

# Tourmaline

The Literary Arts Magazine

of The Pacific Community  
Charter High School

Volume XIV

2017-18



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of The Pacific Community Charter High School

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# Contents

- 7, Lauren Boyle
- 10, Cole Diggins
- 11, Logan Duggan
- 12, Darren Gonzales
- 13, Iris Hand
- 14, Liam Ignacio
- 15, Kai Leeper Sale
- 16, Kyle Luther
- 17, Brett Luther
- 19, Blaine Mason
- 20, Max Mirassou
- 22, Abby Okubo
- 24, Ashlynn Okubo
- 27, Aiyana Lynn Robinson
- 28, Kyle Rossich
- 29, Paul Tlahuitzo
- 30, Grace Vega
- 31, Priscilla Vega
- 33. Milli Woolworth
- 34, Zia Light-Abrams



# Lauren Boyle

## A Book

The spine cracks  
As you flip its  
Featherweight pages  
Between your fingertips,

As you go from place to place  
You bring the book,  
Toss it in your backpack,  
Purse, on the passenger seat  
of your car...  
The book isn't the same anymore,

Cup rings stain  
the delicate pages,  
Or you might have torn a few,  
Maybe left it out in the rain,

But that's not important,  
It still reads the same words  
And gives the same message

All you've done is  
Add a little bit of

Yourself to it.

# Halloween Night

It was Halloween. My Friends and I had it all planned out. We skipped school and met up at the trail that leads down to cooks beach. We all brought bags of candy and some other questionable substances. We made our way down to the beach, trying out next to avoid the swarming yellow jackets along the way.

Everything was great. We splashed in the freezing cold October water and built castles in the sand. We sat in the sand and watched the sunset. Sarah swore she saw the green flash. None of us believed her. Except Tommy who said "Dang it I blinked, must have missed it." We all laughed and joked until we realized that daylight was basically gone, and it was starting to get really cold.

We decided to start building a bonfire. Once we got the fire going, Joey gave the "brilliant" idea to tell scary stories. He claimed he had the perfect one.

He told a tale that supposedly took place on that exact beach on Halloween night in the 70's. He said a group of teens built a fire, and the fire attracted rabid coyotes. The kids were found, torn apart and scattered all along the shore of the beach. All except one of the kids, Rebecca. The story goes that Rebecca roams the beach and the woods surrounding it, searching for her friends that left her behind, but she steals any kids she comes across.

I turned to Joey to tell him his story was ridiculous but I stop mid sentence and freeze. Under the dim moonlight and flickering fire I see a woman emerging from the water. My eyes are as wide as ever, I try to scream but nothing comes out. I point, my hand shaking, and everyone turns to the ocean. We all watch as the woman comes closer, not walking... but drifting, almost floating. More fog than I have ever seen in my 19 years of living in Gualala comes pouring onto the beach. We all try to run, but stumble in awe up the steep stairs to the trail. I whip out my phone and turn on the flashlight. I run as

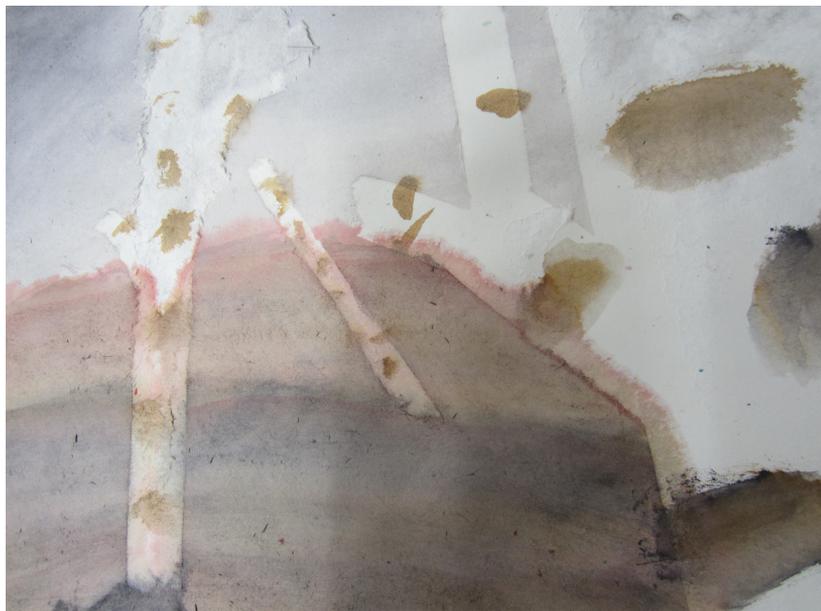
fast as I can up the trail and don't even think about turning around until I get to the top.

