

The Dutchman Digest
March 2025

Welcome to the first edition of *The Dutchman Digest*! Pieces included in this edition were crafted by students in Holland's Fall 2024 Creative Writing class. Happy reading!



Health doesn't always come from
medicine.

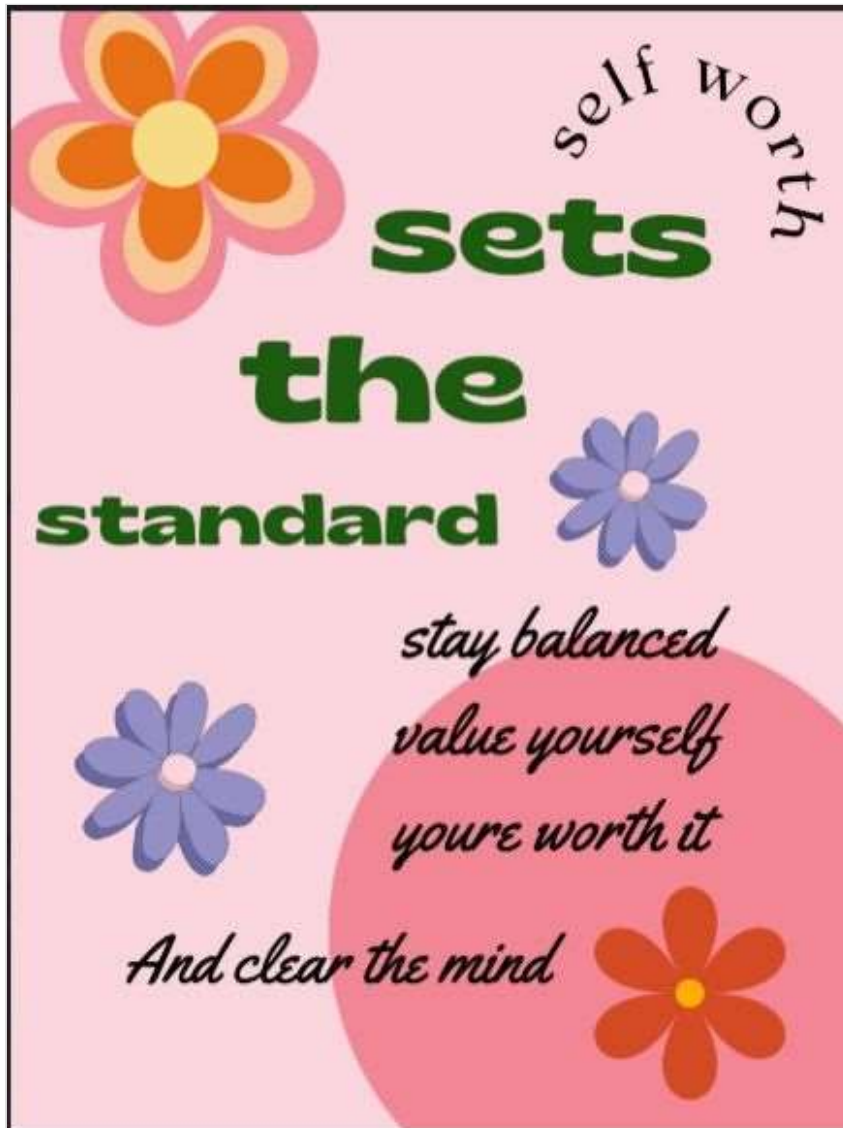
Health is the people you meet and
the person you make of yourself.
Health is the choices you make for
your future.

Health is the way you treat your
body and mind.

Health is when you have the
strength to say no.

Health is what you make of it, you
decide.

-Courtney Molenda



-Avery Campas

The Academy

A place where freedom does await
Tucked in among the hills
And thee can spend thy nights awake
Just living for the thrill
Where learning is a chore no more
Something we are privileged to do
To leave the high school days of yore
A higher way of living soon
Belonging here my future does
These hills and valleys I will run
The Academy, to me it speaks
I simply cannot wait to leave

-Acadia Peirick



Come live with me
Be my love
I have everything that you would ever need
A bed of roses
Scrumptious, endless food
The valleys, hills, and fields
Full of green grass, colorful flowers
and crisp water
Aura protecting all of the land

-Shannon Fisher

Quiet Apartment By. Samantha Mest

The night was young and
the fall air was crisp.
Elmer was driving his
rusty car back to his
studio apartment where he
lived with his wife, Alice,
when his tire suddenly
popped. As Elmer was
fixing his tire, he felt the
air grow denser and the
world get quieter. He fixed
the tire and drove home. As
he entered the door he said
"Honey, you wouldn't
believe what happened." He
stopped to see his wife
lying dead on the floor. He
slowly looked up to see a
creature on the ceiling.
Hungry for more.



“A Letter to Me”

