

# Looking

## *Glass* 2020



**Schuylerville Central School District**

On  
The  
Cover



Archimedes Davis - Cold Heart - Grade 11 - Digital Photography



Chloe Kapsa - Weeping Willow - Grade 12 - Acrylic

**Looking Glass** is a journal of writings, illustrations and photography that represent the work of Schuylerville students in grades nine through twelve. We would like to thank all of the English and Art teachers who encouraged their students to submit entries.

For the most part, the students' writing is presented in its original form. However, in a few cases, the editors have made changes in the interest of achieving clarity while preserving individual student voices.

**LOOKING GLASS JUDGES**

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Abby Danna - Every Picture Tells A Story - Grade 12 - Digital Photography



Sophia Reuther - Nature's Takeover - Grade 12 - Acrylic

## DEAL FOR MY SOUL (EXERPT)

- Logan Bruno, Grade 9

Until that day, fear had been an idea, a concept. Now it was real- a feeling I would carry inside me for the rest of my life. The day began innocently enough, with a band playing at the local club. People were drinking and laughing from every direction. I listened to the band playing:

*Hey!*

*I say I'm Runnin' from the devil, tryin' to save my  
Soul  
He ain't gonna catch me 'cause I'm never too  
Slow  
I'm Runnin' from the devil, It's gettin' mighty hot  
Got to keep on truckin' because I'm on the spot  
I've got to get away, I've got to get away (Keep  
On runnin')*

Not my favorite but it was a good song. I walked over to the bar to get a drink when a man tapped me on the shoulder. He was wearing all black from head to toe and had his hood up covering his face. He stood out like a sore thumb compared to everyone else in T-shirts and dresses. He handed me a note that said:

Back alley 12:00 >:)

I asked the bartender if he knew who it was but he said he didn't recognize the man. I sat staring at that note trying to recall if I owed anyone money. I checked my watch. It read 11:50. The band finished their song:

*(When I catch you, it's all over)*

*I've got to get away, I've got to get away  
(Runnin' runnin' runnin' runnin')*

I walked out the door and down the dingy back alley looking for the guy out of sheer curiosity. The alley was your typical disgusting concrete ground and filthy brick walls. A cat knocked over a garbage can and sirens blared in the distance. This was a dangerous part of New York where people went missing or were found dead. Suddenly there were footsteps behind me.

A man stepped out in a black trench coat, black slacks and belt, black dress shoes, and a black bowler hat. His skin was the exact opposite being a ghostly pale.

"Where's the other guy?" I asked suspiciously.

The man looked confused for a moment. "Ah yes Andrew," he said gesturing behind two trash cans. I looked to see a decaying corpse sitting up against the corner. I whipped out my switchblade in panic.

"What did you do to him?" I demanded.

"Nothing," he said casually. "It looks like his heart finally failed him."

"That ain't a heart attack that killed him." I said taking a step back.

The man chuckled.

"Oh you'll understand soon enough," he explained. "You see he was supposed to bring me a man by the name of Azbogah, but brought me you instead. He must have thought you looked alike."

*(Continued on page 5)*



*(Continued from page 4)*

He kicked the dead man's foot.

"So you need to get him instead," he stated as if it were a matter of fact.

"I ain't gettin' caught up in whatever this is," I said taking another step back.

The man laughed an empty, joyless laugh.

"You don't have a choice," he said, grabbing me by the face.

I felt something being drained from my body. I tried to scream but I couldn't. I writhed and turned, feeling the pain of something being torn from my body. He took his hand away and I fell to the floor gasping. I felt strangely empty inside.

I looked at the man who was holding a dim white orb in his hand.

"What did you do to me?" I screamed.

"It's just collateral," he said, staring into the orb.

He put it in his coat pocket and looked down at me.

"What was that?" I asked, frightful for my life.

"It was your soul. If you want it back you have to find me Azbogah."

"Why should I do anything for you?" I shouted.

"Well you see your soul is like the glue for your body," he said, locking his fingers together. "Without it, your body will slowly fall apart like poor Andrew's did. On average you'll only have a week before one of your vital organs fails you," he said with a grin.

Three of my teeth fell out of my head.

"Ah looks like the process has already begun."

A light shined from a car down the alley. My shadow was cast on the wooden fence on the other side of the alley but the strange man had no shadow. It appeared that the light past right through him.

"Take this photo, you'll need it to find em'." He handed me a photo of a slim face, pale man with yellow eyes.

Someone shouted at me from the car, "Hey, what are you doing over there?" The stranger called to me. I couldn't see them over the bright lights in my face. I looked back to where the man was, but he was gone. There were burn marks on the concrete where he had stood. I looked back at the person.

"Stop right there!" the shouting man said as he started running towards me.

I looked down at the dead body leaning against the trash cans. I cursed under my breath and booked it to the wooden fence. It was a cop headed in an all out sprint towards me. I scrambled up the aging wood fence and threw myself over. I landed on a pile of trash bags that crunched under my weight.

I ran down the remaining alley way past two homeless people sitting on an old mattress. I looked back to see the officer jump the fence with incredible agility. I ran across the street hearing the honking of car horns and the screeching of brakes. I pushed past a construction team lifting the lid from a manhole and jumped down the hole. They dropped the lid back down in shock.

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(Continued from page 5)*

I fell about ten feet before smashing down on the concrete. I cried out in agony as I tried to collect myself in the pitch black. I heard a match light in the distance and saw a flicker of light. It slowly approached revealing the face of the strange man.

“Well, not even a minute into the search and you’ve already broken a rib.”

“I’m fine,” I said trying to stand.

“I should warn you that not only is your body naturally falling apart but it also can not heal itself.”

“Thanks for the tip,” I said sarcastically. “Where are we anyway?”

The match began to die so the strange man lit another. Then the flame grew larger, lighting the entire room. It was a damp ten foot tall and forty foot long tunnel with a dark doorway at the end.

“That leads to the main water filtration system control,” the man said pointing at the doorway. “You can use that to get outta’ town.”

“But what if the cops find me again?”

“There’s a small chance they could make out your features from that distance, but lie low just in case.”

He began to walk back into the darkness.

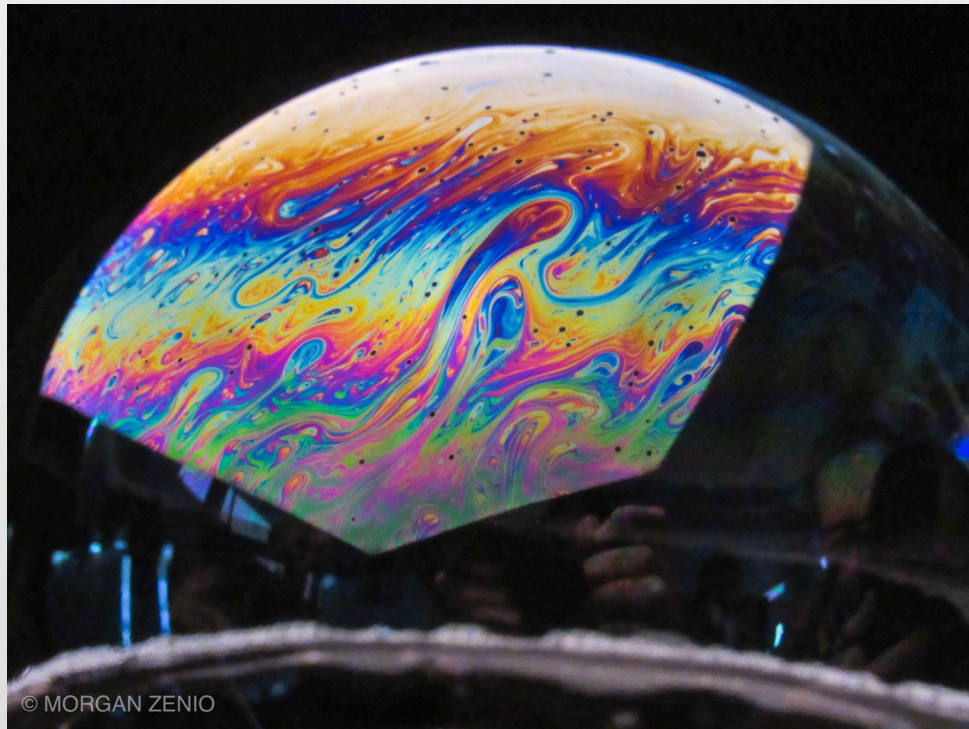
“Wait!” I called.

He froze in his tracks.

“How will I see down here?”

“Oh, of course.” He threw the box of matches in front of me and said, “take these but try to conserve them as long as possible.” He continued down the shadowy corridor. “You’ll only have so many,” his voice echoed eerily off the walls.

The match went out. I lit another and he was long gone leaving only a large burn mark on the dripping concrete wall. I stood grabbing my side. I lurched down the corridor lighting a match. I had a week to find this guy. One week to save my soul.



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**Morgan Zenio - Bubble Planet - Grade 11 - Digital Photography**

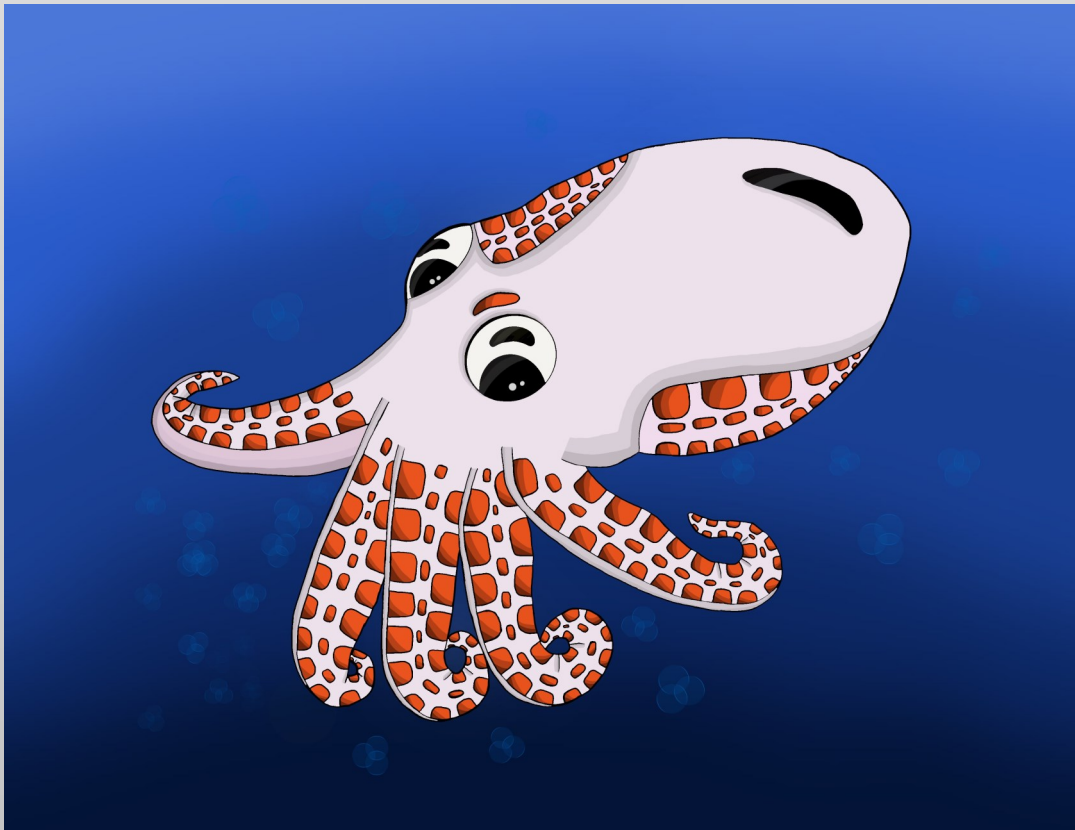


**Sydney Reuter - Spooky Room - Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**





**Anastasia Koumanis - Landscape - Grade 10 - Acrylic**



**Sydney Reuter - Your Best Friend - Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**



Andrew Conklin - Savannah - Grade 12 - Acrylic

## HEAR THE NOISE

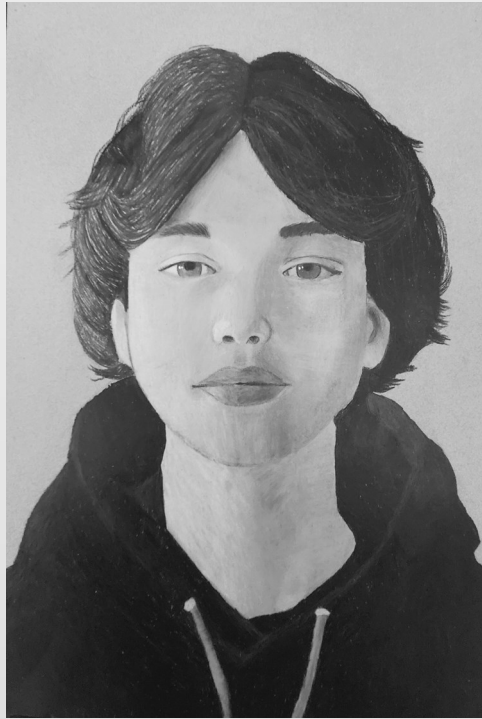
- Eliza Barton, Grade 10

*Rock and roll has had an impact on me  
Most people wouldn't agree  
I enjoy all the simple chords  
And I like all well placed words  
I like all the instruments there are  
My favorite ones are the drums, bass and guitar  
The music pulsates through my veins  
I feel the rhythm in my brains  
If I were in a rock and roll band  
We would travel all over the land  
We would be the greatest on the earth  
I feel like I finally know my worth*



Mackenzie Coleman - Max -  
Grade 12 - Prismacolor Pencil





**Carter Phillips - Self Portrait - Grade 9 - Prismacolor Pencil**



**Abigail Parnham - Mount Rainier - Grade 12 - Acrylic**





**Carleigh Yager - Smokey Mountains - Grade 10 - Acrylic**

## **DO NOT STAND ON MY DESK AND CRY**

**- Rebecca Brandt, Grade 10**

*Do not stand at my desk and cry,  
You "did your homework"—  
But did you try?*

*For a while you've been skating by,  
And your slow improvement—  
An utter lie,*

*You stand at my desk and wonder why—  
You failed the test,  
You can't deny,*

*I know of the knowledge you did not apply—  
The grade is not in—  
But your failure is nigh,*

*So don't stand at my desk and cry,  
Next time get off your butt—  
And actually try.*

## UNTITLED

- Evan Jeffords, Grade 12

It all started when she walked through the door. With her long blonde hair and her beautiful blue eyes, she made my heart skip a beat and I didn't even know her name. She was the new student in my school and she was beautiful. I just had to make her mine. I spent the rest of the day with her on my mind. She was like a song I couldn't get out of my head. Her name was Jackie. We had only two classes together, math and a study hall. My plan was to try to talk to her during study hall. The teacher had assigned seats and he put her next to me. It took me some courage to finally say something. I wasn't really sure what to say to her so I asked if she was the new girl.

