

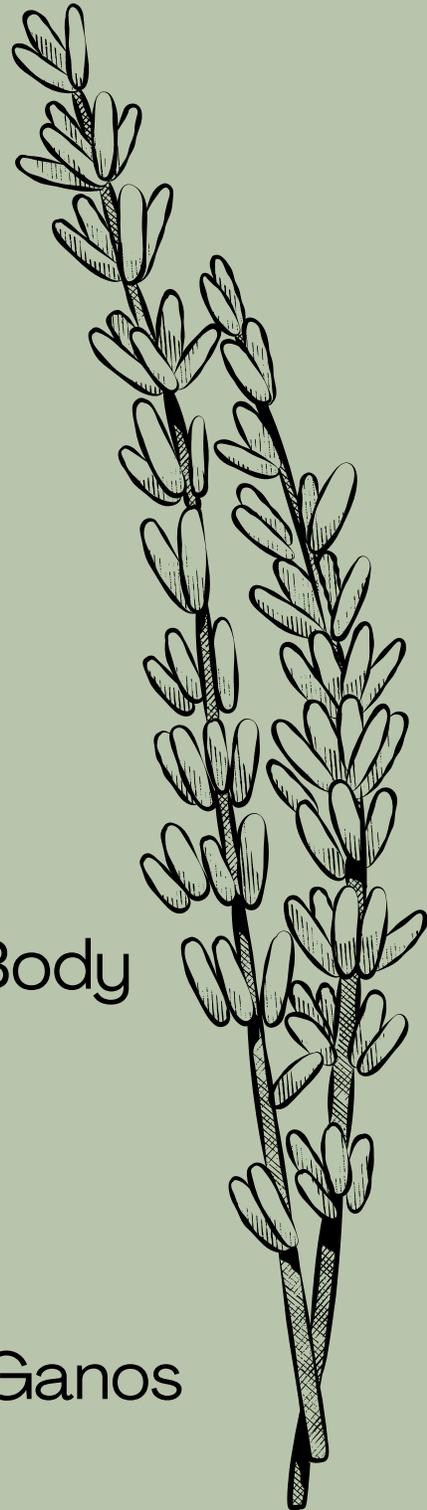
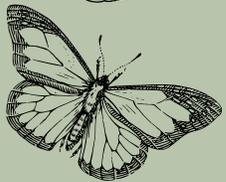
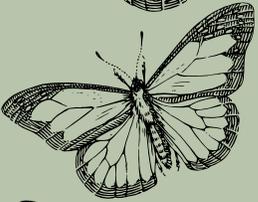
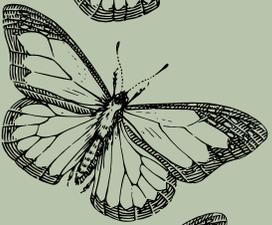
AHS Literary Magazine

2022 - 2023

Poems
Short Stories
Essays
Photography
(and more!)

Work of the AHS Student Body

Edited by Anya Behringer and Betsy Ganos
Advised by Elizabeth Jorgensen



Would
by KR

I thought that you understood.
That you would understand my hardships as I did yours.
I thought that you saw me.
That you would notice me the way no one else could.
I thought that you would stay.
That you would never give up on me as the others did.

It hurts.
To think about the things that I can't find the words to say;
Just for you to not understand how hard it was to do so.

It hurts.
To try harder than I ever have before;
Just for you to not notice me anymore.

It hurts.
To tease myself with the thought of you here;
Just for you to prove that you didn't want to stay.

It's a funny thing: expectation.
For me to expect that you "would".
Rather than the fact that you simply "could".
One day I hope you "could" be those things.
But I don't think I'll ever trust the word "would" again.



Photo by Reagan Jones

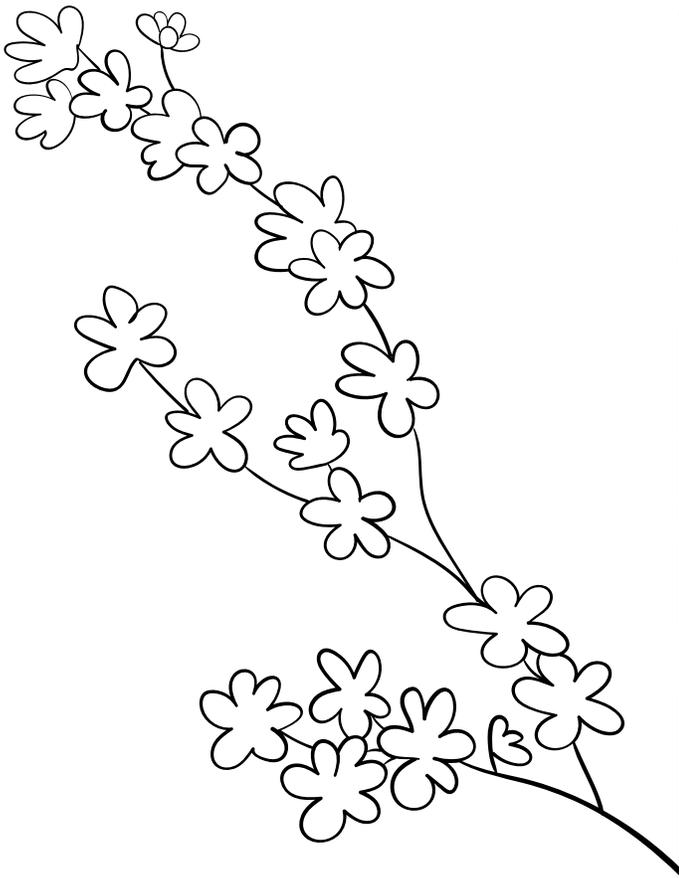


Photo by Dynali Forge

Blood by Evangelia Maxwell

“Why is blood red?” my little sister asks as Mom cleans her scraped knee.

“Blood is the essence of life. It’s beautiful so cherish it.”

I say while pulling down my sleeve, hiding my cuts along my arm.

Happy by Joseph Kramer

My friend always seems so joyous, he always makes people happy.

Always laughing, always joking, always helping out that one kid.

One day he doesn’t show up to school, his mom finds him in his room.



School by Anonymous

Gray lockers, fluorescent lights, tiles covering the floor.
Faces of people I grew up with, have shared memories with.
But I still stand surrounded by unknowns with old memories.

Marleh by Gabby Woida

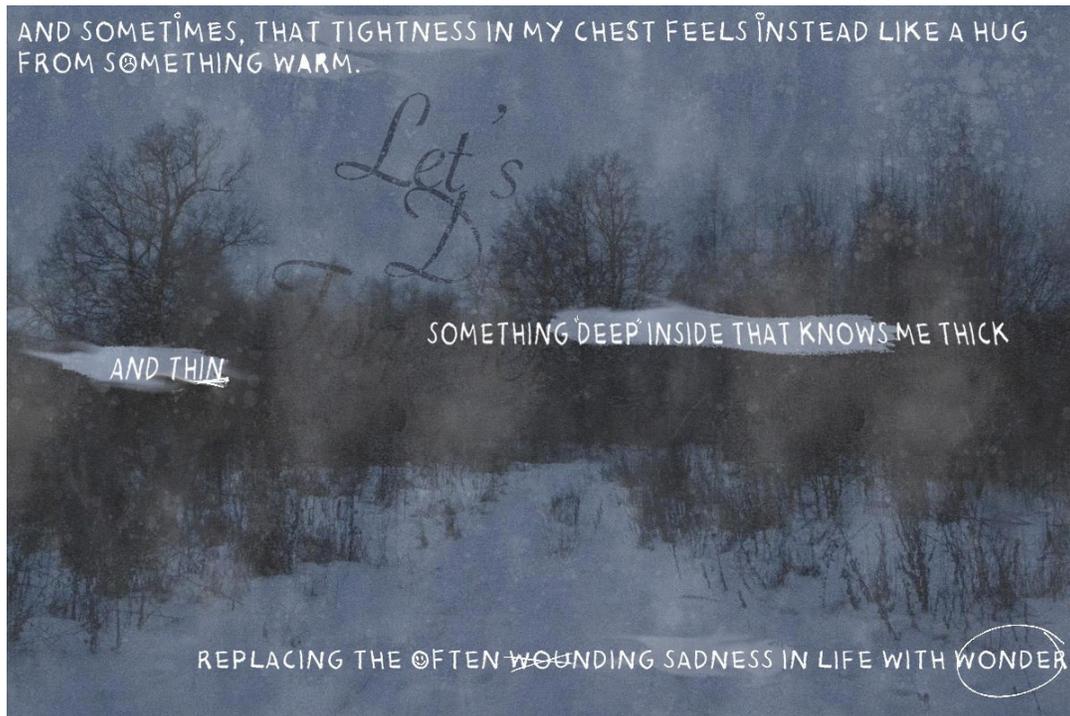
The warmth in your embrace covers my body in comfort.
Your fragrance strong and powerful I cannot get enough.
I hang your sweatshirt back up on the rack. Not allowed in the wash.



Photo by Aron Szucs



Visual Poem by Jack Ziemann



A Sea of Red

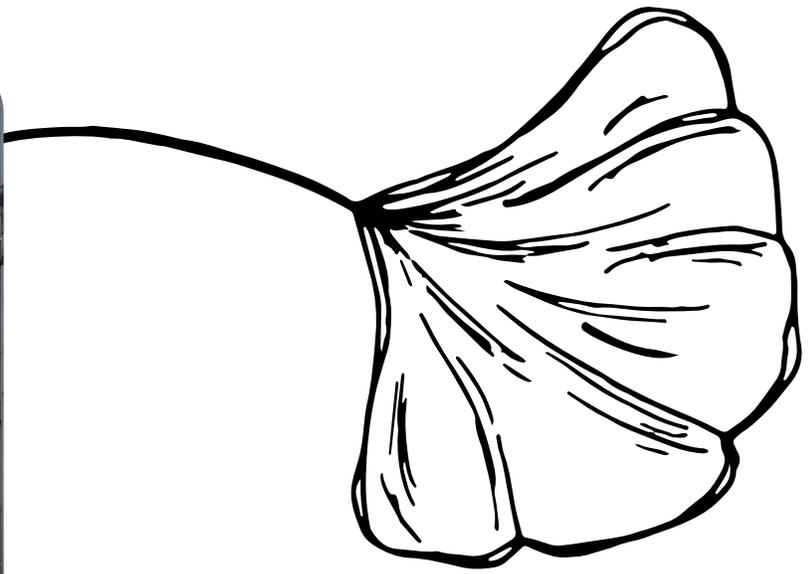
by Gabrielle Marshall and Michelle Marshall

Being from Wisconsin, you would think 68° is a great temperature. Not too hot. Not too cold. But if you were at Devil's Bridge in Sedona, Arizona March of 2022, you would think differently. I had never been somewhere and considered 68° too hot until then. Dry as a tongue on its second day without water. There was no humidity in the air and no rain to come. The blazing sun's rays beat down on my back as my mother and I trailed up to the beginning of this hike.

Everywhere I glanced I saw auburn, rust, and squash-colored dirt. The mountains: rust, the hills: rust, and the ground beneath me = rust. And it was beautiful. We stroll through many twists and turns and as we trek along, I spot a beautiful purple to my left. To my surprise, lavender is growing in bunches along the side of the trail and sprouting leaves and grass pillows. I stop to admire the beauty amongst the rust before gulping down my water and continuing along the hike.

Eventually, we reach the dreaded climb. A tower of stairs created by the red land itself just waiting to be ventured. We climb in misery, but with excitement for the view that's awaiting us at the top of the staircase. As I take my last few steps to the top, I can see that the view is just within reach. Stepping onto the plateau of red, I look ahead and see the whole trail we just climbed. It was surreal. Before me is a sea of red-orange with little specks of green mixed in. And just as I'm taking it all in, I hear my name. "Gab! Turn around and smile! I need a picture!"

Photo by Aron Szucs

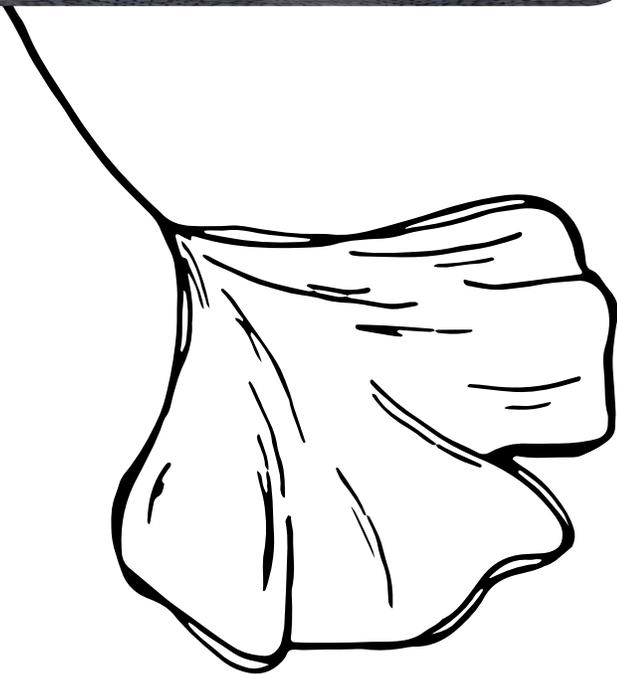


Trip on the Road
by John Astle

The world stops
There is no stopping at shops
We break only for the gas
Just wait and lean your head against
the glass
If we push we can get there by morning
Just sleep it will come without a
warning

Watch a movie or the road
Read the signs there's a code
Can barely see through the rain
Maybe we can just play the quiet game
Listen to music or a book
But at the road you must look

Almost there no need to fear
Let's kick it into gear
We're so close, nature is in sight
When we get there we'll get a bite
We didn't hit any deer
Finally we're here



Last day of school

by Riley Jensen

The boring grey walls and the dim hazy yellow lights.
Chatter between students but the immediate silence the bell brings.
Somehow you've done this for 12 years but yet feel you might miss it.

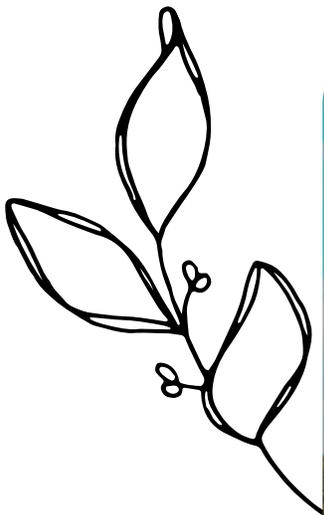


Photo by Alan Whitmoyer

Today

by Justin Riegel

New days are forever taunting, always the same, swallowing pride
I hide from the lost feelings, the stinging aches, the pain of today
All gone now, for one look into those eyes makes it all go away

Sandy Shore
by Addy Young
Inspired by Black Nikes

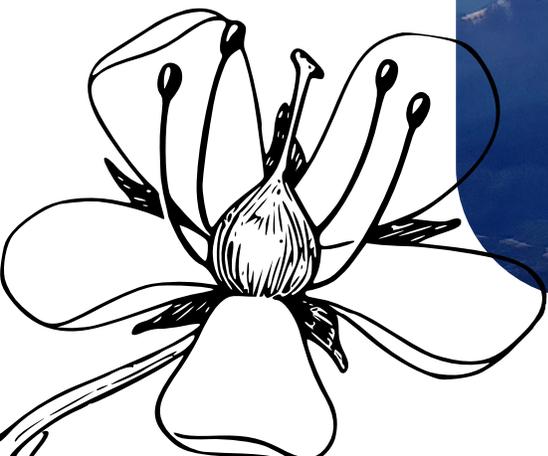
I dreamt of the dark chartreuse color of the beach poms, whilst standing on the sandy shoreline in Hawaii. As Martin Luther King Jr's dream came true, so did mine. Suddenly, a Piercing scream cuts the air as someone was alerted to the water. A great white larger than a school bus darts through the water.

Just as quick as it came, it was gone, like tree leaves in a brisk thunderstorm. What other things could be in the ocean as we only gaze at the surface? Maybe a Loch Ness monster of sorts? My mind wanders as I listen to All Along the Watchtower by Jimi Hendrix.

"...Princess kept her views...", I gawked at the thought of the people on the beach watching from their watchtower the sudden displacement of water caused by the shark. It feels as if a shark encounter is one in Google until I am the one encountering it.



Photo by Willow Marek



The Adornment of Autumn
by Olivia DiCristo

As the trees turn from a uniform green to all varieties of gold, yellow, and red,
autumn has arrived.

Leaves disclose soft goodbyes
as they fall to create nature's carpet.

Spiders spin their tapestries for all to see
unknowingly it is halloween night.

Crisp autumn eves with harvest moons
gusts of cold air create tornados of cordate, lobed, and rhomboid shapes.

How can it be that all of this is a sign of decay?

As the moonbeams rise
the streets bustle with laughter and delight.

Candy enters mouths full with a faint sound of twinkling chimes,
while the wrappers are shoved into endless bags.

Flames wave hello inside jack-o'-lanterns
as children come and go.

With the crackling of the gold, yellow, and red leaves beneath each step,
it is autumn.

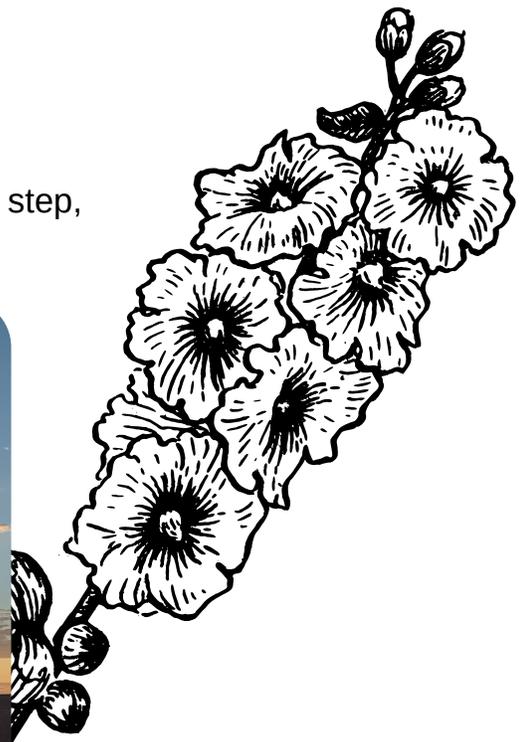


Photo by Katherine Thompson

Sunrise of a Lifetime

Writing and Photo by Molly Jackson

Waking up at 3:30am in Knoxville,
about to drive 3 hours to see the sunrise of a lifetime.

Tiredness fills my body,
as I slowly get ready and make my way to the car,
debating on if this is worth it.

Fog is still hanging in the mountains as we drive through them.

Arriving at Symmes Chapel at 6:30,
no one in sight till we get to the mountain top and see the full parking lot.

Parking the car and it is still dark out,
walking into the chapel with a coat and a blanket because we are on the top of a mountain.

Waiting in anticipation for the sun to peak over the mountains.

Hearing little whispers from all around the building,
people huddling next to each other to stay warm

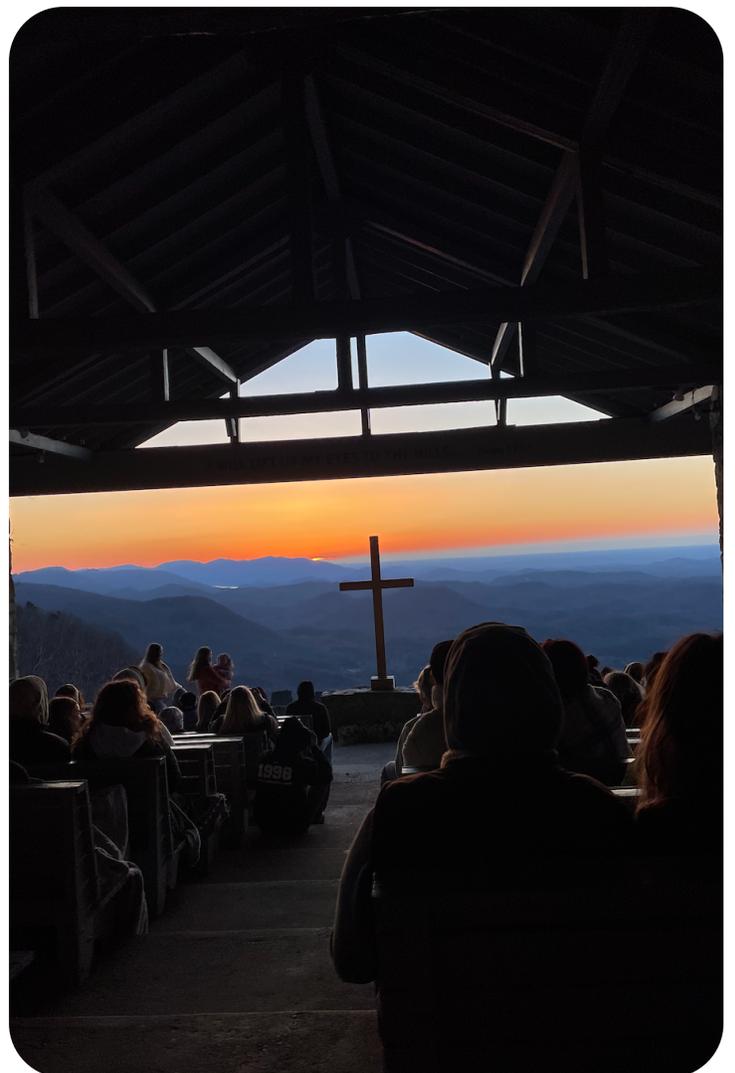
As the sky is starting to glow an orangish yellow tint,
all the cameras come out.

The sun was just to the left of the cross,
the perfect spot.

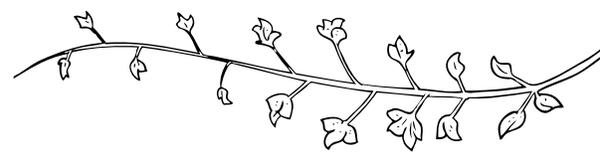
Waking up at 3:30am was all worth this view,
this was the most beautiful thing I have seen in nature.

Once the sun was up,
in the corner people started to cheer,
someone just got engaged!

The sunrise of a lifetime everyone there will remember.



