

Interval 2020-2021



**Ossining High School
Literary Magazine**

Notes to the Readers

Interval is Ossining High School's Literary Magazine. The magazine, published once a year, showcases a range of student creative works. These student pieces, which vary in topic and genre, represent the writing talents at Ossining High School. Please be advised that although some student pieces are raw and intense, all original works are voices from you, the student body.

Special thanks to:

Principal Stephen Hancock

Director of Student Academics Mirla Puello

Art Teachers Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Quiroga

Creative Writing Club

All those who submitted writing to the magazine

****If interested in contributing to *Interval Magazine*, contact faculty advisor Mr. Caccopola, in the English Department room 220, or by email at bcaccopola@ossiningufsd.org.****

Better yet, join a meeting of the Creative Writing Club every 1st and 3rd Wednesday of the month!

"Do Our Words Ever Really Change?"

By Ariel Gregory

"I've never been happier!" I say. Traveling the world is the best thing I have ever done. The long green grass is brushing against my legs as I walk through the beautiful field. I was watching the beautiful sunset with all kinds of flowers around me. Red, yellow, blue, purple, orange. All such beautiful and yet full of life colors. It reminded me I am living.

I get up at 7:00 am every morning. I drink some tea and have a croissant for breakfast. I pack for my usual day trip. I bring water, food, a book, and of course a blanket. I spend the rest of my day lying in the grass and reading. I'm living in the moment and loving every part of my life. I sigh while looking up from my book to see the big white fluffy clouds go by, "This is life." This is my perfect reality. If only this perfect reality is what I see now.

I wake up, the flat white ceiling staring right at me. I sit up. In my gray sweats with gray socks, I slip on my slippers and go to the door. I knock, and they let me out for breakfast. I go to the counter and get my meds: one purple and one blue. I am so tired of this routine. I go to the cafeteria to see the breakfast already made. Eggs and ham. The most disgusting thing in this place. I pick up the tray and go towards a table in the back. No one is there. I like it that way. I pick at my food, wondering where this all went wrong. What happened to me traveling the world? What stopped me from doing that? The nurse walks towards the table and looks at me.

"I'm eating, Gloria," I say as I shove eggs into my mouth.

"Good," she sighs. "Just making sure, that's all," she says with a smile.

I clap back, "Isn't that your job?"

She looks at me as if to say, what did you just say? She gets closer to me and says, "Watch your tone, young lady!" I watch her start to walk to another table. I looked down at my food and ate it. What else am I going to do?

After 10 minutes, I walk to the tv room to watch what's on. A nurse comes to me and says, "Dr. Heart will see you now." I turn to her and get up to follow. As I'm walking through the hallways, I keep remembering the dream I had. Why couldn't I be there? Instead, I have to be in a mental hospital. What happened along the way?

As I go into the room, the doctor greets me, "Hello, please sit." I sit in the nice big gray chair across his desk; it is pretty comfy.

He smiles, "it's nice to see you. I'm here to see how your medication is working and how you are feeling". I smile at him. What do I even say?

He looks at me, "Would you say the pills you take are working?"

I stare at him blankly and respond, "I guess. I mean, it's hard to remember what I was like before this".



He looks at his paper and looks back up. "Ahhh, the doctors told me about that. So you seem to have an issue remembering what happened to get you here?"

I smile and sarcastically say, "Yes, I wish someone would tell me."

He looks at me carefully, "All I can say is that you were better in here than out there. I promise you that".

How do I respond to that? I wish someone in this place would just tell me what is wrong with me. I'm so sick of this. Acting like I'm some type of child, you have to be careful to put certain toys around.

He sees my face turn bright red and says, "I wish I could, but I am here to help you figure it out piece by piece. Without telling you directly". I sigh.

He keeps going, "If I could guess why you can't remember anything, I would say it is your brain trying to help you forget that part of your life."

