

An abstract painting with a textured surface. The background is composed of various shades of blue, white, and orange. A prominent vertical white stripe runs down the left side, with a dark blue vertical stroke intersecting it. The right side features horizontal bands of blue and white, with a large orange section at the bottom right.

spring 2023

# The Auburn Edition

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art • photography • poems • stories



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# Guppies

By Isabel Kelley



# Crying with Me Too

By Destini Fortson

The water runs down my face, through my arms, to my fingertips.

The hot water stings me. Making it feel like poison attacking my body.

I let my tears slide down my face blending in with the water.

So soon it feels like the world is crying with me too.



# Safest Place on Earth

By Elizabeth Lovell



# Prison Break

By JD Higginbotham

I shivered as the harsh December air bit at my skin on the long walk to cell block G. I attribute the shivers to the cold air until I recognized they were shivers of fear, because not only was I about locked in confinement with maniacs and murderers, it was also due to the fact I was truly alone for the first time in my life. I come from a loyal family that was with me through every step of the trial and supported me with pride.

Until they found out I was guilty.

You'd think that I'd have some cousin or half uncle that would still associate with me but no, I'm all alone. Every single member of my family has disowned me for ruining our perfect record of innocence. For being guilty of several counts of robbery. The worst part of it all? I didn't do it.

As I near the cell that I will be confined to for several years, the guard stops me. "Listen, kid, your cell mate is James Martin. The guy is dangerous, so watch your words."

Not trying to start trouble, I calmly reply, "Yes sir."

As I enter the cramped cell, I'm met by a guy with what seems to be a military patch attached to his uniform, and as I prepare to ask him what it means, I notice the death glare he's giving me.

"What are you doing here?" He asks with a scowl.

"I'm supposed to be your cell mate, I believe."

"Not for lo- actually y'know what, you'll ask for a cell transfer in a couple days anyway."

After that statement, he turns around and continues carving some rude phrase about Warden Reed. I quietly sit on the tattered excuse of a mattress they call a bed and try to strike up some conversation, "So uh, what are you in here for?"

He jerks back and looks at me with judging eyes, "Listen, I don't know if you're trying to make small talk or are just plain stupid, but you're not supposed to ask anyone that!"

"Sorry, a-anyway where did you get that cool patch?" I say quickly trying to change the conversation.

"It's none of your business! Actually, the General did say he wanted new members and you look strong enough. Ugh, fine, I'll tell you about it."

He suddenly sat closer to me and presented the patch to me.

"So, basically, this guy named General Gilcrest went crazy at a Civil War reenactment and started thinking he was actually in the Civil War, killed three guys and now he's here. Well, he wants to get outta



here to ‘spill the blood of the villainous Confederates,’ so he rounded up a bunch of guys who wanna escape too and made us honorary Union soldiers.”

“So if I join, I could escape?”

“If all goes well, yeah.”

“How do I join?” I say excited with the prospect of escape.

“Well no one’s joined since it formed, so I’m not sure, but just follow me at field time I guess.”

“Thanks a lot!”

“Don’t mention it. Seriously, your voice is annoying.”

After that comment, he walked back to his corner and started back on his carving like nothing happened, now writing some comment about the warden’s mother. I now sat alone on my mattress with nothing but my thoughts. I had gone from a normal guy working at a convenience store for minimum wage to a convict serving time for robberies I didn’t do. I had told nothing but the truth at the trial but the prosecution had video evidence and the guy that did it, whoever that may be, has the same black hair as me, a very similar voice, and robbed the store after my break both times and since I had no proof I was driving home, it all fell on me.

As I continued musing silently about my situation, I suddenly heard an officer call, “YARD TIME!” He eventually reached our cell and slowly opened the door along with two guards meant to escort us so we don’t run away, which seems fair.

James pointed to his carving about the warden that I can’t describe if I want you to see this story. “Writing is my passion,” he said with a smug smile.

“We should get you a publisher,” the officer said with monotone sarcasm. As we made it to the yard, I saw James walk towards the bottom right corner. As I followed him to the General, I saw that a man had climbed the top of the wall and was running from officers who had followed him up there. Seeing the opportunity, I shouted, “Dude, look at that!” After a quick glance, he shrugged it off,

“That’s just Thrash, he does that sometimes.”

“Well, if he’s already that close, he could really help us.”

“What do you mean ‘us’? Until the General lets you in, I don’t have to associate with you.”

“Jeez, okay.”

Eventually, we made it to the General and he greeted us with a kind smile, “Ah, hello there Lieutenant Martin, I’m glad you could make it. And I see you brought someone new. To whom do I owe the pleasure?”

“Oh, Charlie Adamms. Nice to meet you.”



“Lovely lovely. Anyway, I’m glad you’re here since we think we’ve discovered the perfect mode of escape, and it’s right there.” He says as he points to a comically large door in the cell wall with the words “PLS DON’T ECSAPE” written in big, messy letters on the door with yellow marker.

