

Coloring the World with Words

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Creative Writing Classes

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Jordan Hughes

Savannah Methvin

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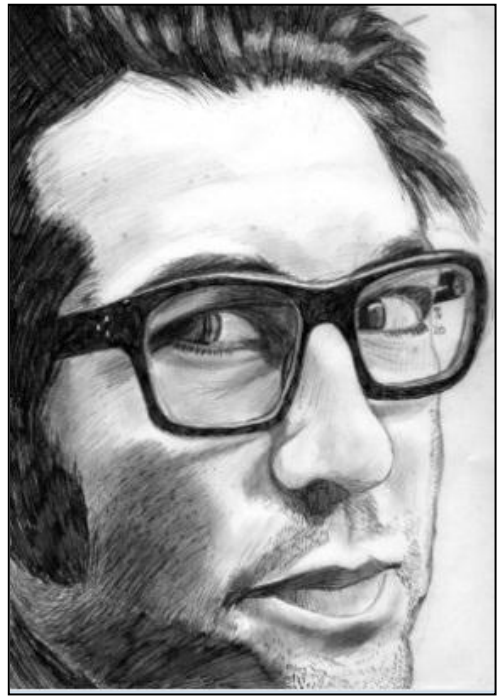
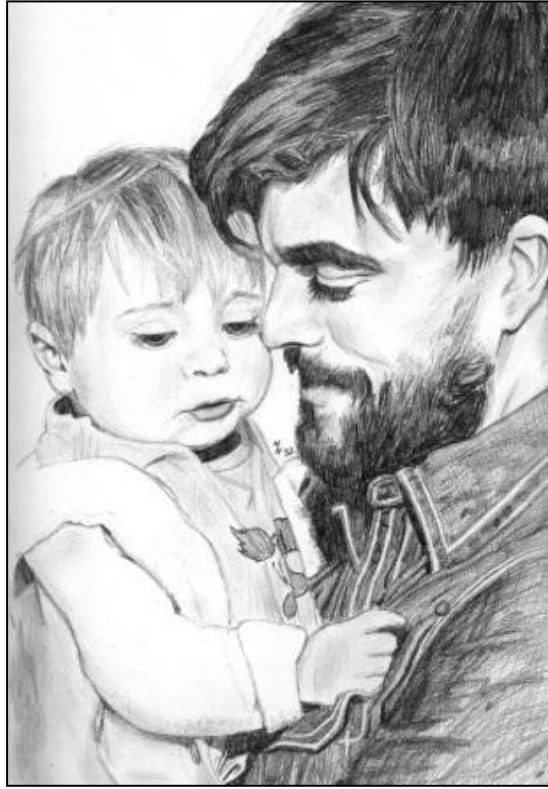
Bradley Bohm

Savannah Methvin

Erica Platt

Cale Whiteside

Sketches by Madi Nalley



Alone
Kevin Blackmon

I live in a cold

Desolate

Mountain cave

I live by the cold-blooded Mountain Lion

Perched like Eagle outside my cave

Waiting for me to let my guard down

To pounce upon me when I come out

I live a cold life

Without the care of friends

I live a life only known to the men of the mountains

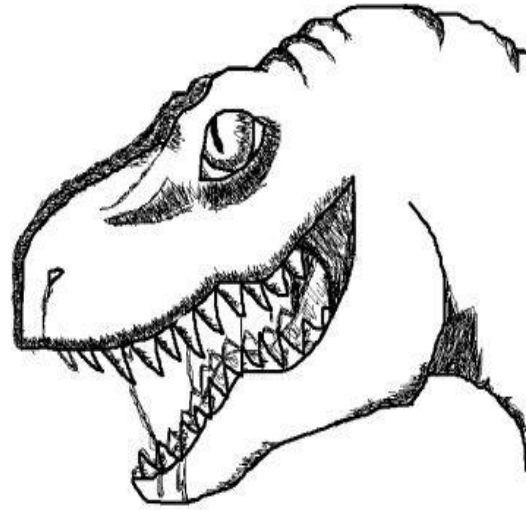
I live alone in a cold Mountain cave

I LIVE.

