



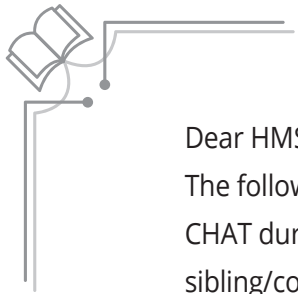
# LEGENDA

— • — 2021 — • —

25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL, YARMOUTH MAINE





2

Dear HMS Community,

The following column was rescued from a fierce CHAT during a rare MEETS between these two sibling/cousins, prone to battles through these long ages, the years now numbering 25, unless you count the issues long buried in dragon caves of yore, in which case it's more like 3,124.

**Harrison Royale 2:10 PM:** Hello, My name is Royale. Harrison Royale.

**John Royale 2:10 PM:** We know that Harrison, it says your name when you type something in the chat. Also, when did you become James Bond?

**Harrison Royale 2:10 PM:** John, how did you get onto this call?!?! Also, why are you wearing a mask? You're going to set it on fire!

**John Royale 2:10 PM:** Stop being so concerned. I don't want to make you sick.

**Harrison Royale 2:09 PM:** You can't make me sick over a google meet.

**John Royale 2:09 PM:** A dragon never shares their secrets.

**Harrison Royale 2:09 PM:** Their secrets? There's more than one of you?

**John Royale 2:09 PM:** Nevermind. I know where I stand with you, cousin/sibling. How have you been?

**Harrison Royale 2:09 PM:** I have been well John. Quarantine has actually been very interesting for me. I have been playing a game called 'Animal Crossing.' It is a game where you fall into debt and shape the world as your own.

**John Royale 2:09 PM:** It sounds rather stressful. I have been playing a game known as Minecraft, where you fight monsters and build things.

**Harrison Royale 2:09 PM:** How is that relaxing?

**John Royale 2:09 PM:** Anyway, I need to tell you

something with a clarinet fanfare

**Harrison Royale 2:08 PM:** John, you are on MUTE.

**Harrison Royale 2:08 PM:** John, You are FROZEN.

**Harrison Royale 2:07 PM:** John do SOMETHING!

**Harrison Royale 2:07 PM:** John

**Harrison Royale 2:07 PM:** Hello

**John Royale 2:05 PM:** "Gender is cancelled" Blue told me that.

**Harrison Royale 2:05 PM:** Blue...?

**John Royale 2:05 PM:** Well... um... first we play "Hey Jude" on the clarinet

*\*Music plays in the background\**

**Harrison Royale 1:57 PM:** So... Now what?

**John Royale 1:57 PM:** Well... I'm a girl.

**Harrison Royale 1:57 PM:** Wait WHAT!?!?!?

**John Royale 1:57 PM:** But... I'm also a boy. And non-binary. But also in and out of the gender binary.

**Harrison Royale 1:56 PM:** Wait... How does that even work?

**John Royale 1:56 PM:** So, it means that I am ALL genders. I encompass everything. You know agender? Agender is when you are no gender. You don't fit into any of the genders. I am pangender, which means I fit into all of the genders, and use any pronouns I want. She/her/hers; he/him/his; they/them/their. Also, please just call me J. Like Jay, except just the letter.

**Harrison Royale 1:56 PM:** Okay... J.

**Harrison Royale 1:55 PM:** So... What now?

**John Royale 1:55 PM:** Now I go take over this literary magazine before anyone can read it MUAHAHAHAHA ;)

*\*John Royale left the meeting\**

*\*J Royale joined the meeting\**

**Harrison Royale 1:55 PM:** Well, cousin/sibling, I

suppose I must say goodbye until next year.

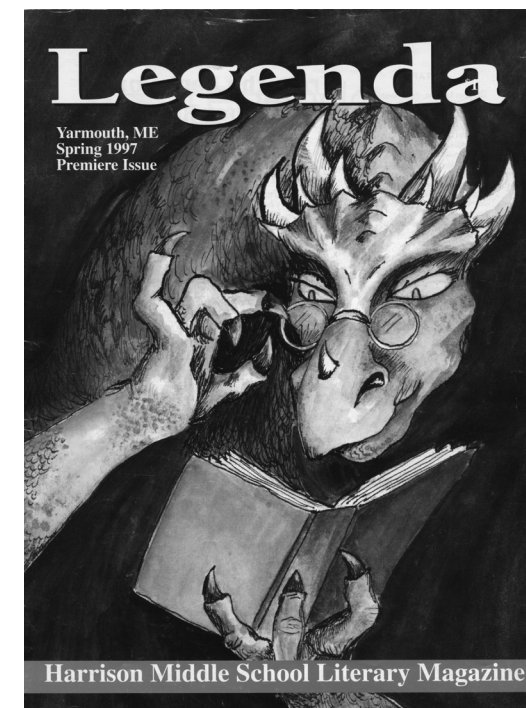
**J Royale 1:55 PM:** Yes, well, I bid you farewell.

Your firewall has proven to be hard to break through. I was burnt on my way out of the cave where you keep the firewall blocking the newest magazine copy of Legenda.

But the rest of you can read this magazine! Please do!

**Editorial Note:** How do you prepare a literary magazine in a pandemic? When we're working remotely?

And when it's the TWENTY-FIFTH ISSUE!!! Well, you start by asking poets and writers and artists at Harrison Middle School what they have for you. HMS is a very creative place. And, as Einstein said,



*Creativity is Intelligence having FUN. So there were submissions. Quite a few, as in a LOT. Art (writing and illustration) has helped us through this strange year. Thank you to ALL who submitted work. We honor you! Each piece of writing was rated by SEVERAL 8th graders who did not know who wrote what. We believe that this is a very fair process, one that has, in fact, been in place for DECADES. This is, after all, the 25th Issue of this august Literary Magazine, the world "august" here NOT referring to the month, although we are fond of it.*

*This issue is dedicated in particular to Ms. Adler, with great gratitude for all she did at the helm of our HMS ship, all these years, and perhaps in particular this one. Onward!*

## STALWART STAFF

Maddie Flemming, Dan Orenstein, Will LaChance, Sally Payson Higgins, Mattie Pierce, Maddie Nieter, Maya Faulstich, Lauren Hallee, Haley Doan, Chloe Cady

**Fearless Leader:** Charlotte Agell

**Daring Designers:** Maddie Nieter, Leo Nieter

**Front Cover Illustration:** Ella Huckel-Bauer, Gr. 8

**Back Cover Illustration:** Ava Fox, Gr. 8

3





# THE CLOCK ON MY BEDROOM WALL

**Maya Faulstich**, Grade 8

The clock on my bedroom wall  
ticks  
every two seconds.  
It's a peculiar thing  
making time appear to be  
s l o w e r  
and less succinct  
than it really is  
Sometimes I believe time does slow down  
when I step into my bedroom  
A lazy wave of endless  
nothingness  
and comfort  
washing over me  
washing over the chair and the curtains and the bed and the  
clock  
casually ticking  
ever so slowly

until I fall asleep

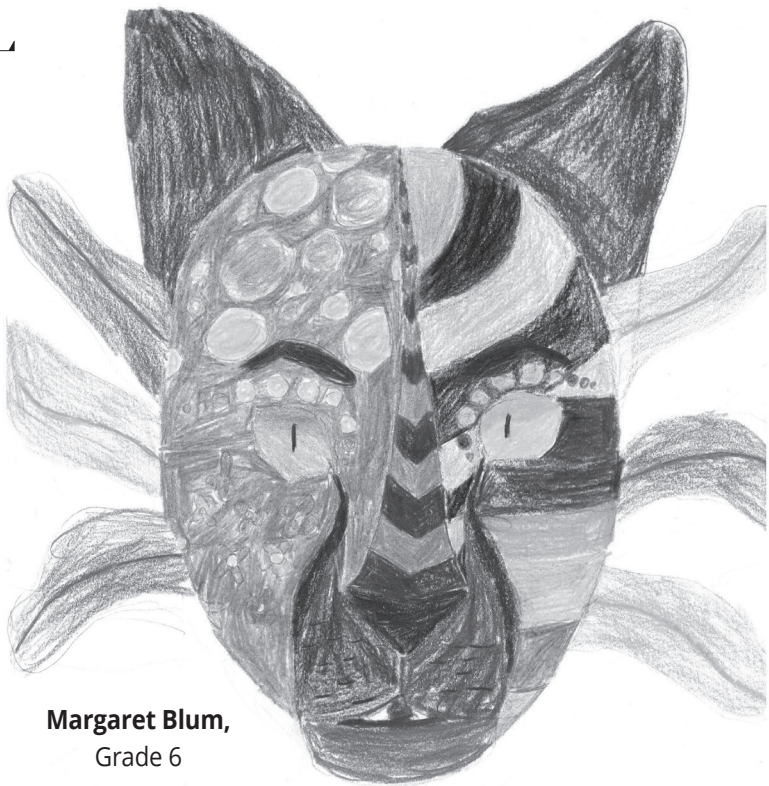
and time  
stops.



# WALKING ON A WINTER DAY

**Vagni Das**, Grade 7

Your breath fogging and swirling in the air  
The crunch of snow under your feet  
The ice glistening off the trees  
The feeling of peace  
Walking on a winter day



**Margaret Blum**,  
Grade 6

# COVID-19

**Kate Geary**, Grade 5

I step on to the wet grass,  
I see all my friends in masks,  
No more going to the grocery store,  
I wish I went to school more,  
We're at school and home,  
We can't even borrow a comb,  
We text and email,  
We stand up for females,  
The election is going on,  
We sing happy birthday on the lawn,  
We should support each other,  
We should have people over for supper,  
But this is what we live with now,  
So mistakes are always allowed,  
Try your best to make it better,  
If you don't you'll be missing out.

