

ATLANTIS

THE ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE OF MSMHS

June 2021

ATLANTIS

Issue 01

MSMHS Coral



MARINE SCIENCE MAGNET HIGH SCHOOL PRESENTS

ATLANTIS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 02 Flash & Reflection
- 03 Traveler's Call & Liddell Girl
- 04 City Bird
- 05 Selections of Poetry
- 06 Spring Fever
- 07 My Beautiful City
- 09 Exodus
- 13 City Scapes
- 14 The Crew
- 15 Buried Secrets
- 17 Characters
- 19 Meet the Artists & Writers

Cover Photo: Coral from MSMHS Aquaculture lab, by Mike Guyot, MSMHS Aquaculture teacher

Welcome to *Atlantis*!

This debut edition of *Atlantis*, and first ever art and literary magazine of Marine Science Magnet High School, has been two years in the making! Senior Emily Tarinelli, had the original idea to create the *Atlantis* with a desire to highlight the impressive visual and literary artists who call MSMHS home. Last year initial plans to publish the magazine were put on hold when our school year, and our world, came to an abrupt standstill due to Covid-19. In a Fall filled with hybrid learning, the possibility of *Atlantis* still seemed uncertain. But this Spring, the revival of clubs opened the door for our work to continue! Creative Writing Club was reunited and the plans for *Atlantis* ignited once more.

This year we are proud and excited for the opportunity to highlight the work submitted from across the student body of MSMHS. We hope you enjoy *Atlantis* as much as we have enjoyed putting it together!

Sincerely yours,

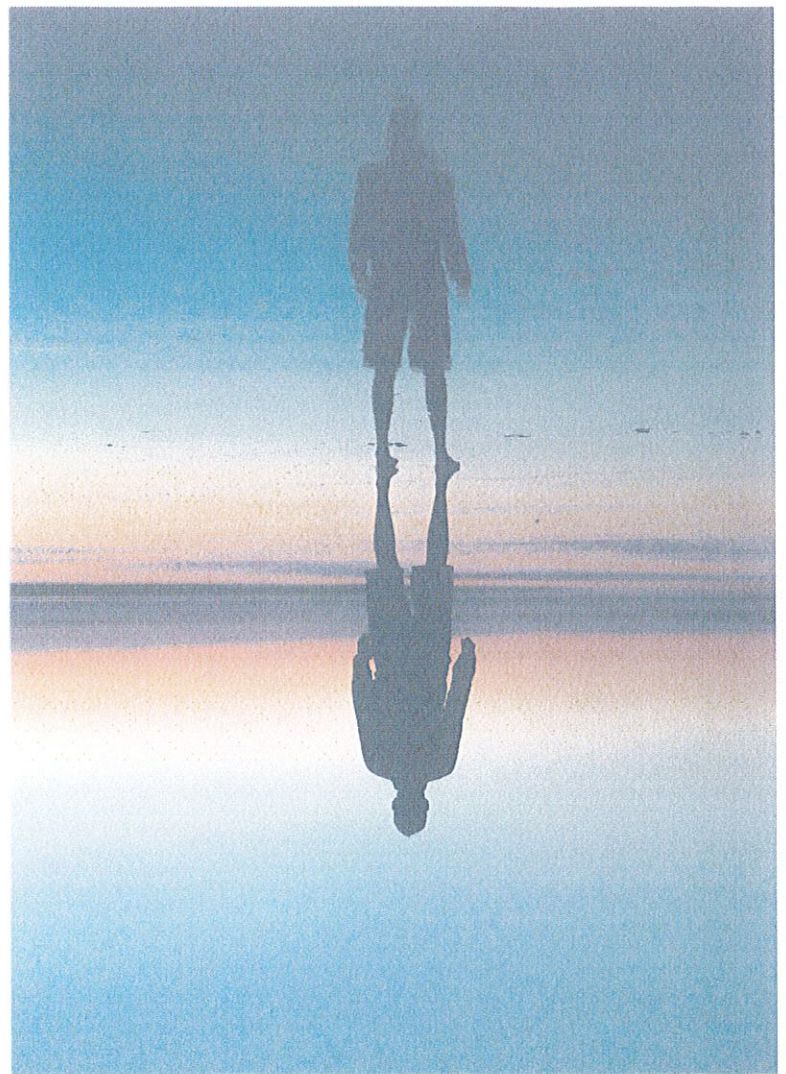
The Creative Writing Club

ATLANTIS

Marine Science Magnet Highschool
130 Shennecossett Road, Groton CT

Flash

The sway in the breeze
The creaking of the winter air
A place where my hand was squeezed
By a beauty that was full of care
The wilting of disease
This feeling that wasn't fair
The smile flared out turning dull
The light left, saddening the trees
This place once filled with beauty
Was left ravaged by the sea



Reflection

This beauty I had met was filled with joy almost as if he knew he would leave. He was a dancing starburst in the endless array of the night sky. He was an orchestra of colour compared to my silent part of the woods. Looking back I wish I had grabbed him and thrown him into my boring life- Metaphorically of course. The worst thing is he would have said yes. Now his absence has left me empty and confused and scared. I stopped putting down my book. Thinking was the last thing I wanted to do but now my heart is wide open cut by all that had happened in the last month. I sat on the steps not realizing till I started that I was crying. Something I have not done since that week.

