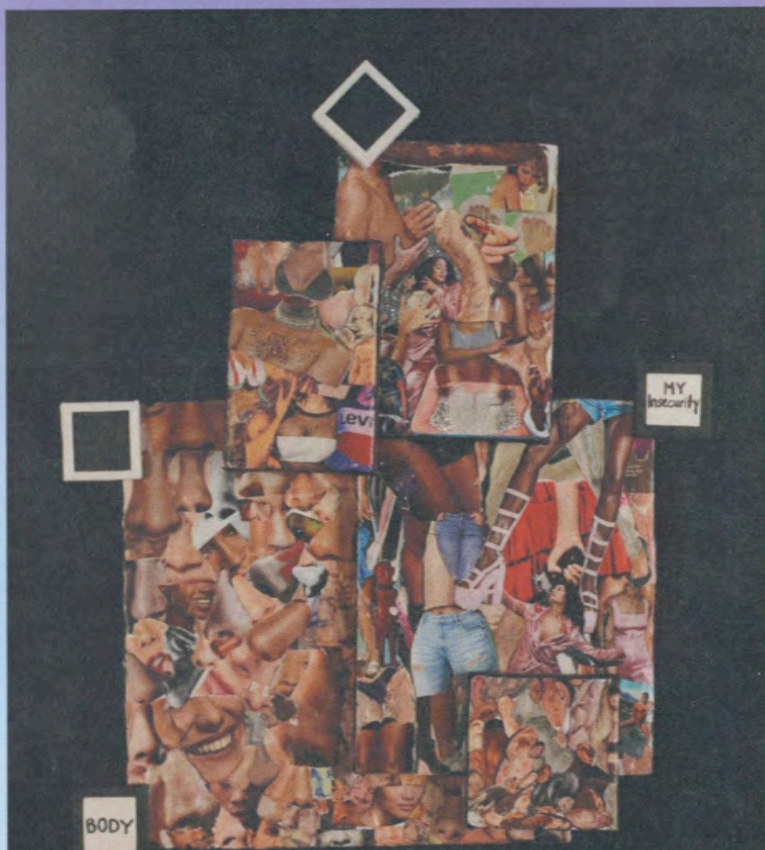




AT WIT'S END

LITERARY ARTS JOURNAL 2019
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS HIGH SCHOOL



Vampire
The Orphan
Puppy
Katie
Satan

At Wit's End is the Christian Brothers High School Literary Arts Journal, created by the CBHS Literary Arts Society, committed to celebrating and publishing the creative and ingenious works by students, faculty, and staff. All submissions are original works from the CBHS community.

We would like to thank all those who shared their creative genius by submitting their artwork to this publication. To the Visual Arts Department, we extend our thanks to for encouraging submissions and the La Salle Art Exhibit, which supplied many of the artistic entries. To the English Department for encouraging many to turn in their writing. We hope you'll continue to be creative with us next year.

LAJ Editors

Natalia Kimmelshue (Editor), Georgiana Prevost, Siena Mazza, Sofie-An Nguyen

LAJ Moderator

Mrs. Natalia Schorn

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A Heavy Bag Holds

Sofie-An Nguyen '19

A bag is heavy with character and identity.

Personality and intentions are reflected by closely held items.

A slightly worn adventure novel, a rosary card, a smiling ID,

A half-full bottle of lotion, a characteristic keychain, and a forgotten

Valentine give insight

On the owner of this strange clutter and assortment of intrigues.

Who am I?

A bag is heavy with development and growth.

New friends and a new environment require more grandiose.

Higher levels in classes and grades add assignments and gains.

We grow with our experiences and become grander.

A bag is heavy with the energy and excitement of new experiences.

Friends are remembered with texts and notes and friendly emojis.

They constantly ping notifications on my iPad and iPhone electronics

I hold a charger and extra batteries for a friend in need, or in case of an

emergency.

A bag is heavy with the weight of hopes of dreams.

A sketchbook carries quickly jotted ideas and mindless doodles.

Notebooks, binders, and folders hold new knowledge and new notes gained

daily

Some information soon become of use, but the rest is saved for another day.

A bag is heavy with responsibilities and commitments.

Homework is written down in agendas and important dates on calendars.

More than before, there is more control than in childhood-

Remember to stop by the locker and pickup books other necessities to

carry.

Do not forget to pack pencils, and pens, and paper, or a calculator.

A bag is heavy with the weight of achievement and anxieties.

We have grown and advanced throughout the ages.

Look towards and unknown future and make adjustments.

Relationships are grown over shared adventures and achievements.

These things are remembered by this bag that hold history's antiques.

The future can hold anyone and anything.

I am who I am.



Ballet

Kayla Rabey '22



Atrocity Exhibition

Andres Sanchez '21

Greed: The Deadliest Sin

Jasper Lee Absher '19

When the couple had married
It was met with force
There attitudes were varied
She wondered if it were too late for a divorce

Her appearance was envied by gods
Considering her great beauty,
Their matrimony opposed all odds
But they always appeared fruity

However their status was false
The man was white demanding
And forced her to waltz
She never fulfilled all his commanding

One Sunday night
They wife snuck away
And came to the place of fairy sprites
She stayed until it became weekday

When she returned
The man pleaded for breakfast
But the woman remembered what she learned
And denied her tempest

Filled with rage, the man began to butcher
All of her beautiful furnishings
He called her a hooker
His insults became earsplitting

