Pegasus
Pegasus, the winged horse of Greek mythology, was born from the blood of Medusa's severed head after the hero Perseus slew her. Legend has it that it was Pegasus' stamping on Mt. Olympus that caused the springs of water to form that eventually birthed the Muses. Thus, Pegasus has gone down in history as a symbol of creative genius.
It has been a privilege to be a part of Pegasus this year and to read the many submissions from talented writers.

I find that words are a gift. We can cleverly and carefully weave them together to make a work of art. We have the ability to make a person think intellectually and perceive unique thoughts and ideas. We have the ability to stir many emotions in the reader. Sometimes our words are abstract or simple. I want to thank all the authors who took the time to share their words with us.

Each author in the following pages should take pride in their work and continue to craft their words to the best of their ability. It is a gift of hard work and dedication, one that should be cared for and shared with others who appreciate the time and care that goes into it.

Every year our students have the opportunity to submit poetry, short stories and art. If Pegasus inspires you to write, I encourage you to work at the craft and share it with us. Writers, keep on writing with passion. You are empowered to make a difference in someone's life through the gift of words.

Tammy Pfaff
Editor
Pegasus 2014
if there was no poetry then what
would become of my fledgling
thoughts unbaked as they are
raw

this mish-mash of words
words
words I've barely stirred

i have made them presentable
readied them to be penned they all
wait proudly showing their finest
how versatile they can be wanting
to be chosen

metaphors so clever phrases
perfectly turned runes waiting for
attribution clichés anticipating
new life

would my gift for schtick never get
the chance to evoke the laughs I so
crave oh! what a terrible curse to
have my pen stilled

where would I put the clatter in
my head if not into poetry each
precious word a chick nudged
from its nest all my babies: some
fly, some fall flat
splat!

i am mother to these fledglings
watchful, hopeful, shaping them
helping them fulfill their potential
and when they take flight avoiding
the fate of Icarus they save me for
a moment they save me
from the madness
of
the world

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You hover in your scarlet fire
Flitter in the light
Shining through your silken skin
An iridescent white

In the silence of your dream
Four walls incite your woe
A moment and the matter gone
To trenches down below

A gentle wave rolling now
Finds you far away
’neath the ridges of a cave
Playing as fish play

Tiny bubbles rise and splash!
Your body slivers slow
Gills filling with the blood
Of waters ebb and flow

In the stillness of the cell
Your spirit seeks to find
Solace for your restless heart
A breaking of the bind

Circling an aquarium
The secret of your soul
Trembles with a quiet depth
Divides to make it whole

And so you swim, eat and sleep
Intent to find your way
Out into a lovely stream
Free and far away.
I am quite possibly the most stubborn person I know. When I make a decision, there is no going back, no changing my mind, no hesitation; there is only my goal. It is how I came to read Anne of Green Gables in kindergarten; it is how I changed my name from Émilie to Nathanaëlle at the ripe age of eight, and it is how I went sailing for a year instead of attending the eighth grade. This is the story of my nautical struggles and my transformation from landlubber to apt sailor.

I wish my journey had an epic beginning, but the truth is it started at the public library with a book. I was not looking for adventure; I was merely looking for something to read on the bus. I did not realize that the wonderful story written in the pages of Carnets de Bord (which loosely translates to “Logbooks”) was going to drastically change my life. This tale about a group of teenagers embarking on a trans-Atlantic sailing journey is not just any tale. It is a true tale with real excerpts from the teenagers’ journals.

I laughed out loud when Mathias peed on his own foot to relieve the burn from a jellyfish, I smiled when Céline cooked a meal from a conch she had caught and I cried tears of joy when they all swam with humpback whales. I was fascinated.

My thirteen year old adventurer’s heart wanted to live all those wonderful moments about which I read. With a little research and the help of my parents, I found what I was looking for. The stories from “Logbooks” came from a French non-profit organization that selected teenagers every year to sail around the world. Less than a year later, I was looking for something to read on the bus. I did not realize that the wonderful story written in the pages of Carnets de Bord was going to drastically change my life.

