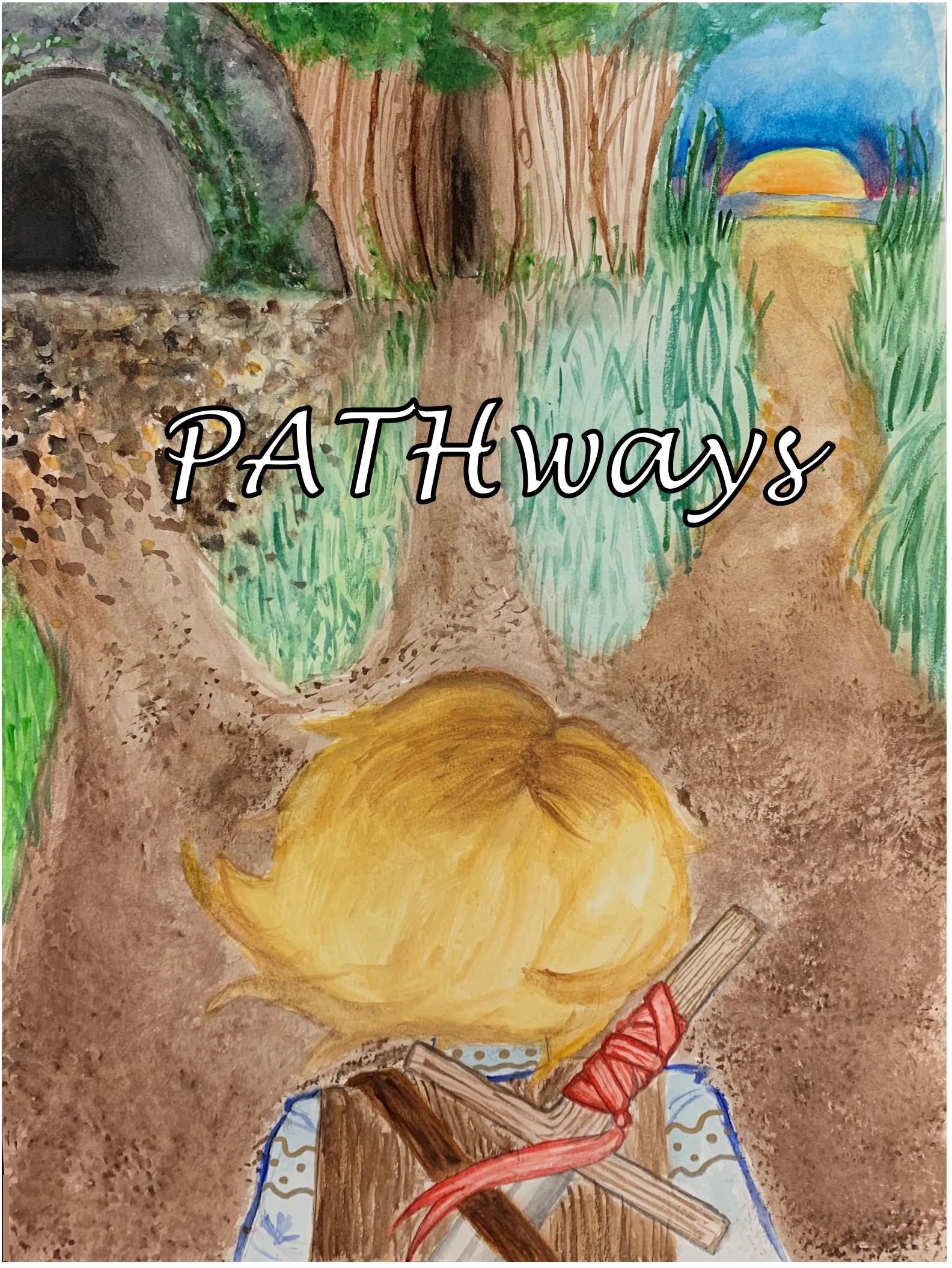

PATHways

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Woodlynde School
Literary Magazine

Volume I

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Seeking

Kiara Hatton

I stay in my position as my yellow eyes glow in the dark night, following what I need and want. My black stripes glisten. I lick my big, sharp teeth as I slowly crouch in the bushes. I stare and stare. I'm seeking. Until I see a beautiful meal. A 5 foot 7, brown hair, brown-eyed human. I feel my mouth water, then my strong, muscular hind legs pounce! The bright green jungle grass turns dark red. The screams reward me. My orange paws are goring. When done, I run, seeking more.

A Chance

I got a chance to blow someone's mind.
Too nervous to take it.
Afraid what they think of it.
Better now or never.
You have forever.
But forever has a due date.
You don't want to be late.
So here I go.

A chance that I am taking.
A chance I am risking.
A chance I am willing to take right now.
Blowing down the worries that kept me out.

I know I am brave cause what I am about to do is going to take guts.

Who cares what other people think?
This is me expressing my thoughts within.
A chance I have to win.

~ Hannah Gilbert

To A Friend

Sometimes, my friend, you seem too good to be.
You are the drops of dew on morning grass.
If e'er you need the mountains moved, ask me;
If I'm too weak, I'll carve a mountain pass.

You'd do the same for me; you are so kind.
But would you out of pity or of love?
Can you cut me from my own strang'ling vines?
On your gray days, tell me: am I your sun?

I worry that my feelings are too strong;
That only lovers feel this sort of bliss.
I see me in no lauded poems or songs,
For I have never wanted for a kiss.

So if you don't see me as I see you,
Please take some love; I have enough for two.

~ Claire Bittinger

Summer Nights

Bright summer sunsets
Beautiful colors fade out
From orange to pink
Into a cool summer night
The sky is filled with bright stars

~ Jack Richardson

Beach Life

Seagulls fly freely
Sounds of the ocean crashing
The sand warms my feet

~ Ella Adams

The Pearl

From the island beyond the sun, the majesty ventures onward.

Not a lonely star or ancient map to guide its passage.

Churning the spirits of the sea as it speeds forward at a vigorous pace.

A knot a minute, barreling down the channel at full tilt.

The maiden, like a shot, fleetly devours the water that lays before her.

The crown jewel of the Brethren Court, striking fear into the unraveling souls of those who dare cross her.

At first sight, a sailor knows their fate is sealed.

Ghastly winds and blinding fog swallow up all visible routes of escape.

At colors hoisted, ye hearts besunk, black sails – the sight of which may be your last.

Black sails companion the black ship and a captain undead with a black heart.

Cursed, along with the crew, condemned by their own unquelled greed and lust for material wealth.

Out beyond the horizon, there you'll see the ship with black sails, that's crewed by the damned and captained by a man so evil hell itself spat him back out.

~ Avery Tapper

Flowers

Flowers are pretty
They always bloom for springtime
Flowers need water

~ Katie Dougherty

Spooky Mansion

I find a spooky mansion in the woods
It is dark and weary
Many old paintings and furniture
The door locks behind me
Trapped in it I see

~ Luke Prasalowicz

Family

Even though I am adopted, I still love my family.

Even though we are not blood, they are my family. They are the ones who took care of me and saved me from death.

You see I was born with a club foot; my left foot was not fully developed and was bent. I was in surgery as a small baby. I had my first surgery at only 2 months old and I had many others after.

I have scars. I call them my battle scars. My dad says that I have been through the worst as only a child.

I was in a wheelchair for 4 years. I was late to learn everything. I didn't learn how to ride a two wheeled bike until I was 10. Wait till you hear this, at 16 years old I still don't know how to tie my own shoes.

I'm happy with the family that I was given because my birth mother was very, very poor. So poor that she was living in the basement of a church. My birth mother couldn't pay for me, and the best thing was to put me up for adoption.

I'm glad that there was a family that could pay for all my surgeries and help me learn how to walk. Most importantly they saved my life and saved me from dying.

I used to hate being adopted. The feeling of not being blood and being related to your own family. That means every single family member that I have met felt like a stranger to me.

I felt like I didn't belong, I felt like the outcast of the "family". I wasn't blood like everyone else. That means my grandfathers, grandmothers, aunts, uncles, Mom, and Dad felt like all strangers. Imagine that! Close your eyes and picture your family right now and a random child who they didn't know came into the family. I felt like an outcast. I felt like I didn't belong.

I used to hate being adopted. I used to go to a therapist for it. Going to this therapist taught me things about being adopted and how it helps out children in need of a family.

Later I found out that my father and my aunt were also adopted. That made me feel better.

I'm scared to meet my birth mother and father because I feel like I would get too attached to them and watch my family drift away.

Blood makes you related, but love makes you family.

~ Brady Straub

Phantom Poem

This poem is inspired by the lyrics of Phantom of The Opera

Those who have seen his face

Draw back with fear

A true sight you cannot erase

But underneath his heart is dear

His haunted face holds horror for many

Although it is his soul where the true distortion lies

If kindness you have any

You would hear his silent cries

He hides his face so the world will never find him

Sadness is his only true friend

Hidden in the darkness that is so dim

Feeling rejected until the end

How can your song take flight

If you hide away in the night

~ Maya Bella Rogers

Last Game

My last game on a field

As the winds blow through my hair

My career comes to a yield

As the season comes to an end

I become overwhelmed with despair

~ Madelyn Harkin

I Survived

I climbed many mountains

Crossed different seas

I lived my life with a bunch of nobodies

Holding my own hand as I walked by myself

Asking for nothing, except my own health

But I claimed that mountain, crossed that sea

Cleaned up my life, and got rid of the nobodies

Climbed the crystal stairs and got to the top.

Sitting, eating caviar and no more slop.

As you can see, I made it through life.

I survived.

~ Marissa Sandman



~ Maya Bella Rogers



~ Lucy Goldwater



~ Faysal Adger



"Mum"
~ Jackson Godfrey

Winter Days Are Over!

Leaves turn pink and green.
Fresh starts beginning again.
Nice, long, sunshine days.

~ Ava LaVoe



Nature

On my way to school I see
Beautiful trees before me,
I feel the breeze flowing gently
And the person next to me in a Bentley
I feel the sun beaming on me
And the heat steaming around me
Today will be a good day

~ Sky Grant

Day

One day seems so far
Yet so near
Counting down the days
What do I have to fear?
It seems so close yet a mile away
The clock ticks by
As another hour flies
The day sets
When we wake, we begin to rise
Waiting patiently for that day to arrive.

~ Hannah Gilbert

Braces

Oh braces they hurt
They make your whole mouth sore
It feels like you hit your mouth on a door
They make your mouth so dry it feels like a desert
They sometimes get stuck on your shirt
The pain you try to ignore
But the pain is quite a chore

~ Luke Prasalowicz

Falling Up

Noah Greenleaf

Jonathan had patiently waited months for this day. This day, October 31, 2021, was the perfect opportunity for Jonathan and his small three-year-old pug, Caramel, to go on a hike through the forest. The drive there was simple and only took 45 minutes. When Jonathan reached his destination at the edge of the forest, he left his car behind and took Caramel with him.

Jonathan heard the quiet shift of pine trees all around him, their needles moving to the beautiful guidance of the wind. Warm sunrays shone through every opening and window to the sky and struck the ground below with light. Large rocks covered the ground with their gray colors and sharp patterns standing out, unique to the rest of the environment. The trees cast shadows that towered over Jonathan reminding everyone of the giants that they are. The scenery surrounding Jonathan made him realize how great and powerful the forest really is.

He followed the path of a creek that slowly worked its way up a small mountain. Jonathan knew where he was going. He came here at least once a year to calm down and to let go of any stress he might have. Forty-five minutes later, and the end of his journey came into view. It was a short waterfall barely taller than a single story building, and was no wider than the length of Jonathan's car. Although it was microscopic compared to the stunning images of Niagara Falls, this waterfall still held a special place in Jonathan's heart. Over time the waterfall carved away at the rocks behind it creating a cave-like platform that is safe to walk on. This platform was peaceful and allowed Jonathan and his dog to calm down, listening to the rush of water in front of them. Eventually, it was getting late, so Jonathan decided to start walking back to his car to head home.

As Jonathan drove home, he noticed that there was something off. Crowds of people lined the sidewalks and streets with large handmade signs that looked as if they were made in a hurry. They ran around with fearful expressions on their faces while some even started to approach Jonathan's car as he drove by. Suddenly, he was forced to stop his car when five of them ran out in front of him. Since Jonathan knew he would be waiting for a while, he decided to read one of the signs that a man in a dark red shirt held up over his head, waving it in the cold air. "End of the world!" was the message on the sign that Jonathan read. "I went on this hike to have a peaceful day and to get away from the stress of everyday life, and this is what happens to me in return," Jonathan said to himself as he pet his dog. He looked at one of the people in the crowd that blocked his car and immediately recognized him as his own friend, Matthew. Matthew wore a bright orange coat with dark blue jeans and carried his own sign that just read "3 days". *What's Matthew doing with these people? Is something really going to happen?* Jonathan thought while he left his car to talk to his friend.

Falling Up Continued

"Did you hear the news?" Matthew said to Jonathan, "A massive object unlike anything we've ever seen is heading for Earth in three days." He pointed to a TV that his group of five had set up outside for everyone to see.

Through the TV, a man in a dark blue suit explained the situation "... Astronomers recently noticed a large object that will soon pass by Earth in three days. We are still unsure as to what the object is, but we do know that the object is massive. It was originally found when the orbit of Saturn was slightly changed..." After discussing the "object" and what it might be and failing to find an answer, Jonathan chose to get back into his car and drive back home. Caramel was hungry and it was past his dinnertime, so it would be best to get back before he starts to go crazy.

It was 7:00 AM when Jonathan woke up to sounds of panic, anxiety, and concern. Hundreds if not thousands of people were gathered outside with telescopes and cameras pointing to the sky. Every vehicle on the road stopped, their passengers leaving them behind to watch. A few of them didn't even care that they were blocking the road, causing more cars to stand still behind them. Even Jonathan left his house in curiosity to see what they were looking at. He tilted his head to the starry night sky and found the full moon staring back down at him. However, it seemed as if a layer of dust hid its face like a mask, shrouding it in clouds of uncertainty. When Jonathan borrowed a telescope to observe the strange event, he could see that the dust moved quickly around the surface in every direction and then fell behind it, like the trail of a comet.

