

HAPPY
STORIES

HORROR

Painting

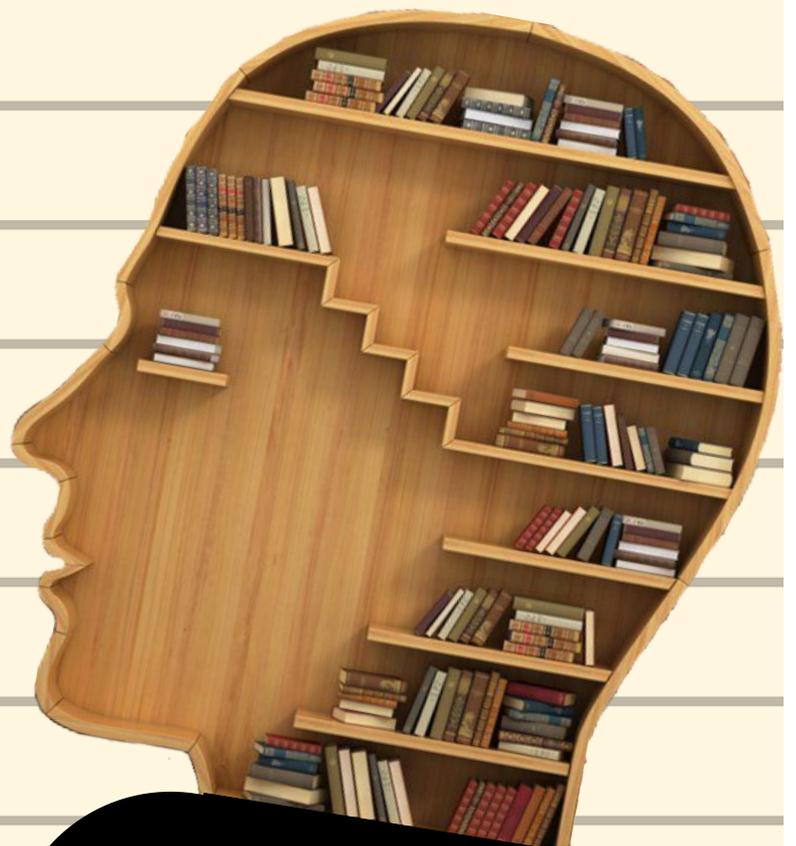
Short
Stories

Oak Literary Magazine

2016-2017

Poetry

Photography
and
Illustrations



Oak Literary Magazine

Editors

Linus Adler

Ronit Avadhuta

Theodora Chacharone

Isabella Hannaford

Uthra Mani

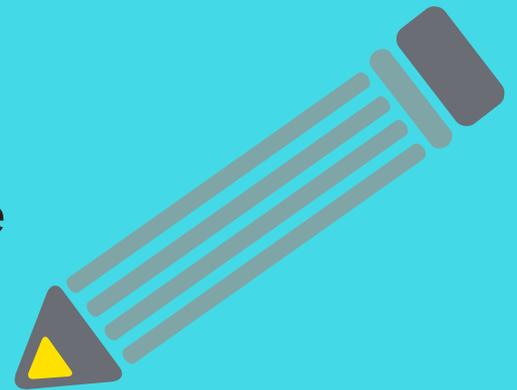
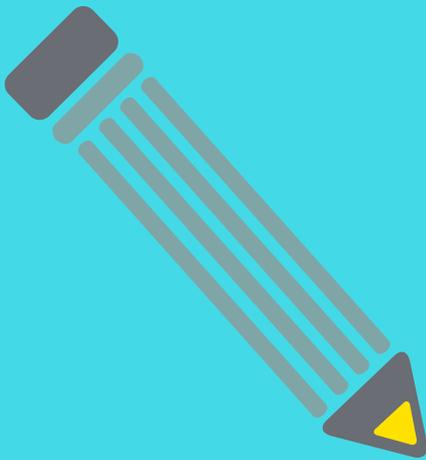
David Meyer

Madhumita Nambiar

Nidal Touaiher

Sree Vangala

Sanjana Yadav



Dear OMS students,

We hope you enjoy this literary magazine composed of your fellow students' work. We have had a great deal of fun over the past few months working and editing to make these pieces the best they can be! Many people helped in the making of this magazine: writers, photographers and artists.

Thank you to all who had a part in this journey whether it was submitting, editing or designing! Enjoy!

Faculty Advisors

Ms. Heal and Mrs. Lawlor

Stranded

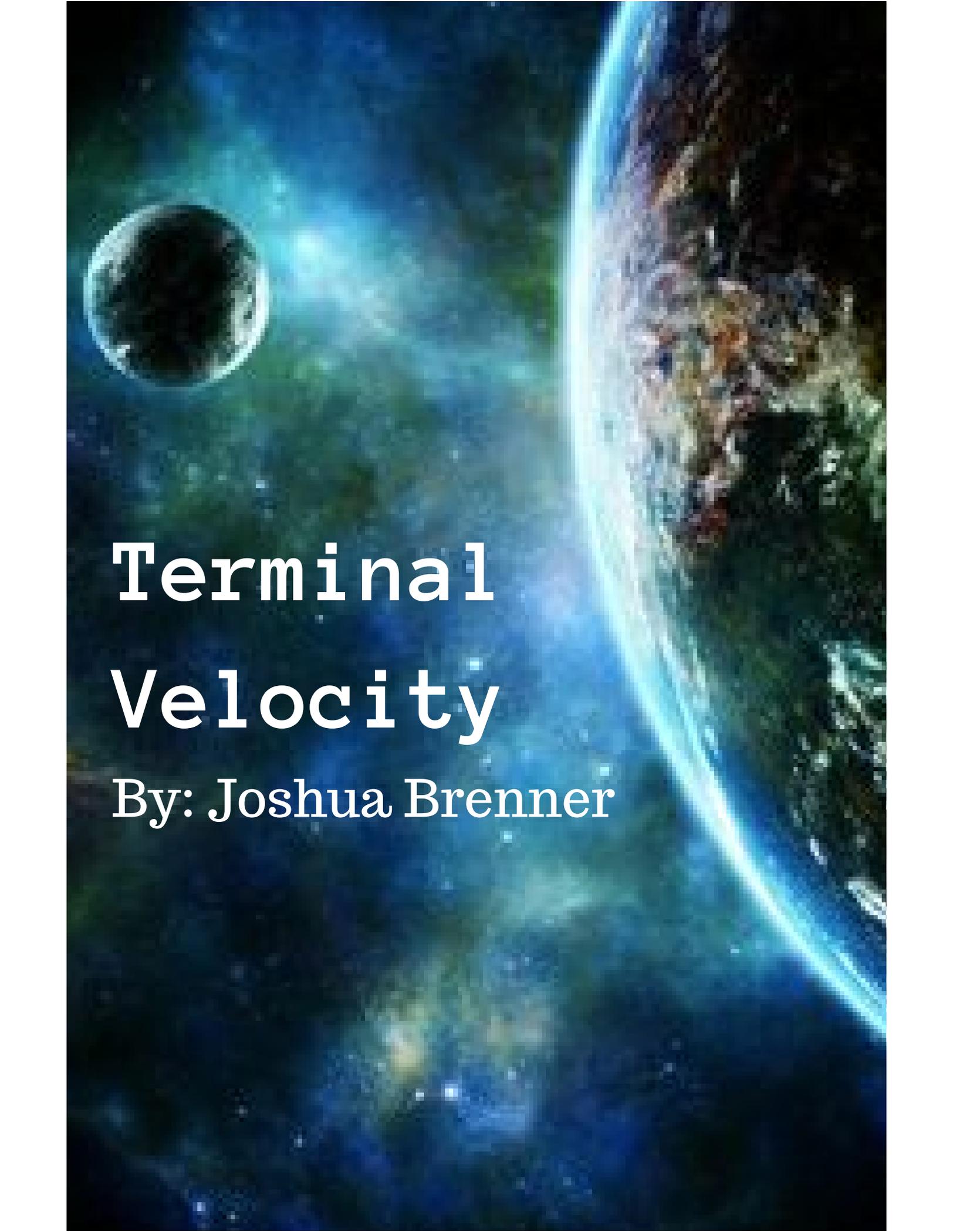
Stranded on the road of tomorrow,
Broken down on the side of a street,
Stuck in place with no possible way,
To move forward, or back in retreat.

As everyone else whizzes by,
Easily with no struggle,
I stand, admiring their ways of life,
Engulfed and trapped in a bubble.

A bubble that aimed to protect me,
One that would aid my new path,
As for now it just seems to suffocate me,
Trapping me in it's grasp.

One day I hope to pop the bubble,
To move forward on the road,
In harmony with those around me,
Excited to see where it goes.

-Anonymous

A vertical image of outer space. On the right side, a large, curved portion of a planet is visible, showing a dark, textured surface with some lighter patches. In the upper left, a smaller, spherical moon or planet is seen. The background is a deep blue and black space filled with numerous small, bright stars. The overall lighting is dim, with a soft glow around the planet's edge.

Terminal Velocity

By: Joshua Brenner

Terminal Velocity

Chapter One Extinction

The year is 2552, humanity is on the brink of extinction. Back when the Fury Fliers arrived, we tried to make peace. That plan did not work out as we thought it would. Within a few years, the human population was only a third of what it used to be. We call ourselves The Banished, our motto is “Sword or pen, we conquer all.” When humanity was on it’s last strand of hope, a miracle happened. Staff Sergeant Emile Carter found VT-72, a very advanced enemy sentry bot that was defective with a malfunctioning shoulder. This is where our story begins.

“Move! Move!” called Lieutenant Johnson, “Get into the bunker!” After the bunker doors shut, only 5 people made it into the bunker alive.

“Where’s Lieutenant Johnson?” asked Corporal Bruce.

“He got shot by the Fighters when we were evac-ing to the bunker”, said Emile Carter. When they emerged, they saw Lieutenant Johnson lying on the ground. He was still breathing, but his hand was severely injured.

“We have to help him,” said Private Coral.

A week passed, Johnson’s hand had to be amputated and had been replaced by a titanium hand that could morph into a plasma blade.

“There are only six men that survived,” Emile tells Johnson, “The rest were lost in the attack. Only PFC Fenix, Corporal Bruce, Private Coral, Technical Sergeant Cooper and us are alive.” BOOM! “What was that?!” Emile exclaims.

The soldiers left the safety of their bunker to see a large mechanized robot. It was laying down, with it’s arm sprawled 5 feet away from it’s body.

“What is it?,” asked Private Coral.

“A crashed Fury Flier VT Robot,” responded Johnson, “and I know a way we can reprogram it to help us.” Lieutenant Johnson, with the help of Staff Sergeant Emile, reconfigured the VT Robot to assist The Banished.

“Have you heard about Private Coral? ” asked Emile Carter, “He’s only 16 years old. He lied about his age to get in the army.”

Chapter 2 New Friends

“Safety protocol override. Powering up”, said VT-72. “Why are you here?,” asked Lieutenant Johnson.

“I am defective, the locking mechanism in my shoulder has malfunctioned. Will you please reattach my arm?” asked VT-72.

“Why should we?” responded Lieutenant Johnson. VT’s eye started to glow, then a beam of light burst forth. The beam of light was projecting the Mothership.

“This is the Fury Fliers mothership. Inside of the bridge is our supreme commander, The Didact,” answered VT.

A few minutes later his arm was reattached.

“Do you know how to shut down their weapon? They have been bombing us for days and our bunker can’t take many more hits,” said Emile.

