



SONDER

SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1, EDITION 2

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!

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!

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.

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!

Things Forgotten by Annabel Lee

The rest of English passes in silence. Even after the class ends, the students are loath to talk. Some of the students anyway. Dahlia seems especially quiet, but that might just be me imagining things.

At lunch, I find a surprising number of kids at my lunch table, including the entirety of my English class. In fact, there's a full-fledged crowd to push through. A couple of them are sitting down, including Dahlia, but they've left me a seat. Guess they want to make sure the guest of honour has a place to sit.

"Did you mean what you said in English today?" Dahlia asks before I can even set my lunch box on the table. "I've been thinking about it all day."

"I can tell!" someone shouts from the crowd. "I managed to go a full half hour without hearing your voice!" I guess I wasn't imagining her withdrawal after all.

"Anyway," Dahlia calls above the laughter, "I think I may experience the same thing. Amnesia. And from the turnout at your lunch table, I'm guessing we're not the only ones."

The hollars around the table confirm the theory. I look around in amazement. Every single face I see seems exactly as I feel: confused, excited, and, most of all, relieved. You never know how heavy a secret is until it is lifted off of your shoulders. I wonder how long this has been going on. I think my first time happened when I was in sixth grade. I'm about to ask when Dahlia beats me to the punch.

"I think we need to collect some data. Everyone right your name, your grade, your section, and how long you think you've been experiencing the amnesia. I know this won't be exact—I am asking you to remember when you forgot, after all, but *please try to be accurate.*"

And so the data-collecting commences. After ten minutes, we have a list of over fifty names long. There's at least one student from each grade, but that's where the diversity stops. The start dates are all within a year of each other, and, even more eerily, every single student is from Section E.

"What does it mean?" someone shouts from the crowd, saying exactly what I'm thinking.

"It means," says Dahlia, "that it's no coincidence that we all experience this, and, more importantly, it means that Mrs. Shuster had a good reason to silence us in English today."

The kids seem a little skeptical. Some are starting to walk away when I say, "But it makes complete sense!" They all stay put. "I mean, why else would we *all be in Section E? For that matter, it seems like Section E may only have people like us. How could that be coincidental? And why would Mrs. Shuster shut down that conversation so quickly?*"

"Yeah, but what are we going to do about it?" says someone.

"Don't worry about it. I have a plan," says Dahlia, "and I know exactly who is going to execute it in English tomorrow." From the looks around me, I'm guessing she means me.

Before English the next day, I go up to Dahlia. "Are you sure this is a good idea?" I ask her.

"Of course it is! We know what's up, so now we have to do something about it!"

"I know, but what is this going to accomplish? All that will happen is I'll be sent to Mr. Lam's office and get a detention. How's that supposed to help anything?"

"You're missing the most important part. You'll be in *Mr. Lam's office. There's surely some information about this conspiracy in there. Hell, if you're lucky, you may even be able to get answers from Mr. Lam himself.*"

"Fine. But why do I have to..." At that moment, Mrs. Shuster calls the class to attention.

"Good morning students! Does anyone have anything they'd like to share after analyzing yesterday's conversation."

I swallow hard as I stand up. "Yes, I do," I say. "Yesterday I revealed that I, on occasion, forget significant periods of time. After an enlightening conversation at lunch yesterday, I discovered-

"Stop! You aren't allowed to talk about that!" yells Mrs. Shuster.

"I discovered that many, if not all, of the students in Section E also experience these episodes of amnesia. Not only-

"If you say one more word, I am sending you to Mr. Lam's office!"

"Not only does this seem to solely affect students in Section E, it seems that we all started having amnesia at around the same time. We want to-

"Out! Now!"

"We want to know what is happening to rob us of our memories!" I call as I leave the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

The background of the page is a painting of a gnarled, dark tree with sparse, yellow-green leaves. The tree is set against a sky with soft, blended colors of blue and purple, suggesting a twilight or dawn atmosphere. The overall style is soft and painterly.

Imaginary Friend by Ashley Ellis

**Fighting dragons,
Finding treasure.**

**Building forts,
Making sand castles.**

Things have changed.

