


SPRING 2018

**THE
AUBURN
EDITION**



**Auburn Junior High School
Literary Magazine**

“You can’t use up
creativity. The
more you use, the
more you have.”

Maya Angelou

Table of Contents

Page 4

“Confrontation” (poem) by Kathryn Duffield

Page 5

“Grim’s Tree” (story) by Isabell Lopez

Page 6

“Black Goddess” (art) by Ti’Anna Morgan

Page 9

“The Lost Ones Weeping” (art) Grace He

Page 11

“Worry” (art) by Eunice Lee

Page 12

“Insomnia” (poem) by Alex Jenkins

Page 13

“Autumn Reflection” (photo) by Alycia Harp

“Looking at You” (art) by Rachel Tao

Page 14

“If I Fall” (poem) by Sofia Foradori

Page 15

“Cat’s Meow” (photo) by Alexia Van Slyke

Page 16

“The Golden Falls” (photo) by Connor Chaney

“Dandelion Women” (story) by Ryan Tice

Page 18

“Open Your Mind a Bit” (art) by Chloe Park

Page 19

“The Crown” (poem) by Alexia Van Slyke

Page 20

“Taiga” (art) by Grace He

Page 21

“Samford Hall at 180 Degrees” (photo) by Connor Chaney

Page 22

“The Long Way Home” (poem) by Abigail Chandler

Page 23

“Shelter” (art) by Angela Fan

Page 24

“The Flower” (story) by Angela Fan

Page 25

“Remembrance” (art) by Eunice Lee

Page 26

“The Best Season” (poem) by Grayson Ryland

Page 27

“Girl with Pinecone” (photo) by Alexia Van Slyke

Page 28

“Seasons” (art) by Min Chae

Page 29

Staff List and Group Photo

Page 30

“A Bridge over a River” (art) by Rachel Tao

The Auburn Edition’s Mission Statement

“confrontation”

by Kathryn Duffield

tongue tripping over
bumbling muffled words
begging
begging
begging
to leave my mouth
he turns
he turns
I should shut up
“shut up”
I make it worse
should have shut up
it hurts
aches
words slipping out of his mouth
drawled
falling to the floor
shaking the ground
shaking the world
shaking me
shaking
creaking mask
cracking mask
I respond
I...
I respond
I shouldn't have
it was impulsive
his words hit again
bullets in the façade
glass shattering
the space between my eyes feels stretched
my feet ache
my fingers twitch
my throat catches and twists
I blink
I blink again
“never mind”

“Grimm’s Tree”

by Isabell Lopez

Blue skies smiling at me, nothing but blue skies do I see...

Eyes wide as I stare at the perfectly blue skies. It mocks me as pain spreads from my toes to my head. It’s like God is mocking me as I lay on the hard, rocky ground. Weirdly enough I don’t scream, can I even speak?

“Might as well try...” I think as my mouth opens and I can feel how dry my mouth is. An inaudible sound comes from my lips. “Well that answers my question...” I think grimly as I stare back at the sky.

Bright blue with puffy cumulous clouds slowly moving across the heavens. Birds fly around and tweet their harmonious songs. It would be beautiful if I wasn’t in so much pain. But I am so everything is annoying.

Feeling gradually comes to my body and I can curl my hands around a plump of grass. With the feeling of my body returning so does another, more horrendous pain comes. I bite back a scream as I can feel my muscles screaming at me to quit trying to move. The silence was now clear as day. I was alone.

I slowly moved my neck around to take in my surroundings. It looked as if I was in a ravine and a small cliff was about 7 stories up to the sky. It looked as if something had fallen of the cliff cause the edge looked unnatural and off in a way.

“I fell... from up there...” I think as some of the pain in my body subside. I attempt to sit up but my arms falter as if they were jelly. Somehow I’m able to sit up and take in my surroundings and my tattered clothing. The ravine had a sliver of sunlight coming through. It was cold and seemed to get colder as the sunlight was starting to diminish.

It didn’t help one bit that my clothes were stained with blood and torn everywhere. Blue jeans with huge holes around my knees and ankles, the light blue painted crimson with dried blood. My grey bomber jackets had so many holes and tears it looked as if I was a dog chew toy. Everything was torn and bloody.

