



Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine
of the Pacific Community
Charter High School

Volume X
Spring 2014

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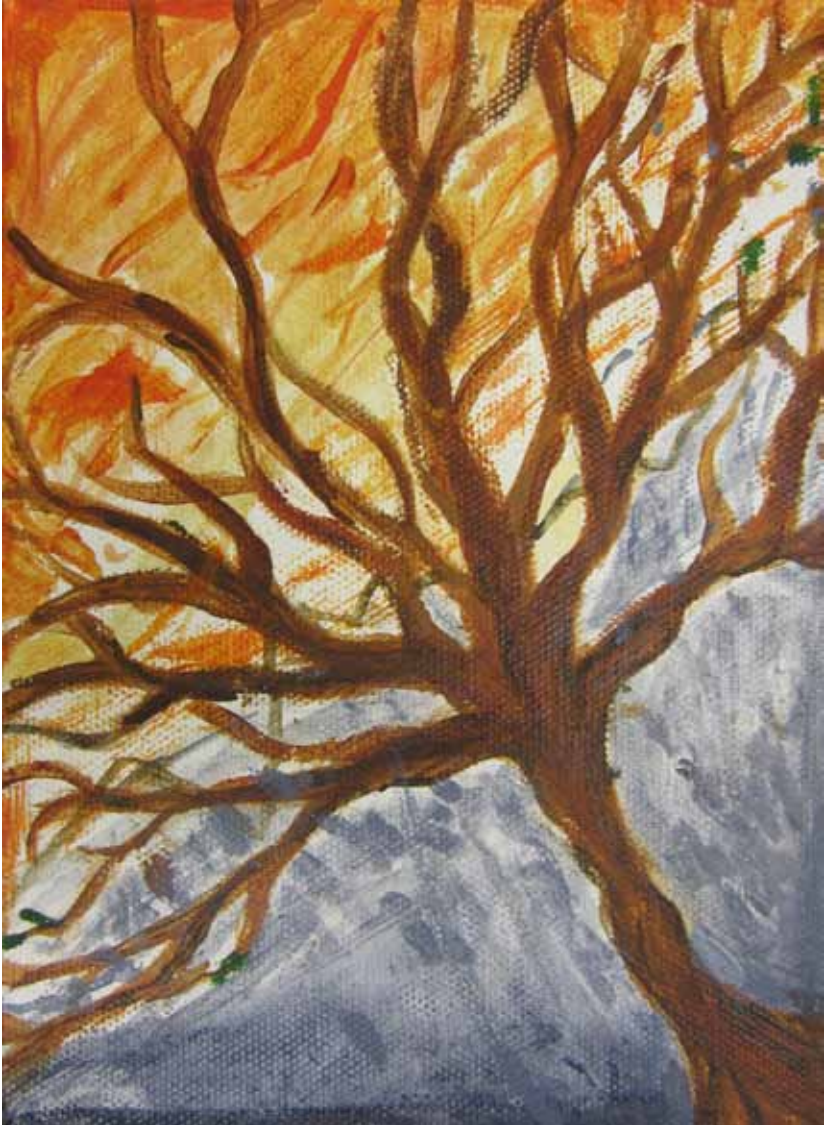
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Antonio Biaggi

The Fall

I feel the hard aging bark
As it collides with my shoe's soft rubber
Cool, pleasant air blows past my face
I lift my tired head
Weary arms extended
Bracing for the painful thud of impact
Hard looking grayness fills my vision
As I quickly fall
Descending towards the pavement
Finally stopping
When my hands reach the earth

Golf

You step up,
Sun glaring in your eyes
As you look out,
Estimating the yardage.
This, you think, is the moment
The moment that will make
Or break you. The moment
That will define and shape you.
You feel the pressure,
A thousand tons supported
Only by your shoulders.
You pull back,
Sun gleaming off the club,
And you swing, knowing
That you must resign yourself
To the fate of a shot
Far too short.

Ethan Pack



Goija Warnock



Guthrie Savage-Friedman



Jade Marshall-Mobert

Paper People

Paper cities
And paper planes
Glide along on fate's great wings
Paper houses
And paper streets
Folding like accordion sheets
Paper rooms
And paper people
Flat and failing, weak and feeble

Sticks

Stick figures
Stand upon their stick boards
Dwarfed by the monster they attempt to tame



All the Same

He was,
She was,
We were;
All original
All the same
Hoping we could somehow change

Jake Hutcheson

Untitled

The fence was white picketed with mud surrounding it
Somewhere located near Santa Rosa
A little boy on his door step reading a book
He dropped it in the mud.