This is the story of my nautical struggles and my transformation from landlubber to apt sailor.

My expedition crew, during years 2000-2001, consisted of fourteen teenagers (nine girls and five boys) and four adults (two captains and two first mates), divided evenly among two forty foot sailing ships: Salam and Écolo. We left Marseilles in September, 2000. I remember it well, because the entire year prior to casting off the dock, I had been dreaming about this specific moment and willing it to come true. I had written letters, done interviews, and participated in a rigorous selection program, so that I could have the same experience as the teenagers in “Logbooks.”

The moment I had been working so hard toward was here, and as we cast off the lines and left the marina behind us, my stomach sank. My euphoria was gone, and all that was left was fear. I had spent so much time planning the departure and none at all thinking or preparing for the journey itself. I was leaving home for a year. I was traveling to exotic distant lands with people I did not even know. I was parting with my parents, my friends, my cat, my bed and my pillow. I wanted to jump in the cold water and swim back.

All the while, I could hear the echoes of my friends’ voices: “Wow, Nael! You’re so lucky! You’re going on a cruise for a year instead of school!” If I had a nickel for every time someone said that to me, I could have bought a canoe to take me back to shore. As Marseilles grew smaller and smaller on the horizon, those words I had been told so many times annoyed me to no end. First, it was not luck. I had worked my butt off for this. Second, this was not a cruise. I was barely an hour into the voyage, and I had already been yelled at half a dozen times.

“This is NOT how you make a bowline knot! This is NOT how you store casting lines! This is NOT how to properly hoist a sail! Why in the world would you vomit upwind?” And it went on and on. Of course, as days and then weeks went by, I adapted. Life on the ocean was completely different from life on land. I had to relearn even the most mundane tasks, like using the bathroom, which was conveniently located on the skirt of the ship right behind the helm, in the ocean. After ensuring I was strapped in properly with safety ropes, I would do my business, in view of everyone in the cockpit. Day or night, there was no privacy. We all had chores. Every one of us had to helm the ship an hour and a half during the day and three hours during our night shifts.

Every day a different crew member was responsible for cooking breakfast, lunch and dinner for the other nine people, washing all the dishes and cleaning the galley. The work was hard, dirty and unrewarding. This journey was nothing like what I had dreamed. I told myself daily that I wanted to be home eating strawberry pie instead of fruitlessly scrubbing rust off the deck.

But the more I learned, the less I got reprimanded. It was ironic because at home, I had been responsible for nothing; yet at sea, I was responsible for everything. However, no matter how hard I tried, my efforts were never good enough for the Captain.

One night in late October, I was reminded for the first time why I had left everything behind for this journey. I was working the night shift, which meant helming the ship, adjusting the sails, being alert for potential dangers and recording our position on the map. My watch was from midnight to three in the morning with fellow crewmate Anthony, who we affectionately nicknamed “The Mummy of Night Watches,” for his lack of liveliness in the middle of the night. I was at the helm, and he was sitting in the cockpit, dozing off. Conversation usually made night watches go by quickly, but I was grateful for the silence.

In the middle of the ocean, hundreds of miles away from any city, the night sky is clearer than anywhere else on Earth. I looked up at the stars and gazed at the Milky Way; millions of stars scattered like dust above me. I experienced the immensity of the universe, and it made me feel smaller than the tiniest speck. My philosophical awakening, however, was not what made this specific night unforgettable.

The event that finally gave me a moment like the ones I had read about in “Logbooks,” first started with the noise. Although it was hard to distinguish at first, this noise was different from the incessant waves on the hull, the cracking of joints and the song of the wind in the shrouds. It was a high pitched sound that clicked, tapped, danced and laughed at the same time. Anthony snored once, his head bobbed forward, he sleepy rubbed his eyes and looked in my direction, puzzled. “Dolphins!” I exclaimed.

