

**The Teen Issue**  
**2017**



## Lit + Art

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The editorial board is composed of librarians, writers, and a professor. The editors seek short fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and art that is unexpected, striking, and moving. Unsolicited and simultaneous submissions accepted. Submissions are free.

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## Lit + Art

Teen Issue  
July 2017

# In Memory of Snooty, 1948-2017



Our editors, contributors, and readers will miss you.

# From the Editor

As a seventeen-year-old avid reader, I was honored to have joined 805's editing team to help put together this issue, which is made up of work from creative teens all over the world. In browsing these pages, you will find art, poetry and prose that measures up to and sometimes exceeds the work by established adult creators in originality and ability. It's hard to believe that many of these teen authors have never been published before, but it's clear to see it won't be their last time.

Despite the young ages of their creators, these pieces cover the whole range of human experience. From the dreamlike whimsy of "Water Fountain Children" to the dark fantasy of "The Factory," this issue has something for everyone.

I hope that this issue encourages the young writers published within to continue pursuing their literary and artistic careers, and inspires other teens to create their own masterpieces and find ways to share their work with others. Above all, I hope that every reader finds something special in these pages.

Emily Blackwell  
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# Art For Album Covers: Foxygen - ...And Star Power

Ross Allison

# Three Lists

Hamzah Jhaveri

A glass sphere becoming a paperweight  
wood becoming a desk  
a window of glass and screen  
framing the sky and clouds and stars at night night and virginity  
the growing divide between you and your brother the wind sometimes  
when you can hold it  
the particles, all the damn particles.

Destruction of the rainforest the homework you do  
the sound your toes make against the shower tiles a greasy ride in Magic  
Midtown  
how you continue to look at a blinding desk light the feeling you get when  
swimming alone  
the etchings you find on your desk the ocean when it's morning.

A book you've never read all the books you've read  
the road when it's humid outside a fantasy you've felt in a dream  
a friend you've lost on purpose sweat from nothing  
a gift given away  
a coffee shop on Wednesday.



**Amen**  
Rosella Birgy

# Strong

Audrey Chin

It has taken me five years, twelve visits to an overpriced psychologist, three stuffy bus rides, and 953 steps in the pouring rain to reach her doorstep. And even now, as I reluctantly close my dripping umbrella and raise the knocker tentatively in my hand, it still seems too short. I haven't ever called or sent a letter, yet as the Brooklyn evening washes over me smelling of dusk and gasoline, I can still taste my goodbye. Biting. Acidic. Burning my tongue and cheeks. *I had asked her to forget me. Yet no matter how much I wanted to, how much I denied myself every thought of her, every warm memory, I had not been able to let her go.* My hand grips the knocker tightly and I slice my ring finger on a sharp edge, a drop of blood welling from my fingertip and falling to the ground, mingling with the red of the porch bricks, releasing the scent of tarnished metal.

I don't know what I want now or even what I expect. But I can't leave things the way they are. I release the knocker and feel its weight fly from my palm, slamming into the thick wood with loud thuds that seem to thrust my breath from my chest, out through quivering, parted lips. I freeze as the knocker stills and the evening fades to silence. *Could she have left? Could she really have moved on? Perhaps—no, almost certainly—that would be better, but so terribly painful.* I watch the first star appear and then the second. *She isn't here.* I turn, heavily, to go. I am so tired. And then, a creak. With a groan, the door swings open. There she is, with many more crinkles around her eyes, but just the same as I remember.

“Conrad,” she says. Not a question or an accusation. Simply a statement. And that single word, uttered without an ounce of animosity, makes my throat ache and tears well. *She is so strong. I remember that. She has always been so strong.*

*But I came to apologize.* I know that, despite my shock. All the nights lying awake worrying about her. All the times I've come as far as the entrance to her street and turned back, a coward. All the birthdays and Christmases I've spent wondering if she was celebrating alone. *I've made her wait too long, I've inflicted too much. I won't run again.*

“I'm so sorry,” I croak, my words stumbling over one another.

She pulls me close, hushing me with her embrace. “You're here now, son.”





# Water Fountain Children

Rosella Birgy

# What I Have Known

Angela Soria

I have known the coyote's lies  
and the mutt's truths.

I have slept to the ghetto's music  
and been awoken with the bird's mocking stolen calls.

My body aches to move in line with the others  
but my soul peels away, shedding the pain and weakness  
that comes with being ill.

I have heard the thunder cry  
and the winds rage.

I have sat down with death  
and walked with life.

My soul knows that wisdom doesn't come from the strong  
but from the broken.

I have known the weak  
and the strong.

I have heard the grumbles of machine never stopping.  
and ones from a machine that you just need to pull the plug.

My soul grows more tired and weak as the days go by and with the knowledge that it gains.

But with that knowledge it also knows to enjoy the little time we have left

because just like that ever-working machine sometimes you just  
don't know when your plug will be pulled.



# ‘Took the One Less Travelled By

Noelle Hendrickson

# Growing Up Girl

Maya Rabinowitz

I. It is the first thing they say when we come blinking into the world. Before we smell our mothers and before we are given a name. A midwife makes the first definition. “It’s a girl!” she says, or “it’s not.” It is the earliest, most primitive definition; it is derived from nothing more than what lies between a baby’s legs. From there, the parents sigh or laugh or sob with happiness, as if this was the news they’d been dreaming of, as if it had to be a girl, of course, and they forget that they would’ve been thrilled with a boy too, for hadn’t they told all their friends just days before that they didn’t care, that all they wanted was a healthy baby? The hospital is glad to have given this new life its first definition. The baby is whisked away and cleaned and put in a clear plastic box with a soft pink hat and a soft pink blanket, and rolled into a row of other pink babies. “It’s a girl!” read the signs that hang on the fronts of their boxes. The babies are born nearly blind, and they cannot see the color of their blanket, nor would they care if they could. Pink has no meaning; it is the inside of their mother, it is the tips of their fingers. It is for the comfort of the rest of the world that they are assigned a color. A soft, innocent, well-behaved color.

II. It is not something to think about. It is less important and less changeable than the color of your hair. The midwife makes just the first definition, but don’t worry, the world will fill in the rest before you know it.

III. There is girl clothing. If you are a girl, you are allowed to wear dresses and skirts. If you wear pants, your shirt better have a flower or a pony on it, or maybe some hearts and a kitten. This clothing is exclusive and required for girls. One time a little boy wore a dress to school. He was four years old and it was an accepting school so nobody laughed, but everybody stared. “It’s because he has two moms,” people said. “A dad would never let his son out in public looking like that.” Some kids asked (as little kids tend to do) why he wore girl clothing. He said it was because flower hair clips were beautiful and fluffy bright skirts made him feel free. “I’m not a girl,” he said. “I’m a person. I’m just me.”

IV. There are girl colors. Girls can wear pink and purple, and yellow too. They can wear blue jeans sometimes, especially if there is something

decidedly feminine, like a heart or a butterfly, stitched into them. Before I was born, my parents refused to learn my gender. Family members and family friends were desperate to know. “How do we know what color clothing to buy?” they asked. “You are not letting us define your baby.” My mothers were proud that they had held off the world for just a few months longer. All they wanted was a healthy baby, and it irritated them that the societal gender craze had already slipped through the cracks of their home, reaching for an unborn life. My mothers told their family and family friends to get over it, or to buy yellow and green if putting a girl in blue is such an atrocity. “It’s because the baby has two moms,” they’d say. “A straight woman would put her daughter in pink.”

