

# SONDER

SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1, EDITION 4

# 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!

## Beneath the Oak Tree

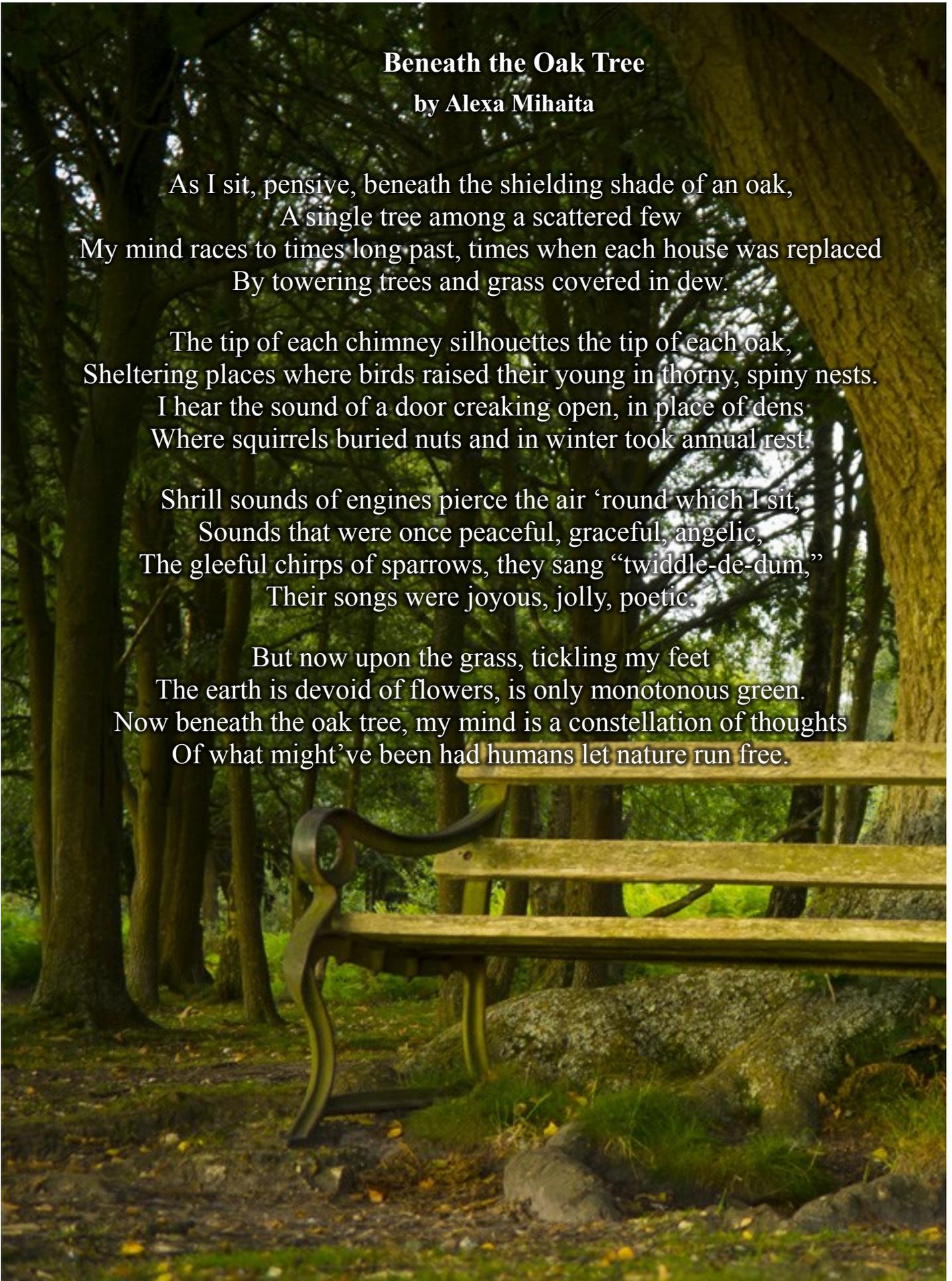
by Alexa Mihaita

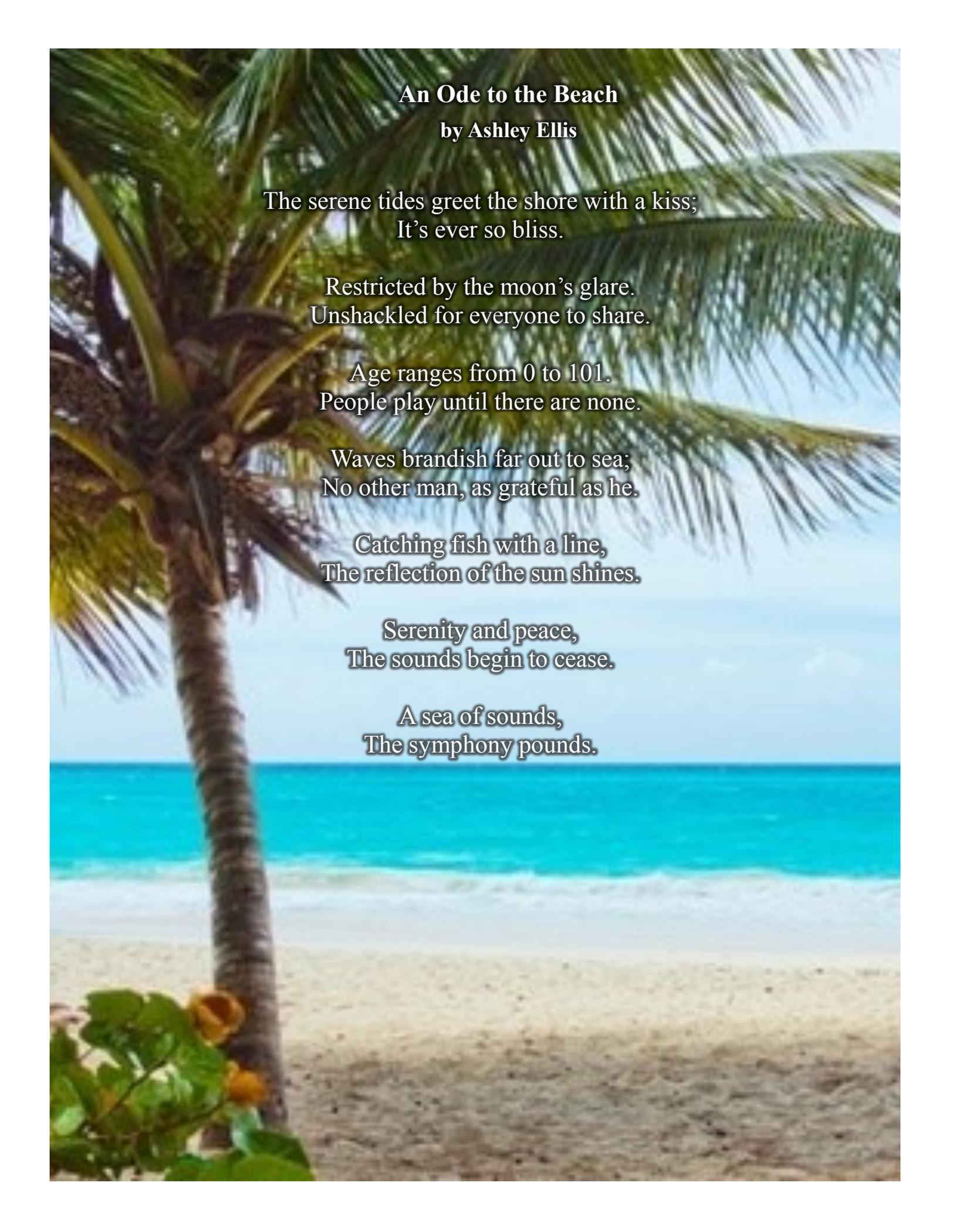
As I sit, pensive, beneath the shielding shade of an oak,  
A single tree among a scattered few  
My mind races to times long past, times when each house was replaced  
By towering trees and grass covered in dew.

The tip of each chimney silhouettes the tip of each oak,  
Sheltering places where birds raised their young in thorny, spiny nests.  
I hear the sound of a door creaking open, in place of dens  
Where squirrels buried nuts and in winter took annual rest.

Shrill sounds of engines pierce the air 'round which I sit,  
Sounds that were once peaceful, graceful, angelic,  
The gleeful chirps of sparrows, they sang "twiddle-de-dum,"  
Their songs were joyous, jolly, poetic.

But now upon the grass, tickling my feet  
The earth is devoid of flowers, is only monotonous green.  
Now beneath the oak tree, my mind is a constellation of thoughts  
Of what might've been had humans let nature run free.





## An Ode to the Beach

by Ashley Ellis

The serene tides greet the shore with a kiss;  
It's ever so bliss.