I was sick of hearing about "that part of my life." Just tell me, dammit. You know the reasoning why I'm in here, so why not just tell me so we can start helping me from there.

My fists start to clench up, but I let go quickly. Realizing maybe this is the reason I'm here. Perhaps this is the reason I have to be "watched" all the time. Dr. Heart smiles and says, "I can't help you unless we start to dissect who you are. So tell me, how are you today?"

I look up from the floor and look into his brown eyes. I smile and sarcastically say, "I've never been happier."

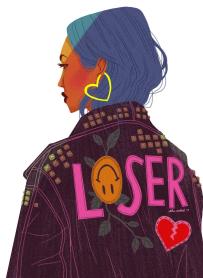
Loser

You may not hear them much
But they always have something on their mind
You may make fun of them
But they won't mind

They may not have friends
But that's okay
Because their loneliness is their comfort
So don't talk to them because they'll shy away.

They may not fit in
But that's the least of these worries
They are fine with just themselves
And are used to being lonely

They'll always be to themselves
So don't even bother
Their shyness will scare you away
Like childhood monsters



Luis Castillo

“What if in the future?”

What if you can see the future?

What if you could change the future?

What if you didn't want to know the unknown?

What if you think this a good idea?

What if you knew your future?

What if you didn't like it?

What if you tried to change it?

What if you want it to stay the same?

What if you knew everyone's future?

Would you help others or keep it to yourself?

What if you saw the future?

-Kaya Dulik

Visiting The Beach House In The Winter

I walked in the door of my beach house and it instantly felt like summer had started. I took off my shoes and felt the pieces of sand left behind on the doormat. I sat down on the light pink couch in the living room. The salty air rushing through the cracks in the windows gave me chills and reminded me of all the memories we made together as a family. I loved being with everyone and making new friends at the beach.

I walked onto the deck, hoping to feel the sunlight warm me up. Unfortunately, an icy floor greeted me. The floor covered with freezing snow made my feet numb. I looked around, hoping to see little kids running up the dunes or screaming after the ice cream truck. Instead, there was no one in sight except a couple of cars and piles of white snow covering the sand. Suddenly, the icy wind hit my shocked face, and I remembered it was still winter.



Kristen Pavarini

Reflection

Fiorella Morana



Self Reflection. I can't escape it. I can't erase it. It is a part of you. You look into a mirror and cry. You feel angry with yourself. You feel like giving up. You feel like nothing you can do is right. You sit in front of the mirror and contemplate everything you've been through, and it's the same cycle every day. It has become a habit, and you feel like there's no way out. Slowly you start to not look in the

mirror and cry. Gradually you realize that you can't live life stuck in one spot. You have to work on self-love and work on being yourself and being happy. Slowly you've come to realize that you did it. You made yourself proud, and you took that self-reflection and buried it with your sadness. You finally feel empowered.

“him.”

who knew i wanted it to be more than a friendship
believing in our deep connection, just as friends
i can't see us as just this now
that tuesday
all i needed to do was see your face
and make sure you understood
that everything was going to be okay
while i just sat in that hallway
waiting
you left
i cracked
you came back
i was okay
i needed you to know
that i was okay
for you not to be
you shielded your eyes
when i only knew you by
those bare, deep, storytelling eyes
i never had to read in between the lines
it was so easy to see
you were hurting
and i was hoping
you'd need me
now i need you
just, please
hold me

Justin Knowles

The Castle on Croton Dam Road

If you've lived in Ossining for a while, you may have heard of the haunted house attraction in the Cedar Manor Town Park called the Forest O'Fears. What a lot of people may not know is the actual haunted attraction nearby: Elda Castle. This mansion, riddled with wreck and ruin, has been abandoned since the late 1920s. What remains in the present day is a once joyous home now hollowed out by time, litter, and broken glass. People may visit there from time to time if they aren't afraid of trespassing or the rotten look of a damaged home. However, Elda Castle is more than an unfortunate tale of abandoned property. People don't know why it was left, the story of the ghosts and curses that continue to plague the mansion, and why Elda Castle is much, much scarier than the measly Forest O'Fears.

