

Write On!



*An Anthology of
Creativity*

2016-2017

Second Edition

*Byron P. Steele II, High School
1300 FM 1103 Cibolo, TX 78108*



April 2017

The quote above by Henri Matisse speaks volumes. Sharing takes courage as many feel vulnerable in putting themselves 'out there' for all to see. I applaud their bravery.

This anthology was created so that students and teachers could share with our Steele and SCUC family their hopes, dreams, fears, goals, expectations and loves, as well as their talents. These take shape and form and depth in their words and their art.

As you move through this anthology I hope that you connect with what you see and read. If so, please share your appreciation with the writer or artist; affirmation is a confidence booster and a wonderful way to let them know to keep doing what they are doing.

I also hope that this anthology might foster in you a desire to write or create in any way. And, maybe, next year you will be a contributor to the next edition of *Write On!*

Enjoy!

Susan M. Shires
Write On! An Anthology of Creativity editor
Gifted & Talented Coordinator
Independent Study teacher
Pre AP English 1 teacher

Table of Contents

Being Alone	Michael Zander
“Winter Wings”	Kade Tepichin-Fruin
“New Love”	Kiana Cervantes
Suadade.....	Zylandria Trumps
Untitled.....	Eliana Merritt
“Sky”	Natascha O’Neill
Invisible.....	Noah Smith
“Watcher”	Kiana Cervantes
“Aspects”	Maria Busch-Mendez
The Boy from Exona.....	Kade Tepichin-Fruin
“April 2: Search”	KiAsia Amoiré Davis
Stained Glass Art.....	Kiana Cervantes
“Better”	Gregory Weary
“Waves”	Natascha O’Neill
“Queen Bee”	Kiana Cervantes
The Benefit of Ignorance.....	Omalys Torres
Untitled Art.....	Jayden Ma-Jones
“The Diamond”	Natascha O’Neill
A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some of the Adorable and Atrocious Things	
In Anatomy.....	Tamara Typhair
Untitled Art.....	Aiden Mcvey
“Acceptance”	Michael Zander

"Rosy Life"	Aisosa Aigbe
"The Man Called Depression"	Michael Zander
"Truth About Us"	Eliana Merritt
"In a Bubble, and the Number 5"	Gregory Weary
"Brother, Where are You?"	Breanna Lofton
The Creature Inside My Head- Art.....	Cheyenne Valles
A Letter.....	Danielle Sandoval
"Love"	Eliana Merritt
Untitled.....	Carol Allen
"The Best of friends"	Michael Zander
Untitled.....	Alaynah Moore
"Change"	Michael Zander
Untitled.....	Eliana Merritt
"Defeat"	Maria Busch-Mendez
Ralph- Art.....	Kiana Cervantes
The Monster.....	J R Sieffert
"My Love"	KiAsia Amoiré Davis

Being Alone

By Michael zander

"It seemed like a normal Friday. I had gone through my day doing the things I do almost every day. I had gotten my food, done all my work, and even said hello to my brother. Everything seemed normal until I decided to do something that I had never thought I could do. Something I'll remember till the day I die."

Before I go and tell you this story, I'd like to tell you a little bit about myself. My name is Michael J Zander, I am eighteen years old, and I've managed to overcome some challenges that most people never conquer in their entire life. I've overcome depression, anxiety, being shy, self-harm, desired suicide, and bullying. I have spent the last eighteen years of my life working to be someone I'm proud of. Someone who isn't afraid and can do anything he truly desires. So far I have managed to do exactly that, I'm outgoing, I'm not shy, and I can stand up for myself and others. Yet even with all these challenges that I've defeated, my anxiety still had some remains and I wasn't quite certain that I could really do what I want entirely. I still had yet to talk to someone I didn't know at all, someone that wasn't like everyone else, someone that was unique, someone who reminded myself of me. Well while I was having lunch I saw someone who fit the requirements. There was this girl, sitting on the outskirts of the courtyard all alone. I wanted to see if I could talk to her, if I could throw away my fear of messing up or doing something stupid. I wanted to see if I could truly do anything I set my mind to. So I went and walked up to her, she was shivering which doesn't surprise me because her hoodie was fairly thin and it was quite cold out. So trying to start a conversation with her I put down my lunch and said "are you cold?" to this she replied by removing her earbuds and saying "yes". I decided to sit next to her and talk to her, I said "why are you all alone? That's no fun". She looked at me and said "I like being alone" I looked at her and replied by saying "Really? What is it that makes you enjoy being alone?" she said "I don't know, I just enjoy it". I looked at the ground and started thinking and said "yeah, being alone can be fun, it's an easy way to think about important things, to repair damage that's been done, and to just enjoy yourself. But how can you be enjoying being alone now? You're clearly cold." She kept looking at me with this face that gave me a very strange feeling, it was a face I hadn't seen before, and it seemed that she was enjoying my company but was also just waiting for me to leave. She didn't really have an answer to the question I asked so I simply said "I just saw you here all alone and I thought I'd come and give you some company." She smiled and replied saying "well I appreciate that" and I looked at the ground and said "yeah I would've too". Now we kept talking for a few minutes. It was mostly me asking silly questions in a sad attempt to keep the conversation going. Eventually I ran out of things to say and decided that it was time I let her enjoy what she was doing, being alone. So I stood up and said it was nice meeting her and shook her hand and I left. The more I walked away the more I wanted to stay. That was because the more and more I thought about it, the more I realized that I just talked to someone I didn't know, I wasn't scared and I didn't run away or anything. I just sat and talked with her and enjoyed her company. I had managed to do something that through most of my life I could only dream of doing. After I had gotten inside, something she said stuck with me, "I like being alone" "I don't know, I just enjoy it". After remembering this I smiled and said to myself "me too".

Winter Wings

- Kade Tepichin-Fruin

She took a step in the wind
I saw her hair flutter
It made my heart to bend
And my mind wander

She is a park
A Cirque de Soleil
Her eyes carried a spark
Her soul was a magnificent flame

People had left her
Her eyes were weathered
Now her heart is as cold as winter
Yet her wings are still feathered

And that's when I realized
She wasn't abandoned
Her heart wasn't ice
It was inhabited
She's made it this far
With a whole world made of what ours has discarded

Creatures included
Monsters not present
Evil not included
She lives happy, I see now
Her heart is pleasant

She opens her wings
She flies now
Right into their hearts
As the sun goes down

SONNET-NEW LOVE

I loathe his every move, how dare he try,
The audacity of shocking action.
He assaults my emotion; now I cry
To think I would now yield my attraction.

He is plague who crushes my heaving lungs.
Disease writhes inside my stomach; I heave,
It offers me no relief from his guns
That punctured holes within my withered leaves.

Although his gaze burns, it blossoms to light
Obsession controls my biology
Even if he grieves for my death; I fight
Forgiveness is beyond apology.

Embers swell among my paper heart beat
Blood defrosts; for new love is bittersweet.

Suadade

Tall, awkward, tense. Nervous pale blue eyes glance incessantly around the massively crowded room full of boisterous teenagers. Mimicking his eyes he fidgets restlessly in his seat. Nothing has been touched on his tray.

Thomas was not like this before: always watching, always waiting. Whatever, or whoever, it is he is keeping vigilance god will not come here anyway. A school cafeteria has too many people, though I'm sure that's exactly what unsettles him.

His worried gaze lands on me momentarily and, not for the first time, I look back at him with a blanked expression.

He looks away quickly.

"Why do you keep looking at me like that?" He mutters while staring down at the table.

"Like what."

It isn't even really a question because I already know exactly what look he means. Sickeningly I only ask it to humour myself.

"Like you don't want me here. Lately it's the only look I get from you..."

"I do want you around," I say, despite knowing how insincere my tone is, "I just still can't believe you actually are."

Clearly not believing in what I say Thomas stares back at me in silence looking hurt once again. He, somehow, came back for me and all I can do is treat him as if he should have stayed gone. Don't get me wrong, I wanted him back, but now that he is...I just don't know how to act...

Reaching over the table I grab his hand and hold it tightly in mine.

"I'm sorry, Thomas." I whisper, and it sounds genuine this time.

He only shakes his head and grabs back at my hand.

"It's fine, Cierra."

Obviously it is not fine.

