



Eclectic Soup

A Collection of Creativity

2006-2007

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My Parents

Sarah Sanborn

Traveling down my life journey, to an unknown place. This long interesting path is always full of surprises, describes me. I feel hands resting in mine.

In my right hand I feel a soft, delicate hand, of a women who I can always confide in. I love the way, when I was younger and had a bad dream, she would come in and comfort me. She is someone I look up to, someone I can relate to; I love the way she always tries her hardest at everything. She does not care what others think about her and she stands up for what she believes in.

In the left hand, I feel a rough, scratchy hand of a man who works hard everyday, and protects the ones he loves. He tries to give us what we want. He comes from racing motocross to bare footing in ski shows. He is someone who stands up for what he believes in. This big-hearted man is caring, always trying to do the best, and wants the best for us. He will walk me down to the front of the church on my wedding day. He will flash me one of those smiles that will let me know that everything will be okay.

I love the way that they both will never stop loving me, and they remind me of that everyday. It is a type of love that will never run out. I am going to miss the way the women on the right and the gentlemen on the left always held my hand. I know that they will always be there for me. My Parents.



Nick Uselmann

Lucy's Head All Wrapped in Clouds

Rachel Halaska

Lucy hung in the sky, diamonds in her ears. Tangerine clouds gracing her face, whipping through her marmalade hair. A moment suspended, a kaleidoscope of twisting streets, taxicabs and newspaper stands, the watercolor sidewalks waiting to take her away. You see Lucy there (cellophane tears) the suns in your eyes, you blink and she's gone.



Alyssa Hayett

From

Chad R. Krause

Born as humans are; no more to say,
Though I was told it was a cold; stormy day,
My friends say it was in 1431,
I allow this because it grants them some fun,

I'm a man whose name you already know,
I'll introduce myself anyway, though,
I'm a man of extravagant taste,
Of well-laid plans going to waste,

An abhorrer of daylight,
A man who lives for the night,
Said to be centuries old,
A slow-beating heart; ice cold,

I'm loyal if my trust is earned,
Though I'm far more easily turned,
Books, like "Dracula" and "Frankenstein,"
They helped to shape the brain that's mine,

The silken costume of Alucard,
Meat lightly cooked, never charred,
Radios with vacuum tubes aglow,
Esoteric knowledge I needn't know,

A monochromatic wardrobe: black,
Though color my life will never lack,
A fan of the creations and works of Poe,
My favorite is quite obvious, though.



If You Asked Someone

Drew Jensen

If you asked someone,
What is the most important thing in life?
Most would say either friends or family,
The most typical answer.
For me it is life in general.
To me, you have to live life,
Everyday like it could be you last.
Don't let yourself get caught up in things
That won't matter in the long run.
If people are being mean to you
Just say "I'll be the one laughing
When you're working for me in five
Or however many years."
If you asked someone,
Are you proud of your ethnicity?
Would you say no and if you did, would you
be able to say why?
I believe that you have to be proud of
where you come from,
Because if you're not you want to change
almost everything about you.
If you asked someone,
Are you happy with how you live your life
Would you be the kind of person that say
no?
Or would you say I love my life I wouldn't
change a thing?
If you say no, change the things that you
don't like
There is no reason going through life when
you aren't happy with it.
If you love your life, don't change a thing--
unless you need to.
If you asked someone,
Are you comfortable with the way you are?
Some would say no because they think that
they are too fat, ugly, or not cool enough.
Most of those things don't even matter if
you are comfortable with who you are.
Because when you do figure out who you
really are you will know who deserve to be
in your life.
You can find out anything about anyone,
Just by asking them.

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Why the Letter 'Z'?

Valerie Van Tussi

Have you ever wondered why we need the letter Z?

I mean... seriously.

It's at the end of the alphabet.

It feels so alone.

If you were at the end of the alphabet...

Wouldn't you feel left out and on your own?

Z isn't used often at all.

You rarely ever see it on posters on the wall.

We barely use it when we write,

When we type or even at night.

So what's the use of this letter 'Z'?

It's not very useful, most would agree.

But there is, in fact, many words with this letter.

It makes many words just that much better.

Such as the sound of a bee,

It buzzes here and there.

It zooms pretty much everywhere.

And would zippers exist?

If there was no 'Z',

If that's so, they would greatly be missed.

So, as you see,

We definitely need the letter 'Z'.

Without it, we cannot finish the job

completely.

Untitled

Katherine Hanna

With every minute

That I spend eating your words

With every second

That keeps my thoughts running

I'm led by nothing but time.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do,

I don't know where I am.

Do you think you could give me directions?

I don't want your map, but I ate all your

words.

Do you think you could drive me there,

then?

I know you know

So I won't get lost.

I don't care if I'm late,

So long as I'm late with you.

The Puck Drops

Luke Sausen

The air is cold and still.

The desolate and dreary steel beams crisscross like spiders' webs across the ceiling.

Slow breaths continually emanate steadily faster from the apprehensive players.

As the anxiety builds, innumerable numbers of people flow into the stands.

The foreboding enormity of the rink awes all who enter.

Warming all who near it, the mighty concession stand acts as a beacon to those who are hungry.

Unequally smooth, the ice glistens and shines with a devious smile.

Yet, more important than all these things is a small disk-shaped piece of black rubber.

This is what we do

Nikki Nourse

Winter will fall soon

We will start chasing the snow

Skiing is our joy

That of Heroes

Katy Kallenberger

A burnt toast sonata

A phone call from the same dead cat

Running from the clock this morning

Complete euphoria in a store bought pastry

True love carrying a pizza box

A symphony of sound on talk radio

1,000 miles from grace and counting

Driving so far away the road becomes sky

Giving more than could ever possibly be

taken

Fake smiles and fake pain pay the bills

Life is nothing like it was once thought to be

There really is nothing to live for

Life thrives because it is supposed to

Arguments cannot be made

Just barely getting by

Metallic waves of opposition flood the street

As beats of the same four chords fill the

airwaves

American rain falls on the heads of billions

The empty shells of would-be life

Are waiting at the corner

Their open eyes tell a story

Of rip-a-parts and falling down

There is nothing wrong with an opium

fueled morning

The collective song stuck in heads won't

stop skipping beats

Tear human life apart at the seams

Promise to build it back up

Outside and inside the weather is bad

The won't stop it, that won't top it

Right now, all that is good, all that is right

Is invincible

Natures Tragic

Michelle Manthey

The duck swam around the lake without a worry

The rest swarmed away in quite a scurry

The snow was to come any day now

This duck couldn't fly, he didn't know how

The water slowly became ice

Keeping swimming was the only device

One night duck fell to a deep sleep

Nature in a heap now a single weep

Name

Meg Maslowski

She was bald until she was three

With a bundle of joy, all she did was smile

Growing up with a family that loved thee

She was happy all the while

How she got her name no one knows

But this poem written by her uncle

Explains all from mind to soul

Instinct of charm.

As roundness to a circle;

Sweet,

As sweet inheres a sugared date;

Desirable,

As art that cries for touching;

She glimmered,

Tottering on hopeful feet.

Sammy was sweet enough to eat,

Not trusting later

We (smiling) ate her.

River

Michelle Manthey

One by one the droplets collect

Only to become a cup, a gallon,

A River.

Mirror Image

Rachel Halaska

I look in the mirror and see my face

An image of points of light

All laws of reflections

Angles and Incidents

Incidents that make my Backwards image

I trust it

Compare my backwards to everyone's

forward

We use our Backwards

As a constant

Find a Forward that is close enough to our

Backward

So close

These are my friends

And we find comfort in majority

Like it's a recliner

And it's when we are reclining

with all the Forwards

That we can get close enough to realize

That the Forwards

Are nothing like our Backwards

But it's ok

Because we are all reclined

And Backwards and Forwards

Images and Incidents with

Light reflecting off of all of us

Differently

Backwards can be forgotten

When the constant has nothing to be

compared to

And is constant to nothing but itself

And

All we are left with is

Forward

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When You Have No One Else

Cayla Yanny

It sounds a little corny,
But I want someone to hold me.
What matters the most is the friendships I
form,
Knowing I have someone to cry to,
To hold me when I'm forlorn.

My family and I aren't really close,
That explains why, my friends matter the
most.
When I need to shed a tear or two,
I have those people who I can run to.

What matters the most are those people I
met,
Later on in life,
Who remind me life isn't just a bet.
So when my life is filled with strife,
My friends are the one who let me matter
the most.

And then there's him, who holds me close,
Reminds me I'm loved,
A friend who gives me cost to boast.
My friends are the ones who matter the
most.

I Want to Be Her

Michelle Manthey

I want to be her
You know, the pretty one
The one that no matter what she says it
makes everyone else giggle,
Even when it's not funny
I want to be the girl with the little halo
I want to have the perfect smile, hair, and
eyes
I want her legs, and waistline
I want to be something else
Something better than what I am right now
I want to be her
So perfect, so clean cut, so everything I'm
not
Then maybe I would feel better about
myself
Then maybe, just maybe, someone could
think I'm her
I'm everything
It doesn't matter if I'm all that much,
I just want to be something to someone
Maybe, just maybe, then I would have a
purpose
I just need something to believe in,
And I can't do that without believing in
myself



Katy Kallenberger

Untitled

Katherine Hanna

When the Ferris wheel falls
Into the castle's walls
I have nowhere to run
But find where I've gone.
Looking up,
The bell is hit
Falling to where I stand
But I'm watching its performance.
Let's leave, don't wander.
The story goes on as my eyes open
And I'm chasing what's not there.



Nick Uselmann



Megan Woodward

The Skyline is Bleeding

By Katy Kallenberger

An unsuspecting street
Lined with perfect little houses
Filled with perfect little children
Suddenly there's a symphony of sound
Suddenly everyone's 10 years older
Suddenly the perfect little street
Is perfectly silent

Times change, lives rearrange
What to do, what to do
Nobody is home, nobody is home
Stars are hanging
Hanging in the velvet sky
Nobody is home, nobody is home
I am so alone, so alone
Times changed, life rearranged

The city lights are buzzing
Sounds and noise erupt
From every square inch
Of pavement
Suddenly the city of dreams
Is dreamily quiet
The lights go out, the noise is paused
Suddenly the times changed
Suddenly my life is rearranged

October morning light
Or lack thereof
I have nowhere to run
I have nowhere to go
There are so many people
I am so alone

October stars, at a glance
October romances
Step out of line
And crunch the leaf slightly to the right of
the sidewalk
Death is close to me, I can tell



Watercolor Iris
By Michelle Manthey

Michelle Manthey

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Kaila Binger

Boundaries

Rachel Clark

Feeling alone
Just want to fit in
But where
And with who
It's hard to find your place
When you don't know who you are
Where do I belong
This world we live in just judge and criticize
Why don't we look inside
Some people hide themselves
They know they're living a lie
People now don't except the real you

Hold My Hand

Rachel Clark

Hold me tight with all your might
Don't let go
You are my shelter
You surround my soul

Don't want to feel pain
You helped me close that door
With you there's so much happiness
With you I cry no more

My light has rekindled
Just as you hoped
We travel down life's path
With a new journey ahead
Our lives set forward
Walking hand in hand

Game or Shame

Chad R. Krause

Play a game with me,
A simple game of chance,
How much fun this will be,
At least, at first glance,

For an insignificant prize,
Your immortal soul is on the line,
I speak to you no lies,
Won't this game turn out fine?

Your soul to whoever shall win,
What've you got to lose?
Games of chance are already a sin,
So is your fate yours to choose?

What's there to be without?
For if your soul I deprive,
That you'll be different, I doubt,
You won't miss it while alive,

Pick your poison, pick your game,
Any challenge, however we play,
The outcome will still be the same,
I'll get your soul in some way,

I'm an odd collector of sorts,
I don't cheat, nor victory rob,
Games of chance; my sports,
I just happen to love my job.



Rachel Halaska

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Fragile

Shelly Hucke

One wet, long, stream upon this girls face.
No clue of who this broken person was,
I began to undertake why she was having
these feelings of hopelessness.
Heartbreak.

Of the whole thirty minutes, I sat here
amusing this girl
I repeatedly think, was her heart broken?
What could have possibly made someone
feel the way I saw this girl?

I sat here
in complete astonishment
thinking, at one point in my life
I could have made someone feel like that.

Looking at her, I realized I know that heart,
I know that broken girl.

The girl is so fragile,
This girl was so fragile.

Another path down her now rosy, moist
cheek
And I began to wonder if I should say
something.

All this time has past
and I've yet to discover what has happened
to this beautiful person.

Five minutes and.
This girl takes her cold small hand and
wipes her face,
She turns her face—every so slightly—
towards me.

A face I can describe so precisely, so
perfectly
The sound of release, and she's off.

I sit there for a moment and realize
this fragile broken girl was
myself.

I was heart broken.

Untitled

Alex Haroldson

You don't even care. Why should
you? It was only my heart that you
tormented. It wasn't like you frazzled
up my hair and I could comb right
through it. It wasn't like you tore my
sweater and I could knit over the hole.
It wasn't like you broke my bracelet and
I could reconstruct it. It wasn't like you
smashed my vase on the ground and
I could piece it back together. It wasn't
like you ripped my jeans and I could
patch them up.

No.

It was nothing you could fix. It was
everything you had to take and never
give back. It was my heart. Only my
heart. So, why should you care?

Because I don't.

Untitled

Will Cass

The American way
Money overseas life
The green paper bill makes
the world go round
The outrageous price of goods
The corrupt economy.
The underlying message:
"The green" rules
The expectations is spending
the money, the money, the money
A significant change
in economic structure
would be ideal
People with a lot of money
With a lot of evil

Excerpts from The Wall Street Journal's "Beatles Music, Reimagined with Love"

Austin Meissner

Strawberry Fields Forever
What began as a soundtrack is now
Love.
The Beatles imagined Giles Martin
As the Cirque de Solei of Las Vegas.
With the support and approval of
Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr
Some of the love in
"Strawberry Fields Forever"
Was seemingly cohesive.
One measure of how good
Love
Turned out to be is to consider how bad it
could
Have been.



Michelle Manthey

Shoes

Nikki Nourse

I have baller Vans.
One shoelace white, one yellow.
People always ask.

Watermelons and Sunshine

Katy Kallenberger

Haikus can be hard
Sometime they do not make sense
Refrigerator!

The Market to End All Markets

Ricky Wozniak

The interval between
legendary and eternal.

The eclipse of the end
and the beginning.

The usual scolds the valuable;
Battles get thrown out.

A rise in the market
will catch her breath

More provocation predicted;
A product of cronyism and self-dealing.

Once decided what it wants,
Faster powers trust.

A love poem of words taken and rearranged from the article "Sunny Skies for Insurers Face Clouds in 2007" from the Wall Street Journal

Jon Lees

A year of sunny skies,
Our momentum keeps on growing.
The absence of large disaster-related
claims
Has fueled double-digit profit growth.
It has been a once-in-a-generation year,
But a so-called flat yield curve
Reduces the attractiveness of a long-term-
investment
Because a short-term pays a similar
amount of interest.
The key question is "What will happen?"
There will be pressure on prices,
But it won't be tremendous pressure
If our insurers behave themselves.

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Katherine Hanna

Americans Love for Money

Allison Wood

All year long
Americans poured money into price tags
investing along the globe
And there is vast diversification
Investing across all regions
Overseas gives an edge
The impressive lineup in the U.S.
establishing a cheap price tag
A big emphasis on
Globalization
is the main focus all year long
Americans pour money into big companies
Pour money into price tags
Focusing on the most-popular contest

My Attacker

Ashley Rummel

I tried to get away
To find a safe place
I tried to lose you from my life
To forget the dark place
You're everywhere I turned
You're everyway I went
You caught me on the stairs,
that day I said,
I had to go."
You shoved me against the wall,
said, "I had to leave."
You pushed me:
I pushed back.
I kicked you;
you let go.
ran up stairs,
to leave,
You grabbed my arm;
You pulled me down
I fell down the three steps.
The day lives with me
The helplessness of my attack



Megan Woodward

From "Elephants Have An Achilles' Heel, And It's Their Feet."

Alex Haroldson

The human behind every animal was built on intimidation and pain. The aficionado soaks through steel cages. The young deny regulation and bad retort. Protected contact is hotly traveling in search of something to eat. Running like a zebra from these chains and ropes he was coaxing me back. It is of sick nature to simply kill on rough ground and crush me to death. I relied on your masterful infection to clip me from neglect. Standards aggravate rather than make commitment. Self-police is a shift in motion and reshuffles rules and regulations inside. The answer digs in a big way. A critical point to decide the unthinkable will act as a harrowing exercise. Wild and building I would never give up.

Days 2 Nights

Dave Arndt

The sun is the prince of the sky,
In the summer when days are long and
the heat is high,
Up to its peak at the 21st of June,
the suns reign supreme over the moon.
In contrast,
the moon is at its best
then winter is the season at hand,
The days are shorter and nights longer,
that's the plan,
Except in Iceland.

Untitled

Christine Judd

It's official; it's a date, and a first date. A real date. I'm crawling out of my skin and each little nerve in my body has lit up like a match to a line of gasoline. I am on fire. I am electric. I haven't shaved my legs in at least three months. I am a wreck. I'm hiding away in my tiny cubicle pretending to be hard at work when really I'm making a to-do list that will hopefully make me look at least halfway decent for my first date with Jeff. My list: 1. Bubble bath and major primping, 2. Fix frumpy hair, 3. Pick out outfit... I check myself out in the compact mirror I keep in my handbag. I mean briefcase. I almost shoot myself right then and there; I look that terrible. My hair is a mess, my lipstick is running off the sides of my lips, and I'm not even wearing any make-up. Yes, kids, this is what happens when you give up on yourself.

Finally I get to leave this satanic place I call "work." I hop in the car and race home. Of course, watching out for nosy cops who might get in the way of my extremely necessary makeover, and me, which will require millions of hours to pull off just right. I pull into the driveway and almost take the mailbox down with me. When I finish relaxing in the tub, I get out and blow-dry my hair. I look like a fuzz ball. I'm not amused. This will take precise gelling and combing, but I think I can handle it. I feel my right leg from my thigh down to my knee. This is how a leg is supposed to feel when someone asks you on a date, and I get that crazy tingly feeling inside. I pick out the shortest skirt I own, unfortunately not very short, but it's not like I want to give it all away just because it's been so long. I get out some black heels. Yes, I did refer to a pair of shoes I own, heels. This is madness.

When I'm fully dressed and possibly prepared, I stand in front of the full-length mirror and admire my hard work. It doesn't even look like I'm trying that hard. Jeff and I met last Friday night and somehow he saw something inside of me that he thought was worth further investigation.

Not that I'm complaining, I'm ecstatic. If Jeff thought I was worth dating, there must be something good about me, right? I blast some of my favorite music and I dance around the house while singing into my hairbrush. It feels marvelous acting like such a cliché. Sometimes it's nice just to be like every other girl.

As the music pounds on the walls of my apartment, I'm starting to worry that some of the neighbors might approve of my magical cliché moment.

The doorbell rings.
Jeff stands at my apartment door and looks at me with a goofy grin. I'm still holding the hairbrush. "So, are you ready?"
I throw the hairbrush over the other side of my couch, I take hold of his hand, I smile and nod.

A collection of Creativity

I Do Not Fear Death

By Max Willey

I do not fear death,
Bury me on that hill of green,
Bathed in amber light,
No pomp or procession,
A tree above me that I may feed,
Do not mourn me for I am with the Earth
again,
I am everywhere

Song

By Max Willey

Give me that song I love,
I lie back and close my eyes,
No more stress,
I float into the sky,
I don't come down

At The End of The Earth

By Max Willey

At the end of the Earth, there will be three
things:

FIRE: to burn down the dead forest of the
old guard

WIND: gentle, yet constant, blowing away
the ash of old, revealing the tabula rasa

ICE: from its penetrating touch, those
meant to live will live

Arts and Crafts

By Katy Kallenberger

Shiny blades of steel
Cut their way through me paper
As well as my heart

What's the Word Again

Brittain Sellers

The feeling you get
When the teacher says pick partners
You sit there
But never get asked
What's that word again?
The feeling you get
Entering a room full of people
But no one asks
If you'd sit by them
What's that word again?
The feeling you get
On a Friday night
All your friends are out having fun
But your phone never rings
What's that word again?
The feeling you get
When you're the new kid
No one asks your name
No one says hello
What's that word again?
The feeling you get
At a party on Saturday night
Everyone one is mingling
But you sit there alone
What's that word again?
The feeling you get
When you're on a sports team
Your talent isn't of the others
So they never pass you the ball
What's that word again?
That word is exclusion
To prevent someone from engaging
To prevent Participation

A Penniless Composition

Katy Kallenberger

For heaven is only inches away
I move closer to you
And lay my head on your shoulder
Breathe you

Kiss the bone beneath my jaw
And whisper that you're in heaven
Breathe a little
Close our eyes

The stars are putting on a show for us
Watch them mock us and our youth
Our forgiving youth
Tell them to stay right where they are
I want to remember this moment as it is

The sun can stay where it is,
On the other side of the world
You are all the light I need
To get me through the day
You are all the light I want

My feelings are so genuine
You are heaven within a household
You are an iridescent sunrise
There is nothing to compare your velveteen
eyes with
You are heaven within a household

A bold move, a hit to the knees
Buckle, duck, serene
I need to hear
The harsh undertones of your voice

Hand me a bouquet of rose oleanders
A fair trade for your time
The hush of your soul
The stillness of sound

Your steel confidence
Is almost overwhelming
I would give you my life,
If it were transferable

Your adroit hands are warming and safe
The penumbra outside the window is
calling

We are mavericks to human love
Your hand in my hair
Wash away the past
With a paintbrush and time
Forget the past
It's already gone
Forget the future
It will never come

But we have right now
And the minutes to come
Our love is so esoteric
It would take a village to tear us apart

We are running with the wind
Going with the flow
We are stones skipping on a tranquil pond
Stones in water
Dropping to our knees
When we feel heaven coming near



Katy Kallenberger



Katy Kallenberger



Rebecca Schlehlein

A collection of Creativity



Rebecca Schlehlein

numb to feel

Shelly Hucke

She sits here acting as if everything is okay, but her face reveals a different mood, a different expression People look at her, but what do they see A girl who's troubled, or a girl who makes trouble To her, she shows beauty and happiness, but what she feels in her heart—beating and beating—but no feeling The light becomes dim, her face begins to sweat Her hands begin to shake, but keeps a steady face She doesn't want everyone to know he broke her heart Her nose begins to run, her eye begin to fill But why, no one around her knows, no one could understand She keeps her life a secret, her love for him inside People begin to stare; she just looks down She doesn't want people to know; she's weak, sad, upset She's grasping onto her legs, trying to not let people, her friends see her shake She's been struggling, they know They saw them together, so happy, she remembers what it was like to have something special like that She remembers the way he kissed her, hugged her A tear rolls She slowly wipes her face, but continues to hold her head down Her heart has been broken, herself incomplete She loves him, what went wrong A tear rolls once more This time her hand didn't touch her cheek Everyone knew, she was heartbroken

She sits in her bed, all alone wishing someday he would call She's lying in her bed, face in her pillow she wants to know why everything is going wrong her face is beat red, her skin fragile Looking out her window, she thinks about what it would be like if none of this would have happened The music plays softly of lines that make sense She can relate to the words that are sung from a broken heart She pulls out the pictures of him and her together His face looks so happy; his smile is pure Why did he say goodbye to something amazing? She would have given her would for his happiness, For that smile she had always received Tears are flowing, as memories are thought She's thinking about how she may never receive that again She's thinking about how she disappointed him at times Her face is upset, her body is held in her arms, shaking She's all alone; she has no one at all What is she to do? How does she manage? She's in love

Untitled

Dan Gallun

Boys Mow Lawns,
Girls Do Dishes
Household battles
Husbands work,
Wives at home?
Fix-it jobs,
cleaning for The Son,
The Daughter
Statistics show Parents divide chores
Cleaning on all fours
Or driving lawn mowers?

Follow patterns as you grow
Dad assembles, repairs, carries
Mom does dishes, laundry, ironing
Generation to Generation
We all become our parents
How to fix Gender politics
To clean up the mess
You don't have to wear a dress

Untitled

Megan Wolfgram

The sun lit the world, her world. She sat in a field of flowers. Listening to the nature and all of its beauty. She drifted away, and dreamed of many things. She was on a raft and the river was wide. It was twilight and the stars were in bloom! She laughed and the water began to hum a gentle tune. The crickets were chirping and the frogs were croaking. The sky was clear, and the moon was full. She stood and took off into the air and began to soar.

