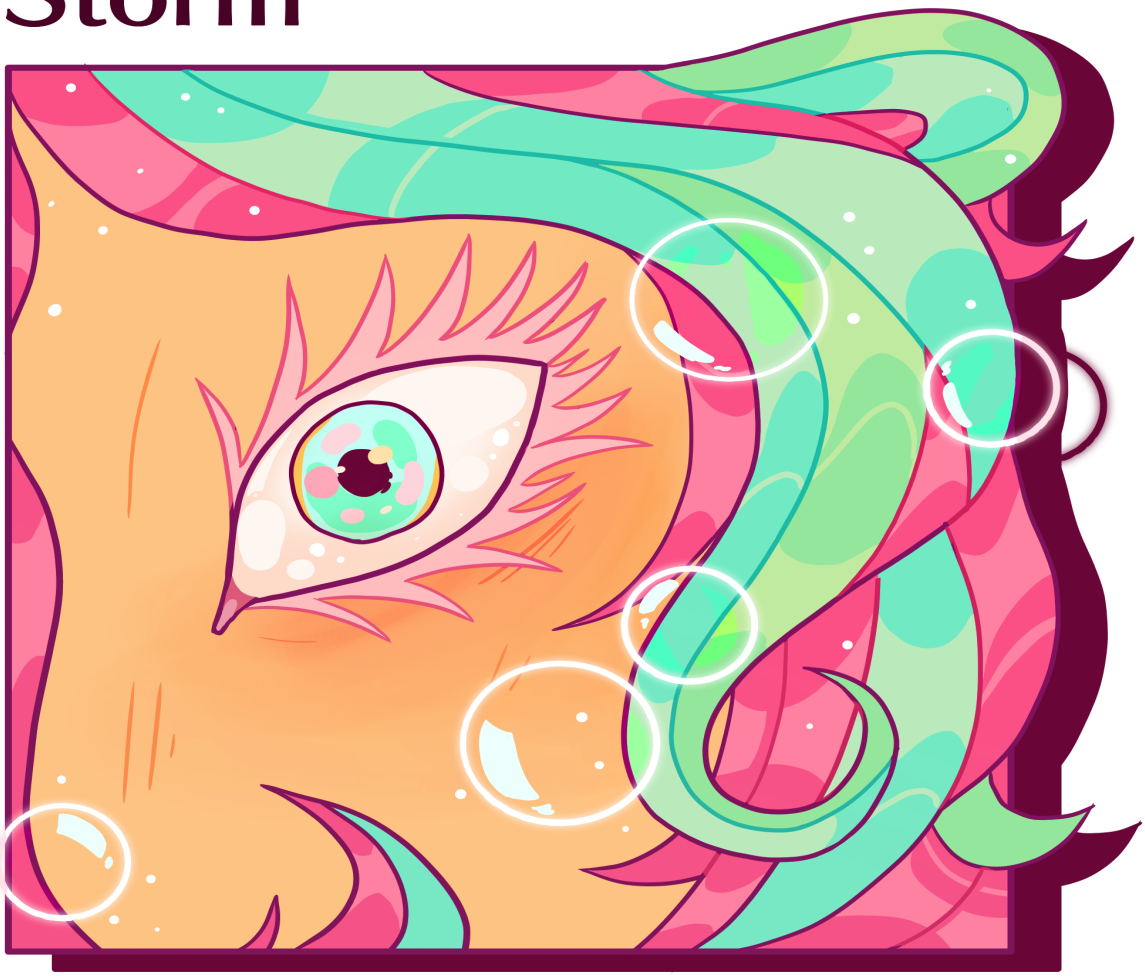
Pueblo West High School's

Eye of the Storm



Literary Journal

2021-2022

Cover Art by Alyssa Sears

The Eye of the Storm

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Contributor	*Title*	*Page*
Alyssa Sears	Original Art	Cover
Camille Gannon	The Shot	3
Kahlize Tobin	Original Artwork	5
Maddux Schaffer	I Can't Feel Anything	6
Luke Butler	Alone But Not Alone	7
Jimmy Fisher	Heart of the Sea	7
Kursten Anthony	Hidden Far Away	8
Medved	Original Artwork	8
Kursten Anthony	Untitled	9
Gāj M. Dilin	Đu Kās for Nōō Ing-glish Speling	9
Gāj M. Dilin	Artwork	11
Arianna Hope	Perfect	12
Nathan Gottbehuet	Original Artwork	14
Hearth Weeden	Remember	15
Anonymous	Heartbroken	16
Alyssa Sears	Original Artwork	17
Slade Reardon	Original Artwork	18
Anonymous	Unnamed	18
William Whitten	The Death of a God	19
Kahlize Tobin	Original Artwork	23
Aaron Thomas	Poem Time	24
Jacquie Koopman	Familiar Familiars	25
Chaz Childress	Original Artwork	29
Miranda Reed	The Dying Days & Original Artwork	
Nathan Gottbehuet	Original Artwork	30

The Shot

Camille Gannon

I sat in the waiting room, filling out a survey the front desk lady had handed to me once my mom and I had checked in. I sat there trembling, scared as I saw there was nobody else waiting in the room besides us and this other mother with two, young children, meaning I was soon going to be next. The aged, faint fluorescent lights shone above our heads, turning my already throbbing head into a migraine. The short old woman, that I see everytime I come, opened the large brown door and called out, “Gannon.” I started to feel the cold sweat rise to the creases of my skin, anxiously walking through the heavy brown door as it loudly slammed behind us.

As I entered the bland hallway, we soon took a right to where they could weigh me and check my height. I took my shoes and jacket off and stepped onto the scale. After they had marked my weight, they led me over a couple feet to then see my height growth. At this point, my whole body, especially my hands, started to get really jittery. The little old woman then told me to step up to the blue line of tape. She told me to explain a chart on the wall reading a large “E” at the top. As I struggled to read the letters, because of my terrible eyesight, my shakiness was getting worse by the second. Once we finished with that, she explained that I may need a new prescription as we were once more, walking down another bland hallway. I grabbed my shoes and we walked a couple meters to the end of the hallway. There stood another large brown door, leading into one of the doctor’s offices.

My mother and I had walked in first, the little nurse behind us notified me to get undressed and slip on the patient gown. After I had put on the gown, I hopped onto the table and patiently waited for the nurse to come. The nurse, who I’ve known for apparently my entire life, walked through the door. She started asking the simple doctorly questions, things such as, “How have you been doing,” or “Anything bothering you?” The nurse then started to give me a check up, checking my ears, eyes, mouth. Once she started checking my heartbeat, I could feel my pulse accelerate rapidly.

