

TOURMALINE

The Literary Arts Magazine
of The Pacific Community Charter High School

Volume XVI
2019-20

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Kadence Beattie



Stranger

You are a stranger now
You always have been
You are always absent or late
You've missed a lot of life events
Trust me you were not missed
Not even on my eleventh birthday
Not even my thirteenth
Not now, not ever
You are a stranger in my mind
Always have been
Always will be
You are a stranger

To The People

To the people that make it scary to go to school
To the people that think it's ok
to shoot anyone and everyone they see
You are the ones making it scary
You are the ones costing kids and teachers their lives
To the people that are coming up with solutions
that aren't working
You're trying, right?
You're trying to make the world a better place
but people are still dying
Kids are still scared to go to school
We're all still scared
One Hundred Ninety-Four school shooting since 2000
Just in the United States
We need a change, quick.

Silence

Quiet drops of the waterfall from above.
You can hear the slight sound of an iPhone ringer
Silence is key to fix the pain that has been caused
She walks 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.

Cole Diggins



The God of a thousand different sane people is bound to be mad
A canvas covered in a thousand different paints
A thousand faces of divinity
A thousand warriors
A thousand healers
And one concept in agonizing flux

Logan Duggan



Alani Ethelbah

COVID-19

Silently like smoke it crawled into the lungs of its victims
Taking their breath
Spreading itself quickly like a fire swallowing a house
Like thick fog uncertainty blinds us
Letting chaos take over us
Like a parasite killing its host

Ulali Faber-Castillo

I Remember

I remember laughing so hard at lunch

I remember falling off my scooter going down a hill

I remember my first shot I made on a basketball team

I remember my cousin pushing me off my bed when I was asleep

I remember my best friend keeping me up all night to talk about her life

I remember getting sent to the office most of the time for talking back

I remember my first time dancing with Point Arena

I remember my first time leading a group out to dance

I remember planning M.A.S.H. with my friends at school

I remember every moment of the day I broke my arm

I remember when I laughed at anything

Leo Fusaro

Hellish Rebuke

The phenomenon has spread
With such force that even the demons
Have gathered to protest
This hell on earth

Please Go Slowly Now

Now behind us
Everything slows to a crawl
The sky turning grey, the sun falling behind the hills
Upon feeling the first wave of the crisp air,
people engage in fights with their breath
Eagerly dismantling and tucking away all traces of life before.

A Heartfelt Knife

More often than not,
I think so much in my head
Until my heart breaks in my hands
And I can only watch as it slowly falls apart.
I can only look at each bleeding piece
And put them back together
Only to have my thoughts break them all over again.

Sylvia Jeremiah



The Bus

You're sitting alone in your room. Like many other birthdays before, you're alone and it's been like that for a long time. But trust me when I say everything will change very soon, when you leave everything behind.

You wake up in a cold sweat. It's still dark. You check your phone for the time, flinching a little from the sudden flood of light, it's 2:35 AM. You had another nightmare, great, you know you won't be going back to sleep so you get up. There's new bruises on your arms and legs, still don't know where they're coming from.

You go to the bathroom to wash up a bit. You turn on the light and again you recoil from the bright light. Lazily blocking the light with your hand you look into the mirror, the bags under your eyes are darker than ever and your dark hair is a mess.

You should really clean up; you look disgusting

"I know."

Oh, you do? That make this even more pathetic.

"I know.."

You undress and get into the shower.

2:50 am. You finished your shower and now you're downstairs, it's still really dark outside.

There's nothing to eat.

"I bet I could make something out of this.."

No, you need to buy food.

"I still have some left. It's fine."

You're just saying that because you ran out of money, didn't you?

"...maybe.." You decide you'll eat later so you go back upstairs and lay in bed thinking about everything.

7:24 am. Hours pass before you get up. You probably fell asleep again. You go back downstairs hoping food will magically appear but it doesn't. You get dressed into proper clothes: sweatpants, a t-shirt, and a jacket. Now you're dressed, good job, now go outside, you loser.

Ok, you're outside, now what? You wander around

for half an hour before you come across a bus stop. What are you doing? We need to keep going.

"I don't want to be here anymore." You sit at the bus stop.

