



Literary Magazine

2021 - 2022 Arrowhead Literary
Magazine



Includes select poems, short stories, and
photography from Arrowhead students

Edited by Kadin Saffert & Lauren Theiler
Advised by Elizabeth Jorgensen



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Introduction

Everyone at Arrowhead Union High School is encouraged to submit to the literary magazine.

What we publish: poems, short stories, vignettes, art, photography or anything appropriate for publication in a literary magazine. It's Arrowhead Union High School's annual collection of creativity and students can submit as many things as they'd like. Student editors cull submissions and design the publication; they also choose the best in each category (short story, poetry, art, etc.) and award students with a monetary prize and certificate.



Poetry



literary work in which special intensity is given to the expression of feelings and ideas by the use of distinctive style and rhythm; poems collectively or as a genre of literature.

definition by Oxford Languages





Rising Tides

Trenton Krogmann

Every stride across the rough brick, peppered with white sand, feels like sandpaper.

With one step the rough brick turns to the white, fluffy, sandy beaches of the Florida Gulf Coast,

The warmth of the sand fills my body as my feet sink in.

A salty aroma fills the air as the wind carries the scent across the beach,

Early morning winds fill the desolate sandy landscape, not to be interrupted by obstacles,

The sound of the wind blowing and waves splashing echoes across the beach.

The glare of the sun reaching over the buildings reflects off the snow-white sand,

The sun shines off the ripple-filled water.

It's still morning and the sun hasn't fully emerged from the buildings behind.

Still slightly cool from the winter months prior to the water flows.

Inching closer to the water the sand becomes more firm,

still wet from high tide, the sand injects my body with a cool feeling.

Waves crashing low,

rolling and breaking as they hit the sand.


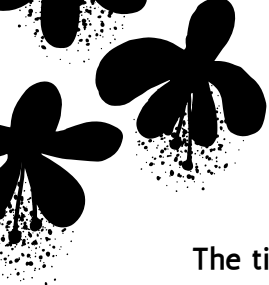
The water barely reaches me only to fall back for another wave to approach.

Time flies as I sit, not being bothered while watching the waves,

they roll up the beach and fall back down on repeat,

the sound is relaxing, soothing, peaceful.





The sun rises, becoming brighter as it now stands tall over the buildings.

The tide rises as the day progresses, slowly closing the gap between myself and the water.

Umbrellas rise as more people fill the beach.

The day moves on...

The air feels hotter,

Fewer clouds passing by.

Tide now at its peak surrounds me,

Waves crash into me then retreat.

The sand feels stiff and more solid.

The day moves quicker than ever but never feels like it is going to end.

I stare out and the blue horizon where the sun now sits in front of me,

Looking directly at me as a sit, taking in the sights.

The sky begins to turn from a light, bright, baby blue to a deeper, darker, more vibrant blue.

The sun falls as it starts to sink beneath the ocean,

Still remaining mostly visible.



The ocean soon brings the sun farther into its depths.

Above the ocean bright oranges, yellows, and reds flow with the deep blues above.

Slowly becoming black the beach dims as the bright colors fight to stay above the water.

I start to stand reluctantly, never wanting to leave the beach,

The uncertainty of ever coming back,
Knowing I have to make the most out of my time in this paradise.

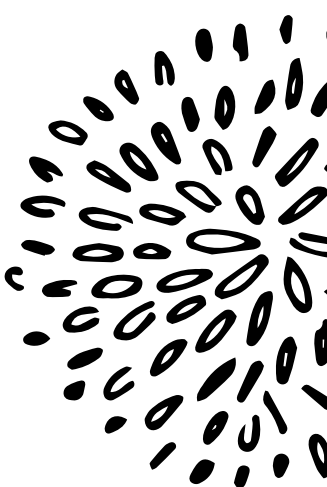
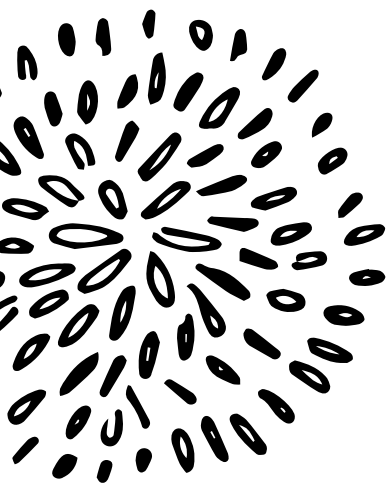




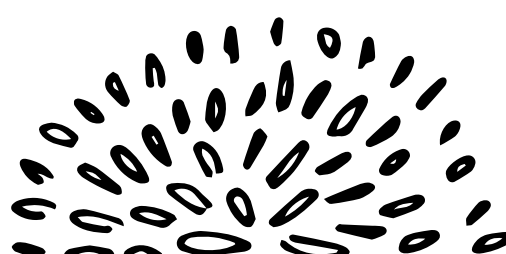
Disparity

Connor Ball

I am midnight slivers on a grassy plain.
I am the gleam in the red dawn's eye
I am the colors spilled across the sky
I am the scattered song of the twilit breeze
I am the silver peaks of ashen trees
I am the solemn silence at the moment between
I am the light-hued green of morning grass
I am the brilliant shining of wet glass
I am the silent, sober room
I am the empty urn
I am the ashes scattered amongst the ferns
I am the wonders of the natural world
I am the soldier of the fallen field
I am a painter with no brush
I am an illustrator with no pen
I am the orator with no voice
I am a singer with no song
I am an artist with no art



And yet...
I am tarnished, and yet bright
I am varied and yet intense
I am lost, and yet passionate
I am wavering, and yet strong
And yet...







The Eye of a Little Brother

Mandie Winter




Your head against my neck
Tears come down my shoulder
As you stand there and cry to me
Wishing that I can stay a little longer
As I wipe the tears from your eyes
I walk away from you
Trying not to cry
I slowly walk to the light
And disappear
From this nightmare
But this nightmare is still going on
With these shackles you wear
I watch the nightmare you go throw
The thing that I wished
That it did not happen to you






Silence in Passing Connor Ball



I tread on tan plains of shattered history
The cliffside stretched before me,
Rustling trees,
Silent rivers,
Silver clouds,
Beside me.


Darkness fell,

And the moonlight danced in the breeze
Stygian rivers echoed the plains,
A perfect counterpoint to the sunlit moon


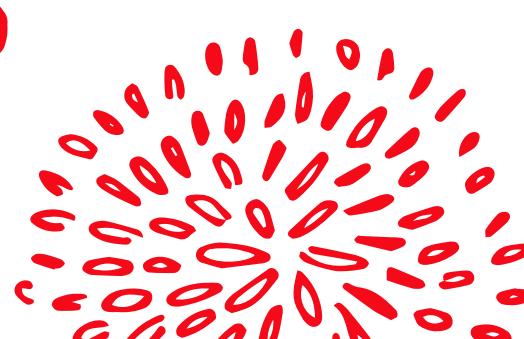


Each stone was a note in an ossified song
Trilobites entombed in their rocky prisons
A field of black tombstones in tan shale
A symphony of death and night
Of song and stars

Bright stars stood to watch over the scene
Illuminating the rivers,
The trees,
And the clouds.



Their light reached into every crack and crevice,
Bearing silent, eternal witness to the ancient cemetery





Untitled AR

When The Moon met The Sun

it was still young.

It did not know its name.

Floating in space still hurt from the meteor,

The Moon saw The Sun's light.

A bright light that warmed this cold space,
making all of the stars and planets so beautiful.

The Sun's light reflected off The Moon's pale skin,
making it look like The Moon itself was glowing.

The Moon wanted to meet The Sun,

so it tried to move closer.

But it was difficult

like someone was holding it back.



The Moon tried with all its might.

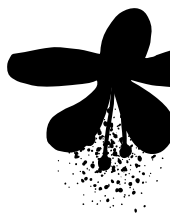
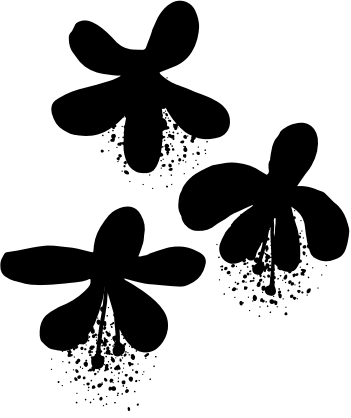
But it could not get closer,
instead, it seemed to be getting farther away.

In frustration, The Moon looked back

and saw The Earth.

The Earth was a large rock
covered in scrapes and bruises.





The Earth held onto The Moon
as if it were a child scared of leaving its mother.

The Earth had holes all over it
and it looked like it was bleeding.

It was crying so much The Earth seemed to drown in its own tears.

The Moon looked at The Earth, broken and bruised,

And back at The Sun, glowing with pride.

It seemed like The Moon had to make a choice;

to stay and help the broken Earth,

or try to impress The Sun in all its beauty.

The Moon looked up nervously and asked The Sun,

"Will you leave if I help The Earth?"

The Sun smiled, its light shining brighter,

"The Earth is still young, it needs to be protected."

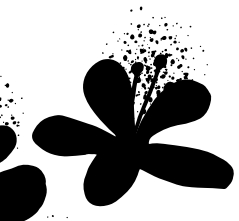
The Moon looked at The Earth,

The Earth didn't look back.

"Do you think you can help me with that, Moon?"

The moon smiled at its new name and nodded,

"I would love to."






Untitled
Annika Hornsby

In the mess of all things keeping us going
or holding us in our hell
there is only one feeling that feeds our misery more
than most.

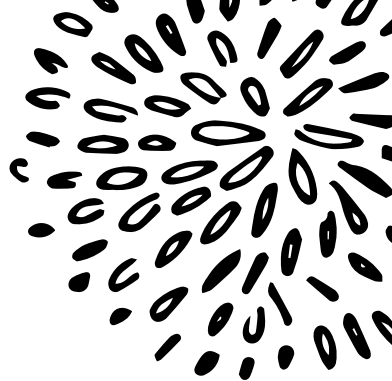
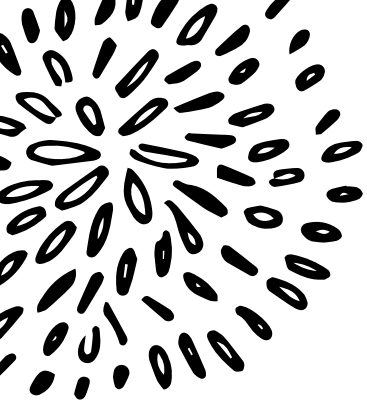
It is not curiosity for curiosity brings adventure and
appears in times of bore,
it is not excitement for excitement leads people to
dance,
and it is not loved because love always comes with
an answer, even if it is a nasty one.

