
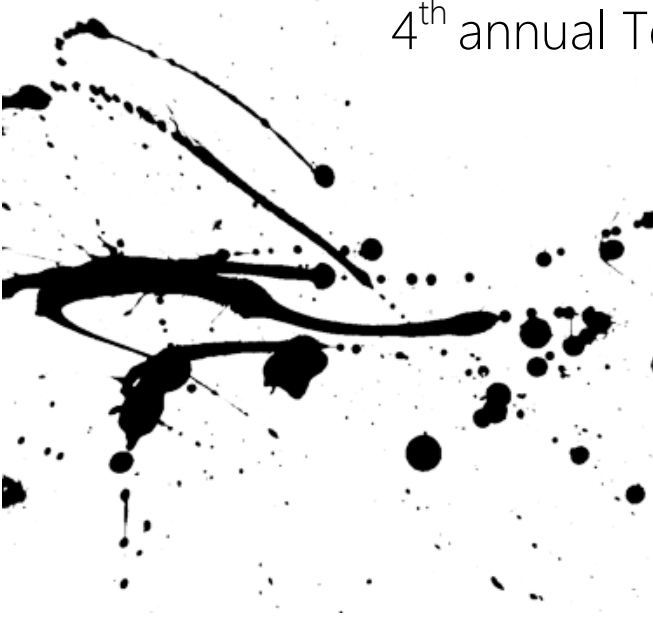


Unlocked Voices



Featuring selected entries from the
Henderson District Public Libraries
4th annual Teen Creative Writing Contest

2013





We would like to dedicate this publication to:

The Friends of Henderson Libraries

for their generous contribution to this project.

We would also like to thank



for judging and mentoring the participants of the
Teen Creative Writing Contest.

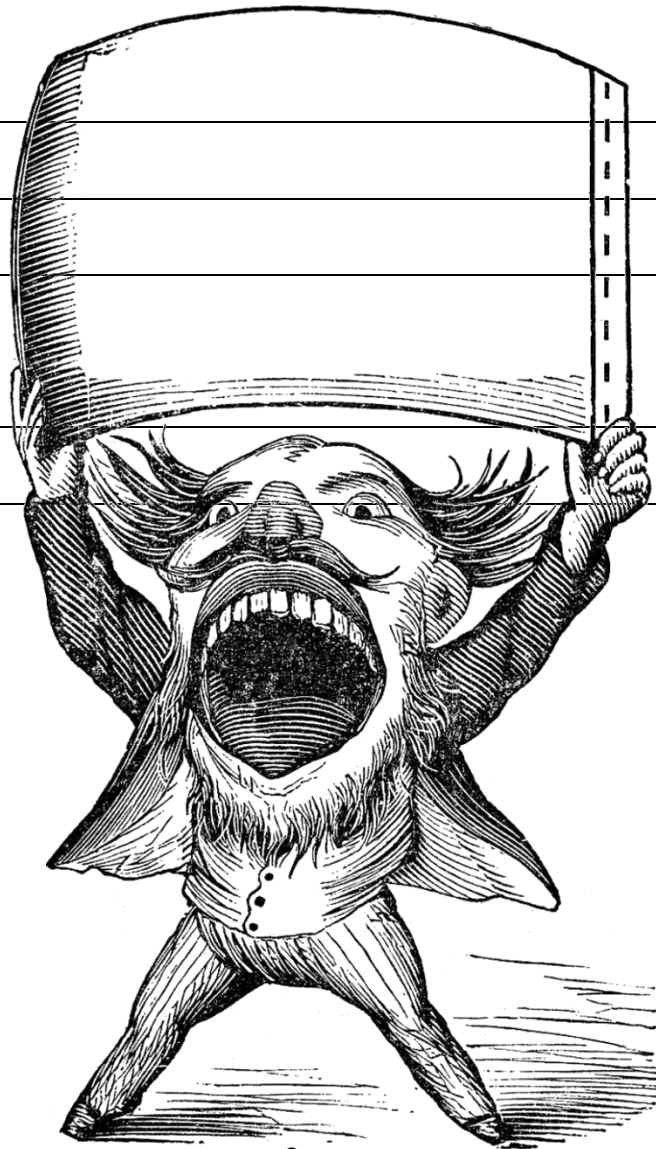
Table of Contents

High School

Poetry	4
Short Story	14
Essay	19

Middle School

Poetry	20
Short Story	30
Essay	36
Author List	37
Acknowledgments	38



High School: Poetry

Untitled

By Jillian Augustine

Let's not make promises,
at least, not out loud,
on the off-chance we can't keep them.

This silence- this beautiful silence-
says more than we ever could.

The beat of your heart
is all the promise I need.



Sleep


By Esther Brincat

Sleep within me dies,
my mind in mental ties;
bonds that not even I can break.

Yet, my sanity is at stake,
my poor heart cannot take
these things I see when I dream
but things are not as they seem,
for my soul is living when I dream.

And when I wake
I cannot shake
the fear that slithers into my mind
and it taunts at me to find
the answer to its horrible crime.

So I stay awake
for my soul's sake
because I cannot endure to wake
to another night of heartache
And to fear I give my mind to take.



My Nest

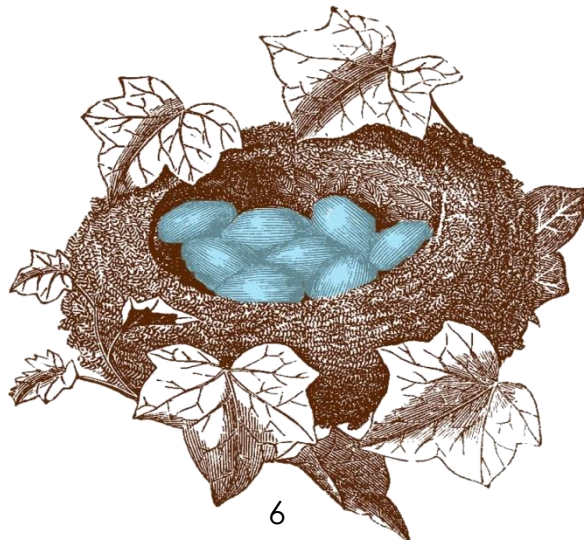
By Haley Corthel

Love is my nest.
It holds me
Where all the world I see.
It saves me
From the ground
Which my soul will never meet

Up in a forest tree
Hunters scattering in threes
They'll never catch me
I have love
I am perfectly happy

Relaxed I am
I do not stress
For there isn't life
Without my nest

Who cares what's below?
I am above
Love is my nest
My nest is my love.



The Life of a Hopeless Soul

By Josie Johnson

As her lips speak the words,
Her hands pull them back.
Wishing that the utterance of such things,
Now she could retract.

His face turns stone cold,
In his eyes; a river brews.
Hatred, disgust, and malice,
These are the emotions his heart now
chose.

As his feet begin to scamper,
And her words aren't loud enough.
The newest stream flows,
Revealing as he is not so tough.

Bursting open the door,
He flings himself down.
His throne is crushed,
He's lost his crown.

The Queen he once knew,
Now a mere figment of his past.
The spell she had him under,
Now broken; it's his turn, one to cast.

As he gathers his thoughts,
And the tempting persuasions flow in.
That familiar voice and horrible tone,
Her voice shouts; pounding from within.

"I told you I loved you,
And you took that for shame!
I don't understand you,
Is this your sick game!"

His response fumbles to his lips,
Yet still the words seem too abrasive.
And the dagger she left with in his heart,
Her fatal blow; too invasive.

"Forget that hag, she drove me mad,
Finally, I'm glad it's over!
I don't know or see the benefit,
Of ever even getting to know her!"

The pictures he burn,
And her clothes go to waste.
Ridding her presence within his castle,
He makes little haste.

Across the notes and doodles she penned,
His eyes grow damp once more,
"Forever and always, babe." It reads
What was will be, nevermore.

Now the blaze soars before his sight,
And lights up his darkened world.
The memories, long nights, and things they
shared,
Have since been with the heated waves
swirled.

And now that time has passed him by,
Her curse is finally gone.
He walks on proudly, his head held high,
The sun rising upon a newer dawn.



The beautiful sun
 Disappears into the night
 Waking up the moon

Haiku

By Amanda Lok



Fluorescent fire
 Blazing, burning, bright until
 Put out by water



Falling from the sky

Frozen rain turns into snow

Sticking to the ground

Lightning strikes the sky

Following soon after comes

Thunder booming loud

Stars twinkle at night

Millions of diamonds float

Until morning comes

My Beautiful Flower Of Life

By Zenette McCoy

The sweet song of death whistling in the dark skies;
the brutal narcissistic murders igniting flames.
The thick black smoke wrinkling in the grey skies.
The crackle and pop of the weakened and charcoal
buildings. The snap of branches as they come
tumbling down.

