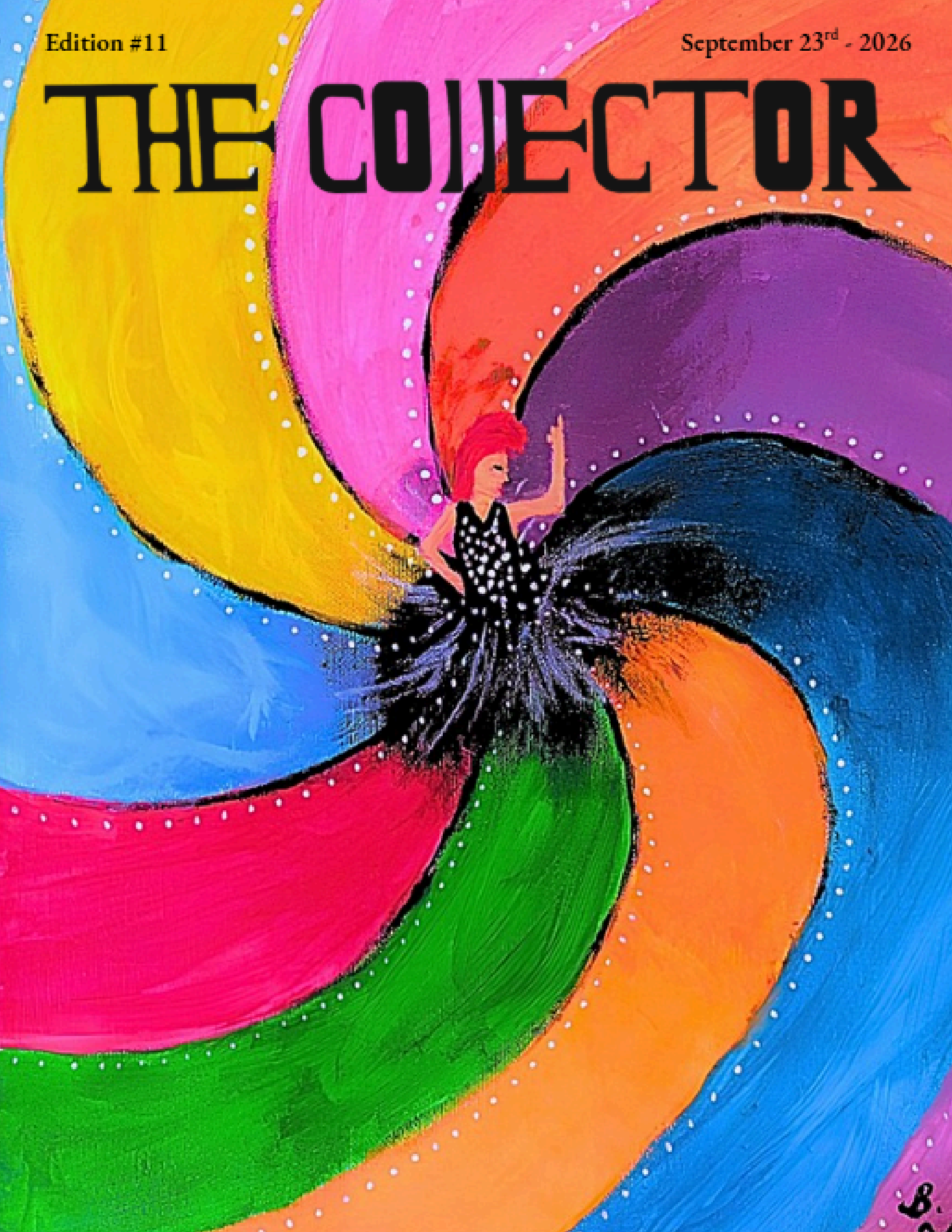


Edition #11

September 23rd - 2026

THE COLLECTOR





THE COLLECTOR



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Like my anxiety. The Collector Magazine returns from its 3 month hiatus during the summer months, the printing season has begun.

Although The Collector Magazine is still in relative infancy, it has gained a significant amount of benefits; such as a website (collectork-c.com), a new and refined logo, and a printing schedule (which is linked on the website).

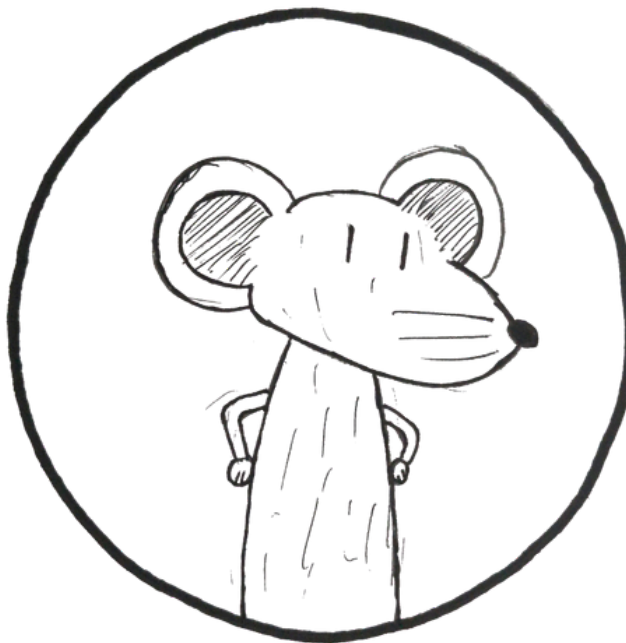
The website contains not only every edition published by The Collector, but a poem changed every month, 3 cartoons changed every month, small profiles on our staff writers here (with their roles in this publication), but the website also holds a page where someone like you can go and request something to be published in these strange pages. I highly suggest you go check it out! Many headaches were experienced during its creation so your visit would remedy such things.

On the website is a schedule for when we shall publish our 10 editions. Our first edition of the 2026-2027 printing season; the 11th, is in your hands right now. If this edition satisfies your taste, then wait til' 28th of October for the next one.

