like the uniform metal cubes of Mistdell.

Bee spun around in amazement, trying to soak up everything she was seeing. Tyler laughed yet again, amused by her awe. "This is... wonderful." Bee whispered. She lifted her nose and sniffed a delicious scent. Baking bread.

Wait a second. She thought. *Smell? It's real?* Bee had just smelled for the first time. Her senses were awakening in this glorious village. She beamed and stepped out of the doorway tentatively, glancing around the corner, where a group of locals seemed to be gathering.

"What's going on over there?" she asked Tyler, pointing towards the crowd.

"It's the annual Feast of the Crystals. A celebration honoring the crystal caves our colony sits atop of. And you're lucky enough to be a part of it!" Tyler explained.

Bee grinned and began to move towards the party. She saw many things that were new to her, like laughing people, colorful foods, even children playing games. She couldn't remember the last time she'd seen so many happy people. Or

anyone being happy, honestly. “What’s that?” she asked Tyler, pointing to a yummy looking dish on a large table.

“Ah. My favorite.” Tyler licked his lips. “It’s called sweet corn. We grow it right here, and it’s delicious. What’s your favorite food?”

Bee frowned. The only food she had ever eaten was the chalk-like tablets distributed at mealtimes in Misdell. “I’m not sure.”

“Well try some corn. You’ll love it.”

Bee scooped some corn onto a clay plate from the table, and grabbed an oddly shaped tool she believed was called a “spoon.” People used it to eat, she had heard. She sat in a soft patch of grass with Tyler, watching the little children play games with hoops and balls.

Hesitantly, picking up a spoonful of corn, Bee opened her mouth slowly and took a bite. An explosion of flavors took over her senses. Sweet, salty, even some spices! It was the most marvelous feeling. Closing her eyes, Bee savored the moment. And all of a sudden, her serenity was stopped right in its tracks.

Screams erupted from the crowd, confusion mounting. “Everybody put your hands up!” Bee heard a gruff voice yell.

Oh no. she thought, beginning to panic. *They're looking for me.*

“What’s going on?” Tyler said, rising to his feet.

“Officers. From the Badland. They’re here.” a nearby woman whispered, clearly panicked.

The Badland? Bee thought, puzzled. “Do you mean Mist...?”
But she was cut off as a large horde of officials burst through the nearby trees, wielding large guns.

“Nobody move! We’re looking for a convict!” the leader yelled forcefully.

Tyler gritted his teeth. “Get behind the table.”

“Tyler, I’m sorry I... ” Bee began to cry.

“Now!”

She scurried behind it, wiping her tears and praying for a miracle.

“Have any of you seen this girl?” one official asked, producing a fuzzy hologram image of Bee. A few locals tentatively began raising their hands but pulled them down once they saw the angered look on Tyler’s face.

“Excuse me, sir, but there is no such girl here. We’d like to ask you to please put your guns down and leave peacefully.” Tyler’s voice was wobbling, but only slightly. Bee was impressed with his ability to stay brave in such a scary situation.

The lead officer strolled over, eerily calm. He came so close to Tyler that his large nose almost poked him. “Oh, yeah? I know you’re lying, you forest scum. You’d better watch out, boy.”

“You don’t scare me.” Tyler whispered, under his breath.

“Oh, I don’t? Well, I can be much scarier, you heathen.” To Bee’s horror, the official smacked Tyler so hard it left a red mark across his face. A loud crack rang out through the clearing.

Bee let out a muffled, mangled cry, peeking through the table’s legs. Fortunately, no one heard. She couldn’t believe that she was putting other people in danger. She felt horrible. It was the first time in her life that Bee had felt fear. It felt nothing like happiness. Not at all.

A single tear rolled down Tyler’s face, but he stood tall. The official let out a slow laugh. “Ok, troops. I’ve had enough fun. Let’s move out.” Bee sighed in relief, but then her heart

dropped. “For now,” he continued. “We’ll be back with our tracking devices.” The soldiers turned in unison and began to march back into the dense forest.

Once they’d left, villagers formed groups, hugging and praising the heavens above that they were safe. Bee came out from her hiding spot, shaking. She began sobbing again.

“Tyler, are you ok?”

“Shh, I’m ok. It’s ok.” He rubbed Bee’s back reassuringly.

“I can’t believe I put that upon you! What if something worse happened to you, I... ” She fell into his arms.

“Bee, we need to get out of here.”

“We? Tyler we can’t go anywhere.” She looked up into Tyler’s green eyes.

“Didn’t you hear them? They’re coming back for you, and this time you won’t be so lucky.” He spoke urgently. Bee understood that he was right.

“Tyler, I can’t do this to you. What about your family?”

He looked down at his shoes. “They’re gone. There was a bad illness that swept through a few years ago.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry...”

“No, it’s ok. I have nothing left for me here. So, please, let me come with you.”

Bee shook her head in confusion. “Come with me where?”

“Nirva.” Tyler formed a small smile. There seemed to be a twinkle in his eyes, amidst all the madness.

“What’s... Nirva?” Bee asked.

“A perfect place. A place I’ve heard about only in stories passed down from generation to generation. It’s a utopia, not far under the crystal caves.”

Bee shook her head immediately. “It sounds wonderful.”

That night, shrouded in darkness, Bee and Tyler crept out of the bounds of the village. They trekked to the entrance of the crystal caves, holding hands, united as one. Bee was amazed at the vast size of the multicolored crystals that hung around them as they walked through the trenches.

“I didn’t believe such beauty existed.” Bee smiled.

Tyler laughed. “Get ready for a world of beauty. But none can be as beautiful... as you.”

Not knowing what lay ahead, Bee wasn't frightened at all. She felt a great adventure was afoot. And as she blushed under the hazy light of the smooth crystals, she finally understood what it meant... to be alive.



Music

Aimee Basnett

Grade 9

My Breath is Gone

Claire Lenhart

Grade 12

My Breath is gone.

“The bees are just chasing you because you’re so sweet,
pumpkin!” he used to say to me.

My Grandpa used to say these things to me all the time.
I loved him and I still do.

When he died he took my Breath with him.

The fact that I love him is one thing he did not take with
him.

When he Died, all I could do was sit and write about it.

Then the Grief finally settled in like darkness in the night.

I realized that I would never be able to see him again.

I would never be able to laugh at his new jokes that he used
to tell.

All I could find myself doing was Crying.

He was one of those people that always knew how to make
the ones he loved happy.

He was genuinely a great human, despite his teasing.

If he ever knew something he was doing bothered me he
would stop.

He would always sing for me and my sister.

He usually sang his favorite Song, “Hey Baby” by Bruce Channel.

That is, to this day, one of my favorite Songs because it reminds me of him.

Unlike some people who Grieve for a loved one, I don't want to forget about him.

I want to hold onto the Memory of him and Cherish every second I had with him.

Still that does not change the fact that when he Died he took a part of me with him.

Spending time and goofing off with him was a part of who I am.

I will never get that part of me back.

My Breath is gone.



Handwritten signature or initials.

Scooby Doo

Belle Fockler

Grade 9



Mr. Fett
Noah Peterson
Grade 7

The Living Dead:
A Prose Adaptation of William Shakespeare's
***Macbeth*, Act V, Scene I**

Elizabeth Peterson
Grade 10

Ahlaina quietly rose from her bed, slipped her bare feet into a pair of soft down slippers, tip-toed across the room, and, taking a lighted taper, exited through the doorway. Her movements, though silent, were bold and decided, and no one could have inferred from her outward composure the speed of her beating heart, or the torrent of thoughts rushing through her brain. Stealthily, she crept along the damp, dimly lit passages, until she came to the room wherein slept the doctor. She knocked twice, and in a few moments, the heavy oaken door opened to reveal a portly, elderly gentleman, with white hair and a night cap that stood not quite erect upon his head. His countenance, though kind, bore the marks of both fatigue and impatience.

“Ah, good sir! I am glad to find you awake. Come, let us proceed to the great hall, whereto, if heaven be willing, we shall presently see my mistress descend.”

“I pray heaven may be willing,” grumbled the good doctor. “I am a physician, and I know what it is like to be on call at all hours of the day and night. But forsooth, I swear that this business is sucking the life out of me.”

Despite his remonstrances, Ahlaina got the doctor to hustle along, and soon they entered the great hall, which, just four hours ago, had been filled with mirth and feasting. Now it was as silent and desolate as a graveyard. All the lights were out, except for a faint glow of firelight from underneath the ashes of the great hearth.