The grotesque image of my life, of my world.
Everything is corroding around me becoming
nonexistent. Shivers that rip my numb body,
fear strangles my brittle heart, my lungs drowning in
its own blood and mucus.

The gasping sounds of last breaths. The shrieking
cries in the distance. Flames melting me away like
wax, decaying me into liquid pieces. The liquidation
of humanity crumpling. Sweat sliding down my face,
smearing the filth of guilt across my bruised and
tattered body.

Oh the agony, the solitude, solitude.
What is a place that I can call home?

Eternal darkness, insanity slipping over me like a
shirt; caressing my body, making me feel at home.
The cold shivers my fragile body. The void that fills
me up like an empty bottle.

Eyes that stare back at me glazed over as if made of
glass. Frozen time that houses the empty twisting of
the streets that carry the moans out in the night.
The moans ripping the skies like wolves whimpering
to the moon.

The hush scurries place to place,
moving in a sluggish and tainted motion to survival.
The crimson running the streets is never ending
as the black souls that sweep the skies.
Darkness concaving the air I breathe.
The pain in my heart that is never ending.
The tectonic thoughts ripping me to pieces.

Solitude! Oh the Solitude. The unbearable silence, the
brutal agonizing loneliness. Solitude! Oh the solitude.

A walk of eternity in the filth and pages of darkness.
The angels have stopped singing.
The sun has fallen into a pit of sorrow.
Oh the solitude! May you have mercy on me?
The solitude! Oh solitude!

The gagging of my purity. The never ending cycle of
life. My dear friend, my dear solitude.
I would have never touched you.
The impure, but most beautiful flower of life.

The desire of solitude, may you strike misery
and sympathy upon my welting body.
Oh solitude! A flower that blooms just as elegantly as
its beauty, a flower that blooms in life many times.

Oh solitude you move gracefully upon my life,
awaiting my presence.
Oh solitude may you bring me a prickle of light.

My beautiful beauty, my elegant lady,
my precious love will you will me the strength of
sanity. Asylum that is never ending,
the twist and turns that it plays on my mind.
Oh solitude! Solitude, I would have never touched
you. The impure, but most beautiful flower of life.

The screams and shout trampling my ears
bringing me to my knees to plead.
I plead and beg on my tattered knees.
My pride and ego rip away.
I only ask for one thing, oh solitude,
please free me from your chains.

Solitude, my beautiful beauty, my elegant lady,
my precious love will you will me the strength of
sanity. Solitude, oh solitude.
My beautiful flower of life.

For the Life of a Soldier

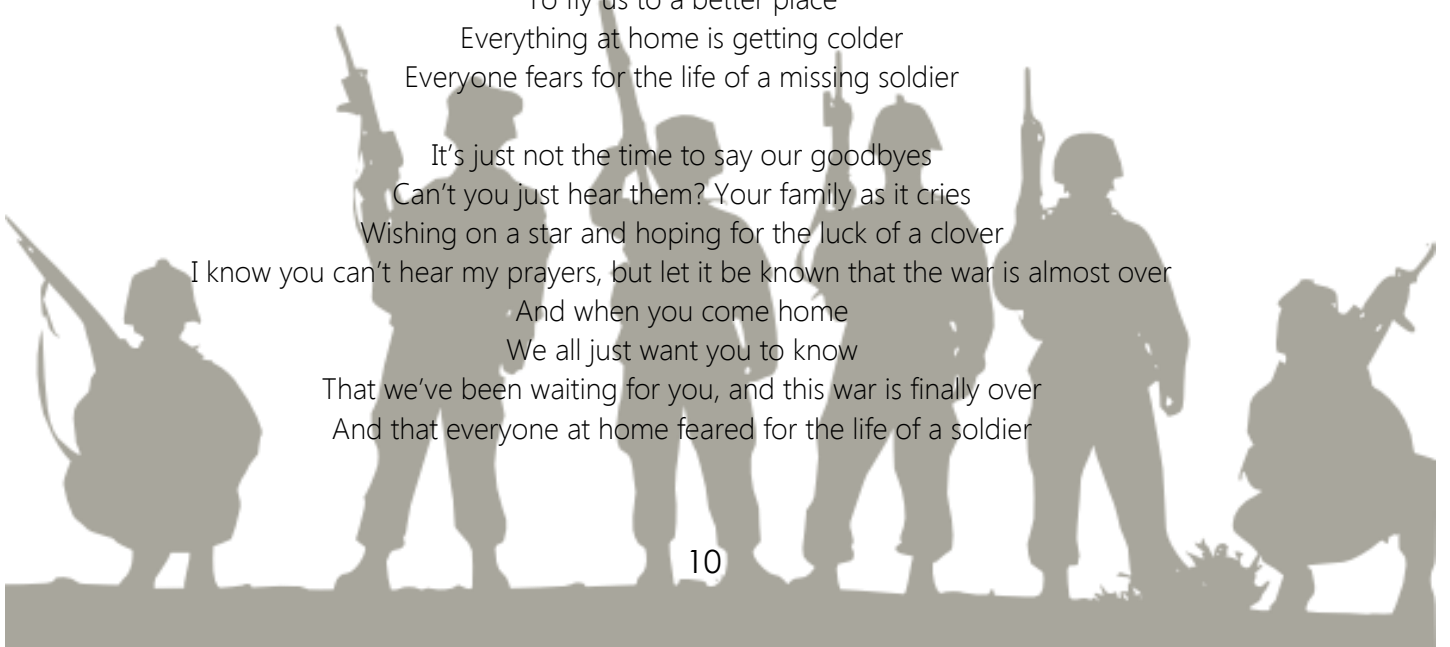
By Crystal Munguia

In my dreams something doesn't feel right
Missiles, bombs, and raging fire fill the sky
I have worries like homecoming, prom, and other celebrations
But he hides behind stone walls that secure his protection
I'm scared for you, scared for my best friend who's like a brother
Scared for someone who's not like any other
The truth about where you are and what you told her
I'm scared for the life of a soldier

It's not just him, mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters
Grandparents, misses and misters
To those who will not be coming home
To those families who never again become complete and those who stay alone
To all the struggling families I only want to say
That change is on the way
Because I know that we all feel the same
In time we all wait and wait
Fearing for the life of a soldier

I stand by you, breathe with you, and fight with you
Next time it will be me on the front lines fighting like you, with you
I pray with my heart in my chest heavy like a boulder
So next time you place your badge on your shoulder
Remember that to us, you're a superhero
And we need you to come back
To fix things when they go wrong
To make us strong
To help me win this awful race
To fly us to a better place
Everything at home is getting colder
Everyone fears for the life of a missing soldier

It's just not the time to say our goodbyes
Can't you just hear them? Your family as it cries
Wishing on a star and hoping for the luck of a clover
I know you can't hear my prayers, but let it be known that the war is almost over
And when you come home
We all just want you to know
That we've been waiting for you, and this war is finally over
And that everyone at home feared for the life of a soldier



Tears

By Rochell Ramey

I've been brought down so many times
that it just hurts now to cry.

Cry away the pain...

Cry away the sorrow

Well that just doesn't cut it anymore because, to be honest,
why should I shed another tear?

The tears that come flowing down my face is what really got me here.

I scream and shout and beg for help but that as far as answers go

I'm here alone in this darkened space.

"Me, myself, and I."

I whisper to myself just to keep me sane

Cry away the pain...

Cry away the sorrow

I hear those two sentences in the dark and just think what good will that do?

Tears can always take away the pain and sorrow that I live with,

because if the tears could then I would be one happy girl,
without a care in the world.

"Don't judge me or hate for what I do or who I am
because you don't know what goes through my mind."

I call back only to be answered by nothing once again.

So now I sit with my back against the wall with just waiting for the end,

because the darkness, no matter how cold it is,
it's always better than feeling the pain and sorrow.

Now I bid farewell to everything and just the darkness
take over feeling cold like the winter's rain.

She, the Breeze

By Emilie Robins

Wisping through the dancing limbs she comes
fluttering through the world
with her atmospheric cape flitting through the sky.

She glides through forests, meadows, and lakes,
cooling a blazing summer day,
fiercely chilling the shoreline of a bay.

The Earth is swallowed by her presence,
eternally binding us close together;
keeping our harmonious chain connected
is none other than She, the Breeze.



The Dead Rose

By Darian Alexis Stilley

It once was red, now it's black
Just like my heart, Love it lacked
It wanted to live, but it died
Just like my soul inside Now i ask
Why, did you ever love me or was it all
An act of yours, I once bloomed so bright
Now i don't even see the light, I'm useless and ugly
All because you didn't want me, now I'm alone
And falling apart, Didnt you know I had a heart
Now it's broken torn to shreds, I hope you're happy
Love is dead.