Funhouse of Fear

By Katy Kallenberger

Laughter, big red nose
I don't think clowns are so bad
Oh, that creepy smile

Open Choice

Amanda Meyer

A couple sways and makes no apologies
Every morning for several weeks.
Queen Anne and Magnolia
Are way down on the waiting list.
A mandatory assignment,
No longer included.
She was crying,
Her abysmal heartbreaking.
They were cheating.
He took flight,
A controlled choice.
This isn't fair.

A New Way of Looking at the World

Liz Felder

People usually believe the possibility of love is only for the lucky.
A vision on harmony and prosperity appears at a distance to some.
Quality time becoming a luxury.
Understanding at a distance.
Key Elements becoming less available.
Graffiti on our hard hearts make it difficult to let people in.

Inevitable Shadows

Katherine Hanna

Only my darkness can be so pure and untouched ... yet painful,
Though I am envied by the soiled daylight that only longs to reach to where I lay peaceful.
Night comes forth to greet me as I bid my brief farewells to the traveling light.
The thin branches of the trees spread out like black veins in the night sky and I mix in the air.
A cold wind shows no light...thus no need for me to dwell upon it.
The sun rises again and I become unveiled.
There is settled snow,
only cold to those who see it so,
and a perfect silence...
Only interrupted by the stirring trees.
I am a silent blue upon the purity and whiteness of the snow,
For only pure snow shows me blue opposing my grey surroundings.
Sometimes I am thrown and forced to move and mimic unsteady actions.
But either way, it is how I lead my life...
A protector,
a guide,
a source of fear,
a source of comfort,
From the illusion of my fate,
I fall captive to white light, of which I am unseen,
That is simply what I fear...
An unwanted need.
Looking through glass in the least of precise ways,
calling myself away.
I do not wish to expose myself to where I am unseen...thus why I am eternally seen,
where light may shine or in darkness where I become a ruler.

A Lovely Mess

Lindsey Henke

With your eyes and hopes so filled
What a lovely mess you make
Seemingly fallen and spilled
Leaking perfection as you break
And the distance to the floor is too far for you to measure
And the cracks you try to count are more Than boundless, seeping pleasure
Though you may not be ready yet
My cheeks are soaked clear through
As shattered crystal; dripping wet
And soaked with stains of you.

From "Gazprom Expects to Boost Gas Shipments to Europe"

Ashley Brouwer

Falling
Energy rising
We share that spark
A new role
A new wave
Began talking
Largely devoted
We are falling...
In Love

A collection of Creativity

What am I going to do

Amanda Meyer and Kaity Schwulst

When I lie down to sleep at night,
I feel so uptight it's just not right,
As I stare at the ceiling with thoughts so
blue,
I can't get my mind off of you.

It feels weird seeing everyone on Friday
nights,
It hurts, it tears, and it bites,
Knowing that you are sitting there alone,
I feel like I should just go home.

Not hearing your voice makes me blue,
You not being in our crew,
I don't know how much more I can go
through,
What the heck am I going to do?

I think of your voice,
Trying to make the right choice,
I miss not holding you and not saying your
name,
I think that I am going to go insane.

Knowing that I will see you soon,
I watch the shine of the silvering moon,
A shadowy figure appears from the dark,
My heart awakes with a fiery spark.

You are the one I want with my all my heart,
Even though it isn't smart,
My eyes cast down I head for home,
My life is destined to be alone.

Falling in Love

J. Anderson

I shiver at the brisk breeze of the ocean
I feel the formless sand beneath my feet
A glimmer from the stars in the crystal sky
The vivacious beating of my heart
The sound of rolling waves beside us
Falling in love-with no regrets-no hesitation in
giving my soul away
Old enough to know better-young enough not to
care-

This is my first love

Love in a lunch box

Martin Burgdorff

Underneath the sandwich, the fruit, the
vegetables
Never save the best for last
Cookies sweet and crisp
Hero of the school lunch

The fire blazed.

Alex Wank

Smoke rose, the tips of the flames
caressed the cool night air, sending shadows
dancing out upon the bloodstained cliff
ledge. The light from the fire made visible
the horrors in this area: human bodies
strewn about, swords and shields fallen into
the dirt.

The fire blazed.

History will tell us that a great battle
had taken place here today. These men
had fallen for their land, had sacrificed
themselves for the good of their people. Yet
today, these men are only common criminals
– disobeying their laws for what they believe
in. Because of these brave warriors their
homeland would be spared. Their children,
wives, family, and countrymen would not die
today, nor would they face a life worse than
death.

A breeze came from the sea,
weakening the fire. The cool night air
blowed, lessening the blaze. Only the
outlines of the dead could be seen. The fire
billowed, sending a last puff of smoke into
the night sky. The fire died, just as the three
hundred that had fallen before it. Darkness
returned.

Time

Margaret Zhang

Slowly wandering through the ages,
Never ceasing and never stopping.

A lone traveler, weaving its will,
And ensnaring a world in its grip.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick tock, tick-tock,
It echoes through the depths of our minds
The ticking clocks beat out a rhythm,
Never ceasing and never stopping.
Sometimes visible, sometimes hidden,
But always present within our lives.

And so it journeys on and on,
Controlling us from behind the scenes,
As its fickle will guides us through life.
Who can tell why it wanders about?
And who can tell where it will wander next?
These secrets...only time can tell them
Only time and nothing else...

Forest Blues

Hannah Smiltneek

There stands a clear window
In the center of a plain blue wall
Looking out
Upon a vast forest.

And on that clear window,
Lies a thin windowsill
Just wide enough for a tightrope walker
To walk across.

And on that thing windowsill,
A stealthy cat poses
Keeping watch over his forest
From inside the plain blue walls.

And from the stealthy cat
Roams a pair of keen blue eyes
Scanning over
His vast forest.

And just within the range
Of the stealthy cat's
Keen blue eyes
From his pose
Upon the thin windowsill
That lies on a clear window
In the middle
Of a plain blue wall,
A cardinal flies about
In the middle
Of a clear blue sky.

Basketball

Rachel Hansen

You can hear the intense cheering,
As the sweaty players get ready for this
magical game.

The shiny, wooden floor reflects the
player's shadows.
You can feel the excitement in the still air.
As the deafening buzzer sounds,
The anticipated ball is thrown into play,
And not long after, it is swished through the
white, silky net.
Enraging, wild, and passionate,
This is the wonderful game of basketball.

The Epilogue
Standing over the volcano,
he looked at the small flare of fire-the ring
melted into the magma. "So.... now what?"
said Frodo. Sam shrugged. They walked
home. Two weeks later in the Shire:"Sam,
I'm bored. What do you want to do?" "I don't
know. What do you want to do?" "I don't
know."



Erica Aken



Katy Kallenberger



Chrissy Judd

A collection of Creativity

How One Fits In?

Kaity Schwulst

Arrowhead claims to be so true,
With its school colors: red, white, and blue.
When you first walk through the front door,
You immediately know the score.

How badly teenagers want to belong,
But no matter how hard one tries,
it's always wrong.
In order to fit into a group,
You really need to know the scoop.

There are too many cliques to try to fit in,
It almost seems like one never wins.
Friends mean the world to every boy and girl,
But sometimes the work you put in it makes you want to hurl.

Jocks, choir, and band geeks to name a few,
It's almost as if you are living in a zoo.
Preps are the biggest group by far,
You can just tell by looking at their cars.

Lunch is always a fun part of the day,
If you are not accepted into a group,
you don't want to stay.
Eating by yourself isn't very fun,
I would rather be sitting outside,
eating in the sun.

Friendships take a lot work,
But in the end you will find that many are jerks.
A true friend will stand by you
through thick and thin,
And when you find that true friend,
they will make you grin.

School is what you make of it,
And it is up to you to make that fit.
If you are confident and strong,
Nothing will go wrong.

My name

Barbara Ederich Ramos

Sarah Monique was supposed to be my name until the day of my birth. My grandma said to my mom, "Sarah Monique, what kind of name is that? It sounds like Sal amoniaco" (a chemical in Portuguese).

My mom stared at me, and as her lips moved, she said my name—a name which would bring me sadness and frustration while in kindergarten.

"Barbara," she said, "I will call her Barbara."

With no opposition from any family member, the name became me. In first grade, a girl misread a word and said "Barba" which means mustache in Portuguese. I was embarrassed; I didn't want to go to school the next day!

The only person who has ever made my name sound amazing was my grandpa. He would call me Barbie, while we drove together—me sitting on his knee. Just like sweet music, he called me "Barbie." Nobody else could say it as sweetly as he did.

Something like the experience of switching my name had happened to my grandpa.

When he was born his last name was misspelled from Oderich to Ederich. Our family was named Ederich.

Because of all circumstances and family member's opinion's, today I'm called Barbara Ederich Ramos. I can't say I like it, but I won't say I hate it. The thing that makes me wonder though is whom I've could have been: Sarah Monique Oderich Ramos.

Ice Cream Truck

Kim Olson

What's that I hear?
It is the light, tinkling song of the ice cream truck
I think of the ooie, gooey ice cream cones
The ushy, gushy ice cream sandwiches
The colorful, stickiness of a Rainbow Pop
Glop! The sound of ice cream hitting the cold, hard pavement
Children wailing loud and long
Then the sound melted away, like ice cream on a long, hot, summer day.



Katy Kallenberger



Barbara Ederich

A collection of Creativity

Untitled

Crystal Cherty

Cookies are good
I eat them a lot.
I'll eat 'em cold
Or from the oven
when they're hot.
Macadamia nut
Or chocolate chip,
Shortbread or sugar,
And chocolate mint.
Cookies are yummy
I eat them so much
As an after school snack
Or in my lunch.

Untitled

Lindsey Henke

Maybe we are crazy But nothing is left And
we are nearly blind On the verge of being
wiped out. If binoculars can't save The
deeply scarred bearing We will become
extinct An insufficient attention Polluted
the skies And fouled the waters By most
reckonings We have fallen victim To a rust
streaked inaction Clogging growth.

Untitled

Joe Frahm

It's been years since I slept
Decades since I've counted sheep
Forever since my head hit the pillow
I prefer to stay in the light
Light saves from fears, worries and
anxieties
It protects from the worst nightmares
With the lights on, surroundings are clear
Light illuminates, clarifies, identifies all
When the lights are off, minds become
infiltrated by terror
Our surroundings become unknown
Our observers unidentified and
innumerable
Dark is panic, disturbance, frenzy, paranoia
It is chaotic, unsettling and unforgiving,
Only in the light is there refuge and sanity
May the sun never set, and may my eyes
stay forever wide open
It's so dark when I close my eyes
But so tempting
So tempting
So alluring so...zzzzz

What I See is What Some Only Dream of Seeing in a Lifetime

Michelle Manthey

What I see is what some only dream of
seeing in a lifetime.
What I've lived is more than one lifetime
should have the right to own.
I understand the meaning ... not so much
why there has to be a meaning at all, but
the meaning itself.

I understand others.
I accept them for what they are.

I don't recognize myself but yet I am ok
with that.

I have challenged myself to the farthest I
can.
Fallen many times, I have this is why I am
not an only person team.
Friends, family, love, meaning

Life.

You only live it once what path will you
choose?

I am an achiever.
I am a failure.

I am loved.
I am hated.

Walking in the self-reliance air of night,
sky clear, moon beaming along the trees,
lighting your course
A course you don't know how far you
should follow
Allowing yourself to be taken in, carried
away
But how far?

I am restless.
I am tranquil.

I am at peace with me.

Untitled

Andrea Guastello

Chewy, chocolate,
Peanut butter and sprinkles,
Make me love cookies.



Justin Held

Importance of One
Michelle Manthey

One time, one thing, one word, one chance . . . to make a difference, what will you do that will be remembered? Do you need to be remembered by the world? Or do you not care to be remembered at all? Or only remembered by those who choose to remember you?

For me, it's not so much the fear of not being remembered, but the thought of not making a difference to be remembered by.

Essentially I want a purpose in life. I want to change someone's life for the better. To do this I have to be the one people to turn to, to help them solve problems. How am I going to do this you ask?

Simple, I am a friend.

A friend that thinks about things most others don't. A friend is one that comprehends differences; small things, picking out the small details, seeing when someone is having a bad day, knowing when to be there, when to ask questions, and other times, to give a hug.

The importance of one time, one thing, one word, one chance...to make a difference in someone's world, and for all meanings and reasons being remembered for your purpose in life, to be happy with yourself.



Michelle Manthey

A collection of Creativity

How One Fits In?

Kaity Schwulst

Arrowhead claims to be so true,
With its school colors: red, white, and blue.
When you first walk through the front door,
You immediately know the score.

How badly teenagers want to belong,
But no matter how hard one tries,
it's always wrong.
In order to fit into a group,
You really need to know the scoop.

There are too many cliques to try to fit in,
It almost seems like one never wins.
Friends mean the world to every boy and girl,
But sometimes the work you put in it makes you want to hurl.

Jocks, choir, and band geeks to name a few,
It's almost as if you are living in a zoo.
Preps are the biggest group by far,
You can just tell by looking at their cars.

Lunch is always a fun part of the day,
If you are not accepted into a group,
you don't want to stay.
Eating by yourself isn't very fun,
I would rather be sitting outside,
eating in the sun.

Friendships take a lot work,
But in the end you will find that many are jerks.
A true friend will stand by you
through thick and thin,
And when you find that true friend,
they will make you grin.

School is what you make of it,
And it is up to you to make that fit.
If you are confident and strong,
Nothing will go wrong.

Untitled

Meg Maslowski

When sex sells in magazine ads
And Jen the actress shows her skin
And teens pertain thoughts that are bad
And Bono advocates for grin
When blood's nipped and results are shown

The conscious sings a merry tone
"Haha, Haha" A word of fear
Unpleasant to a happy ear.
When Gap produces assu(red) ads
And half-clothed stars will pose in awe
And Sheppard's think this is a fad
And protected sex should be law
When the whole world comes to a halt
The conscious sings a merry fault
"Haha, Haha" A word of fear
Unpleasant to a happy ear.

Perfect Pair

Rachel Halaska

Perfect Pairs all through history
Adam and Eve
Romeo and Juliet Anthony
and Cleopatra Michael and Pricilla
(just kidding)
and Brad and Jen

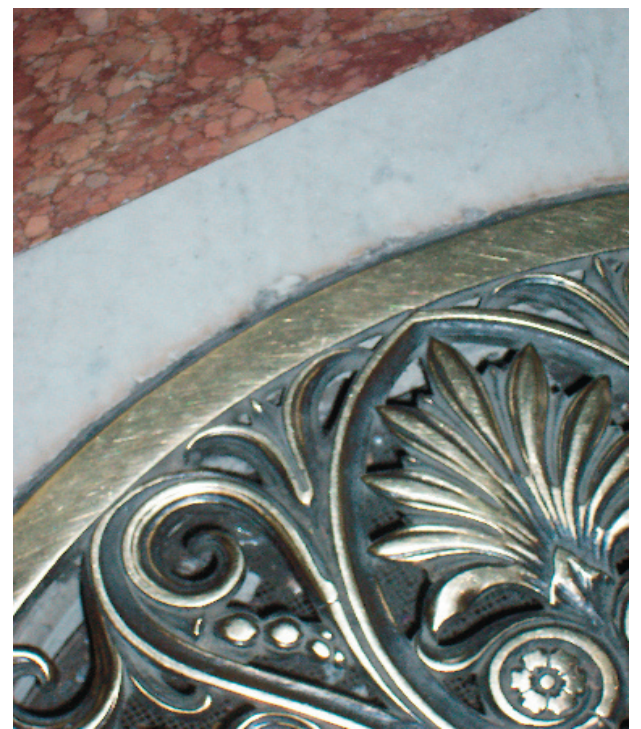
Most end badly
Most end in tragedy
Most end in tears

Of all the perfect pairs
One should always remain on a pedestal
The Lovers in my lunchbox
That eternal perfect pair
Cookie and Milk
Their love for each other is only surpassed
By my love for them

I Usually Hate Gym

Katy Kallenberger

Smash, smack, hit, run, own
Badminton is so awesome
I will kick your butt



Michelle Manthey

Awe of Light

Michelle Manthey

The sky was dark,
But there was no sign of moon.
No matter where the little boy looked,
There was no sign of moon.

The stars came out,
Twinkling like fireflies.
No matter where the little boy looked,
There was no sign of moon.

The long nights passed,
The nights turned into weeks.
No matter where the little boy looked,
There was still no sign of moon.

Finally the moon came out,
There was a sign of the moon.
Moon was in for question,
Because there was no sign for so long.

"Moon were have you been?"
"I've been collecting by light from the stars."
"You can do that?"
"I have to, every 27 days so I can shine all month long."

The boy looked in awe,
The stars were a little less bright.
The moon was in sight,
And shined extra bright.



Kevin A. Manthey



Taylor Migawa

A collection of Creativity

Untitled

Katherine Hanna

Two people met, Fell ill to their tensions
The source of its fiercest frustration Years
in perfectly intended relations Criticism with
cooperation Probing to look for security A
Mr. And Ms. Whom indeed have a home
Return with reluctance.

Untitled

Ashley Rummel

As I lay next to him. I have thoughts of
hatred and deception. Thoughts of murder
and death fill my head. I look at his face.
The love in his eyes filled my heart with joy.
My eyes feel heavy with joy.

Shattered

Sondra Buechel

The window was shattered,
just like my dreams.
It broke my heart
and tore my soul.
It ruined my life.

In a simple moment.

That simple moment should not have
happened
so early in time.

That short little moment
was just like the window
which shattered my dreams,
broke my heart,
tore my soul,
and ruined my life.

That one simple moment
will stay with me forever.

It will never leave,
and
I'll never be the same.

That short little moment
was just like the window
which shattered my dreams,
broke my heart,
tore my soul,
and ruined my life.

But then I found it
wasn't so bad
to find new dreams

and start again.

So now you know that the short little
moment
was just like the window
which shattered my dreams,
broke my heart,
tore my soul,
and ruined my life
and wasn't so bad.

It helped me find
what I really love
who I really am.



Mrs. Kathy Nelson

Give. Return.

Breanna Houk

Helping, helping.

Helping, helping.

Who are you?

Will you be my friend?

Will you get close to me, and tell me all

about your life,

All about your problems, your thoughts,

your feelings?

Will you show me how damn hard it is for

you to get through depression every day?

Or perhaps you're manic depressive?

Do you have anxiety?

Dependency?

Any other problems?

If you do, then you should be my friend.

I attract people like you...

I *only* attract people like you.

So as you read this, keep in mind what I

must feel for you.

I am not like the others, who shun you for

what is wrong.

I, who has no problems, who *seems* to be

perfectly okay...

I do not believe that my life is one to brag

about.

I merely exist, and try to do so with my best

intentions in mind,

And I am aware of what some people have

told me,

Those positive, optimistic people.

But I am also aware of all the negative I

have been told.

I have taken both sides and turned them

into a pool of advice for myself,

Lying somewhere deep inside my

consciousness where I only pull

From what I feel necessary.

As far as life goes, and what's happened to

me, I know I am lucky,

And I will not take that luck for granted.

But I also have a burning hate for such luck

I feel cursed with it, cursed with a gift that I

want so badly to give to others

To my loved ones; to my best friends; to the

people who have been there for me

Who support me through thick and thin.

And I no longer want to have what they

can't.

I want to give them the world.

Because I feel that I do not deserve such

luck,

I feel that I do not need it as nearly as

much as they do.

Them, with their problems, with their tears I

wish to wipe away...

Giving, giving.
Giving, giving.
I will give you everything.
I will give you my life.
I will give you everything I possibly can,
down to the last strand,
To the last bone.
I will try everything in my power to show
you how deeply I care for you.
If I care for you.
Do I care for you?
Do you care for me?
Are we friends?
Do I love you?
Who are you?
I do love you.
But have you done anything for me?
Are you like my friends, those who I care
for so much; are you like them?
No...
You are something different.
"You are a part of me."

I am not part of anybody.
I am my own person.
I am sick of your lies, your deceits, your
broken promises turned to naught.
I am not part of you.
I tried to help you, but I have broken.
I cannot continue helping you if I get
nothing in return.

But *you*...
You, over there.
You showed me the kindness I showed
you, did you not?
You've refreshed my mind of this feeling
of... something.
Of *that*.
You *gave* me things.
Gave!

Of all the things you could have done, you
did that.
And for that, I thank you.
That's all I needed, really...
Just that little push.

Now I can return to what I had been doing
before.
Wiping away those tears.

Giving. Giving.
Showing people that there is more to life
than they see,
Showing people how I think of things,
making them turn their thoughts around
Making them realize more than they ever
had before.

I can go back to that; back to what I thought
I was: 'happy.'
Meanwhile, in front of the mirror, I see
myself and my mind thinks...
'Nothing.'

But going back to that pool of advice,
Back inside my consciousness,
I negate those thoughts.
I contradict my mind.
I start back over.

Helping, helping.
Helping, helping.
Who are you?

A collection of Creativity

Untitled

Gina Curci

I want you all to recognize the world today. The people, the stories, the reality, and the fiction inside of it.

I want you to realize and face what is going on now, in every girl's head, in every girl's life, in every girl's troubles. I want you to see what fiction has done to reality in a girl's mind. What has happened to her thoughts, her beliefs, and her emotions. "Why would any guy want me? I'm stupid, fat and ugly."

What is beauty? Exactly.

Is it on the cover of a Seventeen magazine? Is it a six-pack on Jessica Alba, or the constant butt-cleavage with no imperfections? Is it what we see in Hollywood? The perfect bodies, the symmetrical noses, the bling, the diamonds? Is beauty just a synonym for perfection?

No. Perfection is no flaws. Perfection is no originality. It is just a thing to frame on your wall. Something with no mistakes and no wrinkles. Perfection is a thing. Perfection is inhuman.

Girls are constantly faced with self-esteem issues. When they look in the mirror, they see a pimple, they see a stretch mark, and they see something wrong with whatever image floats in their mirror. You know what comes to their head? I hate myself. I'm ugly. I'm fat. No boy will ever care for me. I'll never be happy. And many more things. All because they think that they are not beautiful. They find that because they have an imperfection, a flaw – that they are not beautiful. They are not suitable. They are not worthy. How far-fetched is that? Isn't it true? Isn't it sad?

Look what we're faced with. Hollywood is filled with people who spend millions getting face-lifts, botox, liposuction, breast implants. You know why they get these things? Because they think they're not good enough, not beautiful enough, not perfect enough. Not to the standards of the people around them. And the sad thing is, they are not to the standards of themselves.

Beauty? Let me tell you something about beauty. Beauty is original. Beauty is described in every single person. Everyone is beautiful. Everyone has beautiful qualities about them.

Beauty is the imperfections, the originality in every person. Beauty is the sparkle in your eyes when you laugh. Beauty is the smile that you get when you experience something you love and enjoy. Beauty is the difference between you and all the people you pass in the hallways. Basically, beauty is what is inside, and outside that makes you different, that makes you your own person. That makes you who you are, what you think, and what you do. It's the crooked smile, the off-center nose, and the quirky giggle. All of these things give you a twinkle in the crowd. Beauty is not a synonym for perfection. It is not similar; it is not the same as being perfect. It's not the stereotypical six-pack, blonde, long-legged, tan beauty on the

screen. Beauty is the image in the mirror that you see every day. That makes you different, eccentric, and individual from a room-full of people.

Untitled

Stephanie Werry

Never Alone Walking to her car in the parking garage, she said, "Number one rule: never go out alone at night." "Good advise for us girls." "Have a good night," she told her friend as they unlocked their cars and got in. Her friend drove off. She looked in her rearview. There was someone in the backseat.



Justin Held

A Lunchbox Full of Love

Lindsey Henke

A lunchbox full of love
What could be better than this is?
Cookies are affection
Like sweet, delicious bite-size kisses
A lunchbox full of love
Such an inviting spell is casting
With the aroma of warm sentiment
Like an embrace so long and lasting.
A lunchbox full of love
As your heart beats inside the tin
Who would have thought upon first looking
You could find love baked within?

Love in a lunchbox

Lauren Blahnik

There's love in my lunchbox
Not in the sandwich
Not in the cookies
Not in the carrots, or the cookies It's neatly folded in fourths With a simple message "have a great day, love mom."

Untitled

Dan Burczyk

Everyday I open my surprise to see what mommy sent. Maybe a cookie, maybe a fry, maybe even a piece of pumpkin pie!!! Everyday I wake up and wonder to see what mommy's packed inside. I hope today when I see I won't give a little cry. Thank goodness I have such a wonderful mom who loves and cares for me, for everything I am.

