

Creative Writing Literary Magazine

Pella Community High School

Volume 2, Issue 2 - Spring 2015

Note to the Reader:

Thank you for reading these pieces written by the 3rd period Creative Writing class! It takes courage to sign up for Creative Writing, and even more courage to publish something for the public eye.

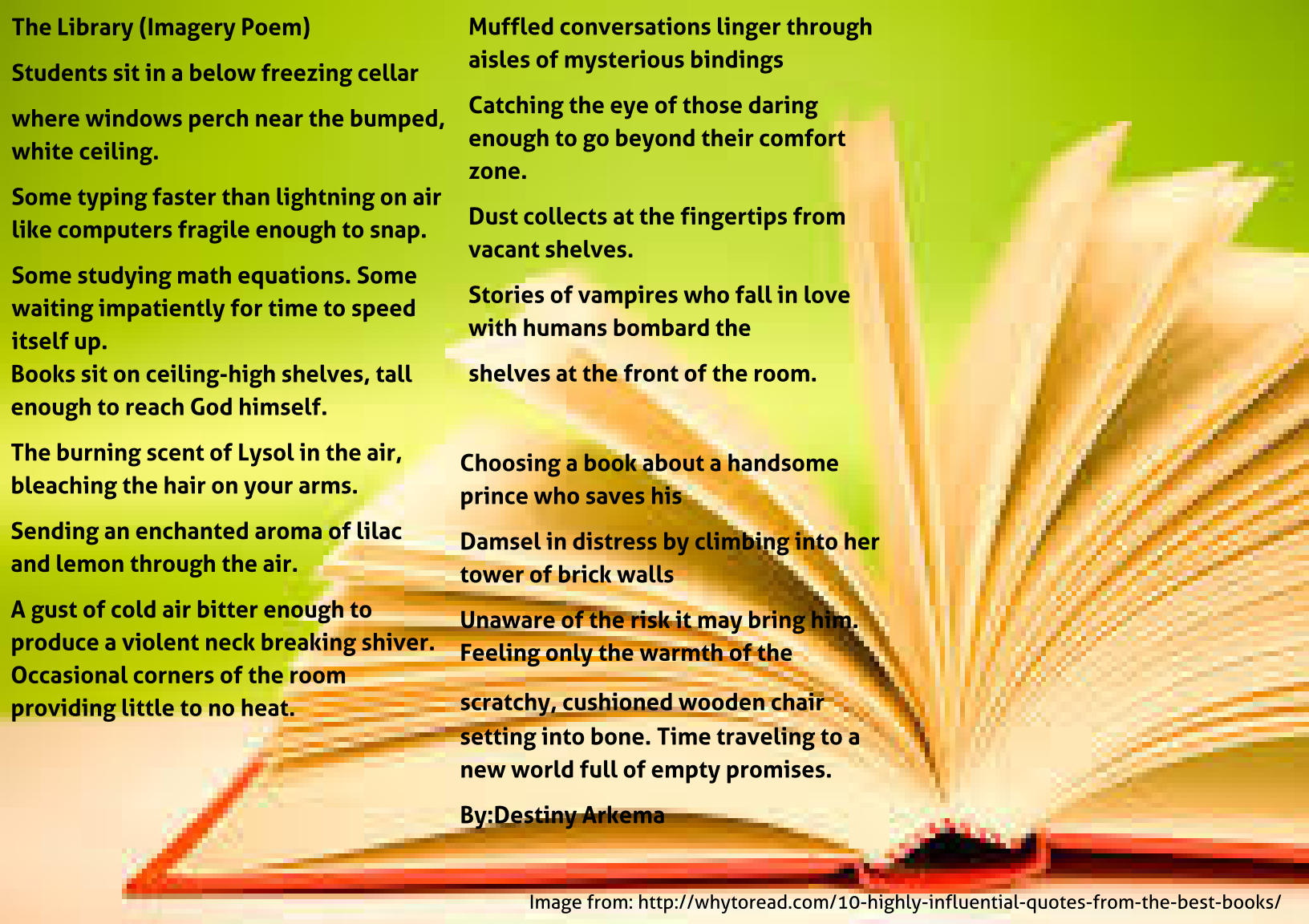
Creative writing is more than self-expression.

These pieces were chosen specifically to impact the reader: YOU. These students hope to inspire you, see or experience, and learn from their mistakes. Some students want to inspire you, and some want to make you cringe or laugh. Others want to let you know that you are not alone.

