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Arrowhead Union High School  
Literary Magazine



*A collection of creativity.*

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# Award Winners

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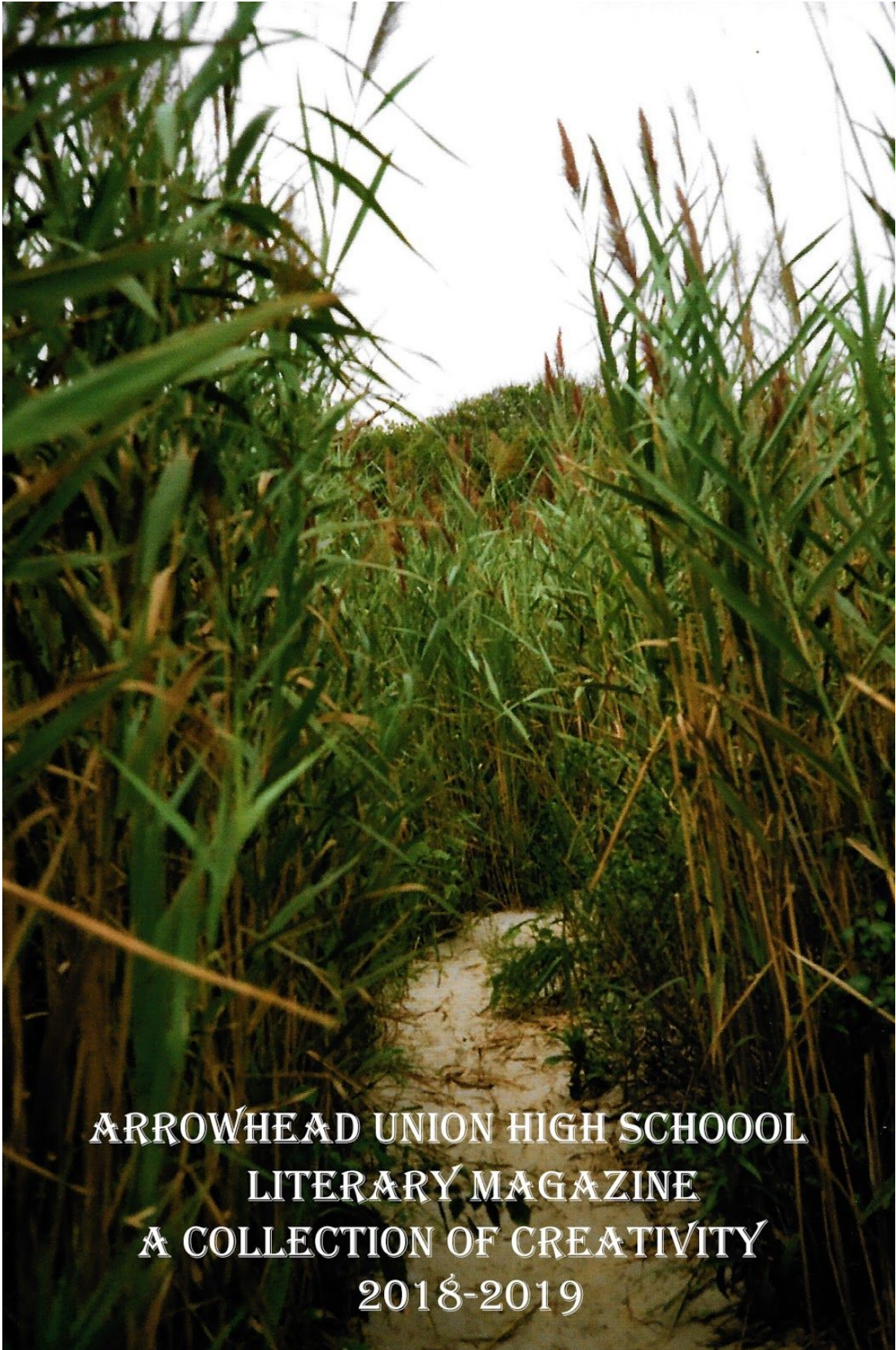
Rachel Foust, *Forty-Five Words*  
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## ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

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Madelyn Clarke  
Sarah Prentice  
Rob Meier

## COVER ART

Erin Raebel  
Lauren Engaldo  
Mason Madson



ARROWHEAD UNION HIGH SCHOOL  
LITERARY MAGAZINE  
A COLLECTION OF CREATIVITY  
2018-2019

*ARROWHEAD*

STUDENT

*Poetry*



# *Arrowhead Literary Magazine*

## **P O E T R Y**

### *Featured Authors*

Meleana Strecher  
Anisia Matejic  
Maggie Bejna  
Jenna McWilliams  
Michael McKenna  
Emily Sodolski  
Jackson Ashby  
Joanna Wahmhoff  
Joseph Scordato  
Sara Marklund  
Daniel Van Neck  
Savannah Kortis  
Alexis Karrels  
Dominic Mei  
Sam Peterson  
Emma Quinn  
Emily Elfner  
Max Quadracci  
Nicole Larson  
Elora Alonge  
Sergio Osuna-Lerma  
Ashley Arneson  
Sofia Villareal  
Rhys Gibbs  
Max Siade-Cox  
Jacob Couillard  
Emma Henson  
Savannah Kortis  
Alison Kortis  
Aaron Mesching  
Gabby Moen  
Kyah Bratz  
Joanna Wahmhoff  
Sarah Maynor  
Celia Robayna  
Taylor Macey  
Alex Michals  
Jonah Luther  
Lauren Powell

Mary Lotz  
Connor Quigley  
Jackson Logsdon  
Jackson Strombeck  
Madelyn Clarke  
Jorgan Gravelle  
Emma Mengwasser  
Raegan Mann  
Megan Veum  
Noelle Bax  
Brady Jager  
Ryan Lee  
Shjonna Peterson  
Nayla Brunnbauer

### *Featured Photographers*

Sarah Prentice  
Kyah Bratz  
Joanna Wahmhoff  
Madelyn Clarke  
Rob Meier  
Lauren Engaldo  
Karlea Schuelke  
Briana Laska  
Veronica Butt

**Where I'm From**  
**By Meleana Strecher**

I'm from insecurity.  
The fear of never being good enough for anyone,  
viewing myself like a storm when there should  
be a rainbow.

I'm from self doubt.  
Unable to be confident, telling myself I can't do  
anything right...  
setting silly standards for myself that I can't  
reach, wanting to get a 4.0.

I'm from comparison.  
Thinking everything's better when others do it,  
and parents who expect me to be smart like my  
brothers.

I'm from being a pushover.  
Being the first to apologize even when it's not  
my fault,  
being taken advantage of, but too nice to say  
anything.

I'm from toxic friendships.  
Being there for fake friends, taking their  
problems and making them mine,  
but when I have a bad day they're never around.

I'm from no self respect.  
Doing nothing when people hurt me,  
thinking I don't deserve better.

Recently, I'm from changing.  
Sticking up for myself, feeling free from the  
friends holding me back.  
Telling people how I feel when I used to push  
my feeling away.

I will be from taking control.  
If I don't try to fix things they will never change,  
realizing it's my life and I can't let my friends  
make my choices.

I will be from confidence.  
I'll be proud of my choices...  
I won't let other make me feel rejected.

I will be from having a better mental  
attitude.  
When things are going wrong I know I can  
control them,  
making a change in my life.

I will be from what I want for once.  
Too often I have put others feelings before mine,  
ending in going places I don't want to go.

I will be from the unknown.  
Not sure where life will be taking me,  
I'm ready to see what's ahead.

---



**Photo by Sarah Prentice**

## **Sense of Self**

**By Anisia Matejic**

I am from the scorching desert valley—  
sand, sun and scorpions,  
seeing a saguaro wave...

I am from adventures—  
bike rides with dad on the reservation,  
a hundred feet away from a cougar, I fill with  
fear...

I am from a house with two older brothers —  
fighting, frustration and forgiving,  
learning how to love through disagreements...

I am from a family who believes in a strong  
work ethic—  
regardless of the continent or language spoken,  
we say that “you earn accomplishments through  
hard work”...

I am from the tennis court—  
serving, slicing and sportsmanship,  
learning from losses which have given me tough  
skin...

I am from the loss of loved ones—  
taken by cancer and a plane crash,  
confused and frustrated...

I am from the scorching desert valley —  
sand, sun and scorpions,  
seeing a saguaro wave as I enter the land of the  
Cheeseheads.

---

## **I am From**

**By Maggie Bejna**

I'm from bike rides to the park in Wausau  
chasing my brother,  
hearing the wind whisper as I race down the hill.

I'm from hot, humid days in the summer,  
hearing my heartbeat with adrenaline,  
and throwing her out at first base.

I'm from crying until my eyes won't melt—  
but also laughter until I can't breathe...  
a family of six does that to me.

I'm from crashing on the ice—  
leg breaking and bruising,  
hurrying to the hospital with my helmet still on.

I'm from friends with whispering secrets—  
feeling like a toy they play with...  
moving on but not missing.

I'm from the summer of 2016  
when I stayed out until the moon took  
over.  
Laughing, smiling from ear to ear...

I'm from bike rides to the park in Wausau  
chasing my brother,  
hearing the wind whisper as I race down the hill.

---



**Where It Started**  
**By Jenna McWilliams**

It started at a party  
“arriving with my dad and leaving with my  
mom.”

Division and new beginnings.  
They created an unworthy child.  
Along with child who lost the war to breathe.

It started in first grade,  
an ailment I still battle.  
Diagnosis and medication.  
Struggling with insignificant things,  
ignoring rewards and punishments.

It started in sixth grade,  
classmates replacing my misinterpreted  
friendship.  
Loneliness and depression.  
Finally recovering, but fearing rejection.  
Dread of public speaking that wasn't there  
before.

It started in eighth grade,  
a place to speak to those who listened.  
Happiness and understanding.  
Used the shy to ask for what “makes them  
happy”  
from those too innocent to say no.

It started in 10th grade,  
nameless emotion mimicking a  
hurricane.  
Tears and collapsing GPA.  
Brothers, pets, parents, and cousins,  
helping through something they never knew was  
there.

It started at a party  
“arriving with my dad and leaving with my  
mom.”  
Division and new beginnings.

---

**Corner House**  
**By Michael McKenna**

I'm from a boxy brick corner house with vines  
scaling the exterior,  
from a neighborhood of tainted windows  
reinforced by iron bars,  
from a community that steals unattended  
belongings.

I'm from a street corner where collaborating  
yells and spinning tires disallowed silence,  
from an area where no deadbolt could be left  
unturned before going to school,  
from a street my mother didn't want me roaming  
alone.

I'm from a corner house who's key tied around  
my wrist to make sure my brother and I made it  
inside after school,  
from a house who's shrubs nurtured the ripest  
raspberries,  
from a house where we ate dinner on the front  
doorstep.

I'm from cracked sidewalks where I learned to  
ride a bike,  
from potholes which sprung my brother from his  
bike, breaking his arm,  
from an unattended neighborhood which nobody  
looked after.

I'm from a neighborhood beside the city,  
from an area where the people travel without a  
car,  
from a city I couldn't get enough of.

I'm from a neighborhood I stood too young to  
comprehend,  
from a community friends haven't made it out  
of,  
from a boxy, brick corner house where strangers  
would sell drugs when we weren't home.

---



## White Noise and Dark Skies

By Joanna Wahmhoff

I am from white noise,  
and dark skies,  
from empty promises,  
and endless nights.

I am from disasters waiting to happen,  
and disasters that did,  
from the fear of being forgotten,  
and from the fear of being seen.

I am from crying until there is nothing left,  
and hiding behind a smile,  
from ten thousand lies,  
and ten thousand regrets.

