



THE MORGAN LITERARY MAGAZINE
PART 1: COVID-19 EDITION

Intro:

The Morgan Literary Magazine has always set out to incorporate and highlight individual creativity throughout our school. Even now, when we have found ourselves in unprecedented and uncharted territory, our members have used this situation as an opportunity to invest in creativity. We are so fortunate that we have a community at Morgan who are just as passionate as those of us in the Lit Mag. Because of them, we have added an additional section to headline our magazine this year. We felt it was extremely important to show that even while we are all separated and are no longer able to go to school with each other, our creativity brings us together. Please enjoy this section which is composed of work from Morgan students and staff who, through a combined effort, used their time in quarantine to create something that they could share with all of you. We are so excited to share this year's magazine with you because it proves our belief that "We are Morgan & We are Family" since family finds joy in sharing with each other.

Staff and Contributors

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Special thanks goes to Mr. Bergman and his Creative Writing class who gave us tons of wonderful poems to include.

Sofie Passante - Journal Entry 3 - 4/8/20

Although social distancing and self-quarantine are boring and lonely at times, one good thing coming out of it is family time and bonding. Personally, I have a very big family with 9 of us. All of us are super busy all the time with school, sports, and friends. It can be hard to take time to talk with your family and spend time with them because we are all so busy. During quarantine, since we are stuck in the house, it has been nice to be able to do things together and just simply talk to one another. Some things I have been doing with my siblings are going on bike rides with them, going on runs, going on walks, playing basketball, playing softball, and shows and movies. Although we are very competitive and fight a lot, it has been so fun being able to just relax and do small activities with my younger and older siblings. This quarantine has reminded us all that it is important and fun to spend time with the people closest to you, your family. It is hard to do so with busy schedules and social lives, but it is something I think is really important to remember to build those relationships.



4/2/20 Nick Bausch

Journal Entry #2

Hello again Ms. Frydenborg. I look forward to seeing you later today on my computer screen. Today for my journal topic I wanted to talk about my approach to the scary but real situation that is going on. When I think of the world well being right now I am super scared. In China there are at least 1 billion people that live in tight packed quarters. I think the less developed countries such as some parts of India are also at risk. The world has such a demand for medical equipment and hand sanitizer, they just can't fulfill the demand. And if you think about it, the less developed countries will be helped last and the coronavirus will have time to spread. For the first time ever in my entire life, I have never experienced such an event. And what I am positive of is that this is not the beginning and it will become worse. Today I try to remain healthy by going outside everyday after school. I also try to limit my screen time for entertainment because in the long run it's going to lower my health. At the moment all we can do is stay clean and stop the spread. Today's picture is what I saw on my Instagram feed that I found very special.



This picture of an ER nurse that I saw on Instagram. What I found so important to talk about was how the caption explained so many emotions that you could see in her face. What it says is "I broke down and cried today. Because after 4 years of being an ER nurse, I suddenly feel like I know nothing. Because my face hurts after wearing an N95 for 13 hours." If you don't know, an N95 is a special face mask that filters out the most bacteria out of all the other masks. In the picture it was very evident that there were red marks and indents on her face because she non stop worked to save as many lives as possible because of coronavirus. Another scary fact is that celebrities and their doctors are contracting coronavirus as well. This showed the media that COVID - 19 is not a joke and the world must go into lockdown to save lives.

Ethan Reemsnyder
April 29th, 2020

Journal Entry #6

I cooked tacos for my family on Saturday night. I did a very good job cooking them and everyone was pleased. I used a tortilla to wrap the meat, cheese, sauce, lettuce, and rice in together. It worked out great.

Today I went to work with my dad in the morning because it is Wednesday and I don't have any scheduled google meetings during the day, so I went to work with my dad. I helped clean up part of this house and helped him move heavy objects within the house so he could do more of the meticulous work.

I ordered a baseball machine in early April and it was supposed to arrive last Friday, but now it still hasn't come and it is 5 days late. This just shows how many people are using online shopping during this pandemic. I do find this fascinating because though there are many more orders being made daily, there are less people on the roads, so there should be less traffic. This just shows how many orders online places receive.

Today, I have also mowed the lawn for the first time this year. It is one of my duties in my household. Mowing the lawn is very time consuming, but it is what it is and it has to be done.



4/28/20 - Mason Barron

This week was another week of boring quarantine. There is still nothing to do and it is getting really boring, more than it already was. I heard that some states are getting ready to come out of quarantine. I don't think that's smart, it's just going to explode with cases again. There really isn't much to write about when you're stuck inside all day. I taught my dog to give me her paw yesterday! Everyone said she was so dumb.

