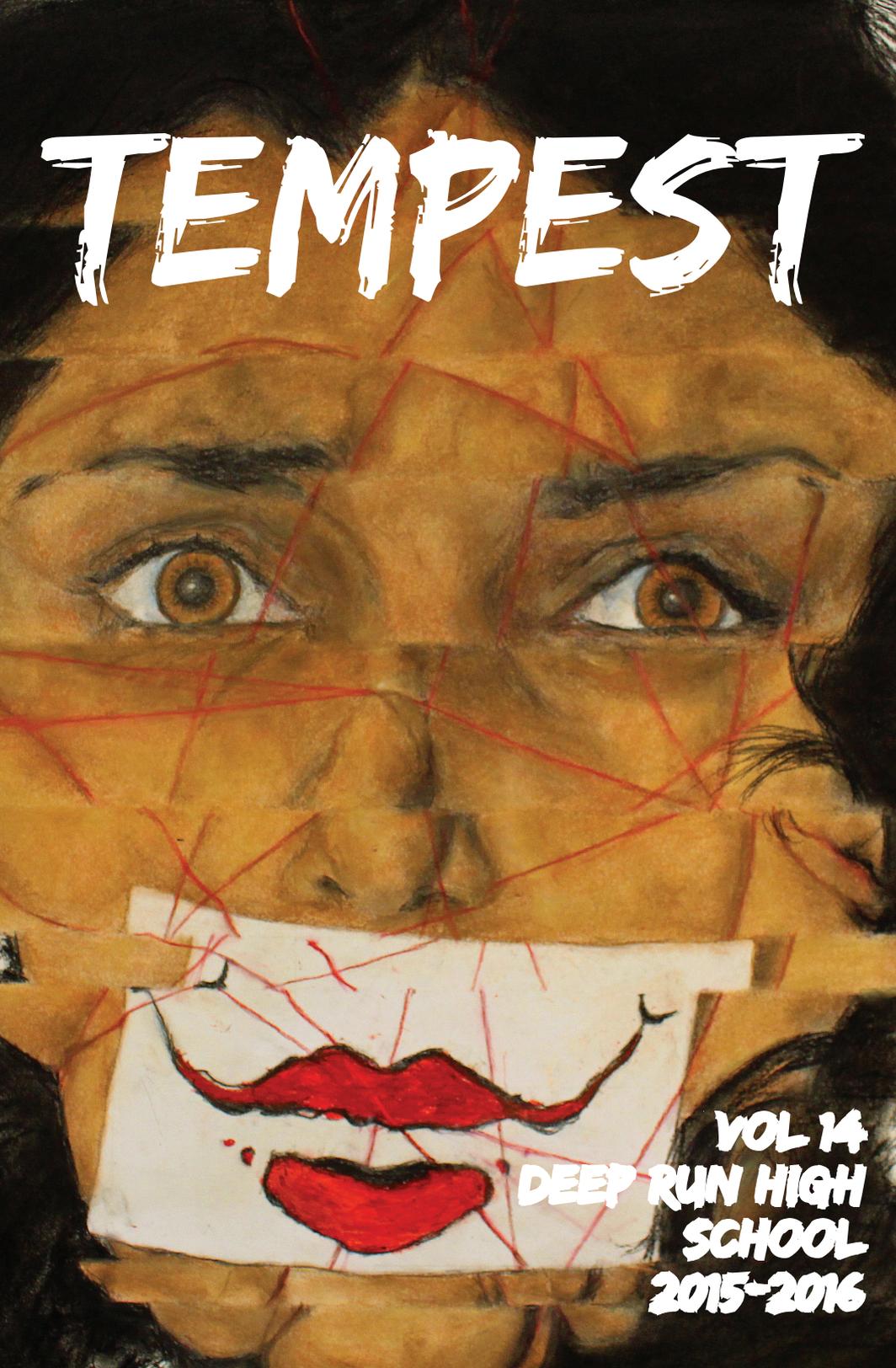


TEMPEST

A collage-style portrait of a person's face, likely a woman, with a wide-eyed, intense expression. The face is constructed from various shades of brown and tan paper or fabric, giving it a textured, layered appearance. A network of thin, red string or thread is crisscrossed over the entire face, creating a web-like pattern. The mouth is obscured by a white rectangular piece of paper. On this paper, a bright red smile is drawn with thick, expressive lines, contrasting sharply with the white background. The overall aesthetic is gritty and artistic, suggesting themes of tension or conflict.

