"You can live in any city in America, but New Orleans is the only city that lives in you."

-Chris Rose
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Looking Forward
Joel Funderburk
Christmas Lights
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Vows
Anonymous

We all sort of know how it goes, ‘in sickness and health, to love and cherish
till death do us part’ but does anyone really know how it ends?

Here’s how it goes, in a mess of legal papers, petty disputes, and restless
nights. Then one signature and the knot you tied “forever” is just…cut

The news leaks out like a plague. Some are surprised you seemed so happy
and you were that happy once upon a time. While others are unaffected,
almost as if they expected it. Your pride is wounded more than it should by
the pity smiles and constantly correcting to ‘Ms.’ because why should you be
ashamed of not being married?

The nagging tone of your mother’s ‘I told you’ and your friends comment
how ‘they never liked him’ and so many other empty words that are designed
to lift your spirits. How could they say this to you? You did love him once.

Oh well any knot that has been cut can be tied again? Right? Right? I’m
a-frayed not.
Honey
Taylor Collins

Straighten your hair everyday in the morning, so you look somewhat presentable; your natural hair is too wild. Make sure your edges are brushed back with gel, otherwise your hair looks too nappy. Lather yourself in lotion, being ashy is never okay. Take a tissue with you to make sure your face isn’t too shiny. You need to slow down on your food because your hips are starting to show; why aren’t you eating enough, black girls are going to be fuller; it just runs in our DNA so you can’t try to prevent it. There are somethings you just can’t wear outside of the house because it plays into the stereotypes. What stereotypes? All of them, but there are even some that I don’t know. Once you step foot outside of the house, there are eyes watching you so make sure you are always put together and prepared for anything. In public, always use an inside voice, and never feel comfortable enough to allow yourself to laugh freely. Don’t raise your voice in a disagreement with someone; you will never win and always be perceived as the sassy aggressor. No matter how much you want to, you can’t express your true opinions because no one will understand, and they’ll just think you’re just being too emotional. Work ten times harder because no one is just going to hand you anything in life. Make sure you share this with your friends because others will associate you with anyone that simply looks like us. The stereotypes they have created pertain to you even though they know nothing in the slightest about your life. People have already made up in their mind that you are just another loud black girl that only values her Jordans and doesn’t know how to control herself in public.

You need to branch out more; all your friends are black. Why don’t any of the black girls eat with anyone else or sit with anyone else in class? You shouldn’t make everything a race thing; it makes everyone else feel uncomfortable, and it’s very divisive. You guys should let everyone say it; it’s just a word, and the more you prevent others from saying it gives it more power.

_I was taught that we have to stick together because no one else would look out for us. We have to create opportunity for ourselves and support each other’s accomplishments. We naturally migrate towards each other because we can openly share our feelings without being condemned by people that simply don’t want to understand. But no one has ever asked to find the actual reason. The world just relies on assumptions instead of trying to find the actual reasoning._

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Vintage Car
Serena Klebba
Chama
Addie Lemann
I Saw a Fist Framed in Flowers
Manon Scialfa

Why must most symbols of female power still have traces of delicacy?
Sometimes I don’t want my power
Adorned with a flower

I want my strength to be fierce –
With a look, to pierce
Through people like a comet
Across the sky.
They’ll ask themselves why
They thought they could doubt
My strength – it’s not shy

They will see me and regret
The day they let
Themselves underestimate me.
My strength is vast as the sea,
Majestic as a mountain,
Wild as the wind.
It beats down like the sun
Hot on their foreheads –
Let the sweat that will run
Down their faces remind them
How they were wrong.
My strength will reside after they’re long gone.
Swarm of Seagulls
Audrey Brossette
One Foot In, One Foot Out
Jack Gentry

I am the culmination of conquest
I am the culmination of struggle
I am invited to the table
I am not allowed to speak

I feel welcomed for my personality
I feel shunned for my sensitivity
I am an exception to the system
Your system

I am the subject of envy
I am the carrier of pride
I am invited to the table
I am not allowed to speak

I feel grateful for my life
I feel ashamed of my truth
I am the sore thumb
Still part of the hand

I am confident in myself
I am unable to be broken
I am invited to the table
And I will be heard
Jordan woke up with a bent leg and arm over the sides the bathtub with his head under the faucet. His head ached and his leg was still in bad condition. Jordan pulled himself out of the tub with his arms and sat on the side. He realized that the bathtub was in the middle of his room and there was a mild scent of alcohol running through the air. He looked at the windowsill and saw a picture of him and his brother. He smiled. The picture frame displayed Jordan and his brother on an open prairie with an everlasting view of the healthy refreshed grass that covered the prairie with skinny brown trees scarcely scattered over the land. The top right corner of the picture had seemed to be ripped off, which included part of his brother’s head. He turned to his bed and saw Herald asleep. Herald had a shaggy beard and his eyes were decently far apart. Jordan referred to Herald as a drunk, but a friend. Jordan pushed off the side of the bathtub and started to limp over to the door of his room. When he looked back at his sun-lit room, it was decently clean except for the dirty clothes scattered in the far corner of the room and the alcohol bottles poorly hidden under the bed. Jordan then proceeded to open the door but it would not open. The door had a railroad spike going through it. Jordan pulled out the rusty railroad spike with quite a struggle and tried to break down the door with no luck. After he gave up, Jordan looked through the hole where the railroad spike used to be. He saw another guy asleep on the floor with a pool of what seemed to be like red wine around him and his head detached from his body. Jordan puckered and limped to his bed where Herald slept. He stole a pillow from him and threw it in the bathtub. He pulled himself over the side of the tub with his arms; keeping care of his leg. Jordan slowly dazed off in the bathtub in his previous position with a soft pillow under his head trying to remember what happened the night before.
Awake
Audrey Singer
Yes, I Go to Newman
Anonymous

I walk in a store with a black hoodie and sneakers
As I shop, I notice the security guard is eyeing me
He looks at me, and I look at him
I do not think much of it at the time
And continue to shop like any other normal person
But it hits me as I walk past a mirror
I see myself in a black hoodie and sneakers
And more specifically,
I see me.
A young teenage girl, not to mention I am black,
In a black hoodie and sneakers
Shopping in a store like a normal person,
But I’m not seen as a normal person just shopping.
And as I look into the mirror with my eyes,
I also see the security guard looking into the mirror with his eyes,
At my black hoodie and sneakers
I look into the security guard’s eyes staring at me once again.
He walks up to me as I am shopping,
And asks me, “What are you doing?”
At first I do not know how to answer the question, because it sounds like a
trick question
But I respond “I am shopping, what about you?”
He looks at me in a funny way and says “I am doing my job?”
He is a security guard, so of course I understand that he needs to check
To make sure no funny business is going on
But ONE small thing I just do not get,
Why me, and me only?
I have been walking around shopping in this store for a good while now,
And have seen many people walk in and out of the store with no questions
or stare downs from him.
But that is probably because he has been too busy watching my every move.
As I walk away from the awkward silence,
He again eyes my black hoodie, but this time he notices something.
I am wearing my black Newman hoodie.
Then he says to me, in shock and smiling, “Oh sweetheart, you go to
Newman, have a nice day.”
And walks away,
Not even giving me a chance to answer.
On my way out, I call to Mr. Eyes and I say,
“Yes I go to Newman” and ask him,
“Did you say you were doing your job? Interesting”
And I walk away without giving him a chance to answer.
Jack of All Trades
Anonymous

To be the best is a euphoric feeling, it’s a drug, a test
To be blest on the top
Well, no fuss, there can only be one
So what does that mean for the rest of us?
To never be the greatest, is hollow
You are forced to follow, unimportant, unfulfilled
A background role in life, a blank face in history
No one remembers the master of none.
Respect and Remember
Evelyn Kenwood
April 29, 2016  
Jack Gentry

Imagine getting the answers to life’s most pressing questions. Accessing it is easy, but requires sacrifice. Imagine having to walk everyday resisting those answers because you still have a life to live.