**No more bedtime stories or monsters.
No more lemonade stands or baking cookies.**

**You've grown
And made new friends.**

**I remember you as clear as day,
But your memory is foggy.**

**You used to always lose pieces of a puzzle.
It's a shame that through the years you've lost even
more.**

**You've forgotten almost everything.
Your childhood is only in photographs and stories.**

**Your memories have faded,
And so have I.**



Tornado by Megan Vince

**Her hair,
Untamed,
Whipped violently
Along with the wind.**

**Indecisive,
Goes right,
Left,
Up,
Down,
And it even twists.**


**The wind swirls in front of the girl,
Round
And
Round,
Like a merry go round.**

**Unable to control it,
The girl ducks;
She feels things,
Hitting her back,
And arms,
But she doesn't flinch.
She stays lifeless,
Because in a hole where she is hiding,
It is somewhat safe.**

Sunset Thoughts by Grace Dougherty

The sun set an hour ago. I took over driving as the orange hues faded to black at a dingy rest stop along the highway. She was beautiful as she stretched her legs, and it started to drizzle as the last light of the day streamed between the trees around the parking lot. Then again, she's always beautiful, so it didn't surprise me. Now I'm driving in the dark, the lights of other cars and the ambient glow of the street lamps twinkling through the rain speckled windshield. Inside our car, it's dry, and the blue of the lit up control console casts a crisp cobalt on us.

She sits beside me, slouched in her seat with her eyes closed. I know she's not asleep because her thumb rubs lazy circles into the skin just above my knee, and because when I look over as her favorite song comes on quietly through the speakers, her lips are curved in a delicate smile. The air conditioning is on full blast because she likes the cool air on her skin and the white noise of the fans. Usually, I would be cold and complain about the noise, but I can't bring myself to turn it off, not when her dark hair fans out behind her head and over her shoulders, and the street lights make her silhouette glow as she sighs contentedly.



**The blue of the console is gently illuminating the soft curve of her nose and creating the shadow of her eye lashes that is cast elegantly over her eyelids. The smiling corner of her lips casts a shadow too; this one lies on her chin, sharpening her jaw. Her hair is almost black in the blue light, and it trails down over her shoulder and onto her chest. The ambient yellow light from the surrounding highway casts the other half of her round face in it's glow. Under this light, her lips are pink pooled with gold. The plane of her cheek glitters, and her eyelashes appear to be scattered with silver dew. In this light, her hair shines with streaks of smooth orange, and the rest is colored a deep auburn that catches the light in ever varying ways as we drive. My eyes struggle between her and the road stretched out in front of me. The road only completely wins my focus when she parts her still smiling lips, and softly murmurs, her voice tinged with amusement,
“Eyes on the road, sweetheart.”**

Falling Softly by Laura

Imagine falling deep, deep into a hole. But this hole, it isn't malicious or scary. It's warm, and hopeful. Forgiving, even. At first, you jump in, but fall slowly. The world dances around you, with warm, bouncing notes. There is no rush, no hurry. Just take it in. Enjoy the ride.

But after the gentle falling comes a quicker fall. Gravity has suddenly become aware of your presence, and it pulls you, faster and faster. The world seems to be moving too fast, dancing impossible steps around you. The pirouettes and the jetés, and everything is moving too fast to do anything--but look! There's a light.

A light, at the bottom of the hole. You hadn't noticed that before. Look, look at the light. The bright, warm sunshine that emanates from this simple hole in the ground. You're bathed in light, the sweet brightness of life. You look so beautiful.

And now you exit the hole, and here you are. It's a beautiful meadow, a lovely meadow. The grass is long and bright green. Six-petaled periwinkle flowers dot the ground, and a gentle breeze plays with your hair. The sweet blue sky stretches above you, eternally present.

And I'm here. Me. You know me.

You know everything about me. You know my favorite foods, my favorite movies, my favorite dessert (which is ice cream). You know I burn quickly in the sun and I hate watches and jewelry. You know why I act calm on the outside and show no signs of how I really feel. You know my eyes shine like brilliant blue sapphires in the sunlight. You know I like climbing trees and that the best part is climbing down. You know that I like to drive and that I can appreciate a nice car. You know the good, the bad, the deep, the shallow. You know all this... and so much more.

