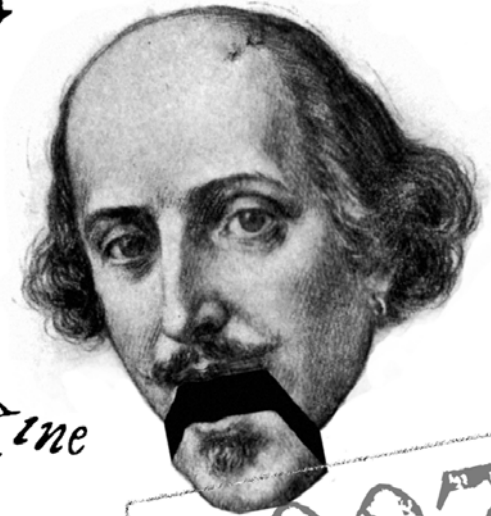




# EHHS

Literary Magazine



2007

# Literary Magazine Poetry Competition

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first place

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## *A Passage To Dust*

To the sun stretched the tower of gold;  
Spires which danced in the heavens,  
And tops that glistened and reflected the light  
To stun all whose gaze fell upon it.

But in time the tower wilted, as all things must.  
And the blight of age and decay cast its shadow upon that which Man had  
exalted  
As his way to surmount the sky.  
So the mortar crumbled, and the bricks turned to dust,  
And the city that birthed its stones were thrown down  
By disease, and the mottled vines of the jungle reclaimed that which had been  
taken.

Yet still the tower endured, as if to mock those who had declared that it would  
never fail,  
As if to try to prove its founders, long dead, right.  
Through war and famine and a thousand years of dark, it endured all but Fate  
had in  
Store for it no escape, no respite to pass away, save a wavering on and then an  
ungainly end.

In its final days the tower was ethereal, and faded away in the shadows of the  
sun.  
Stone crumbled to dust, dust blew away in the wind, and there played none but  
the requiem of stillness in the last hours of Man's creation  
At last—at last!—it toppled, a tree struck down at its hewn, and plunged back to  
the unforgiving earth with cold magnificence and power, as it had been raised.  
And it lay there still, silent and dark in the jungle, till it was covered by the trees  
and the dark things, buried in the Sands of Time.  
It lay there until all memory of it faded from all men's mind, and the fair tower of  
gold that had dared to touch the sun lay covered by the darkness of the trees  
and the earth, the lone shattered remnant of Man and his dreams.

*Kirk Schlueter*

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## BLACK HISTORY MONTH

THE MEANING OF  
FREEDOMxxavier thomas*first place*

"The workings of the human heart are the profoundest mystery of the universe. One moment they make us despair of our kind, and the next we see in them the divine image." This quote by Charles W. Chesnutt highlights the struggle African Americans had trying to gain civil rights. My name is Xxavier Thomas and I am an African American student at Edwardsville High School. I am confined to a wheelchair because of a condition known as cerebral palsy. Not only does freedom mean so much to me because of my African American ethnicity, but it also affects me personally because of this condition. This quote shows the struggle I have to live a normal life in today's society and it helps me to remain positive in the face of adversity.

Freedom is a word that has many important meanings behind it. Since I was born with cerebral palsy, without the Life Skills program here at Edwardsville High School, I would not have the opportunities and freedom to learn what I do. Without my motorized wheelchair, ramps and elevators in my home and in the community, and a specialized van, I would not be able to be as mobile and have the freedom throughout the community as I do. Had American civil rights not been extended to all, I would not have the chance to live the full life that I am, not only because of my condition but also because of my ethnicity and disposition of others towards me.

The previous quote by Charles W. Chesnutt touches upon the two different sides of humanity—the good and the bad. The addition of the Civil Rights Acts to the American Constitution showed the good side of "divine image" of humanity and gave hope to all those who did not have the ability to live a free and full life. I would not be where I am today without the extension of American freedoms and the goodness of all people.

simone lutz*second place*

A woman in her penthouse has freedom. A homeless man who occupies the same city but lives on the street with nothing to his name has freedom. A child playing tag in the park across the street has freedom. I, a girl on the verge of being a woman, have freedom.

Freedom is something that anyone can possess. To me it is the one place, moment or person in which you lose all inhibition, like your favorite relative. In these situations you find yourself completely at ease and feel the strength to fulfill your heart's desires. When I am alone with paper and pen, when my mind is free to wander and to question, to do as it pleases, I have freedom.

Some people can live their whole lives and never find their freedom. Something can hold them down and leave them trapped in a place where they can't reach this gift. Other times, to be without freedom is a choice rather than a permanent circumstance. - Sometimes freedom can be lost deep in the depths of self-pity, your world's pressures can cloud your view of freedom. In the struggles of slavery and oppression, African Americans found their freedom. My hope is that everyone will find their freedom and in finding it, they will find true happiness. Freedom is its own reward, best defined by a feeling of serenity in an existence of adversary.

tim day*honorable mention*

Freedom, according to the dictionary, means "the quality or state of being free." In my mind, it means this and so much more. It means all people are equal, have the same rights and responsibilities, and are held to the same laws regardless of color, creed, or religion. It is about rights and choices and having consequences and rewards for these choices. Freedom is the foundation on which these United States are founded. It makes me proud to be an American.

Freedom means being able to have your own opinion and speak your mind without repercussion. It is interpreting the law to help you make certain choices, yet accepting any consequences due to your choices. Being able to choose the path of your own life is another way of exercising your freedom. This is the reason so many immigrants want to be part of our great nation. We often take for granted the fact that we have the right to choose where we live, what we do for a living, or how many children we want to have. Many of these choices are not options in other countries.

Due to the freedom we are allowed as Americans, we should challenge ourselves to make the best choices, to continue being the strongest, most respected country in the world. We have the tools to continually strive to improve and live without prejudices and punishment and maintain the high level of freedom for which we are known.



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DREAMING  
e

away matt mallon

The way the sun braids galaxies in your hair,  
 And how your soft construction glows in turn;  
 The sheepish smiles that float across your face,  
 Then sing inside your supernova eyes;  
 The bright impossible burning in your core,  
 And the possibles that trail your every move—  
 Your story book reality writes my life.  
 These miracles flash beyond my empty hands,  
 I'm sorry to (not) say. Your feelings run  
 Away, believing their own stars, away.  
 I'm sad to see you go. I'm sad to see.  
 Go flee to paradise, where I am not.  
 You prophet of love, your promised land awaits.

humans and nature tyler ottwein

Where the Rocky Mountains stand in all their glory  
 Each and every rock and crevice tells an ancient story  
 Its huge majestic mass risen from the plains  
 Nothing beats the rainbow's beauty after the mountain rain

For the sights there's no comparison, for the wildlife no match  
 As the squirrels hunt for their winter nut stocks and the grizzlies their next catch  
 But do we ever see the beauty around every corner of our lives?  
 All we know is death and blood by way of guns and knives

The salmon in the mountain streams swim as if they were in my dreams  
 Going to their place for birth to spawn  
 Human hearts can't grasp the beauty, don't stop to admire the things we're shooting  
 We'll never know the mountain peaks at dawn

While there are thousands of beautiful creatures waiting to be discovered  
 We watch football on metal bleachers under air pollution's cover  
 Looking at the stars on a crisp, clear night has all but been forgotten  
 Along with Sunday morning service and the famous son begotten

Everyone likes to write and talk and demonstrate our doings  
 We know we're wrong but all along Alaskan oil's spewing  
 Maybe the best thing humans do is get involved with war  
 Killing off this reckless race before we ruin more

Our malls and supermarkets were once a panther's home  
 Now they're few and far between and they are not alone  
 We shop for shoes and pump our gas where bald eagles made their nests

We slaughtered thousands of buffalo and locked up all the rest

The rainforest used to be a thriving, lush oasis  
 And what have we gained but building studs and military bases  
 It seems money will always motivate everything we do  
 We'd abandon our friends and cut off a limb to make a dime or two

We no longer find joy in mountains and oceans  
 Or the miracle of life, we just go through the motions  
 This earth would be better if we were nomadic tribes  
 Instead of bargaining and spending, stealing and bribes

No more new technology, no more war machines  
 No more hostility, no more aggression and no more bloody scenes  
 To blend in with the world, living off the land  
 Humans and nature coexisting hand in hand

haikus lorin fett

We have fallen out.  
 Out of what? Love or the sky?  
 They both hurt the same.

The cold slows things down  
 Everything frozen in time  
 Winter depression.

Once there were flowers.  
 Now there is concrete instead.  
 The earth suffocates

When I was younger  
 The grass was always greener  
 And the sky was bigger

Randomness is cool  
 It makes life much more awesome.  
 Look! A Dinosaur!

winter is a cold old man charity nolen

Dusted through the ages  
the barren land flows  
like wrinkled hands, the tremulous grip  
a frigid wind grows  
chilling up in winter  
and sinking all the ships  
it stings just like a splinter,  
and freezes as I slip

Winter is a cold old man  
shuttering at sand  
with smiles, shivering  
dusts like snow  
which pales at the land

My eyes now burn in sleet's regain  
like fluttering birds in blocks of ice  
that came from frozen rain  
oh, how will I suffice?

