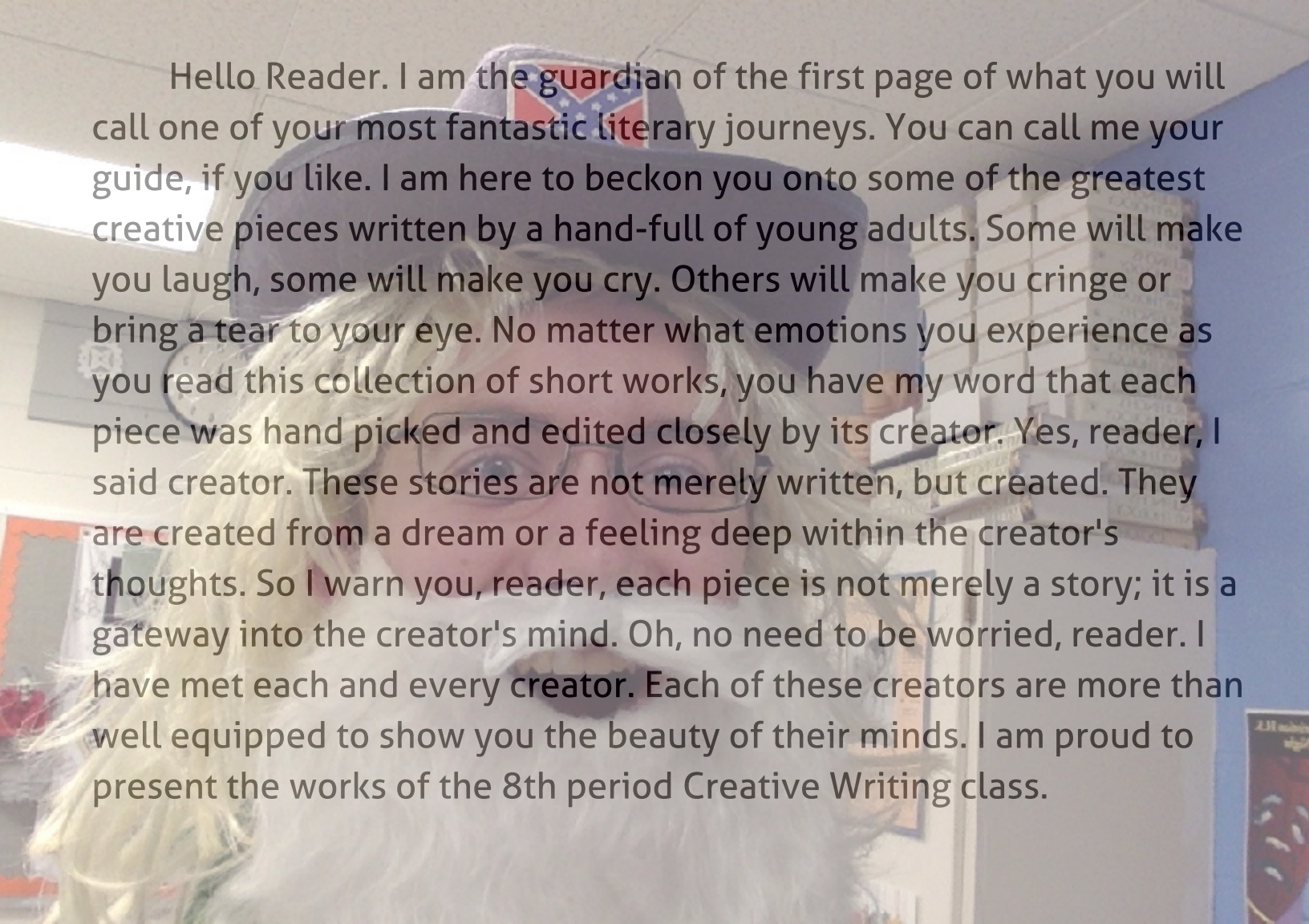




Creative Writing Literary Magazine

Pella Community High School

Volume 2, Issue 3 - Spring 2015



Hello Reader. I am the guardian of the first page of what you will call one of your most fantastic literary journeys. You can call me your guide, if you like. I am here to beckon you onto some of the greatest creative pieces written by a hand-full of young adults. Some will make you laugh, some will make you cry. Others will make you cringe or bring a tear to your eye. No matter what emotions you experience as you read this collection of short works, you have my word that each piece was hand picked and edited closely by its creator. Yes, reader, I said creator. These stories are not merely written, but created. They are created from a dream or a feeling deep within the creator's thoughts. So I warn you, reader, each piece is not merely a story; it is a gateway into the creator's mind. Oh, no need to be worried, reader. I have met each and every creator. Each of these creators are more than well equipped to show you the beauty of their minds. I am proud to present the works of the 8th period Creative Writing class.

Schaeffer Brandt

Depression.

Depression is drowning when everyone else around you is breathing.

It's feeling like your heart is barely beating.

Depression is feeling alone in a large crowd.

I wonder.. will I ever feel proud?

Depression is putting on a smile

And pretending everything is okay

Depression is feeling hopeless

All throughout the day.

Depression. It's a battle.

How many of us struggle with it?

You may never know, for it's a hidden illness.

Do you know what depression is like?

It's like putting on a smile and saying you're fine

When deep down inside, all you want to do is cry.

Depression is being afraid of your own thoughts.

It feels like your head is tied in knots.

Depression is the reason I called in sick to school today

And the day before that

And the day before that..

I constantly find myself searching for the meaning of life

But I don't want it to end, no.

I want to find a more clear definition of "self."

Then, maybe I can finally grow.

Some people say I'm crazy

But maybe, their thoughts would change if they knew just how much I hate me.

One thing that I wish people would realize is that depression isn't a choice.

