

# Literally Mercy

2020

Volume 19





**Mercy Academy**  
**is proud to present**  
**the 19th annual**  
***Literally Mercy***

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Grace Bailey

Cover Art:  
"Powerful" by Lauren Kersey

"Faith" by Margaret Stickler

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“La Turista”  
Rachel Schofield



“Memories”  
Rachel Schofield





**"Coffeehouse Connections"**  
Rachel Schofield

"Ryder"  
Kendra Yurt



## An excerpt from *Rescue Ranch*

### Lucy DeSmet

Once upon a time on an early June morning, Amy, the daughter of the mayor of a small town in east Texas, drove into town to get some feed for her horse, Daisy. Now, you would think, because she's the daughter of the mayor of Tyler, Texas, that she would live in a big house, but no. They live on a big ranch. She walked into the store, and went over to grab a big bag of feed. As she was walking over to the check-out counter, someone suddenly bumped into her. She fell to the ground, and the feed went everywhere. It was a mess. She sat up and saw this really handsome guy bent over with his hand out offering to help her up. When she took his hand, he pulled her up and their eyes met. Amy stared at him for a minute, trying to figure out why he looked so familiar. Then it hit her. It was Sam!

"Sam?" she asked confused.

"Amy, is that you?"

Amy couldn't believe it. Sam was back. So many thoughts and questions ran through her mind. Why was he back? What could he possibly have to do here? So many questions, but she didn't care. Sam was back! Sam was her best friend ever since they were little. They both grew up on ranches and were next door neighbors. She would ride her horse, Daisy, over to his ranch. They would play chase, or go throw rocks into his pond. So many memories, but when they were twelve years old, his dad died. His mom got married to an old boyfriend of hers, and they moved to New York. She hadn't seen him since then.

"Sam, what are you doing here?" she asked with so much excitement.

"Well, actually we've decided to sell the ranch."

"What? Why?" she asked so confused.

Sam was selling the ranch; this couldn't be happening. Her head was spinning; she didn't know what to do or say. All the memories of their childhood were going to disappear. She couldn't let him do this. Amy was determined to do something. She looked down, and in his hand was a *For Sale* sign. Tears started rolling down her face. She didn't know what to do.

**“Codependency”**  
Kendra Yurt



*Kendra Yurt*

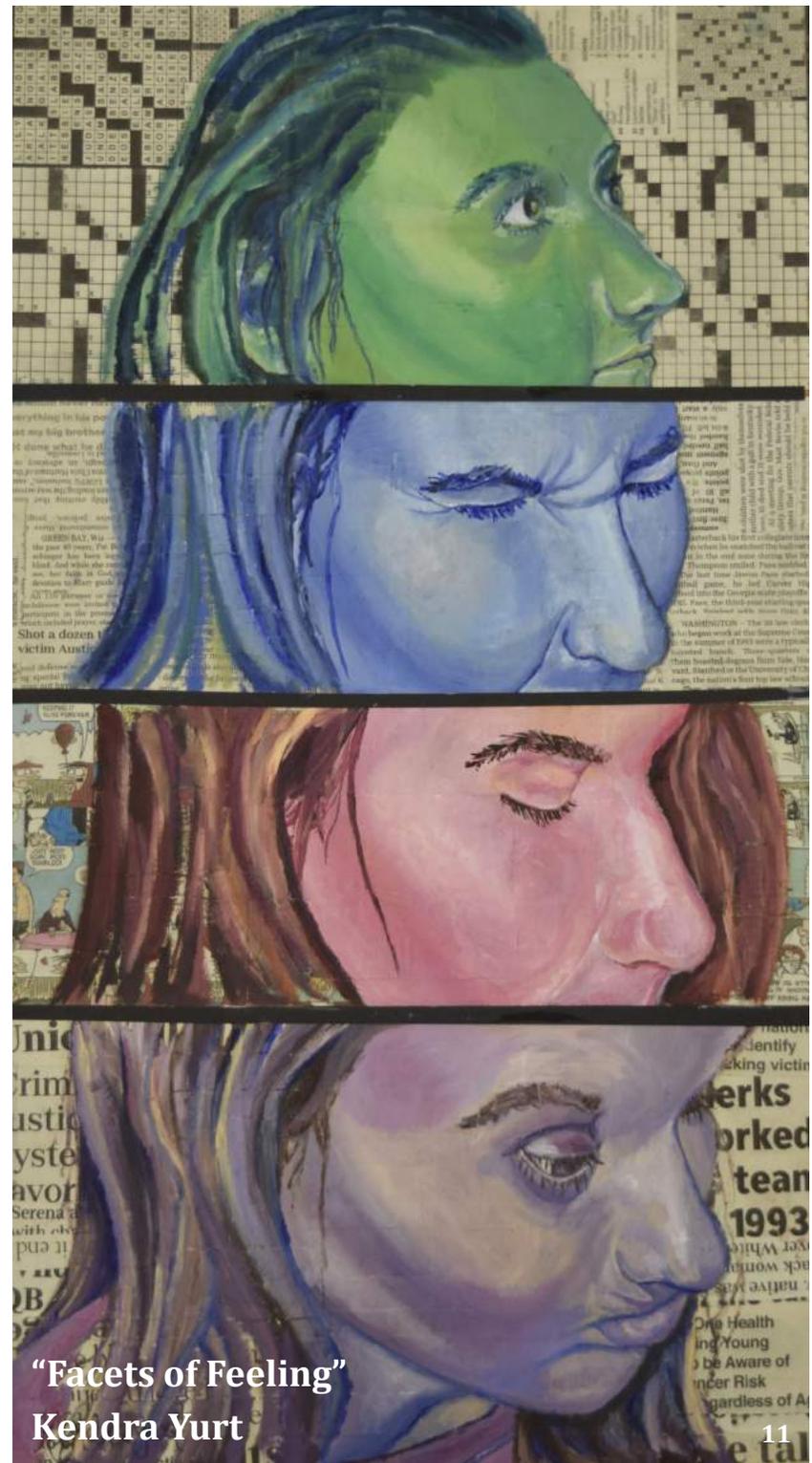
**“Family”**  
Kendyl Bingham



*Kendyl Bingham*



**"Prom!"**  
Alicia Buckler



**"Facets of Feeling"**  
Kendra Yurt

## “Your Special Box of Stuff”

### Anna Federico

“Tell me, Grandpappy! What happened?” The little rabbit clutched the elder rabbit’s paw.

“Alright, you lil hopper. Let me get my bearins’ about me, an’ I’ll tell you.” The elder rabbit pulled his wrinkled body against the headboard and readjusted the blanket, wheezing with the effort. The burrow’s ceiling, created a nook with just enough light to tell his grandchild the story.

“Now, tell me, what did I always have to have with me when I traveled? It’s very important, as you know.”

“Your special rabbit box of stuff! But the handle was broken, so you had to carry it all by yourself, no matter how far you traveled!”

“Good, good. Now what was in it?”

“Nobody knows that, not even you, silly Grandpappy!”

“Yes, yes, how could I forget? I remember walking through that forest years ago when I still had a pep in my step and plenty of fur, struggling to carry that box of stuff with a broken handle, but I knew I couldn’t let go. Soon, the foliage got closer together, until I was struggling to move forward at all through the dense brush. Eventually, I stumbled out onto a clear path. But it wasn’t really clear, now was it?”

“No! There was a railway track going straight through the forest!”

“Yes, my lil hopper. This railway was now a part of the forest, though, because the underbrush had just grown up around it. Even the trees came together above to create a tunnel leading this railway to who knows where. The light dappled the path, and the tunnel seemed to go on forever! An endless path.”

“Wow!”

“After I had hopped this path for some time, and the box of stuff grew heavier as I traveled further from home, I felt as though I was being watched.”

“It was a fox!”

“Yes, yes, it was. Out of the shadowed walls, a great red fox jumped with beady eyes and yellow teeth. Do you know what I did, lil hopper?”