The dawns of snow won't cause me fold  
for all my favorite things  
dusk at the spring  
where there are no more hearts so cold

summer days are over mel

I remember swim-at-the-pool days  
Now they turned into cool sways  
Then they turn to school days  
Friends are busy, nowhere to go  
High school, it only matters who you know  
Kids pick fun at others for no true reason  
It must be the cold season  
Pretty girls come into be praised  
Like a marching band on parade  
Those who aren't popular or just don't care  
Their sympathy is what they share  
Strength in many, weakness in few  
I just though you knew  
Pretty girls and populars are just like us,  
We just don't care, and we ride the bus  
Just remember true friends,  
Well they won't leave you for not following trends

growing up dani o'bryan

Growing up... how hard and unknown this sounds, how I now feel scared, lonely,  
and abandoned by this new thing I've found, but its so much easier just to be a naïve  
little kid than it is to grow up in this adult life where there is little comfort to live,  
this world only takes those who are willfully determined, but I desperately seek to  
still be a kid to which I know strongly and firmly, I know not how to grow up but  
then again there is no set plan for that, if you choose to grow up, and make a  
mistake, is there ever any coming back, but growing up isn't all that bad; no, it's just  
lonely, unpredictable, and sad, so if you tell me to grow up or ask me that now, I  
will say what I've always said and ask what I've always asked...

How?

run

I often hear,  
That those who succeed  
In life are always on the run  
What's wrong with taking it slow?  
It means you're a failure,  
Loser,  
Outcast,  
Loner;  
But this is a lie,  
Even those who  
Take their time,  
Often overdo the fast ones,  
Now why does this happen?  
Sure beats me!

a sonnet emelie johansson

By the trees, along in the dark night  
The sounds of the darkness you hear  
Standing alone is a poor and sorrowful sight  
It brings to the heart fear  
But look at the stars and look to the moon  
The dark of night is disappearing  
The bright break of day is coming soon  
And disappear will all that you are fearing.  
The trees are getting friendlier and brighter  
The birds are starting to sing  
This is making your heart lighter  
The morning is such a beautiful thing.  
Fight against the night so dark and so black  
And all that you fear will never come back



oh boy alice gardner

My title, the words of my reaction  
 For poetry is not easy for me.  
 I dislike this particular action,  
 The action that you are about to see.  
 To write a poem about love and such  
 Hard it is, for love I have yet to feel.  
 Therefore audience, don't expect much.  
 I dislike love as on the movie reel.  
 As in books and television I hate  
 Because those stories are never true.  
 Normal people don't really get the date.  
 And so now today, I kindly warn you  
     We may all be in love for a while,  
     But humor's never outta style.

snow flakes dance

As I stand  
 In the open field,  
 Snow flakes start to swirl,  
 As if in a trance  
 I watch the endless dance,  
 The swirl left, right,  
 Up and down  
 On their stage in the sky.  
 No matter the platform,  
 Be it glass or wheat grain,  
 The tip of my nose  
 They continue to move.  
 How I applaud their  
 Secret ability to captivate, and capture  
 Your mind and soul,  
 To get to write this little poem.

cheese hobby wilson

Cheese, cheese; the magical food  
 It goes with pizza it goes with fruit  
     You should eat it every day  
     So that is all I have to say

lorin fett

Once on a cold January night,  
     long ago,  
 you stayed up late to watch the news,  
     to your parents surprise.  
     You waited with bated breath  
     for the weather report.  
     Hoping and praying.  
 The young weatherman tells you  
     there is going to be lots of *snow*  
     and *sleet*.  
     Your heart fills  
     with joy and excitement.  
 Snow means sledding and snowmen  
 And sleet means good packing snow  
     for snowballs. You rush to tell  
 your mother the news and she shakes her head,  
     and you wonder why.

Once on a cold January night,  
     not so long ago,  
 you stayed up late to watch the news  
     to no one's surprise.  
     You wait with bated breath  
     for the weather report.  
     Hoping and praying.  
 The old weatherman tells you  
     there is going to be lots of snow  
     and sleet.  
     Your heart fills  
     with dread and anxiety.  
 Snow means shoveling and salting  
     and sleet means slick roads  
     for bad driving conditions. You rush to tell  
 your daughter the news and she jumps for joy  
     and you wonder why

dani o'bryan

"I can't concentrate,  
 Something nagging at my mind,  
     I can't reverberate,  
 The things I've been told to do this time,  
 The pen keeps me moving but nothing comes out,  
     I try to stay focused...only to space out,  
     Fall out...only to come back around, I can't  
     Concentrate with all this noise."

sonnet 25brock gimmy

A frigid wind hurls through hallowed chambers  
 Which make up an icy heart throughout which  
 Love has ceased to flow its mighty rivers  
 Where once not long ago love poured ever rich  
 As purple haze lingers so cold and damp  
 Rotting the soul to the very center  
 A haze blinding thick, like smoke from a lamp  
 Smoke, rolling, and curling so love detours  
 But the flame of hope does not burn even bright  
 Shining like that star in the northern sky  
 Leading the way in the darkest of night  
 This love they say will never cease or die  
 Like the beating wings of a snow white dove  
 Beauty, Honesty, Grace, combine in Love.

the valley forgottenjake bishop

Forgotten in time, a valley long, long ago  
 Where everything would blossom and everything would grow.  
 A valley so pure, so green and so bright  
 That everything that grew there was perfect and right.  
 The trees were mighty, growing high from their feet  
 While the birds in their branches, whistled life's steady beat.  
 Bushes with flowers edged with golden crisp leaves  
 Blew the sweet smell of roses through the leaves of the trees.  
 The lake shone like diamonds, during bright, sunny days  
 While the creatures of the valley, they worked and they played.  
 But things as they glisten, will soon disappear  
 They'll lose all their beauty, and won't be as dear.  
 For buildings and cities will soon start to come  
 And the glory of nature will be whittled to none.  
 One day, this too, will build up and turn rotten  
 And it will lose all its shine, in the Valley Forgotten.

epidemicerin greenwalt

I died today and no one cared  
 No sorrow for my lost soul  
 The ground cracked underneath me and swallowed me whole  
 No sentiments to leave behind  
 No loves to kiss for one last time  
 I died today and the earth didn't quake, for I made no difference other than one  
 more infected

Millions die everyday and we have no moments of silence  
 Never saw my haggard body  
 Never knew my lessoned face  
 Millions we keep on dying, for I speed the disease that cannot be stopped  
 Stop the disease before it commandeers you too  
 Wake up to the actual reality  
 Fight to Live and Live to Fight the gift that keeps on killing

ode to the meadowbrad denby

Waving grains of grass dancing in the breeze,  
 swinging to and fro, bobbing as they please.  
 The field a ballroom, ev'ry plant is a guest;  
 packed tight together, each sways with the rest.  
 The wind is their music, the wind their guide,  
 telling them when to lean from side to side.  
 Or, perhaps, an instrument in each blade,  
 the meadow is nature's orchestral glade,  
 each stem a string of violin or harp,  
 singing nature's songs, melting icy hearts.  
 God's breath blows down from the blue sky above,  
 bringing with it the sweet dewlets of love,  
 blowing with care to direct the field's piece,  
 this song everlasting shall never cease.

what do I see?bridgette hoover

I look into the mirror, what do I see?  
 I see someone there, but that reflection isn't me.  
 Her eyes are brown and full of life and light,  
 Her gaze pierces through you like a knife  
 Her skin is creamy brown,  
 Her skin is perfect, no blemishes to be found.  
 To say that this girl is ugly would be a mistake,  
 Because people would want to be her any day  
 When I look into the mirror, I don't see me.  
 Instead I see a girl that society would think was less than pretty.  
 I don't see the eyes that are brown and full of life or have any kind of light.  
 Instead I see the girl that hates herself with a might.  
 I look into the mirror again,  
 I think that I really need to become my own friend.  
 I am that girl that everyone sees,  
 I just need to love me for me.  
 Now when I look into the mirror what do I see?  
 I see me looking as beautiful as I can be.

it has dawned upon me matt mallon

When dawn's truth serenades an onyx sky,  
 Nocturnal melodies decay and mute—  
 Their voices disappear with their midnight.  
 How the sun's golden franchise, ripe with skill  
 Annexes land and blooming air; just look!  
 On the horizon, petals of gold unfurl—  
 A solar monopoly is born.  
 With space ensnared in goldenrod wonder,  
 The hands of time in suspension tied,  
 What is this world to do, but breathe the peace  
 Of creation, and live like they know how?