One of the many problems The Collector faces is too much poetry. Although it is a strange problem, it is something we truly face. So in order to satisfy our writers and their urge to be wannabe English teachers, we have assigned the 14th edition to be our poetry edition. No fiction, no essays, no news, just strictly poems and then cartoons at the end. That edition will come out on the 16th of December - 2026. Like last year, the end of this printing season will herald the "Ye-

The Collector Is Back

Written by: Brooks W.



The new official logo (Marlon the mouse) of The Collector Magazine. Done by Brooks. W

ar in review" edition. It will hold brief excerpts from me and 1 article from each of the 9 editions published during this printing season. To allow the reader (like you) to review the progress we have made during the year.

To stress again, we would love to see your art turned into a cover, poetry included, fiction included, cartoons annoyingly put in, and essays/journalism showing the truth of our collective world to be brought to an audience. If you have a thought, that should be shared with the world, then go to our website and please submit to us. The Collector will work with you to fact-check, proofread, and make your piece - no matter what medium it is - to be the best it can be. It seems that my boring words have run out, I have nothing more to say of The Collector Magazine's return from its slumber. But that would b-

e a lie. I do have something to say, The Collector (beginning in October of 2025 - then printing in September of the same year), had a rough history. It changed its name for its 7th edition, as well as gaining and losing things our original issue contained. But the Collector Magazine shall continue for at least these 18 pages. It is a strange movement that while people have come and gone from its staff, it shall remain (again, for at least as long as the imaginary budget doesn't get cut). We shall publish what we believe, what we hold to be true, and we expect you to hold this magazine to that sentiment. Should we fall behind in quality, speak your mind. If we miss a spelling error, yell at me (Brooks). However I would refrain from yelli- (The editor has been "taken care of" and is now missing. Don't go looking for him, or else). ■



Artificial Environment

Written by: Brooks W. and Joey D.

The Effects That A.I Can Have On An Environment

Photo taken by Brooks W.

During my 8th grade year of schooling I began to notice, (particularly in my English class) that the use of A.I was becoming more and more prevalent. The teachers would occasionally monologue about how if one were to use it on a test, they'd know, or if a student were found to be using it, their phone would be taken away. This was around the time that the 2024 election was taking place. Amongst the many issues being discussed like immigration, Epstein, and the war in Ukraine - A.I was an issue many people were struggling with. At the time, apps like *SORA A.I* and *Chatgpt* were releasing the features enabling users to generate their own images and videos (of varying quality and intent).

But the election changed everything for major companies pushing these A.I products. Donald Trump presented himself as an ally to these co-

mpanies. Just recently it was announced that \$5 Billion dollars were going to be sent to A.I companies for "A.I for science" in relation to medical reasons. The U.S Military approached *Claude* - another A.I company - about using it. *Claude* refused to accept a contract with the military if their products were to be used in mass surveillance, or fully autonomous weapons use. When *Anthropic* (*Claude's* parent company) stated these ethical terms - Open A.I's *Chatgpt* took the chance for a contract and took it. A.I has also been reportedly used in the war against Iran.

None of this would be possible without the use of data centers. According to the U.N.U, A.I uses about %20 of all data centers in the world. Which is projected to increase to %40 by 2030, should A.I's growth continue at its current rate. But data centers can be used for all sorts of things. O-

nly in the past few years has the term been so profusely used. Mainly because the amount of energy, land, and water they use. With the increasing amount of data centers being built to house the growing amount of data needed to maintain the demand of these A.I models. In 2025 over 264 billion gallons of water were used by data centers. 5 million gallons a day is the amount 1 data center uses to cool the massive systems in them.

The role that A.I is playing in our society is ever changing and becoming more and more commonplace. It also brings about several challenges for educators all across the world. While technology certainly has revolutionised teaching in many different ways, A.I has ballooned the worry and use of it to write entire essays for students. Videos of teachers hiding prompts in white text to trick A.I into things like saying the word "banana"

15 times in the essay. Thus if a student uses A.I to write their essay, the word banana will appear 15 times - indicating its use.

Undoubtedly the world of journalism will face an unknown future with the advent of this new technology. Even writing in general is already facing attack, or a change depending on your view. With the digital revolution, books, magazine's, and any sort of publication became instantly accessible to the average person. Because of this, an explosion of words fell upon the world. Thousands of new books were hitting publishers, but one thing they must contend with is the use of A.I in these submissions. To see people pointing out clues of inhuman writing raises an interesting point. We all have seen A.I become something of major discussions so quickly that it's interesting to see the way people have divided themselves over the issue.

In a poll we did, gauging where people stood on their support for A.I, we found that most people somewhat or fully opposed A.I - however this can be misleading. Along with the p-

oll we asked various questions of our interviewees. Many said that it was almost impossible for them to not use A.I in this modern day. "... it's practically everywhere. If I'm not seeing [A.I] itself, then I'm seeing someone talk about it. It used to be mostly contained to the internet but now it even shows up in real life." A general feeling of contempt and disdain for the new technology is fairly prevalent, only 2 people on the poll said they somewhat approved of A.I. However, a majority said that they had used A.I both willing and unwilling. When people faced harsh problems, they'd often turn to A.I as a source of support.

While A.I has been under attack not only from the American public but from all around the world, there are people who use A.I to their benefit. When asked, some people stated that they will sometimes use A.I in order to get ideas for their writing. Or they use A.I when it comes up on their *Google* searches. A.I has been used and trained to identify early breast cancer, before it would have been found in regular environments.



"Another capitalistic lie."

