



SONDER

SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1, EDITION 1

LITERARY MAGAZINE

STUDENT WORK

All written pieces in this magazine have been created by students in Springfield High School of the 2017-2018 school year.

PHOTOGRAPHY

At times, there will be photography and artwork submitted by students as well. Those students will be credited for their work.

Other photography found online will be credited at the end of this literary magazine as well.

PUBLISHING

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MEET THE EDITORS

ALEXANDRA SCHNEIDER - EDITOR IN CHIEF

Hello! I am a senior and this is my third year as leader of the Literary Magazine. Our club was unable to create a publication until this year, so we are all very excited to display our talents with the school. It has been my goal to create a collaborative environment for writers at SHS. I have been a passionate writer all my life; I am hoping to pursue it in some form in my future. I am elated that we have a publication, and I am proud of the team that works with me. I thoroughly enjoy editing their work--it makes me a better writer. I am also thankful for Ms. Monte for her hard work and mentorship, and I am thankful for Mrs. Conlin for her support and efforts in making this magazine possible. Also, a huge shout out to Mr. Jurkiewicz for creating our home on the Growl site! I cannot wait to see the legacy we leave with this magazine. Enjoy, and thank you all for reading!

GRACE DOUGHERTY - CO-EDITOR

Hi! I'm Grace. This is my second year in the Literary Magazine. I love writing because it is a great way to create a piece of art. Writing as a format provokes thought, and that is something I have always valued. I would like to go wherever writing takes me in the future. Please enjoy our work!

MS. DEIDRE MONTE - ADVISER

Hello, Everyone! My name is Ms. Monte and this is my first year acting as the adviser of the Sonder Literary Magazine. Like the students included in our work, I too am passionate about writing. Reading student work and providing feedback is such a wonderful experience because it is rare that I see poetry and short stories in my regular classes. The pieces here are so interesting and truly inspire critical thinking about life. I hope that you enjoy the work of your fellow peers and learn a lot about them!. Thanks for visiting!

MEET THE WRITERS

ASHLEY ELLIS

Hey, Readers! I'm in 9th grade and enjoy writing about seasons and nature through short stories and poems. In this edition, you'll read two of my attempts and capturing the essence of Fall. Beyond writing, I enjoy film, photography, and traveling which influence my work. I hope you enjoy it!

DREAMS

Hi! I am Dreams, a sophomore at Springfield High School. Natively, I am from Egypt and speak Arabic. I am also fluent in English and am working towards achieving the same in the Spanish language. My art consists of realistic sketches, quotes written in typography, poetry and accompanying illustrations. I aspire to publish a novel and composite of poetry of my own one day. I also yearn to pursue a career in the medical field, biology, or forensics. I truly hope that you enjoy reading my work and viewing my perspective on the many matters and whims I discuss.

ANNABEL LEE

Hello! I am a 10th grader who enjoys writing short stories and poems that make readers think. Some interesting facts about me are that I can read three books in a month and enjoy dancing, watching informational YouTube videos, and participating in Girl Scouts. I am excited to share my work with you!

ANDREW LIM

My name is Andrew Lim and I am in 9th grade. I like to write short stories that are mostly about dystopian or strange environments that either put my characters at risk or instill fear. The reason I enjoy writing is because I like to explore my thoughts and how I think people might react to different situations.

MEET THE WRITERS

LAURA

Hi, I'm Laura. I like writing, playing alto saxophone, singing, and being a Girl Scout. I'm now in tenth grade and have been writing fiction pieces since middle school. Recently, I've gravitated towards short, rhythmic poems. As a writer, I believe, "It is ordinary to love the beautiful, but it is beautiful to love the ordinary"- Anonymous.

CLOUDY

Hello readers! My name is Cloudy. I am a 9th grader that loves to write. I enjoy writing poems and short stories about any topic imaginable. I have an interest in writing, but, other than that, I also like drawing. As a hobby, I like to play sports, fish, sketch, and write. I hope you enjoy reading what I wrote for you!

