

Legenda

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HARRISON ROYALE'S STATEMENT

What's up, my broskis? Welcome back to le epic Harrison Royale. Today, I'll be showcasing my viewers' INSANE writing and art submissions, but first, I have ta talk about this craaaazzzyy year!

So my little broski John (who is also a dragon, but like a waaay less cool dragon) finally got kicked out of his crack in the wall. He said that it was getting too cramped after Mr. Potvin, like, crawled through from wherever that place goes. So anyway, he, like, moved to this sick heater right below it. It's so dope, he likes making these goofy noises that scare the pants off of the Legenda staff. It's so funny because like they don't know where it's coming from, even though it's obviously the sound of two dragons whispering, "More cookies! More cookies!" John and I have been playing like the most fire pranks on them though. Like one time we put rice pudding all over the floor and a buncha wacky stuff went down lol.

AnyHOW, Ms. Agell left! Which is very monkaS and totally not poggers. Alexa, play despacito for my fallen teacher lady. Oh yeah, I just love vibing to my fave songs.

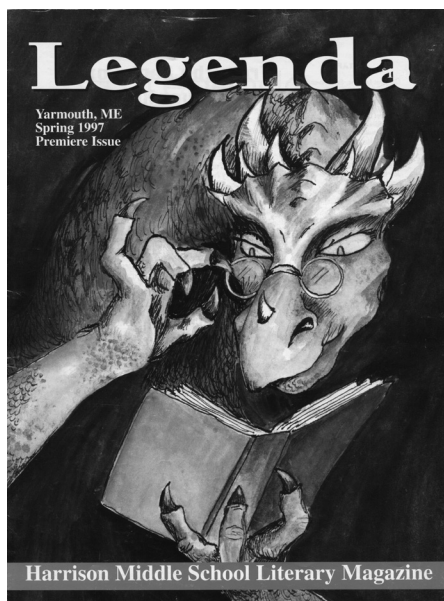
Also, according to Legenda statistics, only a small percentage of people that read the magazine are actually subscribed, so if you end up liking this magazine, consider subscribing. It's free, and you can always change your mind.

Enjoy the magazine. Make sure to SMASH that like button and subscribe for another epic Legenda Magazine. Don't forget to check out my sweet merch! Kachowwww!!!

Harrison Royale



Legenda



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HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL

THIS PLACE DOES NOT EXIST

Roxy Mashburn GRADE 8

If you look in the right places, you will find a special world. A world written in binary, and encoded deep within the data of our own. Most people don't even know it exists. Some people think that if you get on a train, and get off at the wrong stop, you'll find it. Some believe that you have to drink a special type of tea. Others think that you just appear there one day; not knowing how you got in, and not knowing how to leave.

But why would you want to leave?

The ground shifts in spades, and moves in circles. The withered sky bisects and flickers in the way a buffered hard drive may act before it collapses into itself. Its colours are above, and beneath you. You can see what's under the floor, if you look close enough. Lines of code that make no sense, and only reflect the disfigured shape of your mind.

It's a broken world. It's a beautiful world. It's a world you cannot leave.

There is a single entity that lives there. A girl whose code was chiselled to the core, and coated with cyanide. Her eyes coruscate; forever uneasy to the yellow flowers that fall in her wake. She doesn't know why she is there. She only knows that this is her home. Her home is one with her. She doesn't mind the erroring ground, or the sky that resembles the static on television.

She knows no other life.

She was used to people entering her world. She watched as people entered and wandered around, with no way out and no way in. She never interfered with those left estranged, wires wringing their neck. She watched as they lost their conciseness to the endless cycle of arrays and numbers. She could not have made a difference.

Then you came. You were different.

The algorithm of the plane had no effect on you. It went in circles beneath your feet, yet you could still walk in the straight line. Your consciousness was never split between two worlds. You remained whole. You listened in morse, and cut away your woes with the sharpest pieces of sky. This intrigued her.

Could you be just like her?

You were not a part of the frame base. You were a virus. But you didn't infect the world like you did to many others before it. Yet it bent to your will, as it did to her. It was fascinating. She had never seen anyone like you. She wanted you. And you wanted her. Everything was in its proper place.

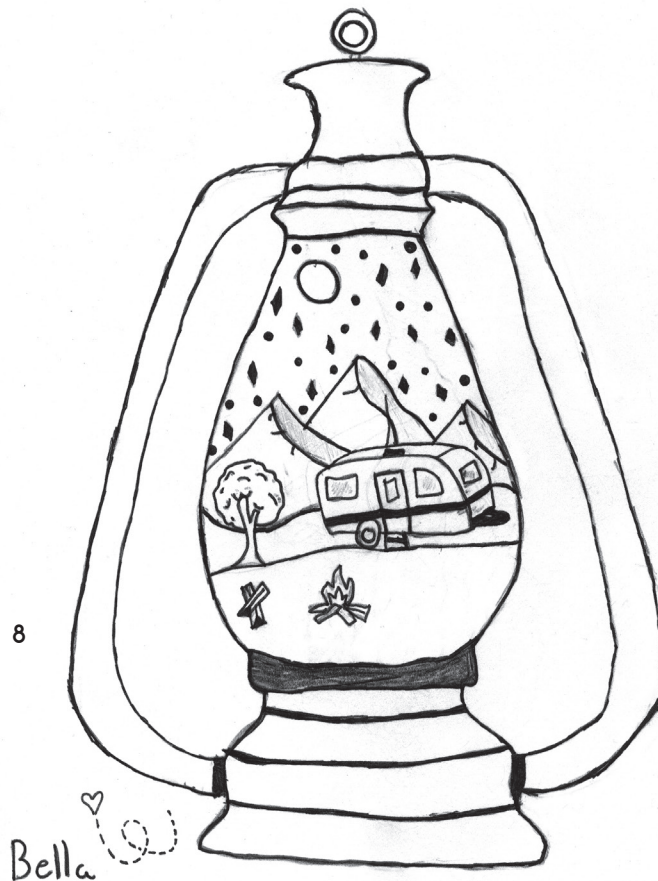
Do you still remember her eyes?