This feeling that I speak of keeps people waiting for
the devil to grow back his beautiful wings
and for Zeus to become a faithful husband.



I cannot argue with the fact that at times, this
feeling is what keeps us alive,
and this feeling is what differentiates the wild animal
from the civilization of man,
but I am tired of the sugar coating placed on this
bitter feeling.

I am tired of the "happy endings"
for there aren't many of them.



With every lottery ticket, with every love, with
every evil and every good deed, we all place our
hearts as victims to this feeling,
and although I know this,
and although I hate this feeling with everything that
I have to give,
not even I can resist its persuasions.

It is my drug, it is my addiction
and it is also yours.

What is this feeling I speak of?






The Call of the Sea
Manasi Karthikeyan

The green sea heaves,
the sea warmth is mine to hold,
Salt air kisses me.



Rain, Pain, Tears
Manasi Karthikeyan



I can smell the rain.
Two are walking hand in hand.
Little do they know?



Freedom
Annie Bucher

The sound of cars passing by
The wind escaping through your hair

The flag is waving.

It feels amazing.

While walking with glee, you remember that

You are free





Options Anna Davis



If you were to ask me to choose between pink and black,

I'd sit there in contemplation.

Never being able to give an answer, never choosing.

Hundreds of options consuming my mind, lashing out, screaming
to be picked

Too many options, too many choices.

The mixture of personas, styles, thoughts, memories, ideas, goals,
and dreams

All shoved into one tiny body.

So many opposing wants and needs are all bashing to be in the
forefront of my mind.

One moment I am at an all-time low, the next I'm overjoyed to
be here.

I look in the mirror and see only a fraction of myself.

No matter how I do my makeup, how I choose to dress, or how
I differentiate my attitude, I never feel like myself.

Never feel enough.

Constantly comparing myself, constantly envying everyone else,
constantly changing, constantly being confused.

It's a constant.





For a long time, that constant was the only thing that never changed.

Never breaking free of the constant daze, the constant confusion,
the constant misery

The constant chaos.

Conflicting and contradicting my opinions was a habit.

Who am I?

What a hard question.

I am a mixture.

I am a combination.

I am a concoction.

I am still learning.

I am still understanding that in the bad, I have to look for the good.

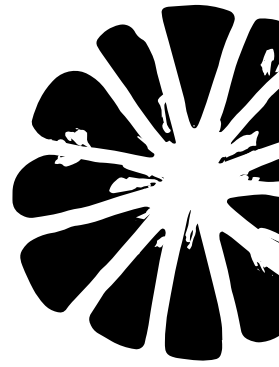
The conflicting means I can debate well.

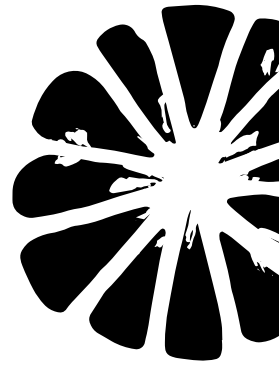
The contradicting means I'm well knowledgeable in everything.

The switch in styles means I can dress for any occasion.

Most importantly, I can help others who feel the way I do.

Why else would I be blessed with this curse? That's how I like to look at it.





I am a helper.

I am someone others can go to.

I am a voice for the voiceless.

I am someone who can reassure others.

I am undoubtedly authentic, yet I am able to take that
authenticity and make it universal.

I don't know who I am just yet,

But I am unmistakably me.

And that's all anyone can be.






○ **Isn't that special?**
Asher Harder


The sun is glowing today.
Isn't that special?
A ball of gas, trillions of miles away,
Burning, keeping us going.
The sky is bright today.

○ Isn't that special?
The air molecules are composed of just the right amount of oxygen.
Isn't that special?
You are alive today.
Isn't that special?

○ Out of all the possible choices, you were chosen at random to make this world just a little brighter,
Isn't that special?
You're not alone.
Isn't that special?



I love you more than anything else in this world
And I ask you this, one more time.
Isn't that special?





Untitled
Luke Behringer

A flash of those

brilliant

blue

eyes,

blonde

hair,

bouncing around on repeat

inside

my

head.





Without You
Ava Ramos

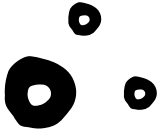
Without you,
I can speak freely, unamused by your
flawless facade.

When asked...it's always the same response,

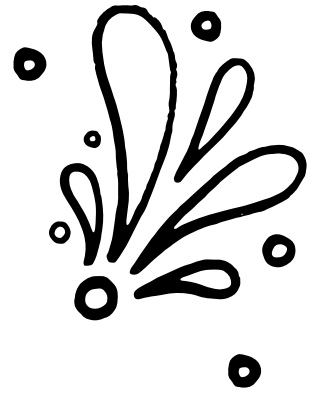
"Do you still love him?"



I nod relentlessly -
instantly regretting my decision.



Soleil MD



As she walks in
sunlight dances off of her skin,
illuminating the room with a soft yellow glow.

Golden locks of wavy hair
cascade down her shoulders,
laying perfectly on her sun-kissed skin.

Her smile is vibrant,
colorful,
and reassuring,
like the sunrise at the beginning of each day.
Like a gust of wind, she moves swiftly—confidently.

My eyes slowly drift over, focusing only on her.
She is a star shining in the night sky,
she sparkles so brightly that your eyes can't help but look.







Circular Synesthesia

Lola Elahi

The shape of the past fits inside a circle
Coming back and back into your mind no matter how
many times you push it away
It halos around your head and you can feel the sweet,
sharp turns of the circle but also the whiplash
You can feel the pink and yellow bloom onto your
cheeks when you remember a star-shaped day with
your sister
You can still feel the green and black squiggles in your
stomach he gave you when your plum relationship
ended
You can still recall the blue lightning bolts you cried
when your dog's white soul floated up to the clouds
No matter how many times you push the past away, it
will swing back around to you
The past is like a circular race track with no finish line
It's like a rainbow bowl of Spaghetti-o's, filled with all
different shapes and colors
It never ends, it's always changing, and it will always
come back to you





Grocery Shopping
Sean Jochims

A plead,

a tear,

a scream,

people turn

Heads watching mom



put the lollipop in the cart

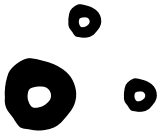
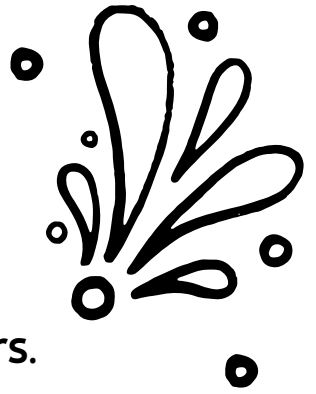




**For Sandy
Elayna Walloch**

The clock ticks, hanging on the wall in the
room of empty desks.
In darkness, I hear footsteps in the hushed
halls, walking closer.
The shots rang. I squeeze my eyes shut,
please let me live, let me go home.





Untitled
Jessica Jandora

A circle smells like a jar of blossomed flowers.
They sit on the windowsill of my teacher's classroom.
However, they only last a week or two.

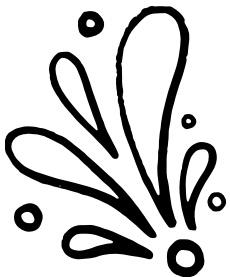
A circle looks like the ocean.
When you look far off the shore, there is nothing but blue.
So many unknowns miles away.

The repetition of a circle can be overwhelming.
Everyday feels the same.
I wait patiently for a simple, but exciting change.

A circle smells like a jar of blossomed flowers.
Like a new experience is born.
After a week or two, it is only a memory.

A circle looks like the ocean.
Unknown of what tomorrow will bring.
Unknown of what the future holds.

My circle changes every day.
Sometimes it feels the same.
Sometimes it reaches the unexpected.






Dance Recital
Katharine Daniel

Pretty girls patiently sit while mothers braid, twist,
and pull their hair.

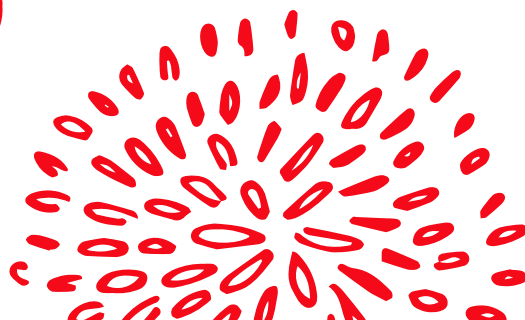


Perfect ponies pop up over the crowds as they leave.
Mine fell out, his hands tangled my locks. "Don't worry
Dad, try again!"





The Labyrinth of Math
Michael Stadler

• You walk down the damp halls of the maze and reach a dead end.
• You turn around, hurriedly, and come face-to-face with true terror.
• You forgot to carry the one; now you must start over again.





Short Stories



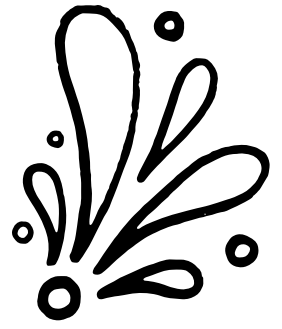
a story with a fully developed theme but significantly shorter and less elaborate than a novel



- definition by Oxford Languages

My Name

Rachel Blankenship



My parents hate nicknames.

The sole reason they picked my name was so that it could not be shortened.

When my older sister was born, they decided to name her Julia. But my Aunt had other plans. She was the queen of nicknames. Jules, Julio, Julie. She thought of it all. So, my name was carved out of the individual reason that it could not be abbreviated.

I wish I could say it worked. But nicknames are inevitable. My friends call me Rach or Ray. My Aunt calls me Raquel. I guess my mom got lucky in a way. Most people associate me with my last name instead. Blankenship. Such as Ship, Blanks, or RB.

My mom thought Rachel Lauren rolled off the tongue nicely. In Hebrew, my name means "ewe." Which means sheep. But in English, my name means forgiveness and purity. And in Spanish it means innocent. It is like a child or the color white. It is a newly bloomed tulip in a field. Purity and innocence.

But the color white is stark, cold, and isolated. My name is pure but it is cold. It is the fresh blanket of snow on a Sunday morning. You want to play in it but you know it is sharp, unfriendly. A child will jump in, one who is eager with excitement. The color white is the color of perfection. Yet I am not perfect.

Rachel. A name that I bear with the utmost...uncertainty.

To me, my name means toughness and strength. My name is the feeling you get after you just carried in all the grocery bags from the car on one arm. It's the feeling you get after you just played a difficult piece on the piano. It's the feeling you get after you just finished a hard set at the gym.

