

seed
VOLUME 42
ISSUE 1



GRISSEY HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE
2013

SEED STAFF 2013-2014

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
GILLIAN CARUSONE
ASSISTANT EDITOR:
LEILA BOND
BUSINESS MANAGER:
SABRINA CLINE

LAYOUT:
KATIE CARTEE (EDITOR)
DAVID SPEER
ANNA SWANN

ART:
BRANDON BURGESS (EDITOR)

WEBMASTERS:
GABBY JOHNSON
ASHLYN HOWELL

SUBMISSIONS:
JASMINE WILLIS (EDITOR)
MICHAELA GEIB
MICHAEL DUTHIE

FACULTY ADVISOR:
MRS. HARDWICK



These months have been nothing short of amazing. Let me begin by saying how honored I am to be the Editor of this magazine full of the art and wisdom and humor and beauty we've seen so far, all created by you, my peers. There are few things more inspiring to me than seeing the incredible works of art and once-in-a-lifetime photos set next to the poetry and prose we have received. Next, let me thank my team. Without every person in II314 during second period every day, this magazine would not exist. They have put up with a lot, not the least of which has been my leadership. Special thanks, of course, to the lovely Ms. Hardwick for the staggering amount of work that she pours into each issue. She is why we are here.

Now, this winter's issue. When we sat down as a team to discuss our hopes for the magazine, we all agreed that we wanted it to represent all of the different walks of life here at Grissom High School through art, photography, poetry, prose, and music. I'm happy to say that I think we've done it. The pages before you have been carefully selected and compiled since August, and we're finally ready to show them to you. They will take you through the falls and winters of a dozen different cities and through the hearts and minds that walk the halls of Grissom. The joy, the heartbreak, the friendships and the times we fall apart, the windowless rooms, all are here before you. Enjoy.

--Gillian Carusone

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

“Confessions of a Programmer” by Katie Cartee.....	5
“Over You” by Anonymous.....	8
“An Ode to Mio Energy” by Reed Farnsworth.....	11
“Involuntary Actions” by Michelle Driessnack.....	16
“On Our Doors” by Kristy Bohan.....	17
“Swish” by Elijah Stevens.....	24
“True Friends” by Gabby Johnson.....	29
“Medusa” by Ethel Poon.....	30
“Invisible Warrior” by Michelle Driessnack.....	33
“Alone” by Elijah Stevens.....	39
“To a friend.” by Gillian Carusone.....	40

PROSE

“Six Word Stories” by Seed Staff.....	6-7
“The Outsider” by Nicholas Gehrdes.....	13-15
“The dead leaf that represents life” by Leila Bond.....	19
“Shadows of the Past” by Allison Sabourin.....	22-23
“Nevermore: Blizzard” by Charles Box.....	26-28
“Dandelion Wishes” by Sabrina Cline.....	35-36

ART

Auburn Kelton.....	Cover
Chalice Tackett.....	4-5
Katie Trausch.....	6-7
Culley Campbell.....	8-9

ART CONTINUED

Katie Trausch.....	10-11
Katie Trausch.....	12
William Felch.....	15
Auburn Kelton.....	16-17
Auburn Kelton.....	18-19
Anna Swann.....	20-21
Anna Swann.....	24-25
William Felch.....	28
Katie Cartee.....	29
Leila Bond.....	30-31
Jessi Rogers.....	32-33
Auburn Kelton.....	34
Anuska Narayanan.....	37
Katie Trausch.....	38-39
Jessi Rogers.....	40-41

MUSIC

“Drops of Glee” by Michael Duthie.....	4
“Lullaby of the Sirens” by Sabrina Cline.....	30
“Kusari” by Michael Duthie.....	39



“DROPS OF GLEE” BY
MICHAEL DUTHIE



4

CONFESIONS OF A PROGRAMMER
BY KATIE CARTEE

I understand computers
Better than I understand people.

C++ coding is easier to read
Than human intentions.

But maybe I can learn,
Just like I learned HTML.

It may take some time,
So please be patient.

How did this even happen?
A formatting error, I think.

That doesn't matter now though,
Because I'm happy you're here.

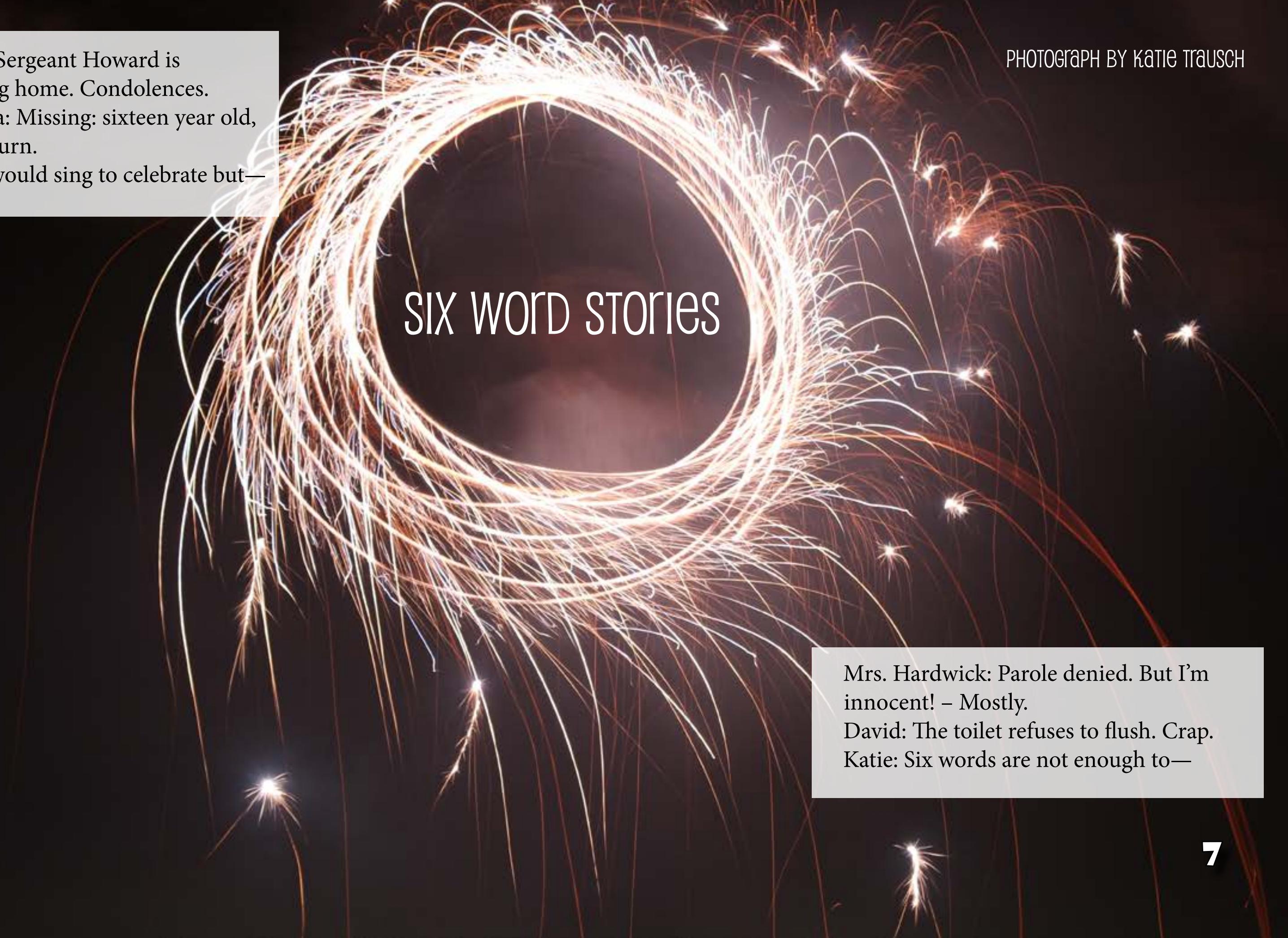
The harsh artificial light from my screen
Cannot compare to love's golden glow.