V. There are particular ways that girls should act. One time a little girl went to summer camp. Everybody thought she was a boy, because she wore shirts with trucks and little cargo shorts every day, even into the pool. She had short hair and crooked teeth and brilliant blue eyes, and she would growl at anyone who looked her way. She was six years old and it was an accepting camp in a progressive neighborhood, so nobody laughed but some kids pointed. When the children lined up to get on the buses to the swimming pool, people wondered why she was in line to get on the girl bus (*I wonder now why they even had a girl bus*). Two children asked her one day. “You’re a boy,” they said. “NO!” she shouted. “I’m a girl.” I’m a girl because I say so.

VI. Girls grow into women. The world does not like this. Women have brains and hips and they don’t need protection. The world prefers girls. Girls are sweet and innocent and powerless. When they are born, they are dressed in soft pink, because biologically, pink softens the temper of enemies. Girls are well behaved and always kind. It is easier to not hate a girl than it is to not hate a woman. So the world pushes its women back in time. “Be hairless,” it says. “Be coveted, be untouchable.” A girl is a symbol of beauty that grown women wax and pluck and burn and dumb themselves down into. A girl is a vessel that must be prepared to someday hold a baby. Give her dolls and toy houses and pretend veils for pretend weddings, she needs to practice now. Get it through her head that this is what she wants to be.

VII. Some months ago, a girl almost watched herself take a powerful country in hand, in the highest seat of power. For one second, the definitions that the world had placed around her neck began to lighten. Ha, said the world, just kidding. Try again later. Maybe next time it will be different. Maybe next time, I will take a girl as she is, nasty or ugly or smart or bold. Try again later, says the world. Maybe tomorrow, I will define a girl as whoever she wants to be.



# From Eden

Betsy Jenifer

# The Telescope

Marysa Lee

If I could configure a telescope from a pencil and let you  
Study the solar system in my mind; the vast brightness,  
Watch your fingers disappear in foggy celestial vaults, you could  
Nearly trace the surface of my sun: unravel the darkness beneath my lightness  
You will see a lion chasing my rabbit heart  
And constellations composed of others' idiosyncrasies,  
On nights clarity showers my thoughts and the sky  
In the twilight, watch my cosmic love oxidize  
Cartwheel beyond the stars and watch fate align  
Each time you see the heavens in my eyes  
I will draw the universe from the telescope; you can erase the atmosphere swirl  
Yet I'll eclipse you; I am moonstruck  
Ethereal stargirl.



JASEK 16

# Clairvoyance

Erik Jasek

# I Have a Brain Tumor and I'm Happy All the Time

Grace Rowe

I have the emotional capacity of a stamping press with shot hydraulics. It's a lie to say I've never felt like I couldn't eat, because I didn't want to waste food on a body just a few seizures away from literal death, which I feel isn't an abstract generalization, because I'm not talking metaphorically. There's only one type of death and that's the dead kind.

On the day before my graduation party, when my pediatrician called to say they found something, I cried when my Mom cried and also cried when our septic blew. Joey Lurry, from Milford, Michigan, had to fix it at 1 a.m. and didn't charge because the brain tumor is kind of a bummer, and we all do what we can to help those around us. To Joey, that meant not charging to fix a septic at 1 a.m. I didn't even see him do this, because I was working my last shift at the supermarket in Highland, Michigan.

I told my boss, Chris, "I quit," and he said, "No, you don't."

I said "I have a brain tumor," and he said, "OK."

And his tiny bald head seemed so worried, but he didn't really care all that much, because he worked at the supermarket in Highland, Michigan, and nobody cares much about anything at the supermarket in Highland, Michigan. He probably thought, "What a lucky young lady, found a way out of this one," and winked or something. I never really knew him long enough to memorize his mannerisms, and thank goodness, because he was the type of person that hung out at work even after his shift was over, which is the worst way to live. But, I really don't know.

I have the emotional capacity of a stale saltine. My limbic system is a busted plum on the side of a highway, wrinkled and limp like the hand of an old woman. Theoretically, I know I'm dying with an expiration date so close I can smell my skin turning like curdled milk. It's easy enough to feel every pore and every crevice of my body sliding off bone into greasy ribbons, curling like thin chips of wood or maybe mummified eyelids at my feet. I look at myself in the mirror and imagine my jaw peeling off and rolling away just like it will a few years from now, which is a little embarrassing to admit, but I think most people probably do it.

Once, I read this book published by a dead girl's parents, and all the different characters had the same name because she never got to revise it. And I remember thinking, "Wow that's embarrassing for her. I hope my parents don't publish anything for me."





# Double Exposed

Alyssa Williams

# Pocket Feminism

Moira Armstrong

Society tells us it is 2017!

A woman can be anything she wants to be. And childishly, we take the bait,

The piece of cheese that leads us rats into a trapping, confining cage.

You want us to match our personalities like our outfits.

I can be the geek—

If I feign interest in Star Trek or Wars and study instead of going out on Friday nights.

I can be the soft pretty girl—

If I apply some pale palette before I play ukulele or take Polaroids in the park.

I can even be the badass if I dress myself in tight black leather and always go the whole nine yards.

How are you smart if you failed a chemistry test? How are you pretty if you don't wear skirts? How are you badass if you're scared of the dark and how are you body positive, they ask, if you're a little insecure when your stomach bulges over the waistband of your jeans?

Defend yourself.

How are you this? How are you that?

How are you all-inclusive when you won't accommodate when I want to talk over you, to shout over your beliefs,

To shame you into flushed cheeks and stammering arguments and eventually just keeping your mouth shut, because that is a woman's place, still.

Antiquated wire soldered with fresh feminism and shut with rape culture padlocks cannot be as easily broken as a glass ceiling.



# Leaving/ Returning

Jessika Raisor

# Breath

Henry McClure

Breathe.  
This is your birthright,  
The air in your lungs.

Feel it in your blood,  
The essence of your parents;  
Permeating your being,  
It becomes a part of you.

And when you exhale,  
Do you become the air?  
Your heart, carried on the breeze,  
Into the lungs of others?

And into the branches,  
The roots of the trees?  
The oak and the maple,  
The root and stem  
Of life, of the earth?

Then you permeate their being,  
And are their birthright.  
What a strange thing,  
To be another's inheritance!

We belong to each other;  
Heart and soul, we are  
Consumed with each breath.

Without linking arms,  
We embrace one another,  
The sky and the earth,  
Making love with our breath  
And birthing the wind.

Do you know the words?

The song you will sing  
For one worthy of this gift?  
It is a song for the whole world,  
For all are worthy of it.

Make it masterful, then;  
A song worthy of the world,  
And not the other way around.  
Capture in it the wind,  
The binding air,  
And let it fly, unhampered,  
Into the heart of all things.

This is your birthright  
This is theirs.  
Your breath, your blood,  
The essence of your soul.

# Fleur

Gillian Chapman

The trees stretch their fingers up to the stars, reaching for heaven. Longing, longing.

I'm the same as them, tonight. The window of my bedroom opens up to the sloping roof, wet with rain, covered in rust-red leaves. Above the apartment buildings and the café across the street, a cathedral rises up like a pure piece of the Renaissance, an angel standing tall. Our flat is on the eighth floor, and my room's window is the highest in the building—nestled snug above the rooftop. The ceiling inside is slanted, too, but the scenery makes up for the small space; from here, I have a wondrous view of the Parisian horizon.