It's the feeling you get after you just climbed a difficult mountain in the blazing heat with a crowd of people. The sweat dripping down your face and the dryness in your mouth but that feeling of wanting to see it through and finish. That's the feeling.

My best friend has the same name as me. But her Rachel and my Rachel are different. Her Rachel is the sun rising on a Sunday morning. That feeling you get as the sun beams down on your face on the beach. My Rachel is the feeling of the rough track on your bare feet. The rubber surface scalding my soles. The black surface soaking in and radiating heat.

Although I want to say I like my name, I'd be lying.

But as much as I despise it, I wouldn't change it. It is who I am. It is who I strive to be. Strong, confident, pure.





Rustic Swan

Anya Behringer

Anya is the name I carved in the large maple tree with my brother at my grandparents' old house.

My name exists in many languages. But Russian is the most common origin. In other languages, my name exists as Anja and Ania. Russia got the name from Anna. A name with a hunger for more than the ordinary. The language my name was taken from isn't Russian, though. My mom always liked the name, and since I was the first and only girl my parents had, it was mine.

Anya is the first part of my Instagram handle. The account contains so many of the people and animals I love.

Inexhaustible. Gracious. Graceful. With so many languages adopting their own version of a name, you really have to own your name and decide what you are going to make it mean. And this lavender name. It's a purple, a strong color, and the ability to be deeper and darker, but a light calm color to begin with. The color Wisteria, a beautiful plant. As long as you don't consume it.

Anya is the name yelled up to my room when I need to come down for dinner.

While my name originates from different languages and meanings, it doesn't come from a person. My name is not a family name. I like being able to be my own person. And Anya, Anya is just mine. I have never disliked my name. Although sometimes I wish a nickname would come from it. Other than the "ya ya" and "Ahns" my brothers sometimes call me, and the "princess" I get from my dad because I am his only girl out of four children, it is always Anya.

Anya is the name I instinctively glance up when I hear.

It is fun though, every once in a while when a celebrity I grow to like, has my name. Like Anya Taylor-Joy. Then I just have to hope they don't have a scandal, consequently leaving my name poisoned with whatever the Anya in the spotlight did.

Anya is the name that I've been called so many times I can't conceptualize being called another.

And while I exist in many forms as does the origin of my name, I don't need to be graceful. I think tenacious would be a better word. A stronger meaning, yet the same flow of Anya. A burnt orange. A watercolor of them all. Rustic. A color that can not only exist but thrive in any season.

A rustic swan fits my name well. The expectation of graceful and gracious, beholding a tenacious spirit.

Let's start with graceful, though. And maybe I'll surprise you.

Anya is the name I'll prove to you means tenacious.






Meeting for the first time - again

Hope Stiverson

That's when somewhere, deep inside his brain, he knew that he was living in a moment that had already been lived. Everything became familiar in his eyes. In that fleeting second of familiarity, all that had been lived before deemed itself brand new.

He sat perplexed and yet absolutely mesmerized on the ancient stone park bench. He watched her. Not in a creepy way, but in a way that made him in awe of all she was. He had felt he had seen her before, somewhere deep in his subconscious, but he couldn't put a finger on it, which just made him watch her more intently.


She stood on the park trellis overlooking the waterfall as it cascaded onto the jagged rocks hundreds of feet below. Her thin arms, delicate yet strong, braced her entire body as she leaned against the trellis so tightly he was frightened she would fall over it. Her hair was so jet black against her smooth pale skin. The contrast only added to the mystery of his déjà vu, making her seem even more hauntingly captivating. It had luscious curls as wild and untamable as the jungle itself that became ever more unruly when the wind swept it across her back. She was wearing jeans. The kind that was faded from lots of love and loose like they were from a thrift store. She had on a fuzzy sweater, the style meant for fashion but also warmth as fall was in full swing.

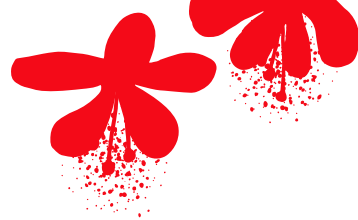


He felt wrong. He felt like he was weird. A 16-year-old boy just watching a girl alone at the park was not normal. He couldn't help himself.

She jumped off the trellis and turned around slowly to take in the bold golden leaves swirling around in the wind as they made their way cautiously to the ground.

He continued to stare. Sure that the black-haired girl would see him, but that didn't matter; after all, he was just sitting on a park bench, taking in the trees being a fellow lover of autumn.





Untitled

Michael Walsh

The verdict was in... she was guilty. Months of working with lawyers and research and still she was guilty. The biggest murder trial in American history comes to a close. Half of the room jumped up in relief; the other half stayed seated. They stared blankly ahead of them, mouths dropped in disbelief. She was escorted out of the court house with an empty expression the whole way. She knows what she did, but it's best if they don't know. It was best for herself. She sat in her cell. She was given nothing but a handball and a large room with a bed, toilet, and complete isolation. Everything started to set in for her. First came the tears. Then the anger.

She let out a scream. Then found a spot on the wall to physically let out all of her anger. She swung with her left. Then with her right. Left. Right. Left. Right. As time went on, her knuckles were bruised and her hands were shaking. After she had settled down, she figured it was time for some rest.

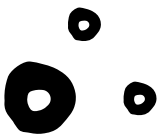
The sound of the prison alarm wakes her up from her sleep. EEERRR! She jolts up from her bed to a loud bang on her door. Bang! She hears it again, and again, and again. The prison door then flies off the hinges only to reveal three men—armed and masked up—ready to take her away. Before she can see who the men might be, a bag is thrown over her head and she is dragged out of her cell until she is outside for the first time in what feels like months.

"Get to the getaway car!" a man says with urgency. As we get closer, the sound of a running car hits my ears. We jump in the car and drive off leaving the prison behind.

"I think we're good," one says as the action begins to settle down. As they get further away from the prison, she begins to wonder at what was happening. What do they want from me? Where am I going? Who are these people? The car finally stops and she is dragged out of the car. The bag is ripped off of her head and she is finally able to see who kidnapped her; or so she thought. Her eyes are blinded by the blazing light of the sun and she is overwhelmed by dehydration and hunger. As she regains her bearings, her eyes focus on one person. This person is extremely familiar to her. This person is her brother.

"You're safe now," he says with a reassuring smile on his face.





Untitled

Kirsten Phelps

They say there's a monster that lives down the street. This particular monster is ugly and mean. This monster is scary. This monster smells bad. This monster is someone you would never want to be around. So every time someone sees this monster, they run from it.

At least, that's the way the story goes. But, I've walked these streets so many times, checking every corner for a monster, and I haven't been able to find one. I've never seen anything. So, where could this monster be? Surely someone has seen this monster.

I bet the monster is lonely. Everyone runs from it, no one treats it right, but how else are you supposed to treat monsters? Are you supposed to give them a friendly hello? Are you supposed to strike up a conversation? Even if I found this monster, what would I do?

I'd like to be nice to this monster. Maybe if I was nice, then they would be too. Afterall, if everyone runs from this monster, maybe the monster doesn't know how to be nice, or they don't feel the need to. Maybe one day we could tell good stories about this monster.

If I was the monster I'd like to have good stories told about me. Stories told about how nice I was, how many friends I had, how accepted I was. It makes sense that this monster could be misunderstood.

Walking home from school one day, I hear, "It's the monster! Run!" echoing around the parking lot. I look around frantically to try to find this monster, but I see nothing, only the wisps of colors as kids fly past me. What? Maybe I just can't see the monster through all the kids. I start running with them, but all this causes is faster running and my ears start to ring from all the shrieks I'm hearing. Huh? As I slow down, I notice all the kids start to slow, but they don't stop running until they're well away from me.

Looking around, the parking lot is completely empty, and I'm alone. The silence is deafening as I stop, just staring at the kids ahead of me.

They ran away from the monster.





Forever Scarred

Leah Airoidi

"Right there I watched him die."


"The party got really big and out of control," my uncle said, "I had a feeling that something was going to happen."

Sophomore in high school, music was blasting, lights were shining, and kids were drinking. My uncle's drunk friends James and Gary got into a fight. James grabbed a gun and Gary a knife. Anticipating trouble, my uncle followed them. What he didn't know was that what he was about to experience would live with him forever.

"James screamed, 'I'm going to shoot you!' Gary retaliated, 'I'll kill you if you shoot me.'"

"I was face to face with James, who had the gun when Gary jumped on my back, we fell. The three of us are sandwiched together on the floor. Gary tried to grab the gun, but James pulled the trigger," he continued, "the bullet went through the tip of Gary's finger, through my sweatshirt, into James' chest. He ended up accidentally shooting himself."

"You could just see the blood bubble out of his mouth."



My uncle struggled after that night. He not only lost a best friend, but experienced a tragedy. The school he attended was unsure of how to handle the situation and exempted him for most of the year.

"I have never visited his grave. I don't know why, but maybe someday I will. I think about it all the time."

"Could I have done more? Could I have stopped the gun from firing? These questions have continued in my mind since that day. Everyone said it was not my fault, but you always keep wondering."



Midsummer Night

Olivia Schneider




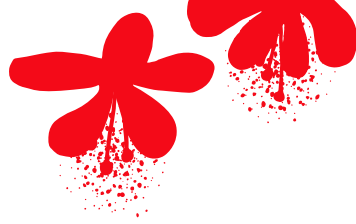
I lay there, eyes drooping, letting the crash of the white caps and rolling tide fulfill my ears. I open my eyes to the jagged yet beautiful rock wall that perimeters the aggressive shoreline of the teal blue lake Superior. The water splashes up on the sandy beach entrance, weaving in between my mother's toes which sunk deep into the thick sand. I thought, why can't I stay here forever?

Tucked away deep into the thick woods, dirt roads, and all, I sway back and forth in my hammock under the colorfully painted sky of Christmas, Michigan swirling with blood red, pumpkin orange, and dandelion yellow hues. My brother accumulates his collection of glassy marbled shells that blanket the miles of shoreline. The slowly dying horizon strikes my eyeballs here and there as the cocoon of the silky fabric protects me from the cool, brisk midsummer night wind.

Inhaling the sweet yet smoky smell of the melted marshmallow chocolate pudgy pies crisping over the campfire engulfed my body with joy, taste buds dancing atop my tongue. My dad shouts from behind the cabin, "Whoever wants the first one better run!" My dazed and tranquil body suddenly emerges from its serene state like a light bulb flickering out of nowhere. Bare feet sore from sprinting over the stinging sticks and rigid rocks.

Sitting around the campfire in dew dampened wooden chairs, smoke blazing and slowly rising into the cool air, I listen to the chirping of the crickets, letting these vocal yet hidden creatures echo in one ear out the other, around the cabin, and across the moon shining body of water. I tilt my head back, one star shining so bright, it impales my eyes. I take a deep breath in and out, lungs filling with the cool, brisk midsummer night wind.