You've broken the firewall
And hacked into my heart.

5

Gillian: Sergeant Howard is returning home. Condolences.
Michaela: Missing: sixteen year old, don't return.
Leila: I would sing to celebrate but—

PHOTOGRAPH BY KATIE TRAUSCH



SIX WORD STORIES

Mrs. Hardwick: Parole denied. But I'm innocent! – Mostly.
David: The toilet refuses to flush. Crap.
Katie: Six words are not enough to—

OVER YOU

BY ANONYMOUS

Some people say
Why are you that way
You think of hate
I think of fate
You hit me
You pushed me
You hurt me
Did you ever truly see
I went through hell
You stayed in your cold hearted shell
I stayed when you cried
I was shocked when you lied
I'm over you
Why aren't you
Just leave me alone
I'll even throw you a bone You made me cry
I don't know why
I put up with it
As I bit my lip
I told you to stop
You just stayed on top
You crushed my spirits
I held a lot of fear
I lost my happiness
Became a cold-hearted mess
I have overcome, for sure
My life is now everything, but a bore
I smile
And it has been awhile.

ARTWORK BY CULLEY CAMPBELL



PHOTOGRAPH BY Katie Trausch



10

AN ODE TO MIO ENERGY
BY reed FARNSWORTH

I drink Mio Energy every day,
It gives me the strength to go out and play.
You can add a little or you can add a lot,
However much you need to hit the spot.
Liquid form with solid flavor,
This will fix my tired behavior!
Feels like water but tastes real good,
It's made of energy, not of wood!
A perfect drink for an up-and-coming dancer,
And scientifically proven not to "cause" cancer.
Good for people, dogs and cats,
Burns off all your unwanted fats!
I hope my poem has taught you a lesson,
That with Mio Energy, you best not be messin'!

11



THE OUTSIDER

BY NICHOLAS GEHRDES

The heat was unbearable. The cruel sun beat its rays upon the desert like waves would on a sandy beach. This desert, now that one would think about it, is more of a vast, sandy ocean. Nothing but white, sandy dunes as far as the eye could see. Not an organism in sight, not even a cactus. The sun was still high in the sky, seemingly scoffing at those who would seek relief from the blazing heat.

In this cruel ocean of a desert was a staggering figure. It stood out, but only in that it moved. It had a clean, white colored armor. One would not be able to tell the gender of the creature that lay beneath the armor. It was flawless; every piece looking like it had just been cleaned and refurbished, and its eyes shown a bright yellow. That was, until one looked at its chest. It had a massive, gaping slash wound across its stomach. With every step, life was seeped from its body. Its feet dragged across the sand, leaving behind trails more snake-like than man. Its breathing was labored, each breath more painful than the previous. The wound was made even more painful from the sand, which gladly rubbed itself into the wound. The gun that it held was scratched and lacked a magazine. The armored being could not stand for any longer and fell to its knees, the gun falling down the dune from when it stood. It looked up into the sky and let out a sigh, falling onto its side, the lights of its eyes flickering before finally fading to black.

The body laid there for what seemed like hours. That was, until one of the planet's Natives came across the body. It was large and reptilian, or it could be more like a Chinese Dragon that stood on two legs, depending on the person. Its large, clawed hand caressed the helmet. It closed its four eyes.

"Vaska..." muttered the creature. It turned its gaze to the wound. It let out a sigh and looked around before his hand glowed a purplish color, with the outer edges of the hand as black as night. It rubbed two fingers across the length of the wound, closing it, but nothing more than that. The creature then hoisted the body over his broad shoulders and carried it to his shelter.

The draconian figure reached its shelter after a short walk. It was a small hut in the shadow of a large rock. The hut had very little in the way of furniture, only a bed. In the back of the hut was a kitchen, with a fresh kill still on the table. The creature was not like

anything on Earth. It had a dark, green, wrinkled skin, similar to that of an elephant's. It was small, for this world anyway, only about four feet in height. It had a very pungent odor, like that of a very strong herb.

The Creature laid the body onto the bed. He looked the body up and down. He had seen this thing's kind before. Vaska, they called it in their tongue, meaning "armored one". The Creature made its way the carcass that sat on the table and began skinning it, revealing its light orange tinted muscles. He went on about his business, looking back the others body, making sure it didn't make any sudden moves. As it returned to its meal, the metal husk's eyes lit up back to their bright yellow. It looked around, making observations and looking at the large Dragon-folk. It had seen plenty of its kind, and knew that this one was a male. It had green scales and a red mane. But, it was also different from most of its brethren. Unlike most of his kind, he lacked the signature antlers. They were there, but they looked to have been shaved down to a stump. The creature's clothes were also different. Most of his kind wore leathers and harsh looking armor. This one was wearing a thin, cloth-like material.

