



THE RIDER EYE

CAESAR RODNEY
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From the editor

Dear Reader,

I am so happy to be introducing our first ever public issue of The Rider Eye, a literary magazine based straight out of Caesar Rodney High School. Our club started as nothing but a few students, before and throughout Covid, with a passion for writing, and now that we have combined with the Creative Writing Club, things couldn't be better. We plan to have a full year of publications, all on the school site and covering a variety of topics: from poetry to reports.

This group of dedicated writers, students, and Riders all share a passion for words and the world around them. We all are excited to share our thoughts with everyone and hope you enjoy them, too. And, if you share our passion, consider joining us for weekly meetings or submitting works for publication consideration.

MEET THE TEAM

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JOIN US

Send a Schoology message to Dr. Hutchison to be added to The Rider Eye Schoology group for meeting dates and news.

We are a safe space for ideas and full of encouragement for our fellow writers and students. We are a team and a family and hope to make the best of the year to come.

Please enjoy the pieces created by our writers!

Sincerely,
Olivia Lindquist
Editor in Chief

This poem, which was assigned, is about how much we have taken for granted as Americans. Also the way other countries wish they could be in our place and have the opportunities we have as Americans. The way they perceive us and the amount of freedom we have. Also the amount of privilege we have with things as simple as water and obtaining our basic needs in America.

Water

By Bianca Oakley

Like a drop of water we take for granted.
Forgetting all the people that ranted.
So we could be who we are
and we can have these fifty stars.

Like a drop of water we take for granted.
There are other people who are enchanted.
With the things we have as Americans.
They look at us as ignorant and
and they are envious.

Like a drop of water we take for granted
Most of them have this planted
In their minds we are different
So they have come belligerent while
They beg for basic needs but
we get to be so free but if only.

We could see that these people
Can't obtain their basic needs.
Like a drop of water we take for granted.
These people beg for second chances.
Wishing they could be who they are
So let's be grateful for these fifty stars.

This poem was assigned to me in my literature class, but as I took a look deeper into myself to see what freedom really meant to me, I began to think of some of the everyday issues that I, as a black woman, continue to face. The term white washed is used to refer to black people who are seen as not embracing their culture and their features, but you can not truly say you see me until you know who I am.

White Washed

by Angel Money

You say you see me.
See my flat ironed hair
You say you see me.
See my mannerisms and expressions
You feel that I am giving you the wrong impression
Like a chameleon ever changing my scales
You say you see me
But you do not know my tales
You say you see me
Then why try and put me in a box?
As if I am not me if not being constantly watched
Constantly judged
I will not budge
You say you see me .
See me break stereotypes and norms
You say you see me
As I continue to not conform

Poems by Aniyah Mullen

Harmony

United, sticking, connected as one
Lovely words meshed together to form a
beautiful sound.
Love, binding all together.
Light hearted, soft feather, soaring high;
so beautiful making you cry.
Flourishing, whipping;
creamy, light.
Flow of words silencing the soul,
capturing gracious notes,
floating elegantly beyond on the far away boat.

Nature Poem

Sun escaped through the leaves,
A warm gentle breeze.

“Buzz” a pesky fly;
The bright blue sky
Dotted with clouds sailing adrift.

Where we walk

Waves roll against the shore,
A gentle breeze comes as it please;
Got to be brave shouting over the roar
Over the commotion, never ceasing to let your voice be heard.

Be careful where you walk because you can
get stuck in quicksand.
Walk the talk and know where you stand.

Where we walk paves ways of new opportunities,
Building bridges connecting things together.



The Reverberating Princess

by Alonzo Register

Legal Information

Name: Na Yan

Gender: Female

Age: 21

D.O.B: 19/October/1991

Place of Birth: Quengomo

Occupation: Empress

Description

Eye color: Brown

Hair color: Black

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 117

Race: Human/Angel



Worldbuilding is the process of constructing a fictional world with its own history, people, places and rules. Oftentimes these worlds will have certain people that are important to the lore of the universe and shape it in a very important way and Na Yan is one of those people. Na Yan is just one character in a series of characters that will shape the history of this world in their own ways.