Nothing But Us Sophie Dempsey

His fingers traced her soft, smiling lips. Drops of rain raced each other down the windshield. The two locked eyes, smiling.

His navy eyes brightened suddenly. He threw open the car door, raced around to the other side, and, excitedly, pulled the hands of the girl, who raised her eyebrows but still seemed to be smiling. She followed him into the dim headlights where he stopped. They stood in the darkness of the night as cool rain fell around them.

The boy pulled out his phone, for just a moment, and soft music began to flow from the open doors of the car.

"Dandelions by Ruth B," the girl whispered. "How'd you know I love that song?" The boy just grinned back and turned the music up.

He wrapped his arms around her hips, swaying both of them to the sound of the music.

Nothing else mattered in the world. Not even the car's leather seats, now drenched in pools of water. Two people... now one.





Hot Pursuit

Caden Steinbauer

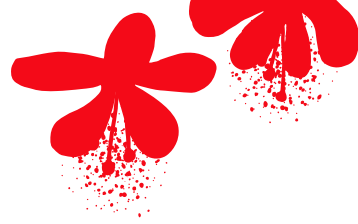
The cold chill of the water rushes down my back. The grainy sand surrounds me. I slowly open my eyes as the shiny light from the sun blinds me. I get to my feet and see a strange island in front of me. Cliffs to the left, flat grass to the right, and a mountain in the middle. Looks as if it's a volcano, I think to myself. "What is that?" I say as I feel something being carried in the water rub along my ankle. It's a bottle. A glass bottle. With a note. I pick up the shattered glass bottle and pull out the waterlogged cork. I dump the note into my hand. The crinkly paper now sits in my hand. BOOM! An explosion roars in the distance. I look up from the source of the noise and see the volcano erupting and spewing huge chunks of rock. I quickly read the note. "Get off the island the volcano will erupt soon!"

"Too late", I say while panic starts to set in. I quickly ran along the beach looking for anything useful. The lava slowly gushes down the side of the mountain, burning everything in its path. As I'm running along the beach I discover a small fishing shack on the water. The shack is completely rusted. How is this thing still even standing up? I thought to myself. There's no time to waste as I rush into the shack. The structure is completely abandoned. Abandoned except for one extremely useful thing. A small fishing boat. "I'm saved!" I yell at the top of my lungs. I hop from board to board along the rotted floor hoping not to fall through into the murky water below. I hopped in the captain's seat and got ready to cruise to safety. That is until I realize the keys are missing. "Noooooooooo!", I scream as even more panic sets in. I desperately get out of the boat and start searching for the missing keys. As minutes fly by and the lava gets closer to the shack I fail to find the keys. Forget it I yell as I run from the shack. At that very moment, I spotted a man rushing down the side of the mountain with lava in hot pursuit.

Who could that be? What is he doing? Why was he up there? These are all questions that fly through my mind as he leaps from rock to rock down the mountainside. He finally reaches a dead end with a cliffside. He's going to die no doubt I think in my mind as the lava gets closer and closer. With the lava only inches from turning his heels to ash, he leaps off the cliff doing a headfirst dive. I watch him for 2 seconds until he is blocked from my vision by a bushel of trees. I race to the bottom of the cliff to find the dead man.



As I get there I find out he's not dead. He's very much alive. "How on Earth did you survive that?" I exclaim. "There was the luckiest little pond of water at the bottom," he said. The man tells me to follow him quickly as he pulls out a pair of keys from his shirt pocket. I'm saved! I think to myself. As we get back down to the beach we see that almost the entire shack had been consumed by rock, ash, and lava. We both run to the front door of the shack. The door is bashed open and we rush through the shack. We jump into the boat and throw the keys into the ignition. As lava starts to burn the back of our engine, we zoom off out of the shack. Finally, we escape from the danger of the island as we cruise off into the ocean. I look back at the huge volcano still erupting and shooting tons of ash into the sky. "Who are you?" I say as we glide along the waves to safety. At this moment I knew I could trust this man.



Untitled Brady Mader

Counting down, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. The day I wait for every week, my flight lesson. My dream that I get to act upon weekly. Two hours with my best friend who happens to be my instructor. The sensation of taking off and living with gravity. The night sky that lightens up the plane. A city journey I might say. The most joy and fulfillment I experience in a week.

It's that one thing you do that you never get sick of. It's the moments that you cherish the most and always find a way to enjoy. But to me, it's more than just a scheduled event on my calendar. It's an event preparing me for the real world. The day I say goodbye to my parents. The day where you think and wonder what's next. The day that makes you question if you are ready for a new life. But it's the emotions and butterflies that make the best out of what's next. It's the anticipation of what you think is going to happen. It's a point in time where you must let go, and let the rest play out. It's all out of your control.

But the future is not yet present, so why overthink anything just yet. Appreciate life and everything that surrounds it. Find a way to make something good out of every moment. Be yourself and do your thing. Don't let the outside worries impact you. A phrase my dad has always told me, "Life is what you make it. There's highs and lows, but how you respond is most important!" That very simple message has stuck with me up until this very day. Yet for myself, challenges sometimes feel like failures. I'm an over-thinker, and it's something I must stop. It keeps me from doing new things. It's those places and events I will never end up experiencing because of something so mental.

So with that being said, I must let life go and follow the path I'm meant to follow. God has a plan...but it's not yet there for me to view. Control what you can control, do what you love to do, and overall, make every day a moment to remember.






The End

Carson Brunnbauer

Everyone knew it was coming. It was the end of the world and everyone knew. A sense of calm followed me wherever I went. The sky was gray and had a large white patch in it. The sun, which had been somehow alerted to everyone, was going to fall out of the sky today and sink into the ocean.


Everyone knew. This was it? One day remains. My family had spent the day at some sort of team volleyball event for my club team. No real volleyball took place that day, that I remember. I just remember seeing people I knew, people who I had played volleyball with in the past were all here. My mom, dad, and I had all been in this sort of warehouse turned arcade and we ate food and hung around with friends.

Before I knew it my mom was gone. It was only my dad and me. Though there was no plan conveyed to me, I knew what was going to happen. The plan was to get in a plane at the very last second and fly. But where? Once the sun sinks into the ocean there was no point in flying into the air. It only delays the inevitable. My father and I were on the dock. I could see the plane. I could feel a drop of water hit me every now and then. Was it raining? I didn't think it was.



Once we were underneath the overhang standing in front of the plane floating on the water, I looked up at the sky. The sun had already begun slowly gliding towards the horizon. Still an overwhelming sense of calm had taken over. I felt nothing. I couldn't stop thinking. Everybody knew. Who told us? Who knew this before us? Time was running out. I had to know how this one ended. I watched as the sun dimmed as it moved downward in the sky. It was almost time to go.

Although aware of nothing before this, I knew everything. The sun made it. It was time. I watched as the dark rock submerged itself into the ocean. I could see the waves start. The sky was still an overcast dark color. The sun had fallen and it was time to get in the plane.



That's when my eyes opened and I punched myself for waking up at that point.



The Duke's Descent

Thomas Kescenovitz

The Duke sat beside the window, a drink spiraling in his hand. The flashing lights and the catapults and powerful magic spells being cast across the plains visible from his window. Screams and cries of soldiers being mutilated. Such profound loss of life. But it mattered not to the Duke. He was simply waiting for his guests.

The door kicked open revealing my father, sitting beside his window, gazing across the battlefield. I walked up beside him and looked out the window.

"You caused all of this, you know," I said.

"My father chuckled. "Did I?" He said.

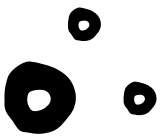
Indubitably. Since his encounter with the black dragon Fafnir two years ago, my father has not been the same. He was once revered as the most courageous and noble man of his era. Putting the protection of his people and his kingdom before all else. But after defeating the ancient black dragon, he has not been the same. He diverted all funding to the military, starving the less fortunate people in his kingdom. This resulted in a massive incline in crime. Executions were carried out daily for the most petty of crimes like stealing a pastry. His kingdom became a living hell for its inhabitants. But... he is my father. Can I really kill him? I feel that I must. He is too far gone.

I took a few steps back from him and unsheathed my sword. A file of six royal guards marched in and we all surrounded the Duke.

"Your rule is at an end father," I said.

My father grinned. "No... it's not," He said.

My father grabbed a kitchen knife off of the table and threw it towards one of the royal guards. It catapulted to several hundred kilometers per hour and shot straight through the guards throat. Blood spilled out the back of his head and he fell back. The Duke then picked up another knife and lunged toward me. He was beside me almost immediately and I barely managed to parry his swing at my head. He followed his initial attack up with two more swings. One cut a large crevice in my chest. I looked down at my hands to see that the other swing had cut off my arm. I fell to my knees, screaming in pain. I then watched my father single handedly slaughter seven members of the royal guard with nothing but a kitchen knife.



My father slid underneath the first attack by a member of the guards. He stabbed his kitchen knife into the chest of the guard, penetrating the thick steel armor he was wearing with only a kitchen knife. He then jumped between two other guards, cutting both their heads off with the knife. A guard came up behind my father and swung their sword down. My father caught the sword with his bare hands and crushed the blade. He then kicked the guard back into another guard and threw his knife at them. The knife launched straight through both of the soldiers and they slumped to the floor. The Duke then punched another guard in the chest, shattering his steel armor with his fist alone and tearing through his chest. He then moved behind the last guard faster than I could follow. As he gouged his knife in the neck of the last guard, he turned to me. He kicked over the guard and walked toward me.

"You think you're a hero?" He asked.

I crawled across the ground, reaching for my sword.

"You think I brought about this bloodshed? But you're equally responsible now aren't you?" My father said,

I nearly grasped the hilt of my sword only for my father to kick it across the room.

"You don't understand... you never did. What that dragon told me... You will never understand," He said.

I looked up at him.

"Let me try," I said.

The Duke looked down at me in surprise. For a moment, I almost saw a glint in his eye from his better days but that glint disappeared just as quickly as it came. He smiled.

"Goodbye son," My father said.

He kicked me through the tower wall, sending me cascading down the side of the several hundred foot tower. The last thing I saw that day was my father glaring down as I fell.



Green

Emma Ott

Always wondered what I meant to myself and others. What do people think when they hear my name. So basic, characterized as annoying and unpleasant. I, as well as most people, don't think that my name fits, describes, or tells my story. What I have found as a close to perfect way to describe myself is green.

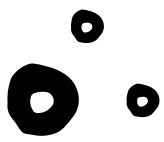
Green - perfection, loyalty, emotion, logic. While not practical as a name, perfect as a personality. All that green is, I am too.