I stand on the bluffs in the darkness while waiting for the rest of the group to catch up. I wait for all of about thirty seconds until I start to freak out again.

I walk over to the edge of the bluffs and look over the beach. Everything is completely dark except for the bonfire which is still going. Around the bonfire are kids sitting. They're all laughing and look as if they're having a good time. As my eyes focus I realize that those are my friends. It was the group I spent Halloween with, the group I was waiting for. My eyes circle around my group of friends and stop on one girl... me. Yeah that's right, I stand on the bluffs and watch as my entire halloween night replays in front of me. I watch as the woman comes onto the beach with her coyotes and tears apart every kid in sight. Including me. I just casually watched myself die. The night continued to repeat in front of me, over and over until i couldn't take it anymore. I screamed. Then I woke up, still screaming.

I quickly realize that I'm home in my bed. On Halloween morning. It was all just a bad dream. My mom runs into my room. "Honey is everything okay??" she asks, with an expression of worry on her face. "Yeah, sorry mom, Just a bad dream." I call my friends and ask if we can go to the river instead.

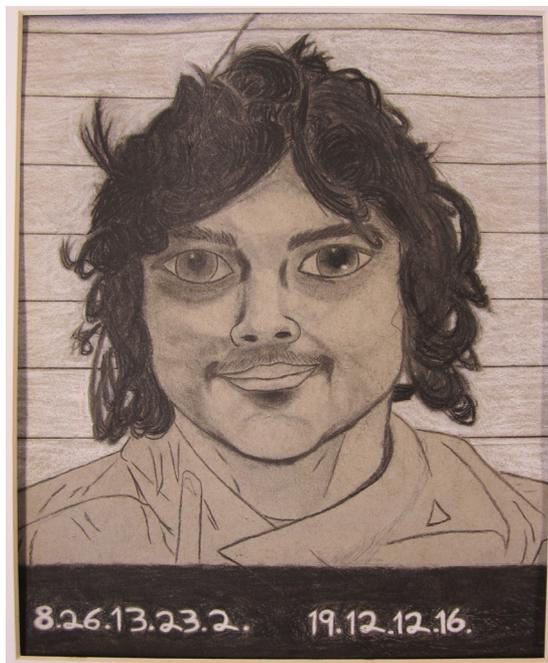
# Cole Diggins



# Logan Duggan



# Darren Gonzales



# Iris Hand



# Liam Ignacio

## Photograph

From the photograph  
It's impossible to tell  
If they notice the camera  
...except for the guy looking at the camera

12th Street  
13th Street  
The sound of the accordion player  
And the constant repeat of the  
Train going and going

People minding their own business  
14th Street  
15th Street  
One side reading the Monday paper  
With an old man being a pervert  
The other side doing...nothing really

16th Street  
17th Street  
This is my stop.