The world fades to black. Was it all real? Maybe you'll never know. The nonsense of encryptions infect your mind, distorting your vision the way a mirror shatters. You see her in your dreams, but when you wake up you're all alone. The memory of a world made of cyber fades each and every day. You can't forget.

Don't forget. Don't forget. Don't forget. Don't fo-

Legenda

Bella
GRADE 8



Legenda

Zoe Johnson
GRADE 6



HELP IS NEVER NEARBY

Isabella Bajgierowicz GRADE 6

How do I get out?

I run and run, out of our burning house, when I hear mom scream. She is never going to catch up.

I walk across the burning field, tears streaming down, clouds and smoke burning my vision.

Accidentally, I fall into a tiny puddle just small enough to fit my body, and all of a sudden, I'm falling. Or rising? Which is which? Up is down, down is up, left is right, right is left. I start to get dizzy and then, darkness.

I am trapped. I scream and scream but no one hears me. Water encloses my mouth and nose so I can't scream and then, the water is drained.

I study my surroundings and realize I am where I started, on that burning field. But when I try to walk forward, a force field blocks my way and springs me backwards, causing me to hit the wall across from the one in front of me. When I hit the ground, the glass immediately shatters into a million pieces, and the field is free to travel again. But when I start to walk, birds attack from every direction, trapping me in place. I scream and scream, again, but I realize it is useless seeing as I am alone in this cruel world of mine.

As the birds fly away, I am shaking uncontrollably, unable to stop. I close my eyes, trying to escape, and when I open them again...

I am awakened, screaming, feeling my face for all the cuts and acknowledging the aching of my knees and hands, as well as that I have no cuts, and the shaking was from my mother saving me of this wretched dream. She tells me to run, and that she will have to get something from the kitchen and she will catch up. I try to navigate the house through the flames. How do I get out?

Sad power
Randolph on a hill, powerful
A lifetime of weakness,
Now a lifetime of power
Little Drops of poison,
Secret to all but him
12 people
12 powers
12 times as powerful,
Not much for power
Not much for luxury
Not much for fame
Not much for money
Not much for war
Not much
For inevitable sadness

THIS POEM IS
MADE WITH NO
VERBS

Jack Crawford GRADE 6

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL

HONOR IS A NEEDLE

Anonymous

Honor is a needle
Poking and pulling
Threading and stitching pieces of a broken
heart together
Binding together love and trust
Sharp as a knife
As fragile as glass
Held in care-worn hands
Yet danger lurks
Just around the corner



Roxy Mashburne
GRADE 8

REMINDE RS

Isabella Bajgierowicz GRADE 6

Why
Why are there so many reminders
Every wave on the ocean
Every petal on a rose
Every bump on my chocolate
Reminds me of
Every wave in your dark hair
Every shine in your sky blue eyes
Every reason why I love you
Reminders
Of how your hands feel on mine
Of how you look at me
Of how your smile is so illuminating
More reminders
Of why
I love you
I hate these reminders
From the bottom of my heart

And yet
I am grateful for them
At the same time
Just like how
I hate that you had to leave this world
But I am grateful
That you left for a better world
Than this one
I just hope
That you get reminders
From the waves in heaven
From the petals in heaven
From the chocolate in heaven
Just
Like
Me
And I hope you get reminders
Of how much I love you

Legenda

BLUE

Jack Crawford GRADE 6

Blue is like the ocean off the coast
Blue is like Webb lake in the summer
Blue is the ice on my lawn
Blue smells like the watch on my hand
Blue tastes like the last jelly bean in the jar
Blue sounds like the soothing roar of the surf
Blue looks like the sky in the summer
Blue feels like a cloud
Blue makes me tired
Blue is happiness

SOCCER DISASTER

Sam Bessey

GRADE 6

The clear winter sunrise shone through the trees.
The soccer field was covered in frost. The trees
were bare. I was reminded of a day just like it, 6
years ago, on a different soccer field. when I had
lost the world soccer tournament and ended my
career as a soccer player. I didn't want to be
reminded of that, but I knew I had to face it
sometime. Working at a grocery store and bagging
groceries wasn't going to get me anywhere. After
the disaster in that last soccer game six years ago,
I kept finding reminders. It was like the universe
wanted me to do something with my life. I
usually ignored those reminders. But today I
wanted to see where the universe would take me.

