

Creative Writing Literary Magazine

Pella Community High School

Volume 2, Issue 1 - Spring 2015

Note to the Reader:

Thank you for reading these pieces written by the 2nd period Creative Writing class! It takes courage to sign up for Creative Writing, and even more courage to publish something for the public eye.

Creative writing is more than self-expression.

These pieces were chosen specifically to impact the reader: YOU. Some students from this class want to share their vivid memories. Others want to make the reader think about consequences of actions or the complexity of relationships. Many of these pieces will evoke a reaction, whether it is sympathy and despair, fear and shock, or laughter and delight.

Although there are no "quills" involved, students are using the power of words to make a difference. Speaking out is only part of making this difference. The other part is listening to others, using your imagination, and gaining understanding.

Thank you for reading! I hope this publication encourages you to both produce and consume ideas. Only then, can we make a difference!

- Mrs. Whittington

Dani Brouillard

Sink or Swim

I let go of the side of the pool.

The water insisted

It would hold me up,

But instead it swallowed me in.

Engulfed in the trap

Panic circulates inside me.

I let go of the side of the pool.

My heart pounds like a tone deaf drum.

My arms twirl,

My legs kick,

A most ungraceful dance of terror.

Plunging me deeper into the dark.

Sinking.

I let go of the side of the pool.

My body tires out.

The water becomes tranquil.

Chlorine flavor wraps around my tongue

And the cold water explores my lungs.

Drowning.

Mason De Jong

Ya Dun Goof'd

I have a trash bag.

It is grayish blue.

You can put crap in it,

It is not the best thing to carry if you are a killer.

This trash bag is so gray,

It makes the Grinch look happy all the time.

It is folded for quick draw.

I am not sure how much weight it can carry.

This trash bag can be used for a lot of things:

You could put all of your possessions in it from your locker,

You could use it as a backpack!

It is about 5 feet long.

I could put my whole body in it, except my legs,

It could be used as a parachute,

Or use it as a weapon after you put some weight in it.

Don't put it over your head.

This is a nice trash bag

But if anything I would be a recycle bag.

Because recycle bags/bins are clean

And do a favor for the world

By not wasting crap.

Image from: <http://www.polybagcentra>

(n.d.). Retrieved May 14, 2015, from [l.com/images/heading_img.jpg](http://www.polybagcentra)



Kayley DeVos



His Voice

She sat on the ledge, staring at the road below. Thousands of questions rushed through her mind, screaming loudly so she would hear; she felt hopeless and alone. The girl sat for hours, just staring. Was life even worth all the suffering? Would anyone notice if she was gone? The answerless questions just kept on coming. Tears started rolling down her puffy cheeks. How much more could she take? By trying to stay sane, she tried to think of something that would make her change her mind; something, anything. Then a calm, soothing voice said her name. She looked around. There wasn't a soul there. Even though she didn't know where it came from, it kept talking to her, telling her everything would be okay. She knew the voice. It was his voice. There was her reason. She smiled faintly, got down from the ledge and started off for home.

James DeYoung

from *So You Had a Bad Day, Huh?*

“Hey, Joel! Wake up!” Sammy was always energetic in the morning. I guess that’s what happens when there is a six year old in the house. “Hurry up! I’m hungry!” shouted Sammy, jumping up and down on my bed. I rolled over to look at the time. It was 6:13 in the morning. This was not a great way to start off a Monday. I let out a heavy sigh, and turned off my alarm clock. I had meant to sleep in due to the fact that I was tired from all of my homework the night before, but I realized that I could no longer sleep because of my annoying little brother.

Image from: Why a Bad Day Doesn’t Mean a Bad Month. Digital image.
[Http://brunchandbudget.com/why-a-bad-day-doesnt-mean-a-bad-month/](http://brunchandbudget.com/why-a-bad-day-doesnt-mean-a-bad-month/).
7 May 2015. Web.