VOL 14
DEEP RUN HIGH
SCHOOL
2015-2016

The Deep Run High School 2015-2016 Literary Magazine was produced by the Literary Magazine club at Deep Run High School in Glen Allen, Virginia, and printed by {insert printing service}. The group was sponsored by Emma Alcazar. Staff members include Editor-in-Chief Biz Rasich and Associate Editor Hadley DePue. The cover was designed by Sindhu Potlapalli. The 32 pages were printed on white lynx paper, using 4 color processing ink. All body text was in 12 pt. font, captions were in 12 pt. font, titles were in 14 pt. font, and all authors' names were in an 11 pt font. 1000 copies were printed and distributed to the students of Deep Run High School.

The staff members of Deep Run Literary Magazine do not disqualify entries on basis of race, gender, or age. The authors and artists, however, must be students at Deep Run High School at the time of the magazine's publication. After this first barrier is passed, the entries are then selected by quality of submission and/or relevance to theme of magazine.

TEMPEST

VOLUME 14

DEEP RUN HIGH SCHOOL

2015-2016

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A TRAVELER'S TALE

Brooke Biastock

Shadows color the nights so cold;
Betrayal shall make those wounded ever so bold.
Whispers in the wind carry stories untold.
How do lost souls find their way home?

Patchy roads trodden with withered bones.
Mountains ringing with echoes and groans,
Yet silence creeps in on those tones.
How do lost souls find their way home?

Storms ensnare wandering prey.
Sweep them up into a twisted knot of decay;
Left to drift aimlessly until their dying day.
How long will lost souls be forced to roam?



Art Credit: Brendan Fisher



THE BOY

Jessica Chambers

You ask once again
What I would like
And once again I must lie
Because all I want
Is the boy whom I never
Was able to get a grasp on
Who pushed me away
Even in my darkest mind
Because of the warnings
Of helpful hints
And yet you never listened
Now you, too
Are broken
Beyond repair and hopeless
So I must now
Claim these gifts which
Haphazardly try to fill
The hole that you left in my soul
So just know that
I will always think of you
Even if you forget about me

Art Credit: Peyton Barnes



Art Credit: Richard Liu

CHANGE

September 1, 2014

Emily Kontos

I am terrified of what tomorrow will bring
and petrified by the unraveled seams of yesterday.
Change is an enemy
that I want to embrace one day,
chest and palms spread apart,
and heart cut open.

Until that day,
I will watch the moon and stars slide by,
their fingers sending ripples across the upper atmosphere,
their rays cascading against the fading days
as leaves change and fall,
their hues an array of vivid flame.

Their echoes will be heard against the
rubber soles of my running shoes
on cooling asphalt and
the branches will reach for the cotton-padded sky,
while the world fades from green and blue to
orangey-browns and muddled yellows.

As fall settles in,
I will learn to embrace change
as it walks on dirt-trails and
echoes in the crunch of frost-laden fields.

I will learn to envelop it with
chest and palms spread apart,
and heart cut open.



Art Credit: Ellie Canning

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

Sarah Hunderup

September of 2014. My third year on the color guard. My first year as the captain. My past two years were filled with easy victory at every competition with veterans who knew exactly what they were doing.

This year was different. We couldn't afford our choreographer from the past years. The team went from nine members to five, three of whom had never even touched a flag before. The first coach we hired never showed, the second one had to quit for personal reasons. The only help we had was an alumna who wasn't there half of the time.

It was our first competition of the season. Not even a third of the show had choreography. The five of us simply marched around the field holding the equipment without spinning it. I was so embarrassed, having the entire stands watching us as we just stood there. At the awards ceremony, as I stood up front with the drum major and other band captains, I had to listen to another guard receive first place, an award that I had become accustomed to getting. We walked off the field empty handed and a score sheet showing our guard as last place with a score of barely 50 out of 100.