FLASH & REFLECTION

By Ezron Williams

The Traveler's Call

Now I am telling this with a sigh:

Grey and trodden have I become,
As a weathered cliff and a wrinkled bole.
Earthly age has made its mark, wherefrom
I now urge that you not succumb
To the rash mistake of this traveler's soul;

Take not the sunny, grassy lane,
With its ease of travel and quick delights.
Brave instead the gnarled terrain
That bends with uncertainty, all to sustain
A world with dimming days and dying
nights.

There is value in that which is green,
But not which is printed and bartered.
The road I'd taken, unseen, unclean,
Is unworthy of a price so obscene,
A price so heartless and lawlessly
chartered.

This is the day to denounce my road,
Worn by all with needless belligerence.
Brave the wild that's always bestowed
Her children with love, and hear her ode:
You can make all the difference.

Liddell Girl

Once you lose it, where does it go?
Does it disperse into the sky
and form a darkly perfect storm cloud,
only to drench you in acid rain?
Does it sprout wings and flock
to a newborn babe,
recalled to its sinless cries?

Her storm cloud was white as could be back
then,
her wings glimmering in the droplets of sun.
How pure she was,
she who knew how to flutter her wings,
but never learnt to fly;
she who could sculpt out pictures in her sky,
but never raised a lightning storm.



POETRY

By Emily Tarinelli



CITY BIRD

By Sam Cohen

POETRY

By Arielle Frommer

Ladybird

Her wings fold primly on a scarlet spotted shell;
 Over shiny spots of ebony that dot her crimson body,
 and she takes flight, a quiet hum to alight upon some lucky soul.
 Why is the ladybird good luck, and not some other insect?
 The ladybird is beautiful for sure, but what great feeling is evoked?

Why not the fly, a pest we say, that buzzes round and round,
 kaleidoscopic eyes that dart, searching for some new sight
 and glassy wings that buzz a static hum, a constant presence of sound;

Or the honeybee, a friendly bug but for its stings
 with fuzzy black and yellow stripes, a cheerful honeycomb grin,
 it brings us gifts of golden treats on rounded crystal wings;

Of course not the sinister spider, prey of human fears
 its sleek black body and spindly legs, spinning slyly a web of silver,
 in the shadowy world of twilight gossamer that glitters and glistens like
 tears;

Or even a shiny armored beetle clinging to a drop of dew at morn,
 A noble bug adorned in antlers, wandering through dappled glades
 And marred with scars of battle as it fights for courage sworn;

The ladybird it is, humankind declares,
 The scarlet, spotted beauty and bringer of golden luck
 Why, I even call it ladybird
 Not ladybug!

But even if this construct, is simply just a construct
 I cannot help the warm feeling of hope that gushes in me
 When I beheld the ladybird

Pale flakes of frost trace the sinews of leaves
 Ribbons of ice spiral across the lake
 Snowdrift gently descends to blanket the eaves
 Watery sunlight dwindles at daybreak

Ice:
A Sonnet

Footfalls sound loudly through a silver wood
 Metal shatters ice, glacial water flows
 Creatures of spring rise where winter once stood
 Their heat only prolongs that ancient doze

White winds sweep over mountains to freeze
 Jagged ice cracks over a pool of night
 Wood splintering fractals trace over trees
 The tired sun hidden, blinded by white

A whisper ripples through a silent cold
 The earth is laughing, for their tale is told.

LIMMERICK SET

The Marsh

The swift grey heron takes flight from
 the grass,
 and flies buzz languidly 'round a grazing
 ass;
 while the crocodile swims
 cattails sway long limbs,
 and swallows and blackbirds hold
 morning mass.

The Nest

Worms are what the sparrows seek,
 to feed the young ones from their beak;
 and what they toil
 to take from the soil
 will feed their fledglings for many a week.

The Wood

In forests of yore the sycamores grow,
 and weeping willows bend branches
 low;
 they sing to the brook
 while the twinkling stars look
 and the birches sigh and sway to-and-
 fro.