Hey, get back up you can't leave!

"I hate it here, it's so sad and nobody likes me." You wait.

But I'm still here. If you leave you won't have me to help you anymore!

"Good." The bus is here.

No, please, don't go on that bus. If you do you'll never hear from me again. Please, you'll have to deal with him. He's much worse than me, please.

You walk onto the bus, not listening to the little voice in your head.

The bus driver just glances at you then back out the front window. He doesn't say anything so you assume you don't have to pay. You take a seat in the back and stare out the window. There aren't many people on the bus only two others.

2:10 pm. You finally notice it, that insufferable voice has finally stopped talking. It wasn't lying. You realize that it stopped after you sat on the bus. And now you have to deal with me.

Enter The Forest, Don't Trust Their Caring Eyes

4:15 pm. It's a long drive but you don't care or notice. You're planning on staying on the bus until you get kicked off or you feel you are far enough away from that place. The bus stops at the next bus stop. You look up. It's just a single path into the forest. You get up and walk off the bus. You're hesitating

"I know."

Why? You have nothing to fear.

"Why do you say that?"

Because I'm here.

"You sound so sure of yourself."

Just walk.

5:00 pm. It's dark. You've been walking for about an hour. It's quiet in your mind for once. You're scared, but every time you try to ask something he just says to keep walking, so you do.

6:35 pm. You can't feel anything. It's so cold and dark. It started sprinkling and it feels like this path never ends. Finally you see a light in the distance. You quicken your pace, you're running, you want to get out of the dark. Now you see it, it's a little two story house with a garage to the left and a shed to the right. The porch light is on and a window upstairs and downstairs seem to have lights on. It's basically raining now so you walk up to the front door and knock.

8:00 pm. The people here are so nice. They let you take a shower and wear some spare clothes. There are three people living here, two cats and a dog. Mike, Chris, and Pat. Mike went to school to be a doctor and likes to garden. Chris is a carpenter and draws things in his spare time. Pat is a botanist who helps Mike with gardening. The two cats are Cookie and the ever looming presence of death, but they just call him Orcus. The dog is Lyla. She's a German shepherd, and she's absolutely lovely.

10:15 pm. Everyone's sleeping. The sound of the

rain is almost therapeutic to you. You can't sleep, nothing new there. You're sleeping on the couch and Orcus and has fallen asleep on your legs; your legs are numb. You keep seeing things in the windows.

12:00 pm. You wake up. You see the yellow glowing eyes of Orcus stare at you as you sit up. You forgot he was there. You feel watched. "Hello?" you mutter as you look around. There's a noise from the kitchen. You hesitantly get up. Orcus hops off your lap.

12:05 pm. For some reason it took you five minutes just to get to the kitchen. You see a figure rummaging through the fridge. It hasn't noticed you yet. "H-hello?" you manage to say. It jumps a bit and turns to face you. You're frozen with fear, the figure is pitch black and inhumanly skinny, and it's boney and horrible, and you hate it. Orcus is hissing in the background and as soon as he does the figure runs and jumps through the open kitchen window.

12:30 pm. You're sitting back on the couch with Orcus on your lap. Go back to sleep

"Why should I?" you mutter.

Just do as I say we have things to do in the morning

"No! What if that thing comes back!!"

It won't. Just trust me and go back to sleep.

"Why should i trust you? You haven't done anything trustworthy yet!"

Just do what I tell you to do and you'll be fine!

After a few moments you lay back down and try to go back to sleep.

