
2015

Calliope

North Cross School

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All is One and One is All

"From the shed of tears,
my words cry out,
one all fears,
I tell you now,"
And that is what he said.

"But, oh Your Highness,
come to sight!
They're just themselves,
and that's their right,"
replied the mountain.

"You crush, you fall, you get exploded,
you better not talk.
Or you'll be imploded."
said he to it.

"I speak on behalf of all,
those of sameness,
but even those call
upon a difference."
said it to he.

"That stands untrue,
for all is one,
not just a few,
and one is all."

~Narmeen Rasul

An Old Bridge

Such a nice weather
I stop my bike and start walking over an old bridge
During a light breeze
I see an ancient temple located on the top of the mountain
I can hear the chanting from the monks
Clear blue sky
There are swift water
telling the stories about ---
Long long ago
What a beautiful day !

~Sulan Yan

The Basement

I'm locked in the basement of toy factory.
The dirty cottons were spread upon the floor,
The snow white cottons mixed with those dirty cottons.
The brown carpets were not soft and complete,
The screws hidden in corner.
The loom was covered by the cyan silk,
The sewing kit on the dusty surface of the loom.
The various fabrics of clothes were put aside, including pure cotton cloth,
diabament fort, and polyester cotton cloth.
The big teddy bears were not fluffy, sitting on the dark red sofa.
The the yellow Easter Bonny looks out the window, but its black eyes
were put into a wooden box.
The old fashion pigments had solidified in the tin,
And lots of dead insects lie on the surface of the hand washing sink.
I'm Sketching the picture of the basement which in front of me.....

~Jingyue Tao

Blackberries

Upon green vines, boiling in the July sun
Are blackberries, deep purple and sweet
Bees buzz about each one
inspecting each bursting casing
Checking the skin

As I walk through the vines,
Thorns rip at my legs,
And when I trip and land on thorny tendrils
I can no longer tell whether the blood is mine
Or if my legs are sticky with dark blackberry blood

The juices of Demeter's work and Athena's mind
Fill the berries with wisdom
I bite into one and I find it bitter
It is the sign of fair warning
Purple bells ringing on my tongue

Row after row of blackberry bushes
Which climb high over my head
Arching, a tunnel of fruit-laden branches
The berries plink in my bucket,
Glad to be going somewhere new

The path snakes around and around
I do not know where I'm going

A Fallen Tear

Or where I began
All I can say is there are rows and rows
Of deep purple blackberries all around me

The next blackberry trickles down my chin
Sugary juice sticks to my face as I go to wipe it away
My tin bucket is heavier
Each berry holds it down
Around and around the maze I trail

Apollo's chariot flies over my head
The sun is directly above me
Noon time has come
I've been in the patch since dawning
When Aurora danced across the pale sky

The wings of Erebus cloud the blue sky
The hoofs of his demon steed crush the thorny bushes
All the blackberries tremble in his wake
The shadow of darkness stretches everywhere
And I can die in the deep purple blackberries

~Gabby Peppers

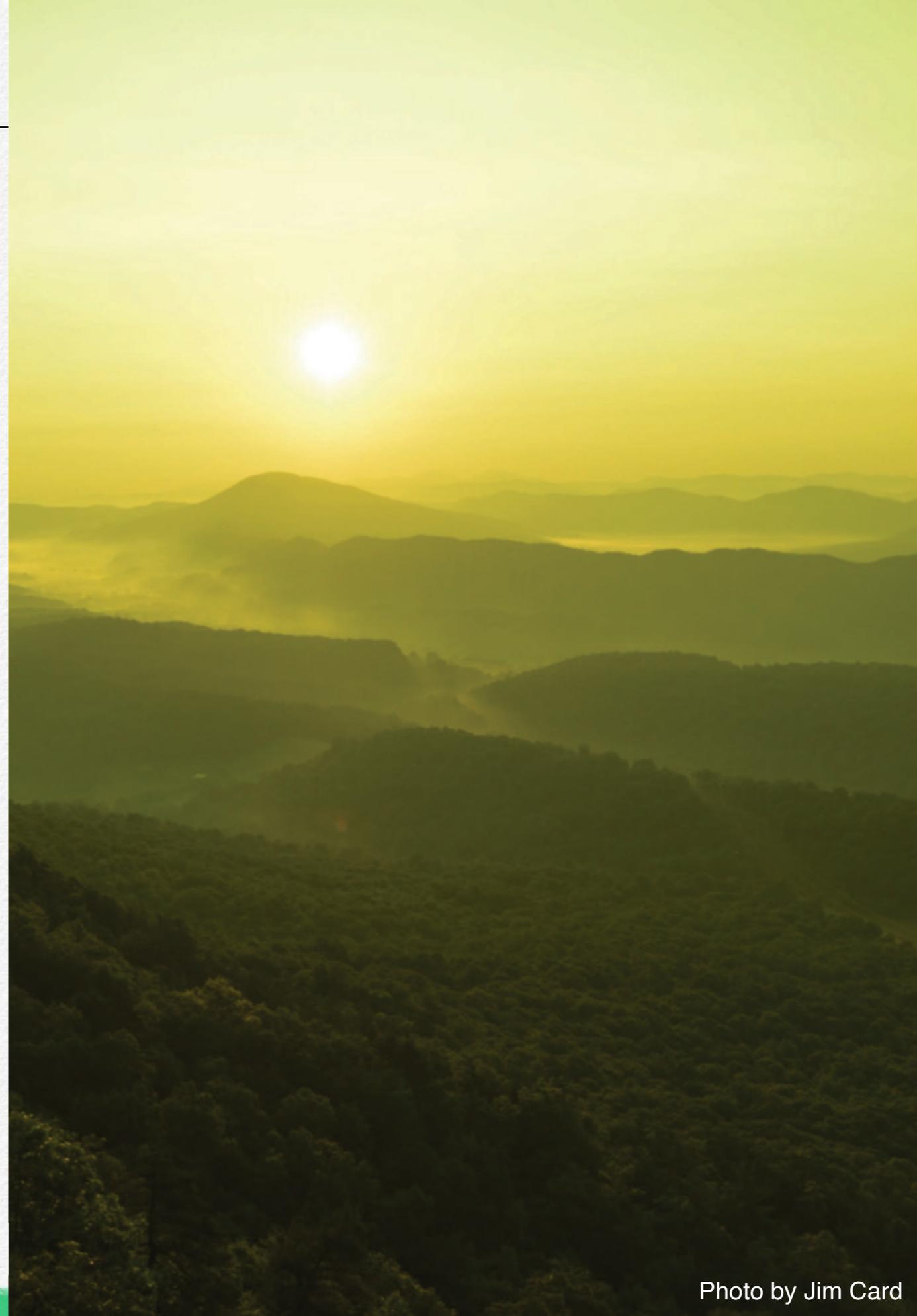
I don't know why,
A tear has fallen from my eye.
No one I know has died.
It could be my powerful devotion,
Or a devious notion.
So I tried real hard to lie.
But I'm not sure why,
Maybe it's because I'm shy,
Or because I am a guy.
We rely on our emotions
To defy what we think.
They supply our dry weary eyes
And sometimes make us sigh.
They pry out feelings and looks,
There's no need to be sly.
Try and let your emotions take over,
There's no need to ask why
You just need to let them apply.
Thereby, there is no deny
That I feel like I want to cry.