This is the legend of the castle on Croton Dam Road.

Before moving and settling in Ossining, Mr. and Ms. Abercrombie had four children: Elizabeth, Lucy, David, and Abbott. They lived radiant lives without worry and sadness.

Then Mr. Abercrombie passed away. His cause of death was uncertain, but what we do know is that he died in the castle and died intestate. In 1947 after mourning his sudden death, his family moved away, and the empty castle sold to a firm researching paint. It was left unoccupied after that, treasuring memories of old and what used to be happy.

The castle stood unbought for many years. Still to this day, it's up on the market for almost four million dollars. But being unbought doesn't mean it's been untouched. The castle has been destroyed inside and out. Daring people strut in there thinking they aren't disturbing anyone's business.

They always think wrong.

Plagued with grief, the children were never the same again. Their father was snatched away from them in seconds, and nobody knew why. They wanted to find out why.

They became secluded and vengeful for why their father had to be taken away so soon. It wasn't fair.

This constant madness followed them all until their last dying breaths. Nobody knew what struggle they burdened throughout their lives, for they kept it all hidden. This struggle would continue to haunt them forever, even into the afterlife.

Ren had heard of Elda Castle and was highly interested in exploring there. It had been a few years since it was abandoned, so he was confident it wouldn't be too dangerous to trek foot on. So on one fateful night, he packed a flashlight and headed out with his best friend Lonan.

Towering over them was an intimidating structure of old. Although splattered with damage, it intrigued both of them. They entered. Ren ducked his head within his sweater, struck by a sudden surge of anxiety, but Lonan's head was high.

Since it had only been a few years, the castle was pretty much intact. The floors were safe to walk on, and only the occasional broken glass window or splotch of graffiti paint would catch their eye. They strolled and hopped over the glass bits, admiring the neon artwork and tracing the ancient stone walls with their fingers.



Until suddenly, the lights began to flicker.

Ren and Lonan thought that was normal for a house that has been abandoned for a few years. But then they realized if that were the case, there wouldn't be any electricity at all.

They were creeped out for a split second. Ren suggested they should go, but Lonan was persistent in continuing the unreasonable search. Sighing, Ren followed him. They got to one of the most oversized rooms, its walls decorated with patterns of cobblestone. It was empty. Hollow almost.

There was some sort of presence. Ren could feel it, his brown eyes widening in fear. He looked over to see Lonan's expression, but he couldn't tell if he could feel it too. This room was the only place untouched by graffiti. This was the cleanest room in the damaged castle. Yet something was off. Very off. A brush of wind scratched the cusp of Ren's ear.

"Lonan?" Ren turned towards him. "By any chance, is it windy in here?"

"No. You're imagining things," he responded, brushing his ghostly blond hair back.

Chills escalated through the veins in his back. "We should go. Now," he whispered his words and throat tense. So they decided to leave, Ren too disturbed to continue.

A few days later, Lonan died in his bedroom. Nobody knows why. There were no signs-nothing. Ren was devastated. Tears continuously fell down his cheeks, and when they didn't, he'd lie in bed numbed by destructive emotions. Ren lost his greatest friend and couldn't see why it happened. Looming with newfound loneliness, he was never the same.

Little did he know, there was a reason for his death. Elizabeth, Lucy, David, and Abbott watched them as they explored around, forever bound to the estate due to their initials making up its name: ELDA. They're the reason why that room is the cleanest in the mansion. Anyone who trespasses there gets a taste of what they felt while living and what they continue to live with. Every person that disturbs Elda Castle will inexplicably have a loved one die a few days later and be consumed with internal isolation. For Ren, it just so happened to be Lonan. Now, as punishment for his disturbance, he'll forever live with the curse of loneliness.

And if you don't think loneliness is a curse, then you've never been lonely before.

