



# Creative Writing Literary Magazine

Pella Community High School  
Volume 3, Issue 1 - Spring 2016

# Note to the Reader

*Taking a class like Creative Writing requires courage and sometimes vulnerability. This group of students has embraced thinking outside of the box as they have written pieces in formats sometimes brand new to them. Students have experimented with short stories, flash fiction, six-word memoirs, two sentence horror stories, spoken word, narratives, poetry, graphic novels, and other writing exercises.*

*These students have chosen pieces from the semester to make an impact on others. Some want their readers to consider issues that face current society, like phone addiction. Others want you to feel hope for the future, or appreciation of traditions from the past. Several wanted to make the reader laugh, feel uneasy, or even “weirded out.” Many hoped to relate to an audience, or help their readers see a different perspective and gain empathy for others.*

*We encourage you to expand your borders and think outside the box in your own life, whether it is in your job, at your home, or on a piece of paper. Enjoy these pieces from 3rd period Creative Writing class!*

*Mrs. Whittington*

**CLIPPED TOENAILS, BUT AM STILL HUNGRY.**



**SIX-WORD MEMOIR BY**

**LAUREN ASHWORTH**

**PICTURE FROM PUBLICDOMAINPICTURES.NET**

## An excerpt from a nonfiction narrative, by Micah Criscuolo

I took a deep breath. Long, and slow. I pursed my lips, and on my face was a look of utter terror. I was not where I should have been. I should have been on my couch at home, playing Smash. Instead, I was at the starting line, preparing to run the mile. I couldn't believe it. Well, actually I could. My mouth was always getting me in trouble. It still does to this day actually. But that's another story.

Earlier that week, I was at track practice. I had joined track, because I was a fat little nerd and I didn't have anything else to do. I wasn't exactly big enough to be the "fat kid", but let's be real. I sucked at any type of athletic event, so I needed the exercise. All in all, track wasn't hard. This was all due to my best friend, aka the triple jump. It's essentially a stupid, useless version of the long jump. It's also where you can put in the least effort, and talk with chicks. While everyone else was running laps, I stood by the sand and talked with the track girls. I was a pro at dodging work, as I am to this day. I was always lucky, but one day my luck ran out.

