

Spring 2024  
James Fowler High School

# THE FALCON READER

Issue 03 "In the moment"

Featuring work from:  
Creative Writing  
And Publishing  
15 / 25 / 35

"THE UNBURIED  
PHANTOM!"

Prose  
Poetry  
Nonfiction  
Artwork

Want to share your writing? Check inside for how to submit!



# THE FALCON READER

Front cover by Aanab Zehra

Issue 03: "In the moment"

In this issue:

- Writing Prompts
- Closet Drama
- Poetry
- Original Work

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Welcome to the first issue of the second semester, and the third issue of the year. This time around, the Creative Writing and Publishing class is a mix of –15s, –25s, and –35s. This means I have some familiar writers, who are continuing the work they did last year. I hope you enjoy what you read.

*Mr. Vara*

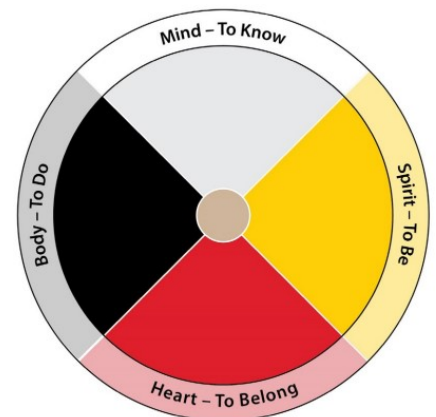
## meraki

[may - rah - kee] • Greek

To put something of yourself into your work.

Soul, Creativity, Love.

With gratitude, mutual respect, and reciprocity, we acknowledge the ancestral home, culture, and oral teachings of the Treaty 7 signatories which includes the Siksika Nation, Piikani Nation, Kainai Nation, the Îethka Stoney Nakoda Nation, consisting of the Chiniki, Bearspaw, and Good Stoney Bands, and the people of the Tsuut'ina Nation. We also recognize the Métis people of Alberta Region 3 who call Treaty 7 their home.



## Table of Contents

### I. Writing Prompts

*In Creative Writing & Publishing, students are given daily timed prompts at the start of each class. How they choose to respond is entirely up to them...*

Feb 01: "Five ... four ... three ... two ... one"

Feb 02: "A poem about expectations"

Feb 07: "You have been granted three wishes"

Feb 08: "Silence is now literally golden. For every day of total silence a person completes, they receive a piece of gold."

Feb 12: "!"

Feb 13: "I don't hate them, I just don't like them."

Feb 20: "We've never talked in person, only talking through our dreams."

### II. Class Assignments

*The following are examples of student work on some of our assessments in class.*

Genre Study: Closet Drama

Genre Study: Ghazal

### III. Original Work

*The following are some original pieces the students have created, outside of regular class time.*

"Who I Am"

"A Passing Thought"

"The S.A. of a Cylinder."

"The Red Dress"

"I Am No Different"

"Patience"

"Peace"

"You Love Her, Don't You?"

"Music, Lust, Mythology"

"Chief Jay Redsun"

"Sweetest Torture"

"Remember That; I Love You"

"My Perfect Torture"

"Immaturity."

"Flower"

**Content Warning:** Due to the personal nature of the art being presented in this zine, some content may cover topics that are sensitive and triggering in nature.





The Falcon Reader  
Issue 03: "In the moment"

# DAILY WRITING PROMPTS

## "Five... four... three... two... one."

Five... four... three... two... one...

Boom. I'm watching my home go up in red hot flames. It was only a matter of time before things came to this, before the inevitable happened—before my family was ruined once and for all. I watch patiently, as things start falling apart at their previously corrupt seams. Sirens wail in the background; someone has called the police already. Probably the nosey neighbor, Dolly, an old woman who used to feed me apple slices on summer days when the sun was too hot and the water was never cold enough. I hope the fire doesn't spread to her old 1960's house, but either way I won't be around to find out. As I hear the sirens approaching and see the flashing lights creep closer, I turn, vanishing into the night.

Anonymous

Five...four...three...two...one. The light turns an obnoxious green as the shoulder clamps drop me into the void of space. I slowly drift towards a large asteroid as my breath fogs my visor. We're mining for metals, or "space metals" as the higher ups said we should call them. Some bull-crap marketing jargon, but I guess it works. My boots clamp the asteroid, locking me to it. I begin moving to the marked zone, ensuring I keep one foot planted at any time. I get into position quickly and drill three small holes into the rock for the larger mining press to hold. A set of prongs extend from the ship that I guide into the holes I drilled. After, I hurriedly jump up towards the ship and lock myself back into the shoulder clamps, the gate closes beneath me, the air whistles in, pressurising the room. *Bang*. The mining press has broken the asteroid into several bits, but my job is done. Someone else can go pick up all the little pieces.

Alexander

Five...four...three...two...one.

