



# elementia

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What we hoped to create and hope to maintain with this zine, *elementia*, is a community for young adult writers to share, connect, and create in an environment that is both fostering and encouraging. Our theme for this issue dwells upon the question...what is your darkside...what's inside?

**A**ngel Jewel Dew

**E**riko Akaike-Toste



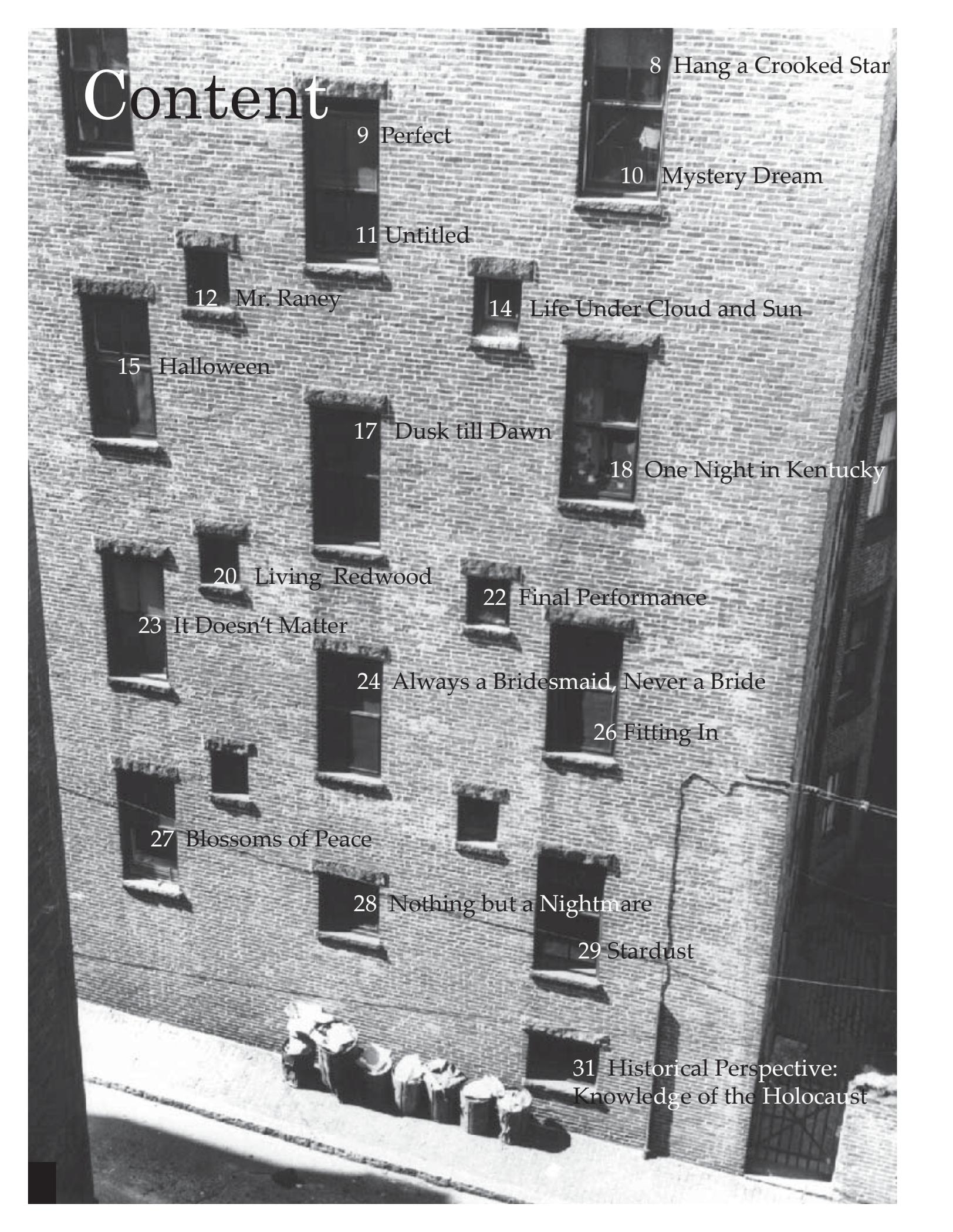
**W**hen I first decided on the topic and title of our first issue, I realized that I would have to write something myself. After reading all the submissions, my task became especially daunting. This magazine contains what I believe to be truly inspired content and I hope those reading it will feel the same. It is my privilege to be a part of this magazine, and to work alongside the keen minds of my peers. So without further ado, I give you the first issue of what I hope will be many more to come. This piece is my darkside: what's yours?

### **Sound**

On the third day, we took the shortest way  
Climbed a mountain and I stayed  
Found my wings, and dropped down  
While I died, heard a sound  
And the sound told me things  
That had once pulled my strings  
Then I saw my true self  
Overhead the crows spun round the peak  
The sound was coming from their beaks  
My body dashed across the rocks  
My mind recovered from the shock  
A thousand little nerves of mine cried out  
Released the pain, forgot the doubt  
Liberated, no longer bound  
All I heard was sound  
And the crows turned to angels  
My body felt so grateful  
When the squawks changed to singing  
My ears joyfully ringing  
So if you hear such a sound  
Don't look back and don't look down  
And if you understand all the singing  
Hopefully you'll be thinking  
Sound is me, and I am sound.

