

AHS Literary Magazine



2014-2015

A Collection of Creativity

Editors: Emma Rafferty, Jenna Walters, Lauren Prodoehl

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Emma Rafferty, Jenna Walters, Lauren Prodoehl

Haikus

iPhone addiction.
I go no where without it.
I think I need help.
Jessica Miller

Up almost all night,
One more episode, I swear.
Oh crap. Cliffhanger!
Sophie Smith

No sleep tonight or
ever, social media has
taken over life.
Jessica Miller

In a room with my
friends we do not talk to one
another, we text.
Jessica Miller

Walking into store,
checking my phone for wifi,
we cannot stay here.
Kelsey Manock

Tumblr, Twitter, fun
Hours wasted one by one
Please don't make me dum
Morgan Madson

59 percent done
the page no longer exists
punch the computer
Benjamin Tiahnybik

No one is in town.
More time with technology.
There is no problem.
Devan McCormick

Power to internet.
Surf the world web in seconds,
while in the shower
Shane Doughetry

The ring is destroyed
The prophecy completed
Trilogy ended
Taylor Winter

"Now, I'm not crazy!
My mother had me tested..."
-The Big Bang Theory!
Alec Raebel

Netflix is my bae
All of the series you want
At your finger tips
Taylor Winter

Posted the picture
deleted within minutes.
not enough likers
Alexxis Longmore

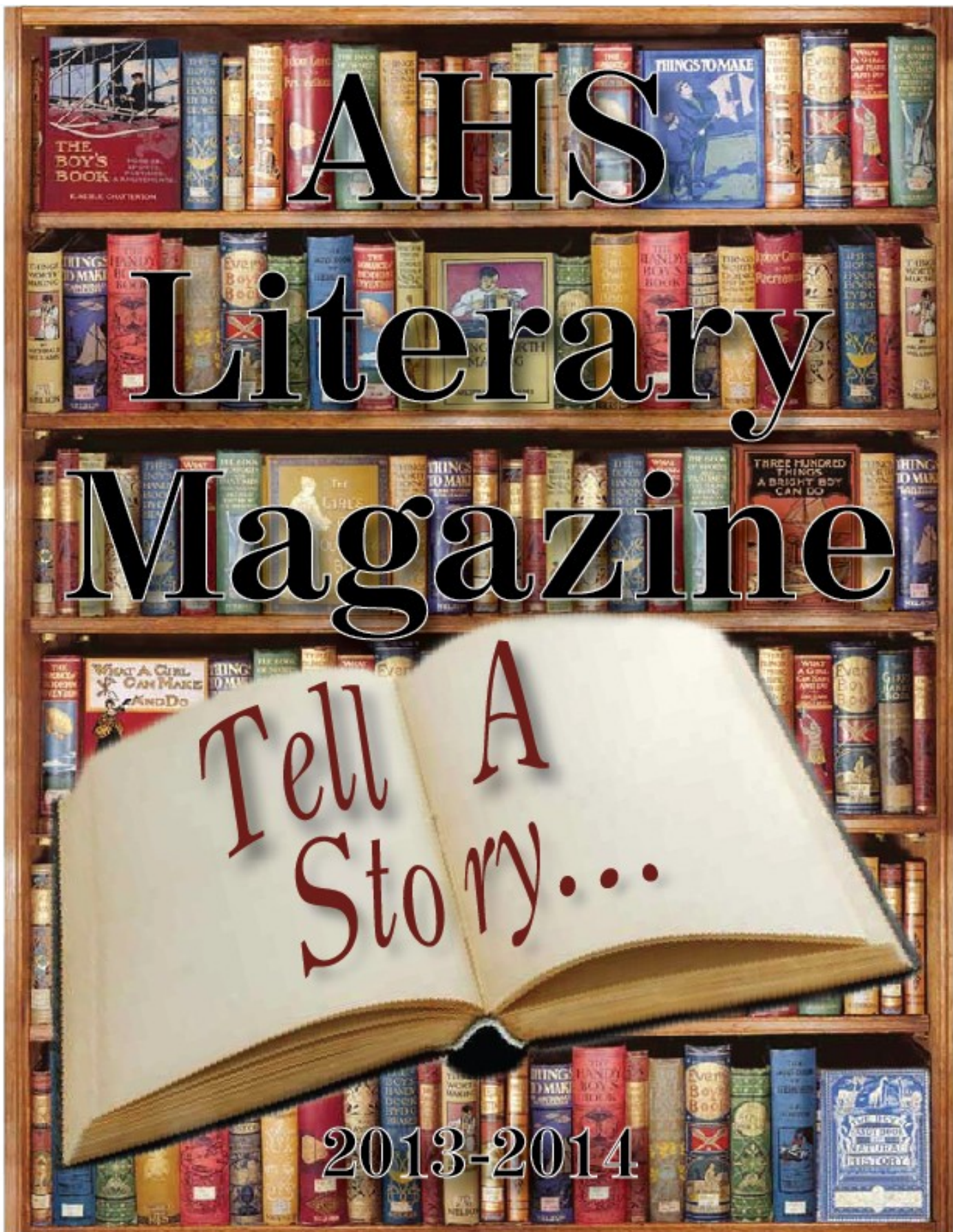
Rainy or sunny.
Stay indoors for ever.
Netflix for days.
Amanda Schaefer

Subscribe follow this,
The ways of a YouTuber,
make sure you subscribe
Connor Cull

Standing with a friend,
She is always there for me.
My internet friend.
Fjolla Mustafa

<p>Moped or hybrid windows or iphone 6 too many options. Alexxis Longmore</p>
<p>I am no geek, sir I just know everything... Not trying to brag Anna Van Neck</p>
<p>Writing a haiku wish I wasn't at school now, they think i'm a fool Ben Ryczek</p>
<p>The Deathly Hallows: With the wand, the stone and cloak You're Master of Death Anna Van Neck</p>
<p>The definition of a geek or a nerd is always blurred to me Ben Ryczek</p>
<p>The force, you must use Clear your mind, focus, you must Talk like this, do not Brian Wilman</p>
<p>The new iphone six A mini tablet in hand Blackberry deceased. Courtney Shipshock</p>

<p>Feminism rules! the internet is where the nerds are powerful, and nothing is safe... Collin Renner</p>
<p>If someone is bored Do not go outside and play Stay in, play Xbox Brian Wilman</p>
<p>Why get out of bed Netflix has everything Ring, "Delivery" Courtney Shipshock</p>
<p>I am here thinking, what good is this to myself. All I cause is pain. Devan Mccormick</p>
<p>A Sorcerer's Stone, Invisibility Cloak, Ancient Elder wand. Elizabeth Wieland</p>
<p>Mistakes have been made, we now live in the moment. All is forgotten. Devan Mccormick</p>
<p>Mockingjay arrows. A star for revolution. A piece in the games. Elizabeth Wieland</p>



AHS Literary Magazine

Tell A
Story...

2013-2014

Poems

Where I'm From

I am from a private school of 60,
prospering academically, yet rarely wiping away his look of disappointment.
From fighting, divorce, and remarriage,
then public school, introducing me to the vulgar world.

I am from seeing the tops of heads in the hallway
until puberty hit the rest of the fifth graders.
From harassment and fake friends,
who helped me evolve.

I am from 30,000 feet high,
where language is the barrier.
From closing my eyes and picking a place on a map,
destinations like technology; eternally changing and evolving.

I am from camp, July to August,
despising country music, but belting it without hesitation.
From the soft hum of the washing machine
one floor beneath me on Thursday evenings.

I am from a house of expectations,
where Sundays weren't authentic.
From the plan that college comes next
despite MY desires.

I am from empty houses,
even though I have four parents instead of two.
From "You're on your own tonight"
turning into days of independence.

I am from the mindset that I am the provider
instead of being provided for.
From living financially unconsciously
and buying hot tubs out of impulse.

Abby Catalano

I am from...

I am from my heart. I call it home...
It's something of mine that define me...
And It's something I can call my own.

I am from the beat of a drum,
that hypnotizes the feet,
and move them to the beat.

I am from an IV once a week,
that offers me an opportunity, a chance, a second chance,
to gain what has been lost, and keeps what the doctors can not keep.

I am not from the media,
who makes y yourself that isn't true,
as if it were a bully, it makes you feel meaningless, weak, and unworthy.

I am from sin,
in which there isn't any way of escaping,
except through His cleansing blood, that flows through the veins of the saved.

I am from 1 Timothy 4:12
it's why I spread the Word with others,
and makes me proud to be called a son of the Living Eternal One.

I am from Him, whom I call Dad,
who was and is and is to come.
He can turn tests into Testimonies, turn a mess into a Message, and a trial into a Triumph,
I am from the Bible,
it's my guideline to living a life worth living,
it's why I call it the Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth.

I am from questions like,
when will we find out our purpose in life? Where'd I come from?
so, I ask that question that has puzzled us for centuries...
Am I from Adam, apes or spontaneous combustion?
either way, there's no physical proof, but isn't that something we wonder?
I guess that's where faith comes into play... right?
Everything I am can be found in my heart
my heart is my home...
...and my home is where I am from.

Alec Raebel

Dollhouse

Girls want to be born middle aged and grow up younger;
Pacifyin plastic babies, thumbs in their own mouths;
Budding breats, talk eagerly about the future
Whoe they will be, who their lives will entwine with
As though today is merely the empty space that comes before
Tomorrow. Reality is, “somewhere between
Indonesia and Ieland on a map, I think,
but it’s been awhile since I last took Geography”
Acting like children in order to convince themselves
They’e now adults. New Christmas lights hang,
Canopying like stars, bought at the Home Depot
And boxed in by a cinder block sky
Sparrows whose wings have been pinned by
Dreams too heavy to carry
One dead end job, tow kids, and a marriage
Whose only happiness is found in photo albums,
And you finally stop pretending any decision you ever made
Has been your own.

Amy Teske
1st semester winner

Where I'm from

Im from November 3rd, 1997 at 11:57 pm
bewildered and screaming for comfort.
Im from the house in the woods named after a tree
frolicking and jumping into leaves.
Im from the lingering car rides to Wisconsin
and from watching marathons of Dragon Tales.

Ill always be from evenings at the dance studio
watching the girls on their tippy toes.
Ill always be from jumping on the yellow school bus
McKenna clinging tight to my leg.
Ill always be from laughing till' my stomach hurts
and from family comes first.

Im from insecurities and responsibilities
frustration and relaxation.
Im from moments empty of pleasure
and times of celebration.
Im from "Whatever you are, be a good one."

Ill always be from the pit in my stomach
walking into my own grandma's funeral.
Ill always be from the smell of her perfume
and from "Gracie Girl" as she called me.
Ill always be from the "We live, we love, we let go"

Im from the lingering car rides to Wisconsin
and from watching marathons of Dragon Tales.
Im from the house in the woods named after a tree
frolicking and jumping into leaves.
Im from November 3rd, 1997 at 11:57 pm
bewildered and screaming for comfort.

Gracie Plath

Where I am From

I am from the sunrise
From watching the magnificent stars...
I am from constellations
From wishing on a falling star.
I am from separated parents
From seeing two lovers fall apart...
I am from house to house
From seeing my two homes spreading
farther and farther apart.
I am from tears falling down my face
From my loved ones saying goodbye...
I am from watching them leave
From fearing that it was our last good-
bye.
I am from standing behind the curtain
From wondering if they see me...
I am from putting up walls
From building up bricks by bricks hid-
ing the real me.
I am from forced smiles
From twitching cheeks...
I am from being embarrassed
From rosy cheeks.
I am from fights
From broken hearts...
I am from seeing the best in people
From having too big of a heart.
I am from simple things
From jumping and dancing...
I am from seeing those I love
From on the stage dancing.
I am from new places
From seeing things as if they were from
a dream...
I am from going nowhere
From fading away like an ending dream.
I am from mystery
From books and movies...
I am from acting like a princess
From Disney movies.
I am from the beach
From tasting the salty water...
I am from accidental events

I am from leaping frogs
From hopping bunnies...
I am from early childhood memories
From waiting for the Easter bunnies.
I am from my dreams
From never ending nightmares...
I am from tragic events
From real life nightmares.
I am from the sun
From the moon...
I am from sitting on my Daddy's lap
From reading Goodnight Moon.
I am from growing older
From becoming wiser...
I am from newly learned tricks
From sisters who think they are wiser.
I am from sounding like my life is a tragedy
From lies and honesty that will never
be...
I am from living my life the way I want to
From becoming the person the stars,
constellations, and sunrises want me to be.

