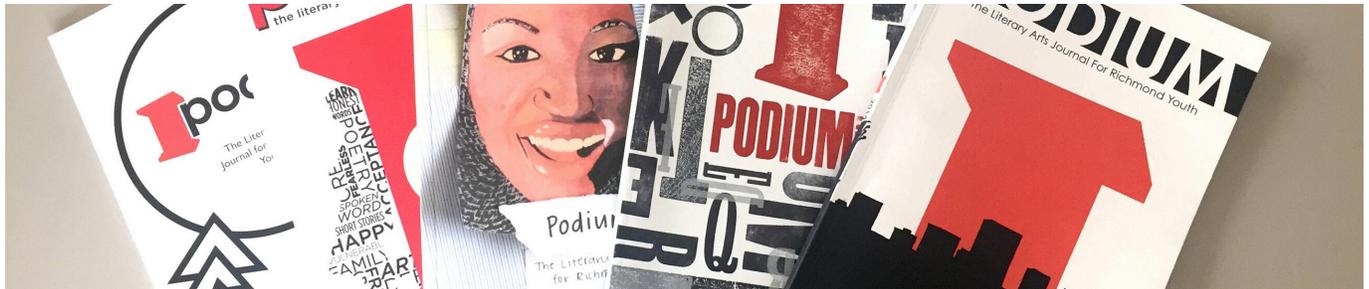


HS ZINE FALL 2019



WHAT KIND OF STORY



IN THE POWER OF THE PEN

...

EACH OF US HAS A CREATIVE VOICE!



Happy reading!

Connect with us: @PodiumRVA

www.thepodiumfoundation.org

You cannot be a writer unless you see yourself as one. Each high school program begins with an exploration of ourselves as writers, creators, and communicators. Some work is created by the individual, and some work is a collaborative effort.

Enjoy youth pieces from Podium's partner locations:

- Armstrong HS – A.C.E
- Henrico HS – Creative Writing Program
- John Marshall HS
- Open HS



WHO WE WERE, WHO WE ARE, AND WHO WE WANT TO BE

by Aaliyah B.
Armstrong HS

I was a hard headed girl who kept everything in. I am a confident girl who now says how she feels. I want to be a successful woman.

by Qwenesha W.
Armstrong HS

I once was a nonchalant girl who didn't really like talking to people. I kept to myself most of the time. Now, I am a semi-shy girl who sometimes likes to talk and make new friends. I want to be a dental assistant after I graduate high school, and I will work very hard to get what I want.



PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL PREPARATION

Career Planning

by Tiayana T.
Armstrong HS

1. My Top Skills:
Good communication
Good debater
Helpful
2. My Top Career:
Lawyer or RN
3. My Top Schools:
Clarkson University
VA State University
Spelman University

Mortgages: What I've Learned

by Zora D.
Open HS

Mortgage:

A loan specifically meant for property. The value of the house you are buying when you take out a loan.

- You want your interest rate to be as low as possible.
- Longevity of loan (up to 30 years)
- If you use your house as collateral, and if you get far behind on payments, your home can be taken.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL
PREPARATION

Dear Undergraduate Admissions

by Brittany A.

John Marshall HS

Hello there, I'm Brittany. There are millions of reasons why I'd be the perfect student to attend your school, but I'll narrow them down. Ready to be surprisingly awed? Great?

First, I am an outgoing, dedicated individual who finishes what I start. Growing up, my family guided me down the path of finding the best version of myself and fully embracing it. Not just mentally, but academically. In my generation, it's not so simple to do so. There's peer pressure, self-doubt, and people constantly telling you "you're not good enough" or "you can't do it". When you're so familiar with those words, they become a part of you, but you can either build or break yourself. I chose to build myself through words. I perceived them differently when they were said to me, and because of my choice to build myself, I became phenomenal, unstoppable, and determined. I am hungry for education, success, and for my doctoral degree.

