

The Literary Arts Magazine of Pottsgrove High School





Most Significant or Impressive
The Best

Our Reflections on Life

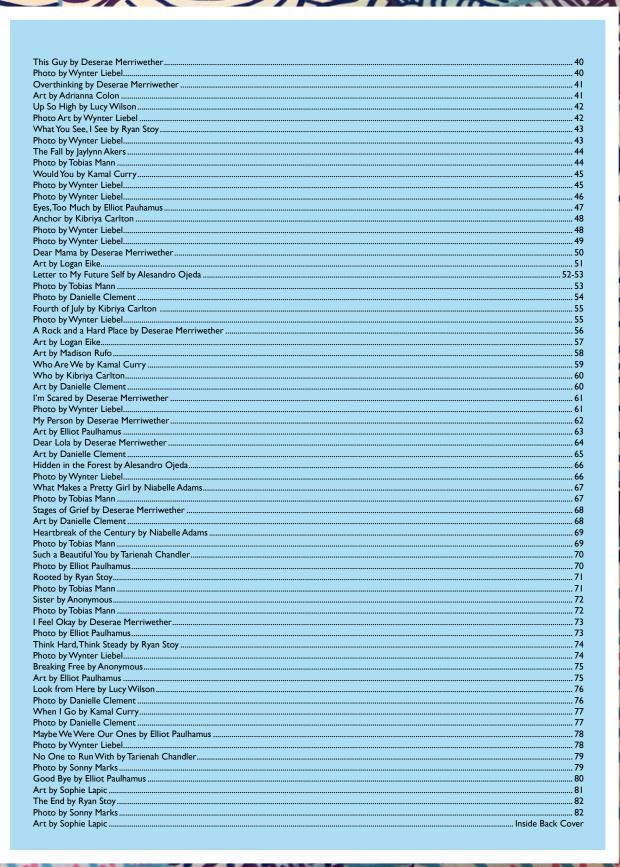
Spring 2024 Volume 57

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http://www.pgsd.org

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Art by Madison Rufo	
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Maximi Welcomes You

This year's Maximi theme is "Our Reflections on Life." The Maximi 2024 cover art is a beautiful stone cliff and an example of how even something beautiful can reflect on itself. Our inside front cover is of a faceless student reflecting on themselves. A person can reflect on themselves and better themselves in life and how they live. In our present world today, so many things could go wrong. When we reflect on ourselves with confidence and strive to become a better person, we can be better individuals - the kind that society needs. Our theme is also reflected in Ms. Caldwell and her long life of teaching and serving as the Maximi advisor. Ms Caldwell is a very outstanding teacher and has had an impact on many people. She is someone who sees what you can be in life and will tell you so that you as a person can be better. She'll make you "Reflect on Life." Everyone can reflect for the better. Just look in the mirror and reflect on life. Your reflections can lead you to whatever you want to be. ~ by Kamal Curry

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Content Disclaimer

Here begins your journey into the creative minds of our classmates. The Maximi staff would like to thank you for exploring our publication, and hope that you will enjoy the multitude of perspectives and viewpoints that make this publication so diverse. However, we need to warn you that we do not advocate, encourage, nor condone any of the thoughts, messages, or interpretations you may encounter within these pages. We openly take all thoughts, concepts, and images we recieve, and some of them may include uncensored graphic detail or opinions. This makes it necessary for us to point out that you may not agree with, like, or be comfortable with some of the material. Maximi disclaims any support and association with ideas and opinions put forth. We now invite you to turn away from these technicalities and view the wonderful works of our fellow students.

Contributors

Seniors

Jaylynn Akers Kibriya Carlton Sophie Lapic Maria Reyes Juarez Madison Rufo Madison Simpson Ryan Stoy

Juniors

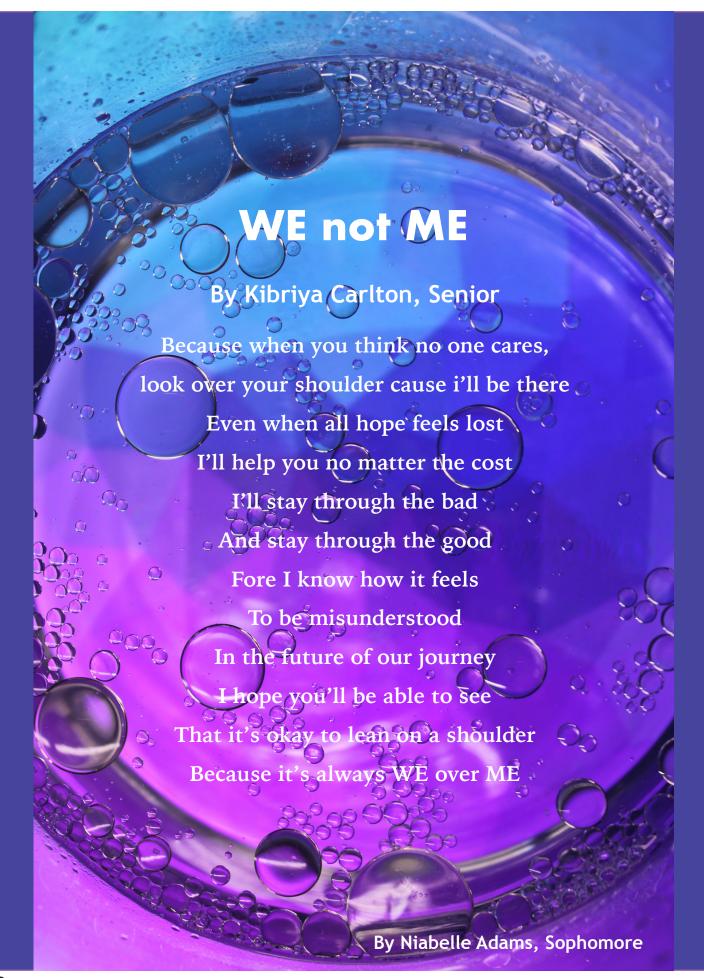
Danielle Clement
Adrianna Colon
Kamal Curry
Logan Eike
Deserae Merriwether

Sophomores

Niabelle Adams
Tarienah Chandler
Wynter Liebel
Tobias Mann
Sonny Marks
Elliot Paulhamus
Noah Vogel
Lucille Wilson

Freshmen

Alesandro Ojeda





By Madison Rufo, Senior

Drowning

By Ryan Stoy, Senior

My heart has stopped and there's no sense in going
I float with the wind and water that's flowing
Taking me to where I fear the most.

The end of the river, the edge of the coast



By Madison Simpson, Senior

Impassive

By Kibriya Carlton, Senior

I can't handle my emotions
But I'd be glad to carry yours
I'd let you beat me with your words
Until my skin fills with sores
My feelings build behind the dam I built
But don't let yours overflood
I am here to help you always
And make sure you feel loved

Don't ask me how I am
I'll always say I'm good
Cause it's a waste of time to speak
Just to be misunderstood
I can't handle my emotions
But I'd be glad to carry yours
Cause helping you feels like a hobby
While helping myself feels like chores



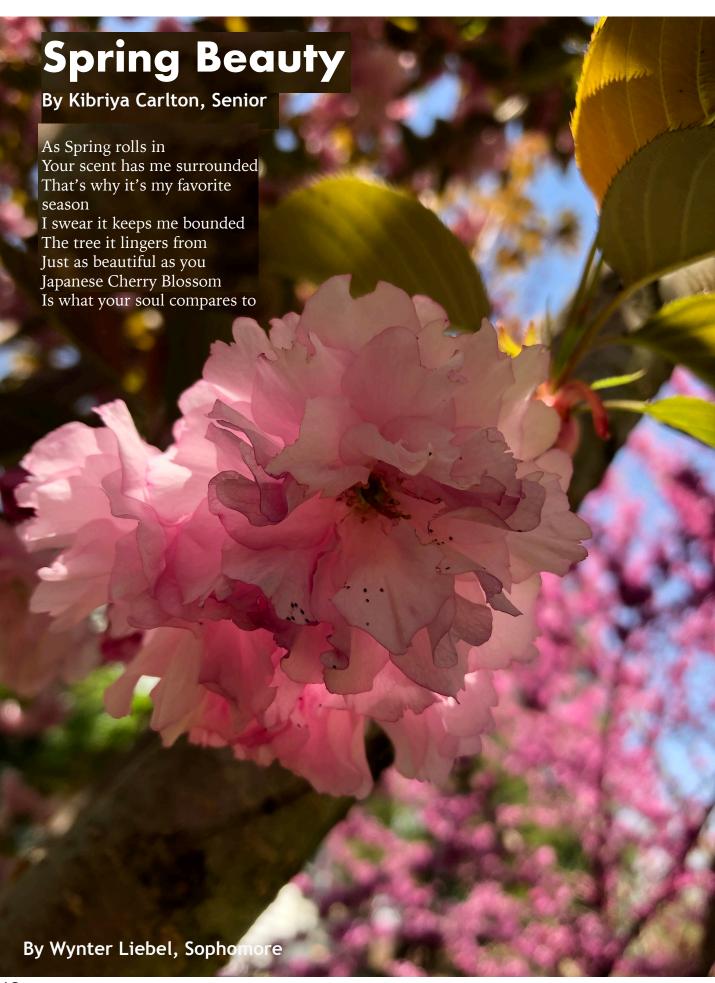
By Maria Reyes Juarez, Senior

Not the Same

By Kamal Curry, Junior

I never got her name,
But what I notice was she isn't the same.
Her skin shins bright
For my heart she's won every fight
The way she does her hair
All I want to do is look and stare
Her voice isn't too high or too low
I know she can sing
'cause her voice has a perfect flow

I know she doesn't wear make-up
She's still beautiful from the wake up
She has her own money
Also she is real funny
She's different to me
Special in her own way
She's really not the same
Wish I had got her name.