I got up and started my morning routine, just as I had for the last seven years or so. I staggered over to my closet to look for something to wear that day. Thinking that there was nothing too spectacular happening that day, I didn’t waste much time choosing what to wear. I put on a blue short-sleeved t-shirt and a pair of nice-looking blue jeans. I wore my favorite shoes, a pair of blue and white converse. I then made my way down the stairs to the kitchen. By the time I had gotten downstairs, my brother had attempted to get the cereal from the top shelf, and spilled every last bit of the Lucky Charms all over the floor.



Travis Dingeman

from *Survival*, a short story

The night endured, restlessly calm. I didn't dare move a fiber of muscle. My head was buzzing, and my mind itched with unease. But there was nothing. I listened and looked, but I couldn't manage to find anything out of place. I was about to dismiss the feeling and chalk it up to something in the water, but then I heard it off to my left. It was the faintest of sounds, like a breath of the cool night or a single leaf being overturned on the forest floor. I gazed into the shadows of the trees, but I couldn't manage to catch a glimpse of anything. I glanced away for only a second, but when I looked back, there were two bright green orbs glinting off the light of the fire. For a while, we just stared at each other. I wasn't quite sure what to think of it. Was I supposed to be afraid? Curious? Time seemed to slow for a brief moment as I tried to decide what was happening...



Image from: <http://dreamatico.com/wolf.html>

Kayaking

By: Brody Doren

Water steadily undulates beneath me,
the kayak resembling a sword, slashing through
the waves.

The wind in my face, the trees rustling in the wind.
Its motion, soothing, drifting, calm, like the
flowing of sweet honey
its sound so refreshing and seductive,
it carries suppressed anger like dandelion seed
being carried by the wind.

Kayaking awakens in me the feeling of peace and
curiosity, it brings the inner child to the surface,
rejuvenates the soul and brings me closer to
where nature gave birth to every living creature.

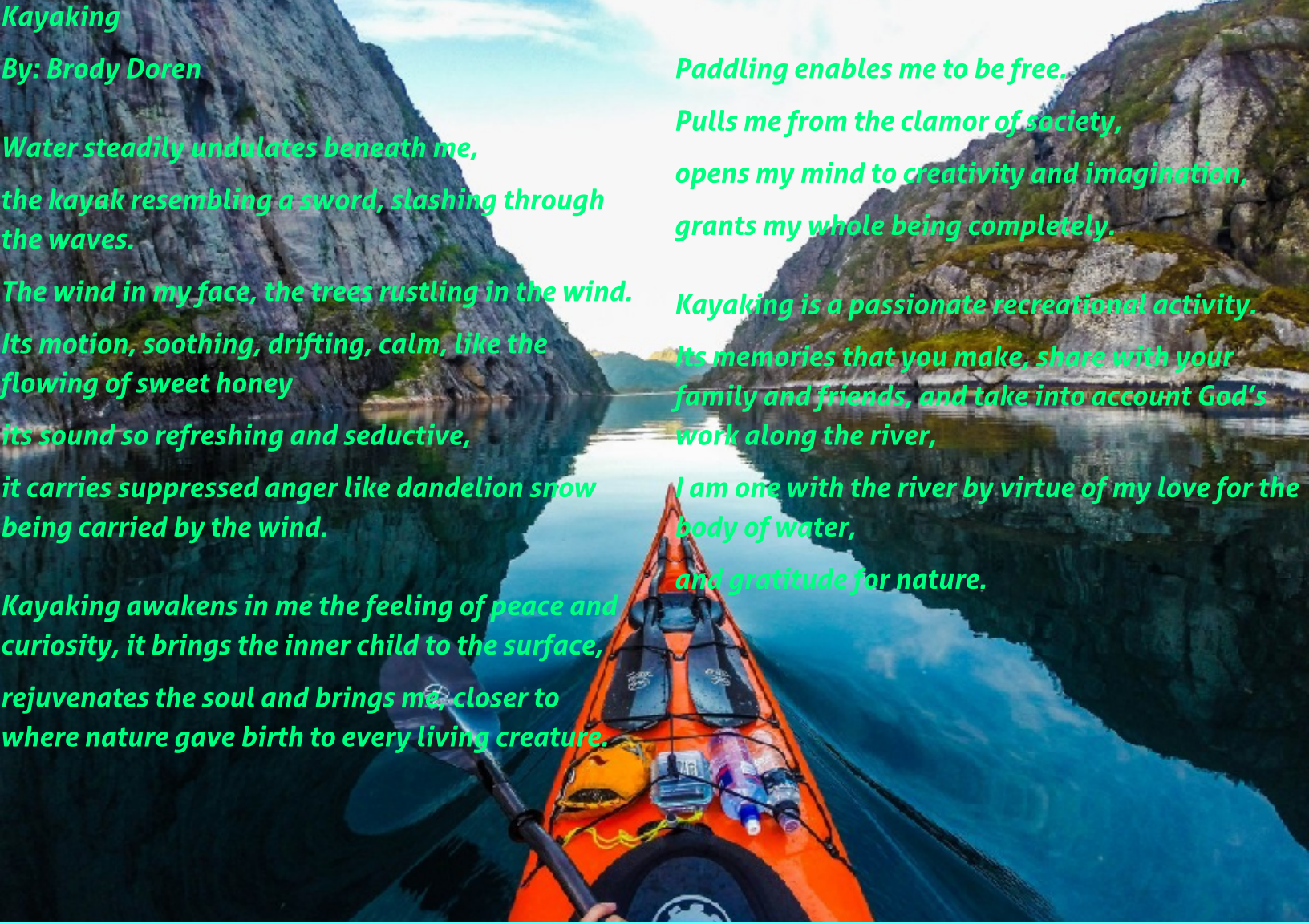
Paddling enables me to be free.

