



THE KING'S ACADEMY

Aperture

Literary Magazine

Fall 2016: Volume 5 Issue 1

Editor's Note

“We read to know we are not alone.” The words of C.S. Lewis explain the reasons for and purpose of stories: to share in a common experience.

Telling a friend about your weekend, describing a beautiful sunset, or sketching a teacher during a lecture are all examples of storytelling. Even if their importance seems small, stories can change everything. People learn about and come to trust each other through stories, imagined or real, detailed or simple, well developed or hardly considered.

That is why sharing these stories is so important, whether they seem everyday or impossible. Through Aperture, we can understand experiences we might never dream of and hear the stories of people we will never meet.

Enjoy.

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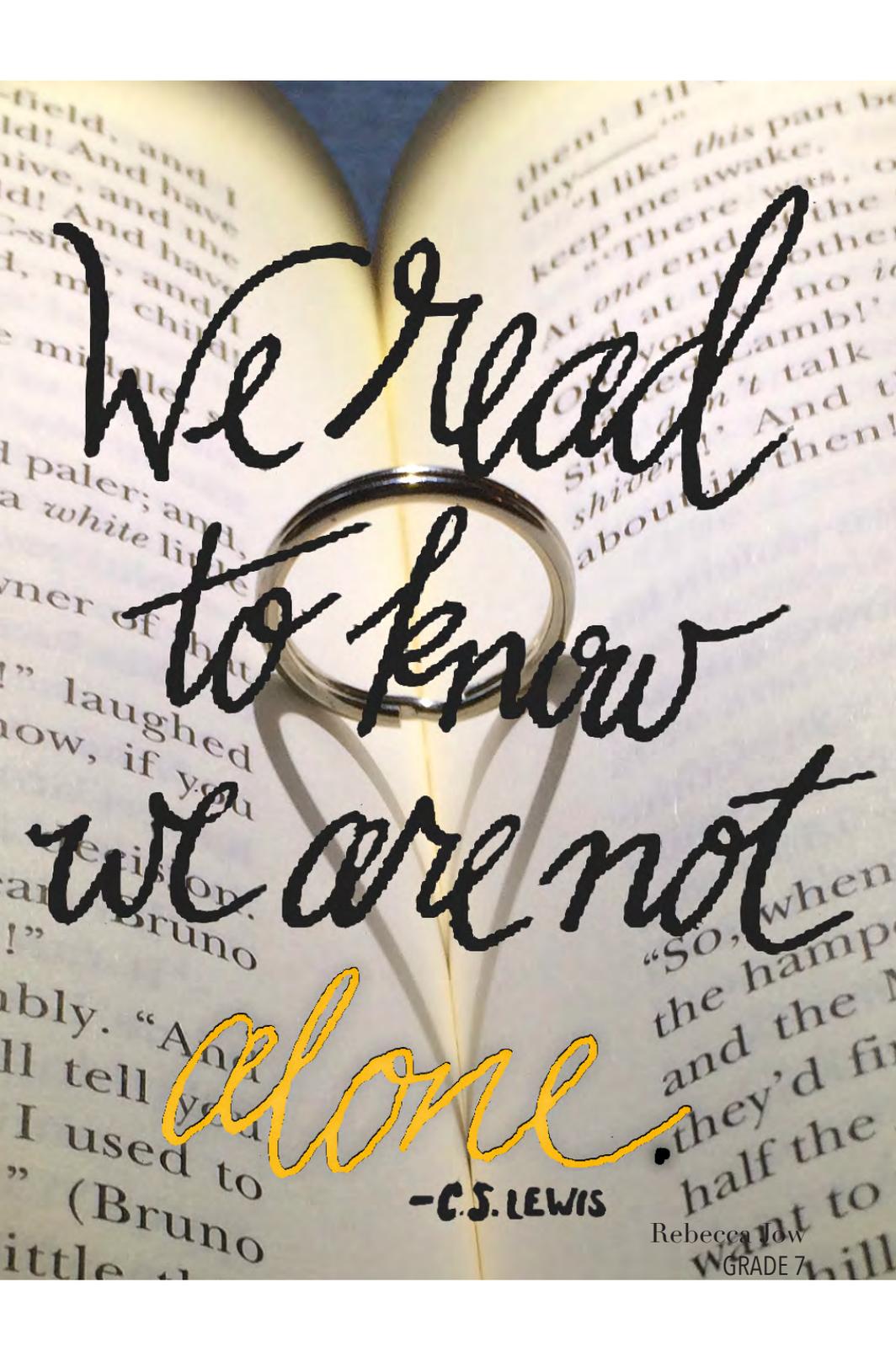
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An open book with a magnifying glass resting on the pages. The text is written in a cursive font over the book's text. The word 'alone' is highlighted in yellow.

