

Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XV
2018-19

Faculty Advisor: YOLANDA HIGHHOUSE

Art Director: WHITNEY BADGETT HASAN

Layout & Design: BLAKE MORE

© 2018-19 Pacific Community Charter High School
Cover Art by Milli Johnson & Avril Okubo

All rights remain with the individual authors

The Tourmaline Staff gratefully acknowledges the support of

The Arena Technology Center
California Poets in the Schools
Mendocino Office of Education

and PCCHS Director Yolanda Highhouse
PCCHS Art Director Whitney Badget Hasan
CalPoets Poet Teacher Blake More
and the PCCHS student body

For Inquires, contact:

Pacific Community Charter High School
PO Box 984
200 Lake Street
Point Arena, CA 95468
pccshigh@mcn.org

Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XV

2018-19

Contents

9,	Aiyana Lynn Robinson
12,	Aurora Smith
18,	Avril Okubo
19,	Blaine Mason
22,	Charlie Mitchell
26,	Chloe Cantin
31,	Cole Diggins
32,	Darren Gonzales
33,	Iris Hand
34,	Jarren Hodder
37,	Kadence Beattie
41,	Kai Leeper Sale
42,	Kyle Rossich
43,	Lauren Boyle
44,	Levi Teal
48,	Logan Duggan
49,	Milli Johnson
50,	Noelani Jacobson
55,	Saddie Hanson
59,	Sadonah Hanson
61,	Selene Gaona
62,	Zia Light-Abrams

Aiyana Lynn Robinson

You are always on my mind
Beautiful young soul gone in the air
Hurt over the pain put on us

Though she lived long, it was not deserved
Her light was all we needed
You are always on my mind

Curly hair and green eyes, we will never forget
Creator wasn't watching over her
Hurt over the pain put on us

Will he ever get the blame
And learn from what was done?
You are always on my mind

Your attitude, your smile
It was the beauty that you never knew you had
Hurt over the pain put on us

And you, my best friend will never understand
The lost pieces of me
I pray it gets better
You are always on my mind
Hurt from the pain put on us

This Is Hard

As we all chime in
And watch slowly
Asking question after question
Silent yet still loud
How, how can that be
You sitting there talking to yourself
In the middle of the room
Looking at things
That don't quite add up
You are lost
But say you get it
Slowly but surely
You still aren't there
The loud buzzing can not distract you
You are determined to figure it out
Everyone is trying to get what you are saying
Because you are just yelling aloud
Not making any sense

This Road Goes to Forever

He was driving the curvy coast roads. Going twenty miles per hour with a whole line of cars behind him every time; he would not pull over. After fifty minutes he would make it through the small town of Jenner. As he starts going down the dumpy faded black straight stretch about ten cars pass him before the left turn to Guerneville. He has always got scared when cars would go past him. He seemed to just freeze suddenly and space out on the yellow lines until they were fully past him. So many people had made complaints on an old, grey haired man that drives a Lincoln town car because he was going too slow for their liking but to him he was just driving safe. The police had talked to him a few times, asking him why he went so slow and asked if it was even him!

The old guy would always make a long story talking about his life and his old silver car and would never answer the question he was really asked. He'd always just talk around them. They would all laugh about it after and let him go because they knew he did not mean any harm in his driving. Until one day it was not so easy for him. He was eighty seven years old and was losing sight out of one eye, making it super hard for him to see everything around him. Everyone started to realize that he should not be driving alone long distance anymore because he was too old, so the police stopped letting him off easy and suspended his license for his own well-being. They always made sure if he needed to go far away to shop and or visit family that someone would be taking him. He was the sweetest and funniest old man. He loved it! When he went to his son's he would brag to him that everyone loved him back home. His son would always reply with, "Of course they do, Dad."

Aurora Smith

Movie Night

Lights turned off
Only the screen illuminating the room
Blankets placed on people
At least my mother and I
The four of us scattered around the room
It's later in the day
Outside illuminated by the twinkle of stars
Dinner just have been eaten
All of us deciding on a movie
As the movie plays on
Laughter combines with the audio playing through
the speakers
The normal quiet filled with closeness
The four of us together
Not absorbed into the universe of our own minds
Instead focusing on the same thing
Turning the room into a sanctuary to forget about
the day

Elegy To Grandpa Walt

It was until the first week of this year
We would go to your house
The one that had barely changed since the '60s
I would stay in the front room most of the time
In the room that used to be my father's
Unless it was too hot for me
Then I would stay in the office
That was also a guest room
We would stay at your house for a week at a time
It was usually during Thanksgiving break
When the family would plan a special dinner
And I would always forget to say grace
It isn't something we did at my house
I would see my cousins
Most of which I didn't like
Although it's just because I was an outsider
They are city kids that get what they want
Unlike me a country bumpkin
At the end of the night
we would say our goodbyes
It was only to my Aunts and Cousins
For we would stay another day at your house
The house full of history
The house that was yours
Now you are gone
And I will never be ready to say goodbye
Now the house that was yours
Has been sold and remodeled
And all of this has stolen a piece of my heart
After you died a month before 92



The Park Where Memories Are

I hide in my room, turning the upbeat music playing through my headphones to the highest volume. I can however still hear it, the constant yelling of my parents downstairs, it's gone on for months now. I lay on my floor with my caramel hair in a bun, the lilac tips peeking through. A loose grey t-shirt and sky blue pajama shorts adorning my short and slim frame. There's a loud knock on my door that I can barely hear through my headphones, and then my mom peaks her head through my door. She scans the room with her eyes before finding my pale-ish frame laying over the plush, dusty rose colored carpet. I pull my headphones down to around my neck and face my mom who is still in my doorway. She casually says to me "get dressed and we can walk to the diner a few streets away." After she says that she softly closes my door, leaving me to get dressed. I change into an oversized white sweater that has baby pink ribbon lacing through the sleeves, and a pair of plain black leggings. I walk downstairs to be met with my mother waiting on the couch. "Ready to go?" she asks, to which I nod.