That's the short amount of time that it took for the magician to pull a snow-white rabbit out of his tall black top hat. He added a "Tada!" at the end, expressing how proud he was with his seemingly overrated magic trick. However, the crowd still clapped and cheered his name.

"Thank you, thank you!" he bowed. The magician fixed his posture soon after bowing and straightened his ruby-red bowtie. After adjusting himself, he roamed about the stage, the blinding spotlight following his every move. He twirled and jumped. Skipped and slid. All the while he popped colorful, round confetti into the air with ease. The cheerful crowd boomed at the sight. He continued this act, but switched out his confetti from rainbow to golden. A possible attempt to add more "glam".

"Was that better than my last trick, my dear audience?" He asked in anticipation. Their response filled the room with utter amusement.

"Splendid!" He took off his hat and pointed it to the ceiling.

"Then let the show go on!"

Alli

## A poem about expectations

I expect.

When they said god was good,  
I assumed that meant toward me.  
When they said things would get better,  
I thought that meant better for me.

I lived on a teetering edge,  
One that I thought could hold me.  
I thrived among the predators,  
Ones that I didn't think would eat me.

I am walking on broken legs,  
And grabbing with blistered hands.  
So many things I thought,  
But only so many things to think.

Anonymous

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### **"You have been granted three wishes."**

I stand here, all worry, anger, and sadness gone. There's an endless sight to the now pitch-black sky. Ordinary looking at first, 'till you realize there's something eerie about it. Almost like there are flickering lights; and within them, consequences. "Because I never gave up on wanting to fix this. All of this! I could just disappear too, but I need to...NO, I want to live! Please, look at me and say that the rumours are true, or it's all for nothing!"

-----  
I say all of that out of breath, and look expectantly at the transparent glowing figure before me. At the moment, my desire overwhelms the pain.

As it flickers in and out of sight, I hear its deep and distorted voice. It seems to come from everywhere and nowhere. The ground trembles slightly in response, "Very well. You are indeed worthy, human. Remember to choose very, very carefully. You have been granted three wishes; you have a lot of time," It says, as it gestures to the aftermath of the violent splatter that was in the crossfire of the raging war for humanity.

I sigh in relief, and steel my hesitant heart. Time to pay that damn psychopath back, a hundred-fold! I stretch before gazing into its warm, yet empty, eyes, then I speak calmly. The vision of his smirking face fuel my rage and motivation.

"I wish for the person behind this to..."



There are moments in time where a person feels truly alone even when they are surrounded by people. Despite the bustling city, the running factories and the impenetrable crowd of people, everything was silent. Even the wind didn't dare make a noise in fear of missing out on the prize of silence. Factories had long been equipped to run quietly, and there were days where talking was allowed, but otherwise, everybody stayed silent.

Aanab

I don't know when it started. To be exact, I don't remember, but there's this random guy that appeared suddenly and introduced chaos by taking over the world. He has been giving all of us challenges. I knew he wasn't ordinary, otherwise he wouldn't seem so dangerous, let alone do challenges of such a scale. He definitely must've been bored if he started this.

It has been a few days, and it's now my sectors turn to participate. We are all, expectedly, nervous. We wait as he finally appears out of thin air like he usually does. I become even more nervous knowing this will be broadcasted, and if we fail to place well in the ranking, we'll be forced into worse challenges. Or maybe die. Or worse, become his servant. Despite the summer heat, I shiver at the thought. He finally speaks and we all fall silent, looking alert. "The saying silence is golden is quite fun. So for this challenge, it'll be literal. Why not? For every day of silence you complete, you receive a piece of gold. Try to last for four months!"

Echoes of protest and shock rang out. I refrain from glaring, and cursing.

"Aww, don't be like that! You're entertaining, so I couldn't help it. This should be easier! Anyway, good luck! Don't miss me too much. I have places to be and friends to meet. Don't cheat, I'll be watching, and there'll be consequences," he says, winking before grinning maniacally, and disappearing. We all let out a collective sigh of relief.

We're left wondering if we should risk escaping, or go through with it. There's a chance we might do this forever...

On this rainy, cloud-filled day in September, there sits a young lady on the single, faded, old park bench beside the tallest oak. The lady's long brown locks frame her face, covering it so her sullen eyes are just barely visible. The hood of her raincoat is slipping off the top of her head. In her lap is a sizable black bag. In this bag are 17 pieces of gold.

Two weeks and three days of silence have earned her these. She has stayed completely silent, not communicating in any way to anybody, for 17 days. Her friends have expressed concern through ignored texts and missed calls, but she cannot reply. She cannot pick up. She is silent. She tells herself, over and over, that this is for the best. *It must be this way. Just a few more weeks. It must be this way.* She is silent.

Back at the park bench, thick drops of rain scatter over the park ground. The lady stares up at the sky, at the solid white clouds. They are almost glowing against the gloomy grey of the vast sky. If only the lady's mood glowed just as much.

