

TIMBER CREEK ART AND LITERATURE
MAGAZINE

IDENTITY

FALL 2018 EDITION



IDENTITY

Timber Creek's Fall 2018 Art and Literature Magazine

Every person has their own unique identity. Different personality traits define us, our life experiences define us, we define us. The goal of the Art & Literature Magazine is to share Timber Creek's various identities through creative art and writing. We hope to shine a light on any of those who may be hiding in the shadows or wearing a mask to cover up who they truly are. These stories will hopefully reveal that no one should have to hide - that every identity is beautiful in its own glorious way.

The Lit Mag Team would like to thank every student who submitted their incredible creative projects. This student publication could not be produced without these honest, amazing stories.

Table of Contents

Heart and Soul - Tianna Kell	Palacios Irizarry
Autopilot - Clementine	Untitled - Joanna
Surge - Clementine	Unwritten - Brandan Riley
American Heroes - Gabriela Santiago	The Accountant - Michelle Fulkerson
The Monster - Clementines	This is America - Michelle Fulkerson
Labels - Katiejo Fairchild	Whispers - Aydin Bojkovic
Not Exactly Built by Books - Anonymous	Buspirone - Jessica Parks
I Darken - Megan Goin	With Great Power - Taimani Matthew
Candle Light - Brandan Riley	Untitled - David Petroff
I Hate the Color Red - Erik Heiss	Lady in White - Kat McDonald Wilson
Caged - Caitlyn Metcalf	Lovable Failure - Jay
Light and Dark - Angel Maher	Tempestuous Green - Roan
Heaven of Hell - Brendan Barnett	Who I Am - Aimee Zuniga
Untitled - Samantha Bajonero	The Glass - Samuel Monthie
Anxiety - Jselyn Lane	Gnarled Hands - Joshua
The Girl With the Frozen Eye - Meighan Ashford	Sedimentary Layers - Tabitha Tomlinson
Her - Arden Williams	Saint Peter - Michelle Fulkerson
Life's Facade - Megan Polanco	No Place - Michelle Fulkerson
Vacation Today - AKA	Time to Stop Hiding - Tabitha Tomlinson
Gnarled Hands - Meghan Lamsfuss	Bird - Ellen Lavin
The Great War - Megan Goin	
Everything Turns Back to Dust	
Eventually - Andrea G.	

Heart and Soul

by: Tianna Kell

Ink
Dashing off the page
Seeping into my soul
Soul
Heart
What's the difference
My soul is fed by words
Powered by those who survived
Those who wrote
My heart is broken
Torn apart by misery
Burnt by lost hope
Taken from those like you
Yet my soul
My soul keeps me alive
Keeps me happy
Keeps me running
Working
Thriving
Surviving
Better than you'll ever be
You stole my heart
You ripped it from my chest
You can keep it
It's corrupt now
I don't need it
I have soul

i'm so tired
yes i am an insomniac

but it is not because of my lack
of rest

i physically feel fine

its something heavier

deep

in

my heart

and in my lifeless sighs

i'm tired of

people

hope

loneliness

&

pain

I've been so wrung out by everyone
that my heart is on autopilot

waiting for something to finally set it back to

drive

Autopilot

by: Clementine

Surge

by: Clementine

Someday
I'll explode
A wildfire
Will reign on all of the people who've
done me wrong
All of the people who left me
All of the people who said I wasn't enough
All the people who thought less of me
because i'm a girl
All of the people who looked down on me
because of the shade of my skin
All of the people who made me feel
ashamed to be me
This fire i have will not be deadly it will be
educational
It will teach others that adding toxic gases
to my flame will later create an explosion
An explosion of success
My success
My glory
My honor
This fire inside me will overrun pools of
Deceit
Hatred
And
Inadequate behavior

My fire will enlighten others to see that im
Strong
Brave
And
Courageous
It will show people that if you keep adding
oil it won't make my fire die out it will only
make it
stronger
My fire is not a sign of terror
It is a sign that I have
Forgiven the people who did me wrong
Forgot the people who left
Found out that i'm more than enough
Fearlessly know that i can change the
world even if im a girl
Feel free in my own skin
My skin
My success
My glory
My honor
Will grow because the flames of my fire
cascade throughout my body and make me
Powerful

American Heroes

by: Gabriela Santiago

People are flowers who bloom whenever they are getting attention or succeeding in life.
However, Rosa Parks was a flower who bloomed all the time without anyone's help.
Rosa rose ranks to reproduce gallantry.

Stand up for what you believe in
Follow through with your goals
I know that you want to,
I can see it through your skin
I can feel it in your soul

Amelia Earhart was as strong as a rock
She proved people wrong by being the first female to fly a plane
Ignorants would mock
But She would stay in her lane

Stand up for what you believe in
Follow through with your goals
I know that you want to,
I can see it through your skin
I can feel it in your soul

Susan B. Anthony
You were so strong
Everyone thought it was fantasy
But it turns out it was reality
Even though it took quite long
Thanks to women's vote, the ladies felt armstrong

Three women who stood up for for their community
Who later on got filled with immunity
What a great way to remember them
Now they shine like beautiful gems

I wonder if all the scary stories my brother said were true
I wonder if the monsters that were : ugly, slimy, noisy, and fat were true too
I wonder if my dream of being everything was too big
I wonder if i'll ever be good enough for my parents to do a jig
I wonder if all my friends are real and not fake
I wonder if there are any rules to break
I wonder if i'll ever get all A's
I wonder if the stars will someday say my name
I wonder if finally my dad will come home
I wonder if I will always be alone
I wonder if band is where i belong
I wonder if praying will help me get along
I wonder if I cry will anybody see
I wonder if I cry will they just let me be
I wonder if I loved someone would I be happy
I wonder if when i'm sad, someone will help me feel less crappy
I wonder if wondering will get me hurt
I wonder if wondering makes the pain worse
I wonder if wondering is a waste of time
I wonder if I have too much schoolwork to rhyme
I wonder if i'll spend my life wondering about the things that didn't happen
I wonder if wondering will make all my dreams blacken
I wonder if something bad happens will life still go on
I wonder if something courageous happens will I become strong
I wonder if life hands me lemons will I make lemonade
I wonder if someone gets hurt will i be at their aid
I wonder if giving up is bad
I wonder if being shy makes me look sad
I wonder if teachers really care
I wonder if I wasn't here
I wonder if I believe will I keep dreaming
I wonder if participating will keep me gleaming
I wonder if wondering is a waste of time
I wonder if I have too much schoolwork to rhyme
I wonder if wondering is the answer

The Monster
by: Clementine

I wonder if wondering is the monster

Labels
by: Katiejo Fairchild

In Today's society we are labels
Like products at a grocery store.
Labels are put on us by what others think

If your feel like you are about to burst like a overfilled dam
They label you broken

If you have a small mental issue you are treated like you belong in mental institution
They label you crazy

If you have a face deformity they treat you like you're an alien
They label you a freak

If you are different in the slightest way they label you weird

If you are shy and quiet as a mouse trying to get the cheese
They label you outcast

If are not pretty as a vibrant Rose in the summer sun
They label you ugly

Labels are a small thing that unfairly judge us

Not Exactly Built by Books

by: Anonymous

1) Love You Forever, Robert Munsch

I was not always a Stanley, but the family I have now dominates even my earliest memories. There are memories of being sick, of barbecues, of being told to toughen up, and the warmest of all: being told I am something to be proud of.

My earliest memory is one of the most ironic, the most foreboding to a child. My mother told me how she never knew if she was “equipped” to be my mother or not. I was inside, reading as always. I had a stack of my favourite board books between my chubby toddler legs, I wasn’t daring enough for picture books yet. I never really remembered the day I started to read. In fact, I can’t remember a time I couldn’t read.

My mother was explaining how I was adopted. She told me another woman had grown me, inside her stomach. I didn’t believe my mother on that one. It sounded made up, too fantastic. I much preferred my cousin’s explanation of how my parents chipped me from ice blocks in Ecuador, how they chose me from all the other small and wrinkled chunks of human ice. It made sense to my childish mind that they had proceeded to warm me up at the equator, the warmest place on earth. I knew parents didn’t like to tell children where they had come from. I wondered why for a long time.

Mom watched me from the couch. I was listening to her, even if I also wanted to read at the same time. The skill was a work in progress at that point. I only really heard the end of the lecture. “Then, we met you for the first time. You were wearing these little black leather shoes, a long sleeved shirt, and a diaper. We asked you if you liked the name Taylor, and you pouted. “NO, my name is Sophia! S.O.P.H.I.A.” Mom paused, shaking her head. “I knew I wasn’t equipped to be a smart girl’s mama.”

Of course, I panicked. How was I supposed to stop being smart? I didn’t need another Mom, I already was on my second! However, this one time, I bothered to listen to the end. “I guess we’ll just have to see with you.”

2) Where The Wild Things Are, Maurice Sendak

I had my struggles too. Yes, I know. Tragic, that a four year old should know the pains of the world. For, at nap time, the worst thing in the world would happen to me. Under my bed, just out of sight from my mother, was the most dreaded creature of all. Medusa, straight from the

story book at the library. Her fearsome eyes were green, just like the pictures. Her voice hissed up from under my mattress, just waiting to bite me. It was the most terrifying thing in the world.

One day was worse than the others. I sat quietly in my bed, the princess pink headache of a bed-frame temporarily hidden behind my eyelids. I was almost asleep. A few more minutes, and nap time would not have killed me. Instead, my life was in peril.

Sophia. Hissed the voice. I’m right here, I’m under your bed. Just take a peek, humans can’t really turn to stone. I wanted to listen. So badly. I couldn’t turn to stone! If I looked, just once, nothing would happen. If I looked, I bet I could learn how to turn people to stone. My brother would never bother me again. Just as I leaned down to look, the door opened to my room. “Sophia! Get back in bed!”

3) Junie B. Jones And The Mushy, Gushy Valentine, Barbara Park

It was Valentine’s Day. The least important of the holidays. What did people need love for, anyway? All they did was kiss, like your gross mom and dad. Or like movies. That’s all love was good for. The only real love I needed was attention from my Mom, and food. And clothes.

