

# IGNITE

A JAMES MADISON PREPARATORY HIGH SCHOOL  
ANNUAL PUBLICATION

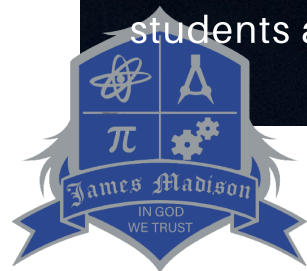
## AMAZING ARTWORKS

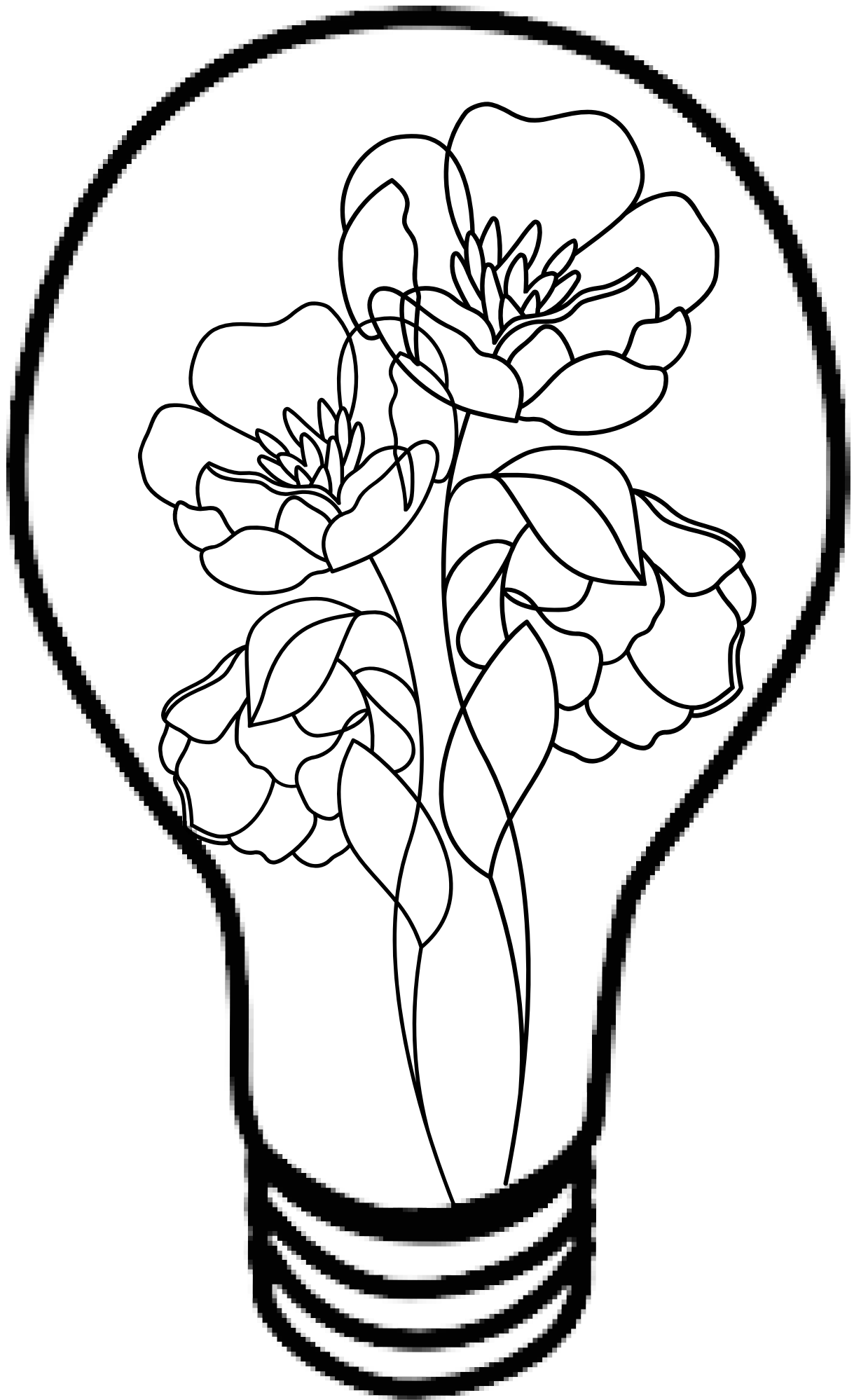
Artwork created by  
students here at JMPHS

## RISING WRITERS

Literary works by  
students at JMPHS.

FEATURING  
AWARD WINNERS  
FROM THE 2021-  
2022 SCHOOL  
YEAR





# Editor's Note

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**our beautiful  
team of editors**



*It has been an absolute joy to see another year of the JMPHS Creative Writing Program flourish. Our staff this year has been smaller, but the amount they have achieved speaks volumes about the quality education that these young writers have received over the years. I hope you will join me in not only congratulating the award winners but also the amazing editors of this year's volume. We continue to hold the lit beacon out to those who will join our ranks next year.*

*Mandalyn Bergeron*

*Creative Writing Facilitator*

Working on the IGNITE magazine this year has provided me an opportunity to see firsthand the creative talents of students at JMPHS. I consider myself fortunate to have a space where students can display the creative projects we have worked hard on this school year. Being part of the production of IGNITE was a fun and unique experience that I am happy I was able to participate in.

- Dixie Phillips  
Editor

Working on IGNITE and the JMPHS newspaper has helped me pay more attention to all the things that go on in our school, whether it be sports or even the weather. I am grateful for the experience of working with my peers to create this project.

- Hafitha Ayyad  
Editor

These past few months working on the IGNITE magazine, I have been able to open my eyes to a variety of artistic and literary works made by our fellow students here at JMPHS. This has been a wonderful experience to implement many skills including cooperation and compromise.

- Kiley Malone  
Editor

MAY 2022 | VOL 3

**IGNITE  
MAGAZINE**

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creative  
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## FICTION

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When fifteen year old Oya's brother disappears, she and her best friend are determined to find him. What secrets lie undiscovered?

### *Dust*

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Asher lives in Inkwood, a community where everyone has a special gift. He's eager to manifest a gift of his own... but when his dream comes true, it's more of a nightmare.

