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Issue 01

Peak



Arts
Magazine

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The Artists of *Peak*

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enrich the artistic community at
Air Academy.

Cover Art by Creed Bauman

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Belgium by Hailey Gregg

Note from the artist:

“Five points if you can find Waldo. Ten points if you can find the Ninja Turtle!”



“Featured are a few of the world’s most impactful female figures, including Harriet Tubman, Indira Gandhi, and my grandma.”

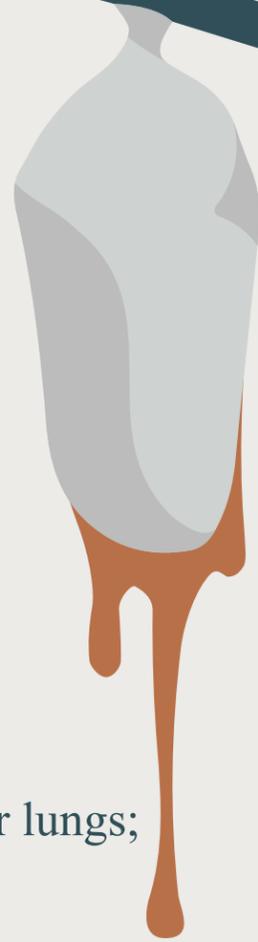
Rattle by Chamberlain Bauman

A bitter whiplash, sweet adrenaline—
Sparked by our locking eyes, a simple gaze—
It is the life-blood, fierce and saccharine,
Of butterflies that in my stomach blaze

We both once felt that honey on our tongues:
Once golden, sweet, and dripping from our lips,
It slurred our speech, blushed cheeks, and filled our lungs;
And ignorance, with bliss, did we eclipse

But honey hardened under Time's cruel toll
And sealed your mouth into a tight, curt grin
With edges sharp enough to pierce my soul
And release the butterflies that lived within

Now when, at night, plagued by the taste of heartbreak
I roll and toss and turn under the moon,
The sound under my ribs keeps me awake:
The rattle of a thousand dry cocoons



Untitled by Chamberlain Bauman

I stare with wonder at a dying match
A manufactured splinter, thin and fair
It arches backward, curls against the black
Emits a smoky scream into the air

A glowing ember whispers from its head—
Perhaps it screams—yet muffled by the dark
It's silenced now; what's gray was black was red
A million futures snuffed before they spark

What raging fires could you have begun?
What smold'ring cities razed by those red eyes?
Had I released my grip and been undone
Had I knelt and, by fire, been baptized

But I am far from kneeling, far from strength
That weakest strength that pries fingers apart
And drops the match; no, there's distance. Arm's length
Between flames from matches and from my heart





Warm Waters
by Grace Maré -
Acrylic on Sketchbook Paper



**It's All So
Incredibly Loud**
by Grace Maré -
Graphite Portrait

“Tronum cursed and slammed his fist on the blood-streaked floor. ‘Summon the Council.’ He looked out through the columns of the corridor, out to the glistening lights of the capitol below. Turning back to the palace, Tronum searched for the woman who had healed him, but she was long gone. His fingers traced the newly formed scar on his chest, and his heart hardened.

‘Prepare for war.’”

*excerpt from Four Sunrises:
Book One of Through the Tenebris
by Joshua Maynard
- Read more on page 13 -*



“In the small blink of an eye, the outside world completely changes. Snow, made of water, quickly turns into snow, made of blood.”

*excerpt from It Starts with the Water by Kaden Soul
- Read more on page 16 -*

True Feelings

by Trinity Gahimer



The darkness consumes the thoughts
The light falls into the void
The sun fades to black
As feelings start to lack
Monsters come from the deep
Ripping the joy from where it sleeps
You cry for normalcy a revert to the past
Praying the torment doesn't last
Then you wake to your own bed
The sun back to its yellow-red
But as you sit and unwind
You realize your dream
Was how you feel inside

“The opposite of love is not hate, it's indifference. The opposite of art is not ugliness, it's indifference. The opposite of faith is not heresy, it's indifference. And the opposite of life is not death, it's indifference.”