# OMG

**Anelise Feldman**, Grade 5

When will the day come that we will see  
Not everything can be said with an OMG.  
Are conversations overrated?  
Is interaction outdated?  
Are we living our life in XD's,  
LOL's and OMG's?  
Are we only talking at email pace,  
Never talking face to face?  
Will there be a day when  
We'll see our friends again?  
When they can come over to my home?  
And I can take my eyes off my phone?  
Now I'll just take a wild guess,  
And I'll just say the answer is yes



# INTO THE DEPTHS

**Anelise Feldman**, Grade 5

Indigo blue, bottle green  
They never fail to be seen.  
Goggling eyes, swishing tails,  
Open mouths, shimmering scales,  
Let their colors shine, bright and true,  
In the sapphire waters, deep and blue.  
Standing out from coral reefs,  
Grains of sand, and seaweed leaves.  
But don't disturb them, or they will flee,  
Into the depths of the big, dark sea.

# TOGETHER WE WILL PREVAIL

**Lilah O'Connor**, Grade 5

The American Revolution happened many years ago,  
Some call it the winter of red snow,  
It was a war in which we fought to be free,  
And no longer be an English colony,  
Many lives were lost in those terrible years,  
Families were torn apart and they all shed many tears,  
In the end, we were finally free,  
We were no longer a colony,  
So when we despair or want to give in,  
Remember the war our ancestors had to win,  
If our ancestors prevailed, so can we,  
We are stronger if we are many,  
So reach out to family, comfort a friend,  
Because if we stick together, soon it will end,  
If we stick together, we will move on,  
Because together we are very, very strong.



**Laila Brewer**, Grade 8





# THE MIGHTY SHIP

Abigail Grunewald, Grade 6

Waves danced roughly around the mighty ship. Sailors valiantly tugged upon the ropes of the sails fruitlessly, their mouths gaping in screams swallowed by the crashing of the massive waves on the hull.

A sailor darted towards the bow, clutching a spy glass, but a ginormous wave devoured him as he lifted the glass to his eyes. A cabin boy snatched up a rope and swung it out to where the man's head had bobbed up for just a moment. The wind gave a ferocious howl and the rope flew off course, some ten yards away from where the sailor, who became submerged underwater once again, had been.

Boulders lay ahead, a rusty brown color, rounded at the top and smooth, protruding from the murky, foamy depths of the sea.

"Left!" shouted the captain's hoarse but ringing voice through the raging storm.

The sailors tried to change course, but their arms were tired and weak from a day full of hard work, and the ship, full-steam ahead, ran straight into the rocks.

Screaming shrilly, the crew was dumped off of the ship as it tipped over, destined to drown...

"Kevin!" shrieked Kevin's mom. "Stop splashing!"

Kevin ignored her. "Don't worry, Captain Jones, I'll save you!" he said in a deep, low voice, still splashing one hand in the water as he made the sailor who had fallen rescue a plastic man dressed more exquisitely than the rest.

"Thank you, Sailor Kevin! Now, let's get the crew to this island."

Kevin picked up a floaty toy shaped like an island and tossed it into the crowded tub.

Kevin squinted his eyes to look for the drowning sailors, finally spotting a clump of them near the bottom of the boulders, which looked suspiciously like a five year old's feet. His hand plunged underwater, still clutching Sailor Kevin.

Sailor Kevin brought all the sailors up to the island in just two trips, and when he finally dragged himself up to the shore, the sailors cheered his name: "Kevin! Kevin! Kevin!" . . .

"KEVIN! GET OUT OF THE BATHTUB RIGHT NOW!" yelled Kevin's mom.

There was no way to pretend he hadn't heard now.

"Dad..."

"You heard your mother, get out!"

Kevin cast one more wistful glance at the toys, then, splashing water all over the bathroom floor, gathered them up and dumped them into a blue bucket already full of other bath toys.

"Maybe tomorrow...", he whispered to the little sailors.

Their plastic faces didn't betray any emotion, just stared, frozen, at the light on the ceiling, the outside of the bathtub, or the rug... but Kevin could tell they couldn't wait to play again.

6

7

# LEAF'S JOURNEY

Ellis Graham, Grade 6

LEAF'S

JOURNEY

ITS JOURNEY IS UNKNOWN

OR MAYBE THIS HAPPENED

A CATERPILLAR HUNG IN ITS CACOON ON THAT LEAF

A BUG BROUGHT THAT LEAF TO ITS TUNNELS

A SNOWSTORM COVERED THAT LEAF ALL WINTER

THAT LEAF THAT IS NOW GETTING BLOWN INTO MY FACE OR MAYBE

THAT LEAF WAS THE LAST TO STAY ON A TREE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

THEN GOT BLOWN TO MAINE ONLY TO BE COVERED IN THE FACE BY SNOW

THAT LEAF THAT WAS UNCOVERED JUST A WEEK AGO THAT IS NOW BLOWING IN MY

FACE. OR MAYBE THAT LEAF WAS LATE TO BLOOM EARLY TO FALL THAT LEAF WAS

STUCK IN A GUTTER AND THEN THE SNOW COVERED IT AND WHEN IT MELTED THE

LEAF WAS SENT UNDERGROUND TO FIND OUT THAT IT WAS SENT TO THE RIVER

THAT LEAF WAS THEN WASHED UP ONTO SHORE BLOWN INTO MY YARD NOW

BLOWING IN MY FACE. OR MAYBE THAT LEAF WAS THE FIRST TO BLOOM THE FIRST

TO FALL AND THEN JUST LAID WAITING UNTIL SPRING WHERE IT WAS FOUND

BLOWING IN MY FACE

OR MAYBE THAT LEAF IS A BUD ON A TREE.

THAT HASNT BLOOMED YET

WAITING TO EMERGE

TO MAKE

THE

WORLD

SPRING

AGAIN!



Hadley Dillon, Grade 8





## HOW THE GREEK GODS CAME TO BE

**Lilah O'Connor**, Grade 5

How the Greek gods came to be,  
That's a hard question even for me,  
I study them, I read about them, I watch videos too,  
There is still only so much I can teach you,  
There's Zeus, he is the king of the gods,  
He is so serious he hardly ever nods,  
There is Hera, She is the queen,  
She is known in the stories as selfish and mean,  
Her sons are Ares, and hephaestus too,  
That's not even it, I have nine more for you,  
Artemis and Apollo are identical twins,  
In all of the arguments, Artemis wins,  
There's Athena and there is Hermes as well,  
But still, that is only a few more to tell,  
There's Dionysus and Poseidon, who's the god of the sea,  
Demeter controls nature, down to every tree,  
Aphrodite is the goddess of love,  
Her symbols are a belt and a dove,  
Hades controls all of the dead,  
He hates everyone, at least that is what's said,  
In all of the myths, there is much more to tell,  
There's legends, and monsters, and heroes as well,  
Most people in Greece believe the myths are true,  
They praise the gods, the heroes too,  
They believe they are immortal so they will always be there,  
They believe in a thousand years they will not get a single gray hair,  
While most doubt this is even true,  
I'll leave the decisions up to you.



**Maddie Fleming**, Grade 8

8



## THE SOAP AT HOME (A PAIR OF HAIKUS)

**Maya Faulstich**, Grade 8

After a long day  
of hand sanitization  
again and again

I love how the soap  
in our own bathroom strongly  
smells of welcome home



**Maya Faulstich**, Grade 8

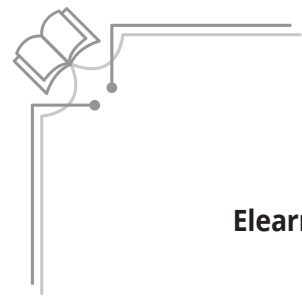
9

## BOOKS

**Lilah O'Connor**, Grade 5

There are so many books in the world,  
Some are even scrolls, with their edges curled,  
There's books for babies, kids, and grown ups too,  
There's libraries full of them just for me and you,  
There's authors, Publishers, and Illustrators as well,  
Together they make another book to tell,  
Kids learn to read in school,  
And here is why reading is cool,  
You can go across the world in just a day,  
No packing required, you don't even have to pay,  
Just pick up a book and there you are,  
You're in Paris or in L.A. as a moviestar,  
This is why reading is cool, you see,  
You can be anywhere you want to be,  
There are no limits to books, you know,  
You can be anyone or go anywhere you want to go,  
You can even go places that don't exist,  
Like magical islands shrouded in mist,  
You could even have dinner in a high up castle,  
Then float down with hardly a hassle,  
So I encourage you today, pick up a book,  
And even if you only take a small look,  
See what you can find, it might be new,  
I hope it is perfect just for you.





# BUTTERFLY

**Elearnor Marsidi-Sedgewick**, Grade 5

Butterfly  
Its wings so graceful,  
It stands there so stable,  
Beautifully dancing,  
Barely glancing,  
Over the waterfall it flies,  
If you watch it it will continue to rise,  
Above, above, and beyond.  
Eventually it sits on a rock next to a pond.  
Gracefully sipping the nectar,  
But soon captured by a butterfly collector,  
Put into a jar,  
For a while until released and thrown afar,  
The life of a butterfly, short and shimmering,  
A life of a butterfly, beautifully glimmering.

10

# WHAT LIES THROUGH THAT DOOR?

**Jay Duncan**, Grade 7

I lie through that door.  
I am the voice that tells you to keep going  
when you're just about to give up. I am the dinner with friends  
that you look forward to at the end of a long day. I am the mother's arms that you can run into  
when you get bullied in elementary school. I am the teacher  
that gently reminds you instead of giving you detention.  
I am the warm chicken noodle soup when you are home sick with the flu.  
I am the hot chocolate after hours spent playing in the snow.  
I am the family movie night in second grade when you had all your friends over and they pranked you.  
I am the band-aid to your scraped knee.  
I am comfort. I am relief.  
I lie through that door. But I cannot come to you. You must choose to work through  
all the obstacles to pass through that door.  
Never Give Up

# LOST

**Anelise Feldman**, Grade 5

Lost, like a flower that can't reach daylight,  
Lost, like the sun in the middle of the night,  
Lost, like a bird far away from the sky,  
Because it can't use its wings and forgot how to fly,  
But hope, and don't give up, just look around,  
For one day, what is lost will be finally found.  
Found, like a like a songbird that can finally use its voice,  
Found, because you will always have a choice,  
To escape endless night, and reach toward the light,  
You will be found.