She replied with "Yeah, my name is Jackie and I'm a little nervous. It's my first day."

I said, "Don't be, everyone here is pretty nice."

She said, "I can tell so far but what's your name."

"My name is John," I replied.

"That's a lovely name," she told me.

"Oh thanks, your's isn't half bad either," I said.

"So only half bad," she said with a beautiful smile.

"No, it's beautiful," I replied.

"There's this small restaurant some of us go to after school. You should come by today," I said. "I'll see you there," she replied playfully."

Right as the bell rang, we had to go to class. School couldn't go by any slower. I couldn't wait for the day to be over. She was on my mind every period. The classes just kept getting longer and longer. Finally, the last bell rang and I started to get all excited. I ran to the restaurant as fast as I could. When I opened the door, she was waiting for me.

I walked up to her and said, "You got here fast!"

"You got here slow," she replied.

"Have you ordered yet?" I asked.

"No, I don't really know what I want," she said.

When the food got to us we barely ate because we couldn't stop talking. We were there for two hours before she had to leave. We spent the whole time just talking. I remember getting home, running to my room, and jumping on my bed. I sat there for a while and thought she felt the same way. The next day in school I was excited to see her but she wasn't in study hall or math. I was kind of nervous because she missed the next day and the day after that. After three days I didn't think she was going to show but there she was just sitting like an angel.

I went up to her and asked, "So where have you been?"

"To be honest I got food poisoning from the restaurant," she replied.

"Oh wow! I'm sorry," I replied.



Carleigh Yager - Carnival Sunset - Grade 10 - Acrylic

## HE SAW RED

- Claire Pelletier-Hoblock, Grade 10

*He watched the sun dim,  
And galloped as he felt the wind blow cold,  
An easy target carrying precious cargo,  
The enemy waved red and yellow big and bold.*

*The only thing keeping him awake,  
Was the constant sounds of gunshots,  
So loud it was like his ears were bleeding,  
Only one more week until he leaves this spot.*

*But he wasn't alone in battle,  
With an officer on his back,  
He galloped fast toward the mountain,  
They were ready to attack.*

*And running out of war,  
His mission was complete,  
He would go down in history,  
As a horse who was elite.*

*But as he ran back to safety,  
He felt pain in his head,  
He would've been a hero,  
But all he saw was red.*

## UNTITLED 1

- Abigail Parnham, Grade 12

*128.6 miles away.  
679,008 feet apart.  
8,148,096 inches cut off.  
I miss you.*

*You have only been gone for a day,  
but that day will turn to two,  
Then to three,  
And soon to four.*

*You won't come back,  
Months will pass,  
I won't see you anymore.  
You will grow,*

*Make friends,  
And fall in love.  
You will achieve great things,  
And maybe one day we'll meet again.*

*But until that day,  
my heart will ache,  
And tears will fly.  
But I know it's for the best,*

*So for now we say goodbye.*





Chasity Collins - Ocean - Grade 11 - Acrylic

## THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

- Kya Merchant, Grade 11

*Sadness corrupts the world.  
More times than not, people are sad, not happy.  
Why is that you may ask?  
Maybe it's because people can't cope; maybe it's because they haven't  
found the light.  
No, I don't mean the light people claim to see when they go to heaven.*

*I mean the silver lining.  
The good in the bad; the bad in the good.  
The light is there and sometimes it may be hard to see, but there is a light  
in every tunnel.*

*I call this light appreciation.  
Appreciation for the fact that you can feel the sun beam down your back  
when you walk, on a hot summer day.  
The sand between your toes as you walk down the beach.  
The moonlight when you walk on a dark night, because no matter how dark  
it gets at night the moon always comes out.  
Mother nature and her ways of turning summer to fall; then to winter; back  
to spring; then back to summer.*

*Everywhere you look, the light is shining around you, sometimes its harder  
to find than others.  
But it's there telling you to keep pushing.  
To keep trying.*



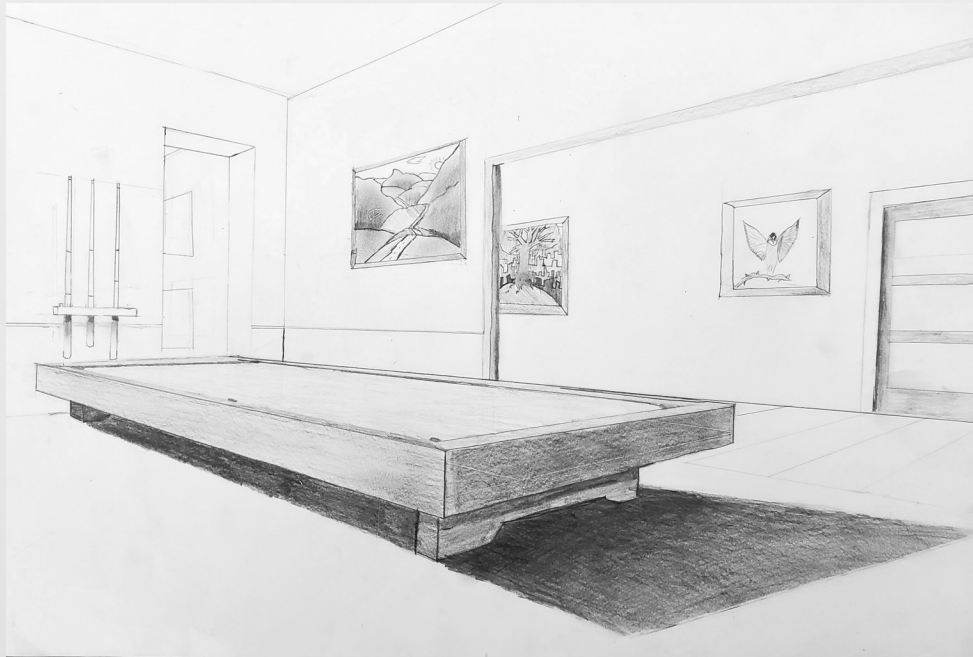
Chloe Bartholomew - Raining Beauty - Grade 10 - Acrylic

## REPLY

- Michaela Moriarty, Grade 11

*Something we call memories.  
 The split second time flips back for a split moment,  
 And you see when you were the happiest once again.  
 Back to when it seemed the wind was so warm,  
 That you could lie in Arctic water,  
 And still be sweating after you get out.  
 Or that summer night,  
 Where all you did was walk down your road humming a melody that was stuck inside your head.  
 Instances that the mind tends to remember,  
 Even if we don't ask it to.  
 It seems the more we force it,  
 The harder it is to remember those special moments.  
 The ones we cherish so deep in our hearts.  
 The ones we can replay in our minds over and over.*





**Conagher Blackwood - Game Room - Grade 10 - Pencil**



**Teagan Andrews - Big Bend National Park - Grade 12 - Acrylic**





Emily Oakes - Sea Turtle - Grade 11 - Prismacolor Pencil

## AUBURN

- Sheyenne Gebauer, Grade 11

*Red, the warmest of colors and orange comfort heats the heart.*

*As the red lights the sky,*

*The last of voluminous clouds aflame, diffusing in the sanguine sunset.*

*Crimson shadows loom above.*

*Auburn leaves cascading around, slowly descending in the wind.*

*A tornado of color and scents of fall mix with pleasantly intoxicating musk in the fibers of his clothes.*

*The smell sparks fire in my heart and a longing within.*

*Looking, admiring marmalade freckles scattered lighter in his cheeks,*

*Speckled above a soft layer of rose red blush that spreads from within his neck and spans across his peachy skin.*

*Scanning with passionate irises, his tender gaze sweeps my relaxed form and the way he moves closer,*

*A confirmation that mere inches was still too far.*

*In those last millimeters between a desperately urgent lip lock,*

*A three word vow was smothered between pink kisses.*



**Ian Bailey - Figure Drawing -  
Grade 9 - Pencil**



**Lauren Bilinski - Big Splash -  
Grade 11 - Digital Photography**



**Chloe Bartholomew - Serenity - Grade 10 - Acrylic**

# YOU

- Michaela Moriarty, Grade 11

*Hello, they say.  
Well hello, the other says.  
Based on the connection between us,  
We can feel how the other is.  
Like right now,  
I can feel you're relaxed but conflicted.  
There are so many ideas going through your head,  
That you are so caught up on.  
You're allowing yourself to be drowned by your thoughts.  
I'm aware of how stuck to that feeling you are.  
Like no matter what happens, you will always be stuck in thought,  
And it will never end.  
But let me ask you something,  
Are you constantly feeling stuck?  
And being something people call "human"?  
That is a feeling that is way too familiar,  
But let me tell you, it passes.  
Just like the rain falling out of the sky,  
And the sun rising in the early morning.  
Whether it's beautiful or not, it'll pass.  
New times await you,  
So don't get so caught up in yourself.  
In these times you should really just be you.  
I'm not exactly sure what I can do to help you,  
Or make this feeling go away,  
But I do know I'll be right by your side the whole way.  
Even when these thoughts scatter,  
I'll still be right here.  
So when they come back,  
You can lean on me once again.  
I can sense how truly astounding you are.  
So let me give you a bit of advice,  
Whether these times are bad or good,  
You are okay to feel it out.  
Just don't let yourself get devoured by your mind.  
You are you.  
So enjoy being you while you can.*





Lulu Burkowski - Night Lights - Grade 11 -Digital Drawing



## THE HEALER

- Samantha Diehl, Grade 12

Walking home has never been my favorite thing, especially in winter. Winter in Maine is honestly one of the most disgusting and brutal things you could ever experience. As of right now, it is five degrees out and I am walking home. My school is about a ten minute walk from my house. This doesn't sound too bad but it is so cold that my eyelashes are frozen. I could probably scare a child with how I look right now because I look like Jack Frost about to steal Christmas away. The only difference between us is that he gets to walk in a winter wonderland with beautiful white snow. Instead, I get to walk in brown slush that was pushed onto the sidewalks by our town's plow trucks. As I keep pushing my feet through the path of slush, I can feel the cold water starting to seep into my black boots and my socks take in all of the moisture. There is no saving my feet anymore; they will have to fall off due to the cold. I keep pushing along though because I would rather they fall off in the safety of my own home. I was not far from home when it finally happened. A large truck with rather large wheels finally hit a puddle on the side of the road, and all of the slush flies up with a torpedo like speed. I duck for cover under my winter jacket and I throw my body away from the slush. I can feel the jacket get torpedoed against my back.

"It always has to be me," I grumble as I pick myself up from the hunched position.

"Woah Brewer did you see that?" The regular enthusiastic voice from a certain curly haired brunette called from behind me.

My eyes do the routine thing every time the brunette somehow appears behind me every single walk home. I simply roll my eyes. I don't know how I never even noticed that her footsteps always follow behind me every day. It isn't that I don't listen; probably more that I choose not to recognize her behind me.

"Brewer, you can't ignore me forever. I could feel the weight of your eyes roll." She yelled after me as I slipped into my Tudor style house's wooden door.

As I slowly close the door I can feel her eyes still on me so I give a quick sarcastic smile and wave goodbye. As I feel my body start to go into shock from the heat in my house, I slowly start to take off my layers. The wet ones go straight into the wash and the dry ones go onto the hooks by the door. I don't bother yelling I'm home because I can already hear my mom singing along to the Christmas music on the radio and the smell of her baking wafting through the house. My mom has always been a marvelous cook and baker. Lucky for me she works from home, so she can do a lot of it. I should have taken a couple minutes to make my way into the kitchen. As I round the corner from my foyer, there stood my black haired mother dancing wildly whilst singing into a whisk microphone. Rudolph would be proud of how far his songs have gone. While my mom finished her concert I got comfortable on the barstool and started on my first of many cookies. As soon as the song ended my mom smiled warmly at me.

"Hey honey. How was school?" she asked in such a soft voice it was almost hard to hear her.

"Hi momma. It was good. The same old same old," I say right before starting on my second cookie.

*(Continued on page 22)*

*(Continued from page 21)*

That's the end of the conversation before she starts on a new task. We parted ways and I start my journey to the couch to do homework. The dark blue couch is pushed up against the wall under the front window, with the Christmas tree directly diagonal from it in the corner closest to the kitchen. On the fireplace, all of our small decorations sit along with our elf on the shelf. The stockings are hung right under those which make my house look like the backdrop of a Christmas photo shoot. My house could probably be the house that a Hallmark movie takes place in. My family could probably be the family in the Hallmark movie. Every year we take one whole Saturday as a family to set up all of our Christmas decorations inside and outside of the house. Here I sit in the Christmas wonderland doing my calculus. I'm in a state of peace until I'm scared out of it by a knock on our door. I hopped out of my comfortable position, and to my surprise, there stood the brunette smiling like a dork.

"Courtney, you are seriously going to catch a case. Stalking is illegal, did you know that?" I laugh as I start to close the door.

My plan to close the door and ignore it was going well until she put her hand on the door. I'm not going to slam her hand in the door and break her body. Then I would be the one catching a case.

"Wait, wait, wait, you need to hear me out," she is still smiling.

I push my door back open and put my hands on my hips. There is a thick silence in between us as I wait for her to open her mouth again. She opens and closes her mouth about ten times before a noise even comes out of her black hole of a mouth.

"Well, I have a proposal." She moved her gaze from me to the floor and stopped speaking again.

"I don't know if you knew but we can't get married because we aren't above eighteen years old," I sarcastically say to cut the air.

She only chuckled a bit before continuing in a quiet voice, that if you aren't listening for, you might have missed it. She was playing with her hands and wouldn't look at me. I couldn't help but to think that something was wrong. As if she needed saving from me.

"Do you want to hang out with me?" she asked. Hang out? She wants to hang out with me? She just wasted my time asking to hang out.