The next competition wasn't much better. Last place again, even with all of the work we had added during practices that week.

Over the season, our guard grew stronger but unfortunately so did the other guards. The team was discouraged. We put hours into learning the show and got little reward. Every competition was a reminder of the disappointment as we continued to receive last place; but we didn't give up.

Rather than comparing ourselves to others, I encouraged the team to focus on our improving score in each competition. Most importantly, we didn't stop practicing: repping the work, reviewing the counts, practicing the tosses. Each day we got a little bit better as we worked to restore our depleted spirits. And thankfully we did.

At the last competition of the season, as I stood in front of the bright stadium lights in the biting cold wind, the moment we had all been waiting for had come: “First Place Auxiliary- Deep Run High School.” I stood in shock for a moment, brought out of it only when the drum major nudged my shoulder to go with him to accept the award. A smile plastered on my face, we marched up together to receive the trophy that we had strived for the entire season. It was a moment that I will remember for the rest of my life.

I now realize that life’s disappointments present opportunities and that I have the choice to decide what to do next. If I choose to accept defeat, I will never know my potential. If I choose to accept the challenge, I can overcome adversity and achieve great things.

I will never forget all of the hard work my team and I put into the show. The season was filled with more disappointment and frustration than the other two years combined but in the end, it was a better season because that one win was more special than any of the previous wins. That win showed me anything is possible with hard work and dedication. It showed me the benefits of never giving up.



Art Credit: Brian Cummings

STRIKE OUT

Camryn Belcher

Bottom of the eight
I walked up to the plate
All eyes were on me
Because I was the key
To seal my team's fate

The first two went by
The last one flew high
The umpire called out
The other team began to shout
And my team let out a sigh

My anger began to rise
And I couldn't hold back my cries
My rage began to swarm
Inside I was building a storm
They all said "At least you tried."





LINOLEUM

Hadley DePue

If I drop a glass, it shatters. What was once a single object is now a collection of shards, glittering maliciously on the floor.

What if I were to drop, to plummet to the linoleum? Would I find slivers of myself all over the kitchen? What if I don't even shatter; perhaps I break slowly. I lose myself piece by piece, picked off by time and love and hate and life.

As long as you replace what you take, feel free to pick up a shard. After all, I am only the sum of my parts.

Art Credit: Sarah Casey

LIGHT AND DARK

Clare Carter

1 night

2 birds were flying, flapping their feathery wings up in soaring twirls.

It was around

3 am, and the stars were illuminated in the dark, cloudy sky,

the bright, cratered moon in the

4 ground. Clouds crossed over the moon in puffy strands, which,

curiously, only made it shine brighter. And there were

5 humans, drunk on alcohol but on life too, as they danced and spun

down

6th street, a street made of houses encasing an inky road.

And as they pivoted their feet and flung their arms out and made

noises similar to yells

7 more birds rocketed off tree branches at the humans' disturbance

and flapped into the air, cawing.

Another stayed as he

8 the treasure trove of berries he had found in one of the bunches of

leaves and branches.

He didn't want to abandon them for anything, not other screech-

ing creatures or a moon so light and silver that even black clouds

couldn't trap its beauty.

The humans' noise escalated until

9 neighbors turned on their lights in a rapid, angry flick,

the noise almost as loud as the rest as

10 seconds passed and more clouds skirted across the horizon, finally

succeeding in covering the moon, and the humans and the birds

became one and

they all escaped into the silent darkness of the night.

PERSPECTIVE

Biz Rasich

If it turns out that life is a ruse and I've been a character in some elaborate, seventeen-season TV sitcom, I can't say I'd be surprised. My life is filled with absurdity and humor everywhere I look. Oftentimes it feels more like an amazingly complex arrangement of people and plot devices than reality. Take, for example, my job at the dry cleaners. On any given day, the seamstress Mrs. Yi is eating enormous quantities of cheesecake in the back room or squirreling away family size bags of Fritos in her baskets of fabric scraps. My boss Mrs. Soo is humming Christmas carols as she sorts buttons. The other cashier, Karina, is an immigrant from El Salvador who teaches me Spanish, asks me for boyfriend advice, and shows me how to salsa dance to the 80s music that emerges from a little radio that leans weakly against the store window.