# Colten Goemaat

## **I Have a Rock**

I have a rock

This rock is no ordinary rock

He is a creepy son of a buck

He sits on my dresser

He watches me while I sleep

Once while I was sleeping

I heard a thud on the floor

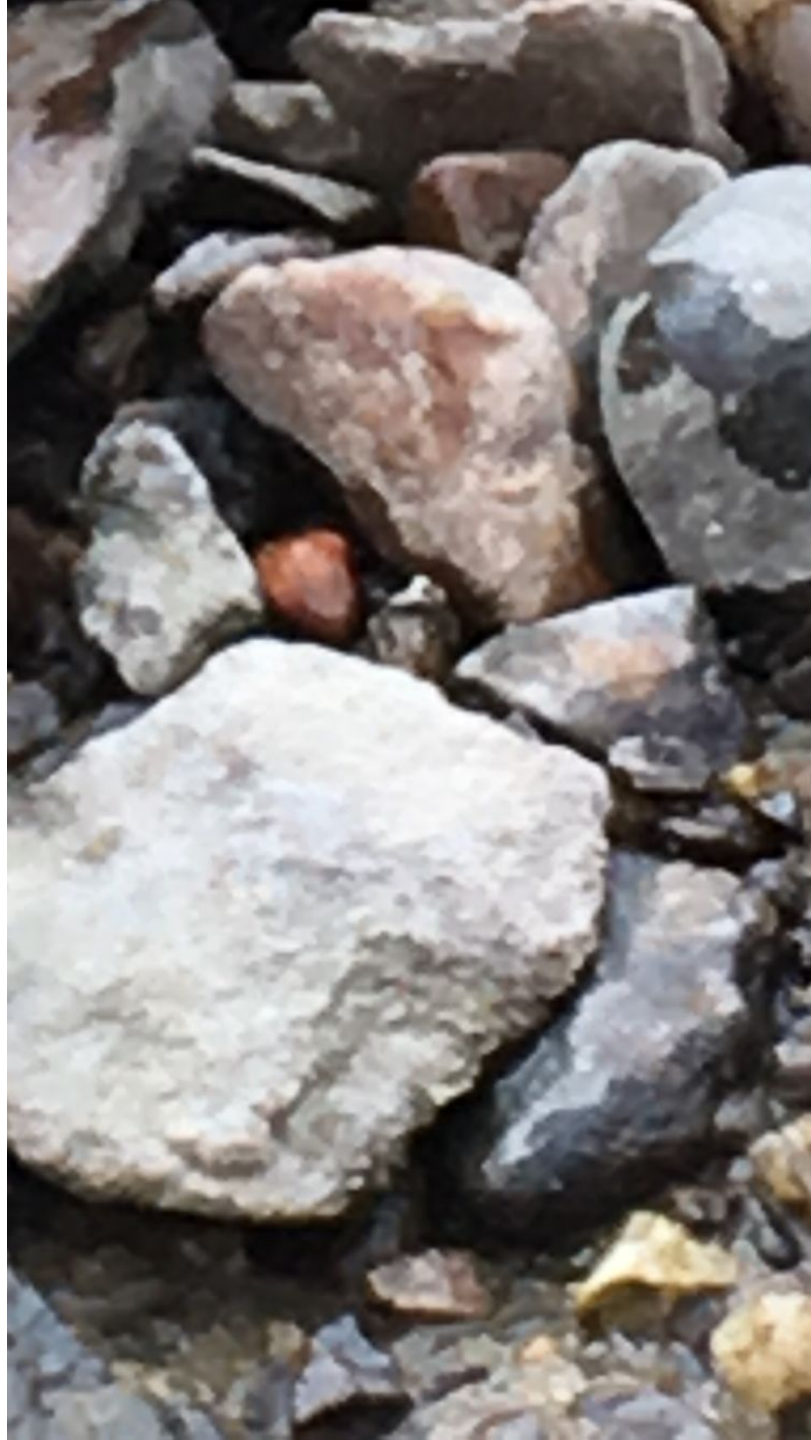
He had rolled off my dresser

He was a spy

Sneaky as a snake

He quietly rolled up to my pillow

I woke up



An excerpt from “Disappointment”  
by Lucas Hileman



One person was always proud of me.

“Yeah you didn’t win, but that’s okay, you tried.”

“Did you try your best? Yes? Then I can’t be disappointed.”

“Just know I’ll always be proud of you, Lucas.”

Grandpa.

# Living In The Moment

by Molly Howard

How can you live in the moment when you're not even in the moment?

There are people all around you. There are so many breathtaking things and sights and scenes. The sunset is beautiful, or at least you think, because you only see it through your camera screen. You forget to look up and experience things, because you're too busy recording or clicking or swiping up and down.

You look all around and your friends are looking down. You don't know how they didn't hear you, so you have to repeat yourself. "Sorry." They say. Having one conversation... 2 conversations... 3 conversations, it becomes hard be present in the real conversation.

Our world is conceited; that's easy to see. We live in an era where people are screens. If you put down your phone, it is likely to scream. Because why feel the need to go out and see the world, when the world is at our fingertips?

We become less social even though it's called "social" media. We seem to disconnect ourselves from the realness of the present. In our own little bubble, we're alone together. We sit in our rooms with nothing to do, but stare at a screen. So, put down your phone. Shut it off and remember, that you won't be here forever.

Spend time with those who matter. Be present in the moment. Live life looking up. And don't let them fool you. Social media is our fatal flaw.

# An excerpt from "ADHD" by Michael Karnes

School and I don't get along, we butt heads every day and every class period.  
I stare at the clock trying to intimidate him to move faster, but he goes slower and slower and slower.

1:00

1:01

1:02

1:02

1:02

1:02

It doesn't move.

It doesn't budge, not even a nudge.

It doesn't swirl, not even a twirl.

You have no idea how I feel. I feel like a wheel.

Not even real.