“Ahhh, the door,” I say, “who would’ve thought of such an outrageous idea?”

“Someone really smart and cool, I’d wager.”

“Yeah, yeah, great plan guys,” says James, “but theres so many guards over there! We’d get caught immediately if we tried to get out!”

“But alas, I’ve thought ahead, dear boy. Due to the unpredictability of some one escaping via a door, the place is unguarded. That’s when we strike.” A chorus of “Yeah boss!” and “Good idea boss!” filled the air as we all agreed to his solid plan.

“So it is settled then! Under the cover of the beautiful blanket of night, precisely twenty minutes after lights out, we shall escape this prison and rejoin our brothers in maintaining a union.”

Quietly, James Martin mumbled, “Yeah, what he said.”

As the meeting de-convended, I decided to go back to my room since yard time was almost over, and it’s not like I have any friends anyway.

After 80 odd minutes of waiting, lights out had come, with meant only 20 more until freedom. As I sat quietly on my cold mattress, I hear my roommates voice on my left, and, *boosh*, there he was!

“Y’know, I was cold to you when you first got here, but you’ve grown on me kid,” James says, “and after all we’ve done together ki-“

“We’ve not even known each other for 24 hours and literally nothing has happened!” I said.

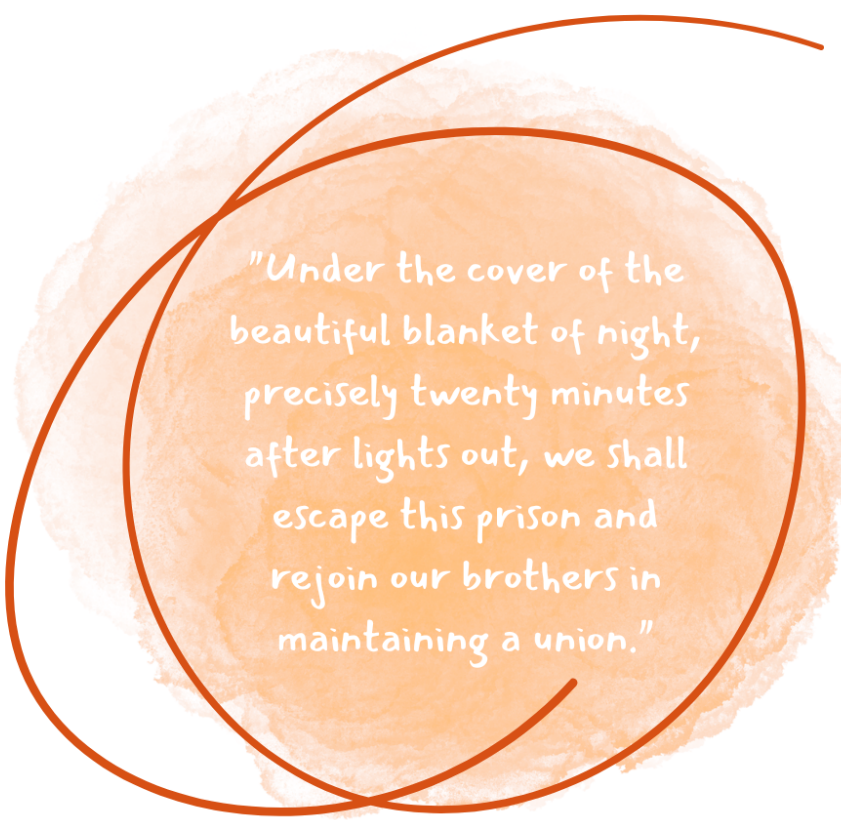
Ignoring me, he continues, “I’m even willing to tell you how I ended up here.”

“You see, when I was scrolling through twitter.com, I stumbled upon a horrific tweet by Kanye West. As I was trying to block him, I accidentally liked the tweet. I shouldn’t be here! I’m not even guilty!!!”

“Jesus, that’s a heavy crime, I see why you’re serving life. But if you ever need help, I’m here man. I know what it’s like to be framed.”

“Hey Chuck, this has been a real nice chat, but it’s been about 20 minutes. Let’s go!”

As we left through the unlocked cell door (Warden Reed “didn’t wanna be a meanie”), we joined up with the rest of the crew as we rushed to the field as motion detecting alarms screamed for help in the distance. As we made it to the door, we were surrounded by cops. As some officer read us our Miranda rights with dreadful monotone, I grabbed the handle and after a few painful seconds of deliberation, turned it.



"Under the cover of the beautiful blanket of night, precisely twenty minutes after lights out, we shall escape this prison and rejoin our brothers in maintaining a union."





# Flight of the Dragon

By Isabella Jackson



# The Blind Man's Tale

By Isabella Jackson

Set in a beautiful world on the ugliest of hills;  
Begins with a woman in a plain dress covered in frills.

