

WELLIN



FRASER HIGH SCHOOL 2008

wel-kin
-noun *chiefly literary*
the sky; the vault of heaven

*cover painting by
Stasha VanGorder '10*

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*The skill of writing is to create a context in which
other people can think.*

-Edwin Schlossberg



Alexis Rutter

How to Whistle

Emily Campbell '08

My tongue felt like sand, sky or stars:
Like everything because it felt like nothing
A four year old would know. It was small,
But filled my mouth; strong, but boneless.
Everything about it was weird: the word,
The shape, the texture, the softness, the wetness,
But I knew it was the key to whistling, so

I curled my tongue, puffing my cheeks
With silent song. The frustrating rush of
My breath running out of my mouth felt
Almost as hot as the sun pushing through
The kitchen window. I was boiling, and
My mom whistled as she swept, taunting me.
How do you twist tongues to make sound?

“Like a taco,” she said, and then I was so close
I felt it bubbling and straining in my breath, and
The sun felt less harsh, my tongue less clumsy.
I blew, and it finally burst from my lips like
A jack-in-the-box, making me jump.
Another trial, same conclusion. I was like
A teapot: irritation evaporating out of

Me like steam, constant, monotone whistling
As loud as I could. I basked in the sun,
Let its rays tickle my neck and arms,
Felt my tongue contracting just so,
Listened to my whistle’s lopsided melody,
Sat on the fresh, familiar, floor; relieved.
Finally ready for kindergarten.



Monica Staley



Ashley Lowell '08

Birth of Spring

Bryce Hetchler '08

Dawn painted her pale fingertips across
the lightening sky.
Pink to blue, and
a scoop of cream topping floating clouds.
Brush strokes of yellow, orange, pink.

In the corner of my hazel eye,
a sparkling red orb
emerged over the horizon,
like a phoenix from its dead, gray ashes.

In its wake parades of creamy shapes trailed,
tinged with soft fire.
Dawn and subjects,
brought forth the birth of another day.

Her beauty rang out in birdsong,
a forgotten sound in a world
long frozen in stark blankets of white.
Waves of color rolled

across the ocean of a sky.
Stars dotting the sky twinkled,
their last lights fading out up on the western coast,
like a fleet of ships coming to port.

I breathed in the damp musk of
spongy earth, face upturned to the sky.
Watching Dawn in all her glory,
she woke the world from deep slumber.

Spring has finally come.
Breaking my view of the sun,
Treetops swayed in the subtle breeze,
Tiny, teetering buds of
living green upon their branches.

Excuses, Excuses!

Valerie Flagg '09

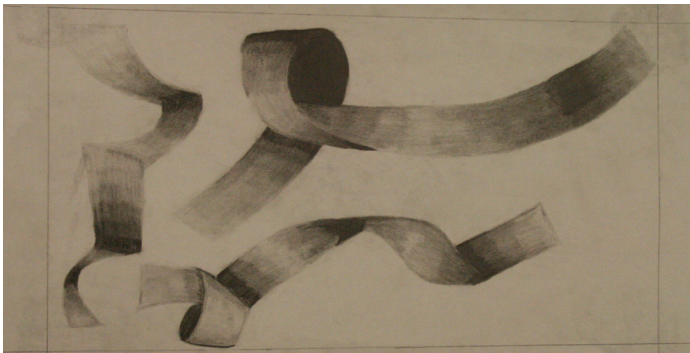
Hey, listen quickly
This may sound a little harsh,
It's not me, it's you.

I've got some bad news,
The government just called, seems
I've been deported.

It took me 'til now
But I've made a decision,
I'd rather be gay.

I hate to say this
And I'm sorry but I'm in
Love with someone else.

I was out at sea
Fishing for a Great white shark
And well, it ate me.



Colin Warchol

Happy Birthday

Joshua Hart '08

John looked over at the menacing, smiling, mustard-yellow face of SpongeBob.

"You're lucky I need the money," John muttered as he lifted the piece over his head and slipped inside. He slip up the two arm pieces as he ran to catch his ride. Even his shoes were stuffed so walking had become a challenge to say the least. It wasn't long before his friend Kyle pulled up in his powder blue Ford 4x4. John climbed into the car.

"You got stuck with SpongeBob?" he said laughing, "Bad day." John punched him, but with his foam hand he didn't do much damage. Kyle brushed it off and reached for the radio. He turned on a CD that he and John had made a few weeks earlier.

The truck pulled onto 13 mile road and traveled toward its destination. John looked out the window at his ever shrinking Shady Oaks townhouse where he lived with his mother and two brothers. It was summer so everyone was outside doing things like walking their dogs, grilling burgers, and swimming in their pools. John slowly watched his familiar surroundings change as Kyle flew down the road blasting Less Than Jake. He watch as the houses slowly grew in size and price range.