- Elie Wiesel



*“Indifference”
by Creed Bauman*



just
be
kind

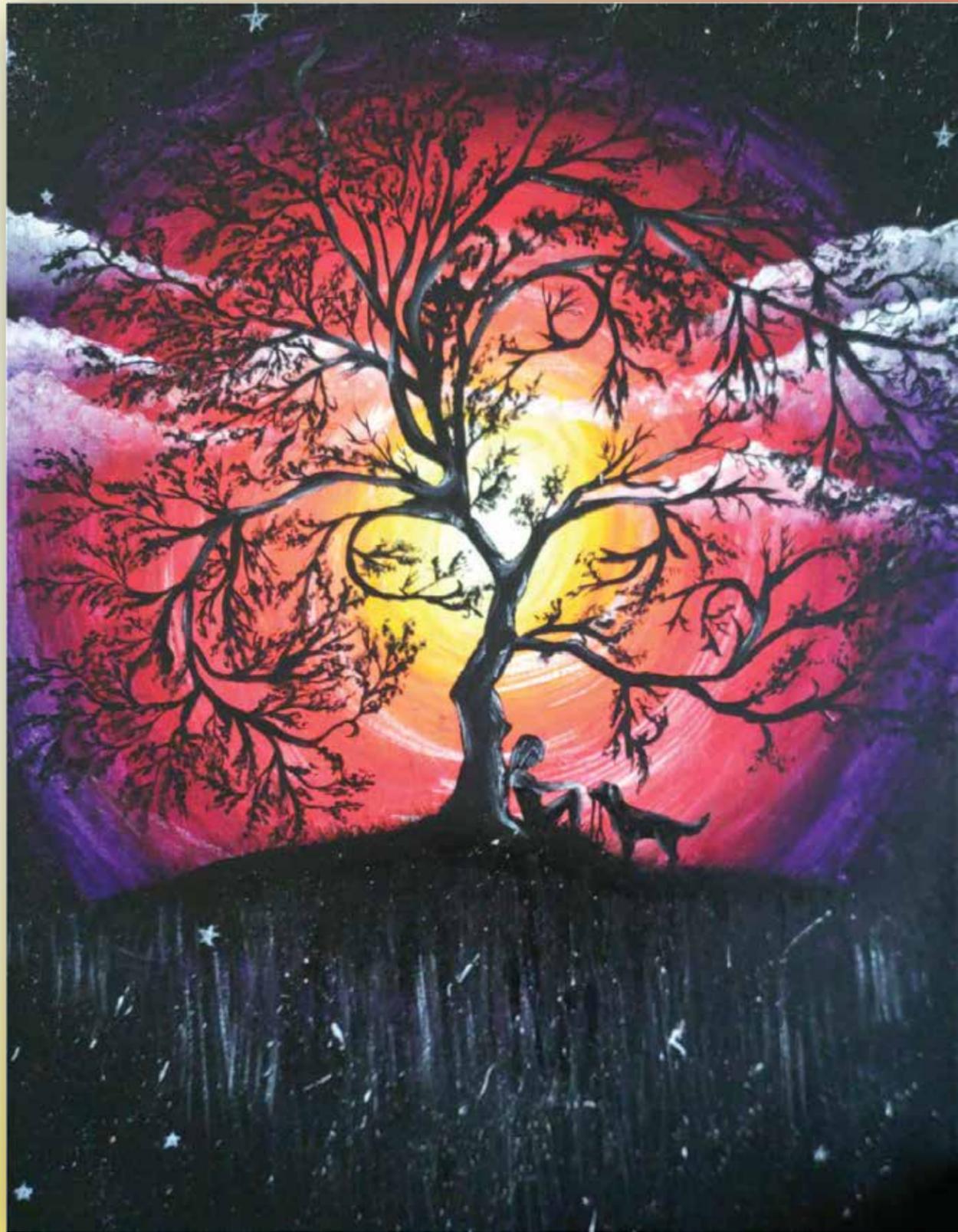
@palm.and.cedar



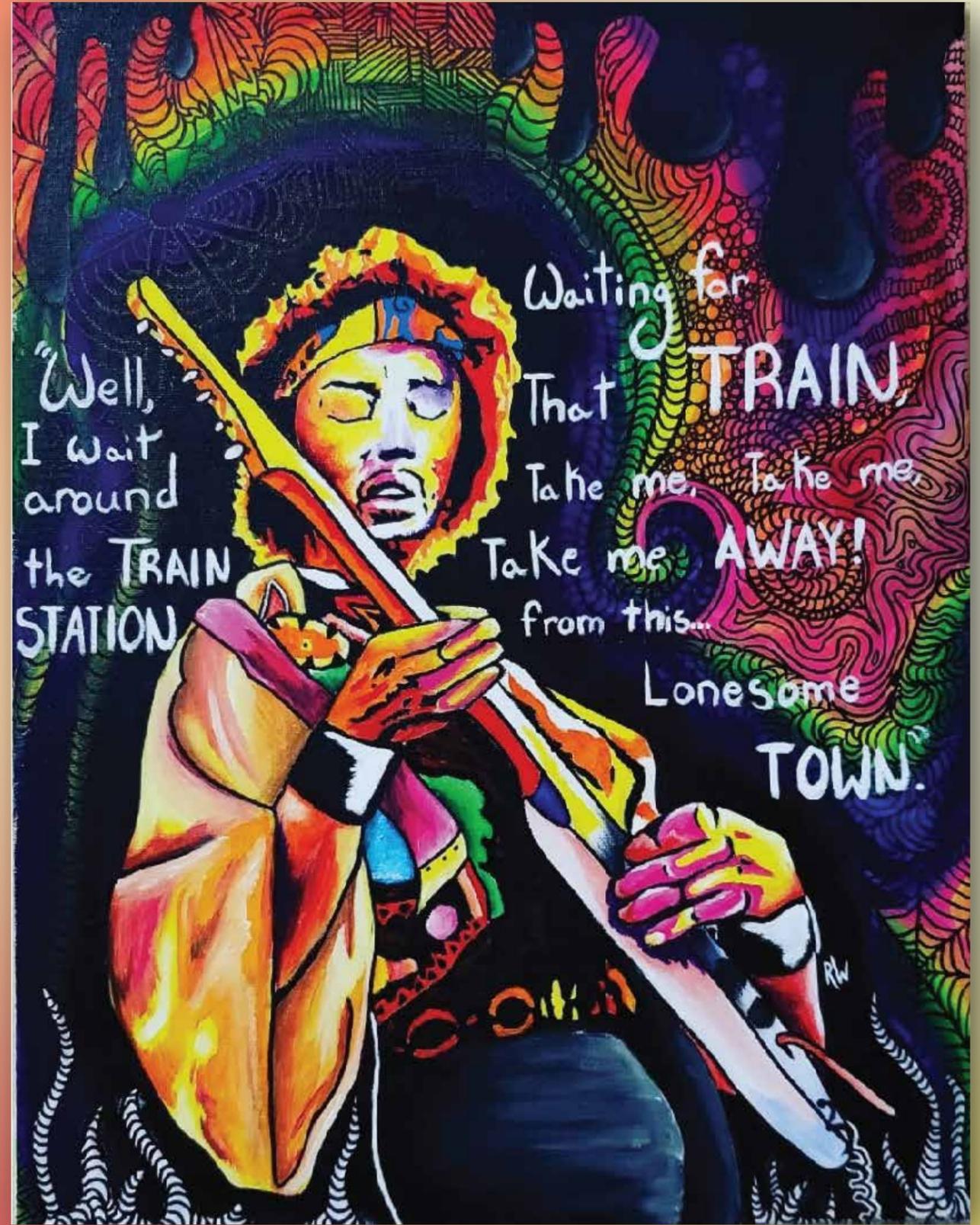
“Hoodies” by Katie Lark

*Hoodies are comfy
You can wear them all the time
So buy a hoodie*

*Art & Lettering by
Kailyn Jonswold*



The Tree of Life by Riley Whitelaw



Trippy Jimmy Hendrix by Riley Whitelaw

Four Sunrises: Book I of Through the Tenebris

by Joshua Maynard

« Prologue »