“What happened to me... where am I?” I thought as I looked around me, soon spotting a Black backpack that seemed to fall with me. Painfully scooting over to the bag to find crushed trail mix, fruits, and water. A journal with torn paper was in there stained from the water and fruits. “Useless... nothing to help.”

I stared back up at the sky to see it was no longer a bright blue but a fiery orange. It got colder



“Black Goddess”
by Ti'Anna Morgan

and colder as the warm rays of sun disappeared. My jacket did little to help with the cold night air. Everything was getting darker both in the ravine and in my mind. "Is this it... well okay..." Just before the darkness takes me away a silhouette of black and grey comes to my foggy view.

"Hey...you...bad... take...tree..."

That was all I could make out before I dived into a dark lagoon of sleep.

To say my head hurt was an understatement. It hurt like HECK. My hand immediately rubbed my temple to try and coax the pain away. Obviously that didn't work.

"Wait a minute..." I said as my eyes started to slowly open up. I was immediately blinded by the sun dazzling rays. When they finally adjusted to the light, I find that my clothes are not ripped or bloody, they aren't even the same clothes. My shirt and jacket are now white shirt and I had new pair of jeans. My forearms were wrapped snugly with bandages with blood seeping through just a bit.

What I lay on was a white hospital bed, but it seemed like we weren't in a hospital. The bed I lay in is a hut of dried mud. A hole cut out tried to play the role of a window. The floor was wooden boards sanded down so there was no splinter. The one room building was illuminated by the sun that shined through the hole. Looking around as I throw my legs over the bed, when an old woman in her 70's come in.

"OHH you are finally awake!!" She says with a thick Mexican accent. She was short with hair in two loose side ponytails. Her hair was almost sterling silver and ended at her breast. She wore a crouched red, green and white shawl with a white blouse. The lace around her collar seemed as delicate as her. Her jean skirt fell down to her knees, and at the bottom were beautiful designs of roses and vines. Blue eyes stared back at my brown ones with happiness and motherly love. She seemed very energetic in her old age, almost the same amount of energy that you would see a marathon runner have before a run.

"How are you feeling? How is your head? Your arms? How many numbers can you see?" she said lightning fast that before I could comprehend what she had said the woman was shoving three

fingers into my face. After mentally answering her questions I tried to answer them.

"I-err- "

My voice was still gone.

"Oh, mijo your voice is still gone. Rest it while I get some honey tea" she says while she pats my head and speedwalks out of the room. As she is out I shakily stand up and gain my balance. As I slowly walk around the room I take in my surroundings. In the corner was an old wooden cabinet with fine china behind a glass. Beneath the window was a desk with an open book and ink and quill to the side. Its empty. Also in the middle of the room was a rug sewed out of leftover fabrics.

As I look at the fine china, I see my face.

A bandage was taped to my right cheek with dried blood seeping through. Dark chestnut hair falling in front of my eyes. Freckles sprinkled my face like a starry night sky. I had bruise on my left temple and chin.

"Where am I... Where is this place..."

I know the old woman said to stay put but some walking around might do me some good. As I limp towards the door, I spot a walking stick next to the door way. It looked to be wooden but was the color of ash. A cat was carved into the top with a vine and lilies trailed down to the bottom. At closer inspections letters are everywhere

*"Where am I?
Where is this
place..."*

on the black staff.

E.A N.D S.P

With ought much more to think I took it and used it. Opening the door, I see were in a large field. It seemed as though we were surrounded by mountains and the civilization was right in the middle. Surrounding the muddy house was field or wheat and wildflowers. Bright hues of purple blue and red dotted the golden field. Next to the house we were in was a wooden house lifted above the wheat and flowers.

The wooden cabin had a wraparound deck with two rocking chairs. One was made of oak with a blue blanket with a crochet white pillow. The other was white but looked unused since nothing decorated the chair. In the window behind the chairs was the old woman brewing tea on an oven top.

Turning back to the fields a tree stood alone in the distance. I didn't know how I missed it since it seemed huge from afar. Curiosity getting the best

of me, I headed toward the tree. As I crept closer a door closed behind me.