Na was born to a lower class family in Quengomo. When Na turned ten years old, her father was approached by a government official and was offered a large sum of money in exchange for Na becoming the daughter of the current emperor. Her father accepted the trade without hesitation. Na was devastated by this and has resented her father ever since. When she met the emperor in person she had realized why she was there, to be the heir to the throne because the current emperor was unable to have children and was nearing the end of his life. The emperor died and Na became empress at the young age of 15, where she realized that she would hold very little actual power as the empress and was more or less just the public face of the true ruling party and a slave to their every whim.

Na Yan has become apathetic to her current situation and does whatever the ruling party says without question. Na Yan enjoys art, playing the dizi, and writing poetry because these are the only times where she feels like a slave to no one.

Na Yan has the ability to generate sound waves and absorb them to create absolute silence as well as control the direction sound waves flow in. While this ability is more powerful when using wind instruments such as the dizi, it can also be used by simply whistling.



DRACULA

BY MARCUS ROBINSON

In the dark, lightless, and dreary night sky there is only one color ... the spirit crushing and hope diminishing color of the void ... the empty space where man is left with nothing but contemplation. And on this canvas of darkness, were two bright orange stars. Though these stars were luminous, they did not bring warmth, quite the contrary. These ever present stars seemed to look down on those who looked up, the void staring back at you in the most literal sense. It's as if a force for which you can't fully comprehend is constantly analyzing you, watching you, waiting for something ... you haven't a clue what it is waiting for, but it does.

Deep within the belly of the woods a village stood established, the bright amber color emitting from it contrasting with the pure blackness of the night, and within the populated center of this village stood a man. He was a large and imposing man, but a seemingly well groomed one. He stood before a stagecoach, wearing a wolf tooth for a necklace and a heavy fur coat. The stagecoach was decorated with fur covered animal hides of all different sizes and a variety of animal taxidermy mounts. The man stood proud and pronounced before a large gathering of villagers, "This one belonged to a beast, most savage and feral." The man pointed to a large brown and grey tinged pellet. "A bear that was both bear and not bear, man that was both man and not man, Salbatic himself ... the shape shifting man-bear of the woods!" There was a great excitement within the crowd, with some gasping in awe, others squinting their eyes in skepticism, and some taking a step back in fear. The salesman hunter then spoke again when the crowd seemed to settle down. "Perhaps my life's greatest triumph ... and it can become yours to keep for one low price."

This once again motioned the villagers into a frenzy of reactions. One man within the crowd spoke to his wife. "How do you think it would look in our dining room floor Adina? A fine addition to our home I envision it to be." She turned to him ... and then to the stagecoach where the mounted head of a deer stared back at her, with its cold, lifeless eyes.

"I'm not so sure Daniel...that one there keeps staring at me."

Later in the night, the salesman hunter travels home with the man who is both his stagecoach driver and his close business partner. The hunter counts the coins he collected from the village with a wide grin on his face before saying to his partner, "Their naivety was certainly great, but our stack of coins is greater ... I must thank you again for your services."

The driver responds, without removing his eyes from the road beyond him. "Save your graciousness for another my friend ... a great night it has been for us both ... I only hope we do not encounter a real man-bear," he said before breaking out into maniacal laughter. They continued on their woodland path. It seemed to narrow as the dirt road spiraled further down and the dead husks masquerading as trees seemed to be edging closer ... like the enclosing jaws of an entity most malevolent. The castle of Count Dracula peeked through the trees. Though its distance would have taken a day to traverse on foot, its presence was all consuming. As they journeyed on, the hunter found his eyes targeted towards an animal deep in the woods with fur the silvery-white color of nickel.

"Stop!" the salesman hunter exclaimed "Look at that four legged beauty! ... "

Before his partner responded with an abrupt, "That creature? ... but it is a wolf, a wolf and nothing more."

The hunter then turned his head to the driver. "That is not a wolf ... it is a man wolf ... it is a creature of the night ... but most importantly it is a walking fortune."