Imagine desiring true peace, the enigma that it is. Accessing it is easy, but requires sacrifice. Imagine resisting that peace because it wouldn’t be entertaining.

Imagine knowing your problems are explainable, but blaming yourself for every single one of them.

Those answers get more enticing every day…

Note:
I wrote this when I desperately wished someone was there; if you ever see someone struggling with self-harm, do not hesitate to help. Be the person that could save their lives.
1-800-273-8255
Conviction
Renaissa Washington

I listen to the wind
Hoping for a sign from above.
Wondering if my dream is a reality or if it is my worst enemy
After waiting bravely, my long awaited destiny whispers softly in my ear.
Destiny declares to me:
“Your dream is far more than an illusion but a beautiful metaphor that can lead to something amazing.”
Honor the Fallen
Jack Haber

A man walks into a battle
In order to protect his love
For the one which provided a rattle
And let him fly like a dove

A woman walks into a war
To fight for her freedom
And to open a door
For those to walk and talk some

A group stands during a song
A man takes a knee
But protesting the anthem for things that are wrong
Is only a protest against those who fight for us to be free

Honor and sing for those who fall and die
Hand over chest for those who let their loved ones fly
What We Stand For
Anonymous

Is it more than “The Pledge” or less?
Is it bigger than what we don’t stand against?

It must be.

Do we dare to speak about it?

Or do we whisper

for fear

of

losing friends

or

our livelihoods

or

our lives.
The most difficult thing was to decide how to say it, not what to say. The words themselves would be meaningless; it was the way it would be said that mattered. It was true. That was all that mattered; it would happen.

The mist loomed high over the summit, the highest peak in Seoul. The land of the morning calm, Korea; Mount Bukhansan stands on the northern edge of the capital city. It looks down upon the metropolis of South Korea. It is wonders like this that make me forget it all: the drunken banter, the laughter, and of course the shouting. The “big mountain in the north;” it has the smoothest curves. The granite rocks protrude out over the dozens of valleys and rivers below. Baegunbong, its main peak, was the destination.

We spent the day hiking the trails. We passed old temples, fortress walls, and golden Buddha statues. We reached Baegunbong after 5 hours.

“So,” my brother started “it’s going to happen huh?”

“It’s inevitable.”

“You’re dreading it,” he inquired, already aware of the answer.

“Well it’s not every day you tell a woman her life will be changed forever, the past irrevocably lost, years of her life possibly wasted”

“Guess not.”

“It’s funny,” I thought aloud. “The things we tell ourselves will last forever never do.”

“Yeah, like your stuffed penguin Hugsy when we were kids. You told mom there wouldn’t be a day in your life you didn’t sleep with it.”

“Simpler times,” I quipped.

“Yeah, that fan tore into him pretty good.”

“Looks like this one isn’t going to end up much better for me”

“I don’t know about all that. Maybe you two are better off on your own. Perhaps, it was never going to work. I know it’s not fun to hear but nothing really matters in
the end; you're both just two individuals out of almost 8 billion"

“Who is that, Nietzsche?”

“Probably, you have always been more into philosophy than me.”

“She’s real big into philosophy too you know”

“Yeah, it’s going to be hard for you to get over it,” he snickered as a couple passed us. They had their arms around each other, rejoicing in the day’s journey. They were rejoicing in much more than that though. They were happy; they were young, oblivious to future quarrels that lay ahead, many over matters forgotten. It was easy to reminisce: I had loved her once, she had loved me. All I had to do was pull out the pictures of us on the Spanish Steps in Rome, or canoeing in the Grand Canyon, both of which are still in my wallet. We were so happy then; that night in Rome she wore a beautiful blue dress. We ate at this terrific restaurant before, Ponte e Parione. We argued over whether or not a tip was necessary. I was right, it wasn't. By the time the picture was taken we were both very drunk. Drunk but happy. Happy and in love. It wasn't one thing that changed that. It was everything.

“Sure, it will take time,” I finally responded after a pause.

I felt alive on top of the mountain. More alive than I had felt since she moved in with me 5 years ago. Yet I also felt in control, another feeling that had grown foreign to me. I could look down upon the city below, the city of 9.86 million—a number I had found while researching one night months ago. She slept beside me that night, as with all other nights, ignorant that I would be taking this trip. Even more ignorant that at some point beyond this trip I would tell her it couldn’t go on, that I had grown weary of it all. Ahh maybe that’s what I would say . . . “weary of it all.” She would laugh in my face. Maybe if I said it with passion, with force. That was what mattered.

Nearly 10 million people in the bustling city below, none had a clue who I was and I didn't know a thing about any one of them either. Yet, I envied every single one, even the one paving the road with asphalt.

“We should probably move on now,” my brother said.

“Yeah, I don't like to think about it anyway.”

“No, I mean we should head back down now,” he retorted.

I descended the mountain toward the valley below.
An Ode to Books
Katherine Vogt

Nothing is lovelier than a shelf,
A shelf double stacked with books,
With books, piled on top of each other,
And pouring into places not dedicated to them.

You pick one out of its nook,
And open it to your favorite page,
The binding is so worn there
That you could find it with your eyes closed

The smell hits your nose,
And instantly you’re brought to a memory,
One of a rainy afternoon, wrapped in a blanket,
Nestled on your couch, holding a book.

Smiling, you put it back on your shelf
And pick up another, this one from when you were little,
Your parents used to read it to you
With silly voices and faces

Then you see the book that made you cry.
Your favorite character died in the last few pages,
And you had to wait two years for the sequel,
The whole time wondering what would happen.

Your book shelf holds more memories than a photo album.
It can bring you back to bed time as a baby
Or the summer of 3rd grade when you read a series four times.
It is a chronicle of what you love and you.
Underwater Paint
Audrey Brossette
Dinner on Wednesday Night
Jack Finger

It was probably half-past eight when Shaun finished the lasagna. He had gotten home early tonight: Work was scarce lately. It was a good thing Jane was doing well. Shaun never really thought he had the brainpower for a doctorate, but he was told Jane was an excellent doctor. Of course, that meant she tended to work late. That couldn’t be helped. It gave Shaun time to practice cooking, though. He had often been told by his parents that he was a great cook. It was one of the things Shaun really enjoyed, so he was glad he got the chance to make dinner more often than not.

