

Dear HMS Students,

Hello and SOS and help and all that! This is Harrison Royale reporting to you from the hidden royal temple of Japanese Dragons. Why am I here you might ask? I am here because I am being hunted by my own brother/sister/genderless sibling. That sibling, for now we shall call them, NotJohn" or maybe "Shelissa" or perhaps even "XUFDM" (why not?) is responsible for hacking into Legenda. But, good news, poetry fans, XUFDM's hacking skills were not enough to stop this team of royal subjects, that is, the literary stalwarts who have put together this magazine for your enjoyment. In fact, XUFDM has never been able to stop us and this is the 23rd issue.

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But I am in hiding. I, in fact, am on the run. Or, at least I was. Right now, I am safe in this temple. I have met my Japanese dragon brethren who have taking me in. We are eating sushi and slurping up miso soup, as many of you readers may in fact also have done. Who says we dragons are uncivilized? Well, maybe XUFDM is.

But, alert, just recently my brother/sister/sibling has taken over some humans and hypnotized them to do evil. If you see these humans, please command them to do complicated mathematical sums in their heads. This will release them from the spell my sibling has put them under.

But anyways, XUFDM has gotten his evil minions to trace my location so now I must either fight my own sibling (with the help of my new Japanese brethren) or flee to a remote location where wifi is scarce or non-existent. So, this may be my last communication for a while.

Or maybe ever.

But, enjoy the stories and poems anyway.

Yours in the name of art and thinking and ideas and all of those dangerous things!

Harrison Royale (Location Undisclosed)



FUN FACTS ABOUT LEGENDA:

- We received over 200 poems and stories.
- At least 4 people read and rated each one.
- Ms. Agell removed the names so pieces were read "blind."
- The multiple scores on each entry were averaged. The highest scoring pieces got in.

UTTER STALWARTS

Rowen Anderson, Grace Shi, Katrina Norden, Claire Koskinen, Summer Davies, Ana Borda, Finn Snow, Annabel English, Mira Snow, Leila Tati Pambou, Emma Sammon, Hope Cady

Supporting Players:

Lilia Sawnhey, Geneva Crosby, Mark Zimmerman, Alex Ericson, Nori Schneider, Elin Bowman, Ava Feeley, Kate Sahagian, Annie Bergeron, Evey Merrian, Leela Hidier

The Artists:

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Megan Estabrook, Moses Bankhead, Ana Borda, Devyn Doyle, Paige Brewer, Atticus Prinn, Sally McGrath, Katrina Norden, Summer Davies, Evie King, Katrina Norden, Ava Fox, Autumn Sumerix, Norah Lushman

The Writers:

Katrina Norden, Bobby Wolff, Maya Faulstich, Mira Snow, Vagni Das, Grace Shi, Pamela Morrill, Ava Fox, Ava Jutras, Kai Gallivan, Max Piker, Ana Borda, Lily Kleva, Chloe Cady, Leila Tati Pambou, Matilda Murray, Claire Koskinen, Lidiya Chambers, Lerman Waiss

Fearless Leader: Charlotte Agell

Design: Leo Nieter

Cover Illustration: Ava Fox, Grade 6

Back Illustration: Ana Borda, Grade 8

- There were so many stories and poems and pieces of art that did not make it in that were beloved by staff members. They thank everyone who submitted. Keep creating art and writing!
- Legenda, the word, has Latin roots and means a collection of materials to be read.
- The Harrison Royale column is a tradition. Harrison Royale is the dragon who lives in the ceiling vent. Her visage was the very first cover, now 23 years ago!!!

• If you are a rising 8th grader, consider being on staff next year!

MAYBE

Katrina Norden

Grade 8

There is a wall. This wall is covered in wallpaper, a cheery blue and vivid green wallpaper, swirling and mixing. But there are also flashes. Flashes of void. Not the black of space but nothing. Sheer absence, the lack of anything at all. These flashes, the holes, they appear and disappear seemingly on their own, not at random but not entirely a pattern, either. The wallpaper, with the blue and green and void, it is peeling. Falling away from the wall revealing another layer. This layer is uncertain gray with splotches and patches of twilight purple and streaks of velvet black. this, too, is old and fading, cracked and latticed with, again, that nothing.

It is unnoticeable far away, but obvious when close.

The house. The one with this miraculous wallpaper. It is old, and buried deep in a dark and dusky forest, full of supposed demons. This hut, bigger on the inside than out, is empty. Empty, save for the stories. The myths and legends both real and imagined, scrawled across the walls, illustrated with demons and monsters all scratched in a sharp and desperate hand, as though pleading for someone to see. The floor is a patchwork of wood and stone, as if the wood was replaced every time it rotted away.

