The Eye of the Storm

Literary Journal

Pueblo West High School

2014-2015

661 West Capistrano Blvd., Pueblo West, Colorado 81007

The Eye of the Storm

The artistic and imaginative students of Pueblo West High School are proud to present this year's edition of *The Eye of the Storm*. Each year *The Eye of the Storm* presents a chance for the many talented minds of our student body to showcase their love of writing, poetry, short stories, artistic drawings, and flash fiction. As with every year we hope that you, the readers, will find this compilation to be an engaging and refreshing look into the hearts and souls of our students.

-Aaron Goettel

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My Pen

Amber Vaught

It's my time travel to tomorrow,

But also the string keeping me to yesterday

It's the step out of a muddy puddle,

Yet sometimes I can still feel dirty.

It's like freeing myself from cages of despair

To get twisted into a realm of wonder,

It's the catharsis of tribulations,

An emotional release and ease…

It's as bold as a black bird that flies

High high in a deep blue sky.

It's as gentle as a newborn baby,

Delicacy and fragility at its finest

My pen, it takes me further

Than the sun, moon and stars,

I have lived a thousand dreams,

I have lived a thousand lives

I felt the world's every turn

It's as though I'm roller coaster

My pen, it knows me

My pen, it is my power.

The Passion of the Times

Aaron Goettel

Under the bloom of a sugar maple,
A weary man rests his head.
His life behind him,
The world in front of him,
And spring, and winter,
And years gone past,
Flow beneath his eyes,
As he slowly slips away.

Rain and sunshine greet her,
At the sidewalk.
The torrent of emotions,
The venture into the unknown,
And grey clouds gather overhead.
The water filling her footprints,
She will leave a mark on the city.

Lying beneath the stars at night,
A child gazes past the world,
Past the pain.
As the universe unravels before his eyes,
A yearning grows within him,
The journey begins here.

POMEGRANATE
Marirose Bernal

"Kat," I say. "Get off the table."

Kat looks at me, narrowing her river-green-atom-bomb eyes, and jumps onto a chair. My sigh of relief has just reached the space behind my teeth when she jumps up again, right behind the flower vases.

"Kat!" I say, grabbing my glass of arsenic to prevent it from shattering and damaging the new wooden floors. "I swear to God!"

"Your god does not exist," says Kat. "I am your God."

I set the glass back on the table and push away from the edge, sliding my vintage electric chair back across the floorboards. So much for keeping them clean. I rise and walk to the cabinets, rummaging around the strange contents.

There's a pack of matches lying around, long scissors, a few oranges, and half a bottle of Kat's tequila — catalyst to her table jumping actions. Not that she wouldn't do so on a normal night, but this evening she lacks listening skills *and* balance, and she's reading poetry to match the rhythm of her bare feet slowly grinding the table legs into the floor. My floor!

"I am the creator, the arrow-blade, lost child of the forest-glade, do not go gentle into that good night!" she cries. Chants. Every word falls like liquid mercury, like acid rain.

There it is – a pomegranate, tucked behind my favorite masks, just the thing I've been looking for. I pull it out and dig my nails in, being careful to keep the poison out, cracking it open. Kat's mantras stop immediately and I know without turning around that she is watching the back of my skull.

"Kat," I say. "Look what I found, babe."

There is a long pause and I feel the light sensation of my bones going cold. I relish it. Something in my blood turns over and then over again, until it is unnaturally ribbon-like, slicing through the veins. My senses are heightened by the sound of her stepping off the table, almost inaudibly, crossing the floor like a cat to come closer to where I am. More specifically, closer to where the pomegranate is.

She moves on phantom feet but I hear the gentle swish of her unnaturally light hair, and the sounds of her lungs taking in oxygen; I hear the soft and almost imperceptible blink of her eyelashes brushing and briefly interlocking before being pulled apart again. Kat is directly behind me.

I lunge to the left, but I have waited a fraction of a moment too long: Kat's nail barely catches the side of my neck, leaving a single red line.

"No, no, no," I say, "that isn't any way to use the manners Mother taught you."

"You aren't my mother!" she screams, like an animal, and this used to hurt me but now it just adds poison into the mix, cyanide into the bloodstream.

She thinks I'm not her mother, but oh I am. I am her mother and I will lay the earth barren for every day that I am without her. I created her and I fought for her and she is mine, irrevocably, in ways that cannot be recovered from.

"Let me go back to him!" she screams.

"No. Three months with me. He already gets the other nine – that just isn't fair, sweetheart."

Kat lunges for the pomegranate again and I am too fast now, out of her way before her teeth can reach me. So the pain is unexpected: sudden and sharp, fire in my calf, burning from her kick. I move, put myself out of her reach, and glare into her narrow and natural-disaster eyes.

"That isn't fair," I say, "and you know it."

Kat only needs three more pomegranate seeds. Three more, and she's gone from me forever. Why do your kids always want to leave you?

"I want to be with him," she says. "This is hell. This place is hell. Let me go home."

Those words are like knives, cutting into my organs, pumping belladonna and hemlock like oxygen.

"You used to be such a sweet girl," I say, but this is a lie, too. The evil lived in her, has always lived in her, the want to destroy and rebuild in order to destroy again. My daughter is inherently wicked, wicked like poison ivy, wicked like oleander and lantana.

No wonder he found her, alone in the fields; no wonder he chose her from the other girls skipping by the spring. She didn't need to be convinced to take the first nine pomegranate seeds – I barely arrived in time to stop the last three. My daughter starved for nothing, except perhaps grace.

"You would really do this?" I say. "Throw this world into an eternal winter? Forsake these people?"

"It's not much of a sacrifice," she mutters, settling onto the counter, swinging her bare feet back and forth like a metronome.

"That's selfish."

"Listen!" she says. "Listen to the bells! I hear it, the marriage of heaven and hell. Rejoice! Rejoice! I have made my choice-,"

I grab Kat by her hair and pull her down to the wooden floors. My hellgirl is fast, as fast as sin on a normal night, but she has been drinking too much and I already underestimated her once. I'm about to bring her skull into the wood for the fourth time when I realize I'm denting the floor.

A shame. It's durable.

On the eighth turn, Kat is screaming profanity reserved for a special part of hell, and the floorboard cracks.

I skid back in horror, my back slamming against the wall, and even then I pedal my feet helplessly even though there is nowhere else to go. Kat rolls over to the left, hands clutching her head. Light and almost gentle blue tendrils begin to rise softly out of the floorboards.

"Oh, hell," I say.

Kat scrambles toward the opening but I am terrified, watching an indigo hand pull her down, grinning, to where she belongs.

The Writer
Kaylin Nance

He sits behind his desk
His pen a sword
Destruction or life to give
He writes your life
A character in a book
A puppet on a string
Dance his dance
And sing his song
Love him and the stars
Shall be yours



Image by Kamri Flores

Bleeding Love
Sarah Didericksen

I close my eyes and feel my life draining.
A constant stream drips from my fingers.
I am bleeding life.
I am bleeding love.
I hear it hit the white tiles
in the room of white walls and bright lights.
I am bleeding fear.
I am bleeding love.

I remember the heartbreak that caused
the overwhelming pain that drove me to this.
I am bleeding pain.
I am bleeding love.

I can hear those that never cared
as they fret over my blood.
I am bleeding normality.
I am bleeding love.
I think back on all the bruises
and the small amounts of pain I've felt.

I am bleeding hurt.
I am bleeding love.
They say that they loved me,
but they never were there.
I'm bleeding absence.
I'm bleeding love.
The last drop falls to the floor.
My soul is set free,
My wounds are all gone.

I'm done bleeding love.

The Place Outside Town
Regan Sanders

Boy be nimble, Girl be quick.
Their haunted faces make me sick.
There's mud on the carpet,
And blood on the walls.
There's even some viscera,
On the phone no one calls.
It's a place outside town where no one goes.
Where one man reaps what the other sows.
Though it eats like a pig,
It leaves no mark.
Except for the nightingale. Or is it the lark?
Or is it the raven that croaks this dawn?
Five caws each for those who are gone.
You will never know when you reach that place
Just outside town with it's distorted face.
Where no one remembers and no one forgets,
If you receive an invitation, you have my regrets.
And to those who lost, to those who are gone,
No one will mourn your passing for long.
But to those in the now, to those in our present,
They mourn our existence,
For it won't be pleasant.
In that place outside town that know one knows,
Where no one comes and no one goes.