That is where the conversation ends. Silence falls between us once again. Thomas resumes back into his paranoid state only he seems less anxious this time. Every so often his wandering eyes will pause on one particular spot near us and I'll know he is watching his old friends. It is quite a sad thing to see. The look on his face is so lonely and I wonder if he'll ever figure out that they will not recognise him now. The only people that know who he really is are his parents and myself. To them, Thomas is no longer his name. To them, pale face, blue eyes, and unkempt jet black hair mean 'the boy who follows Cierra around'. Unlike before, Thomas was never worried about anything. Only now worrying is all he can do...

For a moment, Thomas's expression looks pained, as though someone has hit him. I turn to look where he stares and it isn't until I see him that I understand why he seems so hurt: looking back at us is Christopher, someone who used to be close to Thomas. Christopher stares back at Thomas with a sense of loathing. He resents him for supposedly 'replacing' Thomas. What he doesn't realise is that the nervous wreck sitting in front of me *is* Thomas. When he thinks of Thomas he sees flattened dirty blond hair and dark brown eyes. He sees a carefree adolescent walking around with a slouch and his hoodie on and a tired, contented smile. At least that was before everything that happened.

Seeing the way he looked at Thomas fills me with a sudden unsuspecting streak of anger. The hand free from his begins to shake unsteadily and my heartbeat quickens at an alarming rate.

"Let's go." I say, abruptly standing up. I have to get away from here; I have to get Thomas away from here.

Startled, he stands and rushes to grab his things and toss his untouched food.

"Where are we going?"

"Anywhere. It doesn't matter. Let's just go."

I forget to actually wait for him as I begin walking fastly to the cafeteria doors. All I can think about is getting out of this god forbidden room.

I ignore all of the stares coming from the other students, especially from the group from Christopher's table. We make eye contact once and that is all I need to send my blood pressure flying. The hatred in him directed at us is strong enough to send a shock between us and them. Surrounding spectators sense the hostility. It - quite literally - heats up the room. And Thomas is taking the brunt of it all.

Once outside we get as far from the cafeteria as possible without leaving the school grounds. It didn't feel far enough but it was what we could work with. We hung around all the way in the Q wing of the school - in silence- until the bell rang and then we said goodbye. I went my way and he went his.

The cafeteria incident stuck with me the rest of the day. It distracted me in class, lingered over my while I finished my homework, and refused to let me sleep when I retired to bed. When I finally was able to let the drowsiness take over the whole issue haunted me in my dreams. There was simply no escaping it.

I dreamt of the disaster that took Thomas away from us, away from me. There was no face to the culprit who attacked him, only a darkened blurry figure that took him away for some unknown reason. No motive, no provoking, just cruelty. It wakes me each night and I know it will not stop for a long time.

His death inconceivable but his return from the other side was unbelievable as well.

Neither of us can cope because what can we do? He died and he came back. As clear as that.

But I miss him from before. When he was never afraid to step out of the house, when he didn't need to prepare himself to walk into a room full of people. I miss him even when he is there right next to me...

I miss him as he was, but as long as I have him I'll take him as he is. And maybe one day he'll be okay.

Drops of Jupiter in her hair
fall softly upon her face leaving her
glistening in the stars gaze.
Saturn's rings envy her fire and spirit.
What will the future bring for this late bloomer?
She must find out what to do with life.

Searching galaxies to find her niche.
Harsh criticism rusted away her mind.
Time was sanding her hopes like a saw.
Stuck at a stand still in suffering, for
happiness drifted off into nothingness.
Planets weren't enough to gorge her lusts of
a companion; rather, sufficing her cravings.
A blanket of despair is wrapped around her mind.
Years have left her feeble and bitter until the
cat pounced in. He like a feline comes and goes as pleases.

Together they ruled a dwarf star.
Unstoppable by nature, destined to end.
King and Queen became a facade.
They are a black star with white flames: an enigma.
A black hole with light: impossible.
Innocence lost, ruined by lust, controlled by greed.
Was this what she desired? No! It's what he did.

Self discovery - or Self creation?
Galaxies were as full as the imagination.
So she left her dwarf- left the enigma,
and retreated to the mindscape.
Leaving meant nothing to a wondering brain.
Upon suspicious arousal, sensibility
woke her with fright. Fragments of daydreams remained.
No longer will her rein be ruthless.
Frigid laws ruled no longer!
Seems this cat was more a dog in reality.
Declarations of the heart led to her findings.

Faded drops of Jupiter were in her hair, and
infinite galaxies existed as before.
Thunderstruck by notions she was asleep...
(Mirrors are true to a fault.)
Broken or not, a gaze left her gobsmacked.
Though similar to old reflections,
a wiser woman stood strong and humble.
Perils of past problems produced solutions.
Petty things are irrelevant to wiser souls.

Sky

Sky
Brightly, blue
Beautiful lovey white
Dark spots flying things
Scary lively stars
Shining yellow
Sky

By: Natascha O'Neill

Invisible

I had one irrefutable, undeniable, inescapable law of life:

I will never get a date.

I do not know when precisely I made this realization, but it is there. Perhaps it was when I asked out Anise. My fifth rejection. I brought flowers, asked her out in a public place. Set myself up for failure and humiliation beyond compare. I got rejected... in a public place. The flowers sit wilting in a vase beside me as I type this.

Perhaps I made this discovery at a very young age. I had never been picked for anything in my entire life. I was always too short for basketball. Too dumb to answer questions in class. I just sat like a vegetable, rotting in dirt like some sort of potato. I am a potato. A legume.

Things did not change past elementary school. I still was not chosen. A blessing and a curse. The bullying ramped up from schoolyard scuffles to suicidal torture. At some schools, they honor the corpses who took their own lives. At mine, it happened so often it was a joke. But for me, I was just so unremarkable that no one even bothered. At this age I was not short, but not tall. My face was plain, but not ugly. I was not athletic. I was a C student. I scraped by at everything just enough to exist without ire. Without appreciation. Without notice.

High School became tamer, but you would not know it from me. Still average, and still unnoticed. I talked but no one listened, I spoke nothings, and I felt like just that. Nothing.

Invisible, unseeable. People always claim that they want that as a superpower, but take it from me: If you cannot turn off your invisibility, you do not want it. The invisible woman can always turn visible again, Harry Potter can always take off his Deus Ex Machina cloak, and Ezio can always step back into the sunlight. With me it is a state of being. Something I cannot control or escape.

Perhaps this is what attracted me to video games in the first place. In video games, no matter what, you are the most important being in that universe. The one in control of your experience. The chosen one. You matter. People see you and take notice, whether you are famous or infamous. Loved or despised.

I absorb video games like a plant absorbs sunlight. I stretch out my roots to every genre imaginable. Well, perhaps not every genre...

I tend to avoid multiplayer games. As soon as something hits a server, assume that I am not playing. Multiplayer games just emphasize my mediocrity. I may love games, but being good at them is a completely different story. I am average at them-- center of the pack.

I especially like life simulator games though. Games where I can lead some semblance of a normal life. Where my avatar would interact with other avatars to the point where a social web was created-- a social web revolving around me and my decisions. I could be popular. I could be honored for merit that I probably didn't deserve! Just like everyone else!

I always regret one thing though-- as soon as I turn off my computer the games end too. I go back to being invisible. I played more and more, and got deeper and deeper into worlds other people created for me.

In essence, I am an addict.

Some people are addicted to drugs. Others alcohol. Others food. Most of these people refuse to acknowledge their addictions. Refuse to acknowledge their demons. I *embrace* mine. Wallow in it like I am traveling through a swamp of pixels and textures. Bathe in it like a tub filled with code and gameplay. I acknowledge my addiction.

What will I do? What can I do? Would you rather exist in a world where you mattered, and people care about you? Or would you rather exist in a world where your only solace is that you are ignored instead of mocked? Where you are neither hated nor loved?

Ah love. The only thing I stick my neck out for. The only thing that gets it invariably chopped off. I do not fall quickly or often, but I fall. Everyone falls. Most of the time the feeling is mutual, and the two beings procreate. It is how our cancerous species is perpetuated into infinity. Our at least until we wipe ourselves off of the face of this blue orb that we are infecting. However, when one of these cancerous cells is never noticed by any of the other cancerous cells of the opposite gender, they start to get worried. They begin to be self-conscious of the red bumps adorned across their face. They begin to dwell far more than they should on the size of various body parts. They wonder what actions they should take to ensure that their species is perpetuated. Wait, they don't usually care about that? They care about the *action* of procreating? Humans are strange.