**Ava Fox**, Grade 8

# TOGETHER

**Evie Lowell**, Grade 6

Are we  
Only people  
Are we incapable of changing our world?  
That is up to us to decide  
But not alone  
Together  
When we join forces  
Hand in hand  
All races  
All genders  
All stereotypes aside  
All hearts  
We are the people  
And we are all people  
And therefore should be treated as people  
Slavery was long ago  
Same sex marriage was once illegal  
But these rules  
These rules  
Were made by people  
To hold us back  
Not allow us to grow, and rise like the sun,  
Rising up, up, up  
And falling down again, the soft crescendo into night  
We are not what we were 50 years ago  
We are not what we were 5 years ago  
We alone make the choices  
Which is why we  
The people  
Are capable of changing the world  
But not alone  
TOGETHER

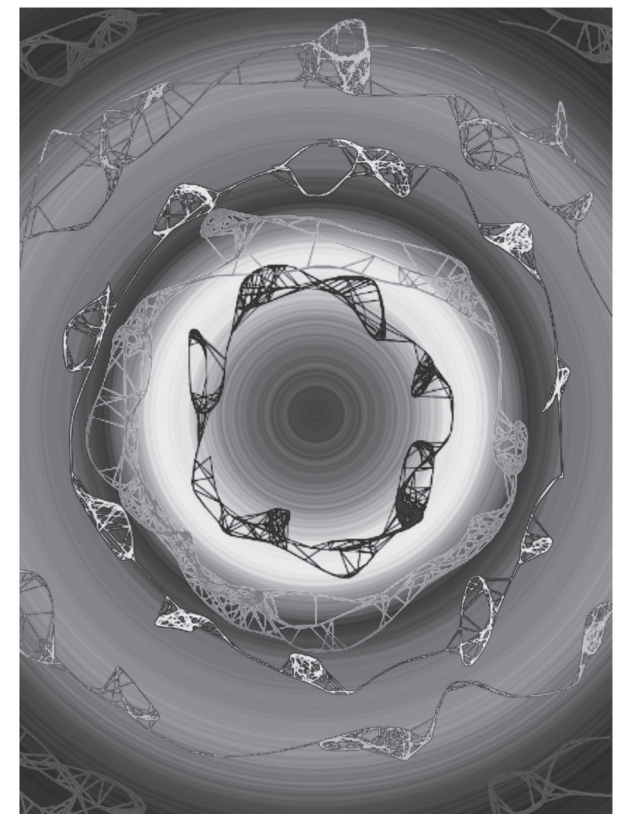
# I AM NOTHING: A CRAB CANON

**Maddie Fleming**, Grade 8

(Read it to the end then read it in the other direction!)

I am nothing  
Don't ever say  
I am something  
This Earth  
I must leave  
I don't believe  
"But love makes everything better"  
Money is all  
I don't believe  
In happiness and love  
That is what people say but I trust  
You don't need love, friends, and family for happiness

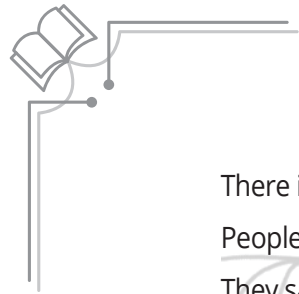
(Now read it from bottom to top)



**Jay Duncan**, Grade 7

11





# SONNET – A MEMORY

Dan Orenstein, Grade 8

There is a perfect city.

People sing of its prosperity, its happiness, its abundance in everything good.

They say there is no war there. They say there is no crime. They say that there is no pollution, and love prospers so much that it fills the streets with light.

And people want to be in this city, but all who try to enter are stopped by doorless, impenetrable walls stretching into the clouds. Nothing goes with Many have tried to break these down, or to fly above them, but all have failed. Cannonballs leave no dent, lasers leave no scorch marks, and planes break apart. Still, though, everyone wanted to be in that city, however hard it may be. So they kept trying. They tried to no avail.

Eventually, some people had a new idea, and insisted the city should be left alone. These people said that if the world was perfect, the city would open its doors and share its riches, both literal and figurative. At first, this was little more than a rumor. Hearsay that spread throughout the city it was born in. Then, someone wrote an article about it for a popular newspaper. Many people wanted to read about the perfect city, so many read the new theory. Almost all of them agreed, and the rest shrugged and said a new idea was worth a try when the old ones had failed. This theory spread throughout the world, and finally every ruler of a country came together to discuss it. These hundreds of people all needed translators, who were quite numerous and sometimes influenced the person they translated for or intentionally mistranslated.

After ninety-nine days and ninety-nine nights of confused discussion, the leaders agreed that they would all try to do this, and most went back to their countries to write new laws and make their pieces of the world the best they could be. However, some of the leaders thought that other countries would never be improved unless they were ruled by someone else. These leaders declared war instead of writing new laws, and people took up weapons instead of pens. Wars around the world grew, and alliances were formed, thrusting more people into it.

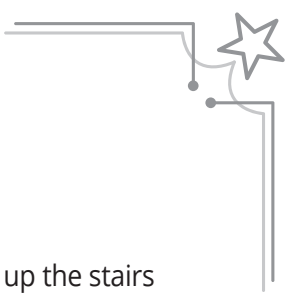
One day, the last country that was not involved was conquered, and then the entire world was at war, excepting, of course, the perfect city.

Treaties were made and broken. Activists protested and did whatever they could to stop the fighting. Nothing changed, and everyone was at war. Eventually, the air in three countries became so polluted that it killed anyone not wearing a specialized suit. This terrible air was copied by other countries and it spread. Soon, all of humanity that was not at war was living underground, with whatever animals and plants they could save. Governments were too busy with war to provide for the people, so they had to find their own way to make new streets, to get food, to pay for what they needed. Friendships fell apart and people started to kill one another, adding to the carnage covering and now filling the world. Children grew up in a world of hate, suffering, and too little of everything. Families were broken apart. New activists arose, but none were effective. Some engineers made rockets and tried to go to another planet, but these were sabotaged by jealous people. One group did make it, but they did die eventually, once food ran out and what they had was growing too slowly.

Finally, the war ended. It ended because no one was left to fight it. There were dead bodies everywhere, and two species that had evolved to survive were eating them. These species evolved and spread throughout the world, taking advantage of the result of hundreds of years feuding. Eventually, one noticed a huge, doorless wall, splattered with blood. This wall stretched into the clouds. It was unbroken and perfect. And from inside, a faint weeping could only be picked up by this animal's sensitive ears.

Background: Addie McDonough, Grade #

12



# YOU'RE NOT ALONE

Gracie Olson, Grade 6

Silence is the heaviest thing that can be broken

Silence dances with the wind

It can be a sense of calm

To come before anger

Silence makes you think

It is peaceful, yet it can be formidable

Silence is unexpected

When unbroken, it is deafening

Silence is pure

It fills every space

Every edge

Every corner

Every hole

Every shelf

Every lonely room

Every forest

Every river

Every mountain top

Every ocean

The more you search, the more you find

The more you find,

The more you seem believe

That you're alone

Alone with only silence

But you are not alone

Because silence only comes between sounds

Silence comes between your racing thoughts

Between the storms

Between the fights

the parties

the shouting

The beat before you take the next step up the stairs

the locker doors slamming

the squeaks on the gym floor

Between your words

Between passing cars and gusts of wind

Between notes of music

Between the secrets being shared

Between the constant singing of the birds in spring

the laughter

the shared smiles

Under the full, white clouds

Under the stars peeking through the sky

Under the weight of our world

Between

Between

Between

And under

Even the falling of a leaf

Silence will come to you when you come to realize

That between all this loudness,

You will need it.



Kellan Devine, Grade 6

13





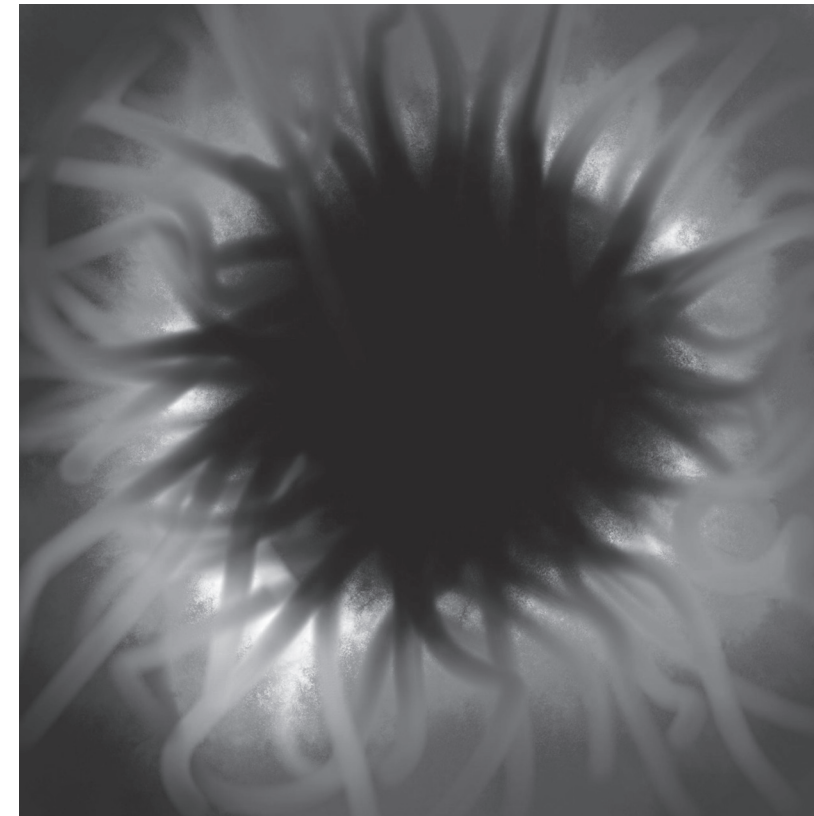
14

# SILENCE

By a group of Somewhat Loud 8th Graders

Silence  
Loud, when your best friend won't talk to you  
or the eye of the hurricane  
Eerie and  
strange  
Silence  
caught in a seashell  
the moment before you hear the next  
wave  
  
Silence  
Breathtaking, before the applause  
right after the curtain falls across the  
stage  
Or those two seconds between songs on your playlist  
The moment after the music fades  
Silence  
Suspended between the jump and the splash  
hanging in the air above the  
pool  
Or the silence of sitting down at the table  
about to take a bite of  
food  
  
The silence of longing  
The silence of snow  
The silence of something beyond what you know  
The silence after you've turned the page of a book  
The pause in between the ticks of a clock  
  
Peaceful silence  
when you close your laptop  
turn off your light and whisper  
goodnight  
When you're watching something out the window  
an owl's wings

Silent in  
Flight  
  
Proud silence  
Sitting in a tree  
after you've climbed it  
to the top branch so  
High  
Annoyed silence  
the type you produce  
when you've been interrupted  
too many times  
  
Or when you're laptop decides to  
freeze  
and you're silently thinking,  
"Start working you brute!"  
Sharing a silent glance that says:  
I know what you're thinking  
or on a zoom meeting:  
"Excuse me, you're on mute"  
  
The silence of the time before devices  
An actual newspaper  
or the chilly skies in fall  
Sitting down with a book  
Loud voices in your head but  
No  
Sound  
At all.



