

Edwardsville High School

Literary  
Magazine

2011-12



Edwardsville High School  
**Literary Magazine**



**2011-2012**

We would like to thank the English Department, the students who submitted their works, the Lit Mag staff, and EHS administrators, without whom we would not be able to continue producing Literary Magazines.



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2011-2012

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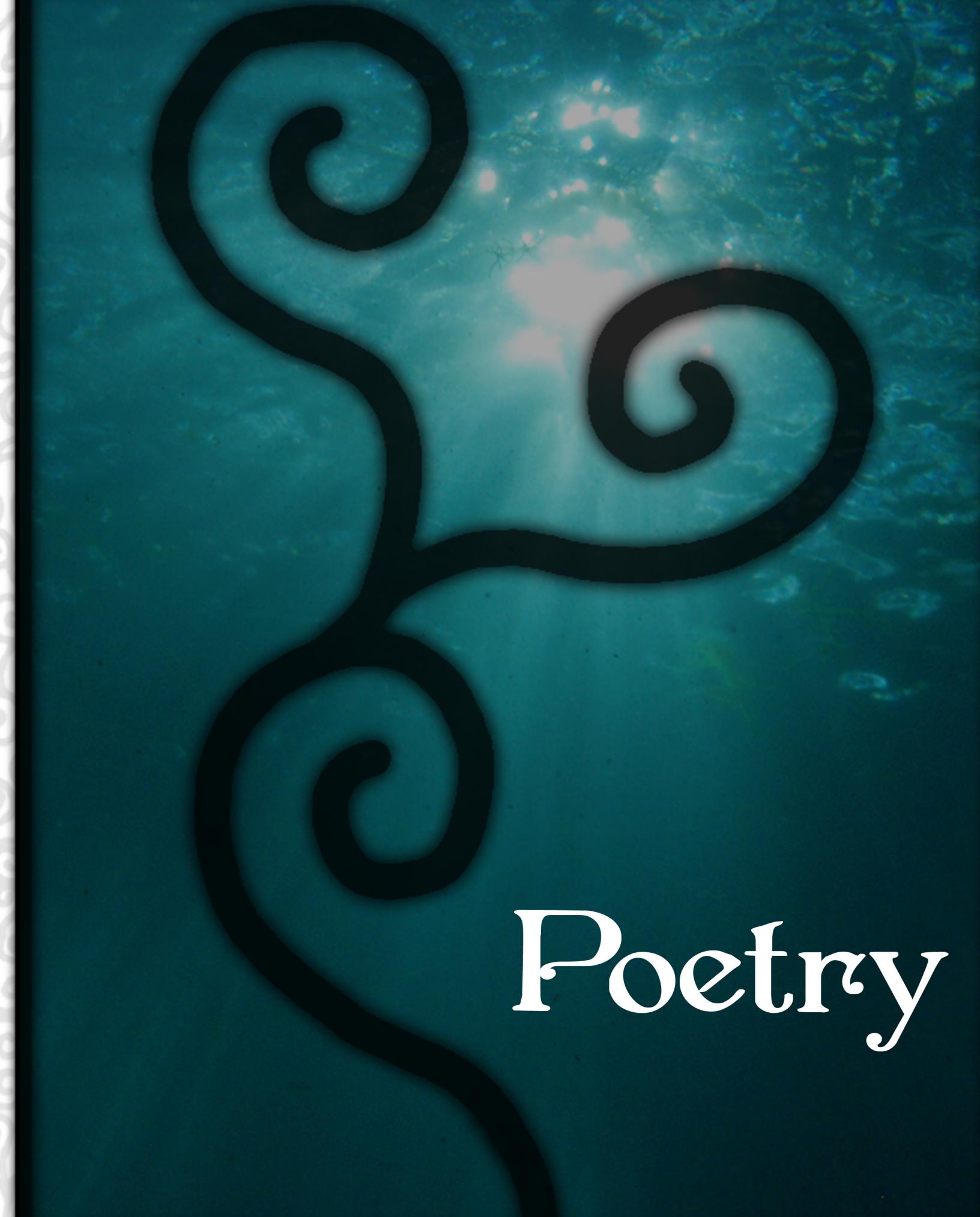
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## Divider Photography

All inside divider photography was taken by Katie Smith

## EAC Art and Poetry Project Photography

All photography of the Asian art pieces was taken by Dixie Patrow



# Poetry



## Godfrey and the Troll

By Conner Patt

The old king sits upon his throne,  
On his face lies a foul scorn.  
He's filled with fear, anger, and dread,  
For each morning he must mourn.

Oh what, oh what just have I done,  
To bring this blight on me?  
Am I doomed so that by this troll  
To be cursed for eternity?"

"My beloved king," his squire said,  
"I know what it is you need.  
You need Godfrey, greatest knight there is,  
A man quite strong of will indeed."

So the king sent his message to Godfrey the knight  
Who was riding with his merry band.  
It said, "If you slay this beast and set me free,  
I offer you both gold and land."

"My brothers my friends now we must ride  
And slay this ghastly beast shall we."  
Thus spoke Godfrey the noble knight  
Who was known from sea to sea.

Swift and quick as the wisping wind  
In full battle gear on rode they,  
Knowing full well that many could die  
When into battle they went that day.

When in the forest they found the troll  
Kneeling next to a pile of stones.  
All but Godfrey turned and fled  
When they say it gnawing human bones.

When the two met eyes Godfrey lifted his sword  
And in a calm voice he began to say,  
“You spawn of evil, I am your doom,  
Into death you shall fall today!”

With a clang and a clash Godfrey swung his sword  
And off flew the troll’s great head.  
Drained of life and without pity  
Godfrey sent him to the realm of the dead.

When Godfrey told the king what he had done  
He leaped up full of glee.  
“My fair young knight, you’ve done me proud,  
So now in peace I can sleep,” said he.

Then after that off Godfrey rode  
To find his merry band,  
Because it was for glory that he fought  
Not for riches of gold or land

Life  
By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

A story waiting to be written,  
endless possibilities, but still the  
same ending.

Cloth of Life  
By Anna Kolasa

I am the seamstress who pulled on the thread,  
And unraveled that which should be left dead.

Belief that I was the only scarred one  
Shattered with each tug, my tears were not done.

Hearing the tales of heartbreak and violence  
Left me stunned, crying in total silence.

I knew it wouldn’t stop, I felt such dread.  
The world seemed unfair, my heart filled with lead.

We try to stitch our lives back together,  
Even though our cloth is ripped forever.  
But do not despair; just know this one truth,  
Patchwork is better on the quilt of youth.

The Place We Know as Home  
By Hadleigh Perigo

We throw trash on this beautiful place  
Killing its creatures, by littering its waters  
For them, life and death is a teeter-totter  
Every day we do it, the climate gets hotter  
The ozone layer once again punctured

This planet Earth, we call home  
We steal its water and grow things on it  
We say we recycle to try and save it

We lock the truth up in a vault,  
The place we call home is deteriorating and it’s all our fault

## Hungry Man Forevermore

By Rick Veitch

Once upon luncheon cheery, there I stood, confused and weary,  
Looking at the food court bleary, within I held a hunger war.  
I look at all the trays go by, hoping that one might catch my eye,  
And lone behold was chocolate pie, alas I could not wait much more.  
My stomach then turned to and fro until it gave a great outpour.  
Screamed my stomach, "Feed me more!"

I could not pick and made a guess, and there it was, Panda Express.  
I was distraught and such a mess, and not in the mood to explore.  
All the time my stomach grating, while I slowly stood there waiting,  
In the line I kept on hating, slick and smooth, the food court floor.  
Hear I did a bunch of gurgles and in my head a great big roar,  
Growling on forevermore.

After a long and painful wait, I had the people fill my plate.  
It had been long since I last ate food that would fill me to the core.  
After waiting I was pickin' the world famous orange chicken,  
With its sauce I would be lickin' until my plate had left no more.  
My stomach finally seemed pleased; it would no longer be a boar.  
Hunger pains would be no more.

To the cashier I made my way, hand-in-hand drink and food tray.  
Time had come for myself to pay for food my belly would adore.  
I was next up on the docket, reaching into my back pocket,  
With hands as fast as a rocket, and looked to see what was in store.  
I looked inside my brand new wallet, only to see that I was poor.  
Would I eat? No, nevermore!

