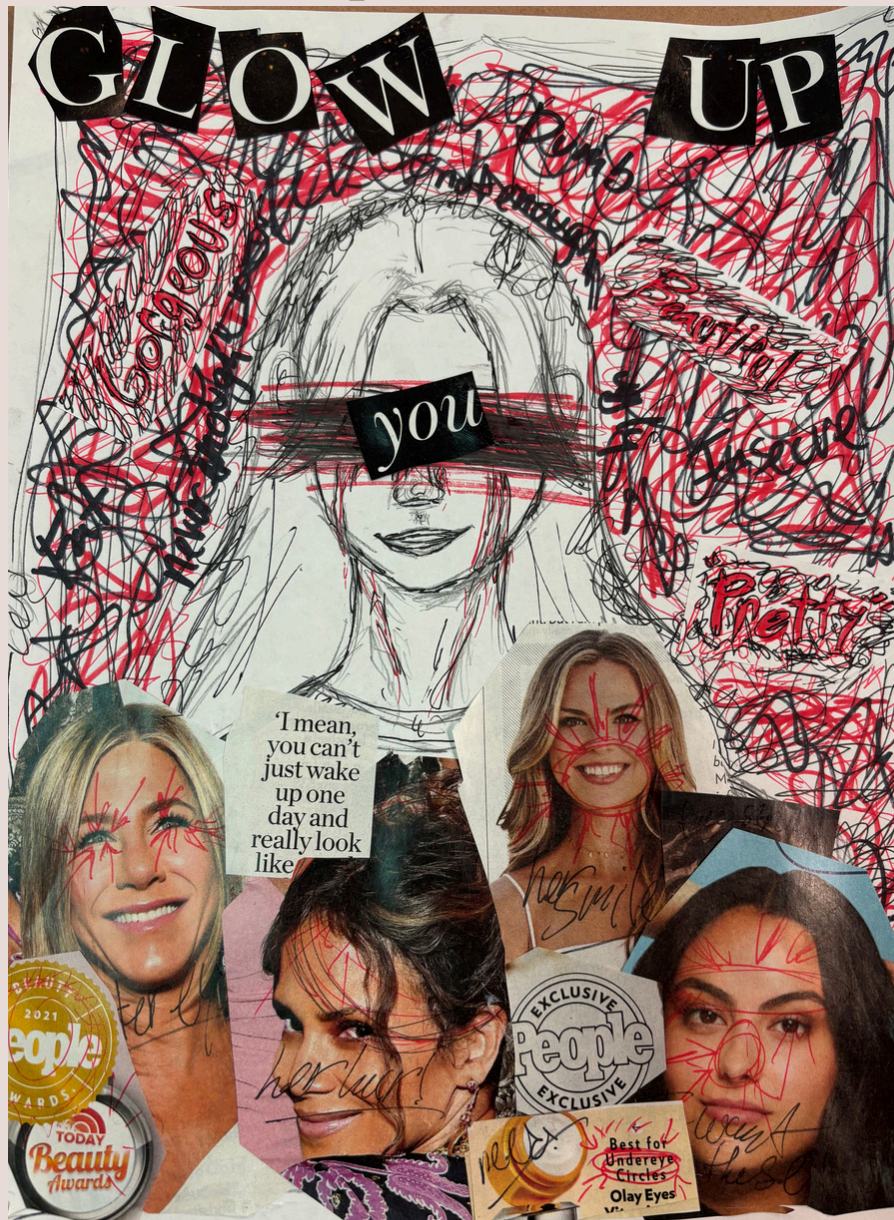


LITERARY MAGAZINE

Edited by Mari Lofy

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Arrowhead Literary Magazine

2023-2024



A Note to Readers:

As the senior editor, I read through over a thousand submissions and picked out the ones you will see on the following pages.

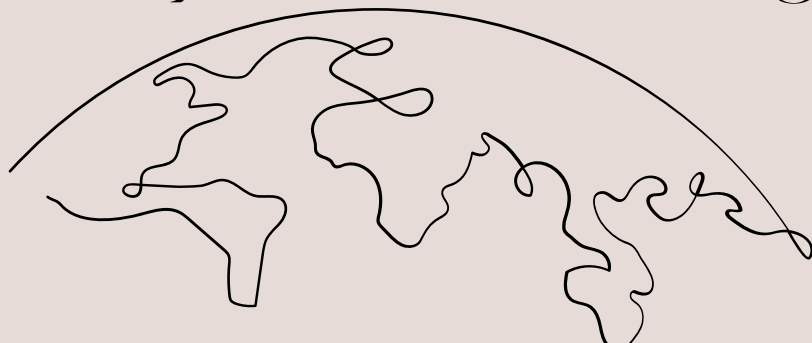
The Literary Magazine is an array of poems, short stories, essays, photography; it's any creative outlet students put their mind to.

I hope you are able to see the thought and effort these writers put into these pieces! It truly is inspiring.

Mari Lofy

Senior Editor

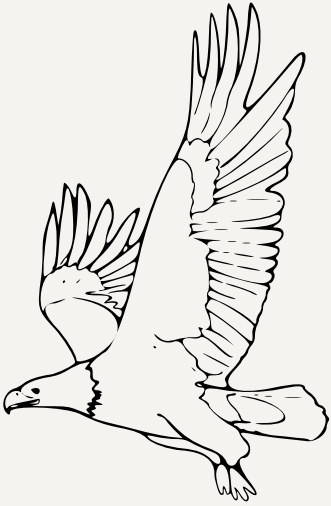
Magazine edited by Mari Lofy
Cover Art by Molly A. Ignatowski
Half-title Art by Keira Ashenfelter
Advised by Elizabeth Jorgensen





By Owen Wick

By Teagan Safranek



Freedom's Trapped Song
By Abby Robel

The feeling of being free is taken for granted.
Being trapped with nowhere else to go;
surrounding a feathered soul that was once without bounds.

The feathers that used to catch the sun's light.
Now replaced with the confined in such a small place.
The chirping song that once played is now muted.
The box may confine but a song of resilience remains.

The dreams of the future are imprisoned in the box.
But the bird is still fighting, the wings still flap.

In the box's silence a story still unfolds.
The chirp of the trapped bird echoes struggle;
a spirit thrives.
A song of resilience where hope is still alive.



Lunar Eclipse.

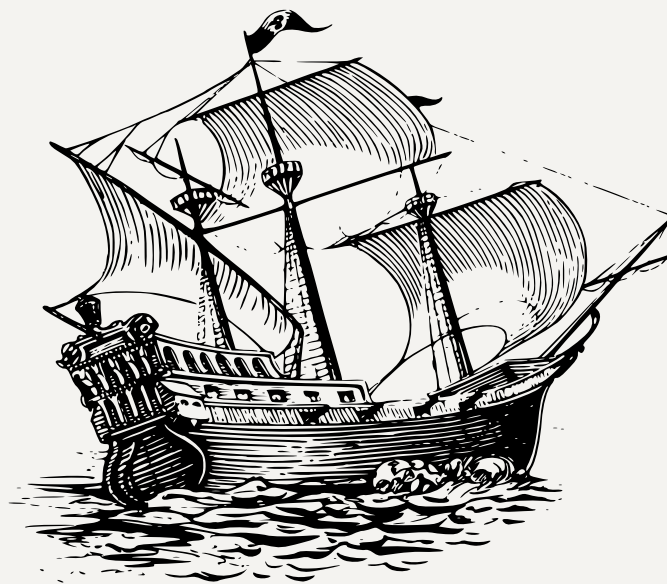
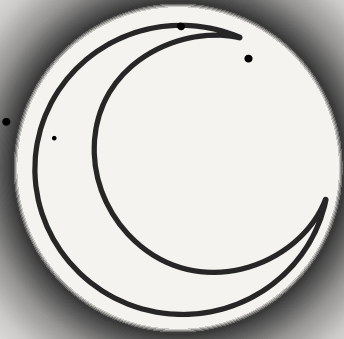
By Maddy Mayhew

Hours after beams of light fade,
it's perfectly round. It's perfectly still.
Crickets call in the heavens of blackness.
Staring. Gazing up at the sky with my
father
like a baby was just born.
Or, as if it was never seen before.
The brightest of light emerges into the
open, unlit sky.

“Perfect imperfections,” my father
remarks with his
luminescent eyes looking skywards.
It begins to vanish. Little by little.
As the owls start to whimper,
I look upon the horizon and
notice the sudden breach of the moon.

Catching a sight of the sleek whiteness
disappearing in the distance.
Red. Almost as red as blood.
A sight my father and I will forever
remember.

Lunar Eclipse.





By Abby Robel

Uncharted Dreamlands By Kiera Slotke

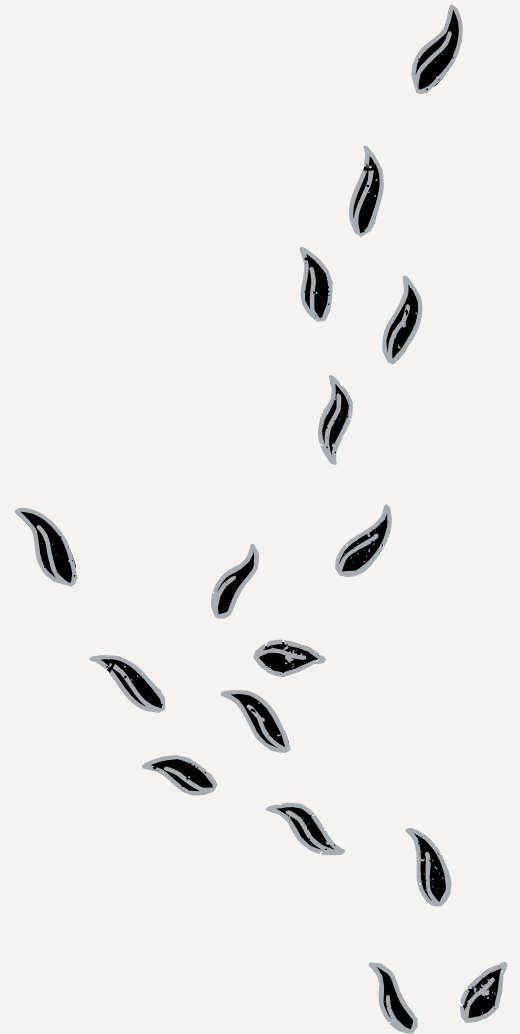
In the tranquil night, stars whisper tales of ancient
skies,
Their shimmering light weaves dreams through the
darkness deep.

Silent, the world sleeps, cradled in the moon's soft
embrace.

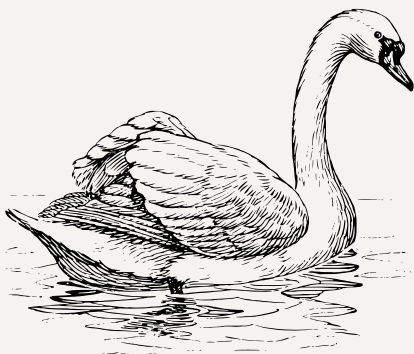


The Painting By Addison Schaak

In Picasso's eye-catching strokes, Guernica's desolation whines.
Gray, white and black, illustrates the wretchedness of the time.
The Spanish pain, captured complexly, executed beautifully.



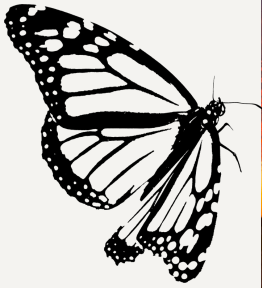
By Teagan Safranek



Final Curtain
By Elena Evans

Silk satin slips around my ankle,
supporting the foundation.
Ivory swans swarm seamlessly on stage,
hypnotizing to the eyes.
Tears down my porcelain skin,
evaluation of a beautiful performance.

By Kiera Ashenfelter



Untitled
By Anonymous

To the strangers passing by, I am sunshine yellow.

The smile across my face
exhibits happiness.

My playful mood,
exhibits humor.

My tall posture,
exhibits confidence.

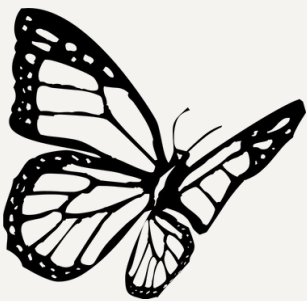
To the people close in my life, I am blank white.

Through my happiness,
I am constantly putting others before myself.

Through my humor,
I am exhibiting that I don't like silence.

Through my confidence,
I am hiding the fact that I am anxious.

Though I seem sunshine yellow to some,
the ones who know me most can realize I feel blank white.



