



TIME WILL
TELL...

Table of Contents

Zaac Jenkins: "In a Moment for a Moment"
and "Time Lost in Time"

Jaylen Joyner: "Future" and "My Story"

Isabella Monge: "A World Turned Upside
Down" and "Who Is This?"

Samadyi Perry: "Two Years" and "What
Became of Me"

Bernadette Pimental: "grow flower, grow"
and "future?"

Noah Scott: "Ray Vaughn Flow" and "Dark
Times"

Janiyah Shaw: "Dear God" and "Time Will
Tell"

Sai-Sai Wortham-Green: "Questions" and
"No Idea"

Olivia Germann-Mc Clain:
Roll Call



Chronophobia by Sean Burns Jr.

The one thing that cannot be stopped
Time will pass and the future becomes the past
It is up to you to decide what to do with the time
you have
Do not fear the future, because you can shape it the
way you see
You must believe that no matter what, time will not
get the best of me



Time Machine Dream

by Sean Burns Jr.

One day after school, Brian was sitting in his room. He was thinking about what he would do if he could go back in time. He took a deep breath and laid down in his bed. Before he knew it he was asleep, then he was suddenly awake. He checked his phone and the date was different: October 26, 2008. This was the day Brian's best friend died in a car crash. He was only ten years old when this happened, but even at the age of twenty-two he remembered it like it was yesterday.

Brian knew he was going to try to stop this car accident from happening. Instantly, he called his friend to tell him to wait ten minutes longer before he left with his mom to the store that day. As promised his friend left ten minutes later with his mom, stalling to leave the house, causing them to leave later.

Later that day, Brian was in the living room sitting on the couch thinking about his best friend. His mom then called him into the room to look at the news. It was his best friend, once again in a car crash. Brian had to relive that pain again. All of a sudden, he woke up. For hours, he sat in his bed and thought about his dream but after all, it was just a dream.



Walking to Wonderland by Zorie Cockrell

Walking, Jogging, Running, Sprinting-
Down the road, around the corner, up the hill
To the light that shines bright- to elation

To the freshness of the air, and the sweetness of the grass

To the reality that holds truth

A future that holds no lies, and no depression, and no unemployment,
and no poorness, and no starvation, and no critics

A future that's nothing but bliss

I just have to get there.

I see a light- I see the light

That promises me all there is to offer

That proclaims all the goodness there is to claim

That visualizes every system where there's nothing but ecstasy

And I can see it

I just have to get there.

To the place you call 'the future'

But I shall call, 'dreamland'

Into the Future

by Zorie Cockrell

The future is full of robots, moving sidewalks, talking, robotic dogs, and flying cars. I thought it was all a fake, something you only saw in the movies. Well it's in a Tv show, but all the same difference. Some things can become a reality. How do I know? Well, let's back it up to last week.

“What are you watching?” my sister, Jenna, asks me. She's wearing her favorite pink, princess dress while eating strawberry ice cream. *That's a lot of pink.* My eyes don't leave the show that's playing on our TV, which means ignoring the crap out of her. She sits next to me anyway, her ice cream melting, and falling onto the couch. Splotches of ice cream keep dripping, the stickiness inching closer to me.

“The Jetsons- go eat your cone somewhere else. I'm not cleaning up your strawberry gooinies.”

Jenna glances back at the TV, then licks her ice cream, sloppily. I bet she did it on purpose, she always does it on purpose. I sigh, and turn the TV up louder to drown out her further questions that I just know she has. Jenna finds no issue in this and leans closer to me.

“Aren't you too old to be watching this? My friend watches this and she's twelve.”

“Aren't you too old to be eating strawberry ice cream with sprinkles?” I retort. It's hard to stay quiet, and ignore her, when she keeps talking. Jenna gasps, at my question, her two pigtails swishing behind her. She protects her ice cream with her hands before getting up and leaving. “Thank you.”

Not even a second later, I'm focused back on the show at hand. It's a season three marathon, and there's no way I'm missing a single episode. My eyes watch every movement, and my ears catch every word- every phrase. I mouth the words to some parts because I know them by heart. What can I say? It's my favorite show. Halfway through the marathon, my eyes start to blur and it may be because I've been looking at it for so long with minimum blinks here and there.

“You there! You want to join the future?” I hear a voice ask. It’s George- he’s looking right at me with his signature smile. His big nose is pointing right at me, and I’m starting to think I’m going a little crazy. Maybe Jenna is right...*I do need to take a break.* My hands swiftly rub at my eyes, trying to clear the blur that’s still present. I look back at the TV, and he’s still looking at me.

“I-uh...are you talking to me?” I question, while pointing at myself. It’s stupid and Jenna would definitely make fun of me for doing it. George Jetson himself nods at me, the same smile showing along with the big nose. Making decisions are not my strong suit, so of course, the answer is obvious. “Yes?”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

The next thing I know, the blur in my eyes turns into a screen of white. It lasts for a couple of minutes before it’s back to being a regular blur, then clearance. The TV is still there, but some *fruity pebbles* commercial is on. *What?*

“*Hiya, Jules!*”

Screaming bloody murder, I look to my right while clutching my chest. I don’t think dying was in my plans today- but hey, plans change. George stands there in all his cartoonic glory, with one of his hands held out to me. I stand up and shake it, nervously, still really freaked out about this whole thing. My body moves on its own, inching back towards the TV, hoping it’d swallow me whole again. Of course plans never work out for me and the universe hates me; George grips my hand a little tighter before dragging me out of his high-in-the-sky house.

“*Wait, wait! Don’t take me out there!*” I complain, my feet trying to stop me from stumbling forwards. George doesn’t listen and we get to his car, “*Wait!*”

“*What is it, Jules?*”

“*Are you flipping kidding me!?! I’m not getting into that deathtrap- it looks better on TV by the way, and I’m not going out there!*”

George opens up the glass top of his car, and gets in. He just sits there, probably waiting for me to join him. Nuh-uh, no, not going to happen, no chance in heaven-

“*Are you going to join me, Jules?*”

I got in.

“*Where are we going?*” I can’t help but ask, my nerves getting to me. *I mean if you got sucked into a TV and then met George Jetson, dragged into a flying car, and are about to indulge into the life of the future, then you would freak the flip out.*

“*We’re going to Little Dipper Elementary School. I have to pick up my son!*”

“*Oh my god,*” I whisper. *In a short time span, I managed to forget that there’s more of them.*

Suddenly, the glass top closes and the car starts to lift. I look around for a seatbelt, and mentally curse the future. *Is **their** plan to die? Who doesn't install seat belts?!* George turns on a kind of radio, and tunes that I've never heard before start to play, softly from the speakers. It relaxes me some, and I lean back in my spot while watching the scenery outside.

I see people traveling on moving sidewalks, their legs putting in minimum work. There are kids who laugh as they throw electronic boomerangs, the device whipping through the air. Flying cars move around us, all at the same speed, kind of creating a traffic of UFO's. People walk their dogs- robotic ones, and feed them small discs. The future is crazy, I conclude.

We reach the elementary school in due time, Elroy Jetson already waiting with his jetpack on his back accompanied by his green hat. He gets into the car, but not before waving goodbye to his friends. He turns to me suddenly, a smile lighting up his face.

“Hey, Jules!”

I nearly pass out at the greeting, my mind going back into a frenzy. How does he know me? Actually, that's a dumb question- it's a cartoon show. Anything is possible at this point. We leave the elementary school, George informing me that he has to pick up his wife and daughter. Great. More Jetsons, and even more heart attacks.

We get to the Jetson's local shopping center, the double doors opening instantly at our arrival. George drives his car right in, and parks it in front of a clothes store. *Crazed Dresses* glowing in bright, pink letters, takes up half of the mall. Well, this side anyway. Minutes later, Jane and Judy walk out with at least ten, pink bags each. Is that expected to fit in here? I think I'd rather walk home, even if I don't know how to get there.

