Archives is a literary magazine published by the students of Montgomery Bell Academy. The magazine contains poetry, art, fiction, and non-fiction submitted by students, faculty, staff, and alumni of the school. Archives serves to encourage and to promote art and creative writing and to provide the school with an outlet for both artistic and literary expression. For those who enjoy the visual arts or writing, Archives hopes to supply an organization meeting the creative needs. The MBA Archives staff is now in its twenty-eighth year of publication. Submissions may be sent to Dr. Batten, faculty sponsor of the magazine, or to a staff member before the announced October and April deadlines. Submissions in both electronic and hard copy are welcome.
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Red Lounge
by Matthew Moynihan

Like lava a circle burns in lips across me
i breathe smoke
like a sea shaky in the arctics
ice cubes bob in her drink
lights flash lights move lights flash
the room shakes the floor shakes the room hums
smoke ice rhythm smoke
a light a light a flick a light
lava surrounds cones burn and white trees shrink
the bergs hit the bottom and the room begins
bounce breathe bounce burn
dances dances dances

The Burden
by Ben Mecklenborg

This Albatross weighs burden ‘round my neck.
His ferrous feathers harshly dust my skin
As bare back bears the pain of his brother, Ape,
Traversing my calcium barked skeletal structure.

Yet as my shoulders sink to the clay below
And my collar bows from cattle’s yoke,
I resist not the haughty thoughts
Of my pains as those that Atlas ached.

My hands crave nail induced stigmata,
And a sacrificial death fit for a god among mortals.

Yet I am a subservient son to Gaea’s will;
Mother guides my arrogance from Olympus to Earth:
Entropy mandates my structure’s degeneration.
Thus too my pride must fall.
Duck
by Alvin Kim

Look there at the fettered-necked duck,
Trying to pluck off his cruel bindings.
Yet with sudden stroke of serendipitous luck,
His fetters are now just old bindings.
What hardships must he suffer,
To twist, resist, and moan.
Yet despite these actions, gruffer,
With impediment grown and selfhood blown,
The duck soon realizes his neck.
Though vaguely he may be aware of it all,
And suddenly he shifts his wreck,
He cannot always recall
Those bindings, the restriction of his freedom.
For to the feeling of fetters, this duck is numb.

Keesler Sanders
A Walk
by Aldon Boston-Boyd

A trip that will be remembered,
The time spent with each other
And on the beach we wandered
We were meant to be lovers,
For our parents knew the love we had.
We knew we belonged, it was destined
I knew because it drove me mad.
So let this be a lesson,
Not to let go of the one you love,
And to have one soul-mate,
Like the dove.

Pondering the thought that it may not last,
People told us that it never will.
It has been hard for others in the past,
But you are my addiction, like a pill.
I cannot resist your smile,
It always brings me in.
Makes everything worthwhile,
It would be easier not to sin.
Your beauty amazes me,
But your love is unbearable.
It stings like a bee,
Mine is nothing even comparable.

As we walk in darkness, unaware,
I think I see the light,
But I know you are scared.
We can make it to that beautiful sight,
Of pure love and caring, it will last forever.
We will succeed and be the rare,
Our love will not tether
Because I know you care.
And it is strange how I care for you all the more,
But I have never known love like this before.
Fear Consumes Me
by Mitchell Shope

When I smell sterility, I get scared. The hospital introduces healing that contains suffering; life possessing anguish; prosperity versus struggle; the saving of lives versus the inescapable specter of Death. People fly about the halls attempting to save the lives of strangers while the lives of those important to them pass by unattended to. The community and fellowship of the patients with their doctors contrasts the torment and agony of a family being ripped apart by such misery.

How does a child, pure and naïve, avoid such dawning prospects of maturity? How does an adolescent, without knowledge and wisdom, approach Death? By what way would a naïve mind conquer Death’s persistent touch in such a place?

Children associate “The Doctor’s Office” with needles, painful procedures, and surgeons with scary masks. The possibility of failure hangs by a thread in their minds: What if he dies? What if the anesthesia affects him badly? What if the procedure goes wrong? What if something falls apart? What if? What if? WHAT IF?