Leora Gibbs - 4\30\2020

Nothing much has happened since the last journal. I was able to beat Devil May Cry four which is the one where I was stuck on a boss. Well he wasn't much of a boss, he was the character from the other games. You play as him in Devil May Cry one, two and three. The story of Devil May Cry, is that there are two sons of a legendary being, Sparda the dark knight. Sparda is a devil who fought and killed his own kind to protect the human world. In doing so he too died leaving his sons alone. Their mother is a human but she died in a fire when they were kids. They were forced to part ways and when they grew up the younger of the two sons, Dante became a devil hunter. His older brother Vergil, well... became a sucker for power. Vergil wanted to open the gate to the Demon World and find their father's sword to steal his power. Dante followed behind him and tried to stop him. They fought a bunch but then the gate to the Demon World was opened. It was opened by a human that was helping Vergil. However, the whole time he wanted Sparda's power for himself. Dante went through the Demon World killing devils until he got to the place the human was. He had gotten Sparda's power but it was too much for him and he turned into a big blob... Dante fought him for a while but it was too much for just him and his brother decided to step in and help. One thing I like about those two brothers is that even though it seems like they hate each other's guts, it doesn't take much for them to get along and fight together. After they beat him they fight again and Vergil loses. Being a sorry loser decides to stay in the Demon World. Which was a bad choice on his part, Dante thought he died and went back to the human world. He cried a bit and someone he just met that day, Lady, said "devil may cry." He opened a shop and called it Devil May Cry. Where people would come to him and pay him to kill devils. After finishing Devil May Cry four I finished Devil May Cry 5 in only two days on the hardest difficulty I had at the time. In the fifth one a new character is introduced, V, though he's not so new when I think about it. You can play as Nero, Dante and V. But you can only play as Dante after V finds him. In the beginning you play as Nero wandering around in a place that seems like hell. V is leading you and you kill devils on the way. In this Nero has lost an arm and is itching for revenge. After fighting and running a bit you come to a weird thing that kind of looks like a door split open. You run in and see Dante getting thrown across the room. There is an ugly creature sitting on what looks like a throne. Nero fights it and loses, Dante gets back up and blocks the guy telling V and Nero to leave. They leave and a month passes, Nero gets a new robotic arm. Then Nero and V fight their way back to the creature. V goes to find Devil sword Sparda which is the Sword Sparda once used. Dante had been keeping it with him after awakening it. When V found it he also found Dante who was still alive. Dante had a dream about his past, when his mother died. V woke him up and gave him the sword. They parted ways and you play as Dante now. They all fight their way there and when they do you first fight the creature as Nero. The creature has a shield that takes forever to destroy. You attack it until you break it and Nero gets a hit on the dude. But sadly after a while of fighting him after he stands up Nero still loses. Dante comes in and saves him with newly found power and beats him back. Then they all fight their way to find him again. Dante is the first to find him and fights him after he eats a fruit and gains new powers. But in the end Dante still beats him, just like he always does. But it's not the end yet, V and Nero show up, V merges with it and Vergil appears. It turns out Vergil was alive but slowly dying, he was the one who took Nero's arm and the Yamato with it. Yamato is his katana that he uses, it can open and close the gate to hell. Vergil then used it to split himself into two beings, One his human half, V and his a demon half who becomes the ugly creature. Dante and Nero set off to find him once more but Dante tells Nero to stay out of it. Nero asked why and said if he thinks he's weak. Dante said that's not it, Nero asked then what is it. Dante said it's because Vergil is his father. Nero was shocked, he learned that he had both a father and an uncle after having lived a whole

life without a family. But after a little chat with a friend he decided that he wouldn't let them kill each other. Then he finally found his inner power, the kind of power his father and uncle had, and he went to them and told them to stop. He made a deal with Vergil that if he won against him they would stop fighting each other. He agreed and they fought, Nero won. But they still had a job to do, because of what Vergil did, the city was overrun by devils and there were giant trees from hell eating away at the earth. The two brothers had to go to hell to cut them down. And that was the end of the game, but I'm playing through more difficulties to get different costumes for them. That's all that I've done so there is nothing more to say. Devil May Cry =dmc



Dante dmc 5



Vergil dmc 5



Nero dmc 5



V dmc 5

Abel Rodriguez

I think it's almost been a month since school got canceled. The first week of quarantine felt so slow, but now it feels like the days are literally flying. It's crazy how my freshman year was ruined, but it's fine. I can't really complain because seniors and other people have it a lot worse. A couple of days ago, I stumbled across a song on social media that reminded me of my childhood. I completely forgot the name of the song and I spent like an hour trying to find it. Once I found it I felt this feeling I really couldn't explain. It was a strong feeling of nostalgia, it made me happy and then I started reminiscing of the past because of the song. Then I got a bit melancholic and tried to bring that old feeling back but I couldn't, I really didn't expect myself to. Honestly, finding a song that you haven't heard in years is such a good feeling. Especially if you loved the song too; it's sort of like a lost gem. Once you find it you start to ponder about the past. Not just songs too, it can be anything. Another good feeling I used to like was waking up on my birthday. But it's just not the same anymore. Instead of being grateful and happy, I get really melancholic and sad. I really can't explain. I've never really liked too much attention so I guess that's part of the reason I don't really like my birthday because the day is solely dedicated to you. But by far, the best feeling I think a person could experience is when you work really hard on something and it pays off. Maybe like studying until midnight every day for a hard test or a project and then getting a really good grade you didn't even expect. Something about it is just so satisfying and I think anyone could agree with me. But then again, something that gives you nostalgia and is reminiscent of something else is just great. I really can't explain the feeling but it's just really indulging.



Miss Fairbanks' photo
of the rocks she has
painted to fill
the time during the
quarantine.

Grocery Store Fool - by Mrs. Chausse

I made my way through the produce reaching with a gloved hand for avocados, Honey Crisp apples, and my favorites, blueberries and raspberries. I wisely decided to wear my contact lenses which prevented the fogged glasses' problem I had on my last shopping trip. Occasionally, I glanced at the list on my phone making certain I was getting not only what I needed but also what my mom needed. Because of the danger of infection from the coronavirus, I planned to fill my shopping cart with three weeks' worth of groceries.

That morning I woke early. I was anxious to get to the store by 7:00 am. I had a faculty meeting at 9:00. I wanted to make certain I would not have to rush through the shopping worrying about getting to the meeting on time. So I prepared the night before. My pocketbook, shoes, coat, the large nylon bag I would spread on the bottom of the shopping cart, the small pack of disinfectant wipes, the mini bottle of hand sanitizer, the plastic gloves, mask, and the detailed lists for the goods my mom and my family needed were all waiting for me.

The first announcement came after I loaded my cart with all the produce including four packages of Romaine hearts, a package of red cabbage, and eggplant. I wasn't sure what I heard. Was the announcer actually stating that they were only accepting cash? I dismissed it. Who would want to be handling cash during a pandemic? I always paid for my groceries through my phone, only having to exchange a friendly eye smile with the cashier.

Ten minutes later, I had the containers of sale coffee my mom wanted piled in the cart along with some elbow macaroni for my son and a loaf of fresh bread. This time I could not dismiss the announcement. They were not accepting debit or credit cards. Cash only.

I knew I did not have enough cash to pay for what I had piled in my cart. This could not possibly be a permanent situation, I reasoned. By the time I got to the cashier, the “cash only” problem should be solved. I put the ice cream my husband craved in the cart as well as bottles of almond milk. I spoke to a woman at the cash register. She told me it was still cash only, and she confirmed that there were no ATMs in the store. I told her I was going to drive across the plaza to get cash. I would be back.

And I walked out the door. I looked at the bank across the plaza and considered walking to it, but I was short on time. It was a little past 8. The first ATM read “Out of Service.” So did the second. As I drove down the street, I considered my options, go back to the store, try to put all the groceries back, continue searching for a working ATM to get cash to pay for the groceries, or drive home, make my meeting on time and begin my day of distance teaching.