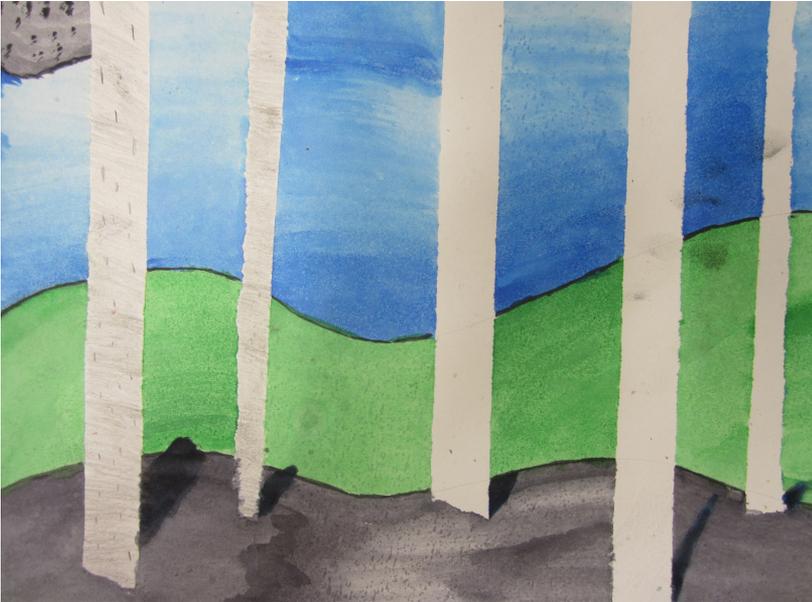
# Kai Leeper Sale



# Kyle Luther

## Love Play Very

I love the twist  
Love to fool you once  
Love to fool you twice  
On the last page often  
Last paragraph  
I like to play with your perception  
That makes everything prior different



## Imani and Mac

Imani and her pet cheetah named Mac and Cheese were flying around helping animals, from small little bugs to mighty lions. With Imani's knowledge of being a nurse they could even help people. During their free time they always played a game called Hot Dogs. Mac and Cheese always won which made Imani mad. They had a hot tub that was always cold. "They should've called it a cold tub," say Mac and Cheese. Today Imani and Mac and Cheese will go on an adventure to meet their friend Rob Lion who says his tooth aches. When they get there they find out he has a cavity, so they take the tooth out and Rob Lion says he feels 100% better. "Thank you very much," says Rob Lion. "And off to more adventures," says Imani to Mac and Cheese.

Brett Luther



# Blaine Mason



## Sense

Every day, senses are used but not recognized. People see out of their bedroom window every morning, but you wouldn't do that and be like, "Oh wow! My pupils are focusing like a camera would so I can make out my surroundings." You'd probably just admire whatever you saw. Or when I play music and the waves intrude my ears leaving me with good thoughts in my head and a good feeling throughout. Or when you eat a piece of chocolate and the flavor explodes all around. Sometimes I think we admire what we sense but we do not admire our senses.

# Max Mirassou

## Landyn's Story

*I wrote this story for a kindergarten student. I interviewed him and used his answers to write this story. I turned it into a picture book that I gave to him.*

Landyn was a black jaguar that liked to climb trees. One day he met a penguin that was eating birthday cake ice cream.

"Hey that's my favorite ice cream," Landyn said.

The penguin ran off as Landon continued walking through the forest.

After walking for a while, he stopped by a statue holding a ring pop. As he got closer monkeys appeared out of nowhere and started to throw bananas at him. He ran away with the ring pop and started to walk to his house. When he got to his house he went online to watch youtube.

Then he found a video about a golden ring pop. So he decided to go on an adventure to find the golden ring pop.



# Abby Okubo



12:16 AM August 3, 2017

Today has been an emotionally  
awkward ~~day~~  
existence.



# Ashylnn Okubo





# Aiyana Lynn Robinson

## My World

As I look upon my world  
I see it going down  
The people  
The plants  
The animals  
The nature  
Everything!  
I brought it here for all of us to enjoy  
My last wish was for it to get destroyed  
I feel sadness and disrespected  
I feel as if I should start it all over again

## Just Because

Just because I'm Native  
Doesn't mean I don't have money  
Doesn't mean I live on the Reservation  
And doesn't mean I get camods  
Just because I'm a darker skin tone  
Doesn't mean I'm aggressive  
Doesn't mean you have to be scared of  
me  
Just because I'm native  
Why are people racist?  
What are people so judgmental?  
Why do people even care?  
I'm proud!

## Untitled

Kneeling down to level out  
With you  
Looking into your pretty eyes  
Thinking about the joy I have  
Seeing you grow bigger  
As time passes  
With weight on your back  
Standing in the wind  
Patiently waiting for mom  
To say 1 2 3  
Learning over time  
Our faces touch  
Bringing joy to my heart  
We all smile  
I send you off on your day  
Sad  
But glad  
You're growing up

# Kyle Rossich

## The Life I See

My poem is about the life I see.  
I see life as a beautiful place.  
I see everybody has a good heart.  
I see how beautiful the sky is.  
I think everybody should get along together.  
I see the blue oceans.  
I see the fields of green grass.  
I see wildlife coming back,  
Trees growing taller,  
And peace in the world.