If I Was a Boy Saying 'Hi' to Me

Amber Vaught

Hi, Amber Marie.

Your baby blue eyes are the death of me.

Death at seventeen, it's okay with me.

I've admired your fires for a while now,

I've been watching you burn for a while now.

You make destruction beautiful...

How?

Your hands, my darling Amber Marie,

The way you create, the way you build,

The way you hold and squeeze with those hands.

I swear those are the hands

That held the moon as a baby,

Raised it,

And hung it among the stars.

Those darling hands, my Amber Marie,

Put simplicity in complexity, I don't understand it myself.

They're intensely everything, simply.

And my god, you're powerful.

I feel you in rooms you've never set foot in

I love you in ways I didn't know was possible

I miss you when I've never even been with you

I crave your skin when I've never even felt it

And your voice, it echoes in my hollow heart.

You're strong, Amber Marie.

And more than that, you're a fighter.

And trust me, I won't ever give you flowers

Because I see the ones already growing in your heart.

But I could be your sunlight and water

So I would get the honor

Of seeing a garden of wonder and magic and life grow.

But I can't steal that glory, Amber Marie.

I know you too well to know

That you deserve more than me

And all of my empty words that bleed

On papers that can blow away in the wind.

I am a feather of the weight you need

Yes, you need someone who can fight against the wind

But with you...

You have the most beautiful wings, Amber Marie.

Hi, Amber Marie,

Now fly away from me.

An Equivalent to Poison

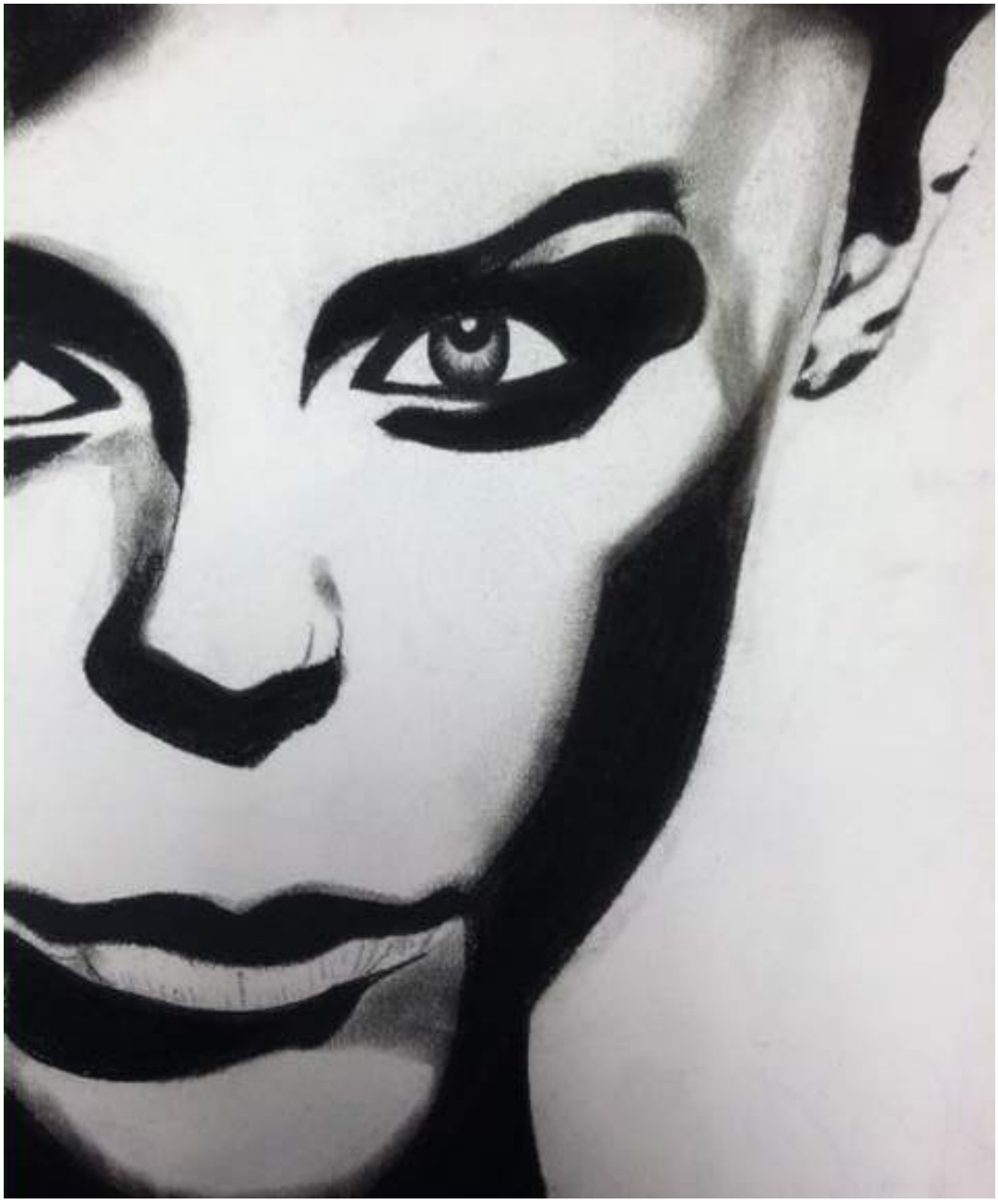
Jacob Blood

An equivalent to poison
But I would let her kill me
Consume her by mouth willingly
Embracing the suicidal performance,
The toxic infection that becomes my addiction.

And as her venom blackens my veins
Leaking from my eyes the clearest of tears.
My potent desire only spreads and the dependence added,
more hazardous.

Comfortable torture upon one ending grasp
The pleasurable pain of the knife she left in my back.

Image by Winter Roybal



Time is Still
Jonathan Winters

Monday, October 20, 2014

"Final testing on the RX-10 chemical enhancement serum has begun. Human experimentations are scheduled to begin tomorrow; however, the surprisingly positive effects in the preliminary experiments have persuaded me to accelerate the testing. I, Dr. Avon Paracelsus, will be injecting 2 doses of RX-10 directly into my blood system via syringe. In the event that RX-10 has any effect other than the desired result, human testing should be canceled. I acknowledge the risk that I am taking however, I feel that it is necessary, for the further progression of the human race. I will be the first of many steppingstones and they will remember ME as the father of modern humanity!"

The swift, chilling wind rushes through the cracks of my window in my apartment, jolting me awake. I slide off my bed and begin my morning ritual, shower, get dressed, head to work. I find that life is much more simple when you have a plan, a routine to follow. You can avoid unwanted conflict and life is very relaxed.

After my shower, as I don my dress shirt for work I notice a small incision over my wrist directly above the vain, as if someone had taken blood. Being that I work in a hospital I often find myself donating blood; however, it had been several weeks. My arm felt fine, so not amounting to anything I continued on with my morning routine. Breakfast was the usual generic pancakes I find at my local grocer. I place the pancakes on a plate and stick it into the microwave, type 1:30 on the number pad, then close the door. As I wait I glance at the digital clock on my wall. Tuesday, October 21, 2014, 4:45. The second I notice the time I sprint out the door, completely neglecting the still heating pancakes.

On my way down the three flights of stairs to the main floor I run into my neighbor, Josh. "Late again?" Josh inquired as I rush past him. Not paying him any mind I continue down the stairs. Josh is a lawyer, he is brilliant and owns his own law firm so he arrives whenever he feels like it. As I bust through the front door of the apartment complex the bustle of the city hits me. Inside the building most of the noise is muffled, but out here, on the street, you can hear every horn, see the masses of crowds in the urban landscape, and smell all of the exotic scents that this beautifully dreadful city can conjure.

