

Through the Looking Glass

Spring Editions
2016

BHS Creative Arts Magazine

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from the EDITORS

Dear Reader,

Welcome to the 3rd issue of **Through the Looking Glass**, Brunswick High School's creative arts magazine. Though its origins remain a mystery to us, we know the most recent issue of TTLG was published in 2007. Nine years later, we are happy to announce the publication's resurrection, complete with the art and writing of an entirely new group of students.

Our moniker was inspired by Lewis Carroll's sequel to the Adventures of Alice in Wonderland in celebration of his spirit of curiosity, wonder and imagination. Just as Alice stepped through the looking glass to see what new world lay on the other side, we invite you to take a walk through these pages to behold the unique and fabulous worlds these students have created through their own stories, poems and pictures.

We'd like to thank Editor-In-Chief Angel Jimenez for her months of hard work and leadership, each featured artist and writer for their contributions, and to a staff that dedicated their time and vision to making this issue a reality. There is so much incredible talent represented within these pages, and we can't wait for you to discover it for yourself.

Thanks for reading!

this issue's ARTISTS & WRITERS

Marlee Anderson, Joe Armstrong, Kyle Brooks, Allie Burns, Anna Callahan, Cleo Carrera, Abree Cox, Hallow Darkfrost, Delaina Ferrell, Sean Gannon, Galen Gaze, Lily Hood, Angel Jimenez, Maya Lopez, Caitlin Olson, Jenny Massow, Brynn McQuaid, Cassandra Smith, Timothy St. Pierre, and Kira Wolpow.



Abree Cox, *Cloud Child*, ink and watercolor



Joe Armstrong, *Crow in the Rain*, pen and ink

War Cry of a Minute Man by Joe Armstrong

Darkness knocks with iron fist
The enemy outside
Before our eyes the great doors shake
Death's scythe draws ever nigh

Men brace the battered oaken doors
Strength bolstered by their fear
While still more flee, their hearts laid bare
Death taints all courage here

Let forth the ancient oaken doors
Ride out and meet the sun!
We shall not feast in these fair halls
Until the battle's won

Let bitter Sulphur fill the air
Rise up and meet your foe!
Let thunder wrack these ancient halls
And purge you of your woe

Let forth your fierce courageous cries
Add clamor to the din

The strength of men shall never fail
While hearts remain within

Rise up against your primal fears
Thrust up your swords and shields
And when the battle's over,
And when blood paints red the fields,

When hearts of men are weary
Of the darkness in our depths,
Rise up again and sound the horn
That wakes them from their deaths

To arms my men!
Fear not the dark!
Regard it as your own
And banish it with blazing heart
Before the rising sun!

And when death comes, and takes you back
Into His warm embrace
Depart the world with lion's heart
Do not your lives disgrace

Sheath not your sword my dearest friend
Keep vigil at the door
And with your heart of fire
Leave the world a Warrior

When blood-soaked fields are in full bloom
And sunset fills the sky
The oaken door
Shall gently close
And old warriors shall die

But let this not foretell the end;
Take up their battle cries
For though men's lives shall come and go
The sun will always rise.



Abree Cox, *Ring Child*, watercolor

Mission Lelanto: Part I

By *Hallow Darkfrost*

Clear skies promised a good view of the cosmos tonight. But those out and about this night in particular were not interested in just stargazing; they were out to watch the departure of the TRS Avalon, which was to leave at midnight.

News of the mission had been on every website, every science magazine, every newspaper, all over the world for months. It had been kept a secret ever since planning started, as the scientists at NASA had wanted to avoid too much attention before it was certain the mission to Lelanto was able to take place. Once it had been confirmed, the announcement had been made last September and scheduled to launch the following June.

And now, after much speculation, doubt, and excitement, the mission was finally upon them.

The research team of ten scientists, which had been revealed about two months prior to the launch date, was receiving a lot of feedback from the rest of the world. Usually, it was support and well-wishing, but occasionally they were told that

they were embarking on a suicide mission. But there was no backing out now, not after everything they'd been through together. Training sessions that lasted for days, lectures about the dangers they could encounter, and awkward bonding experiences they were forced to share in order to build up tolerance to each other.

In a few minute's time, they would be off, sealed inside a tight compartment in a cryogenic sleep on their home for the next five years. The ship itself did not require manual piloting, since it was controlled by an artificial intelligence. In order to reach its destination- a terrestrial planet in Callithrix 627R, a barred spiral galaxy some 100 million light years from Earth- it would need a different, less practical, and much more dangerous way to get there. So, using the latest technology of the day, the TRS Avalon's engines were designed to allow the ship to accelerate to twice the speed of light. Since light speed, or 299,792,458 m/s, is basically the absolute boundary speed of nature, it makes the fabric of space and time unstable. When the Avalon's highly sensitive sensors detect a fluctuation of the fabric, it accelerates to its top speed, which rips a temporary hole in the fabric of reality and allows it to move several million light years in only a few seconds. The rips created no lasting damage and closed after a short time. To a civilization in the early 21st century, this was nothing more than an idea, a science fiction story. But this was no science fiction story anymore. It was a reality, and so was the mission to a planet far, far away that could harbor life.



Brynn McQuaid, *Coming Together*, pen and inks



Lily Hood, *Dragon Dog*, watercolor

Alone in the City

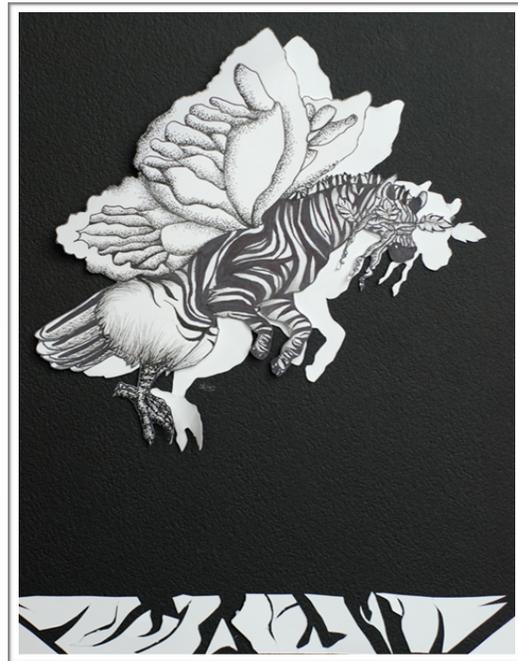
by Maya Lopez

My eyes burn with the radiance of the city glow
 Tasting the smoker's love as I stroll past the sky
 below
 Smoke rising from the crowd, and hope reaching
 out to God
 While He and I both look down on the people
 wild and flawed
 The glass fogs with my chilling breath
 I step back from the view
 A stranger in a sea of strangers
 Searching through the cloudless hue
 Stars scattered' cross the maze of buildings
 Lighting up its weary roads
 I wonder if the lights create a message in Morse
 code

Tell me the secrets of the city
 Tell me something I've never known
 City, with its darkened alleys,
 Hides a cipher only God owns
 But tell me, because I'm here all alone.

Eyes blinking in the black of twilight
 Swearing that they saw a soul
 When all it was the soul of the smoke they
 built from butts they stole
 Towering heights of inspiration line the
 horizon's smile
 And the mirror on the ground stretches out
 for a mile
 While the sun plays hide and seek with my
 vision
 God pulls the strings of the weak and the
 broken
 Greeting rays stroke the spiky landscape
 A million faces turn to soak the unexpected
 escape
 From the darkness they all knew

Tell me the secrets of the city
 Tell me something I've never known
 City, with its darkened alleys,
 Hides a cipher only God owns
 But tell me, because I'm here all alone.



Lily Gaffney, *ZeeBrill*, pen and ink



Lily Hood, *Thoughts*, watercolor

Memoirs of a Teenage Girl Who Thinks Too Much: Love

by Cassandra Smith

Love is one of the two strongest basic human emotions. We have all felt it at least once in our lives, whether it be for a spouse, a parent, a friend, a child and or a significant other. You're probably thinking about a particular person right now. No one can deny how wonderful it is to be in love, nor can they deny the downside to being in love which is that sometimes it hurts. It can hurt just being apart from that person. Or under certain circumstances it can hurt because you realize that even though you love that person, you have to set them free because the time isn't right.

Love can and will hurt a heck of a lot more later if you leave it to fate. Love is about taking risks as I am now realizing, I also realize that the saying "If you love them set them free, if they come back it was meant to be, if not, they were never yours to

begin with" isn't just some cliché saying made up years ago to make someone feel better. It's true whether you choose to believe it or not. If you really, truly love them you have to be willing to let them go, if that is what's going to be best for the both of you, so that both of you can grow.

If there is one thing that I don't and probably never will understand, is how people can just fall out of love. I've witnessed it happen three times in my fifteen years of life, and I still don't understand how it can happen. The only way I can picture it is that there's a switch in the person's brain, and one day it just switches off, just like that. You eventually come to realize that love is DEFINITELY NOT all fairytales, and happily ever after's. As it turns out it's work, lots, and lots of work, but it is well worth it.