Apparatus

By Olivia Morse and Sophia McArthur

Breastplate, backplate, with no namesake
Welded, melded, and birth certificate withheld
Liquified metallic glaze laved like a plasma membrane
Hollow concave between steel ribs, with no brain

Appendages inserted into their sockets
Metal roughly grinds in hollow joints
Packed tightly with no air pockets
Formed on a list and checkpoints

Sculpted figure like an hourglass fixture
Faceplate painted with cosmetic mixture
Blueprint drafted with male indifference
Despite being neither ovo- nor viviparous

Vacuum-sealed, taped, and shipped into the battlefield
All my life, to men I'll yield
Fitted into housemaid's dress, subservient and unbothered
New picket fence, new neighborhood, new children to be mothered

Nothing of value but my mask
Rotting under the rigid pressure of time
Clawing, bawling, I turn to rust
To be discarded, used as a punchline



By Kate Reese

Speechless
By Emily Baber

My
nauseous
words
of parting
were met with
silence, for
she
could no
longer
meet
my words
with
her own.



By Owen Wick

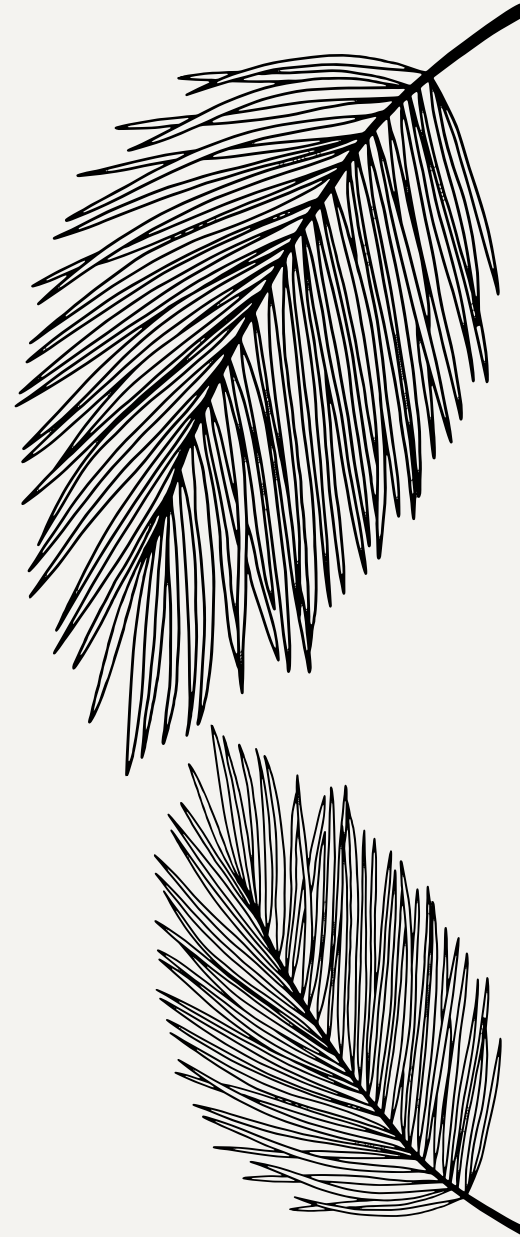


Not So Perfect Summer Day By Alexis Arbucias

Summer night, sun sets in pink, blue, purple, swirling the sky.

Roof is off, windows are down, music is up, smiling, I am.

Smile gone. Tears roll down my face. "Stop signs mean stop." I told him.



By Maddy Mayhew

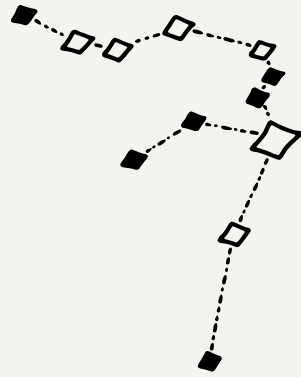
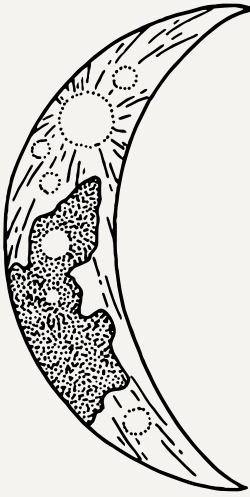
Going hungry
! TRIGGER WARNING !

By JL

My stomach growls, I am hungry, I yearn for food
I am nauseous, the food looks good, I am so hungry
My stomach turns, But I would rather be small, I am not hungry

Illusion Of The Peace By Savanna Ellenbecker

Alone, I would think I'd find peace, away from the crowd's frantic chase,
Yet in the silence, I feel lost...longing for a familiar face.
Loneliness grips me tightly, it turns solitude into a bitter space.

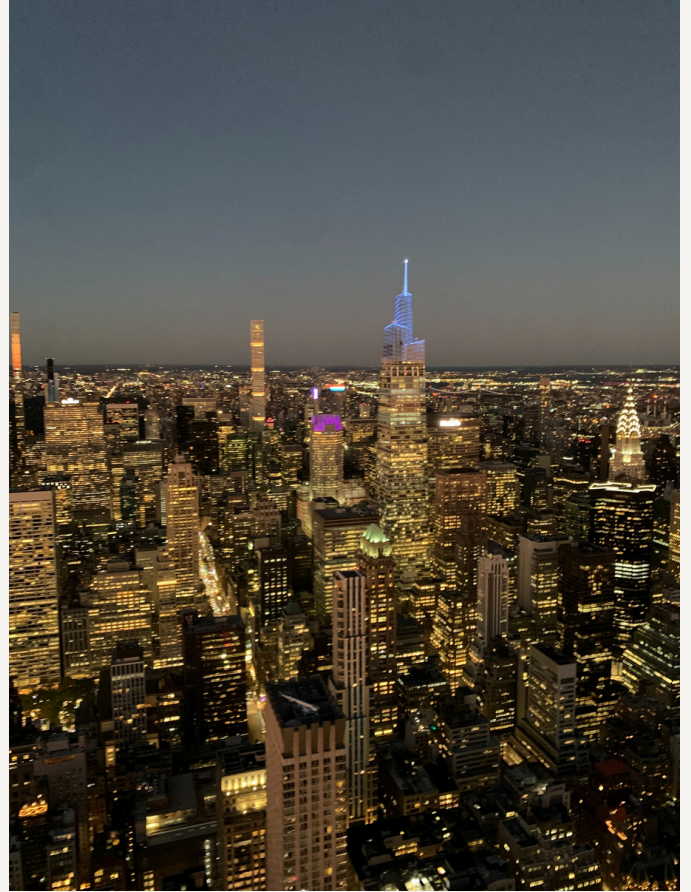


Sea By Ben Johnson

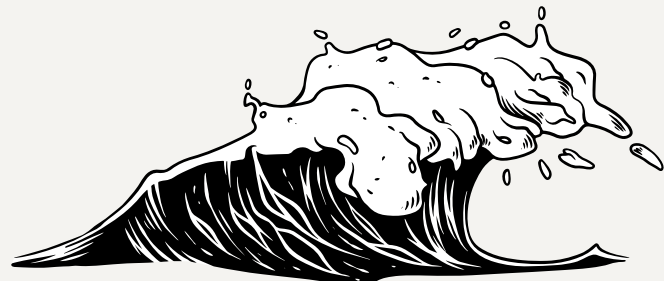
Loneliness swirls like waves crashing,
Echoes of longing reaching, thrashing.
Each crest a yearning, each foam a plea,
But all it grasps is grains of sea.

In the vast expanse, a solitary dance,
Echoes of despair in every chance.
The shore recedes, the waves tide abates,
Loneliness lingers, it anticipates.

Yet in the rhythm of the endless tide,
A whisper of hope, no longer denied.
For amidst the swirl of solitary cries,
Love's gentle touch, a beacon in disguise.



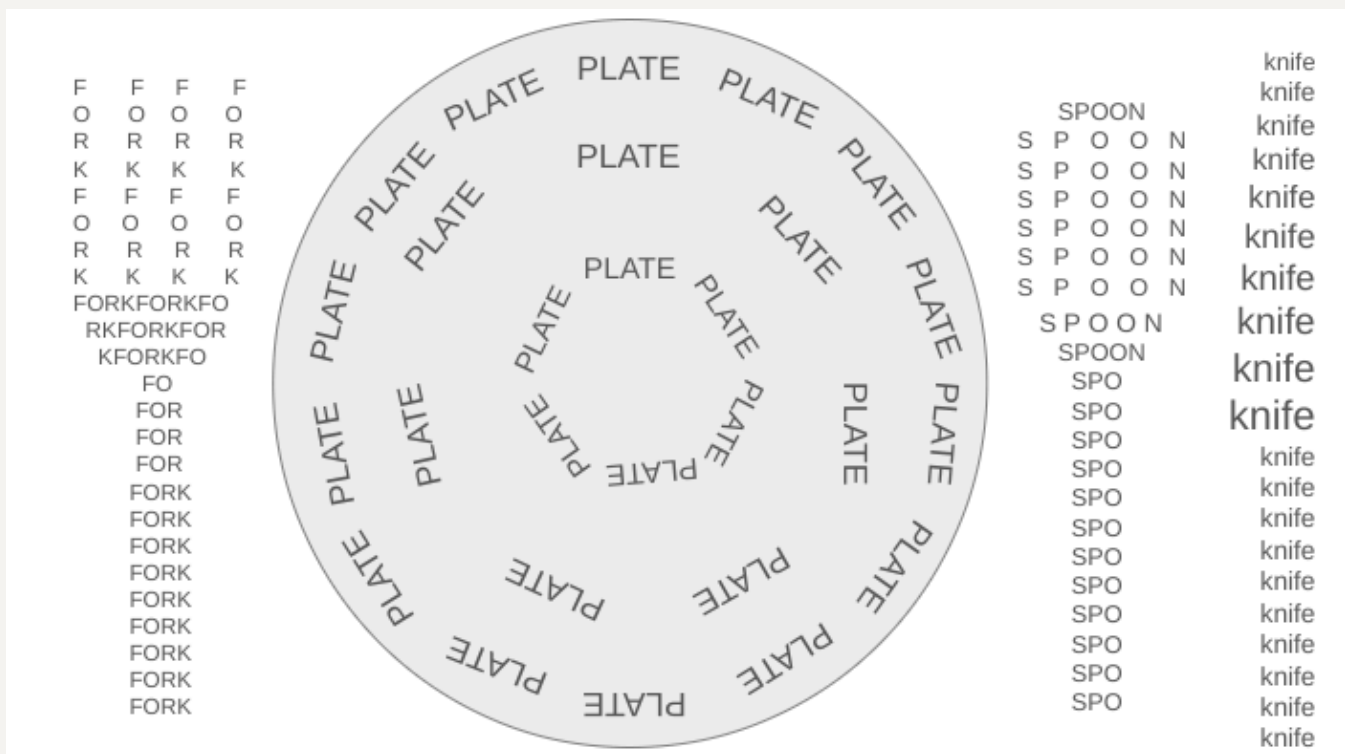
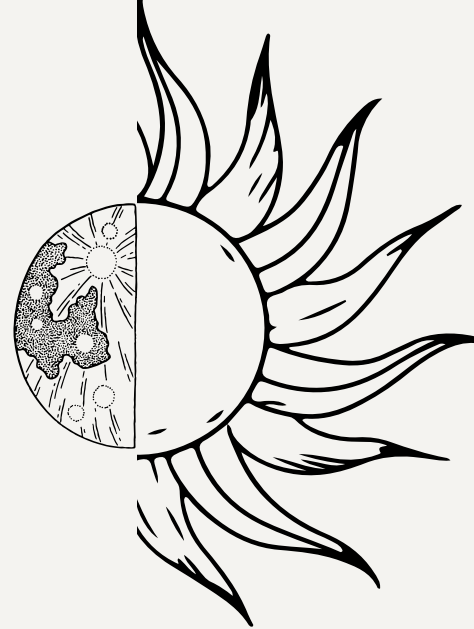
By Sara Pfeiffer



Torn

By Ellaina Ward

He was torn. This tear grows day by day, night by night. It's a damaging affair to say the least. Though one day she came along, bringing a needle and thread. This needle and thread began to repair his torn heart. His stitched heart now glows as hers unravels.



By Addi Kowalewski

Surface Graveyard

By Lainey Soto

Walking through the haunted house, I admire the immense detail everywhere. "Everything looks so realistic," I murmur. Frightened, I jump backward, knocking over a mannequin. A rancid, sour smell overwhelms my senses. Lifting the mannequin, I feel the pale, sickening, cold of its skin. I didn't think mannequins could rot.



Beneath Broken Wings on “Disintegration” by Aleta Steward By Maddy Mayhew

In the heart of her home, under the wide open sky,
she found a cobalt blue bird, with a tear in its eye.
Its wings were hurt; it could no longer fly.
In its eyes, a plea, a silent cry.

She gently picked it up, from the verdant grass,
wrapped it in her scarf, using her hands as soft as glass.
In a cardboard box, the bird sleeps full of sorrow,
under the watchful stars, it wishes to die tomorrow.

Days turned into nights, hours melted into days.
The bird in the box, in the moonlight’s gentle rays.
Its agony was profound, yet its misery soared.
Within the stillness, its sigh could be explored.

