



Retrospect



2016 Retrospect

Created by Creative Writing Club, EHS

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Shelby Harris Photography



Shelby Harris Captures what life behind glass is like, through this fish, Red.

The Bibliophile's Soliloquy: A Parody

To read, or not to read, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The anguish of ceasing a wonderful read,
Or to take up yet another novel,
And by reading, finish them. To cease, to put down,
No more, and by put down to say we never begin
The read, and the thousand pages,
That readers are heirs to; 'tis a book
Dying to be read. To read, to finish;
To finish; undoubtedly to regret; ay, there's the rub;
For in that finishing of a book,
When all's said and done,
Must give us pause; there's nothing left
That makes short work of so short a novel.
For who would bear the grief and pain of novel.
The author's story, the reader's demise
The pangs of ending story, the cliffhanger's delay,
When author himself might his book unfold
In pages writ, hardly long enough??
Thus investing makes mourners of us all
When novel done, and only thought
The sadness of this moment
With nothing left but to turn and feel
The emptiness of hand.

Father Time

I have learned over time
In my innocent eighteen years
 Just how fleeting,
 Just how precious,
 Just how terrifying time
 can be.

It never comes to stay long,
It never leaves without a pang,
It never calls to the ready or willing.
It flies.

I have often heard it said
That time isn't always kind,
It will come and go just like anything,
But nothing passes quite like it.
I know this truth
I've seen it first hand,
The quickness of childhood
And the sadness once it's gone;
The dreading of what's to come.
I blame it all on Father Time,
He is unkind.

Red

By Dylann Loverro

There is a woman standing at the end
of the train car, her dress a cascade of blood
red fabric. The stars cast their straining light
across the multitudes of jeweled fingers that clasp wine glasses, wet
with condensation. The woman laughs at a passing remark, a high and free
sound like the tinkling of bells. Through the night the little train moves, it's passengers unaware of the blasts that
shake the earth

miles away. A young man cowers in a trench lines with mud and crumbling earth.
His fingers clasp the end
of his mother's worn rosary. Eyes pressed shut against the hailstorm of gunfire. Prayers tumbling free-
ly from his blood
stained lips, muttering soft, wet
words. He opens his eyes just in time to see the blinding light

of a bomb consume him and the Iron Youth, leaving nothing but scorched ground as dark as the tombs where no
light reaches,
and the coffins that hold old war heroes and legends, buried deep below the earth.
The same bumps that rattle the train car jarr the hospital ward where a night nurse removes wet
bandages wrapped around the end
of a blood
encrusted stump where a leg used to be. She lifts the sheets to inspect the mangled limb. It is gangrenous and
festering. She lets the sheets slip free

from her fingers to settle across the fresh gauze. The man will soon be free
from his pain. Flashes of blinding light
awaken small children in a distant French village. They run, crying, into their mother's arms. Their eyes are damp
with tears and their lips are bitten blood-
y. She hushes them and cradles them close as the painting above her bed that depicts pink tulips pushing their way
up from the spring earth
shudders and rattles against the cracked plaster wall. They sit in the darkness and wait for the barrage to end,
knowing that tomorrow the early morning rain will make the fresh bodies and the tulips wet.

The branches of a cherry blossom tree, wet
with dew, are securely fastened to the supply pack of a young man who sought beauty in the desolation of war. The
blossoms bob free-
ly in the wind at the end
of each twig. The tiny petals dancing in the mid-spring sunlight,
while the body of the young man lies face down in the earth,
his bag spilling out bullets and books of poems. The elongated stems of the flowers are the same color as his blood,

and the same color as the woman's blood
drenched gown made from parachutes salvaged by her husband who's glassy eyes reflect in the wet
pools that fill the pockmarked earth.
The men at the party speak of Thermopylae and Waterloo and the young men who fight to be free.
But their inflated words are like strains of light,
unable to reach the bodies of school boys buried where they met their untimely end.

Those young men buried in the wet earth beside Marat and Robespierre, free
from this mortal plane filled with bombs and search lights,
while the mustachioed Kaisers and Captains make small talk at the end of the trains with their wives who wear
dresses the color blood.



Shelby Harris Photography
Photo taken by Shelby Harris

I Wish I Coulda Told You

I wish I could tell you
How much I actually cried.
I bet you didn't know that,
The thought probably never crossed your mind.
But it's true; I actually cried over you.
When I first found out and every time
I thought about it since.