Untitled

Pesky Pesky little fly buzzing in the window
Oh try, oh try to reach the sky
But before I clip your wings you might as well die
Before you see the light of day

Kai Cochran

Untitled

As the 6'6" Point Arena pirate, Nick Jones, approaches the free-throw line after being fouled on a layup, a bolt of excitement and nerves flow through his body.

His team trails by one point with five seconds left in the game. The stadium fills with devastated chatter and then Nick gets the ball! He does his free throw routine; blocks out all the distraction coming from his brain and shoots. Half the crowd cheers and half the crowd boos... he missed.

Nick and the Pirates still have a chance to tie the game. He steps up to the free-throw line, sweat pouring from his face, crowd going wild, his teammates encouraging him. He takes one last deep breath and shoots. The crowd goes quiet, not a single sound in the entire stadium. Miss. The Pirates lose the game.

Khayme Morgan

DURING SCHOOL

What I say most during school.
Wait what?
What do we do?
When's lunch?
When does this class end?
Do we have to do this?
I have to pee.
Do we have to take notes?
I'm done.

BLANK PAPER

A blank paper
With a full pen
A blank mind
But a full heart



Max Anguilo

Untitled

The morrow begins as soon as it ends
Betwixt thine arms lies my sorrow
I shall not rejuvenate until tomorrow
The sun sets amongst the depths
The water so blue on the rocks
Except when the waves splash hither and thither
Brine as magnificent as pearls



Untitled

Big

Bold

And tall

Someday you may fall

But for now you stand tall

Tree cutters and axe hackers will cause you to tumble

Don't let them saw you down

They are small compared to you

Michaela Rae



Rachel Kritz

Bad Wolf

I am the Bad Wolf
I create the words
And scatter them through time and space,
A message,
Leading myself here

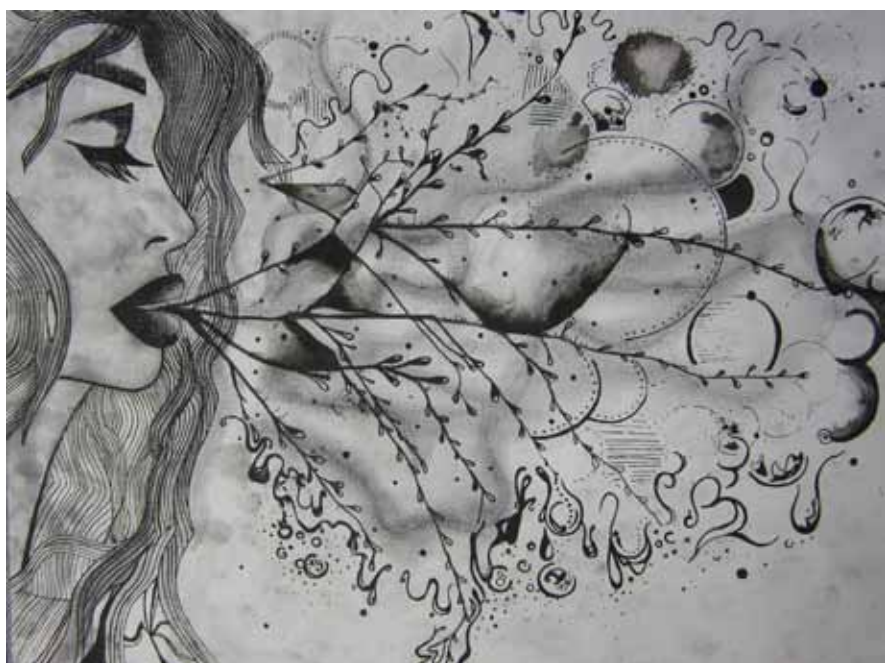
The Willow

Deep in meadow
There is a willow
Silent but tall
Leaves that never fall
Love,
Is what it calls.

Sarah Sheets



Stephanie Sanchez



SuSanna Morgan

Peach

Ripening on a big tree
Swinging in the sun
Waiting to be picked
The sweet smell
Makes you want to take a bite

Him

The slow beat of a drum
The soft tone of a hum
The sweet taste of your kiss
The thoughts when you are missed
Yes, it is true;
My heart belongs to you.

Trill Nye

The lone trout!