High School: Short Story

The Innocent

By Lyric Evans

The woman's short, black heels clacked down against the grey, cracked and littered concrete sidewalk of the subway stairs. Her golden hair bounced, her lipstick plastered lips puckered, and her leather suitcase dodged as she squeezed and cautiously flowed with the busy mob of people in her tight maroon skirt with matching suit jacket. As she carefully got to the last step, the crowd diluted and she had more leg room, but the steady flow of incomers continued. She strode to a near-by, graffitied wall, out of the way, glancing anxiously at her silver wrist watch her sister had bought for her the year before for Christmas. Her train wouldn't be there for another fifteen minutes. Unlike her over-protective mother, she didn't mind public subways. Her uptight mother was also very cautious of other people. The woman knew this was, most likely, a good idea and she should also follow it if she was smart. She knew very well about the dangers of this world, but she often couldn't help but notice herself being a bit too oblivious to her surroundings or too careless in avoiding bad situations. She was just too friendly, is what she had been told so many times before. Since moving to such a busy and corrupted city, after adjusting to its aura of life, she's been better about it. She caught herself just now in fact.

She was scoping out her surroundings and the people in it. Most kept to themselves; reading papers, checking the time every ten seconds as if it had changed, watching the news on the overheads televisions or continuing to fiddle with a variety of other electronic devices. She sighed and began to notice a slight tenseness in her back from standing too straight for too long. She adjusted the suit case handle in her sweaty palm and clacked over to the green, wooden bench a few feet from her, occupied halfway by an individual, male from what she could tell from looking at his pants and shoes, on the opposite side of the bench—head buried silently in an open newspaper, hat tilted down.

The woman silently seated herself, hands smoothing the back of her skirt, making sure it wasn't up as she did so. She crossed her long legs and placed her cold hands in her lap. A fast, silver train rushed in and halted to a stop, taking a huge majority of the group that was once waiting. The train's doors shut with a hiss, and the metal contraption sped off once again, sending papers and debris fluttering across the ground with a rustle.

The bored woman glanced up at the flat television screen across from her, hanging from the, ironically, shoe print stained ceiling next to some flickering florescent lights. A picture of a grey haired, scraggly, stress aged faced man appeared across the screen, as it has for weeks now. Tuning in, the woman listened attentively to what the young, dark haired reporter was saying. Apparently, the man who had been on trial for the murder of a young girl, had been proven innocent after weeks of debate.



The woman scoffed, "Sure he's innocent." She muttered sarcastically under her breath.

"Now, what makes you say that?" The words came from the mouth of the man beside her. He had startled her, for not only had she forgotten he was there, but she also couldn't contemplate how he had even heard her. Glancing over, an ancient looking man with wrinkly and age spotted skin, thinned white hair that was clearly disappearing, a jolly looking smile of gums. Yet, eyes as blue and innocent as the newest of new born baby boys, sat gazing at her, the newspaper now closed and neatly folded in his frail lap, along with a simple, brown luggage bag. The woman took in the appearance of the man. He was pale compared to his old-school suit and hat, which were dark brown. His shoes were black and shiny as if they had just been shined. She expected shaking hands that quivered from age, but glancing down at his bony fingers, they lay firm and folded over one another atop his paper. The woman stared into his mesmerizing eyes and smiled, unsure of what to say.

"Well, um," she began, "I guess I just wish I could say I have a knack for seeing the guilty. I can see it in his eyes." She chuckled. She attempted this bit of humor to calm her awkwardness, but the old man's reply was also odd. "I can see the guilty too." "Oh really?" was the woman's response. "Well sure. I see everyone, unless they're invisible of course." The old man had another gummy smile spread across his face in humorous delight. The woman sat, slightly confused at this statement, for she didn't exactly understand what it was he was saying. Her train then, suddenly, came zipping to pick up its passengers. Both her and the old man gathered their belongings and stood, continuing their conversation on the way to the train doors.

The woman's shoes continued to clack with each step, but the old man's seemed unnaturally silent. The woman's past confusion must have showed on her face, for the old man continued, "There is no innocent. All men are guilty at one point in their life." The doors opened with a swish and the woman took a step inside and turned back to look at the elderly man once again. "And what is it that makes you guilty old man?" she asked. The man simply smiled but did not enter the train. With the suitcase and paper in his left hand, he took his right, brought it to the lip of his hat, and simply tipped his hat to her with a nod, shading his crystal blue eyes in shadow, leaving only his enthralling smile visible.

The solid doors of the train hissed shut, separating the woman from the old man. She hustled over to the seat window as the train began its fleeting decent. As she reached the glass, the old man was gone and the newspaper lay where the man's glossy shoes once stood. All she could see now were the zipping lights of the tunnel speeding by the window in flashes.

I Almost Do

By Katelyn Elizabeth Hanks

Time spent, time borrowed. Time lost, time gained. Time. Time. Time. It's something we always seem to need or maybe even just want more of, but when we have some time to spare we waste it on second guessing and what if's. We cannot buy time nor can we change it. All we can do is try to use our time wisely. That phrase "using you're time wisely" is something we have all heard for years whether from teachers or parents, but we always seem to roll our eyes and laugh it off. Being seventeen at my desk thinking about time and how I am wasting time thinking about time, well this confuses me. It seems now at this point in my life we have nothing but time to kill, that's until college applications are due and we are thrown out into the real world. When that happens, what do we do? Will we be stuck trying to figure out how to live life without over protective parents? I don't think any of us like to think about when the clock strikes midnight, but it will happen and the question we have to ask ourselves is will we be ready? I don't think I can answer that right now. My life moves in fast forward. Never time to take a breath, never time to think, but there is always time to just do and time to make mistakes. This then brings me back to time.

Just as I begin my train of thought all over again the bell rings. Time's up, it's time for the social part of my day, where girls cry and boys fight. Walking down the halls I observe the crowds of people pushing and shoving never saying sorry, never using manners. Manners are over rated when you're in high school and in a hurry to get to lunch. I don't hurry though I take my time and take my seat at the lunch table, the place that I sit at every day. Every day is the same. Every day I see the same people at the same school, the same, the same, the same. Nothing ever changes except people and people's situations. As we sit with our clicks and our stereotypes we are constantly changing and judging with every word spoken. We change with every gossip point exchanged and with ever rumor spread. High school is a place for learning, a place where we are supposed to be finding ourselves, but we just end up with broken hearts and broken dreams. Maybe some people don't think that deep into this experience maybe it's just me, but maybe not. There is a chance that we are all thinking the same thing right now at this very moment, but probably not. There is a chance that I am over thinking this whole life that I'm living.

My doctor greets me and tells me to take a seat. As I sit I try and figure out what her other life is like, but I can't and truthfully she doesn't have to wonder about mine because she already knows. She knows where I have been, who I have been, when in all I am not sure if I know those things. Maybe that's my problem . . . I try to only live life in the now, but when now is over I try and forget all the mistakes and try to get out of whatever consequence my life has planned for me. I try and always prepare myself for the worst. I try and try, but it never gets me anywhere. I still have to go through the pain of divorced parents, broken relationships, and broken hearts and every mistake that follows those events. Recently though, I sit at the dinner table and rearrange the food on my plate, I can never pick it up and eat it though. I don't know why, well I mean I think I know, but I'm probably wrong. The doctor tells me to tell her what's going on even though I know my parents have called her and even met with her because she's holding my journals that hold every calorie counted and every pound lost. I clear my throat, "I haven't really been eating I guess."

She looks at me puzzled when she says, "Why do you think this is going on?"

"I don't know." I answer quickly.

"We better figure this out."

"Yeah, we better." My voice falls silent and my throat burns to spill out every pain ever felt but something stops me. We talk for fifty-three minutes and all I do in that time is sit there and nod. Few words are exchanged. She tells me how I'm hurting my body and I listen. Hurting our bodies is something we all go through in some way or another. Whether we eat too much, or we don't eat enough, maybe some of us are addicted to drugs and alcohol and then maybe some of us have something deeper something that no medicine, no amount of counseling could fix and I think that's hope. That is something that's hard to find . . . We all search for it if we are down and some of us will and we will be the lucky ones, but for the other ones they will still be searching for it and isn't it our job to help them find it. Someone wise once told me never to give up hope. Before you give it up you have to have it. You have to hold it to you heart and never want it to let go. You have to grip it so tight that nothing could break you and it apart. I wonder if it will be like to have so much hope that can finally smile and say "wow I feel it."

Leaving that doctor appointment is what got me thinking about hope. Now what happens? Do I tell people my struggles? Do I keep them inside and never tell a soul? I think we all feel the need to want to blurt out our feeling and just get them out there. That would be too easy. Instead we worry and panic about what other people will say about us. Everyone seems to always feel less than they are or just don't think live up to expectations, but who sets them? Society? Our parents? Or ourselves. We can hold ourselves to such standards and we can never live up to them which then makes us feel the way we feel. If we can let go of all of that I think we could be ok. My family, my friends, my enemies . . . we could all just be ok and I think that would be enough until we can find out how to be great. All of us have it in us, the whole being great thing, we just need to believe. My doctor tells me at the end of my session that I have bipolar disorder and right now I don't know what that means, but I sure know what it feels like. I can be happy one minute and depressed the next and that's hard. So hard that I don't know how to talk about it because even though I experience it and feel the pain I could never put it into words. Telling people would mean they ask you the dreaded question "what's wrong?" and I never have an answer. I think to myself how could this happen I can struggle with depression, an eating disorder, and bipolar disorder. What does this mean for my future?

