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EDWARDSVILLE

HIGH SCHOOL

LITERARY MAGAZINE



2013-2014

**This Magazine is dedicated to Blueberry, who will always be
in our hearts.**



Blueberry the Cat

In the summer of 1998 I went to the humane society in Indiana and a little white kitty crawled out of her cage, into my arms and onto my shoulder. She hid in my hair and wouldn't come out. I knew she had picked me to take her home for good. She was my best buddy for 16 years and recently passed away in January 2014.

She was the best cat and loved to be cuddled. Oftentimes, she would crawl onto my lap and we would watch TV together. Her favorite shows were about cats or birds and she loved watching a Blues hockey game.

She was a very playful kitty, and her favorite toys were the plastic ring from the milk container or a ponytail holder. I would throw it in the air and she would catch it on her paw.

Every day after work I would come home and she would be waiting for me at the door, ready to tell me about her day. She liked it when I picked her up and walked around the house with her, while she told me all about her adventures.

The house is much quieter now without her there but I have great memories of the times we had together.

Ms. Patrow

**The Literary Magazine Staff would like to thank everyone who
submitted work. We are grateful to the English Department, the EHS
Administrators and our sponsor Ms. Dixie Patrow for making the Literary
Magazine possible.**

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Lily Grieve

Amy Baxter

Kat Stern

Maddi Lammert

POEMS

Love is Like

By: Nara Markowitz

Love is like

Water

Sparkling down your face.

It's like

An oak tree

Branches open to embrace.

Yes, it can cause scars

But if the branches were too close

Where would the sunlight fall?

Love causes pain

Because where there's love, there's trust.

To be in love is no gain

Because trust extinguishes lust.

With love there is life

Where would the sunlight fall?

Love is like

The wind

Whisking things away.

Love is like

A dog

Wishing you would stay.

But at some point in foolish decisions

The branches will open and you will see

The sunlight was falling on him

Untitled

By: Amy Murphy

The girl stood alone in the wind

She stood alone because she had no friend

She was happy standing alone in the wind

The girl stood alone in the wind

Mother Nature's life of a plant

By: Amy Murphy

The trees and grass,

Grow slow yet fast.

Winter, spring, summer, Fall,

Every plant goes through them all.

Some will live, some will die,

Some of their seeds, they will fly, others will roll far, far away,

Only to find a place to stay.

Their roots unload,

And their leaves unfold.

This goes on until the end of time,

And this is the end of my plant's life rhyme.

The Kiss of Death

By: Ashlea Hearn

There was an Old Man I used to know,
A wanderer, a Forager of lost things,
A collector of forgotten souls.
He would meander across the lands,
Seeking Life in a necropolis,
Searching for fresh green grass in a mire,
Pursuing nonexistent Peace in a slaughterhouse.
He would stop to rest his feet,
His rather chuffed outlook on life Dissipating
Like the sand in the violent desert winds.
His face, his hands, his body,
All worn from exhaustion;
His Mind not worn enough.
He would sit, and he would Wonder:
“Why can I not find what I am looking for?
As Old and Tattered as I am,
My mind remains Baffled,

My thoughts jumbled and tormented
By senseless Knowledge, or the lack thereof.
If only I had asked more Questions.
If only I had Listened.
If only I had been more Attentive.”
The Old Man would eventually rot away
Along with the Purposeless of his thoughts,
Left abandoned in that disturbed and ghastly state.
“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 no be Entrapped within our own Ignorance.
For Ignorance is not Bliss,” the Old Man said.
“Ignorance is like a Prison cell;
Doors Locked, keys thrown away.
Ignorance is the kiss of Death,
Lurking behind the absentmindedly turned backs of the Naïve.
Learn while you’re Young, children,
So that you may grow Old and more Beautiful, Instead of Aged and Tattered
And Lost, like me.”

Cellular Device

By: Katie Maxwell

You are always right by my side,
Giving me directions when I am lost
You help me communicate with the outside world, even though my messages are empty
You let me document many moments,
Which I fill with pointless selfies
But whenever I need you the most,
The battery light turns red and I know this is the end

Respect

By: Laura Hollingsworth

Respect;
Is it to be earned, or to be given?
Is it a God given right,
Or does it belong only to our elders?
No, I believe that everyone's opinion matters
As does their role in society.

As the chick hatches from its egg
Its father may shield its eyes from the harsh sunlight
And its mother may shield its feathers from the biting cold.
But they can never shield the chick from the world
Nor take away its viewpoint.
All voices deserve to be heard.
And equality shall prevail
Not only in race or in gender
But also in age.