unique miranda thompson

In this whole entire world  
 there is not a single soul  
 who is completely himself  
 when there are people to control  
 you are no longer able  
 to just be free, instead  
 you must follow their pathways  
 wherever they lead  
 but it's really quite funny  
 because you think you're unique  
 but when you're around other people  
 you watch what you speak  
 in fear that they will hate you  
 or put you down in some way  
 for even I am at fault  
 for feeling this way  
 the more it reins true  
 and the further you stray  
 from being just you

guillaume le conquerant miranda gorée

Il y avait un homme  
 Il s'appellait Guillaume  
 Il était le duc de Normandie  
 Il n'était pas content avec sa vie  
  
 Il voulait être le roi d'Angleterre  
 Et alors il a traversé la mer  
 Il attaque Harold à Hastings  
 Si comme les envahisseurs les Vikings

Il a gagné parce qu'il était un combattant  
 Et il est devenu Guillaume le conquerant  
 Sa femme a fabriqué une tapisserie  
 Pour illustrer la conquete de son mari

guillaume the conqueror

There was a man  
 His name was Guillaume  
 He was the Duke of Normandy  
 He was not content with his like

He wanted to be the king of England  
 And so he sailed across the sea  
 He attacked Harold at Hastings  
 So like the invaders the Vikings

He won because he was a fighter  
 And he became Guillaume the Conqueror  
 His wife created a tapestry  
 To illustrate the conquest of her husband

you can matt mallon

Laugh.  
 Revel in the fact  
 that no one can take  
 that sound away.  
 Cry.  
 Find shelter within  
 the truth explaining  
 no power can steal  
 your water's wisdom.  
 Sing.  
 Feel the hope ragging  
 down your throat's  
 pink rafters,  
 and catch the fireflies  
 dangling  
 in its symphony.  
 Dance.  
 Savor the motion  
 sojourning through your veins;  
 then romance the energy  
 quivering in the dynamics  
 of your changing poses.  
 Live.  
 Taste the rain and

breathe the sunlight  
 through the chambers in  
 your unconquered heart;  
 glowing with a charge  
 beyond the realm  
 of simple positives  
 and negatives.  
 Love.  
 Wield a creation  
 that transcends the plane  
 of mortality and  
 human boundaries;  
 that goes beyond the shores  
 of a body's weak science  
 and finds sanctuary  
 in the impossible.  
 You should.  
 You would.  
 You could.  
 You can.

I am slipping, dying  
 Memories hold me as they fill every waking thought  
 I shudder as my life flashes before my eyes then is gone  
 Why was I chosen, why not someone else  
 Sudden peace enters me causing my eyes to tear  
 A single tear runs down my cheek as a glow warms  
 He has seen this sudden coldness challenges the warmth  
 He will never let me go  
 No longer am I alone to face his wrath, his violence

A man is holding my hand and holding my eyes with his blue  
 White wings flowing from his shoulders...he smiles  
 My grip tightens as the cloaked figure moves for my hand  
 He can not touch me  
 The winged man smiles at me again and I at him  
 My soul and spirit suddenly lighter as my last breath escapes me  
 Looking down at my body fear grips me until I look towards the stranger  
 He turns to leave and I follow  
 I am free

from darkness to light                      nicky farrara

I feel nothing, just cold and damp  
 I shudder as I feel an ice cold touch  
 Something's behind me  
 Its breath beating against the back of my neck  
 It makes no other sounds, not even a heart break  
 Slowly I turn  
 At first I see nothing for it's as dark as death  
 But he is there; I can see him now  
 Dressed in black with his face concealed from my sight  
 Not knowing what to do I continue to stare  
 Silently he reaches for my shoulder  
 I only see cloth but I still feel his hand  
 His touch sends a chill through my body and down to my bones  
 My energy is drained and I am weak  
 Still his hand grips my shoulder as my knees buckle  
 Why am I so tired... so weak  
 I collapse  
 And fall into a shadow

The darkness is never ending but still I fight  
 His hand is like ice and it clasps my shoulder like stone  
 I must break free...I must  
 My thoughts are shattered as I lose myself  
 I am on the ground now; no longer able to see him...he is there  
 The cold dew has no effect for I am numb to all feelings now

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 bruce banner
 

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Intelligent, awkward  
 Testing, experimenting, studying  
 Becoming angered and irate  
 Changing, growing, screaming,  
 Monstrous, incredible  
 Hulk

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 charity nolen
 

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Caterpillar  
 Curled, Cautioned  
 Crawling, Creeping, Charming  
 Changing in the cocoon  
 Caterpillar

---

 david caulk
 

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Winter  
 Cold, Gloomy  
 Skiing, Sledding, Snowing  
 Swimming in the pond  
 Swimming, Carefree, Fun  
 Hot, Sunny  
 Summer

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 roger mcdonald
 

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Roger  
 Weird, funny  
 Laughing, joking, dying  
 Working in fast food  
 Grilling, frying, assembling  
 Large, famous  
 McDonalds

|  
 D  
 [  
 T

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 ian gray
 

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Monkeys  
 Crazyed, Drenched  
 Crying, Pooping, Throwing  
 Floating dead in the water  
 Humans

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Jedi  
 Balanced, Gifted  
 Leading, Helping, Changing  
 Allowing emotion to overcome  
 Challenging, Uprising, Overpowering  
 Angered, Downcast  
 Sith

---

 david sirko
 

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Cars  
 Rusty, Lonely  
 Waiting, Sitting, Sleeping  
 Investing a lot of skill  
 Working, Thinking, Spending  
 Worthwhile, Fun  
 Classics

---

 alex simpson
 

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Tree  
 Grew, Changed  
 Enlarging, Strengthening, Anchoring  
 Making air to breathe  
 Tree

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Seed  
 Tiny, Insignificant  
 Growing, Changing, Foregoing  
 Becoming larger than you or me  
 Enlarging, Strengthening, Hardening  
 Giant, Significant  
 Giant Sequoia

^  
 M  
 ^  
 N

It was a pleasant afternoon in a small town, somewhere in the Midwest. Nestled in a quickly growing neighborhood was a modest home. In the back yard, Daniel was just sitting down for lunch with his family. His wife had made his favorite sandwiches and his mouth watered with anticipation. Daniel smiled lovingly at his wife as his son and daughter finally sat down. Suddenly, the phone rang. Angrily, Daniel looked around to find the source of the ringing that had so rudely interrupted the meal. He grew increasingly confused as he searched for, but could not find the phone. This was when Daniel's dream suddenly ended.

Daniel groaned as he rolled over and slammed a hand down on something on the bedside table. The alarm complained briefly before switching to 'snooze' and going quiet. Daniel rolled back over and buried his face in the pillow, desperately trying to hold onto the wonderful dream he had been having. It was to no avail. The dream left him as quickly as it had come and he sighed heavily. Daniel had no desire to move from his bed. With the serenity of sleep interrupted, he soon remembered what the day had in store. He grimaced and felt his heart sink as his alarm began to blare again, signaling five minutes of snooze time was up. Halfheartedly, Daniel pressed the off button on the alarm and slid out of bed, making his way towards the bathroom.

Daniel flipped the lights on and immediately shut his eyes to the glaringly bright light. He fumbled for the comb on the sink top as his eyes adjusted. The reflection in the mirror was less than appealing. Daniel's hair was out of order as always, but it was eyes that stood out the most. Dark half-moons hung below his tired eyes, telling of the little sleep he had been getting. He frowned at his disheveled appearance and added water to the comb before running it through his hair. The hair refused to lie flat and Daniel eventually gave up trying.

"I'm going to be wearing a hat anyway," he said to himself as he finished and moved into his closet to find his uniform.

On his way there, he picked up the remote and flipped on the TV. The screen flickered to the local news channel that was broadcasting the weather. Daniel glanced long enough to see that the weather was going to be miserable. There would be nothing but thundershowers and cold winds all day. This dampened his mood even further. Stepping into his closet, he stared at his uniform with a grim look on his face. Daniel loathed putting it on now, whereas he had once been so proud. All the time he had spent in the uniform had brought nothing but depressing memories of pain and heartbreak. Having no choice, Daniel donned the uniform and stepped out of his closet. He was adjusting the hat when he noticed the story that was now being broadcast on the same channel as before. He froze as he watched the numbers roll across the bottom of the screen. The female reporter grimly announced the progress of the war overseas that had been raging for years. "The death toll keeps mounting" rang too clearly in Daniel's mind. His lips drew into a tight line as the pain reflected in his eyes.

"All those families.... All those lives....," he whispered out loud.

Daniel couldn't take anymore and hit the power button on the remote. The screen flickered and immediately switched to black. His jaw tensed as he grabbed his keys from the counter top and checked his watch. The face showed 9:55 am. He glared in frustration at the time. It always seemed to pass too fast for Daniel, except when he wanted it to. Then it would crawl, seeming to almost stop. Daniel wanted to put off his duty as long as possible. It was becoming increasingly hard for him to complete the tasks. He just couldn't handle them anymore. Daniel had an hour to

make his trip. An hour to agonize about what he knew was coming. Only one hour to find the right words he needed. Only one hour and he hated it.