Another World

Brian J. Stevens

I had a dream
I watched from a beam
Another world in action
From a distance
A contraption
Powered by Diet Coke
Belched blue smoke
Trees inhabited
By killer bees
Shades lived
Like Norman Bates
A great city
Overcome by pity
I watched this feral pit
Knit its eternal death
Stitch by
Painful
Stitch



"Tyrannosaurus Rex" Bree Duncan

Abandoned

Loren Maybach

I awoke to the sound of an engine spluttering to a halt. Rubbing my eyes, I looked around sleepily. My grandma was in the driver's seat, adjusting her yellow sun hat.

I had been gone for a couple weeks at my grandma's house in New Orleans because I was having some problems, mainly between me and my family. Now, back in New York, I let out a sigh of relief. I was away from my grandma's nuthouse full of voodoo dolls and tarot cards!

I hopped out of the old blue Volkswagen beetle and looked around at my little ranch. It was surrounded by fields, and the grass was un-mowed. The tire swing still hung forlornly from the big maple tree in my front yard, just as it had for seven years. I smiled at the memories it brought back to life.

I turned around, waved at my grandma, and called, "Goodbye!" She only smiled and put her hands in her lap.

Giving a mental shrug, I turned and ran up to the door. I pulled it open and jerked to a stop.

"What the..." I glanced wildly around the room.

The living room was empty! The old lazy boy recliner was missing from its place by the fireplace on the far side of the room. The couch was gone, too, except for the indents in the carpet. That means it was moved recently, I thought numbly. I started breathing faster. The TV was gone, the table, the lamp, the pictures! Even the curtains on the windows! I ran into the kitchen, and it, too was empty. So was the bathroom, my parent's room, my brother's room. Even my room! By then I was sobbing and gasping for air. As I turned to leave, I found a piece of paper stuck to the wall next to the door. It had my little brother's handwriting on it. It said-

Dear Riley,

Mom and Dad say we can't take you with us. I'm sorry. I luv you.

-Joe

Tears streamed down my face as I read his jerky handwriting. I folded it and put it in my pocket.

Before I left, I checked the garage. It was bare as well. I went over to a loose brick in the back wall and slowly pulled it out. I sighed. The old locket that I had found in the back yard was still there. I admired its lapis lazuli face, which had the image of a white lark on the front. Inside was a faded picture with writing on the back in Latin. I still

couldn't understand it. The picture itself was of a young man with curly hair and a mischievous smile. It was black and white, and one corner had a burn mark, as if it had been in a fire. I fastened it around my neck as I slowly walked backed to my grandma's car, which was still parked in the driveway. Suddenly, I knew that she had known all along. I stormed up to her window and cried, "You knew, didn't you! Why-why didn't...?"

She smiled a sad smile and replied, "Would you have believed me if I told you your parents abandoned you?"

I admitted that I wouldn't have.

"C'mon. We've got a lot of driving to do if we're going to make it home in two days.

As I sighed again, in resignation, my lip trembled. I climbed into the passenger seat and my grandma took off down the road. Watching my house as it disappeared in the rearview mirror, I had a feeling I wouldn't be seeing it for a long time.



Eggs for Sale

Ivy Blankenship

The word egg reminds me of a sign I once saw that read, Eggs for Sale! My dad and I were riding around in the car. I had been begging him for hours to let me drive just a little; He finally gave in. He pulled over on a back road and let me get in the driver side. To my surprise he let me drive for about two hours. I had taken so many back roads that a sign with bullet holes read, Woodruff County.

"Do you even know where we are?" I asked my dad.

"Nope," he answered.

I didn't respond because I was afraid he would make me pull over so he could drive us back, There were very few houses around, only fields and a lot of cows. A few hundred feet away I noticed a sign.

"Eggs for sale!" I read aloud.

My dad laughed.

"We must really be in the country!" I said.

I had grown up mostly in West Greenville, and there were most definitely not any signs like that around. I found it sort of amusing though. It may have been an old, worn out sign, but to me it was unusual. My dad may not even remember it, but for me it will last forever as a little memory with my dad.

