

# **TORNADO ALLEY**

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

**VOL. 7: SPRING 2021**







Tornado Alley  
The Literary Magazine of  
Dover High School  
and Dover Public Library  
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by Mary Vogel

*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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## Advisor's Note

By Liz Strauss

*Teen/Outreach Services Manager, Dover Public Library*

Last year, I put *Tornado Alley* together while sitting at my dining room table and fending off cats who didn't understand that just because I was home did not mean that I was there to pet them.

Thankfully, this year, things look a lot better. We are back in the Library, and I have my three trusty Senior Editors back one more time to help put together a great edition of *Tornado Alley*.

Elizabeth, Mary, and Grace have been the Senior Editors of *Tornado Alley* for three years. They have helped put together Publisher files, edit pieces, and make difficult decisions about what should or, rarely, should not be published. Last year, they even suffered through chat room meetings and proofreading from a file instead of a hard copy.

This year, they face something new, though it has nothing to do with the pandemic happening around them.

One of them is graduating.

Mary Vogel has been involved with *Tornado Alley* for years. I still remember reading the first story she ever submitted.

From that first line, which you'll have to read in the 2017 *Tornado Alley*, I knew Mary had something. I feel so honored to have been able to follow her journey the last five years, and I wish her all the best in her next chapter.

Mary graduating feels a little bit like breaking up the band. This team has worked together longer than any other editors in *Tornado Alley* history.

If I've learned anything from seven years of *Tornado Alley*, though, it's that there is no shortage of talent in our area teens. There is no other Mary Vogel, but I know there are so many other young and talented creators out there who I have yet to meet, and I can hardly wait.

I hope you enjoy this year's *Tornado Alley*. Here's to many, many more!

## Senior Editors' Notes



Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 11*

Honestly, I don't know what to say this year except that I was once more privileged to examine the submissions to *Tornado Alley*. I see so much passion and budding talent. Each prospective author/artist needs encouragement and a platform and that is what *Tornado Alley* provides. Thank you so much to everyone who contributed! You have poured out a piece of yourselves into your creations and I can't wait to see the enthusiasm with which your hard work will be received.



Mary Vogel

*Grade 12*

A chapter of my life is coming to a close as this year's edition of *Tornado Alley* is published. I have been a part of this magazine since the third edition, when I was thirteen years old. The experience I have had has been beyond incredible, and I end my time with the magazine feeling accomplished but sad that it is over. The works for this year's magazine are

all fantastic and a sign of the talent we have in this area. I hope all of our young authors and artists continue perfecting their craft. Congratulations to all our creators and thank you for making this experience incredible.



Grace Williams

*Grade 11*

One of the most incredible things about books is that they have the ability to connect people from all over the world.

One of my favorite parts of reading any book is getting to discuss the book with others who loved the book just as much as

I did. In these uncertain times of social distancing and lockdowns, it has become much harder for people to connect with each other, but books have continued to be a tried and true way to form meaningful bonds in person and online. I immensely hope that this edition of the *Tornado Alley* will be successful in bringing all our readers closer together (from six feet away, of course) to discuss the beautiful artwork, stunning poetry, and exciting tales of fiction and nonfiction found in this year's magazine. From "evil" cats to adorable paintings of love, this copy of the *Tornado Alley* has something special to get every reader talking.



**Spring Time**  
Colin McGothlin  
*Grade 9*

# The Mirror

Kamdyn Huff

*Grade 8*

I stared at myself in the mirror  
And I could not see anything fake.  
So, why am I treated  
With rudeness and hate?  
All my life I have tried to be  
Someone kind and sweet  
Yet somehow I'm the villain  
In every one of their stories.

I thought I'd be the heroine  
The hero of the tale  
Yet sadly some will only allow you to fail.  
For once I could understand  
The evil queen's hurt.  
Perhaps what if all this time  
We should have heard her side first?

Even ones you thought were true  
Will tear you down in the end.  
I guess there is no line between enemy and friend.  
Promises get broken and tears pour down



And I get to thinking,  
Maybe my reflection in the mirror  
Is my only friend now.

The days will turn to weeks  
And then the weeks turn to months.  
They still shy away from me  
And glare at me as if I'm not enough.  
Perhaps if one would just step back and let it sink  
That maybe they aren't as perfect as they think.

The mirror will never lie to me in the end.  
I can see my true self even if they never did.  
I can look at my reflection and see the features of my face  
And no matter what, remember the good Lord's grace.  
Even if someone could not see the love in my heart  
My beauty from within has been there from the start.



**Whimsy**  
Aimee Basnett  
*Grade 10*

# The Calamity that Changed a Cat

Alina Cotlet

*Grade 8*

It was a cloudy day, and the sun was hiding its face from a young cat called Vern. Vern woke up anyway and twitched his back leg. He climbed out of the red clay flower pot that he had been sleeping in and walked out of the backyard of the flower shop. It was about 6:00 am, and no one was walking across the downtown sidewalk. Vern looked up at the sky and started searching for a mouse. Vern was always a loner. He looked out for himself because no one else did. He was always on the hunt for a new home. Last week, he had found a lovely Zen garden to rest in, which also provided meals from the koi fish pond. But the owner kicked him out. Everyone always kicked Vern out. They hated the very sight of him. When they would see him walking around, they'd squint their eyes at him in disgust.

