

SPRINGFIELD SONDER

VOLUME 3, EDITION 1

L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E



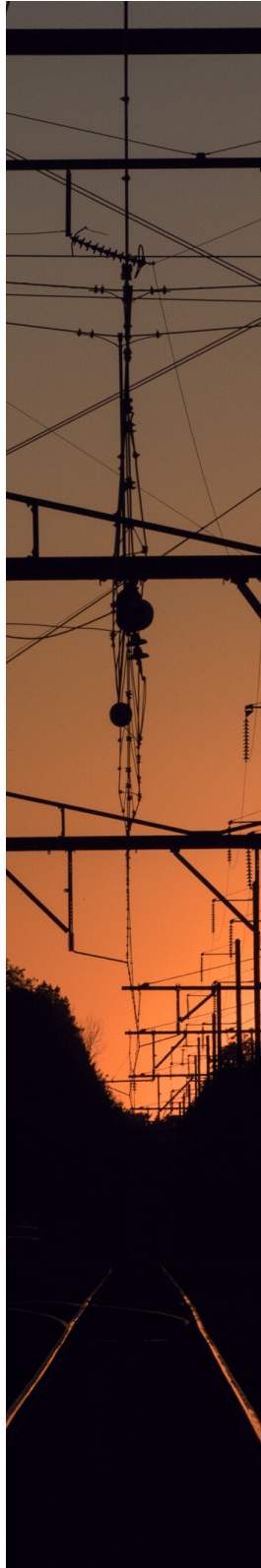
Meet the Editors

Co-Editor in Chief Ahlam Houssein

Hello, all! I have been a part of the Sonder for three years and a passionate writer since I first learned English. As a current junior, I look back at the notable progression I've seen in our writers, help from our advisors, and support from our readers with admiration; they have all played substantial roles that make the Lit Mag as successful as it is. I truly hope that you enjoy reading my work and viewing my perspective on the many matters I discuss!

Creative Director Abby Hess

Hello, my name is Abby Hess and without the arts and writing, I think I'd be very lost. To me, writing is an art form used to voice your thoughts. I'm a strong Christian, and enjoy incorporating my faith into my pieces. As a student who has a great love for photography, and as Creative Director, I hope that the addition of photographs enhances your overall reading experience!



Co-Editor in Chief Grace Dougherty

This is my fourth year writing for the Sonder. Since my freshman year, the magazine has undergone a lot of change, and thanks to Ms. Monte, Alexandra Schneider, and all the members since then, we have been able to make the Sonder what it is today. I'm so excited to be working this year to keep growing and improving the magazine. I've written all my life and I hope to go wherever writing takes me in the future. Thanks for reading!

Advisor Mrs. Deidre Zubler

Hello, Everyone! My name is Mrs. Zubler and this is my third year acting as the adviser of the Sonder Literary Magazine. This year, expect a new, updated look to our magazine as well as art and photography from our very own SHS students! I hope you enjoy the combination of writing and visuals that your peers have thoughtfully compiled.

Meet the Writers

Staff Writer Kayla Hayes

I'm a junior and this is my second year at SHS. I write short stories for fun, but the ones I enjoy writing the most are stories that revolve around mental health. I think I enjoy these types of stories just because it's interesting to try and get into the minds of others with strong emotions. I hope you can find my writing interesting. Have fun reading!

Staff Writer Megan Vince

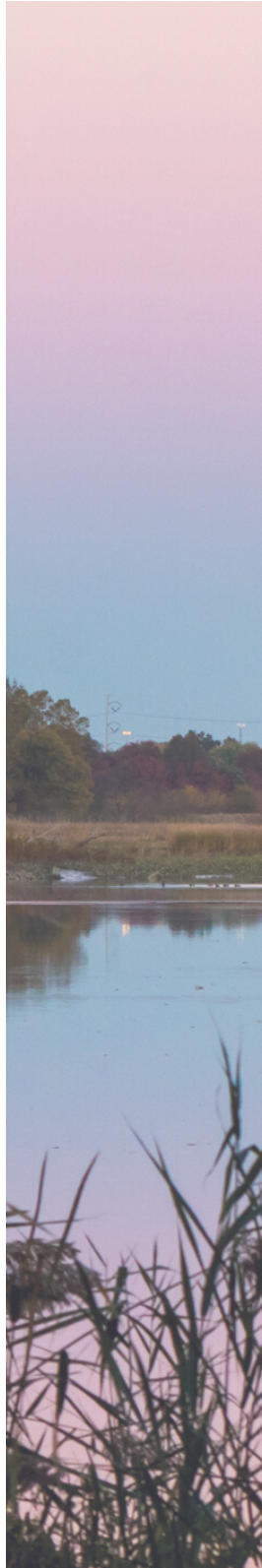
Hello readers! My name is Megan Vince formally known as both M and Cloudy. I am a junior who loves to write for fun. I love writing poems and short stories about any topics imaginable. I have an interest in writing, but, other than that, I also like drawing. As a hobby, I like to play tennis and play video games. I hope you enjoy reading what I wrote for you!