SPRING FEVER

By Quinn Sawyer

She smiled at her, playfully hitting her arm. "Let's go see the stars!" She laughed as she raced off up the hill, the sun setting, painting the sky all colors of the rainbow. Around them, the leaves were coming in and you could hear the birds singing goodnight and the frogs croaking from their ponds. She met her at the top of the hill, and grabbed her hand. The two of them sat in the grass and watched the sun go down and heard the birds go quiet as everything got dark. Once it was dark, they laid side by side, looking up at the stars. It was a clear night, for the first time in what felt like forever, and she pointed out the constellations to her. It got cold, though, as it does in spring, and they rushed back to her apartment for tea, laughing the whole way there.

They shared many moments like this, and it was a few weeks of fast-paced fun, with them going somewhere new every day, and nowhere was out of the question. They even planned a trip to somewhere warmer, where they could get away for even longer. They adopted a cat, moved into her apartment, and joked around as they did spring cleaning. It was March, spring had arrived, and they were in high spirits, blowing their way through all the things they had wanted to do but couldn't over the long winter.

They were walking home from the café in the April rain the day before they were supposed to go on their trip when it happened. A car lost control and veered onto the sidewalk. She shoved her out of the way just in time, but she wasn't fast enough to get out of the way. She was lying on the ground, her arms and legs at an unnatural angle, and it was clear she wouldn't make it. Tears fell from her eyes as she kneeled by her side, dialing 911. She looked up at her, tears trickling down her face, mixing in with the blood. "Let's go see the stars," she whispered, giving her a weak smile before going limp.



MY BEAUTIFUL CITY
By Rashel Garcia





EXODUS

A SHORT STORY

By Emily Tarinelli

I must admit that your departure has rendered me unwell. The woeful hilarity of my situation cannot be overstated. I know I prefer the isolation of my thoughts and the seclusion of my quarters, but oh, what I would give to see a human face. It could be my closest friend or my worst nemesis or a complete and utter stranger; I quake at the thought of seeing even a shadow other than my own.

Silence has never been louder. I must speak aloud to remind myself that I have a voice. Your names are forever in my prayers, for terror consumes my heart when I think that they may one day escape my memory, as your characters, your laughter, and all that converges into your bodies have already begun to do. Your absence benumbs me, a poor, desolate soul who walks the Earth alone. This unremitting silence through which I tread is but my asylum.

Mother, Father — I have trouble remembering even the simplest of things. Only vaguely do I recall the day I woke to silence, for since that fateful morning, the days have molded into weeks, the

weeks have melted into months, the months into years, until my very own passage through time has become but a single continuous lapse of sunsets and earthly revolutions. I have attempted to patch together the fragmented images of this bygone era, though I suspect most of what I remember is wrought of fictitious happenings that my mind has used to refill seats of evanescent memories.

It took me several moments to realize you were gone. I called for you, and you did not answer. I searched for you, and you made no appearance. I walked to the homes of my neighbors and gently rapped on their doors. Nothing. With a looming presentiment, I hurried to the streets and the stores, desperate to see anyone's face, and was greeted with bone-chilling vacancy.

"It is a dream," I concluded, and retreated to my quarters to lie down. "I shall awake in the morning."

But the morning did not have the power to bring you back. Dread crept down my spine as I repeated the same course of action from yesterday. You were not in the house, so I burst outside and sought my neighbors. Again, they could not be found, and again, the streets were empty. With a throbbing ache in my chest, I returned to my family's property. Birds chattered from

EXODUS CONT.

tree to tree in an inflection that seemed to taunt me rather than sing to me. The sun felt unusually sultry then, the air suffocating and oppressive. I closed my eyes for a moment, feeling fatigued, and seemed strangely weightless as I swayed from one leg to another. When my eyes opened, I felt suddenly vulnerable. Peering around frantically, I realized how dreadfully exposed I was to whatever invisible force had choked the existence out of those I loved. I could almost see it before me: nameless, soundless, sinister solitude, a shapeless enemy waiting to see when I would fall from the precipice of sanity. Down, down into the cavernous abyss of madness, subordinate to scientific or philosophical thought.

I retreated inside with renewed haste. Clasping the roots of my hair with both hands, I collapsed against the door and sank to the floor. A whirlwind of frazzled thoughts began to cloud my head. It could not be, it was not logical. Everything in the house was left as it had been the last day you were with me. The blankets on your bed were ruffled and strewn about, as though you had just rolled out of bed and hadn't the chance to make it. Your bags and backpacks were filled with your typical trinkets, as they always had been. Your glasses lay untouched on your bedside tables. Everything was in perfect order.