To be continued

Patrik Lusk



Met the Devil in Nothing, Arizona

Why can't I forget his face,
That night was cold,
The air slithered up to my drawers and I couldn't help but
feel my spine clacking from the freeze,
I'm trying to walk,
Forgetting the straight line,
I just want my legs to go forward,
I just want to make it home,
He won't leave your side,
You met him at the bar that night only hours before,
Sorrow seemed like an interesting guy at least,
But he didn't ever seem like he was all there,
I bet if you thought of it,
He didn't really seem human,
As crazy as this all sounds it was most likely the case,
For the green tone of his skin was odd,
The way his teeth were speared and serrated,
The way his voice always echoed in the room,
In my mind every time he spit up a phrase,
He approached me from behind,
His soft tender voice startled me in the best of ways,
Made me melt onto the floor helpless,
The feelings of just Sorrow's fingertips,
The most forceful touch I'd ever felt,
Sorrow was at my side every move,
Sorrow was ordering me drinks,
Was placing his hands on my waist,
As the lights flashed above me,
Sorrow grabs my thighs as I'm ordered yet another drink,
Takes me over his arm and pushes me past the doors,
Too fast to protest,
I feel dizzy,
Sorrow smiles at me as I turn white,
Unable to speak,
Sorrow chuckles with a chilling grin,
As the cab passes my home

Juan Mandujano



Max Mirassou

the weed whacking

the weed whacking is never done come next day it
feels really dumb to skip out can't let it grow oh no i'm
suffocating in more to get done

i talk

i talk to a friend maybe they will lend me their time to
have a time together and talk about it

Dennae Silva-Timberlake

You Changed

From those long nights of tears
To the mornings of fake smiles for the day
She looks at herself in the mirror and thinks
Why why this pain she asks herself
Over and over again every day
From the early mornings of laughter and smile
She looks at herself in the mirror and smiles
This is what happiness feels like
She is a beautiful disaster with a beautiful rainbow

Aurora Smith

Childhood

Every apple tree reminds me of childhood
The pricks of blackberry bushes
Vanilla ice cream and freshly baked crisp
Hours spent making warm apple sauce
Always adding excessive amounts of cinnamon

Every apple tree reminds me of childhood
The turning color of the maple tree
It stood small and timid in our front yard
The pine cones that fell from branches
Under the small feet of my friends high up on the branches
I stood below collecting as many that would fall as I could

Every apple tree reminds me of childhood
Before night time was bitter cold and the wind howled
When the driveway filled with puddles
I lost one sandal in the mud every year
And the water would leave me completely soaked

Every apple tree reminds me of childhood
After the slightly warmer days of summer
I could spend over five hours swimming in the river
Only leaving to catch frogs where the dry pebbles met the water
Eating hot dogs cooked on the small gas grill
Munching on freshly cut watermelon
Smiling as if there is no tomorrow

Every apple tree reminds me of childhood

Drained

I am drained and emotional
I wonder how much people notice me
I hear the whispers of demons
I see the hourglass of time
Slowly draining
I want to feel whole
I am drained and emotional

I pretend the words don't bother me
I feel a gray cloud surrounding me
I touch the scales of a mermaid's tail
As it glides by
I worry I can't get past these preconceived ideas
I cry under the stars at the swirling chaos of my mind
I am drained and emotional

I understand that I can't mean something to everyone
I say "the stars save me"
I dream of the days the cloud goes away
I try to keep bettering myself
I hope the bees stay to preserve beauty in the world
I am drained and emotional

