

spring 2021 digital edition





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OdeAoAohnAdamsAMiddleASchoolA

By AMelanie ASerrano A

When our summer reaches mid-August and a new school year arrives,

A new set of 6th graders who are trying to find their way through crowded halls,

New 7th graders who are no longer the babies of the school,

And the big intimidating 8th graders, who have been here the longest;

As the second bell rings, everyone is running late to classes and teachers introduce themselves to their new students, shiny as tin men, who most likely are wearing brand new shoes and showing off their "summer glow up" or "change of style".

While the year progresses, teachers grow used to the sound of trouble-making gremlins, students carrying handfuls of gifts and treats in their pockets on Valentines Day;

On a rainy day, kids would shower their heads under big water pipes for fun,

trees dancing to the wind's rhythm, and at least 60 kids we see rushing into the big band room with their

umbrellas at lunch time, eating their warm meals while watching a movie;

On really hot days, Dr. Eure would spray us with the hose on the field.

Soon summer vacation and the last days of school come right around the corner,

and kids are planning their summer adventures with their families,

Seasons come and go, bells ring, and a couple of immature fist fights break out,

But the memories at John Adams Middle school will remain in our hearts forever.

An ode to my bed

By LOLA VALDIVIA-KUSCH

Who is always comfy and warm Who always has a pillow to cry on A ode to my bed Who fills me with joy Who gives me the gift of sleep An ode to my bed Whose blanket is like white snow You are always fully and downy I want to lay forevermore in your cottony wonder An ode to my bed You always look so nice and safe The way you feel on my skin is a kitty's belly You fill the air with your sweet aroma You're one of my best friends You are one of a kind An ode to my bed Can I ask you, How'd you get so nice? An ode to my bed Who is there for me whenever Who is the most comfiest thing Whose mattress feels like heaven Whose pillows are always fluffy An ode to my bed



Sophie Geraghty

"PHOEBE'S ADVENTURE" BY KATHRYN SANTIAGO

I had been looking forward to this day for years, ever since I started playing soccer when I was four years old. It had been my dream ever since I saw that one women's soccer game in 2015 that opened my eyes. These women were playing professional soccer. I had never seen women play soccer like this. I always thought that it was just men who played soccer professionally. Ever since that one day I wanted to be like these ladies. I have always looked up to Julie Ertz, Alex Morgan and Megan Rapinoe and today I am one of them. I was chosen to be on the roster of the USWNT in the championship game of the World Cup. I was picked for the team the year after they went to the World Cup, so I guess I'm still a rookie. I am known as the girl who makes the last minute goals, so everyone is expecting a goal from me today. It's a lot of pressure but I think I'll be able to pull it off.

There is one problem, we are tied in the second half. We don't want to go to penalties so we need to score. We were on top of the world when we scored the first goal but then the other team's striker sped through all of the defenders and shot a beautiful shot in the top left corner. There was nothing the goalie could do except watch it go in.

Suddenly, I get a breakthrough. I'm going towards the last defender full blast, I get past her then POOF, I'm on the ground. The amount of agony I feel in my ankle is unmeasurable. I've never felt pain like this before. My teammates rush to my side to try and comfort me while the medics rush over. They confirm my suspicions that my ankle is sprained. I had a perfect chance. I would have scored in a World Cup championship and all of my childhood dreams would have come true. If it wasn't for that defender. I'll give her credit, she was willing to do anything for her team. She was willing to push me as hard as she could from the back for her team. She did get a red card and was forced to leave the game. Unfortunately, she achieved her goal of not letting us score.

The medics were taking me off the field when all of a sudden the ball boy runs onto the field. He told us he could fix my ankle, and that all of my pain would go away. The medics tried to talk some sense into him as it was clear that there was nothing that could be done and I would be out at least two weeks. He insisted that he would be able to heal me. He learned this method when he was a kid. He rubbed his hands together and started hitting my ankle repeatedly. I was in shock and in a lot of pain. I told him to stop, then all of a sudden he grabbed my ankle and snapped it to the side. This pain was worse than the initial injury and I screamed out in agony. But then, all of my pain went away. I could suddenly stand with no trouble and everyone was confused. I thanked him and joined my teammates who were all watching this unfold. But there was something else, while this was happening, everyone forgot about the penalty that we were given.