I sneak out my window of my room at night and sit on the roof. I look at the stars and pretend I'm floating with them. I tell them my dreams and what I want my life to be. I ask the twinkling lights in the sky if they have ever felt lost or even just lost their way. I get a feeling they have. It's cold outside but for the first time I barely notice. The burning of my heart keeps me warm. I don't know what it is burning for or even yearning for, maybe love or something more. They keep telling me I'm too young for love but I don't think my heart needs the kind of love they are talking about. No, see I think it's more. I think my heart wants love from myself, for me to finally love myself. And for the first time I almost do.

Untitled

By Jamie Tillotson

Sally's birthday was on Saturday. All she wanted was a puppy. To her surprise her mom took her to the pet shop where she found the cutest little puppy named Lilly.

Sally took very good care of Lilly. She fed her every morning. She bathed and brushed her. She even took Lilly for walks to the park.

On Monday Sally had to go to school. Sally always walked to school, however what Sally did not know was Lilly got out of the yard and tried to follow her. Lilly was very smart and like most puppies she could follow Sally's scent. Sally got to school but still did not know Lilly was following her.



When the school bell rang Sally disappeared into the school. Lilly was very scared and did not know what to do. For a while Lilly laid by the fence of the school waiting for Sally to come out. Lilly decided she would try to find her way back home.

Lilly remembered the park that Sally took her to, so she went there but Sally was not there. She was very hungry but she could not find her way home and began to cry.

A lady and her baby saw Lilly crying at the park so they took her home to feed her. The lady needed to help Lilly find her way home but because it was late she had to wait until the next day.

When Sally got home from school she realized Lilly was gone. She went crying to her mom so mommy decided that they would drive around the neighborhood tomorrow to cry and find Lilly. Sally was so scared that Lilly would get hurt that she cried all night.

The next day the lady and the baby took Lilly around the neighborhood to see if someone lost a puppy. It was a good thing that Sally's mom put up lost dog posters with their phone numbers on it. The lady and the baby saw the poster...

And that is how Lilly, the lost puppy, found her way home.

High School: Essay

The Malignant Leader

By Bethany Winder

It is a prerequisite for leadership positions that candidates are responsible and genuinely concerned for the welfare of those they lead. Peace and prosperity exist in nations, cities, organizations, and other groups when responsible leaders commit to the progression of welfare for those they lead. When leaders choose not to abuse their powers and lead for their people, and not simply for their own selfish desires, nations and other establishments are able to thrive in success.

Quite differently, however, will a group of people thrive if those among the group who fulfill authoritative positions choose to abuse their powers. Perhaps "thrive" is not even an adequate word to describe a nation emerging in chaos, clinging onto the edge of a cliff, with the threat of decline.

If a farmer plants apple seeds in rocky, barren soil, he can only hope for a fruitful apple tree to shoot up from the roots, but it never will. Despite his efforts to plant the seeds, nothing good will come out of those efforts because his foundation is inadequate to produce fruit. This is a metaphor for the lack of prosperity amongst nations and other establishments which are led by abusive authorities. The only way to grow fruit, or prosperity, is to have a fertile foundation, or respect for power and the limitations thereof. A leader who chooses to egotistically further his own agenda, rather than collaborate with contradicting voices of citizens or members of the group in order to conjure solutions of compromise, only plants seeds in infertile soil, so to speak. "With great power comes great responsibility" is a powerful truth of universal sustainment, connecting the concepts of power and responsibility together. Power brings about balance and success only if leaders execute it responsibly.

Citizens and members of establishments have the moral obligation to contend against leaders who are so lamentable as to cross the line of power for greedy and selfish purposes. There are countless scenarios in history and literature which demonstrate this type of narcissism. One infamous example of such a leader is Germany's Adolf Hitler, who is originally elected popularly into his authoritative position by democracy. Gradually over time, Hitler uses his position to continually readjust German law until the democracy becomes a dictatorship, ruled by one corrupt man who chooses to abuse his power.

Surely, it is agreeable that power and responsibility must go hand in hand in order for an establishment to experience plentiful welfare. When these necessary qualifications lack in a leader, peace and prosperity cannot, and will not, exist.

Middle School: Poetry

You're Not Alone

by Raquel Brincat

She paints a pretty picture
But this story has a twist-
Her paintbrush is razor,
And the canvas is her wrist.

Her mother died a year ago,
Depressed and alone.
She wants to die
Bitter and cold.

She dances in the moonlight,
She's the black swan of the night-
She leaps, prances, twirls, and dances
But she cannot stop the fight.

Your skin isn't paper, so don't cut it,
Life isn't a movie so don't end it.
Your face is so pretty, why do you hide it?
You have a beautiful soul, but you want to kill it.

Just know you're not alone.
Stay strong
You are living one big lie
But in the end you will be alright.

TOES

By Aaron Ehlers

They wiggle and figgle
When you're asleep, a starry
night
Must wake up your feet...
They're toes.

They move and groove,
To a beat in the heat.
They're fighty and stinky,
They're toes.

They're cranky and stanky
To see, but you love them.
They help you walk,
They help you feel,
They're toes.



The Sun

By Krista Kachnik

Alarm clocks make noise, so they say

But mine does not.

For I wake up to a silent world.

She fills my bedroom with her yellow hands.

Her bright orange eyes awaken me,

From my dream that had been so sweet.

She is a dainty daffodil dancing in the meadows.

The gorgeous petals spring off my walls...

Tapping my shoulder telling me I must wake up.

As the day goes on she runs to hide

At nightfall I miss her warm embrace

But she knows I must sleep.

And she promises to meet me tomorrow,

When her yellow hands reach my bedroom the next morning,

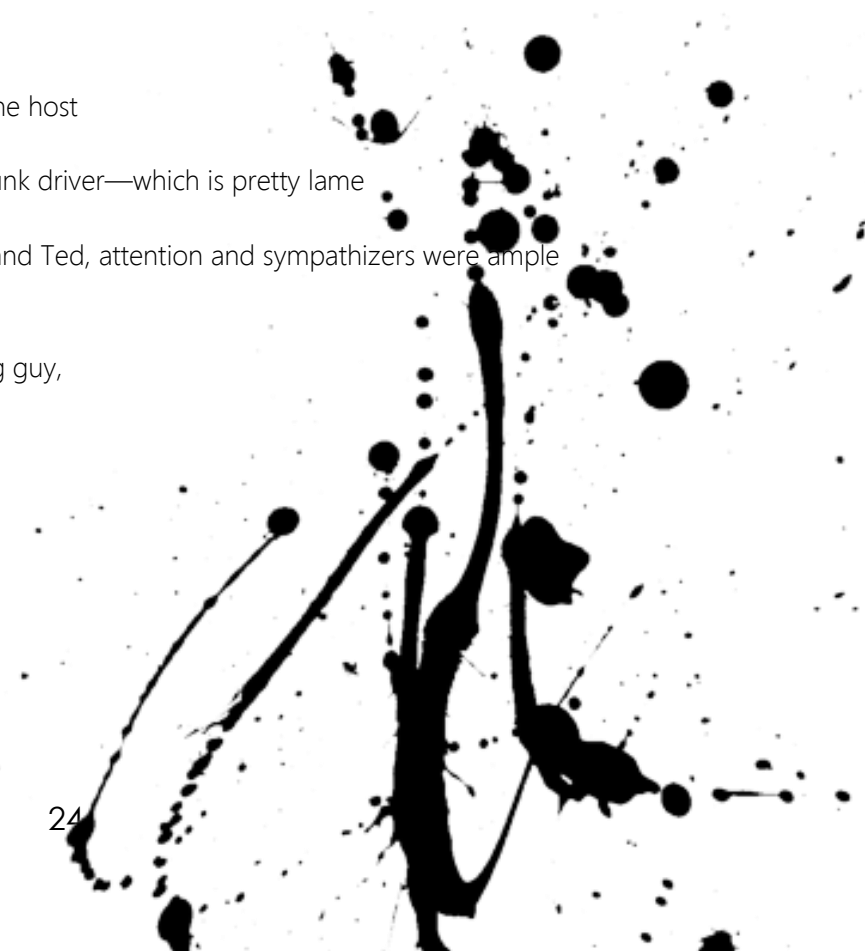
I know she has come to wake me.