George opens a small compartment box, letting them shove all twenty bags into the back. They join us in the front, and then we're off again.

“Where to now? Are we going back to your home?”

“Of course not!” they all chorus. They sounded like my mom when I asked her about shaving my head. Those are scary times.

“We're going to get ice cream first!” Elroy pops up.

Great, more ice cream. It's not like I don't get enough of the sticky mess at home.

Nevertheless, I can never pass up the opportunity to get Rocky Road ice cream.

“What are the options? I want to get ice cream for my sister too.”

“Oh, we have many options,” Jane answers me. She points to the ice cream shop close by, showing me the ginormous menu poking out of the side. We stop at the menu, analyzing our options. They have no Rocky Road ice cream, but there's still strawberry ice cream- except it's called Strawberries on a cone.

I pick *Chocolate drop to the top* because it sounds like a bunch of chocolate ice cream filling my guilty pleasure.

George scans his face on a machine, making a blue check appear on the screen. He smiles his usual, characteristic smile before flying off.

“Is that how you pay?” I wonder, aloud.

“Yep,” they all chorus, again.

“Okay,” I answer, simply, my attention already on the ice cream before me. It’s just like the name says- chocolate, chocolate, and *more* chocolate filling up the triple sized waffle cone.

Heaven.

After minutes of flying and more UFO traffic, we reach the family abode of the Jetsons. George parks his death machine, and we move back to the familiar living room. George turns the TV to a specific channel before looking at me.

“Ready to go home, Jules?” he asks, his expression never wavering. I nod and step up to the TV.

“This was all really great, and if my future does turn out like this, I wouldn’t mind,” I state, happily. George, and his family nods their goodbye, and I touch the TV before disappearing into it. It’s mere seconds of darkness, and I get dizzy before the darkness clears. My body is sitting back on my own couch, and there’s another show playing.

“You’re still sitting there?” of course my sister is still here.

“Shut up, here I got more ice cream for you,” I hold up the glorious cone, and give it to her. She stops her taunting, her little legs running over to me.

“Where’d you get this? It looks so good, so much!”

“Haha, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” I say, rethinking everything that’s happened in I-don’t-know how much time. “Try me, Jules. I’m smart!”

“I got it from the future.”

“You’re crazy.”

I knew she wasn’t going to believe me- it sounds lunatic, I know. But she’ll know I wasn’t lying when the time comes, and the future shows that Strawberries on a Cone and Chocolate drop to the top really exists. Along with flying cars, walking-robotic dogs, electronic treats and boomerangs, jetpacks that’ll blast you away, and a bunch of crazy Jetson-like people. I can’t wait.

Daisy
by Kathryn Coffman

The future
Does it even exist for me?
I wake up every morning
And greet a pit of dread,
Dragging its dull claws across my stomach.
I am a daisy in winter

A fool waiting for spring.
As the frost kisses my petals
I watch the sun disappear
Stolen by lifeless clouds.
Ice seizes my leaves
The end is near.

Yet I still have hope
That I will melt upon spring's coming
Awakening to face the sun.

The Beast

by Kathryn Coffman

A beast wanders the icy wasteland, gently moving its body through cold water, foraging for fish. Its webbed feet allow it to move through the water smoothly, and as it spots a piece of prey it pushes itself through the water, impossibly fast. The creature's dark, sleek figure provides enough propulsion to snatch its prey before it even notices its presence.

“Sold to the lady in the red mask!” Giusi let a ravenous smile spread across their features, slamming their auction gavel on the table in front of them, then nodding to Ailbe and Hla, who stepped forward with a small, black box. A tall woman wearing a red suit emerged from the darkness, climbing up the stairs to the stage. Her mask carved like a furious beast, deep grooves forming a gaping snarl, and spiked teeth jutting out from its black maw. Golden eyes glinted in the limited light, hungrily eyeing the small box. Ailbe and Hla smiled, gesturing for her to take the box from them.

The woman eagerly plucked the small black box from their hands, then gently lifted her mask to free her mouth.

“Careful now, and don't forget to suck on it, not bite it.” Giusi cationed, still smiling. The woman placed the box on her tongue, and closed her mouth, pulling the mask back down. Gisui could hear the audience shifting anxiously in their seats, and savored the moment for a few seconds more, before pulling the lever next to them. A black curtain began closing the stage off from the rest of the room, and the Giusi heard the audience begin to rise from their seats, some grumbling.

“Have a good evening everyone, and do be sure to come for our next auction!” Ailbe and Hla waved to the crowd, while Giusi checked on their customer.

“How are you feeling love?” They asked gently, pulling a chair out from under their table. The woman yanked off the red mask and rolled her eyes, collapsing into the chair.

“Like I can barely breathe, have you guys ever thought about adjusting the heat in here, or are you penguins?” Nadica growled, tossing her mask onto the floor.

“Oh! Is that a new creature this Knowledge Cube told you about?” Ailbe ran over excitedly, a pencil and notepad in hand.

“Unfortunately.” Nadica paused, a contemplative look coming across her face. “A feathered beast that lived in freezing temperatures on the planet Earth, or the third planet in the Primum Systematis Solaris. There were three of the eighteen different species left before the fall of the planet’s-”

“Slow down!” Ailbe scribbled on their notepad furiously. Nadica muttered a curse. Hla let out a giggle while sweeping the stage, and Giusi began packing up their supplies onto a cart.

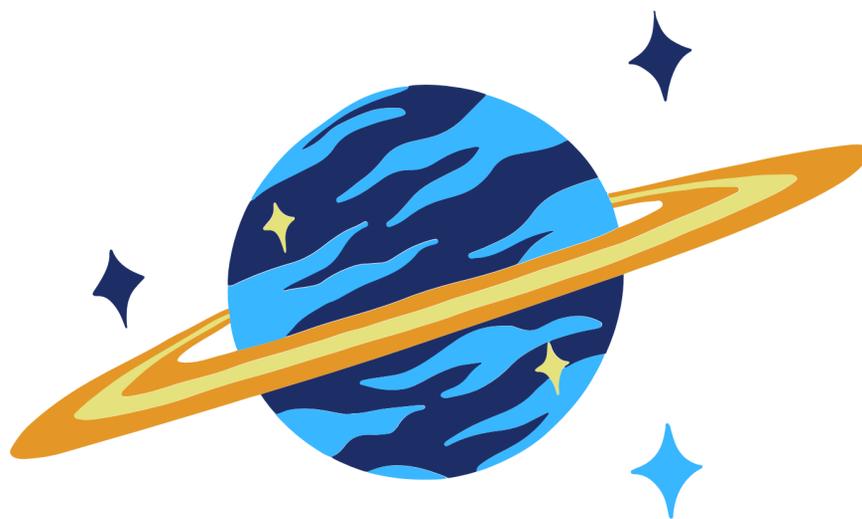
“Come on everyone, enough sitting around. We can finish examining this Knowledge in the ship.”

Giusi motioned for Nadica to stand up and place her chair on the cart. Nadica obliged, grumbling. Giusi and Hla quickly activated the cart, then began pushing it through the door and up a ramp into their waiting star ship. Nadica and Ailbe followed.

“You know, I think running illegal auctions and cheating citizens is bad for my health. It's causing too much stress...” Hla sighed, leaning against the interior of the ship, a hand raised to their forehead.

“Quit worrying Hla, besides this whole debacle was partially your idea anyway.” Ailbe teased, closing the ramp behind them and Nadica. Hla flicked Ailbe, then began securing the supplies.

“Besides, its only been a few months since we began... you can't already be experiencing such severe side effects. Now, we'd better get out of here before the owners of that auction house wake up and realize what happened eh?” Giusi grinned at Hla, then followed Nadica to the front of the ship.



