Creative Power

The power to show your capability

Middle School Writing Camp 2014
Things we love

notebooks
reading
scrolls
Elder Words
whales
zaff cats
books
writing
sun

Twinnies Rye
geoguessr
Titan laughing
walking
Minecraft

Edward
Fluffybear
plot
Softball
pancakes
memes
Yorkshire

attack

Isabela
Dungeons
Pendragon

music
netflix
youtube

movies
air

birds
Dear Readers,

We are a group of young writers from several different schools. We all came here this summer to participate in a program called “Creative Power” Middle School Writing Camp, held by Prairie Lands Writing Project (also known as PLWP) on the campus of Missouri Western State University.

This year, our group of 27 campers and one teacher got off to an exciting start, and clear up until the end we all warmed up to each other and had a lot of fun as we wrote and shared together. We came here to discover new ideas that we could put together into pieces that would become part of us. We came here to find our voices and the voices of our writing. We came here to find our own creative power. We found that we had to look at the world through a different lens in order to see all the possibilities: the lens of a writer. We went outside to find writing all around us, gathered observations from around campus and created stories, wrote poems about paint samples, wrote in shapes, wrote hint fiction, and used computers every day to help inspire us! We did several writing prompts and activities, and actually, our favorites were when we put ourselves on the Titanic and when we wrote super-short scary stories and listened to creepy music!

We were able to find some ideas that were living around us by letting our creativity go wild with the writing out of the day prompts we responded to each afternoon before we left. We wrote about colors, places, names, and random objects. We became ice cream, animals, creatures, and various other objects around us. Although sometimes we got off topic, we became whatever we wrote about and found its creative power, which good writers always do.

We are all very different people. But, when it comes down to it, we all have one thing in common: we all love to write. When we were writing and exploring the things we love most in the world, we came across a pretty rad quote a J.K. Rowling character, Albus Dumbledore, said about writing. Here it is:

“Words are, in my not-so-humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic.”

We found that words can come from anywhere, but the power we give our words comes from within us. When we view the world as writers, we gain that power—that “magic.” After this camp, we will all move on…but for now, we are constantly searching for the power that our creativity can give us.

The Campers of “Creative Power” Middle School Writing Camp 2014
May 28 – June 19, 2014

Director: Josie Clark

Sponsors: Missouri Western State University, Prairie Lands Writing Project, and the Saint Joseph School District

Thank you to all of our parents and helpers, but a giant, enormous, monstrosity of a thank-you to Dr. Susan Martens, PLWP Director.
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Adams, Eli. See also: nickname(s) Monster/Eli ; Part of speech. Noun; 1) place you were born; St. Joe 2) Inspired by _good speeches, battles, grey skies_; 3) Addicted to _vanilla wafers, video games(Skyrim, Fallout), and reading_; 4) Enjoys _video games_ in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans for world domination ; 6) describe your hair: dirty blonde; 7) Fantasy job is: getting paid for playing video games; 8) random fact: I like Boxer dogs, I hated the Ender’s Game Movie, and I love Bethesda ; 9) favorite color(s) green ; 10) favorite TV show (or movie) : Star wars: The Empire Strikes Back; 11) Favorite word is _Batman_ because _Batman_; 12) Favorite animal is ___ a dog ___ because ___ I have 3 dogs, and they have soft fur ___; 13) Could read _The Hobbit over and over_; 14) favorite quote “Run, Forest, Run”; 15) Collects _nothing_ because _I don’t collect anything_; 16) name one wish: Infinite wishes; 17) I love writing because _I can create universes_; (18) finish this statement: I am a _gamer_.

Benner, Jennifer. See also: Jennifer, JenniferJo, JennyJo, Jennie, Jen, Jojo, JJ, JJo, noun. 1) St. Joseph, MO; 2) Inspired by John Green and Stacy Mollus ; 3) Addicted to laughing and hugs;; 4) Enjoys watching afdah.com in her spare time; 5) Plans to become a writer; 6) natural dark brown hair dyed a variety of red, blonde, and brown.; 7) Fantasy job is writing; 8) a lot more random and into sports than people think;; 9) favorite color: all colors ever; 10) favorite movie: Divergent or Hunger Games 1&2 or My Sisters Keeper; 11) Favorite word is Paradisiac because it just is my favorite; 12) Favorite animal is a shrew because they are just awesome; 13) Could read _The Fault In Our Stars over and over_; 14) favorite quote is “They wouldn’t call it a crush if it didn’t hurt.”; 15) Collects old albums because I like the vintage-ness of them; 16) one wish to be a superhero with NO cape 17) I love writing because it’s easy;18) finish this statement: I am 13 years old and a girl.

Brewka, Sierra. See also:Cici, Sie, Sis, or Brewka. Determiner. 1) Origin: Saint Joseph Missouri; 2) Inspired by fluffy kittens, bunnies, puppies, and anything else that is fluffy; 3) Addicted to dance, easy mac, and food in general; 4) Enjoys acting extremely weird in her spare time; 5) Plans to become a teacher of the pre k grade; 6) hair: Different each and every day sometimes frizzy sometimes you would swear it is blonde; 7) Fantasy job is derpacorn herder; 8) random fact: I have danced for 11 years; 9) favorite color: all colors ever; 10) favorite movie: Divergent or Hunger Games 1&2 or My Sisters Keeper; 11) Favorite word is Paradisiac because it just is my favorite; 12) Favorite animal is a shrew because they are just awesome; 13) Could read over and over; 14) favorite quote: “Life isn’t about waiting for the storm to pass...It’s about learning to dance in the rain.”Vivian Greene ; 15) Collects porcelain dolls because they are amazingly amazing; 16) One wish: Too have infinite wishes; 17) I love writing because it lets me put myself into the story ;18)I am but one individual who enjoys reading writing and dance.

Caldwell, Abby. See also: Abigail. Part of speech: Pronoun 1) Born in Saint Joseph, MO; 2) Inspired by outer space and green forests; 3) Addicted to good fanfiction, petting cats, making things with LEGOs and writing; 4) Enjoys reading, writing and playing video games in her spare time; 5) Plans to become a teacher of the pre k grade; 6) hair: Different each and every day sometimes frizzy sometimes you would swear it is blonde; 7) Fantasy job is derpacorn herder; 8) random fact: I have danced for 11 years; 9) favorite color: all colors ever; 10) favorite movie: Divergent or Hunger Games 1&2 or My Sisters Keeper; 11) Favorite word is Paradisiac because it just is my favorite; 12) Favorite animal is a shrew because they are just awesome; 13) Could read over and over; 14) favorite quote "They wouldn't call it a crush if it didn't hurt."; 15) Collects porcelain dolls because they are amazingly amazing; 16) One wish: Too have infinite wishes; 17) I love writing because it lets me put myself into the story ;18)I am but one individual who enjoys reading writing and dance.

Chikunya, Anotidaishe. See also: Beyonce, Mrs. Bieber, Ano, Green Giant, Big buddy nickname(s). Part of speech. 1) place you were born; Zimbabwe, Africa 2) Inspired by Oprah Winfrey, Jennifer Lawrence, Lupita Nyong'o ; 3) Addicted to Chocolate, Netflix, Reading, Writing, Listening to music, watching movies, the mall, shopping, sleeping, being lazy, texting. my phone in general, taking selfies, instagram, pizza. this list goes on and on... 4) Enjoys bothering people who are busy, drawing, listening audiobooks, obsessing, looking out my window *wink wink* in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans to graduate from Harvard or Yale, becoming famous, writing a best seller, vacationing in the bahamas, and living life to the fullest ; 6) describe your hair: short, curly, frizzy, fluffy, in better words, the WORST hair ever 7) Fantasy job is to achieve world domination, jak, I want to be a billionaire; 8) random fact about you; 9) favorite color(s) Blue, black; 10) favorite TV show (or movie) The Hunger Games, Catching Fire, The fault in Our Stars, Ouran Academy, Jane, Baby Daddy, White Chicks, Revenge of the Bridesmaids, Hairspray, The Fosters, One Night with the King *pretty much anything thats funny or has action* (and MANY, MANY, MANY MORE) ; 11) Favorite word is Salutations because it was in one of the best books ever (Charlottes Web), and also I really like how its a simple greeting and it isn’t used anymore, but it sounds so unique; 12) Favorite animal is a mermaid because the idea of breathing and living and discovering underwater just fascinates me ; 13) I Could read The Hunger Games 1 2 3, the book of Esther, Redeeming Love, and Shatter Me over and over; 14) favorite quote “Nothing beautiful asks for attention" ; 15) I Collect money because I want to buy a Lamborghini ; 16) name one wish; To go to Harvard, and to become president of Zimbabwe, and make a BIG BIG change (in a positive way) 17) I love writing because
Its an outlet for my feelings, and Im a very emotional person, and I get to create an entirely different world, and I love the rush of power I get when I pick up the pen ;18) finish this statement: I am... the future President of Zimbabwe (also the first woman president)

Clark, Josie. See also: Ms. C., Clarky, Clarkipoo, Clarkzilla. Interjection. 1) Born in Kansas City, MO; 2) Inspired by rain, dandelions, and the beauty of words; 3) Addicted to Netflix and anything sugary and bad-for-you; 4) Enjoys running with her dog and reading in her spare time; 5) Plans to write a book someday; 6) Hair: frizzy and independent; 7) Fantasy job: writer and world traveler; 8) Random Fact: I once met Brad Pitt and had a “Missouri Moment”; 9) Favorite color: mysterious, dark purple; 10) Favorite TV show: “I Love Lucy”; 11) Favorite word: vividly because it’s how everything should be seen; 12) Favorite animal: squirrel because they are underestimated; 13) Could read anything by Laurie Halse Anderson, Edgar Allan Poe, or Lauren Oliver over and over; 14) “Words are, in my not-so-humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic” - Albus Dumbledore; 15) Collects dreamcatchers because I believe dreams are more tangible than we think they are; 16) Wishes that hate could dissipate instead of expand in hard times; 17) I love writing because when we write, the world cracks open and possibilities pour out; 18) I am a wanderer, standing still.

Cook, Gabrielle. See also: nickname(s) midnight_winer, dominick, turtle, ashley purdy, andy, and ronnie radke. Part of speech. 1) place you were born; st joseph, MO 2) Inspired by no one; 3) Addicted to candy, being alone, anime and listening to screamo; 4) Enjoys singing, drawing, and being alone in her spare time; 5) Plans to go to california when older; 6) describe your hair; light brown, dark brown, blonde highlights, short, and straight; 7) Fantasy job is poet, and tattoo artist; 8) random fact about you i’m 12; 9) favorite color(s) black, red, blue, green, purple, and teal; 10) favorite TV show (or movie) dexter, castle, and BONES; 11) Favorite word is turtle, because i can; 12) Favorite animal is foxes because IDK; 13) Could read Jane in bloom over and over; 14) favorite quote “Live the life you love, love the life you live” -Bob Marley; 15) Collects anime because i can; 16) name one wish wants to move to california ; 17) I love writing because idk;18) finish this statement: I am... an artist, writer, and poet.

DePietro, Marissa. See also: nickname(s). Marissa Part of speech. 1) place you were born; I was born in Ormond Beach Florida 2) Inspired by the rain; 3) Addicted to Instagram ; 4) Enjoys sleeping in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans to Go to Italy, Germany, Denmark her sisters senior year; 6) describe your hair; dark brown with slight natural highlights 7) Fantasy job is being a fashion designer; 8) random fact about you; I like to eat frog legs 9) favorite color(s); Emerald green 10) favorite TV show (or movie) The Notebook ; 11) Favorite word is No because no is no and because people need to stop and listen when I say no; 12) Favorite animal is lizards because they are cute and weird looking like ms clark; 13) Could read Jane in bloom over and over; 14) favorite quote “Live the life you love, love the life you live” -Bob Marley; 15) Collects rocks because their pretty; 16) name one wish To meet Nolan Funk; 17) I love writing because I get express my emotions ;18) finish this statement: I am... weird

Dorr, Victoria. (adj) See also: Tori. 1) place you were born; a hospital 2) Inspired by paperback covers. I just really like paperback covers.; 3) Not addicted to drugs; 4) Enjoys shouting or learning (which is just googling stuff that looks interesting) in spare time; 5) Plans to eat the pizza you paid for; 6) describe your hair; short. 7) Fantasy job is inheriting a large amount of money, or being in a band even if it’s unsuccessful and just sucks.; 8) random fact about you; I ate a worm once. Not even the fancy kind that comes in bags, I just picked one off the ground and ate it. I was like, seven. 9) favorite color(s); it’s like a greenish bluish grayish color (in that order) 10) favorite TV show (or movie); The Darjeeling Limited 11) Favorite word is tendency 12) Favorite animal is a rat because they’re little and sniffany and cute; 13) Could read the Catcher in the Rye over and over; 14) favorite quote “You know, maybe right before whenever you're about to take out your tooth, you should say something like, "Please forgive this." Because, actually, it's kind of...”; 15) Collects (I don’t really collect anything); 16) name one wish: I wish I could do something significant; 17) I love writing because I have complete control over my characters and know what they know and know who they are and it’s all symmetrical and right;18) finish this statement: I am... I am hungry. Like not even metaphorically I just really want some chips.

Duncan, Skyler. See also: Blaze Talweaver. Part of speech: Verb 1) Origin: The Mythical Land of Nebraska 2) Inspired by Books, Books and Books; 3) Addicted to Reading; 4) Enjoys Reading in his spare time; 5) Plans to Read alot; 6) Hair is orange, also known as a red head; 7) Fantasy job is being a teacher; 8) Random Fact, likes dragons; 9) favorite color: Red; 10) Favorite show is Good Mythical Morning; 11) Favorite word is Petrichor because; 12) Favorite animal is Yellow Bellied Marmoset because of a childhood experience; 13) Could read any good book over and over; 14) Quote, “If you believe, you can read; 15) Collects Nothing; 16) I wish for world peace; 17) I love writing because there are no limits;18) I am a Christian.
Ghatasheh, Rachel. See also: Rach, RayRay, Rachie. Part of speech. Noun 1) Was born on Earth; 2) Inspired by anything and everything; 3) Addicted to Minecraft and Youtube; 4) Enjoys being lazy in her spare time; 5) Plans to go to Jordan some day; 6) Has long, wavy, brown hair; 7) Fantasy job is either fashion designer, youtuber, or engineer; 8) Random fact: She is half arab; 9) Favorite color is orange; 10) Favorite TV show is probably the Walking Dead; 11) Favorite word is meep because why not; 12) Favorite animal is cat because I relate; 13) Could Read Fearless over and over; 14) Favorite quote is, “I have not failed. I’ve just found 10,000 ways that won’t work.” 15) Collects nothing because she loses almost everything; 16) Wishes for more courage; 17) I love writing because I can express myself; 18) I am color in a dull world.