An hour later, the sound of keys fumbling in the lock of the back door made Shaun leap from his seat. He was already downstairs, so he opened the door before Jane had to unlock it.

“Hey! How was work?” Shaun smiled.
“Fine.” Jane answered, taking off her jacket.
Shaun waited a moment, then pulled out a chair and asked: “What happened with that woman who had the hip fracture? Is she alright?”
“Yeah, I fixed her up.”
Shaun went to get the lasagna before it got cold. She was still standing when Shaun got back with the food.
“Sorry, I’m not all that hungry tonight. Had a bite tonight at work.”
“I thought you had a business meeting. Do they let you eat at those?”
“It was more of an office get-together.”
“Oh.”
Jane started walking upstairs to get into bed.
“Well if you aren't hungry, maybe we could…”

Shaun smiled back at Jane as she started up the stairs, still holding the lasagna with both hands. “That’s fine! I’m just going to have a little dinner. I’ll be up in a few!”

Jane had already vanished into the bedroom by the time he had finished. Shaun turned, got a Tupperware bowl and started eating. He didn’t put on the TV tonight since he knew Jane was waiting for him. By the time he finished eating, Jane was already asleep. It was a quarter till ten.
Leisurely Walk in the Park

Gal Caspi
Not a Bad Problem to Have
Jack Gentry

Who or what could I be?
In a 1983 ford 100, zooming down john’s road,
I see a lean, then I hear, “Jack you’d be so great at____” and “have you ever thought about trying ____”
Yes.
Yes, I’m sure I would be good at that, and yes, I always think of trying it early in the morning.
Then it happened as it always does, directly after I say; “see yah later Ms. Lynda”.
Ms. Lynda exiting the green truck is standard,
it’s the aftermath,
the room that constricts my decaying mind with anecdotes here and there throughout the day turns against me, and
sends each syllable of advice spoken by someone else right back into my brain.
Not only from just now, but past memories as well.
Now I’m Alone.
I then turn into: “could I…well maybe, if I just. Wait! Got it! Oh…..oh no..” for a few days.
I haven’t seen the end of those “few days” yet, and so what happens?
Over analyzation…Alone.
Yeah maybe I should’ve tried the thing he said. Lynda’s right, I would be a great sports phycologist. But med school? I don’t know. Mom says I’m a great arguer, and fight for the vindication of justice…sooo Lawyerrrrr? But you love sports. you love science. Maybe I can just become a sociology major because its people in groups which is what I like. What about your music though? And your passion for not just social awareness but social justice? I will find some way to contribute on any campus I go to. Yeah but you might still be uncomfortable. What will you do with girls? I mean you seem swamped enough with the workload and everything. I don’t know, im trying to put that in the backseat for right now. So what is it then, you gonna be a doctor, lawyer, agent, coach, General manager, corporate worker, 9-5’er, teacher? What if I was a writer or a poet? A writer? A poet? What about your mathematical ability and how much you love statistics and facts…a writer? Well just find a good school and they’ll help you find out what you want to do. I know…I don’t know what I want. I liked how big UT was. What if none of your friends go there though? Okay, what if I just want to take a gap year and travel, discover myself? Mmmm no that’s not the standard high school to college pipeline. I don’t know Jack, find
something you love or something you're good at and just do it. What if I can't? What if someone finds out about...it? What do I do to recover from that? Don't worry no one outside of who you told will ever know. Just keep your head forward man. Okay... thanks Jack, hopefully I don't see you soon.
“What?! You bought a Porsche?” shrieked the woman into her phone. She was already irritated waiting in her own humble little Lexus at a blocked intersection with noisy traffic, but to hear her annoying high school friend enjoy the lap of luxury was simply unbearable. She hung up the phone call, muttering, “Filthy gold digger, it’s all her husband’s money!” She pursed her lips in jealousy and scowled at the sight of a waif, who lingered on the pavement next to the road.

The waif was a little boy of no more than eight years with torn clothes and mud-streaked skin. Despite his bedraggled appearance, he looked beautiful. He had lovely caramel eyes, light brown skin, and dark messy hair. He was skinny from food deprivation, but he still had some baby fat that made him look endearing. The woman in her Lexus softened at the sight. “What a darling,” she murmured. “He looks like my own son!”

Then she realized how insensitive she had been earlier. “Lucie has a Porsche to brag about, but this boy doesn’t even have a car! He’s neglected, like me!” she remarked. She found her purse next to her and dug around until she drew out a five-dollar note. “Today I’ll be benevolent and help a beggar. Shame on you, Lucie!”

Smirking, the woman lowered the window of her car. “Hey!” she snapped, and the little boy whirled around to look at her. His eyes widened curiously. “Come here!” He hesitated, then waddled up to her. He blinked at her in interest.

“Poor child,” the woman crooned sympathetically, deciding to boast to Lucie about her generosity, while Lucie invested frivolously on extravagant unneccessities. “You deserve better.” She held out the five-dollar note. To her surprise and indignation, the boy did not take it. He backed away fearfully.

“What’s wrong with you?” she demanded. “Take the note, child!” She was loud enough that everyone nearby turned their heads to watch the scene. The boy shook his head vigorously. The woman lost her patience. She was being kind and generous and warm. She was better than her high school rival, and this boy did not appreciate it!

“Take it!” she barked. “Go buy some food! You need it!”

"Give, Not Receive"
Nithya Ramcharan

““What?! You bought a Porsche?” shrieked the woman into her phone. She was already irritated waiting in her own humble little Lexus at a blocked intersection with noisy traffic, but to hear her annoying high school friend enjoy the lap of luxury was simply unbearable. She hung up the phone call, muttering, “Filthy gold digger, it’s all her husband’s money!” She pursed her lips in jealousy and scowled at the sight of a waif, who lingered on the pavement next to the road.

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“Take it!” she barked. “Go buy some food! You need it!”
In a difficult position with several spectators, the boy quickly snatched the money, pocketed it, and backed away furtively. At that moment, the intersection cleared, and the satisfied woman in her Lexus drove away with a bright smile on her face.

The waif looked at his gift carefully. Maybe this time he could treat himself…

“What have we here?” a deep gravelly voice asked. The boy looked up and shrunk away guiltily. A man towered over him, smiling with dirty brown teeth. His economic status was not very high, but it was much better than that of the boy.

The boy tried to pocket the money, but the man swiftly stepped forward and slapped his hand, making him drop it. He watched the child’s face droop and sneered sardonically. “Bad boy,” he chided. “Stealing from respectable people.” He picked up the five dollars, gave the miserable boy a resounding slap on the face, and warned him never to hide from him again. He strode away unconcernedly.