Assistant Editor Carlyne McGurk

Hello, and welcome to the Springfield Sonder, we appreciate you being here! I'm back again, not much has changed except now I stand as assistant editor, which is pretty snazzy. If it's your first time here I will do a little recap as to what I enjoy. I love writing (duh), reading, photography, service work, swimming, drawing, cooking and music. Hopefully now you have an idea as to who I am and I hope you stick around to read our work

Staff Writer Olivia Litten

Hello everyone! I'm an 11th grader and have been in the Springfield Sonder for 3 years now. I am very passionate writer of poetry and I enjoy expressing my feelings through writing. I hope you find my work to be interesting and meaningful in some way. Enjoy reading!



Meet the Writers

Staff Writer

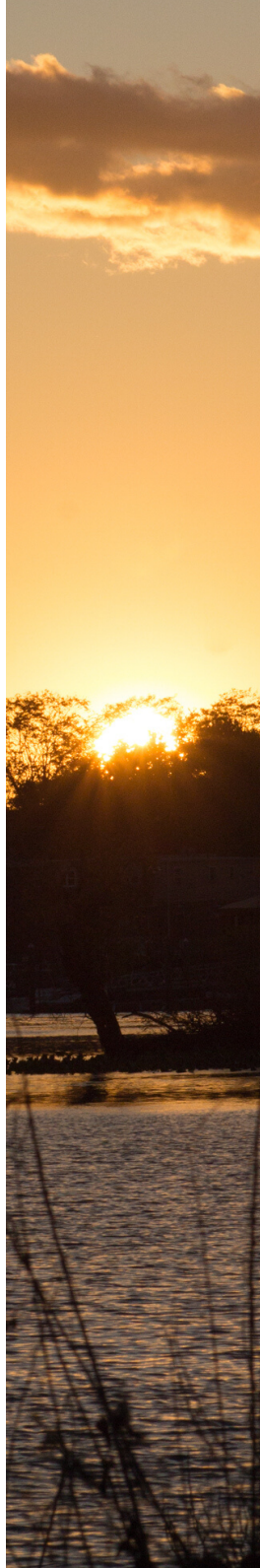
Alexa Mihaita

I am a senior at SHS. After discovering a passion for writing fiction in the 5th grade, I have spent ample time each year free-writing about a myriad of topics, including nature, love, and even my childhood. As I share my pieces with you, I hope that my words may convey my mindset and my unique voice!

Staff Writer

Adrienne Keener

I am a writer in 12th grade. I write both short stories and poems, and my favorites pieces pose a question for the reader to ponder. I always have a book with me (and usually two or three on reserve). My other activities include Girl Scouts, dancing, and enjoying educational YouTube videos.



Staff Writer

Andrew Lim

A new bio for a new me. I'm kidding, I'm still the same, nothing has changed, well a little has changed. Don't get me wrong though, it isn't a lot. I suppose something that has changed is that I'm a junior now, I know scary. Things that haven't changed, I still enjoy writing multiple different styles, and I hope you enjoy. This year is the year of change just you wait.

Staff Writer

Dominique Liberati

I am a freshman, and I love writing, playing sports, and hanging out with my friends. I also like Queen, other 80s bands, Marvel, Grey's Anatomy, American Horror Story, and other TV shows, I have/had family in this school. My writer name has meaning to me and I write on other platforms.

Meet the Writers

Staff Writer Amelia Houser

I'm a junior in high school. I've enjoyed writing since I was a child for a few reasons. Writing has let me see my hundreds of thoughts on paper and make sense of them. I really enjoy creating such a vivid image that it feels as if the reader is in the story themselves. I also enjoy Journalism. Some of my hobbies include fashion, style, and sports.