I am embarrassed to say I chose the latter. I attended the meeting, corrected papers, and prepared for the following day of lessons thinking of my grocery cart sitting in the store, piled with all the food I carefully selected. I felt guilty because I knew some essential employee, risking her life, making too little money had to empty the cart, and put all of the groceries back on the shelves. I hoped there was no spoilage, no transmission of illness because of my foolishness.

And so this evening, I will ready my mask, gloves, hand sanitizer, wipes, and a wad of cash for another shopping attempt tomorrow morning. I have no large nylon bag to line the cart though. That luxury was left sitting in the grocery store cart with my cash only groceries.



**ALYSE CONTEMPLATING THE UNIVERSE.
PHOTO BY KAILINA OLCOTT**

4/30/20 - Nick Beaudreau

This weekend, and basically this whole week, I had to try to get outside as much as possible because it was very rainy. Especially last night since there was a very rainy and windy storm that kept me up all night. I think it was on Tuesday though, that the weather was super nice and it was in the high 50s. I was outside for almost 3 hours that day playing soccer and basketball. I would have liked to go biking with my friends but obviously the circumstances didn't allow it. Today, just like Wednesday I will be stuck inside because it is pouring outside and it will be all day. I guess the only benefit from being stuck inside all day is that I will be able to talk to my friends over the phone longer or on Xbox. I have been hearing a lot of rumors about whether the state will reopen or not since we have had almost a week of declining cases of coronavirus. I think if the state reopens it will only be certain stores like salons and retail stores, possibly even fast food places. I also think school will be closed until next year unless something miraculous happens and the virus just disappears but there are even rumors that a second wave is coming so I am not sure what to think.

Journal #5 Sophia Vigorito
4/19/20

One thing that my family and I have a lot more time for now is hiking. There are three hiking trails that are less than five minutes away from my house and we hardly ever go to them. One of the hiking trails is new and when we walked there. I looked for a map online since there was none when we first entered the woods, and luckily there was one. It felt like forever since the trail split, but when it did, we had the option to go straight, or take a left, which was a huge uphill. We took the harder uphill route and it led to an overlook. We stood on the top of a huge cliff and were able to see each trail and the few people that were there. Continuing to walk a little farther, we encountered another beautiful overlook of a lake (here is the picture I took of it). This was a dead end so we had to turn around to head home. On Easter Sunday, after we opened our baskets we decided to go to these hiking trails that we have never been to but we always pass. They were just a few minutes away, and these hiking trails are right across the lake that I live on, Chapman Hill Pond. There



was a trail map at the entrance here, but in the end we did not use it since there were a lot of other trails that were not included on the map. I liked these hiking trails better since there was a lot more than just woods. My family mainly walked on the trails that were right along the lake, and once we even walked on a huge tree trunk that was in the water. We also saw a vernal pool, which is a pond that is empty in the winter and fills up in the summer. My sister Lauren is a

camp counselor at Bushy Hill, so she knows about all the different types of plants. She showed us a plant called skunk cabbage and when it is pulled out of the ground it smells like skunk, and she did pull it out of the ground. In this picture the green leaves are the skunk cabbage. One of the coolest features that were at both trails were the stone walls. There were so many of these and it is cool to think that these were the boundary lines of where people used to farm. I hope that I can go to the third trails soon, this is called Peters Woods.

May 6, 2020 - Katie Martin

As we are all at home, struggling to even think of the positive things in life, I have come to think about a lot of things. For instance, the crazy idea that someday in the future I may miss this? Crazy to think that I will maybe want to go back to these hard times in life where all I do is

sit at home wanting to see and hug my friends and family. But on a real note, will I miss this? The slowness, the stillness. The open highways, no traffic in sight and the silence outdoors and indoors. The books, the movies, the walks, the children. The extra hugs, phone calls, and unexpected hellos from people who were once strangers until now. We have a shelter, a quiet place to embrace while at home and later on we will not have it as much as we do now. I come to think, future Katie, will you enjoy where you are now? Right back into the constant flow of life, right back to where we started. The schoolwork, the restaurants, the gyms. All I can think about is the moment this is all over. Will I jump back in so fast that I may miss the whole point? To be thankful for the love, laughs, and freedom -- which is the whole point of life. To slow down and appreciate the little things and to take care of our planet. To reflect and forgive. What I owe all to this pandemic are the values and lessons that I have learned. Before, I was so focused on the goal, the finish line. I never stopped going and I missed everything I passed. But now, I walk a



little and then stop and look around, embracing the randomness that surrounds me. And for that all I have to say is, thank you coronavirus. Thank you for teaching me what life is really about.

*Photo of the masks
Mrs. Nadeau and her
daughter have been
making for family and
friends.*



**March 30, 2020 -
Kaydence Koloskie-Phelps**

During this catastrophic time period it is hard to express our emotions. I really feel that through music I have been able to relax and come at ease with my thoughts late at night. Sometimes it will be 3am and my mind just won't fully shut off. I have been in a lot of distress and a feeling of sorrow while being stuck at home. Although, social distancing is very important it is making lots of people deprived of social interaction. Whether you may like to play music or listen to it, you may actually be surprised how beneficial music can be while also boosting your energy. My personal favorite artist for the longest time has been Post Malone aka Posty. His music varies mainly in hip hop, trap, pop rap, and R&B. His music is very catchy and has a soothing rhythm. I have actually read several articles while being in quarantine, about how music helps the creative part of your mind expand in many ways. I find this super interesting because I noticed while listening to music it always increases my mood. My favorite song I listen to late at night is *Circles* by Post Malone. It reminds me of summer and good vibes which I love because it's been really gloomy out and I haven't completely felt myself. Post Malone gives me amazing happy

vibes though. In school as well, I will also listen to music to help deal with social anxiety, Post makes me feel more confident and less anxious talking to people as well. Another thing I love about Post Malone's music is that he is also a very good guitarist which he incorporates in a lot of his music. Overall music has helped me dramatically while being inside improving my mood.



Dom Muce 4/16/2020

This week, to finally leave the house I went to the Hammonasset Reservoir with some friends. I had never been there before but I love hiking so I was excited. The trail goes around a massive dam and underneath a bridge with art all over it. It was nice seeing a couple of my friends for the first time in a while and it was also nice to get out of the house. I was also able to take pictures for an Intro to Com project as seen below.





