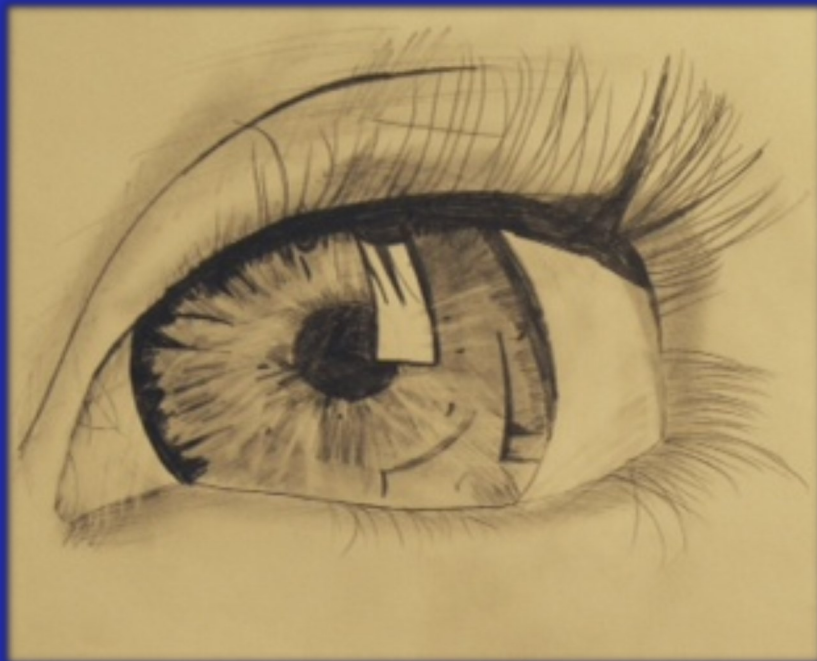




YOU ARE HERE: THE NEW LEVEL OF SPARTAN LITERATURE

ART CONTEST WINNER:



"EYE INTO THE FUTURE" BY KARENN
NAHERNEY, GRADE 6

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INTRODUCTION

By Erin Christian: Editor in Chief

Dear STEM students and staff,

I am writing this introduction to you in the form of a letter because I want to thank each and every one of you for helping our magazine grow. Since this magazine is so new, and since the end of the year is fast approaching, we had been concerned about receiving submissions or support due to how busy everyone is with wrapping up such a strong and wonderful school year. However, not only were teachers still willing to give some of their time to help promote our magazine, but students still sent submissions in droves to share their own voices and perspectives. Thank you so much.

Our goal with this magazine was to create a sense of creative community, and that is exactly what we feel we have accomplished with your help. We look forward to continuing next year and even exploring the possibility of adding print issues! Please know that if you are reading this now you have my heartfelt gratitude for embracing and cultivating our students' creative outlet through this magazine.

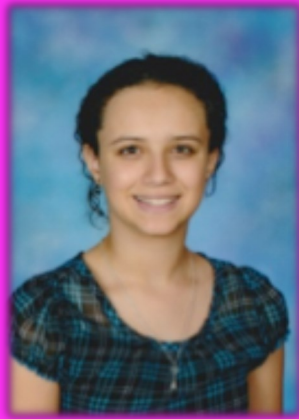
Sincerely,

Ms. Christian

OUR LOVELY STAFF



My name is Kylie and I am a sixth grader at STEM. I love to draw and make artwork. I also love to make people laugh with my funny but stupid jokes.



I'm Vivian; I am 13 years old. I love reading and writing. I love reading anything from books to billboards.



