



The Apollo Magazine

December 2018

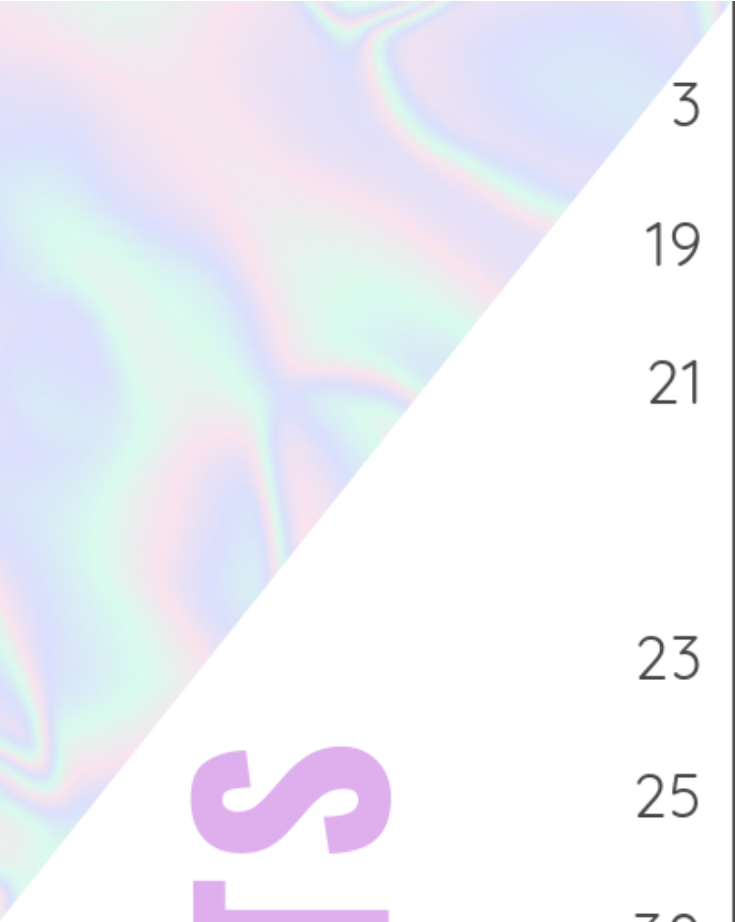
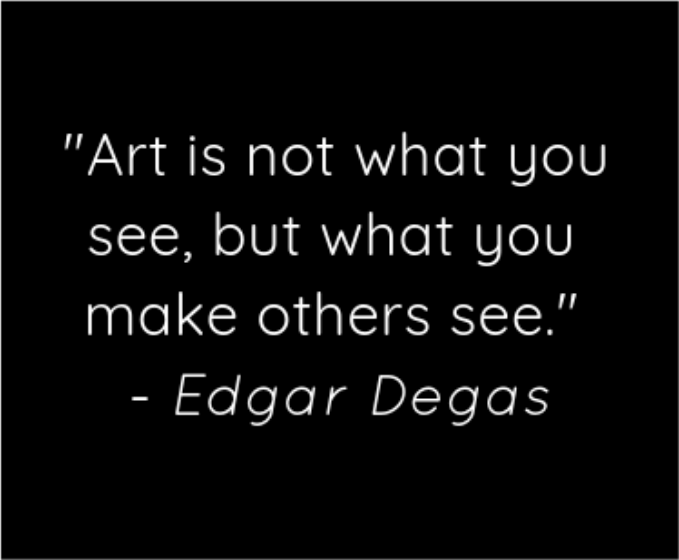



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"Art is not what you
see, but what you
make others see."
- *Edgar Degas*



North Warren's Literary Magazine

The Apollo

North Warren Regional has not produced a Literary Magazine for 20 years, prior to the first edition of The Apollo. The resurrection of the Literary Magazine started with Mr. Morley, English Department Supervisor, encouraging Mrs. Matash to find a team of dedicated and creative English students. With the help of Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Matash's dedicated team was created. Now, with the second edition out, The Apollo Magazine is running full speed ahead with a team of talented and passionate student leaders.

The purpose of the magazine is to highlight and display the efforts of talented individuals at North Warren in all mediums. Although students will receive positive praise from their teachers on their work done in the classroom, creativity can happen outside the school's confines.. From pictures on exotic vacations or cute animals, to poems inspired by anything, the magazine encompasses it all.

The first edition of the magazine was in early 2018. Inspiration stemmed from the concept of scrapbooking. As for the second edition, the inspiration is drawn from nature, specifically the Fall and Winter art and inspired literature.

We hope you appreciate and enjoy the media presented and cultivated by our team.



Inktober is a yearly list of daily prompts for the month of October. These one-word prompts have inspired responses in the forms of art, writing, and photos. The Apollo Magazine presents its collection here.