~Night, October 4th
Aunestauna, Capital of the Endellian Empire

Prince Tronum gazed down at the moonlit city of Aunestauna sleeping below him. As his eyes wandered the streets, he tried to gather a sense of fortitude in his heart. He needed to be strong, he told himself. Strong like the huge stone column he leaned against. Like his father.

A chill sighed through the palace breezeway where he stood. His stern gaze examined the capital below. His father's funeral would be tomorrow morning, his coronation the hour after. Tronum, the heir to the throne, the heir to the empire. Tomorrow, he would take command over the entire continent of Endellia.

Tronum stole one last cold breath from the night before turning and crossing the polished marble of the open-air corridor, his path illuminated dimly by torches. A frigid breeze blew out the fires, and the hallway went dark, lit only by the moon. Another chilling gust of air blew behind him, followed by searing pain of slicing flesh. Burning like red hot coals, a knife punched out through his abdomen. Tronum coughed blood and fell forward onto the marble floor.

 *“He needed to be strong, he told himself. Strong like the huge stone column he leaned against. Like his father.”* 

A strong arm flipped Tronum onto his back, revealing the cloaked figure above him. The dark shadow raised its bloody dagger into the air for a final strike when a ferocious roar ripped through the hallway; a storm of white wings collided with the silhouette. Another roar shook the stone corridor and Tronum glimpsed the massive winged lion chasing after the fleeing assassin.

Tronum convulsed in pain, his blood pooling around him, his heartbeat pounding in his head, and his consciousness slipping away. The roars of his winged lion echoed as it chased the attacker until all was silent but the sharp coughs sending waves of pain through his chest. Tronum's vision began to dim. Struggling to stay conscious, he heard faint footsteps rushing towards him from the other end of the corridor.

To his right, a young woman sprinted down the dark hallway. “Your Majesty!” She knelt by his side, searching for the wound. She looked around the scene, almost looking to make sure no one else was there — distant voices were approaching, running towards the commotion she had heard; but she still had time. She tore apart his tunic and placed her palm on his mutilated stomach. A stream of pure white light poured out of her

hand, swirled above Tronum's skin, and seeped into his body. The bleeding stopped, and large scars appeared in place of his gashes.

 *“A stream of pure white light poured out of her hand, swirled above Tronum's skin, and seeped into his body.”* 

His eyes flickered open and slowly focused. They stared at the woman from a ghostly pale face. “Who are you?”

“Forget I was ever here,” she whispered, “Your Majesty.”

Down the hall, a group of palacemen rushed toward the heir to the throne in a panic.

The woman quickly moved away from Tronum and turned to one of the men, who looked horrified at the sight of Tronum's state. “Janus, take him to the infirmary.”

“Yes, right away.” The man replied as he slung Tronum's arm over his shoulder.

The woman stepped farther away. “The assassins' dagger went deep. He's lucky that Fernox flew in to save him.” She turned her gaze to the massive lion perched in the far window, glistening white in the starlight. The beast raised its head, a slight breeze whispering through its mane; rippling muscles across its back caught the starlight and threw it against the walls of the corridor. With a guttural rumble and a thrust of its mighty wings, the lion leaped out into the night.

The echoes of anxious words filled the stone corridor as servants surrounded their soon-to-be-king, gently helping him rise. Tronum's breath shuddered, and a name fell from his lips. He repeated it, spitting it into the blood at his feet. “Xandria.”

Janus seemed to hesitate. “. . . I believe so.”

“Where is she?”

“Your Majesty, I—”

“Where is my sister?!”