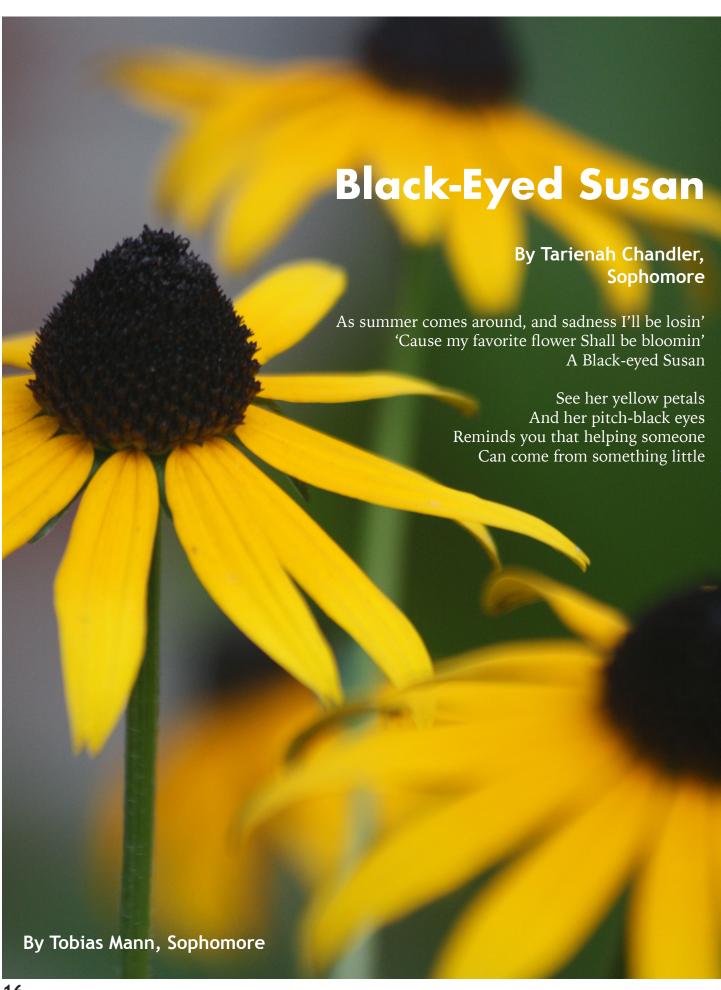




Feeling Numb

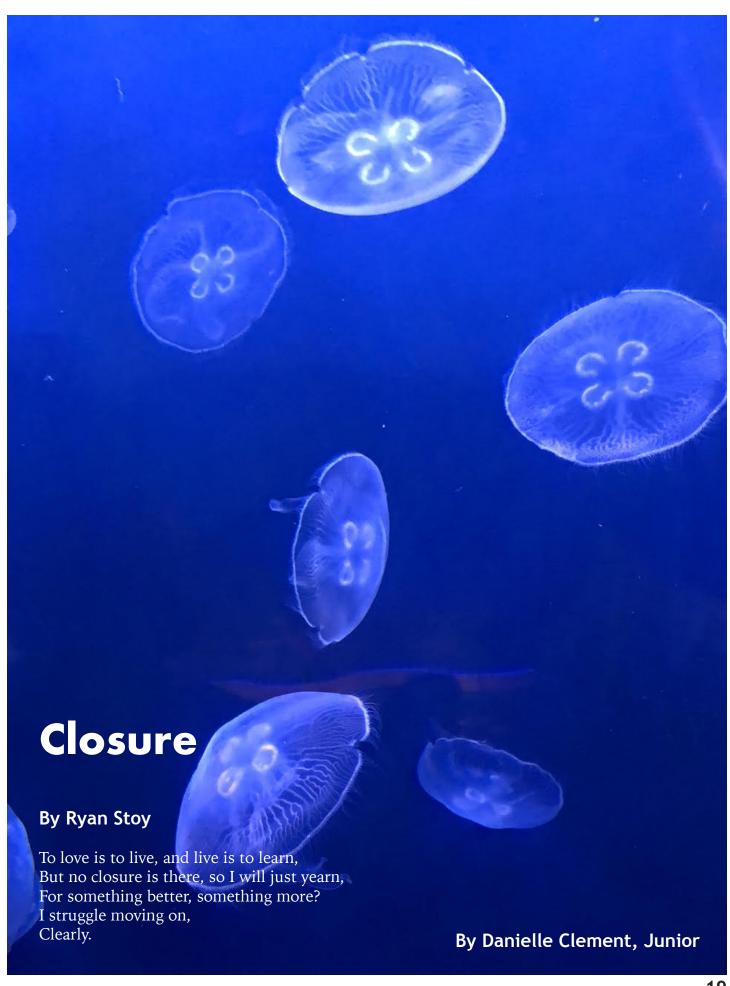
By Niabelle Adams Sophomore

I've been feeling numb lately, Like I can't feel any type of emotions No emotion at all All though I can feel myself Feeling nothing Feeling numb Sometimes I feel like I'm worth nothing like I don't matter To no one It's hard to deal with But I deal with it Sometimes I can feel like I'm stuck in a universe That I don't belong in I started to like the dark And being alone Listening to music And thinking about life Alone I have started to feel Not wanting to be Bothered by anyone or anything I stay away I hide my face I don't want to feel the way I feel But how I feel is numb I don't want to be numb anymore I didn't ask my life to change I want to be happy Like everyone else I want to be happy, but I don't know how.











By Logan Eike, Junior

The Respect Factor

By Niabelle Adams, Sophomore

How can you respect someone
Who doesn't respect you?
You can't
To give respect you gotta be
respected
Some people just don't
Understand that
But what i don't
Understand is why
Someone would feel
Comfortable disrespecting
Me or just anybody
To give respect you
Gotta be respected
It's that simple



By Madison Rufo, Senior

My Sleeping Beauty

By Kamal Curry, Junior

You're just like my fairy tale And I wish I was in your dream You're a beautiful princess And not one princess is mean I want you to be my rose And a beautiful heart you will have My love will be with you forever And that love will forever last Your hair is so soft And it has a beautiful wave and flow My love for you gets stronger by the day And that's something you should know It's the way that i'm obsessed And my true feeling could never rest It's the way that you sleep at night And therefore my love will always fight



Femininity

By Kibriya Carlton, Senior

No, I do not dress like the average girl
I don't want to paint my nails
Or give my skirt a twirl
I want to play football
I want to be rough
You know...
I want to do "boy stuff"
Some call me a tomboy
Others call me gay
But if I'm being honest

I don't care what they say
Though I act boyish
Don't you for a second, think
That my favorite color is red
Because really, it is pink
I know what I am
And I know who I'll grow to be
A smart, strong woman
Filled with femininity

My Life as an Anonymous Person

By Anonymous

I was born May 19th, 2006.

I have a name, but I feel like an anonymous spectator.

No name

No identity

No personality

I am just there.

I may have words to speak and opinions to uphold Do they carry any weight? Who knows...

My face is a blur with no recognition
I am anonymous to people but also myself
What do I see?
Nothing . . .

Is there more to a face with a blur?

I am no one
I am a whisper
I am a ghost
I am a painting

I am anonymous

I am something that no one can see
or if they do I am forever frozen
I walk down the streets of life and people walk right through me
Like I am nothing
Just a rumor that people can talk about
but slowly fade over the years of time

I just hope that one day I'm No longer a blur or a void

But something more.

--Anonymous

By Elliot Paulhamus, Sophomore

Staring from My Back Porch

By Alesandro Ojeda, Freshman

"My whole life I've been told no . . . Told I can't achieve my dreams . . .

That I was bound to work on the ranch. But as I look out my porch,

I see my future and I can say... I will make it."

A kid named Mack Wheeler was told his whole life that he wouldn't be anything. His friends, teachers, even his family didn't believe in him. The only person who never criticized him or made him feel like trash was his older brother Mark Wheeler. Mark believed that Mack could be the sibling that makes it.

A dream of being a musician . . . belittled by his parents not funding him. As Mack stares out from his porch into the sunset, he is determined. Nothing will stop him, or get in his way. He and his brother Mark would bust their butts everyday at work to afford guitar and singing lessons.

Mack - determined to help Mark - taught him how to play the drums. As years flew by, they got good, but their parents wouldn't let them continue if they found out. Mack had no choice but to leave with nothing but a bag and a guitar.

Flash forward years later Mack and Mark are two of the most famous musicians in the world. Staring out at the sunset from their porch, they feel accomplished. Through it all, they made it . . . by having each other's back.





By Tobias Mann, Sophomore

Soar

By Kibriya Carlton, Senior

I've always wanted to soar!