Guitar Man

Laura Knies

Long, brown, handsome hair,
A scruffy chin and hazel eyes,
Soft, pink lips to match mine,
Silky smooth skin and a hair-filled chest,
Big, strong hands that could hold a million of mine,
Large, broad shoulders with arms attached,
Made just for me, to hold me close.
Fingers linked to your hands,
Especially made to strum.
You are my *Guitar Man*.



Inspiration

Myesha Belcher

With her strong and graceful personality, she has always cared for me like no one else. Comfort is what she offers me. I can't believe I am as blessed as I am to have my wonderful mother. She is an awesome person to talk to and will only tell me the honest truth. This woman gave birth to me 15 years ago, and I thank God that she is still here with my family. She has gone through a lot with her diagnoses, yet she never complains. She is the strongest person I know on this entire earth. When I say strong I mean as in not only physically, but mentally too. My mother is the best thing that has ever happened to me and is the most important person in my life. She is my best friend. She is my inspiration.

Leave Me Alone

Madi Nalley

I don't know you.

But you must know me,
because you slather me in burdens any chance you get.
Any time my walls are faltering
You spring like a lioness.
Sinking your shameless claws into me, like needles
Pulsing cold, rattling fear through my veins.

You never leave me alone.

What did I ever do to you?

You hand-delivered me the fear of paranoia.
It chomps on me,
slowly,
down to an anxious state.
My nerves are frayed wires.
The poison of your stress boils in my stomach.
The smoke of your marking stench burns my throat and lungs.

You follow me like shadows. . .

I have no business with you.
I never wanted to be your victim.
Your toy.
Your fix of sick satisfaction.

If only you weren't just figments of my suffering mind.

If I could
Just
Touch
You. . .
I could make you leave me alone.

Life as I Know It

Chastity Pagan

In time we grow up
In time friendships break apart
In time my voice will be heard
In time I will see Jesus face to face

I will be noticed
I will stand out in a crowd
I will be heard
I will be successful

Love

Destiny Coker

Love,
So many definitions,
So many different thoughts,
So many different feelings.

A smile,
From ear to ear,
Never leaving your face,
Never going away.

A tear,
That falls down your face,
That leaves a trail,
Shows your heartache.

Both occur,
When it comes to love,
But in the end
Every smile, every tear is worth it.



Photo by Jordin Reusch

Love, I Love It

Adam Turner

Love is a great thing,

But sometimes it stings.

Love, how would we live without it.

Love we know all about it.

Love is a never ending thing.

Love is the best.

Who cares about the rest.

Love. I love it.



Sketch by Lauren Reisinger

Mayland Thompson

Salathia Guest

When Mayland Thompson dies he wants to be buried with a body of a twelve-year-old girl. Her name was Sidney James. Mayland Thompson was a gardener for Sidney's family. Sidney was always by herself and often had an expression on her face as if she were hiding something.

Sidney's parents were never around; her mom was always in her office and her dad was a lawyer so he was always out. Mayland Thompson was a nice man and loved kids, even though he had none of his own. He was also a Christian man. He always brought Sidney a treat or present every time he came.

On a beautiful day of June, Mayland came and there was no sign of Sidney. Mayland entered the house in search of Sidney. He approached the Sidney's bedroom and heard a loud "BOOM!" He quickly opened the Sidney's door and saw her body dangling from a large rope. He quickly ran to get her, but he was too late. Sidney was gone. She had broken her neck. Mayland acted as if that was his own child, and burst into tears.

When Sidney's parent arrived several hours later; they found Mayland holding Sidney as if she were only sleeping. No one knows why Sidney hanged herself; some say because of loneliness, and some say because she was unloved. Thompson went to jail that night because everyone assumed that he had killed her. Mayland got the death penalty and died on July 23 on a silent night.

