

Volume 1  
2019-2020

# IGNITE

*A James Madison Preparatory High School  
Annual Publication*

## INSPIRING ARTWORKS

Handcrafted art by the  
JMPHS Students

## EMERGING YOUNG WRITERS

Literary works by JMPHS students that  
captivate the mind and entice the soul

AWARD  
WINNERS  
FROM THE  
2019-2020  
SCHOOL  
YEAR



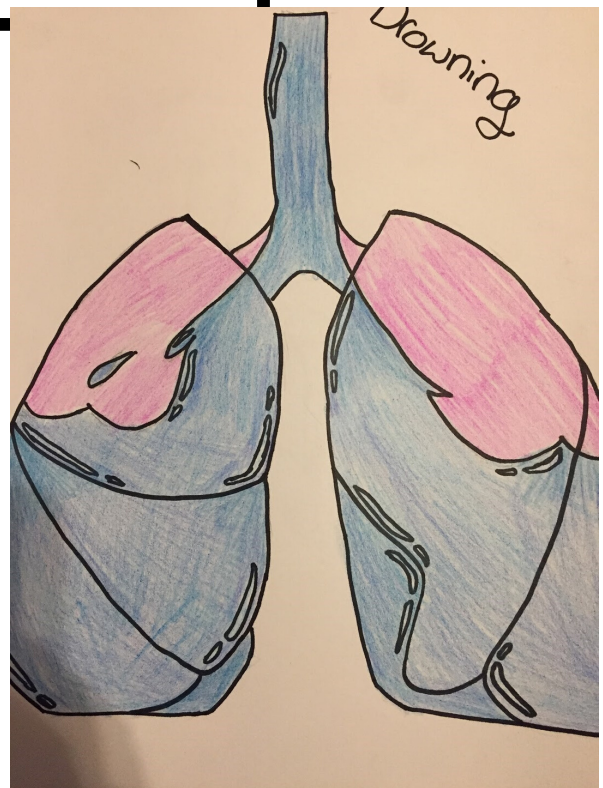
# THE LEAVES WERE FALLING OFF

A Short Story By Cianna  
Curtis



The leaves were falling off the trees, the wind whistling as it blew the freshly fallen leaves to the distance, the end of Fall was nearing, and the Earth seemed to stand still. Just earlier everything had been as normal. The children were excited about the snow and cold winds that Winter had to offer. The parents had been cleaning the house and bringing out the hot cocoa mugs and warm blankets. Craig had been walking by on the sidewalk with his normal unhappy face and mumbling about how he hated the cold. The shops were excited about their new Winter products and were putting their Fall merchandise on clearance. Everything was just how it should be.

No one would have thought twice about the smell in the air, or the smoke rising behind the trees. "Oh that is just the Powerplant polluting our air again," Granny Evelyn said to some children. Evelyn had no children and yet seemed to be everyone's granny, funny how that happens. The smell of smoke was coating the air, but everyone just assumed it was the Plant again. Nothing new, the old town had been next to the old plant for the entirety of its existence.



Artist LilyBeth Wallace



Artist Abby Washington

Soon enough the mothers were calling for their children, the shopkeepers were getting the money from their shops and getting ready to leave. Everyone was calling the fire departments. Bright, blazing, flames roared over the trees, the sounds of cracking wood and screaming as everyone tried to run away, get in their cars, bikes, trucks, anything to survive. In a way, Granny Evelyn had been right, it was the old Plant, the old Plant had caught on fire and the fire quickly spread to the nearby town. It moved so fast, it didn't seem possible, the smoke filled the air so fast. Few were lucky to get out of town before the fire or contaminated air reached them. Eventually, the fire went out, bodies that were now unrecognizable lie on the ground, burnt to a crisp. The leaves were falling off the trees, the wind whistling as it blew the freshly fallen leaves to the distance, the end of Fall was nearing, and the Earth seemed to stand still.



# A MORTICIAN'S TALE

By Ja'Shanti Johnson

*Death is a terrifying thing.*



One minute you're enjoying your life with your loved ones. Walking on a beach with the warm sand in between your toes. The next thing you know, you're in Heaven, Hell or just a black hole. I don't really know for sure where people go when they die.

Artist Julia Vincente-Perez



I didn't ask any questions about knowing every time I tried it would be pushed aside. Until I found our old house cat. Her name was Fluffy because she was always soft and warm. Her warm little paws were no longer warm.

All I know is that I have to take care of the bodies when their time is up.

My name is Charlie Brown. I'm twenty-five years old and I'm a funeral direction graduate. When I was a child, I never really understood death. I've always been told that they were going somewhere special. I never understood that either. If they were going somewhere special, then why was everyone crying?

Artist Lucy Cherry



**THAT DAY I FINALLY UNDERSTOOD.**



When people learn that I'm a Mortician, they immediately become afraid of me. Just in general their immediate reaction is *'Really?! You're okay with seeing dead people?'* or *'Why would you want to work with dead people! Aren't you scared?'* and my favorite is *'Wow. You must be a goth or something! Only people like that would want that kind of job.'*

However, that is not the case. I do really enjoy my job and what I do. Yes, it may be a dirty job and pretty dark but I think it's really fascinating.

Without going into the gruesome details of how I get the body presentable, it is really cool. But my all time favorite part about preparing the body is adding the make-up to the deceased.



M. Tolar's Art 3D Class

Well only if the family requests an embalming type burial. When people use make-up, the make-up you use reacts to the warmth in that person's skin but for the deceased we have to use a 'special' kind of make-up. It's just so nice to at least look the absolute best that they can for their loved ones.



# HOWEVER, LIKE MANY PEOPLE SAY. NOT ALL THINGS ARE BUTTERFLY KISSES.

Oh no. The worst thing about my job are the stories behind those cold, soulless eyes. Deaths of all types. From old age to illness that appeared from birth. Murder, suicide and everything in between. Every person that comes through my doors always has a story to tell.

Today I had a family to see. I think the Evergreens for Elotier? Something along those lines but they were nice people. The son of the clients had recently passed with an unknown cancer. No one knew he had cancer because he always seemed fine. Full of life and always smiling. Until one sunny Saturday, he just didn't wake up. They were a religious family and wanted a traditional burial. They came to the funeral home to pick out a casket, do the arrangement and total the cost. This may seem inappropriate but dang does this job pay well.