ALEXA MIHAITA

Hello! I am a sophomore and have been writing ever since I was in 5th grade. I typically use pictures or videos as prompts for inspiration. Although I've written for the school newspaper throughout middle school and portions of high school, this is the first time I've ever published my narrative works. My love for art expands to music, as I am also a violinist, a pianist, and an avid music listener. I'm excited to share my work!

CARLYNE MCGURK

Hello, Readers! I'm Carlyne McGurk, a fellow writer for the Sonder Literary Magazine. Here's some things to know about me: If you can't already tell, I love to write. In fact, I'm in the process of writing a book, which is entirely made up of poetry. Another thing I love is photography. I like taking pictures of things that may not be traditionally beautiful and crafting them to highlight their wonderful essence. Believe it or not, the cover for Sonder Literary Magazine is one of my pictures! I hope you stop by and visit us again!

A HOME LEFT BEHIND

By: Dreams

A man disguised in a shroud of dreams
Ventures to a land where open hope lies.
He yearns for a chance to redeem his past
From a country now consumed by cries.

His children born there and he as well;
This new land became more a secondary home,
For the place they cherished and relished and loved
Had shredded itself into flesh and bone.

They sought a new life of opportunity here
And to elude dangers they'd left behind.
But their hearts tore for their families still in that land
In destruction and despair, confined.

And thus there existed a constant exchange
Of pretenses about the presence of minds.
Their heads pulsed much with the worry of the
Eroding sensibility of mankind.

Their own cronies and family suffered the pain
Of a government oppressive of its citizens.
They withheld what they could amid the difficulty
While corruptness cost lives of innocents.

Two lands isolated by the reefs and the sea;
In one, five hearts existed in sorrow.
They were alone in this new foreign land and
Reunion never promised a tomorrow.

These people were vagrants in disarray of distress,
Living in waves of sunshine and storm,
For their parents and brothers and sisters and cronies
Were entrapped in a demolition, adorned.

Five hearts were punctured and crestfallen with woe.
Bonds of hope had begun to capsize,
But their feet lied heavy, hopeless and still
As their home crumbled to its demise.



SHADOW

By: Dreams

There was a sort of peace in its silence
It was a piece of me detached,
Free to roam.
But it remained by me,
Clasped onto my feet and
Taking on a familiar, yet foreign persona
Its figure disproportionate
Yet still distinguished as my own
I have my faults and blemishes,
I tell myself
Maybe it is here to remind us
We are not perfect,
I tell myself
Maybe it is here to console me--
Maybe it is my companion
I tell myself
Behind my body and
Watched me venture first
Or paced ahead
And did not wait for me to join.
It was a diffident competitor,
An honest liar,
A genuine deceptor,
A promising absconder.
It was not my crony,
Nor was it my enemy.
It was the part of me that propelled
Curiosity and desire
The drive to attain
A being I could not be.
It was a darkness that showed me
The blankness that I possessed
It was not a mirror
Yet it showed me myself
Though in a new and abstract form.
It was my shadow.

MOONLIGHT GIRL

By: Carlyne McGurk

The moon shone white light
through icy droplets of mist,
the light cascading
down onto the hill.
Golden strands of wheat
grew waist high.

Up on the hill arose a girl
from the grain.
Her curling red hair flew
Over her shoulder in the night wind.

Flyaway baby hairs in her face.

Moonlight hit her eyes,
reflecting back in a
piercing green gleam.
Her cheeks, painted
pink, by the chilling
paintbrush of the wind.

Her lips, chapped, cracked,
cherry red.

Dancing shadows
traced the ground,
as wildflowers swayed.

Darkness swallowed
her body whole,
leaving her nowhere to be found.

THINGS FORGOTTEN

By: Annabel Lee

The pocket watch swings back and forth, crossing my line of vision only a few times every minute. I'm going to forget. Again. I'm not sure how many times I've forgotten, only that it's happened more than once before. It's coming, coming, coming...and then it's gone.

I wake up shivering. The dreams always leave me cold inside, not that I can actually remember them. They don't come every night, and, come to think of it, I'm not even sure they're only dreams. Actually, I'm pretty sure they aren't dreams (they always came accompanied by amnesia of the last few days), but I can't think of anything else to call them. Premonitions? But they always take place in the past--of that much I am sure. Maybe post-monitions would be more accurate. Still, dream just works better for my purposes.

