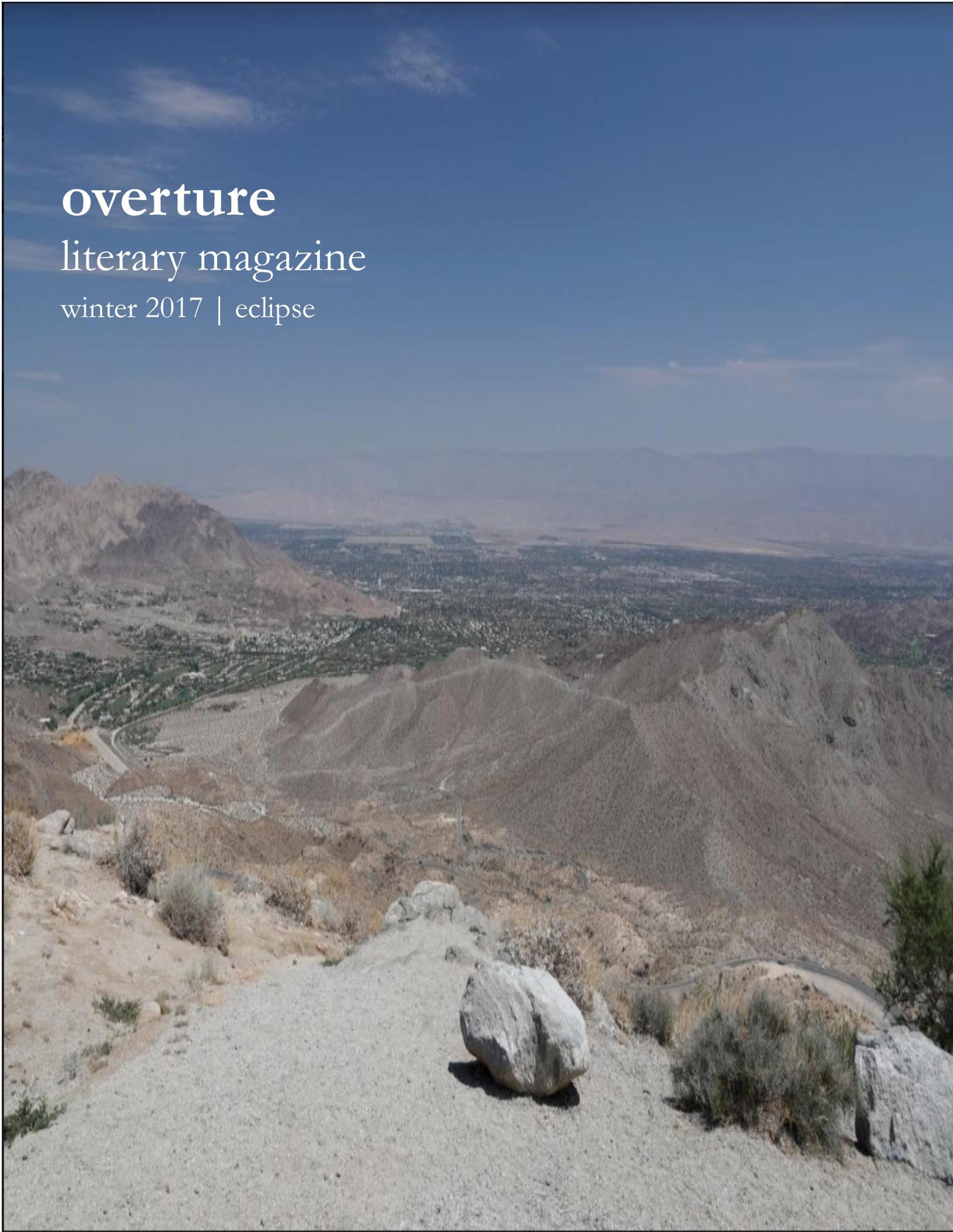


overture

literary magazine

winter 2017 | eclipse



OVERTURE

WINTER 2017 | ECLIPSE

The main ideas of the Winter 2017 Overture Issue "Eclipse" illustrates one of the most widely used symbolic devices in literature: the contrast of light and darkness. The light it is globally associated with hope and fresh beginnings, while darkness brings to mind the thought of more negative emotions and endings. Get caught up in the with a poem exploring dark memories of a golden day, and follow a character's journey through her high and low points.



