

Grandview High School's

The Writers' Den



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If you would like to provide artwork for The Writers’ Den, please see Mr. Eggleston or any of the Visual Arts teachers.

“Beyond the Journey”

By: Inspire-Sun

“Please sir! Please just give me a chance and I will prove to you that-“

“Rae, I already told you that we already hired someone okay? The spots are filled!” Rae listened to his words as if they were stabbing knives wanting not to waste any piece of her flesh, “Look... there has clearly been no luck for you.... Maybe it is time to consider trying something else?” This certainly did not make Rae feel any better and Mr. Blayson just wanted her out of his office so he could continue on with his day, “It was nice meeting you.....”

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Rae walked and walked not knowing which direction to go and not caring for the least. Going home to her parents was definitely not a choice. They had warned her that life was not just going to hand her everything she ever wanted, but rather tear her down. Going back to her own home was not a choice either. Life was not going great and so Rae hated to admit that her parents were right and she was wrong. She kept on walking for hours until the sun had begun to set. Upon seeing a bench, she laid down to look at the stars illuminating the black sky.

"HEY! GET BACK HERE!" She heard someone yell and a shadow came running towards her but then turned to an alley and disappeared into the night. She watched the police fly past where the shadow had gone. It quickly came out and it was revealed to be a young teenage boy.

“Ah it’s just you...” She was getting ready to lay back down, but the conversation seemed to have sparked right then.

“Just me?” The boy asked, offended.

“Yeah! Just a scrawny, pale, black haired teenage boy.” She laid down and went back to staring at the sky.

“Well then let me introduce myself! I am Kygo!” Kygo peeked his head above hers.

“And?” She turned aside.

“And I could really use your help with something....” Kygo reached into his pocket and showed Rae a piece of paper that contained a list of many different things.

“What’s this? A resolution?” She looked at the long list containing at least 33 things, “What are you 8?”

Kygo frowned, “13 actually and no this is not a resolution LIST! It’s a... list of random things I want to do!” Kygo smiled as Rae stood up.

“And you want me to take you to these places?” He shook his head, “And if I don’t?”

“Well..... Um.....” Kygo looked at her guitar and snatched it from her which caused her to let out a small yelp, “I will take your guitar and you will never see me or it again! Plus, you clearly have nothing better to do.”

He truly had a point and he already took Rae’s guitar so Rae had no choice but to follow through with his plan, “Okay... what’s first?”

“Well I already saw the biggest diamond in California so..... A fancy restaurant it is!”

“You have got to be kidding me.....” She looked at the list and got an idea, “Follow me then.”

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They walked for miles but to Kygo it felt like days. While Kygo sounded annoying Rae could only focus on the intellectual fact that she was drowning in her sorrow and here came a boy wanting to complete his dreams in an annoying and childlike way. Kygo at least tried to get her to

talk but nothing would budge. Finally, they reached a little bar in between two huge buildings.

"What... is.... this?" Kygo looked at Rae.

"It's a restaurant!" Rae said with an annoyed look with her hands in her pockets.

"I said fancy!"

"Oh come on! You also want to go to a bar right?" Kygo's brooding look made her roll her eyes just pull him in.

They went inside to an empty western like bar with a cheeky bartender. Rae picked a table exactly in the middle where they could get a view of everything. Both of them sat down but Kygo seemed interested in his surroundings.

"What can I get ya'll?" A man handed them menus.

"Um... let me get a burger with fires, hold the tomatoes and onions and a beer please." He handed his menu to Charlie who chuckled.

"Nice choice kid, you?" Rae just starred at this kid who acted like a crazy old man or something.

"Uh.... Get me the same, but make my drink a Sprite please." The man finished writing down Rae's order and took her menu as well. Just minutes after, he dropped off Kygo's beer and then went into the kitchen. Kygo and Rae stayed silent for a minute, but Kygo has never liked silence so he spoke.

"Hey, so why the interest in music?" Rae didn't really feel like answering so she thought of the shortest answer possible.

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"Well.... since I was 5 I have loved to sing and then I learned to play guitar and," She shrugged, "Now I am here."

"Okay so why not do it professionally? Wouldn't that be cool?"

She laughed, "Not everyone gets their dreams come true kid." Her laugh turned into a cold stoned face looking away.