She stood still and ran about;  
Her small body tall and stout.

When a blind man happened upon the scene,  
He told the deaf man who'd heard the woman from  
across the green.

The mute man exclaimed in surprise.  
And the lame man walked away, for he could not believe  
the blind man's eyes.

The sun shone in the middle of the night,  
As horsemen rode pigs to a fight.  
The horsemen drew their swords and fought with guns,  
And then they surrendered just for fun.

Ten soldiers stood back-to-back while face-to-face.  
And the moon simply vanished without a trace.

In this tale of absurdity and lies,  
You might fail to find truth after a few tries.  
Although the truth is not always what it seems,  
As a root of lie always grows from its seeds,  
But how to tell the difference, you say?  
Just ask me, I was the blind man that day.



# Pumpkin Pop

By Amanda Nguyen





# October

By Aaizah Ali

You ever hear about the girl  
who lives in delusion?  
Her days compass time  
as a subject of repetition  
yet when October hits  
the cycle collapses  
when spring shatters  
fall awakens to restore  
resorting her divine love  
bringing forth oranges,

reds, yellows and  
bitterness of blue  
the seasons changing  
embark new arranging  
October is never interchanging  
for her

# Football

By Isaac Shoemaker





# City of Rats

By Lilia Hall

## The City of Rats

Lilia Hall



How do you know when you've crossed  
the line?

Dr. Lacks dropped the fork with a clatter, her mouth agape. The tinny radio continued to buzz along, unconcerned with the news it had just delivered. Her package ramen noodles began to grow cool, and New York persisted with its insistent noise. No one seemed to care that there was only one cow left.

Lacks shouldn't have been surprised. The disease had been spreading for the past 3 years, slowly but surely taking out one of the world's last main food sources. There was no cure. All anyone could do was watch in shock. Lacks had been working with her lab for 2 years now, trying to figure out the key to self-cloning. The disease was genetic, so as long as they started with a healthy specimen, the rest of the population would survive. A cow had been isolated for this exact purpose early on.

Now it was the only one left.

Lacks picked up her fork and tried to eat some more noodles, but by then they were soggy and lukewarm. She stood up and walked over to the sink to pour out the rest of the broth. Lacks realized that now her lab would have to be working double time to figure out self-cloning. This both exhilarated and concerned her.

With less time came sloppier mistakes, but Lacks loved to succeed. Especially when the odds were stacked against her.

The radio continued to murmur as Lacks got ready for bed.

The lab was where Celia Lacks spent most of her time. It was a squat, flat structure, which was rare in New York. Most had decided to build up rather than out to cope with over population.

The room was bleak, but it was more homey to Lacks than her own apartment.

A monotone color palette kept the lab feeling sterile, but desolate. Along the back wall sat hundreds of rats, twenty to a cage. The pattering of their paws against the metal floor filled the silence that had settled in the night.

As Lacks pulled on her lab coat, people began to trickle in. Once everyone had arrived, she strode towards the front of the room.

“As I’m sure you all know, there is officially one cow left.” Grim looks circled the room. Lacks continued, “This just means that our work is that much more important. We cannot fail. I think we’re close, closer than we’ve ever been before. We’ll need to start working double hours to make up for all of the time we’ve lost.”

“Should we try out the new solution today?” asked tall man at the front of the crowd: Quinn Sparrow.

“Yes, whatever it takes,” Lacks replied. With that, a new energy seemed to take over the room.

Dr. Lacks followed Sparrow to his lab station.

“This new solution we’re trying out is a mixture of A12 and C7.” Sparrow began to pull out a small vial of the substance. A syringe followed. “We liked the results of A12, but it was just too slow. Which is why we’ve mixed in C7,” he chuckled dryly, “I’m sure you remember that one.”

Lacks winced. She did indeed remember trial C7. It hadn’t been pretty.

One of the lab assistants trounced over with a rat in hand. She gently placed it in the cage atop Sparrow’s work station. The rat immediately scurried into the corner, its chest rapidly moving up and down.

Sparrow deftly maneuvered the syringe between the bars and poked it into the vermin. The air around them stilled as everyone seemed to be staring at the cage. Waiting.

Then, a single high pitched screech.

The rat’s tail was splitting, slowly, in two. It shook its head and gave another squeal as its maw began to split as well. Along its spine a shallow divot was forming as the rat’s molecules were literally tearing themselves in two.

The color bloomed in Lacks’ cheeks and a broad grin slipped into her expression. *Finally*, she thought to herself, *finally its working!*

The rat’s chest suddenly stilled.

Silence.

Sparrow swore under his breath.

Silence.

Lacks felt her smile topple.

Silence.

Then the world exploded into motion again.

Their colleagues scattered as Sparrow and Lacks observed the damage. The rat had been about three quarters of the way through the cloning process when it died. It lay slumped in the center of the cage, looking like a half-cooked monstrosity.





