

A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sun is low on the horizon, partially obscured by a large, dark, textured cloud. The sky is filled with smaller, wispy clouds. The sun's light reflects on the water's surface, creating a shimmering path. In the foreground, the dark, vertical lines of a building or fence are visible, slightly out of focus.

SONDER

SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1, EDITION 3

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

This edition (Volume 1, edition 3) was published on April 20, 2018.

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, Part Three by Annabel Lee

“Well, why are you here today?” Mr. Lam asks as I sit down across from him in his office.

“Because I’m being an active citizen.” I say.

“I think I’m going to need a better answer than that.” When I glare at him, he says, “Come on, we’ve never had issues before. Now, just tell me exactly what happened that got you in my office.”

“Well, Dahlia said that it’s some conspiracy that’s making a whole bunch of students in Section E forget things, and we came up with a plan that I am regretting so much now that I’m sitting-”

“You’re rambling.”

“Sorry. Me and a bunch of other students realized that we have a tendency to forget large chunks of time. I think the average is about two days. We figured that it couldn’t possibly be a coincidence, so we decided to try get some information. I started talking about it in English, but Mrs. Shuster didn’t like it, so she sent me to your office.”

“And you were talking calmly?”

“Not exactly.”

“Well, there’s our problem. Mrs. Shuster probably would’ve responded more calmly if you had been acting more calmly.”

“No, she wouldn’t’ve! I was being perfectly calm yesterday, and she *still got upset about it! All I want to know is what is going on!*”

Mr. Lam sits back in his seat as if he’s contemplating something. After remaining silent for a couple minutes, he starts to talk.

“About six years ago, students started to suddenly forget the last couple of days. It was by no means a majority, only about 20 percent. Still, just 20 percent of our school encapsulates over one thousand students. This soon became a problem. A class may start a unit on Monday, learn it over the course of a week, and take the unit test on Friday. If a student suddenly forgot everything on Thursday, it would put that individual, and in some cases the entire class, a week behind schedule. So, to the problem, we put all of the forgetful students in Section E of each grade. However, that only made it worse. At least one student in Section E would forget each week, and there was absolutely no progress.

“This would have been a major issue, if not for the discovery that came only a couple months after the forgetting started. It turns out that we could induce amnesia in the Section E students at a certain time every month and they wouldn’t forget for at least twenty-eight days after! It was quite exciting! Once the technique was perfected, we started inducing amnesia to our Section E students every fourth Wednesday. Teachers had to go through the curriculum a little more quickly--25 percent more quickly, to be precise--but all-in-all, it was very much worth it.

“You are particularly prone to these bouts of...forgetfulness. At first, we weren’t sure you’d be able to stay on the every-fourth-Wednesday schedule. However, you quickly adapted.” I stare at Mr. Lam when he finishes his explanation. *I cannot believe what is happening.*

“You mean to tell me that my dreams, or actually, I’m not calling them that anymore because I now know for a fact that they aren’t dreams; I’m going to call them what they are: forgotten things, anyway these *things I’ve forgotten are your fault? That these things that I’ve ignored or lied about for the last five years didn’t have to happen!*” I shout.

“Well, we’ve never known the full extent of the aftershock that comes from the induced amnesia, but we have always assumed that the students in Section E would experience it, perhaps to a slightly lesser degree, even in the natural amnesia.”

I think back to the first time I remember forgetting. I woke up on a normal Tuesday morning--except it wasn’t Tuesday morning; it was Friday. The morning was so normal that I didn’t even know that it wasn’t Tuesday until I got to school and heard the principal say “Happy Friday, Everyone!” on the announcements.

“Well, you’re wrong. Other than the stress of discovering you’ve lost a few days of your life, waking up having forgotten is the most peaceful feeling in world. Nothing fazes you, until you find out the date, of course. The first few times I forgot, I was so blissful. Then, the dreams, sorry, *memories started. That bliss was replaced with a cold sweat, with a terror of which I did not know the source. In case you forgot since I said it last, that’s all your fault.*”

“I know this is overwhelming, but you need calm down! We’re doing what we’re doing for the good of the student population. Could you imagine what would happen if students just forgot at random? It would be chaos! Pure chaos I tell you!” Now Mr. Lam was also yelling.