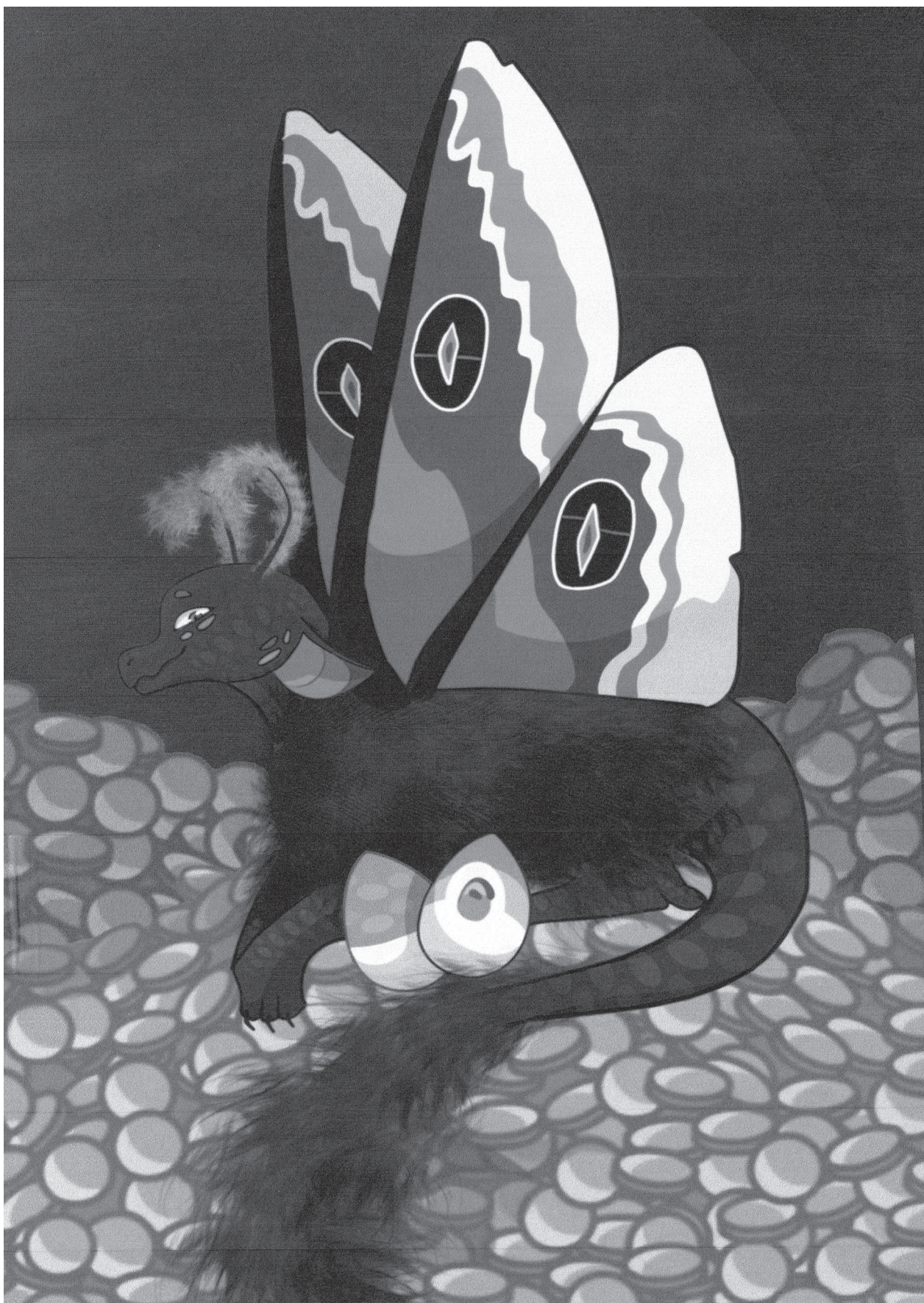
CLOUD SKY FEELING

Alex Sztam

GRADE 7

A cloudy sky feeling
When the vibrant gray blends the sky
Into the gray, snowy ground.
When the light is not blinding
Muted
Comfortable
Silent
A state of mind
Peaceful
Mindful
Simple
Pure
Untouched
When everything that is
Is enough

