



ORPHEUS

SUFFIELD HIGH SCHOOL'S LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITION #1 -- FALL 2016

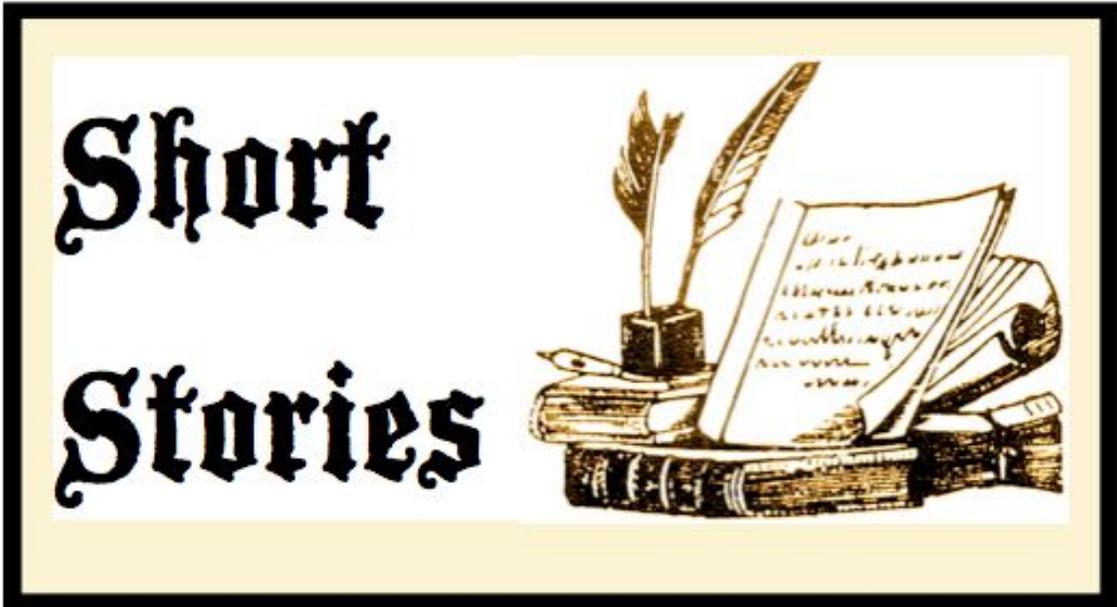
FACULTY ADVISORS: MS. PETRONE

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF: MOHAMMED ALHUSSEINI AND ELINA
CHAE

ORPHEUS STAFF: ERIC SMITH, MOHAMMED ALHUSSEINI,
LESLIE WELKER, ELINA CHAE, MALLORY LOISEAU, SARAH
LEWANDOWSKI, VERONICA PARTAIN

Table of Contents

Haunted House by Thomas MacMillan.....	pg. 4-5
Last Sip by Leslie Welker.....	pg. 6-8
Prologue to <i>The Iron Monarch</i> by Eric Smith.....	pg. 9-12
Chapter 1 - The Note by Sarah Lewandowski.....	pg. 13-15
Two Sentence Horror Stories.....	pg. 16
POV From One of Gatsby's Employees by Donovan Webb.....	pg. 17-18
Missing Scene [Untitled] by Brady Mitzel.....	pg. 18-19
Chapter VII: Inside the Buchanan Residence by Jeffrey Skinner.....	pg. 20-21
The Most Honest Man by Thomas MacMillan.....	pg. 23-27
Grey's Anatomy Review by Mallory Loiseau.....	pg. 29
Scream Queens Review.....	pg. 30
Life Quotes.....	pg. 31



Haunted House
By: Thomas MacMillan

Stark white light flashed through the shambled window shades, briefly illuminating the torn wallpaper and damp, rotted floorboards of this ancient mansion. After no more than a single step, a gust of wind, as I reassured myself, slammed the door shut behind me. My mind raced, and every cliché horror story from a lonely childhood filled with books surged through me as my sweaty hands grasped the huge door handle. The shock of thunder forced me to turn and in the brief moment of luminance given by lightning, a shattered mirror reflected my terror stricken face as the broken crystal handle fell to the floor, and shattered along with my sanity.

In total darkness, I felt along the walls for a lightswitch, only to remember that no electricity was functioning in the house. Fumbling through my pocket, relief came with the crumpled rectangular box that held a dozen matches to light the night. Hastily, I pulled the packet out, only to realize how wet my hands were from the rain as the box slid out of my hand. Diving forward without hesitation, I grasped through the air, trying to snatch the box before it fell into one of the many holes spotting the floor. Damp splinters pierced my face as I hit the ground, and a second later, a distinct splash came from the floor below. My matches were gone, leaving me in complete darkness.

What satanic desires led me to this God forsaken house? What demons whispered in my ear as I signed the mortgage? What black magic conjured this storm from a clear blue forecast? Whatever forces at play, there was no way to go but forward. My eyes had begun to adjust to the darkness and by nothing but mental afterimages left by flashes of the light, I found my way through the foyer. Now greeted with a grandiose hall, the first thing that lightning shone was the reflective rainbow from hundreds of crystals dangling from the mangled metal carcass of a chandelier. Only after the second jolt of lightning gleamed through the room did I notice that the rainbow reflected in the prism of crystals was tinted by aged windows, and had turned from the many colors synonymous with the word, to nothing but a dark purple and black, creating a crossed pattern on the walls where the wallpaper had rotted through and support beams became a hazardous display of what powers held this house up.