The tiles of the roof are damp and cold, but still solid enough to keep me from slipping. From between them, wispy wildflowers sprout up, wrapping around my fingertips like tiny ropes.

My anxiety comes in waves, and sorrow is the spray of seawater after they crash. I take a breath, swimming in petrichor, soaking up the stars. A stalk of ivy springs out from the rooftop and curls itself around my ankle.

I first saw this haunting despondency when I was twelve; the plants came five years later—two weeks ago, on a Sunday. The former is not just a run-of-the-mill gloom; it's a shadow that swallows me whole on some days, and a ghost lingering in the corner of the room on others. It is a guest who refuses to leave. The latter is a solace, a fragment of joie de vivre. It's minuscule delphiniums blooming around the legs of my desk at school; it's the ritual of untangling peonies from my shoes in the morning.

The plants are my closest companions, an unexpectedly bright part of my mind that has dripped out into the world like stray droplets in a storm. Now, on the slanted rooftop, watching the starlight dance on velvet skies, they make my breath even.

I am seventeen, and I have been sad for most of my life. I am made of oxygen, carbon, nitrogen—the same as the stars, and on some nights, when the thick blanket of the clouds is less comforting and more suffocating, I

can feel myself imploding. My existence is as heavy as the sky, and my shoulders are tired and drooping. When the plants blossomed their way into my life, the whispers of their delicate stems began eroding all the reservoirs of melancholia I've kept in hiding, and now there's something living, growing, moving—even in this darkened place, they make room for light.

I crawl back inside the apartment, leaving the window open just enough to smell the night air and the rain-soaked streets. It's late enough for silence—the only sounds that break through are a gentle breeze and the rustle of branches. Flopping down onto my bed, I nestle underneath the layers of blankets; the room is a mixture of soft warmth and moonlit chill. On the bed frame, thin-stemmed daisies climb up and around the woods. Bundles of clover have sprouted around the bookshelves, and jewel-toned wisteria hangs from above the window.

My eyes beg to be closed, and yet the fatigue does not bring sleep. Instead of rest, my mind is hit by waves—fear, then woe, then something halfway numb. It's started to rain again. Droplets tap against my window, composing their own soft song, and I wonder if I'll sleep tonight.

Then, I feel something on my hand. I blink, banishing any trace of wayward ocean tears. It's a blue starlet. Like shards of sapphire, they're slowly blooming from my mattress, entwining themselves around my fingers.

I breathe out. The last bits of shadow escape out into the night, and I close my eyes. The starlets wind around my arms, and I close my eyes. The calm comes like the tide, moving in and out, in and out, oscillating slowly.

I fall asleep on a bed of flowers, the golden dust of stars twirling in the night, singing lullabies as the constellations spin in pirouettes—such tiny blossoms, and yet with them comes respite.





# Asphalt Jungle

Betsy Jenifer

# Us

Lucia Ponader

What is the meaning of it all?  
For each object, when the day annuls,  
Gives way to an endless  
crumbling wake of empty.  
Our bodies, once bursting with fervor,  
Will kiss the ground and pay homage  
To this imperial world.  
All we have amassed throughout this span  
Will soon rot with memories of  
What-ifs and the past tense.  
Years are spent yearning for  
Things, and yet, the last beat strikes.  
We have worked so hard simply  
To gain nothing.  
We have worked to obtain,  
And yet we are empty upon  
Our departure.  
No eminence or prestige left,  
Just bones of memories and person.  
And when we go crumbling down  
We take with us  
Not what we saw  
But what we felt.  
We take the laughter of an  
Early morning stroll,  
The tears of our first heartbreak,  
And the beating of her chest  
Against your own molten one.  
We take the pastel sunset,  
And the feeling of his leathered hands  
Intertwined with the innocence in yours.  
We take the thick summer air,  
Humid and syrupy sweet as the bees  
Buzz around,  
smelling like lemon  
And mint.  
We take the rush of passion  
That leaves us stuttering and stammering;  
Balancing on the stony edge of emotion.  
We take our last breath,  
And as we inhale,  
We absorb the world.



# Looking In

Gabe Hales

# The Ceilingless Room

Regina Caggiano

Never once have I loved in the falling kind  
Anyone but the ocean

Its satin tides and foam  
And the sheer cliff, the drop  
The illogical place  
Where water flattens like glass  
And becomes sky

There is a hope for rebirth like a flame

I want to be an illogical place  
Stretch my arms out as a horizon  
Long and ellipsed  
Pressed into two dimensions  
Along the domed face of the clouds

I will watch the world as the sun sets  
The sky turn the colors of Michelangelo

Feel the image of an old man  
Roman nosed, marble skinned  
Lost in the height of the ceiling  
And the smell of oil on his hands  
Wrinkled, blackened,  
Inhabited by God  
In small pieces

I will swallow the sun each night and burn  
I will be the edge of the known world  
Where sailboats vanish  
And maps end

I will be where floor becomes ceiling  
A wild dancer with a paintbrush  
An unburdened spark

She lights the sky on fire

And I will gather clouds  
In a rose bouquet, glowing  
Paint oil Angels upon their faces  
With streamers of gold and  
Paste them upon the flames

A child's collage  
Untrue to the eye  
Believable to a rare deep-ocean mind

I will paint the ceiling of a great chapel  
And the sea will be its mirror  
Shattered by waves

I will catch the sun in my teeth  
Last rays splaying out over the water  
Skipping like gold stones  
With glowing tails, leaving ripples  
And light in their wake

The orange half-moon melts like wax  
And the path is cast  
Glimmering, scalloped by the wild sea  
A bridge from the shoreline  
And swallowed by the horizon;  
It is the place where worlds end.

I will walk on water  
For the world is my chapel  
And the ocean my stage

Let this be  
My Beginning



# Frustration

Dimithry Victor

# Tenebrism

Sarah Feng

*The rain was light and fine, a dust scattered along the university campus. Dark smudges pockmarked a track bleached rubbed-eye-red by the relentless sun. He stood on the scuffed line separating lane one and lane two, and he breathed.*

“On time today, I see.”

“Yeah,” he says.

He enters the small room with padded footsteps, his face dripping with creamy light from the window.

Allison blinks, her contact lenses shifting smoothly over the surface of her eyes, and offers him a smile. “So, what’s with the sudden punctuality today?”

The shade of the lemon tree outside dapples the planes of his face with smears of gold. “Practice got canceled because of the rain. The coach doesn’t want us to kill ourselves right before the regionals tomorrow.”

“The rain stopped half an hour ago,” Allison notes.

He shuts the door softly and perches on the squashy sofa. It yawns, even underneath the tiny weight he puts on it. “Before, it was raining for a good hour, though, so the sandpit’s flooded, and the track’s soaked through.”

*He crouched at the starting line and in his mind there was the resounding crack of the gun.*

“I’m going to take Ada out for ice cream tomorrow,” says Roman.

“Ada?”

Roman stares at her. “Ada Li. My younger sister. Have I never mentioned her before? She’s very quiet.”

Allison tilts her chin up and nods slowly. “Ada.”

Roman continues. “She’s been wanting to try that new mango-vanilla sorbet that all the girls at her school have been talking about, so I’m going to take her.”

“Ada’s lucky to have a brother like you,” says Allison.

“Yeah, it’s weird—I don’t... I can’t remember where her room was when we lived with Mom. I think I’ve been cramming so much information in my head for finals that I’ve forgotten basic things like that,” Roman admits, laughing abashedly. “Now that we moved in with Dad, we share a room.”