Blissful Paradise
by Carli Vermeulen



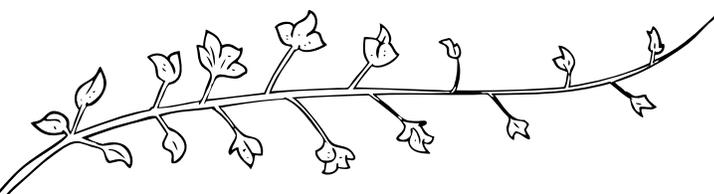
Soft sand squishes between my toes on a chalky white sanded coast.
My defined footprints, so temporary, vanish without a trace as I wander on.

Waves playfully lap up onto the shore, splashing me with their delightful gift of refreshment.
Looking out to the horizon the water continues on in an endless stretch of blue.

Small speckled fish dart through the water as crabs burrow into the safety of the sand.
Sandpipers scutter along searching for a meal, as gulls soar high above creating shadows on our backs below.

Sunsets fill the sky with hues of violet, yellow, and red.
Waves magnificently reflect the display as the evening reddens.

I stop to gape at my surrounding scene and tears threaten as awe overtakes me.
When life becomes difficult, my mind continues to play back the memory of this blissful paradise.

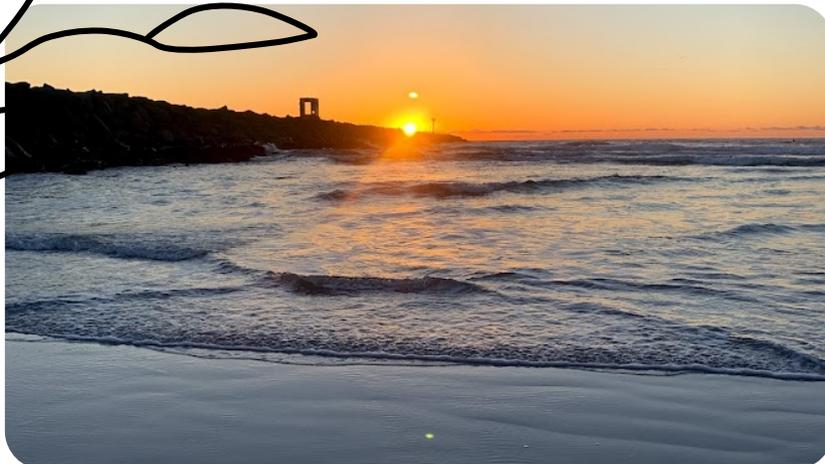


The Beauty of the Water
Writing and Photo by Maggie Slife and Audra Slife

I walk along the beach, feeling the soft, wet
sand beneath my toes,
the cool water washes over my feet,
a soft breeze blows,
The smell of the salty air surrounds me,
wrapping me like a warm hug,
I look out over the sea,
trying to take a picture in my mind,
I want to remember it forever,
this moment in time.

The sunset paints the sky with a mixture of
orange, blue, pink, and yellow,
creating a beautiful image on the canvas of
the horizon.

As I look out over the water, I realize that
this is one of the most beautiful things I
have ever seen.



Now what?

On The Saints of Hampstead Heath

by Nicole Seaton

As I watch my cold, gray decaying body lay
in the desert orange sand, stiffly wrapped in cloth,
I listen to the conversation that is most certainly
about me. A gentle voice from a man with a halo,
(probably not a man at all...an angel).

“This man shall be taken to god, you must go,”
the angel says with strength, while still gentle.

He says to the raven, the symbol of death,
feathers black, with a tint of dark blue,
revealed by the deserts setting sun.

A scoff erupts from the ravens mat, black beak.

“This man shall come with me,
for he has done wrong.”

The raven's voice, a whisper so loud it's
the sound of ten birds screeching.

I look back at my body, and their voices fade.

They bickered so long the earth claimed
what my soul left behind.

And new life begins to sprout.

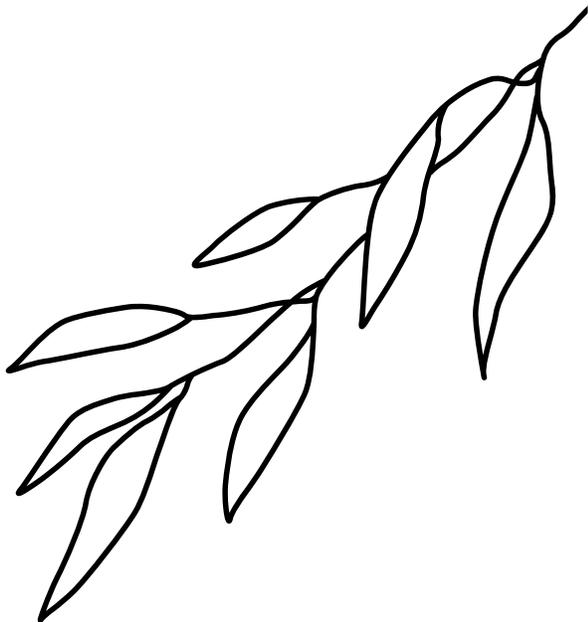
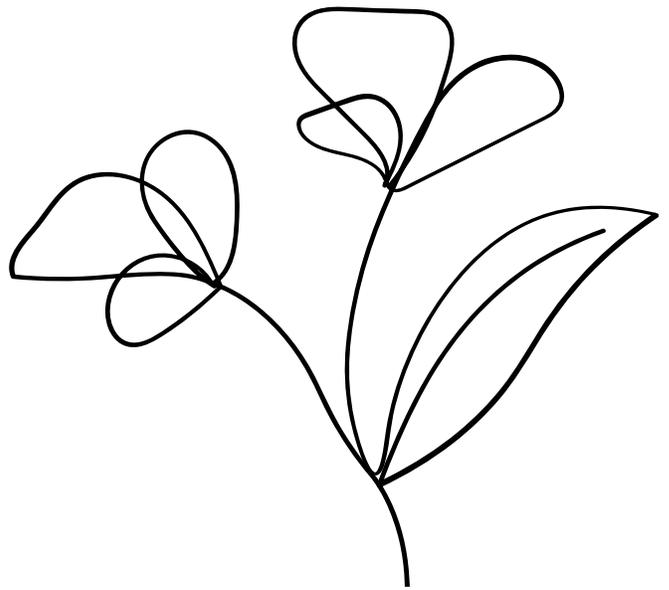


Photo by Ethan Hindle



Sunday
by Siya Sinha

Tomorrow is a city
A silver blur of hums and opportunity
Waiting eagerly for me
To come and sing loud

Tomorrow is fog
Because of the scary unknown
I cannot see through
But I can wash away fear

Tomorrow seems white
Hopeful, yet the silence will still pound
Unspoken dreams traveling through my
mind
Wondering where the dead end is

But today, right here, with you is orange
The comfort of home follows you
In swirls that bring laughter
A cinnamon candle burns beside you
And the glare of the sun brings you here
Tomorrow may be a city
But today you are home

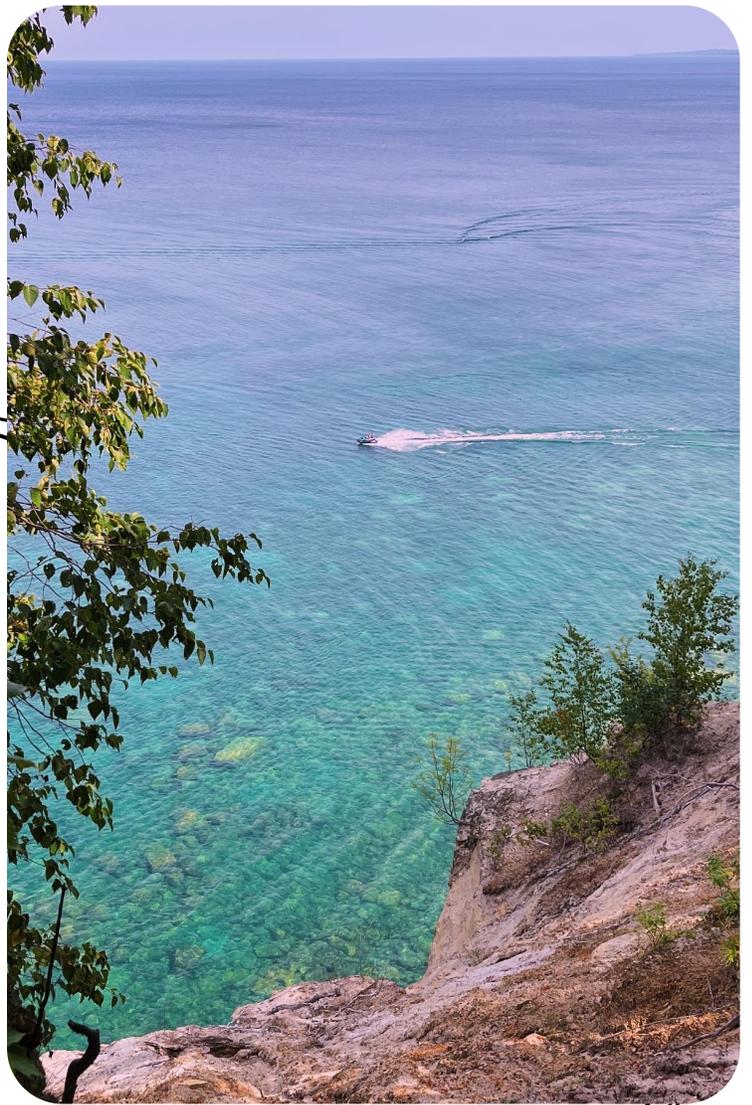


Photo by Camila Coronado





Everyone ought to refer to the season as autumn instead of fall. It's so much prettier and rolls off the tongue so much nicer. Fall just doesn't quite have the words to describe something as perfect as autumn does. There's a perfection to the season of autumn. A balance. A satisfaction in its arrival. For some, it's the promise of a fresh new school year or the nearing of the winter holidays. For those with good taste, however, it's the weather.

Fall is the changing of seasons after summer. Autumn is a brilliant blur of overbearingly bright greens fading into muted oranges, reds, yellows, and browns that makes looking out one's window in the morning all the easier on the eyes.

Fall is chilly. Autumn is the continuous fight between the crisp breeze's bite and the toasty warm shield of one's sweater and the inconsistency of temperature throughout your body gives you goosebumps that remind you you're still alive.

Fall is when leaves come off trees. Autumn is when pieces of life drop drop drop away into piles of colorful crumpled skeletons that will be played in by children and soon covered in snowy blankets once winter rears its bitter head.

Fall has Thanksgiving. Autumn is a heartwarming time when friends and family can say the kindest and sweetest things they dare not pull from their walled-off hearts on any other occasion.

Fall is spooky. Autumn is the era of the friendly old black cat- a time when ghostly spirits and children intertwine hands to walk together in good fun for one night.

Fall is aesthetic. Autumn is walking to the local coffee shop with a loved one and hiding your smile behind your scarf as they hold their hand in yours to keep it warm...and hoping they don't let go.

Fall is a season.

Autumn is a home.

And that's why it's my favorite time of the year.



Photo by Ella Barrie

I AM
by Ashlynn Fidalgo

I am a dreamer lost in reality
I am the glowing gemstone in a cave
I am the colorful bird flying among the dull birds in the boring normal sky
I am the howling wolf in the winter woods
I am the daughter of a warrior
I am a creator of my own world
I am the author of my story
I am the early blooming flower in the spring
I am the playful coyote pup with its brothers and sisters
I am the roaring river in the woods
I am a mask filtering to fitting in with society
I am the singing birds in the morning
I am the northern lights dancing in the night sky

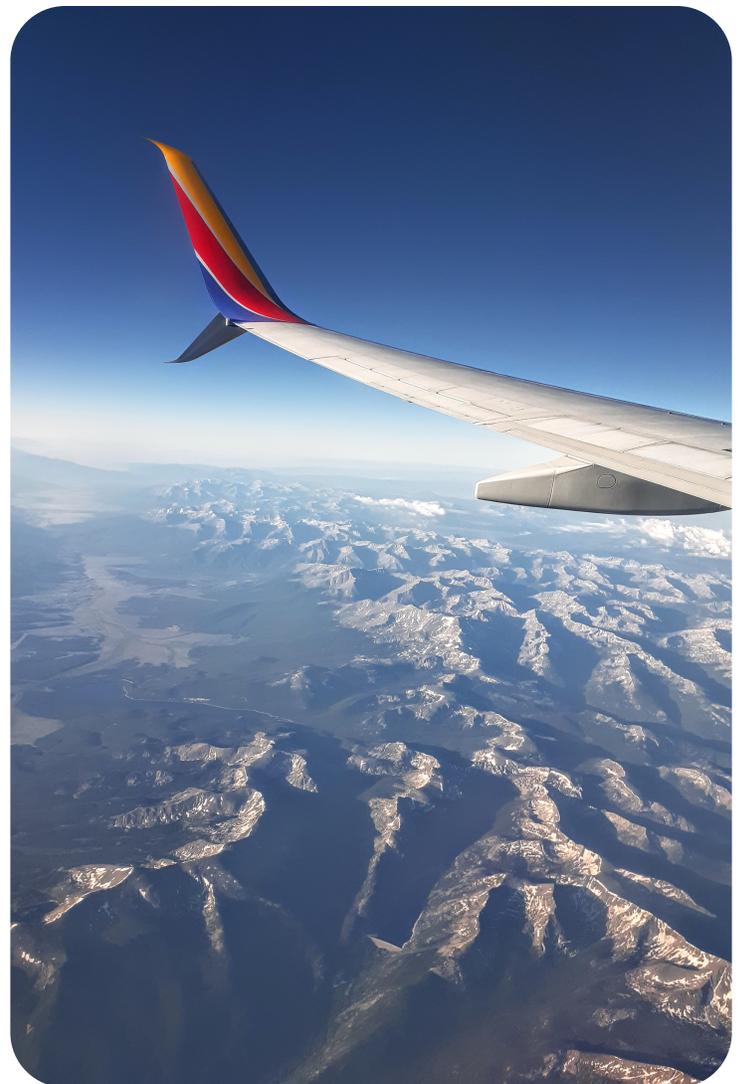
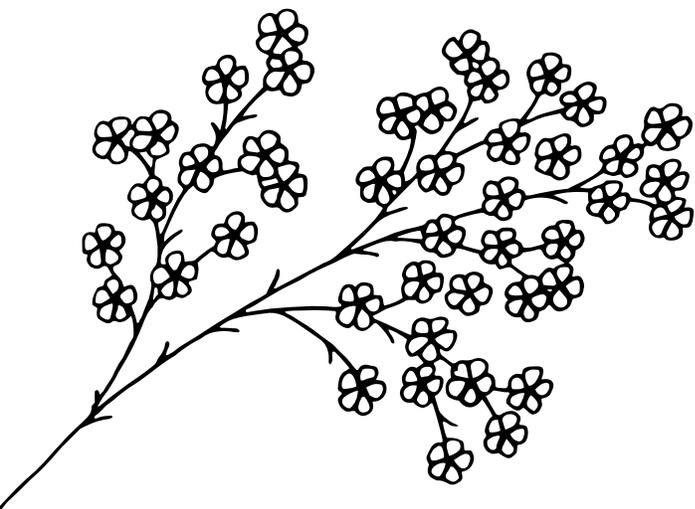
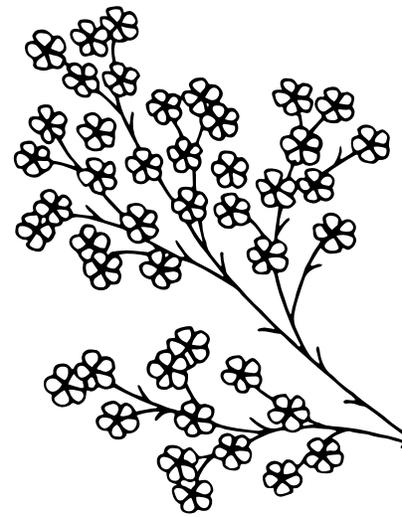


Photo by Courtney Sarozek

Untitled
by Nate Winter

Journey of Moving on

He stands there empty, Looking unhappy, walking alone again
He carry this heavy weight, wanting to give up and leave
He feel better lifting heavy weight, at the gym with his brother

Journey of Success

He is always nervous of them, he tries to talk but it fails
He wants to impress, but nothing is shown, he's scared but he then
realizing that she is a person, he talks to her with smile

Journey of Confidence

He lost everything, he thought about why, what is he thinking?
He see people smiling, there quietly watching as they enjoy
He walks up smiling, starts talking to them enjoying together

Journey of Self-love

He feel heavy, unattractive and think horrible things,
He think everyone is judging him, everyone looking at him
He seems to smile still, everyone talks to him, smiles with him

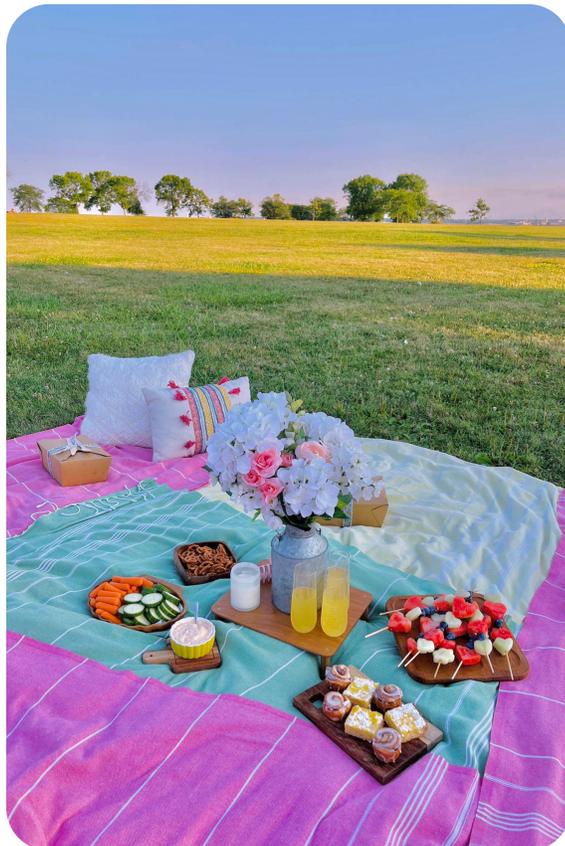
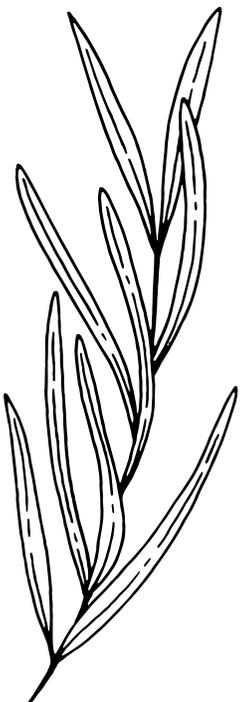


Photo by Camila Coronado

Home

by Lauryn Vierck and Mara DuBord

A beautiful night sky,
the stars twinkling in your eyes
the moon reflecting off of them.

You have to wonder,
who or what was here before you,
looking up at the sky and the same star you're watching now,
the same moon you're watching now.
You wonder about the history of the galaxy above you.

The stars gleaming in their brilliance,
twinkling up above, taunting you with their light.
They have the power that you wish you had.
Seeing a tree, mountain, or even a boulder
makes you realize how small you really are.

Just a small human being in this vast infinite universe.

Take a walk, shut your mouth and open your ears and eyes.
Look up, look around, see what you find.
The tall mountains across the creek,
the waterfall with the fish at the bottom,
the crickets in the tall grass that sways.
The world is vast, big, bright, and beautiful.
A one in a million chance that you're there looking at it,
here and now, in this moment.
This is home.



Photo by Dynali Forge

Footprint
by Jacie O'Shea

I remember the first day of middle school

"It will go by fast, have fun"

I think about the good memories back then

And think to myself how fast it's gone by

I remember it like it was just yesterday

I blinked and it all went by

The year has come

Senior year is now here

I look around at the kids I have seen my whole life and think

What happened?

We are all so different now from what it seems to be just yesterday

Now is the time we become our own selves

Take pride in who we are and who we are not

I've always thought about the day we all graduate and see each other for the last time

I've always pushed it off and told myself I don't have to worry about it for awhile

The time has come

The time where we have our lasts

Last first day of high school

Last football game

Last homecoming dance

It is now time

It is time to say goodbye

It is time to leave something good to have something even better



Photo by Katherine Thompson



Untitled
by Andrew Weske

The beach life kept her dream. Waking up to sand beneath her feet.
Long walks on the beach at sunrise. No stress and no worries at all.
Gone but not. She will always raise the sun on my beach. I miss her.



Photo by Alan Whitmoyer

Grandma
by Brady Carpenter

Birds chirping, lines casting, early summer morning, with Grandpa.
We race to catch the biggest fish and show Grandma at lunch.
But Grandma isn't there; it's been two years and we miss her daily.

The Interview
by Gabby Rodriguez

My grandma and I mix as well as oil and water do. She claims no one will love me because I don't dress 'proper' and I think of her as a washed out rag. One time she gave me cashews for Christmas. I have a deadly allergy.

I begrudgingly interviewed her for my assignment because she is the only old person I know. "Grandma, are you forced to work or do you just like to work?"

She talks about how she's been working since my mom was an infant. How it all equates to fifty five years of work. "Since 1968!" As she blabbers, I think about how to craft my essay. How with apathetic words I'll paint her as a good, hardworking civilian. Once I'm done with that I can start to cut down the homework tree.

But then she says, "I really shouldn't be working now 'cuz most people my age aren't but I just can't... I can't just sit in this apartment and wait to die,"

I'm caught off guard. This suddenly becomes very personal and the walls that surround us start to loom. Those blurry photos on the mantelpiece. Are they just reminders that most of her life is now past tense?

My grandma doesn't deal with the passing of time. She overworks herself so that the sound of conversing with coworkers is louder than the sound of the ticking clock. People don't talk about what it's like to know the last dawn is rising. My grandma and I are dysfunctional and always will be. But I'm still scared for her.

I want to ask about it. I should have asked about it. But I don't ask about it.

Grandma, how do you live with yourself knowing that you are on your last leg?