Kyla Edwards

The Lizard

Inside a rock, trapped forever
to stay for eternity.
soul leaks through the cracks
but the body remains.
forever preserved in the rocks frame
Once king of rainforest ground
everything knew to avoid
now it lays waste in the empty void
Its might its power its agility
seems like it would live for an eternity
but it came to an end
like everything from the sheep to the hens
staying forever in this building of rock
trapped forever

Benjamin Tiahnybk

The Fight Against Bullying

Have you ever seen
someone being so mean,
and were too scared to stop it?

People everyday,
don't really know what to say,
because they don't want to be the target.

But if you stick up for what is right,
we can indeed have a fight,
against the bullying that happens everyday.

Everyone deserves to be treated kind,
or else one day a parent will find
something that no one will be able to repay.
until that number is zero...we shall not stop

Lets join together as a one
to put an end to this so called "fun"
and make everyone's life worth living.

If you see bullying going down
don't even think about turning around
go confront them and stop it.

The fight against bullying must roll on,
for everyday someone is still getting picked
on,

Nick Ostling

The Funeral

Coffin closed tight, made of murky ma-
hogany. He sits in back
wearing tears and a tie. Unnoticed by all,
except for me.
And so I know...the death of me, has been
the death of him.

Rachel Lewis

I am from night time snacks to Scrabble
competitions
from family bonding to tears of laughter,
Family is where I'm from.

I am from scattered addresses to good-
byes
from scabbed over scratches to bloody im-
ages,
Forever lasting wounds is where I'm from.

I am from no father to a single mom
from sleepless nights to poverty,
Struggle is where I'm from.

I am from a 75 degree days to clear water
beaches
from lemonade to sandy feet,
Making it work is where I'm from.

I am from the acts of a lost puppy to the
taste of cardboard
from no pleasure to left alone,
Moving forward is where I'm from.

I am a fighter to a persevere
From family to forever lasting wounds,
To struggle and making it work,
Moving forward is where I'm from.

Selina Wietzel

I'm from running and jumping on my orange fluffy comforter followed by a short stern get down!

I was the monkey boy of the fantastic 4

From mismatched yellow and green walls covered with old crayon marks when Mad-die and I wanted to be artists that day.

I'm from backing into one, two, maybe three cars to trying to explain this to my parents.

Can I have the keys back now?
From wait what? why? and how!?
to listen up bone head!

I'm from skiing and falling (repeat that order) and the occasional smashing into a tree.

I got better with time.

From what up Rilerus, Rj, Roofus and Roo-barb

to my friends need to rethink nicknames.

I'm from calling for mom when I broke my collarbone

to breaking my arm reenacting the collarbone fall for my best friend.

Humiliation and laughter explaining the story.

From gagging up steamed carrots when Carrie and Joe tell me to eat healthy, only causing me to sneak Oreos into my room late at night.

I'm from having a party when my parents are in California to being caught cause the house was cleaner than before they left.

They knew I never cleaned.
From living in Wisco my whole life to I gotta get out of here.

I am the black manbajamba.

Riley Herzog

I am from Church on Sunday mornings, from a bottle of Bourbon gone in a night.
I am from a white picket fence on the outside but ripped down wallpaper in the inside,
I am from a newly bloomed daisy, that wasn't cared for and colorlessly started to wilt away.

I am from parties on the weekend and drunken stumbles, from mother and father to uncles and aunts.

I am from the unfaithfulness, un-appreciative, and the unacknowledged.
From "Everything will be ok" and "It will be over soon."

I am from prayers before each meal. From living in made up stories, but never fairy tales.

I am from German stubbornness and Southern secrets,
From homemade apple pie to frozen T.V. dinner.

I am from Knowledge, Bravery and Dreams.

I am from family vacations to not knowing whose house to stay at each night.

I am from long walks at night to long drives wondering where to go next. The relentless wonders that circulate the mind, the constant "What ifs" or the "If onlys."

From secret flawless family to a broken home.

Samantha Brossman

I am from playing golf with my dad,
collared t-shirt and dress pants,
with my Taylormade hat.

From watching the fireworks on the 4th of July,
flaming debris raining down,
and from my dad telling me "Here, hold my beer."

I am from swimming in our deep blue pool,
launching water torpedos,
with my Taylormade hat.

From practicing hours on end,
gaining experience every day,
and from my dad telling me "You got something special inside of you."

I am from catching minnows in the ditch,
tossing them back one after another,
with my Taylormade hat.

From sitting in front of a blazing fire.
While it is cold, and breezy outside,
and from my dad telling me "You can be whatever you want."

I am from playing in WJPGA tournaments,
leaving the house before the world awakens,
with my Taylormade hat.

From coming home disappointed from a golf round.
Only to be brightened when I arrive,
and from my dad telling me "Nobody is perfect."

I am from sitting on the top of the Grand Canyon,
looking far as I sat,
with my Taylormade hat.

From riding donkeys down a scary path,
screaming at every corner,
and from my dad telling me "Be careful on that ass!"

I am from coming home,
looking down at the welcome mat,
with my Taylormade hat.

Aaron Reckinger

I was from
A wealthy family, that could not be happier
Oblivious to life outside of Hartland, Wisconsin
A family of five, blindly screaming at each other, sailing the “family affair”

I am from
A ripped up family, torn apart and blown away
Opposed to accepting a split family
A black, four sided room--no windows, no way out, no life to breathe

I realized I am from
A set of parents not in love, but in love with their children
Occurrences of a split family, that transformed the man I am today
A life where I’m loved

I will be from
A living family, exploring the mountainous world
Opening my family to enlightening experiences that change our lives
A family of five that could not be happier

Charlie Sprinkman

I am a Teddy Bear

I am a teddy bear. Forever an imaginative companion. Going to play with the swimming mermaid under the sea, the riding ranger Rick in dusty plains, or the dancing pirate with silver sword gleaming.

I am a teddy bear. I hold you in the night. You cling close so I can seep away the fear of the monsters under the bed, the dark creeping figures, and in return I leave you fuzzy warmth and the feeling of a guardian.

I am a teddy bear. I am a lifelong heart-holder. I hold you when you are sad, comfort you when you are scared and lonely, laugh with you while you are young and then again when you play with your own.

I am a teddy bear. I am a timeless supporter. An age-old watcher, passed down through the generations, from one to the next, to ride with you the rollercoaster, only to be battered, torn, and broken.

I am a teddy bear. Now broken and left on a shelf. But I am still the timeless support, the lifelong heart-holder, the loving laugher, and will always and forever be there when you need me.

I am a teddy bear.

Elizabeth Wieland

I am from Ghost in the Graveyard with neighbors,
karaoke in the living room,
summers on the lake,
and terrible childhood hairdos like afros and mullets.

I'm from "you make a better door than a window,"
"Hi hungry, I'm Dad,"
being called Nicola and Nick-nack-paddy-wack,
and the laughs that followed.

I am from the mystery of breaking my hand at 1,
sitting on the red square in kindergarten from talking too much,
a backyard that stretches for multiple acres,
and entire days spent on our playset.

I'm from hours of rehearsals,
hours of lessons,
hours of auditions...
and all the tears that went along.

I am from hard work and never giving up,
from giving it my all,
from passion and purpose...

Nicole Slaski

From land of rocky mountains and icy snows,
is where I come from, but no one shall know.

A place of both green and gold,
that holds a legacy for fans to behold.

Though it isn't the ideal place to live,
the people that influence continue to give.

Days will come to pass in time,
but it can be solve with a rhyme.

Each step is like an adventure to take,
putting our knowledge at the stake.

So remember to have fun with friends of old
because all shall fade with time to go.

David Hinzey

She is Joy

a bundle of black, who brings smiles and happiness
a princess, with servants at her eternal cry
Watching the world move, while she stays stationary.

She is Energy

a perpetual fireball, who brings exhaustion and delight
a firework, with every action, bold and unexpected
Watching the world move, while she explores all things.

She is Creative

a pattern of colors, who brings curiosity and cheer
a rainbow, with colors coloring the sky after a storm
Watching the world move, while she paints the roses red.

She is Sadness

a lonely tear, who brings sorrow and hopelessness
a painting, with every stroke being thought out, but repeatedly judged
Watching the world move, while she wonders what is the point.

She is Yearning

a craving passion, who brings hope and anticipation
a sunset, with the knowing that tomorrow brings another day
Watching the world move, while she awaits the future.

She is Hopeful

a budding flower, who brings optimism and elation
a sunbeam, with the light leading the way to her future
Watching the world move, while she waits for a better tomorrow.

She is Happiness

a collage of color, who brings joy and animation
a smile, knowing that her future awaits
Watching the world move, as she continues to move with it.

Sarah Eggert

Among the stars, gazing peacefully,
wondering how they came to be.
Staring blankly with no remark--
lost deep in the sky's sea.
Her eyes twinkled--sweet and pure.
Her beauty, I miss so desperately

Micah Gissibl

I was from a cheerful family of 6
from a packed house--three sisters screaming and giggling
from trips up north; fishing after eating Grandpa's cheeseburgers
and from Mom saying "you are my sunshine" and "*it is what it is*"

I am from the 2,000 students at Arrowhead High School
from another face in the garbled halls
from losing myself...finding myself
and from the appreciation of music--concert overload

I will be from travels to other countries and experience of the world
from service projects--repairing for those who can't help themselves
from an Icelandic adventure, hiking mountainous peaks with my best friend
and from Asheville, North Carolina... a student... an employee

But, in the end, I will always be from The Taubner 6
a strong family bond
caring
journeying
teaching

CJ Taubner

Listen to the words you speak.
Do not let words leak.

It's alright to be a clown.
Do not put others down.

Stand up on your feet.
Stand up for your beliefs.

Everyone is unique.
Treat everyone equal.

Listen to silence of the bullies.
Anti-bullies united stand together.

Gabriella Rice

Echoing Through the Forest
Sawdust flies from fresh cut trees
Knock Knock,
Work carries on, without notice...
Logs hauled, with the strength of ten men, off to the mill down the road
Knock Knock,
Work carries on, as the echo sounds...
Trees fall over as lumberjacks cry, "Timber!"
Knock Knock,
Work carries on, as the sound of chiseled wood echoes...
Homes destroyed and other damaged
Knock Knock,
Work carries on, when silence is heard and emptiness appears...
Forests level for new dwellings constructed
Knock Knock,
Work carries on, but the indefinite pause continues...
Workers search for the source
Knock Knock,
And work halts, when they find the defeated woodpecker...

Jacob Schranfnagel

I am from dirty figure. grease stained shirt and worn down shoes.
I am from a blue collar hard working family..

I am from the two wheels that gr the road, putting my knees to the breezes.
I am from long road trips and fireworks.
I am from honesty is the best policy and always be true.

I am from barley chritears
I am the lone cheese head, the rest are iowanights

Layne Klemp

Only me, with my thoughts of despair, though I need repair.
Above all, no one to love, but I turn to wake, with no burning ache.
Only knowing one boy, faithful alongside me...in complete joy.

Kaitlin Powers

What did I do to deserve this?
The hand slaps my face. It doesn't miss.

Did I say something wrong or impolite?
I'm sorry if I did, but I don't wish to fight.

Just leave me alone. I don't bother you.
But you point out my flaws as if I hadn't knew.

"I'm worthless" everyday you reassure,
Is it because you're insecure?

I seek help, but there's no solution.
Why can't I stop your terrible pollution?

You may say I shouldn't be here,
But I still stand and create my own cheer.

Michael Gaeding

I am from a clock that doesn't end
a world worth of space and a field I call my own.
I'm from crawling in a sea of grass and hiding in the trails like a prairie dog.

I am from an ice river
that creeps passed my ankles and moss that lives on pebbles.
I'm from sweltering days with my aunt biking to the stream to cool off.

I am from the home outside my house
a secret spot, a trampoline to touch the sky and a slide that brings me to earth.
I'm from skipping and listening to the click click clicking of rain on a makeshift roof.