I roll my eyes and open the door more. As I step to the side to let her in my house, she doesn't move. I move my hand in a swishing motion to direct her inside. As she walks in, I walk to the kitchen to tell my mom that Courtney would be staying for dinner. My mom tries to hide her shock as I tell her, but she very much failed. Instead of explaining why, I go back to where Courtney is taking off her coat. She seems lost but that's expected when she's at someone else's house.

"Why do you want to hang out with me so much that you follow me home?" I chuckle as I say this because it's just so ridiculous to think about.

She shrugged her shoulders and remained silent. I take this as the best answer I will get and I start our walk to my bedroom upstairs. This time she takes the hint and follows closely behind me, so close that her foot was under my foot as soon as I stepped up to the next step. When I pushed open the door to my bedroom, she finally spoke in a normal tone.

*(Continued on page 23)*

*(Continued from page 22)*

“This is more quaint and calm than I remembered. Last time I was here, it was dark and you refused to turn a light on,” she said seeming shocked.

“Yeah you don’t need to remind me of that. We decided not to talk about that I thought?” Now it was my turn to be quiet.

We move into my room and close the door behind us. I sit on the bed and she sits in my desk chair. For a solid minute, we sit there in silence. We would occasionally look at each other and give an awkward smile.

“So why are you really here?” I ask finally trying to break some ice.

“I wanted to talk.” She paused for a second and moved her eyes back to her feet. “What are we?”

“What do you mean? We are nothing Courtney.” I said in a cold tone while pushing my feet to cross.

She pushed herself out of the chair and walked out. I don’t know what other answer she wanted from me. I wasn’t going to lie to her and say we are something. We are nothing. That is the truth. As I heard the front door close, I almost felt a pain in my heart. Not like a heart attack pain, but a feelings pain. I didn’t intend to hurt her. I never wanted to hurt her, yet somehow I did. Everything takes me back to when we were best friends and I kissed her. I thought it was the right thing to do. Apparently it was the right thing to do, but I handled everything after wrong. I completely cut her out. I gave her no explanation or a goodbye. I feel constant guilt for that day and I can’t help but be upset when I see her. Watching her walk down the sidewalk away from my house, a part of me hopes she follows me home from school again tomorrow.

The next day, as I’m walking to school, I have a strong gut feeling. My stomach hurts and a part of me is saying that I shouldn’t go to school today. I have a test in calculus though, so staying home is not an option. As I glide across the ice that was formed from the brown slush freezing overnight, I keep thinking about yesterday. It’s inevitable to hide from the fact that I hurt the person I cared most about. After my fifteen minutes of freezing, I finally get to the front doors of the school. It takes everything in me to pull the door open because my mind is yelling at me to not do it. I pull it open anyways. A gust of heat hits me from inside the school. It’s always so hot, even in the summer. As I walk to my classes every period, I feel the churning in my stomach. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, so I figure I’m just sick. During my second to last class of the day, my stomach is feeling extra horrible so I figure I should have the common decency to go to the bathroom to vomit. As I’m walking to the bathroom, the sound of footsteps running catches my attention from behind. There stands Courtney in an empty hallway running to me.

“Court, why do you keep following me?” I yell at her from about five feet away.

All she did was put her finger to her lips to suggest I be quiet. I don’t know why she’s telling me to be quiet. She finally gets to me after what feels like minutes of confusion. She grabbed my arm and started pulling me. I tried to pull my arm away but she had a tight grip on it. She pulled me into the janitors closet that’s tucked so far away that it looks hidden. As she tries to shove me in, I resist.

*(Continued on page 24)*

*(Continued from page 23)*

“Dude, what are you doing?” I say in a rather annoyed tone as I push against her force.

She eventually gave up and I start to walk back to the bathroom. The pain in my stomach grows and my heart starts pounding. I can tell something isn’t right. That’s when I heard a familiar sound that shouldn’t be heard in school. I figured it was outside though. Three pops echoed through the halls. They are loud and worse than nails on a chalkboard. Two more pops echoed through the hall sounding like they are getting closer. Gunshots are echoing through my school’s hallways and I’m suddenly running back to the closet. I pound on the door for Courtney to unlock it. After what felt like hours, she flung the door open and pulled me in. The door gets locked again and she and I sit against the farthest wall from the door, hiding behind everything and anything we can. We are close and I can feel my stomach about to give out. It felt like hours but finally the popping starts. Tears are streaming down my face as we hear the police screaming at the gunman to put his hands up and his weapon down. After about an hour we call the police to see if we are being released yet. They finally come to get us after about 15 minutes of looking for us. We walk down the hall, hand in hand, tears running down our faces and our bodies shaking. My mother is calling and texting me frantically. As I click the green answer button I instantly hear her crying voice.

“Honey? Are you safe? What happened? Where are you?” She rapidly fires out questions and I answer all of them with a shaky voice.

I told her I will be walking home with Courtney and that I feel I need the fresh air. We take a silent 15 minute walk back to my house. We never let go of each other’s hands for even a second. We entered my wooden front door as my mother took both of us into her hands. She later gave me the details that nobody was hurt, and it was a senior boy. She will not release the name in respect for the family though. It relieved me to know that nobody was hurt. I’m still shaken up though.

“Mom, I know you’re worried. I’m shaken up though and I would like to go rest for a bit.” I said in an almost whisper as I hugged my mother.

Courtney followed me upstairs as she did the day before. She hasn’t spoken a word since we went into the closet. She keeps gripping my hand despite where we are or what is going on. Her phone hasn’t rang and she has yet to text or call anybody. Instead she sits on my bed as if it were her own. I sat next to her and lay my head on her shoulder in an attempt to comfort her.

“Should you call your parents?” I say as I continue to stare ahead at my wall.

“I tried, but she didn’t answer. I also texted her. Can I stay here?” She whispered back.

I nodded my head. We stayed like this for hours. We stayed silent and avoided any form of communication. Eventually the sun went down and the world was black. Her phone had yet to ring back but at this point, I think we preferred it that way. Every noise caught our attention whether it was outside or inside. My mom didn’t yell up to say dinner was ready. She came up and told us as quietly as she could in the hope of not startling us. Her knock shook us out of a daze and we sat at a silent dinner table trying to eat what our stomachs did not want. Nobody finished their dinner that night. We walked back up the stairs after telling my mom goodnight and took turns changing into pajamas. For the first second since we left the school, I was able to smile. Courtney stood in my room wearing one of my shirts and a pair of pajama shorts. I’m not going to lie and say that she didn’t look pretty cute because she did.

*(Continued on page 25)*



*(Continued from page 24)*

That night we didn't get much sleep. We sat in silence with the occasional question of whether the other one is awake or not. We were always awake. We sat staring at the ceiling while holding each other in between the blankets that protected us from harm. Every time we closed our eyes we saw what we didn't want to. We saw what could have happened if the cops didn't get there fast enough. When we finally fell asleep, we were woken up by nightmares. We kept each other safe that night and the nights following until we were able to fall asleep on our own. Even then, we kept each other safe.

We are always healing from things that should have never happened. No matter how big or small we are always healing. It's the idea that our brains have to fix themselves so we can continue to exist in this life. Our brains automatically start healing. We need someone else to give us a push to help us on the road to healing. Courtney is that person for me. She was there to push me to heal, and I was there for her. We are each others' healer.



**Michael Gale - Flag At Sunset - Grade 12 - Digital Photography**



**Kya Merchant - Lunch - Grade 11 - Prismacolor Pencil**



**Jasper Morrison - Heiwade Cat Peace - Grade 12 - Digital Drawing**

## Violin

- Erika Gifford, Grade 12

*I hear the joy,  
As the violin is played like a toy.  
As easily as a guitar is strummed,  
I hear the violin's hum.  
Blinded by the light's heat,  
While continuing with every beat.  
The overwhelmingly beautiful feeling,  
as I feel my heart healing,  
With the relief as the last note is played,  
And I can finally say 'hooray'.*

## LOS ANGELES

- Abby Danna, Grade 12

Los Angeles, California, is known as a beautiful city with lovely views, bright lights, and for making all your dreams come true. Well, from my experience of a week long vacation there, I've noticed some pros and cons of living in Los Angeles. Although this city has many dreamy and amazing parts, some parts are not amazing. Here are my thoughts.

The city of Los Angeles is beautiful and fun. There's lots of great things about it. From touring the Hollywood Hills to hiking, shopping and local beaches, it's hard to become bored with this city. The climate is also pleasant just about all year long. The summers stay at about ninety degrees or below and the winters reach an average of sixty degrees. The food is amazing. Given the fact that Los Angeles is so sought out for visiting or living, the best of the best food is available. Attractions here that are a must include the Hollywood Walk of Fame, Santa Monica Pier, Malibu Beach, and Rodeo Drive. In terms of shopping, they have all of the luxury stores you can think of. This includes Chanel, Louis Vuitton, Versace, Cartier, Burberry, Fendi, Dior, and many more. These shops are located on the famous Rodeo Drive. These are great factors of Los Angeles which make it very appealing.

Though Los Angeles has wonderful parts to it, there are some downsides. To start off, the larger population does cause problems. Traffic can be horrific in this city. Getting from place to place isn't very quick or easy. If you decide to take your car a few miles out of the way, it may take hours. Another issue with this large population is housing. If you are planning on moving here, you most likely won't have too much privacy. Since the area is so populated, neighborhoods and apartments can be extremely close together. This can leave you with small square footage in order to compensate. In terms of achieving your biggest dreams, there are plenty of others in this city hoping to do the same. In fact, too many. Los Angeles, being known as a place of fame and fortune, has its limits. Aside from this, if you don't make it at whatever it is you are trying to achieve, you will need to have a job that will provide you with enough money. Since Los Angeles is so sought after, the pricing for housing especially can be expensive.

If Los Angeles seems like it does fit you, go for it! There are plenty of desirable aspects to it. But if the cons just won't fit your lifestyle, I would recommend a trip there just to experience the beautiful sights and luxurious lifestyles.



## THE FOUNTAIN

- Hollie Munson, Grade 12

I walked down the deserted street. It was a cold crisp fall night. Not a star in the pitch black sky. I was all alone. I shivered from the chill of the wind and my nose ran from the cold. I pulled my thin jacket closer to me as I marched along heading home. Well what I thought was my way home. I have never walked home in the dark before so everything seemed strange. Like I had gone into a shadow realm, same as my own but somehow different. The road seemed to have more pathways hidden in the shadows along the road.

I turned the corner on the road to my house and noticed something that wasn't there before. An overflowing garden full of the most extravagant plants you could ever imagine. Every rose was perfect, every Lilly was white as snow. The grass was perfectly cut to a centimeter high. The trees were trimmed back; not overgrown like the ones in Central Park. They seemed to sparkle, not from the street lamps or the dim moon, but from the leaves themselves. I looked up and the stars had come back. No pitch black sky but millions upon billions of twinkling stars danced before my eyes. They seemed to float down from the heavens and swirl around in my gaze. Everything seemed to twinkle like the stars.

I was pulled from my daze by a gust of icy cold wind. I turned in the direction it was racing. In the middle of the beautiful, perfect garden was a dark purple fountain. So overtaken by vines, you could barely see it. I walked closer to it, intrigued, and felt another gust of bone chilling wind. I pulled my thin jacket tighter around me and stepped closer to the ominous fountain. I could start to make out carvings on the sides. Stars, circles and what looked like people dancing underneath them in some form of ritual. They reminded me of children's drawings. This time the gust of wind came out of the fountain. More skin chilling then the last. Suddenly the bone dry structure spurted a little water, then whoosh. Out came running water from the fountain as if someone had unclogged the pipes. I jumped back startled from the running water, but I did not run away. The rush of the icy liquid only called upon my curiosity further. It smelled like the ocean: salty and crisp. I took a step closer and sat on the cold edge, making my butt instantly numb. I could hear a hum coming from the water. It did not sound like a pump, but a soft gentle voice. I leaned forward to peer over the edge. I couldn't see my reflection or any of the stars. The water was blacker than the city sky and looked velvety smooth. The water was not even rippling.

I bent over more and reached out my hand to touch the water. The water was surprisingly warm and it felt just as silky smooth as it looked, like sticking your hand in liquid silk. I couldn't see my hand through the dark water but the warmth seemed to snake up my arm and spread throughout my body. I was entranced. I tried pulling my hand out of the water but I couldn't. It was stuck beneath the dark smooth surface of the warm water. The smooth water trapped me, though I felt strangely calm. The warmth was like a parasite controlling my body. I felt a sleepiness fall over me. My eyes shut and I fell into the pool, becoming the monsters latest victim. Swallowed whole by the fountain, never to live again.



**Livia Sorgie - Nature's Wonder - Grade 11 - Acrylic**



**Phoenix Stewart - Nightmare -  
Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**



**Anthony Luzadis - Figure Drawing -  
Grade 9 - Pencil**



Lulu Burkowski - Shadow -  
Grade 11 - Digital Drawing



Eva Drohobycky - Flourish -  
Grade 12 - Digital Drawing

## MEOW, MEOW

- Maggie Schwartz, Grade 10

*Meow meow-  
Jumping to and fro-  
You might think they're crazy-  
They enjoy it though-*

*Licking his paws-  
Wiping his face-  
Repeating each step-  
With care and grace-*

*Sleeping all day-  
Up all night-  
Longing for someone-  
To hug them tight-*

*With fluffy orange fur-  
As beautiful as a butterfly-  
He looks at me gently-  
And then starts to cry-*

*Sad he is not-  
For he longs to be pet-  
But will look at me gently-  
And say "Don't stop yet"-*





**Makenzie Harrington - Yosemite - Grade 10 - Acrylic**

## **SARAH FROM SOUTH AFRICA**

**- Claire Pelletier-Hoblock, Grade 10**

*Her name was Sarah from South Africa,  
And she sailed the seas,  
Always on the move,  
You could hear her voice from miles away,  
It gave you comfort- she was near.*

*With her wild personality,  
She was never seen without a smile,  
That contained dark red lipstick,  
That matched her dark red shirt,  
The sun reflecting off her blonde hair.*

*We played games in the afternoon,  
But it was formal at night,  
She would come out in an alluring dress,  
Always with a bow on her wrist,  
Those were the nights that everyone dressed fancy.*

*I waved goodbye as I was leaving,  
Knowing I'll never see her again,  
Only memories remain,  
Her name may have been Sarah from South Africa,  
But I called her Saffie.*



Reagan Hutchinson - Bubble World - Grade 11 - Digital Photography

## RAISED BY THE MORGAN HORSE

- Allison Peek, Grade 10

*I was raised by values higher than the kid next to me,  
Waking up at "the crack of dawn" to go do barn chores.  
The non-stop determination that we all had working with horses.*

*I was raised by the "suck it up buttercup" kinda attitude  
The fall off your horse and get back on expectations  
And the "do it again until it's perfect" work ethic.*

*I was raised by the horse that would put its life on the line.  
The horse that had the smooth gait and attitude.  
The horse that would do anything and everything.*

*I was raised by the seventeen hour work day.  
The fun nights and golf cart races.  
The spotlight of the shows and the happy familiar faces.*

*I was raised by the "blue collar industry".  
The work that was rewarding without the money.  
A kind of job that makes you stay up at night.*

*I was raised by the old slippery saddle.  
The kind of equipment that was as old as my parents.  
A love so strong for the sport that it would hold a lifetime.*

*I was raised by an appreciation for anything and everything.  
A "live in the moment" kind of rider.  
The sit back and ride harder kind of rider.*

*I was raised by the little bay horse that picked up his feet higher and higher.  
The little horse that could go anywhere in the show ring.  
The little horse that made my heart grow bigger and bigger.*

*I was raised by a Morgan horse.*

## ALFRED AND GERTRUDE

- Hollie Munson, Grade 12

“Oh my god, I just love your boots,” Gertrude said jokingly as she gave her friend, Alfred’s shoes a light squeeze. Alfred had accidentally slipped on a banana peel, lovingly thrown into the hallway, and toppled into Gertrude. She landed with her hands on his man boots. You know, the stereotypical storyline of an anime romance. Alfred felt bad for his size; he practically crushed her with his weight. He struggled to his feet and helped Gertrude up with one swift pull. She was wheezing slightly.