I am from living loudly,  
and barely living at all,  
from feeling like I have nothing,  
and feeling like I have everything.

I am from running away from problems,  
and running towards challenges,  
from falling,  
and from getting back up.

I am from wondering if I am good enough,  
and knowing that I am more than I thought,  
from being left behind,  
and from bounding ahead.

I am from brilliant song,  
and one person duets,  
from milkshakes,  
and from dreams.

I am from puppy kisses,  
and parental love,  
from vanilla frozen custard,  
and from laughter.

I am from a garden of angels,  
and a life of fairies,  
from starlit waterfalls,  
and a glorious life.

I am from the challenges I have faced,  
and the challenges I have overcome,  
from loving who I am,  
and from recognizing the importance of who I  
was.

I am from moving on,

and never wanting to go back,  
from new friendships,  
and from being myself.

I am from white noise,  
and dark skies,  
from getting out of my head,  
and dancing into my life.

---



Photo by Kyah Bratz

**Where I am From**  
**By Joseph Scordato**

I'm from the Irish and Italians.  
Years of artistry and strategy,  
          stubbornness and beauty,  
          the ocean the land,  
cathedrals to castles, and  
a boy turned man but yet  
          a man still a boy.

From playing knights in the woods  
to building my first castle. One of  
          wood, one of stone, and one  
          underground. Buying my  
first sword, shield, and  
armor, also the same but for my brothers.  
          From kingdoms and countries of  
forgotten tales  
          to imaginations of youth to reality.

I'm from the history of my people.  
That of Giuseppe Scordato one of Garibaldi's  
          commander's, to the—Massacre—at  
Dursey  
          a lone isle of Ireland...

from the Chief Engineer for the  
Roman Empire, to the humble lives  
          of the Secular Franciscans, and to  
          that of the same of the Roman Catholics.

From a father who tries to change America for  
the better by redeeming American Engineering.  
          To a mother who tries to change the  
world  
          through her children's international and  
local music.  
From older sisters who who play music like  
angels  
to four younger ones who eager to learn from  
          their three eldest siblings.

I'm from the living GOD who created me  
and I'm from the love of the Crucifixion  
          which is poured out to me.  
          To the boats on the lake to the kayakes  
with friends, to the dream of the mountains and

Gregorian chant. To celtic knotwork going on  
like the ocean  
          from the view of a cliff, and to the fight  
for freedom  
          from Satan and Sin. On to chess with  
expert strategies  
used in colleges. From the woods of Wisconsin  
and the  
cliffs of cave point, and from moments I spend  
with my loved ones in mind.

Fore I'm from the Irish and Italians.  
With years of artistry and strategy,  
          stubbornness and beauty,  
          the ocean the land,  
cathedrals to castles, and  
still boy turned man but yet  
          again—a man still a boy...



**Photo by Madelyn Clarke**

**Where I'm From**  
**By Sara Marklund**

I'm lost without you.

I come from a home with broken hearts and hollow eyes,  
sneaking out in the bone chilling weather, to see who holds my heart,  
sleepless nights carried away by insomnia,  
depression and anxiety concurring my wispy bones,  
tearing me down the second I step out of bed,  
i'm lost without you.

I come from a broken home,  
saying goodbye to you before I had the chance to see your beautiful grace, enjoy just one hug,  
growing up confused,  
a thousand times I sat alone, praying to you,  
i'm lost without you.

I come from a quiet hospital room,  
I was two, but I saw videos to remember, my world in a creaky hospital bed,  
nothing I could do to save you, and my heart is shattering at the thought,  
when you left, it crushed my heart, shatters like in slow motion and couldn't get out,  
i'm lost without you.

I come from a believing home,  
I believe when you flew to heaven, you took part of me with you,  
I know that whenever I go, you will be with me tucked in my sleeve,  
nothing felt right without you here,  
i'm lost without you.

I came from a dedicated father figure,  
after you left, he showered me in love, hugs, and anything I needed, he was there,  
ice skated till I had blisters, just for you, tried my best, then became better,  
dedicated each game to you, won every one to, you will always be with me,  
i'm lost without you.

I come from a home with broken hearts and hollow eyes,  
sneaking out in the bone chilling weather, to see who holds my heart,  
sleepless nights carried away by insomnia,  
depression and anxiety concurring my wispy bones,  
tearing me down the second I step out of bed,  
i'm lost without you.

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**Photo by Rob Meier**

## The 262

By Daniel Van Neck

I am from wicked winters and sulky summers.  
Blasting music 'till my ears bleed,  
struggling to escape this solitary suburb.

I am from a controlled culture,  
if you aren't a robot,  
you're a weirdo.

I am from two individuals  
together teaching me what love looks like,  
and how to work for what I desire.

I am from an uncomfortable carcass,  
hiding behind the stern glare of  
mystic, deep, blue eyes.

I am from the back roads,  
slithering through the wavering terrain,  
providing a break from the conformity of the  
village.

I am from a stagnant routine.  
Like a bike that lost its tires,  
I keep pedalling but I remain idle.

I am from a courageous mother,  
a father with a brilliant mind,  
and a family that has never let me down.

Will I always be from wicked winters and sulky  
summers,  
blasting music 'till my ears bleed,  
Struggling to escape this solitary suburb?

## Where I'm From

By Savannah Kortis

I am from the bumpy backyard—  
overlooking the trees and into the desolate farm  
I am from the red plastic sled—  
sliding down the hill and into the trees that were  
later cut down

I am from nights spent in the living room—  
TV blaring and cats barrelling through the house

I am from home cooked meals—  
the smell of pork chops or pancakes wafting  
through the house

I am from sticky, hot summers—  
ice cream running down my hand as laughter  
fills the air

I am from bug-filled hikes through Retzer—  
stopping every minute to take a new picture

I am from swimming and splashing in the pool  
at Cool Waters—  
racing to get a towel before the cool air  
embraced me

I am from nights spent by the crackling fire  
pit—  
with sticky marshmallows and crumbling  
Graham crackers

I am from a head filled with thoughts—  
but a body that won't make a sound

I am from a bouncing leg and shaky hands  
that won't stop no matter how hard I try

I am from the dread of waking up—  
starting a new day a jarring thought to awaken to

I am from colorful pills and weekly talks with a  
therapist—  
the only way I manage life

I am from a cozy family—  
dysfunctional but loving

I am from friends who support me  
unwaveringly—  
even when they feel a million miles away

I am from leaves laying on the lawn—  
turning into fall shades as the air gets chilly

I am from the bumpy backyard—  
overlooking the trees and into the desolate farm

## Wondering

By Alexis Karrels

I am from one white house.  
Downstairs roaring in anger,  
doubting these sleepless nights are normal,  
but I still snoop through the slots in the stairway,  
wondering what's wrong.

I am from Baba and Dida's.  
Consuming recipes in my coating,  
scoring championships in cards,  
mesmerized by midnight oldie movies,  
wondering why I'm always here.

I am from two tan houses.  
Both in the boondocks of Hartland,  
hand-me-downs worn as a school uniform,  
Sis hollering angrily at Mom,  
wondering why I have two houses.

I am from loneliness.  
Wednesday banana split meetings,  
like the eight o'clock therapy sessions,  
processing the pieces,  
wondering why I have to be here.

I am from finding myself.  
Driving to escape my headaches,  
liberty lasting with trust,  
becoming my happy six year old self,  
wondering where I will end up.

I am from my job.  
Scurrying at Shorehaven,  
counting the hours I have left,  
helping emotional elders,  
wondering what's wrong.

## Two Halves

By Dominic Mei

I come from two halves of a whole.  
Both say the other is evil, and wrong;  
yet I see them as irreplaceable.  
I don't understand what to do.

I come from a family's unfueled flame,  
blowing on the embers, trying to keep it  
alive.

I cry out for help, but no one comes.  
Everyone chose a side, I stand in No  
Man's Land.

I come from a school like any other.  
The students think they are super special  
snowflakes,  
myself included,  
but no one wants to accept the truth,  
#Same.

I come from a country ruled by fear.  
"They" are coming to get us.  
"They" shouldn't be allowed here.  
When in reality, we are all "them."

I come from a home where things aren't this  
serious ,  
watching movies and stand-up comedy,  
playing Smash on the TV and.  
teaching the dogs new tricks.

I come from a lifeboat of friends,  
a lifeboat so small, it can't fit everyone.  
If you say wrong, or do bad...  
you will be thrown over.

I come from two halves of a whole.  
Both say the other is evil, and wrong;  
yet I see them as irreplaceable.  
I don't understand what to do.

I come from a valley.  
Fire spreading from both sides,  
I stand in the center.  
A bastion for the two halves.

**Untitled**

**By Sam Peterson**

My brain is not like most.  
It's like having an engine at full speed but never  
getting out of neutral—  
    you might have the answers to do  
something but,  
    you will probably never do it.

My brain is always somewhere else.  
It like having a one track mind but the track is  
derailed—  
    you focus on a certain thing but,  
    you can't seem to get anywhere.

My brain has no control.  
It is like driving a car with no brakes—  
    you focus on one thing but,  
    you later are in a different place.

My brain has ADD  
It is like having the blueprints but no builders—  
    you might not always finish but,  
    you have thought, got distracted, and  
learned. My brain is not like most.

**Untitled**

**By Brady Jager**

At recess, the boy leans against a brick wall—all  
alone.  
He watches the other kids laugh—playing  
foursquare, trading baseball cards.  
A bubbly girl leans with him and gives a  
flyer—the school play.



**Photo by Madelyn Clarke**



**Where I'm From**  
**By Emma Quinn**

**Before**

I'm from the sham of middle class white suburbia,  
where we pretended everything is okay,  
is just part of the lifestyle  
From my mother "protecting us kids" from the evil that lurked inside our five bedroom four bath,  
a childhood spent blissfully ignorant,  
enjoying the luxuries Vice President of Marketing's salary can buy.  
spent swimming at the country club while my parents golfed,  
spent driving around town in my father's Lexus,  
spent relaxing at our condo in Arizona.  
like a windshield defrosting, the reality of my family focused  
the innocence of childhood stolen,  
piece by piece.

**During**

My mother cleans wine stains off the hardwood every morning,  
my father goes on "business trips" for a month or two.  
My mother has hushed conversations when my father is not around,  
my father blows into a little box to start his car.  
My mother always smells and tastes my father's drinks,  
my father "quitting his job" to "find a better opportunity."  
The reality was seen by everyone.  
The last screaming match happened on Switchgrass court  
My father filled his suitcases with his clothes and left.  
The money had ran out  
The neighbors knew about the facade  
The sham was ruined.  
I was no longer from the land of stay at home moms and golf outings,  
I was from in a ranch style built in the 60s

full of creaky floors and wood paneling  
forced Sunday morning breakfasts with my father,  
my mother working twenty-four seven to support us,  
a summer spent at home watching Netflix.  
No more country club.  
No more new school clothes.  
No more spring break vacations.  
I was from honesty now,  
forced to wear my story like a badge of honor embracing life without status.  
Yet as soon as I thought I was okay, the world shattered once again.

**After**

I was now from tragedy, a parent gone too soon.  
From the pity of those that know your story,  
From losing the opportunity to repair a strained and complicated relationship,  
From meetings about wills, and life insurance, and social security.  
Being asked to say kind words,  
With nothing coming to my head  
no pleasant memories to share  
From trying to figure out who I am  
While grieving the loss of a parent  
Complicating adolescence even further  
I was from a place everyone around me is from  
Now, I am different  
My sham of middle class white suburbia,  
gone.

## **Endless**

**By Emily Elfner**

I'm from endless summer nights.

Dashing under the shining constellations,  
the bonfire crackling in the distance.