Drinking, Driving, and Dying

By Chisato Jacobson

I remember the days,
When my parents came to say,
"Don't do drugs,
And be one of the mugs."
I kept those words in mind,
As I left those drug-users behind
My boyfriend, Ted, stayed away too,
But we never knew. . . .
That one day things would quickly change,
It all started out on a night we thought wasn't so strange
It was my friend Anita's 16th birthday party
The people from school, Ted, and I celebrated heartily,
Until a guy took out some beer
He thought it was cool to drink in front of his peers
The second person to accompany him was my friend, Kim
Before long a group had joined him
A single glass had led to his fate,
By the third bottle, he couldn't think straight
Fists were flying and words were screamed
The party was chaos, to everyone it seemed
Ted and I were huddled together at the edge of this terrible scene
We were in a corner, hoping it was only a bad dream
Soon many people wanted to leave,
And they all trailed out through the door following a girl called Eve
"Ted!" I screamed over the shouts
"Let's go back!" I pleaded with a pout
So together we ran out the door
The police sirens muted by the group's uproar
"Let's leave this to the police and leave this disaster!" he yelled as he grasped my hand with his own
My parents had been right; the catastrophes of too much alcohol and underage drinking had been shown,
But I'm sure the guy who started drinking had no idea when he was flying high,
If he'd know what would've happened, I'm sure he'd instead grabbed a pie
We walked for a bit, together as a pair
Suddenly, I saw a headlight glare
"A car!" I screamed pointing down the street
Just then Ted tackled me right off my feet
The man driving had just left the riot
He escaped with some beer, trying to be quiet
Maybe a couple more bottles wouldn't hurt,
But he probably knew that he'd go berserk
He had gone berserk, drinking and driving
And hit my boyfriend who took the hit for me, and scarcely thriving
I was out of the car's reach, but my head was hit
It slammed on the sidewalk and I fell down with it
My eyes automatically closed as my mind shut off
There was one last thing I remembered before fainting with a cough,
The bright emergency lights blaring...

And I was being carried by the doctors, silently weeping
I woke up in a white bed, about 2 to 3 days after
I immediately started asking questions, rid of all laughter
"Where am I? Who saved me?"
"What about Ted? Where is he?"
The nurse in the room glanced at me and replied, "Just rest, Dear."
But I didn't want to rest; I needed my head to be clear
"Where is Ted?"
"He can't be dead?!"
"He's sleeping..." the nurse cautiously stated
I thought she might say more, so I patiently waited
But as silence only came from the nurse,
I realized the worst had been pursued
I sat there in bed, rigid as stone
I wasn't glad to know it, but the truth had been shown
Ted was dead
He was lying with his eyes closed in a bed
I knelt down and started to sob beside him
For that, more than anyone else in the world, I love him
I remembered the days that followed,
The days when my feelings were all hollow,
The wake had been sad,
And the funeral was bad,
As they lowered Ted's coffin into the ground,
I was crying so much, I felt worse than a dog left at the pound
We all tossed roses and a shovelful of dirt
When I threw in my roses, my heart was hurt
Oh, the sorrow of parting with Ted
I loved him so much, but now he was dead
I was the one who missed him the most,
I was so sad that I'd given the speech at the wake as the host
At school I received fame
Fame for having a boyfriend who was a victim of a drunk driver—which is pretty lame
An officer used me for his lessons as a life example
With me reciting my heartbreaking story of the party and Ted, attention and sympathizers were ample
But no one could fill the empty space in my heart,
For that only Ted belonged in that part
Someone should have taught that drinking and driving guy,
That he shouldn't go high
If only that person didn't drink and drive,
Ted would probably still be alive
But now I'm here,
Lending my peer's ears
I'm telling them what happened...
About me and how Ted died
Maybe they'll listen better,
With my story and the officer's together
I hope less people would drink and drive,
And maybe even less people would die



The Forgotten

By Jade McBride

Washed out dim city street
Always crowded markets in the heat
Raindrops fall once again
Old couples remembering way back when

Remember the days when the kids came
home
Remember when we didn't feel so alone
Why in the world did this happen?
Where in the world were we forgotten?

We all have a purpose in life
No matter how great or small
I know for sure this one thing
God will never let us fall

Peace

By: Ryan McBride

Peace is like a glistening ocean

Peace looks like a blooming flower

It sounds like a gentle pacific breeze,

And is very comfortable

It can be sleeping at night,

But is always as soothing as a lullaby

Peace is always wonderful and

beautiful.





Tear Drops

By Jasmine Mixson

Tear drops falling from my eyes.
It took all the strength I had not to be alone.
I wish I wasn't so weak all the time,
And that these tears would stop falling.
I wipe them away,
But yet they still come.
I have nothing to cry about,
For I have a good life and good grades.
So why?
Why do these tear drops still fall from my eyes?
Curse my forgetfulness and all my missing work.
I know that people are with me, but
I still feel alone,
For I can't say anything,
Not a single word.
Even now, I hold back tears.
I wish I wasn't so weak.
I wish these tear drops would stop rolling down my
face,
Maybe then I could get a good night sleep.

My Great-Grandmother

By Shean Fu Phen

I learned
To share and care
For everyone around me
From my great-grandmother

She taught me
How to sharpen my crayons
With a small
Dull knife

She used to play
Ball with me
With a flaming
Red ball

She used to
Come and watch me
Playing in the shivering trees
Darting, back and forth

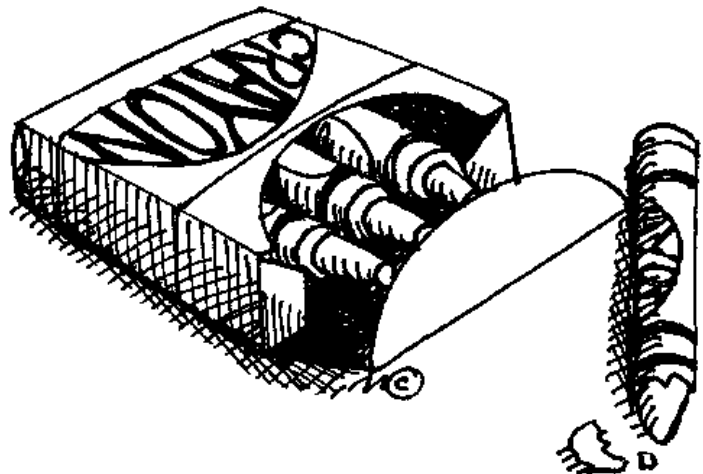
She also taught me
To speak Chinese
And when I said something
incorrect
She corrected me as much as
I needed

When my parents
Used to go to work
She called me
"khoitan"

The last I saw of her
Was in L.A. January 29, 2011
Squeezing my hand
In the hospital

Even today
When I sharpen my sister's
Crayon's too
Crooked for her to hold

With that same
Old, dull knife
I can hear the wind whisper
With her voice
"khoitan"



Grand-père Albert

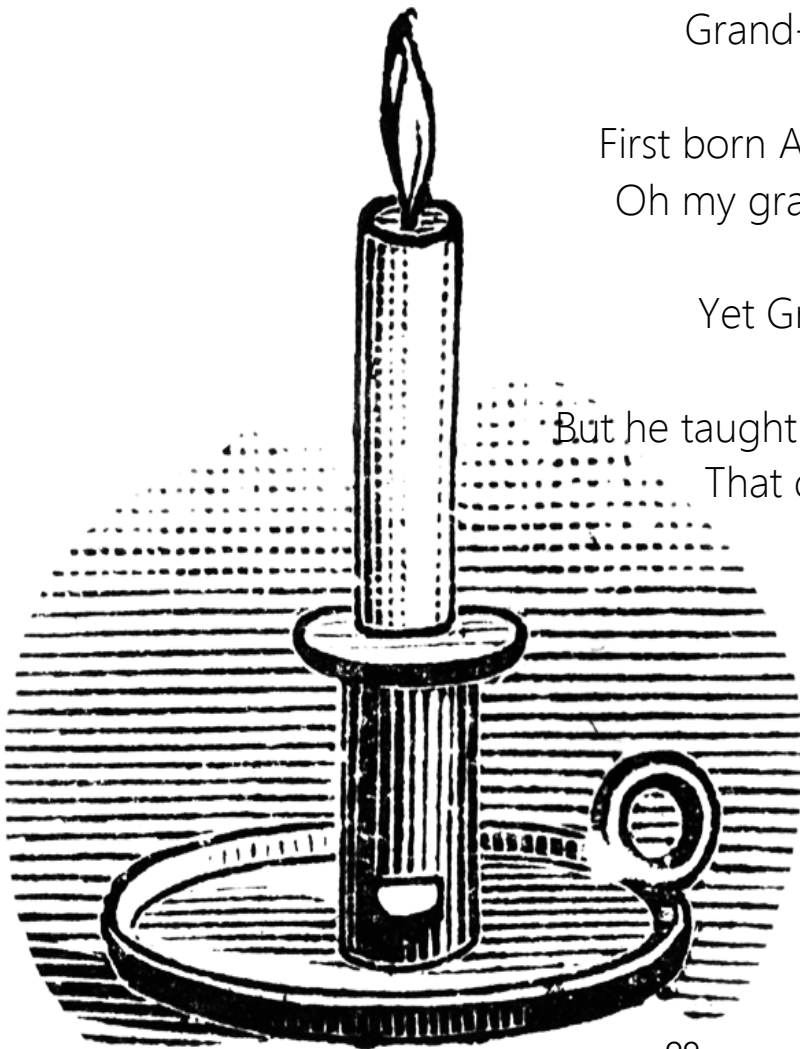
By Christelle Tsasa

My heart ached and pounded
As my mom wept endlessly
I could feel my eyes tear slowly
As text message ringtones sounded