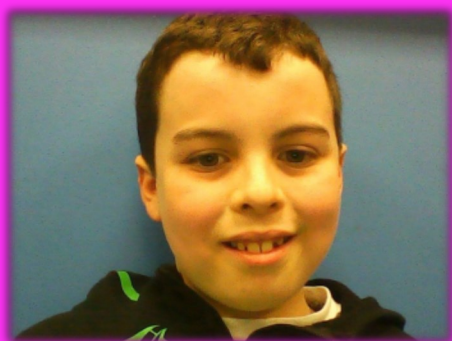
My name is Evan. I am 12 years old, and I am a sixth grader at STEM. I enjoy running and reading. I really enjoy reading fantasy books, but I enjoy most all kinds of books. I am an editor and fiction critique.



Hello, my name is Elijah Colwill, in 6th Grade. I joined the magazine staff because I like to do designing and be a part of putting creative art and writing out there. I have had a good time at STEM, and I hope to be a computer designer when I get older. I enjoy computer programming, soccer, and reading.



Hi, I'm Matt Moran. I am 12 years old and in 7th grade. I like tennis, the Olympics, and Minecraft. I hope to be an architect when I grow up. I am a layout designer in the magazine club. I hope you enjoy this first edition of the STEM Magazine.



My name is Isaac Davidson, and I'm 11 years old. I like playing video games and programming. I wanted to join the literary magazine because I wanted to be part of it.



I'm Azra Gallano. I'm a seventh grade student at STEM, and I plan on staying throughout high school. I don't know where I'm headed in life, but I know it's going to be something great. I usually take on more than I can handle, yet somehow make the best of it. I over think, try too hard, and overreact. I'm not perfect, but I'm definitely a perfectionist. I get obsessed with things easily. But, I do all these things because I know that life is too short to live in without risks, so I'll take any opportunity I get.

My name is Elise and I am 11 years old. I have a now 8 year old sister and I have a dog. My sister and I like to play Minecraft together. My whole family likes to watch movies together and have fun. We also like to play with our dog Brownie; she is the best dog anyone could have.

Hi! My name is Leah Kim. I am a sixth grader, and I love art. I have found an interest in this magazine club and I love it!

Hi, my name is Josh Jones, and I am a 7th grader. My favorite color is darkish white or a lightish black.

OUR STUPENDOUS ART SUBMISSIONS:



WILD MACAWS

By Sydney Zirbel, Grade 6

FLOWING IN THE WIND

By



BEHIND THE SURFACE IS A WHOLE LOT OF COLOR

By Sydney Zirbel, Grade 6

OUR STUPENDOUS ART SUBMISSIONS:



THE MAGIC OF MAUI

By Sydney Zirbel,
Grade 6

FLYING OVER THE OCEAN

By Sydney Zirbel,
Grade 6



TWIN FALLS

By Sydney Zirbel, Grade 6

OUR STUPENDOUS ART SUBMISSIONS:



EMA ASASHINA

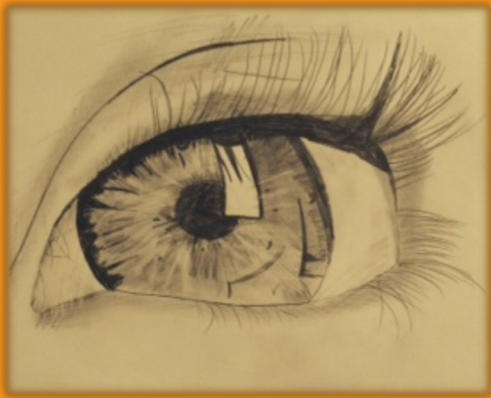
By Vicki Shen,
Grade 6

THROW THE CAKE

By Josilin Figueroa



OUR STUPENDOUS ART SUBMISSIONS:



EYE INTO THE FUTURE

By Karennah Naherney,
Grade 6



THE UNITED GALACTIC REPUBLIC OF STEM

By Andrew Groeling

OUR STUPENDOUS POETRY SUBMISSIONS:

“Friends”
by Noah Soto

Once we were allies
And the best of friends
But now we are torn apart
And never to speak again
I feel so mad for not saving her
And I feel that it's my fault
And because of this assault
I lost someone I loved
I will not allow this action
And something will be done
I will not run
I will stay and fight
I made a vow
To keep up my might
A vow to win the games
And let everyone remember our names

“Nightmare”
by Devlin Barron, Grade 8

You know you are doomed when you fear the wisps of slumber
When you cannot let yourself succumb to the surrounding darkness
You know you are doomed when your sheets smell foreign
When you know the spirits are pulling you into their fiery interior
You know you are doomed when the icy wind creeps in the crevices
When the permanent winter has begun inside you
You know you are doomed when the light shines in but you cannot escape
When you realize they have succeeded in controlling you
You know you are doomed when there is hope that you cannot reach
When the door to freedom is unlocked yet unopened
You know you are doomed when a cloud of evil penetrates your unconscious mind
When the nightmares begin inside

OUR STUPENDOUS POETRY SUBMISSIONS:

"Sunset"

by Soneva Scott, Grade 6

A mountain.

A sun.

An evening.

Golden lemon drop, dangles from an invisible hook.

Ruby, violet, sapphire, gold, and bronze mirrors, sleeps behind the lemon drop.

I shall wait 'till the end of days to gaze at you again.

You captivate his very eye.

Love is pierced with his own arrow.

Again you dream.

Golden lemon drop, dangles from an invisible hook.

Ruby, violet, sapphire, gold, and bronze mirrors, sleeps behind the lemon drop.

Plop!

Golden lemon drop ducked, taking the beauty with her, but leaving another mirror of diamond stars.

"Fire and Ice"

by Caleb Chang, Grade 6

Fire is red; water is blue.

They're like you and me because I love you.

Fire is un-tamed when water will tame it.

Water is blue when fire will raise it,

When water dies, fire cries,

But don't worry because I am your water,

And you are my burning fire

OUR STUPENDOUS LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS:

"Not a Typical Friday Night"
by Daniela Shulman, Grade 8

Chapter I

The fire flickered rapidly and Elliot's smirk played along his lips as he stared at the girls huddled across from him. Nothing, seriously nothing, is more awkward and uncomfortable than Elliot's smirk. It's almost as awkward as those moments when you tell the cashier at a fast food place to enjoy her meal, even though she works there and did not get any food.

"So, ladies, your turn. Truth or dare?" he asked. All of the stars in the sky were bright, shining down on the group of six playing Truth or Dare. Three girls were on one side of the fire, sitting on fallen trees that had been knocked over and shaken up from the strong winds earlier that year. The other three, including Elliot, sat across from the girls on the cold stones. Shades of red, orange, and yellow light emitted onto teenagers' faces, protecting them from the cool breeze. The glowing embers twirled and danced in the air, like fairies, before gently floating down onto the ground.

"Dare!" Zoe yelled confidently, earning herself a death glare from Olivia and Natalie. If looks could kill, she would be long gone.

"All right," Elliot said as he turned to talk to Shawn and James. "You have to sneak into anybody's house and look through their underwear drawer, then take one pair back to show us." Shawn and James grinned, with their creepiest smiles.

"Enjoy," Shawn said, obviously amused by the situation.

Zoe, Natalie, and Olivia all turned to each other and started whispering. Simultaneously, the girls turned their heads back to the boys.

"No! We are not doing that, we could get arrested," Olivia said, nodding along with Natalie and Zoe.

"No? Are you a chicken?" Elliot teased.

"No, do you seriously think we are going to sneak into someone's house and just casually go through their underwear drawer? We could get arrested and I don't really want to do that," Olivia retorted.

"Guys, I wouldn't even do that and I'm Zoe," Zoe added.

The guys gave each other another look and Shawn snickered, "Another dare then?"

The girls uncomfortably nodded, already feeling uneasy over their decision.

"Um...Spend the night at the Willard Asylum. That's our last and final offer, no exceptions," Elliot said, pressing his lips into a thin line and crossing his arms over his chest.