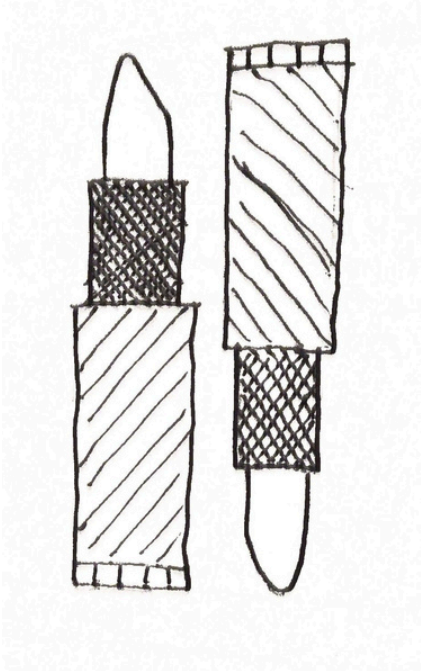
A.I certainly has its uses, but it also poses its challenges to the public, Like any technology that is introduced to the public so quickly. During the late 20th century, the discussion over computers held a similar air. When I asked someone who lived during those times, about their experiences and views they noted that people had a similar tension in welcoming this new tech. Y2K, feels similar to the idea of the "A.I bubble". A feeling that something major is going to happen if we should not regulate these massive companies running A.I. *Open Berlin* in their *Instagram* posts almost always centers on the idea that they are anti-A.I, almost never mentioning anything else. With the new generation (Gen Z and Gen Alpha lumped together) there has been significant pushback, but why? People who typed on typewriters often face a problem when they transfer over to digital typing. They often add double spaces after a sentence. ← Like this. Because most typewriters needed you to double space in order to add a period. It's a sign of different times. Younger generations who have grown up with the technology have gotten used to its nuance. But is it a pessimism against a new technology which can help people? Some people feel that way. Some people feel that this sentiment against A.I is grounded in reality (pun intended).

Whether it be data centers, teachers, tech companies, or the current administration taking large sums of money from these companies, the fight against and for A.I is ongoing. But every single time we looked up sources for this article something interesting happened. We couldn't escape the A.I overview, but can A.I overview what is happening now? ■

Lemon



Written by: Brooks W.

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How To Deal With A Neighbor

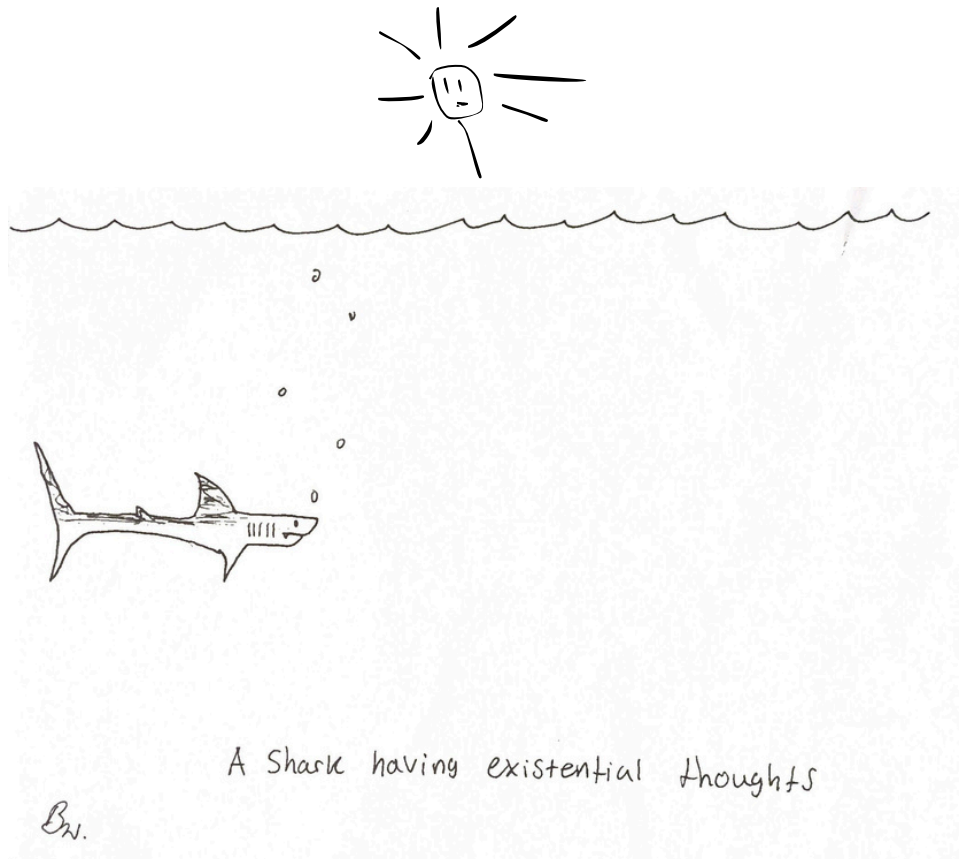
Written by: Brooks W.

Have you ever noticed the new neighbor moving in? If you haven't that's too bad and you should stop reading. If you have noticed a weird neighbor this list is just the one for you! You see this is for anyone who wants to "deal" with their neighbor, if you know what I mean. SO here's a list of all the things you can do to get rid of em'.

1. Explode
2. Teach them calculus, this may be confusing at first but that is really the point. Since neighbors are a strange species they don't have the brain power to add more than $2+2$ - so teaching them complex math will make their brains explode.
3. Call the F.B.I and tell them they oughta put secret microphones in his house (if they haven't already) so they can catch him in the act of being a U.S citizen (how dare he).
4. Aura farm like Agamemnon in *The Odyssey*, directed by Christopher Nolan.
5. I am the tin man that sleeps in the walls of Wyoming. Glub glub glub glub.
6. Convince the C.I.A that he's trying to invade Area-51 so they give him the hummus.
7. Explode.
8. Is it just me or is he moving a body shaped trash bag into the dumpster? How strange...