Haha, sorry Gertrude,” Alfred nervously chuckled, blushing. His heart fluttered slightly at Gertrude’s beautiful laugh. Despite her name, she was more beautiful than Aphrodite. She had gorgeous curly blonde hair and a slim tan figure. While Alfred would be described as a marshmallow that someone messily glued brown hair and a face to. His stature was intimidating for romance so he kept his feelings to himself. Especially since his crush just said she likes his boots. It was not his fault however. Alfred was accident prone. Always slipping in mud on the dirty school floor or tripping up the stairs. This would land him in a cast unable to exercise for weeks at a time. This combined with his overeating disorder created a hot mess.

“Trying to get the feel on me huh? Well gotcha!” Gertrude laughed triumphantly “I am the shoe pervert now!” she joked, still laughing her butt off in the crowded hallway. No one stopped to help them gather their things or see if they were okay. People just kept walking in the dingy, loud hallway in a rush to get from nowhere to nowhere.

“Oh my god stop it,” Alfred huffed with a darker blush. He scooped up the evil banana peel and threw it in the nearby trash.

“Ooo someone is in a mood now,” Gertrude smirked. Alfred prepared for the teasing of his life. “Can’t handle someone as fabulous as me feeling you up?” she grinned, flipping her hair over her shoulder.

“Please stop,” Alfred said even more embarrassed as he scooped up his scattered books. His knees were becoming rather sore from landing on them. He couldn’t imagine how Gertrude felt having a dense marshmallow fall on her.

“Oh you love it.” Gertrude smiled making a rather embarrassed Alfred roll his eyes. He could see now she had a slight limp as she was starting to walk in the direction of her class. “Well, I’ll see you later,” she said and skipped away. Alfred was in a bit of a daze from the whole situation. Then the bell rang. He was late for class.

“Today is the day,” Gertrude grinned, jumping on Alfred who blushed as his crush was basically giving him a hug from behind.

“It’s your birthday, right?” he asked, then felt for the card in his pocket. Gertrude nodded and then before Alfred could hand the card to her, she was being whisked off by a gaggle of friends. Alfred sighed and pulled the birthday card out. His swirly girly handwriting was written across the envelope and on the inside. “I’ll just give it to her later” he said out loud to himself. He looked up and watched her. She was beaming from all the jokes and birthday wishes. No time for the marshmallow with nice boots right now. Alfred slowly sulked away.

*(Continued on page 34)*



*(Continued from page 33)*

He was still holding the birthday card and considering the worth of the contents inside. “Would she even care?” he asked. He had poured out his feelings into that card. Just for his best friend. Just for his crush. He sighed wanting to chuck it into a fire and forget about it. She wouldn’t want it anyway. Alfred sunk defeated and started to sulk away. “Hey, is that for me?” A soft voice called behind him. It was Gertrude. Alfred blushed and tried to hide the card but it was too late as Gertrude had grabbed it and ripped open the envelope. Alfred felt like he was going to burst into tears from embarrassment and ran away to go hide. Despite being a marshmallow he was quite fast. However, he didn’t get very far before Gertrude found him. “Did you mean every word?” she asked him.

“Y-Yeah” Alfred stuttered, not being able to make eye contact with her. He braced himself for the rejection. “This was a bad idea,” he thought.

“I never knew,” Gertrude’s voice soft as silk. She cupped his face and turned it so he was forced to look at her. To Alfred’s surprise, instead of disgust on her face there was a warm smile. She leaned in and kissed him.



**Angelina Parello - Kitchen - Grade 9 - Pencil**

## LETTER SENT FROM THE BATTLE FIELD

- Jamie Sousie, Grade 12

Jason West, a 20 year old soldier, had soft brown eyes and beautiful brown hair. He had a pure white smile that could make anyone happy when they saw it. Jason has a wife named Alice with a two month old daughter named Laci. Jason was deployed a couple of months after his daughter was born. It hurt him like hell to have to leave so soon. But he knew his country needed him. He believed that leaving would be his way of protecting his family and the people. A few days later, Jason arrived.

\*one month later\*

Suddenly a rude loud alarm went off. It sounded as if a tiger was roaring in your ear.

Jason wakes up and flings himself out of bed. All of the soldiers and he gets dressed quickly. The general comes into the room. "ATTENTION!" the General announces. The men line up in front of their beds with great posture. The General orders them to get ready for their obstacles.

Jason and all the men go to the obstacles and begin. They have been put on a timer to beat their last time. Jason's time was 4:17:53. He does everything he can do to beat that time. Jason runs over tiers, crawls under barbed wire and climbs a wall while he gets soaked in sweat. Jason manages to beat his time by a minute.

A few days later the war begins. All the men and women are in their uniforms getting ready for action. They rush to their spots and start taking cover. A few moments later gunshots are firing. Men and women are dying. People get injured. The war manages to continue for five days. During that time Jason and all the soldiers are exhausted, worn out, but they don't let themselves stop from winning the war. They don't show weakness. They get stronger. They fight for not only their lives but for every single life in the United States.

While in the middle of the war, Jason manages to make time to write a letter to his wife and his 3 month old daughter. He tells them everything that has been happening in this letter.

"Dear my love,

It has been crazy this past month. We had a lot of training. Also, we had an unexpected war happen a few days ago. Unfortunately we are still at war. I can't explain how much I miss you and Laci. You girls mean the absolute world to me. I'll be home before you know it. Only a few more weeks and then I can come home. I'm so excited to see you and Laci. You girls have been on my mind non stop. You and Laci are the only things keeping me going. But, like I said, hopefully I can come home very soon. I love you so much.

~ love, Jason"

Jason sends out the letter. But, it takes a while for the letter to reach his family's house. Another day in the war and the letter is still on its way. Shots continue to fire. Jason runs for cover, but doesn't make it in time. Jason gets shot in the lower chest and goes into shock. He drops to the ground gasping for air. A male soldier drags him to safety trying to keep him alive, putting pressure on the wounded area.

*(Continued on page 36)*

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The male soldier said, "Stay with me Jason, come on man just a bit longer!" The war has finally ended. The enemies have all died. As Jason is still trying to catch his breath, the male soldier yells, "Help! Soldier down!" The doctor who helps the soldiers rushes Jason to a room to try and keep Jason alive. He gasps for his last breath. Unfortunately he does not make it. Jason's eyes start to close.

A day later, the letter was delivered. The service men go to Jason's house and rang the doorbell. They stand with great posture holding an American flag folded up. Alice opens the door and is extremely confused. The men start to tell her what happened. Alice starts to go blank and spaces out. They hand her the flag. She drops to her knees crying, but one of the men catches her. Her heart breaks as she starts to hyperventilate not believing what the men have told her.

"My love, I will see you again.." Alice cried out as she looked up to the sky.

## COLORS

- Sheyenne Gebauer, Grade 11

*Red.*

*A color that resembles love,  
But also a bloody pain.  
Both derived from passion.*

*Orange.*

*A color so creative and inspiring,  
Yet disregarded as two faced.  
Lost in the crowd of warm pigments.*

*Yellow.*

*A burst of happiness and enthusiasm,  
However, every sun sets at the end of the day,  
Darkening in depression.*

*Green.*

*An appealing stimulation of fresh cut grass,  
A lovely complementary to a cut of gushing red.  
An unlikely pair in your to-do list for the day.*

*Blue.*

*So many waves and no one to interrupt them,  
But also a crashing of mental tides,  
An end to the perseverance of happiness.*

*Purple.*

*The bag of grapes you ate whole in a half hour.  
The impulsive decisions that avoid the shower.  
A melancholy acceptance of sloth and gluttony.*

*Grey.*

*A rather versatile choice  
Simple, quiet, mixed in.  
It's as if it never had a voice.*

*White.*

*So bright and delicate, innocent and pure.  
But forgetful and bland in the festivities of life.  
Just an example of how absent the mind has become.*

*Black.*

*A representative of strength and authority,  
But even power is overwhelming.  
The emotions mix, and disarray steals the show.*





**Mary Murphy - Steve - Grade 11 - Prismacolor Pencil**

## FOOT

- Hollie Munson, Grade 12

*I am a big old foot  
100 feet long and 50 feet tall  
I've got big hairy knuckles and I don't smell like fruit  
But I think I'm pretty enough to go to a ball*

*High up in the hills where the fairies live  
A grand castle sits welcoming all beauties near and far  
So I went thinking I would get in as I followed the birds above  
Only to be rejected and have my heart fall*

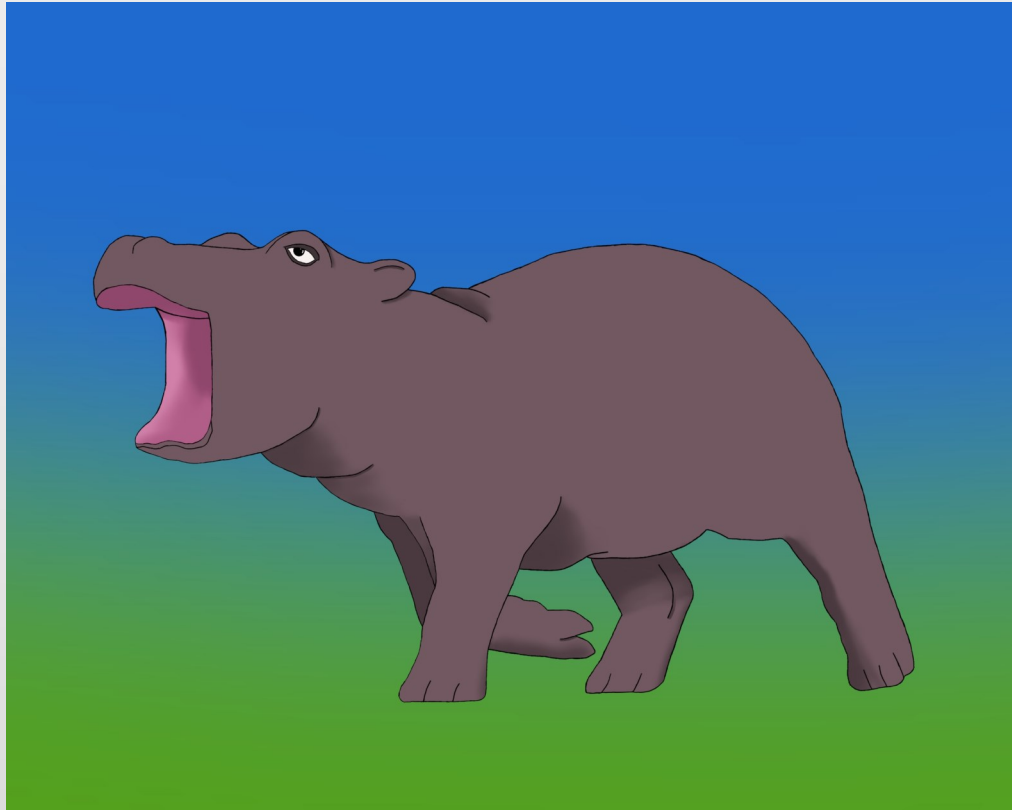
*Big old stinky foot I will forever be  
Hairy and calloused I hopped away from the cheer  
The beautiful birds and fairies all welcomed with glee*

*While I, the big smelly foot started to cry  
Then a friend walked out from the shadows who was slightly shy*

*"Don't cry, you're a beautiful foot" the hand softly whispered  
The hand was followed out of the trees by an elf and a mister*

*They dried my tears and took me into the woods  
Where we danced and played for as long as we could*

*And the hand painted my toenails making me the most beautiful foot of all*



**Alex Rodriguez - Thicc Hippo Boi - Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**

## **Sunflower**

**- Samantha Diehl, Grade 12**

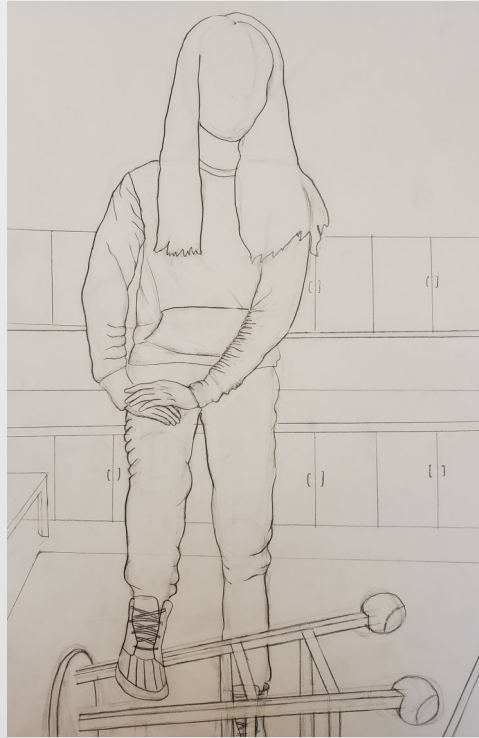
*The light is supposed to be at the end of the tunnel,  
Yet somehow I cannot find it.*

