

THE
**CREATIVE
CORNER**

**SMITHFIELD'S OUTLET
FOR ALL THINGS ART!**

This issue includes Grammar Tips
for all of you who are grammar
impaired;
Vocabulary words to impress your
friends; and
Stories and poems to frighten and
amuse.

Sources

Brandon Tarro

In a land not as far away as one should hope, there resides a group of little, complex but simple individuals called sprites. These *sprites* require a mysterious energy called *fidem* to keep them going. However, this is not the primary concern for some of them. Rather, those particular sprites are concerned with the *sources themselves* from which they receive such energy- *or don't*. Each sprite receives their *fidem* from a different source. As for their sources, the four sprites each have their own, except for one, who claims to utilize no source. The four sprites live together in a rather tiny but picturesque glade of an endless forest. The sun is always shining brightly down upon it. There is a small pond in at one edge of it, and also, there's always a tranquil breeze that blows throughout the small clearing.

The sprite who goes by the name of Sol uses the ever-beaming sun as his source. He is notably appreciative of his source, *the almighty sun*. The sprite who calls herself Aqua uses the cool pond as her source. She relies on the gentle water of glade to stay refreshed and relaxed. Next, there is the one who calls himself Ventus. He rides along the breeze of glade, accepting it, and always wonders where the wind will take him. Lastly, there is Terra- the sprite who claims to use no source.

One day, much like every other, all the sprites- Sol, Aqua, Ventus, and Terra- gathered together to talk.

"What a glorious day to feel the sun's warmth, isn't it sprites?" began Sol.

"*Here we go again,*" Terra muttered under his breath. Ventus heard, and glared at him. Terra raised an eyebrow back.

"*Erm-* certainly Sol," Aqua replied, trying to be polite. Sol beamed with excitement.

"So you appreciate the sun, Aqua?"

"*Well,* sure- I like its warmth, and the way it glistens on the water."

"*Ah!*" boomed Sol. "So you are finally aware of the sun's might?"

"I suppose," Aqua agreed, a little reluctantly.

"Then why not join me, lady Aqua, and use the almighty great sun as your source of *fidem* as well?" Aqua shrugged.

"I don't know... I just feel that the water is *my* true source."

"But you would be so much better if you used the sun! Can't you see the path of sun is the only way?"

"*Ehhh...* that's okay, Sol. I do respect and appreciate your sun, but the water is the only source for me."

"*Hmph,*" muttered Sol. "One of these days I'll get you to see that the sun is the one true source, Aqua!" At this, Aqua responded with only a wry, awkward smile. She knew her source would never change.

"But Sol," Ventus chimed in, don't you think she might be content with the source she already uses?"

"*Oh,* quite possibly, Ventus, but she would be so much happier if she used the true source, the sun, like me- and as would you! Step up from the dark depths from which you and *Terra* reside and embrace the glorious sun! What do you say?"

"We get it *Sol,*" hissed Terra. "Stop being so annoying. No one cares about your stupid *almighty sun-* and not to mention that sources are just ridiculous shams that you especially are too ignorant to see through." Sol scowled at him.

"I shan't even respond to the lightless likes of you, *Terra!*"

"You just did," Terra sneered, trying his hardest not to smirk in condescension.

"Enough of that Terra," Ventus said.

"Although Sol," Ventus continued, "if there really is a problem with us not using the sun, why is it we can still get *fidem* from the sources we prefer?"

"Because," Sol responded with a voice much louder than necessary, "you are all blind to the plain truth that the sun is the only true source!"

"But, if we were all meant to use the sun, why would the other sources even exist?"

"Because-! *Well...*" Sol opened his mouth as if he was going to continue, but no sound came out. He slipped into thought, digging in his mind for an answer.

"If it wasn't okay for us to use other sources, why would any other sources even exist?" Ventus repeated. Sol was quiet; he wasn't actually paying attention- he was still thinking of his answer.

"Don't you see, Sol?" said Terra. Now Sol looked up.

"You're nothing but an ignorant fool, even more so than Aqua." Aqua raised an eyebrow at Terra, but did not dignify his real ignorance with any response.

"Ignore him, Sol," said Aqua.

"No!" roared Sol, "this sourceless pest needs to be taught that the sun is one true-!"

"*ENOUGH!*" yelled Ventus. Ventus barely ever raised his voice- so he got everyone's attention. "My patience is wearing thin, as is Aqua's I'm sure."

"*Boy,* you're telling me," said Aqua.