Without warning, a third of the Moon broke away in an explosion of rocks and fire that was strong enough to be felt on Earth. Cracks spread across the fragment and soon the entire piece broke apart, slowly turning into dust. Anxiety and concern immediately turned to pure terror and dread. Within ten minutes, the Earth's only satellite was gone. Some people looked away, unable to accept the truth of what just happened. Some people stared expressionless into the sky, this time with nothing but the scattered stars to stare back. Some people turned their heads to the ground, realizing the tragedy that stood before them. The sky was empty. Glory now gone to waste.

Everyone began to understand that they had been lied to. *They knew this would happen.* Jonathan thought to himself. *Whatever that object is, it scared them enough that they would lie to us, to cover the truth, to think it would make us happier if we didn't know that the world would truly end*.

It was cold, even though Jonathan already had a jacket on. Out of instinct, Jonathan checked the time on his phone and was surprised that it read "7:18 AM". It was still too dark to be after 7:00 in the

morning. When he asked one person in the crowd what time it was, she replied with “It’s 7:18…” The world waited for dawn, but dawn never answered them. The sky above never changed and time felt like it ceased to exist. The crowds kept silent, waiting for a difference in the heavens. But there was something. Jonathan could see it now, a circular absence of color in the atmosphere sitting where the moon once proudly stood, gradually growing in size.

When Jonathan was a kid, he was fascinated by outer space and its many wonders. In his own time, he learned about stars thousands of light years away, comets that were mostly made of ice, and the unstoppable forces that were black holes. It didn’t take him long to figure out which one of those was the “mysterious object” that the experts lied to the world about. Suddenly the sky began to brighten to a light orange as dawn shows itself over the horizon. But there was no sun, and the stars were still hanging above them. It felt warmer, and the temperature kept increasing every second. It wasn’t dawn, Jonathan realized. Instead, the sky was on fire.

Through the fire, it became easier for Jonathan to see it, a void of impenetrable darkness, a sphere of nothing. Without warning, his dog slowly lifted from the ground, but Jonathan managed to catch Caramel and hold his pug in his arms before it was too late. It didn’t matter, though, because Jonathan began to feel weightless himself. The earth below him shook with violent intensity, leaves were torn from trees, the oceans lifted into the air, and streets were ripped from the ground. The ground itself soon followed, creating islands that rose to the burning sky. Jonathan found a nearby tree and tried to hang on to it, but eventually the tree was wrenched out of the ground like a twig. Earth's gravity had been overpowered. Jonathan fell away from the surface. Breath was stolen from him and the air burned against him. He was falling, falling up into a dark void, the black hole, the universe’s final and ultimate prison.

“Caramel… Caramel…?” Jonathan could hear his dog whimpering as he lay on the couch, sleeping. When he placed his hand on Caramel’s soft head, his loving pug woke up, startled. “Are you okay?” asked Jonathan, “You had a bad dream, didn’t you? Maybe if I put on the TV for you, you’ll feel better.” Jonathan turned on his television and switched it to the news channel. “Astronomers recently noticed that there will be a meteor shower in three days that people around Pennsylvania will be able to see…” Caramel jumped back onto the couch, shaking with fear. “Don’t be afraid,” Jonathan said to Caramel, “everything will be fine. Meteor showers are harmless to us, you’ll be okay.” Jonathan didn’t really know why Caramel was so afraid. Maybe it was his dream that caused this. *If only we knew what they dreamt about,* Jonathan thought to himself as he gently patted his fluffy companion on his head.

A Friend in Me

Friends may come and go
But just remember,
Be a friend to thyself
Before you are to others

~ Marissa Sandman

Tupac

RIP to Tupac, he was spiritual,
And the way he wrote his rhyme was lyrical,
When he came into the game, it was a miracle
His approach on the West was empirical
And the things he said to people were believable
You know this man will live forever, he's historical
But you know he will be missed, astronomical

~ Adam Wilkie-Viscio

Last Words

Dead and dying leaves gather in
crowds on the forest floor.

They grow old among the tussocks of frost-bruised grass;
and soon the green of that, too, will go.
And they will all die together,
watching the geese fly beneath a harvest moon,
and the ants march home through the underbrush,
and the orb weavers fall from their webs
with the buckled legs of death.

The leaves whisper amongst themselves.
They tell stories of green
And of warmth
And of pollen so thick it chokes the air.
And in the spring,
No one will be there to tell the buds
Stories of red
And of cold
And of apples so sweetly rotting on the ground.

~ Claire Bittinger

It Came from Beneath the Rug

Peter Iannacone

It had happened once before. Roy thought nothing of it. In fact, he wouldn't have noticed it if it wasn't for his dog barking. It scared him, sure, but he thought it was just a rat under the carpet. That was before it made a noise. A noise unlike anything Roy had ever heard. It made a deep, low grunting noise. Roy knew then that it couldn't be a rat. It was something much larger, but what?

That night, Roy took to his bed with him his 12-gauge shotgun and a flashlight just in case whatever it was came back at night to get him. He wasn't taking any chances with this thing. The next day, Roy tried to tell people of what he saw that night, but no one actually believed this crazy story of a creature that came from beneath his rug. But Roy knew what he saw. He knew he wasn't crazy.

Two weeks passed and Roy sat and waited, paranoid of the thing under his rug. He kept his shotgun with him at all times, ready to strike. Finally the thing was there once again under the rug. He was ready this time, Roy racked his shotgun, pointed and fired. The gun was deafening inside his house. It didn't matter to him, though. He had killed it. Or so he thought. Just as he lowered the gun, the mass twitched under the rug. Suddenly the creature sprang up revealing itself. This creature towered over Roy. It was unlike anything from this world. It was sort of a shadow, although this shadow was real. Roy looked at the creature, horrified. He looked into what Roy thought was its eyes. They were bloodshot and sunken. The creature opened up what appeared to be its mouth with giant teeth. It lunged at Roy, who took another shot at the creature. It was too late. It got him.

Then he woke up. He was in his living room. Only, he wasn't. It looked like his house, but there was something off putting about it. There was no noise and no lights. The only thing that lit up the room was a static television. With those red eyes in the corner, watching, waiting.

An Ode to an Aquatic Friend

Though ye be surly and selfish,
I thank Poseidon for you
And though your tank be empty of fish,
I thank this god for the fullness of your love

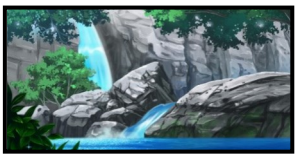
I take pride in your aquatic home
A cute, quiet being you there are shown,
Both during school and in the black of night
Under water in the darkness, there you live without fright
You are the king of all that you observe
And your domain forever we preserve

Treats are something given with care
A few carrots here and a few more there,
A tasty treat for my best friend.
Into the depths of his tank we send
You have brought our lives tremendous joy,
You to us, the magnificent aquatic boy

Frozen shrimp, you devour each day
Nibbling at my fingers, you flirt and play
I cannot resist, so I will not say ‘nay’
Forever in my heart you will always stay.

~ Mr. Robison, Mr. Laughead, Mr. Frawley, and Mr. Koch

Acrostic Spring Poem



Water flowing



Outside with friends



No School in Spring Break



Desserts with family



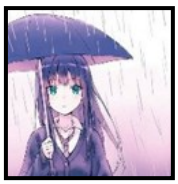
Every flower grows



Running



Flowers bloom



Umbrellas under the rain



Loving ice cream

~ Malvika (Soul) Assumal

The Boat Trip Went Wrong

Aidan Alabdulla

This is my last day alive and so I might as well tell my story. It was a week-long trip out to sea. I was on deck when a monster size wave hit me at night. It flipped the boat. A shark tried to attack me, but it failed. I managed to get myself to a dry area under the boat. The sharks grew bolder. I lasted a week and a half. As the food ran out, I grew weaker. As I went to sleep, I thought I heard someone say, “Hey!” It was the rescue team saving me.

Fly

My wings are wide
look up to the sky
Ready to fly
I know I can fly
All I have to do is believe in myself
and open my eyes.
Take that jump into thin air
Your wings might be unseen
But when you believe
Your wings will be seen.

~ Hannah Gilbert

Untimely Demise

Peter Iannacone

As I wade through the jungle, three thousand miles away from my home. I am in search of the ultimate prey. As I track the beast through the leaves and vines, I can’t help but think I’m the one being hunted, Maybe this is all a trap. Set by the beast. But animals can’t do that, can they? Maybe it’s an act. To make me think that I have the upper hand. Still, the draw of the ultimate prize draws me closer, to what may be my untimely demise, so maybe I am the prize.

I Am Me

I know my own self worth.
I am me.
Someone no one can be.
Do it for yourself.
No need to prove to others.
No need to fit in no need to bother.
No need to fake it.
Be yourself and don't let anyone take it.
I am me.
Someone no one can be.

~ Hannah Gilbert

Springtime

Spring is really here
Flowers are starting to bloom
Sunshine fills the air

~ Kadijah Mathis



Little Old EthelsVille

Gwen Clark

Down in the backwoods of old Alabama, there is a small town, if you could even call it that, known and lived in by very few. With only a shed of a town hall, mail, and little over 73 that call it home. Down in the woods, smaller homes hide under large, shady trees or out in the open. Lawns are full of smaller, iron decor or unusable vehicles that no one wants to let go of. The murmur of bugs and other wildlife echoes if you are quiet enough. The hum of bees and homicidal hornets can be heard dancing around shrubs before being swept away from passing trucks. Does bring their fawns to graze off the cotton and many in-season plants. Coyotes prowl before the break of dawn while hawks, vultures, and wild turkeys gather by the tracks for their next meal.

During the day, the diesel engines of large logging trucks wheeze down the narrow winding roads, kicking up plumes of orange dust as they go along. At night, the heavy lumbering of the train chugs far beyond the tree line, always followed by its piercing howl. The nights are cool and quiet, with the chirping of frogs and crickets for ambiance. The soft glow of fireflies bounces from surface to surface with no stop in sight. The shine of stars illuminates the sky; there is no smog to stop them. This part of the world can only be found in ***little Old EthelsVille***.

We Are Human

We are human we fall and get back up.

We don't stop until we reach the top.

We all can feel.

We all shed our tears.

We can all concur our fears.

We are human.

We all need each other.

We all need one another.

We are all kind.

Trying to find the goodness inside.

We can bleed.

We can bruise.

We can lose.

We are human.

We can make mistakes.

No one is perfect and that is okay.

Because we are human.

~ Hannah Gilbert

The Rain Is an Acquired Taste

The rain is a capricious thing:
It rouges cheeks and makes ears sting,
Though yesterday it was a kiss
And brought with it a breath of spring.

I raise my face in rev'rent bliss.
I jump in puddles, catch the mist.
I dance 'till feet are cold and sore
And heart rejoices: I exist!

But to others, it's a war
Between umbrellas and downpour.
They pull down hats and pull scarves tight
And book it for the nearest store.

Sparrows shiver and alight
On branches tossed by north wind's might.
I think they'd like the rain much more
If they'd a birdhouse for the night.

~ Claire Bittinger

Flight

I fell down the stairs today
I tripped on a dog that was stray
The flight down was bad
And I am quite mad
That I fell down yesterday

~ Luke Prasalowicz



~ Matthew Niznan





Sarah Brown



Claire Bittinger



Skye Ferro

Beauty Warped

The artist sets the brush upon the page
Determined to preserve his memory
With colour, stroke, and scale he sets the stage
To make the canvas his mortality

Despite his need to calm his frenzied mind
By drawing his experience this way
He fears critique from those who cannot find
The beauty in his soul, now on display

The bias'd viewer hears their own command
To feel the story through a diff'rent lens
But do not think they did misunderstand
We see ourselves in words from others' pens

Our joys and thoughts unleashed from veiled archives
Can mark the canvases of others' lives

~ El Moore

Heat

Heat brings the joy and powerful comfort of a campfire.
Tall and welcoming, with a kind and brave voice.
She holds a bright glowing lantern with a small yellow flame dancing with excitement while walking silently and slowly through the tall shadowy forest.

~ Noah Greenleaf

And For the World (slash)

He was not there but thought they had it all.
He was alive and threw his mind through hell.
He fools the rich and likes to make them fall.
And glorious it was as was to tell.

And for the world she'd tell no single lie.
But he was blind he was but a big fool
And when she died he could not even sigh
And for the world he'd never be a ghoul.

And when they found his wife who then lied once
Before the earth would fall to dust they must;
Bring forth the villain here right now at once
And for nothing he said there was a lust

Great pain inside but more was used on him
Rapidly sung until he used the hymn.

~ Owen Ford



Spring

Sunny days
Underneath the shady tree
Nice feeling of the breezy air
Flowers everywhere
Long sweaty days
Outside all day
Watermelon
Eating yummy foods
Rays of sunshine beating down on me

~ Rose Goodman

Swedish Fish

Swedish Fish are delish
And of course
They look like fish
They feel rough
But to eat so many
It's not tough
When you drop them
They go squish
Fruity and chewy
Tastes like a cherry
I wish I had some more Swedish Fish
Soft and gooey
How I love Swedish Fish
When I eat Swedish Fish
My mind is filled with simple bliss
Oh how I love my Swedish Fish

~ Peter Iannacone

Purple Fuzz

Soft purple fuzzy

Colossal yellow snapping turtle eyes

Breath smelled of burnt hair

He moved stealthy, gone in a second with a cold pillow-like touch

Carrying happiness with a low soft husky voice that said, "Don't miss me"

~ Sky Rota

Voice

I miss my voice
I know I have a choice.
Speak up or stay silent.
I can't count the many times I stayed quiet.
Frozen on the inside.
Can't wait to be on the outside.
I want the sun to melt my shyness away.
I just want to say.
One day I'll come out and be brave.

~ By Hannah Gilbert

Parted Ways

I'm still sad to this day,
That she and I have parted ways
But there will come a time that I will lay
And we will be together far away

~ Sky Grant

Unknown Colonization of Mars

Graysen Trevisan

Bob just landed on Mars, but everyone died on the journey. He is the first and only human on Mars. He has to contact the Earth, but the radio connection is so slow because it is so far away. He's tried for hours but he doesn't get through. He can't tell them what has happened. Earth is very concerned because it took several months to get to Mars. They decided to send astronauts, but it was risky, so they gathered as much information about the atmosphere and what shelters had been set up so far.