Hammett, Leigha. See also: Chuck, Leigha. noun. 1) born in America; 2) Inspired by something I can’t think of; 3) Addicted to ice cream; 4) Enjoys dancing in her spare time; 5) Plans to be awesome; 6) Darker Blonde, very thick and annoying; 7) Fantasy job is teaching dance; 8) Plays two instruments; 9) Yellow, blue, teal; 10) Maleficent and Big Bang Theory; 11) Favorite word is floop de joop because it isn’t a real word; 12) Favorite animal is giraffe because it is tall; 13) Could read All carter books over and over; 14) “I’m not lazy, I’m on my energy saving mode.” - Unknown American; 15) Collects stuffed animals because they are adorable; 16) I wish to grow taller than my sister; 17) name one wish; I can’t because then it would never come true. 17) I love writing because I live in my own world and skip to yown beat ; 18) finish this statement: I am… Rand

Heeler, Liza. See also: Bean, Liza bean, Leeza, Liza Minnelli. Verb. 1) Chicago Illinois; 2) Inspired by friends; 3) Addicted to ice cream; 4) Enjoys dancing in her spare time; 5) Plans to be awesome; 6) Darker Blonde, very thick and annoying; 7) Fantasy job is teaching dance; 8) Plays two instruments; 9) Yellow, blue, teal; 10) Maleficent and Big Bang Theory; 11) Favorite word is floop de joop because it isn’t a real word; 12) Favorite animal is giraffe because it is tall; 13) Could read All carter books over and over; 14) “I’m not lazy, I’m on my energy saving mode.” - Unknown American; 15) Collects people’s art and writing pieces; 16) One wish is to actually get into college; 17) I love writing because people are very talented at it. 18) I am a very bad procrastinator.

Kempf, Alexandria. See also: Alex, Ally Pally, Adis. Noun. 1) born in St. Joseph, MO; 2) Inspired by movies and books; 3) Addicted to reading and superheros; 4) Enjoys reading, sitting outside in the wind, and playing with her puppies in her spare time; 5) Plans to be someone great one day; 6) hair is long, dirty blond, and brown-ish; 7) Fantasy job is either a fashion designer, youtuber, or engineer; 8) Random fact: She is half arab; 9) Favorite color is orange; 10) Favorite TV show is probably the Walking Dead; 11) Favorite word is meep because why not; 12) Favorite animal is cat because I relate; 13) Could Read Fearless over and over; 14) Favorite quote is, “I have not failed. I’ve just found 10,000 ways that won’t work.” 15) Collects nothing because she loses almost everything; 16) Wishes for more courage; 17) I love writing because I can express myself; 18) I am color in a dull world.

Jones, Chloe. Chlover. Noun 1) St. Joseph, MO 2) Inspired by something I can’t think of; 3) Addicted to The Creature Hub and Stella Stagecoach 4) Enjoys dancing in her spare time; 5) Plans to do something but I can’t just put one thing down 6) Brown, curly hair 7) Fantasy job is being a famous photographer 8) I play soccer 9) Light blue 10) Orphan 11) Violet because it looks nice 12) Small lizards because they are nice 13) Abundance of Katherines because it was a good book. 14) “Don’t walk behind me; I may not lead. Don’t walk in front of me; I may not follow. Just walk beside me and be my friend.” - Albert Camus 15) Collects people’s art and writing pieces 16) One wish is to actually get into college 17) I love writing, because people are very talented at it. 18) I am a very bad procrastinator.

Kempf, Alexandra. See also: Alex, Ally Pally, Adis. Noun 1) born in St. Joseph, MO; 2) Inspired by movies and books; 3) Addicted to reading and superheros; 4) Enjoys reading, sitting outside in the wind, and playing with her puppies in her spare time; 5) Plans to be someone great one day; 6) hair is long, dirty blond, and brown-ish; 7) Fantasy job is either a fashion designer, youtuber, or engineer; 8) Random fact: She is half arab; 9) Favorite colors are black, green, blue, purple, and orange; 10) Favorite TV show is Supernatural; 11) Favorite word is inevitable because it means “that which is unavoidable” ; 12) Favorite animal is giraffe because it is tall; 13) Could read Miss Peregrine’s Home for Peculiar Children over and over; 14) favorite quotes are “Not everything that counts can be counted, and not everything that can be counted counts.” and “You don’t stop laughing when you grow old, you grow old when you stop laughing.” ; 15) Collects flowers because I can; 16) I wish I had every superpower possible; 17) I love writing because it gives me a chance to escape to different places and worlds that I make up ; 18) finish this statement: I am… a patient, friendly, shy, accepting, and kind explorer.

Lochhead, Jennifer. See also: nickname(s). Jenna (certain people ONLY) Ginger, Gingersnap Part of speech. 1) Adjective place you were born; St. Joseph, MO 2) Inspired by Taylor Swift (I really don’t know) 3) Addicted to poe-tae-toe chips 4) Enjoys Playing Minecraft in (his/her) spare time 5) Plans to Write a book (possibly, depending on how much I feel like procrastinating). 6) Describe your hair; Very similar to chewbacca’s 7) Fantasy job is to be DAUNTLESS IN DIVERGENT 8) random fact about you; I’m probably the only kid who doesn’t like: Sugar, Candy, Soda (I’m serious) 9) Favorite colors(s); RED, ROYAL BLUE, PURPLE, GREY 10) Favorite TV show (or movie); Divergent 11) Favorite word is DOGE BECAUSE ITS FUNNY SOUNDING 12) Favorite animal is Lizards, because I have a couple of pet lizards, and they are pretty sweet 13) Could read DIVERGENT over and over again 14) favorite quote; “Everyone is a genius, but If you judge a fish on its ability to climb a tree, it will spend its whole life believing that it is stupid” - Albert Einstein 15) Collects Lizards because I loooovvvvveeee lizards 16) name one wish To play softball in college 17) I love writing because It can be absolutely anything ; 18) finish this statement: I am… Athletic, and intellectual of course!

McGaughy, Marissa. See also: Rissa-roo. Verb. 1) place you were born: St.Joe; 2) Inspired by my dog; 3) Addicted to chocolate; 4) Enjoys sleeping in her spare time; 5) Plans to swim with dolphins; 6) Describe your hair; black and curly 7) Fantasy job is to be a vet; 8) Random fact about you; I cry when I see spiders; 9) Favorite color is pink; 10) Favorite TV show is The Walking Dead; 11) Favorite word is buddy because that’s my dog’s name and he is my favorite dog; 12) Favorite animal is dolphin because they are awesome and
really really cool; 13) Could read The Gun over and over; 14) favorite quote: “Don’t practice until you get it right. Practice until you can’t get it wrong”; 15) Collects money because I can spend it; 16) name one wish: To live in Indiana with my best friend; 17) I love writing because you can make it creative; 18) finish this statement: *I am... an Athlete*

**McKeighan, Rachel.** See also: Blondie. Cheerleader. Adjective. 1) Origin: Nebraska; 2) Inspired by myself; 3) Addicted to sleeping, eating, and boys with british accents; 4) Enjoys celebrity impersonations in her spare time; 5) Plans to travel and swim in money; 6) hair; bellybutton length and blonde; 7) Fantasy job is a Pirate; 8) fact; I have already filled a Small Cakes punchcard, $36 worth of cupcake goodness and my T.V never leaves MTV; 9) Favorite Color; Kidney; 10) Favorite TV Show; Awkward, Girl Code, The Carrie Diaries; 11) Favorite word is goozits because yolo; 12) Favorite animal is a hedgehog because it’s actually a cupcake; 13) Could read Edgar Allen Poe over and over; 14) favorite quote; Life is a mirror, smile at it, and it will smile at you (:; 15) Collects Small Cakes because it’s actually a cupcake; 16) one wish; limitless amount of wishes 17) I love writing because I can write the world the way I want it; 18) *I am... cooler than you. ;)*

**Palmer, Emma.** See also: nickname(s) Not cool enough to have one. Part of speech. Scrolling 1) place you were born; Born in Saint. Joseph, Missouri 2) Inspired by John Green; 3) Addicted to Tumblr; 4) Enjoys watching sad movies and crying in her spare time; 5) Plans to publish a book; 6) describe your hair; Light brown, twisted in bouncy curls? 7) Fantasy job is to do nothing but either act or write; 8) random fact about you; I have a weird laugh and personality 9) favorite color(s); Pink and Blue 10) favorite TV show (or movie); TV show- Attack on Titan. Movie- The Fault in Our Stars 11) Favorite word is panic because my favorite band is called Panic! at the Disco; 12) Favorite animal is sloth because they’re lazy like me; 13) Could read The Perks of Being a Wallflower and The Fault in Our Stars over and over; 14) favorite quote; We accept the love we think we deserve. 15) Collects pen pal letters because they come from friends that I’ve never met, but I get to know more and more about them each time they write to me; 16) name one wish; To meet my heros 17) I love writing because I get to pour my feelings out on a piece of paper; 18) finish this statement: *I am... an anime fan. Yes I’m proud of it.*

**Shaddox-Appleton, Sierra.** See also: SJ . Part of speech. 1) place you were born; Clinton MO 2) Inspired by Songs; 3) Addicted to chocolate ; 4) Enjoys playing Sports and Hanging with family in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans to Become a important person and be a great mom ; 6) describe your hair; Brown 7) Fantasy job is military ; 8) random fact about you; I have a weird laugh and personality 9) favorite color(s); Pink and Blue 10) favorite TV show (or movie); snake plissken 11) Favorite word is wierdo because it describes me ; 12) Favorite animal are dogs because I grew up with a lot of them ; 13) Could read The blood ties series over and over; 14) favorite quote; If nobody ever did silly things then nothing intelligent would happen 15) Collects ______ movies _______ because I like watching them__________; 16) name one wish; To have a amazing future 17) I love writing because __helps me get out of my feelings ____________ ; 18) finish this statement: *I am... I am outgoing*

**Simmons, Jewell.** See also: nickname(s) Jew, Jewels, . Part of speech. 1)Noun. place you were born; 2)St. Josep, MO Inspired by Friends, Family Video Games (Minecraft), YouTube, ; 3) Addicted to Minecraft and One Direction; 4) Enjoys playing Minecraft in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans to become a YouTuber; 6) describe your hair long, wavy, light brown; 7) Fantasy job is being a YouTuber; 8) random fact about you I own 2 Ducks; 9) favorite color blue and purple (s); 10) favorite TV show (or movie) Psych; 11) Favorite word is supercalifragilisticexpialidocious because I can spell it; 12) Favorite animal is Duck because I always have, and I always will; 13) Could read Fanfictions over and over; 14) favorite quote “ Dreams are like stars, if you follow them, they will lead you to your destiny”-Llam Payne; 15) Collects art because I love to draw; 16) name one wish to meet Mitch Hughes, and spend a day with him; 17) I love writing because I can get a message to the reader, even if the message is something weird ; 18) finish this statement: *I am hoping to make a living with my cousin and be youtubers together.*

**Wang, Felix.** See also: nickname(s) Felixa, Felix the cat Part of speech. 1) place you were born; St.Joseph MO 2) Inspired by superheros ; 3) Addicted to video games, books and youtube ; 4) Enjoys chess_ in (his/her) spare time; 5) Plans to somedaydrink pepsi ; 6) describe your hair; Black and a bit slick 7) Fantasy job is Business owner 8) random fact about you; Been to over 10 countries but mostly when I was a baby (:; 9) favorite color(s); Blue 10) favorite TV show Breaking Bad Favorite movie: Airplane!; 11) Favorite word is because discombobulate because it’s fun to say.; 12) Favorite animal is sea lion because it’s really cool l; 13) Could read The hobbit over and over; 14) favorite quote Imagination is more important than knowledge.15) Collects Small Cakes because it can make you think of love and happiness or you can think of hatred, blood, and war it has completely opposite meanings. ; 16) name one wish; To make true artificial intelligence. 17) I love writing because ; 18) finish this statement: *I am... Felix wang*

**Yesenia-Sanchez, Aronica.** Ronnie, Sinsin. noun. 1)Dumas, Texas; 2) Inspired by People who have believed in themselves accomplished what they wanted to; 3) Addicted to Sloths, love them little things; 4) Enjoys looking at funny photos in her spare time; 5) Plans to ; 6) describe your hair; Black, a big mess 7) Fantasy job is Family Therapist; 8) random fact about you; I look up too my mom and oldest brother. 9) favorite color(s) purple ; 10) favorite TV show (or movie) Edward scissor hands ; 11) Favorite word is red because it can make you think of love and happiness or you can think of hatred, blood, and war it has completely opposite meanings. ;
12) Favorite animal is any breed of dog (mainly schnauzer or boxers and sloths because they are pretty cool animals and (sloths) are just so weird; 13) Could read The Giver over and over; 14) favorite quote Some infinities are bigger than other infinities - John Green; 15) Collects Funny photos or photos of sloths because I like to look back at them and laugh; 16) name one wish; 17) I love writing because I get to create a world of my own that a reader can explore, I have the power to do what I want with the

story; 18) finish this statement: I am... a really unique person and fun to be around.

Young, Noah. See also: nickname(s): None. Part of speech. 1) place you were born; a hospital 2) Inspired by things I can’t think of right now; 3) Addicted to YouTube; 4) Enjoys listening to Pentatonix in her spare time; 5) Plans to have something published eventually; 6) describe your hair; brown most of the time but sandy blonde in the summer; 7) Fantasy job is to have that job on youtube were you work with baby pandas; 8) random fact about you; I hate chili and people think I’m weird for it; 9) favorite color(s); pastel purple or blue 10) favorite TV show (or movie); Tv Show: Doctor Who Movie: Any Disney movie; 11) Favorite word is ailurophile because it means cat lover; 12) Favorite animal is fennec foxes because do I really need a reason other than their adorable

because they’re adorable and that’s it; 13) Could read The Fault in Our Stars over and over; 14) favorite quote; “In 900 years of time and space, I’ve never met anyone who wasn’t important” -The Doctor, Doctor Who Season 6, Christmas Special; 15) Collects old disney movies because disney movies; 16) name one wish; My wish would be that people won’t be judged based on what or who like like; 17) I love writing because It’s a way of escaping reality; 18) finish this statement: I am... hungry
Here are some of the first lines of stories we still need to write...

The sun rose and set on a brown, broken and desolate world—Felix Wang

Just as I had made myself known, I made everyone forget me—Sierra B.

On the wall in big letters it said, “The end is near.” I smiled at that. The end is already here—Rachel G.

I finally woke up, just to be put to sleep again. —Alexandrea Kempf

“El hombre vives en el apartamento cuarto, la puerta es rojo!” (Translation, The man lives in apartment 4, the door is red!)—Skyler D.

If I had a choice, I would—Marissa M.

One Friday, our Apple tree grew oranges—Eli A.

It’s funny how life works, how you put all your trust in someone while they plan on stabbing you in the back—Aronica Y. Sanchez

She wanted to be sorry. She really did. —tori

If they were still alive, most people would say I’m the reason the world ended—Abby

Always is a lie. It will never be—Emma P.

The ground shook under her feet as she ran from her terrible past—Sierra S

It was raining cats and dogs... Literally—Jennifer L.

The octopus flew across the sky—Jennifer B.