VT replied, “I can take a maximum of three people to the Mothership. Once inside, we will have a limited of time to complete our mission.”

“The squad will be me, VT, Private Coral, and Johnson that will go. The rest of you will stay here and fight off the ground forces”, said Emile Carter.

Chapter 3

Race Against Time

We boarded a crashed ship and with the help of VT’s access codes, we got in the mothership undetected.

“We’ll have a short time to get to the weapon before we are noticed, and we’ll have an even shorter time to get out before the weapon destabilizes and implodes,” VT tells the crew.

Upon landing, we got an eerie feeling that the enemies knew we’re coming. We heard something cry out in agony, then a sizzle, then... silence.

“The weapon room is up the stairs, to the left,” VT tells the crew, as they step onto the Mothership, “We’d better hurry before *he* finds us.”

“Who’s *he*?” asked Private Coral.

“The Didact,” explained VT. “He is not only the most intelligent creature in this galaxy, he has also been gifted with mystical powers by the elders of his clan.” We see a Flier manning the gun, with two soldiers helping him.

“I’ve been waiting for you VT, my unfaithful Sentry,” exclaimed The Didact, “Prepare to be exterminated.”

As soon as he finishes the sentence, The Didact launches a blue bolt from his hand, stunning VT.

“Weren’t there three of you?” asked The Didact. Suddenly, and without warning, a plasma hand burns through The Didact’s body.

“This is for my hand,” yelled Lieutenant Johnson, “Plant the bombs and get out of here!”

As they made their way to their escape vessel, a group of Fury Fliers ambushed them. After a few minutes of intense fighting, our heroes saw a gap in their defenses.

Johnson screamed, “Move, move!” Everyone made it through, except for Private Coral.

“Go now. I’ll cover you!” he yelled, and we left him behind. Moments later, we were sailing back to earth, when we saw the enemy gun about to fire. As it was charging, sparks started to come off of it, and it erupted into a large ball of plasma.

Chapter 4

The Aftermath

“Twenty years ago today, Emile, me, VT, and a group of very brave soldiers took out the Mothership, putting an end to the long and brutal war. After all these years, when I see all of your faces, the face I will miss the most, will be our dear Private Coral. He sacrificed himself to see that we escaped. We will see you in the afterlife, soldier.”

PAINTING BY: SHRESTY BUDAKOTI



STAND TALL, BE PROUD,

SHOW VICTORY

-Uthra, Gayatri, Shreeya

Safille

A fairytale by Daniel Kang

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful girl living deep inside of the forest, with her father. Her name was Safille, and she was pretty as the cherry blossom, pure as the glass that was just made, and kind as the spring wind. She grew up in the forest with her father, Lefou. Lefou was the cold, greedy and evil wizard who was trying to kill the king. Nevertheless, Safille loved her father very much so she would do anything for him. She did all the house work without any complaining, helped his father as the assistant, and also hunted for food. Usually she got the food from hunting, but she went to the grocery inside the castle once in a year.

One day, Safille went to the forest near the castle to collect some fruits. Then all the sudden, she heard a neigh. Quickly, she prepared to shoot the arrow and slowly walked to where she heard a sound. And there was a horse, but with one human, a man.

“Oh, hello there young lady! May I ask you something?” said the man. Safille was surprised at his cloths, even though they looked dirty and smeared with dirt, it seemed very luxurious and precious. The man was also surprised, that how pretty Safille was.

“Sure sir, are you lost?” Safille asked with smile. She was comfortable at asking this question because she often saw lost people in the forest. “Unfortunately, yes. Do you know the path heads to the castle?” said the man. “I do, but it's already sunset and there will be beasts near. So you can stay one night at our house, if you wouldn't mind.”

“What a nice of you! I won't forget your kindness. By the way, my name is Henry,” said Henry.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Safille. Let me lead you to the house.” Safille thought she heard of this name, but soon she forgot about it.

After about an half of hour later, they got to the house. It was small, old and spooky with stinky smell.

“Ew, it smells a bit,” said Henry. Safille never realized that the house smells like a sewer, because she lived here for her whole life and she got used to it.

“I... I am so sorry. If it bothers you a lot, I... I can...” Safille stuttered, blushing like an apple.

“No, it's fine. I can hold it.” Even though it was very rude to say, Safille felt only sorrow for him.

They quietly entered the house, and Safille led Henry to her room. It was clean and organized, but without much furniture.

“This is my room; you can call me whenever you need something.”

“Thank you, but if this is your room, where are you going to sleep?”

“I can use living room instead,” Safille answered, smiling.

“Are you sure you can sleep well there, Safille?”

“It's totally good for me, I'm used to it. Thanks for asking, anyway.”

Henry thought Safille was very kind, and very beautiful too.

“Oh, just be quiet during night, my father doesn't like outsiders coming into our house.”

“Surely I'll be, Safille.” Henry answered kindly.

At midnight, the door opened and a man with long beard and hair smeared with the blood appeared.

“Safille? Safille!” shouted the man angrily.

“Yes father, I'm coming.” Safille answered quickly.

"I smell an human's skin. Did you bring in the outsider again?"

"No, father. Perhaps because I hunted the tamed horse today."

"Then hurry up and prepare dinner!"

"Yes, father," said Safille.

Lefou entered his secret lab by using the spell, and Safille went back to the kitchen and started to cook the soup.

After the dinner, Safille didn't forget to leave some soup and bring it to Henry.

Knock, knock. "May I enter? I brought you some food. You must be very hungry," asked Safille.

"Yes, you may. Hurry up, because I'm starving right now," said Henry a bit rudely.

"Here is some soup and a piece of bread. I'm so sorry, but this is all of what we have."

"No, it's fine, except that soup smells kind of weird..."

"I... I'm very sorry. I'm sure it will taste good, though," said Safille with huge embarrassment.

"I was just kidding, Safille. I love to see when you are embarrassed. Anyway, I have something to tell you."

"What is that?" Said Safille with curiosity.

"Have you ever heard about my name? Henry d'Orléans." Suddenly, some thought passed Safille's brain.

"Your... your highness! Forgive my rudeness. I deserve the death..."

"It's alright, Safille. But there should be a punishment for your rudeness, don't you think?" said Henry the prince mischievously.

"Yes, your highness..." said Safille as fearful.

"Instead of death, how about becoming my wife?"

"Yes, surely... wait, what did you say, your highness?"

"I said, how about marrying with me and becoming a future queen?" said Henry the prince.

Henry expected an obvious answer, however Safille broke that expectation.

"But, but...Your highness, I've lived with my father for my whole life. I won't be able to hold if we are separated."

"Then, simply I'll just bring your father, too."

"My... my father has a great dream."

"Which is?"

"Which is to kill the king to be the greatest wizard in the world," said Safille carefully. "There is the legend that if any wizard killed the king, he will become a strongest wizard and gets great power."

Henry was very surprised. He wasn't surprised because the father of his love wanted to kill his own father, but because that's the only thing to do to get the most beautiful girl he ever met.

"If...if he meets your father, my majesty, he is going to kill... kill him right away," said Safille with a shaky voice. "He lives for that... that's the only thing that makes him alive..."

"If I help your father to do that, will you be my wife?"

"Your... your highness?"

"Just say yes or no!" shouted Henry the prince.

"Yes... yes..." answered Safille with confusion.

"Alright. Now tell me, when is your father – the evil wizard – doing that?"

"I... I heard that it will be the day after tomorrow, at midnight."

"Okay. At that time, I'll take care of the guards that protect the king. That's all I can do for this."

"Yes... yes. Thank you, your highness. Thank you..."

"You don't have to thank me, just don't forget the promise."

Next day, early in the morning Henry got out of the forest with Safille. Henry reminded Safille again about the promise, and he left with

his horse. When Safille got back at her house, Lefou was calling her.

“Safille, Safille? Where are you?” shouted Lefou.

“Yes father, I'm coming.” Answered Safille.

“Tomorrow is the day. If you don't help me with these spells, I'm going to fail and if I fail, I swear to God I'll make you into a pig. Do you understand?”

“Yes father, I'm very sorry.”

The time flew, and by the evening Lefou finally conjured the spell that can kill any person in a second if it hits the person.

“Finally! Now I can be the greatest and the strongest wizard by tomorrow. When I became the greatest wizard, I'm going to conquer the world!” shouted Lefou happily. Safille was little worried about the prince because he might have changed his mind and told someone about it, however she decided to trust him.

The next day at midnight, Henry the prince went to the king's bedroom and poisoned the food that was near by the guard. However, unfortunately the food was for the king and after the king ate it, he instantly was paralyzed and died. But no one realized that, until two people sneaked into the room.

When Lefou and Safille found the king, he was already dead.

“What? That's the king? But... he's already dead!” shouted Lefou.

“Why, why! Why is he already dead! How is he... he is not suppose to be dead!”

“No, no, no... someone must have killed him before me, to be the greatest wizard! No, no, no!”

Safille was confused. Did the prince killed the king? No, why would he do that? But, then... how? She was thinking and trying to solve what happened, until she heard Lefou speak.

“No... there is no point of my life now. If someone else is the greatest wizard, I would rather to be dead than being a old and weak wizard.”

Then Lefou threw himself out of a window. Because the king's bedroom was at the top of the castle, there was no chance to survive from there. He kept shouting this while he was falling. "I would rather to be dead... I would rather to be dead... I would rather to be..." *thud.*

“Father! Father! No... no... no...”

Followed by a rumor, Henry d'Orléans became a new king and made a grave for Lefou secretly.

He brought Safille into the castle and had done every thing he could do for her. Sadly, Safille didn't eat or drink and cried for her father for one week and died. Also a rumor, even though after all that happens, Henry still loved her so he made a grave next to Lefou's and visit them often.

Prejudice

by Saad Mufti

They used to dwell in a pure state of peace,
slumbering out of sight among the shadows for
nearly ten millennia;
out of the void of corruption,
the worst of their kind,
projected their arrogance to mankind taking should
and lives.

Now, the innocent beings are engulfed in a
stereotype for which the corrupted souls have
shoved blame upon.

Amidst their "management" there were some who
were ever-faithful to whom they served,
and the one guided their ancestors to their holy
created and master.

These mortals then recalled his burning belief,
strong as steel.

Now, this reincarnated race must resurrect their
hope.

Strike back, purify their state.

Shatter the masks imposing a darker image of their
own souls.

And shows humanity who they honestly are.

Patience

BY SRIKA RAVIRAJ

I am a dog. My fur is pitch black, but ruffled and dirty. I will growl if you come too close, but in truth, I know that there is nothing I can do to defend myself. People call me cute, but walk away soon after. Others just walk away in disgust. I live on the streets, tired and afraid, starving and cold. But I am grateful.

I used to have a family. Used to. They didn't treat me well though. They would always get in fights because of me. Even though I never did anything to hurt them. At least, as far as I know.

Anger always filled the air at our house. Frustration, too. Whenever I looked into either of my parents eyes, I never saw any love. All I saw was boiling cauldrons of hate, ready to spill over. Ready to disintegrate anything in its path.

What was worse was that this animosity would always be taken out on me. I always felt that I had failed them, I only thought that my purpose in life was to keep them happy. I have obviously failed. Why else would I be abandoned, all by myself?