***The day the body arrived was not a good day. A storm came out of nowhere and the lights have been flickering on and off all day. I really didn't want to handle the body in such bad weather but the funnerial was tomorrow and I didn't want to be late.***



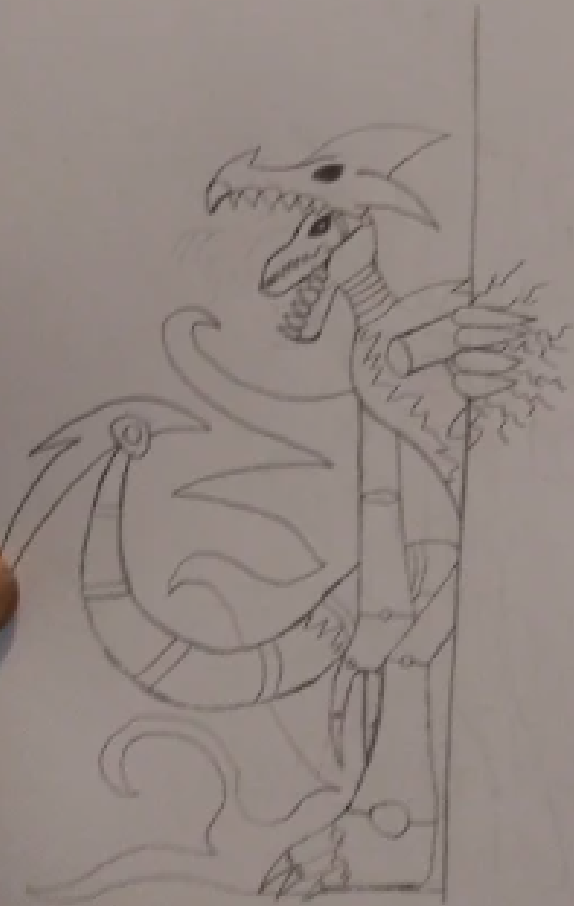
Go with a heavy sigh and  
coffee deprived mind I got to  
work.

Artist Faith Vogenitz



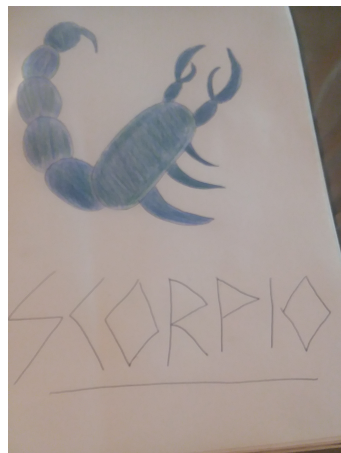
JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO INSERT THE TUBING TO PUT THE CHEMICALS IN THE BODY I FELT AS THOUGH SOMEONE WAS WATCHING ME. TURNING AROUND I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE BUT STILL FELT THE GLARE ON THE BACK OF MY HEAD. AS I STARTED TO GET BACK TO WORK I FELT THE NEED TO LOOK DOWN.

Artist Izaiah Irvine



*"WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY ARE YOU CUTTING ME?"*

Artist  
Dustin Ellis



As I looked down and felt like my heart stopped. I gasped and stepped back terrified of what I'm looking at. The client's son was not dead. He's right here looking at me with those same soulless eyes.

I couldn't think of what to say. I just continued to stand here in udder shock. That's when everything turned black. I passed out.



A black silhouette of a head with a large wave inside. The wave is painted in shades of blue and white, with a crest on the right side. The background is a light beige color.

# Elemental Mistake

By: Lovely Irvine

Artist Morgan Sevor

*The art on skin  
The stories told  
They go skin deep showing what they hold  
The beauty of the secrets spread far and wide  
Scars go skin deep where the beauty hides*

*Not many see it  
So many cares  
Living in fear  
Knowing the judgment will tear  
Our scars scare us from the truth  
That the beautiful, brilliancy, becoming pain  
Is you*

Do you know how it feels to hide a secret? A secret, so deep, so important. A secret that you worked so hard to keep. In fear that one wrong move can change everything. And then it happened that everything you worked so hard for goes down the drain. You made that one mistake you swore you'd never make. Run. Breathe shallow breaths. In, out; Inhale, Exhale. I keep telling myself these things knowing that if I stop for a minute that I would be found, That everything that happened was real. That I made the mistake. So I run, I run so fast that I feel like I'm not touching the ground. All my senses are gone, all my senses except sight. That one sense stayed giving me painful reminders of what I'd done. What I should have done. I wish I could turn my mind off and stop these images of these memories from torturing me. I don't know how I could have gone from a perfect morning to the worst of my life.

\*Flashback\*

"Hope, wake up, it's time to go on our walk" My roommate Sofia said while walking out of my room. Getting out of my bed I reach my arms behind my head to stretch while yawning. It felt quite good. I was happy and excited to start my day. Getting up from my twin bed I walk over to my closet, grabbing black leggings and a blue jacket. Since I took a shower last night I went ahead and put my clothes on and started walking to my adjoined bathroom to brush my teeth and do my hair. After I finished that I looked at myself in the mirror assessing what I see. It's just another day, keep my gloves on. no mistakes. Time to head out.

(10min later)

I always liked to go on morning walks in the forest. It's peaceful and keeps my head calm. I like watching the wildlife play their games and observe the pretty flowers sway to the wind. I have a special spot in the forest where there's no sound, no distraction where I can just be me. It's like a breath of fresh air. When I arrive at the clearing I walk to the middle and just stand there waiting. Waiting for the wind, and waiting for the trees to sing their song and for the grass to do their dance. Then it happens I feel the wind picking me up, taking me into my own world. Slowly I raise my hands bringing them to my eye level, slowly taking them off one by one. I stare at my soft manicured hands wondering how I managed to hide all these years. Holding out my right hand I make sure no ones around. And I snap my fingers creating wind in my hand, holding my left hand over the right I make twirling motions creating a tornado. I stare at my creation wondering what I want to do next. As I continue to make swirling motions the tornado gets bigger, I stay wary to make sure it doesn't get too big or out of control. When I feel the wind in my hair growing stronger I stop making the twirling motion and start lifting my hand into the air, letting the mini-tornado stand free. I just stand there watching my creation feeling the wing in my hair, as it blows through my fingers. It's a part of me I feel whole with my powers like I'm content. Seeing my tornado made me want to do more, so I curved both of my hands as I held them over each other and started making circular motions with both hands. I did this for a while until I started to see little drops of water forming in my slowly it turned into a hollow sphere made of water. Slowly walking towards the tornado with the sphere in my right hand I throw it at the tornado turning it into a hurricane, well I controls one of course. With a flick of my right hand, a fireball illuminates while in my left-hand pick up tiny pieces of earth holding them both up in my hands I shoot them both at the hurricane. Creating this beautiful natural storm but I loved this storm it was special in its one way it wasn't fully made of water and you could tell the different elements that are in it, you could see the water whirling it's way up and the rocks fighting the fire trying to stay alive, and you could see the fire whirling on the outside of the water fighting the wind to stay in control. It was a beautiful mess that I was proud to make. I was enjoying my creation playing with the element when my phone started to ring "Mm mm eh mm mm mm" picking my phone up out of my pocket I see the caller is my mom



Artist Lucy Cherry

Artist Lucy Cherry



"Hey mom"

"Hey honey, it's been a while since we've seen each other or even talked. How have you been?"

"I know mom I'm sorry I've just been needing sometimes to myself I forgot to call I'm sorry"

"Needing some time to yourself? Is everything okay? You're keeping your gloves on, right? No mistakes"

Rolling my eyes laughing to myself I say " Yes mom I'm keeping my gloves on I'm very careful no one's seen me" I smile at that comment. I'm proud of myself for being able to keep a secret on my own without help for so long. Peaking over my shoulder I make sure that my hurricane is still the same size and manageable. Then I check to be sure no one sees me as I slowly raise my hurricane into the air raising my hand as I go.