Journal Entry - Katie Rubino
3/25/20

Something that most people don't know about me is that this year at my past dance competition I was awarded Teen Miss Dance of Connecticut 2020. It was the second time I have won, I won in 2018 as Teen Miss also. This year was hard for me. I didn't really have all the confidence that I used to have, I was nervous out of my mind, but I remember right before I went out on the stage I told myself that whatever was gonna happen was going to be okay. That gave me all the confidence in the world and I got out there and performed like no other. During the awards ceremony right after everyone danced was probably one of the scariest and most nerve-racking things ever! When awards were being passed out in my category I received the highest score, receiving a high gold the highest medal. At that moment I knew I won. Once all the runner ups were called it was my time to shine. I got called as Teen Miss Dance of Connecticut and I can tell you my face was shining so bright. I was so beyond proud of myself. I get to go to the National competition this summer in Florida. In Florida, I get to compete with dancers from all over the country and make new friends. When I went two years ago I made everlasting bonds with such amazing dancers that I still talk to, to this day. I stay there for about

a week preparing for or Teen competition night, we have interviews with the judges and judged dance classes that all go in favor of our final score at the end of our performance night. Crossing my fingers that nothing changes. It would break my heart if I wasn't able to go. I also get to go with a senior at my studio that won Miss Dance of Connecticut with me and I couldn't be more proud of her! I can't wait to be able to go to nationals with her.



5/6/20 - Julia Walker

For the past few days we have been sailing and talking to many friends on FaceTime a lot. On Saturday we sailed all the way down to Old Saybrooke then across to Green Port in Long Island. Then on Sunday my dad, brother and I went sailing with my boyfriend Ben. We didn't go very far that day because there was not a lot of wind. FaceTime has also been fun because all my friends and I play crazy 8's together! Honestly this time that we're living in isn't that bad because I still get to do all the things I love!



This is a picture I took of my brother at the helm.

This is me at the top of the mast fixing an antenna!



Ava Partch - Journal entry 6
Thursday, April 30th, 2020

I understand that the town is more isolated than usual but before quarantine, it was already pretty empty. Left and right my favorite things would shut down and the buildings would be left there to rot. The old morgan and Peirson school both got shut down and now nobody knows what to do with them, or what about that old CVS? There are also no plans for that building either. The more I think about it the more I wonder what it would be like to own the abandoned CVS and what I would do with it. At first, I imagined opening a candy store to make up for the loss of Nico's icecream however that sounded like a lot of money and work. Then I explored the thought of opening a business of any kind and the thing that kept on coming to mind would be a roller rink. I doubt that it would be popular or gain any kind of special attention, and would most likely shut down in the first few days of its existence, but the thought itself brings me so much joy. Just imagine, after quarantine is over an outdoor roller rink might be what we all need. It's a goofy thought, to say the least, but it would be refreshing to see everybody in neon-colored helmets in the '80s themed roller rink. I imagine it to be outdoors with a snack bar and a rental area with a bright green cubby for shoes. It would be perfect for birthdays and I could get the employees to sing their own happy birthday song. I think it is entertaining not only for the people who know how to roller skate or roller blade but for the people who want to learn. I actually love to rollerblade in fact lately its how I get my exercise in if my friends learned how to rollerblade or skate we could all go together. I think it would be a benefit to everyone mentally and physically going outside has benefits of its own walking outside has been proven to decrease tension and depression. I also imaging having a theme of fairy lights and lemon trees and a triangle neon patterned rink. An upbeat playlist of 70's hits would play during the day, and at night time the fairy lights would turn on and more relaxing tunes would ring through Clinton, every so often hearing high pitched laughter. When the day ends, people have a five-minute warning before closing time, a janitor would come and be careful not to mix up the recycling and the regular trash. Friends would say goodbye to each other as they walk in different directions towards their cars while the snack bar employee packs up and locks the doors to the small stand. Then it's nine o'clock and my roller rink would have until 6 am until it opens to smiling faces one again.

5/21/20 Sydney Scanlon

For the past few days I have just been getting work done, sitting by the pool, and doing more work. Teachers keep assigning pointless work for no reason and all the sudden teachers keep posting projects, worksheets, and edpuzzles. I get that it's hard to find things to assign that serve a purpose, but some teachers don't even try to find something that isn't busy work. It's hard to balance all the work when certain teachers post a worksheet and two edpuzzles for us to complete seeming like they forgot we have pretty much the same amount of work in most of our other classes. If we were in actual school and everything was normal again, we would have

a minimal amount of work because we're getting close to finals and we would have needed to wrap things up to get ready to prepare soon. But it's not normal. We're still in the middle of a pandemic, struggling with the workload given to us while listening to teachers say they care for us and miss us and hope we're doing okay, but how are we supposed to be doing okay when most these teachers just assign work after work effortlessly, but if I were to do them effortlessly because I don't care for the work, I'm the one who gets in trouble and sees consequences, not the teacher for assigning work that doesn't do anything for me. So I sit here every morning doing all the work as best I can depending on the day because in the end, I'm the one who will have to deal with the outcome, I'll be the one upset over it, not the teacher. That's how online school is for me and it would be interesting to see what it's like for everyone else.

LESSONS FROM QUARANTINE LIFE - MS. FRYDENBORG

A TYPICAL DAY AT OUR HOUSE IS ANYTHING BUT BORING, ESPECIALLY NOW THAT WE NEED TO PROTECT OURSELVES AND OTHERS FROM GETTING THE VIRUS. WITH OUR NEW QUARANTINE SCHEDULE, WE WAKE UP AT THE SAME TIME AND COMPLETE AN HOUR OF QIGONG BEFORE STARTING OUR DAY, WHICH IS SIMULTANEOUSLY RELAXING AND INVIGORATING. BEFORE JASON LEAVES FOR HIS JOB, I ALWAYS HAVE HIM CHECK FOR A MASK AND SEVERAL PAIRS OF GLOVES IN CASE HE NEEDS TO STOP AT A STORE OR GET GAS.