“I still can’t believe Nadica’s plan worked...” Ailbe whispered to Hla.

“I can, knocking people out and stealing their stuff has to be one of her favorite pastimes!”

Hla laughed.

“Yeah but acting sure isn’t, did you see the look on her face when she realized that we were going to have her pretend to be the customer? She was miffed.”

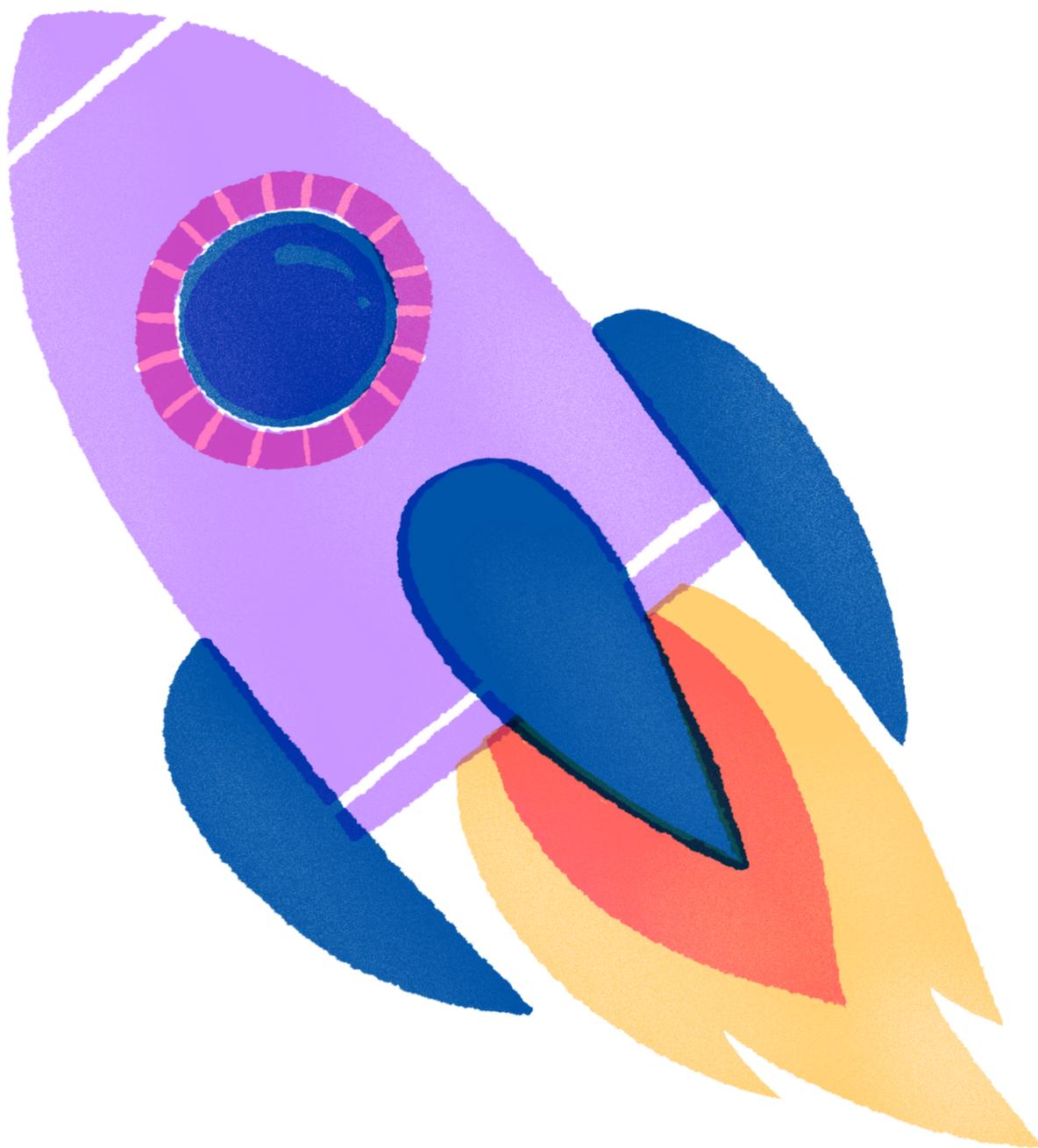
“I know, that was hilarious!” Hla mimicked the angry face Nadica had pulled, baring their teeth in an exaggerated grimace.

“I can hear you both!” Nadica yelled to the back of the ship.

“Ignore them love,” Giusi said, making preparations for the ship’s departure. “You did wonderfully.”

“Well, if you say so...” Nadica hid her smile, sitting in the pilot’s seat. “Ready?”

“Whenever you are.” Giusi smiled.



in memory of my future self

by Leea T. Copeland

in memory of jaleea tamya copeland,

my dearest self. in memory of all the things

you could have been that i had never let you,

i believe i have killed you before you have even lived.

i am still coping with the fact that i have to grow up

as the years stretch beyond like this fragile skin,

that this delicate frame will turn into something much bigger than i

am,

the metamorphosis of a young black girl, from sprig into brazen

butterfly.

to the future, i hope the girl in that mirror feels the same way

that she felt when she found herself for the first time.

i hope she remembers who she is and not who she was.

i hope she is as beautiful as my mother

full of life, beaming, glowing

growing so old, smile so big that it has left wrinkles on her face.

twenty one weeks and three days

by Leea T. Copeland

i cannot remember the last time
you told me you loved me,
but i can still feel the softness
of your hand in mine.

since you've been gone,
i've counted every second, every day, every week
and the months begin with
one, july,

i cry just at the thought of you. i can still feel your
warmth around me as if you were here just yesterday. i will
hold onto this warmth for years

two, august,

my mother asked about you yesterday. i never told
her we broke up, but i fear that she could hear it in the
way that my voice broke every time i said your name.

three, september,

today was your birthday. i thought about sending
you a happy birthday card, or if congratulating you on another year
of a fervent life would suffice. i am just upset that i couldn't be there
to celebrate with you.

four, october,

i'm still trying to figure out why i can't wash away the smell
of you from my bedsheets. i'm convinced that you are still here.

five, november,

and i'm still counting how long it's been,
i believe this means that i haven't gotten over you yet.

twenty one weeks and three days.

