

Cover

An underwater scene rendered in shades of blue and white. At the top center is a large, blue, fish-like robot with a circular camera lens for an eye and a small antenna. Below it, a white silhouette of a diver is seen. To the left and right are two jellyfish with translucent bells and long tentacles. At the bottom right, a squid is visible. The background is dark blue with white brushstrokes at the bottom, suggesting water and light rays.

Scribe

*The Magazine
of Triton High School*

2026

Dedication & Staff

Dedication



In memory of a teacher whose influence reached far beyond the walls of the classroom, we dedicate this year's *Scribe* literary magazine to a beloved member of our school community.

For more than twenty years, Mr. Dan Boyle inspired Triton students not only through his passion for history but also through the kindness, humor, and patience he brought to his lessons. He always strived to teach not only lessons about history but also the skills to help students excel in every subject.

Whether teaching history or sharing his love of music and film in the classroom, he encouraged students to think critically, look closely, and appreciate the power of the arts and storytelling. Though he is no longer with us, his impact remains with the countless students and colleagues he inspired. Mr. Boyle, YOU MATTERED to all of us.

Sincerely,

Scribe Staff



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Luke Borchers

Maxx Volpone-Coolen

Ruby Fyrberg

Liam Hart

Edwin Huang

Nate Rettkowski

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Peter Spiliotis

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Average *Scribe* Meeting

By Zach Savage & Liam Hart

As we sat one eve in the *Scribe* meeting: couches, Starbursts, friends,
We thought of ways to get through our poems while speeding.

Through the highway we go.
Dashing through the snow
We eventually got to a point
Where we found a muse.
His name was Speed.

We begged and pleaded,
"Please, Speed, write me a Poem!"
And instead of running for home, Speed ran into our domes.

To him, we hollered,
"A poem is all we need!"
Said he, "Pay me a dollar,
And all your poem needs will flee."

Then, they will make their way
Into the contest.
This poem? Well, we tried our best.
And yet our best was so peak that it won the contest on personal bias.



Scribe staff, from back row, left to right: Zach Savage, Liam Hart, River Wynne, Ed Huang, Mr. Allen, (front row) Elliot Volpone-Coolen, Ruby Fyrberg, Tafheen Khan. Not pictured: Peter Spiliotis, Luke Borchers, Nathan Rettkowski.

Quarter 1/Fall

Advisor's Note: The following five poems are odes to our favorite Scribe meeting time snacks: Starbursts.

Starburst My Beloved ❤️

Starburst.
Oh, Starburst.
How I've come to love you since I
began.

All 30 trillion cells of my body,
Printed with love over them.
You have made my days better,
Giving me something sweet and soft,
Perfect for my taste.

With every fiber of my being,
I have come to love you,
Love you for all you have given me.

And so, one final message to you:
I love you, Starburst.



High-Tier Burst/ Low-Tier Burst

Zack Savage

Your life is as valuable as a bag of
Starbursts.

I'm just gonna unwrap you, and
you're gonna get eaten,
Why?

Because you keep teasing me with
these flavors,
You amazing starburst.

You are gonna stay in my mouth
until you digest!

You serve ALL purposes in life.
Your purpose in life is to be in my
mouth,

Being enjoyed by my taste buds.

Your purpose in life is to be in my
mouth,

Getting eaten by ME daily!

Your life is SHORT!

You serve ZERO TASTE!

YOU SHOULD GET EATEN NOW!

And give someone a piece of that
taste,

so that we can all enjoy this pink
world!

WHAT'S YOUR PURPOSE?

TO WORSHIP MY MOUTH?

TO GET EATEN?

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

Ode To The Starburst

Your colors divide:
Red, yellow, orange, and pink.
Not exactly the flavor of a specific
fruit,
Rather, an amalgamation of artificial
flavor.

Yet, you fuel me.
You push me onwards,
A small bit of sugar to get me
through,
To set my brain ablaze.

Ode To The Starburst Part 2

Your colors divide:
Red, yellow, orange, and pink
Not exactly the flavor of any specific
fruit
Rather, an amalgamation of artificial
flavor

Yet, you fuel me
You push me onwards
A small bit of sugar to get me
through
To set my brain ablaze

Oh, Starburst, Starburst, Starburst. . .
You're so yummy, my taste buds
become so funny.
Size doesn't matter, but can't you get
a bit fatter?
Ohhh myyy gosshhh, what delicious
fruitness.
You're a star, to my sweet, colorful
burst.



Starburst, The Bane of Me

Starburst.
Oh, Starburst...
How I've come to HATE you,
Starburst.
Leaving a sour taste after being
consumed?
Too sweet at first to handle?
You leave the worst taste,
To the point I have to wash you down
with my water.

I hope you NEVER see the light
outside the bag.
I hope you get thrown out after one
taste.
I hope you go stale.
I HATE you (I love you!)

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

Joy By Liam Hart

Joy is all I feel,
Wandering with glee
So joyous and gleeful,
Just to see those I love most.

With a light heart, I approach,
Ready to talk to the teachers,
Ready to talk to the students,
With only glee.

Chemistry is my favorite,
Doc enjoys listening to me
babble,
Modulo, JJK, chemistry jokes
and all.

I only walk this building with
glee,
Willing to go
because of everyone in this
school.
I love you all.

Feel That Dread By Zachary Savage

Long and tired days go by as I
stand in my room, taking in the free
Monday off. Thanks to the ground
growing almost 2 feet in
unconventional ways, though I sat
there awaiting the horrid words

“Let’s go shovel”

From my dearest pop-pop, knowing
it will take at least 2 hours, thanks
to the weeping clouds crying colder
tears than usual, closing the school
once more.

It only meant the Dreaded was
coming closer and getting worse.
Then it happened. I got asked the
question of a thousand seconds of
my life...

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

Dread

By Liam Hart

I have this unnerving dread.
Unable to leave,
Unable to be extinguished.
Nothing.

What happens?
What could possibly happen after?
Once it's all over, we truly don't know.
All we know is that we have left
behind a legacy.

But what about you after?
Why can't I stop thinking about it?
I cannot escape it.
I cannot stop thinking about being
stuck in purgatory.

Unable to think or unable to do
anything,
So what can I do?
Nothing.



My Goatalicious Friends

By Liam Hart

"I've been terrible."

"You aren't terrible, just in a
bad mood."

"I can't do it anymore."

"Let me help you."

"I don't know what to do with my life."

"Let me help you figure that
out."

"Just give me some space."

"I'll gladly let you be."

"I don't want you to be around."

"I'll leave as long as you
are happy. I want to help. I
want to keep you safe. I
want to make you feel
okay."

"But,
Sometimes,
I just want to spill.
I just want to crack open and spill.
Like a wine glass that's full,
Slowly cracking open,
Until the wine glass loses itself and
what it was,
including the wine."

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

The Farmer

By Tafheen Khan

The farmer lived alone.

After another monotonous day of work, he wanted to meet someone again. He went to sleep.

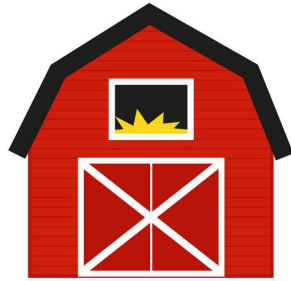
However, he woke up soon after. He heard the loud neigh of his horse before it went quiet again. It was not morning, the rooster had not screeched so. He walked out.

Impossible as it was, he saw the reeds extend forever in every direction.

Turning back, he saw reeds in place of his farm. So he walked through the reeds to find something.