Bee

By: Austin Pizzini

We work until every flower is pollinated,
But our job is not done.
Spring comes every year
And every year new workers are buzzing around.
One dies,
And another takes our place.
Our value is undermined
But we help to keep beauty alive.

Will we be respected?

Maybe one day,

We will not be swatted at.

Maybe one day,

Everyone will see our importance.

Pay attention to the small things,

They tend to be the most important.

Everything plays a role,

In keeping beauty alive.

I Need My Beauty Sleep

By: Sam Griffin

They expect us to stay awake in class,

Yet they wake us up at 6.

Sleep has been needed by every animal to walk this earth,

Yet I'm not allowed to get any.

I wish I was a dog.

They get all the sleep they need,

All the sleep they want.

Maybe one day,

We will live in a peaceful world,

Where sleep is a priority.

False Unity

By: Suleman Bazai

What has happened to us?

A society of individuals has all adapted,

Unity.

Let us all believe we are different, even though we are not.

Let us all be governed by the same laws,

Follow the same ideas,

And let us enjoy it while we can.

Staying blind while we can learn, we then try to learn all there is to know at once.

We unite to absorb the knowledge of their wealth.

When in reality it is separating our own thoughts.

Why must we unite in such a way that separates?

Let us seek knowledge of self,

Unite our own thoughts for ourselves,

And finally create a Unity for all to rightfully acknowledge.

Relentless Cold

By: Leah Oglesby

I do not like you.

Cracking my skin,

Chilling my body,

Adding to my claustrophobia,

I do not like you.

Pilling on the clothes,

Closing all the doors and windows,

Confining us to the warmth of four walls,

I do not like you.

Lasting forever,

Suffocating life,

Killing the plants,

Hiding all of the animals,

I do not like you.

What a depressing picture you paint.

What is your purpose,

And why are you here?

Please return North,
That is where you belong.

If you do not leave,

I will.

I do not like you.

Say What You Want

By: Natasha Meinzen

I don't care, say what you want,
I will rise. The mountains are below me,
The stars above.
I won't look down, I won't look back.
Up is the only direction my eyes will face.
Other will try. Other will break free,
Of all the judgment clouding humanity.
So, continue to claw at my feet.
That is where you will stay
Until you realize words you speak,
The actions you take,
I no longer abide to.

Birds' Words

By: Wes Schoenthal

It's everywhere I go, everyplace I can see,
There is nearly no place left where I cannot find it
I speak, of course, of human kind's greatest evil
Our ability to talk, talk, talk,
At school, at the store, at the park, on the road,
With all these words to say, it's silly to think we are saying nothing at all
For the truth is, nearly all words we speak
Are mindless, worthless, unnecessary,
If we were to speak only that which need be said
The world would be more like the sea
How can there be so much life under the water
And yet none of these silly words?
No, we are not creatures of the sea,
We are creatures of the air
The birds that caw and squawk incessantly
With simply nothing to say at all
That woman on the corner, on her phone

How does she speak so much without breathing?

She must be a crow, with her cawing, cawing, cawing

Those children there are simply turkeys

Running and gobbling till the sun goes down

And in this great big world of noisy birds,

Is there any room for fish like me?

The listeners, the patient, the reticent, the reserved

With so few words to say, surely to these fish, words are more treasured

Than all the words of the birds in the sky,

So, I raise my voice to end the voices

Be Silent! Be Still! Only speak if you must!

Are you honking geese? Are you barking dogs?

Oh humanity, who has learned to soar through the sky,

Take a break, rest your voice, swim once again.

And when you have listened to words worth hearing,

You may speak again, but not as the bird you were

Be not a fish nor a bird, but learn to walk on land.

Untitled

By: Emma Vachalek

Though I have been raised by a sun and a star,
I am considered dull and ignorant, they say
I am uneducated and capable of petty action
They say I will commit unintended evils,
If I am not restrained by unreasonable law,
I object to this sickness that one calls entitlement.

Adolescence is a stage, not a mindset,
I have no option of age, but I have intuition.
I am not a dog; I do not sit by stern request,
Growing is what I am, and quickly if I may say.

I speak fluently, with poise and emotion,
I construct opinions through experience and I live each day
You cannot depict me as a dimwit, for I demand respect as a human.
I am from a sun and a star, and one day soon I will shine with them.