Then where, dear parents, dear neighbors, dear friends, had you gone? I bade myself get up and raced to my quarters. After tearing open a drawer of my writing desk, I extracted an old, cardboard shoebox laced with the quintessential, variegated designs of an energetic child. The colors, numerous as they were, had been fading for years.

I stared at the box. My fingers itched to open it, but there was a certain heaviness in my chest that made me hesitate. My judgement was plagued by what ifs, questions without answers that I dared not speak nor even think, for then they might truly become my reality. What lay inside this box would confirm or deny them forever. Of course, as expected, when directing my mind not to linger on something, it no doubt begins to explore it, and so out poured my hypotheticals. What if I am insane? What if those I loved never existed? And, of course, the most daunting of them all:

What if I am the last person on Earth?

WHAT IF I AM THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH?

My arms trembled as I lifted the top of the box and gingerly placed it aside. Inside the box dwelled a pile of photographs. Faces filled with laughter and gaiety smiled up at me. The picture on top was our family portrait, which I lifted with shaking fingers. Beneath it was a photograph of me and my closest friend. I delicately removed them all and studied them. Some of them had fingerprints plastered onto their shiny surfaces. Others had folded edges, tiny rips, or even wrinkles. All of them evoked some nostalgic memory or other heartfelt emotion. One small image of a friend I'd lost even made me weep. Nevertheless, relief flooded my chest. These images confirmed that those I loved had existed; therefore, I still remained on the grounds of sanity, and madness had not yet claimed me.

EXODUS CONT.

These photographs, however, did nothing to address my solitude. It was true that my family had existed; those I loved had been here on Earth. But that did not change how utterly alone I was. Was this vanishing local, or widespread? What had taken them? Was I truly alone on this vast planet that had been home to billions of people?

I will tell you that there are four things that vex me beyond measure. The first is lacking knowledge; the second is lacking an understanding of certain events; the third is being incorrect; and the fourth is being restricted. It seemed that all of these peeves of mine had come together to torment me in a final battle of wills and strength. As frightened as the thought made me, I could perceive only one way to test my hypothesis of solitude. I needed to journey to a place most populous, a location never devoid of human activity... a city that never slept. The bustle of the metropolis, or lack thereof, would confirm or deny my deepest fears.

I gathered what I required to survive on my own with newfound fervor. Canned food, water, clothing. Books and journals and pens. The pictures, of course. No longer would I waste my time sobbing or quivering. Shedding tears would do nothing. I had to discover the truth, and if what I feared was true, inexplicable as it may be, then I would find a way to reverse the evil machinations of whatever this formless devil had imposed upon those I loved.

I drove. The local streets remained unnervingly silent. When I reached the highway, my blood ran cold. Vehicles lay in ruins across and off the road, bent and broken. Gentle fires still clung to a select few. I suddenly grew very sick. A lump swelled in my throat as I scanned the area for any injured drivers.

No one. I maneuvered my vehicle cautiously around the wrecked piles of metal. At this rate, it would take ages to reach the city. Accompanied by the mechanical moans of my vehicle, I was left to revel in the gloom of my reveries.

I did not feel like myself. Rather, I felt like an ancient phantom trapped within mortal flesh. I felt grey and ghostly and gone. The only emotion I harbored was a feverish desire to get to the city and look a human in the eye. I could not be alone. I could not be alone.

I lived in the vast outskirts of the metropolis. Under normal circumstances, it would have taken me only a few hours to arrive, but given my avoidance of the wreckage, it took me half a day. During these hours, I could not keep my mind from racing, or my heart from aching, or my eyes from stinging. I thought about all of my family's routine events of what seemed like a past life. We used to attend weekly services. I had been growing more and more irked by the teachings of the Church, about how we never accomplished enough to satisfy the needs of God, or about how we were all presumably infatuated with material wealth, or about how we should love our neighbors but disdain those who took pride in identities that differed from its own. That God did not seem like my God, whom I vehemently prayed to during the eclipse of those hours spent journeying. Perhaps I was wrong and the Church was right: this God had scorned me for my radical defiance, but pitied me enough not to banish me to eternal damnation. Perhaps Judgement Day had passed and I was left behind.



EXODUS CONT.

I was left to make my own judgements upon reaching the heart of the city. The roads were littered with unmoving vehicles, all of them twisted and burned. Thunderstruck and head buzzing, I exited my vehicle and stood on the painted pavement. The billboards smirked down at me with the grin of a Cheshire cat, flashing stupendously colorful and profoundly meaningless propaganda. The lack of horns and sirens made me shudder. I turned in a circle, slowly. Towering buildings loomed over me and electricity poles craned their necks to get a better view of the singularity at the core of their Earth. No, I reminded myself despairingly, no. I could not be alone. I could not be alone. I could not be alone...