## Joy

By Alex Harper

God's joy comes in many forms  
Like the sight of a wayward carnation  
Like the sound of a friend's hearty laugh  
Like the smell of a fresh cut apple  
Like the sound of soft rain upon the ground  
Like the sight of newly fallen snow in a field  
These are the things God lives in.  
The perfection of imperfection  
is Joy.

## His Song

By Anonymous

I see you so clear, it always seems  
Making me wonder  
Why can't you see me?  
Is it because you just don't want it to be?  
Because you could never love someone like  
me?  
You say we are different, but really we're not.  
Deep down I know we both just want a shot  
A shot on goal that finally makes it in.  
A shot that could make us smile within  
One shot at love is all it takes  
We both only need one shot that can either  
make or break.

## Untitled

By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

We are all different, unique,  
Unlike anything else, yet still the  
Same, fragile and in constant  
Wonder but one thing we all are  
Is beautiful.

## The Smells

By Margaret Stolte

Sniff the onions with the smell-  
Smelly smells!  
Oh my eyes, the pain, the sting, what horror they fortell  
Noses wrinkle, wrinkle, wrinkle  
From the stench, oh what a fright!  
While my nose that seems to tingle  
On the cutting board I sprinkle  
All the onions of my might;  
It smells bad, bad, bad,  
Throw it in a plastic bag,  
To compare I'd say it's worse than anything I've ever smelled  
Oh the smells, smells, smells, smells, smells,  
Smells, smells, smells,-  
On the gagging and the crying from the smells

## II

Sniff the fragrant flower smells-  
Pleasant smells!  
Almost like a perfume bottle, what this flor foretells!  
Even fragrant in the night  
How they cause so much delight!  
Any flower has my vote  
And all in bloom  
Scented water lilies float  
To the scent that always follows, in the air  
Oh my nose!  
Oh, the bouquet it impels  
What a gush of aromatic voluminously swells!  
Oh, the smell!  
Oh, I dwell

On the perfume! How it tells  
Of the delight that it sells  
To the good-smelling aroma  
Of the smells, smells, smells,  
Of the smells, smells, smells, smells,  
Smells, smells, smells,-  
To the wonderful aroma of the smells!

## III

Smell the pungent trashy smells-  
Shocking smells!

What a sniff of nasty, now, their wafting surely tells!  
In the alley way at night  
On my nose they seem to bite!  
Too much traumatized to run  
I can only shun, shun,

Snub the fumes,

Rotting on the lonely sidewalk just a-begging to be chosen  
For the angry neighbor's sake I hope your garbage soon gets chosen  
Fanning higher, higher, higher

With completely no desire,

And a positive exertion  
Now-now to run or never,  
By the garbage bin of ruin

Oh, the smells, smells, smells!  
What a stinky tale their smells tell!  
Of disgust!

How they float, drift, and soar!  
What a tidal wave of horror  
On the innocence of air!  
Yet the nose it fully knows  
By the reeking  
And the stinking,

How the nastiness implodes  
Yet the nose it really knows  
In the sensing  
And the sniffing,  
How the rotten garbage swells,  
By the rancid captivation in the secret of the smells-  
Of the smells,  
Of the smells, smells, smells, smells,  
Smells, smells, smells,-  
In the stinking and the reeking of the smells!

#### IV

Sniff the odor of the smells-  
Common smells!  
What a world of normal thought their presence does compel!  
In the middle of the night,  
Smells the sheets, they smell alright  
Dryer sheets and sweet shampoo or household soap!  
For everything at home  
From the grass and garden gnome  
Is the norm.  
And the people-such nice people-  
They that live up in my street  
All the same,  
And who sniffing, breathing, smelling,  
In the standard smells at home,  
Feel the normal smells of the kitchen  
On the skillet on the stove-  
They are neither bad nor good-  
They are simply understood-  
They are average:  
And the spaghetti in the bowl;  
Crescent rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls  
A reminder of the smells!  
Of Christmas ringing bells  
With Thanksgiving turkey smells!  
And the comfort, and the relief;  
Family time, time, time  
Oh the smells are so sublime,  
To the sniffing of the smells,  
Of the smells, smells, smells-  
To the satisfying smells;  
Family time, time, time  
And the whiff, whiff, whiff,  
Oh the smells are so sublime,  
To the sniffing of the smells,  
Of the smells, smells, smells-  
To the whiffing of the smells,  
Of the smells, smells, smells,  
Smells, smells, smells-  
To the sniffing and the whiffing of the smells.

Eaters of Hearts  
By Jordan Germer

I know emotions scare you  
But they scare me too  
Though I swallow the hurt and let it rip me to shreds  
Because it's mind over matter  
And heart over head

## Girl in the Moon

By Conner Patt

When we're together honey I'm happy as can be,  
Holding you in my hands always sets me free.  
My one and only wish is to see you soon,  
But until then, you're my girl in the moon.

No matter the time, whether day or night,  
And no matter where I see you you're a beautiful sight.  
You always take me higher than a hot air balloon,  
You'll always and forever be my girl in the moon.

Wherever I am you're not far away,  
It's a tragedy that you can't forever stay.  
You've got the power to make all men swoon,  
That's the reason you're my girl in the moon.

Others may try to keep you away from me  
But my love for you is something that they just can't see.  
You're the one and only, that's why I wrote this tune.  
No matter what else changes, you're the girl in the moon.

Any way you're feeling, be it warm or cold,  
The price could be the world but I'd still be sold.  
It doesn't matter when I see you, could be December or June,  
I'll never pass you up, my darling girl in the moon.

Some say they hate you, to me that's crazy.  
You're the best that's ever been, and ever will be.  
I want to see you always, morning, night, and noon.  
I never want to leave you, heavenly girl in the moon.

## The Winterguard Tarp

By Amy Hanks

Picture-framed inspired floor  
White guns  
Pink flags  
Girls cursing  
Girls cheering  
Girls smiling  
Hear laughs and gossip  
We will always be sisters  
This is my stage.

## The Hall

By Conner Patt

Blameless prisoners, placed in rows,  
Hawked by sentinels instilling fright,  
Keeping watch, and like the crows  
Rejoicing in this soulless sight.

## A Different Side of Me

By Anonymous

...and in this body I occupy,  
Sometimes I wonder why  
Anyone would want to see  
A different side of me

## Joy

By Courtney Furry

The touch of a loved one's hand,  
The feeling of the caring other...  
The breeze of the air flowing through your hair,  
The feeling of fire when your heart bursts into tears.  
It's what you call home sweet home,  
Relaxes your fears away...

Nox Clara  
By Emily Albertina

Under the moon, under the stars  
We dance and dance our worries afar  
For every night we feel safe, we feel free  
Free to be who we want to be.

I wish, I wish for so many things  
Gazing up at the stars I scream my hopes... my dreams  
For under the stars I feel free, so free  
Free enough to be who I truly want to be.

Why don't you see?

That no matter what you always seem to hurt me  
I cry and cry to no end it's true  
But I know that, for I alone cannot change you  
So I'll wait wait, I'll wait until dark with the stars  
Until I'm safe,  
Until I'm free,  
Safe I your arms  
Where I've always wanted to be  
Because you see...

Under the moon, under the stars  
I can finally dance with you, my worries afar.  
I wait for then, to no end, it's true  
I wait and I hope always for you.

For you to see that you can be under the stars forever with me

Under the moon, under the stars  
Where we dance together, gleefully spinning  
In each others arms.  
I wait for then, though it needn't be

For now I've realized I've always been free  
Free to be who I've wanted to be

Dare You To Move!  
By Courtney Furry

When you have lost your once [love/friend] forever,  
You wish you could go back and fix what you screwed up,  
But after you said the words that you wished you never said,  
The feelings never leave your heart.

Dare yourself to move on,  
Like the day never happened.  
Life has its curves and twists,  
But when you know you messed up and can't fix it,  
That's when your heart hurts the worst.

Learning to breathe,  
Learning to cry,  
Finding yourself again.  
You're living again,  
Dying to breathe inside.

You're learning to say goodbye,  
That love is too short to pass up.  
Can't you see, without love,  
There wouldn't be happiness, joy, hope, harmony,  
And LIFE.