"Just about there," Kyle said as he turned down the music. They soon arrived at Churchill Gardens, as the giant green sign with gold lettering proudly displayed. He drove into a long swirling driveway leading to 1340 Aspen Drive: a monstrous red brick house with two windows set like eyes, above a green door that seemed larger than John's entire house.

"Good luck," Kyle yelled as John stumbled out of the car and onto the pavement.

"Thanks," John said, half listening.

The sun beat down like it was trying to cook John in the suit. He was already sweating when he was half way up to the house. After what felt like days he finally reached his destination and with all the force he could gather, he knocked on the door. A tall, thin man with a bad comb over and huge glasses answered.

"You must be our SpongeBob," he pointed out.

"Um, yes sir," John responded not trying to be rude, but thinking to himself, *who else would come to a party dressed like this?*

"Party's in the back, just come with me," the man said, taking a few steps in front of John, who stumbled trying to keep up.

When they reached the backyard, John was engulfed in the sweet scent o flowers from the garden and baked goods from a large table off to the side. It was only moments after he walked in that he was attacked by a mob of children singing the SpongeBob theme song. First they wrestled him to the ground, and then they forced him to come to the middle of the yard to dance with them. *Its show time* he thought as all the hyper active, demonic, little children danced around him. The ring leader, and also the birthday bob, was a greasy, blonde haired, blue eyed, spiteful little boy who decided it would be fun to use John as a piñata at the suggestion of one of the older cousins.

After twenty seven rounds of the SpongeBob theme song, John was now swimming in a pool of his own sweat that had piled up in the square pants he was being forced to wear. He now knew what soup felt like. Finally, the heat was to much for John. He ran to a near by house and made a quick look around. He didn't need any child running to mommy screaming that SpongeBob took his head off. Plus, he didn't want to ruin the "illusion" that was so important to his portly boss, Mrs. Bundingus. She had been in this business for way to long and was so fond of dressing up that she was rumored to have taken some of the costumes home to wear.

He whipped off his box shaped tomb and quickly turned on the hose. The water was magnificent. It felt cool, and was a great relief to his sweaty body. Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice.

"John?"

John closed his eyes. *Please tell me I'm imagining this.* He turned around

heard a familiar voice.

“John?”

John closed his eyes. *Please tell me I'm imagining this.* He turned around to see Hillary, a girl from his school, and some of her friends. They must have been swimming because she was wearing a green bikini and her hair was wet.

“Nope, SpongeBob,” he thought quickly. Hillary laughed a little.

“Oh, sorry,” she said watching John slide back on the poorly made top half.

Anyone but her, he thought.

“Well, I'd better get back to work,” he said, stumbling away.

“Yeah, you'd better,” Hillary said, turning and laughing with her friends.

John walked back to the party and stood around while the family sang happy birthday and passed out presents. As soon as the cake was passed out the kids were sugared up and ready to go. Soon, John was being pushed, kicked, tackled, and punched by tiny fists. After a while John submitted and lied on the ground as the tiny animals continued their attack, but then something happened. John was lifted high into the air. A few of the older and stronger cousins were now lifting him and walking toward the pool. Horrified but too tired to fight back, John yelled something as he was plunged into the water.

His nostrils filled with water as the top half of his suit floated up leaving John to his fate. John swam back to the top. *So much for the illusion,* he thought as he climbed out. He stood up, grabbed the SpongeBob face and walked up to the tall thin dad from earlier.

“I quit,” he huffed out, still catching his breath. He dropped his square pants and took a deep breath.

John made his way to the long swirling drive way to call Kyle, when suddenly a voice came from next door.

“Hey SpongeBob, you want a towel?”

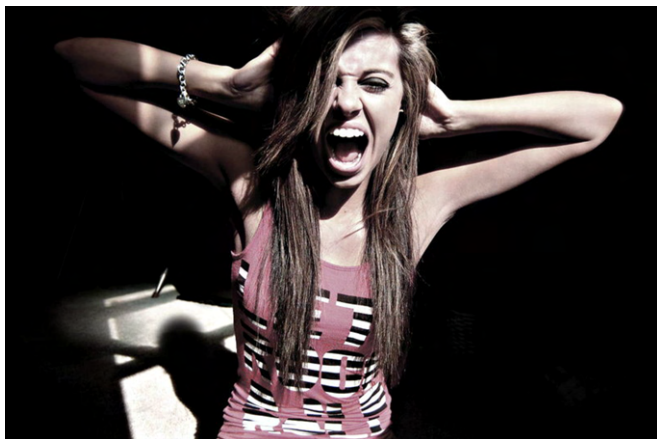
“Sure, why not,” he yelled back. Hillary smiled at him as she finished rubbing the water out of her beautiful red hair and walked over to hand him a towel that had an image of that evil creature SpongeBob on it.

“So, I saw what happened,” she sputtered out. John just smiled and laughed a little.