Surprisingly, people don't respond well to the idea of someone having premonitions of the past. *You say one thing about having these odd feelings about something gone by and forgetting the last few days, and all of sudden, people start distancing themselves. Whatever. So I started calling them dreams. While people don't like extrasensory perceptions, dreams are perfectly okay. Maybe it's because everyone knows that dreams are always absurd and uncontrollable (as if premonitions aren't). Most times, I don't even mention the dreams or amnesia. It's not worth raising questions.*

School gathers as normal. Thousands of people wait outside the doors. Most high schools top out at five thousand, but, being the only one in the district, we probably have at least twice that. To handle such a massive amount of students, each grade is divided into sections of five hundred (Sections A, B, C, D, and E). I've never been quite sure how they divided us up. It's not alphabetical, but it also doesn't seem to be according to ability. I guess it could be random, but I seriously doubt that there's no reason.

"Good morning, students!" booms the voice of Mr. Lam, the assistant principal.

"Good morning, Mr. Lam," the students echo. As usual, the response is little more than a dull murmur.

"Today is the twenty-second of October..." The date surprises me. I remember yesterday as being the tenth. It wasn't, of course, but I don't think I've ever lost more than a week. The last time, I lost eleven. I'm not sure, but I think I lost a lot the last time as well. Maybe it's getting worse, but I really hope that isn't the case. I've been lucky so far because my teachers have always been reviewing old information the weeks I've forgotten (or I assume so, I can't actually remember them), but there's no way my luck can last. Sooner or later, I'll start getting behind, and longer forgotten periods won't help that.

"...and the Research Club will be having a bake sale during all lunches today. Have a great day! What's our motto students?"

A few kids yell "Be unforgettable!" but most students just start rushing to class. I duck into the chaos and head to English.

"Good morning students!" Ms. Shuster calls after the bell to start first period rings. "Today we will be continuing our analysis of our first curriculum book. Last night you all should have finished the book."

I guess it was a good thing I read way ahead of the class. If I hadn't, there's no way I would've been able to follow class today. Plus, the book would've been spoiled.

"So," she continues, "what did you think of the ending?"

A couple of students make screaming faces and mind blown gestures, and one girl even does scream a little. Most of us have no clue how to answer that question. I am not most of us.

"I hated it," I say.

"What do you mean by that?" Ms. Shuster asks.

"Well, I mean it's profound and everything, and it does give a resolution, but it has to suck for Olivia. I mean completing forgetting an entire year..."

"But that year sucked for her. Her house burned down, her sister died, and she was held captive for most of it," another student, Dahlia, responds.

"Yeah, and those things still happened. Olivia was still hurt by them. Whether or not she remembers them later changes nothing," I reply.

"It changes everything! Sure, she was hurt when they happened, but every time she remembers them, they also hurt her. Imagine you've gone through all that pain, and then someone comes to you with a way to make you forget all about it and never have to think of it again. Wouldn't you take it?"

"First of all, Olivia had no choice in the matter. Geoffrey made it for her. Second, there's no way she'd never remember. She'd find out eventually. It's very difficult to keep what's happened hidden forever. And when Olivia finds out--because she *will find out--she's going to be even more hurt than if she had kept her memories.*"

"But wouldn't those few years of blissful ignorance makeup for it? Wouldn't..."

"Well, when you forget things on a monthly basis, the idea of forgetting anything major kinda becomes nauseating." I say. "Trust me, I know."

The room silences as I realize what I just said.

"I mean, everyone forgets stuff, obviously, or everyone would get an A on tests and--"

"You forget things?" Dahlia asks.

"Well yeah, like I just said, we all forget stuff, especially random facts we need for school--"

"No, that's not what you meant. You get amnesia, and pretty regularly too, I'm guessing."

"Yeah, I guess you could call it that." My words are barely above a breath. I've worked so hard to keep it a secret.

"Really? Sometimes, I forget things too," Dahlia says.

At this the class is in an uproar. From every direction, I hear shouts of "Me too!" and "I thought I was the only one!" and "I was too scared to say anything!" overwhelming the room.