9. When he decides to eat his daily sandwich, slip a copy of the declaration of independence into it. So that way when Nicholas Cage comes to steal it he'll break down his door. The neighbor, being disturbed by that event will move out and sell it to people to gentrify the neighborhood.
10. Eat a balloon (I should note that NONE of the things on this list should be taken seriously!)
11. Explode³
12. If you can't name every single person who ate a hot dog sideways today then you'll be banned from North Korea.
13. Hire 100 Gorillas to invade his house so they can steal all his toilet paper.
14. Nuclear weapons.
15. Where are my legs?
16. No seriously where are they?
17. I don't know Bob, where are they?
18. No seriously, they're gone.
19. Actually?
20. I CAN'T FIND THEM.
21. I'm finding I have a crush on you.
22. WHERE ARE MY LEGS?!?!?!?
23. He like skittles, so if you slip a peanut butter M&M in to his skittles, he'll choke to death because he has a peanut allergy.
24. Explode.
25. Burn the house down, water is extremely flammable so use that.
26. Make him read *The Collector*, then he'll know the true meaning of boredom.
27. I hate this article. I wish I could delete it but my editor is making me write it.
28. But you are the editor?
29. Shut up peasant.
30. Instead of making him move out, move out yourself because in reality, you're the weird neighbor.

Thanks for reading this, I guess... X



Tommy, Harold, and #2 were walking down the road when they noticed a strange object in the road. T'was metallic, and somewhat large. "Glub glub glub," Said #2. "That's right #2," Harold said. Tommy walked up to the metallic object and picked it up. Almost immediately it exploded in Tommy's hand, and he was knocked unconscious.

"Oh nein!" Harold yelled. "What happened?" #2 asked. "I'm not sure, but I think Tommy has got to be taken to a doktor," Said Harold. "What?" "A DOKTUR," Harold said, as he picked a limp Tommy and began dragging him face down through the mud. #2 followed closely behind.

They arrived at the Emergency room to find the doctors trying to ask questions, this dismayed them because they thought that when you stepped into a hospital you magically got better. But that's not how that works so the doktors tried to grab Tommy from Harold's hands. When they tried to grab Tommy, #2 got angry (and mostly confused because he'd never been in a hothpital before) and bit one of the doktirs and then began screaming, "THIS IS A ROBERRY," (Yes he pronounced it Roe-berry).

The doctours were very confused, was he really trying to rob a hohspital? Yes he was, because he was not a normal person. Anyways, he pulls out a toothpick and begins threatening Harold with it. "What are you doing?" Harold asked. "I DON'T KNOW, I'M SCARED AND I WANT MY MOMMY!" #2 screamed, he was just as confused as the doacturs. By this point security was rushing towards the door. So Harold and #2 ran to the Wendy's down the road and ate a burger. By the time they finished the police were close to finding them. So

Helthcare Stewpidity

Written by: Brooks W.

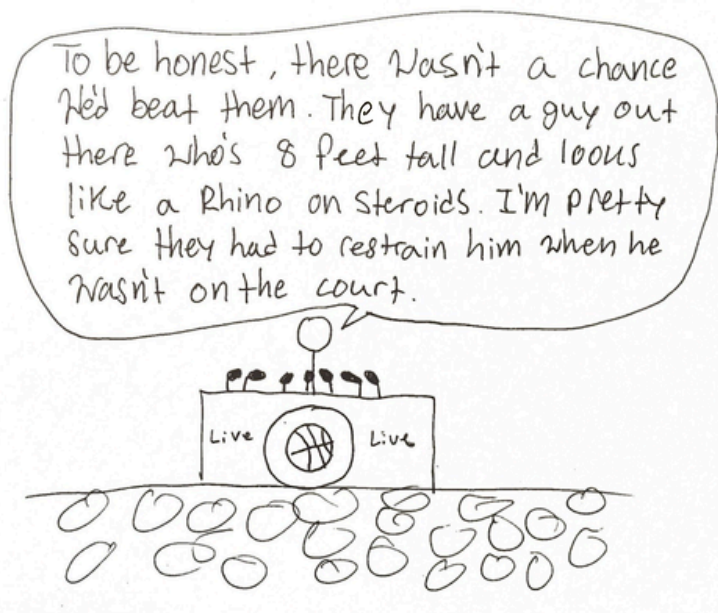


when they arrived, Harold and #2 began to panic (again). They raided the burger supply and began to cook them, perfectly actually. SO perfect that they were promoted to regional manager and received golden name tags. This was all in between the police getting donuts and arresting a chipmunk. So when the police finally arrived Harold and #2 had grown out of their mysterious ways, no longer being complete idiots, now they were almost complete idiots. Arriving at the Wendy's, the Police raided the now multi-story complex that was the Wendy's, finding that Harold and #2 had established a shrine for Tommy as they couldn't return to the hospital for obvious reasons. "Oh no!"

Harold yelled. The police were closing in, so #2 morphed into a tangerine and left Harold stranded.

After Harold found a plunger he and the police were engaged in a standoff. But Tommy was sent in as a negotiator, it turns out he was still alive and important to this article, and the healthcare system had charged him \$35,000 dollars (for using the bathroom), a kidney, and a promise to be an organ donor.

"Why are you doing this?" Tommy asked. "Waterlemon," Harold replied. "Relatable," Said Tommy. They both looked to their left and saw Tung Tung Sahur in doctor clothes. "I'll always be Tung tung tung sahere." He said. Tommy cried. ■





A Beginner's Guide To Fashion

Written by: Emily Y.



One of the first things people notice about you is what you're wearing. It can say a lot about you, in ways you might not even realize.

Everybody's different interests can show at a single glance. So it's time to lock in girl.

As much as I love you, I can't style you personally. But I can give some things a good Midwestern attempt and help you with some fundamentals.

One of the most important things to know is fabric types. All fabrics are different. They are like members of a friend group. We'll meet some common ones today.

Denim is our side quest friend. They are the ones always down to do something and try out something new. Denim is most commonly seen in blue jeans and Jean jackets. It has a large range of versatility.

Cotton is the mom of the friend group. Cotton is prepared for a lot and is the backbone of group hangouts. It can come in many forms but is seen in things like standard T-shirts. It is a light material that can be produced efficiently and be used for many clothing items and worn fo-

r many occasions.