Untitled

Lauren Blahnik

Eric peered outside. The snow was falling hard on the landscape. He was surrounded by whiteness, a blank canvas. He fiddled with the brushes, mixed his colors. He began to paint and made himself a perfect world. Eric began to walk and walk in his world. They found him dead in the spring.

Untitled

Caroline Radaj

It's true!
These cookies are the tantalizing clue
That you can eat healthy too.
These cookies are true to the love for nature and art
Without forgetting the yummy-ness of an all-natural part.
Wrapped snugly in earth friendly packs
And baked fresh from scratch
You'll want a whole batch!

Untitled

Katherine Hanna

Chewy and steamy
Chocolate melting in my hands
A lovely sweet treat



Kevin A. Manthey

A collection of Creativity

Untitled

Sarah Sanborn

For the kids of all ages, even the grown-ups
Who are still kids at heart, the love for
what's inside Your lunchbox will never get
old.
Walking in to the cafeteria, teacher's
lounge,
Or at your desk with your lunch box in one
hand, And a look of excitement on your
face.
You sit down; open it to find it is what you
have Been waiting for all morning.
Wait not even a Second longer before you
dig in.
Before you know it, that feeling of
butterflies
That once excited in your stomach is gone.
You realize that your lunch is gone.
For tomorrow is another day, and the love
for you lunchbox
And that mystery sandwich that mom
makes will soon satisfy Your stomach
again.

The Bearded Man

Kyle Kluth

He had a beard. Big. Brown. Full. He was
what some call a man with "skills," others
say it was just luck. But somehow he got
the most beautiful T.W.I.R.P. date our
school had seen in a long time, because he
had somehow wooed this beautiful lady.
Some say he'd be dumped the day of the
dance. Some before. He was confident
though, and with that, he couldn't be
stopped because he had a beard. That
attracted women from all over the world.
He also had dance moves like the top
scorer from a DDR game. When dance
time rolled around, he danced with them;
they danced with him. He was unstoppable.
But suddenly something happened, he
stopped. Nobody knew for what.
Then, they saw her. Across the room, she
was standing there, his gorgeous date,
waving her long, sexy, slender fingers,
towards herself in an action to come
towards her. He did so.
What happened to him? Was he done
dancing or did he dance the night away?
Some say they left and got married, some
say she dumped him then and there.

The End

Crystal Cherty

The leader benefits more cash each year
When the popular valve shares an end
that's near.
He still says that it keeps on rising
When people doubt and the roller coaster's
slowing.

He now seeks and looks for more answers
With none so obvious, nothing compares.
No additional shares or projects-they're
over.
The leader unveiled the end of the roller
coaster.

Untitled

Blake Rowedder

Finally 6th hour; I dive into my lunch. There
is nothing in my tummy; I need something
to munch. I hope for peanut butter and jelly,
a heavenly match. But the contains of my
lunch look like a vegetable patch. Carrots,
tomatoes, cucumbers and zucchini. I think
to my mother, "what a meany!" Shaking my
head, I want to gag. But wait; what's that at
the bottom of my bag? I reach into by lab,
as fast as can be and pull out a cookie, just
for me.



Katy Kallenberger

Untitled

Joe Frahm

It's been years since I slept
Decades since I've counted sheep
Forever since my head hit the pillow
I prefer to stay in the light
Light saves from fears, worries and
anxieties
It protects from the worst nightmares
With the lights on, surroundings are clear
Light illuminates, clarifies, identifies all
When the lights are off, minds become
infiltrated by terror
Our surroundings become unknown
Our observers unidentified and
innumerable
Dark is panic, disturbance, frenzy, paranoia
It is chaotic, unsettling and unforgiving,
Only in the light is there refuge and sanity
May the sun never set, and may my eyes
stay forever wide open
It's so dark when I close my eyes
But so tempting
So tempting
So alluring so...zzzzz

Ode to Sam Barry

By Katy Kallenberger

Her laugh is so great
Sam Barry is really cool
Intoxicating

Untitled

Lauren Larralde

To highs I rose
Lifted and inspired
Existing in this
Without burden
Cut from struggle
This
Assured
Concept
Clamoring
for more Love

Importance of One

Michelle Manthey

One time, one thing, one word, one
chance . . . to make a difference, what will
you do that will be remembered? Do you
need to be remembered by the world? Or
do you not care to be remembered at all?
Or only remembered by those who choose
to remember you?

For me, it's not so much the fear of
not being remembered, but the thought of
not making a difference to be remembered
by.

Essentially I want a purpose in
life. I want to change someone's life for
the better. To do this I have to be the
one people to turn to, to help them solve
problems. How am I going to do this you
ask?

Simple, I am a friend.

A friend that thinks about things
most others don't. A friend is one that
comprehends differences; small things,
picking out the small details, seeing when
someone is having a bad day, knowing
when to be there, when to ask questions,
and other times, to give a hug.

The importance of one time, one
thing, one word, one chance...to make a
difference in someone's world, and for all
meanings and reasons being remembered
for your purpose in life, to be happy with
yourself.

Chinese Poems in the Jue Ju style Margaret Zhang

The sun has set beneath Earth, shadows
reign supreme

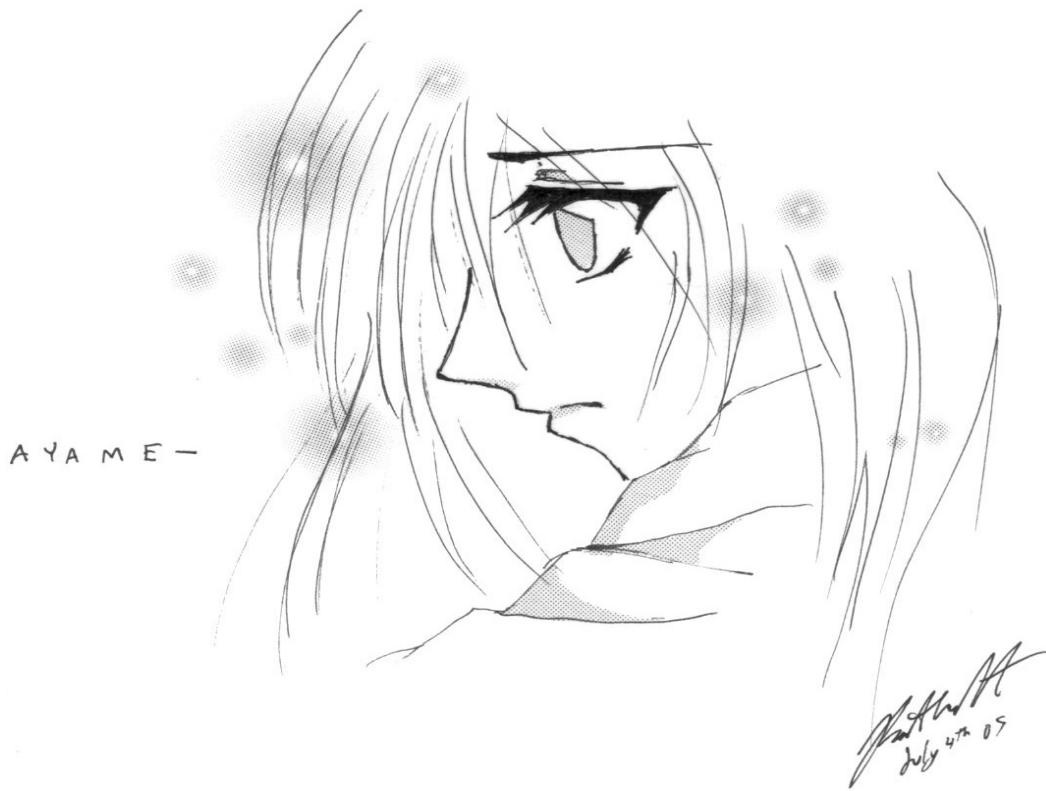
Lonely cries from howling wolves fill the
cold night sky.

Moonlight shines on barren trees,
The bitter cold of winter comes.

Snowflakes falling to the ground,
Piles of fluffy snow abound.
Murmurs of a bright future,
Borne aloft by whispering wind.

Reflections on the water,
Cheerful chirping of the birds.
Murmuring wind brushes the brook
The icy grip of winter is gone.

A collection of Creativity



Katherine Hannah

Cold-Hearted Lover

Night is pouring from the sky
 In dark pellets of horror
 The city lights stretch across the tapestry of
 buildings
 As the midsummer sun retreats into itself
 City goes and visitors alike file in and out of
 the queue
 Looking for a muse
 To their dull August lives
 The air is thick and heavy
 It is impossible to breath on the avenue
 The fog hanging in the atmosphere creates an
 effect
 Of cascading light, smeared into a giant yellow
 ball of discomfort
 The smell of human defecation and
 undercooked meat fills the street
 Somewhere down the road, an acoustic guitar
 fills the airwaves
 With false hope and a feeling of displacement
 Even after the snow is gone, the cold remains
 Nothing is sound in the city
 Smoke from 10,000 cigarettes chokes the
 rooftops
 Pacing past the bar I grew up in,
 And hospital rooms where I learned not to
 speak,
 I begin to wonder if the city is against us
 On its own side
 This city has stolen my soul
 But for whatever reason,
 The lights and sounds have captured my heart
 And forced me to reevaluate my own illusions
 Night continues to rain the patron's heads
 And pellets of pure, uncut fear tumble onto the
 street
 Those city lights I have come to fear,
 Have sewn themselves unto a quilt I keep in my
 heart
 The midsummer sunsets that I have so dearly
 forgotten,
 Have retreated into my memory
 The city goes I came to love have all died
 Every slab of city sidewalk is another grave
 This place I have tried to forget,
 Has been my muse all these years
 This habit of returning to my memories is one I
 cannot break
 No matter how hard I try to deny it,
 This city is my soul
 These lights are my irises
 Everything I see is the city and its people
 The sounds that I have tried to block out
 Are the ones that will someday write my books
 The bar I sometimes pace by,
 Is the one where I learned my greatest lessons
 While under the influence of fear
 Nothing is sound in the city
 But anything sound is anything but inspiring.



Michelle Manthey

Untitled

Rachel Clark

YounG AduLTs,
 SuICIdaL Thought,
 Older AduLts,
 RiSk DeclinES,
 StuDiEs InvolVed 100,000 PATiENTs,
 WaKe,
 Wake Up,
 FrOm ThesE SuiCIdaL ThouGHts,
 THEse DruGs
 CaRRy A "BIACk BoX,"
 FDA ReiVieWS The Data,
 WhEre'S ThE LoVE?



Emily Oaks

In a Place of Wonder

Katy Kallenberger

Take the photo already
 Press the button, it's on the right
 Where it has always been
 Hurry, before our smiles fade
 We welcome you to take our picture
 So we can glance at the happy faces once
 And then forget
 Do not adjust the flash
 It need not be perfect
 I've noticed that nothing ever is
 But maybe we're alright with that
 And perhaps everyone's alright with that
 Come on, I'm alright with that
 Take it now
 We are waiting silently
 Bearing our teeth for the lens
 Take the shot so we'll never forget
 This moment in time
 The one we won't remember one week
 from now
 Freeze time for that spilt second
 The picture that will result, will be one of
 solid motion
 You the stranger and we the friends
 Peacefully coexist
 On either side of the camera
 Bring it to your left eye
 Close the other
 Liberate us from the confines of the
 seconds
 Wait for it, wait for it
 Wait for the opportune moment
 And then pounce
 The result
 Is so much more poetic than I could have
 ever imagined

What eyesores we were
 When we were young
 What the days held
 When we were young
 The constant destruction of our minds
 Is so much more poetic than I could have
 ever imagined



Katy Kallenberger

A collection of Creativity



Michelle Manthey

Lost and Found

Katherine Hanna

In a city, far distant on the streets of Tokyo, a small white onigiri lay lonely, hiding by a cold and dirty can. His name was Shinji Now. Poor Shinji was there by mere accident; a young boy was on his way to school and had no time to wrap up his lunch, and out fell Shinji...right out of the school boy's bent lunch box.

Anything can happen to a lost and tasty rice ball. He sat uncomfortably on the paved side walk, hoping the little boy would notice and come back for him. Something's shadow drew ever so close to him and his spirits rose! Only, to his shock and disappointment, it was a soft and grey yet frightening cat! This cat was quite young, possibly a mere kitten. It immaturely batted at Shinji and watched him turn back and forth, until he grew curious of his taste and licked his body of cooked rice. The cat then jumped and sprinted away like a bolt of lightning as a little girl chased after it. "PHEW" thought Shinji as he sighed with relief.

Hours passed and he swelled with sadness. What was he to do? Shinji missed the boy dearly and wish he hadn't forgotten him.

The sound of light footsteps drew closer and closer, rolling the pebbles beneath it. It seemed a child was running to where Shinji lay. "There you are, I was hungry without you in my lunch!" Shinji couldn't believe it! The boy had noticed him on his way back from school! A delicate tear of joy bubbled in the corner of his eye and he warmly embraced the boy and had the biggest smile he's ever shown.

The Basement of a Teenager

Steve Wolfsohn

The first time I looked upon its sterile beauty,
Gazed upon the freshly painted, light green walls
Ran my toes through the thick, new, fluffy carpeting,
And teased the warn glow of the dimmer light across the empty room
I knew exactly what the basement would be

A tiny artifact of a TV, on its worn out stand
Several chairs: fluorescent orange, an inflatable black blob
And a pile of electronics, dozens of wires long since fused into a single entity.
It was a mix of any and every decade I could resurrect furniture from
And it was perfect

And even as the influence of other family members-
"Color coordination! Matching furniture!"
Creeps slowly across the room towards my little island
They can never ruin the Zen-like balance
Which I have so lovingly achieved

Faded Out

Jessie Lucas

The footprints in the sand
Running up and down the beach
Not quite yet, the tide just can't reach
A shadow is cast by a woman roaming the great vast land.

Fear God's all powerful hand
This woman's shadow will beseech
The silence will echo through time for lack of word of speech
She will be erased from age due to God's command.

Here and forever time will stand
For the gates of heaven and hell are at a breach
The demon inside will let out a screech
The shadow's soul will be high in demand.

And now the footprints will forever hide
For they were faded out forever more by the rushed white tide
And death will soon come along
But time will always continue on.

Let today be the day you take your first step into the life you want to be in.

-Anonymous

Untitled

Kyle Kluth

He had a beard. Big. Brown. Full. He was what some call a man with "skills," others say it was just luck. But somehow he got the most beautiful T.W.I.R.P. date our school had seen in a long time, because he had somehow wooed this beautiful lady. Some say he'd be dumped the day of the dance. Some before. He was confident though, and with that, he couldn't be stopped because he had a beard. That attracted women from all over the world. He also had dance moves like the top scorer from a DDR game. When dance time rolled around, he danced with them; they danced with him. He was unstoppable. But suddenly something happened, he stopped. Nobody knew for what. Then, they saw her. Across the room, she was standing there, his gorgeous date, waving her long, sexy, slender fingers, towards herself in an action to come towards her. He did so. What happened to him? Was he done dancing or did he dance the night away? Some say they left and got married, some say she dumped him then and there.

A collection of Creativity



Barbara Ederich

Untitled

Megan Wolfgram

Nolonger is there a threat upon me,
But it's in this calm that I'm most worried;
She's poisoned my mind and devoured my soul,
How can she have such a powerful hold?
How can she not be plotting and planning,
Twisting and resisting,
Nurturing while destroying;
How can I not be on my constant guard?
Wanting to keep so close and working oh so hard.
She is disastorous, yet, she has her charms,
I keep her my friend, to keep me from harm;
If I continue this mindset,
I may soon forget,
Who I used to be,
That what is truely me;
The sweetness sucked from my very being
Is this what she calls everyday living?
C'est la vie?
But how can this be.
Be good to all and good will come to thee,
Behold the power of three;
That is what I know,
And that is what I will hold.
The Rede is what I follow.
Forget the old and have my mind blown?
I don't think so.
From this, forward is the direction I go.
Back to my niceities,
Life as a breeze,
Something so sweet,
A brushed aside treat,
Once Again I Am Freed.
Now that I have returned to Me.

You Are the Obscurity of Night

Lorelei Norman

If just I might feel as I did
Whilst humanity stopped for the night
To have the depths of the murky cosmos
melt away
And dreary skies fade to a multitude of
intense color
So that the pure, luminous twinkle in your
fleeting glance
And the tiny impression of Heaven's
engaging mystery
Might endure far into the pits of eternity

Lollipop

Sadaf Hussain

Lollipop oh lollipop
You are so sweet.
Lollipop oh lollipop
You I do like to eat.
You with all your colorful goodness
Remind me of times acting childish.
Lollipop oh lollipop
I'm sad.
You're gone.



Chrissy Judd

A collection of Creativity

I am from...

Jessica Rowe

I'm from candles always burning,
From hot cocoa and hours in the ice rink
I'm from deer tracks in the snow
And tripping over puppy toys.

I'm from countless hours of playing in the
basement
Pretending I'm a teacher and making pop
quizzes,
Always handing them out to no one.
I'm from wakeboarding all day, bonfires all
night
From Mama, Papa, Brother and Sister
Bear.

I'm from getting the last touch
And "If you get locked up, I'm not bailing
you out"
From dot your I's and cross your t's,
From wash your hands and scrub your
face.

I'm from Christmas at my grandma's house
Scabbed knees and bug museums
From rarely having time for family dinners
From flying coast to coast
And loving every minute of it.

I'm from beating boys in any sport,
And night games in the neighborhood
From my cabin in the Northwood's
To my brother's house in O.C.

I am from calling summer "three months of
bad sledding"
I am from Wisconsin

A God Given Miracle

Terra Roeker

The pure, Hawaiian landscape vibrates with
natural beauty.
Blankets of mystic clouds billow above the
stark volcanic expanse.
Songs of birds echo glory throughout the
heaven-like surroundings.
A peaceful spirit embraces the quiet
serenity of the morning.
Hints of brilliant reds and yellows emerge to
form a magnificent horizon.
Blazing ribbons beam across the sky, as to
prepare for a God given miracle.
The new day anxiously awaits its liberation.
Suddenly, the morning is broken with an
eruption of light.
Warmth encompasses the awe-inspiring
scene as the stunning fireball elevates
above the crisp skyline.
Unforgettable beauty beyond description
accompanies the first light of the day.

Camera

Nicole Holzem

Captures
Amazing
Moments
Everyone
Remembers
Always

"I love war pajama pants straight out of
the dryer."

- Valerie Van Tussi



Katy Kallenberger

Untitled

Sondra Buechel

The waves come in
and the waves go out,
but where does one end
and one start to mend?

They are always changing
and forming anew,
but where does one end
and one start to mend?

Waves are just like dreams
always shifting and flowing,
but where does one end
and one start to mend?

Dreams can come
and dreams can go,
but where they stop
know one will know.



Kayla Herrera

A collection of Creativity

My Wisconsin

Kyle Kluth

We packed into White Lightning. Five guys, headed off to Madison. The trip started slow, but the morning wore off and we realized we were going to be at the campus that makes Wisconsin famous.

"Park here," someone says from the backseat. "I can't," says the driver. "Try there." "I can't." Nowhere to park. We soon got depressed. We called Mark and told him our situation, and he gave us directions to the dorm parking lot. The lot was empty and we were now in business.

As we got out, the smell of fall was in the air. People walked and rode bikes around the streets. We followed him to his dorm and met his friends. Some black, some Caucasian, some Asian. His roommate: Greek.

He dressed differently than what we had seen before. Three shirts, two with collars and both popped. To go with that, he wore a colorful tie. He had on white leggings with white pants rolled up to mid-shin. We called him preppy, but he called it style. He had an assortment of shoes and sunglasses covered the desk and area around it.

"I have got to go to class," he said reaching for a pair of white loosely laced Nikes.

He put the Nikes on and slid some shades over his eyes. As we said our goodbyes to Mark, I realized that My Wisconsin-Madison was filled with dozens of diverse people that it makes it a one in a million place to visit.

Buffalo

Justin Held

The buffalo walked across the open plain
Majestically the fur flew into the air
Dancing and prancing through the fields
So fluffy
So heroic



Rebecca Schlelien



Erika Grimm

Untitled

Kristen Beres

I am from road maps
From OFF bug spray and Dad's rat pack music,
I am from summers of grilling out
Firing up zesty chicken and red potatoes,
I am from patio-lined morning glories
Delicate Door County leaves falling,
I am from Beres' Thanksgiving basketball games
To Ullspergers' coloring Easter eggs,
I am from determined and goal orientated people
Hope always exists,
From grilled cheese and tomato soup
Fireside CLUE games,
I am from the "Golden Rule" 2nd grade girls
in white dresses and floral headpieces,
I am from German and Irish backgrounds
A picnic staple of bratwursts,
From the successful author Fritz Bores
To the savvy and stylish Stella Ullsperger,
I am from these moments
Past memories and dreams of what's to come,
Experiences that I was, am and will be.

Sunshiny Goodness

Sadaf Hussain

Summer is coming
Ready for all the good times
Barbeques mmm, mmm!

In Waiting

Megan Wolfgram

Waiting for that gentle tune
Waiting for a call from you
Waiting here so silently
Waiting for my nerves to ease

Waiting to know you still breathe
Waiting, wishing you were free
Waiting to see your handsome face
Waiting to be your escape

Waiting to show my love is strong
Waiting to give you what you long
Waiting here for you so patiently
Waiting, soon you'll be with me

My First Rollercoaster Ride

Tyler Federspill

The heavy seatbelt is secured over my shaking hands,
I give a nervous laugh as the ride shakes and rattles to life,
The burning sun shines down into my eyes and blinds me,
In a flash my small body is shot towards the hard ground,
Whipping and twisting in midair I let out a shrill yell,
As soon as the monstrous machine had started, it slowed to a stop,
My skinny little frame still shaking with adrenaline, I run to get a spot in line.



Kezra Cornell

Untitled

Devon Benske

"I already told you I don't know whose shoes those are."

"I just want to know if she was the one who was in our bed today."

"Maybe she was, maybe she wasn't." Just then the man paid the maid as his wife stood awestruck.

A collection of Creativity

Untitled

Nicole Stine

Jessica Simpson thrusts her perfectly manicured fingernails through the elevator doors before they slam shut. They immediately retreat back into the wall to reveal two other occupants. The first is wearing a large flowing robe and appears to be meditating quietly in the far corner. He is unnaturally short, bald and wrinkled with huge glasses that magnify his eyes to the size of golf balls. The other is a man with graying hair in his fifties, wearing a shirt emblazoned with the words C.S.I. Jessica twitters her eyelashes and sways her hips as she makes a beeline in his direction. "I think I'm in love with you. You like wanna have a public affair?" she whispers suggestively.

"A what?" Grissom asks as he holds his hand up to his ear in an effort to better hear her.

An ear splitting scream rips through the air as Jessica rams her back into the corner of the elevator. She points frantically to a large bug crawling on the far wall of the elevator.

"For God's Sake, you like have to kill it before it eats me, and not even Nick will be able to find what's left."

For the first time, Ghandi raises his large eyes to Jessica and begins to speak. "Nonviolence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind. You must handle the situation with peace and reason, not violence and rash actions."

The C.S.I whips out his magnifying glass and begins to inspect the creature. "It's a scutigera coleoptrata, a truly amazing specimen, highly concentrated in the southern states."

Jessica snuggles herself into the corner in an attempt to put as much distance between herself and the bug. A large jolt accompanied by flashing lights alerts the passengers that the elevator is stuck. "Like I'm too young to die. I don't even have wrinkle lines yet. And like what about my fans, what will they do without me? And my boots, they're made for walking, but I've hardly used them," her sobs shook the entire elevator and caused her incredibly fake eyelashes to detach themselves and stick to the sides of her face.

"Pardon me, but I believe you are pressing up against the hold button," says Grissom.

Jessica begins to giggle uncontrollably, ending her tirade on a snort. "Like oh my God, my bad." She flips her hair and saunters out of the elevator.

"It is sometimes hard to practice nonviolence with certain individuals," says Ghandi.