For Grand-père Albert had passed
I never had the chance to meet him
My dad's father, I never met him
I guess it was never meant to last

Grand-père Albert was DRC's pastor
First Congolese to be Catholic
First born American, I'm right behind him
Oh my grand-père, he was like no other

Yet Grand-père Albert was a legacy
He never met me before
But he taught me a lesson I keep long-term
That determination has no capacity



Middle School: Short Story

Untitled

By Bianca Castillo

My hands trembled as I pulled my little sister into me. She was sobbing; her breaths were shaky, loud, and raspy. I held her tight to my chest. I didn't know what to do. What could I say to make her stop? I shushed her, rocking us back and forth. "Marley, it's okay. I promise. Everything will be okay." I cooed. I kept rocking us until her sobs became soft cries.

"Noah?" Her little voice squeaked. "I promise you I'll be here for you forever if you're here for me forever."

"I promise."

~

"Hey." I nodded as I saw my dad lying in his hospital bed. "How do you feel today?"

He gave me a small smile. "Better." I snorted and rolled my eyes. That's all he said. "Better." Well, he wasn't better. I knew that. It was just a stupid lie to make Marley and I feel better. It was obvious he was dying in front of my eyes every day!

"No you aren't." I caught him off guard.

"Noah, you're overreacting. I'm feeling very well today." He extended his hand for mine.

I just pushed it away. "Dad, please. Don't lie to me. I'm your Noah. I'm your son! You're my hero. Don't do this to me. Don't lie to me." My voice was getting raspy, along with my breaths. "Please don't do this."

"Don't do what Noah?" He asked curiously. I knew I was hurting him. He grabbed my hand. He rubbed his thumb across my hand, squeezing a little now and then.

"Don't leave me." My words were barely audible, but I knew he heard.

"I won't Noah." I rested my head against our hands. "I promise. Look at me. Noah, look at me." I looked at my dad through my bloodshot eyes. "I will never leave you, your sister, or your mother. Ever."

The last part wasn't very true. He had left my mom. Actually, she left him.

~

It was a month after the really bad fight they had. The really nasty fight; the one where Marley and I cried ourselves out. We held on so tightly to each other, the next day we were both sore. My dad came to my room and my mom went to Marley's. I was playing video games, sitting on my bed with a bag of chips in my lap. He knocked on the door. I paused the game, but not before stuffing a handful of chips into my mouth.

"Hey champ. You like the new game I bought you?" He asked. I never noticed the sad smile he had plastered on his face.

I hugged him and said through my mouthful of chips, "Love it!" He smiled a little wider. "Wanna play with me?"

He shook his head, looking off into nothingness. "Maybe later."

"Dad, what's wrong?" He sighed.

"Noah, do you know what divorce means?"

I groaned. "Just 'cause I'm only 9 doesn't mean I'm not smart dad! Of course I know what divorce means. My friend Luke's parents got divorced because they didn't love each other anymore." I smiled proudly; my dad would be impressed with me.

"Noah, your mommy and I are getting a divorce."

I remember that feeling I had then. I felt like something punched me in my stomach, leaving me to gasp for air. Then I was being crushed from the inside out. My world was literally crashing down on me. And I hated it.

"W-why?" I whispered. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. The controller fell off the bed, and for once, I didn't care.

"It's grown up stuff Noah. But we still love each other. We're still a family, okay?" All I could do was stare at him. There wasn't anything I could say that could stop them. So, I cried. "Noah, buddy. It's okay. You'll still see mommy all the time!"

"It doesn't matter! If you two aren't together...I...I don't want to live here anymore! I'm running away!" I looked around my room for my backpack. I ran to it as fast as I could. I stuffed two t-shirts, 1 pair of jeans, 2 pairs of socks, 1 pair of underwear, and toys. Lots of toys.

"Where are you going to live?" My dad looked at me. He looked scared, but I knew now that he was just playing. He knew I'd never leave.

"With Grandma!"

"But she's lives in Maine and you live here in Massachusetts."

"I don't care! I'll walk!" My dad chuckled and took my bag from my hands. I tried to get it from him, but I couldn't reach. I fell to the ground; I looked up at my dad.

"Please don't cry Noah. Have I ever lied to you?"

I thought about it for a second. "No. You never lie."

"So why would I start now?"

"Okay, I believe you."

"Want to go get ice cream with Marley?"

"Okay." My ice cream ended up melting all over my clothes and Marley's ice cream fell off the cone.

My dad was all I had. My mom was remarried, but she moved across the nation to be with him. What kind of mom does that to her kids? I mean I was 12 and Marley was just turning 9. We needed our mom. Yea she was there. But she wasn't really there. Does that make any sense? What I mean is, she wasn't fit to be a mother. She used to forget to pick Marley up from her swim classes when she was 5. Sometimes she'd forget me at school. One of the teachers would have to stay about 2 hours after school ended just to make sure I got picked up. She was a heavy smoker, sometimes a heavy drinker. I don't blame my dad for signing the divorce papers. But I just don't know why he was so in love with her. He still is.

I remember the day I told my mom about my dad having cancer. She was concerned. At least it seemed that way for a few months. Then she went back to California with her new family and life. She didn't care that he was dying. It was also the first time I wished my mom was in my dad's place. It's not that she deserved it, but she needed a reality check. So, I gave it to her. I called her and said things that most people would regret. But not me. I spoke my mind. Someone needed to tell her the truth, and at that point, it had to be me. She cried after I ranted. She cried for 10 minutes. I just sat there, holding the phone to my ear. I was so close to apologizing, but then she stopped crying. She said 'thank you.' I got through to her. She never called us, sent us letters, or anything. She stopped contacting us like I told her to. The only thing I remember saying to her was that she wasn't my mom. She was just a lady who gave birth to us. That's when she started to cry. I didn't care. It was true. Everything I said was true. And she needed to know that.

"Noah?" Marley poked me with her straw.

"Yes?" I raised an eyebrow, taking her milkshake. I took a sip, but held onto it.

"When dad is gone, will you take care of me the way you did when we were little?"

I didn't even know she remembered. I mean it was years ago, how could she? "I've always taken care of you Marley."

"I know, but not like that. When mom and dad got the divorce. You were by my side. It was like someone glued us together. I want you to live with me in my apartment. I mean we only live 20 minutes away. We go to the same college."

I shook my head. "Marley, dad's not going to die." She pulled her knees up to her chest as much as the chair in the waiting room allowed.

"Yes he is. Noah, I know you love dad. I know he's your hero. He's your everything. But be honest. You can see dad's life being ripped away. You can see him getting thinner and thinner every day. He doesn't talk as much as he use to. He's always in pain." I didn't say anything to her. I couldn't. I would never really admit it to myself that he was going to die. I think I would lose it. I think I would die, in my own way. Marley took her milkshake from me as she stood up. "Just don't lie to yourself to live. Because that's not living at all."

Six months later, it was beginning to snow as we gathered outside to say our final goodbyes to my dad. I still wasn't accepting that fact that I'd never see him again. I thought he was strong enough to fight it. I knew he was. He had to be. But I guess he wasn't. I dug my hands deeper into my pockets. Marley tightened my scarf around my neck as it kept getting loosened by the wind. Our noses were both red, so were our ears. Her cheeks were rosier than usual.

"Jack Frost is nipping at your nose." I knew she was trying to get me to smile, maybe laugh even. But I hadn't smiled since my dad was entered in the hospital. That was a long time ago. Marley and I stood side by side as the snowflakes fell gently down onto the ground. I knew the roads were icy from last night's rain, but the snow wouldn't stick till late tonight.

"Dad would have loved this weather." I nodded. I stared at the men lowering my father's coffin into the ground. "He would hate to know he was being buried though." Marley looked at me, she knew I was right. He wanted to be ashes, spread around his home. The place he loved more than anywhere in the world. I shook my hair to get the snowflakes and water droplets out of it. I took a big breath of air, trying not to cry. I wouldn't cry until I was alone. Till I was safe. "Bye dad."



Love at First Sight

By Idalia Soto

B

Lauren

I'm lying down in my bed, listening to my favorite song on the radio when I'm interrupted by my mom calling annoyingly. "What do you want mom?" I said very aggressively.