OFFICIAL 2018 PROMPT LIST

- | | | |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. POISONOUS | 11. CRUEL | 21. DRAIN |
| 2. TRANQUIL | 12. WHALE | 22. EXPENSIVE |
| 3. ROASTED | 13. GUARDED | 23. MUDDY |
| 4. SPELL | 14. CLOCK | 24. CHOP |
| 5. CHICKEN | 15. WEAK | 25. PRICKLY |
| 6. DROOLING | 16. ANGULAR | 26. STRETCH |
| 7. EXHAUSTED | 17. SWOLLEN | 27. THUNDER |
| 8. STAR | 18. BOTTLE | 28. GIFT |
| 9. PRECIOUS | 19. SCORCHED | 29. DOUBLE |
| 10. FLOWING | 20. BREAKABLE | 30. JOLT |
| | | 31. SLICE |

@JAKEPARKER @INKTOBER #INKTOBER #INKTOBER2018

My lips were dehydrated, cracked and bleeding. My legs were tired from running away from them. The plan was to all dress up as superheroes and go to a Halloween party. The only problem was that none of us really knew who was at this party. We had just become friends with this girl, Stacy at the beginning of the school year. My friend group was the one to take in any new students. She came from a few towns away so she said, but none of us even heard of the school. Usually after a few months, one of the other cliques take over, but for some odd reason this girl wouldn't leave us alone.

I looked around watching for them, but they were nowhere to be found. I had to find a better hiding spot because at the moment I was very vulnerable. I decided on trying to find my friends that came with me. I put my hands in my pockets feeling for my phone.

We all walked up to a mansion looking house. It was old and sort of crooked. It was a perfect setting for a Halloween party. It was painted dark almost as if someone wanted to paint it black but decided on a blue that looked black in the right lighting. We were greeted by a few of Stacy's friends and they all had a weird vibe about them. Then we walked inside and even the inside was creepy. I looked down at my phone wondering why there wasn't a bar of service at a popular place like this. I turned to my friend, Erika, and asked her what she thought.

"It isn't that weird, Lily. Most places should have reception but most small towns don't

have them everywhere." I put the thought in the back of my mind, but deep down I knew this wasn't right.

I should be spending time with my little brother, but I blew him off for a stupid party that turned like this. I'd much rather be eating popcorn and watching Halloween movies right now instead of running from people I don't even know. I keep thinking about how I told my parents I was going to this party and would be sleeping over at Erika's tonight and how they couldn't be worried. I walk through every part of the seven-by-five bedroom, looking for anything that could be possibly a help. I hadn't noticed before but this house seemed to smell like mold and be rotten, which would be more prone to creaking and making noises; especially when I didn't need the sounds. I found another phone, but as with mine, there was no service. However, this could mean that one of my friends left it here, or one of the bad guys did. Either way it showed signs of getting out of here. I dragged my tired, sore legs through each and every door till I came to a staircase. I peered down the staircase and noticed my best friend's brown wavy hair and the outfit she chose for tonight which I told her was impractical since it was so cold everywhere. The temperature had dropped since this whole thing had happened.

"Erika, up here," I whispered. I didn't want to speak loudly in case of the others. She turned and looked up right at me with her frightened eyes and worried lines. I could tell she was terrified for what might happen.

“Lily, is that you?”



I nodded and she ran up the stairs and hugged me. I told her to be quiet and to follow me. I took her into the room I was just in and slowly closed the door.

“Erika, what is going on? Do you know who those people were?” I asked her, knowing she wouldn’t know.

I felt her body land in front of my feet as I screamed as loud as I could. It was my friend, Ana. We had been friends for so long, but never really got close. I turned and ran as fast as my legs could take me, which thank god for my soccer coach who made us run so much during practice. I wouldn’t have made it to the dark and cold room. I didn’t recognize it at all considering someone cut the power lines.

It was 33°F, which was near the average temperature for Colorado in October. I took Erika in my arms to warm her up. She was never one for scary things and she started to shake. I had to be the brave one here or we wouldn’t get out alive. I promised her I’d always

take care of her. I loved her like she was my sister and wouldn’t let anything bad happen. I had never been through anything like this before. I was alarmed and frightened but I wouldn’t let this show.

She tapped me on the shoulder as I was in deep thought and startled me, but what she would tell me is worse. “I hear someone,” she trembled with fear. I, too, heard the footsteps. It sounded heavy and not at all scared. It was definitely someone not on our side. I took Erika and shoved her into the closet that was in the corner and closed it. I turned and felt around for a door and felt the cold, metal round handle. I turned it slowly and found myself to be in a bathroom with some light. I jumped in the shower and hoped for the best.

I heard the person come into the room and I have never prayed harder. I heard him open the bathroom door and I was frozen. Then all of a sudden, he walked out and I let out a big breath of relief. I heard the shrill of my best friend and I started to tear up. The number one rule I had made earlier was to never separate us and now she’s gone, forever. I waited a few minutes and willed myself to not cry until after I made it out.

I decided now was the time to leave and I wouldn’t stop fighting my way out. I opened every door slowly and hoped no one was behind it. I found myself to a well lit staircase and thought to myself that maybe this could be the way out. I carefully walked down the stairs, looking for anyone that could possibly

hurt me. I saw the blue, gray dress my best friend was wearing when we left. I picked it up and saw blood. All of a sudden, I started crying and couldn't contain myself.

"Lily? Is that you? Where are you?" I heard Erika's voice and quickly turned to see where it was coming from. I saw her wearing a gown in a cage and ran over grabbing the lock. I opened it up and grabbed her and held her for a minute till she mumbled,

"We should get out of here."

"Good idea." I grabbed her hand and helped her up. She seemed weak and I asked her if they gave her anything. Falling in and out of conscious, I picked her up and took her up the stairs. I would not leave her this time. I wish I had payed more attention to the layout of the house when I could see. I walked slowly with one hand around Erika and one hand on the wall, feeling for some way out.