“You got out your box of stuff!”

“Yes, I reached in with my paw, and the fox stopped to ponder what I was doing. I retrieved this reddish stone and said to that sneaky fox, ‘Here is a stone I acquired on my travels in this enchanted forest. Take it and leave me be, and you will be rewarded for your integrity.’

That fox looked astounded and asked, ‘How do I know you’re not just trying to save your own tail?’

I simply stated, ‘I guess you’ll just have to trust me and find out.’ You wouldn’t believe it, but that fox took the rock right out of my paw with its teeth and leaped back into the wall of shadows.”

“But how did you know you had what you needed in the box of stuff?”

“Well, along my journey, I must confess, I didn’t encounter just one hiccup from the shadows. I had to trust that I had what I needed to get through everything.”

## “Winter Dusk”

McKayla Rakestraw



## “The Boy in the Dark Room”

Sarah Straub

The night was creeping up as the day was coming to an end. The rooms in the house started to get darker as the sun was going down. The moon started creeping in through the blinds as it lit up the room with its glow, like a river flowing down on its way to a lake. As the moon went farther into the sky, the more glow sparkled into the room, revealing mysterious objects. It was a boy's room. There was an unmade twin bed in the far right corner. The pillows were thrown all over the floor mixed in with dirty clothes, as if he had just gotten out of bed. The sheets on the bed were a dark blue with hints of brown from the quilt poking out from the bottom.

As the moon's glow peeked into the room, the shine showed a dresser with clothes hanging out every which way. Shirts and shorts here and there, as if a tornado went through the room. Also on the dresser were mini action figures that look like they are about to go to war. Finally, the moon was at its peak. The glow was shining more than ever, and it showed the one last thing in the room. Besides the bed and the dresser, this object was the most special to him. In the far left corner was a chair. On top of the chair was a little notebook opened to a page where he wrote his heart out. On the page it says, “Why is it so hard?” and then scribbles through the rest of the page.

## “School of Strawberries”

### Anna Korfhage

My grandmother is a woman who I’ve learned to adore  
She told me to stand out like a strawberry in a bowl of  
peas

This didn’t mean much to me until I walked in Mercy’s  
door

The place where saplings blossom into trees

And when I feel my Sperry’s hit the floor

I am instantaneously filled with ease

Because I embrace my authentic self like never before

I’m supported with kind words, high fives, and  
undoubtedly a squeeze

I’ve gained lifelong friendships and more

And all 550 of my sisters can agree

Home is where you can hear the Jaguar roar

Happiness that Mercy Academy guarantees

Thank you for the gift of Catholic education, Grammy.

## “Self-Portrait” Jenna Money



## “Crows” Alex Rapp

*One for sorrow  
Two for mirth  
Three for a wedding  
and Four for a birth  
Five for silver  
Six for gold*

*and Seven for a secret never to be told*  
-*The Folklore of Birds, by Laura C. Martin*

Life never works as we want. It's never as long as we want or as meaningful. But it's all we have. We try to skip the first crow, but it demands our attention. You can't find a second crow without finding the first. So it makes its presence known by causing pain and suffering inside, forcing you to rip out your own broken heart.

The second crow is much kinder than the first. It pieces back your heart with laughter as the glue. You accept this crow into your short life, and you find the third crow being welcomed in as well. Like a railroad in a magical forest, this bird is leading you to a new path that you accept with open wings. You take the second bird to introduce to the third, and, soon, you learn of a fourth.

The fourth bird is a work of art with you as the painter. Its wings are still new and cause you constant tire, but you soon think you have discovered meaning in your life. But Life likes to play cruel tricks. Life forces you to meet the fifth bird. The fifth bird, while beautiful, is the opposite of Life. It takes away your beautiful fourth crow and puts it in a small box the same color as its feathers. Once again, your heart is crushed in front of you.

Feeling hopeless, you decide that Life is too cruel for you, and like the first crow, you leave Life behind for the beautiful glow of the sixth crow. It calls for you with a beautiful song of another bird, but you don't mind, and, instead, follow it back to its nest to meet your lost fourth.

The final crow is the seventh. This one is hardly a bird but is instead a secret you kept from yourself and all the others. But once you accept the presence of this seventh crow, it disappears as it loses its own identity and meaning. Thus, you are left with only the memories of your own little crows as you sit in the comforting glow of the sixth.





“Medusa”  
Addie Abshire

## An excerpt from *Icarus: The Fly and The Fall* Mauranda Dolle

I’ve had an idea of what this is supposed to feel like since the day my father decided to build wings from bird feathers and escape this dreadful island: completely freeing, like shackles broken and cell doors opening for the first time. It’s supposed to taste sweet, like honey. It’s supposed to be liberating, empowering.

But it doesn’t feel anything like this. The only thing I taste is disgust, a bitter remorse. All at once, I belong to something completely, and, then, I am only halfway free, flying alongside my father, forever bound to him. I am trapped like an animal, imprisoned and lost, following my father to his next reckless adventure that will wind us up in unimaginable trouble.

I look down at him, struggling with his man-made wings, and, furthermore, struggling with the idea of his freedom. Below him, I can see the island I have spent all my life trapped upon, and I wonder if this is any better. Is this freedom? Or is this another prison that I am willingly flying towards?

I understand that it is not. There is no freedom when I am involved. My shackles will follow me forever, even in my grave. So now, there is nothing else I can do but to fly faster, and up... up... up... I am flying towards the sun, flying towards the god Apollo, daring him to test me for my own freedom. The sun is blinding, and soon the closeness of the sun is beginning to feel like liberation, when I can no longer hear my father calling my name, and I can’t see him or the island. The sun moves farther away, Apollo daring me to follow him, daring me to get closer.

He makes me fly faster, further, never able to catch up. He is testing me, questioning my want for freedom, and that is almost insufferable. I will prove to him that the sun, that freedom, is all I want.

I dreamt of a future that looks nothing like this, that was only peace and soft skies, not angry burns on my back and terrified eyes looking up at me. But now, I realize that this is my destiny, and that my own destruction can be my overwhelming freedom. I have either caught up to the God or Apollo has given up. Either way, I've beaten a God. I'm far too close to the sun that is painting everything gold. My skin is beginning to burn painfully, but I don't fly down to somewhere safe. I can't let myself move. I am too intoxicated with independence.

The wax along my wings is melting, all the way down my back and legs to my ankles. The feathers are loosening and drifting down to the sea, and I watch as they float, reminding me that I will not. Reckless men don't float.

Now, as if on cue, I fall, and I don't fight it. Falling is part of freedom. I am not falling because of my father, not because of the king who imprisoned us, not because of anyone but myself. I am falling solely of my own accord, and the world is on fire around me.

My father always told me that freedom has a price. This is mine.

I know that dying for freedom will be my destiny. If I don't die from burnt wings and lungs filled with water, then you will see me on the tip of the tallest tree in a forest fire, or in the middle of a hurricane at sea. Destruction consuming me is the only way I can have freedom.

I look down at the water below me that is getting dangerously close, and I feel no real fear. The only remorse I have is the way they will tell my story. My father will fly to catch me and fail, and he will preach the story of his foolish son that he never let go until it was too late. The villagers of the island will tell their children horrifying bedtime stories of the man who touched the sun and was punished for it. They will teach their children to never take life so quickly and full of pride or you will end up like Icarus, dead at the bottom of the sea. They will teach about my ignorance, my foolishness; they will learn about my failures. They won't learn of my imprisoned soul who got a taste of freedom and wanted to hold on to it forever, or remember my success and that I could, one day, be as smart as my father. I know they will only teach about the fall, but remember, I also flew.