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL



Emma Garrou
GRADE 8

2023 LEGENDA



THE WABI SABI OF THIS WORLD

Isabella Bajgierowicz GRADE 6

Wandering

On an old dirt road
Outside of a school
That I love

侘寂

Gaze
Up at the imperfect clouds
And the imperfect leaves
That are wavering

Wabi sabi

The colors
Are altered
The air
Is distinct too

侘寂

Unequal from
The summer
The heat
It's cold now

Wabi sabi

The leaves are
Paradisiacal
In every way even if
They aren't

侘寂

I wish
That things
Could stay like this
Forever

Wabi sabi

But I have no control
Over the
Imperfect but
Beautiful

侘寂

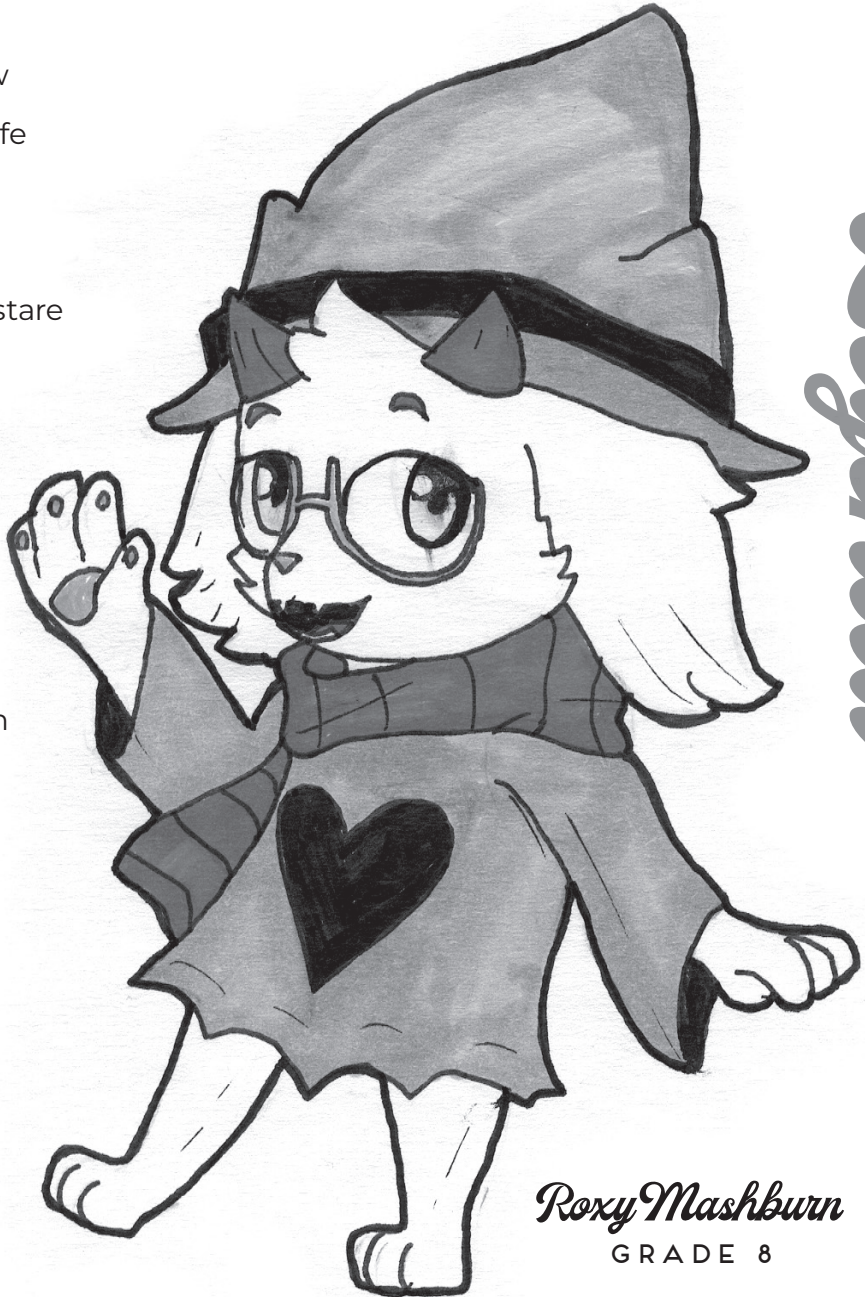
I WISH THAT YOU COULD BE ME

Allegra Vitalius GRADE 6

I wish that you could be me
And feel my struggles and strife
Not just the ones you know
But the ones that don't show
Then you'd understand my life

I wish that you could be me
And feel the hurt from your stare
Listen to me when I tell you
Everything you do
Makes my life more unfair

I wish that you could be me
Then finally, you'd see
All the pain I got put through
Paid off, because finally
I'm me