Restricted by the moon's glare.  
Unshackled for everyone to share.

Age ranges from 0 to 101.  
People play until there are none.

Waves brandish far out to sea;  
No other man, as grateful as he.

Catching fish with a line,  
The reflection of the sun shines.

Serenity and peace,  
The sounds begin to cease.

A sea of sounds,  
The symphony pounds.

## *What It's Like* by Adrienne Keener

What's it like, you ask?

Well...

It's answering a question in class  
Only to find that everyone else  
Got a different answer  
And apparently yours is "wrong"  
But it doesn't feel wrong  
You can't explain your reasoning  
But you know, in your heart  
It's right

It's going to see this movie  
When everyone else saw that one  
And there's no one for you to talk to  
No one to analyze the intricacies  
No one to discuss the theme  
No one to sigh over the cute moments  
with  
Except maybe online  
But those people don't really count

It's getting a new shirt  
That you really want to wear to school  
But you can't  
Because it's against the dress code  
Or too different  
Or too out-there  
So you only wear it somewhere safe  
Like in your room, alone

It's questioning that same answer  
Thinking it must be wrong  
Everyone else got another answer,  
right?  
And you can't even say why yours is  
true

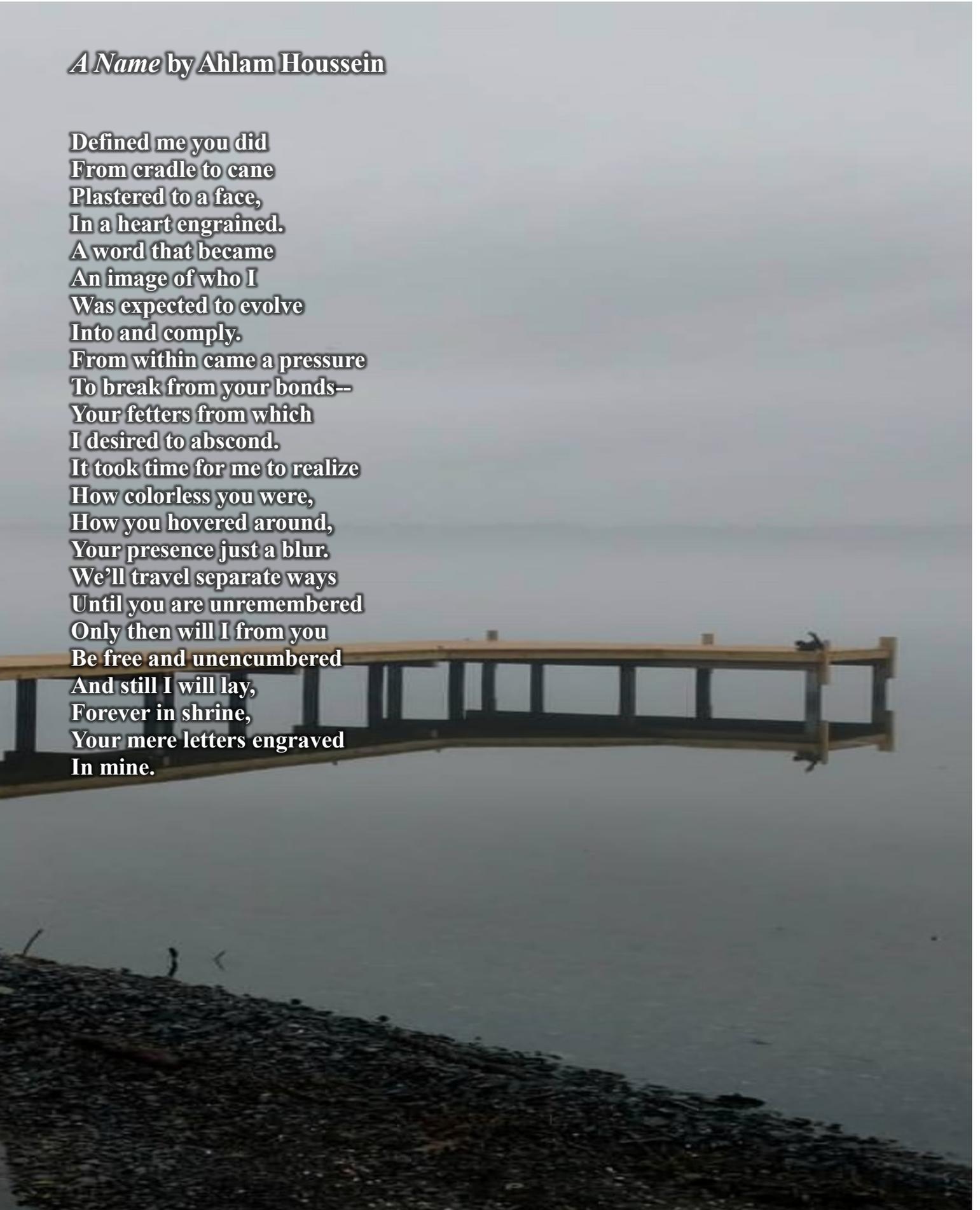
It's trying to talk about that movie  
The one you didn't really understand  
or like  
'Cause everyone else went to see it  
So surely it's alright