She can feel something wet on her face. Is it rain, or tears? She does not have the energy to find out. Her gaze averts from the sky of mixed emotions and instead travels to a tree nearby. This tree is not as big as the one beside the lady's bench, but is impressively tall nonetheless. As her gaze on the tree travels down, she notices something rather peculiar.

Under the tree stands a young man. He looks to be about the same age as her. He, too, has his grip on a big black bag.

The lady stares. She did not know there were others like her- or rather, did not *think* there were.

The man notices her staring, and returns her tired gaze. He, too, has a sad and sunken look in his eyes, just as she. He, too, has a mixed wave of feelings swimming behind those sunken eyes, just as she.

Upset. Grateful. Angry. Joyous.

Lonely.

They are both trapped by this impenetrable loneliness. But neither can do anything about it. Neither shall.

They are silent.

Their eyes meet, a glance of a thousand thoughts, and they nod solemnly to each other.

*It must be this way.*

The sign indicated no further information. The octagonal shape, chopped at the edges and coated in years of grime, hid in the blanket of darkness that was the night. I barely would have seen it if our led headlights hadn't gleamed off of it for that split second.

I felt a chill run down my spine, "Robby, are you sure you know where we are?" I fiddled with the engagement ring on my finger. If we got lost we would never make it to the hotel in time. What if we missed check in and had to find some crappy hotel to stay in instead? We would probably get murdered before we even made it to the wedding.

"I'm pretty sure the sign back there said Mossy Grove. That's only five kilometers off the hotel." He said it so matter-of-factly that I almost believed him. He always had trouble admitting when he was wrong.

I turned on my phone and checked the cell signal again. Nothing. I look up just in time to see another sign. DANGER it said in big bold letters. "Robby—"

"Janet, would you please calm down? I know exactly where we are, okay?" His eyes were frustrated and a little skittish. I could tell he's scared. All of a sudden something jumped into the road. It was dark and very large but I couldn't tell what it was. I barely had time to think before Robby was swerving off the road. I ducked my head as I felt us go over the guard rail, clutching my wedding ring close to my chest. I looked up at Robby just in time to see his eyes one last time before we hit the ground.

Anonymous

The man's breath quickened as he stared around the room, desperately scouting a means of escape. The only remotely useful thing, which really wasn't useful at all, was the large black dot in the middle of the wall. The man stared in fear at the dot. It seemed... alive, the way it pulsed and swirled. It seemed to carry within it every negative emotion the man had ever felt. The man despised looking at it, but he couldn't take his eyes off of it. He prayed that the dot would stop doing whatever the hell it was doing and disappear forever.

But it didn't. It only got bigger.

And *bigger*.

And even *bigger*.

The man watched in horror as a large, dark creature began crawling its way out of the dot. Its mortifyingly large teeth glistened scarlet.

The blood seemed disturbingly fresh.

The creature suddenly lunged forward, and a scream of terror echoed through the building.

Amy



*It's a not so normal day in Bigs. Why? Nothing much, just two best friends screwing around. Except one of them screws up, and they're left wondering what to do.*

**Shula**, *sighing*.

So, let me get this straight. You drank my potion and now you're like this?!

**Ares**, *nodding innocently*.

**Shula**

I never would've thought that someone would actually speak an exclamation mark. Interesting. Wait, no. I shouldn't be impressed. Why did you drink it, anyway? It was a f—king experiment!

**Ares**

!

**Shula**

Please write.

*Ares hurriedly scribbling. Her words are, 'You're a fairy. You can reverse it, duh!'*

**Shula**, *shrugging and imitating Master Oogway*

I can, but you must learn your lesson. You'll be stuck like this for at least twelve hours.

**Ares**

!

*Shula begins laughing as Ares pouts.*

END.

Cleo

---

## "I don't hate them, I just don't like them."

Maybe we never hated them. Our dislike didn't stem from disparity but from desire. We see the world through a prism with the ability to see all the sides you were given, a rose tinted glass awarded with the bliss of obliviousness. Nor were you cursed with immortality, your short lives destined to end at any moment, leaving behind nothing but the faded stain of irrelevance. Maybe we never hated you; maybe we envied you because you saw beauty where there was nothing but disgust. Maybe we envied you because everything is more beautiful, valuable and worthy of love when you are fated to die.

Aanab

We've never met in person, only talking through our dreams,  
Shared and parting visions, fleeting passerines.  
Carnations littering our lettered confidence,  
Remorse is our great opulence.  
Our messages were sent off letters,  
meant to quell our then soothed embers,  
That now singe in our rising chests.

Each day we forget more of what it meant to rest,  
Our present settles into fables.  
No other facet of existence will we part to.  
I will dream eternally, never to  
someday see you.