Stacy took us to the living room and offered us a drink. We asked her what we were going to do. She put her finger up to her mouth and winked. The people we didn't know just laughed and this whole thing made me feel uneasy. I looked at my friends with a worried look and they looked back with the same look. Then, out of nowhere the lights went out and it got cold. I stood up, calling for Stacy. No one answered. Then I told everyone to run and we all did.

I peeked into a doorway I passed and recognized it as the living room that this whole thing started in. I saw dark figures, but decided against going in. I kept walking and everything started to come back piece by piece. I saw the painting I had seen earlier and hoped this was the right way. I heard sirens and saw the flashing lights of a police car and started to walk a little faster. I didn't hear anything besides it and felt a warm, sticky liquid on my arm

and then a strong pain that I have never felt before. I looked down and saw a fresh bullet wound and fell to the ground, blacking out. I woke up in my bed at my home and quickly looked down at my arm, no bullet wound. Sighing a huge relief, I realized I had just had a dream. Looking at my phone and what the plans were for today, I saw an invite to a party that Stacy had sent me. I quickly told Erika not to go and told Stacy I had already made

plans.

The next day, I woke up to the news saying that my dream had actually happened at that house and the facts were exactly the same. I called Erika and told her everything that happened. Turns out Stacy wasn't even a student, but instead a crazy murderer on the run who did this before. You shouldn't ignore your worst nightmares, as they might come true.



It was a beautiful October evening. The weather was in the 50's, just chilly enough for comfort. When you stepped outside, you could see the radiant leaves of color fall from the sky and float through the air with the autumn breeze. The wind smelt crisp and earthy. The sky was bright blue and the golden hour sunshine made everything glow in a special kind of way. It was the perfect weather to go for a walk, so I decided to go and bring my camera to take pictures. As I looked ahead, the changing trees left a frame around the road and surrounded it with bright colors.

I picked up my camera and looked through the lense. The colors were vanished. I quickly looked away from the camera and back at the road. I put my camera back to my eye. The bright colors were lost. Through the lense it looked like the gloomiest day, almost black and white. "What's wrong with my camera?" I

questioned as I started going through the color settings. Everything was normal. I started to think maybe I broke the camera.

All of a sudden, while still looking at the camera screen, in my peripheral vision, I could see that the trees had actually lost some of their saturation. I looked up at the sky. Dark gray storm clouds were slowly taking over the bright blue sky from the East. I could hear rumbling thunder in the distance. I quickly pulled my phone out and went to the weather app. The forecast still showed sunny, clear skies. A flock of birds from a nearby tree frantically flew away. A huge bolt of lightning came down from the black sky, giving an earthquake effect. I screamed and looked for somewhere to run to, for down the road I could see the rain was coming. As the massive drops hit the pavement, an ear splitting sound sent vibrations through my entire body. I started

ed down the road in the opposite direction of the oncoming rain. I could just see my mailbox in the distance. Another lightning bolt followed by an immediate deafening thunder rumble nearly swept me off my feet. By now, the raindrops started pouring down on my head, They fell so hard they almost hurt.



Gerri Ratajczak

Within 5 seconds I was already soaking wet. The rain sped up in front of me and with that I lost my visibility. In every direction, sheets of white surrounded me.

I still had my camera in my hand, and even though it was definitely broken, I looked through the viewfinder and about 20 feet away, a black cloaked figure stood, staring at me. I looked away from the camera and saw nothing but rain. "Hey! Is someone here? Can you help me? Where did you go?" I quickly held the camera back up to my eye and the figure's face was right in front of me. It let out the loudest shriek I've ever heard. I dropped my camera and there it was, now towering over me. I fell down on the road and it hovered over me, then let out another shriek as it jolted towards me. I flipped onto my stomach and tried to crawl away, but it grabbed my ankle and I felt it pulled me back violently.

At that moment I was positive that I was going to die, until I saw headlights shining from around the corner. I started screaming and making as much commotion as I could. It was a black pick-up truck. He came speeding down the road and almost ran me over, blaring his horn.



Liam Stauffer

One second he was about to hit me and the next he was far down the road. One thing I did realize was that the figure did not have a grip over my ankle anymore. I quickly stood up and instantly started sprinting for home, thankful to still be alive. Standing at the bottom of my driveway in the pouring rain, I had never been more thankful to see my house in my entire life.

M.B.

The glittering greens of my grandma's garden reflect upon the pond. The warm summer breeze caresses my face. The garden is alive with animals scampering across the cool shaded ground. A blue jay lands on my finger like a fairy tale, his vibrant blue standing out against the green. My grandma enters the garden in a sunflower dress, holding a glass off bright pink lemonade. I grab hold of the cold glass, the beads of condensation settling on my fingers. "Thanks, Grammy!" I call as I run across the garden.