I don't want to be remembered as a foolish man who thought he was invincible. I am a man who knew that I was everything but invincible, and I wanted to test it, wanted to take myself as far as I would go, I've made it. I want this triumph to not be remembered as a punishment, but as a deliverance. I believe Apollo heard my cries of misery; he saw that my future would be unsatisfying and miserable. The god of the sun heard my prayers and let me touch his creation, knowing what would happen, and now I am falling, soon to be drifting down... down... down.

As my body hits the water and my lungs helplessly gasp for air, I ask for one thing and one thing only.

Remember that I flew.

Remember that I touched the sun, something that no mortal has done before, and I flew.

Remember that Icarus flew.

“Colored Isolation”  
Kendyl Bingham



## An excerpt from *Reminisce*

### Grace Bailey

Sometimes. You wake up in a town. And not just any town, an underwater town. You also don't know this underwater town. You don't know much of anything, in fact. Just a very vague idea that your name starts with J. And, I guess, common sense. That's just habit at this point, though. Much less, beside the point. Just like the town you were in.

You were told to walk to this big city, this "Mariana Capital," because the townspeople just told you they saw you pass out in front of the town's saloon after crashing into the ground, yelling out "I WILL NOT FALL LIKE THIS, FOR MY NAME IS J-".

So, you walk.

One hour.

Two hours.

Until buildings rose over the horizon. Light glittered through the oceanic ceiling. The spires of the sea-surface-scraping towers stood as pillars, seemingly holding up the ocean from falling down around them. The Outer Rim.

Wait, *The Outer Rim*?

Um. Where did you get *that*?

...

Not important!

Whatever. As I was saying, you walk to the rim of the city, a strong sense of déjà vu washes over you. The miles of roadway on the steep walls of the trench aren't much help. Most of the time, you end up slipping and having to dust yourself off. It doesn't take long to reach the bottom when you trip on a stray rock, and simply tumble the rest of the way down.

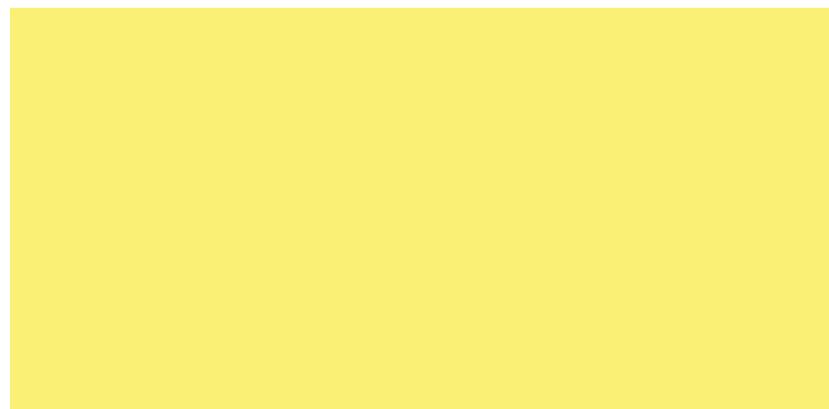
The city at the bottom of the ravine is nice. Soft glows fill the streets from the lanterns wrapped around deep sea creatures. Walking past an open restaurant lets you hear conversations.

"Mm. I only got down here recently, I tried stickin' around in the upper realms, but once it's been a few years, ya kinda just realize y'ain't figuring out who ya are anytime soon," a man in a wide-brimmed hat says.

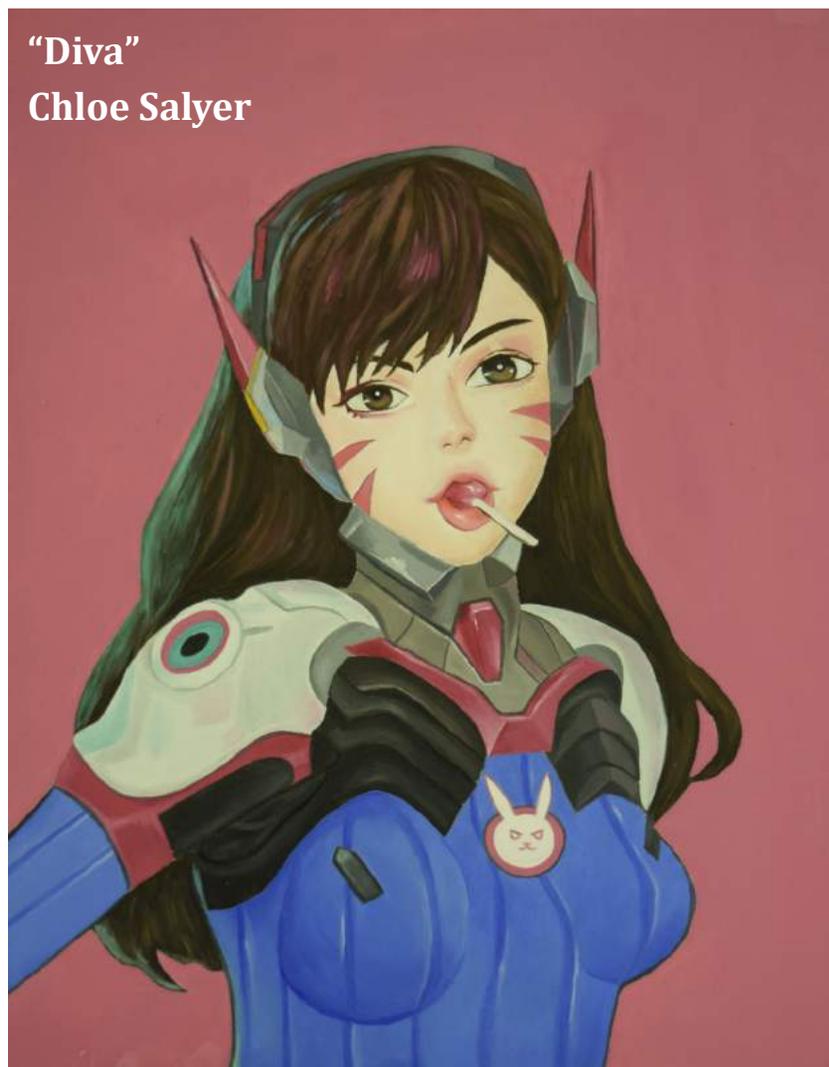
"I get it, but honestly as nice as this place is, the no cars thing is still weird to me. Like, I totally get cars can't die like how horses or trees can, but I still miss being able to do 95 on the freeway," the woman next to him responds, clearly too invested in stirring her drink than to pay attention to the man talking to her.

You look around. A poster for a theatre actress floats past. Her skin is tanned, and her hair and eyes are so dark they look like chocolate. Everything is so... alight with activity. Nothing about this city says it sleeps. After all, who needs sleep when you're dead?