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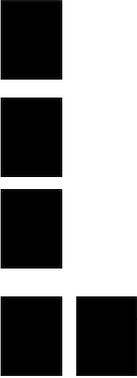
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Ruins

Merry music floated through the hall,
accompanied by tapping feet—
a symphony, a tribute, to
shared passion
and the understanding it brings.
Buttery sunlight streamed in,
filtered through spotless glass,
bouncing off the silverware
in glittering showers of light.
In the center of it all,
a girl glided across the marble floor,
dark hair whipping through the air.
laughter illuminating her face,
mirth gleaming in her eyes.
The scene was perfect, golden.

And despite myself,
I envy her.
Envy her easy joy,
her effortless dance.

And although, I know
there will not be anything left
for me to be envious of soon,
I still am, ignoring the truth.
For I just wanted
to revel in this moment,
to feel once again
a freedom long lost.

But even memory
does not last long.
The walls crumbled,
the floor gave way,
and the people fell,
disappearing,
swallowed by a black void,
right before her pleading eyes.
Fires sprang to life
among the gilded tables,

the delicate plates and food.
Brick by brick,
tile by tile,
one by one,
the scene falls apart;
the gold melts
in the chaotic fires.

In the midst of all this,
I laugh bitterly.
I have watched this
too many times.
Yet every single time,
it takes me by surprise.
Just like it first did,
I muse to myself.

It does not end quickly.
It does not end painlessly,
even if she wished it
It does not end silently.
But when it finally does,
I find the girl
stranded in the center
of a now dark
and vacant room.
Her face is stricken.
And when her tears fall,
I can hear them.

It is so, so silent in here,
I think, heart aching.
A silence that was louder
than the music could ever be.

And so achingly *empty*.
Crowded with emptiness,
filled with emptiness,
so empty, that it was
more crowded
than the dance floor ever was.

And in this suffocating silence,
I dare to look ahead
at what may come next,

waiting for the next song.
But now, there is nothing.

It is a nothing
I have never known.

Untitled

“Stay safe!” my mom yelled. “And make sure to lock the door, and-”

“Yeah, yeah blah blah blah mom, I got it.” I said. She could be a bit annoying at times. Her keys and purse dangling in her hand, she got into the driver’s seat. She had a urgent meeting from her office and I wasn’t allowed. My dad was on a business trip and my younger brother was at a football tryout at his school.

“Make sure not to eat too much junk.” she shouted again. I sighed while I waved back to her and turned back into the house. This was my first time being home alone. I was excited. My mom wouldn’t have left me in these dire circumstances but she had to. *Besides it’s only about two hours that she’s gone*, I thought.

I went to the kitchen, and grabbed a pack of chips from our box on top of the refrigerator and some punch. I could do whatever I wanted in these two hours and I choose to spend it wisely, eating junk food and watching T.V. As soon as found the remote though, I heard a dog barking.

“Rusty,” I jumped joyfully putting down my food and heading for the door. From where I could see, Rusty, the most amazing dog in the world, was with Mrs. Fi at the neighboring block, a little far away than our usual meeting spot, but it was okay. I ran all the way. Normally I would see my house from where I was petting Rusty. But today it was out of sight. It didn’t matter to me though. I talked to Mrs. Fi for a bit and hugged good old Rusty. His fur was golden and smooth. It was very thick, like a crumpled up blanket. I returned to my house.

“Oh no,” I slapped my hand to my head. I had left the door open. I raced up as quickly as I could and slowly slipped inside it, hoping no one would notice me. Then I locked it. “Phew,” I sighed. Then I went back to my precious TV. They news channel came first.

“There is said to be a bad clown roaming this area, please be aware and do not leave children alone-” *There are so many annoying people in this world*. I shook my head as I changed the channel. It was now playing a horror movie. But since the volume wasn’t so loud, I heard my phone ringing. It was probably my mom. I ignored it. She was such a paranoid person. The low volume also made me hear the sink dripping. When did I ever use the sink? But I didn’t give much thought to that. I went to the kitchen just to find the matter more than that. There was a red spot on the white tiles of our kitchen floor. What was that? I felt myself becoming more cautious. I could hear the slow, soft volume of the rising music in the horror movie. I began to feel scared. I dashed to my room to get my phone. That’s when I saw a black gun case. My heart thumped against my body. I could feel my palms getting sweaty. My face slowly turning weary. My insides were churning heavily. I left the gun case, careful not to touch it. Water was now flowing towards my eyes. And that’s when I heard a voice.