“OH MIJO WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!! YOU SHOUD BE RESTING!!” I quickly turn around to see the old woman setting two teacups down on a table between the chairs. Quickly walking towards me till she stopped five feet away from me. She looked as if she had seen a ghost.

“That... that... Why do you have that stick...” she says, eyes big as saucers.

Looking at the stick curiously, nothing seemed off about the walking stick only the weird carvings seemed to be off-putting.

“Walk...around...” I said with hoarse voice. Man was my voice dead.

“You can touch the stick... he’s the one...Oh My Xibalba He is the one!!” The old woman said as she ran and picked me up in a bear hug, swinging me around like a rag doll. My only two thoughts were why she was calling me ‘The One’ and how was this 70 something woman stronger than me?

“What...what... mean?” I said as she finally put me down and was in the middle of her happy dance. She stopped to look at me and finally regained her composure and act of an old woman. She then walked towards me, I braced myself for another bear hug. Gently grabbing my hand, she headed towards the tree in the distance.

After a few minutes of silence, the only sound being of the wheat under our feet, we finally arrived at the old tree.

The tree was ginormous, more than 100 ft. tall and 20 ft. wide. Its wood was dark as night and its branches bare except for fruit the shape of a star and the shade of the darkest of purples. Grey leaves surrounded the fruit providing shade for the strange food source.

The woman let go of my hand and motion for me to stay put. She walked towards the tree and laid her forehead upon the bark. I heard soft whispers before the trees branches began to move. The huge knot in the middle of the tree began to unravel and a somewhat of a face took its place.

I stepped back and raised the staff in ready for some sort of combat.

The woman looked back, and seeing me in a defensive pose, had saucers for eyes. “OH!! There is no need to be afraid. I promise you...” she says as she walked over to me and lowers the stick from its position.

“Is he the one...” said the...the tree

To say I was bewildered was an understatement, I was somewhat shocked and also afraid she’d start chucking the fruit at me.

“Do not be afraid child... My name is Persephone...” The tree spoke. Her voice was soft and slow. Her voice was slow but I guess that happens when you’re a literal tree. “My friend here says you fell and cannot speak... is this true?” she says as a branch came down to softly touch my throat. I nodded and another branch came but it had a star shaped fruit on the end.

“Eat the seeds, my child... they will restore your voice...”

As I opened the fruit I saw that it was almost like a pomegranate on the inside. Black seeds sat in the middle and untouched from the world. I grabbed one and hesitantly ate it. It was had a sharp sour sting that slowly settled to a sweet taste of grapes. I was tempted to take another one until I found the fruit disintegrating from the light of the sun. As lilac ash flew away in the wind I would hear myself softly saying ‘wow’.

Quickly grabbing my throat instinctively, I spoke again.

“Wow...” Yep my voice was back.

Both of the woman laughed at my childish grin and amusement. I looked back to see this and quickly regained my composure.

“Um...Um thank you Mrs. Persephone...” I said as I straightened up. She gave me a soft smile and slight nod, looking back to the white haired lady. “Does he know his duties Styx?”

“Not yet your highness, I wanted to give the honor to you.” She said with a closed eye smiled. I gave both women a confused stare as they talked about me like I wasn’t there.

“What ‘duties’ and why did you call her ‘Your Highness’?” I finally said as I took a small step closer. They ceased their conversation to look at me. Persephone gave me a small smile when a bright wisteria hue emitted from the knot in the tree. As the light ceased, there stood a young woman with an angelic glow to her.

She was too tall to comprehend, but filled with beauty. She had long golden hair and lush lavender skin. Her chiton was made or the darkest of fabrics that you could get lost in the darkness. Her eyes were a celestial blue with what seemed to have galaxies of stars and planets in them. The sun shone a little brighter and the day got warmer.

“Do you know who I am?” she said while



“The Lost Ones Weeping” by Grace He

slightly rubbing the star pomegranate with her thumb. I quietly muttered a 'No' and she then slowly touched my forehead and a spark ignited in my mind.

Stories and images of what seemed like gods in battles and in arguments. I saw instances of Persephone and a younger Styx and then it all ended with a man with fiery blue hair turning to face me. Then everything was black.