and still, whenever i hear your name,

i like to think that somewhere

there is a future made just for you

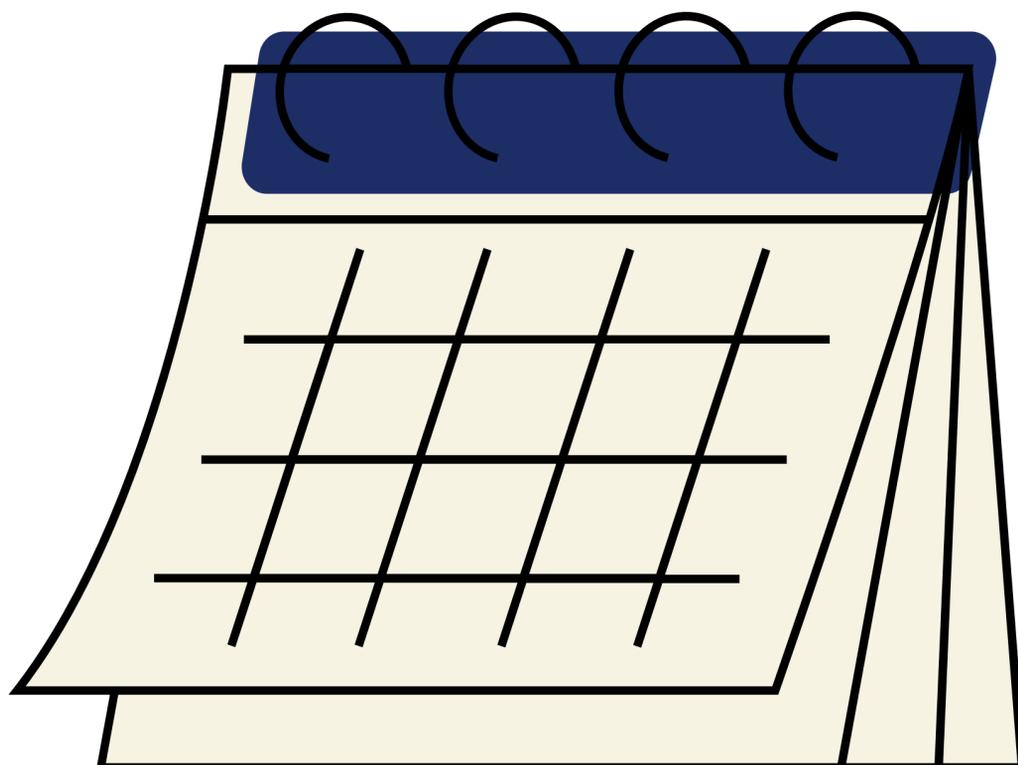
perfectly handcrafted by me

but for now i will settle

for reminiscing on the past

and the softness

of your hand in mine



Gonna Make It
by Say'quon Deas

Can't waste any time
Have to stay on all ten toes
Running with no limit
Can't stop
Won't stop
Have to go to D1
All challenges, jump over them
Make my mom and sister happy
Prove everyone wrong
Show up
Show out
When they see me on the court
They gonna know my name



Who Knows
by Say'quon Deas

Should I stay or should I leave?

Will I get an offer?

I don't know.

I'm trying my best

No, I'm putting my all into this

I need to make big moves

You know the name

But I'm never seen

Untouched

But still searching for...

What makes me

Me

Hooping

Yeah that's all me

The rest is to be determined

Her & She & Me
by Kaitlyn Gardner

We stand together
Viewing ourselves
On the big screen
Seeing what has been
And what will be
Of her, of she, of me

We watch as
Young danced
Full of glee
Her high expectations
With no complications
Dreams that will
Cease to be

She stands solemnly
Future is foggy
As if her & I aren't here
As if we aren't
Allowed to see
What will be

Because perhaps it's
Still being written
And the future
Will rely on me

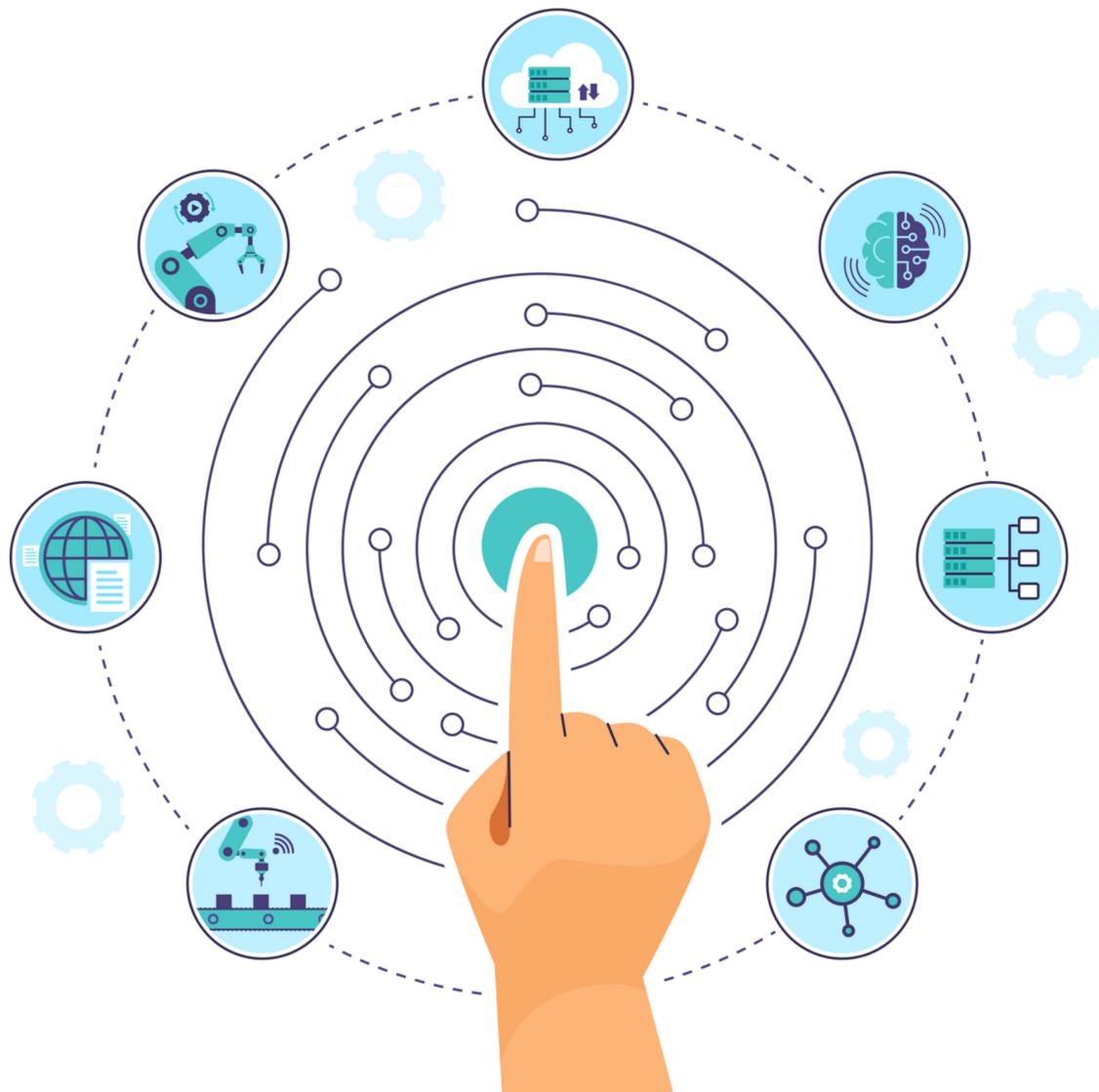
Me: currently
Uncertain and worried
Tired of searching for
Who I will be



Past 18

by Kaitlyn Gardner

Life past 18
Seems troubling
Full of uncertainty
I wonder
What will become of me



Inner Babe

by JaKayla Harris

On the eighth day of the seventh month

Year two thousand and five

A seven pound brown babe was graced on the planet

A blank canvas was created for her

What will she fabricate

When will she finish her portrait

How will she use the hues given to her

Will she be proud of her masterpiece

From her first cry to her first school day

She begun to paint the portrait of her

Her imagination was ran on her wildest dreams

As the world became her canvas

Quickly her painting showed her personality

Pink, glitter, rainbows, and fairies

All the girly things

All the things she adored

Seventeen years later
The teenage babe traded in her youth
No more glitter, rainbows, and faires
But pencils, wrestling, and clarinets

From time to time
She wonders and fears
Would her youthful self be proud
Or disappointed in the things she has let go

From year one to year seventeen
The brown babe has changed
She was supposed to
But is the babe's spirit still there

The brown babe still lives
She thrives currently
Passing on her brush to me
I hope not to disappoint my inner babe



The Alaskan Man

by JaKayla Harris

Amelia Daniels. A twenty seven year old woman currently residing in the state of Alaska. Her address is unknown. She is a beautiful brunette with light colored skin and hazel eyes. Amelia is a real estate agent under her family's company, The Daniels Estate. She is known for her family values and charming white smile.