“I assume you’re working on a cure for forgetting at all, then?”

“Well, no. The induced amnesia works so well that we decided any further research was a waste of time and money.”

“I cannot believe you! ‘Oh, these bouts of forgetfulness are *so inconvenient, we must find a solution. Oh, here’s an idea that kind of works, let’s just go with that!*’ You are such an...”

“I must insist you calm down! Here, study this watch. I find that it always helps students forget their anger.”

The pocket watch swung 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.

THE END

Melancholy Monday by Ashley Ellis

Dusk skulks through the sea of clouds.

Rain dances across the window.
Gentle winds harmonize with drums of thunder.

Nut-brown trees sway in unison;
Their leaves parachute below.

The alarm pounds in your eardrums,
Interrupting your blissful dream.

Your eyes are glued shut.
You're frozen in place, unwilling to move.

Wishing you could doze off for eternity,
Being stuck in never-ending dream.

You gaze out the window painted with rain drops.
The sky has been illuminated by the ombre of orange and yellow.

You roll out of bed,
Dreading the day that lies ahead of you.

The sun has risen,
And it's time to start another day.



An Out of This World Love Poem by Cloudy

Dear Mars,
Four planets away
Yet so astonishing.
The second smallest planet,
Yet you have the largest heart in the solar system.

Your rustic color
So vintage and unique,
Unlike any other seen before.

Others envy you
And admire you being small,
Yet so significant.

Your rivers may no longer flow,
But you flood my heart with love,
And your channels stay permanently engraved
To show your deep history.

There are so many things I could say,
But to conclude,
I have three words:
I
Love
You.

Your Shadow by Laura

My dear senior,

I don't mind. I don't mind growing up in your shadow because you are growing too. Soon you will be fully grown. You will blossom into a beautiful flower. Your work will be the talk of the world. I know it will because your work is simply gorgeous.

But for right now, I am in your shadow. The shadow of your work. Of how you have progressed. I am a joke in your shadow. My work is hardly extraordinary in the face of yours. People tell me that I am the next one- the next one whose work will be admired by all and scorned by none. But right now, I am in your shadow.

And you are not mean. You are truly not an awful person. You have never been mean to me. Occasionally, you will disregard me, forgetting who I am. But I can shake you out of it, and you remember me. You treat me as your equal, and I think of you as mine. But people only see us as the master and his shadow, the professional and the amateur.

I am jealous. My dear senior, I am jealous. I am so jealous that I will never, ever tell you. You could never understand what it is like to be in the shadow of greatness. You could not fathom how I wish to be like you. Your talent and hard work is almost unachievable for me. You work diligently day in and day out, never stopping. It seems as though your life revolves around our craft, our work. You are truly a marvel, my dear senior.

How can I work to be you, my dear senior? How can I work, day in and day out, mastering our craft? And becoming a master of our craft never stops; there is always something more to work on. Our work is never done. We never can stop, as long as our fingers can dance, our minds can think, and our lungs can take in liter upon liter of air. Oh, how can I work? How can I aspire to your greatness, my dear senior?

My dear senior, you have left me such a legacy to live up to. What if I never reach it? What if I never am able to grow out of your shadow? I will be stuck behind your legacy forever. What if I fail?

My dear senior, I know you will never remember me. When you have become fully grown, and have gone off to college to make it big, you will never remember me. You will continue to work, and work. And you will go on to meet other masters, and you won't remember that little person at home. That little girl who grew up in your shadow.

I don't mind your shadow, my dear senior. But when I get the chance, this shadow will dissipate to dust and take the strenuous step into the light.

This letter may mean nothing to you, my dear senior, but your shadow deserves the chance to explain herself, her feelings. And you would do well to listen, for maybe you can help your shadow step into the light. She only wishes to be like you.

With contemptuous love,
Your Shadow

Firefly by Grace Dougherty

The field by the house is open and usually empty except for whatever makes a home in the tall grass that sways in the wind. On this night, however, the sun is almost fully set and the purple hues of the horizon cast the open plane under a shadow that invites other sources of light, like the flickering tails of fireflies, to take the place of the sun. Tonight a handful of children venture through the field, tumbling in the soft grass and leaping after the lightning bugs that are often just out of reach. A girl, about age seven, catches one in her small fist, much to the amazement of a boy to her left, who just dove after one and is now lying on his stomach in the weeds.

