THE BUCKEYE
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Cover Art:
Alex Barnard
Scholastics Art Gold Key Award

Faculty Advisor:
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The Buckeye is a magazine of writing and art from seventh and eighth grade classes at Montgomery Bell Academy. The title was inspired by the buckeye tree that stood in the grove on the north end of campus. It was once a familiar gathering place for both faculty and students.
Jesse Hill Ford Short Story Winner

“The Cracks of Camelot”

By Gabe Lett

Jeremiah was walking home one day, because he was scared of the dark. Jeremiah was a twelve year old boy, who lived in Camelot. He was scared of the dark because he could not see the cracks in the ground. He desired to see the cracks due to the fact that his grandfather Robert Hank Smith told him an old legend of serpents and dragons.

The story begins with a small and young boy named Maxwell. He was a poor sixteen-year-old child who lived with both his father and mother. They lived a happy life in a small cottage in the town of Ophidian. The king of Ophidian was a greedy man whom no one ever saw, because he locked himself in his room with his gold and treasure. One day, the king called any boy of the ages of sixteen-to-eighteen to claim citizenship and become a knight due to the war that had broken out between the Serpents and Dragons, who were an ally of Ophidian.

Maxwell heard the news and became very scared and worried, because he was sixteen. He went to his father, Paladin, and his mother, Leah, to tell them the news.

Maxwell said, “I am very scared and worried, for I have not ever fought before!”

Paladin and Leah began to cry and cried out, “Our son will fight bravely, but we are not ready to see him die!”

Maxwell then said his goodbyes and went to the castle to claim citizenship and was therefore pledged to fight under any circumstances against the Serpents. Maxwell went to a training camp for five years to learn how to fight. While he was there, he learned martial arts, magical enchantments, how to translate Serpentes, and the weaknesses of the Serpents. During martial arts, he learned how to fight using Wing Chun, Karate, and Hapkido. He learned many magical enchantments such as shamalamamoomoo, which turns things to stone, and pavate, which turns someone invisible. The weaknesses of the serpents were that they had no arms, and they had to slide on their bellies everywhere. Serpentes was the language of the Serpents. Thus, it was a weakness of the Serpents. Maxwell was then taken to the war, which had taken six years thus far.

When Maxwell arrived he saw many fighters larger than him. Although he was small compared to the others, he had a lot of heart, and he decided to fight. He was put with five other soldiers, whose names were Coil, James, Joshua, Jocue, and Slick, from Ophidian. Coil was strong and bulky. He came from the rich family known as the Letterals. James, Joshua, and Jocue were three brothers known as the Triple J brothers. They came from the fortunate family known as the Hapitues. Slick was fast and was known for his ability to pickpocket. He was from the king Dragon family known as Peril. They were all surprised to see poor old Maxwell come into the tent, who came from the Smith family. Maxwell did not know how to help the soldiers in his tent, because they already knew what to do.

They heard the alarm blare, which signaled that battle was commencing, and they grabbed their armor. Due to his petite size, Maxwell could not get the large and heavy armor to fit, so he took a sword and helmet to battle. The Serpents always took the low ground and the Dragons the high ground. The people of Ophidian would fight the Serpents from the ground while the Dragons fought from the air, and they tried to disintegrate as many Serpents as they could. Maxwell stayed behind his five partners when he saw a large snake lunge forward at him. In fear, he took his sword and sliced off its head. After he built up some confidence by slicing off snake’s head, he was ready to fight. He ran straight into

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“The Cracks of Camelot”  
By Gabe Lett

the chaos, while his roomates slowly cowered back. He sliced off many Serpents’ heads and was bitten by a couple. He slowly began to faint, because the snakes venom began to flow into his bloodstream. Triple J saw how Maxwell had fallen and went to grab him. They took him back to the tent and gave him the antidote.

Maxwell woke up a few days later to the horror of war still commencing. He was dizzy at first, and then noticed no one was in the tent. He looked down at his leg, where the snake had bitten him, and saw an extremely large bulge in his leg. The bulge was still swelling, and he could barely walk. He crawled to the opening in the tent and did not see any one. He looked up the mountain and heard the sound of death, and he knew the Serpents had pushed back the army and were fighting up the mountain. He laid back down thinking of how the Serpents began to win.