Eric Kentucky. A twenty eight year old man 'ironically' born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. He has white skin, fair brown eyes, dark brown hair, and a gorgeous black beard. Most importantly, Eric was handsome. The entire town of Anchorage knew the name Eric Kentucky. He was a man needless of introductions in the Alaskan community. His stunning beauty drew everyone in, but his compassionate heart made them stay. Eric was a construction worker that built houses for homeless people and elderly. This was the final puzzle piece for Eric's stellar reputation that made everyone, especially the ladies, swoon.

Eric Kentucky was perfect. Or so everyone thought because on October 23, 2023 he will go on trial for the murder of his ex girlfriend, Amelia Daniels. Eric and Amelia were typical high school sweethearts. They had plans to have an extraordinary wedding, live in a white picket fence neighborhood, and have three children. Those plans were never lived because they broke up two years prior to her murder. The couple went their separate ways and that was the end of their love story.

As Eric's trial was approaching, more evidence was released to the public. The concrete evidence included: cause of death, the murder weapon, time of death, and where her body was found. On June 3, 2022, Amelia's body was found. It was 1:02 a.m. when a truck driver complained about a horrible scent off of the highway. The stench reeked of dried blood and spilled oil. Police officials arrived at the scene and found Amelia's corpse half buried fifteen miles away from where the truck driver smelled the smell. The murder weapon was lodged in her abdomen. Her body was sent for an autopsy report.

Her autopsy report said she died from twelve stab wounds. The murder weapon was a chef's knife imprinted with the initials E.K on it. Amelia officially breathed her last breath at 12:35 p.m. on June 1, 2022.

With this news, Eric Kentucky was called to receive the news about Amelia's death. He was also questioned about the murder weapon with his initials. He claimed he doesn't own a chef's knife, especially one with a personal branding on it. When asked about his whereabouts on June 1, he admitted to being with Amelia. He said they met for lunch to catch up. Surveillance footage proves this encounter was true and Eric left Amelia at 12:09 p.m. Two days later around midnight, Eric was seen near the location where Amelia's body was found. He stated he was observing land to build a homeless shelter. Witnesses said he carried a shovel with him.

This was the only information released to the public. The information left the state of Alaska torn. Some wanted to believe that Eric was innocent. There were some holes surrounding Amelia's death. Holes that couldn't prove Eric's guilt. On the other hand, the evidence was laid out plainly. The weapon matched his identity, he was last seen with the victim, and was spotted near her corpse.

More questions aroused as Eric Kentucky was arrested on December 12, 2022. The official police statement said that they knew without a doubt that Eric solely murdered Amelia. They said they had enough evidence and were withholding it until his trial.

As his trial was slowly approaching, many wondered what evidence they had against Eric and whether he would spend the rest of his life behind bars. When October 23 finally came, everyone was appalled to hear the fabricated truth of the murder of Amelia Daniels.

Elaine Kennedy. She is a popular media personality known for doing whatever her viewers want. Her goal is to please every and all of her watchers. Elaine wears a blonde wig with brown eye contacts. Though, she is a true brunette with hazel eyes. One day, she disappeared from the media without any warning. She was not wearing her blonde wig and brown contacts. The day she vanished was June 1, 2022.



In a Moment For a Moment

by Zac Jenkins

“How was it?”

“It was...it was...”

The words died in the girl’s throat like embers in a cold log cabin, the sparks festering into dead wood and laid to rest in a forgotten fireplace.

Her mind, just moments ago, was wonderfully infested with summer greens and yellow lights, of tumbling hills and flowery weeds, of stagnant blue skies and fluffy white clouds; the year 2026, when Janelle Hendricks was short of turning eight years old; the sun bounced beautifully off of her brown skin and curly hair as though it knew that could not outmatch its natural radiance, but only enhance it; petals of dandelion clung to said hair, creating what looked like specks of gold in copper metal.

She grasped the sides of the helmet that connected her to the domineering black monitor behind her, and carefully removed it from her dome. Like a light bulb, the memory, or rather the reality of the past once lived, now gone in a flicker; Janelle had successfully time traveled, but only for a miniscule moment.



Time Lost in Time

by Zac Jenkins

Time

Can either drip like honey or scalding water.

In our hands

Cannot be contained,

Although we damn sure try to.

March 24th, 20XX,

‘Professor Bird flew too far from the nest,’

Is what the news said.

Light-hearted and humorous

To the fact that he had

Been Obliterated

By Time,

This beast with no end to it’s days.

In a burst of light,

As though he was a dying star;

A Professor,

A Father,

A Son;

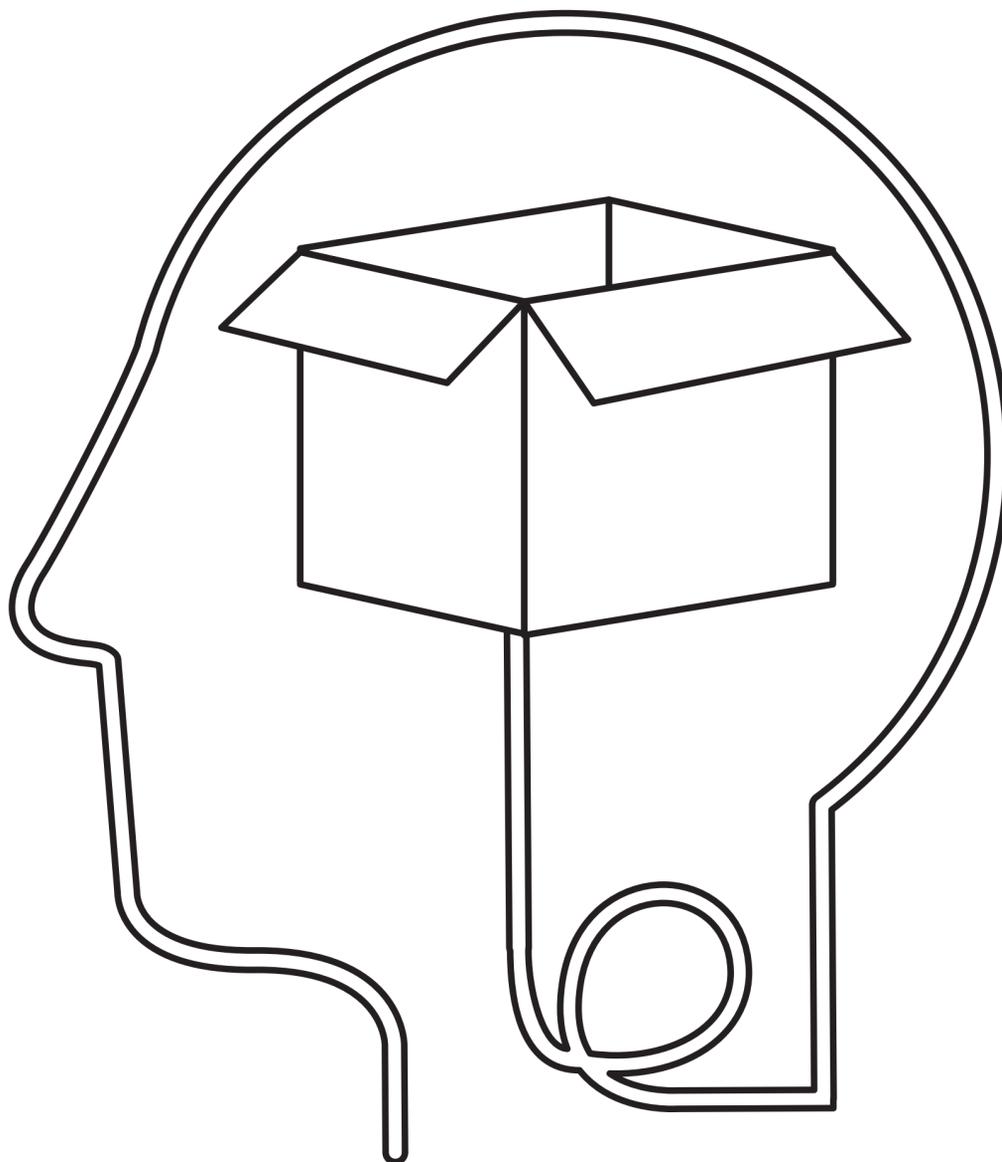
Perished;

Poof;

Gone.