As he walked, he forgot to take the horse out for its daily run or feed the chickens grain. He forgot why he had animals. Forgot why he wanted to live.

The farmer had forgotten his past life. He had passed from life.



Waiting

By Ruby Fyrberg

I am waiting.

That's all I can do. I'd open my eyes, but they've been shut since I went under. I'd scream, but my mouth has no intention of opening anytime soon. I'd flail my arms and legs about, but they are limp, anchoring me to this hospital bed.

All I know is the pain. The searing, screaming pain. Nothing like a bite or a slap. Like a pulldrone, slowly but surely reminding me that I'm still within the waking world, but not quite. The pain, tethering my body down, caging itself between me and the open sky. I am still waiting.

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

****Scribe Halloween
Contest Winner****

The Black Cat

By Makenzi Garand



A bony, frail black cat
Thrown to the streets
Staring at me with small,
old eyes.
Eyes full of understanding,
Of trust, of connection.

A black cat, a symbol of
evil,
Of bad luck,
Of misfortune.
A creature seen as a pest,
A vermin.
An impolite critter,
That doesn't stay,
Doesn't wait,
Doesn't love.

But when this weak street
cat
Looks at me
With those eyes of
perception...
Maybe there is a reason.
Maybe it is true
And I'm as cruel as the cat,
As bothersome,
As impatient,
As selfish,
A pest.

But it's best not to wonder,
It's better to hope it's
wrong,
Before I find out it's true.

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

One Monsterie Nightie

By Aemi Fong and Katie Collins

There once was a girl named Katie.
One night she stayed out too latie.
She couldn't see in the dark,
A monster ripped out her heart,
And then she met her fatie.

There was also a girl named Aemi.
She thought that Katie was lamie.
But then she saw that she died,
She broke down and cried,
She decided to do the samie.

There was once a boy named Jonnie,
He chased the monster till dawn-ie.
He found it and got in a fight,
As revenge for that night,
The monster won, since he was too scrawny.

There once was a monster named Ari
For her actions, she felt very sorry.
She wanted to do what was right,
So she used all her might,
And gave their ghosts a Ferrari



Untitled

By Hugo Huang

Sugar and wrappers lay waste to
the streets from the night before.
The sunrise banished the
fantasies that roamed from the
moonlight.

Children slept, incapacitated by
the snacks and sugar consumed.
The festivities were lost, but the
memories made were still strong.

As people rose, filled with joy
from the night before, their
worries were left offshore.
While their strength leaked,
inside, they were filled with might.

The joy would carry them to the
next day, till the night of horrors
came once more like a balloon.
Memories made, becoming
lifelong.

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

Past to Present

By Anonymous

It went from looking both ways
when crossing the street
To slowly not caring at all.

From being early or on time to
dragging myself in for a late slip.

From the perfect student
To countless write-ups.

Perfect attending
To a Couple FAs

Eating lunch with friends
To eating alone or not at all.

From feeling good enough
To feeling barely good at all.

From having to say sorry and
mean it
To not knowing why I'm saying it
at all.

It went from being ourselves
To wishing we were someone,
anyone else.



Untitled

By Nate Rettkowski

Happy children eagerly run from
house to house,
Arriving at parties and gatherings
to celebrate.

Lights illuminate the streets with
colors.

Lurking in the night, scary
decorations await.

Old memories resurface,
Wicks lit in carved pumpkins,
Eating candy and festive treats.

Nights of amusement and talking.
Everlasting memories formed on
a night of celebration.

Football

By Anonymous

Football is like beating a nail
against a concrete wall.
Tough, rough, but with enough
persistence, you can do it all.
You get screamed at 24/7, but
when you win a game, all of that
screaming will feel like heaven.
Thanksgiving is the last game to
say goodbye to the seniors. For
that last game, we have to try.

First Quarter: Fall, 2025

Paranoid Haunts

By Anonymous

They are out to get me.

The breeze slaps my neck,
Hairs rise, alerted.
The silence embraces me,
Freezing and sharp.
Shivers dance down my spine.

Dark figures lurk in the corners,
Watching,
Waiting,
Weeping,
Whispering for my soul.

They are out to get me.

Every path I walk,
They follow.
Every breath I draw,
I breathe them in,
Filling my chest,
As smoke in a burning room.

The world stifles me,
Walls closing,
Air shrinking.
I am trapped,
Eyes on me,
From every shadow.

They remain in crowds,
Faces blank,
Voices muted.
And still,
I cannot find
A sense of security.



Golf

By John Perley

The beautiful morning dew
Shines like diamonds on a watch,
The beautiful sky, so blue,
And the scent of scotch.

The ball rolling fast,
The golf carts driving past,
Trees whistling in the wind.
Who would have thought we
would be here again?

Swinging my club,
Going in the pub,
All of golf is fun,
Especially when you're in the sun

Now the time has past,
It went very fast.
We will be back again,
But for now we can say, "Amen."

Quarter 2/Fall-Winter

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

One Girl, One Million Thoughts

By Alexa Heywood

As the teacher speaks,
I doodle in peace.
Drawing my favorite things,
This feeling doesn't sting.
Flowers, sun, and clouds,
It doesn't make me frown.
I'm in my own world,

Drawing a little girl
She's got beautiful blonde hair,
So blonde I could stare.
She's got freckles and a cute smile;
It makes me wanna sit and stare
for a while.

She's happy with her family
laughing at everything,
She has a fun time, especially in
the spring.
I look back at the little girl and
realize it's me,
Dancing around, moving with glee.

The teacher doesn't care
As I draw the wind blowing in my
hair.
I look around and see a sign that
says,
BEWARE!

I started running as the sun started
to glare;
Right on me and my blonde hair.
I find a mirror and stare,
It's me still; I'm 14 and saying, "I
quit."
I'm no longer 5 and almost ready to
drive.

I'm drained from school and people
who rule,
They hurt my head, so I couldn't go
to bed.
I spend my nights with a full brain,
Full of thoughts and a stress train.
I come back from spacing out,
Stuck in class, feeling so far out.

A Dormant Craving

By Anonymous

I lay in bed,
Surrounded by familial
connections.
I feel loved, like a kid on their
birthday.

But still, I feel alone.
Something's missing,
But not by mistake.
I don't know what this feeling
is,
But I hate it.
I feel left in the cold, to die in
the snow.

But, deep under it all, I
understand it,
I don't have the one who
makes me feel complete.
A deeper bond than family,
unable to be broken,
Harder than the core of the
Earth.
Yet, it feels soft to the one let
in,
Comforting, like a fuzzy
blanket wrapped around you.

I want a bond bigger than a
one-time,
I want a bond deeper than a
book,
So until then, I feel alone.
But this time, I'll have a
lantern in the cold,
To help guide me to this
craving for love.

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

****Scribe Winter
Contest Winner****



Marginalia

By Natalie Pesce

A dot.

A line.

A scribble.

A squiggle.

Shape the flowers
in the margins
of my library book.

I left a note
in mediocre margins

so

small

my

words

fell

to the bottom

of page 4.

This book,

deficient,

lousy,

Dissatisfactory!

The yellow pages
of this cheap book
held my words
with fury.

Maybe,
the book called
upon my return.

Maybe,
it was relieved
when I shut it

one

last

time.

But,

I guess

I will never know

as my

marginalia

is the only trace

it will ever have

of me.

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

Gingerbread Story

By Makenzi Garand



My life began when I was sculpted by a giant. I don't know what I was before, but now I am a person, or at least shaped like one.