As my father drove me to a camp many years ago, I heard his grunting from the driver’s seat of his pickup truck.

“You okay over there dad?”

The pain in his body and the straining of his muscles were evident by the horrified expression on his face. I laughed. He did, after all, look ridiculous.

“Oh… Yeah son. Go back to sleep. I’ll be okay.”

Sweat dripped from his face as his muscles tensed up repeatedly. I stopped laughing. Suddenly his groaning wasn’t so funny anymore.

“You don’t look okay, dad. You want me to call mom?”

“You know what… UGH! Yeah… Yeah call her please… Yeah… Ughhh…”

Being an Eagle Scout, I knew the major signs of a heart attack. I watched my father’s muscles tense up and relax. Sweat continued to pour from his brow. My amusement turned to stark reality as my father whimpered and panted.

“How does your chest feel, Dad?”

“It… It hurts… but not a lot.”

My mind started to sift through all of the memories that I and my dad had together. I started to sweat.

“Be careful dad. Why don’t you pull over on the side of the road? What does it feel like?

“There’s an elephant sitting on my chest… it feels like tremendous amounts of pressure are crushing my heart together.”

“Dad, this could be a heart attack.”

I heard the crunching of the gravel as the truck pulled off onto the shoulder of the
road. His muscles tensed and relaxed. Sweat started to puddle on his pants. He breathed harder and harder. I thought about the first time we went fishing together. We caught a rainbow trout in our small lake.

“It’s awfully warm in here.”
“Dad, that’s just you. Try and breathe a little slower. Take your time, Dad.”
“My neck hurts… goodness me, I’m getting old.”

I took the phone from my dad’s hand. I stared at the screen for eternity. I must have mistyped the correct number over a hundred times. 218-…. no, 219-…. No, come on… 210-2130…

Why won’t my fingers work? Why are they shaking so violently?

The screen faded from vision as tears filled my ducts.

210-2104. Finally, after I spent an infinite amount of time typing in my mother’s number, I finally punched in the right number. It seemed like hours before I heard the first dial-tone.

“Ughh… Mitch, you don’t need to call her, I’ll be okay. It’s probably just some heartburn.”

Sweat continued to bead up and then fall quickly onto the wheel of the car.

My mother demanded that we take my father to the hospital. My father denied any such requests, but my mother insisted that she come and get us both.

It seemed like a four-hour ride to the hospital.

All I could remember was the smell of that hospital while they comprehended my father’s test results. Sterile. So sterile. Clean. Perfect. We stood by my dad’s bed as he slowly woke up.

“Well Mr. Shope, we have your test results.”

These words will remain in my mind forever: “It appears you had a mild heart attack. That’s quite rare at age 48. It’s a good thing that your son caught it early, and especially thank your wife for being stubborn enough to bring you in to the hospital. Listen to her sometimes. She is, after all, an anesthesiologist’s nurse.”

The knot in my stomach began to untangle. The tension that filled my being began to relieve and soothe. He was going to be all right.

“But…”


“But, we are going to have to put in this small stint. It will relieve your blood pressure and open up one of your arteries.”

What did this mean? Was this procedure safe? Could he die? What are his chances? What if he dies!? What will we do!?

I thought about home without Dad. Mom sulked through the kitchen. Rain ticked on the roof of the house, the wind rustled the leaves of the lacy trees, the pets lazily walked into the den. Tears flowed from my face.