Yet I regularly stick my neck out to approach these strange creatures that also leech off this planet. My fellow parasites! I am a bundle of hormones and despair surrounded by other little bundles of hormones and despair, and yet this commonality is not enough to ensure that I create future progeny. It is vexing to say the least.

A perfect example is the reason why I have twenty roses wilting at my right elbow. Anise Jones. She was friendly to me when I approached her, and maintained polite discussion-- that is in and of itself an oddity. I think that she is the exception to my invisibility. She must have X-ray vision or something.

The point is that a few people can see through it, and see me. They usually do not maintain this contact for more than a few days at a time, but they do. I admire these people who break through the curse entrapping me in solitude. Usually they are girls, but this one time Joe saw me. He moved though. Admiration turns to love quite naturally. (Except, of course, with Joe. Once again there is an even smaller exception that proves the exception that proves the rule. Confusing? Good. I am confused too.) I decide to stick my neck out, to bare myself to these people. And they rip my heart out.

Love is a punishment I think. You endure others in that state for your chance, you endure heartbreak for that chance, you endure rejection for that chance, but when that chance comes! Oh that is sweeter than anything. Of course, unless you will never experience love because of some odd ailment that makes you invisible to all but a precious few.

My burden is worse I think. Unseen, but watching others as they live social lives, and engaging in social activity with computer programs rather than people. I crave the thing I cannot have. For what?

Why? Why me? Why not another man who has done more wrong than I? Unless reincarnation is real. Maybe I am a punishment for some monster that lived a lifetime ago. Like I am Hitler reincarnated or something.

Am I Hitler?

I feel no sudden urges to conquer Europe or to engage in racial cleansing, so I guess not.

I suppose every man feels that their own trials and tribulations are worse than everyone else's. Everyone is swimming in self pity. Everyone feels as if they are the least lucky person in the world. The grass is greener on the other side.

Maybe I should feel grateful that I do not have to deal with the stresses and pressures of a social life. Maybe I should be grateful that I am not burdened by a significant other that I feel compelled to lavish with gifts until my inevitable bankruptcy. Maybe I should be grateful I am invisible, and therefore unbothered by the malicious intents of other human beings.

I am not because I cannot. I am a generally unhappy human within a generally unhappy race.

--Written by: Noah Smith

SONNET-WATCHER

I watch them and envy their perfection,
But they seem almost too good to be true
Living life carefree without direction.
All their free will is perceived taboo

To my obvious insecurities
That prevent a confident change of heart.
So I wash away my impurities,
It was fate and destiny from the start.

They are superior, and every time
Flaunting their jewel image subconscious.
Will there ever be a day when I shine,
Or I always remain anonymous?

Still I bow at their feet desperate above,
Hoping that their grace will reaffirm love.

Aspects

Don't worry
about the
looks to
be made,

But the
looks
you were
given.

The boy from Exona

By Wade Tephichin-Fruin

The boy started off on his long and strenuous journey. Soon it would come to an end across the snow covered fields of Exona; the boy's home country in the wonderful world of Magi. As the boy trekked through the field, his snow covered boots gave way to a village with burning lights and pointy tents. All he could see from the field of frozen grass and white rain, not much taller than his hip were many figures dancing around the bright light almost symbolically.

He pulled out his compass and his map, looking for the letters "H-A-G-G-E-R-T-Y" marked on it, his destination. The boy, Haggerty, remembers his bushy-haired, silver-browed grandfather telling him about his journey he must trek. A long, difficult adventure across the icy snow-topped forests and flats of Exona that have claimed many adventurers lives among the Kroadians. Being a Krodian boy, Haggerty has wished to accomplish the goal of this treacherous journey since the day he was born.

His grandfather taught Haggerty many lessons about the Exonian flats- the way the hills curve, the trees twist, and the snow falls. The lessons of survival were instilled in Haggerty at the young, tender age of nine. He had been preparing for this journey since the day he could hunt. Now, the fourteen-year-old tracks down his destination, desperately searching for a mystery.

As the adolescent snaps out of thought, he realizes a whole dozen minutes have passed. He looks down at his map and finds his location and continues looking for those eight letters. It only takes him a moment to find what he wants. A big "X" marks below the word "Haggerty", along the Inkin Mountains, only a week's travels from where the boy is, half that if he had a Krodian Steed. He tucks his map and compass back into his satchel and proceeds further into the field towards the village. Haggerty comes across a stream of flowing water and pulls out his hide to refill it. He checks his rations, three days of provisions left if he conserves them, or else he'll have to hunt more elk and horned rabbit.

After checking his gear and putting his hide back in his satchel, he puts back on his black cloak. (A gift from his late mother created with the thread from a Silkwig Spider.) As he remains hidden in the sleepy shadows of night, Haggerty continues through the field undetected and silent. Closely resembling the rituals of the Snow Tribesmen, a volatile and vicious gang of hunter-savages, they continue dancing around the beating fire and Haggerty begins to hear their chanting grow louder from a distant hum to a roar. The Krodian adventurer pulls out his emerald dagger, sharpened with diamond sheer tips, getting ready for the worst.

The Tribal Leader, marked with a scar in the shape of a snowflake on his chest and a white and gold headdress, is also wearing long leather boots and a fabric skirt made out of wild animal hides like the rest of the tribe. As Haggerty slowly makes his way towards the camp, he begins to move quicker and assert his survival skills, focusing on getting passed this challenge to move along with his journey. He has no choice but to eliminate the Tribe camp otherwise another traveler could stumble upon an unfortunate ending. Aside from doing it for goodwill, Haggerty despised the bastard savages that took his parents from him. All he has left is his grandpa and his brother, supposedly at the Inkin Mountains.

Again, he snaps out of thought and focuses on his survival. Haggerty breaks out into a crouching sprint about 30 feet passed the stream, until he is only a few meters before the opening of the village. As he waits for the perfect moment to strike, he feels the air get cold and

starts to realize the chill that has been there, the adrenaline had stopped him from realizing how cold it was.

Haggerty stops to admire the beauty of nature before he commits this heinous act of brutality against these savages that call themselves human. The cloaked assailant readies his dagger and counts how many of these humans there are... "1, 2, 3, 4... 7." As he brushes passed the serene grasses covered by the frozen tears of the sky, Haggerty unleashes his rage upon the vicious cretins. He rushes from the grass out into the open, his cloak swaying like a swing on his back. His left leg and arm forward followed by his right. Holding the dagger in his left, he assumes a defensive position guarding his left, leaving his right flank open.

One of the Snow Tribesmen sees an opportunity, unlike his not-so-foolish brethren he charges towards Haggerty. Extending his spear towards the fourteen-year-old combatant, he feels the end of the spear stop, caught by Haggerty's free hand, pushes the spear upwards and thrusts the dagger deep into the fools sternum. Seconds later there is a thud, then Haggerty beckons the others, "Come taste my blade you miscreants." Two more rush into the heat of battle with the cloaked teen, both making a fatal mistake of leaving their flanks open as he ducks under their spears and pulls their necks together creating a loud snap in unison and two more thuds.

Finally, the other four idiots charge the poor boy... their mistake. One of the tribesmen has an axe, swinging wildly he manages to cut Haggerty's forearm while Haggerty manages to grab the axe by the handle mid-swing and once again stab the brawny man in the sternum and again in the side. He slumps over. The Chieftain rushes towards Haggerty with the two remainders and attempts to thrust their spears all at once, this time the boy in the cloak is not so lucky, one spear pierces inside his chest, to the left of his heart. Thankfully the other spear misses and Haggerty escapes the dilemma with only a semi-deep wound.

Creating a window of opportunity, the boy slips into the shadows of the frozen tundra and begins planning his second attack. As the other three survivors of the skirmish anxiously wait around the fire with wounds and their fear of the black shadow that attacked their superior force, the same force waits to strike. One of the Snow Tribesmen looks the other direction in fear, 'An opening', Haggerty thinks. He leaps out of the snowy facade and rushes the survivors, tackling the Chieftain into the one of the tents, the other two stand around the fire dazed, bumbling like idiots. Haggerty slips onto the Chieftain's back, he brushes the dagger across the savages neck like a stroke from a paint brush exploding a vibrant red from the base of his neck. The two idiots rush into the heat of battle once again, the shadow is gone leaving the carnage of their leader before their eyes.