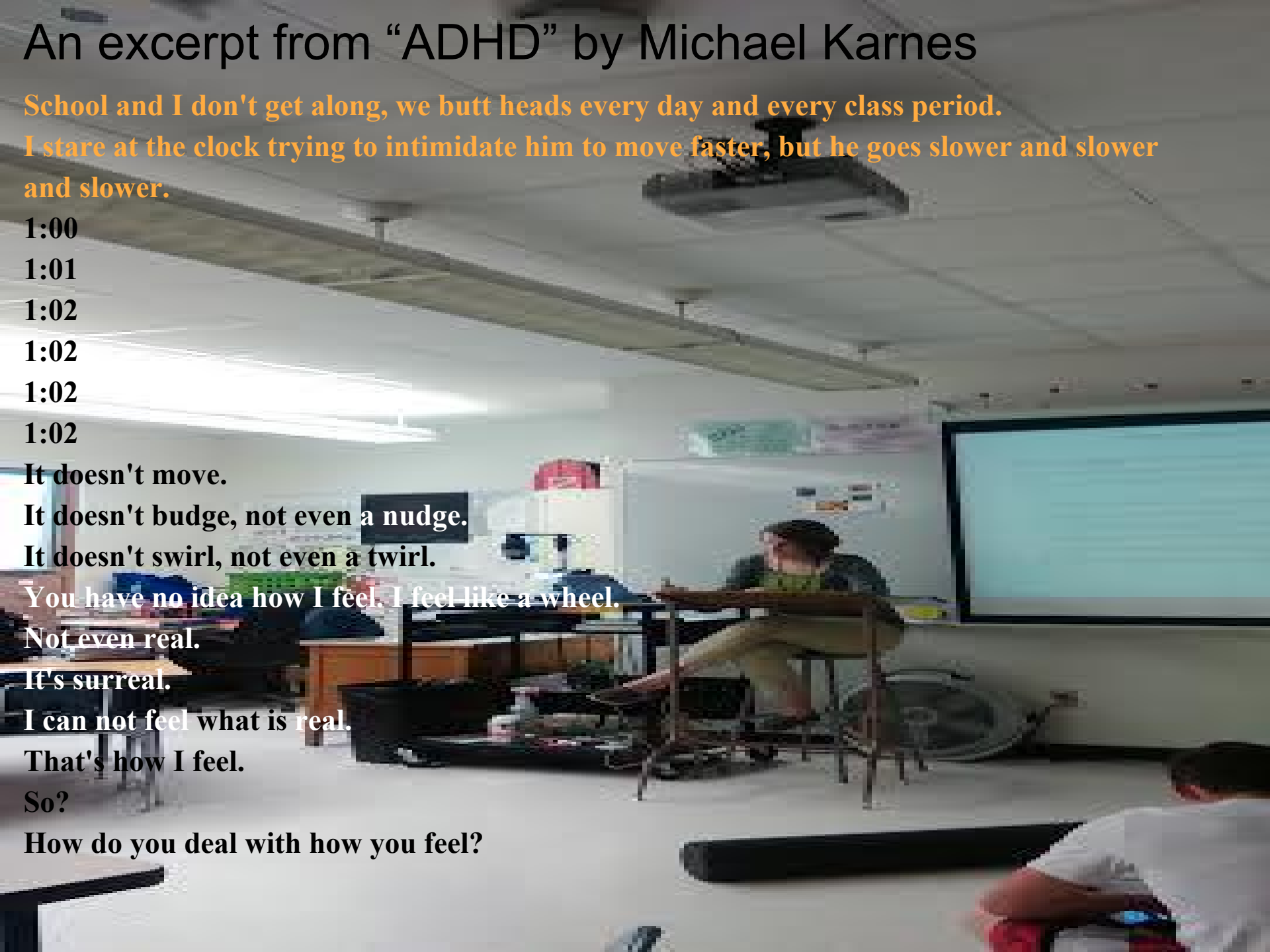
It's surreal.

I can not feel what is real.

That's how I feel.

So?

How do you deal with how you feel?





## Tulip Time: A Collage

By : Katelyn Kime

### **Tourists**

People stepping off the tour bus to the aroma of sweet foods, beautiful music, and the sight of tulips filled their heart. Beds of colorful tulips were in full bloom. Some were tiny and others were huge. There was a never ending amount of food offered, from poffertjes, Dutch letters, and stroopwafels, to Dutch tacos and Dutch corn dogs. There are plenty options of food for everyone. Then there's the cute little Dutch kids dressed in all types of Dutch costumes. Each one looks unique and different. Some have pointed lace hats and others have bonnets. Oh and the wooden shoes! I don't know how they walk in those things! The whole town and festival is such a great experience, making tourists come back year after year.