~Jack Holley

The Fate of the Nine Heavens

A smile,
wind and thunder shook.
A roar,
the sea froze.
A hand,
destroying tenebrous hell.
A sword,
dancing in the firmament.
Cyan fog curl upwards gently,
Stand at peak of the mountain admiring purple bamboo.
One life one dance one person enjoy,
One life one dance one person follow!
Who with me,
watching at the protean clouds.
Who with me,
roaming in the fragmentary world.

~Remus Li



Fear

She sits in the dark corner, alone
Afraid to have anything as her own
Terrified of losing her only possession
This is her form of self expression
The cold wind creeps inside
Sending a frightening cold chill down her spine
A noise crackles behind her head
It reaches her ears and she jumps in her bed
Forgetting where the horror lies
Finding that there is no where she can hide

Melancholy

Sorrowfully he lets out a sigh
Only wishing he could grow wings and fly
The darkness consumes his eyes
There's nowhere to hide with an infinite darkness inside
He mournfully lets out a cry in pain
No one can help, it's too much to explain
For who can help him when he can't speak
Everything in his life has turned bleak
For who can hear the poor boy scream
When he's stuck inside his own nightmarish dream

~Lainey Auwarter

The Home of the Girl Who Tried to Climb the Roof

The ceiling
was
high, the
chandelier
brightly lit,
colored with music,
Fancy couches,
ice creamed freezer
Pool table here,
tennis over there
The roof too
highly
but still she tried
One old room
over 20
couches
70 in length
only 10
in width
No door for
the roof
still but
she
tried
~Narmeen Rasul

I Said I Wouldn't

I don't think about you much,
Sun-bleached ghost of years before.
You left finger prints, a clutch-tight bruise,
And then faded away, like a movie ending.
I'd think that you were gone if I didn't know better,
That I'd forgotten the subject of two years,
But for the marks you left.
Blue-green glass lenses, filtered light—
Or perhaps an opened window.
You gave and took away, both,
Added and pared off like I was a fruit, edited,
Then handed back the red-marked page
And slowly disappeared.

I think perhaps I've forgotten your face.
Cliché, I know, to notice,
A teenage girl's conceited breakup pining.
But no, but it was the face that saved me:
Is that not important? Covered smiles and deep eyes,
Harsh gentle humor somehow silent.
Remember when I wrote about it?
Ha! here I go again.
You never knew. I tried, I promise.
I never knew better. I wanted the best.
We've been over this.
This is treaded ground
I swore never to walk again.

This this is not romanticism.
I poured that out in other chopped-up verses
Long after I was gone and you'd forgotten.
This, not even would I give this to you,
To read and realize, like I would have then.
And so I will not tell you once again,
I was never in love with you.

This is a rhetorical question.

What happened to you?
Time, of course, continued, unstopped,
But you, like a saint, stayed the same.
Faded idol, time-worn tombstone.

Perhaps you grew up, grew out of it,
Perhaps strangers hear your voice
And think nothing of it.
Don't know how, once,
I thanked God for a force-dropped word.
Perhaps it simply ended once,
And now you could be "normal."
Perhaps the curtain now could fall.
Perhaps the tearing heat has blown out.
"Normal." Such as it may be,
Skimmed surfaces and hidden empathy.
Perhaps it's bloated past
As much for you as it is for me.

Here's that path.
Your hair grown out and curling,
Smile uncovered and unconscious
Slipping on and off unfettered.
Still outside, perhaps, but maybe not alone.
You aren't perfect. You never were.
I never knew because you never said.
I loved an ideal and a false prophet,
A god of my own pain, a myth.
I think it led to something like the truth.
We weren't important together,
You and me against the world.
You are the world.

But, then, perhaps you are locked out as always.
Would love to be inside, and try
But you, they will not let you in.
Perhaps things haven't changed.
Perhaps things have gotten worse:
To go on as before would be too lucky.
Perhaps you are silent as the years,
And roasted by the buzzing sun
That warms the rest of us.
Perhaps you are only taller,
Stronger, darker, harsher. Perhaps you hide still,
Perfecting the art of not being there.
Perhaps I left a static world.

Perhaps it's taken its toll on you,
The way myself did to me.
Perhaps there was a cliff there.
Perhaps you see the edge and sink,
A dream deferred: does it explode?
How do you cross your line?
In smothered shouts and searing flash of red—
In smothered swamps and wet sorrows—
In plastered walls and numbness—
In refusal? Tight ropes will always break,
Sadness and wishes wear down to nerves.
It's like gravity, just a little push.
Perhaps I would be frightened now.

I don't know. I know
Only gods are eternal,
And you are not that.

~Anonymous

Ice Cream

Ode to ice cream.
You brighten up a day
Or night
Like the sun
Or the moonlight.
You sweeten up life,
Relieving strife.
You rest in bowls and cones,
Accompanied by sprinkles or simply alone.

~Heba Imam

Identity Crisis

A person like you or I
Identity crisis so really who am I?
Talents? maybe or is it a lie
No limits? Is the possibilities truly to the sky?
Identity crisis really who am I?

Will I be remembered and why?
Maybe we're all nobodies who lay and sign
groaning greatly with no replies
Does anyone care, if so why?
Identity crisis who really am I?

We all say hello and always have to say goodbye
Everyone leaves so why bother cry
Just the breaking of everyday ties
Just another kid thinks about why
Identity crisis who really am I.

~Chase Overton

In The Field

It is after dinner
The sun is going down
Mom is washing dishes
Dad is reading his favorite book
My brother is looking out the window
We ask if we can go outside
To catch fireflies in the field
She turns her head and nods tiredly
And so we get our Mason jars
And journey out the screen door

"Here they come!," my brother says
Just like that, little balls of light arise
Blissfully unaware that they are the temporary prey
The flowers sway gently in the summer breeze
And owls hoot in the trees
"Oh I caught one!," I cry
The little thing seems frightened
As I place him in the prison
We dash around in the field
More fireflies appear before our eyes
And more go into our jars
As the sun continues to sink
My brother and I do think
That we should let our prisoners go
And fly back into the field

It Gets Away From Me

We run back to the house
And find Dad asleep in his chair
Mom is doing needlepoint
With her black reading glasses on
She asks us how it was
Playing in the field
We tell her it was fun
Running and walking in the dying sun
Catching fireflies here and there
In the field behind our house

~Claiborne Creasy

My dear, my love, star-filled heavens of my days,
I hope you know these things.

These, in my tear-filled eyes,
My steadied hands,
My skin that warms at the thought,
But you have not seen.

These, the reactions that scatter and spark.
I hope you know these things.