"Get over here, quick!" my mom yelled worried. I quickly get out of bed and run into the den. "Look." My mom said looking at the T.V. I look at the screen, the news channel is on. I watch carefully and see a car basically torn apart, nobody could have survived it. I'm wondering why my mom called me to watch this. Then all of sudden they show a picture of who they might think was in the crash. I look at the picture and I automatically know it is.

I break down in tears, screaming "No! No!" My mom is trying her hardest to comfort me. I feel like my life is over. The feeling of sorrow is horrible. I don't know what to do with it. I push my mom away from me, grab my keys, walk out the front door and slam it behind me. I'm in my car now sitting in the front seat hoping that it's not him. Please don't be him. I back out of the driveway with tears pouring down my face. After about the longest twenty minutes of my life, I arrive at the crash. I quickly stomp on the breaks and run out of the car. I push people out of my way hoping that I could just get over there, but someone stops me.

"Sorry ma'am this scene is being investigated, no one is allowed beyond this point."

"No, you don't understand! He's my fiancé! I need to see him!"

He looks at me with sorrow in his eyes but says "Sorry ma'am but-"

I cut him off and say "No, no but!" I break free from his grip and run to the body lying on the cold, hard concrete. The body was severely burnt but you can make out the face. I burst into tears. I go on my knees hugging this cold but warm body that use to hug me back. "David! David, no! Please! You can't leave me here like this!" I screamed. It suddenly gets quiet like everyone stopped what they were doing and watched me like I was some kind of entertainment.

"Ma'am, I'm really sorry for your loss," one of the officers told me. I ignored him. I get up and look at David. He looks so peaceful. I walk away from the body. Everyone made a pathway for me, everyone quiet as I walk away and get into my car.

I sit there quietly and try to grasp everything that just happened. I start to cry and drive away. I stop at a bridge. This is the bridge where David proposed to me. I remember that day like it was yesterday. He asked me to meet him at the Colon Bridge. I get there and he is standing at the edge of the bridge. I run to him and grab him away from the edge. "What do you think you're doing? Are you trying to kill yourself?" I yelled. He kisses me and kneels on one knee.

"I know I do the most ridiculous things ever, but I know this won't be one of them. Lauren Abigail Jenson, will you marry me?" asked David.

"Yes...Yes, a million times yes!"

I knew what I was going to do. I take my slippers off slowly, and go to the edge of the bridge. I look down at the water down below me. It's so blue. The water rushes so fast over the rocks. I realize that once I hit the bottom, there is no coming back up. Car after cars are passing me, not noticing what I am about to do. Then I hear a car pull over.

"This is for you David," I whispered. I close my eyes and one foot drops. Something or someone grabs my waist.

"What are you doing? Are you okay?" he said.

I look into his eyes. His amazing, green eyes. "Yeah, I think I'm okay."

"Okay," he said while getting the hair out of my face.

"I'm sorry, what is your name?" he asked politely.

"Oh, it's Lauren, what's yours?" I asked.

"It's Harry, are you sure you'll be okay?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I'll be okay, thanks for saving my life," I said very shyly.

"Okay, and no problem, it's my pleasure," Harry said with a half-smile.

"Well I actually have to get going, so I guess I'll see you around?" I asked embarrassingly.

"Yeah, of course," he said smiling.

"Okay," I said. I walk toward my car and get in. Harry is still standing there just kind of watching me. I drive away with a little smirk on my face thinking to myself "Well that was kind of weird."

Harry

"Hey mom," I said.

"Hello sweetie, where are you? You were supposed to be here forty-five minutes ago." She said.

"I am on the, mom I have to go," I said. I hang up on her and pull over. I see this girl with long brown hair and she is standing at the edge of the bridge. I see her close her eyes and I quickly run over there and grab her waist.

"What are doing? Are you okay?" I said wondering why such a beautiful girl like her would do such a thing.

"Yeah, I think I'm okay," she said.

"Okay," I said, moving her bangs behind her ears.

"I'm sorry, what is your name?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, it's Lauren, what's yours?" she asked.

"It's Harry, are you sure you'll be okay?" I asked not wanting to end the conversation.

"Yeah, I'll be okay, thanks for saving my life," she said.

"Okay, and no problem, it's my pleasure," I said smiling because it's such a funny way to say it.

"Okay, well I actually have to get going, so I'll see you around?" she said while grabbing her slippers.

"Yeah, of course," I said, smiling because she basically asked me out.

"Okay," she said as she walked to her car. I don't know why, but I just had to keep looking at her amazing features; her brown, long hair, big brown eyes, her beautiful, big smile, and the perfect symmetry in her lips. But then she drove away. At that point, I thought I would never see her again. I realized that I was making big traffic so I run toward my car and drive away. I arrive home and tell my buddies Niall, Liam, Louis, and Zayn everything. They were all listening like it was story time for two year olds. After I was done telling them what happened with Lauren, they all started to laugh. "Really guys, it's true!" I said.

"If it's true then what's her number?" Niall asked.

"Her number! I forgot to ask for her number!" I yelled frustrated. They all started to laugh again.

"You guys, it's not that funny," I said annoyingly.

"Alright guys, quit it. Let's help Harry find this mystery girl he tells us about," Liam said.

"Okay, do you anything about her but her name?" Louis asked.

"No," I said sadly.

"Why don't we just get a good night sleep and tomorrow we will do some research?" Zayn said.

"Ok, thanks guys," I said.

Lauren

I walk into the house and my mom is on the phone with my dad.

"Jack, I've got to go, ok, ok bye," she said. She looks at me like I'm some kind of animal that's going to attack. I run toward her and give her a big bear hug. "I'm so sorry honey. I feel so bad that I can't do anything," she whined.

"Mom, it's okay," I said surprisingly calm. "I'm just going to go to bed and sleep it off, hopefully."

"Ok sweetie, goodnight," she said still worried about my health.

I go into my room and get into some pajamas. I lie down in my bed and just think. How am I going to life without him? Why did this happen to me? Who is this Harry guy? Why do I feel like I've known him forever? Why didn't I give him my number? "Dang it! I forgot to give him my number," I whispered frustrated.

I woke up the next morning with everyone I know surrounding me.

"What is everyone doing?" I asked. Nobody answered me.

"I said what is everyone doing!?" I asked again. Everyone started to talk all at once.

"You guys! I'm fine!" I screamed. Everything got quiet. I went to my dresser and grabbed some clothes to wear for the day. I went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror and I thought I saw a monster at first. It was me. I took a shower and fixed myself up. Since I was all done up for the day, I decided to go and get some coffee. I get my purse and keys and get into my car. I arrive at Starbucks and I couldn't believe my eyes. I saw Harry. I walked over to him and he seemed more surprised than I was. It looked like he brought some friends of his.

"Hey Harry," I said.

"Hey Lauren," Harry said

Another Place, Another Time

By Zion Weaver

It's been a week since Ederick Cabot's mother died. But he didn't believe that. He had a dream that Ederick's mother, Merina Cabot, was escorted to the mythical land of Embyrn, to be married with the king of Embyrn, Sire Francisco Isabel III. He was very wealthy and well known for his powerful illusions. He tried to explain to his father, friends, and brother. No one ever believed him, but his brother, Archibald Cabot.

He and Archibald were one day searching for Archibald's toy train, when Archibald noticed his mother's necklace and took it from its original location. Merina's necklace was a treasure she received from a gypsy selling artifacts on the streets of Paris, France. The gypsy told Merina that this necklace will always find what you seek, and soon after that, Merina gave the necklace to Ederick.

"Ederick, Look! Its mother's necklace!" shouted Archibald.

"Well bring it here, quickly now." commanded Ederick. Archibald brought it up to Ederick for examination. The woven laces on the dried ring of a grape vine gave a hint to Ederick that the necklace was hidden away for many months. "Father, Father, look what we found!" yelled Archibald.

"Well I'll be, it's your mother's necklace. Boys, where did you find this necklace?"

"We found it hidden in the garage." Ederick's father looked in amazement as he twirled the charm in his large hands. Ederick's father handed the necklace back to Ederick and headed back to the kitchen to finish preparing dinner.

A week later, Archibald was playing pirate with Timothy while Nina was being tied up by Ederick. It was Ederick's 13th birthday, and Ederick has invited some friends over to play.

"Kids, it's almost bedtime," shouted Ederick's Father. Archibald grunted as he fell upon his bed. The lights went off, but a mysterious fog suddenly rolled into Ederick's room. The children watched in amazement to see the fog clear out to a vast sea.

"Whoa, where are we?" asked Ederick.

"I can't believe my eyes, it's really Embyrn!" shouted Archibald. They all stood there, watching in amazement at the vast sea, commonly known in Embyrn as the River Wyde, and looked past that at the marvelous castle view.