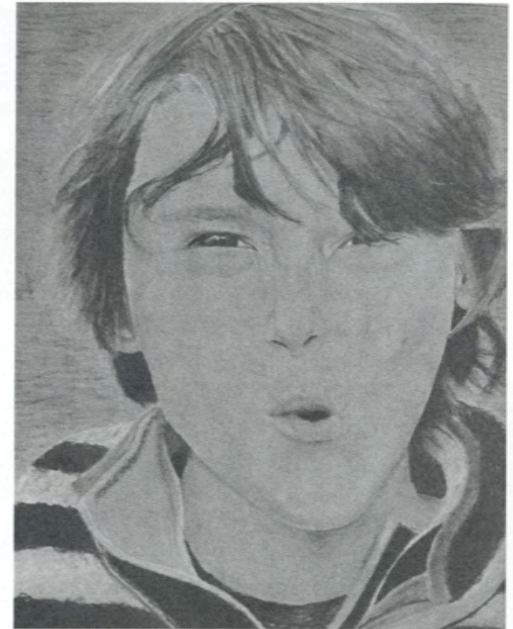
She hid in her closet
Be he ripped away the doors
She had almost lost it
But there was no way she could even the score

20 years have passed
She sits at his final resting place
After all those years of being harassed
She had finally won this obstacle race

Haiku

Kaveh Khajavi '20

Free as wild air
Fight or flight no need to fear
Breath as still as wind



Nate

Evan Carrasco '21

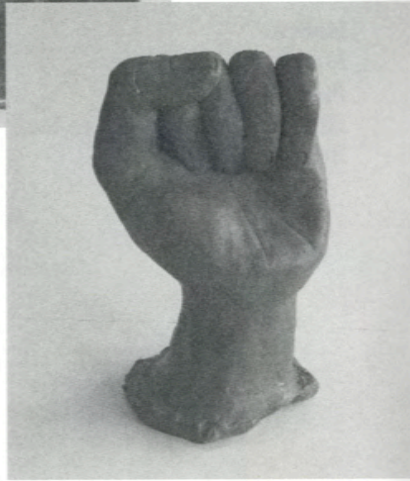


Tutuna

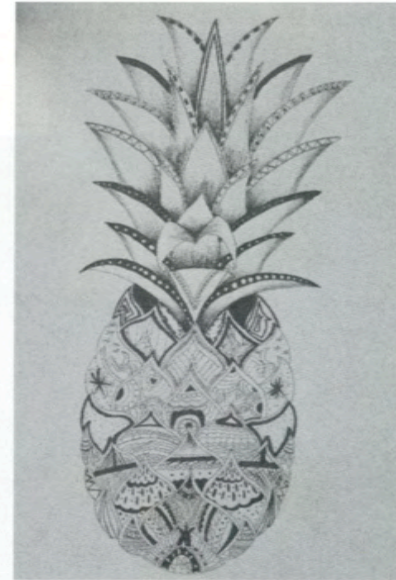
Alicia Reyes '19



KMS Bismarck
Grant Birkle '19



Disconformity
Thaddeus Nazareno '19



Pineapple Tattoo
Abigail Boyers '22



Chinese Bowls
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Nick's The One
Nicholas Gutierrez '19



Okay, This Is Epic
Caroline Karalli '20

Okapi Haikus based on *The Poisonwood Bible*

Mary Melarkey '20

Isolated creature
A fleeting vision of hope
Danger in freedom

McKenna Purdy '20

Encounters to be
To bring joy or misery
A silver lining

Mikaela Dacanay '20

She has seen the beast
Beautiful and endangered
She had found herself

Samantha Lingao '20

A quick subtle glance
Both threatened by each other
Two preys in danger

Ting Ting Pu '20

Varied by nature
Freedom bound by watchful eyes
Hiding in Plain sight

Okapi At The River

Wyatt Greco '20

Lone Ambassador,
Walking amidst a strange world
Hailing from the green

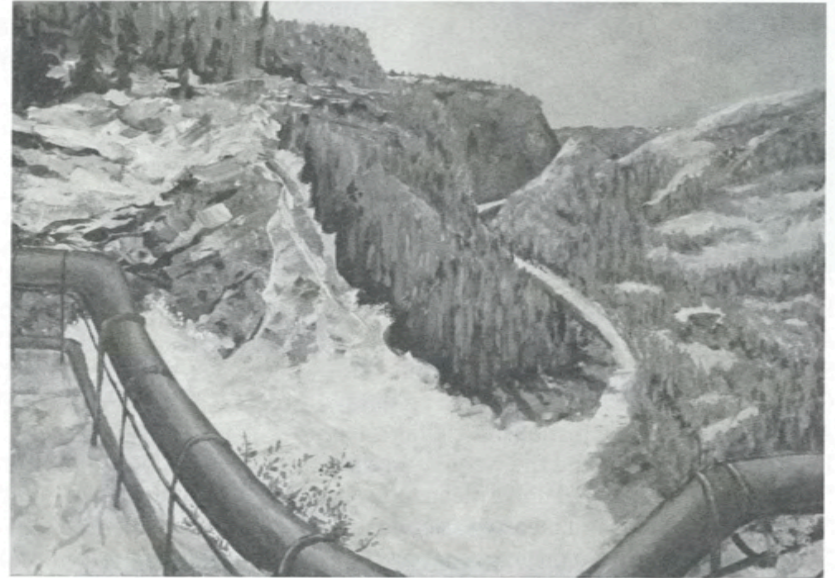
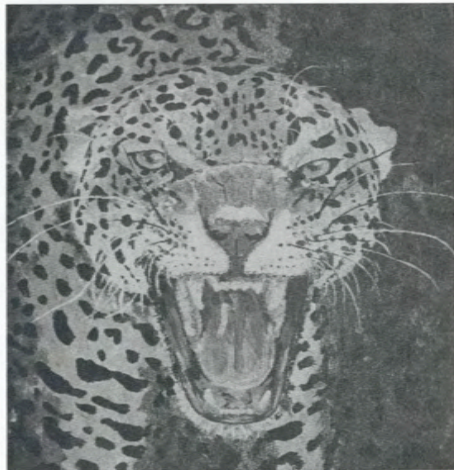
Big Cat