My life wasn't painful at first, but I wasn't aware that it soon would be. There were others like me, but they didn't look the same, and I'm not sure they ever were.

I could vaguely understand the giants; they addressed the others and me as 'gingerbread people'. They talked about decorating us, shaping us, baking us, and eating us. I wasn't quite sure what most of this meant, but I would find out soon.

The others and I were soon laid on a sheet and left there for what felt like an eternity. Within the next thousand years, the giants picked up the sheet and laid us on a grid inside a box.

I wasn't sure what was happening, but soon I was overcome with harsh pain. The burning sensation slowly crept up my body, an insatiable hunger devouring every part of me. I thought it would go away when I got used to it, but I never did. This torturous pain was there for what felt like a lifetime.

The others around me did not react the same way; do they not feel this burning sensation? Mayhaps they were never truly present in the first place, as I was. This sentience was at first a heavenly gift, but soon turned into a deadly burden.

As I reside within life and death, observing the lifeless corpses around me, I wonder why I had to be the being cursed with a soul. The world around me was colorful and bright until I was put into this dark, hellish box. I hope to lose my sentience soon, but I'm not sure if I was cursed with immortality or simply existence.

I was never allowed speech or hearing, simply thoughts, vision, and feeling. Am I ever to be released from this tormenting fate between life and death, or will I permanently reside within this state of limbo?

I'm not quite burning, but it feels quite similar with the starved heat swallowing every part of my being.

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

Christmas

By Tafheen Khan

"Twas the night before
Christmas,"
So said all the eager children.
However, some might be fussed;
Papa Noel knows how they've
been.
Naughty or nice, Papa Noel is
just.
Some would rather ignore their
deeds,
Even when he put all his trust.
So only coal is left despite the
pleas.



Beautiful Christmas

By Edward Huang

Oh, Clark, it's beautiful, as the
Christmas lights looked
delightful.

Mr. Clark expressed that it might
as well be tonight.

His hands enter his pockets,
caressing a small black box.

His eyes never left the girl,
named Vivian.

Clark's fingers began gently
opening the box, and a mineral
shone with life.

Mr. Clark began to close the gap,
Vivian was still engrossed with
Christmas life.

Out of the corner of her eye,
Vivian saw the mineral as a token
for a wife.

"Dear Vivian, you will be the star
on my Christmas night."

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

T'was the Night Before the Elf Went Rogue By Ruby Fyrberg

Twas the night before Christmas
when my Elf-on-the-Shelf went
rogue.

She had been jolly for all of the
season, surprising us kids with an
abundance of little trinkets and
candies.

That all changed on Christmas
Eve. My little brother and I awoke
to the distorted version of Michael
Bubl  singing a rendition of *Jingle
Bells*. We both crept silently up to
our door, hesitant to open it.

Finally, my brother worked up
enough courage to try to take a
peek. He had opened it so that
only a sliver of the hallway was
visible, but that was seemingly
enough. His eyes widened, and he
opened his mouth to scream.

Just as he was about to, however, a
tiny mitted fist found its way
through the opening and into my
brother's eye. He cried out, while I
quickly closed the door on its
miniature arm.

We ran to our beds, terrified. Our
elf was a highly-trained sleeper
agent; that fact was clear.

But one question still stood... who
exactly was she taking orders
from?

Tight in my Chest By Zachary Savage

The pressure within my chest,
I can't feel like I can rest,
The toll is sending its test.
And I can't ever do my best.

The tightest nights,
Burn like a light,
The body is hurting like it was in
a fight.

I stare down,
Wondering how,
This pressure won't stop.
I'm sick, curse you, Christmas.

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

Ashamed

By Liam Hart

Every Christmas, I feel
ashamed of what I ask
for.

I always feel like I'm
giving a list of demands
for Christmas,
demanding my family
buy these things for me
when I really don't want
it to seem that way.

I never want to seem
spoiled, ungrateful, or
any such thing! I just
want to be thankful for
my family, they care
about me so much, and
I want to be happy with
them around.

Of course, I ask for
things I would like, but I
just feel like another kid
on Christmas asking my
family the impossible.

I know that they just
want to get me a
special gift for the
special time of year, but
it just feels like I'm being
selfish.

I feel Ashamed.

I feel as if I'm giving
demands out to family,
when all I want for
Christmas is them.

I want love.

I want my family near.

I cannot take this
crippling loneliness
anymore.

As much as I love them,
I know they only want to
give me something
special

They want to show how
much they love me,

I know they want to give
me something,
But I feel ashamed.

But maybe,
Just maybe a hug
would suffice for this
Christmas.

Second Quarter: Late Fall 2025 & Early Winter 2026

Bless This Macaroni

By Liam Hart

Bless this highly-nutritious microwavable macaroni and cheese dinner and the people who sold it on sale!

I was about to starve in my own home, until I found the mac and cheese I bought last night!

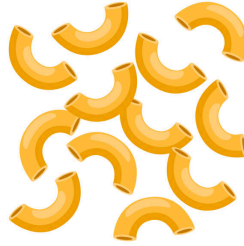
Yesterday, I went out to shop, as I needed some food before Christmas came around. I was running on a low budget, but screw it, we ball!

I had \$10. A 10\$ budget. Oh well, I decided to take a look around, seeing what would be a good idea to take to my apartment. I needed something that would last, but would also fit my budget. I looked through the aisles hopelessly, praying to myself that I would find some light at the end of the tunnel.

Finally, I found that precious light at the end of my tunnel, a Kraft mac and cheese! I took a look at the price. It was 90% off! Only two whole buckaroos! Jeez, the world had really taken a turn for the worse if mac and cheese was priced down that much.

Cut back to the present: I snatched it up and started to pour the hot water and cheese mix together, immediately microwaving it.

This was my saving grace: microwaveable macaroni and cheese.



A Christmas Night

By James Roketenetz

As the moon sets down for the night,
the world grows dark.
There is silence on every street.
The sky glows with fiery sparks.
Families go to bed keeping their
stockings neat,
And animals in the open air bark.

The snow calms the air,
Creating an eerily silent attitude
everywhere.
Kids outside catch flakes in their hair.
And parents watch their careless ways
with despair.
All the while, the moon rises, and
Santa will soon be there.

When the world goes quiet, and we all
go to bed,
We hear footsteps on roofs above our
heads.
All the kids try to sleep, but they just
can't tonight.
They know it's Christmas, and
tomorrow will soon ignite.
Now everyone sleeps in the dead of
night...

Quarter 3/Winter

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026

Runaway

By Anonymous

It was a crispy morning.
Tired and not wanting to get
up.
My brain was empty,
No thoughts,
Nothing.

Until, suddenly, my mom burst
through the doors.
She looked overjoyed, and I
knew exactly why.
Disney.

She planned out this trip with
me, and we had finally
reached the door.
This was convenient,
A record-breaking snowstorm
was arriving,
Tomorrow.

I let it all go, picking up a
stuffed backpack.
I was a Runaway.
We drove to the airport,
making our swift way through.

Everything was like a blur, as I
saw it all happen so quickly.
Next thing I knew, I was on an
airplane.

As a Runaway.

Truth is, we never wanted to
stick around for that
snowstorm.
Shoveling all that snow would
be a nightmare.

Instead, we were Runaways.

It was a grueling three hours,
Nothing but my thoughts to
listen to.
It felt long, yet short at the
same time.

A Runaway.

Truly a Runaway at heart.
I escaped; my mother was
simply set free.

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026



Winter

By Anonymous

Snow. Ice.

The perfect time of year.

The time of year when it's somewhat socially acceptable to sleep all day and ignore everyone.