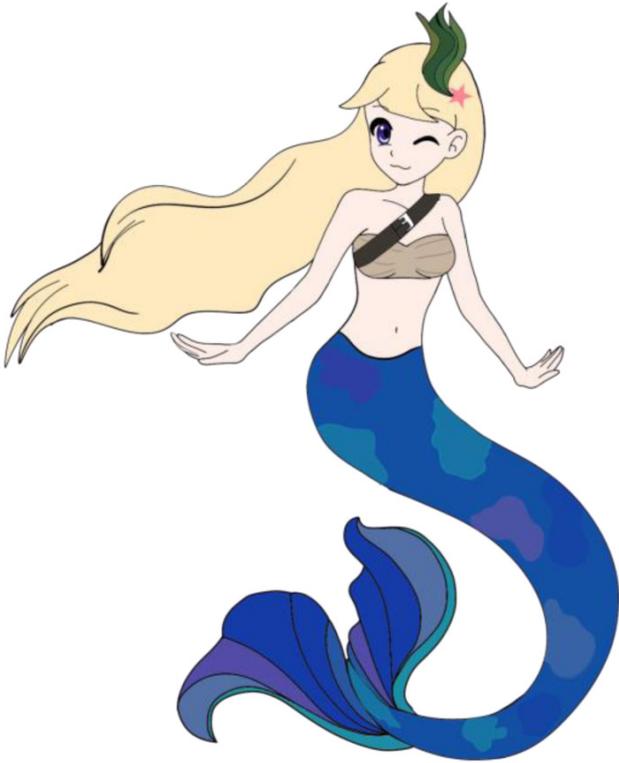
The Lone Boy

The little boy waits patiently
Holding a chocolate bar
In his hands, as he stands in line
Paying the cashier with a few crumpled bills
He grabs his grandmother's hand
And walks the two blocks
Back to the hospital
Too young to pay attention to the white walls
And sterile smell
He walks into the room
To be greeted with the beeps of machinery
He grabs his mother's hand and places the candy in it
He figured it would make her happy
Her pale lips turn into a smile
As she splits it into two
The boy sits and hopes
One day his mom will push him on the swing again
Or maybe he will have to watch the wind rock the rusted chain

Angelina Wilson







ハンター (Hantā)

Beginnings

By 안젤리나

2055

The first time I saw them. Strange beings just on the horizon. Even from the top of the mountain I could see them: they took refuge in the forest below. I was coming from the east wing corridor and passed by cliffside from her majesty's court room. I did like being near her. After all she was my ticket to freedom. When I walked by, Janeen walked in the opposite direction. "Morning General, how are we?"

She called me General? "What do you mean, I'm not General."

"Didn't you receive word? The queen has promoted you to general of her new army. You must head over to see her."

"All right then." I was sent on my way. But first, I stopped by the women's bathroom to change out my eyepatch for a fresh one.

"So, I'm now the new general?" I asked the queen. I bowed for a second, and she put me at ease. I stood with my hands behind my back,

"Yes dear, I have promoted you to army general. I trust you to keep my army in line. Best make the King happy. He was always happy to have a great army at his side at all times. Make him proud, even where he is now." I nodded and bowed once more. I turned around to go when she said, "Wait, before you depart. I have something for you."

I turned around and she motioned for me to come over to her. "This was the king's. Take great care of it. My daughter could not use it. Therefore, I thought of you."

"Thank you so much Madame; this is a great kindness!" I felt a sense of pride and importance. The gift was a big steel sword with a dragon engraved on the side.

"Now, that's better! Your team is waiting for you

just outside the west wing, in the courtyard. Take care and I hope you don't lose your other eye," she joked. I didn't like that. Losing my right eye was the joke of the castle. But, the queen loved me, so it was fine. I bowed once more and left her presence.

Francois, former general of the 4th army passed by, saying "Lovely to see a woman becoming general. Never thought I would see the day," he scoffed.

"Well, I never thought that I would see you get fired, I wonder why!" He looked disgusted.

"You just don't know when to quit, do you?" he asked.

"Whoever said that was a bad thing?" He smirked and continued on his way. I tried so hard to find the west wing, but I had never had to go over there.

I finally found it. "Well, well, well. There you are" said my supposed second-in-command, who showed up earlier than I did. He was also promoted to the position he is in right now. This was the first day for both of us. I walked out of the huge castle gate and my team was lined up saluting me. "At ease, soldiers" I said loudly. "Now, do any of you have any fighting experience?" I pointed at each one of them,

"I do..." one said nervously. I walked down to him and asked him more about it. "I served in the King's army back when he was still alive. I was his legionary, or the best of the best. Not to brag though-

"All right, that's enough." I said loudly. "Now, as for the rest of you, get into Square position!" My second in command, Marcel, went and straightened out the troop. I came around the side of the men and watched Marcel do his job. "Now march!" I commanded.. The sum of 20 people were all stumbling over each other trying to march in unison. "All right! ALL RIGHT!" I shouted even louder. "Now, we need to practice marching. I never thought that I would need to teach my team marching. Let's try this again." I wasn't the happiest right now. The clouds shifted and the sun poked through. With one eye, I couldn't exactly squint but I was able to see. "Marcel, do me a favor and fetch me my monocle," I said a bit loudly. I definitely needed a pair of sunglasses for the remainder of the training. "Now you,

soldier. Step up!" This wasn't going to get done overnight.