“When is Dad getting home, Mom?”
“Soon, son. He’ll come home soon.”
The anguish on my face was evident. The doctor assured my family that the procedure was safe. He had a 99% chance of survival without any complications. They do this procedure at least 20 times a day. “Completely safe, Mrs. Shope.”
“When is Dad coming home, Mom?”
“Soon, son. He’ll come home soon.”
He’d be okay. It looks like we escaped death this time; cleanly, perfectly, and steriley.
Death of an Underdog
by Daniel Smith

You must be tired after twelve brief years
In which you’ve proven my most honest friend.
Therefore, my friend, please quell your abstract fears,
And God to you will abstract pleasure send:
Unending dream reels laced with lullaby,
Where precious life can never die again.
Could this relapsing sentiment I’d fain express
Towards eyes that whisper love before distress,
Which saw me, distant, daily and with love would quake…
Could this, this state of vacuum, be heartbreak?
Dream not of me, for I was not your friend.
To dream of me would blind you to no end.
Dream of the soul. Now sleep, recline, expand,
And dream that which I cannot understand.
The Scream
by Daniel Smith

The palest snake, the adroit snake insane,
Draped in a wavy robe of fruit preserves,
Probed through the ear and licked my pulsing brain.
And everything seemed bended, writhing nerves.
And everything in Earth’s soft stomach melts
Before the mouse freed in the serpent’s cage:
Gorged gluttons loose then lose their tight, tight belts;
Digestive juices simmer. I’ve no age,
I’ve no age. I dissolve upon a bridge.
Two sweethearts strolling murmur all is wine,
The fishers float on seas without a ridge,
And everything and everything is fine.
All right, how could it, everything, all right,
Delight, the evening, everything, delight.

Joshua Liang
Haiku
by Alvin Kim

Silence–Somewhere near
a car forgets to holler.
The snow falls quickly.
A Mistake I Made
by Sami Ansari

I cry at night
Thinking that I bring you no light
A fear stays within, making my nights dark
Where can I go just to see that spark
A dream breaks whenever I wake
Yet I still live for your sake
In this depressing world, you give me laughter
But where is yours, where did I falter
You are the air I need to breathe
The source of life inside of me
You are the part that makes me whole
You are the anchor of my soul
You are strong when I am weak
You’re my voice when I cannot speak
When we stood face to face
That’s when I knew I had found my place
As I heard the words you speak
O, how my knees became weak
My love, I had begun to fall
Because of you, I had removed my shawl
My world had blossomed, all the stars in the sky
Except for the few that remained in your eye
Now my life is an unfinished song
My love is gone and what did I do wrong
Our days together were the best my life has shown
Only in books are girls like you known
So perfect I thought it was a dream
Even so, it was I who broke us upon our seam
That was a mistake I made
I never said anything to you
If I had, perhaps you would’ve stayed
And surely our love would still be true
As a Crescent Shield
by Ben Mecklenborg

I
My apologies to those inane crescent shields
Who may never feel a war wound’s pain.
‘Twas carried to battle to serve his purpose.
But futile soldier fell before fatal blow.

My eyes doth weep for that innocent soul
Whose mind’s rum his heart doth yield.
A man, born to bear Cupid’s cumbersome burden,
Lives with no intent to game Platonic love.

II
And what now? My own left breast
Is gilded with lilies, drunk on hyperbole
Of love’s unimaginable greatness.

Yet in defense ‘gainst my god given gift
I intend to build fortress round fortress
Which no evil may pierce
No suitor, no predator, nor genuine lover

III
My troops lay garrison within:
Dust settles upon my vigilant guard;
The ancient fear of Cupid’s barrage
Is the solvent which grasps the rum.

VI
The daily watch-guard report reads:
‘Day. Month. Year.
No activity sighted.
The citadel still stands unscathed.
Yet an alcoholic moat fills the mind.’
Be No More a King
by Thomas Moore

Some scorn the heights of misty Olympus;
Some fear to climb its barren crags alone.
They would remain among the jabbing drone
Of the mundane; but I fly with Fergus
Upon a flaming steed. We are not done.

Some dare not find in distant, whirring climes
The fisherman atop his lofty perch,
With avid eyes and net wide-cast, in search
Of turning fate. Equipped with empty mimes
And golden leers, they pray as if in church.

And you, beneath the sunlit trellis, hear
With murky sight rugged Earth’s song serene;
Yet, unaware, you wish to change the scene,
Avoid a conflict, sip your tea in fear.
‘But seeming is not being’, the birds keen.