“Adjusting okay to your new home?” Allison asks. She catches Roman’s flinch, the most inconspicuous dip of the shoulder-bone that could have easily passed for stretching.

“It’s—not so bad, really,” Roman says. “Dad is nice when Mom isn’t around. He buys us things. He lets us do what we want.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Dad isn’t strict like Mom is. I mean, when we used to all live together, he was stressed—all the time, and if I put one foot out of line

he would get angry. But now that Mom is away in rehab, Dad doesn't—he doesn't get so mad anymore."

"Do you miss her?"

The set around Roman's mouth hardens. "No."

*He exploded forward, his skin a mural of rain and ghosts, his body opening violently with the savage precision of a panther.*

"Why do you say that?"

"If she could get a real job and get an actual income," Roman says, "maybe we could've hired an actual lawyer."

"Roman, have you heard of projection?"

"We read *A Separate Peace* in freshman year. Our teacher force-fed us that stuff, so yeah, I know a bit. Projection is when you deny your own mess-ups by pinning them on others." Roman has long, nimble fingers—a pianist's fingers, milky and smooth. They tap silently on the cold wood of Allison's desk, and then, "Oh."

"Maybe you regret asking for the lawsuit, Roman."

Roman is good at hiding his thoughts, but Allison is even better at reading them. She presses forward. "Do you feel like you might be suppressing your feelings toward your father?"

Light sparks against his dark hair. "What do you mean? Dad doesn't touch me anymore."

*The track melted beneath his feet into a dipping, elongating taffy, slithering across the floor.*

The fingers crease and furl like pale fronds of honey. They dance on the table. They are light enough to lift him up, if he wanted.

"Roman—"

"No, I think you're right."

"I—"

They stop dancing. "You know, if I think about it, you're actually right, Allison. Maybe my mom isn't to blame."

"Roman, you were only trying to protect yourself."

He smiles wanly. "Someday I might even be more than a statistic. An opening anecdote for a doe-eyed reporter at *Times*, if I'm lucky. It's okay. I am what I am surrounded by."

"It doesn't—" Allison stops by herself this time.

*It was a funny thing how quickly his hands stopped shaking.*

Allison's hands fly across the keyboard. The monitor lets out a beep as Roman's files appear on the screen. "Roman, I—"

The door creaks open, and Dr. Kovaleski, the therapist across the

hall, slowly appears in the doorway. He adjusts his spectacles; their silver trimmings flash against his dark skin. "Allison?"

Allison glances back to Roman, rising from her chair. "Sorry. I'll be right ba—"

Her mouth falls shut halfway.

"Allison," Dr. Kovaleski repeats softly.

There is nobody on the sofa.

She looks around. It's only herself and the other therapist. The blinds are shut, and the only light is the fluorescent, watery one from the lightbulb overhead. Her hand bumps the open vial at her side. There is a clatter as a few pills tumble out.

"Allison." Dr. Kovaleski's voice cuts into her thoughts. "Are you ready?"

"For what?" she says.

"The funeral of Roman Li."



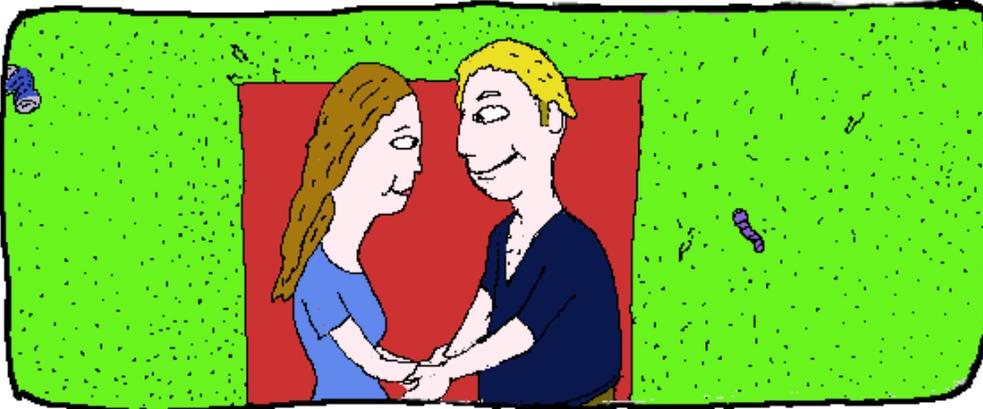
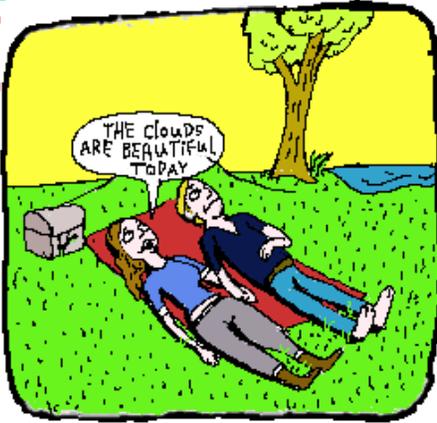


**Friesian  
at  
Sunset**  
Marysa Lee

# a modern movement

Lina Zhang

the moment paint ripples  
before settling:  
water invades with silence  
the sirens gently tap and pull  
mist  
before the flood  
wraps you away  
our blood will stain the colors  
that'll rush into the drain  
hold on  
to yourself  
our hopes are only stains  
washed out  
cleaned, dried  
the brush is rid of its pains



E. JASEK 16

# Picnic

Erik Jasek

# On Fantasy

Caitlin Washnock

*The knight in shining armor fights the ultimate battle for redemption and glory. The evil wizard does everything in his power to stop the hero, sending armies of goblins, trolls, and demons, and anything else that could injure his courage, pride, or will to continue his quest. Fairies and nymphs guide the hero through the thickest darkness, occasionally flirting and teasing like the troublesome creatures they are. Blood has spilt, enemies have fallen, friends near and dear have died and the hero mourns their deaths. The final challenge awaits at the highest tower of the tenebrous castle. The wizard stands in waiting for this so-called knight. Dark clouds surround the murky land while the two fight to the death, slashing their swords and brandishing their teeth in determination. The time is nigh: one final blow to the other will finish the conflict. As one falls to the ground, the other raises his weapon and—*

The piercing ring of the bell rang in my ears, jolting me out of my daydream. I had been staring at the far corner of my U.S Government class, losing myself in every groove and pattern of the brick walls as well as the different images that came sprouting out from the multi colored ground. I heard the shuffle of bags being slung over people's shoulders, taking note of the small grunts of effort that came after. The constant murmur of chatter never seemed to stop even after the class started. *Oh well*, I thought to myself, *at least the day is over*. I packed my binder into my Jack Skellington backpack and fastened the two strings, sealing the bag closed before exiting the room, drifting behind the rest of the students. I placed my hand on my stomach, grimacing at the dull ache of hunger in my gut. There had to be something I could eat, other than the inedible food that this poor school provided. I snickered to myself, "Yeah, if you can call it food."

*... A roar of laughter by a group of men sitting in the local brothel ensued. Local music about tales of old was sung loud and clear by everyone presiding. A few broad men slapped each other on the back as they sang while the women in knee high skirts danced around them, clapping their hands along with the beat. The building was warm—happy even. Not a single face showed any sign of sadness... all except one...*

I made my way down the ramp, exiting the structure that was left from the main building. I liked this part of the building, because it was another part of the school where I wasn't cooped up in one place. As I walked down the sidewalk towards my bus, I observed the countless people pooling out from the main building, excited and shouting with glee that the weekend was finally here. I furrowed my eyebrows, watching sophomores jump up from the grass, sticking right arms out and tucking their heads into their left elbows.