I had a bag of candy and cards that I needed to bring to school, but other than that it would be a normal day. Until the very start of recess. That’s when everyone in the class looked eagerly at the other children’s hands. They would walk around in a circle, putting candy cards in the boxes, or Walmart bags. I remember handing out my candy and walking back to my desk, waiting as the other children finished. I was not allowed to eat my candy at school, per mother’s instructions. Yes, at this point in my life she was Mother. Then, the most special thing happened.

Justin, one of the few people I was friends with in that class, walked up to my desk. He smiled, nervously, and pulled out a toy. It was a stuffed dog, white with red ears and a heart nose. He handed it to me, and said “I got it for you. I didn’t get anyone else one.” I smiled too, just for me, right? I was clearly his favourite. No one else.

Was that the earliest form of love, favourites? I love my mom, and my sister loves raspberry filled chocolate. So, maybe.

I Darken by Megan Goin

I've always tried to make you happy
But I'm only human
I make mistakes
You get upset and talk down to me
So, I darken.

Now that I've gone and done something stupid like that
I'm more cautious
But again, I miscalculate and mess up again
I unintentionally sabotage myself
You scold me again, just like before
And again, I darken.

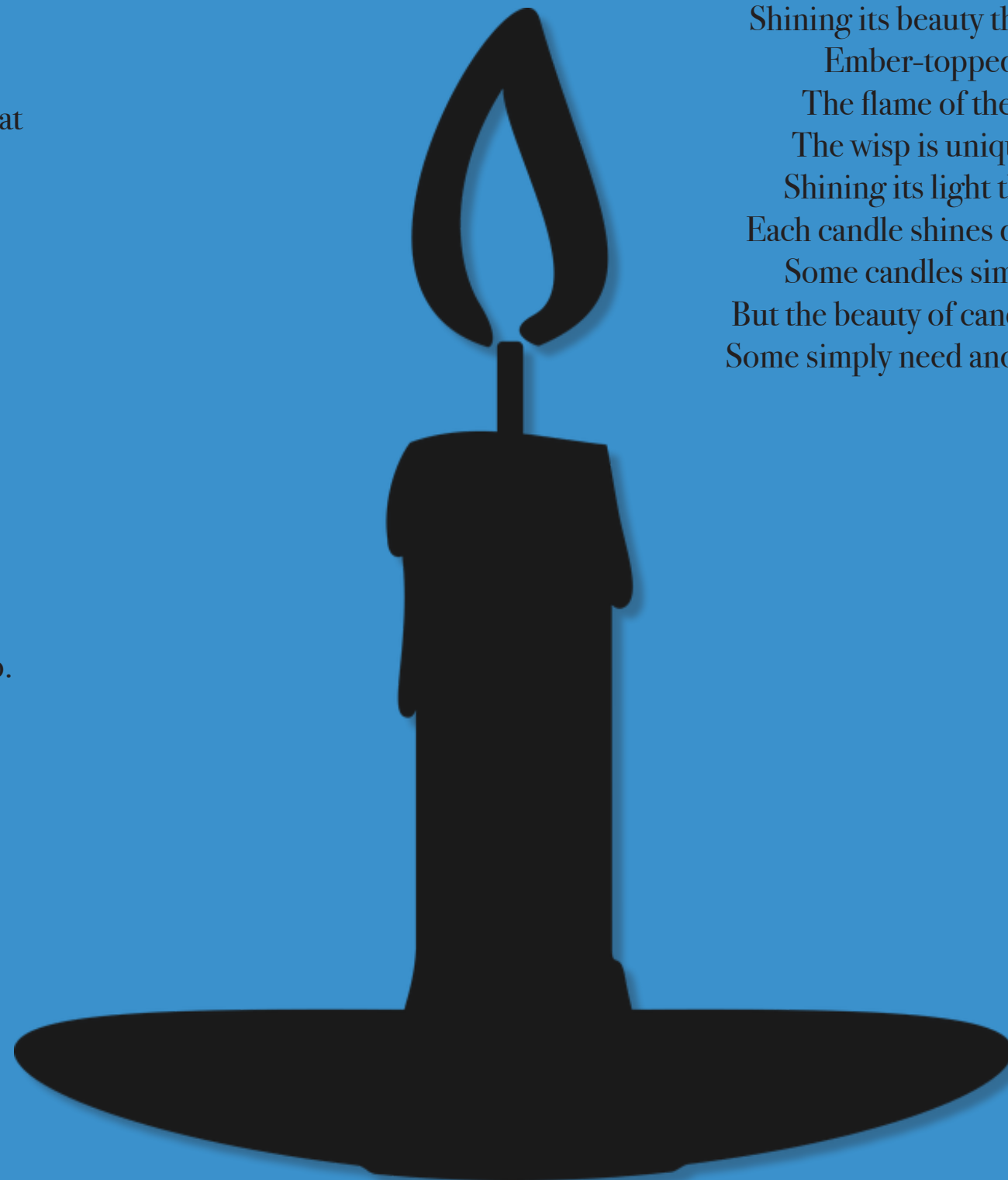
Third time's the charm and I'm at it again
But habits are hard to break
My intentions were good
If only you thought so too
Now there is no choice. I darken once more.

By now, this has happened so much that I just give up.
I didn't think I could darken any more.
But I made a mistake.
I talked to you about it.
And now I'm the bad guy.

I had hoped you would change.
But I can now see
That the only one to change here
Was me.
And I've lost my light because of it.

Candle Light by: Brandan Riley

The light of a candle burning ever so bright
Shining its beauty through a world cloaked in night
Ember-topped with wonders and desire
The flame of the candle is not like most fire
The wisp is unique it dances through crowds
Shining its light through the unknown shroud
Each candle shines different and some not so bright
Some candles simply cannot combat the night
But the beauty of candles is burning out is not the end
Some simply need another candle to ignite them again.



I met her after the game at this familiar place
I followed her gaze as I push through this human maze
She was everything the rumors had said:
A seductive smile and hair bright, wavy, and red
Going insane, thoughts banging around in my head
She was staring at me when she said,
“We’re in this together, you and I, till the day we die”

Months have passed and this relationship is toxic
Late nights staying up feeling nauseous
Sick to my stomach I can’t hold down a bite
Arguing with her and trying to fight for my life
Complexion lost and turned Albino
I’m all alone in this, what does a God know?
I’ve prayed and prayed, so when does he show?
My faith is growing weaker by the moment
Accepting my fate, trying hard not to show it

Full of pain and feeling resentment
My dad sits me down and attempts to address it
For what felt like hours he rambles on
About a humility and faith for this supposed God
He said “ my son have you ever opened to James 5:14?
Humility and help is all you’re ever going to need”

It’s been 2 years and I still hate her
Haunting me, feeling a hiss when she tries to purr
She’s wrapped around me like the caterpillar cocoon
Butterflies in my stomach will bloom into blood soon
5 grand a month couldn’t settle scores
Nights leaving my body with internal sores
IV’s and enemas, trying to maintain my sanity
Pills attempting to blockade calamity
sixteen with knowledge of colonoscopies
This is why I hate her : crohn’s diseases

I HATE THE COLOR RED

by: Erik Heiss

Caged

by: Caitlyn Metcalf

I am trapped, imprisoned inside this horrible wretched place I call “my mind”. I’m alone in almost complete darkness with a dim light that flickers on and off, causing my head to pound. The walls cave in more and more as the days carry on. When you’re shut in here—minutes feel like hours, hours feel like days, and days feel like a lifetime. An unwanted life. One that shouldn’t exist, after all that’s what they say...the kids at school and the voices inside my head. My friends and family try time and time again to tell me things will get better, but they don’t understand. They don’t get how I cry everyday because of what’s said. Beads of tears stain my face as they roll so easily down my cheeks and plummet off my chin. The days that are supposed to be getting better are really getting worse. With each day I get drawn further and further into the black abyss of my distorted mind. The voices become louder. I’m scared that soon they will block out all the good things in life, covering them with dark twisted words. I should just stop torturing myself everyday and just end it already! I need to wake up and stop dreaming, face the fact that what they’re saying is true...no one should have to go through the pain of knowing me let alone look at me. I need to stop resisting the chains that have been pulling at me for years. After all...no one will be hurt by absence. I’m finally happy now... or I will be soon. So don’t pretend to feel sad, shedding fake tears. I’m happy now and I know deep down you are too. And you know—funny enough—as I slip away I no longer fear the dark.



Heaven or Hell
by: **Brendan Barnett**

Is this the staircase to Heaven or Hell?
I suppose you might wish me well.
An interesting journey indeed,
Although I have been plagued with greed.
What good has come from me,
In these selfish years of twenty-three?
“So young! So wealthy!” they’ll cry.
But notice the sky.
Dark, gray, filled with rage.
That is God’s anger towards my idiot age.
No, it wasn’t a heart attack,
Nor was it a bullet in my back,
Simply just an agreement.
An agreement the devil sent.
He’d have my soul,
God would pay the toll.
God didn’t want me,
I know what he’s seen.
For this, I regret.
But I will never forget.
The greed that killed me,
Of the likes no one will ever see.
So long, farewell,
I now walk the stairway of Hell.

Light and Dark
by: **Angel Maher**

There is light and dark
Light is around us but there is also Dark.
Dark is my lifeless empty sad agonizing soul.
You were one of the few that brought the light closer and not seem so far.
But now that we are fighting, and seem distant; it’s farther away than it was
before we got together.
I get that your mad but please don’t stay that way.
Otherwise the darkness will over power the light and I won’t get to fight for
it back because the...
Darkness will...
WIN this fight, this fight against the light.