The boy watched him leave and swiveled his head in the direction where the Lexus had sped off, not caring about what would happen after he received the money. His eyes brimmed with tears. He hated charity because everyone around him did it just to satisfy their conscience, not to benefit others. They claimed it was better to give than to receive. The boy shook his head wryly. Yes, ‘twas better to give pain than to receive pain.
Galentine’s Day
Audrey Singer
Soup du Jour
Tabor Brewster

Bring out all the food at the same time – that goes for all three courses. Don’t stack plates on a table, it makes too much noise. Never reach across a guest to serve a different one, it’s f***ing torture. Don’t touch the guests. Don’t touch yourself. When you’re on break, smoke in the furniture store parking lot across the street. We’re out of the lobster frittata. If a plate is hot, tell the guest before you put it down. Why do you have that look on your face? Smile already, you don’t want to look like you’ve got a stick up your ass… Don’t overdo it, this isn’t f***ing Disneyland. Never say you’re sorry to a guest. There’s nothing to be sorrowful about, it’s not like their f***ing dog died – they don’t like the f***ing plate of food. Apologize. Sorry. No, god dammit… Well, f***ing say it. Say what? Apologize. I’m sorry. What the f*** do you not understand? I apologize. Keep your hands out of your pockets. Put up with their stupid questions. These ass hats come in acting like they’re the sh** and then they try to order something you stopped eating when you were nine. If a grown man asks for a grilled cheese sandwich, give the man the f***ing sandwich. I know, it’s scary that these people are even allowed in the building but you know what’s worse? Um, what? That they’re allowed to vote. Ask sparkling or still, not ‘flat.’ Never refuse to substitute an item. Don’t curse in the dining room. No Dave Brubeck. But I’m not in charge of the music – Never interrupt the guests – stay within earshot of the table. Wait until uncle Jimmy gives one of his god awful jokes and it kills the conversation. Give me the specials… Go on, god dammit, I haven’t got all night. Our soup du jour is – Stop. Don’t give it to me like you’re sh***ing out your dying mother-in-law’s laundry list, come on, say it like you mean it. Our soup du jour is a langoustine bisque with a walnut and parsley gremolata. Our seasonal pasta is an Andouille and bell pepper cavatelli. For an entrée, we also have a lobster fri – NO… FOR CHRIST’S SAKE, WE’RE OUT OF THE F***ING FRITTATA.
What We Stand For
Alexis Reed
Ninety eight started an uproar of funeral homes getting cash in the bank, some unknown some unheard as the number five starts to reciprocate by 2018 the number is far beyond duplication, as I plead the fifth and turn to the nation. Shots fired in schools of cultivation we the people have reached the destination of discrimination, unfair relation, fear of gathering in this generation, it is time to face the nation. As murderers create plots, officers are on watch refusing to make it stop, holding hands escaping from loud alarms, fearing the man who is armed, the number two rewrites itself and adds to 13, the most outrageous number of empty desks a school has ever seen. No this shouldn’t be a problem of 2018 it should’ve been resolved by 1998, but now we must demonstrate our value of life and not let it diminish away into the grave after sending sons and daughters away to educate, and be great so they can rule the world one day, but suddenly that dream is taken away. It’s time to shed light on this situation as we all must turn and face this nation. John Locke, August 29th 1632 demanded you and you to pursue a government that represents you, and if not done we shall solute, revolt, and make a system brand new, accustomed to you, designed by you, which abides by you. We the people hold the key to this nation, the power is vested in you. The solution most definitely isn’t easy, as it’s been a course of twenty years and still unpleasing. School shooters are inevitable, but we the people are going to put them through trouble by securing schools from the frame to the roof, under this policy every gunman will think twice before they shoot; children will once more have the opportunity to crack open a book rather than taking a look into a shooters eyes, as 16 turns into the death of 17 innocent lives, this mission strives so not another child dies.
New Orleans Tricentennial Contest
Who Am I?
Lia Bu

What does one see when one views the Statue of Liberty? What does one see when one looks upon the Washington Monument? What does one see when one places eyes on the Rushmore Monument? I suppose the average American feels pride and hope for his or her country. I suppose they feel safe and secure to live in this “melting pot” full of new cultures, ideas, and religions. Yet I don’t know, and I don’t suppose I ever will. I am not from this country that every nation seems to look up to. Yes, I am American, legally. Yet I don’t feel like one.

As a Honduran, what do I see when I look at America? What do I feel when I look upon these monuments Americans hold so highly? I’m not sure. What I do know is that I don’t feel safe. I don’t feel pride. I don’t feel hope nor security. These ideas, phenomena, notions seem all out of my reach. And why? I simply don’t connect. The United States of America has never been my home nor ever will be.

As a Honduran, what do I see when I look at Honduras? How do I view this third-world country, people dying, buildings falling, government collapsing from within? I don’t feel proud either. I don’t feel safe either. I feel disappointment. I know this country can do better, it just simply doesn’t have the resources nor the attention. When people ask me where I am from, I say Honduras. Most of them get a blank stare on their face and simply state they don’t know where that is. Then they ask, “You speak Honduran?” Ignorance plays a huge factor in the opinion of Honduras. Most think of Mexico when drugs and cartels are mentioned. Most think Venezuela when they hear a country is failing. Yet Honduras doesn’t nearly make that kind of news. And that’s one of the reasons it simply isn’t improving. And off of these stereotypes I am assessed.

And perhaps I’m being judgmental. Perhaps I seem rude or pretentious right now for not accepting and being grateful for the fact I go to school in the United States and am educated here and don’t have to go to school in an impoverished country. But can you blame me? Let’s take the recent election. We all know very well Mr. Trump was elected and that Mrs. Clinton lost. Say what you like. Criticize all you want. But I am not being political here, I am not taking a side. What any person knows now is that Mr. Trump simply doesn’t wish for immigrants to be here. This is merely a fact that was resurferred time and time again. As a Latina myself, I feel offended when the president-elect now makes these statements. When he states build a wall, I feel threatened. Do I feel safe? Not at all. And this is the warning to me. I knew from early on that the United States wasn’t the dreamland many
discussed back home. Yet this woke me up even further. At my previous school, so-called “friends” told me to deport myself or build myself a wall and climb over it. This shows me, frankly, that living in this land of the brave isn’t all that it claims to be. At least some of its people that I’ve met previously don’t show that.

So then the difficult decision is made. Where do I wish to live? Honduras, or the United States? Where will I feel more accepted, more welcomed? In the United States I feel pretty welcomed, especially after moving out of my old provincial school and spending my first year in New Orleans. Yet I also don’t feel welcomed sometimes, especially when some like me are targeted by the president himself. Honduras poses its risks too, especially the city I live in (San Pedro Sula). It is quite literally the city with the most deaths per 100,000 residents in the world. It elects corrupt presidents. Yet I am Honduran. That is my home. For whatever reason, I feel some sort of pull towards it. If that’s good or bad will be resolved another day.

And the decision, I know, won’t come overnight. Both countries have benefits and have negative consequences. I learn in the United States, live in Honduras. These are two identities. I am legally an American citizen. I am legally a Honduran citizen. Which do I accept?

