



# Universal Scribbles 2020

A Gwinnett County Public Library Literary Magazine



GWINNETT COUNTY  
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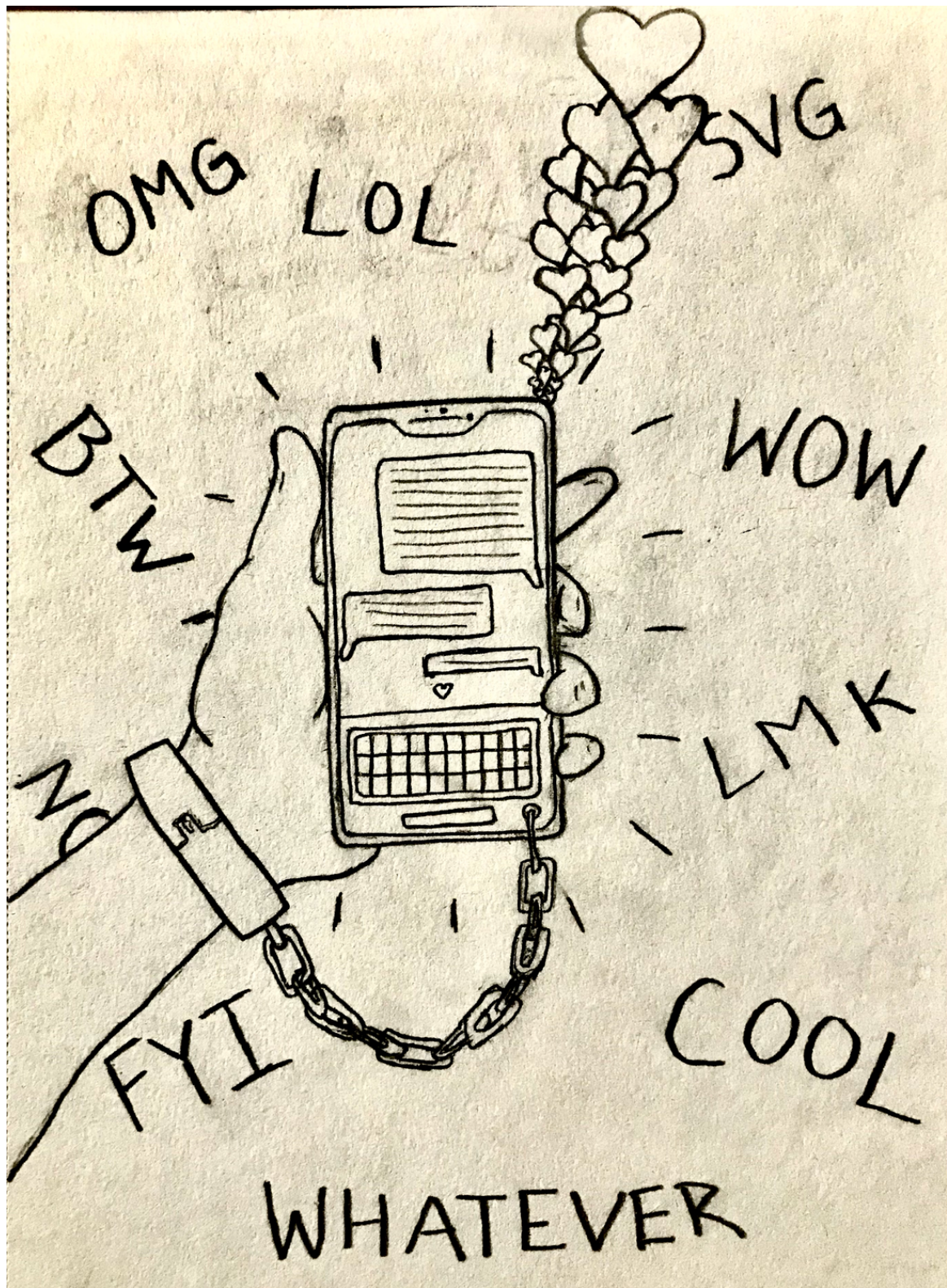
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A MIRROR'S STORY  
BY RACHEL CHAKK

# ARTWORK

BY MICHAEL ARRIAGA



# PANDEMIC

BY NADIA CLEVELAND

It's as if I've been in this pandemic forever, but it still feels so far away.