"Oh cheese and crackers, that was not fun at all." I said to Marcel,

"Yeah, hopefully after two weeks we will at least be in shape for shooting and combat drills," he said enthusiastically.

"Yeah, possibly. This could be good, or this could take us down-" I was cut off by the sight of more of those things. I split off our walking route and speed walked down the southwest corridor leading to the front of the castle. I ran down through the capital to the south. The trees started to stretch over me and they soon surrounded me. I took out my staff and extended it to actual size. I held it behind me and walked slowly into the furthest part of the forest where I found the beasts before. I got a quick peek of one. It was large, covered in... maybe fur, and had a big mouth that stretched from side to side of its face, and three large eyes. More than I had. It was dark red and it had shades of green around its eyes like eyeshadow. To him, I was only a meek human. I poked my head out from behind the rock and took one step. I put away my staff to see if it was docile. I put my hand out and it looked my way, and right away it got very aggressive. It pounced onto me like a lion. I got out my staff and pushed it off. I got back onto my feet and started for the strange creature and tried not to die. It brought over three more and I tried to open a chronium to call Marcel. "Hey, it's Giselle calling from the south forest below that castle. I'm down here fighting a strange creature that is really strong and going to kill me. HURRY!" The other two came around my side and struck my arm from my left. Right as I was going to give up, Marcel came with four more guys with him. "About time!" I said sarcastically. They shot the thing with bows, guns, and slingshots. Whoever had a slingshot nowadays was a child. I got behind them and tore a piece of cloth from the bottom of my pants and wrapped it around my arm. The two other beasts fled and I thought that this was the start of something REALLY bad.

When I got back, I saw the queen and told her of my... incident. "Your Grace, I saw these beasts out in the

entrance forest of the city, in the south. These things, I'm going to call them pouncers, they attack at first sighting. Threat or not. Just like the northern kingdom-" I was cut off.

"Please don't ridicule other kingdoms," she said sternly "but, do continue."

"These things are hostile, dangerous, and could spread throughout the remaining kingdoms," I finished.

She nodded and leaned forward. "Here is the thing: these beasts are not a complete threat to the kingdom unless they are running through the streets of the city below. But personally, I'm sure that these are what you said. Dangerous. I mean, look at your arm!" I bowed and then turned to exit. And again, she stopped me. "I have one more request from you. I'm bringing in the prisoners from the capital's prison to have a small trial. Will you be here in three hours for the trial?"

I couldn't exactly say no to her: she was the queen. "Yes ma'am, I have troop training for 3 hours square. I'll have something to do in the meantime." I finally exited and walked down the corridor to the west wing courtyard. I felt like I had to prepare my troops to fight those pouncers, but I didn't need to. I stepped up to an unorganized line of men and there was a new recruit. It was another guy.

"In line!" I yelled, and they all saluted me. "At ease soldiers, All right! Now you all have learned the basics for proper marching?" They all nodded. "Well, let's test that. SQUARE UP!" Marcel ran out of the corridor entrance out to me and he was late. He was panting and looked like he was going to drop dead.

"Sorry I'm late!" I pointed to the right of me and he walked over and supervised everyone. They were all almost a perfect order. Except for the newbie.

"Now, MARCH!" I commanded and they all started marching around in a square form, except for the new guy. I stopped them and pulled the newbie out from the crowd. "You just stand next to me and watch." I told him. My throat started to hurt from yelling. "Marcel, can you go get my water bottle from my quarters?" He nodded and walked away as soon as I turned my head forward. My troop

flawlessly marched and then spread out in a line like they were before. I started clapping. "Well done. You guys aren't a total lost cause. Now how many of you have medical training?" Only nine out of the twenty raised their hands. "All right, what do you know?" I said, as I walked up to him. He told me that he knew basic first aid, how to perform CPR, and how to stop heavy bleeding. It was a nice addition to the troop, but we could do better. "What about you?" I went to the next person. Then the next, and the next. The sum of the whole thing was basic first aid, stopping heavy bleeding, and CPR. Not terrible, but probably the most basic for battles. "Well. I'll save the medical training for tomorrow," I said loudly. "Dismissed!" That didn't at all go the way I thought. I still had an hour and a half left before I had to go to the trial. I'll probably just go and wash my clothes and myself.