“I'll be fine,” he said, “most likely out of a job though.”

“Well, if you're done here and since you're already wet, do you want to go swimming with me?” John looked at her.

“Race you,” he muttered, tagging her and running, dropping the towel on the driveway and heading toward the pool.



Morgan Stovall '09



Bethany Hargrove '08



Bryce Hetchler '08

Coming Attractions

Aaron Hamel '08

Apocalypse Now

Col. Kurtz looks at Vietnam and exclaims, "The horror, the horror."

Blue Velvet

As Frank Booth yells and screams, Jeffery cannot get out of the closet.

Clockwork Orange

Alex and his droogs cause mischief in the night and start "Singin' in the rain."

Dawn of the Dead

Zombies run amok as the survivors horde in the large shopping mall.

Eraserhead

Henry Spencer crawls through his radiator and sees the woman dance.

Fear and Loathing

in Las Vegas

Dr. Gonzo and Raoul Duke cruise the wild and winding Vegas strip.

Ghostbusters

Ray thought of the most harmless thing he could, and the Stay-Puft man came out.

Halloween

Michael Myers stalks Laurie Strode, who is his...gasp... Forgotten sister!

Indiana Jones and

the Raiders of the Lost Ark

Crack! Snap! Bang! Ka-Pow! Dr. Jones is in peril again with the Nazis.

Jaws

Dun-Dun...Dun-Dun-Dun...

The young skinny dipping girl is in great danger.

King Kong

The big monkey fell
"It was beauty killed the beast."
Nice observation.

Labyrinth

Goblin king Jareth plays with Muppets while Sara looks for her brother.

Mulholland Dr.

Betty looks different and Rita can't remember her identity.

Naked Lunch

Bill Lee can't seem to understand why all these bugs are talking to him.

One Flew Over the

Cuckoo's Nest

McMurphy gets a lobotomy and the chief flees the asylum.

Plan 9 from Outer

Space

Fake sets, Tor Johnson, this film cannot get any better, that's for sure.

Quick Change

A clown just can't get a break trying to rob a bank in Manhattan.

Rocky

He may have lost the fight, but he's still a winner in the nations heart.

The Searchers

Ethan Edwards is trying to save his niece from the "harsh desert." Riitiiiiight.

This is Spinal Tap

Nigel Tufnell can't seem to understand what is wrong with being sexy.

The Usual Suspects

Who, exactly, is
Keyser Soze? I question
if he's real or not.

V For Vendetta

Evey Hammond and
V remember the 5th of
November and laugh.

Wild At Heart

Sailor and Lula
Are on the run from Lula's
Momma's assassins.

X-Men

Mutants with super
Powers fighting criminals.
It's so typical.

Young Frankenstein

"Dr. Frankenstein?"
"That's Fronkenstein to you, Igor."
"That'd be Eyegor, sir."

Zoolander

It's just hard being
really, ridiculously
good looking sometimes.



Alissa Amicucci '11

The Garage

Angelo Aprea '08

It's about that time
it's then to three
we open the door

and see that beautiful green
that green as only
summer can show.

The red paint peels
like leprosy on the door
the stale smell of smoke

that burns in your nose.
The shelves are lined
with flammable fluid.

The tubs are filled
with toys for the burning.
Lets have some fun.

This'll work, I think.
By the way,
the spit bucket stinks.



Danielle Toerper '08



Jesse Speelman '09

Inner Glow

Amila Zecevic '08

The rising tide returns to a state of clam, cool and innocence as it retreats into the night. Thin crisp clouds move slowly across the night sky. Not a sound in the air except the distant crickets' chirp.

I walk across the pier and take a seat. The beauty of silence takes my breath away as I stare in awe at what nature has in store for me. The landscapes from miles away hid everything but their outline in the darkness.

My mind is racing about life and for a moment I forget about my beautiful surroundings. Then, like an infants screech for help, lightning strikes the ground in the blink of an eye. I jump from my seat as I see for a sudden moment the landscape is lit up; lit up to show me their anger and fear of being ignored.

Eyes still wide open, waiting for my heart beat to quit racing, I look around and smile. I get up with my hands in my pockets and smile more. I smile because I know I'm not alone.

Nightmares

Alexis Olszewski '10

The nightmares are always the same.
I'm running.
You're following.
I hide.
You Find Me.
I'm Gone.
Moments later I awake.
Pulse racing.
Heart beating.
Sweat running down my face.
I'm scared of this.
But there's nothing I can do.
Nothing to change the nightmares.
Every single night I'm scared to fall asleep.
Scared that you'll chase me once again.
Scared that you'll really kill me this time.
Every night it becomes more clear.
Every night more to the story of this
nightmare is untold.
Too many nights have I woken with tears in my eyes.
Too many nights have I not slept.
Too many nights I have heard your voice.
Echoing in my mind.
I want this to end.
End so I can sleep.
End so I do not have to cry.
End so I can forget you,
and your horrible nightmares.
This is killing me.
You don't even understand.
Every night I come closer to defeat.
I'm loosing this battle,
of life or death.
So take your nightmares.
Take your memories.
Take them away.
And leave me alone.
You've won.
I give up.
I'm holding my white flag.
So leave me here knowing that you won.
Knowing that you finally killed me...