First, I love you.
This I have told you often, but
I hope you know it never ends:
Even in the hours between the words I love you
Always, every moment, in the soft stream of time
I slide on love.

I hope you know there is no piece of you
I would not shrine would it not ruin the whole.

I hope you know sometimes I pass
Along the whole of you and I am thankful
For every small part, every detail,
The perfect, the imperfect, the ones you despise.

I hope you know I wonder that I have not exploded.
That every time you blink I think

My once-steady pumping heart will cease to beat
And I will die in ecstasy,
A burst of flame and sparkling saltwater,
Before I am nothing.

I hope you know you are the we of me.
I hope you know I see us in the stars:
Clouds of indigo and violent velvet,
Points of ancient light that flame untold miles away
And shock us that we are so small—
Yet somehow I think that we could fill it all.

These, my dear, my love, my star-rent eternal sky,
These are the things I hope you know.

~Anonymous

The shoe slides off in its mind, as she runs away
But wait, no! It catches her, hauling her there
Trapped inside a cottage, an attic
She stares at her reflection in the darkness,
is it awake or asleep?
The pink dress should tell
He's sitting right in front of it,
but all it sees is a funambulist miles above
And he makes not one move
It's only a room full of hate and of dread
But it was also a garden of colorful flowers
And of blossoming apple trees
She takes the bite, falling over in sleep
When he passes by, drifting her awake
While the old lady in rags screams to her death
A girl so excited to walk off on her own
As she hops into a train, but on a unicorn so
And then the pepper-upper sings herself a song
When the young boy sits all alone,
An angel comes by, taking him
Showing him the world from beyond
It possesses the mind, taking mind and soul
To sit back and watch the different grow old

~Narmeen Rasul

Spiders Crawl

Dancing on silken trails
Falling down, down from webs fine-spun
From dusty corners to clock towers
Repelling the lady's gloved touch,
Scuttling in squalor like rats, but by the thousands
Listening in on confessions made by darkest time,
Time standing still, as a soldier before his Majesty

Oh dark night, where in veils of secrecy dwell demons
String-harnessed acrobats climb the fog-covered, smoked-out village air
Dampening air breathes on its own, leaving misty fingers to catch the
trapeze artists

Limb over eighth limb, running terrifying across the kitchen floor
Maidens screaming, stamping death threats
Naught but squished organs remind the world spiders crawl

~Gabby Peppers



The Sunset At Dusk

Not anyone can see the sunset with the ocean
The sunset colors on the sand, settling at dusk
The purple reflects off the colors of day,
Like the lighted underworld at night
Purple pushes the clouds away, as if to dominate
Like the island of Circe in luxury
As in the sparks of the fire retracting
And with the ice castle, only the purple sky remains
In the purple eyes of the fallen creature, which rises to the throne
Carrying out its share of deaths
When every other has fallen asleep, one of them remains
Bringing the sky into darkness,
Into the world of Proserpina, where death may lie
Until the final light of dusk has gone
The yellow leads to the bright lights
Up into the angel's heaven
Where it hides until the break of dawn
Pulls it out into the sight
The colors hide in the blue
The strongest of them all
Like Odysseus's journey to his home
The blue stays there eternally
Until the night breaks to day.

~Narmeen Rasul

Swinging Campanula

I used to see swift rivers
I used to hear beautiful piano sound
I used to meet different people
I used to hate
About the boring world or the ugly soul
I used to love
About your goodbye smile or clear blue sky
Tik-tok, Tik-tok
The past has vanished from my memory
like a gentle wind
Ring-da, Ring-da
The campanula has been swinging in front of my window
Like the hopeful youth
Life is like a song
Let the past go
And always smile to the future

~Sulan Yan

Time, Please

The old tree in our yard become green again
The old twig makes flower again
I hide too much in my heart
What I want to say
I hide it in my gray hair

Where is time going
I haven't enjoy the young but already get old
Take care of my children during the whole life
Use all my energy and time
My mind is full of his laughing and her tears

Wood, rice, oil, salt
butter, pepper, broccoli, carrot
Cleaner machine, toilet brush
windex, detergent, mop

All my life hide in gray hair
All my life sink in shop bubble
Where is time going
Please don't leave me.

~*Braelyn Bai*

Titleless

I listen to my teachers,
They taught me knowledge and morality.
I listen to my classmates,
They told me fashion and news.
I listen to my parents,
They said, "The world is dangerous."

I listen to the winds,
They told me strong and gentle.
I listen to the birds,
They let me enjoy the natural.
I listen to the songs of the sea,
They said, "The world is powerful."

I listen to the singers,
They sang for love.
I listen to the orchestras,
They played for classics.
I listen to background musics,
The said, "What time, what place, there is a story..."

I learnt a lot.
But when I can listen to myself?

~*Ocean Ding*

Traveling the world in one bite

I lift my spoon
And start to cry,
The tasty chicken masala stings my eyes.
An aromatic smell
Fills my nose, and I cough as
I bit into a clove(am I supposed to eat that?)
Breathing in the scent of ginger and soy,
I slurp up a noodle with pure joy.
The noodle seems to go on forever,
I'm out of air by the time I gulp it down.
I fork up a bite of muffin, and the sweet, flowery scent of lavender
Permeates the dining room.
Shrimp sprinkled with chervil, mild in flavor.
I peer at the rice sitting on my plate,
The smell of fresh rose floats around each grain.
Lamb kabobs steaming the smell of za'atar into the air.
The chilly gazpacho, a conglomeration of heat, citrus, and cilantro,
Cools me down yet heats me up, half of my face red and the other half blue.
Mole poblano. As I put a bite of the chicken in my mouth,
Flavors of chocolate and spicy chile surprise me.
The scents, the tastes, the sights, overwhelm me.
And then I swallow.

~Heba Imam

The Undertaker's Visions

The glass shatters as it hits the floor
Pieces fly from it in all directions
The accidents are symbolic once more
His brain makes strange connections

Shards litter the dusty room
So much broken glass
Mirrors shattered in an empty tomb
A breathing man beneath the grass

Cold drinks sweat in the heat
Teardrops of icy perspiration
The hidden death, so sweet
Is his lack of consternation

Hand firmly in hand
The lovers hide in night's cloak
The world is bland
Except for love's smoke

Head screwed on tight
He pulls the dead from the pages
The macabre funeral rite
The puppets rattle their cages

Bones poke through muddy skin
Soldiers ride into battle, drugged
Every kill just another filthy sin
Rational synapses unplugged

The mortician's son
Too gaunt a lad
Blood draining done
No sorrow had

Coffin lids nailed shut
Lips stitched closed with thread
The wood is left uncut
All the people are dead

~Gabby Peppers



“The voice which echoes...”