THEN, I START MY SCHOOL DAY BY FIRST DECIDING ON WHAT SIRIUS RADIO STATION WILL FIT MY LISTENING NEEDS FOR THE DAY. MUSIC HELPS TO FILL THE GAP OF NOT HEARING THE SOUNDS OF MY STUDENTS AND COLLEAGUES, SOUNDS I MISS THE MOST AS I WORK TO CREATE MEANINGFUL LESSONS TO TEACH FROM AFAR. I STILL HEAR FROM STUDENTS DURING OUR GOOGLE MEET SESSIONS, BUT THESE MEETINGS ARE NOT THE SAME AS WORKING TOGETHER IN THE SAME ROOM. WEEKLY JOURNALS ARE WHERE I HEAR MY STUDENTS' VOICES THE STRONGEST AS THEY WRITE ABOUT HOW THEIR LIVES HAVE CHANGED AND HOW THEY ARE COPING WITH THOSE CHANGES. FROM THESE ENTRIES, STUDENTS HAVE REITERATED THE LESSONS WE SHOULD ALL LEARN FROM QUARANTINE:

- TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER BY CHECKING IN WITH FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WHO MAY BE ISOLATED OR STRUGGLING FROM BEING ALONE.
- HELP YOUR FAMILY BY PLAYING GAMES OR DOING CHORES TOGETHER. THESE ARE TRULY BONDING MOMENTS.
- TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF BY GOING FOR WALKS OR RUNS, OR BY STARTING A HEALTHY REGIMEN OF DIET AND EXERCISE.
- START A NEW HOBBY BECAUSE THERE'S ACTUALLY TIME.
- BE THANKFUL THAT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE NOT SUFFERING FROM THE VIRUS.
- WEAR A MASK BECAUSE IT IS OUR CIVIC DUTY TO KEEP OURSELVES AND OUR LOVED ONES SAFE.
- BE PATIENT. THIS WILL NOT LAST FOREVER.



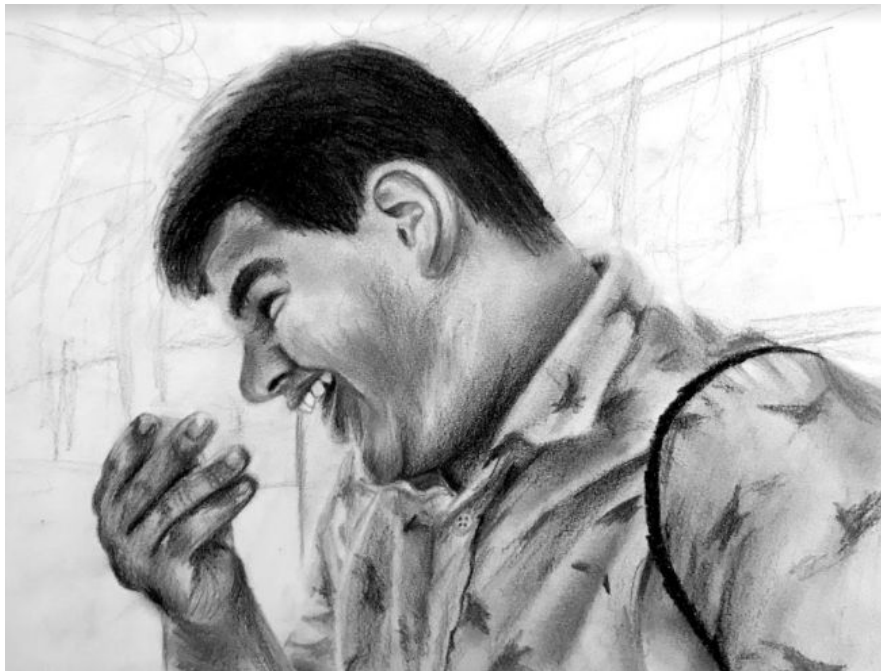
THANKS FOR TUNING IN TO OUR FIRST EVER COVID-19 EDITION OF THE MORGAN LITERARY MAGAZINE! IT'S AMAZING THAT DESPITE BEING SEPARATED DUE TO THE PANDEMIC, OUR MORGAN FAMILY STILL FINDS WAYS TO COME TOGETHER. NOW BACK TO OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED LIT MAG! BELOW YOU WILL FIND THE PART II: BRAIN STORMS.

Brain Storms



“Time” - Caleb Vath

Lasting eternal, never-ending, immortal time.
Every second an infinite piece of infinity itself.
Though not for mortal us, with little time.
Without our understanding
or our knowing our
time trickled away
Seconds until
your last
breath.
Eternal again.
Time immortal returned.
As now eternal nothingness began.
Time continued again, without us or you.
Time returned to being immortal
a never-ending nothing.



Catie Duffy- Gods and Women

Of gods and women,
Will we be held in contempt
Of the balance?
Or risen up,
Lightened to the heavens?
Will we be found in perjury
Of the court of system?
Or acquitted,
Allowed to rule the soil
And sand as we please?
What, pray tell,
Will happen,
When we are found
By gods and women?





Impersonal- M - Catie Duffy

Begin.

Take note.

Isolate experience. Recreate variables.

Take note.

Continue the constants. Provoke the beast.

Take note.

Disturbance stopped. People saved.

Take note.

Publish findings. Die in squalor.

Take note.

End it all.



When there's silence, what do we do? - Isabella McDavid

An echo chamber filled with coos and koi's
But what happens when the echos stop,
And we are no longer girls and boys.

But when there's silence, what do we do?

Tales tethered and spun with the finest of twine.
Simple beads that create infinity but ultimately lead to the brine.
A reality coupled with twists and the cruelest of rhymes.

When there's silence what do we do?

We hold out for a single sound; a sense of security.
The ones you knew only exist in the seams...
Of the coat that you shared so many years ago.
Those buttons of fine silver, that zipper of pure gold.
But pyrite only looks pretty when you are down on your luck.
So let's trust the echoes until they are silent once more.

But when there's silence, what do we do?

How to handle a divergent path where one leads to misery and the other leads to mass?
Where do we turn when the world starts to burn and the air is filled with ash?
What are we supposed to do when there are no others?
When you cannot even look to your own mother?

When there's silence, what do we do?

Do we cower and pray for a new beginning?
Or for the time to stop spinning?
Or do we wish for a louder life that won't curse us with memories and past times?
Do we have to be expected to make new echoes?
When beads are broken and twine is torn, who is supposed to bear the storm?
When buttons are unpolished and zippers are left broken; why do we wish to
repair what I better left unspoken.

Why does pyrite look like gold?

Why do the echoes never hold?

And when there's silence, what do we do?