"There goes that cat with fleas," they told their children.  
"Don't touch him, or you'll get fleas too."

The cat didn't mind too much. He just tried to survive, and enjoy his life along the way. Little did he know that day a tragedy would change his life. Eventually, he wouldn't only provide for himself, but for someone else too.

Vern walked through the curtain of mist and stepped on the wet sidewalk with his scruffy paws. He found a puddle with clean water and lapped some up. Suddenly, his yellow, alert eyes saw a black convertible in the distance down the road. It was very far away, he thought. His eyes got wide, though, when he saw a brown paper bag in the middle of the street.

“Maybe it’s a takeout bag!” he thought. “Those always have some food.”

He crossed the road and forgot all about the black car coming. But not everyone dismissed the matter so easily. Not too far away, an older adult was walking to his car when he saw the creature, oblivious to certain death. He raced across the road to go and rescue the cat before it was too late.

The driver of the convertible wasn’t paying attention, and he raced above the speed limit while looking at his phone. The old man threw the cat out of the way, but then his leg muscle tightened, and he couldn’t get out of the way in time! He yelled in pain and panicked. It was too late. The car bumped over the old man’s leg, and he cried out all the more. The car screeched out of sight.

Vern looked at the poor man, and he felt like he was going to cry. He didn’t know what to do. His heart thumped in his chest, and he felt the blood pounding in his head. He ran with

urgency. No one else was on the street, except for a police officer talking to the grocery store manager, Perfect. Vern rushed as fast as his legs could take him. He went right to the men and started meowing.

“Come quick! There’s a man that’s injured!” he yelled at them. The men looked at him for several seconds and laughed.

“He probably just wants scraps,” the grocery store man said.

The police officer looked closely at the cat, who seemed shaky, and he trembled like a leaf. He had a cat at home, and when she wanted to get his attention, she did the same thing. Vern pawed at the policeman and started running back to the man in the road. The cat glanced back with pleading eyes as if expecting him to take action. This time, the man listened to the feline and raced after him.

They reached the man in the road, whom Vern had tried to move earlier, but couldn’t. The policeman got his walkie-talkie out and called the ambulance. He tried to give the man CPR until the ambulance came minutes later. When the unconscious man was lifted away, the policeman stared and then looked at the cat.

“I suppose now you’re going to tell me who did it,” he joked with the cat.

Vern purred, then went back in the road to sniff the bag he had seen earlier. There was nothing in it. But then he saw something that looked rectangular and black. The policeman followed and picked the cat up and curiously picked up the phone, which was in pretty good condition. The screen wasn't even cracked.

“This might be handy evidence,” he said, while examining the phone. “You are something,” he said to the cat and brought him in his arms.

Vern purred. No one had ever picked him up this much in one day. Maybe he should go in the road more often, he thought to himself. The policeman took the cat to the station and put it in his cat's cage that he had in his office (He was going to pick up his cat later from the vet). “You stay here for now, fella.” he said to the cat, then gave him some tuna from his sandwich. While the policeman made some phone calls and tried to locate the man who had the phone, Vern gave up trying to break-out of the cage. Instead he sat there, and rested. What a tiring morning

When Vern woke up, he was in a white room, with the police officer above him. He was set down on a table, and he stared at the familiar face beside him. It was the man from the accident. A nurse explained the man's injury, which was a broken leg. She told him that he wouldn't have to stay too long in the hospital. The police officer then explained to the patient

how the brave cat had saved his life. The policeman also said he had a lead on who the man in the black convertible was. The man with the broken leg stared at the police officer, then at the cat who was trying to paw at him and comfort him.

The old man interrupted. “Is this cat up for adoption?” he asked.

“I guess so,” replied the official. “He wanders the streets alone every day. Animal Shelter isn’t involved with him.”

The old man looked at Vern with his shining brown eyes. He looked at him for a long time. His face broke out into a smile.