Kygo remembered those exact words, "You know.... My parents would always say that. I just don't like to believe it is true."

"How so?"

"My grandma would always tell me that if I wanted something in life, my heart needs to want it way more than anything else! And those people that give up....." He shook his head. Kygo always believed his grandmother to be right even if he had doubts.

Rae gave it a careful thought though. No one had ever explained it to her like that, and while she didn't believe it to be true a part of her did, "I guess that's true." She smiled.

"Aren't you gonna drink your beer?" Kygo now had second thoughts about it, but Rae assured him not to think it over and as he drank that first beer, all Rae could focus on was his classic, hilarious face.

Throughout the day, Kygo and Rae spent their day doing the unimaginable to both of them. They visited the "Natural History Museum" and broke something, they took silly pictures at UCLA, and they watched a match of Rocky Balboa and even got into a little match of their own.

Check by Check, Rae and Kygo had the time of their lives! And so as another day came to fall from their grasp, they watched the beach of Santa Monica by the rails being illuminated by the warm sun.

“Alright well finally it is just spending one full day at the beach....” Rae clicked her tongue, “That may be a tough one....”

“Why?” Kygo coughed a bit and then looked at Rae.

“Well if you wanna spend one whole day then.... You want to do other things right?” He nodded his head not quite getting the point, “Well you need money kid.”

“Right...” He rolled his eyes as he coughed some more, but this time it came with some blood. Kygo turned away from the blood with his face just shocked by it.

“Kid? You okay?” Rae observed to see if everything was fine. All he did was nod his head and look back at the sunset, “Okay well... I think we should get some money. Come on!” They both began to walk but halfway through, Kygo collapsed on the floor unable to breath. Rae reacted as quickly as possible when she saw the blood and rushed to the nearest Hospital. The nurses quickly took him into the emergency room and it lasted a whole night before finally a doctor came to explain his situation.

“Ma’am this boy ran away from a hospital in San Diego some months ago. Unfortunately..... This means he may not have enough time to survive the night.” Rae, shocked as can be sat down in the chair with her eyes wide open, starting to fill up with tears, “If there is anything I can do-“