The Armored Figure slowly reached down, looking for the knife that was strapped to its thigh. The armored man wrapped its fingers slowly around the hilt of the knife, drawing the blade from its sheath. The metal husk slowly placed its heavy feet onto the sand floor and made its way to the Dragon. The Armored Thing raised its knife high into the air, ready to plunge it into the foul creature's hide. The Dragon-Man, however, had already sensed the man and whirled around quickly, his hands giving off a black aura. A dark bolt shot from the creature's hands sending the Armored One soaring through the air before slamming back into the ground. The Dragon-Man made his way over to the figure and held it down by what looked like its neck.

"Vaska halg gra!" growled the creature. His tongue was foreign to the Armored Man, having never heard this race's tongue other than war cries. The man struggled under the strength of the much larger Dragon-Man. He was of average build for a male Dragon-Folk, being seven feet tall and stocky, with three fingers and a thumb on each hand. His feet were like that of a Tyrannosaurus, with black talons at the ends of each toe. The creature's eyes looked into the glowing lights of the

Armored Man. "Ik mach ku yreg." he said, pointing to the man's scar.

"Get your hands off of me, Dragon!" the man grunted, trying to pry the claws of the Dragon off his neck. The Dragon had seemed to know about as much as the man did about the other's language. His face remained flat and emotionless. The Dragon then lifted the man by his throat with ease and spoke words that the man never expected to be uttered by his species.

"Mean no harm, calm!" said the Dragon, tightening his grip around the man's neck.

"Let. Me. GO!" yelled the man, his voice straining from the tight grip of the dragon. As the man ordered, the dragon dropped of the man, who fell to his knees and tried to catch his breath. HE looked back up at the dragon.

"Follow. Almost dark. Not safe." Spoke the dragon, who returned to his hut. He looked up at the skies. The sun was setting on the horizon, with the sun painting purple and orange across the sky, making its masterpiece before the moons besieged the skies. The man regained his footing and went back into the hut. He sat on the bed, watching the dragon.

"Where did you learn the trade tongue?" spat the armored man, looking down at his wound and gently stroking it with his finger. It was painful to the touch, as only the surface had healed. The muscles had yet to heal. The creature was silent for a few moments, as if processing the words before speaking.

"Spent time with your kind. Learned a few words." said the dragon, going back to skinning his meal. He was almost done as he went to a wood rack that sat next to the table. The man wondered where he had got it, but he had more important questions at the moment.

"Why did you save me? Our kind is enemies." asked the figure. Again, the dragon was quiet before answering.

"I have reasons. I need not share." He answered. He then began to gut the creature, pulling out its organs and placing them into a bowl.

There was another silence. Not a sound in the air, save for the sound of the wind and the gutting of the creature. The temperature had dropped quickly once the sun fell, dropping from blazing hot to teeth-chattering cold. The dragon, once finished gutting the

creature, shoved it onto a sharp stick and set it aside. The man hugged himself and shook. Normally, the armor would keep him warm, like a layer of insulation, but it lacked the function to do so from an earlier scrape with some of the wildlife. The man got up and looked around for something to keep him warm but could not find anything. He grumbled to himself and instead looked for something to light the pile of logs that sat in the middle of the hut. He, again, found nothing.

"Do you not have anything to start this fire, Dragon? Or anything to keep you warm for that matter?" asked the man, shivering.

"My name not Dragon. Is Valarog." said the dragon-man, turning to the man. His eyes were the colors of autumn leaves, with the pupil being a bright crimson slowly fading to an orange as it reached the edges of the iris. Another distinguishing feature of this specimen was its beard. While most Dragon-Men either had a closely shaven jawline or no hair along the jawline, this one had facial hair that drooped to his chest in length. It was crimson, which made it stand out against the pale green scales that covered the rest of his body. It was smooth and silky, like the receding hair that grew like a crest on his head. He had a calm look, like all Dragons that weren't enraged. They had hard times showing emotions as well as humans do.

"Very well, Valarog. My name," said the man, tapping the side of his armor. The helmet folded back slowly, with a sliding sound and the clinking of things falling back into place on the back of his head. Save that it wasn't a man. It was a dark skinned, short haired, hard eyed woman. She had high cheekbones and light colored eyes that stung like ice. Her hair was raven-like in color. She was rather attractive. But, detracting from her odd beauty were large scars that riddled the right part of face and made their way her hairline. The scars were deep, like the kiss of a loved one. But instead of a loved one, it was the kiss of a sword. "Is Hildr." She said, looking into the Dragon's eyes, looking for any hint of surprise.

Alas, Valarog was not surprised. His face held the same, calm expression, only this time his four eyes studied the scar ridden face. Hildr frowned.

"Don't you have something to say?" she asked.
"What do you mean?"

"You're a woman? Women are weak and inept!" Something along those lines?" Hildr had often assumed that the Natives, or just the Dragons, were sexist, due to having never seen, or at least having not checked, that

all of the warriors were men, to whereas the Outsiders, a name earned by the Natives, did not discriminate between races and their soldiers. To this, Valarog simply let out a sigh.

"You saying that clearly states that Vaska know nothing of Vrakthari customs." He growled, angrily. "In society, women serve as politicians and nobles and cooks and merchants. Lowly males do their slave work and are merely there for..." the Dragon went silent, pondering what he should say next. "Other needs."

"If they are politicians, why haven't I seen them?" asked the armored woman. "Why haven't you offered us diplomacy? We never did anything wrong."

"Because you don't deserve it." answered Valarog. Hildr felt as if it was an insult, but she let it slide. For now.

Silence fell again. Valarog grabbed the spit that would be used to prepare food and set logs for a fire. *Thank the Gods*, though Hildr, relieved. He set the spit over the fire and set the logs into a temple-like structure. Then his mouth brightened up and from his maw spewed fire. It wrapped around the logs in a fiery embrace and they ignited almost instantaneously. The Vrakthari then clamped his mouth shut and held his throat, and one could easily tell that the process was painful. Hildr, however, just sat in wide eye wonder as the flames shot from the Vrakthari's mouth.

"I've never seen your kind do that before." She said.

"That is because it is painful to all but those who mastered it, and even then it leaves you with a sore throat." Valarog said, smoke pouring from his nostrils. He let out a huff and the smoke was dispelled. He sat up slowly and turned the spit.

"Go up and get me my spices, Vaska." He demanded. Hildr was not pleased.

"Who are you to demand that I, a soldier, get you your bloody spices?" she exclaimed.