Both warriors left thud on the ground, leaving the Krobian shadow behind the now lifeless bodies. As Haggerty scavenges the camp he sees more provisions, tucks them in his satchel, warms up by the fire for a little while, and pulls out his map. He checks the direction of the Inkin Mountains and gets ready to set off in the morning. He pulls out of his satchel a fur sleeping bag and a charm with the words, "Guide the light, for it will guide you," imprinted on the the sun-shaped metallic piece. Haggerty grasps the charm tightly in his right hand, secures all of his belongings next to him, and bandages his wound securely. Finally, Haggerty closes his eyes and falls into a deep slumber under the snowfall of Winter and around the three tents he

conquered today. There will be many more like this on his adventures and many more perils to come. "Goodnight Midas, goodnight Yulin," Haggerty whispers in his peaceful slumber.

As he awakens, he opens his heavy eyes to reveal a gorgeous view of the sunlit field and the camp behind him. Soon, the putrid smell of death hits Haggerty and he remembers the hard-fought battle the night before. He checks his wound before getting ready for the day and nothing but a simple scar is left to show his struggle. "Thank you, Yulin and Midas."

The bright sun in his eyes, Haggerty pulls himself up and gets out of his woolen sleeping bag. After going to the stream he had found the night before, he washes his trousers and takes a dip into the cold, calming water. Scrapping the maroon stains off of his arms and chest he washes his ebony hair pulling out grass and snow. Soon after his bath, Haggerty dries his trousers off and returns to his temporary camp.

Pulling his cloak over himself, he picks out some rations from his brown satchel. The rations Haggerty picked, a horned rabbit, a scrumptious delicacy only found in the deepest recesses of the Exonian forests, will soon be consumed over the blazing fire from the night before. After putting the Rabbit on the spit, Haggerty patiently waits for his meal to finish. After 10 minutes, that he could count anyway, the Rabbit looked edible. Haggerty devoured the Rabbit like a rabid beast from the wild. Supplying him with the energy to move on, he thanks Midas and Yulin for the delicacy sent to him from above.

Before continuing his journey, Haggerty packs all his belongings into his satchel, salvaged what cloth and materials he can from the camp and puts the savage bodies into the fire. As he trots along away from the camp he remembers seeing a shiny object the night before from the field he was stalking the savages in. He retraces his step back, the smell hits him once again trying not to vomit his Rabbit up. He covers his face with his burgundy scarf and heads towards the spot where the Krobian saw the sparkly little item.

Past the tents between the blazing fire of death and the snow-topped field is the shiny object. Dazed by what he sees Haggerty falls on his ass and reels in surprise and confusement. The object before the young Krobian adolescent is a family heirloom. Haggerty's family, the Augusta's, once possessed a ring. This ring, made out of gold and silver lacing around each other, was imbued with the blessings of his grandfather's grandfather, Euloty the Wise. Now that ring lay before Haggerty as if beckoning his hand and soul. Haggerty cautiously gets up, slowly inches towards the ring, and kneels down beside it. He reaches down and picks it up to reveal an engraving on the inner ring that read, "Guide the light, for the light will guide you." Haggerty holds the ring up to his charm and they begin to glow in unison. He feels his heart start beating faster and a ghostly presence appears.

"Noakin awaits you in the Inkin Mountains, young one", the ghostly voice speaks.

"I am Euloty the Wise. Be hasty in your travels to the Mountains of Doom."

"The Mountains of Doom? How do you know my brother?", Haggerty questions.

"He awaits you, now go young one. Stay cloaked in the shadows." Euloty speaks.

And just like the sun and moon, Euloty is gone.

After about half an hour of striding through the woods, Haggerty finally gets his mind off of the spirit that appeared before the young boy and begins planning his journey through the snow-scape of Exona. Haggerty looks down at his right hand, eyeing the silver and gold band wrapped tightly around his Index finger. "Guide the light, for it will guide you", the boy thinks.

april 2: search

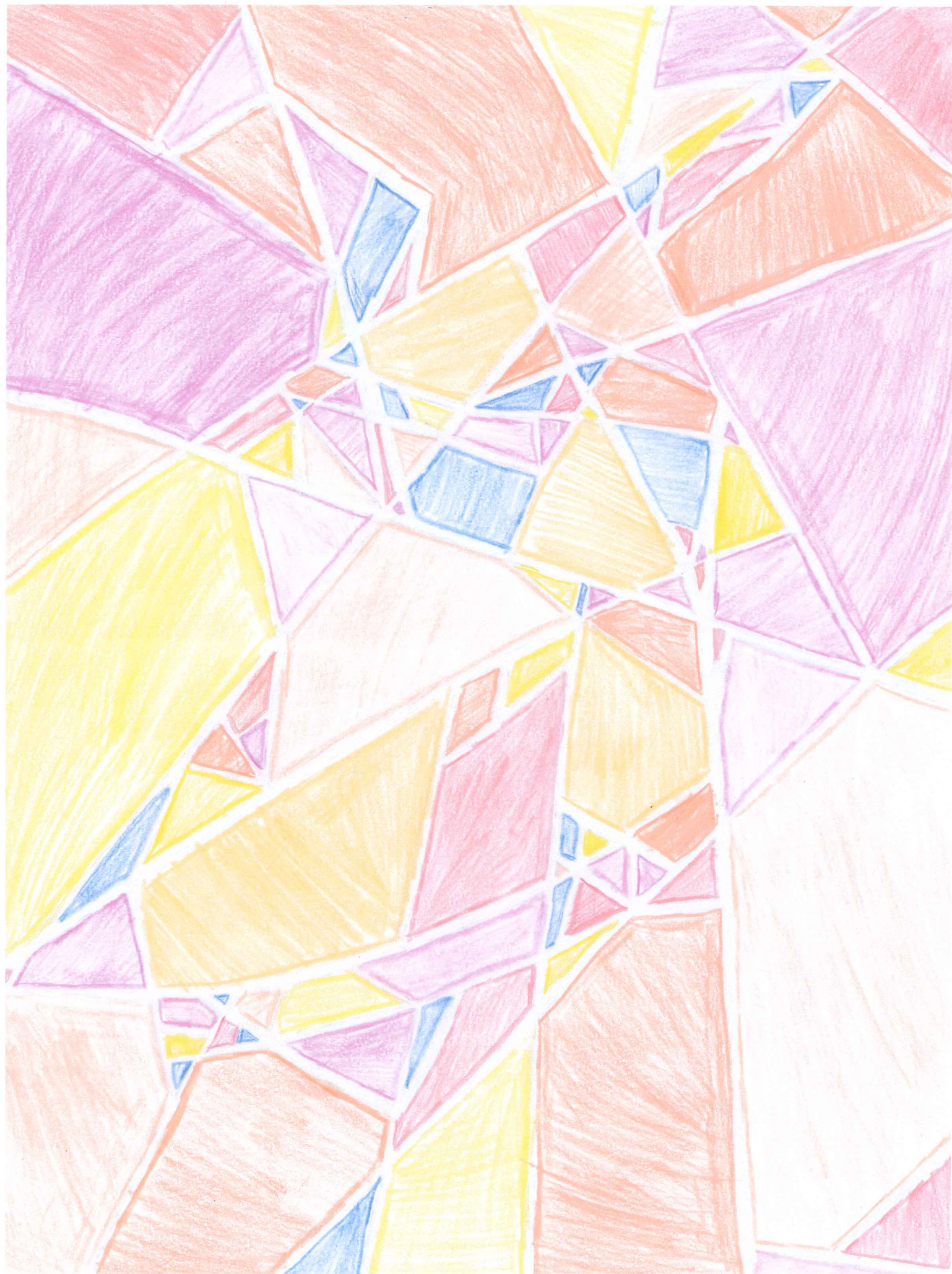
sometimes we have to drown..

drown in our starless
thoughts that we keep
contained in our subconscious.

we have to go through it
ourselves, feel every wave
hit us, until we figure out
a way to swim back
to the surface.

so stop treading water
all the time, let yourself
sink for you might be able
to find yourself in that
titanic sea which is your mind.