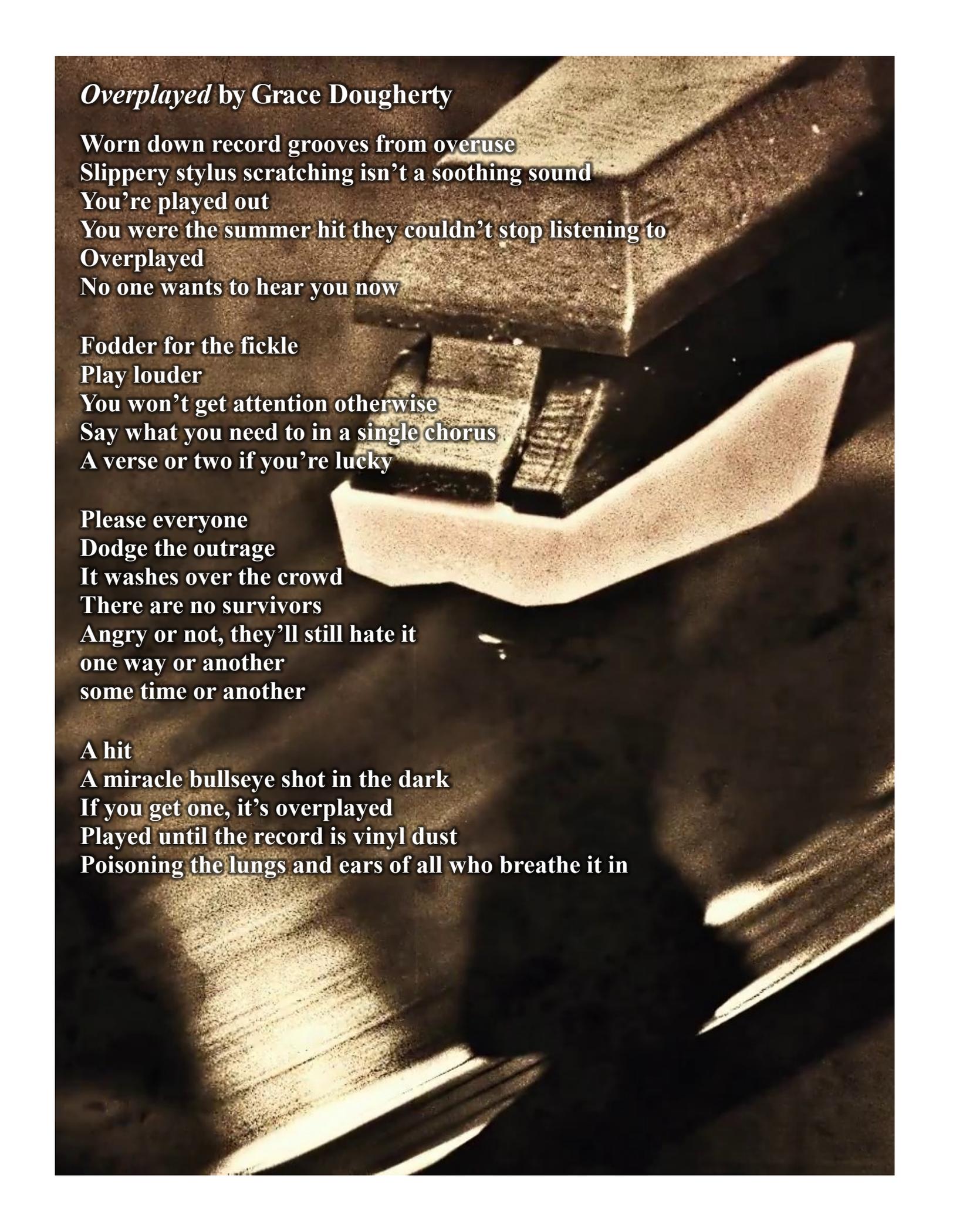
It's finally wearing that shirt  
And seeing the reaction you knew  
you'd get  
And instantly regretting it  
Wishing you had just left it behind