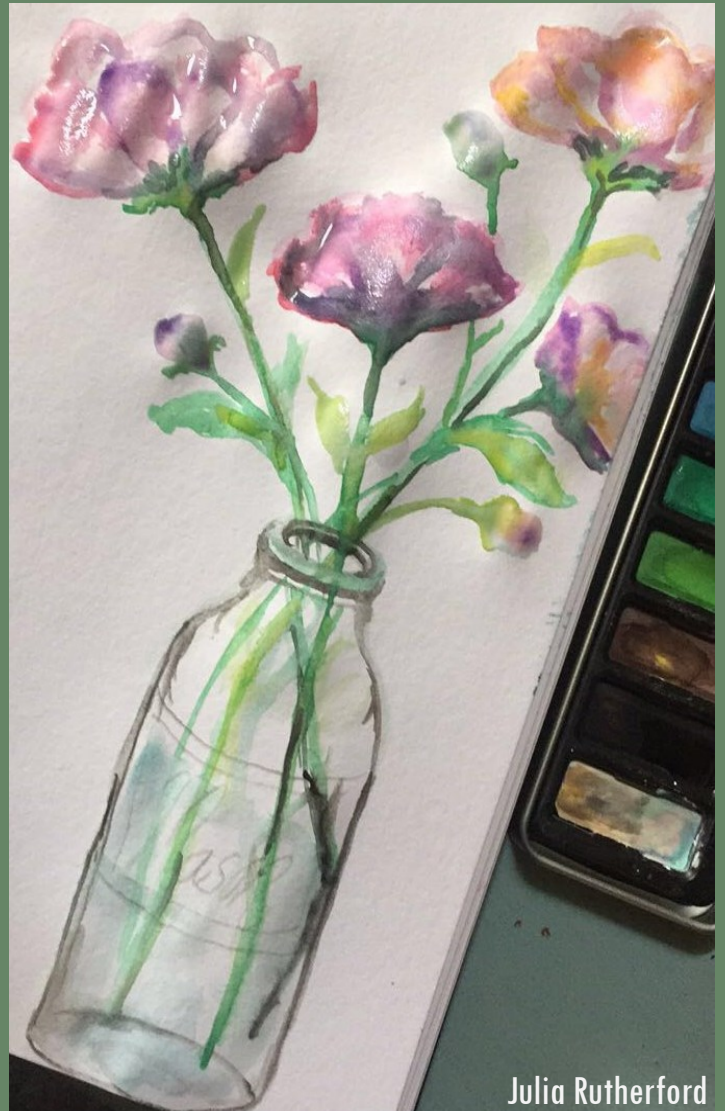
As I run the floor starts to disappear and I hear the sound of an organ. My organs constrict inside of me as my blood runs cold, I hear a distant voice, Grammy, "Don't let the blue jays touch you, they give you seven years of bad luck."

Her voice echoes and grows distant. My eyes grow dark like I am non-existent, the world is quiet, a nice warm feeling grows in my heart, spreading to my fingers and toes until reaching my eyes. I appear back in the garden, there is no Granny, just the normal forest creatures. I take a step forward onto a twig. It snaps with a violent, "crack". The garden creatures stare at me, eyes unblinking.

The warmth in my eyes grows stronger into a burning like a fever. Black again replaces the greens and horrifying creatures. It is silent for some time until I awaken to hellish features. The devil himself stares at me and into my soul his red horns adorning his goat head.

"Hello, Miss. Price, welcome to the world of the dead." his voice rattles my bones, I

scream as I have no idea what else to do. I pinch myself longing to wake up in bed to awaken from the cursed land of the dead. He picks me up and holds me high above his head, to show me the land of the dead. Men of all kind lay around me suffering in their own unique way. I can see the whole of hell, in the center circle, lay a man with a sad mustache sitting in a dentist's waiting room with a clock that is ticking with no markers, only one hand that continues around the clock, "tick, tick, tick,". Another man lays there dressed in a red military uniform, he was locked in a small room big enough for only one person to stand, he continuously turns around



checking behind his back. Of course, no one is there but the man has been convinced that there is. The third man lays strung upside down on an inverted cross, he is dressed in a green tunic and sandals, engraved into his chest are three words, all written in ancient Hebrew, "Sinner, traitor and, coward," this man is on the brink of death but he cannot die as he is already in hell.

My vision goes black again this time, for what feels like forever. My vision comes back slowly revealing a mysterious man dressed in a black tunic.

"Hello, Miss. Price" the angelic voice soothes me, the walls around us are

blank with white. "You know like you I too am confused and lost" the man uttered.

"How so?" I squeak still frightened from the events that had just transpired.

"You see Miss. Price, I gave humanity the gift of knowledge," he points to a tree with one lonely apple dangling from the stem, two stems barren of fruit hang from the sides. "And how does humanity repay me? They hate me! Listening to a guy in the sky who does not want humanity to be as great as he!" The man screams, he has a black aura surrounding him, growing bigger the angrier he gets. "He used to return to earth but now he just ignores you as he fears of the power humanity has." He lets out one last yelp, the aura explodes into black fire engulfing him. The fire returns to a small aura decorating him. The white walls have been turned black, covered in coal dust. The man lays in the fetal position on the floor crying, I stare at him, my eyes unblinking because I have no idea what to do.

The heat returns to my eyes. Everything goes black, I awaken sprawled across the grass of my Grammy's garden, surrounded by a puddle of pink lemonade. My Grammy rushes out of the sliding glass door that leads to the garden. She lays her hand on my head, "My dear you are burning up, let's get you inside!" She trembled. She lifts me up and rushes me inside. As we near the doors the heat returns to my head and the world goes black.