I wish I could tell you
I didn't cry,
That it didn't hurt,
That I didn't care,
The pain didn't phase me,
That I picked myself up and brushed off the dust,
And that I was strong.

But the truth of it is, I cried.
And I cared so much it hurt,
The pain really got me.
I'm still on the ground and covered in dust.
I've never been one to be strong.

Oh how I wish I could tell you
Every feeling I felt all at once.
Each moment of anger
And regret
And sorrow
And loathing
And love.
All at once in one moment.

I wish I could tell you
Just how it made me me feel
To finally know the truth.
The truth I'd looked forward to hearing,
But dreading it all the while,
Knowing it may just hurt a lot.

I wish I could tell you
That this poem made me feel better.
It does for a minute,
Until I remember that I'll be seeing you.
I wish I coulda told you everything.

Hope

Hope is a strange thing. It's everywhere,
yet, a lot have lost it.
Hope is in the air around you. It's in your
heart, yet, many don't have it.
Hope is life. It's what keeps humanity
going, yet, nobody searches for it.
Hope is strong. It's what creates miracles,
yet, most can't see it.
Hope is family. It's sitting right next to you,
yet, people don't believe in it.
Hope is rare. It's going extinct, yet, I still
have it.

The Unknown

You never know where life will take you,
It could be someplace happy,
Or it could be dark and blue,
And take you somewhere sappy.

You have to just roll with the hits,
take the good with the bad,
You have to remember all the little bits,
Even though sometimes it might make you sad.

Keep yourself in check,
Don't get lost along the way,
Don't become a wreck,
Keep yourself going through each day.

The Unknown can be scary,
But it will surprise you in the end,
it might just make you angry,
And sometimes your life with bend.

Keep your head up,
Don't look back,
Always get up,
Never let yourself crack.

~ Shelby Harris

Beginnings

I come from couch pillows and vacation pictures,
Dinner bells and red Kitchen Aide mixers.
I come from Starbucks coffee mugs,
and soft purple bathroom rugs.
I come from cook books and homemade bread,
From a shelf full of fiction and a comfy bed.

My life is rose gardens and empty lots,
Blue Broncos and weeds in pots.
My life is a patio swing full of laughter,
and a bird bath with no water.
My life is swing sets and an unfinished fence,
apple blossoms and a stone bench.

I come from chicken fried steak,
From "close only counts in horseshoes and hand
grenades."
These are the things that make me,
And I can't wait to see the next place I'll be.

Photo Taken by Dorothy Thomas





Austin Kramon

Untitled

I still get sad when I hear that song,
though you probably don't know the one I mean.

Thinking about all the could have beens,
should have beens doesn't help me much these days.
I really do believe that I loved you,
just not for who you actually are.

I loved the way you laughed and how you made me feel,
but I never go the chance to know you deep enough to
love your soul.

I loved what you represented for me.
And even though we ever happened and I'll never know
the outcome,
I cherish that dream of you.

Watching that dream fade was difficult.
It took me a while to let go.
In hindsight, I'm the better for it.
Loving someone who didn't love me was a lesson.

A hard lesson,
but a beautiful one.
I am stronger,
happier,
and know now how I want to be loved.

The idea of you is hard to measure up to,
someday someone will come along and I'll forget why I
ever looked at anyone else.

Thank you for the lesson and the memories.
They're still my favorite part of you.
I still get sad when I hear that song.
But someday,
I won't.



Photo Taken by Shelby Harris

Untitled

Feeling for you is the stupidest thing I ever did. And I knew. I knew, I knew, I knew it was a bad idea, but I did it anyway. I stood on the edge of that cliff, with all the signs and warnings, everything telling me to take a step back and run the other direction. But I fell anyways. I had always played by the rules and did the expected, but when it came to you I couldn't help myself. Picking you made no sense, there was no logic. I knew before I even fell, that it was going to be a messy landing. Denying the impending feelings only lasted so long though. I eventually gave in and it was the stupidest thing I ever did and yet, I still get the sense that it couldn't be helped. No matter what I tried and how much I lied to myself, feeling for you had always been a part of me.

Untitled

The grass ripples like waves in the sea,
As the wind races across the prairie,
Dancing through the trees,
Tickling the leaves until the whisper,
Painting pictures with the clouds,
Unbearably free.