Feven

I stare upwards at the ceiling,  
desperately grasping at air,  
though, I do see her.  
She lays on top of me  
still as stone.  
Her shape nebulous,  
her face distorted.  
There is no room for eyes on a doll,  
on a doll of dreams.

Anonymous

*Wake up.*

The hushed whisper echoed through my head and my eyes fluttered open. I was standing in the same empty white room I always found myself in when I had that dream. My gaze traveled upward and there they stood. The mysterious person who had started appearing in my dreams was, like always, here with me. A faint silvery glow surrounded them. What did this glow mean? Was my newfound friend real, or fake? Alive, or dead?

Their solid white eyes, devoid of any emotion, bore into me. It was as if they were staring into my soul. They raised their hand and waved at me, almost as if to say "You're here!"

I smiled and waved back.

# CLASS ASSIGNMENTS



## Genre Study: Closet Drama

***Setting is a bare elevator inside New York's Chrysler Building. The elevator button marked is floor 117. Nolan is dressed in attire similar to that of a librarian. Shae is wearing more casual, teenage dirt bag attire.***

**Shae** (Aside): Who is this guy? Why's he dressed like that? I mean... it's not unflatterin', but it's totally weird. I should ask him what floor he's goin' to, shouldn't I?

**Nolan** (Aside): I swear this guy next to me is totally judging me. God, why are New Yorkers so rude?

**Shae**: So what button should I press-

***Nolan interjects abruptly***

**Nolan**: One hundred and seventeen, and you've already pressed the button.

**Shae**: A-ah, oh okay...

**Nolan** (Aside): Was he trying to spark a conversation? Did I just shut him down? Shoot.

**Shae** (Aside): Jeez, he's so cold. Humor a guy, wouldn't ya?

***Both Nolan and Shae stand in silence, occasionally fidgeting at the thought of possibly starting a conversation with each other, but never mustering up the courage. Suddenly, the lights within the elevator shut off, leaving the two men stuck in the elevator. Both Nolan and Shae turn on their phone flashlights.***

**Shae**: Damn dude, worst timin'.

**Nolan**: Yes, it is not a pleasurable time to be caught in an elevator.

**Shae**: So ya think there is a pleasurable time to be caught in a black out on an elevator with a stranger?

***Nolan grows red from embarrassment.***

**Nolan**: W-well-

***Shae interjects joyfully***

**Shae**: Relax smartie pants, I'm just messin' with ya. I got what you meant the first time.

***Nolan's embarrassment turns to anxiety. Shae's irritation gives way to contentment.***

**Nolan**: Are "black outs" common in New York City?

**Shae**: Not really, it's usually some teenager tryna pull a prank, but shutting off the power in a major working city is like tryna shoot the president. The power should be back soon.

***Nolan continues to act terrified by the power outage***

**Nolan**: I'm Canadian, we do not see power shortages often either. It is my first time being trapped within an... elevator... at a very... lengthy... height...

***Nolan trails off into spaced, incoherent sobs, falling into a sitting position against the elevator wall.***

***Shae begins to become slightly more concerned, seeing the man who he had once thought was cold turn into a crying mess on the floor.***

**Shae**: (crouching to meet Nolan's new height), Hey, hey, it's all goin' to be okay, alright? The power always comes back on quite quickly around here, got it? We're not goin' to fall to our impending doom.

***Shae grabs onto Nolan's arm to offer comfort, shaking his arm to try and provide a soothing sensation.***

**Shae** (Aside): What the hell am I doing? I just met this guy maybe ten minutes ago and he's a sobbing mess. Why am I comforting this stranger? Whatever, let's change that "stranger status".

**Nolan**: You really think so? I mean, how would you know this? What if we do fall and obtain sufficient injury? What if the power never comes on and we starve and we eat each other and and-

***Shae interrupts to comfort Nolan***

**Shae**: Okay, you're spiraling. How about we just talk and get to know each other to distract us from the black out?

***Nolan grows a little less sheepish at this idea***

**Nolan:** (in between snuffles) Sure.

**Shae:** So what's your name? My name is Shae Roe, I'm an architecture student. I was going to see the build of this joint to see what kind of new and inspirin' things I could scope out.

**Nolan:** My name is Nolan. You did not ask but I am an arts student, I just came to people watch for my newest piece of work.

**Shae:** Arts? Seems exactly like what I do, but less science-y.

**Nolan:** That's right.

**Shae:** So tell me Nolan, why are you dressed like a Victorian prince from a history textbook? I-I mean... not that it looks bad on you, or bad in general, but it's a little odd, yeah?

***Shae now matches Nolan's shade of pink from similar embarrassment.***

**Nolan:** I guess I enjoy dressing this way, similarly to how you must enjoy dressing like a fifteen year old part of a garage band which never sets sail.