I'm from the backyard,

diving into piles of fallen maple leaves,  
the sun peeking through the towering trees.

I'm from fondue on Christmas Eve,

anticipating presents we've wished for all  
year with  
the love of a joyful family radiating through  
the house...

I'm from endless doctor appointments,

daring to hear how an extra chromosome  
would be  
the distinction between my brother and the  
ease of normalcy.

I'm from stale, somber post-surgery rooms,

holding my brother's hand, hoping—  
the wait for his eyes to open unbearable.

I'm from responsibilities beyond my age,  
giving up a care-free teenage experience to  
care for my brother.

The inevitable separation as I leave for  
college my greatest fear.

I'm from endless love.

A brother who gives the warmest hugs after a  
hard day.

A family bound by our conquest.

I'm from never giving up,

working for needs instead of waiting for it to  
happen.

The pride as my brother exceeds expectations.

I'm from happiness in the face of adversity,  
rolling through the grass with an exuberant  
little brother.

I forget the therapies, the fear, the struggle;

I'm care-free on those endless summer  
nights.

## **Where I'm From**

**By Max Quadracci**

I'm offspring of my mom.

not from...

him.

I'm from leaving him behind  
a day after I was born.

I'm not from full recycle bins  
with something I cannot...  
drink.

I'm from being the ring bearer  
at my parents' wedding.

Not from trying to wake him up...  
at noon.

I'm from a successful, strong, sincere family.

Not from a destitute family in need of...  
help.

I'm from someone who I want to call Dad.

Not from who I was forced to call...  
the D word.

I'm from being born at six  
excited to have a family dinner.

I'm not from being given second-hand...  
coughs.

I'm offspring of my mom.

not from him...



**Where I'm From**  
**By Elora Alonge**

I am from towns and states,  
via brimming bags and crammed crates.

I am from surprise military homecomings.  
I am from deafening Saturday air shows  
to Sunday fighter pilot simulations.

I am from temporary living facility  
to temporary living facility  
to temporary living  
facility.

I am from dreaded firsts and dreaded lasts.  
I am from meeting new faces—  
to later leaving beloved friends.  
I am from driving into foreign lands  
to later abandoning my home.

I am from constant commotion, chaos, and  
clatter.  
I am from keeping up with three older brothers  
to maintaining the “innocent as a lamb” look.  
I am from anticipating Friday Pizza Candy Soda  
Movie Nights like a dog awaiting a treat  
to the monthly “I can’t eat that I’m on ‘diet’”  
stand up routine.

I am from one home of six to two hushed houses  
of two.  
I am from twisted golden locks beaming at the  
sun,  
to ears as pointed as elves hiding from everyone.  
I am from hours of gazing glamorously up at  
princesses gamble on the screen  
to carefully conceiving wicked war scene setups  
with Nic.

I am from towns and states,  
via brimming bags and crammed crates.

---

**That place on the shore**  
**By Sergio Osuna-Lerma**

Where I'm from nobody suffers and  
people dance.

I'm from the place where I don't worry and  
that one place where I set foot, and I'm  
automatically happy.

Where I'm from, sea shells become your new  
best friends  
and waves flow like Kobe on the court.  
I'm from where sand becomes annoying and  
eating seafood is an everyday thing.

Cruises come and go  
That one place where I'm from, I never feel low,  
the sound of the morning birds could very well  
be my alarm.  
The beautiful smell of the beach on my way to  
school.

That one place where I'm from, anybody feels  
rich.  
Where I'm from, I live without crying.  
That place where people are nice and  
everything is so simple as a bowl of rice.

Mazatlan, I miss you,  
I wish I could fly and just land where you are.  
I have you waiting, sitting in my heart,  
I'm thousands of miles away, we are apart.

Many around the globe love you my Mazatlan.  
The music you have, people flying on the dance  
floor,  
your attractions have thousands of people  
stress-free.  
You make an uncountable amount of people  
happy, my Mazatlan.

---

**Where I am From**  
**By Ashley Arneson**

I am from a family who lives the American  
Dream,  
from a family who is warm, working, and  
whole—  
    to gifting me with my future.  
I am from winning games to tournaments,  
from conquering field hockey and lacrosse  
championships—  
    to screaming out in victory, like I broke  
a bone.  
I am from hardships in my life,  
from realizing that life carries you different  
directions—  
    to learning not everyone is your friend.  
I am from good grades, cleaning the house, and  
doing dishes  
from being told “If you work hard in life, you  
will get what you want”—  
    to feeling happy, humble, and  
heartwarming in the nursing home.  
I am from change,  
from once being fat to now being as thin of a  
branch on a tree—  
    to being excepted.  
I am from quiet nights,  
from having no siblings—  
    to revealing my consolatory,  
    complicated, and consistent days to my  
    mother.  
I am from Hartland,  
from a small-town village—  
    to a family who lives the American  
Dream.

---

**I Am From**  
**By Anonymous**

I am from spotlight and attention;  
    scared to let people down.

I am from hard work and opportunity;  
hour bus rides to games occupied by laughter  
    also despair.

I am from cold winter nights;  
stands of parents and cheering fans.

I am from hard shots and cold ice;  
gliding smoothly almost like penguins.

I am from a family of 23;  
sisters connected by a passion for hockey.

I am from spotlight and attention;  
    scared to let people down.

---

## Swollen Eyes and Lies

By Anonymous

I'm from "Can I see your ouchie"  
when Carlye scraped her knee  
I'm from saying farewell to the walls, the carpet,  
the rooms  
To a new and mountainous hill,  
buckets of sweat by the top  
I'm from the *prison* of khaki pants and collared  
shirts  
The belligerent betrayal of a *man* I trusted,  
we all trusted  
An evil act that ended with running tears and  
swollen eyes  
He gave his heart to God...  
I'm from crying myself to sleep, barely  
breathing  
The malevolent *girls* treating me like dirt  
"Do I deserve this?"  
The answer not what I longed to hear  
I'm from chatting with the clouds,  
reasonably repeating, "Why me..."  
I'm from behind my back,  
from *friends* I thought had an ounce of love for  
me.  
Leaving Spanish to sob in the stalls  
I'm from avoiding those manipulative *mirrors*...  
staring back at me and laughing, loathing  
I'm from class clowns calling me midget,  
for I am and always will be (the height of a  
child)  
I'm from sparks of creativity and  
whims to scatter my thoughts in forms of art  
Brush performing a dance recital on the canvas  
Pencil running laps down the page  
I'm from smeared sauce and cheese drizzled on.  
The barely busy business;  
the minimum-wage job that paid me love and  
friendships  
I'm from my dreams  
Gondolas, gentle serenading, gazing at the  
beauty  
Asking my patients, "Can I see your ouchie?"

---



Photo by Karlea Schuelke

**Untitled**

**By Sara Marklund**

When you tiptoe through the Valley of  
Happiness,  
You might find the village of regret  
At the edge of silver the ocean waves are roaring  
Mischievous smells like the sneaky snake slithering  
upon its prey  
A whisper looks like the quiet voice you hear at  
funerals  
The texture of turquoise feels like the ocean  
waves rushing upon shore  
A baby's cry is bright as the sun above but as  
loud as a firetruck at 2am

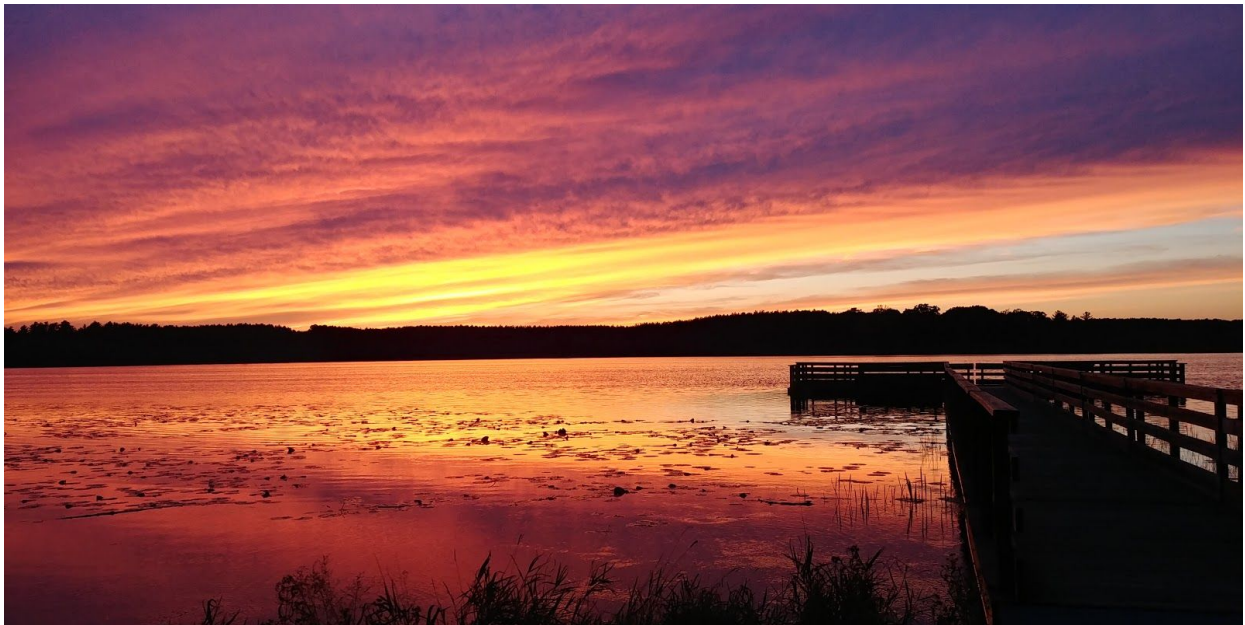
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**Junior Year**

**By Sofia Villareal**

At the edge of silver awaits the path to gold  
If you turn hope on high, you'll see doors open,  
welcome cards and fresh cookies  
If you jump into the present, you'll land on a  
school desk awaiting the next bell to ring  
At the top of tomorrow waits new memories, a  
new world of opportunities  
At the center of boredom is a 4 hour nap after  
you get home from school  
At the edge of silver awaits the path to gold

---



**Photo by Madelyn Clarke**

**Untitled**

**By Rhys Gibbs**

The opposite of tender is a strong relationship  
between father and son

The sadness of puppies is something only the  
dark hearted would want to see.

At the top of tomorrow waits a new beginning.

When you tiptoe through the Valley of  
Happiness, you might find your wildest dreams  
of your past.

The hiding place of rain shivers underneath  
darkness of the world above.

If you turn hope on high, you'll see your  
brightest future ahead.

The antonym of pink is the darkness of the  
hatred.

---



**Photo by Sarah Prentice**

**Fall's Final Days**

**By Max Siade-Cox and Jacob Couillard**

Morning

Motivation of crisp cold fingers.

Opportunity awaits the day,

Rain kissed grass like water on a child's face.

Nipping wind on cherry red faces,

Investigation of the golden fields of fall rolling  
in.

Notorious evaders of the fluttering eyes,

Grain colored skies, foreshadowing winter  
months to come.

Mid-Day

Magnificent clouds float in the sky.

Intertwining of the morning birds and the  
afternoon crows,

Dead silence surrounds me like a heavy blanket.

-

Deep thoughts of life's stress diminish with the  
wind.

Action ensues in waking hours as the

unsuspecting animal approaches,

Yelling of excitement heard over the plain of  
field.

Night

November frost touches our toes,

Intense conversations with friends around the  
fire.

Goodnight nature's beauty, what does tomorrow  
hold?

Holding morning coffee over a fresh fire,

Tomorrow is here witnessing the wonders of  
nature.