Satin is the always overdressed friend. Satin definitely wears her Sunday finest to pick up weekly groceries. Satin is a cheaper and easier-to-produce version of silk, and is used frequently in formal dresses like ones for homecoming. It is made of plastic fibers. Those fibers are known as polyester, and it is a blend fiber. It will be blended with many of the other fabrics listed later.

Polyester is the friend who seems to know and get along with everyone. It's commonly found blended with other materials such as cotton and spandex. That makes some T-shirts more stretchy and some athletic clothes less.

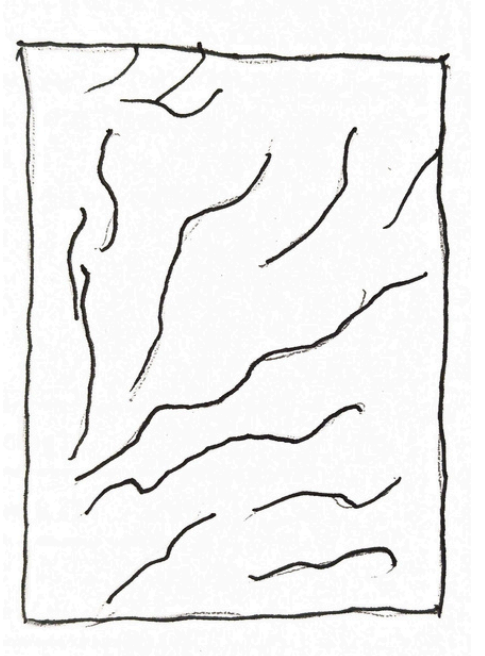
Spandex is the friend who's good at any sport. It is another type of fabric made from polyester that is known for being stretchy and light. This is used mainly in athletic clothes. If you play a sport there is a very high chance it is in almost every piece of your uniform.

Then there's silk - satin's even extra sister, who's even more formal. Silk is seen today in many luxury brands because it is hard to produce

therefore showing status. Silk is a product of silk worm cocoons. It takes thousands of cocoons to make one pound of silk. See what I mean she's very extra.

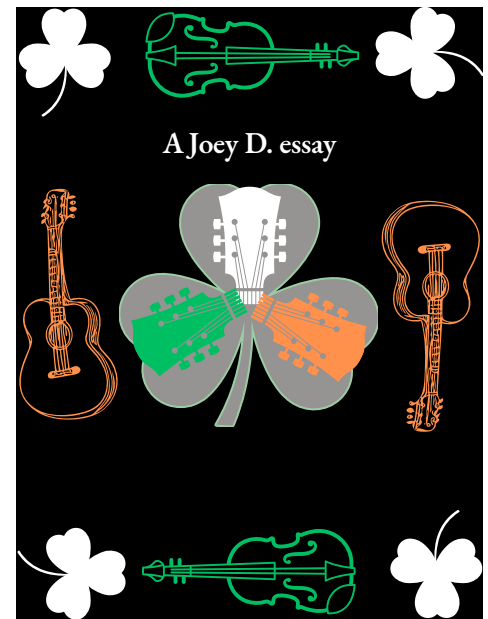
The fabric friend group is not limited to these five members. There are so many more out there, especially blends. These are just a few.

More fashion advice is to come, but for now go forth in the world with your knowledge on general fabrics. Maybe turn it into a game. Spot It fabric edition. ■



From Street To Pub: The Irish Music Scene

Written by: Joey. D



Describing the Irish music scene is as simple as understanding a singular phrase—“Live Music: Seven Days a Week.” Sure, experiencing the Emerald Isle itself is fascinating and fulfilling in a way that very little can be, but the music is what ties it all together in a pretty little bow. There, music brings all kinds of people together and drags an excited hush over the crowd. The air is electric, almost like the room is holding its breath until familiar chord progressions wash over and everyone sings with their full chest. Even the space between songs feels intentional and musical that the audience just wants to bask in it.

Before I dig in, a bit of background: I traveled with my extended family to Ireland with the purpose of better understanding where I came from. While there, I went out on three different days and saw no less than eight different acts perform, more acts than days I was actually in Ireland. Musicians in Ireland have a deep respect for where their musical talent comes from and breathe the Irish “trad” style—as it is known to both locals and tourists—into their performance in every beat. This doesn’t stop

at songs written by Irish artists, it extends to all styles, from Johnny Cash in the pubs to *Ave Maria* in the streets. Here’s an account of each act.

My first full day in Ireland, spent in Dublin, led us to a pub several blocks from our hotel that had people spilling out the door as they struggled to find a place to watch the fiddlers and some instrument that vaguely resembled a set of bagpipes but had air pumped into it the same way an accordion would. My family and I wove our way in, my cousin and I doing our best to get as close to the performers as we could. The fiddlers (each of them a violinist with a different background as the basis for their love of music) watched the other instrumentalist intently, picking up the notes and listening intently for the melodies and harmonies that filled the air. It was awe-inspiring to see musicians learning from each other just by listening and watching. This same night, as the next act came on, and the crowd fell into a hush at the beautiful vocals in Gailge (also known as the Irish language), this learning continued, the instrumentalists predicting what would happen next just by

following each other and putting together a beautiful accompaniment for the vocalist. The entire room was spellbound, silent except for the clinking of glasses behind the bar in a way that perfectly fit the existing tune. Everything in the room just seemed to amplify the beauty of the music, time stopping to let this moment ring out in its full glory. The haunting beauty of the melody echoed around the room, harnessed by the woman who stood before a crowd of strangers to let her music free. This theme of music being something innate to humans and something we simply feel called to share regardless of circumstances would be something I carried with me throughout the rest of the trip, reinforced each time a new act went on.

A few nights later, my family checked into our next hotel, this one in Donegal square and where my grandfather’s family had originally settled when they’d been driven from Scotland. Donegal was more alight with music than any of the other towns or cities we’d stayed in thus far, several venues just in the square spilling music into the streets. It was here th-

at I'd purchase a book full of Irish folk songs. And it was here that I'd see the majority of the musical acts I encountered on this trip.