## Change in the Night

By Brittany Bauer

Tonight my life will change  
For the choices I will make  
My playing cards I'll rearrange  
For my future and my sake  
I turn my back on the past  
And look forward for what is right  
My life has gone by so fast.  
But all of which will change tonight

I can't wait for what is to come  
Because I know it's the right choice  
To the world I am only some  
This is why I'm little, and no one hears my voice  
I'm done with low living and colorless dreams  
Because I am more than what it seems

## In Disguise

By Jordan Germer

He's not human  
Nor am I  
We are devils in disguise  
Devils are we, few and great,  
Though we're in for a much worse fate  
Our souls are black in every way  
We live in that most dark day  
Reveling in the deathly darkness sharing only a benighted kiss  
The galaxy at our fingertips,  
But we're dead if we slip

## McTastic

By Caitie Cook

I dress in my uniform of red and yellow with a kind of anxious excitement.

I walk to work listening to Lady Gaga.  
Greeted by managers and coworkers with smiles and hellos, I double check to make sure I am right on time.

I tuck in my shirt and put on my hat.  
I check the list of jobs and frown to find my name under drive-thru; I may as well try to have fun if I can.

Find a headset that somewhat works and clock in.  
Some lady screams that a filet is another has no patience.  
If someone orders one more Big Mac, I'll scream.

Seven already time to go to grill.  
4 McChickens and I sigh.  
7 McDoubles and I cry.  
8 Big Macs and I scream.  
40 nuggets and I start to twitch.

All together and I wish I could just quit.  
I start to hallucinate when the clock chimes 9.  
The burritos and fries start a conga line.

The nuggets and burgers start singing karaoke while the Big Macs start to converse with me.  
10 o'clock has come too late.  
My mind has gone swimming with the fish in the fryers.  
"Badabababa I'm lovin it!"

Philip  
By Jordan Germer

I see right through you  
And trust me it's not pretty  
Don't even try to argue  
Truthfully I might tell the whole city  
Stop how you're pretending  
Because you don't know me at all  
I know this will soon be ending  
What a long and far fall  
From where you are to where you'll be  
I begged you once now I don't care  
Just for now it isn't about me  
Challenge me, darling if you dare  
It's repulsive how you live  
Unaware of all you break  
Uncaring of take and give  
Watch yourself little snake  
I am surely done  
You, I'll no longer defend  
Hope you rot in your world without the sun  
Look around you have not one friend  
This is me giving up  
Our situation is irreversible

Wind  
By Lauren Downs

Wind is beautiful  
Fall leaves swim in the cold air  
Oh wind won't you stay

The Drums  
By Anna Stamer

Hear the beat of the drums-  
Snare drums!  
What a sense of tempo their beating gives to us!  
How they crack, crack, crack  
In the air of Friday nights!  
While the other snare drums hack  
Only one drum can hold back  
With a lot of will and might;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
While the sound begins to climb,  
To the paradiddlediddle that makes a perfect hum  
From the drums, drums, drums, drums,  
Drums, drums, drums-  
From the dutting and the diddling of the drums.

Hear the pitches of the drums-  
Tenor drums!  
What a sense of rhythm their different notes give to us  
Through the competition air  
How they give a stylish flair-  
From the puh-duh-duhs we play  
On drums one and four  
That we practiced all our days

We play all five drums, and make a great display  
When outdoors!  
Oh, from out the sounding drums,  
Swells a resounding roll of notes that crescendo up and up on the  
drum  
What a hum!  
Makes me numb!

Oh the noise-Upward thumb  
To the sound that comes from  
To the banging and the pinging  
Of the drums, drums, drums-  
Of the drums, drums, drums, drums,  
Drums, drums, drums-  
To the rolling and the playing of the drums.

Hear the booms of the drums-  
Bass drums!  
What a range of voices their playing gives to us!  
How they pound, pound, pound,  
On the cold practice night!  
While the director cheers and yells  
The drum majors seem to swell  
With absolute delight;  
Showing beats, beats, beats,  
While the rest all move their feet,  
To the digadigaduhdat that so perfectly sums  
The sounds of the drums, drums, drums,  
Drums, drums, drums-  
From the beating and the pounding of the drums.

Hear the dongs of the drums-  
Timpani drums!  
What a depth of sound their playing gives to us!  
How they boing, boing, boing,  
In the middle of the pit!  
While the pitches change and play aloud  
The stadium fills with sound  
The lights all white and bright;  
Keeping pace, pace, pace,  
In a type of music race,

To the bumbumbumbunda that rounds out all the drums  
From the drums, drums, drums, drums,  
Drums, drums, drums-  
From the wanging and the banging of the drums.

Pain

By Courtney Furry

Pain, it's like an unbreakable vow,  
You can't say sorry...  
Maybe you're to blame,  
That it had to be this way.

That you can't breathe,  
I would rather have pain than hate in my heart.  
Say goodbye to the sorrow and suffer,  
And spread your wings and fly.

Take My Pain Away,  
Tear It Out!

Tell Me I Was Wrong,  
Tell Me I Was Wrong...

Untitled

By Kobe Krone

Christmas time is here  
Time for toys and time for cheer  
Not the time for tears

Ode to Chris  
By Caleb Rieger

20 years old, my best friend.  
CVS, where he is condemned.  
Guitar, family, friends, and more,  
All of the things in life he adores.

Someone I can count on every night and day,  
Even if he is all the way down in the bay.  
Playin' baseball, playin' guitar, just havin' a ball,  
Ever since then, everything seemed to fall.

Never did I think he would move outta the house,  
Now it's quieter than a mouse.  
15 years, I was all fed up.  
Now its all I can do to just get a "What's up?"

He claims to be moving to California.  
I say silently, "You don't know how much I look up to ya."  
I know you're growing up having a plan,  
Secretively thinking why must you move on to become a man.

I know we don't have much in common  
But I remember those times, plottin' to find Binladen!  
I realize you will probably never read this poem,  
But I say, "Why not, lets show 'em!"

Nobody knows this is how I like to write.  
But maybe, just maybe, one day they might.

Guardians  
By Grace Rosado

You know not who we are  
You see, but would never guess  
And though you fail to notice,  
We are here, nonetheless

We sacrifice all we have  
And in this fire we may burn  
We help you and protect you  
And expect nothing in return

We have heard you crying  
In this cold, heartless night  
We will be there in an instant  
And for you, we will fight

We know that you are frightened  
The world can tear one apart  
But when you are so lonely,  
You still have us in your heart

True Colors  
By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

We call it a beautiful world, but  
there is nothing beautiful about it,  
all I see is trash and filth, disgusting  
and ugly is what the world truly is.

## Story of My Life By Ashlea E. Hearn

This is the story of my life:

Play, golf...everyday; sunshine, rain, sleet, snow, tornadoes, etc

Read, Joseph Parent's golf books\*

Write, journals of how I did after a round

Exercise, pumping irons like Rory McIlroy<sup>+</sup>

Meditate, \*Zen Golf

Sleep, dreaming happy golf thoughts

Oh yeah...and Eat, white chocolate and macadamia nut cliff bars

\*Famous PGA golfer from Northern Ireland, my favorite golfer since 2008, and as of 4 March 2012 #1 golfer in the world

## The Guy I Love

By Nicole Durmeier; Granddaughter of Charles Schwend, Author of Dragon Dreams and Worlds to Read

I see the guy I love

He's not that far from me

If he only knew

Then maybe it will be

He always whispers my name

but when I look

It's always a game

I wish on day

My dream will come true

For man do I love you

## Saving Lives By Amy McEvoy

I sit and wait,

I read as I anticipate.

I wait for the high pitched tones,

And the old men's groans.

Is it medicine or a fire?

Thinks the old man ready to retire.

I sprint to my seat,

Where I can feel the heat.

The heat from my adrenaline running through me.

The sirens start like the buzz of a bee.

When we arrive on the scene,

I see the patient's face which is a shade of green.

I rush to the victim and secure her head.

I take her vitals to make sure she isn't dead.

After stabilizing her we rush back,

To the ambulance where we will find the facts.

Our loving care will save her life,

As paramedics, we live without strife.

## Beauty

By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

You can't be described by mere words, vibrant in every aspect, your glow, your warmth it is unique and unlike anything I have ever felt, even the galaxy

can't compare or outshine you.