## Synesthesia

By Emma Henson

At the edge of silver passes like the smooth  
waters going through a river  
At the top of tomorrow waits like the sun,  
waiting to rise in the early hours of the morning  
If you jump into the present, you'll land on a  
rollercoaster, rushing and speeding through the  
tracks  
When you tiptoe through the Valley of  
Happiness, you might find a bright, shining sun,  
peeking between the clouds on a hot summer  
day.  
If you turn hope on high, you'll see the colors of  
a fire, waiting to torch a marshmallow  
When you toss sadness to the wind, it returns as  
a joyful, jumping little girl when she gets her  
favorite treat  
The swirl of loneliness sounds like a dark, quiet  
cave, waiting to be discovered  
If you look underneath peace, you might hear a  
choir singing in an empty, quiet church  
The antonym of pink is dark, like the deep,  
bottom of an ocean  
The sadness of puppies roars like the ocean  
waves after a storm

## Fall Feelings

By Savannah Kortis and Alison Kortis

Fall has a certain feeling to it; asserting its  
arrival—  
the air gets crisp and the leaves start to fall,  
the smell of fires and burning wood float  
through the air.  
Hot cocoa heats up chilled fingers of children—  
fall has a certain feeling to it; asserting its  
arrival.

I look outside to see colorful leaves masking the  
grass of our Wisconsin backyard—  
grabbing a rake from the garage, I run out back  
to gather the leaves  
the crackle of the leaves as I rake them together  
fills the air—  
I see the breath from my heavy panting as I start  
to tire out  
and as I looked around at my work, I smile

The pile is ready; the perfect hiding spot for a  
little one like me—  
I call my parents out to look at what I've done  
and then frantically run to cover myself in the  
leaves—  
my parents, knowing what's going on, play along  
anyway and pretend to search—  
when I hear their footsteps get close, I jump and  
yell with my arms out wide

My parents pretend to be shocked and run to  
give me a hug.  
They praise my work and ask if they can jump in  
it too—  
I pretend to ponder before letting them know  
they could—  
the next few hours are spent together in joy,  
jumping into leaves and admiring the start of the  
new season.

## **The Sense of Hunting**

**By Aaron Mesching**

Walking out to my stand—crisp leaves crunch  
under my feet, dry corn stalks  
rub against each other in the wind, and leaves  
fall from the trees.

The brisk fall breeze brushes my face, as  
squirrels run, and tweety  
birds fly past.

Approaching my stand—my walk slows and I  
focus on  
where I place my feet. Fewer leaves crunch. I  
notice  
every movement and sound. I set my sight on  
the ladder  
and focus on being as swift as possible.

In my stand—the leaves blow and the squirrels  
crack the  
dry crisp leaves littered on the ground. Then, the  
very pronounced,  
broken stick, from the footstep of a deer, echos  
through  
the woods. Every other sound is tuned out and I  
focus on the deer.

A deer is spotted—I realize how fortunate I am  
to see nature's true beauty—fall colors, animals,  
and sounds.

Hunting is not about the killing. It is about the  
appreciation for  
nature and animals.

---

## **Essential Relief**

**By Gabby Moen**

My mind jumps out of my head,  
flying into the sky, disappearing  
into a flock of feathered birds.

The remaining haze in my head  
slips out my ears—  
into the warm arms of the vibrant trees.

The refreshing gusts of wind  
swoop through my transparent mind,  
taking any burdens left with them.

Sweet sounds of chirping create  
a symphony within me—  
my mother hears it too.

The path is a gateway to happiness.  
It steals sadness, and swallows it—  
then spits back divine sensations.

The path is alive, *she* is alive.  
She takes you in, embraces you—  
gives you the essential relief you long for.

I look up to Mother Nature dead in  
the eye, and she looks back down at me—  
and then world stood still with wonder.

---

**Are You Happy**  
**By Dominic Mei**

On a scale from 0 to 1, are you happy?  
The laugh of last spring, from a  
long-forgotten joke, are you happy?  
The taste of salted snacks assaulting  
your mouth, are you happy?  
The warm hug you parents gave you  
before bed, are you happy?  
On a scale from yes to yes, are you happy?  
The obelisk of pain inside your mind,  
disappointment and grief, are you happy?  
The discriminatory eye of your heart,  
seeing your worst, are you happy?  
The bottomless bag you carry, filled  
with your failures, are you happy?  
On a scale from 0 to 1, are you happy?



**Photo by Rob Meier**

**Untitled**  
**By Anonymous**

I'm from tile floors and the sound of the faucet  
running.  
Dark, empty rooms that flood with the feeling of  
nothing.  
Then, a creak of the door, and a scream I'll  
never forget.  
Her feet pound the stairs, and I begin to sweat.  
My eyes slide shut and I start to pray,  
As my neighbor kneels to whisper, "Hang in  
there, help is on the way,"  
my father's voice restores my consciousness,  
and I recognize the touch of my mother's hand  
on my arm.  
I hear pleads to God and approaching police car  
alarms.

I am from the the sound of screaming,  
and chairs hitting the floor.  
The sound of footsteps,  
and unlocking doors.  
Bare walls, cheap food, and a mattress—thin as  
paper.  
Staying up through the night,  
I await the whirring coffee maker.  
Minutes turn into hours, and hours into days,  
until I pack my stuff, and they send me on my  
way.

---

## **Untitled**

**By Kyah Bratz and Joanna Wahmhoff**

(Power)

Habitual movements control her muscles as she crawls through the thicket.

Her body remembers every movement, made a thousand times before, shadowing her prey.

Powerful legs propel her forward as she pounces.

An anxious, startled congregation scatters reflexively.

Quiet returns as she rests near her prize.

(Parental)

Harsh sunlight filters through the brush.

Weary yellow eyes blink away the blariness of the new day,

the soft sound of a purring cub shatters the glossy stillness of the morning.

She nudges the others sleeping softly beside her.

A warm, loving air brushes over the pride.

(Pride)

Heavy, padded paws pound through the dusty savannah.

Her heart beats in musical synchronization to her footsteps,

her mind unfazed by the intensity of the natural world.

A powerful being, standing strong among the wild wisps of yellow grass, dances in heavy air.

Meritorious, monotonous, and unmoving, she stares enchantingly.

(Peace)

Her lazy tail flicks away tiny, tiresome flies softly murmuring.

She basks in the beauty of the bronze horizon.

Warm wind tousles her golden fur as she relaxes in the embrace of the day.

She moves lethargically to her other side, stretching her limbs out into the air.

A soft moment of the quiet evening as the African sky grows darker.



**Photo by Joanna Wahmhoff**

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**Abuela**

**By Celia Robayna**

Your blonde hair always stood tall  
your German temperament always made me  
laugh  
your thick islander accent was beautiful.  
Now I regret it all, not spending more time with  
you.

It took me by surprise  
when they told me the evil took you by.  
Tears were running through my face,  
because I was not there.

I knew you weren't happy  
since grandpa died.  
Now you're with him  
and I hope that is all you want.

I wish I talked to you more,  
I wish last summer wasn't my last goodbye.  
I wish I was there by your side,  
with all of our loving family.

But I am thankful  
for being who you were.  
I am thankful for being able to talk to you that  
last sweaty August day.  
Now I know you're in a better place.

I will still cry, because I still don't believe it.  
But I want you to know that you will not be  
forgotten.  
That your hair, your accent and temperament  
will always be here  
and that I love you Abuela.

---

**Me.**

**By Taylor Macey**

I'm from an island,  
far enough away I don't go back.  
Close enough my family doesn't lose touch.  
Never failing to remember home.

I'm from a home,  
far enough from me to forget.  
Close enough to remember the detail.  
Never stopping the rush of memories.

I'm from my mom,  
far enough I miss her smile.  
Close enough her "I love you" still fresh.  
Never doubting how thankful I am.

I'm from my dad,  
far enough I wear his clothes.  
Close enough I know he is here.  
Never forgetting my love for him.

I'm from my brothers,  
far enough they don't live close.  
Close enough they care.  
Never realizing their support.

I'm from my grandpa,  
far enough his voice fades.  
Close enough I feel him.  
Never letting go of his memory.

I'm from me,  
far enough my mind overloaded.  
Close enough to believe in myself.  
Never abandoning me.

---

**A Day Tomorrow**  
**By Sarah Maynor**

Tomorrow is a new beginning,  
with the exceptional attitude of winning.

Tomorrow is a new purpose,  
and never being worthless.

Tomorrow is a new personality,  
knowing the most important is not popularity.

Tomorrow is a new way of life,  
slicing the old ways with a knife.

Tomorrow is a new way of thinking,  
and not being negative but rather uplifting.

Tomorrow is a new beginning,  
with the exceptional attitude of winning.

---



**Photo by Karlea Schuelke**

**From Fields to Fortune**  
**By Alex Michals**

I am from the years my great grandparents  
spent working in the fields.  
I am from the streams of sweat running down  
their backs  
as they collected peaches and carrots under the  
scorching sun.  
I am from the fleeting moment of both loss and  
triumph  
as they took their first steps from Mexico into  
the United States.  
Any sense of familiarity and security they had  
vanished into the horizon.  
I am from my grandmother's stubbornness and  
untamable spirit  
when she fought back against students who  
called her siblings "wetbacks."  
I am from her burning desire to prove that she  
belonged in this country.  
I am from the mixed expression of deep sorrow  
and great pride  
in my great grandparents' eyes  
when my grandmother told them she had  
enlisted.

I am from my mother's deep and instant love for  
me,  
even if it meant she would have to grow up  
earlier than her friends.  
I am from her fearlessness of our unknown  
future  
when she realized she would have to raise me on  
her own.  
I am from the late nights weekends she spent at  
work  
in order to provide me with the life my peers  
took for granted each day.

I am from the collection of sacrifices made  
by each generation in my family,  
with the desire to create a better life for their  
children.  
I am from a long line of dreamers.

---

## The Right Way to Live

By Anonymous

I used to be from selfishness, from not sharing,  
from not understanding others well, yet not  
caring,  
learning and studying by myself at the library.

I used to be from working and thinking on my  
own,  
from refusing help from others, saying, “No,  
don’t.”  
“I don’t need you, I can take on this world  
alone.”

I used to be from focusing on saying “you’re  
wrong,”  
from thinking “doubt me, I dare you all,”  
not realizing none of them wanted me to fall.

Not realizing they weren’t hoping I would fail,  
not realizing they didn’t want my dreams to  
derail,  
not realizing some of them were rooting for me  
as well.

I used to be from thinking of others as an  
opposition,  
from viewing life as a competition,  
and thinking the only thing important was one’s  
ambition.

But inevitably I failed and realized I was a fool,  
I was living life the wrong way, and I knew  
in order to succeed, I needed people around me  
too.

I’m now from teaming up to excel,  
from realizing I can’t live in this world by  
myself,  
knowing if I tried, I’d be overwhelmed.

I’m now from embracing others and what they  
say,  
from building others up and hoping they do the  
same,  
because there’s no reason we can’t be better than  
we were yesterday.

## Life as a CNA

By Ashley Arneson

I pack my purse and leave,  
lock my car and walk into work.  
Clock in. Walkie. Name badge.  
I pass Helen’s bedroom slowly,  
finding her chest, peacefully silenced.  
Now, she’s an angel in Heaven.