Amidst this sickly display of amethyst light, a corridor far on the other side of the room seemingly lit up with a flicker of candlelight. I paused, and waited for something, anything, to happen. second, waiting, second, waiting, second, wait- the pattern was again broken by a fleeting light. Human instincts roared within me, a fierce battle of fight and flight was fought by commanders of hazard and fear. Battles waged and wars fought on, millions perished until the eventual first step forward decided the victor. Only a moment had passed. A second step followed the first, then a third, and a fourth. Soon, step by step, I made my way to across the hall. Thunder shook the house with every step, and lightning lit

my way as I avoided creaky boards and broken glass. Light, step, thunder. Light, step, thunder, Light, step, and the sound of thunder muffled my shout as the floor gave way underneath. Panic, falling, crying for help, as I fell, my last thoughts were of what pain there would be when I reached the bottom.

Shock. That was my first thought. My eyes slowly awoke with me as I stirred. How much time had passed? The roar of thunder answered me, if the storm had not let up then it couldn't have been for more than an hour or two. Flexing my tangled limbs, I tested to what extent my injuries were. Right arm, fine. Left arm, fine. Left leg, pain shot up my leg and into my brain as the unexpected shock surged through my body. Not even bothering to test my right leg, my eyes scoured the darkness in search of a cane. As my mind regained full consciousness, the pain of splinters dug across my left hand registered as I grasped a fallen beam from what remained of the hole above. Ignoring the piercing jolts of pain from my hand after every step, I hobbled across the hallway in a haze, deeper into the looming, shadowy void.



Last Sip

First sip: like ambrosia and nectar. Sweet and tart exploding together over my tongue.

Second sip: Hints of black cherry and dreams and honey. She leaned in close to my ear and whispered “How does it taste?” Her breath was cold.

“Like-” I don’t want to sound pretentious and say something like cherry or chocolate. “Like-”

Third sip: “Like a waterfall. Like falling through ice into fire, or turning in circles until your head spins and you can’t find your feet.”

She let one long, chilly finger graze my cheek. “And?”

Fourth sip: I sighed “And Cherries.” I let my face turn and found her lips. She was cool velvet. I sat back, staring at my hands through the swirling liquid. My fingers curled around the stem of the glass, my rings distorted into gold and silver streaks. “You make this?”

“My family does.” A gentle smile crept into her voice like a panther through treetops.

I saw flecks in her irises the same hue as the wine and I wondered if it came from her veins. I grinned at the idea and took another quick drink.

Fifth sip: Flying, my heart fluttered high above my head, floating in a cloud of waterfalls and cherries and dizziness. My thighs could not feel the soft leather of the sofa beneath me and I pressed my legs together.

I had met her at a party of an acquaintance. Her smile shone brighter than anything; it erased the curve of her neck and the cut of her hair. The lights had glimmered and sparkled. The music was just soft enough that I heard what I wanted to. I thought I was inviting her home because I wanted *her*.

She raised her own glass solemnly and met my eyes as she drank from it; half the glass in one swallow. The light played over the white feathers woven into her hair exquisitely. I took another drink.

Sixth sip- I wanted to dance. I stood, swaying gently, vertigo sweeping up from my stomach. She caught me. Pulled me closer. She smelled like the wine. Sweet, clean, promising.

Hands together, we turned in a miniature march, confined by the graceful furniture and other walls of her apartment. Hadn't we been going to my place? It didn't matter. I shut my eyes and we spun faster, the wind tugging at my hair, pulling it loose from my careful bun. She put a hand on my hip and stepped closer. The glass was at my lips again, effortlessly.

Seventh sip- We spun faster and I heard music, glass windchimes and tiny drums. The chatter of songbirds surround us and feathers tickle my bare face and neck. I open my eyes and all I can see is her face, white and shadowed like a half moon with those honey-wine flecks in her eyes. Behind her a blur of white forest, of striped, grey, narrow trunks and and bright flashes of summertime leaves. All around us, the quick mischievous giggles of sparrows and fireflies.

My shoes sank into wet earth but in her arms I flew. Around and around and around and my head fell back and my hair streamed out behind us. It caught on twigs and tiny grasping goblin fingers who tugged and twisted and pulled. I cried out but she swallowed my fear with a kiss. Hot lavender and wisps of wildflower slunk into my nose and and clung to my throat like a sticky aftertaste.

Around and around, her fingers cold and hot, her breath sweet. I flung her away and spread my arms out wide, and they were caught in the wild ecstasy of the dance. Fire licked at my fingertips as ice froze my blood, and the music was louder than a fierce river in my ears. She came back to me, held me and spun me. I heard her laugh weave a melody through the music and my heart was the harmony. *They* kept time with *me*. Their drums, their dancing, their tiny glass windchimes and-

Last sip- My hand slammed into a cold resistance. I stumbled. The tinkle of glass accompanied me down and my knees hit hard wood.

Silence.

I blinked. Beneath my hands was the worn floor of the apartment. Shards of bloodied glass glittered between my fingers as dim streetlight melted in through torn draperies. I pushed to sit back on my heels, ignoring the twinge of ground glass pressing deeper into my palms. Paint peeled off the walls and a ceiling fan dangled from worn electrical wires. The sofa was slashed and the decrepit coffee table was the only other piece of furniture in the room. I was alone.