It was a very short drive to Daniel's office. All the while Daniel racked his brains. Nothing he came up with sounded right. By the time he reached the office, Daniel's heart had sunk further. He only there to pick up a letter that he needed, so it wouldn't take long.

"Sir?" inquired a young man as he walked in.

"I'm here to pick up," he said, pausing, "the letter I'm to deliver..."

The young man sifted through a not so small pile of similar letters before handing the appropriate letter to Daniel. The young man looked at Daniel questioningly as Daniel took the letter from his hand. Daniel only lowered his gaze and turned away, walking solemnly from the office. Only forty-five minutes remained.

It took Daniel forty minutes to reach his destination. He pulled to the curb in front of a nice home in a well to do neighborhood. He sat and stared at the home, dreading the moment he had to step out of his car.

Daniel held the letter in his hand. He didn't want to look at the name on the front. He already knew, he didn't want to see. With a heavy sigh, he stepped out of the car and walked up the sidewalk to the front door. This was one of those dreaded moments where time began to slow down for Daniel. He would remember it for the rest of his life.

Daniel collected what little strength was left to him and rang the doorbell once. After what seemed like an eternity, a young woman answered the door with a small child of three or four clinging gently to her jeans. Daniel did his best to relax his muscles and cleared his throat softly. Time was up.

"Good afternoon," Daniel said as gently as he could. "My name is Captain Daniel Wells. I regret to inform you that your husband has been killed in the line of duty. His group was—"

Daniel stopped in mid speech as the woman began to sob. Ms. Marshall sank to the floor with her hand covering her mouth in an attempt to muffle her sobs. Daniel had no idea what to do. It was not his first time in this kind of situation, but he froze. He had never learned how to cope with a crying widow. Daniel merely stared at the concrete in front of him. Suddenly, the woman spoke up. Her voice hoarse with crying but conveyed easily the anger that was quickly rising from her grief. It caught Daniel off guard.

"How, how did it happen?!" she questioned harshly. She could not have been more imposing if she had screamed at Daniel instead. Daniel instinctively began to respond but stopped himself. Daniel knew the truth would be too much for her. To tell her that her husband had died because of human error was something he could not bring himself to do. To his understanding, no widow would want to know that her husband had died of friendly fire. So, Daniel told her what he thought she would want to hear.

"He died a hero ma'am," he replied softly. Daniel could barely look at her as the softened story spilled from his lips. Daniel watched as her anger dissolved into a numbness that left her expression stiff and neutral. Instantly Daniel felt miserable. He knew she would go on never knowing what had happened. He had gone against everything he held himself to. Something in Daniel finally snapped.

"You've done your duty," she said before closing the door in Daniel's face. The sound of the door shutting snapped Daniel back from the daze he'd fallen into. He stumbled back a bit before walking back to his car and making his way back to the office. There was something he finally knew he had to do.

The same young man was sitting at the desk when Daniel walked into the office for a second time that day. Daniel didn't even grace a hello. He handed a petition letter for council concerning his release from duty to the young man at the desk. After all, Daniel couldn't just quit. Someone else was to decide if Daniel could leave or not. The young man took a moment to look the document over and directed Daniel to a large meeting room down the hall. Daniel already knew where to go through. It was his father who would make the decision after all.

Daniel sat down to wait as his superiors gathered into a room. This left time for Daniel to think back to how he'd ended up here. In all reality, he'd never wanted to be in the military at all. With his father a Colonel and Daniel an only son, Daniel had spent his whole life trying to live up to what his father wanted. He'd always known that he would never be that kind of man. Daniel just couldn't handle the situations. He'd always dreamed of being a small business owner with a beautiful family, but it did not fit into his father's dream. Now, after eight years of misery, Daniel wanted out.

Finally, the last member of the committee sat down in front of him. Colonel Wells watched him with intense eyes and Daniel sank down in his chair. One the questions began, Daniel carefully explained why he could no longer perform his duties. All the pain, lack of sleep, and mental distress was noted, but Daniel had no idea what their decision would be.

The committee left to delegate and Daniel let out a soft sigh of relief, now that he would no longer under his father's heavy gaze. Deep in his heart though, Daniel knew that whatever the decision, it would not be good. He would still be as broken as he was now, and nothing would ever bring back all the lives that were lost or repair all the families he'd seen over the years.

Finally, the group came back. All Daniel could do was watch and wait. Watch and wait.

loving



© helen anderson

un amour qui ne meurt jamais miranda gorée

Yseut habitait en Irlande  
 Elle était la plus belle dans le monde  
 Et le beau Tristan va la chercher  
 Parce qu'elle et Marc vont se marier

Tristan et Yseut ont bu une potion par erreur  
 Alors ils regardaient l'autre avec le coeur  
 Tristan est parti du pays de son roi  
 Ll ne voulait pas déshonorer so foi

L lest blessé par une lance empoisonnée  
 Ll a donné un message pour l'un qu'il aimait  
 Mais elle était arrive trop en retard à lui dire adieu  
 Alors elle est morte comme son home amoureux

a love that never dies

Yseut lived in Ireland  
 She was the most beautiful in the world  
 And handsome Tristan goes to look for her  
 Because she and Marc are going to marry

Tristan and Yeust drank a potion by mistake  
 Then the look at the other with the heart  
 Tristan left the country of his king  
 He did not want to dishonor his faith

He is wounded by a poisoned lance  
 He gave a message for the one he loves  
 But she came too late to tell him goodbye  
 So she died like her loving man

safekeeping kelsey mcfarland

Tripping over loneliness  
 Gasping on a plea  
 Show me all your emptiness.  
 I'll open all of me.

I was told once, long ago  
 That the eyes don't see one's faults.  
 Your soul and mind, keep close, me dear.  
 For they are all you've got.

Regarding all your thoughts and dreams,  
 Just give them all to me.  
 I'll keep them safe and secure, my dear.  
 I'll throw away the key.

electricity marissa north

Shocking, quite  
 How you affect me  
 Jolting fright  
 Though you'll never see.

Flowing through my limbs  
 Sparks fly through my eyes  
 Secretly singing hymns  
 Lightning throughout the skies.

Switched off the moment you've gone  
 Particles slow and stop  
 Waiting until the worshipped dawn  
 Energy returns with a pop.

Crackling through the surrounding air  
 Don't you feel it at all?  
 Looking, though trying not to stare  
 Sparks trying not to fall

Tingling as energy flows through  
 A new feeling has cycled in  
 Energy coming in from two  
 Charts spike and swirl and spin

Little blue spark as we touch hands  
 Crackles of electricity show  
 Opposites attracting in circling bands  
 Drawing closer, light and glow

A spark of energy leaves my lips  
 Traveling towards yours faster than light  
 Turning head, our chins tip  
 Electricity shone far and bright.

young love barron mccaskill

Almond eyes, caramel skin  
 A smile that makes my heart swim  
 Weakened by her beauty, empowered by her touch  
 Take not from me her warmth I love so much  
 Agony in her absence, joy in her presence  
 My love so pure and true in its essence  
 I slide my fingers through the softness of her hair.  
 Into her eyes I will forever stare.  
 From her lips I take a kiss.  
 This feeling I will sorely miss.  
 In my arms I hold her to the rise of the sun.  
 I will never leave her for anything, or anyone.



oxygendaniel ansbro

Oxygen.  
*Life-giving poison.*  
*I breathe in and slowly die.*  
*But without you, I die even faster.*

Every moment without you seems such a waste,  
 A pointless charade, a journey misplaced.  
 I can't bear not having you here  
 Anymore, and soon I fear;  
 I can't be without you,  
 I can't live without you,  
 You're every breath I take,  
 You're my oxygen.