The hunter, wasting no time in the process, quickly snatched his Winchester hunting rifle from the back of the stagecoach and marched into the woods. Leaves crunched beneath his feet as he plunged himself further into the tree filled abyss. It began to drizzle, with the pitter patter of rain droplets hitting the grass below, the sharp blow of the wind, and the nearby rustling of leaves melding together into the voice of the woods. He had felt as if he was walking for quite some time now, though he was sure he had only left the carriage moments ago. Then, in a fleeting moment, he spotted the wolf. A feeling, deeply rooted and primal, stirred from within him. In the darkness of the night, in the noise of the wilderness, the only thing he seemed to be drawn towards was this creature that stood within the grasp of his rifle bullets. He edged closer, with possibly the slowest steps he had taken in his 26 years of being a hunter. He began to lower himself into a crouching position, growing more still as he found himself within adequate shooting range of the creature before him. He could see it a lot more clearly now. It stood near a cliff at the edge of the woods and the tip of the hill side. The contrast of its bright and captivating fur was staggering when set against the pitch black backdrop of the night. Without noticing the gothic architecture that was the tip of Dracula's castle in the distance, or the blood orange moon in the sky, the salesman hunter pinned his sights on the neck of the wolf. His eyes became

unflinchingly trained on the wolf. He licked his lips, raised his rifle high with two tightly clenched palms, and ... the deed was done. He had admittedly felt some form of gratification, he had received a kick out of it, and not just because he had acquired a valuable fur pelt ... but because that was what hunters felt.

After traversing his way back, in what seemed to be a much shorter distance than when he traveled inward, he then placed the corpse of the wolf within the carriage and took his seat up front.

"You return? With all of the moments that have passed since you left, I had thought you to be wolf food by now," the driver stated.

"You have quite the way with humor my friend," the salesman hunter replied. "There is nothing within those woods that a man such as myself will ever fear."

"The Lord above! What is that putrid aroma?" the driver exclaimed.

"Our gold my friend, our gold," the salesman hunter stated before they both headed off.

Deeper in the night, the hunter finally finds himself at home.

"I must thank you once more Joseph, the warm coat of a wolf like this would never reach the palms of my hands again if it were not for your services," the salesman hunter told his partner before handing him a generous handful of coins and removing the wolf corpse from the carriage.

"Until next time my friend, when you see the bright amber of the lantern on my stagecoach, you know where to find me," the driver responded before nodding to the salesman hunter and motioning his stallions forward.

With the deceased wolf still lumbering over his shoulder, the hunter takes it behind his house, to his butchering shed, so that it may be field dressed. He entered the shed, which was much warmer than the elements beyond its walls. He then grabbed his knife, the one he made himself by carving the handle out of bone and attaching a blade to the end of, and sliced the wolf open wide enough to create a cavity he could slip his hands into. Then with two bags he had stored within the shed, he placed those organs that were edible in nature into one bag, and those that were not into another in an attempt to preserve the corpse and make use of its meat. From this point forward he would usually skin the animal and take its bones, but he found himself awake late into the night and was sore after a laborious day. He would finish the job tomorrow. He took what he had within his bags and left the shed behind. Inside his home, he found himself immediately met by serenity and tranquility. He removed his fur coat and tooth necklace, as well as his boots and hunting gear. He then made his way to the living room of his house, before seeing his son sitting on their couch.

He was sitting close to the warmth of the fireplace and perusing a novel with the name "Bram Stoker" on it.

"Zeke ... what are you doing awake during witching hours?"

"I was only finishing this book, father ... I am a considerable length into this story and should be finished after only a few more chapters."

"Oh boy of mine ... you and these book ... I can separate the skin from any animal, but not a boy from his books."

He had never understood his son's fascination with literature and academics, being a man who was born and raised in the life of a woodsman, but nevertheless he couldn't be mad at his son for trying to further his knowledge of the world around him.

"Well then son ... I will allow you to finish this story, however it must be in the comfort of your own bedroom ... the couch is mine tonight."

His son nodded before heading up, and just as the salesman hunter had said he would do, he plumped his body onto the embrace of the couch.