*They always say sunflowers are able to find light in any situation.  
But I am no sunflower.  
I wander aimlessly, as if there is no exit.  
I have lost my way.*

*For the first time in a long time, I saw a light.  
My hearing intensifies as my other senses become useless.  
As I inch down the dark tunnel, I feel nothing,  
Except an undeniable fear of what I cannot see.*

*It's scary to be in a dark place alone led by yourself.  
I try to reach out but no one understands the feeling of seeing the light,  
But never being able to reach out and grip your hands around it.  
After hours of walking in circles I give up.*

*I am not yet a sunflower.  
I am lost.*



**Miranda Mash - Figure Drawing -  
Grade 9 - Pencil**

## DEPRESSION

- Austin Gannon, Grade 10

*When you're feeling kinda sad and you don't know what to do  
When you feel kinda alone because no one is there for you  
When you think it can't get better and it starts to get worse  
That's depression.*

*When you're away and in your room  
Contemplating your own doom  
And you're feeling kinda lost  
That's depression.*

*When you just wanna start to cry  
And you look up to the sky  
And you say you wish you'd die  
That's depression.*

*When you decide to grab a blade  
And you're bout to take your life away  
please put it back down  
I know you have depression.*

*I know that it may hurt  
And actions speak louder than words  
Just know I'm always here  
Through your depression.*





Morgan Brown - Grand Canyon National Park - Grade 12 - Acrylic

## LIVING IN TECHNICOLOR

- Clare Sacks, Grade 10

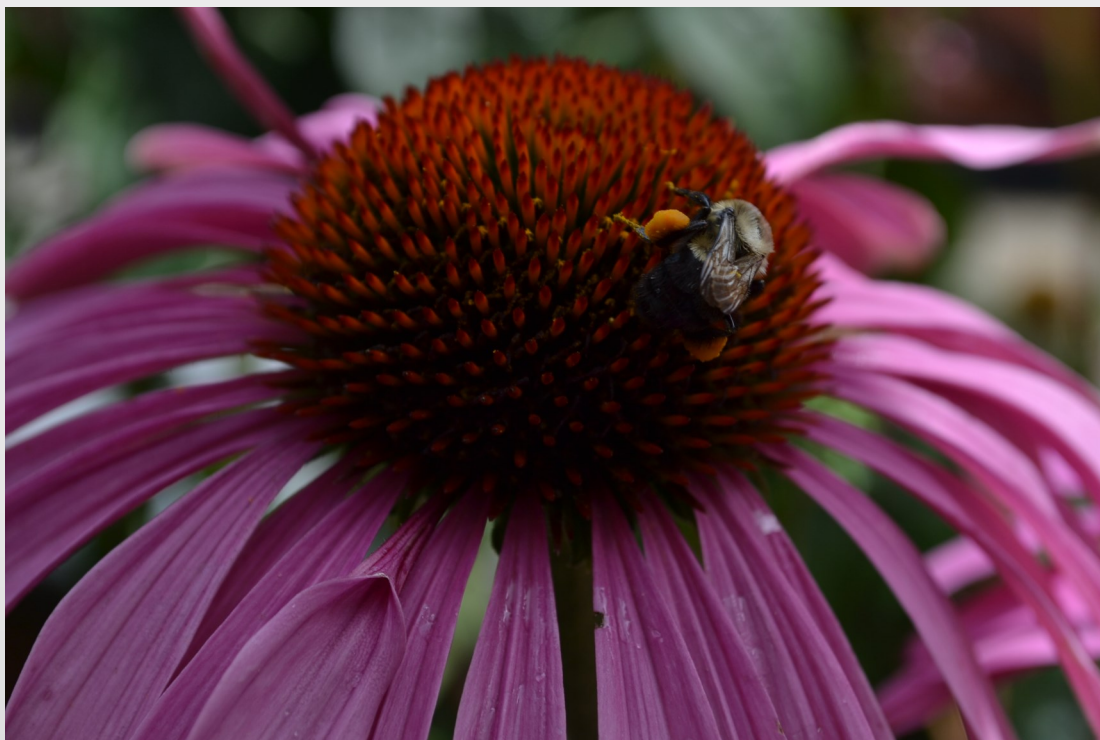
*Earbuds on, everything else drifts away  
As the music starts to pound in my ears  
Drowning in all the lights and sounds and colors  
Fading into a backdrop of splattered paints and shattered glass*

*Thump, thump, thump streaks navy and red  
As the hairs on my neck stand up  
Piano creeps up and down in a sea of sky blue  
Purple lights flash as the chorus rings in my ears  
Goosebumps appear when the beat drops  
And fires spread across my mind*

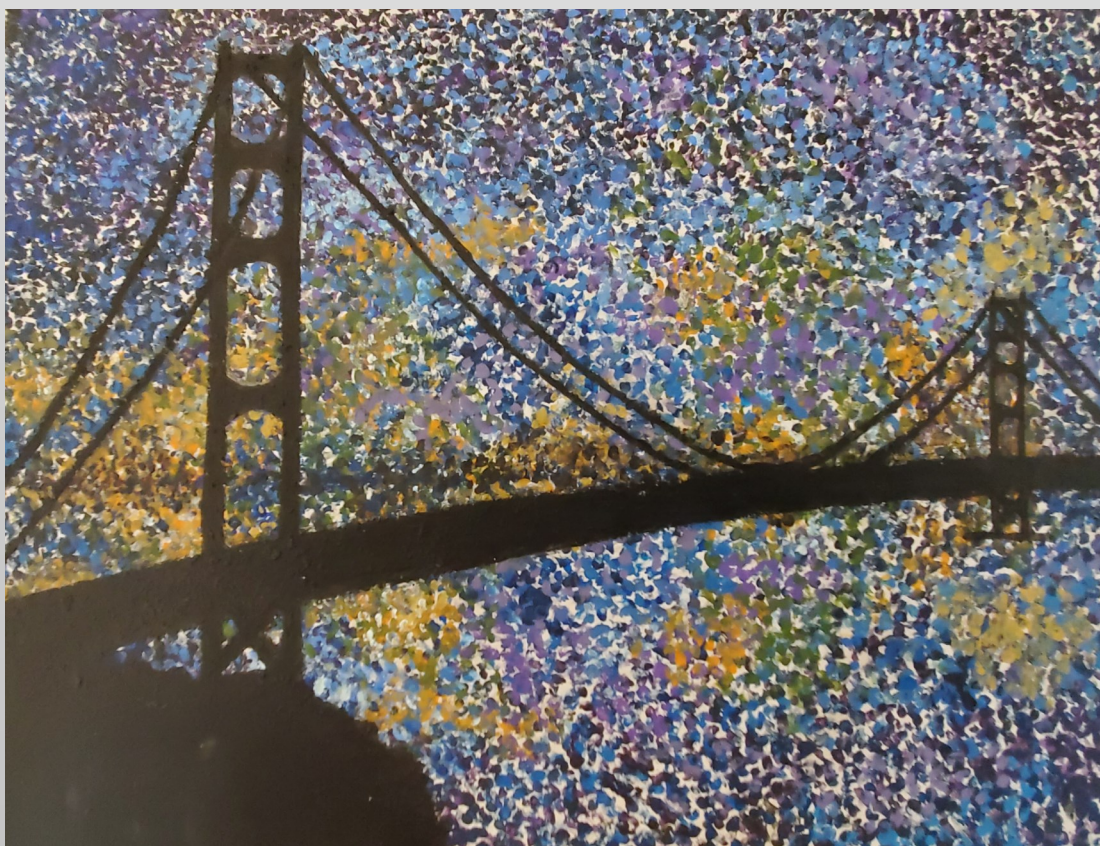
*I vanish in the music, blending in with the colors  
Trying to nestle into the colors and sounds  
To get far away from the chaos and bleakness of reality  
Only surrounded by the notes am I safe*

*Darkness surrounds me, making my head pound  
Suffocating under the weight of everyday monotony  
But I know all I have to do is turn on the music  
And I can breathe in the blinding lights and sounds again*

*No matter how far into the dark I wander  
No matter how many dangers I face  
The music will always lead me, safe and sound  
Back to where I belong*



**Lauren Bilinski - Nature's Way - Grade 11 - Digital Photography**



**Sophia Reuther - Golden Gate - Grade 12 - Acrylic**





**Reagan Hutchinson - Isometric Bedroom - Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**

## THINK

- Isabella Lopresti, Grade 12

*Think of the things that make you happy: sunshine, flowers, friends, family. Think of things that are good and real in mankind. Think of the blessings you have. Think of all the nice people in the world.*

*Think of the sunshine, the warm yellow glow, the feeling of being reborn in the warm sunlight. Think of bright blue skies and puffy cotton candy clouds. I love the sun when it peeks through my blinds like it's trying to say hello.*

*Think of flowers that remind us of life, just like a seed grows, so do we. They bloom in the sunlight and we feel more alive in the light. Daffodil, daisy, sunflower and roses, just a few to make you smile.*

*Think of a friend who will help your soul when it needs a lift. Someone who will treasure your friendship like a gift. Someone who will fill your life with joy, love, and a bright big smile to your face.*

*Think of family who have your back through everything. Through the bad and the good. Think of the smile that comes to your face when they are near you. Think of the joy of Christmas dinner when they bless you and everyone to live the best and healthy life you possibly can. Think of all the "I love you's" from years past and years to come.*



## WHERE I'M FROM

- Anna Lail, Grade 10

*I was raised by strong people, smart people, kind people.  
 People who put others before themselves.  
 I was taught to work hard in order to achieve my goals.  
 I was raised by people who taught me the importance of respect,  
 the importance of compassion, and to do what makes me happy.  
 I was raised by supportive people.  
 The kind of people who are there for anything you need.*

*I was raised in a household full of laughter and joy.  
 I was raised on a swing set in a backyard that smelled like trees,  
 reading books in the library on rainy days with gray skies.  
 I was raised at backyard barbecues and bike rides around the block.  
 I was raised in a family so large that you need another table at Thanksgiving.  
 I was raised with Christmas tree lighting ceremonies, sledding on snow days, and  
 drinking hot cocoa because it was so cold that I couldn't feel my nose.  
 I was raised in church, hymns and bible lessons on Sundays,  
 and a congregation that has known me since the day I was born.  
 I was raised with family game nights,  
 playing trivia and laughing over creative wrong answers.*

*I was raised with neighbors that became friends and then family.  
 I was taught that you choose your family,  
 you choose the people that you spend time with.  
 I was taught to never give in to peer pressure, to be a unique individual.  
 I was raised to be independent, but to not be afraid to ask for help.  
 I was taught that it is okay to make mistakes.  
 I was raised with the knowledge that when I fall,  
 there will always be someone there to help.*

*I was raised in a family that will always be there, no matter how old I am.  
 In a family who always wants to know about your day,  
 who asks and cares about your answer.  
 I was raised in a family of problem solvers, persistent people.  
 From a very young age I learned to never give up,  
 that there is a solution to every problem.  
 When things get really hard,  
 I know that is the time to stick together instead of letting it drive us apart.  
 I was raised in a family where I always have someone to talk to.*

*I am never alone in anything I face.  
 I hope that I will be able to do as much for my family as they have done for me.  
 I am proud of the family that I come from.*



Lulu Burkowski - Gaze - Grade 11 - Needle Point

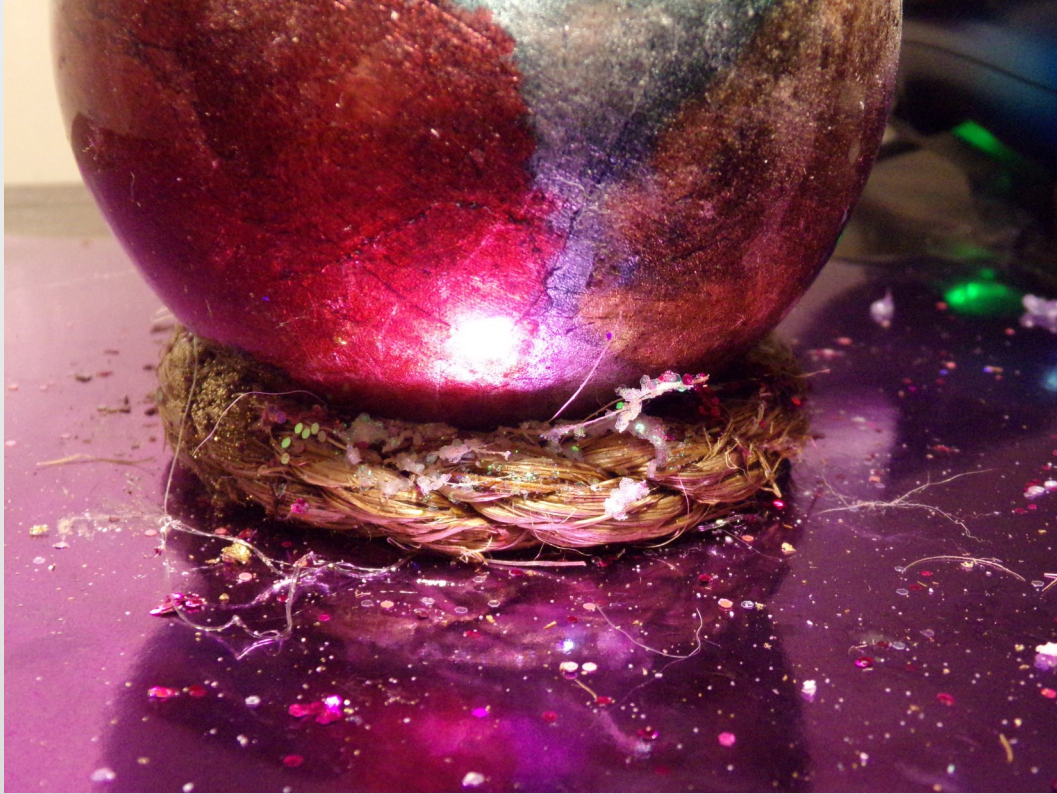
## MILO POEM

- Abby Mash, Grade 11

*At seven months weighing in at exactly two pounds,  
Milo Genkens.  
But we only say the "Genkens"  
When he claws the furniture.  
Fuzzy, Fluffy, Fat.*

*Fuzzy like the unwanted socks you get for Christmas,  
Fluffy like inside my ski jacket,  
And fat like eating two cans of tuna fish back to back.*