And like your teacup tempest, on her brow
The clouds have clash’d in concord with the creeds
Of fallen Angels - Of old her trite deeds
Perhaps to the gods were song - but look! Now
She stands as does a queen amongst the weeds!

Above those very sheaves (a not unfair
Array of gold), a temple, by man made,
With straining limbs presents its tired parade
To Wisdom’s Flight. Its fools ascend one stair,
Whilst on Uruk’s sedge my iambs cascade.

So quit the raiment of the king, be true
To thine own art. If Fergus calls, arise
With me and leave thy feeble, mortal guise,
And we shall realise Stephen’s forge anew!
In body or without, we sail these skies!
Summer, 2009
by Daniel Smith

Puppies in the grass
In every sweatdrop July
Infatuation

Millennium Bridge
by Thomas Moore

Masked shadows with shields like brave Achilles’ strive against the drowsy rain.
They wander above the black-sewn field,
While the arrows fall fore and aft.
El Verano Se Ha Ido
by Aaron Lutkowitz

El verano se ha ido
Yo olvido el calor del sol
Los pajaros piando, animales pequenos
Jugando en los campos cubiertos.

Ahora solamente frio y escarcha
La depression de los nubes grises
Sigue. El sol se encoge de miedo
Y un invierno oscuro empieza.

Por que huye el verano?
La tierra madre veleidoso
Trae el tormento a su cuerpo.
Dios ensena un mensaje oculto?

Yo, hombre mortal, no se por que
El verano corre a dimension otra.
Mi dolor y pena empiezan
Y por seis meses, continuan.

The Summer Has Gone
by Aaron Lutkowitz

The summer has gone
I forget the warmth of the sun
Birds chirping, small animals
playing in the grassy fields.

Now only cold and frost
The depression of grey clouds
Follows. The sun cowers in fear.
And the dark winter begins.

Why does the summer flee?
The fickle mother nature
Brings torment to her body.
Is God teaching a hidden message?

I, mortal man, do not know why
The summer runs to another dimension.
My pain and sorrow begin
And for six months, continue.
Here There Was No Breath More Still
by Maclin Davis

Here there was no breath more still
If I alone could hear it fill
around the trees and woods embrace
then reach and feel the morning’s face
would that there were someone here
for I’ve already had my share;
and now begin the journey from
this sacred hour’s a fleeting home.

This one great thing would never last
amongst a world grown far too fast.
From what I’ve seen so great a thing
is best surrounded by my dreams,
To be brought back whenever I choose.
Such privileges scarcely are abused.
Although I’m not one with the trees,
I at least recall the breeze.

Frank Vest
The Doctor’s Smoke Break
by Cole Eppstein

The cityscape is searing as the doctor takes his smoke break
He leans on the ledge and looks into the haze
Through the socioeconomic miasma
Through the chiasmus of moral plasma
The city streets smell of money and mayonnaise

He spies a Russian doll family pounding the pavement
Like a chain of icy mastodon at the end of their days
Generation after generation
Bother suburbaners on vacation
They search fast food carcasses to graze

Hulking iron bodies clog a stagnant strip of asphalt
Traffic has congealed like an old tub of grease
As the stagnant noise thickens
The city’s heartbeat quickens
Like a diseased dog on a frantic search for peace

The doctor feels a stillness atop the ant farm anarchy
His god-like hands discard the smoke
The flaming stick flies down
And embeds in the ground
To seed some future cancerous oak
“Like A Rolling Stone” was playing on the small radio on the table. Three men sat at the table, smoking their cigarettes, waiting for the deal. The table was in the center of a large room in the old abandoned warehouse (the kind that was in plain sight, but no one really noticed, the kind that normal people may pass in their cars going to church, thinking “Why has no one fixed that place up?”). The three waited, one with the briefcase, one with the Uzi, and one who could talk. Number one tapped one hand on the table, his other hand held his cigarette. He was sweating. Number two checked his firearm, made sure it was still loaded (just like every movie he had ever seen had told him). Number three sat calmly, puffing smoke, watching number 2. Number three knew that number two had the most important job.