“Crying already little girl?” A cold voice behind me said. I had to summon up all my courage to turn around on my heels. The face was covered all in black except for the eyes. The person’s right hand held a bloody knife as if it were fresh from murder.

“Who are you?” I was shaking with fear. My whole body turned numb.

“Come closer,” was all he said. My first instinct was to run towards my bedroom or the window to call for help. But the man had an axe in his hand and I wasn’t taking any chances. I stepped towards him. And as if it all happened in slow motion, he jerked me in a circle and gagged my mouth. He took both my hands and tied them with rope. Now tears were streaming down my face.

“MOM!” I screamed, crying. “Mom.” Now he left me there and went towards all the windows and checked to see if the door was closed. “LET ME GO,” I yelled through the black cloth. If only I could reach my bedroom and tell my google device to call the police. I could now see the clock. It was 5:00. My mom was supposed to come by 5:30. I still had thirty minutes left. Maybe these were my last thirty minutes.

Now the person was back and he took me downstairs. All the time he said nothing. When we reached, he opened my gag. “Now tell me all your information,” he demanded. He sounded like Voldemort, with an evil smirk, and I was pretty sure he could do a good cackle. I was frightened out of my mind. I wanted to use any force necessary against him. But he still had a knife and who knew if he had a gun. All I could do was wait and see what would happen. Then my mom burst through the door followed by the police. She ran towards me, untied the rope, and hugged me to death. She told me how she saw a black man through the window before it closed and how she called the police, how she was waiting outside the house as terrified for me as I was inside the house not knowing that she was out there. I hugged her back and saw the police taking the thug and murderer away.

“Mom, I love you so much.” I said. It was one of the scariest days of my life. I was still in tears and shock. I know that there were bad people in the world. But I knew the good outweighed them by quite a bit.

Existence

Notice me. I need you to see me, to listen to me, to acknowledge my presence. I know you can not actually see my face, or truly hear my voice, but you have to know that I am there. I may only exist in your imagination, but you must understand, I am a reflection of you.

We may travel different paths, but we face the same difficulties. You laugh, cry, and smile the same way I do. Your knowledge of me is vital to my existence, but I do not know anything about you. Without you, I do not exist. Without me, you are not the same. You will read about my life, but I do not have the capacity to know about yours. In your hands is a book, and I am merely a fictional character.

Adair

“Die! Die! Die!” Six-year-old Aspen shouted as she forced both her Barbies to attack each other outside in the backyard. She had received them for Christmas from her uncle.

The Barbie with the ballerina outfit had a mustache drawn on her face (drawn by Aspen’s uncle) and her hair was cut short to a bob, just like Aspen’s, while the pop star Barbie had a unibrow and a big wart (also drawn by Aspen’s uncle). Overall, Aspen thought they looked magnificent after she gave them their “makeovers.” Aspen’s uncle was an artist, and Aspen had asked him to draw funny things on all her Barbies.

Ash, her 14-year-old brother, was playing a loud video game with his friend inside the house. Aspen’s dad was out of town, and her mom had to run some errands. So it was just her and Ash. Well, until he invited his friend, Forrest over.

Aspen increased her voice just to annoy Ash during the video game. “Die!! Die!! Die!!!” She managed to shout just loud enough to be heard from the lasers of the video game. “DIE!” She shouted as loud as she could while charging both Barbies at each other, and accidentally broke off the ballerina’s head. *Oops*, she thought, and took the plastic head and put it next to a bush. She wanted to ask her dad after he came back to fix it with super glue.

“Shut it, Aspen!” Her brother fumed. He paused the game and stomped up to the open window and closed it shut.

Aspen stuck her tongue out in a teasing way. She waited for a few seconds and then walked up to the window and peered in quietly. Her brother’s eyes were glued to the screen. He was biting his lip so hard that it actually changed color. All of a sudden, he yelled, “Yes!” He got up and whooped. “First on the leaderboard! Nice job, Forrest! We make a really good team!” The teenagers high-fived. Aspen turned back to where her Barbies were, and realized that the ballerina’s head wasn’t where she left it. She looked everywhere, even in the holes the squirrels made in the grass. The head was nowhere to be found. Oh well, she thought. She sat and played with the headless Barbie. She sighed and dropped the Barbie. For some reason, playing with a headless Barbie wasn’t as fun as she had thought it would be. Aspen looked around the backyard once again.