If I don't get accepted into your school, then you've lost a role model! Thank you for taking the time to read your future scholar roll student's paper. I'm in great hope to be accepted into your school.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL
PREPARATION

Financial Planning: Questions and Goals

Group Piece

Open HS

Questions:

1. What are some ways to get your credit up?
2. Do you know potential questions that could be asked on a job interview?
3. What's the deal with taxes? If you have a significant other and you are living with them, how does that affect your taxes?
4. What would you have to do if your credit is in debt or you owe your bank. How would you handle that for future reference?

Goals:

1. I would like to learn to be financially responsible.
2. I want to be a homeowner or a condo-owner when I'm at least 20.
3. To not buy things I won't use in the future and to get money.
4. I want to learn how to build credit and how mortgages work.
5. My goal is to have my own place by my first year of college.
6. I want to be financially stable.

My Strengths

by Ja-Juan H.

Armstrong HS

I was quiet and shy, but I am now confident.

I want to be a leader for all young men.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL
PREPARATION

Dear Graphic Visualization Team

by Quinsean H.
Armstrong HS

I am very confident in my writing skills, and think I can be of use in the field of graphic visualization. Characterization, plot, and twists are things I can write within the context of a narrative story. I believe I am the best fit for drawing/writing characters and stories for graphic visualization. I have written stories with the stuff I mentioned above. I am the best fit for a writer/artist, so please consider me.

Dear Love Doctoring College

by Shavon B.
Armstrong HS

I think I should to Love Doctoring College because most people who visit a doctor want someone like me: caring, confident, and kind. I'd love to be there for people who need me, and I believe I can achieve my dream by going to this school. I've administered an insulin shot to my twelve-year-old niece and kept her from crying. I made her feel better when I baked peppermint cookies. I have great experience with kids, so I hope you will accept me and my abilities.

Dear Cartoon Network

by Corey S.
Armstrong HS

I think you should hire me because I have a creative mindset to bring the channel viewership up by millions. I work well and have fun with others while trying my utmost to create the best, even with a schedule or time limit.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL PREPARATION

Dear Physical Therapy Office

by Janiyah E.
Armstrong HS

I think you should hire me because to be a physical therapist and do a successful job, you have to bond with the patient. Another reason you should hire me is that I'm really patient. I don't lash out on people when they don't do something right. Finally, I'm an energetic person. I love hyping and amping people up to achieve their goals and be successful. My patients will love me because I have all the strengths to be the best physical therapist ever.

Physical therapists help people try to regain their physical needs, and I think I should be hired for the traits stated above. Plus, I have experience helping people in crutches and wheelchairs.

Dear Veterinarian Office

by Daviona T.
Armstrong
HS

You should hire me because I am very dedicated to helping animals. I have had pets all my life and am very responsible when it comes to caring for them. I love all animals, from tarantulas to hippopotamuses.

I don't discriminate, so you know that I can be trusted to not only care for, but also love each and every animal. It doesn't matter how I help an animal, whether I am just cleaning its cage or more. As long as I know that this animal will be happy, then I will be too.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

PERSONAL STRENGTHS, COLLEGE, AND PROFESSIONAL PREPARATION

Spend What You Make

by Grace L.

Open HS

If no one had credit or debt, money going into people's accounts would go to their account instead of paying off debt. People would be able to save better. But, if no one had debt, interest charges would not exist and there wouldn't be profit from it. If going into debt was simply impossible, people could only spend what they make.

People Would Be Friendly

by Stella B.

Open HS

Without credit or debt, people would just be very friendly with each other by helping each other out. Instead of doing things for money, people would find different hobbies, like writing or drawing. People would do stuff because they wanted to, not because they needed to. Without credit or debt, everything would be free.

A World Without Credit or Debt

Elijah G.

Open HS

Pros

- There wouldn't be predatory loan agencies
- People wouldn't drive themselves into poverty due to debt
- People would have to learn how to control and manage expenses efficiently

Cons

- People could get reckless with spending
- People in emergencies won't be able to pay expenses if they don't have enough money on hand
- It would take longer for some to acquire property

FUTURE PLANNING

Things About Me!

by Shermiah T.