The three were Mexicans (not mobsters, not drug lords, not special), just three guys with money from past exploits ready to cash in on some product. A rusty creak is heard from the back. Their contact had come. A big man, probably 6’5, 290. Russian. He had a brown grocery bag in one hand, a large pistol in the other. He was accompanied by four smaller peons, all with pistols. Number two knew who would win if things got dirty. Number one suddenly thought, what’s to stop them killing us, taking our money, and keeping the product? Ethics? These men don’t possess ethics…

“I hope you are not wasting my time,” said the big man in a thick Russian accent. “Do you have my money?” Number three stood up, calm. “Of course we do.” Number three was smart; he knew Ivan knew he had their money, or else he wouldn’t have showed up. But he wasn’t about to get sarcastic with a big angry Russian mobster. Numbers one and two stood behind three. One hoped to get out with his life. Two almost hoped for some action. Almost.

“The money?” Ivan was impatient. He wanted to get the money to the boss at the store before he went home for the night. Number three saw that number one was scared senseless, so he calmly took the case from his sweating hand, and held it out for the big man to take. Ivan took the case (in the same hand as his gun), and tossed the bag to number three. “Enjoy, señor,” sneered the Russian. Number three was no stranger to racism, or failed attempts at racist jokes. He laughed to himself.

“Show’s over amigos…”

None of the previously mentioned men had said this. The voice came from another corner of the room. It was a quiet voice, but it had the power to scare the big man, his four soldiers, and the three Mexicans. “What the hell was that?! Who?! What the hell are you…”

“I said ‘show’s over,’ Ivan.” The source stepped out into the dim light, smoking his own cigarette. His fedora covered his eyes. A frayed black tie hung carelessly around his pale neck and on his white collared shirt. The khaki trench coat covered his arms and back, and went down to ankle level. His frayed khaki pants covered the cowboy boots to the
same level. But the men only noticed his pale white hands, one of which clutched a medium sized handgun.

“Cop!” shouted one of the Russian peons, and without thinking opened fire. The trench coat dropped his cigarette and dove behind the nearest pillar as the rest of the Russians tore out their weapons and followed their comrade’s example. Number One panicked and dove behind another pillar. Numbers two and one flipped the table, knocking over the ashtray and Bob Dylan’s song (still playing) and took cover. Number two peeped over his new cover, and saw Ivan and his minions tearing holes in the stone pillar which protected the enemy, but his eyes wandered to their old briefcase, which Ivan had dropped to unload his clip into the cop. Without thinking, he ran out, grabbed the case and made for the door in a swift motion. “No!! Don’t!!” shouted number three. The Russians would not have noticed had he not shouted out, but Ivan turned around, saw his money trying to escape, and shifted his aim from one new enemy to an even newer one. His last bullet left the giant pistol and hit home, square in the back of number two’s head. He flew forward, landed flat on his face, and slid a few feet, his Uzi and brief case sliding further still. Number one screamed, watching his friend smash against the cold concrete, and left his pillar for the other side of the warehouse. “Him, too!” shouted Ivan, and two of his men turned and began firing at the much easier target than their original one. The first bullet to hit number one connected in the left shoulder blade, spun him like a top, and sent him crashing to the floor on his back, where several other bullets hit and finally killed him, shrieking. By now, all the Russian ammo was either embedded in the New man’s pillar, or was embedded in numbers one or two. The man in the coat smiled.

He spun out of the cover with his left arm held out, aiming to kill. He ran and shot simultaneously, one swift movement. One, two. Two peons down before they even start reloading. Three, four, five. Ivan is hit in the chest twice, the gut once. Six, seven. Third peon takes a bullet in the rib, then one between the eyes. The man in the coat reaches the next pillar and ceases firing. Peon 4 has had enough time to reload, and has resumed fire. The man has six bullets left. Doesn’t even have to reload. His options are limitless. He could dive out and take him down, because this guy is unlikely to hit him. Or he could cause a distraction on the right and pop out on the left, or vice versa.