It's a million thoughts running through my head, wanting so say so much, but having no voice.

Am I going to overcome and win this?

Or am I going to die trying?

These are the thoughts that pop through my head

As I lay in my bed at night, thinking about life, just sighing.

Some people may never realize just how many others around them are struggling with depression

But let me tell you, it's more than you would question.

Maybe this will give you a sense of how deadening depression can be

As it describes me to a T.

You may have never guessed this about me

But take a look at everyone else around you.

Who knows what their stories could be?

Normal

By: LUKE BRENNER

All My childhood I was labeled,

Class clown,

Funny guy,

Hyperactive,

Annoying.

Attention deficit disorder.

I was as hyper as a rabbit in a pickle barrel

My teachers were at the end of their wits with me
and all my shenanigans

"What will we do with that little hellion?"

"Is he like this at home?"

"Have you considered medication?"

"Put him on..."

The spot.....

The teachers made the decision

My final defeat, the teachers decided

the spot is where I should reside.

befuddled and muddled

I offered my rebuttal

It was too late,

My soft young buttocks were helplessly
imprisoned.

This was my fate..

the spot....

I couldn't move, talk to my friends or even be near
to them.

I wondered many times what I'd done to deserve
such heinous punishment,

I saw my friends sitting together laughing and
joking,

But me?

I was left hoping, and coping

With this reality,
of confinement

I need an escape....

RING RING RING RING

Recess...

Finally!

My friends crowd me,

asking me,

Over and over and over and over

Questions, stupid questions

What is that thing you're sitting on?

Did you get in trouble?

What does it feel like?

Is it soft for your butt?

The spot has given me this unwanted attention.

We continue on playing our recess games,

Then RIINNGG

Time to return to my...

Confinement

Back to my spot!

WAIT...

Maybe not, I thought to myself...

"Hey teacher?"

WAT

"I gotta pee"

Finally free

The bathroom it was my safe haven,

I ran in,

Found a stall slammed the door and waited
and waited.

I placed my bum on the cool toilet seat.

and I was sad,

so I pulled my gameboy,

inserted pokemon crystal version

and just left the world behind.

Because in our world it is a crime to be Un-normal.