Paul Tlhuitzo



# Grace Vega

## Magic

Magic is Jesse Rutherford singing  
It makes your floating  
Magic is the creature you call a unicorn  
Magic is the music you listen to  
It makes you feel invisible

# Priscilla Vega

## Just Because

Just because I'm quiet

Does not mean that I won't talk

It doesn't mean I'm antisocial

And it doesn't mean I don't like you

Just because I'm quiet

Doesn't mean I don't get in trouble

It doesn't mean that I'm shy

It doesn't mean I don't make mistakes

Just because I'm quiet

Doesn't mean we don't have anything in common

It doesn't mean we do have anything in common

Just because I'm quiet doesn't mean I don't have an opinion

Just because I'm quiet

doesn't mean that you can just assume all these things

Just be quiet, please.

## A Flamingo in a City of Pigeons

There she was. A flamingo in a city of pigeons. I want to be just like her but here I was a pigeon. Just like everybody else. I was sitting there on a powerline, as I did any other day. It was about sunset. The sky was purplish blue. My eternal clock said it was about 6:15 pm. Every day, this man goes by on a his bright pink bike. Every day I observe something new about him. He has flakey sunburnt skin and blonde hair that looks like a fried perm. Today, I noticed he has crystal blue eyes with bloodshot whites. He is always wearing bright colors. It would be difficult to not see him. In front of his bike sits a shiny pink flamingo. I stare, I can't help it. Nothing fazes her. She never moves or makes sounds, she is just still. I realized suddenly he dropped his bike to pick litter off the ground. Everything was in slow motion. She doesn't even make any quick or nervous movements to protect herself. She hits the ground along with the bike. She falls to pieces. And her head falls off. The fried perm man quickly turns around and yells "No!" My heart dropped. And my pigeon stomach churned. I couldn't help it but some droppings fell on the fried perm man's bike. I should have known good birds don't last around here.

# Milli Woolworth



# Zia Light-Abrams



## Happiness

It was a dark stormy evening as Reed was being punished once again by his father for leaving his Legos on the floor of their tiny cabin. Nine year old Reed thought his father was overreacting as always. Reed slightly rolled his eyes as his father continued to scold him. Reed's father Mark was a good guy underneath the anger and fear in his life. He always took out his anger or stress on Reed and it never ended well. Reed always has a little bit of compassion for his dad and hoped he would someday better himself. When his father had finally finished his lecture he said, "Go grab some firewood." Reed nodded his head yes and got his rain boots on along with a big winter coat and stomped outside. He reached for the door, unlocked it, and stepped straight into a puddle of muddy water. He ignored it and

kept walking through the puddles till he reached the barn on his property.

Reed liked the barn at his house. It was quiet because the only thing it was used for was old gardening tools, unneeded storage, and firewood since it was so cold out in the woods. They got there small, cold, but cozy property and house for Mark's father (Reed's grandpa) before he died. Mark was treated poorly sort of like Reed as a kid. His father didn't have much of a relationship with him. That's where he learned his parenting skills from. Reed's mother was a drug addict and died from an overdose of heroine about 3 months after Reed was born. So Mark had to raise Reed by himself and when Reed asked who his mother was, Mark completely disregarded the question and just told him to go do something. Anyway, the property was deep in the woods but a few miles away there was other people's properties with houses. So when Reed could he would use the barn as his escape. Not only an escape from his dad but an escape from the voices in his head and the mean kids at school. Reed was in fourth grade and he was actually getting good grades for once. He had a few on and off friends that would hang out with him when they didn't have anyone else to hang out with. But the rest of the class was mean to him. Reed has dark black hair and green blue eyes. He always wore Levi Jeans, a long sleeve shirt, a beanie, and a blue vest. He needed glasses but never got them. He was into drawing odd creatures when he got bored. He hated reading unless he was being read to which only happens occasionally at school. What Reed really wanted was a mom and (or) a best friend. Someone who would do almost everything with him. Someone who would come to his house when he was feeling sad or someone who would call him over to do the same for them. Someone who could tell exactly how he was feeling and make sure he was doing okay. He never had that really. There was this girl, her name was Sarah. She was a smart but shy girl with long blonde hair. She always wore braids in her hair and had funny looking circle shaped