For now, not forever, I am young and developing

With wide eyes and an open heart I plea,

See that I am not naïve,

See that I am growing, inspire me to see.

Twenty-Four Hours

By: Faith Tan

Bright lights blaze through the dark night

The fast food restaurant's sign scream of a hamburger at 2:00 in the morning.

The neon sign of the convenient store advertises around the clock hours.

There is never a rest,

The world never stops.

There was a time when night meant rest,

When people stopped running and businesses closed.

But now the times have changed.

We demand 24 hours a day,

The lights are never off,

The roads are never empty,

The doors are never locked,

The world doesn't stop.

But how else would her mother get her sick child medicine during the night?

How else would the pregnant lady get her sushi fix after bedtime?

And how else would I get my chalupa with extra nacho cheese at midnight?

Untitled

By: Kiley McIlvoy

You run out of breath and turn your head to see if the dead man without his head is behind you; nothing but a dead empty street. Until the racing of horse's hooves hit the pavement and a laugh that could scare the world roars from behind. You see the orange sun and the glowing eyes of the headless horsemen as he swings his sword high in the air without a care-- only that it soon means the end of his endless search for a head to replace his. Again you run, for the night of horror is almost over as a bridge lays out in front of you: the gateway to your freedom. Crossing it as fast as you can, you turn to see him one last time as the night ends and sunlight hits him...not to be seen again until the moon rises next time.

A Baffling emotion

By: Taylor Robinson

Scientists can't create it.

They say it's fueled by oxytocine

I believe it has a greater source, one that doctors can't explain

We so often mistake it for infatuation

Seeing it in others it goes from a want to a must.

Driving us to do things unfathomed brings out the best and worst at once.

WE may work through the day making ends meet, but "these are things for which we live."

It's said that history is bound to repeat itself; well love will forever be an emotion that baffles man.

Love, Heals the wounds of an open soul.

The Rules of Writing

By: Taylor Burk

Commas and colons,

Periods and apostrophes,

Transitions and transitional phrases

Clauses and phrases.

The rules of writing.

Why do we need them?

Why do we follow these rules?

Aren't we supposed to express our voices when we write?

Do you automatically think or speak using correct grammar?

I don't

Verbal Rant on Cell Phones

By: Zain Pyarali

Buzz buzz buzz

That's all I hear now a day

In my pocket in class

Or on my night stand in my room

We all use you to communicate
But please I'm trying to get work done.
Texts, tweets, snaps
You're distracting me.
But you are oh so necessary.
I might just turn you off for a little bit.
But probably not.

We All Have the Same Bones

By: Caroline Frew

We all have the same bones,
Some covered with black skin
And others with white.
We all have the same bones,
Some dressed with colorful garments,
While others are black and white.
We all have the same bones,
Some make up independent women,
And others powerful men.
We all have the same bones,
Existing with one another,

Coming together to form one.

Duality

By: William E. Hunter

And though I stand alone on the edge of the cliff, a large white plane abruptly stopped by a spiraling black abyss, I feel nothing. For a life lived below and a life lived above are nothing more than the inverted reflections of one another, alternately cloaked in the absence or presence of all colors. And throughout my internal pondering, this yin-yang world remains eternally unchanged and eternally same.

“Mathew”

By Anonymous

There he is strumming his guitar
But, me, I’m just completely way too shy
“Does he want to be a superstar?”
Thought comes to mind as he straightens his tie
His hazel eyes lighten up like the sun
He forms an astonishing smile at me
I’m barely breathing, he strums once; he’s done.
I walk to him; I say “Hi, I’m Marie.”
I sit next to him, I notice he’s tall.

I could listen to him talk forever
Gave him my number, "I'll give you a call."
I smiled, I felt I was oh so clever.
That day is one that I won't ever forget,
Because today Mathew and I just met.

Unity to Create

By: Jill Burroughs

They are different, but also the same.
Cold, colder, warm, warmer,
That is the cycle.
Beginning with death,
Then bringing new life,
Presenting prosperous joy.
When one ends,
Another begins.
They may have an end,
But do not fret.
They will come again.
All working together,

Creating history.

Creating a year.

Music

By: Kat Stern

Music is everything.

Music is life.

Music is personality.

Music is feeling.

Music is the start of something new.

Music is the end of something old.

Music is love.

Music is hate.

Music is something everyone needs.

Music is something everyone does.

Music is the window to the soul.

Music is pain.

Music is peace of mind.