Pulls me from the clamor of society,
opens my mind to creativity and imagination,
grants my whole being completely.

Kayaking is a passionate recreational activity.

Its memories that you make, share with your
family and friends, and take into account God's
work along the river,

I am one with the river by virtue of my love for the
body of water,
and gratitude for nature.



Shelby Holdeman

Welcome to the Fair

“I can’t wait to get to the fair!” a young child exclaims. This is her first time at the fair and she gets to spend it with her family and her best friend. They wait in line with her parents to get tickets. The little girl is jumping for joy, wanting to get in as soon as possible. They get to the ticket window and get their tickets. They walk through the first gates and hand their ticket to the ticket counter.

“Hello young lady! Have fun at the fair!” the old lady sitting in the chair said, smiling at the little girl and then glancing up at her parents. She tells the little girl’s parents where the best food and attractions are on the grounds. With a swift movement, the family moves along, vanishing into the constantly growing crowd of the Iowa State Fair.



Explosions in the Sky

By Riley Holtrop

At this point, mid way through the summer, we were bored. We lived freely, like bikers on a Harleys. After putting out a fire from a rampant firework, we walked the dusty trail back towards my house. Jesse got ahead of us and sprinted towards the staple Oak, surrounded by a pasture of dry grass scorched by the sun's summer heat. He hastily lit up the last of the TNT. He set it down and dashed out of the area. We emerged out of the woods as it exploded out of its package: colorful flames even bigger and brighter than the last one. The only problem was how it lit up like paper doused with gasoline. The west wind blew up the area. Little fires scattered and quickly interconnected. Bridger promptly grabbed his cellphone, dialed 911 and calmly explained our situation. As he talked, we ran to get water and boards. We whacked at the fire slowly bringing the fire in. We could only cover so much area at a time. We did the best that we could but it wasn't enough. It had to be at least 20 minutes before the fire department came. They sprayed at the water and within 10 minutes it was out. Afterwards they gave us a long speech about fire safety. We listened closely and took their advice. Sort of...