Who am I? In the eyes of the law, I am American and Honduran. But I say that national identity doesn’t define me; it doesn’t hold me back. I am Lia Bu. A person who dreams to achieve regardless of identity.
The Truck
Max Jacobson
Our Nola
Sophia Landry

My Nola is sitting on my porch looking at Delta bark at squirrels as they scurry in the trees
My Nola is smelling the scolding coffee at six in the morning that greets my mom after her run down St Charles Ave.
  My Nola is knowing its a snow-ball not a sno-cone.
My Nola is greeting tourists on the streetcar who look at houses that seem benign to us but enamor them.
  My Nola is watching Mae fly by in a truck parade as I shout “Throw me something SISTER!”
My Nola is tentatively watching my high school football team win by one then storming the field in glorious camaraderie.
  My Nola is coming back and watching us grow after the storm.
My Nola is moving from Metairie to Uptown and wondering if I can ever become a Hansen’s person after I lived off of Sal’s.
My Nola is shipping King Cake, Gumbo, or Red Beans to any family who has moved away from home.
My Nola is my grandma calling me before the alert when we have a storm.
  My Nola is crawfish every Easter Sunday.
My Nola is donating my beads to a drive to church at the end of the season.
  My Nola is heading on down to the Quarter on Christmas Eve with my daddy and sis sitting down at lunch and watching the mules trot by with merry passengers through the window.
My Nola is going up North in the summer; looking at the Spice wheel passed around at dinner, and asking, “Is that all y’all got?”
  My Nola is us splitting crawfish bread and rose water tea at Jazz Fest.
    It ain’t just Mardi Gras,
    It ain’t just Bourbon Street,
    Or Café du Monde.
    ’Cause at the end of the day, she ain’t just mine at all;
    she’s ours.
Melting Pot
Taylor Collins

To the city that I love, rooted in culture, blossoming out of the confines of the south, and exuberating radiance for all to envy. There is a reason why tourists gaze in awe, while trying to capture every moment from the instant they step foot in New Orleans. On every corner, we unlock adventures we never knew we needed to experience, and feel our lives would not be the same without them. Whether it be an amazing ensemble of young dancers and musicians, a painter that insists on drawing a caricature of you, or the most obscene lady riding around in a colorful wig, eccentric makeup, and the most decorative bike you have ever seen, all on just a casual Monday, You never fail to surprise those who have lived here their whole lives. Every day, You support change and welcome people from all backgrounds. Diversity thrives all around us, so people automatically feel accepted and welcomed by Your loving embrace. At Mardi Gras, You completely shut down for a week, so everyone can come together and celebrate a holiday most people don’t even understand the meaning of. Complete strangers become family, while you interchange stories of getting whacked in the head by a pack of beads. The city, parties, and restaurants are alive, even at the darkest hours of the night. And don’t even get me started about the food! I’ve never eaten seafood from anywhere else that carries the perfect mixture of great spices in every bite. I love You because You’re something to be proud of and something that will make others jealous to know they will never be able to experience it like a true native.

To the city I scorn, built on a foundation that exploited my ancestors and took away their freedom to pursue happiness. I hate that I have come to love You, created as a result of a violence I can’t seem to understand. Do the ends justify the means, or am I just making excuses for You? This rich and controversial history still runs through the cities today. There are still some issues that need to be fixed, but I feel that we are working on it. Last year alone we took the steps necessary to move away from our past, removing Confederate statues and electing our first female mayor.

To my city I call my own, You are not perfect, but I want to say thank you for teaching me how to effectively communicate with people who might not have anything in common with me. I have cultivated a broad understanding of many cultures and social issues that effect a variety of people. In this city, I have been exposed to situations that will prepare me to succeed anywhere I choose to go in life.
Exchange Alley
Ellie Adler
You and Not Us
Kevin Qi

I can’t know you.

I didn’t come here when you were hurting.

I didn’t come to see you hurting.

I didn’t come here because I wanted to. I came here for economic reasons. I came here because the math said I should come here. Do I regret it? No, but apathy is sometimes worse than regret because regret, at least, admits you are feeling something.

I didn’t come to see your poor, huddled masses.

I didn’t come to hear their cries and smell their fear.

I didn’t come here because I wanted to. I came because we had money and reputation made in the north, and most people here didn’t, and that meant we could find distinction here easily. Money means access, but here money is simply access into the inaccessible – an inroads into isolation and a shield from reality. Money means a home with stilts made of dirt and wood. It means a few extra feet above the ruined and the decrepit. It means safety from water, but what does safety mean when that water is the soul of the city?

I wasn’t here for when the water came.

I didn’t leave here because I needed to. I didn’t need to leave here because I never was here. The water is what ties this place together and tears it apart day by day. The water carved the deep rift between rich and poor which defines your sunken land and its infinite dualities of corrupt officials and honest folk, abject poverty and elaborate revelry, downtown and uptown. I cannot stand on your ground and call it my home because I have spilled no blood nor tears on a broken home and I have not seen you rise anew from beneath your ashes.

The locals can enjoy their parades because they remember the time when they couldn’t hold them. I don’t have the history needed to appreciate the
gaudy beads and the raucous crowds. I don’t have the South’s double eyes which polish over the rotting Guatemalan remittance office on Magazine and call that polish New Orleans and sell it to outsiders.

I can’t know you because I’m a carpetbagger,

Can’t know you because I can attend your finest schools and still drive past the lower ninth without really caring about the broken-ness,

Because I have a home high and new enough that the water couldn’t touch it,

I have flesh a few shades too rich to really fear your evils,

And a few shades too foreign to be unassuming,

To be one of you,

You.
Mardi Gras
Nithya Ramcharan

I fling my arms out in the air
With a beam of expectation
Treasure hits me, looking rare
And I leap up in elation

Dazzling floats slowly crawl
Clad in vivid ornaments
Causing many a wild brawl
Over the trinkets they send

Toys, doubloons, balls, beads
The list is more than endless
There is nothing the crowd needs
They all still beg nonetheless

People chat, laugh, and make merry
It is a festive time
To unite and not be weary
When happiness is at its prime

New Orleans never sleeps, instead
It cheers with a hurrah
Because who wants to go to bed
When it’s time for Mardi Gras?
Flambeau
Joel Funderburk
Okay so lemme set the scene first, aight? Year was 1969. Wait. No, that can’t be right. It must’ve been ’68 because Becky and that stepson ah hers – well, no actually ’69 does make sense. Yep, it was 1969 alright and the city has never been full ah such promise. Well -- maybe promise ain’t the best word, it was more like desire, which folk often mistake for promise nowadays.

See, ‘round that time I was prolly twenty years young and still with that printin’ company. Now, you gotta understand that for a fella comin’ from livin’ in Salt Lake his whole life, this city can be a bit overwhelmin’ at first. Now, the only ties I had to Louisiana at the time were Betsy and Hank out in Baton Rouge – which reminds me – damn, it was Dougie’s birthday last weekend wasn’t it? And I didn’t give them a call or nothin’. What’s today? The 24th? Yeah…damn.

Anyhow, I had just moved here - into this house - and didn’t know a soul. That printin’ job didn’t do me no favors, as I later came to expect from them, so I thought that I might try to get outta the house a lil bit every once in a while. Long story short, there was one place offa the corner of Magazine that I had become smitten with, and a particular girl that was a regular at said place that I had become equally smitten with.

Her name was Judy, and she was my duchess. She had this way about her that words cannot describe. I tell you what, there was not a jaw left from the floor when she walked in every Saturday and Sunday night. And it wasn’t just her looks neither, I mean to tell you that she was the absolute most funny, most charming, most smart and most sweet girl I have ever had the pleasure of meetin’.