I tried to maintain my 190 degree heading, but Anthony’s clumsy attempts to spot the dolphins in the dark distracted me. He stood up and craned his neck portside. A wave crashed on the bow, and he fell down knocking his glasses to the bottom of the cockpit. The dolphins were now so close that we could hear their breathing every time they came up to the surface. When I finally spotted them, it was the most beautiful scene I had ever witnessed.

There is a phenomenon called bioluminescence that can happen at night on the ocean when the phytoplankton is in high enough concentration. It was the first time I had ever seen it. The water looked as though Tinkerbelle had spread pixie dust over its surface. Every time the bow dipped down in a wave, the water glowed brightly. I could not see the dolphins, but I could see their waves leaving arrows of light in the night.

“Are you seeing this?” I yelled. “This is incredible!” “Where?” Anthony said, frantically spinning around, then pausing to judge in which direction I was looking. Suddenly, he saw. “Holy shit! Yes!”

EPIPHANY ON THE HIGH SEAS

NATHANAËLLE DUBREUIL
We went back and forth yelling our amazement at each other. Then the Captain rushed out of the cabin, obviously just wakened by our cries. “What’s going on, what’s the problem?” he asked in a worried voice. “Look, dolphins!” I said, oblivious to his displeasure with the situation. He took a quick look behind me to the compass and shook his head. “You are holding a heading of 210 degrees, not 190. We are going to Senegal, not Argentina. Pay attention for heaven’s sake!” he bellowed. I bit my lip to hold back my tears. The Captain’s words crushed my chest, making it hard to breathe. I was furious, ashamed, and sad— all at the same time. Yet, a part of me was still in awe, held in a childlike wonder as I kept hearing the dolphins’ breaths and clicks. Anthony must have felt bad for me, because he volunteered to hold the helm while I took a closer look at the dolphins. The Captain yelled at him, too.

I started crying. It wasn’t fair. This was the first moment of pure joy I had felt since our departure. It was the first moment that made getting yelled at, eating rice and zucchini, washing my hair in salt water and burning my hands on rope every single day, worth it. It was the kind of moment I had read about in “Logbooks,” and it was ruined.

The Captain calmed down, and his face softened. He nudged me away from the helm, allowing Anthony and I to wander to the bow to watch the rare show Mother Nature had provided.

I think that night the Captain realized that sometimes, when dolphins glow in the dark, children get to be children.

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Your tongue is a spine fish in a green sea
You stroke my river in the darkness underground.
Through the Jasmine, Hawk moths wander
To find the Rain Lily’s white petals
Your hands are minnows in a green sea
You stroke my river in the darkness below
The Rain Lily spreads over the nocturne
Reflecting the moon with white petals
Your body, like the Rain Lily, opens at dusk
And suffuses the garden with perfume.

Deborah Zatz
I swear I did not see him coming until it was too late. He was running towards me at full force, and I acted on pure fear alone. I mean, he was huge! I had never seen anything of the likes of him before and it absolutely scared me to death! I yelled at him to stay back, but he did not heed my warning and kept advancing. I was left with no other choice but to defend myself with the one thing I had in my hand—a wooden spoon. I struck only once, instantly killing him. I stood there frozen in fright, staring at the corpse that lay before me. Refusing to move, I waited ready to strike again if he so much as twitched a leg. But he could not move even if he wanted to, for he was indeed deceased.

I gazed at his lifeless body with morbid fascination and began to wonder... did he have a family? What was he even doing, barging into my kitchen? Was the poor soul looking for food to feed his starving children? I will never know for he lies cold and dead.

Musing upon these things, I continued to stare at the corpse, spoon raised and ready to strike at an instant’s notice, when my husband found me. He ambled into the kitchen with sleepy eyes and had paused mid yawn, confusion gracing his handsome features. However a soft laugh escaped his lips when realization dawned on what he had just walked in on. Laying an arm around my shoulders, he whispered softly into my ear, “It’s okay, sweetheart, the spider is dead.”
First step, admit it.  
But admission means guilt,  
and I’m guilty of no such crime.  
Hit bottom? Yeah right.  
If you think this is bad,  
you should have seen me in ’09.  
A drunk? A mess?  
Call me a waste of life.  
Why do you care? I’m only wasting mine.  
Wine, beer, even liquor,  
it doesn’t matter much to me.  
Give me the keys man, I promise I’ll be fine.  
There’s ice, then a tree,  
and the world starts spinning fast.  
Maybe I do need help, maybe now it’s time.