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



The Library (Imagery Poem)

**Students sit in a below freezing cellar
where windows perch near the bumped,
white ceiling.**

**Some typing faster than lightning on air
like computers fragile enough to snap.**

**Some studying math equations. Some
waiting impatiently for time to speed
itself up.**

**Books sit on ceiling-high shelves, tall
enough to reach God himself.**

**The burning scent of Lysol in the air,
bleaching the hair on your arms.**

**Sending an enchanted aroma of lilac
and lemon through the air.**

**A gust of cold air bitter enough to
produce a violent neck breaking shiver.
Occasional corners of the room
providing little to no heat.**

**Muffled conversations linger through
aisles of mysterious bindings**

**Catching the eye of those daring
enough to go beyond their comfort
zone.**

**Dust collects at the fingertips from
vacant shelves.**

**Stories of vampires who fall in love
with humans bombard the
shelves at the front of the room.**

**Choosing a book about a handsome
prince who saves his**

**Damsel in distress by climbing into her
tower of brick walls**

**Unaware of the risk it may bring him.
Feeling only the warmth of the**

**scratchy, cushioned wooden chair
setting into bone. Time traveling to a
new world full of empty promises.**

By:Destiny Arkema

Jacob Becker



Massive Dump Truck Load.

A story about the life of a tire.

Who am I? Only the biggest and strongest tire in the whole galaxy. I dare you to run in front of me while I'm on a roll. Nothing can stop me, except the gigantic brakes that accommodate me on my daily full-time job journey. I carry massive loads on my back every day and endure heavy weight training repetitively. For humans, the more they strength train, the stronger they get. For me, the opposite it true. The more I lift and and the more frequently, the weaker I get. My grip becomes less. My strain starts to show through. Finally, I am replaced. :(

Image from: Layout Sparks. N.p., n.d. Web. 13 May 2015.

<<http://images2.layoutsparks.com/1/145910/dump-truck-graveyard-image.jpg>>.

The Hospital Bed

All she does is sit in the hospital bed by herself. She uses the stupid ice machine and sees the doctor every two hours to check her vitals. She had torn her ACL in a soccer game. She then had to have surgery and now she awaits the time she will be released. Like a lonely sailboat in the Pacific Ocean, she lies in the hospital bed all alone. She doesn't get much sleep thinking about the next season, wondering if she'll ever play again, pondering the thought of when the next time she'll get poked and prodded, and the pain. She prays and hopes that she will recover soon so she can get back to walking and running and more importantly, playing the sport she loves.



Katie Bennett

She is so beautiful
blue and green flashing lights with cords strewn about like gorgeous hair
When she wakes up you can feel her cool breath press against your leg.
A clear body allows you to see her true beauty,
her inside personality

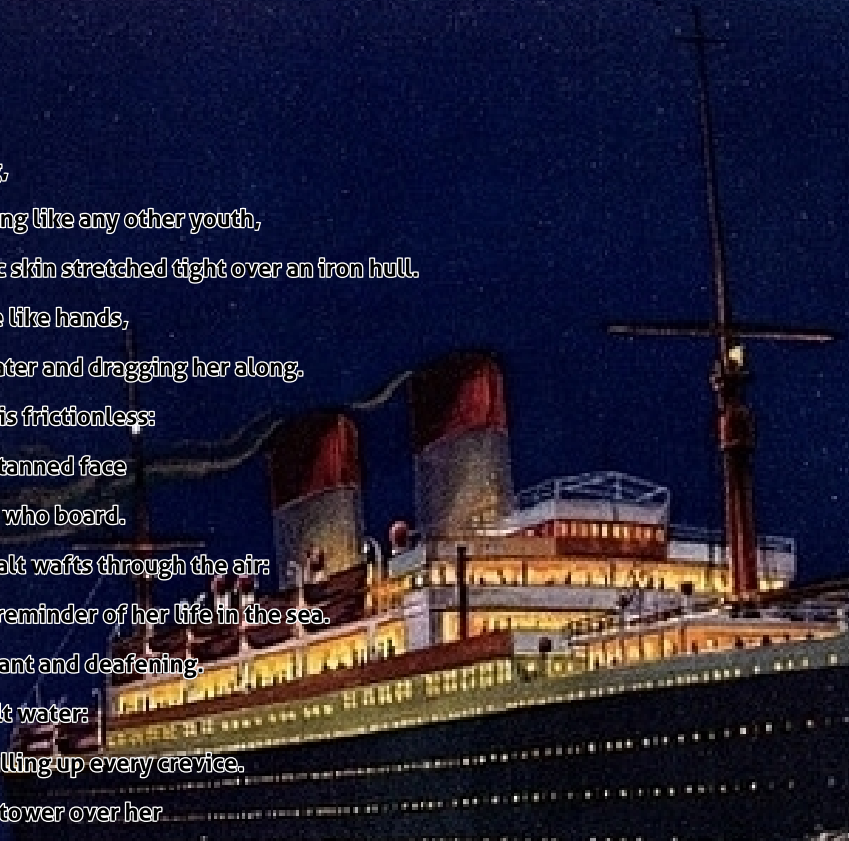
She is talented
processing hundreds of math problems at once.
She can run too
She can run and run and run for days without getting tired.