The Place I Hate

I hate this place

like more than I hate reading

The smell of musk is strong in the
air

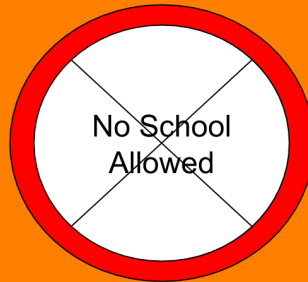
There is only one thing that makes
it tolerable

even though they are annoying
like an early morning alarm clock

We get worked like dogs

There is only work to be done
with limited time to play

Not once can we relax



The only ray of light comes at 3:15

Only to be shot down

Sit at the table until 11:00pm

Then it's off to bed to reset our life
until the next morning

The alarm sounds like a screaming
schoolgirl

Back to our old boring life
to once again be comforted by friends

We waste our time at this place
not for a promise in the future but a
boosted hope

An Idea of a better life for us

Jacob Jansen

Life

My name is Jeff, and I am an addict. I have been going to support group meeting for 6 months now: 7am every day. They are supposed to give you the confidence to face your addiction and kick it, but I look around this circle and I see failure. Everyone is here for a reason. The reason isn't necessarily their addiction; it lies much deeper. I don't see addicts. I see anger. I see betrayal. I see heart break. I see loss. Their problems are not the addiction itself. Life got the best of them. Most people don't turn to substances. Most people have others there for them. That's why we are here. The only thing in life we really have is each other.



Little Witch by Olivia Kane

It was the middle of the night, and she had just drawn the circle and set up the candles. The candles were purple and she hoped she had chosen the right color for the occasion. Striking the match, she lit the candles and placed a bowl full of purified water in the middle of the circle. It was too late to turn back now.

She looked to her house to make sure that no one had seen her shenanigans. She was worried her family would catch her in a black tank top and skirt with sigils written in pen all down her arms. Her family were all devote Christians and she would not enjoy seeing what would happen if her parents found out about her attempted magic use. She had been practicing to become a better witch for months now and had only been caught once by her little brother, and she only got out of that one by saying that she was practicing an art project for school. Thank the gods her brother was gullible enough to buy it and not mention the incident to their parents.

She turned her attention back to her task at hand. Her finals were in two days and she needed help desperately. She was so worried that she decided to take the risk of doing a ceremony outside under the full moon. She was sitting in a clearing behind the gardens, out in the open, where anyone could look out the window and see her. She only decided to do it

in the clearing because she didn't want to do it in the woods or in their gardens. Doing this in either of those places would be, pretty much, inviting the fae to mess with her, and she had learned early on that you never messed with the fae or allowed the fae to mess with you. One week of creeping giggling at night and stuff disappearing from her room was enough.

She took a deep breath; the candles were starting to melt, and wax was dripping down their sides. The moon was high overhead and it was almost midnight. She took the two charm necklaces out of her purse she had brought all of her stuff in. They were clay sigil necklaces that she had made earlier that day while her family was at her brother's soccer game. She dropped them in the bowl, and they fell to the bottom with a "clunk." With that she uttered a blessing over the bowl, then took a small wash cloth out of her bag and began to wash the sigils off her arms, allowing the ink to flow into the bowl.

When she was done, she removed the necklaces from the bowl and placed them in the grass in front of her. With that the ceremony that she had planned was complete. She went to blow out the candles, and as she did she knocked the water bowl over into the grass. With that she knew she had messed up