**T**heo Elliot Goodloe

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# hang a crooked star (excerpt)

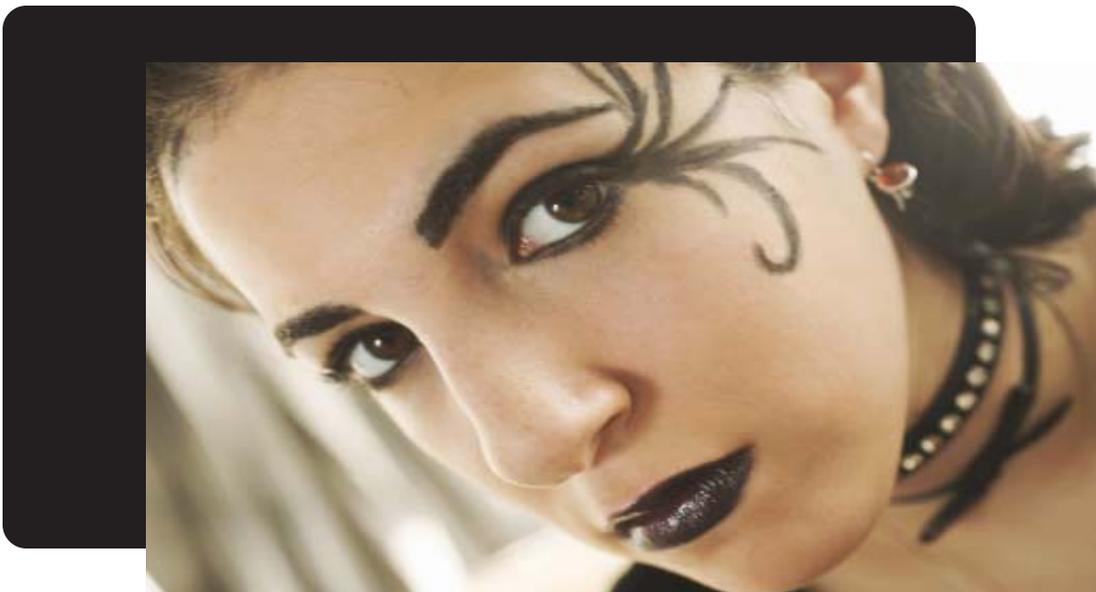
Brooke Shippee

I awoke from the dream, still somewhat fatigued and ravenously hungry. The wheels beneath me stammered over the open road, bumping along like Morse code in tune to the music of the teenager seated beside me. She rolled her head in rhythm to the music and I wondered if she was aware that her shoes were incoherently tapping to match the heavy bass screaming from her disc player.

The teenager beside me stirred suddenly and pulled out a plastic baggie from her pocket. Her black fingernails flicked back the opening and she pulled out three Christmas cookies. The girl crammed half a reindeer in her mouth, crumbs sticking to the black lipstick that outlined her thin lips. Satisfied, she executed Santa with her sharpened teeth and mumbled to me, bits of St. Nick's face flying from her mouth and landing on my arm.

She offered me the last cookie, a yellow star adorned with a thick frosting layer. It was broken in half, which I assumed to be the consequences of such a long journey. She tossed the cookie into my lap and I noticed the gold frosting was cracked as if it, too, had been traveling for a long while.

I sat there for the longest time, contemplating whether or not I should eat it. Was it safe? What if it was a rogue cookie; a poisoned cake cleverly disguised as a seemingly ordinary holiday treat. Tempted, I brought one edge to my lips and caught the fragrance of something I hadn't smelled in a long time. Home.



# Perfect

She uncovers her eyes

She's dying inside.

She's starving from anticipation.

So much food wasted.

She paces the floor and drinks another glass of water.

She's hardcore.

Her skin is tight.

She's starting to show,

Sides of herself we've never seen before.

She falls to the ground and no one hears a sound.

For she had starved herself to death, and couldn't be found.

All she ever wanted was to be PERFECT.



Morgan Shaffer



# Mystery Dream

Alyssa Rydell

Staring into a vast,  
black emptiness  
counting sheep-1, 2, 3...

Consciously lying under  
the matted black blanket,

Until all consciousness  
has been lost out to sea.

Soaring over mile-high waves  
of blue and green into the sunset,

The silhouette of her  
makes everything seem calm.

Nearing the mysterious girl,  
it becomes more and more clear.

She moves in close,  
and reaches out with just her palm.

Grasping her tightly around her waist,  
one cannot believe she is here.

It has been three long years  
since the last meeting of the two,

And they were in awe  
of the look in each other's eyes.