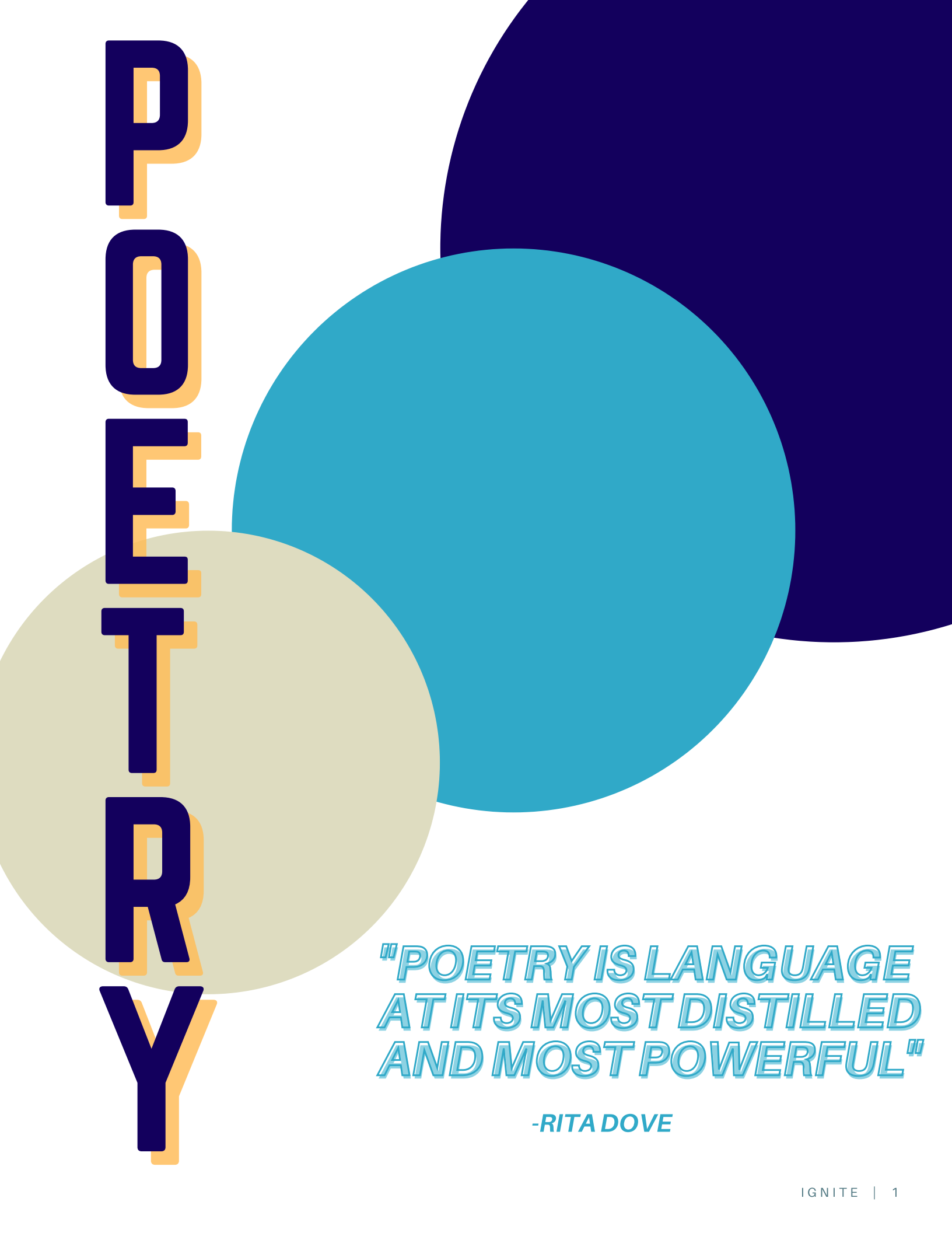


## ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

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# POETRY

**"POETRY IS LANGUAGE  
AT ITS MOST DISTILLED  
AND MOST POWERFUL"**

**-RITA DOVE**

# Falling

H a f i t h a   A y y a d

I used to want to fall

in love

I used to yearn to feel butterflies

every time that one person is near

But I discovered

what it meant to fall.

Doesn't it become broken

eventually when

you fall?

It's almost as if falling in love

is a type of self-destruction.

But I didn't just fall

I flew

I'm the only one who flew,

as you can see.

You do not look at me

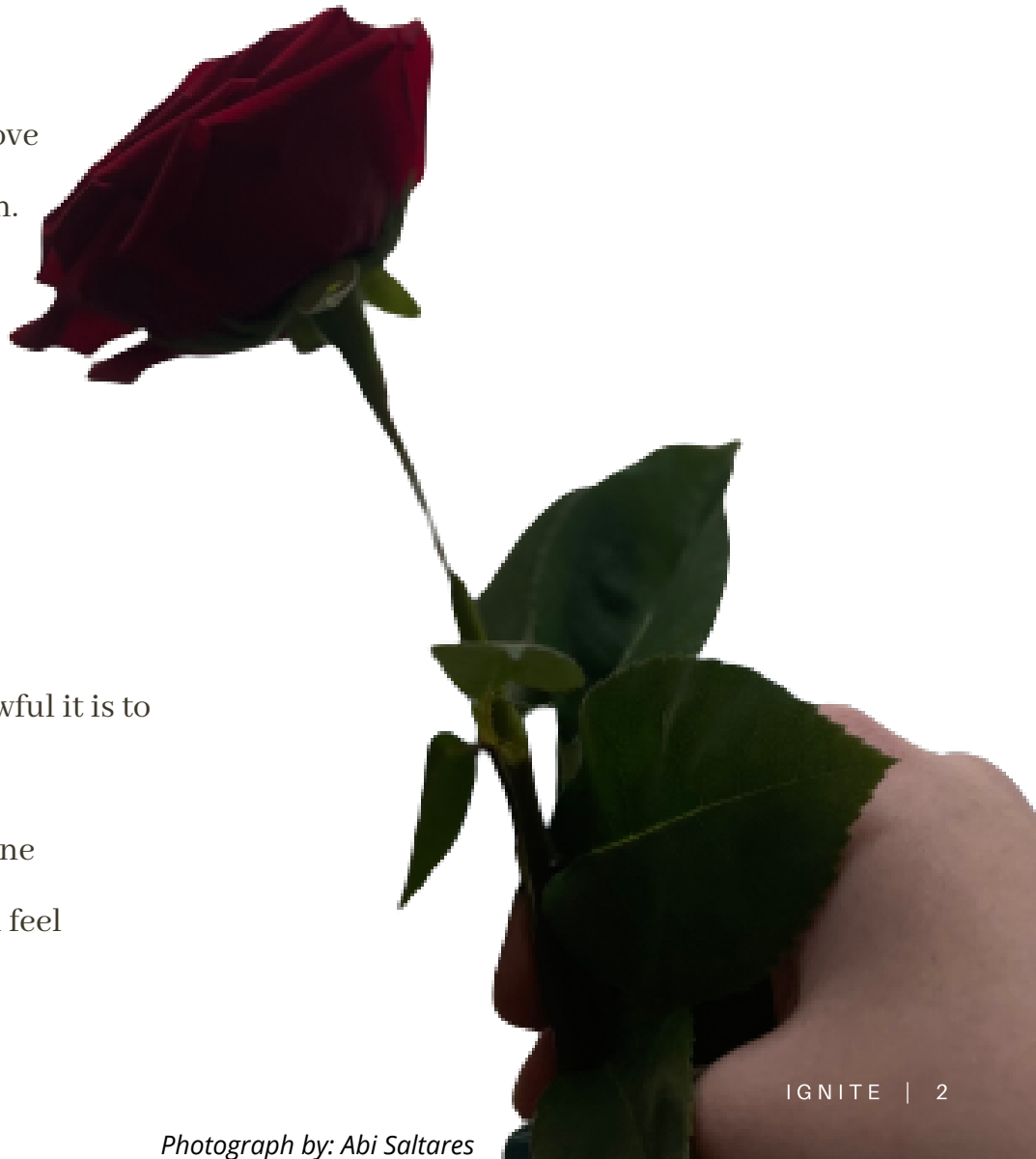
in the same way that I do.