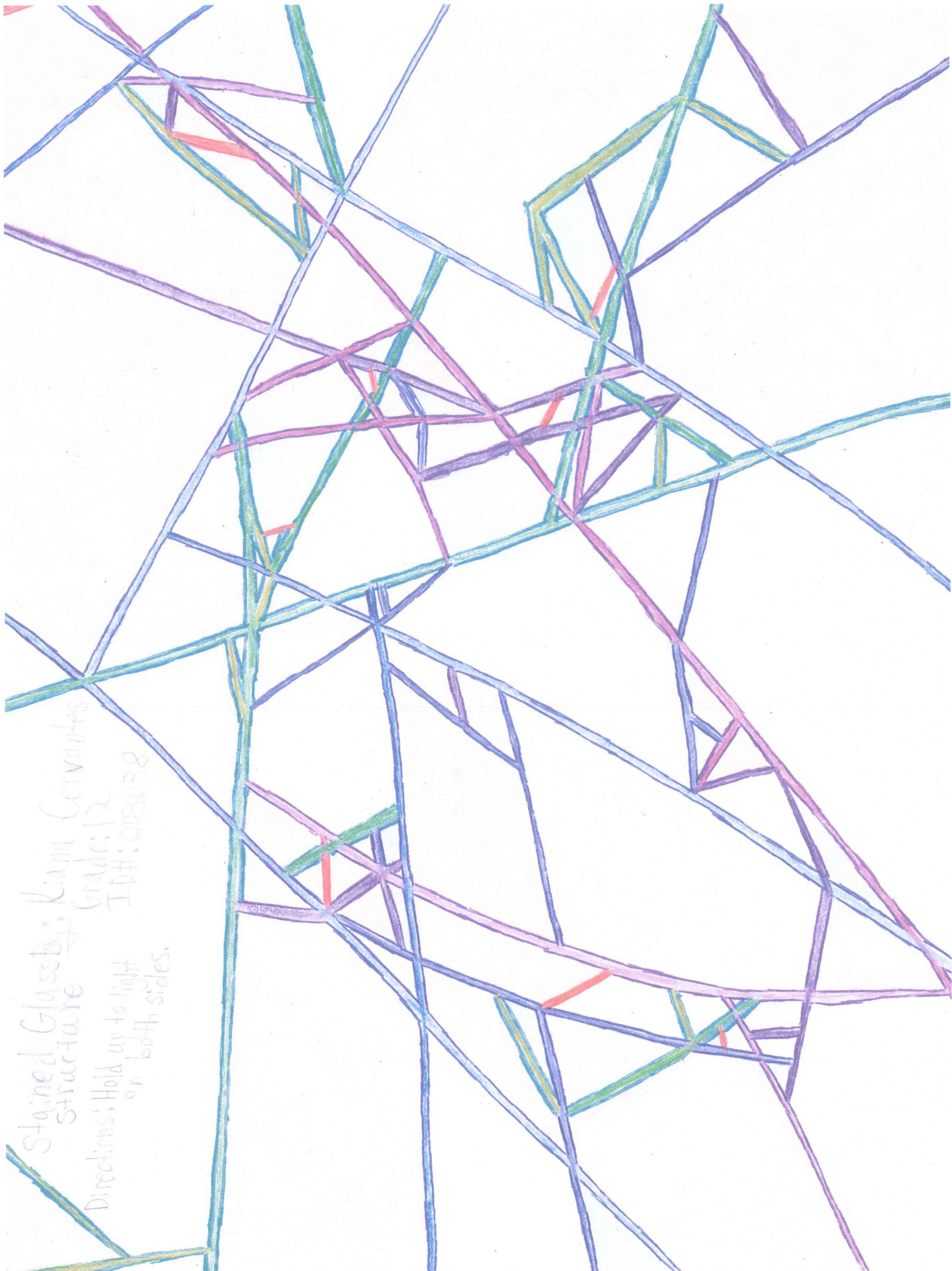
- **amoiré**



Stained Glass by: Kiana Cervantes

Grade: 12
ID#: 013038

Directions: Hold up to light
on both sides.



By: Gregory Weary

Better

I'm stubborn, A hard head
That's what my mom says
People say I've got potential
They say it's really simple
But I don't see what they say
I used see it
My hopes
My dreams
A whole lot of things
Then my world opened up
I saw the real pain
My energy drained
I almost gave up
My family, my crutch
My bruises from past bullies
Happiness they took from me
I looked in the mirror
I saw an unknown figure
My mind got clearer
My fear no more
Better than before
The energy that they drained
Started back pumping through my veins
I was done with all the pain
And better I had became.

Waves

The waves beat on the beach
So gently on the white sand
Red and blue alike swimming about
A world of wonder hitting the white sand
By: Natascha O'Neill

SONNET-QUEEN BEE

A swarm swells beneath my chestplate and burst
To draw sweet,sappy nectar from my hive,
Buzzing frustration for honey will thirst
Loyal working fuzzy bees who survive.

Never waste a drop of glory gold,
Even if you waste away;it is need
That is meant to feed the entire hold
For every honored member may bleed

To serve the almighty queen that graces us;
She provides shelter and strength for many
While we gladly provide rich golden cusp;
The value of our lives worth a penny.

We sacrifice all we have to receive
nothing in return to please the royal queen.

Omalys Torres

The Benefit of Ignorance

Truthfully, I had a difficult time developing a complacent answer to the question, "If you could have dinner with any one person in the world, living or dead, who would you choose? Why?" Inquisitively looking towards my peers for inspiration, I had a strong inclination that many of them would answer with names like "George Washington" "My dead grandma" or "Beyonce." But I felt that none of those names would have given the prompt justice. Just then, I began to think of individuals that I wanted real answers from. Over steak and potatoes, I could converse with God about the meaning of life and why mosquitos are still a thing. Or in the midst of sipping on hot tea, I could ask Helen Keller if she had any mirrors in her house, and if so, what for?? But no, I thought, none of those would do. Besides, I'm not entirely sure how I would speak to Helen, and I can chat with my Superior when the time comes. This decision was getting tough, the due date was inching closer, and I hadn't even written a sentence.

Distracted by the sound of the moving clock handles, I became aware that time felt indifferent towards my writer's block. It was not going to stop and say "No go ahead, I'll let you finish." Instead time was going to press on, minutes will turn into days and days will turn into years and before I know it i'll be stripped of my youth, sitting on the couch in the house that I paid for, wondering where all of that time went. I then realized that my abstract but deep thought had

given me the exact answer to the prompt I was given; If I could have dinner with any one ~~XXXX~~ in the world, living or dead, it would discernibly be my future self.

As I patiently wait for my guest to arrive, I wonder what she'll look like. Of course, I pray she is beautiful- I mean, she's me. I also pray she likes the restaurant, I tried to make the scenery as relaxed for her as possible, because I am aware that her inviter is a mirror she has not ~~looked~~ into for a very long time.

An influx of questions comes to the average teenagers' mind when the subject is their ~~future~~. Some are obvious like, "Am I ever going to lose this acne?" And some are more serious ~~like~~ "did mom's cancer get worse?" I believe that us teenagers have so many questions in ~~regards to~~ our future because we are aware of our ending youth, and we are terrified. The familiarity we feel right now is not going to last much longer.

Just when I think she's bailed on me, I see her at the host stand. "Reservation for 2," ~~says~~ the host. "Me and.." she takes a deep breath, "me." As the sound of her heels click ~~clatters~~ table, I'm suddenly extremely nervous. Am I contradicting the entire meaning of the ~~message~~ growing up? I can't even answer my question, because I am staring. She is at least two ~~feet~~ taller, her hair is long and healthy, and where did she get that dress?! Her build is slim ~~and~~ must have picked up going to the gym. From what I see, my future is going great.

As scary as it seems, I have always longed for a preview into my future. I often wonder ~~if~~ would I look like? Will I still have the same interests as I do now? How could I ~~guarantee~~ there would even be a future me?