-- Glydel Go

The Complex Factions of One Person

I do not look like most of my family
I look like those who have hurt my family
Those who have conquered, murdered, degraded, and traumatized my ancestors
Those white people who have no understanding of the world
I struggle with the fact I will never be able to connect with the rest of my family
I fight with myself because of this constantly

I need to get more sleep
It really has become some sort of monster slowly consuming everything around it
Something that takes control
Something that has unlimited power over me
I like to think it is getting better but
I genuinely don't know if it has

I write as an escape from reality
I tend to take a dark turn each time
Somehow this always gets depressing
Somehow I can never bring myself to create something inspiring
I do not know what this says about me
I hope it is positive at least

I find it difficult to see beyond the clouds
I can never bring myself to look past the constant storm
Hopefully, I can improve in the future
Hopefully, the storm passes
I believe that if I've made it through everything so far

I will be okay again

-Syd Naranjo

A Stinky Situation

By Mustafa Abdallah

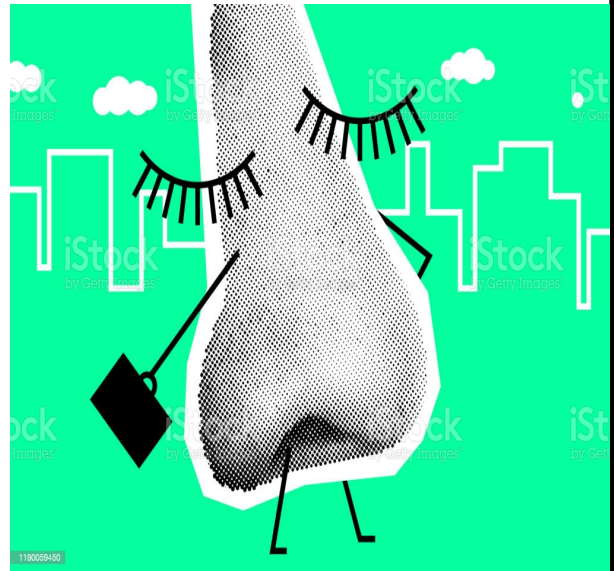
It happened during April Fool's Day in my 3rd-grade classroom. At only eight years old, I was what some would call the class clown, and I was constantly looking for attention. I was good all of last month so the teacher wouldn't suspect me of anything.

I had a stink bomb in my pocket, and my third-grade self, which was very devious, knew it would wreak havoc. I was usually a good kid and was only bad when I was trying to be funny. I had been planning this for a very long time, and I knew I had to do an epic prank for April Fool's Day.

I had picked a stink bomb in particular because I knew it would get a tremendous response out of the class. It was something that could make the teacher react, and the classmates would respond tenfold. I took the stink bomb out of my pocket, making sure I made no sudden movement, to not draw attention to myself. The tiny glass container was smooth with a bump at the top. I tried to break the small glass container with my chubby little hands, but I was simply too weak. I started thinking about the consequences if I got caught, and as I was putting the tiny glass container into my pocket, it slipped and shattered.

The effect was immediate. Kids were yelling like they were in agony. Their screams penetrated the soul. "WHO FARTED?" cried a tiny squeaky voice, and let me tell you, 3rd grade me was not very intelligent. If I never yelled with pride, "IT WAS ME!" I probably would have never been caught.

My dimwit 3rd-grade brain didn't realize how long the stench of the stink bomb would last. I thought it would quickly dissipate. Instead, it lingered in the room and stunk our noses. The teacher put me at a separate desk called in the janitor because she knew something was up. My teacher pulled me outside to talk to the janitor.



The janitor says in a deep, new york accent, "Did you set off one of those egg bombs"?

"No," I spoke in a tiny voice.

The janitor raises his thick unbrow and walks into the room, and squats next to my seat. He gets up, walks to the door and says in his deep voice.

"Come with me."