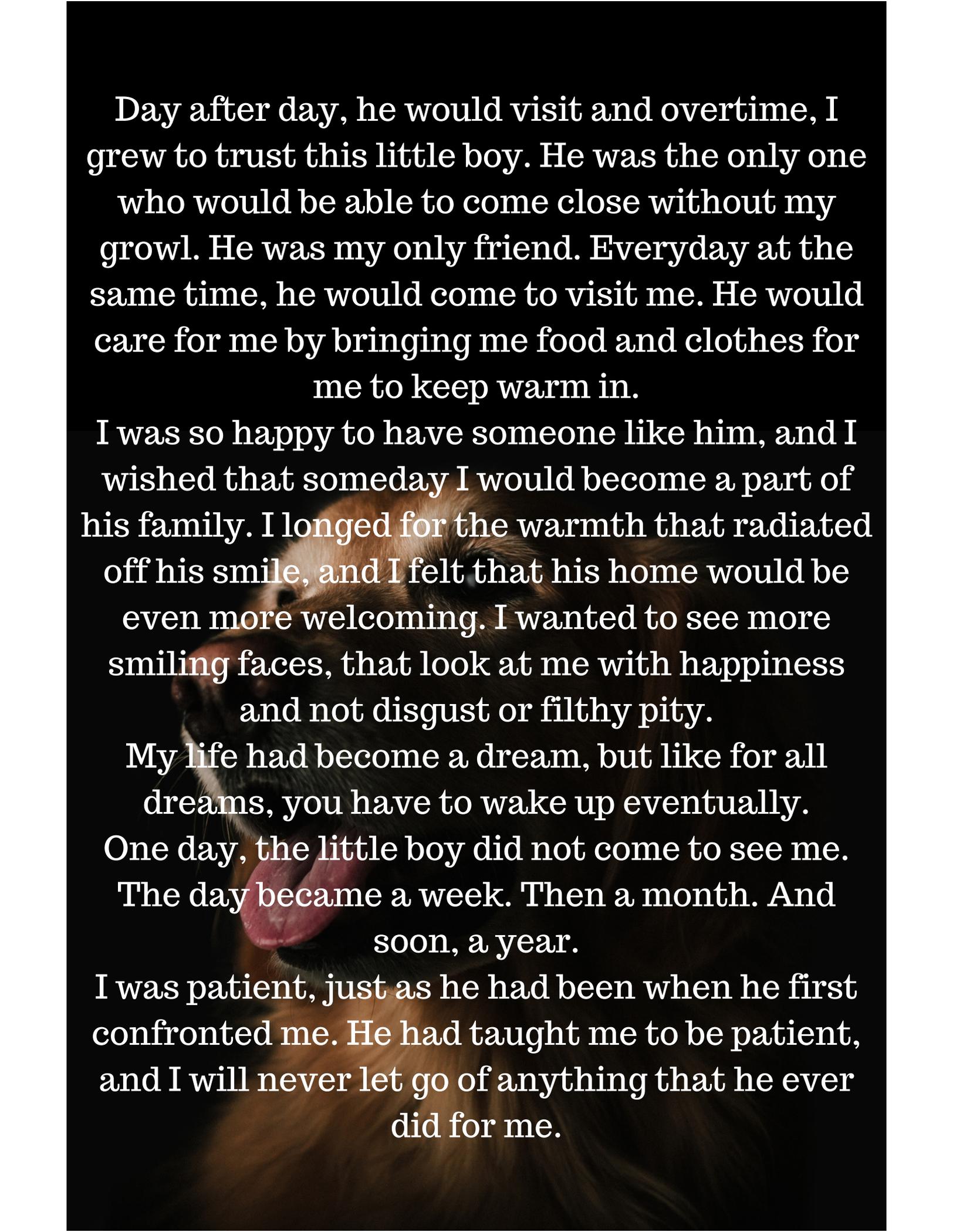
If anything, I deserve this. Why would life be this cruel if I hadn't something so terrible?

Well, there was one time in my past when I thought that the world had forgiven me for my supposed wrongs. It was when a little boy had found me, alone and soaking wet in the rain. Desperate for cover, I was using some scraps of garbage to hide under.

He found me, and for the first time in my life, I saw something other than those cauldrons of hate. Instead, I saw light blue orbs of worry and sympathy. At first I was extremely cautious of him, for the hardships I had to go through when I actually had a family still haunt me today.

What surprised me the most was that he had held out his umbrella for me. In my mind, it made no sense. I was a worthless little puppy, damaged and stupid. Ignorant to the truth that she was worth nothing. Why would someone who actually had a future in front of him risk getting a cold for me?

I didn't know why, and that made me even more tentative.

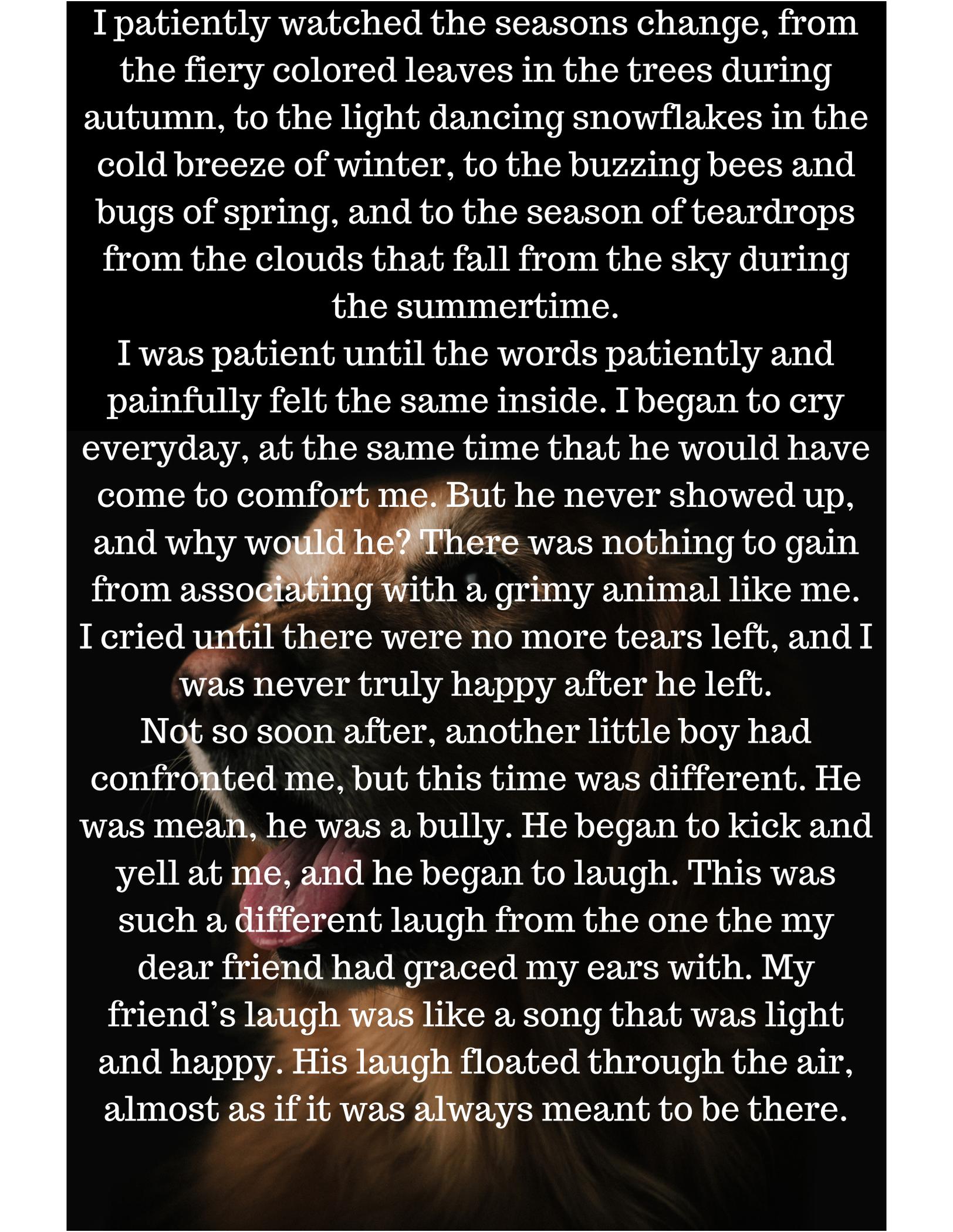


Day after day, he would visit and overtime, I grew to trust this little boy. He was the only one who would be able to come close without my growl. He was my only friend. Everyday at the same time, he would come to visit me. He would care for me by bringing me food and clothes for me to keep warm in.

I was so happy to have someone like him, and I wished that someday I would become a part of his family. I longed for the warmth that radiated off his smile, and I felt that his home would be even more welcoming. I wanted to see more smiling faces, that look at me with happiness and not disgust or filthy pity.

My life had become a dream, but like for all dreams, you have to wake up eventually. One day, the little boy did not come to see me. The day became a week. Then a month. And soon, a year.

I was patient, just as he had been when he first confronted me. He had taught me to be patient, and I will never let go of anything that he ever did for me.



I patiently watched the seasons change, from the fiery colored leaves in the trees during autumn, to the light dancing snowflakes in the cold breeze of winter, to the buzzing bees and bugs of spring, and to the season of teardrops from the clouds that fall from the sky during the summertime.

I was patient until the words patiently and painfully felt the same inside. I began to cry everyday, at the same time that he would have come to comfort me. But he never showed up, and why would he? There was nothing to gain from associating with a grimy animal like me. I cried until there were no more tears left, and I was never truly happy after he left.

Not so soon after, another little boy had confronted me, but this time was different. He was mean, he was a bully. He began to kick and yell at me, and he began to laugh. This was such a different laugh from the one the my dear friend had graced my ears with. My friend's laugh was like a song that was light and happy. His laugh floated through the air, almost as if it was always meant to be there.

This laugh forced its way through the air, and even if you covered your ears, you would still hear it. No matter what.

This boy reminded me so much of my past life that I became angry at him. Just why did he choose to pick on me? I am miserable enough as it is. What more does the world want to punish me for?

I remember the anger that surged through me, like pure lava flowing through my veins. The feeling of my pointed, knife-sharp teeth sinking into the hot flesh of this boy's arm. The sight of his salty tears running down his cheeks while he ran away gave me insight to the corrupted happiness that he must have felt every time he harmed me. I understood then, that he must have gone through some hardship in order to feel such joy from the pain of others.

I felt bad for this boy that caused me so much torment, I felt some of that sympathy that my dear friend felt for me.

I was surprised when the same boy came back with his mother the next day, a bandage tightly wrapped around his arm. My surprise soon turned to panic as the boy pointed to me accusingly and told something to his mother.

The mother turned towards me and my instincts told me to run.

I looked all over the place, but the all the sidewalks were crowded with seas of people. I was trapped. All I could do was stare at the ground, dejectedly, and wait for them to reach me. Though I was extremely pleased with myself with my defensive skills, I was still very guilty to hurt this boy. The fact that I hurt him back just told me that I was just as bad as he is. I should own up to my mistakes and make amends. The only problem was that my heartbeat was so loud in my ears that made me very dizzy.

Owning up to mistakes is really hard. But I know one thing that makes almost every heart melt. The puppy-dog face (this is how I get most of my food, so I have perfected the look). All you have to do is tilt your head to make your face face the ground, and slowly lift your gaze to the person's eyes. You could bat your eyes a little bit too, just for the ultimate effect.