REALITY

Alexis Diola '08

Wake up.
Its time to live.
Don't give up.
You must move forward.
You don't want to die,
but be careful or it
will be your time

Stop.
Don't go fast.
Life will pass
through a broken glass.

Go.
Not to slow.
Fast, but he has
only tow toes.
Don't be the hare
to win the race,
be the turtle and
steady your pace.

If you are to dream,
don't make it a nightmare.
Dream it into life.

You will live it, Not dream it.
You will know it,
not think it.
You will try it.
You will hate it.
You just call it,
reality.

Broken Home

Kayleigh Wachowicz '08

A poverty stricken home
No longer shelters any poor, broken family.
The house is all boarded up now.
Every one of its windows is shattered.
The dead house has but one trace of life:
The tree.
The tree that is the family.
The tree whose weak branches crack at night,
Much like the bickering voices of the parents did.
The tree that loses its leaves
But will bloom again in the spring.
Those weak, creaking branches are thickening,
They become stronger through the storms.
Though in the fall,
Dark red and maroon leaves drop
Getting caught in the whirlwind;
The children had a hard time escaping.
The tree would grow a little each year
And buds, blossom.
The tree has its phases,
The family did too.
Though all the troubles drove them out of the area
A part of them is still there:
The tree.
The tree will continue to grow
Along with the family.



Amber Bennett

Be a Man Joshua Hart '08

He's Mad,
he screams and rants
I don't feel bad
My fist clenched,
So hard it hurts

Why did mom let him here in the first place
He puts his red angry face into mine
His spits hits me
My eyes hold shut
He raises his hand.

I've done it this time
His fist comes down
it hurts my skin
I fall to the floor
It's cold and unforgiving

I stagger to my feet
He catches my eye
I get a swing off
to his surprise.

After that I just ran
Until I could explain to mom
He told me be a man



04-19-08

永遠の雨

Brianna Dionne '09

Stone Horse

Ashlee Bartok '09

He must have dodged every piece of nature on the fresh, soil woven ground; separating his feet from a snap of a twig or the rustle of a leaf. His feet were planted as if they were floating, careful not to make a sound louder than a whisper. His contact was on one thing and one thing only. He blended himself among the forest like he was apart of it. Time had frozen. The leaves were still, the birds squawking had lowered to a faint murmur, and his prey was twenty yards from the Oak tree he had been standing behind. He slowly lifted his bow and strung back his arrow making no sudden sounds. He had been doing this his whole life so tuning out the sound as if there was none, was easy to him.

The Buck had been grazing on the apples Stone Horse had laid out for it. He knew the forest and he knew the trail. He knew every step the Buck had made down the river trail three miles from his village. He had been hunting the Buck for a week now and knew its every sound. As it stood twenty yards from the Oak tree, its hooves were kicking back leaves and dirt covering the bait. Stone Horse knew when he must draw back his arrow and the only sound he could hear was “whoooooosh, whoooooosh,” coming from the Buck.

As Stone Horse drew back his arrow, their eyes met for a split second and in that moment it was man versus animal. It was the Buck's realization that its time had come and its life had ended, but it was not afraid. His arrow struck the Buck's left lung, piercing it instantly and as the animal was staggering, the lonely Indian prayed. He thanked the creator for his catch and asked the animal for its life, respectively.

As Stone Horse was moving back to the village dragging the Buck with his rope made of deer hide, he noticed the quality of the Buck's antlers.

“That will make a great knife for Dancing Wolf.”

Entering the village, Stone Horse could hear words of appraisals in Ojibwe. His Brother, Standing Bear, was approaching him.

“Aniinanishkwe,” said Stone Horse.

“Ah, good catch brother! Give it to me and Dancing Wolf and I will clean it up.” Stone Horse went over to his wife and kissed his baby Girls forehead.

“You going out for another hunt tomorrow?” said his wife.

“Yes, and this time I will get an Elk. I will get enough to feed the whole village!”

The next morning, the sun was low and dew had condensed on the blades of grass leading to the trail. He made it a priority to wake up earlier to arrive at the spot he knelt at in the field every hunt. He had waited there for three hours with “nothing to look at but his surroundings.