Bruised and hurting, still it aspires,
to unfurl its wings and gain its empires.
In the heart of her home, a hope never dies,
that one day, the sapphire bird will rise.



Repetitive Love Disease

By AC

“What grade are you in this year?” Grandma asked with bright eyes, wondering for the answer.

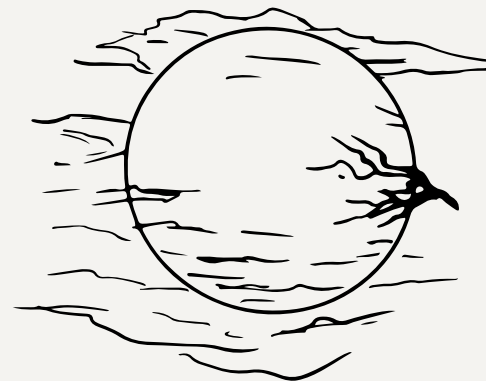
I hated the smell of hospital rooms, but I loved talking with her.

We had been talking for hours, I knew she loved to learn more about me.

“A senior this year, grandma,” I said for the 6th time.



By Mia
Köhler



Light in the Dark

By Trace Shumlas

As the sun dipped below the horizon, Mark found himself alone in the deep forest. A rustling in the bushes sent his heart racing. With trembling hands, he lit a lantern, revealing friendly fireflies. They buzzed around him, forming a path home. In their vibrant glow, he realized that even in darkness, there is light.



By Maddy
Mayhew

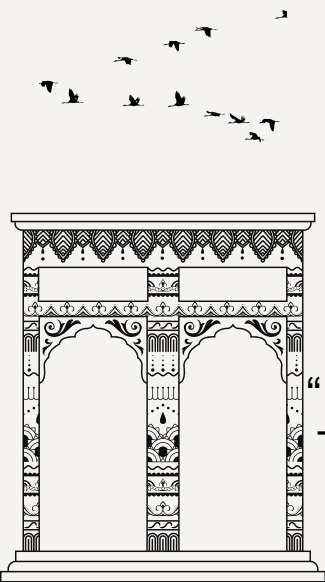


A Murder Right Outside
By Eden Harrison
An ekphrastic poem for Will
Barnet's "Study for the Dream"

Oh, what Hitchcock-horror is this,
swarming, an attack on its precipice?
What is this tapping, rapping at my chamber door?
Some hellish nightmare? Or something more?

Curiously and cautiously, I tread to the window.
Upon that sight, I feel so ill, a creeping sense of vertigo.
Like inky black rockets, birds of a feather
blitzing the blues, shades of midnight and heather.

Slack-jawed, agape, yet no features on my face,
I watch the pilots begin to fall, now doubling in pace.
"But I am safe," I say, paralyzed with awe in my ivory tower.
Then I note my open window. Now I have reason to cower.



Break of Day

By Meryl Mesenbrink

My alarm goes off, ending the silence of the night.
The sheets feel warm, hugging me just right.
The shower squeaks as I turn it to hot.
The moon is still out, like a big white dot.
I shiver as my damp hair touches my neck.
I get goosebumps as I walk out onto my deck.



The steady dripping of the coffee sends me into a trance.
The breeze feels too cold, but I decide to give it a chance.
The stars barely holding on, not wanting to say goodbye.
Slowly the sun appears, a bright penny lighting up the sky.
It greets my skin like a big warm hug.
My blood is softened; it makes me want more, like a drug.

The birds begin to chirp and sing.
The world wakes up excited for what the day will bring.
The owls stop hooting and the moon has veiled.
A new day has begun for the rooster has wailed.

By Sophia Vetta



Marinette

Writing and photo by Gabrielle McAnany
and Bonnie McAnany

In the forests depth

I look up, my dusk gray raincoat covers my eyes, peeling it back I can see that the sun has been clouded over us,
I look down at my bright red rain boots that are occupied by other colorful fallen leaves,
ahead is just tall skinny trees misted with fog.

Taking a deep breath in, the atmosphere is
brisk, fresh, and filled with the musky muddy scent of after rain fall.

As we walk, silence.

I put my gloved hand out on a tree to balance myself up on a log,
lichen displaces itself on my glove as a new home.
While up on that log I notice something in the nearest evergreen tree.

I point it out and we walk over,

I am first to get there, I am first to look.

The green tree carefully stabilizes the nest, perfectly shading the eggs from the world.

However the unhatched creatures seem to be foreign to my Nana and I.

Confused I step back, under me a twig snaps

the sky cracks

"We have to go,"

"But what about-"

"They're fine, c'mon,"

I listen, but I don't want to,

Those eggs were the only form of true life that we had seen this whole time, they can't be left alone.

As we walk further and further away

the sky gets dimmer and dimmer.

Darker clouds begin to roll in.

Still the forest is quite of all life

I look back one last time and notice something different

In the nest lies a big mama bird.

In what I thought was silence was the sound of hope coming back to life.

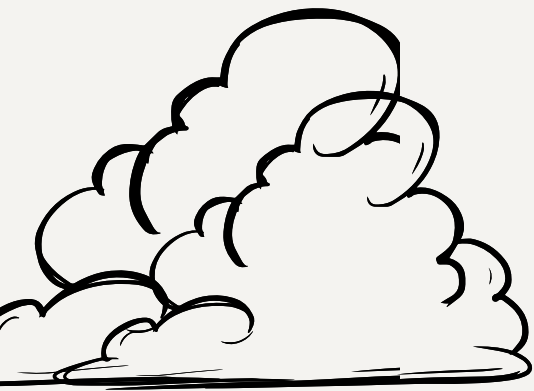


The Song of the Sun

Writing and photo by Terri Carnell,
Kaiden Pearson, Marguerite Jahnke,
Alyssandra Maffucci

The sweet sizzling sun cascaded
a shadow on the water from the long lanky
log like branches. The withered leaves blew as
the shape of them dwindled the more the sun fell. The
green leaves masked the warm undertones of the night sky.
The smell—strong like the Earth crying warm tears on a sweet
summer night. The weeds—winding and withered after the long
hard day of pulling them from the ground. But one thing stood out
Clear in certainty. The bright bold sun that controlled the Earth. It
became the tallest, strongest and the most powerful entity in the room.
It branched its ray like a tree and overtook the deep blue that was coming from
the night ahead.





Southern Sun
On "Gate" by Owen Gromme
By Nikko Javier

Emerald water gracefully shimmers beneath the
morning sun.

Colorful stones, bathed in sunlight, shine in the
water's depths.

Turning back towards the house reveals a gate—a
portal to reality.

leading through flowing fields of green grass and
golden wheat.

A water pump, its creak echoing the song of a
cardinal,

spews pristine crystal water.

Glistening with hints of color refracting in the
sunlight.

Breathes life into the arid, hardened ground.

The blue of the cornflower glistens in the morning
mist.

A creaky, red, weathered barn stands barren.

Beaten by the hot southern sun.

The simple joy of plucking crabapples from the
branch,

Throwing them all over the ranch

Exploding in a burst of red and white against the old
shed.

Leaving behind a stain

a vivid floral imprint shaped by the juice of the
apple.

A reminder of days when I felt truly alive.



By Sophia Vetta



Trees

By Anonymous



Foreign walls surround me everywhere I go,
a sense of feeling trapped in every aspect.

Eyes reflecting the constellations in the sky.
Trapping stories untold, sights unseen.

Yearning for what's on the other side of the cardboard.

Getting more creative than before, yet I still fail
Someone held captive, rather than a soul trapped.

The silence is the only company in sight.

Wondering how much more I can take?
Dreams run wild in this confinement.

Feelings of loneliness entrap me day after day.
One day seems to be empty and the next seems blank

Stay so long surrounded by all of my demons,
I do not care to be here or be there.
In the meantime it seems that I'm stuck.



By Owen
Wick

Radiant Aura

By Kendall Gebhard

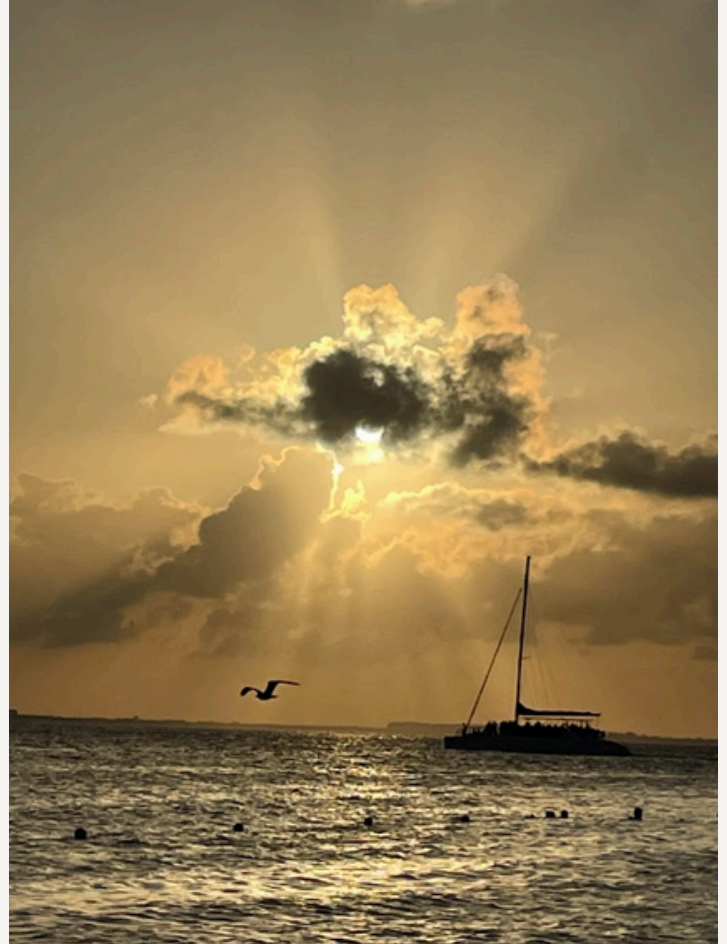
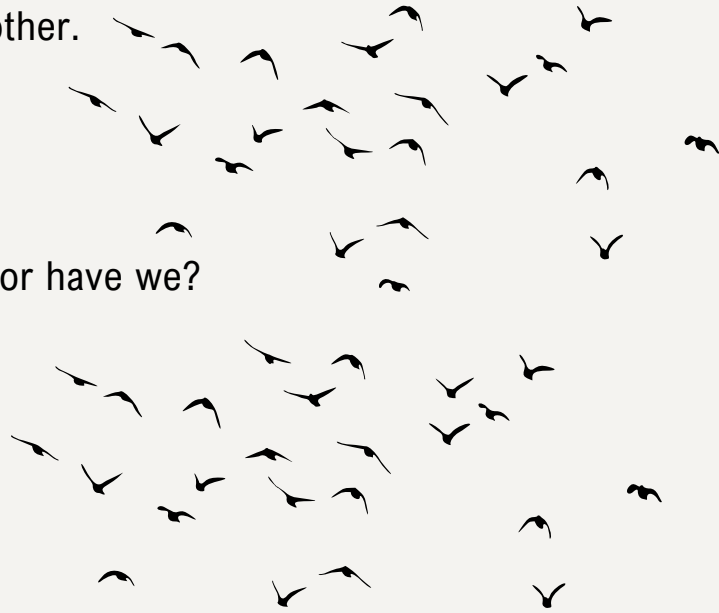
People say, "If you're not watching, you could miss it."
In this hand, We captured it.
The sun glistened through the white puffs.
An aura crowding in symphony with one another.

Imagine as the bird.
Witnessing the same views constantly.
The majestic skies are what we are missing.
The skies we have seen a thousand times – or have we?

The sun rejuvenates us like we are a plant.
A plant that craves the aura of the sunrays.
Or a bird that travels the sunrays.
Travels to find its way back to its nest.

Imagine as the hatching egg.
Embracing for the unknown.
The unknown of the sun's radiance.
The crispy air that will crack us free.

Or simply imagine as a human.
To be consumed into the bright colors
around us.
To be the one pondering exalted
wonders.
If we don't, we'll miss it.



By Sandy
Gebhard

Trapped
By Jessi Mathews
A poem inspired by the piece "Disintegration"

O generous one, instruct my life.
Look down and preach to me
your ludicrous script.
Tug my strings, my feathers.

I am a stone:
worn but ever stoic.

My ultramarine force, modest
against your eternal light, divine deity.
Lorn soul still a cobalt flame:
disintegrating but never dead.

Assumed to be the malleable marionette
of the savior savant.

Looking back, I see my mistakes:
Trust over mistrust. Faith over query.

Never again will I fall down.
Never again will I fall victim.
Never again will I fall apart.