We walk out the front door to be met with the cool air of the city outside. We keep a constant somewhat slow pace as we walk to the small old style diner, the only sounds being of the bustling cars and the otherwise calm city around us. Only street lamps illuminating the smoggy air within the night. Once we reach the diner I push open the doors to be met with a soft blue aesthetic, and the smell of salted french fries. We find a booth by the window and sit across from each other. I watch out the window already knowing what I'm going to order. I see cars rush by, and people stroll along the concrete sidewalk, remembering that I have my headphones I pull them over my head, letting the soft music flow through them at a quiet volume.

After a short wait, a tall waitress in a white dress and blue apron comes to take our order. Not long after our orders arrived. my vanilla milkshake and french fries and my mom's piece of vanilla and strawberry cake. We made small talk as we ate and for a while, I had forgotten about the fighting, about the yelling at all hours and the slamming of doors. I laughed and let a small smile stay on my lips,

not noticing my mom's subtle hint of nervousness behind every word and action. By the time our treats were almost finished the talking had died down into a serene silence. That silence was soon broken by my mother's voice, "I brought you to the diner because I wanted to talk to you and tell you what's going on." I listened on to her words and watched her nervous movements with an uneasiness. "Alright what is it you wanted to talk about?" I reply in a low and somewhat bitter tone, this was a contrast from my normally bubbly and enthusiastic self. Although, the constant fighting had slowly been draining that from me.

She spoke with hesitation at my sudden change of tone " I wanted to talk about what's going to happen about all the fighting." I stayed silent as I listened, "Your dad, and I are splitting up," it was said in such a blunt way, but there was so much fright in the words at the same time. "It's taken a toll on everyone, no one is happy in the house anymore," she continues as I listen trying to stay calm and rational, "I think we could use a break from the city, that's why you are moving with me to California." I didn't need to hear anymore, I got up and ran, pushing through the heavy diner door. I ran all the somewhat small distance to the park that my parents would take me to when I was really little. I sat on an old rusty swing, kicking my toes softly against the ground as I caught my breath. Holding tightly onto the creaky swing I let the rough metal scrape against my hands. I leaned back slightly and looked at the dark sky.

I remembered when I was 7 or 8, my parents and I walked here during the summer, stopping and getting ice cream cones at the diner. I got bubblegum, my mom got vanilla, and my dad got cookies & cream. I had finished mine quickly as we walked in the hot sun. Once the park was in sight I excitedly ran to the play structures. My wavy caramel hair flowing behind me, and my grey eyes lit up with happiness as I ran, freckled cheeks holding a beaming smile. I let my sparkly purple shoes hit the pavement, and my blue dress flowed behind me, my parents watching in adoration from not too far behind me. I sat on the swing and waited for my dad, him pushing me when he got to me. Giggles filled the air as I felt the wind rushing past me, almost as if I was flying.

I was soon snapped back into the current situation as my mom sat on the swing next to me. Her short and straight light brown hair being blown by the wind, and her blue eyes looking at the old park, a nostalgic look hidden in them. "I knew I'd find you here," she says in a calm, hushed tone. She knew with her and dad's relationship falling apart, that I would run here. It is all a course of events first the diner, then the park. The places we were a family, happy and making memories together. Soon after we got off the swings and walked home. I changed back into the shorts, and t-shirt I was wearing before, then I crawled under my champagne bed sheet, with my head on my plush lavender pillow, and fell asleep.

Not long after that night, it was the day I would move to California with my mom. She had told me we were moving to a small city by the ocean that was named Mendocino. After a long drive across the country in a huge U-haul, with many pit stops, breaks, and bad singing we made it to Mendocino. It was a small old style town by the ocean with lots of shops along the small, cracked streets. We settled into our new house fairly quickly. Our house is a decently sized two story house, with powder blue paint on the outside, and lots of windows. Once everything was unpacked and organized I decided to look around the town and found a small path that led down to the beach and sat in the coarse sand. A short while later I was toppled to the ground by a full-grown golden retriever. A girl with blonde hair, green eyes, and rosy cheeks came running up, she apologized profusely while getting her dog off of me.

"I'm Frances, and I see you've already met my dog, Mars."

I nod, "I'm Sky, I just moved here from the city."

Frances then offered to show me around, which I gladly accepted, happy to meet someone in the small town. The day was filled with Frances dragging me to different shops, and us talking about what we like, don't like, our pasts, really anything we could think of. Just past sunset, we decided to go home, we said goodbye and exchanged phone numbers so we could hang out again. I decided that maybe moving wasn't so bad after all.

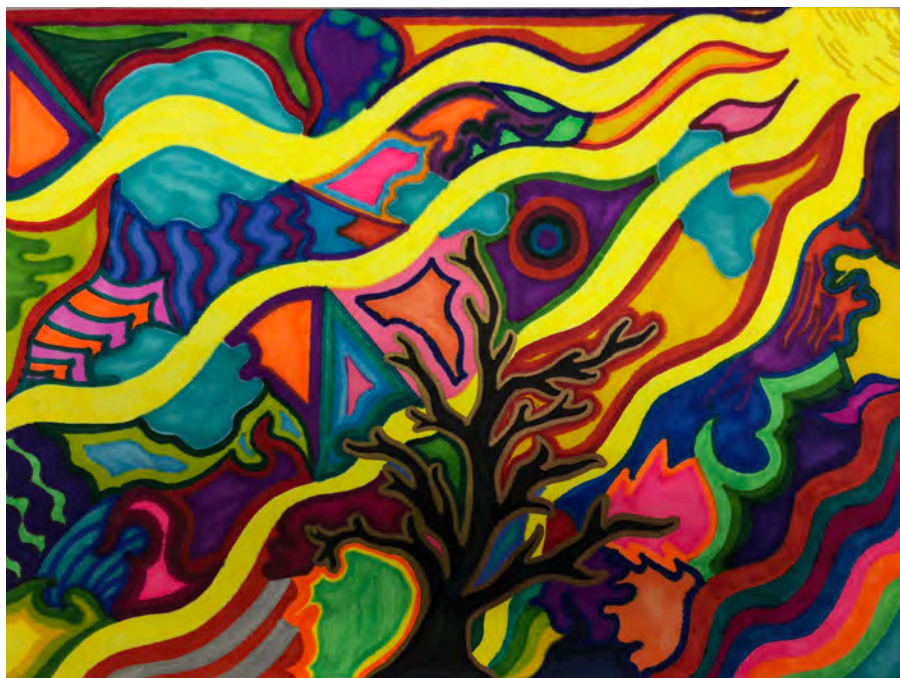
Avril Okubo



Blaine Mason

How to Make A Damn Good Sandwich

Since I happen to be a vegetarian I happen to also eat many sandwiches. I normally use sliced sourdough because its texture is perfect if you buy the right one, or make it of course. I use a garlic flavored fake mayo called aioli and some good ol' Pale Ale Sierra Nevada mustard. I cut three big slices of pepper jack to accompany the condiments. It's quite ideal if you have avocado you can mash up and season and spread on there as well. Spinach, tomato, pickles and even bell pepper are all quite a good addition. If you put the mayo on both sides and the mustard on only the one it makes it so the bread doesn't soak up the mustard. This also helps because it makes it so it isn't dry by having another layer of mayo.