I see you again, so elegant, divine,  
 You gently slip your soft hand into mine,  
 And all other thoughts flee from my mind;  
 Does it really matter if I die?  
 One moment, of total happiness,  
 An encounter filled with pure, sweet bliss,  
 Frozen now, forever in time,  
 Played over and over again in my mind,  
 As I close my eyes and try not to cry,  
 If this doesn't end, I surely shall die.  
 Will this ever end?  
 You're my oxygen

I can no longer draw even a single breath,  
 Where are you, my love? I count the hours left.  
 I accept my fate as my thoughts begin to cease,  
 As I finally move on, to everlasting peace.  
 But why must they keep lying to me that you're gone?  
 Goodbye, my love, I'll see you at dawn.  
 I'll miss you 'till then.  
 You're my oxygen.

new dayerin greenwall

Early morning you can hear the wind whipping through the willow tree  
 as the sun reaches over the horizon of the lake, the reflection hits my face  
 The beauty links to my mind, as if taking a picture  
 Painting in my head all the hues that are there, that I see, that I smell, that I  
 feel  
 It is taking over my body  
 It is taking my body in all, so much that I am what it is  
 Now I am the wind weaving through the willow's vines  
 I am the color brightening up the day  
 I am the new clay with a future untold  
 I am the new soon becoming the old

see mea.m. starratt

In this modern day, there is no way to say,  
 How beautiful you truly are.  
 Too, far for me to touch, too good for a thought such,  
 You're above me like a star.  
 What such indecent words! What such feelings absurd;  
 Do you know that I exist?  
 Upon such golden hair, relies a golden air,  
 O, how powerfully God resists.  
 Your creamy, porcelain skin, could reflect what is within,  
 What would you see in me?  
 Those delicate, soft hands, which molded all the land  
 That I would ever care to see.  
 But these words don't enable you to see across the table,  
 And discover an imperfect being.  
 Only location in common, in moments you've forgotten,  
 That imperfect being is me.

I am not a star, the moon, the sun.  
 I am imperfect; what would you see in me?

untitled

As I lay here, twisting about this glowing diamond ring upon my finger, I think of you. I gaze into the shining depths of the diamond and think of all the things this glorious ring means to me, what it symbolizes. Is it possible that this mere inanimate object understands its worth? Not the worth of its physical being, but the worth of its existence in my heart, my soul. How similar this ring is to the very people it symbolizes. It came into my possession one forgotten day, when the very person who gave it to me was unsure of who the original owner was. Could it be that this is the ring of one of the people that it symbolizes for me? Or is it the unwanted, forgotten, ring of the women who gave it to me? Either way, the ring's mystery and past are the plain truth of the failed marriage. How curious it is that the ring's past tells of a dead marriage, when it places in my heart a feeling of yearning for an alive marriage. The real owner of the ring is as unknown as my future, whether it be with love or not. It is also curious how one of the two people who this fine piece of jewelry reminds me of, might be the owner of the ring itself. The person is dead, as dead as the marriage once was. The other person is very much alive, yet both of them I am currently unable to be with. As true as this is, both of them I will hopefully meet one day. I feel like I've met one of them. I know that I have met the other. Dead or alive, they both are in my heart. One is the owner of my romantic love, the other less so. Either way, this mysterious ring means more to me than I'll ever know, and proves that the dead and alive are more similar than we choose to believe.

just a momentmarissa north

Alarm on my phone rings at 5:02  
 I groan but smile when I think of you.  
 Get out of bed, pop in the shower  
 Warm water feels good for half an hour.  
 Pull on some clothes, brush out my hair  
 Look in the mirror: a tired stare.  
 Honey-Nut Cheerios in a bowl  
 Two bowls and I'm not even full. Ride to school in a car, wait for a while  
 Arrive for PE with a sarcastic smile.  
 Weight lifting sucks, bend down to tie my shoe  
 I want to sleep more, I'm envious of you.  
 Back in the locker room, I try to dress so I can go  
 I hate PE, and I want to see you so.  
 Walking down the halls and my heart soars  
 As I see you coming through the double doors.  
 Huge hug and exclamation  
 Followed by a hurried conversation  
 A small smile plays on my lips  
 And it doesn't even hurt too much when I fall and slip.  
 On to Biology, just making it on time  
 I hate walking across campus, especially the climb.  
 A short little quiz, and then we're outside  
 I see your PE class playing tennis on the other side.  
 Next to Theatre Arts, I love this class  
 And it gets even better as you walk in with a pass.  
 We talk of for a bit, we joke around  
 Then its time to learn and hunker down.  
 It's very hard to concentrate with not enough sleep  
 I close my eyes and rest my hand against my cheek.  
 We pick a play, we act out scenes  
 The bell rings, and the desks are clean.  
 Walk a little ways with you then leave  
 Walking down the halls, giving you my bag and a heave.  
 Now it's Math, oh what a pest  
 I didn't finish two questions on my test.  
 Feeling more grumpy, I set off down the stairs  
 Someone accidentally pulled out some of my hair.  
 Racing to the spot where I normally see  
 The sight of you drawing closer to me.  
 I scan the sea of people wondering where you are  
 Relief sweeps though me as I see you from afar  
 A quick hug, though I wish for ten  
 As I leave, I poke your stomach with my pen.  
 To choir now, I can't wait for food  
 Though eating with you would put me in a better mood.  
 Then off to English with presentations totaling seven  
 Only one more period after this, then I'm in heaven!

Down to Spanish, we have a quiz today  
 But no luck for I see you passing my way.  
 Three, two, one, RING the bells sounds  
 Out to the bus in only a few short bounds.  
 I look out the window at the clouds in the sky  
 As light as a feather, I wish to fly.  
 I review my day; I've never had better  
 But I know the one thing that truly matters.  
 I don't care if some times are hard, if some times are crappy  
 Just one moment with you is enough to make me happy.  
 I don't care if you're bored, I don't care if you're tired  
 I don't care if it's a stupid question you've inquired.  
 Ask your questions, speak your mind!  
 You make me so happy; my face has shined.  
 You make me escape my mind; you let me be free  
 I only hope I make you as happy as you make me.

kathleen sands

Hush and you may hear her whisper.  
 Hush and you may hear the sound.  
 The rustling of the leaves is her  
 Gentle footsteps on the ground.

Look now! She sits upon her stone.  
 Look now! She does not cover her name.  
 Her removal has been postponed  
 For her feeling is still the same.

Hush and you may hear him weeping.  
 Hush and you may hear him moan.  
 He wishes she were merely sleeping.  
 He thinks she has left him all alone.

Look now! He kneels here before her.  
 Look now! He sees again her name.  
 Years have passed, he has grown older.  
 Even now his feeling is still the same.

This pain he has won't last long.  
 His body is weak, but his love is strong.  
 These two have never really been apart.  
 For he has always held her in his heart.

miranda gorée

Entreat me never to forget thine eyes  
 Pray, take not away thy beloved face  
 Nor the happiness wrought beneath the skies

Depart neither from our tender embrace

My fondness radiates from me to thee  
Our hearts must persevere despite the strife  
True love endures throughout eternity  
We continue on as givers of life

Time is infinite and so my love  
The music lifts my soul and makes it fly  
It protects against an enemy's shove  
Into the heavens; hear the angel's sigh

As we soar through the clouds in endless bliss  
Think not of the sorrow we'll never miss

I wish it never happened

addie flyte

I still remember like it was yesterday; the day I ended my best friend's life. The sound of terror and worry in her voice will haunt me every moment of my life until I die. At night when I go to sleep, I wake up because I hear her voice begging me to slow down. I see her look at me with a distraught look with tears streaming down her beautiful face. These dreams replay every night in my mind like a broken record. For what I have done to ruin the life of my best friends forever haunts me, and I shall never forgive myself.

As she starts to scream, "David, slow down, you're driving too fast!" I idiotically replied, "It's all right Amber, everything will be fine. You know I would never do anything to hurt you."

"David, please stop. I'm really scared," she said to me crying, and when I replied, I said, "I won't let anything happen to you."

Oh, how I wish I would have slowed down, for none of this would have happened...

As soon as I wake up from my dream, I'm breathing heavily, and I'm sweating profusely. That conversation cannot be erased from my mind as I go over it in my head time and time again. I start to ask myself, did I hurt her? I shouldn't have been drinking that fateful night at the party. I didn't realize how drunk I was. I can't believe how fast I was driving. She offered to drive for me because she didn't believe in drinking. I said I was fine, and that I could handle driving that night. I felt bullet proof; now I to cry myself to sleep in my 9x8 prison cell thinking about how I hurt the only girl I have ever loved and will ever love.

It was only a couple hours before the accident that we were laughing and joking like we normally did.

As I yelled through the bedroom door, I said, "Come on Amber, no one cares about what you wear! If you don't hurry up we're going to be late. You know how I don't like to be late."

As she opened the door she replied, "Well, I care about how I look—I don't want to look like a bum! What do you think about this shirt, David?"

"It's fine, can we go now?" I said with an aggravated tone. She then said she would be down in a little bit.

I loved her dearly, and I knew I wanted more than a friendship. But I knew she never saw me like that. We had been best friends since we were six. She saw me as a brother. I remember how we met vividly; we were in our kindergarten class and none of the kids would share any of the crayons, except for the white and black crayons. As I walked to an empty table to sit, she could tell I was very upset, so she sat with me and we colored the rest of the day together. From that moment on we were inseparable.

All I wanted was to tell Amber how much I cared for her; everyone could see how I felt except for her. I was waiting for the perfect moment to tell her, but I thought we would be with each other even when we were old. Now I know that I was wrong.

It had taken me an hour to convince her parents to let her go to the party with me. I had promised to take care of her, telling them nothing would happen to her. They knew I would die for her, and she would do the same for me. As I parked my car a few houses away from the party, Amber started getting a little nervous. She had never been to a party like this before. I assured her everything would be fine as I took her hand into mine and gently pulled her to the door.

