

DIMAN Literary Magazine Volume 1: 2023-2024



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-Untitled

-By Paige Diogo



-Photo submitted anonymously

As leaves fall from the trees,
another year is soon to be gone and passed.
Colorful pieces of red, orange, and yellow
that cover the ground
will soon be drowned
by the whites of snow
that go to show
the year has ended
and a new year is set to be transcended,
a reminder of the changes and exchanges
that have occurred all the years before us and after us.

Picked From The Pumpkin Patch

-By Zoey Nadeau



-Artwork submitted anonymously by a Diman student

I remember it so clearly
From the start to the end
The flowers and fruit and soil
And the vine that was tethered to my life.
Forever the reminder of before.

They raised me large,
They raised me bold,
I was nourished,
I was alive,
They cut my vine.

I could feel the hands
That carried me away.
The hands that stripped me from life
They brought me to their soils
Where my corpse was laid

Among others like I.

We were raised
And then betrayed.
They raised me for profit
To sell to the children,
To sell to the towns.
I laid there in pain
My body was cold,
I remember this time
As it was the last
That I truly felt alive.

A new family came
And stole me once more.
The children sang songs
In which the people adore,
The light was fading.

The people brought me
To a place they called home.
Stowed my body on the table
With plans on reshaping.
A knife laying beside me.

First it was my head
Carved open to see,
And then my guts
Were stolen from me.
The light turned to smoke.

The piercing of my flesh
Brought joy to their eyes.
They carved pictures into me
Designs I now despise.
A candle was lit.

A new light for me
They lit inside
A candle to replace
What they stole from me
To let their designs shine.
If only I could cry.

My body was fragile,
My corpse was rotting,
They took me out in the street
And laid me on the concrete
For the world to see
What they've done to me.

As the nights passed on
The candle was re-lit.
The giggles and taunts
Directed at me
I could not hear them,
Even if I tried.

One night was worse
As the children ran around
Pointing at me
Laughing
Taunting
And ignoring
The reality of people's cruelty.

I could feel it at least
The peace and quiet.
The candle no longer relit.
My body fading.
The frost creeping in.

Before long I knew it
The time had come.
The frost biting into me
Feelings I couldn't feel
And the numbness of what I've become.

My body was large
My body was bold
I was brought into this world
To be perfect and sold
The reasons remain unknown.

At last I was free
As my body had melted.
I was rotten and brown,
And covered in snow.

The peace overtook the lingering pain.

For my story is common
It comes around each year.
Dozens and dozens like me
Always appear.
As I am the pumpkin
You carve.

Fall Poem

-By Sophie Chekares

-Art artificially generated



Happy feelings in my head
The whole room smells like pumpkin bread
Candles lit across the hall
On how I love the season of fall

The evening sun shines through my hair
The smell of leaves in the air
Creatures running through trees
I listen to the soft fall breeze
Hanging out with all my friends
I hope this feeling never ends



You Don't Know Me

-Poem submitted anonymously. Art artificially generated

You don't know me but I'm everywhere
You don't see me but I'm in the air
You can't feel me when I touch your hand
So I sit in the trees with a longing stare
I watch closely at the town below,
Wishing I could only grow
I gave my all.
I lost the fight,
With so much power but no might.