Kate Janicki '19



Side Eye

Sofie-An Nguyen '19



Gazing Upon Organized Chaos

Allyson Ing '21



Neuschwanstein Castle

Shirley Yu '21

Sapphire Flower

David Lucas '19

Beyond the hills lies a city of thieves
They pillage the forest and Mother Earth grieves
Amongst the trees lies a peculiar power
It lies in vibrant, but silent flower
It would never be found, or so everyone thought
But one man knew how to find the right spot
He filled up his bottle and packed up his bag
And rode to the forest on the back of a stag
He waited for the moon to peek through the leaves
A song was the key to the greatness received
Sapphire flower, oh sapphire flower
Come out, come out, and don't take an hour
A mysterious spirit whistled, much like a teapot
Rising from the dark and the weeds and the rot
"I know the forest well, I don't mean to brag,"
"Follow me closely, and please do not drag."
"Are you the one, or do my eyes deceive?"
"Since you are a spirit, I'll have to believe."
The man jumped, his trip no longer sour
He trailed behind, each crevice he scoured
The spirit smiled as it unfolded its plot
Nowhere in sight was the flower he sought
The trek became long, and his will began to sag
As the man grew tired, he started to lag
Now was the time, as the spirit perceived
As it began to enact its devious schemes
"The thing you seek is here, do not cower"
"At the bottom of this hole is the sapphire's power."
The man approached the pit, his stomach in knots
He knew that his attempt would be his final shot
"This is the only way," the spirit nagged
So he took his last step and jumped into the crag
The man fell to the flower which he was to reave
Even the knowing not that he was deceived
The spirit said, "Sapphire flower, oh sapphire flower"
"I'll give you more and more until you're tall as a tower."

Billie Eilish

Nancy Chavez '20



Lorelei

Seth Scott '19

In all the land from far to nigh
The most powerful witch is Lorelei
There is only one thing they could not beat
The power of Fate and Love two things so concrete

The feeling inside caused Lorelei to fluster
Their strength they could not muster
Against such a force they used so much power
Nothing seemed to work and they began to cower

Lorelei never felt strong inside before
"I will make this feeling stop at it's core,
There is only one thing to do, one place to start,
I will simply freeze my heart"

"Lord and Lady give me the power to lift this curse
Let this power of love reverse
Turn me to ice that no warmth can thaw
Remove me of my silly little flaw"

Lorelei whispered over the cauldron
Bubbling and smoking but nothing seemed to happen
The world seemed quiet and still
Until Lorelei turned to see someone coming down the hill

Walking closer to one another
Lorelei noticed it was their lover
Somehow that spell had the opposite effect
For the two felt their souls an even stronger connect

Lorelei learned a powerful lesson
One cannot change something that is destined
Love is the strongest spell of them all
Someone has already caught you before you realize you fall

Hey Chu Chu

Elizabeth Ajiduah '21

Hey Chu Chu,
Who are you
Do like bugs in your rugs
Do like hugs n love
Do like flowers in the backseat
Do like the sun beating down on your face

Hey Chu Chu,
Where are you
Are you with the man crying
The woman singing
The kid playing
The kid laughing
The mom working
The dad praying

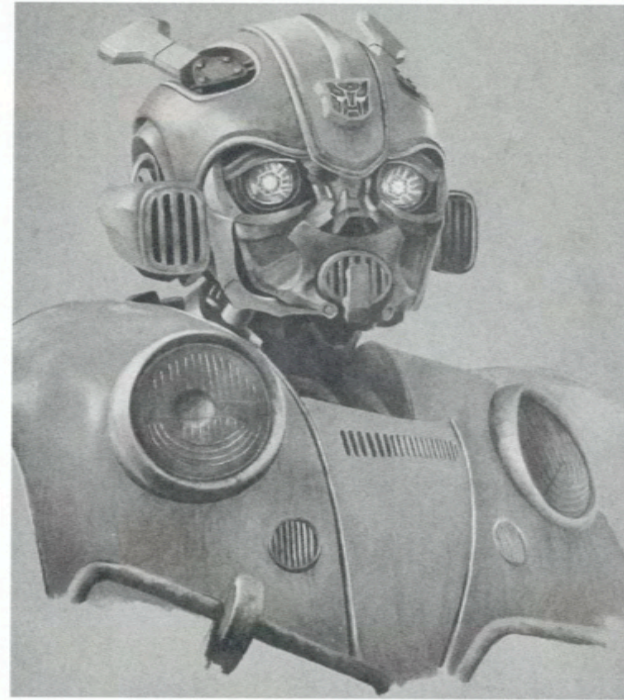
With those who have nothing
With those who have everything
With those who are in want
With those who are in need
With those who are close to God
With those who are far away him
With those who are oppressed
With those who oppress

Are you're eyes wide open
Or the clear shut
Is your mouth moving
Or are your lips closed
Will your hands bring mercy
Will they take it

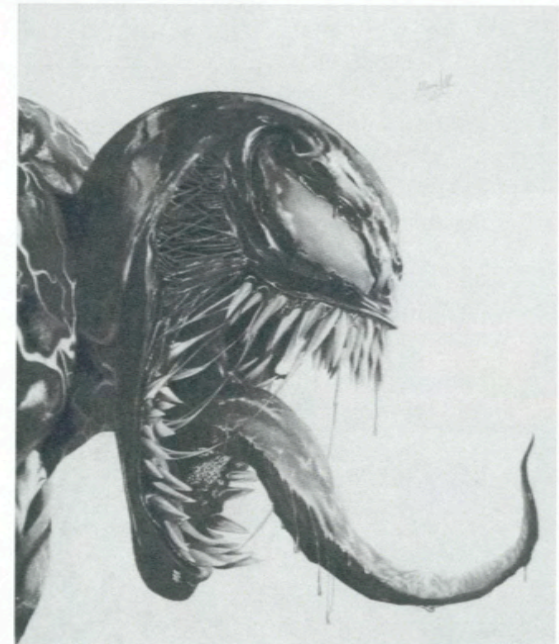
Chu Chu, who are you
Chu Chu, where are you