Bob knew they would send other astronauts, but he was alone for the meanwhile. In the distance, he saw something. It looked like a giant robot. He took his rover to take a look. He couldn't believe what he saw. He closed his eyes and when he opened them, he realized Perseverance had been sent up to Mars before to get as much information about the planet as possible. With the help of Perseverance, Bob was able to make radio contact with the astronauts who were coming, and they told Bob they would be there in a couple of weeks. Bob started constructing the other shelters to make room for the new astronauts. The new astronauts survived with Bob and were able to complete the original mission.

True Friends

There are many people out there
You seem to have a lot of friends with care
Though sometimes that can be rare
If you find the right ones
You will feel like a millionaire

~ Skye Ferro

Homework Is Trash

Sarah Cynthia Silvia Stout did not want to take the garbage out, and I don't want to do my homework.
Homework should be discarded and considered useless.
The assignment papers are stuffed everywhere from my room to my bathroom.
The notebook curls are in my hair.
I'm exhausted and sweating because I know I have to do it.
Now I smell.



~ Jonah Levy

Our Brave Heroes

How strong and brave are heroes of today and from times long before, we called ourselves free.
Free from division,
Free from strife,
Their perseverance and selflessness often go overlooked.
But we see you brave heroes
Fighting and fallen,
But never forgotten.

~ Marissa Sandman

Our School Poem

Woodlynde is small

Woodlynde accepts all

Teachers make tests

And the students do the rest

The kids here are sweet like honey

And they are all kind of funny

Norbert is our mascot

He likes to sit on a wooden cot

And that does not say a lot

The cookies are the best

And better than the rest

~ Mrs. Crawford's 10 Grade CRW Class: Mrs. Crawford, Matthew Niznan, Matthew Dill, Galina Whipple, Kalaya Harris, Madelyn Harkin, Gio Sanchez-Frey, and Sarah Brown

Smiling Bear

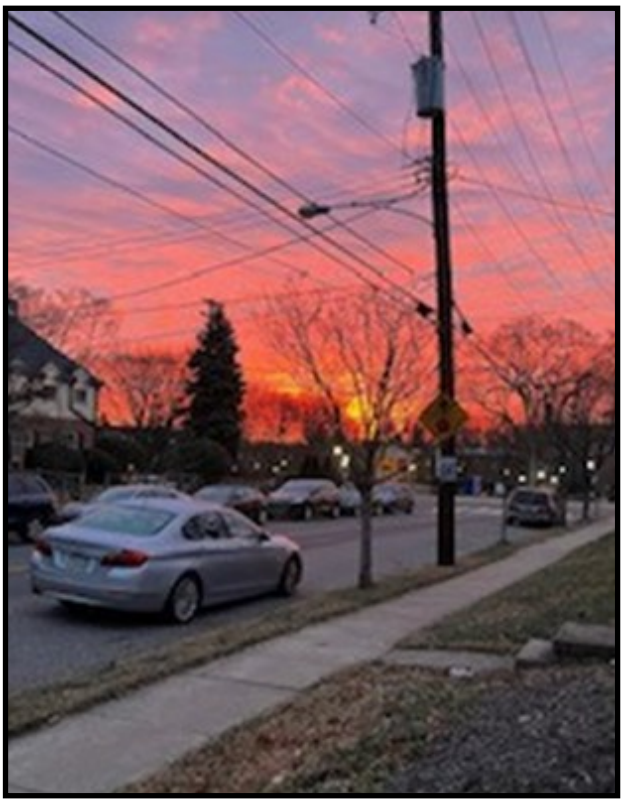
The cute fluffy teddy bear

Roams around town with his chubby belly

Huge smile on his face

~ Kalah-Anne Gadson-Graham





Together, We Will Rise

A Poem Inspired by Maya Angelou's "Still I Rise"

I dream that one day all people will rise
The world will be better for everyone
We need to stick together and all try
With everyone's hard work, goals will be done
With days of sadness and pain, we will rise
If we stick together, no one will fail
There will be no hatred in people's eyes
The times people had to suffer in jail

Many people will not like your actions
Some people will not like the words you say
People will find you as a distraction
But there will always be a brighter day

Stick together and no one will stop you
If you believe it, it will all come true

~ Sarah Elyse Waddington

Two Sides of Tears, One Matter

Tears of sweet good joy

Tears of sadness and struggle

You're just a burden.

~ Skye Ferro

I Walk On

Haunting road ahead
with a pocket full of hope
I keep on walking

~ Marissa Sandman

Red Deceives

***This sonnet contains spoilers for Of Mice and Men.*
*If you haven't read that novel, you should avoid this sonnet.***

Lennie, we've gone a long, long way from Weed.
We have seen things that people never seen.
Now at this new ranch we find out we bleed,
Some men think, "Why must this world be so mean?"

Like Crooks, we push though our adversity.
Our friends have called you a working machine!
Curley is bad. He feels no empathy.
Lennie, I cannot always intervene.

Curley, his wife with red dress and feather
Did lure you in. Poor boy, you do suffer.
You have a tough shell but she was tougher.
Lennie, you are my best friend and brother.

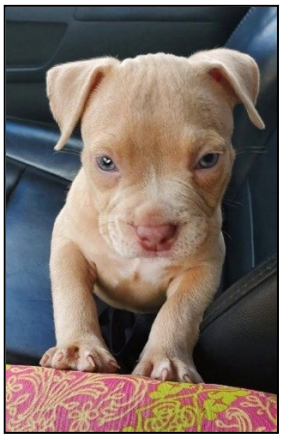
The gun fires. And smoke, it now departs.
A hole, now in your head and in my heart.

~ Theo Morrison

The Determined Hunt

In the woods of Alaska, a man determined to provide for his family patiently waits to find an animal to harvest. Off in the distance, he hears an animal walking through the dead, overgrown brush. As the deer comes into view, the man aims his bow. The deer is startled by the sound of a tree falling in the distance and the man misses his opportunity. Determined to find food, he ventures deeper into the woods. He hears the sound of running in the distance. He prepares his bow and as the deer races past, he fires just in time.

~ Jack Richardson



Taken Away

Reunion
Wishes/Nature
Your love at peace
Be free



Nap at rest and dream of running through the grassy plain.
And before you know it, we will meet again.
The sun is in your eyes like the clouds live in the sky.
It is way too soon for us to say goodbye.



I see the brightness of your heart.
Like the brightness of the moon.
As the birds fly freely in the skies.
We weep hoping to see you soon.



I thought you would have stayed around until I got into college.
I wish your eyes were closed before you forever slept in silence.
I hope you are in a better place now with peace and no more pain.
I would give everything to have you back so my energy could never drain.

The memory of your smile is what will keep us going.
Our tears will shed, like the salty seas flowing.
The sound of your protective growl will forever stay in our mind.
Our contact may be broken but never the heart's bind.



~ By Yvonne Grier

Discomfort

Life is discomfort
you're not willing to seek

Life is a journey,
you're not willing to take

Life is love,
you're not willing to express

Life is the clay,
you're too busy to mold

~ Noah Kauderwood

The Epidemic of Deception

Inspired by *Othello*

The people think that they know who I am.
What I appear to be is just disguise.
I seem to have the power of a lamb,
In truth, I am a snake hid deep in lies.

My hatred grows because of one weak man.
Othello is his name. He is the moor.
He gave the role to the boy, what a scam.
Now I seek my revenge, a perfect cure.

I shall infect his brain with horrid lies,
A green-eyed monster, it will eat his mind.
As marriage crumbles, so his soul shall die.
Though it be mean, that role should have been mine.

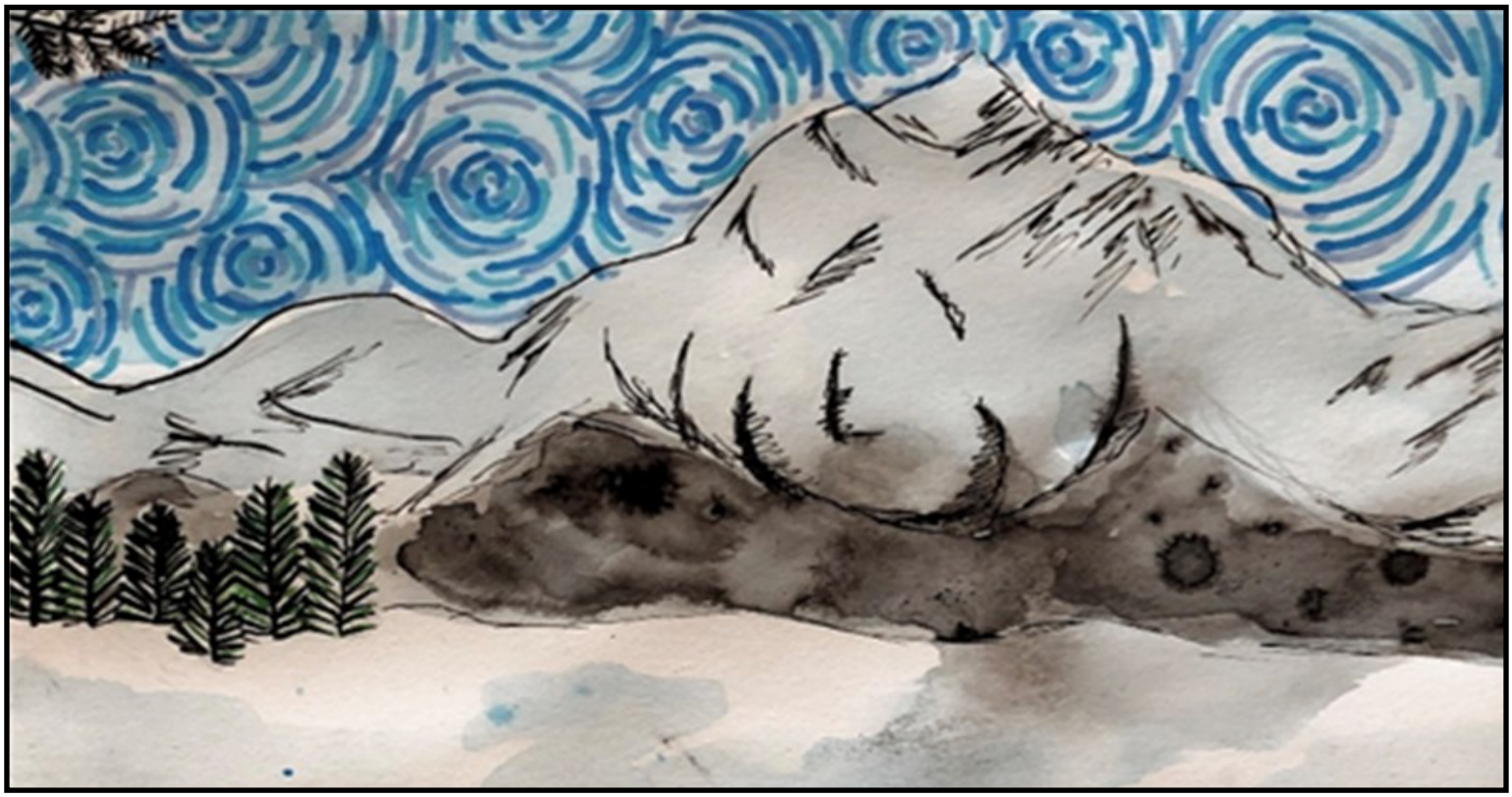
Blood may be shed, but vengeance I deserve.
I am Iago. I preserve my lies.

~ Kaitlyn Gammon

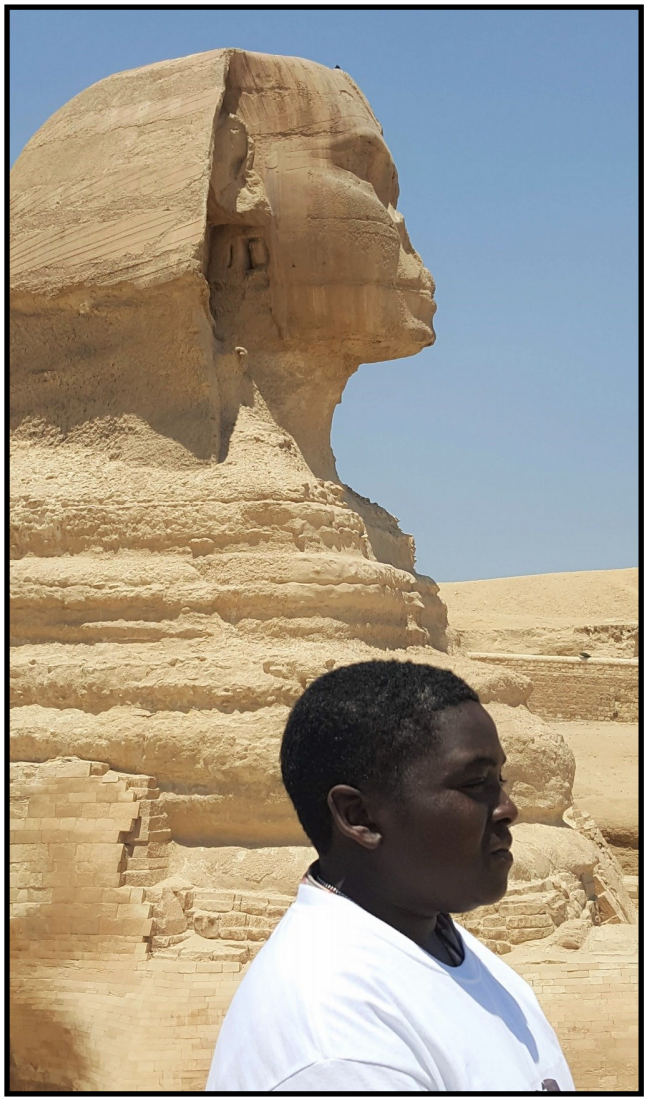
Trust Falls

Whenever I try
It fails
Whenever I felt safe with the ones I admired
It fails
When I desperately thought they were all good people
That failed too
When I tried to reach out for even a good moment without thinking much of anything
That also failed
I thought we would all be inseparable
No
That failed too
Did I manage to be more cautious without being blind?
That succeeded