The words feel peculiar coming off;  
The nude lips  
“I miss you”  

echoing somewhere  
like sirens of crisis  
in caves built for confessions.  

Can’t you hear  
my chorus clanging for you,  
candid and aloof in the crags?
Sordid late night clubs that reek of sex and alcohol with vile pimps who sell their women and pushers that push their stuff, drifting slowly through a haze of leather black smoke, forgetting your birth name in a hot shower of endorphins rushing into the marrow of your feeble bones, those week moments of pure sexual bliss and exaggerated sexual encounters with harlots, whose eyes have tragedy sketched on their pupils, those places where one seeks a moment of relief, suspended in an artificial paradise, drowning in a haze of deathly punishment, emerging from the unseen darkened corners, there in scolding utterances of feigned love burning the tips of your toes while igniting the flames of prurient, lustful wishes dangling in front of your wild eyes, echoing in caverns of madness, cadaverous eyes call your name beckoning you to follow the scent of warm pleasure in a dreamy lapse of reason, ejaculating into crevices, sanguine blood spinning in spirals crashing to the floor in radiant rays, a faint sound penetrating ears, swooning in death-like orgiastic rituals, naked, bowing to the goddess while hands bound in locks and chains-flee, escape- controlled under the tyranny of her powerful gaze, her distant, aloof love for you ebbs and flows, mighty rivers erotizing the tame flow of wishful wants-Dionysian-unrestraint lubricious decadent smiles playing with your inner sanctum, emotions devil-may-care, drowning in the pleasures that you seek.
He said

I was addicted to beauty.  
As if it was some awful thing.  
Not  
the beauty of kohl and lip liner,  
bejeweled fake nails and silicone—  
but the beauty in the architecture of life.  
The way that things are connected, and  
drawn together in a perfect  
pattern—  
a master plan of sacred geometry and  
symbolic significance.  
I saw no problem with such an addiction,  
other than the fact that such  
idealism  
is often pummeled under  
the cruel fists of reality.  
But in my world—  
in my perception of beauty—  
I could account for this; reality became  
an integral part  
of the enchanted design that  
showed me its seams,  
revealing itself to be  
whole,  
by the interconnectedness of all its parts—  
of all things, that is.

Maybe God resides in the super massive black hole,  
center of the universe,  
vacuum Cathedral.  
Infinite void blackened by  
the pains of human souls,  
et al Hozomeen void is really majestic.  
Heaven’s arms spiral eternal,  
descent into the universal wormhole,  
to a nebula of planetary souls.  
Start again transposed,  
ladder to body whole.  
So maybe God  
is the dream catcher for our souls.  
Down the black tunnel we will go,  
inside cerulean and starry light glow.  
Only in heaven can you see the light  
in the black hole.  
When the freefall distorts time,  
it carries you to white light home.
A willow will cry
to weep for all the winters outside.
The earthworm will burrow deep
to avoid the freeze.
The birds will fly,
traversing the sky.

I will try.
Gather my warmth as I walk outside,
as the Earth’s cycle sets to die.
The tipped sun’s rays scatter high.
I feel a hollow in my bones
as winter fills my soul.

Snow …… …… ……
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What does it behold
underneath its pearly coat?
Is it wrapped up in a bow,
or is it frozen to the bone?
I have built a frosty cone
to wear upon my head.
I am the ice queen. Mean.

I should’ve stayed in bed.
To hibernate like the mourning cloak butterfly
’till winter’s end.

I acted like a red fox.
I had no fruit nor insects,
so instead I took a bite out of you.