The most important things you need to remember about love are as follows. Number one, love is strong, so don't underestimate its power, it might just come back to bite you later. Number two, good long lasting love and relationships should be built on trust, honesty, and communication. Lastly number three, NEVER just throw "I love you" around lightly like it means nothing, NEVER take it lightly from someone else, and always remember that you deserve happiness and love.



Lily Gaffney, *Higher Being*, pen and inks

Hoof Print on Her Heart

by *Delaina Ferrell*

The heat from the setting summer sun radiated down, lighting everything. The grass glistened and shimmered with the light breeze, and the girl looked down across the field. She was smiling, happy, and a short ways behind her was her grandfather, slowly ambling along. In the lower corner of the field was the horse, Buddy, and she smiled even bigger. She loved that horse, everything about him. His chestnut coat, brown mane and tail, his deep brown eyes, the swish of his tail, the flick of his ear, just everything. She stopped in her tracks and looked behind her, waving to her grandfather.

"Come on, Grandpa!" she called to him. He waved her ahead and she skipped along, ducking under the rotted fence. The grass was long and was in need of a trim, but she didn't mind. In fact, she liked the way it tickled her knees and squished under her boots. She let out a laugh and ran ahead, knowing she wouldn't startle the humble Buddy. When she was ten feet away she slowed down and walked to Buddy, placing her tiny hand on the side of his face and petting him gently. His eyes looked into hers and he continued to chew on the grass slowly.

"He's a little tired today. He was sick this morning. The vet said he is doing a little better," her grandfather said, suddenly at her side. His blue eyes wrinkled around the corner and his whole face lifted when he smiled. She frowned at Buddy, remembering he was sick. He had been very sick for a little while, and he was an old horse. But she loved him anyways.

"Can I give him a sugar cube?" she asked, still frowning.

"Of course. Let's put him up for the day, and you can give him some sweets. How's that sound?" In response, she smiled as her grandfather took hold of Buddy's halter and clucked to him. When Buddy finally decided he was ready, they started towards the shabby stable together. It was a little thing that once looked wonderful, but that was before her time and before the wood had rotted. Now, it was as old as Buddy and as ill looking. And like Buddy, it was impeccably perfect.

After giving him a few too many sugar cubes, she closed the box and hoped she hadn't brought his blood sugar up too much. She and her grandfather walked out of the stable and towards the house together, her boots clomping with her skippy step. She went slowly enough so she could walk with her grandfather, silence lapsing between them. It was a nice silence, complemented by the birds singing their lullabies and the trees swaying with invisible music. It was peaceful. She loved it there so much. Once at the house she walked in, smelling the mustiness and breathing it in deeply. The air was thick yet it had never bothered her. She hopped up in a chair and waited while her grandfather got her two cookies and a glass of milk, twiddling her thumbs. She knew her mother would be coming soon, but she wanted to have her cookies. Her grandfather always joked about dessert before dinner, even though he was careful around sweets.

A beat later he sat down at the tiny wooden table across from her just as a car door slammed outside. The little girl sighed, truly not wanting to go home.

"Don't worry," her grandfather said, "you can come see Buddy and I again soon, okay? I promise." The little girl smiled.

"Okay. I promise too that I will come see Buddy as soon as I can." The screen door clattered open and her mother walked in, smiling brightly. She always liked to see them together.

"Are you almost ready to go?" her mother asked, chuckling as her daughter crammed the last cookie into her mouth. The little girl hugged

her grandfather, saying thank you as she'd always been taught. Though, she meant her thanks too. As the two grown ups talked, the little girl walked outside and to the car. She heard Buddy whinny loudly from the stable and she yelled out goodbye. When the two were in the car and pulling away from the house, the girl could see the stable. She smiled a sweet smile, but for some reason it felt sad.

She had no idea what time it was when her mother roused her from her deep slumber. She blinked and rubbed her eyes, squinting into the darkness. Her mother was frowning and her eyes looked...like glass.

"What's going on?" the girl asked, sitting up. Her brain was foggy, and she could recall her dream. She was with Buddy, feeding him hay and sugar cubes, laughing. It was a good dream.

"There is no easy way to tell you this," her mother said, reaching out to hug her daughter. The girl was confused. Did someone die? Was Mom upset about something?

"Tell me what?"

"Honey, Grampa just called. Buddy passed away tonight in his sleep. He's gone." The little girl was stunned and was numb to her mother's arms around her. Her eyes welled with tears and she tried to blink them back but couldn't. A raspy sob escaped her throat and the tears barreled down her face. She sobbed as her mother held her. She cried harder when she remembered she didn't truly say goodbye. She said it, but she hadn't said it. The young girl felt as if an important part of her life had been yanked away.

"He...hhhe was okay eearlier," she choked out.

"All it takes is one bad day, one bad moment," her mother whispered. "He's in a better place now. Think about it, honey, he's galloping free, no longer sick. He's better." She tried to wipe her eyes, but it did no good. She wiggled out of her mother's arms and snuggled with her pillow instead. Realizing her daughter needed some time to herself, she left in peace as her little girl sobbed quietly onto her cowgirl pillow case. There was no doubt, the little girl was sad. She had loved Buddy. Buddy was her buddy, and he was gone. Out of thin air, just gone. That night, she cried herself to sleep for the loss of her best friend, a horse named Buddy.

The next morning, bright and early, the little girl stood in the field with her grandfather. They both looked down at the small mound of dirt and wooden cross that marked Buddy's grave. Surrounding the mound were sugar cubes, placed individually by the little girl. The sun was just beginning to rise, the

morning mist starting to lift. It was a pretty sight, and it made the girl smile.

"No more crying now, okay? Buddy wouldn't want that," her grandfather said, a tint of sternness in his voice.

"I'll try not to, Grandpa," she sniffled. She looked up at him, at his greying hair and wrinkly smile, the blue to his eyes, his slightly hunched figure. Someday, he would leave her too. She knew this. And someday, she would leave as well. The little girl looked over at Buddy's grave and realized that death was inevitable, but you just had to face it strongly. Buddy was ready to go. His time was done. Oddly, the little girl smiled.

"How about some cookies now? It'll be our secret," her grandfather said, giving a sly wink.

"You can get a head start," she replied. Her grandfather nodded, understanding. He started to slowly walk away, and when he was out of earshot the little girl approached Buddy's grave. Out of the grass she pulled a dandelion on the slight mound. Silently, she said her goodbye. In that moment, the little girl said goodbye to Buddy, but she didn't say goodbye to her friend. He would always be with her. With that in mind, she skipped towards the house.



Midnight Dream, pen and inks

Artist Profile: Lily Gaffney

by Anna Callahan

It's not every day you meet an artist quite like Lily Gaffney, a sophomore at Brunswick High School. Proficient in drawing, painting, colored pencil, pastel, and even digital art, her talent across multiple media stands out.

"I've pretty much been doing art my entire life," Gaffney said. "It really picked up speed though when I was in 6th grade, and had Mrs. Berry-Palm for a teacher...she really helped me push myself."

Since middle school, Gaffney's passion for the visual arts has only intensified. Now a sophomore, most of her free time is dedicated to sketching or dreaming up her next chef d'oeuvre. "I wish I could say I did it more. I try to get around to it every other day, but sometimes it's only for 30 minutes or so," she remarked.

The long hours Gaffney spends improving her technique evidently has paid off. Her art has been featured in local art shows and won several prestigious awards. In February, her self portrait was recognized by the nation-wide Scholastic Art Awards competition with a silver key. Though her work has been praised by artists and jurors alike, Gaffney isn't just in it for the

recognition. When asked about her passion for art, she struggled to put her feelings into words. "It's very important to me...I like to let my hand do the drawing, based on things I see. It's very organic. I'm inspired by colors, especially, and other things that naturally flow."

Gaffney already has Art I, Art II, and Photo I under her belt. She plans to complete four more art classes by the end of Junior year. And once she's exhausted the curriculum at BHS? This imaginative virtuoso hopes to attend art school after graduation.



Home Is Where the Heart Is, pen and inks



Cat and Fish Bowl and Fish Painting, ceramics and acrylic paint

Can A Tiger Change His Stripes?

by *Allie Burns*

When I was younger, we would make annual visits to my mom's childhood home in New Jersey. The house had the musty smell of old furniture mixed with the scents of cinnamon, cardamom, nutmeg, and chili powder wafting from the cozy kitchen. There was always something about 15 Banner Court that spoke to the life my grandparents had lived. It told the story of my grandfather's journey from India to the United States and the thousands of miles that separated his old life and new. This house was a place where his lives had converged, and the tiger hide that covered the living room wall was a constant reminder of his roots.