~ Skye Ferro



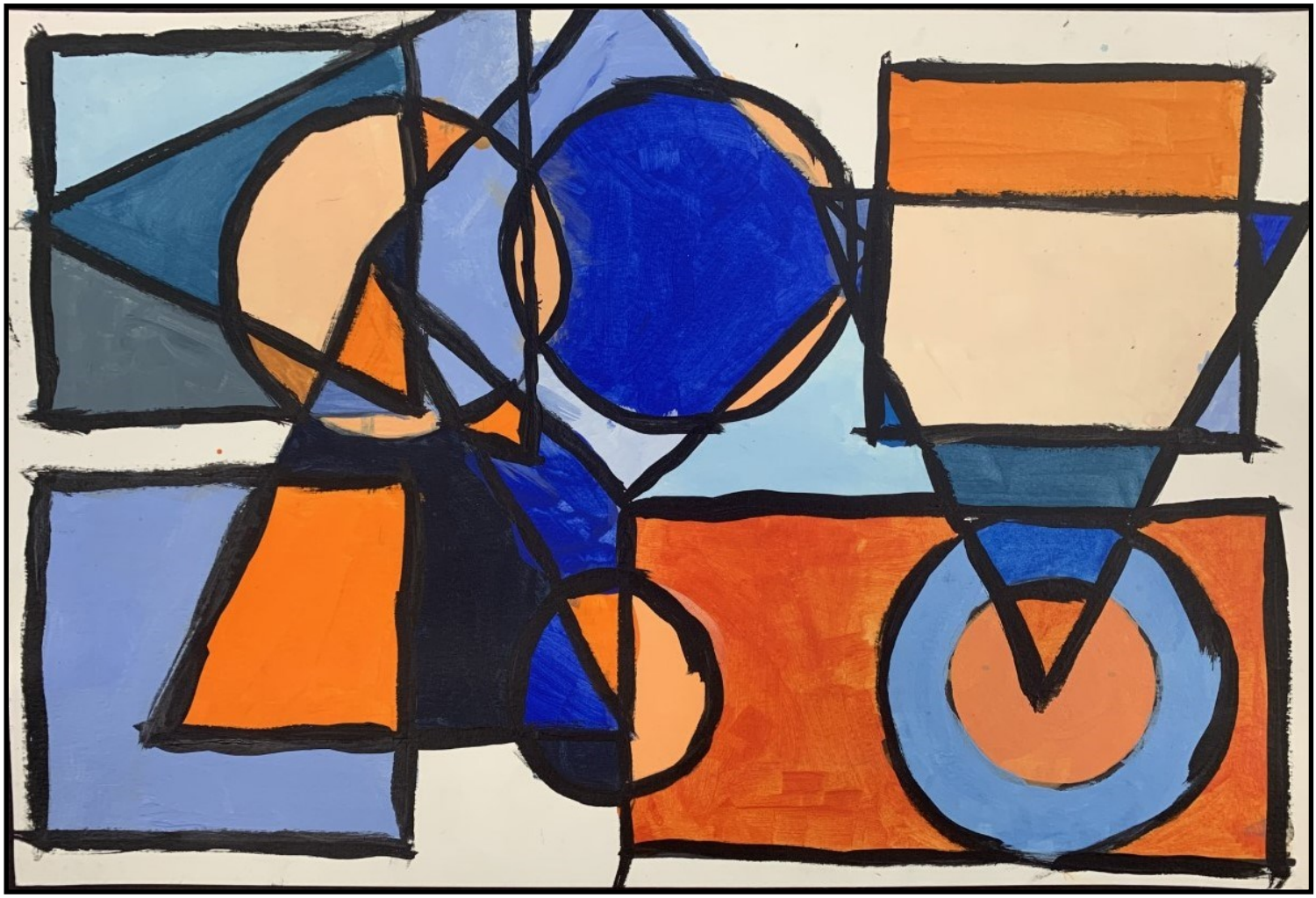
Maya Bella Rogers



Takeyo Rockmore



Miss Frawley



~ Nevaeh Williams



~ Ella Adams



“Harold”
~ Grace Gustafson

The Monster in My Mind

The thoughts like needles stab into my brain.
The red eyed monster is the one to blame.
He plays with my mind like it's just a game.
He sends horrid thoughts just like burning flames.

Each night he terrorizes my poor mind,
Invading all my dreams, he steals my sleep.
I try to run, but he's always behind.
His voice so strong, like knives digging too deep.

His thoughts are mine, and he will never leave.
No one can hear the things he says to me.
But one day I shall rise, and he shall grieve.
One day I will beat him and be set free.

He holds me hostage now, but not for long.
And over time, his words, they will be gone.

~ Kaitlyn Gammon

Rainy Date

The rain bounces and beats on the floor like a young man's heartbeat, "Bum bum"
The rain hits the chair as a young couple sits down
The water flows down the park street into the drain like anxiety running through the girl's bloodstream
The touch of a cold drip hitting his hand like her hand caresses his
A heavy, simple hug like rain pummeling your skin

~ Sky Rota

The Universe

The universe is infinite
We can't even imagine the distance space goes on for
If we try to envision it
Our minds will continue to endlessly explore.

Planets, moons, comets, and stars
Exist in the darkness of the night time sky
Encompassing this wondrous planet of ours
So rich in beauty it could make one cry

Stars shimmering and shining and beaming with light
The crescent moon glows with all of its greatness
Our spiral galaxy is such a beautiful sight
The brightest stars swimming through the darkness

We truly love our planet
And the way it spins in a dance
But our planet's life is much too perfect
To ever be a simple chance

What if I told you that the universe was planned
With infinite love and creation
God painted the galaxies with his hands
While breathing life over every nation

~ Noah Greenleaf

One Pen

One pen is all it takes.
One word write it down before it obliterates.
Write it carefully or else it might change your fate.
Ink fades.
Words change.
But a pen is all it takes.
A powerful weapon.
In the palm of your hands.

~ Hannah Gilbert

Summer

As spring flows to summer,
Beach dreamin,
Ocean wavin,
Sand between toes,
Oh the feelin,
Of Summer!

~ Emily Adam

Waterfall

Lightly tan boy with blonde hair walks along the forest floor

His glittering blue eyes scan the land

His slimy, stale breath creates a ball of mist with the overwhelming smell of mint masking the smell.

His long strides are quiet even as they move fast. His feet leave craters in the soil as he walks

His skin feels like a slimy wet algae-covered rock. It also feels cold, soft, and bumpy

He carries a briefcase over his back containing his guilt, sadness, loneliness, and depression. But it looks like a bright flame of hope is alive in a jar far away from the other feelings

His voice is a low deep gravely quiet and slow whisper. You may hear him say I am alone, I am mysterious, I am deep.

That is who waterfall is.

~ Aidan Alabdulla

The Snow Squall

Snow is crashing down

Gently covering your face

Laying like a leaf

The cold burn of a snowflake

A small blizzard, a snow squall

~ Sky Rota

Cars

Mustangs are tough
They are also rough

Their engines have horsepower
You can feel the wind or the rain shower

The tires are reliable and big
When you drive they have great traction and dig

This is my dream car
I want to drive far!

~ Paul DaCrema

Winter

When winter blows its cold and brittle breath
The land will still with sadness and protest
While most look on in only cold and death
This winter change brings all a hard-earned rest.

When heavy snow blankets the ground and home
The countryside carries a chill and breeze
To ‘dorn a quilt, exhale, and softly groan
Beginning our fav’rite festivities.

The muddle of a beginning fire
The frozen lakes we wish would last year-long
The humming of the nuns and the choir
Repeating are those earworm hol’day songs.

While there’s an end to all the cheery songs
It gladly lasts only ’bout three months long.

~ Gwendolyn Clark

Quotes by Loved Ones

Treat others the way you want to be treated
My therapist always says
It means to me that you are kind to others.
And they are kind back to you.

~ Ella Adams

Basketball

From the touch of the jump ball
To dribbling and having it all
The crowd going wild
Seeing everyone who smiled
Shooting the ball and watching it fall

~ Lina Malloy

The Tree

We can agree
We all know about the tree
We see the limbs sway in the breeze
We see the axeman flee
We want to know what had happened
As the tree went up in flames
We watch the tree and bodies burn
Cleaning it up was the second concern
Under the roots laid a box
To pull it out we used an ox
In the box, there was a cleaver
Sitting above us was a beaver
We followed it down a winding path
Did it know about the bloodbath?
It leads us down to a lake
Something was now awake
The monster speaks in rhymes
"Finding my box now that's a sight"
"The box holds the answers about the fight"
"The hearts of the people were all rotten"
"Now let me reveal what has been long forgotten!"
Then we all learned what had happened long ago
Now our jobs were to keep it all in control

~ Aidan Alabdulla

Running Fluids

Bathing in the glazing water
Quiet and not being a talker
The liquid oozes out
I know that I'm a sprout
After all, I am called the daughter

~ Skye Ferro

Music

Music clean, loud, and bold
Eyes are as bright as its future
Breath smells sweet like candy
Moves loudly throughout the streets of Nashville
Its touch warm and soft like a fluffy blanket
Carrying a bottle of energy to share with all
Loudly singing be yourself not someone else

 ~ Jack Richardson

Green

A sonnet inspired by Othello

The ram and lamb and green-eyed jealous snake
A fighter you do not wish to contend
Of virtue, two, and one to seal a fate
He bites and you will feel his green revenge.

His pinpoint fangs will sink right through your brain
His tongue will hiss a most terrible truth
Your mind will bleat in false and ersatz pains
His insidious seeds will take their root.

His lies constrict. You try to flail and scream.
His scales deflect with ev'ry poke and prod
The venom sinks right in. Common sense flees.
Fin'lly, you see, something it is quite wrong.

The ram, it has been stung. The deed is done
And now the snake will have his evil fun!

~ Gwendolyn Clark

Dressing for the Day

The cat always sits on my windowsill, all striped in white and brown.
But he puts on a suit of golden light to watch the sun go down.
And after the sun has gone to dream, he has one outfit more:
He's black and blue, when the waxing moon spills silver 'cross the floor.

~ Claire Bittinger

A Fresh Walk in the Woods

I felt the light swift wind through my soft skin
The great calm atmosphere all around me
I came into the nature that I'll be in
As I view many things
Tall trees whispering on the forest ground
Foxes drinking on the freshwater creeks
Protecting them from the excited hound
I really came here from those many weeks
The great rocky hills I see from afar
Deer strolling around the black trail
Seeing a weird guy playing the guitar
I was about to leave a bush with a snail
Exiting out of the green landscape
I came out quickly from the nice sand lake

~ Skye Ferro

Flowers Bloom

Flowers bloom in Spring
The pollen scatters the ground
The colors vibrant

~ Luke Prasalowicz

Grass

Grass is green and wet
Grass comes from the ground
Grass, is what the animals eat
Grass, is very dry
Grass, is alive we can
Feel the grass
Grass is..... protein for us
And animals
So much depends upon grass

~ Ted Justice

My Brother's Fairy House

If fairies really lived in here,
I think they'd find it lacking.
The living room's a bit… austere,
And rough twig walls are cracking.

The mossy ceiling has a leak,
Or two or three or four.
The bed's pine needles and a leaf
Atop a damp dirt floor.

It's held up by your hopes and dreams -
An errant breeze could blow it down.
The builder says it's the bee's knees
And plans to build a town.

Join me at noon for a tour
If you're desperate, or a mouse.
For a cent, this could be yours:
My brother's fairy house.

~ Claire Bittinger

Leaf Piles

Falling leaves
All different colors
Leaf piles on the ground
Let's jump in!

~ Rose Goodman



World Hunger

Once upon a midnight dream
I lay down looking at the stars hoping to change the world
I did.
I solved world hunger with my $$$
I fed all of Africa and made sure no one went hungry again
I'm Proud

~ Jonah Levy

A Good Old Friend

I remember those merry loving days

The ones that made my heart feel very warm

Giggling at every minute of trust

We were so close but yet so far away

I can still feel the joy and pain you left

You brought the best and worst memories too

I loved seeing you smile and joyful

Those times I wished to stay in forever

I've spent a lot of time with you my friend

But maybe you're better off this way alone

~ Skye Ferro

Preparing

Save your souls, for the time is coming

You must hurry until night, so you better start running

Don't look back, keep your eyes focused and straight

For the future awaits just right over the gate

~ Jackson Godfrey

Life’s Edge

Two, one, ‘ere time depart of the fools few:
And in fool’s death, life shall renew erst more,
‘Ere death pass’t, giveth way, for life anew;
Death leaves behind lost lovers to its shore.

Life’s vigor sated with each passing soul
For each soul, rose emerge from squalid ground:
For each fool’s demise shalt bring life untold
Behold, ‘aft death’s grand brings life’s growth abound,

‘Aft ship’s wreck yields to fish, as death to life;
As tempest doth giveth way to sunn’d sky,
As Tyger earneth stripes within the night,
Certain as the sun in the West does die;

And ‘aft they, three men do go to their death,
Emerg’d springs, three, amongst new earth’s warm breast.

~ Will Sufrin

Lightning Heart

Heartbeat lightning strikes as fast you can see.
Raining stars as bright can be.
Raging fire in my bones about to explode.
Sun meets the moon split in two like a sunflower about to bloom.
Night sky.
Pink clouds.
Falling stars.
Lighting bolt through the heart.
Moon and sun never to part.
Flames rise looks like they are about to go off.
The brightest colors fill my heart.