We read
to know
we are not
alone

-C.S. LEWIS

Rebecca Low

GRADE 7

Haikus

Dustin Sun

GRADE 12

Dreams so wondrous
Entering a whole new world
Endless Mysteries

Serenely growing
Changing colors all year round
Dying for the new

My life's in the *Pitts*
It is too late to *Bale* now,
Or else they'll *Doc* points.

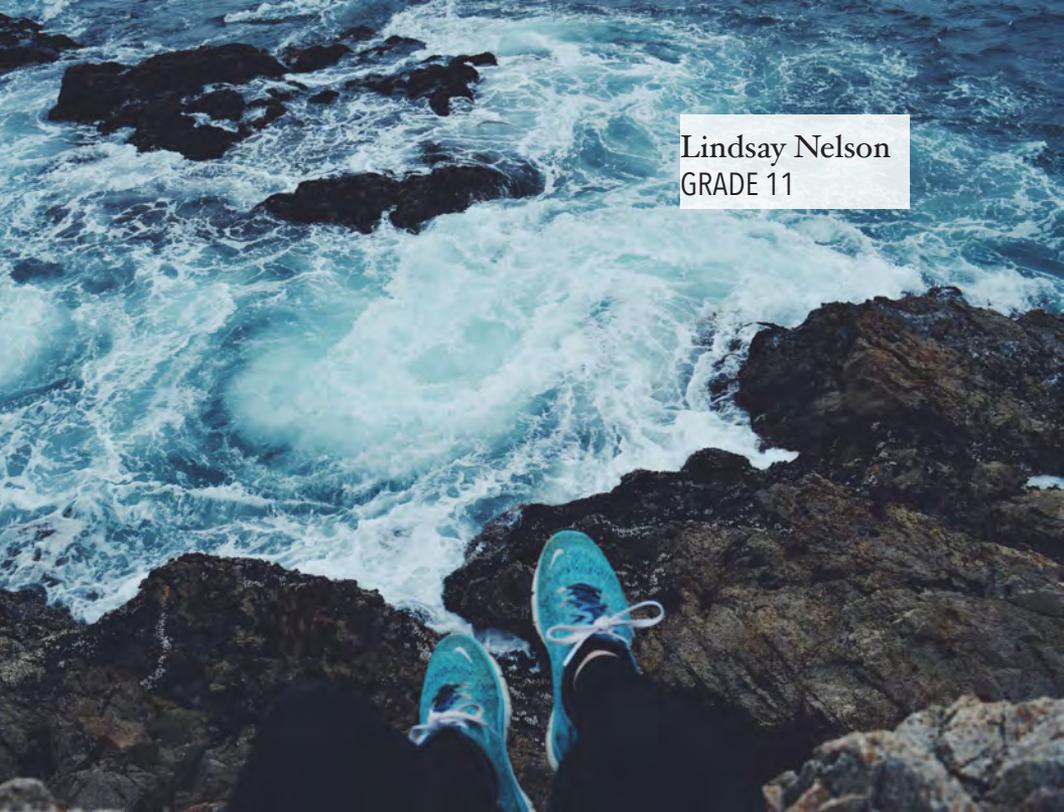
Justin Groves

GRADE 10

Lament of the Sophomore

Lindsey Kaemingk
GRADE 11





Lindsay Nelson
GRADE 11



Grace Wang
GRADE 7

Red Scare

Zoe Chen

GRADE 12

Massachusetts 1920

Adalena Stryker trudged on home from the silk mill, carefully keeping her head down and face covered. Not like it really mattered. Everyone could tell she was different from them. Her dark black hair streaked red and big amber eyes both helped her stand out like a tree on a mountain. She hurried down the dark streets as fast as possible and arrived in front of the worn wooden door of her home.

“Mom I’m home,” she called softly as she closed the door behind her.

“Come in dear, supper’s almost ready,” her mom, Cathleen, called back. As Adalena made her way to the wooden table that rested in the tight space of their living room, she was struck by the odor of alcohol, so strong that Ada staggered back a pace before wrinkling her nose in disgust.

“Dad got drunk again didn’t he?” Ada asked as she met her mom at the stove. Her mother sighed as she pushed her dark, jet black hair out of her eyes, and continued to stir the pot in front of her.

“You know what your father is like,” Cathleen answered quietly. Adalena sighed and pulled her hair into a braid. Ever since the Great War, her father has never been the same. He had taken to drinking. Even though it had been prohibited, he continued to go to the speakeasies and drank to his heart’s content. Often, he came back and slept until midnight, which was when he would go out again and get drunk for another day. The cycle has been repeating for almost half a year.

“Is Kris home?” she asked as she set to work beside her mother. Her knife flashed deftly and soon the vegetables were neatly sliced.