“Now,” muttered the doctor, drawing the folds of his sheepskin cloak closer together, “Now, wench, I have two nights watched with you but can perceive no truth in your report. Tell me, when was it she last walked?” Ahlaina furrowed her brow thoughtfully.

“Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon’t, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. Then, four nights ago, she crept out of her room, down into the great hall. I followed her the first time, and afterwards decided to send for you, good doctor.” Ahlaina glanced up into the doctor’s face to see if he understood the purport of her words, and indeed, his countenance wore a more troubled expression.

“A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching,” he murmured. “In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other performances, what at any time, have you heard her say?”

Ahlaina shuddered. “That, sir, which I will not report to you.”

The doctor advanced one step towards Ahlaina and placed a gentle yet heavy hand on her shoulder. “You may to me, and ‘tis most meet you should,” he said, looking directly into her eyes.

“Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech,” murmured Ahlaina uncomfortably.

Suddenly, the doctor looked up, and raising his hand from her shoulder, motioned to her to draw a little farther into the shadows. Ahlaina did so, and, looking back over her shoulder, she caught a glimpse of a white figure holding a lighted taper, advancing steadily towards the great hall. Ahlaina, though she had witnessed this scene many times before, still experienced a quickening of the heart, and felt a cold sweat breaking out over her. She nodded grimly to the doctor.

“Lo you, here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her, stand close.” Even as

Ahlaina spoke, the figure of Lady Macbeth came into full view. A poor, haggard creature she looked now, with her black, unseeing eyes so wild, her long dark hair lying loose and disordered upon her nightgown, and her trembling hand clutching a lighted taper. Ahlaina felt all her former thoughts of horror melting away into pity for this woman. Whatever her past crimes, she could not have done anything to deserve this living, walking death.

“How came she by that light?” inquired the doctor in a husky tone, which made Ahlaina jump.

“Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually. ‘Tis her command,” replied Ahlaina.

“You see her eyes are open,” said the doctor dubiously.

“Aye,” Ahlaina nodded assent, “but their sense is shut.”

“What is it she does now?” the doctor squinted, trying to get a better view of Lady Macbeth. “Look, how she rubs her hands.”

“It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour,” replied Ahlaina impatiently.

“Yet here’s a spot.” It was but one short sentence, spoken

decidedly and as if in irritation, yet its energetic hopelessness chilled the listeners down to the very marrow of their bones.

“Hark! She speaks,” gasped the doctor. “I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.” The doctor shifted his position to be closer to Ahlaina's flickering taper, but Ahlaina herself could only stand still as if paralyzed, her eyes transfixed upon the woeful apparition before her.

“Out, damned spot! Out, I say!” cried Lady Macbeth, wringing her white hands. “One, two. Why, then, ‘tis time to do’t. Hell is murky!” Ahlaina gave an involuntary shudder at the word “hell”, but Lady Macbeth continued, in a strong, passionate, despairing tone.

“Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet,” starring at her trembling hands, “who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?” It was not unlike other speeches Ahlaina had heard the queen make while sleepwalking, but this one seemed to chill her heart as with a breath of cold wind.

A new thought, so horrible that she was half ashamed of herself for thinking it, came to her. “Suppose the old man the queen speaks of so often is his late majesty, King Duncan! Ah! It is too horrible to be true! And yet, there are

many who whisper in secret that it was by Macbeth's hand that the good lord met his end. I never believed the rumors, assuming them to be only vile gossip. But suppose they are true, and suppose Macbeth's lady knew of the deed? Oh!" Ahlaina thought with dread, "the guilt, the regret she must hide! For, desire it as she may, she cannot undo the past." And Ahlaina crossed herself, half afraid to ponder what Lady Macbeth must be feeling.

"Do you mark that?" asked the doctor in a quivering voice that he tried in vain to keep to a whisper. Ahlaina nodded in reply, and would have said something more, but the white phantom had again begun to speak.

"The thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?" cried Lady Macbeth, raising both her hands and her voice. Her coral-red lips quivered in an agony of excitement. "What! Will these hands ne're be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that. You mar all with this starting."

And Lady Macbeth shook her black head, as if to scold her husband for his delinquency.

"Can she possibly mean Lord Macduff's wife?" mused Ahlaina. "Yet she seemed in excellent health when last she came to wait upon the queen."

"Go to, go to." The doctor's trembling voice and shaking

hand cut in upon her thoughts. Turning to face him Ahlaina saw in the dim light of the taper that his countenance was deathly pale, and his eyes wide with a mixture of cognizance, disbelief and horror. "You have known what you should not," he said, shaking his head.

"She has spoken what she should not, I am sure of that," replied Ahlaina, as another sickening possibility presented itself to her mind. If the queen had been complicit in one murder, then why not in two?

"Here's the smell of the blood still," continued Lady Macbeth, stooping as if to sniff her white hand. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, Oh, Oh!" And the tears came into Lady Macbeth's eyes, and she covered her eyes with her hands.

"What a sigh is there!" exclaimed the doctor under his breath. "The heart is sorely charged!"

Ahlaina nodded assent. "I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body."

"Well, well, well," said the doctor, folding his arms across his chest and shaking his head.

"Pray God it be, sir," whispered Ahlaina, with more fervor than hope.

“This disease is beyond my practice,” continued the doctor with a grave face. “Yet,” he added, seeing the fearful look in Ahlaina’s eyes, “I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.” Ahlaina could only nod and attempt a reassured smile.

“Wash your hands.” The clear, despairing voice of Lady Macbeth shattered the stillness of the night once more. “Put on your nightgown. Look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.”

“Even so?” The doctor turned towards Ahlaina with a questioning look. Though she knew full well what he meant, Ahlaina could only shrug her shoulders in reply. It was true that the good and brave general Banquo had been brutally slain some months ago. It was also true that, while Macbeth and others named Fleance, Banquo’s son, as the killer, there were many who secretly laid the murder at Macbeth’s door. But Ahlaina had no way of verifying this.

“Nevertheless, I will not deceive myself by saying I do not suspect it,” she thought.

Meanwhile, Lady Macbeth was earnestly addressing her invisible husband. “To bed, to bed, to bed. There’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come,” she gestured wildly. “Give me your hand. What’s done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed!” And with that, the white figure turned

and glided out of the hall, as stealthily and noiselessly as it had come.

Lady Macbeth's departure seemed to break some kind of spell that had lain upon the room, for, as soon as she was gone, the doctor heaved a sigh of relief, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief.

"Will she go to bed now?" he questioned Ahlaina.

"Directly," Ahlaina responded, still gazing at the corner round which her mistress had disappeared.

The doctor nodded his understanding. "Good. Let us then return to our rooms and think no more on this sad business till th'morrow. There is much I could guess at," he said with a meaningful pause, "but nothing I know."

They walked back to the doctor's chambers in silence, but as his hand was upon his doorknob, the physician suddenly turned to face Ahlaina and said with a face full of fear, wonder, and apprehension, "As for yourself, be on your guard, my child. Let no odd thing escape your notice. Foul whisperings are abroad," lowering his voice so that it was almost inaudible. "Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine than the physician," the doctor sighed and put his wrinkled hand to his furrowed

brow. “God, God forgive us all! Look after her, remove from her the means of all annoyance,” he gave Ahlaina a significant glance, “and still keep eyes upon her. So, good night, my mind she has mated, and amazed my sight. I think, but dare not speak.”

“Good night, good doctor.” Ahlaina gave him a smile, which he returned before shutting his door. A moment later, Ahlaina heard the click of a key turning in its lock.



Super Spy
Jasmine Montanez
Grade 8



The Glory of Sparta

Noah Peterson

Grade 7

Hope

Eryn Basnett

Grade 12

A soldier is bleeding on an ash-ridden plain, a hand
pressed over his heart;
He's lost it all: his chance of redemption or homeward
turning... he's lost a
Part of who he is as a man, swallowed in the waters of
a faceless greater cause.
What else can he lose on that scene so bare
Where survival is nothing but children's prayer?
He has hope, if anything, somehow still stubbornly
clinging to him. He still believes in his cause,
He still remembers from where his faith had sprung:
the reason he happily gives his all.
He doesn't hope for himself, not anymore. So it's for
that reason of living he faces the squall
Of the battle: his precious family. But without them
here, he is alone.
It is only him and Hope.
She stings, that devil in golden robes. She is potent —

dangerous, if used right.