Instead he waited for the last peon to spend his clip uselessly on the pillar, spun out of cover, and took him down with one shot to the heart. “Damn…” said the victor after taking a breath and wiping his brow. “Herb’s gonna be angry.” He sat on the one chair which hadn’t been knocked over by the table and reloaded. He saw the Mexican hiding there, but he knew he was no threat. Number three knew it too. He just gaped at the man in the hat, who was now lighting a new cigarette. After he lit one up, he bent over to the radio and set it upright. The last verse of the song was playing.

“…you got no secrets to conceal… How does it feel? How does it feel, to be on your own, with no direction home, like a complete unknown, Like a Rolling Stone?”

“How does it feel, amigo?” said Marcus Dunn as the song ended. “How the hell does it feel?” He took out his cell and called in to the station.
Баллада

Мне невозможно быть собой,
Мне хочется сойти с ума,
Когда с беременной женой
Идет безрукий в синема.

Мне лиру ангел подает,
Мне мир прозрачен, как стекло, —
А он сейчас разинет рот
Пред идиотствами Шарло.

За что свой незаметный век
Влечит в неравенстве таком
Беззлобный, смирный человек
С опустошенным рукавом?

Мне хочется сойти с ума,
Когда с беременной женой
Безрукий прочь из синема
Идет по улице домой.

Ремянный бич я достаю
С протяжным окриком тогда
И ангелов наотмашь бью,
И ангелы сквозь провода
Взлетают в городскую высь.

Тогда, прилично шляпу сняв,
К безрукому я подхожу,
Тихонько трогаю рукав
И речь такую завожу:
Пardon, monsieur, когда в аду
За жизнь надменную мою
Я казнь достойную найду,
А вы с супругою в раю
Спокойно будете витать,
Юдоль земную созерцать,
Напевы дивные внимать,
Крылами белыми сиять, —
Тогда с прохладнейших высот
Мне сбросьте перышко одно:
Пускай снежинкой упадет
На грудь спаленную оно.

Стоит безрукий предо мной
И улыбается слегка,
И удаляется с женой,
Не приподнявши котелка.

A Ballad

I can no longer live my life,
I feel the urge to lose my mind,
At seeing, with his pregnant wife,
A stub-arm at the cinema.

By angels is my lyre endowed,
And to my eyes the world is glass;
Meanwhile his jaw will hit the ground
Before Charlot’s shenanigans.

Why drags he out his senseless span
Despite these terms so disparate?
Why lives this mild, submissive man,
His shirt-sleeve drooping desolate?

I feel the urge to lose my mind,
When, with his pregnant wife in tow,
The stub-arm leaves the cinema,
Delighted by the picture-show.

It’s then I fetch my leather scourge,
And, with a shriek of fury, my
Vicinity of angels purge—
And angels, dodging power lines,
Soar up into the urban heights,
Just as, on some Venetian street,
Would skittish pigeons take to flight
For fear of my beloved’s feet.

I doff my hat respectfully,
As I approach the armless freak;
I innocently stroked his sleeve
And thusly I begin to speak:
“Pardon, monsieur, but, when I burn
In hell— when, for my life of vice,
I find a punishment well-earned,
While with your spouse in paradise
You flit about in calm delight,
Survey the vale of life, in flight,
And wondrous hymns of praise recite,
And dazzle with your wings of white...

Could you, from that celestial hall,
Thy winglet of some down divest?
And let it like a snowflake fall,
And fizzle on my burning breast?”