The voice which echoes in the empty night
A laugh contagious enough to rock the waves
Satin curls like a freshly glossed tiger
A dazzling smile one could marvel forever
Bravery, a quality one wouldn't—one couldn't—deny
Courage, never failing to succeed
Fragility, but not weakness
Like that tiny sound in the back of your head
Or the roar of the waterfall loudly in your ears
The thin air making the distance far
His words fly when they reach the sky
But the swirling wind raises the fire from inside
A song of magnanimity
A dream that lasts infinitely

~*Narmeen Rasul*



Short Stories

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"No! No! Stanley, stop! Can't you see you're hurting her?" Terrence screamed.

"Quiet, you insolent pest!" The cloaked man barked back, his hands clamped firmly on the dying elf's arms as he went for the kill.

"Stanley, no! Stop!" His cry was piercing, a high pitch squeal of terror which shattered the dream, and Terrence awoke sobbing. Tears flowed down his cheeks, dampening the scratchy wool blanket like drops of rain.

"Terrence, love, what happened?" Millie asked, jumping from her bed and coming over to comfort him. Wilbur crawled from the window sill where he was sitting, reading a paper.

"Stanley...he was in my dream again." Terrence said between sobs as the two little dolls comforted him.

"Aw, little guy, we'll protect you. Don't worry," Wilbur said, locking his green button eyes with Terrence's wide orange ones.

What exactly did you dream, chap? Henry's soft voice echoed around in his head.

"Well, Stanley was killing...that lady who worked in the toy factory...Maude."

Oh... That one again?

"Yeah," Terrence sniffled.

"Have a glass of warm milk, love," Millie said, returning with a little tin cup of milk.

"Thanks, Millie."

"Of course." She sat down on the little shelf where Philip still dozed, undisturbed by Terrence's frightened screams. "I can't believe Philip didn't wake up. Bet he could sleep through a hurricane, he could."

"Wouldn't surprise me," Wilbur said, grinning. "Terrence, how are you feeling now?"

"Not good," he replied, laying down and curling into a little ball.

"I'd imagine. You have to breathe. I know it's scary, and Stanley is a monster, but you've got to breathe." Terrence took a shaky breath and exhaled. The room was cold, and he could almost see the ghosts of his breath in the air.

"I don't want to go to work today..."

I understand why you wouldn't, but you can't let this fear consume you. Listen to Wilbur,

Millie and me. We're here to help you. Why don't we all accompany you to work today?

"That's a good idea, but I don't want people to stare at me like they always do when we talk...They're so mean."

"What do they say or do that's mean?" asked Millie.

"They call me crazy and won't talk me and stare at me when I'm working. They always move away when I walk in their direction, and they watch me like I'm some sort of animal..." Terrence felt the sadness filling up his stomach. He drew his knees up to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. Then he heard Richard speak.

*Maybe it's because you **are** crazy! What if you really are, oh what did Winona call you, ah yes, a freak! No one else acts so strangely. You're the crazy freak lives all alone, isn't that right?*

"Shut up, Richard!" Terrence squealed, holding his head.

Why would he? It's far too entertaining.

"Maria! Why are you here? Go away!"

Guys, leave Terrence alone! Henry snapped, defending Terrence like he always did.

Oh, be quiet, Shorty, you don't control us.

Maria, leave him alone! We'll discuss this later!

What don't you try to make me leave?

Come on now, Henry, what are you going to do?

I'll tell Stanley, and he'll beat the tar out of you two!

No, he won't. He'd never hurt me and Richard. Plus, how would a runt like you even speak to Stanley without being obliterated into nonexistence?

My size doesn't matter; I know Stanley and respect his superiority and power. What about that scar on your back, huh? I know what Stanley can do, and so do you! So just go away!

Fine, but you'll be sorry you threatened us, you stupid boy!

Go away now! Terrence felt the two powerful presences slowly dissipate back into slight pressure. Good riddance to bad rubbish! I'm so sorry, Terrence! Don't let them get to you.

They're just vile, contemptible bullies who feed on your soul.

"Why are they so awful?"

I don't know, little chap, I just don't know. I think head voices in general aren't very nice.

"But you are."

Why thank you. I guess I just realised it doesn't do any good to tear people down and make them sad or scared or feel bad about themselves. It's much better to just talk to them and try to help them the best I can.

"Aw, what a sweet man you are, Henry," Millie said, with a cheerful smile.

"Yeah," Terrence said quietly.

"Terrence, love, you'd best be getting up now. It's 5:30." Terrence let out a sort of gurgle in reply and rolled off the makeshift cot onto the hard dirt floor.

"I know you don't want to go, but you have to," Wilbur said, jumping from the shelf to the cot to the floor where Terrence was lying.

"No..."

Come now, up, up, up! Get dressed. Millie, Wilbur and Philip will make some breakfast for you.

"Okay," Terrence replied, slowly standing up and walking over to the small bathroom.

Turning on the sink, he splashed some icy water on his face. It stung as the cold made contact with his face. He let out a small shriek and quickly dried off his face with a towel. Looking in the mirror, he saw a streak of blood running down his cheek. When he went to wipe it away, he found nothing. He shook his head and splashed his face one more time.

"Henry?"

Yes, Terrence?

"What's it like? Being a voice anyway."

I honestly don't see myself as a voice. I'm flesh and blood just like you. I see everything you see. I'm like your shadow; I'm always with you, a constant companion. Maria and Richard are the same way.

"Oh, that's strange," Terrence said pensively as he zipped up his grey uniform jacket and began buttoning it up.

I suppose. Now, let's go eat before you have to go.

Terrence walked out of the room and back into the main room. Millie was by the small stove, cooking something in a skillet. Philip was helping Wilbur set out plates and forks for the four of them.

"Can I help?" Terrence asked, going over to the stove.

"It's done, love. Just take the skillet and put some eggs on the plates please."

"Alrighty." Terrence grabbed the handle and walked over to the floor where the plates were set. He spooned eggs on to the cracking china and returned the skillet to the sink. Philip poured juice and they all sat around and ate.

"You know, Terrence, I don't think you're weird at all. You've just got some problems with your noggin," Wilbur said, as Terrence bit into a bit of toast.

"Yeah, I guess," he replied.

"And that's okay, we'll help you along," added Millie.

As long as you want and need us.

"I never want you to leave! You're my best and only friends! I never even knew you'd be so lovely when I created you three!"

We won't, don't worry. You did a good job on them.

"Okay," Terrence said, putting his plate in the sink. "Are you guys coming with me to work?"

"I will, but I think Millie and Phil want to plan a surprise dinner since it's a special occasion after all," Wilbur said, climbing into the breast pocket of Terrence's jacket.

"What?"

"It's Halloween Day! Your favourite holiday!" Millie exclaimed.

"It isn't! That's not until the end of this month!"

"It's October 31st today, look at the workshop calendar!"

"Really?" Terrence exclaimed.

"Yes! Now go! You're gonna be late, you wee lad!" Philip replied, brandishing a small fork.

"Okay! I'm going!" Terrence ran out the door into the swirling rush of snow. The workshop was a only a few minutes walk away, but he was going to be late, so he ran. His little legs sunk

into the snow, so he ran like a little deer, almost hopping. He could see the lights ahead. The workshops were strewn across the dark, snowed-covered land. The familiar wooden, lodge-like building loomed in ahead.