Untitled - Ella Driscoll

All I see is a field,
Just pure nature for miles
It's nothing unique, but still special in its own way

Petite flowers around me
With a sweet aroma I've never experienced,
A palette of color fills my eyes
Keeping me from looking away

A peaceful feeling consumes me
As nature sways gently in the breeze
A paradise in its own way
Unique and fresh

Neat and uniform
Flowers are laid out for miles
A gift from Mother Nature
Made to be observed





Scraps - Amber Corrigan

They were hungry

They were starved

Starved of freedom or happiness

Put through the terror of their lives being threatened every day

Slaves to their own country

Taken from their homes

Sleeping through cold brittle nights

Working long hard days

Scraps for food

Scraps for clothes

Scraps to the country who held them captive

Walking to the chambers,

taking their last breath

Perfectionism - Adam Nguyen

I started painting a masterpiece
riddled with imperfections
Pitiful mistakes committed by an imperfect
being.

Travesty, Disappointment, Failure

Or so I thought?

And so I thought,
Strive to be imperfect
Ideal conditions to achieve perfect

Misled by the hand of the devil
Sin is not something easily atoned for
Forgive me for trying, sorry for not satisfying
The horizon we aim for, unreachable

Or so I thought,
Mindless jabs at words
Pointless desperation to achieve the unattainable
Masterpiece, more like a broken piece
An inescapable hell



“Who are you, Love?” - Caleb Vath

I dream of you, whoever you are.

I don't know you, I can't possibly imagine who you are.

Yet I dream of you, of falling in love.

So I'd give this world to know.

How does it feel to fall in love?

Who are you that I fall in love with?

They say I'll fall in love.



Content to be lost - Alyse Olcott

I'm sending in the aerial legion
As a last-ditch effort to rescue you
Though I can see your anti-aircraft guns poised
And our communications seem to have gone askew

Can't you see this is all in your best interest?
We've been trying to save you.
Granted it's from yourself,
But soon you'll lose sight of that too.

Yet you deflected our navy with your jagged shores
And we found our submarine sunk with a torpedo hole through its side.
Your insignia is on the evidence,
Your transgression will get you tried.

If you don't give in to common sense,
We may have to stop being kind!

You think you've made yourself
Some sort of paradise there
Your pretty little island
With free thought and clean air

But we know it's all in jest
I hope you've had a good laugh
Cause when your perfect world crumbles
I'll stand victorious on your behalf

Every effort we've made,
You've taken as a call to arms.
But, 'Why', I must ask,
'Have you not fallen for our charms?'

Your efforts are futile
You can't remain free forever!
We know you'll crawl back to us
At the end of this endeavor.

And we can't just pretend
That you didn't betray us.
We'll be lenient, sure

But it won't be painless...

The operation's been planned,
You'll be liberated soon.
And when we have you in our hands
Our Marshals will make quick work disciplining you.

And when it's evaluation time
You best be up to the test
Because if you're not up to par
You'll be disposed of with the rest.

It's unfortunate you see
and such a waste of talent
but we will not hesitate
don't think you can get around it

Clearly you forgot to consider the cost
When you made the mistake to be content to be lost.



Artwork by Kailina
Olcott

My Love - Taylor Warner

True Love, you promised
Was there no trust?
I would've followed you forever
But our kiss was just a figment
There was only the night
It destroys me.
We are now just two lonely bodies
Something is not right
You're saying so many things
You're not getting to the point
I think I know what's coming
Then you say
It's over
I'm so sorry
I hate hurting you but,
I've found someone new



Untitled- Cassidy Shepard

I dream of you.

That's how it started

Looking up at the stars,

my heavy head leaning upon your shoulders,

wishing wishes that are too broad

wanting to be you til' the sun rises again and more.

Begging to give you the world

my heart is out like a rope

a guide

something to hold.

But your cold-hearted hand morphed into a thorny vine

my hands, punctured and wounded,

blood streams down my arms,

crying, pleading for explanations that won't be given.

But I still dream of you

While you only dreamed



And then time runs out - Isabella McDavid

Memories cling to a shadow of a person
that glides and galavants through my mind.

Over and under they scurry and climb,
they make me a mess and continue to thrive.

Currents of a sea of guilt flood my mind as I desperately chase them.
I don't *need* to catch them, but yet my consciousness forces me to run.

Of all the memories I must retain, why are *they* there?
Is it to remind me of how I did them wrong,
or to remind me of how little I cared?

Lend me your words and tell me why you are still here;
torturing me and sitting in silence.
I just want you to leave but yet I still end up begging for
your attention, as though I need it to survive.

And then time runs out again and I wake up...
With the moon at its peak and shadows burned into the walls.

Narrow blinds allowed the moonlight to drip into my room.
It was somewhat bright but yet too quiet to not expect an imminent doom.

As I search my mind for reasons to stay awake, none cross my mind.
"I had a dream again," I say as if to comfort my pride.

I go back to sleep with my head *pounding*,
and drift back into the infinite void that allows *them* to reside.
There I will run and beg for their answer and then...
time will run out again.



Summer Sunsets- Kaitlyn Tunney

Past a summer storm at sunset

The clouds make waves in thin lines
like wind streaks in desert sand.

As the vast canvas bleeds out of view
past the tree line that hums with summer insects,
the heavy air provides an artistic blur
to the fading sun rays.

The near mist subsides to the cool night breeze's lull
and the remaining blues are swept away with inky black strokes.

Stars more brilliant than diamonds sprinkled on velvet
cut the darkness in dazzling clarity.

They glitter and twinkle like mischievous eyes
Hiding the secret of the next sunrise.

Digging for Gold- Emma Orr

You should know what it means to marry rich;
Becoming the trophy wife,
embracing the hours spent alone,
all in careful preparation for *this* moment.
Thank God there was no prenup.

Stand to Fall - by Willem DeVries

The brain plays such tricks as to allow
a twisted humility in the depths of despair-
As night falls our demons rise,
commanding us as toys on demented strings.

Imagination

snuffed out like a candle by our masters,
They only liberate us as they see fit,
While the mind grows wide like the ocean.

Stand tall.

I miss the future, the peace it could offer-
To stand present is life, to move forward the soul,
I sit now on a throne stained red.

Tomorrow I fall.