glasses that always seemed to be crooked. She and Reed were friends for about 2 months but she started hanging out with some not so nice kids and stopped even saying hi to Reed. He was hurt, but being a fourth grader he got over it fast. He felt alone in the world and didn't have someone to lean on most of the time. So Reed had to have a big imagination. Anyway, Reed picked up four pieces of firewood and stumbled out of the barn. He wanted to stay out there and be alone, but he figured he should go inside, look his father in the face, and pretend like nothing ever happened. Just like he never scolded Reed. Like they were a happy family. But they really weren't. He walked out into the cold air and felt a chilly breeze that blew off his hood on his jacket. He looked down at his feet when he walked and splashed around in the puddles of water. He soon recognized a wooden box. It had light brown cloth in it and something inside but he couldn't tell what. He walked over to it with a feeling excited to find out what it was. He looked into it and it was three small kittens. Two were asleep and the other was standing up looking into Reed's eyes. He was amazed and couldn't help but wonder where these balls of fluff came from. He put down the wood and picked the one that was awake up. There was a small note in the bottom of the box that wrote, "I'm very sick and can't take care of these kittens at the time. I don't have anyone to turn to for this responsibility and I don't have time so I must gift them to whoever might live here for the time being. Please take good care of them and in return, when I am no longer sick with Pneumonia I promise I will write you a check of \$75. These kittens are very important to me so I ask that you take really good care of them. I'm sorry for the burdon. Sincerely, Mrs. Marlynn" Mrs. Marlynn lived about two miles away from Reed and Mark's house. They didn't know her well but she brought them cookies for Christmas every year and Mark brought her groceries one time. She was a nice lady but was always sad. Her husband died 2 years ago and Her mom just died about a week and a half ago. Reed thought

about running inside to tell his dad but he knew that he wouldn't approve. So he put the kitten back in the box and picked the whole box up leaving his wood behind to get soaked. He carefully ran into the barn and set the box down on an old chair.

He got more wood brought it inside. As he set down the wood by the small hot fire stove he looked over at his dad. Mark was sitting on his creaky wooden chair by the dinner table reading the Newspaper. Reed said, "Hey, dad?" Mark looked up him and Reed said, "Mrs. Marlynn is sick with Pneumonia, and she left a box with three small kittens inside and a note saying that if we took good care of the kittens when she got all better she would pay us \$73 in cash". "What!?", exclaimed Mark. "Well did you leave them out in the rain?", he said. "No they're safe in the barn." They both walked outside fast as it started to rain harder. They made it to the barn and Mark saw the kittens. He immediately smiled. Reed hadn't seen his father smile like that before. Mark and Reed ended up keeping the kittens for longer than they thought because Mrs. Marlynn's Pneumonia was pretty bad. Mark and Reed were getting along great and there didn't seem to be any fights or big unneeded lectures. They were happy for the most part. Reed asked if he could visit Mrs. Marlynn in the hospital, so they did. She was on bed rest but was happy her beloved kittens had somewhere to stay. Although Reed's friend status was still the same, he was glad his relationship with his dad had bettered.

On June 5th, 2013 Reed was about to leave for school. Before Reed left the house his dad knelt down to his level hugged him tighter than he ever did then said, "Promise me you'll behave?". Reed pulled away from the hug to say, "Why wouldn't I behave at school today dad? You know I'm always good". "I know", Mark replied and he smiled and patted Reed on his back gently. Reed waved and smiled as he closed the front door. Reed was the happiest ever and he figured his dad was happy too. When

you're nine years old you don't always think straight. Reed was mature for his age but all he knew right then is that he was pleased with how life was going and he knew he now could depend on his dad. He thought maybe it was the kittens that brought happiness to them, but he didn't care what it was. Little did he know, as Reed walked to school with a smile on his face his dad watched him through the window walking. Mark was regretting all the bad decisions he had made and all the ones he didn't repair properly. He could always try to imagine what it would be like if he wasn't in Reed's life. He wondered if Reed would be happier without him and who would take care of him if he just left. Mark always ignored his depression and the thoughts going through his head that would lead him to believe what a terrible person he was. So he tried his hardest to push past the bad thoughts and just kept going. That is what he had been doing with Reed.