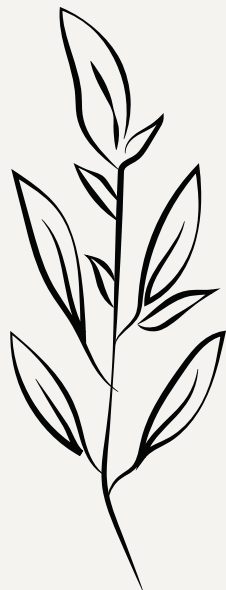


By Keira
Ashenfelter

Breathe in the Air

Writing and Photo by Rachel Meyer

I sit and I stare And wonder.
Listen to the life that moves around me.
It reminds me of the what was and what could have been.
What happens to all the promises unkept?
A word unspoken?
And again I wonder and think about it all.
I wish to know what I could have done.
What I could have changed.
I try and see where it all went wrong.
So I close my eyes and listen to the life that moves around me.
And I hear silence as the wind moves through me.



The Gathering Place

By Alena Cushman and Payton Teel

The sun peeks above the horizon,
Bringing orange light to all of the mountaintops;
It creeps above the clouds.
It's the type of view you look at
As if you have never seen it before.

Although you have,
You are still simply amazed
At the sights of our fascinating world,
Which seem to differ every day.

The views of this gorgeous state
It Looks like a picture that can only be captured with your eyes.
The various islands surrounding you
Truly an organic beauty.

The sun feels like a constant pleasant burn on my skin,
The water from the ocean tastes salty on my lips.
Marine life is like nothing I have seen anywhere else.
The vibrant fish, the beautiful coral reefs;
Untouchable, with subtle elegance.



By Chris
Herriot

By Audrey
Worgull



Colors By Jessi Mathews

The color red is infectious and angry.
It grabs on to everything it touches and holds it in its flaming
hands,

Never letting go.

The color red screams hot fire,
Burning my ears with every harsh syllable
And scorching my feelings too.

The color red feels rough.

It scratches my skin
And tears at my brain.

The color red stings my eyes.
Forcing salt to stream down my face
And into an open wound.

The color green never yells,
Never hurts me,
And never holds on too tight.

The color green is warm,
Not too red
And not too blue.

The color green whispers to me.
It is a soft blanket
Welcoming me home.



Shattered

By Ryann Steinbauer

Pieces lay astray. Fragments sit scattered. Shards everywhere. An object that was once one fragile whole, has been broken, completely destroyed. Now it remains in bits and pieces, unable to be put back together. Fixing it would be a difficult puzzle, so it will remain damaged and fractured. Unrepairable is the broken heart.



By Maddy Mayhew

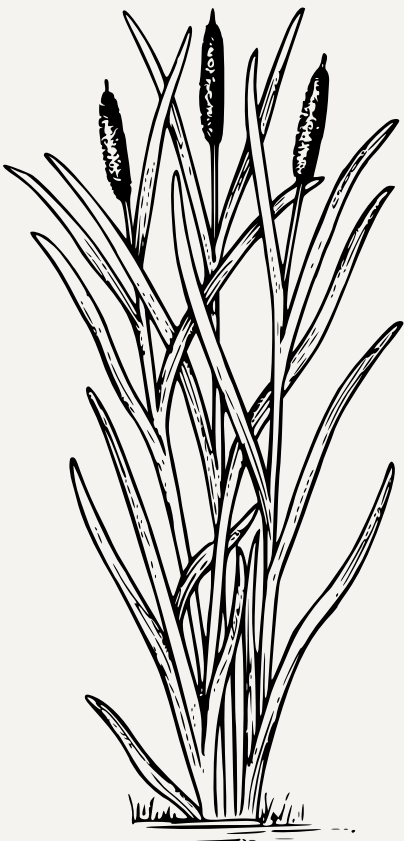
Our Summer Getaway

By Erica Bub and Abby Robel

The crisp air filled my lungs as I ventured along the scenic trails. The vibrant summer colors of summer leaves contrasting against a persisting backdrop revealed a breathtaking sight for us to entertain ourselves with all afternoon. The trees were our mountains, just waiting to be climbed. The water was our play pool, waiting to be splashed in. This summer day and park was ours, to do whatever we wanted in this glorious presence of the beautiful nature.

As we hiked along the trails, we stumbled upon the gleaming park of Cave Point. The rugged cliffs, soothing sounds, and the varying colors of oranges and yellows oranges are painted across the cliffs, creating a wonderful sunset in the dead of day.

We ventured down to the quiet side of the water and found a peaceful place to stack the rugged rocks. The mix of the vibrant green algae and crystal blue water were left dumbfounded by the glittering aqua water down below us. With the perfect backdrop of the cliffs and soothing waves building the rock formations was an extravagant way to end our day.



By Chris
Robel



The First Heartbreak

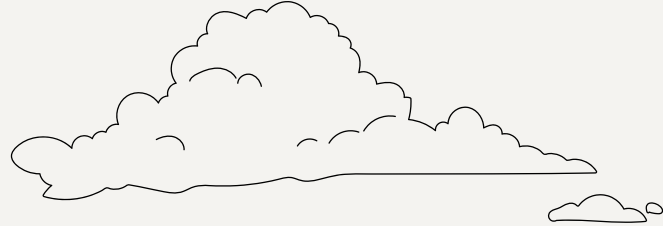
A girl can experience

By Emma F.

I am the cloudy day that comes after the rain
I feel heavy as I droop down
I am the detrimental pressure of not knowing what to
choose
I always want to win, guess I always find some way to
lose
I love you, goodbye.
You always find your petty ways, always scavenge for
ways to make me cry.
I now and always will be, no matter how hard I try
Not what you want me to be
So again, I cry.
goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Everything hurts,
Sucks that all I can do is desperately wish
Wish away the perfect day
That was supposed to be today
So I will wish with every candle on my birthday cake
For change and some hope too
I hate you for what you did
Honestly, with what everyone had told me,
I basically knew.
I feels so starved of all I had.
God I don't want to be, but
Come on, this makes me mad
I remember when you were so small,
But now your words are like weapons
I've been stabbed.

I will wait for you forever, because oh, since the first
time we met
I felt a spark
I took the traffic sign you had specially marked
I love you.
Where did you go Dad?
We don't have to stay mad
Come back , be here
Stop running, have no fear
I fear you will never return
Or if you do,
Maybe it will only be half of you
I miss what we had,
When I got excited for you to come home from work
Not now.
Now you're just all mad.
You pick every fight, always have to get the last word in
Where did you go?
I don't know where to begin.

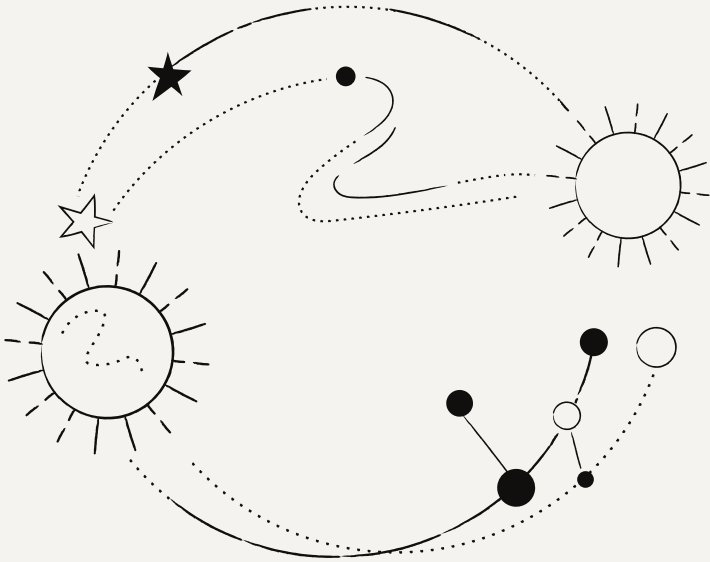


By Audrey
Worgull

Life

By Jaxon Marshall

World so big, where will I go? But we are where? We're here, why?
We're on Earth, but where is it? Galaxies so big but what is next?
Heaven I'll find, we'll meet again soon, where all is well, small is the world.



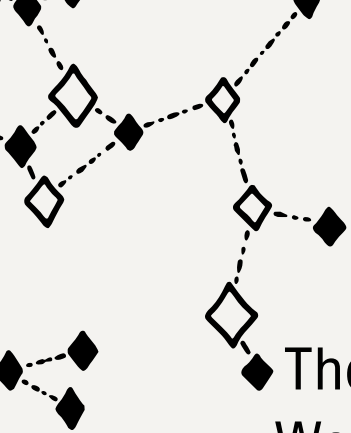
Radiation

By Luke Krause

Lives lost.
Chernobyl
Radiation
Forest
1986.
Chernobyl
Fire
Reactor
Explosion.
Chernobyl
Lives lost.



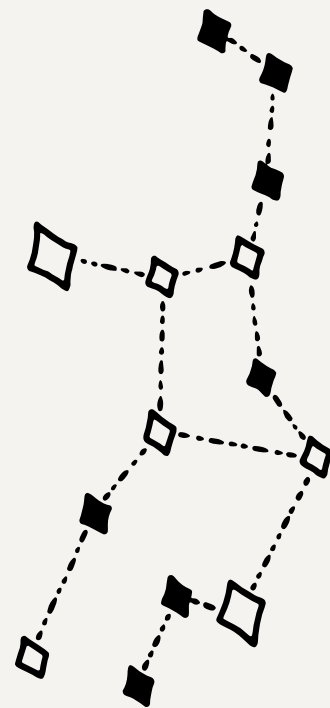
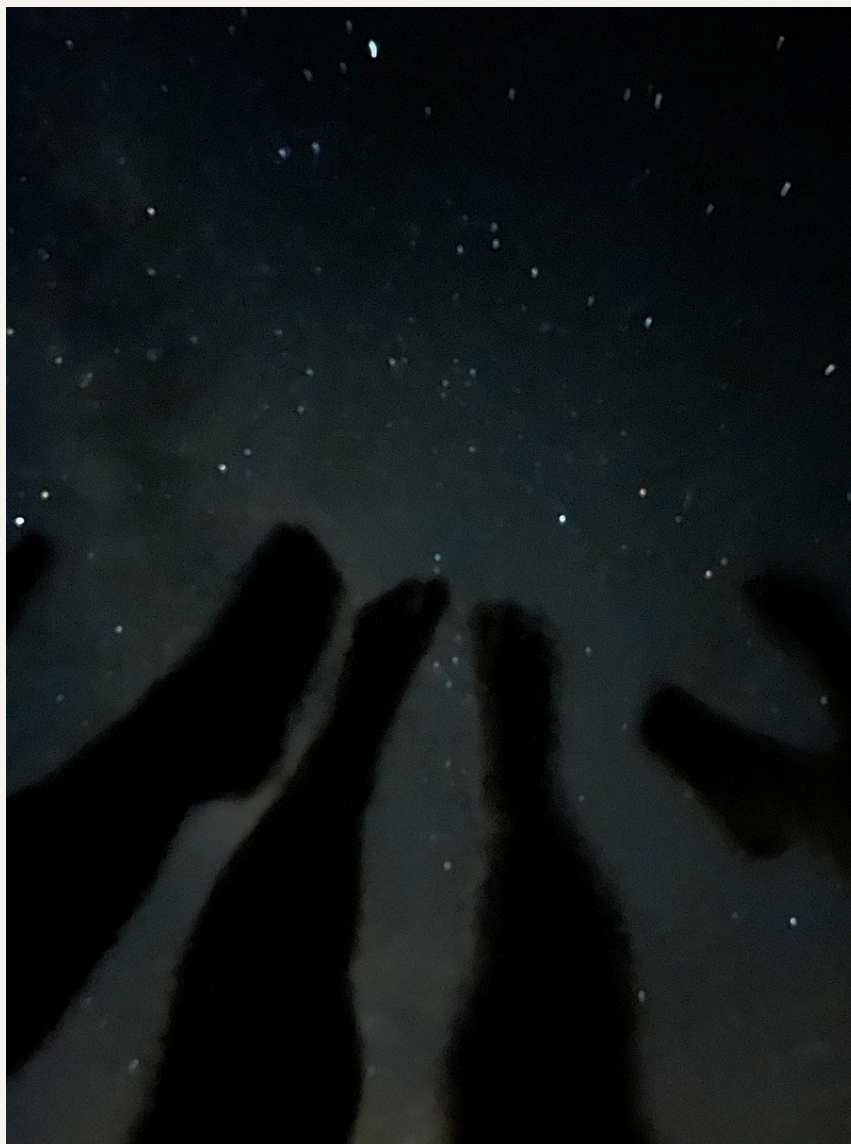
By Owen Wick



Stars

By Kate Reese

They shimmer and glimmer in the night sky
Waiting to get the same attention as the sun
Patiently they wait for the little kids to play
Wondering when they will arrive
The kids aren't coming, nor will they ever
The stars will only ever have the moon



By Owen
Wick

Open Fields

By Aubrey Medina

The flowers moved in a rhythmic tone with the wind.
And only one row of flowers bloomed this year,
maybe due to your absence. Oh how the sun felt on my skin,
soaking up the warmth and hearing the bugs hum in harmony.

The smell of freshly cut grass and the rich scent of the soil.

Being able to see the beauty of nature, was a gift in itself

The alluring colors of nature, is what drew me in.