Staff Writer Max Hay

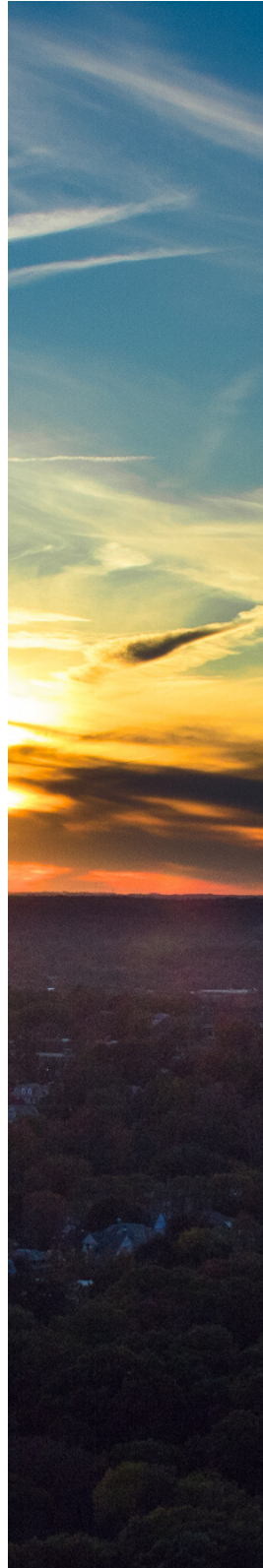
I'm a writer for the Sonder and Spri-Hian. I really like reading fiction books, mostly satire and fantasy, which most likely led to my interest in writing. I would like to start writing short stories, but I mainly write poems. I hope you stick around and see what other things I write.

Assistant Editor Ashley Ellis

As a junior and returning member of the Literary Magazine, I plan to ensure quality and intriguing pieces. I often write poems, but I want to challenge myself to branch out this year. My hobbies include writing, traveling, and reading. Thank you for reading, and I hope everyone enjoys my work!

Staff Writer Laura Hopf

Hey, I'm Laura, and I'm a senior. I aspire to go to college as a music education major, and I hope to continue with Literary Magazine there. My passion lies with writing rhythmic poetry and the occasional letter or short story. It is an honor to be a writer for The Springfield Sonder, and I hope you enjoy reading it!



A Cycle of Facade

Ashley Ellis

Aversion lurks behind a pseudonym of affection.

Crafting blasphemy with a quill of dismay, the author's palms beg,
"Why must we fabricate such lies?"

Resentment boiled until her fists kissed the desk, discarding remnants of
revulsion and self-loathing within the grain.

Tears bled into the carpet. Her sobs, muffled by wool and polyester,
suppressed to a whisper.

She had witnessed a hideous epiphany.
Spewing her slander left and right,
Defaming peers,
Spiraling into visions of grandeur.
She became her own worst enemy.

All at once, recycled drafts and rejects surfaced.
Her mind flooded with sins and crimes, yet the flames of temper persisted.
The only escape was a second-story window— a passage through the literal
and figurative realms.

Thus, she scribbled until her palms pleaded for mercy.
Impulse scattered the page, but her body was hollow.
An empty shell of herself.

She concealed her apathy with fraudulent fondness,
Yet she could never admit it.



Creativity is Theft

Max Hay

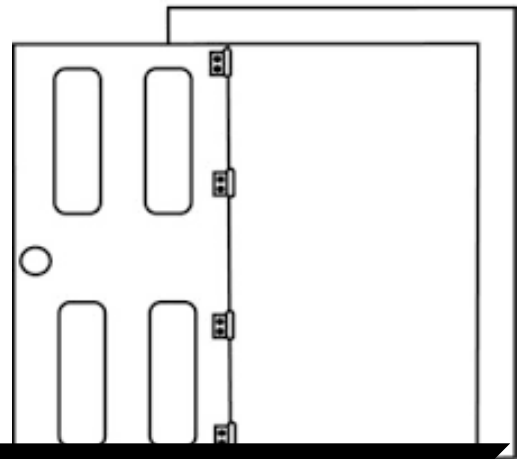


It's like a burglar who feels bad about stealing.
The burglar also knows there's things he can steal and things he can't.
But he doesn't know what he can take and what he can not.

The burglar is also starting to feel nervous.
He's been here all night, the sun is starting to rise, yet he hasn't taken anything.
He's afraid that the homeowners will wake up and find him.