I ran away that day, but I can’t run forever—Jewell S.

it can’t rain forever—gabrielle

I gasped, my eyes pleading for air, as hands I couldn’t see drained the life out of me—Anotidaishe Chikunya

And here is what we’ve already written...
You don't know me; you don't know the first thing about me.

You look at me and all you see is the person I wish I could be.

I paint a picture on myself and show it to the world.
A sick, twisted smile to hide the screaming anguish and stinging fear.
Disturbed, happy eyes to hide the tears that bite my face and tear me apart.

Makeup to hide the ugly mistakes that destroy my mind.
Scars on my arm and thighs to hide the cuts that killed my skin,
The same cuts that seep into my marrow and remind me of all the pain and burdens I have caused.

Nail polish to cover up my anxiety chewed nails.

A purity ring to cover up my sins and shame that give me butterflies that eat at my stomach.
A thin, starved stomach that covers up my binging and purging habits.

Pretty white teeth to cover up the words that hide behind them and scratch at the surface of them.

Nice expensive clothes that cover up my bodily insecurities that walk me to a grave.

Minty breath that covers up the smoke that penetrates my breathless lungs.

Loud headphones to drown the criticizing words that make a nest inside my brain.

“You don’t feel that way anymore, right?”
I Scream

This is the strangest feeling I think I’ve ever experienced.
Maybe the only feeling beside frozen.
In the Tub, they often rumored about melting.
I never thought I would be the one to melt.
Maybe he didn’t like the way I was and I wasn’t good enough for him.
Maybe he got bored with me, so he dumped me.

Maybe he found a better kind of ice cream.
I can’t believe this is how I die.
There is no dignity in melting, it is a sign of not being good enough.
I have writer’s block.
I see everyone in this cold, energy-starved room,
They all seem to have ideas in their heads.
Why can’t I think of anything to write?
In my mind I hear the sound of emptiness.
I try and blast music into it and give me some creativity…
But there is nothing.
Everyone’s fingertips are surfing their keyboards,
but I’ve been staring at this *Untitled document* for far too long now.
Charcoal Covered Sky
I am alpha and you are omega
beginning and end
I bring life, you bring death
I give light and love
You give hate and darkness
Together we desolate everything
Together we make a charcoal covered sky

Try, Die, Try, Win
As you go on the game doesn’t
Stuck in the mud with only you and dark souls
You try, try and try again without prevail
One path, two directions, but only one true way
Back
Again and Again
At the brink of rage
You win
Waves of relief wash over you
Then they retreat back to the sea of emotion as you die repeatedly
Try, die, repeat, try, die, repeat
Win.
Titanic Story

The frigid water’s icy sting woke me up that fateful night. I peered my head out of the door when another gush of water smashed me against the chilled, metal wall. “15 minutes, you have 15 minutes until you freeze James!” I said to myself. Heart stopping screams came from every direction. “You can’t help them, there beyond any hope.” I said as I looked back. At the exit I, couldn’t help but to look back a second time, there wasn’t anymore screams. I shot up the stairs to the second class smoke room. All save my knees down were dry up here. Bang! 20 or so books toppled onto me, crashing me into the wet floor. Submerging me in water and massive books. Humm! Thump! I raised myself from the heavy burden, then sprinted through all the way to entrance to the 2nd class cabins. “No!” I cried as the water had risen a severe amount. Again my thighs were drenched. The water unrelentlessly became higher and higher up to my neck. “(Sigh)”. With little choice, I waded through.

“Please, somebody, help me!” said a voice through a door. “Sorry.” I whispered as I walked on. “Oh good the stairs.”. When I got to one of the top stairs, my ankles were the only part of my body that was still soaked. “Sir, excuse me where are the lifeboats?” I asked to a couple. Bam! Bam! Out of the blue a guy just shot at us. “Awww” I screamed as my leg was hit by one of the bullets. I was barely standing up when the gun guy pushed me down and said “Get out of my way!”

“Owww!” as a piece of glass went through my palm. I tried to take the glass out to no prevail. I just layed down and waited. Waited for the water to take me. “Huh James? This is your destiny, just let it happen.” I said to myself. “Ok.” As I drifted to a very, very long slumber, I accepted my fate, for it’s the only thing we can do.
There was a dead body at my door today. The cops said that the body belonged to my mom, which was stupid because my mom lived in Nebraska and left here yesterday… I saw her board the plane. I called my mom’s home phone and her nurse picked up for her. I told them that my mom was in her thirties with an in house nurse for her because she had broken her leg and they wanted her to be safe. This lady, however, was in her 70’s and looked like she hadn’t seen the light of day since 1961. I mean, not to be rude or anything, but there was no way that this lady could be my mom. I told dad that that lady was not and could not be my mom in any physical or mental way. I’m way too young to be her kid. I mean I’m 14 for Christ’s sakes.

I made my way to the bus stop by dodging policemen trying to come in my house and hitting cars with my arms to stop the doors from hitting me with too much force. Once at the bus stop my favorite person came up to me, and I could think was, “Here we go again.” But this time it was different. Instead of his usual insult he came up with this clever piece of peace pie.

“What’s up dog brain. Heard you called the cops to come get the monster under your bed. Oh wait, that’s just your old stuffed bear!” Wow ,this boy is an idiot. An idiot that’s 6’2” and not afraid to flaunt it. Even when it’s compared to my excelling height of 5’8”.

“Actually, some dead person decided to dig them-self up and walk to my house. If you want to turn that around in your head be my guest. give that pea sized walnut of yours something to think about.” I even shocked myself that I shot an insult back toward the schools scariest 8th grader. Why, why, why, was I so stupid!?!?

After a few seconds Brock realized that it was an insult to his tiny brain and took hold of the situation, and quite literally, I might add. “What did you just say to me you little screw ball?” he said picking me up by the collar of my shirt lifting me up and putting me against the stop sign, which was even a few inches taller than him. And that’s when I did the unthinkable. The one thing I swore to my family that I would never do again. And the one thing that has gotten me beat up so many times without me putting up a fight. I hit Brock Smith in the face with all my might rolled up into my arm, to my wrist, to my hand, to his cheek. He dropped me and I ran! I ran and I ran all the way to school. If there were any moving cars I passed them within a second. This was one of the many perks of being pushed around by Brock Smith your whole life. You learn how to run like heck.
In The Garden

Blood red is not like a bitter shadow,
But raw and beat into an ugly smooth sea
That screams from the sweet rose garden;
Sprayed the color of death.

If only he had shot into the forest,
Not the gorgeous girl in her favorite pink dress.
You may ask why we watch him cry,
Drunk with guilt and sorrow.

She was his friend.
She was his hope.
She was his rock.

And now she is his end,
She is his guilt.
And she is his death wish.

His clear tears mixing with blood splattered roses,
Creating a mixture of sour circumstances.
Creating a death potion.
Creating a bullet.

When he turns himself in he is stiff from:
Long nights of cleaning,
Prepping,
And guiltful thoughts haunting his every move.

He was allowed to go to her funeral.
When he saw her coffin he fell to his knees.
The flower of choice in her coffin was roses.

When he saw her roses loosely gripping the roses,
He noticed that the roses had drops of red mixing
With the soft pink petals.

He is still haunted by the roses that never accept red paint,
But they accept blood,

They
  Only
  Accept
  Revenge.
Titanic: The VERY Sinkable Ship

Momma says that everything is going to be okay. That everything will be okay. We lay still next to each other while listening to the water streamed into our room from the door. She tells me to go to sleep and that I’ll need it in the morning, but I already know that I don’t really need my sleep. Because if I go to sleep I know that I will never wake up, and I will be trapped in an eternal dream.
Cool and clear turquoise

I am the ocean waves
against the shore.
Lapping against the toddler's
feet as she shrieks with joy

I am the sky
when the sun's at its
highest peak.
Little white puffs obscuring
the bride's view.

I am the walls
of the widower's room.
Cheering him up
with every look he gives me.

I am the newborn's outfit
as the proud mother
carries her first born
out of the hospital.

I am the marker
that brightens
the page that the first grader
is coloring to give to his mama.

I am cool and clear turquoise.
I am the color
that you dream
of on hot summer days.

I am many
different things.
I am what you want me to be.
Embarrassment

I’m the time your pants split in front of the entire class the way they laughed at you and made fun.

I’m what happened when you fell center stage. Remember how everyone looked at you with mock sympathy.

I’m the snapshot of you with your mouth wide open that ended up in the yearbook for everyone to see.

I’m the time you thought you were cool and tried to jump over the fence. Remember how this one ended with you lying on the ground hoping wishing praying that not a soul had seen.

Then you found out that everyone in fact had seen the way you had thought you were cool and had landed on the ground.

I’m the feeling that you get when something didn’t go just right. My name is embarrassment and I’ll find you morning, noon, and night.
What Makes Up Me

Alone.
That’s what I am.
People never come to see me
or the place where I am.

Weary.
Another thing that’s me.
I am tired from
the silence that
settles around me.

Ok.
That is me.
I am feeling fine
thank you but
the answer you get is ok.

Different.
Yep that’s me.
I’m unlike all of you
and none of you are like me.
Strong.
I’m that too.
I have to be
in order to deal
with this whole world.

Determined.
Another added to the list.
I will always do it
no matter who says I can’t

I am all of these things
and so much more.
You ask if I want to change it
that answer is a simple NO.
**Soulless Bears**
The light cannot penetrate
The darkness welcomed
   Without conscience
   Without thought
   Without motion
Death

Staring into the pits of eyes
Arms that are like ears
And the legs, stumps
   Without worry
   Without notion
   Without soul
   Without mercy
Murder

Pale as a ghost
Silent as a scream in space
   It comes
   It takes
   It devours

Motionless in sight
Faster than you blink
   You’re gone
   You’ve died
At the hands of a bear without soul.
The Block

And here I am again
Writing and writing
but nothing coming to mind.

The block
stuck in the path of the story trying to take shape.

The block
trapping me in this jail cell of emptiness

The block
leaving you void of ideas
and no one able to help you

The block
telling you “STOP!
Don’t go on!
Leave it be!”
Until you give in to it.

Block
Writer’s block
The perpetual void ever preying on us
Sucking our ideas and inspiration.
Block…

Block…

Block…
Fallen from the Sky

The sounds the forest surround me; the soft singing of the avians, the occasional cry of dying prey, and the whistling wind brushing over the small holes on the side of my head equivalent to ears.

I stand erect as my rider comes up. “Alagra,” he tells me. “Ready for the patrol?”

“Yes,” I respond, my voice in the deep rough voice of my kind (the Oizara despite my being female.

“Then let’s go.” Sioan climbs on my back and I take off through the forest. I love the feeling of the wind on my slick, scaly skin as I run faster than the Etani (our riders) could ever dream of keeping up to. The trees blur as I race to the cliff. I time my speed so I slow at the exact moment so I’ll stop right at the edge of the cliff.

As we look out into the distance, Sioan tells me, “I really hate when you do that. Why do I have a feeling that you’ll be the death of me?”

“It’s because you just don’t understand the thrill,” I tell him and let out a small laugh.

“You just don’t know when to stop, do you, Alagra?”

“You don’t know when to take risks, Sioan.”

We both laugh for a couple minutes until the wind suddenly picks up. Sioan shields his face with his hand and tries to find why the wind is blowing from over the cliff.

A light up in the sky (that isn’t the sun) starts to fall down through the sky. I turn my head and look Sioan right in the eyes. He nods and I turn around race back to the base and to the elders; if anyone knows what should be done, it will be the elders.

We race into the base and find the elders in the middle of a meeting, but this will be much more important. “Elders! We bring news from the patrol!”

Listaron, the eldest of the elders, says, “Well, what is it that is so important that you had to interrupt our meeting to tell us?”

“Please, sir,” I tell him. “We made it to the cliff and, well this large fiery… thing came falling out of the sky! Whatever it is, there’s a danger to going around it! We must do something!”

“I’m sorry, Alagra, but we don’t have time to investigate something that did not happen on our land. Now, go and finish your patrol.”

Sioan and I glare at Listaron but leave the elders to their own.

“I believe you,” a small voice says. We turn to see a young female Etani standing watching us. “No matter what those stupid elders say, I’ll believe you.”
Anotidaishe Chikunya

Quiet White

I am the herd of clouds grazing the afternoon sky
The cool feeling as you ice cream melts onto your fingers on a hot day
The flimsy foam on the oceans surface
I am the sugary sweet taste of cream and vanilla on your tongue
The welcomed sign of aging in your hair
The gentle cold of snowflakes tumbling and breaking and penetrating your cheeks
I am the sugared smell of white peonies in the summer
the ivory gown of the newlywed bride
I am the feel of a blank page beneath your hand as your sharp tools stain me with words
I
am
quiet
white.
Titanic Child

Be steady they warn,
as the numbing cold waves rush towards my bare skin
Be careful they cry,
as the China shatters and the wood splinters
Be still their raw throats scream,
as the boat begins to tilt,
as the water rushes past my bare legs and onto my skirts,
Be alert they caution,
as the gates bounded and secured start to disappear in the black sea pooling into the crowded area where they jailed us
Don’t drown they whisper softly,
I won’t
as our heads vanish under the water that has risen past my bare legs, soaked my skirts and into my lungs.
They don’t even know my name is my last thought as I break that promise,
and drown
For the unsinkable is sinking.
Will you wait for me?

I shot a quick glance behind the car. I crouched even lower, my sweaty hair clinging tightly to my face. Perspiration crawled slowly down my face, and down my shirt and I scrunched my eyes shut willing my pursuer to have lost me. My chest heaved, and my breath came out in short hard puffs. I pried my eyes open and pushed myself up and began running again. The burn of my muscles contracting, making my body even warmer if possible. Not daring to even look back. I didn’t want to die, not yet. I had way too much life left to live.

I gasped and my eyes shot open, my dry mouth open, hastily searching for air. My sheets were damp with sweat, and my covers had somehow made themselves across the room, strewn on the old rocking chair in the corner, which was suspiciously rocking slowly. The searing pain in my chest was almost too much to bare, I inhaled deeply, desperately trying to calm my frantic. I caught a glimpse of myself in the dresser mirror. I gasp sending hot spikes of pain through my chest. My heart jumped out of my chest and was now doing a silly dance on the floor, and It wasn’t because I looked really pale and drawn or that I was breathing like I really had been running, but because scrawled on my mirror in what looked like- dare I say- blood, said;

I’M COMING For YOU:)

To be continued...
Sad Story.

---

Hello, I had a friend named Dustin, I won’t explain everything, but I’ll tell you the story.

It was the 1st day of summer break, I was very excited. My friend Dustin, and I, had planned out, everything was fine, we ran around the neighborhood, as our little feet clatter against the cold, cement ground. We went swimming, biking, pulled pranks on people we hated, and, then, there was a new kid, he was a jock. He hated emo’s, and goth’s. This was when the fun changed, the new kid’s name is Jake, and he started bothering Dustin, about how he looked. Dustin wore thick eyeliner, and dressed in all black, and red. Dustin just ignored Eric, and the bullying got worse.