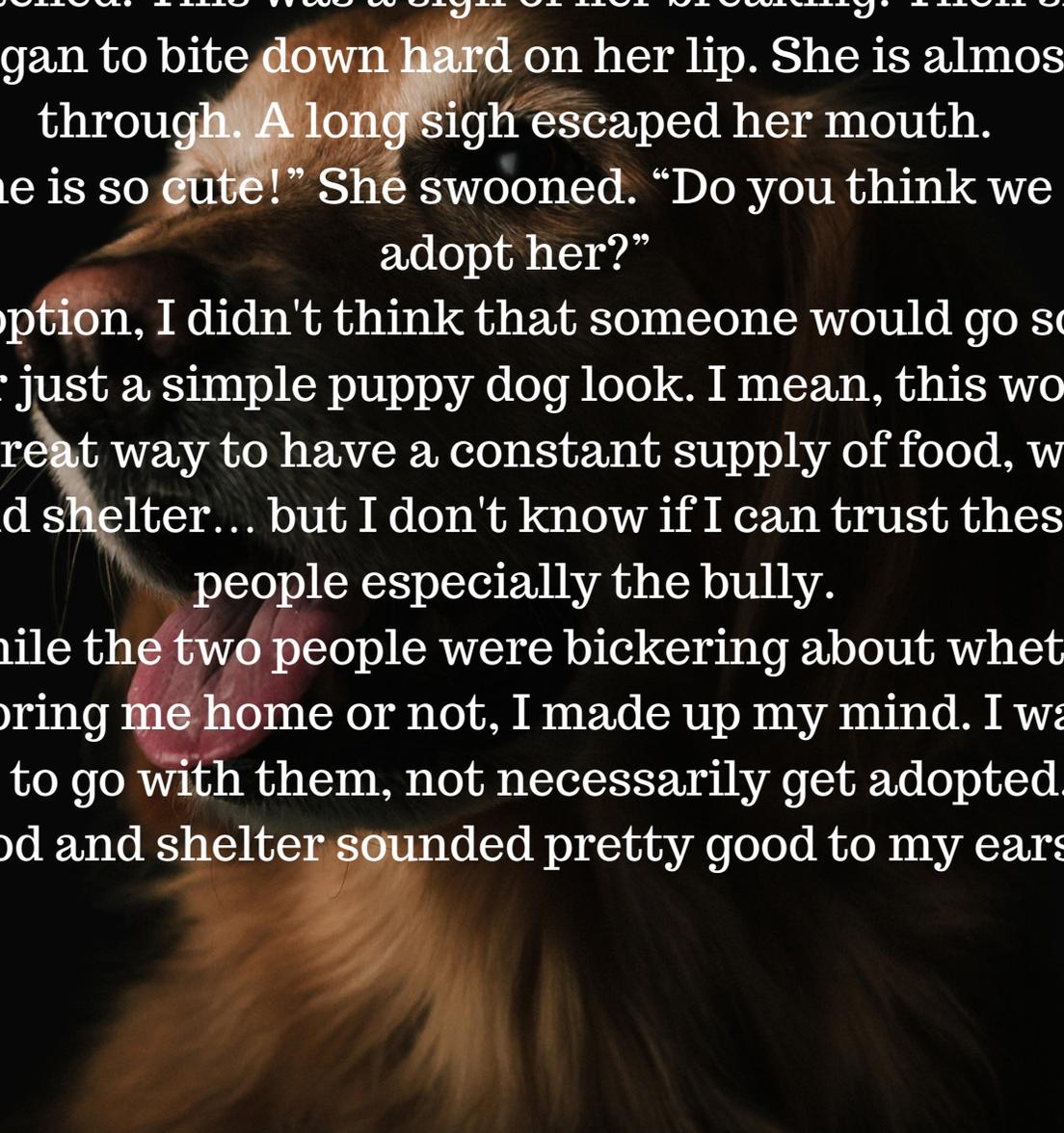
I locked eyes with the boy's mother. It gave me some good time to observe her. She had fiery orange hair, but it was slightly tinged brown. In my peripheral vision, I saw that she was dressed in blue jeans and a light yellow shirt. Tied around her waist was an apron. I took a deep breath only to find a sweet smell enter my nose, making my mouth water.

Getting a little distracted, I focused all my attention on staring this woman down. I watched as her eye twitched. This was a sign of her breaking. Then she began to bite down hard on her lip. She is almost through. A long sigh escaped her mouth.

"She is so cute!" She swooned. "Do you think we can adopt her?"

Adoption, I didn't think that someone would go so far after just a simple puppy dog look. I mean, this would be a great way to have a constant supply of food, water and shelter... but I don't know if I can trust these people especially the bully.

While the two people were bickering about whether to bring me home or not, I made up my mind. I was going to go with them, not necessarily get adopted, but food and shelter sounded pretty good to my ears.



Now, imagine all that I have told you, except not happening to a small puppy, but happening to a little abandoned girl.

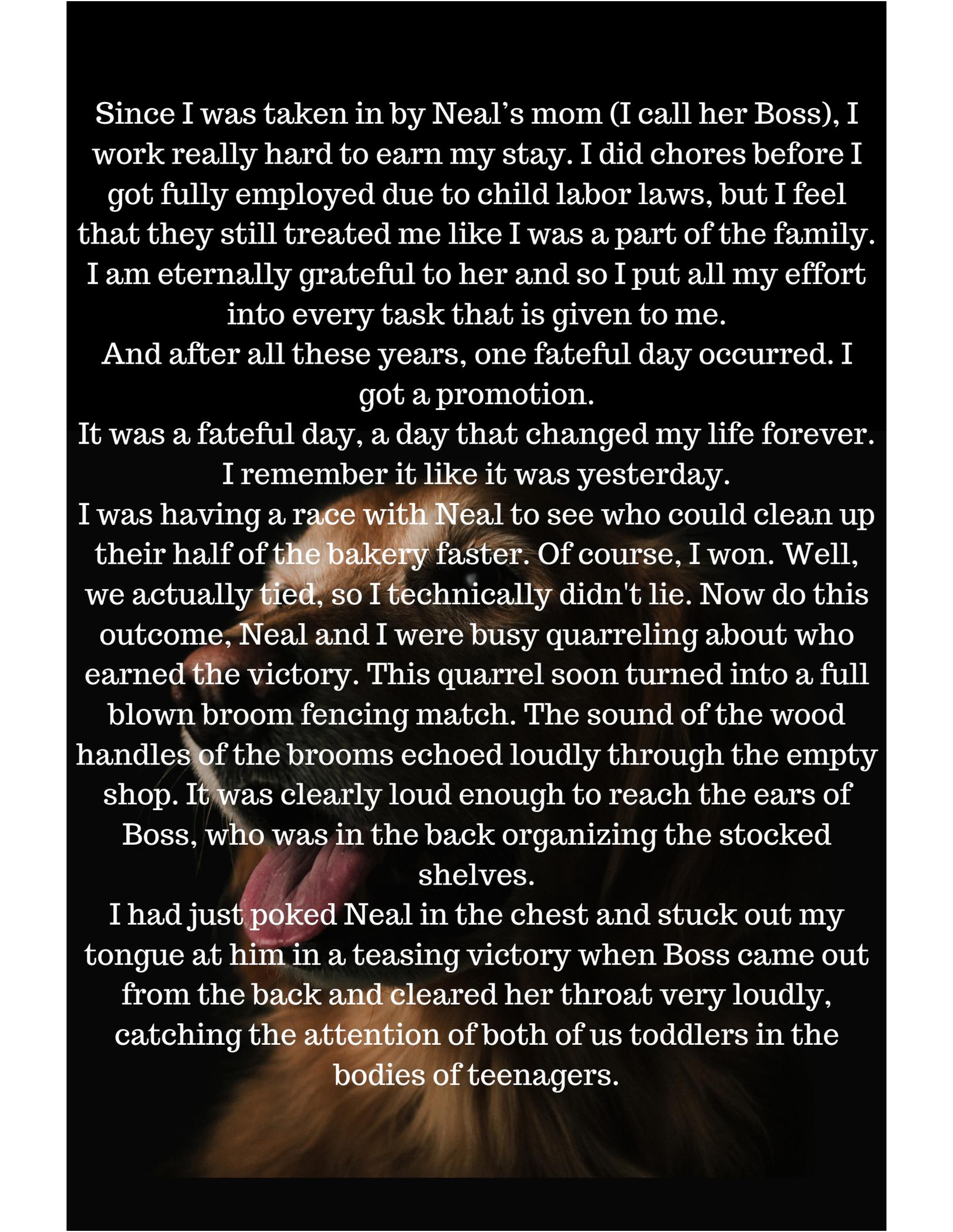


Photo by Gina Ginsberg

The story continues....

I've been working for the bully's mom in her bakery for a while now in turn for food and room board. Things have been going great from the time that I started to be part of her staff, but of course, the bully is also part of the staff. That meant that for the longest time I was stuck working with him. His name, I soon learned, is
Neal.

Neal grew up a lot from the little bully that I first met. His once very light orange hair has become a dark shade of brown. He usually keeps his hair short, but it doesn't help the fact that his hair sticks up in every single direction. His eyes are the same though, always having the same mean, peircing look. It was as though his eyes never smiled, but had a permanent smirk shining through them. At least, when he looks at me. The most significant difference would be that we are both the age of high schoolers. Well, he is in high school, but I don't have the time to go because there is a lot of word to do at the bakery. Plus, I didn't even get the basic elementary school education, there is no hope for me in highschool, at least that's what I thought. He has become slightly more mature than he was all those years ago but we make fun of eachother all the time. I'm glad to say that he isn't my bully anymore, but my good friend. We are like brother and sister.



Since I was taken in by Neal's mom (I call her Boss), I work really hard to earn my stay. I did chores before I got fully employed due to child labor laws, but I feel that they still treated me like I was a part of the family. I am eternally grateful to her and so I put all my effort into every task that is given to me.