I woke up with a start and back in the hospital bed. Sweat crept on my brow and my breath was heavy and labored. Back in the room, but it was dark outside. "You're awake mijo..."

Eyes wide to see the old woman with a bucket of water and rag over her shoulder. The look of relief showered over her features. The only light source in the room was two candles on the bed side table on my left. She laid the bucket outside and pulled a chair from the corner to my bed side. My breathing became more relaxed.

"What...what happened of me?" I asked as I tried to get my heart back to its regular rhythm. "You were in the learning dream, learning about your destiny..." she said placing her hand on my bare shoulder. Her hands were wrinkly but was soft and smooth.

"Destiny?" I said as I glanced at her curiously. "You survived a 70 ft. fall, you lived with only cuts and minor head trauma, you were able to hold the staff of Styx..." She says with passion as she pushes the black staff towards me. "You are destined to be the next reaper..."

"But isn't Persephone a GREEK god? The Grim reaper is European myth." I said looking intently at the carved lilacs. "In Greek mythology there is Charon the ferryman of the souls to the underworld. But they don't know about Grim, he helped guide the souls to him. They were brothers but he was lost from Greek myth but found in European myth." She explains with her eyes gazing at the cat at the top part of the scepter.

"Prophecy says that the next reapers must be able to wield the staff of Styx for them to be the true reaper." She says as she stands. "But I don't even know where I am! How am I going to be a reaper?!?" I scream as I look at her bewildered at what she is asking me to do.

"Mijo listen to me," she said sternly to me, "this world needs a reaper, or else no one will die... that might sound like a blessing but it disrupts the balance of the world. That balance must not be tampered with." She said walking towards the door with the staff.

"But you can touch it why can't you do it?!?" I said harshly. She stopped in the doorway.

"I have been doing it. I've been doing it for hundreds of years." She turned to me, tears welling up in her eyes. I instantly regret my harsh words to her. "Persephone have extended my life with her power. But all power has a limit, my time is almost up." Saying this as she brought out a flower necklace. In the middle of the flower was a clock.

96 days, 2304 hours, 540 minutes, 51 seconds.

"Persephone has given me all the time she is allowed for the balance to stay normal. Please, I actually want to die with ought to worry about the next reaper. But the decision is up to you mijo, I know I didn't want to be the reaper either when I started." She said leaving the staff next to the door. "Whatever you choose, I will not be angry and allow you to stay until you are healed."

I was in awe and pure confusion. "The choice is yours mijo. "When you have an answer meet me at the tree..." those were the last words as she stepped out into the cold

darkness of night.

I sat there. What was I supposed to do! I know I have a family, but who they are, I don't know. I remember a woman's face, it wasn't Persephone or Styx, it was kind and laughing. And a little girl grabbing onto my leg as I walked. Her eyes were closed but you could feel the innocence and happiness radiating off of her. It was bright and warm. That's it.

I got out of bed to see in some sweatpants and new socks. Slowly staggering to the staff I examine for what seemed like the thousandth time. It was sturdy and strong, but the lilies made it softer and feminine. "This really was hers, wasn't it..."? I thought as I delicately traces the vines with my finger. It felt like it was pulsating with its own heartbeat. I don't know why but I walked out of that mud house with an answer.

I saw from afar that Persephone and Styx were in a pleasant conversation. When I finally arrived they ceased their conversation.

I raised the scepter a bit so the top is even to my head.

"When do I start my training?"



"Worry" by Eunice Lee

“Insomnia”
by Alex Jenkins

A young boy lies
In bed trying to
Desperately be
Taken by the
Warm sheets,
Soft pillows,
And black room.

He can't sleep
And he knows
He won't be able to
Because he can't
Stop stressing,
And worrying,
And thinking.

He feels as if he
Is being taken
By an animal:
Strong, forceful,
And unforgiving,
And he will never
Control such a beast.

It lives for these nights
Of dread and sweat,
Of desperation
And fear and angst
Because it knows
That once it inhabits
There is no stopping.

This animal slowly
But surely starts
To eat away at his
Optimism and hope,
The boy's only chance
At survival
And sleep.
The monster brings
Images to his head
Of disappointment,
Disapproval,
Embarrassment,
And, worst of all,
Fear.