Good Times
Tiffany Palacol '20



Bumblebee
Marina Kordich '21



Venom
Marina Kordich '21

Blue Society

Janiyah Dahl '21

Behind your eyelids,
there is fire.
Fire is dire
Existence
Wood, the assistance
Ignites it
It lights it
An eruption
It's corruption
Smoke is polluted now
Ideas of constitution now
Back to adolescence
Before the smoke smells your presence

Lover's Despair

Audrey "Koda" Smith '20

There's not enough time in the world, babe
So let me say to you what needs to be said

I loved you more than life itself, babe
You were my everything

I always imagine that you're happy, babe
Because that's what you deserve

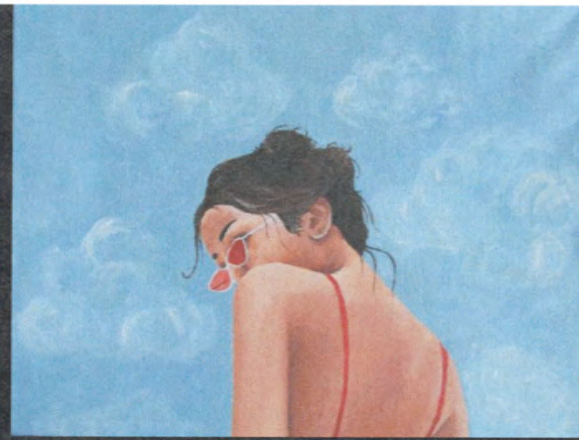
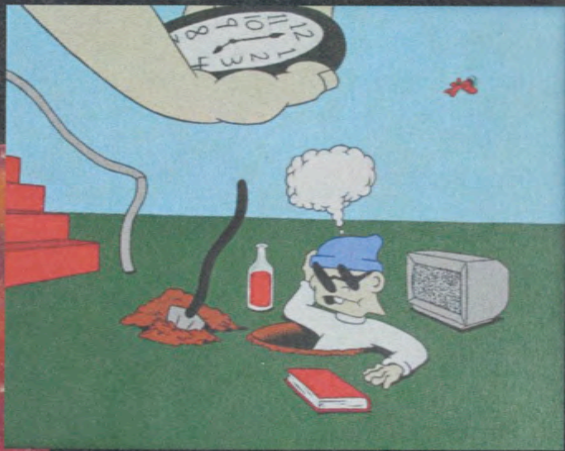
You've left me on my own
But maybe that's for the best

I relied on you for happiness
And that wasn't fair for me to do

I always hope you're free, babe
Because that's what you deserve

I love you, babe
That's what I should've said







Untitled

Alex Isler '20

I wonder and wish
On each dandelion breath

has the moon known when to be our saving light?
Have the stars always sung with delight?
Has the sun always shone so bright?
When every poppy blooms
and lilacs birth the storm of spring
every forest evergreen
What will the seasons bring?

Haiku

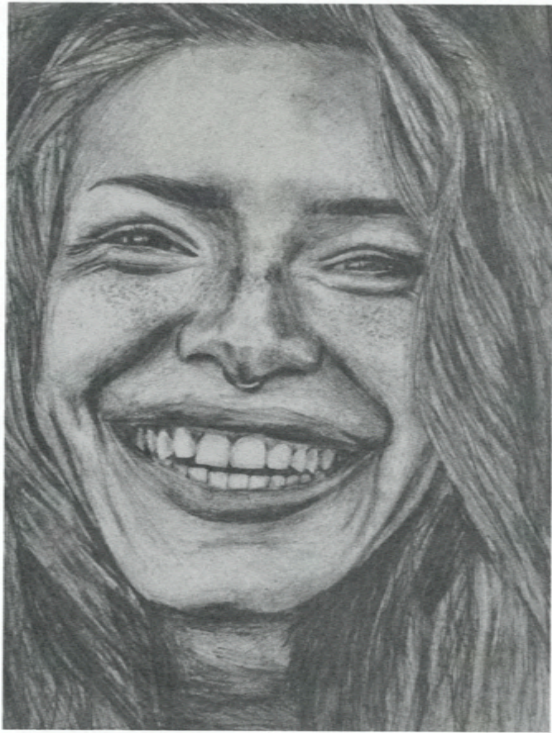
Priya Sharma '20

Oh, Powerful Mother
By what strange mysteries
Do I see your face?

Lullabies

Alex Isler '20

At 8:03 today
the breeze sang to me.
The steady sound of cars
passing by
and clatter of birds
chirping
did not phase
the swinging breeze.
She sang to the swaying trees
and when she stopped to catch her breath
every note left me hanging,
kept me waiting
for the chorus to begin.
Her sweet sweet song sang the sun to sleep.
And off her crisp cool lips, she sang a song to me



See You Smile
Raquel Silva '21



Woman
Emma Liu '22

Perfect Match

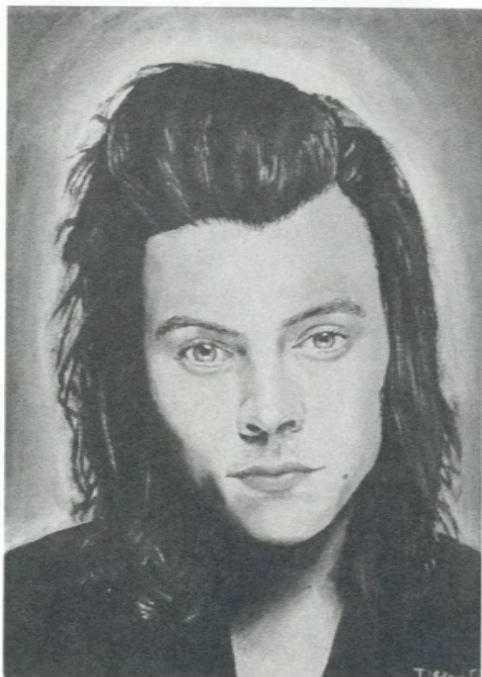
Anonymous

It was only a matter of time before you and I became us
We did not love at first sight
It took time to memorize the curve of your grin
It took time to memorize the echo of your laughter
Everything that made us took time
Everything that burned us took time
There was no rush or competition to be titled "yours"
Too much ease and comfort, then too little
But that first spark
Our spark
Lit a trail of gasoline
We were a perfect match
Beautiful from the strike
Leaving the memory on your fingertips
Like us, our burn was slow
A slow blaze I thought of as warmth scorched the shoulder you put your
hand on
I thought I could take any amount of damage for I was the sun
I thought I was
For you always said, "you always brighten up my day"
But in reality
I was the candle sitting in the window sill of moonlight