Armstrong HS

I want to be a CNA Nurse because I want a job that pays me and fits me well. My strengths are my pride, self-control, and math. Virginia State University is the school I want to go to for college because I'm very hard working, motivating, and dedicated to my work. I do what I can to make sure every customer is comfortable and satisfied with their choices.

Financially Stable

by Leonna H.

Open HS

I would prefer to rent a home first because I want to be in a financially stable situation before I choose to own a home. I can move from place to place whenever I would like to, so I can figure out where I am comfortable.

My Future

by Ti'Ayna T.

Armstrong HS

Ti'Ayna was a gymnast, cheerleader, and dancer. She is now a cheerleader and businesswoman. Ti'Ayna wants to go to school for pre law and become a lawyer.

CREATIVE FREE WRITES

Note: The first piece in this section is a tribute to a close friend who passed away unexpectedly this year.

Long Live
by Aalisha A.
Armstrong HS

Today, I lost my friend, on October 20, 2019. His name was Tyrone, and I just feel like busting down and crying. Right now, this does not seem real. I just want Richmond to put guns down and just use their brains. And, I want him to watch over us. I love him so much and wish he was here with us. Every time I saw him, I used to bump him on purpose, and he used to always talk with Davon and me. We used to say we were the smartest ones in math and compete with others in class.

It is not the same anymore, not seeing you walk into class and our school. This is like losing a family member. I miss him so much, and I am trying not to cry but it is hard. It doesn't seem real, and it is shocking because you are not here with us anymore. I just can't get this out of my mind. Just know that I love you, and that I will see you one day. Long live TYRONE.

I guess it was your time. You are gone but never forgotten. Why did you leave, and if you were here now, how would it be?

XOXO -- Lisha

HS FALL ZINE 2019

CREATIVE FREE WRITES

LoLo (Me)
by Gelena B.
Armstrong HS

Once in my lifetime, I was this shy little girl and was always by myself. I didn't like to talk much. Now, I am a very outspoken young lady. I love to cheer and dance, I am very helpful and loved. I want to be a nurse and have my own hairstylist business in the future.

Bright Strawberries
by Shavon B.
Armstrong HS

Bright Strawberries will help you think straighter, pass your tests, and keep you ahead of all your peers. You will never feel lost again! So BUY, BUY Bright Strawberries!

* Process and handling over the counter.

** (Do not take Bright Strawberries if you are allergic to sodium or strawberries. Do not get addicted.)

The "Charming Bomb" Pitch
by Janiyah E.
Armstrong HS

Are you trying to kill someone nicely? Well, try the "Charming Bomb!" The Charming Bomb is a nice bomb that will be your victim's friend for exactly one week. After a week, this "friendly" bomb will "tick, tick, tick... Boom!" They're dead. It's a perfect murder because, for one, the person won't know it was sent from you. That's right! It's an anonymous sender!

And, it's all for the low, low price of \$9.99 plus shipping and handling. But wait, there's more! For just five dollars more, you can get a Charming Bomb remote! The remote is just like a TV remote. Command your bomb by having it cook, clean, and more before it explodes. So, call and get your Charming Bomb today at 1-800-652-1326.

It's friendly but deadly.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

CREATIVE FREE WRITES

An ACE Summer Adventure

Group Piece
Armstrong HS

Once upon a time, we found a creature under Joe Mama's bed. It was a turducken named Turchucken. When Joe came into the room, he was frightened. I tried to save the day, but then, Janaiya ate the turducken. When she ate it, it became a part of her. Janaiya became evil and went on a killing spree. I thought, "Ight. Imma head out. . ."

Then, Janaiya found and sat on our friend Liyah, crushing her organs. Liyah had to go to sixty nine different appointments on April 20th. She said, "I shouldn't have told you where I lived." Later that day, Liyah died, but because of the turducken, she came back to life. She captured Janaiya and killed her.