Perfection drives my entire life; paired with emotion. Swing and miss, the racket cracks my shin. The letter B marks the top of my paper, then stained by the salt-filled tears. Even the slightest slant will cause me to rewrite the whole word.

Loyal yet not forgetful. The shoulder that sees, hears and feels stories from all. Endures others tragedies as my own, cheers for wins of those I call family. My mind, however, never forgets those that have changed my perspective - good or bad.

Emma - green and whole. She's universally pure and strong, despite her emotions, only enhancing her strength.





Wine Bottles

Aidan Gustafson

When I was younger, wine bottles used to scare me. I remember coming home from school and seeing one on the kitchen table, or seeing that reddish-purple stain on the floor, and thinking to myself, it's one of those days. I never quite understood why seeing a wine bottle would make it such a terrible day... I just knew it didn't mean anything good. I could usually tell within a few seconds of even getting off the bus, because her car would be in the driveway. When my sister and I saw her car, it's like we were speaking to each other without using our words. I would often turn to her, and she had a concerned, shivering smile on her face. She was trying to comfort me, but I knew she was more worried than I was.

We would walk inside, quietly say hello, and swiftly make our ways upstairs, so we didn't have to deal with the sleeping beast. The days where I couldn't tell if she was home or not were the hardest ones. If her car was in the garage, or we thought she went to work, we would put our guard down. We'd walk in with the pride and confidence of a pack of lions, but then we'd come downstairs to grab a snack or do some homework, and see her on the couch, wine bottle in hand. To think we finally had a break, to think we could feel safe in our home, to think our mom was getting better, those days were the hardest of them all.


It took me a while to get over my fear of wine bottles. Even years after my mom's sobriety, it would still put a pit in my stomach seeing my aunts or uncles pour some red wine into a glass. I always thought of it as poison, because from my perspective, wine turns you into somebody else - somebody evil. I still might not be over that feeling, but when I see my mom holding an AA book or her 7 year sobriety coin, instead of a wine bottle, it shows me that those years of fear and anxiety happened for a reason. She has found the antidote to her poison, and now, she gets to help other people find their antidote.



A Tale of Two Paths

Noah Vasko

The boy trudged up to the conjunction as an older boy but saw it as young. A bright brick narrow path with two diverging paths. The boy took a great sigh in. He knew the decision would come. But not this soon. Not already. Walking down the border for many moons. Moons where he didn't know which way to lean. He knew that this tightrope couldn't be walked forever.




A decision had to be made.

Down the left path gleamed with light. Clapping when the plane lands and suburban neighborhoods await. More or less the same stride as before. Nothing would change if he walked down this path. It was like a security blanket. He would stay where he was in life. No one would look at him differently.

The boy gravitated towards the left path. It was all he wanted. Nothing? As he put one foot down the left path, something crowded his eyes. A shadow loomed on the left path. Puzzled, the boy stepped back and realized that the shadow was being cast from the right path.

Only a few feet away in front of this path were visible as darkness consumed onward. Gold chains and money were scattered near the entrance, while enticing sayings and more littered the path. The boy looked down the path and his eyes flashed with glory. Envisioning the diamond chain, expensive clothes, and a crown on his head.





The two paths stretched out into the abyss. The choice loomed above the boy's head. The boy paced back and forth nervously. As the decision was pondered, the boys' tunnel vision kicked in. He knew.

The decision was already made.

His thoughts consumed him. As with a great step of might this boy chose a path. The boy would never turn back to see what he could've comfortably and safely become.







Untitled

Isaac Finucan

It was the first time I took life. Not human, but a lowly little spider. Fourteen years of life and I had managed to steer clear of the dangerous calamity that is killing. Not a bug, not a critter, not even the mosquitos that would land on my arm and draw blood, nothing. But it still happened.

I was laying on my bed, it was a late summer's night, drifting off to the rotating fan aimed at me from across the room, even with its help I'd continuously sweat through the night under my hot, but necessary blankets. I didn't even realize it at first, the swift legs moving across my upper body, so fast my hair was barely even brushed. But it settled atop my nose, I didn't feel it at first as I faded in and out of consciousness, but I saw a glimpse of it leg as my eye fluttered down. Without even opening my eyes to double check, I grabbed it and peeled it away from my face. I slowly opened my eyes to see it writhing back and forth attempting to free itself from my fingertips. I could already feel its crushed leg oozing onto my fingerprints. I took my pointer finger and thumb from my other hand and placed them on opposite sides of its body. I pinched tightly. It stopped writhing, it stopped moving, it stopped living.



I felt it rising through me, it wasn't a bloodlust like I imagined it would be, but instead just the swift need for a lack of life. Nothing torturous or dementing, just the unstoppable want for death. I knew that I needed to control myself, I knew that I wouldn't stay in society if I forcefully took others out of it. But, an animal found gutted in the woods every couple of weeks wouldn't raise too much suspicion. I left my home and just started walking into the woods. In and out of trees, brush, and muddied dirt. Until I saw it. A deer, not grown by any standards but enough that its mother wouldn't be closeby. But I had been far too loud, tramping around on leaves and sticks, it knew I was there for hundreds of feet before I ever reached it. Yet it stood, staring at me. Not a twitch. Crunch, even as I planted my foot, breaking the dying leaves that remained, it stood, a statue frozen in place. I could almost feel like it wasn't staring at me, but inside me. It could see who I was, what I was. And it knew exactly what my plan was.



Untitled

Vincent Nguyen

My father has dark brown, thick eyebrows. I have that trait from him. He also has thick, short hair, I have that as well. He is like a snapping turtle in a way. He isn't very talkative normally, preferring to do things by himself, but when he gets angry, he lets loose everything. I have a small amount of that. But he also can tinker, he has a lot of patience, I have that as well. My father cares little for the past and only cares about the future because it is more connected to the present than the past was.

My mother is not like that. She loves the past, reading books that speak of tales from history, and the glory of days long passed. I have that trait as well. My mother, however, is very quick to anger and is furious when she is angry, I have that trait from her, Unlike her, however, I have managed to control it. She is a burned book, she is difficult to read, difficult to handle, but if you have the memories from it, you will never forget her. She is also cheeky, always playing jokes on family members, and having a few pranks to pull on her siblings. I have a bit of that feature. But the feature I share the most is from my fathers' silent approach. He doesn't speak unless spoken to, preferring to remain silent and concentrate on the job he has to do. This is probably the biggest trait I have from my parents. While other people bicker, argue, and fight. I sit back and watch carefully. My eyes are like my mother's, picking up each and every detail. My ears are like my father's, hearing everything; then breaking it apart to understand the conversation. And yet between our hair, hearing, holding of knowledge, there is heroism, my father fought in a war, he claims the war to be stupid, and never visits veteran meetings because he feels like he was never a veteran. "The Iraq war is some nonsense we got ourselves into just for oil, a resource, it had nothing to do with saving people" he would say. Perhaps that's why he dismissed the events of the past. I found interest in his previous work, the Navy, the war. The big blue sea. The flat calm of the Pacific near the Hawaiian islands changes drastically from the conflicted and tense zone of the south china sea. The sea called to me when I was young, and it's stuck with me ever since. My father has been through it all. My mother was a hero in her own way, she saved people from a fire in her youth, and does the best she can to ensure the family is safe and happy. That is a trait I have yet to gain. But, like my parents. I am determined to find a path that best suits me.

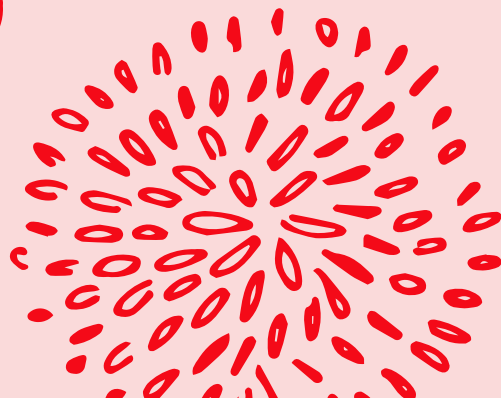


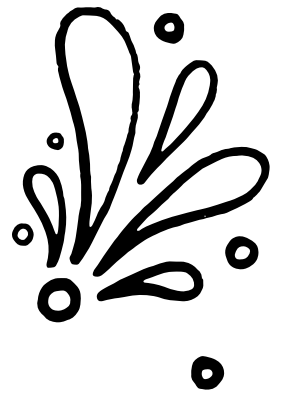
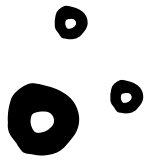
• Photography



the art or practice of taking and processing photograph

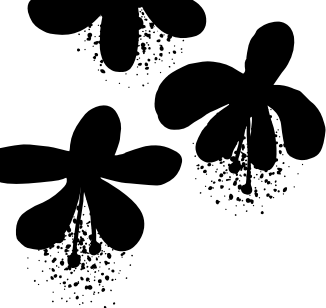
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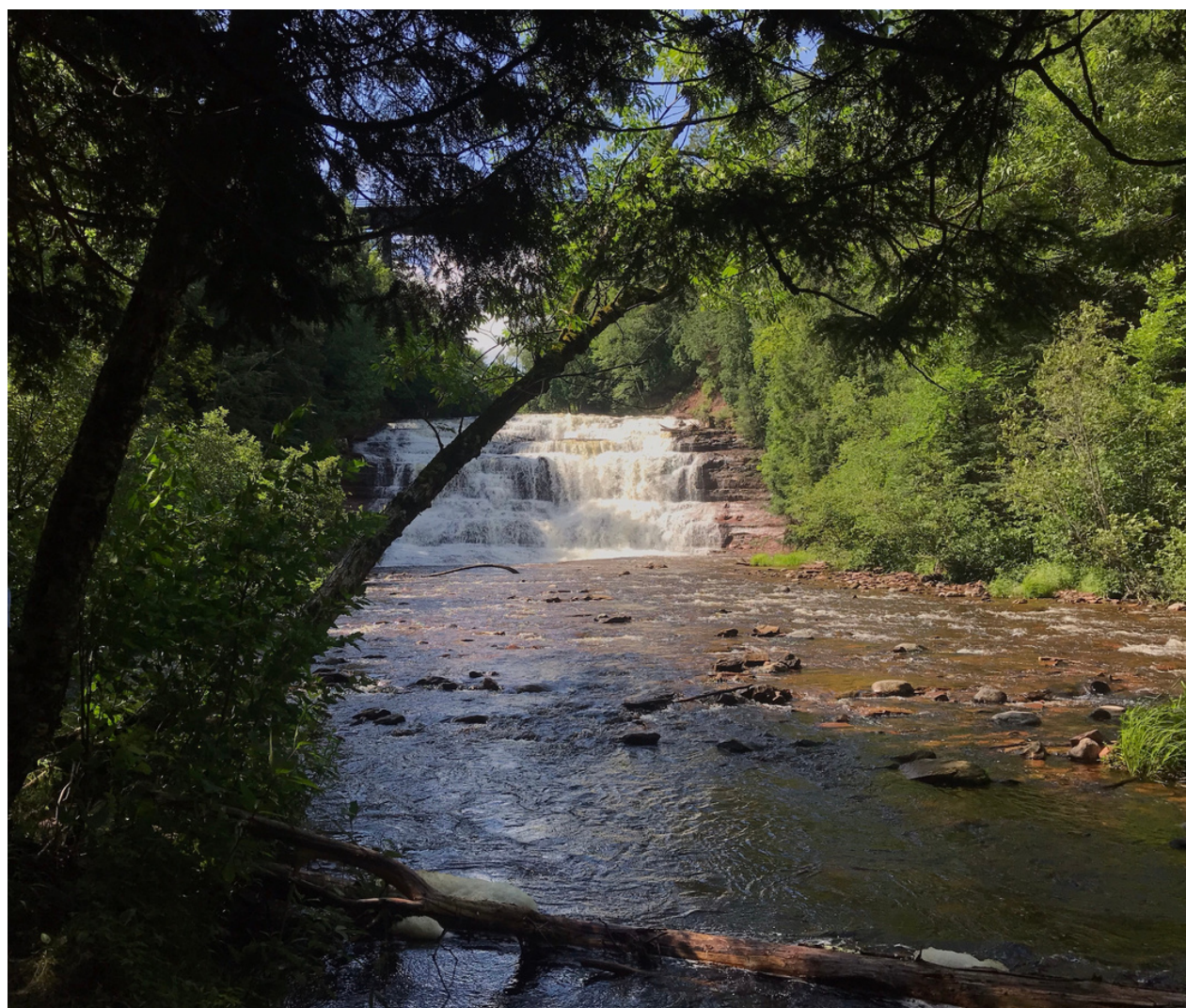


