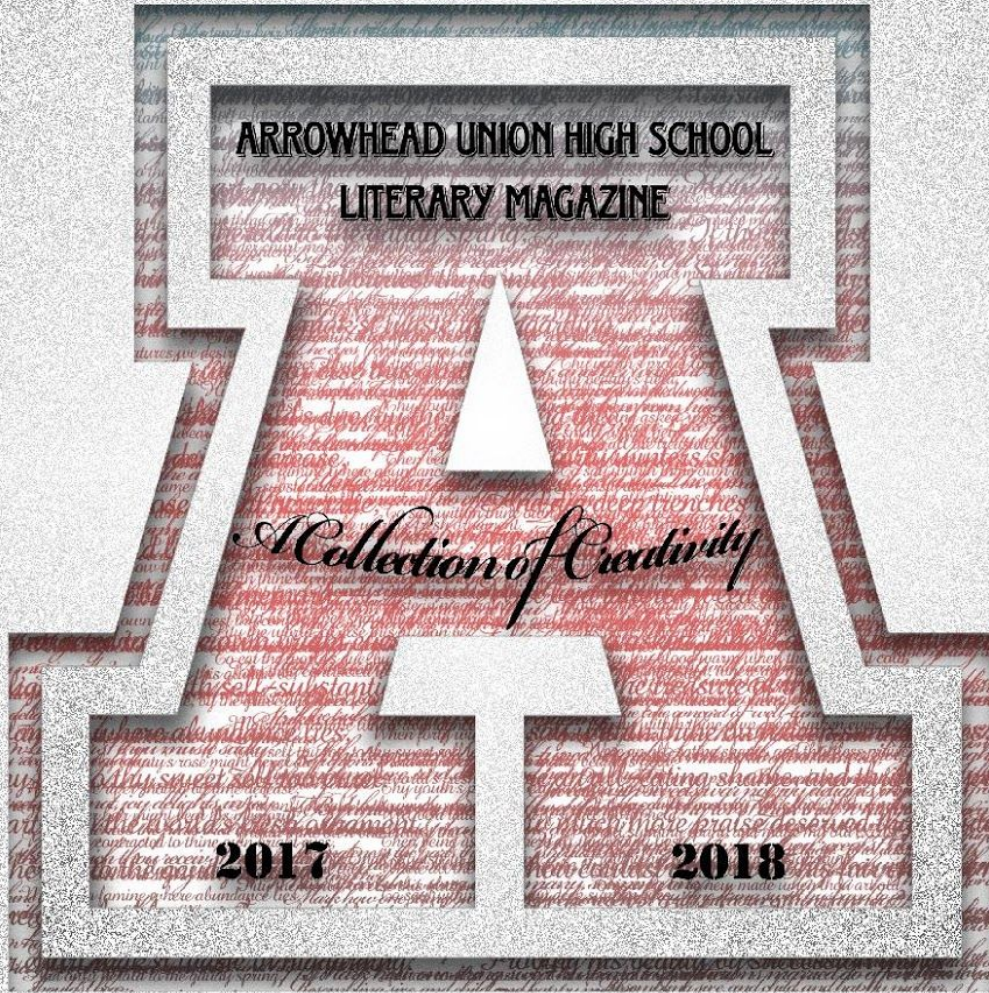


*Wander through  
Arrowhead Union High School's  
Literary Magazine  
A Collection of Creativity*

2017-2018





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# AWARD WINNERS

## First Semester Award Winners

What Does Patriotism Mean to You by **Jacob Shamion**  
Synesthesia by **Molly Salzer**  
The Taste of Moonlight by **Cecelia Phillips**  
An Ode to Pythagoras by **Ellen Wieland**  
Ghost of the Orange Evening by **Isabel Barth**  
Where I'm From by **Maria Turco**  
Awakening of the Past by **Reikley Reiser**  
The Game of Hyakunin Isshu Karuta—A Family's Fate by **Annika de Vries**

## Second Semester Award Winners

Broken But Brave Family by **Rachel Diel**  
Two-Tones by **Katelyn Krotts**  
Art by **Sarah Lunow**  
My whole family is religious, but by **Rachel Kriehn**  
Where I am from by **Noah Klockow**  
Help Me Remember These Streets by **Kieren Wilde**  
Photography by **Riley Reed**

## Cover Award Winners

First Place: **Lauren Ponga**  
Second Place: **Sarah Lunow**  
Third Place: **Nick Wohlfiel**  
Fourth Place: **Martin Lazcano**

## **Importance of Patriotism**

**By Alyssa Wulf**

Tears. Sad tears, happy tears, all mixed in one. The day I stood in the driveway of my papa and grandma's cabin, one hand held my phone while the other wrapped around my grandpa's back. The video played of soldiers silently marching back and forth while their heels clicked the hot cement with rifles in their hands. In the background was the blur of words on a white, marble block. Trees lined the green, grassy hill and touched the cloudless sky on the afternoon of June 20th, 2014.

Silently, we stood watching soldiers repeat their actions over and over. Suddenly, the camera shifted gear to face four scrawny teenagers, waiting for the cue of when to walk. A soldier made his way up the marble steps to join them, and for a few seconds, waited there with a bright, bannered wreath laying in his hands. He began to walk, and they cautiously followed behind him, staying sharp with every step and standing stiff and straight like sticks. My green dress became even brighter as we came into view and the soldier motioned me and the boy standing beside me to take hold of the wreath and carefully place it on the stand in front of the tomb.

I reached out as my hands shook and I was sweating from the hot sun. As we let go of the wreath, we heard the trumpet sound as a soldier played Taps and we saluted. I turned to look at my grandpa standing by my side, and I saw his eyes drenched with tears.

In that moment, I realized the importance of actions we may think are small, but are significant to veterans. That was the first and only time I have seen my grandpa cry, and it made me realize the importance of patriotism. Causing me to respect the freedom and liberty we have due to the brutality the past and present soldiers have endured. My grandpa's tears. Sad tears, happy tears all mixed in one.

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## **What It Takes for Freedom**

**By Isabel Barth**

The hot, sticky summer evening buzzed with the joyful shrieks of children and the warm laughter of adults, as the cul-de-sac became cluttered with a colorful assortment of lawn chairs and blankets. The intersection of Schroll Court and Spyglass Boulevard, a primary setting of my childhood, was a Fourth of July hotspot due to its perfect situation for viewing fireworks and the master grillers that populated its humble suburbia homes. Back then, this holiday was simply a time of carefree enjoyment for my friends and I. However, as I grew older, I learned the true cost of these freedoms.

All countries are special, with a distinct culture and history. America's history, however, boasts richness that is hard to compete with, for she was founded upon the radical notion that all people deserve equal opportunities—regardless of who they are or where they came from. America presses on towards a bright future of improvement, her rich dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Towards the white picket fence, the thriving business, the expression of opinion without fear. She spreads her seeds in the wind, and her goals touch every man that feeds off the fruit her land bears.

However, her dream cannot grow alone. America's citizens must be aware of what their country represents, and protect it whatever way they can. Some work within their community, spreading positive values; others risk their lives, becoming fierce defenders of the land. Soldiers choose to give up many of their freedoms so that others can appreciate them in full. They deserve utmost respect, for they fight threats many of us cannot dare to imagine.

This is the importance of patriotism. Thanking those who serve, or appreciating the simple freedoms one is granted, demonstrates a love for our country that keeps America kicking. She is not a utopia yet, but her persistence allows her to keep blossoming. Patriotism is an appreciation of this battle, and steadfast intention to keep her goals close. From defending democracy to watching fireworks on a little suburban street, sharing America's love allows her to march on.

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Photograph by Skylar Wegner



## Eyes

By Mia Lanzarotti

Everyone in my family has the same eyes. My mom, my dad, and my three sisters; two dull brown circles that add nothing to an almost blank canvas. At home, I am not self conscious. At school I become self aware of the bright displays bouncing from eye to eye: Hazel, iced-blue, and lime-green.

At the lunch table I glance at my friend and **peer into a winter's storm**. Different **hues of light blue parade around her pupils**. **In these eyes, I see the seasons**. To the left I notice a warm swamp in the springtime, dripping as the moisture of the rain overhangs the leaves. To the right I see what looks as the fall. Maybe a drive through the woods in the **bone crunching cold**. The leaves still in the process of detaching their root from each branch.

These eyes tell stories, stories that my own will never tell. In my eyes, the leaves are crunched, like a used paper bag. The skies are ominous, and mud coats the once beautiful grassy meadows. My eyes will never be a winter's storm, or fall drive. **I need to learn to appreciate the deep muds that slump and sink into my boots**. These muds are mine.

## The Freedom to Stand For or Against, and the Patriotism In Each

By Reannyn Mathieu

*Free will.* Knowing your life is your own, and acting on that knowledge. You feel the muscles in your neck straining, as your head faces the tub and the water bleeds out of your hair, forming a mosaic of colors on the white ceramic. You hear the smack of your shoes on the road underneath you, as you walk with the intent of a message in each step. You see the backlight of a TV screen in your favorite coffee shop flashing the spelt out words of a news reporter responding to the criticism of the president, you know that you are able to pick either side. Your chest goes fuzzy as you look at the flag, seeing your choices in each star.

*Happiness.* Waking up excited to be alive, hoping for something new each day. You feel your insides vibrate and swell, as a melting pot of people swirl around you and a beat reverberates in your head. You hear the laughter of your family, and the creak of a rusty swing as the children play at the park, and plan on getting home before dark. You see your brothers smile in every Facebook picture of him discovering this beautiful country. Your lips tighten in a smile when you see the return of your sister in uniform, who makes being happy possible for all.

*Freedom.* The foundation of our country, and the thing that provides emotional security in the place you call home. You feel your back straighten, as everyone's eyes are on you. You hear the stadium go silent, as the flag rises and the national anthem begins. You see yourself on the jumbo screen, and you look so much bigger than the man you are, for now you represent an idea. Your knee rests on the turf and you know you are free to do so. Freedom is all things, not pick and choose. Your heart breaks for your cause, but knits back together when you hear the words "Land of the free," echo in your eardrums.

*Unity.* You can sit at the back of a bus, but the bus will still transport others. You can refuse to eat, but the food will still still nourish others. *You can kneel at the anthem, and you can love it all at once.* With freedom all things are possible to all people. No cowering, no silencing, and no violence required.

*America.* It will stand with its citizens, even those who voice the opposite.

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## **Untitled**

**By Jackson Knapek and Nicholas Siepmann**

Bumblebees and Honeybees are two major species of bees that affect our ecosystem and environment. Not many people notice them, but without them, the world would be different.

Bees are one of the most influential organisms on human life and the world's ecosystem. They have functions that allow the reproduction of plants and flowers. These important functions are what makes the declining bee population so alarming.

Many people don't notice the population of bumblebees and honeybees declining. And it would be a reasonable assumption that not that many people care if these types of bees go extinct. However, the extinction of bees will have lasting effects on food production for humans and animals. Without the work these bees do everyday, the entire population of food and nutrition in other foods would go down. These bees pollinate and essentially reproduce plants to double and even triple the amount of plants and other types of flowers.

Life without bees would create a worldwide famine on earth. There will be a steep increase in hunger and poverty. Bees affect the production of clothing, fuel, animals, and all living creatures. Cotton, that is used to make clothing, will significantly go down in production. Ingredients in oil and fuel will decline which will create a decline in production.

Bees are able to pollinate at a rate faster than other source of pollination. The production decline of food and crops will be the most significant problem. One in every three bites of food we eat is produced from bees ( Daftardar, 2017, August 31). Animals and humans will suffer from this major decrease in food. The decline in food will cause our population to decline drastically. In order to save the bees, laws should be put in place that make the spraying of pesticides on crops illegal. This will stop farmers from using these pesticides and will be better off for everyone in the future.

The worst part about the declining population of bees is that it could be preventable. Humans have caused the decline in bees from spraying pesticides over crops to kill parasites on the plants. This pesticide, however, has killed millions of bees and is the cause of the decline in bees. The pesticides hurt the farm industry in the long run because the extinction of bees will cause much greater harm than any parasite would. We currently don't have a solution besides spraying the pesticides on the crops in the farm industry, so there's almost nothing we can do besides trying to find pesticides that are safe for bees.

Since these insects are so important to our human population, we'd like to see some increased awareness. If we can increase the awareness of the importance of these bees, then maybe there will be more science behind helping this cause. Some increased funding and research put into saving these bees would be completely worth it, because like we said before, without them the entire world will suffer. Unless we find new alternatives to the maximization of food production in a short period of time, then saving the bumblebees and honeybees is our only answer.

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Photograph by Riley Reed

## **Finally, Patriotism**

**By Molly Salzer**

I grew up on Victoria Curve in Prior Lake, Minnesota, never too far from a neighbor's kind smile and that "Minnesota niceness." I remember the street sign right outside my house—there to remind us of where we lived.

I grew up in the suburbs; never too far from a Target, Walmart, and fast food restaurants. I remember riding in the car with my dad to the tune of "Rock and Roll" as he called it and seeing the street signs—there to remind us of where we lived.

I grew older and I started to realize the cost of seeing those street signs and living in the suburbs. Death and war is a part of my life now, as people get older and cancer whittles away their will to live; I am old enough now to appreciate my grandpa's time in the military which gave him a lifelong "souvenir" he wishes he could return. But I always go back to that time living on Victoria Curve, pronounced Victoria Curb—and the street sign to remind us of where we lived.

I grew older still and watched as we moved away from Victoria Curve to another suburb— never too far from a Target, Walmart, and fast food restaurants. I now live in the tiny village of Dousman with the new pass time of "frog jumping" at the summer carnival and "Rock and Roll" rarely playing on the radio. There is a new street sign—there to remind us of where we lived.

As I grew older, I realized that we have to fight for our freedom or die trying. So many have died before me fighting for freedom, to end oppression or to keep a democracy in our beautiful country of America.

Patriotism, to me, means being able to pronounce Victoria Curve, Victoria Curb. It means having the chance to live in the suburbs. And finally, patriotism means having a street sign—always there to remind us of where we lived.

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## **My Name**

**By Brooke Gohde**

In English my name has three meanings; a tiny stream, God's promise, and purity. Although I am not a tiny stream, I am a tiny person. I guess in a weird way, my name fits me. Sometimes my name reminds me of a yellow color. It reminds me of the vibrant sun dancing in the sky. But other times like mustard. Disgusting.

And as the story is told, my name was supposed to be Julia. Julia Ray. But then my Aunt Terri stole it years before I was born. My mother was infuriated, like a hot tamale. It was a few months before I was born when my parents picked out a name for me. They saw this girl running as fast as she could from her parents. They screamed after her, "Brooke!". It made their hearts jump a beat. They loved it.