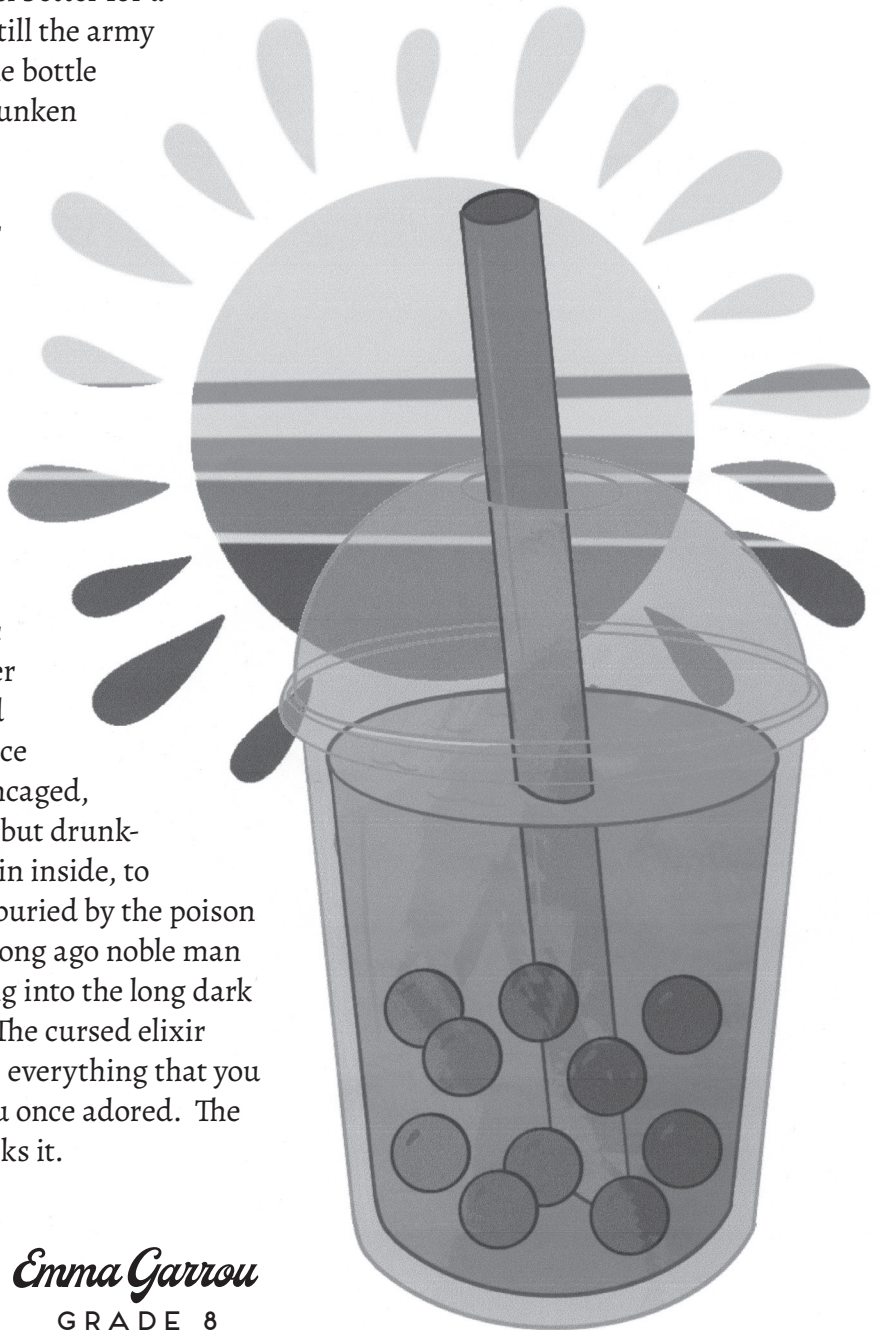
Roxy Mashburn
GRADE 8

CURSED ELIXIR

Isabel Carr GRADE 7

Tears drunk away to mask the pain and suffering for only a moment feel good, only for a moment when it ends he drinks more to feel better for a second more, then again, till the army of tears lines the bottle, the bottle masking him. Anger is drunken by lost hopes, by pain, sadness, by fury. The bottle is throbbing at your pulse raising the pain for only a second but that's enough. The pain inside throbbing, pulsing inside. Begging to be let free. A poison destroying a once nobleman. Destroying happiness, fulfillment, love. The toxic elixir gives peace but anger gives relief from the world but stress. Turning the once noble man into a beast, uncaged, cruel, ruthless. It's feared but drunken anyway to mask the pain inside, to stop the hurt deep inside buried by the poison but still pulsing fiercely. Long ago noble man shoved into his dum falling into the long dark shaft he himself created. The cursed elixir doesn't stop in till it takes everything that you once loved, everything you once adored. The elixir curses whoever drinks it.

Emma Garrou
GRADE 8



Legenda

UNTITLED

Molly O'Brien GRADE 7

I stand in a
Darkroom.
I yell
For someone.
I walk for what
Seems like
Forever
Never reaching the light
I sit crying in
My arms.
Yes I am lonely
Yes I am sad
I play in my
Head over
And over again.
Suddenly I
See a spec of
Light coming
From the outside
Is it real?
Is my brain-teasing me?
I dig and Scratch
And do
Whatever it
Takes to make that
Tiny spec of light
Bigger.
Slowly it gets bigger
And bigger

Until I can fit
Through.
I find
Three figures waiting for
Me with
Open arms
Waiting for
Me with
Big smiles
On their
Faces.
I finally feel like
I am
not alone
Anymore
like
I have
Found some
Friends
I found
Someone to talk to.
I am
Not alone
I am happy
I reply in
My mind.
I am
Found

THE COLOR OF AFTER (IN MEMORIAM)

Anonymous

What is the color of After?
Is it the mauve of a bruised and bloody heart?
The champagne pink of your betrayal?
The dusty violet-blue of my tears?

Or maybe it's not a color after all,
because when I think of After, all I see is my broken heart,
what could've been but never was,
and the pieces you left behind for me when you decided to drop off the map

If I could ask you a question,
and know you'd tell the truth
I would ask
"Did I mean anything to you?"

I need to know that what we had wasn't just another square ahead of you
as you hopscotched your way from one group to the other
I need to know that I meant something to you,
the way you meant everything to me

I guess what really bothers me is that
I didn't truly notice our growing divide
It was the smallest things, really,
that made me look up and realize what was right in front of me the entire
time

Like when you came to school with your nails painted blue
Or when you ignored me in the hallway
again and again
Or when you wore lip gloss to school for the very first time

It was those tiny little things that might've meant nothing,
but to me, meant everything
That made me finally notice the chasm that
yawned between us

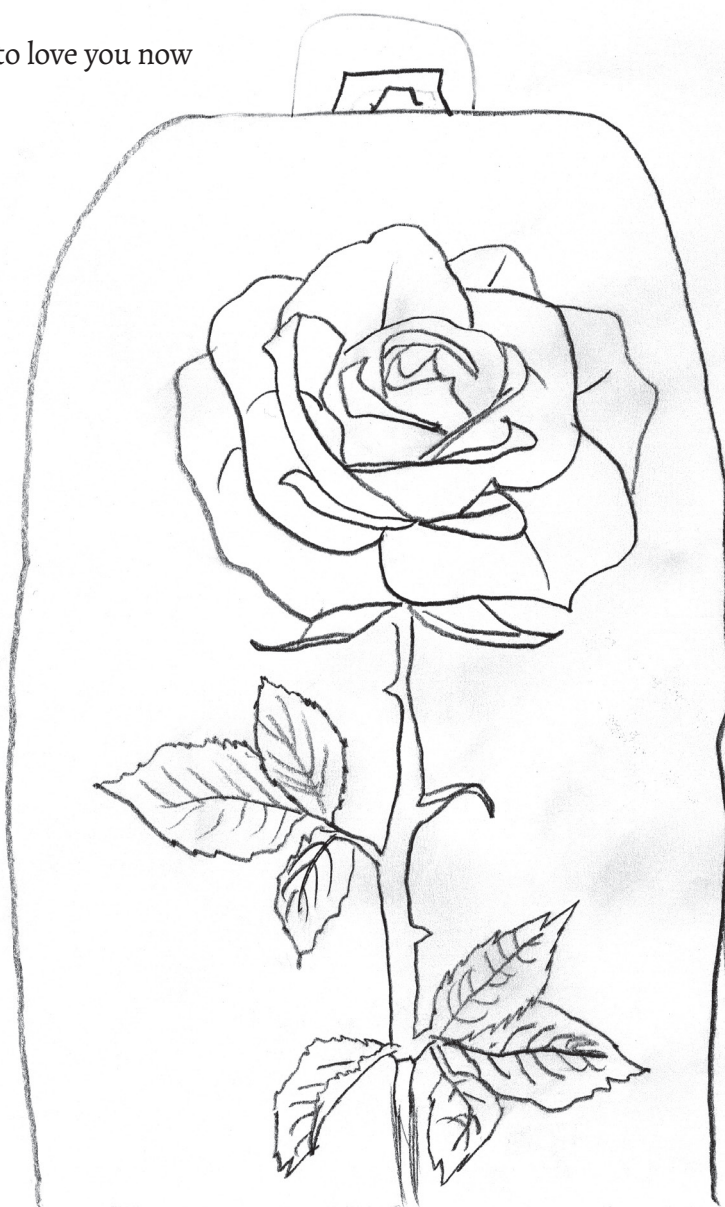
Now I stand on the edge of this canyon, searching for you
Wondering if I should try to reach you,
but too afraid to try because I don't know if you would help me across
or just leave me hanging off the edge of the cliff