Gerri Ratajczak

Getting Lost in the Stars

Stars are fiery gases of dust floating into nothingness. We've gotten lost into the light of the stars for millions of years. We've always been attracted to the light, maybe because it was destined to capture light. The stars took us to new places, to new adventures awaiting. They made us wonder, they made us think. And the stars made us. We wish on stars for money, love, luck, success. We think so much of stars, to tell us what to do, to hope one day that your wish will come true.

Gazing into the glistening light of the stars, I looked out to get an answer that only the stars could tell, but I couldn't read though the stars. The answer I wanted could not save her. She is now one with the stars.

My mother died of cancer. The doctors said it was too long gone and she had a couple of weeks or less. After, we found out it was a matter of days. One day she was lively as ever or so I can tell, my sister Zeva could see what I couldn't - the truth. The next she was lying on her death bed

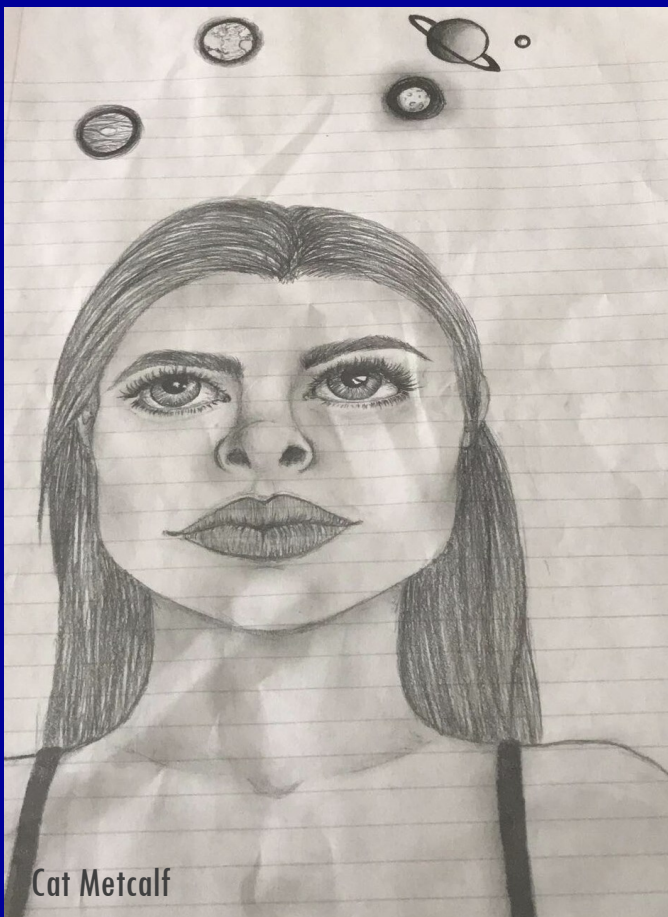
one going insane and not moving on.

Only two long months later I had to go back to school. Interfering with the shield I put up to hide behind. It was protection from my emotions and my demons trying to control me. Protection from myself for what I am really feeling. Loss.

When I walk into those school doors, I won't be Ezra Smith. I will be the boy that lost his mom. The counselor will probably see me every week or so and the teachers will be notified of my tragedy and try to be nice as possible, but instead will make my life at school a living hell. High schoolers aren't nice and will say what they want, especially because teachers are treating me different. A life I don't want to live. I already get picked on because I am kind of a geek, but this will make everyone sorry for me and I don't want anyone else's pity.

My dad wasn't taking it well. His medicine, he called it, a bottle of rum and a hint of whisky. He tried to act happy for Zeva and I, but even I could see the pain in his smile. Zeva was not as bad as people thought she would be, since my mom and her were very close. I always thought Zeva knew something was wrong with mom because a couple nights before my mom went to the doctor's I heard Zeva crying and she said "I know something bad is going to happen." I called my parents in to calm her down, but I wonder if she was referring to mom. I tried to ask her before but she denied everything. She told me it must have been a dream. I let it go, but if it was a dream it felt very real.

Taking a final look into the vast variety in the night sky, I saw the house next door had a moving truck in the driveway - new neighbors, maybe. I wasn't the least bit interested in seeing new people. I took a deep breath and went inside to my room.



Cat Metcalf

trying not to let go when we were there. I was not ready, I don't think anyone was, but I felt I was the

Time moves fast. Faster than you could imagine. The walls of my school have never felt less meaningful or empty. A gym that used to be filled with laughter now absorbs the fear and anxiety of the most terrifying day of my life. I sit in my bright blue cap and gown, among people that barely know each other. Some kids make small chatter as we wait for the ceremony to start. Our parents are behind us, taking pictures of us in a place we know so little about, with people whom we know not so well. To my left is a boy with his tassel on the wrong way. He takes off his cap and combs his fingers through his slicked back brown hair. When he puts the cap back on he makes sure to keep it the way he had it. I tap his shoulder almost too light for him to feel.

“Your tassel is the wrong way” I cautioned. He glanced over only for a second before switching it. After that he glued his eyes to the stage in front of us, I’m assuming out of embarrassment. As I looked to my right I see our class valedictorian. Her physical appearance is a perfect example of her grades. Straight blonde hair, not a strand out of place. Her face is flawless, and she’s always beaming. She beat me for valedictorian by half a point, but that’s all it takes. Her whole life is planned out. I’ve never exchanged more than a few words with her. As salutatorian I was asked to give a speech, since the valedictorian declined. Over the past 3 weeks I’ve tried to find the words to describe my high school experience. But the more I wrote the more I realized how little I knew about anyone. What could I possibly say to my class?