The Dream is Wind By Joshua Da

<i>The Dream is Wind</i>	<i>Strong, weak, life, death and everything in between.</i>	<i>The wind does not care be it</i>	<i>Never is it forcing or coercing.</i>
<i>What is the wind?</i>	<i>Be it good or bad the wind always is an open box</i>	<i>Black, white or gray.</i>	<i>It is suggesting and leading you to a new life.</i>
<i>Does the wind bring Hopes, dreams and All the good in the world?</i>	<i>No matter what aspect of life the wind is one in the same</i>	<i>It does not segregate. All life is equal.</i>	<i>No matter what happens be it good or bad.</i>
<i>Does the wind bring Fear, despair and All the bad in the world?</i>	<i>Wind is life. It breathes into our very being.</i>	<i>In the mindset of the wind.</i>	<i>The wind will always forgive.</i>
<i>The wind holds everything that humanity has to offer.</i>	<i>Giving off the essence of humanity and life on this earth</i>	<i>The wind caresses each and every soul.</i>	<i>The wind will never forget.</i>
<i>Good or bad the wind doesn't care.</i>	<i>With the hopes of all who provide for it.</i>	<i>It understands no matter the person.</i>	<i>The wind is you and at the same everyone else</i>
<i>The wind is limitless as the sea and unforgiving as a hurricane.</i>	<i>A chance to show they believe in the wind.</i>	<i>It speaks in a tone and voice that everyone can understand.</i>	<i>The wind is life. The wind is life.</i>
		<i>In every language it speaks to you nodding and prodding.</i>	<i>Wind. Digital image. http://globe-views.com/dreams/wind.html. Globe Views, 4 Jan. 2013. Web. 13 May 2015.</i>
		<i>On what you should do.</i>	

Clouds

By Jeannie

Slightly cold, I pull the rough blanket tight.

Soft sunlight filters through the maple branches
and settles among the blowing grass.

I run my hands over the uneven surface
of the rock under me.

The small sparrows whistle

high in the trees, happy as can be.

Chipmunks scuffle about in the underbrush.

Turning my face towards the sky

I see the clouds staggering by
like a drunk man at a gas station.

I lay down to stare
at these intoxicated masses of water vapor.

Without a second glance they pass through,
not caring who they leave behind.

They are elusive,
omnious, mysterious, charming.

They whisper lies in your ear
False hope of change for tomorrow

Then without a word, a sound,
they're gone.

Don't be a cloud.

An Ode to my Bed

My life has been long.
The rusty bed frame feels
hundreds of years old.
I have listened to the sounds of
children's laughter,
tasted the crumbs of chips,
abandoned from gossiping
adolescents,
felt the gut-wrenching sobs of a
devastated teenage girl.

I am a sanctuary
for the introverted,
a place where solitude is
welcome.
I am an abode of comfort
for the restless,
my touch as soft as
feathers.

During the days,
I am abandoned;
the loneliness settles in
as I await
anxiously
for evening to come.

For I am only of value at night,
When the lonely, the lovers, the
drunk;
the content, the morose, the
ecstatic;
the dreamer, the realist, the
rich, the poor;
go to sleep.

Christina Gualtieri

Merlin's Prayers

By: Joseph Gaiser

Goblin Uprising:

Merlin awoke from his colossal bed at the tippity top of his lair to the sound of Mutiny. Merlin lifted his sweet, velvety soft wizard's cap from his nightstand and stood in his window completely naked. He slowly placed his cap on his head and looked down upon his kingdom. At the foot of his door were all of his Goblins rioting.

"What do you Goblins demand of me?" boomed Merlin.

"We want more gold master Merlin, we are sick of being payed next to nuthin and eating nothing but mushy oats."

"I will not meet your demands." Merlin shouted in anger. And with a flick of his wand all of Merlin's Goblins were transported straight to Hell to burn in eternal torment. Merlin was again at peace.

Merlin's Miracles:

Merlin awoke from his colossal bed at the tippity top of his lair to the sound of his followers asking for him to perform more miracles for them. Merlin lifted his sweet, velvety soft wizard cap from his nightstand and called down to his followers completely naked. He slowly placed his cap on his head and watched his people surround him.

"My people demand miracles, so let it be," Merlin said softly.

"Merlin we love you," said all of Merlin's people.

Merlin then proceeded to turn frog water into wine, cured a nord's son, made a blind man see again, walked on water, died, and rose from the dead to ascend to heaven. Merlin was god.