**“Coraline”**  
Sydney Banet



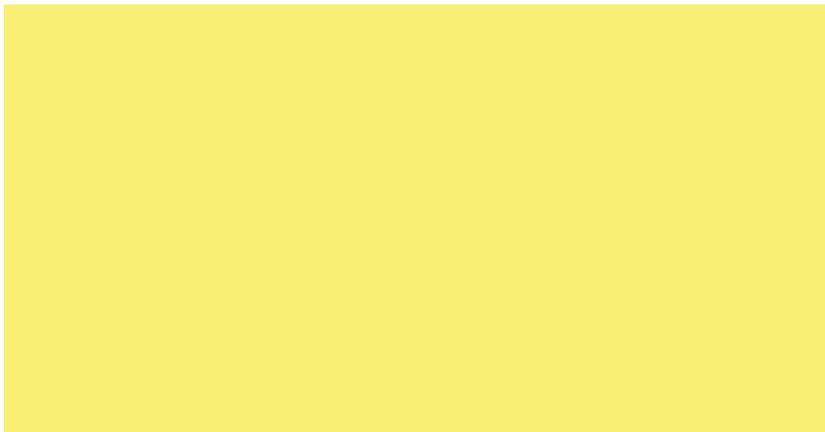
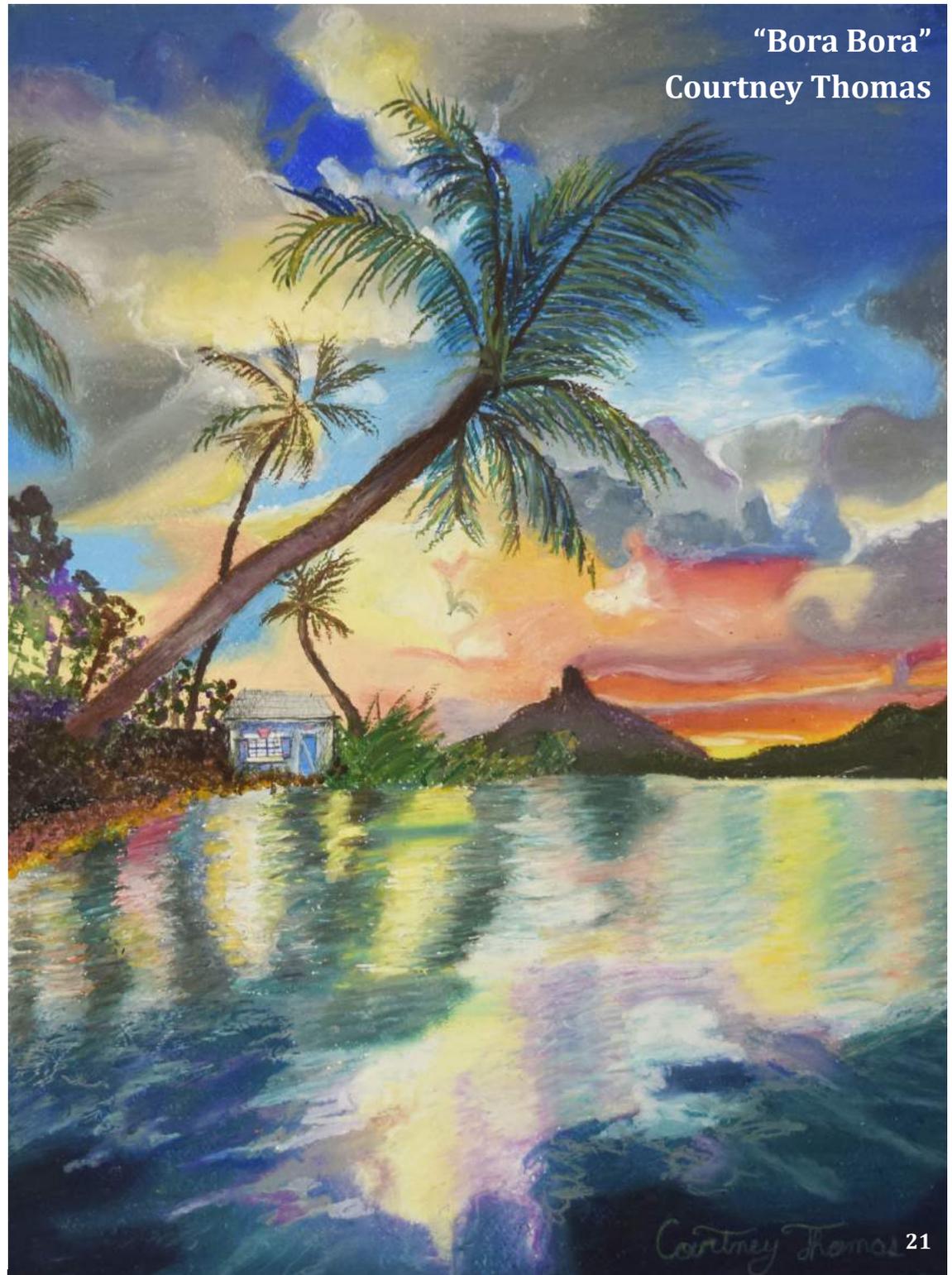
**“Diva”**  
Chloe Salyer



**"Sisters"**  
Margaret Stickler

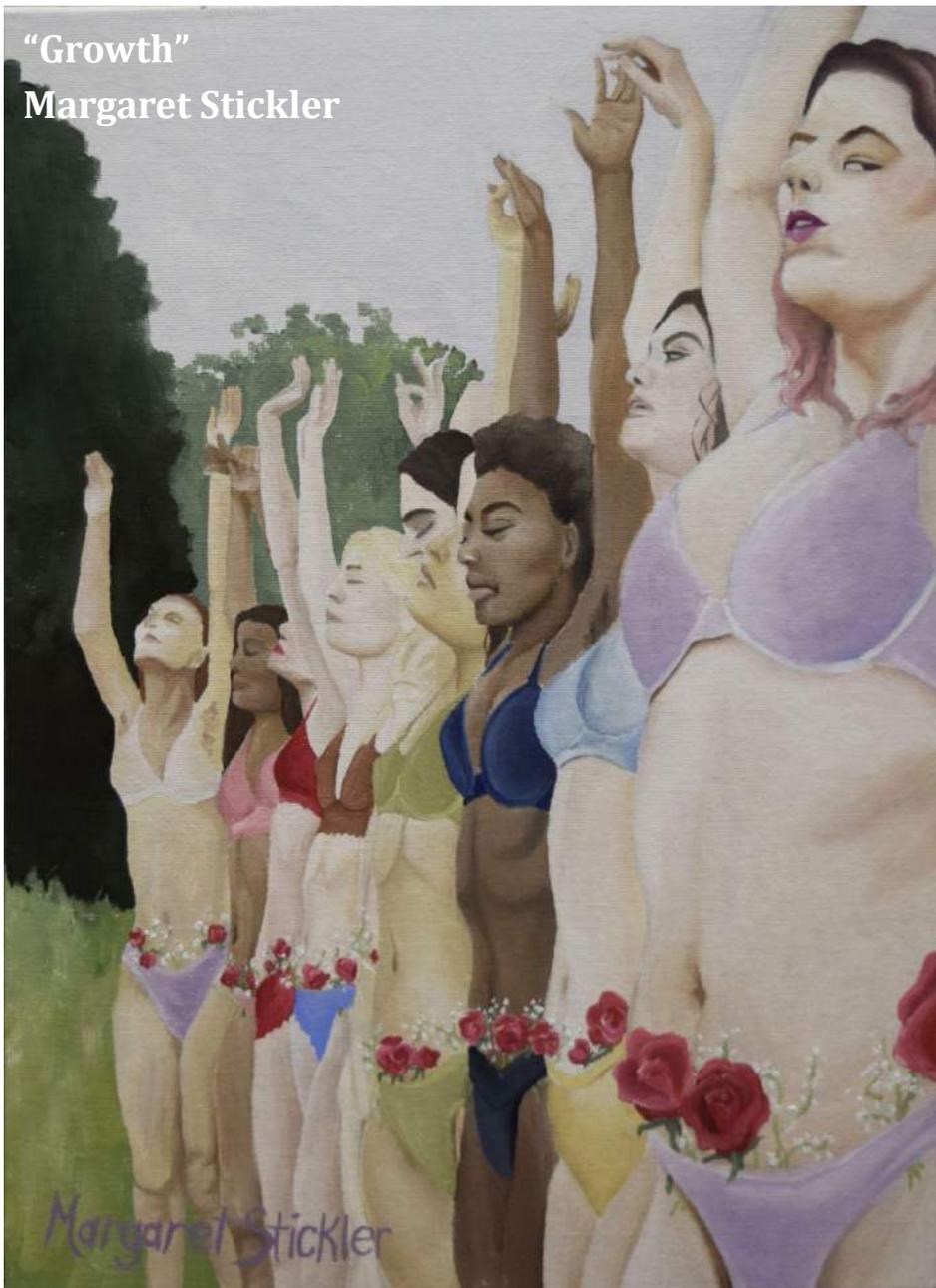


**"Bora Bora"**  
Courtney Thomas



"Jean Shorts"  
Margaret Stickler





**"Friday Night Lights"**  
Haley Gartland



## “The Gas Pump In The Basement”

### Meghan Pohler

May 25, 2076. This spring night was dark and rainy on Washington Lane. The jock group were hanging out like they do every Friday night. The four of them were all sitting in Chad’s basement and couldn't decide what they wanted to do.