*Whoever invented the dab really needs a good beating*, I thought with a frown.

I shook my head, stepping onto the bus full of teenagers. I had

music blasting in my ears, deafening me from their useless, cheerful chatter. Of course, I couldn't complain too much—I had Star Wars music to listen to. But deep down, I had trouble understanding how these people could be so happy. I gazed out the window absentmindedly and rested my head on the dirty glass.

*... the man was dressed in royal guardsman clothes, embroidered with a silver finish to protect his chest. A saber was attached to his side, shining dangerously in the candlelight. He stared at the happy crowd, holding his cup of rum in one hand while holding his chin in the other.*

*"The inexperienced live in the blind... bright and gay," he whispered, his hand clutching the cup tighter. "They know nothing of those who suffered for their protection."* The soldier sighed, turning his eyes away from the crowd. A knight shouldn't be thinking of such discriminatory, *the voice scolded him*, in time, you will prove yourself worthy of recognition. *The knight let out a lighthearted chuckle, smiling sadly down into his drink.*

*"If only that were so..." he replied.*

I lifted my head off the glass, feeling the last jarring stop as the bus arrived in my neighborhood. I jumped out of my seat, grabbing my bag and walking off the bus after giving a quick 'thank you' to the bus driver. I knew she had it rough, listening to all these morons annoy her while she drove. Some people have no respect whatsoever. When my feet touched the sidewalk of my home area, I felt my heart rate drastically increase. Fear heightened my anxious thoughts with every step I took. I knew where I was going, of course. There were no dark forests or goblins lurking in the depths to eat my heart on a silver platter.

No. Nothing that merciful.

I gazed afar at the dwelling that haunted my dreams, that struck everlasting fear into my broken heart... the place where I had lived ever since I was a mere child.

*This was his quest, the final chapter in his long-awaited search for honor and truth.*

My house contained the very being that has tortured me, destroyed my self confidence that took so long to rebuild. This place of broken relationships and shattered dreams.

*The dark castle held the evil wizard, who cared only for himself and no one else.*

*5 more months*, the voice reminded me, *don't quit on me now.*

*"I have come this far," the knight said proudly. "I will not let my victory slip away from me!"*

"I have come this far," I replied, clenching my hand to a tight fist. "I will not let my victory slip away from me!"

...  
Who will win in the end?  
*Who will win in the end?*

# Clown

Marysa Lee

I realized suddenly it all seemed like a joke  
A clown in the basement having a smoke Vanishing vapor into unmoving  
air Melting his makeup but he  
doesn't care A crumbling mirage, a circus fire  
A generation in a tower, a lost empire  
Too young to move on, the wind at their backs Unsung and dried out, flow-  
ers hung with tacks The  
crocodile rock in the back of their minds Eyes black like midnight or used  
coffee grinds  
They are fractured, jawbreakers, gas station prayers  
They are sinners, dreamtakers, hearts caught on snares  
Graffiti, blue dreams, tangerine trees  
How close is Domino's, lets save the bees  
They are three am phone calls and In god we trust  
They are ivy on brick walls and shaking gold dust

I sat up suddenly on a basement couch  
The light so blue and the clown in a crouch  
He begged for an errand; he asked for more time  
I yelled as I ran: I'm not yours I'm mine  
Bricks blurred the window on the midnight train The clown behind me said  
each view'd be the same  
Latitude, longitude hopscotch cities  
All the boys too quiet, the girls too pretty  
The glitch mob, wrong crowd, an attic dweller Their minds in clouds, their  
gold in the cellar Hours  
later they'll stand covered in rust  
A retired clown shaking off gold dust

It doesn't matter what's already been said  
Both the shells of the living and what's left of the dead  
Know what it's like to breathe  
Both know that it hurts to bleed  
On someone else's table, someone else's host  
Each boy a secret, each girl a ghost  
Cut from diamonds, bodies meant to last  
A clown at heart, gone so fast  
A sickening saga of warping trust  
Skeletons slowly brushing off gold dust



# Blue Girl

Ava Borte

# The Factory

Danielle Richardson

We are not allowed past the fence.

Gemma told me once that someone tried to pass it, and they were never heard from again. No one's tried since. This was supposedly ten years ago. I, personally, have no desire to get past the fence either way. Everything I could ever want or need is provided here. I am comfortable, well fed, safe, and clothed. Are those on the outside beneficiaries of such pleasures as well? I have no idea. Are there even people outside the fence? None of us knows.

My name is Carcer. I am a sixteen-year-old boy, and I have been inside the fence since before I can remember. No one else can recall a time before The Factory either. This is our home, and the fence is our protector. They say that there are bad things outside, things that forced them to bring us here. I don't know that I believe them, but I don't know what else there is to believe.

The fence is an imposing thing, all scratched and made of thick gray concrete. It is so tall that no one can see over it, even if they are on the roof of The Factory. At its top stand several pointy spikes, there to discourage anyone from climbing in or out. Sometimes I imagine that I can grow wings and soar over it and out into the rest of the world, but I tell no one of these thoughts. I could get in trouble. My secret thoughts are meant for me alone.

I turn from my position at the window and head outside my room in search of Gemma, my best friend. They paired us once in Physicality five years ago, and the rest is history. She usually paints in Creativity around this time, so I set a course for that department. I see her as I round the corner into the room, her curly hair pulled back from her face as she faces an easel, her back to me. She doesn't turn around as I approach, but I can tell that she knows I am here.

"It's happened again," she says, still not turning to face me.

"What?" I ask, even though I know what she is about to say.

Now she turns to me, eyes scrunched in irritation as she sets down her paint palette. "Daisy is missing, that's what," she hisses, hands on her hips.

There's been a pattern at The Factory for as long as anyone's been here: every few months, some of us disappear. There's nothing to indicate that it's about to happen. It simply does. We don't know where people go once they disappear, and the Advisers never answer our questions. We can't try to escape it because there's no anticipating a disappearance. There is no schedule of when it occurs. Everyone at the factory disappears at some point before their eighteenth birthday. The Advisers never told us this, but we can tell because none of us is older than seventeen. My time is almost up.

I'd like to think that everyone who disappears goes somewhere better. Maybe this "somewhere" is outside the fence. But lately, I'm not too sure. Sometimes I swear I hear screams late at night, but they fade away so

quickly that I chalk it up to the howl of the wind. I don't dare ask anyone else if they hear anything.

"How's everyone else taking it?" I ask Gemma.

"As well as they usually do, I suppose."

No one says anything after a disappearance. No one cries. No one grieves. But when we all see each other in the Common Room for Assembly every day, we can see in each other's eyes that another one of us has gone.

Life in The Factory is repetitious. There are currently fifteen of us and about fifty Advisers. We all wake each morning at eight to the blare of the alarm that comes over the central sound system of The Factory, and we go to bed at ten each night. There are no excuses for breaking curfew. Every day we eat four meals, always at the same times in the Lunch Room. We take lessons on English, mathematics, and biology in the same room each day for three hours. After lessons, we are free to do as we please until eight o'clock, which is when Assembly starts. The Advisers bring us to the Common Room, where we are all inspected for health concerns, both physical and mental. After Assembly, we head to our Sleeping Quarters and prepare for bed at ten. This is how it has been every day of my life.