As soon as we entered the house we immediately saw a sea of people from our school that we both recognized. We were walking into the kitchen to get a soda, when my friend Jake offered me a beer. Amber told me not to take it but I told her that I would only have one. She wasn't happy about it but she relented. As we separated we agreed to meet at 10:30 by the door, in order to get her home by 11:00 pm. I watched her walk away as she glanced back at me. She gave me a winning smile and a wave. Little did I know that would be the last time I would see her sweet smile ever again.

My intentions were to only have one beer but one had quickly turned into two and two turned into three and so on. At 10:30, Amber was standing at the door with her jacket and ready to go, but I was not there. She had to walk around in order to find me. She found me drinking my fifth beer. As soon as she saw me she said, "David, I think you need to sit down for a little bit. I think you've had too much to drink," taking the bottle of beer from my hand and giving me a bottle of water instead. We sat outside on the porch and I laid my head on her shoulder. She looked at her cell phone to see what time it was and offered to drive home, saying that I could stay at her house for the rest of the night. I drunkenly thought I was well enough to drive home.

We walked out to my car and I unlocked the door and immediately sat down. All of a sudden she started to bang on the door because I forgot to unlock her door. When I unlocked the door, she had an irritated look on her face she and told me I was in no condition to drive. I replied by saying, "Amber, do you trust me? I have been driving for two years; I think I know how to drive." She looked away from me and with a livid voice said, "David I trust you, but not right now."

I put my key in the ignition and started the car. The next thing I knew she was screaming, "David, slow down, you're driving too fast!" I replied "It's all right Amber, everything will be fine. You know I would never do anything to hurt you."

"David, please stop. I'm really scared." She said to me crying. And, when I replied, I repeated, "I won't let anything happen to you."

The last thing I heard from her was, "DAVID, WATCH—" as she pointed to the left. As I looked to the left of the road I saw another car slam into mine. I threw myself on Amber but her head hit the window of the door. Those last few seconds it seemed like everything was in slow motion.

The next day when I woke up, my left leg was broken and I had large scratches and bruises all over my body. All of my family was sitting around me with upset looks on their face. I saw my parents outside of my room talking to the doctor. My mom's head was on my dad's shoulder as she was crying. As my parents came into my room, their faces were as white as ghosts. I started to demand, "Where is Amber? Is she okay?"

No one would answer me; I looked to the side of my bed and saw crutches. I immediately got up to go find her. I was in so much pain, but my need to see Amber was stronger. As I walked through the hall, I found her room. I entered her room I saw Amber lying in bed with machines plugged all around her. As soon as I saw her, my stomach dropped; I felt like someone had stabbed me in the heart. Then I saw her parents by her side, crying. They looked at me; all I could say was, "I'm sorry," with tears running down my face. "L.. L.." I couldn't speak.

Her mom walked over to me, took me in her arms and held me tight; her father did the same. I knew they forgave me but I could never forgive myself. I sat myself in the chair next to her bed and took her soft gentle hand into mine; her hand was as cold as ice. My parents came into Amber's room. They told me I needed to get some rest. I didn't care about myself anymore; all I cared about was her. All I could

think about was her, I promised to protect her. Instead she was lying in hospital bed all because of me!

The next day I was still sitting by her bed. I noticed her starting to wake up. I immediately got up to call for a doctor, but I then heard her quietly say, "No, don't call the doctor." I felt that I needed to, but I figured that I would listen to her since I didn't the last time. She then said, "David? I just wanted to say that I love..."

I quickly replied, "I love you too, I always have." She then said, "Tell my parents and my brother I love them and promise me that you will never forget me," as she started to cry.

"No!" I replied, "You're not going to leave me; you're going get better!" She started to tell me how she felt, and I knew I felt the same way. With a weak voice she said, "David, I love you and I have always loved you. I have liked you more than a friend for the past two years, but I was too scared to tell you. I always thought you only saw me as a friend. I didn't want to ruin our friendship."

I began to cry and tell her I felt the same way about her as she did for me. The last thing she ever said to me was, "I love you David, forever and always. Please don't ever forget me, I want you to remember me forever."

As soon as she said that, her heart monitor went flat. I started to yell, "NO, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME, I NEED YOU!" Her dad ran in when he heard me yelling. I stumbled to get out of the way. I fell into his arms as doctors and nurses rushed by my side to help Amber.

As I lay here on my bed looking at her picture, I think of her and remember all the good times we had. I promised her that I wouldn't let anything happen to her, I broke that promise. There is one promise I will never be able to break that is the one promise I can never forget. I killed my best friend, the love of my life. I can never forget her.

# INTERLUDE

## PHOTOGRAPHY



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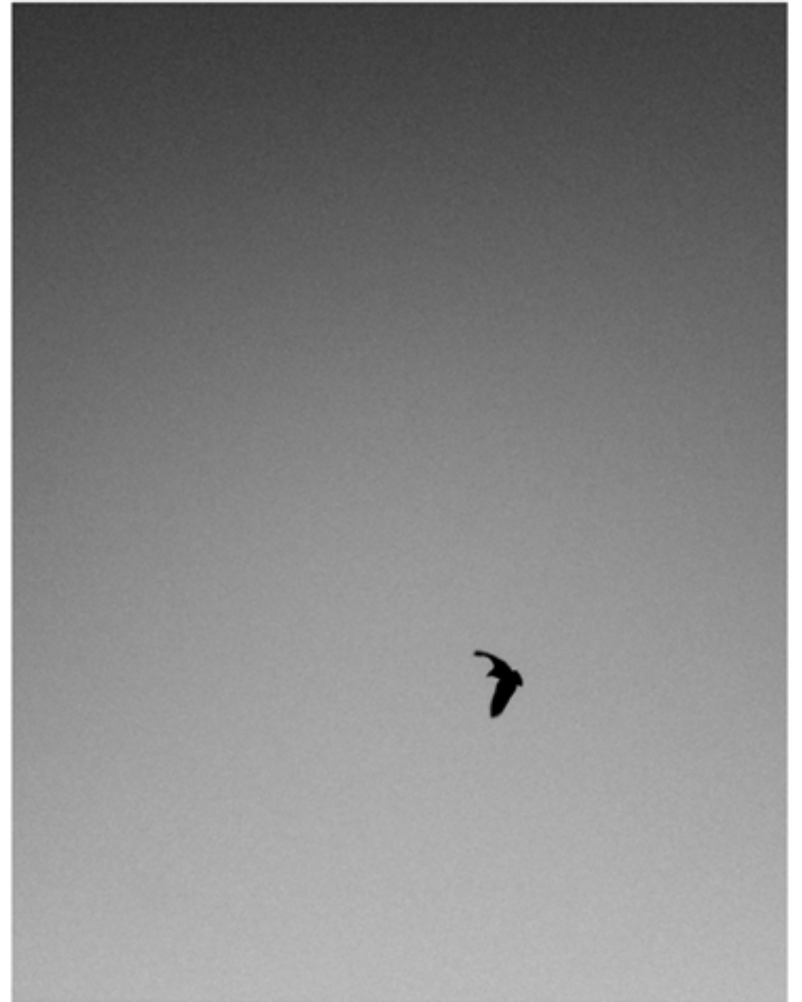
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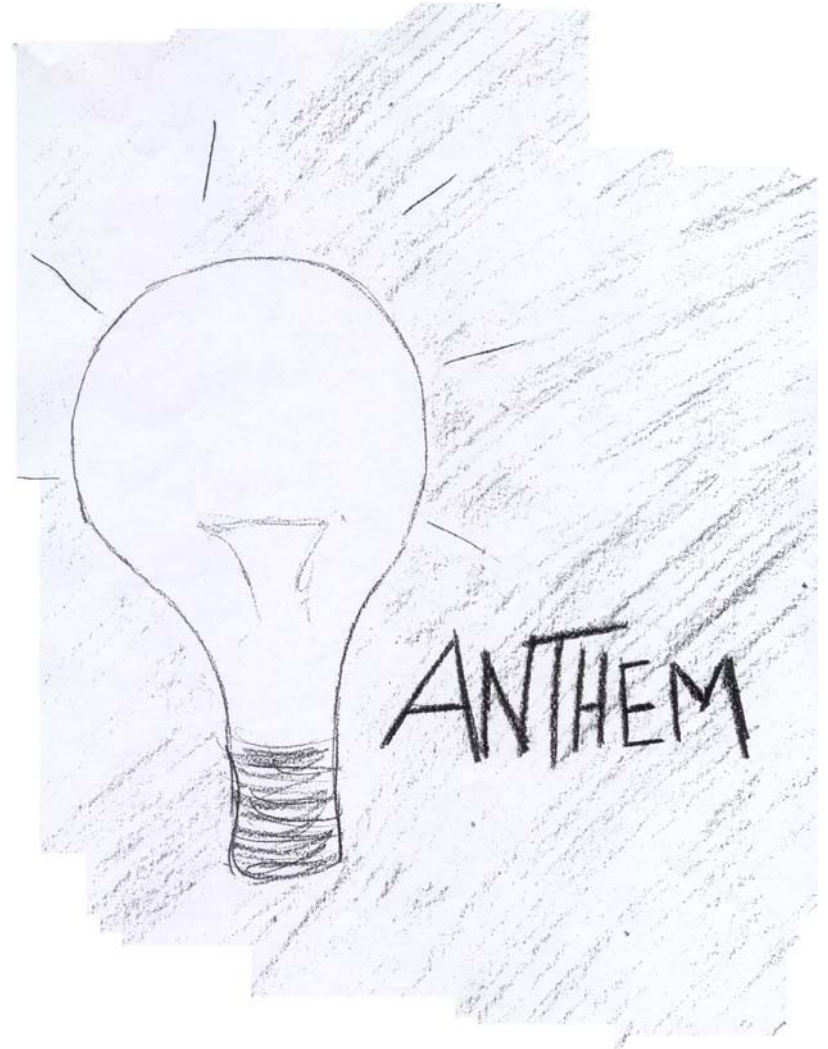
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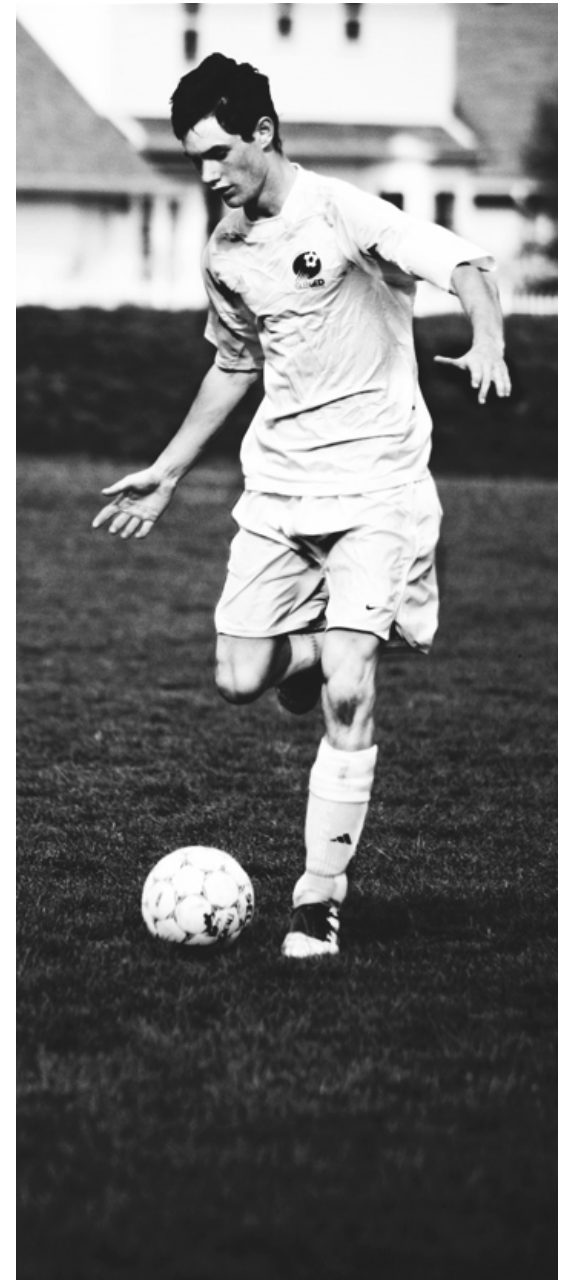
Brad R.