Melt

Adam Langlais

Margaret always rode the train on Thursdays and Saturdays. Thursday, after she got home from her second job at the museum, which was too far a walk, and Saturday when she returned from visiting her mother in the hospital. The hospital was all the way in Somerset, so she took the train to Fall River and took a taxi the rest of the way. It was a habit for her now. Her mother, a tender old woman with creases of laughter crisscrossing her face, was currently in the hospital for her Alzheimer's. She was so old, too old to care for herself at the ripe age of 92. Lately her mother's dementia had been progressing. She could remember the time she asked Margaret how her son were doing (*How's little Christopher? Is he still making all the girls swoon?*) Margaret doesn't have a son. She isn't even married. Christopher is her brother's son. She still remembers the day, too, and how the clouds were blanketing the roof and threatened a downpour, and the smell of chicken broth. It scared her then. It scares her now. Her mother, who used to be so strong, was now so fragile; she could barely remember the day it was.

Today being Thursday, she returned from her tedious job of giving tours at the Museum of History in Providence. She was well traveled in New England, living in southwestern Rhode Island and having to go to Providence almost every day. She got on the train and sat down in her usual seat. She sighed tiredly and began to flip through a People magazine, dated almost two months ago. The train didn't replace them until the next year, so Margaret usually brought her own reading supplies. Today, though, she had forgotten, her tours running late, to grab a history magazine from the desk in the Museum foyer. Smoothing a page down, she scanned the words. The magazine was dated from August, and she barely got halfway through an article of "Sexiest Beach Bodies" before throwing it carelessly to the ground. It was October. Snow lined the ground.

She was bored, listless. The trip felt interminable, like they were riding through ice. The ride took longer than usual, with them having to stop at so many places. *East Providence. Central Falls. Pawtucket. Warwick. Tiverton.* The list went on and on. She dug in her bag, lazily thrown on the seat next to her, and pulled out a silver iPod. She lay her head against the window, brown hair sticking to the cool surface, and put the earbuds in.

Margaret was in the halfway place between consciousness and sleep, and was dreaming of her mother. She still heard the music, and she saw her mother was dancing in the kitchen, a white apron on, spinning a young Margaret in the air. They were baking a chocolate cake; for Margaret's birthday.

"Honey," her mother cooed, "Go get your brothers so we can BANG!" *What?* "I said, go get your brothers so we can BANG! BANG!" The strange sound was getting louder. Now whenever her mother opened her mouth, all she heard was BANG! BANG! BANG!

"Mommy, what's wrong?" she cried. Her mother just smiled, and BANGED! over and over. Margaret awoke with a start and another BANG! *What is that? Thunder? But it wasn't raining before I--* BANG! *Again?* She frantically ran through scenarios in her head. The sound was so familiar... she'd heard it somewhere before. *Where? TV?* Finally, she knew. A gun. Someone had a gun on the train. BANG! She looked outside. Suddenly the world seemed so gray. All of the buildings melted together and the sky was sooty and sad. She turned around and saw a man. He was tall and rotund, with a generous gut and a grimy moustache. He was speaking but she didn't hear anything. All sounds were liquefying, hollowing into nothing but BANG! She thought she might be deaf. She knew she wasn't when he finally screamed:

"Lady! Get the hell outta that seat! We gotta go to the next car!"

"What—but wait— *What's going on?!*" she cried in confusion.

"Some guy has a gun! He's been shootin' all over the place! We gotta get goin'!" the man shouted, a slight New England sound in his words. His voice held awe and shock, and there was a paradox of calmness and panic on his face. "They're comin' this way!" With that, the man, who Margaret would later learn was named Harley, yanked her by the arm out of the seat. Margaret ran along, her black bag forgotten in the panic of the moment.

While they were running through the aisle, Margaret took a second to look at the people on the train. They were everyday people, caught in an extraordinary situation. There was a man holding his daughter. Their bags were strewn across their laps and they were praying. An old woman was hugging on to her equally old husband, both with tears in their eyes and antiquated wedding bands on their fingers. A young boy, no older than Christopher, was crying. He was traveling alone, she figured, when she only saw one bag on the seat next to him. His green eyes were teary and she was about to call out to him, to grab his hand and hold him, but she was yanked forward by Harley. *Why won't they run? They could make it—We can get away from them!* She reasoned. Harley dragged her through the car doors.