The field opened to a circle of maple trees and the sun had reached just over the tops of the trees now. The grass was long and the weeds Stone Horse hid behind was level to his eyes. Those fierce, dark golden eyes had seen clouds and clouds of escape in the sky. They had seen miles and miles of never ending trees and stumps, along with foxes, rabbits, raccoons and occasional appearances of bears. He had seen abandoned remains of bones and berry bushes and he would sit and watch deer trod along the trails just to watch them. And he knew where he was. This was his home.

His vision came back and he spotted a male Elk making its way to the open field. He once again zoned out all living things, hearing nothing. His feet yet again floated above the ground and his prey came into view. Man versus animal.

He raised his hand and arm that routinely relaxed into the position it had occupied several times before. He drew back his arrow and focused on the male bull that was now twenty-five yards away. All he had to do now was wait for the moment. The wind had blown and the air was chilling but he didn't feel it. His right arm was strained from waiting for that moment and sweat had blurred his vision. He didn't need his eyes now. They had already seen the animal. He released a breath of air and the Elk had redirected his sight to Stone Horse. Their eyes locked and this time it was longer than a moment. It had prolonged and seemed like eternity. The Bull's eyes were still, its ears were twitching and its nostrils flaring. But, instead of releasing his arrow into the Bull's heart, Stone Horse slowly lowered his bow. They stared for a moment longer and then the Bull dashed away, never to be seen again.

Stone Horse knelt there for a while longer, taking in every wisp of air and watching every blade of grass sway in the field as if trying to hypnotize him. He started back toward his village, leaving behind a trail of freshly, planted footprints. It had started to rain and every drop seemed to be reaching out to Stone Horse. And, he stood there taking it all in and raising his hands as if inviting the thunder, he prayed to the creator. He thanked him for his catch and for the sun and for the forest and the rain.



Amber Bennett '10



Emily Malendowski '10

For the Love Of

Cara Biondo '10

“But Mom, it’s broken! I need another one! You and Dad are the ones who bought it for me, why is it that I have to buy the new one?” yelled Mable.

“We bought that T.V. for you for your birthday, it was a gift, and it’s not our job to replace it. If you want a new one, you have to buy it yourself,” answered her mother.

“How exactly do you expect me to buy a new one? I’m broke!” said Mable.

“Do what I had to do to earn money, get a job,” her mother said.

Mable’s eyebrows scrunched so close together that she looked like she had a unibrow.

“Whatever,” was all Mable could think of to say back to her mother. She stomped out of the kitchen, her bare feet slamming down on the shiny hard wood floor. She trampled up the pure white carpeted stairs and slammed her bedroom door shut when she reached her room.

Mable leaped onto her unmade bed and screamed into her checkered yellow and white pillow. Her room was decorated with blue and green tank tops, ripped \$60 jeans, a school sweatshirt, red ballet flats, and some multicolored T- shirts scattered across the floor. Papers of Chemistry tests, Math worksheets, English study guides, and Health assignments were shoved into one corner of her room. Her dresser was covered with light pink and dark red lipsticks, bright blushes, brown, green, blue, pink, and purple colored eye shadow, and tubes of thickening mascara. It also had Teen Vogue and Seventeen magazines with more long sleeved solid colored shirts, black cotton shorts, and a striped green and yellow sweater.

Mable sat up and looked at her busted T.V. “It’s all my stupid brother’s fault,” she said to herself. “If he wasn’t in my room when I told him not to be, I wouldn’t have thrown my soccer ball at him and hit my T.V. instead.”

After hours of thinking and planning ways to earn enough money for a new T.V. without having to work, Mable ripped up all of her ideas that she wrote down on paper and sighed in defeat. Time to look at that black and white piece of junk that they call a newspaper.

Sitting outside on her front porch was Mable and her packet of newspapers. The sun heated the warm June day, and a cool but whipping breeze rustled the tree leaves and papers all over the front porch. The purple and yellow flowers that outlined the front of the house had their petals stretched out wide and the grass gave off a nice dark lime color which was freshly cut.

Mable scanned through the classified section trying to find jobs that would interest her.

Nail artist for Beauty Works Spa- work three days a week. Must be experienced.

“I’m experienced in destroying my nails’ paint job,” said Mable.

Personal stylist wanted. Must have a degree

“I’m only 16, haven’t gone to college yet!” yelled Mable at the newspaper. An hour ticked by and the only job she could find that fit her resume, which meant she didn’t have one, was a dog washer at The Puppy Wash. She called up the store and made a meeting with the manager for the next day at 1:30 p.m.

The next day came and at 1:30, Mable was in the meeting with the manager. At 2:00, she walked out of the office with her uniform and a very first job and her very first day would start the day after tomorrow.

“I’m proud of you,” said Mable’s mother while the family was eating dinner.

“So am I,” said her father. “You’re finally taking on more responsibility, and just think, you’re getting paid for it.”

“I’m only doing this until I earn enough money for my T.V.,” mumbled Mable.