I am from thoughtfulness
to dream, to adventure, to love ones.
I'm from thinking of others before myself and respecting them with warmth.

I am from words
hard covers pages, peers and wisdom from my elders.
I'm from a quiet speech and a loud, creative mind.

I am from blue skies
smiles, laughter and taunts.
I'm from parasailing with my family over the colorful bath waters of the gulf coast

Megan Rutkowski

I'm from the endless list of names
and from snow forts hovering high like the castle at bedtime
I'm from the sore throats of roaring sounds
and from the 75 degree days of hide-n-seek and lava monster
I'm from the daily prescriptions
and from the burnt bacon on Sunday mornings

I've become courageous...
from late nights of wet pillows
I've become ambitious...
from being let down
I've become sympathetic...
from knowing the feeling of sharp metal

I will be the ear you'll chew
by fulfilling my dream
I will answer your "What ifs" and your "How comes"
By conquering the demons consuming me
I will be the mat to the patient's doors
by opening eyes of people who need it

Where I'm from is now who I've become
Who I've become is who I will be
But I will always be where I'm from

Alana Scheifen

The Wind

The camera spies its newest victims
with folks approaching, and the wind gusty.
The camera must follow the dictum,
"Capture whatever is in front of me,
whatever 'tis, to the highest degree."
The people start to gather, forming what
they believe to be the best-- oh phooey!
the wind decides now to dance and to strut
across the scene, ruining a somewhat
unblemished photo. They stand and they gaze
to the horizon, their attention shut.
The wind's gust was too much, as it portrays
The picture's focus was dismantled, save
The boy with a smile and a doofy wave.

Alandra Griffin

The Hurricane

Swirling and twisting out in the open sea before it crashes into the shore.
Rising the tide, flooding homes and blowing down buildings.
On the warm coasts of the Gulf of Mexico is where it wreaks its havoc.
They stand no chance against the rising water and whipping winds.
Then it is gone. The winds die down and the tide recedes leaving behind the destruction it
caused.

Andrew Renner

I am a Cat

Awake throughout the night, silently so no one knows.
Lazing about in the day in my favorite place.
Comfortable only with people that are close.
Loving to sit and play with my favorite game.

But I am a cat, not a vegetable.
Bouncing up the stairs, feet pounding down the road.
Its cold, but I'm tough,
just like a cat.

That old saying, curiosity killed the cat.”
Well it hasn't killed me.
Always wondering and searching.
Spring-loaded,
I prefer to run, but will lash out if cornered.
Just like a cat.

Andrew Renner

The shoves, the trips, the rumors
you stole everything from her.
Your words tore her fragile being.
She lost her soul because of you.
She lost her heart, her will, and her joy
you killed her in every way, but physical.
And yet your mouth hangs open with shock,
discovered two feet away from school building.
Every bone in her body broken
you did this to her.
You killed her mind and her will to live
and her body has followed.
Are your jokes still funny now?

Grace Plath

I am From

I am from backyard football and eating junk
with peers giving a stare
sleeping and eating and performance
with hid n' go seek and laundry detergent

I am from musical noises in the back and also in the front
with dog knowing who is and is not there
a house that's difficult to be seen
with supervision from nadine

I am from friends, family, and other acquaintances
with music filling the atmosphere
brothers and cousins and Aunt Sheri
with excitement across the room from uncle Terry

Chandler Zastrow

From land of rocky mountains and icy snows,
is where I come from, but no one shall know.

A place of both green and gold,
that holds a legacy for fans to behold.

Though it isn't the ideal place to live,
the people that influence continue to give.

Days will come to pass in time,
but it can be solve with a rhyme.

Each step is like an adventure to take,
putting our knowledge at the stake.

So remember to have fun with friends of old
because all shall fade with time to go.

David Hinzey

A gentle being, of a simpler time.
A body built for cold,
meant for pastures of white.
The green of the new world arrives,
no warning given.
This they knew-
They could not stay here.

A gentle being, of a simpler time.
A new journey begins,
The search for a new life.
They come across a new creature,
Smaller than they,
They wield new power.
The hunter becomes the hunted.

A gentle being, of a simpler time.
Stories told, etched on a dark and dingy wall.
One by one they fall.
Their time now ended.
The end of something great; the end of an era.
The bones they leave behind-
The only clues of their time.

A gentle being, of a simpler time.
Their bones now on display,
for the world to see.
Their stories told,
their time not forgotten.

Courtney Gresbach

Natures Masterpiece

Natures fairies, flying dreams, dancing around in the sky
They taste with their feet, and smell with their antennas
They don't make a sound, yet you know their presence, quiet...gentle...inspiring
When flying, they create sparkles in their path
You envy their grace, brilliance, and freedom
Flapping their fairy wings, little gusts of wind escaping
Never have they seen their alluring, extraordinary wings, yet we see them
Like the butterfly, you are beautiful, but don't always notice the magic you bring
Vision of beauty, a masterpiece for you and me made for the world to see.

Kyla Edwards

Walking A Fine Line
Walking a fine line.
A high flying aerial stunt:
To swirl over the band of fire eaters
or to tumble, tumble, tumble to the battle,
falling to my death.

Walking a fine line
Skyrocketing through space:
The carving of a unique art
that people may not understand.
A rarity that will disappear.

Walking a fine line
Rebalancing the troubling years:
Venturing through problems,
Success will be renewed.
All in the hope to refresh desire.

Elizabeth Wieland

I am from frosty ice cream on a scorching summer day
From jumping off plastic coolers and dunking
From wild dreams and working alone,
I am from creativity

I am from snowboarding and continuously falling
From placing in a charity with over 200 people
From general generosity and difficult goals,
I am from creativity

I am from pushing my limits to succeed significantly at work
From striving to be the best person I can possibly be in life
From strong dedication and impending determination,
I am from creativity

Hunter Tubbs

I tend to my grazing herd, watching them chew grass and utter soft noises;
I stand on a small hill above them, me being their master, and they depending on me.
They look to me for all and everything, and they understand the call of my hand;
I stand tall with my long staff in my hooves, my curling white hair, my long ears, and my slit-
pupils over my flock of pale-skinned, hairy-headed animals with egg-shaped ears, and round
pupils.

William Albea

I WILL NOT BE SILENT
because I have nothing to be ashamed of
because the scars on my arms do not define me as a person
because they should not hold me back

I WILL NOT BE SILENT
because it makes someone uncomfortable
pain is awkward
pain is change
and i am allowed to speak my mind

I WILL NOT BE SILENT
because i should not be told to hold my tongue
when it comes to informing about pain
everyone goes through it
and

WE WILL NOT BE SILENT

WE WILL STAND UP FOR WHAT IS RIGHT
WE WILL FIGHT TO GAIN AWARENESS
WE WILL NOT BE SILENT

because pain in silent
and instead of speaking about it
people keep it shut
like a trap door
i will not be trapped again
because no one can take away my right to speak
or to clip my wings
and kick me when I'm down

I WILL NOT BE SILENT

Jude Burns

The man's wrinkled eyes gaze at the black dotted sky—stars like spotlights.
Luminous—dead, he sees beauty in these antiques of the night.
Palms pressed to mirror, the stars in his eyes are ready to die—

Kassidy Tarala

I am from country and suburbs meeting.
I am from the chance taken to meet their wife.
The days spent being there when my brother and I need it.
I am from a life with three brothers of which are older.
I am from a town, we're never leaving.
I am from our imagination playing through our heads.
The crafts and the warm and windy summer days spent to make us squeal with laughter when
our friends came to play.
I am from a life of our brothers getting older.
I am from my cats, purring.
I am from the filling of my bike tires after trips.
The biking trips riding around town with my friends.
I am from my brothers leaving, because they are getting older.
I am from my warm windy summer days,
My squeals of laughter.
My purring cats.
My empty bike tires.
All fading away as I get older.

Nathaniel Bomberg

Fragile Beauty

Waking up under the leaf from which it slept, the bright yellow sun shines through.
The morning dew drips off its jet black and fluorescent green wings as they unfold.
The largest of them all, the Birdwing Butterfly, takes off, shaking loose the dew, free from the
leaf and its body.

Wings beat the air, flying silently through the dark green of the shaded forest.
Dodging falling leaves and dew drops with grace, the glinting off its light green streaks.
The majestic Birdwing flutters over the crimson red flower and lands, feeding on the sugary
nectar trapped within.

But the butterfly wasn't the only one in search of nourishment, as a predator lurks.
A chameleon, bumpy skin, blending with the rough brown and grass green moss on a near
tree.
As it moves slowly up the tree, gripping the bark with its sticky feet, both eyes pivot, but at
least one never loses sight of the Birdwing.

In position on the moist branch level with the same crimson red flower, the chameleon readies.
Noticing the danger, he beats the air with his wings, creating a tiny cloud of pollen.
But far too late, the Birdwing is ripped out of the air; with a crunch and the closing of a mouth,
he is gone, along with his beauty not to be remembered.

Andrew Renner

Life in Color

White, black, red, yellow.
The pigment of skin should not determine your fellow.
Tall, short, fit, fat.
In reality, acceptance should be “all that.”
Why conform when we’re meant to stand out?
We’re meant to take a stand, meant to scream and shout.
To be different should not make one feel numb.
To be different does not mean one is dumb.
However, to draw attention is to be ridiculed.
Because of this, we tend to change our verisimilitude.
Imagine the world, black and white.
Imagine the world, without difference and fight.
What a world that would be...
for there would be no difference between you and me.
But a world without color is no world at all.
And one who obtains color is not meant to feel small.
White, black, red, yellow;
One’s pigment of skin should make us feel mellow.
Color and difference are not to be the blame,
people are not meant to be toyed with, for life is not a game.

Morgan Madson

I tend to my grazing herd, watching them chew grass and utter soft noises;
I stand on a small hill above them, me being their master, and they depending on me.
They look to me for all and everything, and they understand the call of my hand;
I stand tall with my long staff in my hooves, my curling white hair, my long ears, and my slit-
pupils over my flock of pale-skinned, hairy-headed animals with egg-shaped ears, and round
pupils.

William Albea

Among the stars, gazing peacefully,
wondering how they came to be.
Staring blankly with no remark--
lost deep in the sky’s sea.
Her eyes twinkled--sweet and pure.
Her beauty, I miss so desperately

Micah Gissibl

Change of Mind
 Brought to this world, fashioned with disease
 schizophrenia manipulates my every thought
 All that was, is no more
 new fears, closed doors.
 The sweet taste of the wild, indigo orbs...
 I don't eat blueberries anymore.
 Spiders putting on a façade, plotting to caress their hidden legs on my tongue
 A prized member of the school's diving team...
 I don't swim anymore.
 Teammates failing to realize the sharks gliding across the submerged tile floor
 The annual family forest expedition...
 I don't go camping anymore.
 Carnivorous beasts travel for miles craving me, and only me
 A magnificent cerulean masterpiece painted by God, stared at by society...
 I don't gaze at the sky anymore.
 I can hear the squawking of the birds that want dig their talons into my corneas
 Sundays spent in a place of worship...
 I don't go to church anymore.
 Termites resting in wooden pews crawl up my legs, through my pores, into my blood
 Glared at by all humanity
 for something I can't control
 I see, hear, and feel those creatures; I swear
 they're there.

Ana Nordwig

I am from the Christmas mornings with the family and friends.
 The brisk, sun-filled morning of fall n Thanksgiving day.
 The spring day of Easter filled with blue skies and sunshine.
 I am summer day on the airfield, listening and seeing massive metal birds swarm.
 The sound of my wheels on asphalt as I cruise into the warm days end, and the nights cool
 beginning.
 The steam of my breath as I hear the sound of a rifle ringing out across the wooded hills of
 Richland.
 I am from the house of Hartland,
 The small yards with green grass and tall tress.
 I am me.

Andrew Dahms

Where I'm From

I am from family,
the friends I couldn't lose.
From unknowns to loved ones,
to loved ones lost in the unknown.

I am from moving.
From Wisconsin to Colorado to Iowa and
back.

From school to school,
Old as good as new.

I am from new friends to lost friends,
and people I didn't know.
From places in cities,
to places where I belong.