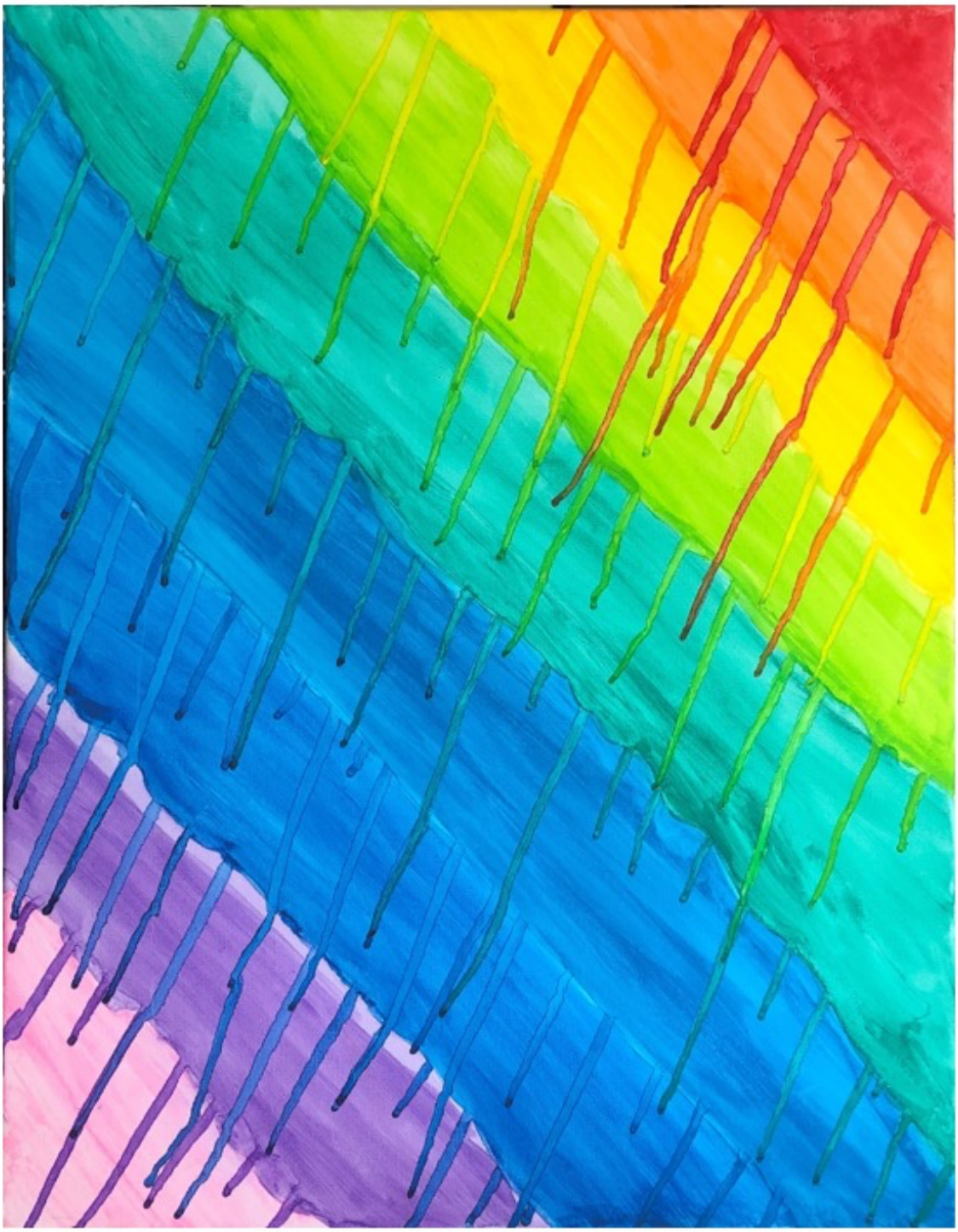
I knew by the time she was done making sure I didn’t have any medical problems or anything abnormal wrong with me, it was time. She had rearranged her medical tools back to the appropriate locations and placed her stethoscope back around her neck. I felt apprehensive, awaiting for what was about to come. I watched her as she started getting everything ready for me. Placing down the tray, carrying the large syringe and sets of needles. I couldn’t stop staring at the motions her hands were making as she was getting everything ready and horrid thoughts started to flood my mind.

She inserted the fluid directly into the syringe. She walked over to me with heavy steps, the creepiest yet friendliest grin smeared across her face. The nurse set the tray on the open bed behind me. While wiping down the selected area on my arm, she grabbed the syringe and pressed the needle against the smooth, damp surface of my skin. She started to count down, “Three,” my eyes started tearing up. “Two,” my body started to tense up. “One,” she started to push the needle into my flesh and by this time my arm was in pain and tears rushed down my pale cheeks. Once she had taken the needle out I latched onto her arm from the pain. She started asking me questions about myself to try and calm me down. At first, I thought everything was okay until everything started going blurry. I tried my hardest to focus on the paper towel machine almost straight in front of my view. Suddenly everything within my vision was gone. I woke up in a long, stale bed. A hospital stretcher. There were people that didn’t look familiar at all, hovering over me as the ceiling was rushing past my eyes. I was quickly placed onto the softer, more comforting bed. I started to remember what had happened to me. My body was in excruciating pain. It was the early 1940s, World War II. Fighting for my life with one of my comrades, shortly after hearing a big bang ringing through my ears, I watched as he fell to the ground. Me next, feeling the hit in my shoulder, going down directly after. I woke up once again. I had passed out. It was all just a traumatizing dream.

My body started tensing up and twisting in ways it shouldn’t. My breathing sped up and was getting really heavy. I was hyperventilating and I didn’t know what to do. Every muscle and bone in my body was hurting, yet I couldn’t feel a single thing. There were too many people huddling over me. I was so afraid of what was going to happen to me. I thought to myself. *Am I dying? Is this how it really ends? What is happening?* I frantically looked around, searching everyone's expressions for an answer. All I had found was a look of pure and utter panic. This didn’t make me feel any better. Although my body was going crazy, kicking and punching, my mind felt calm after a minute of realizing what was happening. My breathing still wasn’t under control either, it started to come to a steady pace but was still nowhere near to being fixed. The little old lady from earlier rushed to get me a paper bag. Using it didn’t make me feel any better. If anything, breathing the same hot, steamy air which was making my situation worse.

I finally, at last, was able to calm myself down. I laid there taking tiny sips of water and small bites of crackers. My muscles had hurt so terribly from everything cramping up. After laying there, a shaking mess, for about twenty minutes I was able to sit up. I slowly was able to start walking again. It was like a toddler taking their steps for the first time. I got in the car and started sobbing, I was just glad that was all over.

~ * ~



Artwork by Kahlize Tobin

I Can't Feel Anything
Maddux Schaffer

Can't react
Can't think straight
Everything dead inside
Pain
Everlasting agony
It's not there
Nothing's there
I'm an empty void
  But it's fine
There's no downfall
When you can't fall down
There's no heartbreak
With a hardened heart
  But it's fine
It will always be fine
Always just fine and nothing more.

It's inevitable to want to feel good and to be happy
But when there's no definitive baseline on what's being happy,
How can you know if you're doing good or not?

You never want to experience the downs of life
But when everything feels the same
Maybe feeling down wouldn't be so bad.

~ * ~

Alone But Not Alone
Luke Butler

People boast of friends and glory;
However, the world has left its mark.
You may feel alone though not through with your story.
You may live in the light or continue through the dark.

Be courageous and fear for nothing.
God is always with you even when the rain clouds cry.
Alone but not alone, for he is truly loving.
You must not walk the road of life just to die.

God, a father to the fatherless;
The loneliness all but a passing memory.
Alone, but not timeless.
Alone without the memory.

Through Loneliness is abundant, God is larger than life.
Eternity awaits and separates loneliness with a knife!

~ * ~

Heart of the Sea
Jimmy Fisher

I look into the sea
she stares back at me
she is so alluring
on this ship my stomach is churning
The waves' smooth curves; it racks my nerves
I shut my eyes tight and I take flight

As I open my eyes
the dream decolorized
I sink beneath the waves
inside my lung caves
The sparkling shimmering light
is broken down through the waters' night
On the ship the sea looked so fresh
now water replaces my breath

The cold creeps in
there's no way I can win
I wish I was back on the ship
as below the waves I slip

~ * ~

Hidden Far Away
Kursten Anthony

As you walk into your fourth high school, you wonder if this will be like the others. Isolated and alone only there to work on school and get through it. Weeks go by and the pattern continues, until one day you meet her. Brown Hair, green eyes, and the kindest smile ever. She Becomes the hope the will of living, the only person to care about. The only one who treats you like a person like you belongs in this world. Then your mind starts eating it up. “Why me, why ,why, why.” When you finally ask her all she says is this. ”No matter how broken you think you are there will be someone out there that thinks you're perfect. You deserve to be loved no matter how much you think you shouldn’t. If they love you they will rebuild you if you allow them, and that’s what I'm doing”. She smiled and her warm smile made you smile in happy joy as you know this is your person.



Art by Medved

Untitled
Kursten Anthony

How can I love me, when there is no one to love
The blackhole inside me is eating at me every second but I keep going
Everyday the same thing darkness after darkness then
Sunlight shines through strangely - I want to trust it, but don't think I can
The sunlight slowly gets bigger and bigger 'till it consumes me
Then it becomes all I know. The happy and joy I had when I was little.
Then I start to trust it, and see it is a person.
A person that treats me well that brings me sunlight.
Someone that doesn't neglect me - that actually sees me.
She doesn't let the darkness stay, she fights if off so all there is, is sunlight.
And the great pattern continues sunlight after sunlight…
And it keeps going till the end of my time…
One person out of everyone else helped me be better she fixed me when I didn't think that could happen.