I lifted the broken stem of my wineglass. It was solid and refracted red and blue and pale green light back at me. I bent and skimmed a finger through the gritty liquid staining the hardwood floor. Lifting it to my nose, I smelled mud and rotted leaves.

A white feather lie in the puddle.



Prologue to The Iron Monarch

By: Eric Smith

It is told amongst the wise that the first war began before the world was full-shaped, and ere yet there was nothing that grew or walked perfect thereafter. During such a time arose a warrior of unconquerable hardihood and valor, clad in armour hewn from a great boulder, who existed only to protect the world by any means possible. Since then the legacy of knights have been built upon this warrior's lasting impression, as they serve as noble defenders for regal and virtuous monarchs. For what truly makes a king? Some may say it is birthright while others claim it is destiny. In reality, no king's rise to power carries the same air or song thus it cannot be determined. The legend of a king is never the tale of a single man, rather it is a tale of the strife and triumph of the masses whom rally behind their just ruler. And those most worthy to be remembered are the kindred knights who fight beside him. Some knights became fable, a symbol of righteousness conquering the dark or embodiments of the might and barbarity of a kingdom's foe. Yet few knights become something else entirely, legends of the flesh, everlasting icons. None this was truer than the tale of Sir Minamoto and the iron monarch.

Long ago in a distant, primitive land of vast deserts and dry rolling hills, such things as the mantle of lord were bequeathed judiciously. That is until a mad conqueror and his army of Ghazian raiders marched upon the land. Subjecting thousands to gruesome deaths; the raiders slaughtered with ease, whirling curved greatswords and sickles like feathers dancing in the wind. By the time the denizens surrendered, the conqueror had brought the kings of the land to their knees and grinded their crowns till they were no more. He then fashioned himself an ornate crown and self-proclaimed sovereignty over the entire desert province.

During this sovereignty the conqueror fancied himself with entertaining dubious and eccentric guests from far away lands, such as charlatans or wealthy merchants, which allowed his kingdom to prosper for quite some time. Yet the conquerors all-consuming want for wealth and power would be his downfall, for it would lead him to be swallowed by an unsightly plague while in sight of further conquest. With the mad conqueror gone the raiders disbanded and left the

desert province, leaving the enslaved denizens of the land to fend for themselves. In the midst of their confusion and fright towards the abandonment, there stood an ambitious lord who gave the people hope in his return. To escape the horrors of their land, the lord mustered what little he had, forming an infirm host of exiles and slaves, and sailed his people across a narrow sea into the sacred country of the west; renowned for its indomitable monarchs and their duty to reignite the once imperishable flame.

*With only the intent to give his people a new home, the lord and his host invaded The Hollow Vales *a dilapidated region ruled by the united kingdoms*. Numerous conflicts ensued during the invasion before the days then became swept with restless battles. Blind to the warnings of defeat, the lord and his infirm host pushed against the united army until the battle of the desolate dale *elaborate extensively on the battle scene*. With his back against the wall and his host scattered, the lord's tale would have ended here if not for a vagabond swordsman. A wandering warrior, clad in oriental armor, welding a wayward nagamaki so powerful, it was never known if he forcefully controlled it or if it had eaten away at his sanity till it controlled him. With it the swordsman cut down a thousand men at his feet (for their arrows fell wide upon his armor and their blades could not match his steel). Under the name of Minamoto the foreign swordsman allied himself with the lord and his enfeebled legion *no longer a host...add sentence to explain* to gain control of The Hollow Vales. Though the odds favored the imposing forces, Minamoto saw this only as a rigorous test of his skills and tactics. In the end, the two warriors and their legion took control of the entire region with the kingdom's monarchs at their knees before the now conquering lord.*

Many years passed and the lord's power would become greater than even the magnificent kingdom of Lodileth! The lord's great joy in his conquest brought forth a deep passion to express this joy in incandescence, which he found in iron. The king would build a castle like none other, a castle of pure iron. With The Hollow Vales conquered and the lord about to be a self-established monarch, Minamoto could have left in search of other means to test him; yet he decided against leaving and would stay at the king's side. He could see that although the king

could rally and unite his people, he was like a bird without wings. He had much aspiration but no wisdom to coincide. So as the king's castle was being constructed, Minamoto taught him in the ways of the 'eastern-arts' and the enlightenment it held. This caused the king to admire him even more, so much so that Ramsey instructed his royal guard to learn how to fight and think like an eastern warrior. When the king's castle was finished, he began to expand his reign and created a vast kingdom which ushered in the Age of Iron. Though the king did not only find lands to expand upon. For in those lands existed a long forgotten ability which he commandeered and created automatons. Hulking suits of solid iron armor that would do his bidding. This gave the iron monarch the illusion of holding sway over the elements of life and creation. The king even attempted to create an iron scaled dragon in this illusion. There were no bounds to what he could do.

With this ability no other monarch could match the iron king, thus he became mad with power. The iron monarch began to disregard the likeness of his people and looked towards entertaining dubious and eccentric guests from far away lands, such as charlatans or wealthy merchants. He also infringed upon the humanity of others by hunting slaves or watching common workers fight to the death in his great colosseum. Appalled by this radical alteration, Minamoto watched in the shadows in hopes the king would see the error of his ways on his own. Though this would be the furthest thing from his mind when signs emerged of the imperishable flame fading.