She is also loyal, and not the jealous type
Always turns on when I want her to
and if something's wrong, she'll tell me.
She's not the jealous type
when I'm using a different computer I get no complaints.

She never grows old.
Fans stop working
cords get frayed,
but they're simply replaced.

Hey I'm going out with the guys tonight,
hummmmmm.
Hey I'm playing on my Xbox instead instead of with you,
hummmmmm.
Only positive feedback.

Oh Ship



She hastens along,
 Playing and working like any other youth,
 Her silver metallic skin stretched tight over an iron hull.
 Her propellers are like hands,
 grasping at the water and dragging her along.
 Her wooden deck is frictionless:
 A smooth and suntanned face
 Recognized by all who board.
 The scent of sea salt wafts through the air:
 The ever present reminder of her life in the sea.
 Her voice is resonant and deafening.
 It spreads like spilt water:
 Never stopping, filling up every crevice.
 Her smoke stacks tower over her
 Spewing steam into the cold night air:
 The frustrated heat of the straining engines below.
 Daintily she swims her way through the frigid water,
 Her crows nest a quiet and blind eye in the night.
 She is left defenseless: At the mercy of the unknown and
 unseen.

Like a walk in the dark,
 It is only a matter of time
 Before she stubs her toe.
 A mortal wound to her otherwise perfect side,
 She begins the bad habit of drinking.
 Once she starts, she can't stop.
 Her smoke stack no longer stand straight up,
 The engines sputter and die,
 Her hands lose their grip,
 Her once deep and resonant voice
 Is now like a wail in the night.
 Her face has a permanent look of chaos.
 She has drank too much and now it is time;
 Time for her to rest in the depths she called
 home.
 She lets out one last sigh
 As she is relieved from her burden And glides
 gently into the abyss.

Mackenzie Gustafson

Spoken Word

I remember when I was a Kid,
Short blonde hair, bangs and braces

When I was a kid
Life was easy,
Everybody got along
No worries, no drama

I remember when I was a kid
We were never tired
But got naps everyday
We could easily fake sick
And stay at home all day

Not a care in the world,
just flying through life

I remember when I was a kid
Nobody cared what you did
You were granted forgiveness
Even when you made the mess

I remember when I was a kid
When birthdays were a big hit
and presents were a must do

I remember when I was kid
coloring books were my fav
when I would misbehave
and play-doh was a back up
when I had nothing else to mess up