Trees

Trees swaying back and forth, like people dancing in the moonlight. Dancing effortlessly carried by the gusting force of the night. Trees abide to the flow, warm, cold, wet, dry, life, death. They don't seem to mind. As I sit here on my windy porch, I watch them flailing as ragdolls shook about. They whip and whistle to the cicadas singing, the frogs croaking, owls hooting, the late night flights miles up in the sky. Their roots like mazes weaving through the cold ground I've walked upon my whole life. Like tall, silent guardians, they stoop over me with wisdom and power.

Senior Slug

My name's Senior Slug. I am 20 year old banana slug. I once was going about my day, and out of the blue as I was treading as fast as possible, a weird giant who walked on two feet saw me. I tried my best to ignore him, but he saw me and attacked. When I saw him I hadn't noticed the sodium he was armed with. I try to run so quickly but one step for two limbed giant is like a half an hour of running for me. I had no chance. One grain of salt on my back, two, eight, twelve, forty-eight, I'm currently burning alive. Helpeth me please I plead, but stupid two limbed being doesn't understand. I slow more and more. I'm dead.

Charlie Mitchell

The Bass

It calls to me, but only because it knows
how much I love to use it.

As I use it, my hands no longer feel empty,
my fingers no longer meaningless.

I feel separated from the rest of the world,
and in a world of my own,
where I can't make mistakes.

It's a world where I can do whatever,
whenever.

But I can't stay there forever,
unfortunately.

Untitled

At the end of the day,
I use my hands for playing music.
Callused to the point
where I don't feel much
from the fingertips, but there's still the emotion
from the strings of the bass.
As I use them, the less I feel,
and the more I have the ability to.

Pretty Monsters

"So what are you, Alien or Software?"

I had no idea where to begin. My mother had a mother that was software, but a father that was alien, so she wasn't really specified, though she was raised as an alien, and no one knew what my father was, so there was really no explanation to what or who I was.

"I'm... neither," I said, unsure of what I should have said.

"Oh, so what are you then?" He asked, with a face that I had only seen once, and that was when the doctor saw me, and had absolutely no clue whether I was a boy or a girl.

"I just... am" I said, as if that's enough of an answer for now.

"Well, my name's Robert Johnson," he said, and I felt confused, as if his last name had some sort of comedic correspondence with his first, though I wasn't able to understand it.

"I'm not sure what my name is..." I said as I tried to remember, but my head hurt enough as it was. I seemed only to remember certain irrelevant things about myself, like my parents, but not much else.

"What's the last thing you remember?" he asked with a sympathetic voice, not a stern or loud voice like the police officers had.

"I remember seeing a bright yellow light, a date, a time, and a place."

"Do you remember what any of those were?"

"I remember the year, it was 1776."

"You mean like the year the Declaration of Independence was signed?"

"Probably."

There wasn't anything else to talk about, since he found me lying on that beach, two days after I had woken up in the forest just outside of town. When he spoke again, the words he said were so familiar.

"Oblivion is inevitable."

"What?"

He shook his head. "What?"

"What did you just say?"

"Declaration of Independence?"

"No, it was something about Oblivion..."

"I have no idea what you're talking about, sorry," he said, sounding just as confused about it as I was. It seemed so familiar, as if I had heard that phrase before.

"It might be related to why I lost most of my memory," I said.

"Well, maybe we can look in an encyclopedia for what it might mean," he suggested.

We opened the nearest encyclopedia, and turned to a random page.

"...That's lucky," I said with a surprised voice as the page revealed, at the top, the phrase 'Oblivion is Inevitable.'

"That's weird, I've never even looked in this encyclopedia before, maybe there's something about what I said on this page," he said.

"Look here, it says 'Sometimes a person or persons will say this as a way to tell if they are possessed, or in the process of being possessed, by a demon or hellish creature, most often people around others possessed by demons as well.' Do you feel possessed-ish?"

"I think I would've told you if I did," he said.

"Well, just look out for any feelings of 'uneasiness or nausea.' Kinda vague if you ask me," I said, reading from the book. I wasn't even sure whether or not this was an encyclopedia anymore.

"I don't think this is an encyclopedia," he said as if he read my mind.

"I don't think so either. Maybe it's some kind of omen or something."

"Maybe we should check the encyclo-- oh," he said. I laughed, but I wasn't sure why I did.

"Do you think we're both being possessed?" I asked, because no one can be sure whether they're being possessed or not.

"I don't know..."

Chloe Cantin

Sunshine

And sunshine still shines in my bedroom
It paints a picture with its silhouette using an imaginative mind
And in the sunshine there's darkness trying to push it out

I see people dancing in the sparkles of my shoes
Showing their talent that people aspire to have
And sunshine still shines in my bedroom

But I see them fall deep down to a place
the dancers can not escape
Their talent is caught and trapped in their dreams
And in the sunshine there's darkness trying to push it out

Within the darkness they create their sunshine
because that is the only way their dreams will survive
Even if the darkness is so heavy their weak shoulders
can't handle the weight
And sunshine still shines in my bedroom

But their dreams turn to black and their dancing is once
again trapped in that bedroom
They can no longer create the lives they have decided to long for
And in the sunshine there's darkness trying to push it out

And there my mind lies dead in its grave where it buried
itself against my walls of doubt
It lost its will to dream and dance when their worries
suffocated them in a trance
And sunshine still shines in my bedroom
But in the sunshine there's darkness trying to push it out

Grandma

Her gradual steps in bright red birkenstocks
scraping against the marble tile.
The sun creeping in through the cracks of the old kitchen door
shining across her wrinkled face.
The same face that showcases deep ocean eyes
and displaced freckles.
She holds the gangly keys to her bright red convertible
waiting for her arrival.
She squints her eyes from the harsh, punishing sunlight
as she walks across the aged pavement.
As she tightly grips the squeaky door handle
she takes one last glance at her home.
The home she raised her kids in,
the same home that her grandkids practically lived in
and the same home her monster of a husband now lives in.
She cracks a smile that puts the stars to shame
as she realizes she's leaving,
closing this chapter to her life permanently.
Without a second thought she gets in her car
and drives away.