She dried her tears, “Actually..... Could you um... do me a favor?”

~~~~~

Rae and Kygo walked up to the beach just in time at 5:00pm for the sunset. Charlie, a friend of Rae’s, waited for them in the car.

“How did you-“

“Doesn’t matter.... Come one.” She took Kygo out of the chair and both rested in the middle of the wet and dry sand where the water could hit them slightly.

“This is.... Beautiful....” Kygo said as he rested on Rae’s head. She shook her head in agreement and felt tears coming to her eyes, “Can you.... Sing me a song?”

“Of course....” Her voice trailed off but she began to sing. Taking a deep breath as she felt Kygo’s heart thump slowly and slowly.

“Don’t give up Rae..... Don’t let go....” He whispered.

And both watched the sunset until the sun said its last goodbye.

“Stiletto”

Writer: Annie Rodgers

Alex

I walked into the coffee shop that morning thinking nothing of it. I woke up and got ready for work as usual and it seemed like a normal day until I made eye contact with the man sitting in the back corner of the cafe. His brown hair was tossed around on his head as if he had been running his hands through his hair several times. He only looked into my eyes for a brief second but I felt something in that second. It was a feeling that I can't quite explain. It was like a pulling sensation in my chest. Pulling me towards him. At that moment, I shook it off. I couldn't let myself get distracted. I had a big day ahead of me. I had a client coming in for surgery. It would be my first major surgery coming out of med school and I was nervous. However, no matter how hard I tried I couldn't pull my eyes away from him for more than a second.

In the background I heard someone yelling and it pulled me out of the daze that I was in.

“Ma'am. Ma'am! You're next.” The barista said nodding in my direction. I walked up and gave her my usual order. Nevertheless, my eyes never left his frame for more than two seconds. I wanted to make sure that he wouldn't leave my sight. I had to say something to him.

“That will be out over there in just a moment,” she smiled and then looked behind me to the next customer. I walked away from the counter and stood over at the other end. I pulled out my phone so that I didn't look suspicious as I glanced up at him over and over again.

They called my name and I picked up my drink from the counter. I decided that it was best for me to just ignore the sensation in my chest and walk away. It was useless. He clearly didn't see me as anything else but a stranger in a coffee shop. I looked over at his spot once last time before exiting the door, but he wasn't there.

Before I knew it I was on the ground and my drink had spilled all over the pavement outside the door to the cafe. I looked up to see why I had fallen and I made eye contact with him. He picked me up from the ground and gave me a tight lipped smile.

“I am so sorry about that Miss. My name is Chris by the way.” His voice was silky smooth and his eyes were a shade of green that I had never seen before. It seemed as though I could get lost in them forever. I did. His brows furrowed as he looked at me and he waved his hand in front of my face.

“Miss. Hello?”

“Oh. Hello. I’m Alex.”

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### *Chris*

She was by far the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Her hair was pulled into a low ponytail and her face was an angelic heart shape. I had only made eye contact with her for a moment but I knew that she would be the next one for me. I didn’t want to make my admiration look obvious so I didn’t look back over at her again. Even so, I could see her looking over at me almost every second. I watched the way she spoke to the barista, the way she smiled, and the way that her eyes crinkled when she did.

I began to pack up my things, knowing that I would have to be walking out of here soon. As I slid my laptop into my bag she began to walk out of the store. I walked as fast as I could to assure that she wouldn’t be able to see me coming.

*Never begin the attack from the front.*

The words from my lessons as a child rang in my head. I got behind her just in time. She tripped over my foot and fell on the ground. I saw her drink fly out of her hands and spill all over the pavement.

“I am so sorry about that Miss. My name is Chris by the way.” I helped her off the ground and she brushed herself off. When she looked up at me she froze. She made eye contact with me.

*Lure her in.*

“Miss. Hello?”

“Oh. Hello. I’m Alex.” Her voice was perfect. She was going to be the best one yet. Her chocolate brown eyes looked up into mine and I saw all of her innocence that would soon be gone. She was the one. She looked exactly like Heather. She was perfect.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’m perfect.” *Yes you are.*

“I saw you inside and I couldn’t help myself from talking to you. I was just wondering if I could get your number. Maybe we could get dinner tonight?” It had to be tonight. I wouldn’t be able to wait any longer than that.

“Sure, that sounds lovely.” *Perfect.*

“Okay, well here, put your number in my phone and I’ll text you the details tonight.”

“That sounds perfect.” When she took the phone from my hand I felt it. I knew it. We had that same spark that Heather and I did.

“You look really familiar. I don’t know where I’ve seen you, but I know that I have.” She smiles down at my phone when she speaks. I tense my jaw because I know exactly what she’s talking about. The police