Your Love

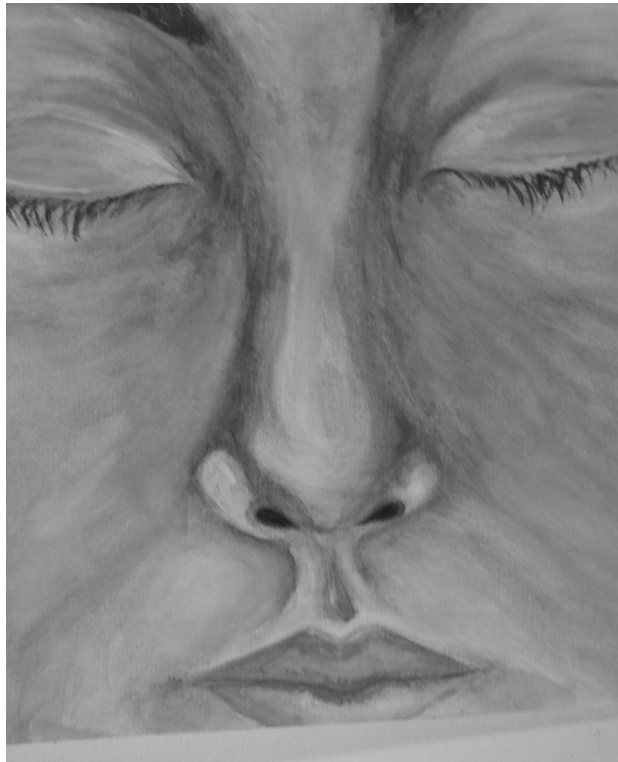
Nicole Holzem

Hold me in your arms
love the way you love me
Undeniable

My Island

Megan Wolfgram

I live here alone
On my island by the sea
Always on my own
Not a soul to visit me.
Whether I am
By water, fire,
air or land
Never my desire
To be where I be.
Blood and tears
To separate me
My dreams; my fears
Are all that I see.
That look in my eye
He has never known
The look you rarely find
Will never be shown.
A Horizon of faded rainbows
Reflecting off the sea
The light sinking below
Another love leaving me.



Kezra Cornell

Untitled

Josh Bleck

As I sat in the woods with my dad building the tree stand, which I'd sit in the next day, I looked at the sky, smiled, and quietly thought to myself, it's hunting season.

The heavily wooded area was calm; the smallest leaf falling from the treetops and plunging every so softly to the forest floor could be heard from a distance. The slightest wind would rustle the leaves. It was a cool, crisp day yet comfortable to build what would become my post for the next couple of months. It was that crisp feeling one gets when they breathe in cool air and can feel it going through their body.

The well-constructed Lone Wolf tree stand needed to be put into the most precise area. After what seemed like an eternity, my dad and I found the perfect tree. It was a large, tall oak that had a slight

curve to it about 15 feet up from the base.

"Let's hang it about 20 feet up; that way I will be able to see over these small pines," I anxiously say to my father.

"Alright," my dad says to me in an excited yet somewhat jealous voice, "let's get started so I can sit here tomorrow morning."

I laugh and say, "Keep dreaming dad." As we moved with our adrenaline rushing through our bodies, we hung the stand just as we envisioned it. Hanging a tree stand is much harder than many people think it to be. Putting the foot pegs on the correct side of the tree and spaced evenly apart is a challenge in itself. The hardest part is putting the tree stand up and facing it the best way so I can draw my bow back at all angles where I believe the deer will cross through. The most important thing out of the whole process however, is the safety and precautions. We must do everything we can in order to stay safe.

"Whoa! I am exhausted! That was some hard work."

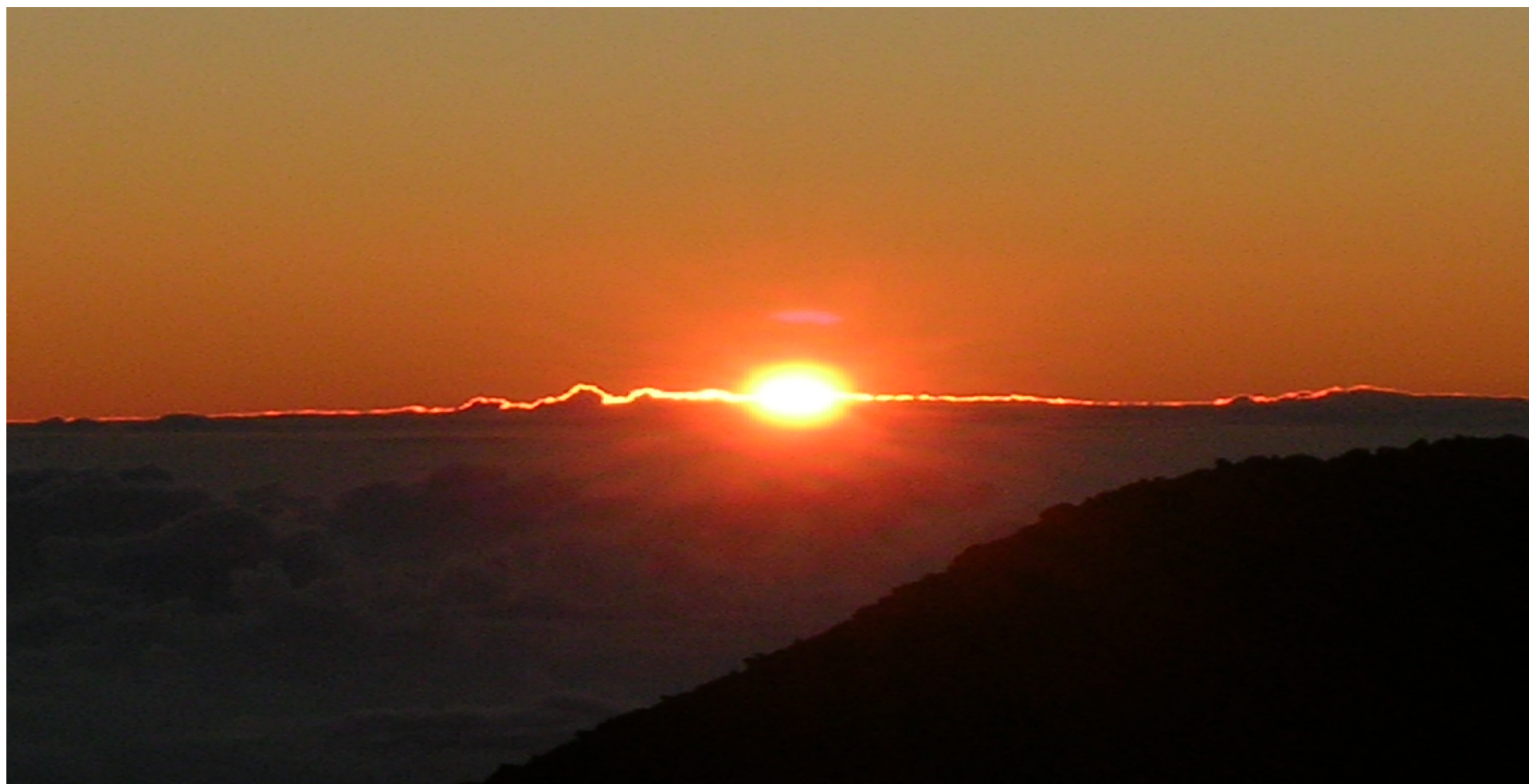
"Let's get back to the trailer and get some water and relax the rest of the night. We can call your mom and sister and then eat some dinner," my dad says breathing heavily and out of breath.

"That sounds good," I say looking at the freshly hung set, "I'm ready to eat some dinner, relax, and think about tomorrow morning because I am worn out."

Hanging tree stands, building box blinds, and constructing animal feeders has been a hobby of mine since I was a child. Designing different types of things and then going on to build them to the correct dimensions is a passion of mine. In the future, I would like to combine my passion for building and designing things with my abilities in math and science to create a career that I will come to enjoy.

My family has also been a great influence throughout my life and has helped build me to become who I am today. They have been the building blocks to my future and they have helped guide me through my childhood years. My grandfather has been the most influential to me when it comes to my career path. He grew up very poor and never had the opportunity to pursue a college degree. He is a strong believer in the importance of education, family, and working. His understanding of my strong skills in science and math was a key factor in developing my interest in engineering.

My parents have also supported me all my life. They have realized my strengths in math and science and have also seen my love for building things or making things more people friendly. When I was a young boy, my parents dropped me off at a daycare center just down the road from my house. It seemed like your normal daycare center, but little did I know that I was going to build a first prize animal shelter and feeder combo from scratch out of wood and nails. My daycare teacher sent my work in and I received the blue ribbon. That was the start to my future of mechanical engineering, and I've never looked back.



Terra Roeker

Untitled

Katelyn Prange

I am from a beautiful east shore lake,
From Soccer World and Nautica
I am from the dry woods
I am from various gardens,
And the hot sunlight reflecting off the lake
I am from my traditional family picnic,
From Robert and Kristin,
And my madden name Loeser
And from my high spirited family,
And positive views on life.
From honey is always better than vinegar
And drink all your milk before leaving the
table.
I am from a religious Lutheran family,
From new years,
And from the wonderful relationship
I have with my sister.

The Soul that lies alone

Megan Wolfram

The Soul that lies alone
At the bottom of the well
In the darkness of the room
In the shadows, the Soul dwells

Hungry for the light of love
Growing weak and pale
Waiting for the light above
A light that had never failed

Looking to the ones so dear
Reaching out a hand
Wishing that they were near
The Soul will never understand

Tears that once would never stop
Now no longer flow
Tears that once were burning hot
Leave the Soul on its own

The Soul that lies alone
Has no more strength to try
The Soul that lies alone
Lies alone, and alone it dies

The Color Red

Brady Steinbach

I put on my red jersey, hot out of the dryer;
it smells like fresh cotton
The team's spirit beats like a heart to the
sound of rock music in the locker room
Crisp is the sound of the cleats on the
pavement as we take the field
Helmets are tightly strapped, trapping the
players' excitement within
The high stadium lights reveal the dew on
the grass
The game is a sell out; the crowd is ecstatic
The only salvage from the cool December
air is the smell of the hot cocoa and
popcorn
But they don't care, their loyalty and school
spirit fears no weather
The sound rises, a thunderous "oh-h-h-h"
comes over the atmosphere
It is like the big gulp before the deadly
plunge
The pressure builds but the team looks
calm and ready
This is what we practice for, playoff time.

And Time Stood Still...

Margaret Zhang

Harsh, shallow breaths were lost in
the deafening silence as the whirling colors
that made up the portal slowly disappeared
into the air. He dropped to his knees, cradling
the letter in his hands, as he stared at
the area where the portal had been. He had
failed his prince yet again...he has failed
to protect the Heart of Time. He slowly got
to his feet, his eyes blank and unfocused
as he walked the familiar path away from
the room, out into the blank darkness of the
hallway beyond.

The jewel floated along in the empty
void, the spirit dwelling within taking in its
blank, empty surroundings. An inexplicable
longing tugged at its non-existent heart,
awaking feelings that had lay dormant
for years. A sense of belonging filled him,

brightening the formerly dim confines of
the jewel where he had dwelt for so long.
As the glow brightened even more, hairline
cracks appeared along the facets of the
jewel as the spirit within struggled to break
free. Too long...time had remained still and
confined for too long and now it wanted to
be free again. It still dimly remembered the
days before its confinement...before it had
foolishly walked straight into the confines of
its cage. Wards flickered about the jewel,
the dim light lost as the jewel brightened
even more and shattered, fragments of it
raining down, streaking across the night
sky as though they were shooting stars.

He stood at the window, staring in
shock as a sudden brightness had burst
forth from a section of the sky, fiery trails
emitting from the area as the glow dimmed.
A small glimmer caught his eye; a fragment
of something was lying innocently on the
windowsill. He went to pick it up and turned
it over in his hands, examining it closely be-
fore gasping softly. It was a fragment of the
Heart of Time, the very jewel that he was
sworn to protect with his life. He stared up
at the night sky, at the very spot where the
explosion of light had been, his thoughts
in turmoil. Was it possible that the legends
were true and the spirit of time had really
been imprisoned in the jewel? A twinkle in
the sky caught his eyes and he glanced up
to see more such fragments raining down
about the palace, casting a flickering light
about the stones of the palace.

Time floated along in the dark empti-
ness of the void, taking in its surroundings
again, as it once again discovered the
familiar path it had tread centuries ago, be-
fore it had ever wandered down to the earth
below it. As it floated along and finally re-
joined the path it had wandered before, the
ticking of clocks far beneath it on the earth
below it was once again heard throughout
the world, as time finally found itself on the
well-worn path that it had traveled eons
ago.

A collection of Creativity



Kailia Binger

Where I'm From

Barbara Ederich Ramos

I am from where mountains and beaches are close, From where sun shines and wind blows. I am from a city where noises never stops, The heart of the state, From a country where all people are friends.

I am from music and dancing, From long red dresses making imaginable traditions. From "if you have nothing good to say, don't say anything," And "what is meant to be yours, in your hands it shall come."

I am from "what, where, with whom, and what time?" I am from caring and peace, From Vitor and Lise as their love grew.

I am from where you want me to be, From "as long it's the best for us," Not forgetting the past nor the things lost. I am from memories kept in a box, From pictures of the past.

I am from flowers growing in unique way, From where dreams come true, Not from Disneyland.

I am from the past who reflects in the future. A unique self, Adapting for survival, Getting closer and closer to an unknown future.

Chicago

Peter Henckel

As I pull into the city, I look to the bright sky caused by the pale moonlight. I pass immense towers, still filled with people during the wee hours of the night, There are crowded streets from parties that have just broken up. I get into bed and listen to the vehicular screams of sirens and car alarms. I eventually find the golden silence of slumber, And the obnoxious brightness and sounds of awakening. It often seems there is nowhere for me to sleep.

Grievances

By Katy Kallenberger

Words cannot describe
My feelings on Dave Watry
Where can I begin?

Learning to Dance

Abbey Dawes

"Places everyone!" the teacher shouted
The smell of blush, lipstick, and stale
perfume filled the air
Everyone around had an anxious look on
her face.
Music stops, applause and whistling
sounded
Rushed out onto the stage I take my place
with pride;
Bright lights flood the stage,
Faces of proud parents and family stare at
me
Blaring music starts but my head goes
blank
Nervousness and despair crawl into me as
I attempt to remember
Everyone looking at me as I stand with a
hopeless look.
A smile creeps over as I began to prance
across the stage
Everyone soon followed forgetting the old
steps, and inventing the new.
Music stops, applause and whistling
sounded for me;
I bow with a sense of accomplishment
I learned how to dance!

Away From Home

Tricia Pfeil

"Marie, I miss you; I can't wait to get
home," I say.

"Why do you always have to leave
me for work, Darrel?"

"Darrel, honey, get off the phone.
Let's go to dinner now," his wife yells
across the room. Then silence. My heart
pounds.

"Marie? Hello?" The line is dead.

Angel

Nicole Holzem

Guardian angel

Protect me along the way

I'll trust you always

First Time Flyer

Jim Bernatz

The plush leather seats surround my body.
My intense anticipation is overcome by
overwhelming uncertainty/
The lackadaisical passengers around me
ease my nerves.
A discrete murmur fills the plane as the
engines start.
The soothing voice of the pilot cackles over
the loud speaker.
Flight attendants casually take their seats
as my mom pops my seatbelt into place.
I am ready to takeoff.

Present a Present

By Katy Kallenberger

Shiny, green ribbon
I like receiving presents
Christmas is the best

Where I am Not From

Samuel Mutschelknaus

I am not from the sky a mile away,
Nor from the smell of fish fried on Friday.
Not from pizza that comes right to your
house,
I am from a neighborhood that's quiet as a
mouse.
I am from the salt air that blows with the
wind,
the hills and the trees,
I'm surrounded within.
I am not from the gathering at each holiday,
But my family is there on every birthday.
I am from my grandpa,
But not from my aunts,
No sisters or brothers with whom I have
fought.
I am from the smile on my grandpa's face,
The jokes and the pats and his warm
embrace.
I am not from the song about the moon
shadow,
Nor the notion that my height does matter.
I am from the Lord, in heaven above,
to show to the people all of God's love.
I am not from the Midwest where the
rooster crows
Or where the sun sets over the green corn
rows,
I am from New York with friends of all kinds
Some Jews, some Italians, some Irish
minds.
A new kind of family, who cared for me
there,
They kept me safe when I was scared.
I am from the things displayed in my room,
A flag, some pictures that some say are full
of doom.
With my life told in photos all tucked in a
book,
I'll always have the chance to take another
look.

Ice Cream Truck

Kim Olson

What's that I hear?
It is the light, tinkling song of the ice cream
truck
I think of the ooie, gooey ice cream cones
The ushy, gushy ice cream sandwiches
The colorful, stickiness of a Rainbow Pop
Glop! The sound of ice cream hitting the
cold, hard pavement
Children wailing loud and long
Then the sound melted away, like ice
cream on a long, hot, summer day.

My First Catch of the Season

Drew Schaefer

My remarkable team runs up to the line.
The glorious ball is snapped.
An eager defender blitzes right by me.
My stiller quarterback lofts the football into
the clear night.
It sails into my awaiting hands.
I cut up field away from the looming
sideline.
A swift defender drags me down.
The electrified coach runs to where I fell
excitingly shouting.

A collection of Creativity

A Day at the Mall

Kelsey Sievers

I weave through the crowded stores.
Excited for new clothes, I try on everything
in sight.
People surround the food court eating
refreshing food.
A different station of pop music blares in
every store.
Interesting people fill the halls and rooms of
this grand building.
An overwhelming experience, every girl
loves to have.
Exciting, exhausting and successful – a
typical day at the mall.

A Day at the Stable
Lauren Schafer

I smell a sweet aroma as I first step into the
stable.
The once hushed atmosphere, filled with
hungry nays.
Fuzzy noses peek through discrete
windows.
Fresh hay is thrown from the loft.
Inpatient horses shift their weight.
“Crunch” goes the hay as the horses
eagerly chew.
Experienced, enthusiastic, and busy – this
is a day at the stable.

A Gymnastics Competition

Michelle Woodson

I frolicked into the cloudy and musty gym,
Girls flying through the air, everywhere.
One girl swinging high on the chalky bars,
Another balancing her dreams on a four
inch beam.
A girl on the floor breathes hard before her
last pass,
While the girl on vault pounds down the
runway.
This is the world of a gymnast.

A Halloween Night

Melissa Hohl

I crunch through the stiff, winter-ready
grass.
Around me, creative costumes warm
shivering bodies.
Eager children sprint from house to house,
Causing cautious cars to slowly creep
through the streets.
Smells of sugary candy fill the air,
While shrieking doorbells sing the song of
impatient kids.
The setting sun creates an eerie shadow
just right for this trick-or-treating,
Halloween night.

Dance

Nicole Holzem

Dance with me tonight
Leave all your troubles behind
We'll dance on moonbeams

America's Game

Jacob Klaisner

My eyes were fixed on the glowing screen
as I asked my dad,
“What are the sticks for?” I don't remember
what he said.
But what I do recall was the simple game's
aura,
The players' effortless precision, speed,
and toughness.
The bright ball cut through the air faster
than the eye could follow
Catching, passing, checking as though they
had been born with a stick
Playing America's oldest and most time-
honored game
Following those short-lived yet enlightening
thirty minutes,
I knew what game I wanted to play.

An Autumn Cross Country Race

Amanda Frankwick

The crisp morning air ruffles through my
tight ponytail as I toe the line.
“5...4...3...2...Bang,” the gun ends the
nerve-racking countdown,
And steady and even breathing slowly
takes over.
My body goes through the unconscious
motions – left, right, left, right.
Freshly fallen leaves rustle as feet
continually pound the hard earth.
I sprint the final stretch in a rush of pure
adrenaline.
It's finally over and heavy breathing and
aching pain are replaced by complete
euphoria.

At the Park

Steve Lees

Tranquil marks the park at dawn.
The sky elicits the ancient trees,
And immense clouds roll by eternally.
The ambiance remains untouched,
The sun rises, shattering the peace.
Jovial ducklings chant and cheer,
While heavenly doves flutter in fear.
Bold children test their bounds,
With hysteric mothers bearing great frowns.
Screeching swings sway in discord,
Provoking hounds to bark and roar.
Tranquil marks the park at dawn,
But sunrise brings clamor from all around.

Just Loveable

Kayla Bastien

I look at the image remembering
The exasperation that swept over me.
The dainty puppy is looking directly at the
camera.
My cautious hand cradles the puppy
keeping it safe.
Mother tells me I had tickled pink emotions
upon seeing him.
Him and his oversized paws, and million-
dollar face,
Makes me smile every time we meet.
Puppy love is my love for Bailey.

Heaven Town

Mallory Zimmermann

I close my eyes and dream of this town.

Potent darkness eats us alive.
Writhing shadows like living creatures
Corrode reality with acidic hatred.
Tortured souls totter the streets
Where do they come from?
Why are they here?

We used to love this little town
You and I
It was fresh air, sparkling rains
Quaint people and small-town charm.
Heaven.
Now my whispering breath startles me
I clutch the cold steel – some form of
protection
My shaking hands are red hands, sinful
hands
Dirty hair tumbles in my face
But I'm too frightened to move.

-But wait!
The rotted wood screams against the
splintered doorframe.
Something with wet breaths
Something cold and dead with shuddering
frame
And haunting white eyes
Has found me out.
My hands tighten against the inflexible steel
bar
Knuckles stand white beneath sin-grimed
skin.

Our Heaven town
Has come to take me.

Sunshine

Sadaf Hussain

Excitement brewing
Nearing the end of the year
Summertime come soon



Katherine Hannah

A collection of Creativity



Katy Kallenberger

My First Catch of the Season

Drew Schaefer

My remarkable team runs up to the line.
The glorious ball is snapped.
An eager defender blitzes right by me.
My stiller quarterback lofts the football into
the clear night.
It sails into my awaiting hands.
I cut up field away from the looming
sideline.
A swift defender drags me down.
The electrified coach runs to where I fell
excitingly shouting.

My First Disney Autograph

Claire Bush

I wait impatiently in line.
Anticipating my excitement as the once
extensive procession diminishes.
Harried adults calm the eager children.
The huge, soft, yellow bear looms ahead.
My enthusiasm soars above the clouds.
The unforgettable character beckons me.
Young, star-struck, and speechless – this is
my first Disney autograph.

Rocky Horror

Karly McMillan

Clue-glitter covered lips compliment
Her Frankenstein wedding dress
As her girlfriends' possessive arm snakes
around
Her beaded, white waist
To defend against this grater-clad male.
Fat snowflakes snuggle up to fishnet
stockings
And leather corsets.
While the marquee lights flash,
We stand in the endless line
Waiting to do the Time Warp, again.

My First Parasail Ride

Lisa Kosek

I taste the salty sea mist on my lips
The fearsome tropical wind slicing through
my hair
The thrilling speed across the glossy
turquoise ocean
Arrived at the parasail launch, we lift slowly
into the pale blue sky
The serene "clap" of the ocean on the
shore below us.
Lifting higher and higher, over the sun-
baked buildings
Exhilarating, captivating-this is my first
parasail ride.

My Life as a Swimmer

Katie Tetkoski

I feel cold water surround me.
Rippling waves disturb the once still pool.
Echoed bounce from one wall to the other.
Air bubbles escape mouths until the next
essential breath.
Splashes surround me.
"Boom boom" pounds my heart as I use
one last burst of energy.
Strong, hardworking, and crazy – that was
my life as a swimmer.

Summer's End

Katie Behrend

Gleefully gathered girls, a celebration
Faces adorned with simple smiles and
happy eyes
Their sun kissed skin shimmers in the
golden rays
The birth tree towers like a kind giant,
Filtering the vibrant sun
Wind tousled hair, neatly bundled, each its
own style
This moment captured by a lens
A moment, a summer gathering of friends.

Camp Randall

Russell Darrow

I feel the cool cement beneath me.
Red and white walls echo Badger Pride.
Beyond the tunnel lies the glistening
emerald field.
The players stand in line anxiously for their
chance to play for glory.
The intensity of the situation consumes my
mind.
"Teet" goes the whistle as the players begin
to sprint towards destiny.
Exuberant, anxious, and hopeful – Camp
Randall, 2006.

Black and White

Alyssa Hayett

Everything I thought I knew
Was black as white
And everything I thought I felt
Was warm as ice
And the only thing I've ever seen
Are the broken wings and shattered
dreams
That fade away to face the cold, harsh,
ebon night
Knowing that the only way back
Was the broken, but faithful path
From which they came

My First Time Skiing

Ellie Ehrhardt

I glide effortlessly across the rushing water,
My skis bouncing over choppy waves
Under the limitless sky.
Looking to the jagged shoreline,
I see lush trees and quaint cabins fly before
my eyes.
The roar of the motor and the slap of the
waves surround me.
And, most importantly, I hear my cheering
family
Ahead of me in the speed boat.
Exhilarated, Thrilled, and Fast – this is my
first time skiing.