By Aubrey Higdon

I live in a generation of lost morals
In a spring that barely bloomed
Where "listen to your teacher"
Fell on deaf ears
Where "follow instructions"
Took a wrong turn
Where "respect your elders"
Died of old age
Where the kids grew up too quick
and not at all

When summer came to us
it was more thirst, less water
When "take care of yourself"
Turned into neglect others
When "the search for love"
Turned into hunger for the wrong
attention
When "working hard"
Turned into an option
When the adults were too busy doing nothing at all

As fall comes
the leaves drop little seed
When "being a parent"
Doesn't include love and support
When "teaching others"
Doesn't include what's right
When changing the world
Doesn't include making it better
When the old leave behind a broken world

When winter finally comes
and ends
Spring will just bring weeds
With no flowers left to bloom
Summer will bring drought
With no water left to drink
Fall will only bring death
No hope for surviving the cold
And winter will find a world
too corrupt to go on

Short Stories

The Quiet Man

By: Lucas Ocina

Chapter 1

He was a quiet man, always had the same routine. Every morning at the same time, he would get up, shower, eat breakfast, and go to work. His job was pitiful. After all, that's the only thing he could do without arousing suspicion after the incident in Bolivia. He had killed two innocent people and his face was plastered all over the media for it. It was a complete and utter fail. He had been sent in to kill two people silently who had been leading an underground group causing governmental decline in multiple South American countries. But as the group was in the underground, no one knew they existed, and therefore everyone thought the two people were innocent.

The CIA couldn't very well cover for him as it was his screw up and you can't just say that the US government was involved in the murder of two innocent people which lead to bigger disaster.

Mr. Allen White had been living by a daily routine for the last two years in New York under the identity of Amadeus Quinn, an office worker who had nothing more than a cubicle and the outdated laptop supplied by his company. Today he had to write a pointless article about the city park that was going to be built in the northern end of the Bronx. No one would read the article and that's why it was given to Amadeus; he was the new guy even though he had been working for the paper for almost two years. No one cared about the paper anymore so no one wanted to work for the papers. In those two years that he was under cover, in hiding, he couldn't spend time doing research about the incident because his enemies would find out one way or another.

That day while he ate lunch down near Central Park he noticed a man who just seemed to stick out. Allen noticed right away that he carried a Walther under his suit and he clearly worked out in some fashion. Allen didn't know why yet but the man just made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

Towards the end of his hotdog while debating whether or not to run, he noticed that the Suit Guy had vanished; Allen looked away for only a few seconds and then Suit was gone. At this point he knew that something wasn't right. His assassin senses told him that it wouldn't be long until he was struck on the back of his head. Right then he dodged his head slightly to the left at the sound of a man in a suit swinging at his head. He spun around and grabbed the man's arm and twisted, then kicked him in the side of his knee just hard enough to fracture his leg in two places. He ran. Ran back towards his office building to pick up his case which had a secret compartment for his Walther PPK but as he approached the building he saw two more people and a black SUV that stood out to him. He took a left down an alleyway towards his Saab which looked as though it hadn't been discovered yet. When he got

into the car he noticed a slight smell that wasn't there when he parked the car and his instincts told him to get out fast.

* * *

He was on the run from someone. Had they found out about his adventures in Bolivia? Had they found out that he was an assassin? What went wrong? Allen knew that it wasn't the CIA or MI6, so who was it? It must have been a result of the massive screw up in Bolivia. He had checked into a hotel as Dexter James, his third character. He stood in his room looking into a mirror and saw a man who wasn't who he was supposed to be. His bright blue eyes, sharp nose, and cheekbones stuck out to him as different now: His cheeks were sunken and his eyes were tired. He felt as though he was tiny standing on top of a building looking down on a universe of possibilities. Just then, the room's phone rang. He answered with caution while wondering who could be calling him here. No one knew where he was.

"Hello?"

"Is this Mr. Wells?" asked a woman's voice.

"Yes this is," answered Howard Wells, Allen's fourth character, "Speaking."

"My name is Alexia Xiomara. We need to talk about Mr. Perez."

"Jorge?" Allen pictured the tall muscular Bolivian man who he clandestinely worked with while in Bolivia trying to put an end to the sabotage of the government. He then pictured the woman on the phone whom he had never seen before but was already beginning to place a face on. He imagined her to be about five foot eight and thin. She probably hated her job and wished she could go out in the field on a mission instead of talking to people with four identities. But he didn't know who she worked for or why she needed to talk about Sr. Perez. The CIA and MI6 had abandoned him so she couldn't work for either of them, but maybe she worked for another group that operated in the shadows or some such place...