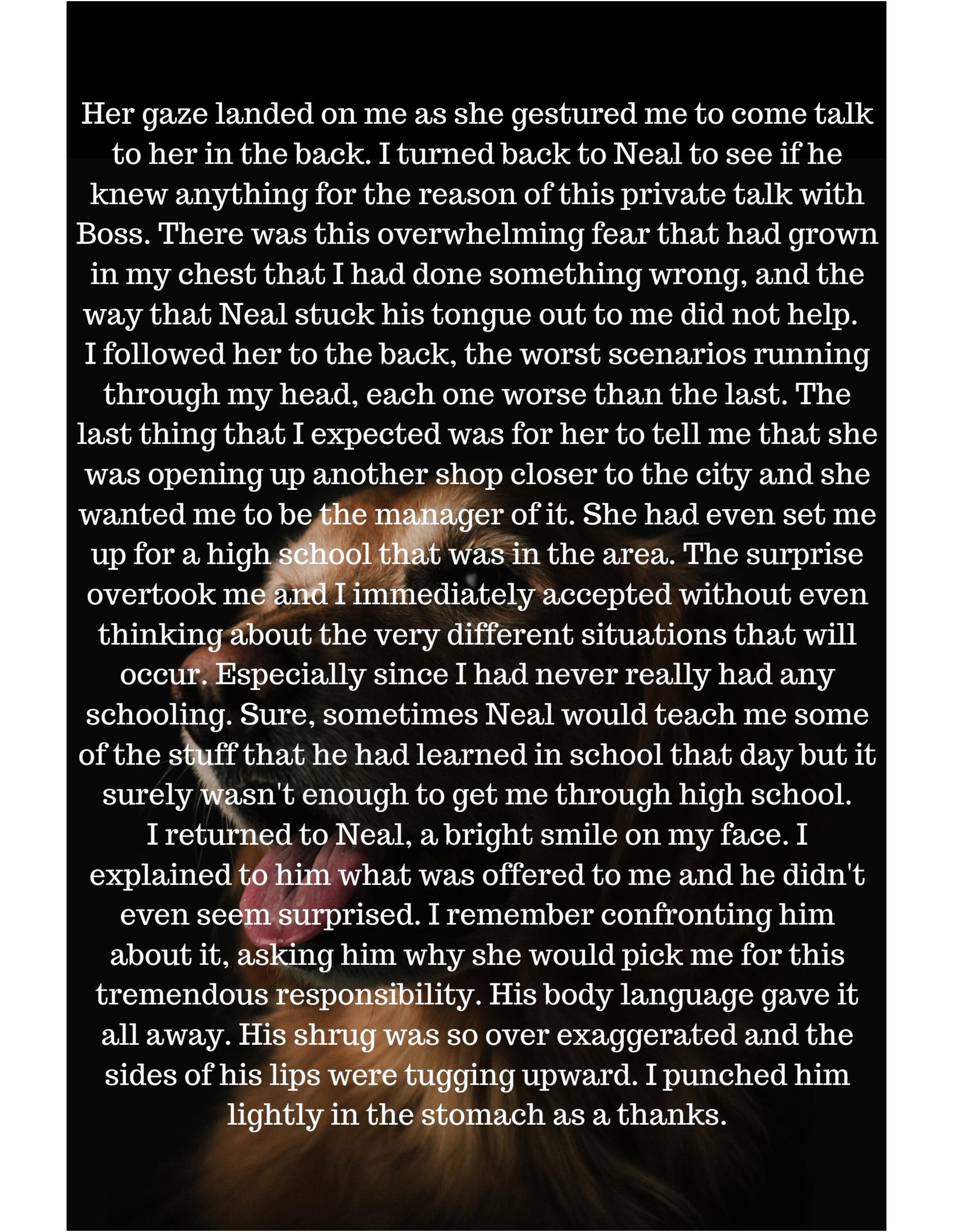
And after all these years, one fateful day occurred. I got a promotion.

It was a fateful day, a day that changed my life forever.

I remember it like it was yesterday.

I was having a race with Neal to see who could clean up their half of the bakery faster. Of course, I won. Well, we actually tied, so I technically didn't lie. Now do this outcome, Neal and I were busy quarreling about who earned the victory. This quarrel soon turned into a full blown broom fencing match. The sound of the wood handles of the brooms echoed loudly through the empty shop. It was clearly loud enough to reach the ears of Boss, who was in the back organizing the stocked shelves.

I had just poked Neal in the chest and stuck out my tongue at him in a teasing victory when Boss came out from the back and cleared her throat very loudly, catching the attention of both of us toddlers in the bodies of teenagers.



Her gaze landed on me as she gestured me to come talk to her in the back. I turned back to Neal to see if he knew anything for the reason of this private talk with Boss. There was this overwhelming fear that had grown in my chest that I had done something wrong, and the way that Neal stuck his tongue out to me did not help. I followed her to the back, the worst scenarios running through my head, each one worse than the last. The last thing that I expected was for her to tell me that she was opening up another shop closer to the city and she wanted me to be the manager of it. She had even set me up for a high school that was in the area. The surprise overtook me and I immediately accepted without even thinking about the very different situations that will occur. Especially since I had never really had any schooling. Sure, sometimes Neal would teach me some of the stuff that he had learned in school that day but it surely wasn't enough to get me through high school.

I returned to Neal, a bright smile on my face. I explained to him what was offered to me and he didn't even seem surprised. I remember confronting him about it, asking him why she would pick me for this tremendous responsibility. His body language gave it all away. His shrug was so over exaggerated and the sides of his lips were tugging upward. I punched him lightly in the stomach as a thanks.

I remember how he suddenly embraced me, and I remember how he said, "I'm going to miss you. I can't believe that I actually grew to like you." I could hear the smirk through his voice. "Yeah, same here," I muttered.

"Y'know, I'm probably not gonna see you in awhile. Who am I going to fight with?" He whined. "Shut your mouth and let me go, you can live without me."

"Wait, just one second," he whispered.

I slowly began to feel his arms tighten around me. His little goodbye hug turned into a death hug. Then his death hug turned into a wrestling match. He is just like a brother.

After about a month, I moved to an apartment near the new shop and started to open up business. Business was slow at first but slowly got better, but that is not what was the thing that impacted me the most. It was school.

I remember my first day. I remember sitting down in a brand new class and not knowing anyone, but I kept on finding myself staring at a boy sitting across the room.

He looked very familiar to me. He had icy blonde hair and his eyes were and icy light blue. His features were soft yet sharp and his hair jagged, yet straight. Even his skin was so pale that it looked like he was frosted over.

For days, I remember sitting there and watching him, wondering why he looks so familiar. There was also something even more interesting that I found about him. I had never seen him wear an expression on his face, and it also seems as though he doesn't understand other people's emotions.

Close to the middle of the school year I had the courage to ask his name. His blank expression seemed to have no emotion, but I felt like I could feel something behind it. He responded indifferently. His name is Aeson.

It struck me as odd for me to find this person familiar seeing as the only people that I really ever had contact with were the people that came to the bakery. The only other person that I had ever interacted with was the little nice boy who was the first to ever show me any kindness. This person seemed far from the boy that I met back then, and that little boy just up and disappeared a long time ago. This couldn't be him.

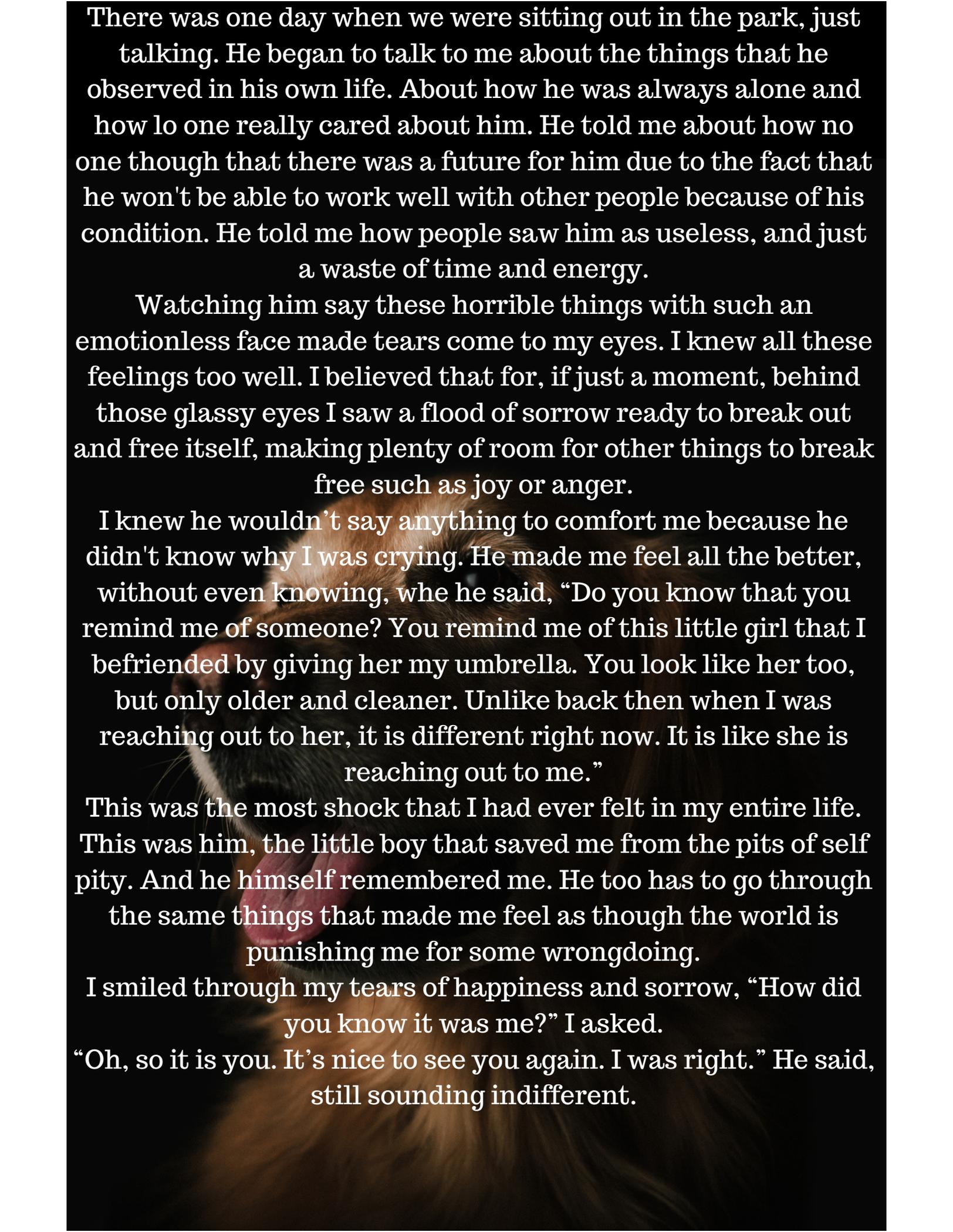
Could it?

Weeks after weeks, I went to school and contemplated this question. During this time, I also gained a friend.

Her name is Prasilica, and she is the best friend that anyone could ask for. She is also very observant. She had noticed my interest in Aeson and immediately came to the conclusion that I had a crush on him.

Though she seemed excited at first for my love (that I repeatedly denied), she had quickly advised against it.

She had good reason too.



There was one day when we were sitting out in the park, just talking. He began to talk to me about the things that he observed in his own life. About how he was always alone and how no one really cared about him. He told me about how no one thought that there was a future for him due to the fact that he won't be able to work well with other people because of his condition. He told me how people saw him as useless, and just a waste of time and energy.