Emiliano Ramos



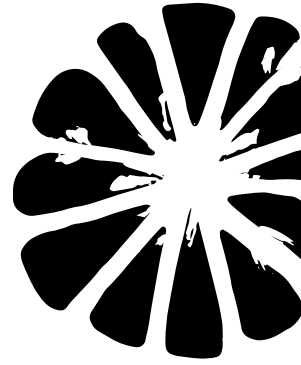


Austin Boesl

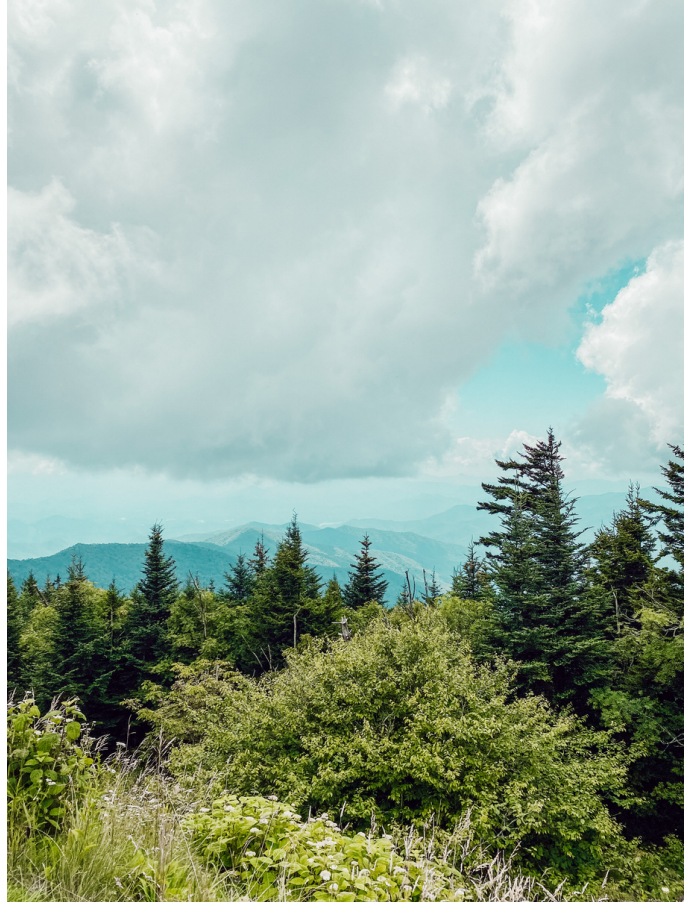


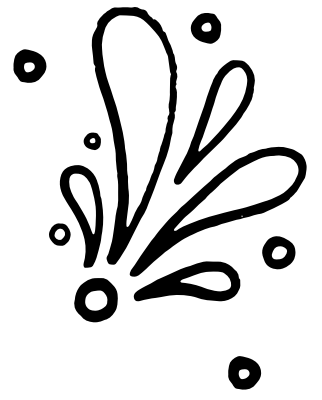
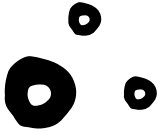


Samuel Jackson

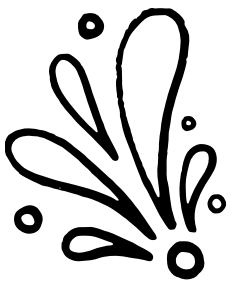


Lauren Dentz





Zoe Putignano

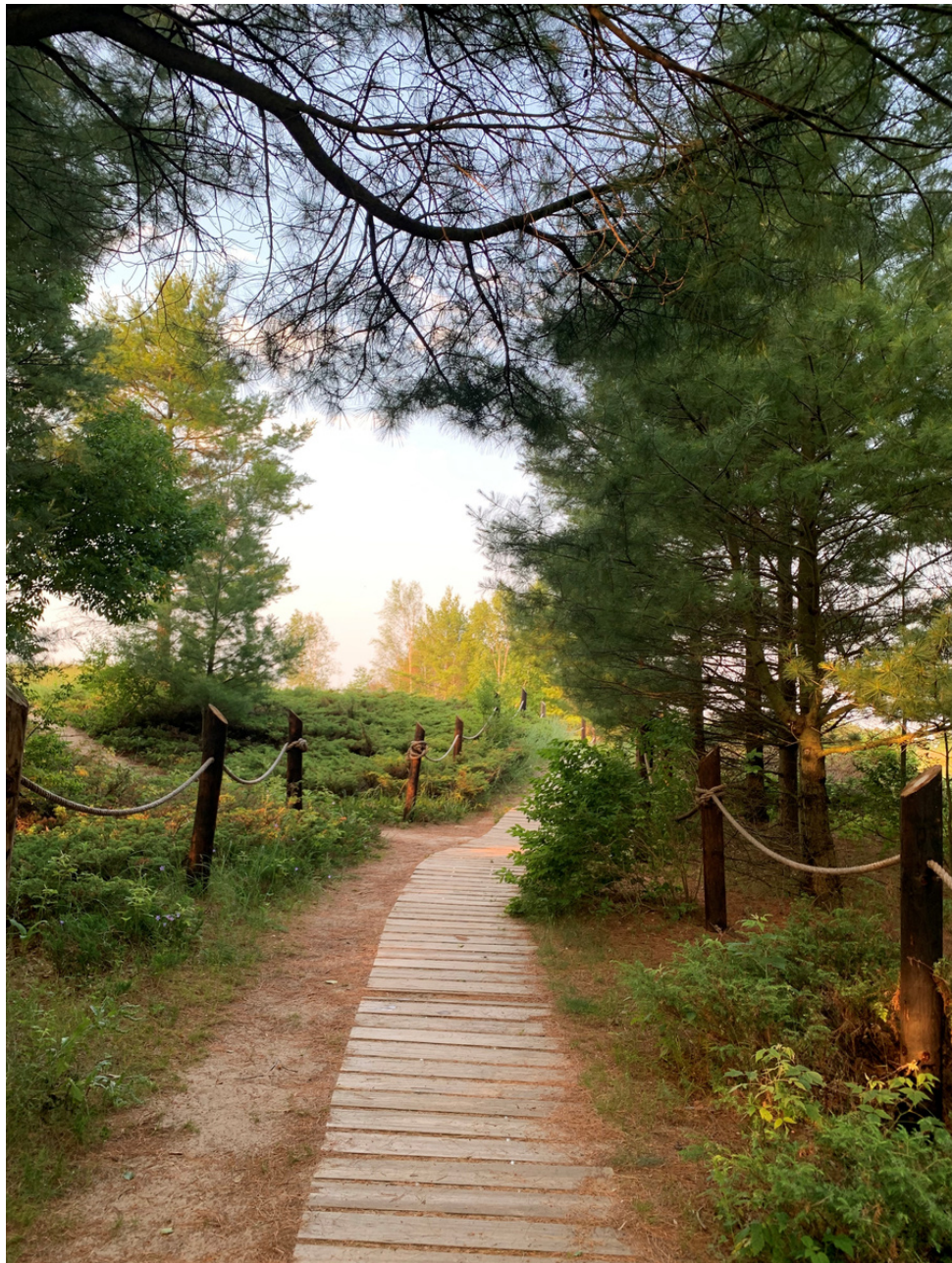
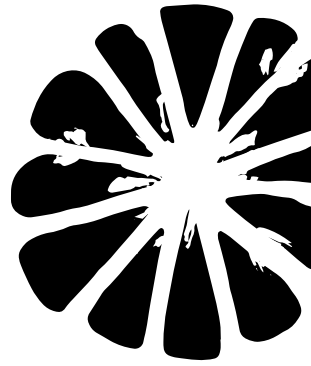