"Hope you need to come home"

Freezing I stop raising my hand, with a curious scrunched up face I ask "Why? What's wrong?"

"N-nothing I just miss you and your father's worried," she said but I could sense the lie as soon as she said it. Plus she's stuttering and my mom never stutters.

"Okay one your lying and Two what's really going on because I know darn well that dad is not worried. He never gets worried there's never been a reason to worry. So what's going on?"

" There's a first for everything honey, Your father has been asking about you and he wants you to come over" chuckling under my breath. I can't believe she wants me to believe this. But I'll play along with her little game

"Well mom I would but I have a job and classes."

"Then ask your job for vacation time and you have online classes so I think that's fine."

"No, it's not fine because even if I have classes online I still need to go up to the school for well... a lot of things mom. My job is not going to let me take vacation time because I have too many sick days to make up."

"It can't possibly be that many sick days, come on then work for what 4-5 days then come home. And I'm sure you can negotiate things with your teachers" This woman is unbelievable. I thought as I clenched my fists why is she going around the problem instead of telling me why she wants me there so bad. Unknowingly I started to make my hurricane start to compact. Slowly it started getting out of control. I tried to open my hands but couldn't. It was like the hurricane was controlling me instead of the other way around. The fire started to pulse outward, the water disappearing and the wind blew strongly. Quickly the rock starts shooting from the hurricane going in different directions.

"HONEY! What's going on? What's that noise?"

"Mom, what's going on? what aren't you telling me?"

"Hope your dad's reenlisted for the navy." And just like that, everything ceased. "W-what h-he can't." Tears slowly fell out of my eyes. The last time I went to the Navy he didn't come back the same. He changed, he became heartless and cold... Scary

"Your father wants to serve his country and I'm not going to stop him I."

"What? You're not going to stop him. Meaning you did even freaking try, mom why?"

" Honey you know your father it wouldn't have changed anything. I honestly wouldn't have told you but your father wanted to see you before he died" "Look mom I can't leave. But I want to video chat with him. When does he leave?"

" In 2 days"

"Okay"

"Bye honey I love you"

"Love you too mom bye"



## CONTINUED

Hanging up the phone I slowly put it back in my pocket. I took a deep breath then blew it out. But when I breathed out I felt this rush of anger and just screamed making my hurricane explode tossing remnants everywhere. Suddenly I heard a thud. Quickly turning around I look at where the noise came from I see a small figure shuffling around in the brush. "Who's that?" I said with fear coursing through me. What if they saw. I start walking toward the figure hoping to get a clearer image when suddenly I come up to see it's my roommate.

"Sofia, what are you doing here?"

"You come out here every morning at 6 o'clock on the dot. Whether I wake you up or not." I feel like I could see where this is going. But I wasn't sure, I had to figure out if she saw what was going on.

"So... you followed me out here because you wanted to know why I wake at 6 o'clock on the dot"

"Yeah, I know it sounds stupid."

"Very," I said interrupting with my sly comment

"- But I had to know at first I thought maybe you had been up early for work but I've seen you in work attire. It looks nothing like this," she said looking me up and down.

"Now I know"

Fear struck me like a hammer. Oh no she knows. But I have to play it off.

"Know what?"

"I know why you come out here early. I know why you always wear gloves. I know why you keep shutting me out." Okay, she definitely knows. She's just being plain excessive.

"Oh? Why then?"

"Because you have powers. And I have proof." She's bluffing. She has to be I didn't see anyone when I checked.

"Hmm. Okay." As soon as I said that her face fell. Her brows scrunched in confusion, her mouth set in a grim line, showing her stubborn determined side.

"You don't believe me, do you?" smirking I nod my head. Trying to show that I'm not hurt or scared

"Show me. Show me your so-called proof"

"Fine," Pulling out her phone from beside her, she goes to the video and shows me. And I see everything from the start to the talk with my mom, to the condensing and explosion. Everything she needed to put me in a lab was there.

"Delete it"

"No," She said with a strong tone. I think it's cute she's trying to stand her ground. But I think she knows it wasn't an actual question. Because You could tell by her disappearing features she knew she will not win.

"So you want me to end up in a laboratory used as a weapon. Okay"

"No I don't but this is the first interesting thing to happen to me in like ever."

"NO!"

"Fine," She said looking down at her phone she hit the delete button or so I thought. Scrunching her eyebrows in confusion. She slowly lifts up her head to meet my eyes.

"What's with that look? I know that look, What did you do?"

"I may or may not have hit the send button and sent it to a friend." She said when a sudden notification went off on her phone. Looking down she clicked on the notification. Once again freezing her face flushes making her turn a pale color.

"What now?"

"He sent it to the police"

"WHAT!!!!!"

"I'm sorry I was just curious I didn't mean to-" She said whining.

"Shut up!" I said walking back to the house. Hearing footsteps behind me I look to see her following en route. I want to murder her right now. She should have minded her business. This is why I prefer not to have friends.

"Don't," I said as I walk up to my room and sit on my bed.

(2hrs later)

"BOOM!"

I hear a noise coming from downstairs. Jumping up I rush downstairs to see what's going on. I see five officers with guns in their hands yelling at Sofia to put her hands up telling her her rights. I see her crying saying a little prayer to god. Begging for help. But I can't. I can't show who I am. Plus she did expose me so she sort of deserves it. But I would feel bad if I didn't. While having this internal battle with myself I didn't notice that I had slowly started a descent down the stairs.

When I reached the bottom Sofia was being patted down and the officers were searching our house, shouldn't they have a search warrant. "You can't search our house without a search warrant, so where is it?"

"Who are you?" Said the police officer pulling a white piece of paper from his back pocket. He had brown hair and a very defined face, green eyes that shone brightly.

"I'm the person you're gonna give that warrant to," I said slyly.

Taking the paper from his hands. It's definitely a warrant.

"That's not exactly what meant."

"I know what you meant officer."

"Jax"

"Thank you, I know what you meant officer Jax I just didn't answer you"

"Well I'm going to need you to answer"

"The name is Hope Anderson" A surprising shock swept across his face when I said my name. Why is he so surprised? "Let her go. Mrs. Anderson I'm going to need you to come with me"

"Okay" walking towards him I turn around and put my hands behind my back. But I get this sudden feeling that something is not right.

"Hope don't do it," Said Sofia as she ran towards me but the other 4 policemen each grabbed a limb and held her back. I see a strike of sadness in her face mixed with anger. *Oh No.* Sofia fights back as the officers try to keep her calm and I just watch the scene unravel before me. I stayed calm and composed until one of the officers had to go and put their hands around her throat. That's when I started getting angry. The officer behind me wants to go help his friends so he didn't see me walking over to the commotion. In Fact, none of them did. I let the anger overwhelm me and the desire to help my friend came into view. That's all it took for me to blow. I pulled Sofia out of the fight and created a water bubble around the officers. Slowly seeing them struggle.