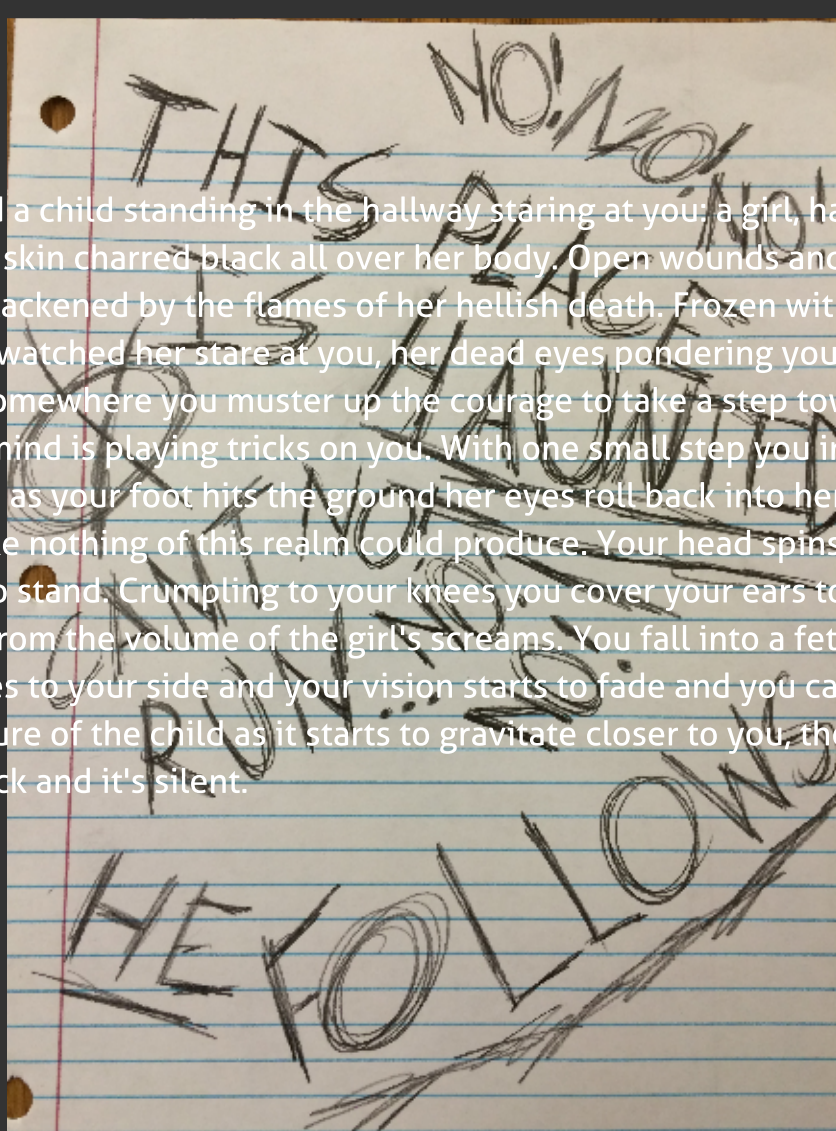
colossally. She did the very thing that she wanted, no, needed to avoid, she had attracted the fae's attention. The candles were still lit and water blessed with her own spell and sigils had flowed into the grass. It was too late now. She was screwed. She hurried and blew out the candles and shoved all the rest of her things into her bag. She hid the candles behind a tree and hoped no one would find them, and then hurriedly scuffed up the circle she had drawn. She rushed inside her house into her room; she knew that she wouldn't be safe there, but at least she was on home turf. She put away her stuff where her family wouldn't look and climbed into bed without changing into her pajamas. She pulled the covers up over her head. That was when she heard it. Giggling. Loud threatening giggling. She slowly lowered the blankets from her eyes, and right in front of her face were glowing red eyes.

And the giggling didn't stop.



Alex Kiloren

You whip around to find a child standing in the hallway staring at you: a girl, half of her face melted off and skin charred black all over her body. Open wounds and burns exposed bones blackened by the flames of her hellish death. Frozen with fear you just stood and watched her stare at you, her dead eyes pondering your mere existence. From somewhere you muster up the courage to take a step towards her, thinking that your mind is playing tricks on you. With one small step you inch towards her but as soon as your foot hits the ground her eyes roll back into her head and she shrieks like nothing of this realm could produce. Your head spins and you find it impossible to stand. Crumpling to your knees you cover your ears to find that they are bleeding from the volume of the girl's screams. You fall into a fetal position from your knees to your side and your vision starts to fade and you can barely make out the figure of the child as it starts to gravitate closer to you, then your vision fades to black and it's silent.



Vinegar Valentine to Dogs

From your greasy, grimy fur,
to the abominable stench of your coat.

When I look at any one of you

All I want to do is upchuck.

Those vulgar, jagged nails dragging,
as you walk across the floor.

The big black splotch, thrown across your face.

It's saturated, it's slimy, and aqueous too

But all I can do, when I look at any one of you
is discipline myself,
and not kick you across the room.

It just makes me queasy,
when you sniff my backside,
and drench my hand,
with your worm-like, long, tongue.

When owners say to me,

"He's just saying hi"

I completely disagree,
so get this barbarian away from me!