## Heart

By Hadleigh Perigo

Follow your heart and you'll be safe  
Just take these steps and you will be okay  
**H**old your memories, don't ever let go  
Keep them tucked away deep in your soul  
Everlasting love, comes from deep inside  
Don't let that one person slip on by  
Always live each day like it's your last  
Don't let your memories just get passed  
Read the whole book  
Don't judge it by its cover  
Troubles are the future, they always come  
You have to live and learn, at least for some  
These steps are the key  
Follow your heart and don't be mean  
Now you will live life successful  
Just follow the **HEART**  
With these steps, don't ever part

## Just Another Misinterpretation

By Grace Rosado

Thought you may be,  
A potential friend  
But a hand to me,  
You cannot lend

Tried to make me believe

That you're all I've got  
And ask me questions  
That put me on the spot  
You tell me I'm lonely  
I know this is true  
You say I have no friends,  
But I do have a few

You threaten to leave me  
And that is my cue  
I'd rather be alone  
Than waste my time with you

## Untitled

By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

Midnight stars oh how you glow,  
ever so peaceful, always shining, bright,  
an endless existence of cosmic wonder.

## Games

By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

Life is a mystery waiting to be solved,  
an endless puzzle of possibilities that we  
must put together to get the picture.

You are a Dancer  
By Hadleigh Perigo

You are dancing to the beat, releasing your soul  
Everyone can feel the passion you hold  
As you turn around and pop and lock  
They all realize that the fire is in your eyes  
You fall and kick and roll your head  
Because you are three years old and they all said,  
"Just wait, you'll be great someday."  
You turn around and hear them say,  
"Follow your heart and you'll be safe."  
Those words don't matter, not at this place  
Because you are filled with wonder and completely amazed  
Little girl, feisty, stands up in the crowd and screamed,  
"I have this feeling deep inside, yes I'm a dancer and that's no lie."  
Finally the day has come, you are up on the stage, dancing the night  
away  
You think back on that night when they gave you that advice  
Suddenly you realize those words did matter they were guiding your  
life  
You followed your heart for ten long years and you are still going  
strong  
You came back to reality, moving to the song  
Glancing into the little girl's eyes, you hear them say,  
"I will be like her one day"  
You realize those words, they warm your soul  
You know this is the day that you became great  
Today is the day, you are a dancer and that is all you can say

All I Needed in Love  
By Courtney Furry

I'm dying to catch my breath,  
I don't know if I will ever learn.

Lost all my trust now,  
Though I'm trying to turn it around.

Can you feel my heartbeat...?

When you hold me in your embrace?  
We've tried many times but nothing was real,  
That our love faded away.

I want to believe that this is for real,  
Making my heart a better place.

What's left of me?  
A ripped heart.

Untitled

By Ryann Cannon

Rays from the sunlight  
Dew drops on green blades of grass  
Air filled with sweet smells

Shhhh!

By Anonymous  
Don't think about it!  
You don't want to lose it.  
You just lost the game.

## Hope

By Hadleigh Perigo

Hope is the ability to believe  
Why is it that we have lost hope in our country?  
The loss of desire for a time of prosperity  
No faith in the flag  
Or our nation's highest honor  
All is lost in this day and time  
People are getting paid barely a dime  
Why can we have the ability to believe, to have hope?  
We have survived before, several times  
Hope is the key  
To why our nation won't succeed  
They say look to the future  
But I say look to the past  
We have recovered greatly  
Many times over  
Maybe if we have hope, there will be one more story in our history books

## Slow Songs

By Ashley Wright

Scrolling through old memories,  
I came upon one day  
When broken-silence melodies  
Sang away the rain.  
A song rang on the radio,  
Tempo slow and paced,  
Bringing memories of long ago;

## Pain set to "replay."

Slow songs remind me not to stay,  
That broken hearts don't fade away,  
How no matter what you do or say  
You cannot stop the flow of time.  
Forgotten dreams mar every day  
Seconds tick, tick, tick away  
And all we have are memories  
Chipping at our minds.

## Untitled

By Alyssa Schmidt

It doesn't take much to bring joy  
To the eyes and heart of the observer,  
Those things may be small and simple  
Or delicate and elaborate in form,  
It can be the sight of a new morning,  
Cool and crisp as the sun takes reign of the sky  
And the last of the stars dim into sleep.  
It can be the blackest of nights  
When shadows consume everything,  
But the bright points in the sky  
Or the whimpering flickers of a candle.  
It could be sitting against a willow in the spring  
Feeling a chilled breeze flown by  
And dance with the willow's limber branches  
It could be spending the evening with a love done  
Watching fireflies dance I synchronized blinks  
Imitating the stars that twinkle overhead

Angel's Brew  
By Nicole Dormeier

Four heaping piles of darkness  
Three of the devils underworld  
And you will be on your way  
Add two cups of black  
And some angel wings too  
Make sure you say  
Always and forever an angel's brew  
Put a pinch of good just so she will obey  
All the commands she's given to her one day  
Send her to the Devil  
For the final touch  
And while in the underworld  
She will be given lust  
With her lust for blood  
Send her on her way  
To the skies of the underworld  
She will watch  
Every now and then she will descend  
So watch out or die...  
'Cause it all began  
With the Angel's Brew

Best Served Cold  
By Ashley Wright

This is it.  
That moment you have waited  
Your whole life!  
So why is it joy you feign?  
And tears you shyly wipe clear,  
From your eyes?  
Is it not glorious?  
As fulfilling,  
As perfect as you dreamed?  
Still, you rue the day,  
Hour and minute,  
When you set yourself on this path,  
When you chose to take it upon yourself,  
That you  
Would suffer unto they who wronged you!  
Woe be in that days' every  
Dying breath of sunlight pink!  
For surely success is in your hands...  
And in your eyes you take in  
This stretch of sorry,  
Wrought solely by you. And you writhe within:  
No victory springs to your lips:  
No satisfactory sigh  
Wracks through you in tender release  
No single thought stays lodged  
In you solitary State!  
This is it.  
And what purpose have you now?

## Those Summer Days

By Sarah Scoggin

Don't you miss those days?  
In the hot summer rays  
Sitting with your friends  
Without a care in the world  
Except getting sweet and sticky  
Popsicle juice on your hands  
And after the second Popsicle  
You buckle up your skates

ONE

TWO

THREE

GO!

You all yell  
And you zoom down  
The neighborhood hill  
As fast as you can.  
At the end of the race  
You climb back up the hill  
Without a care in the world  
But getting the last blue Popsicle.  
I sit here now  
Thinking of those days  
Wishing I could go back  
And sit there with my friends  
Eating Popsicles and racing  
Without a care in the world  
Until the orange sun rays are missed.

## A Poem's Poem

By Riley Mushill

So I have a question here  
I believe it's a question you hear every year  
They say it's unsolvable  
Unknowable  
Incomprehensible  
But here it goes;  
What is a poem?  
Does it smile at you, right in the face?  
Or is the meaning a labyrinth chase?  
Do the lines have to rhyme?  
The rhythm keep time?  
Is it a stanza, quatrain, or a refrain?  
Can you speak of boats, cars, and trains?  
Does it have to make you cry,  
Or tell of times that have passed by?  
Must they have irony or tones?  
Speak of love and bones?  
Why must it be so confusing to figure a poem out  
Or is it just us, not knowing what it's all about?  
And who exactly is a poet?  
Could you be a poet and just not know it?  
Can you write of the unspeakable darkness of your past?  
Or just tell a story of what food you had lost?  
What do you think of this serious riddle?  
Or is this problem to you, very little?  
Well, I don't remember what I put on the test  
So I'll just let you figure out the rest

## Ignorance

By Ashlea Hearn

Those times when I wander about,  
Searching for life in a graveyard,  
Searching for fresh green grass in a haystack,  
Searching for peace in a workhouse,  
I stop to think and wonder:  
Why can't I ever find what I'm looking for?  
As old and tattered as I am, I remain baffled.  
If only I had asked more questions.  
If only I had listened.  
If only I had paid attention.  
Let the lesson be learned to seek answers more carefully;  
To listen to not just our elders, but to everyone;  
To pay close attention and not be trapped within a box.  
No one has an excuse to be as I am now.  
Ignorance is a prison cell;  
Doors locked, keys thrown away.  
Learn while you're young, children,  
So that you may grow old and more beautiful,  
Instead of aged and tattered.