“No, but he will be soon,” her mother said as she carefully sliced some meat and placed it in the broth. Just then, they heard the door creak open.

"Mom, I'm home," the tired but relieved voice of her older brother called out.

"Kris!" she said happily as she ran to the door. She rounded the corner and saw her brother setting down his bag near the doorway and toeing off his worn leather shoes. His newsboy hat was clutched in one hand, and his plain white dress shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbows.

"Hey Ada, how was work?" he asked, kissing her forehead.

"It was tiring, as usual. Sitting at the looms and staring at thread all day long makes my eyes hurt. How about you?"

"Let's talk at the dinner table," her brother said abruptly, avoiding the question and striding towards the kitchen. Adalena, understanding, said nothing and hurried after her brother, sitting down at the table as he greeted their mother. Cathleen placed their dinner before them, the broth and a slice of bread each, and they sat down to eat together.

"The other men were talking about the government again," Kris mentioned as he tore into his bread.

"What did they say about the government?" their mother asked warily.

"They said...well they said some stuff about Communists and those kind of things," Kris said. Cathleen raised her head sharply.

"Don't join them, you hear me young man? I will have you take no part in this," she whispered, her eyes flitting frantically about. Kris rolled his eyes.

"Mother, relax. The government can't hear us. Besides, equality is important. What the Communists are offering, what they represent, it could be beneficial for us," Kris responded, his eyes bright with the intensity of his beliefs. "Look at the Bolsheviks in Russia and the Communists in China; these people want equality, and they are willing to fight for it! There is no equality here! Look at father! Look at us! We live in poverty while others are drinking and

dancing their way through life! Father is of no use, and we're struggling just to keep living!"

"You can't possibly believe that!" Ada said frantically. "Kris, you know you'll get caught! You can't just go around talking like that!"

"It wasn't me who was talking! It was the other workers in the factory!" Kris retorted.

"Then don't get into the conversations! Don't approach them!" Ada responded acidly. "You know better! Mother taught us this." Sometimes she really felt like she was the older sibling. Her brother could be so reckless!

"Stop both of you!" Cathleen said sharply in a voice that brooked no argument. "I will not have this kind of fighting in the house. Kris, be careful. You still have a family to support. Do not do anything that will cause you to lose the money you can earn!" Kris gripped his tweed pants tightly at the knees, but said nothing. They finished their dinner in tense silence, ignoring the murmurs and snores coming from their father's room. Ada shed her black canton dress and waistband before putting on her nightgown and falling asleep.

"Hurry Ada or you'll be late to work!" Ada groaned and snuggled under the covers. Kris came in and yanked the covers off.

"Come on Adalena," he said happily. "It's the start of another day!"

"Another boring day at work," she grumbled while trying to find the blankets. She gave up and sat up, rubbing her eyes. "Kris, give me back my blankets," she said grouchy. Kris grinned and folded the cotton blankets before tossing them on the bed. He was wearing another dress shirt today, this time blue. His black vest was neatly buttoned and his cap was resting on his dark curls. Ada shooed him from her room and slipped into her dress, wrapping the embroidered waistband around it. She brushed her bobbed hair (a trending fashion)

and joined her family at breakfast. Her father was absent, in his room, snoring away.

"Bye mom! I'll see you at 6! The usual," Adalena said as she rushed out the door with her lunch in tow. She was at the factory on time and sat at her usual spot at the loom. She watched the thread move from one place to another. The hours passed slowly, but soon, the day was all but over, and she collected her wages and hurried home eagerly.

This can sustain us for another meal or two at least, she thought cheerfully as she walked down the lit streets with closed doors and hearty, drunken cheers echoing behind them. Music, from the lovely saxophone, drifted sweetly through the air and covered Ada like a warm blanket.

As she hurried down the streets home, she saw crowds hovering near the apartment where she lived. Suddenly, Ada felt apprehensive. What was happening? She covered her face and hid on the opposite street so she had a clear view of her apartment door. She could see a number of soldiers waiting outside her door.

Her blood turned to ice as a soldier turned, and the golden scythe with a slash through it was clearly displayed in the scarlet background.

Those soldiers were from the government. The ones that came to take away the people they thought were communists...or radicals...but...no one on their floor was...

So with an apprehensive heart, she continued to watch with bated breath. Her heart dropped to her feet when she saw the door to her home open, and three figures were shoved out. The first one was her brother, who apparently had come home earlier today. Her mother and father soon followed.