And that's how it feels. That's how it feels to fall in love. You don't even realize it's happening until you've fallen so hard that you've hit the light. And you've found me.

I love you.



Neptune and the Mermaid by Alexa Mihaita

I let myself open my eyes as the memory fades away, grounding myself back in the reality of the wave forming in front of me. In such a moment, in the midst of the vast shore, it's difficult to focus on the feeling of the breeze against my skin and the sand in between my toes. Instead, I can't help but think of the way it felt when his fingertips ghosted against my forearms as he pulled me into a warm and protective embrace, my head resting against his chest where I could hear his steady heartbeat.

Above me, the sun is covered by imposing clouds once again, and the feeling of his fingertips on my skin is replaced by the nip of the cold breeze.

The wave is not far from me now, threatening to topple as it continues growing taller. Suddenly, with a resounding crash, the wave capsizes against the shoreline, and a rush of water speeds past my ankles. The wet sand softens beneath my feet, causing me to momentarily lose my balance.

I shiver.

For the first time during the blissful year I'd spent with him, I was afraid.

We rested on my leather couch together, his arm loosely draped around my shoulder as I laid my head in the crook of his neck, his free-hand closely intertwined with mine. I forced my body to imitate relaxation, and with the reassurance of his protective arm, it wasn't quite so difficult to pretend. Closing my eyes, I attempted to lower my quickening heartbeat.

My thoughts ran rampant all the same.

Longing for any distraction, my eyes flicked about the room, eventually landing on the piece of the ocean we'd drawn for our art class only months ago. It was covered by the sheer glass and surrounded by a wooden frame; a blue ribbon rewarded for our first place win hung from Neptune's glowing trident. I let my eyes ride the motion of the wave, from its dark blue base all the way to the sea king's crown, and then I focused my attention on the begging mermaid, suddenly sympathizing with her fear.

I gulped loudly.

"You're tense," he murmured softly, worry lacing his tone, "are you okay?" He massaged my hand gently, attempting to calm me down. I appreciated the gesture, but it did nothing to slow my heart rate.

"Yes." I lied, not wanting to breach the topic, as it would've surely disrupted the reassurance his presence was giving me.

If I'd expressed my worry, we would've fought.

He didn't take the bait, raising his eyebrow skeptically and tightening his grip around my shoulders.

"Please, let me know what's wrong. You know I'm always here for you."

His fingers ran down my hand, stopping at the silver ring and letting his pointer finger circle it slowly. He'd gifted me the ring only a month ago, a reminder of the promise we'd made mutually. At the time, I cried with joy when he gave it to me. Now, tears welled up in my eyes for a different reason. No matter how much I wished to avoid the conversation, I could never bring myself to lie to him.

I was going to break the promise.

"You know that agreement we made," I began shakily, "where we said that after we graduate, we'll go to University of the Arts together?"

"Of course. Then we'll get our majors in painting and drawing, and we'll live in our own little place with a studio all to ourselves." He responded with a soft smile, reciting the plan we'd created together.

He was the one to suggest the plan in the first place one month ago, and at the time, I'd been more than eager to follow.

It was funny, the way life decided to change in as little as thirty days.

I prolonged the silence for as long as I could, but that look in his eyes, the look that wanted so badly for me to express my troubles, was too much to bare.

"I got accepted into California Institute of the Arts." I breathed out quickly, almost to the point where he couldn't understand me, but when his face darkened slightly, I knew he'd gotten every word.

"What?"

I'd never seen him look at me with such an expression, and my pulse dared to quicken even more as his features began to suggest anger as opposed to the warm smile I was used to.

"Ever since I was little," I rushed to explain, stopping him from saying anything, "I'd dreamed of going to college at California Institute of the Arts, just like my mother and father did-"

"We made a promise," he interrupted, his voice low.

"But when I applied in the beginning of the year," I continued, beginning to ramble as I panicked, "I never thought I'd make it, and then I met you and you were passionate about art too, so I thought that maybe settling down and going to a more local school was a better plan-"

"This isn't just about the school. This is supposed to be about us." His voice grew louder with every word, to the point where I was compelled to cover my ears.

