



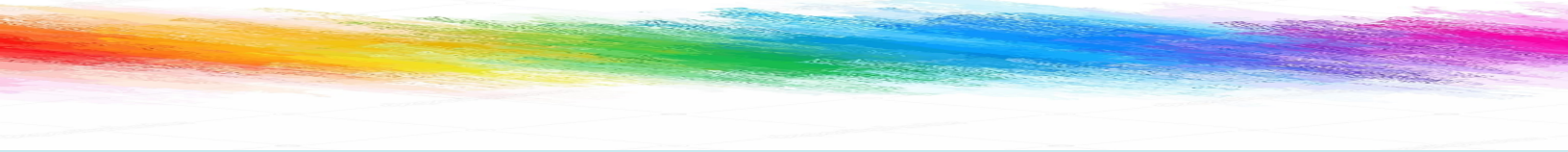
Flight:

Show Your Colors

A Literary Magazine

Central Columbia Middle School

June 2017



Flight: A Literary Magazine

Editorial Staff



Left to right, Back: Ellie Rowe, Jona Ritter, Ellena Adams, Rebecca Vertucci, Rylee Granville. Front: Morgan Mungo, Ali Heintzelman, Jocelyn Shirey, Audrey Hiller.



From the Editors...

Welcome to our 7th and 8th Grade Literary Magazine! This year, we decided a rainbow theme would best show the fun and creative work Central Columbia Middle School students have to offer. Going along with our rainbow theme, we constructed a motto, "Show your colors!" to support and encourage students to submit their work.

As we see it, every student has his or her own colors. Every student's color is reflected through his or her own interests, personality, and life experiences. In our school rainbow, everyone's color is shown through this magazine. As Central Columbia Bluejays, we invite you to come, take FLIGHT, and SOAR with us over a rainbow of creativity.

From the Advisor...

This 2017 edition of CCMS Flight: A Literary Magazine is compiled by a fantastic group of students. How fortunate I have been to get to be their ELA 8 teacher this year!

I'm looking forward to watching them all spread their wings in flight as they leave the middle school and go to high school next year.

In the meantime, I'm just enjoying their creative spirit, respectful collaboration, and their determination to pull together this literary magazine. I'm having a great time watching them all "show their colors." —Ms. Cynthia Cronrath

Red...the Color of Energy

How much energy
does it take

to begin

a new

school year?

To focus on
school work?

To strive

to learn?

To pull off all of
those deadlines?



—Lexi Lehman, Coil Pot



My First Day of 8th Grade

I felt nervous with butterflies fluttering around
in my stomach, but anxious and excited to see
good friends that have been missed all summer.
I saw my sister smiling her big goofy smile,
an assortment of technicolored bookbags
swaying on everyone's back,
and rows upon rows of shiny blue metal lockers.
I heard footsteps pattering down the hallways,
an arrangement of "hi's" and "hello's",
and a variety of laughs and giggles.
I saw many teachers I've had previous years
in addition to a few new faces,
black and white clocks constantly ticking in endless circles,
books swarming the shelves of the library,
and many many red, white, and blue American flags
standing proudly in the corner of each classroom.
I got the privilege to select a locker
I will get to visit every morning.
I filled out a "get to know me" worksheet,
full of information that screamed Ellie.
I designed a nametag on blue, sturdy paper
so Ms.Cronrath will know who I am.
I plucked many papers from the counters,
all for my parents to sign.
I wondered who's friendly faces I will see in my classroom,
and who I will be seated next to in the same old
wooden desks and blue plastic chairs.
I thought this is going to be a great year,
and an awesome way to end my middle school years.

First Day of Eighth Grade:

Excited! Anxious! Eager!

As I walked down the eighth grade hall

I saw new unfamiliar faces, the same shiny dark blue lockers, and all of my friends whom I haven't seen all summer.

Long, long, lists of rules to follow,
instructions to go along with iPads.