We all remember
As though he exists,
But, he doesn't;
We have nothing of his birth;
Only of his death;
If we can even call it
Death;

Because he was never born to begin with.
Except in our heads,
Buried within our memories.



Future

by Jaylen Joyner

We've all had that one hope.
Wished that we had flying cars
But we got self-driving cars
And all this updated technology.

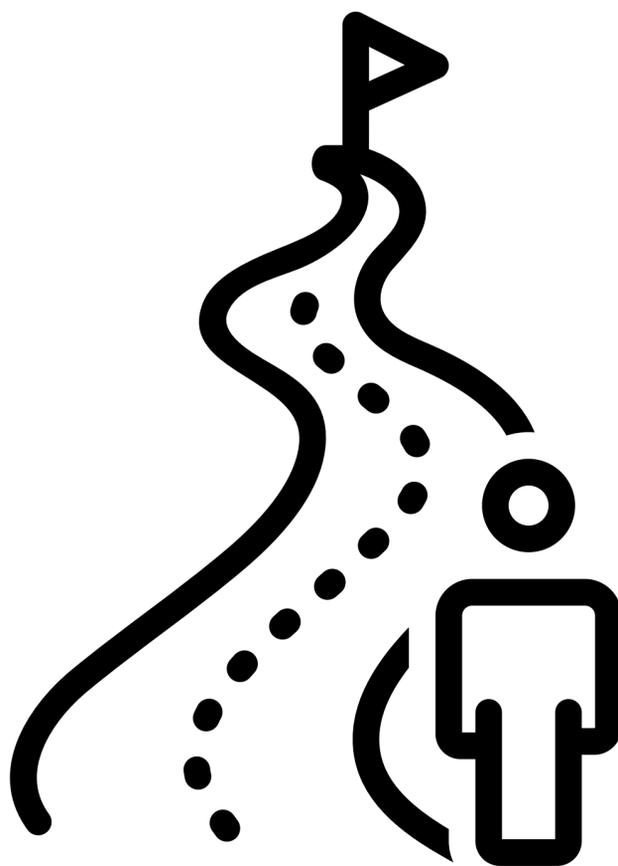
We all expected robots
But it's nowhere we would want it to be
So now we have to wait
I don't know what to think

Where is the story?
I don't know what to tell you about the future
I keep going trying to hold in
We don't know about it
All we know is it will be here
Let's just hope it won't go again

My Story

by Jaylen Joyner

A horrible story but
My story is just now starting
Praying for the future
I keep hoping?
That I don't crash
And give up because of all of the bad times
I made a promise to my past self
Let's just hope my dreams come true
Move the family out of the city
And to be financially good
That's what I wish for
Just don't give up on my dreams



A World Turned Upside Down by Isabella Monge

Everything is different now
Not in the flying cars kind of way
But there is a leader to which we must bow
Call it a dystopia if you may.

It all started with him
The man who wanted to rule it all
He was so precise when he turned everyone grim
That he was able to make the whole world fall.

In our world there is no light
Every good thing turned to dust
We tried to fight with all of our might
But everything we tried was a bust.

Order is the only way of life we know
Never stepping out of line
If you let any emotion show
You'll have to do the time.

I can't pretend my life before wasn't there
Or act like this is the only life I've ever known
And when I see the executions with no one to care
The fear inside me has grown.

Every once in a while I take a look around
Wondering what all the fuss about the future was for
Disaster was only what was bound
The real world is what everyone chose to ignore.

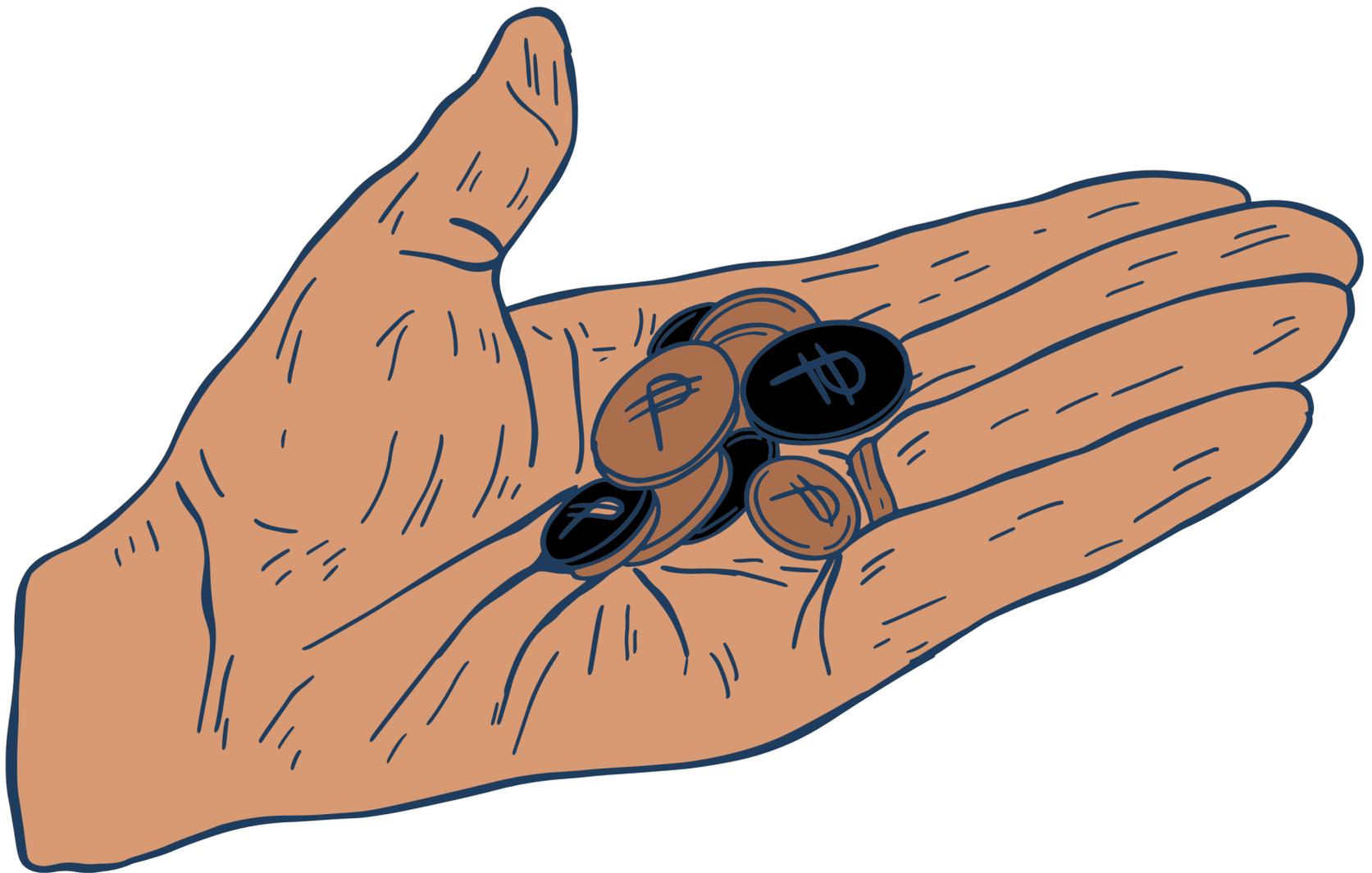
In my mind there is hope
Hope for a fresh start
Somewhere far, far away to cope
With this terrible dystopian society that has fallen apart.