As soon as the lover's lips  
were no more than an inch apart,  
away she flew.

Never to be seen again,  
what a tragic demise.

The awakening was never foreseen  
at this moment in her dream,  
Yet it had to end.

Nevertheless,  
she had some feelings to redeem.

If only both girls knew  
about what kind of time they needed to spend.

Silence

I could hear the waves crashing  
above me  
as I dove into the deep, dark,  
sea.

I felt the coral so sharp,  
as I saw my hand glazing over  
it.

There was silence everywhere,  
yet at the same time, noise  
sounded in all places.

The bright, bold colors of the  
reefs  
allowed the tropical fish to  
blend in.

I felt cold as I explored  
around.

Everywhere I look, the colors  
go on.

The light shining down on me  
felt warm on my body.

Some reefs were sharp, some  
smooth.

Some fish were huge, some  
undersized.

Some blended in, some stood out  
with neon colors.

So many varieties of creatures  
existed.

All the fish swimming around  
me,  
all the blue water surrounding  
me,  
this experience was a day to  
remember.

Everywhere

Untitled  
Lisa Imgrund

Mr. Raney was always a favorite of ours. Our neighborhood is one of the loveliest neighborhoods around. When he first moved in everyone breathed a sigh of relief because he moved into the ugliest and most neglected house on the street. We expected great things from him. Little did we now how popular he would become.

My mom brought him over a pie, Mrs. Jane brought over a Jell-O mold, and many other neighbors brought him cakes and cookies. Mr. Raney was having many things in the house redone. The first year, the painter came to repaint the house. I really liked that painter because he always handed out bubble gum to the kids. He was there for three months of spring. The painter painted the inside and outside of the house. The rumor was that the bill was thousands of dollars, but Mr. Raney was happy with the results. A few days after the painter finished the job, my dad was reading the paper. One of the articles was titled: Local Painter Goes Missing. What? How could he go missing? Mr. Raney seemed very upset. He said his therapy for stress was gardening. I asked him what he was planting. He said tulips, daisies, carnations, lilies, and more. It was going to be a tremendous garden!

Weeks later, Mr. Raney had a plumber come to fix the pipes and leaky faucets. Mr. Raney said that the bill was around two thousand dollars and that it was reasonable for all of the work that had been done. Mr. Raney was in his garden a few days later again, planting more flowers. The first flowers had already started to bud.

Mr. Raney was doing very well in our neighborhood. Everybody seemed to like him just fine. When he was out in his garden many people walked by and talked to him. He was always very glad to speak to them. But Ms. Francis didn't like him at all. She said that there was something strange about him and "Something was just not right." She told the neighbors that she wondered why he was always gardening and how could he afford all of the repairs. Ms. Francis always read the paper and she told us that it was rather strange because she saw a picture on the obituary page that looked a lot like the plumber.

Ms. Francis came down with a bad cold and it spread around the neighborhood. People were too sick with their own illnesses so Mr. Raney said he would help her. Mr. Raney went over to see her. He told everyone that she seemed to be in pretty bad condition and that he would take care of her. A couple days later he said that her condition had worsened. He called a few of the neighbors over and indeed she was very ill. Mr. Raney said that

# Mr. Raney

Allison Franks

“He said his therapy for stress was gardening.”

her brother from Ponca City was coming to take her to live with him. Everyone thought that she was an only child and didn't have any siblings or relatives. Later that week Mr. Raney started a new flower bed shaped just like the other ones, long and narrow and mounded up real nice. He said it made them grow better. And indeed, his flower beds were gorgeous.

Several weeks later, the police arrived at Mr. Raney's house. They were questioning the whereabouts of Ms. Francis. Mr. Raney said he didn't know anything but what she had told him. The police explained there wasn't a brother in Ponca City and they wondered where she went. Mr. Raney had no answers. A missing persons report was issued for Ms. Francis, and eventually Ms. Francis' house was sold.

Winter came and went and Ms. Francis still was on the missing persons list. Mr. Raney started digging in his garden beds again, and started to plant more flowers. That summer, the IRS came to Mr. Raney's house and he was arrested for failure to pay his taxes. Eventually, we found out that Mr. Raney had died of a heart attack in prison.

That summer, new people moved into Mr. Raney's house. . .They found the remains of three bodies in the garden beds.



The sun beats down on the snow-covered Colorado peak. Two birds have a lengthy conversation, chirping short replies at one another like two young children arguing over who was first in line. Marmots run and play chase, screeching often out of frustration or to mock the opposition. The wind blows, making a whistling sound. Moss and lichen cover the many rocks on the ground, like a blanket covering the mess in a child's bedroom, only adding to the clutter. Small flowers also show themselves, but staying low, preparing to retreat from the harsh cold. The flowers and moss give the mountain great color, making it amazingly beautiful. No human could deny the mountain's beauty under the sun, and the abundance of life would move you.