You are not the person I fell in love with
The friend I could tell anything to
No, she is not you, and you are not her
not anymore, at least

I loved you once,
and I still do,
but maybe the best way for me to love you now
is to forget you

And perhaps
the color of After is simply
nothing,
after all

Maria Young
GRADE 6



Legenda

Legenda



UNTITLED

Anonymous

Students rushing by,
Stress levels high
Trying not to cry,
It doesn't matter

That's what my parents said
That's what my friends said
That's what my therapist said
It's only seventh grade

Well sure I'm still young
But my emotions are still real
And I can still feel
The same things
And be anxious
And stressed
And hurt
And even though I try to divert
My attention from my racing
mind
And try to find
A distraction
It never works

They say I won't remember what
is happening right now
But right now is my reality
This school is my life
Every day is my story

I may not be making money or
supporting a family
But I am living just the same
I still have problems
I experience pain
I have bad days
Contrast to what they say
You are never too young to feel

Why can't anyone understand
How important some issues
are to me
At this time in my life
They say you will be better
without him
You don't need her anyway
But what if I do?
If I'm better off without
everyone
Do I have anyone?

Running through the mobs
of kids
Blinking tears away
They can't see me cry
But how long can I keep
it together
It feels like it's been forever
Since I just let go
And just let the tears flow

I make it to the bathroom
And lock the stall
For the third time this week
Probably fortieth time this fall
I sink to the floor
Hold myself close
And let the tears fall

Although I allow myself to cry
I never fully let go
The feelings are still there
No sense of closure
I need to talk about it
To let go
To move on

How much I long for someone
who is a true friend

For once in my life
Someone who will never
backstab me
Never gossip about me
Never spread rumors
Be there when I need to talk
Does a friend like that exist?

I can't trust anyone
They all betray me
They spread my secrets
around the school
Post terrible pictures of me for
all to see
Whenever I try to have a real
conversation
They shut me down
Or laugh it off
My question is
What do you find funny?

Is it my feelings you're
laughing at?
How i'm trying to confide in a
supposed friend
I'm not making a joke
Not trying to make you laugh
So why are you laughing?

Is it so bad?
To want someone to listen
Someone that won't tell me
It's for my own good or
You'll thank me someday or
It's not that bad you're being
dramatic
Is it so bad to want a real
friend?

PATIENCE

Hugo Farnsworth GRADE 8

I was always told that patience is a virtue well-learned.

But why?

What is so virtuous about waiting?

The only thing you're training is the virtue of failing

Why are we taught that

Why are we forced to think that we need to wait for something great even though the greatness doesn't come from that, it comes from *us*.

It comes from the *people*, not the patience.

SOME SARCASTIC OBSERVATIONS ABOUT MAILBOXES

AJ Hardcastle GRADE 8

The thank-you notes you know they didn't want to write.

The catalog of ugly clothes you bought your grandma something from that one time.

The little postcard from your dentist reminding you that you're three years late to your six-month appointment.

Who decided that these things needed their own condominium?

Mounted on a glorified table leg or stone pillar just so they can get that million-dollar view.

We buy them the little numbers and accessories

Do we think it will make the neighbors jealous?

"Did you see Frank's new mailbox numbers?

"I know, the Times New Roman works perfectly with the aesthetic of the flag."

We spell out our contact information on the little card.

Do we think we're going to lose them?

Then find them next to the car keys in the back pocket of your pants on laundry day.

"So that's where that was! I've been looking for this the whole day!"

Legenda

SAND CASTLES

Gracie Olson GRADE 8

Sometimes I feel like everything I know is
slipping through my fingers.

Like the sand I played with at the beach when I was younger.
I would throw it at my brothers,
And they would laugh.

We would make a sand castle at the end of the beach,
where the tide pulses like the whole ocean is breathing.

We would sit where the water was shallow,
And let wet sand slip through our fingers, building entire kingdoms.

Palaces complete with castles, towers, and motes.

We'd be covered in sand from head to toe. But we didn't care.

We'd build strong walls around our castles,
so the pounding waves had no chance of destroying what we had created.

And now,
which feels like a million years later,
The waves have begun to reach me.
Each one like a stab in the heart.

The sudden realization
That my entire life, I've been surrounded by walls.
I never got a peek as to what the world was like beyond my palace.
Beyond that safe place at the end of the beach.
Each wave that comes is something, selfishly,
I thought would never happen to me.

And they're coming so fast.
Sometimes I wonder what it would have been like if I didn't
start out in a pretty palace surrounded by these walls.

After all,

Sand castles get swallowed up when the tide comes in.

When the water gets deep.

Legenda

KOYAANISQATSI

Graham Anton GRADE 7

Koyaanisqatsi... 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.