*Rather than beginning preparation to reignite the imperishable flame, the king took part in his greatest act. You see the king and his people believed that the old conqueror, who enslaved them for so long, was a giant. Therefore the iron monarch and a portion of his army sailed the western sea and challenged the giants by laying waste to their lord. Such is the human ego and its vulgar determination for redemption. From this a war erupted between the iron army and the giant host that spanned generations. Only was it ended by Ymir the Storm-Ruler who dismantled the monarch's automatons and crushed a great deal of his army *elaborate extensively on how exactly Ymir fought*. Yet in the end the iron king was spared and Ymir was made lord of the iron capital, serving as a one-man vanguard.*

Not only did this not allow the once just lord to see the folly of his ways but it increased his all-consuming want. So much so that, just as mysteriously as he came, Minamoto left with no word or warning. The foul monarch was left alone, to do and command without a friend by his side. In one single instance, the king became filled with a rage incomprehensible! How could Minamoto dare to leave him!?! So he tracked his old friend to the desolate dale where the two men clashed, forgetting all ties. Though Minamoto may have been the teacher; the king had come far and wielded enough prowess to best him, and so he did. Breaking his ribs and shattering his legs the king struck down Minamoto in the midst of their battle. Before the final blow could be delivered Minamoto held a crown to the king. A crown which he held close. The iron monarch's old crown from when he was but an ambitious lord characterized by hardship and the hope for his people. This very sight caused the king to realize that he had steered away for too long. With the acknowledgement of his misdemeanors, the monarch took up Minamoto's sword and gave it to him, for he wanted him to take his own life, with his own blade, rather than by the king's hand, allowing him to keep his honor.

Thus ends the tale of honor and brotherhood between the iron monarch and Sir Minamoto, for after this the king perished. His kingdom was devoured by an immense conflagration, setting its entire populous ablaze, causing the weight of his iron castle to give way and sink deep into the world. There the monarch was swallowed by the world's blood. The old king's charred body was then taken by an ancient chaos which used it as a vessel. The ancient chaos intertwined him with a demon's soul which unleashed its ultimate product. A bedevil winged god-killer known as Ichorous Tormenter.



[Excerpt]

Chapter 1 – The Note

By: Sarah Lewandowski

This is how my first day of being a freshman in high school started. I was running to my classes and I had my trusty map and schedule in my hand. The hallway traffic was horrible to be in and I only had five minutes to get to all my classes. When I got to art class I saw this pretty girl. My class was full of girls and four other boys in it so I wasn't the only boy who had a crush on first sight. Their names were Drake, Colin, Fred, and Joe.

They are pretty nice classmates to be friends with. After art class I had to go home on the bus because that was my last subject. The bus ride was so much fun because Drake, Colin, Fred, and Joe go on my bus. When I got off the bus and walked into my house to look for my older brother Steve, he wasn't inside. Then something on the counter caught my eye. It was a handwritten note from Steve:

Dear Brian,

I won't be home for a few days. I'm going to be hunting for food so we can have a decent meal. I'll be fine and take care of myself. I even brought my trusty rifle with me. I have enough supplies to last me all of the days that I'll be away from home. I'll be back soon. I love you Brian. Take good care of yourself and watch your back.

Your older brother,
Steve

Now this is how the real story starts. My name is Brian and I'm fifteen years old. My older brother Steve is sixteen years old. Our parents died in a car crash and none of our relatives wanted us to live with them. Steve and I love to hunt together. We learned to hunt from our own experiences. What we did is what people say is the hard way of doing things. Well, it certainly was the hard way. When our parents died three years ago, we learned to earn money by getting jobs after school.

During those three years, we stopped hunting and bought food from the store. In my opinion, it's disgusting because everything in that store was rotting. Everyone in the town got sick from it, and I mean everyone. Everyone remembers that year.

For hunting, I use an archer's bow and arrows, and Steve uses a rifle. To us, hunting is everything. We only hunt for food when we need it. Whatever is left over from the animal, we try to use it so nothing goes to waste. Now when I saw Steve's note on the counter for me, I got worried. We always hunt together, never alone. Why you may ask? Well, the last time we did,

we almost died. We both had a lot of cuts, scratches, wounds, bruises, and blood on us. We've never hunted alone since.

Now that you're all caught up on our past, I'll bring you back to the present of me freaking out over Steve's note. I decided to grab my bow and arrows and go look for him in the woods where we always hunt together, but I had to grab supplies first. I grabbed the supplies that I needed, camping gear, clothes that I can hunt in, medical supplies, food, and of course water. I stuffed it all in a backpack, grabbed my bow and arrows and quiver, and ran out the door. I headed out to the woods with worry and confidence on face.

I had a lot of thoughts of worry and determination going through my head. I hoped Steve was okay. I pushed all my thoughts away just to concentrate on what to do. I went deeper into the woods still searching for my brother, but started to think about that girl that I saw in my art class. She is so pretty that I couldn't stop thinking about her now. I didn't know her name, but I knew she hunts with a bow and arrows just like me. My mind went back to Steve, hoping he was okay. He knows how to talk to girls, but my first priority was to find him. I continued running deeper into the dark and dense woods.

"Steve?" Where are you Steve?" I hollered out. I waited for an answer, but only heard my echo. I came to a stop and thought that I heard a deer move through the thick brush around me. I looked around and suddenly saw an open field right in the middle of the woods.