"Quiet everyone!" Ms. Shuster yells, "Now, no more of this 'amnesia' talk. Anyone who mentions it further will be sent to Mr. Lam's office."

TO BE CONTINUED

NEPTUNE AND THE MERMAID

By: Alexa Mihaita

The gentle hum of the ocean permeates the air; the grey clouds above obscured by a thick layer of fog that hangs low and heavy in the sky. Ahead, the ocean is calm, and the water sways gently as if dancing to a lullaby. I breathe in slowly and let the water run over my feet, tickling the tips of my toes. Feeling my heart-beat begin to race again, I count slowly in my head, attempting to divert my attention from him. No matter how gently I breathe, how slowly I count, he's all I think about.

In the distance the ocean grows rough, the circular motion of a brewing wave sways through the dark blue of the rough water. The hum grows louder, ringing in my ears. The oceanfront is littered with distractions, but none can break me from images of him, thoughts of him, memories I've made with him.

Memories of him pain me. But the first of them, despite myself, never fails to make me smile.

The coffee shop was peaceful, the air dotted with the scent of caffeine and cinnamon that matched the fall air outside. I sat alone at my table, enjoying the serenity of the shop and the sounds of drinks being poured and conversations being had.

I was halfway through my drink when I saw him. A pair of headphones sat upon a mass of wavy, chestnut hair. His eyes were covered by a pair of round glasses that seemed to magnify their shade of deep brown. His nose was small and rounded at the tip where the pair of glasses sat. His lips quirked up in a little smile at what he watched on his computer screen; and I felt heat quickly rise to my cheeks at the sight of him.

I could never pinpoint what it was about him that fascinated me, no matter how long I continued to stare, unable to keep myself from wondering what he was thinking. The way his wavy hair framed his face, the way his glasses perched themselves on the tip of his nose, the sharpness of his cheekbones intrigued me in ways I could never explain. His eyebrows suddenly shot upwards, his lips parting ever so slightly, and he began to type rapidly on his keyboard. My heartbeat quickened along with his fingers.

It wasn't until thirty seconds later that he noticed me, his eyes slowly rising to meet mine. For a moment, I considered looking away, but the deed had been done. A gentle half-smile began to grace his lips, and before I could begin to process it, my lips were mimicking his. He beckoned me over with a wave of his hand, and my feet moved on their own, taking me over to him.

An hour passed, and I was out of the coffee shop, my cell phone in my right hand and a slip of paper with a phone number in my left. I couldn't contain my smile as I quickly entered the number into my contact list.

His name was Daniel.

The lump in my throat momentarily subsides as I fondly recall the memory, remembering how every quirk of his face triggered a rush of blood that warmed my cheeks. I acknowledge my own ridiculousness; it has been merely days since he tore our connection, but any thought of our first meeting still sends me into temporary bliss.

In the ocean ahead, the forming wave bends inward before arching itself up, a brilliant crest forming at its apex. The clouds slowly part, revealing only a sliver of sun, while the rest remains hidden behind the shelter of grey. Light is cast downward, illuminating the water along the line of the horizon. Feeling goose-bumps, I close my eyes.

“Do you think it’d look better if I used the Buttercup Yellow or the Dandelion Yellow?”

I glanced downwards at the two choices of colored pencil in his hand, stifling giggles at his question. Despite my amusement, his eyes were ridden with intent, as if the choice between Buttercup Yellow and Dandelion Yellow was the equivalent of choosing between life and death. I gently took one of the pencils from his hand, letting my fingers linger there a second longer than necessary.

“I don’t know,” I replied, contemplative, “but what I do know is that whoever is responsible for naming these colored pencils is probably earning the highest paycheck in the company.”

He laughed at that, and my pulse couldn’t help but quicken. No matter the situation, the familiar quirk of his lips and crinkle of his eyes was always enough to send my heart marathoning. We locked eyes for a few moments, mimicking one another’s gentle smiles, before he looked away and trained his eyes on the drawing that sat in front of us.

“Create a piece that reflects a symbolic aspect of the ocean,” he recited from the rubric the art teacher had handed us four weeks before. “We’ve done a fine job of that, don’t you think?”