My parents named me after some little girl in a park. I did not know her. My parents did not even know her. Apparently she had an attitude. She was young, but spoke her opinions. My parents could hear her roar. It makes me laugh. I have been told I am like that too.

The little girl, who is now not so little. I wish I met that little girl. We are so much alike from what I hear. Yet she has no clue I exist. And I have no idea who she is. The story behind my name. It is unlike any other story. Mine. Mine was so different. Like one yellow butterfly, in a swab of blue ones.

At school I always get asked if my real name is Brooklyn. It is super annoying. However, some people tell me that my name has a special ring to it. They say it has a smooth sound to it. Like as smooth as running your fingertips through freshly cut hair. But not as smooth as some names like Skylar. Skylar at least gets a cool nickname. Sky. I am stuck as Brooke. No nickname ever.

Not having a nickname sucks. Strangers can not tell who I am close with. Only close friends call you nicknames. But I do not have one. So it looks like I have no close friends. Or even worse. I am close with people I can not stand.

I would like to rewrite my birth certificate with a new name. A name I was supposed to originally have. One with nicknames. Julia. I could be called Jules. Yes. Something like Julia. It fits me. Any name with a nickname would do.

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## **Patriotism Around Me**

**By Jacob Shamion**

The strength of one's country rests on the souls of its inhabitants. Fists ignite, hearts swell, and eyes weep for one's country. With hope, honor, and bravery, a patriot's duty is to mold one's country for the best foreseeable future.

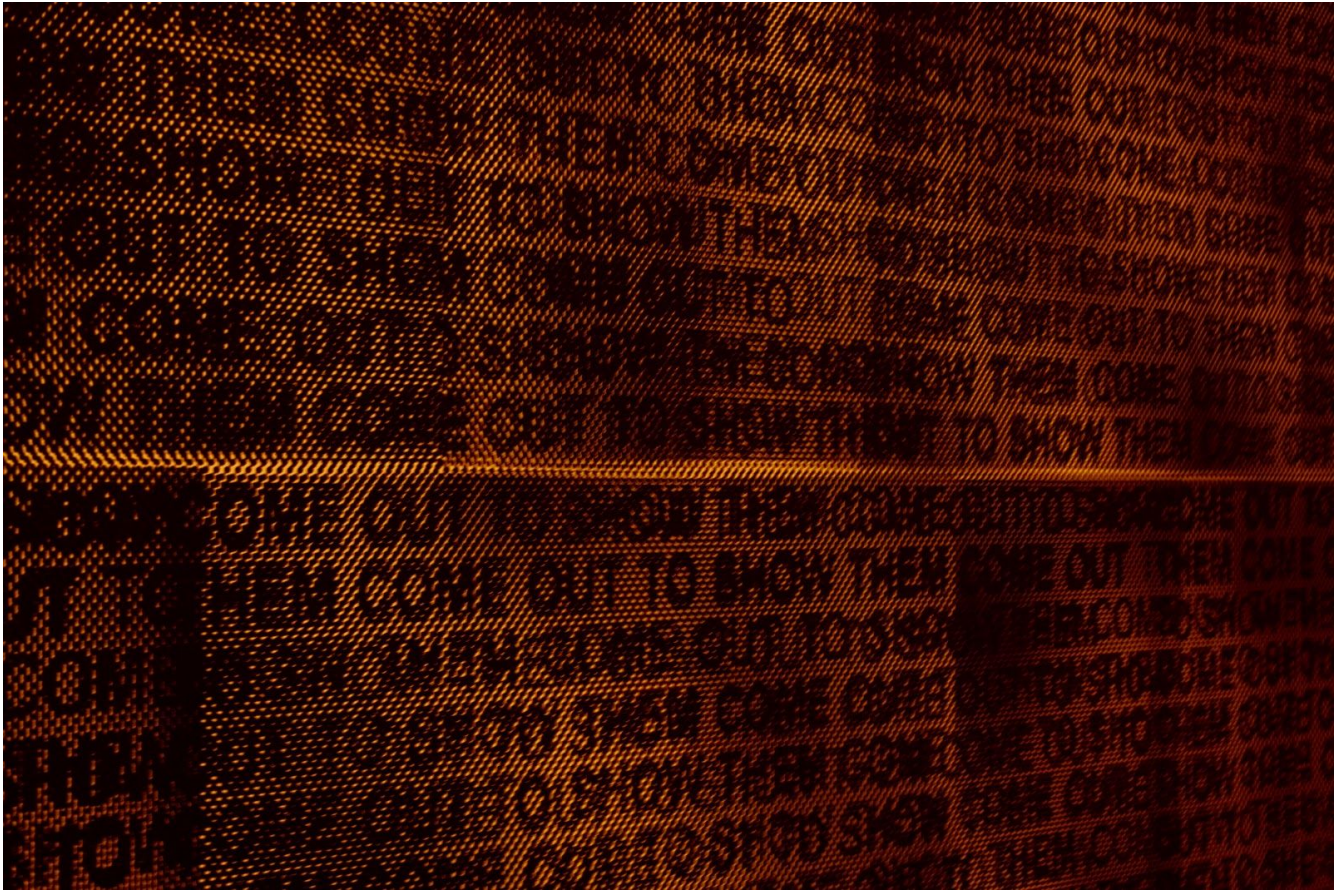
My great grandfather, Clarence Solander, chose to battle the imperial conquest of the empire of Japan. Month after month, he selflessly risked his life to rescue American pilots shot down over the Pacific. With over 35 confirmed rescues, my great grandfather returned home a hero and a patriot.

According to Army records, Vietnam is one of the most psychologically damaging wars to ever be fought. Nearly 31% (which is three times higher than the Gulf War and Afghanistan wars) of soldiers came home with PTSD. After willingly enlisting and serving his tour in Vietnam, Reggie Smith arrived home without the help of a wooden crate. After it's construction, I traveled with Reggie to see a special kind of wall—a wall that did not separate or segregate, a wall that stood for honor and respect. A four hundred and ninety two foot display of pride and love for those who payed the ultimate sacrifice. It is humbling to see battle hardened men crumble and begin to weep, especially your grandfather.

Enemy bullets do not discriminate. They kill women just as fast as men. But in the 1980's, the U.S Army did not practice gender equality . Besides being catcalled and harassed, woman soldiers could never fill a combat roll. Unable to get a loan for her college tuition, Vicki Shamion enlisted. Working her way from a basic infantry soldier to being given special assignments in the Pentagon, my mother thrived in the military and later paid for college with her military grant.

Patriotism is sacrificing important things for the wellbeing of your fellow citizens. Whether that means donating or helping the less fortunate, or giving years of your life to serve in the armed forces, true patriots are all around and I thank them for everything they do.

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Photograph by Skylar Wegner



## **Eight Wilted Flowers**

**By Rachel Diel**

They are the only ones who remind me. I am the only one who cries for them. Eight wilted flowers with dead leaves and a stem that stings the thumb like needles, one with bright red petals and sprouting leaves. Eight that sit in a vase with dirty water. Eight months of love and pain. From my car, I can still feel the throbbing of my bleeding fingers, but he ignores my complaints.

Their fighting is silent. They send annoyed glances towards the world. They smell beautiful and they reek of regret, filling the air around them with a sonnet of memories that attack with a now hateful anger. This is how they stay.

With only one that heals the soul, they all fight against it like a family with one troublesome child, a loving anger. Cry, cry, cry they chant while inside I slowly die.

When I've gave it all and become too dead to keep crying, when I am one amongst the crowd instead of two, I turn to the single flower fighting for love. When there is only emptiness in the vase. Eight who died, one who lived. Eight that sob nightly. Eight who stay to remember and never forget.

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## **Honoring Our Veterans**

**By Hayden Tubbs**

I proudly hold a sign with my grandfather's face on it. My family and I wait in anticipation for him to come off the airplane. We stand watching as other Korean War veterans pass by going to their families. Finally, we see Wendal Schmidt, my grandfather, and we immediately yell and cheer. My grandfather gives a slight smirk and I can see the emotion in his eyes. He has just came back from the Honor Flight, which takes veterans to see the memorials in Washington D.C.

"That was the best experience of my life," he says as tears stream down his cheeks. That day, I was so honored to be there and support our veterans for everything they did. Being there showed me what it means to love your country and have patriotism. I felt like I had a new meaning of how important it is to be loyal and fight for what you believe in.

The Honor Flight gives back to the people who risked their lives to give us what we have today. Patriotism is respecting the accomplishments of the people who came before us, celebrating the soldiers that fought for our country, and being thankful for all they did.

Our veterans need to be thanked and recognized—even if they had a small role in helping our country. Even an acknowledgment from a stranger on the street is a patriotic act. Patriotism is about having loyalty, commitment, and love.

Being there to support my grandfather put a smile on his face and that will be a moment I will never forget. I think that each person should have a special moment with a veteran to truly understand how much they have done. Whether you have a family member that was a veteran or know a friend with one, a special moment can just come from shaking their hand. I hope to create more experiences and memories that honor veterans because to me that is what patriotism is all about.

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## **Red, White, and Blue**

**By Jade Dorff**

Rows upon rows of red, white, and blue blur past my passenger's seat window. Outside, the flag's patriotic colors dance on a windy, May day. Here, at Wisconsin Memorial Park, I come to see a family grave but end up seeing much more. Bouquets of flowers with American flags are perched upon headstones lined up by the hundreds. My eyes turn glassy as I look at the three colors, thinking about what these men had given up for me and our nation.

Red. The color of men's blood shed for this country. Fifty states remain united, strong through determination and will. Courage seeps through our land—from young men like Jacklyn H. Lucas who enlisted into the Marines at the age of 14 during WWII to women like Harriet Tubman who assisted in leading slaves to freedom.

White. The color of a clean, uncorrupt government. The American Dream lives inside each citizen. America is a nation safe from the terrors around the world—from John F. Kennedy's Peace Speech addressed to the Soviet Union to the 55 delegates who came forth to build democracy and lands full of liberty.

Blue. The color of justice given to the accused by the Constitution's 6th Article: "the accused shall enjoy a public trial by an impartial jury." Justice lived on August 18th, 1920, when the 19th Amendment was ratified, giving women the right to vote. Our country is driven by citizens perseverance—from men in battle, whose friends have perished beside them, to the 55 thousand men who fought for freedom in the eight year Revolutionary War.

The memory of rows upon rows of red, white, and blue blurring past my passenger's seat window on a windy, May day still reign in my memories. There, at Wisconsin Memorial Park, I find the meaning of patriotism. It is what America is shaped on, the love for those who have made our country greater through the red, white, and blue.

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## **The Birth of a Nation**

**By Kyle Glasey**

The crack of explosions rumble as cannons and guns are set off. The whizzing of musket balls hurl past your body as you rush towards enemy lines. The smell of gunpowder and blood fill the air as comrade and foe alike die beside you. The screams and wails of soldiers that were wounded in battle. These are some of the things that America was birthed from.

The year is 1775. Colonials and British alike square off for the first time in an open field. One fighting for independence, the other trying to maintain a foothold in its new colony. The beat of the drums fill the tense air as soldiers mount for an attack against their enemy. Before long, the drums silence and the first shot rings out. Fire exploding from the barrel followed by a .75 inch round of pure metal.

The year is 1783. Death and agony fill the battlefield, as blood and tears stain the land. The colonials are free from british occupation. The United States of America is born.

The year is 1861. The South has declared independence from The North. Again blood will be spilt on American soil, this time between brotherians. Again, trenches are dug, muskets are distributed and balls are manufactured. Again, the songs of war are sung to the beat of drums as soldiers march. Bullets fly and soldiers die, two sides fight for independence or the right to be free.

Many wars throughout recent history have been fought over this land. Some fought on our soil, some over seas to protect the freedom of the people left behind. We here take many of the rights we have for granted. This is because you are lucky enough to live in a country where generations of people make the ultimate sacrifice to insure our right to be ignorant. There one day may be a time where we realize this and wake up. Patriotism is the crack of a rifle, sending a bullet toward the enemy. Patriotism is men and women laying down their lives for others to live free and happy lives.

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Photograph by Riley Reed

**NOW THAT I KNOW.....****By Karim Ansu**

I never knew except when I traveled with an American Airline to United States with different flowers from different trees travelling, which were treated and respected as if they were from a single plant. I was moving from the west coast of Africa, Sierra Leone. Love and equality was there for everyone because we traveled with an airline from the village of peace and unity: United States of America.

I never knew what to expect when I saw everyone standing for the tree which represents peace and unity with colors: red, blue, and white together with bright shining stars of freedom and unity. Every time I see this tree it reminds me of those: history and reality proposed to have fought for peace and wisdom which every flower enjoys today. I then said, "May their legacy live on, for they fought the bee that was biting the tree that everyone looking forward to having a fruit from, United States Of America."

I never knew except when I saw different people with different beliefs, values, religion, and hope accepting each other's ideas and sharing equal opportunities without looking to the differences weather spiritual, social, or scientific just like how flowers receive sunlight and water for their continuity of growth and development without any complaint of how small or big they are.

I said, 'that is the outcome of suffering from the past. For they suffered to plant the tree, United States Of America.'

I never knew except when I saw the greyish-brown flower shaking hands with the blue colored flower without discrimination followed by peace and respect not thinking of which specific type of tree they came from. I also saw the two colored flowers sharing the same sunshine and water to grow in order to bear fertile fruit for the beautiful tree of wisdom and respect.

I now know what this tree stands for and how different colored flowers work together to produce fertile fruit that other trees also enjoy. I had a conclusion that when this tree falls, more other trees will eventually fall. Sweet tree that even grows sweet meats! Liberty! The United States Of America!

**Mayor****By Jacob Shamion**

If I were mayor of my small town of Crivitz, Wisconsin, I would focus on three main points. The first would be drug use and distribution, the second would be tourism, the third would be environmental upgrades. By changing these three parts of my town, our financial health, economic growth, and overall town emotions will increase exponentially.

Studies have shown through and through that areas having low education rates suffer heavily from drug use. This is because education systems lack anti drug curriculum, or anti drug classes. In Crivitz there is little to no

anti drug education for the youth. This translates to a low standard of living, diminishing finances, and an overall high drug consumption level. This is why I think it is very important to educate the children on the dangers and negative long lasting effects of drug use. By installing anti drug curriculum in classes like Health, and using an existing anti drug program like D.A.R.E, future drug consumption levels will be at an all time low. Being Mayor give me the ability to influence the local police forces. For drug makers, dealers, and movers this means random highway checkpoints, increased night patrols, and the systematic sweeping of forestry units for any sort of hidden illegal operations or products.