After his leg had healed, he began the long journey up mountain. He did not take any armor or weapons, because it was too heavy of a load for a long and tiresome journey. He walked along the twisting and bending path. He met a mountain lion who tried to stop him, but he used his invisibility charm to get passed it. He then crossed the paths of a dead serpent who had dried up and became a part of the ground. He continued walking, until he heard a man scream “He has me, He has me!” The voice stopped immediately and was never heard of again. He then sprinted up the mountain to help the rest of the army. He made it to the top only to see several disguised figures, who were fighting with the Serpents, enchanting the rest of the army. The figures wore dark hoods and differentiated in size. One of the figures made the mistake of letting his sleeve fall back, and Maxwell saw his hand. Maxwell then ran back down the mountain after being seen by the hooded figures. He made it all the way back down the mountain only to find the army of serpents waiting for him. He noticed a small dragon wandering around near a well. Maxwell ran to the dragon and hopped on its’ back. The dragon swooped up in the air, and Maxwell was able to fly back to the tent. He went and grabbed the antidote from the tent, and he noticed a letter laying on Coil’s bed. He grabbed the letter and read through it. The letter originally was in Serpentese, but Maxwell translated the letter and it said:

$\textit{Isaiah Dulin}$

Dear Coil,

You have been a great asset to the team. You are very intelligent and sssssmart. I trust you know who I really am. Knowing thissss, you must do the one job that you have been assigned. You will take the strongest of your fellow

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roomatesss to the top of the mountain. I have ordered the Serpents to push the Dragon tribe up the mountain, and you will meet them there. You will attack the Ophidian people first. Then, trap the Dragon tribe in three caves up on top of the mountain. While the females in a cave to the left, the children in the middle, and the males to the right, you will enchant the entrances and leave them to starve. For your service, you will receive the highest honor of the Serpents and twenty percent of my treasure. Remember you must let them starve to death and die. They will suffer pain, and you will not give them the honor of killing them.

Sincerely,
The King of Ophidian

Maxwell took this information and ran up the mountain to warn the rest of the army and Dragon tribe. As he was running he was stopped dead in his tracks by none other than the Triple J brothers. He used his martial arts training to fight his way past the three brothers. He then faced Slick, who was quicker than ever. He used the inner peace he had learned in training to slow down Slick in his mind, and Maxwell was able to trip Slick, who then fell down the mountain. Finally, he faced his biggest opponent yet, Coil. He seemed to have grown twenty feet overnight, and he was wanting that money. He ran after Maxwell, but Maxwell kicked him and noticed a piece of Coil’s skin fell off. It was scaly and hard, and Maxwell noticed Coil was a serpent as well. Maxwell’s knowledge of serpent’s weaknesses was useless, because Coil had grown arms and legs. Maxwell saw Coil backed up by the army of Serpents, and he yelled the one spell he knew would help him, “Shamalamamoomoo!” Coil’s skin became gray and his movement became still. The enchantment had worked; Coil was stone. There was still an entire Serpent army to fight though. He yelled, “Shamalamamoomoo!” This time it took a different toll on the snakes. The snakes became a part of the ground. Their winding bodies, that once slid on the ground, became the sometimes dangerous bumps and cracks in the ground.

The things with cracks in the ground is that they can grow and so can the snakes. It is said that the way the cracks grow is from the snakes continuously trying to find Maxwell. The Serpent army constantly pushing their trapped bodies to move.

Maxwell ran to the top of the mountain to find the dragons split in the caves. The females unharmed, but the males severely injured with scratches that cut from their head to the end of their scaly beautiful tails. The children had died, because Coil killed them off one-by-one. Maxwell was able to free the dragons and help them heal.

According to the legend if you step on a crack, you will awaken Coil once again, and he will lead the Serpent army to power once more. Therefore, a time of death and terror will strike upon those who are not Serpents. It is said that Maxwell died at an old age and became king of a new generation in a city known as Camelot, which was built on that mountain top. Camelot is a land of heroes, who fought bravely till the end. A land of magic, that had been passed down for centuries. It is a land of dragons and mystery.

Jeremiah was walking home when the sun in the sky faded quickly. Light became dark, and all became cold. Jeremiah was not able to see. Terror struck his face. He had to move, but he could not. His mind went blank where he stood. He cried out, but no one could hear him. Jeremiah began to sob. He had nowhere to go, because he could not see the cracks on the surface of Camelot’s ground. He had to take a step, but he couldn’t. His legs were paralyzed on the ground, and his eyes transfixed on his feet. He took one step, and he felt his foot slip out of place, and he fell on an indentation in the ground. He felt a slow rumbling, and he knew what had happened. He propelled

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himself into the air and ran to the castle as fast as he could.