I didn’t respond immediately, instead moving my eyes from him to admire our work. Together, we’d drawn a brilliant wave of royal blue, but the tip of the wave slowly morphed to match the shape of a Neptune’s body, the head depicting a threatening face. In his left hand he held a glowing trident that contrasted the darkness of the wave’s hue, a matching crown adorning his head. Underneath the wave begged a young mermaid with silky black hair, her hands clasped together pleadingly, worry lining her dainty features. Overhead, a storm began to brew within the darkness of the clouds, but the flash of lightning still remained uncolored.

“I think it looks wonderful, but you know what would make it look even better?” I inquired jokingly. He raised an eyebrow.

“Buttercup Yellow?”

“Bingo!” I exclaimed, tossing the colored pencil back at him gently. He caught it in mid-air, flashing me another signature smile.

An hour passed, and the flash of lightning was finally colored, the piece finally complete. A comfortable silence had encompassed the room as we sat in silent admiration of our work.

“It really is beautiful, you know,” he eventually remarked.

When I glanced up at him, he wasn’t looking at the piece. His eyes were locked on mine.

I didn’t respond with words, but instead with a kiss.

His name was Daniel, and I loved him.

Love, much like waves, will ebb and flow as it takes its course, containing its highest and lowest points. The smallest of waves will roll gently through the water, never quite daring to rise or form a brilliant crest, instead softly gracing the ocean surface. The largest of them are bold and dazzling as they dash across the water, illuminated by the sun above.

But they, like all great things that make their way upwards, must eventually come crashing down.

TO BE CONTINUED

OUJIA

By: Ashley Ellis

I linger,
Pacing back and forth.

I've lost control,
Spiraling, dragging, spinning.

Demons and spirits,
Bloodcurdling screams echo.

Lights flicker.
Engulfed in darkness,

Silence emerges,
Fear creeps amongst my victims.



Floorboards creak
Winds howl.

Nerves twitch,
Breath quickens

Skating,
My moves unknown.

Friendships tested,
Secrets revealed.

Stories unfold,
Experiences disclosed.

The choir harmonizes,
I am the ghost writer.

The Door

By: Laura

The door
was a door
with scuffed golden
hinges
and a rusting knob.
With blue crinkling
paint
and no lock to be
seen,
the door called out
and it called out to
me.

So I grabbed out to
open,
to throw open that
door.
I snatched
and I pawed
and I yanked at that
door.
But the door stayed
shut
in stubborn
resistance.

Come open, come
open,
I begged and I
whined.
Come open, come
open
I want inside!
Come open, come
open
come open already!
I need in, I need it
Come open already!

“You want to open?”
the door taunts and



I do! I do!
I deserve your gift.
I insist, I demand
to understand your
gift.
Your wonders, your
joys
you promised to share.
You promised!
You promised!
You lied to me there!

“I promised no gift,
I promised no wonder.
You assumed I’d give,
I’d share all my joy,
that it’d all be yours
forever and ever.”

“But it’s not,
it’s mine.
You never asked.
You never asked my
Opinion.
Or asked to open.
You never asked how I
felt
though I may be a
door.
You never asked me,

3:30

By: Grace Dougherty

The train station is full of people coming and going. They enter and leave through the wall of sleek glass doors, letting in gusts of cold air. I do my best to convince myself that the bite of the artificial breeze is why I'm shivering. Your train comes in at 3:30. It's 3:20.

I wonder how you've been. You stopped calling me after the first four weeks. You told me you were busy. I miss you, and I feel it acutely now. Before it was distant, but always present. I've been fine. That's what I'll tell you when you ask. I don't know why that feels so stilted, so wrong and awkward in my head, but it's all I can imagine saying. A year ago I would have never told you I was *fine*. *You would've demanded to know more, and I would have been eager to tell you all the things I never could have told anyone else. Somehow, I don't think you'll demand to know this time, and I don't think I'll even want to tell you.*

Your train comes in, screeching to a halt and filling the air with the sound of its sudden and unnatural stop. I consider going closer to where you'll come off onto the platform--but the crowd of people thickens quickly, and I'm too short to fight my way through. Instead, I stand toward the back of the crowds of people. They buzz around the train like a mass of writhing ants. On the edges of the swarm, I squirm. I cower. My glasses slide down my face and I readjust my messenger bag in a habitual and repetitive motion.