My family is equally ridiculous. We spent several successive family dinners around a candlelit table coming up with an alternative definition for talking (Real Time Low Latency Close Proximity Audio Visual Analog Communication was the result). Trips to Lowes turn into discourses on the formalities and protocol of patent law. My father's love for Napoleon Bonaparte meant Boney was as familiar to me in my youth as Elmo; his little pinched face is everywhere in our house: on pillows, marble busts, even crossing the Alps in a print of Jacques-Louis David's famous painting that hangs in my bedroom.

I also have to laugh at the fact that I spend every other Monday devoting two hours to learning dances from the 1600s. When I go to my Renaissance dance leader's house for practices, I end up sitting around her kitchen table with the rest of the group afterwards - the youngest by twenty-five years - and eating fruitcake while listening to them compare travel itineraries from trips to Italy and tell stories about their grandchildren. The group is diverse; for example, there's Mark, who updates me every practice about how his battle with his printer is progressing, and Peter, who is still in love with a beautiful zydeco dancer he met thirty years ago. I'm also the only high schooler I know who gets lute music stuck in her head on the regular.



Art Credit: Sabrina Porrata



Art Credit: Amanda O'Connell

KNJ

Dorcas Lin

Guileless as can be,
I overheard your raging murmurs
against the fickle sea,
“Ideas do not die.”

Now tattered and torn,
I indulge not on tasteless, meager rations
rather the deceitful calm
in your ruthless eye.

Not a phlegmatic soul in sight,
I start to wonder whether
you
are perhaps the reason why
storms are named after people.



Art Credit: Caley English



UNTITLED

Kathryn Williams

With every breath in,
you are alive.
Feel the life you breathe in.
Let it consume you.
Notice your lungs expanding,
growing,
filling with life.
Let the truth of life take you
under its arm.
You are an oddity,
this life you have is rare.
It's a one in a million chance,
but here you are,
alive and breathing.
Take every breath,
make the most of it.
Live,
and be alive.

Art Credit: Eliza Seliquini

PERSONAL STATEMENT

Emilie Saksvig

It was 6:00 AM when “Soak Up the Sun” by Sheryl Crow came blasting through my speakers to wake me up. It was times like these when I wished that I could be like every other teenager and pull the covers over my head and sleep for another five hours, but I couldn’t- I had to get to work.

I knew that I needed a summer job, whether it was working for the local fast-food joint or lifeguarding at the neighborhood pool to make some extra money and start saving for college. However, I never expected to be working alongside people my parents age doing the same thing they do at a nine-to-five (or in my case, eight-to-four-thirty) job.

Henrico County posts job opportunities on their website annually. Ironically, I decided to look and discovered that they were searching for a high school intern interested in environmental engineering. I read this post and got excited, because environmental engineering was my desired career path. I filled out, submitted the application, and was notified three days later that I was one of the few selected for an interview. A nervous-excited feeling came over me, but the emotion did not truly hit until the day before: I realized that I had no idea what to wear, say, or what questions to ask. On the day of the interview, it seemed as though my worst nightmare came true: I was led into a small room with no windows and six professional engineers sitting around a big mahogany table with my resume lying flat in front of each of them. For an hour and fifteen minutes, I answered every question to the best of my ability and eventually left the interview with a firm handshake and a smile. For the rest of the day I stopped thinking about the event altogether because I figured what’s done is done and I cannot change the outcome. That night around seven, while I was walking down the ice cream aisle at Food Lion searching for a well-deserved treat after a long day, I received a call from Henrico County’s Human Resources Officer- I got the job.