Photo by Dynali Forge

Winter's Bound
by Onicka Sphynxh

I am the cold, winter breeze, nipping at your bitter, running nose

You cower with pale hands and knuckles red

As you wish to fight me off but I am beyond strength

I am twirling about; in your hair, through your fingers, against your cheeks

taunting you, as I am intangible

When the ground is white with snow and decorates the trees in a flutter of frost

All the animals abandon their natural abode

Flocking North, East, South, West; anywhere away

Like a landlord evicting them to the curb

I am the crunch of snow beneath your tarnished boots

The subtle prick against your throbbing ears,

Endorsing the cruelty of a premature setting sun

The cherishment of warmth nothing but vain

For you, child, and your community of people turned into husks

dull and gray from Winter's touch

For I am exactly that: I am Winter

A frigid, untamable beast kept alive by the frost and ice

Lingering in your vacant cars

Creeping through your bedroom windows to diminish your blankets warm hug

Photo by Dynali Forge

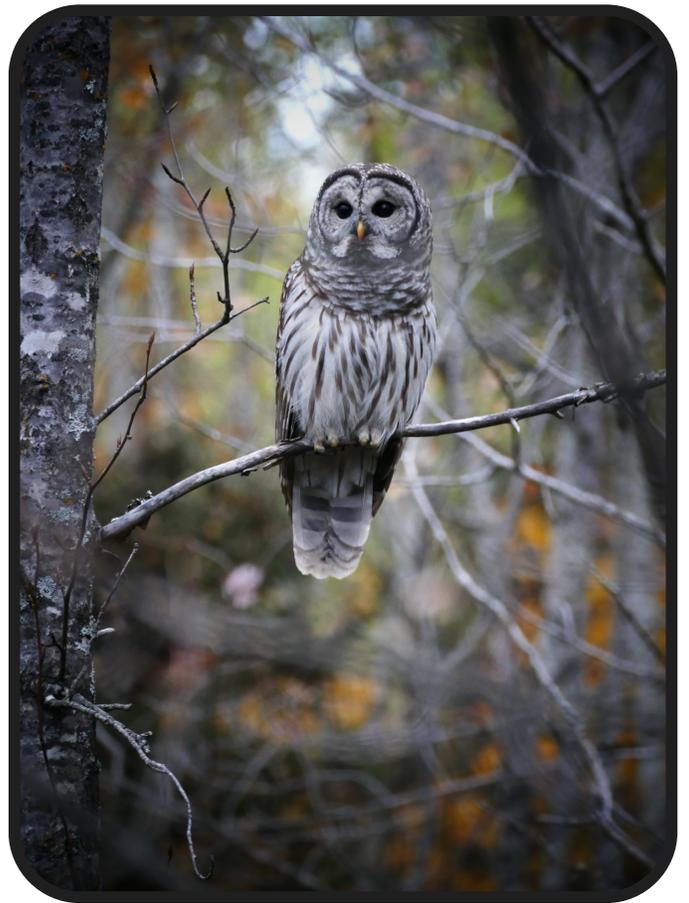
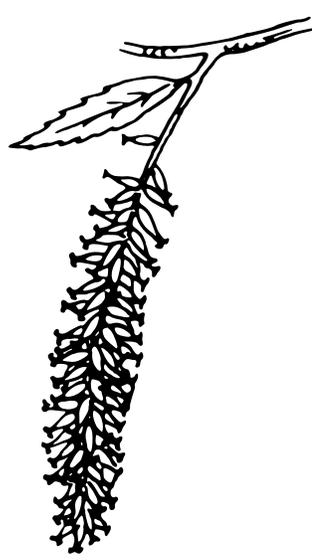
The shower of snow amongst your driveways and ice distributing across your roads

In a thick sheet of minaciousness

I am Here; you cannot escape my wrath

Not yet at least,

Until a few harrowing months away.



What Do I Owe?
by Kendall Danielson

To those that came before me
Who traveled land, sky, and sea
Who fought to be free,
What do I owe?

To soldiers with stories forgotten
And old friendships turned rotten
What do I owe?

To the families of the lost
And the bodies covered in moss
What do I owe?

To the rivers turned red
And the headpieces that fled
To all the hearts filled with dread
And those who met their end
What do I owe?

To those from the past
Filled with courageous acts
Who fought in battles of strife
Using blades sharper than knife
I owe my Life.

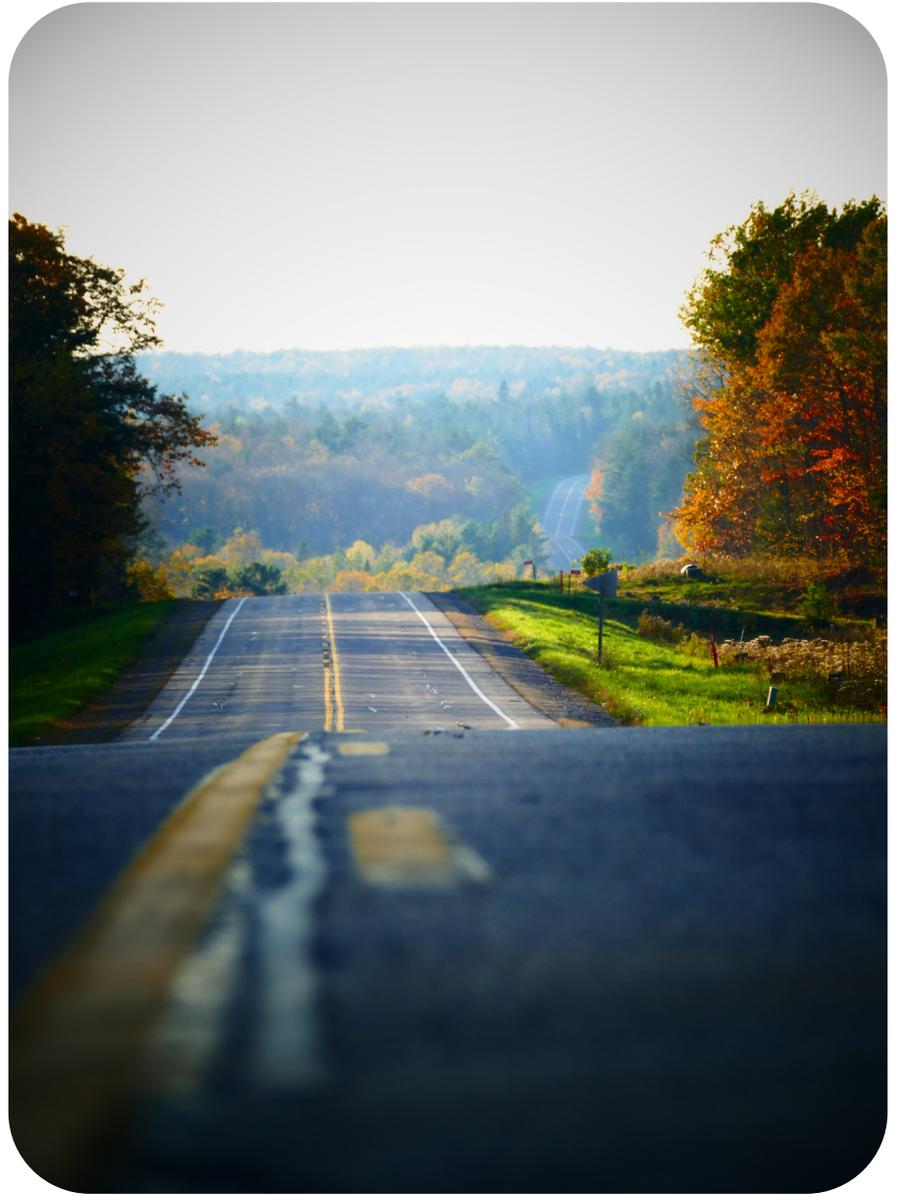
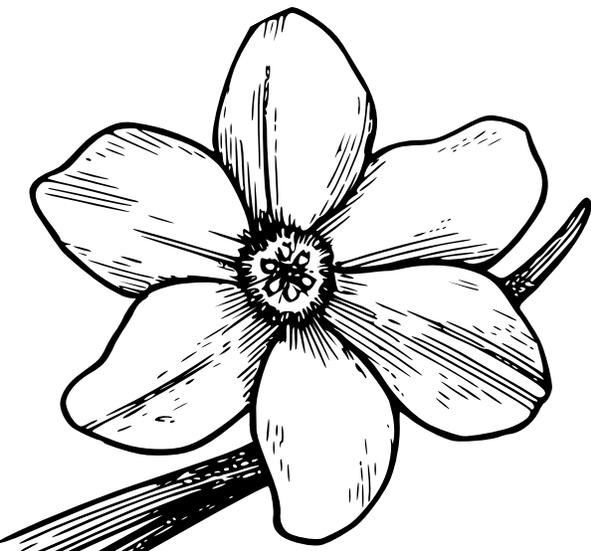


Photo by Dynali Forge



I Can Be Yellow
by Bennett Basich

Yellow like the feeling of warm wind on a cold day

Yellow like the feeling of hot chocolate on a cold winter day

Yellow like the smell of a newly lit candle when you walk downstairs

Yellow like the sound of people screaming during sporting events

Yellow like the taste of your favorite food on a bad day

Yellow like the sight of a dog seeing their family come home

Yellow like the taste of ice cream on a warm summer day

Yellow like the sound of a basketball dribbling with nobody else in the gym

Yellow like the smell of a new car as you drive it home

Yellow like the feeling of water after a hard practice

Yellow like the feeling of warm wind on a cold day



Photo by Keira Ashenfelter



Who am I
by Allison Jackson

Colleges, they expect me to know the answer on paper.
I sit down, how do I know, it's intricate with no right answer.
I may not know who I am, but I know who I want to be.

You
by Abby Vorpapel

Live and love, that's what they say, but why didn't you? Why couldn't you?
I gave you me, I cared when you didn't. My heart cut in half.
So why now? I'm still the same, have you changed? Probably not.

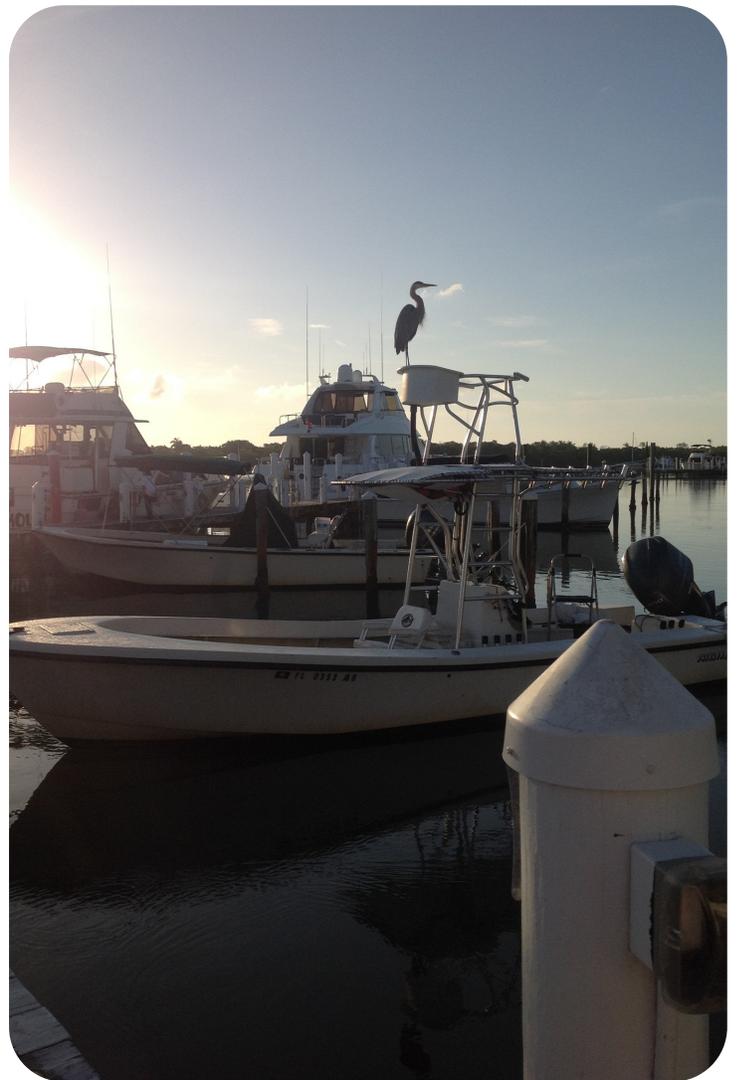
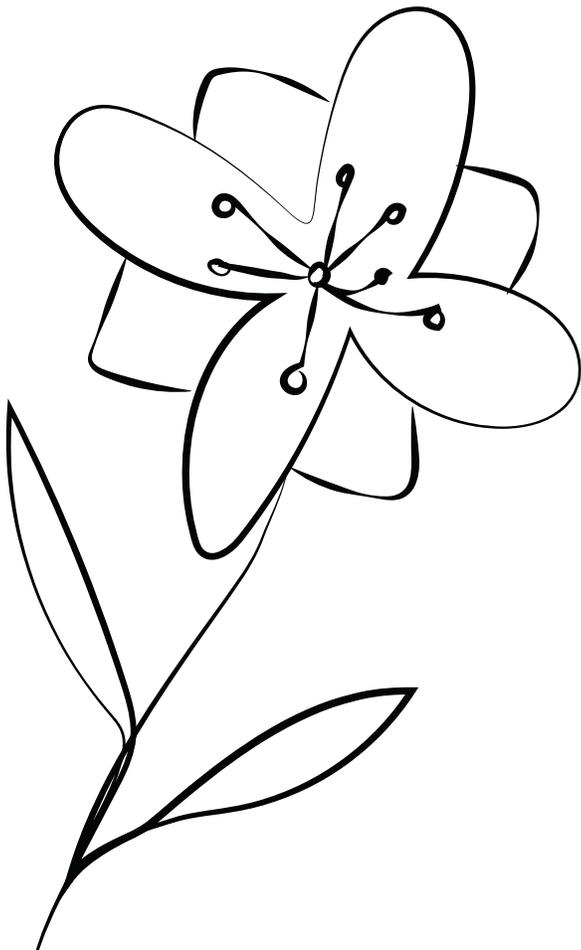


Photo by Emily Biver

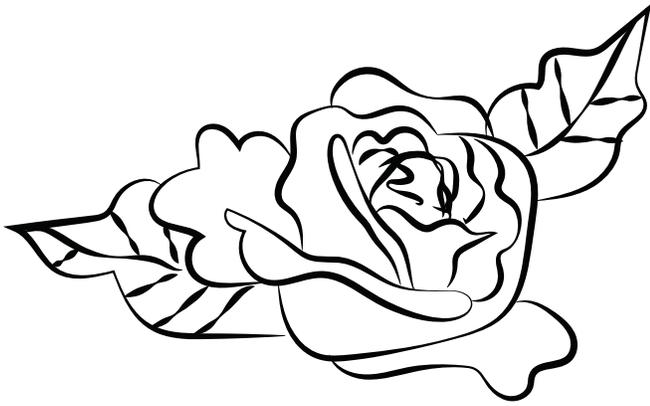


Photo by Emily Biwer

What the United States Flag Stands For by Stella

Reds rupture, blues burst, and whites whizz through the empty black sky. The vivid color illuminates the festivities below. Flames sizzle on the grill as families get together to share traditional American Food. Desserts are decorated with red lines and tarnished with sprinkles of blue. Freedom is here.

Players are lined up down first base line, cleats covered in dirt and clean uniforms awaiting their foreseen mud bath. Eagerness and anticipation streams through the seats of the stadium. If it is quiet enough, you can hear the sound of pride ring like Christmas bells. Freedom is here.

The common but slightly dreaded ring of the school bell goes off and the day has started. Teachers and students stand and begin, "I pledge allegiance...". The only thing everyone in school has in common is the memorization of this patriotic pledge. "And to the republic...". Hands placed over hearts, flags in the corner of every room: "with liberty and justice for all." We all take a seat. Freedom is here.

For every new beginning or end, America has fought and supported equality and comfort for its citizens. The reds white and blues signify the fight and passion America continues to grow off of. The people, good people, fighting for a banner that stands for every personal freedom sculpts America into the country it is today.

The school lunchroom was engulfed in patriotic paper trinkets. Laughter bursts from every table, where veterans and their families were eating the annual "Veterans Day Breakfast." I remember hugging my grandpa, the look of excitement and love in his eyes. I also remember hearing the gun shots at his funeral, the 21-gun salute. My grandpa was one of the best men I've ever met. Honest, proud, brave, and most importantly selfless. He was exactly what the flag stood for. So as reds blues and whites rupture burst and whizz through the sky I watch them in awe and remember what they stand for. The fight, the passion, the grit, and the overall selflessness of our country. Freedom rings here.

Synesthesia Darks
by Annie Frederickson

The sadness of puppies is like the trees
moving lightly from the breeze of the wind.

The hiding place of rain shivers underneath the
broken wood floorboard in the living room.

The rock bottom of October never will allow
the burning hot sun of August shines through.

The enemy of green hides between the
dusty history books on the middle shelf in the library.

The swirl of loneliness sounds like
biting into a fresh, ripe orange.

When you toss sadness to the wind, it returns
as the boiling hot water used to make tea.

The shape of the past fits inside
my white coat pocket.

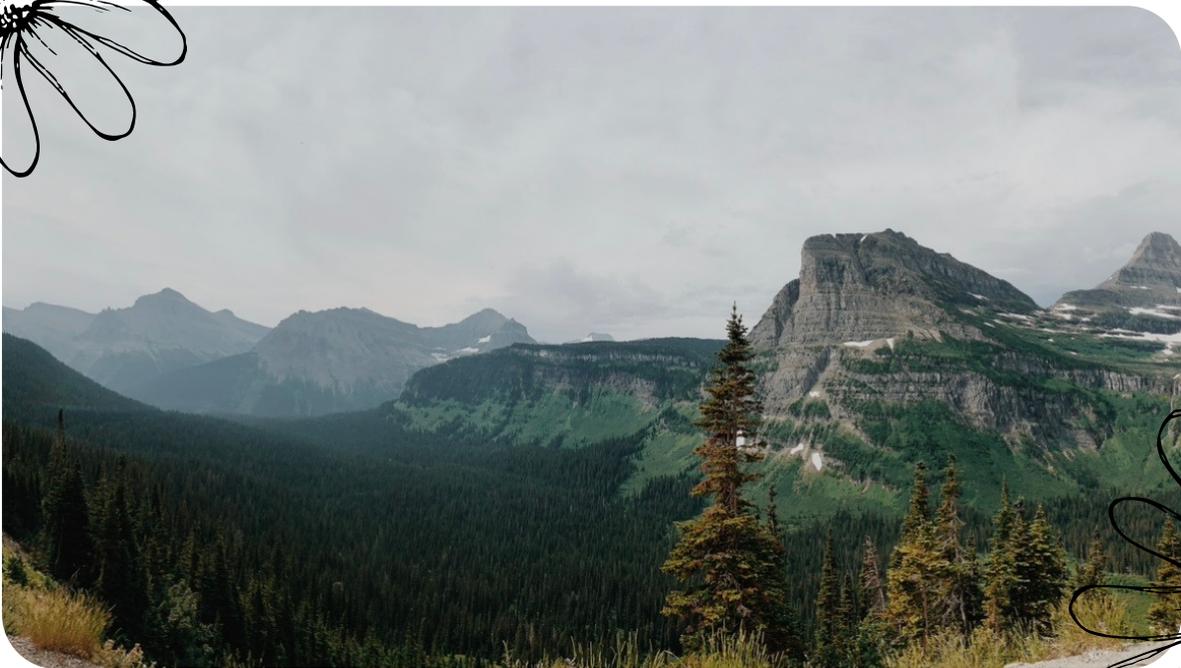


Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

I'm Alive
by Eden Harrison

Alive?

But what does that mean exactly?

I may see things before my eyes,
Unending skies, both bright and dark,
Smiles and frowns and all the faces in between,
Images that fly by in colorful blurs,
I see it all when I bother to lift my head.
But that does not mean I comprehend any of the sights gifted to me.

I may hear things with my ears,
Sounds of singing water mixed with clanging metals,
Melodies of nature coupled with the harmonies produced by man,
Voices that talk and talk and talk and talk and talk,
Noises that echo constantly and ceaselessly all around me.
But that does not mean I don't feel the need to block out most of it.

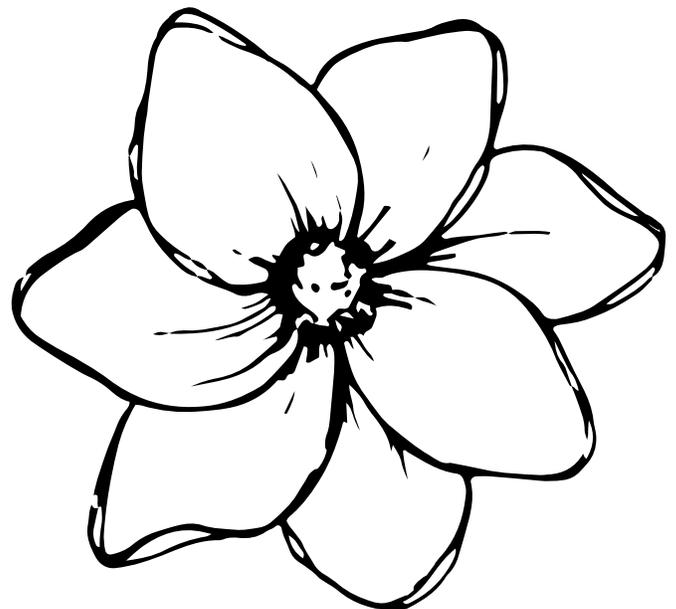
I may feel things in my hands,
Flowers and weeds of summer I killed as a child,
The cold, hard, floor beneath my feet as we run barefoot through the halls,
Their hand in my own, much softer and warmer than mine,
Everything overloads my senses once they graze my fingers.
But that does not mean I don't pull away as soon as I get the chance.

I may remember and forget,
I may think and feel,
I may make and break,
I may laugh and cry,
I may do a million things.
But that does not mean I want to.

I may be alive.
But that does not mean I understand what any of it means.