Leah Carroll, Grade 7

# SILENCE

Anelise Feldman, Grade 5

Silence, like a blanket cast across the room  
Silence, like a flower about to bloom.  
Silence, with its ever watchful eyes.  
Silence, reaching up to the sky.  
Silence, taking away my words.  
Silence heals, silence hurts.  
Silence never says a word.  
But Silence is always heard.  
Silence can feel big or small,  
Light or dark, short or tall.  
Gloomy nights, summer days,  
Silence comes in many ways.

*Note: This poem was written under a table,  
during a lockdown drill during a pandemic*



15

# TOO MUCH

Maya Faulstich, Grade 8

I already know I'm doing  
**TOO MUCH**  
With deadlines stacking up  
in front of me like bricks  
Building walls  
Faster than I can knock down  
**TOO MUCH**  
In big capital letters  
Standing in my way  
I can't jump through either O  
or climb through the C  
without leaving something  
unfinished  
behind me  
So much pressure to  
hurry hurry hurry  
get it all done  
Through truthfully I think it's better  
certainly healthier  
to stand back  
and breathe.





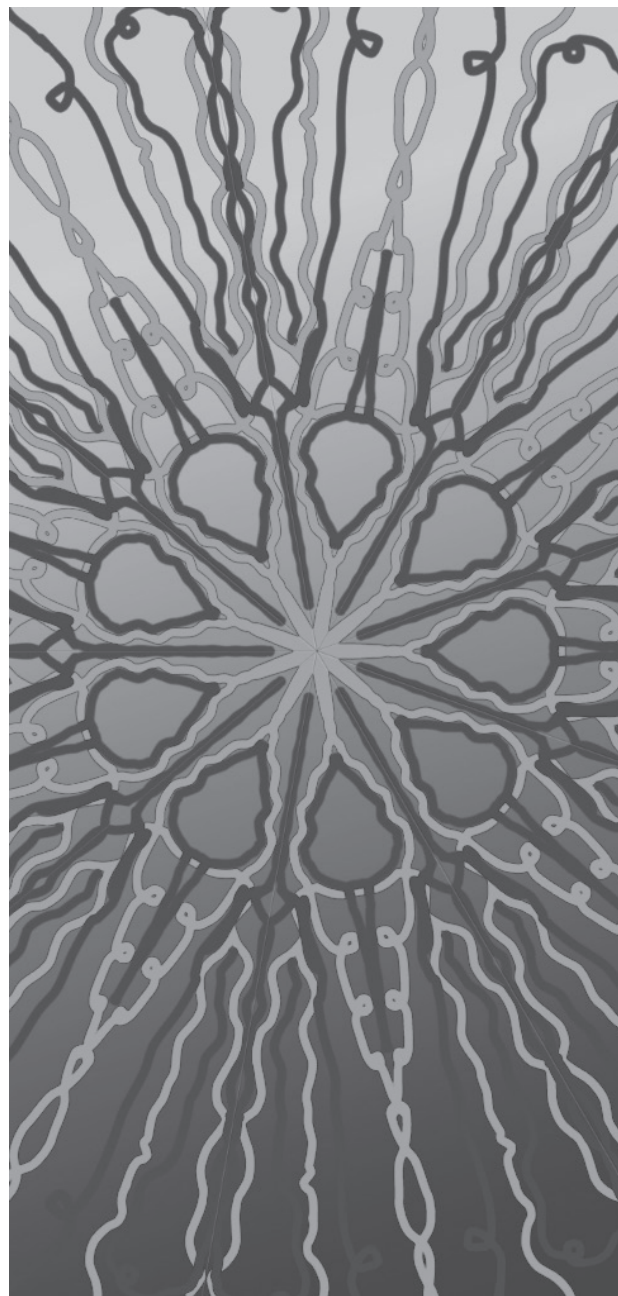
# MOONBEAMS AND SUNBEAMS

**Hannah Andromalous**, Grade 5

In the shadows of the moon,  
Stars prepare to come alive soon  
The bright orb has just begun its ascent.  
Oh, but the stars just won't relent  
Fighting to shine brightest,  
When the night is darkest.  
A group red, a group blue,  
Only dimming for the morning dew.

Moonbeams reflect,  
Shining with intellect,  
Glowing seemingly with pride,  
Of it's undeniable beauty  
It seems self aware,  
A flare in the darkness  
A lamp to lead,  
For people who flee  
High in the sky,  
It never lies.

Sun rays brighten up the day,  
We miss it when skies are grey,  
It gives up the sky  
When the moon wants to fly  
But gives it back early  
When winter comes so surely.  
But when summer comes it takes it back  
So summer is not night black.



**Jay Duncan**, Grade 7

16

# THE DANGERS OF A SMOKY FEMALE VOICE

**Vagni Das**, Grade 7

When I dreamed about coming to this carnival, I never thought it would be in the nightmare of a situation I was in. I briskly moved through the dusty streets, clouds of dust billowing up as people crowded around me, eager to get to every ride they possibly could. People occasionally smiled at me and I glared back.

It was the least I could do for my bad mood.

My stomach churned at the smell of buttery popcorn and swirling thoughts. I felt slightly nauseous at the thought of completing this particular mission. Sighing, I continued my walk around the carnival.

"It's for your family, It's for your family" I muttered.

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes. They didn't deserve to be harmed, but they were, because of me and if I didn't do this mission right... then they would have to pay the price. Images of whips, coarse rope and a crying sister filled my mind. I quickly tried distracting myself by looking around to find the gold van that would "Hold the prize" as my captor eloquently had put it. I shifted my head back and forth. Tucked beneath my ear was a microphone, disguised as a hearing aid. They said it was to help me if I needed it, when in reality it was meant to act as a permanent security-cam to restrict my freedom.

I turned my head sharply and accidentally looked directly at one of the rides. Bright lights were flashing everywhere and temporarily blinded, I bumped into a boy around my age who was playing a flute. Something about him looked distinctly familiar but I couldn't place my finger on it. Maybe it was the tune of the song that he was playing? Or was it his eyes? My eyes widened but I still couldn't place it. I mumbled an apology and continued on my way.

"Are you having trouble?" A smoky female voice whispered in my ear.

I jumped back a small 3 feet in the air before realizing the sound was coming from my earpiece.

"No, why would you think that?" I reply snarkily, hatred filling up my veins and red stealing my vision.

"Maybe because you've been wandering around this carnival for 2 hours without finding a gold van, it really shouldn't be that hard compared to some of the stuff you're used to doing" She replied smoothly.

That "Stuff I was used to doing" had included a lot of stealing, close calls with the police and a lot of fake ID's. Not easy in my opinion.

"Well maybe if you didn't give me these missions then we wouldn't be in this position in the first place" I mumbled, I did that quite a lot these days.

"Ah, ah, ah" she tutted "You know the price of disobedience."

I fell silent.

"There we go, sweetheart."

"Now, you were saying something about helping me?" I stated miserably.

"Well, you should find the van near the big stage on your left." She said.

Then she laughed, not a maniacal one, like in those T.V shows that never really scared you. It was one that was supposed to be pleasant, but really put shivers down your spine and turned your blood to ice.

"Oh isn't this fun! People always say that this organization would make a great detective group, but that would take all the fun out of it! It's so much more interesting to be the cause of everyone's problems, because you get to call the shots. Being the detective though, well, you have to wait for the problems to come find you, don't you?"

I didn't answer for fear of saying the wrong thing.

"Now, go on your way love, and don't disappoint me, you know the consequences of doing so"

My earpiece fell silent and cold.