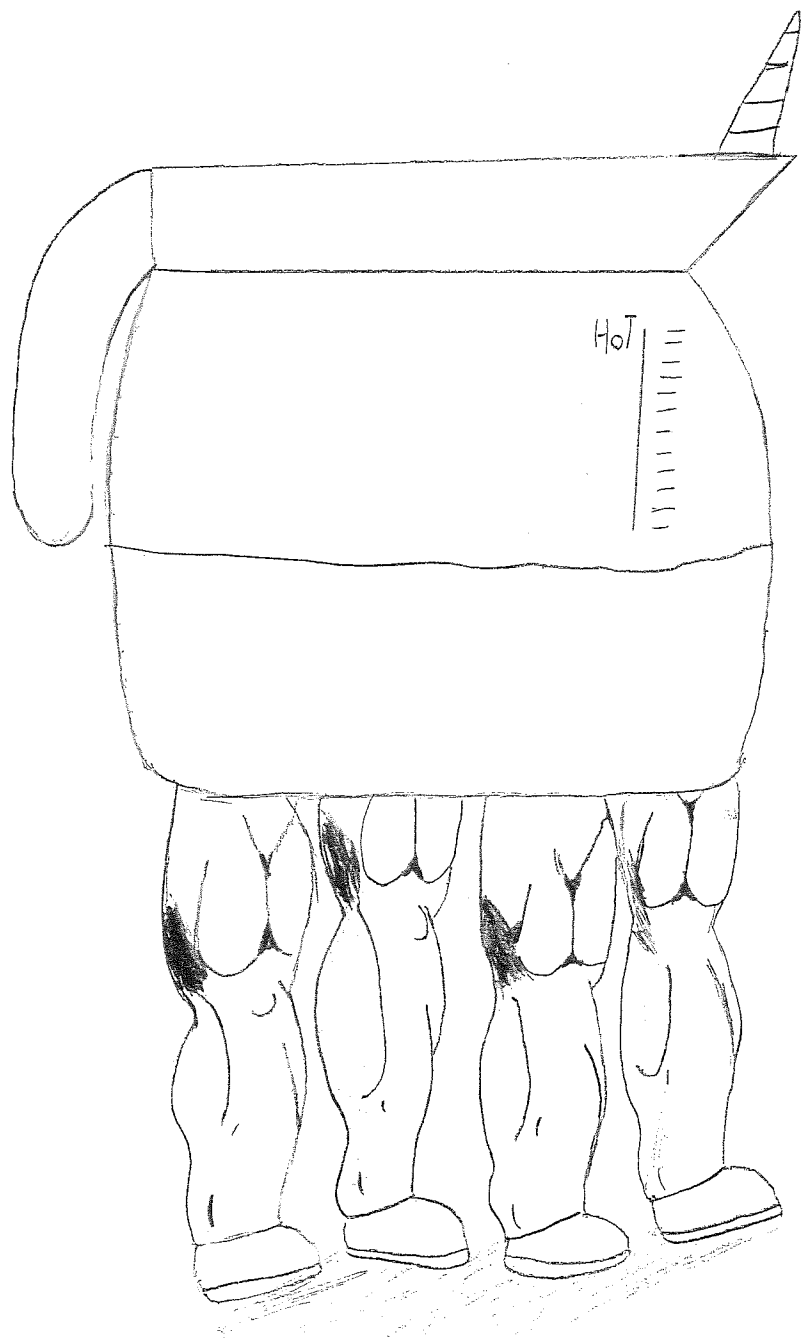
As she approaches the table, I almost throw up. Suddenly, I realize that she is only two ~~feet~~ taller because of her heels, our hair is the same length, and I recognize the dress as the ~~one~~ I

was planning to wear next year for graduation. I do not let her sit down, "What the hell?" I say, tears filling my eyes. Gazing into a mirror she looked into just a year ago, she whispers "There was a car accident." No, no, no, no. This cannot be. I want to change my prompt, let me have dinner with someone else. Please, I do not want to know, this can't be the end.

I thought about that last question more and more. What if I died? Would I truly want to know?

Now that I think about it, my future self is the *last* person I would want to have dinner with.

Give me Benjamin Franklin, give me Beyonce, ANYONE BUT HER. "I'm sorry," she says, she begins to explain the accident but I can't hear her, because I am running. I push the front doors of the restaurant open, and I stop. Dropping to the ground, I now fully understood the meaning of the benefit of ignorance.



The diamond

Diamond

Triangles, two

Colored stained bloodstone

Brightly, strong, indestructible

Magnifying beautiful thing

Expensive lessened

Diamond

By: Natascha O'Neill

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some
of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

Basal Nuclei: The little clumps of help in the brain

While their anatomical function,
is to help control and initiate
slow, stereotypical motion,
to me, these little clumps
of grey matter hanging out
In all the white matter of the brain
act as a sort of regulation crew.
They all have a sector
and a number to go along with that,
they check in with each other
now and then, saying things like
"Oy! This hand is acting janky,
what's your status mate?"
To which another sector would reply
"Nah mate, everything's ace over here.
What's you're trouble?"
Of course, it was just a minor fluke,
so the previous sector would cheekily reply
"Must have been a glitch, sorry mate!"
These sectors aren't always Australian of course,
other times they're a cranky Bostonian
who doesn't take crap from the other sectors,
or a charming Southern Belle
from the Deep South.
Regardless of what accent they hold,
they're ridiculously adorable in my mind
And pretty important at the same time!

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

Dura Mater and Pia Mater: The Two Moms Protecting Your Brain

Both of these structures are membranes
that cover your squishy brain. However,
they're very different in both personality and make.

Let us start with the Pia Mater,
the gentler of the two Mothers.

Pia is the membrane that
directly covers the surface of the brain.

It is thinner and more delicate than Dura
but not without merit, or importance.

In my head, whenever I try to visualize Pia,
I imagine an approachable, brunette
housewife who wears skirts and smells like cookies.

Pia is the "good cop" mom,
who comforts the kid after they've been
scalded harshly Dura for doing something small.

Directly touching the skull, the tougher
Dura Mater is the protective membrane.

Dura just wants your brain to be safe,
so sometimes Dura has to be the "bad cop"
to protect their kid, your brain.

When I imagine Dura, a "scary" looking
female veteran wearing fatigues comes to mind,
with her arms crossed and one eyebrow arched.

Each Mater works together to create
the perfect protection and love for your brain.

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

White Blood Cells: Comradery and Competition Galore

Even though Leukocytes, or WBC,
make up less than one percent of human blood,
they are by far the most diverse group,
with five different outrageously competitive types.

Every day, go down one vein, you'll hear
two macrophages boasting about
the number of foreign bacteria cells they ate.

Ride down another, B-Cell Lymphocytes
will be bragging about the fact that
they beat their personal record for antibodies
for the second time this week.

Down another vein, you'll see a group
of Neutrophils comparing bacterial and fungal numbers,
or a group of Eosinophils reviewing their
amount of daily parasitic cell captures.

Off in the distance, you can see some platelets
trying to calm down some Basophils,
after they freaked out over some pollen.

Basophils are the paranoid and jumpy kind of WBC,
since they react to something that's actually harmless.

Monocytes, on the other hand, are the aggressive leaders
of the group, because yell at all the other Leukocytes
to get off their lazy butts and get to work.

In the end, even though all the WBC talk a big game,
they all come together to defend the human body.

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

CO₂ and O₂: The Unseen Prejudice and Disdain Within Our Bodies

Everyone is taught sometime between
Middle School and the end of High School,
The basics of respiratory gas exchange.
We breathe in the beloved, cherished Oxygen
and expel the tainted, exiled Carbon Dioxide.
In practically every biological process,
beyond photosynthesis and the carbon cycle,
Carbon Dioxide is labeled as waste,
to be callously thrown aside.
Did anybody ever think of how Carbon Dioxide feels?
It's not their fault that they're created
During a necessary process like breathing
And have no use as a product.
It doesn't help either, that every time
they pass the anointed Oxygen
in the bustle of the Alveoli during breathing,
they're taunted and degraded into scapegoats!
"look at the dirty Carbon Dioxide!
Go back to the air, where you belong, freak!"
Mother Oxygen hurrying along
Their curious Oxygen children, shushing them
When they ask, "who are they mommy?"
They can certainly sympathize with Frankenstein's monster,
shunned by a careless creator
who didn't realize the consequences of their action.

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

Red Blood Cells: Unknown Discrimination Behind Fleshy Closed Doors

Just as there is rampant prejudice
In the airways of the human body,
The Blood Stream is no less hateful.
On top of the narcissistic nature
of the leukocytes, commonly known as white blood cells
(this will be discussed in a later poem),
the erythrocytes, or red blood cells,
also have major ego issues.
However, it's not with the other RBC surrounding it,
It's with the RBC of other bodies and creatures.
Erythrocytes have this weird size thing with other erythrocytes;
The RBCs of a creature, no matter the size,
always wants to be the biggest,
and because of this, Erythrocytes generally
belittle any RBC they see that are smaller than them.
Oh, sorry, left out the part where
Whenever someone looks at another living thing,
All the biological stuff inside
just sees the other person's biological stuff,
Ergo blood sees blood, organs see organs, et cetera.
Anyway, back to your regularly scheduled program.
A prime example of the day to day
belittlement RBCs have to face is that,
whenever you look at a bird, your Erythrocytes see theirs
and the larger human RBCs proceed to taunt

A is for Anatomy: A Collection of Free Verse Poems Regarding Some
of the Adorable and Atrocious Things in Anatomy

Composed Entirely By: Tamara Typhair

the bird's RBCs on their puny size in comparison

to the major mass of the human RBCs.