I started that Monday with briefcase in hand, dressed in business casual. I felt and looked like an adult. As I used my government-issued ID to open the door to my new workplace, all I got were deep stares. None of the trash-truck drivers, pump station operators, and even engineers were used to seeing a seventeen-year-old smiley blonde girl walk the halls of the Public Utilities building carrying an iced coffee and bright pink bag. The Solid Waste Division, where I was working, is located at the end of the hallway adjacent to the exit doors so the smell of trash doesn't spread to the entire building. I finally met my boss, and after some small talk consisting of "welcome to the county" and "make sure you put your name on your lunch!" she handed me a box of invoices to file and enter into a database: I was in the real world now.

I spent the summer doing tasks most early college students would not think of doing. I updated Safety Data Sheets, interpreted technical engineering drawings, provided Microsoft Excel training to coworkers, developed Macros for data manipulation, and more. The workers that initially greeted me with stares now call me Miss Emilie and found genuine respect for me and I them, for I understand what it is like to work their hard labor jobs and the struggles that they carry on a day-to-day basis. I am now not afraid to speak in public, present projects, ask questions, and work in teams. My internship changed my view on the world and my relationship with people from all different walks of life. I am now a more well-rounded person and have transitioned into a young adult, and left my childish tendencies behind.



Art Credit: Isabel Levengood

HER OCHRE NAME

Asad Ali

I see them in some ochre nuance of a broader existence;

Their eyes are wide, and my own insolvency falls from their vision as
I reach for their hand.

Hang fire; now dip into some well of anguish
 formerly unrecovered

Such is this wait;

If we could dream for a moment longer...

Such are these nights;

A hybridity – a pall –
 draped over some breathless data

We see it, and we know:

gone are days of ecclesiastical remnants

She is dormant, sedentary in the midst of your reign.

Oblivion is returning and

the toxin has drawn its veil.

We are suspended; we have long been effervescent.

These urban dreams and
Light refracting –

They attend my sleep

Listen to the metronomic trains

Mechanical lust of concrete and iron locomotives

They speak their ochre name

and I listen, apathy-compensated.

Some silk of normalcy – morphing from my melancholy impatience
Why don't we study the memetics of regret?

Now rosaries burn to their ochre fame
Lanterns caress the irrelevancy of their dusk
Nightfall has never been so omniscient; it is riddled in her tresses.

Desires once spoke, lest I despair.
Now despair rejoices in their vicinity, chanting her ochre name.



Art Credit: Molly Owens

THUS DO WE REACH THE STARS

Maggie Liu

He sighs, setting down the heavy sheaf of papers in his hand to look at me.

“Our story was not exceptional,” he begins immediately, knowing what I have come for. “It was far too ordinary. Many, many lives like ours play out like this every day.”

He leans back in his chair, letting the late sunshine wash over him. As the light hits his face, I can still see the old charm in every laugh line, every curve. I see, despite the gray in his once-black hair, the dashing young man that she fell for.

“We thought that it would work out, you know,” he remarks casually. “We wanted to build a life outside society. It wouldn’t have mattered to anyone else, and we thought we could do it.

“She chose a plot deep in the woods, and we built a house.”

He pauses, eyes far away, glazed over in memories.

“On good days,” he says quietly. “I would see her sitting on the light maple floor, bathing in warm sunshine, listening to soft piano music.

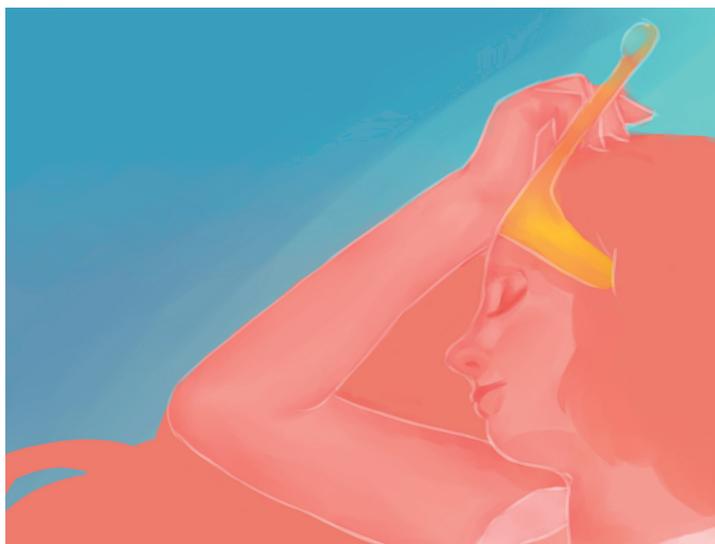
“She adored Yiruma, and River Flows in You constantly played in our humble abode. I, myself, I preferred Kiss the Rain.”