The coach told me to take it, he said it was only fitting. All of my life I had trained for this very moment. All of the shots during practice and all of the extra hours I had put in were all for this. The ref blew the whistle and the stadium went silent. I took a deep breath and took three steps backwards and one to the right. And then life went in slow motion. I ran to the soccer ball and striked it right to the bottom left corner. I had scored the goal, I had done it. Right then and there the ref blew the whistle and we had won the World Cup. I did it! I was so proud of myself and so were my teammates, coach and my new fans. This was a night to remember and I wish everyday could be as exciting and thrilling as this one.





Sloan Treacy



Tessa Levine

by FRIDA NARVAEZ

Deep inside a hollow mountain there's a cave where the sun never reaches the earth around it breathes out clouds of fog into this endless twilight, this secret dwelling-place of the god of idle sleep

The false mixed with the true,

words and phrases, fact, fictions, fabrications,

all confused. At every turn, a story spreads and grows and changes, each new teller adding on to what they've heard.



SOPHIE GERAGHTY

An Ode to Music

By Yada Taepanicharoen

Music rings through the room. Any ear it goes through makes a smile bloom. The more passion one puts the more the music flourishes. In many's ears music is just music, but is it is so much more than just music. Make people feel sad, it can, make people sleep, it can, make people smile, it can, too. Music is in the air and people start to stare then people start to dance in the square. Music finds a way to come along in one's home, Maybe through a bird's song Sitting in a nook, reading a book, a little ding on the phone an email comes through, and a jump for joy. Music came in though another form. The form of

a scholarship. Click Clack Click Shoes clacking on the marble floor. Swish Swoosh Swish Skirts dance around The music switches to "Sky" by Chris Drave. Another partner comes forward and the dance begins again. Music here calm and peaceful, perfect for a lovely ballroom waltz. Music existed probably from the birth of life. It stayed with people through thick and thin. Gave people hope and cease people's worries. So many things can make music, like a piano or a harp, like a flute. or a mouth. The melodies and the songs brought into the world. The work poured into them

and the time it took. All could be worth it, or all could be imperfect. Music is like a blank canvas, it can be anything it can be everything.

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TESSA LEVINE

Ode to the Morning Sun

By: Roz Larsen

As your light shines through my window, And your rays dance across the floor. I wake up to your beauty In awe of what I adore.

You wake up the earth Bringing with you a new day. Hello, morning sun, You look wonderful today.

Your light is bright And shines with might. And every morning you chase away the night.

Your light bounces off my flowers And runs across my desk, So when you reach my face so bright, I smile, no longer in need of rest.

You look upon us as the day goes on Watching people start their day. We look back to you, at the great beyond. Thinking, today will be a wonderful day.

Your light shines through the clouds Like a performer staring on stage, And when you brighten up the sky The rain moves on to a different age.

And so I say with joy upon my face, Ode to the morning sun.



SOPHIE GERAGHTY

The Withered Gods

Oliver Moss and Chris Hopkins

Chapter 1

My eyes open as I feel the cold touch of water on my body, I stand up and look around, I'm standing in an infinite void with black water on the floor, "Hello?" I call out. No response, I turn around and a large black creature with three heads floats towards me, it glows red and changes into a person, their eyes glowing red and carrying an iron spiked sword. They begin to run towards me, and the amulet they are wearing glows as they swing their sword at me, then everything shines white, and I wake up, it was all a dream. I get out of my bed and walk into the kitchen, my mother sits next to the fireplace, cooking eggs, "Morning Luxin" she says, "Morning" I reply. "Going on your journey today?" she asks, "Yea, I'm going to explore the world" I say, she chuckles and puts the eggs on a small plate and hands it to me. "Well then you better head to Aguarin, the town east of our house, I'm sure you can find a map or some directions there, " she says. I nod and eat the eggs, "Also, I have a gift for you" she chuckles, I look up confused, and she points towards a chest next to the door. I quickly finish the eggs and walk over towards it. As I open it I see a stone sword, "You'll need that if you're going out into the wild, " she smiles. I pick it up and swing it around, "Feels good" I reply, she chuckles, "It was your father's, before he disappeared", I attach the sword to my back and walk into the barn next to our house. Bark, my horse, neighs at me as I approach him, "Hey Bark" I say. He licks my hand as I jump onto his back, "You be safe now" my mother says, she kisses me on the cheek and Bark licks her hand as she scratches his chin. I wave goodbye and Bark and I speed off towards the mountains nearby.