He made it halfway when he heard something a blood curdling noise, “Coil it”ssss time to getssssss up!” He ran faster than ever when he heard, “I’m back!” He turned and saw what appeared to be a man, but it was not a man. It had scaly and hard skin with a tail at the end. Its face was separated into two parts. The left side had a regular face, but the right side of his face was covered in diamond shaped scales. Until he made it to the castle, he continued to run.

He made it back to the castle and warned his mother, Queen Regina, and father, King Joseph, who were both great protectors of Camelot.

“I” “I” “I” stepped on a crack!” Jeremiah yelled

His mother yelped and fainted at the sound of the treacherous deed, while his father merely sat and pondered the words spoken by his young son.

His father gathered the Camelot troops and readied them to end the ancient feud. As the troops readied for battle, Coil readied the serpents. The Camelot troops marched with their heads held high.

Coil and his army met them in the middle field that was separated by a small creek, where the water flowed quickly.

“Hi dad” Jeremiah said.

“What are you doing here?” King Joseph asked with a crack and sound of fear in his voice.

“I came to fight!” Jeremiah said triumphantly.

“You cannot be here!” King Joseph exclaimed.

“But dad!” Jeremiah said.

“I'm sorry but that is final. And how did you get here?” King Joseph said.

“I snuck under hay in a wheelbarrow one of your soldiers was carrying.” Jeremiah said not as triumphant as before.

“Okay you may stay, but you promise to go if you are in any danger.” King Joseph said sternly.

“Yes sir!” Jeremiah yelped.

The battle commenced and the serpents were dying left and right. Jeremiah because of his petite size compared to the serpents decided to sneak into the battlelines of the army. He crawled through the serpents when he bumped into a serpent's tail. The snake turned around to see the boy on the ground. Jeremiah with sword in hand sliced off the snake’s head as it pelted at him. Blood dripped from the sword, and Jeremiah started hurling the sword left and right. He killed five snakes and wanted more.

He went for Coil who was at the head of the battle and did not have a scratch on him.

Jeremiah held his blade that held the blood of his enemies. He slowly crept toward Coil, and then he pounced on top of Coil, and Coil reacted by taking his tail and trapping Jeremiah in a tangle. Coil held Jeremiah in his grasp and pondered what to do with him. Coil decided to commemorate his bravery by torturing him, because for every action that is given must have an equal opposite punishment. He took Jeremiah to the base as a prisoner until Coil returned.

King Joseph, who was Jeremiah’s father, was looking for his son, and he became worried of a misfortune coming upon his son. He sent out his personal guard to seek his lost son. The guard infiltrated the Serpent’s camp and found Coil’s tent. They looked around, until they heard the sound of screaming. The guard heard the muffled yell, and they tried to trace where it came from. One of the guards heard the cry for help under an old mattress. They lifted up the mattress, and they found a secret passageway. They went down, and it led them to Coil’s personal chambers, which contained a torture chamber, Coil’s office, and the master plan. The guard found the boy

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chained to a wooden pole. Once they had untied him, they looked at Coil’s plan. It contained all the information of their battleplan. The guard snuck out of the camp with the boy and the battleplan, and returned both to the anxious king. Jeremiah, who had been very brave, was allowed to stay in order to lead the battle. The king gave a small army to Jeremiah to take.

Jeremiah’s plan was to take the army and go up the back. While another went up the front. Jeremiah took his army to the back of the Serpents’ army and hid, while King Joseph’s army pushed the Serpents back slowly. Once the army of Coil had been pushed back far enough, Jeremiah attacked from behind. The Serpents were trapped, but they were slick. Most of Coil’s army was defeated, but some made it out. Jeremiah and his father’s army rushed the last of the army, and they killed and captured the rest of the army. Jeremiah was given the honor of slicing off Coil’s head, while his army was put to slave labor in the city of Camelot.

Jeremiah’s little bravery was tested, and he became just as brave as his great ancestor Maxwell. Today, Camelot, which is filled with magic and fantasy, remains the greatest place on Earth. It is a place where bravery is honored, and cowardice is punished. Jeremiah and Maxwell were small insignificant people who became great, and in Camelot, everyone can be a hero.
Once I was walking alone through the night
A path so wide and long before me lay,
And so I followed the path left and right
Until I saw the shining break of day.