“You’re playing Maybe right now,” I point out. He looks at me, eyes revealing a deep pain, at a complete loss for words.

Finally, he nods. “Of course. It reminds me... it reminds me of the times we could have had, of what might have been.”

There is nothing to be said about that, and I fall silent.

After a while, he clears his throat.



“On bad days, it would be raining, and she would be lying on the couch in front our merrily crackling fire, reveling in one of the classics.”

“Jane Austen,” I supply. “She loved Jane Austen.”

“*Emma*,” he agrees, glancing briefly at his bookcase, where a well-worn copy stands.

“There would be no music when I came home,” he remembers. “She would be sleeping under a thick blanket, oblivious to all the tempest outside.

“And when she painted, whether on bad days or not, no one dared disturb her. It was like she became a complete different person, someone demanding, someone angry, someone...”

“She loved the spring,” I cut in. “She loved the feeling of nostalgia that the breeze evoked in her heart. She loved the emerald green leaves and the clear blue sky and the twitter of songbirds.”

“She loved the summer,” he picks up, quietly. “She loved the blistering heat blowing through the leaves. She loved the full-blown flowers and the patterns of sunlight on the forest floor.”

“She loved the autumn,” I continue. “She loved the crimson leaves and the crisp wind that dyed them. She loved the wispy clouds that drifted in and the crunching of frost on the golden grass.”

“She hated the winter,” he says softly. “Hated its sparse white, hated its cold cruelty and its absolute control. She hated the snow that would cover all her beautiful nature, hated the ice that entrapped everything within their homes.”

“She hated the winter that could kill,” I say.

Tears run freely down his face, and he lifts his arm to cover his eyes.

“How ironic, then,” I continue softly, “that it killed her.”

He lowers his arm to look at me, and his expression is pure rage, blazing in his eyes.

“How dare you talk about her like that?” he spits, standing up, pointing an accusing finger at me. “Did it not leave a scar upon your heart? Did it not carve a hollow in your soul? Are you not, above all, my child?”

I stay silent, and he only sighs shakily, slowly sinking back into his chair.

“Your mother,” he says, voice trembling, “was my light. You, my child, you must remember her for me.

“She is still my life and soul, and I will be joining her soon. When I go, you will be the only one who still remembers. Do not let her legacy disappear. Tell your children, and theirs, and theirs. Tell them to tell their children, and theirs, but always remember her.”

I lower my head and rise, pulling open the door. In the doorway, I pause to collect my thoughts.

“And thus,” he murmurs behind me. “Do we reach the stars.”

WE
BELIEVE
IN
ANGELS.



CHAOS THEORY

Sam Taylor

tick tock
goes the clock
at the first light of day

tick tock
alarm clock
setting off as it may
10,20,30,40,50,60
watch as time fades

living life
filled with strife
and much to our dismay
there are so many voices
surrounding the choices we make

wrong step,
wrong turn,
all responded by lessons learned
while climbing our decision tree

work or play,
climbing away,
in hopes of being big one day

higher and higher
up the spire
reaching for the next branch

until you reach
and hear a creak
only to lose your feet
to the bottom of the tree

tick tock
clock stops
were you where you were meant to be?