"Wow... amazing!" I whispered softly. I slowly walked towards it but stopped suddenly.

"There's my meal for tonight," I said as I looked right at the buck. My stomach started to growl and my mouth started to water. My hands started to twitch. I slowly put my backpack down and grabbed my bow and quiver. I stared at the buck, slowly walking towards it, and loaded my bow.

"The buck doesn't notice me. Good" I thought to myself. Suddenly, I remembered about hunting with my brother. We hunt together for a reason. If we don't get the animal we want with one hit, the other person has to quickly fire their weapon to kill it. We also help each other with the weapons we have.

The arrows and rifle can be used to be a splint if one of us broke a leg or an arm. I snap back into reality and focus on the buck again. I look right at the spot where I need to hit, aim, and then send the arrow flying at full speed to its target. The buck collapsed and started to bleed from its wound that the arrow made. By the time I got to the buck, it was already dead. I checked to see if I could get the buck's pulse, but I didn't get a single sound.

I dragged the dead buck back to the area where I put my backpack of supplies and bow down. I looked at the area around my little spot and decided to take the grasses out, use them as a fire starter, and pick up all the bark so it can be used as a plate for some of the venison that I shot or help the fire heat up faster. I looked around the area I just cleared out and admired my work. I set up my sleeping bag, pulled out my hunting knife and started to skin the buck, make a fire with the grass and bark I collected, and finally set up my tent. I take a quick and small sip of water from my canteen, put it away, and started cooking the buck I skinned.

As I waited for my dinner to cook, I looked up at the night sky and relaxed. The crickets are singing their song like they always do, the fireflies light up the woods, and the smells of nature around me calm my senses. I checked the meat to make sure that it's fully cooked and started eating. I sat back against a tree and ate my delicious dinner. I took the rest of the meat off the fire so it didn't burn, cut it up, and put it in storage containers.

I crawled into my tent with my backpack, bow and quiver and put them down. I went back out to put out my fire and double-checked that it was completely out, crawled to my sleeping bag, and drifted off to sleep. I started to think about school for some reason. I'm glad I didn't have to go to school tomorrow because it was Saturday. My mind then drifted off to the girl that I immediately had a crush on. She was so lovely, pretty, gorgeous, and sweet. She has long purple hair that I can't forget, even if I tried. Her voice was as sweet as a bird's song to his love from a distance.

I had to ask Steve about her name and how to work up the courage to ask her on a date. I suddenly woke up with the sun's rays on my face, shining through the fabric of the tent. I drank some water from my canteen and grabbed some venison to eat from my storage containers. When I was done, I rolled up my sleeping bag, broke down my tent, and put it all in my backpack. I started to walk away from my camp when I suddenly saw boot tracks that only my brother's boots would make.

I started to cautiously follow the tracks, aware of what may be after him, stalking him from behind. I pushed the thoughts of worry out of my head. I continued to follow his tracks and noticed they stopped right in front of a large bush. I looked at the bush and slowly leaned towards it. A rustle came from right next to it.

"Steve? Are you in there? Come on. Don't play around with me. The note scared me good enough."

"He-hello?" a voice said softly behind me. She came out of her hiding spot with her bow loaded and aimed at my head. "Who are you?" she asked in a demanding tone. I slowly turned around to face her while she slowly put her bow down and stared at me with recognition. "Aren't you one of the boys in my art class?"

"Yes I am. MY name is Brian. Yours is..." I began calmly.

"Hannah. Nice to meet you Brian. Why are you out here? Hunting?" she asked.

"No. I'm looking for my brother," I replied with a bit of confidence infused with worry.



Two Sentence Horror Stories

The doorbell rang and as she opened it, there was a picture of her with a red heart around it. On the back of the picture it said, "I'm coming for you."

My baby started to cry at 1 a.m. last night. I don't have a baby.

You're hungry and you want a spicy chicken deluxe from Chik-fil-a. You remember...it's SUNDAY!

A girl heard her mom yell her name from downstairs, so she got up and started to head down. As she got to the stairs, her mom pulled her into her room and said "I heard that too!"

Just as I lied down, I heard the furnace kick in. The only problem: it was a manual furnace.

You watch the *Walking Dead* season opener. The next morning, you wake up to find your Halloween decoration of a skeleton head is smashed open with one of the eyes missing.

I pulled into school today. Half of the parking lot was closed.

I took a break from writing my essay, but when I came back it was already done. I live alone.

I heard the sound of a water bottle flipping. There was no one in the room.

He asked why I was breathing so heavily. I wasn't.

What do ghosts serve for dessert? I-scream!

The midnight bumps, bangs, and wails from the attic can be unbearable. It only ceases when we consider selling the house and leaving...or when we get out the chloroform rag.

I came out of the bathroom and saw a hunched over figure run into my darkened room. I called for my friend to ask what he was doing and his response came from the kitchen on the other side of the house.

As my neighbor answers his phone, I watch as he drops to the ground. Seconds later, my own phone rings.