I feel cold now
The fire of my halo has turned to a ring of smoke
The wax at my feet keeping me from moving forward
I stay there yearning for a warmth I may never receive
Waiting for someone to chip away the wax
Waiting for another spark to ignite me
So that I could melt away the remainder of you

It was only a matter of time
For the ash to be all that is left of us
And I couldn't be happier

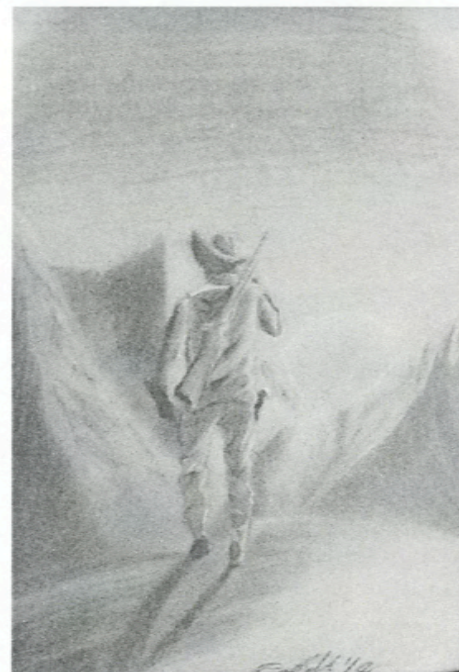
IU
Constancia Brown '20



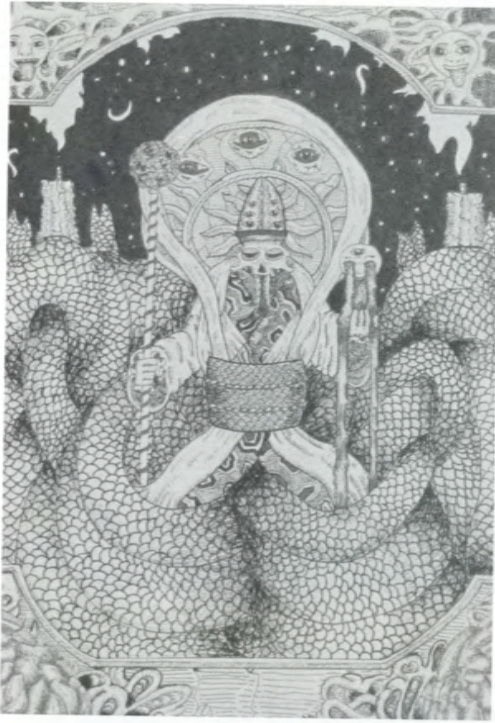
Hidden Colors
Tiffany Palacol '20



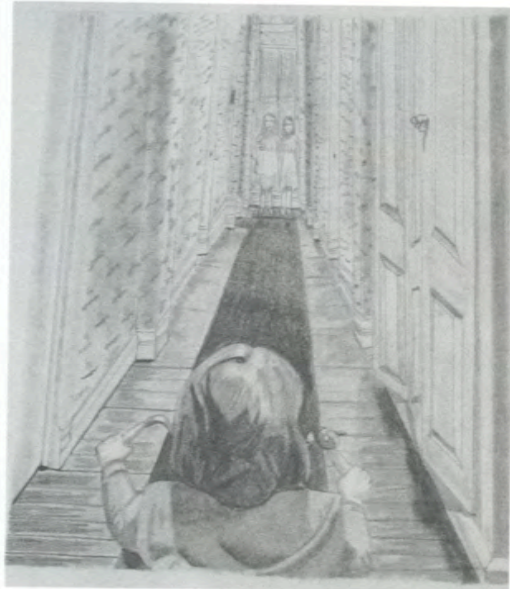
Horse Pen
Kate Janicki '19



Sunset Canyon
Dominic Rodriguez '21



The Elder
Sarah Westerfield '21

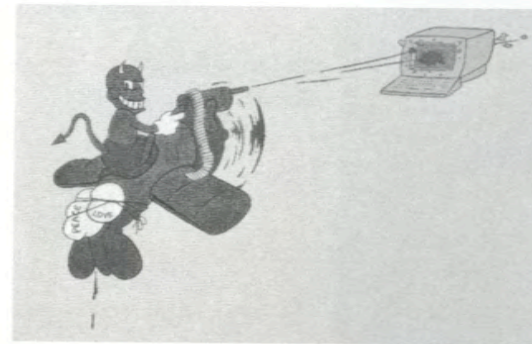


The Shining
Natalie Ellis '21

The Only Man

Jacob Dong '19

And as London burned
I sat in the shadow of Big Ben.
The world stopped to turn
And I turn to ponder the end.
When I get to heaven I want to join a band,
But for now I'm the only man.
Life is over and there's nowhere for me to run.
No one to speak, Everything was free
I spend my days under a burning sun.
I'm having trouble trying to sleep, I just hope it's all a dream
In heaven I'll sing again
But I'm still on earth I'm the only man.
I've grown my hair, and the worlds become undone.
In mansion, worthless with no one to show.
In a past life I wanted to be a rockstar, and live like Jim Morrison
No matter how much I can have, it's worthless alone
Everything in the world for free and I have no reason to follow a plan
But I'm trapped because I'm the only man
Last week I played the O2 arena with no one to watch
I have my soul to play an empty field
All alone with unlimited time on my clock
I look around at all the rusted steel
And I wonder when I get to the end who will be my fan
When I get to heaven I want to be in a band, for now I'm the only man
The years of wondering was too much so I began to climb
Higher, and Higher, and higher and at the top I stopped
I peered into the Thames then I cried
The wind battered my tattered gear and I lept
As I fell the music blasting in my head
And soon I would no longer be the only man