Not that I don't stay inside and ignore everyone most of the year, it's just now slightly more acceptable.

It's too snowy to go outside. A blizzard rages out there.

I can finally make the excuse about hibernating.

I can just sleep all day.

No interaction. No pestering. Just relaxation.

I do realize I could be doing something productive with my time.

Like schoolwork, I've missed or unfinished drawings.

But I'd rather sleep; it's warm in my heated room.

I could play games with my friends.

But I'm too tired.

The snow beds sleep, so I shall sleep.

Yippie. I get to sleep more because it's cold.

Just kidding, I usually stay up too late because my heater shuts off on it's own.

Winter Joy Poem

By Edward Huang

The window condenses, and the winter spirit refreshes.

Snow begins to show, so boldly it crashes.

My face beams with joy, and my stress is destroyed.

The sparkling Christmas tree made my dreams come true.

As Christmas Day went away, I wish it would stay.

Nothing's Wrong

By Zack Savage

Waking up, seeing nothing, no one, nothing.

The only sight is black, nothing.

Nothing.

Nothingness.

Nonexistent.

Empty.

Void.

Just a sight of the world I once saw reduced to atoms, a cubic block of matter not able to be seen to the human eye.

Nothing.

Looking and knowing the family I loved, the friends I knew, the things I loved, the trees I saw, the food I ate, the drinks I've drunk, the world I lived

on is,

Gone.

Nothing.

A helpless void.

A world where I live in fear is a world with nothing in it.

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026

A Winter Gas Leak

By Zack Savage

Cold air fills the outdoors,
Kids complain about the boredom,
Sitting out there for a bit of
time.

The people groaned with rhymes.
Soon, we were ushered in,
Crammed in the spacey gym,
Looking for friends in a panic,
Learning we may be free from
this static.

Students took pictures,
Calling them "absolute gas."
Kids yearned to leave,
Kids yearned to believe.

Then a voice echoed out,
A voice that gave in to a drought.
of enthusiasm.
He said:
"We will be staying at school
today."
The kids booed at the teachers,
For the gas leak was a ruse.

Alone.

By Liam Hart

Alone.
I feel alone.
Surrounded by peers and loves,
But mentally gone.
Talking to everyone I can,
Yet still, I feel alone.
Still, calm,
But gone.
My parents ask me,
"Are you doing alright?"
But all I can say,
With a feeling of dismay, is:
"I'm okay."
Delving deeper,
Swallowed up by a feeling,
A nasty feeling I just can't
describe,
Other than feeling as I'm
Alone.

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026

Budget Cuts

By Liam Hart

The Budget

The Budget is such a problem,
Reducing all those I love,
Giving them wages that are
unlivable.

The English Connoisseur,
Even if I have only known her for
a bit,
She has taught me more,
More than I can comprehend.
I feel joy in her class,
Yet it all comes to a stop with a cut.

Music, oh, Music teacher.
Stepped up to the plate,
Helping the band in need.
He stepped up for everyone I
know,
Supporting in any way he could.
Yet, again, cut short.

In the Days of Winter

By Tafheen Khan

In the days of winter,
I feel quite withdrawn.
Always wanting a cozy dinner,
The early days are gone.



Winter in Darkness

By Anonymous

What seeps deep into my cold
heart at night?
What lies in the dead forests far
from light?
How it feels when hope is gone,
How it weeps when all is done
Why bother in these cold winter
days
When the wool of my gloves
tears its frays
Why does the night make me
shiver
When will the moonlit snow stop
making me quiver
These flakes of ice will melt away
Just like the light of the cold
darkest day.

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026



“Wanna shovel?”

By Liam Hart

I agreed, got my coat, pants, and some sneakers on, and grabbed a shovel. That whole experience took 4 hours due to horrid events that people have control over, but they just want to tempt fate itself, which only hurt others.

In the Quiet Dark

By Ruby Fyrberg

In the quiet dark
I sit on my bed,
Looking out of my window
In quiet awe.

The branches sway
In a certain defiance,
Boreas blowing his glacial gusts
Which nature herself must withstand,

The same flurries, perhaps
That stole Persephone away,
While her mother must wait
Wailing within the trembling trees.

Quarter 3: Late Winter, 2026

Editor's Note: *The following three poems were an exercise to incorporate three words into a poem. The three words were Peter, toast, and whimsy.*

Peter/Toast/Whimsy

By Edwin Huang

My cute, delicious toast glided into my mouth. That was the best bread I have ever eaten, even beating the joy from the dishes made by my mother. However, something was off; nothing could have beaten my mom's cooking, so why is this bread so damn good? I began getting whimsy as the seasoning Peter had put on my toast was labeled "Bad Drugs". I collapsed and dreamed about toast; I just wanted more of "that" toast.

Peter/Toast/Whimsy

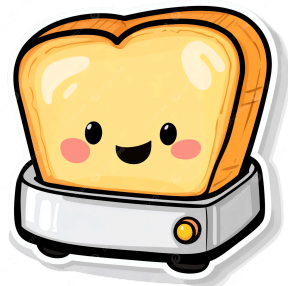
By Tafheen Khan

"To butter or not to butter?" Peter asked himself. Eventually, he decided to eat a toast with butter and another without. One could say that Peter is a whimsy fellow. Grabbing his coat and keys, Peter walked out the door, waving and smiling at everyone he saw. Everyone wondered how one could be as whimsy as Peter is. Letting the old lady pass with her dog, Peter greeted her from the window. The lady wondered how whimsy the young Peter was. Then, Peter arrived at school. He was no longer whimsy.

Peter/Toast/Whimsy

By Liam Hart

The whimsical Peter was taking a stroll down New York, lollipop in hand while spinning around a light pole. He was filled with glee, skipping down the Bronx. He noticed a bakery nearby, piquing his interest, as he loved bread and all baked goods. He decided to push open the door, whimsically making his way to the counter to order some toast. He merrily paid for the toast, holding it in hand, taking the most whimsical of bites.



Quarter 4/Spring

Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

Ducks...

Soft dappled light,
Pouring out through the trees
Warm, inviting.

A sweet, rich scent drifting
through the air
Damp --
Earthy --
Floral --
A world in bloom.

I walk out.
Sunlight warm on my skin,
A path, hard beneath my feet.

I follow it
Old and worn,
The gravel crunches with every
step.

There is a break in the forest.
The trees bow to the sides--
As if succumbing to the weight
of their years,
a clearing.

The gravel slowly fades away --
The path peters off --
The ground becomes moist.
Dry dirt turns to mud.

The world is a vibrant shade of
green.
Life breathed into every crevice
Cattails rise up from the ground
Flowers bloom -- pink and
purple and yellow
A sea of color.

Beyond the flowers,
Beyond the cattails and nettles,
A pond
Within it, the sky

Ducks slowly swim through--
floating above world within the
water below
Above the minnows and algae

As if in flight

They swim through the still
water
They swim through the
reflection of the sky



Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

The Dew Glistens

By Tafheen Khan

The dew glistens on the lush,
green grass.

The kids walked past, not a
care in the world.

"Look! You stepped on a bug!
How crass!"

The boy looked down to see
the bug curled.

"Ew. Let's look at something
else, Tom. Ducks!"

Tom spun, "Where is the Dawn
dish soap, Jerry?"

"Not dish soap, doofus. A duck
who clucks."

"That's a platypus, dummy.
Kind of like Perry!"

They pointed anywhere and at
anything;

Watching the new arrival of
spring.