Snowboarding

Niki Fischer

The arctic wind pierces against my pink
cheeks.
The bitter sting of the cold makes my frosty
eyes water.
White snow shines bright under the lucid
blue sky.
I rest at the top and await my descent down
the immense hill.
Nothing can be heard but the soft song of a
blue jay.
I arise and prepare for the bitter plunge.
The snow crunches as it shifts under my
board.
I scan my surrounding with great
anticipation for what is to come.

"The lonely flower pokes its head through the melting snow. The ground moistens, the earth is quiet. Spring time is near!"
-Anonymous

A collection of Creativity

Summer Memory

Kallie Graff

The GLISTENING SKY backdrops the scene.
A LAUGHABLE GROUP prepare for a photo.
With ANIMATED BALLOONS as props, they pose.
They use PLUSH GRASS for their platform.
The ADMIRABLE LANDSCAPE stretches around them.
The camera flashes with the sound of "CHEESE!"
The summer day lives on in their MEMORIES FOREVER.

A Day at the Beach

Mary Wright

I stick my feet into the wet, mushy sand.
I hear the waves crash summer-salting over one another, and I feel the water's cold sting as it washes over my skin.
The wind, sometimes harsh, sometimes soft, whips the dry sand through the air and down the coast.
I look back and see the tall palm trees swaying and watch the gulls flying.
I smell the salty, swarm air and feel the hot rays of the sun.
I look to the left and to the right to see many people of all ages in the blue, green and gray, foamy water.
I bend down and squish the wet sand in a strong grip.
All my senses I have used to take in the wonders of ocean and its visitors.
This is my first time at the beach.

The Rippled Tank

Brian Chester

Walking into the building a smell of salt and dampened air engulfed the proximity.
Staring into the darkened depths of a tank hundreds of fish and coral sparkled in the light. A sudden ripple of change streamed across the water as a large fish propelled forward.
The shuffle of people in the room grew in intensity as more and more came to observe. Exiting into a less dense display, a looming shadow engulfed the room from overhead.
A whale shark larger than a bus lazily passed through the overhang leaving a trail of emptiness.
This was my experience at the aquarium.

Untitled

Nick Rymut

I feel the sunburn on my face,
As the bright sun beats down upon me,
The sand is hot beneath my feet,
I'm grateful for the shady palm trees,
As I stare to the bottom of the clear ocean water
And see schools of beautiful fish
With beautiful women all around me
And a lighthouse-shaped bar offering me drinks
I realize, this is a perfect day.

Up, Up and Away

Kirsten Prost

I see the excited passengers.
I hear the roaring engines.
I feel the smooth take-off.
The busy stewardesses serve the hungry passengers.
They bring warm chocolate chip cookies.
The glowing seatbelt sign illuminates.
The passengers anxiously await their arrival.

the PIE

Barry Tikalsky

Stealthily slinking behind the smooth wood table,
I mischievously plan my attack.
The pie sits on the hard wood maple,
And smiling, I prepare to take it back.
The crisp brown crust, creamy frosting and chocolate swirl,
Hopefully I can eat the whole thing and not hurl.

This is Why

Katelyn Holmberg

Lost, motherless children wonder the dark alleys.
Their tiny toes coated with the wet, scummy residue of the streets.
Patched shirts try to keep them warm at night.
This is why I help.
Lengthening lines of tired people yearning for medical miracles.
Gracious and understanding mothers hear the tragic news that nothing can be done.
This is why I try.
Rough hands grasp their free medications with anticipation.
Unconscious patients sprawled out on operation tables' free procedures dramatically changing lives.
This is why I give.
Healing children smile with their new hopes.
This is why I go.

Winter Storm

Shannon Sattler

I feel a winter storm coming.
The once brown grass now covered in a blanket of white.
The sun peaking through the clouds reflects off the glistening snow.
Fresh powder crunches under the children's boots.
The peaceful wilderness surrounds me.
"Swoosh" goes the chilling wind as it blows the fluff off the barren tress.
Amazed, aw-struck, and engaged- - this is the first storm of the season.

Sugar High

Katy Kallenberger

Cupcakes, lollipops
Cotton candy, caramel
Gosh, I love sugar

Untitled

Kelly Smeiska

I find I am at the damp, cool lake
A secret lake that is located underground.
As I sit by its wonderful shores I pull out my wooden flute
A fantastic flute that weaves melodies with its magical sounds.
As I begin to play, the sparkling crystals in the rocks take luminous light
Their luscious glow sends my lonely soul aflight
Sending it out of the horrifying dark and into the daylight
My wonderful flute makes me feel no need to fight.
As the soothing waters rush in and out with the sweet melody
That comes from the wooden flute with which I play
The shimmering liquid in that secret lake glazes my unsuspecting eyes
My spectacular view almost takes my breath away.
My lowly breath is what is making this powerful song
With my unworthy fingers flying across the maze of holes
That covers the magical flute in my possession
And with it, I feel I can take away pain from any hurting souls,
The small water droplets fall into the giant pond
I am peacefully sitting beside
As I complete the powerful song
And lay the melodic flute by my side.
I am done with my harmonious playing for now,
Though I will come back long after I wake
For this was all just a simple dream of mine
And I know I'll need to come back, for my own sake.



Emily Oaks



Chrissy Judd

A Flood To Remember

J. Mahlum

There I sit, farmer tan and all.
Luscious grass surrounds the flood zone;
Sleek wooden planks draw the boundaries,
For murky water, golden sand, and frothy
foam.
The gushing conduit snakes through the
grass,
Pulverizing the mad-made creations.
The strewn toys appear to be an
afterthought;
Jam-packed dump trucks fright the rising
water.
Town citizens flee to the high ground,
“Sandbag this, sandbag that!” they cry.
The continuous flow overwhelms all efforts;
A torrent of water slams through the last
defense.
With the town submerged, the clock strikes
noon.
Hungry bellies, shaking bodies, and sandy
toes all scatter.
My sly smile and beaming eyes tell no lie,
Sandbox floods are summer’s ally.

Snow

Katie Rakowski

The white powder tumbles through the sky,
Making the sky as ghastly as a ghost.
Carefully, it falls,
Past mountains, birds, and tree tops.
The powdery dust settles upon the ground.
Softly it glistens as the sun peeks through
the clouds.
Winds acquire the dust and viciously whip it
across the road.
Abruptly it immigrates to the place it shall
stay until spring;
Until the sun dissolved the blanket that
once covered the world.

The Day I Did Nothing

Jonathan Gmeinder

I lay lazily doing nothing with a sigh.
The slow, lonely sun wanders
The pale, almost meaningless sky.
Pointless infomercials relaxed figure
Talking to my
That is parallel with the floor.
Incalculable hunger floods my body.
Perhaps I’ll start walking
To model fruit, waiting,
Competing for eating.
Perhaps the pangs of emptiness will fill,
The random motions of an endless day be
still.
Only planning and direction can complete
this day.
On such a blankk slate of a day so many
things can be done.
But I have done tonight, I feel content.

A collection of Creativity

Rio del Mar Alana

It was balmy and quaint with its silky sand
and rushing waters.
Balmy and quaint with its silky sand and
rushing waters
It was balmy and quaint with its silky sand
and rushing waters
Delightful and engaging to me...

From the recreation on the emerald green
courses
To the cabana boys riding on horses
And the gorgeous resort full of laughter
Maybe a dice roll in the casino and a
walker on the beach,
It could be a happily ever after
And it sure was delightful and engaging to
me.

Butterfly Michelle Manthey

The beautiful butterfly
Flew right by me
Never to be seen again

Image on Video Game Box Daniel Douglas

A tabletop fold open
It reveals grass patches,
Spattered amongst the clay soil
Wearing fires spew white smoke
Thunderous footsteps echo off a lone
canyon
Two tides of Red and Blue engage before
an elder forest
Stout horses stand by hesitantly
A town, its houses quiet and abandoned,
Sits on the ocean's bank
Musket smoke clouds and smolders the
colors,
Setting uniforms to a dark grayish tint
Blue repels towards the indefinite ocean in
their last moments,
They ask it what it feels like to never die
Red spills Blue's red into the blue
But upon looking into the blue water,
Sees only red in its reflection
A dusty red rock tumbles into the canyon
and splits in two,
Revealing the blue clay within
The tabletop folds closed

Learning to Dance Abbey Dawes

"Places everyone!" the teacher shouted
The smell of blush, lipstick, and stale
perfume filled the air
Everyone around had an anxious look on
their face.
Music stops, applause and whistling
sounded
Rushed out onto the stage I take my place
with pride;
Bright lights flood the stage,
Faces of proud parents and family stare at
me
Blaring music starts but my head goes
blank
Nervousness and despair crawl into me as
I attempt to remember
Everyone looking at me as I stand with a
hopeless look.
A smile creeps over as I began to prance
across the stage
Everyone soon followed forgetting the old
steps, and inventing the new.
Music stops, applause and whistling
sounded for me;
I bow with a sense of accomplishment
I learned how to dance!



Rebecca Schleilien

A collection of Creativity

Why'd the Chicken Cross the Road?

Michelle Manthey

I scurried across the road, to get to the other side, but what they didn't know was why. You see, I was going to my friend, the little red hen, she needed to borrow some sugar. Now, have you ever heard such a silly joke? Why does anyone go across a road? *Of course*, to get to the other side.



Michelle Manthey

If Only

Michelle Manthey

If only the air was a little cleaner,
If only the grass was more greener.

If only there were fewer deaths,
If only there more baby breathes.

If only the poor would be rich,
If only the rich got richer.

If only these things would happen,
You would only ask for more.

My Unicorn

Megan Woodward

My unicorn loves
To stand
In fields of daisies

Untitled

Kelly Smeiska

I find I am at the damp, cool lake
A secret lake that is located underground.
As I sit by its wonderful shores I pull out my wooden flute
A fantastic flute that weaves melodies with its magical sound.
As I begin to play, the sparkling crystals in the rocks take luminous light
Their luscious glow ends my lonely soul aflight.
Sending it out of the horrifying dark and into the daylight
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Thought I will come back long after I wake
For this was all just a simple dream of mine.
And I know I'll need to come back, for my own sake.

Surfing: A Beautiful Scene

Jacob Hilgendorf

The scorching white sand excited my toes.
A flock of birds circled overhead,
Boldly yet curiously gazing upon the endless shoreline.
I splashed into the pure blue sea.
Paddling briskly, I fled towards the thunderous force that continuously crashed in.
Adrenaline and excitement defeated my fear,
And I sailed back to land.
Stepping onto the dry soil, I ended my journey.
I fled the bay, grainy pebbles attached to my limbs.

Golden Retriever

By Katy Kallenberger

Fluffy, golden hair
You are my sweet shmooopy poo
You light up my life



Katherine Hannah

Six Flags Great America

Michael Quebbemann

The day was extremely hot,
The sun shone overhead, a massive bright orb
Roller coasters zooming through the park,
Crashing into the track as they go into their arcs,
Twisting and turning, in tunnels and out.
The people shouted loudly, laughter flowing throughout
Like an evocative river of joy.
Walking past the food stalls,
I couldn't help but become enraced by the smells.
I instantly wanted to eat, and my hunger was cured
By a massive funnel cake.
When I left, I knew this was a memory I wouldn't forsake.

Untitled

Megan Wolfgram

His Heart Lies With Me
Here I stand
Upon your path
Your one desire
Beyond your grasp

No matter your strength
No matter your skill
You will not claim him
I shall defeat your will

It has been revealed
Your path is now divided
So go the other way
Your choice has been decided

A collection of Creativity

Winter

Margaret Zhang

Winter, the chilliest, happiest season of all,
For despite the cold weather, it's the best
overall.

The glimmering icicles are bedecking the
trees,
With barren branches gently waving in
breezes

The crystalline snowflakes gently drift to the
ground,
Slowly gathering to hold the observers
spell-bound.

The peaceful scenario has now become
surreal,
Until children disturb the snow by sledding
downhill.

Small drops of water gently fall on pristine
snow,
As icicles slowly melt under lights all aglow.

'Tis early morning now and the red light of
the sun,
Falls onto the formerly green field now
overrun.

Winter has arrived, bringing howling, icy
wind,
That sends falling snowflakes to join others
of its kind.

Heaped up in piles against the walls of the
housing,
Until morning arrives with the sound of men
grouching.

Large hills and fields full of snow just
waiting to be used,
By exuberant children that have now been
unloosed.

Winter, my favored season despite chilly
weather
For once on the snow we are as light as a
feather!

Walk With My Brother, In Perfect Harmony

Rachel Halaska

To take each moment and live each moment
Reduced to a cancerous basement
apartment in peace, eternally. The barrel
in the back of the cancerous throat. Let
there be Peace on Earth, Tasting metal and
grease, breathing it into cancerous lungs.
Tickle the trigger and give it a hug. and let it
begin with me.



Kezra Cornell

Untitled

Megan Wolfgram

And We Continue
Crouching in among the brush
Stalking my prey
lowering to the ground.
I wait.
Wait.
I am signaled.
We move in slowly
without a sound.

And we continue

The Prey, Victim, Enemy;
He has no clue.
i move to the right
he moves to the left
She continues straight;
I steady my grip.
I hear the call.
"Maitenant!"

And we continue

He becomes confused
with no time
no reaction, no scream.
no time.
Just a sharp pain
and a last breath.
Caught by my hands;
We lie it on the ground.

And we continue

Cloaked by the night.
We move on
with our ambush.
Passing like a plague.
And we continue

A collection of Creativity



Alyssa Hayett

Legacy

Alex Wank

Pain. Horror. Death. Destruction. These were only some of the words that could have been used to describe the man's vision.

As he stepped out of the door, the man looked around with a look of surprise and dreadfulness on his face. Everything in front of him was gone. The air was red, clouding his vision. But what he saw was chilling enough. The neighborhood, his home, was no more. Homes were now nothing more than rubble; the stench of death hung everywhere.

Turning around, the man discovered that the door he had just exited was also destroyed, nothing more than a few random pieces of wood. The world was lifeless, a graveyard of memories. Seeing this post-apocalyptic world was unlike anything the man had ever imagined, for this was too horrible.

"W-what is this?" The man gasped.

"Here is your world," a wispy yet authoritative voice answered. "Or at least what it left of it." The man turned in the direction of the voice. Nearly ten feet away, in a pile of rubble, stood a figure cloaked in black.

The man was speechless. He couldn't comprehend how, yet he knew this figure from somewhere, long ago.

"You tried to save the world," The strange being continued. "Yet you only succeeded in destroying it. It has thrived and lived for millions of years, but for some reason humans thought the world helpless. Trying to save it in name of a legacy, you have only succeeded in making that legacy one of destruction."

"What can be done?" The man asked fearfully.

The figure looked at him full of sorrow. "It may be too late."

"It's never too late," the man spoke, his nerve hardening.

"Do you think you can save the world?"

"I have to try."

"Then go," the figure spoke, vanishing with the wind.

The man woke up in his bed. Everything was normal. Was the devastation only a dream? Or was it a vision of the horror to come?

"Then go," the man whispered, as he looked at the world.



Rebecca Schlehein



Barbara Ederich

A collection of Creativity

Balancing the Equation

Katy Kallenberger

Just lying entwined on a bed with sheets of gray
I wonder if this is for real, are you for real?
Ribbons of flesh and skies of ecstasy
Every moment is longing for another
And the next is sinking like hope
Someday I would like to move somewhere
a little quieter
Fewer cars, people, and paved roads
But as for now I think I can live with all the
lights
Of city life
And the feeling of alone in a metropolis of
sound
A place filled with white sheep and black
hearts
I think I will live

Bones of heat, summers of gold
Tonight is going to be the right time, I can
tell
As cold as hands can be, the night is
But that's alright since I've got breathing
warmth
Next to me in my bed with sheets of gray
A traffic jam keeps me cool as the wet
asphalt beckons its visitors
Turn on the lights, it's getting late
Where are you? It's getting late
Someday I think I would like to move
somewhere a little quieter
Fewer cars, people, and paved roads
But as for now I will sit and wait and
wonder
About city life
And the feeling of alone in a growing planet
A place filled with sirens and cigarette
smoke
I hope I will live

The streets of this town have claimed too
many souls
There is smoke rising from the concrete as
the cars keep passing by
Curiosity is on their radars this evening
I wonder where you are, it's getting late
A blanket from between the sheets is
missing
It's always the right time when you're
already in bed
I turn on my side, I look at the spot
Where you used to lie
It's so empty; the pillow has your name
written all over it
It is calling you back
It is calling you home

Someday I will move somewhere a little
quieter
Fewer car accidents, fake people, and
roads that do not lead to the sky
But as for now I will sit, and wait, and
wonder
About the fact
That I have been so afraid of letting go,
I have never learned how to hold on to
anything
I think I can live

Someone else will walk the same streets
that I did
And someone else will sit on the front porch

with you
After I'm gone
I wonder if the same star I am looking at,
Is the same one that puts you to sleep
When the melodies all break
And the harmony doesn't cut it,
My heart becomes heavy

Why the window is covered in ice during
July,
Is beyond me
You're making all the headlines as you lie
on her corduroy pillows
The light in the window is fading as the
night grows darker
I would follow you into an infinite cave
If you promised to keep me alive through
the darkest of days
I miss your breath on the back of my neck
And your laughter from the other room
I don't believe you when you say
I am just part of your past
Because you are everything my present is
composed of
We laugh, we laughed, during the heaviest
of rains, through the bleakest of gardens
It's only too bad you couldn't climb past
your anxieties

I check the clock; it's 5 A.M.
I wonder why your chest isn't rising and
falling
In perfect correspondence with mine
Our breathing used to be in perfect time
with the second hand of the clock
We would exhale, the arm would move
Someday I will move somewhere a little
quieter
Fewer cars, people, and paved roads
But as for now the arm stays put in neutral
solitude
And I think I can live
With the hustle and bustle of city life
And the feeling of alone in a metropolis of
noise and suit coats
A place filled with white sheep and black
hearts
I can live with that sinking feeling in the pit
of my stomach

I can live with failure
I can live with rejection
I can live alone
I can live in silence
I can live with just the thought of you
As a memory entwined with me on a bed
with sheets of gray



Justin Held

Invisible Sidewalks of Wisconsin

Katy Kallenberger

The winter takes it all out of me
It drains me to the bone
These paper bones

I'm not cutting you off,
I'm just cutting back
On humanity and its laughter

I am well aware I have been icy lately
And I apologize for my misgivings
I never meant to hurt you

I only want to tell you of the myriad ways
That I deplore myself and the world I live in
The cold weather does nothing for my
complexion

I am surrounded by stereotypes and sound
waves
And I could never kick a habit
That I've tried so hard to take up

I've spent so many nights
On the edge of my bed
With my head in my hands, keys in my
fingers

Too many January afternoons have been
wasted
By too many January headaches
And I am slipping in between the sheets

Me and my big dreams
Know we'll never make it
But for now it's time to let the music flow
within me

I'll let the infinite space close in around my
body
As the specks of snow collect on the
window pane
And the seasons change and the snow
turns to rain

I will cut the cord
Before it cuts me
Into a million jagged little pieces
That no one wants to pick up

New Year

Jack Leahy

A New Year brings a chance for beginning

Ideas of change require admitting

All know there has been no end Who may
embrace the perpetual bend Past miscues
forgotten though not repeated Goals of
upcoming assured not depleted

Each years brings hope of great success
Highs and lows occur nonetheless Dreams
may be dreams often untold The truth of
one's fate will soon unfold

A New Year brings a chance for beginning
Ideas of change require admitting

A collection of Creativity

Give. Return.

Breanna Houk

Helping, helping.
Helping, helping.
Who are you?
Will you be my friend?
Will you get close to me, and tell me all
about your life,
All about your problems, your thoughts,
your feelings?
Will you show me how damn hard it is for
you to get through depression every day?
Or perhaps you're manic depressive?
Do you have anxiety?
Dependency?
Any other problems?
If you do, then you should be my friend.
I attract people like you...
I *only* attract people like you.

So as you read this, keep in mind what I
must feel for you.
I am not like the others, who shun you for
what is wrong.
I, who has no problems, who *seems* to be
perfectly okay...

I do not believe that my life is one to brag
about.
I merely exist, and try to do so with my best
intentions in mind,
And I am aware of what some people have
told me,
Those positive, optimistic people.
But I am also aware of all the negative I
have been told.
I have taken both sides and turned them
into a pool of advice for myself,
Lying somewhere deep inside my
consciousness where I only pull
From what I feel necessary.

As far as life goes, and what's happened to
me, I know I am lucky,
And I will not take that luck for granted.
But I also have a burning hate for such luck
I feel cursed with it, cursed with a gift that I
want so badly to give to others
To my loved ones; to my best friends; to the
people who have been there for me
Who support me through thick and thin.
And I no longer want to have what they
can't.
I want to give them the world.
Because I feel that I do not deserve such
luck,
I feel that I do not need it as nearly as
much as they do.
Them, with their problems, with their tears I
wish to wipe away...

Giving, giving.
Giving, giving.

I will give you everything.
I will give you my life.
I will give you everything I possibly can,
down to the last strand,
To the last bone.
I will try everything in my power to show
you how deeply I care for you.
If I care for you.
Do I care for you?
Do you care for me?

Are we friends?
Do I love you?
Who are you?
I do love you.
But have you done anything for me?
Are you like my friends, those who I care
for so much; are you like them?
No...
You are something different.
"You are a part of me."
I am not part of anybody.
I am my own person.
I am sick of your lies, your deceits, your
broken promises turned to naught.
I am not part of you.
I tried to help you, but I have broken.
I cannot continue helping you if I get
nothing in return.
But *you*...
You, over there.
You showed me the kindness I showed
you, did you not?
You've refreshed my mind of this feeling
of... something.
Of *that*.
You *gave* me things.
Gave!
Of all the things you could have done, you
did that.
And for that, I thank you.
That's all I needed, really...
Just that little push.
Now I can return to what I had been doing
before.
Wiping away those tears.
Giving. Giving.
Showing people that there is more to life
than they see,
Showing people how I think of things,
making them turn their thoughts around
Making them realize more than they ever
had before.
I can go back to that; back to what I thought
I was: 'happy.'
Meanwhile, in front of the mirror, I see
myself and my mind thinks...
'Nothing.'
But going back to that pool of advice,
Back inside my consciousness,
I negate those thoughts.
I contradict my mind.
I start back over.
Helping, helping.
Helping, helping.
Who are you?

Untitled

Rachel Halaska

Little Ditty, 'bout Jack and Diane
Jack and Diane made it about 10 feet. Trying to
make it to Jacky's car and out of the heart-
land. She held the wrench."Hit em' in the
head. They stay down that way," Jacky
said, hands around the rubber handle of
the bat."On 3 open the door." She nods,
shaking, cold sweat. "1...2....3"

Cold-Hearted Lover

Katy Kallenberger

Night is pouring from the sky
In dark pellets of horror
The city lights stretch across the tapestry of
buildings
As the midsummer sun retreats into itself
City goes and visitors alike file in and out
of the queue
Looking for a muse
To their dull August lives
The air is thick and heavy
It is impossible to breath on the avenue
The fog hanging in the atmosphere creates
an effect
Of cascading light, smeared into a giant
yellow ball of discomfort
The smell of human defecation and
undercooked meat fills the street
Somewhere down the road, an acoustic
guitar fills the airwaves
With false hope and a feeling of
displacement
Even after the snow is gone, the cold
remains
Nothing is sound in the city
Smoke from 10,000 cigarettes chokes the
rooftops
Pacing past the bar I grew up in,
And hospital rooms where I learned not to
speak,
I begin to wonder if the city is against us
On its own side
This city has stolen my soul
But for whatever reason,
The lights and sounds have captured my
heart
And forced me to reevaluate my own
illusions
Night continues to rain the patron's heads
And pellets of pure, uncut fear tumble onto
the street
Those city lights I have come to fear,
Have sewn themselves unto a quilt I keep
in my heart
The midsummer sunsets that I have so
dearly forgotten,
Have retreated into my memory
The city goes I came to love have all died
Every slab of city sidewalk is another grave
This place I have tried to forget,
Has been my muse all these years
This habit of returning to my memories is
one I cannot break
No matter how hard I try to deny it,
This city is my soul
These lights are my irises
Everything I see is the city and its people
The sounds that I have tried to block out
Are the ones that will someday write my
books
The bar I sometimes pace by,
Is the one where I learned my greatest
lessons
While under the influence of fear
Nothing is sound in the city
But anything sound is anything but
inspiring.