17





# FALLING

Anonymous 8th grader

Falling  
Peaceful and Deadly  
Watch the sky slowly go up, as you go down

You've tried  
Believe me, I know  
You sit on a rock as you tend to your wings  
You practice your form  
Ready for flight

I told you not to when you saw the blue jay  
Outside our window  
It was so graceful  
Up up up  
Gliding down

You tried once before  
But you failed  
Falling from the sky

Don't be discouraged, have patience  
I said  
But like always, you never listened  
You never took time to concentrate  
So you went again

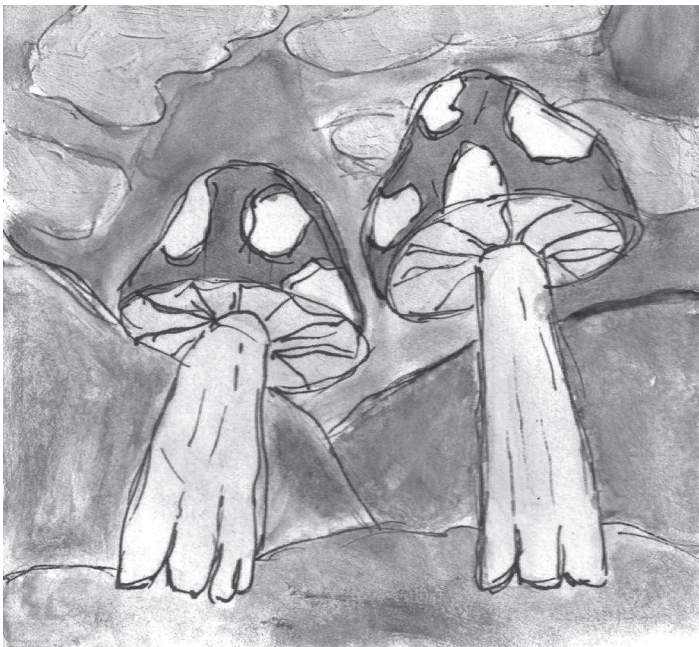
Falling  
Peaceful and Deadly  
Watch the sky slowly go up, as you go down  
And hit the ground

Your wings are broken and in bondage  
You ache and moan in pain  
Do you ever try again

Don't feel discouraged, follow your dream  
I once said  
But now I can see your spirit

Broken  
Angered  
Shattered  
Disheartened  
Hollowed out, giving up on your dream

Falling



Hadley Dillon, Grade 8



# ANYONE CAN DANCE

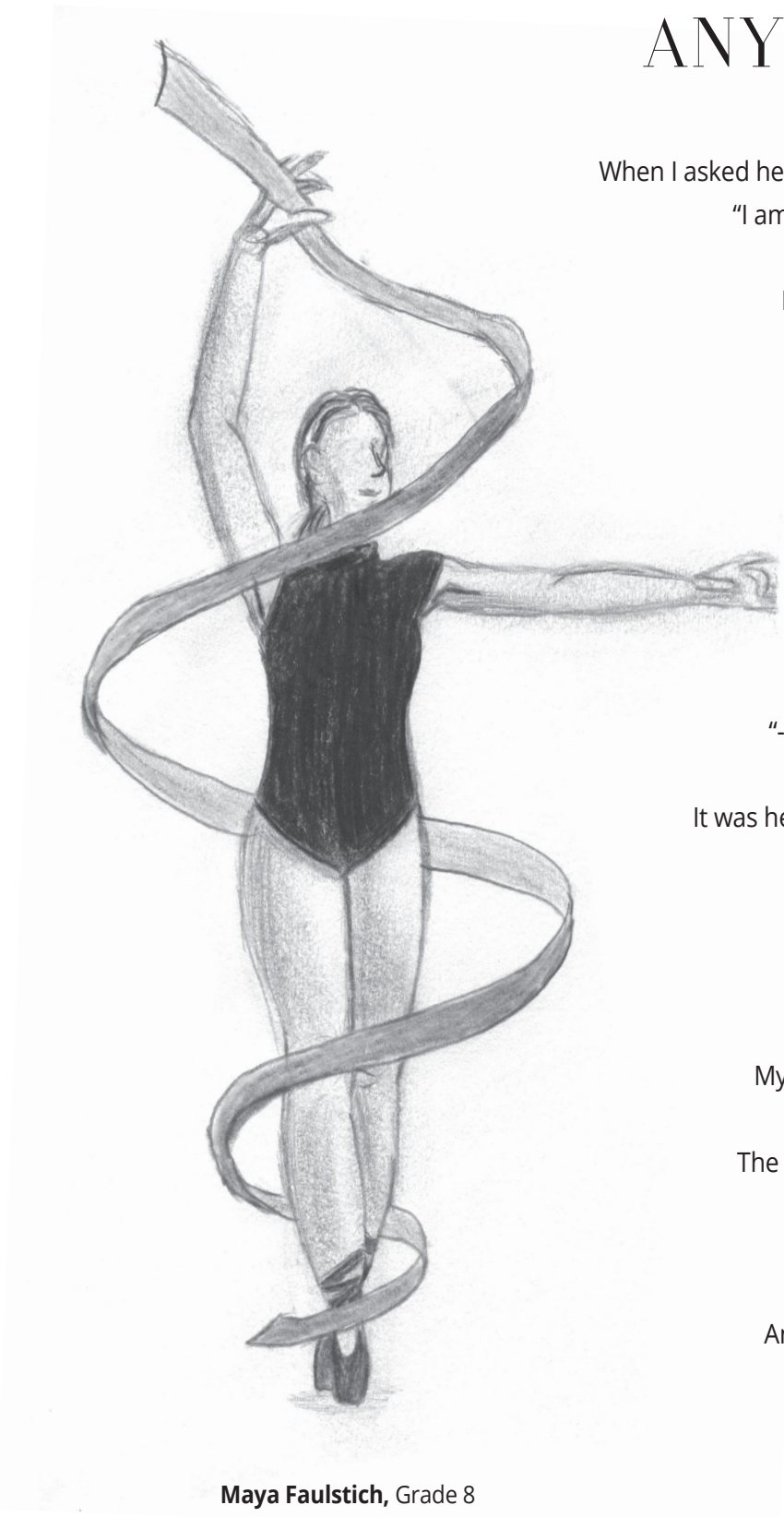
Maya Faulstich, Grade 8

When I asked her about her dance background, she smiled and said:  
"I am a tap dancer, and I do commercial jazz,

but I love modern.  
I was trained in classical ballet, but-"  
And she looked down at  
her wide curvy hips  
her large rounded breasts  
her thick muscly legs  
strong arms and broad shoulders  
And her smile broke  
cracked right through the lips  
like a thin sheet of ice  
shattering at a simple touch  
"-but I learned I wasn't built for ballet."

It was heart-wrenching to hear the things ballet had  
stolen  
from a strong athletic and  
Beautiful  
dancer.

In my frustration, I drew her.  
My pencil sketching every coregeous line  
and powerful curve  
The same ones that "weren't built for ballet"  
I drew her graceful on the stage  
Where she could be  
Where anyone like her could be  
And I finished off the piece with words:  
*Anyone, Everyone, Can Dance.*



Maya Faulstich, Grade 8





# CLASS DISMISSED

**Katya Fromuth**, Grade 7

Sitting on a stool  
I put my headphones on  
Take out my book  
Pretend that I'm playing  
Really I'm just reading  
Sitting  
Next to a friend  
Sitting  
In a class I really hate  
Having a friend there makes it worlds better  
Occasionally  
I press a key  
Letting her do all the hard work  
So I sit  
I listen to the beautiful music flow through the  
headphones into my ears  
I sit in music class  
Enjoying one of the last normal seconds  
Of the last normal minutes  
Of the last normal days  
I sit next to a friend who I won't see for a very long time  
But right now I don't know that  
All I know is the music of today  
Of normal  
Then the bell rings  
In my chair  
Uncomfortable Plastic chair  
When will math be over?  
Pencils scattered on my desk like leaves across the ground  
Exactly where they're supposed to be on this glorious fall day  
Other kids  
Mouthing the answers to B. 6  
I ignore them

Then again  
It is just one answer  
On just one test  
In just one class  
One in a sea of hundreds more  
But I don't know how different the coming tests  
are going to be  
Tests not only of long division, pre algebra  
But courage  
Kindness  
And a test on humanity to see if we can get  
through this crisis  
You decide, how well have we done?  
A?  
A-?  
Or C, D, maybe even an F  
We let our differences divide us, when they  
really just make us so much stronger  
I'm willing to narrow the divide  
What about you?  
Maybe this is fate, trying to teach us a lesson,  
In which case, I really hope we've learned it  
Class Dismissed



**Jocelyn Fox**, Grade #



**Lila McNaughton**, Grade 6

# UNTRACED

**Harper Featherstone**, Grade 8

No cruel or unusual punishment they say,  
Yet people are dying every day?  
From lethal injections,  
People are taken away.  
They killed someone,  
Is the excuse.  
I still have no respect,  
None.  
Spending years on death row,  
Not able to see the sun.  
The light that is supposed to shine,  
But all they're worried about is,  
"Have I run out of time?"  
The wrongly accused stay rotting away,  
And the guilty escape from the fray.  
Escaping the war others must face,  
They lead happy lives,  
Have children and wives.  
The life they left behind,  
Untraced.

But you cannot tell,  
Whether someone is in the wrong.  
That is no excuse,  
That they are "innocent".  
They still took lives that mattered,  
Even if their soul was  
Bruised and battered.  
That is why,  
I cannot take sides.  
I still don't agree, though.  
They let people die,  
And when someone objects,  
"No!"  
They wave it off with a,  
"So?"  
So the wrongly accused stay,  
Rotting away,  
As the guilty escape from the fray.  
Escaping the war others must face,  
They lead happy lives.  
Have children and wives.  
The life they left behind,  
Untraced.



# PERSISTENT AS THE TIDE

Gracie Olson, Grade 6

Boats are rushing closely past me as if they had to get to an important meeting. I'm wearing purple swim shorts, and a pink top. My brown hair flows behind me as I swim through the piercing cold, yet refreshing, ocean. The salty water stings the cuts on my legs from the many barnacles clinging to rocks. I smell seaweed. I swim through a dark green forest of it, and it feels spongy and slimy. I watch a swamp colored crab scuttle over my foot.

The crab almost seems like it is looking up at me with his dark beady eyes, asking me to leave. He lives in the seaweed and I don't think he likes the idea of me swimming through his house. I decide it is time to leave their beautiful ocean world, and go back to my own. I clumsily pull myself out of the ocean, and on to the beach.

The sun heats me up like I'm a cake and The beach is a huge hot oven. I love to feel the breeze wash over me. Like a refreshingly salty shower made out of air. I sniff the breeze that smelled so much like the sea. I hear seagulls calling. I would like to be a seagull. No bedtime, or homework. Just swim all day and steal people's PB and J sandwiches. Seagulls have predators. The only predator I have right now, is my mom calling me to get out of the water.

"Gracie! Time to come over and dry yourself off!"