“HEY, COME AND LOOK AT THIS!”

The guys went over to the back of the basement, where there was a door that was cracked just a little bit. Chad told his friends that he had never been in there because his father normally keeps it locked.

“Well, we should go and see what’s inside,” Shawn said.

“ARE YOU CRAZY? Have you never seen a horror movie? That's how we all die,” Chad said. That's when Shawn used his foot to push the door open; the room was dark inside. Shawn pulled out his phone and shined his flashlight into the room. There was this tall machine; it had many buttons. There were two hoses on each side of it and one very small screen on the front of it.

“What the-”

“I don’t know. Never seen anything like it,” Chad said.

They made their way inside the room, and they were checking out the machine. The clueless guys were not sure what they wanted to do with it. The third guy went to pull out one of the hoses to look at it, but he tripped and bumped into it. There was a flash of blue light. Next thing, all four of the guys were standing at what looked like a charging station for cars, but the charging areas were replaced with machines that looked like the one in the room of Chad's basement.

“Where are we”? Chad said as they looked around in the dark, cold, rainy night.

## An excerpt from *Dragon Friends*

### Hope McCarty

I inhaled deeply. I didn't know who she was or who she thought she was, but she was getting on my last nerve. Would my mother take it as a bad thing if I roasted her alive?

"Don't try it," she told me. "I know the look, and I can *assure you, your head would be rolling before you took a step.*"

I growled. "Who are you, even?"

"Izadi Goveo."

"That's a lie."

"Is it?" She began to circle me. "I was told you were Asiarien, son of Kima, and the last dragodid. I was told you were an ace up the sleeve, a dragon in human form." She stopped when she was behind me. "And yet I meet you and I see Ezkai Eraya, a farmhand, no trace of any of his mother or father in him."

I glared at her.

"I told you who I am. Now, who are you?"

"I'm not who you were told to find, then." I stared ahead at me, not caring to give her the satisfaction of knowing I was looking at her.

"Really?" I spun around as I heard Arrosa's voice. My eyes widened. It...was her, standing there in front of me, except with a sword at her belt and no lip ring. And at the same time, Arrosa was still sleeping peacefully behind her. How could there be two?

"Don't like this one?" Arrosa asked. "I see you seem to see her as a potential mate, but if you would prefer..." I watched in horror as Arrosa's familiar features melted away. Blue eyes faded to brown, her hair shortened, more brown came to her skin. She widened at the shoulders and lost the feminine shape. She grew taller, too, and soon I was staring at...me.

"This is what I am," Other Me said. "Who are you?" He drew his sword and approached me again.

I took a few steps backward, still in shock.

"Draw your sword, Ezkai. Let us see who would win between Ezkai and Asiarien." He slashed downward at me again, leaving a thin cut on my cheek. "Draw."

I didn't make a move to unsheathe my sword. I stopped backing up, though, trying to seem not as scared as I was.

Asiarien, as he had identified himself, only gave me a pitying look. "You're pathetic." He hit me with the end of his sword, knocking me down.

I heard him walk up behind me as I clutched my jaw, hoping it wasn't broken. "Are you going to do *anything?*" he taunted.

"Doppelganger," I hissed.

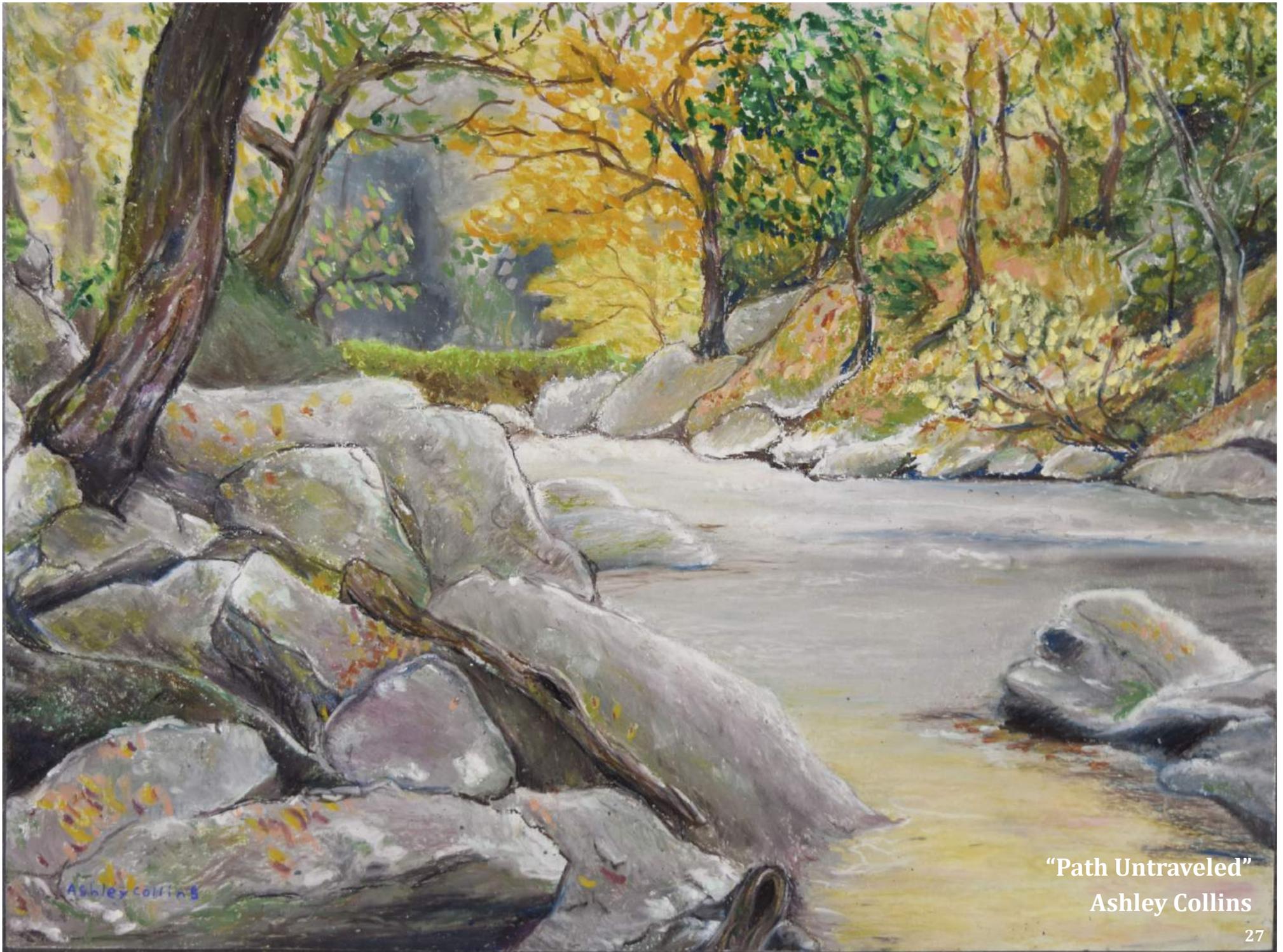
"What was that?"

"You're a doppelganger."

I heard him make a satisfied noise. "You're not as dumb as you look." I felt him grab the back of my collar to forcefully yank me up. I flipped around and hit him in the face.

He stumbled backward, recovering for a moment before he looked at me again, now standing. "I don't know what you have against me, but I will *not* stand for you...doing this!" I gestured at him. "I may have lived a life unsuited for your tastes, but I still am Asiarien. Just because that's not the name I choose to go by *does not* mean I am still not the prince of the dragons and that I'm not suited for life among them. I can *assure* you, you will find yourself wrong about that."