Now ah course, me bein’ the dashing young gentleman I was – and am – I thought that she was mine for sure. My second night at that particular bar, which I’m pretty sure has now been turned into a Taco Hell, God bless, I talked to Judy. At first, she turned me down faster than a hare that’d just seen a pack-a-wolves, but after a month of wearin’ her down with my, uh, charms an good looks, she agreed to dinner with me. Still not really knowin’ anyone, I hadn’t the tiniest idea of what one would do for fun around here. My world existed only in my home, my work, my bar and my church.
See, Judy has deep Southern roots, so she was no novice to this city, you see. We spent countless nights gettin’ lost in Bourbon street, eatin’ some of the most delicate seafood to our hearts content, makin’ friends in our local wine cellar, findin’ hole-in-the-wall spots and orderin’ the most bizarre things off the menu. What you must understand is that this is a city of indulgence, if that’s notcha style than this ain’tcha city. And little did I know, I was in the midst of fallin’ in love with two different characters, but as luck may have it they go hand in hand. Ha ha ha.

JUDY?! Yea – what’s that sweetheart? Oh aight, be right there.

Dinner’s ready.
Pressure
Camille Patton
In the description for this assignment, I’ve been asked to avoid clichés. Clichés like how the light from the sunset dances on the Mississippi from the levee, or the endless sound of parades and second-lines, or how easy it is to spend a day just wandering around the French-Quarter, marveling at the architecture and style that’s so unique to this city. I tried for a long time to find some way of writing a “love letter to New Orleans” without using at least a few clichés. The ultimate realization I came to by trying so hard to ignore everything that makes this city wonderful is that New Orleans is a city built from clichés, because New Orleans was the first city in America that one could fall in love with. Trying to describe the first truly beautiful city without the clichés of beautiful cities is like trying to describe Texas Chainsaw Massacre without the horror movie clichés it started. New Orleans is the first city to have its’ own melting pot of culture, its’ own trademark music, and its’ own tropes and clichés. I, personally, have lived in New Orleans since I was 3, which means I’ve lived in this city for 14 years, and I still feel like a tourist.

The way the city comes alive at night with lights and colors and music and cuisine and everything else that makes this city so special is something that a person can never grow tired of. There’s always a fresh experience to have, a new connection to make, or a new trend to get behind, whether it’s running around City Park or complaining about the constant construction. Even after hurricane Katrina, when much of the city was decimated, people flooded back once the storm was over to rebuild and regrow. New Orleans is a city with a spirit, one that cannot be extinguished by hurricanes or crime or corruption or a hilarious amount of personal injury attorneys. Instead, the people of New Orleans pull this into their culture, and turn it into something people come from across the country to see. And sure, New Orleans has its’ issues, some of which were mentioned just three lines ago, but these issues cannot stop New Orleans from being wondrous and beautiful no matter how hard they try. New Orleans was the first city to have that: The culture and people which combine to create a spirit that flows through the streets of the French Quarter and over the Mississippi river. So if this letter seemed cheesy and ridden with every trope about lively, vivacious cities, that’s because all those cheesy lines started here in an attempt to describe the beauty of the first city to ever have a soul of its’ very own: New Orleans, city of clichés.
St. Peter
Ellie Adler
A 300 Year Old Canvas
Manon Scialfa

Old buildings with
Graying walls –
Gorgeous decay.
Falling apart but not
Festering – taking over like the
Full feeling following a feast.
Sweet sounds surround houses –
Slapped together
Squeezed together, bursting at the
Seams – a song seeping around the
Corner. The rich golden voice
Coaxing flowers to grow from
Cracks in the concrete. I’m sure a
Clumsy artist spilled their most
Colorful palette on the city’s
Canvas.
Roots
James Poche
“Get ready faster,” I heard an unidentified voice suggest from the drawing room.
I’ve no idea what to wear. It doesn’t matter what I’m wearing; being present is more important. I wouldn’t miss this for anything, yet I don’t know what to expect. Richard tells me the school picked three colors to display during the procession:
“Purple, green, and gold”
“Less offensive than the red, white, and blue imposed upon us by our northern oppressors if you ask me…”
“No one asked you, Julius,” I chimed in respectfully, trying to hide my contempt for his comments. I’ve learned my lesson in the past. Not to speak my mind any further. I did my best to keep these feelings to myself, fearing Julius’ ill temper. My father never allows me to attend the Comus parade.
“Not a place for a young woman to be…too many drunk fools looking for trouble.”
Despite my past pleading, there was no changing his mind. He was barely allowing me go this morning. I would certainly be kept home tonight.
The day was gorgeous. The camellias were in their first bloom of the season. Curiously there were some pinkish flowers popping up, where we traditionally saw only white and red petals. Other than then camellias, the gardens as a whole looked rather dull.
Louis
Anita Hedgepeth
The Phoenix
Freedom
Gabbi Polite

Fighting for power.
Reaching for control; wishing and hoping that one
Evening, it will be within your grasp.
Eventually, you will blossom out of your constraints.
Do not believe those who tell you that you are
Owned. You are not wood, you are not stones, but
Men.
Quick and far between, the small gusts of forest wind cool my hard grey stone. I sit, motionless, passing the time any way I can. I repeatedly read my beautiful cursive engraving, “Here lies Timothy Brown, Rest in Peace.” Occasionally, mourners enter my graveyard, weeping for the loss of their loved ones. A doleful mother brings her children to pay respect to their recently deceased grandfather. The rowdy kids sprint around the grass, hopping over the weathered slabs of stone. I try to flinch as a small foot lands beside me, barely missing my smooth surface. Suddenly, the sole of a small shoe connects with the top of my head. I long to cry out in pain, but I have no voice. “Be respectful,” the mother forces out between sobs of grief. As I try to focus on something other than my pain, I notice the sun setting, the sky pale and colorful. The mother yanks a wilting flower out of her purse and tosses it to the ground in front of the grave gently. She kneels down, whispering towards the grave, her hands clasped together tightly. She continues like this for a few minutes, her lips moving rapidly, her soft voice echoing through the trees behind me. She finally stands, calling to her kids as the sun falls behind the horizon of green leaves. “Time to go! Come on!” she yells to her kids as they play happily in the open grass. They rush toward her, and the family turns and walks away together, their blond hair swaying in the soft wind.
Loneliness
Krish Sadhwani

Frightening sights, page by page
Struggling to comprehend your language
Wars started, battles hurtled
Men beyond use.
I fear what will happen if I don’t finish
Every page is a mystery, confusing
Valiant deaths wander
I heard a rumor,
Some strange fear,
Death advances
The Benefits of Time
Anita Gorman

You wish
To turn a clock
Back to mistakes made. Then
Fix your dire needs. To make things done
Undone.
Creation of a Work in Progress
Kate Flanagan
Peace
Gabbi Polite

The world:
Falling apart,
Filled with hate and malice.
We need to restore happiness
And peace.
In the middle of the night, the racket of wind whistling woke me. I pictured brown and orange leaves fluttering down the pavement. I pulled my blanket over my head. My top teeth covered my chapped bottom lip. My palms started to sweat. The squeaking of the doorknob turning and the sound of footsteps made me curl into a tight ball. A new smell filled my bedroom. The door creaked open. I shut my eyes. I sensed a dark mammoth figure standing over me. Petrified, I started counting sheep to calm my nerves and somehow eventually fell back to sleep. The next morning, the smell of sweet fluffy pancakes made my mouth water. I swiped the yellow crust out from under my eyes; Mommy calls it fairy dust. Still tired, I yawned. Carefully, I stretched my arms out making sure not to hit her. Without looking back, I snuck out of my bedroom trying not to wake Marley.