Untitled

by: Samantha Bajonero

emotion is a reaction to obstacles
i have fragile bones
under my thick skin

after all angels don't cry
cause pain is just an evolutionary process
it happens to all
yet why do i feel like i'm the one who's always falling apart

i am gradually eroding as time goes on
pain might be temporary and typical
however it's the disease in which i continue to lose myself
in

the deep melancholy forest with no end
the loss;
loss of morals, loss of sanity
love, emotion, sense of reality
all sink in an ocean, hiding underneath the surface

i have a whole life
one that i won't ever reveal to you
of such pain and suffering
one that i fear of you knowing

i've been trembling
beating myself
my knees are the chameleons of my body
my chest carries pounds of baggage at night
and when you least know it i've given up this fight.

Anxiety

by: Jaelyn Lane

You restrict my breath.
You singe my skin.
You take form to any shape I am in.
You sinch my belly.
You pierce my chest.
You come after me even at my best.
You burn my throat,
With a blazing fire.
You discourage my heart's desire.
I will not bend.
I will not strain.
Though you fill my life with pain.
My brain will heal.
My heart will mend.
I'm determined to make this suffering end.

The Girl With the Frozen Eye

by: Meighan Ashford

Hi. My name is Amelia Walker and I'm the girl with the frozen eye. You may be thinking that's not in human nature or that no one could possibly be born like that, but it is. I'm living proof.

No one knows though, except for my family. It's always been just one of my secrets that I've kept hidden from the outside world. I'm not saying I'm embarrassed by it, maybe a little ashamed. Doctors and researchers have never been able to find a cure, and never will be. It's something that's a part of me, almost like it's connected. I cover it though. It's what both my parents and doctor agree I do. So everyday I go through the same routine of covering it up with a baby blue contact over my left eye. It hurts. Having to hide who you are just so others can view you as they want, just to be able to please them. Shouldn't we be pleasing ourselves?

My computer was blinking as I wrote my thoughts on the white background waiting for them to come alive somehow. I need to in some way get this off of my chest, to tell anyone, or anything about what's really going on in my life. As I type the last sentence, I hear a rough knock on my door

"Amelia, honey. It's time for dinner. Be

down stairs in five minutes!"

My mother's angelic voice rang from outside, sending me back into reality. As I steadily dropped my feet off my yellow-golden comforter, I noticed my eye in the corner of my vanity. The bright blue specs all around in a tight closed space. It's astonishing to me how God created this specific thing just for me, yet it makes me different in a way that frightens people. Sometimes I wonder why it had to happen to me. What have I done to deserve this, to have something that is considered unnatural yet doctors call it an extraordinary gift. As my thoughts continue to linger- I begin my way towards the sweet agony of hearing about everyone's day.

The following morning was hectic as I was heading out the door.

"Honey, you didn't even eat the breakfast I made," I heard my mom call out as I was leaving.

"I know, I'm sorry but I'm in a rush mom. Love you!" I yell back while hurrying to get all my stuff in my bag. While stumbling along the way, I made it through the door and was on my way to school right before I saw him. His brown carmelisk hair blowing lightly in the wind as he gets a box from the green SUV in the driveway. His golden eyes shining through his glasses as he fumbles along the way, into the brick White house. As I stared for what felt like eternity, I had realized that I lost track of

what my intentions were, which was getting to school.

As I arrived disheveled, my golden locks of hair were an absolute mess, which wasn't anything new. Turning the corner to get to first period, I saw him. Well, again anyway. He strutted my way and I felt as though I had been a deer that got stuck in the headlights and couldn't find its way out. All I can remember was him saying "You're the girl who was staring at me this morning. Am I right?" His raspy voice stating the clear obvious. I was stuck. I didn't know how to respond to such an obvious question so I did the only thing I could do. "Whatttt? Me? No!, that must have been someone else. I would never stalk a guy without even knowing him first!" I said a little too quickly and knew I messed up once he looked at me like I had snot running from my nose. Then something changed. He started laughing. His nose scrunched up while his mouth went wide and yet his eyes never left me once. I felt like in some way I was drawn to him. I couldn't look away from the beautiful guy right in front of me and somehow I knew. Maybe not now, but this was going to turn into a problem.

He looked up and told me

"You really can't lie, can you?" And from that, he left my presence, heading towards who knows where, leaving me with a goofy grin.

The rest of the day went by in a blur some-

how. All I kept thinking about was that cute boy who stopped and talked to me. I couldn't get my mind from it and for some reason, I didn't want to. On the way home, I kept thinking about the way he smiled big whenever he laughed and how his green eyes, somehow seemed to glisten, bringing you in and not letting you leave. He was different I could tell. I don't know how, but he was. Walking in to the damaged old door I heard my mom yell for what seemed like forever.

"Amelia, honey. Is that you? Can you come up here and help me with something?" Her voice echoed down to me.

I slowly trudged my way to the stairs, making my way to see my mother going through all my stuff.

"MOM! What the hell are you doing?!" I yelled as loud as my voice would allow me to go.

"Now, Amelia sweetie, just calm down. I wanted to do a little redecorating and I had thought that you would appreciate my efforts." She huffed ever so smoothly, looking me directly in the eye to somehow get the point across more.

"I don't care. You don't go through my things without even asking me first," I said as I began to vociferate. I nudged my ways towards my room from where she was standing and closed my door with a loud bang. Sending me to my bed where I let out my frustrations with a loud scream.- "UGHHH!" was the only thing able to

come out of my mouth.

I feel asleep which was a terrible move since I had so much homework to do. As I was grunting and so upset with myself, I noticed those beaming green eyes again. Across my room, through the foggy substance on the window. I saw what I would call his room and him reading while in it. His eyes darting heavenly across the page turning it while looking in agony to see what happens next. I realized that's exactly how I felt every time I was around him. He looked up from the book and stared directly into my eyes. Almost as if I was an open book and he was reading my pages. He smirked then casually went back to reading, as if nothing had just happened. Making my mind wonder if anything actually did.

The following day at school we ran into each other again and I swear I felt him staring. Smirking even. Yet once again he acted like it meant nothing. When in reality it meant everything to me. I had never had a boyfriend or rarely ever talked to a guy so to have some sort of attention from one was very mysterious to me. I mean I'm not saying I'm not attractive, I'm pretty cute in my opinion but just cute. Not 'smoking hot', as some guys say but I'm pretty in my own way. As I was in my thoughts debating about all of this, I suddenly saw a dark figure appear over my small, fragile body. "We can't keep meeting like this," his

raspy voice spoke into the cold air of the hallways, smirking along with it.

"Stop that!" I spoke a little too loudly while staring intensely at him.

"What?" He said smiling and smirking again.

"That! Right there! You keep on doing that. You need to stop!" I said as my voice got all high and squeaky

"You don't like when I smirk at you?" He questioned, looking deeply into my eyes while slowly making his way to my ear, saying

"How could anyone not when looking at you?" His green eyes smiled with his words as he softly walked away yet again with his scent lingering around me, leaving a joyous smile written across my face.

I didn't know why - I for sure didn't know how - but he was in my head. All day long after that little encounter that we endured out in the hall. And the funny thing was, he knew he was in my head too. I don't know how to feel. Everytime I'm around him, I feel this type of way. Like I'm this mute young girl who can't speak because of the guy standing in front of her. He took my breath away each time those green eyes even dared to glare at me. My breath always felt hot and uneven each time he got closer and I even began to feel....

The door all of sudden came open with my mother having flour specked-on a few spots of her tan, luminescent skin.

"Amelia, there's someone here to see

you" she said while smiling, all too wide might I say.

"Who?" I questioned, yet knowing exactly who it could be, while hope gleamed in my eye.

"You'll have to come down to find out," my mother smirked while singing the last part.

As I descended down the steps, I saw him. The moonlight shining delicately on his porcelain skin. He looked so masculine but had a hint of softness with it.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer" he said roughly, smiling up at me.

"Why would I wanna do that," I huffed, trying to make it obvious I wasn't staring.

"Because you like me. You feel the tension each time we're together. Pulling us in each time we look at each other."

I was speechless. Having an astonishing look on my face as I shyly looked down, not wanting to feel his gaze on me. Making my knees go weak just at the thought of him looking at me.

"Amelia," he called, making my heart flutter just from the way he said my name.

"This can't happen," I said softly. He could never know- never even accept what I have. I didn't want him involved in any of this.

"You can't just ignore fate. I know it sounds insane, but we crossed paths for a reason-"

"No. You can't feel that way. I-I-I can't even feel this way." I stuttered out, my

voice going loud as I try to get him to understand.

I turned, feeling the wind rush on my back, trying to make my way inside when I felt a sudden grasp on my arm.

"You can't do this. You can't just pretend nothing has happened between us. This... it's"

"Nothing. It's nothing!" I proclaimed, rushing inside and shutting the door with a bang.

I don't know why, but a wave of sadness washed over me. I felt the tears slowly cascading down my cheek as I looked up, choking as I couldn't stop. It hurt. All over my whole body, with the pain slowly taking hold of me.

I never heard from him again. I never looked across my room, through the foggy window to see if he was reading. But he was always on my mind. A fresh remembrance of the one thing I couldn't have. The one thing I had wanted. The one thing I needed.

My screen, blinking with words I wrote as I felt the pain come, all over again. Becoming a never ending cycle of pain that I endured.

Her

by: Arden Williams

When I lost her, i realized how void my life was of anything else.

I would expect her here. Beside me, and urging me on. But she was just... gone.

I knew it would happen eventually. My lifespan was infinitely larger than hers. Still, I found that losing her to her own free will was much harder than having lost her to death.

A short few decades we spent together. Out of my centuries alive I thought I would had something... anything once she left. But she took it all with her.

I had people to lead. The people I had fostered to life were again beginning to approach me with something other than fear and hatred. Its true, I had yet to reveal my identity to them. But it was a love I hadn't known in too long.

She took that though. She took the army I raised. She exposed me and now only a fraction remains. And those are the ones that are hardened from war, ones who will not cast me love.

I had dreams. Of us, together. Finally, there would be a just monarchy. With my tactical skills, and her incredible empathy and understanding of people, we would be something to marvel. But she split that in half when she left.