Yet if the burglar doesn't steal anything,
Then the loan shark he needs to pay off will come break his knees.
The burglar loves his knees.

The burglar in a mad dash decides to take something.
He's honestly not sure what he decided to take, it was just something that fit in
his palms.
He flees through the front door, leaving it open. A glaring mistake.



Writer's Block

Abby Hess

I've got writer's block
No words left in stock
He hasn't even knocked
It's not that I'm shocked
I just wish you would unlock me
Rock me
Heck just talk with me

I can't even walk down the sidewalk
Without you jaywalking into my conscious
I'm in a metaphorical headlock
Trying to dig my way out, only to hit bedrock
I like the joking mockery
Keep looking at the clock
Waiting to go back to that epoch
Please don't lock yourself away

Let me out of this airlock
I feel deprocked
Unfroked of interaction
Can we keep the crosstalk
And trust me when I say I want to interlock
Make small talk
Feels like you shot me with a matchlock
So you're a jock
Yet still, I feel like I'm in a deadlock
Just wanna get rid of this padlock
Because I don't want this to be post hoc
Just help me restock
I've got writer's block
No words left in stock
He hasn't even knocked
It's not that I'm shocked
I just wish you would unlock me
Rock me
Heck just talk to me

Museum House

Laura Hopf

Have you ever been
to a Museum House?
Where the floor is always clean,
and there's not a crumb in sight?
Where the parents smile artificially
and offer you homemade cookies.
The house is quiet,
and when you play around,
you're told to whisper.
Shush, shush, shush.

But I think I know
why they are so quiet.
The house itself is irrelevant;
it is all to do
with the people inside.
They are quietly repressed.
The people inside
wish to shush their lives
their souls
their situations,
but they can't.
So they keep their house quiet.
Shush, shush, shush.

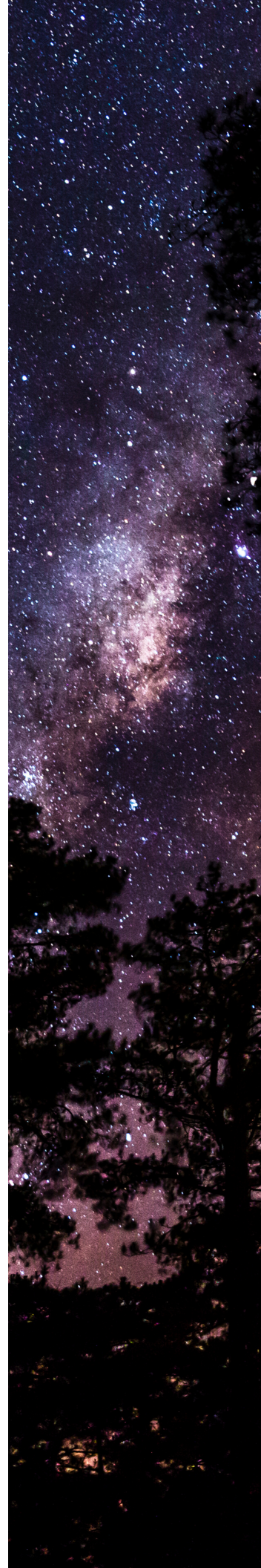
Of course, I favor
the Circus Homes.
Where the floor is never clean,
and often covered
in peanut shells.
There's store-bought goodies,
preservatives galore.
The people inside
laugh and dance.
They are loud,
their lives are loud,
and their souls fly.
They're busy and active,
but still, they're happy.
There's so much more to life
than cleaning your house,
And saying shush, shush, shush.
Because who needs Quiet
when you have Joy?

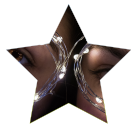
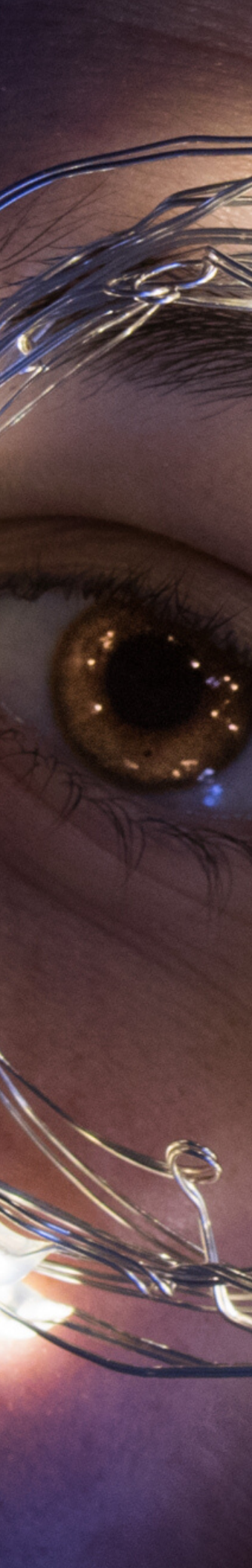
Serene Stellar Night