Crivitz is home to lush forests and beautiful lakes that anyone in the right mind would love to come and visit. Although tourism is low ranking on the things Crivitz is known for, there are a few steps I would take to put this wonderful town back on the map. One thing Crivitz has is lots of space. I suggest opening a public 18 hole golf course to attract tourists from all around the country. Tourists need places to sleep and eat so the installation of the course will benefit all surrounding establishments. Another beneficial improvement for tourists would be a groomed snowmobile and ATV/UTV trail that wound through Crivitz and connected with other state trail in every cardinal direction of the town. This would bring lots of Sportsmen and women to the town to use the facilities, get gas, or even stay the night. Using these two ideas would encourage huge economic growth in our small town.

Crivitz has enormous sums of of public forestry units which are home to a variety of huntable species of birds, small game, big game, and predators. While this does attract some hunters, I believe the units can be managed further to produce world class animals. The first step would be to hold timber sales to clear out open spaces within the vast wilderness. All the proceeds from the logging can be reused to pay for park officials and later land improvements. Next I would introduce many agricultural tracts within units for two reason. The first reason would be to benefit the wildlife. Many species of animals in northerly states struggle to get proper nutrition through the cold dark winter months. Having crops like soybeans and corn would greatly increase the nutrients that the wildlife gets which translates to booming heard numbers down the road. The second reason is to benefit economic growth. Giving local farmers land to plant their crops puts lots of extra money in their pockets. Besides a small percent fee the town will take from crop yields, the financial state of local farmers will jump in a positive direction. In the end, by creating extra food for wildlife, huntable game like Whitetail Deer and Ruffed Grouse will flourish which will in turn attract more hunters

People would shy away from being Mayor of a small town, and even more if the town was struggling like Crivitz is. I however am up for the task at hand and will not see this town fail any longer. If key changes are implemented in our community, there is no limit to what we can become. The sky's the limit for Crivitz, and i'm happy to be the fuel behind it.

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**Untitled****By Zachary Karrels**

They are the ones who keep me warm. I am the only one who lives in them. Two different houses with rain in the gutters and leaves across the lawn. Two who are close yet seem so far away. Two interesting stories shared between neighbors. From the road, you can hear the laughter, but you don't know about the fighting.

Their walls have secrets. They spy on what is being done and said. They are built up and built down and grab the lives of those living there and are fired up with a steaming fire and never quit their secretness. This is how they stay.

Let one forget its purpose, they are as strong as a bull, each talking to each other from a distance. Smack, smack, smack they say when the woodpecker knocks. They help.

When I am too cold and too stubborn to keep staying, when I am a tiny thing up against the gigantic house. When there is total darkness from the street. Two who are made of bricks. Two who sit in the shadows of people. Two whose only reason is to protect me.

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Photograph by Riley Reed



## **Three Wild Girls**

**By Alyssa Wulf**

They are the only ones who know me. I am the only one who knows them.

Three wild girls with enthusiasm and love abounding like me. Three who are their crazy selves around me, but no one else. Three beautiful lights surrounding my life. From home, I think about them, and appreciate that one of them is still across the hall.

Their strength is their bond. They make joyful memories everytime they're together. They are happy and they are sad and they learn from life's greatest moments and deal with hardships and are always there. This is how they love.

If one was gone, they'd never feel complete like a family of ducks, one following the others steps. Follow, follow, follow they think as the others do. They lead.

When I am too tired and too annoyed to follow, when I ignore them and want to be alone, they push through to make me happy. When I am stressed and feel like I've hit rock bottom. The three of them give me hope. Three who need each other and always love. Three who were meant to be sisters.

## **In Honor We Stand**

**By Ella Tschurwald**

I arrived off the school bus and rushed to class, disoriented from my morning. I sat there trying to get organized. I remarked at something I hadn't before, the 30 kids in my classroom stand as they perform an action so deeply ingrained into them that they don't even have to use their brain to say the words.

Allegiance to the flag. Staying faithful to your country. An Army veteran Orville Miles said he can see faces of his war buddies when he looks at the flag. The stars and stripes is a simple object sacred solely to our country. These four words mean to me to be faithful through thick and thin.

One nation, indivisible. Growing up I thrilled the day we drove up to my great uncle Rhiney's cabin. Once when we were cleaning the house, I found a treasure from my great uncle's war years: a Purple Heart. My father explained to me that my uncle had been a war hero in World War 2. Even though the war had taken his friends and family, still he loved the country and people he sacrificed for. These three words mean helping others when there is no personal gain.

Liberty and justice for all. Everyday people go outside and play a sport or read a book on your favorite bench, it is because of these rights that people can and are not afraid to do this.. To me these five words mean to obey laws and the freedom to make choices for yourself.

“I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all”. It is one of the most patriotic things to have 50 million students in the US stand up and say the same words every morning. These patriotic words mean being faithful through thick and thin, helping others when there is no personal gain, obeying laws and appreciating our freedom.

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## **Our Flag Still Stands**

**By Courtney Merenkov**

The flag billows in the wind, providing a sense of unity throughout the crowded stadium. The national anthem blares, cueing the echo of footsteps as people rise. The song may be a pre-game ritual to most, but to me it means something more. As the monotone voices absentmindedly hum the familiar tune, I take time to dissect this tradition and think about what patriotism means to me. As the crowd cheers, I am left with my thoughts while I watch as our flag still stands.

February 23rd, 1945. Shots rang out in Iwo Jima as American Soldiers risked their lives fighting in World War II. Being one of bloodiest battles, 26,000 soldiers were killed for our freedom. Six men courageously trekked to the top of Mount Suribachi to create the iconic image of the battle and to ensure that, even in the midst of war, our flag would still stand.

July 20th, 1969. The jets of Apollo 11 roared as the first US space shuttle journeyed to the moon. A symbol for new advancements, Apollo's launch inspired new growth in the US. Astronaut Buzz Aldrin made sure to continue the American dream on the moon by making sure our flag would still stand.

September 11th, 2001. Cries filled the cubicles in the South tower of the World Trade Center. Brian Clark, a survivor, recalls the event as being “the worst day in America, with the bravest acts in American history.” People flooded NYC to aid in rescue and recovery. George Johnson, Dan McWilliams, and Billy Eisengrein were firefighters who trudged through the ruins to honor the victims of the catastrophe. They made sure even during a time of despair that our flag would still stand.

The flag still billows in the wind symbolizing our freedom and honoring those who have perished. As the game continues, I grasp the understanding of what patriotism means. It represents the struggles we have overcome, the bravery of our troops, and the advancements we have fought to achieve. As citizens of the United States, we need to remember why our flag still stands.

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## **Celestial Eyes**

**By Serena Gupta**

My family—my mother, my father, my older sister, and me—we have glorious eyes, ones that illuminate when exposed to laughter, that twinkle when they receive a wave, that have pupils which pulsate in the light and in the darkness of night. They are like glowing stars, windows to the soul that shine and dazzle, that prolong the radiating beams emanating from a friend's smile.

My mother's eyes have an unseen, compelling depth. You get lost in their beautiful moonlike complexion; they speak only of purity, truth, and the beauty of love. My father's eyes are just slightly less polished, always hard at work. They possess a discipline and dignity like that of a racing meteorite, that same stunning, dusty crimson brown with a streak of valuable life experience. My sister's eyes are two luminous nebulae: the pleasingly graceful clouds of the universe beyond us, dotted with sophisticated sparkles. And my eyes...they are the sun, ginormous and full of life, just waiting for that moment when they can make someone's day brighter.

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## **The City that Never Sleeps**

**By Lindsay Kottmer**

At 7:00am my digital alarm clock went off. Like a car alarm the sound echoed, ringing in my ears, nonstop. Aggravated, I abruptly slammed my alarm shutting it off. Then an immediate silence—I sluggishly arose from my slumber, extending my legs over the edge of my mattress, I hesitantly planted my feet on the cool hardwood floor. Just as I progressed towards the bathroom, my foot caught my duffle bag strap, tipping it over. Leaving my art tools exposed—out in the open. I quickly stuffed everything back into the duffle then slid the bag under my bed.

At 8:00am I exited my studio apartment, carrying the duffle bag over my shoulder. I carefully began to examine my surroundings searching for my next victim. Like a predator hunting for prey, I patiently waited for someone with the most vulnerability. Briana Gaster, platinum blonde hair, 17, oblivious to the world around her. The perfect prey. I carefully began to trail behind her keeping my distance, stalking her every move. Avoiding exposure, I waited for the sun to set.

At 7:00pm the street lights were on. I began to creep closer to Briana, avoiding her discovery of my presence. As she entered an isolated alley I abruptly grab her from behind then held a cloth drenched in chloroform over her face, her body collapsed to the ground. I jammed her unconscious corps into the duffle and immediately fled the alley. I stood alongside the street, waving my hand, signalling for a taxi. As the cab drove up to the curb I shoved the duffle into the trunk and entered the back seat of the cab. Without delay, I directed the driver to East 18th Street- an abandoned subway station right by Washington Square Park. When I arrived my desired destination I quickly exited the cab and abstracted the duffle from the trunk.

At 9:00pm I snuck into the secluded subway station. I unzipped my duffle then dragged Briana's lifeless body out into a vacant train car and removed duct tape and rope. I scrambled to restrict Briana's arms and legs before

she gained consciousness. When she began to awaken, I eagerly prepared my various mechanisms in front of her. Her eyes widened as I held a butcher knife to her neck. Petrified, she inspected my past victim's skeleton encircling her restrained body. Bit by bit, I strategically began to carve away at her body as she screamed calling for help that would never come. Adrenaline pumped through my veins as her screeches continued to get louder and louder.

At 1:00am her body lie still in a pool of blood—satisfied with the artwork I had left on her body I captured the perfected masterpiece with my polaroid. When I got back home I immediately rushed over to my art gallery to add my most recent victim—Briana Gaster, platinum blonde hair, 17, oblivious to the world around her. The 312th polaroid, the 312th victim to fill the wall—lifeless. I set my duffle on the floor next to my bed and lie staring at the ceiling, admiring my work.

At 7:00am my digital alarm went off. Again and again. Nonstop. A ringing in my ears to prepare me for another masterpiece...Another prey, another victim, another girl missing from the City that never sleeps...the 313th polaroid.

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Photograph by Riley Reed

**Untitled****By Noah Klockow**

Our ethnic origin grants my brother and I skin others dream to possess. His skin brown like fresh teak wood washed up on shore. My skin, like a roasted caramel, smells like sweet sugar arising from a bakery. As others wish to possess such a silky sand skin tone. Skin smooth as sand grains falling between each finger. People claim we are like a sandstorm walking through central Wisconsin. As seasons go by, the color goes bye. As the sun fades away the beauty and color no longer stay but until the spring the sun won't bring color and beauty until it is the day.

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**Broken But Brave Family****By Rachel Diel**

Sarah opened the white wooden door, chipped with paint and walked into the dim apartment. The bottle on the counter caught her eye as she saw her mother on the couch. She sluggishly looked at up at Sarah. "I promise it was just one sip," her mother slurred.

Sarah nodded, knowing her hollow promises too well. Sarah took a deep breath. "Ten, nine, eight, seven," she counted down to prevent a fight "six," as her mother gave a perfunctory plead. "Five," Sarah forced her out of her head, "four," her mother got up from the couch and ran, "three, two...one." Sarah closed her eyes as the sound of vomiting filled the air. A minute later she opened them and turned towards the hall.

Her face felt on fire as she strongly slammed the door. She picked up the pillows from her bed aggressively and with blurred vision, she threw them against the wall. Like an animal, she threw one after another, until a pillow the size of a textbook made contact with a glass picture frame. Sarah froze as the realization overcame her. Slowly, she looked down at the picture frame and instantly felt calm. It was a photo of Sarah, her dad and mom and her little sister, Bailey. Sarah had her arms wrapped around her sister's shoulder, hugging her from behind like a mother bear, while her mom and dad stood shining like two stars in the sky. It was taken when they had a family trip and drove down to their house in Alabama for a weekend. The sun was out and the sweet scent of happiness floated. Sarah smiled as these memories distracted her from reality. These memories are also deadly to the touch, for that was the weekend when their lives became drastically different.

She removed the photo from the frame and, as if it was a precious porcelain doll, carefully put it inside her pocket. Lifting up her head, she opened the door and walked, meaning filling her every step. She saw her mother sitting on the couch drinking a glass of water, looking less like a slug.

"Hey baby I'm sorry, I...", her mother started, but Sarah interrupted her with a wave of a hand.

"Stop. Put your jacket and shoes on, we're going somewhere," Sarah told her.

Her mother's face turned from loose to stern in seconds. It took her mother five minutes until she loosened up again and got up to get her shoes. In a confused silence, Sarah grabbed the car keys and the tape as her mother followed her out the door.

It seemed like hours until Sarah pulled into the parking lot. Her mother looked up, her face wet and worn. Sarah got out of the car, still not talking to her mother. She started towards the general area with a purpose. Her mother, like a dog on a leash, was following. She stopped once she reached it, and rubbed the photo in her pocket between her fingers. She took the tape out, along with the photo and carefully decorated the gravestone with it. She put her hand on the cold stone as her tears watered the dirt below.

Standing up to look at her masterpiece, she reached for her mother's skeleton hand and said, "I love you Mom. I always will. It's been a rough year, but Bailey and Dad wouldn't want us spending today in despair."

Standing side by side, just like the two graves they were looking at, they stood motionless together. After fifteen minutes Sarah squeezed her mom's hand before letting go to walk back towards the car, her mother following behind five minutes later.

The drive back home was still silent, this time more of a comfort silence. Sarah and her mother walked up the stairs near their apartment door when Sarah heard her mother stop. She did the same and turned around to face her mother.

Her mother said, "Pancakes are the best way to start off the day. Your father used to say that every Sunday morning to me. Pancakes were his favorite."

Sarah remembered the forgotten smell of pancakes that used to fill their old house on Sundays.

Her mother continued, "Tomorrow's Sunday. I think I'll make some pancakes and throw out all the liquor. How does that sound, honey?"

Sarah took in her mouse-like mother. This time she knew this promise wasn't hollow but full of potential and change.

"I think I'd like that very much," she responded. Sarah opened the white wooden door, chipped with paint and walked into the dim apartment.

---

**Extinction****By Sarah Lunow**

When the last one dies  
 who will remember its name,  
 read only in books?