The armless man before me stands,
And, smiling slightly at this rant,
He walks away, his wife in hand,
Not having doffed his bowler hat.
Evidence of the Antichrist in Nostradamus’ Century 10 Quatrain 72
By Ben Mecklenborg

Nostradamus, physician, astronomer, and astrologer in the mid 16th century, predicted a slue of frightening occurrences through a series of 942 quatrains organized into 10 centuries, each containing 100 quatrains, written as notes from the past to the future. As a physician, Nostradamus worked to fight the bubonic plague, but soon took up the hobby of scrying, which is a form of conjuring spirits. He sent his ominous letters to various world leaders of the time. Since soothsaying was denounced by the Catholic Church as a form of magic, Nostradamus was forced to encode the meaning of his quatrains in order to avoid the wrath of the Spanish Inquisition. He disguised his writing by using a dialect from South France called “Languedoc,” which leaves many of his prophesies to be open to interpretation. The quatrains are essentially words from a prophet who directly warns us of the apocalypse to come. Specifically in century 10 quatrain 72, some skeptics believe that the Grand Cross of 1999 marks a possible warning that the Antichrist is immerging in Russia.

On August 18, 1999, an astrological wonder known as the Grand Cross graced the sky only a week after a complete solar Eclipse passed over Europe. The Grand Cross consists of the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in the sign of Leo, Mars and the Moon in Scorpio with Pluto close by in Sagittarius, Saturn and Jupiter in Taurus, and Neptune and Uranus in Aquarius. Biblical analysts say that if Scorpio is considered to be the Eagle, and Aquarius is the man, then this alignment consists of the four beasts seen in Revelation 4:1-8 that sit at the throne in heaven, that have the faces of an eagle, a man, a lion, and a calf. The King James Bible reads: “a throne was set in heaven...and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald. ...and round about the throne, were four beasts full of eyes before and behind. And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle.”

Nostradamus wrote in century 10 quatrain 72:
“In the year 1999, in the seventh month,
from the sky there comes a great king of terror,
to bring back the great king of the Mongols,
Mars rules triumphantly, before and after”

Coincidentally, on August 11, 1999, there was a solar eclipse over France, followed by the Cassini spacecraft filled with nuclear fuel nearly colliding with the earth on the 17th, and finally the Grand Cross on the 18th. The Cassini spacecraft incident is a forewarning to the rise of former president and current PM of Russia, Vladimir Putin, who according to Nostradamus’ prediction is the Antichrist. Fast forwarding to 2004, further evidence regarding the significance of the Cassini spacecraft/antichrist parallel can be attributed to its landing on Saturn’s Moon, Titan, which in Greek totals 666, the number of the antichrist. The Book of Revelations was written in Greek, and the language each letter
is also attributed to a number.

The “great king of Mongols” refers to Genghis Khan, the Mongolian master of war. In 2001, scientists began searching for the tomb of Genghis Khan, in 2004, the same year as the Cassini landing on Titan, Genghis Khan’s palace was found in Mongolia. In 1200 AD, Genghis Khan, killing millions, ravaged the Asian continent. Nostradamus’ predicts that once Khan’s tomb is found and opened, war will rule triumphantly. He foresees that “From the sky will come a great king of terror.” This refers both to the Cassini spacecraft and to a looming nuclear war in which the Antichrist will gain control of the Earth by crushing enemies with bombs from the sky. This terror is becoming more of a reality with the proliferation of nations with access to nuclear weapons: Libya, Iran, Russia, North Korea, et al.

Although these events are only loosely related to the prophesy of century 10 quatrain 72, Nostradamus predicts the exact month and year of 3 significant events supporting his argument, and his words should be respected. That a physician predicted the rise of the antichrist 500 years is hard to believe for most people, but Nostradamus has been right before; let us hope that he is wrong this time.

Justin Park
Batteries
by Daniel Smith

For no machine can operate on blue,
But only on a warm electric glee;
We are the batteries. I am one, too.

The acid soon will be all spent and through
On nothing; thus we charge a desperate plea
For no machine can operate on blue.

And tucked into the stale neglected zoo
Of things discarded in the lonely eaves,
We are the batteries. I am one, too.

I ask: “Dear engine, do you feel disused?
Relax your wires, stiff with atrophy,
For no machine can operate on blue.”

A tale recounts a plant that bloomed and grew
But was stifled by the canopy; we are not free,
We are the batteries. I am one, too.

We feel that there is nothing left to do
But somehow cling to truths we cannot see
For no machine can operate on blue;
We are the batteries…I am one, too.
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COLOPHON

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