Emma Dwake- Broken Hearted

Her heart breaks
Piece by piece
She has never felt this feeling before

Invisible forces haunt her
But she is not afraid
She holds onto it all

The instant power of words
Fingers clutch his heart
They are her fingers

It is the end
She understands so she says
Goodbye

Haiku SUNFLOWER - Ashley Miller

Like a sunflower
A symbol of happiness
Sunflower turns with the sun
Wilts down with dark skies
Rainbow in ominous clouds
Roses with sharp thorns
Symbol of love and mistake
Take my keen advice,
Ignore clouds, turn with the sun.



“Sleepy Sanity” - Caleb Vath

Sleepy songs.

Sung solemnly.

Surrendering some same sour sanity.

Slipping slowly so softly.

Surrendering sanity sleepily.

Writing - Marc Catalano

What a wonderful world

Readers' delight

Intelligent, imaginative authors

Telling epic tales

Intriguing, exciting narratives

Nothing to dislike

Grand stories just waiting to be told



CJ (Anaphora) - Ashley Miller

Warm, gentle, precious,
wrapped up in a tiny five-pound ball.

Warm, gentle, precious,
the littlest living human to ever be placed in my arms.

Warm, gentle, precious,
ears, eyes, nose, hands, feet; never did I think something or someone could be so perfect.

Warm, gentle, precious,
couldn't wait one more month could you, bud?

Warm, gentle, precious,
wanting to get out of the quiet room in mama's belly.

Warm, gentle, precious,
you're in for it kiddo, you might just have the loudest, largest family there is!

Warm, gentle, precious,
so handsome that the nurses extended your stay and are giving you special treatment.

Warm, gentle, precious,
I can't wait to be able to hold your hand and protect you forever.

Warm, gentle, precious,
the memories and life ahead of you are going to be a whirlwind of love and support.

Warm, gentle, precious,
so many people have your tiny back already, Cubba.

Warm, gentle, precious
so innocent, yet so unpredictable. I can only imagine the greatness you will soon show the world.

Warm, gentle, precious,
you are *so* loved.

Love,
Sissy

“Pentagram” - Caleb Vath

Bright star.
They hated the truth.
Science that disproved their religion.
They forbid looking skywards at the stars.
Deny.

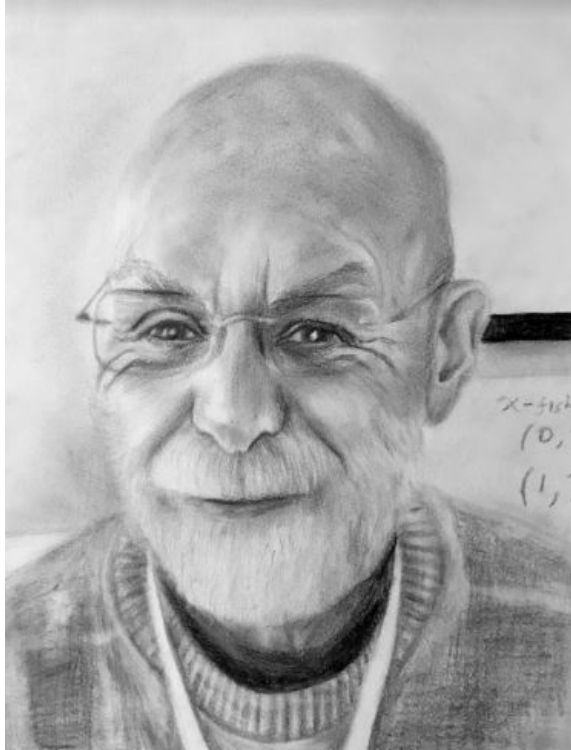
Untitled - Taylor Warner

He rises from his bitter bed,
With thoughts of sadness in his head,
He idolizes being dead.
Facing the day with never-ending dread.

Palace Poisoning- Kaitlyn Tunney

Of elegant design
Are your lips upon mine
Obliged by the pale tangerine that seeks your touch
The venomous pride you admired so much
How heavy the hand laden with rings
Picks up the chalice wrought for kings
Steady my dear
The end you cherish is so very near
Fuzzy impressions flee your sight at last
Remember me darling, as you forget the past.
Vatican cameos too late
Tonight with death you have a date.





“Western Cowboy” - Caleb Vath

I’ve finally done it, gone off on my own.

Why does ugliness destroy my dreams?

I’ve had to flee my discontent.

I’m among the red rocks now, with the rainbow sky overhead.

The land is majestic and old and beautiful.

It reminds me of triangles, sharp and strong.

I wonder when it will become old.

I fear my discontent will follow, and destroy my awe.

It’s been two weeks now, old friend.

The plants are scratchy, the air rough, the land dry.

I see every imperfection in the landscape, it is maddening.

I must flee again, run away from this place.