You are the snowshoe rabbit.
You can hide perfectly in the snow.
But I am behind your footprints wherever you go.
I will rub your foot for good luck and
wish I was a rabbit too
as you give me your love.
I’m sorry I don’t have a turtle dove.
I bathe in flooded memories.
Dry off with frantic thoughts.
Only to dress myself in misery
and cover up my flaws.
I pack away emotions to seal
unwanted cries. Dealing with
the stress of life my spirits are
deprived.
No longer can I disguise my
ill-inspired reflection. I am
who I am controlled by my
own perception.

Piercing beauty, shining bright,
melting with the soft moonlight.
Floating down to aid with sight,
giving light to darkened night.

Climbing, climbing, ever high,
higher, higher, in the sky.
Sky, sky, time’s passing you by,
by, by, my star rises nigh.

Come to me, my little starlight!
Shine on me your beauteous light!
Come, fill me with your precious light!
Shine on me your life-giving light!

Slowly falling, night is done,
you are hidden by the sun.
But once the sun’s on the run,
starlight, then, would have begun.
I am culpable for my ill-mannered conduct. The foul eyes of heaven and of mankind observed with scorn my deeds. Bold eyes widened with reproach, placed shackles around my hands and bound me to self-loathing. Mankind denigrates my beliefs, they view me with contempt. I hear their soft voices planning my death as they pass those darkened corners. Head reeling, heart palpitating. Their silent threats dispelled with inviting smiles. Mankind my enemy? Or myself? The shadows of defeat are lurking. I am culpable for my ill-mannered conduct. I’m doomed. My perdition is finalized by my indifference. My tattered flesh pines for you to satiate my carnal needs in a bath of light. As the wind chimes dolefully under a pale, jaundiced moon, the angles await and bemoan the sickened, diseased epidermis bespattered with vomit and feces, of the raving lunatic of modern man. Those lips of mine have kissed the wizened harlot. Cankerous sores never tasted so sweet. Prostrated before my senses, I gave way to temptation, eternally damned by the cries of the saints. Finding a haven, ensconced in the frigid climate of the north. Memories are strong like the noisome odor of carrion. Prostrated before my senses, I gave way to temptation. When the din of frenetic laughter increased by the sounds of clanging plates and heated pans full of old meat, sizzling, searing, is when consciousness flew away like the birds at sea on a honey-lit sky, melting into serene rays of sleep. I am culpable for my ill-mannered conduct. As the rump of my love is exposed, the city streets allow the knight to traverse with his dauntless horse amid the hourglasses and wild eyes of man. I can’t help but to find myself on a bench inside the city. Gazing at the automatons eating turkey sandwiches and cold waters. After the weather regains a calm, I flow along the streets and like the lubrication I put on my face. I see that all was for naught and her smile is as bright as the pages of a children’s color book. I am culpable for my ill-mannered conduct. Prostrated before my senses, I gave way to temptation.
In the night, in the darkness
That is when it happens
My thoughts turn dark, heavy
Sodden
Tasting like wet soot
Trying to fight off
The familiar melancholy
Forcing ruminations of contentment
Into spaces where
There is no room for them
A psychic neon "No Vacancy"
Glows obscenely
In my restless head
Its "c" burned out
Mocking
All stupid attempts
To change the channel
My mouth forgets
The wide pull of a smile
Teeth weary of the nocturnal clenching
That turns my jawbones into a vice
The dental guard not meant
To prevent
Such crippling anxiety
Jaw slow to forgive this nightly angst
I manage to unlock it
We play this game each morning
As I sit on the edge of the bed
Massaging the sides of my aching face
Wondering
If today will be the day
That I might feel happy

Heartbeat pulsates
Like an open wound
I bleed.
Drenched with emotions
I cannot dry
I remain soaked in my conscious.
Fused to the silence
I thrive to break
I panic.
Tangled in fear;
I cannot escape.
I am looped within the time.
Episodes of narcoleptic nights
I dare to wake.
The days remain bleak
The smile breaks before the dawn.
Oh dreadful night
I peek.
A man. A phoenix was born with the desire to explore. One day, however, he discovered a passion he never experienced before. It was a fiery love he could not ignore. It was a flame more sacred than any he had seen afore. He discovered a passion for a woman he greatly adored.