Whenever we first arrived, we would ring the doorbell, eager to be greeted by my grandmother's warm hugs and my grandfather's heavy accent, that after more than fifty years in the United States, still had held on strong. A learned man, my grandfather would quiz my sister and me on our multiplication tables soon after we stepped through the door. Many people use the term "tiger mom" to refer to their fiercely strict mother who wants them to achieve academic excellence. My grandfather was the essence of a tiger grandfather.

I never fully understood his obsession with new vocabulary words, math memorization and philosophical sayings until the winter of seventh grade. My grandfather had suffered a stroke months earlier and his brain was in a state of disorganization. At the time, I didn't fully understand what a stroke was. Soon after his stroke, we went to New Jersey to check in on him. When we walked through the door and my mom asked my sister and I to help him learn to read again, I knew that whatever a stroke was, it had severe repercussions. How could the smartest man I know forget how to do what he loved best?

My parents realized that life was fragile and my grandfather's health might not be improving. Fortunately, they were wrong. My grandfather, after months of rehabilitation and persistence, made an admirable recovery. Now would be a good time to take a family trip back to my grandfather's homeland. After 40 years away from India, my grandfather had faint recollections of how it once was. I had even fainter notions of what this trip would entail.

After seventeen hours of traveling, I entered a world foreign to me. My lungs immediately filled with the ever-present smog that clung to everything in and out of sight. A chorus of car horns rung in my ears, only this chorus lacked a conductor and was far from melodious. This first taxi ride to an unknown destination was the perfect definition to the

term "sensory overload." We swerved all over the road and into oncoming traffic, scaring me half to death. It turns out this was the norm. We drove past embassies, temples, animals and people, many who looked as though they hadn't eaten in years.

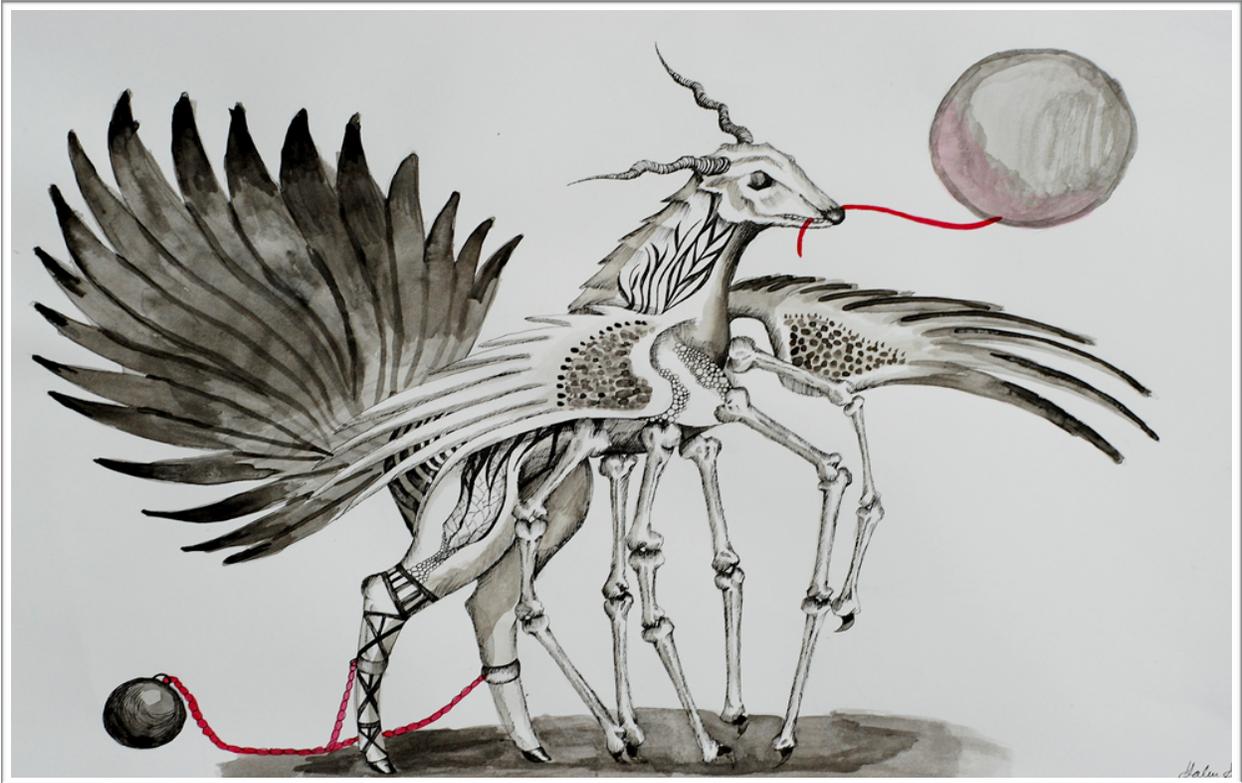
A few days later, I began to adjust. I began to adjust to the fact that every time I blew my nose, I was greeted with black gunk where the smog had crawled and in and buried itself. I began to adjust to being the whitest person some people had ever seen in real life. I began to adjust to seeing a constant flow of homeless dogs whose ribs jutted out and whose emaciation would disgust most Americans.

That day, we decided to visit Hanuman temple, named for the Hindu monkey god. The cab ride there was uneventful, save the constant tap on our window by pedestrians on the street. It's one thing to say no to (see a single) a homeless man on a local street, but it's another to be in a situation where nothing is enough to save the hordes on the street. And these window tappers were everywhere I looked.

When we arrived at the temple, I opened the car door and we were thrown back into the masses. It was like turning on a stereo when you had forgotten how loud you had left the volume the last time you listened to it. Vendors selling elaborate strands of marigolds adorned the streets. Along with the street vendors and women in colorful saris, there was a large group of people encamped on the sidewalk.

We could smell the stench before we saw them. Each of them had a distinguishing feature, but they all had something in common. Whether it was a missing arm, a deformed spine or raw flesh, they all were in great pain. This was just another manifestation of poverty. I wanted to help, but giving them a few rupees would be but a temporary reprieve from their suffering. I felt overwhelmed by the hopelessness of their situation.

Looking back on this image, I see a clear picture. I know exactly why my grandfather ran away from his home and his country. And when I look back on the days we spent next to his wooden chess set reciting my times tables and old maxims like "a stitch in time saves nine," and sipping Lipton tea, it begins to have meaning. I was born into a country and a society where education is free and expected. My grandfather worked hard to excel academically so that he could escape poverty and build a better future. When my mind wanders back to that image of my grandfather standing outside of the temple, I pull out my assignment notebook and silently thank my teachers for the hours of homework and the three tests the next day. Even today, my grandfather doesn't miss the opportunity to debate any point with me and make sure I'm up to par on my SAT vocabulary. From observing my grandfather before and after the stroke, I've learned that a tiger doesn't change his stripes. Perhaps he just paints them on us.



Galen Gaze, *The Final Breath*, pen and inks



Galen Gaze, *Fish Tale*, acrylic paint



Maya Lopez, *Midnight Memory*, oil painting

Hello

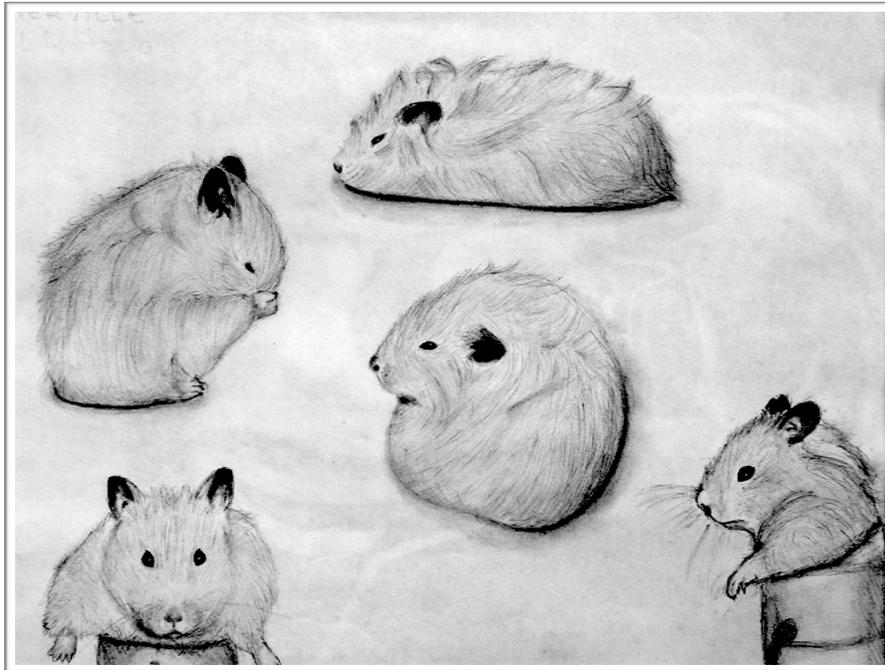
by Maya Lopez

Rain.