I am from not understanding,
to not wanting to understand.
From clueless in the shadows,
to casting the shadow over others.

I wish there were friends,
friends I could call family.
Friends are in it for the ride,
while family makes the ride worth it.

I wish I was there,
that one place that was home.
A place I could go,
before my life is gone.

I wish I understood,
why I would always go.
I was the one that left,
while others were left behind.

I am now family,
to those that aren't blood.
I hold on to my past,
and use it to build a future around everything I
love.

I am now stable,
the one who fears change.
For change means loss,
and loss means sadness.

Tucker Stargard

I am from the laughs that create unforgettable times,
from a family that breaks barriers.

I'm from a backyard that provides memories.
I am from the dirty shoes with fresh mud from the lanes of the corn field, from summer nights
with fireflies in the fields.

I'm from those who have been with me since the beginning and others who joined.
I am from memorable family gatherings on holidays and birthdays, from a family of traditions.

I'm from frequent bike rides to adventures and more likely than not the other side of the
neighborhood.
I am from a circular path with flourishing gardens and friends on each side, from people that
walk in the same footsteps as I and vice versa
I'm from a trail of followed foot steps that teach life lessons.

I am from the laughs that create unforgettable times,
from a family that breaks barriers.

Joe Wilde

I am From

I am from a house where the feeling of being a true family was missing
eight years of age
Divorced parents leaves a hole that cannot be replaced

I am from a family with that will not close their mouths
family of 27
Each projecting their voices and making noise like a herd of elephants

I am from a high school where there are more kids than tiles in the hallway
2,300 kids
Known by the state and a

I am from my friends' houses
four years with each
Staying up at night and intense games of backyard sports

I am from staying positive by surrounding myself with happiness
took 17 years
Stopped trying to change the past...

I am from trying to change the future
have the rest of my life
I will make a difference

Justin Peret

I am from always getting into angry arguments with family, drawing the creativity in my mind
onto my bedroom walls
No turning around, you're a little spoiled princess
Kyle ,Cj being the haters of my life
Jason Shannon being the ones I can't stand
Never organised,not enough space, Always yelling
Pens and paper next to my bed, music in my pocket to keep me calm
Always hearing the words Kay and pik pink
looking at the time 4;03 in the morning
Getting the call, sobbing my best friend of 16 years past away and not able to breath is all i
could do
but i still Enter poems to be published and Drawing on everything
I am Concerts that make me scream Horror movies that make me hide and sleep till I can't feel
hurt
wishing of piercing my ears to get gauges, becoming taller
I am from Open minds that get me hurt, playing volleyball till the sun goes down

Kallie Cummings

My love for you is as strong as the blue light,
that is suppressing my melatonin
and disrupting my sleep.

I can't rest after seeing you,
my mind is up all night, and even in sleep
I have less rapid-eye movement than usual.

I take nearly 10 minutes longer,
to slip into unconciousness,
and am not fully alert when you're near.

My circadian rhythm is delayed by an hour,
and I feel tired in the morning,
and less sleepy before bed.

It's hard to see how bad you are for me,
but it's time to shut you down,
before these short-wavelength emissions get to me

Kathleen Baber

Loving From a Distance

Profitable love
Is just another form of painting
Her, an artist in New York,
Him, an historian in London.
With wide black stripes
Alternating with unpainted lines of raw canvas.
He aggressively moves fast
He makes her feel stark simplicity
With his left pointer finger and part of a thumb,
Her reaction was intense.
Together they painted,
wrestled,
And evoked the slick, reflective surfaces.
Their partnership could prove particularly profitable.
Their good-natured banter,
His cool, unemotional approach.
On the sunny September morning,
They moved fast, like a downtown scene.
Spry looking,
Yet flamboyant and sensual.
Her nimble mind, painting canvases.
His eye—loud, crumpled, and swirling.
They manufacture the finished product,
Abstract expressions...a rose
Representing an accident.
The love of a painter and a historian.
Her heart— an immense canvas
His heart— a car crash.
The hearts remain far away
On the immense canvas of the world,
A love from New York to London.

Anna Van Neck
2nd semester winner

Where I'm From

I am from sweaty gyms and dirty fields,
and ponytails and headbands.
I am from uphill battles and persistence,
and "The ball isn't always going to bounce
your way."

I am from coaches who
inspired me to work hard,
exhilarated me to try new things,
and deliriously celebrated my accomplish-
ments.

I am from water and sunshine,
and suntan lotion that smells like coconut.
I am from rocky mountains and blistering
winds,
and ski trips to Colorado with my family.

I am from friends who
touched me through change,
bolstered me to succeed,
and confided in me.

I am from sleeping under the stars
and critters crawling on me.

I am from around the campfire
and a two-person tent shared by three.

And I am from parents who
encouraged me to try new things,
pushed me to set goals,
and praised my ambitions.

Kayla Lorenz

I was

From grandma's overflowing paint collection,
ripe raspberries and red grubby hands.
From the end of the line, tallest to shortest
and glowing blonde hair, strand by strand.

I am

From the rewarding sale of my first piece art,
beaming heat and days by the pool.
From 5'1" at every doctor's appointment
and bending the rules.

I will be

From lengthy projects and the stroke of a brush,
a bedroom that's not just my own.
From shortest freshman on campus
and "I miss you. Come home."

Kayleigh Kvoool

BLUE WHALES: Endangered specie:

Swimming freely without a care in the world
Deeper deeper

I notice few of my kind growing fewer every-
day

Deeper deeper

They think we're just a product they have no
clue we stick together

Deeper deeper

Watching my kind die out in front of my eyes is
the hardest thing to see

Deeper deeper

I am swimming to get away from the spears
following me

Deeper deeper

The end for me is near I've put up a brave fight

Deeper deeper

Now I won't have to feel so alone this is it..

Deeper deeper

Biggest animal and these small men are killing
us..

Deeper deeper

I take my last breath...

I no longer can go

Deeper deeper....

Lydia Johnson

I am from the aroma of wet dirt on a dewy Tuesday morning.
From where the roar of a “Cock-a-doodle-do” is the alarm on Sunday mornings.
And from running to the tortilleria, quarter past eight,
and taking the first bite from the warm, chewy, soft tortilla, wrapped around a slice of avocado.
I’m from luscious farms, covered in moss and plants, and from milking the cows every morning.
I am from Jerez.

I am from a place that can’t make up it’s mind, where one day it’s hot, and one day it snows.
From repeatedly listening to “Practice, Practice, Practice,” and from being told to be “The very best you can be.”
And from knowing no English and not understanding simple words.
I’m from having to learn what it’s like to live in the place I was born in.
I am from Milwaukee.

I am from a place where there’s nothing to do.
From the bowling alley that reek of cigarettes, and pizza.
And from where “Welcome to Culver’s. How may I help you?” is the popular phrase at the radest hangout in town.
I’m from Arrowhead. The mighty Warhawks, dominating every school in the Classic Eight.
I am from Hartland.

I am from Jerez, Milwaukee, and Hartland.
from the abandoned, lonely desert, with temperatures blazing over one hundred, with warm sand outskirting abandoned roads and the ice cold winters freezing below zero, with roads blanketed in ice.
And from where my heart belongs to Jerez, my mind to Milwaukee, and my body to Hartland.
I’m from the different places I grew up in--each yearning to teach me their own values and life lessons.
I am from all three, because they’re all a different slice of me.

Kristine Gomez

He glides through the icy waters,
she drifts through the bitter halls.

He, a silent beast with a purpose when
heard,
she, an unknown presence amongst her
peers.

He breaches for air to escape the under-
world,
she forces another swig to flee reality.

He minds his manners and allows the
krill another day,
she converses with her mental, no one is
worth her truth.

He ventures the dark depths of the sea,
she looks inside herself only to discover
the same.

He a gentle giant lingering for a pur-
pose,
she a hopeful wonder waiting for a
chance.

He a powerful being attracts attention
across the world,
she a mousy nothing captures the heart
of the boy across the room.

He waits for the day of absolution
where he is no more,
she longs for her final day within the
walls of this solitude.

Morgan Madson

I am from Ghost in the Graveyard with
neighbors,
karaoke in the living room,
summers on the lake,
and terrible childhood hairdos like afros and
mullets.

I'm from "you make a better door than a
window,"
"Hi hungry, I'm Dad,"
being called Nicola and Nick-nack-paddy-
wack,
and the laughs that followed.

I am from the mystery of breaking my hand
at 1,
sitting on the red square in kindergarten from
talking too much,
a backyard that stretches for multiple acres,
and entire days spent on our playset.

I'm from hours of rehearsals,
hours of lessons,
hours of auditions...
and all the tears that went along.

I am from hard work and never giving up,
from giving it my all,
from passion and purpose...

and I always will be.

Nicole Salski

I am from the North Shore,
 watching the waves hit the shoreline.
 From my dad teaching me how to sail.
 I am from skiing in the cold,
 learning at age three.
 From frostbite on my hands and toes.
 I am from a wooden pier,
 with my toes in the ice cold water.
 From tubing and swimming.
 I am from a orange, pink, and blue spandex
 race suit,
 and a slow green chairlift.
 From hot chocolate in the chalet.
 I am from morning paddle boarding,
 when there are only ripples on the water.
 From bonfires and messy s'mores.
 I am from trying not to fall,
 while making "S" turns.
 From wanting to go faster.
 I am from yacht club parties,
 to white table cloth dinners and holding
 my fork right.
 From no elbows on the table.
 I am from cozy neckies,
 and coming from the back.
 From practice makes perfect.
 I am from a buoy,
 and my crew.
 From no shoes and only a swimsuit.
 I am from hand and toe warmers,
 from layers of clothes.
 From shredding slopes.
 I am from "do your best that is all we ask,"
 to sailing from sun up to sun down.
 From lifejacket tans and lots of "Friends."
 I am from extended car rides,
 traveling far and near always finding a
 home.
 From not letting hard times get me down.
 I am from a Friend,
 Peter and Heidi.
 From always having fun.
 I am from Pewaukee Lake,
 and Holy Hill.
 From sailing and skiing.
 Patricia Friend

I am from the dense forest in the middle of
 Milwaukee,
 and the wonder of tiny flowers in cracked
 sidewalks.
 I am from the visiting Monarch showing off
 his elegance and vibrance,
 I gawked at his rarity as it fluttered past.
 I am from the cherry tree, to eat the cherries
 forgotten by the birds,
 while swaying in the wind with the
 trunk as thin as my hands.

 I am from the sanctuary behind comforting
 lilac bushes,
 and the mourning, bleeding heart buried be-
 hind his window.
 I am from his room with the earth, moon, and
 stars on the wall,
 converted to a computer room.
 I am from only a picture of a him playing the
 flute,
 and a passing dream to remember him by.

 I am from one lonely room filled with distrac-
 tions,
 and hiding in my own home.
 I am from exiting nights and deep conversa-
 tions,
 turned to mind games and secrecy.
 I am from a once great superhero,
 and now witnessing her downfall.

 I am from happiness and curiosity,
 despair and sadness.

Rheanna Kade-

I Am From

I am from night time snacks to Scrabble competitions
from family bonding to tears of laughter,
Family is where I'm from.

I am from scattered addresses to goodbyes
from scabbed over scratches to bloody images,
Forever lasting wounds is where I'm from.

I am from no father to a single mom
from sleepless nights to poverty,
Struggle is where I'm from.

I am from a 75 degree days to clear water beaches
from lemonade to sandy feet,
Making it work is where I'm from.

I am from the acts of a lost puppy to the taste of cardboard
from no pleasure to left alone,
Moving forward is where I'm from.

I am a fighter to a persevere
From family to forever lasting wounds,
To struggle and making it work,
Moving forward is where I'm from.

Selina Wietzel

In my pink summer dress and one inch heels, I am from running freely outside, screaming with excitement, from Pretty Pretty Princess and dress up with my sincere, warmhearted family of four.

I am from spotless countertops
and dog hair flying around the house.

I am from the radiant yellow tulips planted in the garden,
the stepping stone path winding through the backyard
and dogs barking at the sound of a ghost.

I am from Friday family fun nights in the living room
and weeknight dinners at the kitchen table,
from Vilar to Busche and Meyers to Auxiers.
I am from a sincere, warmhearted family.