released a sketch of me to the public. The last one got away and ran to the cops. She even got the feds involved. They've been here for a couple of days so I've been laying low. I just hope that she doesn't figure it out before tonight.

“It must just be a coincidence. Well, here to go. Let me know what time and I'll send you my address.” I smile at her and she walks away. I watch her retrieving frame and I am mesmerized by every part of her body. She's perfect.

The day goes by like any other. Except for the fact that I have a date with her tonight. We talked briefly about the plans and I have her exact address. Let's just say that she won't be going anywhere tonight. But I will.

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Alex

Everything was going to be perfect. He was right where I wanted him. He may think that he has the upper hand, but in reality, it will always be me who beats him. We had been playing this game for quite some time now. It all started a couple of months ago when we met on a dark web chatroom. He was one of the most messed up ones that I had ever seen. He always went into great detail about all of his murders. We started talking privately and became pretty good friends. The only thing was that we never knew each other's real names. We only knew each other's screen names. We were planning to meet in the future but I just couldn't wait. I had one of my close friends trace his username to who he really was.

I found him and it was easier than expected. I will admit that he is quite attractive. I was mesmerized when I first saw him. Even so, he needed to be taken care of. As they say “This town isn't big enough for the both of us.” I knew that he was planning to kill me tonight as well. He spoke with me today about this girl he met at a coffee shop who was the perfect surrogate for his old girlfriend Heather.

I had everything ready for him. I was wearing a skin tight red dress that was knee length and I had on tall black stiletto heels. This was the perfect lure. It was going to be exactly the way I planned. I had my weapon of choice on my feet and I was ready. I heard the doorbell ring just as I was finishing putting on my lip-gloss. I ran to get the door and I saw him standing there in a crisp black suit.

“You look beautiful,” he said.

“Thank you. You don’t look too bad yourself. I have to run upstairs to grab my clutch. I’ll be right back down,” I smiled at him and began walking down the hallway. I heard his footsteps following me and I knew that there wouldn’t be a better time to attack.

I spun around and kicked him in the abdomen. He fell to the floor in pain and the knife in his hand flew across to the other side of the room. I had him. It was over. I beat him.

“I win.” I said, adding a tilt of my head and a cocky smirk. I ended it by pushing the tip of my heel into the side of his neck. It was a shame though. He was good looking. I looked at myself in the mirror across the hall.

“But I’m better.” I winked at myself and walked back down the hall victoriously.

“Love’s Sunken Dreams”

Writer: LOA Creator

What is it about love; that makes people rush into a relationship
Thinking it will last forever
Not building a stronger structure
Not knowing if their ships are going to sink like the titanic
They don’t know if it will hold on
Hold on through the storms that come ahead

Some think of these things
Thinking that the only solution is that the days should repeat and stay the same
But they don’t know that the days that came happy for them
Came bad for others
They don’t know that others relationship is sinking like the titanic
Because of a gigantic mess
Even if they think they could rebuild their titanic
But there is always going to be an Atlantic between them

Some try using an emotion called: Love
But that solution never worked
But sent them deeper in the hole of distraction;

No one knows anything about love
Some are in a relationship not because of love but because a hate
Being too late
To try and change their fate
Not finding their soulmate
But still trying to find their missing piece
Relationships are full of hurtful words
And love leaves a scar that would never heal
There is no meaning to love
Nor is there an everlasting to relationship

Everything thing is changing
With no direction to go

But to let fate control
Even though, it might feel to controlling
And too suffocating
But sometimes all through these obstacles and misunderstandings
fate could still have a happy ending
Even though Love is like a storm leaving destruction to a relationship
There are still different relationships and love

“Who Are You?”

Writer: Inspire-Sun

You say, “Let’s talk.”

I say, “Okay.”

Pulling me off to one side

You tell me that you’re my best friend.

Pulling out a picture of the old days.

Showing me a poem I wrote.

All of these things are familiar,

But when I look at you I know they don’t.

But I say, “Who are you?

I don’t remember the piercings and cool attitude.

I never saw you with the dark over you.

The old you knew how to keep it behind you.

And so my apologies,

But who are you?”

You keep on insisting

Telling me fantasies that have ceased.

You point at the scar that you got

When you saved me.

But if the eyes are the window to the soul

Then I don’t see what you’re telling me.

And so I say, “Who are you?

I still don’t know.

I can’t see that friend that I used to know.

All I see is a cocky kid,

Trying to prove to the world the kid’s worth it.

Trying to forget the past,

Make out the future

And say goodbye to the present.

So please just go.

Cause I still don’t know.”

Could you just leave me alone?