A few weeks passed, and Dustin had stopped hanging out with me. I thought about calling him to see if he wanted to hang out. But when I got the courage to call him, it was his parents that answered… “Y-yes…?” they said, it sounded, as if they were crying, “This is dawn,” I replied, “Is Dustin there?” I asked, there was a long pause, when finally his mom answered, “Dustin’s… in the hospital…” I hung up, and started crying. I got up, after an hour of crying, went to the hospital, and asked the lady that sat at the desk, where I could find Dustin’s room, after she answered, I thanked her, and quickly ran to that room.

After, what seemed to take hours of running, I finally got up to Dustin’s room, only to find it empty, I bit my lip, drawing blood. A doctor came by, and told me, that Dustin had died from suicide. I felt my face burning red, and tears started filling my eyes, as my vision slowly went blurry. ‘NO!!!’ I thought to myself, ‘Summer’s not over!!!!! Please Dustin!!!! Come back!!!’ I thought to myself, and broke down, “Why…?” I mumbled, the doctor offered to take me home, “No thanks,” I say, I got up, and went to Dustin’s grave, I stared at Dustin’s grave, and started singing “Lost it all” by Black Veil Brides, it was a good song, and I had lost it all, I lost Dustin, my one true friend, that I had told everything to… I laid by his grave stone, and slowly fell asleep.

 año passes by

It had been a year, the same day that Dustin had left my life, it was painful to think about, but, Dustin’s in a better place, at least, I hope he is. I texted Dustin’s phone, telling him I missed him, “Please, Dustin…” I began texting his phone, “Please, birthday aren’t the same without you, then again, nothing’s the same without you…” I finished texting him, and this appeared back, “Error, this number has been disconnected, please, retype the number, or try again later, thank you for your time.”. Tears welled up in my eyes, and I started crying again, this time, it didn’t stop, I cried into my phone like those anime people you see in the movies, I threw my phone at the wall, and watched it shatter. I trashed my room, shattering every piece of breakable thing that I could find, and finally, I saw a picture frame that Dustin had made me in our craving that we were expected to make. I smiled at the thought that he took his time making that for me. I held that frame later that night, and slowly, drifted to a deep sleep as the darkness took over me….
suicide room sadness. *dominick, and alex* fanfiction

it can’t rain forever, that’s all he said to me before, disappearing into the dark, silent, deadly, broken street area. i walked home, and sat on my bed, the tears streamed down my face, as i rethink everything that me, and “him” shared, i wrote in my notebook, “why is it a painful? why did this happen to me? the voices in my head tell me different things, but the voices in reality tell me not to get involved with the inside.” i threw my phone at the wall, and cried into my pillow, he’s gone, isn’t he? but he still haunts me. his bright green eyes, and his devilish smile clouded my gains of thought of thinking that he was still here….

few years later

it was raining, yay. “i wish it would stop raining…..” i said to myself. “it can’t rain forever.”. is….is that….? it can’t be… i thought to myself, tears clouding my vision, and my face burning with hatred. i fall to my knees, and cried, i know he is gone, and where he wen i can’t go with, but if i can dream, than that can happen…right?. i ended my thought, and went home, i locked my door, and sat on my bed, refusing help, refusing to eat, and interact with other kids my age. knock knock. i refused to open the door, and i just sat in the corner, and cried, as the pit-er-pattering of the rain, hit my outside window, and rolled down like little tear drops. “i wish, it would stop raining…..” i said, and cried into my hands, dominick was gone (dead), and i was left alone. it can’t rain forever, that repeated in my head, as i rethought what it could mean. depression surrounded my thoughts, and i slowly passed out, dropping the glass on the ground, “it can’t rain forever,” i said, before my mind was clouded, by pure darkness.
dead garden

a garden grows beautiful,
as the sun comes out,
Roses brighter red,
the sky, shines brightly,

laughing fills the garden,
little feet pattering against the cement,
playing little kid games,
1…….2……..3…..

the fun comes to an end,
the pattering of feet becomes distance,
the games disappear,
and the garden is alone,

the garden, *WAS* beautiful,
as the sun, *BURNS* in the darkness,
the red, roses *FADE* to black,
ans the sky *GOES* smoky grey,

3…….2……..1
“Memories”
Little paper airplanes fall to the ground with a crinkle.
He picks them up and straightens them out for you.
You throw them again and again but all they do is fall.
Part of you sinks to the ground.
“I just want them to fly,” you sob.
He cradles you in his arms and holds you.
Now you try and remember every single detail of that day.
You grip his hand tightly and hold all of those memories.
You capture this one and keep it forever.
That’s the last time you remember him.
Just in a memory.
But gone,
Forever.
Magic all around you, and magic in your hands.  
The glimmering waters blind your soft white eyes. 
The smell of smoke fills your transparent lungs.  
While you lie on the ground alone and hopeless. 
You run to the dark crystal waters, and sink to the bottom. 
You let your body absorb all of the cleanliness. 
Like little tiny fish sucking every little piece of dirt off you. 
You touch the ground and feel the sand run through your fingers, 
as if the time were in your hands and it was running out. 
You let your mind and thoughts slip away, just as you did with him. 
Every day he slips farther and farther away from you. 
He still cares though, and tries to reach back for you. 
But you just sink to the bottom, alone and hopeless. 
He’s comes to you in your dreams and in your thoughts. 
Still at the bottom you suffocate yourself with his words. 
I love you. 
Knowing you feel the same way you deny it.  
Now he denies you, your love, and your hurt inside. 
He pushes you aside like an unwanted piece of the earth. 
And you keep sinking lower and lower past the depths of the water. 
You love him now, but there is no love shown. 
He doesn’t love you, 
and will never love 
You 
Again.
Madeline Steps
They’re the steps they take when she was only a year old, and they’re the steps she last took when she was ninety-two.
Everytime she walked she always wobbled.
Every step she took was different from the rest.
Sometimes fast and sometimes slow.
You always knew her footsteps by the way she trudged.
They way one foot stuck out more that the other one.
How she ran to you and into your soft warm arms.
She still comes to you in you dreams,
and you still hear her footsteps.
Like the way she trembled when she took your picture.
Or how she couldn’t stand in one place.
She was always so fidgety and antsy.
But every time she took small steps, those steps became bigger everyday.
And those big steps she took were away from you.
So now alone you stay,
Without her.
And without her footsteps.
Star Stuff

Let’s make faulty wishes
under flickering stars
we’ll wait for each other to burn out
light hissing out between our teeth
watching the expanse of darkness swallow it up
and give us back a cold shoulder
how are we supposed to cover this?
I couldn’t even reach the phone
the noise didn’t push through this space
the way your lungs will deflate
bringing nothing in
pushing nothing out.
so you will travel the world
inside of your own home
discovering anger and sadness that have been swept under old floor rugs
Ask more questions
you will never get an answer
you will never be content
you will search these things out
and discover things you do not want to know
and understand why you never got an answer in the first place
you will ask more questions.
And, as selfish as I am, I am bound to ask
“What about me?”
I don’t know myself as well as I know you
tell me who i am becoming because i can’t remember and that should be enough to tell you that no matter how
many stitches they put on my arms they can’t put any on my memories
they won’t stay together
the edges of this wound are getting further apart
numb pouring out like saltwater and soaking my skin
my skin which stings and that is what tells me that i am alive and that i am here so
why are they surprised when i don’t want them to take that away?
tell me how long they thought you’d last
tell me how long you thought you’d last
we are too young to die but we’ve lasted too long to start over and
the water is so cold
I am too scared to ask any more questions.
The numbness hurts my ears and brings tears to my dry eyes
Half dead, one foot in the grave and the other in a war zone,
Don’t put me back in this coffin, it’s giving me splinters
Scratching my back
stealing my comfort and blood and sleep.
This rawness,
this muffled screaming
blocked out by pillows and hands and “you’ll be okay”s
so loud that we burnt out too quickly
to even say
goodbye
split

There’s never been a thing to keep you from this
this numbness that forces your hands open
that forces you to spill out
the pills you couldn’t keep down
the swelling of your lungs and the shrinking of your limbs
your ribs knocking against your skin
your nails raking down the walls
air and words barely hissing out between your teeth
and this sharpness has bled through the paper
imperfect
“important”
    and you feel so
uncomfortable
    in your own skin
you feel as though you are
supposed
to live this way
to be broken
to split apart at your own stitches
like you are supposed to try and sew yourself back up
    in all the wrong places

your neck
your fingers
your lips

but you guess this is better than
not feeling anything at all
lifeless and ticking
and clicking
and making
your way down

but, even as a corpse,
at least you look good in red.
“‘Love’”

there is nothing wrong here
there is nothing wrong
there is nothing

I am numb and I don’t know how to tell you because I don’t have the words or the energy but that should be enough to show you it’s an obvious relationship between being empty and being empty

and there will be no state but peace

we will fall for a pair of pounding lungs resting around a breathing heart so
tell me so tell me why it doesn’t hurt to
tell you why it does hurt because there is
nothing that would stand between you and the stars and

sometimes

I wonder if you could tell them what stands between you and me

Tell me

Please don’t leave me in this silence

Its weight is deafening and this pain is deadening and my nerves are stretched across boundaries that you had no right to cross.

Tell me I’m not wrong as my fingers fly across the keys and

I can’t see

what I’m typing because my vision is

blurred

and I tell myself its because I’m
tired but it’s because

you are in the way

sadness is in the way

tears are filling my eyes and I blame it on staring at the computer too long because in

reality I’ve been looking at this blank document for longer than I’d like to admit.

This is more accidental than it could possibly be and I don’t want you to remind me of that because everything is careful right now everything has to be careful right now because this can be shattered and I dont want to cut myself on the shards when we’re done breaking

I only miss you when you’re around
tell me where we are

You aren’t around.
Down... the way I felt after the devastating tornado blew through the town. Skyscrapers crumbled, trees flew through the air. And as people ran from the tornado I knew had to find shelter.

I ducked just in time as a stray cat flew towards me being sucked in by the terrible twister. I soon found shelter in a nearby cellar that was filled with canned foods. But...

The tornado ripped by and the cellar doors came off their hinges. The tornado’s force started to grab me at my feet, but I clung to a built in shelf. As I held on for dear life, a can of pears hit me head on. My grasp slipped.

The rest I can’t remember but as I walk down the abandoned and wrecked streets I couldn’t help but feel alone. Down... everything had crumbled down. I tripped on a rock and fell to the ground. As I hit the dusty, and broken earth I realized that the word down stated everything that had happened lately. Down.
What Am I?

I am the blanket that covers what you have forgotten,
I am the layer that sits beneath what you remember,
I am the comfort for the things left behind or stored away for another day,
I am the ever spreading population you try to wipe away,
I am the bunny under your bed, under your couch, and under your ottoman,
I am in the corner nestled between what you don’t want others to see,
I sit still,
    until you swipe me away,
    and I float in the air,
    a mass of tiny particles,
    I am the grey you see everywhere,
    inside; outside; under; above; and around,
    My tiny voice cries out, “What am I?”
The Freeze Pt. 1

“Hermano, tiene frio.” I said.
“I know you are cold Nigel I am too, but now that we have escaped you need to speak English.” My brother Louis said.
“I know, but Spanish is easy and I can barely speak English—"
“I will help you with English, but we can’t afford to be sent back to that awful place."
“Oh, so where…” I pause trying to think of the next word, “Where… are we?”
“We should be in southern Texas, but why is it so cold? Shouldn’t it be about 78 degrees?”
“I don’t uh… kano—"
“Know, the word is know. Like no but with a silent k.” my brother corrected me.
“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe we should look for some loca- luca- uh?”
“Locals?”
“Yeah, locals! Thanks.”
“Your welcome. So which way other than south should we go?”
“North, I uh… gue- gu-, guess. Further away from the border.”
“Good thinking little brother! I can’t believe I didn’t think of that.” Louis said.
As we traveled further north it seemed to get colder. Soon Louis saw a building and we rushed toward it. We found the door and knocked. No answer. We knocked some more then finally Louis just pushed the door open. We went inside. I wish we hadn’t. There lying on the ground were five frozen skeletons, one which looked half eaten.
“Ahhhh,” I screamed, “Hermano, Louis… are those de- da- dee- dead people?”
Instead of answering me he said, “Lets get out of here.”
We ran out and saw another building we looked in a window and there were three similar frozen skeletons huddled together. We did the same for four other buildings each with multiple frozen skeletons. Finally we gave up and talked about what was happening.
“Brother? Is it getting colder?”
“Yes, I saw a thermostat, it is 30 degrees.”
“Oh, where do we go from here?”
“I don’t know maybe we should head east and look for more towns.”
“May- Me- Maybe,” I said shivering.
“Ok let’s go.”
We started walking east, away from the setting sun. I noticed to the north in the distance, possibly a town, a lot of frozen structures. I forgot about it when Louis said that he saw a man. We ran towards where he saw him and there was a man but…
“Ahh! His… his… face!” I screamed.
His face was mostly gone like it had been eaten. He was hung on a noose tied to a tree branch. The one person we found not frozen was hung, and partially eaten. I ran to the side of the tree and tossed my lunch.
“Brother where are we that people are frozen or hung?” I wailed, scared and scarred.
“Brother where are we that people are frozen or hung?” I wailed, scared and scarred.
“We must go come on.” Louis said again not answering my question while pulling me, “This place is forsaken, forget him and lets go!”
Again we ran but alas I fell down tired and exhausted, scared and afraid. My brother decided to sit down and rest. We soon fell asleep. When we woke up there was a vulture nearby at first we thought it was alive, but it was frozen in mid peck.
Collin Gentry

NEPTUNE BLUE

I’m the light
I’m the gentle, foamy waves
And the sparkling tides.

I’m the dark
The shadowy, cold depths
Where even sunlight refuses to enter.

You do not know me well,
But I welcome you.
I wait for you to come and stay,
So I may caress you with my gentle waves and let you lay on my soft beaches.

Or, you may wish to go deeper,
Down, where the light leaves and the warmth is crushed.
Here, you get no mercy,
For you aren’t meant to be here.

So swim back
Back to the light and warmth
Back to my gentle waves and soft beaches
And forget about my other side
Forget about the darkness and what sleeps there
Enjoy the light and be happy
And forget about what lies beneath.
TITANIC WRITING

Thump, thump.
One by one, the dim lights shut off, abandoning me to the wintry darkness. Murky tendrils of frigid air caress me, chilling my bones and painting my skin with layers of frost.

Thump, thump.
Up above, the prosperous and wealthy clamor, arguing and shouting above the violin’s piercing wail. Wood creaks and ropes snap as the opulent ride to salvation upon white lifeboats.

Thump, thump.
My heart pounds in my ears, struggling to warm me against the frosty ocean lapping at my feet, ready to drag me into its icy depths. The water’s spray leaves tracks of ice against my skin, and my body aches from shivering.

Thump, thump.
Metal rattles, and I hear shouts of help down the hall, coming from the gate. The gate, condemning us with frozen bars, dooming people like me to lurk in the darkness where the water rises above your ankles and the cold is almost palpable.