"Are you okay?" I ask keeping eye contact on the bubble

"Yeah I'm fine"

"You shouldn't have fought them, you know that, right?"

"I know but I couldn't just let them take you" I take my eyes off the bubble to look at her seeing she is crying and cut up.

"You-" I hear a searing sound of a gunshot turning my head back to the bubble I see one of the officers with a gun in their hand pointing towards me. "You little..." Clenching my hand I let the bubble go in anger seething from the root. I looked back at Sofia making eye contact with her, she understood the message I was sending her: You need to leave. NOW. Suddenly She ran out of the house. I could hear her getting farther and farther.

I looked at the police, seeing the fear in their eyes as the anger in me grew. I close my eyes hoping that I might calm down but all that did was bring back all the day's events. I reach down to touch my gloves when I realize I didn't have them on. I must have left them in the forest, that's why my emotions are getting the best of me. But I was no longer me when I opened my eyes I was just a host for another being; for my powers. I felt the wind pick up around me, the water rise and fall as I stared down the police. They were shaking in their bodies and held up their shaking guns aiming at me, but missing every time until one officer grazed my shoulder with his. I look at the wound as if it is the first I've had, I stare in surprise and anger that such a thing happened.

"You've grazed my shoulder officer. You've made a judgment before trial. All of you have" I say. My voice echoing around the house, loud and clear.

"She is a danger to society. We have to bring you down"

"You assume I'm a danger. There is a difference!" I say raising my hand filled with fire and earth, don't you just love hot rocks that could melt your face off hehe I thought to myself. I throw one at the officer missing by a hair, burning his clothes. He ran for his life around the house desperate to hide, with the others following suit. Ha to bad there's literally nowhere to go. I continuously throw fireballs around the house not caring what I damage.

"Hope I had to."

Oh no. I accidentally hit her with my fireball when she walked through the door. Surprised I lowered my hand and tried to calm myself down, feeling the fear overwhelm me again. I checked her for any injuries and I saw I hit her leg causing her to bleed non stop. Panicking I run to the bathroom stopping to catch a glimpse of the cowering police officers in the corner. Smiling at them as I continue walking. I go into the bathroom looking for gauze and alcohol but I find none. So I ran back out to the police officers and told them to call 911. They quickly take out their phone. Running To the door I see she's losing color in her face and 's going to pass out.

Kneeling beside her I shake her lightly

"Hang in there for me okay. I'm so sorry. I'm so so sorry." I said with watering eyes. I quickly took my belt from around her waist. She needed to stop stealing my stuff. I tie it at the start of the cut and put the belt as tight as I can to try and stop the bleeding.

"Y-you have to go," She said with a hoarse voice.

"I'm not going anywhere."

\*Flashback over\*  
(Present)

I knew I had nowhere to go. I'd have to jump from city to city maybe even stay with the wildlife. But I know I couldn't stop running. I haven't eaten in hours. But I'm not hungry. I just want to run. I know I had to stop running eventually though but I had one place to go and after that... I'm going to run some more.

"Y-you k-know I'll be okay. But you won't... police officers here will tell them everything they saw. So you need to go please, I'll be okay. I promise"

"But."

"No buts you have to," I thought of my other options but really there weren't many that I could do without going to jail. Darn it. I hate that I have to do this.

"Fine I'll leave"

"Go-od. There's an s-sack under the kitchen counter and take it with you. It has money, food, and clothes in there" I look at her like she's crazy. Who keeps these things on the ready. I mean yeah it's good to have but Jesus.

"Really," I said going to the kitchen fetching the sack

"What I like to be prepared for anything"

"Okay," I said, hugging her and telling her that there's an ambulance on its way. I start walking up the road but stop to look in the woods. I need to go get my gloves, I thought. Walking in the forest I see my gloves sitting on top of the brush. Weird that's not where I left them. Someone's been here. Looking around (This time thoroughly) I don't see anyone so I grab my gloves when I hear a snap. Turning around quickly I set fire to the whole clearing not realizing I was hurting people in the process. Quickly I put my gloves back on and watched as the people burned. I can't just stand here though so I make a water wave and push it to crash over the fire putting it out. Quickly I hide. I see people lying on the ground dead, lifeless bodies looking into the sky losing what last hope was left.

I started to walk away when some dummy decided to provoke me. "Please leave me alone ma'am"

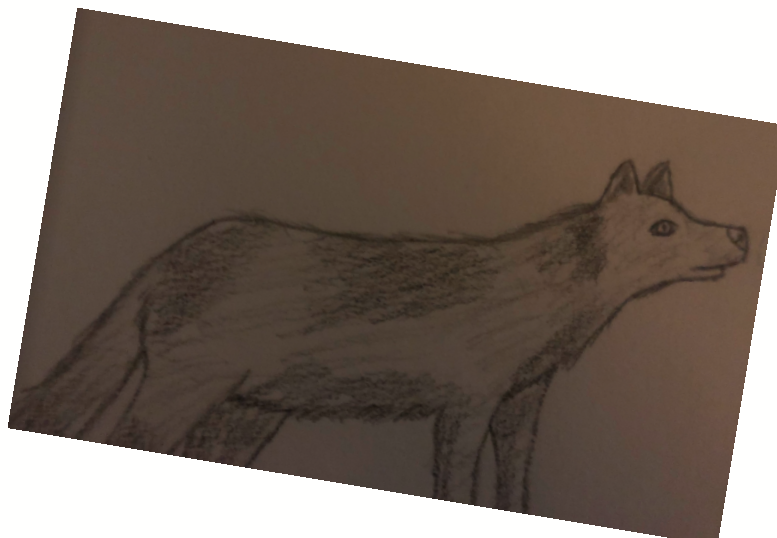
"No I need you to come with now." I've had enough of this, seeing a spark behind her I nodded my head and made it into a fire. Surprised she turned around and looked at it admiring it but I didn't realize that the fire would get out of control. "Run go get help," I told her and that's what she did. I knew I couldn't control the fire so I ran, and didn't stop running. When I ran out of breath I ran and hoped to breathe. When my legs grew tired I ran and hoped I would be okay. But I ran and ran and ran some more.

*THE END*



# THE FIGHTING WOLVES BY CLARENCE GRAHAM

So, there was this man he was in the woods and he human and a wolf so at night he would turn it to a wolf and hunt for food then he would go back home but his parents don't know about his power. But he will jump back threw the window and one night he jump out the window and the window shut real hard and then his parents woke up and he heard them get up and then he jump to the window and unlocked the window and jump inside before his parents could get to his room and it look like he never moved. Then when parents left he made sure that he closed the window soft then he went to the woods to find something to eat.