Inspired by *The Great Gatsby*

SPOILERS

POV from one of Gatsby's employees

Donovan Webb

It was a beautiful morning in West Egg and Gatsby notified me that he was going for a swim in his pool. It was an odd decision because he had rarely used his pool. I guess being that it was a nice day, he wanted to enjoy the last bit of summer left. When he walked back out, he stood in front of the inground pool and dove right in. I circled the pool making sure he would not drown or hurt himself while swimming. A few minutes go by and I hear footsteps coming down the stairwell just outside the pool area. But before I get to look over, the phone rings. I go to pick it up and answer it. I state, "Gatsby's... I know Mr. Gatsby, he'd be happy that you called." And in that instant, a gunshot went off. I turn around and there is Gatsby standing, paralyzed and shocked. Jay Gatsby was shot. Dropping the phone, I stood there in disbelief as Gatsby fell backwards into the pool. He aggressively hit the water and floated there as his life was perished. The gunmen turned the firearm back into his face and committed suicide before he could be arrested and prosecuted. Since I was not armed, there was not much I could do. I could have gotten shot, or I could have gotten lucky and have the gunmen shoot himself. Fortunately, he chose suicide. A few days go by and an Gatsby's funeral commences. Sad faces all around fill his mansion with great despair. Family, friends, and people like myself attend the open casket. Bouquets of beautiful flowers surround the deceased millionaire and all I could do is stare at disbelief. I haven't thought about what I was going to do now that Gatsby is gone. But that