Walter

Chris



# MOVING



it's not that bad ben elliington

Feel it beneath your feet  
 It makes clods of glory just for you  
 To live and play in it is what to do  
 This is part of the game is just that sweet

Make it your friend and become quite close  
 You will have to for it is always apart of the game  
 Without the dirt there would be no meaning behind the sport's name  
 Gosh, just get used to it, your getting a large dose

This great material is only dirt  
 But to dive and score, is worth getting it on your shirt.

finding your place ben treat

In this little locker room I stand with my heart racing.  
 A little bit before the game begins I start pacing.  
 This is my chance here and this is my chance now.  
 To prove to everyone, that I am not a loser somehow.  
 Here comes the whistle I feel my heart drop.  
 I am sweating so bad I am going to need a mop.  
 Here comes my adrenaline flying through my veins.  
 I am definitely ready to take this match by the reigns.  
 Now it is my time to go set my pace.  
 It is time for me to find my place.

rookie's first hit jared beal

I dusted off my feat and stepped up to the plate.  
 The pitcher stared me down, forcing me to wait.  
 I glared right back and begin to think,  
 I knew just what he would pitch and so I gave him a wink.  
 He threw as fast as he could, thinking he was so clever,  
 But I slammed the ball right back and sent it soaring on forever.  
 The powerful hit knocked the ball right out of the park,  
 I taught that pitcher a lesson for thinking he was so smart.  
 That homerun ended up winning us the game,  
 But for me, it was just the beginning of my claim to fame.

golf tom conoyer

It can make a man humble  
 Or make a man stumble

The best of times you'll remember forever  
 The worst of times you just hope it gets better

It takes an extreme amount of patience  
 And ten times as much practice

Makes men of all ages lose their cool  
 Puts the best of men through school

Anyone can play no matter how old  
 If you're dedicated you'll stick it out in the cold

With the swing of a club and a little roll of a ball  
 Golf is the greatest sport of them all

football jeff mundy

The Stadium is my Room  
 The field is my bed  
 The Helmet is my pillow  
 The Jersey is my blanket  
 The football is my life

the game chris foreman

I love to play Baseball  
 I play in the spring and in the fall  
 The game starts at quarter till eight  
 The batter steps up to the plate  
 I grab the white ball with the red stitch  
 I step onto the mound and begin to pitch  
 I scowl at the batter  
 Then his teeth begin to chatter  
 I throw the ball low and away  
 The other team couldn't hit that pitch all day

my first deerkyle abram

Back at the cabin I wake up before the sun rises.  
 I eat a quick snack to keep me awake through the morning.  
 And rush to get dressed for my last hunt this season.  
 My dad takes me to my stand and leaves me with the words "Shoot straight!"  
 Waiting in the cold for hours my mind starts to think.  
 I become lost in a world of imagination when suddenly he came.  
 Looking toward the sun I spotted a magnificent buck.  
 He was walking right towards me as I slowly reach for my bow.  
 My heart was pounding against my chest.  
 As the deer came closer I began to draw back my bow.  
 My fingers released the sting and let the arrow fly.  
 I saw the arrow sticking in the deer as he ran away.  
 I was twelve when I got my first deer.  
 A miraculous day that I will never forget the rest of my life.

the buck stops herenick henderson

I couldn't find my antlers. They would be upon me soon and I had no way to blend in. All the time and effort I had put into my plan and it was going to fail all because I couldn't find those stupid antlers. I heard the distant rustling of leaves and I knew that my time was short. Why did I take those things off anyway? That was my first rule, "Always, ALWAYS, stay in character". When you get this deep undercover, so deep you can't hardly remember which way is up, you have to remember who you really are, but even more important, you can not, under any circumstance, forget who you are supposed to be. If you forget that, you're as good as a dead man. EUREKA!!! There they were, blending in with a pile of sticks. They were a sizable pair of fourteen pointers, enough to impress anyone. I quickly fastened them to my head, got down on all fours and began chewing on some grass. Just in time. As soon as I got down, my mark came prancing over a near by hill. It was a doe and two fawns. Obviously they weren't the most connected out of the group, but they would do for a start. All that was left now was to see if they would believe my hoax and accept me into the dark and seedy world of the deer underground.

If I was going to do this I had to go all in, no half-attempt efforts. I would have to forget the life I once led and start anew. I would have to disappear, fall off the edge of the earth, off the grid, off the radar, and try not to fall off my rocker in the process. That would be the ultimate challenge, trying to keep my sanity throughout this whole ordeal. But I didn't care. I had nothing to lose, and nothing to gain either. What I was going to do I was doing for one reason and one reason only. Revenge. So I sold my house, told all my friend that I hated them so they wouldn't come looking for me or start asking questions, and I set out to right the wrongs that were done to me and those I loved, I set out to find Hank, the animal that murdered my family and destroyed my life. I tore the antlers off the mount in my grandfathers hunting room and I set out for the woods, the place where it all began. To catch a killer you have to think like them, you have to become them, blend into their world and map the inner trappings of their mind until you can predict their every move. So that's what I was about to do. I was going to become Hank, walk in his world and become acquainted. I was going to become a killer, a blood-thirsty demon who thrives on the despair and demise of others. I was going to become a carnal creature whose sustenance is misery and death. I was going to become... a deer.