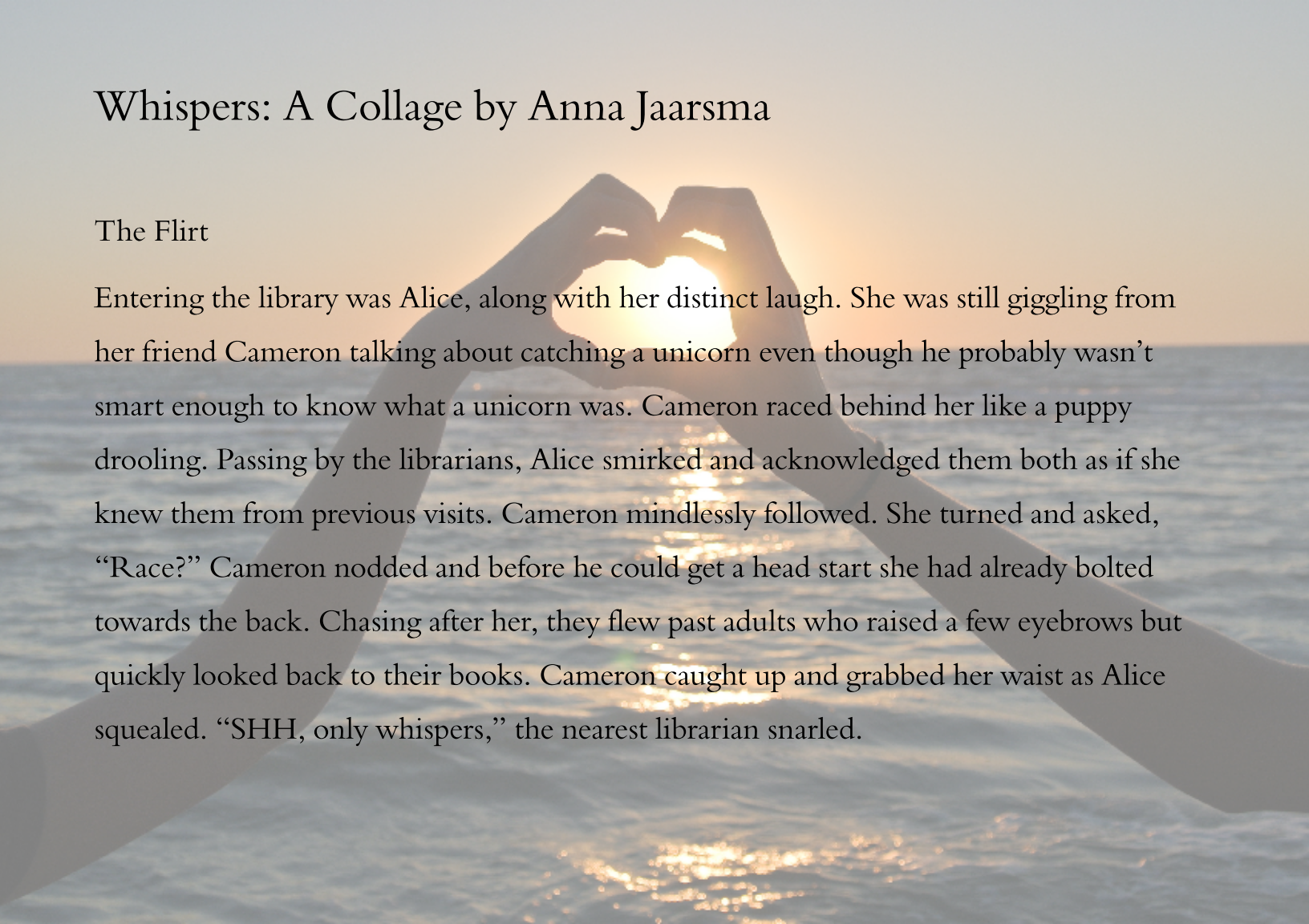
I remember when I was a kid
Vacations were a must do
so Disney was the go to

I remember when
Ding dong ditching was the crime
because we had so much free time


Now there's no going back
to when we were kids so live in the
moment and get on track

Whispers: A Collage by Anna Jaarsma

The Flirt

A background image showing a sunset over the ocean. In the foreground, two hands are silhouetted against the bright sun, forming a heart shape. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a strong glow and reflecting on the water's surface. The hands are positioned centrally, with the fingers pointing towards the sun to complete the heart shape.

Entering the library was Alice, along with her distinct laugh. She was still giggling from her friend Cameron talking about catching a unicorn even though he probably wasn't smart enough to know what a unicorn was. Cameron raced behind her like a puppy drooling. Passing by the librarians, Alice smirked and acknowledged them both as if she knew them from previous visits. Cameron mindlessly followed. She turned and asked, "Race?" Cameron nodded and before he could get a head start she had already bolted towards the back. Chasing after her, they flew past adults who raised a few eyebrows but quickly looked back to their books. Cameron caught up and grabbed her waist as Alice squealed. "SHH, only whispers," the nearest librarian snarled.

A photograph of a winter landscape. The scene is filled with snow-covered trees and branches, creating a dense, white, and textured background. A path or clearing is visible in the lower part of the image, leading towards a distant, hazy horizon. The overall atmosphere is cold and serene.

The sun is peeking through the overcast clouds
Getting brighter as they crawl away.
They're streaking across the sky
Telling me their story.

Melting snow is on the ground
Lining the trees and
Their branches gnarled as a hunchback.

There are wet spots
On the pebbly concrete from the trees.
"drip-drip-drip"

Leftover fall leaves and twigs litter the
ground.

There is no green
Everything is dead.