Photo by Dynali Forge



Times of Gray

by Sam Leoni

The feeling of disappointment, shades of gray and dark black
Gray can show no emotions and say no words to tell a story
It tells the story of darkness, of low times
It shows the feeling of an amazing experience abruptly coming to an end
The feeling of a villain, winning in a tough crowd
Hiding from reality, staying away from people
Gray shows no motivation, pushing past looking for brighter colors
Showing character, asking if you can push through
Grey can hold you down, like a trailer on your back
Anyone can do something in happy, orange times
Can you get past times of gray?

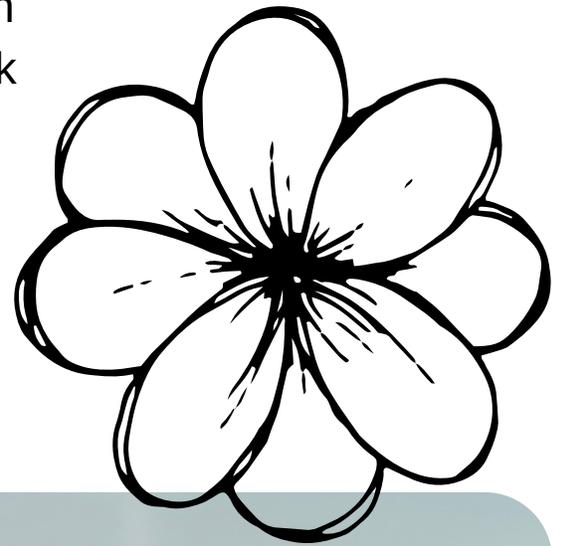


Photo by Emily Biber

A Ballad of Sorrow and Woe
by Onesti Ekholm

I was born crying.

The cold air burnt fresh pink skin.

Until then,

I had only known warmth.

I had only known safety and peace.

I was born crying.

My tears so frequent

they left scars on my cheeks,

staining my untouched flesh

shades of crimson and cruelty.

I was born crying

and I haven't stopped.

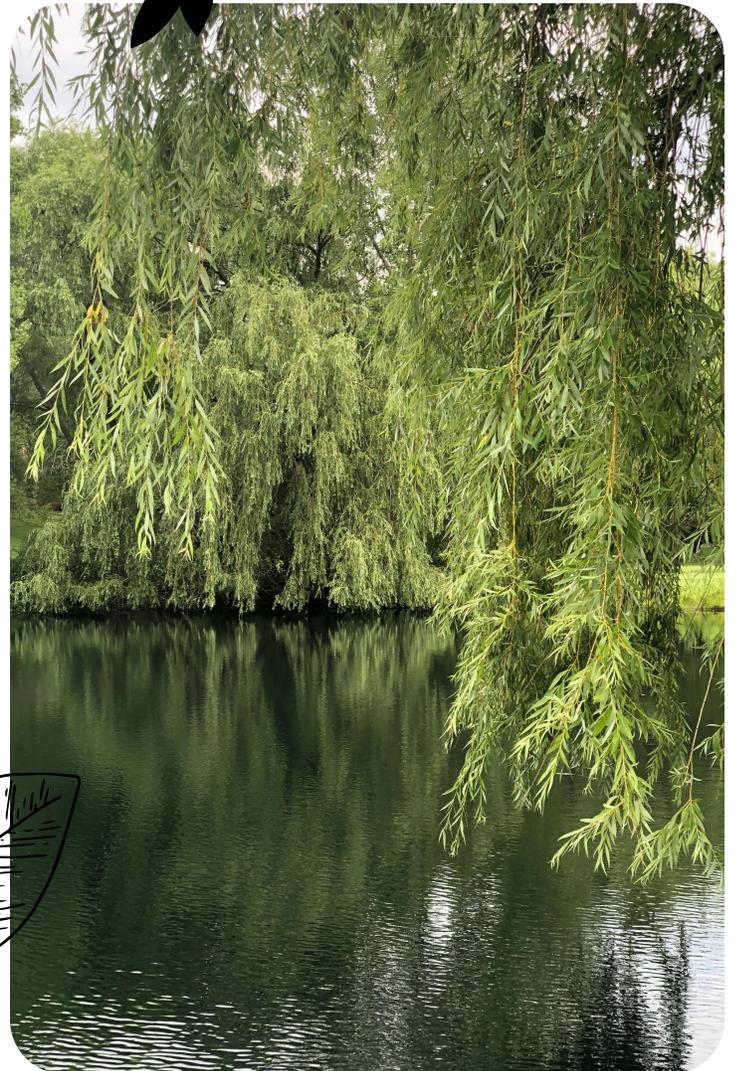
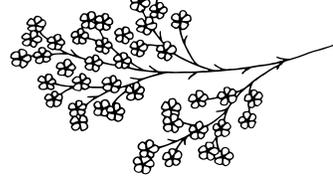


Photo by Connor Lestina

Mrs. Carnell
by Kris Kramer



Deep within the rock lies a gem.

Mrs. Carnell is an educator at Arrowhead high school. She values other people for what they can become, and for what they can accomplish. A clear goal of hers is to help other people grow. During my time in her classroom, I've seen the effects of her patience and persistence on others, and on myself.

I like to write, and because of this, Mrs. Carnell's 11th-grade and 12th classes weren't a struggle. I completed her assignments easily and on time. I felt comfortable and confident in her class and found her to be friendly and sensitive.

Through time, her kindness and sincerity became obviously genuine. I never had to worry about a thoughtless or insensitive comment from her about an assignment or about an opinion I had. This made her class a perfect end to the day during both semesters. Though it was a joy to know her, my biggest takeaway wasn't the way she treated me. It was the way she treated others.

A large number of kids that take writing classes do it for the grade, and the credits to graduate: Mrs. Carnell knows this. Yet, the students who wouldn't normally give the class any effort or thought, are the people she engages with the most. A student could be zoned out, on their phones, and off task; and Mrs. Carnell's polite request to give the work a chance will kindle the fire of a new essay.

I recall a moment in which someone who didn't like to share out in class was called on to read something from the whiteboard. It's easy to judge, but this was the kind of person who looked like they didn't want to be at school and would rather never come back if they had any say. Mrs. Carnell didn't see that. She saw a person who had their own interests and ideas and might benefit from speaking in front of people now and again. She called on him to share, and after some persuasion, had him read two entire paragraphs from an article on the screen. She didn't do this to embarrass or punish him: she did it because she knew it was something he needed.

Mrs. Carnell had implemented a phone jail at the start of the year, which was met with resistance from more than half of the kids. A week or so went by, and after remaining persistent with the rule, the class eventually did not have to be reminded to put their phones in the slots. One Friday, a repeat offender of the no-phone rule simply and plainly asked Mrs. Carnell,

"Mrs. Carnell, can we keep our phones on us just for today?"

Instead of blowing off his request, Mrs. Carnell allowed us to keep our phones on us, so long as they were quiet. The first day of not using the phone jail after a few weeks of needing it went well; there were little to no distractions, and the majority of the class was still focused and in tune with the lesson. From then on, the phone jail was never used again in our class period.

I am grateful to have been in Mrs. Carnell's class more than once. It might have been the case that if I had her for one class, she would've been remembered as a great teacher and a nice person. However, having her a second year showed me that above all that, she is also compassionate and caring—and not just for the studious kids. She cares for each individual who comes into the classroom, whether they want to be there or not.

Thank you, Mrs. Carnell.

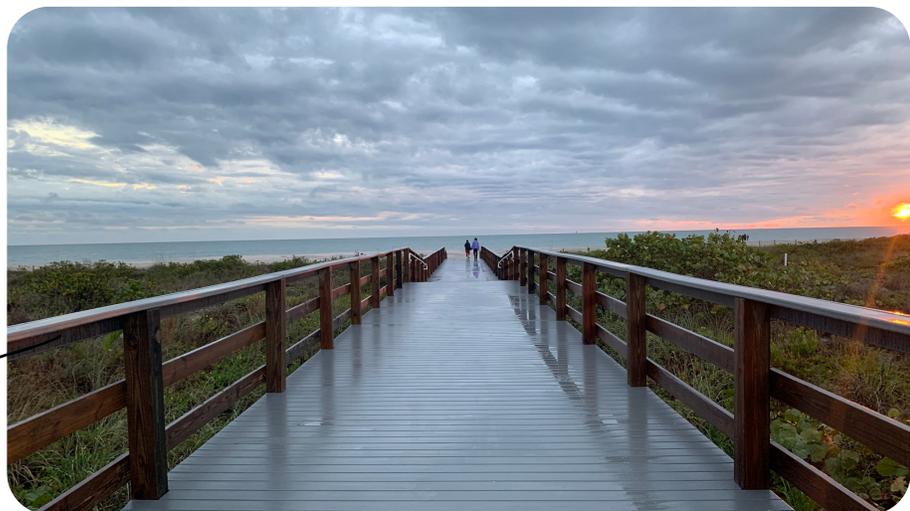
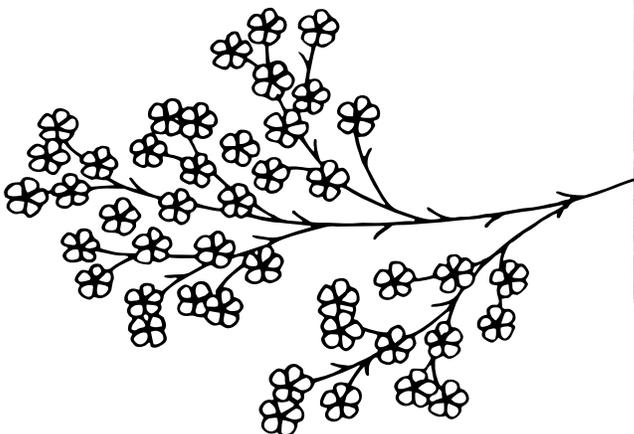


Photo by Emily Biwer

White Noise
by Lexie Vondrak

The quiet;
My childhood fear.
Fifteen minute commercials lit up my television at 3 am,
People speaking constantly
Even while I slept.

The whir of a fan,
The song of a bird on a summer afternoon,
The drip of a faucet,
They meant solitude.

I didn't get over my fear.
One doesn't wake up,
Comforted by still air
After hating it all their life.

It changed with me,
My scope of silence narrowed.

The whir of a fan,
The song of a bird on a summer afternoon,
The drip of a faucet,
I can find peace with.

I fear being lonely.
Letting quiet mean solitude,
Is losing all safety in my own presence
That I've worked so hard to achieve.

The quiet;
The fear I left in childhood.

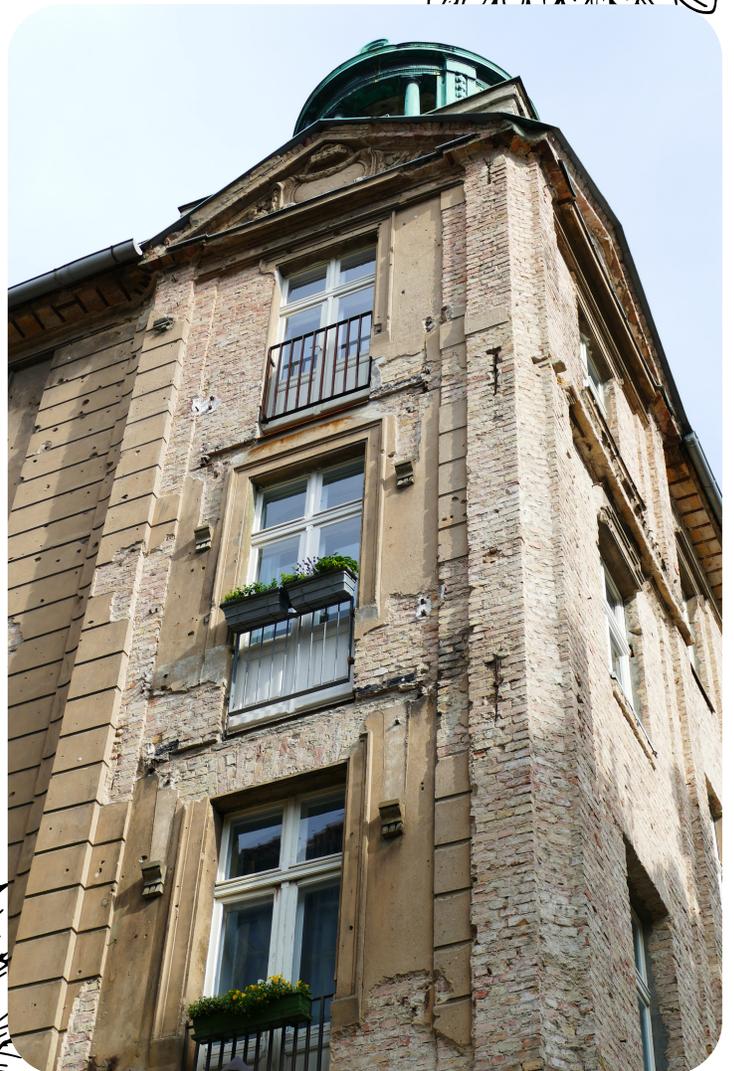
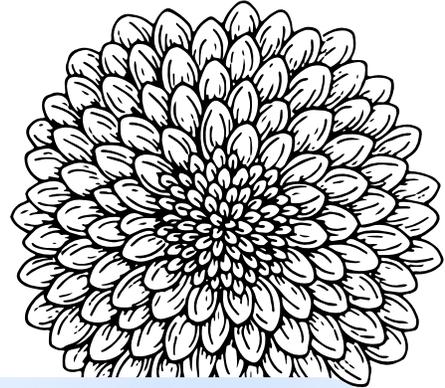


Photo by Dynali Forge

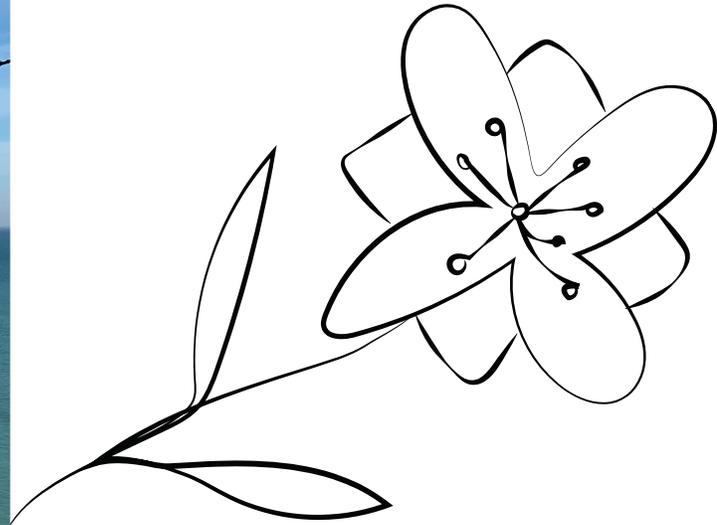
Raindrops

by G

Finally, after the sound of hooves stopped pouring down onto the roof I step outside overwhelmed by the smell of spring pouring into my brain. I walk outside and lay down closing my eyes and enjoying the sound of spring, the birds chirping and kids laughing I drift off into a state of mind where the clouds are gone and the sun feels as though the flames of a fire and crackling up at her. Running through the field of wheat, the sky goes black, birds start dropping from the sky like rain drop and the sky looks like the smell of smoke, and she jolts awake at the feel of 1000 volts of electricity goes through her body.



Photo by Emily Biver



Summer
by Pearl Peckham

The feeling of happiness
is like waking up on the first day of summer break
with that one bird chirping
there is not a single cloud in the sky
The warm wind blowing on your body
is like a sudden lift into a new beginning
That blooming flower
Is the beginning of something new
The first smell of fresh air flowing through your nose
Its lifts you high above the clouds
It's a moment of peace

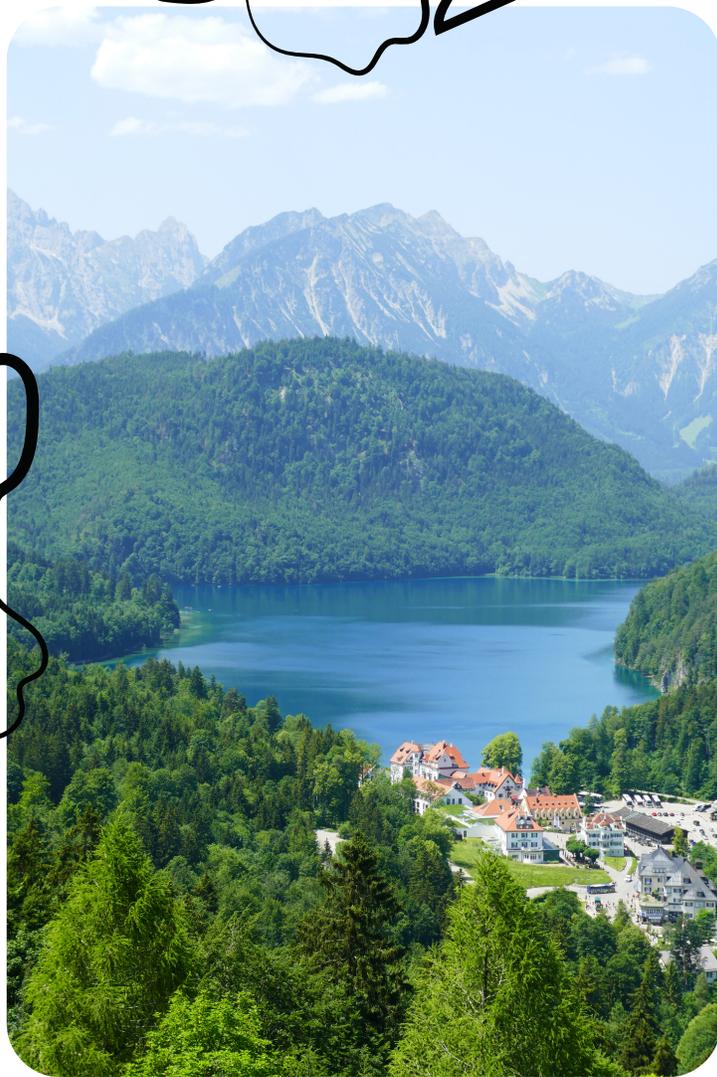
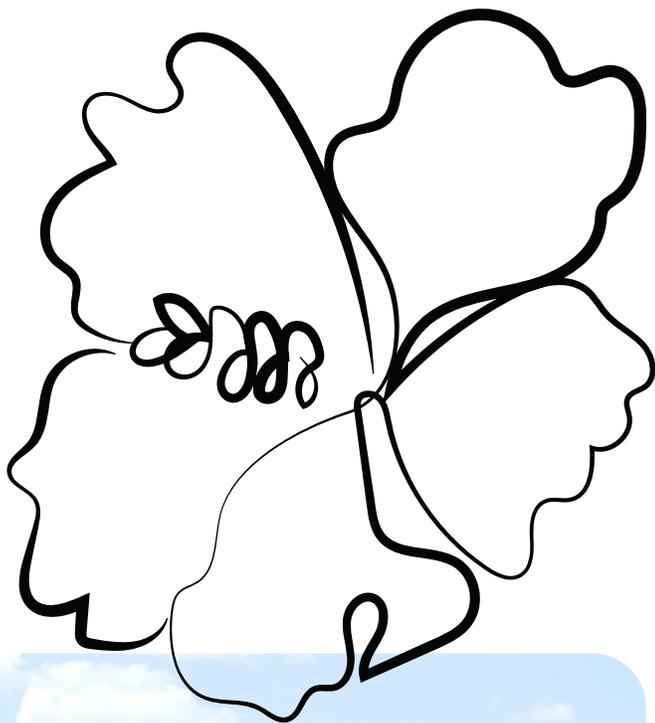


Photo by Dynali Forge

The Roses Bled Red
by LW

You walk out the door
The last embrace felt like the breeze on the last day of summer
The sweatshirt that I used to love, the color navy
Navy used to smell of trust and cinnamon,
but now I only see the darkness before a bad summer storm.
I can see you but you can't see me
I'm reaching out for you but you keep pulling away
Why did you walk away?
The sound of your name is just nails on a chalkboard
The smell of your cologne is now burnt toast on an unpleasant morning
Only making the morning worse
The cries in my bed as I see the roses bleeding red
Red is the color of the love you once had for me
The roses bled out, but I'm still here holding the remains

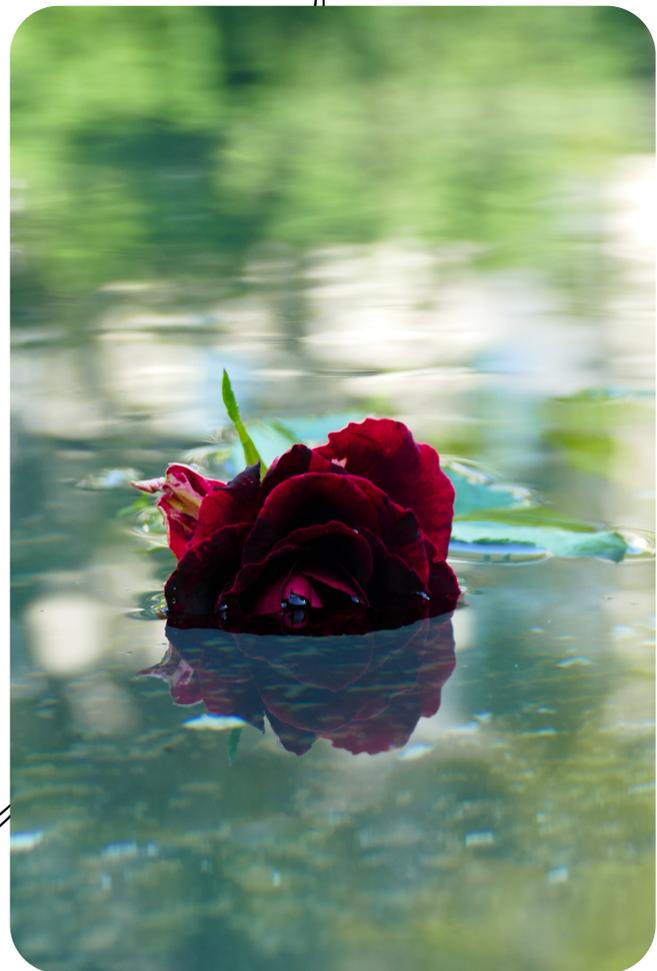
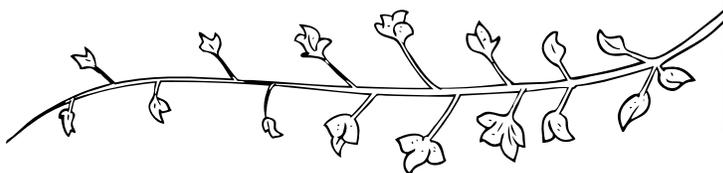


Photo by Dynali Forge

Firefly
by Sophia McArthur

Illuminating the dark,
firefly shines like stardust with wings.
As it flutters around gracefully,
the beaming boy makes a wish.
Aimlessly, it pounds against the tinted glass,
trying to escape.



Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

Do you know me?

by Allison Jackson

You say I am the roaring rain
That powerful gust of wind in your face
That loud crack as the thunder pops
The rain as it comes pouring down
What a weight it brings
The striking lightning
The shake in the earth
as it rumbles from the strike

But I am the light after the rain
As the clouds clear
And the storm passes
I am the gentle wind
that brushes across your face
The sweet-smelling air after the rain
The rainbow stretched across miles
As the sun hits the shower just right
And the storm has stopped
But there never was a storm
You realize I am not that storm
The treacherous being
You sought me out to be
That is not me
I define who I Am
Not You.

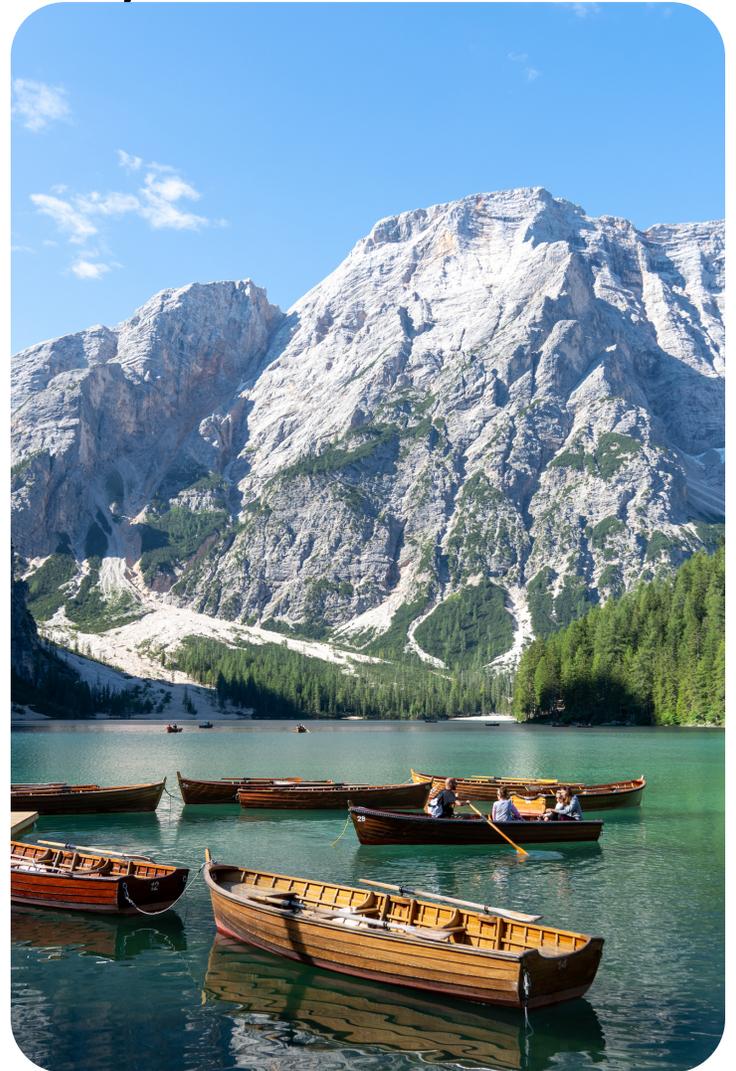


Photo by Aron Szucs



Photo by Alan Whitmoyer

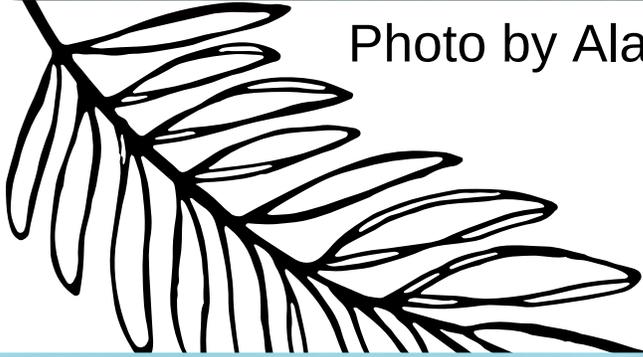


Photo by Aron Szucs

Lifelong Hero
by Andrew Weske

She was the light to my sky

She was my heaven on earth

She was the waves to my beach

She was the lightning to my thunder

She was the most gorgeous flower to my garden

She was my Grandmother

My sick stomach turned between each bump on the race home

A tear trickled down my cheek as I fly pass another car

Sweat swiftly dropped to the seat of the car from my firm grip on the steering wheel

Tightly turning in and out of traffic itching to get home

My head pounded with horrid thoughts

My tongue twisted with a bitter taste

My heart skipped beat after beat

My mind tells me she is gone. But is she really?

As of January twenty second, twenty twenty three, the earth declared my grandmother dead

But in my heart, she will never leave my side.



Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

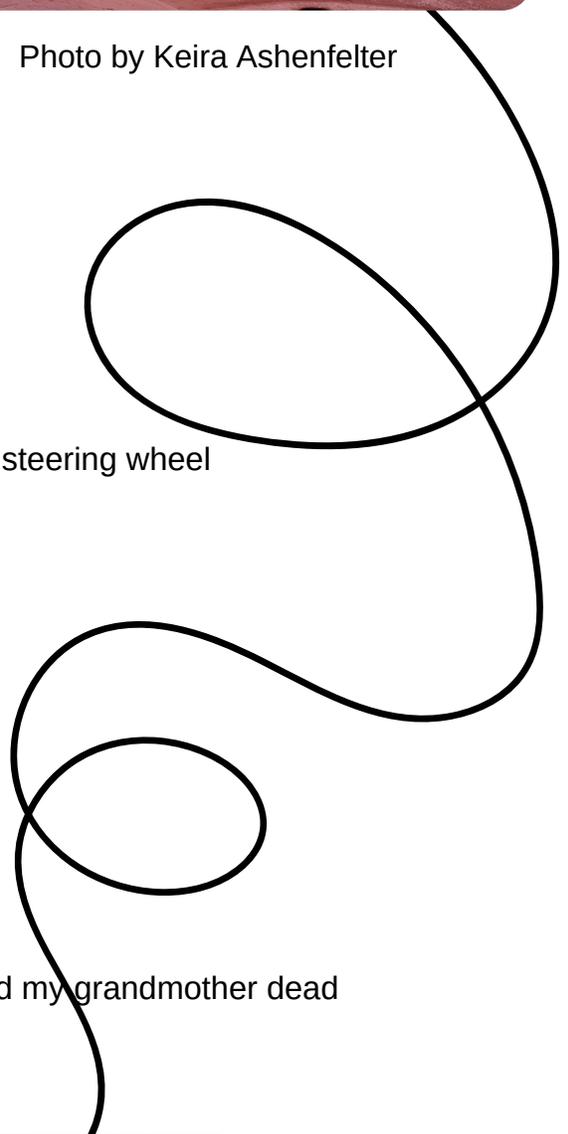


Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

Dwelling Daisies Date
Writing and Photo by Haley Podd, Lisa Podd, and Curt Podd

Curious eyes fall upon the wondrous, wild skies.
Creative colors litter a canvas stretched in every direction.
Charming clouds shadow Heaven, painting a sacred sunrise.

Blazing petals orbit the peculiar paths that thread through blue.
Beguiling blossoms bear their last breath as the biting winter blinds them.
Besprent with rustic raindrops, the sunrise becomes sheathed in dense dew.

Pink peonies, purple petunias, and poetic pansies dance in open grass.
Perennials full of busy bumble bees buzz with winter stress.
Pallad plants bleed beau blue, reflecting genteel shades of glistening glass.

Melting mirrors run through marshes, reflecting acoustic autumn days.
Magnanimous moonlight manifests waves like birds building biomes comfortably.
Morning glory allows beams of soaked sunlight to bounce off baikal bays.

He handed me flowers drooping like teardrops
And I watch them cry from death.

I mistrustfully spy on summer with one open eye
As I lean in with my last breath.



A Hidden City
Writing and Photo by Mateo Haeuser and Frank Haeuser

I lean off the side of the boat and fall into another world under the waves. A trust fall backward into a large splash and suddenly goes quiet. Below is only blue that fades into an intimidating black that gives depth to the ocean. I look to my dad who gives me the “ok” symbol to descend into the depths. I only hear my breath but the sound fades away. POP! My ears adjust to the pressure of the water like a firework explosion. As we near the reef floor, I start to see the colors of corals carpeting the reef. Among them are fish of all colors living in a city of beauty, going about their day, and getting to their next destination.

Suddenly, the bustling city goes into hiding. I question why all the little fish went into the cracks and holes of the rock. But then it all made sense almost instantly, out of the blue came two sharks, patrolling the ocean looking for trouble. They pass my Dad and me with curiosity. The largest of the two swam straight in my direction and right before I thought it would hit me, it turned left and swam right passed. I reach out my hand to feel the shark's skin. The feeling of dull sandpaper rubs on my fingertips. The shark swims with a river of sand that cuts the city in two. I watch the shark swim off into the blue and disappear as fast as it appeared. The city comes back to life and we continue our adventure.

As I sway back and forth with the current from the waves above, we meet the reef edge. I look out and see what many people can't. The beauty of nothing, nothing at all. Only the turquoise water with a hint of sunlight. I look down where the reef wall descends into complete darkness below. The wall is covered in sea fans, dancing in perfect harmony with the current. Lobsters peek their heads out of holes in the wall and shyly watch us from their homes. I check my air tank gauge and realize it is time to ascend back to my world. As I rise, I watch the hidden city that rarely gets seen by the average person get tucked away by the waves to be unfolded by another.



Pretty When You Cry
by Caitlyn Soya

I hate
emotions.

They're terrible;

I won't allow them.

Yet, tears start to drip.

The anger I hold inside

begins boiling, bubbling,
and now after years it bursts!

Society told me to lie for years;
to not feel sadness, anger, fear.

I knew Society was wrong though.

After suppressing them I've realized,

I am allowed to feel each feeling I have.

I didn't have to feel disgust when crying.

I wouldn't let Society tell me false truths.

I wouldn't let Society lie to me anymore.

Society as we know it is wrong for once.

No, they've always been entirely wrong.

Never once have they ever told the truth.

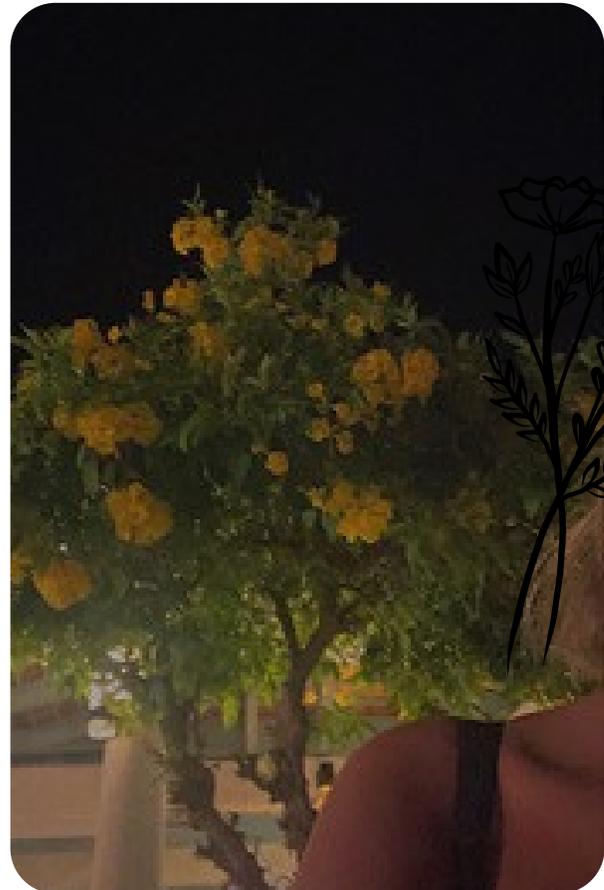
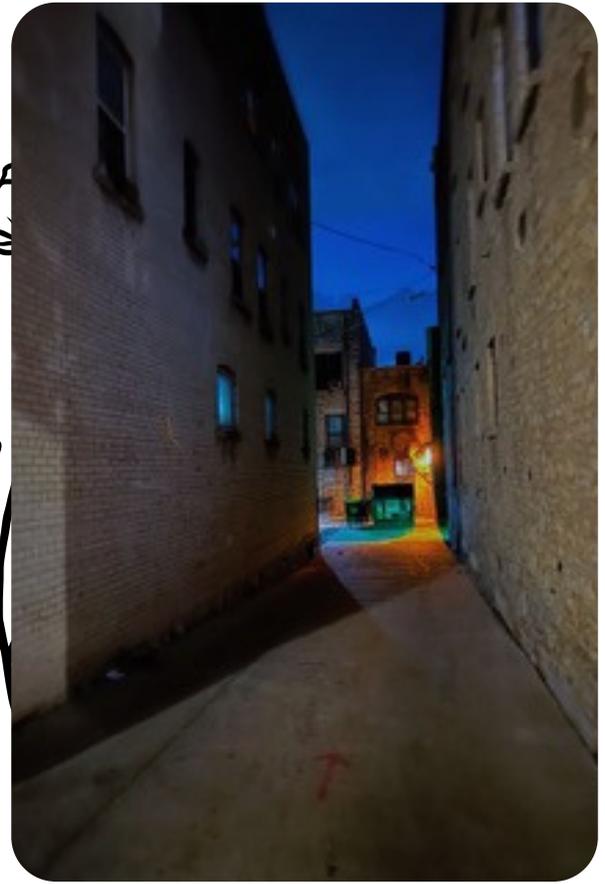
I've come to a realization that I'm right.

Finally they aren't lying to me.

Society, how can you lie,

when you don't

tell the truth?



Creature of the Night

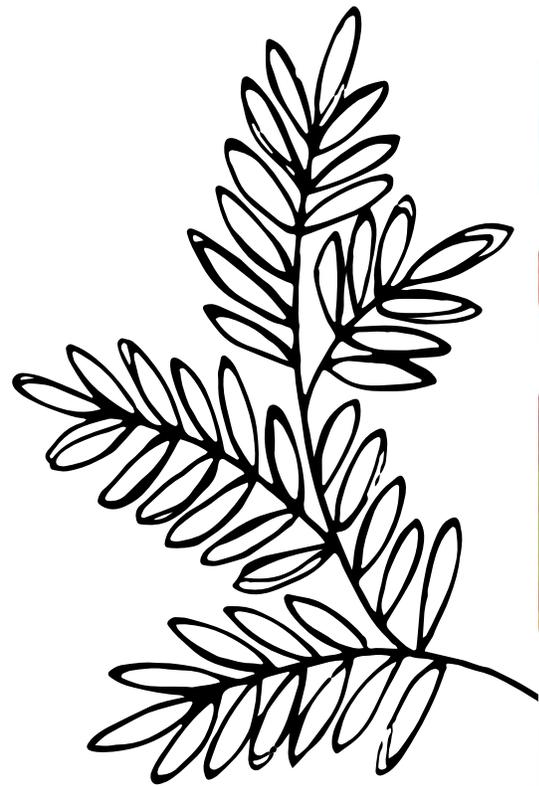
Writing and Photo by Laila Alvarado and Ms. Jorgensen

The moon has reached its peak, and as such the wildlife makes itself known to those who are no longer there. Many sleep, but some hunt for what may be their last meal. The animals of the night either live within the woods or the cities that never seem to lose their glow, and as long as they are fed they will be satisfied.

As the mice skitter across the open floors, unaware that a beast of sharp claws, pitch black eyes, and a ghastly face is about to swoop down and feast on their prey, they search for safety. A majority of the mice make it to this haven, however, one does not. That single mouse is swallowed whole, and the beast flies away, almost as if it was merely passing by, almost as if it did not just take another creature's life.

This very same beast represents death, rebirth, and transformation for those who had once thrived off this land, and as such it embodies these very same beliefs when simply going about its nightly routine.

Yet, only some know this creature to be a barn owl.



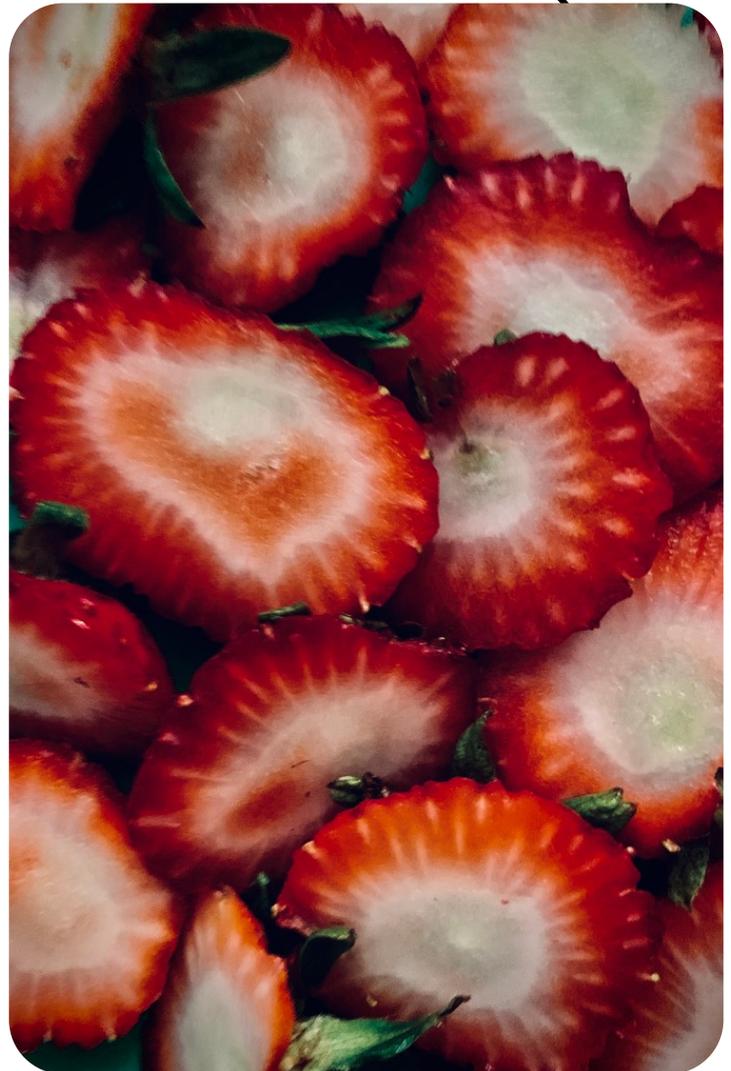
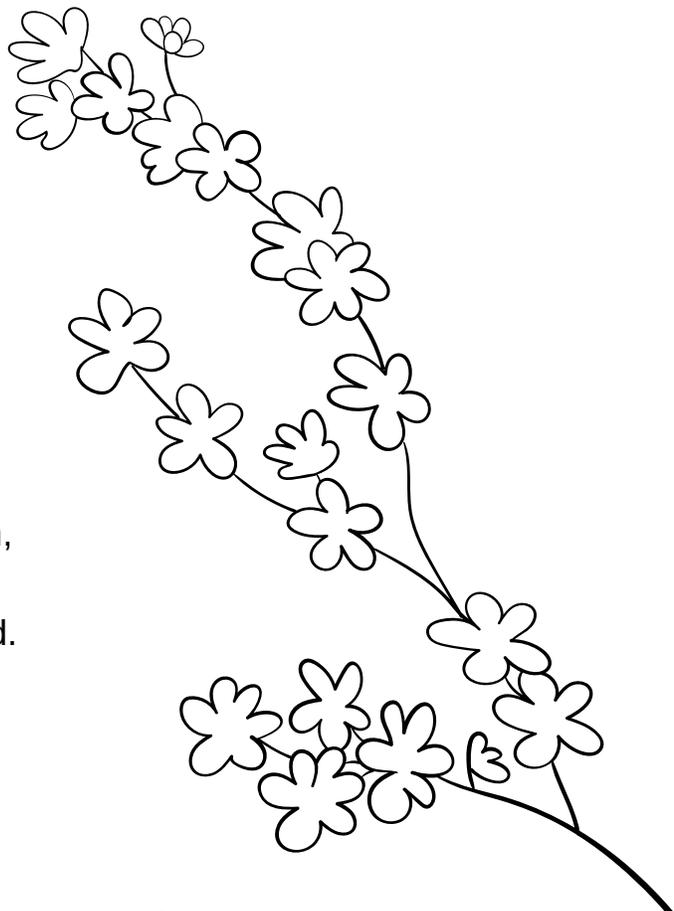
Fruity Tuity
Writing and Photo by Olivia Wyma

Wee sweet mountains growing on a bush,
they age and age until they are plucked.
They are slashed, dissected, and trimmed.
Any way you eat them is authentic.

The rosy red snack is occasionally sour,
in kuchen or teas, or fresh off the flower.
They have imperfections like all of us do
with distorted shapes and shades of green too.

I knew a girl who took off the numerous seeds.
She was afraid she might grow a sapling.
I knew a boy who ate the grassy leaves.
He said it gave him vitamin D.

I don't care how you eat them
but don't just take it from me.
Try one for yourself and you'll see,
a Strawberry is the best food to eat.



A Little Taste of Heaven
Writing and Photo by Dom

A drink preferred in the winter;
prepared with a rich, thick syrup,
and a clean chilled glass of milk.
A drink that smells like childhood;
the breakfasts you'd wake up to,
and the feeling of warmth.

A drink that looks like the rivers in your dreams;
smooth, continuous, calm,
and still.

A drink that feels like a soft pillow.
One that isn't too skinny or too thick.
It is simply the feeling of comfort.

A drink that tastes like heaven.