The muffled sound of the waves is all that's heard rolling above these magnificent fish. Just 100 yards ahead the fresh water of the Gualala River lays silent and still, the only thing separating these fish from their spawning grounds is several feet of white sand. Suddenly the water spills over the beach, and into the ocean making a salty brackish mix. The steelheads filter into the small river from all over and begin their long journey up stream.

All of these fish are majestic, but if I were to write about every single one, things might get a bit confusing. So I will tell you the tale of a young steelhead named Roo. As this particular fish swam up stream he looked for some food. As he scanned the glassy water he saw the silhouette of a small insect trying to break the surface tension. The small fly was soon being helplessly pulled into the trout's mouth and happily the fish made his descent back to the bottom of the river.

Suddenly the trout felt a sharp stinging tug in the corner of his mouth. As the fly fisherman on the shore held tightly onto his pole the fish tore the surface of the water apart as it tried to escape the sharp hold of the hook. Soon the fish was on the rocks gasping for air; the old fisherman picked the fish up from the sandy beach but paused when he couldn't help but feel a deep connection with the creature. Most fish the man caught ended up on the end of his fork but this one was different, so he set the fish back into the stream, and watched as it swam away.

The steelhead, on the other hand, did not feel the same connection. In fact, if he was given the chance he was sure he would have killed the man in the blink of an

eye. So the fish kept moving on up stream, until the sun was well below the tree line, but he still did not stop until the sun had risen again.

He was now on a small creek that ran into the larger river, and was looking for a nice pool to spend his days in, preferably one far from anything human. Of course that would be a hard goal to accomplish seeing that almost all of the tributaries into the river are accessible by logging roads. Eventually he managed to find a wonderful pool that was full of life, and plenty of things to do. When he talked to one of the local trout he was told that they had only seen one human here, and he was surprisingly not trying to hurt them.

As the days went by the trout found a nice place to spend his time when he wasn't on the prowl for food, or a companion. It was the perfect spot for a large trout; a small root formation located right next to an eddy, sheltering him perfectly from the rapid current. The water was cool there, and as he slowly swayed his tail from side to side he would eat small nymphs that were hatching from the roots and rocks that surrounded him. He knew that in order to find a mate he would someday have to return to the big rumbling waves of the ocean. This was a thought that he was not too fond of, though it was often found being tossed about his head. But he had to make a decision. He would stay, or so he thought...

One day, after a very heavy rain, and an assorted meal of worm's nymphs and flies, he saw a silver glimmer in the distance. Could it be, he thought? Yes, there it was off in the distance. He could just make out the water smudged outline of a large female steelhead returning to the ocean after spawning up river. His instincts said to follow, but he had grown very fond of his new home. The following week was an exciting one for Roo. He saw hundreds of steelhead as they made their leisurely way down the river but when they had all returned to the ocean he felt a new sort of emptiness he'd never experienced before.

The next morning he said goodbye to his friends, and set off for the open ocean. He swam with excitement in his heart and his old friends on his mind. It took him a few days to get back to the river mouth, but when he did he was met with a couple challenges. First, the river mouth had closed, and second, there were a couple of very hungry seals, which were very happy to see him.

From his perspective the ocean was not very far away, but when he jumped out of the water in an attempt to breach the land bridge he found himself lying on his side in the hot sand and, in dismay, he saw that he was nowhere near the water's edge. Luckily there was a man on the beach who saw the whole thing, and quickly set him back into the river, before promptly writing about it in the local newspaper. By the time it was dark the fish was a mile upriver and still determined to get back to salt-water.

The following year was filled with good and bad times; the good thing was that the streams were filled with hundreds of happy young trout that gobbled up anything that would move. The bad thing was that it hadn't rained in months, and the whole county was in a major drought. The water was getting lower and lower by the day, and the fish was getting nervous. Would his sea bound friends ever return? He spent the long summer in the small pools of the river, and became very good at telling real food from artificial fishing hooks.

Since the rivers were so low the fishermen could see all the fish, especially Roo. Almost every day someone was there to try and catch him. One night there were a few men in a log cabin up the road having a bit too much to drink. They got to talking, and were full of energy, so they took their business down to the river. When they got there the fat one dared the skinny one to jump in for a swim. The skinny one then replied "Is that it?" Immediately the large man raised the bet, and about ten minutes later the guy was up to his waist in the cold river, with a spear in one hand, and a flashlight in the other. He was

ready to get that fish once and for all, so he went to where he knew he would be hiding, and sure enough there he was. The man drew back the spear and threw it at the fish; the spear missed the fish, hit a rock bounced off, and drove straight into the man's foot.