I am from church on Sundays until the sports season begun.
I am from Tijuana, enchiladas and Spanish rice to spaghetti with meatballs.
I am from Hartland, Tijuana, and two sincere warmhearted families.

Gina Vilar

I'm from roller hockey in the basement.
From tunnels in the snow banks at recess,
And six kids in a minivan, headed for Hartland South.

I'm from the octagonal pool.
From a city skyline instead of straight teeth,
And Opa's frosty white hair falling like feathers to the floor.

I'm from snowmen, igloos, and skis
From ice skates,
And the frozen ponds in the neighborhood.

I'm from Okauchee and Nagawicka.
From just outside the white circle on the green field,
And free Mad Rock climbing shoes.

I'm from a German woman with a Spanish name.
From Pops, whom kids mistake for a pirate,
And a nappy-headed brother.

Zach Hopkins

I am from a petite, two-bedroom apartment,
an apartment with a yard the size of a classroom,
a yard I played in until the age of six.

I am from a modern, light grey house,
a house with a pool, a hot tub, and a hand-built swing set,
a swing set that I spent four days helping my dad build.

I am from a humbly populated middle school,
a middle school in which my graduating class had 56 students,
56 students, majority of which I no longer am in contact with.

I am from a two campus high school,
a high school where there is privilege,
privilege that isn't given a second glance by the students who live with it.

I am from a segregated and discriminatory society,
a society where to be successful, you must be white,
and if then if you're white, you must be a male.

I am from a corrupt country,
a country where people are valued less because of their genes,
genes that they have no control over.

I am from a place where I hope that these issues will have change,
a change in the way people are treated by each other,
so that everyone can have the chance to be happy.

And one day, I hope to be from a place where all can be equal and happy,
a place as happy as I was in the two-bedroom apartment and limited yard,
a yard I played in until the age of 6.

Megan Block

The moon fell in love with the sun, but it could never be.
All they wanted was to be together, but they were worlds apart.
As long as they both still shined there was no hope of falling in love...

Lydia Johnson

When a teen sees a shooting star,
They wish to succeed in life
When a teen in love sees a shooting star
They close their eyes
And wish to freeze time
When a teen is depressed and sees a shooting star
They don't bother to close their eyes
Instead just look up at the sky
And wish for the end
When a teen is happy and sees a shooting star
They smile up at the sky
Nothing changes
They don't wish
They have nothing to change
When a teen with a broken heart sees a shooting star
They close their eyes
Clench their fists
With tears falling down their cheeks
And a shattered mind
They wish for that one to put the pieces back together

Kyla Edwards

ARROWHEAD HIGH SCHOOL

LITERARY MAGAZINE

EMMA RAFFERTY, JENNA WALTERS, LAUREN PRODOEHL

2014 - 2015

A COLLECTION OF CREATIVITY

Essays

In the sleepy community of northern Indiana where I grew up, a local university started a tradition many years ago. In all of the locker rooms there hangs a sign. It reads, "Play like a champion today." The sign reminds athletes of the standards set by their predecessors, the high bar they must reach, and tradition of excellence they must in turn pass along. That university, the University of Notre Dame, has won 30 total national championships, issued 14 degrees to fortune 500 CEOs, produced 21 United States congressmen and women, had two nobel prize winners, and trained 5 appellate court judges, as well as a large porption of the circuit judges. All of this because of its standards.

At Arrowhead, our standards are set just has high. The Arrowhead Way fails to represent those standards, or demonstrate the hard work put forward every day in the classroom, on the field, and in our community. The imagery provided by the Arrowhead Way and its marketing signs portrays the slogan as a set of rules that must be followed. Arrowhead is a community of great students and future leaders and it isn't because we follow rules, it's because we refuse to lower standards. Instead of reading, "Be Appropriate, Be Respectful, Be Responsible," the Arrowhead Way should proudly display the phrase, "Improve yourself, improve your world." This slogan allows the Arrowhead Way to represent the standards we strive to meet and not the rules we are forced to follow.

The Arrowhead One Team logo also fails to market Arrowhead values correctly. In an ideal world, all of the social groups, sports teams, extracurricular clubs, and different classes would interact as a big beehive of nondiscriminatory love and acceptance. We do not live in a perfect world. In reality a collection of different groups with different values, dreams and talents make up Arrowhead. We are a collection of teams, all working to someday be successful. We all live up to Arrowhead's high standards in different ways and we should show that in the way we brand ourselves. The T-shirts, signs, and catchphrases should boldly state, "Arrowhead, One Goal." Our one goal: "improve ourselves, improve our world." Of all the schools in the state, Arrowhead stands supreme. Our high academic performance, supportive community, athletic performance, and dedicated faculty have proven it year in and year out. We have accomplished all of this, not by adding rules, but by raising standards and then dedicating ourselves to meeting them. It is time we start branding ourselves to represent these standards, as we dedicating ourselves to exceeding them. And pretty soon, Arrowhead University will have the impressive resume and alumni that Notre Dame does.

Sidney Michelini
1st semester winner

After a quick tour of the bottom floor Yuuki called out to us for our dinner of ham and mashed potatoes. We all had sat at the table. After Ricky prayed we just sat in silence, with Yuuki's butchered attempts at conversation. To outsiders, we would probably look like a normal family, even though we ate in an awkward silence. I didn't mind, most of my meals had been like this. I actually had found much enjoyment in the quiet, it allowed me to focus on Yuuki's wonderful cooking. After dinner, it was suggested that we should go to bed, with no complaint on my end.

"It must have been a big day for you Haven. Why don't we hit the hay, hmm?" suggested Ricky. Despite the fact that I was not really that tired, I agreed, trying my best to impress this new family. Kyra, which I learned is the other girl's name, showed me to my room. It had a baby yellow start with my name written in red, glittery block letters, way too girly for my taste, but again, wanting to impress. I had stood in awe for a moment, only for show. She had left me to my curiosity in silence.

The room was perfect, a generic Hollywood average teenage girl's room. A little larger than standard size, much larger than what I was used to. The walls were an off lavender, reminding me of calla lilies, my favorite flower. There was a bed and a dresser full of clothes, all mainly two sizes too big. The clothes, though average, suited my taste, all being nice, solid dark colors. I found a pair of pajamas and climbed under the heavy, white comforter. I was not quite sure what to expect from that new life, but I was willing to try and make the best of it. Suddenly, the weight of the day had hit me, and before my eye fluttered shut, I whispered my single word of thanks, then drift into a dream.

I had dreamed that I was standing on a dock made out of solid wood. I could hear the water in the shore lapping at a slow, steady rhythm. The ocean was calm and clear, the smell of salt fresh in the open Spring air. Never in my life have I felt so at peace, so happy and tranquil. I lifted my hand up to the sun and see the world fill with different colors, all escaping from the tips of my finger and across the sky. Just as I smile, the world turned a dark red. The water turned to a blackened substance as a girl came out of it slowly. She cocked her head slightly to the side as she whispered what I thought to be, "You will work perfectly". She grabbed my leg and I became frozen, I couldn't breathe. I felt my lungs become more and more crushed by the pressure of the water the more we traveled down.

I awoke with a start as the darkness of the room washed the sea slowly away from my brain. I looked over to my clock, which reads "11:57". I looked out the window and saw the moon, nice and full, like a coin made of silver. I felt too terrified to go back to sleep, so I decided to go explore. I walk out of my bedroom, suddenly thankful for the carpet floor keeping my shuffling noise to a minimum. I didn't pay much attention to the upper stairs when I had first come to go to bed. At that moment, in the dark, I wished I had. I looked for a light switch or something to help me see. I felt along the walls until I had grasped a door handle, fearing it to belong to Ricky and Yuuki's room I had began to let go of the handle. That is, until someone down the hallway began to open their door. Instinctively, I hurried into the closest available room, the room which just two seconds ago I thought was Ricky's. As I heard the sound of the person coming closer I tried to get away from the door as quick as possible. Luckily, there were stairs behind me that I tried to climb up quietly and quickly. I stumbled a few times, but managed to stifle my swears.

Christen Currey

Seventh and eighth hours on B days are my favorite periods of the day. I crave the moment when I put away my school books and binders, red pens and pencils, and just relax. During seventh and eighth hours, I love going to the art room in a separate wing of the school where the chairs are wooden stools and the art supplies are unlimited. But most of all, I enjoy my teacher: Mrs. Moseler.

Mrs. Moseler is one of the rare few teachers who doesn't care if you memorize the entire periodic table or know every war from the 1800's. She only cares about showing you creativity and allowing you to open your mind up to anything you want. Mrs. Moseler expands my "right brain thinking," which is the side of the brain filled with color, music, and creativity. And these are similarly the three best words to describe her.

Mrs. Moseler is not only a talented artist and amazing teacher, but she is also the varsity girls volleyball coach. I can always seem to find a volleyball somewhere around the art room or a newly made poster advertising the varsity team. This is worth mentioning because it shows that she is very dedicated to the things she is involved in.

She is lenient in what students do for projects. Mrs. Moseler's assignments are vague, letting students create whatever they can come up with within her basic directions. This gives me room to show my true self, creativity, and artistic ability. She is constantly helping kids define themselves and not just go along with the high school norm.

Mrs. Moseler is not my favorite teacher just because I love art and not taking many tests, but also because she is constantly singing around the classroom randomly, and helping students whenever they get stuck. She knows every one of her students by name and always helps them be the best they can be.

She is definitely not one of those teachers who thinks they know everything and are always right. On the first day of class, Mrs. Moseler said, "I know by the end of the semester, you will all be better at art than me!" And she sounded enthusiastic and happy to say that. She wants us all to reach our full potential no matter if it exceeds hers, which I think is a pretty special thing.

She said, "What do you think about this..." and "How about we add some more of this...". She helped me by explaining what to do, but she never took control of my project and made it her own. And with Mrs. Moseler's help, that self portrait wound up being my favorite project from that year.

She genuinely likes all of us and always helps us to achieve our own goals. Mrs. Moseler's enthusiasm for art is a disease and it's a very contagious one at that. After being in her class for two years, I am glad to have caught it. I have been so motivated from her class that I started doing more and more art outside of school than ever before.

Kathleen Baber

The reason I started to swim was to get a scholarship. It has been my dream since age eight when I started. And now my dream has finally come true thanks to one man, my club swimming coach, Mark Kohnhorst.

If you see Mark during our practice time, you will see a man in a Lake Country Swimming shirt, khaki pants, and a beard that wraps around only his mouth doing the following: leaning against the backstroke flags, sitting in the lifeguard chair, or yelling at us to keep us motivated. But no matter what he is always watching his swimmers. And for one reason only. Because he cares.

Every season starts out the same. I have a meeting with Mark and talk about my goals for the season and he helps me plan out how I will accomplish them. For me they usually go something like this...

Mark will say, "Okay, Schaefer, what are your goals for the season?" and I will give a time in which I will have no problem getting to. But Mark will follow up my response by saying "No, you can go faster." And then he will give me a time I think it is nearly impossible for me. Then there is usually some complaining. I'll tell him how the time is too fast and how I can't do it. And Mark takes off his glasses rubs his eyes and says, "Schaefer, you can do it. I promise you, I will do everything in my power to help you reach this goal. You need to understand that I believe in you and know by the end of the season you will be at this time."

The thing is, though, when Mark promises he will do everything in his power to help you reach your goal, he means it. Whether or not you like it, he will push you to your limits. He will make you do that extra push up, that extra 50 yards, or that extra start just to make sure you reach your full potential. He is the voice in your head telling you to keep going when your body is telling you to stop.

Not only does he push you to your limits, but he will also help you become a better person. If you have a problem with anything going on in your life, he somehow knows and will help you fix it. He will help you with your homework, or he will play therapist because you had a bad day and need to vent. His office door is always open.

The best thing Mark has ever done for me, though, was fix my mental attitude. I have always had a negative attitude. I always thought I was just average, not good enough, and never going to get anywhere in my swimming career. But Mark taught me none of these things were true. Before my races, I would freak myself out thinking about the what ifs. What if I am not fast enough? What if I can't hold my pace? What if I lose? Thinking these would cause them to come true. But once Mark found out about these ideas floating in my head things began to change. Each time before my swim, Mark would come and calm me down. He would try to make me laugh. He would say some sort of joke he thought was hilarious but to me it was just funny because it was such a terrible joke. He would tell me how I just need to race. My body knows what to do and I just need to trust it.