Kris's face was bruised, and one of his eyes was swollen shut. He looked defiant and angry as he was led down the stairs. Her mother had a frightened look on her face and seemed extremely frail

as the soldiers behind her forced her to continue forward. Her father, for the first time in Ada's life, had pure terror flooding his eyes. His brown hair was unkempt and greasy and his clothes ragged and stained. As her family appeared from the apartment, the crowds below grew silent. The soldiers marched them down the stairs and when they reached the ground, the crowd parted silently for them. They made no eye contact with anyone, as if afraid to be caught or accused as an accomplice. They headed straight towards the street that Adalena was hiding on. She shrank back, praying that they would not see her.

She peeked out as they passed and caught her mother's and Kris's eyes. She started to reach out for them, but her mother's glance was enough to stop her. Her brother's only message was:

Run.

She swallowed against the lump in her throat. She withdrew her hand and wrapped her jacket tighter around her as she watched her family and the soldiers disappear around the corner, no doubt going to a government prison. They would be executed with no questions asked and no trials.

But Kris's message...Run? Where would she go? Her eyes filled with tears. Her family...how would she survive? The silk mill will know by tomorrow that her family was arrested and murdered. She turned and ran blindly down the streets, not caring about who saw her.

"Adalena! Adalena!" a voice called from behind her. Ada spun around and her eyes widened in surprise. It was Nathan, her distant cousin, who lived in the country area just outside the city.

"Thank goodness you're safe," he said as he caught her in a big hug. "I was so worried about you! I saw your family being led away, and I was so afraid!" Ada sighed and tears began to make their way down her face.

"Nathan...they're gone. You know what will happen. What am I going to

do? How am I going to live? I'll be fired if not arrested from my job!" she cried out. Nathan soothed her.

"Don't worry. You can come live with us. No one will suspect you," he said softly.

Every time she closed her eyes, she could still clearly see her family surrounded by soldiers and felt as if another fragment of her soul was shredded to tiny pieces. A growing panic of solitude welled up in the cavity of her chest where there used to be a heart that thudded against her ribs. As she looked up at Nathan, she became painfully aware of how his eyes were the same color as Kris's, but the familiar sight helped to ease the agony.

What would Kris and Cathleen say if they were here?

She didn't have to think very hard. She could almost feel Kris's hand tousling her hair and hear Cathleen's encouraging voice in her ear.

That's right. She still had all these precious memories to hang on to, and compared to the eternity that would follow, her current life would only be a short journey. For her, it would be a path paved with thorns, but the goodbye was only temporary, and she would be reunited with her family in the next life. No mortal soldier could even dream of snatching away the hope that now gushed through her veins and flooded her spirits, filling the agonizing hole in her chest with a soothing warm glow.

Artwork by Tammie Ma
GRADE 12





Artwork by Mikayla Alden
GRADE 6

Porcelain Doll

Alison Hamblin

GRADE 10

I used to be a doll of stone.
Rough and tumble I would go,
My rugged dress in brighter tones;
My smile never lacking in its glow.

That was in a better day,
When sun shone through the misty air.
But now my skies are cold and grey,
My mood laced with misery and despair.

Now I am a porcelain doll,
With cracks and scars crossing my shattered
face.

Everyone seems to ignore my fall,
As I use tape to keep the false smile in place.

Call me a fragile flower,
And yet even that is not quite right.
The smallest bloom has some power,
I however have already lost my fight.

Abrupt

Grace O'Malley

GRADE 11

I have a question for you, if you died today,
Without a goodbye, would you still be ok?

Would there be questions words, "I love you's" unsaid?
Thoughts that you never wrote out of your head?

Would there be songs that never got to leave your lips?
Did you give that boy, man, or father a kiss?

Would there be people whose hearts you never quite touched?
'Cause you were working and working and always too rushed?

Did you seize the day at least once in awhile,
Skip work and say, "I need to be wild."

Or better yet did you work hard to achieve
Your dreams and your goals before you did leave.

Did you experience heartbreak, and failure, and such?
Did you experience victory, and was it enough?

Or maybe you sat on a couch all alone,
Not doing anything, waiting, at home.

Did you stare at the screens till your eyes bled and cried,
Watching things you could do, if you only just tried.

I'm telling you this, before you depart.
You can't sit and wait for your life to just start.

When Tomorrow Comes

Katelin Tharp

GRADE 9

I see stars through the darkest of nights.

I can feel the magnetic echoes.

Drawing me closer to the moon.

Although I am blinded by being free.

I see the rainbows.

After my sin is washed away.

I feel the love on a battleground.

I see the blood painted by hate.

Coloring the land red in circles.

All around.

I crave for my violet arms.

To survive another day.

I crave for my blue veins.

Flowing with constant yearning.

Just one break.

I need.

To give.

Not to receive.

Not to deceive.

I fly without touching the blue skies.

I fly where angels soar.

I say tomorrow will be the end.

The promised day.

Futured by feature.

I say, I say, I say.

I drive with my mind.

She is behind the wheel.

I drive my life straight into the tunnel of destiny.