Stop telling me I'm wrong.
Cause I know this kid that is now gone
Isn't you at all.
So please just go!
Find someone else to hold.
So you can break them and tear them
And watch them die in front of your eyes.

You walk away from me.
I finally think, "It's over."
And when you turn away from me,
I saw that person that once loved me.

Chapter 1: The Stones of Zeolite

Writer: Inspire-Sun

Long ago, in a land far far away, there laid a stone called Zeolite. One day, it shattered into four great stones: Air, Water, Fire, and Earth. These four great stones became the foundation of the Earth and it kept everything in balance; Air representing peace, Water representing wisdom, Fire representing strength, and Earth representing beauty. However, two other stones were also created. The stone of Light and the stone of Darkness. It is said that these two stones are the most powerful of all and that somewhere out there, they lie in a cave that is divided. The one who finds it becomes the ultimate! But beware, for the dark stone seeks to conceal the heart of any who steps in its path if their heart is not within the light.

You see? That is the story. The story of how our kingdom came to be. My mother and father became the rulers of Zeolite and the story about the four stones and the light and the darkness still remains a mystery. But it was no mystery anymore.

When my parents decided to have children, it just so happens that they had four children each with a natural and mysterious gift. Sitting in the garden makes me think about my own purpose. Sure I have the gift of controlling water, but is that all that I am? Sometimes I wish I was all four types just so that I could have more fun! But no. I got water. Water is apparently calm, cool, and loving. But it is also strong and firm and gives away wisdom like no other. I, however, am not wise at all. Loving? Yes I guess. Calm? Not even close. And being cool may mean something else in that vocabulary, but in mine I am nowhere close to it.

“Miss Ishani!” I heard Livia call me, “Miss Ishani!” I looked back to see her picking up her dress and running through the garden, “Miss Ishani!!!” She kept on calling me, which I have told her not to.

Once she reached me, she stopped to take a rest, “Livia! I told you not to call me ‘Miss’. You are royalty too you know. For being my cousin.”

“I know!” She gasped for air, “But you are in line to be the next Queen....” She stood up and arched her back which POPPED, “And I just design everything and make you look cooler.” She smiled and laughed which I followed with, “Anyways, your mom wants you to get ready for the Big Ball tomorrow!” She jumped excitedly.

I rolled my eyes as she took me by the hand and dragged me all the way back to the castle. Everyone was getting ready for one of the biggest events in the Zeolite Kingdom. The day the oldest daughter turns Queen. It might sound very exciting to most people, but to me the excitement is not the word to describe it. It's more like the torture. And not only that! I will also need to marry the future King if I am ever to be accepted as a proper Queen. In the Zeolite Kingdom history and law, a Queen cannot govern a kingdom on her own, considering that a Queen is not as strong as a King. Couldn't have put it more mildly myself. And also, a King has to take on battles if any should arise. A Queen, however, does not. But what about a Queen with super powers?

“Okay! I have the perfect dress for you! Designed it myself.” Livia took me to her room where she set me up on a stool and grabbed a dress from her closet, “Tada!” She showed it in front of my face and it isn't exactly what I had in mind. The dress was big with poofy sleeves, shoulder view, a cream white color with fire flowers all over it as patterns, “What do you think?”

“This looks more like something for Mirri!” Mirri (My third youngest sister) has the power to manipulate Fire and it just so happens that she loves Fire flowers. Also, fire seems to fit her personality quite perfectly.

“Oh come on! You can't just limit yourself to one color!” She had a point, but with one look it told her that being a Queen with the power to manipulate water meant that you have to live up to that dedication! Of having water powers, “Fine...” She got out another dress that was more modest, still big, no puffy sleeves, visible shoulder, but a beautiful light blue color with white butterflies at the bottom.

“That’s better.” I nodded my head. And yet, deep down, I still didn’t have the same satisfaction of being Queen.

“Good! Now your mom says your hair must be up in a Bun with two curly waves on the side!” Livia said excitedly. She always had the designer in her. Making everything and everyone look beautiful and handsome meant everything to her! Not to make people something that they are not, but to make them bring out their inner self by expressing their show of fashion and style.

“She actually agreed to that?” My mother always tells me that I never look good with hair on the front. She always says it has to go on the back. No bangs, or else I don’t look good. I do have a bit of luck on my side that my mother never uses words like “ugly” or “horrendous” even though I still hate the fashion tips she gives me and makes me have.

“Surprisingly yes! I mean most of the time your hair is a mess and you have to remember it is extremely curly, but if I straighten it up a bit it should be good as new!” She quieted down as she realized what she said could’ve had an offensive view, “You know what I mean.”