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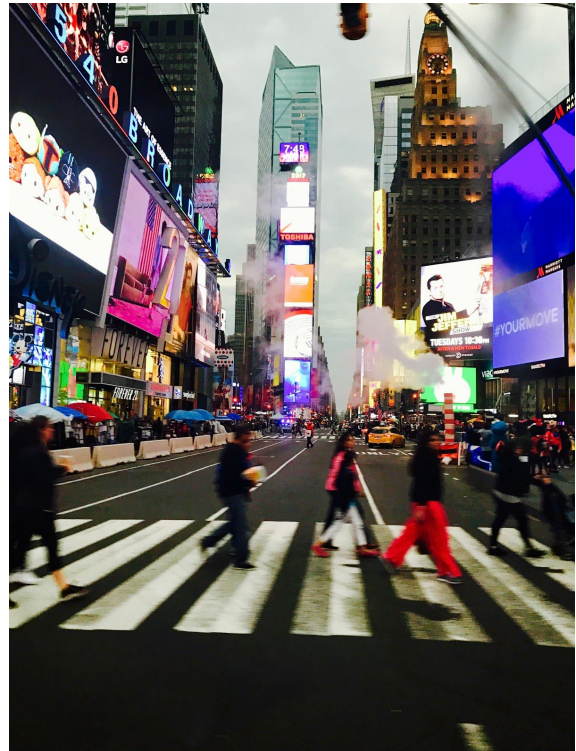


Photo by Kyah Bratz

**Wealth.**

**By Jonah Luther**

I walk in clothes previously **worn**.  
I sit on the couch that trembles and **wobbles**.  
I scavenge from the table of leftovers unwanted  
by the **wealthy**.

I sleep under the roof carpeted with dripping  
**water**.  
I dream amongst the stars already **wished**.  
I age in the house of the **willful**.

Though I learn with the **worldly**,  
compete with the **winners**,  
And laugh with the people who make me  
**winded**.

What does this make me?  
**wretched, worthless, wrongful?**  
**wonderful, wholesome, welcomed?**

Whatever you **wish**, be **warned**  
because **without** a second thought,  
I **won't** listen.

---



**Photo by Briana Laska**



**Untitled**

**By Lauren Powell**

I'm at bat, with a runner on third, two outs,  
down by one.  
*You got this.* I hit the ball, and watch it fly over  
the fence.  
BOOM! I fall, right before the plate—and never  
make it back home.

---

**Stress**

**By Connor Quigley**

Stress is like a ticking time bomb,  
set off by a busy life.  
One day you'll "do the work tomorrow."  
Next, you're screaming into a pillow.  
But how come I'm stressed out,  
when my life is empty?

---

**Stronger**

**By Mary Lotz**

I used to be from a family where we expected  
drama.

Where not understanding felt normal.

I am now from a family where we don't speak.  
Where Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Birthdays  
never occur.

I used to be from a family where I wasn't  
allowed to know what happened.

Where our family sadly, slowly separated.

I used to be from a family where we worry about  
our safety.

Where we'd worry if our belongings would be  
the same; even if they remained.

I used to be from a family where drugs changed  
people.

Where a single choice can destroy.

I am now from a family where I don't look back.  
Where past forgiveness seemed to go unnoticed.

I am now from a family where change occurred.  
Where disappointment lead to growth.

I am now from a family where our loved ones  
taught us.

Where the harsh memories made us **stronger**.

---

**Anxiety**

**By Anonymous**

Trying to speak;  
pushing so hard to get those words out  
but they sit on the tip of my tongue.  
Like racehorses waiting for the gates to open,  
eager to communicate.  
My mouth is sealed shut;  
the fear of what others think petrifies me.  
Licking my lips nervously  
only to have my mouth stick  
like the opening of a moistened envelope,  
now glued together.  
'Come on, just tell me',  
but it's not that easy.  
A flick of bravery comes along and the  
envelopes seal breaks.  
My mouth opens.  
But now that the gates are open, the words hide;  
nothing but dust comes out.  
Holding my breath.  
Nothing is coming out but my brain is racing,  
screaming the words I want to say.  
My mind wonders;  
but what if?  
I close my mouth in disappointment  
I should've just said it...

---

**Untitled**

**By Meleana Strecher**

The moon, a spotlight, lights my way.  
The city sleeps, yet I do not.  
My mind entertains with past thoughts.  
I see a shadow...following me.  
My past, who I was?  
It's behind me, my future awaits.

---

**Change**

**By Jackson Logsdon**

I was from the black and white.  
The time before color.  
People, a top priority.  
  
Snapchat and unicorns existed equally.  
People achieved, and  
human contact a commonality looked forward  
to.  
  
Now I'm from my phone screen.  
From a mentality where I itch to check.  
View adventure unexperienced personally.  
  
I'm from a time where people put headphones in  
their ears to block out others.  
Where people look at phone screens because eye  
contact scares.  
Where people would rather sit and play Xbox  
than go outside.  
  
But it's not too late.  
Where I'm from anticipates changed.  
I would love to be from a place like the past.  
  
A place where people love.  
Where differences are accepted, not shunned.  
A place where I can thrive.  
  
Where I look to be from is contrasting.  
A goal of change and equality.  
A mindset where the focus contains less political  
and more personal.  
  
I'm stating I look forward to change.  
Peers with selfish intents lack empathy.  
Surely it will catch up to them.  
  
Let's go back to the black and white.  
The interactive places.  
A time of personal connection.

---

**A Happy Place**

**By Jackson Strombeck**

I wish I were from a place where the streets  
weren't filled with fear.  
Where the sounds of sirens don't bleach the sky.  
Where Earth was as He intended.

I wish I were from a place where being fit  
wasn't impossible.  
Where obesity wasn't the majority.  
Where It didn't cost years to get physique.

I wish I were from a place where my skin didn't  
crack outside.  
Where Sleet didn't feel like needles  
Where my car started every morning without  
complications.

I wish I were from a wealthy family.  
Where an 18 year old kid didn't have to worry  
about financial decisions.  
Where my college decision doesn't depend on  
cost.

I wish I were from a healthy planet  
Where bullets didn't scour the air  
Where we could be happy

---



**Photo by Karlea Schuelke**

**Untitled**

**By Madelyn Clarke**

He drives down an empty road, engine roaring,  
tires spinning.  
He cranes his neck to the hill. He climbs high,  
clouds dancing by.  
Wheels lift up, headlights to the  
stars—"Dinnertime!"—crashing to the floor.

---

**Lovers**

**By Jordan Gravelle**

a pair walks in the hallway,  
hand in hand, united as one.  
people stare, elusive looks and  
unspoken words caught in throats.  
unheard of, these two girls in love.  
public display, how dare they?

---

## **Who Told Me**

**By Emma Mengwasser**

I'm from a mother who taught me effort trumps perfection,  
who told me, "An F in the gradebook doesn't define your intelligence"  
and who told me, "Try your best and we will be proud no matter what."

I'm from a father who taught me ambition leads to success,  
who told me, "Placing second in your meet doesn't mean you didn't give your all"  
and who told me, "Hard work can make anything happen."

I'm from a mother who taught me to be gracious,  
who told me, "Look at all you have before you ask for something new"  
and who told me, "Give to those who need it most."

I'm from a father who taught me to live in the present,  
who told me, "Put your phone away and enjoy time with those around you"  
and who told me, "Never be afraid to laugh too much."

I'm from a mother who taught me my happiness matters,  
who told me, "Take time for yourself to do the things you love"  
and who told me, "Happiness is a choice."

I'm from a father who taught me self love,  
who told me, "You cannot love another until you love yourself"  
and who told me, "You are enough."

## **Waves**

**By Raegan Mann**

Tsunami waves slam and clap.  
People panic, and freeze in fear.  
Terror runs through streets and seafoam covers every building.  
A rubber duck floats in the tub,  
nice and warm, in the bath for me.



**Photo by Madelyn Clarke**

## **Abundant Light**

**By Anonymous**

I'm from an innocent house,  
filled with fabricated happiness, guilted requests  
and indisputable demands.  
The twist of a father's demeanor as soon as the  
doors sealed,  
and blasting voices that lingered past my  
bedtime.

I'm from being the child my mom doesn't need  
to worry about,  
assuming I maneuver through tasks thrown my  
way.

Attention immersed in rescuing her first born  
son from the lethal grip of addiction,  
and emotional destruction when it forced him  
behind iron bars.

I'm from assuming the role of parent and sister  
for a brother whose familiarity was stolen, and  
struggled to discover his significance.  
Pursuits to steer him back onto the right path,  
hoping I can restore his youthful passion for life.

But I'm also from laughter, love, and loyalty  
that has given me inspiration to serve others.  
I'm from people who can twist the darkest of  
situations  
into abundant light.

---

## **Home**

**By Megan Veum**

I am from sleepy Sunday mornings.  
From powdery pancake mix stained on the  
stove,  
from the sizzle of bacon and snaps of grease.

I am from barefoot feet covered in midnight's  
dirt.  
From giggles and whispers with in the bushes  
during hide and seek,  
to the counting of the clock in Ghost in the  
Graveyard.

I am from the forest green door, pale yellow  
house on the corner.  
From my piggy bank under my bed, to the  
mesmerizing aquarium keeping me awake,  
and profit sharing lemonade stands in  
summertime.

I come from family that puts one before the  
other; my father, mother, and sister.  
From snuggles during sunrises and goodnight  
kisses at dusk,  
I am from a place that blossomed, like the roots  
of a slow-growing flower.

---

**The Difference Between a House and a Home**  
By Noelle Bax

I'm from two residences.

I'm from a white picket fence, engulfed in  
flowers stretching the property.  
From unconditional love that lights the room  
naturally.

I'm from a home where I am smothered in kisses  
and comforted with hugs

I'm from a front door with chipping paint.  
From an unstable house, desperate to find spare  
change to pay tomorrow's bills.  
I'm from a house; where no one flinched as  
screaming increased, and conflict naved at the  
smallest problems.

I was raised in a home,  
yet I grew up knowing that below the surface the  
house echoed with emptiness.  
I am from two residences, not clear where one  
stops and the other begins.



**Photo by Veronica Butt**

**The Spectrum of Life**  
By Ryan Lee

I'm from a life with a palette of contrasting  
emotions  
from a life, an array of moments.

I'm from the white from my mom's smile—  
with a sapphire grin—  
I'm from the baby blue skies glimmering over  
the pristine water of Pine Lake  
swimming, snorkeling, tubing.  
I'm from the chocolate-crème of my scraggly  
dog  
always by my side, bringing a smile to my face.

I'm from the bright white light  
from pulling all nighters, studying in my room.  
I'm from the neon lights enjoying the city life  
strolling through rich culture of Koreatown with  
my grandparents.  
I'm from the dark-cracked concrete of the streets  
west side of Chicago where gunshots are  
prominent.

I'm from the gloomy grey clouds  
where the days feel endless.  
I'm from the dark-black, endless nightmares  
feeling I can't wake up from.  
I'm from the drab oak of my grandmother's  
coffin  
her emotionless face, ingrained in my mind.  
I'm from the blue tears of sadness  
drowning in a sea of grief.

I'm from a past with a brew of colors  
with a future to behold, and ceaseless ways to  
paint.

**Laylah**

**By Shjonna Petersen**

We danced to the songs from *Frozen*,  
twirled in purple princess dresses,  
our chalk handprints littered the concrete.  
November 6th, 2014,  
reckless gunfire took your life.  
My niece became an angel at five.



**Photo by Karlea Schuelke**

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**Perfection**

**By Nayla Brunnbauer**

Pretty pink cushions envelope pearly white teeth  
of beauty.  
With costly custom dresses, no one questions  
what is beneath.  
A black, filthy soul of deceit and lies coil low  
down deep.

**Untitled**

**By Emily Sodolski**

Grabbing a towel from my trunk,  
I run. Blood pools on my hands,  
on the dashboard, on the man's head  
and on the drunk—who thought he hit  
a deer. He vows, it's not time  
to throw in the towel.

---

**Bear**

**By Gabriela Moen**

My whole life I've had this bear.  
Everywhere he's by my side.  
When I'm sad, he's there to hug.  
Looking at him, I start to smile.  
Then one day, "Your brother is gone."  
Now I am sad, who will I hug?