The girls all turned around into a huddle and automatically, Olivia whispered, "No! Please no! That place was for the insane, who knows what could happen!"

Natalie just sighed, fidgeting with the sleeve of her purple hoodie. Even if she spoke up, Zoe and Olivia wouldn't listen.

Zoe turned around to face the guys before confidently saying, "How much are we gonna get paid?"

"You aren't going to get paid anything; it's a dare, but if you last till tomorrow morning...we'll umm...we'll..." James stuttered, trying to think of something they wouldn't regret. Chances are it wouldn't matter what they chose, because they'd regret it anyway.

"You'll what?" Zoe challenged, obviously intrigued that she had a chance to humiliate the boys.

"We'll dress up as girls and go around the mall with you all day tomorrow," Shawn yelled over James.

"Plus, we'll spend five hundred dollars on each of you," James piped in, earning himself a glare from Elliot.

The girls thought over the dare one last time, "Okay, we'll do it." Zoe said, not bothering to agree with Olivia and Natalie.

Olivia yanked Zoe's shoulder, rapidly turning her around, "Are you nuts? You are gonna get us killed! I was gonna go to the mall tomorrow!" she shrieked.

"No! We are gonna do it and I don't care what you say! Plus, if we go through with this, you can still go to the mall, plus you get five hundred dollars to spend on clothing," Zoe yelled back.

OUR STUPENDOUS LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS:

"Please I don't want to! Please, please don't make me!" Olivia wailed.

Natalie shifted uncomfortably between the two girls that were now face to face.

"Shut up Olivia! We're going to get in trouble from all this yelling. Let it go, it's one night, not a week! Besides, who doesn't want to see the guys dress up as girls for the entire day? Think about Elliot, Shawn, and James in dresses or skirts," Zoe joked.

"I don't -" Olivia started to say before Natalie cut her off.

"Just stop fighting, okay. It makes me nervous. Right now, I'm worried that you are gonna kill each other, or you're gonna kill me, or the guys, or maybe everyone is gonna turn into psychopaths and..." Natalie murmured off.

Zoe and Olivia stared confusingly at Natalie, who stared at the ground and fiddled with her hoodie sleeve.

"Are you gonna go or not? Hurry up and make the choice," James snickered impatiently.

"We're going, we're going. Calm down," Zoe snapped back at him.

Natalie and Zoe stood up and started walking away.

"Are you coming or not?" Zoe said over her shoulder.

"Nope. Never. Never ever." Olivia declared, turning around and facing the fire.

"Get up!" Zoe yelled, "I mean it. If you don't get up I will have to use plan B!" Zoe said, walking back over to Olivia.

"What's plan B?" Olivia questioned, fear and confusion flickering in her blue eyes.

"This," Zoe said, before glancing over at Natalie with a smirk. She and Natalie cornered Olivia against the tree trunk. Zoe grabbed Olivia by the waist and put her over her shoulder, spinning around, walking into the fog.

To Be Continued...

"Rambling Autobiography" by Collin Veen, Grade 7

What you are about to hear are the secrets of the life of Collin Veen, which is funny, crazy, and pretty sad. When I was a baby, I loved to giggle and play with my two older brothers. In most of my pictures as a young kid, I was either smiling, mad, or was trying to look cool by not smiling. I always wanted to be a cowboy when I was a kid, so I wore a cowboy outfit a lot. My brothers were a huge influence in my life. They knew I would do whatever they told me to, so they took advantage of it. Ever since I was young I was always jumping off of things, which caused me to break my collar bone at age eight. When I moved to Colorado in 2008, both of my dogs died. Later that year, I met my best friend Jake, and when he first met me he called me fun sized. Two years later my Dad left our house, and I don't remember why. He divorced my Mom recently. So I was going through some hard stuff so I ran away from home instead of going to school and went to a Super Target. A couple weeks later I missed my dad, and I was sent to a mental hospital for a week and a half. I got my puppy Emma, who is extremely fun and cute, a year and a half ago. On the way to school, I crashed my bike and got two gashes on my knee and still have the scars. I had a huge crush on a girl at my old school and now since I go to STEM I don't get to see her anymore. I've gotten in trouble a lot here and most of it was from stupid things or stuff that I haven't done. My parents don't like it very much though.