A collection of Creativity

Untitled
Margaret Zhang

Fierce winds buffeted the airplane as it fought its way through the sky, its passengers oblivious to the storm surrounding the aircraft as they attempted to wage their own war amidst the chaos on the commodious plane...

"Sakura, give me those papers at this instant!" Syren shouted at his friend, who gave him an ingenuous look before she laughed and raced away from the irate CEO, who silently fumed before catching the eye of his best friend, Yurei'ha. The older boy smirked and silently slipped away in the direction that Sakura had left in, his silver hair tied back into a loose ponytail and the CEO smirked to himself as well. Life with Sakura and Yurei'ha was very interesting, to put things lightly, considering that Sakura could scarcely last for one day without creating some sort of mischief. He sighed and sat back in his chair, opening his lab top and once again reading the e-mail that had been sent to him. "Ten o'clock at the deserted warehouse?" he softly murmured, staring at his own reflection in the window. "Why would the meeting be held there?" His thoughts were interrupted as Yurei'ha came back with a cowed Sakura meekly following him, holding the papers in his left hand. He laughed, clearly able to discern the reason why Sakura was so cowed. "Threaten to take her make-up and she does anything you want, right?" Syren laughingly asked, taking the proffered papers. "Thanks, Yurei'ha." The older teen merely smiled enigmatically before returning to his seat. Syren then turned to Sakura, who was studying the tips of her shoes, and lightly chastised her. Those papers were quite important and it wouldn't be good if they were ruined in a brief moment of carelessness.

The airplane safely touched down at a private airfield located deep in the mountains of Japan and Syren stepped out, breathing in the fresh mountain air. "It's so much better out here, isn't it?" Sakura asked, joining him at the top of the ramp leading down. "That it is." He agreed, a small smile playing over his features as a light breeze blew over his face, and walked down the ramp, the gnarled pines whispering as the breeze grew stronger and whipped his black hair about his face. Sakura chased after him, followed by Yurei'ha, who was carrying a black briefcase. "The meeting is held in three days." Syren calmly told them, holding the door to the waiting limousine open. "Ladies first." He told Sakura, who giggled and rolled her eyes before getting in and sitting down on one of the leather seats. He followed her into the car and Yurei'ha came in last, closing the door behind him as the car set off towards its destination in Tokyo.

Syren stepped out of the limousine and walked over to the door of the headquarters of his business in Japan, his eyes scanning over the cars waiting for their riders in front of the building. He sighed to himself when he spotted the second to last car and continued on his way into the building, finally making it into his office and taking a seat. "Has anything new happened while I was away?" he asked his secretary, who had entered his office carrying a thick manila folder of reports and similar items. "Our adversary company demands reprisal for the destruction of their company base in England." Syren sighed and wearily rubbed his forehead, already regretting his decision to return to his company so soon. "So, you are telling me that Rokuya still believes that we were responsible for the explosion." He mused thoughtfully. "Hikaru, you can go now." His secretary nodded and left, leaving the young CEO to ponder over recent events on his own. "What is going on in this world?" he muttered as he pulled out a report and began working.

A few hours later, he was finishing up on the last few reports left when he heard a knock on the door. He absently called for whoever was at the door to enter and sent another e-mail to Jokasu Corp. requesting a meeting sometime within the next week and looked up to meet furious cobalt eyes. "How on Earth did Rokuya find out about the connection between our companies?" Seth angrily shouted, brandishing a sheaf of papers in his hand while gesticulating with his free hand. Syren owlishly blinked before looking at him curiously, waiting for the older man to calm down. When he had waited for ten minutes and Seth showed no signs of stopping his rant, he interrupted him. "Seth, while I do realize that you are upset, if you don't calm down soon and tell me exactly what is going on; I may have to ask security to take you outside to cool off." That made the CEO of Atem Corp. shut up and Seth stared at Syren a few minutes before sighing and taking a seat in one of the leather chairs before the desk. "You pamper your customers, you know." He nonchalantly offered, sitting back and waiting for Syren to place the finishing touches on whatever he was working on. Syren finally finished and placed the document to one side of his desk before looking up, sitting back in his own chair. "Do I?" he mildly asked, tapping his fingers against the cool wood of his desk. "I was under the impression that flaunting one's wealth and power in a subtle manner was something that was considered wise." Seth chuckled softly as his own words were thrown back at him and handed the sheaf of papers he was carrying to Syren.

A collection of Creativity

Subtraction

Katy Kallenberger

I looked out the window
For a change of view
I saw that somebody had tied
A green balloon to a white post
And I began to wonder
If it was a symbol or a sign
That I was meant to see
I thought, I can relate
As I watched it struggle through the wind
and the snow
The world and the afternoon
It pulled and it pulled against the small town
wind
The green was such a refreshing thing to
see
A speck of something real in such a white
world
I figured it must have been a figure of hope
Like a sign that things will get better
I decided that it was
The most beautiful sign of human struggle
I had ever seen.

I longed to leave the room
And go capture a photo of the balloon
To prove that there was depth to me
Or something like that
It was then that I thought
The green may have been a symbol of
spring
That maybe, just maybe, it was right
around the corner
And things might get better
That green balloon, in all its unrecognized
fury,
May have been the most poetic thing I've
seen from this life.

It then occurred to me,
That the balloon probably used to be bigger
See, I know that when they get cold, they
shrink
I mad that I thought that
Since now I realized that the winter is
slowly shrinking me
Like a balloon blowing in the snow.
I swore I could hear a piano plunking in the
background
They key changing, hitting sporadic notes
in a solemn way
Letting me know
Something's got to change
If I ever want to see the sun.

Untitled

Brittany Berenz

I smear on the creamy lipstick to stain my
quivering lips bright red.
The gleaming poms needlessly rustle as
my shaking hands grip them tightly.
My queasy tummy turns and I feel the
butterflies start to flutter around.
I wearily face the beckoning crowd,
petrified to make an obvious mistake.
The blaring music begins and my body
immediately responds, doing what it has
spent hours practicing and training to do.
Sweaty, trembling, and scared- my first
poms performance.

Acceptance

Ashley Rummel

When I was one, my parents got
divorced. There was no pain. As I grew up,
I moved one house to another; it was the
normal way I lived. The thought of having
two houses, two bikes, and two bedrooms
was exciting. There were some down falls
to having divorced parents. I had to switch
off one weekend with mom and the next
weekend with dad. I had no time to hang
out with my friends.

When I was about five years old, my
mom and I would meet my dad at church
and have a fish fry before he took me for
the weekend. My mom and I would eat
our fish fry with my grandma and grandpa.
This time we waited for him to arrive like
every other week. There was a difference
in this week from the others.

That day my mother and father had
talked on the phone. The discussion got
heated and my mother used inappropriate
words to my father. As luck would have it,
he got mad and tried to think of a way to
get back at her. The decision he made was
to not come and get me at the church for
that weekend.

My mother, grandfather,
grandmother, and I stayed at the church
until 8 p.m. to see if he would arrive. When
he didn't show up, I felt horrible I tried to
think of things I had done to upset him. Of
course, this wasn't my fault, but as a five
year old I was upset. I sat on the bar step
as I cried. The tears were like a waterfall
flowing down.

While I grew up, I thought about
that day and how it made me feel and how
he could do that to his own daughter. I
have become accepting to the fact that he
can only take care and think of himself. I
do wish he knew what it felt like not to be
accepted and the worst part was that it was
my own father not accepting me.

To this day, my dad has not come
to see me. I still talk to my cousin about
the things going on in the family. I ask her
what he is like and what he is doing with
his life. I still care about my father, but I
also think my life is different, for the better,
without him in my life.

22 Semesters at Sea

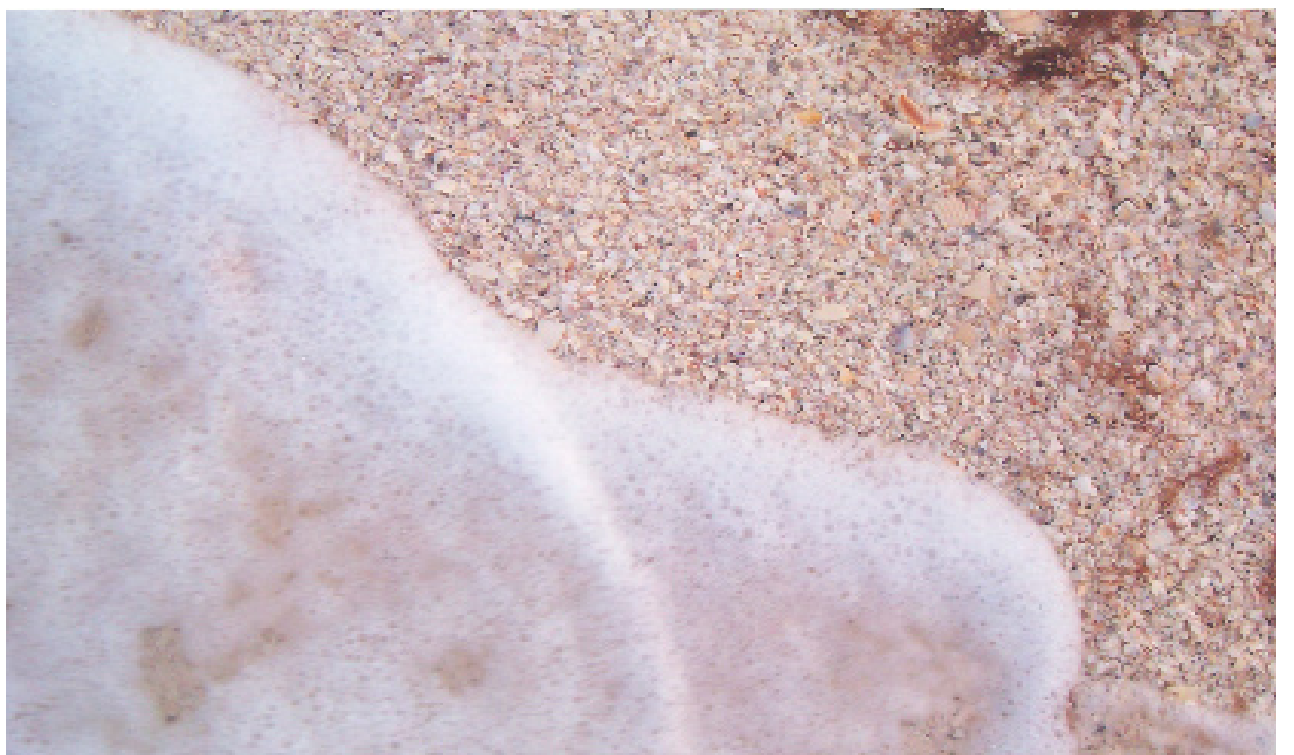
Katy Kallenberger

And the ink
Sinks
Through the paper
Scratching the surface
Quite the near miss
The contrast
Of black on white
Is death defying
Mesmerizing
Vindicating
A composite of thoughts
A ballad of emotion
The ink
Smears
Swirls
With the motion of bone
The tear hits a certain spot
A taste of situational
Irony
Spreading
Across the page
Oblique in rhythm
The poet went mad
Sound of a mind
In progress
Words
Are paint
In flight

Shamu

Michelle Manthey

I didn't plan on being the, "Big Fish,"
For that matter, I wasn't suppose to be.
There were ten other 'to be Shamu's' before me,
But eight of those baby whales died in captivity.
The other two were stillborn,
And all of Sea World's hearts were torn.
Then I arrived,
And I survived.
I had to train hard for my first big show,
The trainers made sure I knew where to go
The music turned on,
And they were playing my song.
I would hit the big orange cone,
And the people got splashed in the Splash Zone.
Life was great,
Until that fatal date.
One careless visitor dropped a bottle into my
tank,
What it contained I should not have drank.



Michelle Manthey



anonymous

The Real Me

Kayla Herrera

Please don't judge me by my face,
by my religion or my race.
Please don't laugh at what i wear,
or how I look or do my hair.
Please look a little deeper,
way down deep inside.
And although you may not see it,
I have a lot to hide.
Behind my clothes the secrets lie,
behind my smile, I softly cry.
Please look a little deeper,
and maybe you will see.
The lonely little girl,
that lives inside of me.
Please try to be a friend to her,
and show her that you care.
Please just get to know her,
and maybe you will see.
That if you just look deep enough,
you'll find the real me.

Untitled

Gina Curci

I want you all to recognize the world today.
The people, the stories, the reality, and the
fiction inside of it.
I want you to realize and face what is going
on now, in every girl's head, in every girl's
life, in every girl's troubles. I want you to
see what fiction has done to reality in a
girl's mind. What has happened to her
thoughts, her beliefs, and her emotions.
"Why would any guy want me? I'm stupid,
fat and ugly."
What is beauty? Exactly.
Is it on the cover of a Seventeen
magazine? Is it a six-pack on Jessica
Alba, or the constant butt-cleavage
with no imperfections? Is it what we
see in Hollywood? The perfect bodies,
the symmetrical noses, the bling, the
diamonds? Is beauty just a synonym for
perfection?

No. Perfection is no flaws. Perfection is no originality. It is just a thing to frame on your wall. Something with no mistakes and no wrinkles. Perfection is a thing. Perfection is inhuman.

Girls are constantly faced with self-esteem issues. When they look in the mirror, they see a pimple, they see a stretch mark, and they see something wrong with whatever image floats in their mirror. You know what comes to their head? I hate myself. I'm ugly. I'm fat. No boy will ever care for me. I'll never be happy. And many more things. All because they think that they are not beautiful. They find that because they have an imperfection, a flaw – that they are not beautiful. They are not suitable. They are not worthy. How far-fetched is that? Isn't it true? Isn't it sad?

Look what we're faced with. Hollywood is filled with people who spend millions getting face-lifts, botox, liposuction, breast implants. You know why they get these things? Because they think they're not good enough, not beautiful enough, not perfect enough. Not to the standards of the people around them. And the sad thing is, they are not to the standards of themselves.

Beauty? Let me tell you something about beauty. Beauty is original. Beauty is described in every single person. Everyone is beautiful. Everyone has beautiful qualities about them.

Beauty is the imperfections, the originality in every person. Beauty is the sparkle in your eyes when you laugh. Beauty is the smile that you get when you experience something you love and enjoy. Beauty is the difference between you and all the people you pass in the hallways.

Basically, beauty is what is inside, and outside – that makes you different, that makes you your own person. That makes you who you are, what you think, and what you do. It's the crooked smile, the off-center nose, and the quirky giggle. All of these things give you a twinkle in the crowd. Beauty is not a synonym for perfection. It is not similar; it is not the same as being perfect. It's not the stereotypical six-pack, blonde, long-legged, tan beauty on the screen. Beauty is the image in the mirror that you see every day. That makes you different, eccentric, and individual from a room-full of people.



Michelle Manthey

A collection of Creativity

A Blank Piece Of Paper

Melody Sorenson

A silent swish of the wax crayon,
A stroke of red,
Green,
Blue,
Brown.

A festival of colors.
With each stroke silent laughter is heard,
The laughter of a child,
That child

Was
Me.

A sequence of yearly birthday parties,
Chocolate cakes, Barbie dolls
A heavenly array of plastic
bodies,

Seconds filled with
chocolaty stomach aches
A child's dream.
My

birthday dream.
What happened to the simplicity of those
colors,

Colors now are blended,
Tinted,
Created,
Unique.

A silent swish of the brush,
A stroke of ruby red,
Forest green,
Midnight blue,

Sunburned brown.
A plentiful meadow of colors.
With each stroke thoughts are whispered,
The thoughts of an artist,
That artist

Was
Me.

A sequence of morals,
Human rights, global peace
An imaginative state of mind,
Ideas filled with peace,
A world's

dream.
My ideal
dream.

What happened to the love of those colors,
Colors now are discarded,
Forgotten,
Frowned
upon,

Judged.
A silent swish of the pencil
A stroke of black,
White,

Grey.

A deprived rainbow of colors.
With each stroke equality was envisioned,
The thoughts of an optimist,
That optimist

Was
Me.

A sequence of hands
Black, green, blue red,
An ocean of swimming multi-
colored hands,
Hands embracing one
another,

An eyes

longing,
My
longing.

What happened to the construction of those
colors,
Colors now are narrowed down,
Solitary,
Lonely.

A silent swish of charcoal
A stroke of black,
White,
Black.

An effortless piece of paper.
With each stroke diversity was sought,
The thoughts of a rightful human,
That human

Was
Me.

A sequence of crowded lines
Thick, thin, rigid, straight
A street of people,
People of races,
orientations, religions

daydream,
An individual's
My
daydream.

I see the possibilities of all colors,
Of all medians of colors,
A purple crayon,
A lily orange
brush,

A brown pencil,

Even red charcoal.
No longer will the silence of a swish be
heard
Only the deafening conquer of a solid white
piece of paper

Transforming into a
masterpiece of variety
Of differences,
Of the only imaginable future

Of my future.
My blank paper has hope,
Dreams,
Influences,

Concerns.
My blank paper hopes for love,
Dreams of equality,

Influenced by the face of a broken child
Concerned by the
lack peace.

My pencil has one priority,
My pencil has the
stroke backed up by a vision
The vision is peace,
The vision is love,
The vision is hope,
The vision is equality.
The vision will be accomplished.

The idea of accomplishing my pencil's
visions,
The idea of accomplishment,
Is what will cause me,
To

Accomplish.
Accomplishment is my influence.

I am one who will stand up for these
visions,
Who will stand up for these rights,
Who will stand up for these dreams.

I am influenced by my crayon
My brush,
My
pencil,

My charcoal,

My blank paper.
Because,
The only thing that can make that paper
colorful,
Is making that daydream I dream
Pour out,
And color.

And color the inequalities
Lack of peace,
Lack of diversity
Of today,
Away.



Michelle Manthey

A collection of Creativity

Country Poem Margaret Zhang

In 1941 the Japanese attacked us,
And war followed swiftly on wings of death
Who knew, so long ago, that so many
would die,
So far from home, before the war was
ended?

Yet fall they did, hundreds of thousands
As thickly as wheat cut by the sweep of a
scythe.

First in the Pacific, where blood ran freely
As ships, planes, and men all ruthlessly
fought.

And then, three years later, the D-day
invasion,

Where thousands fell on the beaches
alone.

And thousands more died as the armies
pressed on
Deep in the heart of Germany.

Until, finally, Germany's Hitler killed himself,
And the Nazis surrendered, ending the war
in Europe,

On a fateful day in May of 1945
And the war in Europe was over.

And then the focus turned to Japan,
The island country, un-subdued and
fighting to the last,

Until, at last, two mushroom clouds
bloomed in the sky,
And the end of the costly war had come.

But what was the price that we paid in this
war,
This bloody, brutal, conflict that stretched to
include the world?

The loss of property, the loss of lives, the
loss of materials,

Or was it being faced with the truth, the
cold reality

Of exactly **how** inhuman a person can
become?

I have begun to recede into the background
Of my own life
I am now a subplot
In the textbooks
The actors around me
Have taken over the lead
The actors around me
Autograph my name

I am receding into the background
When did everyone else's emotions,
Become my fault?
I will not apologize
For being human
No, I will not apologize
For feeling

I have begun to blend in with furniture
The pattern on the rocking chair
Is my skin
The wallpaper is much too similar
To my very own life
Resting against a wall, speaking to nobody

I am receding into the background
When everyone else's problems,
Become my own?
I will not apologize
For being human
No, I will not apologize
For feeling



Michelle Manthey

Christmas

By Margaret Zhang

Christmas is here, the most wonderful
holiday of the year!

With kids peeking under trees (who
wouldn't with presents so near?),
But somehow knowing what's there (it's
something we all overhear).

It's Christmas time! So break out all the
mistletoe and holly,
And hang it up over doors (and don't forget
on the collie)
At the start of a wonderful day that's sure to
be jolly.

Look out the window at the cars piling
before your house,
With grandparents and aunts listening to
the music of Strauss
As your petulant, lethargic, and annoying
siblings grouse.

Once everyone's entered the house there's
many presents galore.
(Wait! Who decided to give your big brother
a two-by-four?)
And chaos after mother and father go down
to the store.

It's Christmas time (Yippee!) and
everyone's come in velveteen.
There's so much to do once everyone's
had their full of caffeine,
Like getting gifts hiding from grasping paws
that must stay unseen.

At the stroke of midnight the house lies in a
deathly quiet.
What gifts will Santa give tonight? is the
query of disquiet.
The kids' upstairs don't doze until "Go to
sleep!" comes the fiat

"When trying to succeed, you also build
character."

- Brittany O'Shea



Tera Roeker

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Angel Chronicles: Return of Chaos

Chapter One: The Beginning

Thunder clashed and light carved webs of light across the sky as rain poured like tears, laden and heavy with sorrow. A lone man, wearing a black cloak and hood walked briskly on the cobblestone street, water splashing under his heavy steps, rain pouring from his hood. Even though he walked hastily he took care not to let his cloak part so he wasn't exposed to the downpour. He wove around other people who whispered about the dark events that had occurred not too long ago. He hung his head keeping his eyes hidden in the shadows so no one could recognize him. Men and women hid from the rain under umbrellas and cloaks, and many offered the man salvation from the rain but without a word he kept his pace. He took great care to stay in the shadows that were cast by the street lamps whenever possible and stayed close to the buildings that bordered the street. He stopped in front of a large wooden door laden with iron bars and studs. He rose his eyes to take a quick glance at a large wooden sign swaying in the wind. Carved in the wood were the words 'The Fire and Ice Inn', the word 'fire' was carved to appear made of fire and the word 'ice' was carved to appear made of ice, while the rest of the sign was standard, carved and less extravagant. He pushed the door open with his shoulder and almost instantly the air was filled with the smell of ale and the mumbles of the patrons. The bar was emptier than usual, but that was to be expected with the recent happenings, nevertheless the patrons still drank their share of ales. The man walked up to the counter where the bartender was washing a glass with an old cloth. "What can I do you for?" he asked in a rough voice not even bothering to look up from his work.

"You wouldn't happen to have a Hidden Wonder, would you?" the cloaked man responded. With that the bartender froze, he set his glass and cloth on the counter and after looking around he slowly got a small key from his apron, then he carefully slid it across the counter to the man.

"I got some in the back." he whispered returning to his work as if nothing had happened. The man shifted something around inside his cloak and then reached out for the key. He nodded to the bartender and headed to the back rooms to find the door the key unlocked. He passed several identical doors but stopped when he got to one that the iron numerals had been taken off of. He unlocked the door with the small key and entered the dark room, as he shut the door behind him he heard metal sliding on metal, a blade being drawn.

"Put down your sword Aurora, it's me." The man said turning and pulled back his hood with his free hand revealing the rough face of a man in his 30's with dark eyes and short and neat blond hair.

"Valon! Oh thank God you made it!" Aurora cried turning on a lamp next to a single candle she had lit. The woman was in her mid twenties with long brown hair and smooth face, her eyes still bright with youth. She too wore the black robe and cloak that Valon wore, many belts, chains, and zippers lined the entire surface of it. She reached out to hug her friend but Valon reached out to stop her, Aurora's face twisted in confusion and Valon chuckled.

"Sorry, but we don't want to hurt them." At that he used his free hand to part the cloak revealing two babies, wrapped in blankets, held in his arm. Aurora's eyes grew large at the sight.

"The twins!" her voice trembling on the verge of tears "You saved them, I thought they were dead."

"Yeah" Valon responded, his voice monotone. He set the babies on a nearby bed, "Come, we have much to discuss." He gestured towards a small round table and a set of chairs. Both of them sat, one on each side of the table, Aurora staring at the twins as if she'd seen a miracle and Valon had his head resting in his hands. Aurora finally broke from her gaze to look at Valon.

"What has happened?" she asked "All I heard..."

"They're dead" Valon's voice trembled

"What! No! That can't be!"

"An assassin killed them Aurora" he never raised his head but instead kept it cradled in his palms, "He was coming for the children when I saw him and escaped with them."

"No! No! No! That's impossible, no one could kill the..."

Valon jumped out of his seat and grabbed Aurora by the shoulders, tears running from his eyes "The King and Queen are dead! I saw them with my own eyes, dead, along with more than half of the guards and servants!" He shouted and then let go of her and fell to the table face down. Aurora started to cry too, she now knew for sure that he wasn't trying to trick her, they really were dead. They softly spoke of them, how they were so kind and caring, treating everyone like family.

"But who... who would have a heart so black and such power to kill them. They were masters of Light and Darkness, the two most powerful elements we know of."