I had a redemption. I know of the terrible things I've done. I could blame it on mourning, or the instability of my species. But in truth, the people knew it was all me. And she let me know too.

She gave me kindness, she gave me a reason. She was the light of my life. Al-

though I wished to cradle her through life, she was wildly adventurous. I should've known that boundless spirit would find another home.

She's found a new life. A lover, a friend, a kingdom to rule and a people whom love her. I am proud. But then, what am I without her?

She was my heart. My soul. The one thing i wanted and the only thing I needed. What she did, I followed. When she tripped, I caught her. But now, that half of me that I have set my eyes on is now gone.

I must be cautious with my thoughts. I have nearly reverted back into the creature I once was. One of destruction and sadness.

I was a lover. A leader, but paradoxically, a follower. Her follower. But what am I now?

I am a shell. A fool, and after this moment, I will be nothing. Nothing until I have her back. In which I will give up anything, I will give up everything, for her. For me. For us.

Life's Facade by: Megan Polanco

Would you be alright
if the world ended tonight?
If the sky fell down
would you smile without a sound?

Are you making an active difference
or sitting choosing to be a witness?
You're about to go for a ride
so buckle up, be bold, don't hide.

Some may say we were given a life we didn't
ask for,
continuing with being raised to be you can
be quite a bore.

When one no longer has parents and is
grown,
they will have many decisions to face alone.

What will you keep in mind? Earth, society,
moral?
Choose what is right in your internal quar-
rel.

Build your castle up however you like,
just don't let ambition take you on a flight.

Follow the group enhancing together,
or create your own seed go solo, light as a
feather.

Upgrade or grow seems the only choice,
Wait for the day realizations are made and
one finds the truth in a voice.

Stupid, dumb, and ignorant all have a differ-
ent meaning
so pick your poison and continue living
peacefully.

In a world that values the wrong kind of
smart
pick your words carefully results will affect
more than just you and your heart.

Have you ever felt the stress of being out of
control?
I have, while thinking these thoughts that
thoroughly let you know.

Yes, it is our life and we should have the
power
but that's honestly a façade the thought is
real sour.

Upgrade or grow what a silly thought,
you are living in the future have you forgot?

Vacation Today by: AKA

Vacation Today
9/28/18

The round table is surrounded by people of younger generations that I love. Plates and glass clatter as the servers clean off the area from dinner to make room for the upcoming dessert.

I hear my relatives speak among each other. I quickly lose focus on the conversation and zone out. All sound becomes a loud hum. I slouch forward almost leaning against the table. The cruise ship floats along, making the chandeliers of the dining room sway ever so gently. My eyes containing a light-Caribbean Sea-blue tint behind my tiny round spectacles glaze from the warm dancing lights to the back window. The see-through picture displays the dark environment of flowing ocean stretched out for miles.

My world is interrupted when I heard the small voice of my grandson, "Grandma? Grandma!?"

I snap back into reality. Tips of my shaking fingers brush pieces of silver hair away from my face revealing crows-feet wrinkles. I notice a tall man in a suit standing next to me out of the corner of the glasses frame. Turning in his direction, he held a large tray packed with miniscule glasses containing a clear liquid inside.

The dressed up man stated, "It is a Limoncello", offering me one of my favorite alcoholic beverages.

Without skipping a beat, both of my wrinkled hands shot up and the long white sleeves around my pale wrists fall to my elbows. My tight face perked up with a scintillating expression like one of my grandchildren in a candy store. I receive the shot and the rest of my family stare, appalled over my immature response in front of the little ones. "Of course I drink alcohol! I'm now 80 years old! I'm gonna celebrate it!" I claim those statements then gulped down the strong sour beverage.

Gnarled Hands

by: Meghan Lamsfuss

They were the makers of all of his dreams and wishes. Together, in effortless and rhythmic harmony, the two of them- the boy's tenacious hands- would make a copious amount of exquisite creations and inventions, all to fulfill his wildest desires. These hands were the boy's tools to talent and, every day, they made his dreams come to life, all in the form of sinfully beautiful art. They were his only gifts in life. Those two hands, leftie and rightie, worked incessantly like a pair of draft horses, never to slow down or falter. They waited for and listened to the boy in order to work for him well. They longed to make their stake and make a difference in his life, for they were all he had. Through years of laborious jobs, the two of them became eternally filthy with the piling of caked on dirt, rust, paint, oil, and battle scars. All this came as a cost for the creation of those resplendent pieces of art. Towering abstract metal sculptures to reflect the light of living, lovely flawless paintings of all he saw, delicious home-grown vegetables and herbs, and, his favorite, thirty-year-old vehicles running like they were fresh off the assembly line- all of which were the boy's dreams come true.

His hands, though they were often worn from daily work, were never burdensome nor problematic. They undertook whatever job presented to them without so much as a groan. They were hardened and powerful tools of life and brute strength. Rocks meant to build with, rather than destroy with. Despite them looking like beaten dogs, they felt far from it, and as a result, never bit the hand that fed them. They mauled their work eagerly like a savage bear would to reach its precious honey. Those hands were the boy's worn, but content, puppets. Forever bruised, cut, discolored, and dirtied, but forever prideful and joyous. Though they were twins in their work, they independently earned themselves discrete and original scars compared to the others. And as the years and years continued, together their exterior color faded from a reddish-tan hue to a cold grey one, but their interior color shone bright and luminescent as always. The boy's hands were never pretty or pleasant to the common eye- and never would be- but all the things they made were both of marvelous endowment and a beautiful gift to all.

The Great War

by: Megan Goin

I rip my hand back from your fiery embrace
Leaving behind treasure I couldn't bare to lose.
But don't worry, I have a plan.

I suit up, waiting for my time to strike.
Everything is dark now and I'm done waiting.
I charge ahead; not being able to restrain myself.

The alarm is the signal for our forces
To move forward and face our foe.
The line of cavalry bouncing with anticipation.

Then we strike.
Ripping the prize from the fiery beast
But smoke charges in ready to protect its gold.

I throw down the tray in anguish
Letting loose a swear
I can't believe I burned the cookies!
I guess there is always next year...

On that cold and windy morning, I woke up with the little green raindrops that were falling on my face. “How the heck is it raining inside?” I thought. As I went to investigate I realized it wasn’t only my room. All the house looked like a greenhouse, showered with dirty, green and smelly water. My mother tried to keep the majority of water out placing pots and pans here and there but all efforts were in vain; most of the house was already flooded.

We spent the whole morning watching how the water ruined my mother’s belongings, the ones she worked so hard for, so that she could achieve her “dream house”. * Her favorite painting was melted away, her expensive sofa was drenched in that green tea, and the wall was falling apart piece by piece. On top of that, there was no communication or electricity. Because of this, the thought of one of my loved ones being hurt was haunting me all day.

“Can you try and call again? Asked my mother worriedly. I shook my head as I wondered in what state was my grandparents house. Was it as bad as ours? Or was it worse? Where they ok? These were all the questions that went through my mind as I helped my little brothers so that they didn’t get so wet. Since it was so dangerous outside, there was nothing we could do but wait.

Around 7 pm the strong winds of Hurricane Maria had hushed down and we finally went to my grandparent’s house. With the lights of the car as our only guide and an obstructed road, it was a very bumpy ride. Thankfully we arrived safely to my grandparent’s where we received a wonderful surprise. They were alright. I felt a weight lift off my shoulders when I met their warm embrace, but that weight moved to my heart as I remembered the state my house was left in.

Two months later I was still living with my grandparents. Since our house was left in an inhabitable state my parents, my three brothers and I had to move with them. Nine persons in a 3 story house is not easy but it is possible. * During that time, we hand washed our clothes with rainwater, ate fresh bread and avocados gifted by our neighbors and we played table games to the light of candles. Basically the only bad thing was the heat and the mosquitoes. And yet

Everything Turns Back to Dust Eventually

by: Andrea G. Palacios Irizarry

I was ungrateful to all the things I had when other people were having it worse than me. Some didn’t have a home anymore, some didn’t have access to water or food... and many lost their family.

I remember that day was a Monday. At 7 am my best friend was at the door because he had a dentist appointment nearby. I was so happy to see him that in my rush to the door I tripped. We talked about how the heat was horrible and about how many mosquito bites we had until the topic surged. “Sadly, we lost the back part of the house... It was horrible. The wind took the door first and we covered it with a mattress, but then it just took the back part all together.” I was devastated to hear that. And that was the first of many persons I heard that were in worse situations than mine. As I reflected on my thoughts those 2 past months I sounded so ungrateful and materialistic that I hated it. Yeah, I had it hard. But others had it worst.

All the things that happened during Hurricane Maria will certainly stay with me for a long time. But what will stay with me the most is that being materialistic is not correct. It’s good to want to achieve more, but we also have to be happy with what we already have. And sometimes it takes the hard way to learn these things, but I think that this ensures that we’ll never forget them.

Untitled

by: Joanna

Trying to make a name for yourself is a bold move. It's almost like trying to come up from an endless abyss, trying to reach the top. With many questions in minds, what will the outcome be? How will this play out?

These are the thoughts that roam around the head of the lanky, pale eighteen year old boy. Marty Adora dashed down the street on his bike, the bumpy gravel making it hard for him to pedal fast. The heat from the shining sun is beating against his exposed neck, his black strands absorbing the heat. He inhaled deeply, thinking, 'When will the day come?'

He spent his only five bucks on a small burger, no one accepting his small flash drive filled with his songs. Everyday grew worse as he went around trying to sell his music. It was the only way to gain his money, having to choose between food or a bus ride to a random stop just to sleep on the cold bench. A deep sinking feeling burning in his chest, each day he lost more hope.

At this point, he did not know if the tightness in his stomach is from hunger, anxiousness, or both. Marty needed hope. An answer. Something to keep him from falling further into his own sorrow. Falling into a deep abyss of despair. Marty glanced down at his hands, his knuckles turning white from his grip. He wanted to show the world what he can compose, that his lyrics can move and inspire many, to be apart of the industry that does wonders to the ears and hearts of listeners.