"Thank you, Ventus," said Terra. "It's beyond me what makes you foolish enough to use a source- your *wind*- but you're definitely a step up from these imbeciles. Now tell this idiot Sol once and for all that-

"You, Terra," began Ventus, with a very fed-up tone, "are the most ignorant of all. You condescend and insult us for our using of sources, but do you not see that *you yourself* use one?" The other sprites were confused at this. They had never thought Terra used a source.

"What!? *Ha!* I'm not as dense as you all- I need no such stupidity. All your false sources do is cause is childish bickering between you, about which is the real one. If any of you were smart, you'd know none are- they're all fake." Ventus paused for a moment, staving his frustration, and collecting his thoughts.

"I've been thinking much about the matter lately, and it is quite clear to me now. *Fidem*- the energy that we get from our sources- the energy that keeps me- *us*, rather, alive. It is essential for sprites to survive." The others were again bewildered at Ventus.

"We are sprites. You are a sprite, Terra." Terra stared at Ventus.

"I take it back," said Terra. "You aren't a step up from the others." Ventus huffed.

"Think, Terra," he began. "Aqua- she flows throughout the water droplets in the air. Sol- he travels by the light of the sun. I myself float with the wind. You, Terra, however, are the only one among us who actually walks the among the ground." Ventus was silent for a moment, as to try and get Terra to develop the thought on his own.

"Okay, what's your point?"

Ventus sighed.

"Is it not obvious to you that you also require *fidem*?"

"Preposterous! I'm the only one of you dolts that knows sources are *phony*."

"Open your eyes, Terra! It's not the sources that we need- it's the *fidem* we get from them! You do require it, like the rest of us- and it is quite clear that the earth is your source! Look at your feet." Terra looked down and wiggled his toes, and then looked back up.

"How is that?" he asked. "The earth isn't a source, and I certainly don't take *fidem* from it." Ventus rubbed his chin in frustration.

"You say our sources only make us bicker," he started. "Are you blind to your own constant bickering about how the sources are fake? Albeit *negatively*, you do indeed argue about the sources. Your denial of them keeps you from seeing the obvious truth that you use *fidem* like the rest of us- and the *earth* is your *source*!"

Terra seemed to almost listen for a moment.

"*Hmph*," Terra grunted, "*that's... that's... that's* just stupid." Aqua and Ventus exchanged a look.

"I've had enough of this nonsense for one day," puffed Terra "I'm done here."

"Come on Terra," Aqua called to him as he stormed off into the forest.

"I think I've had just about enough of this as well," Sol proclaimed with disdain. "I'm beginning to think you *heathens* won't ever see the sun's true light." He stomped off toward the sun. Aqua and Ventus sighed to each other.

"I suppose I'll see you tomorrow, Aqua," said Ventus.

"I suppose so," she replied in a tired tone. With that, they both went off to their own sources.

The next day, the sprites awoke and gathered as they did the day before, as if they'd completely forgotten about their bickering the past day. Just as they did the day prior, the sprites once again argued their points, but listened not, and learned nothing.

And the day after that, the same squabbling also transpired.

And the day after that as well.

And the day after that.



Philosophy Rocks- Zac Oliva

"When I was 5 years old, my mother always told me that happiness was the key to life. When I went to school, they asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I wrote down "happy". They told me I didn't understand the assignment, and I told them they didn't understand life.

-John Lennon

Underbelly

Once I was young and thought it was done,
When those putrid sounds wouldn't cease
banging,
That evil noise would be always clanging,
Purple drums of naive youth blocked my sun,
My time in Underbelly
Once I was young and thought it was done,
When those putrid sounds wouldn't cease
banging,
That evil noise would be always clanging,
Purple drums of naive youth blocked my sun,
My time in this wasteland had just begun,
Words possessed a sharp and sudden twanging,
While innocents were buried hanging,
Inhalations of bleak, loose, dust I'd won.

How foolish to believe poisonous lies,
Ever present row shoots through soft ears,
In solitude silent are my cries,
Teaming with fervor and boiling tears,
For my captor knows me he is my peer,
Toiling to fry me with my worst fears

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Sarah Warrener

The Fall of the Schutzstaffel

Auschwitz, June 1943 to June of 1944.
It all began to come back.
Somebody had really done those things.
A countenance not easily to be forgotten
No affinity with the air of heaven.
A succession of loud and shrill screams,
The hours waned and waned away.
Its walls had been lined with human remains.
The blood fiend of Patin in tears?
I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this
No disturbance from the breath of the external air.
His face as still as death,
His eyes sunken in their sockets
failed to give vitality to the scene.
War criminals for following orders and directives.
He asks if you understand what you have done
What we did was motivated only by survival
I must abandon life and reason together,
The work must go on if we are to survive
But does one argue with madmen?
The zest had gone out of the day.
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Melanie Cragan

Hello SHS!