# Sunset over the Endless City

By Isabella Jackson

been kind to it, but that didn't take away from it's opulent food.

She sat down in a small booth near the back. The place was vacant besides herself.

A waitress walked over to her and she ordered her regular. When she returned with the ramen in hand, Dr. Lacks got ready to delve in, but the woman didn't walk away! In fact it looked like she might even-

"It was the heart," Lacks sighed, "the solution still isn't fast enough."

Sparrow nodded and dragged a hand over his face. His lab assistant gingerly picked up the cage from the desk and carried it off for further testing.

Lacks spent the rest of the morning mixing and matching more serums to test. The next thing she knew, it was time for lunch. Celia Lacks was nothing if not a woman of routine. As soon as twelve struck, she shed her lab coat and safety glasses and stalked out of the lab. Every day, she had lunch at the nearest ramen place. Her love of ramen wasn't deep enough to be considered an obsession.

It was more of an odd fixation. She used to love shio ramen, but with the food shortages it was getting harder and harder to find. These days she often just settled for miso ramen.

The cold November wind swung brashly at her heels as she hurried her way over to Ivan Ramen. It was tall, gaunt building: the years hadn't



"You're Celia Lacks, right?" The woman stared expectantly at her. Lacks stifled a groan and gave a longing look towards her ramen.

"Yes. That's me." Her voice came out flat and not a little hostile.

The waitress didn't seem to notice. "I heard all about your work! I can't believe that you're here. You're such an inspiring figure, honestly!"

"Yup." Lacks decided to leave it at that. Maybe the waitress would walk away when she realized that Dr. Lacks wasn't actually all that interesting.

"It's so cool what you do, you're making the world a bett-" the waitress broke off suddenly and her expression twisted into one of shock. The ramen bowl slipped from her slack hands with a horrible slowness and crashed towards the earth where it promptly cracked against the cold metal floor.

Lacks stared down at the murdered ramen, then she looked up at the waitress, then looked back at the mess of noodles.

"You just... that was... No!" she stuttered.

But the woman didn't seem to hear her. She was staring out of the window at the large tele-screen across the way. Big, bold lettering ran across the bottom of the broadcast: *THOUSANDS DIE IN ALASKA AS FOOD SHORTAGES REACH DIRE NEEDS*. Dramatic music blared over the speakers and Lacks resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

The waitress snapped her attention towards the petulant geneticist sitting beside her, "Look, my a family lives in Alaska. Surely there's something you can do, send them some cows or something!"

Lacks stared at the broken woman standing in front of her and pinched her face into one of disgust. The broth was starting to seep into her shoes.

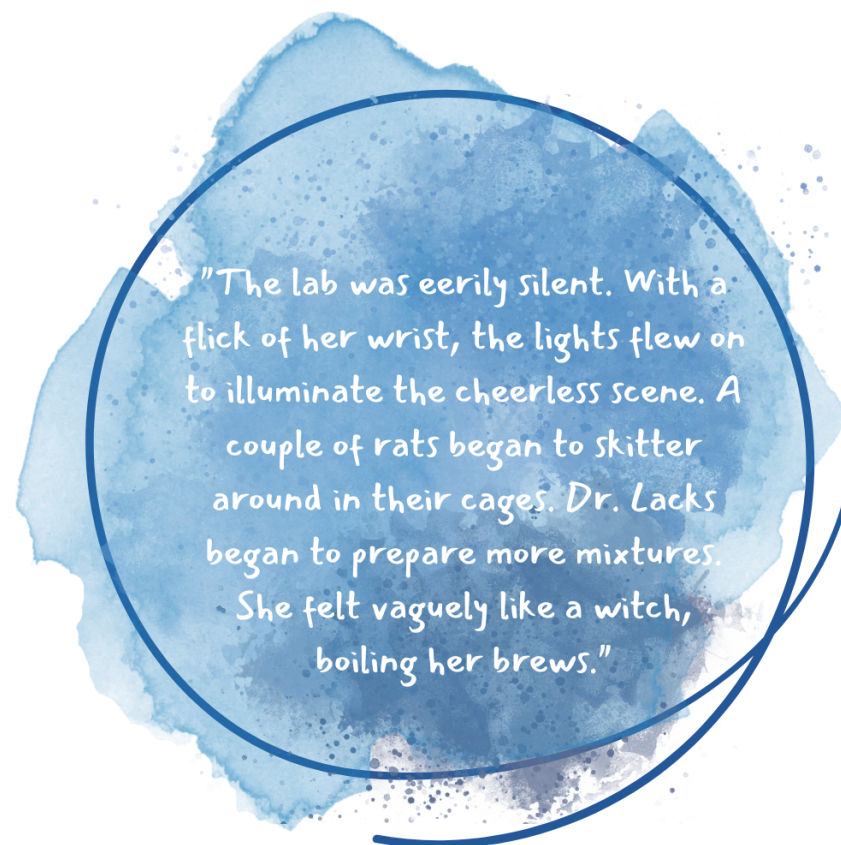
"I'm sorry, but no. There's only one cow, and it's not going anywhere. I'd wish your family luck, but you just dropped my ramen all over the ground."