The first act I experienced in Donegal might very well have been my favorite. I remember watching, giddy with anticipation, as an accordionist and two guitarists began to unload their gear and begin to play. These trad style musicians knew each other rather well already, the guitarists a father and daughter and the accordionist seeming to be a close family friend, which only amplified this essence of learning and listening to each other that seemed to be the defining factor in Irish music of any sort. Each musician took turns singing the melody and backing harmonies for each other, finding places to adlib that felt more natural than any muscle memory possibly could. The thing I took away most from this act was how much music is in the blood of each and everyone of us. I'd never heard any of the songs in this act before, and yet I felt pulled deep from within to join as if I'd known them all my life.

This next musician is where I began to note the presence of American artists in Irish music. This act was one that I felt more than saw as there wasn't any space to actually see the musician. Unlike the acts I'd seen before this, I heard songs I recognized and knew well in this performance. I was struck with the worldliness of music, any artist from anywhere can be appreciated by anyone, despite our understanding or lack thereof language and influence. As this performer began the first few bars to a song that I would later see performed by its original artist, Noah Ka-

han, in St. Louis, I began to understand the importance of stylistic choice and the impact our influences make. I would've never predicted hearing "Stick Season" accompanied with the Irish trad style, but now I can't hear it any other way and am always brought back to Ireland when that melody rings out.

The next act had a very similar effect, playing songs by American artists in a way that felt so uniquely

new and wonderful. For the first time, I was experiencing songs I knew already all over again. Music has that effect, it makes you see the world in a new way even if I thought I already knew something. Great media has that power, and the simple influence of Irish trad style took songs I knew and presented them in a way that brought me a new experience.

This performer did much to honour her roots, performing her so-

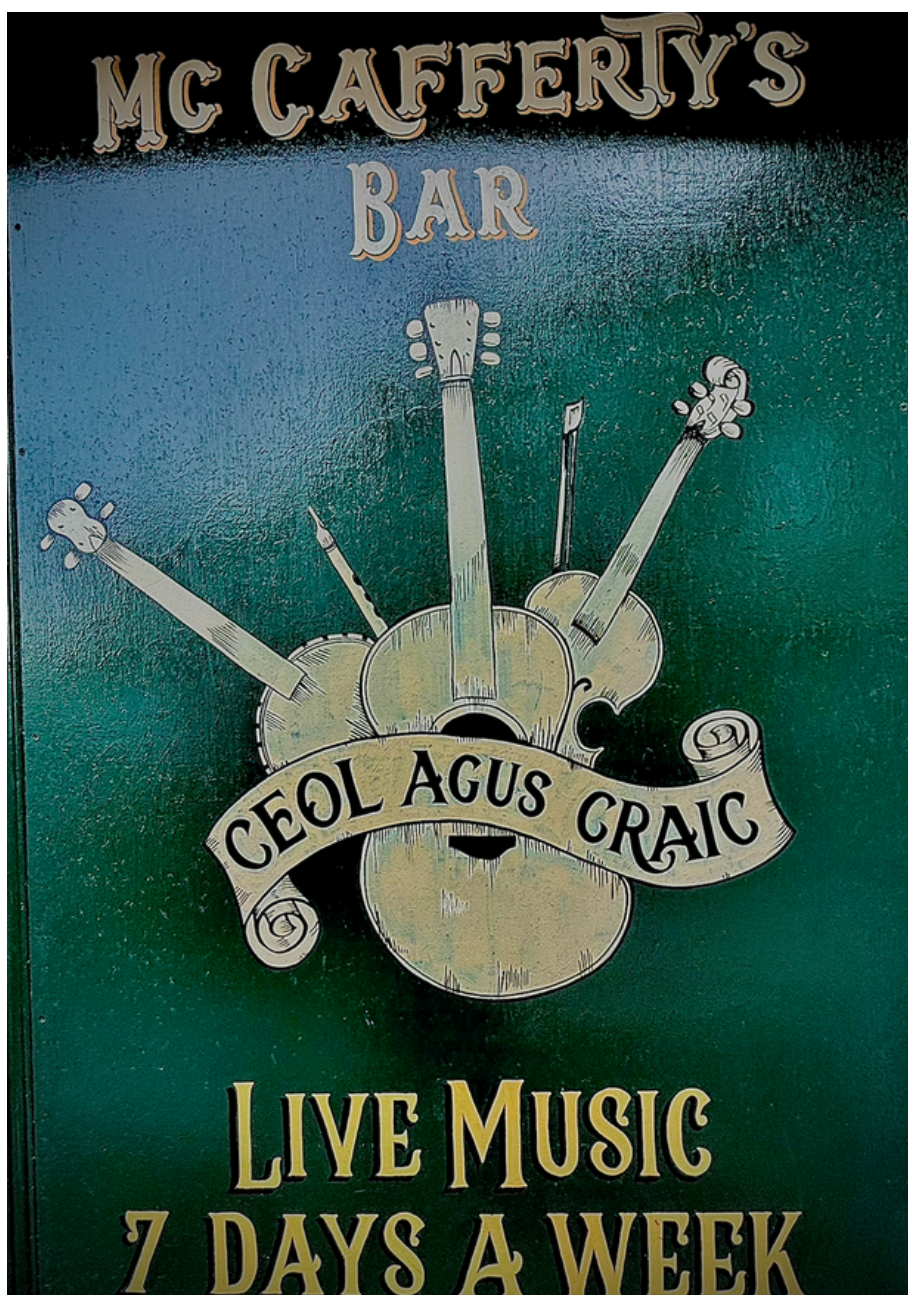


Photo taken by: Joey D.

ngs of American and Irish origin. This was the first solo act of the trip, but she didn't need any additional accompaniment as her own musical capabilities were more than enough to satisfy the audience. This musician was unique in the rich tone of her voice and the way she was able to wield it differently depending on the song. Her set was likely the most diverse as well, her voice a representation of her heritage but not something that was limiting to her as her set list ranged from lilting Irish folk song to a rich Johnny Cash cover, successfully drawing the entire pub in as we roared along to the lyrics.