~ * ~

Ðu Kās for Nōō Ing-glish Speling
Gāj M. Dilin

Ing-glish iz kwīt ūnēk. It is 1 uv ðu 2 Jurmænik læng-gwijiz ðæt stil hæv ðu sowndz ð ænd þ. Ðē ōnglē uður Jurmænik læng-gwij ðæt hæz ðēz iz Īslændik. But mōst intshristinglē, it reprēzents bōþ wiþ 'th'. Ing-glish iz fild wiþ Frentsh ænd uður Lætin bāst lōn wurdz, ðō mōst uv ðu bāsik ænd komin vōkæbyulerē iz uv Jurmænik orijin. It iz ekstshrēmlē similur tōō its kuzin, Jurmin, ðō not æt u glæns. It alsō hæz u pleþuru uv dīulekts ænd iz nōn ænd spōkin u-rownd ðu wurld frum Īurlind tu Indēu.

But for sutsh u wel nōn ænd wīdlē spōkin læng-gwij, it hæz ðē mōst inkunsistint, unfunedik, ænd owtdādid speling sistum uv enē Jurmænik læng-gwij. Ænd æz u rizult, lurning tu rīt, rēd, ænd spel Ing-glish iz u hard tæsk nō mædur ðu dīulekt.

It iz bēkuz uv ðis inkunsistinsē, owtdādidnis, ænd læk uv funedisizm, ðæt ðu speling sistum bēing ūzd tōō rīt ðis eksplunāshin wuz krēādid. Hēr it iz intendid tōō bē deminstshrādid ðæt sutsh negudiv æspeks æz ðōz prēvēislē mentshind eksist ænd krēāt problumz in lurning tu rēd, rīt, ænd spēk Ing-glish. Ænd ðu gōl uv ðis sistum iz tu riplās ðu kurint stændurd speling ūzd tu rīt 21st Sentshurē Umerikin Ing-glish sō ðæt speling mætshiz prununsēāshin in u kunsistint ænd lojikul mænur.

In ordur for ðē ubuv mentshind gōl tōō bē tenubul, it must bē istæblisht ðæt owur speling iz owtdādid. It wuz divelupt during ðu pērēid in Ing-glish histurē nōn æz Urlē Modurn Ing-glish. Wīl ðis læng-gwij iz verē similur tu Modurn Ing-glish, it ritānz u numbur uv sownz ðæt ar nō long-gur prezint tudā. Eksæmpulz ar kwīt ēzē tu fīnd.

Modurn Ing-glish kurintlē spelz, but duz not sā, WHat, WHen, WHere, WHy, WHite, thorouGH, throuGH, thouGHt, thouGH, niGHt, KNiGHt, KNife, KNock, KNow, ænd KNuckle. Ðis iz bī nō mēnz un eksostiv list, but it survz wel tu ilustshrāt how arkāik owur kurint speling iz. Nun uv ðu kæpidulīzd klusturz ar prunownst in enē Ing-glish dīulekt ænd hæv ben kerēd ōvur pyurlē dōō tu ðu nōshin ðæt ðer iz sutsh u þing æz kurekt speling. In ordur tu fiks ðis problum, ðē owtdādid klusturz wil nēd tu bē eliminādid. Ðis wood turn ðu listid wurdz intōō Wat, Wen, Were, Wy, Wite, thorou, throu, thout, thou, nit, nit, nife, nock, now, ænd nuckle.

Howevur, wīl sum klusturz must bē dun uwā wiþ, uðurz nēd tu bē ædid tōō or tshānjd intīurlē. ‘Ch’ wil bē tshānjd tu ‘tsh’, ænd ‘tr’ now rikwīurz udishinul sownz tu bē reprizentid ækyuritlē, mēning ðæt it wil now bē reprizentid æz ‘tshr’. Ænd ‘dr’ hæz tshānjd tu ‘jr’. Yet ugen, ðis iz not eksostiv but shood giv u jenurul īdēu uv wut iz plænd.

Ðu nekst problum in nēd uv ujresing iz ðæt uv inkunsistinsē. Ēvin if Ing-glish speling iz modurnīzd æz prupōzd ubuv, problumz stil rimān. Ledurz ænd grōōps uv vowulz regyulurlē māk 2, ænd sumtīmz 4, difrint sownz, wiþ sum sownz bēing mād bī multipul difrint ledurz ænd vowul grōōps. Ðu folōing bulit list wil ilustshrāt ðis best.

Tābul uv Ing-glish Inkunsistinsēz in Speling

- Oo – 3 sownz. Oo æz in book, u æz in blud/blood, ænd ōō æz in fōōd/food
- Ou – 2 sownz. Ōō æz in ū/you, ænd ow æz in flowur/flour.
- Ow – 2 sownz. Ow æz in how, ænd ō æz in lō/low.
- O – 3 sownz. O æz in of/off, u æz in uv/of, ænd ō æz in ōpin/open.
- U – 2 sownz. U æz in undur/under, ænd ū æz in ū/you.
- A – 4 sownz. Æ æz in ænd/and, ā æz in āt/ate, u æz in umownt/amount, ænd a æz in start.
- Ai – 2 sownz. Ā æz in ām/aim, ænd er æz in her/hair.Ei – 2 sownz. Ī æz in īður/either, ænd ā æz in 8/āt/eight.
- E – 2 sownz. E æz in wer/where, ænd ē æz in hē.
- Th – 3 sownz. Ð æz in ðæt/that, þ æz in þorn/thorn, ænd t æz in Nēændurtal/Neanderthal.
- Ch – 2 sownz. K æzin kord/chord, ænd tsh æz in tshēz/cheese.
- C – 2 sownz. S æz in sēs/cease, ænd k æz in kæn’t/can’t.
- S – 2 sownz. S æz in stop, ænd z æz in hæz/has.

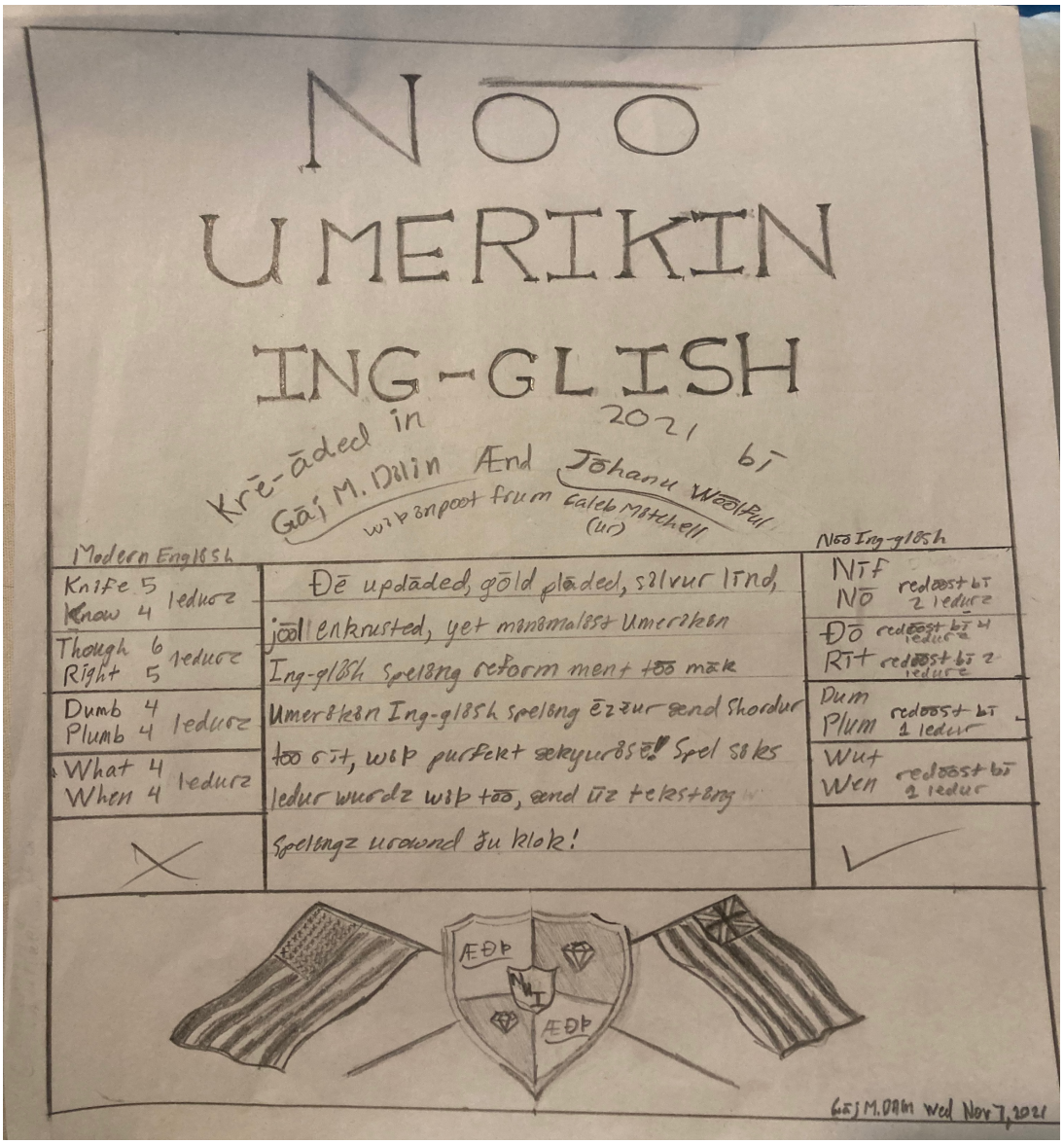
Givin ðis ineksostiv list, ðu kās tu bē mād for u tshrōōlē stændurdīzd ælfubet ænd set uv klusturz shood bē self-evident. Ðē Ing-glish Ælfubet must bē rivīzd. 1 ledur must māk ōnglē 1 sownd unles uðurwīz indikādid. 1 klustur must māk ōnglē 1 sownd, ænd sō on. Ðis must bē sō in ordur tu fiks sutsh teribul supurflōō-osidē ænd inkunsistinsē.