## **Auroral**

**By Celia Robayna**

Shiny spots wink above our heads, as the breeze  
hits my nut-brown hair.  
Grandpa always says, “Never give up, even if it  
hurts.”  
I look up to his bright beam. “I won’t Grandpa,”  
my voice utters.

---

## **Waterworks**

**By Nicole Larson**

The felon, he holds cold bars—thirsting for  
her...to hold her close.  
His bone-dry hands miss her. Backpack glutton:  
pens, books, dimples.

The felon, bends the cold bars. To find his child.  
Cap, gown, smile.

---

## **Perfection**

**By Nayla Brunnbauer**

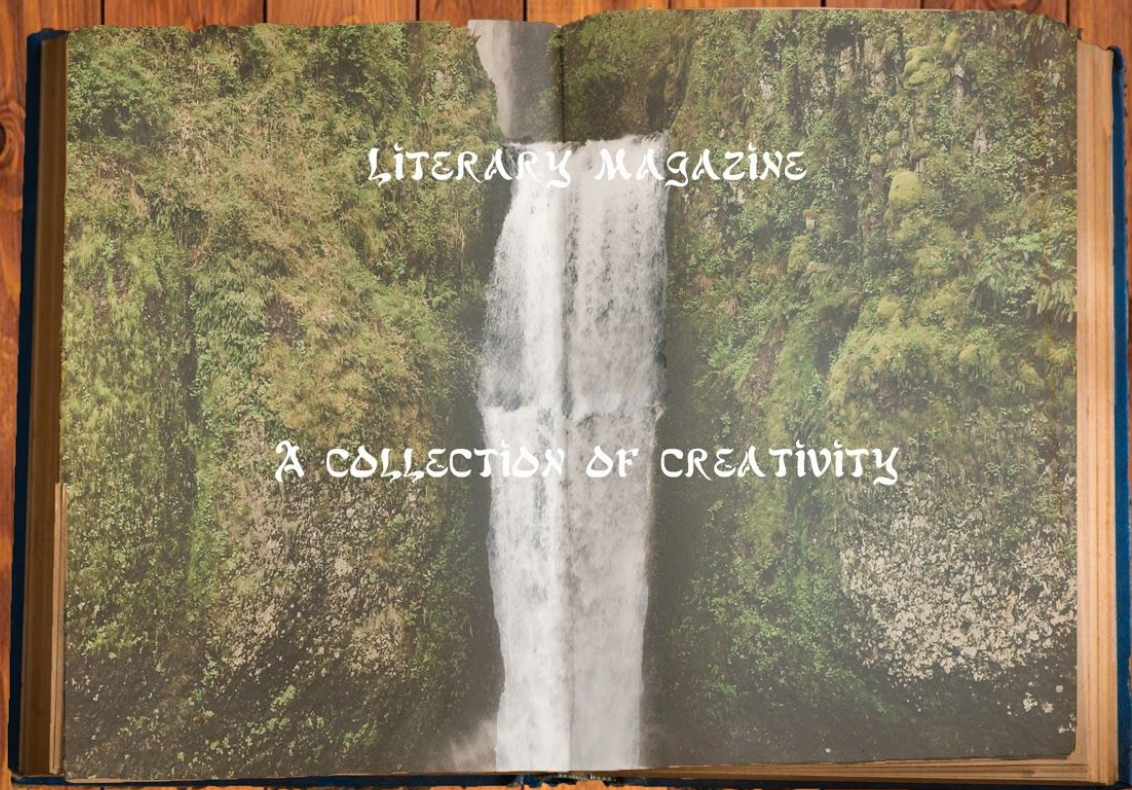
Pretty pink cushions envelope pearly white teeth  
of beauty.  
With costly custom dresses, no one questions  
what is beneath.  
A black, filthy soul of deceit and lies coil low  
down deep.



**Photo by Kyah Bratz**



ARROWHEAD UNION  
HIGH SCHOOL



LITERARY MAGAZINE

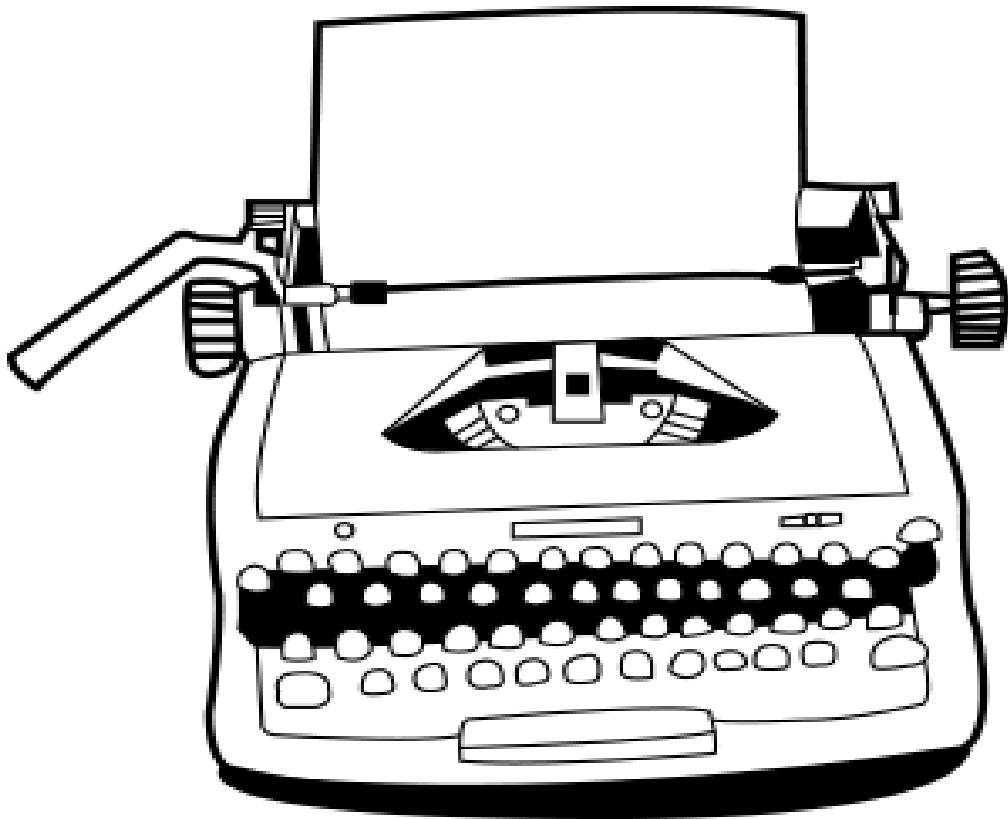
A COLLECTION OF CREATIVITY

2018-2019

*ARROWHEAD*

STUDENT

*Essays*



## *Arrowhead Literary Magazine*

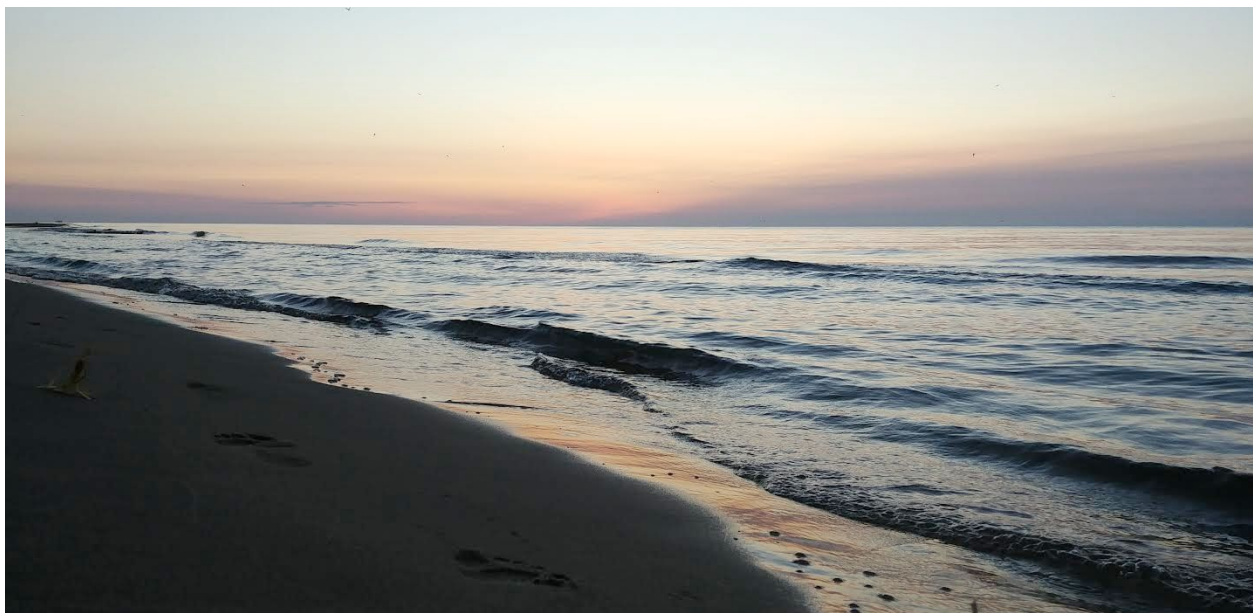
# ESSAYS

### *Featured Authors*

Abby Fritz  
Brady Jager  
Nicole Larson  
Emma Krisberg  
Anonymous  
Sean Brazgel  
Emily Bierman  
Sofia Villareal  
Lauren Powell  
McKenna Goetz  
Nayla Brunnbauer  
Caroline Schramka

### *Featured Photographers*

Madelyn Clarke  
Megan Yi  
Nicole Larson  
Lauren Engaldo  
Sofia Villareal  
Karlea Schuelke  
Veronica Butt



*Photograph by Madelyn Clarke*

## CARIBBEAN EYES

*Abby Fritz*

His eyes are concealed by lids when he's jamming out to Tool. He opens them, gazing at the world around him, when I can't help but stare into his eyes, beautiful beyond belief. Caribbean waters mixed in a cauldron with a pinch of gray. Karl's arms are bent, his hands on each side of his face, his energetic eyes focused on what I have to say. When I look into them, I can read his interest like a book.

He has long, blonde eyelashes to match his hair. They flutter when he becomes tired, striving to stay open. He lets out a lighthearted laugh, his eyes becoming glassy from the overwhelming happiness.

People say that eyes are the first thing to be noticed when meeting a person. I tend to focus on the lips. However, when I met Karl I immediately was drawn to the mesmerizing mixture of blue and gray. The colors complete him.

# CUSTOMER SERVICE SMILE

*Brady Jager*

“Wow, you’re tall,” says the withered, grey lady at the other side of the check out lane. I wish I could snap. “Oh really? I had no clue.” But with my customer service smile plastered like a freshly covered hole in a wall I say, “I know!”

What is she expecting? Does she think I don’t know? I collect her coins and cash. The register drawer jumps and hits my kneecap. I take a breath and shove it shut with my leg.

“Thank you, have a great rest of your day!” I say, giving the woman her change.

Nothing. She had the energy to note how tall I was, but not to be a decent human being and mutter a “Thank you” or maybe even a “You too”?

I watch the hands of the clock walk in slow motion for hours. It seems like they are reenacting the tortoise and the hare; slow motion.

“Break time!” Jenny from the service desk, who is as short as a munchkin, exclaims.

I start to walk off when I hear. “Hey, hey, hey, buddy! You need to adjust your screen. How do you think I am going to reach that?”

The screen screws slip as it crashes against the conveyor belt. There are no worries-this is part of my daily routine, the screens are durable. I bring it up two inches and tighten the screw. I place the bags on the lower rack, and make sure that the screen is adjusted for her height, or lack thereof. There goes a minute of my minuscule 15 minute break.