Image from: Bagus, Wahyu, and Jawa Timur. "Pink Free Glitter Wallpaper." *Download*
3000x2400. Page Resource, n.d. Web. 14 May 2015.

By Mariah Kooyman

Sara Martin

Relationships: A Collage

Night

Bingo always goes late when Bert is in charge and by the time the doors open and everyone floods out, the moon is high in the sky. There is a chill in the air and the breeze makes each and every participant shiver. A couple walks down the driveway, towards home. They always walk. It's healthy and they need to feel as healthy as they can at their age. The darkness of the evening surrounds them and their frail bones fill with the biting air. It's okay, though, because it just gives them a reason to walk a little bit closer together, sharing the warmth of their hands between them.

Desolate

The key in the door rattles and the metal locks click open. She runs her hand on the wall, searching for the lightswitch. She flips lights on all around the apartment. The more lights, the fuller the vacant place seems. She listens for a moment but all she can hear is her heartbeat and bubbling laughter coming from across the hall. Not here though. There hasn't been laughter here in a long time; not laughter, and not much talking either. Here, there is just her, her thoughts, and her lonely, empty heart.

Early Morning

Doors are slamming and the high pitch sound of zippers can be heard all around the house. The microwave is beeping and cups of cocoa and coffee are being passed around. Trips to grandma's house are always long drives and an early start is needed in order to get there in one day. Once all the clothing is stuffed into bags, and backpacks are filled with necessities for long car rides, the family exits from the back door. The crisp morning air makes their eyes water and their noses sting. The family looks at one another for a moment. It's early, almost too early, but it's that early morning bliss, when you're too sleepy to understand what's going on, that you feel the most grateful for what you have.

Drew Mortensen

Most of you, when I say that I like wrestling will respond with, "You know that's fake right?" or "They're just actors." Yes, I do know they're actors, and it's scripted, or the better word for it,

is choreographed, but what you don't realize is people like me, we don't watch wrestling because we're expecting UFC or some other full contact sport. Rather, wrestling has more in common with the TV show dramas or movies we watch than with actual wrestling itself.

Wrestling is not fake though, in the fact that it features high flying stunts performed in front of live audiences where people do actually get injured from simple dislocations to actual deaths that have happened, all in the name of entertainment. Wrestling even has the occasional great story telling that last longer than most TV shows do or movies even .

There are some wrestling storylines that have been going on for more than two decades and those people are still wrestling. There are even family lines of wrestling that go back more than two generations from parents to children. The great thing about wrestling is

I can always count on a story to never be dropped or cancelled like TV shows or books do. The thing about it is that the story goes on. That's the thing about wrestling ...it doesn't end but neither does life. People crave melodrama; they crave fiction when they're sitting around being lazy and texting... it's because you're bored. We as humans need something to

distract us from real life. Our imagination is our greatest gift, and our greatest curse

because we're bored all the time. That's what fiction does for us it gives us a simulator for bigger stories, bigger emotions than what we feel in our everyday lives. That's what Lord of the Rings or Harry Potter or Game of Thrones does. It's us watching or reading and feeling the human capacity for empathy and excitement through imagination. That's why we have stories - to see heroes or villains grow and change to go from underdog to undefeatable,

That's what we crave. That's what we all want from shows like *Breaking Bad* or books like *Eragon*. We don't care if it's good people or bad people, we just want to see it. We need entertainment, and we want it every time we're bored, and when I, or others like me, watch wrestling that's what we get. Don't get me wrong though, a lot of wrestling is silly or just plain bad, but when the story is good, it's amazing. Wrestling is melodrama. Wrestling is mythology. Wrestling is comic books. The only thing wrestling isn't is wrestling.