The waitress looked startled and began to protest, but Dr. Lacks pushed past and marched out of the restaurant.

Her stomach grumbled in annoyance as she continued towards her lab.

For the next week, Lacks barely slept or ate as she tried to figure out the solution. Her lab had started to work weekends as the pressure mounted. Everyday, more rats died. And everyday, they got closer and closer to the answer.

In the little time she was able to sleep, her rest was ravaged by nightmares of rats. Lots and lots of rats. One night, after a particularly bad dream, Lacks found that she couldn't fall back asleep. It was around 4:30 in the morning. The subways were still running, and so Lacks decided it was as good a time as any to go work in the lab. Time was still ticking after all. She sat up with a yawn and began to get ready.





The lab was eerily silent. With a flick of her wrist, the lights flew on to illuminate the cheerless scene. A couple of rats began to skitter around in their cages. Dr. Lacks began to prepare more mixtures. She felt vaguely like a witch, boiling her brews.

Once she had finished a couple of serums to test, she shuffled over to the cages in the back and grabbed a rat. Methodically, she began to go through her new solutions.

The first one caused the rat to sprout three tails, and when the rest of the body began to split, the head stayed intact. It died soon as a vermin with one head, two bodies, and three tails.

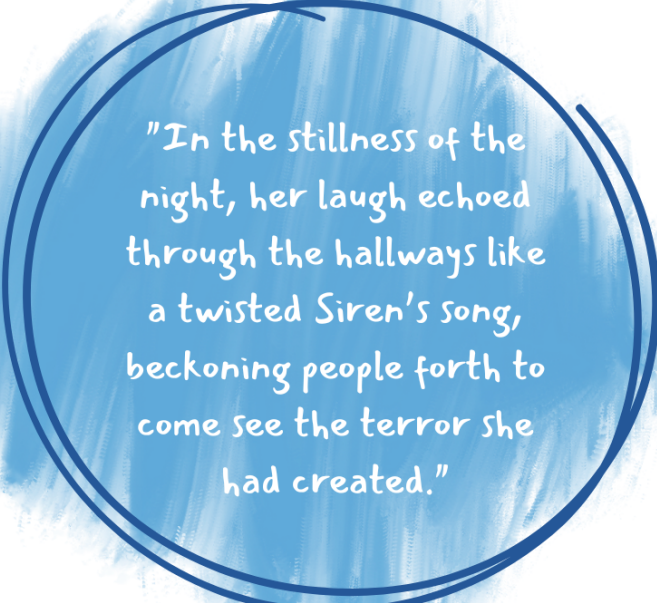
Lacks set the cage off to the side and went to grab another rat. She wielded the needle with deadly precision and watched as the pale blue fluid flowed into the animal.

The rat began to split in two, slowly but efficiently. The head was splitting.

So was the body. And the tail. Slowly, slowly.

Lacks blinked, there were two rats. Both sniffing at the cage and clawing at the bars. She gasped, blinked again, then laughed! It had worked! Oh, it had worked. She was saved, her reputation redeemed.

Cautiously, she opened the cage door to get a closer look. The rats seemed alive and well. Lacks noticed that their tails were still attached at the top, but that could be fixed. She ran a hand through her short hair and, in her sleep deprived state, began to giggle. The rats looked at her with interest now. Then one snarled, and the other bared its teeth. In a flash, they were both leaping towards her face.



"In the stillness of the night, her laugh echoed through the hallways like a twisted Siren's song, beckoning people forth to come see the terror she had created."

Lacks gave a screech and tried to duck, but one had latched itself to her nose and the other hung by the tail from that one. She blindly grabbed for the rat and her hands found purchase with its grimy coat. She tore the thing off and it dropped with a thud to the floor.

Lacks fell back with another shriek. The two rats sat in front of her. Staring. Watching. Waiting. Then slowly, they both began to split in two until there were four rats. Then there were eight. Sixteen.

Thirty two.

They kept duplicating over and over until there was a shaking, writhing mass of rats towering in front of her. They stared down at her. Watching. Waiting. Lacks stared right back. A bubble of hysteria worked its way up her throat and the next moment she was laughing. In the stillness of the night, her laugh echoed through the hallways like a twisted Siren's song, beckoning people forth to come see the terror she had created. Until, finally, the rats moved forward and swallowed her whole.

It took a while for New York to realize that the rat population was increasing. After all, it had always been a place infamous for its vermin. But when the absurd sightings of rats tearing themselves in two became too many, people began to connect the dots. Most chose to move, but a few select people would decide they didn't care and would continue to live their lives in the Big Apple. Though, with the recent developments, it was often being referred to as the City of Rats.