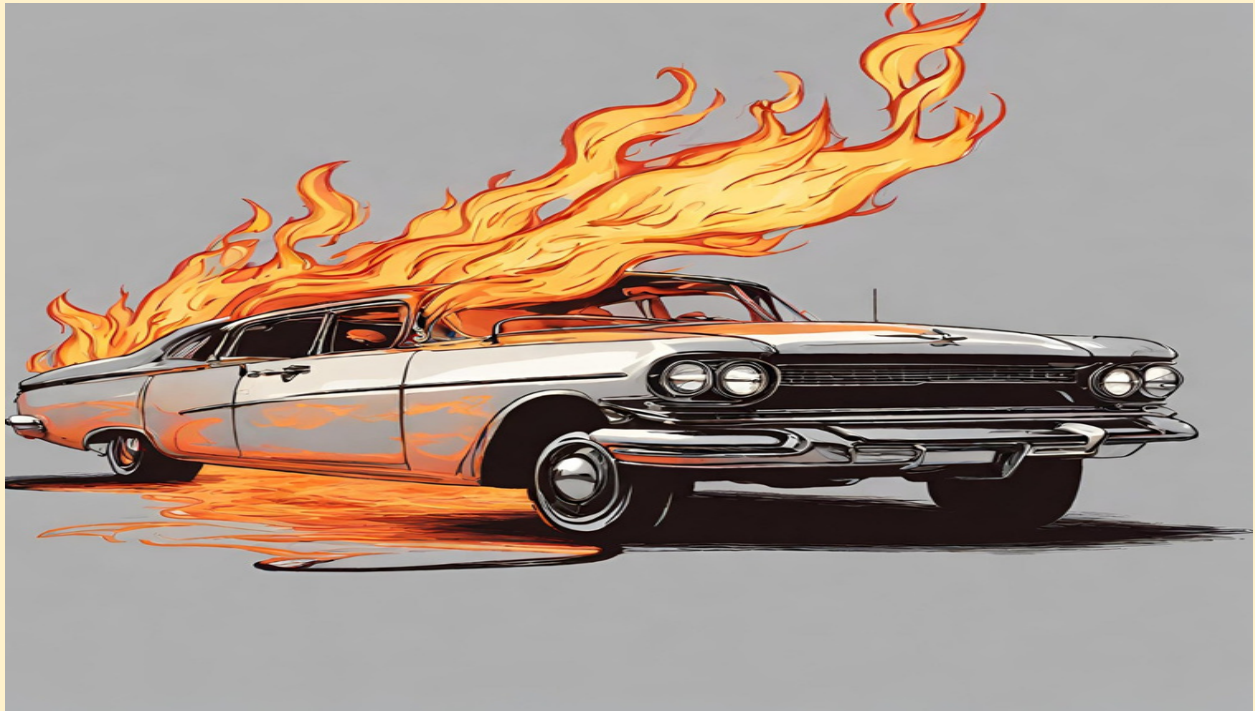
I'm now in the wind
It holds me upright
Those branches are my bones,
These leaves give me life
I try to stand
I fall back down
To the forgiving earth
And the soft laid grown
Where I lay and where I cry

In these roots I seek wisdom
But all I get is a sunburned sky

Untitled rap

By Noah "Flaim" Davis

Art artificially generated



I don't need auto tune

The only tune I need it to shoot fire with my fuel

Got my exhaust popping and screaming

And if you think I got cats, you're dreaming

And when I open my throttle body, I stop breathing but I ain't
choking Because like I mentioned

The smell without my cats is potent

You know that I got the chop like I got cams

I go off on a tangent

But my carb is starving

Pull up in a mercury, I ain't a Martian

Low on air, you don't even get the high flow cats

I run it raw, the only stats

I care abat

Is off the dyno, strip and track

I'm the opposite of sensitive

It takes a lot of kick
For the clutch to bite
Despite
How light
The shifts
Is
I'll win
From a roll or a dig
I'll hit mach 4, in a mach 1, like I'm in a mig
I'm somewhat of a maverick
I do the impossible
I'm unstoppable
Cuz like Jesse, ion got no brakes
I lift off the gas for the manifold's sake
What's the point of having three pedals when you only need one
It's the reason why I'm number 1
Never lift, it's the dodge motto
That I follow
And you know I always stay strapped with the NOS bottle
Running on a mix RB and Nitrous
Like I'm rocking a skyline in fast and furious
Can't forget about the purge valves
I'm gunning for everyone, better watch out
I got more drive than y'all could ever imagine
More gears than you could ever fathom
Always need a new set of rubbers, I ain't talking about condom
When i say X gon give it to ya, I ain't talking Malcolm
And X marks the spot where I chop em
We gonna run it back, you know my cams stay choppin'
To everyone that doubted me
I give you the American version of a Chinese pinky
Not keeping this lowkey
Building my legacy
But not like Subaru, I'm a well oiled machine
Don't leak my coolant, I can't overheat
I cause too much tension
Won't just give you suspension
But how about detention

Peace In Fall

By Aydin Dibonaventura

-Art artificially generated



When I go outside, I take a deep breath of the air.
Finally a time of peace, this feeling is rare.
Just Me, Myself, and I, I could not want anymore.
It feels as if I never felt this way before.
I walk a distance, I spot a hill.
Within an instant I felt a thrill.
Passing the fallen leaves, brown, red, and gold.
The earth now below me, a gust of breeze to unfold.