OUR STUPENDOUS LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS:

"Strong Coffee"

by Cyra Gallano

"You really like strong coffee, don't you?" she asked him.

"No, I just really like you," he said with a wink. She blushed and went to make his coffee. This has happened everyday for the past couple of weeks. He comes in at about four in the afternoon and orders a black coffee. Then, he sits down and waits for his coffee. When he gets the coffee, he reads for a while then leaves.

She didn't understand it. He didn't even look like the kind of guy who would like strong coffee, but he had a cup nearly everyday. He wore band shirts, sweatshirts, and jeans. A mop of messy chestnut curls were piled on his head. He had the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. Let's just say she had the tiniest crush.

He had come in everyday since that first day. Coming into this little coffee shop was on a whim for him; he was so comfortable at the Starbucks across the street. However, he wanted to try some "real" coffee, so here he was. Needless to say, he had come back often. He was completely blown away. The long dark hair, the warm eyes and a smile to match. He couldn't *not come back*.

"Hey, your coffee's ready," she said to him.

"Thanks," he had said with a smile.

The next few weeks, he came back again everyday. He threw in his best smiles, corny jokes, and gentle brushes of the hand while paying. He had hoped that she would even show the slightest hints of interest, but nothing worked. She looked kind of interested, but it seemed so unlikely. She would smile at him and laugh at his jokes: something, but that wasn't enough for him. He didn't want to ask her for her number then get absolutely completely rejected. She was being nice. Not interested.

She just fell for him completely. Blue eyes, great smile, fit body...it was just everything. He was so sweet and funny, too. She just didn't want to do something out of line though. So she kept quiet and smiled, but not too wide, and laughed, but not too loud.

He started coming less and less.

She couldn't make it to work and switched shifts around a lot.

All of a sudden, it was four months after the first day. He decided to visit the coffee shop again. He had asked the manager if she still worked there, hoping to see her again. Unfortunately, she didn't, so he just ordered another strong coffee.

The little bell to the door jingled and he looked up to see who it was. He didn't have anything better to do.

There she was. Long dark hair, warm brown eyes, and a smile to match. She looked much better out of uniform. Not only was she wearing nicer clothes, there was a boy with an arm wrapped around her. He sighed. He got to see her again, just not how he wanted to.

When she entered her old workplace, she saw him again. Bright blue eyes and messy chestnut hair. She didn't care so much anymore that he never made a move, and just walked away. She sighed. *Why didn't he?*

The boy with the blue eyes sat alone.

The girl with the dark hair sat next to her new boyfriend.

They were still complete strangers, but both couldn't help but wonder what would happen if they weren't.

OUR STUPENDOUS LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS:

"Dragonreign: Revenge of Enigma (Part I)"

by Calvin Driscoll, Grade 8

Althalos awakes in a carriage with his hands bound, then realizes he did something but doesn't remember what.

He thinks to himself, "Maybe I was too drunk off mead last night?" He looks around the carriage, but he doesn't yet remember that the people he is with are his comrades.

"Hey Althalos!"

He looks up and stutters, "Who, who, who said my name?"

"It's me, Tybalt. You don't remember me do you?"

Althalos replies with a saddened no.

"I was with you when we were attacked a few days ago, we have been riding in the carriage for a while."

Althalos replies, "I apologize my friend but I do not remember my own name."

"Heh," Tybalt chuckles. "That's easy, your name is Althalos." "You probably got hit on the head when the dragon swooped down." Althalos came to a sudden standstill, Dragons are real?