When I was walking through the deep darkness
On that path so deserted and lonely,
I heard the peaceful sounds of the forest
And those beautiful sounds I heard only.

Then I lit a fire blazing warm and bright
Which cast dark and cryptic shadows on me.
Then I laid down beside its warmth and light,
And thought and wondered about the morning.

And so I rested in the shadows deep,
As I laid there till morning sound asleep.

Gus Kirkland
Luke Kim - Self Portrait

Jackson Preisler

Thomas Harwell
Second Place Poetry

“The Mountain”

By William Dean

I love that I have no one to appease
Among the gorgeous nature that I see;
I feel the breeze shaking the ancient trees,
And only the lovely birds can talk to me.
I push myself to run and climb my best,
And no one’s there to push me to the end.
I work to improve and know when to rest,
But out here I won’t see where the track bends.
At home I learn what they want me to see,
But here I learn Planck’s quantum theory.
At home I grind until I want to flee;
Here I read Rowling and don’t grow weary.
I can rest and hear nature’s calm quiet,
And I can feel this mountain’s restful climate.

Jake Frazier

Noah Perry

Alexander Averbuch
Soft and forgiving
With gentle fingers it pulls me into its warm embrace
Clean crisp enticing sheets
begging me to rest awhile
On four sturdy wooden beams
It sits unwavering
A beacon of hope for all the weary
Its very sight brings relief to my heart
And my mind relaxes
So easy it is to fall asleep
And lose all your worries
Your cares gone
Nothing but joy and ecstasy
To carry you through the night
Like a bird through the sky
Subject 274 Doctor’s Note 36: The patient lies thrashing on the bed, held with leather restraints. After numerous antibiotics and other treatments, the disease has not slowed down, let alone stopped. After experimentation in radiation to kill disease, the condition has worsened.

Subject 274 Doctor’s Note 49: Patient died three months ahead of predicted time. Looking into causes.

Peter lay wide awake in his sleeping bag. Night was coming, as were the horrors. Every night for nine months they came. None had entered yet, but the day would come. As Peter listened to the rain on his tent, he realized that the rain would impair the guards’ vision. As if on cue, the machine gun fire started. Unlike normal, he could hear the screams of the diseased. He heard some crying for food. If any of them were sane enough to speak, it meant strand A or B. Any thought of sleep was driven from his mind, so he left the tent and walked outside. As Peter traveled towards the perimeter, the screams grew louder. A guard saw him and told him to go back to the center of the camp, but had no time to make sure that his order was carried out because of the rapidly approaching diseased. As Peter watched, a guard lost his footing on the platform erected inside the barbed wire perimeter fence and fell onto the land on the other side. The first to reach him were strand C. They disregarded the guard’s gun and began dragging him away. The other guards tried to help him, but the perimeter was the top priority. Soon a strand B arrived. Instead of going after the human, he picked up the gun and began to return fire. Before the guards had time to recognize what had happened and take out the strand B, he had taken out two of the guards. More A and B gathered around him as he fell and picked up the weapon. Using it to keep the guards at bay, the rest of the As and Bs managed to get the vast majority, C, to make a frontal assault. The diseased pushed a section of the several kilometer wall down close to where Peter stood and began pouring through. The entire garrison of guards was wakened and sent to help seal the breach. Before he could see what happened next, Peter ran as fast as he could back towards the center of The Camp.

Peter spent the rest of the night waking up the camp and pacing anxiously. Once the first rays of sunlight hit, Peter along with the rest of the camp walked to the perimeter. As they neared it, however, they found that during the night both a hasty wall of protection and a plastic coated purge wall had been erected around the area with the breach. All of those who had doubted Peter’s story now knew for sure that rabid diseased had entered The Camp for the first time in its three year history. The disease had started around three and a half years ago, and The Camp was one of the first spots where “clean” people could reside safely. The Government collapsed on a global scale around two years before as a result of deaths of high ranking officials, general unrest, and repeated lies by the government about the danger of the disease and nearness to a cure. The attacks started nine months ago when the disease mutated yet again to destroy the brain but keep the victim alive longer, forcing them to revert to animalistic behavior. This variety of the disease was the third, and therefore, was named strand C. Strand A was the original that left the brain alone but quickly destroyed the victim’s body. Strand B was the mutation that slowed down the process before symptoms set in, allowing the disease to spread. The Camp had accidentally accepted diseased in this stage.