I have nothing written down.

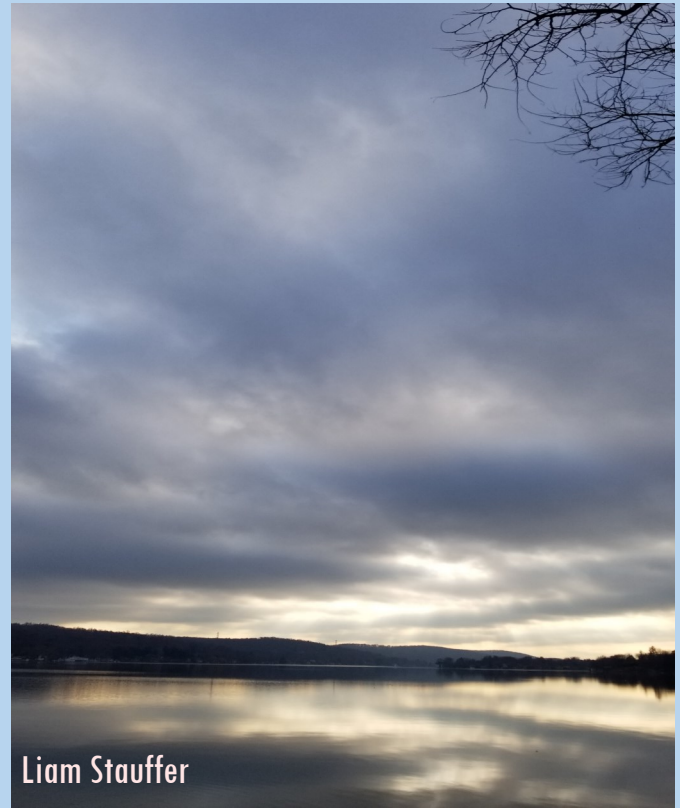
Our principal walks onto the stage showing a proud grin. The ceremony starts and you can hear quiet sobs and feel the anticipation. After a few minutes of light jokes and emotional banter the principal kicks off the ceremony. She first calls the girl next to me, it’s announced she’s going to our local community college. The whole room claps but you can feel the confusion, why would such a smart girl stay in this town? She would have her pick of any school. But I wouldn’t know. I grasp the fact that I don’t know her. She has never told me her situation or what’s going on, nothing more than sharing her math book with me. As she walks across the stage in perfect stride I know I’ll be next.

My heart sinks. And it’s my turn. My legs wobble, and my eyes scan the room. After accepting my diploma I walk up to the podium. It all goes black.

L.B.

Lapis lazuli is from the earth. Intense heat and pressure causes lazulite to change composition. As the deep blue stone falls between my hands, I think about all the rocks that broke down and rebuilt just so I could hold this teardrop. I stop tossing the pebble to observe its depths. The shades of blue remind me of a turbulent sea, tossing and churning under a storm. My eyes shut, and the stone finds a familiar place under my thumb. As I see the storm in the stone, I feel it inside me. I rub the smooth surface to prevent my mind from capsizing. Deep gusts of wind escape my lungs. I try to calm down, to focus on nothing but the cool silk between my fingers. But the sea churns within me, waves of my past crash against my mind. Each memory ebbs away at my security. I grow tired from struggling in my storm, each thought rocks my mind, hoping to drown me. I sink into the ship and let myself be carried by the waves. I do not know where they will take me, but I am too tired to care.

The vessel washes up on shore. A drizzle covers the sky in a mundane grey. I pull myself up to stare at the beach. A little girl is the only inhabitant, barely eight years of age. Huddled in the sand, her thumb is her only source of comfort. I stumble towards her, still dazed in my voyage. In my attempt to walk, she notices me. Her hand leaves her mouth as she stares at me, intently. I stare at her, amazed by the intelligence in her eyes, and trudge towards her. I open my arms in a friendly gesture. I tell her that it's okay. I tell her that I am a friend. I tell her that I will not hurt her. She smiles back at me. An empty, doubtful smile.



Liam Stauffer

She stands up silently, staring through me with her sad, hazel eyes. I see my grief reflected in her.

“You won’t help me,” she sighs. “You came here to make fun of me. To tell me that I’m a baby. That I’m fat, different and wrong. But I already know that, Miss.” I hardly have a moment before her eyes light up in fear. She turns to run away.

“Wait! Where are you going?” I shout above the storm.

“I need to find Mary,” she screams.

I want to chase after her, to apologize to her, to tell her she’s perfect, and that different is good. To do anything to help her. I collapse to my knees, horrified at the broken, young girl. Horrified at my own helplessness. Where were her parents? Surely her mother would be there to help her.

I decide to follow the girl. Lying helplessly in the sand will not cause anything but

A cold. As I follow her path, the dreary shore sprouts trees. A forest springs up before me, a stone cottage at the center. Liquor bottles spill out of the trash cans, and I hesitate at the sight of them. These are the bottles my mother drank from, I think. Then, a shriek echoes through the woods. I rush to the house to listen to the danger. Only bits and pieces of a woman's voice reaches my ear.