# Black Butterfly on Lavender Flowers

By Joy Ahn

## January

By Grace Xiang

The bitter breeze sweeps our land  
and carries the sharp bite of winter  
that has us in its jaws.

The December month has passed us  
along with Hanukah and New Years  
and the coming of Santa Claus.

The time spent outside in January  
always has us wearing coats—  
it's frigid, frozen, chilly, numbing,  
icy, frosty, snowy, and cool.

The memory that we crave  
mocks us from a distance  
as we splashed, floated, and swam  
in the warm summer pool.







# Lucy Good Lord

By Ryo Hardy





# The Beauty is in the Petals

By Elizabeth Summers

## Nasir

By Aaizah Ali

she asked me what her favorite color was  
i said all the colors that made her  
the blue of her eyes  
the raven black of her hair  
the bronze glow of her skin  
and the rarest salt  
that takes lifetimes to search for,  
mixed together  
for her skin to glow, illuminated

the red of her fury  
the purple lining of her worn clothes  
the clear color of her heart  
that she hands me willingly to tie with  
mine  
she asked me what her favorite color was  
i said  
all the colors that make her



# The Gift

By Dillon Podemski

Mornings were magical on birthdays and Christmas. So on his birthday, John woke up as thrilled any one could be. Slowly walking downstairs, he saw his mother working her way out the door.

“John I’m leaving! Your dad will be home in an hour or so. Don’t touch your gifts on the counter, especially the small one. Bye!” She shouted, racing out. As any normal child would, John was curious and went to look at the gifts his mother told him not to touch. He grabbed the small one and shook it. It was clunky. He shook it again and the sound coming from the gift was different.

He shook it over and over and over again, each time a different sound leaving the small box. John walked over to his phone lying on the counter. He called his friend Mike.

“Hey John, happy birthday!” said Mike over the phone.

“Thanks! Hey, there’s this weird gift with no card or sign of who gave it to me. It keeps making odd noises.”

“Um ok, and why are you telling me this?”

“It’s just freaking me out. Hey, you should come over, and we can check it out together!”

“Ok, sounds good. I’ll be there in a minute!” Mike hung up the phone.

Since Mike was coming over, John took it upon himself to clean. As he was, he knocked over a vase but the vase floated in mid air as soon as he looked at it. There was a knock at the door which made John look away and made the vase break on the floor.

“Coming! Just a second!” he yelled at the door. He raced to get the broom and dust pan while Mike let himself in.

“Hey, are you ok over there?” Mike asked, puzzled. John swiftly cleaned up the vase and threw the glass in the trash.

“My mom made me bring Elizabeth to get her out of the house. Sorry.”

“Hi John!” She squeaked from the corner.

“Hey Elizabeth,” John said in reply. Elizabeth was Mike’s little sister in the fourth grade unlike John and Mike who were in the eighth.

“Anyway, Mike, here’s the gift.” Mike examined it thoroughly “When I was cleaning this vase fell and it floated until you came and made me look away.”

“So that was the crash? But that’s crazy! We should test it!” Mike screamed excitedly.

John went and grabbed a spoon and set it on the table.

“Ok lets try to recreate the situation. What were you doing?” asked Mike.

“Well like I said I was cleaning and I had dropped the gift and went to pick it up and bumped into the table. Then the vase fell and I caught it by making it float,” John replied enthusiastically.

“Ok. Where’s the gift?” John and Mike looked around and couldn’t find it.

“John why did you get a crystal ball for your birthday?” asked Elizabeth from the couch.

“Elizabeth! You don’t open other peoples gifts!” shouted Mike, who was fuming.

“It’s ok, Mike.” John took the ball from Elizabeth.

“Bring me the spoon now.” Mike ran over to the table to get it then ran back over and gave it to John. He put the ball in one hand and the spoon in the other.

He then dropped the spoon, and it floated. They all gazed at the spoon in awe and wondered how it was just floating in the air.

“*Woah!*” shouted Mike from the other side of the room as he jumped up and fell.

“Eh, I could do better.” Elizabeth said on her way back to the couch.

“Elizabeth, shut up. Ok, John, try to, like, move it or something.” Mike said as he rose from the ground. John slowly started to move the spoon around his head, then moved it back and forth, until the garage door opened.

“John I’m home,” John's father said in his monotone voice “I’ll be in my office if you need me.”

“OK!” John shouted back at him “Is it 2 already? You and your sister better get back home. I’ll call you later!”

“Alright, but you better call.” The John and Elizabeth then got up and left.

John sat in his room for about an hour thinking of three things. One: how much trouble he would be in for opening a present that was definitely special. Two: that his mother might not even know what this thing is, and maybe she just thought it looked cool. Three: I’m. Going. To. Die.



# Celebration

## Spark

By Livvy Cook



The door to his room opened. It was his father.

“Was Mike over earlier?” He questioned John, who lay on his bed with the ball tucked away in a drawer.