Gemma and I waste the rest of the day away until curfew. I tell her goodnight and head towards my small room. Tucking myself under the covers, I close my eyes and fall asleep almost instantaneously.

My eyes are open again before I know it. The sound of my door opening has awakened me, the slight creak of it jerking me from my peaceful dreams. I look to the door to see three men emerge, their bodies muscular and covered in all-black clothing, faces hidden behind masks of the same color. They say nothing to me as they approach. I know what they mean: it is my turn to disappear.

My time is up.

The thought flits through my head too quickly for me to catch it. My body moves too slowly for me to escape before I am grabbed by two of the men, their arms covering my face and body as I struggle to break free. I do not want to disappear. I do not want Gemma to have the same look in her eyes as everyone else tomorrow morning, knowing that I have become one of the many others. I do not want to find out where the others have gone. I feel the prick of a needle in my arm, quick and painless, and then I am asleep again.

I awaken to the horrifying truth of disappearances.

Everything is red. Blood and red meat everywhere. I recognize Daisy in the mess of it all, her head resting on a conveyor belt that leads into a gigantic mechanical meat grinder. The rest are too dismembered for me to recognize, but I know that they must be everyone else that has disappeared. I feel sick. This red future is what awaits me.

The men in black are behind me, pushing me in the wheelchair that I am inescapably trapped to. More men walk about the room, putting meat

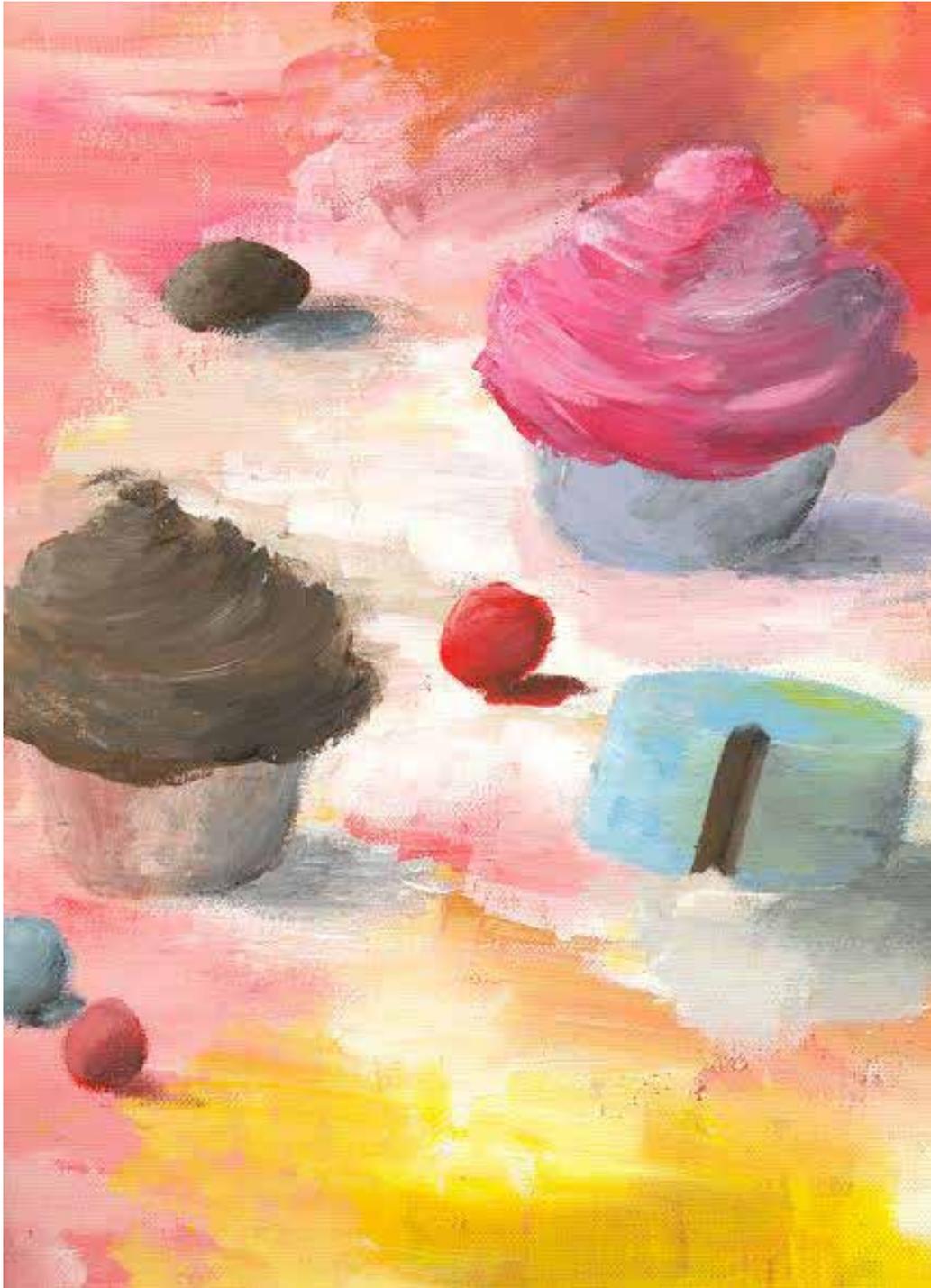
into machines, mopping blood off the floor as they go. They are like worker bees in some sort of sick beehive of horror. The men in black stop me outside of a door, pushing it open to reveal a guillotine, its glistening blade hanging in the air. It waits for me, its metal hungry for the taste of more young blood.

They take me out of the chair and lay me under the blade. I know that struggling is pointless. I am outnumbered here in this room, and even more men are outside the door. And so, I close my eyes. I see the fence. I see its metal spikes and old concrete. I see its elimination of possibilities. But I also see myself.

I have wings.

They are the most stunning things I have ever beheld, unfurling from my shoulder blades in white velveteen glory. They extend farther away from my torso than my outstretched arms can reach. I have never flown before, but I find that it comes easily to me, as natural as walking. They push me up, higher and higher, the air increasingly cold with every flap of my wings. But I do not stop. I reach the top of the fence, my feet just barely touching the spikes that once seemed so insurmountable. I look out at what is beyond, and I soar towards its beauty.





# Happy & Sweet

Ashley Simms

# Four Hours

Maddie Woda

10:00 A.M.: Choosing the Tea

I scanned the list, the names sliding in and out of focus: Earl Gray, English Breakfast, Darjeeling, Chai, Assam. I wanted to be traditional and choose English Breakfast, but just because I was sitting across from a real live British boy didn't mean my taste buds had to suffer. I was still in Manhattan, after all.

Diagonal from me was Firoza. Of Indian descent, she knew her teas even better than Dylan. Both of them ordered, the names at home on their tongues. I went with Cinnamon Star; it sounded exotic enough that they would approve, but American enough that I could handle the taste.

10:30 A.M.: Milk and Sugar

Firoza explained to me that, in Mumbai, they used a lot of milk and a little bit of sugar. Dylan declined the sugar, but, like Firoza, emptied his miniature milk pitcher. I dumped enough sugar in my tea for the both of them.

I was fourteen, and the freedom I was drinking in was as foreign to me as the tea. I was in a program for high school students, staying at Barnard College in Morningside Heights. Our only requirements were 1) come to class and 2) don't leave Manhattan. It seemed doable.