As the wind blows, clouds march across the sky, taking away both the sun's warmth and light. Without the warmth and light of the sun, all of the animals quickly decide to search for refuge under the plentiful rocks and boulders. After the confusion and noise of the animals, many other sounds become apparent: the sound of the roaring waterfall far below, and then the stream that fed it; the beautiful music of the leaves rustling in the wind. Last came the conversation of two tired hikers, determined to reach the top of the gargantuan mountain.

Often, the animals could hear rocks sliding off the winding trail leading the hikers up the mountain side dropping miles down to the ground far, far below. Minutes slowly passed, like a drop of water coming out of a faucet that was just turned off. Finally, the hikers reached the peak.

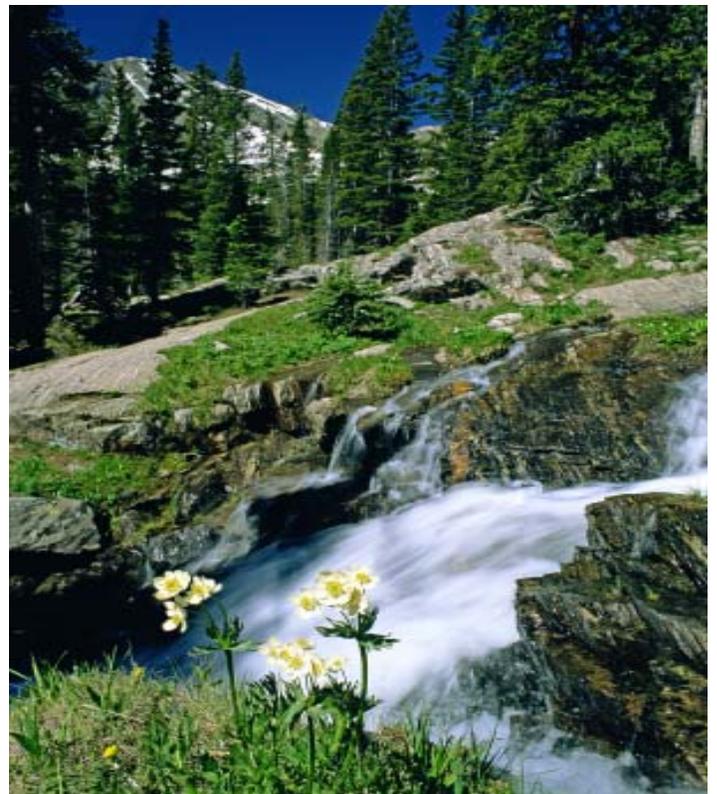
Slowly, they walked to the nearest boulder, and instantly dropping to sit. Then, together, they breathed deeply, taking in the calming scent of the pine trees in the forests far below. The taller and more muscular of the two took off his pack, and unpacked their lunch. Slowly, they ate

# Life Under Cloud & Sun

Lucas Throckmorton

their sandwiches, then their yogurt, and then a bag of nuts and raisins. They then arose, walked to the ledge, and said together, "Wow. So unbearably cold, so unbelievably beautiful."

Reluctantly, they took a step back onto the winding path, starting their long journey to the bottom of the towering mountain. Once they were gone, the clouds disappeared, and once again, the peak came to life. Ants crawled around the rocks, the birds flew high in the sky, and the marmots and other rodents resumed playing chase, under the warmth of the sun.



Look into my face and my eyes will gleam.  
More than that I'll make you scream.  
I'll slash and I'll gash,  
and cut another hole in your mask.  
And go around and make you scream.  
Then I'll make you jump.  
And then you'll trip over a bump.  
Then you'll turn around,  
pull off my mask.  
But it's stuck.  
I guess it's real,  
Big deal.

I don't feel like acting anymore.

# Halloween

Morgan Shaffer

# From Dusk Till

From dusk till dawn  
I search,

I look  
From town to town,

This person I am told can give  
A smile for every frown.

Up and down  
These hills I look  
I never seem to find

That person I am looking for,  
Who is loving and so kind.

This person, I have heard  
Is beautiful and true.  
This person, I am told,  
No one ever seemed to know.

Were they tall?  
Were they short?  
Were they skinny, round or droll?

Is that why they went away?  
So oddly-shaped and quirky?  
Was it genius? Was it madness?  
Their mind mysteriously murky?

Perhaps they were the same.  
A changeless, consistent routine.  
Similar like all those around,  
Not a difference in between.

The people I have asked--they know,  
They tell me not a single lie,  
And as I search and sing this song,  
I see a tear in every eye.

From dusk till dawn  
I search,

I look  
From town to town,

A soothing song for every cry,  
A smile for every frown.

I never stop to rest a tick,  
My search will never tire  
For this person I await,  
This person I inquire.

Hot pursuit and on the trail  
For this whimsical, invisible being  
Every moment I think I see them  
-THERE!  
I catch them hurriedly fleeing.

Away from me, further and further  
I turn my back to see them  
-THERE!  
Lurking behind a darkened door,  
Under every hidden stair.

From dusk till dawn  
I search  
From town to town  
I find  
That simple song for every cry  
That smile for every frown.