Hope has been wielded to topple nations, though soft is
she as a bird in flight.

Whispering into the Soldier's ear are hushed pleas to
fight, and

To stand with her.

She glows like the dawn, but she burns like the sun; her
words are gentle but are solid as stone.

She begs him to pull together, to scrape what strength
he has left and to *fight*

For Hope is coming in the brilliance of noon. A wink
of silver, a bolt of blue...

And the black of clouds that part to let brightness break
through.

Men rally behind her with swelling hearts and minds
drunken with joy.

That Soldier is her right hand, who falls in step beside
her with tenacity he alone employs.

Faith rises from behind, flies ahead, and with
Swift feet treads a path for the army to follow. And so
they do.

The battle is glorious — hard-fought and sorely won.

The price is high from number of men that fall.

Metal crashes against metal, earth and blood are now
one, the heat is impossible to bear as

The sun frowns upon them all. But soon enough... the

deed was done.

The Enemy's head was clean off, and the battle had
been won.

The Soldier lies dead beside him, silenced, stiff... and
happy. He did his part.

He is at rest, no longer heartsick for home. He's found
it again.

Sleep, beautiful soul. Hope will reward you: you will be
sustained.

She hasn't failed you, not in your dying breath. Even
now she guides you to the beautiful unknown.

Sleep beautiful, broken Soldier. You can rest, no longer
alone.

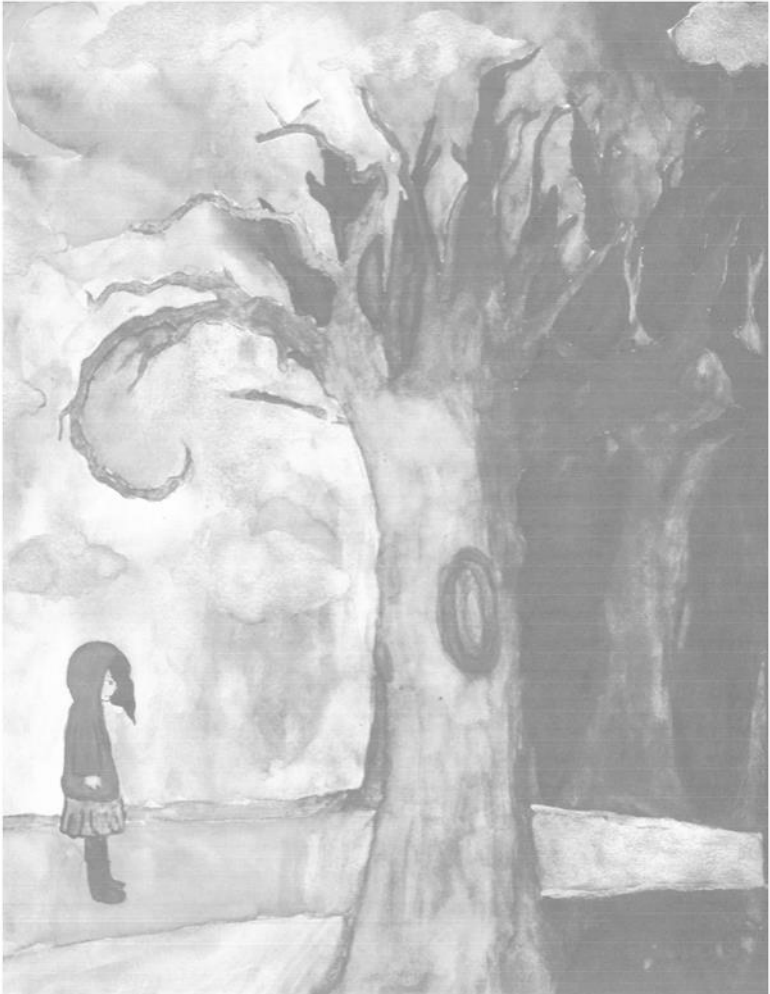
Hope is behind you.



Above and Beyond

Caitlyn Bragg

Grade 11



Leaving Northwater

Mary Vogel

Grade 11

Northwater

Mary Vogel

Grade 11

11:45 P.M.

Just outside of the small village of Northwater, there stood a young teenage girl, staring into the vast expanse of woods in front of her. The wind was howling in the treetops, adding even more chill to the brisk fall night. The sky was cloudy, leaving little moonlight, though it was a full moon. Earlier that day, as the sky had begun to darken and the clouds had not cleared up, there were whispers in the village of what that meant. Who were the clouds shielding from sight?

Red hood pulled over her puffy black curls, the girl took another step along the dirt path. No one was supposed to go into the forest alone, especially not in the middle of the night. But there she was, inching nearer and nearer to the haunting darkness,

The village behind her was dark. The small, hidden community knew better than to go out after nightfall, and leaving lights on would only bring more notice to the village than was safe. Almost everyone was in bed and mostly asleep,

from the littlest children to the oldest of the elders. Only two were still up.

“Sage!” A hushed voice whisper-yelled from behind the girl. She turned around and waved at the boy coming from the village. He finished crossing through the west field and joined her side. He had dressed appropriately for the occasion: dark jeans paired with a black hoodie. It was hard to see him when he hung back into the shadows of the nearby bushes.

“Ready?” Sage had a tight frown on her face, already turning back to the woods.

The boy nodded. “And you’re sure this is necessary?”

“I saw *Them*, Cassian, in a group. One was carrying a baby.”

“How can you be sure?”

Sage shot him a glare. “I know what I saw! The baby was human but the rest... they weren’t.”

“I just think we should get some help. Maybe some adults... or something?”

“No. We’re going. The two of us. They’ll see a group coming, but not two people.”

Cassian sighed but stopped arguing against her flawed logic. There was no use. Once Sage decided to do something, she did it. “Then let’s go, I guess.”

The two entered the dark woods quietly, not daring to make a sound. The second she passed the first tall, dark tree, Sage felt goosebumps prick her arms, and the chill in the air got worse. She huddled closer to Cassian, wondering if this was all worth it. She believed in what she saw, of course. And she wanted to know more.

From a young age, Sage had always been fascinated with *Them*. After all, they were such an ingrained part of Northwater’s culture. Every child was given an iron necklace at birth and taught to make them in kindergarten. Many mothers made their children wear their coats inside out all year, but on the solstices everyone did. Nearly everyone had an herb garden, and those that didn’t paid good money to buy from neighbors. The only natural creek in town ran through the old water mill, which pushed water through a system of man-made creeks protecting Northwater. As long as the water was running, they were safe. Most of the children learned these tricks and protections while learning the alphabet and colors.

Sage was no different. Her father’s family had lived in Northwater for generations, one of the oldest families to live there. Her mother had moved there after she was married,

and began complying to the rules very quickly. Once newcomers experienced their first solstice, they understood the rabid paranoia. The strange customs were all Sage had ever known, but still she often questioned them. Why couldn't they talk to *Them*? Why had no one tried to make a truce? Why not strike a deal? And most of all, why did the village ignore the fact that the fae had learned ways around all of their tricks.

Of course as soon as she voiced these concerns she was shot down. Absolutely under no circumstances should one make a deal with the fae. That was asking for a chance to be killed or worse.

Cassian was also a native of the village. He lived with his father, step-mother, and baby half-sister. He had never known his mother. It was rumored that either she couldn't take the knowledge that came with living in Northwater and left, or that *They* had taken her. Cassian never talked much about it, not that he knew much more than the rest of the village. His father was very tight-lipped. He never questioned the ways of the village like Sage did, but he listened to her vents and nodded along in agreement. As her best friend, he felt like it was his job to support her, no matter how dangerous her questions were. He often tried to steer her in the right direction, but it rarely worked.

Sage felt a hand on her arm and reached for the iron knife

hooked on her belt.

“Shh.” It was Cassian, whose dark brown eyes were darting around the forest, trying to make out and unusual shapes in the shadows.

“What is it?” Sage whispered, hand still on the knife.

He simply shook his head, one finger held up to his lips. His grip on her arm was tight, his shoulders tense, Neither of them had been that far into the forest before.

The wind picked up, and with it there was a gentle tittering laugh. To most people, the sound would be waved off as simply the wind. Cassian and Sage knew better, sharing a glance before each drawing their knives. As the wind continued to blow more, the laughter picked up, coming from all directions. Cassian looked longingly toward the village, though they were deep enough in the forest that it wasn't visible. Sage, on the other hand, stepped in the opposite direction.