I don't want to believe it's been almost a year since this outbreak hit us.

It's now that the thing that shields me from expressing my feelings, that keeps me from smiling, has become a common piece of clothing.

The great country of the world is slowly dying.

The number 19 no longer amuses me.

I no longer think that the thing that shields my smiles is a new fashion outlet.

I no longer think depression is rare.

I no longer think I can share a drink on a date.

I no longer believe the movie theaters will be a common hangout.

I believe that I am getting slower, slowly.

I AM TIRED.

I am exhausted from this feeling.

I want to fall asleep in my bed.

But I am scared if I close my eyes.

I might not see the morning light.

I might not feel the breeze.

I might not hear the calling of the birds.

I will not enjoy life again.

# TURQUOISE PARADISE

BY RACHEL CHAKK



# 2020

BY EDEN THOMAS

2020 has been a very unusual year for me. On January 26th, 2020, this was the day that it all began. As I watched the News in horror with my parents, I saw that NBA Star, Kobe Bryant, and his daughter had died in a helicopter crash. But then what I didn't know....was that this was just the beginning.

A few weeks later, a virus called Covid-19 had broken out world wide. At first, I had thought it was something little. But then more and more cases started to be recorded. People started dying from it, and then that's when it started to get serious. They had closed down my school and I missed my friends so much. I never knew that I would not be able to see them again in 1 whole year except on video calls and on Zoom Meetings. I was scared. If a virus can shut down school, then what else could it do? Would this last forever? Would I ever get to see my friends again?



It was not just a pandemic. It was a shut down. It was not just where I lived, it was everywhere. I had to do digital learning for the rest of my 5th grade school year. I remember crying myself to sleep once because I did not get to do the "5th Grade Walk" or have the End of The Year Party. Sooner or later, it was already time for me to start 6th grade...digitally..but only for the first 2 weeks. After the 2 weeks were over, my parents got a choice if they wanted me to go in person or stay online. They chose in person. The first day I went to school it was just different.

There were not many students who were there at school. About 10 in each class to be exact. I just felt like I never was going to know when this would change. My teachers said, "This is the New Normal." It couldn't be. I just know that things could get better...but then at the same time, what if it wouldn't?

I remember the day like it was yesterday, I was eating lunch with one of my friends outside at school. Suddenly, the teacher said I was being checked out. At the time, I did not think anything of it. But I didn't know what was ahead of me. When I got to the front office, my dad said that he would tell me what happened once we got into the car.

The news was striking. It was that my mom had tested positive for covid. I was scared, worried, and frightened. What if....she didn't make it? What would I do without a mom? Because of her testing positive for Covid-19 I had to quarantine and not go to school for 2 weeks!!!

In the end, luckily, my mom had overcome covid-19 and I felt much better about the situation. But, there have been and will be many more things that happen that will possibly impact our lives forever. But the year that I will **never** forget, is the year, 2020.





# THIS WREN OF BARREN BOUGHS BY ELIZABETH CRABTREE

I saw the news a year ago  
They said we'll go to war.  
I cried for friends just old enough  
To rot on foreign shore.

I hid myself away from wrath,  
From wicked monsters under my bed--  
But with every raspy, broken breath  
I found they lived inside my head.

They whispered "we're okay now,"  
But then I checked again.  
"We're safe, we'll be ready if--"  
But it was always "when".

I waved hello and said "so long"  
They said "wait just two weeks".  
But I saw the news again--  
We'd yet to reach the peaks.