Thanksgiving

I can't eat anymore. Oh goodness my stomach hurts. I look down the table at my family members who continue to chow down and power through. Their stomachs have to be made of iron. I just want to go home so I can sleep and hopefully try not to puke all over my sheets. However, everyone has to finish eating before we can leave. Thanks Grandma for making that rule. I watch as my grandpa slowly babies his last few pieces of turkey. "Just eat it already you old coot!" I scream in my head. As he swallows the last bite I exhale a sigh of relief. Then I hear it. "Who's ready for pie?!" Grandma says with a smile. I sink back in my chair depressed. I wait for another half-hour before everyone's pie is gone and I successfully hold my food down while watching my fat cousin Joe eat four pieces of it. I thank my grandparents and say goodbye to them and my family and run out the door. I survived! Oh no, running wasn't a good idea. *Hurk*.

Annie Pfadenhauer

Food for thought: chocolate, chocolate, chocolate.

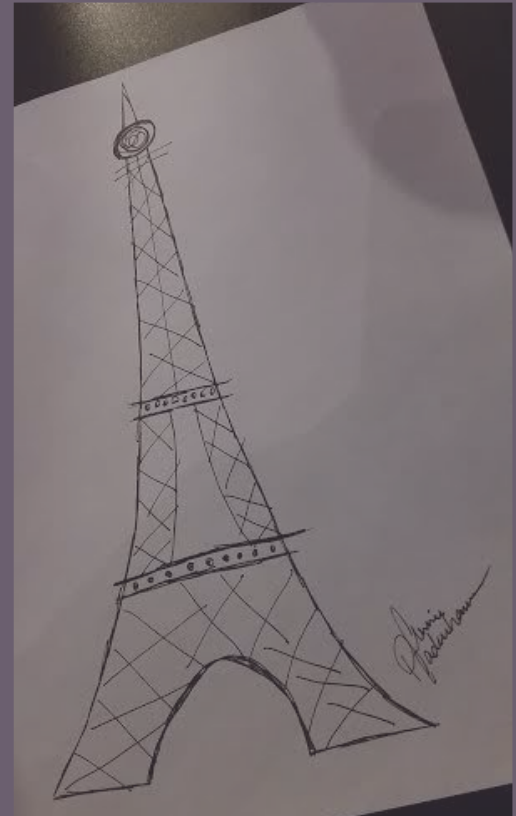
Travel, study, talk, love, breathe, repeat.

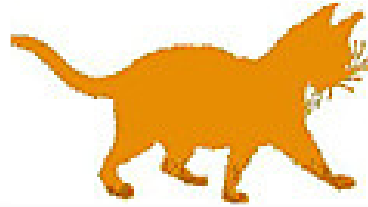
In the busyness, remember the small.

Soft piano and bass drum moments.

Everything is better when in Rome.

Use imagination in all you do.





The Cat

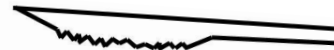
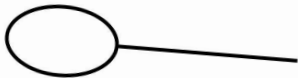
The neighborhood cat named Timmy only came out at night. He didn't let people touch him or get close to him, but people still tried. The people living in the neighborhood liked watching him, but they didn't know what he did at night since no one was awake.

Timmy liked to rummage through the garbage, and when he tipped them over and made a mess, the humans always blamed raccoons. Ha! Raccoons. Timmy thought it was amusing that he could fool the humans so well, and he would continue to do it for a long time just for his amusement since he never got in trouble. What stupid humans.

A rumor spread through the kitchen.

The spoon dished out the gossip. The glass's trust was shattered. The oven heated up from embarrassment. The table was rigid and stood his ground. The fridge stayed cool throughout and the freezer was cold to everyone.

But the worst of them all was the knife, who got stabbed in the back.



Joel Yeager

The Archer

Calm, quiet, still
as each breath of
wind
is echoed in my steady
breath and heartbeat.

They are constant,
Everlasting.

As the string is pulled
back,
the salty taste of
sweat on my lip,
the world slows,
and slows and slows.

I am at peace,
at a place where
nothing moves,
only my heartbeat can
be felt,
yet it is as strong as
ever.

Every tree, rock, bird,
even the worms hold
their breath.

The world is still,
Unmovable.
Unbreakable.

The string loosens
from my grip.

Like a small town in
the early morning,
the world slowly
becomes alive.

Every tree, rock, bird,
and worm
sighs of relief,
for the world, still
spins on.