“Good morning, sunshine.”
“Good morning, Mom.”
“How was the sleepover?”
“We had a lot of fun! We played dress up and board games, made a fort, and watched a movie.”
“Are you hungry? I made you all some pancakes.”
“Thanks, but I will wait for Marley to wake up so we can eat together.”

“Okay. Her mom said she typically wakes up around 8:00am. She will probably be up very soon.” Anxious to play with Marley, I decided if she was not already awake by 8:30 I would wake her up. I stared at my watch, counting down the minutes like a little girl waiting in line for ice cream. Now starving, I rushed into my bedroom. The lights were still off, but a blind was open. That was odd because I rarely open the blinds. The window was ajar, and wind whistled in my ears. I turned on the lights. My room was unkempt. My covers were scrunched into a ball, and the pillows were arranged differently from last night. It looked as if my room had turned into a boxing ring. I grabbed the covers with one hand. I put on my funniest face, a double chin with my tongue sticking out and bunny ears behind my head to make Marley laugh.

Pulling the covers off the bed, my funny face quickly turned into a shocked one. She was gone, missing, whatever you want to call it. Marley was not here and I did not know where she was. Suddenly, a familiar creaking noise replayed in my head. Bad thoughts hurtled in my mind. I knew someone was behind my closet door. The smell was so familiar, as if it had once been here before. My shaking hands reached for the closet door.
The Grasslands
Jon Denny

We hold the wind,
Let mice and butterflies move.
We create the hollow tune of loneliness,
Yet stand accompanied for all to hear.
We protect the imagination of life,
A nursery for all except us
What touches us, ourself shall be last serv’d when the adultish greyness
comes.
Us,
The ones who change the world
They had been traveling the universe in the Phoenix XIV for almost a year now, Ender as an itinerant speaker for the dead, and Valentine as a historian errant. By now, Valentine knew about the cocoon containing the precious bugger queen, for Ender had revealed it to her only 4 days after they boarded the starship. It had taken Valentine a few days to get over the shock that they were on a mission to help the creatures that she’d been taught to fear her entire life. By the seventh day of their journey, Valentine had recovered, and she completely supported Ender’s cause. Determined, the duo had traveled to 14 planets so far in search of the exemplary habitat for the buggers to populate, and so far, the queen had told Ender, no, that’s not the one, 14 times. After traveling for so long, Ender and Valentine created a system for stopping for shelter. Ender would travel onto the planet’s surface to gather food and water, and while doing so, he would scout around for a place for the queen. Then, he would get back in a little flying buggy, and soar back to the Phoenix XIV. After he came back, Valentine would fly down and set foot upon the planet’s ground. Instantly, she would whip out her little brown leather notebook, and scribble all about what she could see, smell, feel, taste, and hear. She would then return, and they would have dinner, right there, right outside of the planet’s atmosphere, and watch space, in awe of the majestic, starry world around them. Finally, they would set the ship’s computerized pilot in the course of the next enthralling place to visit, and collapse on their beds, their bodies weary and worn out from the day.

Ender tossed and turned under his sheets, his arms wrapped tightly around the cocoon. The queen was sending him another vivid dream, like she’d been doing every night since Ender had boarded the Phoenix XIV. It was the same dream every time, and in it, Ender would appear in a tiny, dimly lit cave with a crystal clear pool of water in it, and he would take the cocoon and place it on a gigantic leaf, so big, in fact, that Ender himself could’ve lay on it. Ender’s hands would suddenly reach out, and drop the cocoon on the leaf. The cocoon would start to turn a hazel color, and he would find himself lifting a sharp, gleaming knife. He would raise it without a doubt, and strike the cocoon. It would split open, sliced cleanly in half. And always, an alluring queen would emerge, her glistening wings shimmering with silver. She would look at Ender and tell him, Thank you. You have done a great deed. Now, go. We will not bother you. Thank you. That was when he would wake up, hug the cocoon tighter to his chest, and fall into a dreamless sleep. Tonight, his dream was unusually different. When he got
to the part where he cracked open the cocoon, instead of a graceful queen, out came millions of little ant-like buggers, piling on top of him, biting him with their tiny mandibles, millions of whispers pulling at his ears saying, Beware! We will get revenge. Beware! Beware! Then, there was a blood curling scream, and he saw buggers invading Earth, destroying everything in their path. Buildings smashed to smithereens, countries bombed. All around him, people cried in terror as they fled, bringing their mothers, fathers, siblings, and children with them, running from the aliens that they could never escape. Ender tried to call out to the buggers, begging them to stop, that they had made a deal. The buggers would just ignore him, and in his mind, millions of unrelenting voices chanted together. Your fault, your mistake. Your fault, your mistake.

Ender awoke, gasping, in a lake of sweat. He called out to Valentine, and under him, she called back. “Val, I’ve had a terrible thought,” uttered Ender. “What if it’s a mistake? What if they were lying?” “Slow down Ender. You’re not making sense,” she replied, her voice sounding worried. “What I mean, Val, is what if the buggers were lying to me when they said that they wouldn’t kill us all if I gave them another chance?” “Ender, they wouldn’t.” “Well, why not? Why wouldn’t they do it? They know me, Val, they know my weaknesses. They know that I wouldn’t kill them all again.” “Ender, go to sleep. You’re just worrying because you’re tired.” “Fine. I’ll sleep. But you take the cocoon. I don’t want to have any more dreams about this.”

The next day, they arrived at the fifteenth planet. It was a lush place, full of trees, flowers, and caves. When Ender picked up the creamy white cocoon, the queen’s voice echoed in head: This is it. Ender turned to Valentine. “This is the planet we’ve been looking for. The new bugger world.” “I’m coming with you-” “No!” “-whether you like it or not” Valentine had a stubborn look on her face, and Ender knew that he had no choice but to take her. “Fine,” he replied, his voice icy. “Fine.”
When they got to the ground, Ender marched out, and his eyes glazed over. Keep going forward. He walked stiffly forward. Turn to the right. He turned. Walk. He did so, and Valentine followed him closely. There. Ender looked up, his soldier expression gone. Right in front of him was the gaping mouth of a gigantic cave. He squinted, and could make out the faint outline of a pool of water and some trees. He faced Valentine. “You stay here. Don’t follow me.” He turned, suddenly, and jogged into the cave. Inside, there were three luscious palm trees side by side. The ground was verdant and covered in flowers. In the center of the cave, there was a shallow, clear, pool. On this pool there lay a gigantic leaf, exactly like in his dream. You know what to do. Just like your visions at night. Instantly, Ender walked toward the huge leaf, and started to wade into the pool of water. “No,” Ender said. Yes. “No, I can’t. You might be lying.” Without warning, Ender threw the cocoon across the cave and tears of frustration welled out of his eyes. No, he mustn’t cry. Crying was for babies. He remembered the dream he’d had a week ago. Thoughts swirled in his brain, bouncing around. Destroyed buildings. The scream. The frightened people running for their lives. Were the buggers lying to him? They knew him well. Too well. Ender screamed in frustration and pulled out his knife. He dragged himself across the room, and retrieved the cocoon.