And so here, it seems, my search must  
stop,  
This person never seems to be.  
Because this person I am longing for  
That person here is me.

# Dawn



---

Brooke Shippee

Outside there's a blizzard. We're on the highway but we're not moving. There are cars all around us. Five hours, each churns by minute after minute. Nothing to do but stay in the car and watch the snow blow by and try to fall asleep.

We were one of probably 200 families stuck there that night. Even though the weather had gotten bad, we still would have made it to Georgia that night. The wreck stopped us and the snow piled up on the road making driving conditions so terrible that we couldn't go on.

At first it was cool. I love weather like that, especially when you are watching it from inside.

After being there two hours, it turned awful. It got dark outside, and time started to go slower. We had found out that a FedEx truck had flipped over and a semi had

jack-knifed into it. No one seemed to care much about the wreck, just that we were stuck and would be there for a while.

I remember thinking I wanted to try and help in any way I could. I would do anything to get out of there. It was my

whole family sitting there in the car, my dad driving, my mom in the passenger's seat, me on the floor of the car, and my sister sitting behind me; bugging me. We were driving to Georgia, where my grandparents live, for Christmas. The weather channel said it would be clear for us, and it was, until we entered Kentucky. All of the sudden it seemed we were driving through the arctic.

We were driving through Kentucky when the traffic started going slow and then completely stopped. Everyone was puzzled; all the adults were getting out of their cars. My dad was trying to figure out what was happening. Bunches of people were gathered around a shipping truck, along with my dad. He came back and told us that on the CB radio they were saying that there had been a wreck about a mile or two ahead. Time went by and we got more details.



The police said it would probably be an hour or two. After that had passed they said another hour or two. About three hours later we started moving.

We probably moved about a couple of yards and then we stopped again. That happened a couple of times so when the car started moving it seemed unbelievable that the five hour wait was over. Once we actually started really moving it wasn't that spectacular. For one thing we were only

going about five miles an hour and for another thing we had no place to go.

After we got off the highway my mom took us to a couple of different hotels. All of them said their rooms were taken, even their lobbies were full. Apparently people thought ahead and called local hotels and got reservations while we were stuck on the highway. We drove on; the only place left was a Motel Eight. At first they refused to let us stay. They informed us that the local high school was going to open their gym for people to sleep. We would have gone there, but our car had gotten snowed in at the motel parking lot. We sat and watched the news for awhile in the lobby. Then we started getting hungry so my mom walked over to a Wendy's where they had closed claiming they did not have enough food. The place was completely full as everyone that had been stuck on the highway was there at the Wendy's trying to get dinner. The hotel employees put out food for us and anyone that had extra food put out what they could. That night we ate crackers, carrots and turkey sandwiches for dinner, but I hate turkey so I just had crackers and carrots.

There were around twenty-five other people in the lobby. I got to know several of them. A kind man named George had brought a cat with him. My sister and I were able to sort of take care of the cat so he could get some food and could get situated. Also a benign couple had brought their three cats with them, and their baby. They were moving to Nashville, Tennessee. There were many others, but I remember them the most since they had cats. That night I fell asleep to the quiet buzz of my sister's headset

on a cold hard wood floor in the corner of the lobby in the Motel Eight.

The next day when we woke up every one was working together. Again everyone put out all the food they had to make up breakfast. The people that had rooms were opening them up for people to take showers or brush their teeth. Then when it came time for my family to leave we exchanged phone numbers with some people that were staying at the motel longer. When we got a while out we called them and informed them that conditions started to lighten up another fifty miles down the highway and that we had seen some wrecks along the side of the road. We kept in touch with George until we were safely home in Georgia, and he was safely home in Florida.

I know being stuck in traffic for five hours is no comparison, but it helped me to understand what people that live through hurricanes, tornadoes, and weather tragedies might feel. Now for example, the people in Louisiana whose homes are flooded and miserable, I think I know how they feel on some level. A majority of the time I was afraid we would never get out of there or that we were going to spend Christmas in a Motel Eight. All I was thinking was that I wish I were home in my bed, not here on this floor. I don't think the experience changed me much, but it sure put some things into perspective. Something I did get out of it was the caring for the other people that had been stuck also. Everyone seemed to do whatever they could to help one another in anyway possible. It was amazing that in such frustration everyone stuck together; even perfect strangers were willing to lend a helping hand. I know I thought the whole experience was awful. My favorite motto is " what does not kill you will make you stronger," and in this case it's true.

one

night

in

kentucky



# Living Redwood

Anonymous

A Giant  
A Living Freak of Nature  
A Redwood.  
Tall, upstanding, huge, strong, ancient  
At least  
2,400 years old  
People look at it in wonder.  
"Wow! Amazing!" They say  
And I agree  
But I don't  
I think it's unbelievable and amazing too  
But I think that because I wonder  
I wonder how a simple tree- so inferior,  
others tell me, to mankind-  
could go on When it sees civilization grow around it  
Killing its family  
Using its friends, relatives, even its own boughs  
and branches, for homes or buildings.  
Yet it keeps on going  
1,000 years ago, it might have thought  
Just one more year  
One more year of torture and sadness  
But its perseverance is big and mighty-  
just like itself  
I myself can barely live twelve years, let alone  
2,400  
It's so hard when you see different  
Species Breeds  
Of cruelty Making you feel small  
Smaller  
Smaller  
Until you don't exist.