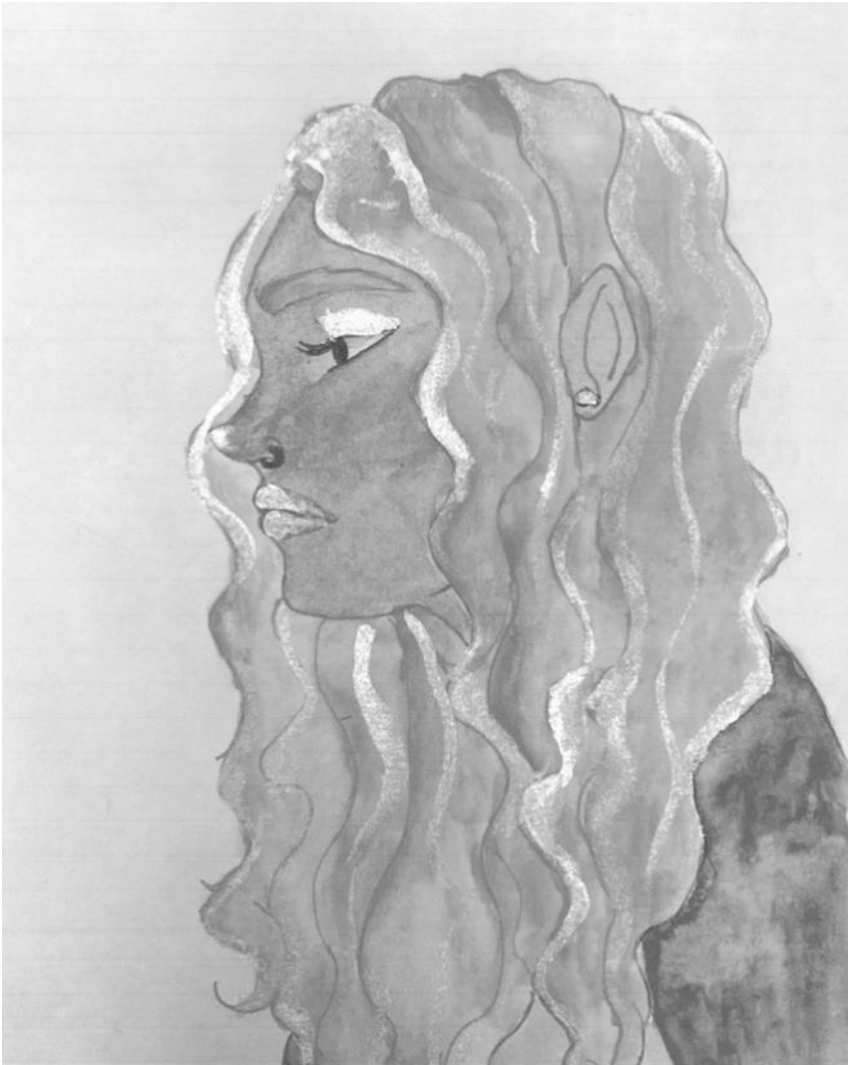
“You can live with me,” he said to the orange cat with scruffy hair.

Vern looked back at him and tried to smile. His chest puffed out with pride. Who knew that a calamity had changed his life for the better.

“We all need to look out for each other,” the older man pointed out. “I live alone, Cat, but my niece loves to come to my house. You would like it. This time though, I’ll make sure she doesn’t kick you out of the koi fish pond.”

The policeman and the patient laughed. Vern purred happily. That sounded good to him. Finally, he would have a home, and best of all... friendship!





**Leah**

Mary Vogel

*Grade 12*

# Reunited

Kamdyn Huff

*Grade 8*

I could hear leaves crunching beneath my mud-stained Nike tennis shoes. I could feel the harshness of the bitter cold November wind crossing my cheeks as I ran to hide behind a tree. I felt red blood soaking through my hoodie as I looked down to see the cut I had gotten from tripping over the man's van. In the distance, I could hear Erin calling out my name as she struggled to break free from the man. I wept as I debated internally as to whether to run and fight with her or run for my life.

I hadn't been fast enough though and I prayed to God that perhaps Erin would forgive me. I hoped so because I would never be able to forgive myself. Just as the man pushed her into the car, I heard her scream over and over, bruising her lungs with the fear in her voice. "Callie! Callie!"

"Callie! Callie, wake up!" I opened my eyes to see my ten year old brother standing over me, shaking my trembling body as I was still dumbfounded from my nightmare. He called to Mother, "Ma, it's happened again!" and before I knew it, my mother was standing on the purple carpet of my room with a glass of my favorite drink in her hand. It was the classic

mixture of blueberry and chai flavored tea, just the way I loved it.

My family had been watching me in my sleep for the past week because I had been having that very same dream. Nine months ago, the dream was my reality. One moment I was singing to Maroon 5 songs with my best friend in the whole world, and the next thing I knew, I was running through the trees of Central Park trying to stay alive. I was doing this as I watched an ordinary-looking man kidnap my greatest friend and throw her into the back of a red van.

At some point during the mess of that night, I had picked up my iPhone and dialed 911. However, the cops came too late. I had fled the scene, watching that horrible man take Erin as I stood there frozen. I told them everything that had happened, and search warrants took place all over New York City, but to this day no one has found Erin.

When I returned home, my mother and father looked at me as if I was a hundred dollar bill they had lost that they were so glad they had found. They hugged me and smothered me with love. I suppose it was the normal response to finding out that your daughter had nearly been kidnapped. I still remember the look of my mother wiping her tears on the front of her red-colored blazer.

I told the police everything I could. I poured out my heart as

the sketch artists drew a picture of what the subject looked like. I described the man's wispy beard and his icy blue eyes that at first, looked as if they had once been filled with kindness. The world faded for a moment as the police began talking to me and Erin's parents about how they would "do everything they could" to try to bring her back. It had been nine months, and still nothing had changed. However, all I could think was that the most frightening thing wasn't the man. I was the villain in my own story because I chose myself over Erin.

"Callie... hon, I'm talking to you." I was brought back when I saw my mother still hovering over my soft blue bed sheets as I sipped my tea. Dad and Alex had left to prepare breakfast, but Mom stayed to make sure I was alright.

"Was it the same one again? Are you okay?" She asked with a worried face, her red curls glistening in the light shining from my bedroom window. My mother has been the one by my side through the past nine months. She had done her magic with getting me into therapy or just simply being a shoulder to cry on.

"Yeah, it was. I'm okay. I'm better than I've been in a little while. I'm just..." My voice drifted off as I looked at a photo on my bedside table that had been framed. It showed Erin's beautiful smile with my arm wrapped around her. It was way before the night of terror. I tried to hold myself

back from crying. I knew that if I did that I would not be making any progress.