“Alice, you caught one!” he cries, and it echoes over the field. The other children come running, and soon the girl finds herself surrounded by bright eyes fixed on her fist and the soft light that flares every few seconds from in between the cracks in her fingers.

“Lemme see!”

“Wow Alice!”

“Cool!”

“You can see it glowing!”

The girl isn't sure what to do with her newfound fame, and she stands still with her fist in front of her, eyes trained on the soft yellow pulsing. The moment seems to freeze for her. The heat of the summer air sticks her bangs to her forehead, and the gentle breeze rustles the grass around her. Fireflies float in and out of the edges of her vision, and the excited chatter of her friends is the melody to the song of the night, overlaid with a percussion of crickets from the grass around them. The sun sets for good then, and the only light close to her is the firefly she has in her palm. She can feel its tiny legs as it shifts about in over her hand, tickling her. She breathes in; the air is sweet.

She exhales. An impatient boy urges the others to make room for him among the circle of onlookers, pushing another boy into her. Startled from her wonder, she is jostled to the left and loses her footing, opening her fist as she falls. From her new place on the ground, the grass tickling at her legs, she sees the gazes of her peers trace the path of the newly released firefly as the bug swirls above them, blinking happily. It disappears into twilight, and the children disperse around the field again, their trance broken.

An Innocent by Ahlam Houssein

You were always a being I yearned to protect;
To insulate you from Earth and the evil within,
For I knew how much it could sully a soul
To maim comfort and happiness akin.
I never wished for you to endure pain
From corrosive words of scurrilous tongues--
The ones that obscure your very vision and
Empty all traces of air from your lungs.
You have always been among the Innocents
Preciously rare, made of emerald and stone.
You don't find many more of you in the world;
Humanity has decomposed them to the bone.
But you possess a hope, a light in you
One that is vulnerable and not yet strong,
And because of the risk of detriment I
Know not where people like you belong.
How could such splendors in the world
Produce a people so far from innocent?
It elicits the bad and redeposits it while
Our true dispositions remain forever latent.

Marred by Ahlam Houssein

Avarice is an avid consumer of the mind.
Perfidy, a force rendering us all blind.
Promise, a contract we forgot we signed.
Love is a beauty we strive to find,
While neglecting the hearts we left behind.
Passion, an energy suppressed, confined.
Empathy, to which we are disinclined.
Ability, hindered by the undermined
Efficacy that dwindles and erodes with time.
Crime, whose rate has failed to decline.
Words, which have to many maligned
As we wonder how society may be refined--
To have our values, perspectives realigned.
Because all of these, in single form or combined,
Are features among us that plague mankind.

A Love Poem for The Lost by Carlyne McGurk

My dear, I love you
To the moon and back again.
Forever, always.

Why is it so hard,
To express the feelings here?
No words to explain.

Hard to say clearly.
Too much to say all at once.
Eternally lost.