My heart raced like lightning, beating straight through my chest. Why did I do this? WHY DID I DO THIS? I said to myself. I should have thought this through my little brain uttered.

We walked into the principal's office. Her office smelled of freshly printed paper and ink. The janitor handed her a little plastic bag, and at that moment, the pieces came together; he went to my desk to see if he could find the remains of the stink bomb, and the glass shards from it were still on the ground.

The janitor tells me, "Well? Tell her what you did."

I walk towards her desk. Each step is agony. I sit down In the chair on the other side of her desk. The chair engulfed me in its soft foam.

"I set off a stink bomb for April Fool's Day" I sigh as I know I'm about to get a lecture.

She pulls the plastic bag in front of me. I brace myself for the impact of the lecture.

"Mustafa," she says, "I'm not as concerned about the stink of the stink bomb, but of the safety hazards it produces."

Here it comes, I tell myself. "The glass from the stink bomb container is very sharp; someone could step on it or pick it up and cut themselves," the principal says.

"There will be consequences," she continues. "You will have lunch detention for a week, and we will be notifying your parents." I walked out of the principal's office feeling pretty glum, thinking it wasn't worth the havoc at all.

Then suddenly, a thought comes to mind. I would go down in history as one of the most savage 3rd graders of all time. How many people can say that in 3rd grade, they set off a stink bomb in class? So I guess I didn't learn my lesson.

Burning Out

"Don't take it."

He looked at me, soul-deep eyes, and it was the most crystalline clear thing I had ever seen in anyone.

Was it fear that he was feeling? That's what he wanted me to see. That's what he had been hiding this whole time, not showing except for glimpses of tantalizing emotion I'd caught by accident. And now he was revealing it, all of it, in all its piercing dark-blue-eyed glory.

But he went too far. I knew he made mistakes sometimes, no matter how perfect he may seem to the rest of the world.

But now, this was not the time to celebrate in pride. That was shallow, and this was. I didn't know this was. But there was something there that he would never have meant to show.

What was he really hiding, so deep he didn't let himself know?

There was that hint of something else, but the fear was still genuine. It was clear there in his pleading expression. I should heed his warning.

"Tanta," He said my name, took a breath, and shook his head slowly, letting his bright eyes fall closed. "Don't."

He looked tired. It was strange. He always stood so straight and tall, aware and attentive. The simple sound of a whisper or footstep in the hallway outside his room would wake him in the morning. At midnight, you could find him helping in the kitchens or telling a bedtime story to a child with a nightmare, or helping pin up the news posters for the next day on the billboard wall.

And once, as I was walking back to my dormitory from a midnight snack, I saw him in the doorway of one of the office rooms. He was just standing staring and breathing heavily, facing away from me, reading the writing and graphs that I didn't understand on the whiteboard-covered walls surrounding the empty office seats. He didn't see me, but I stood there for a while, watching. It felt so untouched. The moment. The tilt of his hands in the pocket, the blue, green, and red of the Expo marker swirls and dips of mystery meaning. The centimeter that his shoulders would droop in exhaustion that he would immediately straighten, even when he thought no one was watching.

It seemed the bravest thing he ever did was be scared.

He was doing that for me. He knew something I didn't. I needed to heed his warning.

"Tanta?" His voice cut off, weak. "You're listening." He said and opened his eyes to catch my gaze again. "Right?"

I looked back unflinchingly, but we both knew it wasn't out of courage or defiance. I nodded slowly, not letting go of his sea-deep eyes. I wanted to say something, but what was there to say?

I hadn't said anything the whole day to anyone. They all did enough talking themselves. But this boy. I could have known it wasn't going to be the same. As I did, he had as much to say, almost all of it unspeakable, so we both simply used a few words.

We were in the edge courtyard of the Palace of No One, grass looking blue in the strange lighting of the place, surrounded by medium-tall buildings on three sides. The fourth side was an edge, a cliff with a sudden end, like a mountain split vertically down the middle.