Thump, thump.
A crack shatters the inky blackness, followed by two more. The burning scent of blood and gunpowder claws its way down my throat, carried by the screams of my friends.

Thump, thump.
I curl up in a blanket, but the cold awaits me, like it always does. Cold in the freezing gate, cold in the cursed sea, cold in the salty air, cold in the hearts of the men who locked us down here to die.

Thump, thump.
The floor grows ever steeper, and I slide off the wet tiles into the biting chill of the ocean. I gasp from the shock, and salty tentacles of water surge into me, filling my lungs, my heart, my body.

Thump, thump.
My vision grows black, blacker than the pitch-dark hall, blacker than anything I’ve ever seen, blacker than life. It swallows me in its gaping maw of shadows, and suddenly, I’m nothing. All that’s left is the cold… the cold… the cold…

Thump, thump.
Thump, thump.
Thump, thump.
Thump…
Mist swirled deep within the Doomed Valley, curling tendrils of fog writing as if grasping at the world, ready to tug it down into the valley, to be at the mercy of the horrors lurking within. Past the curtain of forbidding white, shadows jumped by, dark creatures haunting the valley, ready to pounce. Deep howls and inhuman screams permeated the clear night air.

Past the monsters and nightmares in the valley, standing on a damp, moss-covered rock, was a man. Wrapped in a thick black coat, only his face, with its jagged scars and blood-red eyes could be seen. In one gloved hand, he held a dark stone knife. In the other, the man tightly gripped a human heart.

Breathing deeply, the man jumped down from the rock and hiked through the thick vines and ferns, into the heart of the Doomed Valley. Many haunting evils watched him through the mist, but none approached him. When the man finally reached a clearing in the thick underbrush and skeletal trees, he gazed upon the scene.

In the clearing was a massive crack in the earth, from which spewed an almost tangible darkness. Near the crevice was a bloodstained altar of cracked obsidian. Feeling the slightest bit nervous, the man frowned. He recalled what his master told him, all those months ago.

“Now Menrak, listen,” he had said sternly. “You were given this amulet because I believe in you. You must find the Ancient One. It’s the only way to bring forth everything we have worked for all these years. Now go. You must fulfill your destiny.”


Rushing Waters
Engines Humming
Engines Humming
People Snoring
Engines Humming

R I I I I I I I P
Water Rushing
Stokers Swearing
People Waking
Water Rushing
Stokers Drowning
People Moving
Water Rushing
Captain Waking
Captain Leading
Water Rushing
Crew awoken
Smokestacks smokin’
Water Rushing
Crew is Rushing
People Rushing
Water Rushing
Engines Choking
Third-class Filling
Water Rushing
Engines Failing
People Flailing
Water Rushing
Engines Dead and
People Dead and
Water Rushing
Lifeboats Lowering
Water Rising
Water Rushing
Children Crying
People Dying
Water Rushing
Lightbulbs Flickering
Pulses Quickening
Water Rushing
Mothers Clamoring
Bows are Strumming
Water Rushing
Ship is Tipping
People Tripping
Water Rushing
Lifeboats Gone and
Hope is Gone and
Water Rushing Water Rushing Water Rushing
Cold
Cold
Cold
Cold
Aether
Above me, Air.
Beside me, Water.
Below me, Earth.
Within me, Fire.

Bedtime Stories
My dad read me Animal Farm when I was in first grade.
I don’t know what he was thinking-
I thought it was about cute animals.

Continents
Great Leviathans
turning in their sleep.

Dragons
They say salamanders emerged from fire-
lizards crawling from the embers.
Little Dragons
we crush underfoot.

Ford
I always found factories more beautiful than forest.
Factories are black and white-
forests a muddled grey.

Graffiti
I scrawl my name
on the bathroom wall.
A little mark for all eternity
or until they repaint.

Pyrite
He dug for a thousand years
and a thousand years
until he found his gold.
Fool.
Go.
See the world with new eyes.
Sail and fly and walk and run and drive and ride everywhere.
Explore everything.
Explore everyone.
Taste the salt of an ocean.
Breath the thin air of a mountain.
Sweat under the oppressive heat of the midday sun.
In the words of Hemingway: “Plant a tree. Father a son. Fight a bull. Write a book.”
And know that I will miss you
and will be eagerly awaiting your return (should you choose to return).
Go.
Inspiration

I search around, my eyes flicking from one object to the next, trying to find inspiration. What should I write about? Maybe the white walls with scratches and dents that see everything. Maybe the multicolored rug that always gets stepped on and never gets thanks. Or maybe, I will write about the bored writer, searching for inspiration.
I lean over and check the clock. 7:30 A.M. November 17, 3500. I quickly get out of bed and run into the bathroom. Today is the day that I get to start the Game! I think wildly. I get ready as quickly as I can and then run back into my room. Hmmm, what should I wear today? I go into my closet and start rummaging through clothes. Found it! I pull out my new color changing hi-low skirt. Now to find a shirt. I try on a few shirts but I can’t find one that looks just right. Oh I know! I’ll wear my new T-shirt that switches sayings! I run into the spare bedroom and dig around a little until I find it. I look at myself in the mirror. Perfect. I smile at my reflection.

“Honey, you’re going to be late!” My mom yells from down the stairs. “I’m coming Mom!” I yell back. I quickly grab my purse from off my night-stand and drop my phone in. I bolt down the stairs.

“C’mon honey, you don’t want to be late to your first day of the Game.” “I know, I know.” I say running to the garage. I press my hand against the passengers side door. The door pops open. “Lets go!” I say smiling at her. She clicks the cars on button and the engine starts up. “Go to the Game Starters Arena.” She says to the car. The car starts backing out and an image of the Starters Arena appears on the main screen. It was a big building, gray, probably about 50 stories tall. I clicked on the radio. Approaching Nirvana started playing so I turned it up. I started bobbing my head to the music. This is the life. I thought to myself.

It took about 20 minutes to get there. “We are finally here!” My mom announced. We get out of the car and climb up the stairs. When we get to the top we each put our hand on the door. “Melissa and Saffron Night, we welcome you to the Game Starters Arena.” “Thank you.” My mom said speaking into the little speaker that was placed in the middle of the door. “You two will now need to make your way towards the door at the end of the hall.” At that exact moment the doors flew open to reveal a long hallway with one single door all the way at the end.

We started walking. Once we were about halfway through, the doors shut behind us and all of the bright, overhead lights turned on. “Melissa you may wait through this door while your daughter Saffron must proceed through the other door once in the room.” The door opened and my mom took my hand, squeezed it once, and then went to go sit down in the waiting room, leaving me to proceed on alone. I slowly walked forward. Once I’m about two feet from the door, it swings open.
DONE

I’m done
Done with you treating me this way
Done with you acting like I don’t exist
Done with you making me feel like I don’t belong

I’m done
Done with you only thinking of yourself
Done with the tears you’ve made me shed
Done with the pain you’ve caused me

I’m done
Done being treated this way
Done forgiving you again and again
Done with YOU!
Two roads split.
I feel my conscience split as well.
You call my name beckoning me to follow the path with you.
My mind knows what’s right, but my heart doesn’t.
It pitys poor souls like you.
Tears spill out.
Memories tear apart.
I break down.
I was wrong, all along.
You strung me along.
Do I mean anything to you.
Or am I just nothing to you.
I hear you call my name gently with your voice.
Somewhere in that soft tone is poison.
And I’ve always known that deep-down.
You call my name again.
Two roads split.
which one will I take?
I know which one’s right.
I know which one’s wrong.
Hesitation stops me from the right path.
and steers me to the wrong path.

You.
I thought you cared for me, I guess I was wrong; after all I was on sale 30% off. Look i understand if you dont love me or i’m not your favorite flavor, i get it, I have always been pushed to the back of the freezer in the grocery store. But i thought you humans loved money, and i thought you also loved not to waste money, I guess I was wrong. I'm neapolitan ice cream, i'm an outcast and a poser so i've been told i always believed having more than one flavor would make me more popular, I guess i was wrong…again. Do i not understand you people correctly? I have watched frozen pizzas come and go all my life. I have watched children throw fits over candy bars. I have had friends picked over me, and I was brushed to the back each time alone with all of my unwanted clones. Wait what’s this I hear? The trunk of your car is lifting slowly your little child is clinging to your side chanting ice cream. Is this true you're not gonna let me die suffocating in the trunk quietly melting once again unwanted. but my dreams are coming true. wait why are you picking me up strange human lady? and taking me into your house and putting me in your FREEZER? oh well I guess this is better than melting.
When Pega-Death was younger it always sat invisible in the streets and watched the children of the earth play, something Pega-Death could never do. Pega-Death would come home each night to his warm house (mostly because his house was made out of lava rock) run into his room and lock the door, he then would copy the young childrens movements of what they did that day, he would dance around his room, talk to himself, and play childish games. He never was allowed to leave his home because he could accidently take peoples souls, so his guardian made a rule that he could only visit the human world if he promised not to show himself to the humans. Pega-Death was going to break that promise, he was going to show himself to the human children.

Pega-Death showed up to the park that next day invisible, he took cover behind an oak tree reassuring himself he’d be OK and everyone would love him. “Now or NEVER” he cheered using his unicorn horn to telepathically unveil his invisible sparkling magic cloak. Pega-Death smiled and walked to the children playing hopscotch; “Hey guys, can i play?” Pega-Death asked hope gleaming out of his unseen eyes hidden behind his sadistic looking mask. The children shook with terror “pl-please don’t hurt us monster” a boy cried, “M-M-MONSTER!!!!” a girl screamed. “N-No i’m not, please I just wanna play with all of you, I mean i’ve been watching you and all.” Said Pega-Death, “y-you’ve been watching us, Y-you're a psycho, a freak, a monster, a b-beast.” Screamed the boy in the checkered jacket Pega-Death can remember perfectly. Pega-Death couldn’t take it any longer he screamed a blood curdling scream and took off his mask revealing nothing but a black void of emptiness and a white light floating in the void, his soul. The soul suddenly went from a light white to a dark red, Pega-Death pulled out his soul and the kids looked at it in a trance. Suddenly the kids started to fade their souls absorbing into Pega-Death, Pega-Death put his mask back on and teleported back to his warm home in the parallel universe where he was allowed to be himself.
Grape Juice

I am the stain on your sundress
The feel of berries crushing between your teeth
The color of the last part of the sunset
The reminder of your favorite memories

But I didn’t start like this
I was simply a seed
A small thing waiting to thrive
Waiting to serve a purpose

And I grew to grape juice
and turned to the stain, feel, color and reminder of me,
Your Grape Juice
Heaven
Life is hard on earth
that’s why I chose heaven
So, I watch from above
until someone I love betrays me

They all start out grieving my death
Then they are forced to drift back to reality
Only to stop by every once in a while
and soon they are over me
From there they replace my presence either with new friends or forgetful minds
And that’s when I regret

But still I know that life is hard on earth
that’s why I chose heaven
So, I watch from above
until someone I love betrays me again
Titanic Child

I lay hidden in a corner
not just any corner
a corner where watching is simple and living is impossible

So I cast a gaze across the boat
as Chaos turns to death
and a stinging shock wave of water turn into a sinking boat
but all I can do is wait until I don’t have to watch anymore

My lungs begin to throb and hurdling waves crash over my small body
but I realize I want to battle for my life
I want to live
and to go out into the open of the ship
where death is the new currency
and where I will be saved
because I am a titanic child
Chloe Jones

Noise is Taking Her

Flowers grew inside the girl of glass,
Her skin concealed in vines.
A blossoming tree settled in her chest.
A Mimosa flower bloomed for her heart,
The birds hummed in her ears,
Her fingertips held gentle roses,
As her mouth was sealed tight.
She was too busy with the world inside her,
She gave up on the ones around her.

"Love, you there?"

They tried talking to her,
But the birds got boisterous,
And the winds chanted.

"Hello? We miss you."

They cried from outside.
She beamed with happiness in her world,
But a vacant expression in reality.

"We love you."

Birds chirped, the wind sang,
And she sat right inside.

First Lines

• She sunk deeper into solitude like the ocean was her silence and her screams were dragged under with stones.
• I couldn’t look up with the words that conjured a bad taste settled in my throat.
• Myra sat on her bed with thoughts that left claw marks on her walls.
• “I don’t buy children behind gas stations, mom.” She hollered from within her room.
• She reminded me of a fluffy, fat cat, because I really loved cats, I thought they were cute and devilish.
• The movie was great until I saw popcorn coming my way, and I prepared for the saltiest tears.
• I could only get “hardcore” temporary tattoos when I lived at my moms.
• I didn’t want to live, because who would want their heart beat?
• She still looked gorgeous even when she choked on pork fat, but I helped instead of staring.
• She scribbled a mask on my swollen face.
• Faces weren’t needed in a place full of blind fools.
• My couch in my room made my mother uncomfortable, but it kept her out like a repellant.
• My room was like a cage I locked from inside.
• I couldn’t put headphones on, I had a fat head.
• The tree couldn’t hold my secrets as it started to droop.
• She used to love cats and their whiskers but whiskers became whiskey and she wasn’t okay.
• She took a needle and stitched up her lips that spilled too many words she wanted to hold back.
• I am not a writer, and it is as simple as that.
• The stairs to heaven felt like hell, because your voice was an earthquake that threw me down them every second of every day.
• In kindergarden I felt like a king when I used scissors that have a pointy end, and I think I put it on my resume for Walmart.
• My friends laughed one time in high school when I got really nervous and wrote something that is one letter different from books.
• Brother’s liquor gave the boy bruised cheeks and nightmares.
You know there is a problem when reality is scarier than her nightmares and she wants to sleep forever and more.

I couldn’t sleep with everyone whispering in my ear, but that was the usual even when I was alone.

She still looked gorgeous even when she choked on pork fat, but I helped instead of staring. Her coughs and sputters made me anxious as my mother and father screamed at the sky to help her. We were all just screaming and crying when the pork fat finally flew and smacked the wall. It’s little “pfft” sound created the silence as it fell. She was coughing on the floor as I patted her back. She was a trooper, and I knew because I was the one who dared her to eat it. I probably will look back to this day and cringe, but right now I think it is totally worth it. She isn’t dead which is a plus for all of us. Imagine what would happen in court. The judge would be like, “This girl died because you dared her to eat a piece of pork fat?” and I would be like, “I did it for the laughs.” That would be a strange way to start being hated by everyone. She finally got up and said, “Give me the five bucks.”

“But you didn’t eat it all the way!” I whined. “Look over there!” I pointed at the slobbery meat ball on the floor. She narrowed her eyes with a smile. Even when she was angry with my nonsense she still smiled just so I could be happy. I knew she wanted to strangle me and she didn’t even have to say a darn thing. I believe this is true love, but I won’t ask her out until we are in a perfect spot and I have taken down every single competition I have. I am a jealous idiot, I know this. I just know that I won’t be able to get someone so perfect until I clean my act up.