I then lay down in the middle of the street. I had obtained my augury from the city and interpreted a terrible truth. I dared not move nor even breathe. I could stay here forever, lying affright on this cold, hard ground, enveloped in languor and anguish. My malignant enemy, whatever it was, had triumphed, and I, fearful and weak, was alone.

I know what it is you think: This cannot be; for here I am reading your words, here you are speaking your truth. You are correct: it could and would not be. I am many things — frightened, forsaken, fatigued — but I am not weak. This revelation is what brought me to my feet, what drives my fingers to bleed this letter in the stygian ichor of ink. Hope may seem unkind to you, seem elusive and false and transitory, but if you are to survive, you must not let it flee. It is your compass in a time of feeling lost, uncertain, and distraught: it is your passion and your fire and your lifeline. If you are reading this, you have found a piece of me, and I am searching for you. If you are reading this, you are not alone.





The Bridge 

SAM COHEN

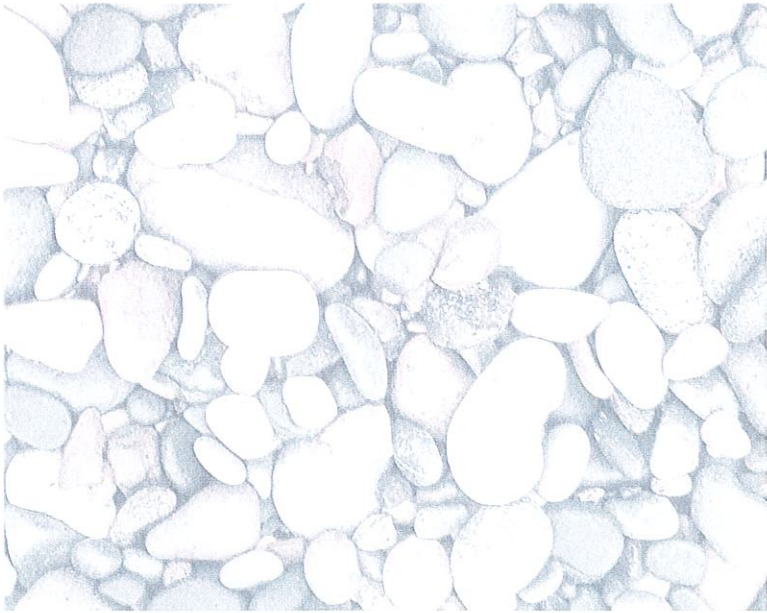
 The City



THE CREW

By Leo Motherway





BURIED SECRETS

By Arielle Frommer

Rolf looked up at the shopkeeper. "How much?" He asked. The shopkeeper shrugged. "'How much is it worth to you?" He asked wryly.

Rolf raised an eyebrow. Merchants of the Northern shore were notoriously fickle. It was his first journey across the Jade Sea, and he was a traveler in a foreign land, in more ways than one. Yet he had already heard the tale of an adventurer cheated out of his gold by a vendor who sold him an ornate sword sworn to be forged by the ancients that was dulled at the first spar, the mage that had been sold a worthless vial of brandywine after a grinning alchemist claimed it was an elixir of moonlight. Serena had insisted that the Port of Jade had merchants of excellent character, flashing her prized possession, a ring that granted the ability of far sight, as proof of a worthy purchase by the merchants of the Port.

Nevertheless, Rolf thought to choose his words carefully. He glanced at the object again,

running his gloved fingers over the mirror-like surface. It was unlike anything he had ever seen before, smooth as a still lake before a cloudless sky, its glassy octagonal panes fragmented by embellishments wrought in iron and onyx. Four clawed legs supported the object on a plush purple cushion, and its surface rippled with the glow of magic.

Rolf pondered this, and then spoke. "Tell me what it does again." The merchant grinned, showing off a shiny gold tooth flecked with bits of silver. An alloy, probably stolen off some cheap treasure. The shopkeeper was clearly not one of the more upstanding types Serena spoke of. But when he talked, his voice was clear and honest, and Rolf thought to trust him. "The object is enchanted. See this clasp?" The man flicked a small golden clasp at the edge of the box's surface with his hand. "Once you close it, none shall open it but you. Time will not touch whatever lies within as long as it remains in here, protected, preserved for eternity. The queens of old placed their enchanted diadems in this box, and the sorcerers in the sky preserved their most hallowed potions in here, hidden away from those who would seek to use them for nefarious means." The merchant made a vague gesture, as if to call the stories of the ages back into memory.