Adrienne Keener

Serene Stellar Night
Planets and Stars and Moon
Slowly drifting
Throughout the dark sky
A perfect picture,
A perfect tool.
A moon bright enough
That we need no other light
Stars constant enough
That we can navigate the Earth

But look closer
Some nights, the moon
--ever changing in its light--
Leaves us in the dark
And the stars,
Steady as they seem,
Change constantly
Hour by hour,
minute by minute
And in millenia would be
Unusable by what we know
A Serene Stellar Sky of
Planets, Stars, and Moon
A perfect picture
But an imperfect tool





Or

Ahlam Houssein



“To be or not to be”

To resign oneself

Or to impassion



To nestle oneself in normality

Or to shiver in uncharted waters

To occult beneath one’s carapace

Or to stride forth, fearless of peril

To roam the depths of dreams



Or to lie sleepless in diffidence

To nobly bear one’s humanity

Or to breathe among the depraved

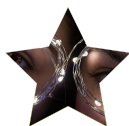
To blossom in character and art

Or to be the shadow of the canvas



To insulate thyself from the world

Or to shield the world from thyself.



Forever Ignited

Olivia Litten

We are so much more
than a technical point
on a google map
with a street view of buildings.
We will never enter,
structured altogether
to accommodate young families
and newly arrived immigrants.
Although we will never be found
in the acknowledgements
of a book about string theory,
because we know nothing about physics,
we can sing all the lyrics
to “Good Vibrations”
and have done so
in the dark Karaoke bars of forgetting.
My heart clings to the commonplace
because that’s where I found you,
waiting for the bus
that you took to school.
I dreamed in words
with so many syllables,
I almost lost the music
in your silence
on the basis

of that recognition
where there are so many thousands
still waiting for busses
or taxis,
whose syllables are resplendent
with the faraway sounds
of never spoken calls.
I would like to be with you again
like it was in the beginning,
your so new smile,
your ultraviolet light
electronic radiation
that entered every pore of my flesh
to dwell in the shade
of some country tree
at the end of all sentences,
where all the stars shut down
and collapse
in the forever sky
the beautiful veins
and temples
of our bodies
and minds
pulsing alive
and forever ignited.

The Last, the Very Last of the Butterflies

Carlyne McGurk

The last, the very last,
constellation is buried in the dust.
Afraid of the blows be gentle when you teach us
how to live again.
Show us your sun,
but gradually.
Against a white stone...
such, such a yellow.
Deaf to his cries, whose breath vacated us.
The secret was kept well,
that we would dissolve,
erased from human memory.
Kiss the world good-bye,
let our badly sealed pain
burst forth again and carry us away.
We, the rescued, don't live in here.
The butterflies don't live in here,
That butterfly was the last one.



The Pier

Grace Dougherty

The rush of the market seems to exist separately from myself, like my body is at once invisible to and caught in the throngs of people swarming the rickety pier. I observe impartially as thousands of yearning souls gather under the hot sun in hope of finding what they need, and on occasion what they want, amid the flash of bright fabric, the glitter of jewelry, and the fragrant gamut of spices rising into the air. Underneath it all, the planks of the pier creak, lending their own stilted commentary to the ambient chatter. I cannot hear or see the ocean below, but I can sense it; it is churning beneath me, ready to swallow everything into its ineffable depths.

I am removed from the other market goers because I have not come to bargain or to search or to beg. I have come for answers.

“Don’t bother,” my mother whispered, her voice faint, “It’s all folderol and flattery, what that woman does.”

I laughed stubbornly, but it wasn’t risible. She’s right, but she’s also dying. I am at an impasse, and the fortune teller is my only recourse. Her shop is at the end of the pier, where all the oldest structures crowd each other and block out the shine of the sun. It is in this artificial night that the bilious and gnarled beggars lurk, away from the suspicious glares of more reputable vendors in the rest of the market. They regard me with a contempt I’m not sure I deserve, and their faces are symptomatic of their life held above the sea by rickety planks—salty, weathered, and bearing an intimidating depth. I have the sinking feeling that one gets when catching an unexpected and unflattering glimpse of oneself in an over polished drinking glass.