Artist  
Julia Vincente-Perez

THEN, WHEN HE WENT TO SCHOOL HE MEET THIS GIRL AND SO THEY WENT ON A FEW DATES THEN THEY HOOKED UP THEY WERE HANGING OUT EVERYDAY, THEN SHE TOLD HIM SHE TURN INTO A WOLF AT NIGHT TOO SO THEY CONNECTED AND SHE WAS IN A WOLF GROUP. SO, SHE INTRODUCED HIM TO THE GROUP AND THEN HE BECAME A MEMBER OF THE GROUP. AND THEY WILL GO IN THE WOODS AT NIGHT AND THEY WILL TRAIN. THEN THERE WAS THIS OTHER GROUP AND THEY WERE ENEMIES. SO, ONE NIGHT JIMMY AND THE GROUP WENT OUT INTO THE WOODS AND THEY WENT TO HUNT AND THEY SAW THE OTHER GROUP AND THE OTHER ATTACK JIMMY AND HIS GROUP.

SO, AFTER JIMMY AND THE GROUP GOT ATTACKED THE NEXT DAY HE SAW THE OTHER GROUP AT SCHOOL AND THEY ALMOST GOT INTO IT AT SCHOOL. SO THE NEXT NIGHT THEY WENT OUT AND THEY WENT TO FIGHT THE OTHER GROUP AND ONE OF JIMMY'S FRIEND ALMOST GOT KILLED. BUT LUCKY ENOUGH JIMMY SAVED HIM AND THEY WENT HOME AND JIMMY CALLED THE OTHER GROUP AND TOLD THEM IF YALL DONT STOP WE'RE GOING TO HURT Y'ALL REAL BAD AND NEVER HEARD FROM THEM AGAIN.



*I Pray for Better Days*  
*By Des' Tance Smiley*

*I pray for*

*Better days*

*I hope society*

*changes*

*Better days*

*are coming*



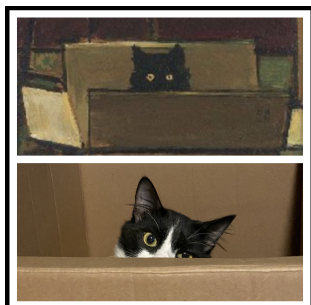
Artist Sydney Braswell

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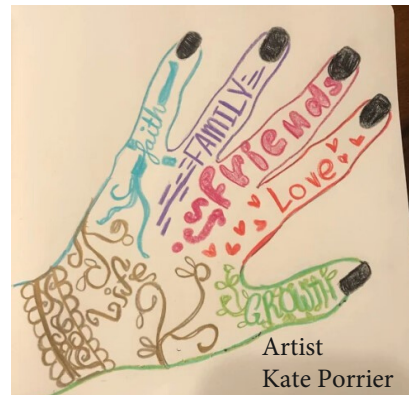
# DAY 103

## A CREATIVE NON-FICTION BY CIANNA CURTIS

It is the one-hundred and third day of quarantining, it is finally over, we are going back to school. The social distancing is over, but is it? It changed a lot of things. People lost their family, friends, their graduation, prom, experiences. People are being held back to learn what they missed, businesses are closing forever because there is no way to come back from this. It has hurt so many people, but finally, maybe things are going back to normal. No one was ready for this but it came, and we as a unit, USA, America, The World had to find a way through it. We found a medicine that works, we are still working on a vaccine but we have found a cure. Though it is less apparent and we can cure it, it isn't gone, it might never be gone. It is like the flu, the common cold, strep, a sickness that will go around yearly that everyone will try to avoid but naturally they will touch their face or forget to cover and sneeze and pass it on. Suddenly the school has even more rules, the desks are further apart, the lunch tables have a limit on how many people can sit at each one. You have to be checked for the virus before coming back to school. The lunch lines have designated places to stand so you aren't too close together. I thought it was over is what most people are thinking now. Sure, it is over but it isn't the same. Maybe it never will be. I never thought about that during the break. But this pandemic has changed the world. What is in a century that is what is taught in History classes? A lot has changed. Some people fully transferred to online school because of fear. Some people had fear in their eyes after coming back. No one suspected this, but here we are, everything has changed and we are all still catching up. Even over the break nobody thought about just how different the school was going to be, and now it is right in front of us. What do we do?



M. Tolar's 3D Art Class



Artist  
Kate Porrier



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Some things, of course, stayed the same. My friends are still my best friends. The teachers are still teaching. The schools are still here. There are still safety measures that can keep people from getting sick. What else, it all seemed so different, so distant. What never changed is the sense of change, the way that one thing can change everything, everyone. The fact that one thing can make every single person rush into a panic, make stores become sold out of every important item. Suddenly people can't leave their house. There will always be the rule-breakers, the people who decided it wasn't a big deal and left the house anyway. So much has changed but still, some things have remained constant, the panic, the fear, the idea that things can change, the testing of the world's strength. Everybody seems almost as freaked out about this being over as they were when it began. They are scared to leave their house freely, it has been taken from them for so long. They are worried the news is lying and that it is still dangerous to leave. They are happy that they can finally leave. So many feelings and emotions at once it is almost too difficult to explain. There was so much commotion, the happiness of seeing friends again, sadness for those who lost someone important to them. But things had to continue like nothing ever happened. And that was what freaked everyone out the most. How does someone just go back top before all this? They don't. That was the only answer, no one was going to forget about this and go back to normal. We couldn't, we had to use it as an explanation for why we are behind in our classes and why we can't do all the things we used to anymore. People were most of all upset, at how much was taken from them. This is what a worldwide virus, a pandemic like this does to people.



Artist Sydney Braswell



Artist Trystyn Beck



Artist Trystyn Beck



# JOHN MICHAEL'S TRIP TO FOREVERLAND

By Merridy  
Archambault

Artist LilyBeth Wallace



Artist  
Lucy  
Cherry

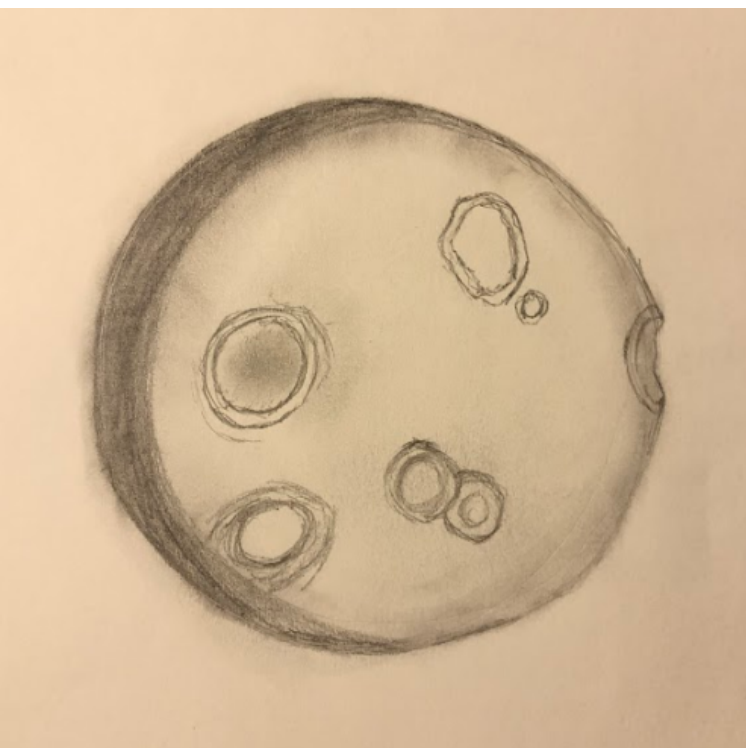


The year was 1972, and little Johnny was playing with his cars. His favorite was this bright red Mustang that was so shiny, it blinded Johnny. Johnny played day in and day out because school was out because of the virus. He didn't know the name, but he knew it was serious. His mom wouldn't let him outside to play anymore because the virus is in his town..