wasn't the problem. The problem was the man I had known for years was gone and there was nothing I could do about it. Jay Gatsby was gone.

~~~~~  
Inspired by *The Great Gatsby*

\*SPOILERS\*

By: Brady Mitzel

My life on this Earth was ending soon. The clock was ticking down, ever so slowly. As I lay down, preparing for my slow and painless death, I remembered my past. I remembered him, I remembered Gatsby. Jay Gatsby was the only good man I'd met in my eighty years of life. Even though they found him guilty as a bootlegger, it never changed his personality. He only wanted one thing in his life, and that one thing was my cousin, Daisy Buchanan. Tom and Daisy had attempted to fly away from their past life, and got tickets from Boston to London. Once they got on the airplane, disaster struck and the engine blew up as soon as the pilots started. They were killed instantly, some say that it was an intentional explosion, but that was just a hunch for some people, but a certainty for one.

Nevermind about those two Buchanans, they deserved what they got, ruining Gatsby's life and indirectly killing him shortly after. Their daughter, Pammy, survived the explosion, as she was furthest from the engine. Although she had been in the hospital for months, she made a full recovery and started to live her life, set on solving the mystery of who would want to kill her parents. She lived with her parents' butlers, with nobody to ask about the plane explosion.

Since that summer in '22, I moved to South Dakota, near Gatsby's father, Henry C. Gatz. I figured that if Gatsby was the only person I truly could call a friend in my life, I figured he must have gotten that from someone. When I first arrived, Henry welcomed me in and asked

what I was doing this far north. I told him the truth. There were no good people in this world, and I figured it would be best to go to the man who inspired the only good person I've met.

When Pammy found me, needless to say I was surprised. I didn't expect her to know where I moved to and certainly didn't expect to see anyone I knew for a long time. Turns out that the engine had been sabotaged by someone from the Valley of Ashes. She told me that she doesn't blame Gatsby for her parents' deaths, and that she believed that he was misunderstood. It made me realize that maybe all people weren't bad and given a little reason, could also be great people. So I set out on my quest to find and inspire more people to become more positive with their lives, I even published my book about Jay Gatsby. I hope that it inspired some people to have a positive outlook.

So now I lay here, on my deathbed, I remember who I was, what I did with my life. I realized that out of all of them, Gatsby wasn't the best in the bunch, because without me, he wouldn't have gotten anywhere. We were a pair, I held him together like glue when he was falling apart, when he was nervous, I was there for him. When I needed a friend and someone to look up to, I had someone, and that someone was the one and only, Great Gatsby.

Inspired by *The Great Gatsby*

\*SPOILERS\*

### **Chapter VII Inside the Buchanan's Residence**

By: Jeffrey Skinner

There was an immediate feel of dishonesty in the air. One look at Daisy's face would show the common person that she had a thousand thoughts going through her mind, that she was racing to come up with an explanation.

But, alas, it was Tom that she was trying to convince, a task that she had perfected over the years. She knew that she could not tell him the truth, that it had been her who had struck the girl in the road. So, with no other option, she began to explain to him her twisted story of what had occurred.

"Gatsby was driving the car, and he was speeding way too fast," she exclaimed to Tom with the most worried tone she could pull off. She made it so convincing that she almost believed it herself.

"He was being absolutely careless, he wasn't paying attention at all!" She tried to emphasise his carelessness as much as she could. "

Tom shook his head in absolute ignorance, it didn't take much to realize that he was eating up every word she was saying. Daisy struggled to wrap her mind around what she was doing. It was not until this point in the conversation that she had realized that she was destroying the name of The Great Gatsby. She was blatantly lying to protect herself and her own interests, an act of undisputable selfishness. Gatsby had

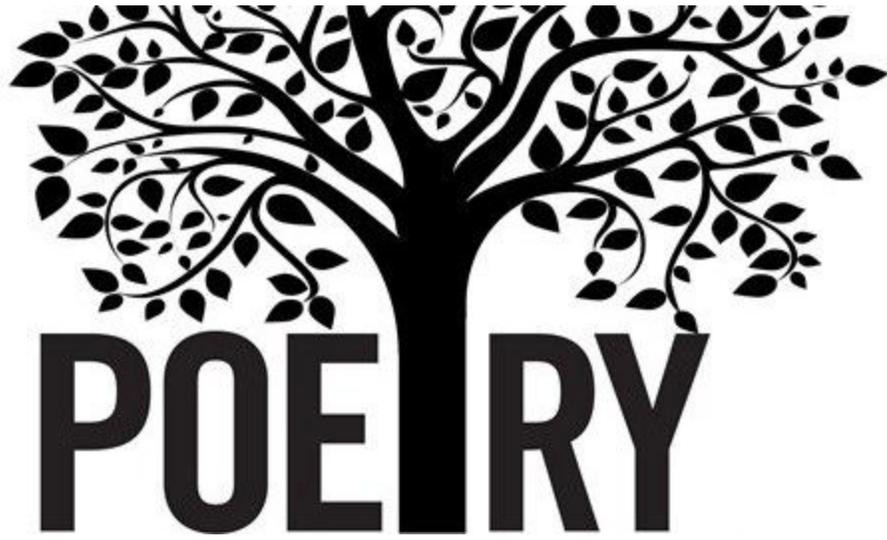
respected her enough to take the blame for her actions, and she had betrayed him in this very moment.

Daisy sat in silence for a minute, almost in a trance, realizing that there was no turning back. For if she made even the slightest attempt to right her wrong by admitting dishonesty to her husband, she would be severely beaten. Just like that, she awoke from her endless thought trail, her mind revitalized. She realized what she had done, and the consequences that must take place.

“Listen Tom, I owe you an apology. I thought you were wrong about Gatsby. I thought he was simply trying to be my friend,” Daisy lied through her teeth.

“I had no idea he was this crazy. I am in just as much shock as you are. I simply cannot believe he would strike that girl and then drive off like that. I never want to see him again, and I’ll prove it to you. I’m going to get some rest for now, or try to anyway, and in the morning we can begin to pack our bags.” For Tom, her words were music to his ears.

He sat proudly in his throne, the victor of the battle. Once again he had proven that his wife relied on him, or so he thought. He smiled and released her hand, signalling that it was okay for her to drift off to their bedroom to catch some sleep. However, it was in that moment, in that room, alone with her excuse of a husband, that Daisy realized that she had once again given up on her future.



## **The Most Honest Man**

By: Thomas MacMillan

It was on a faithful day  
That a young boy was led astray  
By the dubious hand of fate  
That refused to simply lay in wait

It was on this faithful day  
On a long and winding way  
That the boy did meet, his one true love  
Sent from heaven, high above

She sat in carriage, racing by  
And never even met his eye  
She never saw him walking by  
And never saw his heart soar high

Inspired now, by his want for her  
The boy implored his master "Sir,  
If you'd be so kind as to let me,  
I'll be the best worker, you ever did see"

He asked for job after job  
And filled each day full with heartthrob  
In the hope of one day seeing his bride  
He held on to his love, his want, his pride

The boy grew stronger, year by year  
Overcoming fear after fear  
He faced long days, and little pay  
He faced long nights, on each he did pray

One day, he found a man along the road  
Who promised him fame, glory, and gold  
But the boy did refuse his offer  
And refused to take the free, gilded coffer

He did not want any simple charity  
For it was his heart that gave him clarity  
And it was this true sincerity  
That would lead him to true prosperity

The boy gained renown  
From the farthest city to nearest town  
For never did you meet a harder worker than he  
Not across the deserts, planes, or sea

He went to the local lord  
And asked to be the prince's ward  
To shield him from harm, danger, and blight  
All he asked for, was to learn to write

The lord knew of the boy's ethic  
For it had become a tale of epic  
He granted his wish to serve his son  
Perhaps the prince could do, as he had done

Now the boy's days were filled with the prince  
Teaching him to work, to smile, and convince  
Now the boy's nights were filled with study  
Although his writing was crude and muddy

He learned to write and learned to read  
But had not yet fulfilled his deed  
He now served the prince as mentor and page  
Until the prince came of age