“Give me the five bucks. I swallowed what I could.” She said putting her small fist. I sighed then handed her five bucks. She shoved it in her pocket while my parents were over still hyperventilating. I turned to them and said in the friendliest manner I could,

“Thank you for dinner. I am going to clean up then we are going to go ahead and go. Sorry for scaring you guys, but she didn’t die so I think I was mature about that situation.” My mother is shaking her head as my father just tells us to leave. I shrug as we run out the door and jump into my car. She slides into the front seat as she goes to close the car door slapping my cheek with her hair. It smells great, but I can’t really identify it, but I think it is some type of soap that says like “This treatment of your hair cares, girl!” Then a few pictures of random fruits and flowers.

“What are you doing?” She asks as I lean back on my side.

“I don’t know, but I think you should do it too.” I say so she will embarrass herself too. She leans over and sniffs my hair then jumps back a bit.

“You smell like a dog, but a cute dog. Because when people have cute dogs they are like this dog smells but it is super cute so it doesn’t matter.” She says making a big deal over the smell of regular dogs and cute dogs. I start the car and drive listening to her rant on how someways we smell like a regular dog because we are sad. Yet we are still loved, because no one should hate a sad dog. She goes on and on as I take streets I don’t know where they lead as she continues. After a while she stops then looks at me confused,

“Where are we? Oh man, did I distract you?” She says covering her face and I shake my head as I see her street out of the corner of my eye.

“I just thought we could drive a bit more since I took a wrong turn, sorry.” I say getting ready to turn on her street. My heart drops when we pull into the driveway. Her smile brightens the car or maybe that is the car door lights. Well whatever it is I like seeing it.

“See you later! Thanks for dinner, I didn’t want to cook in the least bit!” She yells before closing her door. I sigh then take out my phone.

“I am changing your contact to Pork Fat Girl. Just so I won’t forget, crap I even suck at doing this stuff while I’m alone. Nevermind, I am just going to stop talking to myself and keep you as the same contact, Roxy.” I drive off as I see her shadow walk in her living room and then I see another in her bedroom as the lights go off.
“Rangers together, friends forever”

We made a good team. We never left each other’s side. You fought crime with me and became a criminal with me. We were the inseparable Rangers of Light. We defended other heroes, the city, friends, family, even enemies and foes at times. We had it all and then I left. I didn’t mean to, I couldn’t stop it. I was dragged away from you. I begged you to be my escape. I didn’t want saved by you and you knew it. I thought that I could save myself and that I didn’t need help. All because of my mistake, we were ripped apart. I should have listened to you and now I regret not listening to you. I try not to live in the past but it was my fault and now we’ve grown apart. If I could take it back, I would. Now I put both of us in danger. I had to find a way to make it up to you somehow. This was the only way to make it right to you. I can’t do this anymore- all the running and hiding. I have to go to the other side and work for the enemy. You may not like it but it’s the only way. No matter what happens- what I do- just remember, “Rangers together, friends forever.”
“Drop of Gold”

I am a drop of light
I am ready for the flight
You take me to your house
Say I am more priceless than your million dollar blouse
I am beautiful to you humans
I have been here for years
Being stepped on by men and women
I have kept here, held by fears
I have been here ever since I was made a form
Here I sat and then here I was torn
Torn from my home
Torn from my birthplace
Torn from everything
And now here I sit
Sitting on your dresser
Afraid to move lest I fall
To be picked up
Put into pet’s and children’s mouths
So here I sit
On your dresser
Afraid to fall
Ready to be made into jewelry
So here I wait
For the faithful day
Until I am no longer a drop of gold
“Lyric Water Dance”
You dance to my rhythm
You dance to my rhyme
You dance like a fool
You dance all the time
You dance so much, it makes me sick
If only I could dance to my music so thick
My sweet music to go with my sweet dance
And how this music makes you prance
You are majestic, like a horse
You move so swiftly through each course
I see you laugh with your partner now
And I watch as you both take a bow
If only I was so lucky to dance
If only I could take a chance
I restart the music, always at the end
Just so I can watch him hold you again

   Off again, on your feet, you go
   He acts like he has to defend you from a foe
   He looks at you like your his life
   Maybe it’s because someday you’ll be his wife
As the music ends, you both stand in the perfect stance
   I wish I could dance
   I really wish I could
   But right now, I’ll help you dance
   Because you two are really good
Jennifer Lochhead

The Exciting Seasons

The spring is quite exciting
   It really truly is
Nothing's more enticing
   Than a gentle soft wind

The vernal scent of growing grass
The sight of glowing trees
The raindrops scatter like broken glass
   The water one shall seize

The summer is quite interesting
   It really truly is
The sunshine is infesting
   The paleness of your skin

The splashing of the pool waves
The melting of your ice cream
   I really wish it would seem
Summertime for days

The autumn is quite golden
   It really truly is
The warmer leaves of season
   Blanket the faded ground

The leaves so rich with red and brown
The leaves will much more flutter
The crunching sound beneath your feet
   The noise will once more sputter

The winter is very chilly
   It really truly can be
The wind is howling silly
   Among the frozen birch trees

   The blinding snow
The covered paths
   Don't know which way I'll go

The seasons change from time to time
   The cycle is a show
Melting Ice Cream

I’m outside in the sunshine
   It’s really very nice
   I only live a short time
   Because I’m made of ice

My chocolate chips are breaking
   My mint is turning green
   A spoon that’s pink is taking
   A chunk right out of me

   I’m turning into liquid
   I’m melting pretty fast
   My cream is turning into mush
   Don’t know how long I’ll last

A tongue is shooting towards me
   It’s coming down to lick
   But as of what I see
   I’m being eaten, quick!
Home Alone

Creak... I hear a creak... I'm asleep in my room, when suddenly, I hear someone coming up the stairs. "Good night," A calm whisper says, “Don't let anyone kill you...” I relax and start to fall back to sleep, smiling, knowing it was just my guardian returning home. I'm almost asleep, but then I pop my eyes back open when I remember: I don’t live with anyone.
Jolie Martin

These feelings,  
they are much like the heaviness that rests on your eyes at night.  
Heaviness that you feel internally,  
the heaviness you can’t grasp,  
the one you can taste.  
You taste it on the tip of your tongue,  
and you begin to smell it. It comforts you,  
running its fingers through your hair.  
Through the dark, damp tangles.  
They make the tears dabble on your deep brown lashes,  
making them clump,  
it’s been weeks since they last talked.
Like a thunderstorm, you came at me unexpectedly.  
You rolled in quick, and didn’t stay long.  
Rain streaming down my face onto my pillow  
Lightning, flashbacks touching my mind and scarring my wrists.  
The thunder on those late nights, the unbearable heartache.  
and now, just like a thunderstorm, you have passed.  
But the sun has prevailed.
Little
Little hands, little people, little lockers.
Little assignments- never.
Little half broken pencils, the yellow kind.
Little splinters in my fingers, little trips to the nurse’s office, for little circular bandaids.
Little bus rides home, little kids behind me, kicking the seat with their little sketchers.
I come home to little feets, little giggles, little naps, and not so little screams.
Not so little changes to the family.
Mom doesn’t give little good morning kisses anymore, instead she lets little fake smiles paint her face, and faint I love you’s crawl through her teeth.
Things aren’t so little anymore.
Marissa McGaughy

“Raindrops”

The sky is crying
As clouds fill the sky
Maybe the storm is dying
Should I just say good-bye
   If I do
   Who can I count on
The sky is turning blue
As the day turns to dawn
The storm is not stopping
   Will it ever?
My teardrops keep dropping
This storm is so clever
As the rain comes down
   It stains my windows
   I start to frown
As I cry on my pillows
“Heart’s Desire”

You may think that I hold myself together
But really you hold me together
I am weak
You are strong
That is why I need you
Without you I am nothing
Without you I will crumble and fall
That is why I desire you
I am forced to fall
I am forced to crumble
That is why I want you
For this home is broken
There is no hope
We are lost
I am the weak one
You are the strong one
Holding me together
You have to need me
You have to want me
You have to desire me
I am broken
But slowly you are putting me back together
“Go To Sleep”

My mom is trying to convince me everything is fine. How can I believe her when all I can hear is glass shattering and water spilling in our room? I can hear people hollering and screaming. The clattering of peoples feet scurrying across the deck only make me wonder. “What are they running for?” As my mother is telling me to go to sleep, I can’t help but wonder “Why the ship is pivoting onto its side.” I can feel my mom is worried. I can see the fear in her eyes. She tells me once again to go to sleep. But I can’t, There is too much chaos upstairs. I can hear fear in peoples voices as they are bawling. But why they are all screaming is mystery.

I feel the mist of the water hit my cheeks. I am breathing the smoke from the electric currents. “What's happening,” I ask my mother. Once more she tells me to go to sleep. As I slowly start to fall asleep I can hear windows shattering, people yelling and screaming, and children crying. I can grasp the frigid water slowly drowning me. The smoke is now filling in my lungs making it hard to breathe. I want to get up and run but we are trapped. I can now taste the salty water. I can hear my mother crying. I can see the fear in my brothers eyes. I can hear the creaking of the wood as the door starts to break. I can sense the boat starting to turn on its side. The water is freezing cold as I start to go into hypothermia. The water is reaching my neck.

I grab for my mothers hand but its not there. I question where she is as I lay back down. As I lazily start to die I can only think about what happened. The sound starts to fade away. I start to lose my my sight. I can only now taste the salty water and iron. As the blood start to spill out of my mouth. I try to cough but only makes everything worse. I try to yell but no one can hear me. As I am dying I can’t do anything. I grab my brothers hand. My last thought is “Goodbye.”
Her sunburn was peeling, but she didn’t mind, she had already grown so used to discarding shed skins. The sneakers that grew tight against her barbie pink toes and the Miss-Me jeans that now fell short of her ankles all being forgotten. She had almost become too good at erasing history. You left thinking she thought about you, wanted you back even, but she would sit and peel off that first layer of the epidermis and think of anything except for how when you slept your body would jolt from your bad dreams, and how badly she wanted to wake you up, but knew she should just be there for you in the morning.

She kept stripping herself of the flaking skin to see her pale, untouched casing beneath. Casing you have not traced and kissed. She’ll tie all the loose ends, and get rid of all your secrets that you used UVA and UVB rays to scar onto her tough little heart. You have always handled sunburns a little more delicately, though. You’re probably coating yourself in aloe vera, hoping the burns will heal and leave you with a glowing tan. But you’re going to have to surrender that dead skin sooner or later.
Antibodies

What would I say to you if given the chance? That’s tough. I think I would start with how you’ve affected my future. You know I don’t even like to be in the same room with men. Men hold this

*psychological*

power over me. Almost all of them. Like they are something to be feared, or faced with anger. I don’t trust men, and the ones I do always turn out to be mirror images of you. I’ve learned to rely on myself, if you want something done right, do it yourself. I never had anyone I could run to every time your fist came down on me. I coped on my own. With anger. I acted out; I looked for love in all the wrong places, and I hurt the good people who were closest to me as well. Which in the end only made the situation harder for me. I have this problem with accepting love.

Good and loving people reach out to me and I face them with question and rejection. While quite the opposite comes when drugged-up junkies like you try to befriend me. Why do I do that? I know I’m doing it. I know that I could turn them down, but it’s almost like I can’t. Like how your body is made to fight diseases, you don’t control that, it just happens. Your body naturally deflects what’s bad for it. So why do I feel like my body is doing the exact opposite? It’s letting the disease win, its letting it take over. It’s supposed to notice you’re an infection, but it doesn’t.
Frostbitten Fingers

You can’t take frostbitten fingers and place them in the comfort of hot, steamy water. You’ll max out your nerve endings and lose feeling in your flesh.

Which is why I can’t love boys like you.

I can’t place my frigid frosty hands in your roasting fiery life. I’ve grown accustom to hard faces and street lit secrets of the south side and I can’t make the transition into your red Nike hoodie that still smells like you and joy ride in your Monte Carlo,

because... I have

frostbite,

and you bring me the warmth of a million stars, and I can feel my nerve ending reaching their max.

So I’ll watch you like you live on my tv, with your fabulous life, but always out of reach.
Emma Palmer

Pain

"I’m fine."

You say to your as the words struggle to come out deep within your throat. You stare deep into the eyes of the people that you have called your loved ones, seeing your reflection crying out, reaching out for something or someone to hold on to.

They don’t know what this pain is. The only pain that they have ever been through was scraping their knees or breaking a few bones.

This pain is worse. Much worse. This is worse than the one who you love telling you that it’s over. It comes so slowly, creeping up on you, and before you know it, it grabs you by the feet and pulls you down, never loosening its mighty grip over your chest, collapsing your lungs and stopping you from hearing your own heart beating so you can’t tell if you’re alive or not.

The hole that you are in is large and empty. Every time you scream out for help, all you hear is an echo within your chest. You try to find your way around but you’re unable to see what’s in front of you while you are alone in the dark with no light to help you through.

As you try to climb from the dark you’re crashed down by a waterfall of antidepressants, drowning you in a river of numbness, making you feel nothing but the rock hard pills crawling down your dried up throat and hearing the never ending growl that howls from your stomach, demanding to be pleased. With each breath you take you feel your lungs fill with smoke, burning you alive.

The door to your bedroom begins to lock you from the rest of the world. You begin to pry the door down with your own two bloody and broken hands, breaking your bones and tearing nails while trying to get out.

Your friends never realized that you lied to get out of every Friday night plan, and your family never figured out why you stopped talking. They don’t see that you’re breaking inside. Slowly cracking, like glass after getting hit by rocks over and over again. They stopped speaking to you, because how could they love someone who doesn’t already see something great in themselves?

You sit crouched in the hole, trying to block the voices spitting at you from every direction.
“Have you tried doing something that usually makes you happy?”

“Do you know why you’re so sad?”

“What’s bothering you? It’s my job to help you.”

Questions hit you over and over again. The same lie slips from your dry, cracked lips every time. The voices grow louder and louder. You cover your ears screaming for them to stop. Your voice raises louder and louder as you attempt to block the sound from crawling in your ears and forcing you how to feel because you can’t feel anything on your own.

“I’m fine!”

You scream yet you know that no one will ever understand this pain that grows inside. This pain is worse than getting a small paper cut or getting stung by a bee or two. This is the pain when you accidentally cut yourself with a sharp knife while cooking but you realize that no blood comes running out because you discover that you are nothing but an empty shell. You realize that you are nothing and never will be anything.

This pain, feeling, illness, whatever it is is what makes us who have it to die off. We are soldiers in a war fighting for our lives, and yes, some of us couldn’t fight anymore. We couldn’t stand this pain of knowing that we are slowly killing ourselves bit by bit, so yes they gave up. But there are some of us have hope.

We believe that someday we will be worth something. Dreams of having perfectly happy children linger in our minds, hoping they will never suffer from this deadly disease.

To see those kids smiling under the sun on a hot summer day and to be able to go out with your friends without being numb, yes, you have to fight. You decide to attempt to climb out of this hole one last time.

Feet slipping on mud along the way, bone, thin arms trembling while trying to pull your body weight up.

I can do this.