I rush past them, my ears ringing with the strange quiet. The fortune teller's stall is among the tall, enclosed shops with stone walls. Her door is marked by the presence of several cracked sea-shells affixed to the door in a pitiful attempt at decoration. The door itself is heavy wooden, and slightly ajar.

The scent of incense overwhelms me, pervading my lungs and rendering me lightheaded in just a few breaths. It is akin to drowning, and I swallow, almost expecting it to become salty and suffocating gulp. The smell alone is enough to make me wish I could retreat, but I stay rooted to the spot. The room is small, with fabrics of all colors absorbing the dwindling candle light. Elixirs glitter in their bottles on the shelves, and the crystal ball on the central table seems to twinkle back in idle conversation.



Before I can call out, a woman draped in several layers of drooping fabric is descending the ladder on the opposite wall, evidently returning from the loft above.

“Good afternoon, weary traveler,” she says without looking at me. Her voice creaks like the planks underfoot on the pier. I shiver. She continues, “What is it you seek?”

I find myself looking everywhere but her eyes. I ultimately choose to fixate on her long, steel grey hair before speaking, “My mother is sick. I need to know how to help her.”

She hums in consideration, “Take a seat, dear.”

With some measure of hesitation in my movements, I perch on the edge of a chair. She sits opposite me, and reaches for my hands. Her nails scratch my palms as she considers the lines in my skin.

“Ah, I can sense you have an affinity for divination,” she murmurs, “Tell me, do you ever see visions? Ever have prophetic dreams?”

“No, not that I can remember.”

“Hmm, well I can sense what you need,” she responds, turning to grab a bottle of murky liquid from a nearby shelf, “Do come again, dear.”

She hands me the bottle, which is cool to the touch and unusually heavy. I stand for a moment, shaking the cloud of incense from my mind, before I realize I have been summarily dismissed. I place a coin in her waiting wrinkled palm.

As I walk back through the winding city streets, dodging groups of people streaming through the narrow walkways, I open the bottle and sniff, suspicious of its contents. I am greeted only by the rank scent of rotting ocean water.

I taste salt, and realize I have begun to cry.

Driving Test Nightmare

Megan Vince

Thick leather grips beneath my fingers
Never set my mind to accomplishing something
THIS large
I check my mirrors once
then twice
Wiggling vigorously in my seat
Almost ready
Slowly sticking the key in the engine
Golden shine so familiar
Fitting perfectly in the keyhole
Turning the key slowly
Very very slowly
The car rumbled
Then it turned off
I tried it again
Tears started forming in my eyes
I tried in again
My face became damp
Again

This time as fast a wink
Not starting
Panicking
Glancing my right
The man rapidly writing notes
Suddenly stopping
My eyes suggested begging
Begging for assistance
He shook off my tears
He got out of the car
He got into one next to me
A Honda
His Honda
He motioned me to leave the car
I quickly ran
He handed me a set of keys
Here we go again
I turned the key
The engine roared impatiently
Finally ready

There's a Place, *Beyond That Cloud*

Andrew Lim

There's a place, beyond the furthest cloud. A message in the wind.
Where all the stories begin.
In the everlasting plain.
Where the melody plays.
In the growing skyline.
It will be,
With you and me.

There's a place, beyond the furthest cloud. A message in the wind.
And when you take that leap,
When you dream that big.
Beyond that cloud.
Without fear of landing.
The melody will play,
Another story began.
With you and me.
When the world feels like it's turning,

A little bit too fast.
We hold on to the moments,
Just to make them last.
In that everlasting plain
Where the stories began
In that wide skyline
Where the melody played.
With you and me.
And if you see the world in black and white
It's never too late to look up
Beyond that cloud.
To take that leap.
With you and me.
There's a place, beyond that furthest cloud. There's a message in the wind.
For you and me.

INTERACTIVE STORIES VS NORMAL STORIES

BY ANN ELIZABETH

Have you ever read a page or a chapter and forgot about what you read and had to reread that page or chapter over and over again? Have you read a visual story and can remember word per word for that? That visual story is called an interactive story; an interactive story is when the story is “played” out on an app or even a youtube video. Interactive stories are more effective than normal because the. Interactive stories are played on what the author is trying to say.