The forest, so close and choking, is mostly fir and beech, with few other trees, until it reaches the house, where it thins into a grove of quaking aspens. These aspens are covered in nooses. tens, hundreds of nooses, seemingly new despite the apparent abandonment of the house, each a different material, some chains and some nothing but thread. Their number fluctuates, each dawn more or less than the day before. Some are not even finished, their half-tied loops hung precariously from swaying branches.

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But there is, in fact, something in the house. I just didn't tell you. It is a book. An enormous ledger, tied with thousands of clasps and locks, seemingly pristine for its age.

If you opened this book, you would find more stories. More legends, written in a neat and calm script, are clearer, longer, than the ones on the walls, the illustrations more detailed, and colored in ink. On the last page, there is nothing but two letters. Two initials. The letters T.R., scrawled in that same sharp writing from the walls. Who is this person? Where did they go? Are they dead? Or just gone? Did they hang themselves? But no, the furniture would still be there. Why did they leave the book then? Why lock it so heavily?

Maybe someone will know, will watch the endless dance of the wallpaper, record and count the nooses each day, and walk the twilit paths of the forest. Gaze out of the stain glass windows at the world tinted by the panes. Maybe, if alive, this T.R. will return.

Or maybe it will molder away. Maybe the trees will be eaten by the forest until there is nothing left of the ropes. The house will quietly collapse into a pile of leaves and stone and those windows. And the book will fade to dust and a pile of locks, it's stories unheard. Nothing but a ruin in the center of a forbidden wood, nestled on the highest mountain of a nearly forgotten island. Maybe.

THE SOLDIER

Bobby Wolff

Grade 6

In a desert plain a soldier lies,

He lies there silent, he gently sighs,

He says there's peace and he adores it,

But there's a war around him and he ignores it,

Megan Estabrook,

The wind is howling a horrible sound yet he feels a gentle breeze,

He stays there silent while soldiers fight, his mind completely at ease,

He stays there in the grass all calm while men around him are dying,

Yet he stays there oblivious, he stays there calmly lying,

Upon further inspection though,
You'd see a olive branch like a dart,
It's impaled into his chest you see,
It's been driven through his heart.

ABOVE GROUND

Maya Faulstich

Grade 6

Fly to the heavens on the wings of love, A message of peace hidden high above, A sparkle of joy, a flicker of light, Tucked in feathers of darkness In the cold, sad night. Fly high above earth to where no one cares,

To where hopes burst like fireworks Years away from despairs,

If you flip upside down There's nowhere to go,

You'll never fall down

And no one will know,

If ever you catch a falling star

Someone on earth may be wishing from afar,

Yet the ever-present rock That followed you here,

Hidden in your throat

That you thought was nowhere near,

Reminds you of troubles

On earth that await,

"We need you!"

"We need you!"

They call from their fate.

People are dying,

People are crying,

"Come help!"

Your wings are broken

You're nailed to the ground,

But they need your love

That they haven't yet found.

You can make a change way down on earth,

Up here, you can't.

Moses Bankhead, Grade 6

That's been true since birth.

I AM A WRITER

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Mira Snow

Grade 8

I am a writer.

I make my world.

Everything there is mine.

I will never give it up.

I am a writer.

I speak in in silence.

And yet I can scream the loudest.

I am a writer.

I am strong.

I am a secret.

I can find an escape.

I am a writer

I make my own path

I fight my way through the dust

I am a writer

My story never ends

Worlds can collide if I want them too

I am a writer

And this is where I end the story





CRAB CANON

Anonymous

Grade 8

(Note: A crab canon is a piece that can be read FORWARDS and BACKWARDS and will mean entirely different things! Try it, you'll see.)

Today is a good day

I feel radiant

I pick up my pace as droplets begin to fall, sunshine streaming clean through

I click shuffle on my playlist for the first time in a while

I raise my face to the sun and throw my hands up

My hair is at the point where the drops are in my hair, arranging themselves into a crown