The thing  
I love to  
hate

A six-word memoir  
by A.J. Kingery

Image altered from  
[www.blastr.com](http://www.blastr.com)

# Zach Kraft

*Light flowing down through the leaves, gently caressing my face,  
Gentle and playful breeze, leaving barely a trace,  
Loud listing leaves dance aloft towards the land,  
Peace in my heart as I catch one in my hand,  
A chuckle escapes my lips as I rest,  
I give myself this time, something I invest,  
Closing eyes subtle sigh, tranquility is my state  
Thump. . . Thump. . . Thump. . . My heart has become sedate*

Don't Look by Sage LaFollette

I woke up to hear knocking on glass. At first, I thought it was the window until, I heard it coming from the mirror again.





An excerpt from “Revenge of the Pooh,”  
by Tristan Lutgen

“Others take it to the extreme, wanting to be perfect in their occupation or hobby. Take Willikers H. Hermit for example. He has been around for years, decades even, working as a plush toy stuffer for Stuff & Gruff Inc., the leading producers of plushy toys in the world.”

Image from Clipart

# Emily Masek

## Dining like Royalty

A princess from head to toe,  
With my hair curled up like a china doll's,  
fancy enough to dine with the queen.  
MoMo's table adorned with lacy trim,  
Sugary treats upon a silver platter.  
Everything formal and prim.

Dainty china lifted towards my lips,  
shaking in stubby fingers.  
Hot, blistering liquid splashed over the smooth edges  
burning my skin beneath pretty lace.  
A gasp and my eyes lifted in dread,  
investigating my grandmother's gaze.

Wrinkled long fingers, clenched tightly,  
as if the cup were trying to climb its way out of her grasp.  
Gentleness spread from plum stained lips to crows feet by  
her eyes,  
as the tea stained lace was patted with a napkin.  
Hands to comfort, not chastise.

Wafts of sugar-infused tea came up to my  
nose,  
as those fragile fingers gripped the steamy  
pot to pour.  
Three small brown spots,  
my wide eyes watched,  
dripped onto the sumptuous table cloth.

Observing and learning, that's what I did.  
Sitting tall in my chair, do not fidget or slurp,  
napkin on lap, smooth out that wrinkled skirt.  
So many new rules my head might just burst.  
But the best part of all of it was,  
being a part,  
of traditions that come from the heart.



## *-Daydream by Isaac Schrauben*

*I stare blankly through the whiteboard which is covered with numbers and equations. My body is in the classroom, but my mind is elsewhere.*

*I am running through a battlefield, sword in hand. Ranks upon ranks of orcs men and elves dual all around me. My blade glistens with black blood. I duck and weave through the war that is raging all around me. The number of orcs is growing by the minute. We will not survive much longer.*