"Yes."

Crushes of the Worst Sort

By:Ashley Wragge

Standing in front of the school I waited with Evelyn for her mother. I could have driven us if I had my license but I'm lazy and haven't gotten around to it yet.

Then the sexiest man known alive in this small hell hole walked pass us to go into the school. He isn't actually sexy but I am bias when it comes to his dark eyes and easy smile.

Impulsively I spoke, "Hey, how did it go?"

He stopped and looked at me confused and guilty. Then said slowly, "How did what go?" with a look that still said I'm confused and kinda want to leave.

At that point I started to panic because now even I didn't know what was going on today. He was wearing super sexy clothing that consisted of blue sweatpants and a blue sweatshirt that had school sports logos all over them. My mind whirling around fast not sure if he missed school today because of some athletic thing or the AP tests. Either way he looked so good with the messy athletic look that it was hard to not examine him while we were having a conversation. "Umm, didn't you have the AP tests today? Mabye? Well you weren't at school today," I even more slowly and awkwardly replied.

He guiltily looked around not making eye contact stuttered a little. Then after making weird noises he looked at me, jeez his eyes are so stinking adorable, and frowned looking so guilty, "The test wasn't today. I skipped to study for the test." He began to look around again and it was getting even more awkward.

He looked around with a face that said he knew exactly how tense the whole situation was. Then nodded at me as if to say good bye. As he walked into the school I stood on my toes and said loudly, "Well good luck on the test!"

He said something that I could not quite hear and he continued to walk into the building.

I then looked at Evelyn, "I'm going to die alone with 10 cats. You can count on it."

THE KEEPER

By: **Siarhei Shauchenka**

I'm not a night person. I don't know why but i've never enjoyed being out at night. I liked the colors and the quietness of night but I've always been kept away from it. Me and my roommate lived together in a small college town in a very remote area. We had barely any lights around our apartment, the yard outside was always pitch black in the contrast to our small light the shadows were very heavy but the sound of the creek kept it relaxing. Our building was only about two stories tall with four apartments. Although it was not a lovable place we got along fine. We had a store about 20 minutes walk away and a gas station 10 minutes away. My roommate was a big gamer. He liked playing games often. He would get carried away and sometimes miss classes. He was punctual when he wanted to be, but on his own he was very forgetful. Although we did not leave our apartment often, we did sometimes go for hikes when we felt out of shape, but not for very long. We did not have any friends or family besides ourselves, so we made sure to not wander off in case we got lost. One night my roommate Harold was raiding in World of Warcraft but he wanted a Coke, so he asked me to go to the gas station. I protested at first but he was much less of a night person than I was, so I was off. After a while of walking through the abandoned streets it became very cold and it felt like the darkness was getting stronger, so I pulled out my flashlight. To my surprise it worked even though it had not worked for months, but it quickly burned out after 5 minutes. When I got to the gas station I bought Harold a pepsi and went back. As I was walking, I stumbled on a rock and heard a strange sound. It sounded like a "clack" - loud and echoey - but not threatening. I got up and across the street I saw a man wearing very old looking Victorian era clothes. The man stood tall, he had large boots that were too big for him - you could see the sag behind the tip of the steel toe. I could not see his face hidden by his hat and cloak. He walked a steady pace, he did not seem to be in a hurry, nor did he look like he had all the time in the world. He walked steadily and strongly, he was not going to stumble or trip. Then he looked at me. His face was partly obscured by a shadow, all I could see was a pale grey cheek and a permanent frown on his face. He did not smile, he did not even look angry, he looked sad. His eyes were concealed by hair and his tall black hat. He looked at me for a second and I couldn't help but look back. Then he looked away, his pace was equal to mine but every three seconds he would take a larger step and made this strange clack sound. It went on for a while until I reached my turn into the driveway. One, two, three, one, two, three, I kept counting as the clacking sound persisted. It did unsettle me a bit, but I said nothing. I turned and did not look back as I heard another clack disappearing into the night. When I got back I went straight to bed and it was very dark and I slept peacefully. I woke up in the middle of the night, when I thought I saw something in the corner of my room. It was almost pitch black and my eyes were still adjusting, but I am sure I heard something, like a shifting sound, like a thick liquid being spun around and mixed in a jar. I sat up and my eyes adjusted more. Then I heard a creaking