"The one who saved your life, you fool. Now, if you don't get my spices, I'll make you regret that I dragged you to my home in the first place." said Valarog, his voice not rising above its normal, even tone.

"No." retorted Hildr, folding her arms. The Vrakthari simply grunted and went to get his spices. He returned moments later and set them beside him and lightly spiced the creature he was cooking. But then, he paused in the middle of his cooking, listening to the

wind.

"Kifagi..." he whispered to himself. He left quickly and went to the weapon rack.

"Kifagi?" she asked herself. She had never heard the term before. Then, suddenly, she had a metal club thrown into her lap. Before she could say anything, she was grabbed by the neck and thrown outside. "What are you doing!?" she yelled at him.

"I'm sending you to take care of my problems and to prove you aren't worthless." said Valarog, coldness in his voice.

She tumbled into the moonlight, sand filling his nostrils as she landed face first. She cursed quietly and picked up the club that she was given. The moons lit up the sky, their gentle glow washing over the landscape. She got up slowly and looked out into the darkness. There was nothing to see at first, still endless waves of desert, but now there were rocks scattered here and there. They were oddly shaped and alien, just like everything else on this Gods forsaken desert.

In this silence, she heard the faint shifting of the sand. Hildr whipped her head around to see the silhouette of a creature that stood in the shadow of the boulder. Its eyes glinted their devilish, indescribable color. It was dog-like in shape, but much larger and much more muscular. It came to her shoulder in height. It had six legs that each left a trail in the sand. Then, it revealed its hideous face in the moonlight. It had a large set of teeth and four eyes, with a nasty set of horns. Its body was covered in white fur to blend in with its desert habitat.





INVOLUNTARY ACTIONS BY MICHELLE DRIESNACK

the way the sound of rain
forces my eyelids
to close
reminds me
of how the sound of your name
forces my lips
to open
into a smile

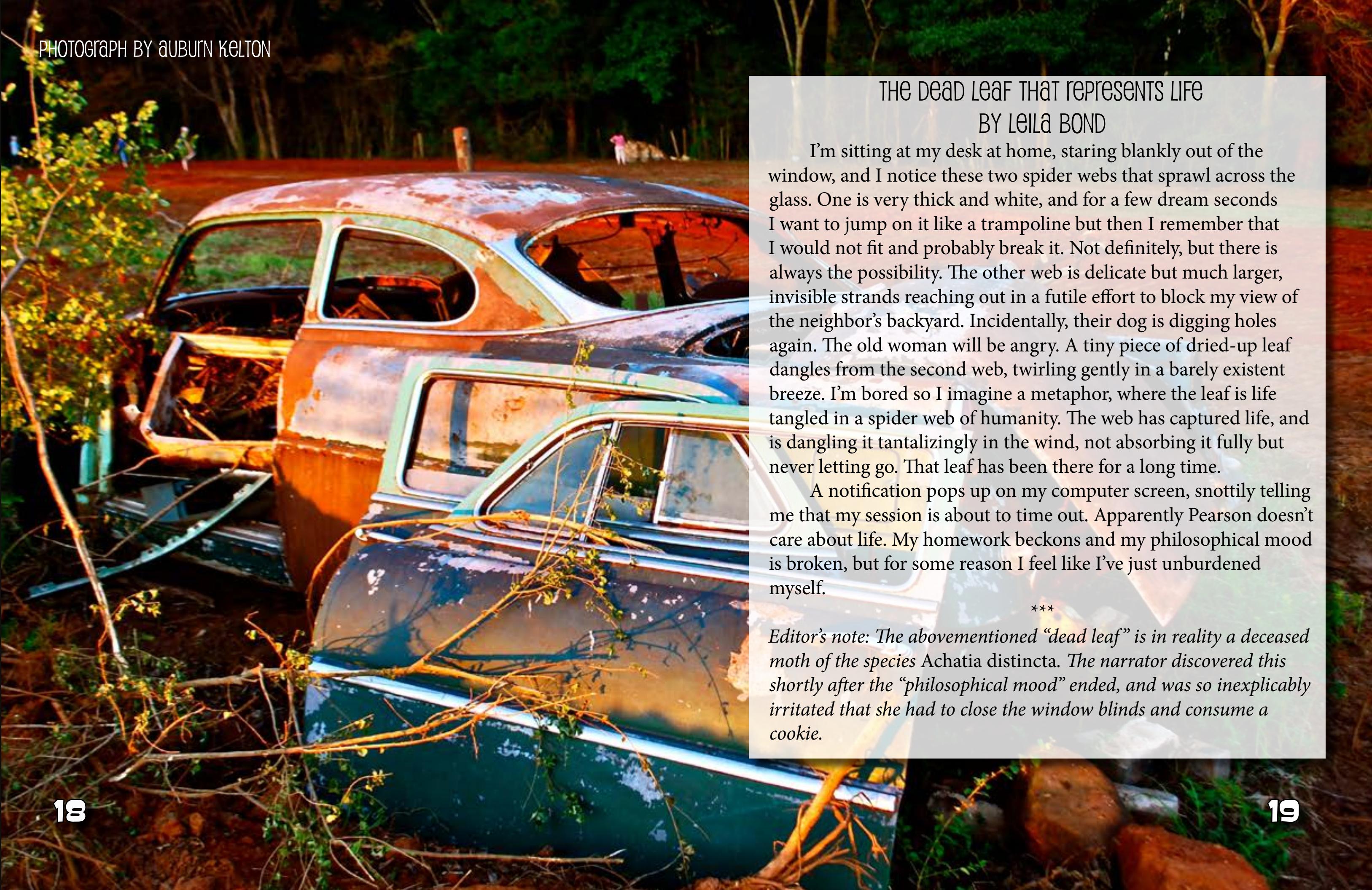


ON OUR DOORS BY KRISTY BOHAN

Lock them up or lock them out.
Which is it? Lock out.
All these doors are exits
Yet none allow entry.
What message does that send
To the sorry students stating
Name and destination?
A school that only allows exit



ARTWORK BY AUBURN KELTON



THE DEAD LEAF THAT REPRESENTS LIFE BY LEILA BOND

I'm sitting at my desk at home, staring blankly out of the window, and I notice these two spider webs that sprawl across the glass. One is very thick and white, and for a few dream seconds I want to jump on it like a trampoline but then I remember that I would not fit and probably break it. Not definitely, but there is always the possibility. The other web is delicate but much larger, invisible strands reaching out in a futile effort to block my view of the neighbor's backyard. Incidentally, their dog is digging holes again. The old woman will be angry. A tiny piece of dried-up leaf dangles from the second web, twirling gently in a barely existent breeze. I'm bored so I imagine a metaphor, where the leaf is life tangled in a spider web of humanity. The web has captured life, and is dangling it tantalizingly in the wind, not absorbing it fully but never letting go. That leaf has been there for a long time.