For dinner, the family was having spaghetti, but all Mable could do was twirl the red and slimy noodles around on her fork. She already mashed her jumbo meatballs into almost non-existent pieces of meat and her glass of lemonade wasn't even touched.

"You know you can't do that in the real world, honey. You can't just start something and drop it when you've had enough, you have to keep working to make a life for yourself," her father said.

"Whatever," Mable quietly said and stood up, pushed in her chair and walked up to her room.

Today was the first day of Mable's new job. She put on her uniform and looked in the mirror. She had on navy blue pants that looked like doctor scrubs, a white t-shirt that said The Puppy Wash in navy blue and a white baseball cap that also said The Puppy Wash in navy blue. On top of that were long, floppy blue dog ears that hung from the side of the hat.

"Kill me now," was all that Mable could say.

She arrived at the Puppy wash a little early and a 22 year old girl with a forest of pimples, round glasses and purple tinted braces ran through the rules and instructions of Mable's job. All that she really had to do was wash dogs. That didn't seem so hard.

Mable's very first dog was a massive Golden Retriever named Butch. When Mable washed his head and ears, he'd let out a million barks in a row and then decide it was time for some love and licked Mable's face. When Mable washed his body, Butch swiveled and shook all of the water off, leaving Mable drenched in dog hair, light brown, and saliva filled water. He wouldn't sit still, he kept hitting Mable in the face with his wagging tail, and he just never shut up! This continued throughout the day on small and large dogs, but some didn't always want to give Mable kisses. Especially the tiny little Chihuahua named Dimples who snarled and nipped at Mable when her hand got near.

Every single day that Mable came back to work the routine was the same. Kissing-addicted dogs and snarling pooches were waiting to be washed. Every single night when Mable got home, she was drenched in water, fur, and saliva that stuck to her hair and was crusted on her face.

After two months and one week of spending what seemed like a lifetime at The Puppy Wash, Mable finally got enough money, plus a little more for her T.V.

"I've got it! \$275 for my very own, one of a kind T.V! I did it!" yelled Mable.

"That's great," said her mom. "So are you taking in your uniform tomorrow morning or during their lunch break?"

Mable just stood there, staring at her mom. All the slobber and water, and all the hair that got matted to her hands kind of grew on her. The dogs even seemed to like her better, or was that just her imagination?

"Actually, think I'll keep it. You know you can never have enough money," stated Mable.

Mable bought her \$275 Toshiba T.V. from Best Buy wearing her blue pants and her white shirt with the blue lettering. (But not her hat because that would be embarrassing.) Mable had to get her T.V. quick because after she was done, she had to go right to work at The Puppy Wash.



Kaitlyn Minchella '10



Lisa Neumann '08

The Cat

Emily Campbell '08

The cat sits at the window
Warmed by the wilting sun.
Soon there will be snow.

The neighbors' windows glow.
Watching the aproned woman,
The cat sits at the window.

The neighbor-woman slows,
Peering past the curtain.
Soon there will be snow.

Her husband comes home,
Stumbling, shouting, drunken,
As the cat sits at the window.

He yanks her by the elbow.
Perhaps it is the tension;
Soon there will be snow.

When he hits, no one knows.
He'll say sorry later. No one
But the cat that sits at the window
As it begins to snow.



Morgan Stovall '09

Ground

Valerie Flagg '09

A little yellow
House on a quiet little

Street, In a silent little
Town, is where we'd like to meet.

We'd run in through the house
Up the stairs, onto to loft.

And think of undemanding ways
To get our minds so lost.

Across the street an
Empty field

We'd run around and
Play

Adventures so intense
Two nine-year-old young minds

Sooner than we knew it
Our field did slowly fade

Turned into a new neighborhood
Like a sad, old, slow love tune

The house no longer yellow,
Like the rest, pale white and blue.



Maria Muns '10

The Hill Climb

Dino Sykes '08

I put on my headphones to pass the time,
The lines on the road seem endless,

Time seems to take a slow pace,
As if I would never get there,

Climbing mountains never to reach the top,
Climbing altitudes ears popping,

Uncomfortable tossing and turning,
Having no comfort zone,

Thoughts scrambling head spinning,
The world is upside down,

Mind is blank left in the dark,
Light seems non existent,

Reality is yet to kick in,
Everything seems numb,

Heart empty,
Like a stomach starving itself,

Old faces covered in sorrow,
Joy seemed to abandon the room,

Eyes watering boy trembling loss of consciousness,
Starring at the face which was absent of life, and happiness,

Eyes telling lies as they embrace the cold stiff body,
A moment of disbelief as I put my fingers on the once warm hands of my Great
Grandma,

Lifeless weight holding me down,
With every step she gets heavier the hill gets longer and higher,

Setting down the bed in which was prepared for her,
My heart clinging to her not wanting to let go,

I feel myself falling into a trance as the priest begins to speak,
Wind blowing, trees whistling, birds singing, thick air hard to breathe almost
suffocating my lungs,