## Meaning

By Ladon Lovell Salisbury

A purpose is what we search for, what we  
need to sustain us, make us happy, because  
in all reality we only want to be needed.

## The Beach of Mexico

By Sarah Scoggin

On the hot sandy beach  
With my best friend laughing  
And the refreshing spray  
Of the ocean waves  
You can smell the beef frying  
And the salty sea spray  
For this is the beach of Mexico

With my mom in the sun  
In the pristine blue ocean  
Our bellies do summersaults  
As we jump in the waves  
We float back down  
When the wave rolls away  
And we feel the sand again  
Soon the wave is back  
And we laugh in delight  
For this is the beach of Mexico

Here in the waves  
With my mother and friend  
Is a paradise  
For this is the beach of Mexico

Untitled  
By Alyssa Schmidt

It doesn't take much to bring joy  
To the eyes and heart of the observer,  
Those things may be small and simple  
Or delicate and elaborate in form,  
It can be the sight of a new morning,  
Cool and crisp as the sun takes reign of the sky  
And the last of the stars dim into sleep.  
It can be the blackest of nights  
When shadows consume everything,  
But the bright points in the sky  
Or the whimpering flickers of a candle.  
It could be sitting against a willow in the spring  
Feeling a chilled breeze flown by  
And dance with the willow's limber branches  
It could be spending the evening with a love  
Watching fireflies dance I synchronized blinks  
Imitating the stars that twinkle overhead

Joyful Happenings  
By Ashley Wright

Rising soulful carols...  
I think of the ocean;  
Of tides and creatures.  
Moments alone,  
Moments of company...  
I think of fire-warmed toes.

When on long days  
I believe to rest,  
In nestled covers  
Of warmth,  
Comes to me a fleeting thought  
Of happy flowing dreams.

Music—a twisting snake of beauty;  
Such art without a canvas!  
Interrupted melancholy, assaulted  
By arrows of companionship.

Simple things can bring great joy;  
Dance in sunlight or in rain.

Peaceful  
by Katie Smith

I want the sun to leave  
and night to come.

I want the clouds to form  
and the rain to fall.

I want the noise to stop  
and silence to reign.

I want life to slow  
and peace to last.

Playlist  
by Amber Hanks

1.) I Can See Clearly Now, Johnny Nash 2.) You Belong With Me, Taylor swift 3.) Macho Man, the Village People 4.) I'm a Believer, Smash Mouth 5.) Just Like You, Three Days Grace 6.) Dance with Me, Cheetah Girls 7.) Keep on Dancing, Baha Men 8.) I Got You, Leona Lewis 9.) Livin' La Vida Loca, Ricky Martin 10.) Super Freak, Rick James 11.) Let's Get it Started, Black Eyed Peas 12.) I Found Someone, Cher 13.) After All, Cher 14.) So Happy Together, the Turks 15.) I've Got Nerve, Hannah Montana 16.) Just Like You, Hannah Montana 17.) I Hate Everything About, Three Days Grace 18.) Hey, 3OH!3 19.) Don't Trust Me, 3OH!3 20.) I Kissed a Girl, Katy Perry 21.) Your Love is a Lie, Simple Plan 22.) Why Can't We Be Friends, Smash Mouth 23.) You Dropped a Bomb on Me, The Gap Band 24.) What is This Feeling, Wicked 25.) I Miss You, Hannah Montana 26.) In the Midnight Hour, Wilson Pickett 27.) OMG, Usher 28.) I Can't Take My Eyes Off of You, High School Musical 28.) Ooh la la, Valeria 29.) Never Too Late, Three Days Grace 30.) I'll Fall in Love Again, Sammy Hagar 31.) With You, She is the Man Soundtrack 32.) Alright, Pitbull ft. Machel Montana 33.) I Just Want to be your Everything, Andy Gibb

Tip: Read only the song titles.

To What Never Was  
by Katie Riddle

To tales untold, to tears unshed,  
To what could have been,  
To "I love you"s never said,  
If you only let me in.

It's too late to fix the past;  
The present is already here.  
The future changes fast  
And already it draws near.

To loves, and losses, and all those in between,  
To promises made and broken,  
And crossed fingers never seen,  
To all those words never spoken.

Death has greeted you with arms out wide  
And folded you in his embrace,  
To take you where you now reside  
Before you ever saw my face.

To the turmoil inside,  
To the secrets you never knew,  
To all the things we choose to hide,  
To the memories I have left of you.

The moon still rises, the stars still shine,  
The wind rushes onward, the trees still grow;  
No one knows these thoughts of mine,  
As you become somebody I used to know.

To the unknown future, and the distant past,  
To what could have been,  
To the present that doesn't last.  
To what never was, and never will again.

# Short Stories





## The Three Queens

by Megan Robinson

There was once a king of a great kingdom. The king had ruled with pride over his kingdom. Some say he was the greatest king to rule for a thousand years. His people loved him and had faith that his successor would bring more prosperity to the nation. But the king had a problem; he had three daughters and no sons. He loved his daughters with all his heart. He knew one day he would have to make the choice between his daughters and choose the first Queen of any kingdom to ever exist. The Queen would rule the kingdom even better than he had, and the people would love her fiercely.

When that drastic day came, he called his three daughters to the Great Hall of their castle. He then ordered them to journey about the kingdom for as long as they needed and to bring back what they found. Only then would he choose the new Queen.

The three sisters decided to travel together for the time being and traveled south, following the river. After three weeks of travel, they had encountered three villages. The eldest strayed in the first village, the youngest in the second village, and the middle daughter continued alone after wandering the first two villages, to a third village at the edge of the kingdom.

The eldest daughter was instantly recognized in the first village, for she was

the most famous of the king's daughter. The villagers loved and asked if they could assist her in any way.

"I am on a quest for my father," She responded. "I must bring an item back to him. While I do not know why he has sent me to this journey, I know I must not fail him." The villagers knew exactly what to do, and so they brought her to a much respected old man.

"What can I do for you young princess?" He rasped.

"I am in need for an item to bring back to my father, and the silly villagers seem to think that you can help me. Do not waste my time old man, for I cannot fail my father." She said.

"Be calm young woman, for I shall not waste your time. Take the sword in the corner back to your father. Do not be fooled by its ancient appearance. It is very powerful and has been of much use to me."

The princess nodded to the old man, and strode out of the room, almost running and headed back to the capital.

The youngest daughter stopped in the second village. She made friends with the villagers and stayed for a few days with a small family. She knew that she had to get back to her father's request and asked the family for their assistance if they could provide any.

"We have something we can give to you. It has been in our

family for generations, and we have no use for it any longer," the mother said. She went over to a cupboard and pulled out a very dusty old shield.

"Do not be fooled by its dusty appearance young princess, it holds great power, and will please your father."

"I will repay you for your kindness one day. Thank you very much." She bade each of them goodbye, and headed back toward the capital.

The middle daughter traveled all the way to the edge of the kingdom to the third village. The villagers looked at her quizzically, for they had never seen a lone traveler before, let alone a princess of their beloved kingdom. She stayed in the village with a family as her younger sister did, but for two weeks. She lived with a family on a farm, and helped the mother in the kitchen every day. They became very attached to her, and did not want to see her go. She did not ask for anything when she left. On her way back to the capital she stayed in each of the two villages that her sisters did, but not asking for assistance before leaving either of them. But before she left the first village where the eldest had acquired her sword, the son of the old man stopped her and said,

"Your sisters passed through here on their way back to your father.

They both had items to bring back to him, do not go back empty handed, princess.

Take this staff. It

was my father's; he passed just after your elder sister left. I have no use for it."

"Thank you very much; I shall take good care of it." She said, and turned to head for her home.

The eldest daughter returned first.

"What have you brought me, my daughter?" He asked.

"I have brought you a sword from a village nearby. An old man told me it had great power. It will help you fight off any who disturb this kingdom." She said.

The youngest daughter returned second.

"What have you brought me, my daughter?" He repeated to her.

"I have brought you an ancient shield from a family in a village far from here. I have been told it will help you to defend our kingdom and all who reside here," She said.

The middle daughter returned last, and weeks after the other two had.

"What have you brought me, my daughter?" He asked for the last time.

Father, I have brought you an old man's staff. I have learned much on my journey. I went all the way to the edge of our kingdom and have been showed nothing but kindness all the way. It may seem pointless to you but I see the significance in it, and I am the only one who ever will."