A notification pops up on my computer screen, snottily telling me that my session is about to time out. Apparently Pearson doesn't care about life. My homework beckons and my philosophical mood is broken, but for some reason I feel like I've just unburdened myself.

Editor's note: The abovementioned "dead leaf" is in reality a deceased moth of the species Achatia distincta. The narrator discovered this shortly after the "philosophical mood" ended, and was so inexplicably irritated that she had to close the window blinds and consume a cookie.

PHOTOGRAPH BY aNNA SWANN



SHADOWS OF THE PAST

BY ALLISON SABOURIN

The organization started a year ago when Kaidan, hungry for power, used the nobles to take the throne from the country's wise and honest rulers. He then brought the nobles down and declared himself ruler. He was bringing the country to ruin, and the organization was working to take him out of power. Takumi could feel the tension in the country before Kaidan took control, so he started gathering people to combat anything that happened.

Astra started walking away when she saw Edgar run up to her. He had on a loose, white shirt, and his shoulder length, blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail as usual.

"Takumi let me off, so I was thinking I'd challenge Arthfael. You wanna watch?"

"Isn't that mean, you challenging him? I know it's tradition for all newbies to fight someone in the organization, but you?"

"Even though I am Takumi's bodyguard *and* the best fighter in the organization, I think he could prove to be a challenge."

"You *need* a challenge."

"Well, of course he won't be *that* much of a challenge."

She shook her head with a sigh, and Edgar led her towards a hallway. Before they got there, Astra saw Drake with his flaming red hair. Since he was the leader of the army, he wasn't hard to miss, especially with everyone keeping their distance from him. Everyone in the organization was scared of his sword fighting abilities; even Edgar respected his abilities, even though he was better than Drake. Astra ran up to him and hugged him.

"There you are, Astra. I thought you would be in here to see the new guy," Drake said.

"I was just about to go with Edgar to watch the challenge." She saw Drake's eyes dart over to Edgar and look him up and down. He was too protective of her.

Drake nodded, but before he could say anything, Takumi called him

over. With him being the head of the organization's army, he hardly had free time for her.

She walked with Edgar to the gathering room. Arthfael was standing in the middle, and everyone else was standing in a wide circle around him, whispering to each other. No one wanted to challenge him because Takumi personally chose him, so they knew he was a very good sword fighter. No one wanted to get beaten up by a newbie.

Edgar winked at her and went up to him. "I challenge you!" he said dramatically, making his intentions clear as he drew his sword.

Arthfael chuckled, but when it was clear that Edgar was serious, his eyes widened ever so slightly in fear. Everyone else was so intent on Edgar that they did not see it. Why was he scared? He couldn't honestly think that this fight was to the death.

He brought out his sword carefully. He focused all his attention on Edgar as he positioned himself into a battle stance. For someone who had shown fear just a little bit ago, he stood very confidently.

"Now the fight ends when one opponent disarms the other," Edgar said slowly, as if talking to a child. "We don't want you to get hurt *too* much on your first day."

Arthfael smiled, and the thrill of the challenge appeared in his eyes. Obviously, he didn't think he would be the one getting hurt.

He waited for Edgar to make the first move, and Edgar obliged. He normally gave his opponents some advantage since he always was better than them. Edgar was going easy on him to make him feel like he made a good effort when he really hadn't.

Arthfael counterattacked so fast, it was a blur. Edgar laughed, thrilled to face his first real challenge in years; the rest of the battle was a flurry of dancing swords. Neither of them would let up.

Finally, with a flourish of his sword, Arthfael disarmed Edgar. Low murmurs broke out across the room; Edgar had never been beaten before.

SWISH

BY ELIJAH STEVENS

Swish, swish

The colors fly, the metal shines.

Swish, Swish

To the sky, careful looking up you
might be blinded.

Swish.

It hits my hand, fitting perfectly metal
to palm.

Who would've thought these two
pair so greatly?

Who would've thought it would feel
so right to me?

Swish, swish

I dance around, the colors following
my every move.

I smile.

Swish

The metal hoops, spinning.

Color flying.

Amazement on my face.

Excitement in my blood

Swish

The metal strikes my waiting palms.

I pose, holding still

Smiling.



Nevermore: BLIZZARD

BY CHARLES BOX

Everyone knows how they want their story to end. Happily Ever After, it's such an obnoxious phrase that has no meaning in the real world. We all want our story to start "once upon a time" and end with, that, but life isn't so nice as to give everyone that chance. More often the story we see isn't the nicest. It has the happy meaning, but not always a happy ending. It is those stories people should remember so they don't have to experience them for themselves. To those tales I have a simple name, NEVERMORE.

"So you're really going Mr. Marshall?" Steven asked.

"Of course," I said. "I've been planning this trip to the mountains for two years now and nothing could stop me now." "Except you asking me all these questions," I thought.

My name is John Robert Marshall and I'm a crazed book nerd. Yes I admit openly, I'm a scrawny brown hair and blue-eyed nerd, and I'm not ashamed of it. How can I be? Because of my loving addiction to literature, I graduated high school at the top of my class and received a full-ride to college. From my love of books I obviously majored in English/Literature and graduated with PH.D and I'm now working in the Literature department at Harvard.

"Wow I'd never been able to handle Alaska" he said. "It's way too cold up there for me."

He wasn't wrong there. For years now I've been planning a trip to the Denali National Park in Alaska. It is the home of Mount

McKinley the tallest mountain in North America, encompasses more than 6 million acres, mix of tundra, glaciers, forest, you name it (except desert of course). And that was my destination, I've always been a nut for adventure stories, and now I could finally go on my own.

"Yes" I laughed. "It will be a little cold, Steven, but that's normal. The weather forecast for next week says it won't be that serious; now I'm in the clear."

"Okay, Professor Marshall, then have a nice trip!" he said and walked out the door.

"Now then," I thought, gathering all my things, "time to get ready for the adventure of a lifetime."