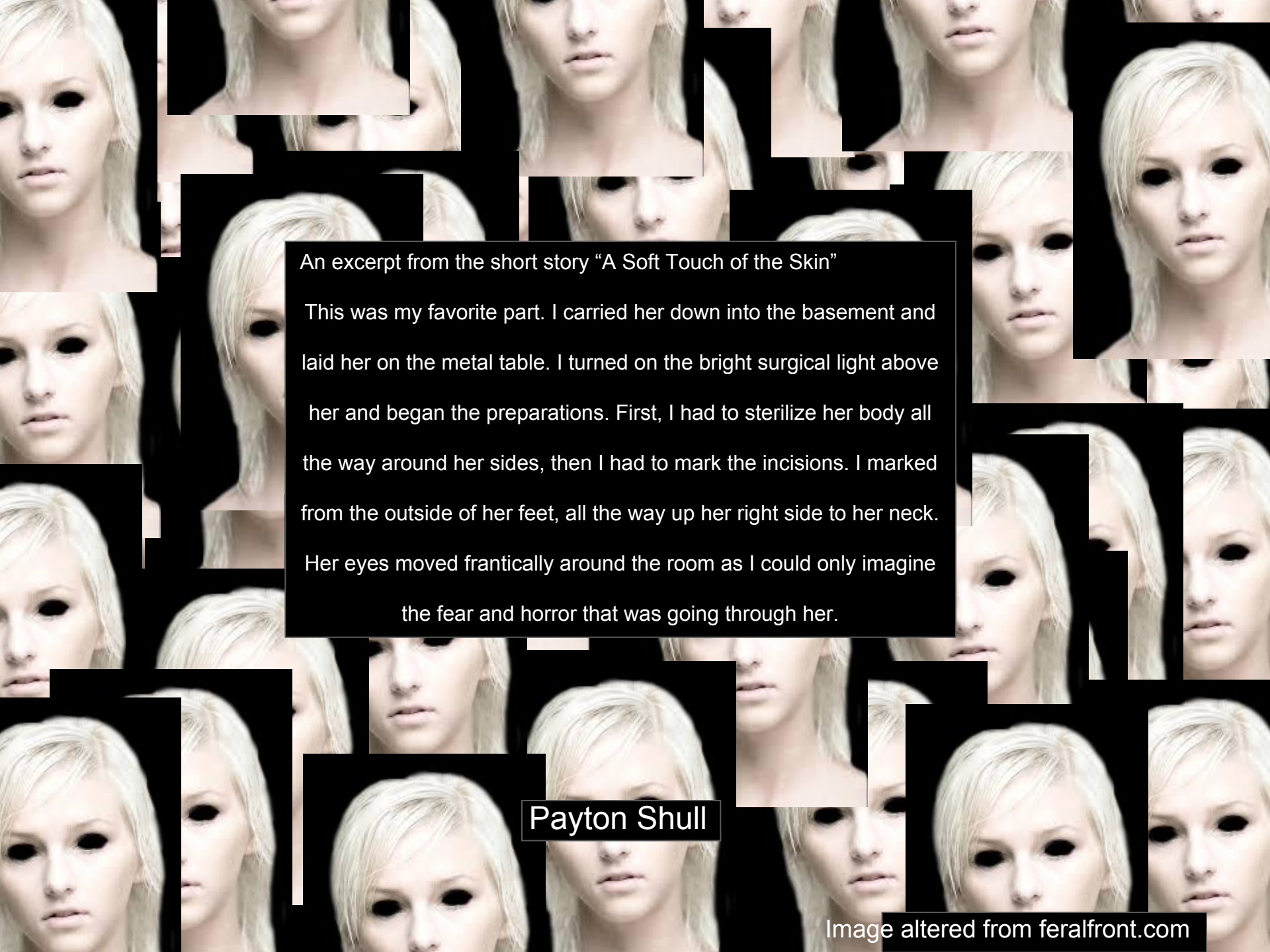
*I pull out my gift from the elves. I shout an incantation and the vial explodes with light. The orcs cover their eyes as the luminous magic blazes across the warzone. Quickly, they retreat into the slimy tunnels they emerged from, shrieking with terror.*

*Cheers go up from every corner of the plain. The captain of the army of men strides over to me.*

*“Master Higgins, what is the value of  $x$ ?” he asks, clapping me on the back.*

*“Pardon?” I respond, confused.*

*I am drawn back to the real world and I answer the question. Luckily, next period is history and I will be back.*



An excerpt from the short story "A Soft Touch of the Skin"

This was my favorite part. I carried her down into the basement and laid her on the metal table. I turned on the bright surgical light above her and began the preparations. First, I had to sterilize her body all the way around her sides, then I had to mark the incisions. I marked from the outside of her feet, all the way up her right side to her neck. Her eyes moved frantically around the room as I could only imagine the fear and horror that was going through her.

Payton Shull

Image altered from feralfront.com



# Brent VanDerWiel

The Hangar (a flash fiction piece)  
by Brent VanDerWiel

The hangar was stacked to the gills with planes of all types. Every night they were tucked in tight and left to spend the time of darkness together.



They never fought or spoke; they never even moved. They were fearful of each other, of how different they all were. The big jets watched from the back, watching their noses closely when the turboprops backed in front of them to rest before the next day. The kids came in last, tired from a long day of training, eager to catch some sleep before they were beat in the morning once again.