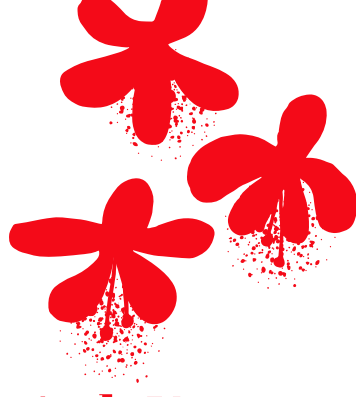
Rising Tides
Trenton Krogmann



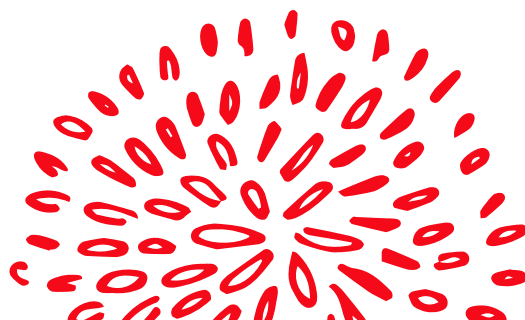


Anh Nguyen



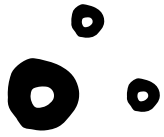


Anh Nguyen

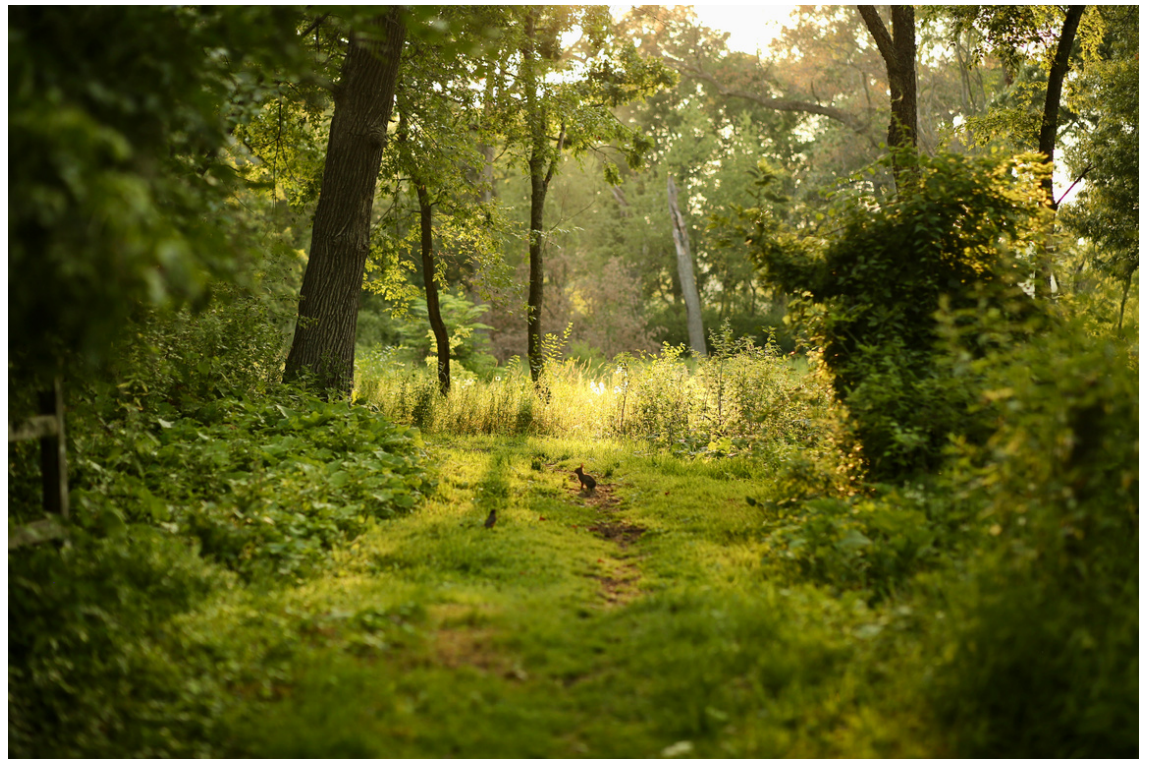
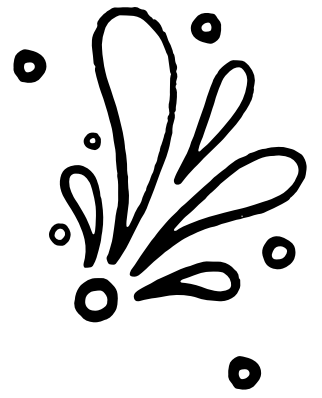


Jake Bloomer





Ellie Hostetler

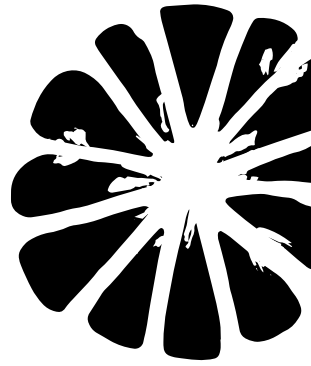


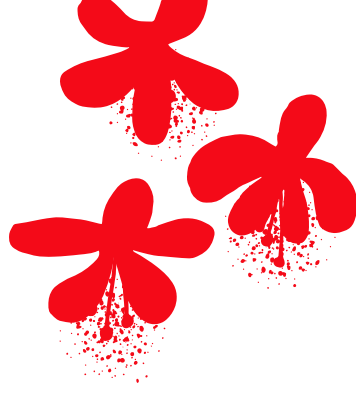
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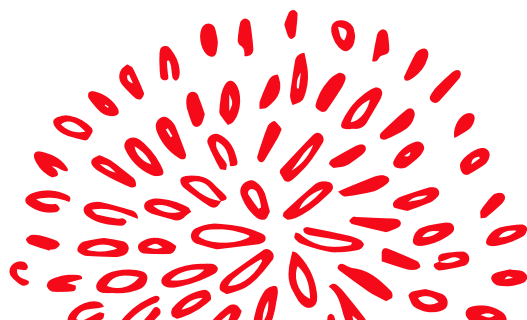


Olivia Schneider



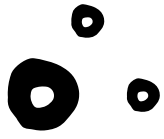


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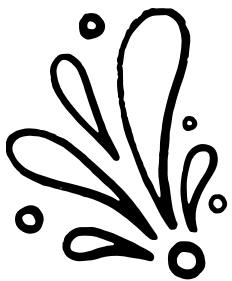
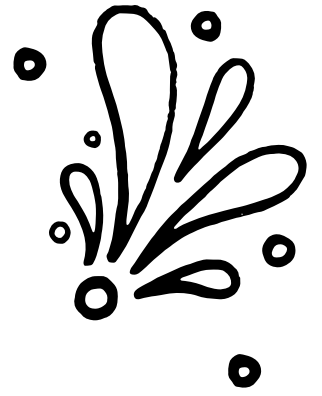


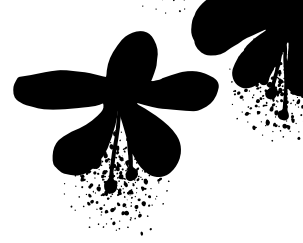
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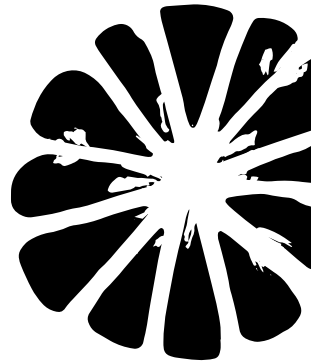
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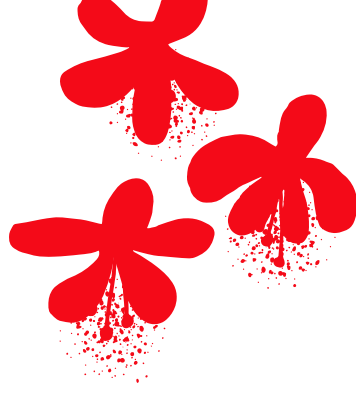
J. Ester



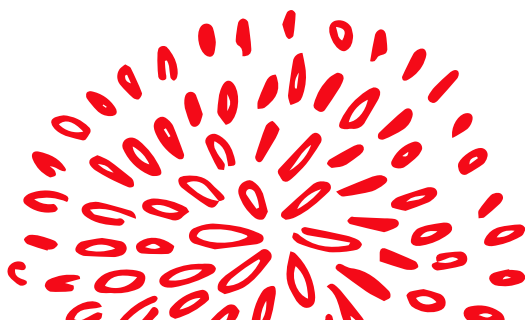


Annie Bucher



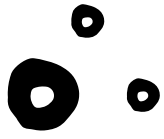


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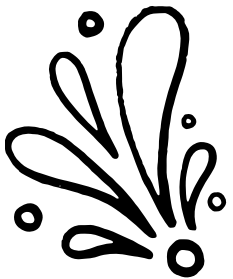
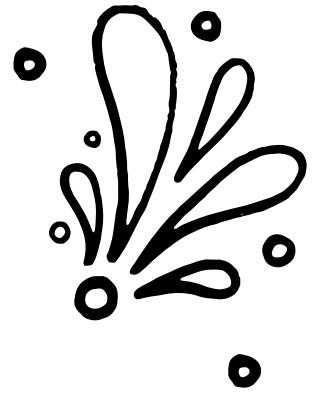


Katelyn Bejna





Vinny Romagna

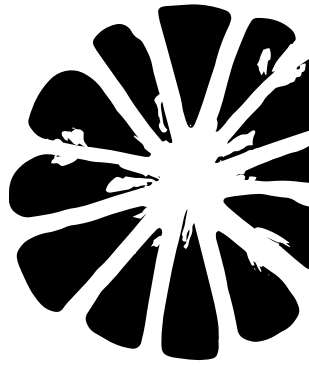


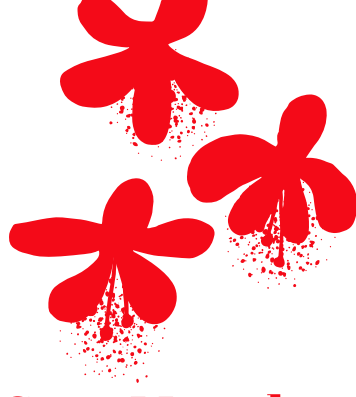
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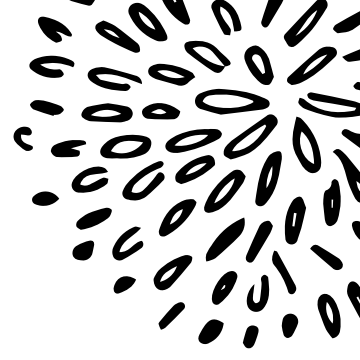
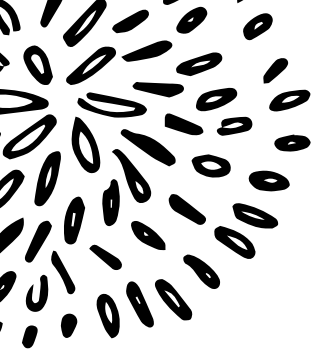
Jack Morrow