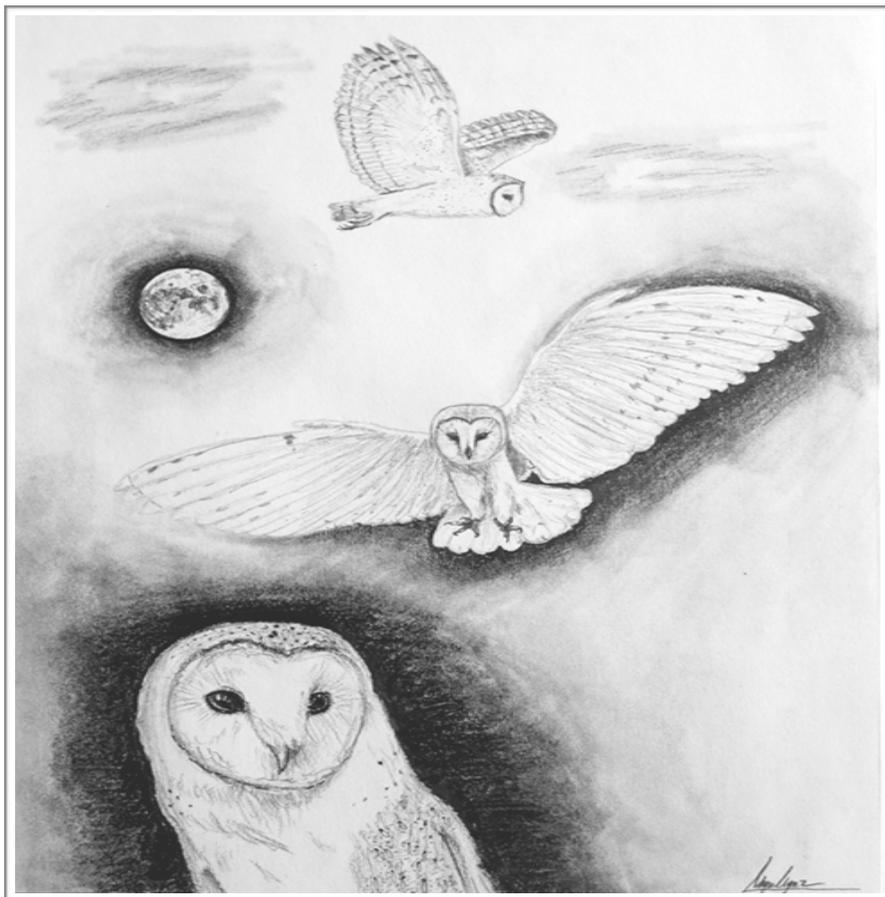
Sad sound of the drizzle
Drains into the gutter of memories,
only to resurface when a flood
finds its way west toward the towering sun.

Swollen eyes dried, but simmering with the sweltering anger of
Past pains and forgotten failures
Shut to hide their hate.

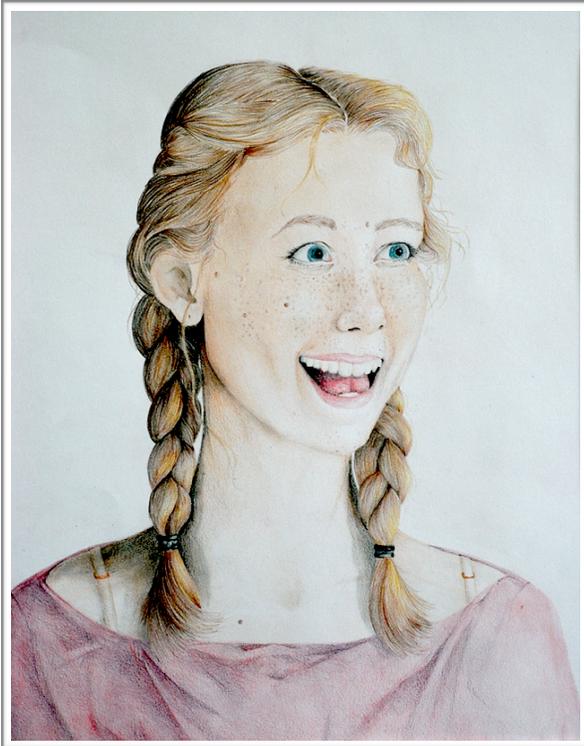
Rhythms of the tears and raindrops synchronize as the morning
mourning fades, and the lights of the haze
Halts the moon's sorrows,
Only the begin again when the sun shuts her eyes in horror from reality of her world below.



Lily Hood, *Hamsters*, pencil



Maya Lopez, *Owls*, pencil



Cleo Carrera, *Self Portrait*, colored pencil

Two-Dollar Bill

by Maya Lopez

Jumping rope with the skyline,
 And whistling the wind's bestselling novel
 My carefree redemption was bought with a
 two-dollar bill.
 The megaphone resonates with the echoes of
 howling microcosms,
 Whose insignificant finds its voice in the
 projection of the stage.
 As I'm hung in suspension on the noose of a
 forbearing word,
 The skyline trips my steps, and I tumble into
 the abyss of penniless wonder,
 Wishing my two-dollar bill was still snug in
 my pocket.

Breathe

by Maya Lopez

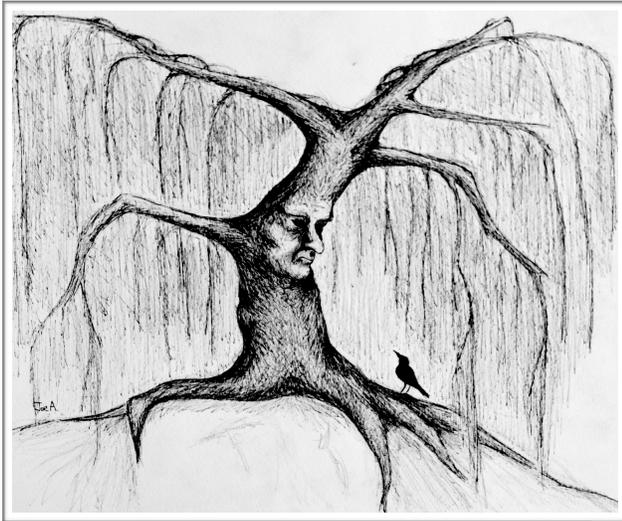
Wind of all the atmosphere
 Fill my lungs up to my ear
 Where the hurtful words did enter
 And the sounds of the painful banter
 Air of all the universe
 Fill my nose and rid this curse
 Here the fist did strike its prey
 And the blood did run away
 Breath of all the galaxy
 Fill my heart so I am free
 Not constricted, I can leave
 Not oppressed, I still may breathe.