Merlin's Crystal Ball:

Merlin awoke from his colossal bed at the tippity top of his lair to the sound of ladies beckoning him. Merlin lifted his sweet, velvety soft wizard's cap from his nightstand and stood next to his personal sterling crystal ball completely naked. He slowly placed the cap on his head and looked into the ball.

"Oh great crystal ball show Merlin some babes," Merlin whispered.

"Yes master," said the soul of the crystal ball.

Inside the crystal ball there was an explosion of glitter and sparks. Smoke poured over the table and onto the floor. The sounds of hot babes filled the room. Merlin was pleased.

Merlin's Spell:

Merlin awoke from his colossal bed at the tippity top of his lair to the sound of a Minotaur cyclops dragon approaching his booty. Merlin lifted his sweet velvety soft wizard cap from his nightstand and Sprinted to the entrance to his land completely naked. He slowly placed his cap on his head and confronted the beast.

"Minotaur Cyclops Dragon, back away now or I will kill you," threatened Merlin.

"UGHhhhggaahhh," said the Minotaur Cyclops Dragon continuing to approach Merlin.

So Merlin lifted his mighty oak wand to cast an incredibly powerful spell at the beast. The tip of his wand exploded in fire as he chanted spells, the beast was slain. Merlin was pleased.

Free Kick

By: Andre Hernandez

Making a run towards goal, my teammate stumbles
upon an opposing player,

Drawing a foul, my coach immediately **HOLLERS** my
name from the sideline to take the freekick.

Looking back, every thought, every practice, every
shot, every pass comes down to this.

Hearing the opposition barking orders,

Seeing the 4-man wall slowly form in front of me,

Their faces looking **TERRIFIED** like a lost child in a
grocery store as they wait for the shot.

I set the ball down on the spot.

The pressure on my shoulders was incredibly overbearing to
handle.

It all came down to ME.

I set my eyes on the it once again,

Steadily pacing towards the ball,

I swing my foot and make contact with the ball..

I look up and see it sailing through the air like a *bullet* had just
been shot,

My face **SHOOTS** towards the keeper to see his reaction as his
body as still as a statue as he witnesses the ball finding the back of
the net.

I take 5 *slow* steps backwards to position myself for the shot.

I look at the ball, then at the keeper.

The keeper experiencing a roller coaster of emotions throughout the
game.

Looking around my surroundings,

I embrace the TENSION.

The crowd shrieking in the background with all eyes on my next move.

The setting sun **GLARING** at my eyes,

The wind swiftly passing my eyes,

The game tied at 3-3.



Maxine

by: Harlin Kissinger

The cold needle
slowly intruded her skin,
through her fur.
Sliding in with ease
like a knife through butter.

Her eyes widened
I think a small part of her knew
and was relieved
but saddened at the same time.

She waited
and waited.
Waiting calmly
for the pain to disappear

All was silent
A lump had appeared
deep within my throat
I could hardly breathe.

She slumped to the ground
peacefully, almost naturally.
I looked into her eyes
one last time.

They were a desolate wasteland
Lifeless and dull
Her skin became cold
like the needle that
ended her beautiful life.
She was only a distant memory
now.

Long Jump

By. Bobby Kuangvanh

*The sun radiating down on my
sensitive skin-*

Sweat pellets are running down body- Then it suddenly got quiet-

*The mission is to get across the oasis- I knew that it was time to take
off-*

*I got that nauseous feeling in my
stomach-*

*I hear the wind building up
louder and louder-*

*I open my eyes and started to
jog-*

*I envision myself as one of them as I
continue running-*

Wings spread out-

Flapping through the sky-

Soaring past the wastelands-

*I grabbed my water bottle- took a
swig- and got in position-*

*I closed my eyes and breathed in
slowly-*

I first had to mentally clear my mind-

*Then I began to picture the desert like
sand and everything around me-*

*One step at a time-
slowly building up more
speed-*

*Until I began to run-As I run I
hear the sounds of birds
chirping-*

I reached the end of the road-

*The desert is staring at me with red
eyes-*

*I jumped.....then I flew.....past the
gritty sand-*

*But then I came back down and face
planted in the sand-Mission fail-
now I got sand in my eyes-*