***Nolan giggles, Shae still pink and embarrassed.***

**Shae:** Hey! Metal Scratch was the best garage band ever and we made two whole songs before our drummer moved states! But I get what you mean. I think it's... cute.

**Nolan:** Awww, thank you! The little boy attire isn't particularly unattractive on yourself.

***At this point, Both Shae and Nolan had straightened out and situated themselves on the elevator floor, sitting with their legs crossed.***

**Shae:** Say, you said you're from Canada, right?

**Nolan:** Yes, but I did move to Brooklyn recently, I go to school here.

**Shae:** O-oh! That sounds cool...

**Nolan:** Want to skip this awkward discussion stage and put your number in my contacts? (lifts phone with the flashlight still on, offering it to Shae.)

***Shae once again blushes at the thought, losing all sense of consciousness for what seemed like years, but was only a second or two.***

**Shae:** Uh- Yes!

***The power in the elevator comes back on, the lights turn back on to place spotlight on the now childish view of Shae and Nolan conspiring like teenage girls.***

**Shae:** Well that was interesting.

**Nolan:** Yes, the simple loss of power to the building's elevator has sparked a budding romance.

**Shae:** (poking Nolan in the arm) Budding romance, huh? You think so?

***Both Nolan and Shae burst out laughing, getting up off the floor to protrude from the elevator on the 117th floor.***

The ghazal is a form of Arabic poetry that traces its origin to the 7th century. Traditionally a poem speaking of spiritual or romantic love, ghazals follow a fairly strict structure:

**Matla'a:** The first couplet (*sher*) contains the *qaafiyaa* and *radif*, as well as sets the tone of the poem.

**Radif:** The refrain word that concludes each *sher*.

**Qaafiyaa:** The rhyming pattern, whose rhyme precedes the *radif*.

**Maqta'a:** The last *sher* must include the author's name. This couplet is usually more personal.

### Evolving Desire

Your footsteps echo, causing my heart to unexpectedly beat so rapidly with desire.  
My eyes, my lips, the creases of my face ark in desire.

As you draw near, my body begins to grow hot and sharp from desire.  
Your attributes, your forwardness make a mark, molding great desire.

And with that; I Alli have been sparked with the utmost desire.  
It's evident to see that *you and I have now sinfully dealt our cards of desire.*

Alli



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# ORIGINAL WORK

## Who I Am

I am from the wise words of people passed,  
From the smell of vanilla and pomegranate.

I am from the large pine trees,  
A sheltering canopy,  
With large towering roots; a natural seat.

I am from crisp pages, made soft.  
From hours spent in the trees,  
With the only friend I need.

I am from the graduates and dropouts,  
The successful, and the ones that leech.

I am from the victorious screams of games won,  
And angry glares from failure.

I am from the pure love from my fathers eyes,  
And tough love, I know he's trying.

I am from the pain and sacrifice,  
The settling and thriving,  
The fake smiles to hide stress and anger,  
The worth and the worthless.

I am from my parents, loving and caring.  
The ones that cherish my presence, but I hide.  
The ones that sacrifice so much for me, but I take it for granted.

I am from the memories, some desperate to be forgotten.  
And some begging to be remembered.

## A Passing Thought

Who are you to others but a collection of memories and moments come and gone? Who are you to yourself but the thoughts, events, and feelings of people you once loved?

Anonymous

## The S.A. of a cylinder.

To find the surface area of a cylinder, you first need to understand two basic formulas. The first formula is the area of a circle, which is  $\pi \times R^2$  or 3.14 times your radius squared. The second formula is the circumference of a circle, which is  $D \times \pi$  or 3.14 x your radius.

Now that you have your formulas down, I will explain how to calculate surface area. First, what I find easiest is to note down the radius and diameter of one of the circles. Afterwards, calculate the area of one circle. For example, if your radius was 2, you would calculate  $2 \times 2$  (which is 4) and times that by 3.14. Next, multiply your answer by two. You do this because a cylinder has two circles opposite to each other. Most times these will be even. Once this is complete you will have the surface area of the two circles.

Next in order to figure out the area of the rectangle wrapped around the circles (point) you need the circumference. You will already be given the height which is two sides of the rectangle. The circumference of the circle will be the other two sides. Once you have your values, find the area of the rectangle with the formula  $B \times H$  and add that value to the total area of both circles.

You now have your surface area.

## The Red Dress

I live in fear,  
To love, and to trust,  
But alas, my heart is full of dust.

I fear I may never find my happy ever after,  
Because of the deafening silence,  
When there should have been police sirens.

Why won't they try to find us?  
Why are we different from the white kids, and the boys down the street?  
Because of this we have to be scared of the people we meet.

Keys between knuckles,  
An imaginary phone call,  
Hoping we aren't the ones to fall.