“Show yourself!” she commanded, though her hands shook, and goosebumps traveled up and down her spine.

Cassian shot her a panicked look, even as he inched toward her once more.

The laughter continued to get louder and louder with the wind, which had begun to pick up leaves, swirling all around them. Finally, three beings emerged from the shadows.

With feminine features, and graceful figures, three imposingly tall fairies stood before them. Glittering wings shined in what little moonlight was present, arching taller than the fairies stood, each its own unique color. The fairy on the far right wore her long silver hair down around her shoulders, with a dark blue cloak clasped with a silver pin. The fairy to the far left had the same silver hair, worn in an intricate braid. Her cloak was dark purple with the same silver pin. Finally, the fairy in the center had long golden locks pinned back away from her face. The shining silver color of her cloak was nearly as vibrant as the green of her eyes which matched the pin on her cloak. Quietly smirking, each fairy slowly advanced on the children.

“Who are you?” Sage asked, holding up the iron knife.

The fairy in the middle merely smiled. “Human children don’t venture into the forest alone very often.”

“Not ever,” the other two said in unison.

“How brave.” The middle said.

“Who are you!?” Sage yelled again.

The three laughed again, the sound almost musical.

“Names have power child,” the middle, who was clearly the leader, cooed. “What are you doing so far away from home?”

“You took one of our children!”

The three giggled amongst themselves.

“Sisters, do you know anything about this stolen child?” The leader snickered.

“It wasn’t us!” they shrieked together.

“Creepy,” Cassian muttered under his breath. Sage had to agree.

She held up the knife, stepping closer. “Where is the child?”

“Oh, we don’t know.”

“Tell me!” Sage lunged.

Cassian gasped.

The leader muttered a few words of gibberish, and suddenly Sage was frozen in place.

“That’s better.” The fairy leader came closer, her cat-like eyes

glinting in the subtle moonlight. “You are a feisty one, aren’t you?”

“What did you do?” Cassian whispered, stepping toward her.

“Stay there, boy. I’m simply putting her in her place. The fae do not take lightly to disrespect.”

“We’re just trying to find a child that your people stole!”

“And I won’t stop you.” She turned to him, fangs showing through her grin. “After all, I like a little fun.”

“So let her go!”

“Not. Yet.” She turned to her sisters and nodded. “I’ll let you go after this child.”

The three linked hands and muttered what sounded like gibberish to the two human children. Tendrils of a blue, smoke-like substance wrapped around the three before expanding towards Sage and Cassian.

“What... is...”

Before he could react the smoke wrapped around the two before it settled on them like a thin film. He couldn’t even feel it on him, but if he looked closely, Cassian could see the

blue hue.

“What did you do?”

“You have one day to find the child and get out of the forest alive. If not, at midnight tomorrow, your lives are ours.”

“To do what with?”

She didn’t respond, only snapping her fingers.

Sage gasped for air, stumbling forward.

“Why are you doing this?” Cassian asked, catching Sage and holding her back.

The fairy simply laughed and linked arms with her sisters. The wind picked up again, and the leaves began to blow. Just like before, the three disappeared into the night.

“Why did they let us go?” Sage voiced the question they were both concerned with.

“Entertainment.” Cassian hummed, examining the new tint to their skin. “Two humans just willingly walked into their territory. They want to enjoy the experience.”

Sage frowned. “That can’t be good.”

“How are we supposed to find this kid anyways? And why?”

“We can’t just let them take him, right? Anyways, we have a chance to explore the woods, and figure out more about the fae! If you think about it, how much do we actually know about them?”

“Is it worth risking our lives?”

“Do we have a choice?” Sage crossed her arms. “Come on, Cassian, we could become legends!”

“Not when we don’t ever come back! We’ll just be another pair of kids to disappear in the middle of the night and never come back. We don’t have any leads. Just miles and miles of fae-infested woods.”

“Maybe I can help?” A new voice spoke out through the darkness.

Instantly both children drew their knives, searching for the source.

A tiny pink light floated down from the treetops, landing on a tree branch in front of them. Upon closer look, a humanoid creature sat staring at them. The pink light came from an aura around her. Her skin was a magenta hue, her hair a light pink. Even her fluffy dress was a shade of pink.

“I overheard your conversation with the sisters. I think I can help.”

“And who are you?” Sage asked cautiously.

“And what are you?” Cassian chimed in.

“First of all, rude. Second of all, I’m a pixie,” the tiny being said.

“Why would you help us?” Sage questioned, eyes narrowing.

“Is that important?” Her eyes flashed. “If you don’t accept my help you’ll never leave this forest and you know it.”

Sage and Cassian shared a glance, having a silent conversation with just looks. Trusting the fae was never a good idea; everyone knew that. *But what choice did they have?* Sage wondered. This pixie was their only way out alive.

“Fine.” She spoke for the two of them. “But we should know who we’re working with. What’s your name?”

“Your names first,” the pixie demanded.

They complied uncomfortably.

The pixie smiled. “I’m Sorcha. Let’s go.”

The strange little group turned their backs to the village and followed their newest companion into the deep woods.



Rise of Kukulkan

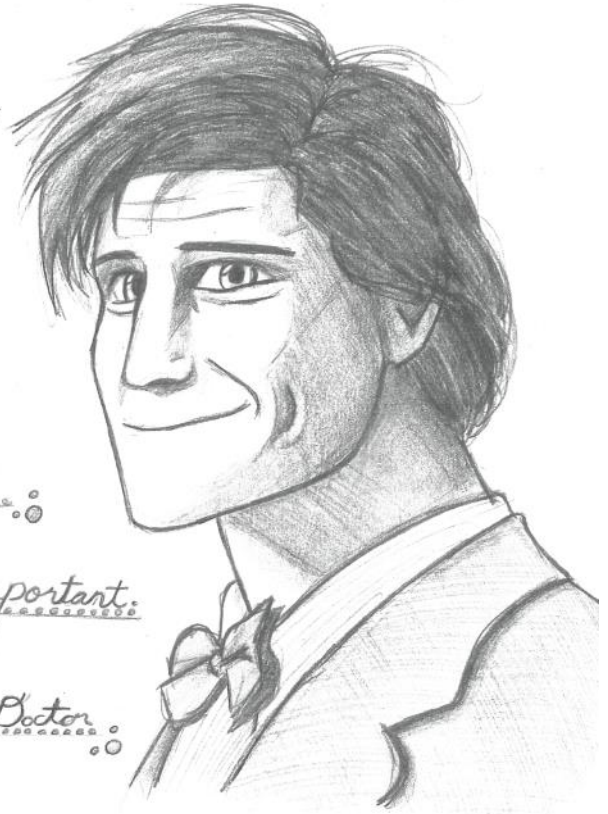
Alaina German

Grade 8

In 900 years
of time and
space...

I have
never met
someone who
wasn't
important.

~The Doctor~



Eleven

Eryn Basnett

Grade 12

Missing: Friend

Jasmine Montanez

Grade 8

Long I waited in line to see
Your lifeless face in front of me.
I miss the smile you used to wear;
My emotions a weight I can hardly bear!
As soon as we got that dreadful call,
I broke down in tears and started to bawl.
From the bottom of my heart I seem to be aching
When I heard of the stir that you were making.
We all miss him, the sweet little dude.
One treasured friend, by the name of Jude.
But he's gone now with Jesus and all our late peers.
Oh, 2019, my Year of Tears.



Spring Flowers

Lexus Marsh

Grade 12



Girl's Day Out
Marissa Montanez
Grade 7



Primal Rage
Alaina German
Grade 8

Hearts and Halberds: A Story of the French Revolution

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 10

Prologue

Julie wandered the snowy banks, her lips silently moving in prayer, her mittens fumbling her rosary beads. She sighed, and her breath appeared white in the chill December air. She knew she ought to be keeping her mind on her prayers, but that was impossible. Had it only been three years since he had proposed to her... William, the love of her life, whom she had cruelly sent away. What wouldn't she give to have him with her now.

Julie shook her head and stamped her leather boots. They made a soft thumping sound on the thick snow. This would never do! She had thought she was past all those tragic, melodramatic feelings, and that all her bittersweet memories of William and what might have been had been swallowed up in her grief for what she had lost. But obviously, it was not so.

“If only I could see him, just for a little while,” she murmured. “Oh, dear God!” she sighed, raising her eyes to the gray heavens. “I know it sounds wicked, but right now, I miss him more than my home, my parents, everything! Even my mother. Imagine that, even my mother...”