I wanted to takeoff

Not be nailed to the floor

My wings have been clipped

Cause of society's negative ways

They watch me struggle

Night after Night, Day after day

But now my confidence

Has grown so high

I know my limit

And it's the sky

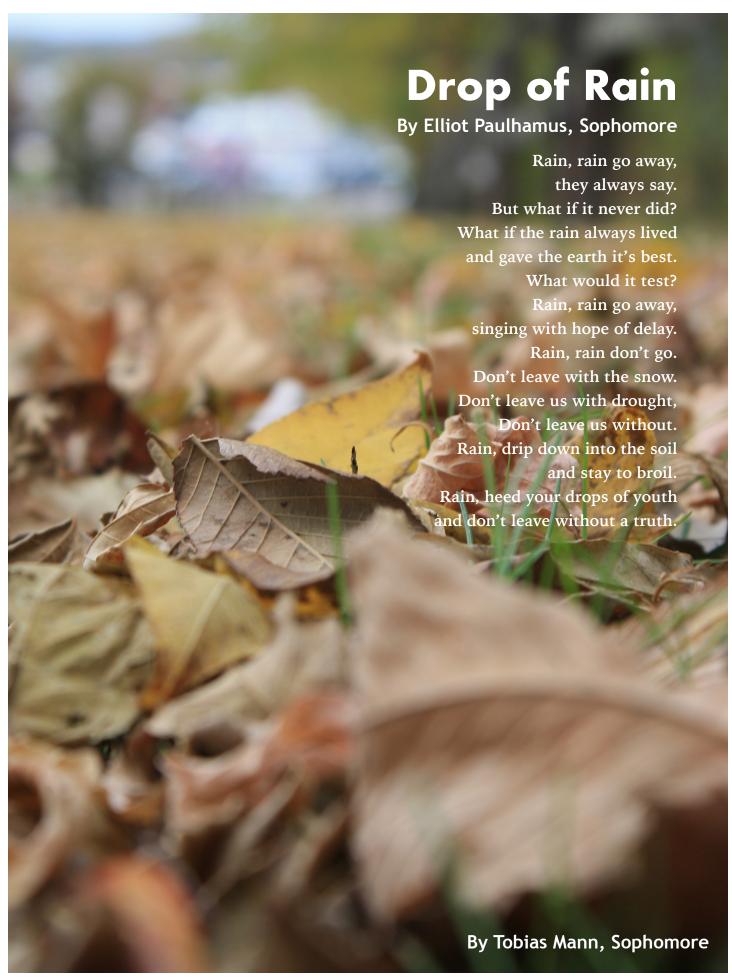
I like what I like

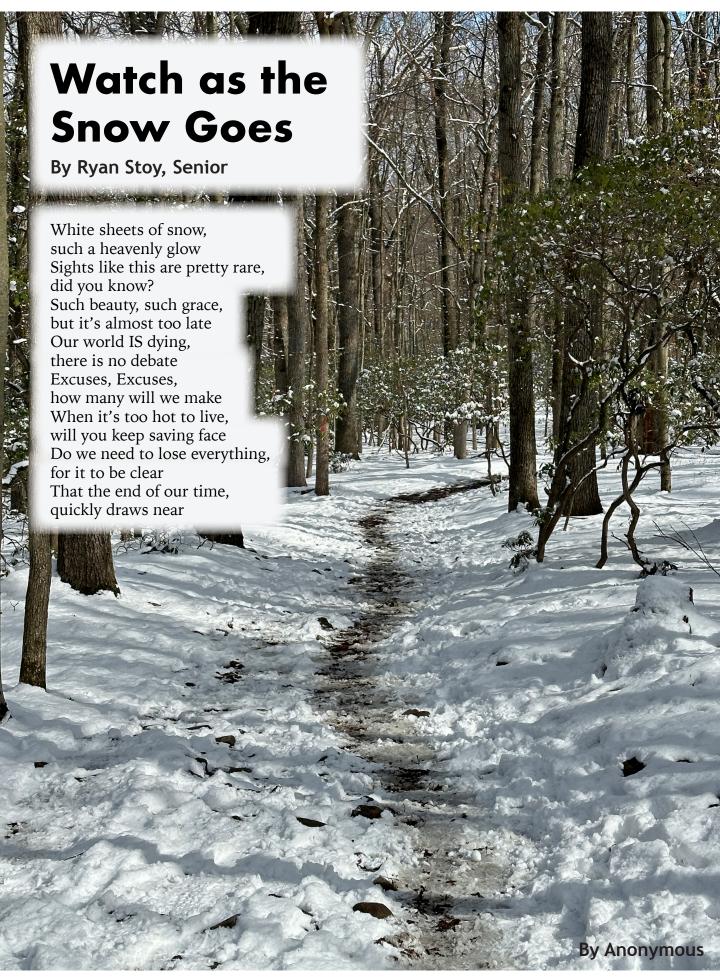
I don't care if it's boring

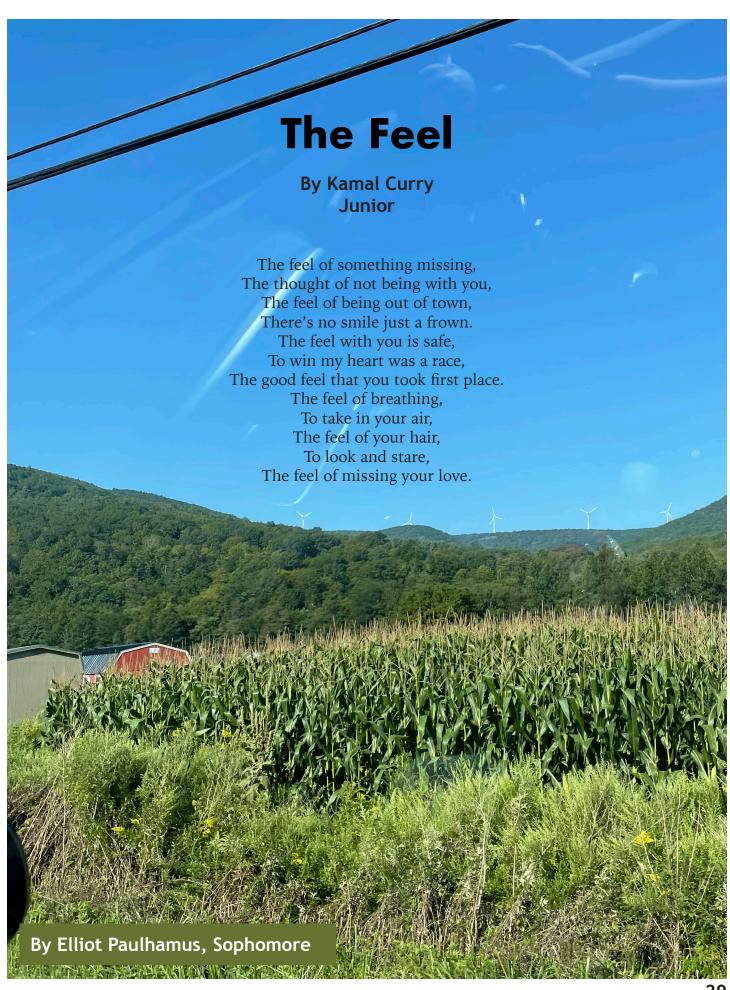
The weight is lifting off my shoulders,

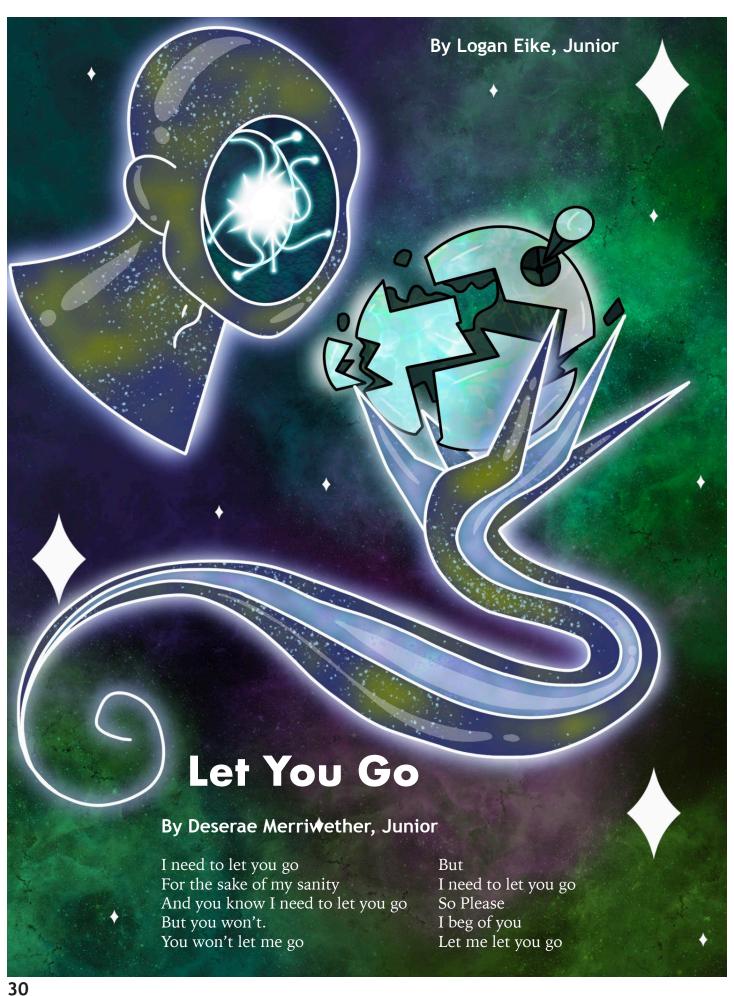
Oh look! I'M SOARING!













Me, Myself, and I

By Kamal Curry, Junior

What else could I lose

I already lost myself

I'm like a lonely star

When a lot more stars near me shine

I wanna shine bright

Only if the time was mine

I just want to let go

Just to be by myself

I'm just trying to reach my goals

Their at the top of the shelf

I could be a brown panda

As rare as they come

Because I'm not like like the rest

I'm the only one



By Madison Rufo, Senior



By Wynter Liebel, Sophomore

Memories

By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

People say that memories are everything And I guess in a way they are. We make memories everyday And in the end of our lives Our memories is all we have left The memories of all the good And the memories and all the bad Some make you happy Some make you sad But sometimes memories just aren't enough Especially when someone dies Then you have no choice but to remember Remember the last hug they gave you The last smile The last joke The last laugh Now all of those are just memories And as much you wanna feel their hug And hear there laugh And hear their dumb jokes You just have to remember them So yes memories are everything So next time you are with your friends Or with your family Make those memories Cause it might be the last one you ever get to make



Me vs Me

By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

You are your worst enemy
I've been told that my whole life
And I always replied with "I know"
But really I never understood what it meant
Until now...

I get it now

I now know what everyone means when they say that to me It means I am at war with myself

All the time

It means I feel like I don't deserve to be happy

Or to be successful

It means I have a lot of self doubt

That all I do is sabotage myself

That every good thing I have I ruin it

It so hard to live with being your worst enemy

Because no one understands why I can't just let myself win

Why i can't be happy or love who I am

Why every good thing I have with someone

I ruin it

And when I try to explain it they don't get it..

And honestly..

They never will

I'm on my own

No one can fix me... only I can

It's me vs me

And the older I get, the worse it gets

How do I fix it?

I mean... is it fixable

Or am I stuck like this...