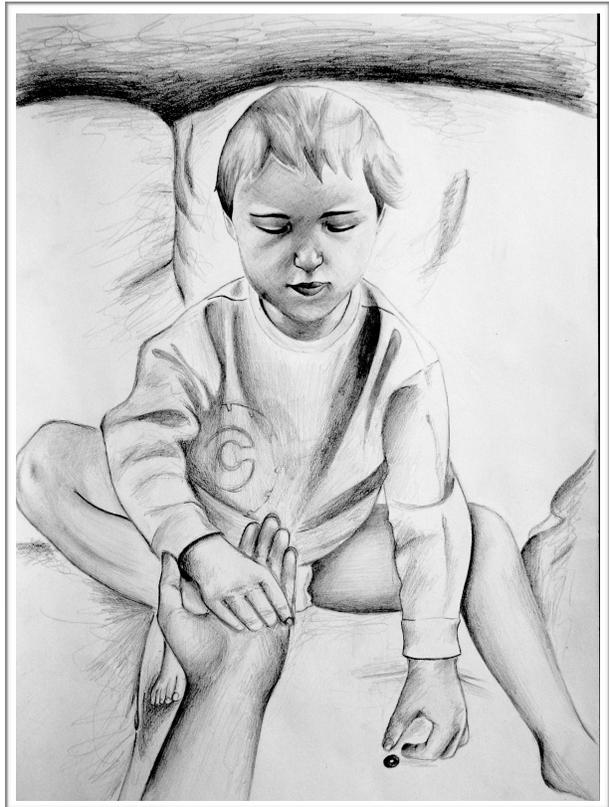
Maya Lopez, *Self Portrait*, pencil

class of 2016

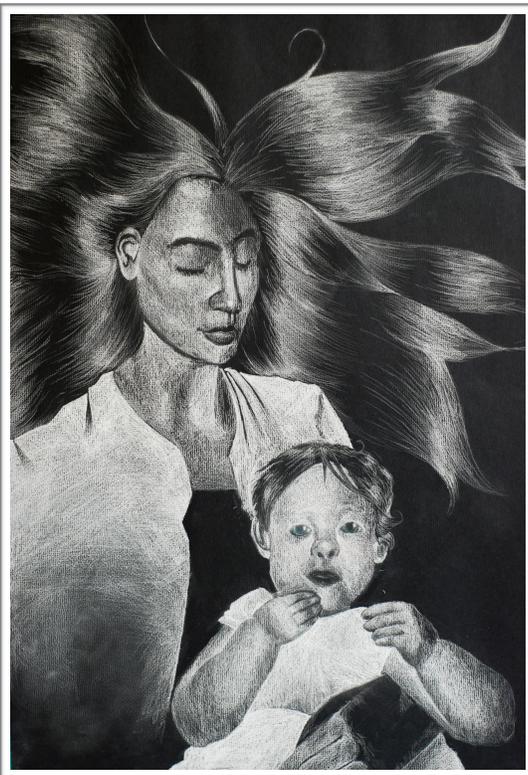
SENIOR SPOTLIGHT



Joe Armstrong, *Tree With Crow*, ink



Lily Hood, *Nathan*, pencil



Cleo Carrera, *My Mother and Me*, white charcoal



Maya Lopez, *The Moon and Me*, ink and watercolor

Laggin' Wagon

by Marlee Anderson

The American symbol of freedom and adulthood is your driver's license. This glorious token of liberty loses its magic when the inevitable evil cruises beside you in your own suburban turf... the minivan. There is no other set of wheels on the road today that induces more rage to spew from me than this monstrosity and its driver. A joke of a vehicle it is, the minivan remains a serious issue as well as a threat which has infected our roadways like venomous snakes, slithering their way down every path in this country. No speed, no signals, no sense, no sanity; all are symptoms of the poison left trailing in their exhaust. We must share our humble streets with these monstrous tin contraptions and their incompetent pilots, even if they can barely do the same for us. Mile marker by mile marker they seize the rights we have to a patriotic open road and no longer can we just take the next exit to avoid this road trip of misconduct.

The criminals existing in these street-legal jail buses can be determined by just a glance at their back windshields. The sticker decals displaying an expanding row of stick figure family members and pets seem as equally as long as their weekly Walmart grocery receipt. The inaccurate portrayal of these characters serves as an infamous but signature tramp stamp. Among other bumper stickers and detailing, to the owners whose dedicated work lie on rusting junkyard scraps, please keep in mind that you'll never be a Van Gogh. Brimful of brawling brats babbling before baseball bouts, the automobile is in control under middle-aged parents who have given up any attempt in retaining their youth and succumbed to the black-hole that is responsible and practical adulthood. These poor souls spend their

agonizing hours behind the wheel mentally chanting, "Go slow over the road," to and from PTA meetings and little league tournaments.

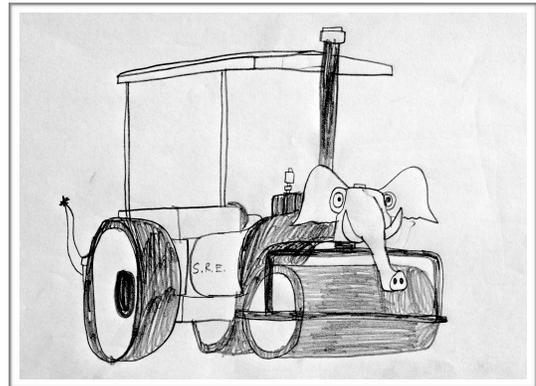
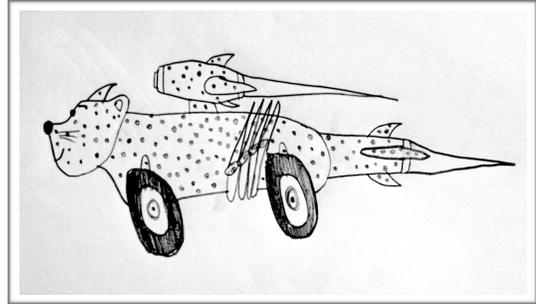
Drivers of minivans are the slowest of all because every other driver of different model vehicles drives faster than them. These rolling boxes of my traffic nightmares are considered to be safe, cautious, and practical family vehicles but instead they're unpredictable, menacing time-bombs. Kid screams loud, fast swerves mom. In an instant these malicious killers do more physical damage than what's already been inflicted on my mental well being due to this abominable eyesore. Not only aesthetically horrendous, these vehicles act as miniature mobile homes, and therefore I can't see over, around, or through them. Due to this visual blockage, I have no idea whether it would be worth my attempt at recklessly swerving around you; after-all, who knows, there could very well be another minivan ahead of you.

6 out of 10 Americans have reported being terrorized in the past week by the misconduct and recklessness of a minivan model. Whether it be their 20 mile-per-hour pace on the freeway or their abuse to check their blind spot, inevitably, members of society have been able to pinpoint their functional disability. Recently, an alarming number of handicap parking passes have been requested from drivers of minivans. Which, in theory, could be a factor of their inexcusable lack of road sensibility or their inherited laziness. In other predicted models, if minivans were to replace 30% of vehicles on current roadways, Brunswick itself would experience traffic at the rate of Chicago rush hour. The increased stress along with their parking thievery and wasted time minivans cause on a daily basis have pressed on too far in mine and my fellow drivers' ed graduates schedules. No longer can we passively coast in the right lane.

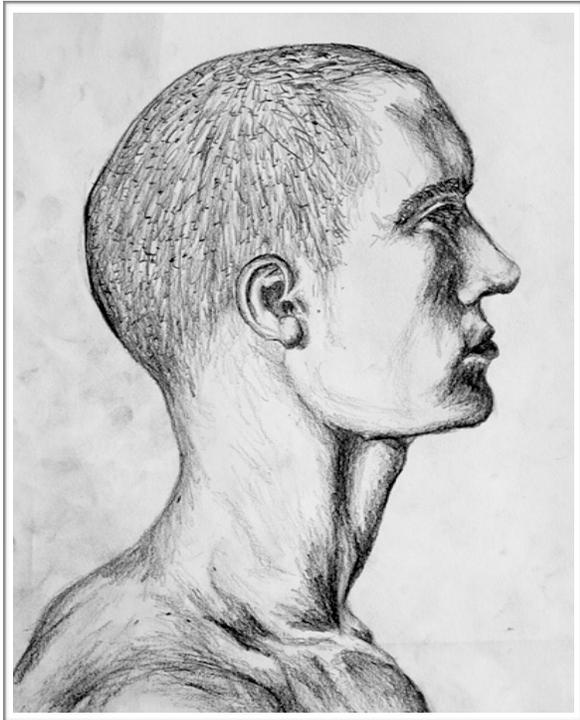
I may seem to be the careless speeder whose teenage stereotype shines brighter than the neon baby-on-board warning pasted to the

minivan I pass, but I'm doing what every other competent driver does to keep with the stream of traffic. I'm sorry my failed alarm clock after a night of studying isn't favorable compared to the paranoid mother who left 20 minutes early in order to give herself a time cushion should she come upon some unforeseen obstacle. Damn you and your forwardly responsible thinking! How dare you try to push your ideals on me you progressive commy! I will not conform to your well thought out ways; now get out of the left lane so I can pass you and remain appalled at your inability to take off from this red light and squeal your tires. You needn't be worried about wear and tear on your engine. I say, enough with responsibility! Enough with maturity! Enough with putting your children's safety first! You are impeding my progress in my venture to pass you at an increased rate of speed to be only a respectable 5 minutes late instead of 15!

Soccer moms worldwide, take my message to heart; I will not be force-fed your grown-up ideals. Live a little, test that gas pedal out, drive on the edge. Remember before your first born, how you rushed out the door in the morning because you wanted to sleep until the absolute last minute, and you drove 62 miles-per-hour in a 60 zone? You were wild! That traffic light was either red or green and you didn't look both ways before you let up on the break and cautiously accelerated across the road; you just crossed with slow, reckless abandon. Or you could just remain as fast and mobile as a set of road spikes. And to those who are mocked by stick figure decals at every stop sign, perhaps homicide by faulty brakes would better suit us all. It may be as inefficient as a minivans gas mileage to take out each of these pieces of scrap metal one at a time, but you must believe that even a single rev can lead to a revolution.