I smile

I see him walking towards me, holding hands with a girl I've never seen before

My eyes grow wide in shock

I slump down, a cloud of gloom above my head

I pretend to be occupied with my phone, so as to avoid their stares

I scroll through my songs before I settle on an old favorite

Anxiously, I dig my thumbnail into the pad of my index finger

I slow down as a couple clouds gather

I feel numb

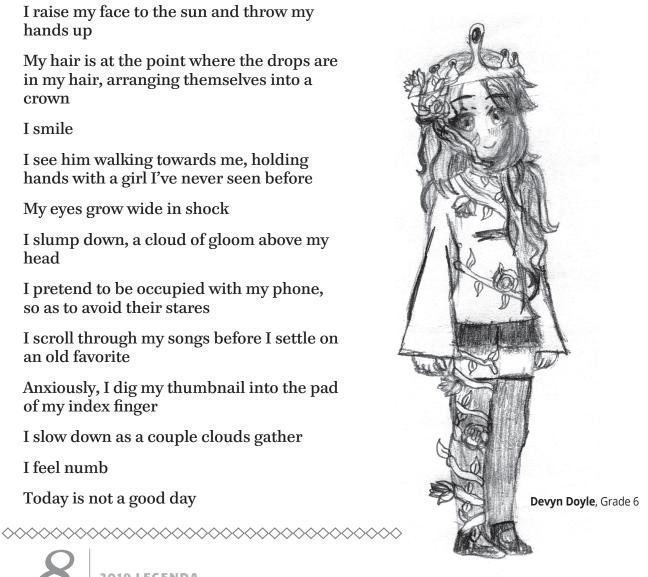
Today is not a good day

THE MOON

Vagni Das

Grade 5

The man in the moon He reflects in the silent lagoon The brightest light In the dark, dark night With the clouds in the sky He acts quite shy The man in the moon





ANXIETY

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Grace Shi

Grade 8

Anxiety takes over your mind Makes you wonder what will happen Mostly the worst things You can't keep calm

Never

You start to have panic attacks

Your heart starts pounding

And you blame yourself for not doing anything

Tears start to well up

And your breath starts going faster

Stress builds up

And you want to give up

It's so tiring

And when you want to give up you know that anxiety has taken over you with stress



Paige Brewer, Grade 6

GOODBYE

Pamela Morrill

Grade 8

Jagged and stiff air rushed its way through the car

leaving goosebumps from my head to my toes

Sorrow filled my shattered heart

tears flowed down my face

almost creating waterfalls

with fog thick as snow

my stomach ached

and crawled around like a monster in the night

my thoughts dragging me deeper and deeper into misery

It was different this time

friends were crying in tears of hurt

not laughter being the reason being that my friend was

gone

disappeared

not alive and well

not hidden from the world

but

dead.



THE SPECTATOR'S WARNING

by The Spectator, AKA KN Grade 8

"If you follow the path, keep out of the woods,

If you listen to orders, and do what you should,

Don't question your shadow, and stay where arranged,

Then you'll see nothing odd, and you'll see nothing strange."

"But if you explore, if you tackle your fate.

Then you'll see twisted beings, embroiled in hate,

See creatures of darkness, of death, and of gore,

So I'll give you this warning, and say, nothing more...".

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THE OLD WILLOW

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Ava Fox

Grade 6

Deep in the forest by the brook, sits a lone willow

Once remembered, now only to be forgotten

The willow had seen many wonderful days

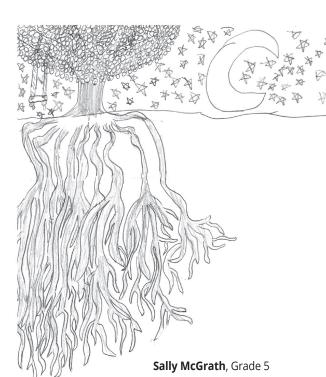
Now and then a deer will stroll by

Looking at the forgotten willow with her dark coal eyes

To the stars the memories would swirl

Seasons would pass by in the blink of an eye

In the fall, the willow's leaves would die in the cold,



Then to grow back in the spring

The leaves more green and stronger

A shack near the willow was once used by a joyful old man

The willow would watch the man

Take his tools from out of the shack and tend his flowers

But now the shack, just like the willow, has been forgotten.

The undergrowth has started to devour it, for it has no use anymore.

The willow became older with every passing year

The willow would become weaker

But still stood tall.

To this day, the old willow stands, waiting for someone to find it

So next time you go on a hike, or a walk in the woods,

Keep your ears peeled for the sound of the rushing water of a brook,

Maybe, just maybe

You might come across the willow

10 2019 LEGENDA

The pointed bottoms of her heels clacked in New York knew that he was cheating on the marble floor of the fover. She sighed as she stepped into the elevator. This day was going to be a long one, she had her quarterly investors meeting and a lot of them were convinced the business was gonna fail. Ella didn't do failure. She had grown up in a disheveled, unintact household. Named Ella by her mother, and Cinder by her friends. Cinder was the name her friends had given her as a reminder about how burnt out you get, to never give up.

IF THE GLASS CEILING FITS

She rolled her neck wincing at the harsh cracks that greeted her. But plastered on her best fake smile as soon as the doors slid open with a "ding." Her assistant Sarah struggling to catch up with her as she strode defiantly from the enclosed space. She entered her office and slid smoothly into her office chair and swung around to look out at the New York sky-

"You have your meeting in 10," Sarah chirped from her place at Ella's side.