Chapter 2

The flames of my campfire crackle into the night, Bark sleeps next to it, while I remain awake, I can't sleep. I hear a howl in the distance and I look up to see a couple wolves walking towards me, I pull out my sword and run at them, I hit one and then I swing my sword around to hit another. I throw my sword at another and hit it, but then one jumps onto me and bites me, I cry out in pain and reach for my sword, it crackles and flies toward me, I grab it and stab the wolf biting me, it yelps as I shove it off my arm, and the rest cower and run away. My injury stings as I look at my sword, it glows purple then breaks into pieces, "No" I whisper. I gather the pieces and attempt to put them back together, but it doesn't work, and I sit on the floor, I have nothing to defend myself if the wolves return. Then I see a small glow emanating from a nearby cave, I enter it cautiously. As I go deeper, I turn a corner to see a large cyan room, in the center is an orb on a necklace. As I attempt to walk inside I hit an invisible wall, it glows purple and then fades back to invisible. I pull out a few of the shards of my sword and press them on the wall, it makes a sound and the shards disappear and I fall through the wall. I get up and walk to the amulet, the orb looks to be an eye of sorts, I pick it up and put it on, it glows purple like the light I saw when I entered the cave. And suddenly I feel like I'm being pulled towards somewhere, I remove the amulet and the feeling stops, I shove it in my pocket and run out of the cave. I hear a wolf howling in the distance, and I run back to the campfire. Bark wakes up when I approach him, "Hey" I say, he snorts and goes back to sleep, I lie next to him and watch the fire, then close my eyes and fall asleep. I open my eyes again in the void from my previous dream, I look around but the creature I saw before isn't there, then, smoke trails

shoot up around me, and many of the person that transformed from the creature surround me, they all run towards me but then everything turns to white. I wake up to Bark nudging me to get up, "Alright, Alright" I say, I stretch my arms and get up, I pick up my bag and jump onto his back as he begins to trot up the mountain path..

Chapter 3

As I approach the town, I leave Bark to graze in a field, and walk inside. After looking around for a bit, I see a shop with a sign that says Marshall's map shop. As I walk towards the shop, a smoke trail flies over the town, and then stops and lands directly in the center. Out comes a person, with glowing red eyes and an entirely black body emanating smoke. It carries an iron sword with a strange hilt, as it walks around, it looks down at a person that had fallen over due to its arrival, it points to him and fires a black skull, killing him. I hear gasps around me, I begin to walk towards it but then something large hits me and I fall to the ground. I look up to see a man had rammed himself at me to stop me, "Dude, don't challenge the projection" he says, I ignore him and snatch his sword and walk towards the projection, it turns to me and points its sword at me, I charge at it and attempt cut off its arm, but it blocks me and pushes me back, it then jumps at me and attempts to stab me, but I swing my sword back and knock its sword out of its hand. It growls and reaches its hand out and the sword flies back to it, it points its sword at me and fires a black skull, it then turns around and begins to walk back to the spot where it arrived. I hit the skull with my sword and it turns around and heads toward the projection. The projection turns around just in time to see the skull but then it's hit by it and falls to the ground. The smoke surrounding it disappears and it turns into a normal person, and another black skull appears on top of the person's body. I pick up its sword and the skull. The person who I took a sword from walks up to me. "How did you? How did you kill the projection?" he asks, I hand him his sword, "I don't know" I reply, "I'm Luxin by the way" I say holding my hand up, "Chris" he says and shakes my hand...

Continue The Withered Gods by Oliver and Chris, an adventure of a lifetime with the full story



Isaac Chiang

-*ODE FOR CHOCOLATE*-

By NORA BASMAJIAN



The rich chocolate flavorful but astonishingly sweet at the same time. Cold when I bit into it my mouth watered as the aftertaste lingered in my mouth. wishing that the chocolate taste in my mouth never went away. Or the the chocolate bar never ended there was something specific about this chocolate bar it wasn't just a chocolate bar... I couldn't put my eye on it but I knew it was special so special that I stopped eating it, why ...? I thought to myself And put it deep in my coat. As I walked home the angry sky roared and threw lightning around me. When I got home I put it in my box, not just a box though it was a box that was passed down from generations to generations that had family heirlooms in it. It will be safe FOREVER!!!