"I understand completely my dear," He said with a smile. "You have all done well, and now I must choose. But I will not tell you my decision today."

The king wrote a name down on a piece of parchment. He sealed it with wax, and

locked it in box, to be kept in his quarter until he died. He then kissed each of his daughters on the forehead and walked out of the throne room.

Which daughter will become queen?



Lucy  
By Amy Baxter

Best friends come in all shapes and sizes. Some are tall, some are short, and some have blonde hair, while others have green eyes. And then there are some that have four legs, and are furry. While most people say that a dog is a man's best friend, I believe that the true best friend is a cat. My cat was gray all over with a hint of tan. My cat had pure green eyes, so pure that sometimes I felt like she was reading my mind. My cat was very furry and soft. My cat was Lucy.

I had known Lucy my whole life. She was around six years old when I was born. Lucy grew up on a farm, so her real age was unknown. My parents got her when she was just a kitten. Lucy and I didn't get along very well at first. Since I was my parent's first child, Lucy was treated as the baby. My mom used to say that when I was a baby, I would always be on her lap. Before I was born, Lucy was always on my mom's lap. After I was born, Lucy was shocked to see her spot taken. One of my favorite pictures is of Lucy and me. At our old house, one of

Lucy's favorite spots to lie on was our windowsill. In the picture, Lucy is sitting there, her tail in the air. Then there's me, slowly stroking her tail, up and down with great delight. I believe that this is one of the first places Lucy and I bonded.

Over her lifetime, Lucy survived five different moves in and out of Illinois. This is what led Lucy to be one of the strongest cats I ever knew. Lucy also had to adjust from being an outdoor farm cat, to an indoor cat. I moved to Edwardsville when I was five, so many of my memories of Lucy and I are in Edwardsville. Lucy's home was the basement. Being a shy cat, she hung out in there, and that was her "territory." Occasionally, I would try to bring her upstairs, only to have her scurry downstairs, and hide under the couch. The couch was one of the numerous hiding spots she had. Lucy shed a ton, so sometimes to find her you had to follow the cat hair. Lucy and I had many things we did together. When I was younger, I would come straight home from school, and go to the basement. I would turn on Disney Channel, and Lucy would sit with me. If she left to get a drink of water, I would prop my feet on the couch. When Lucy would come back, and she saw that her spot was taken, she just jumped on my legs and sat there. Those were some of my favorite moments together. If I went on the computer, it was only seconds

before two furry paws were on the chair, pushing their way up next to me. Since Lucy was an older cat, most of our time was spent sitting, not playing. This was one of her best qualities. We would sit for an hour, me just talking and petting Lucy. I knew Lucy could not fully understand me, but sometimes it felt like she was trying, or she did. I could turn to her with a problem, and not expect feedback. Lucy always kept me calm. Lucy and I were best friends. Of course she got along well with the rest of my family, but she and I were close. I tried to always brush her, or feed her, and I went to almost all of her vet visits. In my opinion, you can be a friend in many ways. You can always be helpful, and nice and kind. Or you can just be there for them, and sit and listen. Lucy was there for me more times than I was for her. Lucy never judged, she was just there to listen, and she never left that listening spot.

Lucy died a year ago in June. She was almost nineteen years old. She might have been "just a cat," but she was a member of our family. Lucy was one of my best friends, and I still miss her very much. Many cats do not live till the age of nineteen, but someone once said, "If a cat is loved that much, they will keep the cat going."

## Opportunities By Caleb Rieger

"Are they ever going to stop fighting?" the younger brother says while wiping away the tears.

"I have been asking myself the same thing for years," exclaimed the older brother.

The parents say it is not their fault, but waiting around the corner being curious, listening to yet another argument, it seems like the complete opposite. Twelve and eighteen years old, the kids have had it.

Butch, the younger brother, ran upstairs, crying again, trying to find a way to make the fighting stop, but every attempt leads to another dispute.

All Butch and Chester have left in life is each other and their music. Butch writes the songs, Chester plays guitar, and they both sing. It is sad to say that at such a young age, the two brothers have to rely and depend on each other for everything.

"Have you seen the world, Butch?"

"...No. Why?" answered the youngest brother.

"We have nothing going for us here, so let's go there!" declared Chester.

"Where?" questioned Butch with a slight tilt of his head.

"Everywhere," replied Chester.

Performing in train stations and watching everybody follow their dreams everyday by getting on those trains, going to see the world, is not as satisfying as it

used to be.

"Why don't we catch our train and follow out dreams?" asked Butch.

"Concert -- Friday Night -- July 25th, 1964 - Johnny Cash."

"You see that, Chester? Johnny Cash is playing right here in our town!"

All that week, the concert was all that was talked about between the brothers. The boys had been playing music for a couple years now with inspiration from Johnny Cash. Finally, that Friday night came.

Standing outside the concert theater, looking up at the lights, they were listening to the crowd cheer for June Carter, who was opening for Johnny Cash that evening. The boys did not have enough money to get into the concert so after a few minutes of careful strategizing, Butch would distract the security guard, and Chester was going to sneak in while the guard was distracted and then yell to Butch to come on so it seemed like they had already been admitted.

Walking into the concert was just like walking into your first major league baseball game. You walk down the long tunnel and it opens up to a crowd cheering, sizzling hot dogs on the grill, and the atmosphere of America's past time. After taking a moment to take in the feeling of being at a Johnny Cash concert, June Carter was greeting Johnny Cash at the microphone, announcing to hundreds of anxious people: "Ladies and gentlemen,

please put your hands together for Mr. Johnny Cash!"

Enjoying a cold pop and the good music, Butch exclaimed, "I think this is the coolest thing in my life."

Chester just sat back and smiled. Songs from "Ring of Fire" to "I Walk the Line", the concert was only getting better.

But like all great things in life, it came to an end shortly after. All the way home, Butch was singing every song he knew and even the ones he did not. Meanwhile, Chester was enjoying the sight of his brother finally smiling again.

The next Saturday, after the excitement from the concert had cooled down, the boys were back in the train station playing their favorite songs when an announcement came over the intercom: "Nashville train will be departing in five minutes." They had their instruments, and they had each other; they did not need anything else.

Five minutes later, Butch and Chester were on their way to Nashville with only their music and themselves. Leaving all their troubles behind, starting over and making a new name for themselves was the best thing right then. Sitting in an old train car watching the countryside pass them by, Butch and Chester could not be more excited.

For what seemed like the hundredth time, Butch asked once again, "Are we there yet?"

"No" exclaimed Chester.

"Well when are we gonna get there?"

"If you keep asking, never!" demanded Chester annoyed.

Finally after an eight hour train ride, the boys watched country side turn into mountain sides. That turned into city; to be more specific, Nashville city!

Climbing off of the train, smelling the crisp mountain air, and laughing hysterically, Chester said in between breaths, "We made it Butch, we made it."

The next day, after a rough night trying to find a place to sleep, Butch and Chester set out around Nashville trying to find a good place to play their music. The rich smell of coffee got their attention. They turned around to see in the window of a nearby coffee shop, a sign that read "Bands welcome every night starting at 6:00 P.M." They glared at each other for a few seconds, both realizing the opportunities they had. The boys ran into the coffee shop to sign up to play that night. Once signed up, Butch and Chester were so happy they ran out of the coffee shop, not even bothering to realize the name of the shop. "Cash's Coffee" would soon be in for a big surprise.

Later that night, at "Cash's Coffee", Butch and Chester showed up, geared and ready to play. They went in and waited to be called to play. After watching really good bands and really bad bands

play, half of the bands at that point were a bunch of locals. Finally, just before closing time, Butch and Chester were called to be the last performers. After the first song went very well and watching more and more people stop by just to hear the boys play, they knew they were making a good first impression. About six songs later, it was closing time. Once everybody had left and everything was packed up for the night, the boys said "Goodnight" to the hostess.

Walking out the door, the boys were stopped by the owner of the coffee shop. Not noticing at first who the owner was, they held a conversation about how well they had performed that night and if they had ever thought about a music career.

Then, out of nowhere, Butch exclaimed "You're Johnny Cash!"

"Why yes, as a matter of fact, I am, and I was wondering if you boys would like to join me on my next tour, if you're feeling up to it of course."