"OF COURSE, I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS TRIP FOR YEARS." I SAID "THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT THIS PARK I DON'T KNOW."

Once his plane touched down in Alaska and he had checked into his hotel, John Marshall took no time in hurrying off to catch the next ride to the park. Once there he was amazed at the sights he could see, not even in the front door yet Mt. McKinley towered above him in the distance as if it was Mt. Olympus in Greece and he was a demigod ready to set off. Inside after signing in he meant up with the park ranger he had been in contact with for some time now, Mr. Carl Jones, a big burly man with sandpaper color hair and brown eyes that were tinged green at the sides.

"Hello there, Mr. Jones, it's nice to finally meet you" I said, offering my hand to him.

"The pleasure's all mine Dr. Marshall," he said, grasping my hand in a tough handshake. His hands felt like sandpaper! "So then, I assume you're all ready for your hike up?" he asked.

"Of course, I've been planning this trip for years." I said "There's nothing about this park I don't know." And I felt completely compelled to brag about this because I did know everything. Over the years I had read every piece of material I could get about this park and had committed it all

to memory.

"Oh, I wouldn't be too sure about that." He said. "There's things in this here park that no man could know unless he'd been through them before, mother nature's not someone you can just write down." He had this serious look on his face suddenly after he said that. "Are you sure you want to go up there by yourself? Because I could go with you if you wanted."

"No thanks," I replied. "It wouldn't be as memorable if I had a babysitter going along with me--no offense of course." I added hastily, not wanted to offend the man who could crush me flat without even trying.

"None taken," he replied. "Just be careful yah hear? Mother Nature, like any woman, is known to change her moods in a instant up here, so don't run off if your gut tells you to run the other way."

"I'll keep that in mind," I said while thinking, "Huh so who does he think he's talking to? I've read up all of the good and bad events that have taken place here, nothing could scare me." After leaving Mr. Jones I hurried up one of the man-made trails till it ventured off up into the forest on the way to Mt. McKinley. I couldn't describe to myself how I felt at that moment finally realizing one of my dreams; satisfaction, joy, pure adrenaline, all three? It didn't matter because I was here and I was on my way up.

After climbing for a bit I noticed a snowflake land on my nose. "Strange," I thought, "it didn't say snow on the weather forecast that I watched. But as Mr. Jones said Mother Nature could be unpredictable."

"Ah well," I said. "A little snow never hurt anybody and I'll be at the mountain before it really starts coming down, so there's nothing to worry about." So making my resolve, I continued walking. It was only after that that I regretted my choice.

Soon after that first flake came it started to pick up with considerable speed until it really started pelting me like mini-pebbles. Shivering even in all my thermo-clothing, I kept to the

trees to try and avoid the worst of the storm, but they didn't provide that much protection. Closer to the mountain I noticed tall rocks that I thought I might be able to hide behind until the storm let down, but both sides were being hit with the storm and there was no place for me to be able to crawl under. At that point I really considered turning around, but then I remembered, I'd spent too much of my time planning this trip out. Besides, this close to the mountain I might as well go there instead of turning around. Gathering my courage I moved out of the trees's protection and into the brute of the storm, determined to reach my destination.

It only got worse, and once the wind started blowing I had to use both arms to cover my face to keep the snow out of my eyes. All the planning I did and I didn't think to bring snow goggles? "Man I'm a idiot," I thought. It was while I was thinking this that I saw a shadow coming towards me in the distant. It was very faint but someone was definitely coming to me!

"Hey!" I screamed "Hey over here!" as I started to wave my arms like an idiot because as soon as I did the snow pelted me into the face again.

"Gah stupid weather" I said and started plunging toward that shadow in the horizon. The closer I got though, the more the shape of the person coming towards me started to shift, as if he were walking away from me getting smaller in the horizon. Terrified he was turning around I increased my pace and started to yell out again.

"Hey wait over here!" I yelled "Can you hear me I'm right here" I know it wasn't the most macho thing to do but I was honestly scared. I was really out of my league in this terrain and once I got back to the park headquarters I would ask Mr. Jones to take me on a real expedition. The shadow finally saw me and started towards me. My heart skipped a beat. "Good, now I'm not in this all by myself," I thought.

Only as the shape got closer, the height

again seemed to be getting shorter. Then as we were finally nearing each other, the shadow roared. I stopped dead in my tracks, it wasn't another hiker lost in the storm; it was a bear. Up close I could see it in detail, brown fur, black eyes, and a mouth full of razor sharp teeth made for pulling apart flesh and bone. Frozen where I was (figurally and literally) I stared into its cold black eyes, afraid to look away and risk provoking it. Though it seemed too late for that anyway as after staring into each other's eyes, the bear roared again and starting charging at me. Horrified, I turned around and starting running as fast as my frozen legs could take me knowing full well I couldn't outrun a grizzly bear. Fumbling around on my belt I loosed the pike I had brought to aid in climbing the mountain and turn around and threw it at the bear, missing by a mile thanks to the glorious wind and my total lack of hand-eye coordination. The bear closed in on me by then and threw a paw up and slashed me at the side, cutting through my backpack arms, jacket and underclothes to my bare skin. Screaming in agony, I lost my footing and fell down, instead of hitting the solid ground and staying there, I started to roll. I had run towards a ravine in the blindness of the storm.