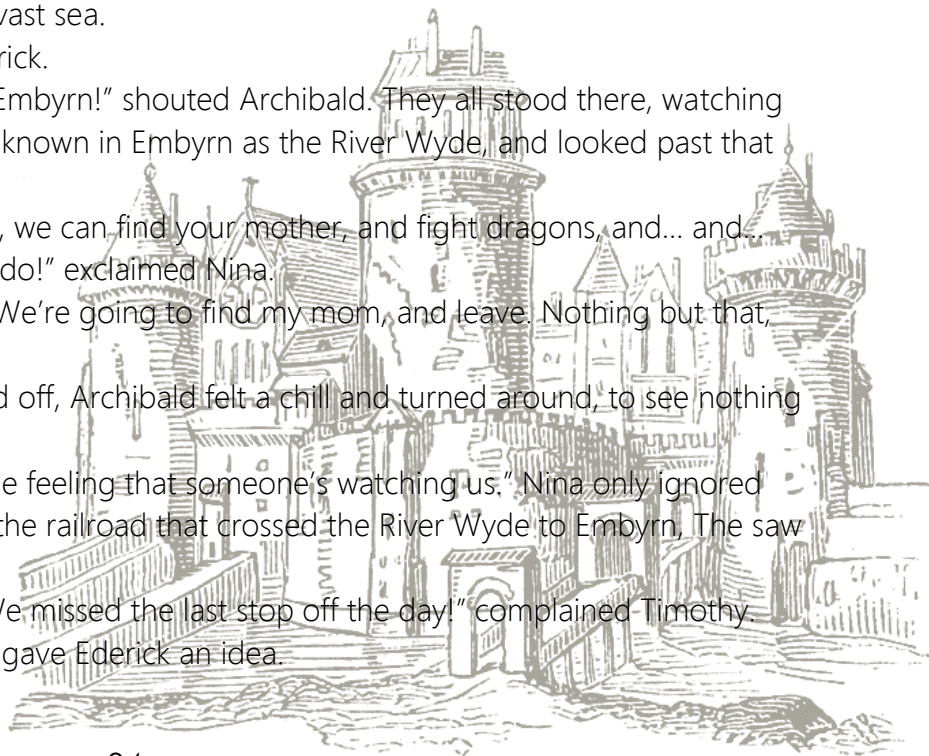
"Oh, this is going to be so exciting, we can find your mother, and fight dragons, and... and... oh I don't know what else we're going to do!" exclaimed Nina.

"Nina, focus on our mission here. We're going to find my mom, and leave. Nothing but that, got it?"

"Ay-ay captain!" As the kids walked off, Archibald felt a chill and turned around, to see nothing there.

"Nina, I've been getting this strange feeling that someone's watching us." Nina only ignored him, and walked off. When they reached the railroad that crossed the River Wyde to Embyrn, The saw that they missed the last stop for the day.

"What are we going to do now? We missed the last stop off the day!" complained Timothy. The thought of their loss upset them, but gave Ederick an idea.



"Everybody, I got a plan. Nina, go back and get the bed. Timothy, gather up some round rocks, a stick, and a big leaf. Archibald, go find something to tie the materials up." They all rushed in a hurry to see what Ederick's plan was. They all saw the plan Ederick came up with very soon.

"This is hopeless." said Nina.

"What's it supposed to be?" asked Archibald.

"It's a sail bed. The wheels will move us, and the leaf sail will carry us across!" exclaimed Ederick. Suddenly, a vast fog appeared again, and made the sail bed look brand new, and recognizable. They all climbed on, and rode off to Embyrn, and if there was an answer, he'd find it there. When they crossed, they walked for half an hour until they met the castle guards.

"Halt, who goes there," barked the guards.

"I am Ederick Cabot of Earth, and I am here to retrieve Merina Cabot.

"You must speak with the king first." They opened the doors and let them enter the crowded city of Ash. They pushed and shoved their way till they entered the castle stairway.

"What is your presence in my domain?" boomed the king.

"I am here for my mother." answered Ederick. A passageway opened up to a staircase. The children entered the mysterious staircase only to find themselves in a labyrinth. Ederick met Archibald at the end of the labyrinth, and they slowly approached the door. The two embraced their mother as soon as she was in sight.

"Oh thank the heavens my boys are okay!" said Merina. A sudden rumble appeared when Timothy and Nina entered the room. The castle was collapsing, and before they could escape, they were engulfed in the castles rubbish.

Ederick dug out to realize that it was another one of the king's illusions. At the end of the hall, they saw King Francisco laughing in enjoyment.

"So, what do you think about my famous illusion?" he asked. "Come, come my friends. A feast is waiting for us!" The five followed King Francisco to the grand dining hall. They soon saw the bountiful feast before them.

"Ederick, I'm truly famished. Can I have a bite to eat?" and before Ederick could answer, Timothy, Nina, and Archibald took as much food they could eat and ate in a matter of a second.

"Excuse me sir, but we must be leaving."

"Certainly" Soon, they were surrounded by guards. "Merina must stay, so I may marry her." They ran out the minute the king spoke a word. The guards were approaching them, and were soon surrounded once more.

"Ederick start working that necklace of yours, were sort of in a hurry." Said Nina

"I don't even know how to use this!" Ederick thought hard about a way out of this situation. The fog rolled in again, and then they found themselves in their room.

"That was the best story ever!" exclaimed Archibald "Now you two rest up, you both have school tomorrow." Ederick fell asleep, and dreamt of Embyrn once more.

Middle School: Essay

Untitled

By Samantha Sczesnik

Seventeen year old Briley Clark doesn't have the teenage life she wishes she had. She suffers from Asperger's, Depression, ADHD, OCD and a major mood disorder. Briley has been hospitalized for suicidal thoughts and actions. Briley claims that nothing was wrong. By the next hospitalization, which was a week after she was released, counselors and family soon learned it was because of school and nobody liked her because she wasn't as good as them. She was put on antidepressants and her doses were being increased and decreased.

Thirty Eight year old Sarah Clark claims she didn't know her daughter's depression was not that severe. She states that she has taken her to several psychologists and psychiatrists and never thought it would be like this. Briley has never been able to take ADHD medicine because she tried when she was thirteen and it started all the suicidal thoughts and actions. She isn't able to trust many people. She doesn't have many friends. The friends she has don't treat her like she should be treated.

The school counselors and psychologist are always talking to Briley; she says they are all she can really trust. She can't even trust her mom. Her life isn't very good. She gets picked on a lot and talked about all the time. Her parents don't trust her with anything. She goes through her parents stuff. She is depressed because she can't have Facebook or internet on her phone. Her parents have major trust issues. Sarah says Briley isn't allowed to have Facebook or internet because she abuses it, but the shocker is she doesn't know how she abuses it.

Briley says, "I have recently gone back to counseling. The depression is getting worse. Every single day it seems like the other side of life is waiting for me to climb the stairwell to heaven. I don't want it to be like that but it's getting out of control". She thinks her grandpa is reaching down to her from above every now and then. She thinks about him and she feels him reaching out to her. Briley doesn't know why people don't like her. She wonders why they all bag on her.

"Why do people bag on my daughter?" asks Sarah. "I tell her she is as good as them but he doesn't believe me. I want her to tell me everything but she won't tell me anything unless she has no one else to turn to."

From this point forward, Briley started her life all over again, but this time she has many friends. Counseling helped and she still goes once a week. She is a happy twenty-two year old woman; her life is now on track.

The Authors

In alphabetical order

Augustine, Jillian: Untitled	4
Brincat, Esther: Sleep	5
Brincat, Raquel: You're Not Alone	20
Castillo, Bianca: Untitled	30
Corthell, Haley: My Nest	6
Ehlers, Aaron: Toes	21
Evans, Lyric: The Innocent	14
Hanks, Katelyn: I Almost Do	16
Jacobson, Chisato: Drinking, Driving, and Dying	23
Johnson, Josie: The Life of a Hopeless Soul	7
Kachnik, Krista: The Sun	22
Lok, Amanda: Haiku	8
McBride, Jade: The Forgotten	25
McBride, Ryan: Peace	26
McCoy, Zenette: My Beautiful Flower of Life	9
Mixson, Jasmine: Tear Drops	27
Munguia, Crystal: For the Life of a Soldier	10
Phen, Shean Fu: My Great-Grandmother	28
Ramey, Rochell: Tears	11
Robins, Emilie: She, the Breeze	12
Sczesnik, Samantha: Untitled	36
Soto, Idialia: Love at First Sight	32
Stilley, Darian: The Dead Rose	13
Tillotson, Jamie: Untitled	18
Tsasa, Christelle: Grand-pere Albert	29
Weaver, Zion: Another Place, Another Time	34
Winder, Bethany: The Malignant Leader	19

Acknowledgments

Coordination and Magazine Layout:

Bethany Lafferty
Tawnya Shaw
Marcie Smedley
Kristina Wang

Mentors and Judges:

Dinh Chau-Kieckhafer
Michael Harley
Ann Kimbrough
Tina Kirchner
Sharon Mann
Shana Valenti