Dreams - Adam Nguyen

A rude awakening

Piercing the past, present, and future simultaneously

Asleep I want to be, momentarily unshackled from this world

Long-lived pessimist wished I was an optimist

Constant hovering, grateful for I am grounded now

Lavender - Adam Nguyen

Purple in the air

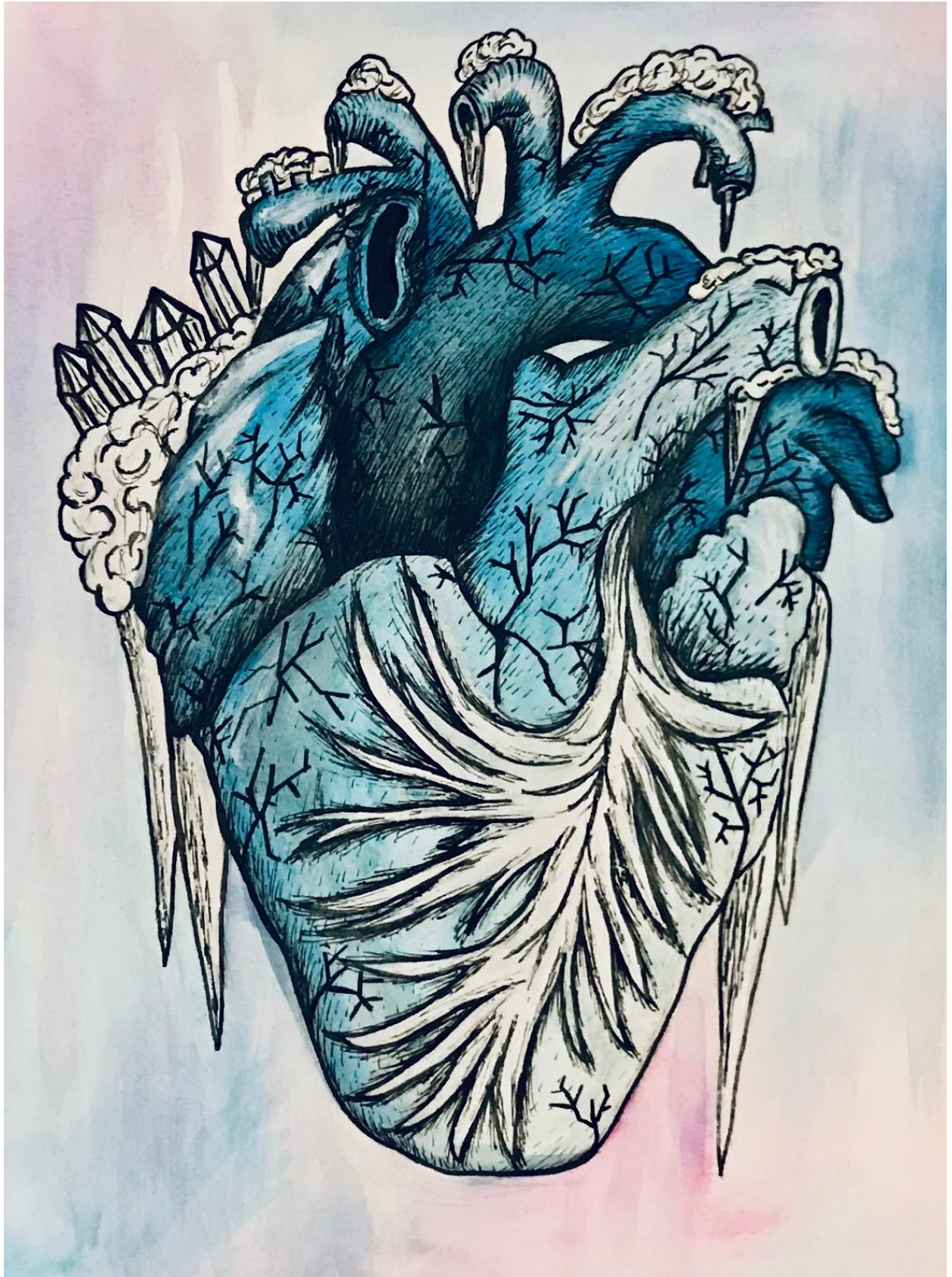
Bouquet lost

Burnt wick lit

The lost garden of Eden

Smells like lavender





A Star's Tears By Alyse Olcott

*If a star were to cry
It would be in burning flames
Embers toiling through the sky
And rolling down its face*

*As those tears dry up and fade
The void consumes their light
But these are the fires that can't be contained
they're seared into the sky with their dying breath's might*

*So there lies their memory
Scattered through oblivion in an elegant scrawl
It's star's tears that make stardust
And what's hidden in us all.*



Artwork by Kailina Olcott

Autumn - Adam Nguyen

Leaves falling and withering

Colors of decay and death

Not a plague, but a blessing

Autumn is coming



I'm Not Gay, I'm Just Short - Logan Cummings

Walking up to the top floor of my school never felt so dangerous. It never felt so slow. This was not the day for skipping steps. Though I had to be cautious, I didn't mind slowing down. I looked *good*. Walking in high heels wasn't as easy as walking in crocs, but it had an entirely different feeling of power. Then again, my feet were *burning*. They were wide and suppressed, so I expected to tear open the leather at any second. I was careful not to misstep; I've heard heels can snap. They were sturdy, but I was nervous nonetheless. I spent the day hearing the *clack, clack, clack, clack* of heels down the hallway. Through the *clacks*, there was one other sound I could count on hearing all day: "Logan, what are you wearing?"

Now, it was pretty obvious what I was wearing. But why? What possessed me to take off my crocs and put on a pair of heels? Maybe I wanted to make a social statement, express my femininity, break free of the societal constraints of gender roles, and act freely. Maybe I just couldn't find my shoes and had to borrow a pair from my mom. When I ask people what they would assume about a guy wearing heels, the first response is always the same: "He's gay."

In my family, I ended up at the shallow end of the gene pool. My parents told me I would hit my growth spurt in seventh grade, just like my brother had. That was a lie. Maintaining a consistent 5'3" height through high-school, I've felt like the world looks down on me both literally and figuratively. I need height. My pair of heels only gives me three inches (bringing me to 5'6", still below average), so it doesn't even make me tall. It just makes me *taller*. And that's all I need.

When the women in my school praise me for strutting so elegantly, I walk with a confident energy that's taller than 5'6". I saunter down the hallways—usually with a floral

(woman's) shirt from Goodwill—and I greet everybody I know. I pass my elderly math teacher, we exchange some derisive comments with each other (as we usually do), and I carry on with a smile. In English class, I sit on my legs to be taller in my chair. I shout out in class without raising my hand. I start our school's morning announcements with "Happy Friday!" to excite the school (even though it's Tuesday). I walk into Spanish class shrieking "*¡HOLA!*" and start joking about *drogas y violencia*. I spend government class ranting about weed, abortion, the elderly, and prostitution. "Your opinions suck, Logan." I leave school in the same high heels I walked in with.

Since I'm breaking the status quo, I can expect negative comments. Beyond the judgmental glances from hypermasculine boys who aren't brave enough to question me, I've gotten verbal criticisms from some non-progressive "macho men." The look of disappointment paired with the "why are you wearing *women's* shoes?" never fails to amaze me. It's 2019; times have changed. "Please tell me you lost a bet." No, I did not. Yes, you probably think I'm gay for wearing heels and floral shirts. The hip-sway probably doesn't help my case either. But even if this was my way of showing that I'm gay, who are you to judge?

I changed my shoes to be a bit taller, but people can't seem to take the choice at face value. They dig for deeper meaning where there is none. They think I'm gay. So what? The heels are just doing what they're made to do. I'm short and I'm having my fun with it. I know that judgment will ensue when I wear heels, silent or vocal. I just don't care. My height is below average, but my confidence is much taller than that.