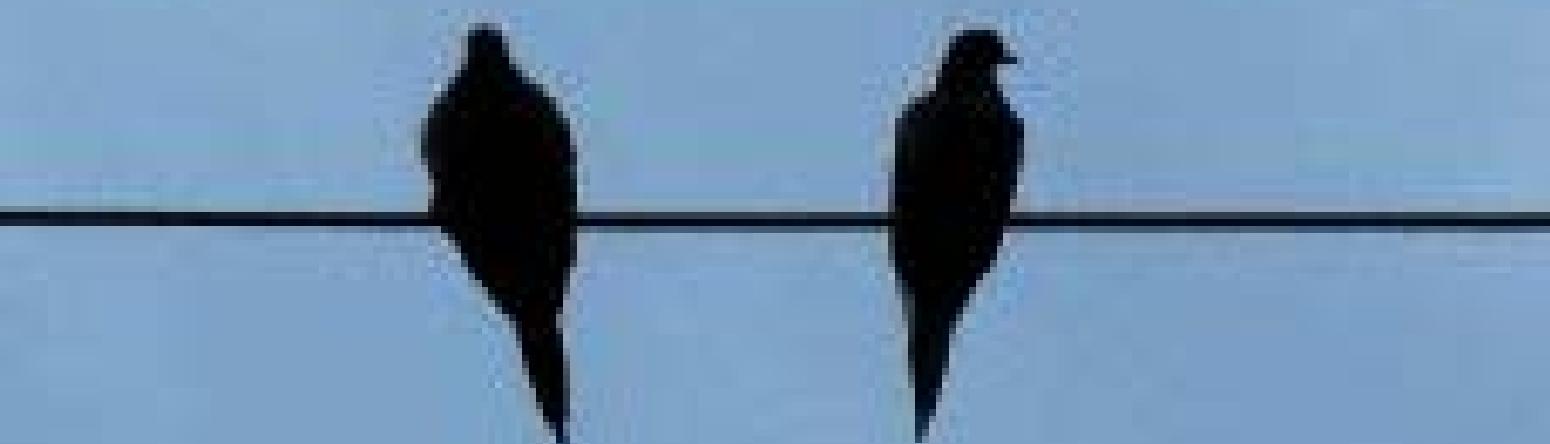
Tumbling down, the pain in my side was completely nulled by the shear amount of cold and fear I was feeling till I finally hit a wall. Looking up I could see the bear, but its attention wasn't on me anymore and now it was turning around heading back towards the trees. I sat up leaning on the wall and tried to stand but could not. The cold was seeping into me through the giant rip in my clothes thanks to the bear and circulating through my entire body. Teeth chattering, eyes getting sleepy, I looked back up to the hill to see a person, no, not one, but three people. They had much better clothing than me suited to this weather and were conversing with each other other some map. I tried to call out but couldn't; I was too cold and my throat felt like freezing cold hands were tightening around my windpipe. After a little bit they started moving forward again, without any notion that John was right there below him. "Huh," I thought, "so if I had turned around they would've been the people I met instead of that bear." What Mr. Jones had said to him before he set off came back to him, "If your gut's telling you to turn around then turn around." "Well, Carl," I thought, "I guess you were right after all; just reading about something doesn't make you an expert on it." Then I closed my eyes.

And so our story ends. As mentioned in the opening not all stories have a happy ending but they all have a lesson. If Dr. Marshall had turned around when he saw the snow start to come down, he might've survived this adventure and not had a little run in with a grizzly bear. Then again he might have not, the morale reminds the same, what that is, is up to you. In Dr. Marshall's case he didn't think the world could've been any different from what he had read, that everything followed a pattern and order. In his final moments though he realized his mistake, that chaos was order in the world, the unpredictable was what you had to predict if you wanted to survive. That, even though all the adventure stories he so loved had a happy ending, Dr. Marshall found out the hard way that the world was in fact deadly cold.



TRUE FRIENDS BY GABBY JOHNSON

A true friend is someone you can count on,
When you feel like your world is coming to an end,
They save the day, pulling you out of the dark.
You never notice in the beginning,
But their friendship brings out the best in you.
Breaking down your walls,
Acting like clowns, just to see you smiling.
Some friends leave as quickly as seasons change,
Yet your true friends stick by your side, loving you and your crazy side.
Your friend is your partner in crime,
Your secret keeper, your family, they are the yin to your yang.
They remember silly conversations and every inside joke you have,
A true friend is amazing, a true friend is you.



MEDUSA

BY ETHEL POON

She walks around like you or me; she looks plain at first sight.

Nobody knows who she really is.

She is instantly transformed to a hideous beast,

With snakes for hair and eyes that are so cold,

They turn you to stone!

Her eyes freeze your soul and suck the life from her human host.

Terror fills you,

Paralyzing you,

Eating you whole.

They say that the eyes are the passage to your heart and soul

But Medusa's are passages to a world unknown.

Unknown because you don't live long enough to tell about it.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEILA BOND



PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSI ROGERS



INVISIBLE WARRIOR
BY MICHELLE DRIESNACK

a person
the same name as mine
immediately compared
there is a rivalry
I want to be thought of
when someone hears my name
it's my name
not theirs

but maybe it isn't important
maybe they know who they are
and who they want to be
because I surely do not

I guess they deserve the name
until I can figure out my life
maybe one day
just maybe
I'll be important enough
that when someone hears my
name they'll think of me

DANDELION WISHES BY SABRINA CLINE

A lone woman stood in a sea of everlasting darkness. In this region of tenebrosity, the woman felt stranded and terrified. Suddenly, a white, illuminating fog weightlessly enveloped the woman and her surroundings. The woman began to look towards the shadows desperately in search of life. Alas, the woman could only see the sinister void which consumed her in darkness.

Glancing down at the ground by the hem of her white dress, she suddenly found herself standing in a garden of roses. She bent over and plucked one of the vivacious roses; it immediately withered in the palm of her hand. The once beautiful petals, now shriveled and brown, fell back silently to the earth. In despair, the woman fell to her knees and cried for she had nothing to love in this desolate world. Her cries echoed throughout the infinite abyss, filling the silence with her woes.

Shimmering lights coming from dainty, delicate parachute-like blossoms slowly descended upon the dark world. The woman wiped away the remnants of tears and marveled at the gliding white flowers. When she tried to catch one of the petite blossoms, a calm breeze came and blew it just out of her reach. The woman sighed and sank back to the ground, lying sorrowfully in the grove of roses.

Feeling a tug on the hem of her dress, the woman looked up and, to her surprise, found a little girl standing before her. The child impishly smiled at the woman and beckoned for her to come near. When the woman nearly reached her, the girl danced away, always just out of reach, like the blossoms before. Desperately, the woman tried time and time again to catch the little girl, but it was all in vain. The twinkling laughter of the child penetrated the woman's lonely heart as she pursued the angelic girl.

"Are you an angel sent by God to guide me to Heaven or are you a messenger sent by the Devil taking me to the depths of Hell?" cried the



woman. She collapsed to her knees and wept softly in her hands. The child came to the woman, took her hand, and led her in a new direction. Unsure of the child's motives, the woman let the child lead her to a meadow of flower overshadowed by darkness.

The little girl leaned over and carefully picked a dandelion. Recognizing the flower as the ones from earlier, the woman reached out to grasp the flower. The child held up a finger motioning for the woman to wait for a moment. Then the girl delicately blew the flower, making the tiny flowers propel towards the woman. The blossoms swirled around the woman like a twister turning the black world into a brilliant white light.