The Movie Theater Boy

My white sneakers screeched along the ground as they were suddenly put to a stop. My black, glass like eyes were darting around the line for the theater. Its blue and white outside was what made me hold my stare. The colors complimented the white bulb lights, stretched along the front doors. I could hear the soft hum of children whispering about what I assumed was the movie we were all in line for. I eventually made it inside the theater but not before paying for my ticket. The inside wasn't that much different from the outside. The same colors were complimented in small ways by the architecture and lighting. I was now buying my few snacks, while the smell of vanilla milkshakes made my mouth water.

I quickly said thank you to the clerk as I literally skipped along to the movie, which I would be seeing. My eyes were trained along the couples and groups of friends walking around me, going in all different directions. There was a few girls all hugging and saying goodbye, a family with a little boy who was jumping up and down with excitement, and a couple that was making out against a wall grossly. I gagged internally as I opened up the doors to the movie which of course was a horror film. I always loved the thrill and rush of adrenaline I received from watching scary movies even though I always had nightmares later.

I decided to sit at the very top, farthest away from civilization since I didn't want people to interrupt me with their startled screams or outrageously loud laughs. I gently set my drink in the cupholder and my large bowl of popcorn in my lap where I thought it would be easiest to eat without spilling all over my clothes. I glared at the advertisements playing on the big screen, groaning since I found all of the future movies to be quite ridiculous. I still found the commercials better than watching the couples make out.

The movie eventually started to play, taking up my undivided attention. Before I knew it all my popcorn was gone and I knew far too well that I wouldn't be able to

finish the movie without more. I hastily got out of my seat and quietly walked out of the theater doors going over to the clerk once again. I asked for my complimentary refill while then staring impatiently at the royal blue walls, slightly listening to the chatter of children. All of that chatter and staring was then rudely interrupted by the smooth voice of a teenage boy.

"Hi there!" The boy happily said hoping to capture my attention which he achieved.

I rolled my eyes as I turned my body to him, analyzing his looks. He had long blond hair and baby blue eyes with freckles sprinkled around his cheeks. I'd have to admit he was quite cute but not cute enough to interrupt my movie time which was running out by the minute. I turned away from him once again grabbing my paper bowl that was filled with buttery fatness as I skipped back to my movie. Now you see, I secretly wished this boy would follow and try to pry a hello from me but of course I doubted he would. I was proved wrong.

"Hi there I said." The freckled boy ran up to my side while taking a hand full of my precious popcorn. I gasped at the audacity this boy had as I tried walking away quicker, still not giving him the satisfaction of a hello.

"I'm not going away until you answer me Aubrey." He sighed cockily, once again running up to my side.

"Well I'm not even going to ask how you know my name since I feel like your answer would do nothing but creep me out. Now if you don't mind freckles, I need to reach my movie before the good part ends. Bye bye now!"

I opened up the doors to the movie, gliding up the stairs and into my seat while the one next to me was quickly filled by the boy.

"I can tell you really enjoy your horror movies so I'll keep this short. Will you go out with me next Friday?" He smiled sweetly down at me, twisting his fingers around each other from nervousness.

"Well how could I say yes when I don't even know your name?" I asked in an animated voice just made to irritate the poor boy.

"My name's Ben, so is that a yes?" He whispered with his voice growing louder by the minute with anticipation.

"Let me ask you, do you enjoy horror movies?"

I could practically see the wheels turning in his head making me laugh. I soon got shushes from everyone around me, making me immediately stop with widening eyes.

"If that means it will make you want to go on a date with me, then yes I absolutely adore horror movies." He gently nudged my shoulder making my now serious face crack a timid smile.

"Then no on the date."

"What, Why?" He asked. "Isn't that the answer you wanted?"

"Not at all because why would I want to go on a date with a boy that enjoys the same things as me? That's far too boring and trust me when I say, I'm the least boring person you'll ever meet."

I turned my face back to the screen, still trying to enjoy the last bit of the movie even though it was basically over. That was a waste of my ten dollars.

"Fine. If I'm being honest I actually hate horror movies because the animated Disney ones are even better. I also never like to eat popcorn because the cornels always get stuck in my teeth. Is that still too boring for you Miss Aubrey?" He murmured.

"I guess not Freckles."

The credits started to roll onto the screen but I was far too intrigued by this conversation to just up and leave. I took a quick sip of my drink as I continued to ponder about this so called "date".

"So for the last time, is that a yes? For the date I mean."

"Fine but you have to promise that this date will be a true adventure and not some boring dinner at a diner."

I started to get up out of my chair grabbing my trash eventually walking out of the theater doors and into the hallway. Ben followed me of course.

"I wouldn't imagine it. You'll love it. You have my word." He reassured me, giving me a small but innocent wink of the eye.

"See you later Freckles."

"I gave you my real name so call me by it Aubrey."

"In your dreams." I yelled, leaving him inside with the one store clerk and laughing children.

Cole Diggins



Darren Gonzales



Iris Hand



Jarren Hodder

Gold

The shining light
The golden right
The face that knows it's walls
The greedy race
All to waste
Grabbed society by the smalls.
Feel the weight of all that's sold
To people young and people old
Ask them what makes the world go round
And they'll say count your weight in gold

Wander

January (probably), 2141. in the outskirts of space, a vessel, called by many, The Leviathan, is drifting off, in the deep vastness of space. The captain of this ship, Reyn Romero, is sitting hopelessly at the wheel. It had been months since he had come across another planet, and almost a couple of years since he discovered one on his own.