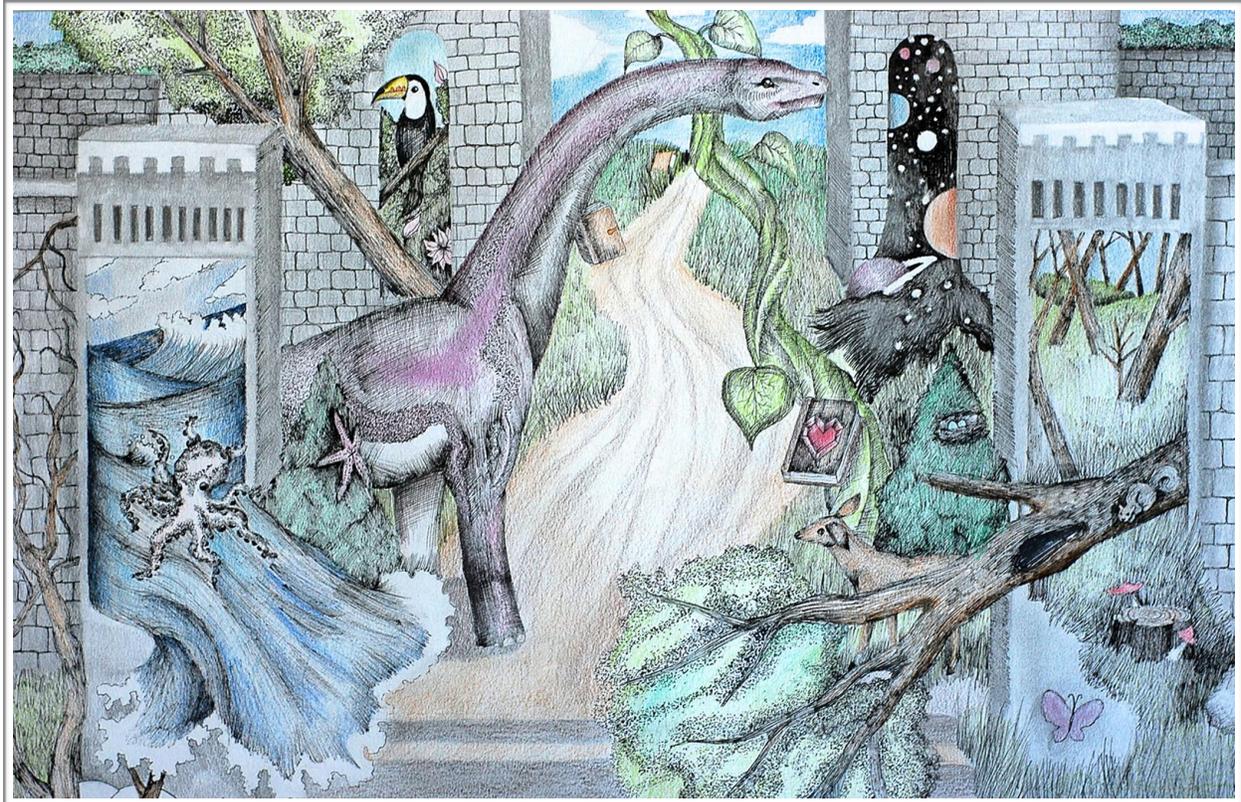
Sean Gannon, *Hot Roddin' Cheetah* and
Steamroller Elephant, graphite



Timothy St. Pierre, *Youth*, pencil



Cleo Carrera, *I Woke Up Like This*, pencil



Galen Gaze, *Dream*, inks and colored pencil

Throwing Like A Girl

by *Angel Jimenez*

Choose an old family glove broken in, grown, and worn, but not torn.

Choose a yellow softball with the red stitches that stick out of the softball, and give the best grip.

Now get your gear and go to practice with your team.

Remember to stretch out your arms, and legs, and anything that bends.

You are now ready to throw.

Listen to your coach as he tells you the mechanics of throwing and catching.

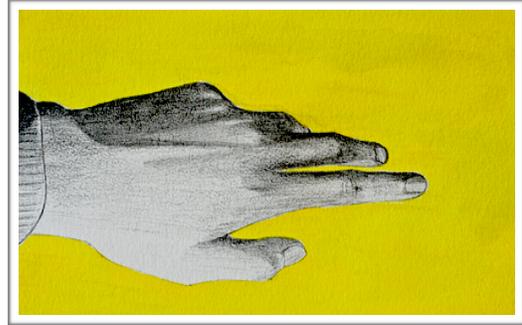
Apply what he says, and be one with your ball and glove. Listen to the sharp crisp sound of the bat. Find where the ball is going, get there, and catch it.

Imagine you are as quick and swift as water
And the ball is the moon. You gravitate
towards each other, almost like magnets.

Good, you caught the ball.
That's one out.
Now let's see if we can get two.

While still in the momentum of running,
get the ball out of your glove,
choose a base and throw.

Throw hard and fast with everything you
have inside of you.
Use every ounce of your girl power
horsepower, and watch the ball go into your
teammates glove.



Lily Hood, *Coming Together*, graphite and watercolor pencil

You did a double play and got the two outs.
Good Job. When the inning is over,
celebrate, and sing a silly, goofy song with
your teammates.

Remember what you have done today.
This play will give you strength and with
time, patience, and practice you'll be doing
double plays left and right.

You are now throwing like a girl.
Strong, powerful, precise, and fast.

The Duel

by Joe Armstrong

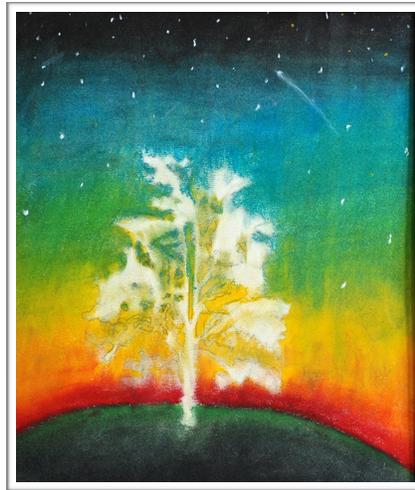
A man sat on the edge of a chair, elbows resting on his knees. His face was tilted upward, ever so slightly, so that the pallid sunlight sifting through the window cast light upon his features. A thin yellow goatee ran down his chin, his upper lip concealed by a mustache of the same color, its ends waxed and twisted upwards with utmost care. The window pane was grimy and clouded, so that the dusty light that reached his face cast crude shadows on his hollow, gaunt cheeks. His eyes were heavily shadowed by his brow, but dark circles beside his nose gave away their presence, along with a furtive shimmer as he shifted.

He moved very little. Held relaxed in his hands was a long, thin rapier—unsheathed. Its polished steel caught the musty light and sparkled deceptively. Its sheath was attached to his belt, twisted awkwardly to

accommodate his seated form. Next to his chair sat a massive hat; tall and brimmed, covered in oily black hair and festooned with golden braids. It shrouded the splintering, hard wood floor behind it in shadow. The hair glistened in the light like coal. A navy blue jacket draped over the man's tense shoulders. It, too, had golden decorations like those of the hat, and a thick belt wrapped around it. The man had on a spotless pair of clean white breeches, relatively undecorated compared to the rest of his attire. The pants led down to brown leather boots, still encrusted with a thin layer of dried mud. The man seemed to have made no attempt to brush them off. He sat, instead, in the musty old room, lit by a single dusty windowpane. There was an old desk in one corner. It had a book on it, the cover of

which had been ripped off.

The man stroked the blade with the tips of his fingers. In that moment, lit by the faded sunlight, he looked ancient. The lines on his waxy face stood out in sharp relief; black on white. The slightly receding nature of his hairline presented a stark contrast to the youthfulness of its coloration. His nose was straight and sharp, but his nostrils undulated with rapid breaths. His forehead glistened, and beads of sweat worked their way down from his temple, even in the cool air of morning. He had shifted now and the whites of his eyes shone in the pale daybreak.



Caitlin Olson, *First Wish*, oil pastel

Suddenly, the man's breath came sharply out of his mouth. There was a clatter, and the rapier fell to the ground as he stood up quickly. The rickety old chair wobbled precariously. The man moved away from the needle-like sword, prone on the floor. He strode to the window, and his white face, corpselike in its complexion, gazed outside with childlike curiosity. There was a tall oak right outside. It must have been eighty feet tall.

Lying strewn around it were the remnants of its reddish-brown leaves, its branches completely bare. About halfway up its trunk was a long black scar, where it had been hit by lightning. The wound reached all the way down, twisting around the great, cracked tree, peeling away the smooth grey bark, and leaving in its wake a streak of sooty black. Beyond the tree the ground was carpeted with brilliant hues of red, orange and yellow. The trees who towered above them were grey, black, brown and white. Occasionally there was a flash of bright pigment in their midst, one leaf that still held on in defiance of nature. But it was only a matter of time. Already the air held a foreboding chill. The man clenched his clammy hands to get the blood flowing. His Adam's apple dipped quickly, then rose again.

The man turned and walked stiffly back to his chair, the old floor creaking under his boots. He moved the chair to the side and knelt down, picking up the sword and hat. He stood up. He put the tall, black hat on his head, and fastened its golden strap around his chin with clumsy fingers. He took the long, needle-like sword and slid it into the scabbard on his belt. He turned as the door creaked. A dark-haired man in similar uniform peered through the doorway to look at him.

“You ready, George? He’s here.”

“Of course,” said the man. “Of course. I’ll be out shortly.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Fine...fine. Thank you, William.”