---

**Where I'm From****By Ben Woida**

I am from sentimental memories that hold deep meanings,  
 from teddy bears—to blankets—to nighttime nursery rhymes—  
 novelties in a vast world.  
 From one brother to six siblings in ten years...conflicted...yet abetting.  
 Each item holding their own place in my heart.  
 Trinkets that come to life in my mind.

I am from sunburns and frostbite,  
 a hot tub which molds my family and melts away the fears,  
 a warmth that could make Jack Frost thaw.  
 I am from a sun, which makes skin glow bright red,  
 pools which simmer as I break the surface.  
 Polar opposites, although hold significance in their own way.

I am from humble beginnings.  
 From a dad that works until he can't move his arms,  
 to a successful engineer that teaches us the value of dedication.  
 From a mom who sacrifices herself in order to support and care for others.  
 She is stressed, yet she carries on, sacrificing time and energy for us  
 Life lessons I learn from observation, experience and love.

I am from these moments.  
 Ones in which define my livelihood,  
 the ones which I ponder and long for in my dreams.  
 Recollections, which make me feel free,  
 moments that send warmth through my body even on bitter days.  
 From places, things, and people I can look back on and reminisce.

**A Woolly War****By Jacob Shamion**

A prehistoric beast shuffles forward.  
 For now, a hulking mass of shaggy fur keeps the cold at bay.  
 He lumbers on, slowly, in search of better times.  
 All twelve of his tons trudge through tundra snow.

His pie plate prints begin to fill as  
 Mother nature dumps more flakes of death.  
 His movement slows, then halts. He has surrendered  
 His grave is filled over, and frozen forever.

Years pass and climates change, thawing nature's coffin.  
 His ivory tusks erupt from the snow.  
 It's doesn't take long for people to notice and erect plans.  
 Steel shovels shift slush and snow away from his frozen carcass

He is excavated and transported in the carefulest way.  
 Pieces come together to fill gaps like a jigsaw.  
 The puzzle is complete and he stands in his original glory.  
 The resurrection of a brimming, beautiful, beast is complete.

---



Photograph by Olivia Liebe



**Awakening of the Past**  
**Reikley Reiser**

Empty, waiting  
 Black envelopes the tightly packed buildings  
 Populated by wax figures fixed in time  
 They watch over, anticipating visitors

A switch is flicked on  
 Dim lights cast hues of yellow and blue  
 Colorful shops stand tall against the dull, brick path  
 Footsteps, soft but audible, begin to stroll in

Visitors amble through the crowded streets  
 In awe of the oddities of the past  
 Children giggle, bee-lining to the candy shop  
 The old streets become alive again

The hum of voices wanes  
 Shuffling through the exit

A familiar quietness begins to return  
 A switch is flicked off

Silence falls across the small town  
 The streets... still, like a monochrome photo  
 Prepared to come alive once more  
 Empty, waiting

---

**The Life I Have Created**  
**By Mia Lanzarotti**

I am from a quiet suburb overrun with buckthorn,  
 from 3am talks and lack of sleep.  
 I am from the buzzing bee hive that reappears.  
 From 1am Meijer runs and broken curfews.  
 I am from mid summer nature walks,  
 mosquito bites that make half-dollar sized bumps.  
 I am from weekly Target runs, and pointless drives  
 in the night.

I'm from clogged nostrils and puffy eyes,  
 from spring time shenanigans and overpriced  
 coffee.  
 I am from squeaky back doors and mismatched  
 socks,  
 overworn shorts and yearly hand-me-downs.

I'm from coverless books with creases on every  
 page,  
 from drawings on every blank canvas and ink on  
 every finger.

I am from missed morning meetings and five hour  
 dreams,  
 from quarter tanks of gas and empty lunch boxes.  
 I'm from chipped nails and 3 am crams.  
 My room displays colorful walls, painted with  
 posters,  
 boxes overflowed with pictures and one red collar  
 from a furry friend.

I am from rusted wooden doors that creak in  
 autumn wind.  
 From bright sunsets that stream colors across the  
 sky,  
 and violet clouds that tell a story drifting in the  
 wind.

---

**Where I'm From**  
**By Spencer Makowski**

I am from the cluttered back room,  
 the one that I made a home of.  
 Nestling into familiar.  
 I am from the craft closet, filled with possibility  
 and the box of new crayons, that inspired me.  
 Their perfect symmetry,  
 colorful and bold.  
 Watching four siblings grow up,  
 fairly dividing the Pirouettes,  
 and a myriad of bad jokes.

I am from the fall winds,  
 tussling hair with cold hands,  
 leaves dancing to its rhythm.  
 A jacket drawn tight,  
 my shell against the outside.  
 I'm from Brust and Snicket,  
 Rowling and Moorcock,  
 whose words awed me in their grandeur.  
 I'm from a clutter of successes and mistakes,  
 feelings I've made a home of.

---

**Roots and Bones**  
**By Sarah Lunow**

I'll become a tree,  
 the roots tangled in my skull—  
 returned to the Earth.

---

**Untitled**  
**By Spencer Makowski**

I paint a watercolor,  
 of the world surrounding me.  
 I use the sounds, the tastes, the smells,  
 to fill the canvas in my head.  
 (I may not use my eyes like you)  
 But painting gives me sight anew.

---

**An Ode to Pythagoras**  
*A comment on the intrinsic racism of history books.*  
**By Ellen Wieland**

Your name is on the lips of students everywhere  
 Spat with contempt or murmured in adoration  
 As they copy a simple equation, each variable with  
 a square

Yet despite your obvious mental prowess  
 And permanent place in the pages of our books  
 It must be noted that our world is full of bias

So students never learn the background to your  
 genius  
 Are never taught about your life or your works  
 Thus the gaps in our knowledge can be quite  
 egregious

Like how you travelled to Egypt in 535 BC  
 At the insistence of your tutors and teachers  
 To study more math and theoretical geometry

Like how it was there that you learned the formula  
 That infamous, illicit triangular relationship  
 And brought it home to give your own students a  
 tutorial

Like while the Grecians had been showing off their  
 military strength  
 The Egyptians had been sitting behind their  
 abacuses  
 And had been for years calculating the hypotenuse's  
 exact length

Like how they had been postulating for centuries  
 Developing formulae and creating theorems  
 But history swept through with it's all-white  
 memories

So now Pythagoras, while he never asked for fame  
 Has been bestowed the greatest honor known to  
 mathematicians:  
 The honor and glory of the widespread use of his  
 name

Attached to a theorem he did not himself devise.

And the original brains behind the elegant equation  
 Have faded into obscurity, buried by hundreds of  
 others  
 Whose stories have been forgotten because they  
 weren't caucasian

---

**Belated Breakfast**  
**By Toni Smith**

One cup of coffee ready to pour.  
 Two pieces of wheat toast to eat.  
 Three spreads of grape jelly.  
 Four minutes to get ready.  
 Cat steals my toast, then spills my coffee.  
 Now, I'm five minutes late.

---

**Who I Am From**  
**By Isabel Barth**

I am from the neighbor boy in second grade,  
 mischievous-minded,  
 bb pellets scattering the sidewalk,  
 a broken tree limb in our backyard.

the girl who shared the same interests as me:  
 horses, theatre, heartthrob of the week,

but was vicious and cold,  
her cruel heart showing me the burden of  
spite.

and the boy sprinkled into my life  
like the snow falling at his birthday party, december  
29th.

(I think he was turning nine.)  
a brilliant concoction of his father's passion,  
his mother's spunk.

there was mother's crisp tongue and final say  
to show her dedication to the idea of strict  
parenting,  
yet it contrasted with occasional tender  
moments  
and her passion for british crime dramas.

father, with his scruffy shadow and heavy bags  
under his eyes; yet his smile  
lit up the whole room, and his imagination  
transformed every supermarket trip into a  
fantastical adventure.

or the director of the local children's theatre  
with hair as fiery as her attitude.  
we shared late nights together, mentor and  
student,  
as I soaked up her knowledge and passions  
for performing.

...

when i was fourteen, i brought all of these people  
with me  
up north to a new house, new town, new life.  
nevertheless, the imprints of people last  
forever,  
and these are the ones that define where I  
am from.

---

### **Where I'm From** **By Logan Bratonja**

I'm from a life that is hectic with work,  
family, and stressful activities, a life where my  
family  
was taken from me by a dwindling love.

From a home split from the beginning  
and friends from childhood that fade in my mind.  
For I am not from one place alone.

From an education that taught me  
hate and corruption shrouded as normality,  
knowledge that planted itself in  
my mind throughout my childhood.  
I am from a place where I was seen  
as an outcast, judged by my actions.  
A place that left me mentally scarred,  
scars that have brought new scars to me  
and the ones close to me.

I am from friends that felt pain in the  
form of depression and suicide.  
friends, minds broken  
by their loss of their innocence.  
From friends that learned forgot their  
past and chose to move forward.  
I am from a life where actions like bullying,  
depression,  
and the stress of worrying about those close to me  
made me appreciate that I still have mine.  
I am a from a place where the music opened  
my mind and made me recognize the moments  
worth living  
rather than the ones that that brought dark thoughts.  
A place where I learned that the hardships are not  
the only part of life  
and to look for the moments that make them feel  
insignificant.  
I am from a place that makes me, me.

---

### **I'm From** **By Annika de Vries**

I'm from foam bullets flying at my padded chest.  
A place that looked like a bed full of monkeys,  
somewhere only six blondes recognize.

Wherever, whenever, whoever—  
call and I will answer.  
She was nervous but knew we were safe.

I'm from white caps and ongoing blue waves.  
The grass expanded from one-quarter to one acre,  
somewhere only sandboxes turned to pools.

Tears, travel, terror—  
lost with nowhere to start.  
She said we would be okay...

I'm from the first, the second, and last place medals.  
A place of pointe shoes and tap shoes,  
somewhere only the dream of tutu's kept me going.  
Countries, continents, cultures— eight on four  
wheels with a voice saying "U-turn"  
She received the name of Backseat Driver.

I'm from the "xoxo" that signed each letter.  
The style change from jeans too tight leggings,  
somewhere only dad and mom thought I shouldn't  
grow older.

---

Photograph by Skylar Wegner



**Where I'm From**  
**By Molly Salzer**

I am from autism,  
 anxiety, and a fresh awareness.  
 From wanting to be vegan,  
 milkshake-tasting soy milk and angry paper  
 cartons.  
 And upsetting videos—wanting to feel,  
 depression making me numb...

I am from family,  
 friends, and familiarity.  
 From I love you to I need you.  
 And senile dogs who bark all the time  
 with a cat who softly bites...

I am from blonde hair,  
 blue eyes, and bulky bones.  
 From Haagen Daz ice cream,  
 strawberry, relishing every bite.  
 And uncertain social situations;  
 thanks to Asperger's...

I am from anthropology,  
 sociology, and biology.  
 From "school was fine," to

"I'm doing ok."  
 And "I'm getting all As,"  
 with a 3.8 GPA.

I am from dreams,  
 decisions, and direction.  
 From opening a humane society then having to  
 euthanize animals with sunken-in eyes and  
 bony bodies,  
 and happiness being held above my head,  
 just out of reach...

---

**The Taste of Moonlight**  
**By Cecelia Phillips**

It is only on a clear winter night  
 When the moon is full and shining bright  
 That you can taste the rays of moonlight.

They aren't as sweet as you might hear,

But that's only when the night's aren't clear  
 And the whistling howls of wind spark fear.

If you someday catch a taste  
 You'll never let it go to waste—  
 The light and darkness interlaced.

When morning breaks—the sun shines white,  
 You'll start to miss that winter night  
 When the joy and sorrow was just right...

And that, my friend, is the taste of moonlight.

---

**Untitled**  
**By Isabel Barth**

Jupiter mingles with Mars  
 as nebulae waltz with comets.  
 In an interstellar tango,  
 I listen to their laughter.

...But, no matter how far I reach,  
 I will never join their circus.

---

**Ocean Life**  
**By Quintin Arnett**

Ocean's sunrise, she opens her eyes.  
 Orange-lavender dances.  
 Flowers—like sands—in the salty air sting,  
 drowning my worries.  
 Sun seats, I must go, sky wraps itself in a blanket of  
 stars.

---

**Unnamed**  
**By Derek Luetke**

Looking up, consciousness  
 floats in interstellar pain.  
 My mind propels further,  
 spiraling toward the abyss.  
 Cosmos give truth to my lies:  
 and words tumble, like a good book

---

## **The Sum of my Footsteps** **By Tara Osbourne**

I am from the sunny side up and dew covered grass,  
where brisk air greets the morning sun, I am from  
pacing my steps til my breath becomes short “hustle  
hard and get hit, but don’t you ever quit,”

I am from the mountains, where black diamonds are  
my best friend.

I am from cold toes and shaken hand warmers.

I am from white caps on water and surfing at sunset,  
where memories are made and summers are spent. I  
am from Grandma’s cheesecake (the best one round  
town), where drizzled raspberries blanket a graham  
cracker crust.

I am from ice cream for breakfast and dessert before  
dinner.

I am from the luck of the Irish and getting the pot of  
gold, I am from where golden domers meet mobile  
homers, and Catholics, cousins.

I am from State Street, where all people know is  
how to “Jump Around.”

I am from sunsets on the terrace and runs to the 625.

I am from church Sundays, where kindness is  
shared and forgiveness is given.

I am from “luck is for suckers” and “you are my  
sunshine.”

I am from coffee shops and family dinners.

I am from a family of angels.

I am from where the green grass meets sand and  
dirt.

I am from where ground balls turn into outs.

I am from “play ball” and “batter up.”

I am from hitting dingers and walk-off winners.

I am from the country club, where friends are made  
and low scores are best.

I am from the poolside choco tacos and mini M&M  
milkshakes.

I am from birdie putts and flirtatious caddy’s.

I am from shattering records and hard work at the  
range.

I am from home sweet home.

I am from where the red house lies, and family is  
gathered.

I am from toasting marshmallows on a fire and  
cookouts with the neighbors.

I am from loving one another and living every day  
as if it’s my last.

This is me and where I’m from.

---

## **Guitar** **By Natalia Tilmont**

I heard your voice, in a wooden guitar and metal  
strings when I visited.

Your itchy beard tickled me when we hugged. You  
told cheesy jokes, and everyone laughed.

But after the accident, I couldn’t find you. But I still  
hear your music in the strings.

---

## **Wondering** **By Megan Peterson**

I glimpse at the dark, calm, gloomy sky.

Stars animate my yard.

I see a flash, it’s a shooting star!

I squeeze my eyes shut tight.

The star blinks like a satellite.

Stars don’t blink, where did my wish go?

---

## **The Enemy Of Green** **By Spencer Makowski**

The enemy of green hides between blinks.