I finally see you, dragging a suitcase and wearing an obnoxious cherry red sweater. My grandmother gave it to you, you wear it all the time in winter. There is pilling on the fabric. The fuzz marks the sweater's age.

You're looking for me, your eyes squinted as you sweep the crowd. I don't wave you over right away. I take a moment to look first. You've changed so much from when we were kids. You're so tall now; I used to be taller. Your shoulders are broad, and you've grown into your features. You were all soft edges and chubby cheeks up until the year you left, but the last time Grandma saw you she said that you're a man now. She's really proud of you for making it as far as you have. She never left our hometown, I think she's a little jealous. I'm proud of you too, but something holds me back from being completely happy for you, and I don't think it's jealousy. Or at least not the same jealousy as Grandma's.

I watch your face change as you spot me. Your eyes widen as you grin, showing off two rows of pearly whites. Your smile erases the sharp line of your jaw, and your expressive eyes are hidden by your cheeks. I raise my hand from where it hangs limp at my side and wave stiffly.

Before I know it, you're wrapping me in a trademark bear hug. My eyes only come up to your collar, so that's where I bury my face. Your sweater is soft against my face. Your hand rubs my back in slow circles, and your other arm wraps tightly around my waist. Neither of us speak. I feel like I can't. I don't know why you don't. You were always the talkative one.

You wheeze a gentle, fond laugh after a minute or so of silence, your breath shifting the short hair on my head and surprising me. Your chest vibrates under my ear when you speak:

"I missed you. Sorry I didn't call. Hows 'ma?"

You usually don't apologize right up front like that. I used to battle you for days for a sincere apology over the most trivial thing. My reply is muffled by your sweater.

"It's ok. I know you're busy, Mr. College Student. My grandma's fine," I say. I pause to tighten my grip around your waist. You're warm, and the draft from the ever-open doors is cold.

"She won't forgive you so easily for not calling," I tease.

You laugh, heartier this time, as you pull back from our long hug. Your hands rest on my shoulders. I'm instantly cold when you step away.

"I guess I'll deal with that when we get to her house then?"

You're smiling fondly. I remember when you used to call my grandma's house your own. She was so happy when you started calling it home.

"Good luck with that, I'll be hiding in the kitchen," I quip. You groan, your dimples on display. We walk towards the doors and out to my car. The grey sky and the blindingly white snow make the vibrant red of your sweater that much more real. It's a reminder that you're here with me. There is so much I want to tell you. I want to tell you how the bakery is doing, and how I hate our new cashier because she reminds me of our awful third grade teacher. I want to tell you how I'm worried about Grandma because she doesn't tell me when she feels sick. I want to mention that I saw your mom yesterday, and that she didn't quit smoking like she promised she would. I wish I could tell you how much I miss you, and I miss our hometown.

We're driving through that town right now and you're sitting next to me making small talk. Even though both those things are true, I still find myself missing the world we shared before, and the ache of it feels like there's a hole in my chest ready to swallow me up.

You start talking about college. Your whole body animates, just like when you talked about your favorite movies as a kid. You enthuse about dance club and your classes. You're using terms I've never heard of before. *What's an RA and why is yours so rude? I feel so out of sync, but watching you talk about what you're passionate about always has been one of my favorite things. A smile stretches on my lips, almost without my knowledge. Whether it's fond or nostalgic, I can't tell.*

"So, how've you been?"

I'm expecting the question, and I have an answer lined up.

"I'm fine, everything back here is fine." It passes my lips robotically. You nod, unfazed by my answer. I've never been so disappointed to be right.

Waves

By: Cloudy

The blue waves crashed on the shore
Leaving me wanting much more
The eggshell white top
Oh how it does pop
And all I can do is adore



Pie

By: Cloudy

The wide and crazed hazel eyes
Stare down at my winning pies
The cinnamon smell
You can really tell
Is making the people sigh

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

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