“Yeah, he came over with Elizabeth to say happy birthday.” John replied.

“Ok,” His father said as he walked out of the room. Naturally John wondered why his dad came in and that’s all he asked. Usually he would be telling John to get all the dishes in his room or something along those lines. Then he heard his father on the phone with someone.

“Mary, the -i— is miss—g. I kno-. We— how a- I su—os-d to know wh—e it went,” He could hear his father much clearer now. “Mike and Elizabeth were here earlier. Should I call their mother? Ok, I will call her.”

John heard another knock on the door. Not his bedroom door, but the front door. John sprang up and went to answer it when he did his father behind grabbed him out of the door and off to the side. Then his father was flung far back and he hit the wall. A short man with long flowing jet black hair walked into the house.

“My god! You people have succumbed to modern society!” The man said, taking off the long trench coat he was wearing. His father sprang up from the ground, and a shouting match between the two men began. Soon a car pulled up to the house, and John’s mother walked in.

“Mary, get this person out of our home!” John’s father screamed at his wife.

“Ugh! Mary why have you married this... thing?!” The man asked his mother. John, still on the floor, was confused on what was going on.

“Mark, go back to your office, and I will deal with him. John, sit on the couch, and we will talk.” His mother said calmly putting her things by the couch.

“Ok John, I’m going to provide some context. A long time ago your great grandfather, my grandfather, came across multiple orbs that had powers that gave people telepathy. Anytime someone in our family sees fit, they give their children one. But apparently there were people who had thousands of these orbs and this man, Steven, is from that group of people. His people think they can enter people’s homes, throw their husbands into a wall, and the yell at them.”

“That’s putting it one way.” Said Steven who was still standing in the doorway.

“Your father and I wanted to give it to you this year, but Steven thinks its wrong to give it to someone so young, even though most people get when they are thirteen.” Soon another shouting match between Steven and Mary began about John’s orb. John got tired of all the yelling and went upstairs to grab the orb. He then walked down the stairs and like the spoon, lifted Steven and his mother.

“Would you two just shut up!!” John yelled. His mother looked at him in awe.

“You’re doing it!” Mary squealed in delight.

“Yeah! Now, you two need to work it out because I’m tired of all your constant shouting!” he shouted himself. Steven looked at Mary and sighed.

“Fine. I’ll leave, and you can give it to him. Don’t think we wont have any other problems because I know we will.” John let them down, and Steven grabbed his things and left the house.

“Can we just celebrate my birthday now?” John asked.

White purest of lambs  
Runs towards the cliff  
Unknowing what awaits below  
And I, still a naïve child,  
Reach out for the poor lamb and hold it close  
And in my mind I am the hero of the story  
For I saved the little lamb from uncertain death  
But I, still young and frail,  
Was unable to see the world  
With its shades of black and grey  
So I walked away from that forsaken cliff  
With the whitest of lambs in my arms  
I repaired my scraped knees;  
stitched my torn hands  
And I nurtured the poor lamb  
Until it could stand once again  
As day-break begins and the sun starts to rise  
I find that my poor lonely lamb  
Had lost its white glow  
As it withered away  
Like the sun melts the snow

I stood there in silence for three whole days  
Until I heard a young lambs cry from far far away  
I gaze out my window only to see  
A young little sheep with its wool as soft as silk  
Running towards that very same edge  
Which I know oh so well  
Then suddenly I freeze  
And look down at my hands.  
I was no longer a child  
For I understood the cliff and the lamb

# Child of the Lambs

By Elizabeth Summers



# Ode to Capitol Hill Books

By Doyeon Kim

The smell of yellow pages,  
Decaying leather and dust.

The work of man, accrued through ages,  
Explore them, I must.

Covered in paper, leather or cloth,  
Some new, some used, some marked as sold.

Under shelves, on the table,  
few eaten by a moth.

Hunting books is my hobby,  
And this store is in Washington D.C,  
It had a very nice lobby,

And was called Capitol Hill Books, you see?