Measured against plastic.

The steel is cast but moulded into clay.

I forgive the ones I hate.

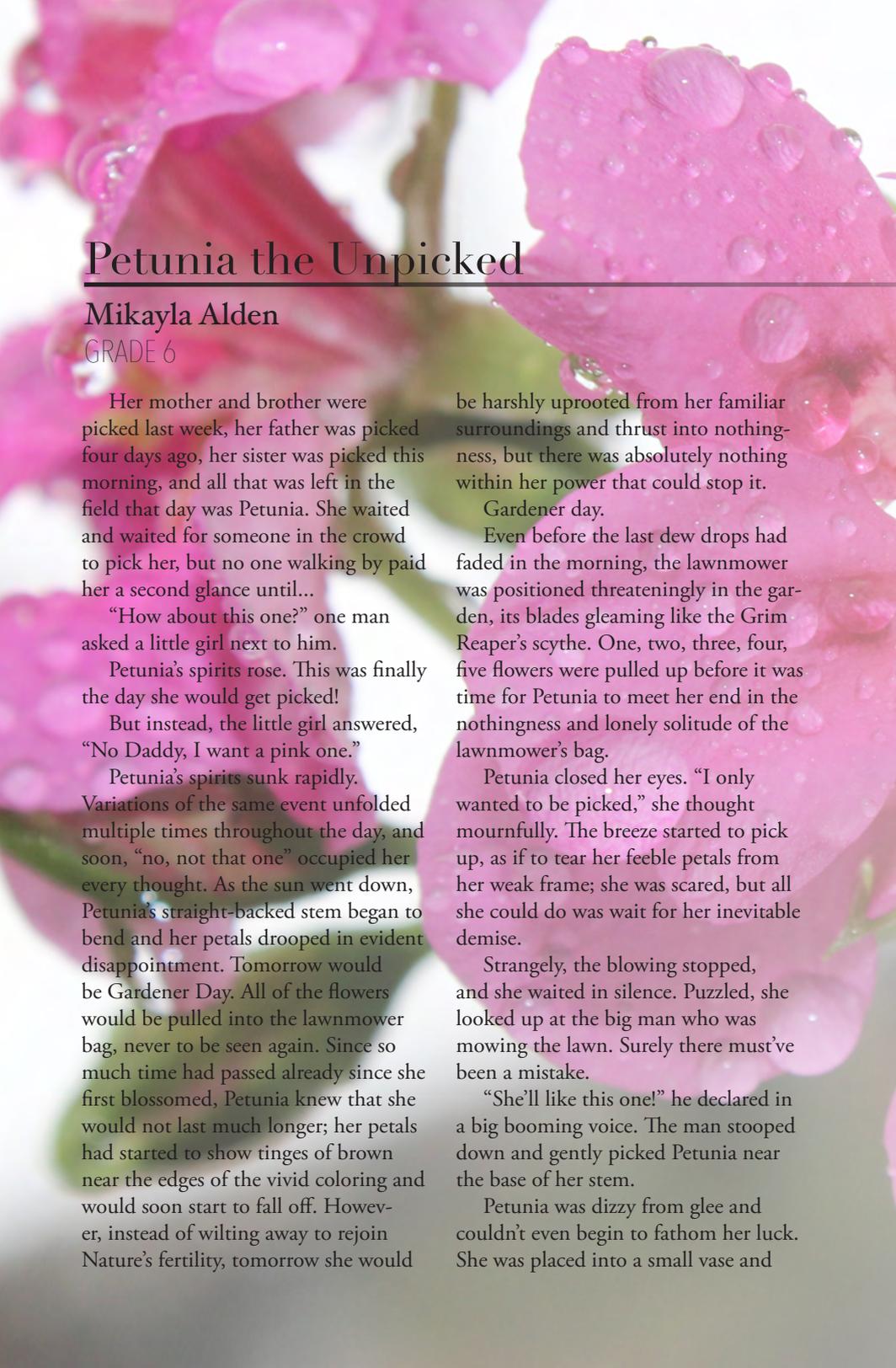
I forgive.

But not to be forgiven.

This is my wish.

This is what I will pray.

When tomorrow comes.



Petunia the Unpicked

Mikayla Alden

GRADE 6

Her mother and brother were picked last week, her father was picked four days ago, her sister was picked this morning, and all that was left in the field that day was Petunia. She waited and waited for someone in the crowd to pick her, but no one walking by paid her a second glance until...

“How about this one?” one man asked a little girl next to him.

Petunia’s spirits rose. This was finally the day she would get picked!

But instead, the little girl answered, “No Daddy, I want a pink one.”