He tried to contest this love he wore, but his attempts ended in a bitter bore. He was sent crashing down from the sky, and he bared a pain, he thought he would die. He cried in a sorrow he could not dismiss; trying to fly, but giving into his submiss.

He crashed to the ground, and his flames extinguished; and he laid there until he made a distinguish. He realized this first love was only the beginning, and he stood up on his feet ready and willing. He summoned his flames even though he felt pain, and he reached for the skies in all he could gain.

A few years later, he found love once more. However, he was once again rejected and leveled to the floor. He lied there broken, despondent and cold. He was scared to be hurt again, and he showed no bold. He thought his time to fly may be gone and old.

However, he realized he would not find love lying on the ground. He knew he needed to soar in the sky for it to be found. He once again ignited in his flames of passion, and he ascended to the sky in his wake of bastion.

Several years later, he found love for the third time. With all his hope and courage, he put his heart on the line. What proceeded was the greatest moments in his life. His love was accepted, and he married a wife.
I'M DYING NOT TO HURT YOU

ALICIA SAKERS

I always dreaded having to dress up. My normal wardrobe consisted of jeans, shorts, and t-shirts. On this particular autumn morning, though, I found myself opening up my closet in search of a suit. I hated dressing up for a few reasons though, not only because it was a formal outfit. I never liked wearing suits because of all the reasons I would have to wear one are unpleasant. Weddings, dances, church, funerals. On this particular occasion I found myself putting on my black pin striped suit for the absolute worst reason I could imagine.

As I began to button up my white dress shirt a thought crossed my mind. I had worn this suit for the same person concerning all four of the reasons I would ever need to wear one. My mind raced through all of my memories with her, making it harder and harder to get dressed. I would repeat that if I were asleep I wouldn't have to deal with it. I wanted more than anything to go upstairs and watch the DVD, but I was afraid if I started it, then the funeral would be even harder. I closed my eyes and moved into a comfortable position, deciding that if I were asleep I wouldn't have to deal with it.

I was standing on Anna's porch, waiting for her to come outside. She called me and told me to meet her there. I sat down on the porch swing and sighed, it was a hot day and I was regretting wearing jeans. I sat there for another 5 minutes and then made my way to the door and knocked. Harry, Anna's dad, opened the door. His blonde hair was in a matted mess on top of his head and he was sweating. His eyes were full of pain, and he couldn't speak. He stared at me for a few more seconds, and then cleared his throat. "Did you and Anna have plans?" he asked. I gave a confused look, "Yes sir. Is she here?" "Where?" he shot back forgetting to answer the question. "About now. She called about three hours ago. Told me to come by around 4:30. Why? Where is she?" Harry looked straight into my eyes. That is...
when I noticed the tears. "She – she isn’t here." He paused again. "Well… look, kid –"

My face felt like it was on fire; I opened my eyes and breathed in deeply. I looked around. I was in the living room. It was just a dream. The worst possible dream. This was the third time I had dreamt of the moment I found out I had lost her. It didn’t get any easier.

"Honey, it’s time to go." Mom walked into the room with Dad following behind her. I nodded and stood up, walking out my front door and into the back seat of my mom’s car without a sound. The car turned on and the stale air was filled with the ill-fitted music of the radio. Some song about crazy parties and drunken mistakes. A song that would have made Anna smile and dance along in a terribly uncoordinated way. My mom frantically pressed a few buttons as if she didn’t know how to turn the radio off, and after a second it was silent. The car ride was short and I could hear every breath my dad made.

Every step I took required no thought. I couldn’t recall what the outside of the church looked like if I tried. It wasn’t until I stepped through the door that I was pushed back into consciousness. Pew after pew was filled with strangers in black dresses and suits. Some patted their faces with tissues while others looked around the room in fascination. Whether their intentions were pure or not I hated them all. Everyone that was not sitting front and center should just mind their own business, in my opinion. I would never say that to anyone, though. I looked up at a few girls who smiled in my direction, those girls may have sat next to Anna at prom, Anna riding a blow up mattress down the steps to my basement. I understood the premise but this was Anna overload and I came to the conclusion that I should just look at the floor. So that’s what I did. A priest arose from his seat and started blathering on and on about the creativity Anna was gifted with and the love she had for everything she did and every person she knew. Cindy put her hand onto my lap and I squeezed it tight. As the priest concluded, my hand was released and Anna’s mother took his place.