By Alex Simkins

Coding may seem like something that only geniuses can do, or something that is too complex to even bother trying to figure out. I am here to show you that coding is something that you can easily learn how to do in just a few minutes. The first step to becoming a programmer is the same as any other creative occupation: trying to create something that you can say you made. Just an apprentice blacksmith must learn how to forge their first sword, you must learn to forge your first program. But where to start?

Below is an example of a code written in Java. Python and C++, two other popular languages that novice programmers use to learn how to code, will be featured in upcoming issues. The “Hello World” programs, as they are called, are programs that output a line of text when they are carried out. As such, each of the programs below will have an output of “Hello SHS!”.

```
#####
```

Java:

A very common language, not to be confused with Javascript.

The hello world program goes as follows:

```
//  
public class HelloShs  
{  
    public static void main(String args[])  
    {  
        System.out.println(“Hello SHS!”);  
    }  
}  
//
```

The output of this program will be:

```
//  
Hello SHS!  
//
```

Rather than try and decipher all of that gibberish, let's look at its parts. The highlighted part is all that you need to be concerned with for now. It is telling the computer (System) to output (out) what is in the parenthesis (“Hello SHS!”) onto the console (println) and then to move the cursor to the next line. Finally, the statement ends with a semicolon to indicate that the line of code is over.

This one is rather hard to understand on the fly- Java has a steep learning curve for beginners, and takes time to master. But since you know what this program is meant to do, you can “translate” the java wording into english, like I did above. Don't worry about the rest of the program, just the highlighted line for now. The entire process of coding is a cycle of writing and reading. If you can read the code, then it is only a matter of trying to write down what you can read to complete the circle, take the first step, and start your journey towards becoming a master.

ITS VS IT'S

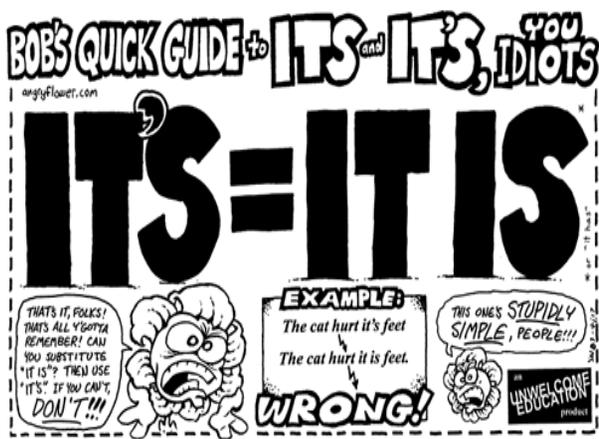
DO YOU KNOW WHEN TO USE THE WORD "ITS?" HOW ABOUT THE WORD "IT'S?" WELL, HERE'S A HINT!

"ITS" IS A POSSESSIVE PRONOUN; YOU USE IT WHEN YOU SHOW POSSESSION.

ITS COLOR SURPASSED EVEN MY EXPECTATIONS.

"IT'S" IS A CONTRACTION. IT MEANS "IT IS" OR "IT HAS."

IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL FALL DAY, I THINK I WILL HEAD TO THE BEACH AND WATCH THE SURFERS.



Each thought condenses as a raindrop,
Droplets pool together as a stream of an
idea,
And spare words trickle and swirl.

Repetitive thoughts trickle into rivers
that carve the lines of the mind;
Into an otherwise smooth terrain.
As thoughts barrel down,
in masses and the brain gets warmed,
The words evaporating and condensing as
clouds
That fill with idle fog

Sometimes, the thoughts run dry, and arid
There can be no pure, sweet water of
imagination anywhere,
And those carved lines crack and shrivel
with lost memory.
The draught can stretch on,
inhabit the tongue,
Leaving behind the barren wasteland of a
muted speech
But even a thirsty mind can find relief
In a single thought condensed as a raindrop.

Julia Meredydd



PERSONAL FINANCE TIP #1

Presented by SHS Business
Department

-Protect your identity. Even as high school students, your identity could be stolen and you wouldn't even know it.

-DON'T carry your social security card with you and don't give out the number needlessly. Someone could be opening accounts in your name and social security number and you wouldn't know it until you applied for a loan/credit card yourself.

Warrior Want Ads

Hero 4 Hire!

Looking for part time heroic employment. Good at slaying monsters, their moms, and rallying warriors. Past experience with violence and sword-to-sword and hand-to-hand combat. Contact me via owl only.

Need a Hero?