The last group I saw perform in a pub was a guitarist and vocalist accompanied by an accordionist. Unlike the other musicians, this set of performers opened their set with a song by an American songwriter, "G-

always Girl" by Steve Earle. Despite its lyrics and the stylistic choices that would have anyone believe it was an Irish folk tune, "Galway Girl" is definitively American. This lends itself to the idea that music is a unifier across cultures and is able to accomplish things that others cannot because of this factor of unity. This is an idea that we should encourage, as unity is supremely lacking in much of the world right now.

The last act of the trip was a solo opera musician performing in the streets of Donegal. This performer was only thirteen years old and successfully managed to keep the audience spellbound, her vocals rich and supported. It's rare that we see buskers in the Metro Area because it's illegal in large chunks of it, so to not only see a street performer but one that everyone is respecting and one who is doing incredibly well, ev-

en for a voice so young, caught me off guard. That's part of the beauty of music though, it leaves so much space to be surprised and to learn from each other.

Ireland, full of its own musical culture, leaves so much room and space for other influences. From the ambiance that invites music into the space to the sense of community bubbling out of every venue and spreading across the streets, Ireland is made for music. No venue I've been to has even come close to comparing to how very right, everywhere around Ireland seems to be fit for music. The community is full of it and welcomes musicians at every turn. More than once were members of my family invited to join the musicians and asked about our own musical careers. The music scene in Ireland is unlike many others, it's open to all kinds of people and unites all of them just the same. ■



My Appalachian Adventure

My Grandma said beware of them skinwalkers

Written by: Brooks W.

As I Hauled my big hunk of a dog 90 steps up what felt like the tower of Babylon my legs felt like a sweet petrified jello, but I guess that's what happens when you lift big chun-kathon up your front porch. You see I was getting ready to drive all the way from Cleveland Ohio to Boston Maryland. It's a terrible driver's happy thought.

So I started the car, fed Mr. Lincoln (the thing humans call "dog") then set off for the open road. But before all that I received a call from my Grandma, and you know what she told me? "Beware of the skinwalkers! And don't take I-90 you'll hate yourself," and that was it. She hung up the phone and never apologized for the generational trauma she gave me by serving potatoes at Thanksgiving. So I insulted her and then said I'll be at her house to eat all of her food and use all the hot water during Christmas, she was content with this.

I started my long journey through the northern Appalachians (or as I like to call them Todd).

The first few miles were okay, not too many weird people. I noticed that I left too late and it was already

getting dark outside, (it was winter, so it was around 7 PM). I wanted a nice drip, black, coffee because I hate my life, so when I saw a gas station on the side of the road I decided to pull over. Pulling into the gas pump spot I noticed a guy with a strange shirt on. "My Family Eats," is what the shirt said. I figured it was some weird political remark so I ignored it (for now).

I walked inside, found a cup, poured the coffee, bought the coffee, cried about my life status, and then when I walked back out, the guy was standing in front of the door.

"Missouri sucks..." He said. I was a bit confused but I agreed with him.

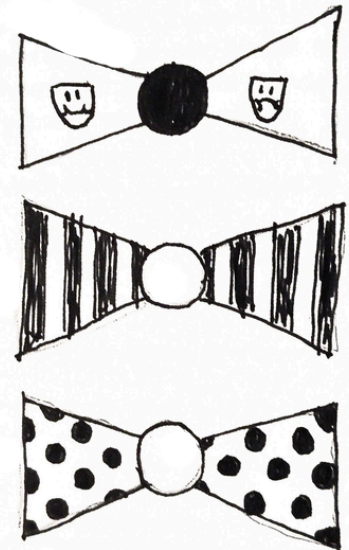
"Missouri does suck," I said, then I began to walk off. He didn't bother to stop me, nor did he say anything else. I didn't notice that he was foaming at the mouth.

I got in my car again (after it strangely refused to start the first few times), and I began to drive off again. There was supposed to be a town up ahead, where I could stay at a hotel and sleep for the night. I kept driving but it never felt like I was getting an-

ywhere. I pulled over to where I saw a frog playing the banjo on a log. I asked him where I could go to town. He told me it was "back the way I came". So I ran the frog over and kept going forward.

Further up my car lights began to flicker on and off. My car battery wasn't dead or dying so why was my car battery dying? I decided that I should keep pressing on, despite the fact that this event would shoot me in the foot big time, in the near future.

While I was driving my Grandmother called me. I answered the ph-



one and said, "WHAT?"

"Did you remember to go to the bathroom?" She asked.

"Yes Grandma, I remembered to go to the bathroom. Now why are you calling me?"

"Because I need money for the casino, can you loan me \$300,000 dollars?"

"No Grandma, I'm not going to loan you \$300,000 dollars," I said, severely annoyed. Just at that moment, I hit a deer and skidded off into the woods. My car crashed into a tree, and I perished. The abrupt end. ■

Pollen Rain

Written by: Elias E.

What's left when the rain

Vanishes without a trace?

Thick pollen replacing oxygen

Flowers burst and bloom

In our lungs, stomachs

Push out of our eyes

As we choke on petals and thorns.