Rolf nodded, and the shopkeeper frowned. "Perhaps I am asking you the wrong question. What is it you wish to preserve in this box? Jewels of brilliance beyond man's greatest imagination? Secrets that could shatter kingdoms, written and sealed away forever? Perhaps even an enchanted object of your own?"

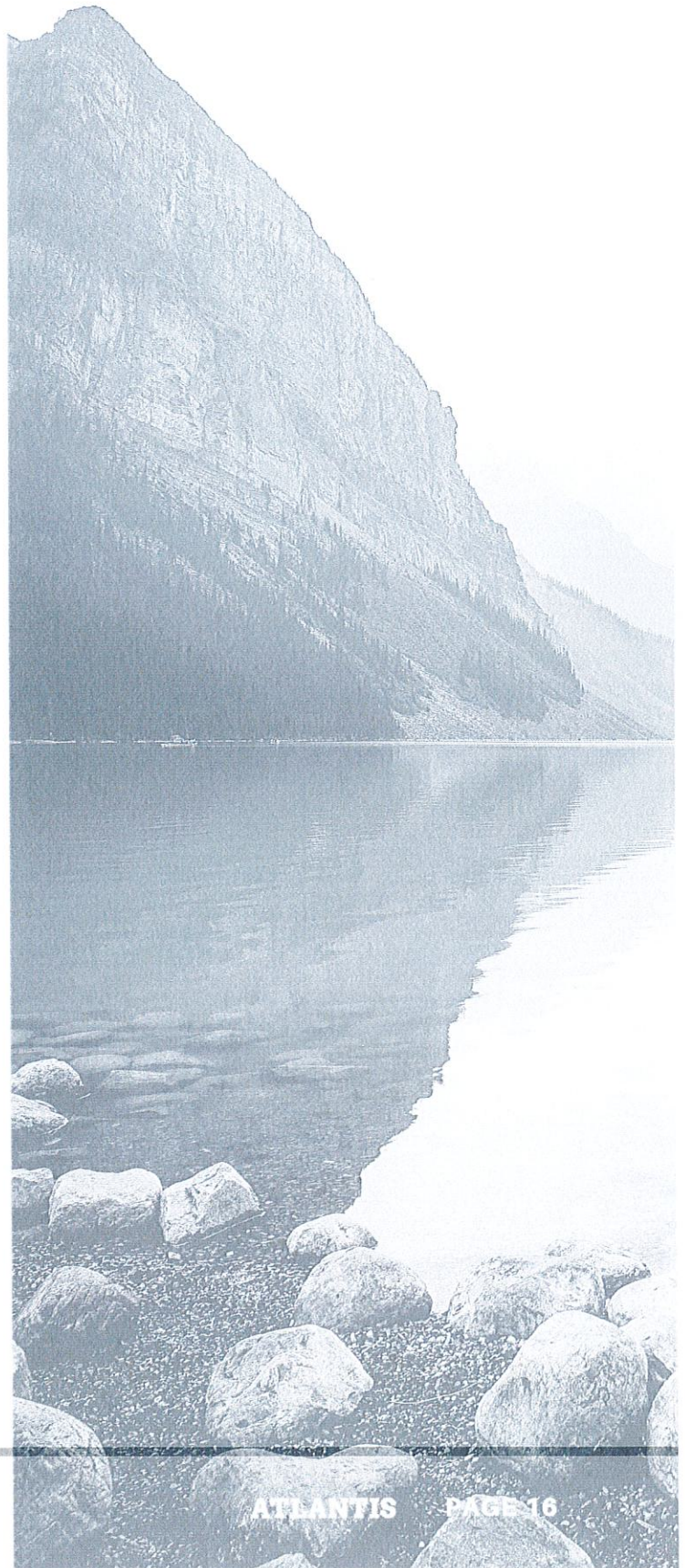
BURIED SECRETS CONT.

Rolf shook his head. He drew out a small locket, and held it up to the merchant's face to show him the picture inside. "Only this," he said, "so that it may live on in the world when I have passed forever, because she deserves far more than I do." The shopkeeper leaned over his counter to glance at it, his eyes downturned, so Rolf could not see his expression.

The merchant was silent for so long that Rolf feared he had dozed off, until suddenly he turned away from the counter and grabbed a silk bag with a drawstring from the shelf behind him. "I'll give it to you for fifty silvers," he said briskly.

Rolf suppressed the urge to gape. Fifty silvers! It was a better deal than he could've ever imagined. Serena was right. But Rolf knew that he could change his mind at any moment, so he pressed the money into the shopkeeper's hand, thanked him sincerely, and hurried out of the store. He did not see the merchant caress a small painting, nor did he see the rebellious tear that threatened to spill past the crease of his eye.