"I can't even sell one song." he grumbles to himself. Marty is losing. He felt a dribble on the skin of his right cheek, not bothering to wipe the tear away. Still looking at his palms tightly holding onto the handles of his bike he hears a chalkboard like screech, the hissing of rubber and the air in his lungs knocked out of him.

Unwritten

by: Brandan Riley

We are all books yet to be finished
So much written, but so much to write
With each page closer to being complete
Forming into an adventure unfathomable
We are the books as well as the authors
Each day a new page added to our adventure
We hold the every page of our novel in our hands
Making each page worthwhile
So that the day our book is done
And the adventure ends
We inspire those new authors
To begin an adventure of their own



The Accountant by: Michelle Fulkerson

You've traded in your
Confidence

For a scale and a preconceived notion.
An accountant is what you've become.
Counting calories are your new ABC's.

I'm watching you waste away.
Your veins transforming into Braille.
Your skin transforming into tracing paper.
Clothes hanging off your
Sekellital frame.

Your school planner becomes your calorie
counter.
No room for food when you're
swallowing lies.

Consuming air like its crackers and guz-
zling water like its air.

You're in too deep now.
You try to deny.
To say you don't have a problem.
But darling...
I dont think its well to pass out in the hall.

At sixty five pounds
you blow in the wind.

With pale pupils and dead rimmed irises,
the only language you are fluent in is num-
bers.

Numbers of the scale
Of calories
Of days without food.
An accountant is what you are.

In a malnourished haze you navigate.
Dim bulbs turned into searchlights.
Conversations faded into static.

Your stomach now so small
Fasting for days
To reach that "perfect size".
Yearning for the weight you
once were.
An accountant you are.

I'm looking at you.
Watching you
Starve.

This is America,
The land of the free,
the home of the brave.
This is America,
the land where on average our nation
has one new
school shooting every week.

This is America,
where children in our own backyards
starve.
Hungry for food with a thirst for knowl-
edge.

This is America,
where white people say the N word
like they drive their cars:
wreckless, loud and deliberate.
Where one in five women will be raped
in their lifetime.
Where I am one of these women.

This is America,
where the political tension can be cut
with a knife.
Or rather... a sledgehammer to the
president's name.

This is America,
the home of the greedy and the land of
the
homeless.
With more than
554,000 homeless people,
193,000 of those people
living in tents or on park benches.

This is America,
where homophobia and racism run
rampant.
Captured like prey in the mouth of a
diseased animal.
We live in a society controlled by time
tables and paychecks.
Where more babies are born filled to
the brim
with cocaine instead of love.
Where foster care traffics out young
girls,
a helping hand of a corrupt cop.

The more we deny these factors
The higher they climb.

This is OUR America.

Unedited and uncut.

This is America
by: Michelle Fulkerson

Whispers

by: Aydin Bojkovic

“We’re like everyone else.” The voice uttered.

It seemed to follow him everywhere, constantly whispering in the back of his mind. The voice never left his thoughts. Occasionally, the boy did not understand what it was trying to say and he’d shrug it off, but it never really left.

The world seemed like a blur of gray and black, a distortion. It became especially apparent when he went to school. Teacher’s voices, student’s voices, and laughter all sounded muffled to him, but he figured everyone else heard and saw just like he did. At lunch the smiles of everyone else stood out in the smog that was the world, but he never paid much mind to them. Teeth hovered around his view, constantly disappearing and reappearing somewhere else, like taunting ghosts. The boy never gave them the attention they craved though. After all, the ghosts were a common occurrence.

“Everyone sees the ghosts I see,” he thought to himself, believing he had a clear grasp on the world and how it functioned.

Each day went by like this, going to elementary school and returning home, reminding himself that he wasn’t the only one who heard the voices or saw the ghosts. Sometimes the voices were too loud, though. They were so loud that he could not hear other people talking.

When the last school bell rang, eyes were added to the haunting smiles. ‘Faces in the smoke’ he called them. This was not the first time he had seen them and he knew it was around this time that the eyes would come out. They all seemed so full of wonder and hope, something they had that the boy did not. He just didn’t yet realize it yet, as he believed that he possessed the same wonder and hope they did. But it was far from the truth, and he would soon realize that.

After he arrived home that day, he carried out his usual routine: homework with Mom, dinner, and then Halo with his best friend. Everything seemed fine. He seemed happy. That day, however, there came another voice, in agreement with the one he had previously. A bit bothered, the boy refused to listen to them and continued his circuit of actions. This repetition went on for years, until the boy was in middle school and his life changed permanently. Whilst walking amongst the faces of emotions he could never feel or understand, someone approached him with an odd-looking bag. It held an as-

sortment of pills that in tandem formed the colors of a rainbow.

“Hey, you look like you could use a little “upper”. I could give you one for free if you’d like to try it. It’ll make you happy,” the person whispered in their deep voice.

Happy. An emotion the boy craved. He would do almost anything just to see what it felt like. The voices whispered and amongst their murmuring he heard the words ‘take it.’ They constantly stood out to him through all the other chatter. Sadly for him, this was the one time he listened to those voices. The pills were colored in bright variations of the color they represented, making them seem friendly, so the boy nodded and was handed a pill.

“Hide this, don’t let anyone see it. Don’t tell anybody about it, not even your parents. You’ll get in big trouble. And don’t mention me if you get caught.”

The way it left his lips sounded like it snapped, like a snake waiting for prey. The older boy walked off, asking many other kids the same exact question. Most of them said no, but a few took the offer. Getting in trouble was something to be avoided. The boy lived his life to make his parents proud and hated disappointing them. This would be a secret that he would take to the grave, he thought. But another thought crossed his mind right after.

“Why would they ever deny me such an opportunity? There is obviously some risk involved but it’s definitely worth it,” thought the naive boy.

Anxiously, the boy left the school just a bit faster than he would do normally. The only expression he allowed himself during the car ride, and homework, was a poker face - a mask that he seemed to bear permanently. After he completed his homework, he headed to his room, locking himself in while shuffling through his bag with a sense of desperation. Happiness, any emotion, really, was something he craved. He wanted this more than anything. He needed this. The young boy looked around at the world outside his window with his head in his hands. It was drab, gray and black. These were the only colors his eyes could manage to see.

Questions and possible answers raced around his brain, but the two questions that puzzled him the most were the same ones that the voice in his head had asked. With a shrug, he did the only thing he knew to do, the only thing that brought out the color in the world, that made him see like everyone else. The rustling of a plastic Ziploc sound reverberated from his room, then a swig of water, and a sigh. A few moments later, the dull expression turned into a smile. He felt like he was escaping all the troubles around him, especially those that mostly disgruntled him: the ones in his mind.

Each step taken from that point did not create a footstep, but a ripple in the ground like it was water, or a collection of stardust shooting up from around his foot as though he stepped directly into a galaxy. At last, the boy that had not able to feel like anything but a husk became happy, just like everyone else. The questions that weighed heavily on his mind no longer worried him. He was normal now. Life did not need to have a purpose anymore, it was bliss, nothing mattered to him. He was finally able to see the joy of life, the fact that it was deeper than the destination, it was the journey. Until the color started fading. He could not understand why they were leaving, he never wanted them to leave. Hopelessness flooded his body as he realized what was happening – he was losing the colors and joy that had entered with them.

Colors that once painted the wall, keyboard, and the monitor he constantly stared at to escape all vanished. He was back where he started, looking out the window, head in his hands, concepts and theories firing back and forth from each end of his mind. It was all gone, no longer did the boy fit the norm he had imagined.

Once again, he was just a husk - a miniscule thing in the entirety of mankind, the Earth, and the universe itself.

His mentality was even worse than before he resorted to the forceful splash of wonder and meaning. Plaguing thoughts that the voices had planted in his mind scurried their way back in, and the boy listened this time, he felt he had to. The journey did not matter anymore. Nothing mattered anymore. There was no color to be found, no joy, no hope.

He needed the feeling again. He needed the pure joy the pill provided. So, he went into a deep slumber and it felt like he would never wake up, like his eyes were shut and closed for so long they had turned into stone. The piercing of the alarm was violent, like it shattered his eardrums. The top portion of his head felt like it held a dagger, a sharp pain throbbing throughout. But he had his goal for the day in mind and was prepared not to let anything stop him. So, he went to school, and returned to the same meeting place he had been in when offered his withdrawal from his problems.

“Ah, so you want more, huh? I’ll cut you a deal. Today it’ll be free again, because I know you didn’t bring any money. But next time, it’ll be five dollars a pill. Don’t expect any more handouts. Other than that, same rules as last time. Now, pretend to shake my hand, I’ll give you the pill that way.”

He held up his hand, cupped, to hold the blue pill in his fingers and nodded at the boy. The boy ‘shook’ his hand and grabbed the pill from it, then left as fast as he could. Something about it felt a lot more dangerous than before. Why had the other boy been so discreet this time? He walked past the cafeteria. He hated it now. The smiles, the laughs - they all got their happiness without the pill. It felt like they were cheating in a video game, like they knew something he didn’t, and no one would tell him. The voices talked more, agreeing with his dark thoughts since he took the pill the day before. As if they were as excited as he was now that he had another. When it came to dismissal, he despised the wonder in all the eyes he saw. He wanted that wonder, he wanted it always, all the time. Today, he was about to get it again.

In the same vein as the last time he had taken a pill, he did his homework, ate, and went to his room. He did not play video games this time, his mind to focused on the pill to pay any mind to his friends.

“I’ll just talk to them a lot tomorrow and tell them that I had to do a lot of homework or something,” he planned out the whole conversation and nodded, content with the way he felt the outcome would occur.

Finally, he took the pill once again and was invited to the colorful and wondrous universe he wished so deeply to be a part of. Smiling, laughing, everything he wished he could do. And now he could thanks to the pill. Stars and black holes lined his room, allowing him to gaze upon their amazing imagery. The boy felt that he would forever be in the older student’s debt for giving him a cheat code of his own. But, like the last time, it started going away. He hurriedly started grasping at the air, at the stars and solar systems, trying to save it, but it was fleeting from him, like it was afraid of him. Yet, for some odd reason he felt like it was trying to save him by leaving.