Wind bit her skin and the cold slapped her in the face. She glanced around. The world was the same outside. Margaret had expected everything to be dilapidated. She thought the sun would be shining red and the roads would bend through the earth and erupt into the air. She felt as if the clouds should be dripping down their blue canvas. Nothing was wrong. People were still going to work, to the park, to the drugstore, to the museum, to the hospital, to school, to work, to loved ones, to boyfriends, to girlfriends, to

parents, to children. They heard the train like every day, and the whistle screamed for help but nobody understood. They didn't know about the horror going on inside. BANG! A familiar blur passed by as she jumped over the link connecting the two train cars. She remembered her old boyfriend—George—riding the train with her. That was the first time she switched cars.

"C'mon, honey, it's only a small leap," George would say, "Just a little, tiny jump."

"What if I fall?" She whispered. Margaret wasn't pessimistic. She wasn't realistic, either.

"Then I'll catch you," George yelled loud enough over the roar of the train.

That simple phrase is what made her take the leap. As always, a leap turned into love, and their relationship progressed steadily. They'd spend sunny days in the blistering cold down at the beach and meet in small cafés amid dry conversation. She'd always love George, but they wanted different things; he left her on a rainy street with a broken umbrella and thirty-six dollars.

"C'mon, lady, let's get you in here." Harley yelled, snapping her back into the present.

"Wait—You're not coming too?" She exclaimed in disbelief.

"There are other people I gotta get." He replied, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

A saint, she thought.

"No! You need to come! You have to—You can't just—" Harley cut her off,

"Lady, I have to save those people. Let me do it. It's my job." She never realized he was wearing a uniform. *Saint*. He started to walk away, opening the door.

"Wait," she screamed, "what's your name?"

"Harley!" He yelled.

"I'm Margaret!" She tried to yell back, but the door slammed shut. BANG! That was the last time she saw Harley.

Saint.

She whipped the door open and ran into the next car, pushing suitcases and boxes against the door. *Yeah, some suitcases and cardboard is going to stop those madmen*. There is that pessimism again, she thought sardonically afterward. She got her pessimism from her father. He died a couple of years back. He was a grand man in appearance and language, and always made you feel miniscule. He had a scruffy beard and twinkling brown eyes that could see your lies. Margaret remembered he would have this way about him, this way where he would smile at you mid-sentence and silence you. She always felt her

missteps in his presence. He was stern, pretentious, and austere. Margaret loved him to death.

There was no one else in the car. She soon realized this was the car for the train employees, and they were all over the train, tending to the riders. Although the train line was city-based, they tried to lavish their customers in luxury. *They're okay. Probably having some tea and laughing over the dining table.* She knew she was wrong though. *I bet the conductor's dead. They're all dead. Those praying idiots are dead. That old couple is dead. That boy with the blonde hair is—*

"No!" she screamed, not letting herself hear the last word. "No, no, no! Why? Why me? Why them! Why today! For God's sakes, *Why?!*" She beat the ground and the walls. She was in a fit, the whole world melting around her. Her entire life was upbraided in one fell swoop. She was crying like a maniac and was about to—BANG! That shook her out of her crazed stupor. *She was still alive. She needed to find a place to hide. They were close. So close. In the next car close. She could almost feel their body heat oozing through the metal walls.*

She rushed around the room in a frenzy, tipping over suitcases and knocking over tray tables. *God, where can I hide? There's nowhere to go!* Suddenly she heard muffled laughter. Laughter. It had been a million years since she heard laughter. She almost smiled. Her crazed mind settled down, and she realized it was the laughter of hell. *Of fire. Of death.*

She could now hear scratchy words. It's like she was trying to listen to a record through syrup. She looked around. *Where? Where, Where!* Her eyes landed on a carrying compartment below a seat. She almost applauded. It was small. *Maybe I should go to another lot?* She deadpanned. She moved a suitcase that had flung itself open, spilling books and underwear and toothpaste all over the floor. She pushed herself inside.

It was dark and quiet. She felt safe. She felt loved. She felt warm. Margaret pushed herself into the back and stayed still. *Like a stone.* She pulled back the black curtain, and waited.