When vertigo and burning chests  
Set bones alight with water?  
When dreams of doves and "hello, again"s  
Are chained by a phasing rotter?

But oh-- what now, that the cold  
Has sunk into your bones,  
Rattles your last threads and scream,  
"Who should cast a stone?"

They answer back with fire--  
To burn your Winter hope--  
And hand you your last words  
On a rusted, scarlet rope.

"Would you check the news today?  
Or sit this history out?"  
If I had the strength to read.  
If I could cure this drought.

Now see, Wren of barren boughs,  
How we've all flown away.  
Oh, Icarus of cloudy skies,  
You've lost the light of day.

Dream? What more?  
Of news to fill your ear?  
What more to know, what more to see  
To counter that which you hear?

Great country fell from its hill  
Ice falls beyond embered forests.  
Plead, "how", cast eyes to binds and  
Stagnant waves of grains once cherished.

I saw the news a year ago  
today, in vicious January.  
What of a New Year's wish  
Fallen, broken, we now bury?

I saw the news this year.  
They said "you made it."  
I barely made my bed.  
I've already quit.



# ARTWORK

BY CLARISSA REIZENSON



# THIS IS ME

BY KRISHA PATEL

I get pushed around by others who say they are better than me.

They don't care how I feel, they just think of me like a stone in a river.

They see me as someone not worth talking to just because of who I am.

I get scarred by who I am but I am willing to fight.

I know what I think is true and no one can change that.

I hear a forest burning, what one once full of hope now full of darkness

Knowing the struggle for survival for those who were caught in the fire.

But with caring hands helped lifted out.

I see the people in the hospital desperate for hope but are strong and can hold on.

I know the flooding of the Brahmaputra River that leaves millions homeless in India.

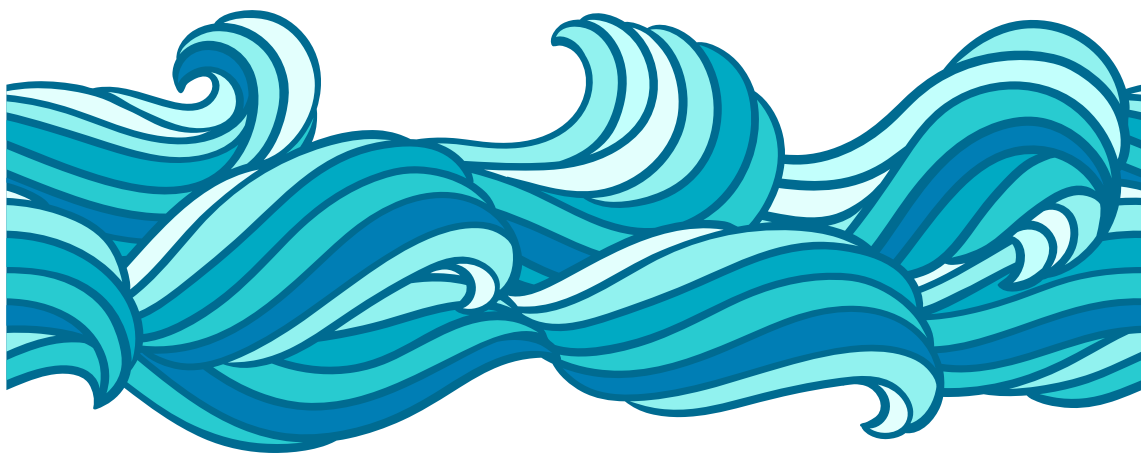
I hear that “Murder hornets” were released in the United States stinging for vengeance.

I hear about a famous player killed in a helicopter crash who left the world shaking.

I find once a promising year turned into something devious and full of hatred.

I also see a new light guiding us to a bigger story and a new start.

I see people work together that create a new hope one full of light and peace.



# A MIRROR'S STORY

BY RACHEL CHAKK





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