Firoza and Dylan might as well have been of a different species. They talked about Interpol issues, political views shared by India and England, and the history of tea. Somehow, they were both the smartest people in the world and my best friends. Although four years older than I was, they treated me like an equal.

11:00 A.M.: Slow, Steady Sips

They were shocked when they heard I had never been to a teahouse. It bumped Statue of Liberty and Ground Zero down on our agendas, and they rushed to find an "authentic tea parlor, not those chintzy ones that serve Starbucks."

Bosie's, a teahouse in the West Village, ended up passing Dylan and Firoza's inspection. It was a small room, but uncluttered when compared to the other hole-in-the-wall restaurants that filled Manhattan. It was dotted with antique teapots and tchotchkes. A bell pealed when we entered. I felt twenty years old as I airily told my mother, "Learning the art of high tea

today down between Bleeker and 7th."

Dylan and Firoza considered it a crime that I had never attended high tea. They assumed I came from some backwoods hamlet in the depths of the Ohio cornfields. I laughed, trying to make them understand that just because it wasn't London or Mumbai, Columbus was an actual functioning city. They shook their heads and argued.

Dylan explained to us what tea time was like for the aristocracy in years past. It was the cattiest time of the day. You could insult your peers by not extending an invitation and then gossip about them over your sugar bowl. Our tea time, however, was civilized—enlightened, even. I had never experienced anything like it. Everything seemed a little brighter, a little quieter, and I was having the urge to speak in a British accent. Thankfully, I restrained myself. This was tea time, not comedy hour.

12:00 P.M.: Scones and Jam

"You're going to want more clotted cream on that scone," Dylan told me, gesturing with his fork. "Trust me on this one."

"Thank God you said scone and not *scawn*," Firoza said. "People that say *scawn* don't go anywhere in life." Comparing differences in word pronunciation (and declaring the opposing way an abomination to the English language) was a main source of our entertainment all summer. Even my Midwestern accent was dissected and declared very cute, very small-town America. Cue me advocating the legitimacy of Columbus as a real city.

Maybe if I adopted a thick Italian accent, people would stop singing the opening lines of "Don't Stop Believing" when they heard me speak.

I checked my watch and said, "We've been here for two hours and haven't even eaten real food, yet." I glanced around the tea parlor. We weren't depriving anyone of their clotted-cream fix; there was no line out the door. Why was the service so slow? The tea parlor was almost empty.

I remembered Dylan saying tea time was usually four o'clock. We, however, were on a student schedule and had homework back at the dorms. I would require a lot of time to work on mine, considering that I had probably slept through the class when it was assigned.

"Relax," Firoza said, sipping her Darjeeling. "The world slows down at tea time."

She was right. Nothing was rushed; nothing was hurried. Dylan told us stories between bites of scone that would have seemed out of place anywhere else. He explained his living situation, his parents' relationship, his feelings about his stepsiblings. Any other time, I would feel uncomfortable hearing such personal aspects of someone's life. Instead, it felt right, and Firoza and I made sympathetic noises or laughed at how he described his grandmother. I didn't feel pressured to commiserate, but I knew that sharing my own experiences would be appreciated in the

conversation.

1:00 P.M.: Finger Sandwiches

Firoza and I didn't become friends because of our similar souls. If anything, opposites had attracted. She was loud and self-confident and friends with everyone. Sometimes I wondered how she did it. I was exhausted the entire month. Soaking up New York City and trying to be clever enough to impress my new friends took its toll. I had mastered falling asleep standing up on the subway. Firoza, however, was a constant bubbling brook of life. Our friendship had balance: she was fizzy, always talking, and opinionated. I was sarcastic, more reserved, and indecisive. I soaked up everyone's views and took hours to make a decision, whereas Firoza had decided on her position a year ago and already had written to Congress concerning the subject.

I wouldn't have chosen the company of anyone else to share egg salad sandwiches with the crusts removed.

1:30 P.M.: Petits Fours

"This is the longest I've ever talked to you without your harem interrupting our conversation," Firoza said to Dylan, inspecting the chocolate gateau with gold leaves on the tier of cakes in front of us. He gave an impatient sigh. "Stop, they're my friends."

I rolled my eyes. "So many girls follow you around, I don't even know which harem Firoza is referring to."

Dylan was liked by all, but girls especially loved him. Firoza and I both blamed it on his British accent. We good-naturedly ridiculed his groupies whenever we had the chance. It was our duty as his friends to keep his ego in check.

He evaded the subject, bringing us back to the tea. "What do you think, lavender or green tea macaroons?"

I wrinkled my nose and mocked his accent. "Neither of those seem very traditional to me."

He laughed. "You should know by now that sometimes life calls for coloring outside the lines."

2:00 P.M.: Check, Please

We all groaned when we stood up, finally forcing ourselves out of the teahouse after four hours. "I see why this isn't a daily thing," Firoza said, yawning. I was more fatigued from eating than from any of our walking tours of Manhattan.

"I don't know," I said. "I feel like my quality of life would be a lot better if I did this every day. Though it wouldn't help my pant size or my wallet." I counted bills onto the table and squirmed in my now too-tight

jeans.

I pictured myself bringing high tea back to Ohio. I would force my friends to sip Earl Grey and my teachers to nibble petits fours with their pinkies raised. They would, obviously, love it.

Or I could leave behind the finger sandwiches and take away the main lesson I had learned at teatime: that life deserves to be taken slowly, savoring each sip. The greatest thing you can do is relax, open your eyes, and learn from someone completely different from yourself. And don't forget, you're always going to want more clotted cream on that scone.





# Dip Into the Universe

Betsy Jenifer

# last stop

Gareth Turner

At a filling station,  
a vested man  
works alone. Fading  
sunlight casts long  
shadows. The harsh  
buzz of a light bulb  
sings. This gas  
station is a remnant  
of civilization, as the country  
road trails off  
into silent trees. Light  
no longer provides  
comfort. Tranquility  
leans on loneliness, this  
absolute indifference.  
Then, the bell.

# Artist + Author Bios

**Ross Allison** is a native of Roanoke, Virginia. His art-sharing blog, Art For Album Covers ([artforalbumcovers.blogspot.com](http://artforalbumcovers.blogspot.com)) shows how music can affect artistic intuition. Every piece of art was made while listening to an album, and the albums are the titles of the pieces. This is his debut publication.

**Moira Armstrong** is a junior at Howland High School, where she enjoys stressing over honors classes and extracurriculars. Her favorite is the speech and debate team, where she competes in original oratory and serves as president. She likes to volunteer, color, and, of course, write. Her work has also been published in *The Power of the Pen Book of Winners*, two *Creative Communications Poetry Collections*, and *Blue Marble Review*.

**Rosella Birgy** is a crazy, passionate, young writer and photographer trying to find herself in this world. Her poems have been published in *Teen Ink Magazine*, *AdHoc Fiction*, and the *Creative Communications* anthologies. Her art/photography received the Editor's Choice from Mainline Art Center's virtual exhibit for youth and has also been featured by *Lenscratch*.

**Ava Borte** is a rising senior at Frank W. Cox High School in Virginia Beach, Virginia and at The Governor's School For the Arts in Norfolk, Virginia where she has taken classes in figure drawing, art history, screen print, fibers, ceramics, book making, mold making and glass casting, neon, and mixed media. She is a member of the National Honor Society and has accumulated over 500 community service hours since 2015 while leading a team of artists in creating a large scale neon glass installation from her original design. She has been recognized for her art by multiple organizations and in juried exhibitions. She currently resides in Virginia Beach, Virginia and her in-progress neon installation will be completed, unveiled, and featured in the 2017 GAS conference in Norfolk, Virginia.