"And then I got a large envelope from an address in California, and I was so happy that I began to cry before I even opened it-"

"You made a promise!" His voice finally rose to a yell, shocking me into silence, my explanation falling flat. He stood up hastily, walking away from me and over to the piece hanging on the wall. Grabbing it off the wall, he looked down at the wave, at Neptune's crown, at the mermaid with the silky black hair.

When I'd painted the mermaid what seemed like forever ago, I never thought I'd sympathize with her expression of fear, but there Daniel stood, our painting tightly clenched in his fists.

If it was even possible, my heart raced more.

To be continued...

If I Could Tell You by Andrew Lim

**If I could tell you how much you mean
to me,
I would
try to tell you every day,
but you never listen.**

**Downing yourself,
drowning yourself,
in a pit of regret you sit
and think.**

**I try to help and you push away,
even though you know,
it's almost like you don't.
You mean so much to me,
more than the time that ticks away,
more than the light that shines on
me,
more than the life that drains me,
more than the stars in the sky.**

**O' my love that is not,
the time with you is not wasted.
The light may not shine on you,
but you are the brightest gem I see.**

**I want you to call my name,
to call in your distress,
to help your helplessness.
I listen and listen,
yet nothing is heard.**

**I want to scream and yell,
"The help you seek is here,"
but nothing comes out.**

**So much to say,
but no words come easily.**

**If I could tell you how much you mean
to me,
I would say, "I love you,"
and you would believe me.
You would accept it.
I could help.
I could be there for you.**

**Only if you believed your importance,
Only if you believed my words,
Only if the words could come out.**

Perseverance by Grace (Guest Writer)

**Sun shining brightly through the city air
Lighting up the buildings that touch the sky,
And not a speck of sidewalk here is bare.
Vibes just make you feel as if you could fly.**

**But the city can end up being tough,
And it can make you want to turn around.
The road to your dream's going to be rough;
Stick with it and you'll become future-bound.**

**No matter the negative comments said,
Perseverance is the key to success.
You need to have them stay out of your head,
For there's no comment worthy to obsess.**

**There's so much in the bright city to see;
If you rise above them, able you'll be.**



The Journey Home by Dan (Guest Writer)

The day was almost upon us. Throughout this trip, I'm beginning to forget what home even looked like. My crew and I had been on this ship for years now; it has become the only place we knew. The planet Mars was a cold, relentless wasteland that we were glad to get off of. Mars looked like a big ball of fire, and it was no home. My name is Captain Davis, at least that's the rank they've given me after this horrid trip. I have stayed up at night, imagining the blue oceans of Earth that seemed no more than a dream. I enter the control station of the ship to receive a status report.

"How far out are we?" I ask.

Sergeant Smith jumps as if he didn't hear me come in.