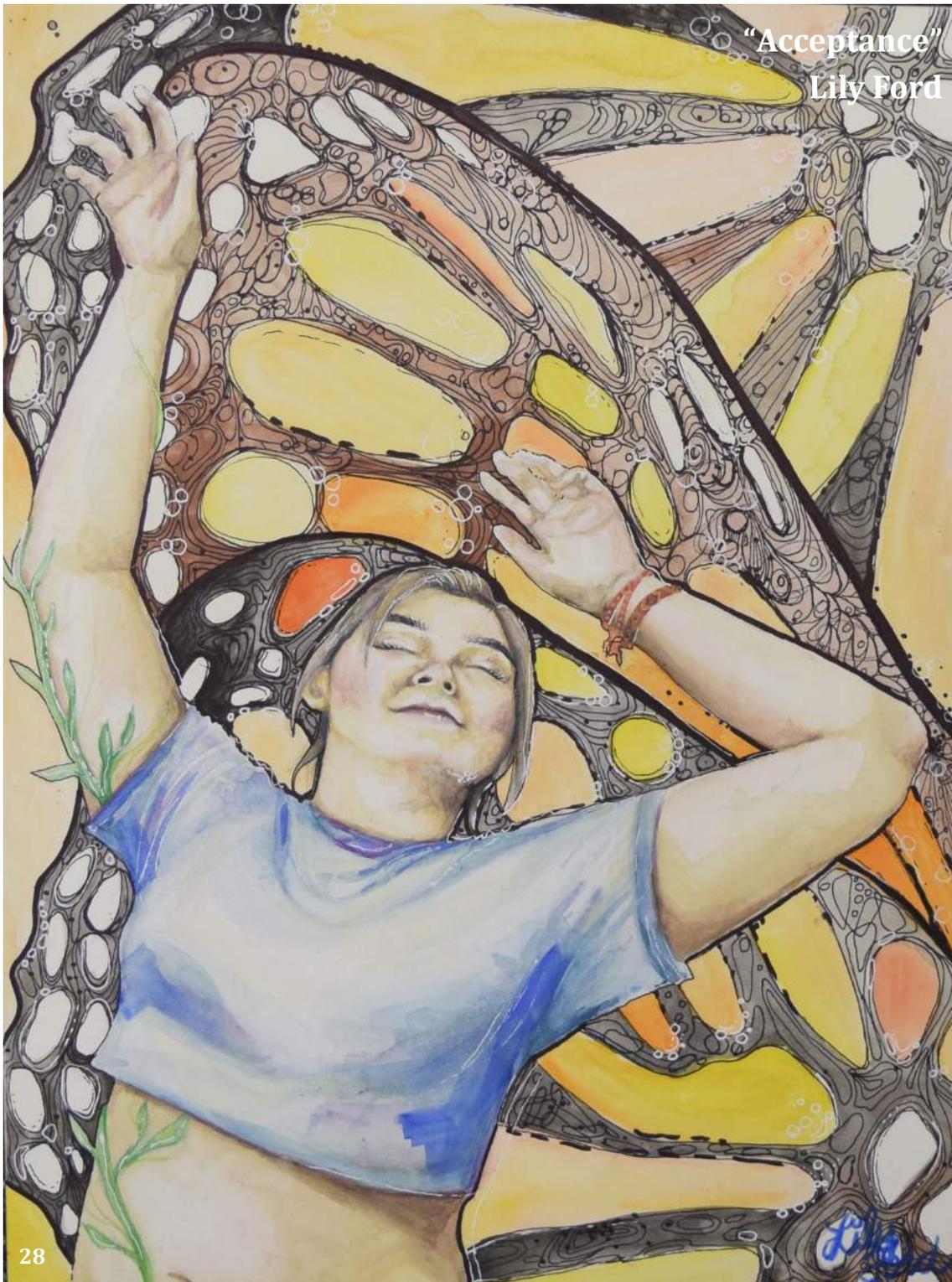
He smiled. "That's what I wanted to hear." Slowly, Izadi came back. "I'm glad you still have that fight in you. I was afraid it was gone forever."