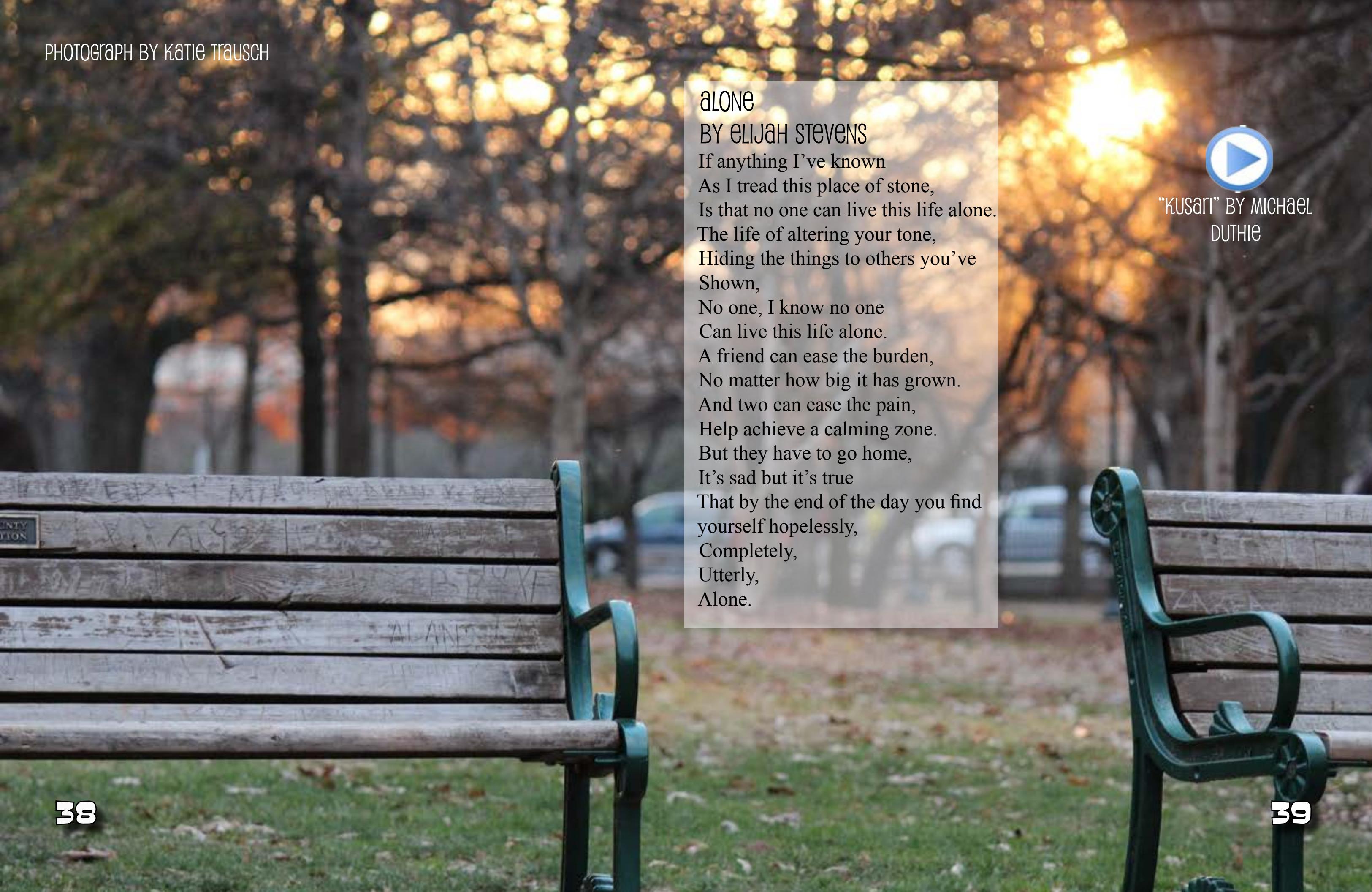
The little girl stepped inside the twister of light and looked at the maiden in white. Smiling, the child came towards the woman and presented her with a single dandelion. The child asked, "What does this flower mean to you?"

Astonished by the simplicity, yet significance of the question, the woman gazed at the flower in contemplation. Thoughts tumbled through her brain as she tried to consider what the tiny flower meant to her. Seeing the woman struggling with deciphering her thoughts, the little girl tried to prompt her with more questions. "Is there something that you have always wanted, but never received? Or are you desperately trying to capture fleeting memories?"

The woman wiped away a tear and sighed. She glanced at the child and said, "I am not really sure what I am looking for. It feels like I am missing something in my life. Or maybe it could be that I do not belong in this realm."

The little girl, knowing the woman was having a difficult time with her thoughts, covered the woman's hand with her own. "With a dandelion, you can make your wish come true." The woman looked up, her cheeks wet from tears, and gazed at the child. She hesitantly took the flower from the child's grasp. Closing her eyes, the woman made a wish and darkness consumed her once more.





ALONE

BY ELIJAH STEVENS

If anything I've known
As I tread this place of stone,
Is that no one can live this life alone.
The life of altering your tone,
Hiding the things to others you've
Shown,
No one, I know no one
Can live this life alone.
A friend can ease the burden,
No matter how big it has grown.
And two can ease the pain,
Help achieve a calming zone.
But they have to go home,
It's sad but it's true
That by the end of the day you find
yourself hopelessly,
Completely,
Utterly,
Alone.



"KUSARI" BY MICHAEL DUTHIE

TO A FRIEND.

BY GILLIAN CARUSONE

You laugh at the ends of all your sentences and I don't know if you've noticed. It's meant to disarm but you only disarm yourself. You make yourself a diminutive, a little one, as if we're not meant to hear what you say, as if we're not meant to care too much. And I feel like I'm biting you, when I laugh near you, when you're sad. Like the bubbles in my throat are teeth in your arm and in your throat that make you turn to your keyboard and turn from me. I don't know how to exist on a happier plane than yours. I don't know how to make it easy for you, for me, for us. I want to tell you to stop it, to be more, to care less. I want to shake you and break you and stop handling you like glass. Why can't we fit? Why do your points and my points and hers and his and theirs scrape against each other? Why does it hurt to be happy when I sit next to you? Be more. Be more. Be less me. Be more us. Be more you. I want to be happy when I sit beside your keyboard.
You laugh at the ends of all of your sentences and I don't know if you've noticed.