I had so many memories here—the contests and races and Easter egg hunts, little blunt bits of color in the solemn icy shading of my whole world. The piano contest he'd beat me in—but by such a small margin, the hula hoops we all used to show off that used to litter the ground when we'd forget to pick them up and drive the caretakers crazy.

As we got older, he and I learned the patterns and tricks that the adults used to prepare for the competitions. All the mazes and puzzles and trials we had fun with. But it was from an early age. We learned to guess, infer, read the signs and motions and movements, and even feel until we knew how each would go until we understood everything. Until we thought we knew everything. Until we grew up and changed and worked and had to learn about things we never knew existed. But still, we could sense and observe and watch closely and figure things out because we knew people—their hearts and minds and souls. The older ones' weariness let slip their secrets, the cracks in their mental pavements that we knew how to reach through.

This was different, so it was clearly not going to be the same way, but it was still such a strange feeling that this time, I had no idea what was coming next.

Because we didn't know the world, not its heart or mind nor soul, and we didn't know each other or ourselves.

"Tanta." He said my name one last time, just to know he would get to say it one last time that I would hear. I knew he knew me then, despite everything. And I knew him enough too.

Was I crying? I wasn't sure. The fog made things seem blurry. The humidity made you feel moist. The coolness was the same temperature as the water. Here, the whole world was a tear.

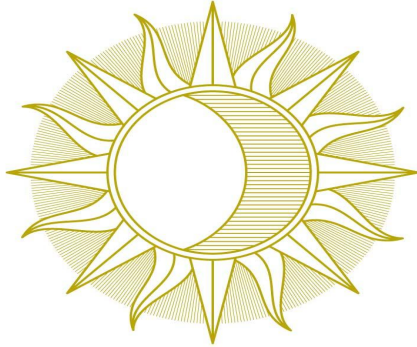
We stood on that hill, eye to eye, my back to the cliff where I'd be going, him facing me. Was he crying? Yeah. Yes, he was.

Don't take it, he'd said. I knew what he meant, I knew he was probably right, and I knew that I didn't know what was coming. I knew that he meant it with all of his heart, I knew that he'd hoped, and I knew that we would stay here like this for a bit longer, just letting the moment and air sink into our skin, with no more words to say. I knew that I should heed his words. But now that he was looking at me, unveiled and afraid, I knew that he knew me, even before I did, and he knew what I had chosen to choose.

I wasn't going to heed his warning.

--Elena Prisament

The Sun, The Moon, and The Stars



____Long ago, before the creation of man, before water flowed throughout the valleys before trees grew, there were two lovers. They called themselves Sun and Moon. Sun and Moon came from different families, living thousands of miles away from one another.

Since they were beyond each other's reach, they had to be in love from a distance. Every morning and every night, they would admire one another rise and set, yearning to be together, at least once.

One night as Moon lay awake staring at the empty sky, a thought crossed her mind. While it was Sun's time to shine bright, Moon would visit her, and they could admire each other, hand in hand, as they watched the world go by. All Moon had to do was be home in time to take her place in the sky. Filled with joy by this new idea, Moon swept herself off her feet as she paraded her way to her lover.

When she arrived to see Sun, both were delighted to be able to embrace one another. As their lips met and their fingertips touched, beautiful golden droplets fell from their eyes as they rejoiced in their meeting. They spent all day with each other until Moon realized it was time for her to go home.

"Oh dear," she sighed as she pulled away from the Sun, "I have to be going, my darling. My family will cause chaos if they find out I have snuck in to see you."

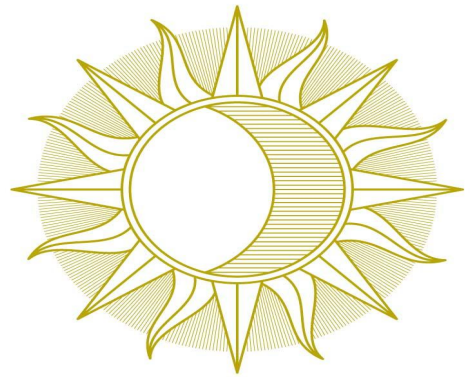
As they departed, Moon whispered, "Goodbye forever."

