



Abstract Art by
Victoria Sitterley

The Voice.

Breaking Winter By Anonymous Senior

My will.
Harder than the mountain,
Towering heights above,
Deeper than its driven snow,
Colder than its ice.

Harsh, as the winter wind,
Howling round its peak.
Strong, like its granite base,
Standing, weathered—alone,

My ability lies inside of me,
Myself, my kingdom, my mind,
Dictates what I do and make,
My earth, my cell, my prison.

Take me, God, break me,
Use me for your will,
I am what you've made, inside,
And outside, for you only.

As the mountain stands, so it falls
Broken, by the hand of God—alone.

Man or Machine By William Forde

Metal and man,
Separate yet together,
Man and Machine.
Reluctant reliance.

Nature and Man,
Growing apart...
Humans evolve
up from the dirt.

From that dirt whence they came,
To the dirt they shall go,
but from the earth,
Man's ore does flow,
And crafted with care,
becomes something new,
far unlike the planet
from which it was borne.

And Metal, and Light,
Heat and voltage,
Separates Man from
the casual beast,

But who is the beast,
Man or machine?

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Abstract Art (Watercolor) by Madeline Nielsen

A Child's Perspective

WONDER spreads over his face
like ink over the blank expanse
it sprints and tumbles and twirls
creating the rudimentary figure
of a lion.

he sees the work of a master.

Hello innocence,
feel free to stay a while.

you will be missed—

Grace Ann Lane



Sculpture by Dylan Turley

Plaster Casts of Hands: Their Imprint on Life (Left to Right)

Hayley McNeil
Jessica Armer
Ashley Schulz

Crippled By Anonymous Senior

Crippled by the weight of his pride, he staggered, with much difficulty, over to what resembled a car. In it could be found last night's dinner scraps, a week's worth of laundry, and a variety of fast food bags. He slouched over and placed his hands on the driver's side door frame, looked in and was secretly ashamed. Leaving seemed a lot easier than it actually was- especially when you are down to your last six bucks. Yeah, it could get you a meal, but not a satisfying one. He reached in the window to unlock the car because the door handle was broken last week in a fit of anger. Once inside, he didn't even notice the musty, sour aroma seeping from his belongings. He sat there, thinking to himself,

"How is this possible? How is this happening to me?" But immediately he dismissed his questions, straightened his back and drove off.

Feeling sorry for yourself is a weakness, and he couldn't be weak. All that he had gone through surely proved that. And he couldn't go back, it was impossible. He'd been staying at an abandoned logging site for the past year and a half, alone. He lived out of his car and hadn't seen anyone except the fast food people at the edge of town, but hadn't dared to venture further than the city limits. He reached over and popped open the glove box and found what he was looking for right away because it was the only thing in there. A tattered and coffee stained photograph. The red boutonniere on his tux matched her curled hair which cascaded down her shoulders and covered the top of her white dress. He glanced at his hand and saw that the gold band still remained on his finger, and tossed the photograph on the passenger seat where she used to sit.

He had never been able to make a commitment--her picture served as proof. It had been a year and a half since the ultrasound's confirmation and doctor's congratulations. But the fear of raising a child and the responsibility that that entails, reminds him of why he left his life in the beginning. He drove to the edge of a cliff and parked. He got out and sat on the hood of his car, and stared at his town; it seemed so close but so far away. He jumped up and swore, shook his fists and kicked up dirt then returned to his perch. He sighed, closed his eyes and fell back on his car, and surrendered to sleep. The sharp stars glared down at him. He stayed on his back and didn't move. He couldn't move. He tried to raise his hands, stand up, and lift his head--he tried to move. He tried to scream, but he couldn't open his mouth, it seemed to be sewn shut.

Her voice replayed in his head, reminding him that his pride would kill him. His pride had made him leave her. His pride made him lose his family, his home, his friends, his job, his place in society--and in return so generously gave him isolation and more abhorrence for the world. He laid there and stared at the stars. He studied them, and he noticed that they were growing larger and larger, tromping out the darkness around them. All the while he thought he was starting to hear whispers. He felt a whirling sensation, and his body was being pressed and compressed making it harder for him to even recognize his own limbs, and his mind was expanding-- stretching its physical boundaries of the body.

In a second it was over. All was silent. He wanted to cry, but couldn't.

He opened his eyes.