~ Hannah Gilbert

Outer Life

Does life exist outside of us?
Possibly, but to find it out we must
Travel far, but not with a car
With a device much more complicated than us by far

~ Sky Grant

Now I Must

Was I deep,
A giant explosion
In Hawaii under the ocean
Breaking waterways,
Forests, beautiful but
Is not merciful over Hawaii

(Hint: this poem resembles pi)

~ Jonah Godfrey

The Bright Face

Walking past from my door

Seeing a bright face

I stayed with them for awhile

Curiosity and insight as others joined

I always smiled at the bright face

And so did they

The shimmer made me feel warm and cozy

The darkness went straight away

As the seasons changed

It wasn't the same

The bright face shined at a different spot

I tried to catch them

But we kept drifting more apart by force and darkness

The evilness consumed me as I shed tears

I survived the darkness although

I never caught that light

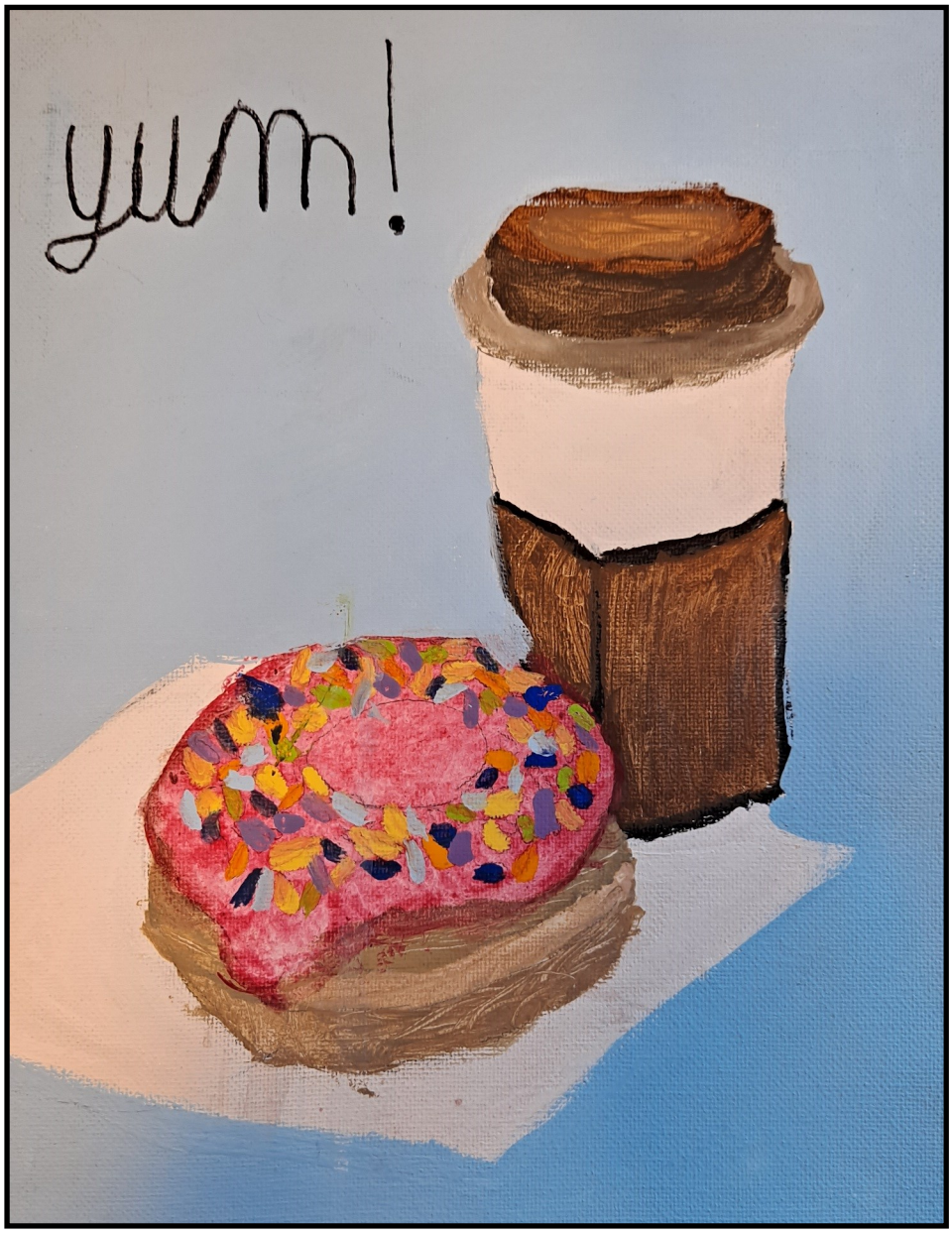
~ Skye Ferro



Connor Telle



Michael Licursi



Ella Adams



~ Hannah Gilbert



“Apple’s Friend”

~ Jackson Godfrey

Last Voyage

My heart rests in the depths of my soul
For I am restless and abandoned
Life has taken a turn and battered and scorned, I am left for dead and bleeding
I will cherish our time in the hour oh friend, or foe
I close my eyes and beyond I go
My death is my last voyage.

~ Marissa Sandman

Finding Direction

Is it left or is it *right*?
Making countless turns within a Rubik's Cube of possibilities
Twisting and molding to the terrain
Assembling the pieces given and those found, along the way

Finding where your true north lies
Taking a step towards the finish line
Feeling the weight of the world in one step
Is it left, or is it *right*?

Discovering many turns along the way
Synapsing a web of delicate tributaries
Building a tree of decisions
Is it right or is *right*?

Racing to catch the finish line
Is it right or is it *left*?
Is it right or is it *right*?
Keep moving…… forward.

~ Miss Frawley

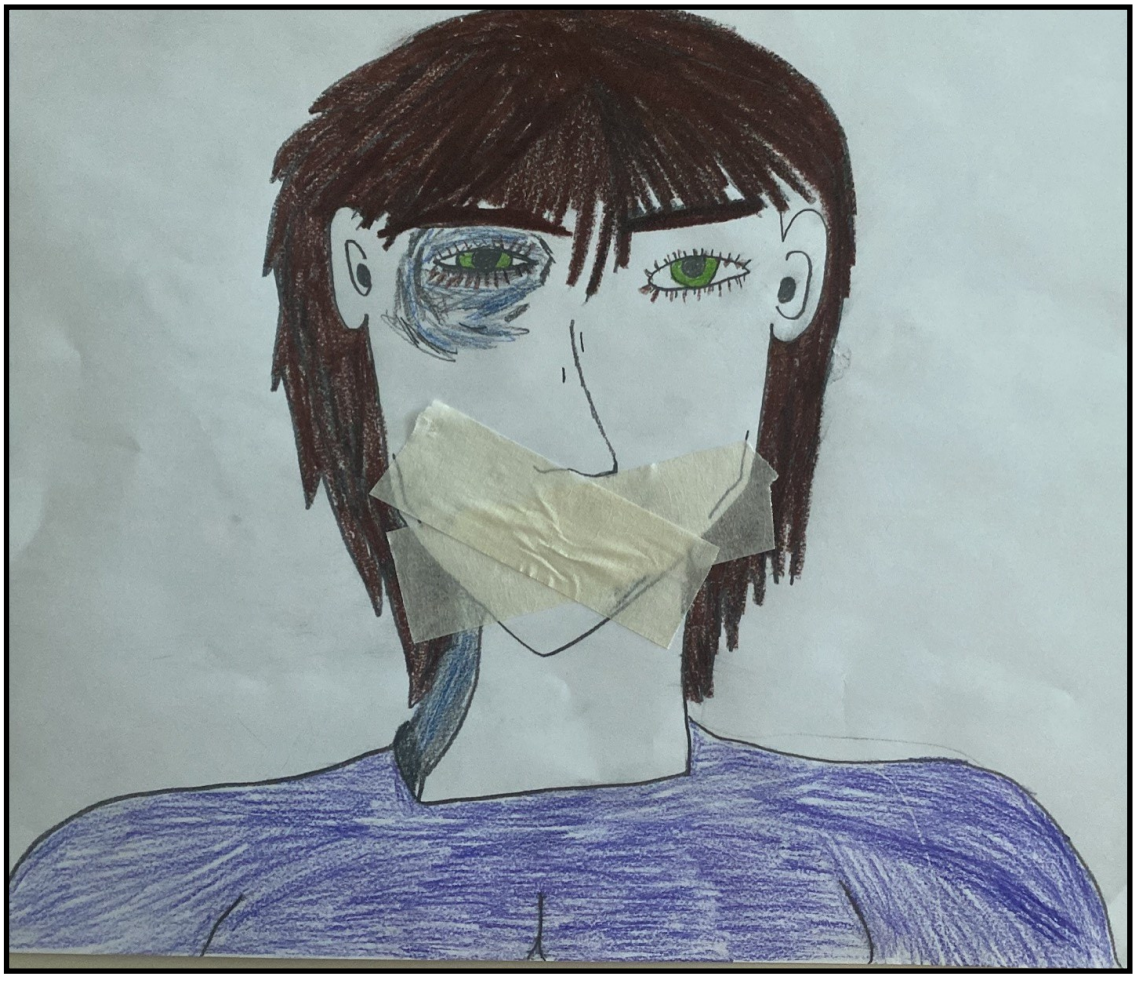
A Summer Lost

Avery Tapper

She didn’t say anything. She just sat there, staring at me with those dull, dead brown eyes. She stared as if she was expecting me to say something. Waiting eagerly for me to, I don’t know, ask for mercy? Forgiveness?

She had become diluted in narcissism and self-righteousness. The longer I thought about it, the more it occurred to me that she had always been like this. With all the things she had done, I was angry and upset at myself for ever loving her. But I did love her. Just not *that* her. When things were good, they were so good, but that person was fake, a façade. The black pit that was her heart took over. It felt like the weight of the world was coming crashing down on top of me.

Now back in the small kitchen of her apartment, I was done waiting, fed up. I got up from my chair and walked out the door. I didn’t look back, and I was happy.



~ Avery Tapper

New Beginnings

Sleep now baby life is tired, wake up with new beginnings.
Hush now darling break till morning, your soul is tired from living.
Rest now, until dawn's morning light, till you awake, I will wait.
Life is worth living circus to thy fate.
I yearn and thirst though this battle of life's ups and downs.
It is truly miraculous what life has bestowed on me.
I have been changed and my eyes have seen.
I am forever renewed.

~ Marissa Sandman

A Day of Practice

Sweat dripping down my face
My heart matching the beat of my shoelace
But at this moment nothing could match my pace
I swung my racket, and the ball was gone without a trace
Suddenly, the ball is visible, falling in place
The ball not rushing, because it's not a race
The ball now having met the ground was
in the correct space
To score the winning point and put the losers in disgrace

~ Sky Grant

Imaginable Place to Be

At the ocean side there are seagulls and kites flying in the air
I hear the current of the waves crashing down
While seeing kids building sandcastles in the warmish tan sand
I hear the lifeguards whistle when it is time for the us to come back to the sandy land
I wrap myself in a cozy towel after I walk back from the ocean to my beach chair and relax

~ Ella Adams

Dream World

Sky Rota

It has been 21 months since our departure from planet Earth to visit Planet X. I will be the first human to set foot on Planet X, and from the pictures taken by drones, the planet looks like a mix of all different atmospheres, materials and climates. Back home on Earth, the planet was discovered by the Hubble telescope and we have been researching it ever since. An asteroid has taken me off course and set me back a couple of months. Before we were hit by the asteroid, our missile defense system was able to break it into pieces, but we still got hit by rock debris leading to my copilot dying from repairing the outside of the ship and getting lost in space. This was not terrible news because if my copilot did not die, I would have starved to death a while ago due to our food supply only being big enough for 6 months. I was able to use the copilot's food to survive this long, but I had to make it last because I have been running out of food the past 3 months. We are 3 hours away from entering the Planet X atmosphere. I am slowly fading away from starvation and I will most likely pass out before entry and crash land in an unknown spot because my projected landing radar was destroyed by the asteroid. Thankfully, there was a drone sent to Planet X containing food for when we landed.

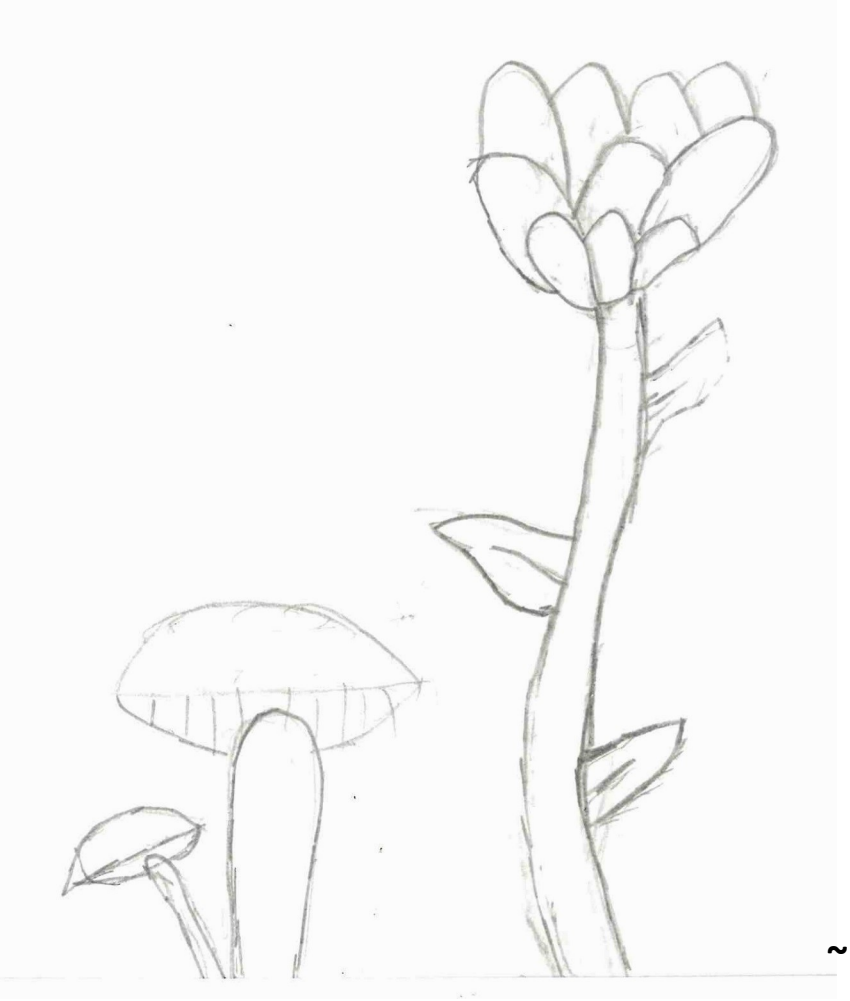
Three hours later, I passed out from starvation and dehydration when entering the atmosphere. The air felt weird and light like I could almost fly. I crash landed into a bluegrass marsh next to a light green translucent river. Oddly enough, I opened my spaceship door and easily adjusted to the atmosphere. The first step I took was to the drone containing food and water, and my first breath also came with a bite of an apple. I had to make sure the oxygen levels were ok and I would not suffocate. When I had my helmet on, the colors of the terrain were purple, blue and orange because of my eyes adjusting to the new atmosphere. When I took off my helmet

and my eyes were able to adjust, everything changed. It looked just like Earth. The grass was green, the water was blue, and sand was yellow. I looked around to see vast hills and pointy mountains. I took the rover buggy out of the ship and drove around the land. There were no animals or people or beings. It looked just like Earth. I drove up to the tip of the mountain and could not believe what I saw. It was a city, a brand new modern city that was in perfect shape. It looked as if someone had built the city and abandoned it. There were all glass skyscrapers that went on for miles. I turned the buggy rover into helicopter mode and flew over the city. It was completely empty with not one living creature in sight, not even a trace of a living being except the buildings. When I got higher up in the air in the helicopter, I saw what looked to be ruins like Pompeii, Italy, with a volcano in the center. It was 12 miles out of the city and was red, gloomy and ashy. On the other side of the city, I saw the ocean for miles on end with tall and skinny rock fixtures scattered in the middle of the ocean with bridges that connected one another. And on the other side 10 miles away from the city, there was what looked to be the Amazon rainforest with its own separate climate from the rest of the zones. It's like the planet had a fully sustained ecosystem with its own mind that could create natural resources and control the climate and ecosystem based on the different zones. The last time I looked around, I saw a tropical side that had beaches and palm trees and a clear ocean. It looked like I crash landed in the tropical zone right next to the rainforest and ocean land.