*First one to the food bowl,  
Last to leave.  
Waits patiently for food to be dropped at the dinner table.  
Leaves dents in the cushion  
When he gets up from his daily nap.  
Watches Family Feud at night,  
And likes the bright light of the camera flash  
Genkens.*



**Morgan Michalski - Beautiful Rope - Gtrade 12 - Digital Photography**

## LOVE

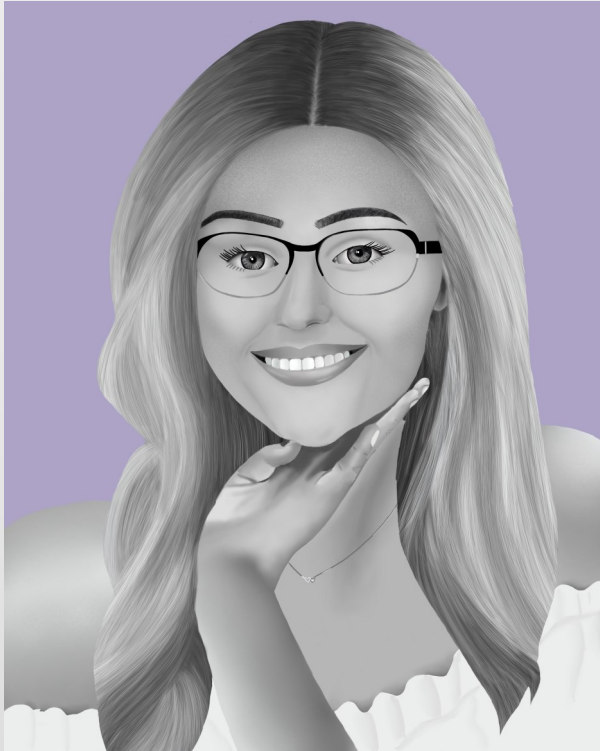
- Evan Jeffords, Grade 12

*Love to you is different for me  
Love to me is fake  
Love is lies that I don't see  
Love is just me in heartache*

*Love is girls who play with my heart  
Like a harp that only plays sad songs  
Love is nothing but broken trust  
And broken hearts that can't be fixed*

*Love is my idiocy going back  
Again and again when I shouldn't  
Love is pain and sadness  
That will last for the rest of my life*





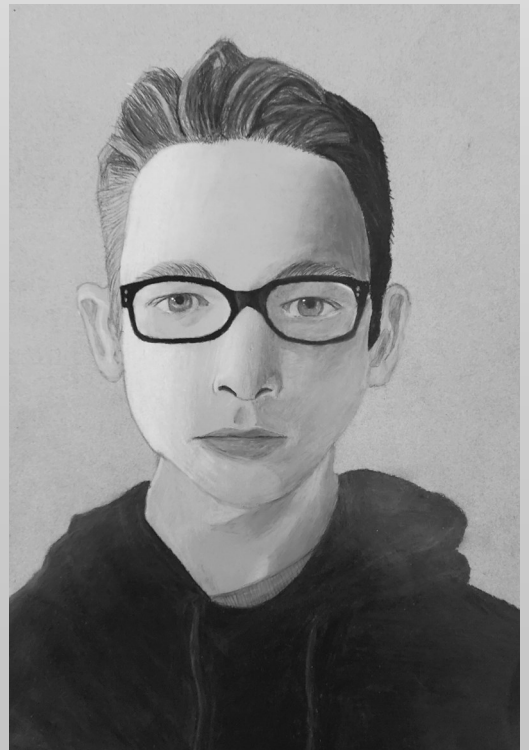
**Brooke Thomas - Self Portrait -  
Grade 12 - Digital Drawing**



**Miranda Mash - Self Portrait -  
Grade 9 - Prismacolor Pencil**



**Reagan Hutchinson - "Reagan" -  
Grade 12 - Digital Drawing**



**Jacob Rowinski - Self Portrait -  
Grade 9 - Prismacolor Pencil**



## QUESTIONS THAT LINGER IN THE AIR

- Michaela Moriarty, Grade 11

*Run and hide? Fight and stay?  
Listen and observe? Ignore and think?  
Yes and smile? No and frown?  
Believe and trust? Question and doubt?  
What shall we pick? Who ever will know?*

## I AM...

- Clare Sacks, Grade 10

*I Am...*

*I am the rolling hills dotted with dandelions  
With a star-speckled sky far above  
I'm the fields full of crops  
That can sustain a nation*

*I am a concrete jungle  
With skyscrapers stretching tall  
I am the bright city lights  
That form a tapestry of life*

*I am the apple orchard  
With gnarled trees bearing fruit  
I am the wind that whistles among them  
That is full of mystery carefully hidden*

*I'm the people of the city  
With many stories to tell  
I'm the electricity buzzing all around  
That inspires 8 million lives*

*I am the barber shop in town  
With much to say and do  
I am the diner on Main St  
That is the center of town every Sunday*

*I am all these things and more  
Shining lights and rolling hills  
Speeding trains and tractors roaring  
And wherever I go, whoever I meet  
I will never lose my way  
Because I am my own home*

## LOVE

-Erika Gifford, Grade 12

*What is love ?  
Is it the feeling you get when you're with  
someone ?  
The warm,  
Tingling,  
Yet happy feeling in your stomach,  
Just from their name.  
Is it the look when you stare into their eyes ?  
The beautiful,  
Glowing,  
Yet somehow magical view,  
As you look at them.  
Or maybe love is just... love.  
The unique,  
Terrifyingly emotional,  
Yet amazing feeling,  
Called love.*



**Reagan Hutchinson - Rocky Mountain Nation Park - Grade 11 - Acrylic**



**Morgan Zenio - Pollination - Grade 11 - Digital Photography**

## BEAUTIFUL ANGEL

- Jamie Sousie, Grade 12

*Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
My heart breaks  
Every time I think about you  
Words can't describe how much I miss you  
I hope you are resting easy up there my beautiful angel too*

## SEEING DOUBLE

- Claire Pelletier-Hoblock, Grade 10

*My mom asked for one,  
But she got two,  
At first it was a lot of fun,  
Until there was poo,  
She's my sister.*

*We were raised as the same,  
And never relied on a man,  
There was no one to blame,  
We always had a plan,  
She's my support.*

*Sharing a room,  
Sharing a cake,  
We shared a womb,  
All without an ache,  
She's my friend.*

*We were raised together,  
Though we are not the same,  
I care about the weather,  
She cares about her game,  
She's my opposite.*

*It is nice to always have a friend around,  
Someone I can talk to,  
And when I'm down, she is a clown,  
Our bond is tried and true,  
She's my soulmate.*

*When I thought I was seeing double,  
I looked into a mirror,  
Only to find more trouble,  
Because another person was standing nearer.*

*I was raised with a twin.*





**Morgan Brown - Through Sunglasses - Grade 12 - Prismacolor Pencil**



**Lulu Burkowski - Caracal - Grade 11 - Digital Drawing**



## LIFE IS TOO SHORT

- Emily Oakes, Grade 11

*Life is too short to be wasted worrying;  
Worrying about the past,  
The mistakes that have been made,  
The things that never got done,  
The time that you can't get back.*

*Don't waste precious moments of life worrying  
About things that don't matter in the long run.  
Like, if you're doing everything wrong  
Or nothing seems to go the way you expected.*

*Life is too short to be wasted on overthinking;  
Overthinking about things you have said,  
If they were the right words in that moment,  
Or if you never should have said anything at all.*

*Don't overthink every little thing that happens;  
About if you messed up on one thing,  
Or what someone else thinks about you.  
Your opinion is the only one that matters.*

*Life is too short to be wasted on stressing;  
Stressing about the way that you look,  
What you have and don't have,  
If you're liked and accepted,  
The flaws that you have,  
Nobody is perfect.*

*Don't waste your life stressing  
About what needs to be done,  
And if it's done correctly,  
Or if you failed a test.  
There is always next time  
And ways to improve.  
Life is too short to be anxious;  
Anxious about the future,  
What it will bring,  
And if you'll be prepared for it.*

*Don't be anxious  
About not having done your best,  
Or if you were good enough,  
Because no matter what anyone says,  
You'll always be good enough.*

*Life is too short to be scared;  
Scared of disappointing those around you,  
Of things that won't hurt you,  
Despite what you believe.*

*Life is too short to not appreciate the little things.*

*There is beauty in everything,  
In nature and all that it encompasses,  
In the sunrise and sunset,  
In the air and water that keep you alive.*

*Appreciate what you have in your life.  
The people you care about  
And who cares about you in return.  
The memories of joyful times  
Full of laughter and light.*

*So stop worrying and overthinking and stressing.  
Don't be anxious or scared;  
Take a look around.  
Look at the things you appreciate;  
Friends and family, the memories they hold,  
And the beauty that is in everything.*

*Think about all that you have;  
What you're grateful for  
And what you have accomplished.  
Because life is too short to not see how beautiful  
it is.*



Breana Babinski - Graffiti Self Portrait - Grade 11 - Acrylic

## GRACE

- Samantha Diehl, Grade 12

I was not blessed with good genes. I was blessed with the opposite actually. I got the ugly duckling gene. Living in the world of Glendale where everyone else is gorgeous was rough. My parents kept me hidden from the world in the castle. My parents are the Queen and King of Glendale, so they couldn't possibly have an ugly child. I am convinced my mother had an affair or got cursed during my pregnancy. I have three siblings and they all look gorgeous like one of my two parents. Everyday, I thank the gods that I was blessed with something though; I was blessed with a grace. A grace is basically a power. Not many people in Glendale are graced, but I am one of the few. Graces can be anything from cooking to fighting. In my case my grace is changing my appearance as I please. Being the ugly duckling, this comes in handy.

It was after years of being locked in the castle that I became angry. I felt anger towards the world for making me look like this. My hair is dark brown with tight knit spirals. My face is nothing like any of my family though. I have a long pointed nose and a horrible smile. My teeth are never perfectly white no matter what we do to them. My smile is crooked with no cute dimples. My eyes are a disgusting green and brown color. My body has no curve. I am the same shape as a large rectangle. My mom and sisters look identically beautiful. They both have long brown hair that flows down their body in elegant waves. Their blue eyes sparkle and draw everyone in Glendale in as if they are an invite. Their bodies look nothing like mine. Instead they have curves in the right places. They are not the shape of a rectangle. My father has blonde hair that is also wavy. He keeps his hair perfectly groomed. His brown eyes are not ugly like mine, instead they are a deep dark chocolate color with beautiful specks of grey. The women of Glendale swoon over my father. This could explain why, during family trips, I was left home with our nanny. She was sworn to secrecy about the ugly child of the royals. When she talks about the children she nannies, I am left out. The anger in my body grew more and more until I reached the age of ten. This is when we discovered my grace.

It was a gloomy day and my ten year old self was fuming. My mother was planning another trip right in front of me. She was asking me for help planning while making it very clear that I was not going to be attending.

"What color should we all wear for the day? I think purple would be beautiful!" she would say with excitement dripping from her words.

"Mom I don't have any purple things though. Will we have to buy me something?" I got excited about going shopping and bonding with my mother.

"Oh no honey. You know that you don't come on family trips. You and Esther will stay at the castle and she will have fun days planned for you!" She laughed a bit at the beginning.

I was beyond upset. At this point, I was about to turn into a ball of fire. I got up angrily and stomped away. Trying to hold back my angry tears, I stopped when my mom called my name.

"Hazel, where do you think you're going?" You could hear the confusion in her voice.

"Where am I going? Away! I'm going away because my own mother thinks I'm too ugly to be around her!" I yelled at her as her jaw dropped.

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The sound echoed and bounced off the tall castle walls. Tears streamed down my face no longer being held in. I could feel my heart pumping and my chest ready to explode. She kept quiet and didn't speak anything more. Instead, she sat there with her mouth open, but not speaking. I had made her speechless.

"I just wish I looked like you and the other girls. I want the beautiful blue eyes and perfect smile." I was not done yet, but my mother screamed and pointed to me.

This made me grow more agitated as I didn't know what she was screaming about. I threw my hands in the air because I didn't know what else to say. She continued to scream and point at me. I went and looked in the mirror and screamed back at myself. I looked exactly like my mother and sisters. I looked beautiful. My smile wasn't crooked and my eyes were blue and green.

That was the day I discovered my grace and I started to be accepted into my family again. My mother allowed me to go on our next trip as long as I stayed looking like her. At night I would change to look like myself again. Everytime we would go out, I would have to grace myself to look like my mother again, which wasn't hard. All I have to do is think about it. Sometimes I change to look like my father too. Inside though, I would stay myself. At first it freaked everyone out, but they soon learned to live with it. One day I was talking to my sister and turned to look like my nanny. She screamed and I laughed.

I am now 16 and puberty never hit to make me naturally gorgeous. Soon I became exhausted with changing though. I stopped leaving the house because changing was tiring. I had to constantly think about my mother's appearance and avoid thinking of others.

Today we are walking downtown to go shopping and I was actually invited this time. I got all dressed and changed to look like my mother. Everything was going smoothly until I slipped up. We were walking through the streets and I locked eyes with someone else who was walking by. I accidentally thought about how they looked and changed to look like them. I panicked and tried to change back but instead I turned back into myself. My mother turned around and gasped. You could see the anger in her eyes. She pushed me into a public restroom and locked the door behind us. She yelled a lot.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to ruin your father and my reputation? Change back right now!" Her words echoed off of the tiles as I tried desperately to change back.

"It's not working!" I yelled over her.

"What do you mean it's not working?" she asked in a condescending tone.

"I'm thinking about all of your and my sisters' features and it's not working. I'm not changing." I try thinking about her as I say this, but it still doesn't work.

We sneak back into the castle while covering my head. My mother complains about how I ruined their day the whole time and I silently cry. When we get back to the castle, I run to my room and lock the heavy door behind me. Nobody comes to my door and nobody checks on me. I try desperately to change again, but to no avail. Eventually, I feel myself drift into a deep sleep where I stay for awhile.

*(Continued on page 55)*



*(Continued from page 54)*

When I wake up to the pounding on my bedroom door, I start to get worried. Every question of what is about to happen rushes through my head all at once. I hide under my covers and pretend that I am still asleep. Maybe if I'm asleep they won't bother me. I feel the bed beside me dip down as somebody sits. The blanket is pulled off of me and the sun shines into my eyes. "Honey, wake up. We need to talk." I hear my mother's voice in a soft tone.