“I know, sweetheart.” My mother said, reaching to grab my hand to pull me out of the covers. “Dad’s pancakes will make you feel better. They always do. Also, there is a letter waiting for you. I wonder who it is from.” She smirked at me, as if she thought it was from a boy or something. I shook my head sillily at her and climbed out of bed, catching a whiff of freshly cooked bacon as I walked into the hallway.

As I ate the fluff of my father’s home cooked pancakes, I scrunch my eyebrows up when I look at the envelope of the letter. It had specifically been addressed to me at my home, but there was no address in the top left corner suggesting who it might be from. Ignoring it, I ripped the white envelope to pull out a neatly-folded piece of parchment paper. I almost cried as I read:

*Callie, it's me. Don't go thinking the worst and no, your eyes are not lying to you. I am going to get caught so I don't have much time. I have a plan. Meet me where the white meets the red at eight o'clock tonight. And please, just you. It's my only way out.*

*Erin*

I gasped louder than I had in all fifteen years of my life, and my mother took the envelope out of my hand. A tear ran down her cheek and she looked to me to say, “Callie, you

gotta go. This is her handwriting. I can tell.” I gulped my fears of Erin being angry with me and a rush of thoughts started to fill my head. *What happened to her? Is she safe? Where is where the white meets the red?*

I shook these thoughts and tried to go about my day, as my mother had told me. Although it was the hardest thing I have ever done, I tried to put the meeting with “Erin” at the back of my head until it absolutely approached me. However, nothing in school seemed to make sense because it was designed for typical teens. At this point, I was the exact opposite of that.

I was in the middle of Algebra when it hit me. “Where the white meets the red” is what she had said. I smiled sadly as I realized exactly what she had been talking about. She and I had found our favorite hangout spot when we were only five years old and had visited Dolly’s for the first time. It was the best hole-in-the-wall restaurant in New York City and we always loved the location because it was a little red restaurant right in the middle of dozens of white high-rises.

At eight o’clock that evening, I strapped on my boots and tied my hair in the scrunchie that Erin had bought for me two years previously. I rode my bike from our apartment to Dolly’s and as soon as I opened the door to the restaurant, I felt as though I had seen a ghost.

Erin sat there at our favorite booth in the whole restaurant, staring straight at me. The restaurant was bustling with people, however the man that stood out to me was Officer Reynolds, the police officer that ate dinner at Dolly's every Thursday evening.

I had not been to Dolly's since Erin's disappearance, but as soon as I saw the features of her face, I regretted it. Erin waved me over and I sat in the booth, watching as she used a hat to disguise herself. "Erin..." was all that ran from my lips. I simply could not bring myself to say anything else.

"Shhh... it's me. It is. I'm okay. I'm safe now, but I haven't been. *He* has been keeping me in this tiny house about ten minutes outside of the city. *He* never lets me out, but today *he* did because I told him I was sick and needed to see a doctor." At this, she pointed next door to Dr. Andrews' office.

"I told you to come here today because it's Thursday. Officer Reynolds is always here. I only have ten minutes because he left to go get supplies for my 'illness!'" Erin made air quotes as she referenced to the CVS down the road. I smiled as I realized how brilliant my friend was. She had thought everything through.

"Do you understand, Cal?" She asked, turning her eyes to the right. With that, I walked up to Officer Reynolds, who had been laughing with Alice, one of the waitresses, and I tapped

on his shoulder. He looked at me with a confused look.

“What is it, miss Calliope?” He asked me curiously. I shook my head and pointed towards Erin and once he saw her face, he spilled his orange juice all over his shiny policeman badge. He ran over to Erin and started asking her a series of questions and she quietly told him. I watched her as she glanced towards *his* car and wrote a license plate number down.

“Officer, what do I do now?” Erin asked worriedly. I realized that this was the end of her plan. However, looking at the kind eyes of Officer Reynolds, I realized that it was only the beginning of his. I watched as he took out a cellphone and knew that he was alerting his precinct.

Officer Reynolds escorted Erin and I into his police car and we rode to the station. The whole way, I thought about all the things I wanted to ask Erin, but the only thing that stuck out in my mind was “*We are reunited.*”

Once we arrived at the precinct, I immediately saw the blonde locks of Erin’s mother that perfectly matched Erin’s. At the sight of Erin, she ran towards her as if she was a lost puppy who had found her owner. I backed away once I saw my own mother with a smile on her face on the other side of the station.



Once Erin's family saw that she was safe, Officer Reynolds whispered something to another police officer and came back over to us. Sad smile lines ran across his salt and pepper beard. "The suspect was found when he was returning to his vehicle. Erin, we got him. And he is going to jail for a long time."

Erin's face turned in a split second from constant fear to relief as the past nine months had been lifted off her shoulders. I beamed myself and I thanked God that my best friend was alive and able to come back to me. There are so many evil things in the world and unfortunately, Erin and I had witnessed them first hand. However, I realized that without the bond we had, I never would have realized where to find her and how to help her.

I ran to Erin and the world turned to slow-motion as I only had one thing on my mind: *Erin is okay*. I got to her, and I wrapped my arms around her neck, pulling her into my embrace. I wiped away her tears as she cried into my t-shirt. "Shh... It's okay. You're okay. We will be okay because we are reunited at last." As I stood there hugging my best friend tighter than ever, I knew that at that moment, that was the only thing that mattered.