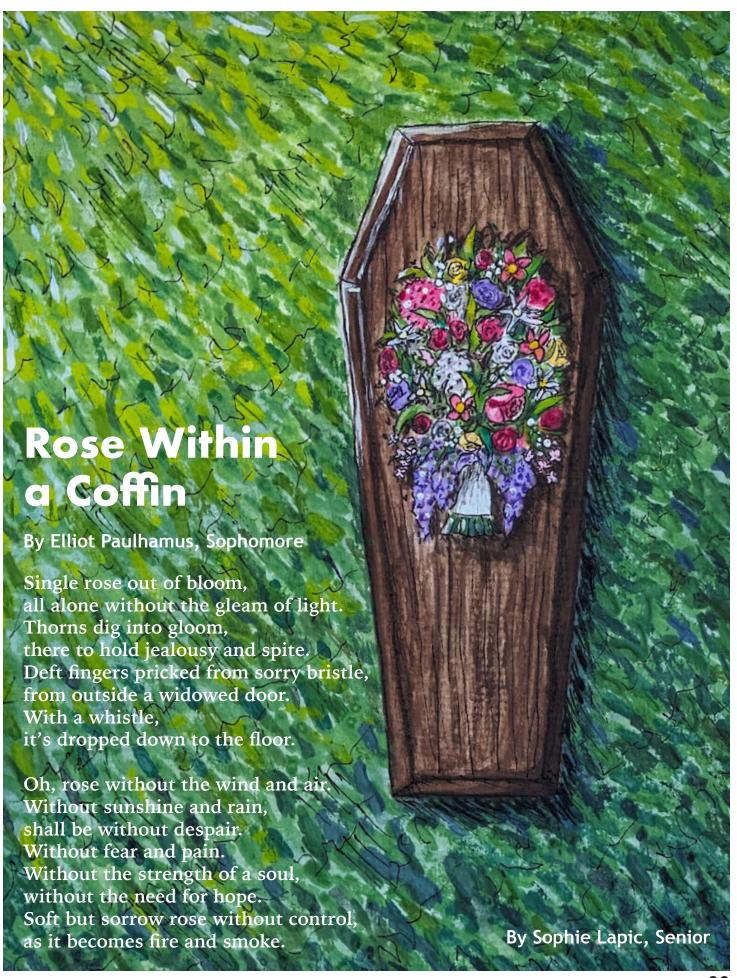
Forever?

A Different Life

By Ryan Stoy, Senior

I wish things were different, I can see it right now A life where we're happy, where everyone's around Why is it like this, it could've been better Yet we sit around with our memories, feeling so bitter I wish things were different, but all I see now Is everyone I love, sullen with frowns They say they're okay, but how is that true We tried and we failed, there was nothing we could do Is this destiny, how it was meant to play out Cause my heart doesn't like this, why'd it all go south I remember warm faces and smiles alike And I remember the descent, into the cold winter night I miss when it was simple, I miss life before I want to go back, to live it some more When did it become this, when did it start Lost to the rhythm, of our sad beating hearts

Gone, they now are,
This made us, defined, created us anew
When it comes to a game, somebody is going to lose
I wish things were different, they're not it's okay
We keep moving forward, doing better day by day.

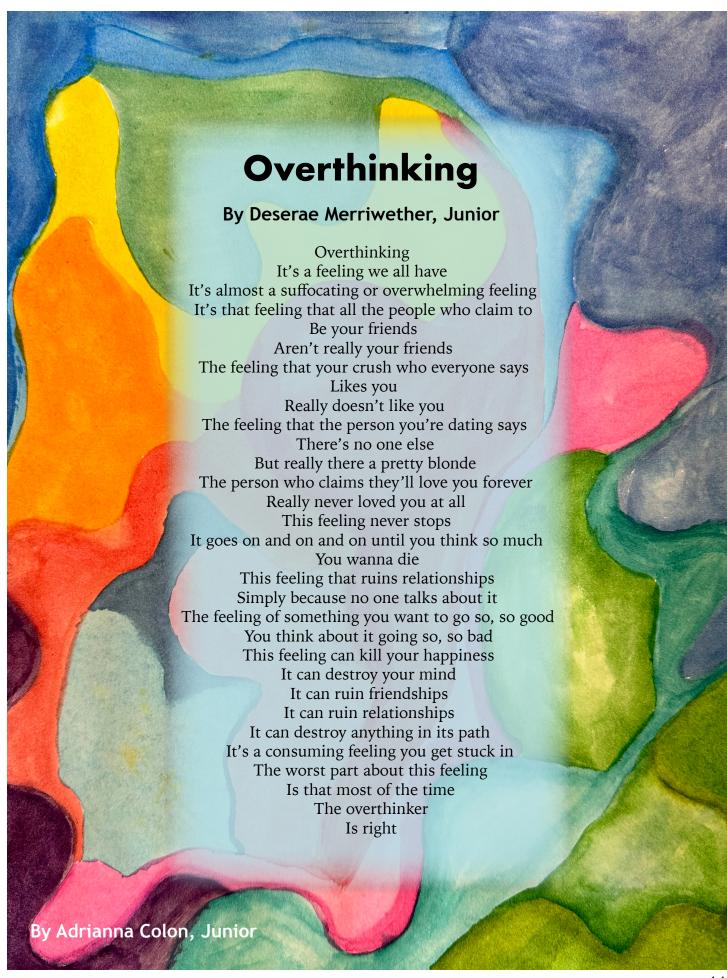


By Wynter Liebel, Sophomore

This Guy

By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

I was walking in the night
While it was very cold
I saw this guy shine so bright
In the night he was very bold
I walked with him through the mist
We stopped under a bright street light
Under the light he gave me a kiss
And in the moment it all felt right
His lips were as soft as a cloud
His eyes were as bright as the summer sky
The owls in the night were very loud
I looked in his eyes and wondered why
Why this guy was so perfect
Everything during this night was just so worth it



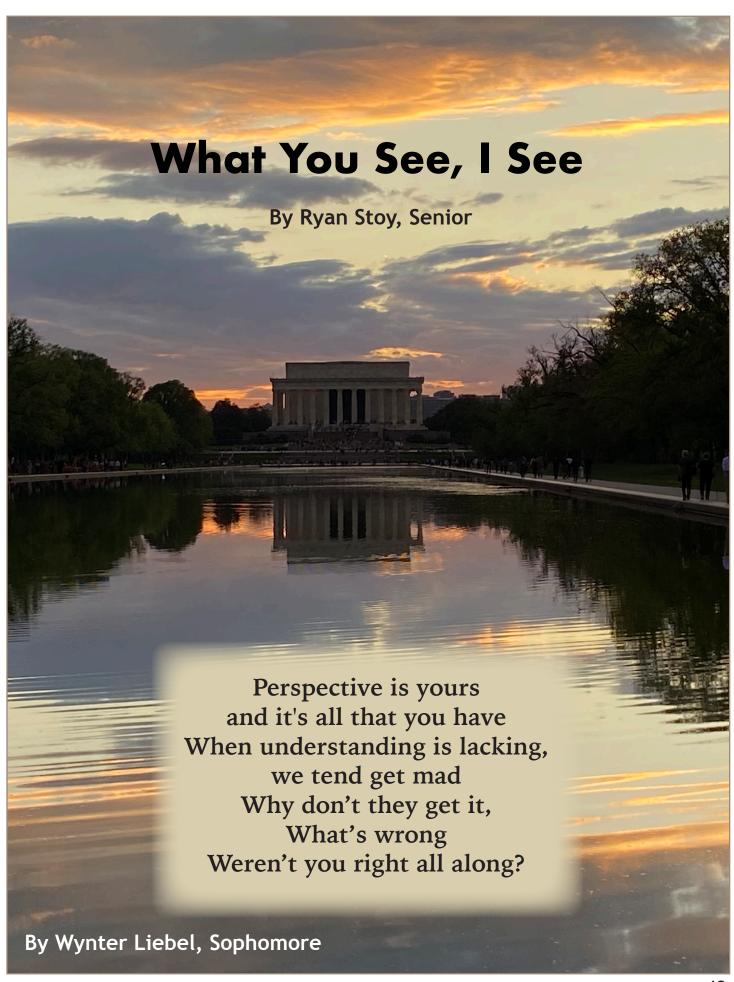


Up So High

By Lucille Wilson, Sophomore

Up high, so high
Where the ground stops being ground
And the sky's the entire world
Where I have no reason to leave
And the moment stops

In Steel City is where I live
And Steel City is where I will leave
Here is where stay and
here is where the rest of my days
Become one with the sky.







Would You

By Kamal Curry, Junior

Would you?

Be the spark of my light

To keep me from the dark

My heart is loud

It sounds like a bark

May I ask

Would you?

Be the start of something new

My mind had no clue

For all the feelings I have for you

Could be that I'm wasting my time

As I thought you could be mine

So can I ask

Would you be my valentine?



Wynter Liebel, Sophomore

Eyes, Too Much

By Elliot Paulhamus, Sophomore

Eyes hold such meaning. They can keep you from bleeding from the inside to the out. Overflowing after the drought. Too much, too much, from gaze to touch. Too much, just overflow. Everything I feel would overgrow. Everything too much for someone who I don't even know all the way down to my bones. But I won't bother with woes. It's all just a lot, with my stomach in knots. But your eyes, they look like the skies. Inspiring and intelligent hazel with specs of this, they hold such bliss. So caring and thoughtful, I'm just as hopeful.

But your eyes are never towards me, even with all the beauty.

It's all too much, so intoxicating, of how you keep me waiting.

Because it won't be, it'll never actually be for me.

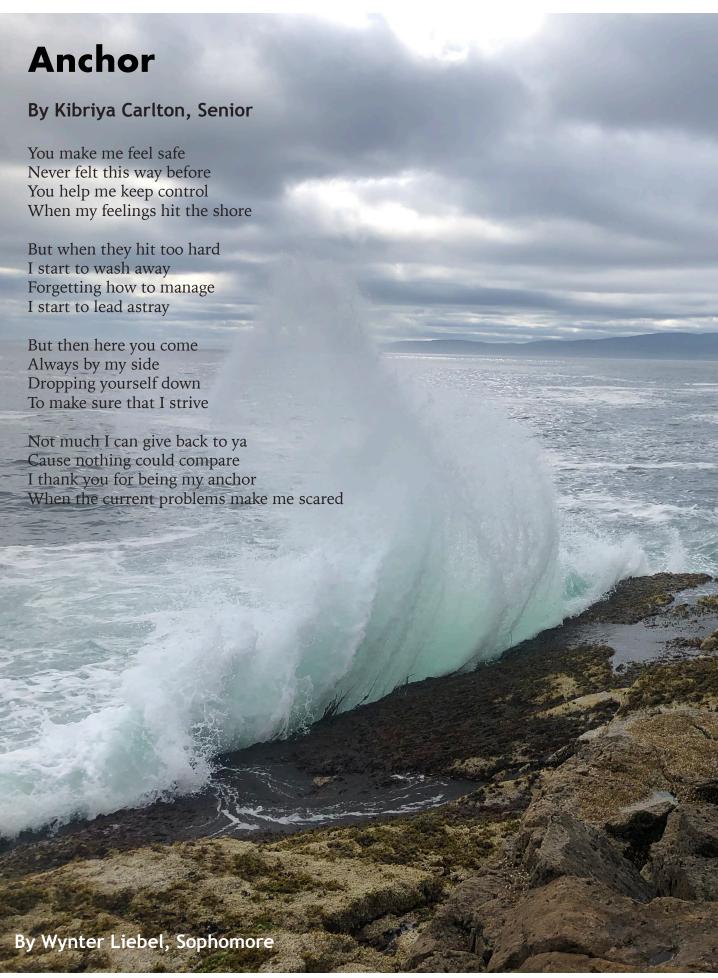
Your eyes, so astonishingly bright that it fills me with such delight.