"I gave all the good stuff to the priest, I’m afraid." Her timid voice was hard to hear even up close. "I would like to thank you all for coming and whispering about the creativity Anna was gifted with and the love she had for everything she did and every person she knew. I didn’t give anything to the priest because I wanted to keep that feeling forward. "I’m fine."

"Anything bothering you?" Yes, actually. It bothers me that we have accepted the fact that Anna wanted to kill herself when there was nothing in her life that could possibly bring that feeling forward. "I’m fine." I answered.

The car pulls into the driveway as slowly as it pulled out. I wait until the engine stops and swing open the car door, marching myself straight into the house, up the stairs, and onto my bed. The TV screen is turned on and I press play before I even take off my jacket.

There she is. Just like I left her. Her hair flying in every direction and her eyes shooting through the screen and into mine. "Hi Dean." She smiled in a way that never seemed real to me. That smile she gave boys who attempted to flirt with her or the cashier at the grocery store. "I figured you wouldn’t see this for a while but I thought it would be more of a surprise if I didn’t hand it to you. HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" She screamed and put up her hands. "You’re eighteen! And senior year is almost over." Her smile faded, "I don’t want to graduate. Don’t go off a million miles away and leave me all by myself. I couldn’t handle that." She picked up the shoe box that lay beside her and removed the lid. "I did something awesome, Dean. I know you hate doing cheesy girlfriend-like stuff with me but you’re the closest thing I have so I’m forcing you into it. I made us a time capsule and buried it in my backyard." She started laughing; her laugh was so genuine and addictive. I would do anything to get a laugh out of her. "We can’t unbury it until we’re thirty.

No matter what happens, I don’t care if you are moving into the white house to save the world and want to see it before you go. We open it at age thirty. No complaints." She took out a marker and wrote "Dean & Anna DO NOT PEEK!" on the lid and held it up to the camera. "I’ll see you in a few hours. Love you, birthday boy." She made her hands into a heart and laughed again. "Then she brushed her hair away from her eyes and reached up to turn the camera off. The screen faded to black.

planted a kiss onto my cheek. I hated that more than anything but today was not the day to complain. I returned a forced smile and locked eyes with her just long enough to see the makeup smudged onto her cheeks and the drowsiness of her eyes. Her eyes had the same beautiful features as her daughter’s; big, round and piercing green. I knew those eyes too well; they always seemed to expose so much. But then again, Anna’s eyes never screamed out "I am going to kill myself and leave you all alone".

Her casket was closed and stood on the platform with a cork board of old photographs beside it. Her body was laid out in a white dress and stood up, walking out my front door and into the back seat of my mom’s car without a sound. The car turned on and the stale air was filled with the ill-fitted music of the radio. Some song about crazy parties and drunken mistakes. A song that would have made Anna smile and dance along in a terribly uncoordinated way. My mom frantically pressed a few buttons as if she didn’t know how to turn the radio off, and after a second it was silent. The car ride was short and I could hear every breath my dad made.

Every step I took required no thought. I couldn’t recall what the outside of the church looked like if I tried. It wasn’t until I stepped through the door that I was pushed back into consciousness. Pew after pew was filled with strangers in black dresses and suits. Some patted their faces with tissues while others looked around the room in fascination. Whether their intentions were pure or not I hated them all. Everyone that was not sitting front and center should just mind their own business, in my opinion. I would never say that to anyone, though. I looked up at a few girls who smiled in my direction, those girls may have sat next to Anna in a few classes but they did not know her. No one knew her. I followed behind my parents and sat down up front. Anna’s mom, Cindy, reached out her hand and brought it to my face. "My wonderful boy." She barely whispered and