Back in his ship, in his cabin among the rocking waves, Rolf gently unclasped the box. Inside was a fine velvet cushion, black as midnight over the sea. He tenderly placed the locket on the cushion, and clasped the box tight, his tired face staring back at him from its reflective surface as he shut the lid. "I love you," he whispered mournfully to the portrait of a starry-eyed woman now forever preserved, and returned to the deck where he gazed out at the lonesome world.



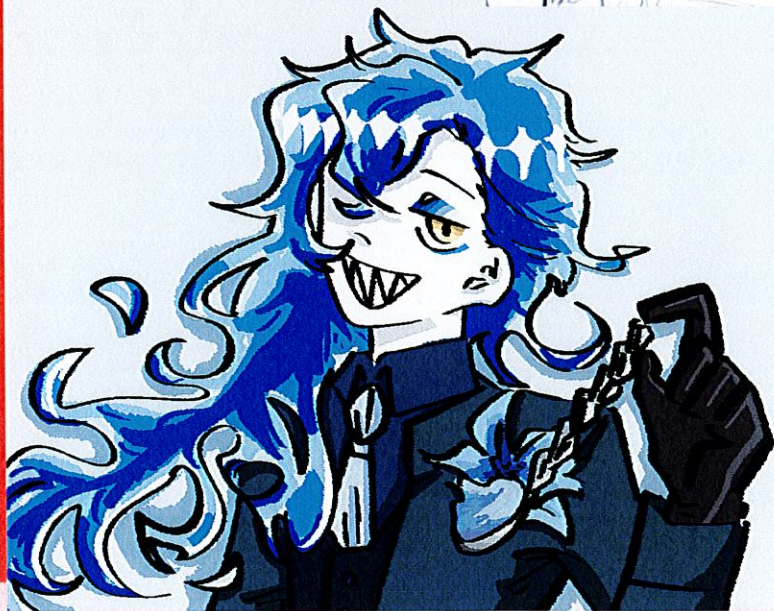
The Cheshire Cat
on His Day Off

Reflection of Snow White

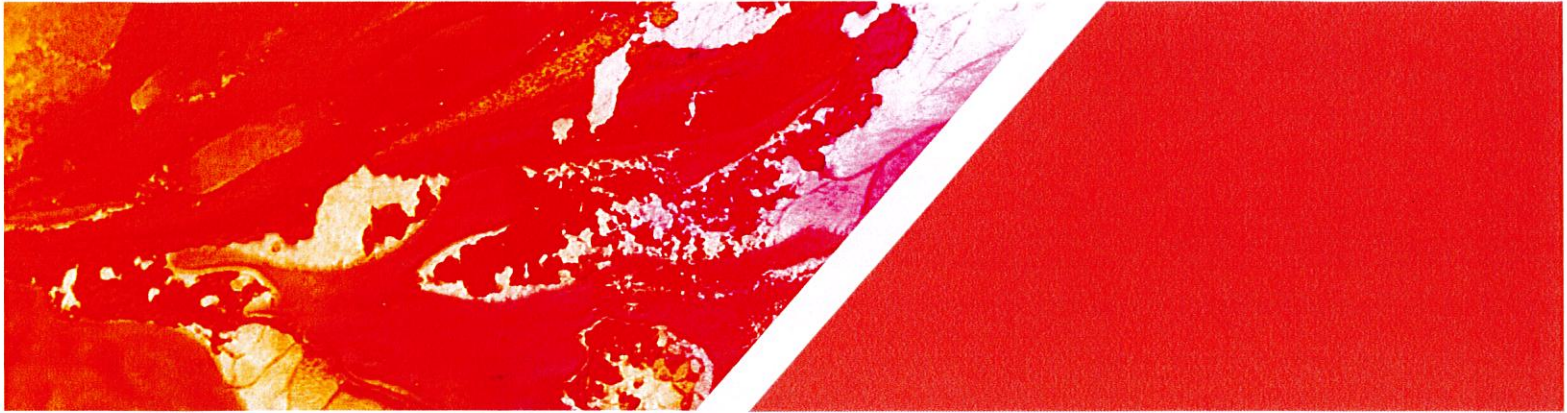


ARTWORK
By Kelly Jiang

On My Own



The Bride Event



FEATURED ARTISTS

SAM COHEN '22

I've always been fascinated by being able to capture a moment in one click of a camera. This inspired me to take my own pictures. I grew up surrounded by photography, since my mom is a professional photographer. I learned a lot from her, and I use that in my own photography. I hope to become a Tour Manager for musicians, and hopefully do some concert photography in the process!

See Sam's Photos:

(pg 4)City Bird- This is a photo taken of a Macaw in the Central Park Zoo. He was posing for the camera and definitely loved having his picture taken!