Almost immediately after all effects wore off, the voices brought another voice in, a third ghost. One that was more enraged than the other two, more intimidating. It demanded that he find another pill, but he had to get five dollars first. He didn’t have a job or any source of income, but he felt like the pill was the only way he could live his life. Eventually, a light bulb hovered above his head; He would ask his mother for lunch money, and then buy the pills with it. Whether he was lucky or not was subjective, but it seemed like he won the lottery when his plan worked.

Following the same steps, he gets the pills --- this time paying for them. When he walked by the cafeteria, it drove even more hatred through his bloodstream. He had now lost five dol-

lars and lunch for something other people had normally. This, among the voices egging him on, created within him a severe and deep hatred for observing the happiness of others. He could not wait for the day to be over, for his own happiness to return. And it did, following the same cycle as last time: instant happiness, and once it starts going, regret and need for more, like a tyrant's craving for power.

The boy continued taking the pills through sophomore year. He now needed three to feel the effect, rather than the single one he had needed previously. It was now fifteen dollars per experience of joy. And because of this, more hatred, more voices, more negativity, and anger flowed through him. He started getting into fights, winning most of them through sheer brutality that should never be present in someone his age. Crowds feared him, and his opponent even more so. But that was in freshman year, in sophomore no one started problems with him, not even seniors. Maybe the most dangerous of all, however, was his exploration into more ways to 'inject' happiness into himself - smoking odd substances, taking different types of pills. They were all things he chose to experience. And he hated himself for it.

He was dirty clothes in a washing machine, stuck in a cycle. A cycle of emotions, voices, and drugs that made him depreciate over the years. The boy his parents once new was gone from them. He was not even neutral like he used to be, he was all the way on the negative side of the spectrum. Time passed, and his parents gradually took notice, deciding it was time to pull their son out of the deep hole he had dug for himself. They finally told him that they had sought a way for him to be helped. Rage flowed through him, but he did not show it, he simply acquiesced. A part of him was excited and the feeling of ripping his soul into two parts surged through his body. They were unequal portions, but the small, tiny bit of hope he naturally held inside him began to flourish. Maybe he would finally be able to escape his escape.

He knew that at least a part of him would have to accept it for it to work. For it was a thing of willpower, this type of solution would not be a miracle. It would require time and work, acceptance and allowance. Although he wanted his instant solution, the one he had been resorting to for years, he knew this was the better solution in the long term. Maybe this could provide the same feeling as the pill forever, he would not know for sure until he tried it. After all, he had tried the pills, the needles, and everything else in between. These thoughts raced through his mind, until one sentence permanently changed his life for the better.

“Hello, I'm your new therapist.”

Buspirone

by: Jessica Parks

It's 7:30 at night.
It's time to take my pill.
I eat and pop it quick,
obsessed with how it feels.

It numbs my pain,
my constant fear,
my sudden anger,
and my unwanted tears.

It makes me feel great
It makes me feel alive
nothing can hurt me-
it's an instant revive.

I talk loud and proud
like a motivational speaker.
I get a sudden burst of energy
but then I get weaker...

That's when the side effects hit...

I get sleepy,
my hands start to shake,
I start to get light headed,
I can't stay awake.

I shut down.
I'm no longer here.
I'm a soulless body,
but at least there's no fear.

It's 7:30 at night.
It's time to take my pill.
I eat and pop it quick.
At least there's no fear.

With Great Power

by: Taimani Matthews

The darkness is closing in. No doubt is it hiding monsters and goblins in its all-consuming cloak. I can only see a few feet in front of me before the obsidian veil trudges forward towards me. Not too far away from my position, I hear the hisses and snarls of the beasts that want to slay me and rob me of my insides. Unfortunately for them, I have a hidden trump card up my sleeve.

Steeling my resolve with a deep breath, I reach into that dusty treasure trove of power deep within my soul and extend my hand up toward the heavens. In response, the sky twists into a cloudy gray spiral, which darkens the fields further. The air grows more chilly with each passing second, and like the sun peeking out from wintery clouds, rays of light spring from my fingertips. An avalanche of tingles surges down my arm and charges my entire being.

Closing my eyes, I pay no heed to the advancing creatures. Instead I focus my energy on summoning my power from that concealed box in which my soul has been hiding for so long. The warmth of an old power greets me and I smile as if I was just reacquainted with a companion from way back. Gradually, the mystical warmth rolls up my form and I open my eyes to find that the ghastly creatures are rushing me head on. I can only chuckle.

That's a huge mistake.

I bring my hand down upon the soil, dragging tendrils of mystical energy from the air unto the ravenous beasts. My whole world transforms from a dark scene to a bright wonderland of color and sound. Over the rumble of my power meeting the Earth, I can faintly hear the frightful shrieks of the ghouls making their hasty retreat.

The discharge of power lasts for a few more seconds and I take in the colorful waves of energy that I have kept concealed for so long. A wistful sigh breaks my lips as the energy in the air diminishes and I find myself back in the Tumbleweed Fields. I survey the area for any remaining monsters, but find none in sight. The blizzard inside my figure settles and I rise from the dirt.

"Well that was fun," I comment with a giggle, but the humor vanishes once I remind myself that I'm all alone out here.

A pang of sorrow jumps up to my throat as I fill my chest with air. I would never be the same without my friends. Never in my life did I think that I would have to face the world on my own. My throat tightens and my hands tremble, but I don't let loose a single sob. Instead, I hold my head up and march across the deserted fields.

I made a promise to my friends that no matter what I would avenge their deaths and destroy the world.

Untitled

by: David Petroff

As I lay in my casket
I imagine a dream
About a lifetime of living
None of it clean.

Nothing good to come of it,
A waste of a soul.
A man of no fear,
Cowering till he's old.

Had no good relations,
No memories to share,
No family to care.
Spent his whole life stressin',
Pullin' out all his hair.

Dreamin' to the stars,
But scared of success.
Regretting what he didn't do
With bullets in his chest.

Lady in White

by: Kat McDonald-Wilson

Chapter 1

Delilah and Pearl sit poolside at Vanderbilt Manor. Delilah lays back, visibly stressed. Pearl, as always, has a listening ear.

“When we were young, I figured I’d marry rich and all my troubles would disappear. I was wrong. I married Humphrey right out of high school and the only thing that has changed since is the money. He is cold towards me. Sometimes I wonder if he ever even loved me to begin with,” Delilah says, staring forlornly at the summer sky.

“You think he doesn’t love you?” Pearl asks incredulously.

“Well he certainly doesn’t show it.”

“Then why would he marry you?”

Delilah sits up.

“So he can treat me like a live-in maid and then turn around and show me off to his business friends like I’m some trophy that he won,” she says, her eyes growing frantic. “We live in this big house devoid of love and joy. Humphrey doesn’t want kids, he won’t even get a dog. He says that they’re both messy and that they’d ruin his flooring.”

“His. Not ours, his. Everything is his. I own nothing. I could never leave him, I’m completely dependent. I’d be penniless! Destitute! Oh, Pearl, I don’t know what I’ll tell him!”

Delilah buries her head in her hands. Pearl watches her, but doesn’t know what to say. She knits her eyebrows together in concern for her friend.

“I don’t understand why you want this baby so badly,” Pearl responds after a heavy pause. Delilah looks up from her hands, taken aback by Pearl’s comment.

“For a higher purpose in life. Don’t you want children, Pearl? To continue your family legacy?” Delilah prods.

“Not really. I can leave a different kind of legacy.”

“Well I know my legacy,” Delilah says, with a sense of finality, “and I know it involves children. I need to talk to Humphrey.”

Chapter 2

That afternoon, Delilah approaches Humphrey’s office door, a tray of sandwiches in hand. The door is imposing. She almost turns and goes ac to the kitchen, but she

steels herself. She takes a deep breath and knocks.

“Come in,” she hears from inside.

She opens the door with one hand while balancing the tray with the other. Humphrey stays fixed on the pile of papers piled on his desk.

“I made you lunch,” Delilah says. Humphrey looks up. He sees the conflict in her expression and becomes concerned.

“You look troubled. Come, sit. Eat with me,” he says, gesturing to the chair on the other side of his desk. She puts the tray down and sits, but says nothing. Her eyes are low to the floor.

“What’s on your mind?” Humphrey asks, his hands clasped on the desk.

“It’s just.... I know you don’t want kids, but recently I’ve been thinking-”

“Delilah, we’ve been through this a million times,” Humphrey interrupts. “I know you want a child, but I don’t. It takes both parents to raise one.”

“Then we’ll hire a nanny,” she says, meeting his gaze.

“A nanny is not the same thing as a father! We are not having kids in this house. They’re messy and loud and this life we’ve built has no room for children. We’re not having one, I won’t allow it-”

“Humphrey, I’m pregnant.”

There’s a glimmer of fear in her eyes. Humphrey sits back in his chair and stares at the desk.

“Well, then, we’ll put it up for adoption,” he says quietly. Delilah looks at him in disbelief.

“Humphrey, you wouldn’t,” she says.

“Delilah, I-”

“You can’t do that to me Humphrey!” she yells, her voice straining.

“We’re putting it up for adoption and that’s final!” He says, meeting her eyes at last. He watches as they fill with tears.

“I have work to do,” he says, retreating back into his paperwork. Delilah’s composure breaks, and she storms out of the room weeping.

Chapter 3

Delilah falls onto her large lush bed. She sobs into the sheets, tossing and turning. No amount of plush and pillows can comfort her troubled heart.

She thinks of the stories her grandmother would tell her when she was alive. Her life

was bursting with love from the moment she was born until the moment she died. Her parents, her husband, her children, her grandchild, they all adored her. Delilah is the only one left. Everyone else died long ago. Her marriage is empty, and she can't have children. Her life is loveless.

She feels like she's disgracing her grandmother's legacy. She needs to make her proud, she needs to start over.