Fly High
Ryan Lee '19

What Happens After Life

Jarret Valverde '19

There the old man lay dead
In a nice suit and a tie that is red
He died from the gash on the top of his head
But what is going on inside of that head
What does a man think of when he is dead
He sees his mom tucking him inside of his bed
Her lips are moving but he can't hear what she said
The scene changes as he looks down at a loaf of bread
He looks up to see his dad with a knife and peanut butter to spread
A flash and it is winter with something moving ahead
It is his baby sister as she races her sled
Another shift as he is off to college with his friend Ted
The man met a woman with hair cherry red
He knew then and there the one 'till the end
Time stops as he looks at his wife with their whole life ahead
His newborn baby in his arms as he kisses her head
All grown up, off to college she fled
Now she's in a white dress made of his grandmother's thread
She has a baby with eyes that twinkle at its life ahead
He watched his grandson grow on his visits into his homestead
But the little old boy was such a hothead
Got angry in church and threw the Bible he read
The book hit the man on the top of his head
The doctors and announced that he was brain dead
There in the church the man dropped dead
What happens to a man when he is dead
What goes on inside of his head
He looks down on a grave unable to believe what it said
It said his name, but how could it be he was dead
There laid the man he has he met his own end



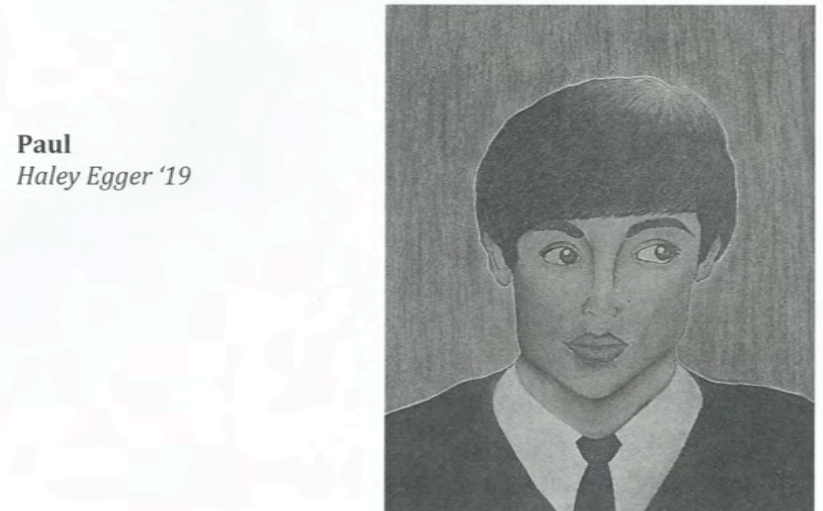
Skeleton Barn

Alexandra Roberts '19



Geisha Girl

Sofie-An Nguyen '19

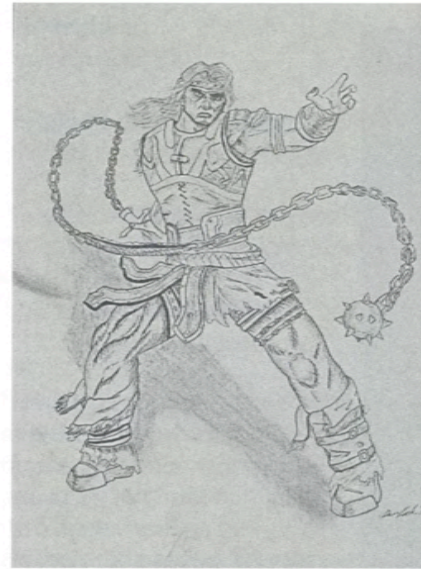


Paul

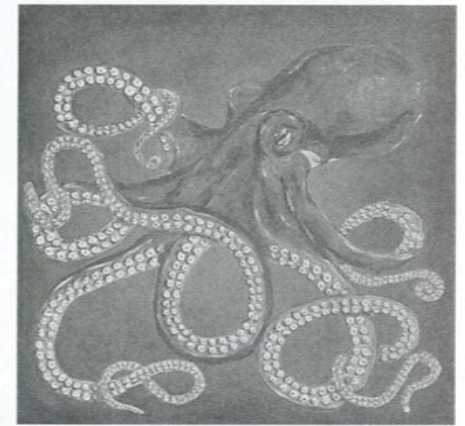
Haley Egger '19



Whelp
Jack Flynn '20

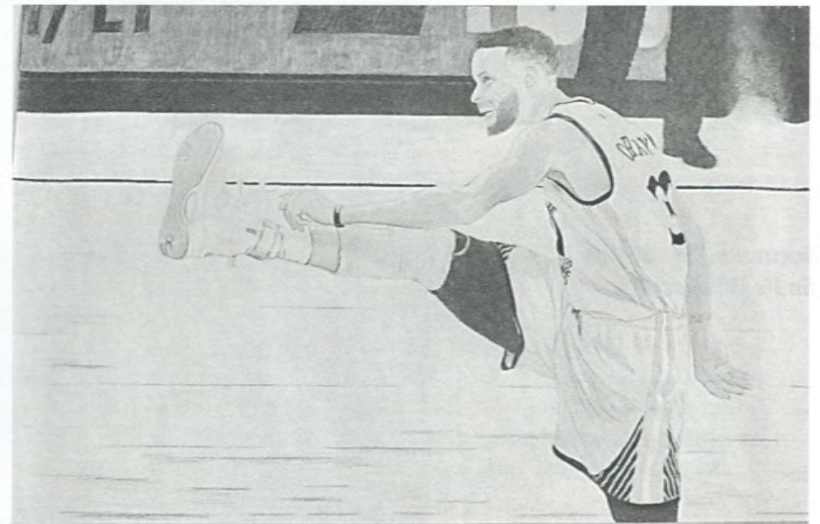
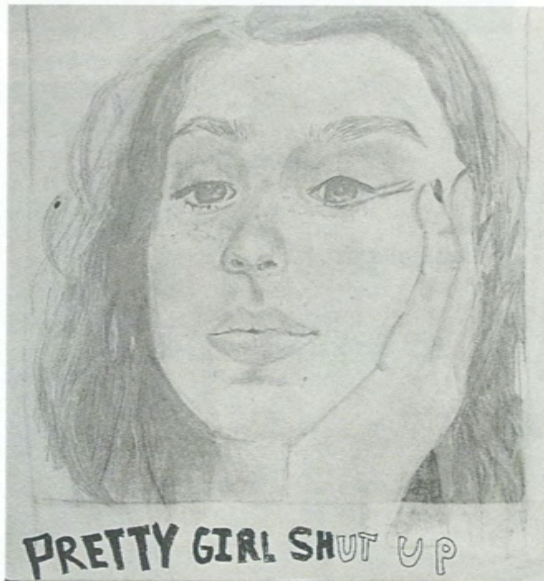


Vampire Killer
Dominic Rodriguez '21

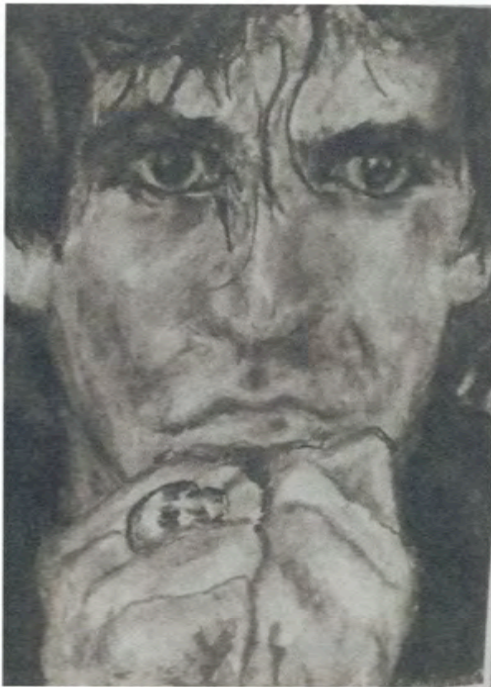


The Octopus
Kate Janicki '19

PRETTY GIRL
Ali Martin '21



Pumped Up Kicks
Joshua Elboom '22



Keith Richards
Marlayna Granucci '21

Saturn's Third Ring
Emily Wildermuth '21



"Hourglass"

Nick Maricle '19

1

He's been given promises it will be easy. Painless. Just a short little hop, isn't it? That's what his elders say to him. That it will be easy, effortless.

...

He takes a few greedy swigs of air to steady himself, makes sure all of his limbs are in the right place along with his supplies.

He gets up.

He's ready.

18.

He keeps running around timelines, encountering echoes of those he loved and those he swore to fight. He is always shocked to see the ones where the men and women who ruined his world are barely into their teens, still cold and cruel but human.