"I know unfortunately."

The meeting went about as well as she could have hoped. The usual jeering, and harsh criticism of her brand were the norm for her. She had built this business from the ground up, and it frustrated her to no end when people didn't believe in her. They had brought up the fact that, that night there was a grand party hosted by Henry "Prince" Charming. A very ironic name for a man like him. Everyone on his girlfriend, and was widely known for his ignorance and vindictive attitude. But, he had been living off his parent's money for years and supposedly wanted to make a name for himself in the business world. He was holding this grand party to find a business partner, and unsurprisingly the board wanted her to go. She agreed, curious herself what the man had in mind.

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That night Cinderella donned an expensive pantsuit, her signature glass heels (to represent the glass ceiling she was standing on) and headed for the party. She spotted the so-called Prince Charming soon as she walked in. He was surrounded by a group of people with fake smiles, and false praises. After a few minutes of idle chatter with other some colleagues she had worked with in the past, someone picked up the microphone and cleared their throat.

"I know you're here today to learn about our new up and coming business so let me tell you about it..." The man droned on for about 20 minutes. She could see some serious flaws in the marketing, design, and economics of this company. She sighed and clapped politely along with the others. Surprisingly Charming himself got up behind the podium and said, "Well thank you all for coming, as we know my business is going to be a huge success right out of the gate. So whoever I choose to be my business partner will have a huge advancement to

their career." The party continued and she turned around unsurprisingly to find Charming himself looking at her. He proclaimed pompously.

"Ah Mrs. Ella thank you for coming. Would you like to dance?" She agreed half-heartedly and stepped onto the floor. The dance was awkward and he kept stepping on her toes.

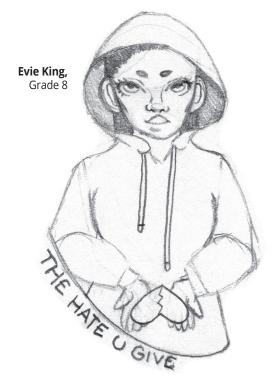
"I hope you will consider my offer of business partnership".

"Thank you for your offer but I will sadly have to decline on behalf of myself and my company." Charming's face went red and he stomped his foot angrily.

"No! This isn't how it's supposed to go! I was supposed to charm you into wanting to do business with me. You were supposed to be captivated by my business plans! Why did you say no?" Ella stepped back cooly, and with vindication said "I declined for many reasons, but at the bottom of list was your lack of charisma. Thank you for the invitation, it was a lovely party" She strode out not stopping her stride as a nearby bell tower tolled midnight. She got into her car and drove off into the night not stopping to look back.

A week later she nearly spit out her coffee at her desk when she saw what Charming was tweeting about. He was going on and on about the girl he met at his party.

"The girl with glass slippers, and I met



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and instantly had a connection." He went on about how he wanted to find her, and see her again. Everyone in the business world knew it was her he was talking about. But, the public didn't. His accounts were blowing up with support. His tweets were trending, and there were articles being written about his epic romance. Millions were sending support, and he became a pillar of public affection overnight. He soon became a social media starlet. All of this rotated around him being and his epic tragic romance, with a girl he told the press he would "never see again" He acted in movies, went to red carpets. Over the years he even won a Grammy for his movie adaptation of his life including his cataclysmic romance with the mystery girl. Cinderella ignored him and continued building her company. When they both died many years later they both left behind empires. One with hard work, and intellect. The other was built entirely on a lie. But, sadly the public will never know the difference.

egenda

A SAD DAY IN NEW YORK

Kai Gallivan

Grade 8

Leg brushing against the car door, heading into the big city.

Car humming.

Mind racing, for the day to come.

Next day, heading out of the hotel, to the building of memories.

I can't wait to see the view, I think.

Cigarette smoke filling the air around me. The toxins filling my lungs; I can't breathe.

The moment passes as I get a small whiff of the little fresh air that is left in this place.

Beep. Beep. Beep. The doors open and I am overwhelmed by the view from the top of the world.

White clouds, blue water. Painted across the canvas of this world.

Aromas of a bakery. Sweet sweet feelings.

Wind on my face as I go outside. Looking down.

The building and cars look like little toys in a child's room.

That building, and that one too. So many things I recognize.

The view looks so amazing, it's almost like I can see the whole world up here.

Making my way around the building.

I shift my gaze across the bay.

She looks so green in the sun.

I'm heading down, and out of this amazing experience. But it doesn't end here...

Walking. Smiles on my family's faces, but suddenly their smiles transform into looks of grief.

The memorials, all of the emotions passing through me.

Sadness. Shock. Astonishment. All of them there when I look at the bright pits.