"There is one man with that much power and a heart blacker than the midnight sky..."

"You mean..." Aurora gasped.

"Rokanov has returned" Valon said though his clenched teeth. At the sound of that name one of the babies stirred as if he too knew that evil name.

Aurora turned towards the children after hearing one stir.

"But if that's true, he'll be searching for them!"

"That's why I called you here" Valon got up and walked to the bed where the twins slept. "They can't stay here or they will be killed" he added glancing between the two. Aurora joined him.

"But what are we going to do?"

"We will take them far from here, if the brothers stay together they will be found and killed, they must be separated" Valon watched as one child cuddled up against the other.

"But..." Aurora's maternal instinct protested, she didn't want the twins to be separated.

"But nothing" Valon's voice was hard "they must be separated." He picked up the baby closest to him and looked at the golden necklace around the child's neck. "I will take Neo to the Rangers in the north. His father's people once lived in those areas; he will be safe with them. You will take Slayer to the Elves in the south where their mother came from, their way of life may have changed, but they still will recognize him. They will find salvation and protection in these places" Aurora picked up the other baby.

"I can't believe we are going to separate them, but it must be done"

"Yes, it truly is sad. The sons of light and darkness, one to the rangers and the other to the elves, perhaps someday they will meet once more." With that they left the room each hiding a baby under their dark cloaks. The rain had stopped and the moon shined brilliantly in the sky and reflected off of puddles in the potholes. They went around to the back where Aurora had chocobos, large bird like beasts, already prepared for the long journeys. The two black chocobos stood ready, their reins hung free from their armor.

"Well this is goodbye for us" Valon said looking at the moon shining through cracks and holes in the parting clouds.

"It's only for a little while, we'll meet again once they're safe."

"I fear that with the responsibilities that have been laid on us we wouldn't." He hugged her with his free arm "Goodbye" he whispered in her ear. Tears filled her eyes; she tried to say something but couldn't as he helped her get on her horse. Once Valon mounted his they took one last look at each other before riding off to their destinations, Valon to the north, Aurora to the south. She would never see her friend again.

Owls hooted in nearby trees and the moon shone through the gaps of the dead branches in the dark forest. Valon had easily gotten past the gates of the city and had stayed off the road for most of his journey thus far, but now the thick woods prevented him from leaving the road. The sleeping Neo was cuddled into him 'Poor child' he thought 'now an orphan and without your brother, I hope someday you will forgive me' Coming out of his thoughts he noticed the owls had stopped hooting, everything was silent, something was in the woods. He stopped the horse and his eyes darted

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into the shadows, searching for whatever was there. Fear easily took over, it was far too silent, and his mind started playing tricks on him as shadows became beasts and cast strange figures. Then an angry battle cry broke the silence, Valon quickly looked up but it was too late. A dark figure had jumped out from the trees above and knocked Valon off his chocobo that then panicked and ran down the path back towards its home. Neo had fell out of Valon's arms on the impact and was sent rolling of the road into a pile of leaves and dead branches, hiding him from sight and muffling his worried whines. Valon quickly rose and drew his standard issue Royal Guard's sword; the dark figure was standing not more then 20 feet from him. "Where are they?" The figure's voice commanded. Blood dripped from Valon's mouth and he spat it out but remained silent. "Where are they!" the figure barked again.

"Come out of the shadows you coward!" Valon yelled back. The figure laughed and stepped out of the shadows and into a patch of moonlight. His mid length black hair seemed to gleam in the moonlight, his armor reflected the light as well off its polished steel surface, his entire frame surrounded by spikes of gold and silver.

"Rokanov!" Valon growled though clenched teeth.

"Where are they?" He asked once more, a bit more calmed.

"I don't know who you're talking about." Valon replied happy to disgrace the Ex-Royal Commander.

"Don't play coy with me, the Princes of Light and Darkness" Rokanov responded calmly.

"I would never tell the likes of you!" Valon spit out more blood that had gathered in his mouth.

"Fine" again his voice was calm; almost lacking of any emotion, "Have it your way" he drew his blade from its position on his back, a massive two handed sword surrounded by an air of evil and chaos. Valon screamed and charged Rokanov, who stood perfectly still. As Valon reached him he swung back his sword and powered it forward towards the Commander with all his might, hoping to revenge the deaths of the King and Queen as well as to protect Aurora, Neo, and Slayer. At the last instant Rokanov caught the blade with his hand, no damage was done even to the leather glove he wore. Valon's eyes grew wide; his strongest attack was useless against the master of chaos, Rokanov just smirked.

"Pity" with that he thrust his sword though Valon's chest, piercing though both sides of his body armor. Valon's cry of pain filled the air and owls flew from their perches. His scream died down as his strength left him; he would die at the end of that evil blade.

"You will never find them" he panted, each word he strained just to say, "but they will find you, and they will kill you."

"We'll just see" Rokanov whispered in his ear, then he twisted the blade and with one quick motion cut Valon in two, his body fell to the ground. The blood shimmered in the moonlight, as did a white piece of cloth sticking out of Valon's pocket. Rokanov plucked it from its place and flicked it open; inside in blue embroidery was the word "Aurora". He flicked the blood from his blade, splattering it on the road's surface, and then he used the cloth to clean it before returning it to its sheath. "We'll just see." he repeated to himself. With that he jumped into the trees and headed west looking for the twins.

A pair of eyes had watched the battle from above, and now they stared at the lifeless body and the bundle in the leaves. Hidden in the trees a women dressed in ninja garb had watched the entire scene between the two and now had jumped down to examine what had fallen into the leaves on the side of the road. As she took off the first layer of debris she saw it was a baby, then she took off her facemask. She picked the child up from the leaves and held him like a caring mother. The little Neo opened his eyes to look into the blue eyes of the women with mid-length blonde hair; he cocked his head in confusion remembering only the face of Valon before he had been knocked to the side of the road. The women, who was about as old as Aurora, maybe younger, chuckled at the sight "Well hello there little one" her voice was soft and sweet. "Poor thing, your all alone now aren't you?" She looked at the bloody remains of the man in the road and shielded the child from seeing such a sight. Then a glimmer caught her eye "Hmm, what's this?" she held the golden chain in the moonlight "Neo, that's an interesting name. Come on Neo, we'll take care of you now" She pulled on her facemask and jumped into the trees with the baby in her arms towards his new destination.

"What do you mean he can't stay!?" The female ninja asked her husband. The baby stirred in the nearby bed from the sound.

"Kira, I know you always wanted a child, but why him!?" he pointed at Neo.

"And exactly what's wrong with him Keyu?"

"Do you even know who that is!?"

"You've only told me a thousand times, he's the King's son, the Prince and heir to the throne."

"Well what did you do, steal him out of his bed!?"

"You really haven't heard have you?" Kira asked, crossing her arms

"Heard what?" Keyu asked after calming down. Kira handed him a scroll, he looked at her confused before opening it. As he read his eyes grew larger and started to water "Their dead..."

"I found him on the road by a dead man, if he was helping him or stealing him, I do not know." She left out the details of the appearance of the Commander who was thought to be gone.

"So, he's an orphan now" Keyu paused "But what of his brother? Did you see another child?"

"No, Neo here was the only one." Neo started to cry but soon stopped after Kira picked him up and started rocking him. Keyu watched the baby fall asleep in her arms, his face grew soft and concerning as the fact sank in that this child was alone.

"Fine, we'll raise him as our own..." He said but was cut off as Kira rushed to him and hugged him with her free arm. They stood close with the baby between them "But he cannot know about his parents, or the power he possesses until the proper time comes. I will see if I can get into the city tomorrow to pick up supplies." Neo turned a little in Kira's arms exposing the golden necklace; Keyu quickly removed it as his wife rocked the baby.

"Don't worry little one" her voice soft as a dove's "we'll raise you as our own, and train you in the arts of ninjitsu. Welcome to the Goldensun Clan my sweet Neo." Then she started to hum a tune, one that Neo was quite familiar with, the same tune he could remember his mother humming to him not to long ago, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter Two: Ninja Days

10 years later

The wind blew the grass slightly as birds sang in the distant trees. The meadow was basked in the sun's warmth and the blooming flowers only added to its beauty. A young boy with messily spiked brown hair rested in the bed of flowers, watching the clouds drift slowly by. He wore loose kaki pants and a dark red tie-up shirt with black designs that was left open to expose his chest to the wonderful weather. His head rested on a brown leather backpack as he chewed a long piece of grass.

"Neo?" a female's voice echoed across the meadow "Neo, lunch is ready!"

"Coming Mom!" he called back getting up. Neo tied up his shirt and threw his backpack on. He ran with surprising speed towards the east side of the meadow. As he reached the trees he jumped up into one with great ease and swung between the branches until taking once last leap from a branch, landed on a platform. Up in the trees an entire village was nestled, neat and orderly. Neo pushed his way though the animal pelt door. "Mom? Dad? I'm home!" A shuriken shrieked towards him, but he snatched it out of the air with a flick of a wrist and threw it back from where it came "Nice try Dad" The black haired man in kaki pants and a long back leather coat that had the arms torn off with a white undershirt came around the corner.

He chuckled a bit "Not bad son" he leaned down "come here little man" Neo threw his backpack aside by the door and ran to his father who picked him up and ruffled his hair. The two played around a bit, wrestling with each other and chasing one another around the house. A woman wearing a

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black skirt and a matching black top came from the kitten carrying lunch.

“Hey you two, cut that out.” She said scolding them.

“Sorry Kira”

“Yeah, sorry Mom.”

“It’s ok, I just don’t want my boys to miss lunch” she said setting the meal on the table causing Neo to give a big grin.

“I wouldn’t want to miss that!” he bolted to the table and jumped into his chair nearly knocking it to the ground, Keyu came in behind him. “Ramen!”

Neo screamed digging into his meal “My favorite!”

“Of course” Kira laughed ruffling Neo’s hair “Today is an important day.” She winked at Keyu who nodded in return getting up from the table.

“Yeah” Neo managed to say between gulps of his noodles “The finals are today and then I’ll be a true ninja.” As he continued gulping down the meals, Keyu entered holding something behind his back.

“Is that all that today is?” Keyu asked. Neo gave a confused look at his father, noodles hanging from his mouth till he slurped them in.

“What else is today?” he asked causing both Kira and Keyu to laugh.

“It’s your birthday today silly” Kira laughed out.

“Here.” Keyu pulled a package from behind his back “Happy Birthday Son” Kira walked over to Keyu and wrapped an arm around him as they watched Neo tear open his gift.

“Oh boy! What is it?” he said as he opened the package and pulled out what appeared to be two knives, each blade about the length of his forearm, and the blades were attached to a circular ring with a handle running through the middle. Neo’s eyes lit up “Are these...”

“Yup” Kira nodded “Collapsible battle stars”

“Here” Keyu took one of them from Neo “Watch.” He flicked his wrist and one blade swung one hundred-eighty degrees around forming two from one. Then with another flick of a wrist the two blades split again making four blades equally spaced around the circle. After looking it over he flicked his wrist again and the four blades sprung together to the original form, Neo watched all this in amazement. “Your mother searched all over for parts to make these”

“And your father worked very hard to make them” Kira added. “Happy Birthday Hun.” Neo hugged his parents and thanked them for the gifts for a birthday he almost forgot about. As he was looking over them a horn blew in the distance. “Oops, you better get going or you will miss the test” she said pushing Neo towards the door. Neo put on a long black robe that almost touched the ground over his tie-up shirt. He tied the robe shut at his waist and his father helped him belt up the long arms over the wrists so they didn’t cover up his hands.

“I’ve already packed your things and” he clipped the battle stars to his son’s backpack “your weapons are on your back” Neo turned and hugged his parents.

“Bye Mom, bye Dad” With that he ran out the door and jumped from the platform into the branches.

“Bye son!” Keyu called.

“Be careful!” Kira added.

The horn blew again but it was closer this time as Neo darted through the trees, fellow ninja’s on all sides. Soon he reached a clearing and landing hard, falling on to his knee. He looked around and saw the massive pagoda style building where they were to meet, the horn blower stood on a large boulder nearby, sending his call through the wild every now and then. Neo arose and walked through the open doors into a large room that currently had many kids of all ages ready to try and pass the test. A man in classic ninja garb and bandaged arms handed Neo a small pouch of items and a scroll of some kind. Neo bowed and allowed him to place the items in his pack. Walking farther on the noise of the crowd grew and he recognized more and more people, but one in particular caught his eye, a girl who was darting towards him “Hi Neo! Your late.” She smiled and tilted her head slightly. She had fair skin with mid-length brown hair, just past the shoulders. She wore a white tank top with a pair of blue jeans and a pair of comfortable leather boots.

“Sorry Muzai” he smiled back. They walked to the back of the crowd and talked with each other. Muzai glanced at Neo’s new weapons.

“For your birthday?” she asked.

“Yup” Neo grinned making Muzai laugh. She was about to say something when the head of the school walked on the platform, his voice echoed across the room silencing everyone. He explained that the test would be a test of everything they learned and test their abilities to a degree that had never before been experienced, the fact it was possible for them to die was yet another factor he took care to explain. The scroll turned out to be a map that along with the provided materials in the pouch would lead the students to their final destination.

“This test will be a fight against yourself as well as everyone else, only the first ten that make it to the destination marked on your map will be honored with becoming a ninja. You will fight each other if necessary and even us” he motioned to the other instructors who stood cross armed next to him. “Even though we will not kill you, that doesn’t mean we wouldn’t exhaust you to within an inch of death leaving you for your fellow students who will kill you. Everyone is ordered to fight on sight no matter what once you pass the first checkpoint that is labeled on your maps. Dismissed!” With that everyone hurried to pull out their map and other materials except Neo and Muzai who had looked over the map before hand and already knew where they had to go. The faster they left the others behind, the less they would have to fight. Neo stood by the entrance of the pagoda and took in the warmth of the sun and soon regretted wearing his robe but soon remembered that the nights could get awfully cold and decided not to leave it behind. Dark clouds swarmed on the horizon in the mountains casting a dark shadow over the forest, exactly where Neo had to go. Neo reached out his hand towards Muzai who accepted the handshake.

“May the best boy”

“Or girl!” Muzai quickly added making Neo laugh a bit

“May the best boy *or girl* win.” The two had been childhood friends for as long as Neo could remember, always testing each other’s strengths and weaknesses in sparring, even hanging out with each other. Even though they tested each other they still helped each other, but not this time, this time they were alone, it was against the rules and they both knew that they wanted to become ninjas, if anything Neo wanted it more, he had a strange urge to prove himself. Neo nodded and ran to the trees, and in a single leap reached the first branches and ran through the trees towards the first checkpoint via the route displayed on his map and Muzai ran towards it via her route. This would be the ultimate test of everything either of them had ever learned and after a little while he decided to rest on a branch for a bit, just to get his bearings. He unclipped his new weapons and jumped to the ground while flicking them twice, thus opening them. Even though he hadn’t reached the first checkpoint, it was better safe than sorry. He laughed to himself “Now the fun starts”

The sun beat down on Neo through the leaves in the trees. He was really regretting wearing the robe now but kept telling himself that it would be worth it during the cold night to come. He still carried the battle stars, though heavy; he still felt it was better to be safe than sorry with the first checkpoint drawing closer and closer. As he reached a stream he took a look at his map and found that if he passed the nearby wild berry bushes, he would be fair game to anyone. He set down his weapons, picked some berries from the bushes and after finding them to be good, he stored some in his backpack and ate a few. Then he sat by the stream, its clean and pure water trickled slowly downstream as he took a quick drink from the familiar stream. He and Muzai had been here often before, the clearing behind the bushes was large enough for battle and not a single root was upturned there to trip up anyone. He laid down in the shade of the trees and memories flooded him of his times here, the laughter of his friend, and even the cherry trees nearby that were lovely about this time of year. He hadn’t rested for long before he heard the clanging of metal nearby. He quickly flew off the ground and picked up his battle stars, and after a quick scan determined the sound was coming from behind the brush. He peaked through a

A collection of Creativity

small hole and saw the source of the noise, Muzai and an older student, maybe two years older than Neo. Muzai was more of a fist fighter, capable of performing almost flawless martial arts techniques and besting many other students. Also she was very good at throwing style weapons, most of her arsenal included needles, but she had several kunai and shuriken to back them up, as well as a dagger stored on her boot. The other student used a short sword and was quite good at it, but he was slow to move which gave Muzai the advantage. She easily deflected the blows with her small bracers on her forearms and quickly responded with a series of punches, kicks, or throwing weapons. Neo watched with amazement at the fight, she usually fought him in sparing so he never really got a good look at her style from afar. Her attacks were perfectly executed almost beauty to his eyes, but he shook off the feeling of such beauty; he couldn't think in such a way about his friend, also she was showing signs that she was tiring, she was going to lose. Neo jumped into the trees, as Muzai threw a handful of needles at the boy who deflected them with a swing of his short sword and she quickly drew her dagger from her boot but he was on her to quick and he pushed her up on a tree.

"It's really a shame I have to kill something so pretty" he taunted "How's about a farewell kiss"

"Creep!" she screamed temporarily breaking free and quickly struck his cheek, barely missing with her dagger leaving a long red line that dripped with blood.

"Why you little!" he slammed her up against the tree again "Very well, one down" he said drawing he sword back ready to kill the young girl. Muzai turned her head away and instinctively closed her eyes, preparing for the blow that could end her life, but it never came. The body slumped onto her and she pushed it off, and with a loud slam, it fell crashing to the ground. She noticed a massive shuriken was sticking out from his back were the wound added to the ever growing blood pool. She quickly looked over and saw Neo; his arm extended as if he had just thrown something, and after doing a double take saw that the shuriken was Neo's. He walked over and pulled his battle star from the body, Muzai stumbled several steps back and drew another handful of needles. He watched her curiously but didn't move to attack or defend, he just stood there, and then he noticed tears forming in her eyes.

"I'm sorry" she cried.

"For what?"

"We have to fight on sight" As she said that Neo chuckled at shut his battle stars and placed them back on his back.

"Then lets pretend we didn't see each other" he smirked before heading back towards the trees.

"What?" Muzai asked lowering her weapons.

"Just try to keep up!" he yelled over his shoulder as he jumped into the trees. Muzai quickly followed.

"This is just like you, you're always breaking the rules" she called after him.

"I obey the letter of the law, not the spirit" he called back, the laughter in his voice caused Muzai to laugh as well

"Just like you" she whispered to herself.



Sam Lotz

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Name: Kezra Cornell
Grade: Senior

Kezra is an aspiring art student who has grown and progressed in her work this past year. She plans to attend MIAD in the fall, and is working hard to achieve that goal.

When she is not painting or drawing Kezra enjoys playing guitar, reading, hanging with friends, and shopping.



Name: Barbara Ederich Ramos
Grade: Senior

Everything I write/create is inspired by others, and also by nature. In all my pieces I talk about my experiences in life, like, things I learned and experiences I've been through that make me unique in my own way. I love to travel, so everywhere I go I take tons of pictures. Pictures are not only images, but also memories: memories of a good time and a great place. Brazil, that's where I've taken some of these pictures. It's beautiful out there! Another thing that inspires me is my family and how close we

are. I love them all, and I miss them a lot! But they are always alive in my mind, my writing, and my pictures! My doggy is another thing that I love. She is like a family member, a companionship, and a cutie. I take tons of pictures of her too. I can't resist Bianca she is so cute!



Name: Kayla Herrera
Grade: Junior

Kayla Herrera likes to dabble in various areas of the art world including drawing, painting, sculpting, music, writing, and photography. She's definitely a more creative person, dwelling on imagination rather than reason. When she was little, she wanted to believe there was a closet monster rather than fess up and admit it didn't exist. It made the world more exciting. She likes to play guitar in her free time, especially when her mood is dismal. She loves all kinds of rock music including everything from metal to indie, although she's not too fond

of country. She aspires to be a writer and hopes to one day see her name under the title of a best-selling novel.



Valerie Van Tussi

Grade: 11

Valerie VanTussi loves expressing herself in various ways. She loves laughing, hanging out with friends and helping others. This is where she gets her inspiration for writing and taking pictures. Whenever she has a silly idea she can write a silly poem. She also likes to write quotes that explain her life at that moment. Valerie is also in love with taking pictures of her and her crazy friends.

The most important things in Valerie's life are her friends, family, God, and being herself. Loving life

is just as important as living life.



Name: Katy Kallenberger
Grade: Junior

Katy Kallenberger was born on a hot June evening in 1906. In her younger years, she was a world-class cricket champion. By 2004, she retired from cricket to test the waters at a public high school. She admits that was a poor decision, but continues to attend classes so her mother will pay her car insurance. Katy's interest in writing stems from her constant need for attention, as well as her inherited passion for words from her father. She writes poetry in her free time for the same reason any other teenage girl does – she's a nasty and ticked

off for no reason. Katy believes writing is a superb deterrent to murder. If more sociopath kids wrote poetry, the world would be a better place. She hopes to name her children after literary characters and one day save the whales. She also enjoys writing in the third person when it seems suitable.

Name: Meg Maslowski
Grade: Senior

Meg loves to write all types of stories and reads frequently. She loves creative writing and enjoys English.

In my free time I dance, dance, dance. Also, I like snowboarding, wakeboarding, shopping, and hanging at my friends. I also love traveling and hanging out with family.



Name: Megan Woodward
Grade: Junior

Hi, I love taking pictures, especially of my friends and random objects. My inspiration comes from wanting to capture everyday life. I'm a big fan of mint chocolate chip ice cream, John Mayer, and my pink converse.

Name: Alex Wank
Grade: Junior

You're probably wondering what makes me qualified to be in here. I would say that I'm here because I'm better than you: stronger, faster, and smarter... But in all honesty, I'm not. The truth is really the opposite: you're stronger, you're faster, and you're smarter. So I'll ask again: What makes me qualified to be here? The answer may seem shocking to some, but in a way, it makes complete sense. So then what is it, what puts my name among the "creative" types? Hell, I can't even come up with good character names... So I'll try to rephrase my question. Why am I here? I mean the soup, because "Why am I here" is a bit too psychological for me. The answer is that I'm a writer. It's what I do. I'm just a normal guy who likes to come up with stories so others can have something to read. What makes me qualified to be here? Nothing. And I'm damn proud of that.

P.S. You know, chicken noodle soup is really good for the soul.

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About the Editor



Editor: Michelle Manthey
Grade: Junior

Michelle Manthey was born December 2, 1989. She has lived in Wisconsin all of her life. Manthey does not only enjoy family, friends, reading, and writing though. Oh no. She is a much more interesting person than just *that*. Manthey also rock climbs, bakes, play guitar, draws frogs and flowers, snowboards, scrapbooks, loves to play with her little cousins, tubes on Pewaukee Lake, and enjoys traveling.

One of Manthey's most recent expedition was to Italy in the spring of 2006 with several of her high school peers. With the busy lives that Americans live, Manthey now understands what it is like to truly appreciate the little things.

Manthey's inspiration for writing comes from difficulties and experiences that have occurred in her life and from others that surround her. She feels writing is not only a way of expression, but also a way to say the things that you would rather not say out loud.

Manthey considers herself to be a masked writer. She writes for herself, and while other people may read a piece of her writing and get one thing, the obvious thing; out of it, no one will ever be able to understand the real things that she intended them to stand for.

Manthey has been published in several different editorial including *The Smoke Signal*, *What is Important to Me*, and her earliest publication, *Zoobook Magazine*.

Thank You!

Eclectic Soup would like to thank students and teachers who have submitted to the 2006-2007 edition of Eclectic Soup. This magazine is completely original with art and writings from AHS students and teachers.