If only you realized how awful it is to

be in this situation.

Knowing you're the only one

who understands how you feel



# A HEART LIKE HERS

Casey Mcfall

She wasn't an artist  
But she was a whole painting  
A masterpiece in disguise

Frustrated  
He could never paint such emotion  
For *a heart like hers*

She would walk  
He would paint  
Oh, how he loved painting her

He could capture her beauty  
No one else saw  
Except *her heart*

He would paint and paint  
But when he got to *her heart*  
He would scribble it out

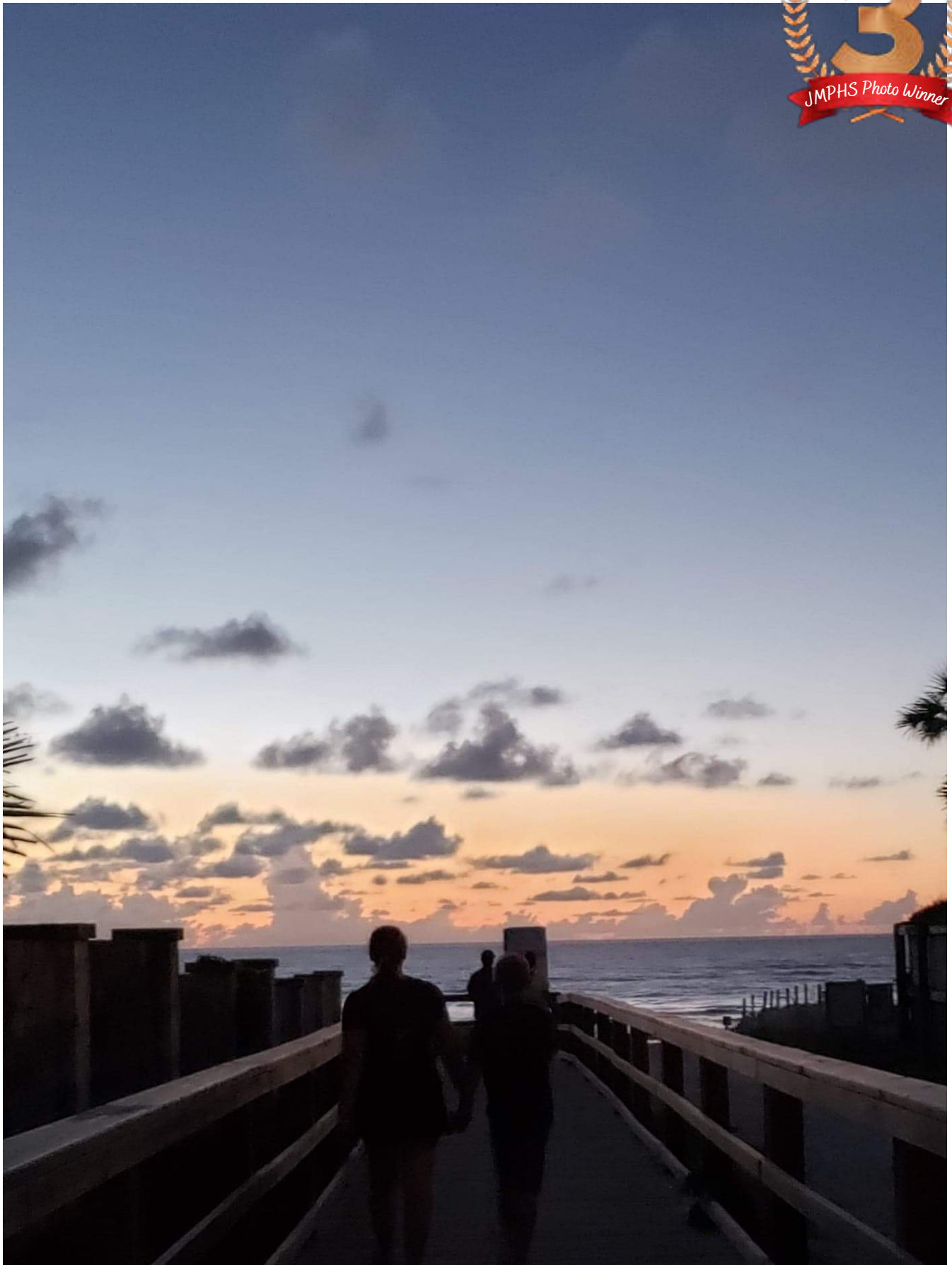
Finally she opened up  
Showing how a heart like hers works  
And he painted with great beauty

Although the painting  
Didn't look different from the previous  
Or the one before

He was finally able to capture the  
Real beauty hidden within her  
It didn't take much

All he did  
One small added detail  
He added

He was able to capture  
How much he loved  
*A Heart Like Hers*



*Photograph by Abi Saltares*

# Shades of Tide

Kiley Malone

When looking to the summer sky,  
Dollops of air are floating for all to see.  
As far as it may reach,  
Is the vibrance of the sea.

Leaves are starting to fall,  
Fires are steadily burning.  
But yet it is still you,  
Meeting my eyes and sufficing my yearning.

As winter is nearing,  
Snowflakes begin to fall.  
Still slight tints,  
Have remained through it all.

A new warmth has reached the air,  
Flowers are sprouting all around.  
Yet you reach out to me,  
Now that you are dampening the ground.

Whatever time of year it might have been,  
There you were holding out your hand.  
During spring showers and crisp morning air,  
Or even with my feet in the sand.



# Soul and Heart

Blake Grass

I've been sick for a lifetime  
A rotting soul  
Had never felt warmth,  
Then it heard a chime

I gave my soul a heart for a cure  
It accepted it gladly  
Yet saddened once more

For the heart wasn't mine  
I'd given it away

# Searching

Dixie Phillips

The ebb and flow of me  
Has never been a smooth tide,  
Full of purpose  
But a trickling steam  
Wandering in want  
Of anything at all

Searching for something to keep  
Something to be mine,  
And mine alone  
Stained fingers plucking strings  
That do not answer to me  
Mind and heart,  
Mourning a life that I've never  
lived,

Weighted by the despair that comes  
Without something more





*Efflorescence*, Olivia McIntire & Dixie Phillips

# The Book He Wrote

Olivia McIntire

It's funny writing a book about him,  
Mainly because he was a book himself,  
One I'll never get to read,  
He is kind, gentle, spirit,  
With a diamond eye,  
It was easier to fall for him,  
But harder to let go,  
He had a grip on my heart that,  
That I will never understand,  
My hands are getting cold,  
Waiting is getting old,  
Just like the book I will forever,  
Forever be searching for,  
I write my spirit on these pages  
But he will forever be the first man I loved,  
Truly loved,  
My love is a turning page  
What a funny book,  
Love.