He looked up into the far off stars and galaxies from his ship, and asked himself how he got here in the first place. He was drifting through the far end of the Segda Galaxy. A relatively newer galaxy, discovered and explored by Reyn's arch nemesis, Capt. Amelia Velhart. She had beaten him to so many galaxies, sadly he had lost count. Now, he was bored. Not of exploring the universe, but of the tiring, frustrating, and boring process. Buying fuel and Parts, Spaceship Insurance, Space Tax, repeat.

So now, he's drifting. He, has been drifting, for a while, using minimum fuel. Waking up, holodeck, sleep. As he sat in his chair, staring into the light of a far off star, a small beep went off on his control panel. He turned his head quickly and confused. It was a distress call. He stared at the blinking light, and in an intense decision of impulsiveness, he pressed the button, and the quordnets shot on the control panel, and at full blast, he zoomed to see what the matter was.

The distress call came from about 7 light years away, so he had no other choice but to jump to hyperspace. He arrived at the spot about 6 minutes later, and he realized this mission would be harder than he thought. The distress call was coming from a vatican. One of the most massive battleships in the universe was sending a distress call? Then he realized it. The signal wasn't coming from the vatican, it was coming from the tiny escape pod flying away from the vatican. The pod was being chased! Reyn quickly turned on the ion boosters, and flew to the pod, but when the vatican noticed the ship, it started firing. Dodging shot after shot, the Leviathan came close enough to the pod short-range teleport. He sent the signal to the pod, and whoever was there, accepted and teleported into docking bay 2. After the ship confirmed that someone came aboard, Reyn

immediately punched the boosters on full blast, and swerved to the side, trying to dodge the sight and fire from the vatican. However, it wasn't enough. The vatican was hot on his tail, so he did the only thing he could think of, he hit the infinite improbability drive.

Bam. Another part of the universe, just like that. He did so much as blink, and the vatican was gone. The ship made a beeping sound, signifying that it found where the ship was in space. Sector 62, The Milky Way Galaxy. This was a pleasant surprise to the captain, because Earth, the home planet of homosapians was in the same galaxy, at least bits of it.

Then his senses came back to him, and he realized that he had just saved someone from one of the strongest and most feared space force in the known galaxies. The bounty that would be on his head, he didn't want to think about it. Now it was time to focus on the person he saved. He ran down to Docking Bay 2, to see what he'd picked up, and to his surprise, it was nothing more than what seemed to be a Human Girl. She looked about 14 or 15 years old, and she out cold on the floor. "Computer" Reyn said, "Take me and this passenger to REM room 2 please". After a flash of light, the passenger was laying on top of a bed, in a smallish bedroom on the main deck. Reyn looked at her, and put a blanket on her. She was out cold, and he assumed that she probably would be for the next 3-4 days, due to teleportation sickness.

He walked but up and told the computer to watch her health, and to tell him if she woke up. Now he was sitting back in his chair again. He took a deep breath, and what had just happened started to sink in. He would have to lay low for a while, but that's alright. Everyone in space travel has had to at some point or another. He just needed to figure out where this girl needed to go, get her there, and go back to exploring the outer worlds.

Beep! The computer displayed the picture of a planet, and the name 'Wolf 1061c'. "Lupus! Computer, set a course for that planet. Finally a port I can land at." The ship's thrusters slowly started to buzz, and float in that direction.

Kadence Beattie

Silence

Quiet drops of water fall from above.
You can hear the slight sound of an iphone ringer
Silence is key to fix the pain that has been caused
She walked to the front of the room and whispers
"This is what silence causes"
not knowing exactly what she means
Silence is key to fix the pain that has been caused
Class is full of loud obnoxious kids
When will they be quiet
Please be soon please be quiet
Silence will fix the pain that has been caused.

Happiness

Reminding me of the yellow sun
Shining bright
Reminding me of laughter and joy
As I drift off into my own world one that's less oblivious
and forgetful
The yellow sun is still shining...
Happiness

Dear Diary

It was a cold and rainy day in that small town most people call Point Arena. Point Arena was a small city on the coast 150 miles of San Francisco with a population of about 500 people. The cafe was a hotspot for all of the teenagers. The cafe sold mostly organic foods like vegetables, chips, sodas, milk, salads, bagels and pretty much all you can think of. Point Arena was one of the smallest cities in California so there wasn't much to do especially for teenagers. There was a park but that's about it.

Point Arena was pretty much always cold and foggy or rainy. Sometimes it rains so much that the river floods up to five feet. The rain sounds like footsteps of a large animal. It also sounds like it's hailing outside. When it's raining there really isn't anything to do in Point Arena. When it's stormy the waves are crazy. It's fun to go and watch them. Sometimes they even come all the way to the parking lot at the pier.

There are a lot of cool people in Point Arena, Pretty much everyone knows each other or at least has seen each other around.

My life in Point Arena has been interesting. I haven't said much about myself. My name is Susan and I'm 18 years old I go to Point Arena High School. I play multiple sports such as basketball, softball, and I do cross country. Sometimes I think that I do too much between homework, sports, and spending time with my friends and family. My friends always tell me that I'm doing too much but I just walk away from them. I don't like talking to people I stick with my little group of four Sarah, Samantha, Jack, and Robert. Sarah is a control freak who needed everything to be perfect but she is very sweet and supportive.

Samantha is very sensitive and stays to herself mostly but if someone says something that she doesn't believe in she will say her opinion. Jack has an interesting personality. He is cheerful and bubbly. Jack always brags about little things like grades or money. Robert acts like there was

nothing that could hurt him. You could say he's brave. I enjoyed my friends group, small but fulfilling. They make me happy, but I don't think that the news I'm about to tell them is gonna make them very happy.

I texted our group chat and told them to meet me at my house in 10 minutes. I didn't expect them to be on time because they are always late. They finally showed up on time for once. I told them the news and they all told me I couldn't leave them. I think they were just jealous that they didn't get into college. At this point I didn't even care that they were mad at me. They should be happy for me. I forgot about it and started packing all my stuff I found a lot of old pictures and trophies from when I played soccer in middle school. I also found a bunch of my old drawings from freshman year. I finally got back to packing and finished around three in the morning.