You keep saying to yourself but deep down you’re not sure if you’re playing tricks with your own mind.

But yes you can. Yes you can.

You don’t ask for help because no one is able to fix you but yourself. You’re pulling yourself out of the hole because you know that there has to be some way to get rid of this illness that toys with your mind, brainwashing you to do what it wants. You aren’t giving up because you are
a warrior. Nothing can bring you down. People abusing you with their words as hard as they can will never hurt you. Only you can hurt yourself. But you have to keep on trying, keep pulling yourself away until you find the light at the end of the tunnel. It’s worth the fight.

I’m Sorry I Feel This Way
SWORD

The clouds come rolling in
They’re dark with envy and fear
As darkness spreads through their veins within

They come hovering over the army
Who stand in their rusty, dry armor
The group stands close, wanting to win for me

Who shall stand there but the bravest knight of all
His armor, dark as the angry clouds hovering over head
The war begins as the first drops of rain begin to fall

Up he raises his sharp, rusty sword, fighting for his life
Thunder cracks the sky, creating streaks of light
For then the knight slashes his enemy, dreaming of coming home to his wife

The brave knights screams fill the sky, breaking the furious grey cloud apart
As he scanned the large battle field with red-rimmed eyes, discovering that all his companions were gone.
He felt his soul escape through his lips, for he had fought for them with all his heart

Down went the armored knight
For who fell with him, but his very own sword
His sharp, rusty sword
Maybe now he could finally see the light
You said you would do anything to keep me safe,
I looked up to you,
You were my hero,
I wanted to be just like you,
But then you gave me away,
You can apologize a thousand times but I know,
You will never change

You always told me to never give up on the things I love,
Then you went against your own word and gave up everything,
I trusted you,
I always believed you were perfect,
I gave you my love,
But you gave me nothing in return,
Except years of pain,
Your apologies will not change the pain I feel

You were my everything,
When you gave me up I couldn’t believe it,
I didn’t understand what I did wrong,
Was I not the perfect daughter you wanted?
Don’t apologize to me it won’t change the way I feel

It took me a while,
But my mind changed,
I realized it wasn’t me that wasn’t perfect it was you,
You made the mistakes not me,
I know you won’t change so don’t lie to me again,
I’m not listening to your apologies they won’t change a thing
Monster

I used to think you were perfect,
I looked up to you for support,
I Used to think you cared,
Now I am really seeing what you are for the first time,
A monster

I am realizing you never really cared about me, that it was all a lie,
To you I was a waste of space and time,
You never loved me or even tried,
I was an object not a person your eyes

You thought you owned me,
Let me tell you that you were dead wrong,
I am a person,
I have feelings,
Any I ever had for you are long gone,
AND SO AM I!!
Lie

Love is a wonderful thing,
I gave all of mine to you,
I thought you gave me all yours too,
Now I am sitting here wondering,
I realize it wasn’t true

You never loved me,
It was all just your game,
A lie,
A trick,
I fell for it,
You told me you loved me

You said you would do anything to be with me,
That was a lie,
I fall into your lies’ each and every time.,
All I wanted was your love,
But instead you gave me your lies,
I am done wasting my time,
So goodbye
As the flower shriveled in the moonlight, I knew I was going home. The vortex in the land around me opened like a zipper being unzipped on a jacket, opening for me to jump in to go to my home. My dimension. My work on this planet was done. It was time to go to the next planet. Coordinates: 5.83 galatrons away to the south-east, it was planet Earth.

As I jumped into the vacuum like portal, sucking me in I teleport back to my ship, in galaxy 28.3P. I clumsily walked to my radio, the gravity max on the last planet was 9 Nutragrams more than here, so I wasn't used to the change in gravity. Radio into the father ship, “ Trupe Mag come in, do you read?” my boss answers with a faint response, “ here Trupe Mag, Chief Valser, report?” “ Planet number P is neutralized. Ready to go to Planet U in the Java AAD spacial area, copy okey sir?” I say asking for the order. “ Yes, destroy Planet U in Java AAD. But be careful, you must descise as one of them, take over and destroy. Chief Valser out.” he said in a demanding voice, as usual but this time a little more, maybe a servant made him mad, oh well. “ Yes sir, Trupe Mag out sir.” I sign out as I punch in the coordinates to Earth.

I walk out of the ship, I see the sun beating down on me in the middle of a summer day. Since I was now caught up on my knowledge I know the ways of the human, so know I know what the people are talking about. I walk out of the trees into the park, and see all of the kids playing, I walk past them on the sidewalk of the streets in California. I walk the streets that I feel like I have walked for years back to the home I feel like I have lived for years, and fell asleep In my small bed next to my computer in my apartment.

I wake up the next day, feeling refreshed, and ready to go to work. I put on a black shirt that says “ its BUT-TER, you mad bro?” and a pair of shorts and my favorite blue converse, then leave my hair down after I brush it because as I look at the clock I saw it was 7:30! I was going to be late! I grab my purse as I ran out of my apartment and raced down the flight of stairs, as I rush on the busy California sidewalk, I can’t drive so I raced down trying not to bump into people. As I run a and feel someone grab my purse as the thin leather strap slips off my shoulder. I turn and yell to the man speeding by me. “ Hey! Thats my purse!!!!” I see another man race at him with amazing speed, as he tackles the man with my purse I run over to him and the man gets away, but the man who retrieved my purse walks over to me panting.

Hovering over me, he must have been a foot taller than me, my purse still in his hand. I look up at him as I look in his light brown eyes shaded by his light brown hair. He was staring into my Dark Sea blue eyes. His lips curled into a faint grin as they were moving, but I couldn't hear the words he was speaking for I was caught up in the beautiful stair. He blinked breaking the gaze of which seemed of for one thousand years. “ Hello? Are you ok?” he said in a deep voice, as I snapped out of my trance. “ Umm, yes, ya, uh, thank you for what you did back there.” As I started off stuttering as I finally pulled myself together. “ Well ok, umm, Hi, Im Mitch Hughes, and who might you be?” he said in the same calm, deep voice. “ I am Magdalena Duck.” I said In a quiet nervous voice. He snapped out of the “trance” by lightly shaking his head and holding out my purse, saying again in his deep smooth voice “ Oh, uh, here.” as I slowly grabbed it from his light grip, then I throw it back over my shoulder. “ Do you wanna get something to eat later?” he said asking for a date! I was freaking out in my head screaming at the top of my imaginary lungs, but on the outside I started out fine about to answer yes calmly, but my eyes widened and my focus straitened up. I was going to be late for work! “ Oh, no! I’m gonna be late! Umm yes, meet me at Starbucks at 11:15am! I gotta go!” As I turn around sprinting to work, not listening to Mitchs response, I think it was a yes. As I get to work its like I had been working there for years, I got my apron, clocked in, scaring me making me jump and my boss stood in front of me looking down a disappointed look sprawled across his upset face. “ You are late again Miss Duck! I can't have this anymore or you will no longer have services here.” He said in a very deep, harsh, evil-like voice. “ I'm s-sorry sir, I got my-purse s-stolen t-today I got it back though!” I said in a stuttered instant as he looked at me and saw how scared I was. “ Pull yourself together! You are too old for excuses!” He said in an even louder more angry voice than before. I looked at the clock on the wall to see the time, 12:45 am, “ He will be here soon!” I whispered to myself. “ What are you mumbling about now Miss Duck?”
he looked over at the clock that I was staring at and saw the time, “What, you got somewhere to be, someone to meet. That is apparently more important than a stable job Miss Duck?” “Umm, uh, no sir, its just i'm meeting a friend here later.” I answered without a stutter in my voice and so calmly. But then I snapped out of my thought about Mitch because my boss started to clap in front of my face saying “Miss Duck, wake up Miss Duck, get to work!” “Yes sir.” I said walking past him with my head down, over to the coffee machines.

Finally, of what seemed like forever, it was 11:15am, I looked over at the door a few minutes after expecting him to be a little late as everyone is in the world. and at 11:18am I see a tall figure walk through the door as a silent ring. A man in a red and black checkered hoodie, with light blue jeans, and red and white converse walked in. I saw his face, he had light brown hair wisped up in the air, and brown eyes that shined as the light from the opened door shined through and landed on him and it was the most beautiful sight anyone could have ever seen. I knew it was Mitch, I could never forget those eyes. He walked over to the table, and I went and took my brake. As I put my apron back on the hook and walked over to the table he was sitting at. “Hey.” I said with a small grin, but a big one in my mind. “Hey. you got here fast!” He said to me jestering to the seat across from him, I sit in the saved seat. “Oh, no, ya see, I work here.” I said not leaving the eye contact that we once shared before. For the next 20 minutes we were talking about his job and his friends and family, I told him I didn't wanna talk about my life so we talked about his. We had some things in common, we both like to play minecraft, but apparently he is a big YouTuber with almost 3 million subscribers. “Wow, I don't watch YouTube often, but I can't believe I never heard of you.” I said to him as he smiled and I smiled back. “Maybe we can get together this weekend and and play a little Modded Survival, maybe Hunger Games!” He said as he smiled through his teeth. “Ya that would be awesome!” I pulled out a piece of paper and wrote my number on it and gave it to Mitch. I could see so much joy on his face, and he could see it all over mine, almost like we were meant to meet each other. I look down at the time and my joyful smile was turned to a sorrowful frown. I told him I have to get back to work in my soft sad voice, looking down at my phone, then back up at Mitch. “Hey, its ok, ill see you tomorrow!” he said as I look at the date on my phone, It was friday! My smile was up again, as I looked back at him, “ Then I guess ill see you tomorrow then.” I said through my smile. I got up from the table, and he got up too, I gave him a hug, and he hugged me back. He walks out the door, and I walk back over to my apron, and throw it back over my head and begin work as normal again. But I got everything done really fast today and my boss said he wanted to talk to me. we walk into his office, he gestured me to sit. I sit down in the uncomfortable chair propped out in front of his desk. “ You wanted to see me sir?” I said to him calmly, not as I usually answer to him. “Yes, its about that boy that came to see you today.” he said to me and he looked sorta happy. “Yes sir, Mitch.” I answered to him, confused but I kept my smile steady. “ You may have been late today, but after your break, you seemed happy, and when the customers saw you, they seemed happy too, that boy, Mitch was it? Keep him with you, happy workers make happy customers, and happy customers make me happy. “ Will do sir.” I said as I probably looked really happy considering how happy he said I looked. But what is wrong with me? I still have to destroy the planet! I can't fall for it for me to just make it fall all together. Maybe I can just get my boss to destroy other planets, but not this particular one. “You are dismissed.” My boss said to me staring off into space. I get up, out of the chair and walk out of the office and put my apron back up on the hook, clock out, grab my purse and head out for the night. I walked the streets back to my apartment, and finally got to my small apartment, and got out my keys, I only had 2 keys and one of them was painted a dark purple with a green heart rhinestone on the back. I stuck the key in the lock, it fit perfectly, and I turned the key along with the knob. When I walked into the living room I set my purse on the table and left to my room and put on a comfy pair of pajamas as I walk back over to the couch and sit, as I turn the TV on I switch to Netflix to watch the next episode of Psych. Half way into the episode, my phone goes off. *Buzz* *Buzz* “I look to see who could be calling me at this hour, it was an unknown number. As I check pick up my phone I sit up straight and answer the phone, “Hello?” I said as if I knew who I was talking to, but I was scared. A deep voice was heard from the line, it was cheer ull and it spoke "Hey Magdalena! you still up?" It was Mitch, I automatically spoke in a voice that made him feel comfortable, “Hey Mitch, ya, i'm up.” “Cool, wanna play Minecraft.” I get up from the warm couch and turn off the TV and walk to my computer and turn it on, still on the phone with Mitch, I ask “What server?” He replied “Why not just a regular modded survival, no server?” I could tell by the way he said it that thats what he wanted to do. “Ya that sounds like fun!” as my computer turns on I type in my password, PowerKitty882, and log in, and get on MineCraft and go to Server, Create, and named the server Mitch and Mag, as Mitch Gave me the IP, I typed it into my server address box. “You will need the ‘Attack of the B Team’ mod pack.” Mitch told me as I logged onto google and downloaded the mod onto my MineCraft. I turned on Skype and I gave Mitch My username and we got in a call, as I was about to log in I turned on my recording, I record so I can keep the memories. As I joined the server I heard Mitch say something that sounded like an intro! Was he recording?! I got on the server and there was Mitchs MineCraft character next to mine but I could tell he was in F5 by the way he looked in the sky. I looked at his MineCraft character, it looked like him, with his hoodie, jeans, converse, and dogtag. I hear his into “Hey, what's goin on doods, it Mitch or The Bajancanadian, and i'm here with my new new friend Magdalena, and we are doing some modmed survival with the 'attack of the B team' mod, link in the description, and if to like the video at anytime, make sure to leave a like for my friend Magdalena here.” He said hyped up, and as he looks over at my character , with my bright blue eyes, bright pink hoodie, black skirt, converse like shoes, and my brown hair pulled around to the other side of my head. “What's goin on Magdalena?” he said as he looked me square in the face, “Great, how about you?” I answered him kinda nervous, “What's wrong Mag?” he said concerned. “You never said you were going to be making a video.”
answered looking back at him, “Well is it ok Mag?” he asked hoping for a yes from me, “Yes, of course, I was just confused at what was happening.” I he seemed happy for the rest of the time that we were playing, we collected wood and made a house in a plains biome, and we went mining, we found a lot of iron and I had a lot of fun. But when it was time, I heard a “Beep”, he did an outro, “Well its that time doods, but I hope you enjoyed this game of modded survival with Mag and I, please remember to leave a like and a comment if you doods like this and maybe we can make this a series if you guys want, and check Mags channel in the description, shes really great, and I’ll see you doods later, bye.” “Bye.” I said and he ended his recording, but not the call, but we were talking for a little while longer, I had to tell him some news, not THE news, but the fact I don’t have a YouTube channel, well I do, but I never posted a video. “Umm, Mitch?” I said to him in a weary voice that made him ask if I was ok “Ya, i’m fine, but I never posted anything on my Youtube channel, I never made and posted a video for the world to see.” I told him expecting him to be confused, but he wasn’t but flawed by the mishap, “That’s ok, we can start you one, then you don’t have to work at Starbucks, unless you still want to?” “Not a bit, no. But, you said for them to check out my channel and I don’t have anything for the to check out.” I saw his face in the call and he was trying to figure out what to do.” Did you record any of that?” He asked, hoping for everything to play out and it did, I recorded every second of that. “Ya, I recorded that, I recorded the memories, instead of remembering them!” I could see how happy he was that now I could have a channel, and we can play more often, “Well, then send it to me and I can edit it with a intro and you can post it tomorrow!” he said as I got on my e-mail, sending him the video, “Well we better get some rest I gotta work tomorrow, and I don’t know what you have to do, but I guess you have something” “Ya, you’re right, night” he answered to me with a yawn. “Night.” I waved good bye and ended the skype call. I turned shut my computer, walked to my bed and slept.

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**The Fire**

By: Jewell S.