These thoughts
Travel through his
Head, not allowing
What the innocent
Boy actually wants:
Sweet dreams and
A good night's rest.

His mind is racing,
Moving faster
And faster,
Taking him
Farther and
Farther
From sleep.

This goes on for
Hours and more
Hours until
Finally, when
Worn out and
Exhausted,
The boy falls asleep.



“Autumn Reflection” by Alycia Harp



“Looking at You” by Rachel Tao

“If I Fall”
by Sofia Foradori

I stand
On a ledge.
If I fall
I will not be caught.

I will hit the pavement
And my soul
Will become one
With the wind.

Do I want to blow away?

If I fall
No one will remember me
I will be forgotten
But I already am

If I fall
I will feel
As though
I could
Fly

And in one second, my pain
Will be gone.

It won't be my pain anymore
It will be the
Ones
That care.

When I look down
From the edge,
I see cars passing by-
Life

That's what I'm giving up.

On the ledge,
I hear the sound of cars
I feel the wind against my skin
I see a road
And if I fall
I will be giving up on life.

I am not a quitter.



“Cat’s Meow” by Alexia Van Slyke



“The Golden Falls” by Connor Chaney

“Dandelion Women”

By Ryan Tice

My name is Liling. I am the daughter of Chin Kim You, but that is not all I am, not even close. My father had little part in raising me but I have learned much from him. I saw how he behaved and I copied. I learned to be powerful, how to command attention, to be in charge, to be the boss.

He would be ashamed.

When I was a child I was defiant, using my voice loudly, freely, as if it wasn't exactly

what it is to be used for. My young mind wondered why my mother blended in with the wispy gold designs on the walls, trying her best to disappear.

All the women in my family dissolve into their husbands as soon as they hit womanhood. Frail, delicate, constructed to bend and break at the will of their husbands. Dandelion women, just a blow away from disintegrating.

Until I met Bù tīnghuà de I had accepted this as fate. She is a woman forged from steel, bending at no one's will but her own. She smuggled my father's men into America many years ago, making her living selling goons to the gambling ring owners and underground crime bosses. The name carved into her cheek was branded onto her many years ago by a man who could not hold her down. *The Disobedient*.

My father has chosen a husband for me, more than triple my age, coated in wealth and the stench of power. My mother tells me he's kind, that he'll be good to me but it doesn't matter, not really. There is so much more I want to do.

I imagine myself dissolving, limb by limb into his body, transforming from Liling to nothing more than a wife to a powerful man. I do not let myself cry but I do let myself grieve. I grieve for my mother and the dreams she was never able to have. I grieve for my grandmother and my aunts and my cousins. I grieve for every dandelion woman chained to her husband's beside. I grieve mostly for myself.