A Time

Zack Savage

Spring arises, Winter falls
Summer awaits, fall stands tall
As I stand outside, I look down

A sight is seen before me
A bug crawling in the grass
A duck chilling in a pond

Then up
A sky with a bright sun
A cloudy day, making the sky
hide

A rainy day that makes the
grass smile

A nice night where the dawn of
the day fades out to the moon
A night where the stars glisten
in the sky,

A season where I can be
outside without my clothes
stacked on like Legos

A time to reflect on a year
A call to the scars of the past
A start to something new

A new chapter to your book
Just another time, just waiting
to be the past

Yet who cares, winter is gone
at last.

Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

The Ducks

Ed Huang

The ducks come at dawn,
As spring comes upon.
Its glistening view is so new.
But this spring is to fear,
As the breezing cold comes in
doom.

The bugs come out of their
holes.
to freeze until they have no
souls.

This spring is too cold,
as ducks and bugs show no
fun.

The Feeling of Freedom

By Liam Hart

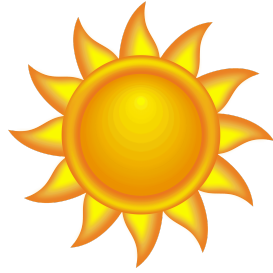
It was a warm, beautiful spring
morning.

The dawn's light peering in
through the window,
Leaving a warm impression,
on the face of the sleeping
man.

The man would wake up,
Taking a long, deep look at the
light.

The pond glistening,
The grass waking with life.
Welcoming, inviting life to take
it's steps.

And then, quietly and swiftly,
Impossibly quick, the man
walked out the door,
Breathing in life.
Freedom.



Spring

By Peter Spiliotis

Mr. Allen leaves an especially
long day at Triton Regional
High School. Spring has
started, and with it the stormy
season followed. Rain led to
puddles all around the uneven
pavement as he made the trek
back to his car. Saddened by
the gloomy vibes, he gets in his
car and begins to head home.
But unexpectedly, as he began
leaving, the skies parted and
the sun began to peak through.
When he gets out of his car
when he arrives home, the
warm sun is out, and that
gloominess disappears, this
will be a good afternoon.

Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

Rain, Animals, James Allen

By Liam Hart

It was a rainy day,
James Allen was home today,
A record hurricane!
He decided to take the day to
look at animals
From dogs to cats, to wombats
There were a multitude of
animals to look at
But wombats piqued his
interest,
Cubed shape poop?
It was a scientific anomaly!
Alas, he could never get any
info on what it was.
Finally, he decided to take a
nap
It was truly a wombat poop
mystery.

It's Fine

By Katelyn Leahy

Don't worry, you'll be safe.
As more and more people end
up on the street
Deciding whether to spend
their little money,
On warmth and heat,
Or what to eat.

Don't worry, you'll be safe.
As the elderly work to their
death
The rich are getting richer
The predators stay in power
And the world gets hotter.

Don't worry, you'll be safe.
As we choke and drown in
ourselves
Draining our resources
And dying with them.

Don't worry, you'll be safe.
But will I be?

Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

Life

By Katelyn Leahy

Life is a hurricane.
It can be imposingly beautiful,
But deathly destructive.

But that destruction can lead to
something new
Something different.
For better or for worse.

It can be dark and oppressive,
But light always follows when it
passes.
The quiet always follows after
the chaos.

It can leave its marks,
But at least you survived.

All My Efforts

By: Anonymous

Always perfect was demanded.
Good enough wasn't good
enough.
Work hard, accomplish.
Get me where I need to be.
Best of my ability, I'll achieve.



A Fog In A Day

By Katelyn Leahy

Fog; billowing and peaceful,
Covers the ground, covers sky
The trees are still here,
In all their flaming glory.

Leaves as dark as cherries,
Leaves as bright as the sun
Are still present in the
everlasting fog.

Fog covers the sun,
To let the trees shine
Fog covers the ground,
To soften the leaves' fall.

Fog; billowing and peaceful
Calms the land, calms the sky
The trees dance in the fog's
presence.

Colours that of flame
On their wooden appendages,
Lighting the land brighter than
the sun should.

The fog lets the trees play,
For they will be gone next day.
But for now, they will watch,
The trees' new performance.

****Scribe Spring
Contest Winner****



Reflection

By Gianna Marengi

Little ballet slippers on a
marley floor,
My hair pulled up tightly, but my
leotard even tighter
I learned to count,
but only up to 8

The mirror seemed so huge,
A silent reminder of everything
I wasn't
I'd stare at the girl beside me,
Better extensions, nicer feet,
crisp turns.
Her reflection was so perfect,
Mine wasn't.

I strive to remember just the
choreography.
But I remembered the
comparison,
Who looked better,
Who got better corrections?
Who actually belonged.

Attempting to bend into another
shape,
I would yank at who I was,
As if I would change into the
perfect person.

The person I wanted to be,
In my mind

Somewhere between now and
then,
I believed I didn't have to
shape into someone new,
To feel like I was enough

I still doubt myself sometimes,
But it isn't in charge of me
anymore

The mirror stayed the same,
But the little girl's reflection
didn't

Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

Gossip

By Jessania Daneau

Gossip is like the frizz in my hair on a rainy day.
Gossip can fritz out of control and be spun around.

Rumors spread, as wildfires do, and school is that fires' place, the fires' home.

School is the building that holds all the lies and all the truths.

The walls hold the truths, yet the girls keep them trapped with their lies, with their jealousy.

And the girls are the wind in the building, keeping the flame alive by blowing it further.

Gossip is like a moist, severed head, fresh from the words that cut a bit too deep, the words that did the job that you couldn't, so sharp it was painless, so quick, almost like you or the rumor never existed, almost like it was all an overreaction.

Gossip is the cause of your death,
Gossip is the cause of many deaths.
Gossip is deadly.

Statue Poem

By Abby Perrigo

Skeletal man, bloodless skin
Evasive, swift.
The only side effect was his diet.
Nothing pleased him.
Putrid, rotten, mouldy
Stronger, fitter
Then the weaker men and women disappeared

Old people began vanishing without a trace.
No one is guilty.
Incessant screaming.
He died.
I escaped.
I must live.

The Stem

By Cassidy Beebe

Gossip is a scaly thorn,
Stabbing at the truth,
Peeling away at friendships.
Misunderstood, the flower stands.

The petals fall.
All that is left is the stem,
Slithering through the grass,
Wrapping tightly around your neck.
It spreads like a poison.
The snake has won.
And the stem has snapped.



Quarter 4: Spring, 2026

Detention

By Warren Dalton

As I sit in detention, I
reflection on the time I've
missed.

Nothing but a quiet room with
only objects and living bodies
to fill it.

The typing of the keys and the
loud breath push out of their
lungs.

I reach for my water and sit
back for a break.

Only 25 minutes left in this
day.

My mind is overflowing with
joy.

My feet are ecstatic and
practically tap dancing.

I can't wait anymore; I exit the
door.

I dart up out of my seat,
leaving while pondering what
to eat.



Graduation

By Ashton Gynan

Caps in the air, dreams as
bright as the sun.
A chapter now closes, a new
one's begun.

Through late nights and
lessons, we found our way,
Stronger and wiser with each
passing day.

The hallways echo now with
memories dear,
of laughter and triumphs we
carried each year.

Though roads might divide us,
our hearts will remain,
connected by moments, we'll
treasure it again.

With hope in our hands and the
futures in sight,
We step towards tomorrow,
fearless and bright.