Ashley Collins

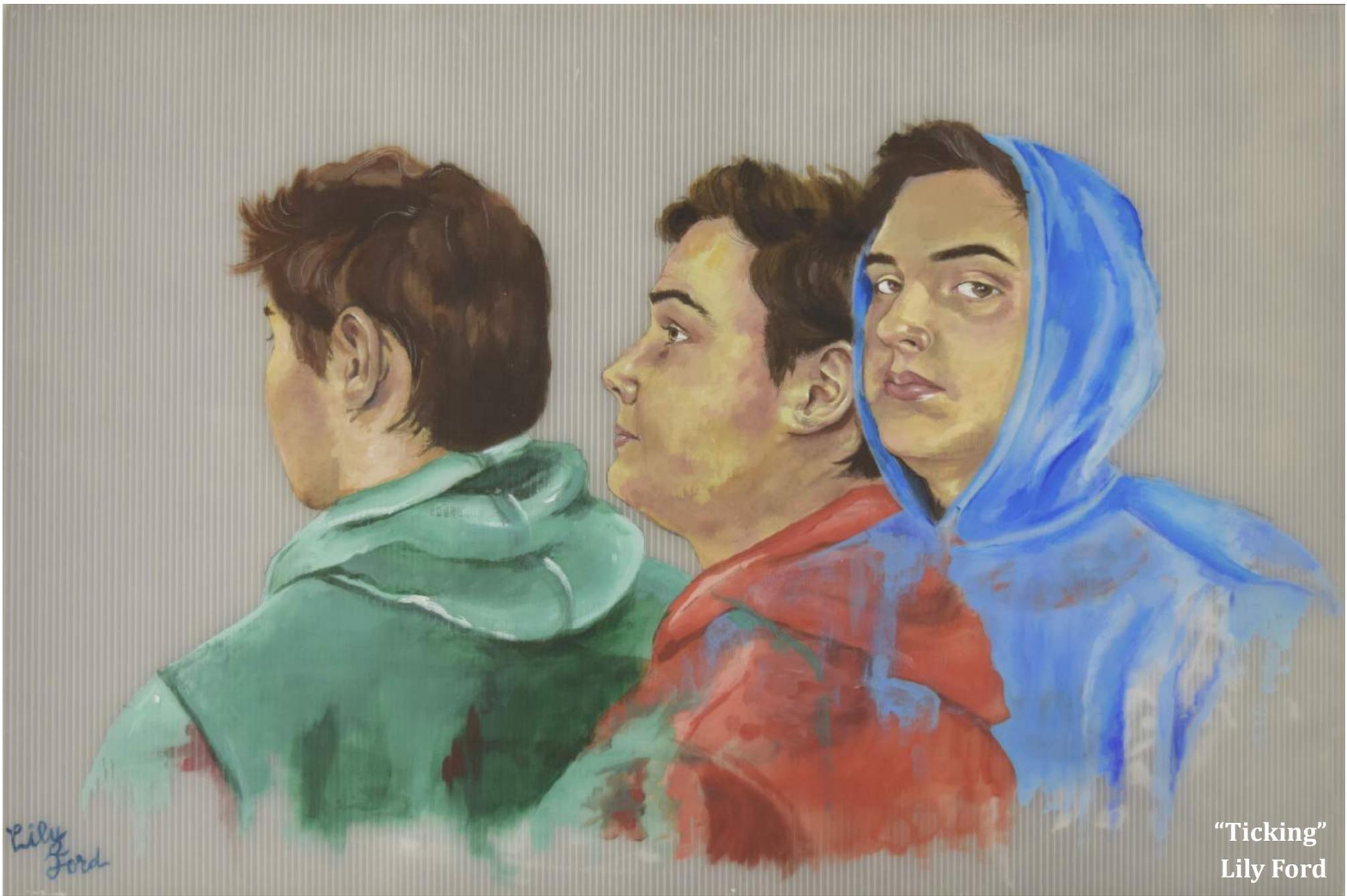
“Path Untraveled”  
Ashley Collins

"Acceptance"  
Lily Ford



"Stacked Up"  
Lily Ford





"Ticking"  
Lily Ford

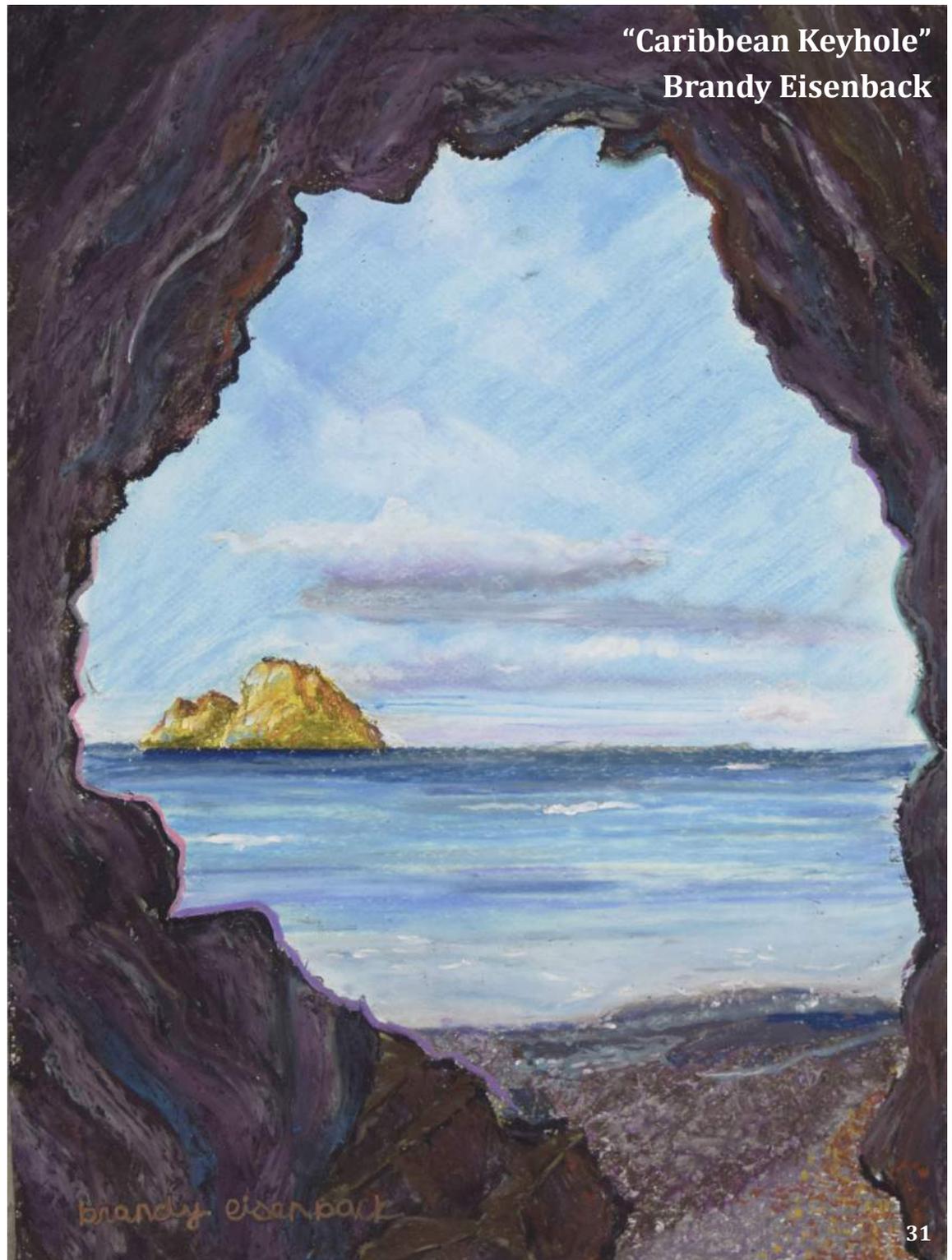
**“Oh, Stop”**  
**Anna Brockman**



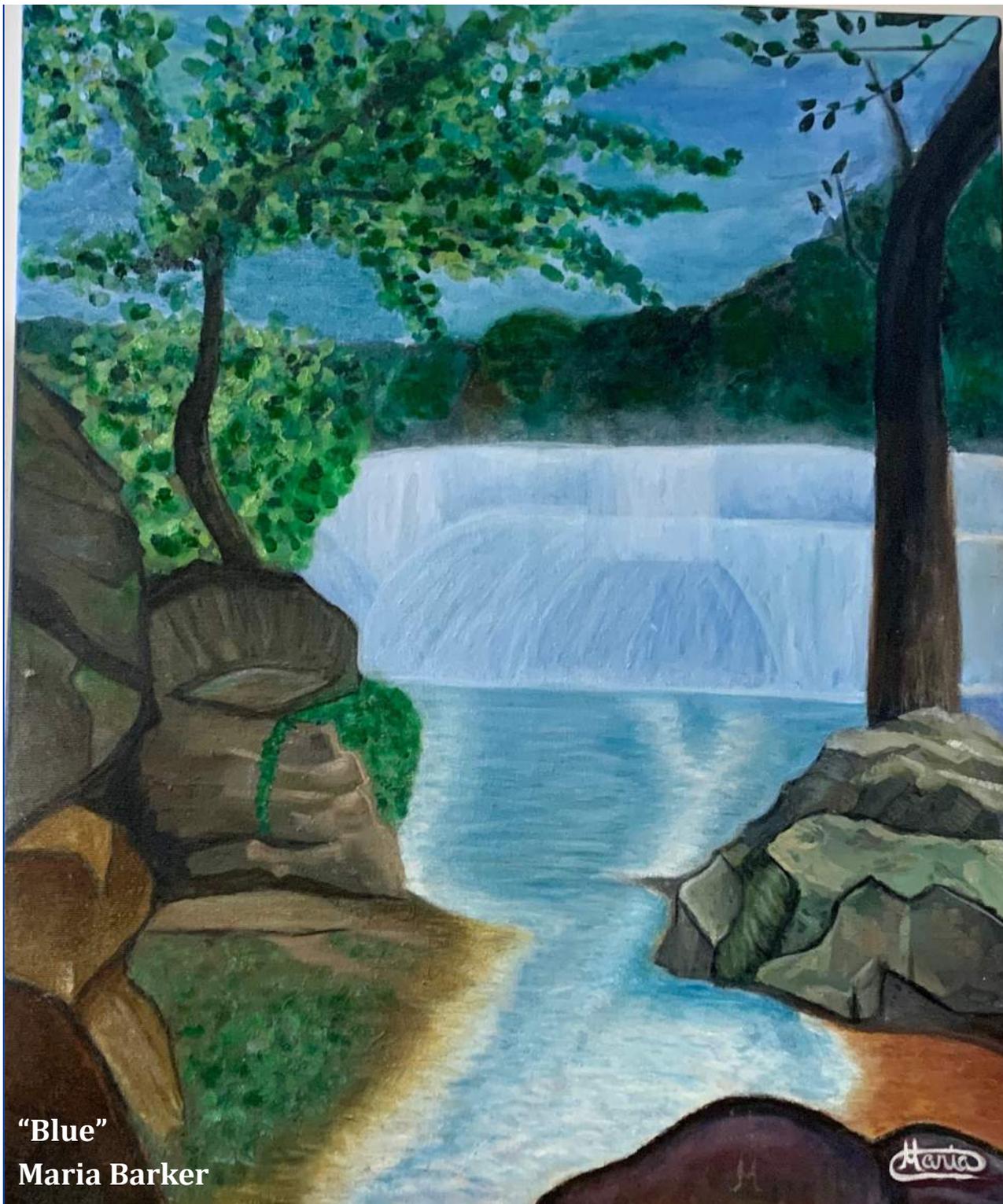
*Anna Brockman*



**“Leo”**  
**Sarah Alvarez**



**“Caribbean Keyhole”**  
**Brandy Eisenback**



"Blue"  
Maria Barker

## An excerpt from *The Winchester Sister*

**Isabella Dimas**

“Do you know how worried Sam, Cas, and I were? We were just about to go looking for you,” said Dean.