(pg 13)The Bridge & The City- This is a photo of the Brooklyn Bridge that I took from the water in NYC. I love how it captures all the details of the architecture in the bridge.

LEO MOTHERWAY '23

I've been drawing for as long as I can remember. My favorite things to draw are people because they have so much expression and detail. I draw mostly for school but every so often I sketch something small. I hope that I will continue to improve my drawing skills and become a better artist in general.

See Leo's Drawing:

(pg 14)The Crew - This is a drawing depicting famous pirates and piracy symbols for a world maritime project.

RASHEL GARCIA '23

My mom always took photos while I was growing up but they were about the people around her these pictures made us laugh looking back at them and so I decided to take pictures of the things I believe are beautiful those things that make me smile. So that in the future I can look back at them and have all of those emotions resurface.

See Rashel's Photos: (pgs. 7-8)

My Beautiful Island

KELLY JIANG '21

I use art as a means to express myself and I draw what I like. I like anything from horror to comedy, as long as there's a hopeful message about the growth of humans. I like to interpret a lot and apply it to my own ideals. I only use art for my own enjoyment so I do it as a hobby.

See Kelly's work: (pgs. 17-18)

Bride Event - This features Idia Shroud, a character from Twisted Wonderland*. He is in the groom event outfit.

On My Own - Interpret how you want. This features Vil Schoenheit, Epel Felmier, and Rook Hunt from Twisted Wonderland. There are some connections to Snow White.

The Cheshire Cat on His Day Off - Features Chenya from Twisted Wonderland.

Reflection of Snow White - Features Neige from Twisted Wonderland. *Twisted Wonderland is a JP mobile game created by Disney. It's elements are inspired by the Disney Villain Franchise.



FEATURED WRITERS

EZRON WILLIAMS '24

I got into writing around two years ago. I didn't really have any expectations when I started, I just did it for fun. Now I love writing and I have been working on my own pieces. I do tend to work on smaller things which all tend to be fiction or a normal slice of life type of thing. So that would be two goals for me in the future, one, trying to write different genres. Then two, would be for me to work on my larger projects more.

Read Ezron's Work:

(pg. 2) My first piece is a poem titled "Flash" which shows the death of a loved one due to a disease. The second, "Reflection", is a follow up is a short story in a diary entry format that explains the other partner's thoughts.

ARIELLE FROMMER '21

I am currently a senior at MSMHS and a member of the Creative Writing club, which I have been a part of since freshman year. I have always loved reading all genres of books and poetry, so when I discovered the Creative Writing club, I couldn't wait to have the chance to create my own works with other peers and writers passionate about literature and poetry. My favorite genres to read and write about are fantasy and romance. I also love to write poetry about nature and our relationship with the natural world. In the future, I hope to take creative writing workshops in college and plan to pursue more opportunities to write and publish original work.

Read Arielle's Work:

Poetry (pg. 5)

Ice: A Sonnet- a sonnet about a world slowly overtaken with ice

Ladybird - a poem about a ladybug and hope

Limerick Set: The Marsh, The Nest, The Wood - a set of 3 limericks about nature

Short Story (pgs. 15-16)

"Buried Secrets"



FEATURED WRITERS CONT.

QUINN SAWYER '23

I got into writing a couple years ago, near the end of middle school. My favorite genre to write in is fiction, including historical fiction and topics having to do with mythology from various sources. In addition to writing, I also like to draw and paint, though they are not featured in Atlantis this year. I have no plans to make this a profession, but I would like to continue writing as a hobby in the future.

Read Quinn's Work:

(pg. 6) "Spring Fever" - This is a short story about a young couple starting out in the world, until an accident cuts their time short.

EMILY TARINELLI '21

It has been an avid writer since I was young, and fantasy is my go-to genre both for books to read and stories to write. Fiction, poetry, and other kinds of writing have the power to shape public opinions on different issues, so I firmly believe that writers have a responsibility to produce works that inspire equitable change. In the future, I hope to be a journalist and center my writing on human rights.

Read Emily's Work:

Poetry (pg. 3)

"The Traveler's Call" is a response, or "sequel" to, Robert Frost's poem, "The Road Not Taken." My poem addresses contemporary topics surrounding climate change, consumer culture, and environmentalism, and encourages readers to participate in climate activism.

"Liddell Girl" considers how the loss of innocence, which is regarded by our society as a form of purity, may give us the power to do great good and challenge the status quo. However, my poem also serves as a warning against lost potential; and about how we must not merely imagine a better future, but actively work to create it.

Short Story (pgs. 9-12)

"Exodus," a work of speculative fiction, follows a nameless protagonist who wakes up one morning to find that everyone on Earth has disappeared.