Think of that, the next time you want to go bird watching...



ACCEPTANCE BY MICHAEL J ZANDER

Mom, dad I have something to say.

This isn't the time to play.

I'm quite scared at what you'll see.

Maybe you'll no longer love me.

I'm not like either of you.

Oh my I'm scared what you'll do

I know what you believe and you'll say it's wrong.

That's why I've hid this all along.

I hope you'll understand and be kind.

Please me gentle, have an open mind.

I'm gay and that's a fact.

I'm sorry that you may not like that.

But you loved me then, will you love me now?

I don't want to change, nor do I know how.

I'm still your child, I always have been.

I know to you this is a sin.

We're supposed to be ourselves that's what you say.

Why does that not stand today?

Will you hate me because I'm gay?

Is hateful words all you have to say?

Will you not accept me for what I am?

Was this really such a surprise? Was it like BAM!

Please don't leave me.

Stay with me you'll see.

I'm still a person you know that.

I'm still cute like a cat.

It's not WHAT we are that matters.

It's WHO we are that is the determining factors.

ROSY LIFE

How pretty are roses?

Like life's abundant oasis.

Side by side thorns, still thy beauty shows.

Like life's lovely glows.

How rough are thorns?

Like life's dirges and mourns.

Side by side roses, still thy remain dull.

Like life's last hopes fall.

Like life, there is smooth and rough.

Like a stalk of rose, there is petal and stalk.

They contradict each other as though,

But they complete one another to make a rosy life.

THE MAN CALLED DEPRESSION BY MICHAEL J ZANDER

Oh depression I hate you so.

You always say I have to let go.

You make me wear a fake smile.

Making me hide that I can't beat this trial.

You beat me down and bring me to tears.

Giving me a sense of my overwhelming fears.

I try to stand up but you knock me down.

I can't even go say hi to the town.

You make me go and play with the devil.

You hold me down so I can't beat this level.

Your cold hands make me feel so cold.

I wish I could get out of your hold.

You cut my wrists like a crimson knife.

Your sick tricks come to take my life.

Truth About Us

He is a creature of beauty to my eyes.
He is a stranger that I cherish from afar.
I am the girl he didn't choose.
I am the girl that fellows omit from their "list"
She is a lady whom they admire.
She is a lady whom fellows desire.
Who he longs for, the woman which stole his heart.
And I-
only a friend...

-Love

In a bubble, and the number 5: by, Gregory Weary

The millennial race
We're all stuck in a bubble
We fear our own futures
So we hold on to the past

Looking forward is a nightmare
And going back is our one true hope
The things we could've done
The things we couldn't
The friends we should have brought
And those that we shouldn't

If I could go back
Although I can not
I would do what I could
I would do what I could not
I'd bring all of my friends
And all those I should not
Because why regret the things we did
At least we did it
Don't be afraid to admit it
Regret the thing you didn't do
And when life runs dry pop your bubble
And know that you're finished.

In a bubble, and the number 5: by, Gregory Weary

I was 5

I was shy

Was not quite polite

My father was a mystery
always here but never there

I knew not his name but I had not cared

My mother always busy

Her reason more honest

For she was a soldier

And of this I was proud

A day

To a week

For five months she disappeared

A deployment she called it

I knew not what it meant

Although I was now six

And like a magician

My mother returned

I was 8

I was 13

For her next two deployments

My mind grew weary

I began to give up

I no longer cared

I erased emotion

I saw it pointless

No friends stood by me

No family that understood

In a bubble, and the number 5: by, Gregory Weary

I was alone

I am alone

I was 5

I am 15

I had many friends now I have few

Other than my mother's deployments I was always being moved

8 the number of home I've made

1 the number of homes I still have

I am alone

I am 5

BROTHER, WHERE ARE YOU?

Brother, where are you?
Our mother, she's died
Brother, where are you?
Oh, please don't hide

It's just me and you now
We're on our own
It's just me and you now
Don't leave me alone

Brother, where are you?
Our father, he's died
Brother, where are you?
Oh, please don't hide

It's just me and you now
I want you near
It's just me and you now
I'll be waiting right here

Brother, where are you?
You said you'd be by my side
Brother, where are you?
I can't believe that you lied

I'm all by myself now
I'm on my own
I'm all by myself now
You left me alone

Brother, I miss you
I found out that you died
Brother, I miss you
And I know that you tried

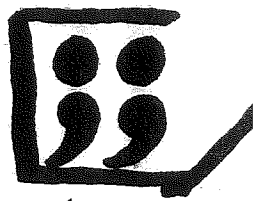
I'm all by myself now
I have no reason to live
I'm all by myself now
So into temptation, I'll give

Brother, I miss you
But I've made a decision
Brother, I miss you
But I'm making this incision

I'm all by myself now
I'm alone with a knife
I'm all by myself now
So I'll take my own life

But brother, I miss you
And I know this isn't what you'd do
Brother, I miss you
So I'll keep on living
Just for you

The Creature Inside My Head



Inspired by:
Ellen Hopkins' book series
"CRANK"

night
um
my mental
leg sought
and we
in with
of night
every time
tonight
soft squishing bed
contemplating whether
I live or die from
what fate said nine
years ago
it all

the creature
about its
problems
out they
blends
the darkest
deceiving
in sight
in my
soft squishing bed
contemplating whether
I live or die from
what fate said nine
years ago
it all

emotionality
Parents
perfect
it was
an escape
start
like a clean
slate the
creature's charm
is slavishly
contradictory
I've never tried
explaining
anyone
they
view your
first
but there

when my
and I
to me
merely
A new
kinda
like a clean
slate the
creature's charm
is slavishly
contradictory
I've never tried
explaining
him to
because
always
the
creature
probably

UP

M
E

the last
because no
one wants
to know
about my
past
when
we met
I found
peace
maybe
what of a village
seemed harmless
when I first saw
his eyes. he came
into my
life all
and
he has
reputation
negative
speed
of

temptation (thomp, Glass
breathing, thomp) has
getting closer the
door seems as if
as
human
his leg
stare
is something
I can hardly
give I can
smell
is
intriguing
serena as it sends
me into a coma
he picks me up and
drags me into a world of



INSIDE

A letter

Dear danielle,

I heard lately that you been trying to "recover"?
But we both know you'll just cover,
Cover the fact that you still need me.
Cover that fact that you still feed me.
Cover the fact that you still breathe me

You can't just cover me up.
You can't just rip me up.
Because no matter how many times you try
I'll still be there to pick you up.

I know I can't blink but i'm starting to think
That maybe you're having dreams again.
Dreams that will rip at the seams if you
Continue to just let me scream.
And that's no type of relationship
For this 2 person team.

It's funny how nowadays the only sound
I hear, is the water from your tears.
But you're recovering, right? But that doesn't mean
I'm not hovering. Hovering around your mind
Just like old times. You can confide in me.

but,

You can't just hide from me danielle.
You can't just lie to me danielle.
I am a big big ocean wave and you are just a tide danielle.
Can you cry for me danielle.
Or can you die for me danielle.
What you can't decide yourself danielle.
I thought you could fight for yourself danielle.
Or are you just fighting yourself?

When was it that we grew so far apart
I thought I had a special place inside your heart?
I thought you really liked me, I mean you'd

Always write about me.

I hope you know i'll always be there.
Even if you don't want me. Cause
This is not some lousy confession
I hope you know, I am your one life lesson

Signed sincerely, your depression.

She was a black-hole soaking up negativity around her. Attracting everything, but repelling the goodness until it consumed her. The cosmic energy she emitted would be felt everywhere in the galaxy. Leaving only a dark spot upon the magnificent beauty of endless stars. That's what she was, an enigma to behold. A woman no man could get close to; she wasn't worth the risk.

Eventually light found its way into the abyss. A star lost in the blackness of her quintessence, dazed, and captured by her presence, stayed. He brought goodness with him. At first, she was terrified for the substance was foreign to her. As the absence of time pressed on, maybe feeling warmth and acceptance was not a horrendous concept. For the first time in eternity, she at last saw the light of day, his happiness.