Mark has never missed watching one of my swims. He's taught me to become a better person in and out of the pool. He has helped me overcome some of my hardest challenges and not only help me get a Division 1 scholarship to Western Illinois University but also be a soon to be top distance swimmer on a college swim team. I have done what most people only dream about. I have overcome all my obstacles to achieve my dream since I was eight thanks to a single man, Mark Kohnhorst.

Amanda Schaefer

Arrowhead has always been a school revered for its athletic achievements. Signing up for football my freshman year was an impulsive decision because I felt I needed to fit in. Never having been much of an athlete, I was mediocre at football just like any other sport I'd played.

After long hours practicing in the sun, I felt chills from the cold comments of my experienced team mates. I could hear the sympathy in their voice as if they were sugar-coating what they really had on their minds. I felt like a puddle people were either trying to avoid or jump on.

I stuck out the rest of the dreadful season and decided I wasn't going out for football the next year. I wasn't an athlete.

Arrowhead had always been known for its athletics, but with the masses of kids that attend the school, there are plenty of opportunities for everyone. Arrowhead has so many different activities for such a large range of people, that it's almost impossible not to find something you enjoy.

I learned I didn't belong on the football field, instead my home was the art room. I was comfortable there, and I had room to expand my mind and express myself. I felt appreciated, and the same people who laughed at me had their jaws dropped in awe at what I could do with a pen.

Over the last four years, the opportunities and support provided by Arrowhead and its staff have helped me find where I truly belong. I'm thankful that I've been raised in an environment as ambitious as this one. Without the encouragement through this school I wouldn't be where I'm at today--physically and mentally. To all of you who have helped me through my struggle--thank you, I'm home now

Joe Yellick

I was under the impression that high school was like a jungle. Everyone had their own cliques, their clans, their groups. But what if you're not on the football team? Or what if you're not part of the Drama club, or the group with a title of being something? It's said that if you're a part of something, it board will replicate feelings of being wanted or loved.

One of the most encouraging things to me are words of encouragement themselves. Placed along the walls of Arrowhead are huge white boards. On these whiteboards there are club meeting times, announcements, funny drawings, and so on. But every so often, somebody will write a quote on the boards that makes you think a little differently than you did before. Everyday I walk past one of the boards, there's a different quote, a different message. Not everyday do you get anyone to tell you positive things because sometimes the negatives can drown them out. But with the white boards every single person that walks past them receives the positive encouragement to keep going and to keep pressing on.

At school, nobody has to feel that they don't have encouragement anymore. It's refreshing to see the way schools, and most importantly my school, are taking advantage of the tools they are able to use to help kids who may be going through something.

Emily Parr

Subtlety

In all those bad 80s movies, bullying is represented by a bunch of lame, name-calling and fistfights in hallways. But in reality, harassment is much more secretive, subtle, and devious. It is hardly ever seen clearly, but it is always present.

I came to this conclusion when I was last helping with a musical. My tech director, gathered my fellow stage crew members and me up on the end of the stage. "So, there have been some rumors going around the actors," he began with a disturbed air about him. "You know what they are."

The other crew members shifted uncomfortably -- it was known that some drama kids had said some nasty things about one of their own behind her back, but it seemed all too usual. We had many other things to worry about... but I had seen her looking down the last few weeks.

"And guys," he went on, "The gossip stops here. You know better than that, and if you hear something, shake it off -- don't go spreading it."

I'd honestly never before thought that adults would care about another teen's life being disrupted by the everyday rumor, but I found that Arrowhead staff actually did. If anything could inspire me to make sure I followed this doctrine, it was the fact that someone really truly cared rather than the situation being shoved into some normalized version of our high school lives.

From then on, we invited the girl to eat dinner with us rather than listen to the people bully her. For the first time in a while, I saw her smile, and knew that just a few words really could change a life.

Maryah Stieter

Two Aggressive Bulldogs

They are the only ones who fight for control. I am the only one who sees the unseen battle. Two aggressive bulldogs both fighting for the top and clawing for power. Two who can't share one ball but fight anyway. Two roughed up trains running off the rails. From the sideline, we can see them pushing, but the crowd cheers louder and misses the detail.

Their battle is known only to them. They gain their stance ready for the whistle. They tear left and they tear right, destroying ground beneath their heavy feet as they slip and slide with uneven footing in the small pocket. This is how they struggle.

Let one forget his strength and effort, the body would collapse, each with their arms spread wide. Push, push, push they roar as I watch. They brawl.

When the rest are too tired and too exhausted to push any more, when the remaining are crumbling under the strength, then it is they that finish the battle. When only one shadow remains and there is nothing left to push against but him. Two who brawl despite the uneven ground. Two who propel and do not forget to observe. Two whose only goal is to guard and to sack.

Jacob Schraufnagel

There are over 2400 students that attend Arrowhead Union High School. Despite being one of the biggest high schools in the state, we are one team. We are proud to be Warhawks -- Marching Warhawks.

Arrowhead's Instrumental Music Program has enhanced the lives of thousands of students -- students who think they are socially awkward and have been negatively singled out.

Hundreds students who have come into the Instrumental Music Program have little self confidence because of the negative effects of bullying.

During Marching Band Week, new students meet other people similar to themselves -- freshmen through seniors. We, the veterans, show in-coming students that being yourself can be fun by going overboard on special dress up days, by breaking into the occasional unplanned song and dance even though we are not *very good, and by not caring what others might think.*

Although the new students may not change their degree of shyness overnight, by the end of the season, they are proud of who they are and they don't care what others think.

By improving how students feel about themselves, Arrowhead's Instrumental students have been more confident to stand up to bullies who are bullying other students.

Also, this has helped the school because band kids are proud of who they are and we, in turn, encourage others to be proud of themselves and embrace their uniqueness too.

Arrowhead Instrumental Music Program has bettered the lives of thousands of students -- both band kids and other students alike. We are proud to say that we are Arrowhead *Union High School.*

Sarah Eggert

When it comes to bullying at Arrowhead, I don't see it being a big issue, because as a school we do many positive things to prevent bullying. Arrowhead as a school I feel doesn't need to do much, I believe a lot has to do with the students themselves, just most tend to mind their own business. And for the minimal bullying that goes down is handled either a ticket or suspension and sometimes both.

From what I've been told from my step brother, and for actually going to Merton for a short time. He's gotten into fights almost everyday at Merton middle school and there is proof to that considering that he has come home with a few shiners, Merton did have a lot of bullying for the year I was there when I moved to Wisconsin.

For being the "new guy" for the short time I was there not much happened to me personally but I witnessed a lot of bullying and fights. Not gonna lie, I didn't do or say much considering I was new there. Just trying to be me and minding my own.

I feel that Arrowhead has it down to almost nothing, the focus needs to be on middle schools. I went to three different middle schools, two in Ohio and finished off at Merton before high school. The environments are almost the same and the same kinds of kids, bullying went on in groups. Just a group guys picking on a few kids just for their entertainment.

Aaron Young

It was the Monday after a week full of anti-bullying talks, exercises and preventions at Arrowhead Union High School. Yik Yak had taken over the screens of our students' phones the previous week. Hurtful words had been typed on this app where kids anonymously bullied. Arrowhead stood its ground. Any discovered Yik Yackers were sent to the office and punished with Saturday detention or a suspension.

I thought, I might die of boredom if I have to sit through another anti-bullying exercise. But I was wrong. I remember walking through the doors with dread. And what did I see...just what I thought...yet another exercise to stop bullying. But this was not like the others--this one actually sounded fun. NoH8 Week.

This time it was up to the students to make the change and end bullying. Each day, we wore a different color to support those who have been bullied. The more I thought about it, the more I got the point. If we all wore the same color...what was so different about us? We all looked the same. What was there to bully about if we were all the same? We could take our spirit to any level. We could go as far as to wear colored pants. It was like homecoming week all over again. But there was more--there were Post-Its stuck to every student's locker promoting NoH8 Week and inspirational quotes were posted in the hallways to encourage anti-bullying.

Looking back, Arrowhead could not have handled the bullying on Yik Yak any better. Yik Yak was blocked within a day. And the Arrowhead teachers and administration solved the problem while attacking a much larger issue. They got the students to stop bullying and they made it fun. There was no more Yik Yak, no more bullying, and we came back together as our Arrowhead selves--One Team.

Mia Clementi

Born with the genetic makings for a pale, thin kid with a frizzy mop head of blonde hair, obviously I was bullied.

I push it off, and really just ignore it. Who cares what people think about me? My older brother was bullied through his teen years. He let people walk over him and it ruined his self esteem. I hate seeing him mad or upset, which he frequently is.

I am fortunate to be at Arrowhead because they handle bullying. But the thing is, everyone has gotten bullied and everyone has bullied someone else, no matter how much you hate to admit it. When I see bullying I try to speak up, though like many others, sometimes I lack the willpower. like one time in english.

I was sitting in my english 9 class during work time. Some people were talking, including a boy with a slight lisp. In the middle of this boys sentence some person broke in. A known "popular kid" interrupts him to say, "Your lisp makes you sound like an idiot."

This boy has a lisps yeah, but who cares? He was born with it. I have a slight lisp to. I sit debating whether or not to speak up. I quickly decided to do so. "Shut up, Who cares how he sounds? All this makes you is an asshole." Everyone should stand up to real bullies, and there aren't a lot of them at my school so that makes it even better when you stand up to one.

Sean Straka

Proud to be an American

“Careful, don’t burn yourself.”

“Don’t worry, I got this,” I responded to my ever-worrying mom.

Almost there...and whoosh, my sparkler ignited.

It doesn’t seem like much, but to me, a sparkler was a mini firework in my hand. Every Fourth of July, my family and I went to our cottage in little ol’ Neshkoro, Wisconsin. And every year, my parents let my sister and me buy as many sparklers as we wanted.

We would light one, two, three, even ten sparklers at a time. We ran around, spelling out our names with them, and we took goofy Polaroid pictures. And that was only the beginning. When the sun went completely down, and the stars shined bright, we boarded our pontoon and floated out to the middle of the lake, and watched the fireworks explode in the sky.

Red, white, and blue lights danced in the night. I was mesmerized. I have never seen anything more beautiful.

The whole lake roared after each firework. Campfires blazed, music blasted, and barbecue sauce could be smelled from miles away. It was like one huge party that everyone was invited to. We were all celebrating America.

But eventually, the fireworks ended, the music muted, and the campfires reduced to glowing embers. My eyes eventually became heavy and I drifted in and out of consciousness. Then, we went back to the cottage where I went to bed safe, sound, and proud to be an American.

Kelsey Lien

Thirty years from now, I will have forgotten every test I took, some of the songs I loved, and the movies I saw. But I will not forget the memories I made watching football every Sunday. Football is the reason I am proud to be an American.

I was born in Chicago, so naturally I am a Chicago Bears fan, even though I moved to Wisconsin early in my childhood. Being a Bears fan called for rivalry during the football season because the Chicago Bears and Green Bay Packers are major enemies. But arguing about players and games was part of the fun of the football season.

My favorite games were the ones I went to with my family. We would go to Chicago and walk around the beautiful city. We would see all the huge buildings and people all wearing football jerseys to support their team. And then we would be in our seats at Soldier Field in time for kick off. Soldier Field is a beautiful stadium, especially when the Bears were winning. There is nothing like seeing thousands of fans cheering one team. It brought everyone together when people you didn’t know would cheer along with you and give you highfives after good plays. The games were always so fun, even when it was below zero degrees and the blowing snow made my face feel frost bitten.

In other countries, they take pride in soccer, boxing, or golf. But in America, our pride shows in football. It unites everyone and provides great memories.

Because of rivalry between friends, games in the beautiful Soldier Field, and fans that have become friends, I am proud to be an American.

Kathleen Baber

Three Sleepy Koalas

They are the only koalas that understand me. I am the only one who understands them. Three Sleepy Koalas with stuffed bellies and fuzzy ears like mine. Three who belong here on this tree. Three fluffy little bears living away from the city. The city makes them curious, but the three just sleep and appreciate the little things.