I strut through the deli section like a lion looking for prey.

“He’s taller than you, daddy!” A young girl yells with her finger extended towards me at a nearly 90 degree angle.

“Here we go again,” I mutter under my breath. Has anyone taught that girl how to use her manners?

I plaster the customer service smile on and laugh along.



*Photograph by Karlea Schuelke*



*Photograph by Nicole Larson*

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## THE WOLF

*Nicole Larson*

The wolf runs, paws disturbing the vulnerable earth below. Sharp talons pierce the crisp outer layer of dirt, finding the soft, wet inside and pulling the beast closer to nature's core. Her distal limbs extend—the rough, jagged pads of her paws seek the cold snow ahead. The ice-covered path is frigid but the wolf remains unchanged; the snow bites the tender flesh between her toes. She does not shiver. She does not hesitate in the immortal cold.

The winter's wind threads through the being's dense, coarse coat. The gray fur mingles with the red-brown hair, circling the ears and migrating down the snout. But the gray smells like ashes—dark, flaky footprints left in a fire's wake. It tastes like chalky ash as the substance gives birth to a new generation of foliage.

The wolf is not alone. No, she is never alone. *Canis lupus* run heel-to-heel with one another, working as a pack. Drool drips from their jowls and seeps into the snow. Their cunning expressions are devoted and trained. They are quick, mannerisms matching Viking raiders.

It is a scene that mirrors the Scandinavian shores. In the north, wolf-coated barbarians fight with fervor. Their blood is laced with the wolf. Their heads are covered with the pelt of the beast. But the men are barely human. Their relationship with the wild is intimate, deep, and deathless.

One can travel west to the cascades of California. To the dry air of the Great Plains. To the Yoktus people, the Cheyenne. The wolf was there from the beginning. Where only water was seen. It was the wolf's shouts that made this new Earth stand firm. It cries to the moon, calling it like a lover. While natives looked to it for guidance, a modern hunter sees the wolf as an unfriendly foe. Nomadic hunters mimic; the present-day killer slaughters.

They do not know. They do not know the wolf shapes rivers. The wolf shapes nature, it shapes the hunter's wild.

The pack works together to drag down deer, control elk population, and bring moose to their haunches. They feast on the organs and muscle, consuming bone marrow in dire times. The wolf grows taller willows. The wolf feeds the beavers, it creates dams. The wolf shapes the land. The wolf shapes rivers.

The wolf runs, paws disturbing the vulnerable earth below. Sharp talons pierce the outer layer of its morning prey, finding the soft, wet inside and pulling the beast closer to nature's core. The claws draw the land we tread. The wolf shapes our land—our rivers. They shape the Viking, the Yoktus, the hunter.



*Photograph by Nicole Larson*

# EYES

*Emma Krisberg*

All women in my family carry blue eyes fluctuating in shade. My sister and I are the products of opposite gene pools, except for the shimmering blue eyes occupying our contradicting faces.

My sister's eyes are like the cloud-free sky on a summer day. Compared to her dirty blond hair that cascades in paper thin sheets, her eyes sparkle like new diamond earrings yet to be worn. Through times of heartache, they have shed tears over lost loves. Yet they manage to shed the tears of happiness at the sound of her daughter's first word. Like her, they carry a world's worth of emotion.

My eyes are the lightest and brightest of my family. When the sunshine hits them, they carry bewitching powers that shine in swirls of baby blue spirals. They are carefree like drifting the day away on a boat cruising around a lake. Like me, my eyes float through the stresses of life like an unoccupied pool float.

My mom's eyes are a deep blue like water at the depths of an ocean. Her eyes sparkle during times of joy—the birth of her first grandchild, high school graduations, the birthdays of her three children. Yet they glaze into a matted haze during crises—the death of her father, the loss of our dog, her children's heartbreak.

My mom's eyes are the warmth I seek after a day at school—comforting and caring. Like her, they are the calm before the storm of a protective mama bear.

All women in my family carry blue eyes fluctuating in shade—watching as life passes like the withering waves of water. Don't blink—you'll miss the best part.



*Photograph by Karlea Schuelke*



# FROZEN PIZZA

*Anonymous*

My little sisters and I stood patiently around the kitchen counter, chatting about multiplication and division. My mom tossed the paper plates down on the counter. There was a Jack's frozen pizza in the oven-our go to dinner.

"What's that smell?" my youngest sister, Lauren, asked; but we all knew. The suffocating scent of smoke and burning pizza began to fill the house. We looked at each other, eyes widened in horror. We knew what was about to happen.

"Quick! Open all the windows!" my mom screamed as the smoke alarms blared. Of course, this set off my dog who barked like a squirrel was tormenting her.

"It's raining!" I yelled.

But we still ran around the house opening the windows and doors, trying to get the wretched smell out and make the alarms stop. Not only was everyone developing a migraine, but now there was water pouring onto the floorboards.

My younger sister, Haley, took the handle of a broom to try to turn them off, but ended up blindly punching at the ceiling. I could only imagine what my neighbors thought.

Several minutes later, the chaos ended. We grabbed towels for the floors and closed the windows, but everyone was stunned at what had just happened, including the dog.

We were left in complete silence, along with a very burnt pizza.

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# THE WARMTH OF WINTER

*Sean Brazgel*

Entering my house, the smell of hamburger and tomato soup fills the air. I feel the heat spread, warming me up. On this winter day, I grin and wander into the kitchen, slightly tired after school. The lights shine down on the granite countertop and glint off the stainless steel appliances. “Do I smell hamburgers and tomato soup?” I ask, pulling all my homework out of my backpack. My stomach groans as I see pots and pans of the juicy hamburger and steaming soup.

“Yep, your dad requested it,” Mom says as she stirs the soup.

She places mashed potatoes onto a plate followed by the tiny sliders, still dripping like an ice cream cone on a hot day. Then comes the tomato soup—smothered on top of the hamburger and potato. The potato turns a dark orange as a wave of soup slowly spreads around the plate.

Three more plates are filled with potato, sliders, and tomato soup—one for each of us. My parents, brother and I snatch our plates. With my first bite, I close my eyes and am reminded of summer. The potatoes are white fluffy clouds. The tomato soup is the sun beating down, keeping me warm. And the sliders are the beach where I swim and have fun.

I taste the sweet and salty concoction in my mouth for the rest of the night. The warmth fills my body and wraps me like a blanket of happiness. It feels like summer again, even in the frigid Wisconsin winter.



*Photograph by Lauren Engaldo*

# DEAR DIARY

*Emily Bierman*

Sunday, September 2nd, 2018

Dear Diary,

Today Mom made heaven in a platter—different than what she normally does on my birthday.

When I walked into my home from school, I saw Mom working on a savory meal. The flames were lit, not on candles, but on the stove (topped with a pot accompanied by cylinder shaped noodles sculpted as quill pens). The water boiled as steam rose.

If I lended a hand, the process would go faster. “How can I help?”

Mom smiled—knowing my patience was the size of a peanut waiting to be cracked. “No, thank you. Today is your special day. Just think, one more year and you will be a legal adult. And soon enough, I won’t be around to make your favorite foods.”

I stifled a tear, knowing she’s right—she’s always right. I shook out of my daze to notice my mom grating cheese like freshly fallen snow on a cool, winter morning.

Like lightning, the pot boiled over. The water sizzled as it touched the tips of the flames. Right away, Mom drained the noodles and placed them into a glass casserole dish and transferred the grated cheese to the colorless pasta.

“Into the oven it goes.” I hummed.

My family arrived minutes after Mom pulled the mac out of the four hundred degree heat. But then she realized that there was no cake in sight. She beamed when she came up with a close alternative.

I saw flames once again, but this time on the candles carefully placed on my macaroni and cheese—wax dripped like the leaky kitchen faucet. My family sang with laughter because this was the weirdest “cake” they’d ever seen.

I blew out the candles and enjoyed my first bite.

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*Photograph by Karlea Schuelke*

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## CREAM COCKTAIL

*Anonymous*

We search through my pantry for anything sweet we can find, desperate to add something new to our cookbook. “Cereal?” my friend Greta asks.

“Not in the mood,” I reply. Rummaging through my fridge, I find nothing appealing. “Hey, a Sprite!” I look into fridge door where a single can of Sprite rests on its side. How are we going to share just one can between us?

I walk to my cupboard and take out two wine glasses, then open the pantry again. She stares at me, puzzled. “Pick a topping,” I say.

Greta looks around the pantry and picks up two cups of mandarin oranges, shrugging her shoulders. She cracks open the Sprite and splits it evenly between the two wine glasses, then opens up the fruit cups and dumps one into each cup.

But what is sharp Sprite and tangy oranges without a bit of sweetness? I reach into my refrigerator and find the whipped cream then spray it on top of the fizzy mixture. The milky cream begins to seep down the the bottom by the oranges.

“Cheers,” we say and clink our glasses. Oranges and whipped cream rush into our mouths, spilling white mustaches onto our upper lips.

“We should add this to the cookbook,” Greta says.

I open my cupboard and find our composition notebook filled with miscellaneous recipes, writing down the newest addition: “Cream Cocktails.”

# SAME MEAL, SAME BLOOD, SAME GRATITUDES

*Sofia Villareal*

Carrying in bundles of fresh ingredients in green bags, slicing and dicing each onions and clove preparing each spice for their bath in the pot. After I chop the vegetable up, my mom, scooping each piece up, and letting them fall into the hot pot, they sizzle. The smell dancing around the kitchen like a Latino dancing to their favorite bachata song. Pouring in the rice, ripping open the seasoning packets letting it smother each piece of rice like cover each open space of a white wall with paint.

Once golden, pouring countless cups of fresh chicken broth. Letting the rice soak up the flavor of the broth. Finishing it off with the finale, dropping in the frozen veggies, cilantro, and diced tomatoes and letting it boil until the rice grows. Once everything is finished, the rice speaking through the steam on the cover, like your mom knocking on your door telling you

dinner is ready.

Four generations of family sit in one room. Same meal, same blood, same gratitudes. Grabbing the food we think we can fit in our belly as if it was our last meal together. The men, devouring each bite recognizing the love and compassion poured into this dish. The woman, holding back their own desires to make sure all the men and kids get their plates to start consuming their masterpiece.



*Photograph by Sofia Villareal*

# UNTITLED

*Lauren Powell*

Everybody in my family enjoys sports. My dad is scary. Big and strong. He played football and baseball in high school. After high school he did a lot of power lifting. Him working in the gym is as crazy as the kitchen before Thanksgiving. My mom goes from season to season with no time in between. From volleyball to basketball. From basketball to softball. From softball to volleyball. From season to season. I don't like to lose. I am competitive. Losing a softball game makes me mad like a dog stuck in its cage.

But, my brother he's the athlete of the family. He's the only one good enough to go play at the next level in college. He wakes up, goes to practice, then to class, then to film, then goes to bed. And the next day, he wakes up, goes to practice, then to class, then to film, then goes to bed. Early mornings. Late nights. Day after day. Night after night. He is as busy as a bee. He is hard working. He has worked hard in football since he started in first grade. He knew if he worked hard he could get to where he is today. The long, hard practices and long, hard workouts all to be the athlete of the family.



*Photograph by Karlea Schuelke*

# UNTITLED

## *McKenna Goetz*

My name means “son of Cionaodh.” Cionaodh is the Celtic god of fire. It can also mean ascend. It is the number 17, not smooth, not uniform. It's like a beautiful day outside but the grass is too dry to sit comfortably and bugs are making the noise they make and it's too hot to just sit there, too uncomfortable to move.