When Valentine heard the scream, she sprinted into the cave. Ender was there, raising his knife. He looked toward her, a murderous look in his eyes, and instantly brought the knife down.
Fearless
Kate Flanagan
Contributor’s Notes

Alexis Reed is a member of the class of 2019.

Anita Gorman is a member of the class of 2022.

Anita Hedgepeth is a member of the Newman faculty. Her favorite author is Jonathan Lethem because *The Fortress of Solitude* is one of the most captivating books she has read. It combines fiction with a little science fiction. If she could choose any superpower, she would choose shapeshifting. Her dream career is to be a radio disc jockey.

Audrey Brossette is a member of the class of 2021.

Brooke Lonseth is a member of the class of 2023. She is currently undecided about her favorite author, but she knows that if she could have one superpower, she would want to be able to read minds. Her dream career is to be a doctor.

Camille Patton is a member of the class of 2019. Her favorite author is John Green because he has created Crash Course and also has good books. If she could have any superpower, she would choose shapeshifting because she could shapeshift into having any other power. Camille’s dream career is to be the President of the United States (Vote Camille 2040).

Eli Abramson is a member of the class of 2019.

Ellie Adler is a member of the class of 2021. Ellie's favorite author is Zora Neale Hurston because of her unique dialect and development of characters. If she could have any superpower, Ellie would want to be able to read minds. Her dream career is to become either a legislator in Congress or a campaign manager.

Eve Glovinsky is a member of the class of 2023. Her favorite author is J. K. Rowling, because she is a very talented and creative writer, and her life story in inspiring. If she had one superpower, she would choose the ability to fly. Her dream career is to be a dancer.

Evelyn Kenwood is a member of the class of 2021.

Gabbi Polite is a member of the class of 2022. Gabbi’s favorite author is Shakespeare, because she enjoys the challenge of interpreting his words and having to figure out what he is trying to portray. If she could have one
superpower, Gabbi would want the ability to stay awake forever, because she could get more work done if she could stay awake all day and all night. Gabbi’s dream career is being a mathematician for NASA, like the woman from “Hidden Figures.” Math is her favorite subject, and she is planning to pursue a career in the STEM field.

Gal Caspi is a member of the class of 2019.

Garrett McNamara is a member of the class of 2019. Garrett’s favorite author is John Grisham, because he has a way of making complex ideas seem like common sense knowledge that you should’ve known all along. If he could have any superpower, he’d have to go with invisibility, because the ultimate gift to a writer would be the ability to observe a situation and write about it without affecting its outcome. Garrett’s dream job would be something combining science, construction, and preservation in the city of New Orleans.

John Brannon is a member of the class of 2019. His favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe, because his poetry was the first poetry John ever enjoyed. If he could have one superpower, John would like to read minds, although he thinks it would be very invasive. His dream career is to be the head of a pyramid scheme.

Jack Finger is a member of the class of 2019. Jack’s favorite author is C.S. Lewis, the author of the Narnia books, because those books were the first series he read to completion, and they were all very good. His chosen superpower would be hyper-intelligence, and his dream career is to be a judge.

Jack Haber is a member of the class of 2020. Jack’s favorite author is Stephen King, because he uses amazing psychology and cool techniques in his writing to give readers quite a spook! If he could have any superpower, he would choose teleportation, because he could wake up at 7:50 and still get to school on time. His dream career is to be a naval aviator.

James Poche is a member of the class of 2018.

Joel Funderburk is a member of the class of 2020.
Jon Denny is a member of the class of 2022. His favorite author is Trenton Lee Stewart, because his books were a major pillar in his writing career. If he had one superpower, Jon would want the power to end immediate conflict. His dream career is to be a medical biochemist.

Kate Flanagan is a member of the class of 2022. Her favorite author is definitely J. K. Rowling, because she loves the Harry Potter Series, and she thinks Rowling does a great job of keeping the read on edge. If Kate could have one superpower, she could want the ability to make people tell the truth, or make them reveal information that they’re hiding. Her dream career is being a lawyer.

Katherine Vogt is a member of the class of 2018.

Krish Sadhwani is a member of the class of 2022. Krish's favorite author is John Steinbeck, because he loved the amount of detail put into Of Mice and Men. If he could have one superpower, Krish would want to be able to fly anywhere he wants around the world and go really fast. Krish has always had an interest in becoming a chef. He has always been interested in food and recipes and is currently trying to learn how to cook.

Max Jacobson is a member of the class of 2021. His favorite author is Stephen King, mostly because he feels very accomplished to have finished the 1,000 paged It. If he could choose one superpower, he would choose time travel. Max’s dream career is to host the Tonight Show.

Nithya Ramcharan is a member of the class of 2021. Nithya's favorite author is Maggie Stiefvater, because she always keeps things as crazy and as unnecessarily confusing as possible. If she had one superpower, she would choose invisibility so that in embarrassing situations when she feels like crawling into a hole or disappearing, she actually could! Her dream career is to become a science fiction author who actually writes not-so-boring books.

Renaissa Washington is a member of the class of 2021.

Serena Klebba is a member of the class of 2021.

Sofia Gershanik is a member of the class of 2023. Sophia's favorite author as of now is Ernest Cline because Ready Player One is her favorite book. If she could have any superpower, she would want the ability to fly. Her dream career is to own her own business.
Sophia Landry is a member of the class of 2021. Her favorite author is Harper Lee, because she loved the teacher who she read it with. If she could have any superpower, Sophia would want the ability to read minds. As far as her dream career, Sophia is willing to work hard for anything as long as it does not involve math.

Tabor Brewster is a member of the class of 2019. Tabor’s favorite author is Kurt Vonnegut, because he uses humor to expose what can sometimes be shocking truths about his characters, the world they live in, or the world we live in. Tabor loves when an author can make the reader laugh uncontrollably on the outside and cry a little on the inside at the same time. If he could have one superpower, Tabor would want to be a toddler forever because those early years are really when life is the best, and with no power comes no responsibility. His dream career is to be a musician because, just like in writing, it’s really cool with people have an emotional response to a song or piece of music, and it’s a privilege to be a part in that. But, Tabor is unsure if this will last, as his first dream career was to be a Muppet, and then he wanted to be a professional wrestler, so who knows.

Thomas Darragh is a member of the class of 2019. His favorite authors are Albert Camus and Hunter S. Thompson. He likes Camus because he was a revolutionary in thought in his development of the ideology of absurdism, and Thompson was one in practice, creating Gonzo journalism. If he could have any superpower, Thomas would want the ability to always know the exact number of beans in a jar. His dream career is to be a film editor.