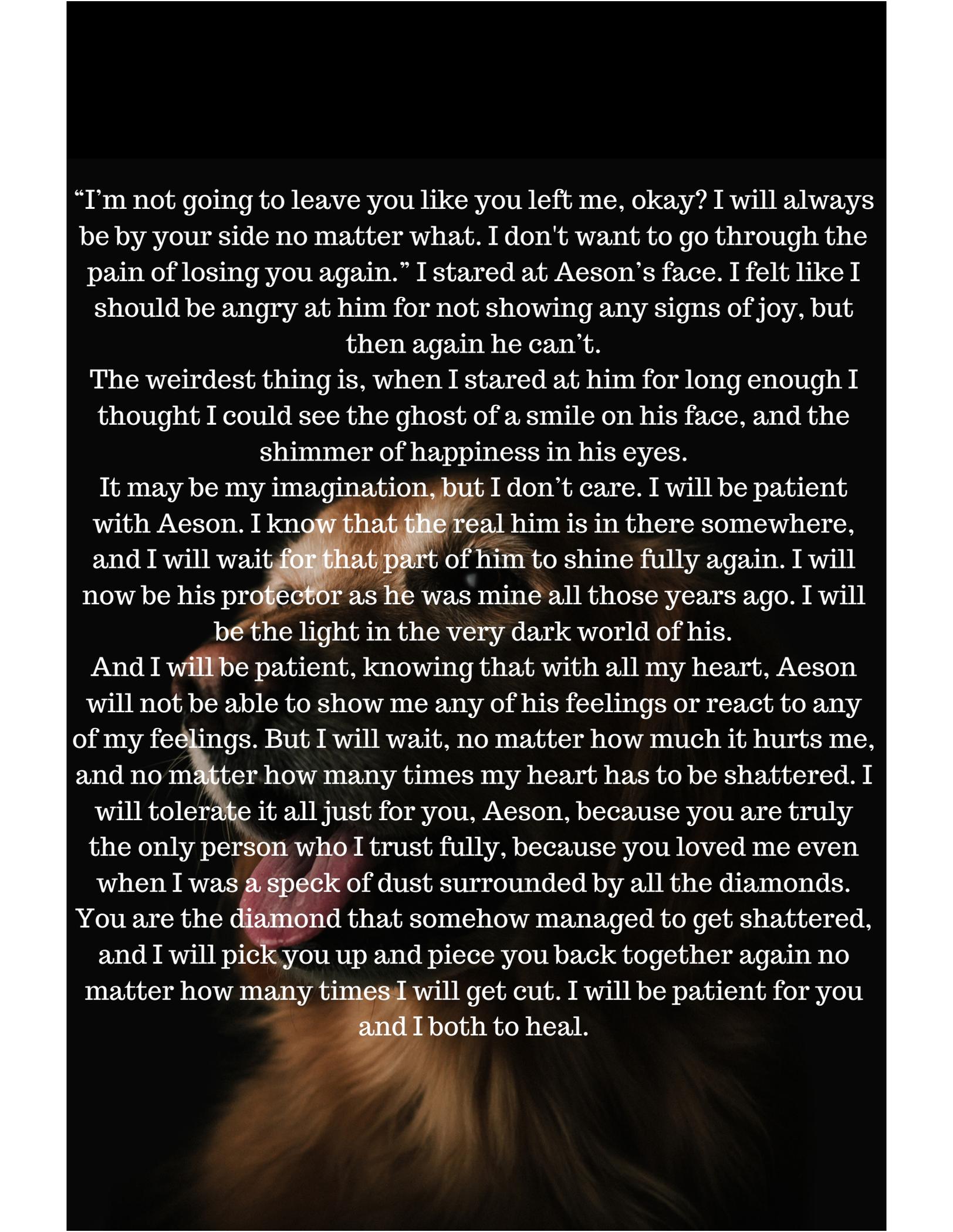
Watching him say these horrible things with such an emotionless face made tears come to my eyes. I knew all these feelings too well. I believed that for, if just a moment, behind those glassy eyes I saw a flood of sorrow ready to break out and free itself, making plenty of room for other things to break free such as joy or anger.

I knew he wouldn't say anything to comfort me because he didn't know why I was crying. He made me feel all the better, without even knowing, when he said, "Do you know that you remind me of someone? You remind me of this little girl that I befriended by giving her my umbrella. You look like her too, but only older and cleaner. Unlike back then when I was reaching out to her, it is different right now. It is like she is reaching out to me."

This was the most shock that I had ever felt in my entire life. This was him, the little boy that saved me from the pits of self pity. And he himself remembered me. He too has to go through the same things that made me feel as though the world is punishing me for some wrongdoing.

I smiled through my tears of happiness and sorrow, "How did you know it was me?" I asked.

"Oh, so it is you. It's nice to see you again. I was right." He said, still sounding indifferent.

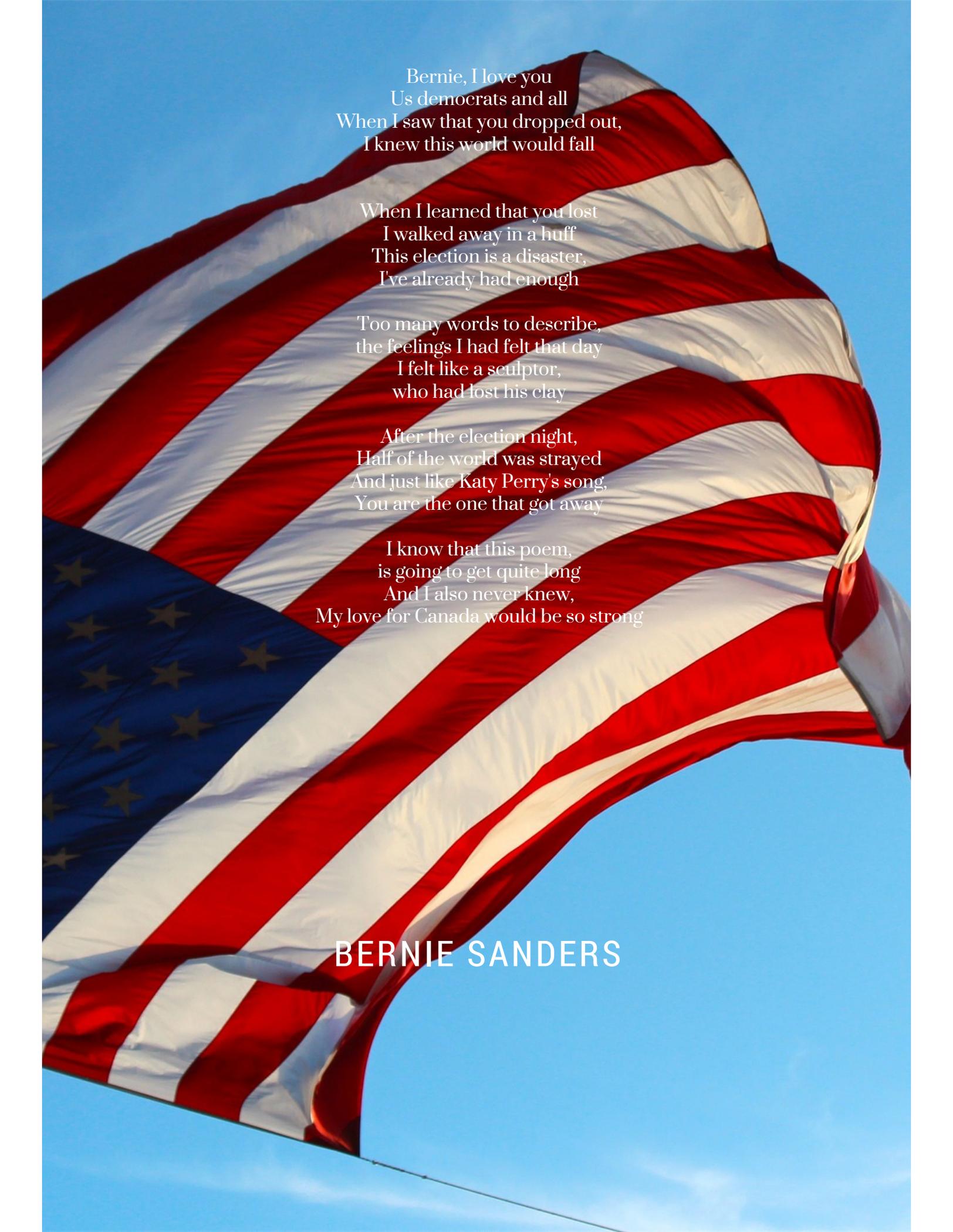


“I’m not going to leave you like you left me, okay? I will always be by your side no matter what. I don't want to go through the pain of losing you again.” I stared at Aeson’s face. I felt like I should be angry at him for not showing any signs of joy, but then again he can’t.

The weirdest thing is, when I stared at him for long enough I thought I could see the ghost of a smile on his face, and the shimmer of happiness in his eyes.

It may be my imagination, but I don’t care. I will be patient with Aeson. I know that the real him is in there somewhere, and I will wait for that part of him to shine fully again. I will now be his protector as he was mine all those years ago. I will be the light in the very dark world of his.

And I will be patient, knowing that with all my heart, Aeson will not be able to show me any of his feelings or react to any of my feelings. But I will wait, no matter how much it hurts me, and no matter how many times my heart has to be shattered. I will tolerate it all just for you, Aeson, because you are truly the only person who I trust fully, because you loved me even when I was a speck of dust surrounded by all the diamonds. You are the diamond that somehow managed to get shattered, and I will pick you up and piece you back together again no matter how many times I will get cut. I will be patient for you and I both to heal.

A large American flag is shown waving against a clear blue sky. The flag's red and white stripes are prominent, and the blue field with white stars is visible in the lower-left corner. The flag is captured in motion, with its folds and ripples clearly defined.

Bernie, I love you
Us democrats and all
When I saw that you dropped out,
I knew this world would fall

When I learned that you lost
I walked away in a huff
This election is a disaster,
I've already had enough

Too many words to describe,
the feelings I had felt that day
I felt like a sculptor,
who had lost his clay

After the election night,
Half of the world was strayed
And just like Katy Perry's song,
You are the one that got away

I know that this poem,
is going to get quite long
And I also never knew,
My love for Canada would be so strong

BERNIE SANDERS

Untitled

It was the time in Winter, in which no snow was present, but the miserable cold persisted. The old professor living in the far out house bustled around, fumbling with gadgets and other odd trinkets. His weathered old face scanned what was on the table directly in front of him. A mechanical helm, a beat up orange metal chest, and thick legs made for walking. To you, reader, it seems like something out of a Halloween set. But to the professor, it presented his life's work.

Wires connecting every piece fizzled with electricity, the time was now! The old man flicked a switch, and his creation rose! He looked around, getting a feel for his body, while the professor jumped with glee like an excited child. He had made the first robot ever created!

He opened a thick notepad and scribbled furiously. Time, 18:34, date February 14, 1974. The robot spoke with a automated voice, "I am here to serve you".

And the journey began. Over the next few months, the professor taught the robot everything he was to know with a gentle, soothing voice. They had come to be quite good friends, and it was on a chipper spring morning that they sat on the old professor's porch.

"Now", the professor asked, "what do you think of our current president?".

The robot responded, "Why I could do a better job tenfold".

"Do you really think so? You know nothing of what the job holds".

"I do too!".

And with these words he struck the professor so as a large gash appeared on his head. The professor frozen with shock, spoke forced words, "I have to deactivate you, I'm sorry". And yet again he flicked the same switch and the sleek machine dropped to pieces, like a puppet without a puppeteer. And the professor sat, and sobbed at what had become a terrible disaster.



3-22-17

Lovebirds - By:
Rumaisa Abdul
Hai

Dear Mr Montag,



I could have simply talked to you—stopped you amidst the warm rain this morning (did you taste it, Mr. Montag? It was such a lovely white wine, you must know, the kind with sparkling fruit juice stirred in)—but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. After all, you are an awfully busy man, and I do have an awful lot to say.

So, I'll let my pen speak for me; it's a much quicker way, wouldn't you agree? (And yes, isn't it just so very fascinating?) Hardly anyone around here uses pens anymore. They've taken instead to chatting mindlessly to the parlor walls, or the radio, or not at all. What a terrible waste of words that must be! My mind is always whirling and jumping and sometimes even dancing with thought!... yet there was something you said that stayed quite furiously in my head since the night we first met. I'm not completely sure what brought me to call out to you; perhaps it was your strange laugh, or the faraway gleam to your eyes, but your answer surprised me even more. You had cried, as I stepped up to my front door, "Am I what" (T)? It was as if such an idea was ridiculous to you, such a concept of happiness! Surely, you must think, I am happy. Everyone is happy, have you heard their laughter from the parlor room, their excited talk about the newest designed race car, the loud cheers from every sport game? But, Mr. Montag, if you stopped for a moment, then you might also hear the gunshots ringing out from behind the school, the whispers of children who rarely ever see their parents at home, the burning gasps and crackles of thousands of pages of books.