September 11, 2001. I tragic day for all of us. A tragic day that we will never forget.

Walking away.

Away.

Away from this place...

A NIGHT'S SKY SET ABLAZE

Max Piker

Grade 8

Sometimes the best moments

Hide,

Under a layer of Mediocrity.

I was with my Dad

We had been waiting,

And waiting,

And waiting,

To watch a meteor shower together.

It was beginning to get dark

after the show of a sunset.

It was so quiet

I could hear the pine needles,

Crunching,

Crushing,

Sliding,

Beneath my feet,

Creaking old boards echoed through the silence,

,

You could hear a set of two beats

Walk down to the edge.

My hopes were up so high

I began to doubt

I stared into the dark abyss

Then we waited,

And waited,

And waited,

The thought ran through my head,

Of going back up,

Returning with nothing,

Disappointment and failure overcomes me.

Megan Estabrook.

Then the huge boom,

It was one of the most beautiful things

More and more

Explode and burn out,

Like fireworks they burn bright colors

Yellow and Red,

Yellow and Red,

Yellow and Red,

It wasn't about the meteor shower

I got to share it with my Dad

The greatest gift of all.

THE WORLD OF IMAGINE

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Ana Borda

Grade 8

The world around me is grey, dull, and generally boring. Every day again and again is the same endless cycle of average. Average grades, average hair, average EVERYTHING. Honestly sometimes this world is too monotonous for me to handle, so I leave it. Falling into the world of my subconscious going on adventures in places which contradict the laws of reality.

Vibrancy fills this world, childlike imagination colors it. No need for coloring in the lines for here it's all my own. Created by me for me as a place to dream up when boredom hits like a storm. Crashing dread of things to come, and thoughts of how I will never succeed.

Nothing needs to follow a structure in the world of imagine though. People can fly with graceful wings of a bird, The ground can be solid seas of purple and blue. I design characters here and build worlds. Share concepts with others and go back to improve. Some worlds I build on my own though, concepts of creations to illustrate and create around those. Some are abandoned and left to wither away without a trace, and some blossom into gigantic projects which loom far above.

Sometimes this world has concepts for art of other people's creations, other people's styles and suggestions help shape my worlds.

But sometimes imagination and motivation don't cooperate, and I'm left in a rut

too many ideas too little motivation to complete them. Then I'm stuck back in this boring old reality, but at least I know I'll come back to the world of imagine another day.



FORK IN THE ROAD

Lily Kleva

Grade 6

Have you ever heard the story of the fork in the road?

It's been touched by every tired traveler

Perched on by every migrating bird

Stormed on by every passing hurricane

Its large brass handle sparkling in the sun

Where Imagination and Reality meet

Specks of rust and dust and dirt cover it

Nobody knows how it got there

But it has been there as long as they can remember

It's been in cave-man's painting and celebrity's pictures

The fork in the road

Where Imagination and Reality meet

Leaned on by every bored kid

Slept next to by every camping family

Ran past by every racing Olympico

Hanged on by every playing kid

And maybe one day you...

BEAUTY (A CRAB CANON)

Chloe Cady

Grade 6

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(Note: A crab canon can be read backwards and forwards.)

beauty comes from the outside

i laugh at anyone who claims

that beauty comes from the inside

at least i know

i am sturdy in my thinking, and,

anyone who believes otherwise is wrong

i know

that the most important thing is the exterior

it is impossible

that personality matters most

it is definitely true

that you need to layer your face with makeup

i do not believe

beauty comes from the inside



Summer Davies, Grade 8

I'M A BLACK GIRL, TAKE TWO

(Inspired by 'I Am A Black Girl' by "THEONLYCHASE" on PowerPoetry)

Leila Tati Pambou

Grade 8

I am a black girl too	To cut out the negativity
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Black girl Twice as hard to be independent,

"Emphasis on the word black And twice as hard

It's not just a race

It's a lifestyle"

This is not easy

The other day, somebody in math class

touched my hair Not like just touched, they grabbed it.

Can you just not do that? I said. They got mad,

and I was like, I always ask to touch

I'm not like just grabbing it.

people's hair,

I am a black girl, too

Black girl

We make it look easy

But baby

it's not

We work twice as hard

To be perfect

Twice as hard

To be free.

I am a black girl too

Yes, Black girl

"To be a black girl isn't just to have darker skin

To be a black girl doesn't mean im hard-

er to approach"

Like me, I'm shy, but we're not all like

that.

We're not hard to approach.