Living in the city means I don't own a car, so I walk, or in this case sprint to work each day. About three blocks away from the hospital I notice a man pushing through the crowded sidewalk, even throwing people out of his way. Pursuing him is a police officer with his gun drawn, shouting for people to clear the way. Now only a few meters away from me the officer draws his weapon and fires. My heart drops as I grasp the situation. If the bullet misses the man I am the next object in its path. I feel myself stepping to my left, however I feel as if I am on the moon, and the laws of gravity no longer apply. I watch idly as the bullet passes through the man's shoulder and he begins to slump to the ground. The bullet continues to propel towards me, I watch as it spins then I realize that something isn't right. As I

come to this realization I bend my knees slightly allowing myself to get closer to the ground, then I push, launching myself to safety.

The second I cleared the bullets trajectory I felt reality begin to return to me. Time beginning to move at a normal rate and gravity is normal. I stagger to my feet to see the officer cuffing the now injured man, I quickly glance behind me to see the bullet had impacted a light pole. I looked over at the officer, but out of nowhere he begins to vanish.

Stunned by the events that had just transpired I just stopped and observed my surroundings. But to my surprise everyone else began to vanish around me, then the buildings and surrounding objects began to fade as well. The landscape was completely bare. In the distance I could see a small approaching object. As it got closer I could make out more detail. It was a man, in a lab coat wearing dark tinted glasses. He was somehow flying towards me. I felt a sense of danger in me and I turned to run, but the second I turned a translucent wall appeared before me. I turn to my left to see another, the same to my right. I was trapped, with him approaching rapidly.

"You are David, yes?" the man yelled from a distance "Yes!" I replied. "I am Dr. Avon Paracelsus, I am a scientist that specializes in the development of human abilities. You see every human has a unique trait hidden within him or her. You seem to be able to manipulate time around you. For a moment I want you to imagine what you could do with that power, how it could benefit humanity. With the help of my wisdom you could be a hero, and conquer any enemy, or you could use your ability to take what you want." Before today I believed that I was nothing, that I couldn't contribute to society, I could complete no heroic actions, but in this man I saw a great madness. Whatever he was planning, it would mean great trouble for society. "I will offer you a choice, join me and I will help you develop your powers into a tool that will help you, or I can remove your power and you can return home."

I plant one foot behind me and raise my hands, ready to fight. I could tell in his eyes that he knew my answer. "It is impossible to defeat me, I hope you know that!" Motivated by his threat, I charge at him, jump as high as I can and time slows once more. I see that he is exposed for an assault and I land my foot in the back of his neck. Time returns to normal I land on the ground. I turn to face him, in a readied stance. He draws a pistol from the inside of his coat and waits for my move. I prepare for the shot and right before I make my final charge to end him I think to myself, "*Nothing is impossible*."

Here is Where I Am
Shania Roberts

A vast expanse of blank,
where both everything and nothing exist.
Here is where I lie.

Here is where I lie.

A vast expanse of mind,
where everything exists in fragments.
Here is where I sit.

Here is where I sit.

A vast expanse of blank,
where the fragments are pieced.
Here is where I work.

Here is where I work.

A vast expanse of mind,
where pieces create an image.
Here is where I imagine.

Here is where I imagine.

A vast expanse of blank,
where ink sits beside it, prime for use.
Here is where I create.

Here is where I create.

Here is where blank
and mind meet,
and all that is left
is the heart.

A vast expanse of heart,
where the soul sits cradled and protected.
Here is where I am.

Here is where I am.

The Colors Black and White
Chance Tyler

The colors of black and white, what is the difference between them?
After all, they are just colors and nothing more.
How is there a distinct difference between these two colors?
How is it that one of these colors is able to stand out more than the other?
Why does the color white have superiority over the color black?

Unfortunately throughout history the color white has always been more superior than the color black.
When you think about the color white, you think about characteristics such as pureness and peace.
When you think about the color black, many characteristics associated with it are death, darkness, and despair.
Going off of the characteristics that are associated with these colors, the color white seems like the superior color and therefore makes the color black seem like the corrupt color.

Just because these colors are associated with these characteristics doesn't mean that these characteristics define them.
When you look back in history it can be seen that the white race has always been more important than the African-American race.
But in the end both races are regular people that have no differences except for their color.
These races should be considered equal in status and have the same rights no matter what color they are.

The time period that the Civil Rights Movement presided in had seen the face of racism and segregation.
African Americans had a lower status than the whites.
Soon many notable African-Americans such as Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King Jr. realized that they needed to stand up against racism and out an end to discrimination.
After many boycotts, protests, integrating, and determination had occurred during the Civil Rights Movement, African-Americans had finally received what they had fought for.
Freedom and Equality.

A Good Anglo-Saxon

Amber Arline

One after another, they all decided the same.
They didn't even have to think about it.
It was simple.
One simple invocation, and it was unquestionable.
After there was no question.
Not a worry in their mind;
It had happened before, it could happen again.
A small grave, or a large one, it doesn't much matter.
Not his place, not his choice, not his right.
The age old call to remember, and to teach.
One is given a certain set of things when one is born,
A right to chose, a right to live the way they want.
Splashed across their minds, like red splashed across a barn,
It sat there.
Protect. Protect. Protect.
Protect all that you hold dear, those you love,
That you work for, that which you are.
Or is it destroy?
A silent agreement, that we are the way we are,
And they are the way they are.
A slowly sinking wheel going deep, deep, deep down
Into a place where the sun doesn't shine on what it doesn't want to see.
If you don't want to worry about it,
Just like all of the bills you can't pay and
Like the person you can't stand,
Distance is the key to success.
The procession was slow,
A procession of those who knew in front of those who were unaware.
One word, or two?
How could one sit by and let something like that happen?
They all knew what, and who, and when, and why and how…
The question was just if.
If such a thing could be stood for.
If such a thing would continue.
The circus, of people, and thoughts and testimonies,
All made null and void by one decision.
One decision to change the world,
Or one decision to destroy it.
They made their decision.
One hour, one after another.
Non-guilty.
Preserving their livelihood, but damning another.
Doing as they were told,
Just like a good Anglo-Saxon.

Sink
Jacob Sloan

Sunlight flooding through the trees,
"Run, you fool!" She begged him, please.

Engine cranking, two men nod,
"It's time this Negro met his God"

Headlights streaming through the yard,
"We just want Till, let down your guard"

Just a whistle, just a look,
"You'll pay in blood, don't be mistook."

Beaten senseless, flesh ripped from bone.
"I've *got a few white friends back home."*

Now that boy whose friends live on,
Slowly sinks, neck loose and torn.

Just a negro, why'd y'all care?
This lynching business ain't new fare.

The Fine Prince gleams from ear to ear,
The verdict purging him of fear.
A boy—once spritely—dismembered, numb.
Could Mama recognize her son?

Could God forgive what Bryant's done?
Could we forget the smoking gun?
Could progress now be yet undone?

Cast below the River's tide,
Gouged with wire, no trace of pride.
Will Emmett reach the river's floor,
Before the world forgets his lore?

A boy, a split second, now elapsed.
A legacy, yet unsurpassed.

(Insert Name Here.)

Sarah Didericksen

I remember when I first met you.
It was a shy awkward conversation.
My hands shook like earthquakes,
and my stomach was a butterfly migration.
At first our eyes wouldn't meet.
Our words were choppy waves in a sea of silence.
But soon, we talked and laughed.
I remember how your face lit up
When you told me what you liked to do.
I remember that look of shock
When I first made a joke.
I remember I feared we would return to the sea,
But instead, you threw me a life boat.
Instead, you laughed as if I were funny.
I remember the feeling of shock
When you had a comeback
to my not so witty comment.
I remember how I laughed.
I remember how we continued to talk
about nothing important,
Yet, that was the most important
conversation of my life.

You aren't just a friend to me.
You are a part of my soul.
You light me up like an electric light
whenever you walk in the room.
My frown can only be turned upside down
by a smile from you.
I know you well enough
to know the limits for jokes.
I know how to make you smile,
and you know the trick to make me grin.
Together we overcome obstacles
others don't even know that we face.
Together we work wonders
for the whole human race.
You are my closest confidant
with the key to all my secrets.
You make me snort like a pig,
and sing like a lark,
and dance like my hair the wind.
I know that to you, I matter,
and to me, that is enough.