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before. The whole community knew the protocol. A purge wall was erected around the area where the diseased had been to isolate it. Strand C had developed the revolting practice of cannibalism, while the majority of As and Bs either tried to live normal lives or attacked clean people out of spite. When The Camp was infiltrated, all possessions in the area were incinerated, and all humans in the area were tested. This was the largest isolated area ever, so the crowd jostled to get onto the platform to watch the testing. The disease could not be detected through normal means, so in order to check someone they were exposed to radiation, the disease’s jump start. It would no doubt cause cancer if they lived that long, but they were not worried about long term, and the radiation was not enough to be directly harmful. If someone was infected however, the radiation fed the disease and made it go crazy, causing welts to pop up and extreme pain. Peter surveyed the potential dead and breathed a sigh of relief. None of his friends were in the breach area. It was hard enough already to find people his age because of the disease. Peter was told it called *umbra venēnī*, or shadow poison, because of the way it went undetected and then seemed to be untouched by any treatment. These properties allowed the disease to enter most schools. The high concentration of people and shared cafeterias, water fountains, and other appliances at schools took out almost everyone under eighteen. Peter was lucky to be alive, let alone have friends. Unfortunately for the possible diseased, the majority of them were guards. If even half of them were positive, the defensive force would be weakened by a fourth.

About an hour later, the choosing was finally there. The leader of The Camp, Jake Miller, walked out in a hazmat suit carrying a strange gun. Before it had collapsed, the military had dabbled in a sci-fi seeming field of weapons, laser and radiation guns. The idea was soon tossed aside because of the massive amount of energy required to do real damage, but for The Camp’s purpose of identifying victims, it worked fine. The potentially diseased stood in a row with space between them in case their neighbor was positive, but they were fine. Miller swept his gun across the row, and the watching citizens let out a gasp. Every single one had been infected. The other guards trained their guns on their infected comrades as was protocol, but none of them pulled the trigger. These were their friends who had served with them for three years! Miller began to shout at them to do their job. One of the guards fired his gun, but not at the targets. Miller fell to the ground, and The Camp dissolved into chaos.

Peter felt a hand gripping his shoulder and looked to see his mom and dad. “We have to leave. This spot is a target for the diseased, and we’ll be left unprotected if we stay. I already have your stuff let’s go!” his dad screamed at him over the noise. They ran along the platform and climbed over the wall to get out of The Camp. “The closest caves that the diseased come out of every night is Southeast. We’re going West towards Colorado.” The family sprinted off as fast as they could before someone noticed. They heard gunshots behind them and knew that a civil war had started. They continued on

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at a steady pace until dusk, where they found a clump of bushes to stay in for the night. Peter’s dad reminded them to stay perfectly still and quiet so that no stray diseased would find them. They continued to travel onward using this method until they reached the base of the rocky mountains. In between them and the mountain, lay multiple visible entrances to diseased underground caves. At the surface, structures that could allow people with guns to peak out but stay in the shade were visible.

“They guard the mountains protectively,” Peter’s dad told them. “The disease requires lots of oxygen, and when the air gets even slightly thinner, it begins to take it from the host and kill it within a matter of minutes. Once we get into the mountains, we’ll be safe.”

The family spent the day under cover, debating whether to attempt to reach the mountain during daylight or nighttime. During the day, they could not be physically attacked, but they would be more visible and could be easily shot at. At night, the diseased would be roaming, but it would be hard to see them. In the end, they decided to attack that night. They started their journey at dusk, but did not get too close until darkness completely fell. They hurried as fast as they could while still staying quiet.

When they came level with the entrances to the caves (about halfway to the foot of the mountain) they began to hear the noise of the rabid diseased. They moved faster, but Peter tripped and fell. A nearby rabid heard the noise, but luckily it didn’t have the mental capacity to alert others. Instead it leapt at him, but before it could touch him, it exploded in a spray of blood. Peter’s father stood over him with a handgun. As part of the council of The Camp, he was one of the few non-guards permitted to carry weapons. The shot signalled the rest of the diseased, and the family began a blind dash towards the mountain. Right before they were caught, they heard a buzzing noise. After nine months of experience they dove to the ground. The diseased weren’t as aware. The burst of machine gun fire from the mountain eliminated most of the diseased right behind them and gave them time to run. As they got closer, they started signalling that they were clean, and the shooters let them approach. They were much further up the mountain than it first appeared, which allowed their saviors to recognize that they were clean. Otherwise, they would have fallen from lack of oxygen. The group of people took them up to a settlement higher in the mountains where the diseased couldn’t come. They were given shelter and witnessed the beginnings of a cure.
Left - Luke Beemer