At the end of the day, Liyah found out she was adopted.

Adventurous Money

by Daviona T.
Armstrong HS

Are you looking for adventure? With no money to pay? Look no further because over here we have "Adventurous Money." All you have to do is sign up, but beware . . . there's competition near! It's a first come, first serve basis. No luck? Try again next year.

Are you a winner looking for what to do next? The next step is just a paper away. Fill out the paper and we will give you a week-long pass to do, go, and buy whatever you want. All you have to do is carry the "Adventurous Money Party Card." Only \$5.99, and it comes with a guide to show how you can use the card to its full potential.

Only ten people are picked each year, so hurry and sign up now!

URBAN LEGENDS

A humorous or horrific story circulated as if true, intended to provide listeners with harsh realities and moral codes to live by. While some are entirely made-up, others are based on true events.

Appreciate and Be Grateful for What You Have

by Brittany A.

John Marshall HS

PART 1. About two weeks ago, in Richmond, Virginia, there was a murder. A murder that should teach you a lesson. There was a wealthy family who went to John Marshall High School (two brothers and one sister). They had everything they wanted and needed, but still, they expected more. Anything they asked for they got: an iPhone, new shoes, a business, a car, and even an elephant.

There was also a poor family, a brother and sister, who didn't have a thing. They wore the same ripped pants and t-shirt constantly. They didn't have a jacket when icy wind breathed down their spines like a vampire who had been dead 100 years talking to them for the first time. They ate whatever they found lying around, literally. Their bodies were as thin as a walking stick. The wealthy children often picked on the poor children for not having what they had, or for not even being able to afford a pretzel for two dollars. The poor children always remained humble.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

It was October 31st, Halloween night. The wealthy family had a Halloween party and drank disgusting apple cider. The poor children walked the quiet, silently dead streets searching for food. They never said a word; eyes dark, face neutral, and hair frizzy.

Everyone thought they were weird. There was just something oddly strange about the two. They walked and walked with their heads down, not saying a word to each other. They finally stopped at the wealthy children's big, luxurious mansion. Their tummies were growling.

They saw the three children standing in the doorway of the house, giggling and having fun. They walked up to them so silently it was like they'd floated. The sister looked up and with an attitude said, "What do you hobos want?"

As she turned her back, giggling, the wind started to rustle. That icy wind somehow always managed to appear when they two poor children were around. Slowly, the poor little boy got closer, and as the full moon started to appear, his breath began to get icy.

He whispered to the girl, "...To eat!"

PART 2. The two poor kids walked away as full as ever. They looked at each other and grinned, saying, "100 years has been too long." Remains of the three wealthy children were found the next morning, and the two poor children had vanished.

Remember! Always be grateful for what you have! Karma is mysterious, especially on All Hallows' Eve.