**Spartan Warrior**

Noah Peterson

*Grade 7*

# Bilbo, the Good Thief

Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 11*

*This piece contains spoilers for The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien*

Mr. Bilbo Baggins, our dear little fellow bobbing on the mat, proves to be a masterful burglar, though not quite in the way the dwarves had anticipated. Bilbo's attempts at theft tend to be either unconventional or catastrophic, or both.

For instance, the first time Bilbo tries to steal something by picking the troll's pocket, he is caught in the act (thanks to a talking purse) and is nearly cooked and eaten! His close call causes his friends to be captured, and they narrowly escape being made into supper. Only the well-timed intervention of Gandalf saves their skins. Poor Bilbo's first attempt at burglary is an epic failure and nearly results in his friends' demise.

Nevertheless, over the course of the book, Bilbo's burglar skills sharpen considerably. He pulls off a remarkable feat when he finds Gollum's magic ring and pilfers it. Stealing the Ring of Power is an accomplishment to earn the respect of any professional thief. Indeed, it is such a masterful job that it is rather ironic that little Bilbo, as yet only in the beginning stages of his journey, could pull it off. Yet against all odds, he

does.

Nor does his store of luck run out as the tale progresses. He pulls off another outstanding feat of burglary when he smuggles the dwarves out of the Elven King's halls in barrels. Though the dwarves had some difficulty recognizing it due to the inconvenience of the moment, Bilbo's plan is a true work of genius. Perhaps he's not such a bad burglar after all! (despite that fact that he's burgling dwarves, not treasure). He ensures his reputation by stealing a silver cup from Smaug's lair while the dragon is asleep. For the time being at least, the dwarves are proud of and pleased with him. At last he's doing what they hired him to do!

But Bilbo's *pièce de resistance* occurs when, unbeknownst to Thorin and Company, he takes possession of the Arkenstone and offers it to Bard in an attempt to buy peace for his friends. Such a slick trick of deception, and from a hobbit at that, is certainly impressive. To slip away with Thorin's most prized possession, under the dwarf's very nose! Assuredly, this is not the kind of "burglary" that Thorin and Company engaged Bilbo to perform. Yet the hobbit was trying to help his friends and doing what he thought was right. His heart was in the right place. And really, what else can you expect when you hire an "expert treasure hunter"?



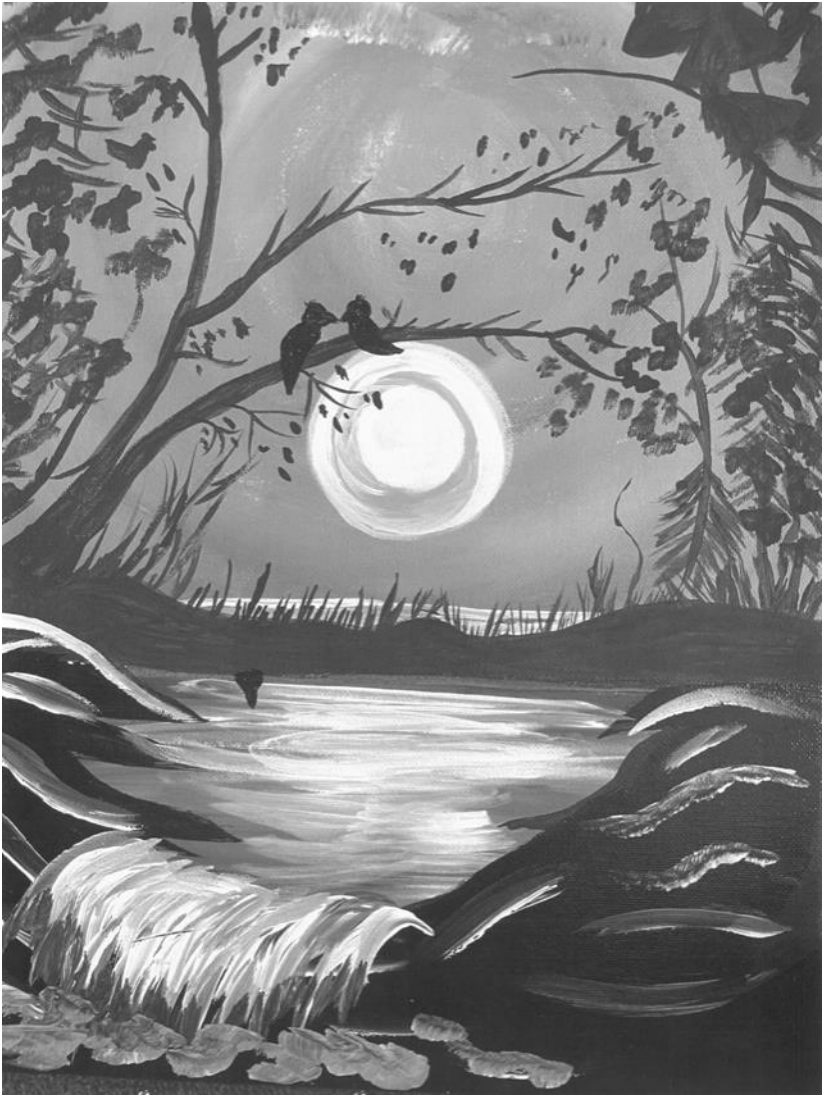
**Hufflepuff**  
Allison Carlisle  
*Grade 8*

# Valley Forge

Hannah Hershberger

*Grade 8*

The winter wind utters a sardonic chuckle  
As it creeps along beside me.  
It nips at my nose and bites my bare feet bloody.  
It cuts through my thin and patched summer jacket.  
It guffaws at the sight of my naked feet  
With not a boot in sight to protect them.  
Then it falls behind to study  
My bloody red footprints in the snow.