666 Dracula's Mansion Ln.  
Transylvania, 666

November 17, 2011

Edward Cullen  
11 Sparkle Rd.  
Forks, WA 3411

Dear Edward Cullen,

I want to speak to you vampire to vampire. You're a disgrace to all vampires. I've been building up our reputation for centuries. We've been known as evil bloodsucking killers since the dawn of time. Our reputation is now ruined because of your sparkly self. Every time I try to scare anyone, they run around babbling, "You're a vampire! Do you sparkle? Will we get married? Can we live together forever?" I don't know about you, but that can lower a frightening vampire's self esteem.

So, as your elder, I think it's my responsibility to give you some advice. First, shake off the sparkles; you're a man. Second, grow a pair of fangs. Third, sleep in a scary mansion or coffin. Don't stay up all night perfecting yourself and trying to "better yourself." Fourth, you're trained. Not only is it sad that you're being manipulated, you're a super strong and fast vampire, but it makes it even more degrading to know it's a human that is controlling you. Vampire up! This is just a little piece of advice and let's just say that if I don't see any improvements that I'll see you soon.

From,  
Your elder,  
Dracula

By Chaney Jewell



Artwork

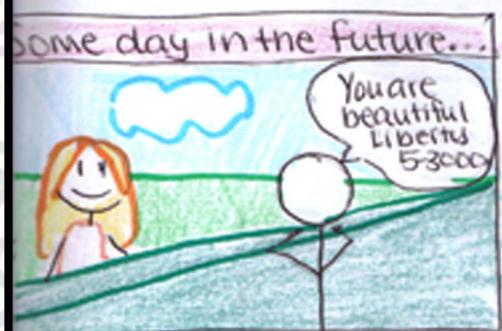


Anthem by Shelby Warren and Erica Kiel

# ANTHEM



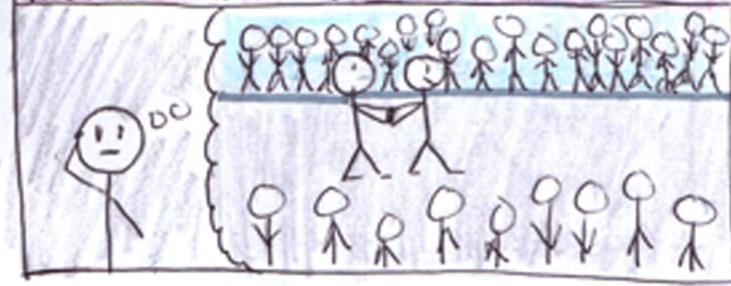
## Chapter 2



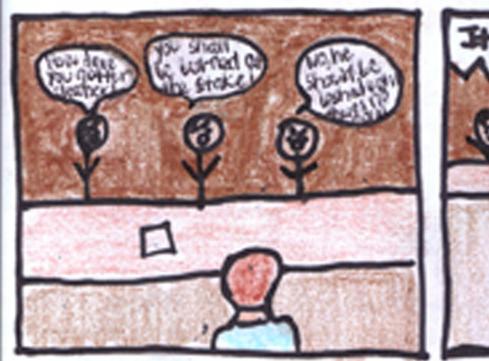
Equality 7-2521 thinks about the unhappiness of his brothers and wonders about the Uncharted Forest, a forbidden place.

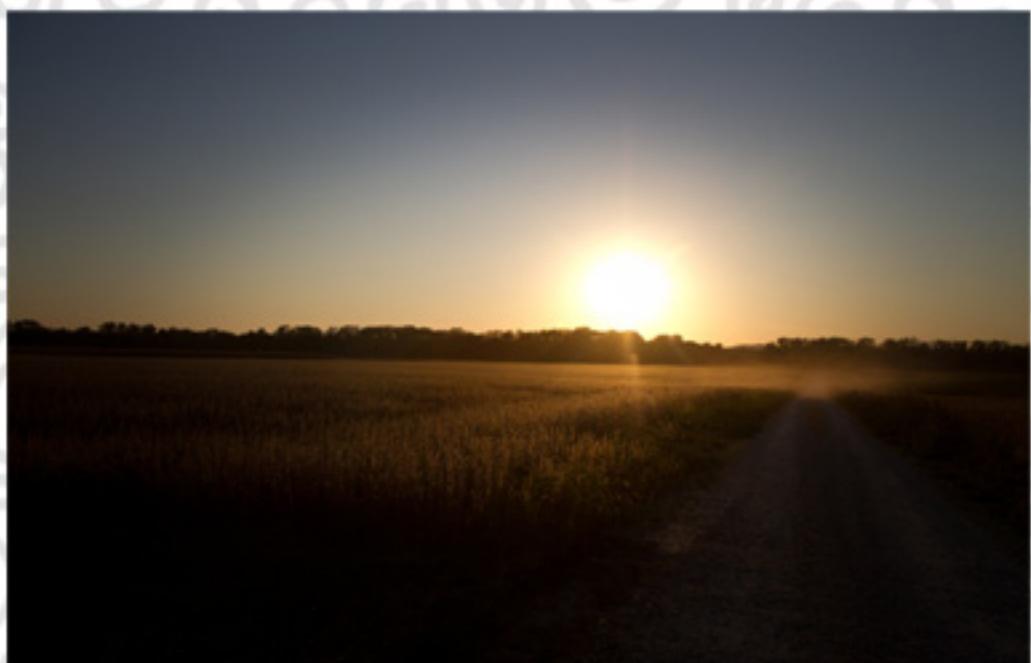


then, all of the sudden, Equality 7-2521 remembers the man that was burned for saying the unspeakable words.



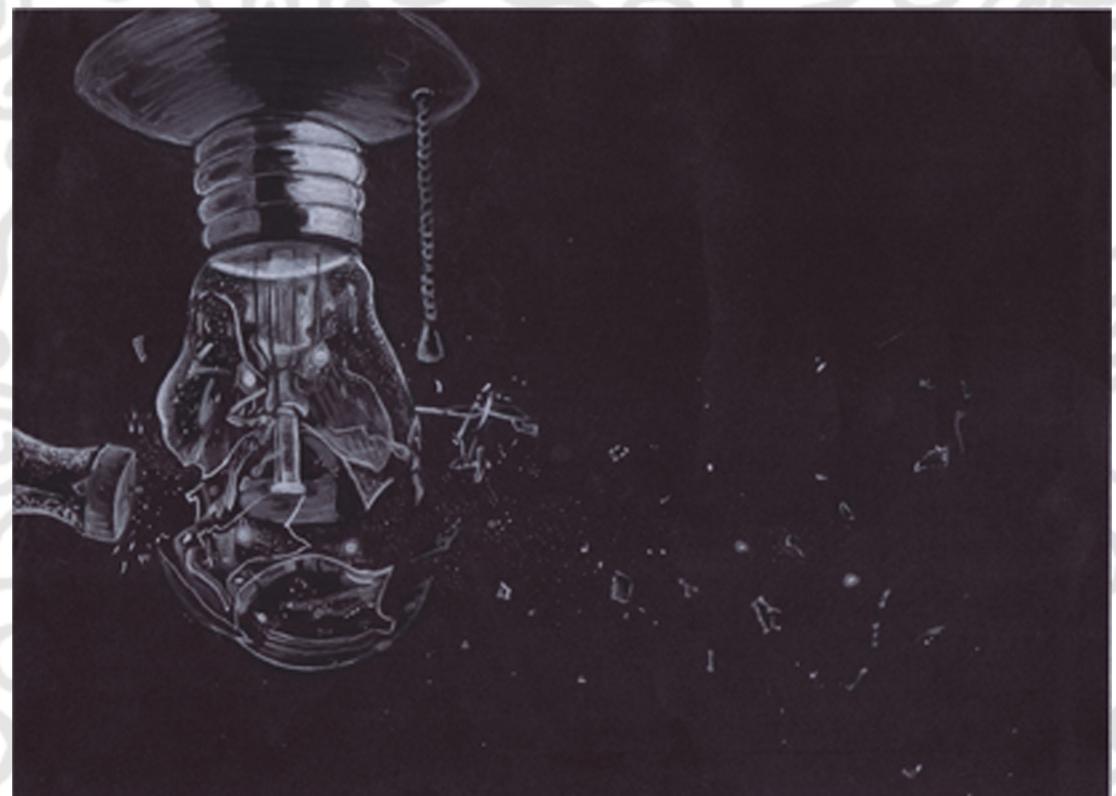
## Chapter 7







Untitled by Amelia Pytlinski



Dalton's Shattered Ideas by Ashlyn Boelke



Untitled by Amelia Pytlinski



Through the Ice Kingdom by Anna Kolasa



Celebrity with Chihuahua by Anna Kolasa



Sunset of Our Happiness by Anna Kolasa



Snapshop of My Life by Anna Kolasa



A Tribute to Our Love by Anna Kolasa

Edwardsville  
Art Center  
Art and  
Poetry  
Project





Students were asked to write haikus about the Asian artwork lent to the Edwardsville Art Center and displayed in Ms. Patrow's room.