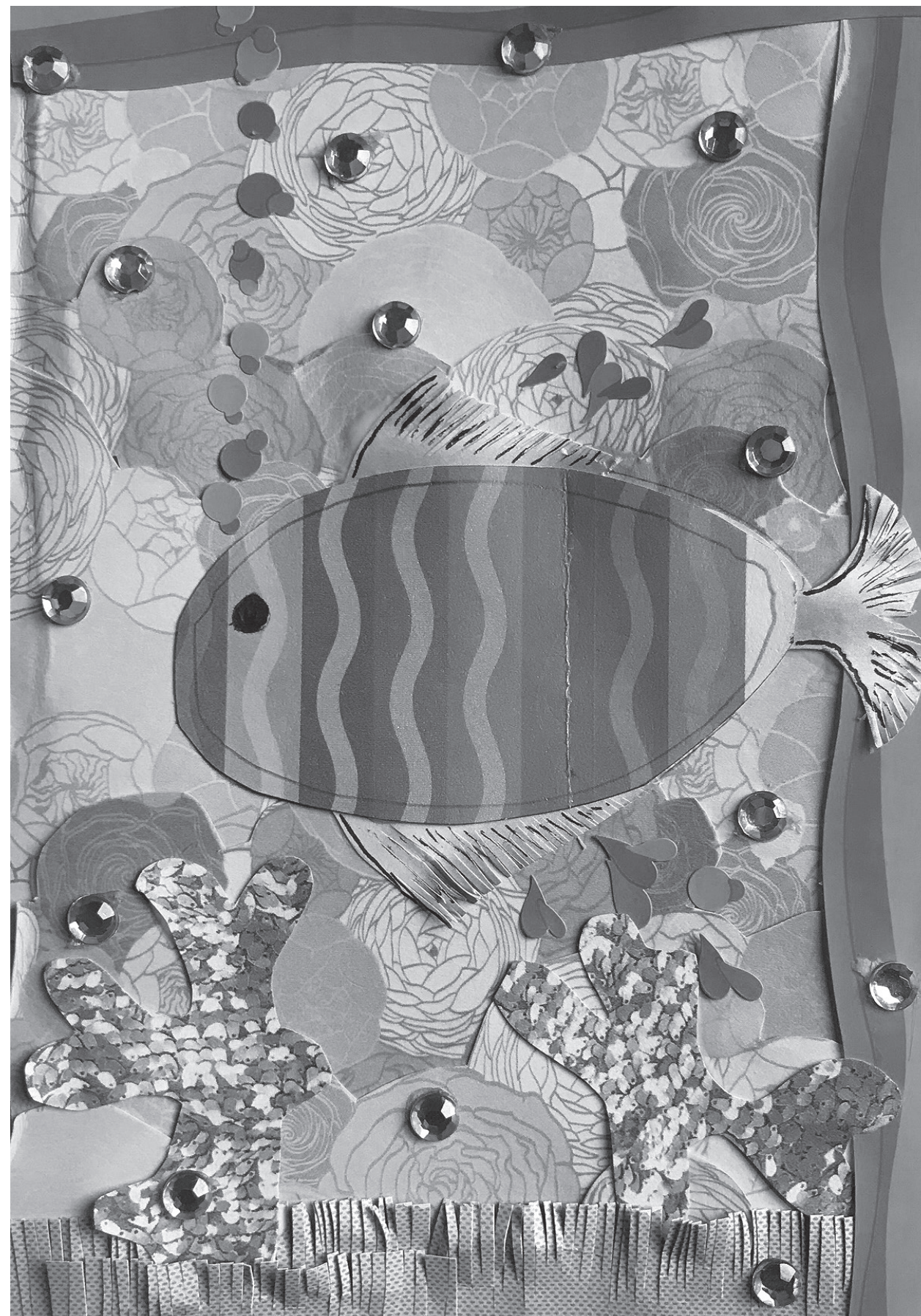
My skin starts to tingle. I forgot to wear sunscreen. The sand sticks painfully to my wet feet. And the broken up sea shells sting me like an angry bee. I make a mental note in my head to wear shoes next time. I run through the sharp, grainy, sand taking in every detail: The perfectly tan sand speckled with rocks, pebbles and shells, the bright sun, the seagulls, the breeze that will follow me home, the sound of each beautiful wave crashing down on the beach, and then the tide sweeping them back. The persistent tide that will never stop sweeping waves away until the last day on earth. I take in the sight of: trees swaying to the song the wind always sings, islands, and the sky and sea looking like the perfect friends who will never touch. I take in the smell of the mushy seaweed that I swam through.

I save these perfect details in my head like a filing cabinet. I remember we used to go to this beach when it was crowded with people. Now it's just us and the creatures that live here. In some ways I miss going to beaches with more people. I used to play with friends in the water, and wave to people I know. But in other ways, I'm thankful. I can run around without bothering others. Or swim in the ocean without running into people. Everyone lost something this year, but I am still very grateful for what I have now. I will be as persistent as the tide and keep telling myself that everything will be okay.

The Coronavirus is a storm. It gets really bad, then the clouds part, and you see light or even a rainbow. Then back to rain, wind, thunder and lightning as the number of cases and deaths tick upwards, and the days I'm with friends, or in school continues to tick down. But one day the storm will stop and end on a rainbow.

For just a moment, as I run on the beach, everything is perfectly normal. I forget about coronavirus, online school, social distancing, everything. For a moment, I'm just jogging on the beach on a warm summer day. Because no matter what's happening in my life, this beach will stay the same. The ocean, the wind and the trees. As I keep these thoughts in my head, my personal filing cabinet, I climb over the big, barnacle covered rocks, and walk over to my mom who hands me a nice dry, warm towel. I take the towel and dry myself off, letting the towel soak up all the salty water I had gathered on myself. I feel the towel get wet from the water and from my soaking, sandy, hair dripping onto it. I walk up the path, thoughts lingering in my head, and get into the car with a smile on my stinging sunburned face.

22



23

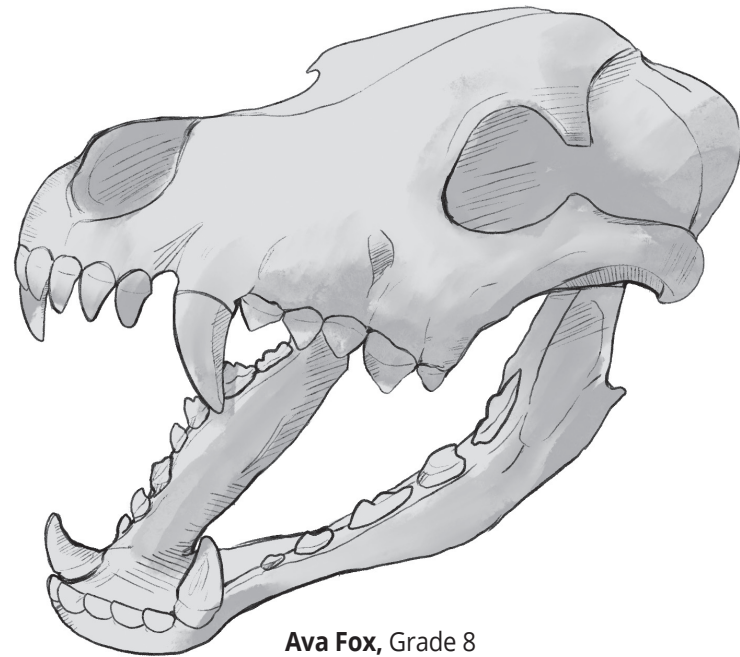


# KOYAANISQATSI...

Graham Anton, Grade 5

*That word is Hopi for Nature that is out balance or a way of life that is so crazy that it can't continue long term*

How I hate this koyaanisqatsi  
The way I lost me  
How all is lost, see  
How Haiku is so plain but rocks, see  
Retreating to this poetry  
To distract me from koyaanisqatsi  
No more hibachi, koyaanisqatsi  
Corona is a koyaanisqatsi  
But maybe we should 'sider gifts  
Or through our masks we'll take a whiff  
Of atmosphere was shut down by it...  
We will get through koyaanisqatsi  
And hang again, and do hibachi  
So hang on tight, and you will see...  
We will get through this koyaanisqatsi.



Ava Fox, Grade 8

## THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US

Maya Faulstich, Grade 8

I reached out to him today  
Tried to bang a hole through wall we built  
between us  
I didn't think he would respond  
But  
He did.  
Asked him what he wanted for Christmas  
Half-heartedly laughed at his reply:  
"What?! You don't have to get me  
something!"  
I know. I was just wondering.  
Then he told me he wanted new games for  
his switch

And pop figure thinga-majigs?  
I didn't tell him I'm looking for  
donations to charity  
It would only add to the many miles  
of brick walls we have stacked  
between us  
That have only gotten higher  
And higher  
And higher  
And stretched the distance  
farther  
and farther  
away  
The bricks I knocked down today  
were put back into place  
I opened the door  
but it slammed in my face