It was time for the trial. This was my third trial of the year, something I did regularly. I rushed over to the north wing to greet the queen before we started. "Evening, your Highness," I bowed, she smiled and nodded. She stood up and directed me to my post. I stood behind a podium with a really small microphone coming out of it. She shook my hand and went back to her throne. Francois joined us and when I saw him I instantly rolled my eyes. The "second judge" also arrived and I forgot what his name was.

"Bring in the accused!" he said loudly. Two men came and escorted the convicts in. They were dressed in very poor quality clothes; they had dirt on their faces and scars on their arms. The one on the right looked like an angry dog. She was growling and her eyes were big. The one on the left was obviously depressed. They both had colored hair: the one on the right was purple, and the left was pink. The purple one was being held back by the guy who brought her in. The pink one was wanting to sit in place.

"Now, Kyoto Hashimoto and Jade Onaka. Jade, settle down!" The queen gave the order. The purple one was Jade. She was crazy. "What are the charges?"

"Witchcraft, robbery, and animal cruelty-" He was cut off.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN ANIMAL CRUELTY?!" Jade

barked. Kyoto glanced up and then looked back down.

"You have been seen releasing our kingdom's elephants! We need them as transportation." the man explained.

"YOU GUYS ARE CRUEL TO THEM!" she shouted back.
. I stood and watched this go a weird way.

"What about witchcraft?" I asked.

"These two have been seen making up copies of themselves and talking to spirits. Both are acts of witchcraft," the other guy explained.

"WE DON'T CONJURE!" Jade was trying so hard to defend them, but Kyoto was just hopelessly standing there

. "Jade, please be quieter, we-"

"WHY THE HELL SHOULD I BE MORE QUIET?!"

Because we are never going to win this case. This is all hopeless..." Kyoto tried calming her down a bit.

"Are these two making a threat to the kingdom?" I asked. I thought that maybe these were just two girls in need of some mental, financial, and physical help.

"Yes," replied the man, "but it is a moderate threat-" This kingdom is unjustly holding these two girls against their will just because they have magical abilities...

"Are these abilities a great threat to the kingdom?" I wondered if they actually were as dangerous as the pouncers.

"Well, they could be-"

"EXACTLY, LET US GO!" Jade shrieked. She was held back by the two men and was almost let go. I decided to call in more guards to protect the Queen from her. "Hold her in the castle's interrogation room. I'll deal with them," I suggested. I was hoping that I could reason with the guards into letting them go. They seem like poor peasants from the city who don't have any money and food. That's probably why they steal.

"All right. Case closed. Put them in the infirmary first since they seem injured," the Queen commanded.

I would reason with them, or break them out.

Time Freeze

안젤리나

What now happens at this point in time. There is no time...

People standing still as statues, rain frozen in place. I place my finger upon a droplet and it is water, not hard or soft.

But water. It falls.

A flower, mid blossom, adorable. I take a water droplet and place it on the petal of the flower. Rain begins to fall again...

Silence

안젤리나

Silence...

The sound with no sound, once you get to a quiet place. It gets loud again, it all fills the silence with such power. It takes over, silence is no more than small noises making up a great wall of sound. creaking, clicking, ticking, and tapping... it all fills the silence with such power, little by little. It repeats, creaking, clicking, ticking, and tapping... It makes me paranoid all the more. Silence, an audible paradise we all wish to get to. But you will never truly get the silence you seek.

Yolanda Highhouse (Teacher)

PCCHS Creative Writing class is a writer's workshop. I bring a prompt to class and then we all start writing, saving time to share our drafts in a reading circle at the end of class. The prompt for this poem was:

Sandwich Poem

Write a poem that focuses on an animal in a particular season—fawns in June, Canada geese in fall, lambs in January.

"Sandwich" the poem by repeating the first and last stanza or lines. (The model poem for this prompt was "Red Bird" by Mary Oliver.)

Point Arena Ferals

Those bad cats
they hang
on the corner
like they
own it.
Eye you
down
every time
you pass
their corner.
Weed wrecked
fallen down
haunt house
corner.
Black tie
white bibbed
yellow eyed
bad cats.