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# The Final Performance

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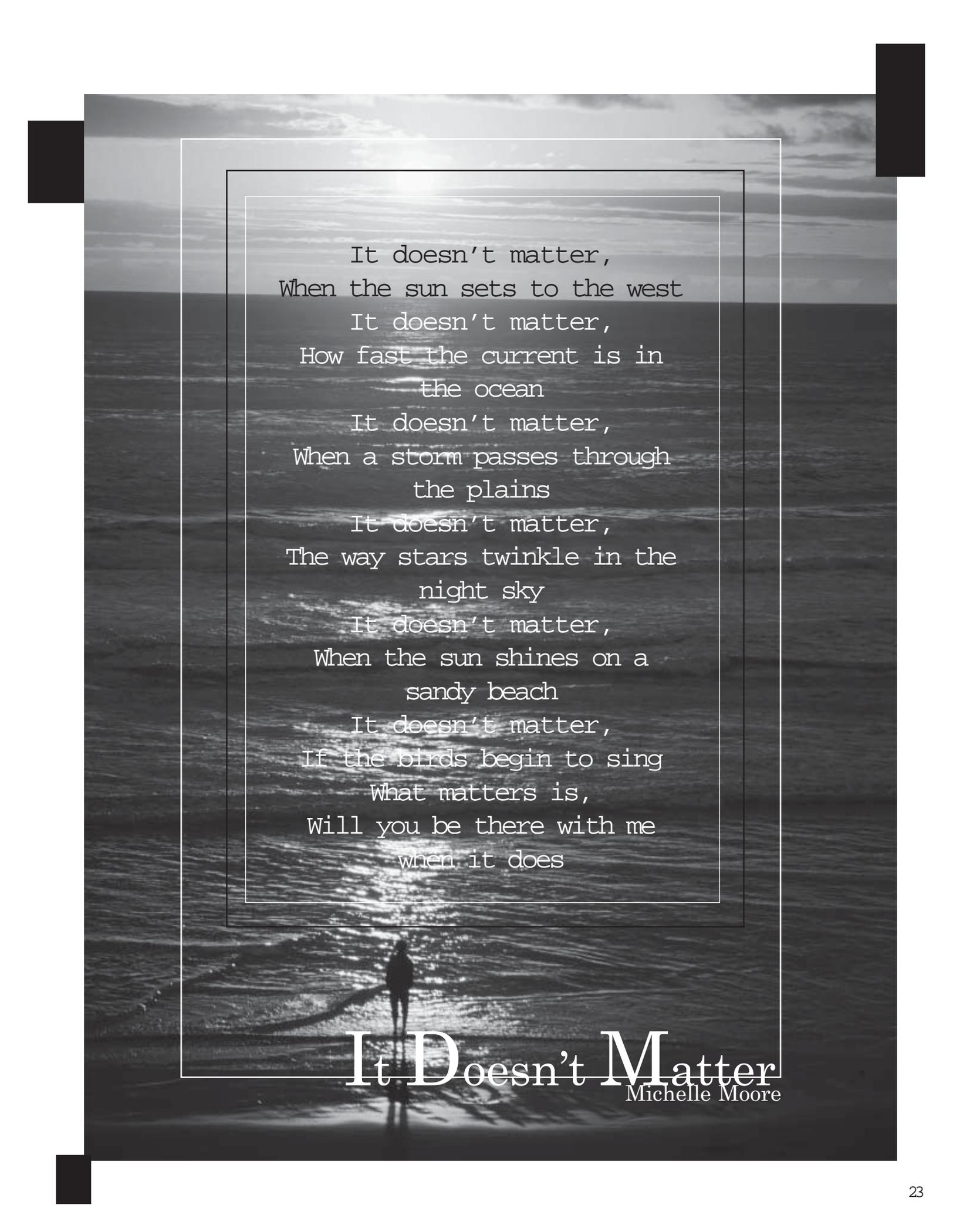
**G**roping onto the handrail, I climbed the cold, metallic stairs, my leather shoes brushing against it. Filled with anxiety, I scurried along the concrete floor to the other dancers. The world around me was black; the blue velvet curtains created a cloak of darkness, like the night. As the other dancers and I shuffled to the stage, we were fearful, hoping to perform well. Our hearts pounded with a tremendous force. We were ready to dance.



The curtains slowly creaked open, allowing the spotlight to illuminate our faces like the bright sun coming through the clouds. The audience's whispers softened. We could barely spot their faces, for the light blinded us. The music began to blare, slowly at first, then faster, and the dancers moved. We glided, we leaped, and we twirled with grace. Our bright costumes flashed with our movements, keeping time with the music.