"Goodbye forever," Sun murmured as she watched Moon slowly move further and further away until she was out of her sight.

But you see, forever is a very long time, so ever so often they would sneak to be with one another, and the more they were together, the brighter the Sun gleamed. And when they were apart, the Moon covered the sky in a cloak of darkness.

After eternities apart and short visits with one another, the two lovers found a way to be together finally. When the Moon was high in the sky, the Sun scattered pieces of herself throughout the darkness, bringing light and joy to everything underneath them. They no longer had to be apart, and even now, if you look up into the sky at night, you can see the Sun intertwined throughout the night sky, the stars displayed like a tapestry, as the two lovers sit hand and hand, forever.

--Ruby Corena



My Sweet 16 Entrance

I didn't know I would be this nervous when I told my mom I wanted to have this party. After taking pictures with my family members, I made my way to the celebration venue. I arrived earlier than I planned for my entrance, so I went in through the back and stayed in a separate room to wait for when my mom would tell me it's time to go. While I sat in that cool room, I could hear everyone talking amongst themselves, and hearing so many people made me realize there were more people than I thought, and that was when I started getting nervous. I felt my hands shake. The sweat began to trickle down my forehead as I wiped it trying not to mess up the makeup. I texted my best friend Karen to come to meet me and help distract me. When she got there, she was wearing a pretty long black dress and had straight brown hair. She could tell I was nervous and asked me, "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

"No, I'm so scared I'm going to mess up my entrance. What if I trip and fall? Or mess up the dance?" I told her, thinking about the worst scenarios that could happen.

The more I thought about it, the more anxious I became. My friend, Karen, brought me a lime to bite on and relax. As I bit the lime, I could taste the bitterness and sourness of the lime. I felt my face scrunch, and we laughed, and I forgot my anxiety. She looked over at me and told me, "Just relax. Everything will be okay. You look great, and you are going to have a great entrance."

When she said that, it helped reassure me that everything will be okay. My mom came in and told me it was time to do the entrance. I met up with my brother, who had a tuxedo matching my burgundy and gold fluffy dress. I felt my heart beating out of my chest, my hands sweating, and my legs trembling underneath me, ready to fall at any moment.

I grabbed my brother's hand for them to call our names after my grandparents and parent's names. He gave me a reassuring smile, and I felt better. I stood at the entrance and could hear the music and my family and friends talking.

"YAILYN MEMBRENO DIAAAAAZZZZ!"

Confetti pooped for my entrance. I looked around and saw all the people there, which was more than I expected. The tables were beautifully decorated with white cloth, and so were the chairs. Each chair had a burgundy bow around it. The light was shining on us, and I started to hear all the cheering and clapping. I felt so relieved that I laughed at how nervous I had been for no reason.



--Yailyn Membreno Diaz

Endlessly Floating



There is nothing keeping me from floating
I am free-floating on a weightless world
I am encapsulated in my mind
But free in space
I have no tie to the ground
I am above the grass I used to touch
As I move, I feel freer
I find myself in awe
it's like I can fly

Billie Estrine

The Peaceful God

By Mage Krupp

Long ago, before the people came to be, gods ruled and wandered the Earth, growing and building what they desired. There was one single god that stood out, and he was the god of peace and tranquility. He was content with a small settlement for which he meditated and lived his life. Through the years, as gods came and went from the heavens, many new and old gods always questioned, "Why does he stay here in this land and do nothing?" And this god always replied, "For this is how I keep my inner peace through living this simple life."