Petunia’s spirits sunk rapidly. Variations of the same event unfolded multiple times throughout the day, and soon, “no, not that one” occupied her every thought. As the sun went down, Petunia’s straight-backed stem began to bend and her petals drooped in evident disappointment. Tomorrow would be Gardener Day. All of the flowers would be pulled into the lawnmower bag, never to be seen again. Since so much time had passed already since she first blossomed, Petunia knew that she would not last much longer; her petals had started to show tinges of brown near the edges of the vivid coloring and would soon start to fall off. However, instead of wilting away to rejoin Nature’s fertility, tomorrow she would

be harshly uprooted from her familiar surroundings and thrust into nothingness, but there was absolutely nothing within her power that could stop it.

Gardener day.

Even before the last dew drops had faded in the morning, the lawnmower was positioned threateningly in the garden, its blades gleaming like the Grim Reaper’s scythe. One, two, three, four, five flowers were pulled up before it was time for Petunia to meet her end in the nothingness and lonely solitude of the lawnmower’s bag.

Petunia closed her eyes. “I only wanted to be picked,” she thought mournfully. The breeze started to pick up, as if to tear her feeble petals from her weak frame; she was scared, but all she could do was wait for her inevitable demise.

Strangely, the blowing stopped, and she waited in silence. Puzzled, she looked up at the big man who was mowing the lawn. Surely there must’ve been a mistake.

“She’ll like this one!” he declared in a big booming voice. The man stooped down and gently picked Petunia near the base of her stem.

Petunia was dizzy from glee and couldn’t even begin to fathom her luck. She was placed into a small vase and

put carefully in the backseat of a car. After a short and bumpy but rather enjoyable ride, the car stopped, and the man carried the vase into a house.

“Mommy,” the man declared, “I got you a present!” He walked up to where an old woman was sitting. She turned around sadly at first but then smiled when she saw gift he held in his hands.

“Petunias are my favorite!” she said with a smile radiating across her features, growing happier with every passing moment. “Set them down right in front of the couch, please.”

After a moment of idle chit-chat, the man cleared his throat and said “I have got to go now, but I hope you enjoy the flower!” He left reluctantly with dragging footsteps.

Petunia quickly discovered that “Mommy” was a lovely old woman. She got up, changed Petunia’s water, and left to get dressed.

One petal fell from Petunia, but in the blissful euphoria of her new home, she was too happy to notice.

Once ‘Mommy’ had finished changing, she propped Petunia up beside her on the couch and turned the daily news on.

Another petal fell. Still, Petunia did not notice.

Ding, Dong. The doorbell sounded.

“Lovely day isn’t it, Olive,” a bulky woman greeted the old lady who Petunia now knew as Olive. “I’ve come to drop this pie off to you.” She looked into the house. “That’s a lovely Petunia you have there. I hope you enjoy the pie!” With that, she was out of the door without even a ‘thank you.’ Three petals were now on the floor of the base.

Still, Petunia did not notice.

Olive shrugged. “Thanks,” she whispered. As she replaced Petunia’s water again, she noticed the pile of wilted, brown leaves near the base of the vase...and so did Petunia.

“She’ll throw me away now!” Petunia wailed to herself. “I didn’t know my petals were falling! I’m ruined!”

Even though Petunia now resembled a barren stalk more than a flower, Olive didn’t throw her away. She just stared at Petunia with a wistful sigh, turned the TV on, and went right back to watching the screen. As Petunia’s last petal fell, she stared back at the quiet old lady who had been her precious friend for the last two weeks. They had only spent two weeks together, but that was enough time for Petunia to realize that she was not a tragic, ruined remnant of the past and to discover love for the first time.

“Goodbye Olive, lawnmower man, mother, father, sister, and brother; I have found what I have been looking for to fill the emptiness in my heart. I have love.”



Clockwise from top left:
“Underwater”
Sapphire Liu
GRADE 10

Jenna Haynie
GRADE 7

Zoe Li
GRADE 8

“Blooming Bird of Colors”
Yoonha Park
GRADE 7







Flames of Hope

Zoe Li
GRADE 8

Note: This story contains some content and imagery which could be disturbing to readers.

Searing pain racked my body. Blinding light dominated my vision. Thousands of voices rang in my ears.

Then... everything became silent. The pain was gone.

When I reopened my eyes, I was on a mountaintop. Trees towered above as if straining for the heavens. A cool breeze cut through the trees. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath of the refreshing mountain air.

Suddenly, the world turned gray and orange. The crisp air turned into smoke in my nostrils. Particles of ash danced around me. I ran blindly away from the flames licking at the trees.

I was standing in a small village engulfed in smoke. I couldn't move. I watched helplessly as house by house went up in flames. Men threw bucketfuls of water on the burning dwellings. Women clutched babies. Children were hustled out of the way. When the people were fully thrown into chaos, they attacked.