Being able to see your gentle hands with the flowers.

The feeling of safeness and harmony with you.

Now all I see is the colorless field. The sun doesn't feel as warm.

The once lively landscape has become subdued.

We used to run alongside each other on these fields,
fingers interlocked, thinking about how our future may look.

We always talked about how many pets we would have had.

And the flowers we planted bloomed into an extravagant blue in color.

The breeze is still howling your name
hearing the echoes of our faint laughs from a distance.

I wonder what you thought about in the last seconds.

Did you remember the colors of the trees?

Did you remember the sky and how blue it was?

Or how excited you were for the flowers to bloom?

Maybe if we had more time, we wouldn't have had to put up the cross in the field.

Or if I had known, I wouldn't have taken those moments for granted.



By Owen Wick

Miracles in Heaven By Rachel Druckery

In the pew, I sit with my family as we worship God.

While we listen to divine music on the piano.

Ambulances blocking paths, everyone stopped and watched; we prayed



By Keira
Ashenfelter

The Unexpected By Zayda Zywiec

Tears fall like rain on a summer's day,

Unexpected, uncontrolled,

In the silence, sorrow takes hold, a story untold,

Yet, in sadness, strength can unfold, a heart remolded, bold.



Vision

By Gabriella West

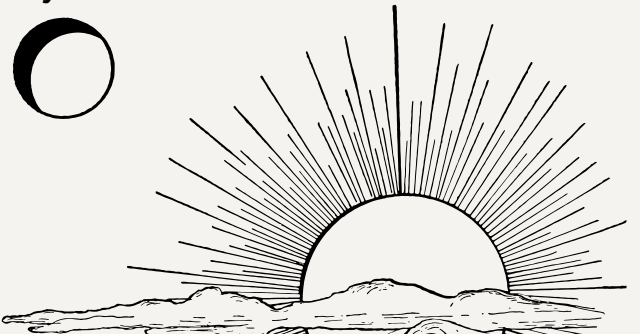
In the world of perception, Izzy was my North Star, a celestial guide through the dimly lit labyrinth of my nearsighted existence. Her eyes were twin lanterns, beaming clarity into a universe that had long surrendered its crisp edges to my blurry realm.

I'd marvel at how her gaze painted the world with precision, while my own eyes swam in an impressionistic sea of colors and vague shapes. A murmuration of starlings overhead was like a living, breathing inkblot test for me, but to Izzy, it was a choreographed ballet in the sky, a symphony of winged precision.

We'd find ourselves on her porch, our haven of calm amidst the cacophony of the city. The streetlights blinked to life, casting their amber glow on the world. For me, it was a world of ghostly silhouettes and formless shadows, but for Izzy, it was a canvas of stories waiting to be read. She'd trace the constellations with her fingers in the sky, drawing lines between stars as if connecting dots on a celestial puzzle. I'd listen to her voice, like a nightingale serenading the cosmos, weaving tales from the constellations above.

Walking beside her was like navigating a garden of senses. Her laughter was the tinkling of wind chimes, her touch the warmth of a winter sunbeam, and her words, like petals, fell gently into my heart, creating a bouquet of friendship.

Izzy, with her unerring vision, was my translator in a world where the script was a blur. Our friendship was a symphony of complementary notes, a dance of contrasts, and a living testament to the beauty that exists when two souls, different yet harmonious, come together in the tapestry of life. Izzy was my North Star.

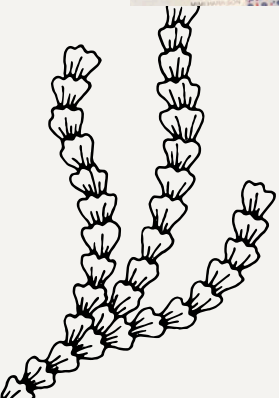


It Will. It Will. It Will. By Ciarah Allen

Blue drops of water fall uncontrollably. When will they stop?
Thoughts circle, sway, and crash over my head. This always happens.
Confusion of how my smile went away. It will come back, right?



By Margaret
Walloch



Nightmare

Inspired by “Study For A Dream”

By Hayley Indermuehle

Screeches sound the alarm of danger drawing near,
and I wrench the linen sheets up to my cold chin.

They repeat the same technical, thunderous trill.
I worry it's a monster, the kind my brother tells me about.
Slowly, I pull the sheets lower and expose my body
to my room's frosty, frightful fog. Panic sets.

I sit upright, feeling terror tickle my spine and grab me,
confining my feet to the mattress. I kick it away.
Tenderly, I press the pads of my toes on the creaky floors.
I step staggered, feeling naked in horror and darkness.

I turn my head to the window, trying to
make out
the fuzzy shades of black and navy. I
squint.
I try to catch a glimpse of the zipping
sirens.

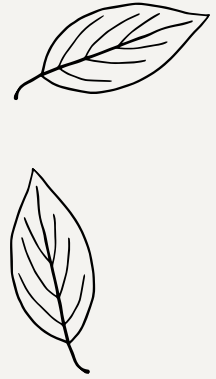
A black figure, darker than the night I
fear,
jumps out at me. I scream, falling to the
ground.
I run back to my bed, throw the covers
on, and burrow.
The sirens suddenly stop, and I start to
drift to sleep.

Except I still see them. I see their claws
and their
jagged wings of ink. I see them in my
dreams.



By Owen Wick

Suicide ! TRIGGER WARNING ! By Anonymous



Spread kindness to others.

Signs
hiding.

Never
doubt.

Signs
everywhere.

Be

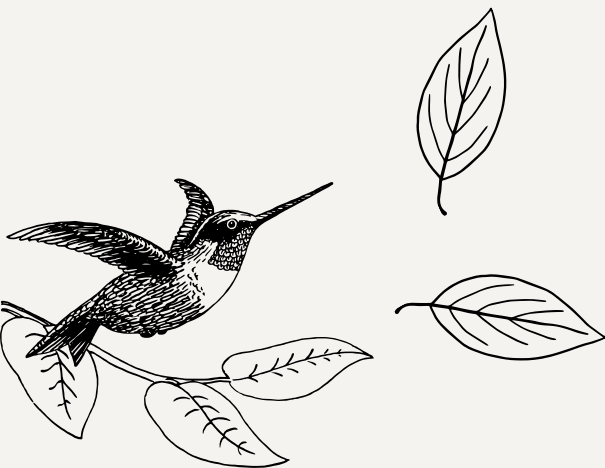
Aware.

Signs.

Spread kindness to others.



Love By Katie Curry



One Sentence By Anonymous

In the silence of triumph, echoes of resilience remain, while defeat; whispers lessons in the shadows
of failure

How to Solve Problems Proactively and Kindly

By Arianna Daugherty

Ingredients:

Lots of time Time

A mound of Patience

1 clear mind

1 Pros and Cons list

A good memory

A touch of Self-Awareness

1 Prepared mind



Directions:

- To solve problems proactively and kindly, will always start with obviously a problem. This problem could be in the workplace, school, sports or wherever you choose.
- It's important to understand that there is nobody more important to you than yourself in this situation. You have to put yourself first before anyone else.
- The first step is space and patience. Until you can handle the situation calmly and collected you should have some space from the issue.
- Once you have a clear mind, you can start making your pro and con list

In this list you list pros and cons to the situation and see what side you feel more comfortable on

- If you stay on the pros then your probably good to fix the situation but if you stay on the cons it's better to just forget the situation and and do what helps you most
- If you choose to fix the situation it's important to have some self-awareness. Most likely you weren't the best version of yourself in the argument so it's crucial to understand and recognize your mistakes

Go in prepared and with a good memory

- Talk calmly and respectfully and always listen to your opponent
- If the conversation starts to go south sprinkle some patience in and if that doesn't work it's better to just drop the situation and use a touch of that clear mind to help
- Clearly your opponent didn't read this recipe if it went south

Drip Drip Drip

By Audrey Worgull
Inspired By Will Barnett's "Study
for the Dream" (1990)

I watch the raindrops drip down the side of the window.
With every drop one behind it ready to take its spot.
As if the raindrops are put there just to be evaporated,
and brought back on my window. As if
to show that they can escape... but I can never leave.
I'm trapped within this house,
Just listening and watching the drops fall over and over.
I'm glued to the floorboards in this mirror maze
of a house. All I can do is look out into the lake which
kayakers pass smiling and laughing with their loved ones.
And yet the drops come back as if to tease me, that they
can
escape, but I am here, stuck, forever.
I just wish the drops would stop.
I just wish I could go back to the way it was.
When I would go on runs with my mom
and take my dogs to the park. But yet,
those same drops will come back to remind me
of the night of the accident
of the night I saw my family at the hospital
of the night I had to say goodbye.
Those same drops were the reason
My dad didn't see the car that hit us from the side
Taking away everything I loved away from me.
Drip. drip. drip. and the drops are back. As a
remembrance.



Fire

By Katelyn Olson

I hear something in the halls, approaching me.

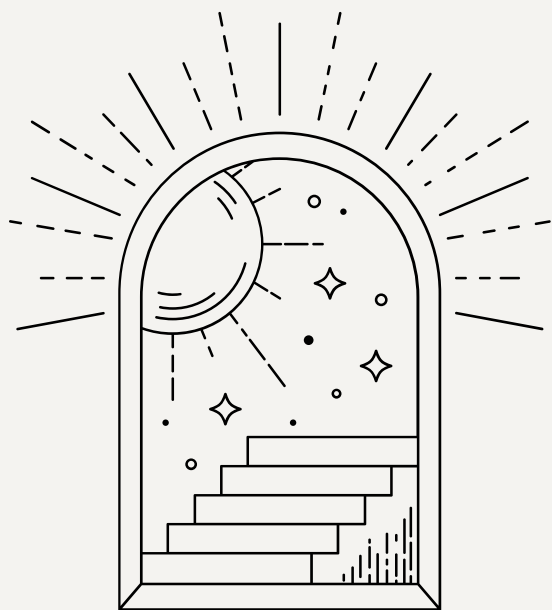
Fire
calling
bloody
screams.

Fire
please
just
cease.

Fire
approaching me, I hear something in the halls



By Owen Wick



The House, To Pitch

By Mia DeAngelis

Sirens blast; we take cover from the horrors of the outside.

I crouched down, the room spinning; I hear a yell and feel nothing.

Looking up, the sky is bright blue, and looking down, there're red shoes.



Her Ring

By Maggie Walloch



Almost three years later and it still all feels so new. I feel like I'm still the little girl who was dropped off at Grandma's while all my older siblings were at school and my parents were at work. As if no time has passed.

I'm young and naive, sitting on my grandma's lap, holding her frail hand while admiring that gold shiny diamond wedding ring. To me, it was a collar that identified my grandma as mine. I could have sat and spun that ring all day, watching it glisten when the light hit it.

She wore that ring every single day for every single thing she did. Every egg sandwich she made. Every joke she told. Every hug she gave. If that ring could talk, oh the story it would tell. My grandma was perfectly indescribable, but that ring does a good job of conveying her. When she passed, my life flipped upside down. I was devastated.

My aunt made all of the grandkids boxes of her things. Grandma predetermined who she wanted her beloved belongings to go to. We all had our opinions or desires of who wanted what but had no clue what she had decided until we opened our boxes.

I carefully relished every car topper, necklace, rosary, and cloth while I savored the memories of the familiar items.

At the bottom was a little black velvet box. My heart started to race. Whatever is in this box is going to mean a lot to me. I tried to not get my hopes up of that shiny wedding ring. There are three other granddaughters and I'm the third youngest. My eyes started to pool as I tried to remain calm and unknowing.

I lifted the box up and pulled it close to my body, shielding the spotlight of the curious eyes wondering what the box holds. I slowly opened the box and my eyes caught a glimmer of shiny gold contrasting with sparkling diamond. It's the wedding ring.

The pool that's been filling in my eyes floods over.

I ever so delicately lift the ring from its box, holding it while I admire that gold shiny diamond wedding ring.

I've never gotten to look at it alone, while it's not attached to her gentle hand. It feels as if it's missing something. So, I slide it on my index finger for a perfect fit.

The ring that once followed her everyone now watches over me. It's there whenever I need her. At auditions, first date, senior pictures, first day of school, birthdays, award shows, confirmation, school dances, family occasions, and more.

Yes, the significance of that ring is hers, but the legacy of it was chosen to live on with me. And I couldn't be more grateful for that.



By JL

Burn Bright By Eli Novy

Grandpa's company, warm-like the love of a mother.
Wishing for another minute, too busy trying to relive it.
His light grows bright, like the cigarettes he used to ignite.