A Brick Wall
Timothy Stewart

I was once a brick wall,
A wall that could take anything,
Then I met you,
You managed to soften me up,

I now need you,
I feed off of you,
If you're sad; I'm sad,
If you're happy; I'm happy,

You have made my life… better,
I'm not quite sure how but you did,
I had one objective in life; it was to take care of myself,
That has now changed,

My new objective is now to protect you,
I will be the wall that will take the beating,
I am the knight, who will take an arrow for you,
I am the soldier, who will take a bullet for you,

Without you,
I have nothing supporting me,
Without you,
I have nothing,

I love you,
I need you,
I will protect you,
I will die for you if need be.

Orange
Amber Arline

I turn away crossing my arms over my chest. She skitters behind me knocking into desks as she goes. The entire class turns to stare at her as she stumbles around in the back of the room. Even Mrs. Norsen looks back to silently observe her student crash around like a dying shark in the bottom of a too tiny fishing boat.

My eyes stay forward, avoiding the burnt sienna shirt at all costs.

"Hey," Sara asks, reaching forward to take my hand. She slides her clammy hand around mine trying to comfort me but not really knowing what to do. "Are you okay? If you need to talk… you know you can always talk to me?" Her voice goes up in the end, something she does when she wants to help but knows she has nothing left to offer.

Shaking my head, I pull away from her with a light smile resting on my lips. In the past few weeks I have mastered the melancholia smile. A slight upturn of the lips that crinkles the skin around my eyes, but the light never touches me. It's the perfect interim between beginning to accept what has happened, and moving past it. A stage I never plan on reaching.

I feel a phantom vibration propelling me to claw at my pocket in response. The phone goes skittering across the floor as I lose my hold on it. A few of the students next to me turn to stare, but guiltily. No one is going to say anything to the girl who just lost her entire family in a fire. Their gazes burrow into my back for a few seconds, but my eyes stay pinned on the dark screen on the ground.

No one called. My grandmother sitting in her house didn't call to tell me it was a joke. A sick, horrible joke.

"Elizabeth," Sara calls reaching for me again. "Are you okay?"

"Fine," I mutter straightening my back. "Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

Sara leans back her eyes wide. Her words tumble out too quickly to be entirely formed. Syllables strung together into nonsensical statements patter out before she is simply staring at me her hands moving frantically in front of her as if she can wipe away everything that happened in the past few weeks, if only she can move fast enough.

Class drags on, but still it isn't long enough. The slow drive home will live up to every horrible expectation I have been holding all day long. It will take twice as long to get back, three times as long if I avoid…

Sighing, I lower myself into the seat checking the mirror before ensuring my seatbelt is secure, then run my hands through my hair.

I mapped out my route the day I got out of the hospital. Google maps can do amazing things. Even looking at the roof of my house from a computer screen made my stomach lurch.

It was perfect. The red tiles laid over each other immaculately. No space was undisturbed. It must have been the summer, because everything was green. The tree we planted, when I was five, presses against the grass, slightly encroaching on the space Mom liked to plant Morning Glories in the spring. She yelled at me the first day

we realized she couldn't plant her mom's favorite flowers anymore. We found a new place for her to plant her garden the next year. We cut a circle out of the grass, creating a ring with stones.

I slammed the computer screen closed. All of that is gone now.

Silence meets me as I open the door. Grandma is asleep. I may have lost my parents but she lost her son. Burying a child should never happen in a parent's lifetime, a piece of her died that day.

"Hi," I mumble throwing myself up the stairs. "I have a lot of homework to do." My empty words fall upon unhearing ears.

I leap up the stairs two at a time. My feet pound against the floor as I move, a constant patter that barely manages to keep the house alive. I cross from one side of the floor to another closing the drapes as I go. The sun will be setting in an hour or so. I pull the blinds so tightly that no light will filter into the room.

Slowly I wrap myself around my legs.

There are sunflowers downstairs. Bright orange sunflowers. They've never been my favorite, but Mom always loved them. Yesterday, when I looked at them, all I saw was the fire. The fire consuming everything, wrapping around me like an old friend offering me a warm embrace. Orange follows me everywhere now, covering every surface as a constant reminder. Maybe if they drowned, I would only be able to see blue… But they didn't drown.

Biting my cheek it takes me a few seconds to recognize the stuttered breaths l am chocking on. I've cried so much over the past few days that I have started to ignore the feeling, passing it over as if it doesn't exist.

I can't even open the window. Too many colors; orange and yellow and red are all likely to make an appearance.

A knock sounds on the door, Grandma waddles in sitting on the corner of my bed after a few seconds. Brushing the tops of her pants she breathes heavily, tears clearly streaking down her cheeks.

Standing up I cross the room and lay my head on her shoulder, wrapping my arms around her.

I wait a second before standing up. Crossing the room to the window I pull the blinds. "Did I tell you about the time dad pulled us all out of bed at three to see the sun rising on vacation?"

Dropping back onto the bed next to her I smile. I expected more orange, I think looking out the window. Maybe orange isn't as bad as I thought.

A Dog's Purpose

Alex Granata

The Labrador has a slick coat to glide through the water when swimming,

German Shepherds are very loyal and always willing.

The Great Dane is the massive size of a grown brown bear,

And they have ears that are always pointed up like hands in prayer.

Poodles are shown to possess grace and class,

However they were bred to hunt through woodland tall grass.

The terrier breed originated in Great Britain,

And the royals owned corgis because that is tradition.

Sharpei's have the wrinkles of a ninety-year-old smoking man,

While Chihuahuas are so small they could fit in the palm of your hand.

Cocker Spaniels have thick wavy fur,

But long ago they chased small animals like rabbits from their bur.

Greyhounds are skinnier than a stick,

They are also so incredibly quick.

Huskies are a popular breed many people know,

They are very brave and used to carry their owners through the vicious snow.

Dalmatians have magnificent black spots,

The Komondor has fur in big long knots.

Pit Bulls have received a bad reputation,

But it is our fault for fighting them and creating the association.

Collie Dogs have noses as long as an anteater's,

I'd say probably one-fourth a meter.

Every species has a purpose,

Each one up for purchase.

Treat them with care,

And your love, the dogs will share.



Images by Vanessa Martinez

The Lost Island
Brandon Adams

There once was a guy named Jackson; he was a world-renowned traveler. One day he took some of his friends with him on his travel over sea. His friends were Jordan, Michael, Jessie, Charlotte, and Emma. They were very close friends that loved to travel but they had never travelled over the sea before.

Jackson had his very own boat, but it was a speedboat. They were on the ocean no more then an hour long before a storm hit. The storm threw them around and they went hundreds of miles off course. Where they landed was a mysterious island that doesn't show up on any maps and the compass goes nuts.

Jordan, who is Jackson's brother, left with Michael, who is Jordan's close friend. It was a hunt for food and shelter because they already had some stuff they needed. Charlotte, who was Jackson's fiancée, stayed with Emma at the boat since they didn't know anything about the island. Jessie, who was Jackson's ex girlfriend, went with him to search for shelter. Jessie and Charlotte didn't get along because Jessie was jealous and wanted to be with Jackson but couldn't be with him.

Emma found a book on the boat that told of an island that vanished in the Bermuda triangle, but the book called it the devil's triangle. They told Jackson about it but they didn't know that the island contained mythical powers. These powers kept the island hidden from anything and anyone that ever went near. The book stated that every thousand years the island would appear and cause a big storm. The storm drags people to their doom by dragging them to this island. This island contains giant snakes, dragons, dinosaurs, demons, giant spiders, mythical creatures, and the worst creature of all was the chupacabra, which loved to steal blood from people and likes to steal food.

"It is only a legend," thought Charlotte. But legends come true at this island. Some of the most common legends come to life on the island are sigbin, lizard man, owl man, Flatwoods monster, and Dover demon. These creatures are legendary all over the world, but they had been found on this one island. The travellers found corpses and on the island with teeth marks in the bones.