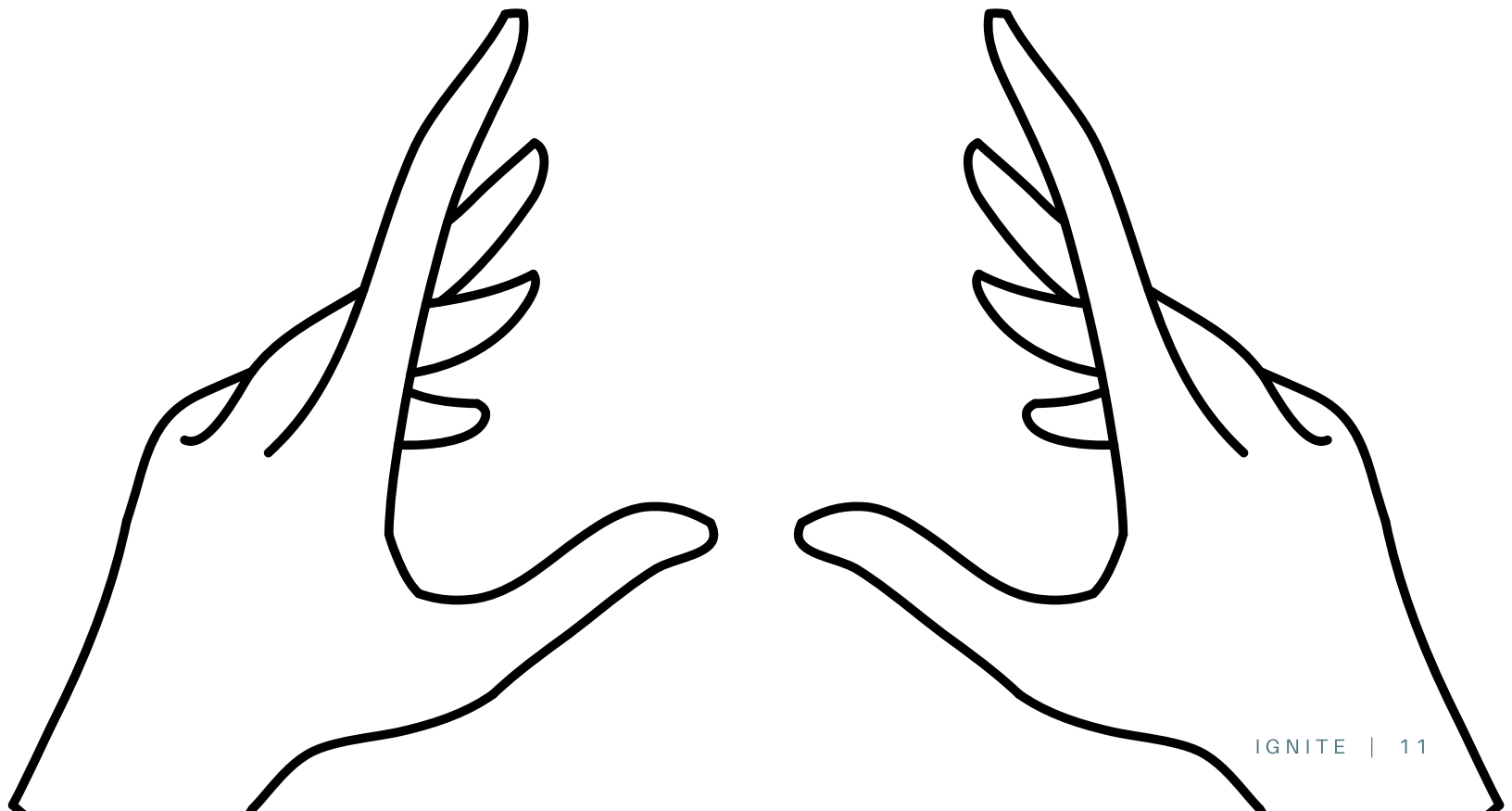
# C o m m e n c e m e n t

Riley Browning

"Let it be known that graduation is not a close  
But a commencement, the start of the rest of your life."  
Words that have been spoken by academics at graduation ceremonies for centuries  
A charge to young people  
Afraid to step forward into the wide world  
Words I have heard many times  
"Let the next chapter of life commence."  
Who are they fooling with this?  
Everything is ending,  
Of course it is.  
The safety, the security of the classroom,  
The friendships made, borne of convenience  
Of being around the same people  
Seven hours a day  
Five days a week.  
A fact made all too clear looking around  
At the grown-ups no longer friends with their schoolmates,  
The awkwardness of high school reunions,  
The fact that the people who know you best now will one day become strangers  
The statistics stating that only two percent of the sweethearts surrounding us  
Will see a successful marriage together.  
Ending is the serotonin that comes from the pat on the back,  
The gold star, the "A+" that tells us,  
"You did something good."  
The golden and the gifted will find themselves floundering as no one is there to remind them  
what they do this for.  
Ending is who we were, and who we are  
As we stand on the cliff, the precipice, the solid stone that is school.  
It's been our constant, our compass for the past twelve years,  
Ending.  
Below and beyond is the rest of our lives, some say the best of our lives.  
We hope they are right, desperate to avoid the stereotype of those who peaked at seventeen.  
But how are we to know?  
Visibility is low.  
Will we find a parachute on the way down?  
Will we save ourselves before we hit the ground?  
Pressure pushing and pulling us to the edge  
"Pick a school, pick a career,  
Pick the rest of your life before you've lived it."  
Give me some time and I will.  
I feel the ground getting shorter and shorter.  
It's ending and ending.  
Let the fall commence.



# FICTION



# EPHEMERAL SECRETS

Dixie Phillips

When the trees leave their leaves to travel the wind and the air begins to cool, the fog becomes thicker.

The island is lonesome. During this time of year in the far past, the docks would be full of men and women from the ships, pushing carts or carrying boxes full of goods. Shops set at the break of dawn, strips of fine silks draped over wooden racks, billowing in the soft breeze, food stands puffing smoke into the cold sky. Children run through the streets, playing made-up games until the street lamps go out.

The only thing left of that distant memory is the corpse of the docks, crumbling wood that falls away a little more with every ebb of the ocean waves. Sometimes the bravest of the children in the village venture here, dashing madly across the rocks and coming to the edge of the island to gaze upon the ocean, wondering what's out there and if it's something more. Only the bravest.