sound, and in the corner of my room I saw a bloodshot grin with eyes orange and red like blood mixed with fire. The grin was that of mischief but that was not the strangest part about it: it was all teeth lined with bones and gums, but no face, just eyes and teeth glowing in the dark. It was an evil look - the uneasy tension, the stirring of the thick night air kept going. Then came a horrid sound, like a piece of raw meat being ripped off with blood that I could almost smell. I screamed, as the monstrous shadow jumped at me. Next thing I knew I was awake in the morning. For the rest of the day I could not acknowledge what happened. I told myself that the man had just made me feel uncomfortable, causing the bad dreams. I went on through the day normally, me and Harold went shopping and we went to classes even though Harold had stayed up until one o'clock in the morning the previous night. After the day was done we went home and played some Halo 2. Then we realised we forgot to buy milk, so I took off again that night, secretly fearing the man's return. I still went because I convinced myself he was just a normal man doing something different. I walked to the store, got the milk and headed back. About five minutes to my door I was relieved and decided that there was no more of the man. Then... as I walked CLACK! came the sound. I knew it was him again and I looked behind, but saw nothing. I kept walking faster, when I heard it again - CLACK! I thought that it was just me, I was just probably kicking rocks alongs my path, so I concentrated on my walking until I heard it again CLACK! I definitely had not hit any rocks, so I turned and there he was, the man, looking me up and down. I turned around and kept walking, but heard nothing but clack-clack-clack. I looked back again and his footsteps were completely in sync with mine except the clack he did every three steps. One, two, three... CLACK! It would not stop. I snapped, turned around and told him: "Stop it!" He lifted his head and looked at me through his hair that still covered his eyes and he whispered. "I, I can't see you but I can hear you. I can hear everything you do. Every little thing. I can hear you whimper at night, and I can hear your footsteps one, two, three, one, two, three..." This crept me out - I did not know how to react! I told him to leave me alone and began to rush back to the apartment. I got home, leaving the strange man behind, and went to bed feeling very uncomfortable. That night I dreamt of a black shape: it hung in my corner and changed over and over again. It became creatures, shapes and objects, and soon it began to scream and scream and it could never stop. It kept changing and moving, it was like the universe flashing before my eyes, but a distorted and menacing universe, full of pain and suffering. It kept moving and moving, then it grew two large red eyes, it looked at me and told me: "I can hear you," it was a child like voice quiet and small yet... unsettling... I woke up again in the morning terrified. Apparently I had been screaming all night but my roommate was scared to wake me up. That night I was ready to end it all. I took my baseball bat and went out to the empty streets. I kept my bat up and kept walking. I did not know what to expect, then there it was... CLACK I shook and turned around. There he was, staring at me with that frown of his. I looked at him and stopped. He started walking slowly towards me. I remember thoughts flashing through my head: I had no idea what to think. Is he a monster or a man? I looked at him in panic, but before he could get to me I mustered up some strength and yelled: "Who are

you?!?” He lifted his head, his hair falling to the sides, he took off his hat and cracked a smile - it was faint but visible. As he lifted his head all you could see was two black gaping holes for eyes and two glowing red dots staring out from the sockets. Blood trickled from his eyes and his smile, his.. smile it was horrific, it was indescribable, a terrifying smile expressing madness and happiness. He lifted his head, dropped his cane and said in a quiet raspy voice, “I am The Keeper and I can see you.”

- Fear The Keeper lord of sin his patience growing ever thin.

Like a Dream

By Tom Bellah

On June 21st I woke up.

I’m frolicking through the fields of verdant grass. Sprinting I come across a large pool of water and I drink its crystalline ambrosia. Suddenly I hear a voice. “--ck!”

Ignoring it I splash my feet in the water lazily.

“Ja--!”

Ignoring it still, I make my way towards a lush forest humming happily as I go.

“JACK!”

I wake up.

I’m thrashing about while doctors surround me. They are trying to force something upon me. I scream “No more medicine, NO MORE!”. They say it’s for my own good. That I won’t kill anyone when I take it. “But I didn’t kill anyone...” I mewl weakly. They force me to take it anyway.

I fall asleep.

Police files state that on June 21st a man murdered his wife in his home. Reportedly over not fixing the correct meal. The man was humming happily as he did it.

A psychiatric evaluation was promptly done. They determined that the man was ready to be institutionalized.

Artwork



Drawing by Illyana Ramirez



Shelby Harris Photography

Photo by Shelby Harris

Photos by Maxime Pierce Photography

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