The next morning I woke up and went downstairs to say good morning to my family. I saw Sarah, Samantha, Jack, and Robert standing in my kitchen talking to my parents. They started talking to me and they said that they were happy for me and that they shouldn't have been so rude about my decision.

We laughed it off and went upstairs to gather the rest of my stuff. They helped pack all of the boxes into the moving truck. It was time to say goodbye to the town I've lived in my whole life, My friends, my family, my childhood. My life is here and I'm leaving it behind to go pursue my childhood dream to go to the University of Chicago and get a degree in law. Sometime in the future I want to become a Prosecuting lawyer. Something about the idea of getting someone in trouble without getting called a tattle tale appeals to me. I knew it was going to be hard without my friends and family. I don't know what I'm gonna do without them by my side. My classes start in a week and I'm still settling in. Until next time. I don't know how much time I will have to write in you but I'm sure I can make time.

Kai Leeper-Sale



Kyle Rossich



Lauren Boyle



Levi Teal

Ode to Procrastinators

Out of the dust
Into the world
Just to wait for another day
To come out and shine.
Why do we lollygag
And wait for the world to approach us?
Waiting for the future to fall out of the sky
And hit us on the head
Wishing there was another way to live
We are the gum stuck in the gumball machine
Waiting for the maintenance guy to show up
We are the fish in the lake
avoiding the hook
and waiting for the net to come
An easier way to get caught
Even if we go down anyway
We are the hair tie that keeps snapping
Simply because it isn't ready

Thanksgivings

My family would always get together on Thanksgiving. Every year. We would get to my grandma's ranch and eat a ton of food. All my cousins would be there, we'd sneak into my grandma's hay barn and crawl in between the haystacks and someone would always get hurt. Someone would slip off the top stack, straight onto the wood floor and I would always get in trouble. My aunt would always bring macaroni salad but would never make enough for everyone. When we were all done eating we would walk up to this pond that my grandma dug a long time ago. We would go out on these old rafts and feed catfish. My dad would always jump off and almost knock people off into the water. We don't do this anymore. I really wish we did. But I guess things change as time goes on.

High School

High School... It'll be fun right. At least that is what my brother said. But what if I don't make any friends. My brother will be there but he will be with his friends and will be too "cool" to talk to his little freshman brother. What if I don't fit in and get picked on every day for being the "weird" kid that sits alone at lunch in the corner eating my PB&J while everyone stares at me. You know what, I should just run away and never come back.

What do I need? I need my phone and a sweatshirt. Yes, that sounds good, I'll grab a backpack just in case. As I left the room my mom's new puppy named Popcorn was rolling around on the floor in front of my door. I shoved him in the backpack and took him with me as revenge for making me go to school.

It is really cold out here. Haha, my friend Luke left his bike outside tonight. So I steal the bike and ride all night. In the morning I find myself in front of Wolfe County High School, the one place I dreaded going to the very night before. Well... it can't be that bad. I parked the bike in front of the school just as my buddy Luke was dropped off by his mom. He looked puzzled at the bike. I acted like I did not see him. I walked to my locker and threw my bag in. I enter my homeroom with Mrs. Pumble. About halfway through the class I remembered that Popcorn is in my bag. I ask to use the bathroom and bolt out of the class. I run to my locker and to my surprise there is not a dog in there. Just a note that says, "Thanks for dinner". I look down the hallway and see the janitor wink at me and give me a thumbs up. Then I hear a whimper from the janitors closet. That is definitely Popcorn. I need to save him.

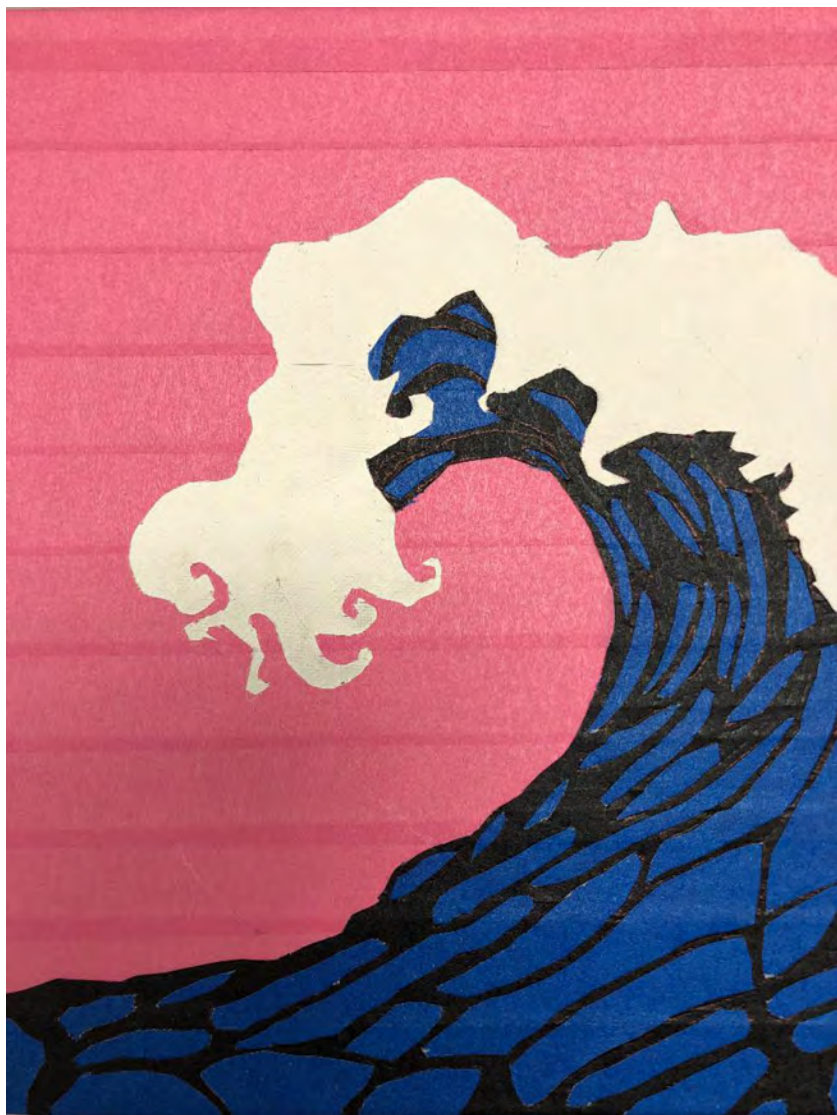
I grab my backpack and my hoodie. I begin down the hallway to the closet and out of the corner of eye Mrs. Pumble is walking straight for me. I walk even faster for the closet. The janitor runs for me and puts a sack over my head. I try to scream but he covered my mouth. Then a hit to the head and I'm knocked out.