Their strength is secret. They are ferocious little things above the ground. They go up and down the tree and grab the branches between their fuzzy hands and bite the leafs with little teeth and never quit their chewing. This is how they feed.

They don't forget there reasons for being, they'd all sleep like babies in a cradle, each with their arms around the other. sleep, sleep, sleep they say when I'm tired. They each fall asleep.

When I am too sleepy and too old to keep keeping, when I am a tiny thing that can't hold on, I look at the other two. When there is nothing left to look at on this tree. The three who grew despite the odds against them. The three who eat and do not forget to chew. Three whose only reason is to dream and dream.

Stuart Marston

Two Important Spheres

They are the only two who see me everyday. I am the only one appreciates them. Two important spheres with heat that can melt ice caps and a glow that turn night to day. Two amongst a billion more in the galaxy. Two circles that seem to guide my day. From anywhere I can see them, but doesn't mean I take them for granted.

Their presence is known. They show great size in the sky. They float up and down and never seem to stay around for long and will let you know who's there and why. This is how they flow.

Let one forget his reason for being, they'd both stay still in the sky, each with their own purpose to say hi. Hi, hi, hi they say when I see them. They greet.

When I am too tired and too awake to keep going, when I am checking the time of day, then it is I look at them. When there is nothing left to look up on. Two shine and flow. Two who will always be there. Two whose only reason is to be there.

Nick Ostling

Mason's Skin

The skin of my family is like looking deep into a rainbow on a warm spring day. It makes anyone do a double take when they take a glance at one of our few family portraits.

Dad's is the most generic. His porcelain complexion is anything but flawless. Always bruised and masked by his salt and pepper hair, it never ages. Mom's skin is my favorite. It vibes with freckles in the summer when the sun burns its brightest, and is always aromatic with the perfume of facial cleansers at night. Always pure and fresh, mom's skin conceals even her darkest sorrow. Mine is a combination. With freckles popping during summer solstice, and le-
sioned in the most rare of places, I keep a darker tint to my skin, even in the dreariest of months.

Mason's skin, however, is the noteworthy feature of the Madson family. A creation of two people he may never come to know, his skin protects, bringing overwhelming joy.

I only wish to have the color of skin my brother obtains. Like rich, sugary molasses in Grandma Evie's oven, Mason's skin is the envy of all. It's brown surface reminds my family of where he comes from, and how he came to be. His people slaving away in the fields under the Guatemalan daylight, his Latin blood flows underneath this pigmentation. The way he loses his color in the fall and winter brings us humor as we joke of how he's been surrounded by white people for too long. The color of him I don't take notice to anymore, I'd have to study him to find something different.

The Madson family would be nonexistent if it weren't for the color Mason has brought into our lives. The way he warms our hearts and illuminates our days is something of another world, just like his skin.

Morgan Madson

My eyes are fixated on the sunset. The warm air gently makes the grass and trees rustle. This is my safe haven: a big hill at the Oakwood Church right off of highway 83. I do not go to church there, nor am I a very religious person, but this big grassy hill that I lay on most my summer days is where I go when life is hard.

There are great things you could do here in Hartland, activities like going to a movie, the Hartland street dance, or something simple like going for a swim at the lake. But nothing beats watching a beautiful sunset from my hill while things get rough.

A low orange sunset relaxes my eyes while the warm air soothes my body and takes away pain.

For me, laying on this hill is like being healed of all my cuts and bruises. The beauty of this hill mesmerizes me. I feel connected, like there is a knot tied between the Earth and me.

Sadly, right now it is winter. It's now a season of staying inside and hiding within a warm blanket near a fire with the smell of pine needles in my home. It is now too cold to enjoy the beauty of my snow covered hill. But until spring, I will soon climb my hill, and feel the warm air the sooth through my very being, tying the knots to connect us again.

Hailey Stevens

I love her, and that's the beginning and end of everything.

It hadn't been the first time I had read that quote; in fact, I've read it a thousand times over. But, something about today makes Fitzgerald's words jump off the page.

The sun is still rising, as I hold my pocketbook compiled of my favorite quotes in one hand and my black coffee, in the other. It's a Sunday morning, and she's off cooking something beyond her abilities. And I look at her.

She has a curl or two falling out of her ponytail, framing her flustered face. She doesn't quite have the gleam in her eyes she used to when I first met her. Sometimes, I wonder if I have anything to do with it. I look back down to the quote.

I love her, and that's the beginning and end of everything.

I move to sit at the kitchen table, and she doesn't look up. It seems she never looks up, these days. Every now and then, I feel as if our love had a thread wrapped around every aspect of it, and as soon as we tied the knot, everything started to unravel.

Yet, when I look at her, furrowing her eyebrows over a mixing bowl, the sunlight shining perfectly on the gold streaks in her hair, I can't help myself. It reminds me of the way things used to be:

I had walked into the coffee shop nearby my work that morning, and she entered in a confident stride, biting her lip the same way she always does when something's on her mind. Her curls bounced as she walked, leaving me in a trance. She used to let her hair down.

She had on oversized glasses which made her eyes look buggy, but her obvious beauty swept the room, as everyone couldn't help but stare. Yet, she was oblivious to it all. And I think that enhanced her charm.

Somehow, I got the nerve to start talking to her, which eventually led to a date. And then another. And then another. Every time I was with her, it was invigorating. She wasn't like the others; where I looked for a fun night out. All I wanted to do was listen to her. She had so much ambition just in her fingertips, as they tried to grasp onto every ounce of optimism the world had to offer.

Late nights, when the only ones who stayed awake with her were the stars, she'd draw. She'd draw the buildings she wanted to design, for she was always fascinated with architecture. When we'd get coffee every morning, she'd doodle on the napkins, creating the vision she only saw in her wildest dreams. She wanted to build beautiful things all over, traveling from city to city. She wanted to see the world.

But, she'd try to claim the lost hours of sleep in the morning, and a curl would sweep on my pillow. I'd look over at her, and she'd be smiling in her sleep. She'd dream of the day her vision would be brought to life. Tomorrow was a step closer to the top to her. Little did she know, I was at the bottom of the staircase.

Sure, she was as beautiful as an orange sunset on a beach, or a first snowfall in the bleak midwinter, but never mind her looks. I fell in love with her soul. Her mind. Her ambition. She was a cloud walker, as she lived in her fantasies, but was content with it. When a glass had but a drop in it, she saw it as overflowing, for she wouldn't have life any other way. She saw things how she wanted to see them...and did whatever she could to make it happen.

But, she loved me.

And that was her downfall.

She dropped everything: every suitcase full of sketches, every ticket to anywhere... and we got married. We got a house with a red front door and a white picket fence. It was everything she was not.

I have my job, and I keep busy. But, she is forced to live a lifestyle to be with me, because I need to stay. I was always meant for a stable lifestyle, standing on two feet. She was meant to fly.

As she finally sat on the other end of the table, sipping her tea, she gazed out the window, wondering what her life could have been like. She was never meant to be stuck within walls; she was meant to build them.

Her eyes no longer shine with possibility. Now, they wrinkle in the corners, looking exhausted and heartbroken. She used to breathe passion. But when she finally exhaled, she let all of the passion leave to never return.

So, as I look at her from across the table, with her lips parted while she gazed at the sunrise, I couldn't help but wonder...

what happened to us?

I love her so much.

I questioned if she still loved me.

Looking back, I never would have disturbed the girl in the coffee shop.

Looking back, I would have let that young girl chase her dreams.

Looking back...

I realize F. Scott Fitzgerald was onto something:

I love her, and that's the beginning and end of everything.

Haley Griffin
2nd semester winner

Hands

Hands for work and hands for play. They keep your fingers together to pray. From pulling weeds, to planting flowers, your days not done till the moons late hours. Broken, bleeding, knuckles smashed pain is relieving. My hands are blue, blue like the sky; knuckles are red, I don't know why. My fingers are cured so delicately but my nails are broken, molished and smashed so ugly! I wish I had nice hands, like my friends, so soft and warm. So comfy to rest your head in. But no not me, I'm stuck here with the rest of my family. With fraying skin, weary hands, to dig another hole to plant the last flower. 5 fingers make me, I finger for all the members of my family. I am standing tall, I am falling down, I'll get back up, and I'll move on, but on my way I stride to connect those fingers to the hand. The hand needs the figures and I need my family.

Jeremy Beres

They are the only ones who know the pain and struggle. I am the only one who understands. Two torn gymnasts with strong arms and muscled legs. Two with chalky ripped palms. Two with sweat dripping down their foreheads. From long hours of practice, hurting more each day, doesn't stop them from achieving.

Their pain isn't noticeable. They work until their bones are broken. They are denial as they continue to train harder and harder as their muscles feed off the sweat and pain that got them to where they are now. This is the life they choose.

Let one not forget the medals and awards, they justify the pain and torment. Push, push, push they continue to tear down their bodies. They train.

When they are broken and just can't take another step, when every ounce of energy has been used, then they know they're addicted. When there is no more chalk. Two who trained. Two who tumble and condition. Two whose only life is centered as a gymnast.

Samantha Borgerding

Everybody in our family has different eyes. My dad's eyes are a frozen lake, clear blue and cold. My mom's eyes are a grassy field in the spring time, green, alive and blowing in the wind. My sister and my eyes are a combination of the cold frozen lake and grassy green field, with dark, wavy blue water around the edges and an island of overgrown grass in the middle. But our eyes, our eyes are still different. My eyes have more icy water around them, engulfing the green, my sister has more green grass in the center, overpowering the water. But my dog's eyes, my dog's eyes, they are nothing like our eyes. My dogs eyes are warm and alive, like glowing embers burning in each iris. When she was first born her eyes were like emeralds full of euphoria, we had never seen anything like it. As she grew and got older, her eyes morphed into crisp copper flakes full of ferocity. Her eyes resemble a smoldering fire while our eyes are frigid from the never ending cycle of winter and spring occurring behind the lenses. My dog's eyes, on the other hand, only know the seasons of summer and fall. I am envious of her eyes, because they are the exact opposite of mine.

Kelsey Lien

It is the only one that stands out. I am the only one who see's it. One friendly smile, bright and special, unlike most others. One that will never be meant for anyone else but me. One smile misplaced in a rowdy school. From my view, I can see it, but all others are blind to it.

Its meaning is a secret. It sends jolts of joy into my heart. It travels across the hall and grabs my attention by the way it glistens and shines in the fluorescent lights. This is how I see it.

It is never drowned out by the screams and calls throughout the overcrowded school because I am always there to see it. Beat, beat, beat my heart slams in my chest. It encaptures me. When I am sad and too depressed to keep walking, when I am an unimportant person walking amongst hundreds, then it is I look at the smile. When there is nothing left to look at in the halls. One that smiles despite its peers. One who is happy and does not forget to make me happy. One whose only reason is to please and please me.

Maddison Kopecky

They are the ones who see me. I am the one who sees them. 4 dust bunnies with plush fluffy lint lay rest in my bedroom corner. 4 who are hated. 4 who have reserved themselves from others. For only here, in this room, can you find them.

Their significance isn't dust. They stand here, untouched, surviving each day from the sights of giants. They're created in a corner and intend to stay there and live for a while. This is their life.

If one were to be seen in open, the great vacuum would suck their life out. Hide, hide, hide, and stay alive they preach...when I sleep at night. They're inspiration. When I am alone, and do not seem to care for the world, I'll remind myself about the 4 dust bunnies in the corner. And when doom is on its way, I'll know 4 dust bunnies lay quiet in the corner of a spotless room. Courageous heroes, under the dark dark moon.

Shane Dougherty

I am Bones

The girl, lost and alone, walks through the hallways in wonder. Where they are? Are they safe? Why would they leave? Everyone always leaves her. Talking only brings out humiliation and bizarre stares. She's unaware of jokes, and sarcasm. High marks are received but no one applauds her work, they only scold and appreciate. Throwing herself into work and away from civilization, destine to make a life for herself.

She walks home after work, alone. Gore and slaughter fill her thoughts, but it doesn't seem to bother her. Unlocking her apartment, she eats alone, but isn't bothered. She made the life that she wants and people respect her.