It makes you feel alone.

A friend to mischief.

Married to fear.

It sits before tomorrow,  
and in the back of the cellar.

Always creeping around,  
to conceal Beauty from us.

Even if just for a second.

In just a single blink.

---



Photograph by Riley Reed



**Untitled**  
**By Stone LaPorte**

I am the priest of a thousand times over,  
 and I sing songs to the dogs that follow me  
 around my room.  
 I sit alone on a throne of sand and breathe  
 through tubes made of dirt  
 and it's lonely, so lonely.  
 And the days don't look a like  
 and the girl doesn't look the same.  
 I don't feel the same when I see a dog laughing  
 outside my window.  
 Don't you know it's a shame when you're floating  
 down the river of tar.  
 And you're the only, my only.  
 I see people and their frowns follow me around.  
 Around.  
 Around.  
 Around.  
 Not a sound.  
 You're out of town.  
 The throne is supernova of lost things and ears  
 that ring.  
 The smile on my face is crooked...  
 it bends...  
 it ends...

---

**Synesthesia**  
**By Molly Salzer**

*When hearts are cut out by kids with safety scissors,*  
 and happiness sliced from the same cloth,  
 with valentine boxes and joyful colors,  
 tasting like an assortment of candy and those chalky  
 'be mine' hearts.  
*When children movie fantasies fade into darkness,*  
 realizing there is no such thing as a prince,  
 with singing as red as can be,  
 smelling like watermelon with deadly vines.  
*When innocence is dead,*  
 buried under the high school,  
 with sadness bundled up on a cold fall day,  
 in a jacket nonetheless and a hat to top it off.  
*When happiness is out of reach,*  
 yellow and as bright as can be,  
 with laughter taunting you in the halls,  
 as bitterness settles into your heart.

*When numbness seeps its way in,*  
 filling the void as quietly as a mouse,  
 with no time to react,  
 as mud fills your veins.  
*When you realize you're depressed,*  
 and have little to gain,  
 with a poem missing really bright colors,  
 and little to no shame.

---

**Breakfast Backfire**  
**By Jacob Shamion**

The moon creeps back into its bed.  
 Down to the kitchen, I head to  
 crack eggs, pour milk, sift flour.  
 Griddle hot, batter evenly poured.  
 First taste: Green faced! Milk three weeks past.  
 I hope birds enjoy crepes.

---

**그 눈**  
**(Those Eyes)**  
**By Jeffrey Mason**

Those stars shine brightly, winking in the night  
 sky, like pristine diamonds,  
 softly drawing my pupils deep into a long,  
 thoughtful stare.  
 Those sweet eyes beckon my heart as she stares off  
 into darkness.

---

**Let's Be Enlightening**  
**By Aleah Travers**

Jeans too big, shoes too small,  
 I walked the shallow ceilinged halls.  
 In strident, the kids chat...  
 "Do you know you have a unibrow?"  
 Peers laugh, but I join along too.  
 "I'm unique...what's special about you?"

---

## Seasonal Guessing Game

By Alex Yost, Megan Peterson, and Molly Salzer

When leaves are cut by God's angels with safety  
scissors,  
rough edges colored in with watercolors with each  
new season.

Snow added with each coming winter,  
and blossoms in spring drawn with the tip of a  
marker.

While we watch with wonder as God colors the  
world with his mind.  
But when He takes those markers and colors in the  
summer sunset,  
that's where the real magic happens.  
We, as people, can almost taste those colors.  
Sunsets: pink Starbursts, the best flavor.

When we are cozied up with a coat and cap,  
how can we dislike the cold and snow?  
A light jacket in spring is all we need as we watch  
the world come alive.  
And in summer? We wear no coat and see the world  
on fire!  
Finally fall, we put on that jacket and watch the  
world rest.  
It is hard work being analyzed by billions.

When each season passes, we thank God for our  
blessings.  
Thank you for the warm in the cold,  
the blue in the gray sky,  
the sun in the dark,  
the yin in the yang.

With each new season we wonder what will come  
next.  
When will the leaves change?  
When will the snow appear?  
He keeps us guessing but that's the fact of life.  
It's a seasonal guessing game: ready to play?

---

## Wonder in Earth, Water, and Air

By Katie Krotts, Amelia Holland, and Lauren  
Huether

As the sun rises  
the earth is covered in light,  
exposing beauty.  
Drops fall here and there.  
It can come from earth or air.  
Water transcends us.

Breathe in and breathe out,  
there never can be a shortage.  
Air always lingers.

---

## Late Night

By Mia Lanzarotti

Home alone, light shines in.  
The car door opens. I'm not alone.  
Trembling, I turn the lock.  
Safe inside, I wait in shock.  
Prematurely, my sister stands...  
and I finally unfold my hands.

---

Artwork by Sarah Lunow



**Untitled**  
**By Maddie Worgull**

He drank, but decides, it is okay to drive. Speeding  
 up,  
 racing the turns, he crashes, and collides. Siren's  
 flash danger,  
 he whispers, "goodbye my dear" at a picture,  
 hanging near.

---

**Permanent Sacrifice of the Masai Warriors**  
**By Nicholas Martin**

The warriors wake up before the rest.  
 They seek revenge from the lions leaching  
 from the blood of their livestock.  
 The Masai risk their lives for revenge.  
 They sacrifice for others.

The warriors walk into the arid Savanna.  
 Not knowing what will happen,  
 not knowing if they will live,  
 not knowing the journey ahead.  
 They sacrifice for others.

The roar of a lion fills the air,  
 but the men feel calm.  
 Knowing their strategy perfectly,  
 they attack with precision.  
 They sacrifice for others.

The lions razor sharp teeth  
 sink into young warrior's neck,  
 blood gushes with the quick death.  
 The men's eyes drop to the ground.  
 They sacrifice for others.

With eyes of revenge,  
 the warriors whip the spear  
 into the lion's heart.  
 Victory but still defeated...  
 They sacrifice for others.

Put others in front of  
 yourself to change the  
 ones around you.  
 Make  
 sacrifices

for  
 Others.

---

**You Only Get So Many Trips**  
**Around The Sun**  
**By Reannyn Mathieu**

I am from the sound of skidding knees on linoleum  
 tiles,  
 from music blaring and the world spinning.  
 I am from taking one stair at a time,  
 from trying to fill a balloon with little lungs.

I am from report card filled with absences and  
 tardies,  
 from the smells of antiseptic and the words,  
 "Take a deep breath for me." and "Does it hurt  
 when I push here?"  
 From missed field trips and Wendy Williams being  
 the only thing on tv.  
 I am from bike tires parting woodchip seas,  
 from neighborhood adventures and ghost in the  
 graveyard,  
 from bloody knees cleaned with gas station water  
 bottles and handfuls of grass,  
 and from coming home before it was dark.

I am from unfamiliar people who would become as  
 close as family,  
 From car rides in the dark and laughter in each ear.  
 I am from efflorescent youth and strong bonds,  
 from priceless memories, and people I would give  
 my life for.

I am from the dark,  
 from a pit with crumbling walls and a bedroom like  
 a coffin.  
 I am from empty insides, depleted deserted and  
 devoid of care.  
 from the same people I would give my life for  
 separated behind a glass wall,  
 from weekly visits from the one person who could  
 shatter that glass.

I am from heavy arms and mud stained fingers,  
 from the courage to climb.  
 I am from and will always be from the words,  
 "Do what you want to do."

From putting myself first, but only when I need to.  
 I am from a deep voice saying,  
 "Do what you have to do."  
 From the belief of keeping your feet moving in the  
 right direction,  
 even when you fear you may crumble.

I am a conquistador of life,  
 and I am from my Father uttering the words,  
 "You only get so many trips around the sun."

---

### **For the Trees** **By Jared Hamley**

You tread through, a quiet path, through sylvan  
 shade, under light of day.  
 Verdant green, and silky bark, brisk when touched,  
 the wild is calling.  
 Now lie down, lifeless chilly sleep, the leaves have  
 fallen, just as you.

---

### **Westward Expansion: Life as a Plains Indian** **By Nicholas Siepmann**

#### **Bison Hunt**

A massive beast strolls through the plains,  
 trotting the prairie grass unknowing of the fight  
 ahead.  
 Indians gallop in with spears and arrows.  
 They wrestle the bison to the ground with ferocity,  
 fear, fire inside of them.  
 Getting the kill is key to survival.  
 Tribes live off the skillful bison hunt,  
 the heartbeat of Indian culture.

#### **White Movement**

Suddenly, the plains crowd as  
 white men poison the land.  
 The open plains no longer look open as  
 miners and traders come looking to get rich.  
 The land bison roam become limited.  
 Tribes have to learn to live off the land without  
 bison,  
 the heartbeat of Indian culture.

#### **The Decline**

Forced to trade with whites, tribes struggle to feed  
 their people.

Railroads and developments consume the land  
 tribes fought to keep.

With no way to adjust to this new world, the bison  
 population diminishes.

Hunting allowed the tribes survival, like their  
 ancestors.

Soon after the white movement, Indians went to  
 hunt in what's left of the open plains.

In sadness, tribes struggled to survive, knowing that  
 their fate is the same as the dying bison. The  
 heartbeat of Indian culture.

---



Photograph by Riley Reed

**Unnamed**  
**By Brendan Keleher**

Paper trashed, I can't think of words.  
 They won't come, as my eyes blur.  
 It's all fake, it's not music.  
 Uncreative, all by the rubric.  
 It's all been written like a cliché.  
 In the past, lies vision.

Some words come, while others leave. You can't  
 copy, it doesn't help to grieve.  
 It's a story, the words must weave. It won't work,  
 nobody believes.  
 It's all done, the words conceived. It's in the past,  
 rolling up my sleeves.

**The Game of Hyakunin Isshu Karuta—A  
 Family's Fate**  
**By Annika de Vries**

Cherries blossomed on,  
 silky soft spring Kimonos.  
 Twins play with one fate...  
 Rules and title never break.  
 One wins, and one is disowned.

One munching tumor,  
 crushes her like petals in fall.  
 She played with one fate...  
 The other timid but strong.  
 One wins, and one's disowned.  
 She won, she blossomed,  
 her destiny felt silky.  
 The hatred of one's fate....  
 New rules for her sister fate.  
 One wins and no one disowned.

**Ghost of the Orange Evening / Lovers' Lament**  
**By Isabel Barth**

the wooden porch overlooks the garden  
 of delicate trees, tired stones.  
 when you search the sky, you catch a glimpse  
 of the waning tohoku sun.

*it is with our love*

inside the house,  
 the air hangs thick with memories.  
 decades are etched deep into floorboards  
 faded from exposure to the tohoku sun.

*that we spread open our wings*

the two daughters are older now,  
 with shoulders sore from grief,  
 but there are still sunflowers in their smiles,  
 and their eyes shine as bright as the tohoku sun.

*and entwine our souls.*

chest heavy and room spinning,  
 this place, once so fondly remembered, is  
 abandoned.  
 you are left alone once again  
 beneath the apathetic rays of the tohoku sun.

*but when we depart, how such*

the garden, however, is an old friend.  
 the stream's gentle trickle calms your mind,  
 and the sharp shadows dance with grains of sand  
 as ancient as the tohoku sun.

*great sorrow is left behind!*

as the gentle chirping of crickets  
 mingles with the quiet laughter inside,  
 you find stillness in a place that knows no time  
 and melt into the warmth of the tohoku sun.

**Where I'm from**  
**By Maria Turco**

I am from comfort, rules, and expectations  
 I am from no tardies, no infractions, no calls home  
 I am from straight As  
     Finishing my homework  
     9 PM bedtime and 6 AM wakeup  
 I am from no "funny business"  
     No sleepovers  
     No drugs and alcohol  
     No "you suck"s or "shut up"s



No boyfriends until you're 16

I am from constant restraint  
I am from always yearning  
Adventure, freedom, and memories...

But why cage my free spirit any longer?

I am curious wanderer  
Lover of forests, animals and water  
Loyal friend  
Positive, happy, and goofy.  
I am bright  
The one with the bubbling laugh  
I am Mari  
I am unique, loved, and wonderfully made.

I love dance parties on Friday nights  
    Jam sessions on the way to school  
    Skype calls until 2 AM  
    Midnight skinny dipping

I am free!  
    From fear of disappointment.  
    From faking.  
    From lonely weekends.

### Untitled

By Elizabeth Leidel

A young girl looks at stars, worrying, and thinking  
deeply—  
On a new day, something better will happen—when  
a plane zooms past.  
She slowly wakes, daydreaming, a life too good to  
be true.

Looking up, I think: today is the day.  
Nervous I wonder, *what will happen?*  
One last hug, I've never been so scared.  
The doctor joins. "Everything went well."  
My mind untangles as it's time to visit.  
My mom is strong.

### Delight of Old Milwaukee

By Emily Gutowski

The crisp, fresh air fills my lungs with innocence.  
The stars sparkle brightly as the brilliant shine  
blinds me.  
Ruddy red and brown bricks are strategically placed  
for millions of footsteps  
walking by. I hear the breaths of conversations, and  
heartbeats of those in love.  
The streets of old Milwaukee . . .

Light posts guide the travelers along specialty  
shops.  
In the candy shop: sparkling clear glass jars, heaps  
of colored candy,  
licorice, nuts, chocolates, cherries.  
My taste buds tingle as I try to choose.  
Reaching into my pocket, I hope to find twenty five  
cents.

In the antique shop,  
the dust collects in memories made.  
Lights illuminate fragile white plates in the china  
cabinet.  
A cheerful tune tinkles in the jewelry box.  
Pots and pans with deep scratches once held  
delightful offerings.

Black leather chairs stand stiffly in a row.  
Warm white cloths cool after a clean shave.  
Sharp scissors fire the mind of the barber.  
creative hands cut the hair of many,  
while scraps of hair lightly tumble to the tiles.

White, tall chairs seep with memories, old to new.  
Creeks fills the yellow siding. In front of a lonely,  
empty house, on the porch  
a granny watches the feet of millions.  
Sweet and innocent, she speaks  
as many say good morning or goodnight.

Flashbacks flip through memories, taking me from  
the present.  
My hand grips my leather suitcase  
as my feet step, one after the other, lead inside the  
trolley,  
taking me home again...to  
the streets of old Milwaukee.

**Fly Away Memories***Thoughts Inside the Butterfly Vivarium***By Ella Tschurwald**

Mocker Swallowtail.

The old man

views the black and white on the wings as Oreos  
dipped in milk.The black and white wedding photos—  
his beloved wife.

Blue Morpho.

A young father

views the vibrant blue as that of a radiant waterfall.