We would like to thank all those who participated and the EAC for the chance to work with them.





Untitled  
By Brenden Pinkas

Five-taloned dragon  
Is the greatest of them all  
Fire breathing serpent

Dangerous Individual  
By Ashlyn Boelke

Green dragon of fright.  
Looking upon him with delight.  
His gold is a sight.

Dragon on Surface  
By Michael Grenaway

The five-toed beast  
Fire breather to the least  
Not to be defied

Untitled  
By Amanda Harrison

The perfect Chinese  
Dragon has feet with five toes.  
Blow your breath of fire!

A King's Symbol  
By Angela Keeney

Majestic dragon  
A fierce hunger consumes you  
Hunger for power

5-Toed Dragon  
By Kieryn Beyerl

Flying high above,  
The dragon watches over  
The royal blood line.

Dragon of the Vase  
By Holden Bremley

He's bound to the vase  
Now where else has he ever been  
Nowhere will he go

Untitled  
By Abbey Boeker

Dragon is the Beast  
Tradition is forever  
Never to forget the power

Dragons of the Sea  
By Amanda Million

How long have you fought?  
Standing upon your green vase  
Dragons of the sea

Green Dragons  
By Christina Wegman

Dancing Hot Fire  
Monsters with glassy green scales  
Brought flame to their foes

The Dragon Vase  
By Matt Huelsmann

The ferocious beast  
How you frighten me so much  
Your fire scorches

The Little Vase  
By Jordyn Rinderer

A little green Dragon  
On a short Japanese vase  
The Dragon Blows fire

Vases  
By Sarah Pierce

Holder of flowers  
So decorative and bold  
With ancient creatures

Dragon Journey  
By Caitlin Klenke

The vibrant dragon  
Slithers through the mist, gleaming  
Fire escaping it

Flower  
By Meih Huddleston

Small little green vase  
The flower catches my eye  
Small but so pretty

A Call for Vengeance  
By Katie Riddle

The dragon rises,  
To heed the warrior's call;  
An end to sorrow



Jade Pool  
By Angela Keeney

Little fish swimming  
Fish swimming without water  
Through their sea of jade

Five-Toed Dragon  
By Sara Janulavich

Vase of the Chinese  
Five-toed dragons roam the land  
The beast traveled

My Favorite Green  
By Thomas Penwell

Heavy and fragile,  
A rare, expensive jewel,  
My green bowl is jade



Caring One  
By Ashlyn Boelke

He protects the love.  
Divine spirit of care and grace.  
The protective one.

Untitled  
By Amanda Harrison

There stands the wise man,  
Struggling for freedom while  
Trapped in bamboo.

Untitled  
By Abbey Boeker

Melting in sadness  
Contained in isolation  
Never to see his freedom



### King's Guard By Catii Camero

Scary not friendly  
His bite is worse than his bark  
Enemies beware

### The Beast By Michael Grenaway

The majestic beast  
Great guardian of the East  
Through him they keep peace

### “Fu” Lion By Thomas Penwell

Fierce, mean, and scary,  
The supernatural guard,  
Keeps guard on this house.

### Lion By Olivia Jackson

Beware of my mane.  
All your treasures I will guard,  
When I stand mighty.

### Guardian By Holden Bremley

I protect my home  
To live on another day  
I will not leave here

### Guardian Lion By Amanda Million

O Mighty lion  
Fierce protector of Asia  
Stand tall and sharp

### Dark Lion By Christina Wegman

Dark and Black as night  
Ferocious yet brave monster  
Guarding from evil

### The Beast By Matt Huelsmann

Oh focused lion  
You are standing so stout  
The Tibetan beast

### The Lion By Jordyn Rinderer

Unique little black lion  
Who is cute and let alone  
Scary but also old

### Lions By Sarah Pierce

Oh, how fierce you are  
Protector of your people  
Roaring at rivals

### The Knowledge Within By Caitlin Klenke

The boisterous beast  
Stands dignified and proud, while  
Imparting great wisdom

### Standing Tall By Meih Huddleston

There you are standing  
With pride in your stance  
Your heart filled with courage

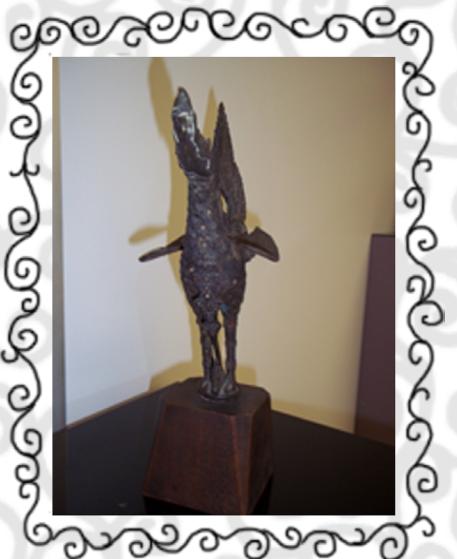
### Dark Lion By Sara Janulavich

Black as the night's sky  
The fool lion will arise  
Courageous and brave



### Journey on Display By Catii Camero

A hard time for few  
Looked upon by others as beauty  
Struggle known by no one



### Untitled By Brenden Pinkas

The horse with wings flies  
Phoenix rose from fallen ash  
Horse of bravery

### Lament for the Dove By Katie Riddle

The phoenix cries out,  
The sound filling the silence,  
As the war drums beat

### Born of Ashes By Anthony Mancillas

With time it is wise  
Life one form by death one more  
New life birthed from ash



### Untitled By Brenden Pinkas

The red vase is flame  
Said to be older than trees  
Crafted from insects

### Burnt Beauty By Ashlyn Boelke

Vase of red so bright.  
Seen through the day and through night.  
A lovely sight.

### Philosopher By Catii Camero

A man of wisdom  
Becoming one with the ground  
Learning from the earth

### The Last Piece By Michael Grenaway

The peaceful red scene  
How the vase shows it serene  
Now just let it be

A Journey  
By Angela Keeney

Men burned by their past  
Seek refuge in the garden  
In peaceful beauty

Wisdom  
By Kieryn Beyerl

Trek through the mountain,  
Finding beauty everywhere.  
Wisdom through nature.

Philosopher  
By Kieryn Beyerl

The philosopher,  
Showing wisdom through nature,  
Helping humankind.

Red Vase  
By Olivia Jackson

The sacred red vase  
In which tell the great stories  
Leads me to wisdom.

Untitled  
By Abbey Boeker

Never looking back  
Determination is key  
Journey well traveled

Story Telling Vase  
By Amanda Million

Burnt sienna red,  
The vase that tells a story  
Of a peaceful time

World of Nature  
By Christina Wegman

Flowing hills and trees  
Carved red pathways to travel  
Spoke tales of great quests

The Big Red Vase  
By Jordyn Rinderer

Garden of flowers  
Antique with nature meaning  
It's tall, old, and red

Nature  
By Sarah Pierce

Trees so old and tall  
Gardens full of vegetables  
Flowers blossoming

Into Spring  
By Caitlin Klenke

The blossom's journey  
To spring is aided by the  
Ancient sun above

Pilgrimage of Wisdom  
By Katie Riddle

One man climbs upward,  
A journey for redemption,  
To find what was lost

Burnt Vase  
By Thomas Penwell

Handmade and royal,  
Red, delicate, and fragile,  
The vase fell and broke

Fall  
By Sara Janulavich

A story is told  
Drawings red and burnt like flames  
It is now Autumn

Thick Carvings  
By Anthony Mancillas

Deep in creation  
Man and nature carved in peace  
Their story lives on