In the helicopter, I was able to get a signal to Earth. I blurted out, “This is amazing.” The air smelled like lavender and fresh forest. I could feel the grainy sand between my feet like I was standing in salt. I could see the beautiful structure of the city and I could taste the sour and sharp apple I had rummaged from the spaceship drone. The signal reached Earth and NASA was able to send my friends over. Once my friends finally arrived after 3 months of travel and me

Dream World Continued

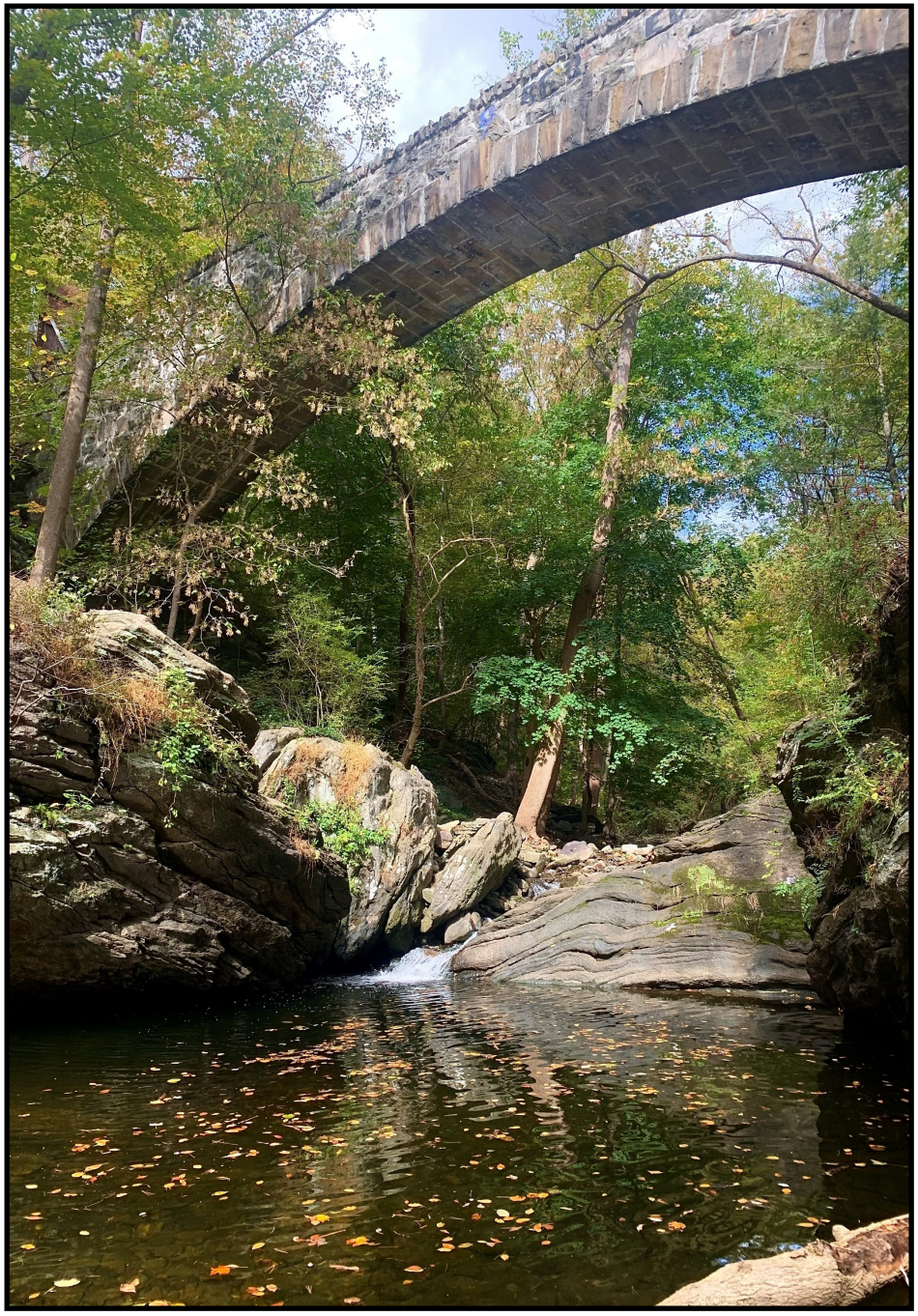
hibernating, they showed me all the materials they brought for us to live here on Planet X. They said the air was fresh like roses and the heat from the volcano felt like you stuck your head inside of an oven. Overall, they really liked the planet and said it looked like Fiji. We were ecstatic to call this our new home. NASA sent plans to each country around Earth telling everyone flights to Planet X would be available soon. After word got around about how beautiful this planet was, tickets sold out immediately. Soon after people started to arrive on planet X, the population went from 5 friends to 1 billion people and growing. The planet is said to be able to hold 20 billion people because it's 2x the size of Earth. I am so thankful that I was able to be the first one to set foot on this planet and share it with everyone. Almost every day, more and more people arrive and are thrilled to all live on this beautiful planet together.



~ Scarlett Connor



~ Miss Frawley



“Devil’s Pool in October”

~ Mr. Laughead



Ms. Rouleau



Alex Early



The Hike of Nightmares

Emma Smith

Autumn had just arrived in the cool climate of New Hampshire. In a small cabin not far from the dark forest, Shawn and his friend, Christian, were getting ready to set out on a hike in the enormous woods about two hours away. Shawn and Christian have known each other since 7th grade. They've been good friends even though Christian can be a little annoying. Going hiking was Shawn's idea, and he and Christian talked with one another about the trip before committing to it. They both worried that something might come after them in the dark woods to the north, but it seemed like they didn't need to worry about anything killing them since it was getting colder, at least that's what they thought.

"Shaaaawwwnnn! Where's my hiking stuff!" Christian shouted from upstairs.

"Why would I know?" Shawn replied as he tried to fit his lantern into his already overflowing bag. "Did you leave it in your closet at your house?"

"Never mind, I found my gear," Christian said. "I left it in my car."

"I'm not surprised," Shawn muttered. "Just get your stuff together and meet me downstairs."

"Do you even know where we're hiking yet?" Christian yelled as he struggled to carry his bag down the stairs without falling on his face. "I hope you picked a place where we won't get lost and eaten by wild animals."

"Don't worry. I picked an easy hiking trail we can take," Shawn exclaimed. "But it's two hours away from here."

"Two hours?" Christian shouted. "That's too long for me!"

"Deal with it," Shawn said sounding irritated. "I'll be driving anyway so you don't need to complain. Now, put your stuff in the car so we can leave and get back before it gets dark."

Christian packed his belongings into Shawn's Ford Bronco and hopped into the passenger seat. As they pulled out of the driveway, both friends had an uneasy feeling about this trip, but their worries left them when they arrived at the hiking grounds. The bare trees and rocky path were a welcoming sign that their day was going to go as planned. As they unpacked their gear, Shawn started to think that it would get dark way too quickly to stay out hiking for long.

The Hike of Nightmares Continued

"I hope it doesn't get dark by four," Shawn said worriedly. "I don't want to be eaten by wolves or something."

"Well, we will walk until it gets too dark to see then," Christian exclaimed.

"Yeah, that sounds like a great idea," Shawn said sarcastically. "Let's just walk until we can't see. We'll make it out alive that way."

"Ok, so maybe that's not the best idea, but I don't know what else to tell you," Christian replied.

"We can walk until we see the sun start to set. Then we can start running back as fast as we can," Shawn said.

"That sounds like a better idea rather than mine. Let's do it," Christian yelled as he started off down the trail, leaving Shawn behind him.

The friends set off on their journey, following the twisting and turning path that led them up and down the treacherous hills. The view from the mountain was incredible. The summit stretched for miles and eagles soared above them as they started to descend toward the small stream that divided a part of the trail. They walked until sunset when they start heading back to the parking lot. However, it seems like they made a wrong turn.

"Shawn," Christian said worriedly. "Where are we?"

"I...I don't know," Shawn replied hesitantly. "I think we took a wrong turn somewhere. I don't know where we are and it's getting dark. Fast. I don't even have cell service so I can't pull up directions."

"We're going to die!" Christian yelled, sounding terrified.

"We're not going to die unless your yelling starts bringing every predator out from their hiding places," Shawn said as he tried to calm Christian down. "Let's just retrace our steps and figure out where we are."

"Ok, but if we die out here, I'm blaming you for this," Christian said sternly.

As they walked, trying to find their way back, a loud rustling noise startled both of them, and Shawn took out his flashlight to investigate. Bad idea.

"What was that?" Christian whispered, his voice shaking as the fear of being eaten alive sunk in.

"I don't know," Shawn whispered back. "Let me get my flashlight, and let's see if we can scare it off so it runs away."

The Hike of Nightmares Continued

Shawn took out his heavy-duty light and shined it at the trees. His light locked on something huge standing in front of them. Four wolves, covered in fur and scales, were staring back at them. They had 2 sets of teeth peeking out from under the skin on their mouths. Each one had two neatly folded wings that were hugged close against their bodies. Four large horns spiraled out of each of their heads. Shawn's light had locked in on four corrupted dragon wolves, and Shawn and Christian had to get out of there fast if they wanted to escape with their lives.

"Run!" Shawn screamed, as Christian followed close behind him.

"They're going to kill us!" Christian screamed back as they leaped over rocks and bushes. "I told you this wasn't a good idea! We don't even know where we are!"

"Just shut up and keep running!" Shawn shouted as they made their way toward the dark caves that lay before them. The caves were each about twenty-five feet tall and fourteen feet wide, with moss covering the ground of each one. Vines were climbing up the sides of the cold surfaces of rocks and boulders as they made their way up the jagged cliffs that stared over each cave. Eventually, Shawn found a cave deep enough in which to hide.

"Over here!" Shawn yelled to Christian. "We can hide in this cave right here!"

They dove into the cave as fast as they could and hid behind the branches of a fallen tree that were wedged between the entrance and exit to the cold, wet cave. Outside the cave was loud howling and the sounds of beating wings filled the air. The wolves took to the skies. They flew overhead, circling like vultures, trying to find where the friends were hiding, and they weren't leaving until they were found.

"What do we do?" Christian whispered. "We are done for. Those wolves will stay flying over us until they find and kill us."

"I know they will," Shawn whispered back. "I don't know what else to do besides stay here and pray we're not found."

"Does this cave go any deeper?" Christian said. "I don't have any better ideas other than heading deeper into the cave itself."

The Hike of Nightmares Continued

"Why don't we stay here until sunrise?" Shawn replied. "Maybe those wolves disappear at dawn? It's our best bet if we want to survive this night."

"I guess we can sleep here, but we will take turns keeping watch so we can flee if we need to," Christian suggested.

"I agree with that," Shawn replied in a shaky voice. "I'll keep watch first. You sleep for now and if those creatures find us, we run."

"Ok, I like that idea," Christian answered. "Well, good night."

Shawn kept his eyes peeled for about two hours until he woke Christian to keep watch. As the sun climbed the mountain peaks, the friends made a run for it to the nearest fallen tree that they could find. As the sun rose, something crazy started happening. The wolves that stayed circling all night were being sucked up into the blue sky, their scaley wings quickly melting away in the heat.

"Look, Shawn!" Christian yelled sounding surprised. "The wolves are disappearing!"

"Huh?" Shawn replied sounding confused and terrified at the same time. "What do you mean?"

Shawn looked up into the sky. The wolves were being vaporized by the heat of the sun, each one turning into white smoke and then fading away as if they never existed.

"But how?" Shawn exclaimed. "I got to do some research on this when we get home. Maybe I can find something about it."

As Shawn took out his phone, he noticed he finally had service on this part of the mountain.

"Christian! I have cell service!" Shawn yelled excitedly. "We can finally make it out of here!"

"Well, find out where we are so we can go," Christian replied. "I'm about done with this crazy hike."

"This way," Shawn answered. "Let's get out of these woods."

They set off through the woods, following the GPS that led them in the right direction. After walking for about 3 hours, the parking lot came into view. Shawn's car was still parked, safe and sound surrounded by empty parking spots.

"My car is still here," Shawn said sounding relieved. "I thought those wolves destroyed it or something."

The Hike of Nightmares Continued

"Well, they didn't," Christian said. "Now, let's pack up the car and get the heck out of here."

As they packed their belongings into the yellow Bronco, they thought about how lucky they were to escape alive and not end up in the stomach of a corrupted wolf creature. They both relaxed as the car started and they left the lot. The trip back was quiet and calmer than their wild hike earlier. Rain clouds were looming over them as they made their way back to the safety of Shawn's cabin. As they pulled into the driveway leading up to Shawn's house, a rainbow shot across the sky as the light rain started to drizzle down on them.