I open my eyes and look up at her. She doesn't look angry like she did earlier. Now she looks soft and gentle. I don't bother speaking a word in fear of ruining her gentleness.

"Do you really feel left out of the family? Like I don't love you?" She asked, still keeping her gentle tone.

I nod my head and she purses her lips. I figure this is the end of the conversation and she will be leaving now. She doesn't get up though. Instead she keeps talking. "I don't want you to feel like I don't love you because I do." She stops making eye contact.

"That's hard to believe when you don't take me anywhere and you blatantly prefer my sisters because they are pretty." I spoke up making sure she heard me.

She purses her lips again and starts to get up. This is the end of the conversation.

"You don't have to use your grace next time we go out. I know how exhausting it must get," she says.

She turns around to face me and she doesn't look how she used to. She looks exactly like me when I'm not in disguise. She is where I got my grace and my looks from. She was just trying to teach me because she knows how it feels to be ugly in a pretty world.



**Teagan Andrews - Arches National Park - Grade 12 - Acrylic**



**Lauren Bilinski - Glass Half Full - Grade 11 - Digital Photography**



**Eva Drohobycky - When It Rains It Pours - Grade 12 - Acrylic**

## THE EVOLUTION

- Krystal Rogers, Grade 12

The first day. The sun rose from the ground, the clouds scattered and the moon shied away as the sun became the king. And nothing got in his way. The sun shined through the clear glass window onto Lila's bed. Lila Sanders was a dinosaur researcher. Dinosaurs tend to kill, but in the midst of the killings comes great danger to the dinosaur's babies. Lila saves the lives of the predator's young to give them a chance. Lila awoke from her comfy, fuzzy King bed and rolled herself to sit up straight. She slid on her froggy slippers, putting her soft hand through her dark brown hair. Her soft brown eyes shined when she looked out the window to the sun. Lila began to stand up and made her way downstairs to the kitchen.

Lila held her black coffee in her left hand and newspaper in her right. She read the articles about the deaths of soldiers from the monster, Alligar. Alligar is a mutated dinosaur that was created in a lab. For years he has been on the run hunting everything in his sight. Alligar is the strongest dinosaur mutation ever created in a lab. In one year, Alligar killed 478 soldiers trying to tranquilize him and take him back to the lab. Lila sighed, "some of these lab's are going way too far with these mutations."

A small little roar came from the surface of the floor. Lila spilled her black coffee on her rose gold robe. She groaned and grabbed napkins to clean up the mess on her white table. Lila looked down at the floor to see her 3 month old allosaurus. His name was Stormer. Lila found Stormer when he was just an egg, Stormer's mother was found a day later...dead. The mother looked like she had been bitten by a Tyrannosaurus. By Lila's observation, she thought that she was going to be encountering one of the most deadly Tyrannosaurus Rex's.

When I took Stormer on the plane back home, he hatched in my lap. The moment he opened those big beautiful ocean blue eyes, I just knew that one day, he would change the world. He would save lives and create peace between predators and prey once and for all.

Stormer was an albino allosaurus. As far as we know, Stormer is the last of his kind. I always thought about sending Stormer back to the wild to grow up with his kind and not a human, but I couldn't find the strength to, nor did I think his kind would accept him since he was an albino and a newcomer. I knew I wouldn't be able to keep Stormer forever; he is a dinosaur after all. But it's that feeling; that need to protect and to mother him.

Stormer jumped on Lila's lap and made a snapping noise with his vocal cords. Lila let out a small giggle as she carried Stormer into the utility room. The utility room was a service room for her rescued babies and teenaged dinosaurs. Stormer was born with a brain mutation. His mutation was the rarest of any mutations they've ever had. The mutation he has is called "Gizdmo." The mutation causes rapid growth. His intelligence grows faster than an elephant. By the time he reaches the age of 7, he will be the most intelligent species of dinosaurs, faster, smarter and be more agile than a raptor would be.

Seven years pass. The sun has grown older, the moon does not shy away and the clouds do not skatter, when the storm takes the turn. Lila turned 29 a week ago. Today is the anniversary of Lila letting Stormer out into the wild. 29 years later, she searched the heated jungles for Stormer, in hopes of finding his magnificent self.

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*(Continued from page 57)*

She prayed that he had become king, prayed that he was not dead, and prayed he would remember her. Lila walked through the temple, the heart of the jungle. Lila had a book bag that contained two water bottles. She had been searching for hours. Finally Lila found a nice oak tree to rest against in the shade to catch her breath and take her body temperature down. She unzipped her book bag pulling out a sandwich. She began to eat as small compsognathus ran up close to her and nudged its way in. Lila laughed as she knew compsognathus were no threat. She ripped off a piece of bread and threw it towards them as they scattered, fighting for a piece of bread.

Suddenly the compsognathus twisted their heads in both directions as if something was coming and they were afraid. In an instant their tiny little legs ran into the bushes. Lila stood fast, hearing the clicks of a raptor's voice. She twisted her head in every direction looking around for where the noise was coming from. Then, she heard the tapping of dewclaws from the raptors' feet. A dewclaw is the claw on their foot that never touches the ground unless they are hungry. Raptors use dewclaws to feel the areas of the ground to determine where a prey has gone. They also use dewclaws as a kill weapon. Lila heard the noise louder and quickly turned sideways, seeing the raptor just inches away from her face.

Lila took deep breaths. It's been said that the calmer you are to a dinosaur, the more likely they won't see you as prey. The raptor nuzzled the side of Lila's face sniffing it and nudging it. Lila started to become tense from fear. The raptor brought its head up roaring loudly and shaking its head back and forth calling for the pack. Lila thought to herself, "If I don't do this, I will die. I'm so sorry raptor." Lila grabbed a knife she kept in her bookbag for safety and stuck it into the raptor. It screamed and ran off leaving behind dust. Lila took a deep breath as she shook off fear. She shied away from the direction the raptor ran off in and saw a light blue raptor standing in the bushes growling. The raptor jumped at Lila. Just as Lila blocked herself from the raptor, Stormer ran in making loud stomps with his huge paws. Stormer bent his head down and grabbed the raptor in his powerful jaws and shook it around. Stormer threw the raptor across the land as three raptors jumped onto Stormer's back and clawed his beautiful Albino skin. The blood from Stormer covered his white scales. Stormer roared so loudly it shook the trees. Stormer grabbed the raptors from his back and crushed them instantly. Lila heard the bones crack in the raptor's body. She turned her head away so she would not see the blood pouring from the raptor's small body.

Stormer dropped the dead raptor bodies and brought his head down low to connect his eyes with Lila. His bright blue eyes sparkled in Lila's bright green eyes. Lila backed up slowly, not sure if Stormer remembered her. "Stormer...hey boy, it's me, Lila. Remember?" Stormer stared and soon realized who she was. Stormer ran in a circle like he was when he was little chasing his tail. Lila laughed, as Stormer dropped his head to hug her and Lila wrapped her arms around Stormer's large frame.

Stormer lightly bit onto Lila's shirt dragging her. Lila laughed, "Stormer? You want me to follow you?" Stormer threw his head back and forth as if nodding. Stormer walked through the trees down a twisty path. Lila was almost running to keep up with him. "Stormer, stop going so fast please." Stormer lowered down his long tail and Lila climbed onto his back and sat. Stormer lifted his head up and roared. Stormer's roar was a warning towards any other predators in the area. He was trying to protect something or someone nearby, but who?

*(Continued on page 59)*

*(Continued from page 58)*

Stormer lowered his head a bit as he picked up his speed to a light jog towards a narrowing path filled with bushes. Stormer took a sharp turn in his jog almost causing Lila to fly off his back. “Stormer slow down boy!” yelled Lila. Stormer began to slow down, not because Lila told him to, but because they arrived. Stormer laid down allowing Lila to get off him safely. She heard a light little roar and walked slowly to where the sound was coming from. She looked backwards at Stormer assuming he would try to stop her, but he just stared at her. She walked towards the noise and looked downwards towards the ditch. She saw little baby dinosaurs biting at each other and playing around. All of the babies were a light blue, black, grey or ash in color until one caught her eye. She saw a small patch of white and picked up the ash colored baby moving it. Then she saw a baby albino Allosaurus. The baby was definitely a female and she was a twin of Stormer.

Lila turned around to Stormer with tears building up in her eyes, “Stormer, You have a family boy!” Stormer huffed out his small groan and nudged Lila. Lila rubbed Stormer’s head and lightly held his large snout, enjoying his company. Lila looked down feeling something bumping her leg. She saw Stormer’s beautiful albino daughter nipping her leg lightly and playfully. Stormer nudged his daughter, lightly knocking her over. Stormer walked away to his other babies as Lila picked up the albino allosaurus and looked into her icy blue eyes. “I’m going to name you Amara, daughter of Stormer, the last grown albino warrior. One day you will take your place as queen of dinosaurs Amara, and your father will step down to you.” Amara let out a baby roar. Stormer looked backwards as he was carrying all of his babies in his mouth to a log. He set them down carefully. Lila set Amara down with her siblings and sat there as Stormer left the area. Lila was confused but focused on keeping the babies safe.

Lila could hear Stormer’s loud roar and then heard a thump on the ground. Lila stood, quickly looking around. Lila peeked through the small trees and saw Stormer grabbing onto a triceratops neck, causing the trike to scream out in pain. Lila watched as Stormer shook the trike and heard the bones crush inside. Lila was surprised at how powerful Stormer was. Stormer walked forward and dropped the trike on the ground. The speed at which the babies ran towards the meat definitely showed they were little devils. Lila watched as Stormer walked up next to her and slowly began to drop himself to the ground to lay next to her. Lila put her hand on Stormer’s neck as they watched the babies chew aggressively on the tough meat of the trike. Lila tilted her face up to the sky seeing a bright rainbow crossing above. A smile crossed her face for Stormer and his family. She was happy.

Eight years later, Lila got up from her desk and headed to the meeting room. Now she works at a Dinosaur Research Agency Department. She takes in dinosaurs that have been found hurt, stuck, or diseased and gives them a new home until they are able to set them back in the wild. They have over 250 dinosaurs, mostly tiny ones. The largest dinosaur is a trike and the only powerful ones are the two raptors. She knows that eventually this could all change and they could find a terrible case. As the week passes along, Lila sits at her office desk researching notes and taking down meetings on her calendar. She turns around seeing a bunch of medical officers running through the office. Lila stood up, pushing her chair backwards, running to the one of the officers and having him stop in his path. “Officer, what is going on?” The officer replied, “The largest dinosaur that we’ve ever encountered just arrived on the ship. She was found in a river with a bunch of cuts on her body. We have to get to her now, Miss!” The officer ran past Lila. Lila ran with the officer, curious as to what kind of dinosaur it was that would be joining their agency.

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They arrived at the ship as they began to unload the crate. Lila could tell that the dinosaur was extremely terrified just by looking at the back of her tossing her tail around. The appearance of the dinosaur caught her off guard. The dinosaur's scales were as white as snow, her tail was longer than a T-Rex, her head was giant and she was the same height of a T-Rex. Lila looked at one of her handlers. "Jim, call her to look at me please." Jim nodded his head and clicked a sound button to make a noise that only a dinosaur's sensitive ears could pick up. She turned around and made eye contact with Lila. The dinosaur stopped having anxiety as she stared at Lila. Not breaking any contact, Lila reached her hand out to the female. Slowly the dinosaur put her snout through the small opening of the crate allowing Lila to touch her. Slowly memories began to hit her like a brick. The touch of this female felt just like Stormer's daughter when she was younger. She was definitely bigger than Stormer ever was. Lila spoke in a soft voice, keeping her hand on the female's snout, "Amara..."

Jim grabbed Lila's arm fast, pulling it away from Amara. Since Amara felt protective of Lila, she quickly stood up with blood running down her legs. She roared out loudly making everyone cover their ears from the sound. Amara slammed her head against the cage, trying to break out. Lila could tell Amara wanted to hurt Jim. Lila grabbed the key off of the guards neck as they screamed, "Lila what are you doing?" Lila looked at them with a strong glance to tell them to shut up. Lila unlocked the giant cage and forced it open. She began to walk in slowly. Even though she knew Amara, she didn't know if Amara fully trusted humans yet. Lila slowly reached out her hand and whispered, "Amara, lay down please." Amara focused on Lila's eyes and began to lay down slowly. Lila sat down in front of Amara as Amara laid her head on Lila's lap lightly huffing her breath out of her nose. Lila lightly stroked Amara's soft white head. "I'm happy I found you Amara, but what kind of dinosaur has hurt you? You are powerful.. who did this?"