"What is a 7 year old boy supposed to do inside all day?" Johnny thought to himself. Little Johnny felt desolate without his friends. Nobody was allowed in or out of the house. All Johnny had was his little sister who was 4, but she played with Barbies. He had the biggest imagination of anyone he knew. Johnny felt proud because over the "virus break" his mom made him learn his address and home phone number. " 1604 Sparrow Dr. Laredo, Texas. 587-809-3423" Johnny and his sister repeated everyday together. Feeling exhausted from playing all day, Johnny went downstairs to the kitchen and was stopped on the stairs by an aroma of fresh cake out of the oven. Running as swiftly as he could to the kitchen to get the first bite, his mom stopped him.



**“ STOP SPRINTING JOHN MICHAEL!”  
HIS MOM YELLED. EVERY TIME HIS  
MOM USED HIS MIDDLE NAME, HE  
KNEW HE HAD DONE SOMETHING  
WRONG, VERY WRONG. EVERYONE  
CALLED HIM JOHNNY AND HIS  
GRANDPA WANTED TO BE  
DIFFERENT, SO HE CALLED HIM  
MIKEY. “ YOU ALMOST DESTROYED  
MY FLOWERS I BOUGHT TODAY  
WHILE AT THE STORE!” SAID HIS  
MOM AGGRAVATEDLY.“ I’M SORRY  
MOMMY, I DIDN’T MEAN TO.”  
JOHNNY SAID WITH A FROWN ON  
HIS FACE.**



Artist Morgan Sevor

AS HIS SISTER CAME DOWN THE STAIRS VERY SLOWLY, TRYING TO WATCH HER BROTHER GET IN TROUBLE, JOHNNY SAW HER AND BECAME EMBARRASSED. AS THEY ATE DINNER, JOHNNY COULDN'T HELP BUT POUR THE SALT AND PEPPER ON HIS CHICKEN ALFREDO. HIS INSIPID DINNER DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE TASTE. TOO TIRED TO FINISH HIS DINNER, JOHN ASKED TO GO UPSTAIRS AND TAKE A BATH. "ARE YOU FEELING ALRIGHT?" JOHNNY'S DAD ASKED. "NOT REALLY, I FEEL COLD AND I CAN'T EVEN TASTE DINNER TONIGHT" EXPRESSED JOHNNY. AS HIS MOM CHECKED HIS TEMPERATURE, JOHNNY REALIZED SHE WAS WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING. "MOMMY, EVERYTHING'S OK...I PROMISE" JOHN REASSURED HIS MOM. "GO AHEAD AND GET A BATH, WE WILL SEE HOW YOU ARE IN THE MORNING AND I WILL CALL A DOCTOR" HIS MOM SAID. AS HE TRIED TO SLEEP JOHNNY GOT SCARED THINKING ABOUT HIS SICKNESS.

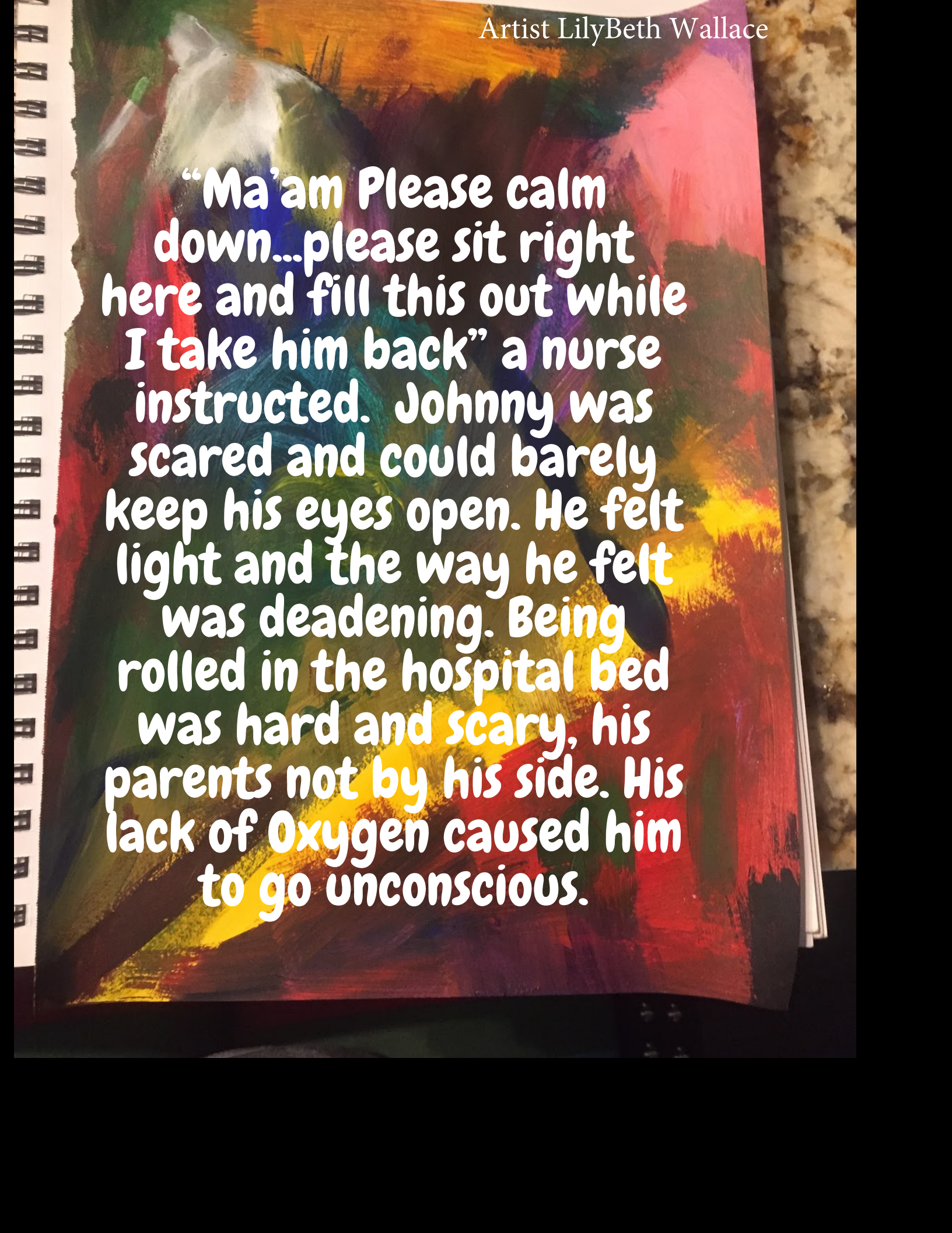


## Artist Sydney Braswell



“What if it is the deadly virus mommy and daddy were talking about” Johnny thought. Finally, as Johnny’s thoughts settled, he fell fast asleep. Dreaming of his dream cars and his friends at school, he had no idea what was waiting ahead. Johnny was awakened by a horrific pain inside his body. Why couldn’t he breathe? “Mommy!! Daddy!!” he yelled. When his parents sprinted to his room, they realized what he probably had. With his little sister, Josie Lynn crying by his side, he started to paick. “How did I get it? Was it because I ran in the house?” He thought to himself. “ It’s gonna be fine,baby. We are going to rush you to the hospital to help you.” His mom said while rubbing his head.