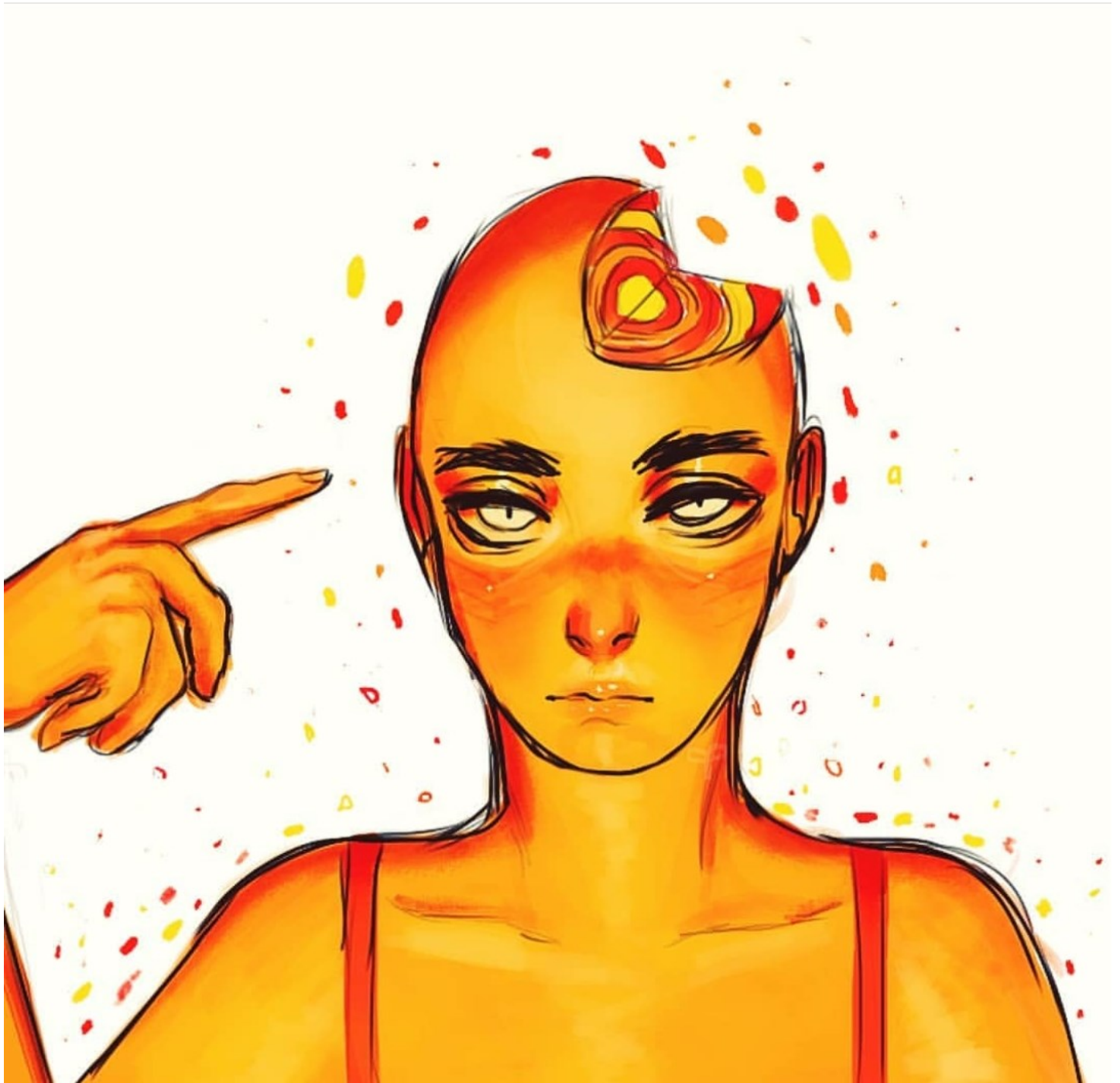
It is three am and I have made a plan. There is a house in a city miles away where Bù tīnghuà de houses runaway women. I have heard the rumors of street girls learning to fight there, of her smuggling women with angry husbands. She will help me.

I grab the silk bag my mother uses to store her hemming supplies and empty it. I do not fill it with clothes, I have enough money to replace them. I want nothing left of who I'm leaving behind. I ravage the kitchen drawers, I clean out the stash of my money my father left for my mother to buy groceries and take the pile my father leaves locked in his desk for impromptu deals.

In the corner of my eye I see a flash of something beautiful. A delicate blade with a handle decorated with gold and crimson flower. It is the only thing my mom brought with her from China when she was not any older than me.

I start to place it in my bag before hesitating. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror adorning the wall between an assortment of clocks. Dainty nose, high cheekbones, pale skin in stark contrast with the ink black hair cascading down my back. This is not who I am anymore.

I wrap my locks around my hand, pulling taut, and start cutting. I hack away until there is no more to cut. I am not a dandelion woman, not anymore. I will not be blown away.



“Open Your Mind a Bit” by Chloe Park

“The Crown”

by Alexia van Slyke

The darkness overthrew.

Slowly at first,

Like a sting ray gliding gracefully through the salty blue.

Then the darkness grew its thirst.

The crown fell deep, deep.

The darkness was filled with lies.

Hearts lost,

Like when a baby dies.

Thoughts, which away were tossed.

The crown fell deep, deep.

The darkness was evil.

A state of total turmoil,

Like when a fire breaks out and causes upheaval,

Or a swan covered in oil.

The crown fell deep, deep.

The darkness was mean.