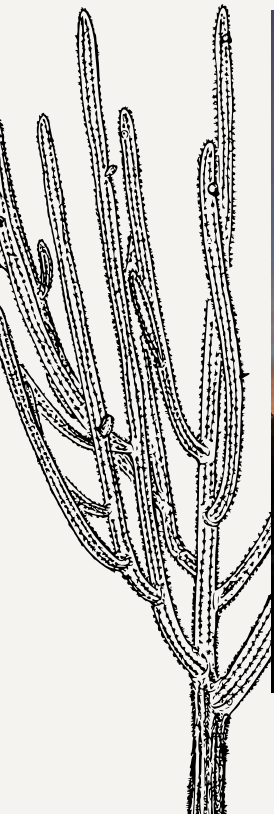
By Owen Wick

By Kate Reese

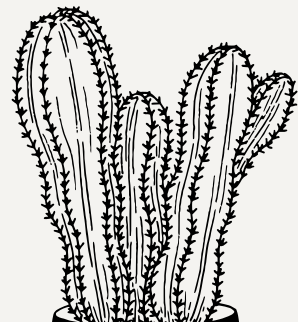


Predatory Behavior By Mj Slowinski

Hungry eyes stare, unblinking, luminous. A cacophony of cackles spill from mouths, wide with sharp teeth. Their Serpent tongues lie; telling the devil's crimes. Ringing in my skull, "boys will be boys"



By Kiera
Ashenfelter





The Night Sky

By Maddy Mayhew and Mathew Mayhew

I feel different. I don't always feel like my friends really understand. What I find inspiring just doesn't match. From a very young age, most of the experiences my parents and grandparents have purposely exposed me and my siblings to have involved the natural world around us. Admittedly, I do spend too much time tied to a computer, a phone, or a tablet. I do understand the attraction of the massive stockpile of interesting and entertaining apps and technology-based outlets. However, I also know beyond a doubt, what truly inspires me and what fills me with a euphoric sense of wonder. It has absolutely nothing to do with technology.

Watching the rushing water as it flows down a river. The sense of peace I get on a trail hike through the forest. Sharing space and time with bird songs and the sounds of small animals scampering about as I approach. The sounds of brush and sticks and dirt as it reacts beneath my feet with every step. These treasures that surround me truly make me pause and appreciate. Still, there is nothing I've experienced that offers the same feelings of peace, inspiration and wonder as the night sky has.

I scan the mysterious world above me and silently listen. I breathe in the cool, crisp air while I watch and wait. Each night I mingle with regular players of the show like the North Star, the Big Dipper, and the moon. The vast canvas of pure beauty challenges me to decide where to direct my eyes. I must give in and try to absorb as much as I can as the stars twinkle like a celestial symphony orchestra.

Many would look to the universe above for a moment and quickly return to more important things like that next critical YouTube video that's trending, or the next Tik Tok video that must be created and has the potential for record-breaking numbers of "likes". For me, it's not like that. From a young age, my Dad has exposed me and my family to the wonders of nature here on Earth and beyond. We have appreciated together countless sunrises and sunsets. We've sat on our blankets through the night to witness the magic of the rare lunar eclipse. We regularly use our own telescope to see what we can discover as we peer through the lens. Even watching the International Space Station pass overhead multiple times per week when the skies are clear gives me a feeling that I find difficult to describe.

I have a deep sense of appreciation for our planet and a tremendous sense of wonder about the universe around us. I am grateful for the fact that I have an opportunity to let my curiosity take me to a place that no computer or smartphone ever could. I am most grateful that my appreciation for the night sky has grounded me in a profound feeling of gratitude for what we have here on Earth.



By Keira
Ashenfelter



Growing Old By Abigail Gaar

I am not afraid of growing old,
in fact, I welcome it.

Each wrinkle marking years,
like rings in an old oak tree.
My auburn hair turning to gray,
transitioning like fall to winter.

Smile lines formed by good times,
long ago.

Crows' feet creep from the corners of my eyes,
From squinting in the scorching, summer sun.

So when I have grown so old,
and I'm laid to rest in the earth,
new life will grow
from
my
growing
old.



A New Family Reborn

By Dwayne Wang

Before the existence of the universe, there was a creator who decided to give space The Cosmos — a family of families consisting of planets, stars, and moons.

One tiny dot in the expanse of the cosmos, the solar system, was one particular family. Naturally, the Sun, Sol, became the mother and the Moon, Luna, became the father while Earth was the child.

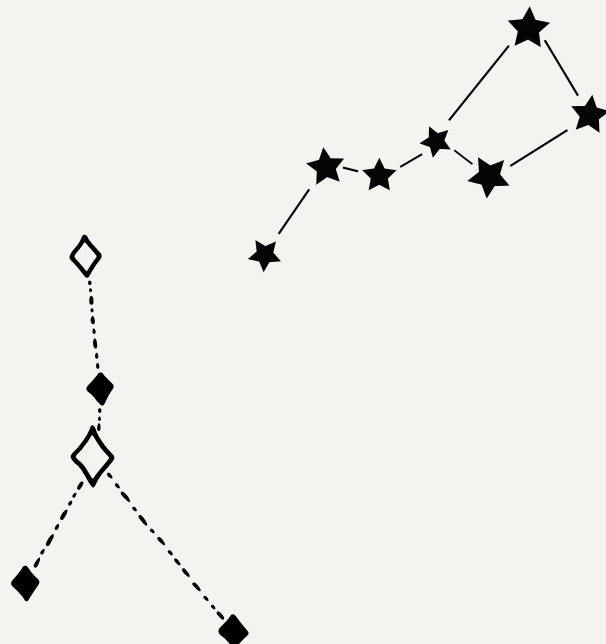
Sol gave life to Earth. Sol burned with a love that radiated across the ocean of space.

And so Earth revolved around Sol.

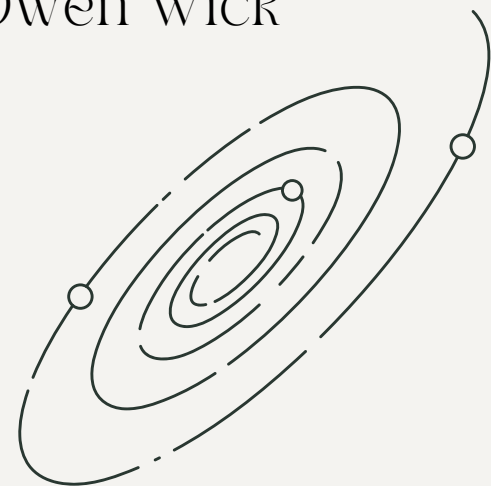
Luna watched over Earth, guiding and giving Earth stability, rhythm, and strength. And so Luna revolved around Earth.

Time would go on, and Earth would mature. However, with each passing year, Luna would drift further apart from Earth. And eventually, Sol would die, marking the end to the family.

Without the sun, there was no light, no warmth, no life. The universe was waiting. However, after a long long time, the ashes of the universe formed to create a new sun, and so the next family would begin — every sunset followed by a rising sun



By Owen Wick



By Keira Ashenfelter



What Lies Beneath
By Riley McKay

From the peak of the mountain as far as the eye could see, like a white blanket covering the sky the storm clouds lie dormant. The brilliant golden sun's rays of light enveloped by the warm sky. I stood, struck by its beauty as the sun lay resting on the clouds, a line of violet splendor and its spectrum of all encompassing light. I wished to stay here forever, its calm radiance and silent breeze only lasting a moment, and as I plunged its solitude left me.

The warm sky morphing to the bitter cold beneath, and darkness swallowing the world with the storm's lightning being the only thing to push it back. I saw nothing as I fell, but the rain's numbing touch being the only thing I could feel and the roaring thunder the only thing I could hear.

Soon the world went silent, I felt suspended, weightless. Had I made it? No, it was cold... so very cold, and yet I was calm. No light, no thunder, nothing, just the quiet cold and my thoughts. I was tired, my body weak, and as I lay there the calm, quiet, and gentle cold took me, I was at peace.

Christmas Lights

By Addy Whelan

In the glow of Christmas lights, we yearn
to match the magic others seem to churn.
In windows gleaming with perfections touch
yet behind closed doors, reality does clutch.

Each bulb a star in a constellation bright
we strive to replicate the dazzling sight.

But in the tangles and imperfect hues
lies the truth we often choose to refuse.

For every strand perfectly placed
there's a hidden struggle not easily traced.

In tangled wires and broken dreams,
we find a reflection of the mayhem in our
mind.

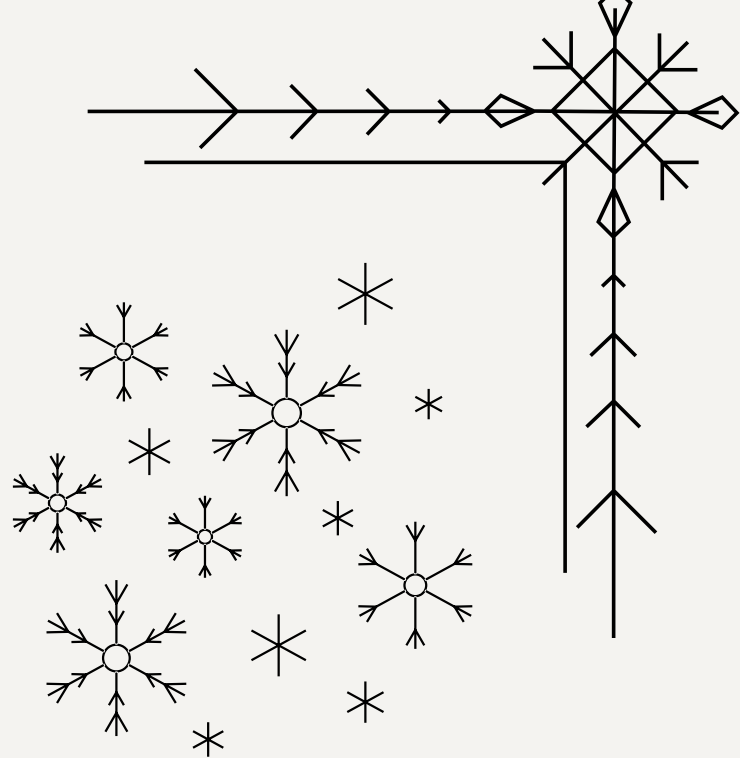
We long to shine as brilliantly as they
whose lights seem to effortlessly convey.

The spirit of the season, joy unbound
yet our own efforts often feel unsound.

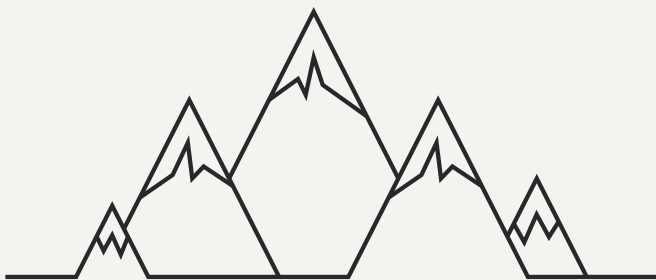
For while we chase an imperfect facade,
the truth is that imperfection is not odd.
So let us embrace the flaws that we bear
for they make us human, vulnerable and
rare.

In the Christmas lights, which both bright
and dim

we find the beauty in each imperfect whim.
For its not the perfection that truly ignites
but the true, imperfect glow of Christmas
lights.



By Owen Wick



When My Time Comes

By C

Grandma Teri, I never really got to meet you. And when I did, you were on oxygen and breathing your last breaths. As a seven year old, that really is a sad sight to take in, although I wasn't quite sure what death meant at that age, and I never knew it was permanent.

My mom never seemed to like you as her mother. All I would hear was how mean, careless, and immature you were. She seemed to have raised herself while you were sitting right there, absent.

She talked about your frequent new boyfriends and bar trips, coming home so angry and mean for no reason. She was your emotional punching bag, and in some cases, physical too. You smoked and drank, gambled and lost. You pushed everyone who loved you away, even your own husband.

But when you were nice, you were the coolest mom around, letting the kids have a safe place to come home from parties, in states they shouldn't be, and allowed my mother to do whatever she wanted.

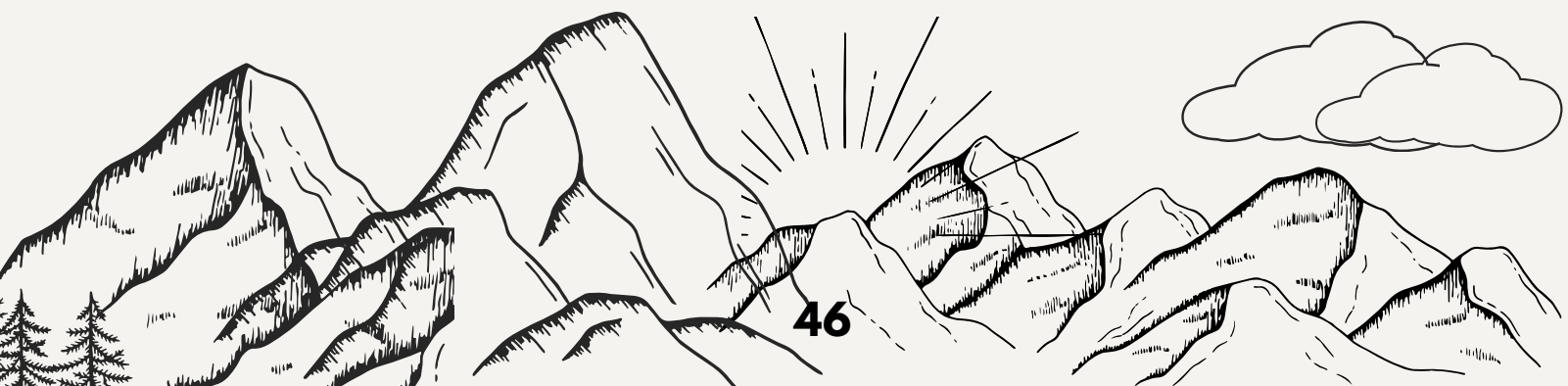
Through all of these stories I have been told, you would think I would hate you. But I don't.