“ Sissy is going to stay with grandma for now, ok? There’s nothing to worry about buddy.” Said his dad.While probably driving too fast, Little Johnny’s parents made it to the hospital and rushed him into the ER. “ Somebody help! My son can’t breathe!” John’s mom yelled.



“Ma’am Please calm down...please sit right here and fill this out while I take him back” a nurse instructed. Johnny was scared and could barely keep his eyes open. He felt light and the way he felt was deadening. Being rolled in the hospital bed was hard and scary, his parents not by his side. His lack of Oxygen caused him to go unconscious.



“ hey..hey... John Michael? Is that you? Wake up buddy... WAKE UP!” someone yelled. Johnny woke up, but not in the same place he was before. Everything felt serene in this bed. No fright, dismay, or nervousness here. He wasn't hooked up to any IV's or outlandish wires. He couldn't find where the voice he heard came from, but he knew he was ok. But nobody or nothing was around him. It was white. “ Mommy?

Daddy?” he called out. Johnny sat up in this new bed that felt way more snug than the other one. He looked down and saw what seemed to be a glass floor. He could see his mom and dad crying in the hospital room. He looked over and saw his body. “ Welcome to Foreyerland John Michael, or Johnny, or even Mikey” someone said.





## MY HOME BY: ALANA KERVIN

I live in a small town in Lee, FL, where the sun is hotter than the core of the earth, and the gnats will eat you alive. The corn grows up to the sky and the peanuts grow bigger than a tangerine. We have three parks where the kids can swing as high as the sky and run as fast as the wind. We have hurricanes that make the tallest trees fall and take out the power in every neighborhood. There's people that will work all night to get the power on and not leave one house behind.

The gunfire in Lee is chaotic because if one neighbor starts shooting it becomes a competition between the whole neighborhood. We have like one million back roads to ride down with your windows down and your radios up on a late Saturday night. We have parties every weekend with friends, family and loud music. There's terribly loud trucks and cars of every kind. We also have very cold winters but the only reason that we say it's cold is because all we are ever exposed to is heat, so we aren't used to the cold.

We have all different types of wildlife such as panthers, wild hogs, bears, otters, raccoons, bats, bobcats, beavers, and squirrels. We also have horses that run as fast as a cheetah and cows that eat grass faster than it grows.

Artist Kate Poirrier



# GETTING LOST

By Emma Newman



Following a trail  
Trail of cold stone  
Passing leaf-less trees  
Wind could cut through flesh  
The sun poked through the small clouds  
Still following a trail  
A trail of cold stone  
The sun hid in the clouds  
Wind getting sharper and sharper  
Colder and colder, darker and darker  
Cold stone turned to thick snow  
Dead trees got thicker  
Dead trees started to sway  
Faster and faster  
Cold stone trail, lost

Artist Riley Browning



# Basketball

By Kamia Henderson

Basketball  
Bouncing up and  
down  
The sound it makes  
when I shoot  
The buzzer, the  
crowd cheering  
sounds lovely to  
my ears

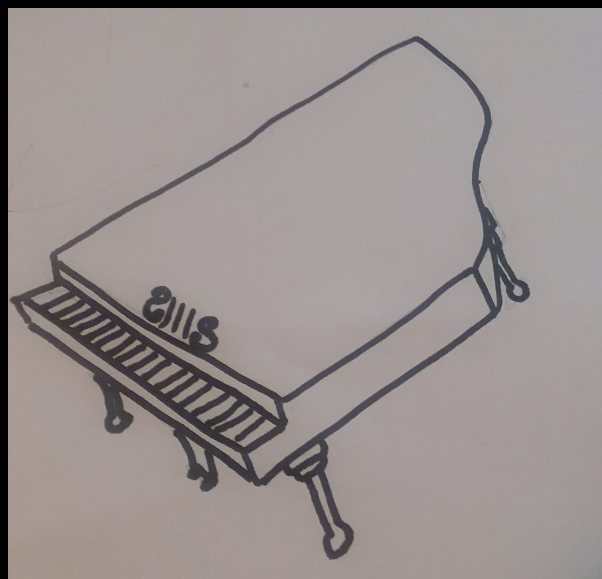




# **Keeps**

## **By Quez Jones**

**My heart cold i bet the  
people agree  
I hope my daddy looking  
down on me  
I hope one day i succeed  
You know im playing for  
keeps.**





# "EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT TAKING CARE OF PETS SUCCESSFULLY IN TEN MINUTES"



Artist Stavon McCreary

Artist Kate Poirrier

Non-fiction writing By Kennedy Franklin

## I know a lot about many animals, especially small animals.

**MY FAMILY HAS HAD A RANGE OF PETS INCLUDING SNAKES, LIZARDS, FROGS, BUNNIES, HEDGEHOGS, DOGS, CATS AND MANY OTHERS.**

I've learned how to take care of many of them, what they like, don't like, and much more. If you would ever need info on any common or exotic pets, I'd like to think I'm the person you could come to, if you are too lazy to look it up yourself.

I've been pretty much taking care of pets my whole life. My first ever pet was a blue tongue skink, and ever since, I fell in love with animals. My grandparents used to volunteer at shelters and I always love going to see all types of animals and learning about them.

I'll mostly be talking about my own current animals, and their behaviors, so here are 12 pieces of advice to taking care of pets.

1. ALWAYS BE CAREFUL. When you're handling animals, especially exotics, most aren't domestic and can't be predicted. Snakes are especially applied to this since some can be very dangerous and venomous.
2. Find out how your animal wants to be treated. Many small animals like my hedgehog are super sensitive and don't like to be around very bright lights, loud noises, or other animals. Also be careful on the way you hold them because you never want them to feel unsafe or uncomfortable which could lead to them turning aggressive.
3. Never spoil them. This is coming from the heart. I can't tell you how many times I've given my hedgie, snake, or dog their favorite food/treat so much to the point where they won't even eat their normal and healthy food. Once you spoil them too much, you have a ton of work to do.
4. Do. Not. Ever!!! Make them do things they feel uncomfortable doing. I.E. Making them wear clothes, or taking pictures of them.