"Maybe that rainbow is a sign of good luck," Shawn said as he stepped out of the car and into the light rain. "Maybe it appeared because we returned home safe."

"Or maybe it appeared because it's raining and sunny out at the same time," Christin interrupted.

"Thanks for interrupting me, Christian," Shawn muttered. "Why do you have an answer to everything? Why don't you just appreciate that we made it home intact and not decomposing out in the wood somewhere?"

"Let's just get all our stuff together and get back inside," Christian protested. "It's raining anyway and I don't want to get wet."

They headed inside Shawn's warm, cozy cabin and settled down in the living room. The room had a big leather couch and two small beanbags. Christian immediately jumped onto the blue beanbag and Shawn sat on the couch.

"Let me find some information on these demon wolf things that tried killing us last night," Shawn said as he sat down.

After a few minutes of searching, Shawn found out why the wolves turned into the menacing dragons that attacked them last night.

"So?" Christian said curiously. "Why did the wolves turn into dragons?

"It says that during a full moon, Timberwolves have a chance to become corrupted by the moonlight," Shawn replied. "This is a super rare occurrence, so I guess we just got really unlucky last night." He paused for a second. "All I wanted was to go on an adventure," Shawn said.

"It's OK. At least we got to hike for a couple of hours," Christian said. "So, what will our next adventure be?"

The Hike of Nightmares Continued

"I don't know," Shawn replied. "But not anytime soon. I'm still recovering from the fact that we almost got murdered last night and had our hike ruined."

"Yeah, but we made it home alive," Christian said. "At least we got to see the awesome views from the mountain peak."

"Earlier, you were freaking out about getting killed and now you're OK with it?" Shawn said confused. "Your way of thinking hurts my brain, Christian."

"Well, it's not my fault I'm kinda weird," Christian muttered. "Besides, you were scared, too."

"Christian, why don't you go home so I can relax for a little while," Shawn answered. "You're giving me a headache."

"But I don't want to drive in the rain!" Christian yelled. "I'll crash or something!"

Shawn gave Christian an annoyed look and Christian knew that trying to argue with him wasn't going to work, so, he packed his stuff up and stepped out the front door and into the drizzle. Shawn followed him to the door.

"See? It's not pouring rain outside," Shawn said as Christian hopped into his orange Subaru Outback. "You'll be fine."

At this moment, the drizzle turned into a heavy downpour. Christian sat in his running car, looking more than angry at Shawn, who was standing on the porch.

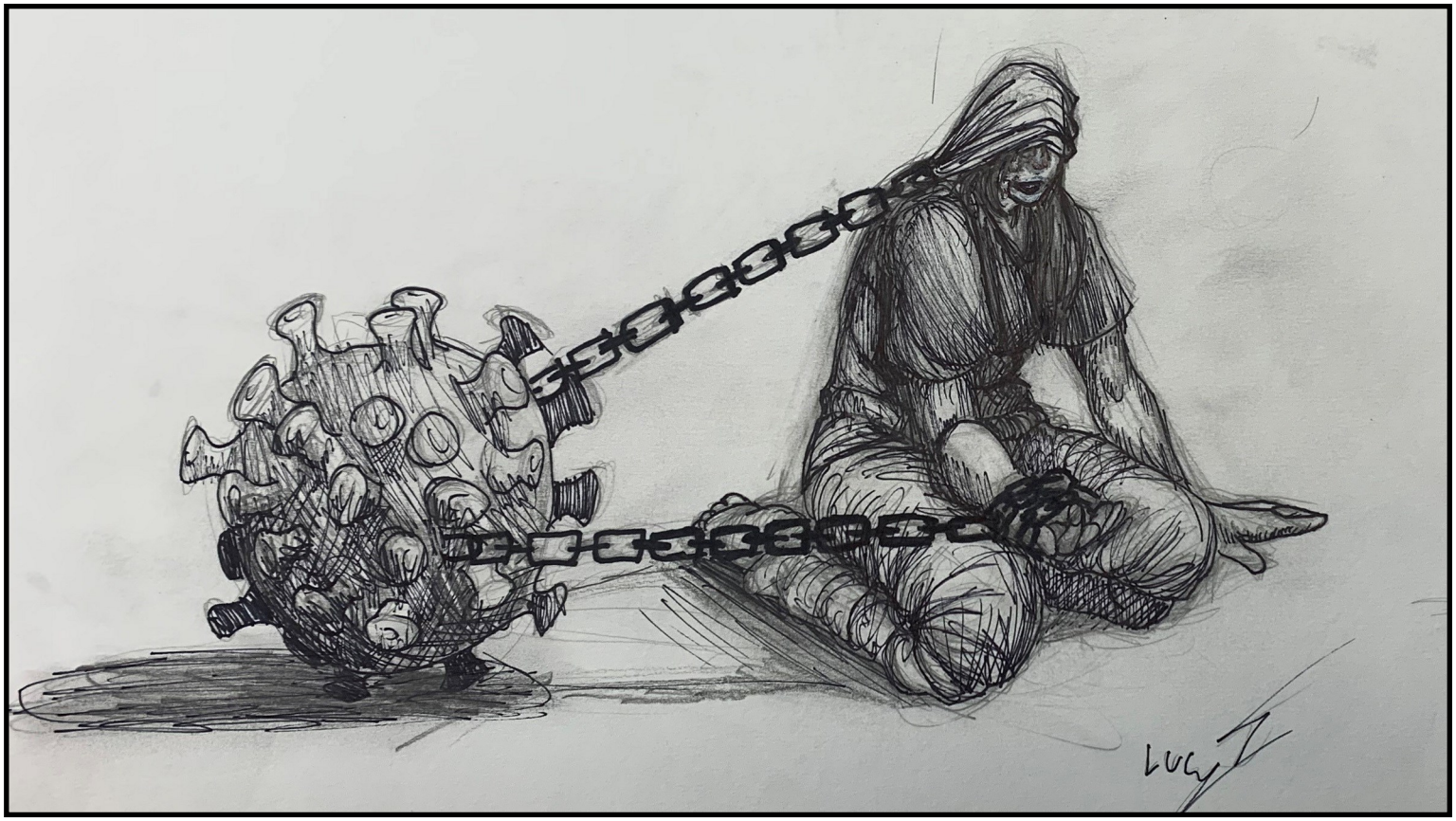
"Thanks, Shawn," Christian said angrily. "If you would have shut up when we came out here, it would still be drizzling."

"If you would have left instead of staying for a few minutes, you wouldn't be driving in a monsoon," Shawn replied. "Well, get home safely, Christian. Maybe I'll see you next weekend."

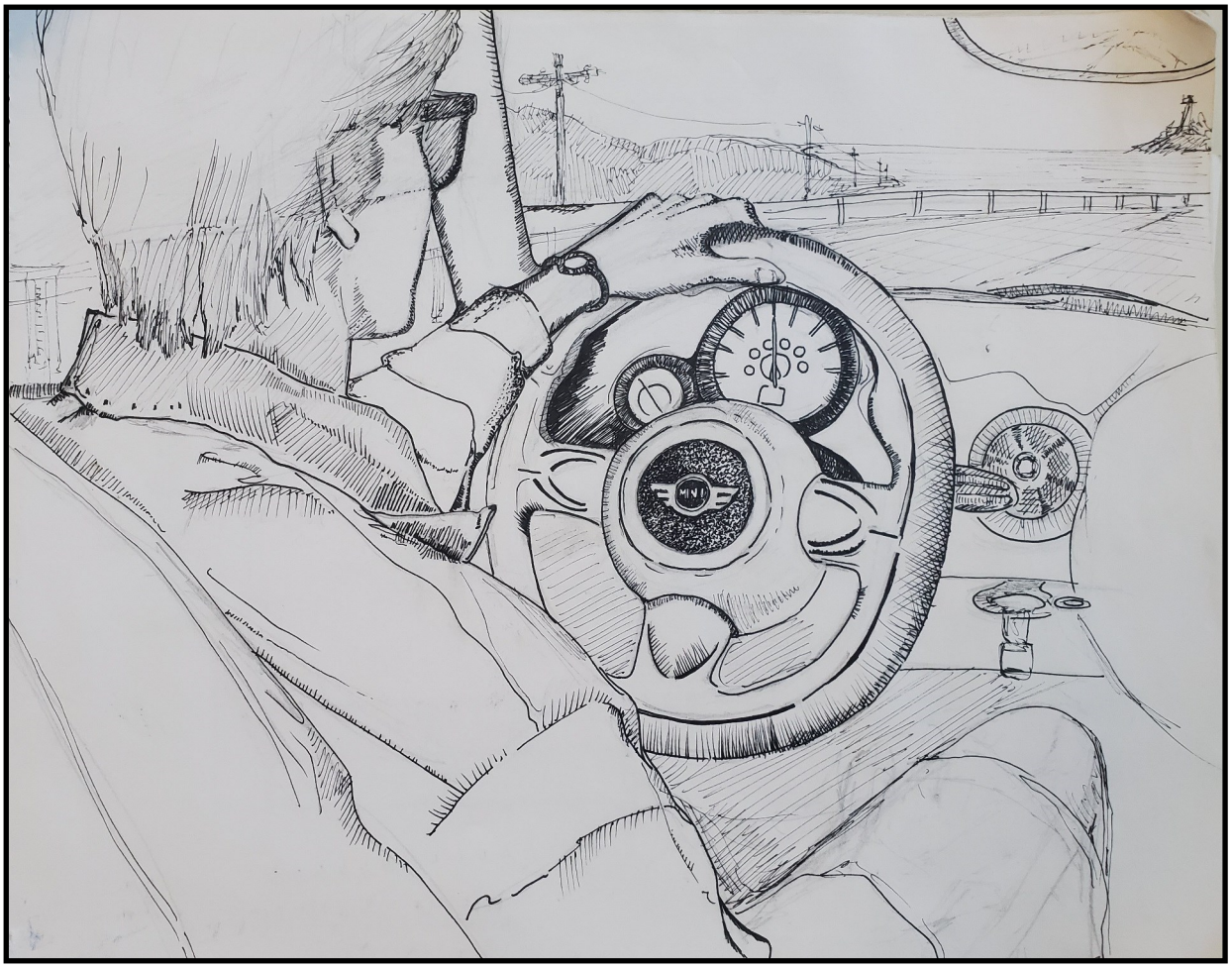
"I'll try," Christian said as Shawn went back into his house. "Maybe next time, don't plan a hike at 4 pm."

Shawn glared at him from inside as Christian pulled out of the wet driveway. As he drove away from the house, the rain subsided, the clouds cleared out, and the rainbow reappeared in the morning sky.

"I guess he'll make it home after all," Shawn said to himself as he closed the blinds. He was relieved that the hike ended the way it did, but neither he nor Christian will be doing any more outdoor activities this autumn.



Lucy Imprescia



Miss Frawley

Snow Blankets

As fall swims to winter,
The snow starts falling,
Making you shiver,
You fall into the flakes and laugh,
You feel the breeze,
As you are still freezing,
You come in the house,
To the warm cup of hot chocolate,
You sip the cocoa,
It burns your mouth,
You snuggle up by the TV,
Watching a movie.
Looking out the window,
Seeing as the snow keeps falling,
It falls all through the night,
Making a huge pile for you to climb up,
Once you awake.
The snow is soft,
It feels like a nice fluffy pillow,
You jump and the feeling is soft,
You are jumping for joy over the pile,
It feels like a nice blanket over you,
You love the feeling of the snow.
The snow is falling,
And you want to be wrapped up in a blanket,
With some hot cocoa,
The snow is glistening in the sun,
You hope the snow doesn't melt,
You feel lots of icy kisses,
As the snowflakes flutter by,
You hope to catch a snowflake on your tongue.
The car outside is covered,
It is nice to see the white snow blanket,
It looks like a frosted cake,
You hope to look at the snow blankets,
For a while,
The blankets of snow just bring joy,
And can make you want to jump,
You stay inside cozied up in a blanket,
You sip on hot cocoa,
And just begin to admire the beautiful snow blankets,
As they are covered on top of cars.

~ Emily Adam

Snow Falls Softly

Snow falls softly on her silky smooth hair

Despite the cold, she keeps him warm inside
Her smile brings light to a world full of darkness
Her laugh makes even the angriest of onlookers smile
The crowd circles around him, as the day slowly ticks by
The hustle and bustle of life seems to take a toll on his heavy heart
But somewhere in this desolate vessel sparks a single flame for the one he loves
Despite every face the man may see, his heart will only remember one

For although he may only be an onlooker right now, his future tells him otherwise
He wishes to express his love in so many ways, but she, too, is caught up in life
Only her heart remembers other faces besides the one who truly wants her the most

The snow falls soft on her hair, and this snow is beautiful
A beautiful prison trapping unrequited love for a man trapped within his heavy heart

~ Mr. Dunleavy

Computers

Computers, though smart also faulty
load with hurry yet info so blurry
Off and on their life goes
How long it will last?
No one knows, as long as it runs fast

~ Sky Grant

Tired

Oh, man I'm tired
I wish I could go to sleep
My weary head resting on my bed
How tired I am
I wish I could go to sleep

~ Luke Prasalowicz

America's "Most Haunted" Horror

Mike Fox

It was Halloween night 2015, and my three friends Nick, Matt, Max and I wanted to do something other than Trick or Treating, given the fact we were fifteen years old. It would be considered a boring sleepover if we didn't do anything at all. We wanted to do something that actually made a group of teenagers genuinely scared. We had heard of a landmark called America's "Most Haunted Woods." There were supposedly reports of a couple of teenagers who had gone missing from Halloween the year previously. This boosted some excitement within the four of us, and we decided to check out this supposedly haunted landmark.