Music is everything.

Peace, Love and Music.

Dr. Seuss Masque

By: *Brooke McGaughey*

(Poem describing Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" using Dr. Seuss' Style)

The Red Death was a terrible thing

It packed a punch and left a sting

Blood from the eyes and all the pores

A half hour of life and nothing more

The Red Death spread oh so quick

Not one person got away slick

But in the safety of his home

The Prince had a party within a dome

Lots of rooms to party in

Only healthies allowed, no bad sin

A green room and a purple too

A yellow, white, and a blue one for you

All together 7 grand places

And in the black a clock with faces

Every hour it would ring

And no one would say a single thing

Then they would go back to the fun
It seemed like it would never be done
Then they realized someone was there
When they saw him they would stare
An intruder that they feared
And throughout the house he feared
Tall and gaunt and ugly was he
His grave-like appearance scared them with cause
When they saw he was dabbled in blood
In their hearts, the horror did flood
Since Death wasn't invited the Prince got mad
"Who Dares?!" He yelled "Kill him! He's bad!"
Everyone was still really scared
And when asked to move, no one dared
Death walked uninterrupted through the rooms
The Prince angrily went after him, running to his doom
As he caught up, dagger in hand
Red Death stopped him even on his own land
The Prince died then and there
From the disease itself, for he did not care
At midnights chime, Death took off his mask

For now he only had one more task
By this time, the parties knew it was him
And the room became very dim
One by one they dropped like flies
The look of Red Death in their eyes
All that was left was darkness and decay
For Red Death had won that day.
Red Death does not like green eggs and ham.
He does not like them, Poe I am.

Edmodo Verbal rant

By: Cassidy Winters

Why must we trip and fall
Always to come stumbling down
We hurt ourselves
To stand alone
With no support to hold us up
We let the pain come crashing down
To land solely on our shoulders
We all could stand together

Let more than just one pair of shoulders

Carry the burdens we bare

Maybe if people could take just a moment

To be less independent

To think about their neighbor

Why must we trip and fall;

Alone

The Lone Wolf

By: Brian Veitch

In games, and in life, one is put onto various teams.

Yet there are still those who choose to go off on their own.

The lone wolf does not stick with the pack.

They think they can do everything by themselves.

The frustration in me builds at the sight of nonexistent teamwork!

Why go solo when you can work as a team with others?

With larger numbers comes a greater chance for success!

When I look back, I too used to be that lone wolf.

I used to get caught up in the action that I totally ignored my team and teamwork.

As time passed, I gained experience and knowledge.

Knowledge of how valuable teamwork really is!
I eventually left my lonesome den to join the pack.
As time goes on, all lone wolves will join the pack.
Then, as a team, true victory will be had.

The Future of the Past

By: Eleanor Green

These days, having it all figured out is key.
Teenagers are supposed to have the rest of their lives planned out,
From next year's classes
To studying at college,
All the way to a lifelong career.
What?
When everything is so concentrated on the future,
It's hard to remember the past.
Some think this is the way to live,
But sometimes looking back can change everything.
Perhaps all this pressure on the future is just causing its collapse.
So from now on,
Instead of stressing over 20 years from now,
Maybe we should be remembering the past

And everything it has done for us.

Changes

By: Eliza Pauk

I was a wild child.

If I wasn't covered head to toe in mud with sticks and leaves in my hair at the end of the day,
something was wrong.

The outdoors were my life

Beautiful, warm, and always changing.

I used to dream I could become a tree, stretching forever towards the heavens.

What happened to that kid?

I used to talk to everyone and anyone.

Strangers knew me because I would come right up and tell them who I was.

Stranger danger? Pshhh, please, no such thing.

Nothing could make me sad.

Smiling was a daily task, and one that I was the absolute best at doing.

What happened to that kid?

We have all changed.

At the beginning, we are so innocent, so new, and so full of life.

Why must it change? Why must we grow up?

Can't we spend every day outside, without a care in the world, without any problems, and no
drama?

No.

It isn't possible.

Littering

By: Alyson Bergman

Why do you throw me around, treating me as though I am nothing.

I have a purpose,

And you think you can decide when I am meaningless,

Just throwing me on the ground and thinking I wouldn't mind.

NEWS FLASH I DO MIND.

I do mind. I have a place to be, it's called the trash can.

Who are you to not put me in my place?

Do you think you have the power to just place me wherever you think is convenient?

I will not stop being a bother until I am put in my place.