As he lay in the cold shallow water holding his bloody foot, the other men on the beach were very confused. Later, through tears and loud gasps of air, he explained to the authorities what had happened. They were very concerned about the young man's wellbeing, but also about the fish. Fish and Game were told about what had happened, but didn't know what to do. A couple of weeks went by before anyone helped the fish. Finally, a local fisherman volunteered.

He had watched the fish for about a week before the fisherman had started to try and catch Roo. Thankfully he told the authorities that it was illegal to fish for steelhead at this time, probably saving the fish's life. He knew that the fish needed to be somewhere, and that that place was not here.

One day on a cool morning he went down to the river with his fly pole. He slipped his waders on, positioned himself about thirty feet downstream from the fish, and tied a pheasant tailed nymph onto his 7 foot, 19lb test tapered leader. All he needed was one cast, but it had to be perfect. It had to be presented to him at just the right angle and just about 5 feet in front of his face. So that's just what he did and as the imitation fly drifted towards the fish, the water exploded, yet the fisherman stood completely still. Finally he set the hook and reeled the monster in.

Placing the fish into a bucket full of water, he ran the short distance to his green pickup truck, water freely splashed out and onto his legs. The next 30 minutes were the longest of his life. The man parked his truck and ran down the long narrow path to the Gualala Point beach. He got to the water's edge and plucked the fish from the bucket. As the fish's stomach touched the cold salty waters of the big Pacific Ocean, the man shed a tear. This tear was

not a tear of sadness but a tear of happiness. He felt truly fulfilled. The fisherman was emotional, but he was content. He would miss his days watching the fish from a tree along the shore of the river, or when he would scare off anglers from the hole so they would not catch the fish. As the fish wriggled out of his cracked and calloused hands the man felt as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.



Victoria Ignacio

The Trees

They reach out to the sky like giants.
And tell secrets to the stars.
They gaze up at the moon with unseen eyes
And with those eyes;
They can never tell lies
They will keep your secrets.
They will keep your lies
And their oath to you;
Will never die

Zariah Smith

There was a surfer boy with brown hair. He was very tall, big shoulders, big wings. He wore shorts and shirts every day with a beanie. He was quiet but very goofy. He liked to skate and surf at The Cove. He wasn't born a surfer though. When he was seven years old he noticed that his friends surfed and he thought it would be cool. He asked his mom if he could do it; his best friend gave him a raggedy board and a worn wetsuit. His friend and his friend's mom and dad would take him once or twice a week to the Inside-Left's.

One day, during a bigger swell, he caught a wave and when he pulled out of the wave, he was on-top of the boiler. His board was scraped up and dinged and had a hole going through it. He sent it to the local repair guy and the guy taught him how to fix his own boards. From then on he kept surfing.

His favorite places to surf are: the Outside-Lefts, Inside-Lefts, The Rights and Hanalei, Hawaii. While he's surfing all he can think about is what he is going to do next in the water, what spot he's going to paddle to next, what wave he's going to catch, if he has to paddle way out so that he doesn't get caught in a big set.

In the morning after surfing he's soggy, cold and salty; he can't move his fingers and his hair is always brittle with sea brine. Usually, when he puts his board away, he goes to Cove Coffee and orders a Nate's Special. Nate's Special is an English muffin, sausage, eggs, pesto, onions, and cream cheese. He feels full but he knows he will need more when he's done. He also gets an Aloe Juice; it's a slimy, chunky drink that's amazing.

His Uncle says he should start big wave surfing and big wave competitions, so his uncle and a friend take him to a place called Saunder's Reef where you have to paddle

a mile out to. It's the sketchiest place in the world. The waves on a small day are 15 feet and bigger. While he's out, a professional board shaper named Danny Hess paddles out. He is from Maverick's, Half Moon Bay and offers to let him use his board. He invites him to stay in his house and surf Maverick's with him.

He gets there and goes out. There just so happens to be a contest going on, which he didn't know. He catches a wave and he hits a chop. It sends him flying; he hits the water like it is cement. He skips. The lip comes down on top of him like a hundred ton bus. He's held down for a long of time, maybe a minute, which is extremely long. He comes up coughing water, and paddles in because he's had enough.



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