She needs this baby... but how? If she leaves Humphrey she will have a baby to love but no money to feed it with. She could move in with Pearl, but Pearl's meager waitressing salary isn't enough to feed all three of them. Is it worse to love your baby and let it starve or to give it away to a family that will support it? She doesn't know.

Summer turns to Autumn turns to Winter. Delilah spends eight and a half months in bed. She's inconsolable. She barely eats. Her body wastes away to the bone. She's incoherent, always crying, and her hair is falling out in clumps. She's violent, throwing things at Humphrey every time he tries to come in. Pearl is the only one she talks to. Even then, she doesn't say much. She just cries and cries until she's too dehydrated to produce tears. After that, Pearl forces her to drink some water and she cries and cries some more.

On one misty April morning, Delilah sits bolt upright in bed and lets out a heart-wrenching shriek.

Chapter 4

Humphrey enters the waiting room with a hastened step. He spots a nurse walking by. "Excuse me!" he calls. The nurse stops and looks up from her clipboard. "I'm looking for my wife. Her name is Delilah Vanderbilt, she came in this morning."

"I just came from her room, but you can't go back there right now. Your wife is having complications. She was in rough shape when she came in, malnourished and hysterical. There's no guarantee her or the child will make it."

She places a comforting hand on Humphrey's shoulder, then continues on through the waiting room and disappears into a hallway. Soon after, Humphrey hears her voice over the intercom.

"Code blue in room 106, code blue in room 106."

Humphrey realizes all at once the severity of Delilah's condition. He can no longer hide his concern. He sits on a cold waiting room chair and buries his head in his hands.

He spends most of the day in that room. He sits, he paces, and when he asks the nurse if he can see Delilah, she always says the same thing.

"Your wife doesn't wish to see you right now."

Then she vanishes into one of the many hallways. When the hour grows late, his eternal waiting finally ceases. He hears a door open and looks up to find a familiar face.

"Pearl!" he says with a sigh of relief. She looks at his face with great hesitance. "How is she?" he asks, angling his whole body towards her. She slowly sits down next to him, averting eye contact.

"I have terrible news," Pearl says, her attention fixed straight ahead. After a shaky breath, she turns to him. "Delilah didn't make it."

The words hit Humphrey like an arrow to the heart. He turns his gaze to the floor. "I never meant to... I mean, if I had known..." he trails off. Voice cracking, he says "she can't be dead."

"She's gone."

"It's my fault. I should have never..." he stops himself. He puts his face in his hands and lets his tears run into them. He is filled with unimaginable shame.

The two sit in silence with the weight of this tragedy between them. It settles over the room like a dark, cold sheet.

"What about the baby?" Humphrey asks shakily.

"She's in the nursery right now. She's a little premature, but the doctors say she'll be ready to go home in a week or so. Perfectly healthy. Delilah told me to name her Juno."

Humphrey stares at his hands.

"Goddess of motherhood," he says, the guilt sinking into the pit of his stomach.

"What do I do, Pearl? How can I abandon this child when she's all that I have left of Delilah? How can I raise her alone? How can I raise her when I know I'm the reason her mother is dead? Is it less honorable of me to give her to a family that I know is more capable of raising her than I? But she'll never know me, and I will never know her. She'll never know her mother or what she sacrificed."

Pearl looks at him.

"What would Delilah want?" she asks. He doesn't answer. "Whatever you want to do," she says, standing up to leave.

"Wait-" he interjects. "Find a nurse. I need to see my baby."

Lovable Failure

by: Jay

My lovable failure,
Your parents tried to raise you,
They failed.
Arrogance,
Stupidity,
Lovable failures.
Don't be down,
Sad child.
Help i shall give,
To my one and only,
Lovable failure child.

Shall we dance,
Young lovable failure?
Why do we dance,
Sad child?
You do not know?
We dance for,
Failures like you.
We twirl for your,
Lovable failure parents.
Let us dance,
Sad child,
For the lives of those lost,
By their lovable failures.
Fear not,
Sad child,
For failures are just,
Mistakes.
And you can overcome,
These lovable failures,
Sad child

Tempestuous Green

by: Roan

A smile stretched across my face and the clicking of heels told me Mrs. Gard was coming to loom over my shoulder. "Very well done, Lydia."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

"Bottle it, label it, and report to Mrs. Nazari."

I nodded and followed her order, pouring the glittering emerald potion into a tube and carefully capping it with a cork. Puddle Portals. I finished writing the recipe and scurried off to the greenhouse. The glass door was fogged from the humidity inside. Using the sleeve of my uniform, I wiped off a circle and peered inside.

There she was. Rana. My rival and the daughter of our most powerful witch on staff, Mrs. Nazari. Her perfect coils of black hair fell all around her shoulders and back as she bent down to gather some mint. I squinted at her, thinking a million mean thoughts before I walked in.

"Hello!" I called, taking wide strides across the greenhouse. Making sure my vial was in sight, I took one challenging glance at Rana. Mrs. Nazari smiled fondly at me over the glasses perched at the end of her broad nose. "Hello, Lydia." The corner of Rana's lip twitched and she turned back to her plant.

Mrs. Nazari took the vial from my hand and held it up to let the sun shine through. "Are you going to give me a demonstration?" She handed it back to me and I took the cork off, bending down to a pool of water that collected near the end of a bench. I swirled the vial and carefully spilled a drop in the center. It bubbled and fizzed, the puddle turned a tempestuous green. I waved my hand over and snapped. In an instant, the water cleared and I peered in and saw the roof of the greenhouse. I looked up at Mrs. Nazari, and she nodded encouragingly. My hand dipped into the pool, passing through a thin film of water to dry air.

A scream sounded in the mint row and a smile twitched the corners of my lips. I pointed to it and she looked, laughing in delight when she saw my hand waving from across the room. Pulling my hand back out, I stood up and wiped the wet off on my uniform skirt.

"Well done! Exceptional my dear. Do you have the recipe?" I handed her my roll of parchment and ignored the glares from the girls in the room. Over Mrs. Nazari's shoulder, a classmate stuck her tongue out. The teacher requested a handwritten copy of the recipe and sent me away. I left with only a second glance back. Rana caught my stare and waved a little. I nearly slammed the door behind me and pressed my back to the wall. My heart beat wildly in my chest. Boy, is she pretty.

I shook the thought away and turned my temporary distraction into jealousy. From down the hall, I spotted Dali. Waving her over, I pulled her into the servant's stairway behind the coat rack. "You should have seen her!" I fumed. Dali stepped back and crossed her arms. "Rana again? I honestly don't understand why it bothers you so much."

"You don't get it. I'm second best witch. That is literally not good enough!"

Dali scrunched up her nose. "You're good enough." She fiddled with the loose string on her sweater.

"It's not good enough. I have to be the best." The reiteration cleared my own head, sharpening my focus - but Dali seemed bothered. "Lunch?" I offered in compensation, and she nodded, producing my supplies I had abandoned in the classroom.

After lunch was outdoor ed, where our professor, Dr. Achilea fumbled through her description of the different plants we were to find. "Dicranum fuscescens." She mumbled, pointing at one clump of students. We nodded, heading off through the forest. Everyone veered off the path to a clear patch to search, while Rana and I continued. Her steps echoed mine and I slowly became more and more irritated. I turned to step off the path, but Rana didn't slow to compensate. Her whole body slammed into mine, curly black hair smothering my face. Losing my balance, my bag flew off of my shoulder. I caught myself before I fell, supporting Rana back to her feet.

"Watch where you're going!" I snapped. Rana didn't respond, but pushed her hair out of her face and silently helped me gather back the scattered contents. She left before I could thank her, pushing her way through a wall of shrubs. I looked in my bag. I'm missing something...

A yelp sounded and I ran to the bush, clawing through to the other side. The clearing on the other side was void of any witches. I glanced around, my eye drawn by something glinting in the sun. I rushed over and saw an empty vial. Puddle Portals. A puddle, still rippling from being disturbed, sat only a few inches away. Without thinking, I lept in.

I landed with a hard thud. Dust swirled around me, causing a coughing fit. Cold hands found mine, helping me to stand. I rubbed the dirt out of my eyes and saw a very shaken Rana before me.

"That's one hell of a potion you made."

I blushed beneath the layer of dust, though the comment was sarcastic. "Thanks..." We looked around at our new environment. Flat, empty, bare sand for miles. The occasional shriveled tree interrupting the otherwise clear horizon. The sun scorched the sky to my left, warming my face as it sank towards the horizon. We stood in awed silence, watching it slip below the line, sucking warmth and light with it.

Surrounded by darkness, cold settled into my bones. I shivered. Rana let go of my hand and

I wrapped my cloak around me. She did the same. Stars turned on, flickering across the deep blue ocean above us. We stared for a second before the realization hit me.

"We're lost."

"Wow, Sherlock. Couldn't tell." She shook her head and sighed, her pale face tuning to the moon. "We must be in the south. Let's head north." Rana heaved a great sigh and started walking, leaving me to scramble after.

"In the dark?"

She only nodded, dark eyes set on the black horizon.

"What about sleep? Water?" I paused, glancing around. An eerie sound reverberated across the desert, oscillating between two intervals before cutting off. I looked to Rana, who had paused. She turned around slowly.

"Any chance we could try your portals again?"

I shook my head and produced the empty vial from my bag. Her shoulders sagged with a defeated sigh.

"Aren't you proficient in, like, fire or something?"

She shrugged, holding out her hand. "Don't judge." She eyed me cautiously. I nodded earnestly and she opened her hand. A spark ignited on her palm and a flame bloomed, red and warm. A smile stretched across my face and I looked up at her with wonder. She blushed and put it out, turning from me.

"Come on, let's go." She relit the flame and held her hand out slightly from her body. I stood by her side and together we started walking.

Rana didn't seem up for conversation, so I left it alone. We walked in silence, spooked by any noise or movement from the creatures that skittered just out of view. Hunger ebbed at my stomach and the soles of my feet ached more with each step. My steps grew lazy and heavy, while Rana's stayed light and precise. My path veered into her and we knocked shoulders. Her flame died and she smacked my shoulder with the back of her hand.