Chapter One

Julie de St. Dennis, eldest daughter of the most powerful man in Normandy, had, for the first fifteen years of her life, never wanted long for anything or anyone. Her life was filled with ease and glamour, besides the considerable advantages of a happy home and a loving family. Her father, the Duke Charles de St. Dennis, had married a beautiful and pious lady of high rank named Celine de St. Eustache. Her union with the duke was blessed with five healthy, happy children, and the duke and his family lived tranquilly together in his principle residence, just outside the city of Rouen.

Julie was their eldest child. After her followed Marguerite, Charlotte, Leonie, and last of all, a little son, named Charles after his father. Because of her numerous siblings, Julie never had cause to feel lonely amongst her family’s singular affluence. She loved them all dearly, but she had always been especially close to Marguerite, because of their nearness in age. When they were little they used to run away from their nurse to play hide-and-seek among the flower beds, or bring

baby rabbits inside the house to surprise the servants. Sometimes, they even dared to venture into that holy-of-holies, their grandmother's old rose garden. No one was allowed inside except the old gardener, but the crotchety old man had a soft spot in his heart for children, and he would often leave the door unlocked so Julie and Marguerite could slip inside and gather roses for their mother. If their mother ever guessed where those roses came from, she kept it to herself.

That was Julie's childhood, and, though full of many minor mishaps, it was certainly a golden one. No tragedy, no deep sorrow ever came to trouble that happy home. All that changed when William came.

He was handsome, tall above the average, with fine forehead and a noble countenance. His chin was firm and set, and his mouth looked ready to laugh upon the slightest provocation. His hair was a curly light-brown, well-suited to the rest of his features, and his face wore an air that was both intelligent and kind. But the thing Julie remembered most clearly about him were his eyes. They could be handsome or heroic, loving, or fierce by turns, but they were always a deep sea-green, with just a hint of blue. And when Julie looked into those eyes, she saw eternity.

William Evans came to the chateau of the Duke de St. Dennis in June of 1789, as flag lieutenant to the English admiral Turnbull. Turnbull had been sent as a political representative

to Louis XVI by George III. What with the Estates General going on, there was much need for open and friendly communication between England and France. King Louis thought it would be better, considering all that was going on in Paris, if Admiral Turnbull lodged and conducted business at the residence of the Duke de St. Dennis, who was a good friend and an ardent supporter of Louis.

That was how Julie first met William. She thought him charming from the first, with his shy, rather awkward manner around girls, but with the warmth and sincerity with which he expressed himself to those who knew him intimately. He appeared to be widely read and extremely knowledgeable as far as history and politics were concerned. He could sit with her father and talk matters of state quite as eloquently as Admiral Turnbull. But what impressed her more was his love of children. He got on excellently with her three youngest siblings, who were always begging him to tell them stories of the places he'd been and the people he'd seen. Julie would sit rapt in wonder, her face shining, while she listened to his rich, melodious voice narrating his marvelous adventures in the south seas. How she wished she could talk to him! But the opportunity never occurred until the day she lost her silver bracelet. It had been a present from her father's mother, the same one who had owned the rose garden. This woman had died shortly after Julie was born, and the bracelet had been a gift from her to her first little grandchild. Thus, the bracelet was very precious to Julie.

When William saw her weeping in the hall, he asked her what was the matter, and when she told him, he immediately dropped what he was doing to help her look. After a long, vigorous search, they finally found in on top of the mantelpiece, next to the family Bible.

“Though how it got there I shall never know,” Julie laughed as she slipped it on.

William only smiled.

After that, Julie and William were always together. They seemed to be made for each other, so beautifully complimentary were their temperaments. Where Julie was vivacious and outgoing, William was calm and reserved. Where Julie was hesitant and doubtful, William was confident and resolute. No wonder then, that with these and all the other charms they both possessed, they were soon very much in love.

The duke and his wife watched their daughter’s rapidly developing relationship with the young Englishman with concern, but it was not until December 12, when William went to the duke to ask for Julie’s hand in marriage, that they became seriously alarmed.

“I would do anything for her,” he told the duke, with those earnest, entreating eyes of his fixed upon him. “Please, sir, give me a chance to prove it. I know that I am far below her

station, but I promise you, I'll return home and work like a dog until I can provide a comfortable home for her. Then, when three years are up and she's older, we can get married."

The duke listened, was kind, polite, and even expressed in a sincere tone how flattered he was by this proposal: in a word, he was anything but encouraging. He told the young man that though he was gratified by the honor shown his daughter, Julie was simply too young to pledge herself in any way. And he said as much to Julie when she came to his study to plead with him and her mother. She had already accepted William's offer joyfully.

"But he is *good*, Father!" she exclaimed with tears in her eyes. "He is good and kind and generous, and everything I want. And he is not reckless, though perhaps his asking me to marry him makes him appear so. I know him, and I can tell you, he thinks through the consequences of an action before he carries it out."

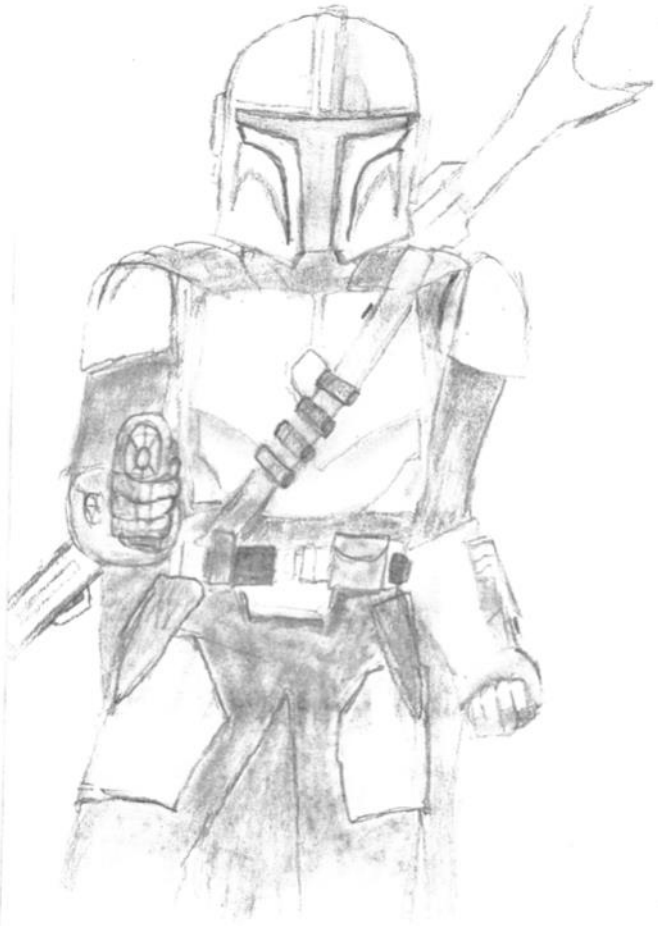
Her father and mother were very kind, but immovable as rocks.

"He is simply not of your station, my dear," her father said solemnly. "He has a kind heart, I doubt that not, but also a foolish one, if he presumes to ask you to mix your noble blood with his. Does he not know that you are the daughter

of a hundred dukes? Besides, what does he have to offer you?"

"He is poor, my dear," her mother said gently, stroking her hair. "And how does he expect to make a dependable living in only three years? No, it was foolish of him to suggest it. But perhaps his infatuation with you has blinded him to common sense. I'll tell you what you must do, now that you have accepted his proposal. You must tell him that this was a lovesick fancy of yours, and you do not really love him. It may hurt him at first, but I promise you, it will be better for you both in the end."