Everyone went back to the boat and hid all night. They heard roars, noises, and snapping sounds all night long. When they woke up they found a bunch of bones, but they didn't know bones of what or who. At last, they went out to look for materials and tools to fix the boat. They couldn't find anything that they could use, so they used the bones as tools and weapons to get food. They didn't know what to hunt, so they went out to search for something, but all they could find was dinosaurs, dragons, spiders, and snakes.

Jessie heard screams coming from a nearby cave, so she went to check it out. She didn't know that it was a home of a giant called an areop-enap, a mythical spider that is a beast of the sea. Jessie was trapped by the spider and almost eaten when Jordan and Michael came to save her. Jessie got away, but Jordan was stabbed by the spider's legs. Michael was attacked with the spider's acid webs, which melted him. Jessie went back to the boat with the spider chasing her, but when she arrived, they had a catapult ready for the spider and shot a giant boulder at it, killing it. They used the spider's other webs to fix up the boat. With the boat fixed, they just needed to know how to get off the island. They figured out that the last full moon would let them escape, which was that night.

They were able to get out of the Bermuda Triangle and they were able to get back home. Once they returned, they lived happily ever after — or that's what they thought…But in the boat were spider eggs and a baby chupacabra.

The Crow
Kaylin Nance

I see it through the rain
Perched upon the tombstone
Feathers of obsidian silk
Eyes of ruby
Its soul is from the depths
Of my veiled insanity
My heart calls to it
Beckons it to me
Be my partner in desire
And pledge to me your life
Wings of death
Nay wings of generation
Flee not from my sight
Perch upon my shoulder, love
And sing to me your sweet song

In a Forest of Memories
Kaylin Nance

Strolling along
A forgotten path somewhere
In an ancient forest of the past
I walked into a shaded clearing
And kneelt upon the leaves
I saw his face within a pool
Water of glass, unmoving
He reached out his hand
To grasp the world
To feel the sun's sweet splendor
But as I strived to touch his face
His image vanished
With the gesture
Of unremembered love
I whispered quietly
Sweetly, longingly
To ask of him

A query
Of life and loss and happiness
Of days of harvest moon
He left this world
On a night of twilight
When the wolves did howl
In melancholy protest
When the soft blanket
Of pure white
Covers the trees and brambles
And the warmth of season
Bids farewell
A day of sorrow
Plus many more
Took my love from me
This pool of depth
Drowned his existence
And locked him in
A prison
But as I look I see him there
Looking back at me
His eyes are pleading
And his tormented soul
Cries out for breath
But all I can do
Is watch in silence
Past dawn and dusk each day
Knowing that somewhere
Within a fence of stone
He lies lifeless
In a casket
His soul to wander
The earth forever

Extinguished

Kaylin Nance

A haunted past
Triggered
By small things
A song, a whisper in the dark
An apparition in the shadows
The pain draws nigh
Closer than before
The physical, mental, bittersweet pain
Crushing me
Slowly waking me
Where's reality to be found
As it calls my name
And I'm Fading
In and out of consciousness
What consciousness?
Look around
And Trust no one
Devil nor demon
An air of betrayal
A family of selfish demise
Swallowed by a sea of fear
She is hell
And She stalks the chambers
Of my memories
I'm slipping away, slipping away
Cure my cold heart of diamond stone
Broken shards of glass
Shattered across the black checkered floor
Shards of those broken memories

Blood tears spill, flow, escape
Hate that lingers blackens the curtain
Darkness spreading painting the mirrors black
Forbidding cold extending
Transcending evanescent chimeras
Delusions of sick fantasies
Fly away on the wings of enmity
The Silk lace
A black rose
I'm the moonless night
Oil spilling from the lamp
Fire no longer burns
Find, find myself
Lost
But never found

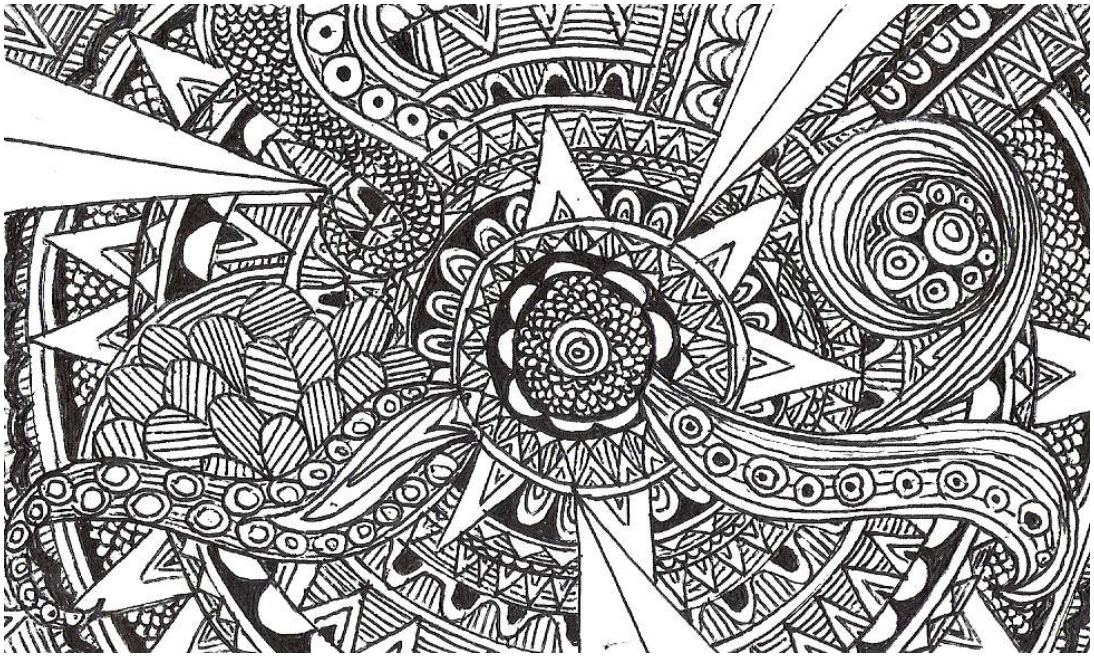


Image by Sarah Didericksen

Stardust

Shania Roberts

We are all stars

We start as
mass and wasted space;
nothing more.

As we grow,
we create elements
that tell others who we are.

Soon,
we create too many things.
We tell others too much.
We become emotions
and then,
we fill ourselves to the brim.

We can't take it anymore.

The only thing left…

Explode.

We explode
in the rising crescendos
of emotion.

The teary seas
reach out to the thundering anger
and the whistling winds
in the great storm of our hearts.

Yes,
some of us drown in the tides,
and some of us stay dry.

But those who survive the worst,
create a permanent trace.

We say,
"We lived...here's the proof."

During this time
we shine the brightest,
but we also want left alone.

But every time,
Life sets us a course
that forces us to collide with others
whether we want it or not.

And no matter the outcome,
we always leave changed,
for better or for worse
just like the stars in their orbits.

And after, we continue
continue to drift in the endless void
of the hopefully doubting thoughts.

And our thoughts,
end up becoming
stardust.

The stardust, that'll inspire,
and create
a new star.

A new star
empty of everything
but capable of anything.

And the cycle repeats…

What's it to you?

Sierra Files

At night I sit and wonder on and on
What do people see when they look at me
Some dumb annoying blonde?

Maybe they see a pretty cool chick
That likes band and can keep up with different clicks

Maybe I'm seen as a super smart nerd
That likes to do math and can use really big words

Maybe I'm the girl that likes to have fun
The girl who is loose and can run in the sun

Maybe they see a super sad loner
They think I am Goth and that I am some kind of stoner

Maybe I'm the girl who has all the piercings
The one that is weird and has a lip ring

What ever they say may be true
But to me I am me.
What's it to you?

To me I am fun and can do many things
Like play the flute and somewhat sing

I am the girl who has no set and stone group
To me I am involved in all of the loops

I may be very messy and unappealing at times
But to me I am me, is that a crime?

I may not be a genius but what does that matter
I didn't know that I needed to be at the top of the smart ladder

What ever you think is up to you
But to me I am me.
What's it to you?