George stood still as the door creaked shut. Then he picked up the chair from where it sat in the center of the room and carried it carefully over to the desk. He slid it back under the desk. He picked up the book, and gazed at the front. Its coverless page shook so much that he couldn’t make out a word. He put it down quickly. He fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a handkerchief. He wiped his brow, and stuffed the square of white silk back in his pocket. Then, arms held at his sides, George walked briskly to the door. Opening it, he left the room without a backward glance.

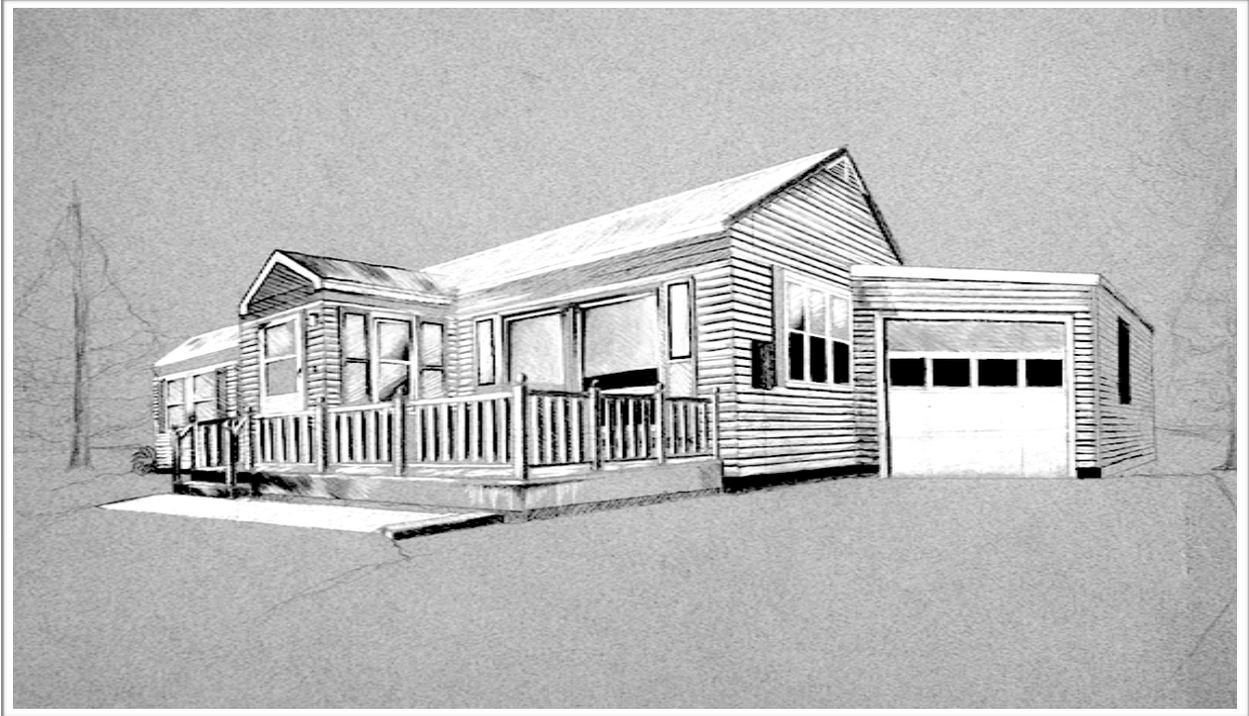
The earth’s festive carpet rustled in the breeze. The air was brisk; cold. Men stood silent, their shadows made longer by the great hats protruding from their heads. A sudden wind blew through the trees, and the last leaves, releasing their stubborn grip, drifted slowly to the ground. In the sharp, crisp air of autumn, and the pale, clear light of daybreak, the clash of steel rang out.



Jenny Massow, *Abstract Unicycle*, pen and ink



Jenny Massow, *The Great Big Family*, pen and ink



Lily Hood, *Home*, white and black charcoal



Timothy St. Pierre, *Paradiso*, oil pastel

West 87th Street

by Anna Callahan

I lived on New York City's Upper West Side until I was six years old. I remember a surprising amount from those years — the spots of old gum on the sidewalk, naming the class bunny "Snowball" at my preschool, walking to the bagel shop around the corner every Saturday morning with my mom, dad, and baby brother, to name a few noteworthy memories. I was full of vigor, free of responsibilities, and my relationship with the city, also in its youth, shared these characteristics. I could always hear the joyful shouting of cars on nearby avenues, light from passing cars danced around my room, and the iron statues at Hippo Park laughed with me, their mouths forming grins wide enough to climb inside. But I had grown up with my city, and I was comfortable enough to expect more from it. When I fell and scraped my knee I would complain because the city could not pull me up off the sidewalk.

The morning my parents told me we were moving to Maine, my tears made the kitchen walls blurry. That day, my city turned grey, its sobs soaking the sidewalks and brownstone steps.

Maine was just as forlorn except even colder, so instead of sleet and rain, the streets were wet with snow. Often, it snowed so much that the Earth seemed to fall dormant. On these rare days, your tracks are the only ones marking the ground, your breathing tears into the silence and echoes for miles. Every small action made is amplified and becomes known by all.

I closed my eyes and pretended the city surrounded me once more. I threw tantrums without a reason, begged my parents to return, cried, and eventually accepted my new life, but still felt an absence of something. The city's reality became patchy in my mind, and I filled in the holes with my ideal city, which caused me to yearn for it more. Ten years after the move, and I didn't want anything more than to return to this city, which had become too distant in the past to even call mine — but that morning in the kitchen still felt fresh in my mind.

Being reunited with my long lost companion wasn't as spectacular as I'd hoped. Time and distance cause change, and I'd been desperately holding on to

an ideal that became more and more unrealistic as the years had passed. I walked onto 5th Avenue for the first time in ten years, expecting to be embraced because I had forgotten that this city would pay me no attention. The cars, the lights, the statues were exactly the same as before, and I was disappointed. But in my time at CITYterm, I learned to love the city in a different way. On the day of my solo trip, I packed a bag and set out for the Upper West Side, switching from the Metro North to the 1 line and exiting at 86th Street. I was expecting to break down crying or have an epiphany in the middle of Amsterdam Avenue, but walking in my old neighborhood felt strangely...normal. I spent the afternoon there reflecting on the pieces of myself that have formed since the last time I walked those streets. It was only when I stood up and begun heading for the subway station that it hit me. We've both grown up. I don't expect the city to pull me up off the sidewalk, or to point me in the direction of my train. I am confident that I can get there myself.



Anna Callahan, *Seventeen*, photograph

Pop Art Mary

By Timothy St. Pierre

She watched in the mirror, the cascade rushed down
She was my Queen, and I bowed to Her crown
Bare feet in acrylic, the paints in the shower
The colors on skin, and loved for the hour

She was the truest, of all living saints
Touched in the purest of pigments of paints
She was my portrait, and I was Her painter
Holding Her hips as our colors washed fainter

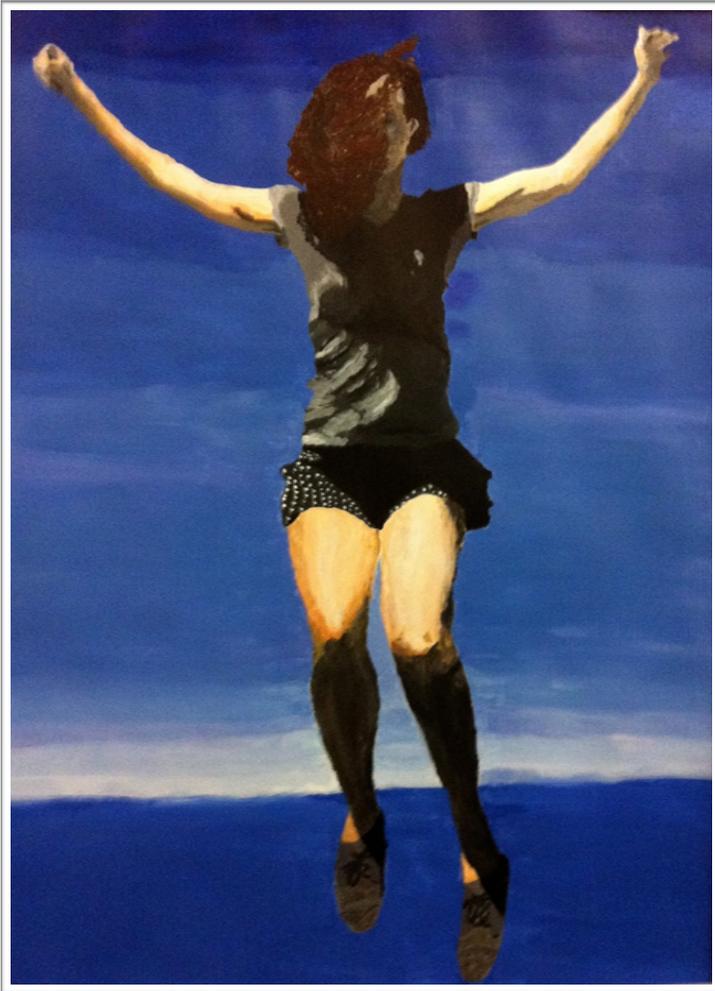
Her lips to my neck, Her hands through my hair
No need to feel guilty, and no need to care
That the halos had left us, that once graced our heads
Washed away in the water, with the violets and reds