Ode to Balloons

By GABRIELA ENRIQUEZ

Balloons, dancers of the sky. They twirl and spin through the air without a care in the world, so free and so happy, but leaving a small crying child behind. That child cries and cries until its mother comes to comfort the teary eyed boy. She'll then tell him that "It'll all be ok, see? Your balloon is going up into the sky, to a better place" Big, bright, balls of color, the stars of a mid morning sky. These beautiful balls of rubber and helium, our children's first teachers. The ones who taught our kids how to say goodbye. So when that gloomy day comes and our grandkids ask "Papá, where's grandma?" Through the tears they'll be able say, "She went to a better place darling, up there in the sky." "Like a balloon Papi?" "Yes sweetie, just like a balloon."



Lime Green the Cat By Michael Ibarra

There was once a cat named Lime Green The color of leaves and apple green Smelled like cookie cream Soft like buttercream Wants to beam bright green Until he rolls on green gasoline Wet green and frowned He knew he will not beam Like the color green



Ode to Black and White By Olivia DeLeon Running around the neighborhood, cats everywhere, like water flowing through rocks, the rain howling, the sudden breeze on their fur, ocean waves on their backs, there's grey and brown, orange and silver, then, black and white, black as though it's midnight, it stalks around the witching hour, not to be seen, Invisible they say,

not certain, the white like snowy mountains, wherever it steps, snow falls right after it, once again, not seen, so perfect, and clean, they meet, black and white, eyeing one another, as though they are similar, in different ways, yin and yang, the snowy cat's eyes, as blue as the atlantic, the midnight cat's eyes, as green as fields of roaring grass, they trot away, in uncertainty, both angels of different worlds, never to meet

again.

🏁 How I Got My Guinea Pigs 🏁 By : Mia Pulido-Vila

I remember that very sunny adoption day Almost like if it were yesterday

My parents brought me to a guinea pig festival as a surprise, And I almost couldn't believe my own eyes

Chubby adorable rodents were everywhere, With no doubt, guinea pigs were the theme in this fair

I had never seen or pet a guinea pig before And now, a gazillion show up for me to adore!

This festival is made yearly by the LA guinea pig rescue where you can adopt, So of course they had a mini guinea pig shop

> I begged my parents to let us go inside, But unfortunately, there was a very long line

We waited some time before we could go in My guinea pig quest was about to begin!

I saw all kinds of cavies, big and small, Some were hairy and some had no fur at all

But I saw one that caught my eye, A guinea pig that actually didn't run away and hide!

Her name was Lima, and we paired her with a baby piggie named Shay, Who had been left behind after they took her mom and sibling away

> We decided to name them Leia and Rey, For we are Star Wars fans all the way

My piggies, so chubby and cute, I don't know what I would do if I had not adopted you.



Ode to My Mother By Gabriel Campbell

My mother She gave me life The reason I am here all because of my mother. I am very grateful For her She helps feed me, Helps put a roof over my head. So many reasons To be grateful For her. She has Been there for me All the time She is a Champion Helping me with School and My sports Always supporting me

you are amazing I love you so much thank You for all that you have done for me. you are A champion.



SOPHIE GERAGHTY

The Dark Dimension

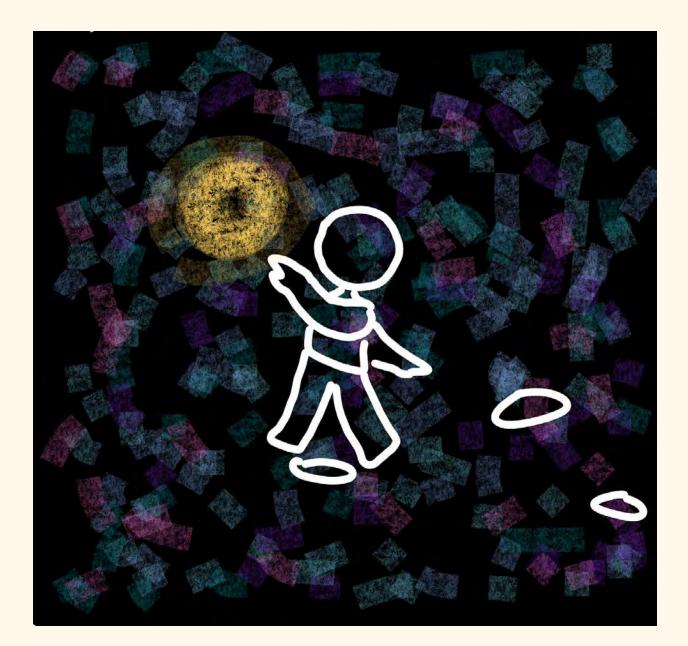
Day 1

"EAT THIS!!!" I yelled as a ray of pure darkness flew from my hands. It exploded with an ear splitting "BOOM", a sound me and my friends Tobin and Quintus knew too well during these past days. Ok, ok. Let's go back to the start. My name is Isaac. It all started in the universe you readers are living in right now. Tobin, Quintus, and I were in a grassy meadow on a sunny afternoon, when a blue portal appeared ahead of us. Of course, the normal thing was to run and report it to the nearest alien defense unit or something like that, but the problem was that all of a sudden, it started to suck everything organic into it, which includes the three of us.