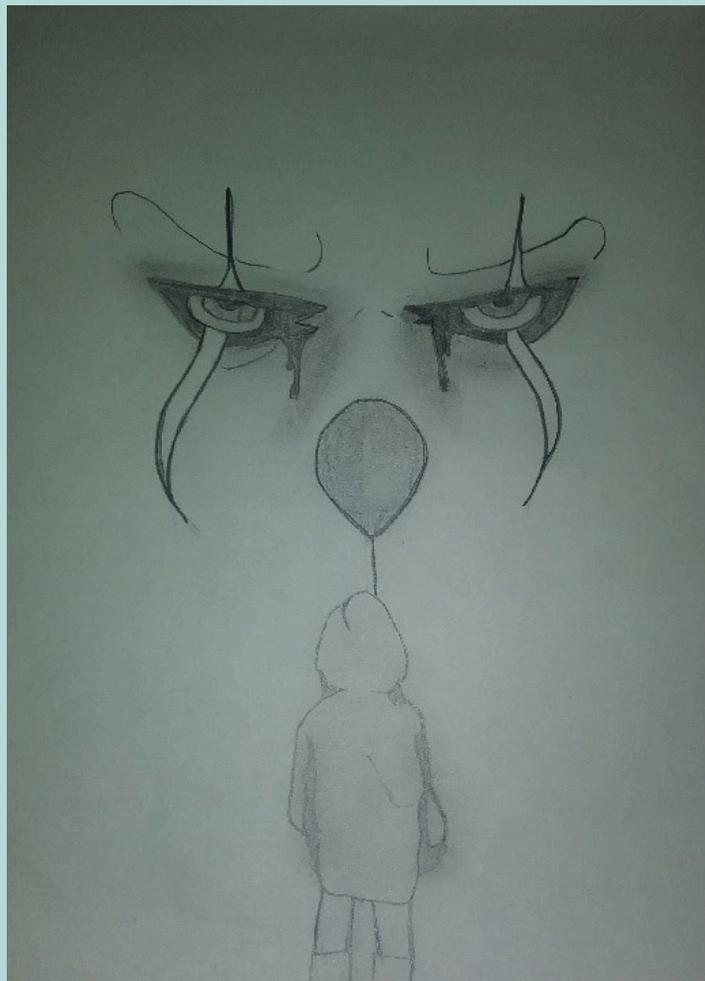
HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

The Queen Mary by Kameron B. Armstrong HS

The year was 1937, and off sails the new ocean liner, Queen Mary, on her first voyage. She carried a total of 57,000 passengers; however, they would not all make it to their destination of Gourock, Scotland.

Unbeknownst to the passengers, there was a murderer on board...



It by Shacorie J.

The Salesman
by Shacorie J.
Armstrong HS

It was a cold, windy evening. James, a middle-aged father was sitting in his new leather chair reading the newspaper. As he finished the section, he handed it to his six-year-old daughter sitting on the ground near him. She was cutting out paper dolls. The quiet was interrupted by the doorbell.

“Who could that be?” James thought. He opened the door to find a handsome man in a suit, carrying a briefcase and smiling widely.

“Good evening. I’m sorry to disturb you,” the man said, his voice warm and inviting, “but my car doesn’t seem to be working, and I was wondering if I could borrow your phone to call for help.”

James stared at the stranger up and down. “And what brings you to our neighborhood?” he asked.

“Oh! Pardon my manners.” The stranger handed him a business card. It said “FAMILY FIRST” in big letters. As James inspected the card, the man said, “The name’s Robert. I sell life insurance.”

James’ wife appeared from behind James and said, “Why don’t you come out of the cold? You are more than welcome to use our phone, but you have to stay for dinner, and I won’t take no for an answer.” She motioned for Robert to come inside.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

“Where is your phone?”

“It’s broken right now,” she said, smiling. James stared daggers at his wife. She offered the new leather chair for Robert to sit at. While she finished dinner, Robert commented on how nice the chair felt, then explained the types of policies he sold.

“The world is full of the unexpected,” he said. “Don’t you want your family to be protected in case something happens to you?” Robert’s eyes wandered down to the newspaper headline the daughter was cutting: “Missing Salesman Still Not Found”. As Robert was about to say something, James’ wife called, “Dinner’s ready!”

Robert declined, but she insisted he stay. She sat him down at the dinner table with the rest of the family. Realizing he didn’t have a choice, Robert dove into the meat placed in front of him. “This is delicious!” he said.

Robert ate until he was full. He washed it down with red wine and gave his compliments to the chef. As he put the drink back, he looked over and saw the daughter giggling and giving him a wide, sinister smile. Robert wondered what it was that was so funny. Then, all of a sudden, his vision became blurry and he became dizzy. His hearing began fading in and out, but he could faintly hear, “Thank you so much, James. You know I love salesmen...they are always the tastiest.”

Robert thought back to the headline he saw earlier. He realized how sick and sinister this family was. The last thing he saw was each family member holding a knife, and then it went black.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

Footsteps

by Takia A.