I take a seat, I lie on the soil.
Only peace and the breeze, no need to toil.
The view is wide and the forest around.
The earth is an elder, the leaves are its gown.
Just Me, Myself, and I, I could not want anymore.
It feels as if I never felt this way before.
I couldn't imagine a single problem in my mind.
Days like these, should forever be enshrined.
Sooner or later winter will arrive.
The trees will wither, the leaves won't survive.
The hilltops will cover in a blanket of snow.
Now watching from the balcony, at the arctic below.
Right now I must enjoy the moment, I can't let those thoughts fester.
Fall's beauty must stay, winter's lifespan will pester.
Just Me, Myself, and I, I could not want anymore.
It feels as if I never felt this way before.

Banished

-By Hannah King

Art submitted anonymously by a Diman student

As I wandered through the library, silence filled the air and the stench of defeat washed over me. Gazing out the window seeing a dark storm brewing just around the little town of Mount Airy. If you asked any of my friends about the books I would typically read they would say 'Ameila would read a book with an epic love story.' However my English teacher Mrs. Brentford insisted I try a different genre and of course I picked a horror book. As I entered the horror aisle I felt a dark presence that washed over me. One book in particular stuck out to



me; it was a faded venetian red book with a worn-out spine. As I pulled it out from the shelf, I could see that the top of each page was covered with gold foil and the pages were a shade of light brown. At least my teacher would be happy that I am exploring a different genre.

As I went to check the book out, the librarian said, "Let me guess another Romance book!" I replied, "No, it's actually horror. My teacher insisted I read a different genre." Handing the book I found to the librarian, his face had revealed a confused expression. He said, "This book isn't in our catalog, so if you want the book just take it." I inquired back, "That's so weird, wonder how it got there? But I will take it just to get Mrs. Brentford off my back." Walking home from the library I could see the leaves moving from the incoming wind and it started to rain, just my luck.

By the time I arrived at home it was fully pouring and I saw a flash of lightning out of the corner of my eye. I climbed the stairs and was headed to my room but my mother interrupted me. Ameila is that you? What were you doing outside sweetie? It was pouring and you're gonna catch a cold." I responded, "Mom, it's fine I just needed to pick up a book for english." She smiled at me and said "Just be careful, they don't know much about this storm and it just came out of nowhere." I replied, "Don't worry I will be home for the rest of the night." I left my mom and darted towards my room, shutting the door behind me. My room was a place I could always relax but today it seemed frigid and plagued. I decided to start reading the horror book I got from the library. If this whole book is diary entries then I'll be stuck in my room forever.

Dear Diary,

Today is September 10th, 2014, and I am in San Francisco, CA. It started off as a normal bright sunny day in the great city of San Francisco. Like any Sunday morning I walked to my local flea market after getting a coffee from my favorite cafe. I stumbled upon this shady vendor who had claimed he had the best books here. At this point you would think I would turn back, but I felt this dark presence around me and it was guiding towards the vendor. He told me he had found an original book hand written by a famous author but he wouldn't tell me who. He said he would sell it to me for \$5 just to get it off his hands. It was as though the book was calling out to me. After buying the book, I decided to head home because it had started raining out of nowhere. I swear the weather forecast said bright and sunny not gloomy and rain. As I started to read the book it was as if I was having visions because it felt like I was in the stories I was reading. Then strange things started to happen; I found my phone in a puddle of blood at the end hallway; I made cupcakes and left them on the counter when I woke up they were all on my ceiling spelling out "help me". As I read more into the book I realized it was a recollection of the day people died. Just like me these people had the same exact abnormalities except the very last entry. Although the story is not written on the pages it will be written in your mind. I don't recall what happened after that all I know is I had died.

Goodbye forever diary,

Alejandro Dealmedia

I searched on my phone the name Alejandro Dealmedia and it turns out 9 years ago he was brutally murdered and the case is unsolved till this day. It says he was found stuck in his wall and died from starvation. Police reports state they had his best friend as a suspect because they had gotten into a big argument before he passed. I continued reading the book and each person in there was actually real and all had unsolved murders. If this book was a recollection of someone's past murders, how did they get the victim to write their story? Why can't they remember their death? Why do they always mention reading the book before? Why did the killer trap his victims in a wall to die? Remembering Alejandro's words, maybe the last entry would answer my questions. On the page there were no words written but in my mind I could see a story as clear as water.