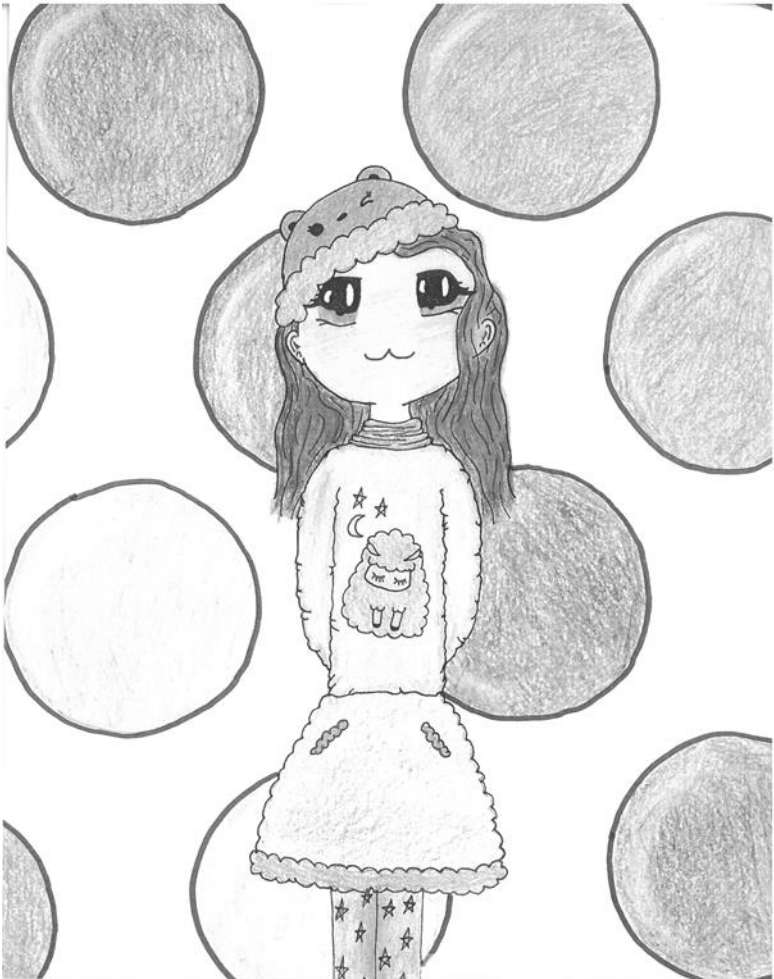
And so she did it. That very day she told him that she did not love him and that he had better return to England. He went very soon, bitter and sick at heart, for he knew she had refused him because her parents thought him unworthy, and both his heart and his pride were hurt. Before he left he swore never to return. She had been weak, and given in to persuasion, but he would be strong.



The Mandalorian

Noah Peterson

Grade 7



Bundle Up!
Jasmine Montanez
Grade 8

Smile

Claire Lenhart

Grade 12

They tell us,

“You would be prettier if you showed more skin.”

You go out and buy a dress to try and look sexy and
accepted by what’s in style.

What everyone else is wearing.

You come to school feeling sexy and you are told you
try too hard and you are a slut.

They tell you to work out.

You work out and they tell you that you’re trying too
hard.

You’ve been waiting to hear those words from
someone at school.

You’re beautiful.

You get the new iPhone that everyone has and think
people will respect you more when all you get on
that phone is hate.

You want to know if you are pretty and if you are good
enough to date.

You look at yourself and cry.

And cry

And cry.

Hush baby

Hush,

No one will stop because you are crying.

They don't care about your feelings and what hurts you.

Cry.

Cry.

Cry.

Pain.

Pain.

Pain.

Cover

Cover

Cover

Those people have caused you pain and you decide to
hurt yourself in the process.

You have even considered doing something permanent
for something that is temporary.

It isn't the answer.

People keep telling you that you need to grow a pair and
stop crying.

Stop crying you big wuss!

You hear it ring through your head like a school bell
through the halls.

You know what they say darling.
Damned if you do,
Damned if you don't.
You try to fit in and you get called a slut and attention
hungry and all the other names in the book
I don't need to go on.
If you show up in a T-shirt and jeans you get called
lazy, ugly, and you are told you don't try hard
enough.
"What is wrong with me?" You ask yourself.
"Why am I not pretty?" You ask yourself.
A woman's body is flawed.
It is.
But it's also perfect in its own way.
There is no ideal beauty.
There is you beauty, and she beauty, and her beauty,
and that person's beauty.
There's my beauty.
Don't take someone's beauty away by stealing their
smile.
I know girls who plaster themselves in makeup to hide
their flaws like hiding a mistake in a painting.
I know girls who try to fit into the social standards of
life like trying to fit into a pair of jeans they outgrew
three years ago.

I know girls who hide the real them to “fit in.”

Why though?

Why hide yourself for other people?

Your flaws are what make you, you.

Show everyone the real you and wear what you want.

Flaunt your style.

Don't let anyone take away your beauty.

Smile always.



Florida Citrus Sunset

Jasmine Montanez

Grade 8



So Cute it Hurts

Marissa Montanez

Grade 7

The Adventures of Ye Old Spirit High's Fiercest Warriors

Grace Williams

Grade 10

An excerpt from a short novella about three girls — Alexa, Bella and Clara — who find out that they are superheroes. They go along on their journey to rid the world of demons using their powers to freeze time (Clara), scream like a banshee and blow monsters up (Bella), and... no one knows what Alexa's power is at the moment. Masen Mismo is their spirit guide, a teacher and aid who helps the girls learn how to defeat demons. This excerpt is about the biggest battle in the superhero world which takes place at Spirit High's football stadium during the Halloween football game.

Clara, Bella, and Alexa decided to dress as the Powerpuff Girls for the game. Masen, on the other hand, dressed a little out of character. He was wearing a very ostentatious *Cat in the Hat* costume and catching many eyes. "You couldn't have worn anything else? Too

many people are staring at us right now!” Bella whispered angrily.

“Look, my spirit guide budget is pretty low. This was the only costume I could afford,” Masen responded.

“You dumbo,” Alexa said in true fashion.

Clara had begun surveying the area as soon as they arrived. She asked, “Do you guys see any suspicious activity around here?”

“No, not yet. We should get spots in the Student Section so we can watch for anything out of the ordinary,” Bella suggested.

As they moved over to the Student Section, Alexa muttered, “I cannot believe that I’m at a football game and I can’t even pay attention to what is happening out there.” The game went on without any otherworldly incidents for the entirety of the first half. At halftime, Clara declared that she was too hungry and would not be able to fight any demons without sustenance. She left for the concession stand as the Spirit High Band took to the field. It was just then when all of the band members went insane. Over one hundred high schoolers began

running around throwing their instruments at people and attempting to fly up into the bleachers. Masen knew right away that these were the signs of demon possession. Bella and Alexa looked at each other when he told them what was happening. “Oh no!” they thought. Paul and Daniel, their best friends, were possessed, too!

“Where is Clara?!” Masen yelled over the mass chaos going on around them. He got his answer a split second later when the whole crowd was suddenly frozen. It was becoming second nature to Clara, freezing large crowds of people and demons.

Of course, Clara came running up to them chewing on a piece of pizza. “Sorry, I know this is life and death here, but I really needed to eat,” She said. “OK. What is the game plan?”

“You three need to suit up. Then, you can all take one section of the stadium and cover it. Alexa, use your bow and arrow unless you can figure out what your real power is.”

“You got it!” The girls said in unison. They swiftly got

suiting up and ready for battle!

Split up into three sectors, Clara finally set time back in motion. Bella started screaming at demons, blowing up ten or twenty at a time. Masen had assured the girls that every student would recover after possession. Clara would pause any demons running at her then take them out with her sword. Alexa, on the other hand, was enjoying a vocal sparring session with every demon that came her way. Weirdly, they found themselves arguing about the most insignificant topics until they would implode and meet their untimely deaths.

“That is what you get for disagreeing with me! I’m ALWAYS right,” Alexa would say to each passed out student when the demon inside of them had been banished.

As spirit guides were not supposed to join the battle, but instead watch from afar and give aid in terms of advice and game plans, Masen watched the whole exchange between Alexa and the demons. “Of course! Alexa has the power of Argument!” As Masen would later explain, this power caused demons to get dragged into an argument with Alexa that they could not win. Her stubbornness would override all of their senses and lead

to their ultimate demise.

Bella and Clara were doing just as well as Alexa. Clara had found Paul and successfully killed the demon inside of him. He would be fine in no time. Bella, in turn, followed Daniel to the Student Section where she aimed scream after scream at the demon. It was as quick as lightning. She could not catch it. Suddenly, she clipped Daniel's shoulder with one of her screams. The demon fell underneath the bleachers. Bella celebrated with a squeal that shook the Student Section before running down to give Daniel a hug.

“Daniel! I'm so glad you're OK!” Bella said when she reached him. He smiled at her and reached out his arms to her for a hug.