~ Love

I often sit and wonder as my kids take a test if they are even aware of the wonders they have yet to even begin to imagine. Their legs bounce, fingers run through their hair, pencils pound against a leg, and lower lips suffer endless bites as they work each problem. But do they even know what they will do and achieve outside the bounds of that bubble they must fill in?

They are so lost in the small screen they seek. They believe they hold the world in their hands, yet they truly have no idea what wonders there are if they would just look up into the real world they live in but avoid. They play reruns of seconds long videos of people they don't even know, speak in simple pictures and jumbled letters, and skip through pictures of people and places they believe to be the key to their dreams.

How do we teach them that the life they want and truly deserve has nothing to do with that small screen? They walk the halls and miss the wonders in front of them. The beauty of the struggles so many of their peers have overcome, simply to be in the hallway. The joy on a face because they just received word they passed that test they have failed three times before. The shy kid in the new outfit, screaming out with silence, from the confidence gained by a simple set of clothes. The normally always friendly kid, now with sunken shoulders because he learned his grandfather most likely will not survive the week. The teacher that finally managed to find her desk under all those papers, but she gave up seeing her young son play t-ball last night to get the work done. The custodian that just cleaned up the mess in the restroom and yet no one even said thank you or saw him walk by.

How do we teach them to be the humans they so desperately beg us to be? We hear them scream about how they won't let anyone "disrespect me!" but yet they have no issues disrespecting the adult working so hard to help them be a better person. They seek money and fame, yet they don't know the truth behind the numbers – the hidden pains in never being alone and never truly having your life, you must live as everyone else expects you too. They seek want it, but yet won't earn it.

When will we stop sitting around and complaining about what is lacking and actually start teaching these things? When will just stop letting it go and continue to allow them to be lost in their little screens? When will we be the windows to the true wonders of the world they live in?

I know you remember what warm sand under your toes feels like. I know you have seen a sunrise so powerful you had no words to describe it. I know you have heard the laughter of a small child and just sat and listened as it rang in your soul. I know you have taken the time to get away from your own little screen and been remiss when you had to return to it. I know you would give almost anything to take that ride again in your grandparent's car with the windows rolled down and the destination still hours away. I know you would give up that little screen if you had the secrets to the questions above.

I challenge you to be the change here.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS BY MICHAEL J ZANDER

Days come and days go.

Where we'll end up, we don't know.

Some people are nice and some are cruel.

Some are smart and some are a fool.

Some friends are nice and some are not.

Be nice to all, these we are taught.

Some are friends and some are more.

Some a golden, even at their core.

These you love with all your heart.

You stand together and never apart.

They're there for you when you cry.

They weep for you when you die.

They comfort you when you are sad.

They cool you down when you are mad.

This is a thank you for all you have done.

Life without you all would be no fun.

When life's got me down, you are there.

The things you say remind me you care.

Friends come and friends go.

I don't care if this is so.

I'll love you all until the end.

Because you truly are my friend.

So days come and days go.

And I love them all because of the love you show.

I never considered my eight year old son to be a liar but I also didn't consider him to be sane. It was when he was about six when it started to happen. I would hear him talking to someone but when I looked there was never anybody there. At first I thought he had an imaginary friend but things started to get out of hand. He would always refuse to go to bed repeating the same two words over and over again.

"He's coming"

I would ask him if he meant his imaginary friend but he would just shake his head and change the subject.

"Why do I have to go to bed?"

"Because it's late"

He pointed to his closet and said "But what about that little girl?"

The next day I saw Rowan at the top of the stairs making faces.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm copying the lady with the braid"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't see her? Her braids are around her neck"

He then started making a face of someone gasping for air.

That was only the beginning.

When I had Manon babysit him, she was sitting in the corner when I got home.

"What are you doing? Where's Rowan?"

She ran out.

"Rowan! What happened?"

Rowan came downstairs and shrugged.

"I just said something and she freaked out"

"What did you say?"

"When she was putting me to bed I asked her to check the closet"

"Why would that freak her out?"

"When she looked inside I told her it was behind her and then a picture on the wall fell".

"Rowan, go to bed now".

"Can you tuck me in".

I sighed "Fine".

When I went to his room I picked up the picture and hung it back on the wall.

"Why is there a sheet covering your TV?"

"That's the way they come in"

"Take the sheet off right now and go to bed"

"But-"

"Now!"

He reluctantly took the sheet off and went to bed.

"Now get some rest"

The next morning when I went into his room his bed was empty and there was a trail of blood leading to the TV.

I ran downstairs and grabbed my phone.

"Mom!"

"Who is this?"

"Mom, it's your daughter Feyre. Rowan is gone! I don't know what happened!"

"Is this some kind of cruel joke?"

"What do you mean? Mom, it's me!"

"2 years ago, Feyre killed her own son and then herself. Please don't call me again"

Change

By Michael J Zander

**All we see is chaos and blood.
All we see is bodies and mud.
All we see is evil people with the loudest voice.
In a world like this, wish we had a choice.
We see the violence and we lack a solution.
They're like a disease, they're like pollution.
They ruin our world and ruin our lives.
They cut into our hearts with their crimson knives.
Well this is the age of change and its time we start.
It's time we stop ourselves from tearing this world apart.
Its time our hearts speak and we take a stand.
Because our hearts an instrument and together we're a band.
No longer will we be in the darkness in silence.
It's time we end this without violence.
We will stand for those who can't.
We will act instead of sit and rant.
We are a fire, all consuming.
This is our world, ours for the ruling.
So grab my hand and lets act today.
Because I know your heart has something to say.**

She looks at him like he put the stars in the sky.
Like he's the reason the moon lights up the night.
His eyes are a mixture of every galaxy there is and will be.
Seeing that smile leaves her breathless and aching for his touch. Dying
to be held innocently in his arms- to feel secure and safe.- When he
places his hand upon her cheek, apart of her soul fell more in love with
a stranger she knew she could not keep.

So she would defend his against the malicious attacks of the enemy:
of age, unknown feelings, blasphemous thoughts smothered by heavy prayer
and forgiveness. She may need him, but it is not reciprocated.
All she wants is to be close to him, something that will never happen.

All that's left:
the anxiety of teenage years and maturing without the presence of a
strong soul she came to love, but never knew a thing about. She has
this albatross in her head, filling her heart: it won't stop- even
worse, it's tearing her apart.

Hence the sorrow and woe of her dreary life she despises much,
to love someone at the wrong time,
to have had someone love her at the wrong time,
for life to be a series of uncompromising, inconstant, highly
unrealistic, and injurious events in everyday occurrence.

Yet, he is the lodestone her soul has become infatuated with.

The lucida to fill her cracked broken beating heart with light
again- with life again.

If only he knew
when she said, "darling" she meant it in a way that went over his head,
in a way that "...I scorn to change my state with kings" (Sonnet 29).

Sincerely,

love

Defeat

Victory
after
victory,

Loss
after
loss,

Now,
only
ashes
remain.

RALPH



The Monster

--J R Sieffert

The monster was scary
The monster was bad,
But a child showed kindness
And the monster became glad.

The witch was ugly
The witch was weird,
until she created medicine
and her history was cleared.

The goblin was evil
The goblin was crazy,
but the world got tired of his tricks
and he was just plain lazy.

The vampire was stupid
The vampire was frightening,
But he created a novel
And his lesson was heightening.

The demon was full of tricks
He used them on dogs,
but then was respected
using magic to chop down logs.

The zombie was slow
Yet fast at eating brains,
and then he got a job
cleaning up the town when it rains.

And now the ghosts are great
They are more than what they seem,
but later when I break the law
they are nothing but a bad dream.

My Love

Her glossy lips produced the words

"Explain your love"

*her words captured me; i didn't know
nor how to explain the love that i felt inside...*

Yet words dribbled out passionately

*"My love, no matter where you are
on this planet or with the stars
you'll always feel it; it's a love that
beams from me to you, blinding people
like we're the sun, wraps around you in
a warmth so pure you'll never be cold or alone.*

*It's a love that pours into your dreams,
lingers on your clothes, embeds itself in
your skin, so no matter how hard you scrub...
the love is always there.*

*This love can make you glow as
vibrant as a full moon, seen from
every room your presence noticed.*

*My love shows in pictures,
leaks out with every word spoken
from delicate lips; My soul sounds
of our love, never to be forgotten.*

*A love that cannot be destroyed
as it is tied into your veins,
so when you kiss another...
it'll never be the same.*

*It's a love that cannot be ignored because
it's a undeniable and enduring type of love.*

- **amoiré**