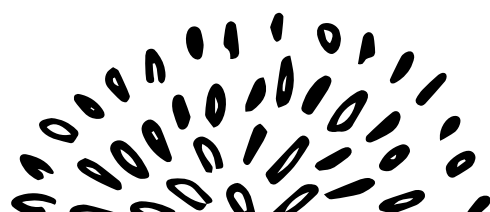


Sam Marek

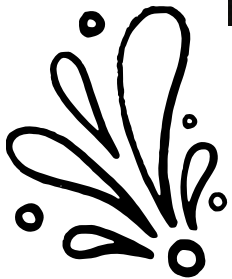
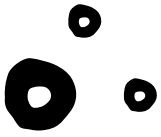
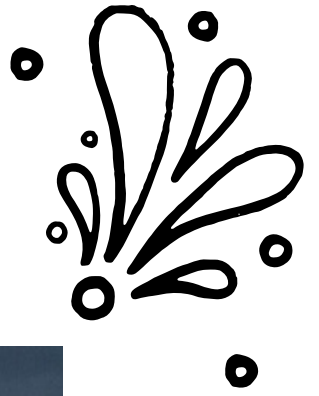
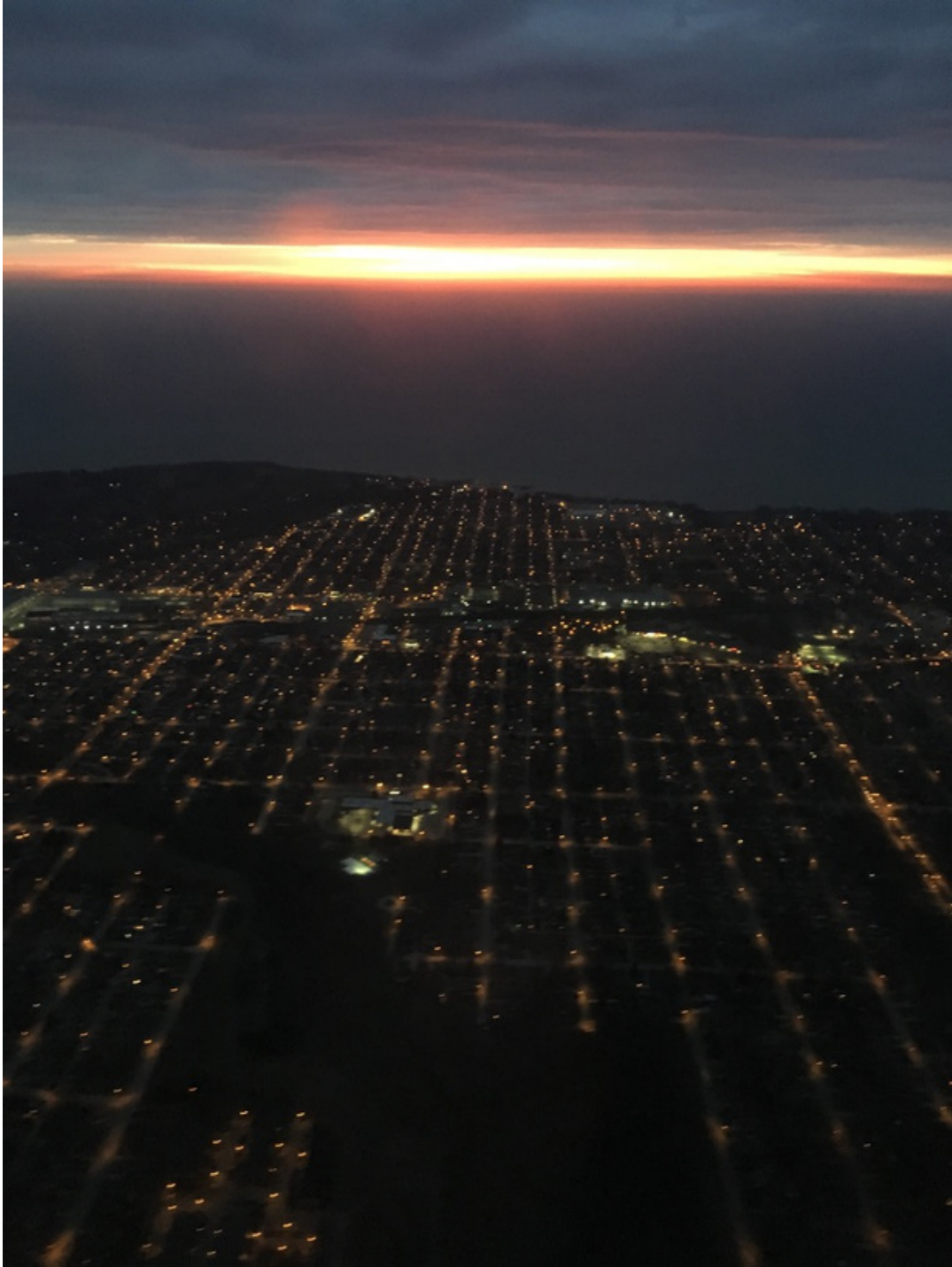


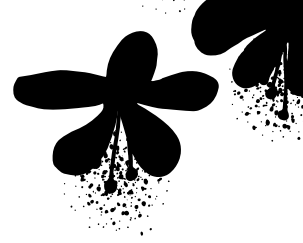
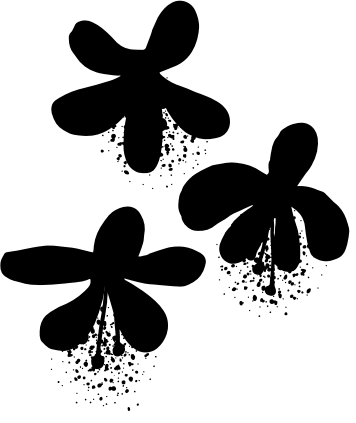


Henry Kotarski



Vinny Romagna





Riley Bloedow

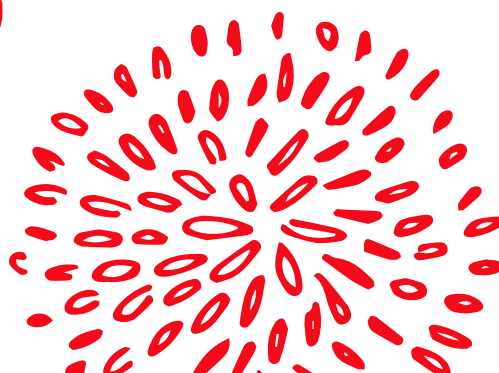




Award Winning Authors



the top 3 best pieces of each category
(poems, short stories, and photography)



SHORT STORY CATEGORY WINNERS

Hope Stiverson 1

Senior, 18
Shorehaven Employee



My favorite class is EMT-B. Currently my favorite teacher is Mrs. Miller. The thing I will miss most about high school are my friends. My favorite artist is The Lumineers. In the summertime I enjoy biking and hiking. I wish to travel to Switzerland and see the mountains.

Read Hope's winning piece on page 31

Sophie Dempsey 2

Junior, 17
Warhawk Interact, Ausblick Ski Racing, AHS Ski Team, Softball,
Fluffy Dog Rescue



Anatomy, Sports & Entertainment Marketing are my favorite classes this year. Mr. Hall is my current favorite teacher. Adele is my favorite artist at the moment. In the summertime I love to surf and swim with dogs. If I could travel anywhere in the world I would find myself anywhere in the Western Region of the US. If I could time travel I would go to the future, preferably the 2030's.

Read Sophie's winning piece on page 36

Isaac Finucan 3

Read Isaac's winning piece on page 47

Anh Nguyen

Senior, 18



1 & 2 

Freshman year bio was my faovrite class I have ever taken. Mr. Hessler is my faovrite teacher currently. The thing I will miss most about in high school is having a structure for the day and my friends. My favorite song right now is fav song right now is She's Casual by The Hunna. In the summer I enjoy going on long walks and getting ice cream. If I could time travel I would go to the 90s so I can meet Princess Diana.

See Anh's winning photos on pages 56 and 57

Eleanor Hostetler

Senior, 18

Girl Up, Earth Club, NHS



3 

See Eleanor's winning photo on page 59

AP Psychology is my favorite class that I am taking this year. Mr. Schmid is my favorite teacher I have right now. In summer I love to kayak. If I could travel anywhere I would go to Peru as I would love to hike Machu Picchu.



POEM CATEGORY

Ava Ramos

Junior, 16

Girl Up, Earth Club, NHS



I am a Cheerleader for Arrowhead, my favorite class is Chinese, and Mrs. Hassler is my favorite teacher right now. If I could travel anywhere in the world I would go to Japan to see the beautiful cherry blossom.

Read Ava's winning poem on page 20



Luke Behringer

Senior, 18

SC Wave Soccer Club, Arrowhead Boys Soccer,
National Honor Society



My favorite class is AP Biology. My favorite teacher is Mr. Leoni. Machine Gun Kelly is my favorite artist right now. In the summer I love to play soccer and hang out on the lake with my friends. If I could go back in time I would go to the 20s because everyone was care free and had enough to live comfortably. Technology was starting to evolve, so I would drive a new car. If I could travel anywhere in the world I would go to Barcelona, Spain to enjoy the weather and watch soccer

Read Luke's winning poem on page 19



Katherine Daniel

Senior, 17

GSA, Earth Club, NHS



Zoology is my favorite class that I took in High School. Mr. Hall is currently my favorite teacher. Once I graduate, the thing I'll miss most about school is seeing my friends and the school staff every day. In summer I love to have bonfires and movie nights. I would love to visit Japan or Italy sometime in the future because of the culture and architecture.

Read Katherine's winning poem on page 26





About the Editors



Lauren Theiler

Junior, 16

Journalism, Employee at Barkin' Up Hickory

I'm Lauren Theiler, an editor of the 2022 Litmag. I enjoy taking long drives during the summer and going out to eat.



Kadin Saffert

Junior, 17

Journalism, Employee at Generations Dental

I'm Kadin Saffert, another editor of the 2022 Litmag. I love having and going to bonfires in the summer and listening to music.



Anamarie Casper

Senior, 18

Designer of back cover

After I graduate, I'm going to study neuroscience at UW - Milwaukee. In my spare time, I love to make art, travel, hike, and spend time with friends and family. I am very grateful for the opportunity to share my artwork through the literary magazine.



TEACHER WHO ORGANIZED IT

Elizabeth Jorgensen



Elizabeth Jorgensen is the faculty advisor of the Literary Magazine. An Arrowhead English teacher, she received her undergraduate degree from Marquette University and her master's degree from Carroll University. In 2017, she was named Carroll University's Graduate of the Last Decade. She has published four books, including her memoir, co-written with Nancy Jorgensen, *Go, Gwen, Go: A Family's Journey to Olympic Gold* (Meyer & Meyer Sport); *Hacking Student Learning Habits* (Times 10 Publications); *SIJO Korea's Poetry Form* (PARKYOUNG publishing&company) and *Gwen Jorgensen: USA's First Olympic Gold Triathlete* (Meyer & Meyer Sport). She is published in *Azalea* (Harvard University), *Edutopia*, *Teachers & Writers Magazine*, *English Journal*, *Wisconsin State Reading Association Journal*, and elsewhere.



ARROWHEAD HIGH SCHOOL'S

Literary Magazine



A COLLECTION OF CREATIVITY

Created by Anamarie Casper

