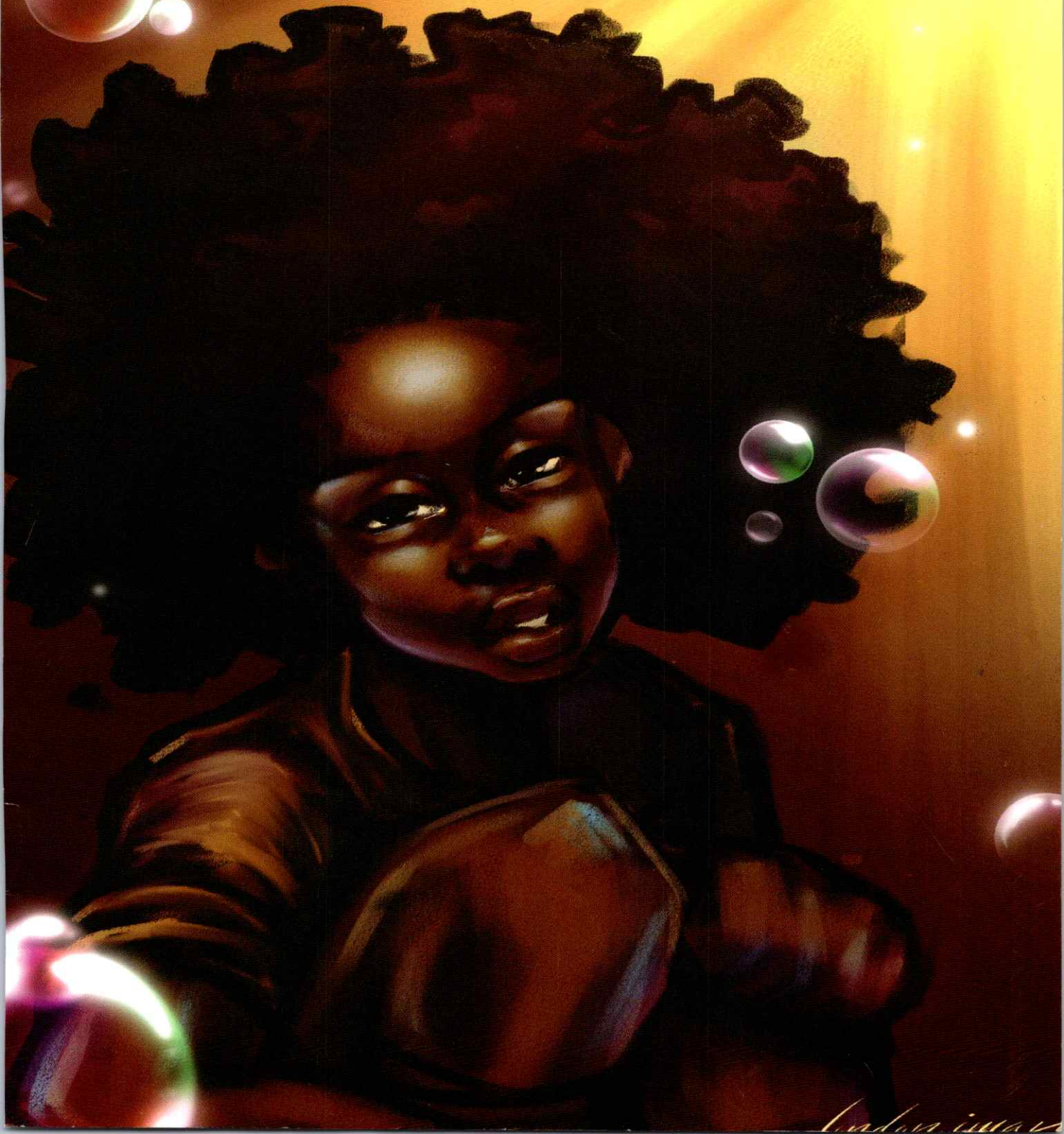


LABYRINTH



Andromeda



Labyrinth
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As always, *Labyrinth* is made possible by the hard work of Alexandria City High School students. We would like to thank everyone who had a part in the making of this magazine, including all students who submitted creative work based on our theme, Nostalgia. We're always on the lookout for more creative work to showcase; email us at labyrinthmagazine@gmail.com if you have any work or questions for us.

Visit our website (labyrinthmagazine.com) to view previous issues, a list of our staff, and more. Follow us on Instagram ([@labyrinthmagazine](https://www.instagram.com/labyrinthmagazine)) and on Twitter ([@achslabyrinth](https://twitter.com/achslabyrinth)) to stay updated with our projects.

We hope you enjoy this issue!

We will have a class next year! There is no prerequisite or prior experience needed, so please feel free to join our staff!

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I AM OLDER - NOA ORGANEK

I am young
I wonder how things work
I hear my friends giggling
I want to play outside
I am young

I pretend that I don't care
I feel the pressure
I worry about getting older
I cry bittersweet tears
I am growing

I understand that it won't be the same
I say that things are childish
I dream about my memories
I hope to be young again
But I am older

FAIRYTALES - ELIOT SOKOLOVE

Goldilocks and the three bears. Her and bears.
Hansel and Gretel. Two kids and a witch.
Rapunzel, Rapunzel. Girl with her hairs.
Jack and the Beanstock. A boy who got rich.

I was nine years old hearing these tall tales.
I was nine years old thinking this was norm'
Princesses with long hair and perfect nails.
Just men and women who had love so warm.

Why I could not see my rom' in these books?
Women were so beaut, how could I not love?
Wanting to seek women, nannies and crooks.
I felt different, feelings I must shove.

How these fairytales didnt display me.
Still, I learned it's okay for me to be





Malia Buck



Evelyn Keene



Kalina Kaufmann



Evelyn Keene



Laura San Roman



Kalina Kaufmann



Elba C. Pineda Chavez 6



Ione Erber



Redeate Gashaw

REFLECTION - SAMAH SHUMMO

60 seconds in a minute.

60 minutes in an hour.

24 hours in a day.

365 days a year.

The world constantly spinning,
The seasons constantly changing,
The wind still blows;
The mind still wanders.

To some, time is the greatest thief.
For time is forever running,
Unmerciful and bittersweet.
A dish served cold.

Eaten,
An unremarkable plate.
Still, the special,
And still the chosen plate.

Well-known,
Yet forgettable.
Expected,
Yet shocking.

NOSTALGIA FOR THE OLD DAYS - ARIANA SINGLETON

Nostalgia

For the old days
For the days spent
On the playground

Sliding down the slides
That burned in the bright summer sun

Swinging on the swings
That soared so high
They made you feel like you could fly

Running inside to the cool air
And licking popsicles
until the sticky sugar melted onto your hands

Nostalgia

For the old days
When we sat in science
watched Bill Nye
When we folded paper airplanes
And watched them soar across the sky

When a paper fortune teller
Could determine your whole future

And when your whole future
Determined nothing of your present

Nostalgia

For the old days
It comes in waves

Sometimes it feels like yesterday
Sometimes it feels so far away

Sometimes you reach out to it
And it drifts into obscurity
Overshadowed by
The here
The now
The college applications
The AP tests
The basketball game
The dress rehearsal
The hustle and bustle of high school

But sometimes
Just sometimes

You see
A kindergartener slide down the slide
A paper airplane fly by

You see
A reminder of the old days

And you get
This warm feeling in your chest

(That feeling?
That's called nostalgia.)



Amanda Houseman



MC Finegold-Sachs



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