"Careful!"

I apologized and we continued walking. She shook her hand, but not even a spark ignited.

"Perfect." She pulled her cloak around herself grumpily. A whoosh caught my attention and I stopped. My eyebrows scrunched up and my head tilted.

"What?" Rana turned to look at me.

"You didn't hear that?"

She shook her head. "Hear what?"

I opened my mouth to tell her, but another whoosh sounded above us, accompanied by a strong gust of wind. Our heads snapped up, scanning the sky. The sound of huge wings beat the air above us. Rana waved her hand frantically until a great flame erupted, lighting up everything.

The feathered breast of a giant beast glistened in the sudden light of her fire. The creature's cruel talons flew out to catch the ground. The beast let out an unearthly screech and we covered our ears, the fire immediately gone. My head whipped around to see Rana standing, feet cemented to the ground. I suddenly remembered that she hates working with creatures of any sort. Her wide, fearful eyes glimmered in the faint light of the moon as she stared at me, helpless.

My mind worked doubletime, ideas and thoughts flying through my mind. I reached into my bag and produced a climbing rope.

"Catch!" I tossed the end of the rope her direction and something snapped within her, her hands reanimating to catch it. I took a deep breath and dodged a huge wing that swept down by my feet. The beast turned towards Rana, who bravely flailed her arms above her head. Charging, I took a running leap and landed at the base of the creature's tail. My feet sunk into the short, soft feathers of its back into a warmed layer by its skin. I scampered up its back, careful of the slick dawn beneath my feet. Its sturdy neck whipped around to see me approaching. The beast screeched, its whole body vibrating with the sound. My feet slipped. The rope in my hand pulled taut and helped me regain my footing on the back of the creature. Again, I climbed and made my way to its neck. I straddled it, securing myself before tying the rope in a sort of rein. Finally in position, I pulled Rana up and showed her where I had been sitting before jumping to the ground.

"Great Beast, calm yourself!" I called up, my feet firmly planted below me. The creature turned its hawk eyes down on me. It folded its wings and lowered its head to meet me. Its beak nearly touched my face, but I didn't flinch. The creature huffed and a wave of warmth blew over me. I shivered. It tilted its large head to stare me down with emerald eyes. I had its attention. Kneeling, I bowed down low before standing up to speak.

"Great Beast, I am here to request a favor." It blinked and opened its sharp beak. "What is your noble request, Young Witch?" She stared me down with a deep glimmer in her eye.

"I am lost here with my friend, Great Beast, and would greatly appreciate if you would return us to our realm."

"An honest and pure request. I shall accept."

Giddy with success, I suppressed a squeal and bowed again before climbing back up with Rana. The Beast spread her beautiful wings wide and beat them with great power until we rose into the sky. I wrapped my arms securely around her neck, and Rana's arms gripped around my stomach with shaking fear. Her face pressed into my back and blood rushed to my face.

We climbed up into the starry sky until the Earth below us seemed tiny. She glided, neck flattened, feathers rippling in the roaring wind. The large, downy feathers of her back surrounded us, protecting us from most of the cold, however my hands quickly lost feeling.

Rana's death grip loosened and her head lifted from my back. I turned my head back to look at her. Her cheeks and nose were red in the wind and her eyes were bright as she looked out at the world around us with childlike wonder. Her eyes wandered and met mine. She smiled, and all function in my brain shut off. I just barely had the sense to smile back before turning my attention to the stars. They gleamed all around, more than I've ever seen in my life. In the open sky, a flowing ocean above us of inky black, the stars hung suspended. Rana yawned and hugged her arms around my stomach tighter before settling her head against my back again, this time not out of fear. My eyes grew heavy and with the warmth of the Beast below me and the gentle rocking of her wings beating, I dozed off.

The quicker paced beating of her wings tossed me from my slumber and I opened my eyes with a groggy yawn. I rubbed the tired from my eyes and looked around. The Beast landed with a jolt. High trees and gloomy clouds crowding the sky replaced the empty desert and millions of stars that has previously surrounded us. The Beast stretched out her wing and I slid down, waiting at the bottom for Rana, who was more hesitant. We walked around to bow to the Beast, who nodded her head in acknowledgement.

"Farewell, Young Witches. I shall be excited to see you both again in the future."

We bowed again as she took off to the sky, disappearing in the thick clouds. Neither of us moved, eyes glued to the sky, both in awe of the adventure we had returned from.

"That was amazing! I mean, how in the world did you calm her down so quick? I thought we were going to die!" Rana gushed as she rolled the rope back up. My cheeks flushed again at the stars in her eyes, somehow retained from last night.

"That fire you made, now that was awesome. I don't think we would have made it as far as we did without that!" She blushed at my praise.

"How did I ever not like you? You're amazing." Rana handed me back my rope and I shoved it into my bag. Sticking my hand out, I straightened my spine.

"I feel the same. Truce?" She laughed and took my hand, shaking it firmly.

"Truce."

Who I Am

by: Aimee Zuniga

The day that I came to life,
I screamed and cried.
The day that I learned to walk,
I also fell.
But I stood up and I grew tall,
And now I know,
Know who I am.

I am heart, I am soul,
I am all that I need.
The things that I dream,
Things that I believe,
All the words I say,
All the things I've seen,
These things all make me.
These things all are me.
I'm me.

The day that I made a friend,
I jumped in joy.
The day that I rode a bike,
I fell once more.
And I stood up on both my feet,
And now I know,
Know who I am.

I am bold, I am strong,
I am all that I need.
The things that I dream,
Things that I believe,
All the words I say,
All the things I've seen,
These things all make me.
These things all are me.
I'm me.

The day that I turned fifteen,
I knew I'd grown.
The day that I got confirmed,
My faith changed.
And it grew strong along with me,
And now I know,
Know who I am.

I am fair, I am kind,
I am all that I need.
The things that I dream,
Things that I believe,
All the words I say,
All the things I've seen,
These things all make me.
These things all are me.
I'm me.

I know that when there is joy,
It's the right path.
I know that when I am sad,
I'll make it through.
And God will be just by my side,
And now I know,
Know who I am.

I am brave, I am proud,
I am all that I need.
The things that I dream,
Things that I believe,
All the words I say,
All the things I've seen,
These things all make me.
These things all are me.

This is me

The Glass

by: Samuel Monthie

Beyond the glass, birds, squirrels, trees,
He watches them all intently.
A passerby, a wind-whirled debris
Rolling along the soft, damp leaves.
The meandering, the nameless roam
Along the road next to his home--
Exciting desire "if only I could go
And feel that breeze where it does blow
What an existence that may be,
To smell the grass, tranquillity!"
He rolls upon the tiled floor
And presses his paw upon the door.

Gnarled Hands

by: Joshua

“Uh, my head”, I mutter slowly getting up. I look around and notice I am in a small room with a bathroom in front of my bed, a small chair to my left, and a big window to my right. Out of the corner of my eye I see a young woman wearing white clothes pass the front door next to the the big window. I painfully wave my left hand and luckily she sees me. Right behind the young woman is a little red haired girl. The little girl is wearing a dress with every color on it. I look at her as she walks around the bed and sits in the chair to the left of me.

“Hello sir, do you know your name?” the nurse asks. She grabs out a pen and notebook as I respond “my name is Timothy Brown.” While the nurse writes my name down, the little girl reaches for my deformed hand. She grabs my hand, she holds it, thinks for a second, and shakes her head from side to side then lets my hand go. The nurse walks out and calls a doctor in. The little girl gets out of the chair and walks next to the window by the door.

Then a doctor comes into the room and starts to walk toward me. The doctor ask me “how old are you sir?” I look away from the girl and say “I am 84.” The doctor writes down my age and tells me “You have had a stroke. Mr. Brown, do you remember anything?” “No, I have a question though.” Both the nurse and doctor look at me. “Who is that little girl?” I ask pointing next to the door. They both look confused and then the nurse says “ I need to check on other patients” and walks out with the little girl following.

“Where is the little girl right now?” the doctor asks. “She just followed the nurse out” I respond. The doctor looks out the door in the direction the nurse went. The doctor glares at me, writes something down and ask me “have you seen that girl before?” “No, I haven’t seen her until now.” The doctor writes something else down and says “ok Mr. Brown, get yourself some sleep and I will check on you later.”

The doctor walks out of the room. I lay back down and fall asleep. I feel myself going into a deep slumber, it is very peaceful and then I see the little girl walking toward me. I stand knowing there is nothing to fear. She is wearing the exact same dress she was wearing earlier. She softly grabs my dry gnarled hands, looks up at me and smiles. I then realize she is my angel sent from heaven to bring me home. Beeeeeeep.

Sedimentary Layers

by: Tabitha Tomlinson

My layers are like those of a three million year old rock
Vast and plentiful, covered up over time
It would take a lot of digging
If you ever wanted to reach the first one
Because it has been so deeply buried beneath the others
Layer upon layer
Sediment upon sediment
So many years of hiding behind another mask
Another image of what I should be
So many years of piling one atop another
Just to hide who I am underneath
My layers are like those of a three million year old rock
Dig deep enough and you will uncover my origin
The truest form of myself
Hidden from this world that so loves to fill holes with dirt

Time to Stop Hiding

by: Tabitha Tomlinson

I am tired of hiding
Tired of being ignored
I am finally deciding
That my confidence must be restored

I'm not sure where it went
Or why it disappeared
But enough time has been spent
Enough of my identity has been smeared

It is time for me to break out
Of this shell I've lived in for so long
It's time to cast aside my doubt
And finally be strong

I can no longer rely
On this mask that hides my face
I cannot live this lie
And continue to let a stranger occupy my space

I have to let go
Of this specially created role
It's time for me to show
Who's really in control



Bird

by: Ellen Lavin

There was a bird flying high in the sky.
The flowers danced as he flew down by.
But as a swarm of leaves,
crashed him to his knees.
He decided to give walking a try.