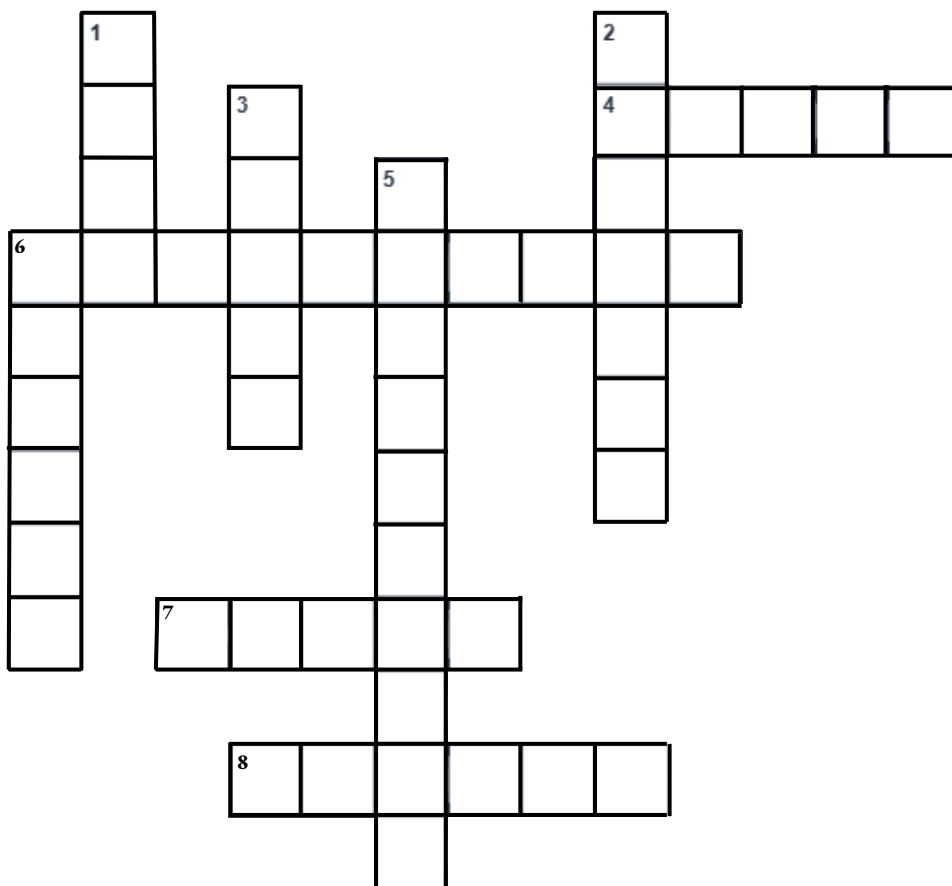
Our bodies not our own,

Our minds a twisted garden

As we reach, reach, reach

For the rain long gone. ■

Crossword



Across

- 4 - Name of the Greek poet, author of the Odyssey and the Illiad**
- 6 - Largest city in North America**
- 7 - Longest bone in the human body**
- 8 - The equivalent of a paragraph in poetry**

Down

- 1 - Used to hold flowers**
- 2 - French word for castle**
- 3 - Easternmost state of the contiguous 48**
- 5 - Newest country on Earth**
- 6 - "It belongs in a...!"**

Apples

Written by: Elias E.

Red is stained blue with the
 Setting sun;
 A picture perfect moment.
 Apples keep the doctor at bay—
 Tie us together
 Thread by thread.
 Ducks lined up in a row.
 He drove you
 So you could drive me
 So I can one day drive them.
 And I know
 That until the sun dies,
 I'll watch the sidewalks
 And think of the raging ocean,
 The music filling your life,
 And the dead birds buried.
 These apples on a desk
 Rotting in the summer heat
 Will drop seeds that we sow
 So there's always an apple
 To save a starving bird
 That I will bury
 When men and their bikes
 Murder them in cold blood
 As it rains,
 Because you can't be here
 To do it proper.
 So until books are back in season,
 I will eat oranges
 Hoping they'll be apples
 Someday soon. x

The Revels

Written by: Eli H.

Come, Come, Come

To the circus— where The bread
is wine, Drops like blood from
the throat of the deer. Iron spires
built of men Impale the hearts of
the most wicked, For their
suffering is but a show for the
least.

See, See, See

The show— sink your teeth into
it. Feel the surge of excitement
As you play the actor's part,
Parroting strange stanzas
straightened out on the rack.
Worry not about your own, Your
unguarded throat— for you are
meant to watch. There is no cost,
no payment that you require For
nothing is yours, and yours is
nothing.

But what is nothing, but not
Known to any? The comedies
speak ill of Nothing, for to speak
of nothing is to speak Of
something that doesn't exist.
Why, The only things that matter
are things that are Matter. There!
Tonight's new show! Just come on
over, and you'll get tickets half
off! Feast upon sinew as you
watch the circus, Laugh with the
clowns as they cry through fake
tears.

Iron sharpens iron, they say
For it is not the blades that
matter. It will only take a
moment, let your heart stop. Take
pause in this very instant, and
unfeel your life As it leaves your
body. Know that in your first
moment, that you knew nothing
else. Know that in your final
moment, You own nothing, and
you are happy. ■

Writers And Extra Things



Brooks W. is the Head editor for the magazine. He also would like to say quack quack quackity.



Joey D. is a staff writer for The Collector Magazine. Writing poetry, proofreading music journalism, and reportive pieces.



Elias (Elle) E. is the proofreader, book reviewer, and also a music writer for The Collector. Eli as is a staff writer and an early contributor.



Kaidyn B. is a staff member for The Collector and has been part of the magazine for a while or something, he just kind of appeared one day.



Eli H. has been a contributor since the 5th edition, and has contributed poetry, news, fiction, and is a staff writer for the magazine.

Emily Y. has been a contributor since the 6th edition and writes poetry, fashion articles, and other things.

All cartoons done by Brooks W. - Drawings done by Brooks W. - Designs done by Brooks W. Thank you to our writer for their contributions!

A full digital copy of this edition is linked on our website at collectorkc.com, also check out our Instagram page [collectormagazine](https://www.instagram.com/collectormagazine)

Any information regarding The Collector can be found at our website - URL collectorkc.com - where we house all of our editions, cartoons, poetry, and a place for you someone like you to submit to us! We do not pay you for your submissions (call me cheap why don't you). Should you wish to submit all you have to do is write an article (preferably in *Google Docs*) and send it on over to Brooks' email 3130395@sm-sd.org. We will go through your article and if we like it, we'll publish! We won't guarantee which edition it may take time to be published based on the time of submission, but we will tell you when we figure that out! QR code to website below. Not accessible on school devices.



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