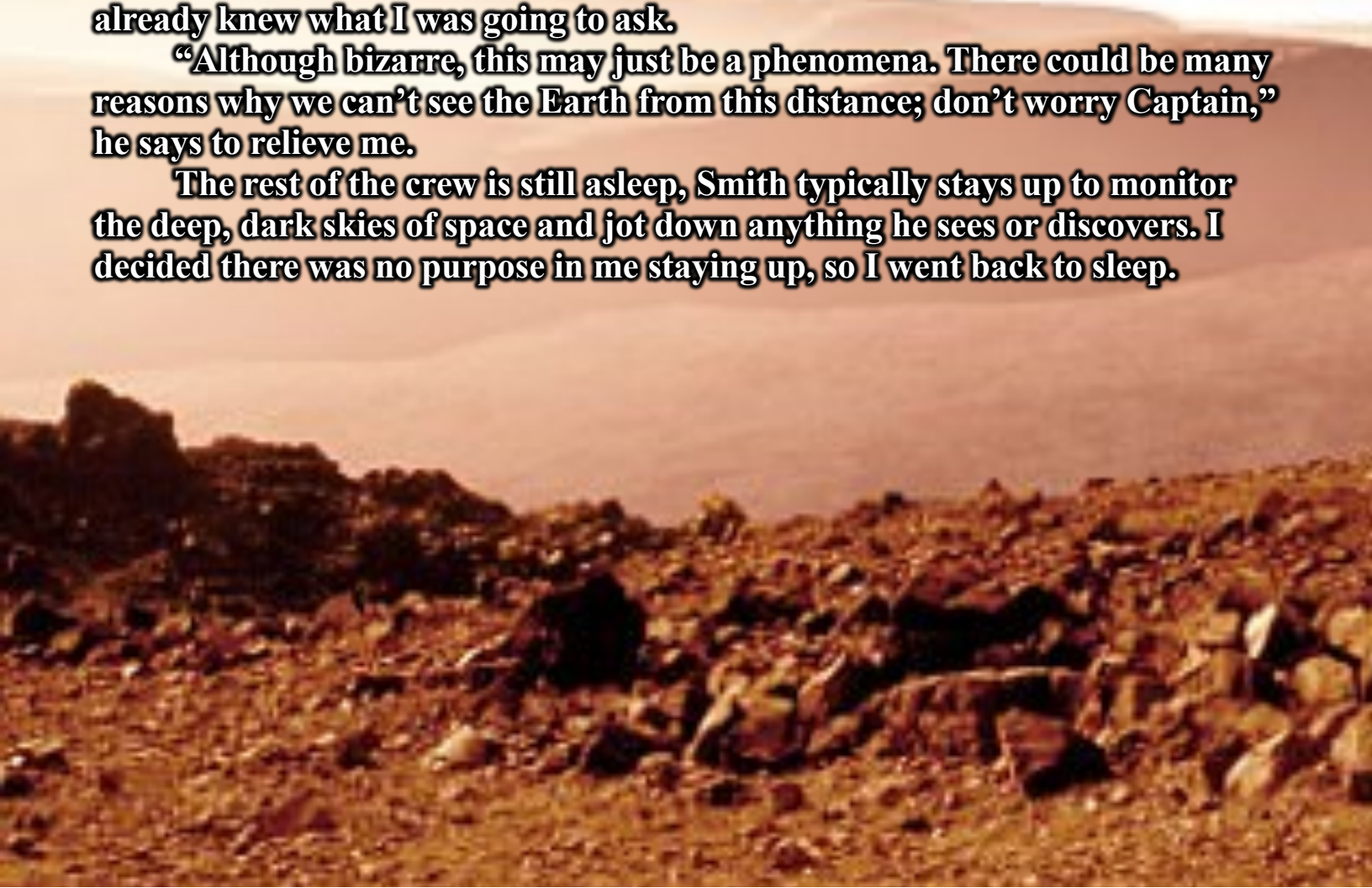
"My apologies captain, we're 25,000 miles out," he finally responded.

"25,000 miles? That means tha..." before I finished that thought, I look out the main window of the ship to look out into the star.

My excitement turns to confusion as the planet I was looking for is nowhere to be seen. I turn to look at Smith to ask him where it is but he already knew what I was going to ask.

"Although bizarre, this may just be a phenomena. There could be many reasons why we can't see the Earth from this distance; don't worry Captain," he says to relieve me.