I sighed, “Liv? What do you think about the whole... A Queen needs a husband thing? Isn’t it a bit... much?”

“That depends. What do you think about it?” She turned around from what she was doing and looked at me.

I played with my ring as I thought of what to say. The words just came out, “I just think it’s a little bit unfair. And... I don’t want a husband! Neither do I want to be a Queen!”

She gasped. I guess these words must have shocked her. It’s one thing to say you don’t want a husband but quite another to say that you don’t want to be Queen. Soon, I realized that she was just joking, “How dare you.”

“Seriously?” I looked at her, “Be serious! Am I wrong?”

“Are you wrong... hmm...” She pondered on that question, then snapped her fingers, “I honestly think you are....” She stopped. I awaited her answer with all of the tension, “Crazy.” I frowned, “Yup! You are crazy!”

I knew Livia was just joking. After all, she hates having to talk about serious matters.... Sometimes. But I needed someone who would understand me and perhaps actually listen to me. Someone who has had experience in these things and who has become the greatest person in life! Someone who will give me a straight answer.

My Mother.

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“Alright Mirri. I need you to focus. Hit the target.” My mom told Mirri, who was standing in front of a dummy with a target trying to hit it with her flames.

“Alright!” She jumped and huffed. Then, she positioned herself so that she could hang on in case her fire was too strong. She concentrated and placed her hands out! Just like that, Mirri was shooting fire out of her hands like a dragon, but this time into the target. She burned up the whole middle part of the dummy and, in case this would be a real human being, she burned up it’s heart and basically made it suffer a painful death.

“Great job Mirri!” My mom gave her a high-five as Mirri passed by to join us on the benches. Then she turned to look at me, “Ishani, you are up.”

I haven’t had much luck like my sisters. Being a teenager with much emotion to show doesn’t make it easy to control your powers. Especially when you have many contradictions against your own kingdom, “Mom! If a Queen isn’t supposed to fight, then why are we learning to fight!” This came out as more of a sarcastic question.

“Ishani... I have told you not to question your training.” My mom was always serious. At times she is fun with my sisters and sometimes she and

I joke around! But now that the day had arrived, she treated me as more of a student rather than her daughter.

“Dad doesn’t like it! Nobody likes it!” I have always done this. Question everything that I have to do. My studies, my training, my social training, my Queen ship, everything! And still I haven’t gotten a straight up answer as to why all of these things were exactly necessary.

“I am not worried about what others think. This is important!” She gave me a death glare, “Now go!” Her voice is not even close to a scream, but not far from a punishment act. I have no other choice but to do what I am told. As I have always done.

I placed myself in front of the new dummy that was placed. But the target was up above it’s head. I felt as if I was already being punished, since I had no idea how I was supposed to hit that tiny dot in the center 12 feet away, “Mom!!”

“Don’t mom me! Go!” She sounded urgent. I rolled my eyes and just thought, *Get on with it.* I placed myself just as Mirri did since I have been known to get out of control. Water seems to be the hardest to control. Not always are you going to find a water pool nearby, so I had to learn how to collect the invisible steam all around us to attack. I calmed myself, cleaned my hand and placed my left hand in front of my face, sideways. I felt the water droplets starting to group together to form hundreds of rain drops and when I opened my eyes, confidently, a huge water bubble laid on top of me. I felt a lot of anger and disappointment in me and this fueled the water to become bigger and strong. Water, the softest thing, can penetrate through even steel.

With much anger, I stomped my back foot forward and signaled the water to move forward at a high speed by placing my right arm in front. It moved so fast that it made the dummy explode and cut a hole right through the wall behind the dummy. I breathed in and looked at my mom. She didn’t look too happy with my results.

“Training is done girls. Get ready for bed.”

“Yes mom.” Venilia vowed in respect to her and then tagged Ginger on the head and both started to chase each other with Mirri following behind them. I started to follow them as well until my mom stopped me, “Not you Ishani.” She said forcefully. Her voice was as terrifying as a Tranimaticus—a sea monster with eight legs, four eyes, and terrifying teeth! I swallowed hard, “Let’s take a walk.” She sounded calmer as she walked towards the back doors that led to the front of the Garden, “Come on.” She called and I ran to follow her.

We walked along the path for 30 minutes, not saying a word to each other. The lights of the Gardenias illuminated like the bright moon. The path of stone probably leading me to my death or a life lesson. As we walked, I looked at all of the different plants and nocturnal insects that played harmonious music. It’ll make you as calm as a feather. Some plants were born with light, others were born with patterns. And yet some were born with natural abilities to grasp any prey in it’s mists. Finally, we reached the arch that had lit up daisies all over it and a pond beneath it. We crossed the tiny bridge and she sat down on the bench and gazed upon the pond. I was a bit puzzled at first, but I figured that I might as well sit down with her.