It doesn't mean I'm aggressive

Or you have to try harder to teach me

something

But

To be a black girl is to be extraordinary

To be special

Black girls are magic

We're queens

Brown sugar

Cocoa

Honey and

Gold

I am a black girl too

I've had to work a little harder to fit in

I am a Black Girl too

Strong and independent

I am a black girl too

Melanin princess

I believed I could so

I did

I am a Black Girl

I am fly

And I am me.



Evie King,

AMONG THE BOOKSHELVES

^

Matilda Murray

Grade 7

As she sat on the stoop, wearing Mary's lipstick and Katie's dress, Mabel considered sitting there forever, her face burning with shame. She had already embarrassed herself in front of her date and she refused to face her friends too. To face the disappointment in their eyes as she told them about yet another disaster. Had it really been only a few hours ago that they stood behind her, coaching her on what and what not to do? It hadn't worked anyhow, she thought bitterly, but quickly regretted the notion. They were always so kind to her. After all, matchmaking was their favorite pastime, and she was the trickiest challenge they had come across. And they had tried so hard to make it work this time.

Mabel debated staying on the steps even after a raindrop hit the back of her neck, moving only at the afterthought of ruining Katie's dress. Mabel hated the thing, blotched with red and purple flowers, but she would never tell her friends that. It matched the lipstick too well. Mary had lit up when it had arrived in the mail, expensive and brand-new, sent lovingly from one of Mary's loyal blog fans. There weren't many of them left, for there had been some tumultuous and downright threatening talk in the recent comments of her more controversial pages, so Mary was all the more happy that some still loved her. Anyway, the lipstick complemented the floral dress perfectly. Of course, it did. Mabel had taken one look at their ecstatic faces and already knew she could never intervene,

and besides, they were the experts. What did she know about this stuff anyway?

Not yet ready to dash through the bad weather or face her roommates, Mabel glanced hurriedly across the empty street. Her eyes fell upon a tiny shop quaintly labeled "Bookstore", the only building with a flickering neon sign broadcasting its openness. It would have to be the one to give her a stay of execution from both the rain and her friends.

Ducking under the awning just as the bad weather began to steady, a tiny bell jangled when she pressed her full weight against the door and her nose was greeted by air thick with incense. She recognized the fragrance only because Katie was fond of filling their small apartment with the stuff, though Katie's was much more overbearingly scented, usually promising new love or good sleep. Mabel had always quietly scoffed but was content to breathe it in if it made her friend happy.

The most prominent part of the shop once inside was the many worn wooden bookshelves, each bent into a U under the weight of their responsibilities. There wasn't much else to see from the doorway but a faded carpet and a gold-gilded portrait hung high upon the wall, a sourfaced Victorian man trapped inside the frame.

"Hello!" an airy voice called from behind a bookshelf. Mabel could almost see the dust resettling itself. An old woman

turned the corner, her appearance matching the strange familiarity of her shop almost perfectly. Her neck, arms, and hips were strung with jewelry and bright cloth, and her cloud-colored hair was tucked neatly under a spotted bandana. Katie would have loved the many eccentricities, and Mabel knew she would have to bring her here once she gained enough courage to go home.

"Coming in from the rain, are you? Wouldn't be the first one to do that!" The woman chuckled to herself as though she found it quite funny, but didn't appear upset over Mabel's lack of response. The woman came closer to her then, grabbing her arm. "Follow me."

Mabel didn't want to follow her, but after a moment's hesitation did anyway, feeling guilty all the while at her willingness to be pulled around. She quickly shrugged off the emotion. This was the most interesting thing that had ever happened to her, and as a familiar bluespined novel tucked snugly between its brethren caught her eye, she couldn't help but think all this was rather like the beginning of that book. Of course, the book ended with the main character poisoned, but the thought still solidified her sudden burst of bravery, and she quickened her pace to match that of the woman.

Their journey through a brief maze of shelves ended abruptly at a pair of armchairs nestled snugly between a ladder and rain-soaked window. The old woman turned to leave. "Make yourself comfortable," she added, seemingly as an afterthought.

Mabel did as she was told, slipping her feet out of her red heels (the only part of

her outfit she owned) and tucking them under herself. The chair was soft and velvety, but as dusty as everything else in the shop. Mabel wondered if the woman who ran the bookstore got many customers this way. She wondered if she got any customers at all. The shrill shriek of a tea kettle suddenly filled the small shop, the sound bouncing erratically off the bookshelves. It ceased abruptly, as soon as it had started.

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Tea spilled out of two large, colorful mugs as the woman carried them back to the chairs, but she didn't seem to notice nor care. Both cups precariously balanced atop a mysterious box, the old woman had her hands quite full, but she managed to set it all on the small coffee table anyway. "I thought we might sip some tea. Perfect weather for it," the woman pointed out, and Mabel reached for the cup closest to her. Pleased to find it was peach, her favorite kind, she licked her lips (stopping abruptly at the bad taste of the lipstick) and took a long, deep sip from the colorful mug. The lipstick taste still mingled with the tea, however, and she sadly set it on her lap. Not having worn lipstick in the past year, she tried to remember if it all tasted this bad.