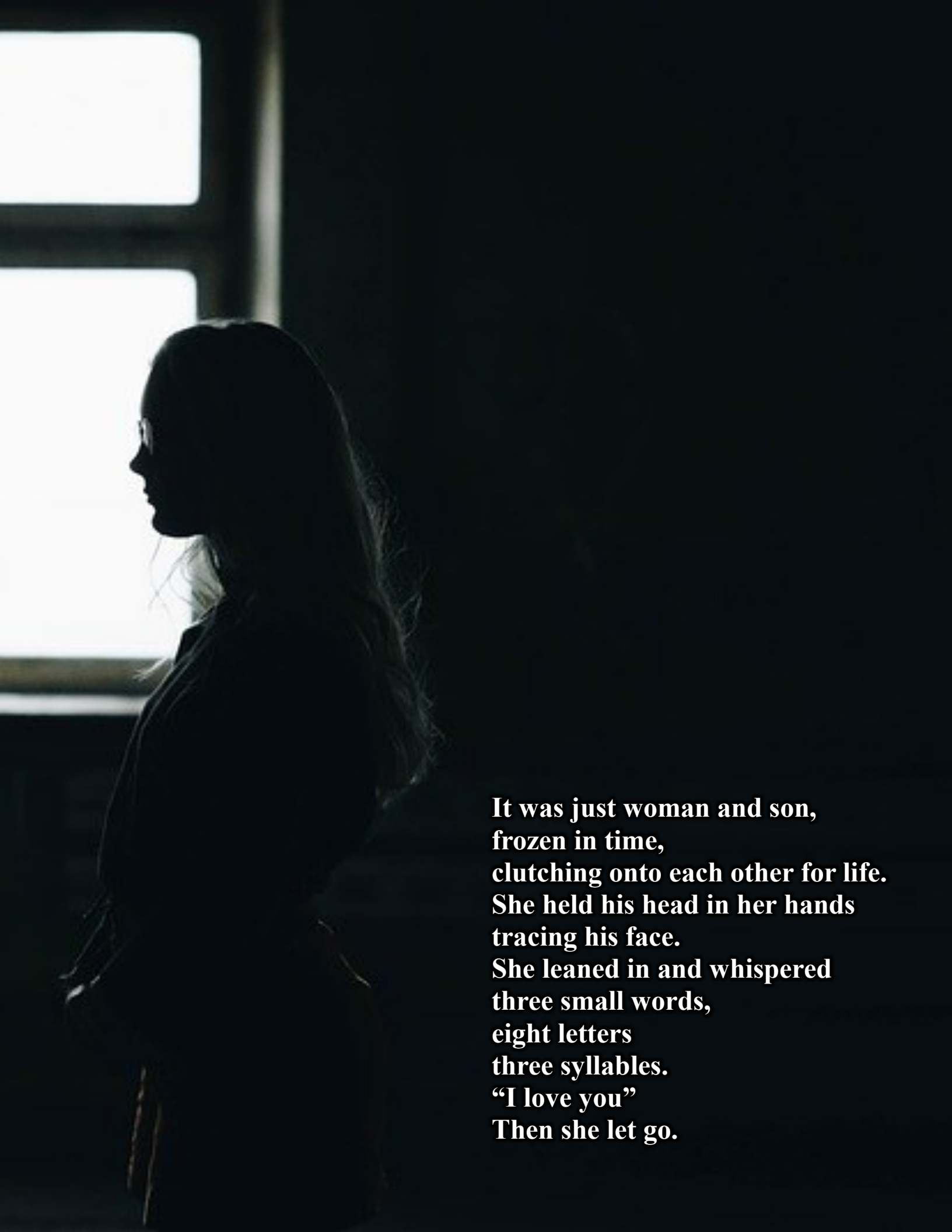
The rest of the crew is still asleep, Smith typically stays up to monitor the deep, dark skies of space and jot down anything he sees or discovers. I decided there was no purpose in me staying up, so I went back to sleep.





Let Go by Carlyne McGurk

Bare feet hit the cold wooden floor,
creaking under her weight,
she hurried from room to room.
A sparring amount of white light spilled through
the windows,
The wind blew the stained cream curtains
causing them to hover in the air,
looking like a ghostly figure in
the sliver of light.
She flew back and forth, deep in fevering thoughts.
Tree branches slapping the roof
echoed through the house,
followed by tap, tap tapping of her racing feet.
A weak voice croaked from an upstairs,
Mommy? It questioned.
Her eyes fell upon a fragile boy laying down,
twisted in blankets.
Hearing the boy talk
swept away her thoughts,
he laughed,
she hadn't heard it for the longest time.
He looked at her, he really looked,
grasping up he hugged her.
Will I be okay? Can you sing for me?
The woman cupped his face,
her eyes smiling in pain.
A sharp breath.
A sharp breath.
She started to sing,
gentle tears rushed to her eyes,
hair fell into her eyes
creating a curtain.
Notes spilling off her tongue
and poured into the air.



**It was just woman and son,
frozen in time,
clutching onto each other for life.
She held his head in her hands
tracing his face.
She leaned in and whispered
three small words,
eight letters
three syllables.
“I love you”
Then she let go.**

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

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