It's too easy to get lost. Even with a clever friend by your side and the light of the glowing flora leading your way, it's possible. No one knows what happens to those who disappear in the haze.

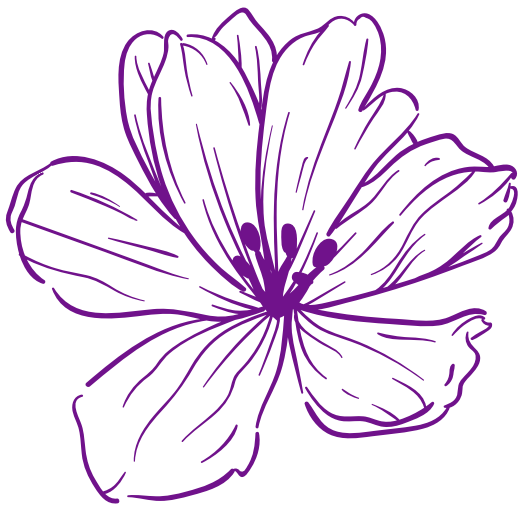
Perhaps they were eaten by a monster or took a wrong step and fell down a cliff. No matter how they died, they're remembered the same.

Except for those who left in a hurry. Building boats to carry them across the ocean to a place where nobody knows, searching for answers about the world. When they're gone, no one misses them.

Oya is fifteen years old with a clever friend by her side and a glowing road ahead of her. When she was younger, people would compare her to her older brother. Undoubtedly she got her adventure lust and unbreakable spirit from no one other than good old Ezra, everyone says. Oya would agree, pleased to be compared to someone like him.

Until two months ago, when Oya had watched her brother disappear into the fog without a trace. Then a day later when one of the kids went missing while on a trip, she stood in front of the shrine of a loveless god she didn't know and grieved for a child she'd never met. But not Ezra, because he'd left in search of answers, and his life was now worthless.





So now, Oya is unsure of almost everything except for the fact that she's going to find her brother, and soon.

"We're close. Three more days, five at the most," she says, like it's something delightful.

Ari nods and kicks a pebble across the patchy grass. It hits a rotting tree with a faint *clunk* and he frowns. "Good."

Oya nudges him with her leg from her perch up on the large rocks she's sitting on and flips another page in the journal she's holding, not looking up from the book. "Yeah, sure is. Anyways, take this map. I can't make any sense of it. You have a try."

Ari, never one for many words, takes the map and unfurls it in his lap, still frowning. Oya thinks he looks funny right now, smudgy appearance mixing in with the fog as he studies the map intently. He looks almost transparent when lightning cracks violently across the sky, illuminating the whole valley.

"Let's go here," he says, pointing to a spot on the map. Then, as if sensing that Oya is going to ask *why?* he explains. "These four locations are marked with a dot, but we've been there before. There's nothing there. The next place to look would be the very center."

"The storm is getting worse. I think it's connected. The closer we get to leaving the worse the storm gets. Do you think the Storm Bringer is angry at us?"

Ari stands and stays silent until Oya is finished packing. "I don't think so. Why would They be?"

"Because we're leaving, or, trying to at least. Grandfather always says that's against Their word. So I guess They would be angry."

Ari stays silent for a moment and then begins walking, turning his back to Oya. "I don't think that's really true. I think all the old people just made that up in order to get us to stay here. Maybe that's why the Storm Bringer is mad, because all the old people keep lying and using Them as an excuse. If someone told lies and used me as an excuse I'd be pretty mad too."

Oya doesn't answer for a long moment, partially because she's shocked at the possibility of this, and mostly because that's the most Ari has ever spoken at one time. She catches up to him as he kicks the last of the pebbles he had gathered across the road. They tumble over the rotting oak tree and land in a puddle. He looks unimpressed.

"Really? Do you think so? I never considered that," she says excitedly, waving her hands around in motions that he can't understand but still appreciates.

Turning away to continue the trek, he nods. "Yes, I really do."

When they reach the location, Oya is speechless. They stand on the edge of a cliff looking down into an almost crater-like indent in the dark earth. Ari looks ever calm, his face clear of any emotion at all. "Let's go down," he says, already climbing down a thick vine.

Oya comes to a stop at the bottom of the crater and looks up at the flashes of lightning overhead. She watches as Ari approaches a tree in the center of the crater, electricity cracking overhead. He looks downwards to the roots, where a dark cave leads on. On one of the roots is a scraped letter. E. E as in Ezra.

"Oya," he says.

"Ari," she answers.

And so they climb down into the darkness, and she feels the static in her hair and the bravery in her veins and the hope in her heart.

# DUST

Elliot Thompson



Skills. Everyone had a skill in the small town of Inkwood, and all of them were unique. No two people had the same skill. The old librarian who lived beside the abandoned candy store could read minds, the mailman could fly. Asher's mother could breathe underwater, and his sister talked to animals. His father was blessed with incredible strength.

Skills are usually found around the age of eight years old.

Asher, however, was fourteen and still had not discovered his skill. He had been sent to many doctors, but none of them had found anything physically wrong with him. His parents acted as if they weren't worried and told him his skill would come, and it eventually did, but it was nothing like anyone would have imagined.

Asher stepped out of the restaurant and shoved his hands in his pockets, scrunching up his nose as a cold wind slapped him in the face. "Hurry up Asher! We have to get home; it's late!" His mother called from the navy blue car at the end of the parking lot.

"I'm coming!" Asher yelled and began to pick up his pace. Another freezing burst of air blew towards him. "C'mon weather, warm up will ya?" he mumbled. A second warning from his parents to speed up echoed across the pavement. "I'm going as fast as I-" Suddenly, Asher was thrown to the ground by yet another burst of cold air. He tried to sit up, but an invisible force was keeping him pinned to the ground.

An ominous shadowy figure crawled towards him and placed its hand over Asher's mouth. "Don't tell a soul." The figure snapped its fingers and Asher's vision went black.

"You passed out in the middle of the parking lot." Asher's father explained what happened and fidgeted with his fingers. "Are you sure you're okay?" His mother was standing beside him with a worried look spread across her face.

"Yes. Yes I'm alright. I.. I saw a ghost," Asher tried to remember what happened last night at the restaurant, "I think my skill is seeing and talking to ghosts."

His parents both wrapped their arms around him in a loving embrace saying phrases like "I'm so happy for you" and "I'm so proud" over and over again.

"You can stay home from school today. I have to leave and bring your sister to preschool. Your father will accompany you here at the house." Asher nodded and his family walked out of his bedroom and closed the door behind them. He looked out the window and watched the navy blue car turn out of the driveway and pass the house.

A small purple flower grew out of the windowsill and glistened under the bright bedroom light. Asher jumped back and stared at the plant. "A flower just grew out of my window. A flower just grew out of my window. A flower just grew out of my window." He repeated the sentence aloud in utter disbelief and shock.