## Just the Two of Us

Fred Smart

*Grade 10*

## A Self-Destructive Attitude

Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 11*

Though Saruman, Thorin, and Beowulf are vastly different characters, they each experience a form of greed. Saruman possesses an inordinate desire for power, Thorin lusts for gold, and Beowulf pursues glory and honor. Neither power, nor gold, nor glory are bad by nature. Yet Saruman, Thorin, and Beowulf so desire them that they become enslaved to their desire. Their rapacity to be in control, to be “like God,” turns in the end to madness. For example, Saruman’s decision to cut down trees from Fangorn Forest and his stubborn unwillingness to repent when Gandalf gives him the opportunity show how far he has descended into madness. Similarly, Thorin’s senseless hoarding of his treasure in the face of a massive army and Beowulf’s decision to engage a powerful dragon as an old man reflect minds that are not in touch with reality. Are these characters indeed insane? Perhaps not, but their actions demonstrate that they are obsessed with control. They must have things their own way, or not at all. This is a foolish and prideful attitude. It is Satan’s attitude, the attitude of “better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven,” and it leads in the end not to security, but to self-centered pity and misery.





## **Guardian of the White Tree**

Noah Peterson

*Grade 7*

# We Tried to Get Rid of Them

Alina Cotlet

*Grade 8*

*A poem based on a Nazi's point of view,  
as he goes to a trial after the Holocaust.*

We tried to get rid of them,  
the Jews that spoiled the perfect race.  
We also tried to kill people who were inferior, handicapped,  
gypsies,  
or people who didn't have the perfect hair or face.

We tried to get rid of them,  
The Jewish people that needed to be forgot.  
So we made race laws that determined if you were a Jew, or  
not.  
It didn't matter if you hadn't practiced all your life or even if  
you had changed religions.  
We set you straight by marking your identification card based  
on our decisions.  
We marked your cards with a big letter J, because being a Jew  
wasn't always determined by what you believed in, but by who  
was related to you.

We tried to get rid of them,  
So we held a secret meeting at a villa, in Berlin, not too far

away.

We all met to discuss genocide, mass killings, and  
“evacuation.”

However, the purpose was to answer the question and get  
the solution underway.

We tried to get rid of them,

And we strived to send off all the victims we knew.

In crowded trains, they were cast out, to camps such as  
Belzec, Buchenwald, and Auschwitz to  
name a few.

With Adolf Hitler as our supreme chancellor and leader of  
the German Reich,

we killed thousands of innocent people in gas chambers and  
shootings almost overnight.

This was not always easy on our part. Some of us drank so  
we wouldn't concentrate too hard.

Many Germans and Victims looked upon the commotion  
and thus became forever scarred.

We tried to get rid of them,

But then the war was done, and the remaining prisoners were  
released.

Prisoners who had been starved, weakened, suffocated, and  
shot were revealed,

And those who survived found it hard to go back to life,  
while many were still deceased.

We tried to get rid of them,  
the people who threatened Germany's racial purity.  
But now, we were starting to be accused of crimes we had  
committed under a higher authority.

People directly involved in the murder of the masses were  
punished with death, sentences, and  
execution.

Putting Nazis on trial, in front of other powers, was the thing  
to do; it was a fair solution.

We tried to get rid of an ethnic group by genocide. There is  
much still left to discuss.

We attempted to dispose of people besides ourselves. Now,  
everyone is trying to get rid of us.



## **A Walk in the Park**

Fred Smart

*Grade 10*

# **Spiro T. Agnew: The Man Who Missed the Presidency**

Max Hershberger  
*Grade 11*

Spiro Theodore Agnew: to most people, this is nothing more than a name. Most are not aware that it is the name of a man who almost became President.

Agnew was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on November 9, 1918. After graduating from the University of Maryland, he became an attorney. Later he entered politics and was elected governor in 1966. As governor he promoted open-housing legislation and supported a graduated income tax.

In 1968, he was chosen as presidential nominee Richard M. Nixon's running mate. As vice president under Nixon, Agnew developed a reputation for strongly and enigmatically supporting the President. But Agnew encountered a problem. It was alleged he was guilty of taking bribes as both governor and vice president. Amid these accusations, he resigned on October 10, 1973.

Traditionally, whenever there was a vacancy in the vice presidency, the post was left vacant until the next election. But the recently ratified 25th Amendment provided a

measure by which a new vice president could be appointed. Nixon chose House Minority Leader Gerald Ford. When Nixon himself resigned amidst the Watergate scandal, Ford became President. Ford's inauguration took place a mere 303 days after Vice President Agnew left office.

Agnew was later fined \$10,000 and sentenced to a three-year probation for income tax evasion. (This is ironic, considering his earlier support for income tax.) To top off his misfortunes, Spiro T. Agnew may now be known as the man who missed the presidency.