Who Is This?

by Isabella Monge

I look down at my worn hands. I can hardly recognize myself these days. My once smooth skin is covered with wrinkles. My hair is as white as the winter snow that covers the ground outside. Doing something as simple as walking takes everything in me. I always knew that I would end up looking and feeling like this, but the future came all too quickly. As I sat in my living room all alone, tears fell as I thought about what was to come.



Two Years

by Samadyi Perry

Aurelia Parker: A second almost third-year nurse in Virginia. She's a registered nurse though she is also a labor and delivery nurse.

Blaise Logan: They are a labor and delivery nurse. They have been in this field for over a decade.

It's funny how many things can change in two years. Things in the judicial system have changed and things in the medical field have changed. Everything has been moving forward, for example, Roe v Wade was examined again with new evidence that abortions are a medical need. Two years can be a long time and many things can change in those years. Aurelia understood this when she decided medicine was the thing for her. Aurelia works in the maternity ward and it can be both a gratifying and heartbreaking job. Having to explain why they couldn't treat people is something you wouldn't think you would have to do as a first-year nursing resident. Though living in Virginia isn't as bad as living in Texas. I have a friend that lives in Texas. I remember how it was before they re-did Roe vs. Wade. They told me how heartbreaking it is to see these women come in when they need this medical treatment only to be turned away.

(Flashback: conversation between Aurelia and Blaise over the phone)

Aurelia. Hey, how is Texas treating you? Do you like the heat?

(In Texas)

Blaise. It's been awful having to see the number of women coming in because of shock or nearly dying because of sepsis. It's terrible because I couldn't do anything for these women because of the supreme court's ruling.

(flashback over)

That was the most bone-chilling talk we have ever had. I have a lot of respect for nurses in states that had a complete ban. It has been relieving, to say the least. Being able to help so many women that were helped this past year.

(Aurelia moves stage left as she moves closer to the exit of her apartment. She's getting ready for her shift as her phone rings again. It's Blaise calling again to continue and further the conversation. Close curtains. Open curtains to see half the stage with Blaise on half with a sunny apartment background and Aurelia is still in her apartment.)

Blaise. Hey already at work?

Aurelia. No, I'm still at the apartment right now. What's up?

Blaise. I think my state is going to try to do something like revoking the ruling again and I don't think I want to live in this state anymore.

Aurelia. Well, you can become a traveling nurse and move around or we can both move to California together.

Blaise. At this point, I might take you up on that offer.

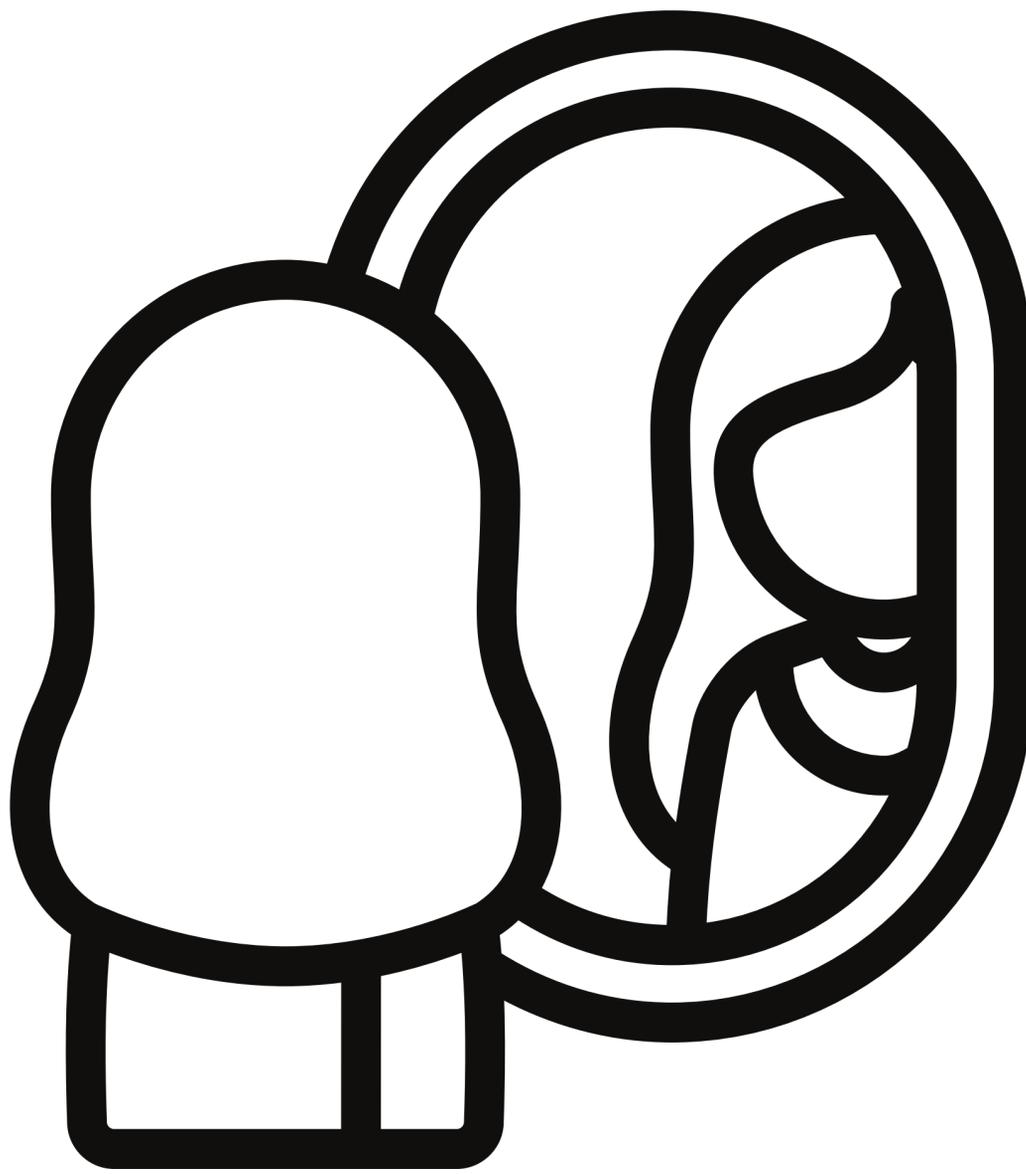
(Aurelia exits through stage left. She enters a car, and the door slams shut.)



What Became Of Me
by Samadyi Perry

What became of me?
I see I'm not the girl I used to be
And that saddens me.
It makes me wish I could go back to the time
When I was seventeen.

Maybe it's for the best that I've changed
Even though it brought a bit of pain.



grow flower, grow
by Bernadette Pimentel

the cold window presses against her cheek as she rests her head in the car, watching the streets quickly pass through her vision. she reminisces on who she was, who she is now, and who she is going to be. the list of questions begin to grow for her future-self, just as they did in the past: are you happy? have you finally gotten your life together?

but what she realizes now, as her future self, is that her past self was just as lucky to have her as she is now. she who is upset with herself, will soon find joy in the person she's flourished to become.