A crow caws singularly
Covered by distant industrial noise.
Ruckus from the parking lot digs in.

My fingers freeze against the paper
The cold of concrete seeps through my pants.
A light breeze blows my hair
A shiver runs through my body.

Karah Lyons

My Toilet

By Craig Miller

***I think my toilet
hates me.***

***Like a child being bullied
he is attacked every day.***

***Every time I complete
my work,
he becomes a motorcycle, growling
with rage and fear.***

***His tears flow down
like a river.***

***He cleanses his pale white skin
of the filth trapped within.***

He just doesn't understand.

I can't control it.

***Gallon after gallon,
like a burst dam.***

***But still he sits
on the frigid bathroom floor.
Waiting, watching, worrying***

Flush.



Senioritis
by Tristen VanderHeiden
I was born a senior,
procrastinating on everything
I didn't always pay attention
but I had goals
My main goal was to get
high... grades in school
good grades are important for
college
Most times in class my mind is
elsewhere
But honestly who would care
Class is something I cannot bear
Teachers today are out of power
We just wait until the end of the
hour

I go to a public school
where everyone is Dutch
That's why it is too much
everyone thinks they are cool
Ouch!
Each day is a struggle
I've had some rough times
I ate some dirt

I was thrown in the grass
I used my hand to wipe my...
tears
I have a disease
It's not life threatening
but it is contagious
Some call it outrageous
I need a medication
for my procrastination
my sickness is spreading
all around the nation
There has to be a revelation

to this frustration
of writing explications
It is a burden on my education
It has to end before graduation

I'm going to miss high school
though
I'll miss all of the fun times
we all remember that guy who lost
a bet
and came to school in yoga sweats

Enjoy it, they say
you'll want to come back someday
I want to make the best out of this
place

But sometimes
I want graduation to come at a
faster pace
As a senior, I leave every day at
noon
Then I realize graduation is here
Tomorrow came too soon...





Dom & Letty Toretto:

He starts to slow down,
an interesting car amuses him,
he wants it!

What's more exciting is the gorgeous face looking
back at him, like they instantly have a connection.

She already knows that he wants her car,
but does she know that's not the only thing?
She looks at the man & his amazing looks,
but on the inside she wants to see how good he can ride.
That's how she will determine if she will even talk to
this mysterious man, with a gorgeous look on his face.

By. Haley Van Zante

Image from *The Washington Post*

He hands her the necklace,

The necklace that holds all the
secrets,

between them,

even things that their family
doesn't know,

yet.

Through, and through,

He tried, she left,

And then she finally realized what she was
missing,

it was family.

Toretto had many struggles with Letty,

But he had his best friend, brother,

Toretto, and his family gather

to make a toast

to a very important friend that they have lost:

Brian O' Connor

Katie Van Zee

The Younger Sister

My brother is 4 years older than me.

His name is Jon.

Jon with no H.

Make sure you get it right.

Our birthdays are one day apart, but we are four years apart in age

I remember hearing stories about how he was mad when I was born

He was never actually mad,

He just didn't want to admit that he was happy he now had a little sister to deal with

I remember the first time he let me put my "play" makeup on him and mom got real mad.

When we were little we always played together everyday.

We rode our bikes around the farm, and played on the swings together for hours on end.

I remember the time we moved and sat on the floor and ate pizza in our empty new house.

I remember when I broke my leg two days before kindergarten. He was there to help me.

We would sit out in lawn chairs while mom worked in the garden and he would read to me.

I remember when we would go outside after it had rained.