Standing we prayed, and gasping we blessed
Our idolatry pure, and our bodies undressed
Our nakedness cleansed, our humility proud
Before Pop Art Mary, my soul kneeled and bowed

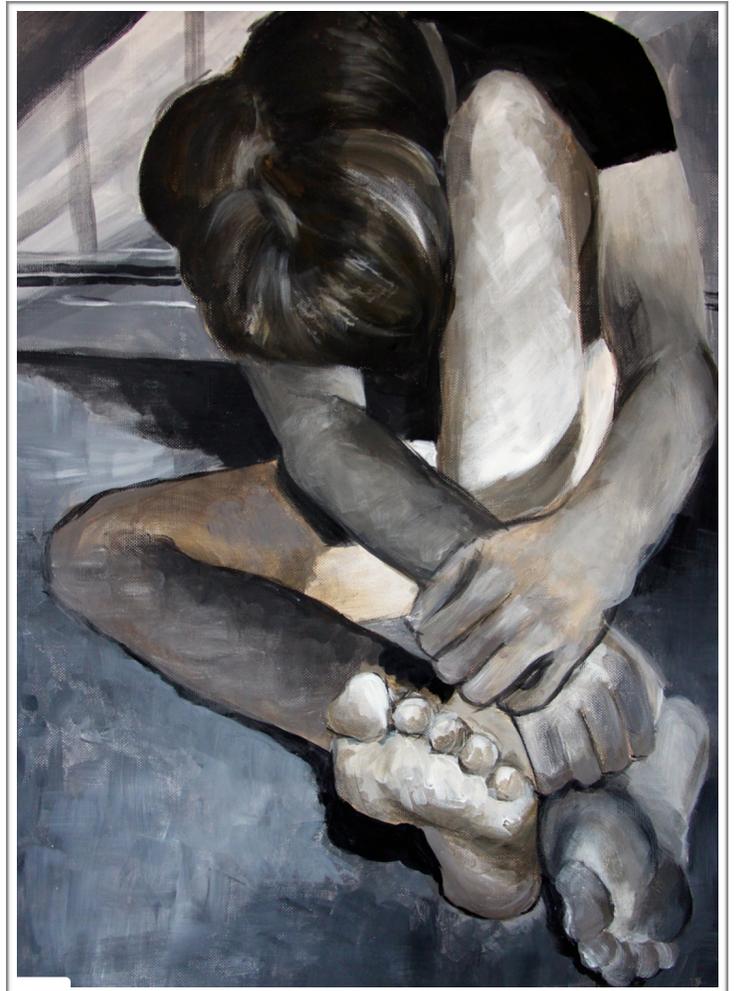
The paints were not needed, and gone was the color
In the vibrance of love, they grew faded and duller
For She was my Saint, idol rival to God
And love was my prayer, with colors unflawed



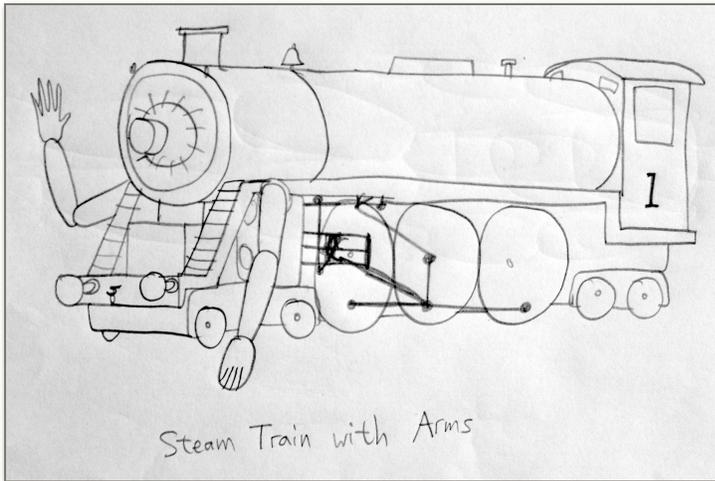
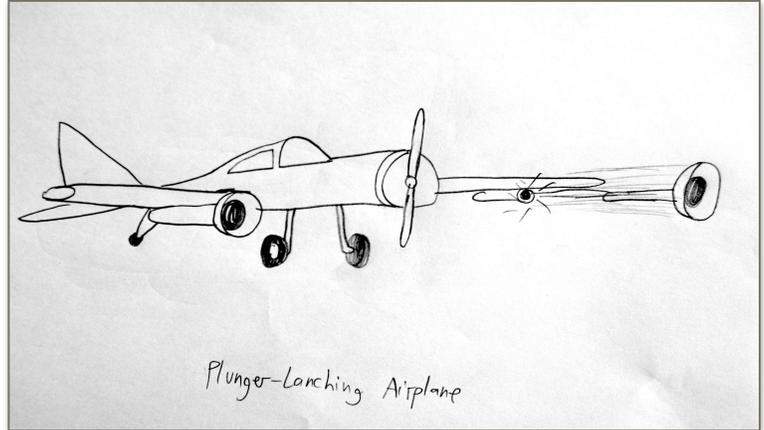
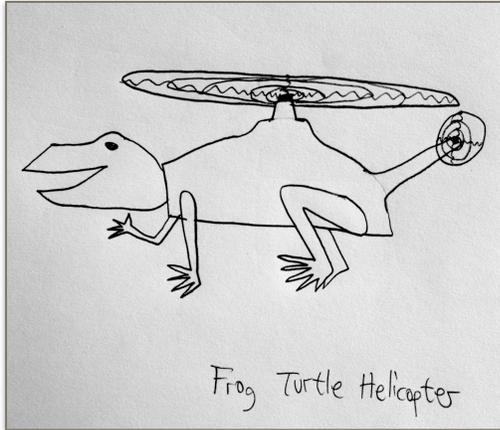
Anna Callahan, *Girl in Red*, monoprint



Gianna Barnhart, *Gravity Rides Everything*, acrylic



Anna Callahan, *Self Portrait*, acrylic



Drawings by Sean Gannon



Timothy St. Pierre, *Reverie*, graphite

Past

by Angel Jimenez

The past must be something you embrace.
 Pictures, People, Places and memories,
 Remember them with grace,
 Put the pictures on the wall in their place.
 Remember the past,
 Don't run away,
 Learn from mistakes and don't be led astray.
 For the past does not define you,
 It's who you are and what you're becoming.

So don't let it haunt you,
 Don't let it linger,
 Look the reminder in the face
 And move forward.

But keep the picture
 To keep you set
 On the path
 You've chosen.

Cascade

by Kira Wolpow

In a cascade of reddish golden leaves
 Autumn shakes itself free of summer light
 And the wind draws bright color from the trees
 The cinnamon apple scent of the sky
 How the piercing wind feels, finally free
 The sunlight is cold and spicy and shy
 The curved silhouette of the leafless tree
 The briefest season, the wildest season
 Comes softly and quickly; gone in a flash
 The apple sun turns without a reason
 Whiplash of winter leaves fall in the past
 Quilt of autumn, one leaf on another
 Bright color on one half, frost on the other.



Galen Gaze, *A Lover's Song*, pen and inks

A Lonely Rose

by Kyle Brooks

A lonely rose 'midst the fields
 Stares upon the autumn yields.
 Harvest came and passed it by,
 It now wishes but to die.

Then the lovers come about,
 and (to he) the rose sticks out.
 Travel far did they so,
 Just for it, and it alo'e.

And did it wilts, it wilts content.

Are YOU an Artist or Writer?

Through the Looking Glass is now accepting submissions for our Fall 2016 issue. We would love to read your poetry, creative prose, journalistic pieces, short stories, non-fiction, scripts, or memoirs. We are also looking for drawings, paintings, prints, photographs, digital art, short films, animations, comic strips, cartoons, collages, ceramics, sculptures, or mixed media pieces to be included in our next publication.

If you would like to submit **art**, please include a title, your name, and the medium of the work, and drop it off in Ms. Price's room (116) to be photographed and returned to you the following day.

If you would like to submit a **writing** piece, it should be sent via email to throughthelookingglass@gmail.com. Please enclose a title, your name, and your contact information. Pen names are also accepted.

Please ensure all work is original, high quality, thoughtfully crafted, and proofread when applicable. Feel free to contact us at the above email address for further instructions. We're looking forward to reading and viewing your work!



The TTLG Staff, from left: Brin Stricklett, Lily Gaffney, Angel Jimenez, Allie Burns, and Anna Callahan.

Interested in joining the Through the Looking Glass staff? Stop by our weekly Tuesday meetings in Ms. Price's room (116), or contact any staff member for more information.