Saying the name McKenna is like a roller coaster ride, a mountainous terrain. The M takes you up, the c back down, and then the K back up again. It's not smooth or flat, there are 3 consonant letters in a row, two are capitalized, it even looks like a mountain when written on paper.

My mom was 16 when she found my name. She saw it on a movie credit screen, it was someone else's last name. She told my grandma and best friend that would be her daughters name. A decade later it happened. My dad didn't really like the name, he liked Lauren, but it's a good thing I'm not Lauren, it's too flowery and delicate for me. McKenna is a more unique, more complicated, definitely not flowers and rainbows.

I don't have any nicknames really. Once in a while someone will call me Kenna, which is fine I guess. I wish I had picked up the nickname Mack, it would be a fun name to have picked up. Carefree and informal, easy for someone at a coffee shop to hear and write on a cup.

I would not change my name, even though I don't always like it, I don't know what I would change it to. I don't always like how mountainy it is, but I'm used to it and I already know people with all the other names, so those names are theirs, and I am McKenna.

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*Photograph by Megan Yi*

## MY NAME *Nayla Brunnbauer*

In Arabic, my name means “The attainer, the achiever and the successful one.” To the woman at the bus stop, it means pretty. It’s a rare gem an explorer can’t help but take a second peek at. The color yellow, sticking out noticeably within the vivid rainbow decorating the sky. But to me, my name means special. Something I treasure and protect with every breath I let free.

When I was old enough to understand, my parents explained how my name was chosen. One late night, my father and pregnant mother snuggled down to watch *Temptation Island*. A girl appeared on screen as the panel switched. Her name was displayed on screen and it stood out to them. It had nothing to do with how the girl looked, but everything to do with how uncommon the name was: Nayla. That’s when it struck them. What a gorgeous baby girl name it would make.

The uniqueness of my name can be a blessing and a curse. More of the negative when it comes to meeting new people. It’s also easy to misinterpret the pronunciation based on spelling. To my peers, they’d argue how it begins with a nay sound. The cry of a protesting horse. The ‘l’ and ‘A’ follow behind and are precariously squashed against the first syllable. Neigh-la. An ugly sound. When I hear it my fury boils, threatening to spill over.



In truth, my name is spoken in a much softer tone. The nay actually takes on the sound nigh and the la gently press onto the end, finishing it off with a bright la sound; a tune you'd sing while skipping through cheerful meadows. That's why I'd rather stick with the name I have. Nayla. It is what I prefer to respond to compared to my ugly fake name. Neigh-la.

Something my parents once told me was how they never wanted my name shortened. They never wanted my name to be a simplified version of the one I would be granted at birth. I didn't understand for many years what they meant. For a long time, I longed for a name with a guaranteed nickname. But now with the years, I have collected, I can see why my parents didn't want this for me.

When someone's name is shortened, that person has taken on a whole new title. They are no longer using the name which sits on top of their birth certificate. I like to believe names are the keys behind who we are. If they take a new form, something simple like a nickname, the person is taking on a new personality.

So, because of this, I will keep my name untouched. Nayla, illuminating an already bright room. Nayla, represented by a feather twirling in the spring breeze. Nayla, sporting blue to signify depth of my spirit. It's like no other and I'm honored every time I share it with the world.

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*Photograph by Karlea Schuelke*

# HER GLASSES, MY LENS

*Nicole Larson*

As I interviewed Molly, I gently removed her pretty, thick glasses. And I replaced my own with hers. It was hard at first—to rest the temples of her glasses upon the shell of each ear. But with every question, the lenses grew clearer. In the end, I made a friend.

As a daughter of an occupational therapist, I once thought I was educated about people on the autism spectrum. But after speaking to a classmate with high-functioning autism, I was ashamed; I had been so blinded by ignorance. *I did not know everything.* Molly had presented me a brand new perspective.

To begin, I gave Molly a set of questions. I asked for her feedback, not wanting to pursue something she would rather leave unanswered. She was completely comfortable with what was prepared, and we proceeded. She only requested I omit her full name.

My first question was the following: “How do you define autism—in your life?”

Molly’s answer emptied the air from my chest, yet I was lucky enough to hear her out: “With autism you are born with a different rule book than neurotypicals. Let’s think of chess for a moment. You are constantly guessing people’s next move, but you can’t see where their pieces are—if they’re even on the board” (Molly, personal communication, February 14, 2019).

This gave me a better understanding of her struggles; Molly has trouble reading people, just as one would in a game of chess. In order to help her, many people aim to be blunt or straightforward. Moreover, Molly stated: “I can’t necessarily tell when someone is sad or angry with me, so someone specifically telling me is very helpful.” So a simple, “Molly, that hurts me” or “Molly, I’m mad” is *beneficial* she said (Molly, personal communication, February 14, 2019).

Molly remembers the exact day she was diagnosed, her sophomore year in high school: a definitive year filled with pressure and criticism. As students scrambled to end the 2017 school year strong, Molly dealt with more than hours of homework, late nights, and high school drama. Early that May, Molly’s therapist recommended she get tested for autism. In my interview, she stated, “I remember not being too surprised about the results.”

In a follow-up question, I asked, “How do you feel you are treated by others who know you have autism?”

To her, she says, there is a severe atmospheric change. It’s as if people grow uncomfortable when they learn she’s on the spectrum. Attitudes, opinions, and manners—they all change.

After several more questions, I was able to look in the mirror and evaluate my reflection; I saw my changing opinions and actions as I grew informed. With her glasses, I was finally able to see—to gain insight on the autism spectrum.

My general reactions have adapted since the interview. I’ve gained patience, consideration, and compassion. But most importantly, I’ve learned to not focus on one a single trait nor characteristic. Humans are complex beings—we are filled with emotion, forged in hardships, and composed of intricate fibres. We must try on another’s glasses—see through their pupils—in order to see who they are. For instance, Molly has high-functioning autism. But when I look at her, I don’t see a label or only her diagnosis. I see a kind, energetic, strong woman.

As we concluded the interview, I expressed how thankful I was. I handed the metaphorical glasses back to their proper owner. The interview was nearing an end when Molly said, “I believe you are the most capable person of writing my story.”

Blood pooled in my cheeks and a grateful smile crept over my face. With every question, the lenses had grown clearer. In the end, I made a friend. Thank you, Molly.

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## UNTITLED

### *Caroline Schramka*

Every day, I dress in my casual school attire of a beige pug face sweatshirt and basic blue jeans—displaying my undying obsession with dogs. As soon as I go to school, I stroll through the hallways until I arrive at American Problems. I pass by students having average teenage conversations, while I stand by the door—waiting for the key to grant my entry. When they look at me, they assume that I am just an average teenage girl. However, there is one quality that differentiates me from everybody else—my autism.

Growing up with Autism has created challenges at times. Skills that other children grasped quickly, like holding a spoon, took me longer to master. I participated in physical and occupational therapy to help me with daily tasks such as eating. In school, I occasionally had special/adaptive physical education classes which helped me with my coordination and balance—in addition to giving me exercise. When I was younger, I had some sensitivity to noises and often experienced sensory overloads. The jumble of conversations in an ordinary classroom was difficult for me to process, as I often requested it to be silent. For other kids, recess was a time to release the wild energy buried within—but for me, I stood alone in my fourth-grade teacher’s classroom. At times, she gave me papers to work on, relieving my boredom. Most of my recesses were spent sinking into the fluffy butterfly chair; waiting for the children to rush in.

The lunchroom was an obstacle for me—the buzzing conversations, the overwhelming smell of pizza were impossible for me to handle. My teachers encouraged me to try earplugs, which only worsened my fears. The unbearable background noises were relentless, triggered an overload. I frequently ate lunch in a separate room, embracing some peace and solitude. Occasionally, one of my classmates would join me—an escape from loneliness. The majority of these issues vanished once I started middle school.

Similar to most students with Autism, I struggle with social cues. I see things in a “black and white” sense, meaning that I don’t see the whole picture. When someone makes a joke, I might not get it at first. Once I am told it was a joke, I will occasionally understand. But most of the time, I do not because I take them seriously. Secondly, I struggle to interpret body language. I am unable to tell how people are feeling through their bodies. If someone seems sad, I won’t be able to see it. Through my eyes, I only see a person.

Social interactions are a major obstacle for me as well. For example, making friends is like a maze—running into endless possibilities and conflicts. I had a large group of friends in middle school; although, it all changed when I got to high school. They started to discover their individual selves, trying to figure out where they fit in society. It has never been easy to find someone with my common interests as me—such as *Big Brother*, *Survivor*, pugs, and watching youtube videos. One day, I hope to meet a person who will make a significant impact on my life. The students who I am currently friends with...we have few interests in common. The social aspect is hard for me to understand and makes it difficult for me to build relationships.

Understanding abstract concepts such as symbolism is challenging for me. For example, If someone were to ask me what the color white represents in *The Great Gatsby*, I wouldn't know how to answer. My interpretation of white is that it's mentioned an abundance of times—it doesn't represent purity, innocence or honesty. Abstract concepts are taught in my American Problems class, and it's Wednesday, which means there is another reading assigned. I unzip the back pocket of my backpack, reaching for my black and busted laptop I have had since freshman year. I patiently wait for the school Wifi to load so I can start a new adventure. On Google Classroom, an assignment appears on the page—a series of black and white cartoons waiting for me to analyze them. These illustrations seem meaningless to me—defeating a tedious task to scramble for their messages. I see those cartoons as like pictures—Information that is literally said in the context is not as difficult for me to find.

My Autism has blessed me with a talent—an outstanding memory. My parents discovered my memory when I was around five years old. I started looking at yearbooks—studying names. By the time I was finished looking at the yearbooks, I had memorized everyone's names—including the students and teachers. “I only know one kid who knows everyone's name and that's Caroline!” the principal declared. I knew the names of the students and their cousins. My memory specializes in my interests such as names, dates, birthdays, years. “Who's that Duggar kid?” my dad sometimes asks me. I always have the answer to those specific questions. I'm like a human dictionary—everyone can rely on me for information.

My Autism doesn't define my life. I don't let my Autism stop me from achieving my lifelong dream: a career in the nursing field. I perceive my autism as a hidden gift only certain people would find—me.



*Photograph by Lauren Engaldo*

*Arrowhead Literary  
Magazine*

*a collection of creativity*

*2018*

*2019*

# Editors

**ELLE KRIEHN**  
CLASS OF 2019



Elle Kriehn is a senior at Arrowhead High School. After graduation, she will attend the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee to pursue a degree in English. She hopes to focus on a major in Creative Writing with a minor in Women's studies. Elle rediscovered her passion for writing as the editor of *The Arrowhead* and in her Creative Writing class. She received a handful of awards for her writing on *Teen Ink* and in the Arrowhead 2017-18 Literary Magazine. She was published by Appelley Publishing. In the future, Elle hopes to publish fiction and poetry.

**NICOLE LARSON**  
CLASS OF 2019



Nicole Larson is a senior at Arrowhead High School. She committed to the University of Minnesota – Twin Cities; there, she hopes to pursue criminology, law, German, and English. Nicole joined Creative Writing and Advanced Composition during her senior year, and soon her work was recognized by the Rachel Carson Landmark Alliance and the Autism Society of Wisconsin. In her free time, Nicole enjoys writing, reading, drawing—and yes, school.

**MS. JORGENSEN**  
FACULTY ADVISOR



Elizabeth Jorgensen is an Arrowhead High School Language Arts teacher and writer. Her memoir, *Go, Gwen, Go*, is available from Meyer & Meyer Sport. Shorter works appear in *Wisconsin English Journal*, *Azalea* (Harvard University's Journal of Korean Literature & Culture), *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel* and elsewhere. She has presented at NCTE, WSRA and for the National Consortium for Teaching about Asia (NCTA).

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