Right - Tristan Scott

Luke Kim - Scholastics Art Honorable Mention
“Easter Sonnet”

By Colin Durelli

The hidden eggs are shining in the sun
The grass is far more green than the eggs are green
If the egg is gold then I will have won.
A basket full is what I want to glean

I have seen eggs from purplish to red
But none look gold like the stars in the sky
And in those eggs are candy, not to dread
Then you must stop that walking and must fly

I love to eat all the candy I found
And see my sisters mad at their own bags
They never found that much so they had frowned
My cousins all around me dive for the eggs

The gold egg was found not by one but two
But only one can win to make it through
“My Room”  
By Mecho Patikas

My cozy room is nothing like a room  
My bed so soft like a cloud in the sky  
Silky white like a pretty swimming loon  
Bright lights so warm like a full moon up high  
Blanket woolen like a white sheep at work  
Pillows foamy as if they were real thick  
My clock so loud like a red firework  
Tissues next to my bed for when I’m sick  
My desk so square like a pair of white dice  
Of wood it’s made like a tree that will grow  
Homework on my desk every night it’s nice  
My door so white it could be made of snow  
Door handle round like a delicious cake  
I love my room so much, it’s where I wake
The snowy slopes are nothing like the beach,
He loves to go and sit in all the waves,
The sun looks like a giant golden peach,
The ocean is the thing that he still craves.

He loves to ski down all the long steep slopes,
The sun is hidden behind all the clouds,
The day is filled with all his dreams and hopes,
Fulfilling them would make his parents proud.

The slopes have snow that make your fingers cold,
The beach has sand that sticks to everything,
The slopes are fun for those both young and old,
The sand can make a castle for a king.

So if you think the beach is right for you,
Consider slopes and snow as options too.
"The Great Killers"

By Alex Wang

Mosquitoes, the agents of death
Spreading disease, snuff the last breath

Only one mission:
To kill with ambition
And leave all the people
Dead through their evil

But is that their goal?
To destroy, not console?

Agents of nature
Protecting from danger
Free nature’s creations
From human invasions
And save the surviving
Species by fighting

Attack to defend
Mother Nature’s revenge
“The Soccer Ball”
By Jack Rodgers

Its patches are worn, its bright pattern torn
Colorful rubber bruised from foot and heel
Its elaborate exterior begins to crack and peel
Yet it was once grounds for a dream without bounds
It once gave a young life meaning
It knows the taste of victory ever sweet
But is often humbled by heartbreaking defeat
It yearns to play again
It longs to fly down the field, free as a bird
to see surprised faces blurred
As it sinks into the loose net

Yet none of these wishes are fulfilled
As it sits in the dim lights chilled
By the thoughts of what it once was
For there once came a day
When with skies of gray
It was passed, kicked, and scored
But after the wait, the very next day
It was deflated, packed, and stored

Nate Cantrell - Self Portrait

Luke Larish

Henry Roberts
Ethan Klindt

Alexander Doullis - Self Portrait

Aidan Moon - Self Portrait

Ethan Bandaccari
James Malone - Self Portrait

Reid Harrington - Self Portrait

Gus Kirkland - Self Portrait

Eriq George - Self Portrait
Oh, Doughnuts so delicious and sweet
I think you should be a meal, but my mom says you are a treat
You are filled with delicious Filling
And You fill me with joy
You were invented quite long ago
Past from generation to-and-fro
When I eat you, it makes a mess
My appetite for you is endless
I drink you with lots of milk
When you go down my throat, it feels like silk
You have lots of sprinkles
And When I look at you my eye gets a twinkle
You are covered in chocolatey icing
I shouldn’t have another, but you are so enticing
You are like a bandaid to the wound that is hunger

Quinlan Stewart

Reed Sullivan - Self Portrait
“The Blue Backpack”
By Harrison Dawkins

The blue backpack carries not just books
But also life
The hefty, heavy, heavenly idea carries all a boy needs
But carrying the pack is quite a strife

Like a glutton, it quickly gains weight and mass
So carrying it causes bad pain in the back
Not one thanks is given to the backpack who
Not just carries your books but carries you

One day the blue backpack will fall apart
Its flame will be put out, but it’s done its part
But that won’t happen in a year, or two, or three
Thanks to the blue backpack’s life guarantee

Hudson Haile

Charlie Coles