"This is all free of charge, of course, but I wondered if I might read your fortune?" the woman mumbled almost shyly, and Mabel was too thankful for her hot tea to decline. Besides, Katie would be on her back forever if she didn't take the opportunity that had almost literally fallen into her lap.

Opening the leather-bound box and withdrawing a weathered deck of cards, the woman shuffled and re-shuffled them, eventually offering them to Mabel

to split. "What would you like to know about?" she whispered in anticipation, eyes shining, and Mabel responded just as eagerly.

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"What can you tell me about my friends?" The motive behind this question was complicated in her mind's eye, but Mabel simply wanted reassurance. She had always had an inkling of doubt that they truly enjoyed her company, and thought she might as well humor the small part of herself that believed in the woman's abilities. It couldn't hurt, could it?

The old woman didn't answer her question with words but instead spread the deck apart with quiet expertise, her bony fingers plucking three worn cards and examining them carefully.

"You are gullible," the woman muttered finally, "and easily susceptible to betrayal. Your friends will let you down irreparably, though it will not be their fault." Mabel was confused and worried, and so, as humans often do when confronted with something they dislike, she denied it; deciding then and there that the old woman was a fraud. And besides, Mabel was

preoccupied, for she felt rather woozy for no reason she could name.

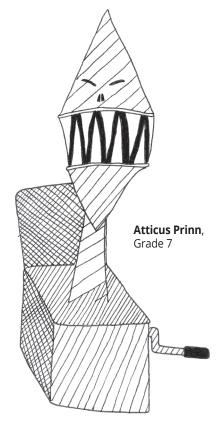
"Do something else," Mabel responded in an uncharacteristically assertive fashion. The boldness was as unfamiliar and unsettling as her wooziness, though not entirely unwelcome. Feeling suddenly nauseous at the act of talking, she kept her mouth shut after that, focusing instead on evening her rapid breaths.

The woman, looking slightly miffed, did as she asked. "How about your future?" and when Mabel responded only with a distracted nod, she pulled out all her stops. Flipping ten cards, she read them as accurately as she could, but paused in dark astonishment. She didn't believe her own eyes.

"I must have read that wrong..." she muttered under her breath, trying again. Mabel's vision was swimming and stars were floating in her eyes, she tried to say something but only fell

back in her chair. The velvety cushions didn't make a sound.

The woman, still not looking up, had gotten the same results. Increasingly frustrated, she tried a third time, refusing to deliver the news she had gotten. The cards flapped against the table, reading the same as before.



Katrina Norden, Grade 8



^

"I must have made a mistake, my dear, but it- it says... it says that you're going to die..." her vision flitted upwards and she screamed, her cards scattering across the floor. Mabel's tan face had gone pale, her breathing had slowed to a stop, and as she had fallen backward in her chair, the hot tea in her hand spilled onto the floor, sinking into the carpet.

As Mabel's limp head stared out the window, her last moments of vision were spent facing the bleak weather outside,

and she knew, somehow unpanicked, that she was going to die. As her heart shuddered and ceased, her mind flew through her memories, desperate to spend her final moments alive doing something useful. Confident that she had figured it out, the last thought that crossed her mind was that the old woman had killed her. *It must have been in the tea...*

Mabel would never realize that it was her lipstick that carried the poison.

Havison Middle Schoo

ON A BOAT WITH A TIGER

Claire Koskinen

Grade 8

Chapter 1.

An hour later

A box is placed in my lap, Chapter 20.

I open it. I am on a smaller boat,

^

A book. With a tiger,

It's called Trying to survive.

The life of Pi. Chapter 40.

Later that night 41.

I lay in bed, 42.

Restless. 43...

Staring at the book I check my watch.

On my bedside table. 5:30 AM!

I open it. I was about to slam the book on the

ground

Water?

Where am I?

Suddenly I am in India

And blame it

Reciting pi,

For my lack of sleep.

But then...

In front of amazed eyes.

My eyes close,

And a Tiger

I am on a big boat

Jumps at me,

Zebras, And lands in the water!

Next to me!

Lions,

Tigers...

I flip through the pages,

Days later I am lying on the bottom of the

One after another boat.

Waiting for the next cliffhanger. Hungry,

Cold,

Seasick.

I close my eyes,

And almost die...

I wake up.

In my bed,

In my room.

I stare at the book

Open in front of me.

I realize it was a dream.

I pick it up,

And keep reading.