Janus paused again, trying to decide what to say. “Xandria hasn't been seen tonight, Your Majesty . . . she might be in the city, but we'll send out the Guard to find her.” Suspicion gathered in Janus' eyes. “Do you think—”

Tronum nodded grimly. “Xandria tried to kill me and take the throne.”

“If she's responsible for this and finds out you're alive, she will probably flee to the Cerebrian territories. When we realized her men were gone, we came looking for you.”

Tronum cursed and slammed his fist on the blood-streaked floor. “Summon the Council.” He looked out through the columns of the corridor, out to the glistening lights of the capitol below. Turning back to the palace, Tronum searched for the woman who had healed him, but she was long gone. His fingers traced the newly formed scar on his chest, and his heart hardened.

“Prepare for war.”

I began outlining the plot and characters of this fantasy series in October 2016, and the first draft of writing and subsequent editing started the following spring. I published Four Sunrises: Book I of Through the Tenebris on Amazon Kindle as an eBook on October 25th, 2019. Silverbrook: Book II of Through the Tenebris, was published just two months later on December 21st, 2019. I am in the process of reworking the story for print version, and plan to publish paperback copies of the fantasy series sometime in 2021. The stories chronicle a war between two kingdoms and four main characters in that world who share a mental connection that enables them to see each other's memories and thoughts. These humble characters are swept into the fray of international conflict, becoming instrumental pieces in the game of war. For lovers of everything from Harry Potter to Game of Thrones, this series has it all - mystery, magic, revolutions, and more!

*- Joshua Maynard,
on his book series, "Through the Tenebris"*

It Starts With the Water *by Kaden Soul*

- Chapter One -

As the sun slowly rises, the sky begins to turn orange and red—almost as if it were apocalyptic—yet civilization always admires these wondrous colors. Suddenly, the annoyingly loud, yet useful, beeping of an alarm clock goes off. A hand with fingernails painted black emerges from the confines of solitude, raising itself higher and higher before slamming down on the black, rectangular, digital alarm clock. The hand swiftly retreats into the warmth of the bed covers like a snake crawling back into its hole when it is cold outside. Seconds later, a 5-foot-tall girl busts the door open. This girl is wearing a purple hoodie that is zipped up all the way. She is also wearing dark blue jeans with black socks. She has light brown hair and braces with light turquoise bands as well as light green eyes. She yells at the man under the covers. "Aidan! It's time to get up for school. Mom is already off to work, and breakfast is downstairs." Aidan does not move. The girl walks over to Aidan's bed and pulls off the black bed covers, revealing Aidan's semiconscious body. She pokes at his face before he slowly moves his arms shielding his face from her unwanted touch. "Aidan, I don't wanna be late today! I have a test first period." Aidan groans. She watches as Aidan slowly gets up and reaches for his phone. She decides to leave.

As Aidan checks all the notifications he got during the night, he gets a text message from one of his friends, Kayden, saying "are you able to bring me to school today? i missed my buss" in her disabled autocapitalization, un-autocorrected keyboard. Aidan replies with a quick, "yes", and lifts the black covers of his bed, slowly rising before opening the second drawer of his dark, mahogany wood dresser. He rummages through his messy, unfolded shirts before finding one he wants: a simple black t-shirt. As he puts that on, he closes the drawer and opens his folding-closet doors. He slides the hangered clothes over to the left until he reaches the pants section. He pulls out a pair of grey sweatpants and quickly jumps into those. He slides the clothes over to the right, to his hoodie section, where he pulls out a Tokyo Ghoul hoodie with Kaneki wearing a mask stitched in. He dons the hoodie as he makes his way downstairs.

He practically glides down the beige carpeted stairs before his socked feet touch the cold wooded floors. He slides across the glazed surface over to the fridge where he acquires a red Gatorade bottle. As he slams the fridge door shut, and turns around, he sees his sister sitting at the table finishing her breakfast. He saunters past her, trying to ignore her existence, and makes his way over to the area by their front door where they keep their shoes. He sits down, grabs a pair he feels like wearing today, and hurries into them. "Ella, are you ready? I gotta go pick up Kayden so hurry up," Aidan says in a monotone voice.