Masen looked towards them in just enough time to yell, “NOOOOO!” He started sprinting towards Bella. The only thought he had in his head was, “Not again. Not again.” The demon was still inside Daniel, but Bella could not tell. It was about to kill her just like a demon had killed Masen's old partner. He knocked Bella out of the way just in time. The demon smiled at him maliciously.

“You stay away from her,” Masen growled. The demon attacked then. What came next shocked Bella to her core. Masen let out a terrifying roar before grabbing the demon and throwing him clear across the stadium. He moved faster than the Flash and caught it before it hit the ground. He was strong, fast, and... hairy? He reminded Bella of a werewolf! She had never experienced anything of this sort with Masen before. He was a totally different individual. He took out the demon inside of Daniel after an endless match. At that point, any remaining demons began disappearing from their hosts. Later, Masen would deduce that his demon had been the leader of the group. Just then, the only thing he could do was collapse. Bella, Clara, and Alexa ran over to him.

“Masen?” Bella asked. “Can you hear me?”

“Stop shaking him, Bella. He looks really hurt,” Clara said.

“He just saved my life!” Bella said.

“Guys...” Alexa whispered. “Look at him. He’s wearing a cape.”

“Ew, he’s wearing a unitard, too. That is not a good look for anyone,” Clara said, averting her eyes. Masen’s eyes fluttered suddenly. He started becoming more conscious and Bella helped him sit up. He gave himself a once-over, noticing his new outfit.

“I do not believe it,” He said.

“What don’t you believe?” Bella asked.

“This... this is the same outfit I wore when I was a superhero,” He replied.

“You were a — ” Bella began. She had not known this information as Masen had not explained to her the intricacies of superheroes becoming spirit guides after death.

Alexa, cutting her off, said, “We’ll explain later.”

Masen began to stand up, feeling more powerful than he ever had when he was a spirit guide. “This has never happened before. The natural progression of a superhero’s life is to become a spirit guide and then fade away. How could I have gone backwards?”

“You saved me from a demon! Spirit guides aren’t supposed to get involved in the actual fighting, but you did. You saved me and now you are just like us!” Bella said with glee. She could not believe that Masen’s act of heroism had turned him into a superhero.

Masen walked over to Bella and took her hands. “All I kept thinking was ‘Not her. I cannot let another person I love die.’”

“You... you love me?” Bella asked with a shy smile.

“Of course I do. I have loved you since the moment I laid eyes on you,” Masen declared.

Clara and Alexa stood watching as the cutest romcom scenario played out right in front of them.

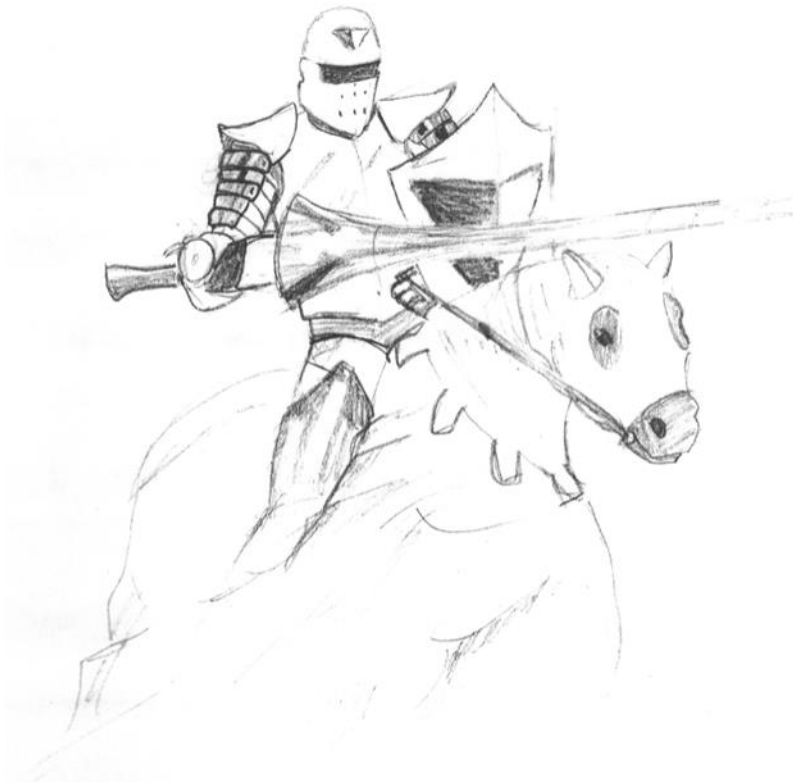
“I love you, too!” Bella exclaimed. Masen leaned down and cupped her face in his hands. They shared the most magical kiss. It was truly a super ending to the story of Ye Old Spirit High’s Fiercest Warriors!



Celestial Guardian

Alaina German

Grade 8



Tournament Time

Noah Peterson

Grade 7

The Beauty of the Storm Cloud

Andrew Richard Basnett
Grade 8

The rain may come down.
The clouds may block the warm and beautiful sun.
The storm billows on.
The sky turns gray, and all the children come in from
their play.

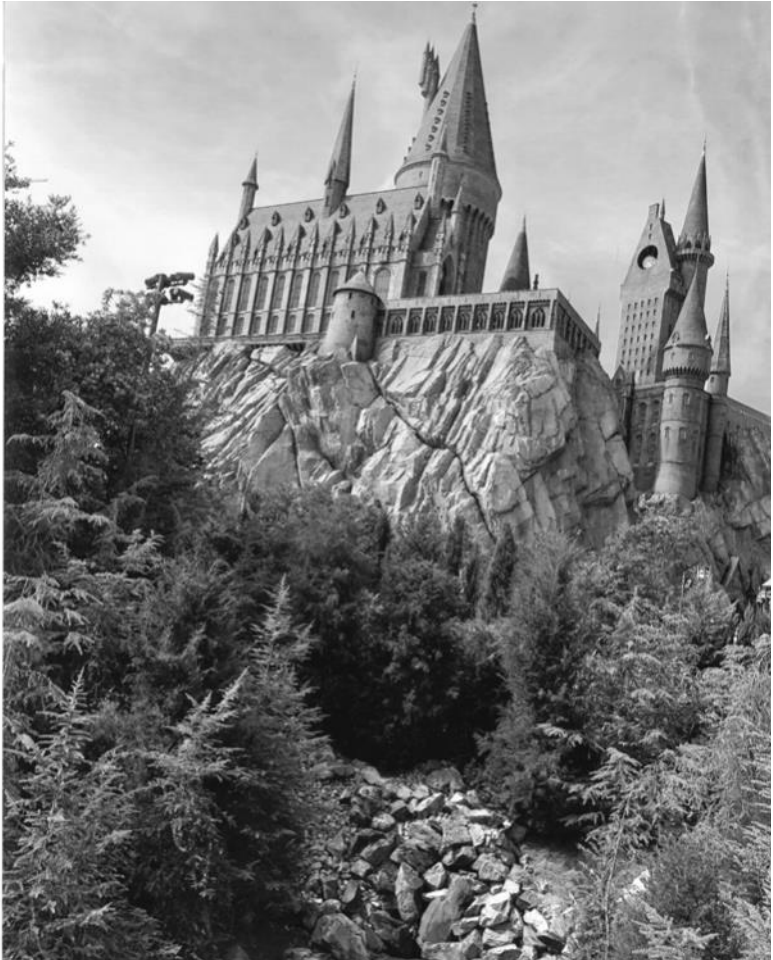
But remember...
The rain makes the flowers grow.
The clouds make the sun glow brighter, as if to
puncture the darkness.
The storm makes puddles to play in when it's gone,
And still life keeps moving on, the way it did before.

This puts a new perspective on the rain and cloud's
glory.
Never again should we curse the storm clouds or the
lightning's booming crack,
Though one more person in our family we now sadly

lack.

Now, my family and loved ones, please do not cry,
For, when we lose someone we care for,
Another star is placed in the sky.