Starding wiþ vowulz, ‘a’, ‘e’, ‘i’, ‘o’, ænd ‘u’ wil sā ðer nāmz wen ðer iz u dæsh ōvur ðem. In udishin tu ðis, “nōō” ledurz must bē ædid. Ð, Æ, ænd Þ wil rilēv ‘a’ frum ōvurūs, ænd riplās ðu klustur ‘th’. Ænd sum ledurz must bē stshruk. ‘C’, ‘X’, ænd ‘Q’ wil bē rimōōvd frum kunventshinul speling, owtsīd uv nāmz, in fāvur uv kw, ks, s, ænd k. Ænd wer ðer iz u brāk in prununsēāshin, u – wil bē ædid. Eksæmpulz ingklōōd wurdz līk Ing-glish or u-rīv.

Now ðæt u jenurul undurstænding uv ðis riform hæz ben diskrībd, wē kæn rēvizit ðu furst list uv wurdz ðæt wuz ūzd tu shō ðē arkāik nātshur uv Ing-glish speling. Wat, Wen, Were, Wy, Wite, thorou, throu, thout, thou, nit, nit, nife, nock, now, ænd nuckle. Wiþ owur nōō rōōlz ðēz ar rendurd æz wut, wen, wer, wī, wīt, þurō, þrōō, þot, ðō, nīt, nīt, nīf, nok, nō, ænd nukl.

On u fīnul nōt, ðu implumentāshin uv ðis sistum iz not ment tōō tāk plās in u dā. Ðis wil bē tot tu tshiljrin enturing skōōl for ðu furst tīm until ðā græjōōāt frum Hī Skōōl. In ðu tīm ðat ðōz furst-jenurāshin stōōdints bēgin Kindurgardin tōō ðu tīm ðā end Hī Skōōl, ðer wil bē æt lēst 12 yērz for evrēwun els tōō lurn how tu ūz ðis sistum ūzing rēsorsiz sutsh æz smal bōōklits ðæt ar not unlīk ðōz ūzd tu lurn uður læng-gwijiz.

Þængk ū.



~ * ~

Perfect
Arianna Hope

The sun rises slowly. I unbraid my golden blonde hair. It is still thin and straight. I don't know what I am expecting. I bite my lip. I reapply my lipstick. I look over at the mess I call my bed.

I shake my head and stand up. "Is it so hard to make your bed?"

I untuck the corners and tuck the bed sheet in again. I move the decorative pillow over an inch so it's in the middle. I shake my head. It's terrible.

I go to the kitchen. I spray two pans with oil—one for pancakes and one for eggs. I put the bacon in the oven and set out the cutlery. I put away the dishes as everything cooks.

I stop in my tracks. Fruits! I bite my lip. How could I forget the fruit? I take out a cutting board and cut the pineapple, grapes, grapefruit, and kiwi into shapes so that together, they make a pretty fruit flower. I carefully set everything on the dining table. Everything has to be perfect or the day will be ruined.

Mother and Father come downstairs. Mother reads a magazine and Father reads the newspaper. Neither look at each other. Neither look at me. I must not have done something incorrectly.

"Pride Parade, what nonsense!" Father scoffs.

I leave the house and run down the street.

"LIBERTY!" Trouble screams. I turn as he runs towards me and throws me to the ground.

"Watch out, Trouble!"

"No."

I stand up and brush off my clothes. Trouble scrunches his eyebrows at me.

I cross my arms. "What?"

"You look different. Not like the nerd that usually lives next door."

"No, it's not different! It's not even me! I'm fake! I look fake. I'm wearing a fake face! Do you know how much makeup I'm wearing? You don't get it—it's got to be this way."

"Or you could be yourself, but you know, that would be a terrible idea," Freedom scowls.

"You're right, Freedom. It *would* be a terrible idea."

"Liberty!"

"Liberty!" Bee gasps. "You look… you look like a girl. Not like in a bad way—I mean you look pretty. No, that's worse."

"Thanks, Bee. I think what you're trying to say is that my lovely cousin is wrong, and I *should* be wearing this, correct?" I smile at Bee. Freedom makes a face.

"Yeah?"

The four of us arrive at the high school. Immediately I am pulled away from my friends.

"Liberty you're going to cheer this year, right?"

"Yes."

I'm pulled into another group.

"But don't you still have to be on the student council?"

"I can do both."

This happens all morning. I run to my first class.

"Liberty, my favorite student! There's a new student. Could you show her around?" the principal asks me. I nod.

A beautiful girl comes in through the door. Dream. She has that unimaginable beauty of a pleasant dream. My face starts to burn. Luckily, I'm wearing so much makeup it is impossible to tell.

I do as I'm told and give her a tour of the school, all the while my face burns. After that, the day goes on as normal. Everywhere my feet step there are people begging to talk to me, finding any excuse to even approach me. I'm used to it by now.

Finally, the school day comes to an end. Trouble meets me by the gates.

"Hey, Liberty, you're coming to my party tonight."

"Alright."

It's night before I know it. The party is, like always, a reckless teenager paradise.

Dream comes over to me.

"I don't know anyone here. I don't even know why I was invited. Can I sit next to you?" Dream asks. I nod.

"It's Trouble—he has his name for a reason."

Dream and I talk and laugh all night. Her beauty dances in my thoughts relentlessly until my senses slip away.

I kiss her.

Dream jumps up. She looks at me, then at the door. She opens her mouth but doesn't say anything. She leaves. I bite my lip. I bite it until blood drips down my face.

I stand up and dash out the door. I run home. I lock myself in my bathroom.

I punch the sink. I punch it until it stains red with blood. I drag my nails down my face.

"AHHH!"

I wash all the makeup off. I wash off the fake. Finally I see *me*. I see my pale, sickly yellow skin covered in acne.

"FREAK!"

They would call me that daily! Within the hour I would be doing something for them again!

"Popular? No! You are a mistake—they hate you! They HATE you! They only need me for themselves."

I open the medicine cabinet. I ruin my life. I can't live like this. I ruin my life. I'm not perfect. I'm nothing! I grab the bottle of sleeping medication.

"No one is home. No one will be home for a while. I'll be long dead. Mother and Father won't even be able to be at my funeral because they will be too close to each other!"

I pour the pills in my hand.

BAMB!

The bathroom door swings open. I throw the pills down the drain.

"LIBERTY!" Bee screams. She wraps her arms around me. Freedom snatches the bottle from my hand.

"It's empty! Liberty?"

"I didn't," I whisper.

"Who did this to you?" Trouble asks.

"I did! I kissed her. I ruined my life. I can't come back from that! Death would be easier!"

"Since when do you do the easy thing?" Trouble laughs to himself.

"Liberty, we need you. *I* need you," Bee pleads.

"I'm… I'm not going to school. I can't," I cry. "I'll run away."

"I'll come with you!" Freedom says.

"Don't—"

"I will, too!"

"Ditching school? About time I ruined you nerds," Trouble snickers.

The four of us walk down the street away from the school. The sun is slowly rising.