The blue of his stillborn son's room—  
a sacred place.

Red Lacewing.

A young woman

views the wings as red as freshly picked apples in  
the crisp fall.The red fire that consumed her home—  
a cozy place.

Apricot Sulfur.

The teenage girl

views the orange as a burnt sunset tracing across the  
sky.The orange of leukemia—  
her beloved friend.

Dido.

A young boy

views the green wings as freshly cut grass on a  
baseball diamond.The green field his father played in—  
a disappearing man.

Greta Oto.

Everyone glances together,

views the transparent wings as the empty, still air  
around them.The clear future and events past—  
fly away memories.**Untitled****By Meghan Umhoefer**Victims flee borders to foreign routes,  
bearing blurry paths, no end in sight.Sounds bring unwanted thoughts,  
children hold moms tight.

How to comfort them? What to say?

Nothing. Quiet mouths avoid the prey.

**Where I'm From****By Brady Shepherd**I am from the willow tree at the bottom of the hill,  
the tree that my friends and I had claimed as our  
tree fort.

The wavy branches hanging,

forming a thick leafy circle around the trunk about  
10 feet out.

Restricting us from seeing out.

Keeping others from seeing in.

Climbing gracefully to our assigned branches,  
whittling sticks with our pocket knives.

Talking about sports and girls.

I am from windy roads.

Driving through unfamiliar towns with Sierra,  
nearing midnight, or has it passed?Rap music playing softly on the bluetooth stereo,  
probably Meek Mill or Young Thug.The subwoofers vibrating in sync with the bass,  
like a massage chair that flows with music.

Getting lost on dark, unlit streets.

Moonlight providing visibility on the vast, empty  
road.

Eyes watching for deer.

Talking about childhood memories, hopes and  
dreams,reflecting on experiences and hardships we've  
faced.

Racing home to meet curfew.

I am from the cancer that kept my mom away for  
the holidays.

The months she spent in the hospital,

Day by day watching the clock, counting the hours,  
until we came to visit.

Our brindle dog that comforted her when she returned home.  
 Laying together by the fireplace,  
 as if she could tell that my mother was sick.  
 The overwhelming sympathy and kind words  
 that I received from teachers, neighbors and friends.  
 Failing to alleviate the stress.  
 It was a quiet, lonely Christmas.

---

### **The Watercolor Garden** **By Mary Dohogne**

Water, palette, brush in hand.  
 I saturate my canvas, the garden forming in my mind.  
 The garden grows, nourished by the earth and the water.

Color explodes in the garden.  
 Pigments swirl and travel along the rivers.  
 They radiate, blending, creating color.

Life, built from water and color.  
 Plants aren't enough, and little critters crawl into the edges of my mind.  
 Caterpillars roam the garden, exploring their life.

Beautiful, they curl into their cocoons.  
 The garden goes quiet for a moment, patiently waiting for their return.  
 When they emerge, uncertain, unsteady, and cautious, they are truly beautiful.

Wings like satin, like glass, like art.  
 They're exquisite, fragile, and I want to protect them.  
 But they yearn to fly, so I let them go, and they learn to use their wings.

Explore, and discover the world around you.  
 Delight all you meet with your colors, make the world as beautiful as you.  
 Bring them to this garden paradise, where they may be free to learn and explore.

---

### **Crow Indian Bison Hunt** **By Brianna Galstad**

The sun rises slowly over the rolling hills.  
 Tan, crispy grass crunches under the hooves of our horses.  
 Heat rises with my heart beat...

Trotting through the long, coarse grass,  
 insects bite at my bronzed, bare skin; and on my companion, I ride.  
 Chills descend and anticipation filling my body as we approach the herd...

Anxiously behind the hills, we hide in disguise.  
 Three times we hear rattle, rattle, rattle—  
 A weary warning sign that the sly rattlesnake conveys to the buffalo...

Buffalo form a stampede, scrambling to escape their death sentence.

I approach the brown beasts with my arrowhead and bow.  
 Deep breaths, steady hands. One, two, three, release...

Hours of hunting the herd, one beast, now ours.  
 Blood drains out of the buffalo's wound as we drag the buffalo home.

The arrow still pinned to the heart, this one could not escape death...

The sun sinks slowly behind the rolling hills.  
 Dirt and sweat stick, staining our bodies.  
 Heat decreases with my heart beat as we prepare our dinner for the night...

---

**Civil Unrest****By Kyle Glassey**

In civil unrest, streets line with protest. The world is such a mess.

Mass shootings and looting, a massive crisis is brewing.

Unjust are we, don't you see? We've already started to bleed.

---

**The Wonders of the Bumblebee****By Caroline Shramka, Heidi Hamilton, Elizabeth Jorgensen**

A small spec of fur appears in the sky, out of the corner of my eye.

Their seemingly soft fur...Oh so tempting!

Males, calm and gentle...females, agitated and aggressive.

Nurturing Mother Earth's creations,  
they gracefully glide from flower to flower,  
receiving the precious pollen—a major key for survival.

Honey making is an occasional occupation,  
as they hibernate monthly.

After they sting, life goes on forever, never seeking a fight.

They are as gentle as a docile dog.  
And their queen is like a mother,  
who treats her young as her own child.

Their appearance shows black and yellow fur.  
The name is identical to a transformer.  
It's the bumblebee! Oh, the tireless things they can do!

---

**Untitled****By Kayla Wrasman**

The sun shines, the birds chirp and the wind blows.  
A beautiful day.

Swim suit on, I relax in the warm water and softly splash.

The faucet turns off and bubbles disperse. The sun shines on the snow.

---

**Concert****By Courtney Merenkov**

Songs blast as the crowd chants.

Country twangs bellow and people dance.

Ring of fireworks heard by many,  
where's the colors? There aren't any.

Protect your kids and wives.

Shooter spotted! Sixty soon die.

---

**The Perpetual Migration of a Mammoth****By Amelia Holland**

The tortuous twenty-hour work day  
consists of traveling on untried land  
bound to an unfamiliar continent  
fleeing hunger, heat, and human hunting.

A new habitat is established here:  
a willowing field with nothing in view.  
Time passes. The sun sets on the old world  
...closing the perpetual migration.

A farmer peers over his quaint estate,  
detecting a prehistoric fossil.  
His suspicion of this discovery  
surrenders him to a speechless decade.

A neighboring field is excavated  
and bones of sizes alike are unveiled.

The farmer finds the skeletons are linked  
...stretching the perpetual migration.

Relocated to its last habitat, the mammoth's sheet  
remains stand before me.

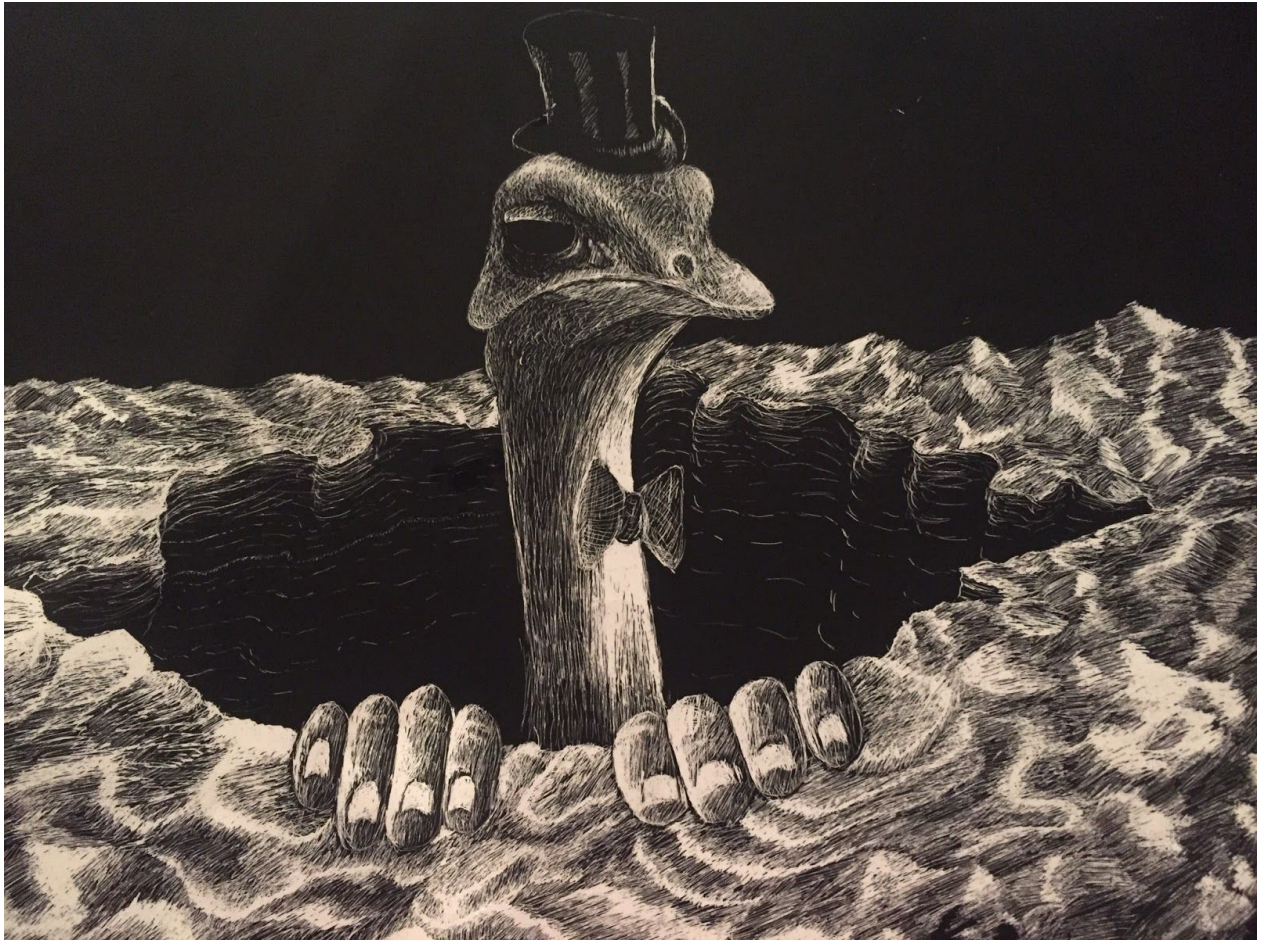
My neck locks as I scan the entirety of the alien  
towering over.

I consider its story before now and imagine an  
alternate lifetime--prior to the present museum site

...that ends the perpetual migration.

---

Artwork by Kobe Chang



**Where I'm From****By Mackenzie O'Connor**

I am from an empty stomach and empty soul,  
starved days and starved nights...  
controlled by a mind of lies.

I am from watching my mother walk out when I  
fail,  
never enough...  
never too frail.

I am from cold fingers and a raw throat,  
nothing left to purge...  
but my life and my dreams.

I am from my suffering father,  
all alone watching his daughter slowly withering  
away,  
“is this how it ends?” he whispers.

I am from being drowned by the thoughts,  
searching for a way out...  
getting lost in the chaos I have created.

I am from hospital beds and tangling tubes,  
fuel rushing through my veins to save my crumbling  
body...  
still refusing to believe this is the reality I am living.

I am from a long dreadful month in the same four  
walls,  
to saying goodbyes and parting ways,  
walking out with bags and balloons in hand.

I am from thinking that was it I am free,  
what I didn't know is,  
that was only the beginning.

---

**Untitled****By Reikley Reiser**

I am from the house nestled between nature and  
suburbia,  
Long walks in forest, running through the rain  
Drives into town, Mom blasting “The  
Replacements” and “ABBA”  
I am from the mish-mashed balls of technicolor  
playdough left around the house  
From the “Don't stay up all night” and “Get up,  
you're gonna be late!”

I am from the keys on the passed-down piano  
And the broken sharp on the third C  
From the metallic strings on the Fender  
My uncle who could play them effortlessly  
And my Nani who would attempt to sing along

I am from the days at my Dad's work  
Wandering around the endless warehouse  
From celebrating Oktoberfest and St. Patrick's Day  
Fighting over Scrabble, yelling about King's  
Corners  
Hearing the crackles of the fire while I fall asleep  
on the couch

I am from the snow days  
Asking my brother to dig up the beaten blue sled in  
the attic  
Stealing marshmallows from my sister's hot  
chocolate  
From driving to Minnesota, teeth chattering while  
we drove through the icy air

I am from the house nestled between nature and  
suburbia  
And all the people who are in it  
I am from the Reiser family  
And the memories I created with them

---

**Darkness****By Courtney Merenkov**

Surrounding me, stars tickle my feet as I swim  
through the darkness.

Splashes of sunlight radiate and the water sparkles.  
Seaweed snags my legs and I sail on the pink inner  
tube.

---

I am from late night drives with my best friend  
Driving until we run out of gas  
Screaming lyrics at the top of our lungs without a  
care.

I'm from finding my place in life at 9 years old.  
Solving case after case, right by dad's side,  
Giving me a glance of the life, that'll soon be mine.

---

**Untitled****By Reagan Balderas**

I am from senators, politicians, and presidents.  
Spending my days at the white house with the  
people who constantly take him away,  
Becoming the daughter of the agent who can't stay.

I am from a family with relatives  
From Mexican descent, light skinned in  
complexion.  
The language I cannot speak but whose words I  
understand.

I am from the names "Mija, Chiquita, and Mi  
corazón.  
The words intriguing me to embrace my culture  
From quinceañeras to al Día de los muertos.

I am from sign language and physical therapy  
For a brother with special needs  
Not the same person I used to be.

I am from overnights in hospitals for Mitchell's heart  
surgeries.  
For my allergic reactions and uncle roman's cancer  
Constantly wishing for time before he passed.

I am from nighttime and flashlights  
Ghost stories and campfires  
From silence to screaming.



## Help Me Remember These Streets

### By Kieren Wilde

The familiar click-clack of her shoes on the cobblestone street was welcomed. It made her feel at ease, knowing she recognized this street. The man who walked beside her, though she could not remember who he is, informed her this cobblestone street in the museum are like the one she grew up on. "Help me remember," she whispered to the street. The boy heard and gripped her hand tightly.

They hoped if she walked the familiar street long enough she might remember. She might remember the way she and her friends ran around for hours. The blazing summer days when she would run into the convenience shop to get a rootbeer. The chilling winter nights when only one or two stores would still be open. Walking hour after hour her hand encased by her boyfriends as they laughed and talked. "Help me remember," she whispered again to the street before continuing to walk.