"Oh, okay!" she replies. She picks up her plate and rushes over to the sink. As she puts her plates in the sink, she notices blood dripping down from the faucet instead of water. After she opens the dishwasher, she looks back at the faucet, scared to turn on the water. She hesitantly lifts the handle of the sink. Instead of seeing blood, she sees water. That was. . . strange, she thinks. She washes her ceramic plate and metallic spoon and places them gently into the dishwasher. She slides the dish shelf back inside and closes the lid. She grabs her

phone by her placemat and passes Aidan, who is coming back in the kitchen to get his car keys from the cabinet and goes to put on her shoes.

“As she puts her plates in the sink, she notices blood dripping down from the faucet instead of water...”

In the car, on the way to Kayden’s house, things are very quiet. Ella is listening to music in the backseat with her headphones. She chose the backseat so that Aidan and Kayden can have the front seats and so they can talk. The grey Toyota Rav 4 zooms across the neighborhood roads. Aidan looks over at his stereo system and sees the time: 7:21am. Kayden’s house is just after the next light. As he begins slowing down to turn, he notices that it is beginning to snow. In the small blink of an eye, the outside world completely changes. Snow, made of water, quickly turns into snow, made of blood. Aidan sees this for a second, then blinks thrice and shakes his head. After he does so, the world changes back to its usual state.

He turns the bend by Kayden’s house, making sure to slow down as to not miss her house. As he climbs up the snowy driveway, his car gets stuck on ice. He shifts the car into 3rd gear and rises with ease. He shifts the car into park and notifies Kayden that he is outside, waiting for her arrival. Kayden’s white, wooden garage door soon opens, and she walks out. Before Kayden steps into the car, she shakes off the snow on her grey jacket and light brown boots as to not get Aidan’s car wet.

“Hey!” She says as she looks over to Aidan with a big smile and glamorous white teeth. “Hey, Ella!” Ella pauses her music and looks up at her. “Hi! How are you?”

As Ella says this, Aidan begins the dangerous process of turning around in Kayden’s icy driveway. “I think I’m doing fine? There hasn’t been anything like good or bad recently. Just normal I guess.” Kayden says questioningly.

“As long as there isn’t anything bad in your life that’s good!” Ella remarks. By this point, Aidan has successfully turned around, gotten on the main road and is headed to their school.

“Hey can I-?” Kayden points to the Bluetooth connector in Aidan’s car, non-verbally asking if she can connect. Kayden has already started pairing before Aidan nodded his head. Kayden opens Spotify on her phone and clicks her “Vibes” playlist before soon hitting shuffle. The first song that plays is “when the hospital was my home” by Powfu. As it begins, Kayden realizes the song and looks up at Aidan with a concerned face. She sees a tear slowly rolling off his cheek.

“I’m sorry Aidan. I- I should have chosen the song instead of let it just choose it for me.” Kayden says apologetically.

“It’s okay. It’s been like 3 months since Kyle- I just miss him so mu-” Aidan is incapable to finish his sentence before bursting into tears. Aidan wipes his hand across his face. As he pulls it back, he sees that his hand is completely smeared in blood. Aidan jolts in his seat, trying not to flip the car as he turns onto the highway.

“Woah, woah, Aidan, what’s going on? Did you see something?” Kayden asks.

“Has everything related to water you’ve seen today like turn into blood?” Aidan asks, trying to figure out what’s going on.

“No? Are you alright?” Kayden has a worried expression on her face.

“Hey, Ella-” Aidan nudges at her. Aidan watches as she pauses her music and looks up. “Has everything related to water you’ve seen today turn into blood?”

“When I went to wash my plate I saw a drop of blood coming out of the tap, but when I turned it on it was just normal water,” Ella explains, “Why? Have you also been seeing it?”