Stop littering me

I Am the World

By: Dunya Mikhayel

I am the world

Filled with joy, love, compassion

Yet filled with hate, wars, inequality

What can we do to change?

Love is the answer.

Love eliminates everything else.

Life, a light shot through darkness, comes on earth.

Every life has an end but every end has a beginning.

Untitled

By: Trent Hanes

Silence is broken, but no interruption

Fear of children, in midst is the question

The blue birds swoop as they make their selection

Did nothing wrong, as they look for correction

We are just humans, no need for these sections

Like violence and hate and what they make

Nothing but time that they waste

Just Breathe

By: Scott Jamison

They look at me with wonder and awe.

They ask me questions like, “did you fall? Get hit by a baseball? Get scratched by a cat’s claw?”

Their eyes are clouded and faded by society's shaded ways in these last days in which they decay
the meaning of life.

I'm not talking about the gift of living,

I'm talking about the consequences of bullying.

They don't think about what happens to the little guy,

The tears in his eyes,

The courage that dies in his heart as his mind falls apart thinking of what to do,

Deciding whether to let everything go or to take it slow.

Just breathe,

And take in the relief of knowing society is wrong about you.

Don't be confused about the truth,

Because the truth,

Is nothing to fear.

All that matters is you are here,

And you don't need to disappear,

Because I'm here.

Listen to me, and let those thoughts go free.

Always remember this one thing,

Bullying stops with me.

SONG

Live and Let Be

(Song)

By: Devon Woodcox

Verse 1

What you do when you're younger,

Makes you who you are.

So just make the best of it.

I promise you that you will go far.

You know that towers will crumble,

And bridges will burn to the ground.

But you can rebuild those bridges and towers

And then all your dreams will be found.

Pre-Chorus

Oh-start young and you'll see,

Just how your future will be.

Oh- then maybe you'll see,

Just how happy you'd be.

Chorus

So why don't we,
Just let it be,
And live our lives like we're free.
We only live once,
Don't you agree,
Let's go and have fun and you'll see.
So live and let be.

Verse 2

Why wait to know who you are,
If you don't even try.
You could probably shoot for the stars,
Or shoot 'em right out of the sky.

*Pre-Chorus**Chorus**Bridge*

Live your lives like you're free,
Don't just sit on the couch in between.
Live our lives like we're free,
And maybe one day you will see.

Chorus

SHORT STORIES

“Annabelle”

By Kelsi Delgado

I have heard there is a girl who has been blessed by the Good Lord Himself. True as this may be, she takes for granted nothing, giving thanks for all that she has been given and all that has been taken from her. Doing good for others makes her happy, having good done for her gives her hope for people. And although she has been blessed in life, she acts as though she is as lowly as the ground, and the dirt that covers it. Never holding herself above others or looking down upon the less fortunate, she is loving to all. She gives value to everything, and takes on all things as her cause. If a broken bird has been attacked by some animal, she would take the bird and mend it, then bring in the offending animal, giving it food and shelter.

She is the wisest child one could ever meet, knowing more about the world than some adults do. For her 11 years she is old beyond her age, carrying herself with a grace some people can only hope to achieve. This grace has not come without a cost. While her laughter is like the sound of bells, so innocent and sweet, her smile is sad. Her delight in small things brings joy to a passerby's heart, but they know not why she delights in such small novelties. The world has not been as kind to her as the Lord has, and only in the smallest of ways does it show. Her strong relationship with the Lord gives away the lack of one with kids her age, her willingness to help and mend displays her broken past, her boundless compassion for others betrays the cruelty she has endured. Yet despite all this, she still loves.

I have heard of a girl who has been blessed by the Lord, and she is strong.

100JX Galactic Lane

Planet X Faron Galaxy Z-1008

August 27, 4001

Anyone....

Observable Universe

Earth, Milky Way Galaxy, XJ-0003

Dear Anyone,

I am not the most familiar with the language and writing of you earthlings, so please forgive me if I make any grammatical errors. My planet, your people call it Planet X, is in a peril. Raids are occurring...my people, the Hylans, are lying, cheating, and stealing from one another. The towering skyscrapers that once were, are no longer, and the once busy streets are now rendered impassable by the rubble. Our sacred crop, the light fruit, can no longer grow in the soil that is now layered with ashes. Many Hylans are subsequently going hungry, as the light fruit is the only thing that remains of what used to be my home. But it's so hard to concentrate...with spacecrafts from planet Earth noisily flying overhead.