Walking away thinking everything's was a dream,
Take a fall wondering if I'll ever get up,



Emily Malendowski '10



Tom Bushon '08

Hospital Beds

Paul Keiter '08

Lying anxiously awaiting,
in a room of white washed
walls
and a bright green curtain.
Uncomfortably watching
the needle
that perfectly pierced my
young wrist.
Clothed by a gown of pale
white,
with a thin tie to keep
covered.
Parents sit close, sending
their prayers
to the heavens above;
they want me to be safe
tonight.
I can hear the footsteps
getting closer and closer,
getting louder and louder.
Is it really time?
Must I leave?
Will I return?
Questions
I never thought I should
have to present to myself
at the mere age of twelve.
A gentle kiss to the
forehead
was given to both mother
and father
before I set sail.

There were no ores or
engine,
which led the captain to
get behind my boat
and push to lead the way.
It was a short journey
through
the seas of the sick.
I could see I wasn't alone
that night,
by the other numerous
boats we passed.
I could hear cries and
screams
that hit me like forceful
waves.
But I bravely bared through
the storm that night,
and docked in a cold silent
room.
Everything was covered
with blue paper clothes.
But one object stood tall,
like a plateau of stainless
steel in the middle of the
room.

Surrendering and
surrounded
by eight of the captains
crew.
Their mouths and heads
covered,
only revealing their two
mysterious eyes
that stared back into mine.
They gently slid me over
onto the steel bed that had
been prepared for me.
How can I sleep here on
this?
A question that I pondered
before one sailor covered
my mouth as well.
But not with the thin blue
cloth
that covered his face.
But instead with a plastic
mask,
attached by a thin tube.
One breath in
caused my eyes to be
pulled slowly to my cheeks.
Another breath in
and they were sealed like
an envelope waiting for
delivery.
I could only pray now
that they would be
delivered safely,
for I wanted to be read
again.



Sarah Koch '08



Becky Warunek '08

Untitled

Vanessa Burnett '09

Old worn dock, sand scattered.
Quaint beach shops locked up,
Protected against the fiery storm
Sky suppressed with threatening clouds.
Waves crashing into abandoned shore.
Wind whispering in my ear
He never loved you, he never loved you, he never loved you...

Licking my lips
Salty, rough chapped skin.
Wind whips through my hair
Wild like Medusa's
Slow tears mixed with acid rain
Dance down my cheeks. Leading to my heart.

Kindness slips out of his sapphire eyes
Replaced with harsh honesty.
Velvety voice lamenting to me,
Je ne t'aime pas.

Knees shaking as if an earthquake overtook me.
Dizzy confusion crashes through me.
No. don't. stop.
Head spinning like a bottle top.
He leaves me barely standing.

Goodbye... I murmur
But carried away by the wind.
Gazing at his retreating back
A miniscule dot is all that remains.
It's then,
My safety built walls tumble down.



Alexis Rutter '10

Patches

Joe Wolber '08

I press my lips together,
And I squeeze them tight.
Out comes a lip smacking sound.
The rattling of chain collar
Makes its way towards me.
Toenails come and go
In a repeated pattern, clicking
And grinding off the floor concluding
With slick sliding steps.
I stare at the door entrance, waiting.
From around the corner I see my
White, black-blotched dog appear.
Standing tough with 98 pounds
Of muscle to back him up, he
Darts towards me with an ecstatic tail.
A wet black hyperventilating nose
Decides that I am friendly.
His American Bulldog body budes
Mine over and makes room for itself.
I let out a smile into his eyes, but all I see is white.

The Beginning of a Beautiful Friendship *Aaron Hamel '08*

I could hear Eddie Vedder yowling in the background. "Last Kiss," I think. I ponder turning the radio off, but I just can't muster up the will to do it. All I can look at is my phone, clutched in my clammy hand. The tone was still buzzing, and now it was starting to beep.

"We're sorry, please hang up and dial again..."

"I tried to hold back the tears. Had this really been a sham all along? How did it all go to hell so quick? I was trying to think, but I could barely hear with the bone-crunching football action happening on the television in the room next to mine. If only these walls were just a tad thicker.

"Honey, come on down, dinners ready!" My mother called from the kitchen. It had to be meatloaf night. I could smell it a mile away. That smell isn't making it any easier to get up.

I just sit there, motionless, phone still clutched in my palm. The digital clock on my headboard won't stop flashing "12:00" in that deep sinister red.

"Come on! I'm not going to call you again!"

I stare at the fan hanging from ceiling, and it's slightly mesmerizing. For a moment everything goes quiet, and all I can hear is the piercing silence of the fan blades. No dial tone, no mom calling me, no nothing, a real transcendental moment. But then Eddie Vedder breaks the silence.

"Oh where, oh where, can my baby be? The Lord took her away from me."