He turns to Tybalt and whispers, "WHAT IS THIS PLACE!?"

"You're in the land of Nothgronavarn, a land where dragons, dinosaurs, and Zenozards rule the Earth along with Daegrans. But whatever you do stay away from the cliffs of Craen Crevice Peak, that is the dragons' domain! Also, from one brother to another, stay away from Hjaalmak forest; many species of ancient dinosaurs still live there. Another race to be extremely wary of is the Zenozards, they are extremely intelligent, and use strategies while hunting in packs. They are like an alien and a dragon had a baby; they have wings but are smaller and have blue blood. They can also cloak themselves by blending in with the environment around them, while changing the colors of their scales.

That was our first mistake the other day. As well as the Valleys of Draenfalt. Draenfar roam, they are a vicious group of vampiric werewolves. They are our sworn enemies. If you encounter a Draenfar, carry a Broodjgarn sword. It is made of an abundant material found only in Craen Crevice Peak and Hjaalmak forest. That my friend leads us to what we were doing only just a few days ago. We were trying to get a lot of that Broodjgarn to make a sword for all of us. But I guess we failed when you got knocked upside the head by a dragon."

"Wow, this is a lot to take in in a few short minutes."

The guard driving the carriage tells them not to be so loud.

"I couldn't help but overhear your conversation, Tybalt."

"Sorry, Althalos, this is Ulric, another one of our team."

Althalos replies with, "Oh, I thought it was only the two of us."

"Actually," Borean butts in, "there are seven of us."

Astonished, Althalos says, "Then how the heck did we end up here?!"

Ulric, Tybalt, Haedrak, and Boraen don't say a word.

"Hello, this is not a time of silence, this is a time of need."

Looking puzzled, Tybalt scrambles for an answer, "We were ambushed, by the dragon Enigma. It is an ancient dragon back from when our ancestors the Akhekhu were around to control the lands."

Althalos immediately thinks, holy crap, how long have we been around?

Haedrak introduces himself, "Hello Althalos, my name is Haedrak. I specialize in tracking; like a hawk I have it's eyes, senses like a wolf. If you need me to track a dragon, Draenfar, or Zenozard I am your guy."

Althalos didn't really think that dragons were real; he just thought they did this to mess with his head and then kill him when he goes insane.

Boraen tells him what he does, "I am a master at making armour and defensive equipment. Also, I love making weapons, anything from a battleaxe to an arrow or a sword to a helmet."

Althalos thinks that it is very interesting that he has a blacksmith as a friend, but then again that would be extremely useful when you are going into battle and need gear to make sure that you actually come home safely.

OUR STUPENDOUS LITERATURE SUBMISSIONS:

Althalos could definitely tell that the guard was getting very irritated from them being able to talk.

So he decides to lighten up the guard, "Hey you, driver!" Althalos screeches.

The guard looks back at him and in the kindest voice he could use says, "You called me didn't you?"

Althalos is surprised that the guard actually turned around to acknowledge him, "Yes, you don't see to be in the best mental shape, so what's the issue with you?"

The guard lets out a large sigh and answers him, "My wife just left me and took my one boy Chala. So I looked around and fulfilled this position driving prisoners like you guys from city to city. My last experience as a courier I had to have a family, so I got fired."

Althalos and the guard become very quiet and after two minutes Althalos gives him sympathy, "I'm sure your wife had her intentions and maybe it also could've been to protect you."

The guard looks a little better from the talk, but Althalos could still tell that the guard wasn't very enlightened. So Althalos just continues on with the ride, talking to Tybalt, and going more into what the place was. He also brings up an interesting topic about where they were going.

Tybalt replies, "I think we are headed to Zamraen city; it is a holy city where the wealthy live and a Utopia. This city is also the head of operations for the Eagleraams. It is rumored that the Eagleraams are part Draenfar and Zenozard, but we have no evidence of it."