Suddenly, a chattering sound caught her attention. She looked up at the oak tree and realized that it was a squirrel. But when Aspen looked closely, she saw it gnawing on the ballerina head’s ear from her Barbie doll. “Bad squirrel!” She shouted and gestured for it to come down. The squirrel stared. “Bad, bad, stupid squirrel!” She shrieked. The squirrel quavered in fear and jumped over the fence separating her backyard and the neighbor’s backyard. Aspen ran back and prepared to jump over the fence. Suddenly two thought provoking questions stopped her. *Should I jump over into mean old Mrs. Josephine’s house? Or should I stay in the backyard and let the squirrel get away with my Barbie head?* Deciding that the squirrel had no right to take her doll’s head, Aspen put on her bike helmet, ran

forward, and before she was about to jump, she stopped. Again. She realized that she couldn't jump over the fence without a little help.

She slid open the French doors leading into the living room and ran into the kitchen. The dog was sleeping peacefully in its bed. "Wake up Atlas!" Aspen shouted. The dog sleepily looked up and realizing that the annoying sound was Aspen, he went back to sleep. "Atlas! Come on boy, let's go play outside!" The husky lazily got up and yawned. He walked carefully through the living room and out the door. He chewed on the tennis ball that was laying on the grass for a while, and then dropped it in Aspen's hand. Then Atlas started sleeping. Aspen took the tennis ball and put it in her pocket. She went back inside the house and took a piece of dry dog food. She put it right in front of the fence and woke Atlas up. The dog sniffed the air and walked over to the food. Aspen tried to climb on the 3-foot-tall dog, but failed. The fence was only 6 feet tall, so she thought if she stood on the dog, she would be a foot taller than the fence.

"Aspen! What are you doing?! Mom and Dad said to not wake up Atlas! Don't even try to go over the fence! That's trespassing! Mrs. Josephine will get really mad!" Ash shouted. Forrest had left, so Ash went to go check on Aspen, and then realized what she was doing.

"Fine, Ash. But there was a squirrel that took my Barbie's head!" Aspen complained.

Ash gave her a disapproving look and closed the window. He came outside, took Atlas by his collar, and brought him back inside.

Then, Aspen saw the squirrel jump to the top of the fence and start running on the edge of the fence with the head in its mouth. Aspen yelled, "Hey, squirrel! Drop that head right now!" The squirrel turned around with an angry look on its face. Aspen ran towards it, and the angry squirrel dropped the doll's head on Aspen's head. "OW!" she shrieked and started rubbing her head. But then realizing that the Barbie head was laying in the grass, she sprinted towards it and slid in the grass. Just as she was about to grab it, the squirrel scampered quickly to the head and grabbed it with its mouth. "No! Bad squirrel! Bad squirrel!" Aspen repeated. "Drop it! Drop it!" Aspen begged and pleaded.

The squirrel stared at her for a second, some sympathy in its eyes. Then it turned around and jumped over the fence. *Okay, that's it! I'm going to bring a big bar stool from inside the house and put it next to the fence. Then I'm going to jump over the fence and get my Barbie head back,* Aspen concluded in her head. Following her plan, she brought out a bar stool and stood on it. *Wow! Mrs. Josephine must really love flowers.* Her garden was filled with flowers and the grass was neatly trimmed with no burrowing holes from squirrels and other animals. Aspen jumped over the fence and landed with a loud thud. She looked around and found the squirrel hiding behind a sunflower. "There you are, you bad squirrel!" Aspen shouted. "There you are, you bad child!" Aspen whirled around, and to her surprise, Mrs. Josephine's figure loomed above her, her eyes adjusting to a squint. "Why are you here? You were making lots of noise out here, so I decided to come outside. And there you were, trampling on my beautiful grass." Mrs. Josephine sighed. "But... But... M-Mrs. Josephine, my Barbie doll's head w-was stolen by a squirrel." Aspen sputtered out. "Oh, you mean Adair, my pet squirrel?" Mrs.

Josephine asked. “Huh? Your pet? But that’s my mom’s name!” Aspen looked confused. “Yes. Do you have a problem with that?” Mrs. Josephine asked.

“N-no.” Aspen replied. The squirrel was staring right at her, and Aspen had an idea. “ But Mrs. Josephine, I also wanted to ask you a question.”