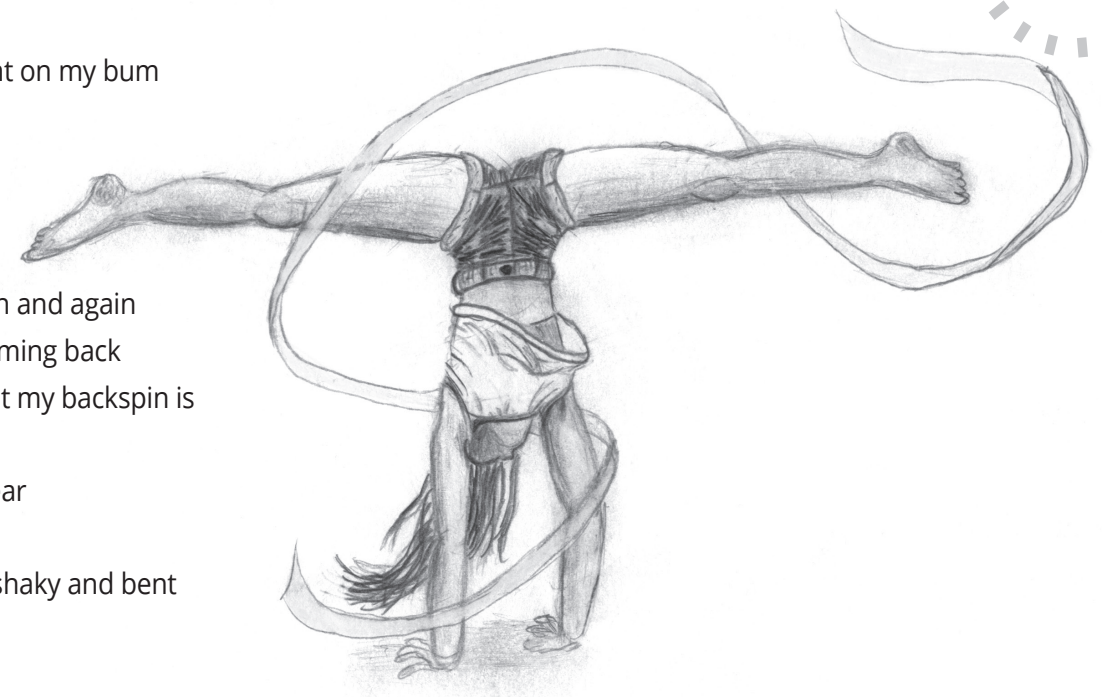
## TWO STEPS FORWARD, ONE STEP BACK

Maya Faulstich, Grade 8

When I stepped on the ice today  
for the first time in a year  
my feet were so wobbly  
I swerved and went  
BANG  
into the wall because I couldn't stop  
I took a breathe in  
let it out  
retied my skates  
and tried again.  
This time I tapped into muscle memory  
each stroke slowly coming back  
with a bolt of confidence  
I leaped  
and landed

I remember when I was strong  
and confident and glided  
gracefully  
across the ice  
It is disappointing to have stepped  
back  
so far  
But hey  
at least I started again  
today  
and I'll continue  
to work hard  
and try again  
tomorrow

right on my bum  
I took a breath in  
let it out  
retied my skates  
and tried again.  
and again and again and again  
each part slowly coming back  
but then to find that my backspin is  
nowhere near  
where it was last year  
and my spiral  
all shaky and bent



Maya Faulstich, Grade 8





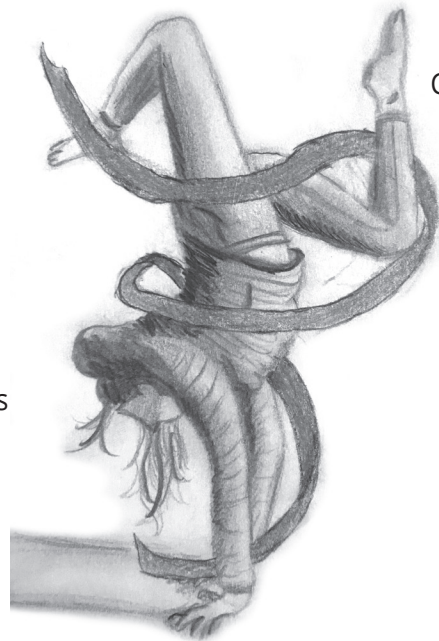
## WHO WE ARE

**Maya Faulstich**, Grade 8

Every day I question:  
Am I who I say I am?  
Am I who I think I am?  
Am I straight?  
Am I gay?  
Am I BI?  
Am I pan?

What if I'm a fake, and my heart is just tricking my brain?  
Why am I classifying myself into all these categories  
attaching labels to my name as if I belong in a box?

We are putting ourselves in boxes  
other people in boxes  
trapping ourselves  
in  
People act as if I'm different now  
Now that I'm not straight  
But I've always been this way  
I've never been straight  
I am no different  
It's only the label that's changed  
I'm just learning with the rest of us  
On my own journey  
Figuring out who I am  
And these labels aren't me



**Maya Faulstich**, Grade 8

We don't belong to these tags and names  
We belong together in community  
Panromantic doesn't define me  
I want us all to feel free  
Free inside our shoes  
Inside our homes  
But not  
Inside the labels that define society  
I am here to shatter the stereotypes  
So others can walk along with me  
I am here to shape a place where  
Anyone  
Everyone  
Can move, breathe, think,  
create

A world where  
Everyone  
Is beautifully bizarre  
A world where  
Everyone  
can learn  
who they are

## THE DANCING SKY

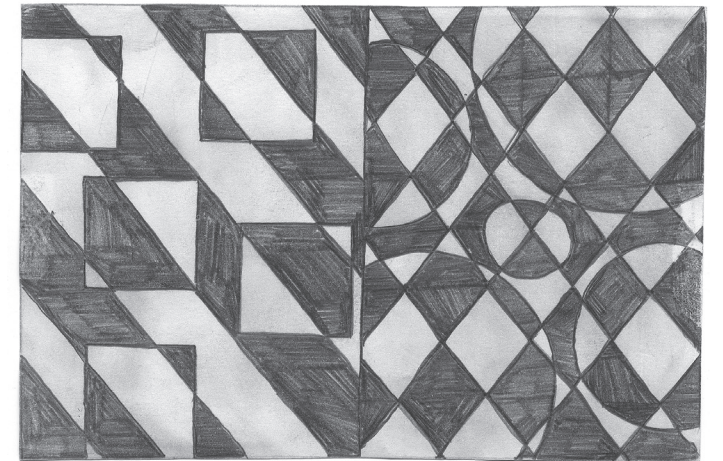
**Eleanor Marsidi-Sedgewick**, Grade 5

The bewitched wind dances  
The sky gray and dull, loss lingering,  
A scarecrow,  
The never ending length of a field,  
Why this? Why now?  
Fear, pulling back.  
Anger.  
Every word that slips out.  
Every day that goes by.  
The hands of the clock stopped but time still passes by.  
The sound of an old piano.  
A rain splattered windshield.  
Like a million dreams holding me back,  
Like the worlds spun out of control,  
Closed curtains.  
Slammed doors.  
Like a pencil to paper.  
Death.  
Darkness,  
.

## RAINDROPS

**Anelise Feldman**, Grade 5

The world is blanketed in gray-white sky,  
In the wind, raindrops fly,  
Drenching my hair and soaking my face,  
Droplets having a raindrop race,  
Blustery wind rushes around,  
Sheets of droplets hit the ground,  
But wonderful to watch from the windowsill,  
Far away from the drenching chill.



**Mattie Pierce**, Grade 8

## HOW WILL I HIDE?

**by a 7th Grader who wishes to hide her name**

Love comes hungry to me  
How will I hide?  
Feelings inside  
Welling up. No pride  
How will I hide?

Asking him out  
How will I hide?  
Nerves like the tide  
Emotions on a slide  
How will I hide?

Rejection hurts  
How will I hide?  
Wanted to be his bride  
I've been cast to the side  
How will I hide?

He fancies her  
How will I hide?  
Find an upside?!  
I took a step. Too wide  
How will I hide?





# THE BOOK THAT NEVER ENDS

Leah Carroll, Grade 7

Alex sat there at her empty desk feeling bored. The teacher, Ms. Carner, came over and scowled, "Alex, why aren't you reading? Everyone else in the classroom is. Where is your book?" Alex slumped down in her chair and mumbled under her breath, "I don't have a book." Ms. Carner began to tell Alex why it is so important to read. In her head, Alex was thinking of all the fun things she was going to do after school and none of that said: "read a book". While Ms. Carner continued talking about reading, the bell rang. As Alex was walking out the door, Ms. Carner reminded her, "Alex, make sure you get to the library after school."

On the way home from school, Alex got off the bus at the stop in front of the library. The library was a huge building made of bricks which made Alex feel so tired to see a building so full of books that just sat there needing to be read. The last thing she wanted to do was to go inside and get a book. She climbed stone steps and opened the big wooden door with a handle shaped like a lion. As it opened it let out a "Creeeeeeaaaaak" that made the librarian jump out of her seat.

Mrs. Barnstone, the old librarian, stared at Alex suspiciously and said, "Hi. You must be Alex."

"How do you know my name?" asked Alex in a scared voice.

"I was expecting you to come," she replied. "I understand you need a book?"

"Why else would I be in a library?" Alex said in a rude tone because all she wanted was to get out of the library.

Mrs. Barnstone looked amused. "I have the perfect book for you." And she handed Alex a

small, old, beaten up book with a gold cover and the faded words "A Book That Never Ends" for a title. It was a book as thick as it was tall. It was like a cube.

Alex looked at the book and immediately decided, "NOPE." It was too thick, too small, too old, had a dumb title, and looked like no one had read it in a hundred years. It was covered in grime and dust. Alex tossed it back on the librarian's desk and walked off to find a newer, SHORTER book.

After a while, Alex gave up trying to find a book that she wanted to read and decided to sneak out of the library without Mrs. Barnstone noticing, but the door squealed again loudly as she was trying to get out. The librarian looked over at her and chirped, "Happy reading!" Alex looked confused and left.

That night, Alex opened her bag to look for her homework binder. Next to her lunchbox, she saw the old, dusty golden book. "How did that get in there?" she wondered, but something inside her told her to open the book and begin reading. She turned on her reading light and curled up in bed and turned to page one. There was nothing on the page. She flipped through the entire book and saw no words. Before closing the book and going to bed, she flipped back to the first page and saw words appear as they were just being written in by the author. The words said, "This is where your journey begins."

As Alex read on, the mysterious author continued writing. She read on, waiting for each word to appear. She must've fallen asleep because when she opened her eyes, she was standing in front of a tall maze made of all of the pages of all of the books ever written. She didn't know what to do, but the same voice inside her told her to put one foot in front of the other and head into the maze. As she kept on walking farther and farther into the maze, she could hear voices all around her, but she did not recognize any of them. She slowly turned a corner and saw

a boy just standing there with round glasses and a lightning bolt-shaped scar on his forehead. The boy introduced himself. He said, "Hi. I'm Harry Potter."