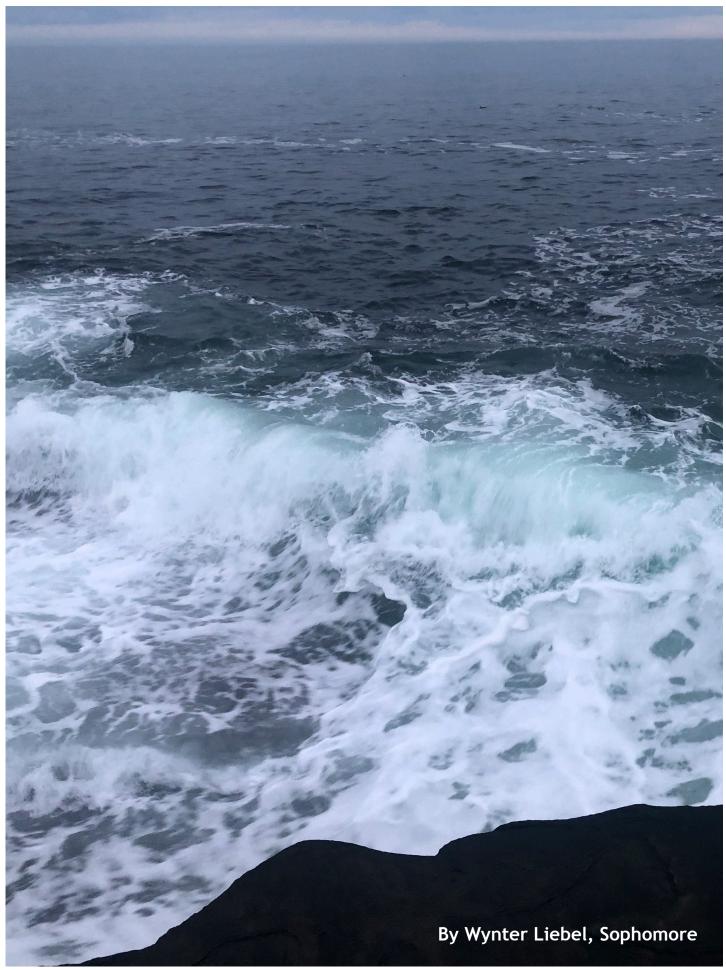
I want to say all these thoughts, to get them across.

But I just can't, I'm not ready.

Maybe because I still feel so unsteady.

But maybe because I know better to go with the latter.





Dear Mama

By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

Dear mama, there is something special about me having you as a mom. I don't know if it's how kind your are, how caring you are, or if it's how if the whole world was against me you'd be by my side.

Dear mama, I know that I'm a teenage girl and I'm difficult to deal with but I hope you know no matter how many arguments we have or how many times we have said things we don't mean it will never change the amount of love I have for you.

Dear mama, I know being a mom is so difficult and hard on you and no one truly understands the feelings you go through till they are in your position, but I want you to know mom that I love you and everything you do for me and our family, We would fall apart without you. I'm so grateful to have you as my mom.

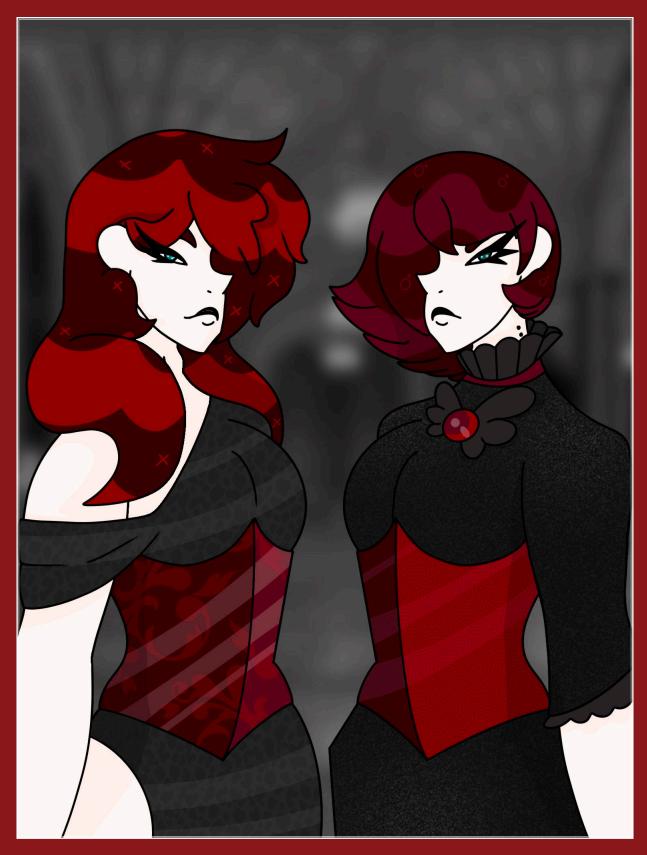
Dear mama, I know sometimes you think your value in this family is not very high. But that's a lie, your value in this family is so important if not to our family to me.

Dear mama, I know sometimes you think you're not very pretty or you're not a very good person, but you are, you are the most beautiful person I've ever known in my life, your soul is so gorgeous.

Dear mama, I want you to know you are my number one, if I was in trouble I would call you, if I was struggling I would talk to you, if I needed help with something I would call you.

Dear mama, I love you more than life itself I wouldn't be who I am without you.

Dear mama, I love you



By Logan Eike, Junior

Letter to My Future Self

By Alesandro Ojeda, Freshman

"Dear Future Self,

How have you been? I hope you're happy? Did we buy our parents that house? Are we famous? Are we still with Lily, and best friends with Tristan and Iris? All these questions, I can't wait to meet you. I hope every year from this point on is just as happy. I know we are selling out stadiums and making the best music and preforming with our favorite artist. I can't wait to meet you.

-Sincerely, your past self"

—"Gosh Iris I miss him so much."

His name was Andre and he took his own life Senior year. He wrote this letter to himself freshman year for ELA class. Andre had so much ahead of him. He had friends family, love, and a dream. Everything a freshman could ever want. At least it seemed that way.

Halfway through his sophomore year he lost his mother in a car crash, his younger brother Issac was severely injured. He slipped into a depression. Only being saved by his girlfriend, friends, and music. His dad became in debt, trying to pay his younger son medical bills. Leading his father to start drinking. His brother was on borrowed time and would shortly pass away. As he became resentful of everyone and everything, he pushed his girlfriend and love of his life Lily away. She eventually left him for another guy.

Jr year his dad just got worse becoming abusive, causing him to move in with his then best friend Tristan. He felt as if Tristan and Iris were all he had left. When Lily came back into his life. You would think life may be getting better, but sadly it wasn't. Lily's ex boyfriend had gotten her hooked on some hard drugs, and she ended up hooking Andre.

Winter of Senior year Lily and Andre breakup for the final time. With Andre getting rejected from getting his dream job as a producer. Feeling as if he had lost

everything, his addiction got worse. The only people left that were trying to save him were Tristan and Iris. But it was too late.