An interactive story is when the author use a platform to make the characters realistic and will sometimes make the reader to choose some of the pathways of the stories. Interactive stories could be more helpful for visual readers. Platforms such as Episode, Choices and My Story are all examples of what an interactive story. These apps can show you characters, show the background and most importantly shows the plot of the story. An interactive story is mostly dialog; the dialog can be character to character, character to reader, by a thought, and Narrator to reader, to understand what is happening. Sometimes when a person reads a normal story they skipped a line or 2 then has to reread that page because they skipped a line. In an Interactive story the lines aren't that long, this means there is a less chance of skipping lines and being confused.

Should schools try interactive stories? I think that would be an excellent idea; because this could help the students that are having trouble with reading or visualizing on what the author is trying to show to the reader. School uses reading books with some type of lesson, but if the reader reads a lines wrong then they could miss the lesson of the book. This is different because the actions of the characters show you the lesson. Also this can help with students memory, because they can remember the action of the character and remember what they saw in the story, unlike normal stories because the description is not always helpful if the reader doesn't understand.

In conclusion, Interactive stories are more effective than normal stories because the Interactive stories are played on what the author is trying to say. That's why Interactive stories are more efficient and effective than normal stories. Yes, I have read a story over and over again until I understood the the page or chapter. Visuals help me read because I could understand what the author is trying to say.



THE GIRL WHO SMILED

BY ALEXA MIHAITA



Only a mere set of minutes had passed since I regained consciousness from the anesthetic haze, my vision still bleary and any sound still distorted and quiet, when I heard the nurses greeting her, giving her a gentle “Welcome back.” Careful not to disturb the delicately woven stitches, I turned my head slowly to the source of the sound, only to be met with the baby blue walls of the hospital, complimented by the whiteboard that would play a part in my epiphany. Her name seemed a permanent fixture, inscribed delicately above the words describing her condition, on that expansive board lining the wall of the Children’s Hospital of Philadelphia.

It was with timidity that I first approached her. The pain medicine had left me dazed, tripping over my own feet, yet I crossed her side of the room still. There I stood wavering, intact save for the small incision beneath my jaw, when she shot me the smile that would remain etched in my mind forevermore. Within the medicated blur, I could only think to respond with a smile of my own, could only register the sight of the suitcase by her hospital bed without considering its vast implications. It wasn’t until my mother recounted her story that I recognized the meaning of my presence in that hospital room, both in the years’ past and a fast-approaching future.

Five years after the simple operation, when the only remaining memory was the bandage on my neck and that smile without a name, I finally asked my mother to speak of her, to tell me the story I’d lost in the haze. The first detail I learned of the pivotal many: the girl could not walk, for she had no legs. She had become accustomed to that ever-so-familiar “Welcome back,” for she was awaiting her eleventh operation since childhood, a procedure to straighten her back so she could use her laptop without difficulty. And her parents, knowing that hospital room like the backs of their hands, had already set out reclining chairs, creating a cozy comfort within those baby blue walls.

My mother then spoke of the suitcases, countless and brimming with dreams in close reach, that spanned the hospital halls. Each seemed to contain its own story, telling of the young African boy awaiting the blood transfusion that would allow him to transport oxygen normally, of the child recovered from a devastating car accident thousands of miles away. The stories behind the suitcases, the plight of the girl, her genuine smile as she observed me walking with little challenge; they all played part in the epiphany. It was then that I recognized that among the myriad dilemmas faced across the planet, mine only represented a meager few. It was then that I saw that if the world was a book, the plights I’d faced would only represent a single stroke of ink on a page. And it was then that I realized that I was in the position to assist, to help the smiling girl end her story with everlasting health and a permanent residence in a home as sweet and comforting as my own.

A future that was once nebulous soon became unmistakably clear. I dove headfirst into studies of molecular and cellular biology, the image of that nameless smile plastered in my mind, a path into the world of medicine unwinding ahead. For I promised myself that I’d return to the baby blue hospital, not as a patient but as the caregiver, as the one whose heart was open to alleviating any suffering threatening to deter that beautiful, innocent strength that defines childhood.

I never did see that girl again, nor did I ever learn her name. But when I think of her, the word “hope” springs to mind, and when any minor plight threatens to knock me from my path, I imagine that smile, and I persevere.

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