Savanna Scutt

### Patience.

Sadness flies away,  
Only on the wings of time  
Just remain patient

Bee

### Peace.

The silence between,  
The chaos and your weapons  
Is tranquility

### I am no different

than your tyrants and flirts,  
cut from a stained cloth.  
I thinned palace walls  
buried honesty far  
so my kindness  
grew disposable,  
and cruel in solitude.  
Loneliness ached as I  
met  
you.

Feven

## You Love Her, Don't You?

"Good morning, Lady Blairmorla. May I ask a question?" Alexandria inquired, a maid at the Etago residence. She tilted her head slightly, as she served Blairmorla a cup of herbal tea.

"Why of course, Alexandria. What is it?" She questioned, as she thanked Alexandria with a nod and picked up the cup of tea, taking a small sip — savouring the enriching flavour.

"Well, I've been wondering for a while. This Layna girl that comes over quite often nowadays..." She cleared her throat. "What is she to you? An acquaintance? A friend? Maybe even possibly a *lover*?" Her tone was shaky, coloured with curiosity.

Blairmorla spat out her sip of tea, her cheeks flushing.

Alexandria's eyes widened. "I'm sorry for enquiring about such a sensitive topic, My Lady. I shouldn't have done so. I'm truly sorry." She apologised frantically, trying to clean up the drops of tea that dripped down Blairmorla's chin and onto her porcelain-white lace dress.

"No, it's... it's okay." Blairmorla softly sighed.

Alexandria looked at Blairmorla nervously.

"Layna... she...", Blairmorla stopped for a moment. "She's very kind, especially to me. Gentle when she wants to be. Definitely gorgeous, although she won't outright admit to it unless you demand it out of her. She's the opposite of me, yet I yearn to hold her close and whisper to her that we share similar qualities and internal battles."

Blairmorla's softening features piqued a smile from Alexandria.

"I... rather enjoy her company. I'm not one to get close to others as I often just indulge in the simple act of perusing. But with Layna, she interests me. She makes me want to become a bit more open and honest about my feelings, my interests, and my overall making."

Alexandria gently placed one of her hands on top of Blair's, reassuring her, "My Lady, if I may be so bold, I think what you're feeling towards this woman is not only faint attraction or adoration, but instead...*love*." *She continued to smile.*

"...Love?" Blairmorla let out a slight gasp.

Alexandria nodded slowly. "Yes, the feeling of love. Pure and innocent *love*."

Blairmorla took a few seconds to process the multitude of information, but eventually managed to reach her own conclusion moments later.

"I think I *am* in love with her..." She admitted, confident with her conclusion.

Alexandria nodded again. "I'm proud of you for realising such a difficult thing, My Lady." She squeezed Blairmorla's hand slightly.

"Thank you for helping me come to such a lovely recognition of my romantic feelings, Alexandria. I'm forever indebted to you." She bowed her head slightly.

"Ah, no, no. You mustn't feel indebted to me, My Lady. Just think of it as an...unpayable favour. All I expect in return is that you soon let her know about these feelings. I'm quite sure she'll be wholly overjoyed to reciprocate such attraction."

Blairmoria smiled back at her, her cheeks flushed, wondering how she should go about expressing such strong feelings to her lovely friend.

Alli

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## Music

Music as they always say is easy to write.

But the lyrics aren't always as bright as they hope.

Leaving them to endlessly cope, underneath the weight of reality. They ask you how you live. Music is in your blood.

I hope this finds you well, leaving your heart to swell and sing along with the music.

## Lust

The redder counterpart to love brings desire.

The darker aspect to Himeros breeds greed.

The evil side to Chastity births fire.

The taboo act fuels excitement and escapism.

The experience is uniquely human and real.

The subject is neither good, nor evil.

## Mythology

The cardinal sin they say, is to live a life full of lust.

The sin I would say is cardinal, is to live without poetry.

Poetry breeds mythic tales of prose about the sun.

Poetry fuels a musician's soul from birth till the end.

Poetry is the mead of life.

## Chief Jay Red Sun

Have you ever heard the story of Chief Jay Red Sun? I thought not. It's not a story a white person would know. It's a native legend about an Indian Chief long ago with extraordinary power. In a time long before cars, trains, and planes filled the North American skies, Chief Jay Red Sun held power over a unique ability.

He possessed the power to influence the Earth; to bring life into existence. His gift extended beyond the mere shaping of landscapes; Jay could bring back the dead plants, animals, and even people. His healing touch mended the most severe injuries, yet a curious caveat shadowed his abilities – he could not wield this power for his own benefit.

Jay, a kind-hearted leader, lived in a time of tranquility — until the arrival of the white men. As they explored the land, Jay's inhuman abilities were discovered. Unbeknownst to him and his tribe, they were being watched by the newcomers. During the buffalo hunt, Jay would often bring buffalo back to life, restoring its organs and bringing back its blood. The white men became both fascinated and apprehensive.