Their silhouettes materialized due to the light of the flames. The clanking of the chains at their belts signaled their arrival. Their silver masks shone eerily through the fire. They stormed the village, infiltrating every house, seizing every person they could lay ahold of. They targeted the children who had lost their families in the fire. Anyone who resisted was immediately killed.

I tried to scream for them to stop, but no sound came out of my mouth. A tall girl with long black hair and tanned skin raced past me. She didn't look like one of the villagers. The

Photography by Megan Burke

GRADE 10

girl scanned her surroundings and then ducked into an alley. She returned grasping the hand of a young child. When she turned around, I gasped. I felt like I was looking into a mirror. Questions blurred my mind. Why was I here? What had brought me here? Who was that girl? What was happening? The truth hit me like a brick wall. This was a memory.

The acrid smell of smoke and dead bodies abruptly brought me back to reality. Her bright green eyes darted around as she clutched the younger girl with both hands.

The little girl from the alleyway was covered with soot and grime. Tears were streaming from her eyes and tracing clean paths down her dirty face. It was as if she had lost someone dear to her. She probably did. The older girl bent down and stroked the copper-colored hair of the younger. She spoke several encouraging words into her ears. The little girl attempted to wipe her eyes and put on an unconvincing smile.

Behind them appeared two people with silver masks. They lunged at the girls. The older girl evaded them and dragged the the younger back into the alley. From the misty darkness in the alleyway, I glimpsed a flash of silver and heard the clanking of chains. It was a trap. I struggled against my invisible restraints, trying to warn them of the danger they were walking into. Stop, please stop. Run.

The girl with green eyes also sensed the presence of the slave traders in the alley. She grasped the hand of the younger tighter and tried to run, but they were trapped. She attacked one of the men and shoved the younger girl towards the open space.

“Run, Sasan.”

Sasan bolted but she didn't make it. The assailants from both sides lunged at them. I

closed my eyes. NO NO NO NO NO.

I opened my eyes again only to see the younger girl being dragged away by the slave traders. She was sobbing, screaming and thrashing around, but the traders were stronger. They dragged her away. Her large brown eyes, once gentle and calm, now looked wild and frantic.

I tried to run after her, but something held me back. Something was wrong. Something was missing. That was when I saw the mangled body of the older girl with green eyes. She was lying on the ground in a pool of blood. One leg was bleeding and her arm was twisted under her. Bruises and scrapes dotted her whole body. There was a long lethal gash from which blood flowed freely. It ran from her left collarbone to her chest. I winced, touching my own scar which was situated in the same place. The firelight danced and made shadows across her inhumanly serene face. She was dead.

I covered my face with my hands. Darkness permeated my vision. Death. I felt myself falling into nothingness. The flames and smoke died out around me. The screaming stopped. The silence was oppressive. The dark tranquility wrapped itself around me. Immersed in shadows, I continued to plunge into the ominous serenity. The darkness seeped into my body and my soul. Life and light seemed so distant. Obscurity. Crepuscule. Shadows. Deeper. Farther. Darker...

Suddenly there was a burst of light from deep within me. A fire burned in my spirit. The light spread outwards, casting away the darkness and shadows. Light. A fresh breeze blew over me. Where there is Light there is Hope; where there is Hope there is Life.



Alexiy Buynitsky
GRADE 7



James Hsu
GRADE 7



Enrico Sutera
GRADE 8



David Shih
GRADE 11

Eliana Taylor
GRADE 9



Somnium

Emily Starke

GRADE 10

Awake, I'm dreaming, but dreaming, I feel awake.

I often wander, looking for something to do, but the things I find are insufficient. Books I love can't keep my attention. Games I love to play are just my hands going through the motions. The places I love to go seem out of my reach. I can never stay focused on anything, it seems. People interrupt, or I get distracted, or I just lose interest. I feel higher than the highest phoenix. I feel deeper than the deepest worm. I'm constantly lost in my own mind. As I think, I blare music in my ears to tune out the voices in my head. I search my mind to stop it from searching me. I split my attention among many things, playing a game I can't discover the reality in. So many stories in my head, yelling to escape. Dreams, reality. Wishes in a well. Lies, truth. Conversations. Faith, disbelief. Stanzas. Playing over and over again. My brain tells me they're pleasurable, but they please me so much, I want them all at once, and drown myself. So I sleep. So I dream. So I wake. Sleep. Dream. Wake. Sleep. Wake. Sleep. Dream. Sleep. Wake. Dream. Wake. Sleep. Wake. Dreaming sleeping. Sleeping wakened. Wakened dreaming.

Awake, I'm dreaming, but dreaming, I feel awake.