Alaskan Atmosphere
Writing and Photos by Ella Barrie

We step outside into the brisk Alaskan winds.

My flesh grows cold.

The frigid air kisses my worries goodbye.

As I look out into the Northern Pacific Ocean, a glacier stares at me.

Stares at us.

More blue than the sky.

Brighter than the clouds.

The sunshine glistens on the extensive icebergs.

But our smiles are more broad.

Mighty mountains- uncorrupted like the stars.

Rocky shapes and curved lines- their imperfection is a blessing.

Trees with different shades of greens.

The Earth's colors admixture naturally.

I hear the wind whistle.

The birds sing along.

I smell the soil from below.

My shoes take shape with every step on the ground.

The mountains decompress our world.

I reach out of the raft, and the creek feels draft.

The water glimmers in the sunlight.

The transpicuous, crystal clear blue.

Untouched by mankind, like a galaxy flying high.

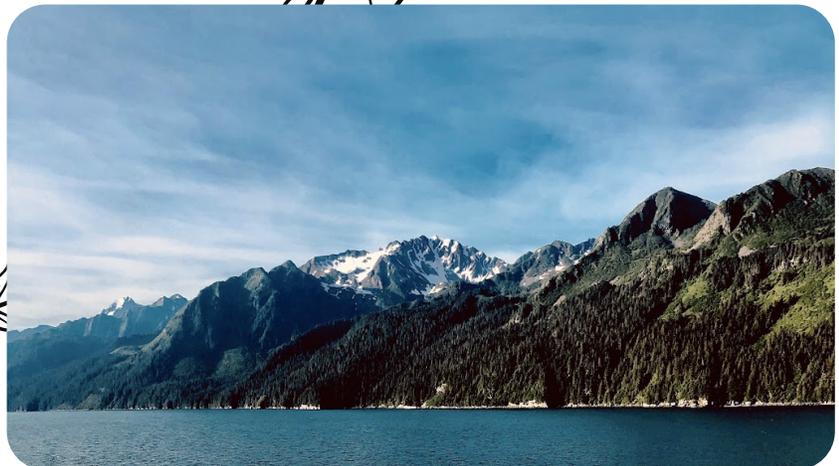
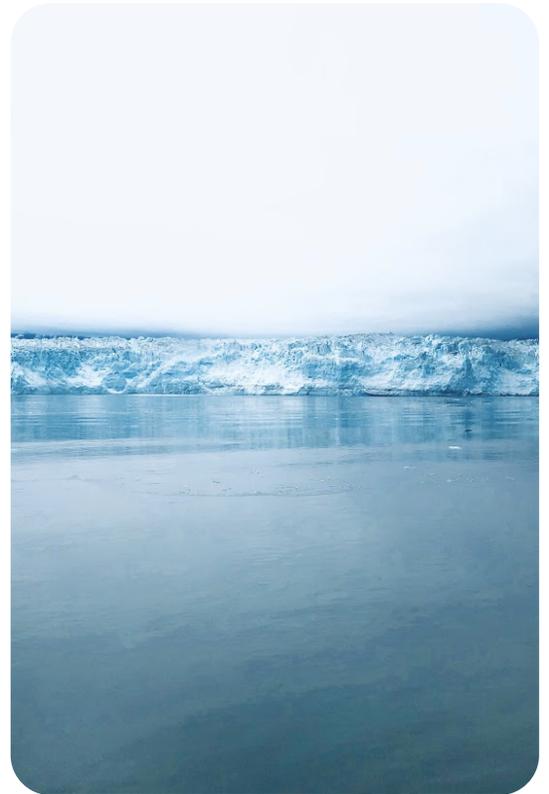
Loud babbles, ripples, and trickles.

Yet they unload my mind, like a lion returning to its natural habitat.

Empyrean.

A once in a lifetime experience?

If only it was a lifetime.



Untitled

Photo and Writing by Emily Fladhammer

High in the mountains strayed from the man-made path lay a shallow river. Its untouched purity, is hidden by the bright green foliage. The undergrowth begs for sunlight as the trees towered over them. The same trees that settlers had once passed as they moved through this vast land years ago.

Dead trees fell perfectly into place, lining the river in such an artistic manner only nature could create.

Their bark was stripped from their trunk and given back to the forest. The stones gave home to the forest moss, hinting more green into the scene. The water poured over the rocks, smoothed by time.

My family and I, the size of ants compared to the river. The stream flowed for miles into the deep forest. Only breaking its transparency to wash over the rocks.

My brother sat searching beyond the river and into the trees for animal life. The animals are aware of our presence. Just as they had been aware of the hunter's presence hundred of years ago. The instincts are still running deep in their veins. We were but guests, welcoming ourselves into the home of the deers and bears.

My Mom and sister stood watching the water flow gracefully over the rocks, washing them clean day after day. They were smooth and shiny under the cold crystal clear water. My mom started to pull out her phone but quickly put it back. She simply wanted to enjoy the moment for longer. A picture by the creek can wait.

My Dad and I listened to the scarlet tanager's song to nature. The scenery was truly a sight to be seen. Yet, also a reminder to us of nature's power and beauty all at the same time. I hope to take my children here one day, and their children's children. A humbling reminder to past and future generations of how we as humans are only ever guests in nature. Only ever able to behold the beauty of this land. Never to truly obtain it.



Gentle Giants
Writing and Photo by Ben Seeger and Eric Seeger

The
peaks
are kissing
the bright blue sky.
Covered in white snow
in a quite unorganized line.
Each one is taller than the next
wonder fills my eyes as I look at them
standing there strong for centuries, unmoved.
Large scars from the glaciers moving past and through
surrounded by an endless green sea of tall, skinny evergreens
almost as endless as the sunlight, twenty-three hours on the solstice.
Large rivers run quickly between the monsters, filled with the coldest water.
So many stories behind these gentle giants, who stand guard over their lands
these mountains can tell countless stories about what they have witnessed before
they have witnessed life, love, and happiness, but they have also witnessed destruction.



Perfectly Imperfect Beauty

Photo and Writing by Sierra Mattano-Thomas and Rebecca Mattano

The mask covers my face completely, leaving the small plastic window for my eyes to see. The snorkel attaches firmly to the mask with a click, and I put the bottom piece in my mouth, the rubber tasting bitter on my tongue. My stomach churns with nerves of seeing a shark as my mom and I walk to the ocean, the pebbles on the beach rough on our feet, and the waves seeming to make fun of us for being scared, daring us to come in.

We wade into the water, face down, breathing slowly through the small path of oxygen that we are allowed in the snorkel. My skin breaks out in small goosebumps, the water feeling cold as ice on my sun-warmed skin.

The first thing my mom and I see is green, the sea floor completely covered in marine plants that serve as food for countless animals. The fish are plentiful, of all shapes and colors and sizes, teeming with diversity.

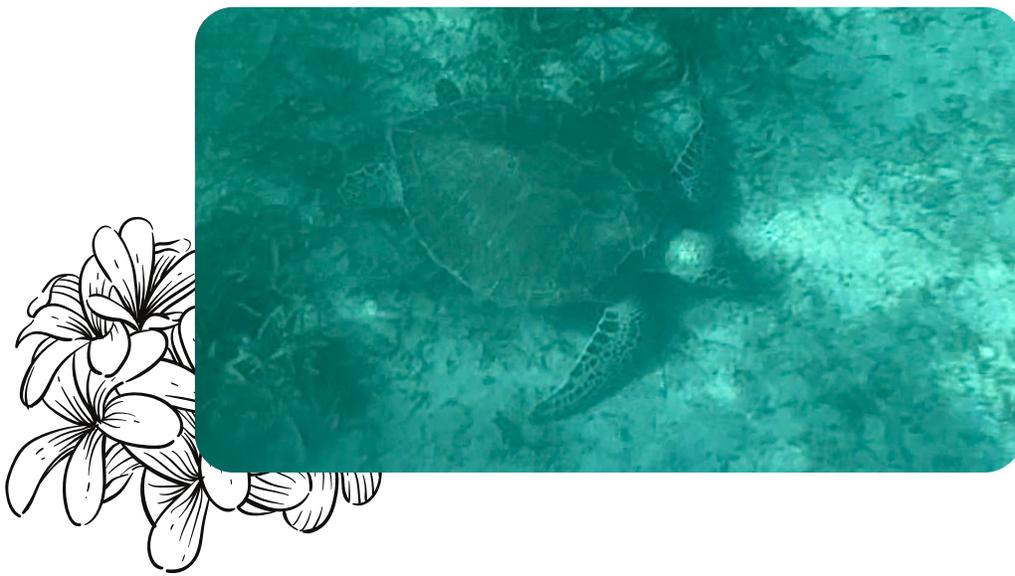
The sun dances with the current, bending and creating patterns of light that seem to sparkle with wonder. We swim further from shore, the sea floor slowly getting further from our eyes as we hover on the surface of the water.

Out of the corner of our eyes, the sun hits something different, something bigger. We see a circular shape on the floor, and we slowly approach, still wary of the unknown wonders of the ocean.

The sea turtle swims calmly, eating its dinner and exploring. It doesn't seem to be bothered by us, and my mom grabs my arm and screams into her snorkel, the water and the plastic muffling her words and shouts of excitement. The eye contact we share is filled with excitement and awe, knowing that this is a nearly impossible experience in the wild. As we get closer, I hold my breath and I plunge underwater to get a closer look, the pressure building on my temples and squeezing the mask to my face.

The turtle is small, with a beautiful shell pattern of hexagons. The sun seemed to glint off the brown shell, and the head and fins were covered by unsymmetrical spots of all shapes and sizes, the color seeming to contrast the shell completely, creating the perfectly imperfect beauty of the sea turtle.

My mom and I watch with awe as the turtle enjoys his food, calmly swimming along the seafloor, flapping its fins to swim. As we tread water and watch the turtle swim away, I peel off the plastic mask from my face, my eyes glowing. Looking at my mom, I realize the experiences of nature are endless.





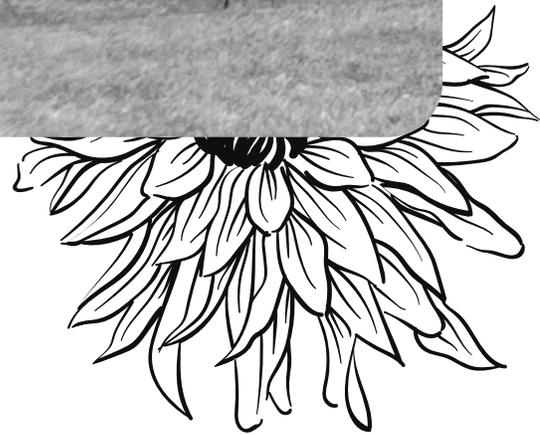
our cranes outside the window

Photo and Writing by Alex and Jamie Marlis

you wake
with the sun
you sleep
on the moon
you call
with the wind
and you live
in my mind.

oh great cranes
fly me away
take me to the stars
in the great sky sea
your great wings
both gray and wide
lift my spirit
across this plane.

i envy you –
your freedom,
for my wings
are clipped
from the jaws
of the unexcused
and the grasp
of swallowed guilt.
oh how i yearn
to be so free,
to let go of this
wretched planet
and break away
from my shackles
and finally,
finally, fly again.



Colors of a Fall Mallard

Photo and Writing Connor Olson and Jody Neary

The November winds howl out of the north,
Leaving a chill that seeps through a jacket like the fillings of a jelly donut

The water so cold, it steams like coffee in the morning

Flocks of mallards, bunched together in V's,
Seeming to dance across the horizon

The birds seem to move in a rhythmic sequence

Slowly landing, feet down in the water,
As graceful as a gymnast off a balance beam

Landing so softly it hardly makes a sound

The fluorescent greens and purples glisten in the sun,
While they swim around whistling and quacking

There bright orange feet propel themselves around the marsh,
After they prene their feathers hoping to attract a mate



Visual Poem by Lauryn Vierck



Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

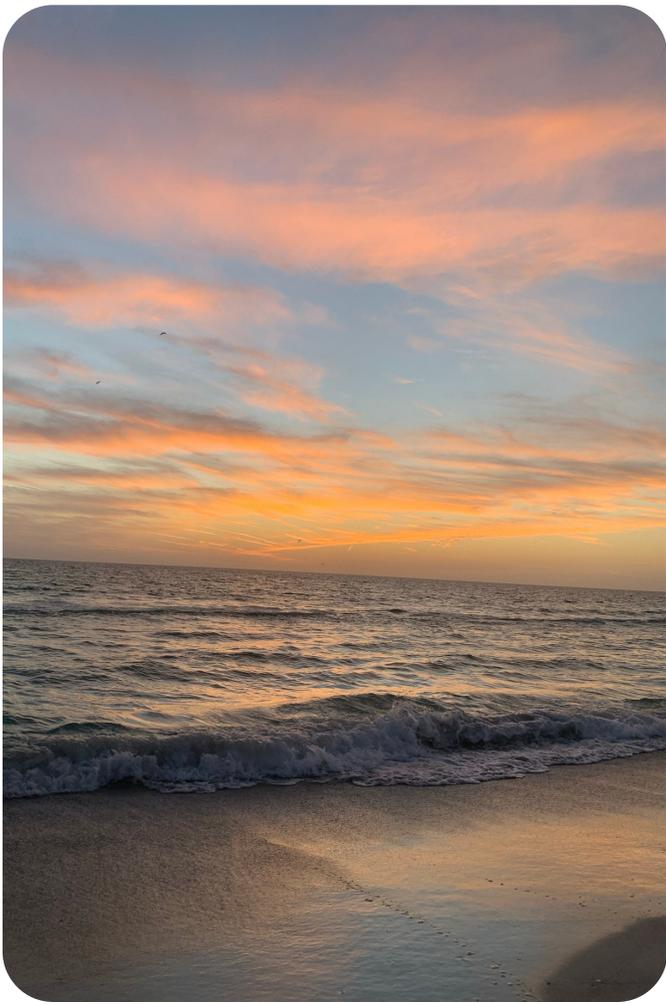
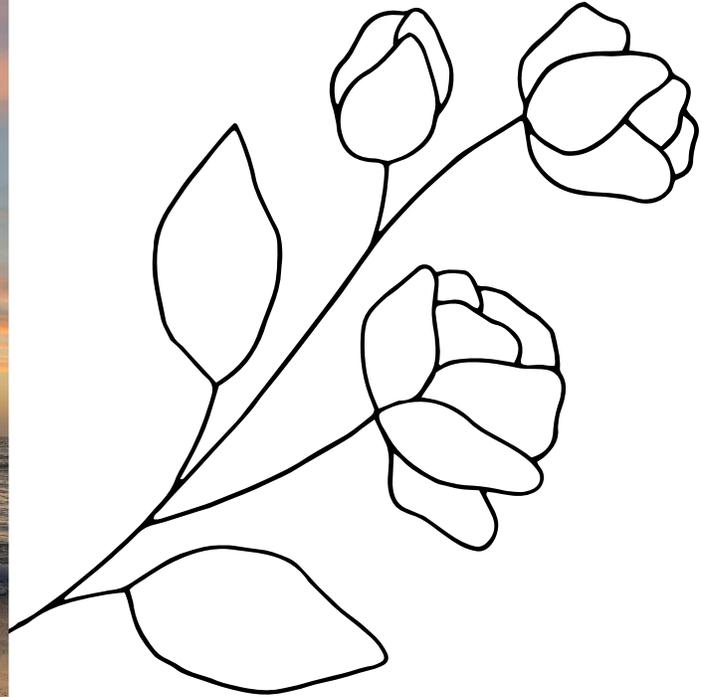


Photo by Taylor Koch



Anxiety
by Eden Harrison

Here comes a thought, and another, and another, a stream follows.
Inside my head: voices ceaseless, stress endless, peace chimerical...
Mask your worries, sit so still, fake a smile, no one can know.

The Perfect Speech
by Aidan Gustafson

Practicing, and repeating my speech for class; it must be perfect.
I'm stammering, and stuttering. I need to do this, but I can't.
"Spit it out!" someone shouted, my face turns red, I sit back down.

Anxiety
by Pearl Peckham

Sat in the chair my body shaking, my stomach now churning.
Someone is here and it is all their fault, they are not my friend.
opening my eyes, I see no one there because it's just me alone.

Brick by Brick
by Molly G.

A piece of advice I would give to my past self is; to be careful with my heart, and trust has to be earned, not given. I didn't always have a wall around me. I used to always see the good in everyone, even when it became hurtful to myself. I used to let everyone in. I used to be naive, thinking everyone and everything had good intentions. But when friends became bullies, partners became backstabbers, and friendly relatives became cruel ones, I decided I shouldn't be so careless to who I lend my trust. Being careful with who I let in is something I have learned and would tell my past self if given the chance.

Most specifically, these lessons were learned over the past year. Old Molly would have wholeheartedly said "what's the worst that could happen? They would never do anything to hurt me." And she would be wrong. She would continue to be wrong, giving hurtful people second chances, only to be wronged again and again. And again. Over and over, until the circle of hurt became too much. I began to build walls, cutting people out of my life. These walls were built brick by brick with each wicked word, each eye roll. And these walls slowly became an escape, hiding me from the outside. And while I knew it wasn't healthy to shut everyone out, I felt as though it was the only way to keep me safe.

When these walls grew to tremendous heights, it was hard to see even just a little crack of light through. My true friends, who cared about me and my feelings, began to help me heal. Little by little, I began to resurface again. And while I no longer wore my heart on my sleeve, I began to let people past the wall. I built a door. Some were let in, others left without a key. Choose wisely who you let pass the door. Trust must be earned, not given.

So, past Molly. If by some sort of magic, you get to read this. Please remember, not everyone has bad intentions, but some do. So be careful with your heart. Let those in who make you happy, not tear you down. It may be hard to cut those people out of your life, and you may pretend to be oblivious to their antics, but acknowledge it the best you can. And if the time comes when it just simply becomes too much, sometimes people need to leave your life. Be careful, Molls. So I'll be here, behind my little door. Knock for me, and maybe I'll answer.

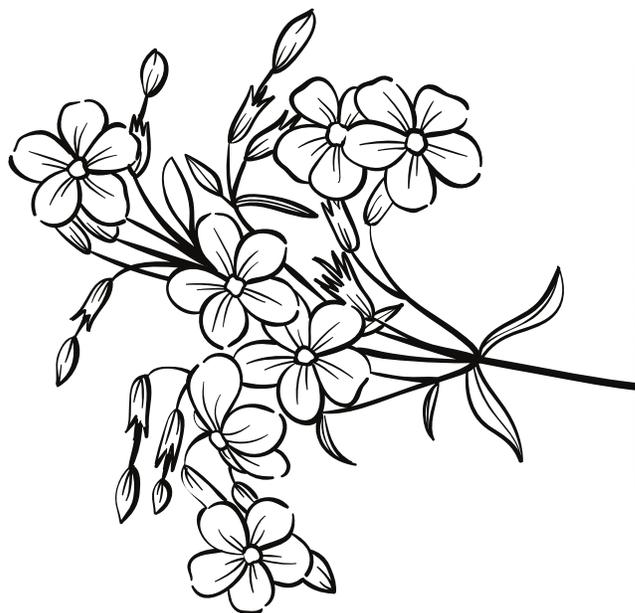


Photo by Emily Biver

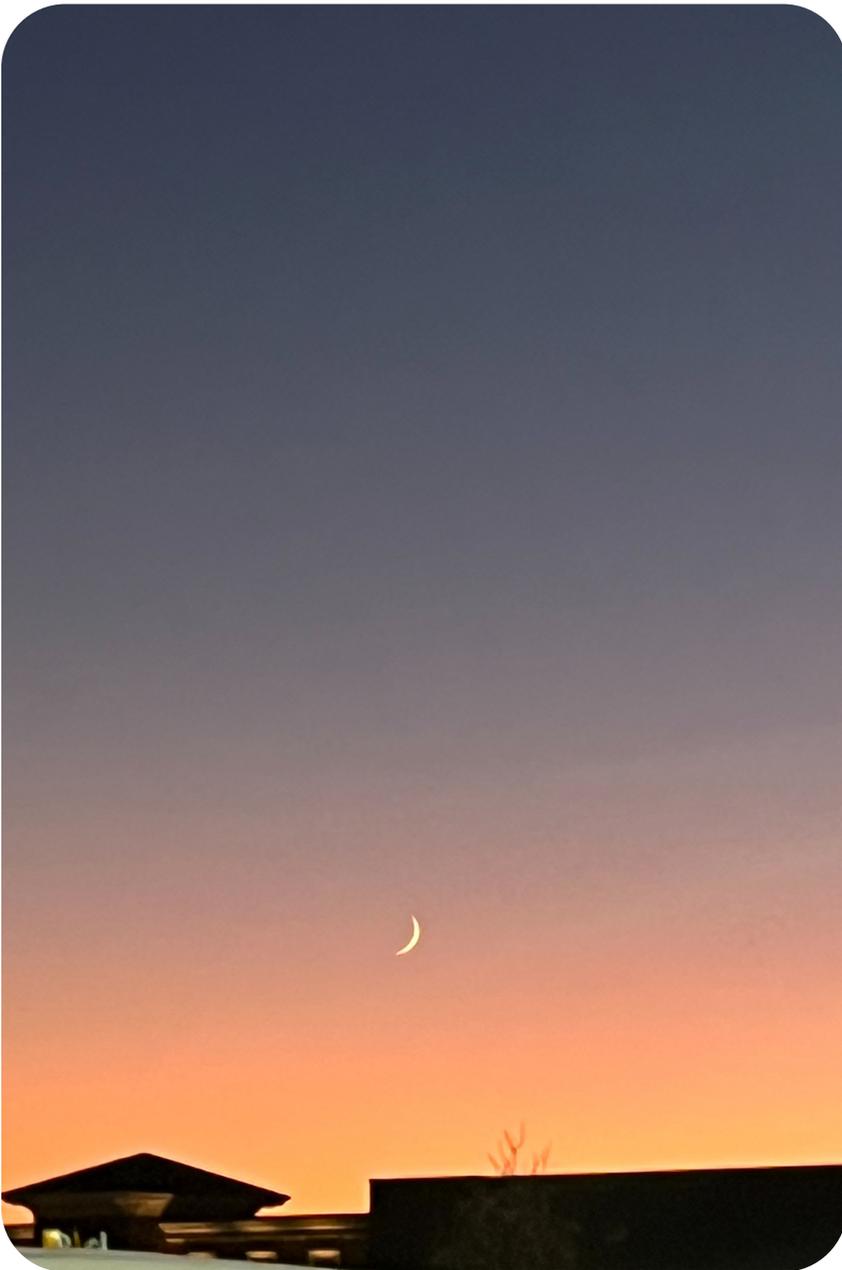
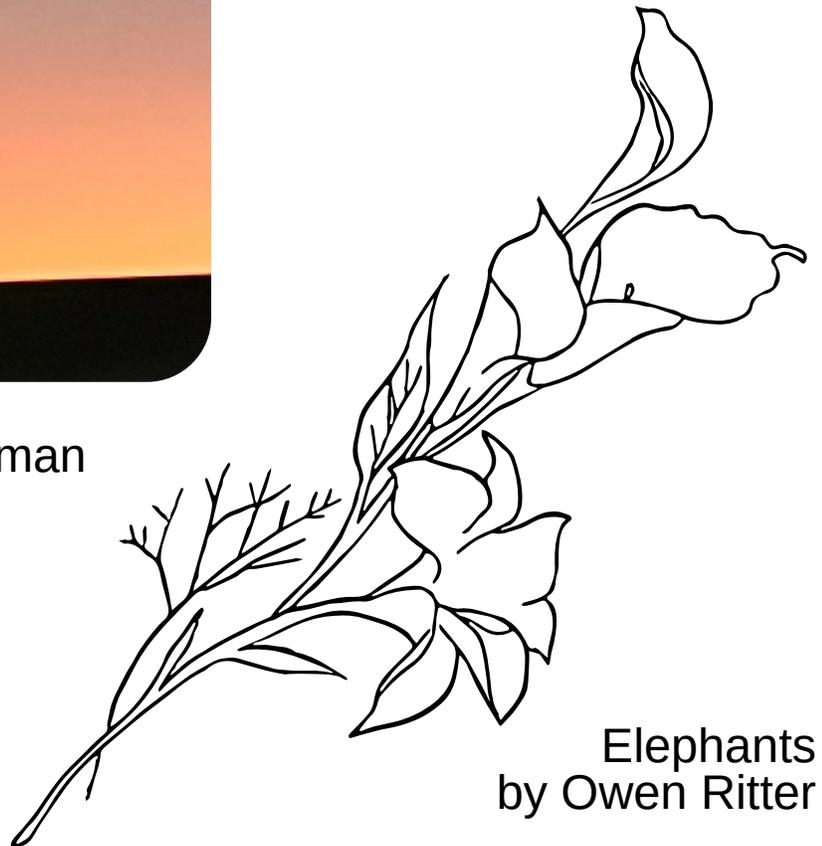


Photo by Sarah Zimmerman



Elephants
by Owen Ritter

Big and mighty, it is obvious who holds the power.
The African elephants search the landscape searching for their prey.
Or is it just us, elephants do not hunt, no matter their size.