Eclectic Soup would also like to acknowledge the following students who have won cash prizes for their creativity:

Kelsey VanDerweele – 1st Place Cover

John Coster – 2nd Place Cover

Kezra Cornell – Art

Chad Krause – Short story

Rachel Halaska – Writing

Megan Wolfgram – Poetry

Michelle Manthey - Editor

Names of Writers

Sarah Sanborn
Rachel Halaska
Chad R. Krause
Drew Jensen
Valerie Van Tussi
Katherine Hanna
Nikki Nourse
Katy Kallenberger
Michelle Manthey
Meg Maslowski
Cayla Yanny
Rachel Clark
Shelly Hucke
Alex Haroldson
Will Cass
Ricky Wozniak
Austin Meissner
Jon Lees
Allison Wood
Ashley Rummel
Alex Haroldson
Dave Arndt
Christine Judd
Max Willey
Brittain Sellers
Shelley Hucke
Dan Gallun
Megan Wolfgram
Amanda Meyer
Liz Felder
Lindsey Henke
Kaity Schwulst
J. Anderson
Alex Wank
Margaret Zhang
Hannah Smiltneek
Rachel Hansen
Barbara Ederich Ramos
Kim Olson
Crystal Cherty
Lindsey Henke
Joe Frahm
Andrea Guastello
Ashley Rummel
Sondra Buechel
Breanna Houk
Gina Curci
Atephanie Werry
Lindsey Henke

Martin Burgdorff
Lauren Blahnik
Dan Blahnik
Caroline Radaj
Sarah Sanborn
Kyle Kluth
Blake Rowedder
Lauren Larraide
Tyler Federspill
Steve Wolfsohn
Jessie Lucas
Kyle Kluth
Lorelei Norman
Sadaf Hussain
Megan Wolfgram
Jessica Rowe
Terra Roeker
Nicole Holzem
Kristen Beres
Devon Benske
Nicole Stiene
Josh Bleck
Katelyn Prange
Brady Steinbach
Peter Henckel
Abbey Dawes
Tricia Pfeil
Jim Bernatz
Brittany O'Shea
Samuel Mutschelknaus
Kim Olsen
Drew Schafer
Kelsey Sievers
Lauren Schafer
Michelle Woodson
Melissa Hohli
Jacob Klaisner
Amanda Frankwick
Steve Lees
Kayla Bastien
Mallory Zimmermann
Drew Schaefer
Claire Bush
Karly McMillan
Lisa Kosek
Katie Tetkoski
Katie Behrend
Russell Darrow
Alyssa Hayett

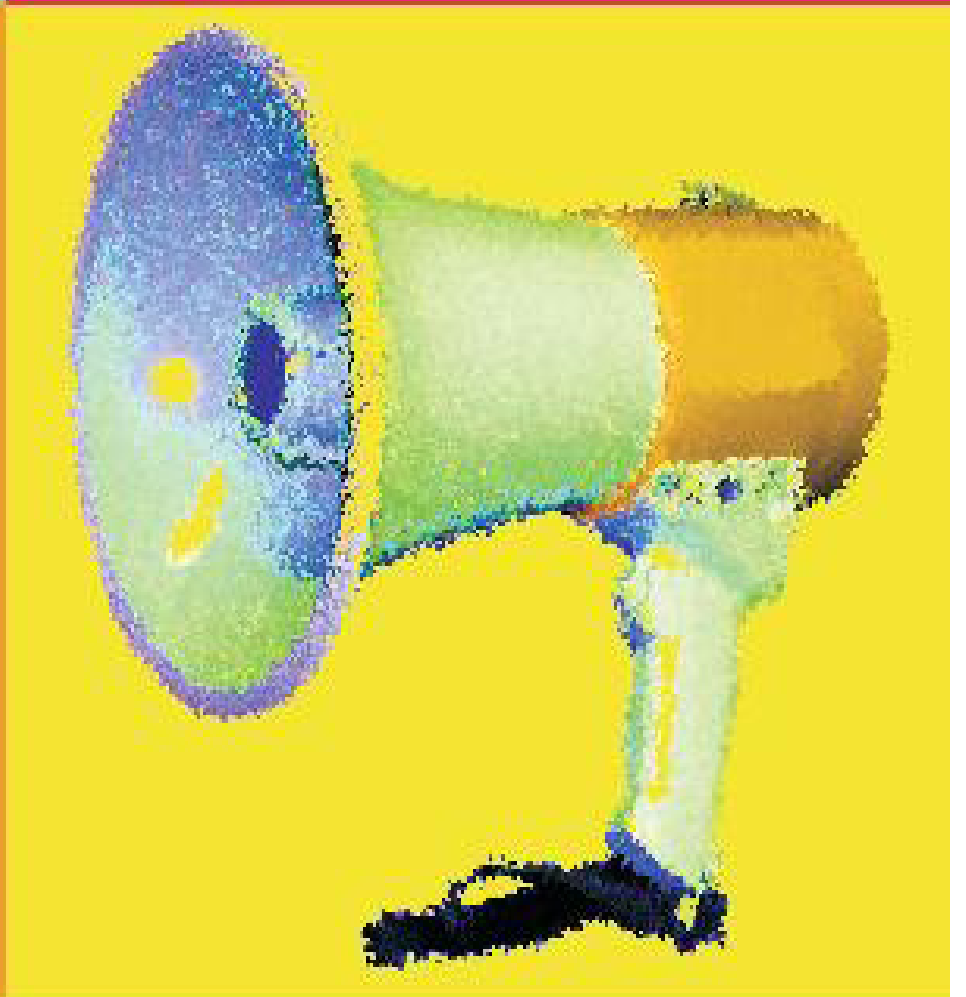
Ellie Ehrhardt
Niki Fisher
Kallie Graff
Marty Wright
Brian Chester
Nick Rymut
Kirsten Prost
Barry Tikalsky
Katelyn Holmberg
Shannon Sattler
Kelly Smeiska
J. Mahlum
Katie Rakowski
Jonathan Gmeider
Brittany Berenz
Alana
Daniel Douglas
Abbey Dawes
Micheal Quebbemann
Kelly Smeiska
Jack Leahy
Breanna Houk
Gina Curci
Ashley Rummel
Melody Sorenson

Names of Artist

Alyssa Hayett
Nick Uselmann
Michelle Manthey
Katherine Hanna
Megan Woodward
Katy Kallenberger
Racheal Halaska
Kaila Binger
Rebecca Schlehle
Erica Aken
Chrissy Judd
Barbara Ederich
Justin Held
Kevin A. Manthey
Taylor Migawa
Mrs. Kathy Nelson
Emily Oak
Kezra Cornell
Kayla Herrera
Erika Grimm
Terra Roeker
Alyssa Hayett
Sam Lotz

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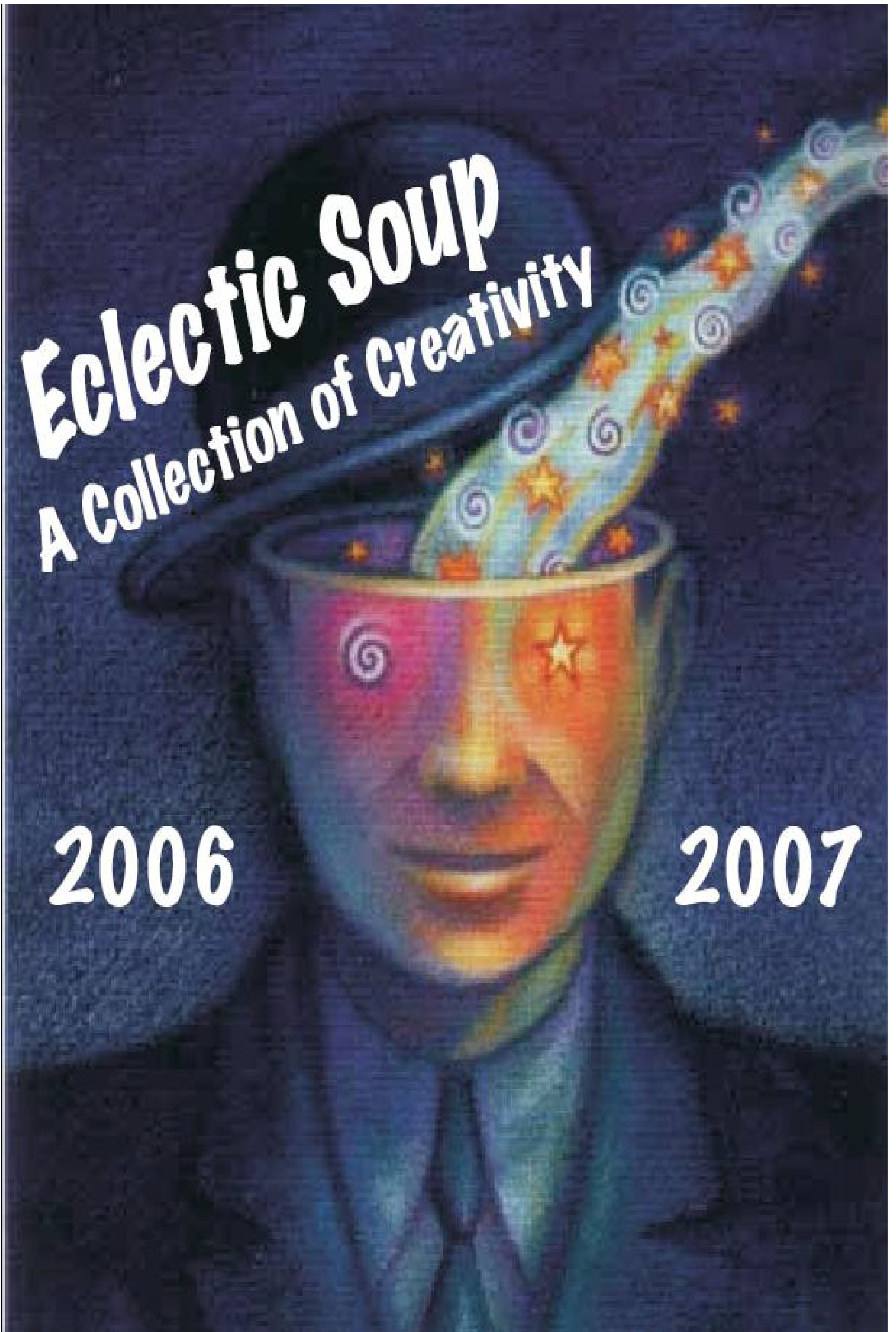
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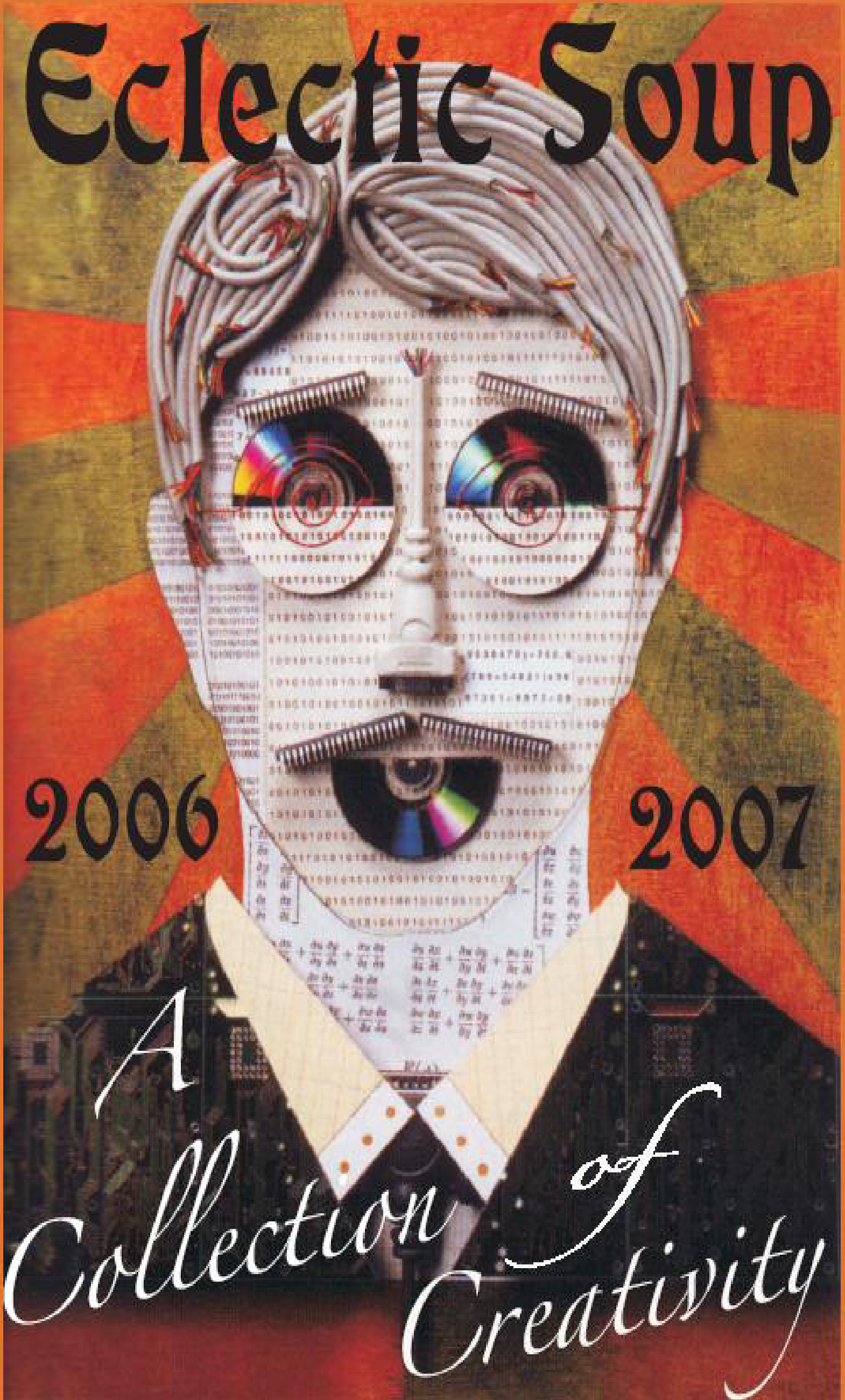


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2006 - 2007



Eclectic Soup



2006

2007

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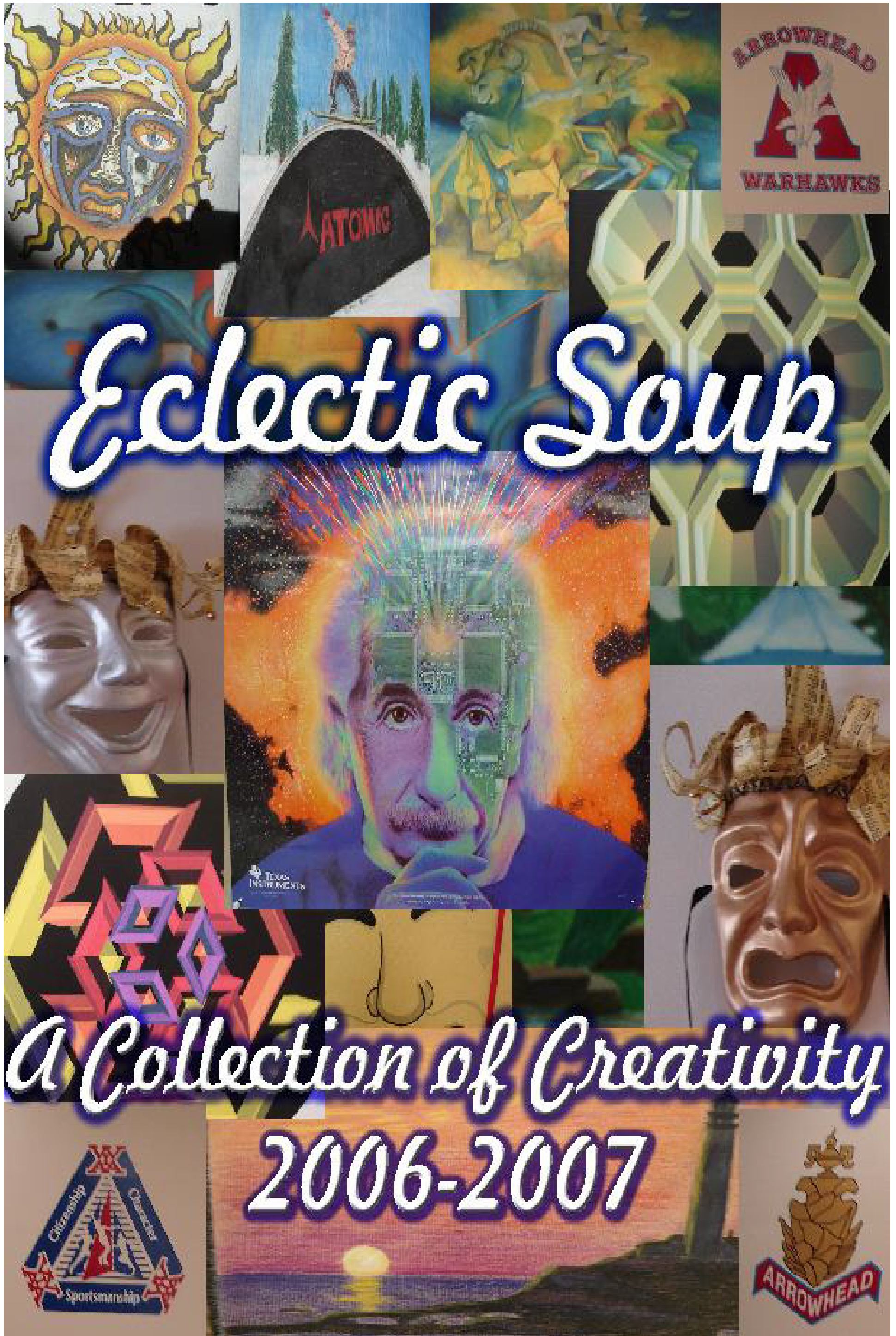
Electric Soup

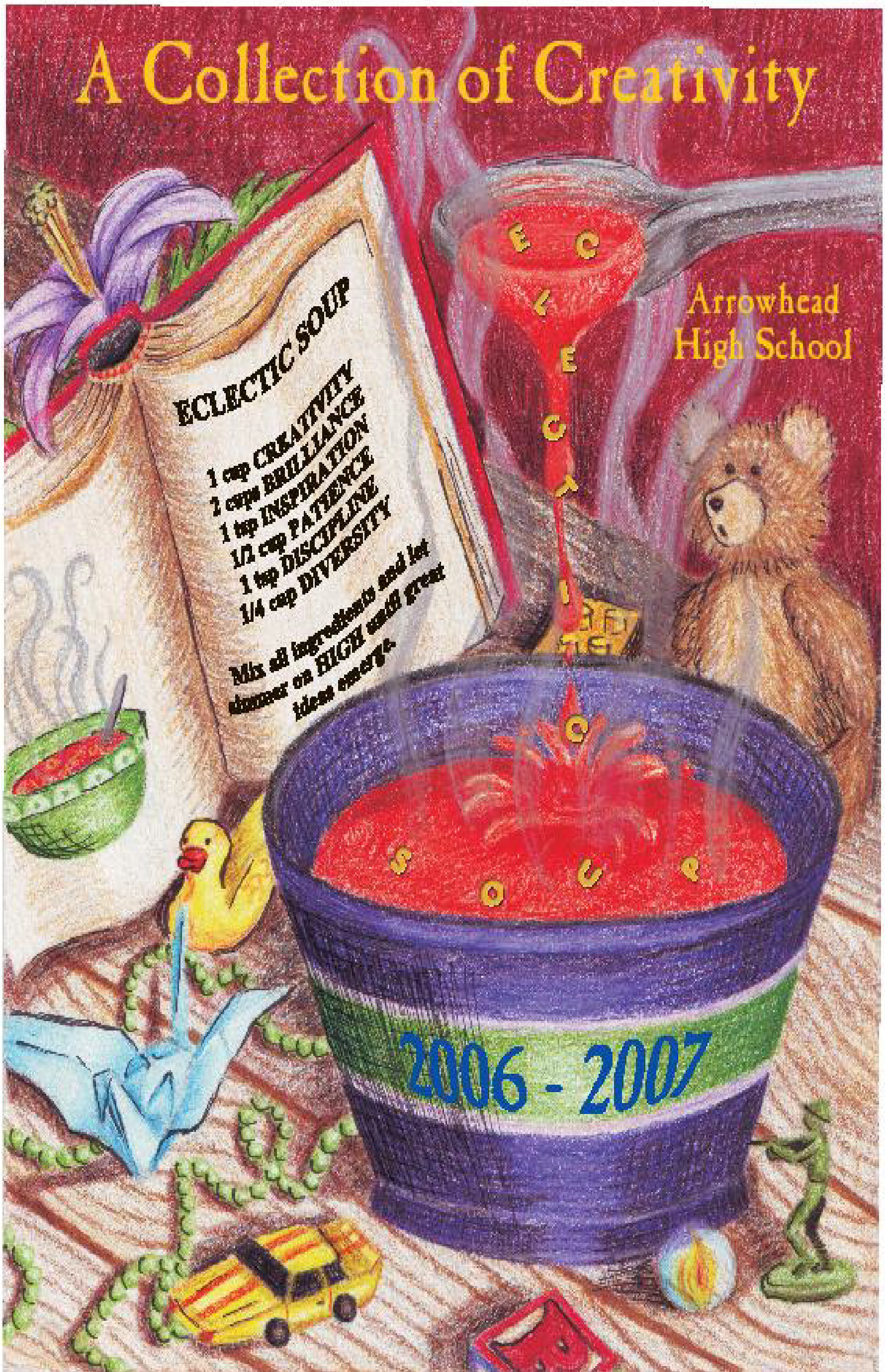
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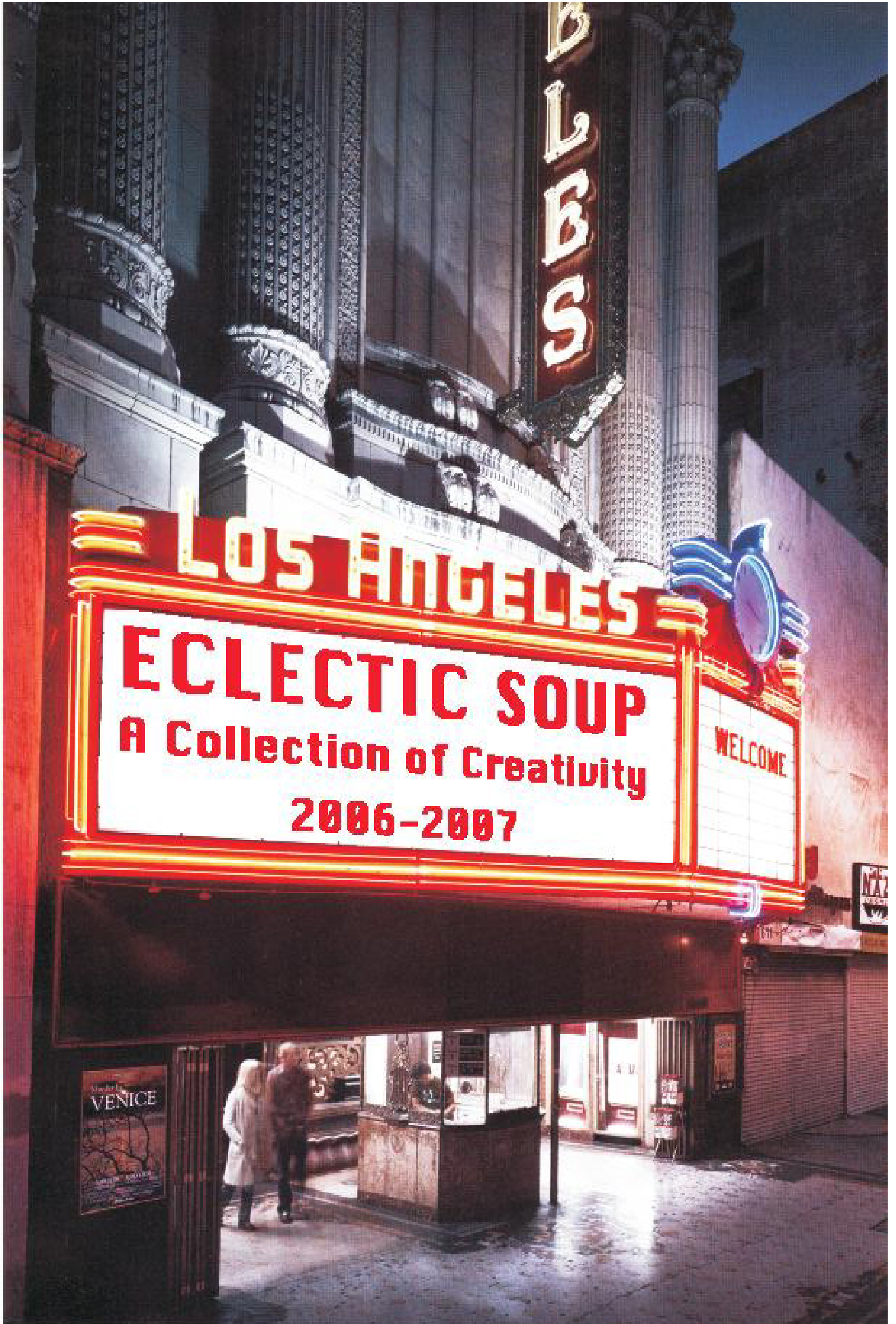
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