Despite his powers, Chief Jay Red Sun was not stupid. He foresaw the inevitable loss of his gifts to the encroaching wave of settlers. Determined to protect his people and their way of life, Jay attempted to dissuade the white men from taking him away. How exactly he wanted to do this is unknown.

One day, while riding through the prairie on his horse, Jay encountered a man unlike any he had met before – the captain of one of the approaching ships. The man, mauled by a bear, lay on the brink of death. Jay, guided by compassion, laid his hands on the injured stranger, feeling the depth of his pain. Waves of healing energy flowed from Jay, mending every wound, erasing every trace of the bear's brutality. The man, now miraculously restored, shared the tale of Jay's mystical powers with his crew.

The next day, Jay was gone. Some think he foresaw his impending fate and chose to change his mortal form, and now his energy surrounds us.



## Sweetest Torture

His eyes may be the brightest, iciest shade of the cold ocean but he's passionate and warm and makes me burn like paper to his fire.

His lips are full and pretty, rose petals just as sweet and gentle as his soft voice that washes over my soul like warm breeze in the summer.

He glows the color of Saturn. He's just as gold with a pure heart that glows even brighter, your rays of the most peaceful starlight fill my mind and make the weight on me feel lighter.

I love every small thing about you and want to hold you the way the dark sky holds the moon at night, I love you the way I love the flowing river in the springtime like the tears your heart makes me want to cry.

I'm covered in you like a tree covered in ivy, and I can tell I'm the reason I saw red roses blooming under your cheeks, the same color as the wine you spilt on me; when you're not here, you still leave a stain of sweetness.

Innocent and angelic, your presence hurts like heaven.

I'm aware you're not flawless and I know you're worried you're not perfect, but I don't care. I want to read your every chapter, be the reason you are laughing. I like you the way you are.

Your kind soul and beauty leaves me broke and hungry. I miss you when you're on another planet and I don't know where, when you're not here your gentleness still lingers like perfume in the air.

Waiting for you to come home is simply the sweetest torture I could bear.

Anonymous

## Remember that; I love you

I love you,  
fleeing the mess.  
You're re-broken,  
every new hour you were "once".  
You knew a *hope*  
ever fickle, ember cold.  
Minutes like slow water,  
Perched, fall from a tipping spout.  
Glass eyes and rubber words.  
Stumbling between arms, dreamlike,  
fountain tossed.  
Static fuzz, peach flowers, their tangled  
white fluff breaching air.  
You are still new.  
You are  
endless.  
Blow out strung fire light, now cautious  
smoke.  
Inhale.  
You are trusted, and ever honest.  
Our coiled palms, and the scented fog.  
You were first so new,  
then fifteen.  
But I love you,  
I love you,  
through no uncertain means.

Feven



It's just the cover I made for my long-form writing. Not much of an inspiration or theme behind it, except for me thinking of it. It consists of a sword, trees, and a clock as the moon. I had to play with saturation and cropping while editing it. It ended up with the vibe that it was being seen through a spyglass, with a dark infrared lens. It was fun.

Cleo

## My Perfect Torture

Love is overrated  
Especially when it's not reciprocated.  
Truth is, I don't know how to feel because everything feels fake.  
It's like I'm living in a dystopia made perfectly for me.

A place that surrounds me with all I could ever ask for,  
yet none of it is for me.  
No!  
All I ever get are half-baked stories not worth telling,  
Semi-formed loves, and a hypothesis for happiness that somehow can never be proven.

No "trial and error," "alter until you're successful" could help me feel alive again.

Yet...  
I don't feel dead, in fact, I know I'm not.  
Sometimes I feel more alive than I ever have.

Whether it's a joke with a friend,  
Random outbursts in math class with the few I hope are close,  
Close enough to care,  
Close enough to notice.  
To notice that I'm not really there  
Close enough to notice that I'm not as strong as I say I am,  
Not as tough as I try to be,  
Not as carefree as I appear to be.  
Not as "in the moment" as I should be.

But as impossible as it may seem,  
I want you all to know that it's okay.  
Even if we all disappear tomorrow, it's okay.  
Because like everything we've ever said, disappearance means nothing.

Because it never actually happens.  
We leave, but our presence still lingers.

We die, but parts of us keep living,

After all, we are living in a broken world, with broken hearts.

But I have one more query, one more thing to bring up before my final goodbye.

If love can be possible, then why not for me?

For I am just as worthy,

An oddball, a weirdo, and a little different?

Absolutely.

But I have all the same qualities of those who are loved.

And I believe that I am capable, for I have been shoved

And yet,

Every.

Single.

Time.

I was the one to get back up.

And maybe that's more of a reason for me to be denied.

Maybe all the love that is contained in this earth has been exhausted.

On the ones who struggle to thrive.

Or those who struggle to just survive.