Do not wake up.

Do not wake up.

Do not wake up.

This was the voice the hunter heard in his sleep before ear piercing crunches and the sound of something wet being dragged across the floor woke him up. A great sense of fear took over his body. He did not want to know what made that noise, but the thought of harm being brought upon his son overwhelmed him. He jolted up from the couch and grabbed his hunting rifle from the closet. Upon grabbing his rifle, he immediately noticed something frightening from his back window. A trail of what appeared to be a dark substance was smeared from his butcher shed and across the grass. He opened the door to investigate further. Traveling over to the source of this substance, with his rifle shaking in his sweat covered hands, he came to the realization of just how long this trail went on for. He opened the shed door, only to immediately be whiffed by the nauseating aroma of rotting flesh. All of the pelts and animal remains that were, moments ago, fresh, had turned into oozing, insect infested, vile carcasses. And in the place where the wolf had sat, there was nothing but a puddle of the dark substance now. He felt like vomiting then and there, but something instinctual told him that he needed to find out what was on the other end of this trail. And so he did, he followed the trail from the shed to his house. His discovery was more harrowing than what was in the shed ... the trail led up the side of his house and into the side window where his son slept at night. And in the window there was a man smiling

down at him. The man appeared to be wearing the attire of nobility, one whose rank is that of a count, a long, black cape which enveloped his arms, and his hair was combed back. From this angle, the golden emblems on his suit, his pale white face, and yellow tinged teeth peered through the darkness and created an image that embedded itself into a part of the salesman hunter's mind, where he didn't want it. He stood there for a few moments, partly out of confusion, partly out of curiosity, partly out of shock, and largely out of horror, before rushing back through his front door and up the steps into his son's room.

He barged open the door to his son's room, only to find the window still open and someone sleeping in his son's bed. The figure in his son's bed can't have belonged to his son, for it was the size of a fully grown man. The salesman hunter didn't even need to ask himself who it was, what it was, in that bed ... for all the people of Transylvania knew what lurked in the night, they all knew of the vampire king, Dracula. He couldn't control his overwhelming emotions. He covered his mouth in shock and despair and almost cried, before taking a deep breath and finding himself becoming enraged. He grabbed the bone handled knife out of his pocket and began creeping over to stab this blood sucking creature in the chest.

He did. The blade had slipped through Dracula's chest like a warm knife through butter, and yet there were no shrieks of pain or cries of agony from Dracula. Laughter, laughter is all that came from the man who just had a knife plunged into his chest. He then sat up stiffly ... unnaturally.

"A fools practice ... you should know better than to believe in such infantile myths," Dracula stated.

"Where is he ... What did you ... I'm going to kill you, I do not fear you, demon of the night."

Dracula then started to break out into laughter once again.

"Kill me? How can you kill what is already of the non living ... I am beyond your understanding of what it even means to be dead ... but soon enough you will know, you will know exactly what it means to be dead."

Dracula then started slowly advancing towards the salesman hunter, his feet seemingly not even touching the floor, almost as if he was hovering over to the salesman hunter. His eyes became unflinchingly trained on the hunter. He licked his lips, he raised his arms high from under his cape and reached in the direction of the hunter, and ... opened his mouth wide, revealing his long, sharp, fangs.



Introducing Calm of Chaos

by Olivia Lindquist

I sat in the wheelchair, too tired to try to argue with my father and too cold to really care anymore. I sighed and closed my eyes as the pain spread to my fingers.

"Ezra?" Harley asked. I opened my eyes and saw her standing in front of me. "Mr. Holmes, I'm here to take Ezra to his appointment. You can accompany us if you'd like?" My father tightened his grip on my shoulder and I met Harley's gaze. I didn't hear what my father said to her, but the next thing I knew, Harley had bent near my ear and asked, "Are you okay?"

"It hurts."

"I know, but I have a surprise for you. Do you have your mask?"

"No, my father left it in my room."

"I have an extra one for you. Here, I'll help you put it on." She reached into her bag and pulled out a colorful mask, tucking the bands behind my ears before pressing a soft kiss to my forehead.