Alex was shocked. "Aren't you that boy from the movies?" she asked.

"Books, actually," he said.

"Well, Harry Potter from the books, I don't know where I am and I want to go home. Can you tell me how to get out of here?" Alex demanded.

Harry Potter shouted at the top of his voice, "Everyone! Come to the corner of Because of Winn Dixie and Hate That Cat!" Immediately hundreds of characters from the pages of books began walking towards them. Alex couldn't explain how they showed up; they just emerged from the walls of pages. There were so many different people and animals in gatherings. There was a collection of girls in brightly colored dresses. Looking closer, Alex realized that they were the princesses from the movies she'd seen so many times. Here, they were from the Fairy Tales that had been read to her when she was a kid.

One person in the crowd moved closer. She came up to Alex and said, "Hi. I'm Alice from Wonderland. We've been waiting to show you the magic of reading. It will help you find your way." From behind her, a big red dog came thumping over and lowered his head. Alice smiled and said,

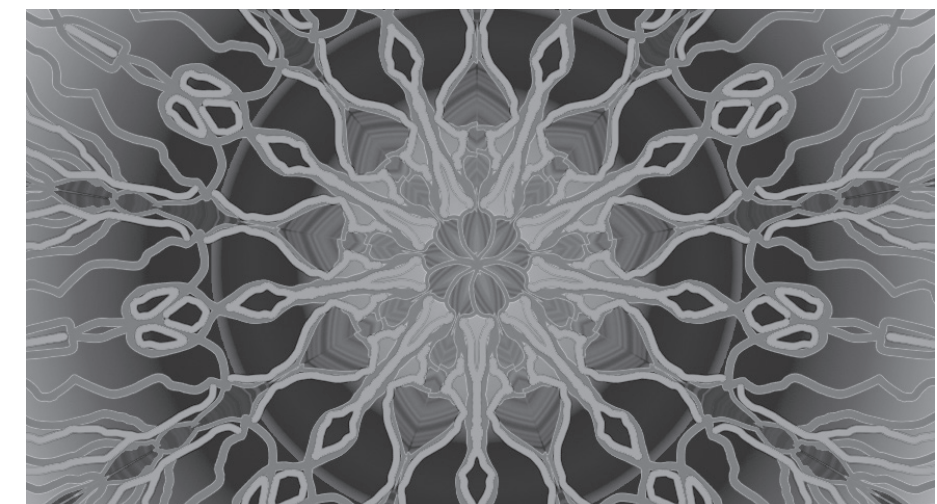
"Don't be afraid. Clifford will show you the way." From out of nowhere, a group of tiny firefighters set up a ladder for Alex to climb on to Clifford's back. She held on to his collar and Alex and Clifford rode off into the maze.

Alex passed settings of forests and rivers and castles and trailers and cabins and houses, sometimes just deserted roads. She saw something move in one of the pictures and signaled for Clifford to stop. She saw Mrs. Barnstone from the library step out of a palace set in India. Alex started to talk, but the librarian silenced her as she smiled and pointed at a big golden, glowing doorway. Clifford walked toward the doorway and lowered his head. Alex slid down into the light and felt like she was falling forever. She hit something solid and opened her eyes. She was at home in her bed again with the book by her side, and the pages were no longer filled with the black inky words that filled the space.

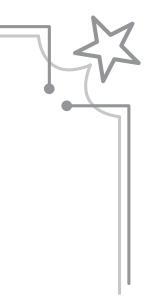
The next day Alex went back to the library as soon as she got out of school. She opened the creaking door and this time, inside, it felt familiar and she felt excited. She walked up to Mrs. Barnstone at the big, tall desk and slid the chunky, golden book across the desk Alex asked with a smile, "Do you have any other suggestions?"

Mrs. Barnstone winked and said, "Follow me."

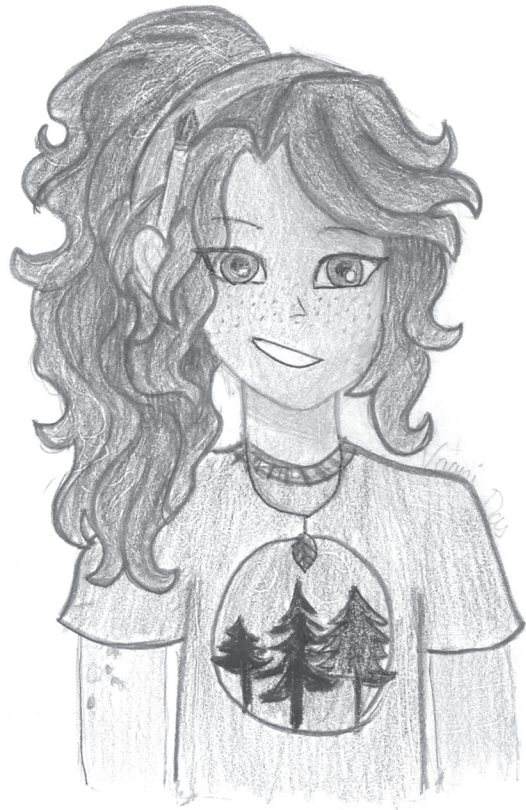
*This is not the end. It is the beginning.*



Jay Duncan, Grade 7





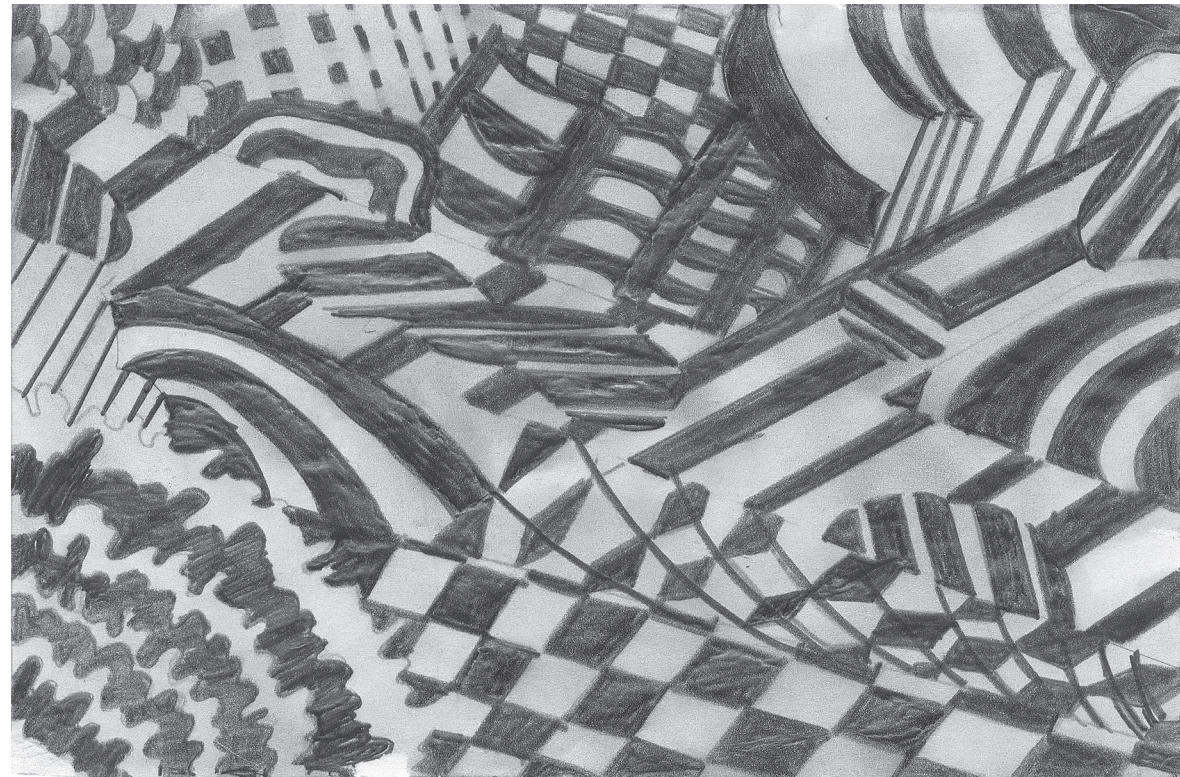


Vagni Das, Grade 7

## OUR MEMORIES

Mattie Pierce, Grade 8

Our hands have a memory of black and white keys,  
Our eyes have a memory of trees and their leaves,  
Our feet have a memory of running in rain,  
Our ears have a memory of words filled with pain,  
We know the past, but the futures untold  
We remember the young but don't know the old  
We are made of memories, the good and the bad,  
Of laughter, of tears, of happy and sad,  
For your ears have a memory of words filled with pain  
Your feet, a memory of running in rain,  
Your eyes have a memory of trees and their leaves,  
And your hands know the ways of black and white keys.



Catelyn Coolidge, Grade 8

30

## JOY

Maddie Fleming, Grade 8

Joy came to me when I first hugged my parents  
Joy snuggled up in my lap, what a wonderful dog  
Joy reminded me of happiness and contentment  
as I petted her golden back  
Joy sometimes ran away, into the dark woods  
leaving me alone and saddened  
But Joy always came back, always returned  
to comfort and bring an aura of merriment and  
cheerfulness  
Until she left for a horribly long time  
I don't think Joy mixed well with Sadness and  
Gloom, a pair of stray cats, that always came  
around to our house  
Whenever Sadness and Gloom were around,  
Joy was never there  
But that was when we needed her most  
Joy has not been around for a prolonged period  
of time  
I am wondering if she will ever come back  
All there is for companionship is Sadness  
and Gloom, who have been staying here  
ever since Joy left us  
I am wondering if they shall ever leave  
I cannot bear it any longer

Wait! What do I see? Joy running across the  
yard, coming back. She's coming back

Joy still leaves sometimes, but we have almost  
disposed of those stray cats that come to our  
house. But Joy has been here more often now  
than ever.

Everyone needs a Joy in their life.



Mattie Pierce, Grade 8

31



AND SO, OUR TALE  
COMES TO AN END  
FOR NOW...



HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL, YARMOUTH MAINE