How can you be satisfied with this? The thing is, my uncle has told me that I'm an insatiable force. I don't care much for the blissful ignorance many praise, nor the remote he has hidden behind the couch. With your job you must wonder: how could a book be so dangerous? Why is our society so bent on keeping it from us? When I was a kid, my grandmother would like to play guessing games with me, especially with presents. She would smile teasingly at me with the candles all lit for Hanukkah, saying "Clare, you wouldn't want to know! These presents, they're not special at all, and it would just disappoint you to figure them all out!" But of course, that made me want to guess them all right then and there, slamming my fists on the table in excitement. Isn't there just a great thrill to the unknown? If someone makes something out to be horribly uninteresting, it only goes to peak my curiosity even more. Have you ever felt that way with the books you burn? There was a man or woman behind them, with thoughts you might have never thought of, thoughts too great to be kept a secret from the world!

But we're not allowed to read those revelations, or the stories about characters with far more exciting lives than us. We're instead given races, and fun, and grand televisions! And when you're watching the "aunts" and the "cousins" blaring in front of your eyes, have you ever the time to think? Does your dear wife ever sit there and contemplate why the "mother" is screeching at the "father"? It's all just fed to us, telling us what to say and do. I sometimes sit at the edge of my window during the evening, feeling the wind around me and the birds singing quietly to themselves. And I wonder how many people are drowning in the sounds of Sea Shells, how many are surrounded by their "family", laughing when the laughter track plays, zipping by in cars at exhilarating speeds. Humans... I like to believe they were meant to think. I wonder why we were brains like ours, minds like ours? It's a nice sentiment, I suppose, if only we hadn't put them to waste. Humanity has come so far, and yet, where are we heading now? A world with eight different parlor walls? If we could only let it rain for a bit, people would understand. They could pick up the delicate pages of a book, and learn something useful for once, knowing that sometimes, people have different ideas. They could taste the wine, and see the dew collecting on the grass blades, wave hello to the distant man in the moon. They could do so many things!

So, Mr. Montag, the next time I see you, might it be without the helmet, the smell of kerosene, and a salamander upon your shoulder?

Faithfully Yours, Clarisse

(P.S. I've hidden a dandelion in the envelope. Be careful, it's in bloom!)

Letter By: Leah Rider



*By: Brian
Pinho*

You've got a friend in me,

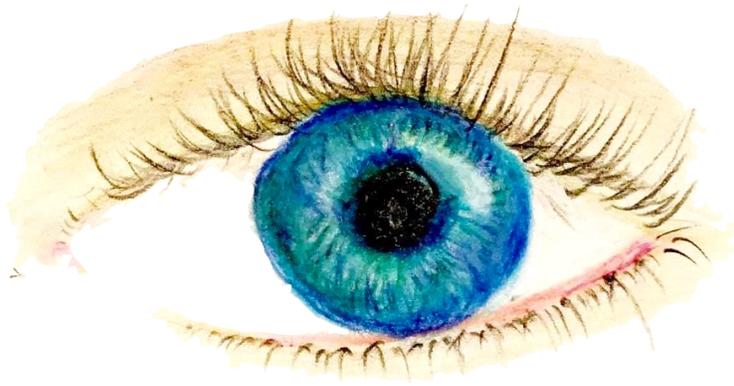


By: Ava Matkins

Faceless Photographer



*By Aditi
Venkateswaran*



Blink

History repeats itself
mysteries deceive themselves
people of the nicest kind
can harbor evil in their minds

Guesses are quite often wrong
but facts can be the same
the safest ones could be turned wild
the wildest turned tame

Hope is in the view of life
the danger's in who holds the knife
white clouds could be full of rain
gold hearts could be full of pain

Anyone could be a flier
if they had wings that never tired
but anyone could sink down low
if they held weights they could not tow

Minds can crash and hearts can break
courage is in what's at stake
bravery can turn to fear
and solid things can disappear

–Gina Ginsberg

Ode to My Cellphone

By: Daniel Kang

My cellphone, the one that belongs to me. Even when I throw you to the ground, you say "wheeeee!" Even I download plenty of games, you don't say you are full. If I used all of your storage, then you could finally say I'm fool. When I want to hear music, you always open your earbud hole without a word. You are so small, but you have all music that exists in the world. Half of the day, I look at your face and laugh, cry, and get mad. Then you might have heard some nag, from really angry dad. Sometimes I forget to charge you, bad luck day. Your face won't be bright, well, then alarm me you may. My cellphone, the one who worked for me and gone. I will remember you, until I buy a brand new cellphone.

4 Silver Guys

By: Daniel Kang

Four silver guys lay down on the black hill.
Fattest has a lowest voice, tiniest has a highest voice.
Their hair are being pull by the four screws.
Their legs are on the brown bridge.

Half of black hill is on the land, half is in the air.
The land is curved, with no green color.
The holes next to the bridge are deep, but no longer than a guy.
Black and large crater, sometimes filled by stinky water.

When the land gets dark, all the livings go to sleep.
However they got to watch out the invisible beast call humidity.
The beast slowly breaks the land, sometimes loses the screws.
The length of night is always different, depends on the feeling of god.

The guys never move, but they can stretch them selves.
They're always being torture, by the long white hair.
When the torture tools friction them, they scream.
People like the scream, and call as music.



Who am I?

By: Daniel Kang

I will be the main character in this poem. Who am I?
I'm the world creepiest and craziest guy.
I don't exist in the real world, but most people in the world know me.
Everybody is afraid of me, except the guy with big muscles who has a name starts with letter 'B'.

I always wear make up, but I'm not a female.
I've done many crimes, but never been to jail.
I have green hair, with the all-back style.
I like the purple jacket, it is as long as the river named Nile.

My characters are in the card, also in the TV.
I have a dangerous friend, call Poison Ivy.
I also have a girl friend, Harley Quinn
She is crazy, but to me she looks like a queen

My favorite colors are purple and green.
I always wear trousers instead of jeans.
I intended to mess and destroy the city,
However my plan was blocked by bat and kitty.



—J

Dangerous Beauty

By: Bhumika Das



Untitled

If it doesn't make sense

You're looking at it wrong

If you're looking at it right

It will also not make sense

So think about life

However you want

If you fail - you did it wrong

So find what you like

Only then it will make sense

-Alexei Gor (The Smart Idiot)

The Prey

1 of 1

As you walk across the sea
That is the hallway of our school
Y'ou'll see all kinds of creatures
In their packs
I mean

"cliques

The walk to class is long
and there are troubles on the way

The predator
shall jump out at you

mean, inconsiderate, bigoted, and cruel
tearing you from limb to limb

The words

They stab like a dagger

But the tears, they cease to flow
If you've been through this before
stopped, questioned & gawked at

Unable to cross an obstacle

For who you are stands in the way

Brown skin, flat chest

I guess that's all it takes

For you to be the prey.

THE PREY

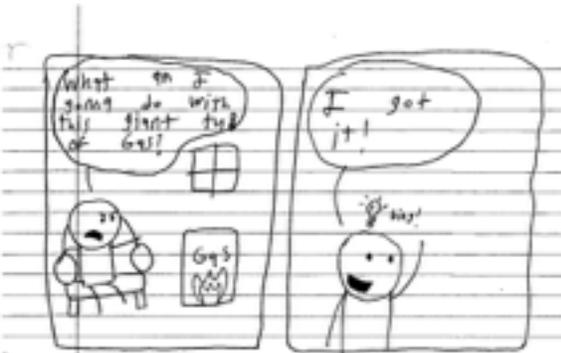
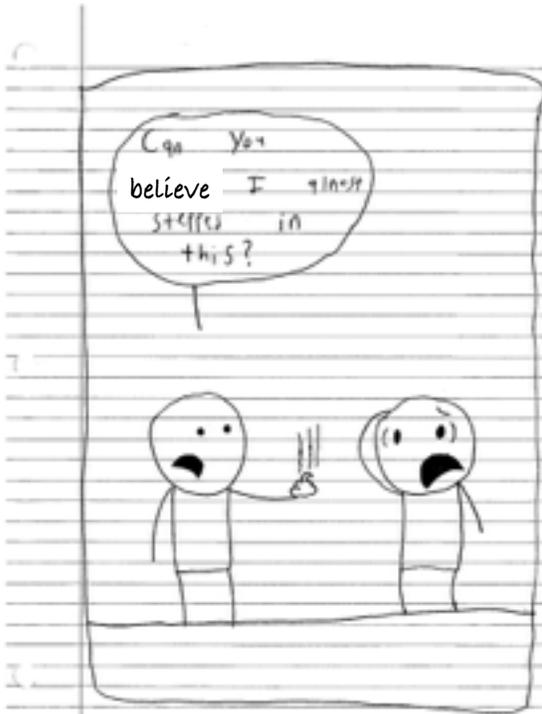
-Abia Hasan.



By: Abia Hasan

Comedic Comix

by Henry Donnelly



A Christmas Wish

Bridgette Aloupis and Anshi Sharma

“Bye grandma! I'll see you in a little bit!”

“Okay Maddie! I love you! Be good!”

“Love you too!”

I heard the door slam. Yes! I had the house all to myself. Grandma had to go get food before the big blizzard hit our little cabin in the mountains. I looked out the window. It was snowing, and the mountains were white like marshmallows in the sky. The cabin was warm and cozy. I decided to sit down with my grandma's cat, Brady. He curled up with me by the fire and we read a book together. That's when I remembered my parents were stuck in France, because it was snowing like crazy there. They couldn't get home because the plane couldn't fly through the snow. I missed them so much. I went upstairs to call my mom. I told her I missed her so much and I hope that she can come home soon.

A few hours passed and I waited for grandma. Where was she? Maybe I should call her, I thought. I tried to call her, but she didn't pick up. Grandma's house wasn't warm and cozy any more, now it seemed big and isolated. Grandma was very nice and joyful, but then when grandpa died she didn't go out much. Both of my parents were big business company owners. I stayed with grandma most of the time since mom and dad were always traveling around the world. I've always wanted a younger sibling to keep me company when they were away, but mom and dad didn't have time to handle another kid. It was 7:00, and grandma still wasn't home. She left at 3:00. That's when I started to worry. She only was going out to get groceries. So I turned on the TV and put on the news. Then I saw it! An old lady got hit by a car and she wasn't moving, and the ambulance was there.

I tried to call grandma again, but she didn't answer. Maybe that wasn't my grandma, I thought. Maybe grandma just didn't pick up her phone. But something inside me said to call the police for help. I tried to call the police, but the phone wasn't working.

"Now what should I do?" I asked myself.

A few days passed and grandma still didn't come home. I sat by the fireplace and looked at a scrap book that grandma and I made. I remember when she used to let me come over and we work on this for hours and hours. It had all the memories of grandma and I. Brady came over and put his paw on grandma's picture when she taught me how to knit. I told Brady that everything was going to be okay and grandma would come. I cuddled with him and then started crying. Brady knew I was sad and he started to purr. I wondered if mom and dad would ever come home. Finally it was Christmas Eve. I couldn't tell my parents that grandma still wasn't home, because none of the phones were working, because there was no power from the blizzard. I was so scared, and I didn't know what to do.

I woke up the next day on Christmas morning. I ran down the stairs as fast as I could so I could see all the presents under the tree. I shouted for my mom and dad to come down. That's when I remembered no one was here. But then suddenly, I heard a knock on the door. At first, I wondered why someone would be in the middle of a blizzard in the mountains.