In Althalos' head he thinks, "Oh great, now I have to worry about even more!"

Again more time passes as the sun sets. But little do they know that Enigma is stalking them; not only is Enigma stalking them, but a pack of Zenozards are hunting the dragon and Althalos, but as far as Enigma knows nothing is following him. The reason they haven't seen them is because their changing scales make them virtually invisible.

But not everything has been revealed to them. There are still secrets that even ancient dragons do not know of. A mythical creature called a Tweer roams the woods of the ancient land. But nobody notices that a Tweer is following them.

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

Devlin Barron is an eight grader at STEM High. He is a Colorado native and loves Colorado nature and wildlife. He enjoys creating art and photography in his free time. He plans on attending medical school in the future.

I am Caleb Chang, a dreamer, reader and gamer. I have like to spend my time day-dreaming and playing videogames. My favorite video game is Starcraft II. I also like longboarding and hanging with friends.

Hi, I am Josilin Figueroa, and I love to draw things like bridges, cakes, cupcakes, fries, snow cones, and people. I also do it for fun and when I am bored. But now I love to do it because it is like everything to me. But if you don't know how to draw then you should try it because then you might just like it.

Hi! I'm Cyra Gallano: just a bored teenager with a love for math and chemistry. I just like to write sometimes. Okay, bye!

Karennah Naherny was born in Alberta, Canada in 2002. One of her favourite things to do is draw. She moved to Colorado in 2005. Karennah lives with her two sibling, mom, and dad.

I am Soneva Scott, and I love writing poems. I also ski race, play rugby, do triathlons, cross country, and track. I was born in Dubai, my dad is Irish, and my mom is from Boston. I have one 10-year-old brother and an Alaskan Klee Kai dog called Nerka.

Vicki Shen is 12 years old and is in sixth grade. Her hobbies include ice skating, drawing, and piano. She loves to draw during her free time. She also loves making everyone smile.

My name is Daniela Shulman and I am currently an eighth grader here at the fabulous school of Stem High! I'm what you would call a loud and outgoing person. I started writing because I read a lot of books so I thought it would only make sense. I also started writing so I could explore new worlds that would be fictional otherwise. Thank you so much, and farewell!

Hi, my name is Matthew Siegler, and I am thirteen years old. I was born on the other side of the earth near Europe. I like to design all things from furniture, to houses, to types of cars. I also love to paint and draw in my free time. Overall, I love to spend time with my crazy friends.

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES

My name is Hadassah Thompson, and I am soon to be 13. I have many very close friends that give me inspiration to make the art that I do. I am an outsider most of the time, but my friends keep me smiling always. Creativity in my mind is something everyone has, just people use it in different ways, and art is my favorite way to express my creativity.

Hello, I'm Collin Veen. I am in 7th grade at STEM. I love playing sports and hanging out with my friends. I also love to play with my boomerang and my foot bag. My favorite subjects in school are Engineering and P.E.

I'm Sydney Zirbel, and I am twelve and in sixth grade. All of my submissions were pictures that I took over spring break when my family went to Maui, Hawaii. Maui was phenomenal; the landscape was so colorful and lush; there were so many vibrant and exotic colors. I am so fortunate that my family got the opportunity to see so much of Maui, and I am so grateful.

CONTEST!

Congratulations to all of the nominees! Good luck all! And here are the standings:

ART WINNER: "EYE INTO THE FUTURE" BY KARENNNA MAHERNEY

POETRY WINNER: "SUNSET " BY SONEVA SCOTT

FICTION WINNER: "DRAGONREIGN: REVENGE OF ENIGMA PART
1" BY CALVIN DRISCOL

Congratulations you guys! Please contact Ms. Erin Christian at erin.christian@stemhigh.org to receive your prizes!

Please also remember that any art, poetry, or fiction literature will automatically be nominated for the June issue contest!