Then the audience's roar of applause deafened the fading music, and we stopped- reluctantly. The curtains fell closed again, and the dancers hurried off the stage. We glided down the metal stairs once more, and prepared to dance again.

Katie Cox



It doesn't matter,  
When the sun sets to the west  
It doesn't matter,  
How fast the current is in  
the ocean  
It doesn't matter,  
When a storm passes through  
the plains  
It doesn't matter,  
The way stars twinkle in the  
night sky  
It doesn't matter,  
When the sun shines on a  
sandy beach  
It doesn't matter,  
If the birds begin to sing  
What matters is,  
Will you be there with me  
when it does

# It Doesn't Matter

Michelle Moore

I can handle Boogeymen. Pitched black darkness? Yeah, it doesn't send a shiver down my spine. And spiders don't scare me in the least. My childhood was never plagued with the ordinary fears that come with wiggly teeth and staying up past nine and times tables. I was never frightened of phantoms or wailing ghosts or being kidnapped at the grocery store. In fact, murderers, tornadoes or even that creep under the bed didn't faze me.

I'm afraid of wedding dresses. And it's not because I have some weird disease that prohibits me from wearing an insane amount of lace, or a fear of the spectrum of colors surrounding the chalky hues brides choose to wear on their big day. Believe it or not, I'm not petrified of getting hitched (for God's sake, I'm only seventeen!) and I'm certainly not frightened of stumbling on my train while strutting down the altar towards the Elvis impersonator (or priest, if my plans for a Las Vegas wedding go awry). I'm afraid of these hellish garments because of one very scary, very dead German guy.

All throughout my childhood, my father has been addicted to the most pointless and puerile pieces of trash that Hollywood could possibly churn out. He had a love-affair with American Graffiti, a thing for Dirty Dancing. For a while, he got hooked on a line of horror flicks that involved a lawnmower and a couple of rabbits. And one day, not long after I turned two

# Always a Bride, Never a Bridesmaid

Brooke Shipee

“strutting  
down the altar  
towards the Elvis  
impersonator. . .”

years old, he brought home a video that would change my outlook on marital affairs forever. The movie was Beetlejuice.

I don't need to say his name three times to get my point across. The film was bad news—Michael Keaton peppered his vocabulary with scuzzy analogies and atrocious one liners that referred to the number of pus-packed deposits he had scattered throughout his body or subtle hints that reminded the audience just what he thought of the female sex. And then there's always the classic, “It's show time!”

I wore that tape out. I watched with glossy eyes as Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis pranced around the screen as the undead version of Adam and Eve. Enamored, I listened to Beetlejuice and became deeply affiliated with the saying “It's a wonderful afterlife.” Against my

good will, I had a torrid love affair with Michael Keaton, black encrusted eyes and all.

When I didn't get my way, I'd scream his name at the top of my lungs- three times the charm, of course- or more if I felt I needed to press the issue. I was Regan MacNeil after Father Karras picked up his suitcase and left the building. I was a banshee on crack.

But there was one scene that really got to me. It was towards the end, when Geena Davis steps into her old wedding dress and becomes, well, her undead self. Her skin begins to bubble and turns a putrid shade of green and I vaguely remember her hand falling off and breaking into a million pieces. Wedding dresses were surely a sign of death and destruction.

Because my parents are sick, twisted individuals, they saw this as an opportunity to scare the daylights out of their only child. My mother would be in her closet picking out something to wear (which is ironic in itself because everything she owns was identical and presumably purchased at The Mom Shop) and I'd wander in, wanting a cookie, some juice or a baby brother.

After dishing out some half-baked answer about ruining my dinner or how much I hated boys, I'd always turn to leave; ready to move onto a greater adventure, like digging under the couch cushions for rusty pennies or stale Cheetos. She would

then call my name in that signature singsong Mom voice, you know the one where they want you to go take out the garbage or finish your asparagus. I'll admit, being the simple-minded toddler I was, I'd always turn around. But the crinkling of cellophane struck terror in my heart and made my eyes sting with saltwater when I realized what trick she was getting ready to pull. She was thrusting her wedding dress out at me, holding it in plain view! Didn't she know dresses like that

could make your hands fall off and eyes go crossed and skin turn flaky like that one man's scalp in the Head and Shoulders commercials? Why in God's name was she even keeping that thing? What a horrible wench of a mother! If I would've known the meaning of disown, I would have enacted the procedure then and there.



My Beetlejuice days didn't last too much longer after that. While my parents were out of town one weekend not long after my third birthday, I threw a temper tantrum that could have rocked the Kasbah. It was Beetlejuice-induced and my grandmother simply would not stand for it. She yanked my beloved video from her television and, being the schemer that she is, promptly hid it. I never saw my favorite grim reaper again.

So in ten years or so when my prince comes to whisk me away, you can bet a million dollars I won't be in a wedding dress- literally.