The stars were gone, the darkness was gone, but the whispers remained.

His friend's voices, his family's voices, and her voice--they were all calling him back. Memories, good memories that made him yearn to return. His son. He could not help but wonder if he looked like him or his mother...and the fact that for a year and a half he had not had a father. In fact, he had never met his father. Pride. Pride and fear were what was keeping him away for so long. But he knew he could not keep living this life of nothingness, living with no purpose.

But he had a purpose, he was a father. He looked out over the town and spotted his house, pictured his wife and child, and realized he could had have pride in them. He started the car's engine and smiled, but he knew the road ahead of him was much longer than the physical distance. 📍



Inanimate

You are inanimate.
 But your petty moves
 breathe life into hers.
 Your whimper awakens her
 instinct.
 Your blind eyes gaze
 worth into hers.
 Your limp grasp, captures her
 heart.
 She whispers airlessly,
 "Never let go"
 Then she kisses you as if the
 touch of her lips will scar your
 face.

You look up at her, perplexed --
 as a stranger.
 You're already *gone*.

Nataliya Bilan



Darius the Aurorate (Continued from last issue)

By James Walker

"What in Tyrianazai's shadow are you?" Darius gasped.

The small creature before him stayed calm for a second, and then as though with delayed reaction he leapt back with a frown on his dark face. His green eyes however seemed to gaze up into Darius's with no fear, as though he was reading Darius's mind. Darius quickly tore his gaze from the creature's deep perplexing eyes. He examined the being's gaunt body. It had large hands and large feet, but the rest of its body was skinny and frail. Its dark gray skin was covered with many scars.

"Time to give Bolie back his wingets?" The creature wheezed.

"What is a wingets?" Darius inquired.

The creature stretched out a long gnarled finger towards the green stone in Darius's left hand. Darius guffawed,

"After you threw it at me, I don't think so."

"Bolie didn't mean to lose wingets at you," the creature said with a sly look in his eyes. "I was just tossing it to meesms and WVOOP, out of the hole and straight at yousms neck."

"Fine!" Darius tossed the stone back to the strange creature. "I have to go. Don't even think about following me."

In spite of his warning however, the creature followed him. It kept up with Darius's increased pace with ease. Soon the Graciaons were back in sight. The crows that used to be all over now were diminishing. Darius felt a chill go up his back. He didn't know what it was, but something evil was ahead. As Darius and his unlikely accomplice pressed on further, a dull red glow appeared from some distant hole ahead. Suddenly, the monsters that Darius had been following disappeared over a ridge. As he and Bolie approached the spot, horrible noises started to pound through Darius's ears and stabbed at his brain like a thousand needles. Dread filled Darius's stomach and soon spread throughout his entire body as he peeked over the edge into the deep abyss below. The sight was hideous. Thousands of creatures were sculpting everything from swords to the robot encasings from which Graciaons were made. Thousands of others were pulling slimy objects out of dark pits. There was no doubt that these slimy, film encased creatures were the dreaded Graciaon warriors. In yet another region of the seemingly endless pit, the robotic halves of the Graciaons were being welded onto their half of the slimy creatures. It smelled like death. Then, a ghastly voice shouted over the fray.

"We attack in seven sunsets. The Aurorate nation will fall without their army. Even with their army, they would stand no chance. WE SHALL DESTROY THEM!"(cont. next page)

Fato Profundus

Her pompous
 arrogance,
 Clothed in violet,
 An empty shell,
 Wrapped in silence.
 His sarcastic whims,
 All cruelty bound-
 Formerly free hands,
 Shackled in misery.
 For innocence lost,
 For contracts betrayed,
 For souls spent,
 Two lives demanded.

By Anonymous

Photography on this page by
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**Who we are,
What we do,
Who we proclaim.**



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Thank you to all the students
who contributed stories, poetry,
and artwork to this edition.

***Pinhole Camera Photograph
(of Ms. Knight) by David
Yamamoto**

As soon as he heard this, Darius turned and ran as fast as he could towards the bottom of the mountain. He had to warn the king. About a mile later, Darius stumbled. His 300 pound body hit the ground hard and he slid another ten feet before a black boulder stopped him. Darius spit out gritty tasting dirt. As he lay there, Darius heard the sound of beating wings.

"Fly, fly, we must go Wingets." Bolie's voice seemed to fade. Then, all went black.