~ * ~



Image by Nathan Gottbehuet

~ * ~

Remember
Hearth Weeden

I remember.
I cannot forget.

I remember feeling broken
The first time I cried and said
“This name doesn’t fit me.”

I remember the disgust
And having to pull my hair into a ponytail
And tug on my skirt to feel comfortable.

I remember looking in the mirror
And thinking so many things
“This is not me.”

I remember.
And refuse to forget.

I remember the joy
Of feeling my long hair fall
To the floor of the salon.

I remember the happy tears
That followed after
Touching my now-short hair.

I remember the fast heartbeat
When I was handed my very
First chest binder.

I remember.
And shall never forget.

I remember the first time
I was called “he” by a teacher.
And the pure pride that followed.

I remember my parents
Wondering why
Nobody knew my birth name.

And I shall remember this
The calm I hold. To be able
To be open and say “This is me.”

I remember.
And so shall you,
Dear reader.

Just remember,
If I, the open writer,
Does not care about your approval,
What is the point of you trying to get a reaction?

~ * ~

Heartbroken
Anonymous

This is the story of a young boy, getting his dreams crushed. His name was Xavier, and he was a basketball player. The one thing he had always wanted was to win a state championship in basketball. His team was getting ready to leave for the Denver coliseum when it was announced that the Covid-19 Pandemic would be cancelling the championship basketball games for the weekend. Xavier and his team had worked so hard to get to that point in the tournament winning one home game and two tough road games. Xavier woke up on that day to his parents talking, “We have to wake him up and tell him,” said his dad. As his dad said this Xavier walked up the stairs and told them that he had already received the news. His mom went up and hugged him as tears filled his eyes, “I’m so sorry,” she explained, and Xavier replied with, “I’m fine.” Although he wasn’t fine, he was heartbroken. How could he tell his kids that all their hard work would pay off when his didn’t. That day Xavier went over to some of his teammates house with everyone on the team. Everyone was sad but when they were together everyone was having a good time, laughing and just hanging out. The team ordered pizza and everyone stayed almost all day. There was a 2k tournament, lots of food, and everyone was just trying to forget about what had happened the previous hours. Their coach was not allowed to contact them or see them which made all of the boys on the team upset, and disappointed, because without him their season would have never amounted to what it had. Over the next few weeks, Xavier was sad about everything that went on concerning basketball. He also was not a fan of online school at all, but he knew that this was the only way to keep everyone safe. He always thinks about how that was his best chance to get the one thing he had dreamed about for so long because the team will move into the 5A division next year which will be much tougher to win games in. Xavier loves the game of basketball but this is one of the biggest heartbreaks that he has ever been through. Now none of the gyms are open for Xavier to go, and sometimes going to shoot is the only way that he is able to clear his head. Without this he is often bored when he is not able to go shoot outside of his house due to weather. He cannot wait for sports to start up because he has never had this long of a break before. Now all he has to do is hang out with his friends, play video games, and do his school. Overall this heartbreak taught him to grow as a person. He now

knows how to better deal with disappointment and hopes that next year he has another shot at this opportunity.



Alyssa Sears

~ * ~



Images by Slade Reardon

Unnamed
Anonymous

The fear of drowning in the aimiable pool
Pervades Blues every waking moment
The pearly glow of the water haunts
Nightmares
But still Red sits at the end of the bed
Ready to comfort

Red forgives the trespasses of not
Indulging
Red is patient and kind
They never push at the pull

And purple begins to form, blossoming like paint in the water

~ * ~

The Death of a God
William Whitten

In days long past, days long forgotten, and days left long to dust, gods walked the very earth. Not all their names can be remembered, but three stand out through the sands of time: Lazarath, Son of Honor. Rathulas, Son of Lazarath. And Haerin the Half-blood.

Lazarath was a mighty god, being head of all councils and presiding over all matters of justice among Mortals. But Lazarath held greater ambitions and actively seeked to undermine his fellow gods. In the end, his appetite for Mortal women would ultimately be his downfall.

It was not uncommon for gods to take mortal lovers, especially lower gods, but it was well known that no child could be the result of such a union. Mortals and gods being as different to each other as felines and canines. And so it was with great surprise that his lover Mary of Ryndell, known far and wide as the fairest princess in all the Mortal lands, gave birth to a child. Through pain and agony did she give birth and what sight she beheld. No tears did he welp and his eyes stared knowingly, two vast pools of foreign wisdom. Fresh out of childbirth, Mary held the babe up to the sky and pronounced:

"Lazarath! Son of Honor and Father of gods! I hold thy son to thee. Doth thou deny thy own blood!"

Dark brooding clouds swept in, shording all in darkness. Wind roared endlessly giving way to booming thunder and crashing lightning. It seemed like years before a voice spoke, seemingly far off and yet close at hand, with the epitome of centuries.

"One son doth I possess."

Out of the darkness a figure appeared. He was taller than most Mortals and wearing armor as black as midnight with a blazing helm of unobstructed fire. A sword dangled at his side, seeping an unnaturally black smog. Rathulas, Son of Lazarath. He walked slowly up to Mary before stopping a half meter shy of her.

"Showeth him." He said, barely audible.

Mary had fallen to the earth clutching her babe to her breast and now rose shakily. He caught a flash of the babe's face and features and suddenly yelled.

"Foolish Mortal!"

He pulled free his sword from its scabbard, leaking its blackish smog tenfold now, he raised it high and struck.

The ground heaved up at that moment and his stroke faltered slightly to the left, missing Mary by mere breaths. The skies rumbled as if angered.

"Thou shalt not." The voice boomed.

In an instance the clouds parted, darkness lifted, and winds died. Rathulas was gone but his strike into the ground remained.

Thereafter Mary of Ryndell named him *Haerin* and having no father to claim his birth, he was born into bastardy. Mary's father, King Tancred of Ryndell, was none too happy with his daughter's bastard and demanded from her who the father was.

"He hath rejected his son. I need sayeth no more." She replied coldly.

Haerin spent his whole childhood in Ryndell under his grandfather King Tancred. As he grew, Tancred began to like the boy. He possessed knowledge far beyond his years and a remarkable skill in arms. At the age of eight he was a clerk for the royal household and at the age of thirteen he regularly entered combat tourneys against men twice his age. It wasn't until he came of age at sixteen did he step onto a battlefield. And to many a surprise he rately went into battles himself, preferring to command from afar. When questioned by King Tancred on this, Haerin replied:

"No, battle hath ever been won by a single sword, nevermind a war."

With those words Tancred made Haerin his Chancellor of War, a position second only to his own. Any army fielded against Haerin was no match. Outnumbered by two, three, or even four times his own soldiers, none could defeat him. At age twenty, Tancred named Haerin his heir when he was struck down by illness and passed soon after.

It wasn't until after this that Lazarath finally came to him. Haerin was walking Ryndell's famous gardens when in broad daylight lightning struck in front of him. Dazed, he looked up. An old man stood where the lightning had fallen. He was dressed in magnificent white robes that matched his white beard perfectly and carried a gold sceptre crowned with the largest diamond Haerin had ever seen. Haerin went to one knee at once and spoke with humility.

"It hath been many a year since any god hath walked upon Ryndell soil."

The old man slowly approached him and then reached a hand down to Haerin's shoulder.

"Raise, King of Ryndell. Thee needeth not kneel before me."

He spoke with a warm voice, One laced with empathy and understanding.

"Doth thee knoweth who I am? Thee wast but a babe when last I saw thee."

Haerin had risen and now spoke with the dignity of his station.

"I can not sayeth that I doth. Thee has't a certain familiarity though."

The old man laughed gayly and smiled a broad all encompassing smile.

"Wherefore would son not recognize father? I go by many a name but Mortals call me Lazarath."

Haerin's eyes went wide and he unconsciously took a step back. Lazarath took a step forward.

"Thee and I both knoweth I speaketh rightly. Doth thee bethink any Mortal could possess the skills thou has't? Behold me Haerin and deny thy blood."

Haerin gathered himself and stared hard at him.

"Perhaps thee art my father but it matters not."

Lazarath gripped his septre in a white knuckles grasp and his smile lost its warmth, turning into a feral snarl.

"Oh it matters. Thy accomplishments in this backwater kingdom art admirable I wilt sayeth. But tis nothing compared to what *we* could accomplish. Nations wilt tremble ere us and even gods shalt bow to thee."

Haerin's resolve against the old man grew harder.