# Fitting In

I wanted to be like everyone else,  
Smart, funny, cool.  
But when do things cross the line,  
From funny to mean,  
Or even me to them?



Lucas  
Throckmorton

But recently,  
It grew harder not to cross the line.  
Harder to fit in.

Everyone once alike,  
Everyone now changed.  
We all played sports,  
Just for fun.  
Now their love is football,  
And mine soccer,  
That is against me.

I excel in academics,  
I was raised taking pride in my grades,  
I want to know more, and more...  
It seems some have gone elsewhere now.  
Yet I'm not alone.

In middle school,  
Things aren't so extreme.  
I met several people just like me.  
I can be proud of my way,  
My obsession with soccer,  
My obsession with books.

I never knew things could be so bright.  
I was walking in a dark tunnel,  
without knowing even of the existence of light.

Thank you classmates, For finding me,  
And thank you me, For finding them.





# Blossoms of Peace

Yolene Pancarte



Watch them...  
The pink magnolia blossoms,  
They're so innocent  
Yet we treat them without regards.

Watch us...  
Our inner turmoil shaking us,  
Like the wind does the magnolia blossom  
Uncaring and inevitable.

Watch the world...  
Its surface a busy playground,  
We are children,  
And, like the magnolia blossoms, we grow.

Watch the tree...  
Who bends under the blossoms weight,  
The world bends under our weight  
How long before the branch breaks?

Watch the flowers...  
They never take more than their share  
We take the rest  
Never caring about the consequences.

Watch...  
And wait  
Maybe someday  
There will be blossoms of Peace.





# A Fiction Story: Nothing but a Nightmare

Hailey Cannon

**N**obody knows what really goes on in her mind, her life. In school Sarah is always happy always smiling. To everybody that is Sarah. Home, Sarah is a little different. Home, Sarah is sad, lonely, mean. Every day she is hiding, hiding from those mean words, the icy glare, the horrible thoughts. Home Sarah is scared of her parents. Can't make a wrong move. Dad will throw things shouting horrible words because she left her shoes in the living room, right next to his. Mom calls her stupid because she put her plate on the wrong side of the sink and doesn't say a word when she gets an "A" on her Social Studies test which she has been failing in for the past 2 weeks. That is only a sliver of what she goes through every day. But at the end of the day for thirty minutes all that doesn't matter. She found a boy that gives her everything she deserves and so much more. When she talks to this boy all the worries slip away. Then he's gone. She cries because she doesn't want to go back to that life, that nightmare.

# Stardust

Yolene Pancarte

When the stars lose a  
bit of their shine  
And it comes down on  
Earth.

A horse will rise.  
A horse white as moon.  
With a mare grey as a  
thundercloud.

Its hooves will sound  
like thunder

When it canters across  
the night sky,

Its coat glistening in  
the moonlight.

Its eyes will reflect  
the lightning

Which strikes the earth  
when the horse neighs.

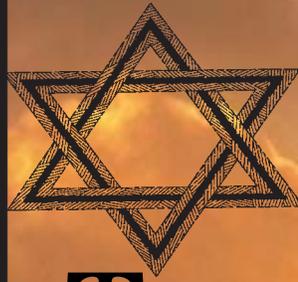
This creature of light  
and shadows

Can only be seen by those  
Who rise in the light of  
the full moon.





# Historical Perspective



The

# Knowledge of the Holocaust

Cachal Neuburger

I 'm Jewish, and my grandparents were in the Holocaust and it would be really different if they weren't. My grandmother has a really amazing story as do many other Jews and non-Jews.

The conflict (Jews being rounded up for the ghettos) truly began September 1, 1939. Millions of Jews were sent to ghettos and then taken to concentration camps in freight cars. Two of the most famous concentration camps are Warsaw and Auschwitz. Before that, Jews were humiliated in public. They had to surrender their property, they were boycotted, beaten, imprisoned, and killed.

In concentration camps Jews were either sent to the gas chambers or enslaved. Jews weren't the only people killed, Nazis also killed Gypsies, handicapped, and many more because they were considered "impure".

Jews were the only to be marked for total elimination. Many thought that the Jews were the murderers of Christ.

Outside of Germany Jews were wanted to stay in their towns or villages by the other population. For instance, in Hungary Jews were protected for economic reasons, France sent about 100,000 refugees to Nazi camps, but they refused to send their own Jewish citizens to the camps, and in Denmark, Jews were protected by the government.

Resistance movements in Belgium, Norway, and the Netherlands led many Jews to their safety. In the camps (of course) Jews fought the Nazis seeking revenge and honor, but they were defeated by the Nazis.

Adolf Hitler had a bit of Jewish blood in himself, but no one knew until after his suicidal death. Out of maybe 8 million Jews, 2 million survived leaving 6 million that had their life taken from them only in World War II. The overall record is bleak and cruel. The war ended on September 2, 1945. The Nazis lost the war against the Allies, but in the process killing millions of people, especially Jews.



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