“Yeah, I have, and it’s so... strange.” Aidan says as he exits the highway. The car turns left onto government ground, where their school is, and comes to a halt behind a red minivan. Slowly, Aidan drives through the twists and turns of the governmental security gate, trying not to slip on the ice. As Aidan comes out of the gate, he slows to put his IDs back inside his wallet. As he looks back up, he notices a man walking across the road, under the bridge. Aidan creeps along the road, as to not run the man over. As he gets closer, the man’s clothing get clearer. The man is wearing a military uniform. More specifically, the Air Force mess uniform. The man paces back and forth in Aidan’s lane. Each time he turns around, Aidan can see more of his uniform. It has many pins, along with ribbons on it. Aidan comes to a halt as he reaches a few feet of the man. Aidan goes to roll down his window to speak to the man, but internally, Aidan knows something doesn’t feel right. I have never seen this before. What could it mean? It doesn’t feel- normal, Aidan questions in his head. The man stops exactly in front of Aidan’s car, and turns to face him, keeping his head down. The man slowly tilts his head to the side, like a dog does to question something. The man lifts his head, revealing blood foaming at his mouth. He begins walking closer and closer to the car. Threateningly, quite obviously. Aidan grabs ahold of his automatic stick shift, slides it up to reverse, and scurries back up the hill, towards the gate. Surprisingly, there are no cars behind him, making his getaway easier, or so he thought.

“The man lifts his head, revealing blood foaming at his mouth.”

End of Chapter One

Untaught 1: *The Start of Chaos*

by Joshua Gaither

- Prologue -

Many centuries ago, wizards and witches fought valiantly against dark forces that were on the rise. Magic was a powerful ally, but an even greater enemy. Many witches and wizards used magic for good, built monumental structures, invented cures for diseases no one thought possible to cure. They crafted new homes and invented new technology.

Magic was invented, crafted, by a simple man from that community. One day, on a walk, he decided he would bring change to the towns... medieval methods and put magic to the test. Magic had always existed, it has always been there, but people were scared after what happened the first time they used it. A tidal wave destroyed the community, so it had to be rebuilt. People had always ridiculed magic for this, but it was really just a coincidence. They locked the magic wands away in a cave, where they put a Hydra on guard. No one attempted to get past the Hydra.

One day the man on his walk decided to penetrate the caves. He got past using his wit and cunning. He grabbed one of the magic wands, opened the chest, and the mist that magically flowed through was released into the air once more. He used it to create, not destroy, so people called him the Master of Magic. After going back and reading ancient texts, the Master of Magic found out that in order to pass on the tradition of Magic, the Master must be killed so that the killer be crowned Master. So, when the Master got old, he allowed him to be sacrificed by another. The throne was handed down through generations.

While the small community on the west eastern side of Pangea worked in harmony, and without distaste, evil, dark forces, attempted to destroy all the community had worked for. Soon, magic has spread across the globe, and evil magic was made into a punishable crime. Still, the dark sorcerers tried to gain control, to have things their way. Again, and again... they were thwarted. One day, the evil wizards penetrated the shield charm the Master had cast. The evil wizards used curses they invented to kill many of them, civilians. The community ran away in fear of their lives. Fortunately for the citizens, the Master was with them, so using an ancient spell, sent the Magic Mist into a chest, and put into the Hydra's guard once more. The dark sorcerers were forced to flee into hiding. Magic was never to be used again... Or so they thought.

Want to be featured in Peak?

Great news!

Submissions are already open for the second issue of *Peak*! We'd love to showcase your art and writing in our next issue, which will be published near the end of this semester. We can't wait to see your paintings, drawings, music, photography, poetry, creative writing, short stories, and more!

- HOW TO SUBMIT -

Send your work (up to 8 pieces) to

peakmagazineaahs@gmail.com

with the following information:

Your name

Your grade

Your submission(s)

The name(s) of your piece(s)

A short description of your piece(s) [optional]

Please keep literary submissions under 1,000 words.

By submitting, you agree to the following:

We reserve the right to reject submissions based on obscenity, vulgarity, consistent grammatical errors, and content that is inappropriate for school and/or advocates illegal activities.

Created by Chamberlain
& Creed Bauman