Roxy Mashburn
GRADE 8

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL

THE SILENT WORLD

Isabella Bajgierowicz GRADE 6

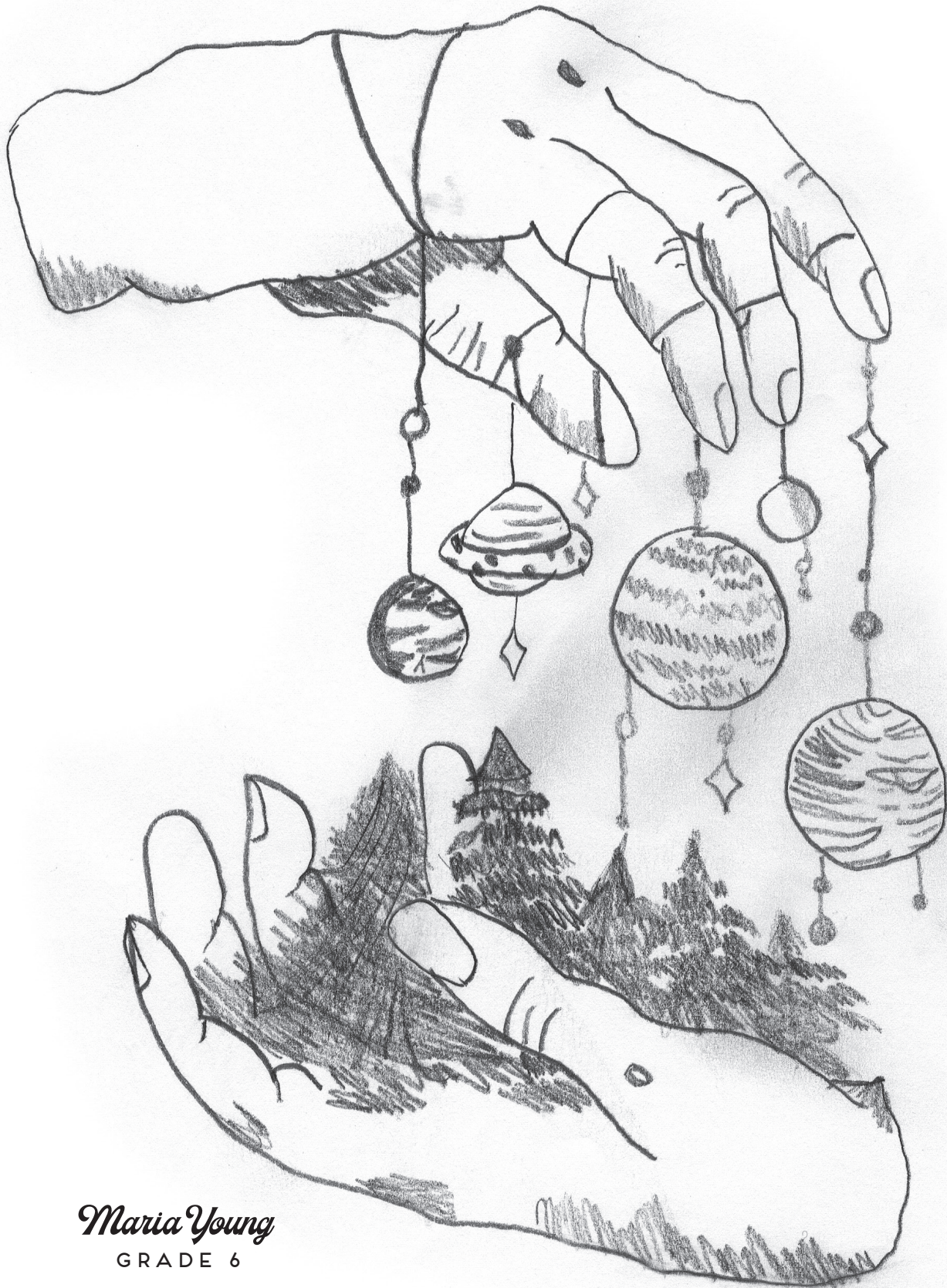
As I sit
At the dinner table
Mother and I
Are silent
And I bite my lip
And to break the silence
I say
“Mom,
We should go out
Together
More often.
It’s so nice out there!
The air
Cleanses your mind
And all your thoughts
Are kidnapped
By the wind
And-“
“Laria.”
My nickname.
She pauses
Knowing that
Dad used to call me that.

.+.°-°∩°°-+.°

It is silent
Once more
For a while.
Then
I pick up my fork
And take a bite
Of the homemade
Mac n’ cheese
My fathers recipe.

.+.°-°∩°°-+.°

We all miss Dad.
I called him
Pineapple
And he called me
Pizza
Because
They go so well together
And I was always shorter than him
(And skinnier, for that matter)
We would play music together
Play in the woods together
Go to the market together
Eat silly food combinations
(Ice cream with ketchup and raisins)
Together
But now
He’s gone
And we all miss him
But mama says
It impacted me most of all.
I don’t really understand
What she tries
To convey when she says that
But It probably isn’t
For me
To understand
For me
To know.



Zegjeruda

Maria Young
GRADE 6

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

Emileigh Baston GRADE 6

For a little while they were sitting there,
On the bench in the rain.
But I got up and walked away.
The ground was soggy,
The air was foggy.
Then the rain lightened,
And the sky brightened.
The birds sang and the kids played,
The waves crashed,
And the hours passed.
And at nightfall, I went home.
To rest up and see the beautiful world again tomorrow.

Legenda

Roxy Mashburn
GRADE 8



STATUE OF LIBERTY

Elise Garcia de Reynal

GRADE 8

Your green-heeled feet stand firm
growing roots for those of us who have none
We are the lost, the drifting, the strayed
You are our goddess, our center,
our golden door
to life, to liberty, to the pursuit of happiness
Your torch is our sun
as we orbit around you in the swirls
and eddies of New York Harbor
hoping for a way in, for a way
away

Your smile beckons us through,
into a place where the streets are paved
with gold and "all men are created equal"
We stride through, exuberant, only to see
that
you lied

The streets are paved, not with gold, but
with the bones of those crushed by the
great machine of the
"American Dream"
and though "all men are created equal",
some are more equal
and some decide who is equal

Lady Liberty, you paved the way
a siren's call for those of us led astray
only to deliver us into damnation
and I find myself wondering
when
this gilded dream became
such
a

nightmare

LEAVES

Gracie Olson GRADE 8

The cold air kisses my cheeks,
and tries to reach warm fingers
through my mittens.

The wind plays with my hair,
And whispers softly in my ear.