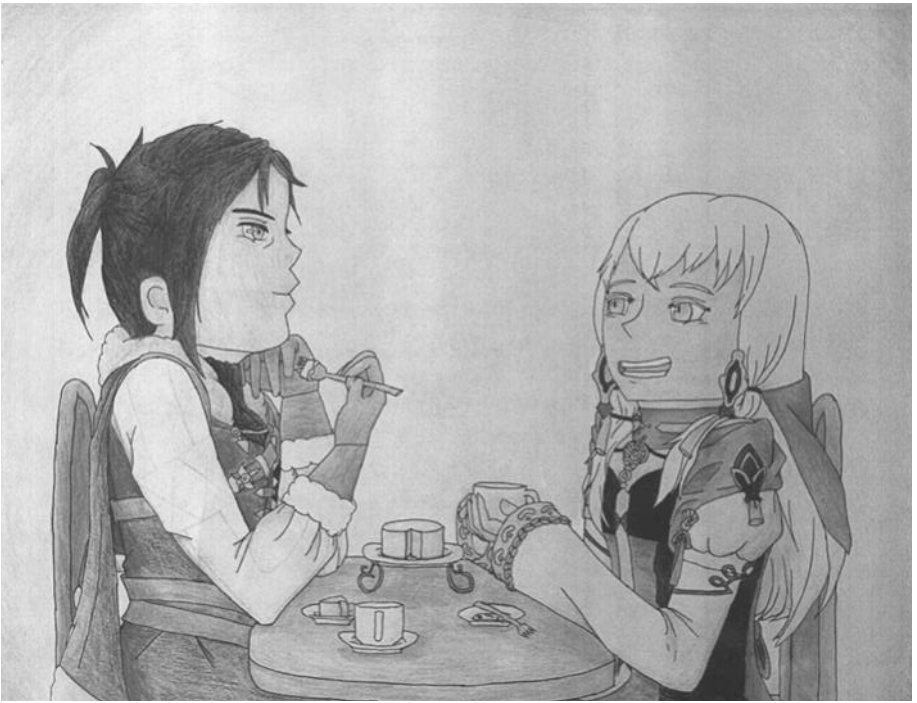
Dedicated to my Aunt Cheryl



Castle of Mystery

Caitlyn Bragg

Grade 11



Perfect Teatime

Lexus Marsh

Grade 12

Persuaded of Contentment
based on Persuasion by Jane Austen

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 10

What a lovely dinner party we had last night! It was assuredly the most enjoyable time I have had in ages, for my children are *so* obnoxious, and I am hardly ever able to get away from them. I do declare they shall drive me to distraction one of these days. I'm sure as it is I should not be able to leave my bed were it not for Anne. I am exceedingly grateful that she offered to sit with little Charles last night, but after all who should tend to him but her? She has not a mother's feelings. And who could possibly want her at the mansion-house? Anyway, I at least had a most lovely time! Captain Wentworth is quite the most agreeable young man I ever laid eyes upon, and I noticed that he took particular care to be attentive to me. Such a fine countenance! Such a stately brow, and what genteel manners he has! What fine eyes as well.

Mr. Musgrove inquired after his brother, who is but recently married and settled in Shropshire. Captain Wentworth replied that as far as he could tell, the new couple was quite happy together and that he was intending to visit them when his stay at Kellynch is completed. I said how delightful it must be to have both brother and sister married, and hoped I might enjoy the same good fortune with my two sisters.

Captain Wentworth inquired after them in a casual manner, and asked concerning my sister Anne, "She is not married then?"

"Oh! Goodness no," said I, "And not very likely ever to be married. She is seven-and-twenty as of this past August, and it grows harder to find a good match the older one gets, you know. Still, she is the dearest creature alive, and has come to stay with me at our lodgings until I am quite cured of my indisposition, for you must know I am often very ill. She goes to stay with her good friend Lady Russell at Kellynch-lodge after she leaves me, and from thence she will proceed to Bath, to join my father and sister."

One of the Miss Musgroves interrupted me here. I do declare, they are half in love with Captain Wentworth

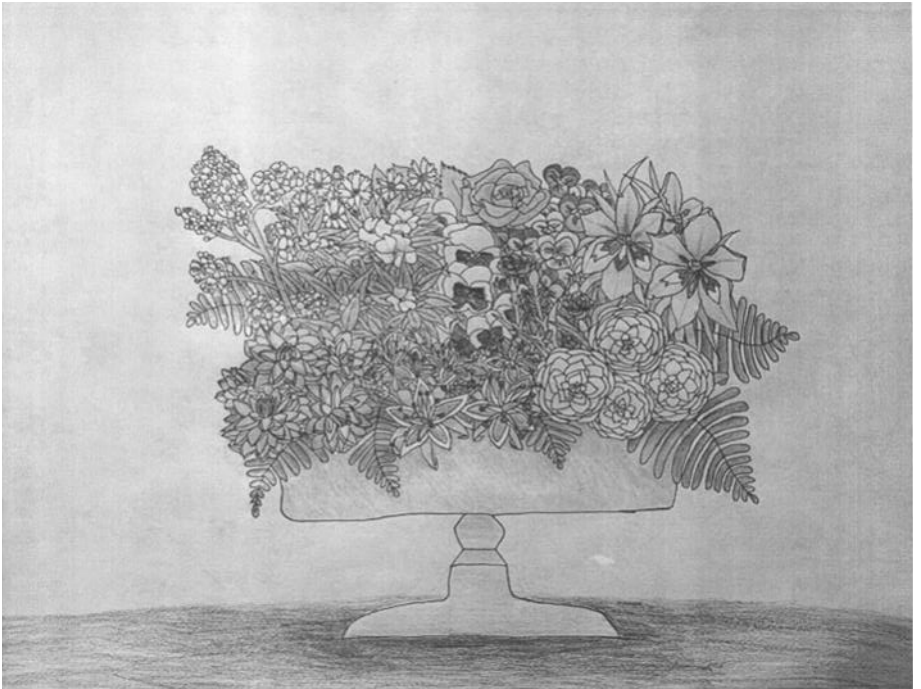
already, and I for one should consider their behavior rather scandalous were he not quite so handsome and quite so rich!



Ponder

Aimee Basnett

Grade 9



More Spring Flowers

Lexus Marsh

Grade 12

Sherlock Holmes Character Sketch

Eryn Basnett

Grade 12

Boring, dull, and completely and utterly idiotic the world is to Sherlock Holmes. There is nothing new nor exciting to him — all it is, is the same cases and the same results. Day in, day out, bland and tasteless life is all there is for him to toy with, even though it never is very pliable nor willing to be toyed with. It is tiring to him, always being bored, but, in all honesty, he is accustomed to it; after all, there is only so much he can expect out of humanity's overall denseness. What frustrates him most of all is other people's acute lack of ability to simply think. If only they would open their eyes and observe, then the world would be a happy place. It would be Christmas all over again for Sherlock.

The first word that would come to mind when one would see Sherlock Holmes would be inquisitive. Tall and pale, too, but not vampiric: his dark, curly hair is in a constant state of disarray, because he never has time to attend to something as trivial as first impressions. His

enigmatic silver eyes are constantly flitting about, absorbing the most inconsequential of details, and always spark to life at the very notion of a new case. Although his narrow face often portrays coldness and distance, underneath beats the heart of one who could have once had the ability to care, long ago. Instead, his emotional growth had been stunted by a cruel twist of fate and jealousy that locked it deep into his subconscious. Because of his inability to connect emotionally, he had turned inward to his music.

Although there is little tangible substance of his love for music other than the violin he owns and the notes he scratches onto scrap paper, one would be able to sense the feeling that music is in the flat he lives in. A thousand melodies, a thousand heartbreaks, and a thousand emotions — as best as the detective is capable of — seep through into the atmosphere around him. The evidence of his humanity is only visible through the pulsating of his own heart with the rhythm as he plays his violin. The complexity of his emotions is displayed through his fingers and into the strings, so the room vibrates with his own version of ardor.

Even though his mind is brilliant and beyond typical human capacity, Sherlock Holmes is a cloistered man who prefers solitude; it takes hard work and plenty of love to coax him out of his sociopathic façade. Despite his sheer boredom with the world and the people in it, he does try to help in his own small ways, such as bringing villains to justice. Completely understanding Sherlock would be unattainable, but should one somehow worm their way into his heart, he is fiercely loyal and will allow them to see deeper glimpses into the ocean of his mind. One may only guess what all he knows.



The Deathknight

Lexus Marsh

Grade 12



Eyes of the Beholders

Alaina German

Grade 8

The Soul of Wit

Elizabeth Peterson

Grade 10

The more I try, the less I think.
The less I try, the more I think.
The soul of wit is this, the man
Who thinks he knows, he never can.

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Finally, thank *you* for reading! We hope you have enjoyed this year's edition and hope you continue to support the young artists and writers of Tuscarawas County and beyond!

See you in *Tornado Alley: Volume 7!*

Tornado Alley

Spring 2020

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