For the girl I've been with since birth

You've stuck with me through the hurt

You've done things for me behind the scenes

I've done things for you

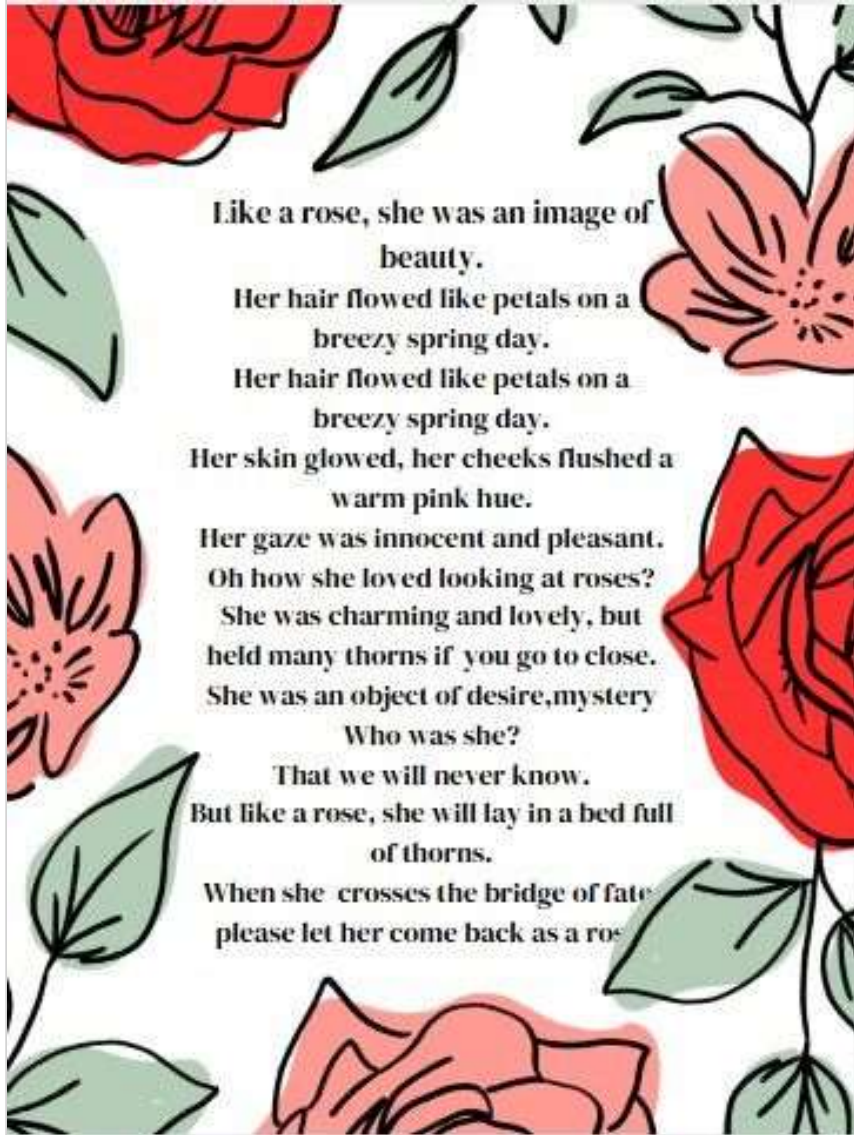
In times of need

If and even though we lost our way

We always find our way back

To see the light of day

-Avery Campas



Like a rose, she was an image of
beauty.
Her hair flowed like petals on a
breezy spring day.
Her hair flowed like petals on a
breezy spring day.
Her skin glowed, her cheeks flushed a
warm pink hue.
Her gaze was innocent and pleasant.
Oh how she loved looking at roses?
She was charming and lovely, but
held many thorns if you go to close.
She was an object of desire, mystery
Who was she?
That we will never know.
But like a rose, she will lay in a bed full
of thorns.
When she crosses the bridge of fate
please let her come back as a rose

-Courtney Molenda

A Teenager's Pastoral

by Acadia Peirick

Come be my lover, for a year
Or at least until the spring
Ephemeral, our bond may be
But fulfilling of our hopes and dreams
Like the Trillium, whose flower is brief,
But beauty is remembered
You and I, will leave behind
Memories in our love's embers
I promise you, fun it will be
In December, we can ski
Unlike Pyramus and Thisbe
We aren't a Star-Crossed Tragedy
In June, perhaps, to Prom we go
Under the moonlight, we'll dance slow
Unlike the foolish, lovestruck shepherd,
I know our love can't last forever
In each other, we'll find comfort
To stop cold loneliness' takeover
Together, we'll enjoy these nights
To end this chapter of our lives.



Stronger mind

*So powerful
to burn and still come out
more stronger
more beautiful
more amazing*



-Shannon Fisher



Beach haiku by. Samantha Mest
Seagulls leave to rest
Long walk with you at sunset
Holding hands with you

“Family tree”

Roots create a network of stability
A tight knit community can be discovered
The branches connect us to our past
Opportunities for change can be found
through each season
Dirt is a battle ground fit for warriors
A new beginning starts with every sprout
Every plant finds its way to others
Though they are many different shapes and sizes
They love each other the same
A family can be formed, one full of beautiful imperfections

-Courtney Molenda

To Paint with Words

by Acadia Peirick

How strange it is, to paint with words
Art not by eye, but thought or heard
It's art that takes a mind to see
Bright minds that sculpt it's imagery
My medium, my tools of choice
Are words to comprehend a life
Characters, a pen, a voice
Reflections upon foolish boys
I am young, but I feel old
But I know nothing, I am told
“You should have known.” *That* they say
Raking needles from the hay
Is it all apart a plan?
I still have yet to understand?
Is it virtue, is it vice
Or insignificant, as scurrying mice
(Sorry mice, rhyme must sacrifice)
It is this I do conclude
From writing down my attitude
O Muse, O Muse, I ask of you
Shall I stop here or continue?



At a sudden moment a sweet flower
is picked from the garden
Took away to another garden
One with the best of sun, air, and water
To thrive and be the best flower
in the garden it can be



-Shannon Fisher



Admire

I can't tell if I love her or hate her
She's the girl I admire and the girl I want to be
I hate how free she is
She hasn't been enslaved by the status quo
She moves with a confident stride
Being admirable means you smile and look at her
Be beautiful means she smiles and looks at you
I can't hate her
She is the glimmer of perfection on this dark town
There is a thin line that separates us
The girl is inside me
She is the girl I want to be



-Samantha Mest