## Light Pink Flowers

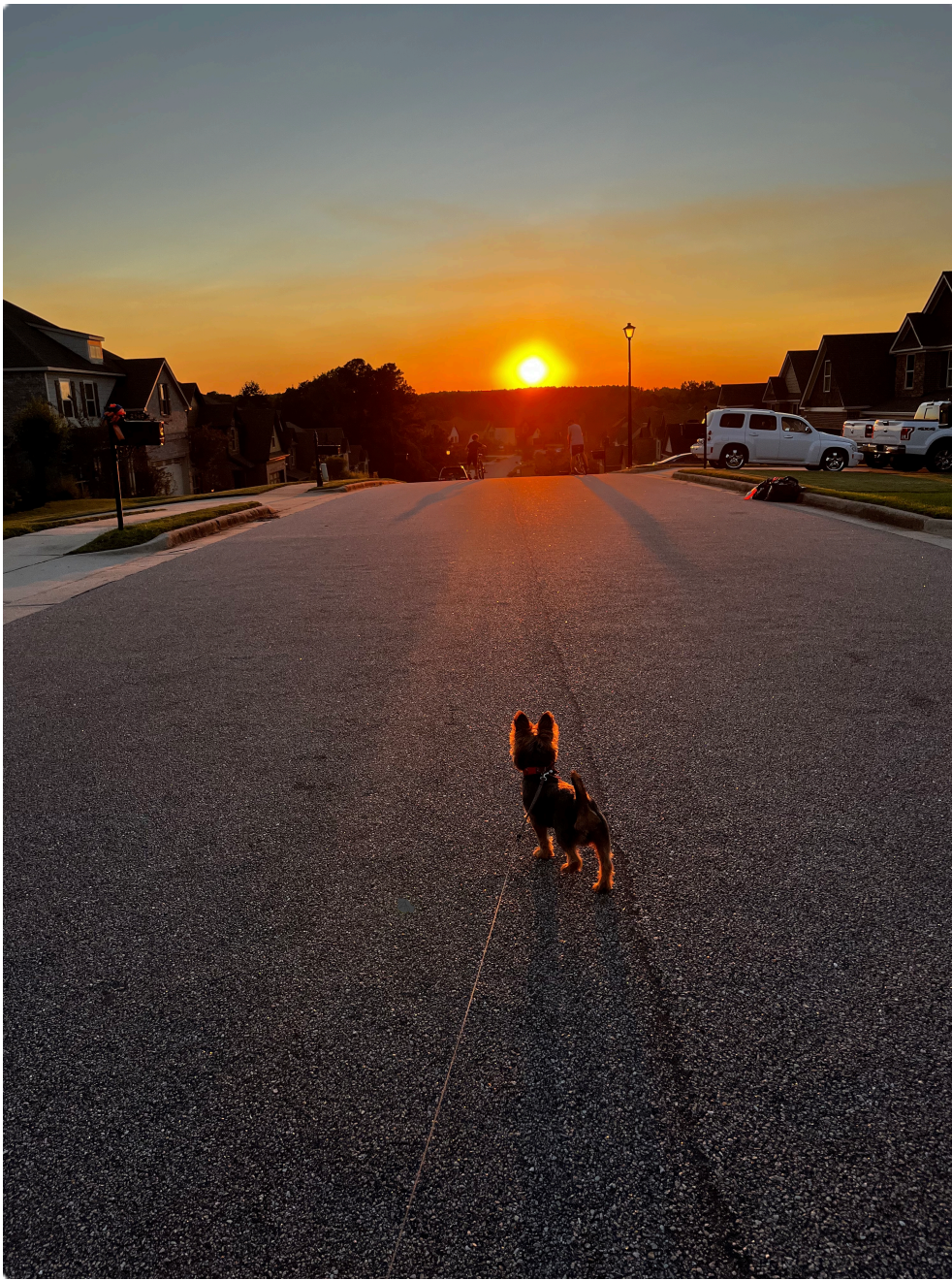
By Joy Ahn

# Sister to Brother

By Elizabeth Summers

Well Brother, if I'm honest  
Our life ain't been no peaceful paved path  
There's been twisted overgrown roots;  
Large ten ton rocks blocking our way.  
Forest fires scorching everything in it's reach,  
And Kudzu as far as the eye can see.  
But we've jumped over cannons with million mile trenches,  
And walked through the scorched burnt wood.  
We've encountered thorn bushes that perused our skin,  
But we still march on with our hearts still pounding.  
Even when contorted vines pulled us down to the ground,  
We never let that stop us; we got up and kept running  
So, Brother don't give up when the sun goes down  
Don't turn back when you can't see what's ahead  
For I'll be hear holding your hand all the way through;  
Standing along side you with a jar of fire flies guiding your way  
When you feel to afraid to move.  
So, even when it is to dark to see, and the path is unclear  
You keep moving forward and know that I'm always hear  
And life for us, ain't been no peaceful paved path.





# Dog Standing in the Sunset

By Joy Ahn

# My Father

By Kenneth Byrd

Fathers are great, fathers are amazing,  
But my father is greater than anybody  
talking  
He takes care of us, even when my mother  
won't  
He will always take care of me  
Fathers get a bad reputation  
Just for being guys with a occupation  
My father got accused of stealing

Even though my father was just browsing  
We wouldn't be here today  
My brother and me  
Without my father's sacrifices  
That brought me where I am  
My father is the greatest in all of the world  
Nothing in the whole universe could make  
me trade him



# Nest

By Elizabeth Lovell





# About the Magazine

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 year to publish a digital magazine that showcases the writing, art, and photography of the student body. This magazine is published digitally at the end of each year. The staff solicits and receives submissions from the students, submits their own works, publicizes the magazine, selects entries, and prepares the magazine for digital publication.



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