"I can smelleth the deceit of thy words. I desire nothing from thee. Now beest gone."

Haerin put his hand on the hilt of his sword.

In an instant the old man was gone. Some moments passed before the wind started to pick up. Haerin looked around him and saw in the sky huge monstrous black clouds rolling in. Soon the sun was gone, replaced by unescapable darkness. Thunder crashed above and sheets of icy rain began to fall.

"Desire nothing doth thee?" A voice boomed above reverberating through everything.

Before Haerin had time to react a boulder crashed into his left flank and he slammed into the hard stone below. His vision swam and it took some time before he could see again. With much effort he rose from the ground and looked in front of him. It was no boulder that had hit him. A tower of a man dressed all in solid black armor stood before him. Helm blazing a bright incandescent flame and the sword he held oozed a lightless smog. Haerin drew his sword and set his stance.

"Meeteth thy doom." The booming voice entombed.

Rathulas descended upon him in maelstrom. Blow after blow did he rain down. Haerin took all of them in stride, moving his sword as quickly as his body would allow. When Rathulas finally stopped, seeing none of his attacks had gained purchase, he snarled.

"I like a challenge."

Rathulas raised his sword to the sky and lightning struck sporadically all around him.

Haerin, Seeing his only option now, charged. The lightning quickly stopped, for Rathulas had to defend himself against the onslaught. The two were equals for a time before Rathulas began to tire, his stance faltering and his ripostes missing their mark. Seeing his opening at last Haerin half-sworded and struck down hard on his opponent's face. His fiery helm went flying off, extinguishing its light and Rathulas went crashing down to the ground. Thunder continued to sound as Haerin hovered over Rathulas, raising his sword to finish him. With his helm gone Haerin now saw his opponents face in full. Haerin stared shocked, a face nearly identical to his own stared back at him. He hesitated and Rathulas took advantage, grabbing his leg and bringing him to the ground. Rathulas quickly got the upper hand and positioned himself on top. Haerin put his arms in front of his face in an attempt to buffer against the cascades of blows raining down on him. Rathulas saw this and wormed his hands around Haerin's throat. Seeing the end in sight he began to panic. His life was slowly being drained from him with seemingly nothing he could do to prevent it. Nearly all hope fled him before he remembered the dagger he always kept on his waist band. Frantically he fumbled around searching for it. Rathulas squeezed tighter and...tighter.... His vision was gone by the time he finally seized it. With all his remaining strength he thrust the dagger where last he saw Rathulas's face. The grip on his neck tightened momentarily before it was released and Rathulas collapsed onto him. He breathed in all the air he possibly could while his vision began to return to him. He rolled the body off of himself and got to his knees. His dagger had struck true, piercing directing through the throat.

Although the thunder had lightened and the rain nearly stopped, the ground began to rumble. A huge lightning bolt struck and Lazarath appeared.

"Behold what thou has't done!" He yelled.

Lazarath went over to Rathulas and stared at him for what seemed an eternity. He then glanced at Haerin before picking up Rathulas's fallen sword which no longer oozed its black smog. He walked over to Haerin and stopped in front of him.

"Doth thee knoweth the price for killing a god, King of Ryndell?"

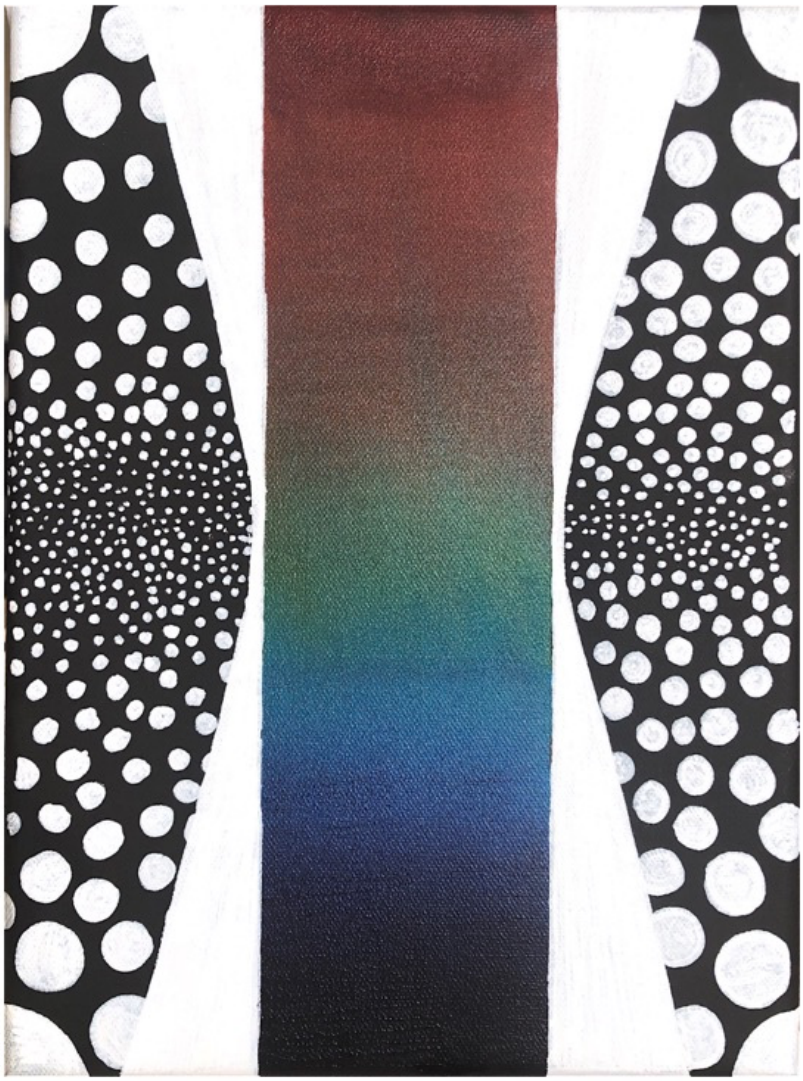
Haerin made no reply.

In one swift stroke Lazarath slew his son.

The death of Rathulas was a great one and could not go unexplained. The gods questioned Lazarath extensively and found his story of his bastard son slaying Rathulas impossible. Every birth of a god was well-documented, so any bastards were extraordinarily rare. Not to mention the fact that Lazarath claimed he was conceived from Mortal flesh, something simply not possible.

Kinslaying was by far the worst act a god could commit. Lazarath was convicted for the killing of his own son Rathulas and sentenced to be bound in Damnation, the epicenter of the damned. He was bound by hand and foot to Damnation itself, never to be released from its fiery clutches.

~ * ~



Art by Kahlize Tobin

Poem Time
Aaron Thomas

There's A tomato gun that shoots tomatoes.
It is a very cool gun that shoots tomatoes.
The tomatoes talk after the gun that shoots tomatoes,
Shoot the talking tomatoes.
It's like veggie tales with a gun that
Shoot the talking tomatoes.
The tomatoes are pretty chill when the gun
Shoot the talking tomatoes.
They love their source, which is the gun that
Shoot the talking tomatoes.
___ Love the tomato gun.
They love the tomato gun.
But the tomato gun
Doesn't love them back.
It just shoots the talking tomatoes, that talk
Like veggie tales, and love the shooting of the
Gun that does not love them back.

Have you ever thought of a cucumber bolt.
A bolt of cucumber is a cucumber bolt.
Cucumber crossbows need a cucumber bolt.
Cucumber bolts are very talkative, especially about the
Cucumber crossbow.
They preach of the accuracy of the
Cucumber crossbow.
They profess the strength of the
Cucumber crossbow.
The proclaim the vigor of the wood that makes up the
Cucumber crossbow.
___ adore the cucumber crossbow.
They adore the cucumber crossbow.
But the cucumber crossbow,
Has no adoration for them.
It just fires the talking cucumber bolt
That praises the cucumber crossbow
And adore the the cucumber crossbow that
Does not adore them back.

Have you seen my Rhetoric.
Do you understand my Rhetoric.
Do I understand my Rhetoric.
This poem shows the power of
My Eloquence.
Does the tomato gun represent
MY ELOQUENCE
Does the cucumber crossbow represent

MY ELOQUENCE!
You have yet to see the full extent of
MY ELOQUENCE!
Ah, but no more.
You have heard enough.

~ * ~

Familiar Familiars
Jacquie Koopman

Once a witch was given their mark, it was only a matter of time before a familiar found them. Said familiar would share the same mark and just like that, they were bonded for life.