I have indulged in only one superstition, and even I know it sounds silly and isn't true. I always wear one bracelet, and I imagine it grounds me, keeps me glued to reality and the surface of the earth. I imagine if I take it off, I'll float away, out of control and drifting, like a cloud before the wind, in danger of being dispersed into mist at any second. I've worn it all the time for so long that now it feels like a limb is missing when I can't feel it rubbing against my skin. But, like losing a limb, I think, you can imag-

ine it's there when it isn't. Because your body knows that "normal" is to have that limb, and to not have the bracelet, it will project the normal into your mind, so you can safely ignore reality.

I woke up and showered, taking off my bracelet before I did so, so it wouldn't get wet. Then I started my summer day. Chores: my siblings were arguing about who would do what again, but I couldn't be bothered to sort it out. They would do it themselves or not at all, I thought as I morosely swept the floor. I had tried to sort it out too many times to count, and it always ended with Mom walking in and assigning things, no matter what I did.

After my chores were done, I went to read an old favorite, but it couldn't hold my attention. I didn't feel like finishing any of my half-done projects, biking to the library, or reading any other books on my bookshelf. All the classic symptoms of boredom were caused by too many things to do, too many stories to fulfill. Apathy, basically. I kept reading, more so my eyes would have something to do rather than interest. Just routine story-shuttling into my brain. I felt like I was dreaming, detached and disinterested in the world around me. I somnambulated into the kitchen eventually, vaguely thinking about lunch, when I saw it on the counter: my bracelet.

"Yeah, I found that on the floor of the bathroom. Must have fallen off the counter," my sister said absently as she sat at the counter, eating a quesadilla and reading.

My apathy wasn't caused by my losing the bracelet. But when I put it on, I woke up a bit and told myself that I was just being stubborn and silly. I finished my book, and was drawn to Dumbledore's last conversation with

Harry.

“Professor? Is this real, or is it just happening inside my head?”

“Of course it’s happening inside your head, Harry. But why on earth should that mean that it’s not real?”

Awake, I’m dreaming, but dreaming, I feel awake.

When you dream, logic dissolves. Rational thinking is far away, and “because I said so” is solid reasoning. Your subconscious is entertaining itself, telling itself a story, and logic is not wanted or necessary. You ignore things that don’t make sense, small details that are inconsistent, like the capability of flight, or seeing things in third person, or dreaming in grayscale, or upside down. Colors are just a formality, just what you’re used to. Babies dream before they’re born, but if they don’t know real color, or sound, or have many experiences to draw upon, what do they dream of? Time passing? Gravity? Free movement? Possibly anything. I’ve dreamed myself into scenarios that I’ve never actually experienced, or even witnessed. Aren’t the best novels those that explain things you haven’t even asked the question for, or those that don’t make sense until the end? That book with a plot twist at the end that makes you want to go back and read it all over again, just to see how well the solution fits. In this case, you only fully understand the dream when you wake, and piece together the random nerve firings that occurred as you slept, twisting what happened and making things up so they fit together better, like cutting a puzzle piece because it doesn’t fit in the spot you want it to.

Awake, I’m always dreaming, but only when I’m dreaming am I awake.

Alyssa Hall
GRADE 9



You, in the pale blue,
You were my perfect view.
Better than my other half;
My personality spoke back.
Connection from the first
 embrace;
Laughter all over the place.
Later, it left without a trace.

But when we first met,
The butterflies made riptides
All throughout may insides.
Somehow I could talk to you easier
Than any other person in the world.
I fell in love with you way too fast—
If that's even what it was cast as.
Now I'm staring at my ceiling
Thinking, thinking, thinking
about what could have been.
 Where did that soul go
Of the boy once my beau?
 I let you go.

I miss your words.
When I needed them you had none.
I'm sorry for using mine too much.
It was better when ours were one.
Superficial, words were sometimes.
Genuine or not, I could not define
Because vulnerability was not your
 strength.
 What was I to you?
I will never know, what I was or am to you,
Even when we were in the same room—
 The room where I recognized you.

Oh, boy in the pale blue.
I will never forget the nights
crying over your lack of
words,
Our many fights.
“Talk to me” I pleaded,
But all you needed
Was some space. So you kept
silent
Against a heart with a violent
Nature that wanted to figure
us out.
Yet all we did was burn out.

Pale Blue

Grace Schonfeld

GRADE 12

Now, I see her standing by your side.

I know I told you to go,
But I really want to
know..
Do you ever think
When you're alone,
The moon is up,
And the sadness grows,
What we could have
been?

Aperture magazine is The King's Academy student-run literary magazine. We accept submissions throughout the school year and publish issues of students' works biannually. Any student, teacher, or staff member at TKA is welcome to submit. If you have any questions about Aperture, or would like to submit any literary, artistic, or photographic work, please contact us at tkaliterarymagazine@gmail.com.

THANK YOU FOR READING!