The men entered. They were laughing like hyenas, the boisterous laughter that spoiled milk and stung ears at parties. She cringed. They walked around. She didn't see them, but she felt their footsteps and heard their smirks and smelled the blood. *Blood. Red. Death. Morbid. Muerte. Morte. Saints. Sinners. Heaven. Hell.* She mused. *This isn't Scrabble, Marge!* She berated herself. Later, maybe she would laugh about it. The craziness of thought that hurricanes through a person's mind in dire moments. Right now, in this moment, the hurricane barreled through and caused thousands in damage.

The footfalls grew closer and she made herself deaf. She didn't want to hear them. Every sound was black and every second of silence was white. She thought about her day. *Get up. Take a shower. Have some cereal and an orange before watching the morning news and leaving the apartment. Lock the door. Say hello to Mr. Sanderson. Walk down the street.* It was all so normal, so familiar, so human. She missed it.

She went through the people in her life. They flashed across her mind, little sprites of memory and laughter and love. *Mommy. Daddy. My brothers. Little Christopher. Mr. Sanderson. Harley. George.* She loved them all, they were normal, they were *hers*. They adorned the walls of her mind. *With her kindness. With his superiority. With their support. With his smile. With his 'hellos'. With his charity. With his love.*

They were hers and she was theirs and she loved them and they loved her. It was all so perfect. Perfect in blues and whites and pearly colors. She laughed and loved with them. She needed them. They were there. She was there. Perfect. Pearly. Pristine.

The curtain opened, and her world melted into black.

After the Fight

Adam Langlais

After the fight,
 The bloodshed.
 We broke the crimson dirt
 With footfall
 And crawled from our
 Broken homes and
 battered buildings.
 Ruby patterns on
 Skin and shirts.
 Yellowed screams
 Echo along
 a blackened path.
 And we looked at each other;
 Cadavers.
 And we looked at the ground;
 Shattered.
 And we looked at the sky.
 And saw
 The jubilant birds.

Music

Valerie Inabinet

We were driving down the road, when the song came on the radio. For some reason the song held almost a million memories, probably because the lifeguards at Fox Run always have it on the country music station. The memories came flooding back.

My best friend Spencer and I were sitting by the pool, the same place we both first met when we were five. An adult swim was called. The ten minutes seemed like ten hours in the blazing summer sun. We waited a few minutes until we would dry off, then we went to the clubhouse. We always got the same thing-peanut butter M & M's and red Gatorade. We always hoped Matt (our crush since fifth grade) would be there. Unfortunately, he was usually playing golf.

Eventually, when we returned from the clubhouse; all the kids were in the pool, and that indicated that adult swim was over. We got back to where our moms would sit, put our stuff down, and made our ways to the pool. We acted as if the water was too cold, we pretended to freeze to death.

Sometimes the lifeguards played a ball game in the pool. We always dared each other to go ask if one of us could play, but neither of us ever would.

Eventually, the song was over and the commercials came on. For a brief minute, I remembered all the perks of summer. I just couldn't wait for the next one!

My heart...

Nicole Johnson

My heart is like a safe; always keeping things hidden.

My heart is like a dead silence; using words forbidden.

My heart is like the ocean; so big and so deep.

My heart is like the rain; for it slowly weeps.

My heart is different, as different as can be.

If you didn't know this, then you don't know me.



Photo by

Cale Whiteside

Peace > Violence

Tiajuana Davenport

Peace is freedom and is quiet. Peace is life that is filled with love. Peace cures the heart of depression and drama. Peace is bright colors that lighten up your mood. Peace doesn't come in brown paper bag and you have to fight to get it. Peace is not a villain of a bad story. Violence is a disease that creeps up and stays there until someone fights it off. Violence is dark colors that darken the mood and weakens the heart, heart broken. Violence is loud and beastly. Violence is a terrible act, and it will come back and hunt in our dreams. Violence is not a habit or a sport to play. Violence is a terrible thing and we pray it doesn't happen. Peace is what the world needs to survive. PEACE is GREATER than violence.

Sanctuary

Kelly Dunn

She stays silent, never making herself known.

She walks away from everything,

She wants to be alone.

She won't talk to anyone,

She'll stand up to everyone.

She likes to be alone.

She stays in her room, never leaving.