It's been three years since she became eligible.

Vanessa can't wait any longer.

She *knows* these kinds of things take time, and she *knows* others have waited longer, but that did not mean she was patient. Vanessa could be patient when she wanted to be. She had waited in long lines with Katie and Willow for roller coasters. She helped Quinn with editing her own tales. She was even a model for Trinity's paintings and those took *hours*.

What was making her so impatient now?

Ding! - New messages from cereal killer - they/them

The thing is it's been two weeks since Zena, *Diana's* familiar, found them and Vanessa has been trying to be happy for them. Anyone would be. It's like clapping at a concert, you're happy for the performers. You're patient when something happens and you stay happy for them.

Ding! - New picture from cereal killer - they/them

Ding! - New picture from cereal killer - they/them

Key word: *Trying*

Vanessa knew practically everything about Zena at this point. Where she shared the mark, where they met, how she chases bees with no hesitation. Heck, Vanessa wouldn't be surprised if Diana accidentally revealed their hideout by showing her a picture of Zena snoozing on their lap.

Ding! - New-

That was the last straw.

Conversation with serial killer - they/them started at 3:24 PM

Stop rubbing it in!
I get it! You got her before me and shes cute!!
Plz stop blowing up my phone

mere mortal you dont understand the gravity of the situation
Zena has taken over my mind let her take over urs
insert image: Zena eyeing a bees nest

we're both witches dummy. We aren't mortals in the slightest.
Aren't you literally hosting a demon?

touché little sister
ur just a hypocrite
when u get ur familiar u wont be as bad as me

yull be worse
insert image: Diana pulling Zena into an involuntary selfie

You are insufferable.

love u too little sister.
gtg finish prepping a spell. Ttyl
🖤

Read at 3:26 PM

Vanessa sighed, throwing her phone onto her bed, to which it pinged *again*.

No.

She would not fuel that fire right now. She would *not* answer Diana again unless it was an emergency. No, Vanessa stood up, put her braids into space buns, and decided a run to the store would clear her thoughts.

As she headed down to grab a coat and put on some sneakers, she spotted Willow and Katie on the couch caught in a fierce Pokemon battle while Quinn sat off to the side typing something up.

She smiled at the sight, checking she had everything before calling out. “I’m going out for a bit. Do you guys need anything?”

Katie perked up instantly. “Crackers and um…”

“Tomatoes?” Willow finished for her.

“Yeah those- use shadow ball!”

“Alrighty then.” She strolled over to peck Quinn on the cheek. “I’ll be back when I will. Please don’t burn the house down.”

“Will do- Come on, that should’ve hit! Stupid RNG,” Katie groaned, slinking down on the couch as Vanessa stepped outside.

Chilly air blasted her face as she briskly walked through the streets, breathing in the scent of fall. The early snow in October of all months melts the moment it touches the pavement as the sun hangs high in the sky and she glances around before trying to catch one on the tip of her tongue.

Sue her, some things just stick.

She heads into the store prepared to track down the Ritz crackers and those yellow tomatoes Willow likes. No one sends her a text for extra things, but she grabs a six pack of Dr. Pepper just in case and makes her way to the check out.

Something tingles in the back of her mind and she glances behind to check if anyone is following her, but it’s a false alarm. Vanessa shrugs it off and checks out, smiling warmly at the yellow vested worker near the exit as she leaves.

Her breath puffs in small clouds of moisture as she strolls along. She noticed the wind died down, letting miniscule flakes drift. People mill about, shopping or taking photos and Vanessa checks her phone when it pings periodically. More so to see if her roommates needed anything than to reply to whatever Diana was rambling about Zena this time.

Suddenly an uneasy feeling creeps up in the back of her neck again. Rustling leaves on the right catch her ear and Vanessa whips around to see the tip of a golden bushy fox tail dart back into the brush.

The uneasiness shifts to a tug in her chest, sparking her magic like it *wanted* her to follow the fox.

Her magic has never done *this* before. The closest thing was when she met Diana for the first time.

This is entirely new.

She weaves in and out of trees until she trips over a root, spiraling into a snowbank face first.

Vanessa grumbles into the ground, picking herself up and wiping off the excess snow from her glasses. It’s a miracle they haven’t broken, but it just went to show that the renforcement charm was working.

“Follow the mysterious animal Nessa. Nothing bad ever happens when you follow the-”

A wet snout presses itself to her cheek.

“...fox?”

Unnatural sea green eyes flickered across her form as if checking for injuries. It sniffed the air once, twice, three times before scampering around her grocery bag.

Maybe it expected her to drop it but these were her crackers! She wasn’t about to let some forest creature take them!

Vanessa pulls it close and the fox chitters, darting back into the trees faster than Vanessa can follow.

“Good riddens!” she calls out but the fox is already past the tree line, leaving Vanessa in the dust. She sighs, not wanting to sit down and get her pants wet, and pulls out the Ritz crackers.

The eyes got her thinking. Foxes don’t just walk up to people like that and they *certainly* don’t have eyes like *that.* They just… bothered her. She would expect a dog or a cat to possess such a color, but a fox? In the middle of the woods?

Something was up.

The snap of a twig caught the witch’s attention and she whipped around to catch the thief red handed when she noticed a heart shaped fur marking on it’s upper left paw.

A *familiar*.

To mistreat a familiar is the equivalent to kicking a puppy on the side of a road. As a witch, you don’t ignore these kinds of animals. They are beings of intelligence and a higher understanding. You do whatever you can to help them on their journey and maybe just meet yours along the way.

Safe to say, Vanessa gave up the crackers.

“So what led you to the city?” she tries, taking another swig of doctor pepper. She wonders how far this one has come. Some familiars travel for weeks, even months before they get a sense of where their witch may be.

They chitter something undecipherable back at her and stuff their little head back in the cracker box.

Vanessa smiles when the golden fox pulls their head out and crumbs are scattered across their muzzle like a little kid eating a cupcake: frosting *everywhere*.

“Those crackers good? Willow says it’s because they melt in your mouth easier than the other kinds, and she’s not wrong, but Saltines are better in soup.”

Satisfied with their fill, the fox trots forward and lays their marked paw on her lap, looking at her like she had the answers.

“Sorry buddy. I’m not your witch. Mine is a little black one, see?” Vanessa traces her mark with a brown index finger and the little fox whines, jumping up to lick at her face.

“Hey, hey! That tickles!” Vanessa pushes lightly at them until they get the message and back down. “You’re a little rascal, you know that?”

They lick at their snout, turning in circles and yipping all the while.

Vanessa glanced at the sky, deducing it was mid afternoon if she squinted. She really needed to get back home, but not before stopping at the grocery store again.

But on one hand she *really* didn’t want to go back to the store.

But on the other hand the crackers could be replaced later…

Would Willow even be mad if she said a fox she met in the forest ate most of the crackers?

Probably not.

Vanessa pushes herself away from the tree and shoves the open cracker box back in her grocery bag. “I guess you can come with me. Don’t want you freezing your cute little face out here,” she giggles. He was just so adorable! How could she not let him stay for a while?

It’s snowing harder than before as she messes with the hem of her coat. Glancing back, the little fox still followed close behind, shivering every so often.

Vanessa frowned. Foxes had thick coats. They had to have thick coats or else they wouldn’t survive. That, or they were younger than they looked. Vanessa couldn’t tell from the way snow was coating her glasses.

She twists the doorknob and steps in to see Quinn still typing away at a story. Willow fell asleep on the couch with Moon Rider again and Katie was nowhere to be seen.

Quinn glances up from her work when she closes the door, lips quirking into a smile. “Hey Nessa, how was the store?”

“A bit crowded but not too bad. Where’s Katie?”

“Out on a jog, but who am I to judge? She’s the one coming back with a cold.” Quinn stretches herself out from the loveseat like a cat. “May as well start working on some soup.” She sets her laptop on the coffee table and heads to the kitchen.

Speaking of cats, Moon Rider is eying her with murderous intent. Pupils pulled into slits and hair standing on the back of his neck like there’s some kind of threat. He mewls lowly and stalks across the back of the couch, not breaking eye contact with whatever is behind Vanessa.

Vanessa falters in her balance, turning around when her shoe hits something.

Oh.

Right.

She’s got a familiar to house now.