Red

by Arik Egerbrecht

The smell of red

Red the scent of anger and pain,

My vision becomes more blurred

With a puddle of sorrow in my lap.

The grip of the wheel feels like the only thing I have left to hold

Cold in an august night

Gray the only thing on my mind

The wheels turning,

Only to make me go back.

If remembering hurts

Why does it soothe like ice?

The morning was yellow,

The night is black

Why must things end to start a beginning?

Why does the smell of red remind me?

Why does it hurt and soothe together?

Why must it be red?

R

E

D.

Red.

The color of red is everything but that

Red means compatibility

Compassion

Love.

Why does it have to be red?

It could be the color of sorrow and sadness

But it's RED.

Nothing but,

red.

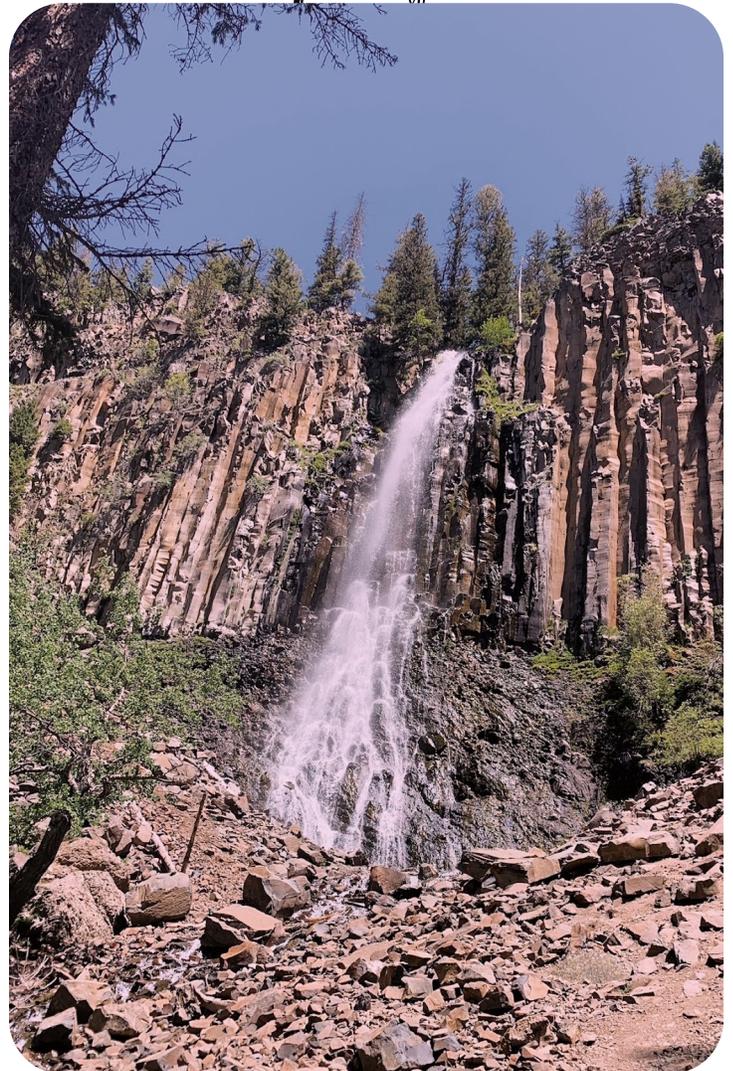


Photo by Keira Ashenfelter

Love
by Kaylee Nowak

Love feels like a warm day in the middle of June

Love sounds like bells and chimes

Love looks like a summer sunset full of orange, red, yellow, and pink

-

Loneliness feels like being pushed into a pit

Loneliness sounds like a blade being sharpened

Loneliness looks like an empty room that you can't leave

You feel like a smile that won't leave my face

You sound like my favorite song that's stuck in my head and I could play on repeat

You look like a firework of butterflies

-

You feel like a warm day in June

You sound like bells and chimes

You look like a summer sunset full of orange, red, yellow, and pink



Photo by Emily Biver

A Beginning and an End
by Luke Aicher

The ripple of the waves
The flutter of the leaves
The crack in the boulder
The sound of a tree falling
The flash of lightning, lighting up the sky

A bear roaring
A mouse scurrying away
A snake waiting for warmth
A fish swimming to survive
An eagle soaring, looking for prey

Rocks in the river withering away
Leaves falling, floating down
Plants poking through to reach the sun
Only to rot once the warmth is done
The sun rises and falls, as all begins and ends

Nature repeats
Nature is peace
Nature is chaos
Nature gives
Nature ends

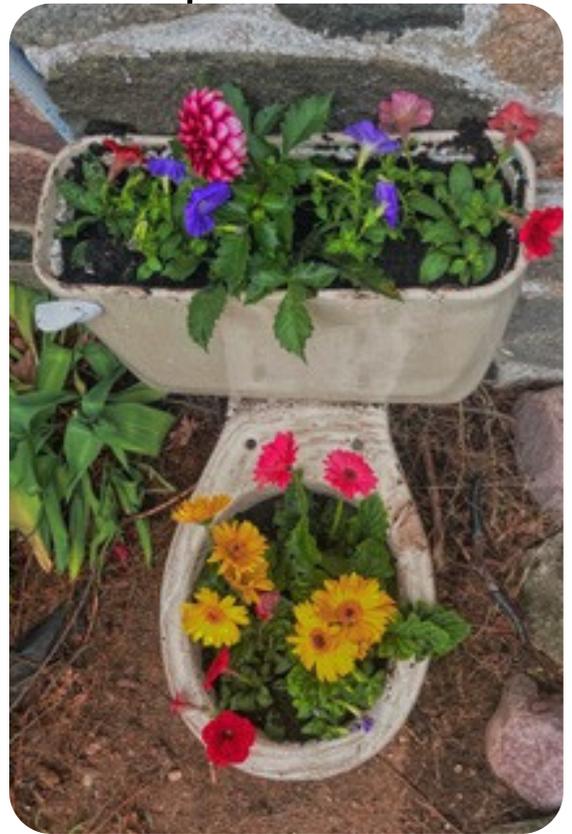


Photo by Gabby Woida

Home
by Blake Armiger

The light, twinkling from the stars
The sun glistening off of the sea giving a sense of warmth
The trees swaying from side to side
The aroma of the warm salt water and sandy beaches
The lakes filled with healthy fish
The forests with animals
The mountains piled high with snow

This is my home.

The cars that fill up streets like the pollution that they create
The grey smoke that wraps the world in a dark box
The oil spilled in oceans that blackens the water
The fires that spread around the world like a deadly disease
The animals, that have been hunted to extinction
The water from the rivers that smells like chemicals
The light pollution that takes away the sight of stars

This is my home.

The killings every night on the news like it is a broadcasted show at 8 pm
The news is dark like the topics they broadcast.
The diseases that run rampant throughout the world
The poor and hungry still poor and hungry
The people that turn their back to it all

This is my home.

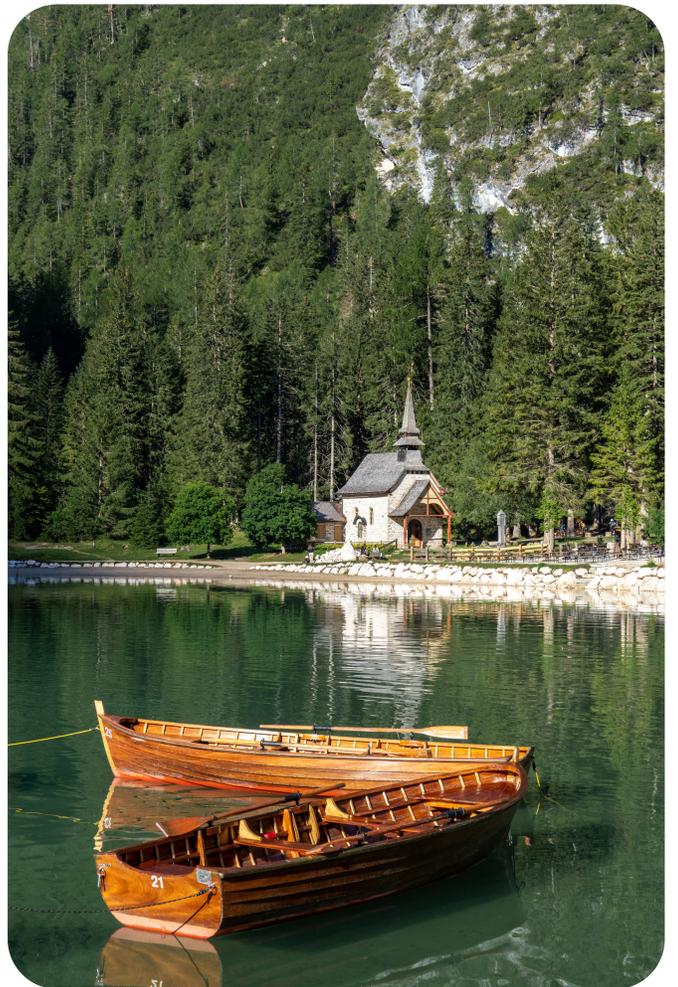


Photo by Aron Szucs

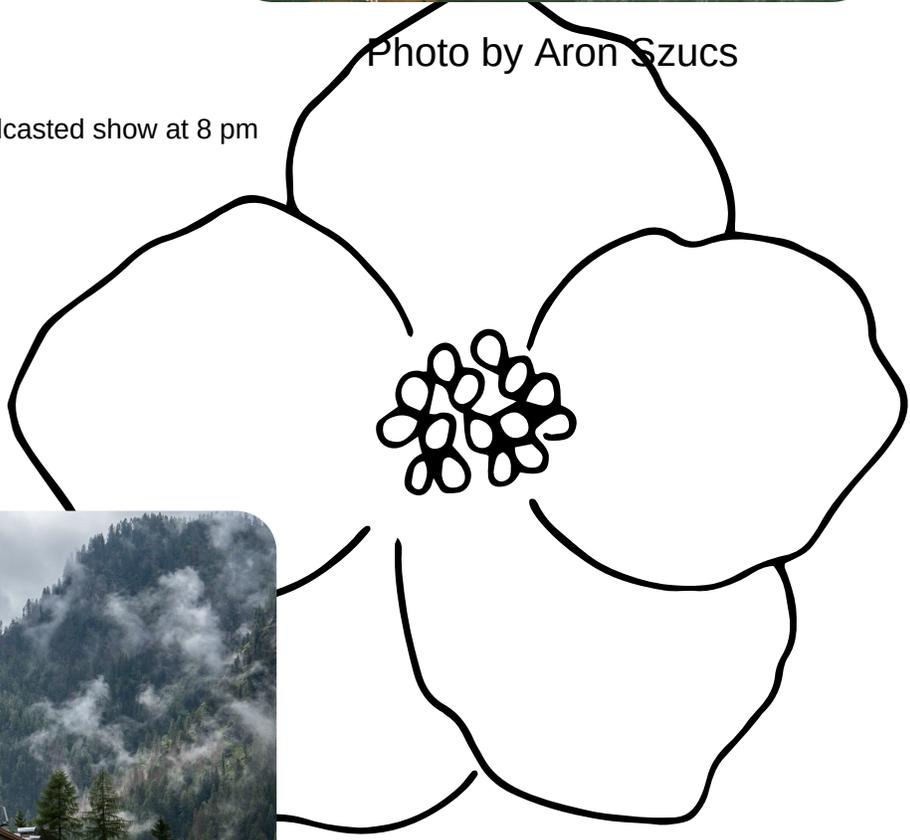


Photo by Aron Szucs

The hiding place of rain

by J.S.

The hiding place of rain shivers underneath the sounds of rushing cars.

The hiding place of rain sits close to the cool rushing river.

The hiding place of rain resides with the pets that are left with no home.

The hiding place of rain feels like the hundreds of small pebbles pressing into your knees.

The hiding place of rain smells like the litter drivers throw out their window.

The hiding place of rain looks sad and plain compared to its lively surroundings.

The hiding place of rain is a cold, dirty, lifeless, cramped, underside of a busy bridge.

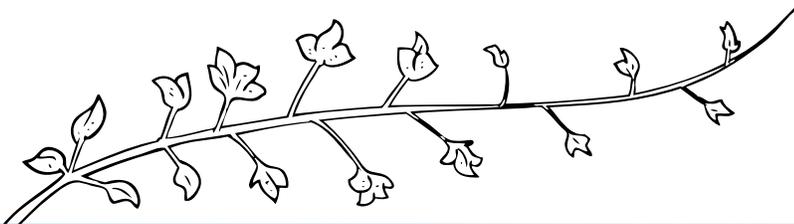
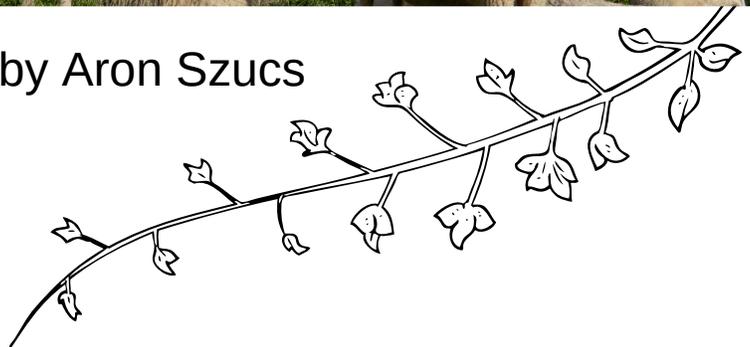


Photo by Aron Szucs



Untitled

by Brian Bvocik

As the sun beats down in the cold winter air, crisp breeze blows.

I walk into the warm office, I sit at the desk, waiting.

“Sign here,” I sign, sign my life away for others to live in peace.

The Event of my Life

by Connor Murrenus

I heard about a new virus in China, not thinking anything of it.

Someone got it in the US and then it was Wisconsin.

Someone flicked a light switch and turned the world off.

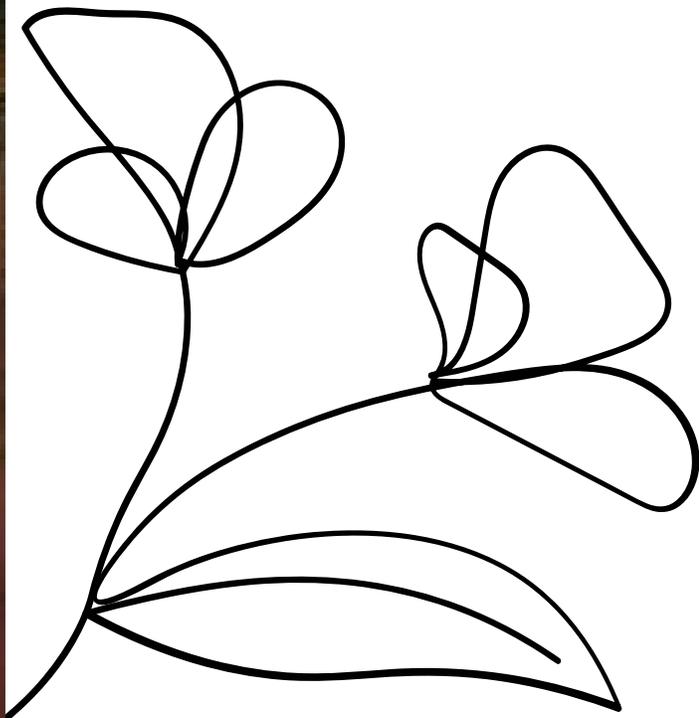
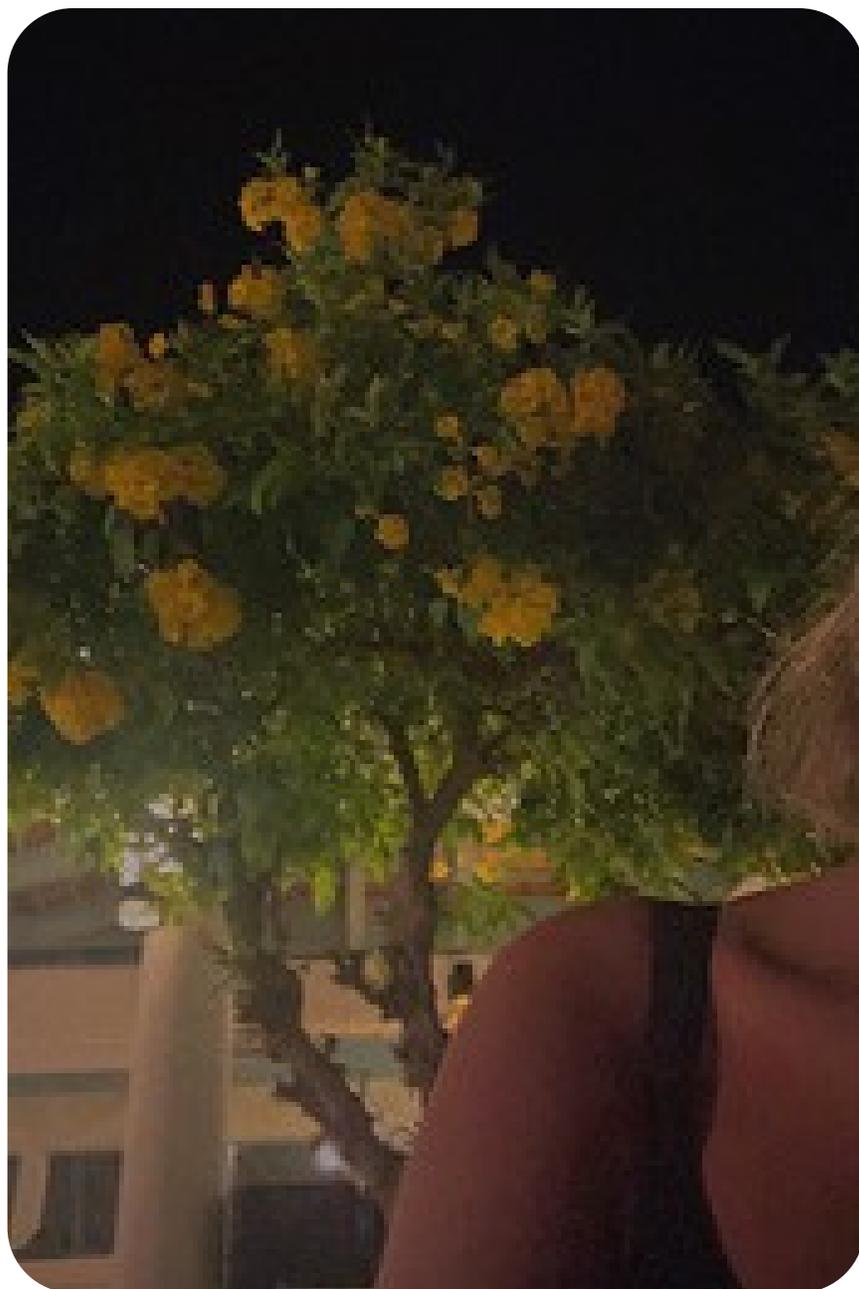


Photo by Gabby Woida

Philmont
by HJ

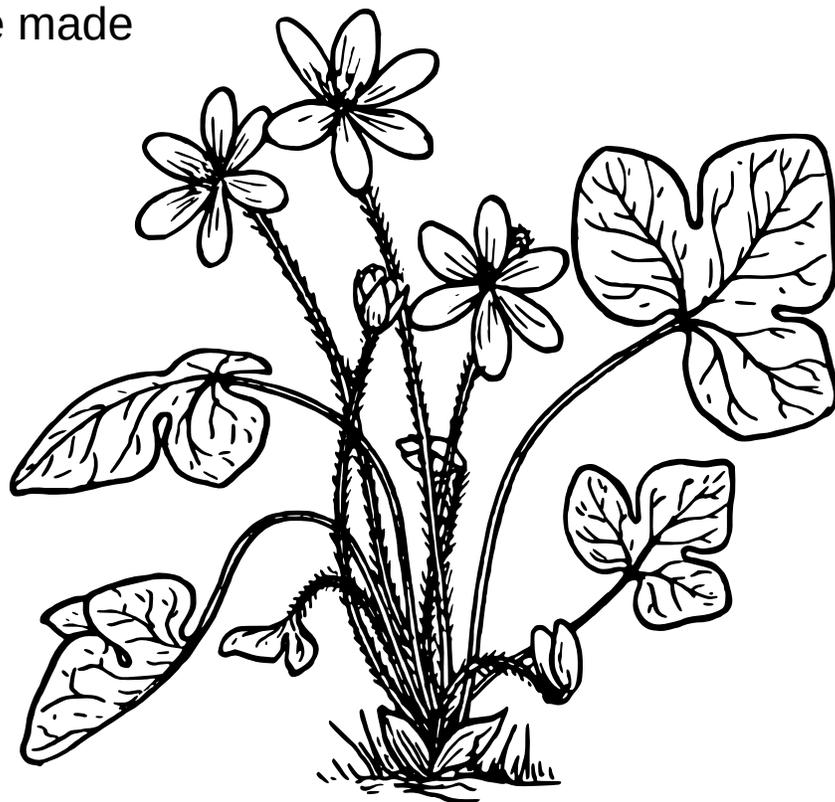
The snow capped peaks of Philmont
Rise up above the clouds,
A majestic sight from all around
A sight that lifts your spirits loud.