Calling you out,

Like the mean girls when you were a teen

Or until all good is in some kind of drought.

The crown fell deep, deep.

The darkness is only a phase.

Light will come,

Like the grey clouds that covers the sun's beautiful rays.

Wait until you don't feel numb.

The crown fell deep, deep.



“Taiga” by Grace He



“Samford Hall at 180 Degrees”
by Connor Chaney

“The Long Way Home” *by Abigail Chandler*

It's the long way home
it really makes you think
How much have I missed
With a simple blink

It takes a minute more
But a minute can be a lot
a minute turns to ages
when you're stuck up in your
thoughts

You realize things
You never knew before
You realize somethings going on
Behind the wooden door

A bunch of different families
Sitting having fun
Some may be in despair
Possibly the loss of a loved one

You see the tree so high
and wonder how long they've grown
You realize how much times gone
by
More than you may have known

It's an endless pit of wonder
When you take the long way home



“Shelter” by Angela Fan

“The Flower”

by Angela Fan

A puff of air flew from his mouth. It was starting to get colder, he thought to himself. He'd have to look for cover to keep himself warm soon. Looking up from his strikingly blond hair, he marveled at the slowly-falling crystals that surrounded him. What were they? It certainly wasn't water, which was all he knew that fell from the sky, that would cover the cheery, light blue sky and the bright sun with dull, gray clouds. No mercy was given whenever it arrived, leaving him drenched and shivering, soaked to the bone. This was different.

A crystal drifted itself closer, letting him take a closer look. The delicate beauty reflected off his eyes and it then melted into a cold liquid once in his hand. Allowing himself to rest, he drug his belongings next to a lone tree and sat down, resting his back on the slightly damp bark. Something about this peculiar event was... calming. The soft breeze lulled him to sleep for a moment that seemed like it would last forever.

That wasn't to stay.

As the wind started to pick up speed, the once-serene scene became a raging storm of white. He quickly attempted to escape, dashing off as fast as possible in the direction he came from. No one would know he existed, nothing was left in his tracks, not even his footsteps. Quickly running out of breath, he spotted a flower near an iced-over river, its light-blue petals and white thorns that glowed catching his attention. Despite knowing it wasn't the time to, he crouched down to touch the beauty. He felt his eyes start to droop, his body unbearably stiff.

The last thing he saw was the flower, then a bright blue flash that almost blinded him, until he felt himself slowly lose consciousness...



“Remembrance” by Eunice Lee

“The Best Season”
by Grayson Ryland

When trees wither,
Nature does not behither,
Orange, yellow, red, brown,
Fall brings the birds chirping, traveling down south, a beautiful sound,
The season is found to have dread,
But it is unique and so widespread,
Nothing gold can stay,
Fall may fade,
But my heart calls out one season,
Fall!



“Girl with Pinecone” by Alexia Van Slyke



"Seasons" by Min Chae



Art

Eunice Lee, Team Leader

Daphne Conover

Graphic Design

Caden Brown

Grace He

Ryan Lowery

Fiction

Ryan Tice, Team Leader

CeCe Conway

Donovan Daughtry

Sofia Foradori

Nonfiction

Elizabeth Nist, Team Leader

Alycia Harp

Alma Sorek

Photography

Mark Middleton, Team Leader

Emma Hruska

Emily Jager

Alex Kelsey

Poetry

Simon Atkinson, Team Leader

Kathryn Duffield

Celia Spiers

Advisors

Jordan Landers, 8th grade English

Kristen Ferrell, 9th grade English





“A Bridge over a River” by Rachel Tao

The mission of *The Auburn Edition* is to promote and showcase the literary and artistic talents of all students at Auburn Junior High School. All works in this magazine were created by eighth and ninth grade students at AJHS.

The Auburn Edition staff works during each school semester to publish a digital magazine that showcases the writing/art/photography of the student body. This magazine is published digitally at the end of each semester. The staff solicits and receives submissions for the magazine from the students, publicizes the magazine, submits writing, art or photography, and then selects entries and assembles the magazine for digital publication.

If you are interested in having your work featured in the next issue of *The Auburn Edition*, you can see Mrs. Landers or Ms. Ferrell for a submission form.

Volume 1, Issue 2