As I ran by the sweltering flames of what was once my home with my friends, began the horrible story of how I practically didn’t make it out with my life.

The dinner was on the stemming stove, as it was boiling over and setting the house to a fire furno. I go to check on the boiling noodles in the hot pot on the stove that was once there. As the furnace like room burns and spreads to the dining room, I turn back to the living room where my two college buddies sit watching a movie, I scream to them “RUN!” as I sprint by. They were too late and were engulfed by the flames. As I stumble down the long hallway due to smoke in my lungs, I soon reach for my phone as I fall to the burning floor, fire running up my legs, burning like heat on a third-degree burn as I scream to the world of flames around me. I finally make it to the front door as a pry it open there is a group of worried people whose faces I can’t make out due to my lack of oxygen. I try to run to them but I can make it alone so the firemen took me to an ambulance, as the mist of the water they were using to put out my black house.

I see blood on my arms and legs as it streams down my face. They get me in the loud vehicle as all.goes.black. when I wake, I can hear, smell, taste, and can feel the touch of bandages around my scorched flesh. But I can not seem to open my fragile eyes or move my soft bones. And I want to yell to the people who are surrounding me with their conversations, about how I most likely won’t make it, I want to scream to them that I am here and I can make it, I want to, but I cant. That is the most important thing that I can do to save my life, but I cant. I overheard them saying that I was in a coma, and now I have been in one for the past three long painful months that seemed like many agonizing years, but I still lay here asleep to the world around me. When will I wake up from this terrifying nightmare, I may never.
“I hope your day is a dream come true!” I should have never said those words to her. Hi, I’m Trey Oslin, and I lost someone very important me with 9 hateful words.

It was a breezy fall morning here in Arizona, and me and my girlfriend, Samantha, were eating breakfast, talking about her dreams. She had a recurring dream of an house and a man. He seems pretty persuasive the way she describes him. She goes to the man gives her everything she wants. Her perfect dream boyfriend. It may be jealousy but I don’t like this. It is escalating. When she got done I had to go to the store, we need more milk. When I finally got home in my midnight black Jeep, I go inside. Just to be yelled at by Samantha. “Why did you leave me?! My dream boyfriend never left me!” So I think I’m being compared to a fantasy. “I went to get milk.” I told her in a soft voice, a little confused. “Is that all? My dream boyfriend would go get milk, bring just that plus a trip to Hawaii!” I’m just here thinking to myself ‘This is too far! I can’t take it! Its the same thing every day, she wants everything because her ‘Dream Boyfriend’ got it for her! Is this considered cheating?’ “Well if I can’t please you like your ‘perfect boyfriend’ what does you want?’” I told her sarcastically with a little concern. “For you to do better.” I looked at her with rage in my eyes. “I can’t be perfect! I’m trying, for you!” I told her to her pale white face.

“Well if you can’t please me, why don’t I leave for a day and find someone new?” She said with hope in her eyes, wanting to say yes. “You know what, FINE!” She looked at me and smiled, why was she so happy? I wish I would have stopped there, but I didn’t. “I hope your day is a dream come true!” I said almost in tears, looking at the floor. When I glanced up I saw the cheerful smile, wash away with two rivers of tears, flowing down her cheeks. I as well let a tear or two escape. But the way she looked at me you would think I committed a horrible crime.

She plowed through me, towards the oak door, and out in the beating wind of the cold fall day. She ran down the small hill and I close by. When I finally caught up to her tired, panting body, she turned to me and said “Just go! You said I could leave!” She out of breath with rage. I looked at her panting as well with moistened eyes. So many tears ran across her face. She pushed me back, losing my balance, she kept running. I was too tired to keep running, and with my pneumonia, I gotta go back. I reach the house and got my inhaler. One puff, two. I know my lungs are better, but my heart sinks 6 feet deep. I stay home, pushed me back, losing my balance, she kept running. I was too tired to keep running, and with my pneumonia, I gotta go back.

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Far beneath a cloudy sky, over a dark mountain in a land of mist and darkness a small man walked. He was shivering in the cold air and was dreading what was soon to come. Then a thing appeared. It was like a shadow upon him, tall and pale with its face hidden. The small man approached it and said “My lord it is done.”

“Good” it replied.

“What about him?”

The pale thing chuckled but it was not a laugh of happiness. “He is dead twice times over and he cannot stop us from his grave” “There is no worry” it said. The thing paced back and forth looking at him. “You’ve served me well but I’m afraid it’s time that’s over” it spoke. Then a flash of light appeared and the man’s body fell onto the ground unknowing of what happened. Then the thing left the body there to rot in this foul and treacherous land. For as they say dust to dust and ashes to ashes.

Chapter 1 A boy and nothing else. There is a boy here. A normal and quite decent boy. Today when he woke up there was no one. So he made some waffles for himself Suddenly a large crashing noise boom boom boom, came from outside. It sounded like the magical barrier was being broken. Thus Chrom rose up from his chair and left behind a single waffle. Part 2 of chapter 1 The fall of farfort. I raced outside hearing the noise. I knew only one thing could cause the noise. Siege cannons. But it was more than that I sensed. Only one bird was chirping which was uncommon in this town. Then the sound came again boom boom boom. The sound reverberated and echoed and the shield around the town quivered and shook. I knew it wouldn’t last much longer so I ran to the weapons shed. Once they came in we would have to fight. There was only one sword a rusty and old looking weapon. Better than nothing I suppose. But when I took it I felt myself falling and everything went black.
Earth is mostly harmless
It is the year 2030. Humanity is at its golden point. The world has recovered from war and is living in harmony. Space travel is easier now. All seems well. Until..

Explosions rocked the building. One person with blood on his forehead shouted “Release the geese” and one of them was down. Then the doors were kicked open and they came inside. What kind of evolution made them? Before the war they were everywhere and we didn’t know it changing and disguising themselves. The government had been sabotaged to make earth week, later another person walked into the room. He saw bodies everywhere, some holding guns, others raising their hands in surrender. He didn’t get to look much longer though. When it fell, everything close died. Thus the final hope of humanity was gone. New York had fallen. The war was over

2080 Classified Intel. Summary of present year. Humanity surrendered. The metas as they’re called rule the earth. They change society into their own twisted vision but claim it’s for the best. And no one argues. All resistance was wiped out years ago when one million rose up to fight them. There were only 100 survivors. Some were thrown into another dimension to endure eternal pain and silence. Others were tortured and then executed publicly. The world is quiet now. An odd kind of peace to be sure but strangely it works.

SUBJECT GARNET STERLING. NOW ANALYZING.
COMMON WORKER. NO SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.
MINDSET: NORMAL WORK QUOTA: NORMAL
ANCESTORS; NORMAL
END ANALYSIS

The mines needed more workers
The bermuda triangle
My water is blue
bluer than blue
Warm and breezy
I live in a triangle
Where many sailors come
Things mysterious lie here
that no one sees
While the blue is light and nice
Ships sink into me and never return
Victim of my dangers
I don’t like strangers
That’s why they’re gone
And I’m all alone
Nice and calm, warm and breezy
Until my next victim arrives
So do not sail through these waters
Who knows what’s beneath them?
Gone
It is now over.
Oh how could we not have seen this coming?
The spark is gone.
I no longer see the glimmer in your eye when you look at me.
How could we not know what was happening?
The love we used to have is gone.
We have become strangers to each other.
What happened to the love we shared?
The forever we promised to each have now become lies.
Who I Am

I sit at the end of the pond,
Putting just my feet in.
I look in the pond,
I can see a school of fish darting past each other.
I can see the ducks and geese, some swimming others at the shore learning
to trust the water.
I can hear the birds chirping beginning their day.
But mostly I can see myself,
My reflection in the water.
As I wonder who I am and what I am doing here
My new home

I could hear the birds chirping,
    see the sun starting to rise
I could see the animals running,
some starting their day others ending theirs.
Knowing they will soon get used to having me here, and around them.
I could hear the people,
the voices getting closer.
I run I know they are looking for me,
but I am no longer a part of their community.
The woods are my home now.
Hiding Spot

I am in my hiding spot
I make myself smaller
Smaller
Smaller
I am hiding
Trying to escape
But I can’t escape
Will I ever encounter him again?
The one who is the cause of my most recent anxiety?
I always knew public school was strange
I always knew he was strange
A delinquent, no more no less, I was told
But I never knew he would do something like that
A part of me is sure it was to show off
A part of me is still scared
Hoping no one will bring it up
No one will remember
What I told the counselor
What I told the principal
And what was spread around at lunch
When it was suppose to be a secret
And I make myself smaller
and smaller
and smaller
I am afraid of telling more people
Will they know who he is?
Maybe a close friend or relative?
Will they be mad I say those ugly truths?
I still don’t know
The last time I told someone
There were rumors
And lies
I was the talk of the lunch hour
For all the wrong reasons
And so I hide myself
In my hiding spot
Making myself smaller
And smaller
And smaller
I tell myself I did a good thing
But what if I encounter him again?
Will he remember me?
What will happen if we were to encounter again?
I constantly remind myself
I did a good thing
When I told the principal
When I told the counselor
I am in my hiding spot
To remind and tell myself
I did a good thing
The Call

I was silently sitting at home when I heard my cell phone ring. Upon looking at it to find out who was calling me, all I saw was “No Caller ID” and the green answer button. I answered it, curious as to who it was. I figured it was a wrong number anyway.

“Hello?” I said with caution
“Hello! This is Jim from your local cable company seeing if our appointment is still on for tomorrow.” a voice responded back.

My speculations of a wrong number call was confirmed as I heard him speak to me.

“You have the wrong number, we didn’t call a cable company.” I told him politely.

“Oh, I’m sorry, but I have your number down for one of my clients who wants to put a family filter on a cable box. Does this sound familiar?” he asked. Of course it didn’t sound familiar.

At this point, my mom asked who it was, and I told her the situation. After explaining what was happening, she asked for my phone. After she put it on speaker phone, she asked what was going on to this man, Jim.

“We’ve had a call from a customer saying to put a family filter on a cable box after 8 adult movies were discovered to have been purchased on it. We here just calling to confirm the appointment for tomorrow.” he responded in a quick voice.

My mom and I were obviously confused, and she responded back in a stern voice, “What’s the name on the account you are talking about?”

“Ma’am, calm down! I’m just trying to do my job!” he told her in a rushed tone. “Let me transfer you to customer service!”

After waiting quite a while, we were finally transferred, to which we heard, “You’ve just been pranked by prankdial.com!” and then a call ended popup. In the midst of laughing, I get another call from one of my friends, Ocean, who was also laughing and explaining it was him who set up the prank on an app he had downloaded on his phone.
You are Sitting in a Room

You are sitting in a room
You saw him on TV last night
A new tuxedo, a new daughter
You are reminded of your childhood
Of those times you spent
Wondering what you did wrong
Why he never visited
Why he never called
You know you're not the only one
But you can't help but wonder these things
You try and tell a friend about what you saw
She is unable to respond
That person who tells you things
Things that lead you to cry for hours
She tells you one more thing
It is different from the other things
And it hurts even more
You are not shocked by what she says
You just feel stunned
You feel like you are going to throw up
You feel the tears start to form in your eyes
You pick up your things and run to the bathroom
You lock yourself into a stall
No one comes to ask if you are okay
Not like you expect them to
You fall against the wall
You start to cry
You let the anger and tears spill
You don't want anyone to see you like this
After all, you are the outcast
The one who still looks horrible after trying to look pretty
The one who needs to chill out
The one who's complaining
About her father on the TV
A new tuxedo, a new daughter
You sit and think about these
You go back into the room
You try and act like it didn't happen
She is laughing with her friends
You try and stand up for yourself finally
Moments later when you feel the time is right
It fails
You ask to go to the bathroom a second time
You call your mom instead
You tell her what happened
She says you did a good job standing up for yourself
She tells you to try and get through the day
You hang up
You sit in the hall for five minutes
You stand up
You get to the door
It's locked
You are too nervous to knock
You turn around
You wait five more minutes
You finally go back in
You go back to your seat
You are sitting in a room
Things we wish there could be LESS of in the world...

I wish there could be less animal and child abuse in the world. - Sierra B

I wish there could be less drug use in the world. - Sierra J

I wish there would be less lack of knowledge- Felix W

I wish there would be less discrimination.- Chloe J

I wish there could be less pollution in the world. -Abby C

I wish there was less pressure and stress put on school - tori

I wish there could be less human trafficking- Anotidaishe Chikunya

I wish there would be less racism throughout the world - Liza H.

I wish there could be less rumors. -Rachel M.

I wish there could be less wars and fighting in the world. -Alexandrea K.

I wish that there could be less hate in the world. - Rachel G

I wish that there would be less bad choices. - Eli A.

I wish there was no more sickness. - Emma P.

I wish there was less people drinking and driving in the world. -Marissa M.

I wish there was no more haters on anything. - Jewell S.

i wish there was less popular people.- Gabrielle C.

I wish that there was less bullying. - Jennifer B.

I want less of sexism in the world- Aronica Yesenia S.

I wish there was less ignorance to those less fortunate. -Skyler D.

I wish people weren’t afraid to show their real self-Aleigha
Things we wish there could be MORE of in the world...

Imagination- Felix W

Christians - Anotidaishe C.

Happy People- Liza H.

I wish there was more love in the world. - Rachel G

I wish there was more cures for cancer. - Marissa M.

I wish there were more open-minded people. - Rachel M.

There could be more understanding in the world. - Sierra B.

Care for living things. - Alexandria K.

Paper. - tori

Good Education. - Eli A.

Help of debt. from struggling college students.- Chloe J

I wish there was more BOOKS x 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 - Skyler D.

I wish there were more good books to read. - Emma P.

I wish there was more loving families. - Sierra J

Animal rights. - Aleigha Hammett.

I want more of justice. Aronia YeseniaSanchez

I want more trees. - Jennifer B.

i want more paper. - Gabrielle

Magic and poetry. - Ms. Clark
Meet John Green - Jennifer B.
I want to swim with dolphins. - Marissa M.

I want to meet Christopher Meloni. - Sierra S

Have my own social network site for old people---Sierra B.

I want to know the secrets of the Universe !!!!! - Eli A.

I want to travel the world - Aleigha H

I want to learn Arabic. - Rachel G.

I want to learn German and Binary Code. - Alexandria K.

I want to go to a baseball game and sit behind the dugout, next to a fluffy bear - Jennifer

I want to hold a fluffy panda – Jennifer

I want to go somewhere or do something significant. – tori

I want to travel to Australia, Cuba, and Japan And Space. - Rachel M.

Go to the U.K. - Abby C

Get into UAL (University of Arts London).- Chloe J

I want to yell at a kid as a teacher. - Skyler D.

Be Tumblr famous- Emma P.

Learn a third language and Antarctica - Felix Wang

I want to move to California, and become a tattoo artist. – Gabby

I want to win a writing competition- Anotidaishe Chikunya

I want to learn Spanish- Aronica Yesenia Sanchez

Write a verse novel and travel around the world. - Ms. Clark
“Words are, in my not-so-humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic.”

– Albus Dumbledore