Mark started his old rusted red truck and jumped inside. He sat in the driver's seat for two minutes staring off into space thinking of nothing. He got out of the car and walked into the barn where the kittens were hanging around. He picked the one that Reed named Stripes up and looked into her small eyes. He pet her soft fur and a teardrop fell from his face. He put her down, got back into his truck, and he drove to the store.

On the other hand Reed continued his happy day. He even talked to someone who used to only speak to him when he needed to borrow a pencil or a piece of paper. They ate lunch together, laughed, and bonded. Things seemed to be in Reed's favor today. He invited his new friend who was named Johnny over after school. Johnny said, "Sure, let me call my mom really quick. I'll be right back." His mom said yes but she wanted to pick them both up from school and bring them there so she could meet Reed's father first. So after school, that's what they did. Reed opened his front door of his house while Johnny and his mom were behind him. He yelled, "Dad, we have guests. Where are you?". Nobody answered. He yelled again, "Dad!" as he walked towards the bathroom to see if he was in his room. He was about to open the door to his dad's room but then he saw his dad laying on the bathroom floor. He said, "Dad?" He kneeled down on the bathroom floor and saw a empty bottle of pills. He shook his dad around by his shoulders and screamed. His heart dropped to the ground and he started to cry loudly. Johnny and his mom ran into the bathroom to see what was wrong and you can

imagine the rest. An ambulance showed up at the house and tried to revive Mark but it was too late. He was gone.

Reed's distant Great Aunt took in Reed. He felt like the world had gotten his hopes up just to bring them back down and everything seemed to look black and white. He didn't eat enough, he didn't get enough sleep, and he wasn't attending school. After 3 months of living with his grumpy Aunt he was fed up. He went back to school just to get away from her but when he was at school he didn't talk much and ignored friends. He just couldn't find a happy piece of his heart. He felt like it wasn't even there. Mrs. Marlynn did get better and took her kittens back in. He missed seeing them everyday, but not as much as he missed his dad.

It finally came time to clean up the house that Reed would inherit when he turned 18. He found all his father's belongings, even the ones he didn't know existed. Then he found a small piece of paper in his dad's room. It was a note, a note to Reed. Reed gasped then read it. It said, "Reed, I am sorry. I am sorry for all the times I didn't play baseball with you. I am sorry for all the times I was to hard on you. I am sorry I never told you about your mother. I am sorry I could never be the father I always wanted. Most of all, I am sorry for all the time I wasted without you. I want you to know and remember, you are worth it, you are strong, and you are your own person. I was unhappy, and that is why I did what I did. I hope you didn't have to be the one who found me but sometimes that's the way life goes. Through the ups, downs, lefts, and rights you have to try your hardest to stay on track and be happy. I know I will be proud of the person you will become whoever that may be. Don't forget that I love you no matter where I am or where you are. I think you know, I would like you to keep the house and live in it when you turn 18. For now I have it all setup so that people can rent it so please don't worry about it. Just move your stuff and whatever you want of my stuff. Love your dad,"

Nearly five years later Reed's Aunt died and Reed was put up for adoption. Guess who adopted him? Mrs. Marlynn did. He live with the three kittens once again and Mrs. Marlynn wasn't so lonely and sad anymore. They both had someone to take care of and they were happy. Four years after that Reed got into an amazing College about one hour away from his house where he studied to be a veterinarian since he loves animals so much.

Death is a part of life even if it's hard to except. People, animals, and things will come and go. I'll let you decide if this was a happy ending. I guess this is the part where I say, "The End" but that is really basic so I'll just say... well I can't actually think of anything so... Bye.

## A Cold Breeze

The air is warm  
The wind blows fast  
Hair in my face  
As cars go past  
I stick my head out the window  
To feel a cold breeze  
And I look at the sky  
And the birds that fly by  
And the yellow and white lines on the road  
That seem to never end  
But they will  
As soon as this adventure comes to an end  
There will be a new day  
No matter where I am  
And I'll always feel safe  
Where the wind blows  
In my face  
I love the coast and I think I'll stay  
But I'll go new places  
That will make me miss  
the fresh air and this town's familiar faces



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