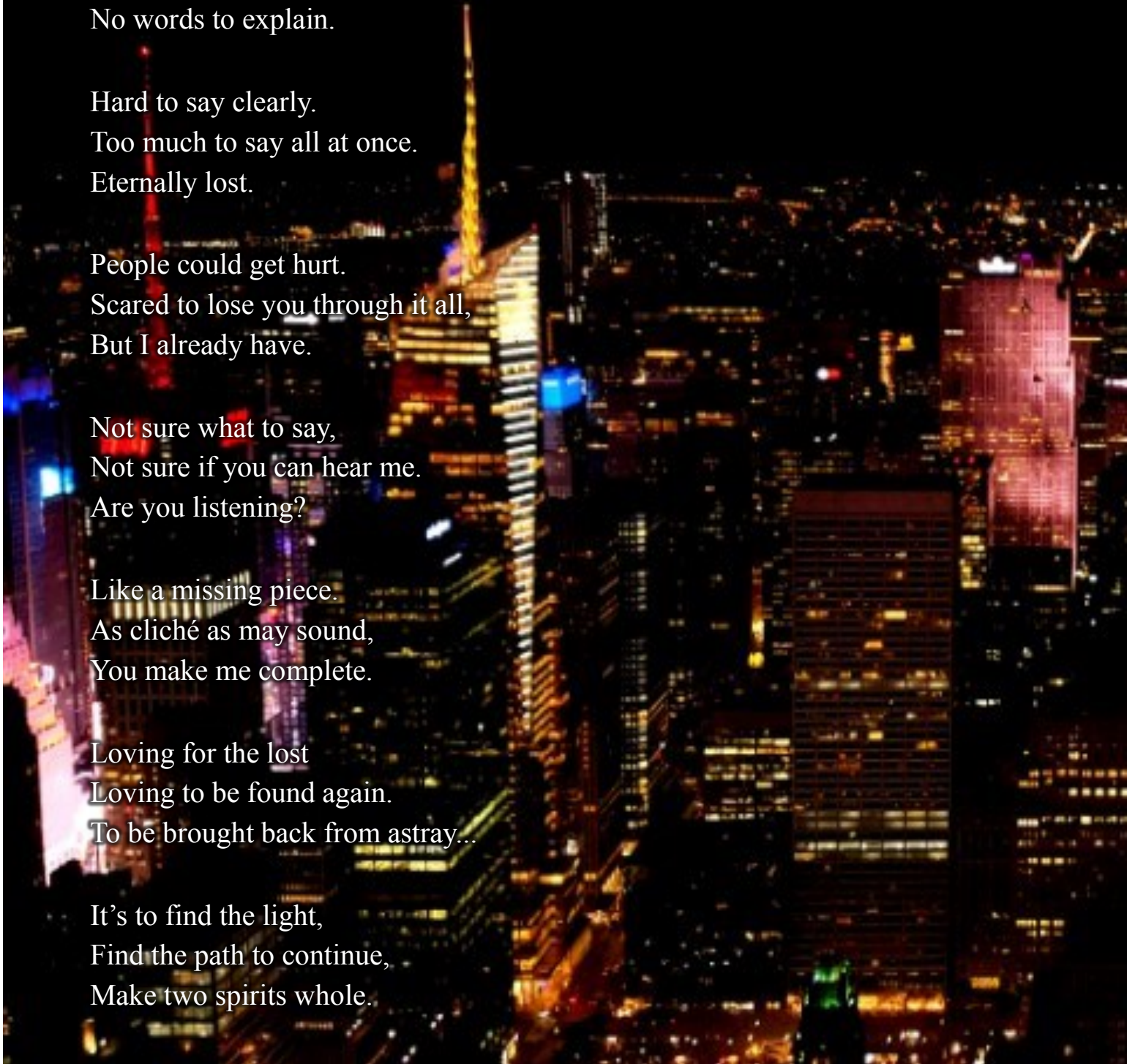
People could get hurt.
Scared to lose you through it all,
But I already have.

Not sure what to say,
Not sure if you can hear me.
Are you listening?

Like a missing piece.
As cliché as may sound,
You make me complete.

Loving for the lost
Loving to be found again.
To be brought back from astray...

It's to find the light,
Find the path to continue,
Make two spirits whole.



When the Sun Sets by Max Hay

When the sun sets, ten million curious eyes light up the night.

When the sun sets, a thick blanket lays across the world.

When the sun sets, everything is silent and still.