Short Stories

Scribe Stories

Last Transmissions From Point Havelock

By Ruby Fyrberg

Chief Science Ofc. Calder/ID17830

Monday . 10/13/XXXX . 02:27

Current Depth: 50,293 ft.

Recent Lowest Depth Recorded: 51,346 ft.

Transcript: " -saying something's moving down there- Oh, it's working. Hello, this is Chief Science Officer Calder, ID 17830. The reason for this transmission is to report extreme seismic activity that has been relayed to us from the lowest level, specifically Point Havelock. We are being told that they are sensing extreme tremors from the rift, in particular. Best guess is a major tectonic shift, maybe a possible earthquake. Structural integrity is still stable, but we will keep the Upper Rig updated as we come to understand what the root of the issue is."

Chief Science Ofc. Calder/ID17830

Monday . 10/13/XXXX . 03:49

Current Depth: 50,953 ft.

Recent Lowest Depth Recorded: 51,346 ft.

Transcript: "Calder, ID...178...830. I am currently descending into Point Havelock's core. We are currently trying to figure out the cause behind the seismic activity. There are reports-**Calder pauses, possible structural groaning**...of a certain type of thrumming coming from the rift. A sort of- and I know it sounds stupid- but it has been described to me as a sort of *breathing*. This is, of course, not a logical evaluation of events taking place. As I'm saying this, they are preparing atmospheric diving suits for me and Chief Engineer Zillmann. We will be- **Calder pauses again, groaning grows louder**... investigating the rift together, as a way to get a grasp of the true cause for all this commotion."

Scribe Stories

Chief Science Ofc. Calder/ID17830

Monday . 10/13/XXXX . 04:23

Current Depth: 51.330 ft.

Recent Lowest Depth Recorded: 51.346 ft.

Transcripit: “-Hello?... **A brief pause, Calder waits for response. A low-frequency soundwave can be heard, almost pulsating** ... I don't know if anyone is receiving this, but I need to report what I'm seeing. It's extremely dark down hear, and the only thing lighting- **interference** - is our headlamps. However I uh... can see a faint, bluish glow of sorts from inside the rift. Possible bioluminescence. **Long pause, Calder speaking to Zillmann on comms.** - Zillmann is saying that the light is emanating from inside of some sort of crystalline barrier, though we are unsure as to what is inside it. Zillmann has asked the technicians to attempt to drill a hole into the surface of it.”

Chief Science Ofc. Calder/ID17830

Monday . 10/13/XXXX . 04:49

Current Depth: 51.340 ft.

Recent Lowest Depth Recorded: 51.346 ft.

Transmission: “We- **muffled drilling noises** are currently drilling into the barrier at the moment. We **interference** are hoping to... what? **short pause, Calder and Zillmann on comms.** ... Zillmann is pointing at something, a sort of viscous liquid is leaking out of it- Zillmann! Get away from... Oh God. **interference, than a longer pause**... It's bleeding. I swear to Christ, that looks like blood. I think we've injured- **A sudden ear-splitting wail, almost infant-like in nature, originating from what is now known as The Zygote** WAI-**Muffled screaming, most likely from both Calder and Zillmann**”

End of Transmission

Scribe Stories

Don't Look Up

By Madelyn Modini

"We're locked in here?" Brian said as he fidgeted with the doorknob.

"Yeah, isn't that the whole point of 'Seven Minutes in Hell'... or something like that," I replied.

"Seven Minutes in Hell," he mocked, "it's Seven Minutes in Heaven, dummy."

I sat in the farthest corner away from him; he was not a likable guy, and I'll never forgive my friends for pairing me with him. Even so, nothing about this shabby old walk-in-closet was romantic either. It reeked of must and unclean clothes.

"So, what do we do?" he asked, glancing in my direction so subtly even the flies wouldn't notice.

"Absolutely nothing! We sat here for seven minutes. Don't even look at me, face that way." I pointed to the wall opposite me. He was visibly hurt; his poor pride was damaged. I started the timer, but now I wish time had flown by faster. This, for me, was torture.

Outside of the closet, my friends laughed and continued their banter with one another. "Sounds like fun outside of this closet!" Brian shouted, emphasizing the word 'outside' so he'd know that I've received the message.

"Yeah! Yeah, it does!" I agreed, because he certainly was right about that!

The timer finally hits five, and we have two more minutes. Time couldn't move any slower.

"Are you lovebirds having fun?" I instantly knew that was my friend, Clarissa.

"Shut up, Claire!" I retorted.

That's the last thing I heard from my friends that night, because when the timer reached seven minutes, all was quiet in the room.

"Guys?" Brian shakes the closet door, trying to break out of it. The problem is, the door isn't moving.

"Yeah, this isn't funny!" I shout, attempting to help Brian with the door.

Still, all was quiet. Silent even... enough to hear a pin drop.

"On the count of three, Yazmin, we're going to kick." He took a breath, "one," I steadied myself, "two," I prepared to see the worst, "three!" We both kick, and the door falls.

"Guys!" No one was in the room. The lights were turned off, so it was hard to see what exactly was going on.

Scribe Stories

“Brian, go find a light,” shivering, and take a few steps forward. The hairs on my neck stood up like a scared cat. However, that only happens when I’m not actually alone.

“Got it!” Audibly, the switch flips. The room lit up, eliminating the darkness.

“Brian,” I pause, “there’s no one here.” The hairs were still standing tall.

“They were just here seven minutes ago. What could have possibly happened in seven minutes?!” Out of anger, he kicks a nearby chair.

“Why would you do that!” I point at the chair and look him dead in the eyes, “Now,” I pause and take a breath, “Now, we’re heard! Now we’re known!”

From the next room over, I hear a loud sound. Not like a bang, but more of an unexplainable sound. As if something was being thrown or shattered.

“What was that?” My attention snaps from the chair Brian broke to the noise.

“I don’t know, but I’m not going.” He crosses his arms like a big baby.

“Aren’t you supposed to be the big and bad jock, not scared of anything?” I snicker.

He instantly has a surge of growing anger, “Aren’t you supposed to be the paranormal freak?”

After what took about ten minutes of convincing and insults, he finally went. I stand here in the room waiting for his return. “You’re not going to like this,” he stumbles into the room, “But don’t look up.”

I look up, and nothing is there. When I look back down, Brian is gone.

Panic set, all that remains are me and my thoughts. He told me not to look up, but why would he tell me that? I look back up one more time, and all of my friends are bent and broken on the ceiling. All with pitch-black eyes and grueling teeth.

My arm snaps, then my legs, and then my fingers.

Don’t. Look. Up.

Scribe Stories

Endless

Brady Neary

October 16th 1982: Freshman Lilly Rogers had been new to the school; she moved from New York and hadn't been to Massachusetts before, and she was happy to meet new people.

Lilly was walking around, admiring the bright colors of the walls and the abundance of club posters taped in the school hallways. She looked down to find out that her first class was math. She made her way down the hall, and she found a part of that confused her.

She had only been at the school for three days, and she hadn't seen the whole building yet, but she continued walking. She saw, as she got closer, that the walls were starting to shift like the whole world was spinning. It was creepy, she thought.

She decided to look behind her and saw something haunting. It was 3 people who looked to be her age, maybe older, and they had those red robe-like things on, like a wizard or a Jedi from *Star Wars*. They all had long black hair poking out of masks that looked blank and dead. Lilly's heart started to pound and felt like a drum. She tried to run, but the hall kept moving, and it felt endless.

Suddenly, the tallest member of the three picked her up by her hair. Lilly yelled in agony as her hair was grabbed and she was lifted higher off the floor. The boy then peeled back his mask and breathed in Lilly's face, breath that stank of a mix of wet leaves and what Lilly thought was death.