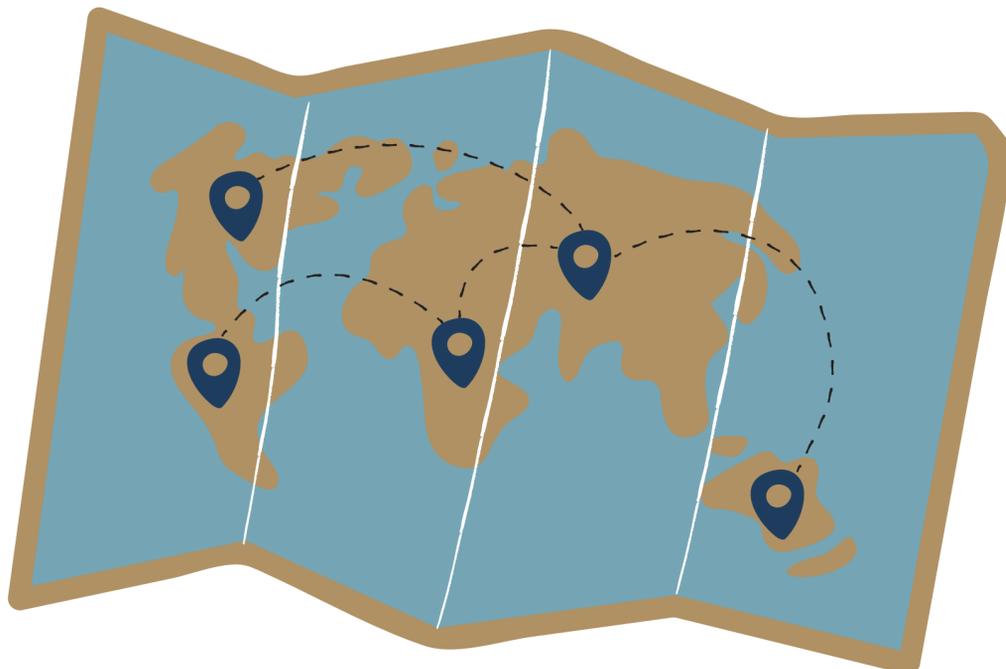
future?

by Bernadette Pimentel

i never thought i'd come this far,
loving myself and those around me,
figuring out who we all are.

but i, with no aspiration, thinking i would fall,
can now blankly stare at the canvas that is my life,
allowing unpredictability to paint abstractly,
freely.

as time passes,
i realize that it is okay for myself,
to have no plan after all.



Ray Vaughn Flow

by Noah Scott

Somedays I feel okay, but the future is hard to see
The next day could be a catastrophe
Every day is full of surprises that keep surprising me,
Things that make my body cold and all alone,
People that make days happy and so at home
So many emotions coming for me
I wish I could see because everything lately has been hurting
me,
I'm tired of all these problems creeping up on me
Let me see
I'm tired of being blind
I wanna know, I don't want to hide
Keep expecting something to happen, but it doesn't happen
Keep wanting to be wrong, but I end up being right
What is this, all these problems in my life?

Lately, all life wants to do is fight
I'm tired, give me some rest
Everything is killing me
I'm tired of swimming in this depressing sea,
Hoping for that one person to save me
Then they don't, they end up being like life
Giving you a hard time.
The future is hard to define
Am I right?
When was your last perfect week?
I don't know, I can't speak
I guess I'll continue swimming
and Hoping.



Dark Times

by Noah Scott

It's been many years now, and the world has become dark. All technology that once existed has disappeared, and nothing is left of the old world. KC's parents used to say that these dark days would not last. They would all be able to look at the bright sun and see the clouds. None of this exists anymore, the sun has become dim, and the clouds have almost completely disappeared.

The city KC grew up in has been destroyed, and governments no longer exist. The world has completely turned into a place with no natural laws. There is no one to turn to, no one to ask for help; you can only try and survive.

KC guesses that maybe 65% of the population is gone now; not many humans were left. Those who have survived these dark days are the best. The best hunters and farmers are generally the best at surviving. The day that ship landed in the Arctic should have been a sign; everyone should have been prepared. It was the biggest alien aircraft that has ever been seen in the world.

KC was alone now, his parents are dead; they died from the virus those aliens brought with them. Fifteen years have passed, and KC hasn't seen another human in a month. Maybe the population is more than 65% gone. He just wanted to give up.

Something in the bushes begins to make noise and KC stands up and draws his bow string backward with an arrow placed on it.

“Who is there? Step out slowly.” A dog walks out of the bushes. It was extremely wounded and there were many scratches on his fur. The dog begins to moan in pain silently. KC looks at the dog with the saddest expression. His heart began to beat fast as he looked at the dog.

He thinks to himself for a while in silence. Being alone for so long was painful, he needed someone to talk to, someone to stand by, someone to help him survive.

KC remembered his family used to pray to a god named Allah, he has not prayed since he was little. He got on his knees and began to speak. “Please, please if you really exist save this dog, I can't be alone any longer I'm losing all hope. I can't stand the silence, I can no longer bear to hear only the sound of my breathing.” He yells at the sky, “Help this dog, please!”

More rumbling from the bushes starts again. KC yells once again and says, “Who is there?!” Someone steps out and KC remains quiet with a shocked expression on his face.

Dear God

by Janiyah Shaw

Dear God,

With the way the world is swaying
Slowly losing its balance on the axis

I am calm

Though no one else seems to be
I've found myself in something sticky
Like an intricately woven spider web

It's called "Your Love"

And it's not a ravenous spider looking for me

It's You

And the sunlight shining down on the web has been hitting me
so hard

That it's blinded me, but it has revealed me to You

I question what's in store for me a lot

Will my spirit leave my body before I can do anything but
schoolwork?

Will the misunderstood talents You've blessed me with become
dormant later on?

Will Jesus come back before I'm ready?

What if I don't get the righteous seal upon my head?
I hardly understand You, how can I say that I love You?
Will my lack of wisdom have the angel from above skip over
me, holding the seal for another?
Is my questioning the reason I fear?

The reason I...

Like I said,

I'm calm

Calmer than salty waves flowing onto the damp sand

Calmer than the slowest-moving cumulus clouds

Because I have You

But I'm troubled

And not for the reasons of the world

But for the reasons beyond



Time Will Tell
by Janiyah Shaw

Don't you worry, chile
Don't let that big man scare you
Not today—
Not ever

He's nothin' but a coward
Nothin' but a barker
He ain't got no bite
And he surely ain't gettin' off that chain
'Cause you see that man right there?
His name is Yeshua
Some call Him Jesus

He did somethin' to that dog— that big scary man
He took the sting outta him
Like he was a stingy bumblebee, just waitin' for someone to
swat at him

Yes, chile, he can't hurt you
Well, that is unless you let him
But you not gon' let him do that
Right?

Questions

by Sai-Sai Wortham-Green

I haven't met you yet

I hope all is well

Are you happy?

Do you still sing?

Are you a mom?

Did you find true love?

What has our future come to?

Are you still making bad decisions?

Did you find yourself?

Please tell me we have been traveling

Has the pain come to an end?

Are we living in a big house?

Do we still like bright colors?

Did we learn how to feel loved?

How has life been?

Still up in the wind

Are we still alive?

No answers

No Idea
by Sai-Sai Wortham-
Green

Hurry up before you miss the bus
Why did your school just call me?
Why do you have two Fs?
I don't want to ever hear that again
Taught to be perfect and never make a mistake
Being seen not heard never worked for me
Seen too many people leave, that's normal to me
Closed off
Missing opportunities
Don't know the right move to make
All alone
A new chapter in life
Leaving everything behind
Trying to stay on my ten toes
As my mentality unfolds

Roll Call

by Olivia-Germann Mc Clain

I call upon my students one by one
Announcing their names like gods
At the gates, letting all know
That the heroes have come

It is you. It has always been you.

You, who have adapted again and again
Molding to your circumstances like a
Chrysalis in times of peril

You, who have taken the worst moments
And rewritten them into memories adopted
In the nooks of your mind
Making homes in your cerebellums
Setting up shop in the hippocampus

So I call upon you, one by one
A summoning of essential elements
That I soon must live without
So please

Let me press pearls of hard won wisdom
In your palm for the last time
Hoping to impress upon you
My last lessons.