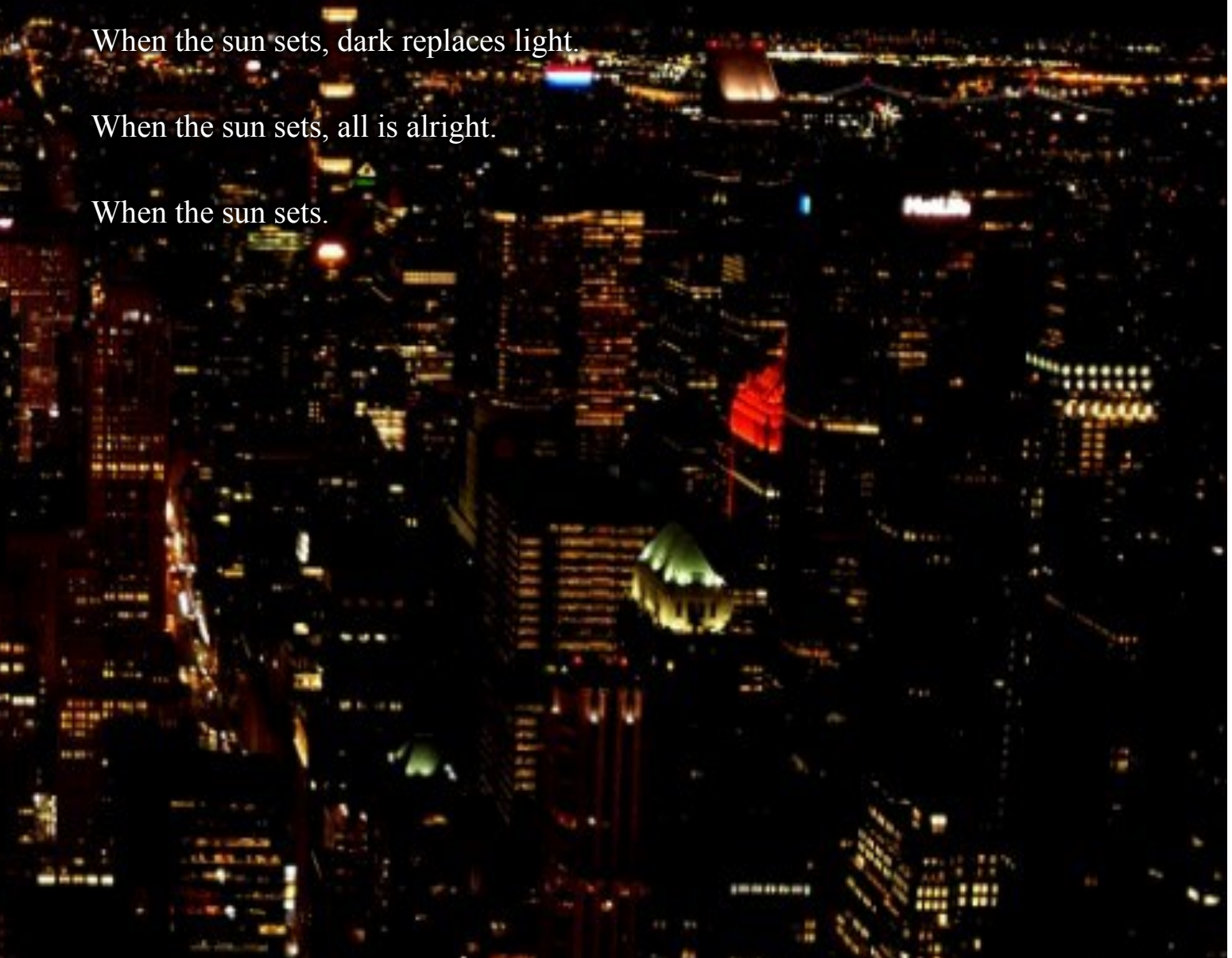
When the sun sets, sleep falls on the weary.

When the sun sets, the world is peaceful.

When the sun sets, dark replaces light.

When the sun sets, all is alright.

When the sun sets.



Cornflower Blue by Carlyne McGurk

Dear Cornflower Blue,

There's many hues of blue,

But not many just like you.

You're soft and sweet,

And oh such a treat!

Rapidly my heartbeats,

Almost causing me to flea.

My feelings aren't that discrete,

That's obvious to any stranger who

walks down main street.

A beautiful shade of blue,

How much I wish I could call you

My boo.

You're such a beautiful view,

So pure and true.

Oh how much I love you.

Love Razz xo

Razzmatazz by Cloudy

Dear Razzmatazz,
Red 227,
Green 37,
Blue 107,
A code that makes you unique.
You stand out above the rest.

Color of deep pink roses,
Resembling romance,
Beautiful hue of red,
Born in the year 1993,
But being the extraordinary ever since.

Your unique name razzles my mind,
Causing me to repeat it over and over,
Annoying all who hear.

You are a hue of red that makes people energized.
I dance and prance around,
With the thought of you on my mind.
I blush,
Smiling in the mirror like an idiot.
I see you upon my cheeks,
Causing me to blush more,
And causing my smile to grow.
People may use you,
And break you,
Making you feel weak,
Dull,
Lessened.
But in my little blue eyes,
That will never be the case.
You are strong,
Vivid,
Powerful.
You are the color I always dreamed about being.