The boy then said in a voice as deep as the ocean, "The road is an endless run, the grab of life has just begun."

She then realized the boy had long, black fingers that seemed to have a reddish liquid at the nails. At this point, she was crying and begging to be let go. Her heart was pounding, and her legs were shaking like a puppy during a thunderstorm or a baby when it picked up when its little legs started going all over the place. The boy looked at Lily with big, red, dark eyes and stared as if he was reading her mind. At that moment, Lily screamed and snapped into some other reality. She saw herself on the floor, screaming.

After that day, Lilly never wanted to walk alone. She was walking to class and saw a glass case outside Mrs. Greg's class. It was a Memorial for three kids who had perished in 1956 and were former students. She looked at the picture in the middle and saw a boy with long black hair staring with red, dark eyes. She then saw a big pair of hands jump out.

THE END

Scribe Stories

Spooky

By Kale Albert

In the 1950s, the space race began between the Soviet Union and the US. This series of events would begin humanity's hunger to explore the deep regions of space. Ten years later, we started sending radio signals into space in hopes of reaching other life. Like a grand fable from Aesop himself, humanity would find that space should better be left unexplored.

“Are you seeing this, Noah?! Readings from G238-44. We’re getting a response to our signal!”

“I see it, Kat! Morse Code, too! We could decipher this, be the first humans to ever talk to extraterrestrials!” Noah scrambled from his chair, glasses barely staying on his face. He would have never thought he would be this successful in his career, that he’d be doing something so groundbreaking. Noah pushed his short, wavy brown hair out of his face as he walked, looking for the observatory’s Morse Code translation sheet. *Only 5 years after our first message into space and we already got a response*, Noah thought.

After finding the code sheet, he rushed back to his and Kat’s desks. Kat wheeled her chair over closer to Noah, peering over his shoulder to watch him translate. The message read, “Hi Lenin, USSR, Peace, Earth, Hello, Earth, Peace, Hi, USSR, Peace, Peace.” Noah and Kat looked at the completed messages, confused.

“I think they are still trying to figure out our language,” Kat noted. Noah nodded while reading it over again in his head. Suddenly his and Kat’s computers began spitting out readings again.

“Already? How...” Noah started to translate again, with the new message reading, “Hi, human. You are human. Who is USSR? Who is Lenin? Peace. I am coming. I see you. Earth.” Noah felt a sense of dread deep in the back of his mind, but shook it off.

“They learned so quickly... They’re coming? What does that mean?” Kat asked, her voice quivering.

Scribe Stories

Kat yelled as the sound of more readings came through the computer. "This can't be possible, it took them 5 years to respond and now their messages are reaching us this quickly... radio signals don't move that fast." Translating the message, it read "Earth! I see you! I'm coming! Peace! I see you. Noah. Look at me. Through your instruments. Look at me, Noah. 12 north, 56 west."

Noah's blood ran cold, Kat burst into tears upon reading the message. She spoke frantically: "This has to be some sort of prank! Just look through the telescope, Noah, tell me there's nothing there, and you were just messing with me!"

Noah, shaking, got up from his seat and walked towards the viewing apparatus of the observatory. He adjusted it to the direction it listed. He saw a swirling vortex, and it was getting bigger.

Closer.

Stars disappeared in its wake, and as he looked on, a pair of limbs began emerging through the vortex, hand-like structures, as if reaching out. Noah looked away.

"What was it, Noah!? What did you see?" screamed Kat.

Noah just put his hand on his forehead and collapsed into a nearby chair, saying, "I've doomed us all."

Letter to Ma & Pa

By Abby Perrigo

Dear Ma and Pa,

Nora misses you dearly. Auntie Amelia has been watching over us while you and Dad have been gone due to work; she has never been so down, and it is starting to concern me. The town has never looked worse; the buildings are tarnished and abandoned due to the lack of funds to repair them. And the streets. The streets are littered with debris and overgrown with weeds. Public places that we all used to go to, that were an enjoyable place and where the community could gather, are now neglected and unkept. I never would have thought that this point would come.

As a young boy, I didn't think I would be forced to work so soon. I had dreamed of other things, not working in factories. I come home sore, my shoulders are heavy, and exhausted; I barely even have the energy to want to eat. Every meal seems to be repeating itself. We have no money, we only eat beans, potatoes, and cornmeal all the time. My stomach grumbles often from hunger, but I refuse to eat the same thing all the time. It makes me feel sick to my stomach. Looking through the town, finding any source of food is difficult with the shelves being so bare.

I had thought today, walking back home, that when I am older, will this become worse, will the town get better, or will it go back to how it was before? Will this go on forever? When I get home and sit next to Nora, I remember all the fun times when everyone was together, the park, and playing outside, having warm new clothes made up by you. I no longer have a feeling of that happening, but the feeling of being comforted by memories of us all. I can only dream of what I want in the future and what I can do to make a change.

I wish for a big future, lots of money, a big home, nice clothes, and some real food! I hope to become famous walking the streets of New York with the big lights surrounding me and the huge building I could be working in!

I really miss you, Ma and Pa. I hope you come home safe and all can be okay again.

Love,
Theodore

Dusk Valley

By Anonymous

Once upon a time, in the small town of Dusk Valley, Massachusetts, there was a girl named Brenna. Brenna was fourteen years old and a freshman in high school. She moved to Dusk Valley just before the school year started because her mom got a job in town. So far, not much had happened to her. She had started school almost three months ago, and was enjoying it so far. However, she missed the big city that she had come from. Brenna didn't understand why her sister Amber liked Dusk Valley so much. It was too quiet and uneventful.

One day at school, Brenna noticed something strange. When she was walking to class, she saw her English teacher, Mrs. Nightingale, walking towards the attic. Her eyes were darting back and forth, closely watching the students passing by her. Mrs. Nightingale had always seemed strange, but she seemed to be heading somewhere specific. Brenna's curiosity got the better of her, so she followed Mrs. Nightingale. She tried to stay hidden as she followed Mrs. Nightingale so that she wouldn't get in trouble. Once Mrs. Nightingale reached the attic door, she looked around one last time before heading in. Brenna waited a few minutes before walking up the stairs. She tried her best to be silent as she crept up the stairs. Once she was all the way up the stairs, Brenna carefully peeked into the room. She spotted Mrs. Nightingale in the corner of the room, facing the wall. There appeared to be some sort of tall machine in front of her. Brenna decided that she would come back later to investigate to avoid getting caught.

During lunch, Brenna decided to go up to the attic to investigate the machine that Mrs. Nightingale was using. The machine looked fairly new and was in good condition. On the floor, there appeared to be a sheet of blueprints. At the top of the page, *Time Machine* was written in very old writing. *This is interesting*, Brenna thought. So, the human-sized machine was obviously a time machine. Brenna wasn't really sure what to do from there, so she decided to hide and wait for Mrs. Nightingale to come back to see what she was going to do.

A while later, Mrs. Nightingale returned to the attic. She went straight for the time machine and picked up the blueprints. Then, she shone some type of flashlight on them, and new words appeared on the paper. Mrs. Nightingale began speaking what sounded like a spell. It was in

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another language, so Brenna didn't know what she was saying. Suddenly, the center of the machine started glowing a bright green light.