"Whoa there, reindeer!" Wilbur yelled as Terrence skidded to stop before he hit his face on the workshop door. Snow swirled around Terrence's head as he opened the door and walked into the warm room where most of the other repair crew elves mingled. He sat in his usual corner and pulled Wilbur out of his pocket. The little doll with large green eyes and scratchy blond hair had been with him since the beginning.

"We've still got five whole minutes until my shift starts!"

"It's good you got here early though," Wilbur said. "Now I can finally see where you work. Henry's already seen it."

Who's that elf? Is she new? Henry asked, and Terrence looked up to see a new elf with blonde hair talking to Felix. He appeared to be gesturing in his general direction, and that made Terrence sad again. He knew he had a few problems, but all the other elves treated him like toxic waste. It's always been that way. Well, for about 5 years, ever since Stanley's first attack.

"What's wrong, Terrence?"

"They're talking about me..."

How do you know that, little chap?

"I just know."

Ah well, the interesting ones are ones who people always talk about. Don't let it get you—

Henry's voice was cut off, and then it was replaced by Richard.

Hmm, what have we here? A new little elf? Best make sure you don't kill her.

"Let me alone, Richard..."

Oh and miss this? Not for the world.

To finish the story, visit northcross.org, and view the "Calliope" PDF!



They left me here... I shouldn't be here... I'm not crazy. I thought to myself. I need to get out... I have to escape... I have been planning my escape for a long time. I have no idea of what month it is right now. If I'm correct, it should be the year 1961. Maybe it is now 1962; I'm not sure. Time in this place runs as if we are in another unknown universe. Being in here is like being trapped in misery, and I cannot find a way out.

My parents put me in here about a year ago, but before they threw me in this place, I was a senior in high school, and I had managed to avoid everyone. None of them mattered to me. I wanted out of school so badly. The people there treated me as if I was invisible. When they did see me, they tormented me in all kinds of ways. Constantly, I was reminded of my faults. All the time I heard people say things like, "What a loser... Why is that weird girl still at school?" Sometimes there were notes on my locker with the words, *idiot, loser, ugly, or insane*. As I open my locker, more notes would pour out. I never understood why they hated me. I tried so hard to fit in, but no one wanted me.

I don't blame them for thinking I'm insane. Strange things are constantly happening around me. I see and hear things that others couldn't. I can hear a lot of voices talking all at once, and I cannot make them stop. I can not make out exactly what they were saying. It almost sounds as if they speaking in different languages. I can recognize some of the languages, but others I cannot. Occasionally, I hear words like help, escape, and why. At times, the voices stop for a short period of time, and it feels like I'm free, but then they come back.

Besides the voices, I see images of people that never speak. They are terrifying to look at; their faces are too horrifying to describe. I turn my head and look away when they are near me. When I was younger, I thought everyone heard voices and saw these visions. I would scream when I saw them; they terrified me. People saw me screaming, crying, and running around yelling things like, "Make them go away! Someone please help me!" People would stare at me; some tried to help, but I was afraid that they too would hurt me.

My parents never knew what was wrong with me, and they were scared to see me terrified over something that no one else could see. They tried everything to help, but, finally,

one therapist told them that I was special, and that I could see and hear the dead trying to connect with me. He diagnosed me as clairvoyant. Often my parents would look me in the eyes and say, "Dear, you have a special gift. It's okay, these people you see and the voices you hear are just looking for help. Maybe one day, you can figure out what you want to do with this gift."

I still haven't figured out how to help these spirits. When I was about nine, I had figured out how to ignore the spirits I saw, yet I still was unable to make the voices go away. I just tried to pretend as if I didn't hear them. For a long time, this worked, but gradually the voices and visions grew stronger.

When I was a junior in high school, I started seeing the spirits more often. I then started having night terrors, and I couldn't wake up from them. I would scream until my parents woke me up. At school, everything was worse. There was no escape. No one could help me, and parents eventually gave up all hope. They never wanted to come near me. I locked myself in my room all day, while the spirits circled over me like vultures in the night. As everything around me got worse, they decided to put me in here. St. Dymphna's Mental Institution in the small town of Auburn, Pennsylvania.

So here I am, locked in a room with four padded walls. The straight jacket tied so tightly, I have trouble breathing. I watch as water drips from the leaky ceilings. The sheets on the bed I sit upon have not been washed for months. Everything in the asylum is revolting. We are locked in these disgusting rooms at all times until the nuns let us out into a huge common area twice a day, if we show good behavior. As they let us wander in the common area, I watch people talking to themselves and walking in circles, or sitting and staring into a vast emptiness; the cycle is endless. As I sat down to look out the rusty window, I watched as the brown leaves were gently falling off the trees and onto the ground. As I was waiting for someone to save me, I finally realized that I am the only one who can save me. So I devised a plan to escape, and I smiled to myself as I thought about my plans and imagined my future on the outside world.

"Hey, get back into your room! Now!" Sister Miranda yelled at me. I hadn't noticed that everyone had already left the common area. I didn't want to leave, because I knew returning to

my room meant getting shots.

"I'm so sorry, I.. I just," I said to the sister.

"I don't care, now go!" Sister Miranda yelled.

I hurried back to my room, and I waited until the nurse came. They won't tell us what the shots are truly for, only that they will help us with our "problems." Today will be the first day of the new medication trial. As the nuns and the nurse approached my room, I got worried. What if this messes up my plan... I thought to myself. Before I even knew what happened, I had been given the shot. I didn't feel any different, and I still saw the spirits moving silently in my room.

I thought nothing of it and quickly moved on. I waited in silence for a few more hours until I knew I could begin my plan to escape. I screamed, "I SEE THEM!! STOP! HELP ME!!" I knew the guard heard me because I could hear him fumbling with the keys, trying to unlock the door. As he opened the door, I hid behind it until he entered the room. I jumped on top of him to knock him down and pin him to the floor.

I grabbed a rag and stuffed it in his mouth. "Hey, look. I'm sorry about this," I said, as I tied his arms and legs together with the sheets I had torn off my bed.

He was trying to scream but the noise was muffled. He could no longer cry for help. My plan was so far successful. He had the master key in his pocket. Once I got my hands on that key, I could get out. The only other guard was on the other side of the hospital, and no one would notice me this late at night.

With the golden key in my hand, I tip-toed out into the hallway, then down the stairs. I looked up at the door and felt an ache in my chest. I couldn't move. I felt something missing as the world outside awaited for me. Slowly, I unlocked the door and stepped out into the dark, cold air.

The night sky was filled with shimmering lights that I had not seen in what seemed like an eternity. I felt the soft grass in between my toes as I began to move. I ran towards the road with my arms in the air and tears of joy streaming down my face. I knew that I would have to walk alongside the road until the morning light, then hopefully someone will take me away

from this place.