“I suppose I may have a little time. But first, get off of my grass.” Aspen looked down and stepped off of the grass. “How do you get your flowers to be so beautiful and big? They are so pretty!” Aspen remarked, making sure Mrs. Josephine’s attention was diverted to her flowers, her back facing Aspen. “Why thank you! I use this special kind of fertilizer and…” Mrs. Josephine started rambling and admiring her flowers. Aspen cautiously walked toward Adair. She snatched the Barbie head from the squirrel and accidentally scratched it on the neck. Aspen ran and climbed over the fence. She could hear Mrs. Josephine still talking about her flowers. She giggled to herself and went back inside, clutching her Barbies tight in her hands.

Later that night, when Aspen’s mother was tucking her in bed, she asked, “Aspen, Ash told me that you tried to climb over the fence today using Atlas. Was that true?” Aspen replied, “The only thing I did today was play with a squirrel.”

“Was it Mrs. Josephine’s squirrel?” Her mom asked.

“Yeah, how did you know?”

“I have my ways.” Her mom replied mysteriously. “Now go to sleep. It’s late.”

Aspen rolled over to her side and closed her eyes. She shivered. Aspen looked at the window, and realized that it was open, so she got out of bed and closed it. *Wow. Everything looks so beautiful in the night,* she thought. Then she looked at the tree outside her window and saw two beady eyes in the dark. Adair was staring at her intensely. Aspen turned around and shuddered.

“Aspen! Go to sleep!” her mom said as she opened the door once again. Just when her mom was about to close the door, Aspen saw a scratch on her neck; the exact same spot where Aspen had scratched Adair.

When her mom shut the door, Aspen got out of bed and quietly opened the door a little bit. She saw her mom walking down the hallway, but then there was a flash of light. Then, in place of her mom, she saw a squirrel. *Adair.*

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who do I see?
A pretty, dressed-up doll?
Is that who I want to be?

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Is that reflection fake?
Pitiful, weak, and small?
Is it me? I quake.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Is my entire demeanor feigned?
When will this image fall?
I think, pained.

My life consists of lies,
Fake friends, a quick smile,
Asking endless ‘whys?’
Petrified all the while.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
When can I stop pretending?

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Will this be never-ending?

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
This is when I stop faking.

Dark

Obsidian raised her head and scoured the rocky cliffs for any visible threats. “*Oh, who am I kidding, no one would dare...*” she thought to herself. The waves violently crashed against the rocks jutting out of the sand like long jagged claws. A dark crimson drop slowly landed on the ground beneath Obsidian. She angled her head down and watched as the ground soaked up the maroon pigment. “*No one would dare...*” she resured herself. As Obsidian raised her talons, the red slowly spread to her scales and the soft hues of green and blue started turning purple. She smiled and her teeth gleamed as the sky lit up with a bright flash. The waves stopped. Obsidian raised her eyes to what was once the horizon. The empty pits of her eyes seemed to swallow the almost painful glow around her. Obsidian jumped.

The air felt strangely empty and still as Obsidian opened her wings slightly frantically and flapped once, twice and then scowled slightly as she landed with a thud on the ground. The scales rubbed against her sides as she folded in her wings and slowly walked into the water. It felt strangely still as she paddled on toward the glare. She grinned showing her black, bloodstained teeth, some say bit madly. And on the lonely beach there twinkled some glossy blue spots.

The water deepened to a darker shade of blue as Obsidian swam forward. The stillness now seemed obsolete, as if the time had stopped. Clouds swirled underneath her now, clouds of black, clouds of pitch black darkness. Her eyes twinkled with a memory as she drew a breath and she hummed... She hummed the tune of a forgotten song.

They run from the shadows at night,

They try to turn on the light.
Look up at the sky at midnight,
You'll see all the stars shining bright.
Though you can't look up at the sun,
You think monsters there are none.
So what makes a monster?
Is it the lies, the cruel deeds that make the imposter?
Or is the ones who don't dare?
For none would dare look in the dark at what was just air.
They all simply say "There's a monster in there..."

The clouds gathered together and swirled methodically to the tune of a song sang long ago. Obsidian quieted and picked up the now sphere of black. She lifted it up and raised her wings. Up toward the thing that should show the stars but didn't. To the blank eerie thing that was once the sky. Obsidian laughed quietly.

"And they fear the shadows..." she murmured, and then began humming once more the song that most forgot, as she carried the darkness in her blood stained talons.

No one would dare...

No one would dare look...