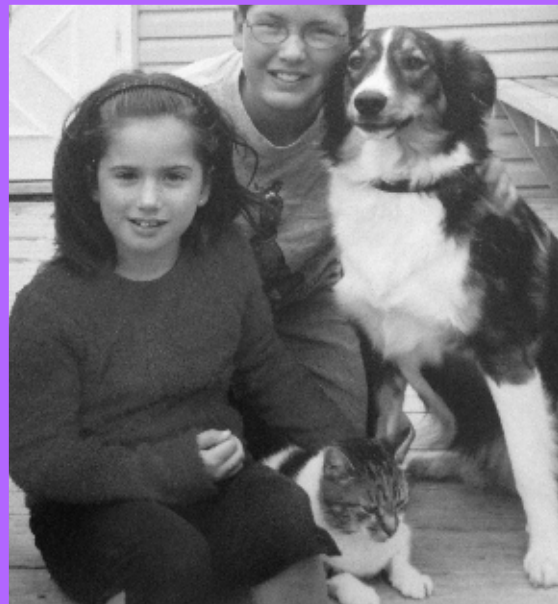
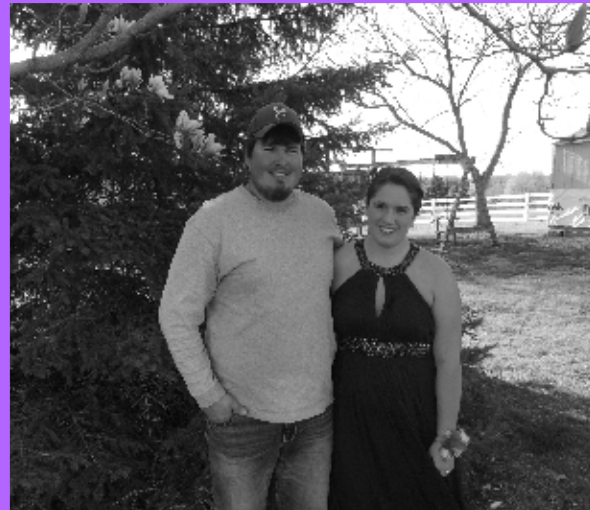
We would test how deep the puddles were with a stick

It was always fun.. until he would shove me into the puddle

I remember when we made our own teeter totter above a mud puddle

He launched me into it.

I got covered in mud from head to toe, ruining my brand new shirt.



Leah Wilborn

For Five Seconds, I was an Artist

I walked into
the first day of Drawing 1
convinced that I was an art prodigy.
I rolled the graphite around in my fingers
while the paints eagerly waited
for me to take them and turn them into
something
astounding.

The room gave me goosebumps
and smelled of inspiration and clay
I knew that I was born to create.

But when you sign up for an art class
there is one thing they neglect to tell you.

Lots of people
are very, very bad at art.
And those people
should not take Drawing 1.

Because the sound of colored pencils
will begin to sound like nails on a chalkboard.
And the art teacher will descend from their
pedestal.

Who majors in art, anyway?
She doesn't even wash her hands.

This room smells like mud
It's freezing down here

Was that a mouse?

This C is going to kill my GPA.

Spoken Word Poem by Isabella Wisham, excerpt from *Eyes(And what they can do)*.

*I throw my body ahead of me to catch the underground express,
And throw back glances to check if you're still with me amongst the mess.*

*We are fleeting images, racing against the crowds and our curfew.
But that was enough for the eyes.*

*Enough for the eyes to catch our darting figures,
As flocks of blustering people circle the gaping tunnels.*

*We are tossed with the turbulent rabble and slip under into darkness
like a mourner's veil.*

I hear the cross engines bicker,

Whipping up the air with its panting breath,

Like a beaten dog lapping up the iron tracks as if it had turned into water.

Its sleek, silver muscles quake with drowsiness,

Even so, it is commanded to push onward for another daily routine.

Chug, Chug, Chugging on coal.

Huffing and sputtering with its heated cheeks.

The doors of the floodgates release their sweating prisoners,

And swarms of people struggle to swim upstream.

The car crams us into its mouth like a greedy child.

Image from: Graham, Robyn. "Capturing Life One Image at a Time | Blog." Robyn Graham Photography, 13 Jan. 2013. Web. 14 May 2015.

Short Story by Isabella Wisham, excerpt from *Holy Ghost*.

Steadily the room about me was sinking into stillness and the pursuer's footsteps were gradually fading. And yet I began to listen, to a faint inhale of breath, as if a living body had awakened beneath the floorboards: a sound that was not my own, but perhaps from another's. It could not have been me, for my breath was well taken, caught by the common cold of grief. A vigorous current was pressing at my door, rattling its golden knob. My bare feet cautious as to what heavenly bodies may surrounded it, shaking my uneven heart. My smoldering hands drifting prayers up to heaven, thinking with utmost certainty,

"If I am to be a mere flicker in the gorge of an evil and treacherous world, lit by God's holy fire, make me burn!"

Flickering wickedly strong and fervid in my soul was a Spirit unlike any ghost before. The Holy Ghost, as it was named, had surged beyond the threshold of my door.

John-Michael Zalcborg

I wake up to the sound of squelching, and a warm wetness enveloping my chest. I glance down and see a giant spider squirming its way out of my chest, its hairy legs working fervently underneath the white pallor of my skin.

Can we be friends?