Slowly, Asher reached out his hand and touched the petal, it stinging and causing him to let out a loud gasp, pulling his hand back and inspecting the small drop of blood on the tip of his finger. The crimson liquid dripped onto his bedsheets and formed into a small puddle.

Climbing off of his bed, Asher made his way down the hallway and into the kitchen. More flowers grew out of the floor and cracked the tiles on the counter and they sprouted out of every surface. He called out for his father as they turned into vines and wrapped around his arms and legs, stinging the skin with small needles. Blood smeared onto his clothes as he tried to wiggle his way out of the plants' grasp. Tears dripped down his cheeks and he fell to the floor, screeching in agony as the flowers' stems tightened around his limbs.

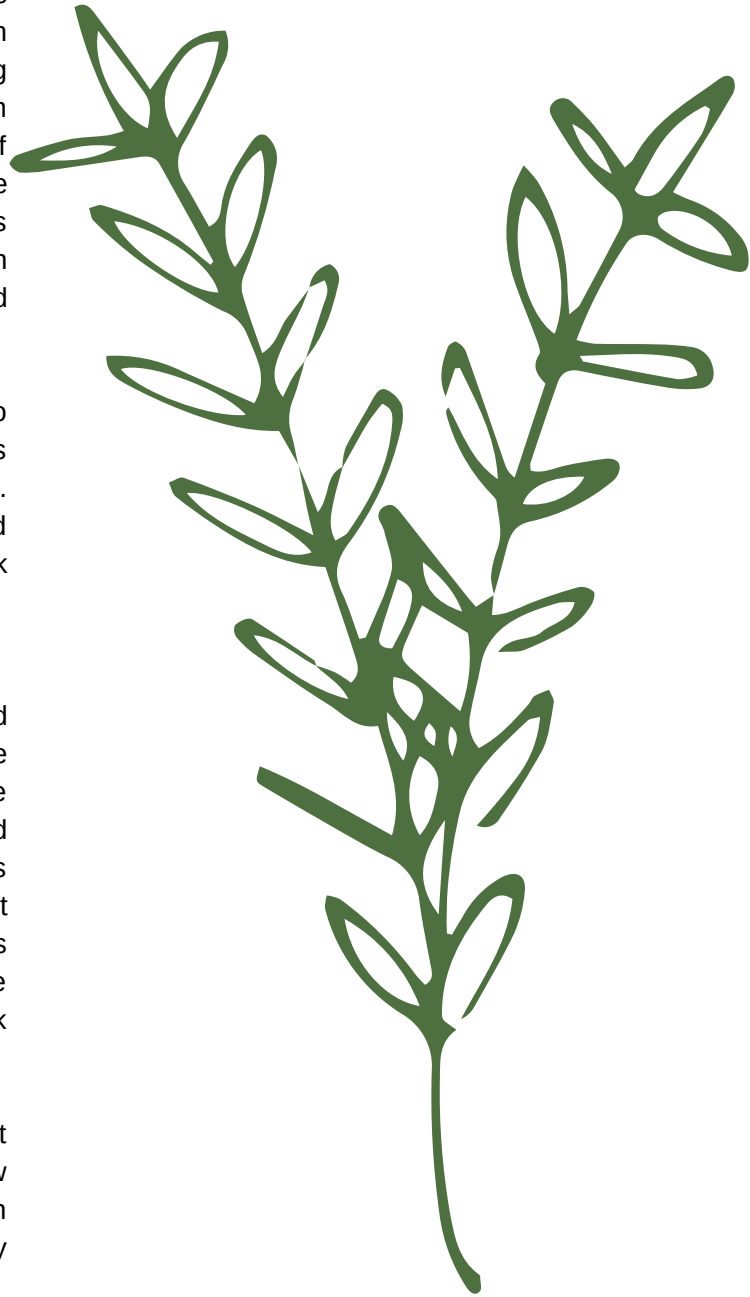
His father burst through the kitchen door and froze in place as he watched what was happening. After analyzing the situation he lunged forward and unleashed his strength, his arms glowing bright yellow as he yanked on the vined flowers and tore them off Asher's skin. His father threw the flowers he had ripped off onto the floor, and they immediately turned into dust. More flowers grew out of the ceiling and wrapped around Asher's father's neck. His hands flew to his neck, trying to rip the green stems off of his skin, but failing as he fell onto his knees and struggled to breathe.

"Father!" Asher reached out his hand only to have it pinned to the ground under a sea of purple petals. His father's neck was completely red, his mouth gaping open in an attempt to breathe. A loud snap bounced across the kitchen walls as he collapsed onto the wood floor, blood seeping out of his mouth. His neck had been broken. His father was dead.

Asher mouthed the word 'no' but not a sound came out.

Two thick vines came hurling towards his face and pierced through his eyes, coming out the other side of his head. He screamed in pain and misery and curled up into a ball on the now bright red floors. Blood clots formed in his eye sockets and dripped into his mouth. Asher puked and coughed, flailing his arms around not being able to see a thing. More flowers cut through his skin and broke his bones, blood seeping out of his wounds. His heartbeat began to beat rapidly when suddenly the room became very cold. Icy fingers wrapped around his neck and he heard a voice.

"I told you not to tell a soul." It was the same voice as the ghost he had seen in the parking lot. Asher's breathing began to slow until it came to a complete stop. The flowers sank back down into the floorboard and left his body abandoned on the bloody floor to be found by his mother and sister.

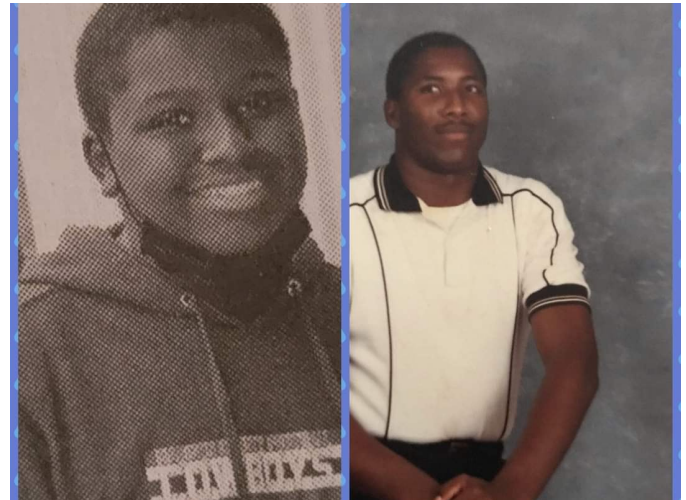






# MY VALUABLE ITEM

Jailyn Cooks



A valuable item is not just an object, it can also be a person. In my family, my grandfather is seen as our valuable item. He is known as a valuable item in our family because he is a very dedicated, generous, and athletic person.

