

My Loyal Friend – Maddie Gaskill Stuck in Time – Anonymous

I miss you
I miss seeing you smile each day
I miss seeing you run full of energy
I miss how much you loved me

You were so caring
But you drove me crazy
And now that you're not here,
There's an empty void

I miss feeling your fur beneath my fingertips
And feeling your big tongue kiss my cheek
I miss the way you nuzzled your head against my hand
It was so sweet

I miss seeing you happy and full of energy
And to this day
I miss seeing you
The way you played,
I miss you everyday

But I don't wish you were here
You wouldn't be happy
Keeping you here would be unfair
You would be in pain

You're out there somewhere
Somewhere better than here
Yet we'll meet again one day
That I know
I love you

Expression of myself – Brianna Murphy

Red and black boxed dyed hair
a heart of glass. fragile, and in need of extra care
a brave face for when people stare

The blankness in her eyes tells you she is not there, but
instead carried away in a world of her own.
She spends her days with songlike words dripping from
her fingertips and spilling onto the paper,
thousands of words that once held up little worlds inside
her mind now stain the once blank notebooks that
decorate her shelves.

I pass you in the halls each day
I see you talk to your friends
I notice your laugh
I see your smile
You seem happy

But what happened to us?
You used to smile with me
You used to laugh with me
Now we don't even talk

There're so many things you'll never know
How much I care
How much I like the way you cut your hair
Because now you aren't here
But you seem happy

I see the way you look at her
And the way you seem to care
And yet you'll never notice
That I was standing right there

I know it was best, the way you left
Yet it still hurt
But I'll be fine
I'm just a little stuck,
Stuck in time

Shades of Gray – Anonymous

Pictures of you I can't bring myself to look at.
Memories that haunt me. Each picture, a different
moment. Each moment a different lie. All of those
moments in which I thought were the happiest, you had
me completely fooled.

When you live in a world of gray you don't miss the
colors that were taken from you until you realize they
were.

It's consumed my mind.

Wondering about the colorful life I could have had, had
I realized sooner. All those moments wasted.

The colorful life I could have lived, had I seen the true
you.

The colorful life I could have had for longer, had I left
sooner.

Love Impairments – Daley Grekson

Why did she stay home when he asked her to come
Why'd she complain at his compliments and act dumb
Why did she act like her parents were there when they
were alone
Why'd she play the third party when she should've
played the one
She wanted to make sure everyone was comfortable
before she advanced
Too concerned about opinions to fall into a trance
Why did she cancel every plan and act shy every date
He was already playing the long game, why'd she make
him wait
Why'd she preach about balance if she couldn't achieve
it
Her balance was treating everyone the same, but he
should've been treated different
She thought of everyone else and forgot about him
Then got hurt when he reminded her, he still existed
She dreamed of everything, until someone dreamed of
her
Her flowy thoughts turned to suspicion of why things
were
Why did he laugh at her when she wasn't being funny
Why did he call her beautiful when she wasn't being
pretty
Why did he care about her feelings when she was in a
group setting
And why didn't she know this was love from the
beginning
Why didn't her parents tell her, why couldn't she tell her
parents
Her house was filled with love impairments
Teaching her that love doesn't have time to fit her in
Implying that caring for anyone other than yourself is a
sin
And that looking for love is going out on a limb
But why didn't he know that, why didn't his parents tell
him
Did he ever fathom that a perfect person could be
broken
That she could be an inch below the skyline, yet still
feel like a token
That she could be full of life but incapable of loving
And laugh at horror movies but cry after hugging
Did he ever see that her jokes were to avoid romance
Or was he too busy laughing and waiting for her glance
Did she know she was avoiding the very thing she
yearned for

That she was running from everything she used to run
towards
That her hopeless romantic fantasies were hopeless in
high school
And any solution she found would result in a new rule
She had to keep her guard up to get by
And she put her guard up against a well-meaning guy
She didn't laugh at him when he was being funny
And she didn't she compliment him when he was
shining
She cared about every other person in every group
setting
He pushed her to the stars but she pushed him away
He tried to teach her guitar but it was just another
doorway
Another doorstep, another compliment, another song
Another sweet thing she rejected because she hated
being wrong
All she ever wanted was someone who made her feel
known
Why did she only see he was this when he left her alone

Uncited – Anonymous

The clock had struck 3:00, and the only light left was
the amber glow of a streetlamp, or more specifically, in
a small, run down almost abandoned-looking building, a
few fluorescent lights flickering and humming at the
frequency of 120 hertz. Other than the buzzing of the
lights, the only other sound was the squeaking of a rusty
potter's wheel spinning around endlessly. A young man
using his slender and pale fingers to gently motivate the
clay to dance.