^

Ava Fox, Grade 6

I AM FROM...

Anonymous (submitted to the Poem Booth)

I am from the grand mahogany table, that stands chipped and exasperated

From the grand piano which yearns to be played, with a thin layer of dust gently coating it from that single fire, creating warmth for a seemingly endless world,

I am from the single stone wall, crumbling after years of pretend dragons and soldiers, pirates and witches

I am from the smell of the cinnamon boiling on the stove, eager children waiting for a taste

I am from the tree that stands alert, protecting the children who play beneath it from the weaker trees, not yet protecting, yearning to be big.

I am from the lessons of learning that you are special in your own way, I am from the nursery rhymes sung by a loving grandmother, the itsy bitsy spider falling from the well, resulting in the tears for those who are lost even if just a spider (continued next page)

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That is transporting animals.

25

I AM FROM...

(continued)

I'm from the salt spray of the first boat ride the wind tearing across your face, resulting in a youthful glee

I'm from the early Christmas cinnamon rolls and the pizza baked upon the stone from the lion roars of my grandfather, bringing you to the safari.

The screams of glee from my brothers and I, from the ornamental fans, each smelling of must, passed to me by my great-aunt, hiding in their chest, high upon a shelf waiting to be opened

like the piano coated in a thin layer of dust.



THE LAKE, THE BROOK, AND THE KAYAK

Lidiya Chambers Grade 8

The kayak

above

my head

letting the sand

Fall

Fall

Fall

into my hair

my feet

sunk

into the

soft

warm sand

Then met the water.

The lake

was calm

the shimmering sun

danced

across the water

I hopped

into the kayak

and paddled

down birds sang in harmony

the lake

I approached to my ears

the brook a bridge arched

suddenly over the brook.

the hum of the lake

was replaced by echoed

a sudden echoed

Peacefulness through the bridge

I drifted "Hello"

down "Hello?"

"Hello?"

O I paddled into another lake

W feeling hot

N I put my feet over teh kayak

^

of the stream

a lullaby

My voice

the brook letting them float, float, float

Big trees canopied above me into the water creating a fairytale setting The lake was

soft pebbles STILL.

blanketed the bed

D



Autumn Sumerix, Grade 5

ATHAZAGORAPHOBIA1

Lerman Waiss

Grade 8

I watched as Sarah chased her dreams

An ache in my heart

Knowing that I had no power to stop her

Knowing that this was what she longed for

Knowing that although my selfishness was there,

I would watch her leave me

Because deep down I knew this is what would make her happy,

And that was enough to fulfill my suffering

Making me forget what was to come

All that mattered right now was her

Her smile

Her laughter

Her happiness

So I let her go in exchange for a promise

A promise that she wouldn't leave in the dust

And continue this friendship

Her whiskey auburn colored hair shone in the sun
Her eyes, pools of honey
Handing me a pink shell
The unbreakable bond
Confused as to why this was handed to me
I dazed at her

An inspiration and desire to live my life

And let her live hers

All the while maintaining a mindset

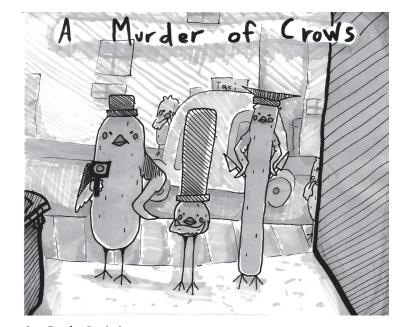
Knowing I wouldn't be forgotten

And that I would never be replaced

^

So I held the pink shell in my hands
As if it were the only thing left in the world
The only thing giving me life
And I wish I could say I wasn't so attached to it
But I was
This is all I would have for a very long time

(n. The fear of forgetting, being forgotten or replaced.)



Ana Borda, Grade 8

28 2019 LEGENDA

Legena

WILE GIVE SOMEONE THE RHINOS COMP TODAY, Con the to the to the total the tota Beyourself of Tigoph 38 HETO DESTAND TO COU PO THISI
LET DESDE THAND TO COU PO THISI
TO STORESTON; BUT BY THE PORTS PARTS PART THE HAND TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE BEA Good Persony HEALTHUY STREET TO BENEVETE IN THIS TANK A NAVAT TO BE AND THIS TANK A CHOCK TO THIS THIS TANK A CHOCK TO THIS THIS TANK A CHOCK TO THIS TANK A CHOCK TO THIS THIS TANK A CHOCK TO THE TANK Change your Hair! & DE SASSION OF SASSION THE CHAPT TO BE SASSATION OF THE MANY TO THE WATER A SUND THE WATER AND THE WATER AND



Megan Estabrook, Grade 7

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