The Monster

By: Candace Mitchel

“Mommy! Daddy... ” I whisper. The shadows are creeping towards my perch on my bed. I grab my stuffed puppy for protection as I pull the Cinderella blanket over my head. Mommy and Daddy can’t hear me over the sound of the yelling. As Mommy’s voice rises, I see the shadows come closer. I start to shake as I feel my neck grow tight and tears start to fall, then the yelling stops and a door slams. I know Daddy doesn’t like Mommy when she drinks too much juice. I don’t like when Mommy drinks the smelly juice. She hurts me and calls me names. She says I’m a bad girl, that I ruined her life. I hear Daddy’s foot steps stop at my door. Daddy walks in; he has a scratch on his cheek from the monster. He wipes a tear from my cheek. He tells me to go to sleep. He’ll protect me from the monster: the monster that we love, hate, and fear.

The Beach

By: Diana Ravestein

Life on the beach is beautiful.

Kites fill the skies

Blue, green, and orange

Gracefully blowing with the
wind.

The tide calmly crashes against
the shore

Clear as a crystal

Washing away the footprints.

Seagulls squawk over the noisy
children playing

Soaring high above in the
cloudless sky.

Friends are building castles as
tall as the Sears Tower

Laughing and enjoying each
others company.

The sand is a bed, so soft and
warm

I lay on it

The sun's rays penetrating
into my skin.

The sun is shining brighter
than ever.

The palm trees dancing with
the breeze.

The salty air fills my lungs.

My hair is blowing vigorously.
I am happier than I've been in
years.

Life on the beach is beautiful.

My brothers are

PIGS.

**My biggest pet peeve is when my brother leaves
hair in the sink.**

Do not trim your beard and then let your facial hair reside.

I think.

**A big pet peeve is when I hear “Clack, Clack, Clack,”
a toothbrush against the sink.**

**Do not let the toothpaste stuck in between your bristles
fall out on to the edge of the sink.**

How does that not bother men?!

**I just want to take their toothbrush and clean the toilet with it.
and put it back then.**

How would you feel about that?

Please put your toothpaste in its place, you pig.

**Or I will use your toothbrush to dig..
your grave.**

Juuuuust kidding.

OR

when I wake in the morning and walk on to the wet floor

I know who to account for.

**OR when I spend an hour or so straightening my hair to find out
the brush is wet and no doubt,
It's my brother.**

FLUSH THE TOILET.

**Pick up the q-tips that bounce off of the
edge of the trash can.**

Quit being a big old baby and pick it up.

Thank you for using MY brand new loufa.

I would love to buy the THIRD one this month.

**It is so annoying when my brothers eat *PAUSE*
with their mouth open.**

**The Doritos running out of your mouth onto your lap
while you tell that joke for the millionth time is**

REVOLTING.

Please take your shoes off at the door.

**Stepping in the crumbs your shoes retain during the day
is horr..... ible.**

DON'T pick your toe nails.

WASH your hands.

**I should NOT have to put a sign above the toilet to
remind you to flush.**

**Put the seat down when you're done,
and do not let that noise “slip” out of your buns.**

**I've had enough
of all of this stuff.**

**Soon I will move out,
out of this house
and find my spouse.**

**Who will more than likely
have the same pet peeves my brothers cause me.
by **Macie Reams.****

Afra Sengul

The Melody of the Sea

Flowers of vibrant hues sought my attention
Admiring their sheer beauty,
My smile joined with theirs.

My eyes gazed upon the lucid sky
I remain tranquil
Praying to my heart that we reach
Our destination swiftly.

Glistening under the blazing sun,
The ocean sparkles like a thousand tiny jewels
I stand spellbound,
As spray and foam quench the docks.

With liquid lips kissing the silvery sand
All I hear is the gentle touch,
From the mere crystal wave
The ocean is celestial,
Like an angel.

We approach the glorious blue queen
Adorned in our brilliantly colored bikinis,
Our toes dipped through the salt water.

We were left breathless,
By the divine melody the angel sang
Her voice compassion and bliss entwined,
We were left enchanted in paradise.