**Regina Caggiano** is a junior at her local high school in the valleys of Northwestern Connecticut. She spends her time writing poetry and short fiction, playing with her dog and slaving over her chemistry homework.

**Gillian Chapman** was born in the forest-clad terrain of Vancouver, Canada. When she was thirteen, she moved to Tokyo, and she is currently a sophomore at the American School in Japan. Along with fiction, she enjoys writing poetry and has had three of her poems published in her school's literary magazine, *Daruma*. Outside of school and writing, Gillian has a fondness for history and an appreciation for art, both of which were inspired by an abundance of travelling. She often finds sanctuary with a good book.

**Audrey Chin** is a current high school student at The Nueva School in San Mateo, California. She has published work in the *Bluefire* and is a reader for the *Nueva Literary Magazine*. She is an avid reader and loves experimenting with different forms of creative writing, both prose and poetry.

**Sarah Feng** is a freshman at Pinewood School in Los Altos, CA. She is a 2017 American High School Poets Just Poetry!!! National Winner and the author of the YA novel *Chiaroscuro*. Her works have been recognized by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, the Write the World Novel Writing Prizes, and the California Coastal Commission, and have been published or are forthcoming in the *Los Angeles Times Insider*, *TAB: A Journal of Poetry & Poetics*, *The Rising Phoenix Review*, and the *Blue Marble Review*, among others. She reads prose for *Glass Kite Anthology*.

**Gabe Hales** is a high-schooler based out of Okemos, Michigan who has worked with major corporate companies such as Context Summits on photography and videography of their events. He has also done a lot of freelance work on the side for local businesses, bands, and other events. See more at [www.gabehales.weebly.com](http://www.gabehales.weebly.com).

**Noelle Hendrickson** is a photographer, digital artist, and journalist currently studying abroad in Melbourne, Australia. Her artwork is made by taking raw photo files and editing them in Photoshop CS6. Her pieces have been published in *the Claremont Review* and *Blue Marble Review*, with articles weekly in *Affinity Magazine*.

**Erik Jasek** is a local cartoonist and illustrator. From a very young age he has been drawing comics and making films inspired by animated cartoons, sketch comedy and science fiction films. He hasn't changed much to this day in that regards. Erik has immense love for the city of Saint Petersburg as the city's fruitful music and art scene is a huge motivator for his work. Erik can be often spotted downtown vending comics at festivals, painting for art shows, or just having a good time. Contact him at [jurassicjasek@gmail.com](mailto:jurassicjasek@gmail.com).

**Betsy Jenifer** is from south India. Her art and writing have been published or are forthcoming in magazines including *Blue Marble Review*, *The Tishman Review*, *Off the Coast*, *Polyphony H.S.*, *Inklette*, *Page & Spine* and *The Madras Mag*.

**Hamzah Jhaveri** is a young poet from Orlando, Florida. His poetry has been published in *Leopardskin & Limes*, and he is currently working on publishing his first chapbook.

**Marysa Lee** is an avid equestrian, singer/songwriter, model, poet, painter, and traveller. She is currently working on publishing her first poetry

anthology, riding her young horse, and creating her second oil painting concentration. Her work has been published in *Moledro Lit Mag*, *The Battering Ram*, *The Marble Collection*, and *The Rag*. She is also the lead singer for indie-pop band Brøntide and a cupcake decorator for Treat Bakery. As she enters her senior year, she looks forward to touring South Africa as a teen mentor with her choir, Boston City Singers.

**Henry McClure** is a freshman student at SUNY Fredonia. He has been pursuing creative writing since the young age of nine, when he was inspired by the works of Rumi and Poe. He continually seeks to speak to the universal nature of all human beings using stark imagery and metaphysical metaphors. This is his debut publication.

**Lucia Ponader** is a 10th grader at University High School in Carmel, Indiana. She has loved writing and poetry since sixth grade, and she is working on her creative writing portfolio. She resides in Indianapolis, Indiana.

**Maya Rabinowitz** is a lover of music and avid reader of anything poetic. She lives in Philadelphia with her two moms and her dog, Ollie. She is on the editorial board of *jGirls Magazine*, and her work has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards.

**Jessika Raisor** is a student at Columbus College of Art & Design. She majors in animation but also has a work portfolio ranging from photography and writing. She has been published in *Botticelli Magazine*, and her animations have been shown at the TAFI Film Festival. Outside of art, she has a strong passion for science and teaching.

**Danielle Richardson** is from the Caribbean island of Saint Maarten. Danielle is in college majoring in Creative Writing, and working on a novel. This is her debut publication.

**Grace Rowe** is a prose poet from Michigan and studying at Eastern Michigan University for a dual major in Creative Writing and Sport Performance. Grace is living with both a brain tumor and a Standard Poodle named Scout; somehow one is more endearing than the other.

**Ashley Simms** is a young fine artist who plans to major in illustration and create paintings for a living. This is her debut publication.

**Angela Soria** is a college freshman at Texas Wesleyan University majoring in Criminal Justice and minoring in Writing. She is a Texan born and raised who is looking for an outlet to spread her voice. Angela has been published in *Young Voices Across the Globe: Best of 2016*.

**Gareth Turner** is a sophomore at Auburn University majoring in creative writing. He has received several honorable mentions in writing contests and a silver key award in the Scholastic Art & Writing Competition for poetry and short non-fiction. This is his debut publication.

**Dimithry Victor** aspires to change the world through art and make people think. Themes from his recent pieces include religion, the glamour of everyday life, and expressionist paintings.

**Caitlin Washnock** is a young writer, digital artist, actor, and storyteller. She will attend Utah Valley University to pursue her major in Theatre and minor in Digital Arts. Her love of writing started at a very young age and she strives to become better in her passions.

**Alyssa Williams** is a young photographer from the Baltimore area. She fell in love with the art of photography at the age of sixteen and has been doing it ever since. Her work seeks to evoke feeling from the viewer and grab their attention.

**Maddie Woda** is a freshman at Columbia University studying English and American Studies. Her piece “Four Hours” was written in 2013 about a program she attended at Columbia, three years before she would be admitted. This is her debut publication.

**Lina Zhang** is a senior at Marquette High School in St. Louis, Missouri. She enjoys reading and writing poetry. In addition to poetry, she enjoys hiking and napping.





Lit + Art

## Submissions Information

We seek writing and art that is unexpected, striking, and moving. We accept submissions from residents of Manatee County as well as the rest of the universe. We take submissions from debut, emerging, and established authors and artists.

Before submitting, read our publishing agreement on our website. By submitting your work(s), you are agreeing to the outlined terms.

See our site for submission periods. There is no fee to submit. Submit works not published elsewhere. We accept simultaneous submissions, but if your work is accepted elsewhere, please withdraw it from Submittable.

Submit text in standard manuscript format. We accept files in the most common formats including .pdf, .doc, .docx, .rtf, .jpeg, .tiff, and .png.

**Art & Photography:** Five at a time

**Fiction or flash fiction:** Two at a time, max 2,500 words each

**Creative nonfiction:** Two at a time, max 2,500 words each

**Graphic fiction/nonfiction:** Two at a time, max 8 pages each

**Poetry:** Three at a time

Submit at [www.805lit.org/submissions](http://www.805lit.org/submissions).