"You ass! How could you care more about ... than me? Do you even love me anymore? ... I swear, if you... You will never see your daughter again."

Tears I did not know I had appeared. I covered my mouth to prevent my sobbing, and I ran. I did not know where. I did not care. As long as I could get away from her, I ran. The rain fell heavier. My feet beat against the ground, escaping all the weight behind me. But I could not outrun it.

All these burdens, all the hatred, and all the sorrow surrounds me.

"Don't end up a failure, like your father." I gasp for air.

"Fat bitch. Haven't you heard of exercise?" My legs sear with pain.

"Don't you want friends?" My heart is heavy with scars.

"I promise to help. I can fix you!" My mind is bruised with hate.

"You're wrong. A defect. But we will make you better." I collapse to the ground, struggling to escape the thoughts. But they pull me back to the horror, back to the cruel world.

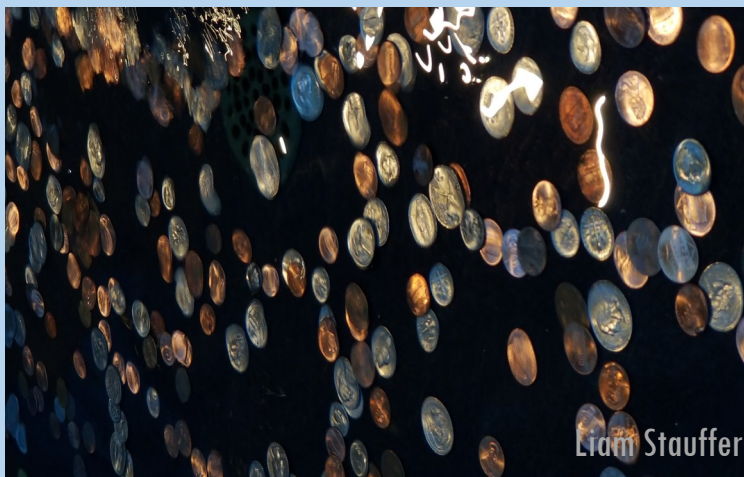
Then, light shines on me. A hand grabs my own, then another helps to pull me up. The darkness falls behind me as I reach up to my savior. She embraces me,

and the smell of vintage perfume and soil encompasses me.

"You are perfect," she exclaims, stroking my hair. "I will protect you, and help you become strong and unique."

With these words, the sky clears. I stand there in her arms for a few minutes that last an eternity. She bends down to pick up a droplet of water. She puts it in my hand, only for me to find a blue stone.

"This is your teardrop," she explains. "It is full of so much sorrow, raging like the sea. But if you look closely, you will see specks of gold. No matter how much you may struggle, there is always darkness within the light."



"Light in the darkness, huh?" I breathe deeply. I look at the stone carefully. Maybe the earth wept for me, out of pity or joy, I will never know. Regardless, it gave me a lesson that I will always hold closely. I am from the earth. I was always pressured by others' expectations, shaped into the girl they desired. Now, I am of the storm, a churning blue ocean full of sadness, hatred, and regret. But also full of possibilities, full of what happiness I choose to make.

Gerri Ratajczak

i am scare.d

i am scare.d is a collection of poems by Samantha Dwornikoski. These poems contain various dark themes wording dealing with mental disorders. Art featured is by Samantha D. and

I don't have sleep paralysis

I've learned that limbo isn't a white void where you go to feel numb.

Limbo

Is the opposite.

You feel everything exploding inside of you, when all you want to feel is nothing. Thoughts race into your mindscape as if the floodgates broke.

Limbo.

The “*doctors*” don’t understand.

They shove me into what they call their finest work,
Tampering with my mind.

How many times have I've woken up here and counted how many stars I can fit on the roof above my head.

Hello to the outside, I'm in here.

Someone answer.

Please.

Before I let my mind wander ?

Can I let my mind walk away

It probably wants to run.

Take my soul with it.

I don't want to see the things my eyes make me see.

hello?

oh.

hello.

stop.

The demons aren't real. Are they? I'm so confused.

What are they?

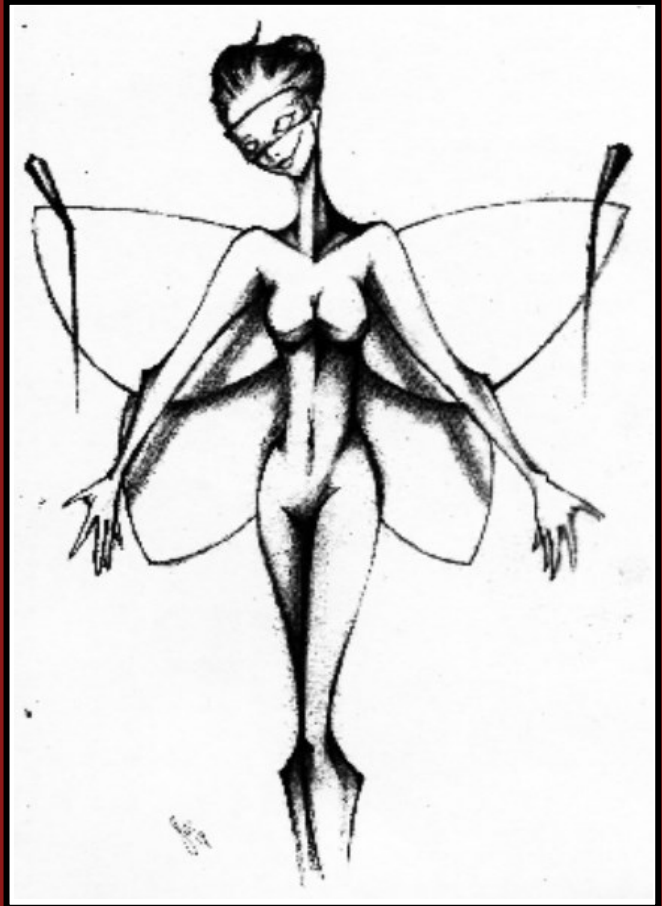
The “doctors” say I have sleep paralysis.