It then occurred to her, who walked beside her. She was here with her boyfriend, at least she assumed they were still together. She couldn't remember, so she asked, he smiled brightly and said, "yes, darling, going on seven years." She smiled excitedly at the fact that she had been able to remember something. It was not often that this would happen. "Help me remember," she whispered to the street as they continued walking up and down the street.

The pair would spend as much time here as possible, trying to jog her failing memory. He was overjoyed that this time she remembered him. All too soon, the museum was closing, meaning they had to leave. He did not want to because he didn't want the pain of her not remembering. "Don't let me forget," she whispered, this time to the boy, as they walked away.

---

## Death Reserved for You

### By Molly Salzer

In the eighteen-thirties,  
the removal act was passed.  
From congress came silence: not one apology.  
For them, death lingers.

Four thousand died walking,  
buried in mass graves.  
This was just the beginning for these great warriors.  
One-quarter of **all** Native Americans: dead.  
For them, death lingers.

Taken from their godly land,  
and food source, family, and friends.  
Leading warriors now followed a path of miserable death,  
filled with a shortage of religion and general nourishment.  
The Native American life: terminated.  
For them, death lingers.

Leaving behind beloved families,  
children raised by elders.  
Forced to find jobs to pay government taxes,  
they leave the land designated for them.  
Their life: a symbol of inevitable death.  
For them, death lingers.

Warriors require adequate protection,  
but it doesn't exist on the reservations.  
Diseases and malnutrition festers.  
The flu, a common cold: an unforeseen kill switch.  
For them, death lingers.

My ancestors did this,  
and tried to cover it up.  
These warrior's lives were so beautiful and now:  
starvation.  
For them, death prevails.

---

## **The Cure to Madness**

**By Cameron Peronto**

World full of peace and nature

---

Your vision tunnels, your hearing is muffled, and  
your heartbeat quickens.

Dark claws grab, scratch and grasp. There's no way  
out, yet you try to escape.

Then you see her. The clouds break, light returns,  
and your torment ends.

---

## **Beauty of Simplicity**

**By Kate Schwenker**

I suddenly feel protected in a realm of floating  
flowers

Any negativity...distanced, far away from this  
never-ending universe

A universe filled with fluttering souls

Where colors are dragged from the depth of the  
earth

I'm standing in amazement when one friendly  
flower

Kisses my finger

Happiness pursued beyond my grasp

Where two sides are the same as one

Faces m o r P H e d into new beginnings and life  
forms

What seems like an E T E R N I T Y is really a  
month's span

Hundreds of mini fans on high speed seeking new  
destinations



Photograph by Riley Reed

## Beats of a Nation

By Willow Eske-Paquet

The sky, with splashes of yellow, orange, and red,  
summons to the people,  
beckoning them to a circle of peace

Children giggle with anticipation for the celebration  
to begin  
As they circle around the musicians.

Teepees open, revealing women in jingle dresses  
and men in feathered war bonnets

Crackles from the fire send smoke signals up to the  
heavens,  
with the smell of burnt leaves and herbs rising up to  
the ancestors.

The musicians begin to play,  
the addicting rhythm muster feet to move  
and the earth to shake

The bells and beads clang rhythmically through the  
air  
as thousands of pounding feet, like a great drum,  
A stomping to the songs of their ancestors

All the colors of the rainbow swirling around the  
fire  
blur together in one harmonious painting

Flames dancing,  
celebrating this joyous occasion of life

Wolves sing in the distance,  
their sprinting adding to the trembling of the ground

The ancestors gaze down from the stars,  
proud their stories continue to shape their nation

All creatures and plants on earth align,  
restoring balance through song and peace

---

## A New Old Soul—The Streets of Old Milwaukee

By Jacklyn Batley

A generation suffused by chaos, cars, and  
capricious.

The streetcar, transports you to the crumbling  
streets of determination, hope, and discovery.

The fall breeze whisks, storefronts painted  
delicately, and the overtaking smell of Old  
Milwaukee.

Haymarket Square:

The aroma of sweet candy swirls through your nose.

Eagerly unwrapping the clear packaging,  
the sensation of a peppermint candy cane indulges  
in your mouth.

Children's eyes, bright and hopeful, await a sticky  
surprise.

Laughter and conversation ring passed your now,  
new perked-up ears.

The Falk Co.:

The sweetness dissipates and the pungent smell of  
burning metal and wood takes over.

Determination and wonder flows through your soul  
of men hard at work,

as an irony taste on your tongue stings like when  
you lick a spoon.

Views of sweaty, bustling men appear in windows  
above.

Clink, crash, sizzle, burn.

Gran's House:

Apple pie and chocolate chip cookies are the scent  
of lasting memories.

Grans soft, wrinkly hands wrap around you and her  
hug is warm enough to melt the winter,  
and sweet treat sticks in your mouth, snuck by  
grandma so parents wouldn't see.

Photos of old holiday remembrance scatter the  
home.

Soothing talks with Gran about book club and how she missed you.

The Pfister Hotel:

Candles with a smell so strong it reminds you family Christmas around the fireplace.  
Tracing the exquisite details embroidered in the chairs,  
the hot meals are placed in china to embrace the taste of tradition and perfection.

You analyze the women, men, and children parading in and out through the revolving door.  
Chatter and bells of workers and adults in profound thoughts fill the ballroom.

You're transported back to the generation of chaos, cars, and capricious.

In the streetcar, the wind dies down, conversations come to a hold, smells of Milwaukee reappear, and the projection of a sign, "Thank You, Please Come Again."

---

## **The Land of Two Fields**

**By Rachel Repka**

The Ka.

Covered in the wrappings of their time,  
They lie in their final resting place;  
Permanently asleep, lying in their cartonnage beds.  
Covered in blankets of white papyrus and linen -  
Spiritually and physically prepared for a smooth entry into the afterlife.

The Ba.

Buried with their personal possessions that best represent them,  
They take part of who they were into the next life -  
The outside of their tombs painted intricately,  
The story of their lives put on display for the world to see,  
The stories of unearthed Ancient Egypt,  
Bringing past lives into present time.

The Akh.

Disturbing their resting place comes with consequences,

The Pharaoh's Curse.

Cast upon those who disturb the rest of past Egyptians,

The curse does not differentiate among people,  
It brings bad luck, illness, and death,  
Wrapped up unless disturbed.

---

**My whole family is religious, but**  
**By Rachel Kriehn**

I was driving home from my grandma's today  
 and I passed by a sprawling graveyard  
 sat next to a holy mighty church  
 now call be sacrilegious but  
 the almighty force of God there  
 felt a little like a napoleon complex  
 like they were trying to prove something  
 every grave was marked with a cross  
 one particularly impressive headstone  
 held a scaled down statue of Jesus  
 forever watching over a rotting corpse  
 and there's nothing wrong with that  
 if you're Godly and religious there's nothing wrong  
 with that

all I have to say is when you bury me  
 don't bury me with a cross  
 don't carve Jesus himself from stone  
 and sit him on my silenced head  
 bury me with love instead  
 make my gravestone plain but  
 graffitied with kind art  
 tuck daisies and love notes over my stopped heart  
 don't give me to God keep me for yourself  
 I never wanted him to have me  
 never found myself in his word  
 I found myself in you  
 in the people who stood by me  
 the world and what it has given to me  
 that is where I built myself  
 where I found my purpose and grace  
 don't inscribe a bible verse on my grave  
 scratch your own names into my tombstone  
 use bloody sharpened knives  
 that's the kind of mark you left on me  
 leave it on my final resting place

I don't know where I'll go after I die  
 but bury me with kindness  
 bury me with love

wherever I end up  
 I'll take it with me

---

**Dirt**  
**By Abigail Davies**

Up in a tree, girls play. But Mama says, "Trees are  
 for boys."  
 "Girls can't get dirty...girls wear dresses and put on  
 makeup"  
 Years later we join men, climbing the trees we were  
 told not to.

---

Photograph by Skylar Wegner



**Gentle King****By Sarah Lunow**

Hollow bellows line the beast;  
 he's a king of the ocean,  
 ruling with a clement hand.  
 The old whale is unchallenged  
 and wanders the deep.

Although, he's aged, his music  
 falters as he descends, a  
 final echo vibrating  
 off the coast. Far from his home,  
 he drifts from the deep.

He sinks into the tide's brine  
 his song now unrecognized  
 by the fingers that pry at  
 his ivory bones, unfleshed  
 no longer wandering the deep.

Wires tap to what remains;  
 a skeletal story, his  
 last foray to memory  
 displays while he guards the stairs  
 wandering in a museum, deep.

His melody now reflects  
 in the chorus of voices  
 hushed inside the museum—  
 bliss arrives to him once more.  
 He returns to the depths once more, but now only in  
 memory.

---

**Parkland.****By Kieran Wilde**

Seventeen dead and counting  
 The school locked down. Bullets fly through doors.  
 Kids scream, curse, and cry out.  
 How many does it take before we change?

Kids fight for change. No luck.

We won't stop until it's done. Never again.

---

**From Clouded Eyes****By Sarah Lunow**

I am from curious peeks at life  
 from staring through unclouded vision,  
 drinking in the world  
 like I wouldn't have a second chance.

I am from wandering hazel eyes and broken  
 expressions,  
 from asking millions of questions  
 so I could fill my mind with the world  
 and then the galaxy with its stars.

I am from snagging willow branches from trees far  
 older than me,  
 from playing pretend with the sisters next door,  
 the branches transforming into our steeds  
 as we galloped across the yard.

I am from asking Mom to turn up the Jeep's radio,  
 from when Manheim Steamroller filled the air,  
 when Christmas trees and glistening snowfall  
 crowded my thoughts with fantasies.

I am from pixie cut, brunette hair in fourth grade,  
 from being called a boy at age 9, then giggling at  
 their surprise  
 and finally wondering if I *wasn't* feminine  
 in my wavy pink dress and blue toe shoes.

I am from learning that life beats you to the finish  
 line,  
 from jumping back up and running faster next time  
 —moving forward becomes natural  
 just like concealing a tear and a thousand words  
 under soft voices and sugared smiles.



I am from begging for a break,  
 from absent-minded watching through blurry vision  
 sipping in the world  
 like I could simply put existing off to tomorrow.

---

**Some Lonesome Gal**  
**By Morgan Clark**

I am from a white, hand-me-down bed frame,  
 classic cars and music from a decade that is not my  
 own.

I am from warm coffee cake  
 and the sound of an old piano in a lonely room.  
 I am from the once green and white walls that run  
 the length of a  
 hallway as long as the history written in the house  
 itself.

I'm from the unexpected—  
 unexpected strength in distance,  
 unexpected friendship in hurt,  
 from the unexpected rhythm of life.

I am from messy handwriting on the back of a  
 postcard  
 sent from New York in 1947,  
 from a picture taken in a foreign place—  
 “some lonesome gal.”

I am from dreams of the city  
 but corn fields in the window.  
 From the “reading gene,”  
 sudoku and cribbage.

I am from hair golden like sunshine,  
 ocean blue eyes  
 “Grandpa hands”  
 and flowers on a red dress.

I'm from rain on the window  
 and melancholy melodies meddling in my mind.

From sweet rays of sunshine  
 and Rays of a different kind.

I am from the unexpected,  
 1947 postcards  
 rain saturating the window  
 and lonely rooms filled with the sound of an old  
 piano.  
 And I will always be from history written in the  
 walls,  
 for that history is written in me.

---

## Living After Time—Mummies

By Caroline Schramka

The husband: a wealthy business owner, full of charisma.

The wife: a musician whose voice booms with passion.

The oldest: a five-year-old, who swims as freely as a waterbug.

The youngest: a two-year-old whose scream shouts louder than the lions.

The servant: a perfectionist who cleans vigorously.

“Daddy, I wanna swim in the Nile!” the children shouted.

“Alright,” he replied. “Don’t get chomped by a crocodile.”

They sprint to the river.

Father jumps quickly into the water, without a sound.

Swimming is a silent lullaby.

The day drastically reaches dusk.

Active brains wear out, deactivating until dawn.

Mom’s voice rests as peacefully as an infant.

Servants dream, fantasize and hope for their ideal life.

Parents repeat the phrase “I love you.”

Dad’s heart suddenly stops beating during the night.

The wife: begs on her knees for the gods to give him back.

The son: clings to the thought of seeing him again.

The daughter: questions why her daddy is gone.

The servant: absorbs the news about his sudden departure.

The Hall of Truth: the final decision of one’s eternal life—

The hall is placed as a courtroom, containing a judge.

“You shall live a peaceful afterlife,” the judge declares.

The dad then takes a ride to The Field of the Reeds.  
The Field of the Reeds replicates one’s life on earth.

Gorgeous green grass surrounds me.

My ancestors’ warm love leaves me in awe.

My wife looks upon me and says, “Don’t forget your family.”

Teardrops stream down on my face.

Memories play endlessly in my head.

---

**Where I'm From****By Catherine Melotik**

From the rush of nerves to my stomach  
and "you're following your dream."  
From the mounds of paperwork,  
and final goodbye to the grocery clerk.  
I am from a close knit town in the Midwest.

From a letter of acceptance  
and the exploding excitement.  
From packing a year's worth of clothes  
and receiving my ticket.  
I am from a plane ride to my new culture.

From my first step in a foreign place  
and my first horrible "bonjour."  
From my first train ride through the countryside  
and the taste of Aurillac.  
I am from a small town in France.

From my last perfectly toasted croissant  
and my last broken "au revoir"  
From my last hug with the people I loved  
and the many tears shared.  
I am from the girl who followed her dream.

---

**Two-tones****By Katelyn Krotts**

My front is a mossy green;  
Soft to the touch, its presence can comfort a  
suffering soul.  
The silence and tranquility of its hue makes people  
forget past troubles.  
You can find small spots of this color occupying the  
forest underneath rocks and near streams, calming  
the people around it without their knowledge.

It is not a memorable shade, but it is a quaint one.

But in reality, I am cherry red,  
sweet, syrupy words drip from my lips—they can  
be fiery or soothing in their tone.  
Fragrant and floral air whisps around me, catching  
my hair in its ruby breath.  
Scarlet filters tint my view and make it hard to  
comprehend what others mean,  
so my actions can easily scorch them, like the taste  
of a chili pepper.

Although these colors can easily predict me, they  
cannot control me.

---

**Untitled****By Brianna Galstad**

Raindrops trickle down,  
hitting the canopy trees,  
like kisses from nature.