“I’m sorry that I worried you. I didn’t mean to. I just wanted to not have someone looking over my shoulder for a while.”

“I know that we can seem overwhelming. It’s our job as your older brothers to protect you. Even though you can protect yourself,” Dean shared as he hugged me.

I have two older brothers named Sam and Dean. Sam is my twin brother and is only older by a few minutes. Along with Sam and Dean, Castiel, or, as we call him, Cas. All three of them are protective of me, even though they know I can protect myself. I’ve protected them even more than they’ve protected me. As the baby of the family, my father was the most protective. Since the death of my mother when I was a baby, my father always was trying to keep me safe. He tried and failed to keep me from becoming a hunter like the rest of my family. I understand why he tried his hardest to stop me. I was the only thing that he had left of mom, the love of his life.

Sam and I have already arrived back at the bunker after trying to stop Amara from destroying the world. Amara is Chuck’s sister, who he locked away before humanity. Dean decided that the only way to stop her was to sacrifice himself. The bunker my family calls home won’t be the same without my oldest brother with us. Nothing will be the same without Dean. I just hope something happens to cause Dean to come back.

I go straight to my room when we enter our underground home, just wanting to be alone to grieve my oldest brother. Sam, my twin, knows that I will talk about my feelings when I’m ready. Sam and I always have been incredibly close. Growing up, we would tell each other everything. I was the first person he told that he wanted to go to Stanford all those years ago. When he left, I felt like he took a part of me with him. I tried to contact him as often as possible. When I saw him again, I just wanted to go somewhere and talk like we used to.

I was in my room a couple days later when I heard a noise coming from the library. I grabbed the gun I keep on my nightstand and quietly left my room. As I walked, the noise started to sound like a fight. I raised my gun as I entered the room to see Sam fighting some crazy blonde lady.

“Let him go,” I said as I pointed my gun at her. Her eyes widened a little, when she saw me pointing a gun at her. She expected Sam to be alone in the bunker. That most likely meant that she had been watching the bunker. The next thing I knew was darkness.



**“Every Emotion”  
Kendyl Bingham**



# 2020 New Voices Young Playwrights Contest Winner

## An Excerpt from *Once Upon a Breakroom*

### Alex Rapp

SAM. Geez Daryl. Changing the subject, how's the family?

DARYL. Sweet of you to ask and we are doing great! Carol got a promotion, Meryl got her first job at a Kroger, Cheryl learned to ride a bike and Garyl stopped having accidents in the house!

SAM. Garyl? I thought you only had two daughters?

DARYL. Garyl is our pet corgi.

SAM. You have a dog... named Garyl?

DARYL. Yep.

SAM. But your name is Daryl.

DARYL. That is correct.

SAM. So Daryl has a dog named Garyl with your wife Carol and your daughters Cheryl and Meryl?

DARYL. Yep.

SAM. (snickers) Let me guess, your brother's name is Barryl.

DARYL. (confused) No, it's Dave.

*Suddenly cut off as EUGENE is heard offstage. SAM runs back to her seat.*

EUGENE. (offstage) And remember tiny subjects, destroy all those who stand in the way on your path to victory.

Eugene enters from Stage Right

EUGENE. Hail and well met once again large fairy and Sir Daryl of the villainous Smiths. I have had another successful day of mingling among the peasant folk, and now I shall wait for her majesty to finish, so I may see her safely back home to her palace. Can't have her falling into villainous hands such as yours, you heathonous Sir Daryl.

SAM. Dude, give it up already. Brenna is just not into you.

EUGENE. Ahh, you are mistaken, for I mean the lovely Princess Beauty. For she is the magnificent ruler of these lands that she has so graciously allowed me to stay in until I find a way to undo the curse of the witch who sent me to your realm.

DARYL. Okay, buddy.

EUGENE. And how are things at the magical Costco, Sir Daryl?

DARYL. It's just a regular Costco that I'm part time at, but it's going well, I suppose.

SAM. I don't know, I'd say that Costco is pretty magical.

EUGENE. Well, nonetheless, I shall wait here eagerly for the princess' return.

*EUGENE sits at the table in silence while the others stare at him before continuing their tasks.*

BRENNA. (offstage) I shall return tomorrow, adventurers, but keep those bright smiles on

*BRENNA enters from Stage Right and walks over to the couch where she pulls out a can of monster and cigarettes from under a cushion. She sits at the table and props up her feet before taking a swing of her drink.*

BRENNA. Stupid kids, annoying as hell today.

DARYL. Brenna, we talked about—

BRENNA. I prance around all day so I think I deserve five minutes to say whatever the hell I want, Randy.

DARYL. It's actually Daryl, Randy is my brother-in-law...

BRENNA. Whatever.

*EUGENE bows towards BRENNA.*

EUGENE. My lady, while I gratefully express my thanks for your acceptance of me into your kingdom, I want to—

BRENNA. Is he really gonna ask for my hand in marriage again? It's never gonna happen. I'm not a princess, and you are an actor. Got that?

EUGENE. Though a marriage can be very beneficial on a diplomatic level for both our kingdoms.

BRENNA. So he doesn't even like me, it's about politics. He's a sexist!

EUGENE. I am sorry if I have offended you my lady, but once I find a way back to my realm—

BRENNA. (towards SAM) Are you hearing this bull?

SAM. In other news, did you see the email Brenna?

BRENNA. I was in no condition to be reading emails last night. (takes a swig of Monster)



### **2020 Art 3 Mural—"The Yellow Rose: A Mercy Tradition"**

Front Row: Jessie Foster, Sam Miller, Emma Elkins, Kat Farmer, Alyssa Drury. Middle Row: Sutton Gettings, Grace Reynolds, Elie Spivak, Anna Federico, Kayla Gordillo-Garcia, Jenna Money. Back Row: Katie Couvillon, Kyra Frost, Julia Lanham, Cat Allen, Jill Ward. Not Pictured: Audrey Fautz.

## National Art Honor Society Benefit Off-Broadway Artwork

Front Row: Chloe Salyer, Rachel Schofield, Wendy Snapp, Sarah Alvarez, Anna Brockman, Maria Barker, Anna Federico, Jenna Money, Kayla Gordillo-Garcia. Middle Row: Maggie Stickler, Lauren Kersey, Ashley Collins, Alicia Buckler, Haley Gartland, Katie Couvillon, Kendyl Bingham, Sydney Banet. Back Row: Grace Reynolds, Rachel Black, Lily Ford, Jill Ward, Julia Lanham, Kyra Frost, Courtney Thomas. Not Pictured: Cat Allen, Alyssa Drury, Sutton Gettings, McKayla Rakestraw, Kendra Yurt.





**2020 Kentucky Derby Museum  
Art Contest  
High School Division**

**Anna Federico**

Grand Prize Award

Six box seats to the 2020 Kentucky Derby,  
plaque, ribbon, and \$500 to  
Mercy's Art Department

**Alyssa Drury**

First Place

Art supplies, plaque, ribbon, and \$500 to  
Mercy's Art Department

**Samantha Miller**

Honorable Mention

Ribbon and certificate

Left to Right: Samantha Miller, Alyssa Drury,  
and Anna Federico



**Grand Prize Award Winner  
“Secretariat’s Legacy”  
Anna Federico**

Thank you for  
reading.  
We hope you've  
enjoyed  
*Literally Mercy.*

"Autumn"  
Jill Jaeger



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