Darius opened his eyes. For a moment the ceiling was blurry, but soon it was as clear as always. "I'm back," Darius whispered, laying his head on his pillow he let himself slip away into dreams.

"No, no, no...no sleepings," Bolie roused Darius. "Come, to the king we must go."

Three hours later Darius found himself entering the king's chamber. The king, a strong, tall man wearing a red robe, was seated on his throne looking rather bored.

"Speak," the King said with a solemn voice.

Darius recounted all that had happened to him in the last day. At the end of his speaking Darius took a deep breath. "I implore of you, oh King. Bring your armies back to the city. We must protect the citizens!"

The king sighed. "This is a dark time for our nation, one we may not survive. I will do what you suggest. And you, what is your name?"

"Darius, sir."

"Rise Darius, Warrior of Aurore. Go now! Recruit as many Aurorates as you can regardless of their family name. Meet me in the lower vaults three days from now."

The next three days seemed to pass in a haze. Darius recruited warriors, gathered weapons, and trained the new recruits. On the third day, Darius went down into the lower vaults to meet the king. After greeting one another, the king took Darius into a huge cavern, filled with colossal stalagmites and stalactites. At the center of the cavern a huge white stone, the size of a person, lay on the stone floor.

"This stone is made of an intensely atomic compound," the king spoke sadly. "If the battle should go foul and all hope is lost, all one would have to do is thrust a sword into the center of this beauty. It would explode with the power of a fourth of a super nova. The Graciaons will not stop at our planet. Once they have destroyed all life in this world, they will proceed to infect the rest of the solar system."

A loud trumpet sound interrupted the king. A messenger ran down the stairs.

"Your highness, our army has arrived."

"Good," the king said with relief.

"That's not all your highness; the Graciaons followed them back here. The city is surrounded. Many more Graciaons came from the dark mountains. We will have to fight soon."

The King straightened his back, "Gather all troops. We march to the field of Thracion. There we will confront them!"

Half a day later, the Aurore army was fully assembled with its back to the city wall. Row upon row of archers and crossbowmen plucked arrows out of the ground next to them and pointed their weapons at the oncoming Graciaon army. It was a terrible sight. The dark army moved the evil creatures drew their crude weapons. A horrible blast from a horn echoed through the ranks of the Aurorates signaling the enemy charge. Darius drew his sword; its dual blades glinted in the sunlight. Bolie stood beside him with a strange green object clasped in his hand.

The King rode out in front of the forces on his horse. "Men, this may seem like a hopeless battle," he shouted over the noise, "but remember, courage will always be remembered, love never dies, and hope shall always resonate throughout this galaxy. I bid you to fight with me, to rid this land of all evil."

With that the Aurore army gave a loud shout that for a moment covered up the horrible noise the Graciaons were making. Then the battle lines collided. The air was filled with arrows and crossbow bolts. Darius fought with the strength of a lion thrusting his sword into countless enemies. He fought long and hard. After a long day however, the lines of the Aurore army gave way. The Graciaons were too numerous. As soon as one fell, two rose up to take his place.

Darius soon found Bolie by his side. They fought hard while falling back towards the entrance of the vaults. As soon as they reached the entrance of the vault they broke into a run towards the cavern with the sacred stone. When they reached the cavern Bolie stood at the doorway, holding off the Graciaon pursuers.

It was then that Darius the Aurorate raised his sword high over the stone. Taking a quick glance back he saw Bolie explode into a green ball of light and then disappear. Darius looked back at the stone and then plunged his red sword into the heart of the sacred stone.

Two million miles away, two orange creatures with one eye each were looking up into the night sky. A distant explosion drew their gaze.

"Wowmsms" one said. "That looks like a supernova of some kind."

A green light suddenly flashed beside the strange beings. A small dark creature with large hands and feet stepped out of the explosion as if stepping out of a portal. Its large green eyes stared at the orange creatures.

"Not long ago," it said in a mystic voice, "A hero named Darius the Aurorate gave his life to protect the rest of this solar system. His name shall never be forgotten and his legend shall live on through light and dark."

And so, the name Darius the Aurorate was spread throughout the solar system and even throughout the galaxy. His name was and will always be remembered as the destroyer of the evil Graciaons.

Darius smiled as he looked on from the heavens. He was finally home. 