For his many years of work  
The prince bestowed upon him a perk  
A fitting prize, the mantel of Sir  
With this, the boy could finally reach her

His princess lived in a far away land  
Across wood, stone, and sand  
This did not stop the boy, oh no  
Neither did rain, nor sleet, nor snow

By the time he made it to the border  
There was a new imperial order  
The princess was next in line for the throne  
He had not known how she had grown

But when he saw her yet again  
She was different, than back then  
Men flocked to her, all wanting the title of king  
For the money, glory, and fortune it would bring

She turned away suitors on every corner  
Each one a strange, alien foreigner  
The townspeople were not pleased, with how  
Their walks were interrupted by the need to bow

But he wanted her for her  
Of which he was certainly sure  
He cared not for the mantel of king  
Or the money, glory, or fortune it would bring

He stood before his love  
And he swore to her majesty  
He would treat her as a god from above  
And protect her from any tragedy

He professed his love  
For the land to hear  
But no one had heard of  
This man, from nowhere near

But from the crowd, a old sage came forth  
Carrying on his back an old, gilded coffer  
And he exclaimed “Why, he’s from the North!”  
“Long ago, he chose to refuse a most excellent offer”

“I gave him the chance to have a free life  
Without worry, pain, or strife  
But he chose the honorable way

A decision most rare, in this current day”

The sage was the same one  
Who he had told he would take none  
Of the free fame, glory and gold  
A choice that made him appear quite bold

The princess then remembered, where she had seen him before  
All those years ago, when visiting the Northern shore  
She saw a boy along the road  
And immediately asked the carriage be slowed

But the driver did not hear  
Her fervent cheer  
Over the loud, heavy neigh  
Of the rickety horse-drawn sleigh

She had seen in the boy  
A new kind of joy  
A fire in his eyes  
Unseen before, under the skies

Long ago she had decided  
That by this boy, she would be guided  
To become a woman worthy of his care  
For such true love, was ever so rare

Now the two, looked at each other  
Both their hearts, began to flutter  
But neither could speak, without a stutter  
Until the boy, finally managed a mutter

“If my lady, would be so kind  
In me I hope that you could find  
A solid head and able mind  
For to you, my heart has long been signed”

And the woman heard this  
And felt a new bliss

To such an extent, she had never been flattered  
She began to feel, as if nothing else mattered

“Good sir, rest assured that I have no doubt  
You have already found the truest route  
Through my skin, with a loving dart  
That has long since pierced, my simple heart”

The kingdom was in glee  
That they were finally free  
Of the countless suitors, from foreign lands  
Reaching for their wealth, with sullied hands

The two were married, a loving pair  
And none would dare  
Doubt their care  
When they say, their loving stare

And so is the story  
Of a man who's glory  
Has been etched in stone  
As his own, and his alone

# Reviews



*Grey's Anatomy* Review  
Mallory Loiseau  
Caution: Spoiler Alerts!!!

Everyone's excited for the fall! Most people are looking forward to pumpkin spice lattes, Halloween, cold weather, and those pesky bugs finally dying off; but for some, the best part of fall is ABC's reality tv show, *Grey's Anatomy*. All of the future surgeons of our generation seem to have a biological timer in their heads- and hearts- that goes off every Thursday at 8pm. At that time, every *Grey's Anatomy* addict huddles around the living room television with a bowl of popcorn and a box of kleenex... Spoiler alert: Every character you love in this show dies, so you have to be prepared for waterworks and mental breakdowns at *all* times.

Shonda Rhimes is everyone's worst nightmare, leaving you dangling on the worst cliffhangers. Whether you're waiting to see who Ellis Grey's other daughter is, if your most intriguing OTP's marriage will survive (Hint: none of them do. Ever. Thanks for making me lose faith in love, Shonda), or the fate of the show's most handsome character, you will be left theorizing until the next episode. These cliffhangers leave the dedicated viewers up all night wondering and cursing at Shonda Rhimes for leaving so many questions unanswered.

I've heard from quite a few people that they don't watch *Grey's Anatomy* because they only watched the first few episodes and have trouble getting into it. If I'm being honest, I think each and every one of those people are lying, and have never watched it. There's no possible way that you can watch such an enticing show and *not* get attached. I have formed a very personal (yet one-sided) relationship with every character on this show, and it would just feel wrong to stop watching their growth in every episode. I bawled my eyes out when George O'Malley died, DM'd Shonda Rhimes on Instagram when Izzie Stevens left (I never got a response, but I'm still waiting), and screamed at the television screen when Meredith Grey found herself falling in love with another man.

As cheesy as it sounds, *Grey's Anatomy* changed the course of my future. I have a newfound appreciation for life, which led to my extreme passion for biology and my desire to go into the medical field. I made friends that I never would have met had it not been for *Grey's Anatomy*. Calling *Grey's* a tv show is an understatement; it's a lifestyle that I'm so grateful to be living, and I have so much gratitude towards everyone who participates in the show for opening up so many new doors for me. To anyone considering starting a new series, I cannot recommend *Grey's Anatomy* strongly enough.

## *Scream Queens* Review Season 2

Fall is upon us again, and with it all of our favorite shows starting for the season. Fox's campy horror hit *Scream Queens* debuted season 2 on September 20th. Some familiar faces were brought back for this season, including Dean Munsch played by Jamie Lee Curtis, the Chanel's played by Emma Roberts, Abigail Breslin, and Billie Lourd, and Zayday Williams played by Keke Palmer. Other familiar characters, like Chad Radwell, Hester Ulrich, and Denise Hemphill, have also started to emerge.

What has not really emerged, however, is the "wow" factor season 1 gave viewers. Instead of a college campus, this season takes place a few years later in a hospital Dean Munsch has started. This brings in the old Kappa crew, but not the same thrills. Although still campy, it seems like the same formula season 1 brought us. There are flashback scenes, complete with an unborn baby who will most likely come back to wreck havoc on our beloved characters. There is no Red Devil this season, but there is the Green Meanie, born from the flashback scenes. Sound familiar?

There are a few new additions to the cast, most notably Dr. Brock Holt (yes, you read that correctly) played by the unaging John Stamos, and Dr. Cassidy Cascade, played by former *Twilight* heartthrob Taylor Lautner. Kirstie Alley is also making some appearances as a henchman (woman?) of Dean Munsch. There is also the continuation of what made the show great- campy humor, quick wit, and fabulous casting. Hopefully it will live up to season 1's success.



# *Quotes*

"Everyone has their own choices in life." Zachary Hunleth



"The man who has never made a mistake, has never made anything." Zachary Hunleth



"If everyone in the world is different and unique, doesn't that make being different and unique normal?" Samir Zulfiquar



"You can't be someone else's normal." Max Mitzell



"If you never get out of your comfort zone, you will never face your fears." Kelly Fortin



"Bell bottoms sound like a tripping hazard." Samir Zulfiquar