Willow mumbles something incoherent and shuffles under her mound of blankets, pushing them to the floor. “Ryder shut up. S’ ust Nessa,” she yawns and brushes aside her blond bangs. “And a fox.”

She rubs her eyes to make sure she isn’t imagining things, smearing eyeshadow on her knuckles. “Why is there a fox in our living room?”

Vanessa shrugs, plastering on a smile. “They followed me from the park. That one by the grocery store, ya know?”

Play it cool. Play it cool. Play it cool. She won’t care. Play it cool. Play it cool.

“Yeah… cool, yeah. Yeah no. I am not sleep deprived enough for this. Ryder, come on. Let’s go see what Quinn’s doin’.” Willow snatches up the black cat in her arms as she walks away, much to Ryder’s dismay, wincing when sharp claws dig into her thick black hoodie.

Yes! Mission accomplished!

Vanessa kneels down so she’s eye level with the familiar. “Sorry about him, he’s protective of Willow. You can stay with us until it gets warm enough again. I hope you find your witch soon.”

The fox chitters at her again and runs off to explore.

Vanessa toes off her boots.

They live like that until mid-spring. A witch housing a wandering familiar.

She takes to calling the fox Buddy, or Goldie when none of the others are around. Their fur shifts like the leaves on the trees, golden to bright red-orange when the groundhog doesn’t see its shadow.

Oddly enough, they don’t leave.

They never do break their habit of sneaking food, and Vanessa is genuinely concerned with how much cookie batter the little one has had.

They stick around to help Vanessa with her potions and keep company to whoever asks nicely. More often than not, one could find Buddy lounging with Moon Rider, Willow, or Quinn on a particularly slow day where the clouds hung for longer than usual.

Katie on the other hand…

“What is this, the third lint roller I’ve gone through this month?” Katie says, holding up said lint roller that is basically *stained* orange with Buddy’s fur. She sets it to the side and puts away a few more forks.

“It’s spring for pete’s sake. They’re shedding a lot because they don't need much of a winter coat anymore.” Vanessa towels off another plate and hands it to Katie to put in the cabinet.

“Can they shed somewhere that *isn’t* our laundry pile?”

“It’s cozy,” a new voice protested.

Vanessa and Katie froze. Well, *Vanessa* froze. Katie reached for the closest thing to use as a weapon, which turned out to be a dripping wet spatula. Not very threatening if you asked her.

“I thought you said Diana cleansed the house for us!” Katie hissed.

Vanessa glanced back and forth between the living room and her roommate, hissing back. “For all I know they could’ve satanized it!”

“What’s satanize mean?” the voice asked again, closer this time. They seemed younger than before, maybe middle teens? Was it a demon disguised as a child? Child demons were nothing to laugh at and rarely were they more powerful than an average demon.

Yet Vanessa found her mouth ajar when the supposed “demon” stepped out from behind the corner.

Two fluffy ears twitched in earnest atop a young boy’s head of short curly auburn hair. An oversized shirt (most likely stolen from Willow’s pile) and baggy sweatpants (probably from Katie’s) hung over his frame. The legs of the pants had been rolled up to the calf, but were coming undone as he walked over to them, poofy fox tail swinging back and forth like a pendulum.

“That’s a first,” Katie breathed.

Vanessa gently pushed Katie’s spatula down, taking a step in front. “Hey bud.”

He warily looked at Katie before his gaze was set on the floor. “Hi miss.”

“Such a gentleman, but you don’t have to call me that. I’m sure you’ve heard the others say it but my name is Vanessa, or Nessa. What about yours?”

“M’ Austin. I like your braids,” his sea green eyes flickered upwards. “And your mark.”

“Thank you Austin. May your witch bless your magic with pride-”

“And you with your familiar,” he finished the phrase, finally gathering the courage to look up. “We *do* match,” he whispered and his eyes widened.

“Sorry bud, yours is white, right? Mine is black,” she reminded him. Why he kept bringing up the mark was beyond her.

It was evident when they first met. Vanessa wasn't his and Austin wasn't hers and she was fine with that.

Vanessa would keep living.

Some witches never found their familiars anyway.

"But, but we do! It, it helps me blend in. I used some of my own magic to make it change so the bears don't eat me when I sneak into their caves. They think, they think I'm just a mouse or something." Austin stumbles over his words when he tries to explain. "The bears aren't in hibernation anymore, right? I don't hide when the leaves bloom. That's spring, right? It goes back to normal when it's spring. Here, see?" He rolls up the wrong sleeve in his haste and quickly corrects it to the one on his left.

The bold outline of a small black heart stood out from the back of his tanned hand.

Oh.

Oh.

So it was true then.

Austin really *was* her familiar.

After all this time. He finally found her and had been hiding right under her nose this whole time just like the sneaky little guy he was.

Austin's face shifted to worry. "Are you okay mi- Vanessa?"

Vanessa rubbed at her face, surprised to find it wet. "I'm alright. I'm alright. These are happy tears. I just thought I'd never get to meet-"

Vanessa didn't get to finish her sentence as Austin threw himself into her arms, tail wagging like a dog's. She could feel the warmth radiating off him in waves when he buried his face in the crook of her shoulder.

A witch and her familiar, the best of friends. Family even.

Katie shuffled where she stood, caught in the heartwarming but awkward moment.

"Does this mean you'll stop sleeping in the laundry?"

"Katie!"

"Nope."

"Austin!"

~ * ~



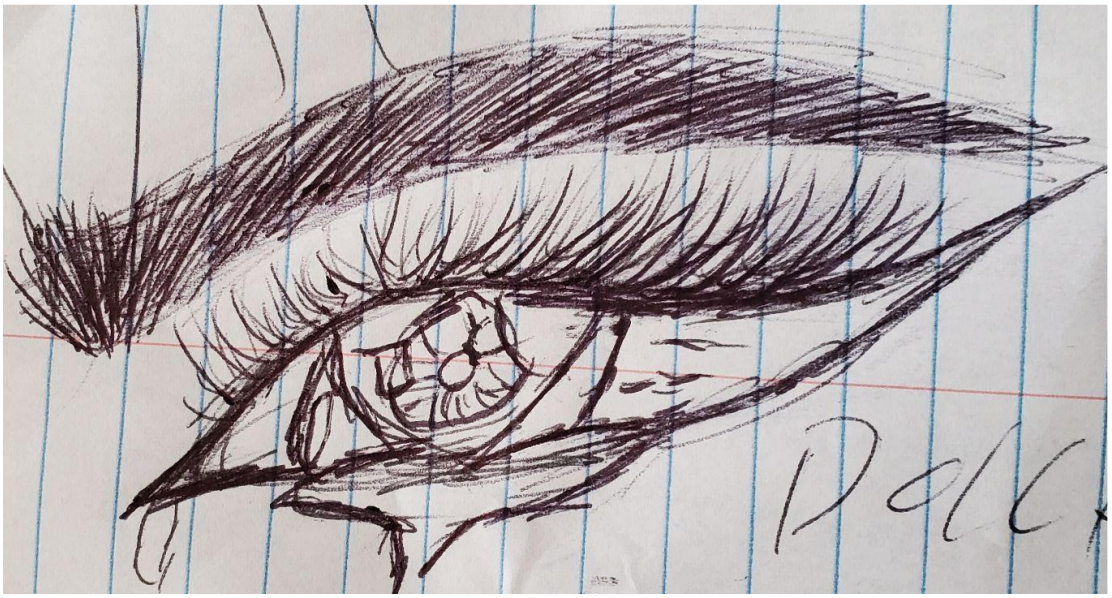
Artwork by Chaz Childress

The Dying Days
An Attack On Titan Themed Poem by Miranda Reed

The dying days are the days I spend away
From the paint to the walls this will all come down someday Already prepared for what to come?
But how can you predict?
Oh, I feel so sick
These rumblings won't whisper like a hum.

Scared, breathless as I look at you
These Titans are so large as they come into view
Crashing and screams!
Why so soon!?
These Titans-more Titans, they kept coming for many more moons

Do you know when this horror will stop? Neither do I, but someone might have a clue. He controls Titans in his may
Though this power is fairly new
Maybe he could save us someday.
But we all will fight until our dying days.


Original Artwork by Miranda Reed



Artwork by Nathan Gottbehuet

The Eye of the Storm * Pueblo West High School * 661 West Capistrano Avenue * Pueblo West, Colorado, 81007 * Sponsor: Johanna Woelfel * jwoelfel@district70.org