I am the only one sitting still, as other Hylans panic when they hear those engines. I feel like I should be running too, but then I would not be able to write this letter, begging...for mercy.

The entire Hylian race is in great danger. We had such a beautiful planet, until you earthlings came and invaded it. Our leader, king Zelda, kneeled before your leader, and offered a peaceful solution, and your people refused to even consider it. A loud bang was heard among the crowd, and King Zelda trembled, and then fell to the ground. Not even our strongest concoction

of light fruit juice could revive him. Now we have no leader, and anarchy spread throughout Planet X. What do we expect though? We didn't plan for this. We thought we were...alone.

You earthlings want this planet, and I guess we have no choice but to surrender it to you. But I beg you...do not bring any more terror to my people. Let the men work in confidence, and the women and children Hylians sleep peacefully at night. There is no place for us to go. This is our home, yet for unknown reasons you take it from us, and prove successful, without even setting foot on Planet X, This is no surprise though. Your people would never be seen with fellow Hylians. Now, you leave us to die, and drop bombs upon our cities in attempt to erase all memory of our people. But our people will live on...in spirit.

It is not likely that this letter will fall into the hands of an earthling, but if it does, "Please brother...have mercy on us Hylians."

With little hope,

XJ-09 Hylian

(Meredith Silver)

Perfection

By: Beau Lewis

Perfection is a trap that many of us fall into. We all feel the need to be perfect for that one boy to like us, or to be considered a popular girl. So many people fall into this trap, and they struggle to get out. They starve themselves to be skinny; they blow off school to go to the gym; they just want to be perfect. However what they are chasing is an illusion. Perfection is not really there. This image they see is fake; it's an unreachable goal that drives them insane. No matter how hard they work, they will never be perfect in their eyes.

The thing they are missing is that we are all perfect, every single person on this planet. They don't need to be a twig to be perfect, or play every sport known to man. They don't need to get straight A+ or be captain of every club in the school. To be perfect is to love oneself as a whole, every good and bad part. Once you love yourself you are perfect, no matter what body type, muscle weight, waist size, or skin complexion. Being perfect comes within one self, not from the

outside. Someone could be called beautiful, gorgeous, cute twenty four-seven. Yet if they don't find themselves beautiful, they will dismiss these comments and keep on chasing that image of perfection. Just remember, everyone is perfect. Flaws make you stronger' mistakes make you smarter. Just look inside, and you will find you have been perfect this whole time.

The Sacred Flower

By: Amy Baxter

In earlier times, roses were the sole sacred flower of the land. Tall and graceful, they had a long emerald colored stem, and bore pink petals, the color of a deep sunset. Each petal was soft and feather like. The rose also possessed a magical power or glow that gave its pursuers instant happiness. Not surprisingly, word of the flower spread, and one by one, they began to vanish, until one remained. It stood in a grassy field, as it swayed in the breeze.

Now, the village was run by a King and Queen. The King loved his wife dearly, and would do anything for her. When she showed interest in the flower, the King sent hundreds of soldiers to search for it, for her to keep. Also in the village, lived a little girl by the name Rose. Rose loved flowers but only because of their beauty, not their magic. So when the girl heard of the Queen taking this flower, the last one to be found, Rose was angry, very angry. Little by little the townsfolk began to catch on to the Queen's plan with the flower. With so many people sick with hunger, and at a loss for money, they wanted the flower too. An even bigger search began, all for this flower. When Rose heard of this, it made her even angrier, so she herself went in search of the flower, but to protect it, not to take its magic. When Rose arrived at the grassy field, she found chaos unfolding. Soldiers, guards, townsfolk, and horses were gathered. Tension was brewing, and Rose saw one man push another. "Stop!" she shouted. Everyone stopped when they heard the girl.

"Why should we listen to a child?" An elderly man asked. "I have a good reason for coming here. I'm not here for fame or fortune. Has anyone thought about how the rose feels about this?" Everyone turned, stunned to see the rose with two measly petals. "Don't you see what has happened?" the girl cried. "With everyone acting so greedy, each ounce of happiness has slipped away. Do you see what we're doing to ourselves?" No one had ever dared to stand up to the King and Queen before. The King strode up to her, and knelt down, and when he spoke, it