5. If you plan on taking your animal outside (I'm mostly talking about small animals), take the weather into consideration. Please don't make them go outside on your driveway or anything when it's super hot, you don't want to burn their little paws.

6. Animal-proof your home. If you have a small animal of sort like a hamster and you plan on bringing it out of its home a lot, make sure that all areas where it could go under, above, and around are covered.

7. If you want to bring people like little children around animals where they could possibly agitate the animal, please make sure they understand to not irritate it by touching it where it may not want, screaming at it, etc. I've taught my niece about all that she has to know about how to act around my pets.

8. If you can get the animal to do something you want, do not force it.

9. Never crowd your animal (mostly small animals), as it could get stressed very easily.

10. Please be careful when bringing your pets around other pets, make sure your pet is comfortable around others before forcing it.

11. Please give your pet your undivided attention when they need it. Make sure their food is always filled, water bottle/bowl filled, and their cages are always cleaned. I recommend cleaning your animal's cage once a week and checking on them every few hours in case they do need something.

12. Lastly, love them unconditionally. Your pet is your friend and not some sort of toy to just check on every once in a while. When you make the decision to get a pet, you are responsible for taking care of them, playing with them, and so on. Never ignore them.



# About a Boy

## By Noah Smith

The boy was born

The boy was nice

The boy was mad

The boy is happy

The boy is failing



List: My Week  
By Brandon Derico-Thomas

I wake up, I brush my teeth  
I skip breakfast because I'm a beast  
I get dressed, to go to school  
I go to class to act the fool  
I go to practice, to get better  
I go home, to get in my sweater  
I get to dinner, to eat peas  
I get in the tub, because I hurt my knees  
I get in bed to go to sleep  
I wake up, I brush my teeth



Artist Valarie Espinoza



# My Childhood Memory

## By Maddee Sessions

Whenever me and sister were younger, we did everything together. Me and her had these Go-Kart's, and everytime it would rain we would go behind our house and play in the mud. It started raining really hard one day, even the lightning was striking. We didn't think anything of it. We were in hot pursuit driving back there to play in the mud. We finally got back there, and the lightning had got bad, but we liked it. We started playing in the mud and were heard this really loud bang! We immediately stopped and looked at each other, and then we looked up. The lightning had struck a pine tree above us. We quickly drove out from under the batch of trees, and watched the tree fall. As soon as it fell, me and my sister went over and played on the tree. We were amazed by it! We quickly got bored with it though, and we continued to play in the mud until dark.

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# FINAL DRAFT OF SHORT STORY

BY DARIAN NORWOOD

**Once upon a time, there was a mother's name Diamond was playing with her 2 twin baby boys, both names Ethan and Elliot. The mother heard something in the woods it was a beautiful goddess. The killed her because she did not want to be discovered. Ethan and Elliot grew up in the wood without a mother, but they do have a dad named Rick. And Rick said "revenge is sweet and we will have it for your mom." Ethan and Elliot grew up training to kill the goddess ever since they were kids.**

Ethan and Elliot went on a walk. Ethan and Elliot both have red and black hair like Goku. They are skinny and muscular. They are almost identical twins, but they have different personalities. Ethan is the funny one and he likes making jokes. Elliot is the strong one and he trains 24/7 everyday.

So after and every time they feel angry and sad, they go back and train in the backyard. Then after they train all day they eat dinner, take a shower, and goes to sleep. As Ethan and Elliot was sleeping they heard a loud BOOM! They woke up and they saw their dad and a goddess guard fighting and the guard is ugly, and big. Next, they torture the guard by punch it in face to tell their where the goddess live at.

They fail try to torture the guard. After torturing the guard they gain information that lead them to find a magic rock. Then, the boys went to find the rock. The rock was in the little river. After they found the rock in the river they picked it up the rock it started to glow, then all of the sudden, they passed out. After a couple of hours they finally woke up. They wake up then they have superpowers. They try to master their power and they did but that took 2 hour. They relief they left their dad then they hurry to get home but when they get home they were too late. Everything were destroyed and they saw their lay on the grass and he died. The boys want more revenge. Then they find where the goddess live.

They find where the goddess live they flying there. They fly straight through the window of the goddess castle.

Ethan: WHERE THE GODDESS!

Elliot: WHERE THE GODDESS!

The Guards: YOU WILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH US FIRST!

NO PROBLEM SAID ETHAN AND ELLIOT.

They start to fight. The guards use their magic staff. The brother use their superpowers. The brothers won the fight. The brothers move on the find the goddess. They find more guarding the room where the goddess is. They defeat the guards and break the door down. They enter into the room where the goddess is at.

Goddess: Well, Well if is not the brothers.

The Brothers: Yes we are going DESTROY YOU!

Goddess: I guess there's were we fight.

The Brothers: Yes we will kill you because killed my mom 15 years ago.

The brother strikes first then the goddess strikes back at the brothers. The brothers strikes back at the goddess. The goddess fell down on the ground the brothers jump up and went for the final strike. They kill the goddess. The final strike almost kill the brothers. Then God seen what the brothers have done. The god want to fight to. Then the brother went for the final strike and the God was destroyed. Then the brothers went back home.



## Creative Nonfiction: My experiences during the Covid-19 Global Pandemic

By Elizabeth Barnes

Day one of covid 19 pandemic was when people started talking about the corona virus but currently there were no cases in the U.S. at first some people weren't as worried. My family didn't have a huge reaction to it, they just thought lightly of it. Some people were more worried than others though, I didn't really think it was such a big deal. I thought it was just like the flu and more people had died from the flu than the corona virus in a year, so no I wasn't really worried.

It's now day eight this was the day my Grandparents got an important phone call regarding the coronavirus, our principal said that we will be having an extended spring break, and let me just say that they weren't too happy about us staying home for another week. This announcement didn't really surprise me much, students knew that they would start doing this sooner or later. This extended spring break isn't really as fun as I thought because spring break was just me and my siblings going to my moms house and going to the park, but the last day of spring break I went to the school to get a chromebook, and ever since I've just been really stressed because of all of the things I have to do and I don't get to go to my moms because I have so much work to do, but I guess that's the way it's going to be but virtual school is definitely not something I want to do or even thought I would ever do.

Day nineteen this was the day we went back to school and boy am i glad. I was getting so bored having nothing to do or even talk to. Now we are all back to normal having regular schedules and i'm just happy I get to see my friends again because if I went through another week or two of not seeing them I don't know what I would do. I would've never thought anything like this would ever happen to a small town, Madison FL, but it's all over now. All I know is that there is no more need to worry about this not going away, because this is just another virus that scientists and doctors have found a cure for.

Now it's the thirtieth day and everything is back to normal, foods, paper towels, medicine, toilet paper, etc. are all back on the shelves and all restaurants are back to being normal. The corona virus is something I never want to see again. It was pretty stressful but at least i'm still alive and i'm grateful for that r.i.p to all those who have died from the covid 19 pandmeic. Everyone is beyond relieved that this is all in the past now.