January 5th, 2005

Andre was pronounced dead off of an overdose.

~~~~~~~~~~~

20 years later; Iris and Tristan were heartbroken by the loss of their dear friend.

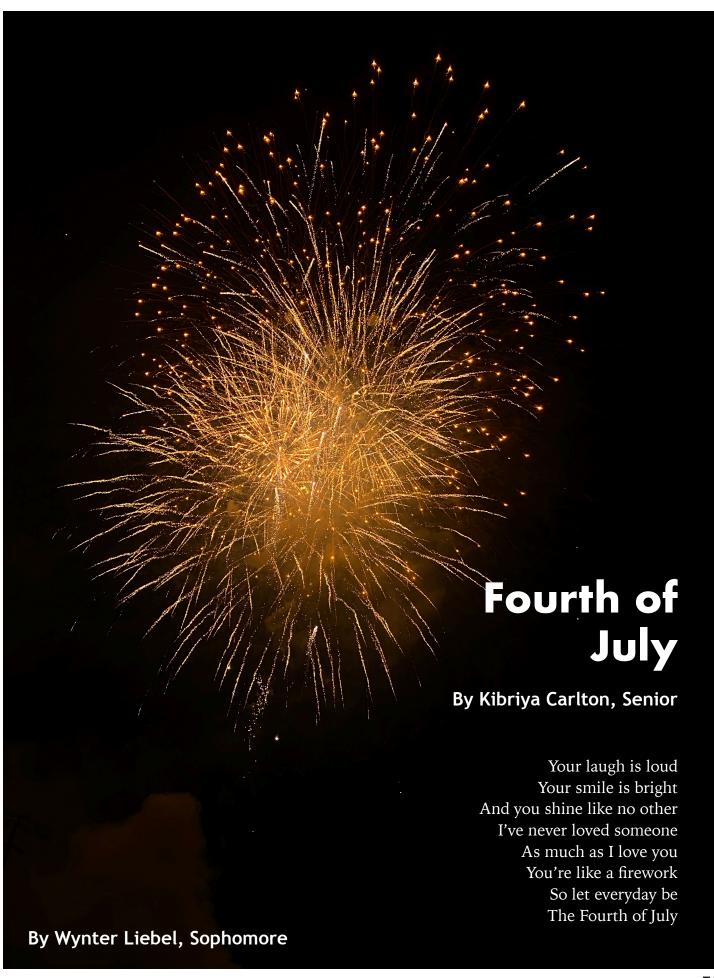
Getting closer they would fall in love and get married. They helped Lily get clean after the death of Andre. Realizing the danger of drugs and depression, they'd start a joint speaking company. Teaching kids about the dangers of drugs, alcohol, and depression. Honoring Andre and getting the chance to speak with some of his favorite artists. Leading an example, and showing that even when life gets tuff all you have to do is pick your head up and keep going.

Leading us too today the 25th anniversary of there graduating class. See Andre, Lily, Iris, and Tristan had made a time capsule to comeback to 25 years after they graduated. Taking Andre letter out from the time capsule and reading it. Lily, Tristan, and Iris share a moment remembering their old friend and being grateful for what they have now.



By Tobias Mann, Sophomore











### A Rock and a Hard Place

#### By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

I met you in september Well...

I didn't really meet you
You just kinda showed up in my life
We had a small conversation
over something little
A small conversation with laughter
Then you disappeared

Then in December you popped up again
And this time it was different...
like the vibe
We were no longer just having

small conversations filled with laughter
We were having long conversations
filled laughter and what felt like love
For that month I was so happy...
my life was nothing
but laughter and smiles
You were the only person
i wanted to talk to
I ignored others for you

I told my friends about you I wrote about you in my journal My instagram stories and notes

I told pgeople i was taken

were about you

And then you got distant... you found someone else

And soon my laughter went to tears

My smile faded to a frown

You are playing me and my feelings

Im a rope and your only

pulling me when u feel like it

you love the attention you get from me

And knowing these things now

I hate you

And i wanna move on

But god i feel like i need you

I'm so attached to you

So i sit here in wonder

Do i follow my gut and listen to my friends

And move on

Or do I listen to my heart

and wait just a little bit longer?

I just sit here and think

And my god am i so sick of thinking

I'm stuck between a rock and a hard place

Your not good for me

God im so lost

So now i sit here and think

What should I do?

God please tell me what to do

Please.











# Who are We

By Kamal Curry, Junior

Who am I
No who are you
I am the tree
So you are the fruit
I am the lyric
So you are the verse
I am the bird
So you are the chirp
I am the sky
So you are the sun
Who are you
So who am I
Who are we
We will see



By Danielle Clement, Junior

## Who

By Kibriya Carlton, Senior

Who am I?

Maybe I am a main character
Or just someone on the side
Maybe I am someone's villain
I could be someone's bride
Or maybe I am a nobody
I think that's the right one
I am nobody's daughter
And I am nobody's son
I try to find myself
In every corner, every nook

But still there is no treasure

To be found in the places i've looked

The mirror can be deceiving

Showing me a new person everyday

Turning to anyone for answers

I found myself starting to pray

It's been a while now

Still searching for someone I never knew

I don't know if it's myself

But if not, then who?



By Wynter Liebel, Sophomore

### I'm Scared

#### By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

I'm Scared I'm scared, scared to be with someone again, Scared to be involved Scared to put energy in someone and it to not be worth it I'm scared to accept that someone wants me because the last one didn't I'm scared to think about loving someone when last time it ended badly I'm scared to of the whole idea I just don't wanna do it again The energy The time It's almost like i wanna stay heartbroken I find so much comfort and peace in in the dark place Is it bad? Is it bad that this dark place is what i call home I wanna give love a chance But im scared What... What am I gonna do?

# My Person

#### By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

There's this girl
I've known her about two years
But it feels like i've known her my whole life
This girl is so perfect
She is as beautiful as a shimmering diamond
She is as strong and a lion
She is as brave as a soldier
She is as caring
She is kind
She is loving
She is my person
She been with me through my ups and downs
She's seen the beauty of me

She's seen the beauty of me
She's seen the ugly of me
She walked with me through my pain
And stayed with me till i was happy
She celebrated my winnings
And cheered me up during my loosings

She listened to me late at night

When no one else would

She's so perfect

The only difference is

I wish she knew how much she meant to me