To start it off, my grandfather is known as a very dedicated and life-changing person. This is mainly because he served in the military, and this was a very laborious and life-learning job. My grandfather has moved from place to place, starting from Panama City, Florida to Fredericksburg, Virginia. This greatly affected my mom and auntie's living styles, due to changing from school to school. In the midst of this though, they made friends in each location, but had to adapt to a new environment multiple times. My grandfather always strives to be the best he could possibly be at something. My grandfather even spends his time teaching his grandchildren the important aspects involved in life. This involves integrity and respect, which in his eyes are the two most important traits in life. He always tells me, "Jailyn, always show respect to a female, no matter the conditions". Ever since then, I have always opened the doors for both females and males, because I respect all people no matter their race or gender. My grandfather is greatly valued, because of his dedication and effect on others.

Secondly, my grandfather is truly valued to our family, due to the love he possesses for each of his family members. He has always been known to send every family member necessities around every holiday. However, this has led to many problems, due to arguments about which member deserves the most necessities. In my family, this typically leads to a fallout between some members, due to jealousy, however my grandfather's caring soul resolves everything. Once he learns that there is a family fallout, he takes a flight down to Madison, Florida and plans a family meetup. In his effort to bring everyone back together he typically plans a family gathering where everyone dances, eats, plays basketball, and just gossips. I love that he can just find a solution to everything, without causing more problems. My grandfather has also given back to the community, by tipping random restaurants, everytime he comes back to visit. This has left many workers in shock, due to the amount of money and the numerous amounts of time he has done this. My grandfather will always be a generous person and this is why I value him so much.

Thirdly, my grandfather is greatly known as an athletic person. My grandfather grew up in Madison, Florida playing baseball, football, basketball, and track. Sometimes I think of him as Jackie Robinson, he is almost as fast as him! Having the love for sports, my grandfather became an umpire for Little League Baseball. He still umpires where he originally began, Southern Georgia. “Hollywood Ealy”, the people call him, truly reflected his life. He became a hometown celebrity, by his use of inspirational words and the effect they have on the younger people. Even the older folks remember him, they always ask my mom, “Hey there young lady, you related to Rich Ealy, Carson son?”, she responds back with yes. After this conversation has ended, she calls him and reminds him of his childhood friends who asked about him, he becomes very happy and gives them a call. My grandfather has left a legacy in sports, whether or not he officiated or played them. My grandfather has retired from officiating and plans to return to Valdosta, Georgia during his retirement.

All in all, my grandfather has left a great impact on everyone he has seen. He is a very dedicated, generous, and athletic person. My grandfather perfectly fits the definition of something valuable. He is extremely useful and is someone of great worth. My grandfather has inspired me so much, this is why he is the most valuable person I have ever met.



# MY BLOOMING LIFE

Jailyn Cooks

Plants and humans are living things; they grow and reproduce. Plants start their lives from a seed and grow up to become mature plants. Just like a plant, maturing into an adult demands many stages.

Much like a flower, I needed nutrients in order to grow. As a fetus, I received the necessary food from my mother to help me grow. The more nutrients I was provided, by my mother, the closer I was to starting my journey in life. On December 13, 2005, my life journey began.

A turning point for me was at age 4, starting preschool. This was my first experience of being away from my family. Although I felt sorrowful, I knew going to school was a top priority. I was an introverted child, but I still managed to make friends. I used the skills that were taught in my prior years, at home, to help me develop and obtain mental strength. I learned how to socialize and be a leader while in school, which helped me blossom into a mature flower.

As a mature flower, at age 11, my confidence level grew. Once I entered sixth grade, I was no longer shy, and I found myself becoming more responsible. I became the FCA leader of my club, and also inspired others to join. I also joined the middle school's football and baseball teams, while maintaining a 4.0 gpa.



As plants become mature, they start to make flowers. Recently, in high school, I began a DriversEd course to obtain my learner's license. Due to my determination to get a learner's license, I was able to obtain my learner's license within two weeks. This was a major step towards becoming a fruit and entering adulthood. I was very delighted, due to the fact that I could legally drive.

The final stage of a plant is maturing into a fruit. As I prepare to enter college, I aspire to be the best student athlete. Over the past school year, I took the PERT test, which qualifies you for dual-enrollment. This has inspired me to maintain straight A's in order to easily get accepted into Florida State University.

In conclusion, similar to a plant, each stage of life allows one to receive the necessities needed to mature. The different circumstances that I have experienced have taught me how to be successful and independent. As with any living thing, the cycle of life repeats itself. My life lessons have made me strong and more independent. As I continue to grow, I have learned that I must guide and influence those who are younger than me. I encourage those who have yet to enter the stage of maturity to quickly learn about life, so they can become blooming flowers also.

Jailyn (James Madison Preparatory High)					
GPA Type	Cumulative GPA	Cumulative Earned Credits	Cumulative Failed Credits	Rank	Rank Date
2021 - 2022 School Year		(View Details)			
Unweighted	4.000	12.000	0.000		
Weighted	4.636	12.000	0.000	1 of 52	04/28/2022
2020 - 2021 School Year		(View Details)			
Unweighted	4.000	9.000	0.000		
Weighted	4.588	9.000	0.000	1 of 55	07/09/2021





# ART

IGNITE 22  
Art by: Abby Washington

# Portraits

*/ˈpɔːtrət,ˈpɔːtrāt/ noun | a painting, drawing, photograph, or engraving of a person, especially one depicting only the face or head and shoulders.*

When thinking of artwork, most people think about portraits. From the famous artwork of an old master collecting dust in a museum to a doodle on the math worksheet of a bored teenager, portraits are everywhere. Humans are expressive creatures, and portraits are handcrafted replicas of this- artworks created to reflect the human form and emotion.

Why do people draw portraits? Before cameras existed, portraits were the only visual records of a person's physical appearance. The wealthy and noble had many portraits of themselves done as a sign of their status (and perhaps a sign of their vanity too).

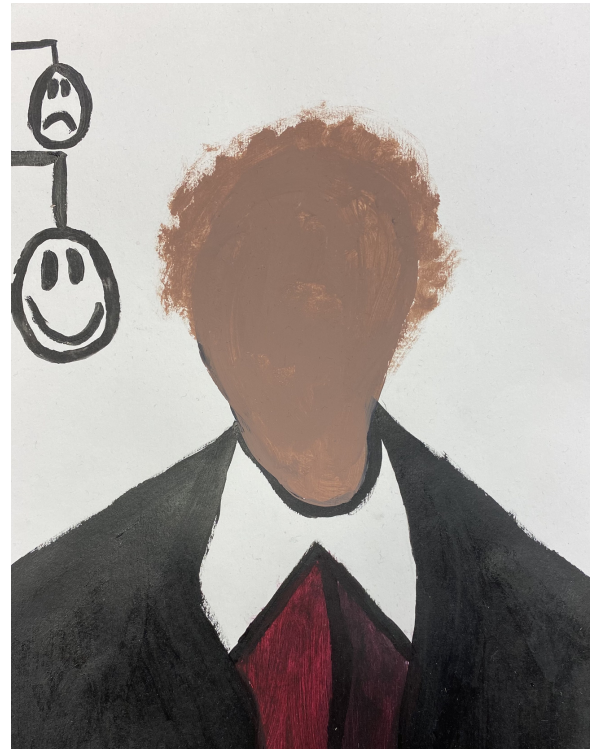
But what's the need for that now? If you want to see what someone looks like you can stalk their Instagram instead of looking for a painting of them.