I woke up in a grassy meadow just like the one I was just in, but there was a feeling something was off. The sky was gray, and the air reeked of rotting flesh. I found Tobin, but Quintus was nowhere to be seen. We discussed where we might be. We settled on the fact that we are in a different universe, or dimension, whatever you might call it. I soon really got fed up with the odor in the air, so I said, "You know what? I really want an air freshener." The weird thing was, a 2 fl oz. air freshener appeared right in my hand, freaking both of us out. Tobin wished for a pepperoni pizza, and sure enough, a hot pizza appeared in his hand with a "POP!" We wished for a couple more things, but when I wished for a portal back to our dimension, nothing happened. By that time, we already had a mansion, robot chefs, a robot that does your homework, and a lot more stuff. We even got superpowers: Tobin got powers over fire, and I got shadow. It was late, then, so we tried to get a good night's rest.

Exactly 12 minutes and 17 seconds later, I noticed a huge blob heading toward our mansion's direction. I woke Tobin up, and we walked out to see what it was. Orcs had arrived in every direction, led by a necromancer wearing bunny slippers, a purple bathrobe, and a plastic crown with the price tag still on it. The funny thing was, the crown turned out to cost 40 googol gold coins (a googol has 100 zeroes).

Ouch. Seems like he got scammed pretty hard. Anyway, the bunny slipper weirdo fired a purple ray of energy, and it exploded right behind us. Tobin knew this was serious, because he cast a blast of white-hot fire at the orcs, and they all vanished into a brown dust. I was trying to make this end, so I also tried to fight back. I made a shadow army out of thin air and made them chase the necromancer all the way across the clearing into some dark forest that looked pretty dangerous, because the moment he got in, we saw some manticores swoop in. Welp, I gotta rest in my half-obliterated mansion, so I guess I should shut up and get a good night's sleep and find Quintus tomorrow.



Mia Pulido-Vila

Ode to my Baby Bro By Isabella Moneta

Oh, I am so excited to have a baby brother He is not yet seen By the eye, but he is there. He will be here soon, so we Should know a million things about him beforehand: He will be an adventurous little puppy With the biggest eyes, their color a Little bit of the Ocean. He will have a grin that turns mopey Rainy days a time to splash in puddles. He will be so peaceful that serenity itself will bow at his whim. When he laughs he will sound like boiling water, ready for tea. When he cries. A thousand tsunamis will crash down on some part of the world. When he sleeps, it will be like when you wake up in the middle of the night, Just to stare at the gleaming full moon, feeling at one with the universe. My baby brother makes me feel Like I will always be standing on cloud 9 The sun never stops smiling, even when asleep. And by then, his wife is grinning along with him. Ice cream never melts when he's around. No one would ever dare cross him with his sister lion protecting him. He will be my inspiration to create beautiful pieces of art No one would ever expect me to make. I know when I catch him as he comes into the world for the First time, Mom will finally feel he little boy on the outside kicking Instead of in the inside of the uterus. If my baby brother never came, I would always wander around Life confused. With a curtain thrown around my head forever. But that wouldn't happen because he was destined to come into my life. That is one of the most pure forms of stubborn-ism. Something no one can stop. Oh, I am so excited to have a baby brother.



Eva Cederbaum

Ode to Cats

By Anneth Alemu

Such a small but fascinating creature, walking more smoothly than a swan on a lake. Not only elegant, but strong. Sharp teeth and claws, to show who's boss. Piercing eyes that stare far deeper into your soul. Whiskers like a smooth silk thread. To the outdoor cats. running around freely. Climbing on trees as if they were flying around in heaven, hunting down anything that moves in their sight. To the indoor cats. Not as free as the outdoor cats, but they are safe on their cloud bed. Looking out the windows wondering if they will ever get the chance to be as free as the outdoor cats. Curling into a ball, ready to sleep and to wake up to a new day, as a cat.