Dear whoever,

It was October, 1849, Baltimore, MD. Just over the horizon all you could see was a heavy fog that covered the land. Checking in at a tavern in Baltimore that was the perfect place of inspiration for my new story. This story was my heart and soul. I had spent weeks in Baltimore working on it. This story is gonna be one that people will never forget. The more I wrote the story the faster my mind was caving in on me. It felt as though I had no longer been me but I was just the story. It was as though I was intoxicated by my story but books don't become real life and my mind was just playing tricks on me. I looked in the mirror and was disgusted to see such a foul image. It was a man whose eyes were as cold and icy as a demon, his hair was unkempt, and his face had splotches of dirt all over. This couldn't be me! I would never believe it but how could a mirror lie. People in Baltimore had spread rumors about me that the devil was in my work and in my heart. I would black out and wake up with blood on my clothes not remembering what had happened. On October 3rd, I spoke to a friend and requested he help me. He admitted me to the Washington Medical Center where they treated me for intoxication. On October 7th, I had been feeling a bit better and had the strength to get out of bed. Walking outside to work on my book I had heard in the wind meet me at the Hoffman Mansion. Taking a horse from the tavern I decided to check out the Hoffman Mansion. Getting off the horse, I started walking towards the shiny black gates as they ominously opened like they were expecting my arrival. Turning onto the dirt path leading to a mansion with large windows set in beige walls and black

tiles on the roof. Gargoyles guarding the entrance, bushes and flowers lining the dirt road, and stones leading from the end of the dirt road to the doorway. Going to knock on the door it spontaneously opened revealing a group of women all dressed in black. After that all I remember is waking up to hear an incantation and then blackness was all around me.

Sincerely,

Frederick Gilbert

Searching up the name Frederick Gilbert online nothing popped up. Although he did mention the Hoffman Mansion. Looking it up I found that it was on the edge of Mount Airy on the side of the forest. Going against my mother's wishes and taking my bike to Hoffman Mansion. Trying not to crash my bike in the pouring rain. As I arrived it was just like Fredrick described however there were vines wrapped around the gate and moss growing on the Mansion. The left side of the Mansion had a huge hole in the roof and I saw crows and ravens flying out of it. The Mansion had been condemned by the city years ago. I remember my grandfather telling me how dangerous the Hoffman Mansion is. As I arrived on the doorstep my heart was beating out of my chest and all I could hear was the pounding of my pulse. As I searched through the house, leaving the attic for last as it was at the top. The attic was normal except for a humongous crack in the drywall. As I broke it down it revealed a skeleton trapped inside of the wall. The skeleton was dressed in clothes that were from the 1800's. By confirming my suspicions above, the skeleton read the name Fredrick Gilbert. Something strange caught my eye as I was leaving. There was a handle that didn't lead to a door, it was just on the wall in the attic. Pulling the handle revealed a grimoire filled with incantations that read in latin. Bookmarked was a spell for banishing someone's soul into an object. Pinning everything together the Hoffman family must

have been witches and they must have figured out that Fredrick had gone mad and was killing people. If Fredrick died by getting put into a wall like the killer's victims' stories are in the book and whoever reads the book dies. Then it must be the ghost of Fredrick that is the killer. Fortunately I left the book at home. Wait, my mom was at home!

Biking as fast as I could to get home and just hopefully my mother did not pick up the book. Arriving at home the power must have gone out from the storm because it was pitch black. Running up the stairs and pushing my door open I found the book but it was moved from my desk to my floor. Calling out for my mom “ MOM! MOM! ARE YOU THERE!”. She wouldn’t have gone out during the storm, not when it was this bad. I turned the corner and went down the hall to check, not there. As I went to get the book the lights started flashing, one moment I saw the ghost of Frederick and the next he was gone. Getting the book back I opened it to the first page and saw a new diary entry. At the end of it the name read Fiona Walker, my mother. I decided this needed to be the last name in his book. By doing a seance or googling how to do one online, I talked to Fredrick’s ghost and helped him make peace so he wouldn’t be a vengeful spirit anymore. As I said goodbye to him, he pulled me with him and that is about the day I died.

Sincerely,

Amelia Walker

News Report: Supposed book The killing of Fredrick Gilbert is becoming the top tenth book in the US. Reports are admitted though that people feel a dark presence around them when reading the book. Some people have even reported having visions and hallucinations of this face.