The reasoning is simple: for fun of course!

Many small children will draw a poor, squiggly imitation of a face when asked to draw something. Humans are social creatures, and we love each other! It makes sense why so many people would take joy in drawing portraits.

Art students at JMPHS have enjoyed creating portraits all throughout the year, using mediums ranging from acrylic paints to gel pens.





Pictured (descending, left to right): *Muted*, Dixie Phillips, *Office Man*, Alexandria Carroll, *Yuji*, Vernon Davis, *Explanation*, Dixie Phillips, *Portrait of H.*, K'lyn Williams, *Standoff*, Wendy Jaqueline Perez-Tavera, *Demons*, K'lyn Williams, *The Mask*, Marley Miller, *Cloud Girl*, Hafitha Ayyad

# POP ART

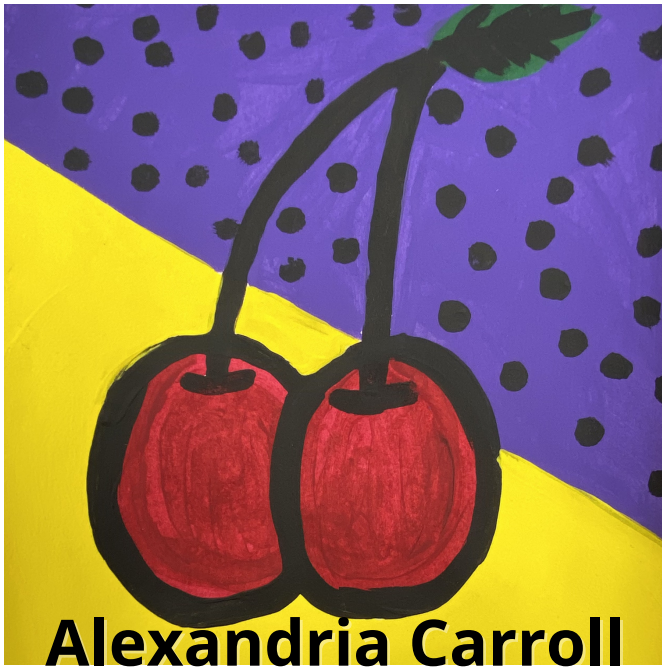


**"Popular, transient,... young, witty,... glamorous..."**  
**-Richard Hamilton**

Pop Art first emerged in the 1950s and became increasingly popular in the 1960s. It is an artistic movement that highlighted pop culture, materialism, and glamour.

The most famous Pop Artist was Andy Warhol, who created recognizable works such as *Campbell's Soup Cans* and *Shot Marilyns*.

Students at JMPHS have created works in the iconic pop art style.



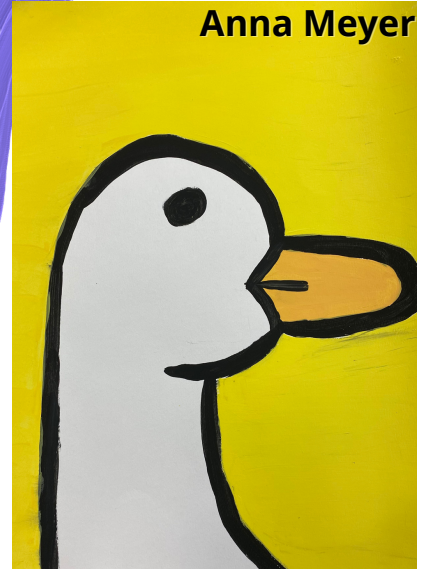
# ART



Ryan Spicer



Dixie Phillips



Anna Meyer



Ryan Spicer



Kiley Malone



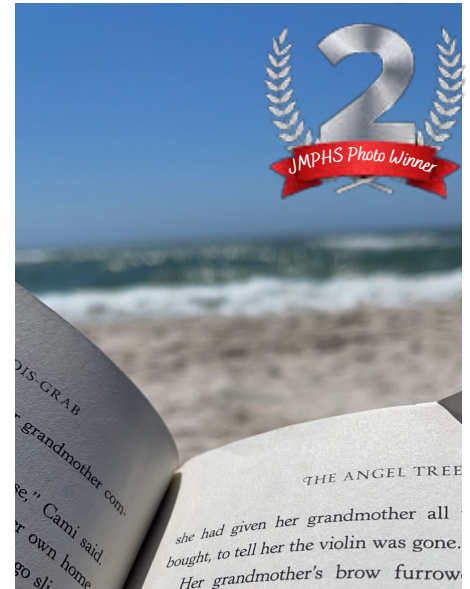
Anna Meyer



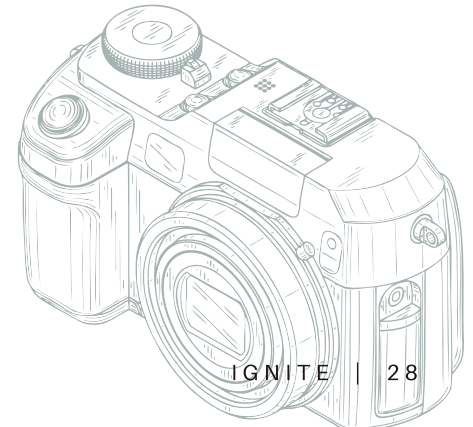
Dikwez Akins



Sarah Androski



Pictured (descending, left to right): *Floral*: Kiley Malone, *Crawling Critters*: Abi Saltares, *On the Prowl*: Sarah Androski, *Sunny Smiles*: Dixie Phillips, *Driving Rays*: Kiley Malone, *Beach-side Reads*: Kiley Malone



# JMPHS

IGNITE WINNERS 21 / 22

## First Place

Riley Browning- Creative Writing

Anna Meyer- Art

Sarah Androski- Photography

## Second Place

Elliot Thompson- Creative Writing

Vernon Davis- Art

Kiley Malone- Photography

## Third Place

Dixie Phillips- Creative Writing

Dixie Phillips & Olivia McIntire- Art

Abi Saltares- Photography

Cover Art- Abi Saltares

Honorable Mention - Jaillyn Cooks



A stylized graphic of a flame or fire, composed of several pointed, leaf-like shapes outlined in black. The word "Ignite" is written in a white, cursive script across the center of the flame, with a soft blue glow around the text.

*Ignite*