She gave up on everyone,

She gave up on you.

Silver Gun

Tanesha Young

He walked around the classroom, showcasing his silver gun and tugging on his pocket of his jacket telling us he had bullets. He, a fellow classmate struck fear into me and so many others in class. He then sat at the front of the classroom and told us to pass up our cell phones; we all did as told to.

He sat there for a moment then he started laughing and pointing the gun at all of us saying, "The fear you all feel right now is the fear you all have put me through." He, John the gunman, talked about how people picked on him, teased him, and how he could not take the bullying. My heart went out to him because all the times I saw him getting bullied; I could have done something, so we all wouldn't have been in that position.

The door opened and Mr. Smith was about to walk in when he saw the gunman. You could hear Mr. Smith running and yelling down the hallway. Andrew stood up from his desk in front of me to talk to John. "Please just let us go," he stammered, "the teacher will be back with help and it would be easier on you."

"No, it wouldn't be easy on me, because people like me just don't get it easy," he said in a yelling tone. "Only people like you get everything they want in life and you just, don't deserve it. So sit down."

"But," Andrew stammered.

"But nothing," said John.

As Andrew went to sit down, a beep came from his back pocket.

"You have a cell phone!" yelled John as he got up from his seat, pointing his gun at Andrew as the whole class gasped in shock. "You called the cops I bet."

"NO, no, no," pleaded Andrew with his hands moving across his torso.

With that John shot Andrew right in the chest in front of me, killing him. I cried as I watched Andrew, my best friend, fall to his death. I got on the floor next to him and just cried. John looked shocked at what he had done and stared at Andrew and back to his gun over and over again. He then reached into Andrew back pocket while I screamed at him not to touch Andrew. He reacted to a beeping noise which was a watch telling Andrew he had been late to work.

John then hit his fist against the wall asking to himself why he shot Andrew. In the distance we could hear the cops running down the hallway telling John to come out with his hands up. A sobbing John walked out into the hallway.

While all the other students left to go see their loved ones, I stayed with Andrew until I could say good-bye to him. Then I walked slowly out of the room past John covered in blood.

I was close to the doors when I heard a startling popping noise. I thought the policemen shot John, but John, shot himself in the head, killing himself. I will never forget that day.

The Big Bad Squirrel

Braxton Bailey

Characters: Squirrel and Hawk

Setting
Big oak tree

Time
End of October

SQUIRREL : Do you have my acorns ?

HAWK: No sir, no, I don't (scared).

SQUIRREL: I want my nuts, man (rising his voice).

HAWK: I don't have them {sounding concerned}.

SQUIRREL: Where's.... my... nuts (stretching out the words)?

HAWK Please, man, just give me more time (getting worried).

SQUIRREL: More time! More time! I'll give you more time with my fist in your beak (very loud raisin, his hand).

HAWK: Please, don't do it. Please, don't do it. I'm sorry (covering his beak).

SQUIRREL: You better be (putting his hand down).

SQUIRREL: You know who else is sorry (smile on his face).

HAWK: Who?

SQUIRREL: Your mom.

HAWK: Why are you mean?

SQUIRREL: Why you so ugly?

HAWK: If you keep this up, I'm going to eat you.

SQUIRREL : What you gone eat? Who is that? What you just said to me?

HAWK: Well..... yeah, my mom said I'm supposed to because that's the way of life.

SQUIRREL : Dude you're sick. I'll get my own nuts. I'm out of here!

HAWK: No, don't leave. I didn't say I was going to.



Sketch by Jordan Hughes

The Chaos of Reality

Jordan Hughes

In the chaos of reality, we, as humans, tend to lose ourselves, and lose our precious purity. We get caught up in the traffic of what others are doing and forget our own decisions, our own ambitions, and our own well-being. We get lost, believing not our beliefs, but other's beliefs.

As we lose ourselves, our souls weep and rot in the very fear of the tormenting hell that possibly waits. That's when our inner demons take over and control us, and we sin as if hell shall never take us under, but even the most putrefied, most corrupted demon can find the ravishing exit into the heavenly highway of luminous purity. Every demon has a secret light, the only problem is the shadows the demons create over the dim brightness that almost never shines.