If you need someone to fight off demons or kill the slimy green monster in your moat, have no fear! For I am Beowulf, a gallant warrior who has fought off some of Hell's worst monsters. Fee is negotiable, must provide lodging and meals for my men. Willing to die for your cause.

Pugnacious: pug·na·cious pəg' nāSHəs/
adj: quick to argue, quarrel, or fight.

She is extremely pugnacious when she expounds upon the current election and its candidates.



Cantankerous: can·tan·ker·ous kan' taNGk(ə)rəs/
adj: bad-tempered, argumentative, and uncooperative.



If you like Jim Henson and his puppets, you know that these two are cantankerous old men.

The Hurtful Truth

For half of a century terrible influence refused to stay buried.
My great family cracked discreetly and faded out;
The house was never still yet it now stood abandoned.
It is cold, dark, and dead, and I am ill.
The walls built of fake bricks and fungi;
Grass grew out of control, no longer well-watered.
The shadowy gray walls gave off a sinister look;
My window is locked and boarded shut like the doors should be.
A no-trespassing sign hung on decayed trees.
Wind blew the smell of experimental gases;
Which enshrouded the mansion and obscured its dilapidation.
A chain and bolt rattled on the door of the prison;
Quivering shadows of my past hung on the wall.
Wet plaster made the inside smell stale;
Dark draperies held darkness and emptiness within.
I felt utterly lost and lonely in my own prison.
My skeletons sat on a couch in my chambers;
I am fated with this mournful burden.
Springs squeak as the door began to close to my home;
An atmosphere of sorrow hung over me.
Wolves began to howl as traps along the passage sprang to life;
This may be punishment for what I have done.
It is unearthly quiet as I walk alone;
Am I a living soul in this miserable place?
I am trapped in my own mind;
No exit;
And no escape.

Kaitlin Tourgee

Colors of Life

*Everyday we are faced with the colors of life
We embody these colors,
as they seep through our veins with our blood
And run in currents through our brains with our thoughts and
memories
Colors are inescapable,
for nobody can truly lose their stains of color
Families are a rainbow
Or a careful collection of hues. All compiled, and mixing
The schools are a painter's palette
And the streets cascade with watercolor
Each night, an artist will paint the sky to say goodnight
But the world remains blissfully unaware of their color,
They see only the things of the surface, and things they are taught to
read into.*

*But there is a collection
Who can see the people for their deep and raw emotions
Who drink in the colors of the air, and let everybody else become a
piece of them
They walk the sidewalks, breathing in the blues
Gathering bits of green
Who feel the passions of reds, and the taste the sweetly sour tastes of
yellow
A hug gives them a little purple, feeds them a little magenta. A sip of
violet
They see the blush of the night sky under pale dove clouds and feel the
light of pinks
They feel the deep thundering of dusk storms and feel the heaviness of
burdenous rains.*

*They embody the landscape strokes of the piece of art, each backdrop
And the highlighted shapes of the beauty of every living creature
Because they know, with the very core of their being
That everyday, they will be faced with the colors of life
And they can either walk through becoming splattered,
or allow life to paint the canvas of who they are.
-Julia Meredydd*

What are Anglo-Saxon riddles? Anglo-Saxon riddles are part of the Anglo-Saxon culture and literature. In a preliterate time, riddles were a way to have some fun while celebrating in a mead hall. Anglo-Saxon riddles are usually about an everyday object. Can you guess each of the following riddles?

I cause suffering and happiness,
War and peach.
You can live without me, but you won't live with ease.
I've built the world we live in,
But I'm slowly tearing it down.
Yet, I do not "exist."
I am a concept.
What am I?

I'm your closest friend.
I'm with you every night.
I may be different shapes and sizes but you
love me
Equally.
Your pets love me.
I've seen you happy and sad.
I'm always here for your deepest thoughts.
What am I?



Chapel of Bones

The Chapel's story is a familiar one. By the 16th century, there were as many as 43 cemeteries in and around Évora, [Portugal] that were taking up valuable land. Not wanting to condemn the souls of the people buried there, the monks decided to build the Chapel and relocate the bones.

However, rather than interring the bones behind closed doors, the monks, who were concerned about society's values at the time, thought it best to put them on display.

They thought this would provide Évora, a town noted for its wealth in the early 1600s, with a helpful place to meditate on the transience of material things in the undeniable presence of death. This is made clear by the thought-provoking message above the chapel door: "Nós ossos que aqui estamos, pelos vossos esperamos," or: "We bones, are here, waiting for yours."

The purpose of the Chapel is made clear by a poem (translated below by Rev. Carlos A. Martins), written by Father Antonio da Ascencao, that hangs from one pillars:

"Where are you going in such a hurry traveler? Pause... do not advance your travel; You have no greater concern Than this one: that on which you focus your sight.