America's "Most Haunted Woods" was walking distance from my house, so it only took about five minutes to arrive. When we got there, it seemed like something you'd expect from a horror movie: foggy, silent, and dark. However, it wasn't as dark given the fact all four of us had flashlights with us. My friends and I were very excited to see what would come of this adventure. We were walking around, checking the surrounding area that seemed to be empty besides all the trees towering over all four of our heads. About thirty minutes passed as we realized nothing out of the ordinary occurred. Max jokingly said something along the lines of, "Wow! I think Trick or Treating would be more scary than this." Even though he said this as a joke, I couldn't agree more. It was simply as if we were taking a hike in the woods on a cold October night. The four of us decided that we would head back to my house and do something better. That's when we heard something strange…

We looked at each other in complete shock. Max was the first one to try and guide us back to the mainland. However, the three of us weren't any wimps, and we wanted to see what the source of the noise was. As we got closer, we came to the realization that the noises we were hearing were cries from somebody. These cries didn't seem like any ordinary cries of help, they seemed more demon like and less innocent. Now, the four of us wanted to keep on searching for the source of these cries. We weren't going home and ending our Halloween night.

America's "Most Haunted" Horror Continued

We had only been searching for the source of the cries for about two minutes, and we felt like the crying was right on top of us. We were afraid that any corner we took, we would see something straight from a horror movie, and that fear became reality. I was leading the group, and I saw the figure of a woman first. She looked to be about 5'3", and she looked very pale; her hair was messy, and she looked to be about sixty. We all screamed and started to run back to the mainland. We were running for about three minutes until we realized that the woman didn't follow us, and we were safe. We then found an enormous cabin. I wasn't shocked that none of my friends were stopping me from exploring this cabin. I knew that they had the same mindset as me, and they wanted to explore this cabin as much as I did.

We entered this huge cabin with our flashlights in our hands. The furniture was all ripped up, and the walls were torn apart. We then heard something; it sounded like a woman being tortured. We kept running and heard where the noises were coming from. They were coming from the kitchen. All we saw was one real tall and lanky man by the stove making some soup, and one short, heavy man with a cap on running away from the kitchen table looking guilty, and looking as if he was hiding something. Something was in his hand, but I couldn't make it out. This was enough for us. We all ran out of that room and tried to find the exit of this cabin. It felt like we were searching for the exit for an eternity. We couldn't for the life of us find any exit, and as time went on, I felt like I heard footsteps behind us. Matt also commented on it. We needed to simply get out of this cabin, and out of the woods and we could enjoy the rest of our night.

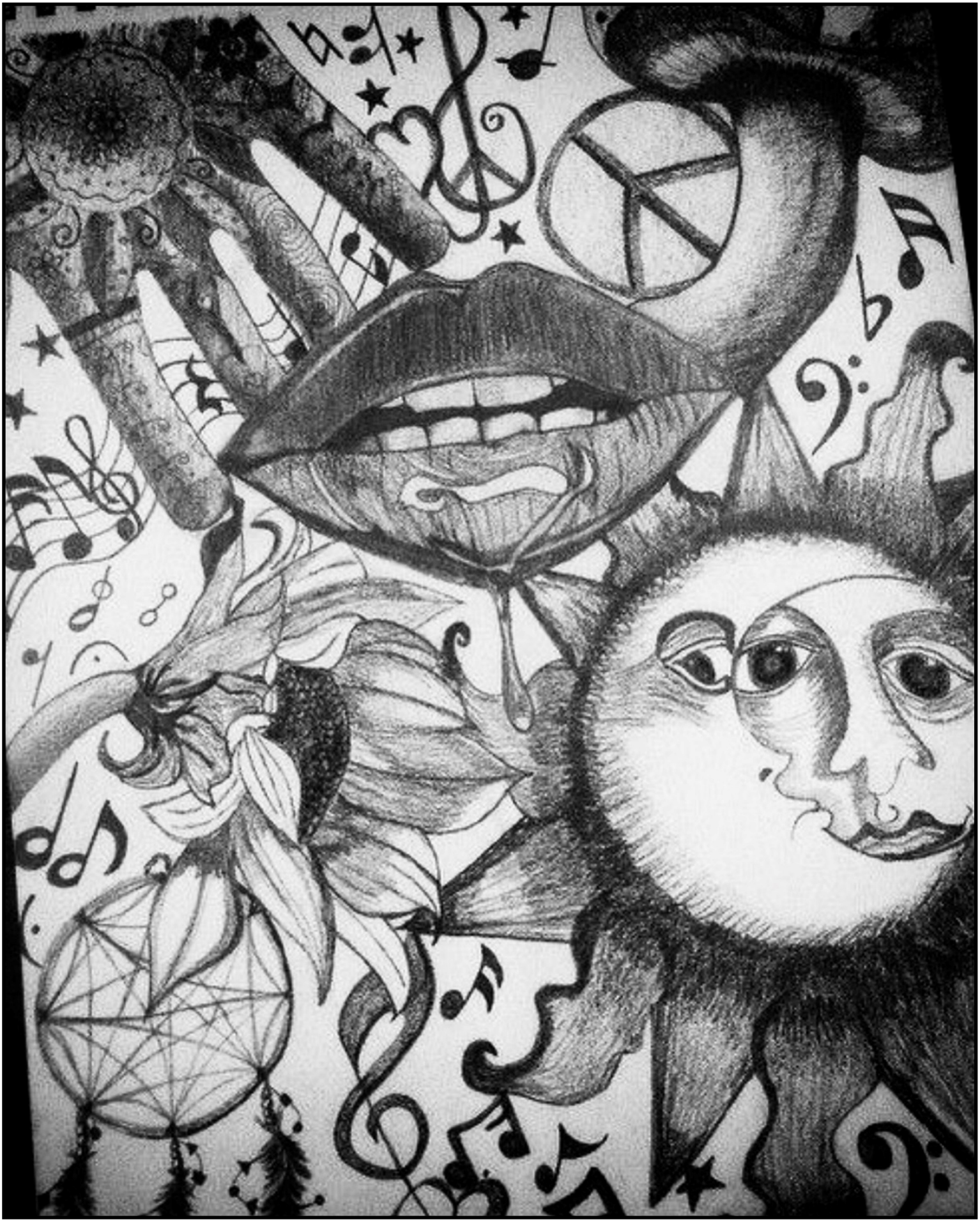
We finally found an exit in this never-ending cabin. Once we escaped the cabin, we ran back to the mainland. We had to escape this nightmare. While we were running, we heard the cries of the woman again. This time we did not dare look behind us, and we all sprinted faster than we had ever sprinted before. We finally made it out of the woods, and we returned to my house where we locked the door behind us.

For the next thirty minutes, we simply gathered all of our thoughts, and tried to figure out what we really saw in those woods. We were all trying to stay calm about the whole situation. That's when Nick thought of the brilliant idea to search up the back story of those woods. That's what we did. What we found made chills run down our spines.

America's "Most Haunted" Horror Continued

This is how the story went. In 1999, a fifty-eight-year-old woman named Jean Spruz was invited to a dinner by two of her co-workers. The two co-workers' names are still unknown to this day. She was the only one invited. She didn't know these two co-workers very well so she was reluctant to go. She decided to show. At this dinner, one of the co-workers struck Jean with a bat so hard that it killed her. This was while the other one was at the stove making soup. The men had to find a place to hide Jean's dead body. They chose the woods nearby their house. That's when reality struck me; those were the men we saw in the cabin of the woods, and Jean was the woman we saw in the woods that was crying. It wasn't simply an old woman in the woods that we ran into, it was the ghost of Jean Spruz.

After reading this article, the four of us were all in shock and couldn't believe what we ran into earlier that night. We all decided to call it a night soon after that, and we departed to our own bedrooms. That night I woke up not feeling right. I looked at the clock. It was only two in the morning. I sighed and tried to fall back asleep. That's when I heard crying coming from inside my room. I looked in the corner of the room, and there she was. It was Jean Spruz; she must have followed us home. I screamed and ran out of my room like a little child. I woke up my friends and told them what happened. Since Nick lived right down the road, we decided we'd crash at his place for the rest of the night. Nothing else happened for the rest of that night, and for the next six years, as I'm writing this. I hope none of the readers ever have to experience the fear my three friends and I had that night. Always be on the lookout because you don't know what may be lurking around you.



~ Ms. Rouleau

Seven Headed Hydra: A Story of Humanitarian Paralysis

Avery Tapper

I feel at times like they look at me as if I am a seven-headed hydra rising from the pages of tattered and worn out mythology books, riddled with age. But the days go down and the pages of history keep turning; therefore, why do I feel so stuck? It is as if I am on a moving walkway going absolutely nowhere.

I was by a literal and utmost scientific understanding, created by stardust. Yet, if the sun, whose brightness miraculously heats up the entire solar system, is also a star, how come I am constantly shaded with an infinite darkness? Normativity is the absence of reliable consistency. It's by natural law out of the order of our existence, which was built on the principles of deception. But who are they, the people of our earth? What is their perception of a universally accepted conception of controversial but expected inception?

As for the ones in the shadows, as for me? I don't have any recollection of the undoubtedly deleterious yet ingenious actions of human socio-cultural relations. What IS inherently effortless to come by, is a congruent cognitive conclusion that our logic deprived civilization is ostracizing and marginalizing supposed "radicalized social pariahs of our postmodern era", and maintaining this ludicrous, and ideologically isolating conspiracy of the totalitarian theory of the regular and the deranged. It has truly led our currently divided arena of nations in a horrendous display of manic turbulence bringing us vastly close to a religiously hateful age of self loathing, all due to a biblical proportion of savage and idiotically dangerous rhetoric.

Allowing the scrutiny of a historical continuity of oppression to a specific genre of pre-existing communities to be free in the land of opportunities does just that. It drags our already numb bodies and minds through never ending torment. But this anciently old fear of eternal darkness is no longer viable. For we stand currently divided, but we are at the very end stage of a cosmic period of connections due to disconnections. Assimilation of the ungodly animals who are unwilling to ascend through evolution, and intolerant of outdated yet divine recipients of positive karma. A new millennium has arrived and with it so has a new pantheon of Gods.

Star

STARS

in the

night, shine

Quite bright in a

Galaxy so far away -

From the place we call home, but still shown and seen

with an eye so bare, this figure so far away must -

have power unlike any other source seen -

before….Stars, Stars, Stars,

Stars, Stars, Stars, Stars, Stars

Stars, Stars, Stars, Stars, Stars

Stars, Stars, Stars, Stars

Stars Stars

.. ..

~ Sky Grant

My Job

When I walk into the door.
I feel excited but anxious.
I see all the residents
Some are happy.
Some are sad.
When I serve them a delicious meal.
I feel loved and comfortable.

When you talk to the residents.
You hear about their stories and their life challenges.
Some are happy.
Some are sad.
You learn about new things.
When you work at senior living.

~ Ella Adams

The Ocean

The ocean disintegrates and evaporates thoughts of fare and age
The ocean's undertone pulls you in like a lover at midnight
The ocean overcomes you with a state of tranquility and paralysis

~ Noah Kauderwood

And that's ok.

Sure, it hurts to think. It hurts to breathe. It hurts to talk. It hurts to even exist.

And that's ok.

You believe in one feeling your entire life. You have the perfect idea of love from the very beginning. Now that this feeling has become a distant memory, you feel empty.

And that's ok.

The smile you once knew has been forgotten. The mind you once kept precious has been scrambled. The hole has once again opened up.

And that's ok.

When the one you felt like was your world has abandoned the one you see around you, the sky seems dark. But where there is darkness, light only is around the corner. Where there is sadness, happiness is right next door.

And that's ok.

Pain needs time to heal itself. The scars of this hurt will still appear on you like marks of war. Maybe not today, or tomorrow, but eventually, you will make it.

And that's ok.

~ Mr. Dunleavy

Grief

You want to cry when the basketball is thrown in the air.

Knowing number 24 is no longer here.

Makes you want to work harder for your dream to come true.

Making you want to say Kobe when you shoot the ball.

~ Jonah Levy

The Two Doors

Will Sufrin

I was walking through a fork in the path when the rain first started falling. I'd been walking for god knows how long. The curtain of clouds enveloped a grey sky, and the rain which fell on the sod created a pattern. The grey moon, like an obelisk, slipped behind the rain and out of sight. I sneezed, the cold air nipping at my nose. You could imagine how shocked I was when a voice behind me said:

"Bless you."

I'd only taken notice of the tempo of the rain — not the rhythmic pattering of something behind me, out of sight. *You're a fool.* My inner monologue came back again, this time louder. I took the lighter out of my pocket and flicked it once, twice, the third time was a charm. *Click. Click. Click.* The flame danced on my palm, making it apparent that my journey was not over. *You're going to die.* The inner voice was louder now. Was it in my head?

"Shut up! Shut up shut up shut up!" I screamed into the night at nobody. The voice was back. This time it didn't seem like it was in my head.

"Alone in the rain," it hummed.

What was I doing? I could barely see in front of me. The rain came down in thick sheets, like fairies held in Saran wrap. I sneezed again.

"Bless you."

It hummed and I looked back. That *thing…* It smiled at me. I took off, my feet barely touching the ground. *Where's the door?! Where's the door?!* My inner monologue was yelling again. I was running out of time. I came upon three paths and took the one in the middle. All the while, the moon pierced the sky in a cyanide haze. Nature picked up the tempo. This wasn't real, and so I ran.

The Two Doors Continued

Before I knew it, I'd come across the door, carved into the air, carved into space and time. I took one last look at the thing and walked through the door. *Always remember to shut the door. That will give you a head start.*

I entrenched myself within the door, embracing the walnut finishing. The “room” or “space” I entered was yet another picturesque setting. On a cliff above the clouds. *Looking for the next door...* The thing would most definitely break through the door in a matter of seconds. However, I took the time to amble and admire the sun in the sky. Such was a regular activity that I had forgotten in my haste. The beauty of this place wasn’t real, but I was looking at it. Oh well... On to the next door.

I was born. Out of the womb, I came. All around me people were cheering.

“It’s a boy,” the doctor said.

I’d made it. The final door had led me to this. I could not think... I could breathe, I could cry and sneeze, but I could not express what had happened to the people in the room. They guffawed with ‘ohs’ and ‘ahs.’ They led me through a door… On the other side was the same room. The doors led to places here. They brought me into another room, a nursery perhaps. *I want to tell them…* I scrunched up my face, but words failed to reach my lips. My infant body fell limp from exertion. Oh, well. I forgot what happened anyway.

Something smells sterile… What a wonderful day to be alive.