Mrs. Nightingale quietly celebrated to herself and carefully stepped inside the time machine. Once Brenna was sure Mrs. Nightingale wasn't coming back, she went in the time machine too. What she saw was incredibly strange. She appeared to be in the same room she was in before. Only this room was different. It looked far newer and wasn't as dark and dusty. Warm, glowing candles gave the room a soft glow, and there were large, colorful tapestries hung on the walls. Oh, and the room was full of witches! Yes, witches! There must have been thirty of them. They were just like the witches that Brenna had seen in movies. They had tall, pointy hats, and they wore long, black cloaks with capes. The only difference was their skin, which was not green. They were all focused on Mrs. Nightingale, who was speaking to them deeply. Brenna was able to quickly hide behind a chair. Mrs. Nightingale was now dressed just like them. *She must be a witch, too!* Brenna thought.

"Are you sure it will work?" one of the witches asked.

"Of course it will work, it brought me here, didn't it?" Mrs. Nightingale said.

Then, all of the witches gathered around the time machine.

"Remember the plan," one of them said. "Cause as much chaos as possible. No mercy for those rats!"

The witches all yelled in agreement and stepped through the time machine. Brenna waited a few minutes before following them inside. Once in the attic, Brenna heard the witches trudging down the stairs. They all wore heeled boots and were not making an effort to be quiet. Brenna heard one of the witches throw the attic door open and stomp into the school hallway.

"We're back!" she shrieked.

This was followed by the cackle of the rest of them. Once they were fully in the hallway, Brenna ran down the stairs. She saw them causing absolute chaos. They were casting spell after spell on every innocent passerby they came across. Fires were started, bats were released, spiders crawled, and everything you could imagine. Brenna watched as they turned a poor girl's head into a jack-o-lantern and made a boy's shirt a spider web full of spiders. Screams echoed throughout the halls from the students and teachers who were being tormented. Brenna realized that she should do something to help. The witches still hadn't noticed her, so she had an advantage. She found a few of her friends and convinced them to help her.

"Off to town hall now! We'll get them back for condemning us!" one witch shouted.

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Again, they yelled in agreement. After grabbing baseball bats and anything else they could use for a weapon from the gym, Brenna and her friends followed them out. They figured they could knock out the witches and bring them back to the time machine. Once they reached the town hall, they witnessed Mrs. Nightingale and another witch trying to choke the mayor to death. Huge spiders were tormenting the other people working at the town hall. People were screaming and running everywhere. Brenna and her friends snuck up behind the witches and hit them with all their strength. They managed to knock out most of them, but a few remained. Mrs. Nightingale cast a spell that caused what looked like zombies to rise from the ground. The spiders that were tormenting the workers now approached Brenna and her friends. They were terrified and knew the witches were stronger.

“What were we thinking?” one of Brenna’s friends asked, panicking.

The spiders grabbed them and put them in a giant web. The witches were shrieking and laughing even louder than before. Fortunately, when all hope seemed to be lost, one of the witches cast a spell on Mrs. Nightingale. Mrs. Nightingale collapsed to the ground immediately. The witch, obviously very powerful, did the same thing to the other witches. They all fell to the ground, unconscious. The witch then used a spell that made all of the damage disappear. The town hall looked the same as it had before the witches showed up. Brenna and her friends thanked the witch. She introduced herself as Alexia. Alexia explained that their school used to be a school for witches. After being discovered, the witches were murdered in front of the whole town by the mayor of that time. Mrs. Nightingale’s great-great-grandmother was one of the very few witches who survived. For years, Mrs. Nightingale’s family tried to successfully build a time machine so that they could save the witches. Mrs. Nightingale was the one to finally build a working time machine. However, thanks to Brenna and her friends, the witches could not get the revenge that they wanted.

After Alexia helped Brenna and her friends bring the unconscious witches back to the time machine, she thanked them for stopping the witches before things could get too far. Then, she stepped into the time machine and left. Since Mrs. Nightingale did not have any living family members, the witches were never able to return to Dusk Valley.

THE END

The Night Dweller

By Tristyn Berlind

On a cold autumn night, there was a group of kids named Adam, James, Olivia, Ellie, and Jacob. These people have been good friends ever since elementary school. They are now juniors in high school. The leader of this group was James. On that very night, the group found an old haunted house.

"Hey, that place looks pretty old," Jacob said, pointing out the creepy silhouette of an old house. The others turned to see what Jacob was talking about.

"Yeah, that place looks like it has not been touched in years," Ellie said, grabbing Jacob's arm. They had been dating for a few months now, and the group would not stop teasing them about it.

James, the group's self-proclaimed leader, says. "Screw it, we don't have anything to do tonight.... Let's go in it will be fun". The others hesitated to enter behind with James, but they all did anyway. The house loomed in the darkness, lights turned off, windows boarded up, the roof sagging in on itself. "Man, this place is even more broken the closer I get," James said, looking at the sagging roof. All 5 walked in, Adam debating walking in. The walls were almost entirely ripped.

Olivia looked to her left, "Hey, Adam, are you seeing these scratch marks on the walls?" The wall was covered in scratches. "Ehh, they are probably just raccoons doing their thing."

Then Olivia heard some strange whispers. "Alone..... Alone....." said the strange whispers. "Did anyone else hear that?" Olivia said. Before anyone could answer, there was a slam. Jacob instinctively pulled Ellie behind him. His hands are trembling.

James, the overconfident one, said, "Don't worry, I will check it out." James went up the stairs and then... BANG. James was hit with a board. Adam heard the bang and ran upstairs. James was a strong kid, so he was fine. Everyone had asked what happened. "It was probably a loose board, don't worry, I will be fine," said James. "Someone should come with me this time."

Laughing it off, Olivia said very excitedly, "I will come with you."

James said, "Alright, Olivia, just be careful."

Olivia's cheeks were flushed, and everyone looked at her.

"Ok, you guys stay down here and look around some more, while I check upstairs," James said.

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"Ok, James, don't get hit in the face again." Ellie said. Everyone let out a little laugh. Especially Olivia.

James and Oliva went to the second floor.

"This place is not even that scary...." Oliva said while fake smiling.

"Oh, come on, I know you're lying," James said playfully. Olivia was now blushing. They walked through the decrepit halls of the place. Walls scratched, cobwebs in the corners of the room, and then Olivia noticed a door near the end of the hall.

"Hey, James, there's a door at the end of the hall here. Do you think we should go to it?" Ellie said nervously.

James saw the door: "yeah we are definitely going there."

Once they get close to the door, they saw a shadowy figure who looked a little bit like Jacob.

"Jacob, is that you? Why are you not downstairs with your little lovebird?" James said, teasing him..... no response.

"Yeah, Jacob, go make out with your girl," Oliva said playfully..... no response. James walked closer to the figure. Then the figure jumped out with a cleaver and a bloody demon mask. Olivia screamed. James stepped in front of Oliva and yelled, "RUN!"

He then smacked the Dweller with his flashlight and ran as well.

While they are running downstairs, Olivia tried not to cry, and James yelled while running down the stairs. "EVERYONE RUN!" They did not ask questions, just left.

They all hopped in James's car that he parked nearby, and floored it. Once everyone got away, Ellie asked "What the hell did you see?"

James said, "The Night Dweller."

Everyone got dropped off at home. Then Olivia and James were the last two in the car.

"Despite the chaos tonight, it was still really fun hanging out with you James," Olivia said in a cheerful voice. "You know what? You're right, just remind me to never go to that place again," James said jokingly.

"Hey, Olivia, you want to come to the movies with me this weekend? It's better than going into a haunted house and nearly dying," James said.

"I would love to go to the movies with you James," said Oliva.

"Alright, pick you up this weekend."

THE END

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Thank you for reading! We will be back in 2027!