Armstrong HS

I had a very long day and wanted to see my dog. As I was going home, I stopped at the store to pick up some dog treats. I walked inside the store; a man came in behind me. As I walked down the first aisle, I heard footsteps behind me. I thought it was nothing, so I kept walking. I walked into the next aisle and found the dog treats my dog loved, picked them up, and started walking to the front of the store.

As I was walking, I heard footsteps at the same pace as mine walking behind me. I started walking faster, and the footsteps got faster and faster, so I started running to the front. When I looked behind me, I saw the man with a black jacket on. I ran outside, got into my car, and drove off.



HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

A Haunted House

by Eniyah M.

Armstrong HS

One day, twins named Amanda and Ammon went to D.C. for Halloween weekend to stay in a haunted house. On the way to D.C., a car came out of nowhere and almost hit them, but it didn't. They were so terrified they had to stop on the side of the road and cool down. They finally got back on track to D.C., but then, they got into a car accident! Amanda's hand was caught under the wheel, and they had to cut it off. She got it cut off, so they got back on track to D.C.

Arriving at the haunted house in D.C., it was night time. There were garden gnomes, ghosts, and a lot more outside. Amanda wanted to turn around and go back home because she was scared, but Ammon wanted to go in, so they did. When they got inside, Amanda and Ammon accidentally split up. They were screaming for each other but could not hear each other. Amanda ran around the house looking for Ammon, but a TV fell on her. She died. Ammon finally found her body lying there and cried.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

That Song

by Aaliyah B.

Armstrong HS

One day, I was walking to the store. I kept hearing bushes rustling like someone was in them. As I kept walking, I kept hearing it. Finally, I went to look in the bushes, and I saw a silver sparkly glove. I thought nothing of it, just someone being dirty. I went into the store to get my chips. As I grabbed them, I saw the glove again. At that point I thought, "This is creepy." I ran home with the chips and forgot to pay.

As soon as I went in the house, I locked the door. While catching my breath, the door flew open, so I locked myself in my room. I had this big light-up stereo in my room. Out of nowhere, a song came on. You wouldn't believe what song came on ...

Twin Peaks

by Quinsean H.

Armstrong HS

It is known too well that Twin Peaks Mountain was once used during World War Two as a mining factory, or in other words, a bomb-making factory. Hundreds of bombs were placed throughout the mountain leading to the top.

One day in 1965, a group of U.S. Army soldiers was sent to Twin Peaks to recover "classified information". They died.

Now, twenty years later, a new division has been set up in the CIA without the approval of the U.S. government. Two individuals, Von and Don, have now been sent to Twin Peaks to recover the information from years past.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

URBAN LEGENDS

I Awoke To...

by Ja-Juan H.

Armstrong HS

I awoke to the sound of the baby monitor crackling with a voice comforting my firstborn child. As I adjusted to a new position, my arm brushed against my wife, sleeping next to me.

Bloody Mary

by Liyah J.

Armstrong HS

One day, I was at the movies with my friends. We stayed over at one friend's house, and we stayed up until 3:30am. We went into the bathroom and did the Bloody Mary challenge. The six of us cut the water on and cut off the light. We said Bloody Mary five times, then heard a loud noise. One of my friends was missing. We all gasped, scared. We called 9-1-1 and they filed a report.

The next morning, the parents of the girl who went missing, Kiara, called. They were trying to check up on her, so we told them what happened.



GUEST PIECES

New this Fall, Podium partnered with Henrico High School to put on our very first Zine Making Party. Please enjoy a few select pieces from the creative writing classes of Mr. Ingraham!

AMERICA OUR NATION

by Caleb B.

Henrico HS

AS YOU CAN SEE we standing alone
Nobody wants to help...all the fake love we have show
We are what we got
 Maybe what WE DESERVE
 but not what we need
yet we are still filled with NOTHING but greed
As we seek some help with everything in general
You can only help us...if you give us everything down to the
mineral
 If we keep on this path where money & HATE RULES ALL
 OUR POOR NATION AMERICA WILL FALL
 Now read just the caps & tell me what you see.