She kept on looking at the pond and before I could say anything, she said, “Do you know why water is the most important element of all?” I couldn’t say anything since I didn’t know the answer. She took my response quite well, “Because it controls all the other elements. Water, Ishani, is beneficial to all and keeps the balance of Zeolite.”

“Mom... “ I sighed as I tried to figure out how to put my words, but my mom knew anyway.

“You don’t want to be Queen.” She looked at me with a sincere face, “But that’s not all that is bothering you.”

“How did you know?” Is all I could ask.

“A mother knows Ishani.” She sighed, “Ishani, I am not trying to control your life. I am just here to make sure that when I am gone, YOU are going to take great care of yourself and the kingdom.” She paused, “So please, tell me what is going on in here.” She pointed at my chest.

I knew that this is what I wanted to talk about, but I was afraid of what she was going to say. I reminded myself that she always taught me to treat her, also, like a friend. And so, I did, “It’s the whole.... Husband thing too.”

She nodded her head, “I don’t think being a Queen is the problem though.” She sounded clear.

“No that is definitely a problem.” I was clear too. It is a problem. A very big one.

“Why?”

“Well for one I don’t want to spend my life caring for other people’s responsibilities. I am not responsible! You have even said it! And two, I don’t want to spend my life in a castle! I want to go out there!” I pointed towards the skies. Something beyond what I have ever imagined, “I want to see the world! I want adventures and... and... life!” I stood up and looked towards the sky, hoping it would one day take me with it and show me all there is to see, “I want to live mom. I want scars and bruises and stories to tell! Like Grandma.”

She stood up and put her arm around me, “Look, I hate to break it to you but.... You don’t have a choice. This Kingdom needs a Queen. And being a Queen is more than just tasks and signing papers of choice. Being a Queen could just be everything you want to be.” She sighed and then leaned on the rail, “Now about the whole... suitor business.... Trust me Ishani, if I could I would deny it. But a Queen is said to govern with too much heart and less reasoning. And it is sad to say but that is right.” She looked at me, “And you have a lot of heart.”



“Is that a bad thing?” I questioned with dignity and also offensiveness on my part.

“Yes. Remember, the heart deceives one. But the mind, it acts with reason and with feelings at times but it always does what is best.” She reached her arms out and hugged me. Her hug made me feel warm and safe. Secure to be there with her. At times I do wonder where I would be if I didn’t have my mother. And where am I going to be when she is gone, “There is one thing to remember.”

“What is it?”

“At least you get to choose whoever you want to marry. So make sure you choose, not just with your heart, but with your head.” She looked at me and rubbed my cheek, “Never listen to your heart when it calls for you.”

“Yes mom.”

“Now let’s go. You need rest for tomorrow.” I nodded and we both walked down the path again, this time laughing and joking as we used to do. It felt good to have someone understand me and listen to me and also tell me what I needed to hear, not what I wanted. It is true, the heart is the most treacherous thing in the world! Because it doesn’t think at all about the consequences that could happen. Only about the happily ever after that 100% will never happen. That is another law that I have adored and wished I had listened to sometimes. But even then, I wonder if it is right....

I got into my bed and looked at the chandelier in the shape of the moon. It brightens up the blue, dark wall, much like the real one. I laid there and wondered if it was right to not listen to your heart. To not follow it. I questioned if perhaps the law was wrong....

My heart is questioning if it is wrong.

“Wings of Freedom”

Writer: Carmen Rose

My Wings of Freedom, who are you to me?

What is it you need?

Maybe it's a key?

Or that single strand of hope that is no bigger than a seed?

My Wings of Freedom, you come in one body

A body that is the same color as ours

Our story is almost like a copy

And we have those same powers

My Wings of Freedom, you come in more than one form

Just like us

It isn't, in this society, just the norm

Which forms our distrusts

My Wings of Freedom, we will find our way home

I can't hide this fear I still have in my heart

But wherever you shall roam

We can only follow and take part

“A small light in my Life”

Writer: Ima Mervin

There are some seeds,  
That only sprouts with the help of rain.

And There is a small light in my life,  
That ignites only by love.

Holding my thirst for love,  
With burning petals  
An unmentioned word of love  
That spreads over his lips  
Just by looking at each other.

Between the color of silence  
There are some seeds,  
That only sprout with the help of rain and sunlight.

And there is a small light in my life,  
That ignites only by love.

When time passes by on the shore  
We shall go as deep as the soil  
And make a silent piece of art  
Into a piece of heart.

When separating becomes a problem  
There are some seeds,  
That only sprouts with the help of rain, sunlight and love.

And there is a small light in my life,  
That ignites only by love.