A photograph of a suburban street scene. In the foreground, a concrete sidewalk runs diagonally from the bottom left towards the center. To the left of the sidewalk is a landscaped area with a tall, abstract sculpture made of stacked wooden blocks. Behind the sidewalk are green lawns, trees, and houses. Several cars are parked or driving on the street. The scene is bright and sunny, with shadows cast by the trees.

Hannah Smart

Contemplation

I squint my eyes
as the sun's rays
reflect off
the shiny silk sidewalk

I watch
as cars fly past
one by one
each emitting
a small amount
of exhaust
that invades my senses
adding a tint of city life
to the fresh, country air

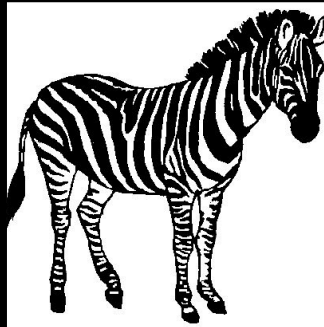
I shiver
as the cool, ruthless wind hits me
unsympathetically
rustling the leaves
and blowing my hair

Across from me
houses sit
in a row
like seats in a movie theater
each a different color
each containing different people
who are all busy
with their day-to-day lives
which I know nothing about

And I can't help but thinking
that the world
is a vast, complex puzzle
and I have only a few pieces

Life is like a zoo. We are all animals we all live in cages, except for the animals that are pets. Pets get special treatment; they don't have to live in a cage, at least not all the time. Dogs and cats-- they're the highest on top; they get to roam freely in the house; they even get to go outside sometimes. Fish and birds are also very high on the list; fish may have aquariums, but they get fresh water all the time. And birds-- don't forget birds who can fly anywhere; they may be in a cage, but they can travel far and wide.

Most important about pets though is the food. They get fed food until they're plump and fat, three meals a day with no problem, all because they are one individual animal. In a zoo, each animal has a cage; some are big and some are small, but no matter what, no matter how many animals are in a cage, they're all the same kind of animal. Every animal is divided, separated into categories; no matter how much they don't get along, or how different they are, the zoo keepers put the same animals in the same cage.



MATTHEW

WEIHE

The zoo keepers don't understand the difference between, say, Seabiscuit and Secretariat the horse. They're both horses. They both race, but there's more to each one, and it's not just their color. Yeah, they're both good at racing, but they both have their own personality; they both are good at racing in their own way. One is faster than the other, while that other one has better stamina. In a one lap race, the faster one would probably win, but not in a long race, because then it's all about how long you can keep going.

Every animal is different, whether the zoo keepers can see it or not. Cages keep animals contained. Every animal needs to be free, that way they can all see, everything that the world can show.

The doorbell rings. My heart pounds.

I scramble together my last few dollars.

I run to the door. I open the door and my heart drops into my stomach.

There it is.

“Twelve seventy-eight,” says the man. But I don’t look at him.

I shove the cash towards him, and all I can see is the cardboard box.

I take the box and tell him to keep the change.

I can feel the warmth leaking into my hands.

My beloved’s distinct scent wafts towards me as I close the door.

I open the box before we’re even in the kitchen.

I grab a slice and shove as much as I can in my mouth.

She scolds me for taking it so fast. I feel the blisters forming on the roof of my mouth.

I don’t care. I take another bite, the flavor flooding over my taste buds.

I can’t get enough pizza.

"With A Flash of Light"

By Samuel Yeager


**Why could you not have saved us?
A simple call should have been obvious.
A flash of light, a dash of sound,
In the darkness spilled the color red.
A successful outing that ended in dread.

Shattered glass in the evening dark,
I wake to see my judgment slain.
I will never see my best friend again.
A sea of red on a sea of grey,
I see your lifeless body lay.**

**And in the distance, fading light,
The only man who made flight.
Swerving here, turning there,
Couldn't you have stopped in care?

Screams in the night, gripping the soul.
A simple swig took my best friend.
To leave me here, in the dark.
Afraid for my life on the outskirts of the
park.

When I taste that drink again,
The memories will keep your life in.**



Note to the Reader:

Thank you for reading these pieces written by the 8th 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. In their words, these students hope "to raise awareness," help readers "reflect on their own lives," and show you "that life is short." Some students wanted to make you laugh or remind you to appreciate the relationships you have. Others wanted 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