Recall how many have passed from this world, Reflect on your similar end, There is good reason to reflect If only all did the same.

Ponder, you so influenced by fate, Among all the many concerns of the world, So little do you reflect on death;

If by chance you glance at this place, Stop... for the sake of your journey, The more you pause, the further on your journey you will be."

Just in case all that death should cause you to despair, at the end of the Chapel, above the altar, you can read the Latin phrases: "Die in the light" and "The day that I die is better than the day that I was born."

Story from <http://www.atlasobscura.com/places/portugals-chapel-bones>
Pictures: Lisa A Pereira



INTERESTING FACT: FUNERAL HOMES

DID YOU KNOW THAT FUNERAL HOMES ONLY BECAME POPULAR IN THE U.S. IN THE 20TH CENTURY?

BEFORE THAT, FUNERALS WERE ORGANIZED BY FAMILIES AND NEIGHBORS, AND THE DEAD WERE "WAKED" AT HOME. PEOPLE WERE OFTEN BURIED ON FAMILY PROPERTY.

AS COMMUNITIES GREW AND BECAME MORE ESTABLISHED, CEMETERIES BEGAN TO BE USED. FUNERAL HOMES BEGAN TO BE USED TO FACILITATE THE MOURNING PROCESS AND ALLEVIATE THE LOGISTICAL PROBLEMS FACED BY THE MOURNING FAMILIES.



The Origin of Halloween

Halloween. A time of celebration and superstition. Halloween is thought to have originated with the Celtic festival of Samhain where pagans would light bonfires and wear costumes to ward off roaming ghosts. Halloween straddles the line between autumn, a symbol of old age, and winter, a symbol of death.

Delirium: A Gothic Short Story

Kelsie Crough

Insanity. A peculiar thing, really. Not something that can be tracked down or defined. There is no true reason why some go over the deep end, cross that very thin line of sanity, while the majority avoid that line, that ridge, that one thing that could shoot us over board. Insanity is a disease, a rare one, but one nonetheless. This predatory disease picks and chooses its victims like a serial killer and envelops them like quicksand. Either way, insanity, the incurable disease, has struck. It struck me.

January 15, 2012 NYC, USA

The city was alive and frozen all at the same time. The air was crisp and harsh and refreshing. The sky was a clear backdrop of burning stars. It was as though the universe was trying to be ironic. To most, this seemed to be a good night. The winter had only brought small hills of snow now shoved and tainted by the side of the city street. People made their way home from work, cold and tired and hungry, but they really were happy since the ache to be home from a long day was finally going to be fulfilled. The lights danced in whirling colors and the streets caused noise. Tonight was a busy night, a clear night, a good night...for most.

Sadie Maureen Caswell stepped onto the sidewalk, balancing her slipper on the dry part of the sidewalk and her other slipper in the cigar-smelling taxi. Ungracefully, she managed to stumble into a desirable movie moment; the one where she would step on the sidewalk of a big city, take in the air, and stride toward her dreams. This dream-like state was disrupted, corrupted even, by the shout of reality in her ear. The taxi driver—a gruff and self-loathing man named Larry in need of a clean shave and a girlfriend—had rolled down his window and laid out his hand for her transportation fee. Larry gruffly stated the fare. “Forty-five bucks darlin’.”

Snapping back to reality, Sadie dug into her thin, cotton, pajama-like pocket of her pants and handed the man a twenty. “It’s all I have.”

Larry eyed the girl up and down. She was pretty and young and was going to get eaten alive in this city. Her dark, chocolate brown hair was curled and groomed. She wore a fitted white cotton t-shirt and baggy white cotton pajama pants to match. She had a hospital tag on her wrist that was now bleeding from the countless failed attempts to remove it. As screwed up as Larry may seem, he wasn’t the type to get angry over a fee. He closed his fist over the twenty and gave a closed smile. “That’s alright. Now, you be safe ‘round these parts. People aren’t what they seem.”

The girl nodded and turned to face the sky. She didn’t say anything, so Larry took the awkward silence as his cue to leave. He threw the cash into the cup holder beside his coffee, rolled up the window and drove away into the stressful traffic, not looking back or having another concerning thought about the girl in the white clothes.

He shouldn’t have done that.

Sadie kept her eyes trained on the stars, listening to poor Larry drive away. You know that feeling when you emerge yourself in water—the pool, the lake, the ocean, the shower—and everything fades into a soundless nothing? Sadie had those moments often, fading into her own world, and the rest of it fading in the soundlessness. This was one of those moments. The busy street and harsh, frigid winter gales of New York in January were muffled. Her eyes were on the stars and, in that moment, everything seemed so innocent. Like a moment stolen from her childhood plastered on the skyline of New York and consuming Sadie.