And they are all so *young*.

He feels old beyond his years when he is a shadow in the crowd, watching the people smile and laugh and play. He stares out at a crowd of other men and women his age, and he cannot help but wonder if he is missing something that they have, the thing that allows them to act like human beings. To smile and laugh earnestly, to fall into a conversation or a group with ease. To not fear the heartbeat and pulse of people buzzing and taking and flitting about like flies, watching you for the slightest mistake. To not worry about how you're going to fail next.

He stares at them and envies how young they are.

They are children.

He is a child.

And yet, he isn't anymore, is he?

He will no longer age in years. He'll age in memories. Already, he feels like he's lived several lifetimes. In a way, he *has*.

Dimly, he thinks he can hear a clock ticking.

36.

Tick

Tick

Tick

Traveling gets harder with every jump. He's living so many other lives, it feels like he's about to burst with every new leap, every new set of memories.

He lands and the pain returns.

Now it feels like he is being pulled apart and stitched back together, reassembled by someone who didn't quite understand where all of his insides were supposed to be— like he's being remade a few inches off.

Bones settling just a little wrong, skin feeling a touch too tight. He is a patchwork human.

Then the memories come.

His head feeling like it was about to split open, the new scars on on his body and his heart carving themselves onto his skin with inks of fire and brimstone, the new memories cramming into an already crowded mind; a war for dominance erupting in his skull.

There are a few terrifying moments where it seems like his brain has reached its full capacity, that his heart cannot possibly bear to feel another life's worth of emotion—

But it passes, and eventually he comes back to himself, remembering which memories are his. He tries not to acknowledge the fear that he's already lost himself amongst the thousands of lives he's lived, that what he calls the originals are just another set of memories he latched onto—

He buries that thought again, with more force. He has to keep going. He has to. He doesn't have a choice.

He checks the watch. He always check the watch. There has to be a routine. There has to be something reliable, something orderly. Thirteen hours till he can jump again, assuming nothing dire comes up and he's forced to use the watch.

Something almost always comes up.

He checks for his supplies, his clothes, his weapons. All are there.

He's ready to try again.

He wishes the ticking would stop.