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**General Grievous**

Noah Peterson

*Grade 7*



# Dante: The Cornice of the Envious

Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 11*

Who has not tasted envy? Whether it's a prize we wanted, or a level of beauty, strength, or intelligence we feel entitled to seeing what we desire in the hands of another always creates a sense of self-deficiency. And with this sense comes a feeling of bitterness and resentment against the other: we covet what he/she possesses. Yet in this defensive position we cannot see the fullness of reality. Sometimes we must look at a situation with new eyes in order to comprehend it, and sometimes we must, at least temporarily, lose our sight altogether. In his *Purgatorio* (the second installment in his *Divine Comedy*), Dante designs the five main elements of the Cornice of the Envious to demonstrate this principle, and both his reaction (as a character) and mine display how a change in perspective can alter a person's way of thinking.

Dante uses the intricate structure of the second cornice to show how the envious are cured of their bitterness and resentment. For instance, their Penance consists of wandering around the edge of the cliff with their eyes sewn shut. It is only by leaning on each other for support and guidance that they can keep from falling off the edge of the cliff. Therefore, instead of regarding each other with envy,

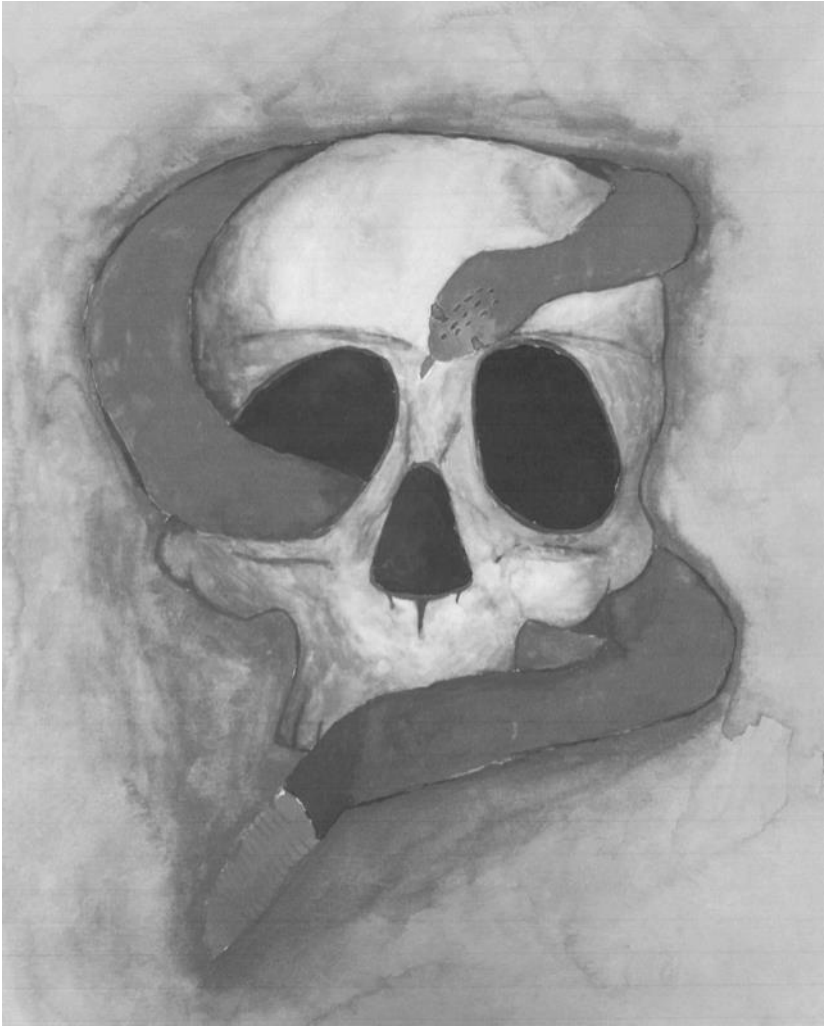
their perverted vision is taken away and they must reach out to each other in trust. The Meditation details examples of caritas (love for others) and envy, its opposing vice, of which the souls must be purged. The examples demonstrate on the one hand the destructive and divisive nature of envy, while on the other hand the beautiful and desirable nature of caritas. The Meditation consists of a series of voices since the envious, with their eyes sewn shut to purify their vision, cannot see pictures. The prayer comes appropriately from the Litany of the Saints. The saints did not strive and compete with one another, but rather sought to serve one another out of brotherly love. The Benediction, “blessed are the merciful,” reminds the envious of how much they need mercy themselves, and the fact that they must show it to their fellow men instead of harboring resentment. Finally, the angel of this cornice is the Angel of Caritas. He serves as a fitting reminder that it is the souls’ duty to love their fellow men, even when they had rather not. Dante’s structure and his five elements are well suited for the envious, who must learn to love those whom in life they hated.

Dante’s reaction in the Cornice of the Envious demonstrates how the ability to see from a different perspective affects one’s attitude. When Dante initially sees the souls of the envious, he pities them. Their sorry state, blinded and wandering, causes him to regard them as human beings deserving of sympathy. Indeed, he feels so strongly the unfairness of him being able to see them while they cannot

see him that he decides to go speak to them. In this way, we see Dante acting in a manner contrary to that which the envious adopted in life. The envious always wanted to be above others (or at least on their level) and grudged their fellow men even the slightest good fortune. Dante, on the contrary, wishes to alleviate them the sufferings of his fellow men. He purposefully lowers himself to the level of the envious by talking with them so that he will not have an unfair advantage. He acts out of love of others rather than love of self. In his reaction, we see how the Christian sinner should react when he sees a fellow human; whether that human is suffering or not, the Christian should treat him with compassion.