But then I heard someone say, "Maddie open the door! We're home!" It sounded like my mom! I ran to the door and threw it open as fast as I could. I was speechless, and all I could do was hug them. I was so happy they were home. My dad asked where grandma was. They looked at me and realized I was crying. I told them what happened. My mom ran to the phone to try to call the police. I told her the power was out, but suddenly all the lights went on. She called the police and told them what happened. The police told her that my grandma was the one that was on the news. The snow was so bad that they couldn't even find where our cabin was. She was gone. I couldn't believe it. I loved her so much. We were so sad about what happened to her. My mom and dad had no one to take care of me now. I thought they were going to have to send me off to an orphanage.



But they said they would never do that, and they are going to take a few weeks off just to be with me. My dad was on call the whole day, he was talking with the insurance company for grandma's belongings. I spent the whole day with my mom we were really sad.

“Mom?”

“Yes Maddie?”

“What's going to happen now?”

My eyes started to water and I was about to cry.

“We will always remember grandma in our hearts.” I started crying and hugged my mom and told her about how much I missed her. She hugged me and told me that I was very brave that I stayed in the house all alone. I was so happy they came home and we were together. One of my Christmas wishes came true, that I was with my family.

A Fahrenheit 451 Creative Piece **by Julia Rider**

The door closed with a soft click, an echoing sound of finality that left Clarisse with a burning ache behind her eyes. She blinked away the sudden feeling and brought herself to the hovering chair by the desk, suppressing the urge to shudder. Why was it always so dark and frigid in this school, almost like a prison cell? Even here, in The Office, electric bulbs of light were strung evenly throughout the room—hanging off the ceiling—yet it seemed to darken everything to the point where Clarisse could barely see. The chair lit up as soon as it sensed her presence, chiming with a golden light. “Hello,” Clarisse caught herself saying, for the chair almost seemed alive in a sense, but that was ridiculous. Though wasn't she as well? The young girl seated herself without further preamble, bracing herself against the leather straps that unnecessarily fastened around her ankles. Once the chair seemed satisfied with its restraints, it hummed with a darker gold and conjured up a screen that floated right before Clarisse's face, wavering in the cold air. The screen was black for a moment, leaving Clarisse to stare back at her own reflection, light and hopeful among the darkness. She smiled at herself for good measure. Suddenly, the box was brought to life, a tall woman appearing in the view. Long, curls of blonde hair and bright blue eyes stared coolly back at Clarisse. “Yes, Clarisse?” She questioned flatly, turning her head at some sound in the background. “What is it that you need?” Clarisse leaned forward, feeling her cheeks heat up out of nervousness. “Mrs. Mutliu, I came here today because I would like... I would like to talk about a few issues concerning this school.” The woman paused and pursed her lips, her figure flickering like a candle flame in the wind. After a few moments of

silence passed, Mrs. Mutliu nodded. Clarisse swallowed thickly, shifting back into the chair with a sigh. “It's not social,” she stated simply, her breath catching. “It is social enough,” Mrs. Mutliu retaliated, turning in her chair to face away from her. Clarisse felt her panic rising, a bird flapping around her chest and touching her beating heart. “But I don't think it's social to get a bunch of people together and then not let them talk, do you?” Mrs. Mutliu was silent, and this gave Clarisse the courage to push forwards. “An hour of TV class, an hour of basketball or baseball running, another hour of transcription history or painting pictures, and more sports, but do you know, we never ask questions, or at least most don't; they just run the answers at you, bing, bing, bing, and us sitting there for four more hours of film-teacher”. By this point, Clarisse was breathing heavily, her legs straining against the bonds. “They got us so ragged by the end of the day we can't do anything but go to bed or head for a Fun Park to bully people around, break windowpanes in the Window Smasher place or wreck cars in the Car Wrecker Place with the big steel ball.” Mrs. Mutliu turned around suddenly, her orb-like eyes black like the surrounding room, sending a jolt of fear through Clarisse. “That is enough, Clarisse. Go to your class immediately.” As soon as the words were spoken, the clasps to the chair were released, and Clarisse jumped up, her mouth moving of its own accord. “But, Mrs.—this school really needs to change—what are we wasting our time for? This is our education, not something that we can mess around with! How on earth will I grow up to be an engineer if I can't learn a single thing about—”



**THE
EYES
OF
THE
DEVIL**

**BY
SUHEERA
AND
MEGHAN**

The Eyes of the Devil

By: Suheera & Meghan

The darkness was arising, the cool breeze from the broken window flew into the house like a ghost. I look out the window at the deserted forest, cold, windy. The trees swayed in the summer storm. The trees, full of sorrow, I just knew that they held a million secrets, with a million more to come. Suddenly, her voice echoes throughout the hallway, softly enters my ears. “Mommy!” Charlotte shouted, “I found a doll! Look! Her name is Priscilla!” I look up from my newspaper and saw Charlotte holding a devious looking doll. Her eyes that looked like demons, her ragged clothes that felt like sandpaper. On her dress was the name “Priscilla” engraved with thin red yarn. If only I knew what this doll would do to my family, if only I knew.....

3 WEEKS EARLIER.....

“John, what about this house? It looks like a great deal!” I shouted. John looked at the screen of his phone, “Looks a bit eerie don't you think?”

“But it's a great deal, plus it's enormous! Look, it has three bathrooms, a huge master bedroom, a grand kitchen, three bedrooms, and it comes with a fountain on the lawn!” I said with glee.

“Also a statue garden, creepy statues that stare at you...” I could see the goosebumps rise on his skin. I roll my eyes, “Do you really believe in ghosts and goblins? Come on John your fortyfive for goodness sakes!”

“I'm just saying. Charlotte might not like living in a creepy house like this.” Oh please, I thought. In a few weeks I convinced John to buy the house and we were about to move in.

“Excited?” I asked while looking into his pouty blue eyes. Although, he rolled his eyes while avoiding eye contact and continued looking out to the open road. “Oh come on, it's going to be just fine. We can make a few renovations and make this place feel more like, home.” That seemed to satisfy John as much as he was going to be as we took our first steps into our new home. I could smell the aroma from cooking dinner on the gas top stove, when all of a sudden the stove sparked. I shrieked, “Woah! That startled me!” John looked over at me with pity.

“Honey, that's unsafe. I'll go call an electrician and see what they can do.” I started to feel guilt, I could sense that John despised our new house. Yet, in a few weeks, when we get all the renovations done, this place will be amazing, and we will all be happy, forever and always. I felt a small tug on my soft, beige knit sweater. Looking down slowly as I glanced at the stove top, Charlotte excitedly bounced up and down on the old hardwood floor.

“Mommy! Look! I found a book!” I shot a small smile as she left it dangerously close to the stovetop and galloped off into the grand living room.

I grabbed the white towel out of the box while turning the vexatious stove off. Charlotte jumped and played as free as she could be, the wooden boards bellowed down the hall, the

woodwork in this new house of ours is incredible. The couch that sat alone in the living room was appealing to the eye, I sat on the couch while feeling the relief of the weight being lifted off my feet. The journal seemed to of been placed in my hands by an unknown spirit. What words that were inside intrigued me. Opening the journals cover to reveal the first page made my veins fill with adrenaline, excitement to see what this unknown person has to say.

THIS JOURNAL BELONGS TO: CHARLOTTE

1906

DEAR DIARY,

SEPTEMBER 15, 1906

WE HAVE MOVED INTO THIS NEW HOUSE, IT IS HUGE AND AMAZING. I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES THAT ARE YET TO COME! HOWEVER, PRISCILLA IS NOT HAPPY ABOUT THE MOVE. SHE COMPLAINED DURING SUPPER, AND WHILE MOTHER AND I WERE KNITTING! PRISCILLA WAS THE "BLACK SHEEP" OF THE FAMILY... I DON'T REALLY LIKE PRISCILLA BUT MOTHER SAID THAT SISTERS SHOULD ALWAYS STAY TOGETHER. MY MOTHER'S NAME IS ANNIE, THAT IS ALSO PRISCILLA'S MIDDLE NAME. I WISH THAT WAS MY MIDDLE NAME, PRISCILLA DOESN'T DESERVE TO BE NAMED THAT! SHE IS ALWAYS MEAN TO MOTHER AND SOMETIMES WOULD BE VIOLENT. ANYWAY MOTHER IS TELLING ME TO SLEEP SO I SHALL WRITE MORE TOMORROW.

The mother's name is also Annie, and the daughter's name being Charlotte, the doll's name is Priscilla, but I thought that was her sister's name? I started to get curious, I wondered if there was some relationship. No. It just has to be coincidence, just a really creepy one...

Everyday, I read one more entry from the journal, and the facts got stranger, similar. The only difference was that they had another daughter named Priscilla, and that was the doll's name, the journal never mentioned a doll. The anxiety ran over me, my heart started beating as loudly as a truck barreling through the snow in a mid-winter storm. I lay in bed, afraid. I felt like someone was watching me, or something for this matter. Suddenly, I couldn't take it anymore.

"John, we need to leave."

John looked surprised, his eyeballs bulged out of his head. "*What?* We can't just *move out!* The renovators are coming tomorrow, plus, we already paid so much for the paint job in Charlotte's room. What would even make you think this?" My right hand started to twitch. "*No,* you don't understand, the journal! The journal..." I started hyperventilating.

John looked concerned, thinking about our previous conversation, "Enough with that dumb journal, just stop reading it, take deep breaths." My heart pounded, yet, right as soon as I calmed down; "Okay, I'm going to go to the bathroom to throw out this dumb book."

John nodded, "Good, it's okay. C'mon you're the one who wanted to move here." I walk to the bathroom but instead of throwing the book out I read it, one last time, I *had* to, it was the last page...

Dear diary
October 30th, 1906

I need help, Priscilla has become very violent, she has killed mother and father. I'm too scared to go out and call for help. I am hiding right now, Priscilla is looking for me. If anyone reads this it was Priscilla, she killed mother and father, and she's going to kill.....

My heart was about to jump out of my chest, I reached into my pocket and found my phone, I checked the date, it was October 30th, 2006. I have a deleterious feeling. I heard a blood curling scream, I ran to Charlotte's room, and there I saw my beautiful, little baby, Charlotte, dead. Priscilla was smiling, bloodstains on her clothes, her eyes stared right at mine, her eyes, they looked right into your soul. They were pitch black.

~~~~~

I woke up to blinding white light, everything was so white. A voice had suddenly startled me.

“Excuse me.”

“Am I dead?”

The mysterious person replied, “No, you are in St. David's Hospital, you have been here for two months.”

“Right, I'm sorry I forgot”

The man sighed, “Now just tell me. Why did you kill your daughter and your husband.” My daughter? Charlotte is dead. The doll. Priscilla. I had to get out.

“LET ME OUT, THE DOLL! PRISCILLA! SHE'S COMING!” I used all my might, I tried to get up but the belts held me down. I kept shaking, she's coming, she's coming...

“PLEASE SHE'S AFTER ME, PLEASE!”

The doctor backed away, “Ma'am, listen to me. There is no doll. There is no Priscilla. You killed your family, we need to know why.” He talked aggressively, they won't listen, you won't listen.

“She's coming, she's coming...” I mumble. I think about her pitch black eyes just staring at me. Out of nowhere I grab the officer, “Let me out! Let me out, she's coming. She's coming!” The officer left the room and locked the door.

I lay in bed, all I hear is “She's coming, she's coming...” Over and over, chanting it's getting louder, and faster. My grab my head in effort of trying to make it stop. Over, and over again, louder and louder, faster and faster! When suddenly it stops, I put my hands down, “She's coming.” I faintly whisper. I open my eyes, and was startled to see Priscilla in front of me, demon eyes staring into my soul, as I take my last breath and could faintly whisper; “She's here.”