## Yellow

I never get to shine.

As the middle child my voice is hardly ever heard.

Red and Green always bicker about whose turn it is.

“You’ve had it forever, give it to me!” Red persists.

And she’s right. Green has had it for about forty-five seconds.

Fortunately for me Green is pretty generous. He always hands it to me, that is until Red snatches the energy from my hands.

Red really should not be so grouchy all the time.

I mean she watches after the energy all night, playing with it, letting it blink.

For the brief moments I do get to hold onto the energy

I wish time would just slow down,  
so that I could have it for just a bit longer.

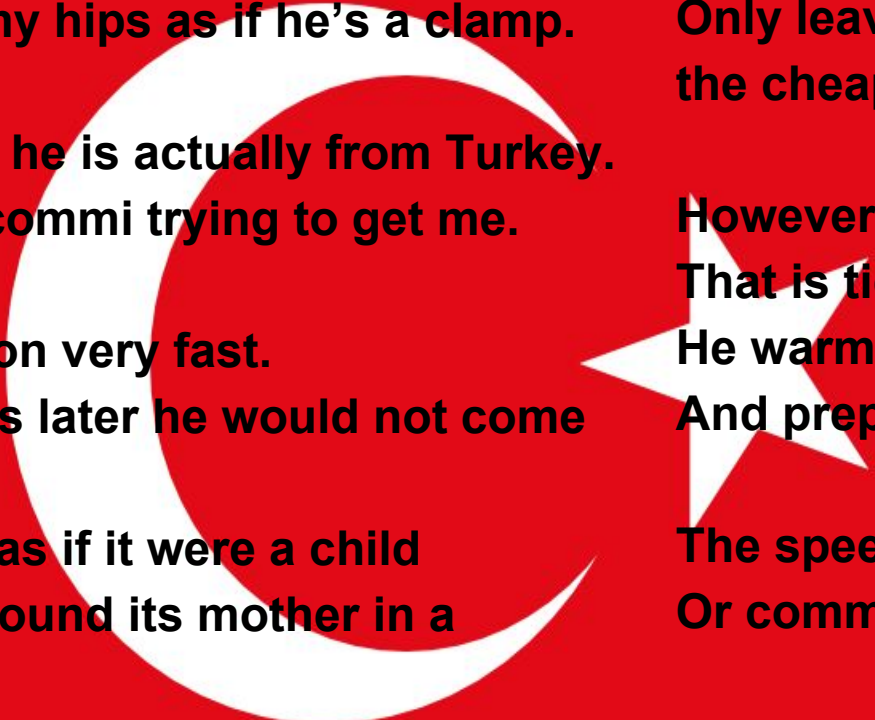
Sarah Van Weelden

Photo credit:

<http://www.freefoto.com/download/41-04-72/Amber-Traffic-Light>

# Turkey Butt

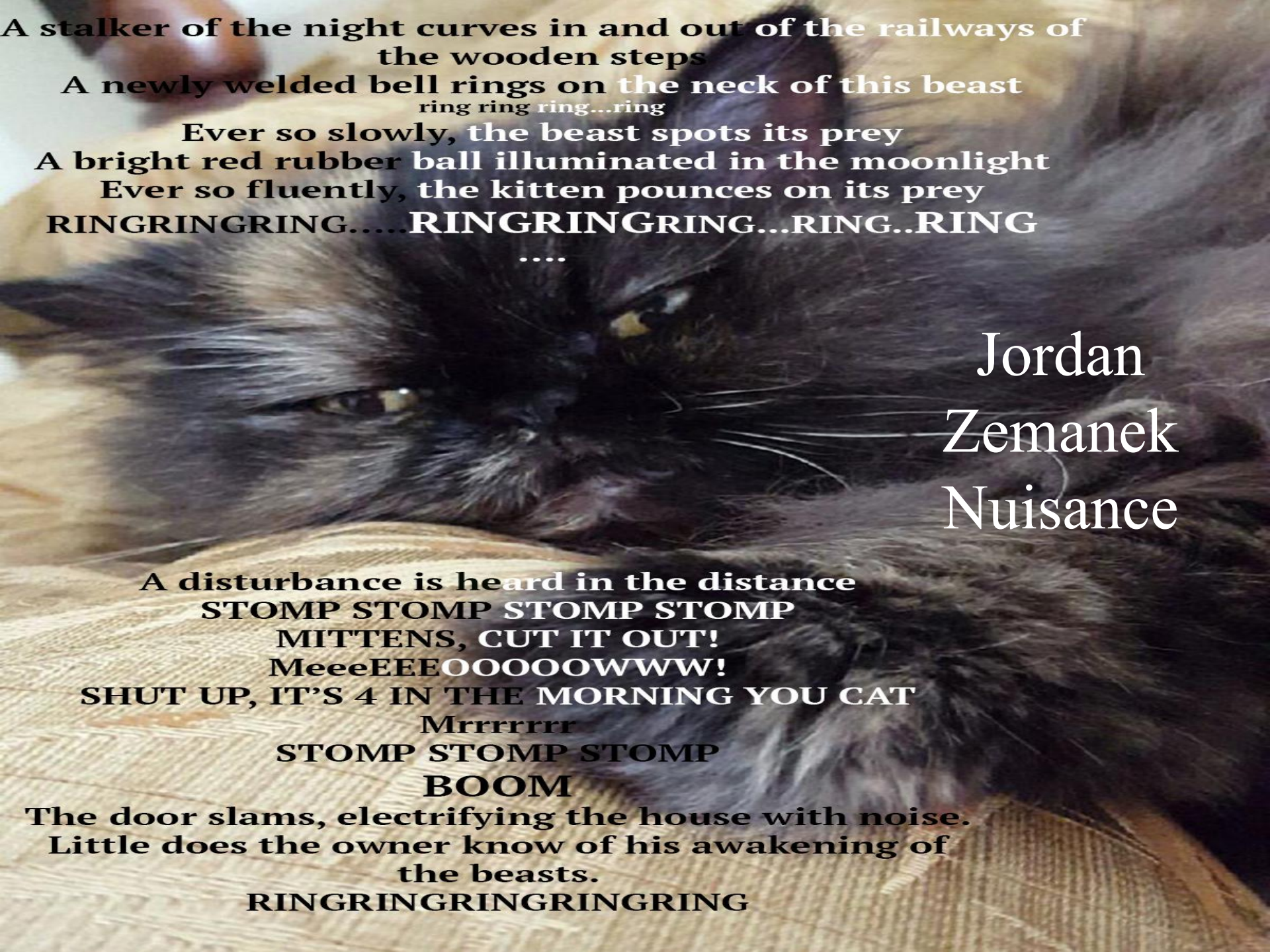
By Isaak Webb



My turkey butt speedo  
Is not the nicest to my legs.  
He squeezes my hips as if he's a clamp.  
I'm pretty sure he is actually from Turkey.  
Maybe he's a commi trying to get me.  
He once went on very fast.  
But three hours later he would not come  
off.  
He latched on as if it were a child  
Who had just found its mother in a  
Walmart  
I couldn't feel my legs for weeks.  
They had a purple tint  
For almost 28 days after the incident.

He leaves a chlorinated scent,  
A salty yet chemical aroma.  
It covers my entire body.  
Only leaving after three washes with  
the cheap soap in the pool showers.

However, we have a bond  
That is tighter than his seams.  
He warms me up  
And prepares me like no other.  
The speedo of champions,  
Or communists.



**A stalker of the night curves in and out of the railways of  
the wooden steps**

**A newly welded bell rings on the neck of this beast**  
ring ring ring...ring

**Ever so slowly, the beast spots its prey**

**A bright red rubber ball illuminated in the moonlight**

**Ever so fluently, the kitten pounces on its prey**

**RINGRINGRING.....RINGRINGRING...RING..RING**

....

Jordan  
Zemanek  
Nuisance

**A disturbance is heard in the distance**

**STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP**

**MITTENS, CUT IT OUT!**

**MeeeEEEEOOOOOWWW!**

**SHUT UP, IT'S 4 IN THE MORNING YOU CAT**

**Mrrrrrrr**

**STOMP STOMP STOMP**

**BOOM**

**The door slams, electrifying the house with noise.**

**Little does the owner know of his awakening of  
the beasts.**

**RINGRINGRINGRINGRING**