Finally, in my reaction to the cornice of the envious, I recognize the reaction Dante was trying to elicit from his audience. I, like Dante, react with pity to the suffering souls. I recognize Dante's literary symbolism whereby the souls of the envious are blinded so as not to pervert their eyes and whereby they must rely on one another instead of themselves. I appreciate his intricate structure and clever details. But I also see the Golden Rule reflected in Dante's work: do to others as you would have them do to you. The envious must learn to see others not as enemies to compete with, but as fellow humans needing love and support just as much as they do. In this way, I understand how the souls of the envious come to love their neighbors.

In conclusion, Dante uses the five main elements of the cornice to elicit from his audience an understanding of how the punishment and purification of the envious works – they must come to care for others as they, in life, cared for themselves.



**Skull & Snake**

Mary Vogel

*Grade 12*

# I Hate the Holidays

Hannah Hershberger

*Grade 8*

Holidays. I hate the holidays and I'm proud of it. Bah Humbug! Humans, stupid humans. They're all idiots as far as I'm concerned. Mine are the one exception. I know that everyone thinks that cats are supposed to love their masters, but I wouldn't stretch my feelings that far. I have a regard for my humans because they don't antagonize me and they feed me and pet me. I have to hiss at them from time to time to show them who the boss really is around here. They will flick me back to show that they are the boss, but I just let them believe it. Of all the humans, I hate my humans' grandkids. They are annoying, loud, and the oldest one, the girl, has a deep dislike for me. She denies my authority. Needless to say, my attempts to discipline her have been unsuccessful. But back to my original discourse.

The worst part of the holiday season is when the grandkids come over and decorate my humans' house. It's pointless, pathetic, and it takes my humans' attention off me. Completely unacceptable. This year was especially awful. There were six of the cretans invading my territory. SIX! I don't know which is worse. After they finished eating, they locked me in the garage. Me, the master of this house. This was in no way acceptable. After a while I got out when they

went into the garage looking for toys. I saw to my disgust that they already had that horrendous glass village up. Unfortunately, the glass figures don't break when I knock them over. I have, in past years, knocked several glass ornaments out of their Christmas tree. Those broke, to my delight. I chose to bide my time. When the Christmas tree was decorated, I decided to do a little creative deconstructing. The girl chased me off every time I attempted to deconstruct the tree. I hissed at her, but she didn't seem to get the memo. I eventually gave up and sat up on my tower, observing the little cretans to stop them messing up my territory further. They saw me watching them, and they started calling me "the evil cat." They are completely inaccurate. They are "the evil little Cretans."

Besides, I'm much smarter than any human. My feline cunning is unmatched by any. Those little worms invaded my home for five to six looong hours. I was so relieved when they finally left. Unfortunately, I'll have to put up with them next year and the year after that and the year after that!

Believe me, next year, the little Cretans will be sorry they ever came to my house. I'll make their lives miserable. Once I'm finished with them, there will be no holiday decor in this house. After all, I HATE THE HOLIDAYS!



**Clone Trooper Boil**

Noah Peterson

*Grade 7*



# Rumor

Hannah Hershberger

*Grade 8*

A rumor is a viscous beast,  
A venomous snake,  
A stinging bee.

A rumor is a menacing thug,  
A sniggering thief,  
Grinning with glee.

A rumor is a spiteful lie,  
A seed of dissension that once sown,  
Can tear apart you and me.



## **Nature's Explosion**

Fred Smart

*Grade 10*

# A Strong Queen

Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 11*

**E**very strong woman has a  
**S**tory, and it's never neat and  
**T**idy: there's blood, gore, and broken  
**H**earts. But though there's pain, it's not  
**E**nduring. It is our mentor; it gives us the  
**R**ight to say: "I suffered, and I'm alive."



## **Hardened Eyes of Lived-Knowledge**

Emily Summerson

*Grade 11*

## Like a Vase Reworked in Gold

Hannah Hershberger

*Grade 8*

You are a fragile china vase.  
You are frail yet strong as well.  
You sit upon a shelf that can be sturdy oak  
Or a dingy piece of wood.  
Your patterns are your memories;  
They are precious lessons.

Sometimes life rocks your shelf  
And cracks your vase.  
Those cracks are memories.  
Sometimes life rocks your shelf  
And you plummet to the ground.  
Crash!  
You shatter into a hundred fragments  
That are cast to the four winds.

You can choose to lay on the  
Ground as a shattered vase,  
Or you can choose to pick up your fragments.  
You take those fragments  
And bring them with you.  
You take them to the goldsmith.

The goldsmith will melt down gold  
And bind your fragments together  
With the molten metal.  
It will hurt for a while,  
But when the metal cools you are a new vase.  
You are even more beautiful  
Than before with gold spider  
Webbing your surface in gilt veins.  
Those gilt veins are memories.  
They are lessons learned and given.

You see, like a vase reworked in gold,  
Your shattered life and ugly past,  
Once gathered up,  
Once redone in gold,  
Are beautiful.  
A warped vase shattered  
Once reworked in gold  
Is beautiful.  
A life redone is beautiful  
And so is a gilt veined vase.

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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!

# Tornado Alley

## Spring 2020

Featuring Art, Fiction, Nonfiction and Poetry  
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