But as the god's age drew to an end and Earth prepared for the arrival of humans, Earth felt sympathy for this peaceful and tranquil god. He had never truly hurt the world and always kept himself and his land clean and green. The Earth gave him a gift of eternal life as clouds to be happy and peaceful in the skies and be free. So whenever you see fog on an early morning or among a high mountain, it is this gentle god taking a rest to meditate and clear his head.



The Energy Within Us

Their negative energy is hurting me, and I no longer can stand being around these people. Their dark and empty power makes me feel sick and damaged. I need to get out of here and escape to a place where I can feel like myself.

I get up, and that's when I hear the bell ring, and everyone packs up and leaves for their next destination. I try my best to use the energy I have to walk from that horrible place. I needed to find a place where I can rest, but all I see are backpacks and lockers throughout a long and deep hallway.

The voices and the drama are destroying my confidence and self-worth. I look at the clock and monitor it, waiting for it to be 2:45 p.m. so that I will be rid of this place and finally free.

I feel gloomy and drained. Just as I think that I can't do it anymore, the bell rings, meaning my next period is off. My mind, filled with the thoughts of anger and rage, irritates me.

I wanted them gone, but they wouldn't leave me. The thoughts remained in my head as lice on a dog.

--Jession Velez



Under the Bed

It was just about 10 o'clock on this stormy Tuesday night. I was getting ready to go to bed, so I went into my bathroom to brush my teeth. As I'm brushing my teeth, I hear "BANG!" I jumped to the ceiling in fright, but luckily my toothbrush didn't fall out of my mouth.

As I finish up brushing my teeth, I wonder to myself, what was that bang? Was it my dog? Or maybe it could be an intruder? But for now, I'm going to ignore it. As I put myself under the covers, I hear growling coming from under my bed and another "BANG!" I went into the closet as fast as I could to see if I could find a hockey stick or baseball bat, but I didn't. All I ended up finding was an old lamp to use as a defense. Light in hand, I slowly tip-toe towards my bed to check what "monster" lies underneath.

I'm shaking as I kneel. I hear another "BANG" and jump up in fright. This time I knocked my head against my bed. It felt like a rock, and as I bumped my head, I realized I bought fireworks bangers today at the party store.

I look under my bed and see a dark object that is enormous. My dog is growling and playing with the fireworks, causing some to sound off as I look. I picked up my dog realizing I got all scared for nothing.

-- John Golio



“And They Thought Dragons Didn’t Exist.”

The residents of the royal castle never believed them. No matter how persistent they were, no one batted an eye. The King and Queen, too busy to notice the oh-so-obvious signs. No one else ever found out about him—the one terrorizing a dearly beloved child. The facade was weak, though. There was not a single person in the village that believed their love was real. It was even more apparent after that one fateful night. The night the King and Queen found their child thrown on the ground by their bed was a mournful night, not for those you expect, though. The village residents were distraught, some would say more than their parents, but there was a shift. Their death was an accident caused by someone fueled by power and lust. There was no love in his heart. There never was. Their parents never found out what truly happened to their child. Only one “person” knew the answers to the questions everyone was asking. Who did it? Why would someone hurt them?

He was always such a tempter. Coercing them into things they had no interest in. He would spit words out of his mouth as if they were a blast of fire. “Flying” around their castle, waiting and watching. He was somehow always around them. Looking from afar or right next to them. Most times, he would go unnoticed, which made his want for power even worse. They were constantly on edge. Not knowing when he would tear down another one of their walls hurt them more than dying. No prince charming was on his way to save them. No fairy godmother is waiting to help them escape.



They were all alone since no one would ever believe them. He pushed and pushed; he never stopped trying. That night, everything got too much. He never thought his little pawn would give up that easily. All he could do or wanted to do was leave them there and wait until they were found the next day. That night, he slithered out of their third-story window and left. Not once did he ever turn back. Not once did he ever return. He was their fairytale ending, and they thought dragons didn’t exist.

-Syd Naranjo

Interval 2020-2021



Ossining High School
Literary Magazine