I was in. The doe and the fawns fell for my ruse and were taking me to the hideout, their safe house, the den of the beast. There was no turning back now. I was entering a world unseen by man, dangerous and foreign, with nothing but my wits to protect me. As we drew closer and closer to their base of operations, I felt a quick chill run down my spine as the stench of death entered my nostrils, a smell synonymous with their kind. It wasn't so much an actual smell so much as it was the sensation of almost being able to smell it, like the screams of tortured and forgotten souls in a graveyard. I started seeing them all around me, first just a few scattered around, then throngs of them, closing in behind me, following with a steady gaze, encompassing me on all sides, trapping me in an ever tightening circle until all I could see were hooves and antlers. Had I been made? They knew. I was sure of it. I had been led into a trap and now I was going to meet my gruesome end. The only question was who would be my executioner. The crowd parted and one lone deer stepped forward, a strong, fierce looking buck with a powerful and

merciless air about him. It was that conniving Hank. My mind quickly jumped to thoughts of killing him with my bare hands, but I realized that with the mob around me I'd never make it to him. I didn't care. I wasn't going to die without a fight. I dug the ball of my foot into the ground, every fiber of my being taut and filled with a fiery rage, ready to pounce... ready to die. Just as I was about to leap at him to exact my revenge, he greeted me. He welcomed me to the underground and instructed me on how I could join the cause. They didn't know. My lie had fooled them all. I was in. Now all that was left was the initiation test.

The initiation was easy enough, in theory. All I had to do was stand in the middle of a street at night. The catch was I had to wait for a car. This was a notoriously dangerous gang activity known simply as, "The Buck Stops Here". Everyone in the deer underground had to do it to prove their resolve and dedication to the cause. A new recruit had to stand his ground against oncoming traffic. If you moved at all, you were out, unworthy to join the ranks of the elite, but if you stood your ground, without so much as a flinch, you were welcomed into their society. It didn't matter if you got hit or not. Often, it was a coin toss whether or not you'd survive the test. I looked around and saw quite a few bucks with scars and missing hair. The drivers they faced didn't swerve fast enough, but still faster than those of the deer left to rot on the side of the road. And now it was my turn.

a canterbury tales tribute

---

apollonia\_goeckner

The sound of her voice will sound through a room,  
 Down crowded hallways, or all the way to the moon,  
 She is only quiet while sleeping or after a rebuke,  
 First to insult her is always Kelli Bruce,  
 Say a line from a song and she's likely to sing it,  
 Ask her for something and she's likely to bring it,  
 With a blond mop of hair that never seems tamed,  
 And no two outfits that are ever the same,  
 She walks ever so calmly in converse sneakers,  
 And a lifetime ambition of being a public speaker,  
 Save the baby seals, be a rock star, or fly,  
 They are on her list of "Things to Do Before I Die"  
 Flamboyant, obnoxious, outgoing or bold,  
 Whatever you call her, likely she's already been told  
 As for her tragic flaw – it is a bit funny  
 While there is calculus, authority and money,  
 They give her enough trouble for us all,  
 But the real reason for her downfall  
 Is men! She likes ones who play the guitar,  
 Score high on tests, in like will go far  
 Three in particular she can name right now  
 Two of them resting on that binding vow:  
 For "I love you" she is too quick to say  
 It has meant her demise, day after day  
 This woman you find stands with her chin held high  
 She's not one to hate, or even to cry  
 At least not in public with prying eyes,  
 But alone she sits and writes her own lines  
 And if you ever cross her you will find your name in a song  
 It won't be pretty, but it will make her feel strong  
 So if you should ever find someone laughing at those nasty lyrics,  
 Find her yourself for if you ask you can hear it  
 You probably see her stumble into one of your classes,  
 An entertainer, she tends to the masses  
 So revel in this lovely verse for a lovely tree hugger  
 Although difficult it seems at first, you all grow to love her

---

tracie\_brumbaugh

Innocence is what first comes to mind,  
 When observing anyone of her kind.  
 Attentive she sits yearning to learn.

But a restless sensation continues to burn.  
 Patience is a virtue she attempts to uphold,  
 In hopes that she won't buckle and fold.  
 Obedience will keep her from talking back,  
 However, expressions she does not lack.  
 Resembling a mural, her expressions are depicting,  
 And sometimes can be rather predicting.  
 Everything can be told through her eyes,  
 Including the do's, don'ts, maybe's and why's.  
 The smiles across her face says it all,  
 Portraying what she's thinking or what she just saw.  
 Her childish dimples are always to be seen,  
 Making it hard for her to appear mean.  
 Body language describes her attitude,  
 Deciphering between her manner and mood.  
 Her quiet presence is always surrounding,  
 But never too much to be confounding.

---

maggie salamone

There is a lass,  
 Who believes she has some class.  
 Never settle will she  
 For anything less than she dreams to be.  
 Brutally honest more than not,  
 yesterday, she has already forgot.  
 Stubborn as a horse: yes it is true.  
 She will not waver when arguing with you.  
 At times she seems the shyest of them all,  
 But once she is known her voice is anything but small.  
 Always quoting her favorite movie lines,  
 She will make you guess the quote sometimes.  
 Measuring up to only five two,  
 Yet, she has a size nine shoe!  
 She will do all she can for you when in a fix  
 And cheer you up by doing circus tricks.  
 Clowns are her biggest fear.  
 So please no big red noses when you are near.  
 With dark green eyes and short brown hair,  
 Think what you will, she will probably not care

---

tara cooper

There is a girl of average height,  
 Whose eyes of brown sparkle bright.  
 Her thin and chestnut hair hangs down,

Its lack of curl makes her frown.  
 Though she may seem stuck up and shy,  
 Do not be fooled, for that is a lie.  
 She is really quite crazy,  
 And yes, sometimes she's lazy.  
 She is emotional without a doubt,  
 Her teary eyes have known no drought.  
 She's prone to cry at most anytime,  
 Her mood can change on a dime.  
 Most of her friends like to tease,  
 They laugh at her exercise DVDs.  
 Why do the chuckle like she's an ape,  
 When she's the one who is in shape?  
 Into a corner she will sometimes shrink,  
 Because she's afraid of what others will think.  
 Its not that she wants to be cool,  
 She just doesn't want to like a fool.  
 She is deeper than the sea,  
 Whose heart is locked with a key.  
 But if you are patient and kind,  
 A true and lasting friend you will find.

---

natalie tedford

The girl who is so tall,  
 Is also quiet like a little doll.  
 She does not like talking in front of others,  
 Until you get to know one another.  
 After that she talks a lot  
 And can carry on about diddly-squat.  
 With no topic on hand  
 It's a wonder her speech was not planned.  
 She can talk for hours on end  
 But only to caring friends.  
 She likes to have fun and do lots of things,  
 When it comes to activities she is king  
 She really likes to dance ballet,  
 And join her friends for a game of croquet.  
 Swimming is another hobby of hers,  
 But she is so busy they run together like a blur.  
 She's a jack of all trades  
 And her personality is custom-made.  
 She is certainly dynamic  
 And a very quiet chick.

---

katie boda

To her shoulders her locks of hair fall.  
 Although it may take her some time,  
 They are always pin straight  
 Her skin always bronze color.

Even in the dark, cold of winter.  
 Considered normal by most,  
 Her weirdness can only be seen by her friends  
 She seems nice to most,  
 But is a true witch to nearly all.  
 And takes pride in this fact.  
 Her smile captures the look of many.  
 Her unhappiness is always unseen.  
 To her teachers she is a good student,  
 But they don't know of her procrastinating ways.  
 She is truly the laziest of them all.  
 She seems to be able to keep everything together.  
 All-nighters help pull her school work together.  
 Her appearance may seem to be neat  
 But she is truly a slob.  
 Her room and car are never tidy.  
 Perfect in her eyes  
 And everyone else's as far as she's concerned.

S P O N S O R ,		dixie patrow	
E D I T O R S ,		lorin fett	addie flyte      yanyi luo
S T A F F ,		dani weiss	alex mcfarland
cassi smith		ashley bertels	brie west
elizabeth whitaker		ariel ruff	
teghan duhigg		emelie johansson	

## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S , &

The staff would like to thank the English department for encouraging and publicizing our magazine and the administration for their continued support.

Of course, much gratitude must also be extended to the hard-working staff who joined this year, and the excellence that is Ms. Patrow.

As for the future, an ampersand will duly serve as the TO BE CONTINUED part of the issue. This year's publication has evolved, growing from the small, student-run magazine it used to be into a major anthology of diverse, creative voices in our school. Each submission that came in was always a balance of impressive or laugh-out-loud hilarious (because we do have a sense of humor), and worth every minute spent reading. Kudos to your talents and kudos to your dreams. We look forward to the next edition, however far it seems.

Yanyi Luo  
editor