A shudder, a gift from the persistent real-world’s coldness, coursed through her like a zap of electricity and sound began to rush back, pounding like blood in her ears after a jog. With a sigh, she stepped into sidewalk traffic and...froze.

A meter or two from Sadie stood an old woman. She was wrinkled like an old raisin, still stuck to the bottom of the box, and her eyes were embedded in her face of wrinkles, glassy like fogged mirrors, reflecting nothing but a distorted reality. Her silver hair rolled over her hunched back and to her hips. Wrapped around it was a thin violet scarf rimmed with gold beads that dangled on to her forehead. She wore what looked like a robe over an earthy green, papery outfit, matching her headdress. A crooked index finger from her left side extended, pointing through the tangled mass of people and at Sadie. She spoke a single, raspy whisper, which somehow echoed its way to Sadie: “SADIE, IT’S YOUR TURN.”

The people lumbering on the side of the busy street moved around the woman like water over a stone in a dangerous creek. Unfortunately, this wasn’t the same case for Sadie; many of the New Yorkers shoved their way past her, mumbling harsh words when they thought she couldn’t hear. Though, frankly, none of the whispering and shoving bothered her—she was used to that. The world seemed to stop, but she somehow kept spinning. Her head pounded, her hearing was faltered by the rush of blood, due to a racing heart—and that scared her. Snapping back, partially to reality, she shook off her pounding...well, her pounding everything...and then charged upstream the crowd of the rush-hour commute.

People grumbled as Sadie plowed through them, flinging them out of the way. She even shouldered a few lampposts, benches, signs, and mailboxes along the way. Her breaths gave out in heaves as she swallowed down a scream. Not far behind her was the elderly woman, popping in and out of view like a ghost, pointing her accusing finger.

Finally, Sadie had reached the building—the half abandoned one that she discovered on Google-Maps—and plowed through the front doors. No one was there, thankfully and expectantly. Sadie let relief crash over her so hard, she almost cried. She had entered through what used to be a hotel revolving door and she slid down to her left into fetal position beside it, in the dark, resting her head on the green-and-crème striped wallpaper, and stretching her now long legs out onto the chipped beige tile that, in the dim window light from somewhere in the distance, looked like a depressed memory. Rising up from the dust on the floor was a check-in counter in front her. On top of that was a bell that used to be a shiny gold and have a piercing ring that could summon the dead and the half-deaf bellhop, but now a rusted hunk of junk. Sadie smiled sadly as a tear slid down her cheek.

She remembered this place. It was like a second home. There wasn't a moment in her life when her family had not settled here for the summer. It was so welcoming in the warmer months, but now, in the midst of winter, it was foreboding. Sadie surveyed her surroundings—she could easily picture where everything was. Just past the revolving door and next to the dust-collecting display case, the old lounge room sat. She could almost hear the light laughter of her and her siblings what must have been decades ago, running around in a foolish, child-like manner as their poor parents begged for them to calm themselves. A happy memory of a happy family of a happy time that was shooed away by the hand of time and buried in layers of dust.

Her throat constricted as though a lethal snake tightened itself around her. She missed it all, all that, and she never noticed how much until right now. Frustrated with the tragic lack of that laughter in her life now, she slammed the back of her head into the wall behind her, ignoring the pain, and squeezed her eyes tight, forcing the hot tears to stain her cheeks. She could almost hear her parent's calming voices saying: "Don't cry, my darling. Everything is okay..."

Sadie let out an awful sob that was close to a choking scream, which echoed throughout the building. She clutched her long legs up to her nearly flat chest, and cried into them, hoping—more than anything—that she wasn't alone.

Quit crying. Sadie gasped slightly and wiped her tears viciously from her eyes, determined to follow the instructions of her head. Over and over again, she debated on whether or not this voice was a good thing, normal thing, or none of the above.

"Where is she?" Sadie questioned her voice out loud.

Well, nearly next to you if you don't move your...

Sadie cracked a grin. "Language, please."

Run. Into the elevator. Get to the top floor and keep running till I say so, okay?

"Okay." Sadie nodded, obeying the only guidance she had received for the past year. Then, she burst into a sprint, nearly colliding with the wall containing the elevator button. She slammed her thumb into the button and, with a miracle, the button glowed a pale green-yellow. Sadie smiled; she used to love running around the neighborhood in Middle School, training to be on the high school track team. She never had the chance. Now she was seventeen and things have gotten...messy. Too messy.