Love yours truly,

C.F. Blue

Neptune and the Mermaid by Alexa Mihaita

“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.

“This was our promise.” He said quietly, almost monotonously, as he ran his fingers over the blue ribbon. A painful silence ensued, the air only punctuated with the sound of my quick breathing and his drawn out sighs. I remained silent and still, not daring to move for fear that the argument would begin again. The longer I kept quiet, the longer the temporary peace would last, the longer we were still connected by the tenuous rope that bound us in that moment.

Even so, California continued to call to me.

“Daniel.”

He didn’t respond.

“Daniel.” I called again, more desperately this time.

“You’re going to California, aren’t you?”

It was a question, but he phrased it like a statement. The answer was as clear as the sheer glass covering the piece we’d created together. Another bout of quiet passed, a mourning, uncomfortable silence that hung heavy in the air.


Suddenly, the sound of shattering glass rung in my ears, and I glanced down to see our piece thrown onto the floor; the glass shattered into two pieces. The canvas split down the center, separating Neptune from the mermaid.

The rope broke. She was free.

An hour passed, and he was gone. I held the halves of the broken piece, Neptune in my right hand and the mermaid in my left. My left ring finger that previously held a hoop of silver was now bare; the engravings of the ring still present on the red, sensitive skin.

His name was Daniel, and I was alone.

Love, I think, is a strong word. It’s a broad concept, one that encompasses a feeling that cannot be described, at least not with words.



Now, a few days later, as I feel the sea breeze against my skin and the chill of water against my legs, I realize that what Daniel and I shared wasn't love. Perhaps it was an obsession, an enticing idea of spending the rest of my life beside somebody who understood me and inspired me to pursue my ideal future. Perhaps it was the comfort of a second presence, the gentle reassurance given by strong arms that soothed me the same way my mother's voice did in her soft lullabies.

Perhaps I'd forgotten that childhood is a time when comfort is almost always derived from others safeguarding you. Adulthood is different; adults may rely on the protection of a warm embrace, but they must also learn to derive comfort from within.

At the time it was Daniel, the way he made me realize the greater aspects of myself and my talents, that led me to apply for California.

It was also my connection to Daniel, my will to keep a superficial promise that was only encouraged by my infatuation with him, that almost held me back from that dream.

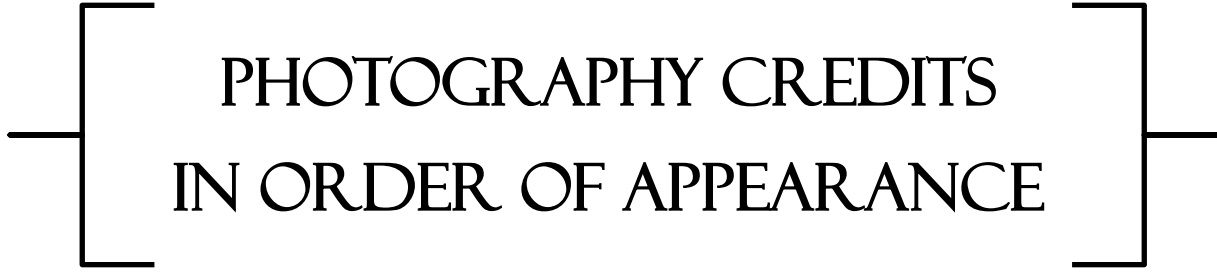
The ocean before me is calm, the wave having left the gentle, serene swaying of the vast blue water in its wake. Overhead, the clouds once again began to part slowly, finally beginning to reveal the sun in its entirety, allowing a brilliant glow to adorn the horizon-line of the sea. The cold that clung to my skin is replaced by an enveloping warmth, and I bask in the feeling of pure sunlight.

Pain still remains, and oftentimes I will remember him and weep at the loss of the blissful future we could've shared in our small Philadelphia studio. But the anticipation of an unknown, invigorating future will keep me pushing onwards to California, where the rest of my life awaits.

An hour passes, and I am still standing in front of the ocean. Several waves pass, crashing onto my feet that remain dug in the sand, but I stand unwavering. The sun continues to magnificently glow, and the clouds continue to depart second by second.

My name is Alex, and I am an artist.

THE END



PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS
IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

All photography in this edition has been taken by Krissy Foster and Keto (non-SHS students)