The air is crisp and clear each day
As travelers explore this place,
Where wildflowers bloom in lush array
And the sun illuminates each face.

No matter the season or time of year
This is the land of Philmont
Where nature and adventure meet,
Where memories are made
In this retreat.



Photo by Dynali Forge



As an Adult
by Megan Maier

I'm 18, that's exciting.

Freedom alas, it's time to go.
A bigger world, whatever I want
in my palms I can have it.

I'm scared now, "I want to go home,
the world is too big, please mom?"

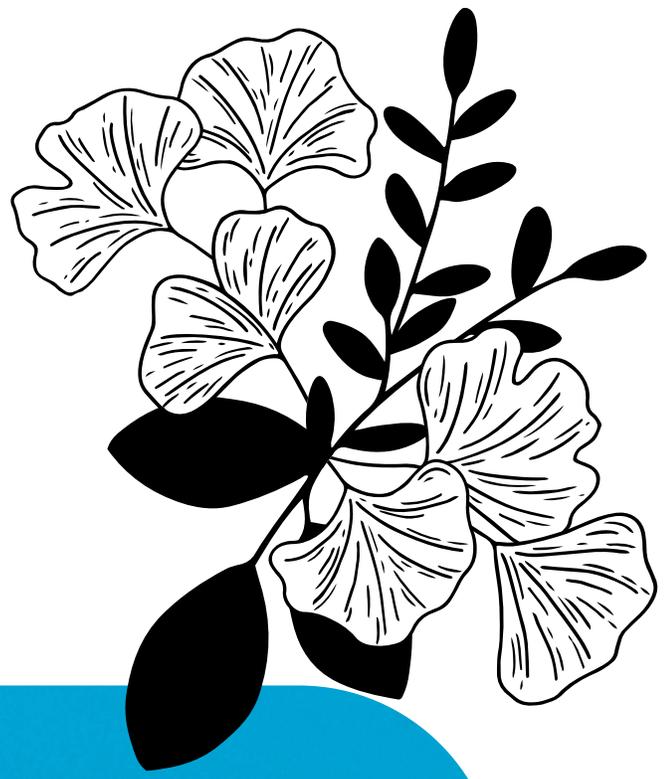


Photo by Alan Whitmoyer

One of a Kind
by Owen Ritter

The fiery sun lighting the bright blue sky
The speckled cardinal singing loudly over the blue jays
The fuchsia petals laying atop the ferns
The attraction to rich history in a distracted city
The hero emerging from the mass of crowds
The relief of a cool breeze on a scorching hot day
The mountain overlooking the valleys far below

It's not natural to be the same
Write your own story

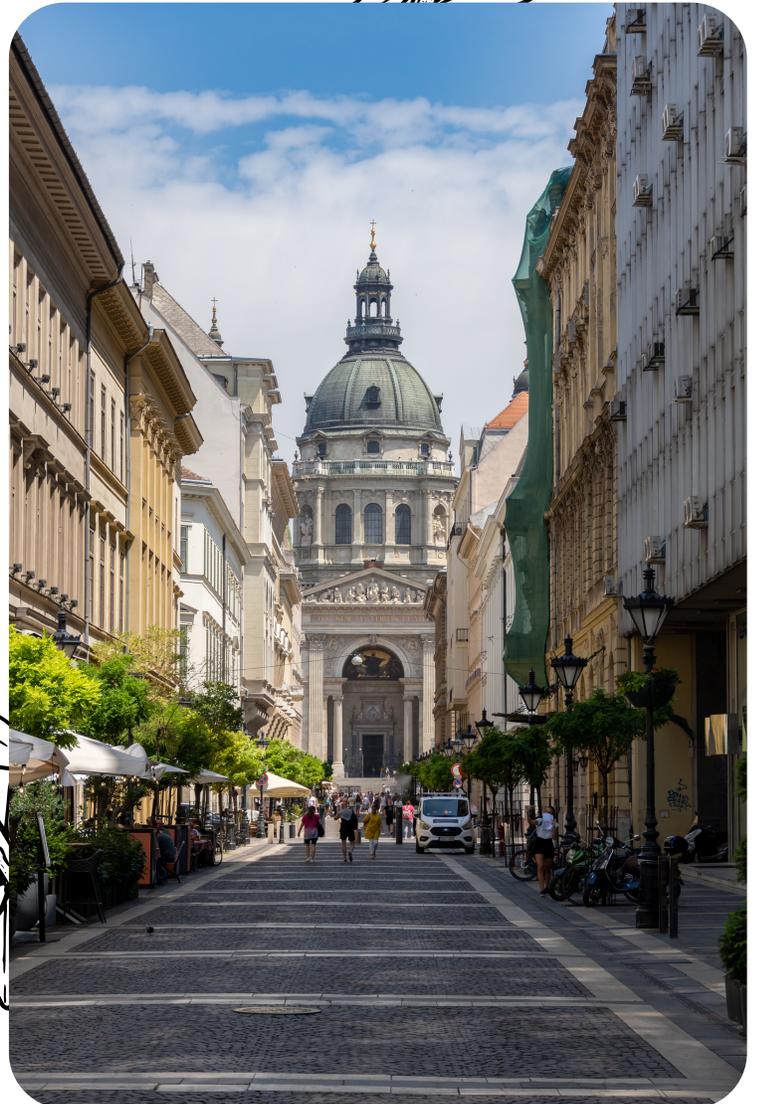


Photo by Aron Szucs



Photo by Alan Whitmoyer

Oh, the Days
by Brea Turnacliff

I miss jumping in puddles
Oh, dancing in the rain
I miss yellow rain boots
I miss the long days

I miss the bright blue
Oh, the clean skies
I miss the bright heat
I miss when time flies

I miss the innocence
Oh, the light feeling
I miss nothing weighing me down
I miss just dreaming

I miss the fun
Oh, the strange lights
I miss the friends
I miss the long nights

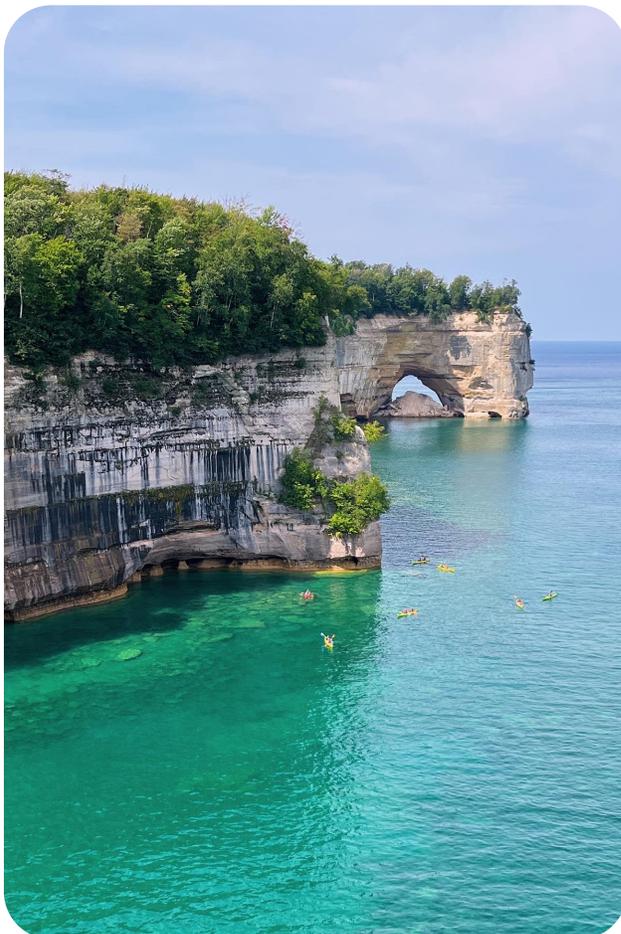


Photo by Camila Coronado

Difference
by Taylor Manne

We will make the world a better place.
We can make a difference
We can empower others by uplifting them
We can change for the better
We can eliminate pollution by recycling and donating
We can fulfill our dreams by reaching for the stars
We can give others a voice by speaking out against injustice
We can live life to the fullest
We can stand up for what is morally just
We can go the extra mile to help someone feel wanted
We can be inclusive
We can bring positivity wherever we go
We can use our wisdom to shape others into insightful people
We can make a difference
We will make the world a better place.

A change has to be made
Whether it is tomorrow
Whether it is eighty years from now
A change has to be made
We will make the world a better place.

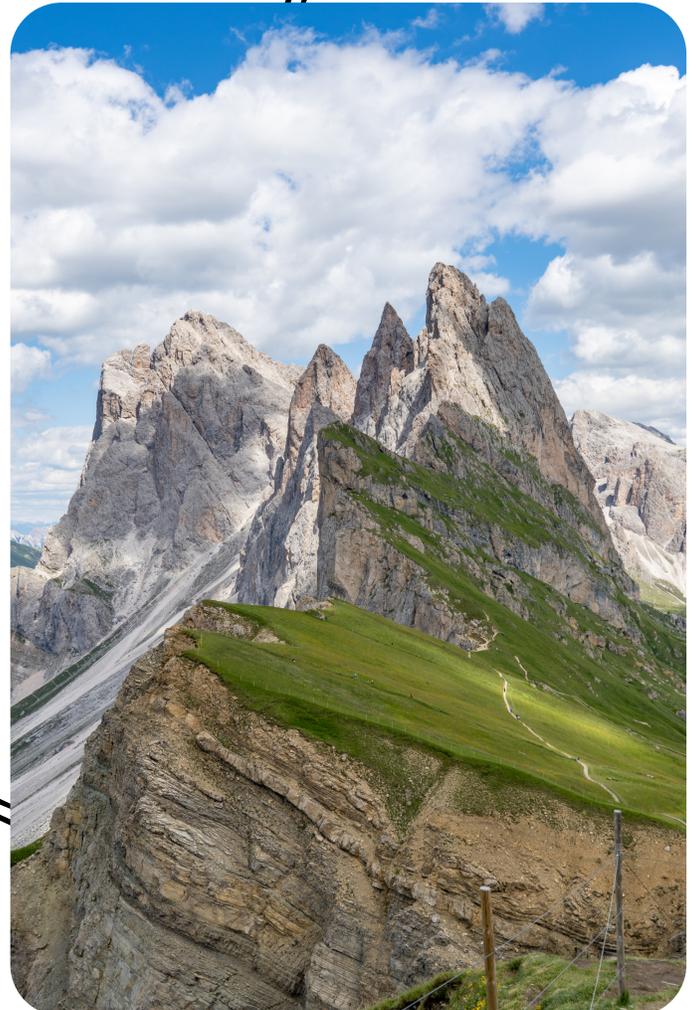
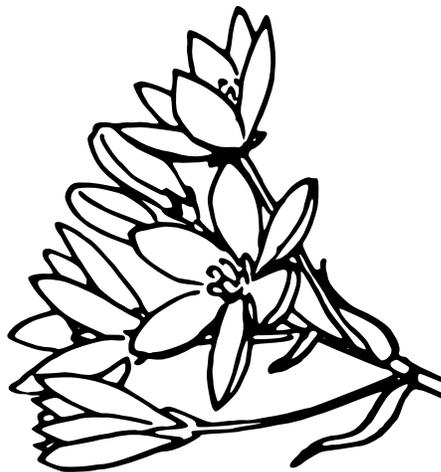
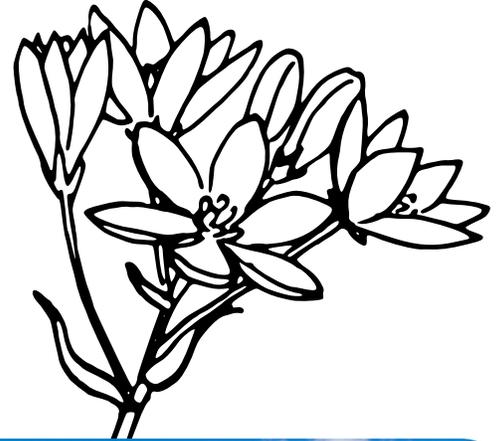


Photo by Aron Szucs

Neutral
by Kai B.

To notice every little thing, yet remain present within self
To be completely neutral, yet be moved to complete a day
You either think of something too much and start to feel lazy
Or like a thought, but feel a sense of drag to it.
You know because, to add a thought, might add a tax to it
To leave it rot
To think of something
To dream
To get ill, its all the same
To weakly to fall into fantasy, dreaming of who you want to be, have a few weeks go by
Then to be completely neutrally lazy.

Rev it back to the thoughts:

to be in the company of nothing yet consumed with everything.

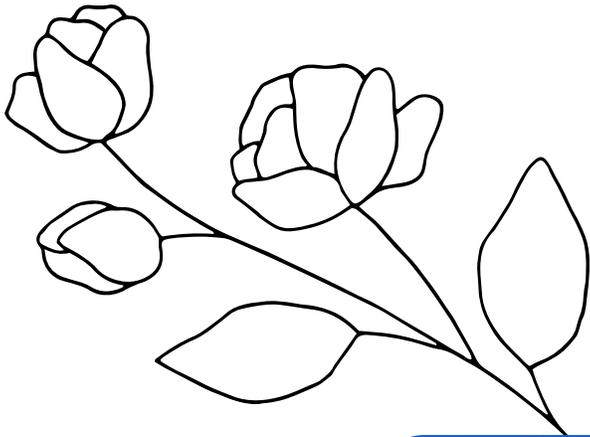


Photo by Katherine Thompson

Untitled
by Anonymous

As my doped-up brother throws insult after insult at my parents.
I wish they would care for me, show me any sum of attention.
As the blood drops from my wrist, I thought, maybe they will now.

The teacher asks us to please be quiet; we ignore her.
But, she is relentless, continuing to repeat the request louder.
I wince, as he repeats the sentence to me, without the, please.

They say it's not my fault, but I still feel the weight.
Switching between houses like clockwork, but do I have a home?
Just like a hermit crab, longing for a home, and a purpose.

I sit, trying to eat, with each bite, I tear myself apart.
I watch others eat food with no hesitation, with no counting.
As I stick my fingers down my throat, I question, "Is this normal?"

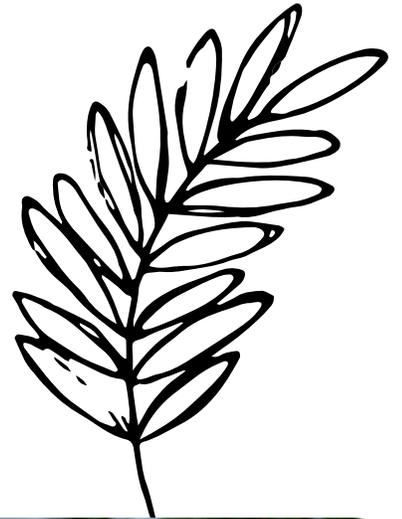


Photo by Taylor Koch

Untitled
by Arik Egerbrecht

Ocean waves, soothing my ears. Crunching my toes. All through the sand.
Mind walking, farther than feet. "What's going on man?" "I'm good, don't worry."
But the tide, not the only thing flooding. A warm embrace, my brother knew.



Photo by Taylor Koch



Untitled
by Bennett Basich

Tirelessly working, and still working. No pay to show for it, only gratitude.
Long hours and hard work. Only if they were given a break
Your mothers, they'll do anything for you.

I found your mixtape,

your playlist, your soul song, your cassette tape, I listen.
I memorize every lyric, every harmony, all notes of you.
Obsessive and hopeful I stay, begging for you to notice me.

by Eden Harrison

The Red House Routine:

Waking up, ready for school, flash a smile, don't break a sweat.
Talk to friends, laugh all the time, show your sparkle, show your smile.
Go back home, block everything out, I'm on my own, on repeat.

by Destiny Hoppe

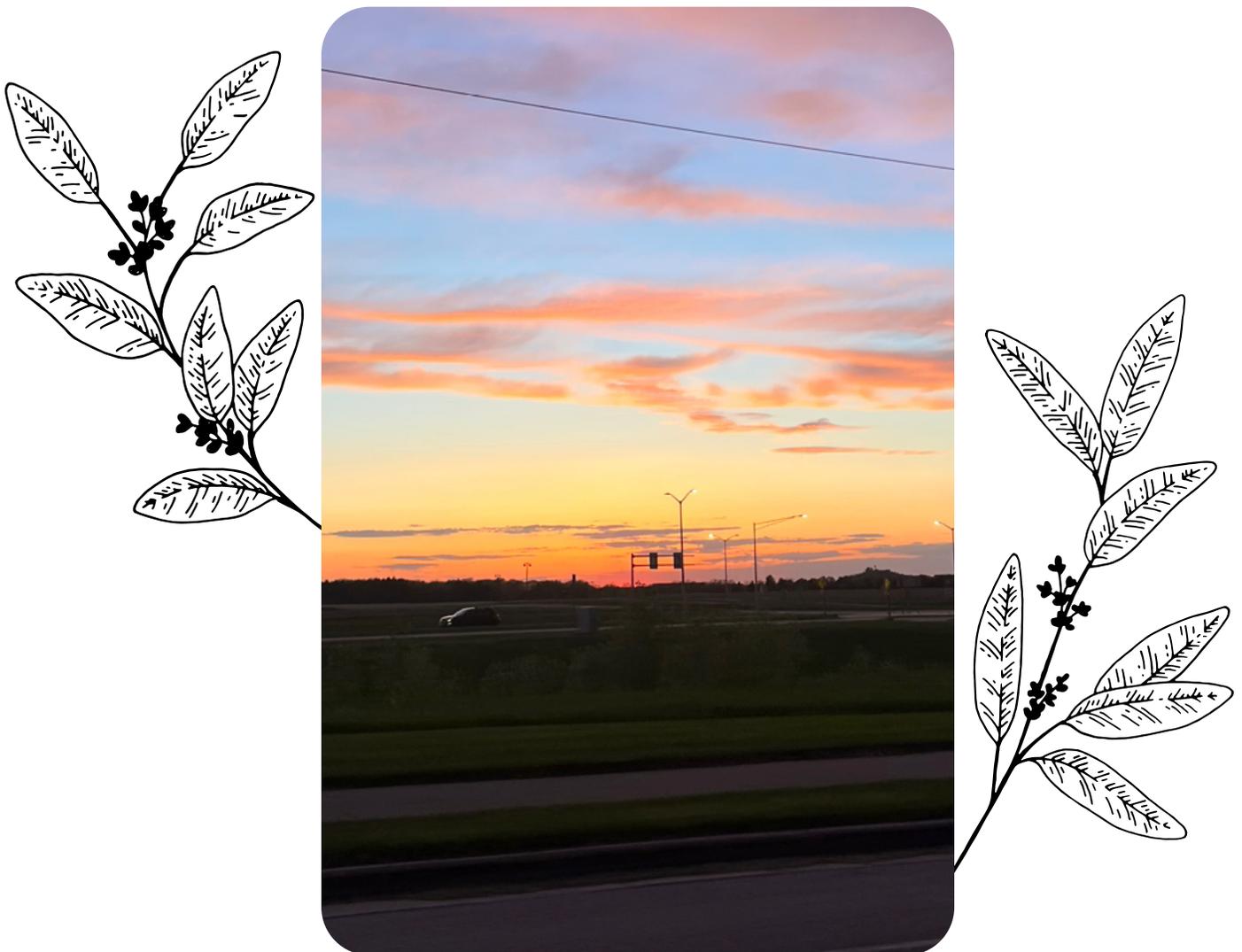


Photo by Sarah Zimmerman

Meet the Editors

Anya Behringer, Editor

Anya is a senior at Arrowhead. She will be attending Carroll University in the fall for Animal Behavior & Political Science. Anya enjoys volunteering at a local dog rescue in her free time. She also enjoys being outside and attending concerts.



Betsy Ganos, Editor

Betsy Ganos is a senior at Arrowhead. She is planning on furthering her education next year at Fox Valley Technical College in Appleton Wisconsin. She will be pursuing an associates degree for aeronautics-pilot training. She enjoys hiking, singing and snowboarding outside of school.



Elizabeth Jorgensen, Advisor

Ms. Jorgensen has been teaching English at Arrowhead Union High School since the 2005-2006 school year. She enjoys watching her students create innovative, original, and artistic pieces in her creative writing classes. As the literary magazine advisor, she is proud to see many of her former students have added "published author" to their resumes. She also wants to recognize that the literary magazine would not have been possible without the efforts of this year's student editors.