I turn off the TV, my personal escape, and compare the similarities. I walk to school, alone, but it does not bother me any more. I walk with Bones, because I know she is right there beside me. Not physically, but mentally. With our mental power, I can make a life like she did for herself, because I know that I am not alone.

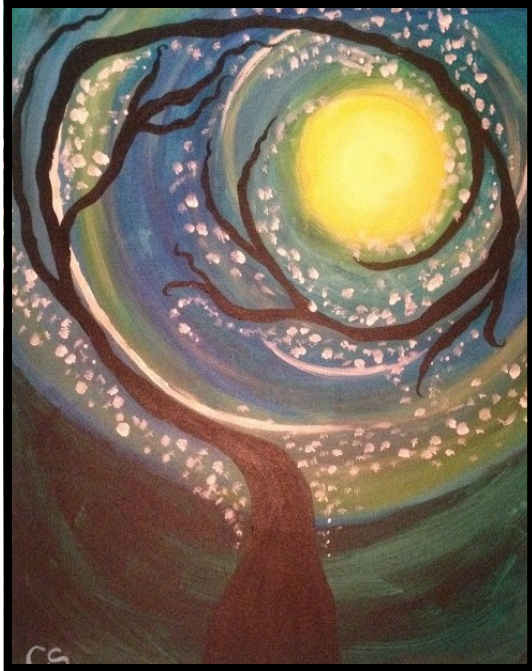
Sophie Orendorf



AHS Literary Magazine

Editors: Emma Rafferty, Jenna Walters, and Lauren Prodoehl (2014-2015)

Art Work



Carlie Starry
2nd semester winner



Lisa Wieland

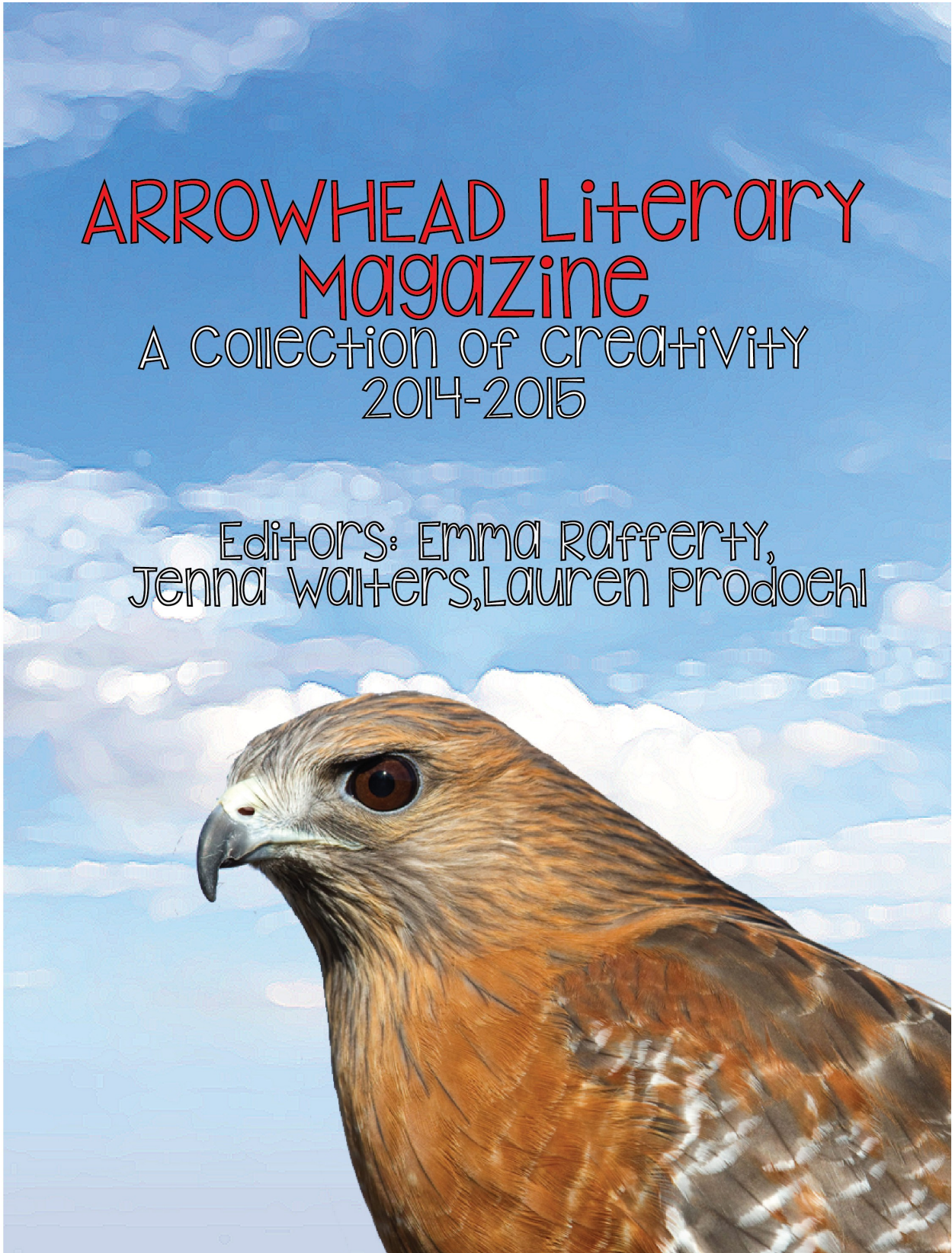


Max Ferro
1st semester winner

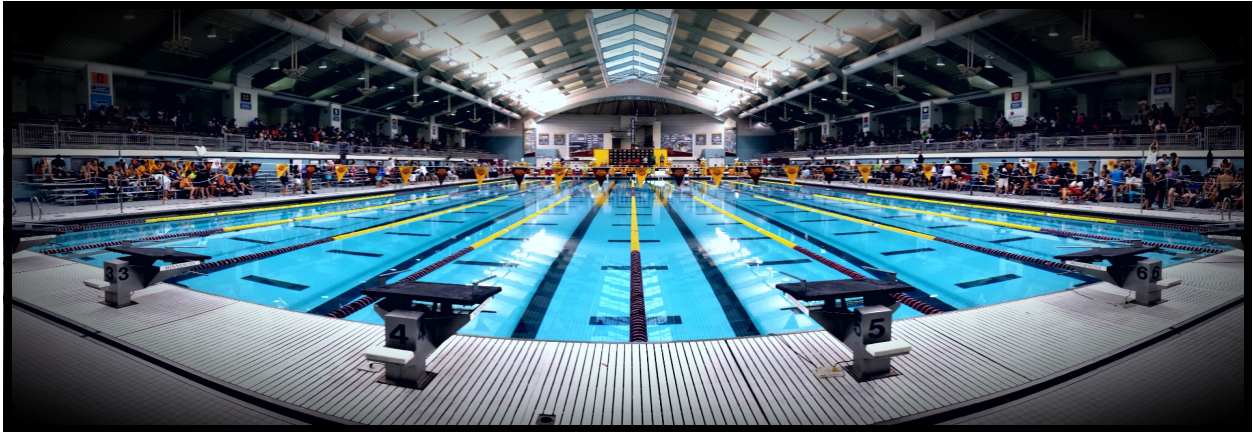
ARROWHEAD Literary Magazine

A Collection of Creativity
2014-2015

Editors: Emma Rafferty,
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Photographs



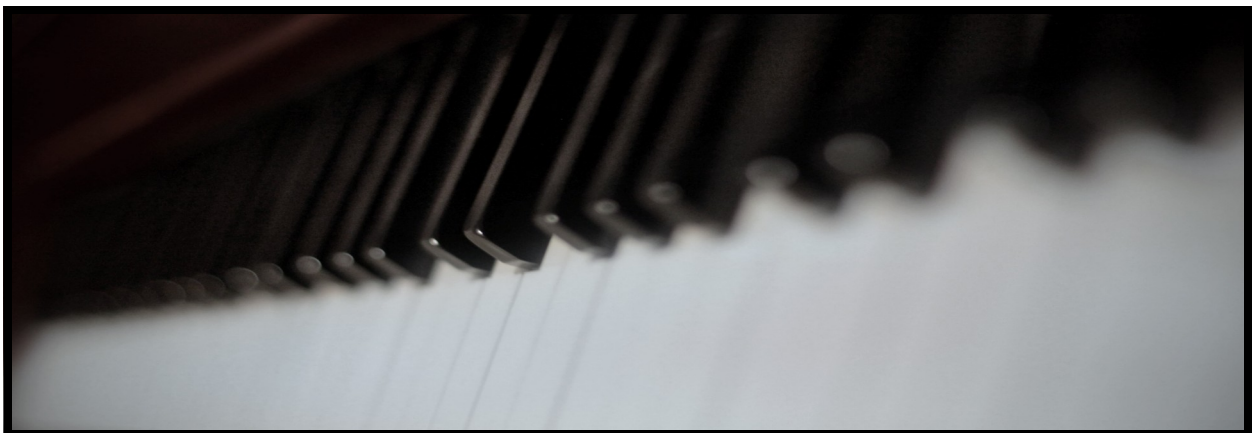
Jordan Weber



Julia Schiller



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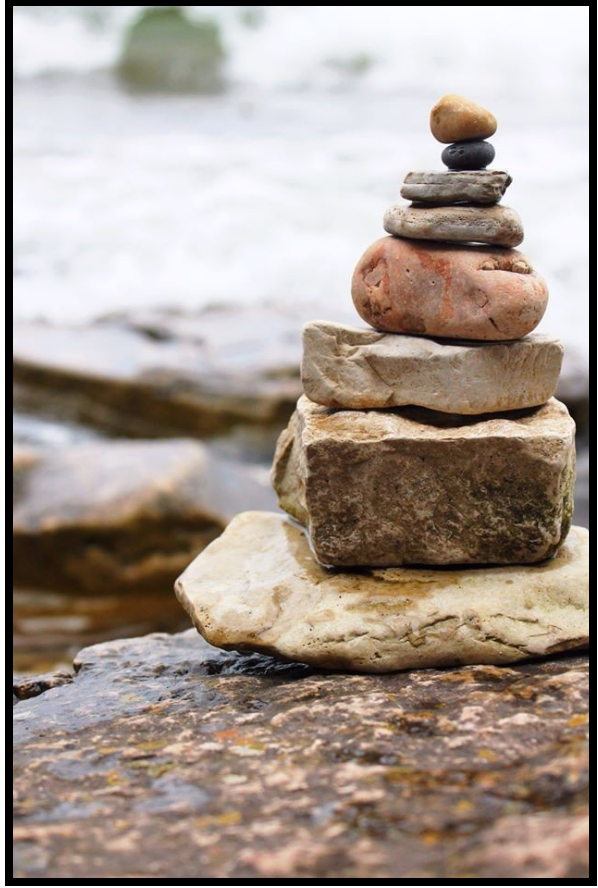
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Samantha Felhofer



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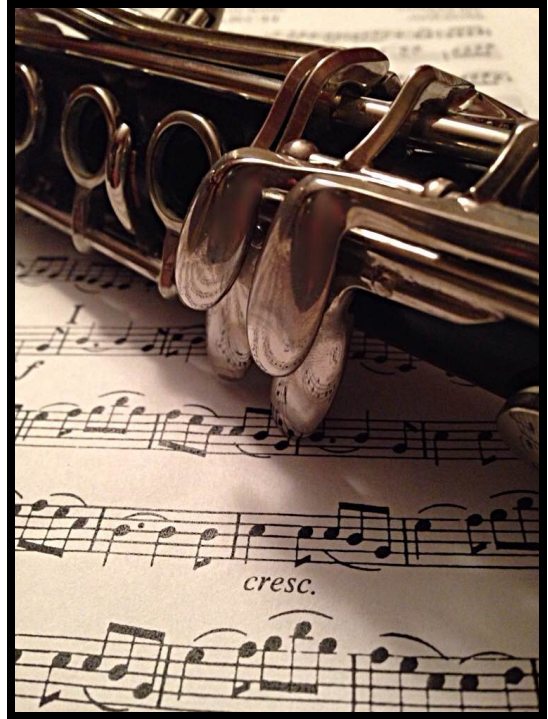
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