Yet, what confuses me every time,

Is I am just as broken,

I'm struggling just as much.

So, what's the reason?

Why am I the only one who's lonely?

Even though I am just as lovely.

Savanna Scutt

## Immaturity.

The prime age of ten, what a year. The time in one's life of unique hairstyles and fashion statements that would, modernly, end someone's career. It's an age I'll never forget, even if I wanted to. This period of life between child and pre-teen were the only times I recall ever experiencing true serenity. I was raised by a relationship that, despite always appearing like a tree with stiff roots, was in fact a pointless facade. It was a two-way ticket that left me with patterns on my arm. It was a two-way ticket that made me believe in heartbreak.

The disagreements escalate into arguments. The arguments faded to closed doors; I loved when those doors remained shut. I was eternally grateful for not having to listen. A cardboard instability trying to stop my fragile childhood from shattering; it didn't work. The doors of their room shoved shut, the exit door creaked on its way back. I built an ocean of words from my own silence; I was beginning to lose my breath. My voice had surrendered hours ago.

The cries of my mother were mortifying. But the lack of emotion upon my father's face was worse. My mother was the first out the door, — I was next. I did not leave that apartment to follow her; I left that apartment to run. Away from this vacation, away from everything I had just witnessed. At the age of ten, I found myself sitting in the corner of a parking lot in a country I would never call home again.

A warm yet crisp breeze sheathed me. A river of tears streamed down my face as I shivered, seated there in my pajamas. I loved this set of clothes. It was a gift from my parents for my tenth birthday. That had only been four weeks ago. I sobbed until my head was spinning. Then, I found myself staring at a broken piece of glass. I did not know where it could have come from, nor did I care. A shard that appeared so dull, yet that first drop of blood felt large enough to drown me. Not because I couldn't breathe; I was mindful of my breaths, Rather I felt blind. Blind and helpless. I fell victim to my own decisions. But it wasn't my decision, It was my body's decision. My arms acted, but my mind did not.

Anger. Resentment. My mind a mere storm, my soul torn apart by a hurricane. One line became two, and two became more. I felt at peace. The relief I had been aching for finally reached. I was unable to miss the memory of when survival had meaning. Pain became comfort. Pain was not comfortable, but the power of self infliction compared to the uncontrollable traumas in which I had no choice but to witness, had gifted me with endless amounts of composure.

I never believed it would become an addiction. But a part of me died whenever I chose to paint waves on my body. Corpses of myself began forming the walls I am encased by, and yet those same walls feel more secure than the cardboard that collapsed my childhood. Had I collected all the tears from my relapses, we would live in a dystopian sea of melted mascara and salt filled waters. Although the innocence from when I was ten is no longer with me, I have learned a lifetime's worth of knowledge. I've witnessed love, and heartbreak, and that will guide me for the rest of my life. But despite this I still believe I'm just a child.

Like a flower,  
Blooming simply to wilt.

Humans - the greatest creatures on earth.  
Humans - the feelers, the thinkers.  
Humans - the ones who wait for death to come.

Slipping out of an abyss, brought into this world.  
Learn to sit,  
To stand,  
To walk,  
To eat,  
To talk.

Every step we take, every word that falls out of mouths,  
Every breath shapes our path in this play.

The journey is unforgiving,  
The scars left, never fade.  
But we find a way,  
Wait until the dark sky turns into day.

Like a flower we bloom,  
Create a cycle, turn to a new day.  
With each dawn we rise.  
Face the world despite the pain.

We leave ourselves with no time,  
No time to rest,  
To breath,  
To dream.

Yet we continue to perfect our cycle.  
Repeat until it's perfect.  
A never-ending loop getting harder to control.

We live in a world, that is run by one rule,  
'survival of the fittest'.

We continue to fear the night.  
Drowning in our minds,  
In the mind of one of the smartest creatures alive

We fall until we wilt,  
Though some bloom and thrive.  
In the end, We all become a shell of what we once were.

Humans, the greatest creatures on earth, striving for the  
'best'.

Yet all we grasp is a void, our limits put to the test.  
Living in an unforgiving loop, we lose ourselves along the  
way,  
We wait each day, hoping for purpose  
*But*  
In the end all we hear is death's silent call.

In this journey of existence,  
We find ourselves small.

Agamya



The Falcon Reader  
Issue 03: "In the moment"

## Alternate Cover, Aanab Zehra



# THE FALCON READER

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Issue 03: "In the moment"

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*Mr. Vara*

Next issue:

More prompts!

Speculative fiction!

More original work!

Comics?!

*"A drop of ink, may make a million think."*

Lord Byron

**HOW DO I SUBMIT MY OWN WORK?**

**Not in Creative Writing and Publishing? No worries!**

**Email your submission (attach a doc) to Mr. Vara at  
vikvara@educbe.ca**