Why don't you become something beautiful? The
fingers said delicately. The clay deflated noticeably,
almost as if it had let out a sigh in contempt. With a
creek, the potter's wheel had come to a stop. The man
wiped his hands on his apron to tuck his green, black
hair behind his ear, and picked up the naughty terracotta
to cut it into two smaller pieces. He used his feet to
move his rolling stool across the tight room to his wire.
The wire was tightly attached to a small table, stretching
up to the wall to create a slanted string, perfect for the
meticulous slicing of misbehaving clay. The man raised
his thin arms and tenderly sliced the clay in half, careful
not to cut himself in the process. After the clay had been
split into two, the man noticed something off. A brisk
melody was heard from the hallway. A fleeting and
romantic tune. The man stood up and warily gripped the
doorknob, pushing the door open to the carpeted

hallway. In the hallway, stood a small gray rat. Dancing to the passionate melody, its tail swishing about rapidly, seeming in a bid to vent the irascible feelings within. Suddenly having cold feet, the ceramist stood in place, his knuckles turning white from clutching the doorknob with excess strength. Beads of cold sweat ran down his face, dripping down his eyelashes. A blink. His Adams apple bobbing, he noiselessly shut the door and twisted the lock, muffling the music coming from outside. He croaked and shuffled to the swivel chair in the center of the room.

Click.

He snapped his head to the right, his eyes glued to the lock on the door, as it slowly twisted to unlock on its own. His hair standing on end, he watched as the door was slowly pushed open to reveal the small rat gone and replaced with a mass of flesh. The mass was yellow and dripping fat, a sludge of disgusting dysphoria, two slits were cut and dripping in the flesh to make room for two beady black eyes. The man fell off his stool with a large thud and scrambled backwards to curl up in the corner of the room as the lump trudged to the corner of the room where the wire cutter was. It picked up the wire cutter, and like a musician loving playing his strings, the creature plucked, strung, and caressed the wire, blood and bits of flesh splattering with a warm intimacy almost akin to passion and adoration. The melody from the hallway continued--beautiful, if only the lone clay worker didn't have his eyes, he would be just like the misbehaving clay, soaked and splashed on every wall, dancing and sliding about the room. Ligaments snapped and stretched, elasticity whipping back with each move of mutilation. Each clear note passing, the monster eventually turned a washed out reddish-brown, melting into a large pile of clay in the middle of the room. The walls were drenched in thick sludge, the only melody left being the ridicule of the wheezing lights and the weeping of a ceramist.

The Door – Ethan Curtis

I set my bag down and I saw toys on the ground but not Voices. I know Mr. and Mrs. Lockheart said the kids would be asleep, but usually Taylor would be awake. I shrugged. They had given me odd rules this time. No lights. No TV, and no opened the door to their oldest's room. And honestly, I didn't know they had another kid.

Just then I heard a noise upstairs. I walked upstairs and saw Taylor on her phone. I said, "You ok?" She nodded. "Yeah, I just dropped my phone." I nodded and said, "What's with the new rules?"

Taylor shrugged and said, "Well I heard my parents tell us and you not to open the door at the end of the hall. but...I think we should open it anyway." She got up and walked past me to the door. On other days I would walk past it without a thought, but today I looked at it ...I noticed small scratch marks along the bottom of the door.

Taylor grabbed the handle and tried to turn it but the knob resisted. "I guess it's locked," she said. Then I said nervously, "Aw shucks, looks like its locked! Might as well stop trying..." Taylor walked into her parents' room. "I think they have a key somewhere." I sighed and followed.

Taylor opened some drawers and looked around with her phone flashlight. Meanwhile, I looked at Mr. Lockheart's desk. I held up a newspaper with the Following underlined:

Today Mason Anderson died in his own home. Police at first thought he died from a heart attack but after more investigation, it appears he was attacked by some creature. The police have warned everyone to stay home and be careful."

I set the newspaper down and turned my phone's Flashlight on and saw the wall had different articles with the same Description. I saw pictures of claw marks on dead bodies and finally...I saw a picture of the family. Taylor, Mark, and...the last one was crossed out with red marker, and overhead it said "Infected."

Taylor said "Ah, found it! Let's go." I looked at Taylor who was already at the door and I said, "Wait, Taylor. Look at this." But I heard the door creak open, and she walked downstairs. I quickly followed.

"Taylor was shouldn't be here...hey, are you listening to me?" I then saw a girl in chains. Her black hair was short and had been combed recently. Her eyes were not there; her skin was pale and ghostly. Her veins were black her head was...staring? At us. She said, "Ah, visitors." Taylor said "What happened to you?" She said, "What do you mean, sister? You will soon end up like me... Abandoned." Just then i heard a car pull up outside. Taylor said "Shoot, they're home! Quick, leave out the back!" I nodded and ran upstairs and out the back door.

Later...

I quickly rode my bike home and walked in. The door was unlocked...that was odd. I looked around, then I realized I had left my bag at the house..."Crap," I muttered." Suddenly I got hit in the side of the head. I fell down and looked up. Mr. Lockheart stood above me. He said, "I warned you." His eyes glowed red and my eyes felt heavy. Somehow I gave in, my eyelids sealing shut.