**Bella Baldwin - The Wall - Grade 12 - Acrylic**





**Jasper Morrison - Self Portrait - Grade 12 - Mixed Media**

## BLEH

- Hollie Munson, Grade 12

*I hate living, the feeling of air rushing in and out of my lungs  
My heart beating in my chest, aching to stop  
My bones feeling hollow and brittle  
My throat burning as I choke down the frigid air  
My legs turning to jello as I try to keep running from this frozen hell*

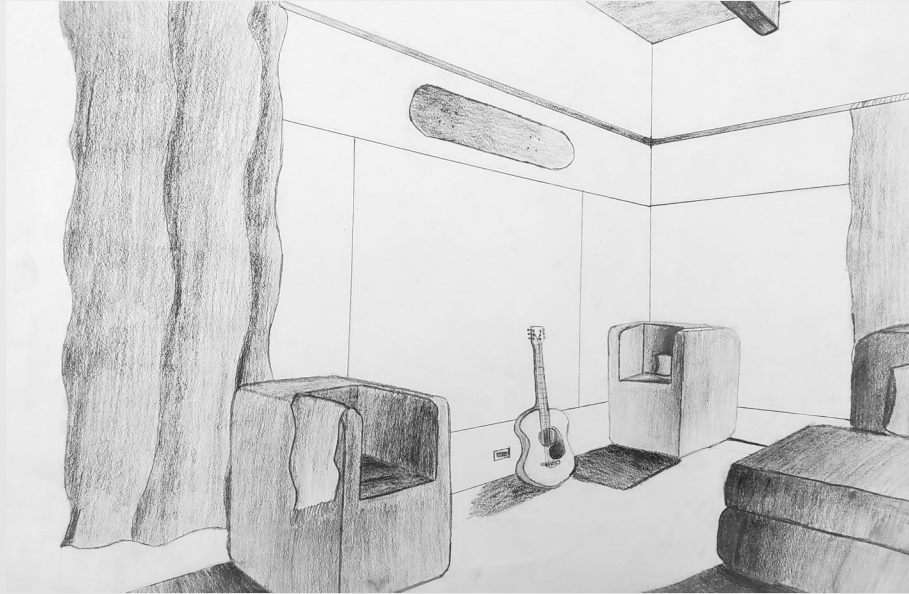
*I don't want to exist in a world full of sorrow  
Where they take sunflowers and smash them into darkness  
The constant drone of "things will get better" ring from my lips as another friend leaves  
Depression, anxiety yeah, I've got pills for that  
Along with the other 30 percent of kids who have it*

*There is no sunshine, only rain  
I hate being alive constantly followed by the sweet and bitter mystery of death.*

*Then one day the clouds parted, the sun came through.  
Words "things get better" finally started to make sense  
Week after week to the small little room  
Where the lady in purple would dissect my heart*

*As the pills finally start to work and the sunflowers grow back  
My limbs slowly taking form again, breaking from their robotic movements  
The need to exist, the need to live, blooming inside me  
The air flowing smoothly into my aching lungs now  
The frigid air turning into a summer breeze*

*I love living.*



Jacob Rowinski - The Corner - Grade 9 - Pencil

## I LIVE FOR ROCK AND ROLL

- Claire Pelletier-Hoblock, Grade 10

*Put on my headphones,  
Drowning out my day,  
Escape from reality,  
Just the song and me,  
I live for the music.*

*Hard thumping bass,  
Loud smashing drums,  
Fast fingers on the piano,  
Rhythm of the guitar,  
I live for the instruments.*

*"Under Pressure" with David Bowie,  
Freddie Mercury and Queen,  
The king himself Elvis Presley,  
And the Prince of Darkness, Ozzy Osbourne,  
I live for the musicians.*

*Music for the soul,  
Reflections of sadness and anger,  
Emotional healing,  
Deep feelings of loss and regret,  
I live for the way it makes me feel.*

*Heavy beat,  
Loud instruments,  
Self-absorbed lyrics,  
Raving delivery,  
I live for Rock and Roll.*

## I'D TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU

- Myra Edgar, Grade 12

*I'd tell you that I love you  
But only if I meant it  
And I mean that  
Wholeheartedly  
I only want the best for you  
You should know that  
I lost all hope  
But, when I met you  
You gave me the hope  
That I'd been longing for my entire life  
You were a piece of the puzzle  
I didn't realize I was missing  
I'm heartbroken  
I couldn't be there for you  
Forgive me  
For the things I said  
I Ignored you  
When you needed me  
I have demons inside me  
That are holding me back  
From loving you  
These past few weeks  
Have shown me  
That being without you  
Isn't worth it  
So this is me being vulnerable  
Telling you  
I love you*



**Isabella Morabito - The Defender -  
Grade 12 - Digital Drawing**

## TWINKLE

- Jenna Benware, Grade 12

*Two kids: one boy and one girl grew up with similar paths  
Never crossing paths until the day they both gave up  
Both were quiet and shy but then she saw the twinkle in his eye  
They spent the week catching feelings but then he had to go  
He left her some things for memories though  
She kept all of the gifts thinking about him everyday  
Neither thinking they were going to meet again.*

*Four years later and they're better now.  
Both in high school; he plays football and she plays volleyball.  
One day their paths crossed again  
And just like before she saw the same twinkle in his eye  
All the feelings came rushing back as if no time had passed.  
His smile made her fall in love all over again.  
His laugh was contagious, making her the happiest she's ever been.  
This time when a week ended, instead of leaving, he asked her to homecoming.  
As he buttoned up his shirt the twinkle came back,  
She smiled knowing she was the reason  
He smiled knowing he was never going to leave.*





**Andrew Conklin - Snow Blind - Grade 12 - Acrylic**



**Ian Bailey - Self Portrait -  
Grade 9 - Prismacolor Pencil**



**Livia Sorgie - Ribbon Dream -  
Grade 11 - Acrylic**

## UNTITLED 2

- Abigail Parnham, Grade 12

*Sunlight,  
Vanilla,  
And flannels are what makes me think of you.  
Laughter,  
Smiles,  
And warmth is what makes me think of you.  
Car rides,  
Adventures  
Loud music,  
Screaming at the top of our lungs is what makes me think of you.  
Blankets,  
Horror movies,  
And popcorn is what makes me think of you.  
Happiness is what makes me think of you.  
Purpose is what makes me think of you.  
Love is what makes me think of you.  
I love you.*

*Golden vanilla swirls in my nose,  
A soft hazy dream sets in.  
Your touch,  
Your breath,  
Your voice,  
I'm exhausted.  
Work was rough,  
but I want to watch a movie.  
You laugh as I struggle to keep my eyes open,  
Staring at the glowing screen.  
I roll my eyes as every inch of you sends me closer to sleep.  
Your arms wrap around me,  
I'm happy,  
I'm safe,  
I'm tired.  
"Go to sleep." You say ever so gently.  
I already was.*

*You're like a dance,  
A fast,  
Overwhelming,  
Exciting,  
Breathtaking,  
Horribly beautiful dance.  
You make my heart jump and my hands clammy,  
You make me wonder how I ever lived without you.  
I guess I didn't.  
You're like a song,  
A slow,  
Gentle,  
Steady rhythm,  
Tear jerking*

(Continued on page 66)

*(Continued from page 65)*

*Horribly beautiful song.*

*You take my breath away and give me a reason to breathe all at once.  
You make me wonder how I ever took a breath without you.*

*I guess I didn't.*

*You are my love,*

*My kind,*

*Caring,*

*Patient,*

*Loving,*

*Horribly beautiful love.*

*You have given me so much.*



**Morgan Brown - Free At Last - Grade 12 - Acrylic**



**Reagan Hutchinson - World On Fire - Grade 11 - Digital Photography**





Kaylin Gillis - Sonic - Grade 11 - Acrylic

## MELODIOUS FAMILY

- Amber Sisson, Grade 10

*Birthered with the hammering beast,  
I started the journey over brass plates,  
With hollow rhythmic crashes,  
Allowing life to the rest,  
I watched each one rise,  
It was truly something I must confess.*

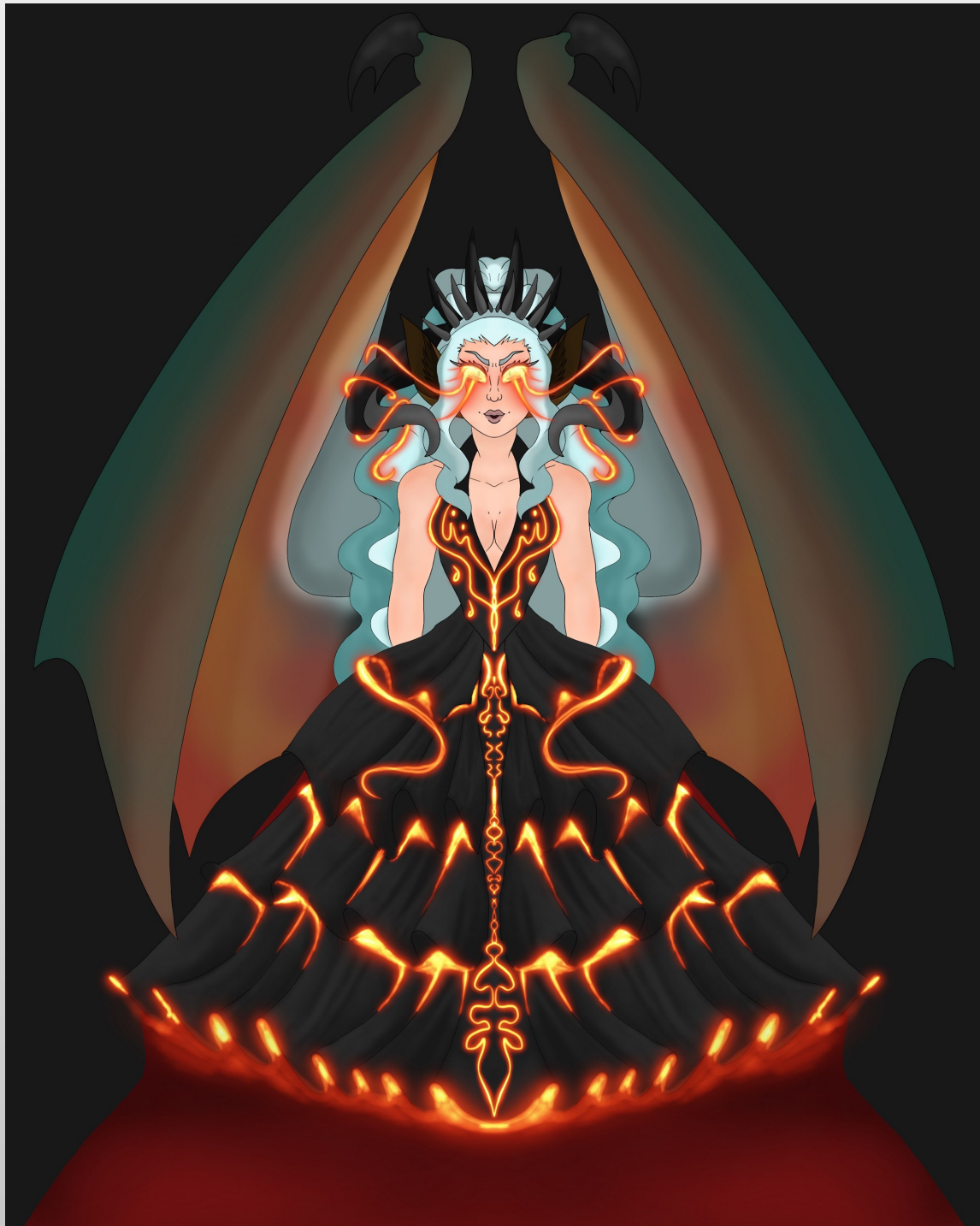
*As flesh escalated down thin strands,  
My first brother was born,  
One of demand and swell,  
I watched him gain his sight,  
Then proceed as if he owned,  
As I being the first,  
I set him back in place,  
Broken harmony is now restored.*

*We introduced a sister next,  
One that was delicate and light,  
Then cordial and deliberate,  
She cast a spell upon the keys,  
Making her an unnoticed center,  
I had no disputes with her,  
Not even when she went solo.*

*A few seconds after birthed the second  
brother,  
He was smooth and lazy,  
Breezing out the curved bow,  
Adding delightful taste to the current flow,  
He was not my favorite,  
For he always thought he was best.*

*The last brother was a mystery,  
He was dark and brooding,  
With a deep, fluid cry,  
From the vibrating strings,  
He undertook the undertone,  
Was the bass of it all,  
I held him with such reverence.*

*Individually pounded towards the center,  
We danced together in a jig,  
Flowing out towards the sea of masks,  
We peered at each other with final grati-  
tude,  
For each one took their last breath before  
me,  
I, the first born, saw the end,  
No fear did make way,  
For I knew we would see each other again  
someday.*



**Isabella Morabito - Fire Goddess - Grade 12 - Digital Drawing**

# UNTITLED

- Cassandra Cooper, Grade 12

Clyde got into his car, put his key in the ignition and drove off. "Changes" by XXXtentacion comes on the AUX of his light blue 2004 Honda Civic as tears stream down his face. It was a calm night, despite the difficulties Clyde had faced. He was hoping for a fresh start to his senior year but instead he was heartbroken the night before his first day of school. While driving to his house on Maple Road, his vision became blurred from all the tears in his dark blue eyes. He decided he needed to pull over because he could not see. He pulled off onto the side of the road on Spruce Lane. He put his car in park and threw his face into the palms of his hands and continued to sob. He couldn't believe he had just lost the love of his life. He began to think of her smooth lips and her porcelain skin. He missed her soft touch and small height. He just wished they could be together but her family forbade them from seeing each other, for reasons that were unknown to him. He assumed the reason was because she was in eighth grade and he was a senior this coming year. Although she was much younger than him, he felt a connection with her he had never felt with anyone before. The pain of losing her was so unbearable that he decided to turn around to go back to her house and see her one last time. He shifted the car into drive and floored it down the road. He knew he was speeding, but his love for her was so deep that he would risk his life to be with her.

He arrived six minutes later at her house. The front lights were on, but her room light was off. He knew he should go home, but something in his mind told him he couldn't turn around. He walked up to the door and knocked. Her brother Nate opened the door. Without thought, Clyde took out his dagger and swiftly stabbed it into Nate, making a grunting sound. Nate dropped to the ground and laid there. Without recollection of what he had just done, he stormed into her parents room to also murder them. Once he reached her parents' room, he found them there, already dead. They had suffered at least nine gun shots to the head. He was confused about who murdered her parents, but he assumed it was Nate. He now felt relief sweep over his body. He realized that he could be with his love and no one could stop him. He ran upstairs to her room and knocked on her door. The door creaked open, but no one directly opened it. Clyde thought that was strange, so he decided to walk into the bedroom. He looked around her room, closet and bathroom but she was nowhere to be found. He realized the window in her room was open, so she must have snuck out. For some reason, she left her cell phone on her bed. Clyde picked up her phone and saw eight new message notifications from a mysterious person. As he read the name on the screen, his body became filled with anger. It was Denny, his best friend. They were talking about hooking up and meeting at a nature trail in Schuylerville. Clyde was so angry that he ran down the stairs, started his car, and booked it 80 down the road. He knew exactly where they were meeting because he and his parents used to walk this trail every weekend before they mysteriously disappeared. He blew four stop signs and two red lights to make it there in under five minutes. He arrived there to find his love and Denny standing outside talking to one another. He hopped out of his car, ripped his windshield wiper off and ran full speed at Denny. Clyde rammed him to the ground and stabbed him 38 times in the chest and neck. Now that Denny was dead, he ran to his love and expressed how much he wanted to be with her.

"I love you, girl. I am not never going to stop loving you, girl," he said.

"I love you too Clyde, but I kept a big secret from you. We are brother and sister. I killed 'our' parents tonight so we could be together," she says.

Clyde went into a coma from the shock of being in love with his sister. He wakes up seven minutes later in his 2004 Honda Civic to the song "Changes" by XXXtentacion playing over the AUX.





Abigail DeLor - Puppy - Grade 12 - PrismaColor Pencil

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# Schuylerville Central School District **Looking**

*Glass* 2020



Brooke Thomas - Mr. Brightside - Grade 12 - Digital Drawing

**ILLUSTRATIONS**

**POEMS**

**PHOTOGRAPHS**

**STORIES**