HS FALL ZINE 2019

GUEST PIECES

Confidence

by Batman

Henrico HS

Confidence be what they see before they even see me
My Confidence be what my future wife loves before she loves me
Confidence be what made me ask that girl for her number and not look like a
lame

Confidence be what allows me to not freeze up when I was spittin' my game
Confidence be the trait that impresses others the most
Confidence be what allows an important person to speak in front of a crowd
Confidence allows that person to be completely wrong but sound right by
speaking loud
Confidence is what keeps you calm if you see a ghost
That sounded weird didn't it?
But I put that in the poem because I'm confident.

I Be!

by P. Brown

Henrico HS

I be creator

I be royalty

I be destroyer

I be protector

I be more than an athlete

I be dedication

I be student

I be me

HS FALL ZINE 2019

GUEST PIECES

(Quiet) Rebellion

by Demi C.

Henrico HS

Grandfather, you said I'd be a celibate priest,
so I grabbed my soft limbs and flesh but waist-full sweaty palms,
wrote "namaste" in burnt incense to rid your contempt and struck
Matches to light lavender candles beside mantras of "mine, mine".

Grandfather, you said my friend couldn't get married,
so, crayons and imagination made rainbow flags on Sunday morning,
while Bluetooth sang Beyoncé and we made jokes about a gay Jesus
who commanded love, just to realize our fellowship was church.

Grandfather, the newspaper's headline read "sex scandal", so my
thoughts strung tears as paper doll chains tearing to bits in wind,
my wordless steel blue paint stroking in wonder of
how to draw a love letter to children,
a love letter to God-- forgive us, for we know not what we do.

Grandfather, I read women were to be submissive,
so palm to chest, I submit to its beating, counted my creases and freckles
as stained glass on a temple, listening to the
unheard beneath man and church:

{ b r e a t h }

HS FALL ZINE 2019

GUEST PIECES

The Transition

by Demi C.

Henrico HS

In the hollow swirl of a whale's stomach wide as the night sky,
lit only by your car, burning--
I see your heaving undulate in oranges which reminds me of the day we
shared mandarins &
held the stringy rinds the same way I am trying to hold this
for you, please, let me sit in the torn
leather seats and smack your hand as it reaches for the stick
shift to reverse haircuts and chest tape.
I know, your mom said God said. No, I don't believe in that God.
Hurl the black-dyed follicles to the smoky fumes moving like jellyfish, and
wonder how manly
your run would look if you went for the edges of this capsule,
let the sky holler its churning
from body to whale, from belly to heart, decide God is the man burning the
peel.
You, ask why fate is so cruel,
ask how to drive a car, ask where is hell?
Here, I argue.
(The heart of a whale is tall enough for a human to stand in.)

HS FALL ZINE 2019

GUEST PIECES

Blue

by Dean W.
Hanover HS

Blue

The color of both his eyes, and
favorite tie.

One was a gift, the other must've
been a dream.

And what a wonderful dream it
was.

But, like all dreams, it came to an
end.

I still have the tie, but I miss the
person it was
attached to.

The man I once knew.

The man I loved so dearly.

He's still alive, he's just dead to
me.

Blue. The color of nearly
everything he wore.

It was the color I too, learned to love.
But then hate over time.

I hate to admit that I love him still.
Even if he is with someone new.

He may have been a walking
nightmare, but he was one

I couldn't escape.

Blue. The one color I now know to
hate. To despise,
but yet I recognize it.

I recognize it now more than ever.

Blue. The color I was when he left for
good.

Blue is how I shall remain for now.
Until someone new comes along.

HS ZINE FALL 2019



WHAT KIND OF STORY



**THANK YOU
FOR
READING!**



Connect with us: @PodiumRVA

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