

Contest 19: Literary Magazine Layout

INSTRUCTIONS:

- The size of each page will be 8 1/2 by 11 inches. Use your available desktop software to create your layout.
- Design one double-page layout for the literary magazine and save it as a PDF.
- Design your spread using the available poetry and art, and any graphics of your own construction. You may use any fonts you have available. Give proper credits.
- Access available photos and artwork for this contest on the JEA website. Download the pictures, then crop, size and place them as you wish. You may use as much as you would like in your page design.
- Align the entries any way you like.
- **DO NOT INCLUDE YOUR NAME OR YOUR SCHOOL NAME ON YOUR ENTRY.**
- You will be judged only on the layout, but judges will want to see how text and art work together on the pages to create an impression.
- Write and place the titles directly into the layout. Use any style, font and size you deem appropriate.
- Remember your work is being evaluated on design and layout.

WHAT JUDGES LOOK FOR

- Use of clean layout and design elements relating to selected copy
- Impact, action or emotion in design
- Instructions adhered to
- Positioning of copy, title, art, photos and captions in relation to each other
- Use of current graphic trends

SCHOOL INFORMATION:

Central High School
1700 W. Olney Ave.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19141
Gold and Black
Literary Magazine: Middle Ground

ASSIGNMENT:

In black-and-white or color, design a double-page layout (one spread) for the literary magazine. You are designing Pages 20 and 21. Identify the layout with page folios.

Use only the poetry provided on the following pages, and do not add your own or others' work.

Use only artwork or photos available from the jea.org/contests website and designated for Contest 19. Do not change the art or photos in any way except for sizing, nor the poetry format as presented by the writer. Any graphics or artwork included on the submission may not be from another publication or from the internet; this includes clip art or images even if you have manipulated the original images into something new.

Decide your own format, and create folios and page numbers for your spread. It may be designed in color or black and white. Include spot color if you wish. Write and place the titles. Use your choice of fonts and point sizes for all text elements in your spread.

SUBMITTING ENTRIES:

- All of the instructions for creating a PDF of your entry and uploading it into the contest system can be found at jea.org/contests.
- Please read all of the instructions carefully.
- Entries must be uploaded by 6 p.m. CDT Oct. 18, 2021.
- Do not wait until the last day! There are NO EXCEPTIONS for entries that do not meet the upload deadline.

LITERATURE ENTRIES:

I Am

by Aida Bermudez

I am a bright light of loving energy and I allow myself to shine.

I love my contagious smile, my humor, and my positivity.

I radiate love and I am so divine.

I am kind to my body because it is mine.

I love every curve, dip, and freckle and I repel any insecurities that stem from negativity.

I exercise, dance, nourish my body, and allow myself the peace to unwind.

I am smart and thankful for my mind.

New ideas are always coming to me and I love my creativity.

Every question I seek is already in me and the answers are easy to find.

I am present with those around me and try to disconnect online.

I am in tune with my emotions and I am empathetic because of my sensitivity. My higher self looks after me and everything will be just fine.

I am being guided and know when I am given a sign.

I manifest an ever-flowing abundance of love, joy, and tranquility.

For me, the universe will always align.

I am thankful for the maker and creator of this universe and for her design.

My soul is eternal and will be here for infinity.

I love my life and I honor the gift of being alive.

I claim this with every breath I breathe and every cell I have inside.

Retail Therapy

by Natalie Ripps

i can't afford
a figure to confide
my broken spirit
emotions, subside

i'll purchase some gloves
to hide my palms
that grasped to the sink
in effort to remain calm

new high neck top—
yes, i'll add to my cart
to conserve the skin
that's "coquettish, sweetheart"

a new pair of slacks
to slip over the knees
the knees i bent, begging
to appease

and perhaps a new blouse
with a pattern that speaks;
to distract from the blemishes
scarred across my cheeks

glasses— how fun!
i don't mind if i do
the color of your favorite linens
navy blue

i can't afford
your patience or compassion
so i'll wear my damage
why can't it be fashion?

Architect of Words

By Graysen Williams

Sensing each word's vibrant melody,
crafting the essence of written song.
Every sentence sings a foreign chorus.
Thoughts flow directly from my brain,
pooling in aqueducts of words.

Parentheses become marked reminders
of fantasy ultimately coming to fruition.
Naturally, endings come first,
the most refined words cherished last.

My pen falls and swoops,
looping harsh chicken scratch
on creamy elegant paper,
infinite thoughts falling into perfect letters.

Architect of words,
silently laboring with language as her muse.

Sleeping in August

by Francis Le

Cold air wafts over my skin
Not with the violent shudder
Of a thundering snowstorm
But rather with the velvet caress
Of a Fall breeze
Gently rocking me to rest

The shadow of the gray mountain
Sheltering me from the Siren call
Of the warm light as it peers
Over the white snowy tops
Ever so mischievously
At my wonderland

With my lazy hand
Snow collects on me
Disguising a field of crops.
From my frostbit ear, I hear
The gentle rumbling of the falls
A hollow ground, damned by man

Laying by a green sea
Of which ships tread not.
A congregation of fairies
Sing of poems thought.
My mind wandering on marble
A slumber my body fought

A war waged in futility
Knowing I had been beat
Soldiers that only live in fairy tale
With sand gracing their feet.

All these thoughts I had conquered
Even in this moment of peace
And fanfare blown by cherubim
With a gift of the Golden Fleece.

My eternal rest abruptly ended
With a call of my name.

The mountains turned into tables
The cold air into AC.
The light turned fluorescent
The carpet from the sea.

I remembered I was in class
Not battling on a hill
Reading poetry about a guy on a sofa
Jamming with dancing daffodil.

Devoured

by Jess Quint

Sand covers my feet, but I wish
that it covers every inch of my body,
so prying eyes cannot see,
so they cannot create an object of me.
Every instinct a mother teaches her daughter
brawls for my attention.
Oh, how I wish I could disappear.
My lungs are held in a fiery fist of fear.
My heart holds the heat
of a thousand suns
telling me to run back to the tranquillity of nowhere.
Anger, hatred spew from my lips.
They stare at me from my head to my hips.
To them, I am only a body-
a head, a chest, two arms, two legs,
not a heart, not a brain, not a soul,
not a personality to find and divulge.
Disgusted.
Disgusted.
I feel disgusted.
I have no control over
how they see me.
I am reduced to a barren semblance
of what they want me to be.
To them I am just a body
for their minds to devour.

ART CREDITS:

1. The Words

Trent Cole

2. Cloudy Day

Amanda Singh

3. Freedom of Expression

Chadayzja Sims

4. In Bloom

Eva Orbock

5. Writer's Block

Tessa O'Meara

6. The Lake in Spring

Alejandro Garcia

7. Self-Portrait

Alejandro Garcia

8. Thoughts

Yuri Stevens

9. Just Feet

Tripp Allison

10. Stacked

Brent Grier