The Killer Clown

I was walking home from school on a dark and cloudy afternoon with thunder striking in the background. All of a sudden, I felt a tingle and heard a mysterious whisper. "I'm coming for you," the voice said. As I walked down the street, the evil presence followed me. I looked back and evil presence wasn't there. The wind was rushing towards me like a hurricane. I heard a mysterious silent laugh in the wind. The voice spoke again: "I'm coming for you," the voice said. For a minute, my legs were paralyzed out of fear.

I finally registered what was going on. I ran as fast as my little legs would take me. I dodged cars and avoided people yelling at me. If there was one thing I knew, it was that you should never lead strangers into your house. Before I knew it, I was at a 7/11 store. I had thought that i had lost the thing that was following me.

As soon as I reached my lonely house, I rushed to the fridge -not to hide- but to grab a snack. But as soon as i approached the white fridge, the door opened--by itself! I didn't know what was going on. I tried reaching my yogurt but something grabbed my hand. "Ahhhh!" i screamed

Just then, my mom came in.

"What's wrong honey?" Mom asked

"S-s-s-some-something grabbed m-my hand w-w-w-when i tried reaching f-f-for the yogurt" i stuttered.

"You have great creativity!" Mom said with a laugh.

"Mom." I said with a pleading tone to my voice, "You've gotta believe me!"

"Heh heh" Mom laughed. "Sure honey, I believe you."

"Ugh!" I groaned.

Then i ran upstairs to the place that normally calms me-- i normally get calmed down at: the attic. Today, however, it gave me more fear than ever. When i went to the attic, I saw a clown. I saw the clown outside the window. *Hub.* i thought, *i never noticed the windows.* I ran back downstairs and told my mom that i saw a clown outside our window. Her only reply was "Honey, we don't have windows in the attic! We only have mirrors!"

The Optimist Chronicles

Book 1: The Fallen

Part 1: The Commander

Chapter 1: Orientation

Dang. That was the first thought that flew through Scout's mind when he fluttered open his eyelids. His body ached all over. Where was he? Why couldn't he remember basic facts about himself? Heck, he had no memory of his own last name. And why hadn't he sworn instead? After all, it was natural for a boy his age to wish on Marwan's broken thumb after just dropping his lunch: Marwan was the god of smoke and timber, often believed to dwell in the forest after his mighty sister, Mageb, broke his thumb and scared him off.

Rubbing his sore back, Scout eased himself into a gentle sitting position and took in the surroundings of what he presumed to be his new habitat. He was alone, stark naked, in a shower stall; the tile floor was wet with glistening droplets, so he figured someone must have bathed him. When Scout strained to peer out to see through the stained glass of the shower door, he could make out a tidy bathroom; a closed toilet, polished and shining, rested near the confined room; a laundry bin was set near the corner; nearby hung a pair of pressed khaki breeches, a white t-shirt, and a heavy leather coat; and thankfully--he prayed gratefully to Dop, the goddess of water and bathing--the plain white door remained closed.

Slowly, as he adapted to the bruises and scrapes that covered his body, Scout hefted himself to his feet. He was smaller than average for his age, but strong just the same. His bangs, which were the color of the bark of a redwood, were thick and swept to the side and tucked behind his ear, though occasionally one thick strand would slip out into his eyes. The back of his neck tingled, a queer sensation. No hair lingered in the nape of his neck; someone had cut it short and unstyled it. He was tan and slight and wiry: cords of muscle rippled across his chest as he stood to stretch.

Scout dressed himself at a rapid pace, anxious to discover more about this strange place. He strode confidently down the blank hallway the door had opened to reveal, glancing often at the many closed white doors. There were twelve of them in all, he counted. He reached the end of the hall and was pausing at a fork when a voice interrupted his pondering.

"Stop for a moment, would ya, young lad? Whatcha doing walking all over to the girls' wing like this, eh?" The gruff sound of a man's voice asked, sounding impatient. Startled, Scout turned and found himself face-to-face with a pair of piercing ice-blue eyes.

"Sir- Sorry sir- Where am I?" Scout stammered. The old gentleman's glare softened and he allowed a slight smile.

"Sorry, lad. Didn't know you was a newbie. To answer your question, boy, you just found yourself in the Optimist's Recruit base. Forgot to introduce myself, me. I'm Jasper, eh? Now tell me, why didn't they deal with you? 'Cause it ain't my job."

“Scout, sir,” Scout answered politely. “That’s my name. Funny, I can’t remember my last name. Can you help me? I don’t know where this place is.”