A pure essence of mortality can give the greatest gift one can be given:

Heaven.

The Killer Inside

Audisha Miller

He turned the key in the lock and opened the door. To his horror he saw a man kneeling over his wife, her cold, lifeless body lying there twisted up like a rag doll. The woman's name was Suzie and she was known for her tanned skin, but now her skin was a pale purple blue. Suzie's hair was all over the place and was very dry and stringy. Then the man realized that the man hovering over her was his brother. Turns out Suzie was having an affair with him, but tried to break it off when things began getting serious. Rob was his brother's name, and that was written all over the walls with her blood and stained the floor. He was still holding the bloody knife when the police arrived.

Time

Rianna Kujawski

The Pendulums Swing,
The Crow's Song Doth Ring,
The Eyes Of Night,
Careless, Speechless, Bright,
Waiting, The Wanderers Of Life,
A Star Ride With Little Strife,
Listening To The Clock's Ticking,
Eyeless, Yet Always Blinking.



Time

Cheyenne Abercrombie

It changes every second

It changes even if u don't want it to

Always moving forward

Never looking back

Always looking for my friend the future

I never wait for anybody

I am a clock

When I Was Five...**Jordan Reusch**

When I was five,
Life was so much
Easier.

When I was five,
Boys had Cooties.
Friends only
Talked behind your back
When you weren't
Facing them.
Having \$5
Made you rich.
Your little tricycle
Was your fresh Ride.

When I was five,
The only smoking
We did was
Candy cigarettes.
The only drama
Was when someone stole your
Crayons.
Best Friends Forever
Really meant Forever.
A bruised knee was the only Pain.

Now...
Boys are Diseases.
Friends are friends...
Until you walk away.
\$5 can't get you
Anywhere.
A "Ride" is an expensive
Car.

Now...
Smoking is a
Sport.
Drama has its own
Class & Corner.
Best Friends are lucky to last
A Year.
The worst pain is a
Broken heart.

Now...
Instead of floating on Rainbows,
I'm sleeping in class.

When I was five.

Love

Amber Wilks

Love is like a strong tidal wave,
 You can't see approaching,
And you don't know when to expect it.
 Some are afraid to take a ride,
While others are the first in line.

You have love for anything possible in this world
 And it's very easy to feel love for something.
But it's hard to stop loving,
 It's a risk to take, are you ready?

Love is very easy to slip through your hands,
 But please don't be afraid to enjoy the ride.

Pocket

Bradley Bohm

Pockets have been one of the sources of anger that have gone on between me and my dad. I'm a soccer player, so I was used to wearing gym shorts. Well, my dad was my soccer coach for some time.

When the ball was on my side of the field, I hurried to do what I had to do. When the ball switched the field, my hands went in my pockets. My dad was furious about that because it showed that I was lazy. It made my dad look bad. I was being a bad example. He went on and on.

Dad bought me new gym shorts, and I kind of ignored them. I wore my old gym shorts. Then my gym shorts disappeared, so I had to wear my new shorts without pockets.

Well, it forced me to work more because the use of my hands was psyching me out. He knew this was going to happen. When we got home, I knew I had to find where he had hidden my shorts. Under his bed, I found where he was hiding my gym shorts with pockets.

I thought about taking them back, but I went back to my room empty handed. I realized my dad only meant to help me, and he was doing it because he loved me.

I catch my breath. My hands grip on to my shorts because there are no pockets.

A Night to Remember

Savannah Methvin

Shut the door,

Please, do come inside

On this bed here is where you lie

Half asleep your eyes are closed

Time spent there will decompose.

A man in black

Walks in holding a sharpened knife,

Leaving you with nothing

But a beautiful kiss behind.



The Switch Up

Erica Platt

Her beautiful golden hair swayed in the wind that was nonexistent.

Her ocean blue eyes sucked me in until I was gasping for air.

Oh, and her smile was worth more than a million words.

"I love you Paxton," I whispered, and kissed her gently on the lips.

Unexpectedly the door swung open, and I'm seeing double.

"What are you doing with my boyfriend, Paige!" screams Paxton.