November 10, 2014

Rhiannon Winch

What is love
Can it ever be defined
Its like peace represented by a dove
And a heart that is so kind
Love is beautiful, but sad
And shows no hate
Although it can make people mad
When others discriminate
Love is love no matter what is said
So why try to change someone
Whose love is in their head
Even though it might not be as common
Whether you are straight or gay
You have that right
Others may dismay
But you have to stay strong and fight
Love is untouchable
Although it seems so close
Do you believe it is possible
To love without repose
Love is patient, and kind
As well as everything in between
Sometimes it may be hard to find
But is easy to be seen
Love is fragile
But stronger than most
Sometimes it is agile
Other times it feels like a ghost
Love is powerful
and should never be confined

It is artful

And can never be defined

Behind a Mask

Rhiannon Winch

You hide behind a mask
for everyone to see
is it reasonable to ask
why i can't just be me
you are living in a fable
that has failed to end
you are constantly given a label
that you choose to defend
maybe it's for the better
or maybe for the worse
my face is getting wetter
because you feel like a curse
you will never be right
living behind a lie
i know you want to be out of sight
and that you have a reason why
but does it really recover
the pain you keep hidden
or does the smile stay and hover
because you feel forbidden
I know you are scared
and you have a right to be
but now i am impaired
and will never be free
do i take the mask away
and show what is real
or do i pretend another day
so others don't know how i feel
it is so confusing
which choice is best to make
i continue to keep on refusing
to give up my identity that is fake

One Little Step
Timothy Stewart

If you see someone within the darkness,
If you see them reaching for help,
Jump in and rescue them,
Use your light to fight the darkness.

Be a Knight that protects those in need,
Fight for those who cant escape by themselves,
Help those who are being sucked into a lifetime of torture,
It might not take much to release them.

One smile,
One hug,
One laugh,
This might be all it takes to give someone light to escape the darkness.

I was once in the darkness,
Nobody to help me,
No one to rescue me,
Sometimes it’s hard to escape.

I saw people getting sucked in faster than I was,
It gave me the courage to fight it and rescue them,
It gave me the light to help those in more need than I,
Let us make an army of light to save those in need.



Image by Jeremiah Ocana

Untitled

Megan Price

I thought I could change him.
I thought that the problems he had could wash away
Like the muscles on the shore of a beach.

And I thought I could change the way he looked at girls.
As if they were a prize at a county fair.
I thought I could change him into a gentleman.

I thought that I could change the way he thought of me.
As if every time he looked at a flower, he would think of me.
As if that flower bloomed into the very thing I hoped he saw me as.

I thought he could love me.
I thought he'd love me in that unconditional way.
The kind of way you see in old photos of your parents.

I thought I could change him.
I thought the next time I saw him he'd be dressed in armor.
Like my hero coming to save me from the very thoughts that plagued me.

I thought I could change him.
But then I realized that women were a prize to him.
And that gentleman was an antonym to his very being.

And I thought I could change him.
But he hated flowers.
He hated them down to the itty-bitty stem that held them up.

I thought I could change him.
I thought one day he'd sweep me off my feet.
But instead he swept me under the rug like a secret.

I couldn't change him.
And that very fact was an outrage.

Lovely Things

Rebecca Granado

The April showers cool and wet
The drum in the air reached in my chest
The light that flashed before my eyes
The soft whispers on my window where I lie

The language is lovely though I don't understand
The humor it brings from its traditional hand
Happy or sad or horrifying or more
I couldn't get enough of this Eastern store

The feel of your pelt felt great on my skin
So soft and clean and never thin
Your big black eyes stare back at me
With human knowledge I have never seen

My mind is restless but my hands are tied
My heart always soars buy my body's in a tide
The words couldn't stay yet they couldn't leave
But my talent for these words would never deceive

While others are falling, you build me strong
You taught me what's right while others were taught wrong
I feel like I', alone in a world full of hate
But you gave me wings before it was too late



Image by Taryn Medina

What is This Place?

Samantha Sasaoka

Exultation lies in experience not
Spirituality lies in the void of creed
Voracity is permeating
Virtuous exchange, a fairytale
The realm is circling a drain of uncertainty
Divinity is nowhere
Perplexity, a rampant force
Upon the world
There is no place of safety
More than ever,
These weeps of woe
Dig deep into your cold bones
No blaze can bring delight
Covet has cultivated a people of greed
This is a "me" society
Inconsiderate and useless
Gentle towards vogue
Petty towards kin
Families begin and conclude
At the end of a bullet
Morality is debauchery
Indulgence is blameless
Wicked in intention
Pure in action
Evil has succeeded
Good has been set aside -
Silent and unspeaking
What is this place?
This is no longer a home
This is oblivion

Abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

"I was lost
But now I'm
Found"

Hello Darkness

Trenton German

She was sand through my sieve. I saw her slipping through my fingers and my reflexes weren't fast enough to catch her. I saw her fall into the grasp of a world that I couldn't e'er enter. The world she was in was enclosed in a cage, and she couldn't escape. She seemed happy, though, and then I realized my sorrow meant nothing, because she couldn't see it. She roamed happily behind the cage. I sat at the bars reaching for her, but she took no notice. I cried out, but my voice was frail. She frolicked happily through her joyous jail cell. I had to rescue her before she got too far, but I couldn't do anything. Her figure shrank smaller and smaller as she moved further into the cell.

I looked around me to find something to catch her attention, but all I found was an empty room in complete darkness. Small pieces of parchment, too small to be written on, littered the dank floor. Each small slip of parchment read tiny words that seemed to scream at me. I could hear her laughter in the distance, as I picked up the pieces of parchment and read them. One read *Disaster,* while another spoke *Disappointment.* Three of them had insults written, all to say that I am a pitiful being, and the last one read *Alone.* I screamed her name through the bars once more, but again, nothing but light air came out.

I could see her jail cell consuming her thoughts as I tried to save her, but then, as the screaming of the parchment grew ever so cacophonous, I thought once more. I noticed the walls close me in and the darkness seemed to darken. I forced myself at the bars, trying to escape, but I couldn't slip through. I was pushed back several times by the happiness that taunted me so. I fell backward into the pitch-black darkness and lost my sight. The light of her happiness was lost and all I was left with was the screaming voices of the parchment. I curled up and shut my ears, as I was consumed by the darkness in my own prison cell.



Image by Brandon Ayala

Certain Truth

Raine McManess

You're scared
Fingers trembling
Heart tight with anxiety
You can't breathe
You can't think
Can't function
You're scared

You're uncomfortable
Lost in thought
Wishes made to never be

You want to be free
Wings were made to be spread
Not tied back in string
You want to fly
Soar the blue skies
Till you're forced to the ground by exhaustion

Experience everything
And nothing
Feel the pain
Embrace the smiles

Cry
Scream
Tear at your skin
And regret in the morning

Life was never meant to be easy
But no one told us it would be this hard
This exhausting
This stressful

No one spoke the words
No one will remember
Oblivion is inevitable
Like death is life's only certain truth

She's Still Walking

A poem dedicated in loving memory of my great grandmother.

Sydney Wicker

I resemble the iridescent drop lings you once wore upon your ears.

From the adventures you had once shown through them I now give them my own story.

Though you can only see it through God.

The God in which I have trusted to take you to heaven.

The life you once gave them I now try to proceed.

To pass on the drop lings and the adventures like rain falling from the sky that is turning into vapor in which it is reborn.

May you be reborn through me.

May I resemble the life you brought to Earth and the adjectives listed in your name.

Happiness, laughter, love, and kindness.

For they shall be seen on the best occasions for the best moments that resemble you.

The Game
Mitchell Wagoner

MITCHELL IS PLAYING IN ANOTHER BASEBALL GAME, BUT THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT. A SCOUT IS IN THE STANDS LOOKING FOR POTENTIAL ATHLETES.

MITCHELL: Who's the goofy looking dude with a clipboard? Why is he smiling so awkwardly? Wait… the clipboard, the stopwatch, the college hat, he must be, no he cannot be, yes he is, he's a scout! He's a real college scout at my game. Put Dauson in, not me, please. I'll stink it up like rotten eggs. He'll probably do better anyways. I need to stop with this self-deprecation!

I changed my mind, man I'm being so capricious I want to play but I don't.