So what's it like, you ask?  
It's frustrating and scary and true  
You'd give anything  
To not have to worry about it  
But that's not your fate  
So you're stuck  
Being you

## *A Name* by Ahlam Houssein

Defined me you did  
From cradle to cane  
Plastered to a face,  
In a heart engrained.  
A word that became  
An image of who I  
Was expected to evolve  
Into and comply.  
From within came a pressure  
To break from your bonds--  
Your fetters from which  
I desired to abscond.  
It took time for me to realize  
How colorless you were,  
How you hovered around,  
Your presence just a blur.  
We'll travel separate ways  
Until you are unremembered  
Only then will I from you  
Be free and unencumbered  
And still I will lay,  
Forever in shrine,  
Your mere letters engraved  
In mine.





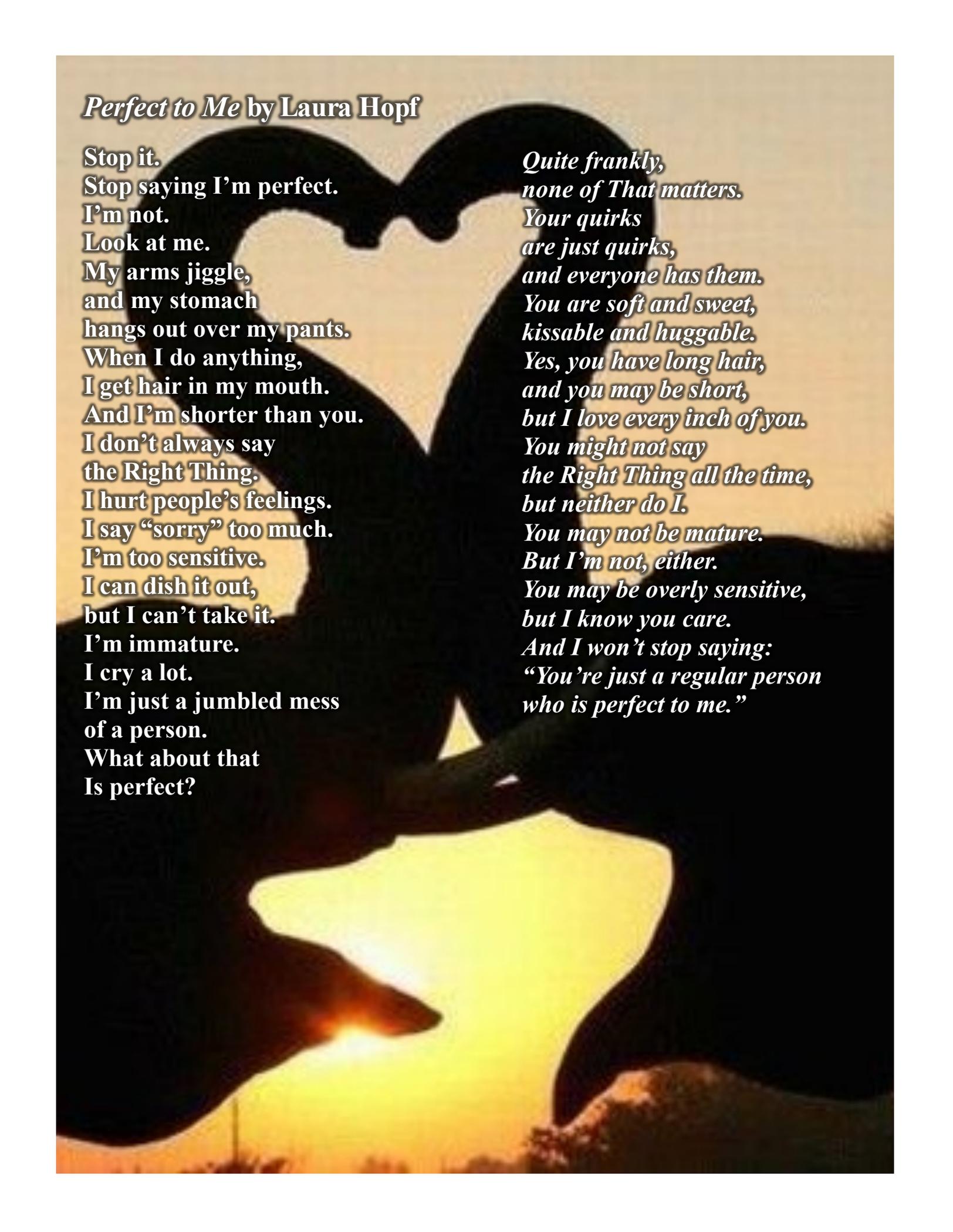
***Overplayed* by Grace Dougherty**

**Worn down record grooves from overuse  
Slippery stylus scratching isn't a soothing sound  
You're played out  
You were the summer hit they couldn't stop listening to  
Overplayed  
No one wants to hear you now**