Eddie, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Ahoy

Britney Glowe '08



Ellyn Swartz '10

My tires graze over the beaten up cement,
Plowing through pot holes, rolling right into a parking spot.
The yellow guiding lines are faint and faded.
Pieces of glass and gravel grip the soles of my shoes.
The blue and white sign illuminates my pupils.

I've arrived at the dock.

VACANCY leads my unrested eyes toward the door.
The guard of the keys sits perched upon a swivel chair,
His clenched fist below his chin.
His face so pale is appears to glow.
Dark circles trace the bottom of his droopy eyes.
His worn appearance looks lifeless and wilted.
The tattered watch on his wrist reads 4:30
We exchange money and a key in bare silence
He doesn't stop his stare.
The permanent marker sketched on the key reads 371
I escape through the door.
The decaying rotten wooden stairs leading me to my room
Teeter on the verge of snapping below my weight.
Flickering yellow lights pilot me through the night
The wooded 2nd story creaks with each stop.
Click-clanking of a woman's heels turns my head
The sequence of her skimpy work suit shines in the moonlight.
Her eyes meet those of a man slouched over the balcony, a slight smirk curves his lips.
He's awaiting her arrival.
My pace quickens past the graceless scene.
317 reads the end corner door.
The blue painted door chipped as if it were sprayed with salt water.
The key turns and the lock snaps back as the door screeches open,
Inside beckons me through the doorway.
I slip my shoes off, the shaggy forest green carpet embraces my tired toes.
Yellow stained wallpaper peels off the walls.
I look around the room, realizing my desperate hospitality.
Scent of despair and cheap coffee wafts into my nostrils
The sunken bed begs for another quarter
As I lay thinking of those here before me.

Morning sun creeps through a crevice in the curtains.
Without lingering, I grab my purse and shoes and head to the door.
Seasick feeling in the pit of my stomach.
I hurry to my car in silence.
An unsteady building, a reliable place.
I've sailed the sea with the Skipper Motel.



Jesse Speelman '10

Snow Tracks

Kyara Marchand '08

The snow glistens, a brilliantly blinding light show of spectacular proportions.
Peering down into its preternatural depths, I catch sight of perceived distortions.
Miniature hoofed and padded craters, impressions of animals who had passed,
Stare up at me from their residence, small tracks hiding in the shadows the trees cast.

Along the forests edge a herd of ambling hoof tracks march, creeping up behind the rows.
Sneakily finding their way into the sheltering forest, away from what the houses expose.
Their tracks are light footed, cleft hoofed, wide gaited, careful - They walk atop the snow.
They head for the rough bark of winter, but they dream of what sacred spring will bestow.

Against the shrubbery, deep incisions cut through the snow, the work of an angry burrower.
Their claws dug at the earth beneath its frozen layer, searching for a shelter the shrubs embower.
Scattered on yards birds feet freckle the snow revealing their seemingly mindless hunting pattern.
Any fool could study these criss-crossed tracks, and yet it's a dance only the birds can discern.

Almost accidentally, long furrows and brushes and sweeps appear, pockmarked with clues.
Large and clumsy canine marks race with hasty maneuvers of a sporty rabbit, a scuttle or confuse.
But the rabbit leaps bound far after the canine ruts halt, leaving behind the sense of sweet elusion.
In minds eye, I watched the dog turn back, his tail tucked, as he realized escape was the conclusion.

I walked home in this chaos of mingled life that had crossed this path, feeling unnerved.
The animals that lived in this winters paradise, the land I owned that they deserved,
Was accepting another track today, like every other day.
Mine.



Alissa Amicucci '10

Birthday Dog *Kyara Marchand '08*

The wind swirled and raged outside,
cutting the earth with angry slashes.
Sodden tables and décor dropped in the rain
and the high water table filled and spilled over.

I was negligent of the terrible tempest around.
My party migrated indoors, underneath the dry roof.
Seven eight-year-olds ran about my humid house
and I was lost among them, with my mind trained on dogs.

We tramped about like elephants but I remained focused,
searching the packages for any signs of exuberant life
that I was positive was hidden. I imagined wet noses
and pudgy bellies beneath every box top.

My mother yelled “presents!” and the word fell
Heavenly on my ears. I mimicked the storm, and
ripped through my gifts. Finally a small blue carrier
was set opposite me and I inhaled and held it.

Excitement mounted, like too many cars on a wooden bridge.
I knelt down, kissing the carpet, and peered in at my new puppy.
The cage was dark and I saw little. My dad unhooked the hinge,
he let the door swing wide and I opened my arms.

Sound muted, like sticking your thumbs in your ears.
My breath caught in a momentary asthma attack.
A small white paw stepped out, and I looked down, perplexed,
as nose and whiskers and ears and cat stepped towards me.



Emily Malendowski '10