I made my decision: I want to play. Put me in coach. This is my chance to turn some heads, whether I do bad or amazing it doesn't matter; colleges can't officially talk to me yet. I'm just a sophomore; I have plenty of time to be worried about scouts later.

All right, he put me in time to play some ball! Time to turn some Heads!

This pitcher is pumping, at least 85. Now it is my turn to go up to bat. Hopefully He throws me my wheelhouse pitch.

YES! He gave it to me! I'll put my best swing on it!

Oh Crap I hit a ground ball. RUN HARD, PLAY HARD! It's going to be a bang-bang play, SAFE! Did I turn some heads?



Image by Casey Garrett



Image by Amber Vaught

Aparat

Sydney Wicker

Background: Aparat means camera in Polish. This poem is from the perspective of a camera.

I capture love,
the kind of love you see of two holding hands in a park.

I capture life
the diversity of life you see from a dog when it barks.

I capture moments,
the sort of moments that ends after *Stolat from the candles spark.

I capture happiness,
the nature of happiness you see in a rainbows arch.

I capture faith,
the variety of faith you see in a church of remark.

I capture courage,
the brand of courage that swims out into waters of sharks.

I capture strength,
the type of strength that gives you the competence to leave your mark.

I capture kindness,
the category of kindness that comes from the heart.

No matter where I am at,
I am the rock of your memories.

I am like the alarm clock of the early morning,
reminding you of your captured centuries.

**Stolat is the Polish Happy Birthday song.*

Dear Heart of Wisdom, Dear Heart of Foul Pride
Tomas Bernal

Bring me my ball and chain

that extends from head to toe

For it's from my burden that my love cannot refrain

Heart filled with vacant leaves spoiled from so long ago

No forge of silver, nor cast of iron, neither belt of gold

Can restore Eve's apple, molested by temptation

Let us flaunt in our petty grief of love once foretold

Time's life is short, but not that of salvation

Dear heart of wisdom, dear heart of foul pride

He is of swallowed bait, brimful with lies

The dial makes a fool of me; as its hands coincide

Yet I still outstretch mine and gaze upon you with

children's eyes

Thy Sun

Kaylin Nance

He will call her name
Whispering lost lines of love
She will hear him
But she looks away
He begs and pleads
Why dost thou leave?
“I am the sun
And I fade away”
For sometimes the winter
With its bitter cold
Breaks our bond
No touch of warmth
To heal thee
But then in the summer
He will see her again
And he holds onto her rays
Soaks in her love
He is the Earth
And he sees none but her
But why,
Jealous moon,
Why dost thou haunt?

Cinderella's Inner Thoughts

Trenton German

It was sad, the night I lost my shoe. It wasn't a huge dilemma, but it cost me my happiness. It slipped off last night, somehow, as I sprinted from the castle. I didn't bother going back for it, mostly because I couldn't wait to get out of the wretched things any way. That fairy made a mistake by giving me glass shoes. It felt like dancing on cactus thorns, and I was surprised they didn't shatter. Honestly, last night was the best night of my life, so I don't mind losing my shoe. It may have even disappeared at the same time all my other clothes did (though, the shoe I still have hasn't disappeared yet). I may never see the beautiful man I danced with again, nor may I ever see that shoe again, but memories are something, right?

Who am I kidding? I want that shoe back! But, I don't think I'll get it back. The Prince probably found it and tossed it away, like a typical shoe-hating man would. Worst night ever, and now I'm—*sob*—stuck here forever, cleaning. Goodbye, sweet shoe.

Relationship Problems

Trenton German

We can't do it. I tried to do it, so did she, but we weren't able. Now we'll never be able to make things work. I tried to fix it my way, but she simply chided me to go away. When she tried to fix it, I wouldn't have it. She infuriated me, and I her. She'd go left as I tried to go right, and I tried to restart the whole thing, but she said I was wasting my time. We clearly didn't have the right tools to fix our problem, so we simply gave up. Yes, that faucet is probably never going to be fixed.

Shadowplay

Tomas Bernal

And strut once more with lips tainted on a cigarette
These wings wish not to be trapped in your cage
So, this beaten beak only lingers in your silhouette
Steps begin to delay as this body continues to age

We just ask for her us to pity us
The shunned, deformed, disfigured and thrown away
Wish for her to find beauty in the hideous
In those lost and forgotten wandering astray
Nails claw at her ankles, as the sighted turn blind
We are only shadowplay, and the puppet is king

Truth is a Ticking Time Bomb

Kennedy Taylor

Tick, tick, tick
I will tell you a tall tale of our tasteless world.
In a time of terror our lives unfurled.
Traitors and common men became contradictions,
And that is not a tacky prediction.
Tick, Tick, Tick

Tick, Tick, Tick
A truly tender society that had begun as convivial,
Took a total 180 and turned extremely trivial.
True corruption and tempting lies
Transformed once trusted people into traitors in everyone's eyes.
Tick, Tick, Tick

Tick, Tick, Tick
To tell you the truth, total tragedy occurred.
Terminal distrust and tactlessness was heard
Terrible mistreatment caused the tables to turn
And the tall towering walls we had built started to burn.
Tick, Tick, Tick

Tick, Tick, Tick
Talk of equal treatment was tossed aside.
The truths behind these terrible tall tales were swept away by the tide.
Treacherous tidings no longer true
Gave the taletellers something to rue.
Tick, Tick, Tick

Tick, Tick, Tick
To end this tall tale
Tell the total truth to divert us from this trail.
The tiniest of lies are even told on the news
Make sure not to light the fuse.
Take heed and take action before we set sail,
For instance how tall is this tall tale?
Tick, Tick, Tick
Kaboom!

Primal Rift: Bellow's Beach

Destin Bogart

Chapter 1: Introductions

On an island, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, life flourishes in many different forms. Most common on the island are the medium carnivores and herbivores that once ruled the earth at a time when the temperature was warm and steamy. On this island live many saurians trying to live out their lives in peace away from the bustling noise and commotion of the outside world. The saurians that live on the otherwise isolated island live without the help of anything else, as it was when they reigned. The current rulers of earth have abandoned the island with the hope that the creatures that they created would eventually die without the special starchy vitamins they were dependent upon.

In doing so, the rulers have created a "lost world" so to speak, filled with many fantastical animals that used to be the Big Kids on the Block. They tampered with genetics in order to create animals that once lived upon the earth for millions of years. This has dramatically changed the environment of the island due to the introduction of animals that need niches that don't exist on the island. Over many years, the niches of the environment and the creatures living on said island began to evolve to suit one another, so to speak.

Chapter 2: Bellow's Background

Life is not easy for a Baryonyx, let alone any animal on the island. But Bellow had been surviving the best he could for a while now without any help. Most grown Baryonyx tend to be about forty feet long, fifteen feet high, and can weigh as much as three tons. But Bellow was a bit on the small side, at a height of ten feet, length of thirty-five feet, and a weight of two and a half tons. Bellow has a unique coloration consisting of a drab green mottling, with Olive dark green blotches on his back with a pale yellow underbelly. Bellow also has oval shaped green sunburn patches around his nostrils.

Bellow's species usually has a symbiotic relationship with Proceratosaurus. Proceratosaurs help keep a lookout for larger predators and clean up any scuzzy leftovers. However, Bellow is known for being aggressive towards Proceratosaurs because when he had matured and had been surviving alongside the Southern Plateau's coast, he had run into a pack of rather ornery Proceratosaurs. Since Bellow was a large male Baryonyx, he quickly scared the Proceratosaurs into a hightailed run into the dense smoggy jungle. Bellow never liked being in the jungle because of its tight spaces and abundant obstacles to trip up on, so Bellow allowed the cowardly pack of Proceratosaurs to escape. Several years later, other lone Proceratosaurs followed Bellow in an attempt to clean up after and alert him of any present danger that he might have missed. Each and every one of these Proceratosaurs annoyed and irritated Bellow so much that when more came to be the clean up crew, Bellow would chase them away. With all of these encounters still in Bellow's memory, he became one of the few Baryonyx to survive truly alone.