**Fodder for the fickle  
Play louder  
You won't get attention otherwise  
Say what you need to in a single chorus  
A verse or two if you're lucky**

**Please everyone  
Dodge the outrage  
It washes over the crowd  
There are no survivors  
Angry or not, they'll still hate it  
one way or another  
some time or another**

**A hit  
A miracle bullseye shot in the dark  
If you get one, it's overplayed  
Played until the record is vinyl dust  
Poisoning the lungs and ears of all who breathe it in**



*Perfect to Me* by Laura Hopf

Stop it.  
Stop saying I'm perfect.  
I'm not.  
Look at me.  
My arms jiggle,  
and my stomach  
hangs out over my pants.  
When I do anything,  
I get hair in my mouth.  
And I'm shorter than you.  
I don't always say  
the Right Thing.  
I hurt people's feelings.  
I say "sorry" too much.  
I'm too sensitive.  
I can dish it out,  
but I can't take it.  
I'm immature.  
I cry a lot.  
I'm just a jumbled mess  
of a person.  
What about that  
Is perfect?

*Quite frankly,  
none of That matters.  
Your quirks  
are just quirks,  
and everyone has them.  
You are soft and sweet,  
kissable and huggable.  
Yes, you have long hair,  
and you may be short,  
but I love every inch of you.  
You might not say  
the Right Thing all the time,  
but neither do I.  
You may not be mature.  
But I'm not, either.  
You may be overly sensitive,  
but I know you care.  
And I won't stop saying:  
"You're just a regular person  
who is perfect to me."*



*Wanderer* by Ahlam Houssein

In a nebulous quandary I wander  
While I ponder about the Earth and stars  
About the system that upkeep life  
In this enigmatic world of ours.  
We are born and left to grow  
At which pace, we cannot decide  
Though we are advised and informed  
Of rules to which we must abide.  
We live in free confinement  
Liberated within a single sphere  
But we have wondered and discovered  
That more lies beyond what's here.  
In both physical and abstract thought  
Past the planets, moon, and sun  
We see new life offered afar,  
But is it one we've already begun?  
Are we preparing for a day to come  
When humanity will face itself?

To look at the state of our being--  
Assess our illness and our health?  
Search through our achievements  
Good, bad, and in between.  
Weigh the wars and peaceful moments--  
All of what humanity has seen?  
Everything that we have caused  
And all that we have annihilated,  
The pain that we've endured  
And all who helped alleviate it.  
We look upon our Earth and life,  
Parts we wished we could reverse,  
But ultimately we gaze ahead  
And in awe we are immersed.

*A Crossroads for Verbs and Nouns by Max Hay*

**Take me to a place where stories flow like water,  
Where words pour out of spouts.**

**Take me to a place where stars share of times long past,  
A fragment of a forgotten era.**

**Take me to a place where every pebble contains a letter,  
Of a story never ending.**

**Take me to this place, so I may make it a home.**



*Sometimes* by Carlyne McGurk

Sometimes I lay  
in a field of flowers,  
Among many and yet  
still quite alone.  
Sometimes I look up  
to the sky and  
realize I'm on a different world.  
Sometimes I go to speak,  
and find myself talking  
but it's not my words.  
I run by you,  
like a shadow,  
who is unheard.  
I can slip through the cracks  
in the wall and dream.  
Dream about being truly seen.  
Sometimes it's like  
I'll talk but you still don't get me.  
Sometimes it's like you  
listen but can't hear me.  
Sometimes it's like I'm wandering,  
Lost and alone.



# PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

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[www.lumixgexperience.panasonic.co.uk/gallery/sfkitt/bench-under-oak-tree/#.WwLU9e4vzIU](http://www.lumixgexperience.panasonic.co.uk/gallery/sfkitt/bench-under-oak-tree/#.WwLU9e4vzIU).**

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