I watch leaves touched by autumn,
All butter yellow, and apple red,
gently let go from branches.

Ever so gracefully,

They flutter,

They tumble,

They dance,

to the ground.

Falling has never looked so peaceful.
And letting go, never so effortless.

PROPAGANDA!

Roxy Mashburn GRADE 8

A siren wails in the distance,
 The fear inside me is fatal,
 They're quick to take him away
 From my arms and his gold-stringed cradle

They say it's for the best,
 That he'll be better raised
 But all I see are loved ones dead,
 My mind left in a daze

We can say what we're told we believe
 We can speak all our fears
 Til' the words become distorted
 Like a buzzing in my ears

They're off to fight the war
 For what we think is freedom
 Raising our own seeds for bloodshed,

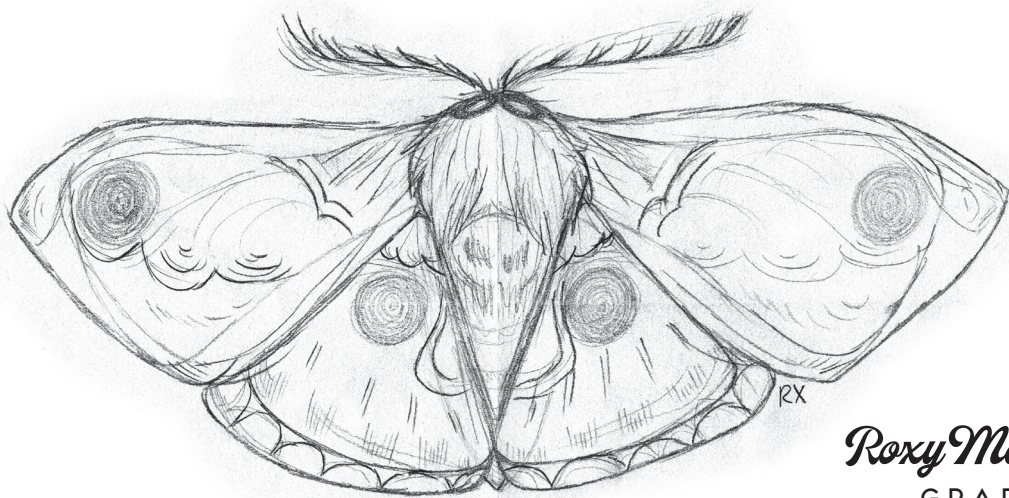
Please, Lord, what have we become?

Is this what a great nation is?
 Ruining the innocent's lives?
 Fighting for a cause,
 When all of it is lies?

Their souls taken so soon,
 My tears are thin and dry,
 Hatred towards the country
 That lets its children die

Because when you're a mother,
 No matter what you've seen,
 No matter what you've been told
 That the worst possible feeling

Is not watching them grow old.

*Roxy Mashburn*
GRADE 8

UNTITLED

Anonymous

I'd fought my way up to the top and thought that I could stay on that
precarious pinnacle of perfection

A constant juggling act of what to say and what to do

how to smile and appear sincere

I look back now and laugh at myself,
from whatever dark Hell I am in,

because everyone knows that after every uphill, there's a downhill

A slippery slope that keeps on sliding past the point of no return
A million exits missed 'til you don't know where the heck you are

Every mile I've struggled up is another I have to fall

Every battle fought on the way up is another push on the way down

Every false friend becomes a knife stabbed in my back

Every ignorant word and forgotten comment becomes a weapon

wielded against me

Another ice-slicked patch of misdirection designed to

distract and destroy

While my foes delight and my friends dwell
I just want to tell them all to shut the heck up
because if I can't stop myself from falling

why
should

I
even

try?

Legacy

CONFUSION

Isa Runge GRADE 6

Do you forget? The bird in the tree?
The ordered pairs in a white room,
Shoes on the floor,
Backs to the wall.
The spotted snow
falling from the ground
to the sky,
And the yellow daisy
Poking through.
The black cat
The dark room.
Orange eyes
shining through the night.
Stars wink through clouds,
A curtain of sun.
The feathered wings
The questions in a jar.
Breaking
Free.



Roxy Mashburn
GRADE 8

I AM THE ONE

Jasper Keller GRADE 7

I am the one
that no one
can control.
I am the reaper
that feasts on your soul.
I am the shouts
of a heavenly man;
some tried to hide,
most merely ran.
I am the hunger
that seeps through the night.
I am the darkness
that puts up a fight.
I am the all
who brings all
to an end.
I am the monster
whom no man can fend.
I am the power
bringing all to a still.
I am the fire
closing in
for the kill.

SHINES

Isabella Bajgierowicz

GRADE 6

The
shimmering,
sparkling
...
sun
...
shines
through the trees
as it sets.

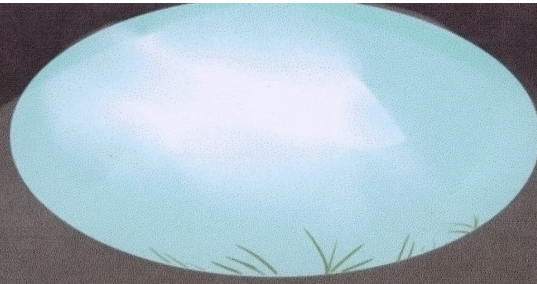
Palm trees surround the channel that reflects
every
detail in life, as if
the water
itself
was a mirror,
gobbling up the pleasing image

Of houses
and stores
all closing for the night, leaving the city looking like it was drained of electricity.

The water is still like glass, and
just

for
a
second

I think
if I reached my hand out, it would go
plink,
plink,
plink,
like a
sanded
rock.



AND SO, MY TALE COMES TO
AN END...

...FOR NOW.

HARRISON MIDDLE SCHOOL
YARMOUTH, MAINE