When I wake up, I'm in this room. I sit up and rub the spot where I was hit on my head. I hear voices outside. But before investigating I take a good look around. It looks I'm in an old house. I walk up to the door and press my ear to it. Outside I can hear a man's voice that sounds like the janitor. I open the door and look up and yup it is the janitor. I ask him where my dog is and he says, "What dog?" Then another hit on the head. When I wake up this time I'm in a long room with people dressed as if they lived in the 19th century. I hear someone scream in horror and then a chop. Everyone yells in happiness and I'm just there like what the hell just happened. Then I hear a puppy yelp and a man laugh. "Popcorn!" I yell. Then a bark comes from what looks like a kitchen. I rush to the room and I see the janitor holding a meat cleaver in the air and holding Popcorn down on the big metal table. I sprint at the janitor and bite his calf. He drops the knife and screams in pain. I grab Popcorn and hide in what looks like a janitor's closet, but when i close the door I trip and fall and hit my head. I open my eyes and I'm in the hallway of the high school where my day had begun.

Logan Duggan



Milli Johnson



Noelani Jacobson

Panther

They are like a shadow in the night.
They are like the night sky.
They are priceless emeralds.
They make me think of a rare black rose.
They are silent.
They have the power of a motor.
They have legs like a spring.
They have the watchful eyes of an owl.
They are like rare black diamonds gracing the earth
with their presence.

My Heart

They watch me they see
They hear the beats of my heart

They stare into my soul
They see my heart

They haunt me they hurt me
They pierce my heart

They know my thoughts
They know the intentions of my heart

Their gaze frightens me
They stop my heart

They are the inhuman
And they have stolen my heart

Hands

They are small and scarred.
They hold onto my stuffed fox
like it is all that is left in the world.
When angry they curl up in fist and punch.
It's futile though, it's more annoying than hurtful.
Although scarred they heal fast.
They are cold and unwelcoming.
They radiate no warmth.
They are a part of me.

Strawberry Love

Sky wore a big smile as she skipped to the one and only Ruby's diner to get her favorite strawberry milkshake. Her lilac hair bounced around and her grey eyes twinkled. The sun felt warm on her clear skin. For someone her age she acted like a child, always wearing pastel colored dresses. Today she was wearing a pastel pink knee length dress with a baby blue bow around her waist.

After skipping for about a block she reached the diner. As she entered she greeted everyone with a smile and a hello. She went to her usual spot and ordered her strawberry milkshake. The owner Ruby smiled at her, "Sure thing honey." While Ruby was walking away Sky noticed a newcomer in the diner. He was dressed strange, wearing a big red trench coat with a sword strapped to his back. He had pretty silver hair and cold grey eyes. He was undeniably handsome but had a cold demeanor.

Sky turned to him, "Hi are you new to these parts?"

He spared a glance at her, "Yeah I've opened a business here."

Sky's ears perked up, "What kind of business is it?"

He paused " It's a devil hunting business."

Sky looked at him, "Seriously that's awesome. If I ever go ghost hunting I'll call you to protect me. Oh, I forgot I'm Sky. What's your name?"

He had a small smile from her rant, " My name is Dante."

Sky smiled at Dante as Ruby came back. "A strawberry sundae for Dante and a strawberry milkshake for you Sky." Sky gave Ruby a large smile that made anyone happy "Thanks Ruby," she said as she began to happily eat the milkshake.

Dante watched amused as he slowly ate his sundae. " Like strawberry much?" he asked as Sky finished her milkshake.

She blushed 50 shades of red, " Um, yeah I love strawberries."

He chuckled " So do I. I have a strawberry sundae almost everyday."

Sky smiled " It was nice talking to you Dante but

I have to go and meet some friends at the mall. See you around."

"Goodbye Sky," Dante said as she walked out of the diner.

After the encounter with Dante Sky was a bit flustered so she decided to take the longer route to the mall so she could think. As Sky walked she couldn't help but ask herself if she was developing feelings for him. Impossible she just met him. She blushed at the thought of his smile and how perfect it was. It was a small smile but beautiful. Lost in thought she didn't notice as she wandered down a dark alleyway. Wandering around she looked up and realized she was lost. As she turned around she saw the most hideous creature ever. It was drooling at the mouth and was growling. She backed up until she hit a wall, finally able to form words she screamed out, "Someone please help!" As she finished she saw the monster run at her. Once it got close she ducked and ran under it, running for her life. She saw the end of the alley. She pushed herself harder trying to get to it but tripped on a garbage can lid on the ground. She looked up seeing a blurry red figure "Help," she murmured. The monster coming up behind her, roared at the figure clad in red.

The figure smiled down at Sky, "Fancy meeting you here."

Sky looked up, "Dante?" she asked.

"Yup. Why the hell were you in a alley with this devil.." before he could finish Sky yelled out, "Look out!"

Dante turned around pulling out two guns shooting the devil three times in the head, heart, and throat. Dante helped her up, "Now, why were you out here alone?"

Sky looked up at him, "I was headed to the mall but got lost in thought and wandered down the alley."

"Hmm" he looked her up and down, "be careful and mindful of your surroundings...ok?" Sky nodded blushing out of embarrassment of her stupidity.

"Well, I have to go but let me walk you to the mall so you don't hurt."

She smiled at him, "Thank you Dante." Together they walk to the mall.