Tick

Tick

Tick

58

Tick

Tick

Tick

Years kept slipping. Slipping, slipping, slipping through his fingers like the crushed, worn seashells and stones of home. Faces of people he remembered loving blur together like grains of sand on the beach, a grainy image in his mind. He doesn't remember, he remembers too much—He couldn't trust clocks, he couldn't trust calendars. He tried writing the attempts down but misplaced the papers each time and lost them when he jumped. He tried marking his arms in marker, expecting the dark ink to sink into his skin and last; and last it did until he took a few showers.

He needed something... permanent. Something that he could easily carry on his person that he couldn't lose and need only glance at.

His nails dug into his skin, leaving red, raw lines.

And he has his answer.

Somewhere, a clock keeps ticking. He can never find it.

Tick

Tick

Tick

70?

Tick

Tick

Tick

His wrists are full of notches. Lines of raised flesh for each year, left barren and grooved like tilled farmland. He marks down more jumps. He knew he'd be stuck here in this endless journey, eternally helping The Cause until one day he'd finally snap back to his own time but when he did everyone would be alive and happy and there would be no Great War.

But what if he was dragged back again and again and again and it never ended, because time had a habit of reasserting itself?

More years. More blood. More servitude to the mission.

Where was his freedom?

He wishes he could smash the ticking in his ears to pieces.

Tick

Tick

Tick

...

Tick

Tick

Tick

Trails of broken clocks lead to the young chronomancer's room. His walls are covered in them, hands frozen, ticking silenced. He guts them, spilling gears and cogs and springs onto the floor in gory, metal messes with mangled dolls and cuckoo birds with broken wings strewn about and woven in between.

He always breaks the clocks, and always brings them back.

He hates their ticking.

He wishes they could stop.

He wishes he could stop.

Rust pours from his arms as he winds back the Witch-Clock one more time.

"One more time." He promises himself.

One more time.

Then he'll be done.

He'll be done.

Be done.

Never be done.

It's never done.

There's no progress. Another year, another decade, another century. Yesterday becomes today as fast as yesteryear becomes tomorrow. It will never be done. There will just be him, retreading and rewalking the same path over and over and over and over and over and over and

Tick

Tick

Tick

He snaps to attention. Where is it? Where is? He has to find the ticking. He has to find the clock and pull its insides out, smash the glass to little tiny pieces and break the hands that keep rewinding him back to the beginning to make him see it all over again.

But there are no more clocks, save for the one inside.

He stares down at the Witch-Clock. It does not tick. He thanks it for that. It would drive him mad.

Who is he, again?

He decides it doesn't really matter.

He made a promise. He has to go back. He cannot give up. He's not sure he could even if he wanted to.

He can't despite the fact he wants to.

Desire turns into determination into desperation into obsession into a curse.

He is cursed with hope.

He is cursed with hope that *this* time, it will be different. That this time he will save them, that this time he will find a way. And despite the fact that his body is littered with scars that he only half-recalls getting, despite the fact that his mind is so full of fake memories that he can no longer tell them from his own, despite the fact that he's no longer entirely sure who *they* even are or who *he* even is, despite the fact that he has lost everything to the demands of time...

He still has hope.

He can't let go of that hope, despite the fact that he so desperately wants to.

He pricks his finger on the Witch-Clock. More rust from his veins. More of his mind, ready to be scattered.

Strange, how there's always a little more of himself left to lose.

"Take me back." He whispers. The words no longer have any feeling behind them. He is beyond despair. Beyond light and love and fear.

He jumps again.

He falls again.

He shatters again.

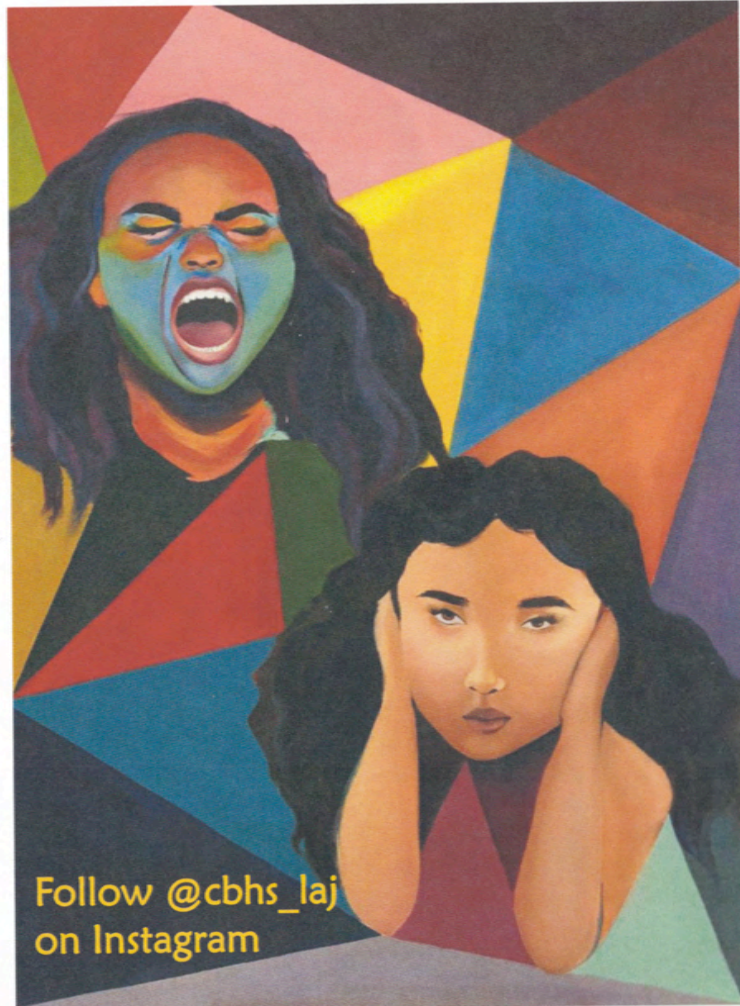
One more time.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.





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