"Can you breathe alright? Is it too tight?"

"It's fine."

"How's your oxygen?"

"It's fine. My dad didn't touch it."

"That's a first," Harley joked and I laughed. "I know you said you weren't really still in contact with everyone and that you didn't want to celebrate 16 in the hospital buuuuut I did find some happy helpers and was able to organize something in the cafeteria for you."

"Harls, you really shouldn't have. It's too risky."

"No look, we're all gonna have masks on, even your sisters. All the food was prepared in the kitchens here, so everything's been sanitized properly."

"Harley, I ... I really don't want to bring the mood down because I'm stuck in the wheelchair or because they're focusing on the fact that I'm the kid with cancer."

She stopped walking and stepped around to face me. "Ez, listen to me. No one's going to be thinking about any of that. They're just happy to see you. And if things get difficult or you need to step out, do you remember our signal?"

"Of course I remember, I'm not five."

"Then what is it?" She rested her hands on my knees and I sighed, rolling my eyes.

"A tug on the sleeve means things are getting hard and a reach for the hand means get me out."

"Good. Good. Now, are you ready for the best birthday bash you're getting on short notice because I didn't get approval until like a week ago?"

"Harley?"

“Too late for questions. Here comes the birthday boy!” Harley shouted as she pushed the button for the automated doors and wheeled me through as soon as there was space.

People.

There were so many people.

My sisters were the first to greet me, followed by my mom and then some of the volleyball players I went to homecoming with last year. Each of them had dates. And each of them brought a friend or two. Harley guided us towards a table and she sat in the chair beside me.

“Harley?”

“Yes?”

“Are you sure this is necessary?”

“Of course. It’s not every day you turn sixteen. You’re, like, old now.”

“You’re older than me!”

“Exactly. Respect your elders.” We laughed until I started coughing and I could feel the eyes of those pretending not to stare at me. Harley was doing everything she was supposed to: keeping an eye on the oxygen level from me and the tank, keeping an eye on my heart rate, keeping my hand in hers no matter how tightly I held it, and rubbing my back. She’d become so good at this since we found out. Whenever I was home, she’d stay with me in bed until my mom got home and could take care of me. Whenever she was here, after practices and game nights and before school, she learned from the nurses what had to be done and they taught her everything she needed. I can’t imagine doing this without her. “Ez, you okay?”

I nodded after a moment and the cough subsided. “I’m pretty sure. I just ... laughed too hard.”

“Good Good 'cause I’m hilarious.”

"I know, I know." I looked over towards the massive group of people.
"When do we get to food and presents?"

"Whenever food is ready. And since we both hate opening presents in front of people, your mom agreed to take them up to your room and we can open them later."

"Did you get me anything?"

"Of course! The party isn't your only gift. It'll be up with your other ones."

"You're the best."

"I know," she laughed and pretended to toss her short, vibrantly pink hair behind her shoulder. She shaved her head when I had to because of chemotherapy and has been dying it ever since it started to grow back. Hers was growing back faster than I thought it would.

"Harley?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you for this. It's nice to be around people who aren't smothering me for a change." She smiled and nodded, giving my hand a quick squeeze.

Dorothy's Diary

Students in American Literature classes read "A Soldier for the Crown," a short story by Charles Johnson. It tells the story a person who escaped slavery to fight for the British during the Revolutionary War, an act for which they were promised freedom. Students picked up where the story left off and imagined what the character's life would be like when they reached Canada, including whether the character would maintain the identity they took on when they escaped slavery--that of Alexander Freeman.

by Myri Hampton-Jones

I saw my cousin die today.

Rebels have been shelling our village for almost six hours now; it's a miracle I even managed to survive.

Once I saw those remains, I couldn't bear to be there anymore. I had to run before I heaved then and there.

The feeling of being alone without my family is haunting. My brother, Titus-- God bless his soul--was killed from a wide spread of smallpox not too long ago. I still haven't been able to absolutely register his death. But now, Caesar is gone, too, leaving me to fight amongst a large band of strangers ...