I understand now why you were the way you were. Life is stressful. You were overwhelmed and did the first thing you could think of to drown out the stress and hurt. Although it wasn't right, you chose the only option you thought you had.

The little pink flamingo. Mom told me you gave this to me when I was still in a crib, still crying, begging for attention from her and dad, unaware and uncaring of their own struggles. This stupid little stuffed animal soon became the most important material thing in my life, it gave me a friend when I felt alone and something to snuggle up with when I couldn't sleep. It survived three moves, my parents divorce, being thrown into a storage container and me discovering it almost four years later.

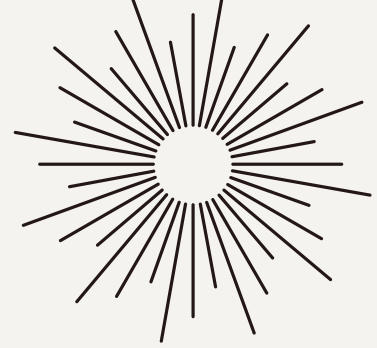
I was so mad at myself for forgetting about it. Forgetting you. I may not know you Teri, but you are in this stuffed animal and I can see it through the grit and determination that has kept it around. I wish I could meet you now, and develop my own grown opinion of my grandma, but the time is too late. I wish you could see me now and how far I've come. I hope you're proud up there.

Maybe one day when my time comes too, I will get to finally introduce myself.



The Sun

By Jackson Schulz



The sun's fire burns through my skin,
creating warmth and comfort.
I touch the sun, and burn my hand. How
can it hurt and feel so good?
I look up, her face pretty as ever before. I
love her.

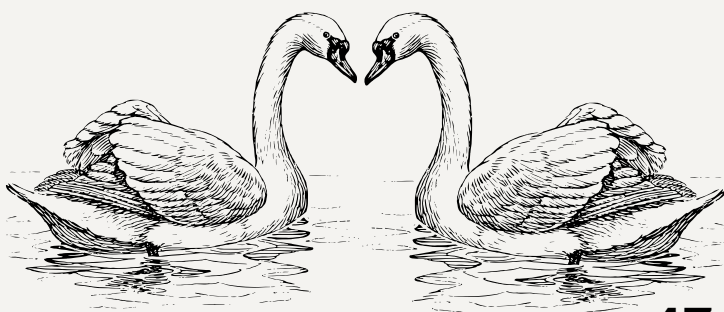


By Maddy Mayhew

Goodbye

By Owen Wick

For the last time
your hand
held mine
as you looked
deep into my eyes,
"I love you,"
you replied,
with no words at all.



Synesthesia

By Tierney Nevermann

The scent of smoke burned my skin.

All I could smell was the flames burning before me.
Hearing the bright orange cries of the fire alarm piercing the
room.

Embers dancing while shooting through the air.
All of my senses vanished like the ringing in my head.
Until the scent of smoke burned my skin once again.



Untitled

By Anonymous

This may be a little strange of an item to choose because most people will probably choose photos or their phone, pets, or sweaters but I have this box in my room filled with flowers and I would choose this box over any item. There are all different types of flowers from all different colored roses to orchids and carnations. These flowers were given to me by my dad, grandparents, boyfriend etc. They are from all different occasions. I got some on my birthday, or when I was sick. My boyfriend always gets me flowers just because and especially when he comes home on his breaks from hockey. No matter the reason for them, they are all important to me.

Every Time the flowers started to die I would take them off the stems, let them Air dry for a few days so when they sit in the box they wouldn't have any moisture and grow mold and then I would put them in this box. This box is a clear plastic one that I have sitting on my desk in my room. I chose a clear one so I can always see them. Some are 6 years old and some are only 2 weeks old. You can see the different layers from the first set to the newest.

A phone can be replaced but the memories of those people who gave them to me or these flowers can not. Some are from great grandparents or other relatives who have passed. It is so important to me to keep them for memory especially if I don't have many memories with those people.

Even though they may be old and shriveled up now and may not look very pretty there is so much meaning behind each and everyone of them. I will always carry this box with me in life and when it eventually fills I will make a resin piece with them and then start over again with the box just so I can always have them even when I eventually move out. The resin pieces would be used to decorate my future home and whenever anyone asks about them there will always be a story to tell



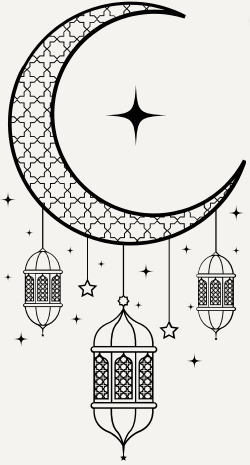
By Keira
Ashenfelter



The Skies Stories

By Arianna Daugherty

The moonlights muted tones, whispers to the silenced, dusk night sky
The stars glisten in response, with a heavenly lullaby
Our dreams unfold so faintly, as the light universe sighs.



By Audrey Worgull



Fall Fest For Lovers

By Anonymous

I get there and you text me to meet you by the giant guitar ride.

I am scared

Heights are bad

But you aren't a fan of high rides either, so we go to the fun house instead.

I run through the fun house after you.

My coordination is bad, but you grab my hand

We run into stuff anyway.

I insist on taking a photo of us in the funhouse mirrors, and we look really weird, but my memory's bad and I want to remember this night.

I mark the photo as a favorite and then you push me down the funhouse slide.

I yelp and swear at you all the way down.

We ride the swings once, twice, three times

You complain about us being too close, but then you rest your head on my shoulder and everything is alright

Except for my lungs

They seem to have forgotten how to breathe

But that's fine.

I ask you for one of our remaining tickets.

When you ask why, I respond that I keep a box of tickets with names and stories on the back of them.

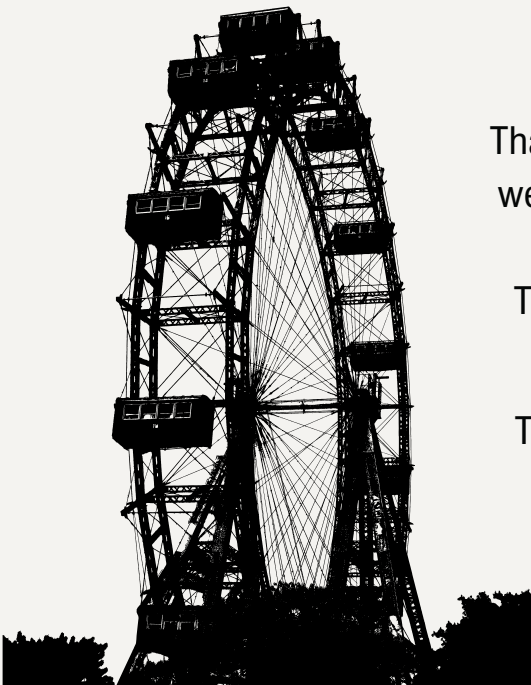
That way, when I see it, I'll remember the way you smiled when we went on the mini roller coaster, and how you didn't mind that I ate some of your ice cream sandwich and lemonade.

The way I stole your sweatshirt when I already had a sweatshirt, and you laughed at me and took a picture.

The little girls who proclaimed that we were bestfriends, and we laughed because we knew we were more.

Xoxo,

51 A lover from September

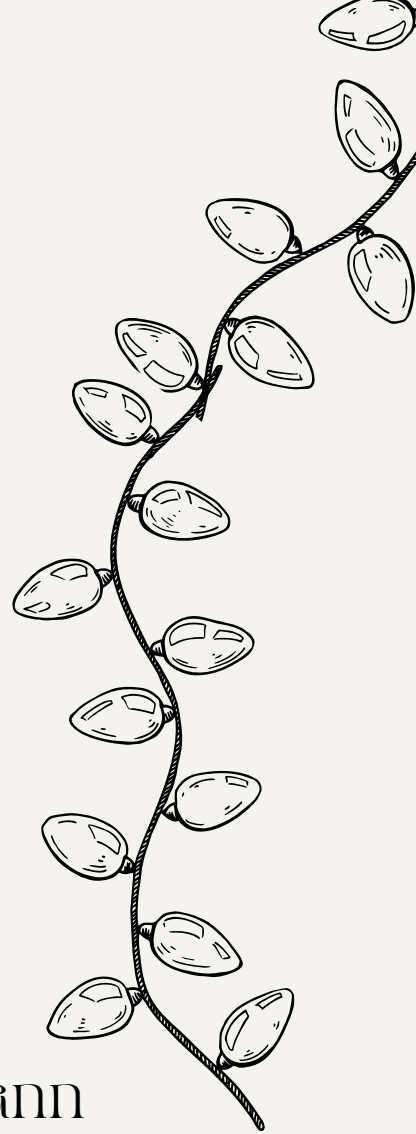


Candy Cane Games, I Play By Emily Baber ! TRIGGER WARNING !

Candy cane, it's all in vain, drives me insane, slices
my veins.

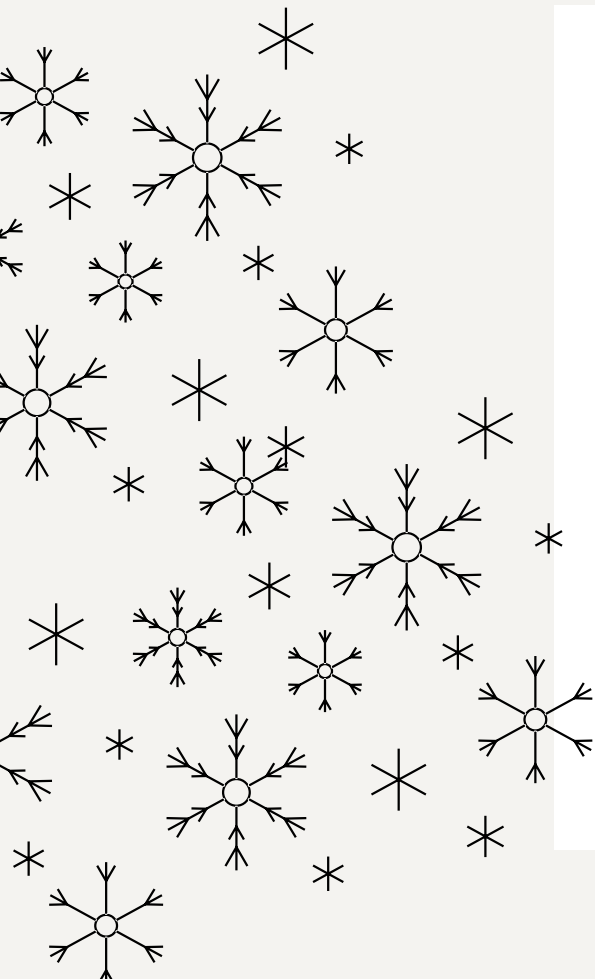
Laughing, through the pain, down memory lane, it's
all a game.

Dripping red, wish I were dead, dread in my head, I
hate candy canes.



By Tierney Nevermann

A
a star
a star shine
a star shining
on the bright tree.
Christmas day is near
Christmas day is nearly here.
Lights and beads are hung on the
lights and beads are hung on the tree.
Popcorn strands laced all in between them.
Mixes of colorful ornaments weaved throughout.
The tree skirt
holding up
the tree.



Supper for two

By Maddy Mayhew

At the table, a supper for two
elderly lovers under the dim glow.
Bliss diffuses through the restaurant,
like aged, sweet wine.
He lifts his drink, “cheers to 55 years,”
to a vacant chair. He’s nearly in tears.

By Keira
Ashenfelter



Winter

By Braeden Zielski

At the bus stop, a girl with a hijab shivers against the cold
Together in silence we wait this dark winter morning
Occasional flakes of snow catching on her long eyelashes

Stunning Sweet Smile

By Rachel Druckrey

What happens when you feel the first instance of joy? “I think it gives everyone a warm feeling inside and it makes anyone’s day brighter,” said 18 year-old Wisconsin student from Arrowhead High School, Lauryn Wulf. A simple hug from any random person can help to motivate a person.

You don’t have to have any skill to do this, all you need is kindness and a selfless heart. It also comes as human nature. “My parents always told me to treat others the way you want to be treated,” Wulf implied.