Sadie Hanson

Untitled

I don't know what to do
I don't know what to say
The stars are shining
But they're standing in my way

I don't know how
I don't know why
But the stars are shining
And they're telling you lies

It will be fine
It will be ok
But that is not right
Because the stars are shining
And it's giving me a fright

The Piano

The keys sing to you
When the hand begins to run
Everyone listens to the sad song it's playing
Your feet carefully press the pedal
As if it'll cry if you stomp
Hands calm down as the song's life comes to an end
And then all of the emotions stop
And there is silence

Diane Gershen: A Legend

My grandmother is a very VERY sarcastic person. If you say one word she'll come back with a sarcastic rebuttal or comment. You could walk in the house and it could be on fire and she'd say something like, "Wow, it sure is hot in here." Standing at 5'5" Diane Gershen is one of my favorite people. I could not pick a specific thing I love about her the most.

The way her grey shoulder length hair falls out from behind her ears when she leans her head down to check if the Chinese food she's always cooking is ready, the steam flying out of the cast iron pan that smells with the aroma of peanut butter noodles. But usually that's not all she's cooking. Her large kitchen looks as if it was pulled out of an Ikea catalog, but the food that comes out of it is anything but basic. From a Chinese cuisine to a Passover meal there's nothing she cannot cook. In fact she is exploring her cooking skills by using the food service Blue Apron so she can cook her way around the world.

A common misconception about Diane is that she only cooks; however, that is not the case. She is very active. Every day at 11am on the dot she goes out to the pool in her condominium complex and swims laps. I have gone with her to watch her swim on multiple occasions. She glides through the water like some sort of sea creature, with her face mask so she won't have to lift her head whilst swimming. This usually goes on until she has done 50 laps or so. But that's not all. My grandma also not only takes yoga classes every week but she teaches on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Now people don't always show up to her classes but she is hopeful nonetheless that at least one person will show up.

Since I was around three she has been taking me to Broadway shows. I believe my first show was Beauty and the Beast. I remember sitting in the theatre in awe of what I was seeing. During intermission I sadly asked if it was over, to which my grandma responded that it was only halfway done. I remember being very excited to see where the show would go from there.

My grandma not only has taught me many life lessons, she has also been very supportive throughout my whole life. I am very grateful that she is my grandma because I could not imagine a world without her. Even as her hair goes gray and her height goes down to 5'4 she will always be the best grandma in the world.

The Mysterious Case of the Sandwich Meat in Space

We don't know how it happened. But one day it just appeared. A giant slice of bologna appeared next to the sun. It must've just been stuck on the atmosphere. It has been there for three days and NASA is doing everything they can to figure out more about how this giant bologna came to be stuck on our atmosphere. They released information saying, "Don't panic it's not aliens." This is an account of the thoughts people on Earth of our new second sun.

Number one: Cindy McFarbenstien

Hi, my name's Cindy McFarbstien and I'm allergic to bologna. I've been in the hospital since the bologna appeared. The particles are in the air and I can't go outside without a hazmat suit. It's terrible!! I hate this cruel world. The doctors said that my insurance does not cover this kind of damage. I had to take money out of my life savings to pay for this bologna proof Hazmat suit! I don't know how long I'll be able to live like this. I hope the government does something about the bologna soon...

Number Two: Zatherine Zork

I live for bologna!! It's amazing! Everything about it is absolutely wonderful. The way it's rubbery meat tastes with mayo. I wonder if it's beef, veal or pork bologna. My favorite is most definitely pork. My mom used to give me a bologna sandwich every day. But she stopped when it appeared in space. I don't know what she has against it. Yesterday she started to call it the "devil's meat" because it's "ungodly." I hate her! She banned bologna from our house and says I am no longer allowed to eat it. But if liking bologna is bad, I don't wanna be good!

Number Three: Kymmie Zork

God allowed bologna for a while but now he told me that it's terrible. Yes, he told me. Whispered it in my little ear at night. It happened four nights ago, BEFORE the bologna

appeared. I immediately threw away all of our bologna and told my daughter that it was bad luck. She doesn't believe me. In fact, she resents me for throwing away her bologna. I swear if I see that girl within ten feet of a bologna piece I'm sending her to bologna rehab.

Number Four: Gus Lucile Pennysworth

I know what brought the bologna. No I won't tell you. I'm sworn to secrecy. Alright, I'll give you a hint. It was the aliens. I know I sound crazy but just hear me out. The aliens had perfected time travel years ago. That's why we have the pyramids. In the year 7000 the bologna appeared and the aliens used their time travel to cover it up from the people from then. Their leader Zork specifically told me that "It seemed more like a 2019 problem, not a 7000 problem." They talk to me telepathically sometimes. That's why I wear this tinfoil hat. It helps me prevent them from contacting me.

Number five: NASA Director Aaron Kilner

The bologna is not from aliens.

Selene Gaona



Zia Light-Abrams

forget

it's about 4 o'clock
the three of us don't know why we decided to go here
but I'm immediately drawn to the swing set
I almost forget what angers me
all I can feel is the nice cold air
brushing against my back
as I swing up
then back down again
and my feet just barely brush the ground
I almost forget what makes me sad
all I feel is my hair flying behind me with the wind
I almost forget there are other people in the world
all I do is look at my friends
and smile
they smile back for no reason
their faces beaming with joy
we're just so happy
we could almost forget

Just Girly Things!

So this weekend I was supposed to, like, babysit this kid. I don't really remember how, like, old he was or, like, his name or whatever. Last time I babysat this kid we just stayed at the house, and I stuck him in front of the TV. At first I wasn't even sure it was a real TV because it was in the shape of a box. Like what?! I ended up getting it to work though. This time his mom suggested we go to the freakin' river. Like what's so good about the river? It's kinda gross there. I decided it was okay, I mean I'm getting paid right? I figured as long as my phone had service down there, I'd probably survive. Once we got there I was already totally done with the kid. He would not stop telling me he had to go to the bathroom. Like, do I look like I care. I just stuck him in the river hoping it worked just the same as the TV. I was trying to take the perfect insta selfie. Suddenly a green dragonfly flew around me and a first I, like, screeched cause like, EW! But then I realized this would be the perfect pic! Best pics EVER! They turned out totally cool. Then I finally decided on the right one for insta. I looked up from my phone and that little boy was fully under water, with only his arm in the air waving for help. I was like, "O-M-G". How dumb was this kid? I rolled my eyes as I got up to like save him or whatever. I guess I couldn't be the hero this time because it was too late. I guess I will have to get a job at Taco Bell.