was in a calm voice. “Now what is your name?” he asked. “Rose.” She answered. “Just Rose?” the King asked. “I’m an orphan. I have no family.” The King’s heart about broke. He stood, stroked his long graying beard, and thought for a moment. Then he said, “There comes a time when everyone makes a mistake, including Kings. This is one of those times. I believe young Rose has taught us all a very important lesson. While we have been so selfish and greedy, one person has seen the true meaning of this flower. We need to appreciate our nature’s beauty, while it’s here, because we will not notice it until it is gone. I would like to officially name this flower the rose. Thorns will spring up from under it, to remind us of our ugly brawl.” And so it did. The King assigned soldiers to link arms and guard the flower. They became the white fence that now surrounds it. To prevent predators from stealing the flower, the grass turned green, to distract it from its colors. Giants turned into the tall trees that are above the rose, to watch for an enemy. The sky turned a bright happy blue, and the rose bloomed well again, all because of the little girl Rose and her happiness. She was adopted by the King and Queen. Now more than a century later the rose bush still blooms on to remind us of its beautiful history.

Fall

By Emily Duffin

My favorite season is fall; as it has been since I can remember. True, when I was younger it was my favorite season since my birthday happens to be in fall. Now, I can see the beauty in the wondrous season. The changing color of the leaves: from the vibrant green of summer, to the multitude of shades accompanying the coming chill. The wind that shakes the leaves, creating Mother Nature’s symphony, is the world’s lullaby.

From the sweltering heat of Midwest summer, to the smooth breeze, bringing with it cooler weather, is a welcome change. Leaves fall to create a haze of orange, red, and brown, covering the ground in a beautiful quilt, one fit for a king. Deer begin to appear, finding food and shelter for the coming seasons, gracing us with their smooth tan coats spotted white.

No season can compare to the beauty, majesty, and grace of fall. Fall is the last fleeting glimpse of the beauty of trees, plants, and animals until the rebirth given by spring. Fall is when the world begins to sleep, days get shorter, nights longer, and it seems as though time itself slows. As nature so elegantly presents its beauty, we should be content to observe, awe in the

wondrous capability of the world in which we live. We should breathe in the chill of the air; take in the smell of maples, oaks, hickory, and ash trees shedding their leaves. Enjoy the fall, for its Mother Nature showing how gorgeous she can make our world.

Fall

By Kathleen McFarland

The leaves start changing to a pumpkin orange. A slight breeze hits my face, as if I am surrounded by the unbroken ocean. Leaves fall to the ground and crackle under my feet as I walk upon them. School is just starting to begin, and I feel a joy of hope, happiness. The sun still sticks around and as it disappears each night the sky turns orange, reflecting off of the atmosphere.

My hair blows back and a swarm of leaves fly past me. I look up and watch the birds flee in freedom. It must be nice to just leave, to escape from everything. I continue walking as I look around me. Animals go hiding and plants start dying. Though I am surrounded by death, I feel a relief. I feel as if I am surrounded by those who have departed, yet at the same time I have never felt more alone.

Fall is the season that represents giving thanks- giving thanks to those who have stood by your side, no matter what the situation. Fall also represents a restart for my future in education. Sometimes I believe I could paint a pretty picture, and I never give up before even trying. I close my eyes. I am struck by chilling winds. No longer do I hear the birds singing their songs. I open my eyes to get one last glance as the world turns dark, and fades away behind the clouds of winter.

ARTWORK



From Left to Right “Burnt Out” “Rumor Has It” “Harvest Time” and “Billy Joe”

Artwork By: Amelia Pytlinski

PET'S PICTURES

Rocky and Mary By: Mary Horger



Lexi by: Amber Sommer



Jack By: Rebecca Laurent



Socks By: Abigail Anderson



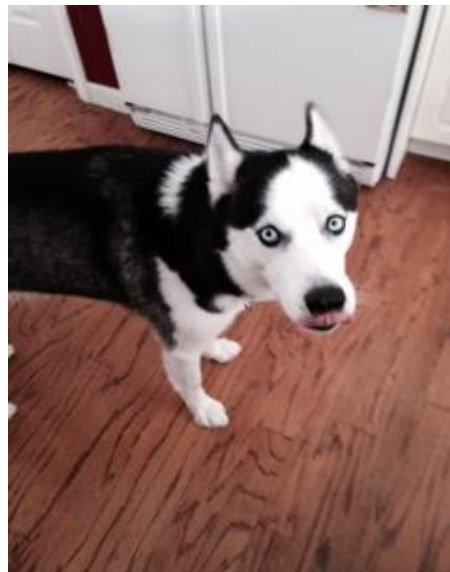
Holly By: Amy Baxter



Cindy By: Sarah Scoggin



Minnie By: Julie Baker



Brody By: Miranda Mullins



Gizmo By: Brandon Edwards





Duke and Cassie By: Emily Albertina



Frasier and Alli By: Olivia Emerson



Rebecca and Lacey By: Rebecca Stallard



Staff Bio's!