I want a new life, a fresh start. This is the beginning of a new start and hopeful future. I felt so free; it's almost as if I left all of my worries back at the hospital. As I continued my walk, I suddenly realized that I had no spare clothes, no money, and I was still wearing my hospital gown. I started to get stressed, as I realized that no one will pick me up if I looked like this. So as the morning light was shining through the trees, the more scared I became. Then suddenly, I heard a vehicle's engine running in the distance. As I turned to see a black Cadillac approaching from the south, the driver abruptly stopped as he pulled up next to me.

He opened the door and yelled, "Get in!"

Without another thought, I quickly jumped into his car and slammed the door. As he started to drive, I turned to look at him. His features were difficult to notice from his profile, but I noticed that his hair is very dark brown, almost black. The man seemed to be about my age and was wearing all black clothing. For a few minutes, we did not speak, but eventually he broke the silence by asking, "What the heck were you doing on the street? Don't you know that this is a dangerous neighborhood?"

To finish the story, visit northcross.org, and view the "Calliope" PDF!



Photo by Jim Card

On a warm spring day, Charles Rupert Martel emerged from his small home in Alexandria. He was six feet tall and had light brown and blue eyes. He wore a black suit with a blue and black striped bow tie. He also had glasses with black rims around the lenses. He had to wear this to work every day. Once Charles exited his house, he looked back to see the big sad face of his German Shepherd named Julian. Julian was his closest friend and someone he knows he can always trust. The two blocks to the Metro seem far shorter today than other days. Charles thought to himself, it must go by faster when it is a pleasant day. Once he arrived at the station he got onto the train and prepared for a boring ride. You never know who you will find on the Metro.

One time he even found a hundred dollar bill on the Metro when he was a kid. They took the money to be put in the bank, and they found out it was counterfeit. That was what sparked Charles' desire to join the Secret Service. Not only did he have to protect the President of The United States of America but also had to protect the country from fake money. When the train screeched to a halt everyone flowed off like a tsunami of humans into the station. Seven-thirty in the morning at the D.C. Metro was like being thrown into the lion exhibit at the zoo, you never know if you are going to make it out alive. The walk was not long to the White House, so it was not bad in the winter.

Charles emerged through the threshold in the office and greeted everyone even though most people never seemed to acknowledge him. After walking down the hallway to the third door on the left, he entered his room. He went over and sat down at his computer in the small room that he has to call his office. It was very depressing to Charles to see all his talent being put into a tiny office with no windows and blank white paint. He was so good at catching counterfeiters people called him "The Hammer" after the historic nickname of Charles Martel. His father had always loved history and he thought by naming him that he would somehow bring history to life. Charles Rupert Martel wanted nothing to do with the person whom he believed was just someone mentioned in a dusty old book.

Over the past few years someone has been putting counterfeit money in all of the banks across the United States. Every time the fake money was put in a bank the President was

usually in the city. No one could identify the criminal because he always showed up with a different outfit on and always made sure never to repeat the prior outfits. Suddenly Paul, Charles' best friend (if you could even call him that) barged in the door. Paul was one of the high ups in the Service, so he thought he was the top dog. He was a huge man with black hair and brown eyes. He was a very strong man who got to wear a special suit since he was so important. Charles looked up for a second, saw who it was, then instantly went back to his work. Paul could tell Charles was very busy at this time.

"I will see you at lunch," Paul said.

Right as Paul was about to leave Charles motioned to him to come back. He asked if he could go on the president's trip, so he could go into one of the local banks and check to see the money that comes in the bank that day. He told him he just wanted to keep an eye on everything.

"What bank are you going to?" Paul asked.

"Probably a Bank of America near the president's meeting." Charles said.

Paul nodded with understanding of this remark and then proceeded to exit. Charles knew never to trust anyone so he was planning to go to the Bank of America on the other side of town.

The roar of the plane taking off was muffled by the loud chatter onboard. Charles got to fly on Air Force One with the President and his family to Austin. The jet was being escorted by fighters and there was more security on the plane than he had ever seen. Once the plane had reached a certain altitude he pulled out a book and started reading. Flipping the worn pages he thought to himself how good the book was. The book was one of the works of Plato. He was Charles' favorite writer. He always wanted to go to Athens and see the ground that he might have walked on. The only place he had ever been to that was out of the country was Montreal. His father used to go on business trips all over the world and the only one his son ever got to go on was for two days. Three years after that trip his parents died in a plane crash off the coast of Italy. Charles was nineteen years old at the time. He had just started at Georgetown. That time was the saddest of his life. He had never fully recovered from the loss.

Paul sat down next to him on the brown leather chair in the plane. He opened up a bag of chips and offered some to Charles, but he denied the offer.

Paul asked, "Why are you so quiet?"

"Airplanes remind me of my parents," Charles mumbled. The two were silent for the remainder of the flight.

The plane skidded onto the runway and everyone jolted a little bit. The Service members had to escort the President off the plane first and then Charles, the other non-important Service members, and the President's family got to get off. The President had his meeting tomorrow, so Charles got in a taxi and went to the same hotel as the group. Right as he made it into the room, he fell down on the bed and went to sleep. Airplane flights made Charles very tired. He never had gotten around to figuring out why. The next morning, Charles got up and went to the coffee shop. Paul was also there, and Charles sat down with his breakfast.

"I got to go," said Paul.

Once breakfast was over, he walked over to a Bank of America. The building was tucked into the crowded city block. The one roomed building had an ATM machine, the front desk, and a vault in it. All day he stood behind the counter disguised as an employee. Only at the very end of the day when the meeting was about to be over someone suspicious came in. He was dressed in a black coat and long khaki pants with a blue baseball cap covering his eyes.

"I would like to deposit 2,000 dollars," said the mysterious man. He never looked Charles in the face while he made this remark. When he handed Charles the money he could easily tell it was fake. He hit the man's hat off his head, and he recognized him instantly. He was one of the Secret Service members who was Paul's friend. His name was Jacob. He just joined the force earlier this year, and Charles saw that he was not loyal to it. Jacob sprinted out the door with Charles in hot pursuit. Jumping into a truck the man sped down the street. He was riding in an upgraded truck. Suddenly someone pulled in with a BMW. The car looked fairly fast so Charles told him to get out of the car and he reluctantly agreed. While he skidded away the man yelled to him if he would pay for the damage to his car if there was any.

"Maybe," Charles screamed as the car skidded away.