The elevator silver doors slid open with a piercing ding. She stepped inside, a sense of regret already settling in the pit of her stomach: not that it stopped her. The car was a modern form of transportation crossed with the

conditions of a medieval dungeon. For one, the cold had seeped through the entrance below and into the car. The light was a cheap bar light that hung loosely from the ceiling, shaking as the elevator ascended, and cast a greenish glow over the slimy scale-like floor and the slick metal walls. There was a silver bar that ran around the perimeter and Sadie clutched onto it anxiously. Her high from a slight sprint had faded as she remembered why she was sprinting in the first place. As an attempt to calm down, she slid to the ground, and closed her eyes gently... for a split second, her heart slowed and her breathing was calmed and her mind was at rest.

That ended shortly when a piercing “Ding!” echoed in the elevator. Sadie had passed the second floor. Her chocolate eyes snapped open and her heart rate picked up. Almost as soon as she panicked, she relaxed, and then she broke into a deep chortle. As she passed the third floor, she exhaled and resumed relaxing. Sadie had almost dozed off when...

Ding. She passes the fourth floor and the car begins to vibrate. Sadie snaps her eyes open, but remains very still and controlled her breathing.

Ding. Fifth floor. Sadie gasps as though her lungs forgot how to breathe.

Ding. Sixth floor. The car shifts from a soft vibrate to a tender rattle. Sadie pulls her knees up to her chin, wrapping her arms around them.

Ding. Seventh floor. Sadie crinkles her eyebrows in concern and fear as her heart tries to escape her rib cage with all the horsepower of some European car. Soon her blood and breathing followed her heart’s lead like a toddler following her older siblings.

Ding. Eighth floor. With the speed of light, the elevator progresses from a slight rattle to a violent shake, as though an earthquake was occurring solely in this car.

Ding. Ninth floor. The elevator car began to violently quake beneath her. Sadie shrieks—a piercing noise of pure fear—as the elevator seemed to rise with an alarming speed.

She passed two other floors, the indicating “Ding!” drowned in the sound of rattling old metal and the fearful scream of Sadie, until it all seemed to cease in a blink of an eye.

Ding. The roof. The rattling halts to a stop and Sadie’s voice eludes her, coming out in hoarse whispers. The elevator doors shake open with a shriek of rusted metal. Warily, Sadie stood, her legs trembling beneath her and a tremor coursed through her entire torso as she gripped the side rail for balance. Tears drip down her face in hot, fast trails and explodes on the ground. Her ears pound along with her head. Her stomach writhes in fear, hunger, and basically everything else.

That should’ve been a sign.

She was about to collapse, but, least when she needed it, the voice in her head boomed: RUN! At first, she didn’t listen to it, and tried to slow her breathing, and closed her eyes in the mere exhaustion of the ride to get to the roof. Suddenly, she felt cold. A different cold that wasn’t from the January air or the sweat that had escaped through her pores. No, a frigid cold that poisoned the blood, cut through the muscle, and violently attack the bone. The cold that crossed over Sadie whenever she was around. Sadie, never really the daring type, cautiously cocked her head over her shoulder, and the sight she saw warranted another screech of terror. For, beside her, stood the lady! The old lady with the gypsy clothes, only, this time, instead of her skin tinged with a ghostly gray she was bleeding—through her nose, ears, eyes, and mouth. All of a sudden, that voice that told her to run wasn’t so insane at all. Somehow, her energy had resurfaced, and she took off, attempting to elude her ghostly stalker.