Name: Ms. Dixie Patrow (Sponsor)

Years Teaching At EHS: nine years.

Q: If you won one million dollars how would you use it?

A: “To travel to England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales again, I would also drive through all of the United States to see all of the tourist attractions. And I would go into every gift shop.”

Q: If you could be any Disney character, which one would you, be and why?

A: “Ariel- before she got legs. I would love to go swim in the ocean and look at shipwrecks.”

Q: If you could hide an elephant anywhere, where would you hide it?

A: “I don’t really like elephants.”

Name: Ms. Lauren Mudge (English teacher)

Years teaching: 1.5

“My name is Lauren Mudge, and I started working for the Edwardsville School District in January of 2013 as a fulltime substitute teacher. After subbing, primarily, at Lincoln Middle School, I was hired as a fulltime English teacher at Edwardsville High School. Technically, I’ve been teaching professionally for a year and a half.”

Q: What is your favorite place you’ve ever been?

A: “The Amazon Rainforest is my favorite place I’ve ever been.”

Q: What is your favorite Book Series?

A: “*The Chronicles of Narnia* and the *Harry Potter* series are my two favorite book series’.”

Q: What is the last movie you saw – did you like it or not?

A: “*The Lego Movie*—I loved it.”

Name: Erin Morrissey

Year: Freshman

Q: What would you say your favorite quote is?

A: “I am not afraid, for God is with me. I was born to do this.”-Joan of Arc

Q: What is your favorite color?

A: “Light blue. It reminds me of the sky early in the morning, possibly one of the prettiest times of the day, even though it’s also when I’m the most tired.”

Q: What is your favorite season?

A: “Fall. Everything is colorful. Even though plants are dying and it’s getting colder, the world still manages to be beautiful.”

Name: Lily Grieve

Year: Freshman

Q: What planet would you live on and why?

A: If Venus had a livable atmosphere I would live there. I love the color of it and it just seems.... Umm... Pretty! After all, it is the planet of love!”

Q: If you could be one cartoon character who would it be and why?

A: “Childhood me would know the answer right away, a Cinderella, Belle, Mulan, and Jessie from *Toy Story* hybrid. Now that I think about it though, I’m a lot more like Belle. She is very independent and loves to read. Who wouldn’t want to marry a prince who has an entire library of unread books?”

Q: What’s your favorite book?

A: “My favorite books are always the ones that I finish most recently. Therefore, as of right now, my favorite book is *Divergent*.”

Name: Amy Baxter

Year: Junior

Q: What has been the best trip you have ever been on?

A: “Two summers ago, my family took a road trip West. We went to everything from the Oklahoma City Memorial to the Grand Canyon, to Hoover Dam, to Las Vegas. It took eleven days, and fifty-six hours in the car.”

Q: What are you planning on going into after high school?”

A: “As of right now, I plan on getting my teaching degree. I would like to be an elementary school teacher, or maybe a high school history teacher.”

Q: What is your favorite song?

A: “My favorite song has always been “Livin on a Prayer” by: John Bon Jovi. My dad and I used to listen to it all the time when I was little.”

Name: Kat Stern

Year: Freshman

Q: Who is your favorite band/singer?

A: "Fall Out Boy!"

Q: Do you prefer texting or talking on the phone, why?

A: "It all depends on who I am talking to. If it is about something serious I prefer to talk, but if it is to just pass time I prefer to text."

Q: Who is your biggest role model and why?

A: "My older sister or my mother. My older sister, because she is so smart, and she is always there for me. She is my best friend, and I know if I ever need her for anything she is there for me. My mom because she is the strongest person I know, she can get through anything, and I can tell her anything, she is also one of my best friends."

Name: Maddi Lammert

Year: Freshman

Q: If you could have any ocean animal, what would it be, why and what would you name it?

A: "Beluga whale, because I think they are really cool, and I would name it Wally."

Q: What was your favorite song as a child?

A: "Three little Birds" By Bob Marley

Q: Which do you prefer more: *Harry Potter* or *Twilight*? Why?

A: “*Harry Potter*, there is more to the story line.”