Dodging cars, the two men raced down the city streets. They saw flashes of light on the sidewalk from people taking pictures with their phones. Screams from civilians filled Charles's

ears, but he just kept driving on. Other drivers could hear the cars loud engines roaring not far away so most of them pulled off to the sides of the road. This made it so that Charles and Jacob had an almost clear road to drive on. Some police had come up behind the two men while they were speeding down the street. The cops shot a few volleys of bullets at the two drivers, but they stopped firing soon after their fifth volley. Charles did not have time to pull over and explain to the cops, so he just kept driving. The police had a road block set up on the other side of the curb and as soon as the crook saw it...Bam! His car did a flip over one of the cop cars and landed on its roof. Jacob crawled out of the car and went limping away. He had a trail of blood and broken glass behind him. The cops would not shoot the man so once Charles made his car come to a stop in front of the road block, he found a rock on the side of the road and threw it at Jacob. It hit him in the back and knocked him down. The cops ran and grabbed him before he got up. They also grabbed Charles until he told the officers about everything that had happened. When he was let go, Charles grabbed Jacob's buzzing iPhone that was laying on the ground. He saw he had just received a text from Paul. He asked if he had cashed the money in yet



Photo by Jim Card

Thank You

Mr . Schaefer

Mr. Kennard

Ms. Garrett

Mr. Robillard

Mr. Thompson

Dr. Proctor

Calliope 2015

Stories, Continued

Chasto Poseshchayemyy

Gabby Peppers

... "Elves, assemble here please!" Sergei's voice boomed. Terrence scrambled off the floor, placed Wilbur back in his pocket, and lined up next to the new blonde girl. She flinched when he tried to smile. "Okay everybody, Christmas is drawing nearer, and we cannot have any setbacks, yes? Everything must run perfectly, right?"

"Right!" All the elves exclaimed in unison.

"Alright! Very good! Now the duty roster for today! Felix, you will be working with Shirley. Garrin, you work with Tomlinson. Nelly and Peter. New girl Beatrice...I'll put you with...Winona. Terrence, you're with me. Work hard, people!" Everyone scattered to find their partner and get to work.

"Come on, Terrence, we will work on the stalls today," Sergei said.

"O-o-okay," Terrence stuttered. Sergei intimidated him a little. He was the tallest elf he'd ever met with a thick Russian accent, and Sergei had told him he'd worked in the mines at Rapsadskaya Koksovaya before he decided to help train reindeer and work with repair crews. He'd arrived only a few days ago, but he already had the respect of everyone in the crew.

"Little elf, you seem sad. Why?" Sergei asked as they walked through the lamp-lit wood corridors towards the entrance to the reindeer barn.

"What?" Terrence was surprised; no one ever talked to him when they didn't have to. "Um, it's nothing."

"It is not nothing. It is something, you try to hide it. But I see. I know what they say about you. I do not believe it is true. You are not evil."

"No one's ever...said that to me before. Thank you."

"Now, tell me what bothers you, little elf."

"It's...well...it's a lot of things. None of the other elves like me. And Maria and Richard are always so mean... And then there's Stanley..."

"Maria? Richard? Stanley? I do not understand."

"They're...well...three voices in my head."

"So you do have the 'rukovoditel' demony'?" Sergei stopped walking and stared hard at Terrence. "What?"

"Rukovoditel' demony. Head demons."

"Oh. Then yeah, I suppose."

"Hmm." Sergei looked Terrence up and down. "I see now. You are...chasto poseshchayemyy, haunted."

"I-I-I guess..."

"I am sorry, little elf," Sergei said sorrowfully, putting his arm around Terrence. "That is a sad thing." Terrence was in shock. He struggled to even comprehend what had just happened. Did someone actually care?

"T-thanks for caring, Sergei. No one has ever asked about me before."

"They should. You don't look all that scary," he said with a slight smirk as the two crossed into the cool, damp barn. Terrence smiled. He had a new friend.

"And he asked me why I was sad and listened! It was so nice of him!" Terrence exclaimed excitedly as he bit into the slice of elk. Philip sat with his feet on the table, covered in a metallic red substance Terrence was almost sure was blood. "And we talked about it while we were working!"

"Oh that's great, love!" Millie said.

"Congrats, lad," Philip said, picking up a piece of bread and devouring it in a single bite. "Thanks, guys!" said Terrence, rising from the table. "I'd better get to bed, I've got another shift with Sergei tomorrow."

"Alright, sleep well, lad," Philip said, climbing the wall up to a small hammock Terrence didn't think had been there when he left that morning. Terrence was almost joyful as went to brush his teeth.

So, dear elf, you seem to have found a friend. I'll have to look into this.

Terrence froze. His blood ran cold. Stanley. The cold, emotionless voice of the murderer had spoken. Someone was going to die. His breath caught in his throat. A memory flashed across his eyes, and he suddenly was immersed into the darkness. Stanley was ready to play.

"Never have I despised you more. You are so weak, pathetic. You are so stricken with fear you can hardly get through your job. It is pathetic!" Stanley screamed at Terrence who was huddled in a corner. The room was dark and familiar. Stanley lived there. Terrence looked up into the face of the man who had terrorised him all his short life. He had such frightening eyes. They were gold with aura of orange around the pupils; he could stare right through Terrence and read his soul with those demon eyes.

"As for you making a new 'friend,' a feat I must mention I thought impossible, I don't believe I can allow it. I cannot let you have an ally. He may try to save you." Stanley let out a mirthless chortle and strode across the room to a file cabinet.

"You can't hurt him!" Terrence squealed. "No! Please!"

"Oh, I'm not going to hurt him, you are," Stanley replied, pulling out a file and sitting at his desk. "Sergei Zaretsky, age 57, cabin P, room 19, worked in some Russian mines... Wait, you made friends with this man?" Terrence nodded. He couldn't speak; he was so scared. He was going to kill Sergei!

"Hmm, very interesting. We're going to have fun with this one, aren't we, Terrence?" Stanley said, walking over and picking Terrence up by his shirt collar. "Aren't we?" Terrence frantically shook his head. He felt powerless. Stanley could kill him if he liked, but he never did.

"Would you prefer that I do it and let you watch? Sergei would know then you are cowardly, and you could never protect your friend. If you do it yourself, I'll help you. We'll make sure he doesn't suffer too much." Stanley dropped Terrence to the floor. "What will it be, weakling?"

"Please..." Terrence managed to say. "Don't...do this."

"And why not?"

"You can't kill people. It's not right."

"And when have things being right in your little mind ever stopped me before?"

"You shouldn't kill people."

"Are you going to stop me? Hell, you can't even resist breaking down when Maria and Richard or an elf at work insults you a little bit or hurts your feelings. Come now, do you actually believe you will be able to fight me? I am more powerful than all of them combined. You cannot even imagine how much damage I could do to anyone at any time when I was in my body. But ever since the day the my and the bodies of my friends were was taken and you were left with no one in that basket, I have been stuck with your worthless flesh. But no matter, it'll still be death for all I wish. Now, let's get to work!" Stanley grabbed Terrence's wrist. The small tattoo which connected them glowed red as Stanley's fingers curled around it.

"No!" Terrence screamed. But it was no use. He couldn't fight back. He was useless. He could never save Sergei. His mind began to spin, and everything started to blur together. The only thing he heard before he blacked out was, "chasto poseschayemyy, haunted."

Illusions of Insanity

Lainey Auwarter

... "Oh, I didn't realize," I replied softly.

"Bad things happen here, constantly." he interrupted, "You're very lucky that nothing happened to you."

There was another long silence until he asked, "Where did you come from anyway? Why are you wearing a hospital gown?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Fine. I'm Oliver. Can I at least know your name?"