Lily McGrath

PROBLEMS

ΒY

GRAYSON FITZGERALD

Anguish.

Pain.

My world is void of happiness. I live in an ocean. Temporarily. This ocean is dark and void of light (Happiness too, if you're a guy like me). My name is James Vye, and my relationship with death is...complicated.

I died on April 22nd. Sometime in the early 90s. My soul wanted a vacation, and where did it want to go? Hell. Ya, my soul has a mind of its own, you could say. You could also argue that my soul is my personality, but you're wrong. My soul has the personality of a 73 year old man from Florida, at least part of it does (No offense if you're from Florida, sometimes stereotypes get the better of me).

I myself am somewhere in my mid-thirties, I think... Well, who cares really, *it isn't like I have to live with this guy anyway.* Ok. This is how the whole soul thing works: When you die, your soul splits in two and leaves your body. These two parts are your conscious mind (Your personality on a day to day basis) and your abstract thought (A random disposition that does not depict you in the slightest way). Usually they go separate ways, your conscious mind goes to Hades, and your abstract thought to the depths of the abyss. But.... Mine didn't do that. Welcome to my life. Ok. Let's start over. I live... scratch that. I reside in one of the dark seas of Dis. The second layer of the nine hells. Let's face it. It's not a great place. I would say worse than not great. Actually, more like despicable, appalling, horrendous or horrific. I mean, how would YOU feel when you have to hear the screams of tortured souls twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred sixty five days a year. Fate is not on my side. Every night of my afterlife, I have to hear snoring, old man snoring. I know this sounds like I am exaggerating how bad my afterlife is, but I'm not. Living in an old, leaky shack on the bottom of a dark lake void of happiness in the second layer of the nine hells with a 73 year old man is... you know what? I'm done. You shouldn't have to hear about my tragedy. Go live your life, and hope your soul doesn't do what mine did. Good Bye! Have a nice Death!



SOPHIE GERAGHTY

The deep blue sea By Arlo Petty

The piano The crashing It flows of the notes Through me on the loudest Like a of keys Surfboard Just like On the biggest of Water in waves on The deep The deep Blue blue sea Sea To the The highest of highs and to the lowest of lows Puckering Plinks Just like the waves of the deep blue sea Of the Through the tunnel of sound and peace Strings that Just like the barrels of the deep blue sea It makes When you mess up a chord, or stumble Like a on a phrase Bird You have to get back up, and out of Diving the deep blue sea Into the The hours and hours, neverending it Deep will seem. Blue But you have to keep on going Sea just like the deep blue sea The movement The things you must learn Of your The things you must do Body It will always be different So smooth just like the arsenal of waves So clean of the deep blue sea Like the The amount of struggle Face of and thrashing A wave just like the deep blue sea On the But after all of that, deep what is still the key? blue you just have to be like Sea the deep, blue, sea.



Grayson Fitzgerald

Ode to Books

By ELEANOR SMITH

Big books, small books, thick and thin books Old books- weathered and beaten that have seen it all Thick hard covers keeping the timeless stories inside Practically falling apart, but so well loved And brand new books! That have no creases in their spines And have the sweet woody scent of freshly printed pages So eager to be read and tell their story

Little dents and tears and marks that tell what you've been through Unique book jackets with beautiful intricate illustrations Clever titles and the soft sound of the flipping of pages So much more than little black words on a worn out page Each book tells its own story Each one paints a beautiful picture in my mind Each one a doorway to a different world Where I am whisked away with my imagination Where I feel attached to the characters and their world I root for them, I feel for them, I am angered by them And with each page I turn, their story unfolds

The countless hours I've spent with you, though I really should be doing something else The late nights I'd hide under my covers and secretly read you At every free moment I could, I would read just a sentence, just a paragraph, to get a glimpse of that warm inside feeling

You've made me laugh, you've made me cry Without you, my life would be bland and boring I would have no imagination And no place to run to when I needed to get away When I read you, my imagination can fly I am transported away, to a new place Where I can forget about my life for a while

But, at some point I must come back to my crushing reality I must put my book down, and return to MY life I long to go back, but I must stay in the present

But, soon enough I can go back to my home Back to my friends Where I know they are waiting for me to return

Thank you for reading! Here are the credits

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Cover by Isaac Chiang

Back cover photo by Tessa Levine