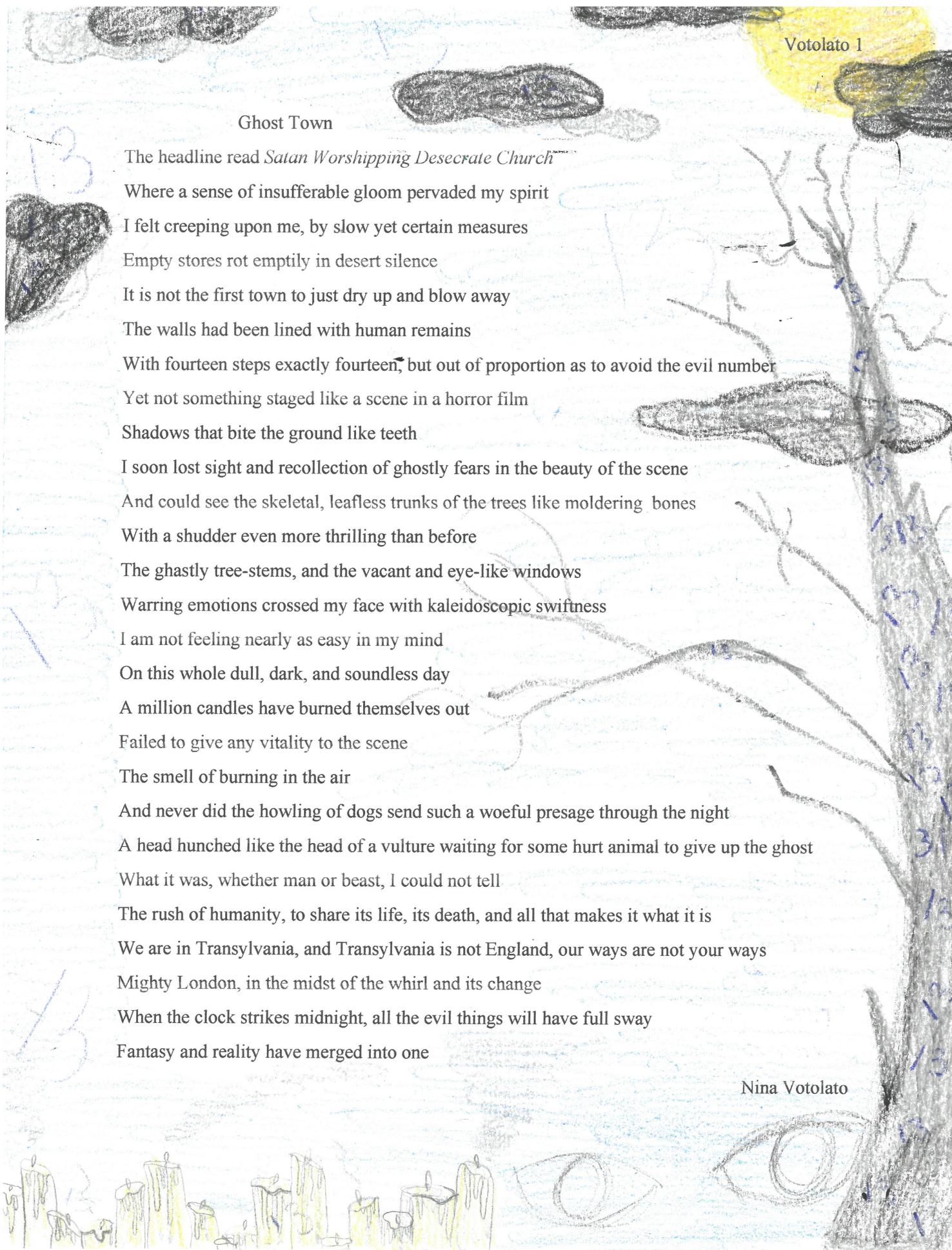
This energy, the coroner said later, was shot of adrenaline. If not for that, tragedy wouldn’t have occurred as Sadie continued to run, as the voice told her, right of the 12-story roof.

On a clear, starry, beautiful night in the city she loved.

To Be Continued.....

Mention the gothic, and many readers will probably picture gloomy castles and an assortment of sinister Victoriana. However, the truth is that the gothic genre has continued to flourish and evolve since the days of Bram Stoker, producing some of its most interesting and accomplished examples in the 20th century - in literature, film and beyond.

Carlos Ruiz Zafon



Ghost Town

The headline read *Satan Worshipping Desecrate Church*
Where a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit
I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain measures
Empty stores rot emptily in desert silence
It is not the first town to just dry up and blow away
The walls had been lined with human remains
With fourteen steps exactly fourteen, but out of proportion as to avoid the evil number
Yet not something staged like a scene in a horror film
Shadows that bite the ground like teeth
I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the beauty of the scene
And could see the skeletal, leafless trunks of the trees like moldering bones
With a shudder even more thrilling than before
The ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows
Warring emotions crossed my face with kaleidoscopic swiftness
I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind
On this whole dull, dark, and soundless day
A million candles have burned themselves out
Failed to give any vitality to the scene
The smell of burning in the air
And never did the howling of dogs send such a woeful presage through the night
A head hunched like the head of a vulture waiting for some hurt animal to give up the ghost
What it was, whether man or beast, I could not tell
The rush of humanity, to share its life, its death, and all that makes it what it is
We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England, our ways are not your ways
Mighty London, in the midst of the whirl and its change
When the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things will have full sway
Fantasy and reality have merged into one

Nina Votolato

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The Creative Corner will be taking submissions for our next issue which will be published sometime in January, 2017. Please see either Mrs. Pimental or Mrs. Pereira OR use this code to submit: 9j64pgz.