I've always kept a brave face in front of my family, but if I'm being honest with myself, I'm terrified for my life. It feels like the chances of me getting out, becoming free, living life how I've always wanted, are quickly shrinking. I've always been a gambler by heart, but now I'm wondering if I've doomed myself in my quest for liberation ...

I've run so much, but I still feel that I need to run more. I almost want to go back to Master Selby's plantation--if it even exists anymore--just to get myself out of this.

... but that would be the coward's way out, wouldn't it? I'm not a coward, am I?

I feel like both Titus and Caesar would both be satisfied to see me come out of this alive, at the very least. Their little sister and cousin, paving her way to her own liberty. If I'm not doing this for myself, I'm doing this for them.

Titus, Caesar, I hope you can see me from where you are, in the sky. I'll make you proud. I'll fight until I'm free. Until we're all free. I promise.

Dorothy's Diary, cont.

by Madi Delgado

The idea for the "A Soldier for the Crown" diary entry was that it would be the main character looking to her new future that she had worked so hard to get to. I had wanted it to sound hopeful and determined, but also like someone trying to figure out their own thoughts. So I wrote it so that we could see Dorothy/Alexander's process of thinking of jobs she would be able to do as a woman in the time, since at the end of the story it had her thinking of going by Dorothy again sometime and growing out her hair. I thought of jobs that she might have had experience in that would have been acceptable at the time for a woman to have, and I added them to a mental list to add into the thought process, and then narrowed it down from there. Anything that might remind her of her brother and cousin I had her decide against because that could be seen as her going back into how she had lived before, and I wanted her character to grow even more and not just revert back to how she was earlier in the story, even if it had been years and she's in a different place. I used the same reasoning to rule out some other jobs,, thinking that it would be too similar to how she started the story to end it like that. So, I decided to have her become a seamstress. She would have had enough practice sewing and mending clothes for herself, cousin and brother, and she could see it as a tool she had used to gain her freedom that she used to maintain it as well, while also having goals of going even further and not just surviving but living a nice life. I had decided to add a family that would help her get her start in Nova Scotia by giving her a room to live and work in so that the reader wouldn't have to worry about her finding a place in the city, or any uncertainty in her entry so that she would sound sure of herself and have that determined, almost "I want it to be, so it will" tone at the end. In the beginning, she had said that she was good at betting, and now she is changing the odds for herself.

We are a few days out of Nova Scotia, and I am thinking of what job I would get there. I already have my lodging arranged, another on the ship who has family already settled and well off in the city, now I just have to figure out what job I would like to have. I could be a nurse, goodness knows I have dealt with enough sick and dying people to do that job effectively, but how many times would I see my brother and cousin in the patients? I could be a cook, having worked in the kitchens at my old master's house in my childhood, but would I feel like I am trapped again with no freedom? Maybe I could be a seamstress, sewing clothes for people. I've enough practice to do that job well, having altered and patched clothes for as long as I can remember. Maybe one day I'll even make myself some of those pretty dresses that I see very few other black women wearing, the ones with the pretty skirts made from expensive fabrics, ones that aren't patched from seam to seam. I think that would be nice, yes. That will be my job. I will live with the Smiths, and I will be a seamstress.

Dorothy's Diary, cont.

by Angel Money

Dear Diary,

It's 10 years later and like I said before "you are fighting for no one but yourself" still lives on to be true. I am a freed slave but the shackles of society still reside over me and other black loyalists. They still look at me as their lesser and if given the chance would probably do great harm to me. It is now 1793 and I have a home in Nova Scotia (a providence inside of Canada). Even though I still feel the hatred from society I also feel the overwhelming love from my community of other black loyalists. I have a job and although they do not pay me what other men may make, I've never been paid before and it gives me a sense of liberty. I still shave my head and have learned to live as a freed black man. Dorothy will always be who I am at heart but until society overcomes their profound hatred for the black community I don't think Dorothy will make any appearances. Overall I am extremely grateful for the people who made the sacrifices they did to give me the gift of freedom. While I am also so proud of the mental battles I've had to overcome to be known as a freed slave.