How far i would go for her

How hard i would fight for her

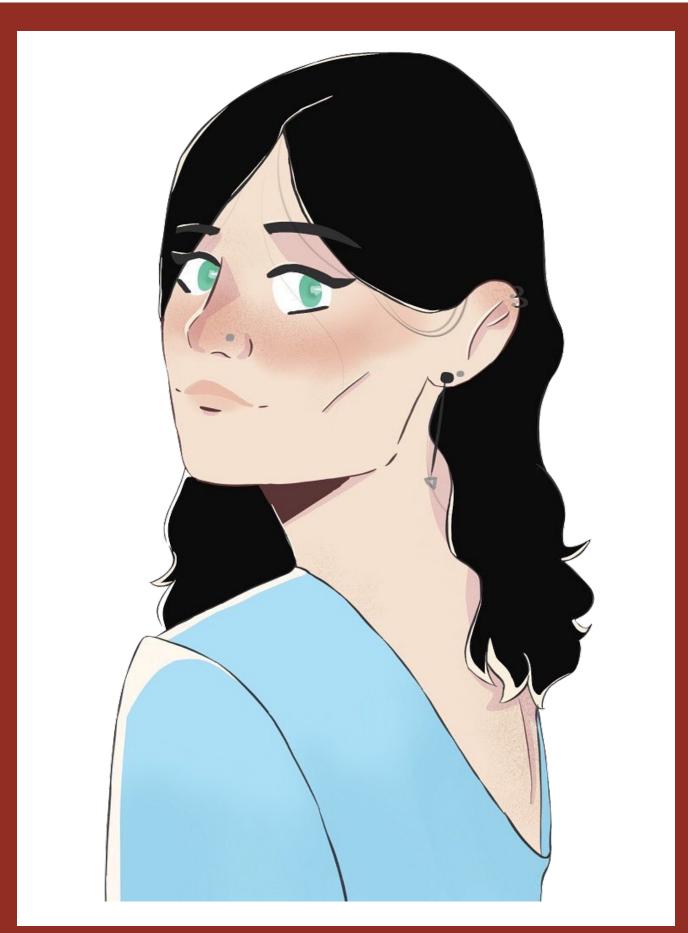
How happy i get when i see her smile

How glad i am to hear about her winnings

How i love her more than life itself

She is my person

And i hope she never forgets that.



By Elli Paulhamus, Sophomore

### **Dear Lola**

#### By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

Dear Lola, I miss you so much Why did u leave?

Dear Lola,
I miss coming home
and seeing you as soon as I walk through the door
God, You were so excited to see me

Dear Lola,
I miss me leaving to go somewhere
and seeing you sit in the yard as I left
You stayed in the same spot till i came home

Dear Lola,
I miss getting you in the bath,
and you giving me a hard time
Because after the bath you were so happy

Dear Lola,
I miss throwing the toy
and seeing you run and get it
Then we would play tug of war
because you loved that game

Dear Lola,
I miss us sleeping in the same bed together
Even tho you took up the whole bed

Dear Lola,
I miss me playing video games in my room
and you sleeping on my rug
I would always say your name and say hi

Dear Lola,
I miss me having a bad day,
you could sense i was upset
Then you would always
show me extra love on those days

Dear Lola,
I miss those late nights
I would stay up and talk to you
You may not have understood me,
but you listened more than anyone.

Dear Lola, I miss how small you were at first Its crazy how you grew up so fast

Dear Lola, I miss how happy and energized you were Cause in the end you were so sad and tired

> Dear Lola, I miss my baby Even tho you weren't human

Dear Lola,
I miss my best friend, you were what i had,
When i had no one

Dear Lola, I miss my dog, I miss my dog so much I miss you so much it hurts

Dear Lola,
You were in pain
and it killed me to see you like that
But now you're at peace
and it makes me happy to know that

Dear Lola, You may have left the earth so fast But you never left my heart

Dear Lola, You may have been a animal to everyone else But you were human to me

> Dear Lola, You're in peace now

> > Dear Lola, I love you



By Danielle Clement, Junior



By Wynter Liebel, Sophomore

# Hidden in the Forest

By Alesandro Ojeda, Freshman

I couldn't believe I was finally free. I ran not knowing where I was in the forest, no one, nothing for miles. Trees, all I saw was trees. As the sunlight grazed my face I felt free, but I had to avoid capture. But in the distance I heard a strange noise, as I was running. I turned around to see if someone was there but then disaster struck.

"Ahh!!" I screamed as I fell. My ankle, I injured my ankle. As nightfall loomed I was crutched by my injury being unable to move on my feet. I crawled painfully to shelter. Knowing that I had to move as it wouldn't be long until my captor came back looking for me.

Five days, five days I was captured for, time being the only thing I could keep track of to keep myself alive. No recollection of how I got there or what he wanted. But none of that mattered because in the distance I saw a beam of light, I knew it was him.

The light continued to get closer and I was faced with a decision . . . a life or death decision. Should I stay put or run for shelter? At this moment I knew nothing but what my gut compelled me to do. So I ran. Like a five star track star recruit I ran. My blood trail left nothing but a path for my captor to get me.

As I ran I heard him coming, and I felt the pain in my legs but I pushed as a road approchase in the distance. A gray truck, headlights so bright you saw it for miles. I yelled for help. I made it out of that forest.

"I'm sorry officers, that's all I remember."

"That's ok, thank you for your cooperation."



# **Stages of Grief**

#### By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

There's stages you go through when someone dies
They call it the 5 stages of grief
All of the stages go differently
The first stage is denial
Denial is when you think
its not real
The event you went through
It's not real
Its fake
I'll wake up tomorrow
and that person who passed
They're gonna be here
Until you wake up
the next morning

Then the second stage
hits you
Anger
Anger is the second stage
Now you're angry
that person is gone
Angry you didn't say bye
Angry because
how dare that person die
You lash out at
all your friends and family
Your so angry
at everyone and everything

Then the third stage hits you Bargaining
That point when you will do or turn to anything Just to make that pain go away If it drugs or alcohol you'll take it If it's hurting yourself you'll do it It's the most dangerous stage

Then the fourth stage hits you Depression
This stage, it's very hard and exhausting
You're so sad, all the time
You wanna lay in bed and just sleep
All that's on your mind is the person who is gone
You don't wanna talk to anyone about it or how u feel
You just wanna stay in bed in the dark and disassociate from the world

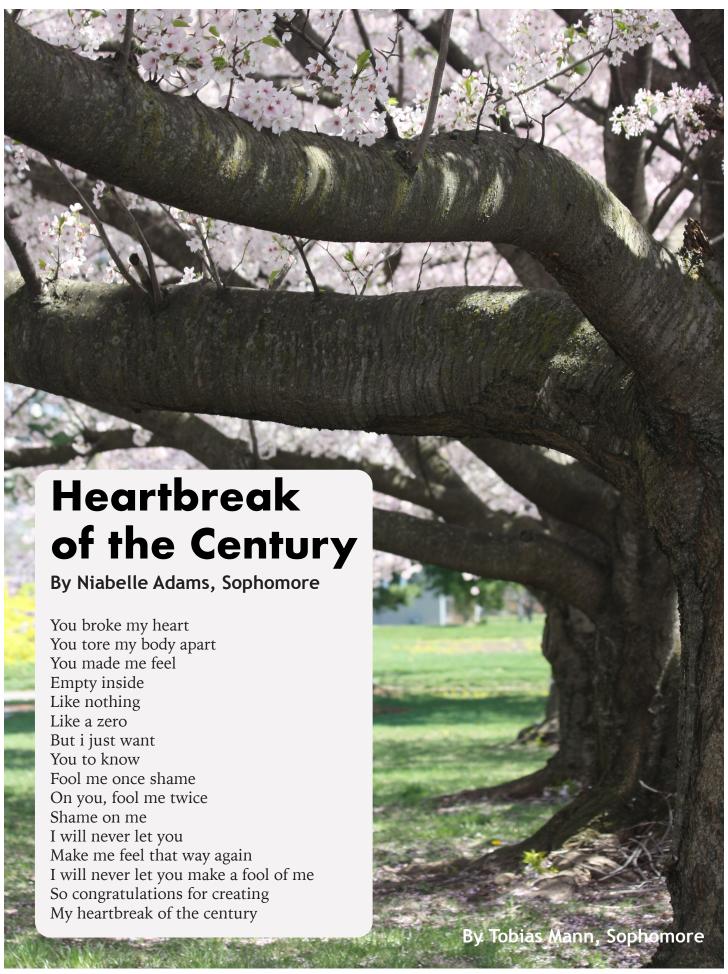