Another thing that irritated poor Bellow and added to his resentment towards Proceratosaurs was that when he did have a Proceratosaur following him and he would stop to take a warm sunbathing nap, he would sleep for too long and get sunburns on his snout. Bellow now has a painful solar reminder on his snout for the agitation that Proceratosaurs ensure.

However, there came to be one Proceratosaur, Squelch, that enjoyed being by the ocean and fishing in the shallow waters as much as Bellow did. This Proceratosaurus was indeed very stubborn, but Squelch would not take no for an answer. On the day of the two saurians' meeting, Squelch had been wandering the coast of the Southern Plateau looking for a potential Baryonyx to follow. He came upon Bellow who, at the time, was fishing in

the shallows for large tarpon to satisfy his hunger. When Squelch came upon Bellow, he roared at Squelch causing him to loose his concentration on fish and let one escape his jaws. This made Bellow quite hostile towards the little Proceratosaurus.

With this show of hostility towards Squelch, Bellow ran into the forest not fifty feet away from the beach. However, Squelch hid and watched the annoyed Baryonyx try once again to catch himself some delicious supper. After three or four tarpons, Bellow had his fill and lay on the beach for a nice afternoon nap in the sun. After at least an hour or two, Squelch had realized that Bellow had been sitting in the sun for too long and woke up Bellow with a surprisingly convincing mimic of a Dilophosaurus cackle. Bellow was still upset with the unruly Proceratosaurus and gurgled his displeasure of being awakened. But this act is one thing that most other Proceratosaurs had often failed to do for Bellow. Squelch knew that waking Bellow up, no matter how angry he got, would be for the benefit of both Bellow and Squelch: This is because when Squelch woke Bellow up, he would no longer stay in the sun for too long and get sunburned. And no more sunburns eventually shaved a bit of irritation off of Bellow's attitude toward Squelch.

After a month or two of Squelch helping out Bellow from being sunburned and cleaning up his messes, Bellow allowed Squelch the privilege of being Bellow's symbiotic sycophant. When Bellow would venture into the jungle, Squelch would squeak if any Metriacanthosaurs or Tyrannosaurs were around. In return, Bellow would allow Squelch to be in close proximity to him and to scavenge his fill from any kills that Bellow would be lucky enough to catch.

Chapter 3: Shuffle in the Shallows

After a year or two of companionship between the two creatures, it was summer and the cool breeze of the sea captivated Squelch enough to stray a bit further into the clear blue waters than he was usually comfortable. Squelch is usually the one to glide through the shallows snapping up any small critters unaware of his passing. But this day was prefect for him to hone his skills on fishing for reef fish. The water was as clear as the sky and rather warm, so he went out to search for tasty tidbits.

Bellow took this opportunity to score a well-deserved nap under a sweet smelling bright green palm tree while the much smaller squelch waded out further and further. Bellow thought that Squelch would be fine wading out further than usual because he has better eyesight than Bellow and knows how to imitate many predators any creature out there in the shallows would not want to mess with.

Squelch had been at it for two and a half hours and was getting better but still could not quite get the hang of snagging fish with his claws. He thought that maybe using his mouth like he usually does when hunting for frogs at the edge of the forest would be more efficient at darting for fish instead of his claws. Squelch darted his head into the tropical water and came up with a small stingray in his maw, only to hear a large splash not too far away from his current location.

He swallowed his catch instantly and jumped up to search for the source of the distressing sound. He did not see anything of suspicion and turned his gaze sharply towards the beach where he saw Bellow sleeping soundly under the palm tree where he left him.

At that moment, he heard hissing and rushing water coming up from behind him. Before Squelch could turn to look behind him, he could spot Bellow wake up, erect himself to his full height, and start to roar and charge out into the water towards him. Squelch turned to see what could be making Bellow so upset and jumped out of his scales to realize that a large Mosasaurus was gliding through the water straight towards him with its mouth wide open and its sharp white teeth poised to sink into Squelch's green flesh.

War of Minds

Shania Roberts

Pens to paper,
like guns to hearts
and words to hate.

Written with care.
Discarded with
ignorance and disgrace

Blunt truth cuts,
like knives to skin;
the skin of hearts
and morals
are cut deep.

Quills fling
ink ridden ideas
like the fletching
of the red stained arrow.

Set to explain,
clarify,
dignify,
the ideas hidden within.

Poems are thoughts,
caught in the crossfire
of the war of minds.

In the end,
it either endures the flames
of discardment,
or burns in the blaze
of itself.

DEAR PRETTY THING
Marirose Bernal

so here I am:
webbed hands, ratted hair,
lungs gasping for something that isn't air
daughter of the sea.
on the list of things you didn't expect:
the light, gentle, bluish tint of my skin,
something pulsing beneath that and in
my veins there is blood but it isn't blue.
listen to me
and I'll tell you:
pretty things can't swim.

give me your storybooks, and your startled looks,
they are almost as wrong as your history
and I didn't sing, I can't sing, the sailors heard music in their own heads,
driven mad by the sea
so imagine every generation before me handing down the inheritance
of crazy in the bloodstream.
losing it is in my genes, sweetheart.

was I supposed to be beautiful? -
I need these razor sharp teeth, what else tears into tendons?
I need my nails like knives, to catch what can't be mended.
put me back into the water or I'll put you into your grave
gasping for the air up there, with your golden head of hair,
believe me, pretty thing,
some things just can't be saved
and I know you can't swim.

Eye of the Storm

Jacob Blood

Hearts beat consecutively
To the ticking of clocks
Life slowly slipping away
Tick…Tock…Tick…Tock…

Each minute. A year.
Every hour. A lifetime.
With no power to amend this truth,
We remain here.

Breathing and suffocating.
Standing and falling.
Deprived from knowing,
That we cannot live without dying.

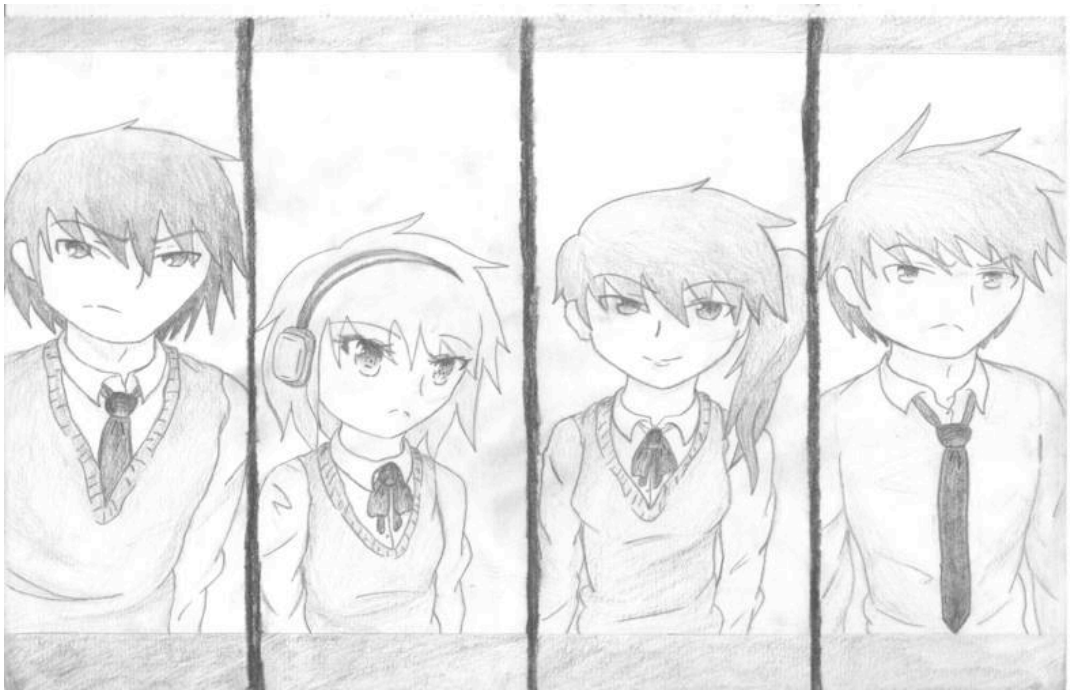


Image by Lucas Archuleta

The Eye of the Storm

Pueblo West High School

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