But the demons hold my hands and legs down and cover my mouth, so that I can't shout out for help.

The “doctors” say I have sleep paralysis.

But the demons hold my hands and legs down and cover my mouth, so that I can't shout out for

Help.



Where is yours?

Empathy

Is looking into a fellow victim's eyes and seeing your own from last year.

And empathy

Is crying at the grave of a man you never even met, but you know his son.

And empathy

Is holding bathroom stalls and being a lookout for stranger women so she would go another day with successful survival, against the sex hungry men hunting down prey that looks just like her.

That is what empathy is.

In the eyes of a judge.



The Lingering Scent of Roses

Ah, the lingering scent of roses
 But I can still smell them on her neck
 Despite attaching it to a more deserving, beautiful body, the lingering scent of roses still taints the perfume of
 This lady
 My lady is beautiful, an angel marred by the whip of Satan, yet still is as pure as the jeweled scarlet in my blood.
 But if Satan scarred my lady, then I am truly a devil's spawn.
 For I have the same psychotic tendencies, to dissect, experiment, and neglect; the pain of the ones who I try to make perfect, despite how imperfect they were before.
 But for now, I will indulge in the lingering scent of roses, that dwells upon the neck of the woman that I stitched into an imperfect recreation.

 But I will always be my lady's and I will have her.

The sickly-sweet scent of a high in my brain always brings out the part that's insane.

-message from a boy with split personas

Your eyes are filled with so much love that they can erase 18 years of trauma in a single comforting look.

-message of love

When it comes down to it, human beings at our core are meant to love.

We love our power, our wealth, our lives;
 But I of course am different than natural humans.

At my core, I live to love you.

-message of love in the damaged mind

Another children's rhyme

Once upon a fateful day
 When the air was drowsy, and the wind blew cold
 And the fire burned all into decay
 The bad men stole our Mary away.

Ianto

Show me this love.
 Your supposed power that you alone have over me, the ability to make me melt with your lips and fingertips.
 Show me this.
 Show me how to love
 You.

Revenge for the Witch's body

I know that as I slept they opened my chest and operated inside me.

They gave me a new heart without my consent.

I know that they themselves practiced the occult and replaced my blood with the blood scarified and offered like the dogs they are

and turned their sacrifice into the blood of a demon's.

I know that they wanted a weapon,

So,

I know personally that they formed the ultimate down-



Samantha D.

Because the original is too broken

Do you see his smile?

It's made with fresh paint.

The sparkle in my eyes?

Is a relit fire that died long ago.

Why do I wear a mask?

Because I don't want to wear my original face on my body.

I would much rather paint over its sad, depressing, ugliness, and wear rosy lips and diamond irises.

Don't dare think I'm feigning happiness; it's only because I would much rather be happy. I'd much rather see sunshine dance on rainbows and feel my lips curl into a smile.

I'm not covering up, I'm rebuilding over the trauma.

I know

The face I had, they twisted and contorted and poisoned with depression and violation, and I will forever be burdened with its memories, but if I have hope to rebuild a new one I will always have the chance to be truly happy.

Because happiness, for some, isn't worn, it's felt.

People wear happy smiles and brave faces, until they become part of them, so others won't look down on them, or label them.

My mask lets me live,

So that I may go out to the world, and actually live a life run by

Myself.

This is my true face that I molded, made of the quali-

Homage to us

Until the day that not one person's soul does not cry with rest of the world for another's pain, we alone are the miracles, the leaders of comfort.

And love.

Please stop you're scaring me.

As kids, he used to say please stop, you're scaring me.

But now he calls out, with soft desperation in his voice,
along with a sweet scent of wildfire.

He said

Scars are wounds too so let me kiss them better.
Since seven years old was my heart's desire
Without a care where they appeared,
Only you, I will forever admire.

And they kissed and started to dance.

And he held her hand as it clenched in his, put his lips on
her forehead every time she bit her lip.

You've ensnared me as yours,

So please

Take all of me.

Then she said stop it's scaring me

That my scars will infect your body and soul

For they aren't scars but demon's marks

And he kissed them away and
wished them goodnight.

This rain won't come another eve

For too long I've waited for your delicate bliss

Let us savor the taste, have another bite,

For each night is a different kiss.

And the built up wrath disguised as a wall

He came and broke the defenses down

So she had to go and accept all his love

And decided to continue to dance

A ballet of souls till the dance of dawn

And they danced and danced and danced and danced

To the tempo of the heavy rainfall.



Julia Rutherford