Then the last stage
Acceptance
The end of the road
You accept that
the person is gone
Accept that you need
to move on
Realize that the person
needs you to move on
So for that person
you live your life and
move on and be happy

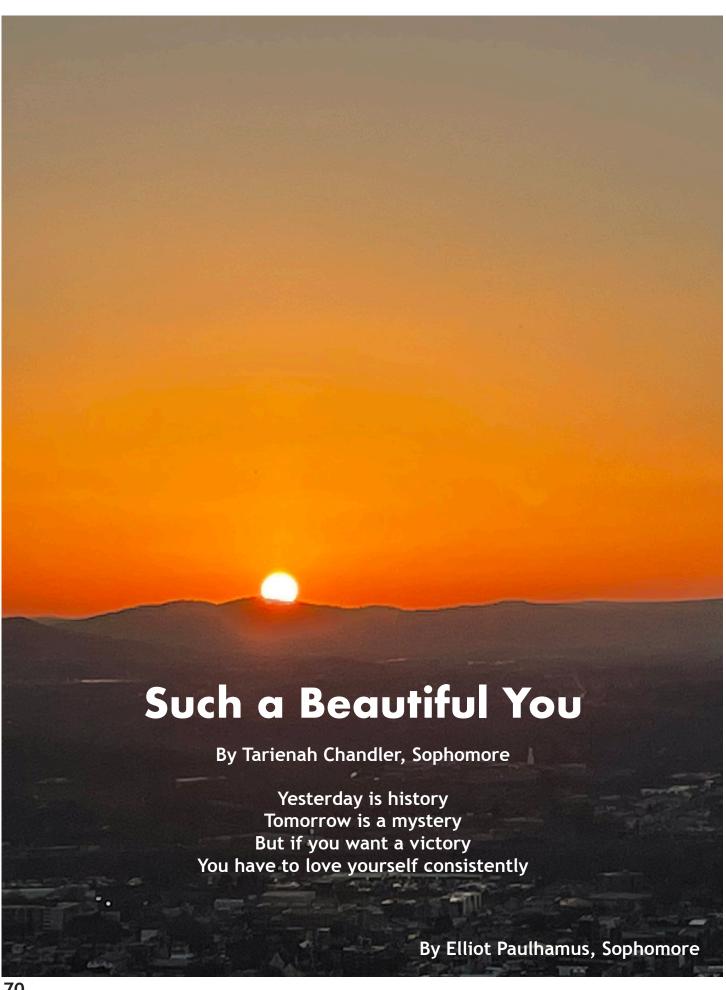
Now all the pain and suffering you felt Is gone

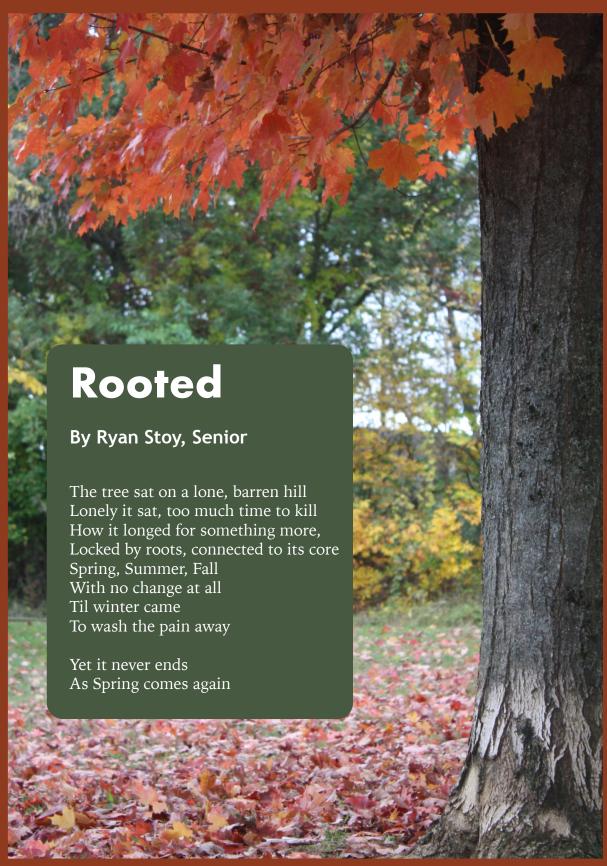
The worst thing about these stages Is how long they last It could take so long to get through all the stages The time is unknown But the scariest thing about these stages Is sometimes people don't make it through them They get stuck in one place and stay there Or they turn to drugs and it kills them These stages can be dangerous But you have to be stronger than these stages You have to overcome and know that it's gonna be ok

Once you realize that, I promise you You're gonna be ok.

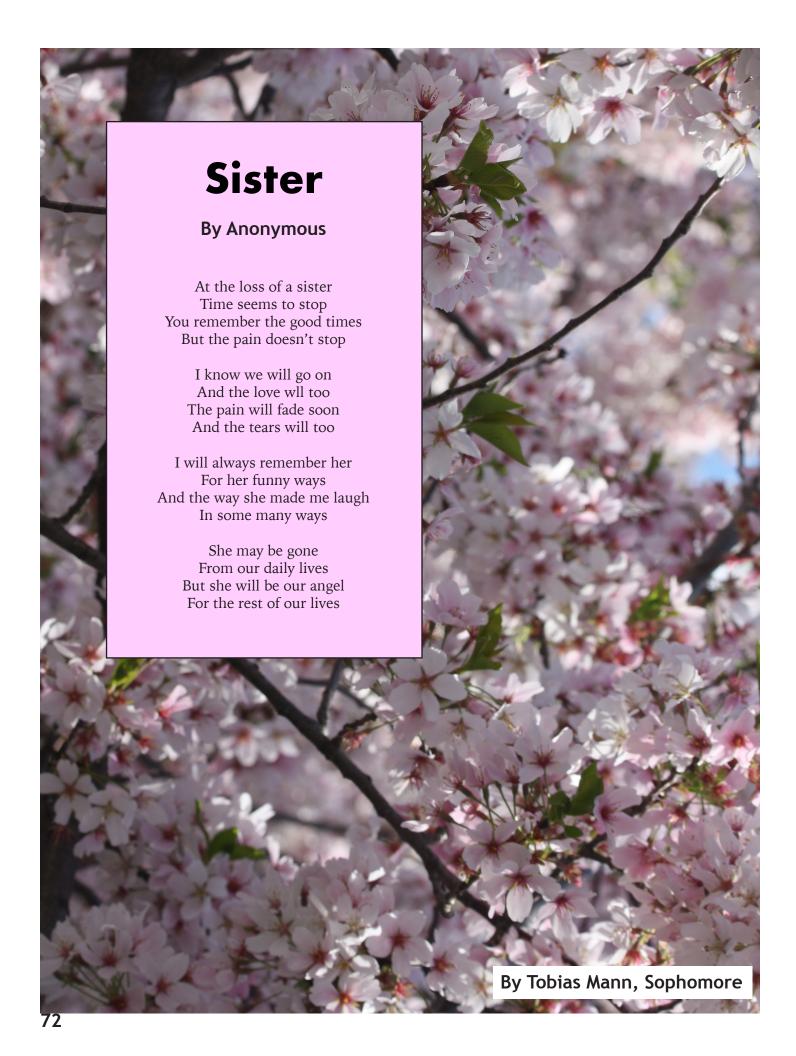
By Danielle Clement, Junior







By Tobias Mann, Sophomore





# I Feel Okay

By Deserae Merriwether, Junior

I stand in the middle of the room
No emotions
Meanwhile, everyone else in the room is feeling
every emotion

Why?

Why am i not feeling?

Why am i not crying?

What's happening to me?

I asked myself those questions for almost a month

And then I realized why

Because it'll hurt

Because I'm gonna feel sad

And mad

And guilty

I don't wanna feel those feelings So for weeks I shoved them down

Every feeling

Every thought

Every bad thing that happened

I shoved it all down

Then everyone started to tell me

" you need to grieve your loss"

Or

"It's ok to feel sad"

But in my mind it's not ok

I don't wanna feel that way

But then I saw a picture

Then a memory

Then a sound

And then a tear

I finally felt

All of the emotions from my loss all came out

I cried so hard

For so long

And it hurt more than anything

But I felt better after I cried

I felt accepting of what happened

I felt free

Like I don't have to walk on eggshells to keep how I

feel a secret

I feel ok

Finally

I feel ok





# Think Hard, Think Steady

By Ryan Stoy, Senior

Think hard, think steady
Only start when you're ready
There's no rush, you have time
Go slow, you'll be fine
This life it ages, like a bottle of wine
It feels oh so fast
But when you take a look back

So turn to the future There's so much in store, to look for

## **Breaking Free**

By Anonymous

Neglected I was my whole life. A straight face blocking all the pain. I had no friends. My parents pretended to care, but I knew they didn't care.

Well look at me now. I've made it. A big time social media star. But at what cost. Embarrassing myself online for "content". I still feel alone. The fake friends have gotten more fake, using me only for money

As the beautiful red moon sets, I record my video asking myself why? Why do I do this? As I post I see those comments. I used to not even feel it,



By Elliot Paulhamus, Sophomore

but now for some reason it just hurts. At that moment I know what I have to do.

I left never wanting to look back. My whole life has been defined by labels. The weird girl who's quiet, or the weird internet star. I'm done, no more labels. I begin my new chapter in Germany, and for the first time, I feel free.



By Elliot Paulhamus, Sophomore



# **Look from Here**

By Lucille Wilson, Sophomore

Like a light, I will swing from the top of the rafters 'Til the flip is switched, I will shine When the light goes out, why what would I be?

But empty

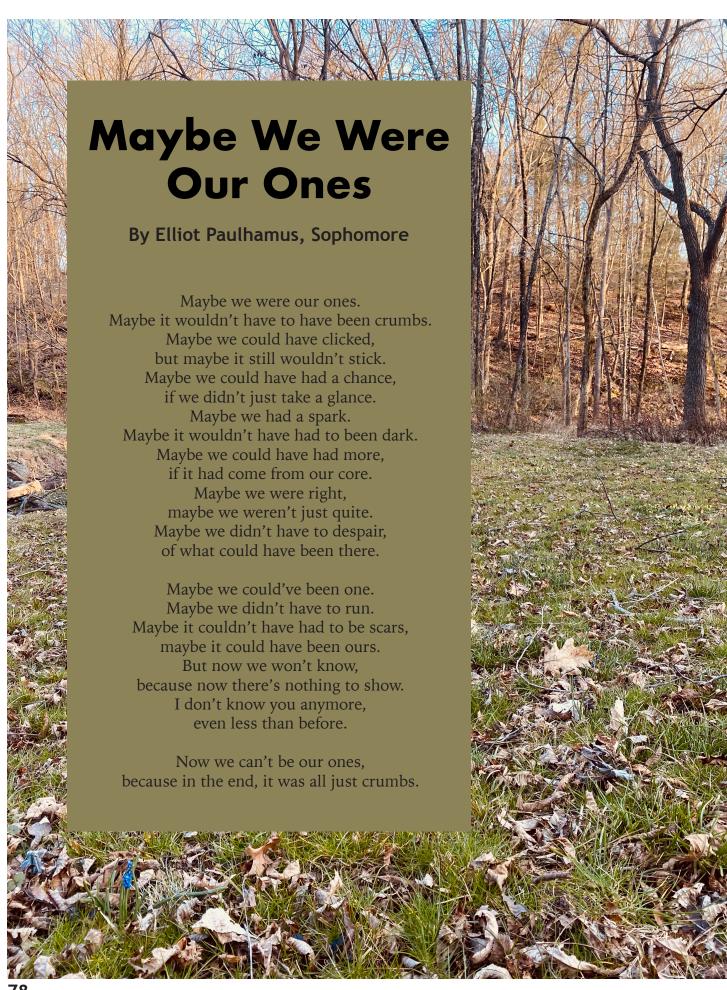


### When I Go

By Kamal Curry, Junior

When I go
Will you stay on your feet
Get up when you fall don't let someone say that your beat
When I go
Will you keep your smile
Soon they will look at you and say "what an amazing child"
When I go
Will you do your best
A very hard worker keep working harder than the rest
When I go
Will you make people proud
Your gonna be special someday so say it out loud
When I go







By Sonny Marks, Sophomore

# No One to Run With

By Tarienah Chandler, Sophomore

Being without your best friend is like a story with no end, no one left to turn to, no one left to run with, no one to spend time with in the sand.

# Goodbye

#### By Elliot Paulhamus, Sophomore

Goodbye is such a strong word, and sometimes, it can't even be heard. From hello to gone, it just draws on.
From saying "I love you," to "I miss you."
It hurts more a second and third, especially when it becomes blurred.
You feel so tired, and still so undesired.

But this time I didn't get to say goodbye, So why did you have to die?

You just can't sleep,

and all you can do is weep.



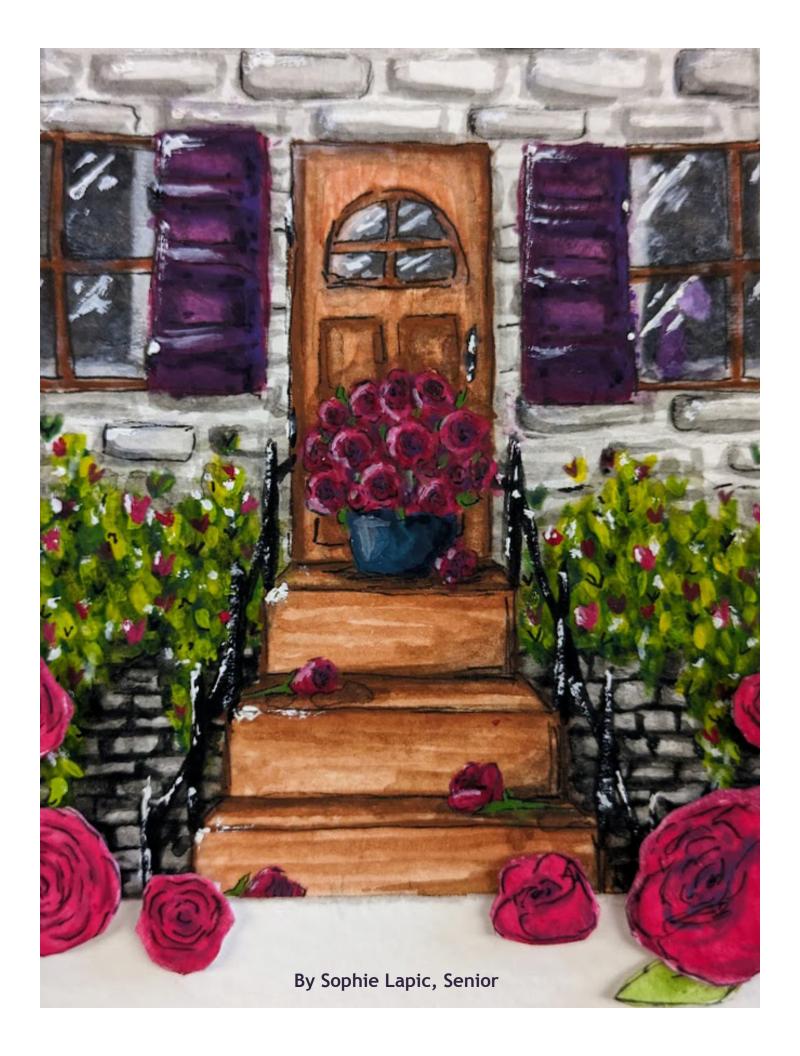
By Sophie Lapic, Senior

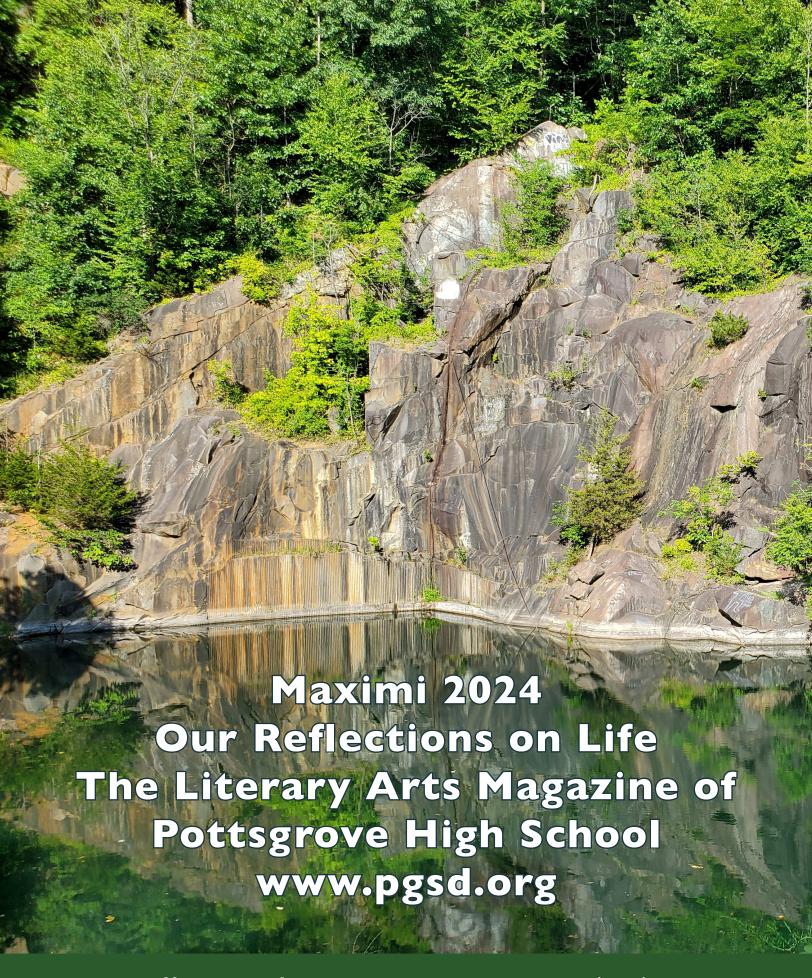


# The End

By Ryan Stoy, Senior

Death is so finite, is it really the end?
All of the thoughts in the head end up unsaid
Maybe you were bad, maybe you caused harm
But chnaging sin't easy, it's more than just hard.





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