“Oh, alright,” Jasper consented reluctantly. “Follow me to Orientation.”

He led the boy through a series of hallways, which seemed almost like a maze to Scout. He couldn’t imagine how the older man navigated through them. Finally, Jasper propped open a plain white door, like the others Scout had glimpsed before, and motioned for Scout to step inside.

It was a wide, endlessly dull room, with a flat polished tile floor and neat walls. There were no windows, Scout observed. Other boys his age mingled around the center of the room, talking and playing marble games. A few girls, their hair cut short like the males, were in the mix too. They fit in perfectly, interacting with the boys.

“Can I join you?” Scout asked a boy sitting in a flexible position, who was sitting with some other boys in the corner. He looked just as confused as Scout felt, with deep, soulful hazel eyes that drew him closer, welcoming him. The two were just beginning to talk when a piercing shriek interrupted their conversation.

“ATTENTION, EVERYONE!” someone barked. “MAY I HAVE YOUR FULL ATTENTION?”

A man stood at the front of the room, hands behind his back; standing ‘at ease’ military style. With a quick snap, other uniformed men who had been standing unnoticed just a second before nudged them into neat columns--and none too gently, either.

“Welcome to Orientation,” The man said in a more normal tone. A few boys tried to shout questions, but he just raised his voice to speak over them.

“I’m Gordie. After I speak, there will be no questions. You will do what you’re told, and everything I am about to say is all you’ll need. I presume you all woke up in a empty shower stall with clothes outside, correct? And a doorman brought you here. So, again, welcome. You are at The Optimists Recruit and Training Base. All of you are recruits. Then, next year, if you pass, you will be promoted to trainee. And then in the third year, soldiers. On that last day of your third year, three years exactly from the moment you walked into this door, you will board a plane to The Optimists Headquarters. And that will be that, no?”

“You will grow older and have friends. Some of you will pass. And if you fail, be warned, you will not come back. So now you will be given your sleeping quarter and daytime group assignments. Tomorrow you will rise early and we will train you. Now, stay in your rows and march. The men will lead you to the Supper Space, and you will eat and sleep.”

Gordie closed with a final tone, one nobody could argue with. They all filed out to meet their doom. He was a hard man, a ruthless man, the Recruits could tell. From the way he wore his crisp uniform- pressed and crisp - to the way he showed them his authority, everyone could tell they couldn’t argue.

The men ushered them through another series of hallways, which all looked the same to Scout. Finally, the group entered another squeaky-clean room with long wooden tables, twelve in all. Now,

the guards began to divvy them up and assign them seats. Scout found himself sitting next to the boy he had been chatting with earlier.

“I’m Scout,” He found himself saying for the second time that day.

“Glad to see you again,” The other boy replied. He had long, dark hair that slanted over his face, cut short in the back, of course, golden highlights glinting sharply under the harsh glare of the overhead light. Taller than Scout, around average height, and extremely slim, he possessed the kind of friendly charm that some people were always trying to get. But in his case, Scout guessed, he was probably born with it. He could probably be friends with everyone in the room if he wanted to.

“Is it just me, Scout, or have you also forgotten everything but your last name?” This time, Scout managed to catch a tint of a British accent in his voice.

The whistle suddenly sounded again. Scout was becoming deeply annoyed by it-- every time he was beginning to do something intriguing, it interrupted him. Remembering Gordie, though, he might as well get used to it. After all, he could be staying here for the next three years.

ARTWORK

ANNA BURT; GRADE 8

Dark





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OVERTURE

This is *Overture Literary Magazine*, a pursuit by Miller Middle School and Lynbrook High School to expand writing, art, and imagination within the Miller Middle School community. Join us as we share the creativity of students by publishing their work in a monthly magazine.

In musical terms, an overture is an orchestral composition forming the prelude or introduction to a musical piece. Much like an overture in music, this creative writing program will serve as an introduction to the landscapes of creativity, self-expression, and imagination.

Overture strives to inspire imagination, foster literary and artistic talent, and promote creative growth by teaching middle school students how to develop their own creative writing or art styles through mediums not offered at their own schools.

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A large, black, stylized key graphic. The head of the key is on the left, featuring a decorative, scroll-like pattern. The shaft of the key extends to the right, where the word "overture" is written in a white, lowercase, serif font. Below "overture", the words "Literary Magazine" are written in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

overture
Literary Magazine

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