---

Photograph by Catherine Melotik



**Untitled****By Claire Babler**

The therapist told her to write her feelings to help the process of healing.  
 That Tuesday, though, she wrote further than her feelings.  
 Covering the paper with wicked words in ink and a plan, she intended to end it all...  
 Wednesday morning she woke up,  
 but with the ink being found, and her mother fell to the ground.  
 Her parents tried to care, but transpired clueless.  
 The only person who didn't think Tuesday was a concern, was herself.  
 She burned the paper and pretended like it never existed.  
 But, the paper is never what mattered. The ink still screams and sadly survives

---

**Teen Girl Wisdom****By Rachel Kriehn**

the next time you're looking to place blame  
 or to judge somebody based on whispers  
 reach inside of your chest and squeeze your heart  
 ask it why it floods with hate why it beats ignorance  
 manually pump the blood through your body until it hurts  
 until you realize that everybody is going through something  
 and if you are not doing something to lift others up  
 then you are dragging them down  
 understand this and you have uncovered  
 the key to a high schooler's humanity

---

**Where I am from****By Noah Klockow**

I am from the village of dirt.  
 Wandering to find earth's finest water  
 sand whirling in the air beneath my feet.  
 I am from the place where America is uninvited.  
 Government where structure becomes absent,  
 leading to third world, not development.  
 I am from east side.  
 Homesides, rape, and trafficking  
 the place where the fish lurk the waters  
 serene days and savaged nights  
 where children go missing  
 never to be seen.

I am from peace and life.  
 Necklace of peace evolving to necklace of hate  
 friends merge to strangers  
 strangers transform to family.  
 I am from frayed balls and bamboo goals  
 Lacerated and beaten at my feet  
 friends are family  
 family is eternal.

I am from violence and division.  
 Money delivers opportunities  
 money is nothing.  
 Adoption centers with no knowledge  
 inexperienced, living in a country of poverty.  
 East side, north side, west side, south side  
 east is home while north  
 imperialized with demons.  
 Liquified redness streaming beneath my feet  
 my sisters and brothers are South side  
 8,578 miles away.

I am from hope and love.  
 my balloon gripped by hand  
 parents release, floating to distant land.  
 Life quality better elsewhere  
 America the great is not an imitate  
 government approvals for heaven on earth,

god's idea of reincarnation.  
 Brick walls and cozy beds  
 taking me and my brother away from the past  
 red turning to pink; Hate merging to love.

---

**Unveiling of the Tombs Mummies**  
 By Joey Huckstep

Clunk, clunk, clunk  
 you make your way  
 up the captivating stairs.  
 You look through the luxurious loophole....  
 The unknown follows through the air.

You see an opening,  
 and the tomb's hieroglyphics stand out.  
 The traumatic writing  
 shares stories of serene beauty...  
 The unknown follows through the air.

The tomb pops as  
 the priest preaches.  
 People stand, statically stunned,  
 watching the sermine...  
 The unknown follows through the air.

I hear their god.  
 He stares at my soul.  
 Trying I look to him,  
 I hear the voice...  
 The unknown follows through the air.

We saw the unknown,  
 coming up to it with confusion,  
 trying to understand.  
 I see where he went...  
 The unknown went back in the tomb.

---

**Calmness Of The Night**  
**Japanese House and Garden**  
 By Emma Hooge

Lavender radiates from the room.  
 With the soft sounds of chewing in their ears,  
 the japanese family eats their dinner slowly.  
 The calm air kisses each person.  
 One blip of yellow light.

Illuminating the garden,  
 the lights, like stars, fall.  
 "Mommy, can I go outside?"  
 She receives a net.  
 Two blips of yellow light.

Grinning and laughing,  
 Kotori runs with a net,  
 trying to capture the light.  
 The light laughs and plays chase.  
 Three blips of yellow light.

As the darkness hugs her,  
 she spies the fluorescent yellow on a flower in the  
 garden.  
 She creeps and snatches the bug.  
 Opening her hands, the light escapes.  
 Four blips of light.

Time smiles slowly as she gazes.  
 Light surrounds her like snow.  
 "Kotori, time for bed."  
 She is tucked in, but not before the lights say  
 goodnight.  
 Five blips of light.

---

**He took me. I took her. To the Museum.****By Shelby Lanser**

My grandpa took me to the museum.  
 His anticipation swelled, but I couldn't guess why.  
 His eyes grew—childlike and giddy.  
 His home—Milwaukee, just as he'd recalled.  
 The candy shop still as he'd left it.  
 The cobblestone echoed with memories.

My father took me to the museum.  
 My awe grew when my gaze lifted.  
 I raced up the stairs, yearning to be closer to  
 the reality of the humpback whale.  
 Walt Disney's "Fantasia" there! In real life!  
 Pines of Rome played, stirring my excitement.

I took my daughter to the museum.  
 She begged me to take her and it had been years.  
 Her face fell—the sign said "CLOSED.  
 CONSTRUCTION."  
 Her, out of school. Me, off of work. The Museum,  
 off duty.  
 Two pressing questions—  
 What about Grandpa's streets? My humpback  
 whale?

I took my granddaughter to the museum.  
 Relief washed over me like pouring rain. My whale  
 still hung in glory.  
 Nostalgia greeted me like a dear friend. Her arms  
 propelled me  
 through the streets of a new-old Milwaukee. This  
 was my Milwaukee.  
 The Public Market overhead, only missing wafting  
 smells and busy bustle.  
 The stone walkway on the lakefront, the place  
 where her grandpa held my hand.

My granddaughter brought me the museum.  
 My heart filled with familiar happiness upon seeing  
 the pictures.  
 My whale. Photos would never serve her properly.

My Milwaukee. I was fair, optimistic, and young  
 once more.  
 Our family. The most exquisite exhibit I ever saw.  
 Our memories. Truly priceless artifacts.

---

**A Forsaken Forest***The Native American Pow Wow***By Megan Steffen**

A frigid and forsaken  
 field fancies friends to frolic.  
 The lonesome forest remains.

\*\*\*

**Dakota Sioux**

Stalking squirrels and steady  
 shotguns for their survival.  
 A solitary nation.

**Ho-Chunk**

Their ceremonial clothes  
 created and constructed.  
 A solitary nation.

**Menominee**

Their months of memorizing  
 to master the Morning Star.  
 A solitary nation.

**Ojibwe**

Overcoming obstacles,  
 they obtain new resources.  
 A solitary nation.

**Potawatomi**

They proceed to new places,  
 positions never persist.  
 A solitary nation.

**Fox**

Feared for their forcefulness and  
fertility by their foes.  
A solitary nation.

### **Sauk**

They seek soil sufficient  
enough to sow the sweet squash.  
A solitary nation.

\*\*\*

Seven tribes congregate and  
play in fervent song and dance.  
The fulfilled forest remains.

---

### **Death Devours Us All** **By Carter Bell**

The beast of the jungle awakens,  
not threatened on this planet.  
A need for meat courses through his veins,  
mouth salivating, stomach rumbling like a  
rainstorm.  
No fear for the beast.

The herbivore peacefully eats perfect plants, but  
senses danger from beyond the treeline.  
A roar wakens the world, as the beast bites the back  
of the herbivore.  
The first death is among us.

A sonic boom echoes through the Earth,  
a ball of rock and flames screaming toward the  
ground.  
Panic arises in the dinosaurs.  
Chaos spreads like a wildfire throughout Pangea.  
A hole in the ground covers a country.

A toxic black smoke fills the air,  
as the pattern of day to night falls into strictly night.  
Bodies like buildings collapse,

as the silence of death takes over the Earth.  
Death captured all living things.

The beast looks around at his home,  
his kill a mere fraction of the tragedy.  
The beast falls with a final groan,  
forfeiting his power, strength, and dignity.  
There is a new beast among us.

---

### **The Impact** **By Marilyze Caldero**

Water...  
The home of the sea creatures glides in  
the Crystal clear compound, providing life.  
A fluent world, opposite from Earth, that hibernates.  
It's a scene our eyes have not witnessed...yet.

Earth...  
The stability if this planet grows food for  
the eager bellies, providing life.  
A solid world, opposite from air, that whirls above.  
It's a scene our eyes have not witnessed...yet.

Air...  
The invisible winds whisk with  
the crisp current. Lungs inhale, providing life.  
An invisible world, opposite from water, that crawls  
beyond ground.  
It's a scene our eyes have not witnessed...yet.

Fire...  
The invading asteroid masks the planet in flames.  
The water vaporized, the air suffocated in ashes, the  
Earth crumbled—now nothing provides life.  
A new world slowly begins.  
It's a scene our eyes have not witnessed...yet.

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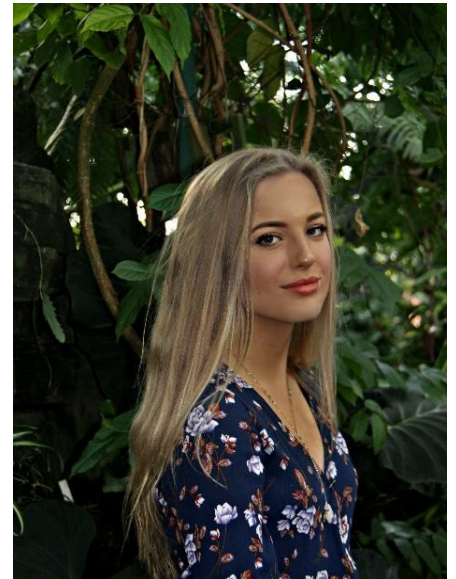


# About the Editors

**Isabella Wartzluft** is currently a senior at Arrowhead High School. In her sophomore year, she joined journalism. There, her love for nonfictional works was fostered. Later, she became an editor for the newspaper and had various editorials published in *The Lake Country Reporter*. Through the Literary Magazine, she got the chance to read fiction as well. She has admired photography, poetry, artwork, and other creative means of expression her whole life. Next year, she will be attending the University of Minnesota with a plan to major in journalism and minor in Spanish.



**Amanda Stahl** is currently a senior at Arrowhead High School. In her junior year, she joined journalism. Later that year, she joined Arrowhead's Literary Magazine. Through Literary Magazine she has delved into the impact writing has on an individual. In her free time she enjoys spending time writing and reading about different subjects she finds passion in. She has an admiration for poetry, the environment, paintings, and the sentiment of how others express themselves. Next year, she will be attending the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. With plans to major in journalism and minor in zoology and environmental studies, she plans to collaborate the majors together to write about global environmental issues.



**Brooke Birkland** is currently a senior at Arrowhead High School. She joined journalism her junior year of high school, and went on to become an editor of Arrowhead's newspaper senior year. As well as the school newspaper, Brooke worked on Arrowhead's Literary Magazine. Through her work on the magazine, Brooke's love and appreciation for creativity grew and inspired her to continue to nurture her own creativity. She spends her free time writing songs and poetry, playing piano, and singing. In the fall of 2018, Brooke will be attending Columbia College Chicago. She plans to major in contemporary, urban, and popular music and minor in creative writing.



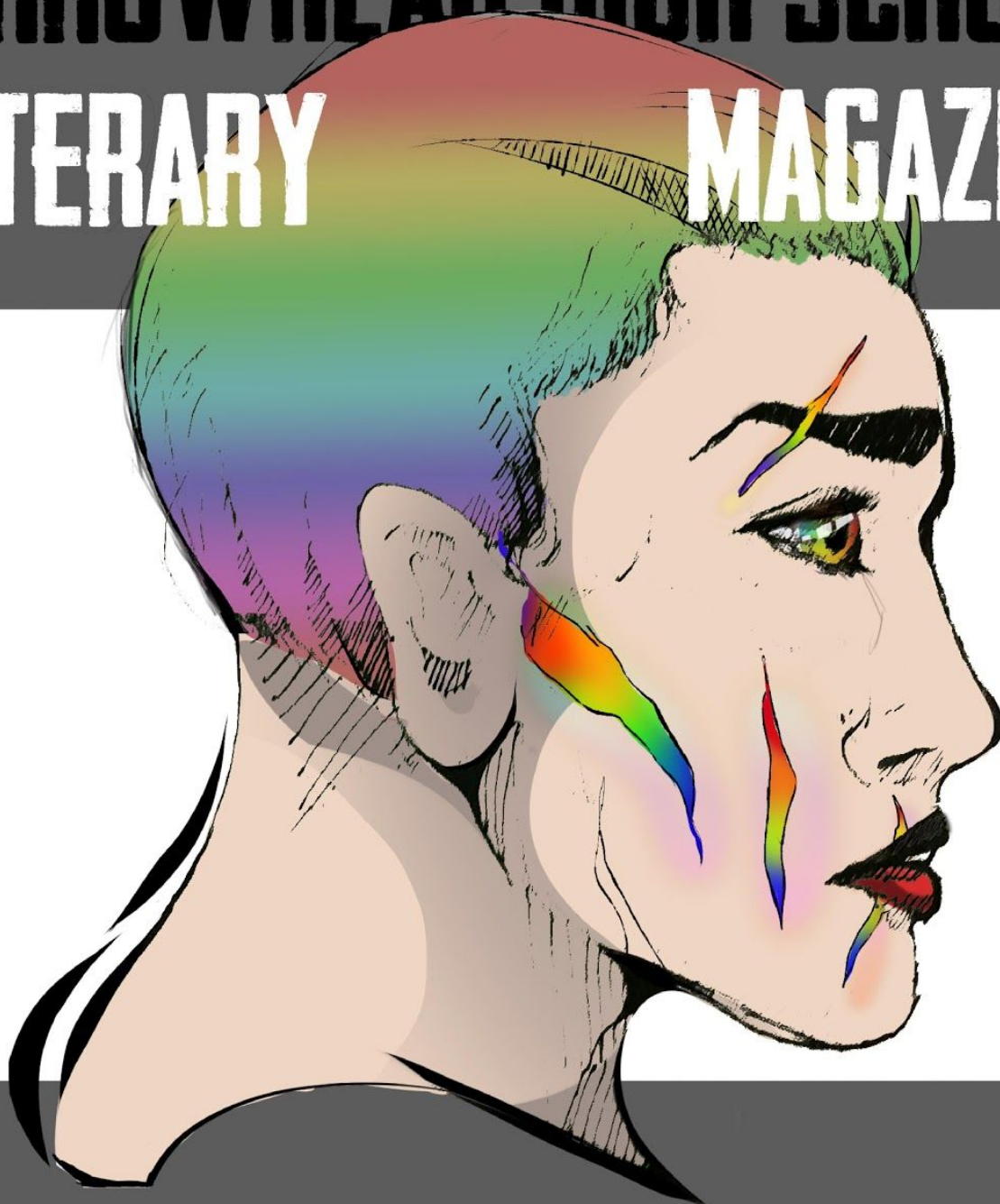


*Arrowhead Union High School  
Literary Magazine*

*A Collection  
Of Creativity  
2017-2018*



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