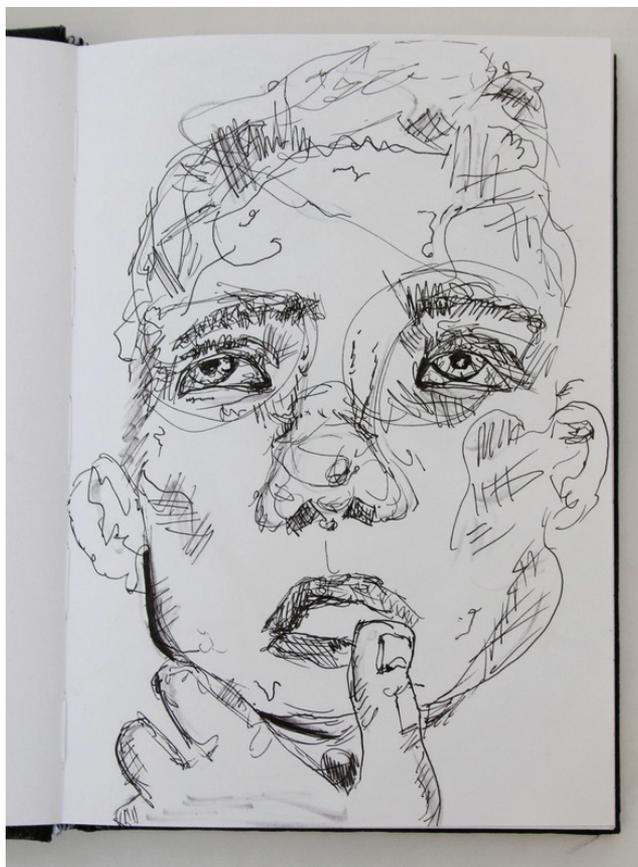
HE COMES IN

Mary Leigh Biastock

He comes in
I see his gloomy eyes
Where is his grin?
Why does he cry?
I cannot be in his skin
I ask him why
He does not let me in.



Art Credit: Ellie Canning



Art Credit: Meaghan Gallagher

THE BRIGHTEST NIGHT

Jesse Reynolds

It was a balmy midnight unlike most of the others in the September of 2015. Three boys, or men, in-betweens in truth, laid in a triangle in the middle of the street, face up, hands behind their heads, shields against jagged gravel. Pizza rolls, soda, and flashlights lay amidst the quiescent three, similarly silent. Above them, the sky glistened in still anticipation.

“Maybe we’re too early,” pondered one, his identity irrelevant, the common thought present in each mind. They were in wait of a large meteor shower, heralded by meteorologists and internet article harbingers. Upon their arrival half an hour earlier, they had been chatting eagerly, flinging pizza rolls into their mouths, basking in fresh friendship while their music blared against sleeping homes. But their bustle waned into stillness and quiet when the first streak shouted through the ink sky. It was a false signal, it seemed; no other mark appeared for an eternity. Then, without warning, the atmosphere exploded into life.

White strokes were painted onto the gloom one after another, layers arcing across the infinite horizon. The unseen artist danced across the black canvas in a frenzy with a brush as wide as the sky—the white streaks were tears in reality, and if one but looked he could see into heaven itself!...

And then it was gone.

The three waited for a reprise, and, seeing none, began to reluctantly collect their things, unsure why their hearts seemed to scream. Each tried to discover the reason of their uncertainty. Was it the beauty of the event? The suddenness? Only in time would they understand what their three souls could not communicate: youth, like the splendor of the meteors, is short-lived. They had each forgotten the deep desire of their childhoods, to have best friends, to fulfill their idea of what high school would be, to be reckless, wild, unyielding, happy. Each had unwittingly attained these goals, each had experienced

moments of immaculacy that were intangibly fleeting, unknowably priceless. But they never knew it. Instead, they were even then looking forward to college, to a job, to dinner parties where they would reminisce of friends long passed without for one moment looking truly into the present, at the boys who need not be immortalized in memory since they are there, physical, longing, loving.

I was there on the gravel, one of the three, yet I was not there. When I realized my folly, I resolved to renounce my discontentedness with the present. No more would I be blind to what was happening before my eyes, deaf to my heart and its joy in friendship, unfeeling of the treasure that is youth and life. While I still have breath I will see deep and smile at the present, for that is, after all, where I reside always.