"Violet," I replied. "Why did you pick me up? Don't I look strange?"

"I don't judge people. You needed a ride, I decided to give you one." He answered, "So, Violet, where do you want to go?" "I don't know. Anywhere."

"Well, I'm going to New York City. I hear there are buildings that reach the clouds in the sky. I was told there are a lot of jobs in the big city, which sounds wonderful," Oliver continued, "I hate

this tiny town and the people in it. I want a new start." He quickly looked over at me and then turned his head back to the road.

"Why?" I asked, puzzled.

"Well," he said, "My foster parents are abusive. They think I'm a disappointment. They always tell me that I'm wrong, and they hurt me for it. I decided to get away from them, so last night, I ran away. I'm eighteen, and I have my high school diploma. So I can do anything now. I don't need a guardian anymore."

"Thank you for picking me up," I replied, "Can you take me to New York City?" "Of course, if that's what you want," he smiled.

I looked out the window for a long time, as we rode in silence. I watched as buildings and skyscrapers flashed by, everything around me was moving so fast. Should I trust him... Could this be my new start? I thought to myself.

"Hey, you need clothes and you must be cold," he said. "Here for now, I have a sweater you can wear." He reached his hand to the backseat, grabbed a black sweater, and handed it to me. I put it on; it was much too large, but I didn't care. It was warm and that's all that mattered.

"Thanks," I said.

He nodded his head. Time passed quickly, and it was already past lunch time.

"Are you hungry?" Oliver asked. "I know of a place we can stop."

"No. You don't need to feed me," I replied.

"I insist. I'm getting hungry."

A few minutes later, Oliver pulled into a restaurant called Betsy's Diner. At first, I wasn't comfortable going in, but Oliver gave me more clothes to cover up the hospital gown. I looked absolutely ridiculous with a sweater that was much too large and pants that would only fit a giant. As we entered the restaurant, I was overwhelmed by the smell of the food. For a long time, I only ate the slop they served at the hospital. I breathed in heavy as Oliver ordered two hamburgers and two Cokes. I was so hungry; I ate my food as soon as it hit the table. After we were finished eating, we talked for a long time. He told me about his hopes and dreams, and I told him about mine. We laughed as we told stories of growing up, but I never mentioned my "gift." I never mentioned why I was on the street in a hospital gown at 5:00 in the morning, or why I needed a new start, and he never asked. Oliver treated me like I was important, and no one else had ever done that before. Oliver is the first friend I've ever had. For some reason when I was with him, I never saw the spirits or heard the voices. I felt safe.

After a few hours, we started driving again and continued to talk about everything that we have ever wanted to say when no one would listen to us. I felt as if I could tell him anything, even though I have only known him for less than a day.

"Hey, I'm sorry if I was scary when you first got in my car. I just wanted out of that place as soon as possible, but I felt like I couldn't leave you there on the side of the road," he said.

"It's okay. I was just thankful you saw me," I replied.

"Well, it's starting to get late, maybe we can stay in a motel and get some sleep. I'm exhausted," he said as he yawned.

"Yeah, where are we right now anyways?"

"Well, we are in New Jersey right now, so we should be there by tomorrow. I can't wait." I smiled when he said that, and a few minutes later he pulled into Jerry's Motel. Oliver went in and got a room with two beds. We took the stairs up to the second floor and opened the door to our room. He put his things on one of the beds, while I looked around. I noticed the grimy wallpaper was peeling off the walls, revealing the original dirty walls. It seemed as if no one had cleaned this room in a long time. Almost, as if, it was abandoned.

"I just want to know, Violet, how can you trust me this much? I could be dangerous. What if I was a mass murderer or something of that sort?" he asked sarcastically.

I laughed a little and replied, "I trust you. I know it's crazy, but I don't feel like I'm in any danger."

A smile started to form in the corner of his mouth. "So, earlier I told you my story, I told you all of my hopes and dreams. Will you tell me more about you? I can't forget about how you looked when I found you." He stopped for a moment when he noticed that I had stopped smiling, "I can help you. Violet, tell me what's wrong, please?"

I let out a sigh and then started telling him my story. I told him everything. Seeing the spirits, hearing the voices, being miserable through school, and finally losing all hope and being forced into an insane asylum. I started to cry when I told him about the asylum and how I had no help. I couldn't control the tears any longer. They started to flow out of me like a river. Oliver put his arms around me, and I leaned into him. I sobbed for a long time.

He whispered softly into my ear, "It's okay now. I won't let anyone ever treat you like that anymore. You can stay with me if you want to."

I cried harder now, as he said, "I'm so sorry."

Eventually, I calmed down. Oliver let me go and went to sleep in his bed. I stayed awake throughout the whole night. The night seemed to pass quickly. Before I knew it, it was 7:00 a.m. Then Oliver woke up, turned to me and asked, "Did you get any sleep?"

"No."

"I'm sorry, it's my fault for asking so many questions." he looked at the clock, "Let's get going. I don't mean to bring this up again, but we need to get far away from the asylum. They might be looking for you," he said.

Oliver was right; I hadn't thought about that. I nodded, and he immediately packed up his things and we were out the door. We got into his black Cadillac and drove off. We didn't talk for about an hour; the silence fell upon us again. For some reason, this day felt dark and gloomy; something was wrong.

The time passed slowly, for some strange reason, and I got more worried. Oliver once again broke the silence, "I need gas, I hope it's okay with you that we stop," he smiled again.

"That's fine," I sighed.

A few minutes later he pulled into a gas station. He stopped the car and looked over at me. He stared into my eyes and said, "You seem uneasy. Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine," I replied in a shaky tone.

"Do you sense something happening?" he asked, in a worried tone. "No," I said, "It's just that... Well, something feels wrong in the air."

"Don't worry; you're safe now," He said, still staring into my eyes. He kissed me on the cheek and got out of the car. I blushed when he left, and I turned to look out the window when I saw a police car pulling up.

My heart started to beat faster and faster. The car stopped and an officer got out and started walking towards the car. Oliver ran over in front of him to stop him, and I watched as they argued. Oliver punched the officer. They started fighting; then another officer got out of the car and tried to stop them. They wouldn't stop. I started shaking uncontrollably. I feared that they would hurt Oliver and take me back to St. Dymphna's. Then, I saw the officer fighting with Oliver; he pulled out his gun and shot Oliver in the chest.

I screamed, as I heard the shot echo in my head. Tears streamed down my face, as I got out of the car and ran to him screaming, "OLIVER!! NO!!!"

I leaned over his lifeless body. My tears were dripping on his coat. His eyes lost their warm color, and his skin was turning pale. He would never again look into my eyes. I would never feel his arms around me, comforting me. We were never going to New York City to fulfill our dreams.

"Bring him back to me..." I whispered.

Suddenly, the officers grabbed my arm and dragged me towards the car. I screamed again reaching out towards him; then suddenly my eyes opened.

I sat up. I was still in the hospital.

I never left.

I realized that it was all an illusion from the new medication. I never escaped.