What works fairly well is being good at reading body language and to communicate with people. You might ask what could go wrong? Well, the process of reading someone's body language could be challenging. You can't assume that someone's body language is the same as everyone else's. They could get offended easily by the comment you gave them. The best way to fix this is to apologize, placate them, and move on with your day. As Wulf always says “ it’s not my monkey and not my circus.”

No matter what problems you have in your own life, you can always take time out of your day to cheer someone up. You might not know what someone could be going through, they could just have a fake smile glued on their face, when in reality their whole world inside is falling apart. This can even be beneficial for the person making the day too.

One of my friend's parents passed away, so I got her a gift basket with candy, cookies, skin care, and some face masks. Get them anything that you think they like; that’s important. “ I always love people’s reactions, especially my friends, because it makes me feel like I changed someone's whole world around me,” Wulf said. Most people get very emotional, hug the person, and say “this is exactly what I needed, thank you.” During this interview, Wulf stated to me that “This has been a lifelong journey that I will continue for the rest of my life.” You don’t even need to buy them something, even just a simple compliment, holding the door, smiling at them, saying “good job.” etc.

As long as you say it joyfully with a smile on your face, you will definitely be able to brighten someone’s day. Hopefully a stunning, sweet, smile.



By Owen Wick

Did you know By Anonymous

Did you know you sound blue
That I feel yellow when you laugh
That your small hums make the air orange
Did you know you are red
Like the sun that makes me smile
Like the warm sand on the beach
Did you know you remind me of purple
Like the bitterness of wine
But the sweetness of grapes
Did you know



Healing By Addison Meissner

In my life, will struggles linger through time or heal with it?
Endless thoughts are always flowing; my identity and what I believe.
I realize I am capable, and I am strong; you are too



By Maddy Mayhew

The Beauty in Death By Kaci Dassow

Family around her bed—crying—it's almost the end they fear.
Jagged breathing, unable to move as she takes her last breath.
Peace at last; with her husband again—this time eternally.

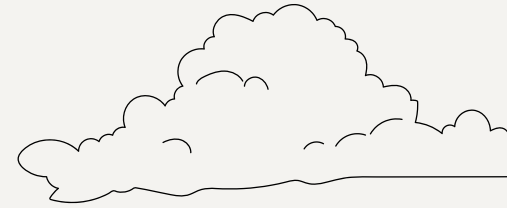
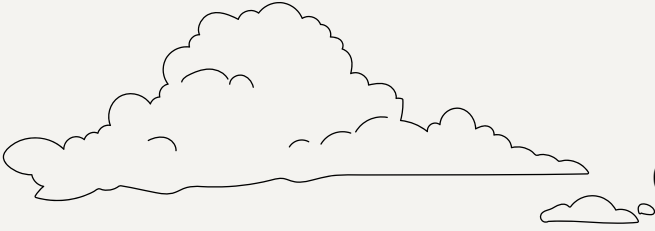
Only He Knows by CC

Green grass sway, on my back today.
told to leave, I seem to stay.

By myself, I can say.

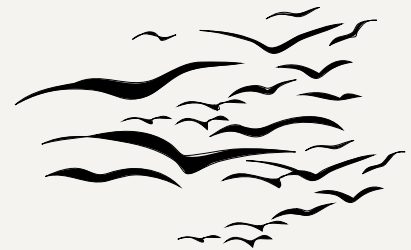
Good things happen to good ones don't they.

Wind whispers, fear not my son,
righteous things happen to righteous ones.



The Visit By Dani Ehnert

Machines ping. I speak with God
hoping He sees amidst chaos.
When doctors run back and forth, I
grasp onto her cold hand.
She looks up and winks at me as
the angels take her away.



By Ethan Dermody

I'm too... By Chase Baugh

tired to rest; anxious to care; annoyed to speak; done to start.
Music will help. Maybe food. I need to pause. Breath, Chase, Breath.

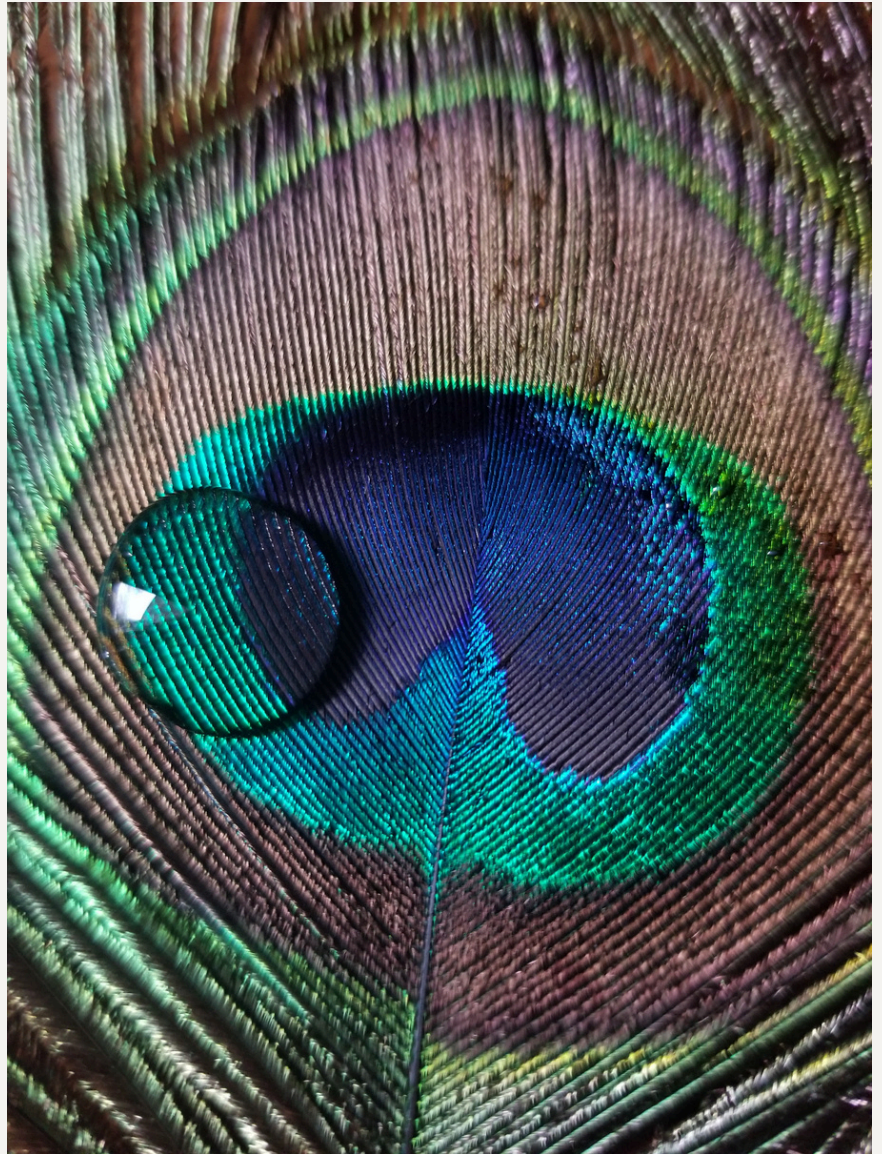
“Lord, I need you. Focus me, control me, lead me, empty me.”



Raw Beauty
By Claire Gryglas

Silk, brown hair, elegantly
sitting upon her broad
shoulders.

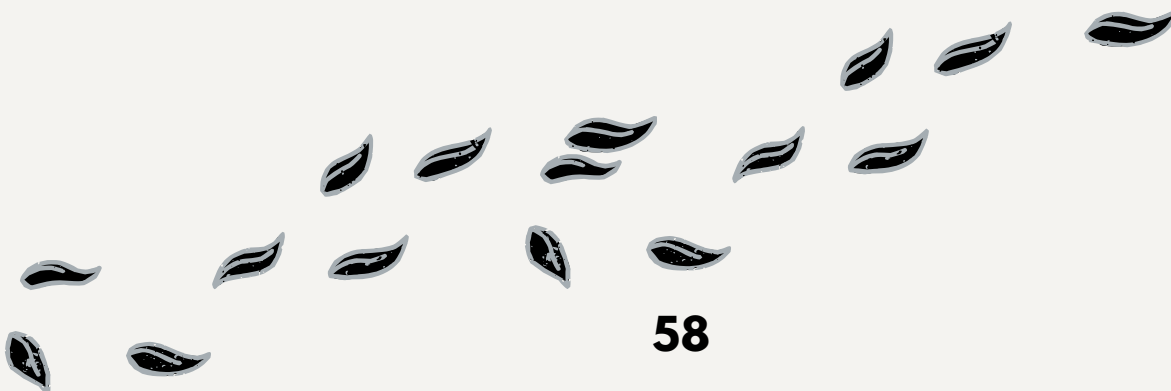
How I wish I could hug her,
hold her tightly, you say
“You’re worthy,”
of something far more beautiful
than a portrait on the wall.



By Karly Turinske

Wing Reliant
By Emma Danes

Birds fly, soar. Small, colorful. Their wings take them across the world.
Angels have wings, too. Long, white feathers. Their strength holds the angel's body up.
My wings gone. A long scar takes their place down my back. At last, spine is straight.



The World Has Changed But Not Enough...

By Mei Aistle

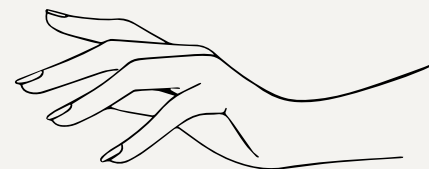
“I have a dream” did that speech mean nothing to the world? The world has changed but not enough.

I’ve lived in many places such as Philadelphia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Texas, and Wisconsin. Certain schools were more diverse than others such as when I lived in Philadelphia. As someone with Asian roots I never really felt different because most were inclusive and there was lots of diversity. Feelings started to change in that perspective for me when I moved to Wisconsin. The schools I went to were the majority of white students. There is nothing wrong with that it was more the attitudes some students had towards anyone who wasn’t white. When I first moved to Wisconsin at 11 years old, I was asked by many of my classmates for the n-word pass (permission to say the n-word so people don't get upset with them.). To me that was a switch from past experiences to see that some of these white students first of all wanted to say the n-word so badly but even worse they went to the extent of asking me for the pass and ignoring my answer of “no” and saying it anyway. These kids would go around calling me the n-word but also using it as an insult to others. I went to a middle school of about 500 kids and to my knowledge there wasn't a single black person in my school. This just goes to show that the world has changed but we still have a long way to go as a society. The world has changed some, but we still need to grow as a whole.

The constant thought in my head is who raised you when people say these unbelievable things? A vivid memory I have is when I went to a track meet at another school where most of the kids were not white and a girl on my team said, “I feel bad for all of these kids they are probably poor” I looked at her and said “You are not allowed to say that” and she laughed. She looked at their skin color and immediately felt sorry for them; she looked at them and thought they were dirty and poor. What has our world come to?

People also have trust issues when it comes to people of other races, mostly black people. A stereotype is that black people are sketchy. I know many people who refuse to be friends with or date black men because they are worried for their safety, however in reality people are “sketchy” wherever you go so you can’t just put a label on a certain group of people and be scared of them. So whenever you think about judging someone first pause and see them for who they are. A human, we all are so don’t let stereotypes hold you back from someone who could be an amazing person. Yes, the world has changed but have we? Will we?

We can solve discrimination by digging down to the roots of how children grow up. If you grow up with parents who are non-judgmental and teach quality you are way more likely to practice this yourself. Vs. being raised in a household with discrimination and stereotypes being taught. We can change the way we treat each other. The world will change.



Featured

Anonymous	C	Mj Slowinski
Ciarah Allen	Mia Kohler	Lainey Soto
Alexis Arbucias	Addi Kowalewski	Ryann Steinbauer
Keira Ashenfelter	Luke Krause	Payton Teel
Mei Astle	JL	Karly Turinske
Emily Baber	Mari Lofy	Sophia Vetta
Chase Baugh	Alyssandra Maffucci	Maggie Walloch
Erica Bub	Jaxon Marshall	Dwayne Wang
CC	Jessi Mathews	Ellaina Ward
Katie Curry	JM	Gabrielle West
AC	Maddy Mayhew	Addy Whelan
Alena Cushman	Gabriella McAnany	Owen Wick
Emma Danes	Sophia McArthur	Audrey Worgull
Kaci Dassow	Riley McKay	Braeden Zielski
Arianna Daugherty	Aubrey Medina	Zayda Zywiec
Mia DeAngelis	Addison Meissner	
Ethan Dermody	Meryl Mesenbrink	
Rachel Druckrey	Rachel Meyer	
Dani Ehnert	Olivia Morse	
Savanna Ellenbecker	Tierney Nevermann	
Elena Evans	Eli Novy	
Emma F.	Katelyn Olson	
Abigail Gaar	Sara Pfeiffer	
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Chris Herriot	Addison Schaak	
Molly Ignatowski	Jackson Schulz	
Haley Indermuehle	Trace Shumlas	
Marguerite Jahnke	Kiera Slotke	
Nikko Javier		
Hannah Jochman		
Benjamin Johnson		