I had art class with my favorite art teacher, Mrs. Witmer.

I heard everyone buzzing like bees to catch up at lunch, chickens with their heads cut off running around at recess, and lectures in every class for the rest of the day.

New classrooms, same expectations.

Memorized many passwords

Decorated my empty locker with very cool magnets

Got the iPads to then set them up

Started a digital and brightly creative art project

I thought to myself "Fall is just around the corner",

"This is our last year of middle school", and finally

"I wonder, how is this year going to turn out?"





My First Day in Eighth Grade

*Terrified of the new school year
All of my friends, our principal,
Mr. Heintzelman, and
my locker*

*My teacher Mrs. Cronrath
(5)*

*My friends Holly and Jessica are arguing
Instructions and adages from Mrs. Recla, my iPad's screen*

*My face on my name tag, my pencil box of purple and blue, the paper-mache
(10)*

seahorse in the hall

Organize my locker

Attend SOAR assembly

Talk to my teachers

*Scarfed my lunch and read my way to a different place
(15)*

"I wonder when AMD begins"

"I wonder when chorus starts"

Does everyone know my parents?

PIC•COLLAGE

A Lesson Learned by Logan Zilz

Sigh I'm back in 5th period, more than an hour until the bell rings, and I'm bored. I have never been watching the clock so closely, every second feeling like hours. 'Tick', the clock moved one minute forward. 59 minutes to go... I hope. The prompt sits on the desk, I feel terrible, writer's block has struck me harder than ever before. I can't think, I can't see any ideas forming, and anything I think of gets shot down by a new idea in seconds. I'm so dead... 'Tick' another minute gone, another idea wasted.

At least class is over. Good thing I can distract myself in robotics. All I can think about is this essay. I want to focus, but I can't with all these thoughts going through my head. 4:30 is coming too soon 'Tick' only 10 minutes left, I haven't gotten anything done!

I just got home and my day has been going miserably. I envy my sister; High school, with less homework. I just want to enjoy a day at home without having to bring school home with me.

"How was your day?" My mom asked, oblivious to the previous events.


"I.. Uh... Um... It was okay? I guess?" I replied

"It doesn't sound like you're 'okay' Logan."

"It's nothing mom, I just need some time to chill today."

"Well we're going to talk about this over dinner," mom said sternly, but with some concern. All I need is some time, but I don't want my mom to make this a big deal.

"I'm just going to play some games for a bit, then we can talk.



I'm just going to procrastinate a bit, get my mind off of things, then I'll come back and work. My game is loading up, I've got my friends online. This is going to be a great day for gaming.

Oops... I look at the clock, it reads 8:27. Dang it 'Tick' Dang it again. I have to start this. But nothing is coming to mind. 'Tick' again, that clock, it drives me nuts. 'Tick' I slam the top of my clock in rage. It shuts down without another tick. But that wasn't what was distracting me; it's these thoughts. How can I clear them up? I have no story to tell.

"Hey Logan, it's been quite a bit since I've seen you today," Mom started to yell across the house, "Have you started your homework?"

"Um.. Ya mom, I did," I said timidly. I hate lying.

"Well good, now let's talk about why your day was not so good."

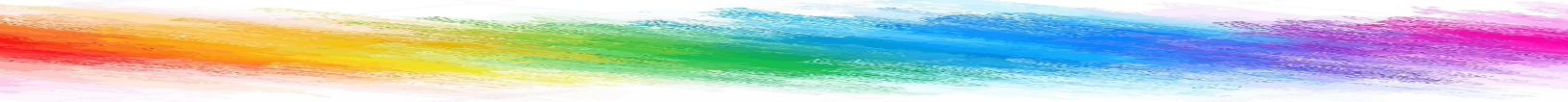
"I told you it's nothing mom," but I know it's going to come back and be a big deal. I walked down stairs so I could hear her clearly, without shouting.

"We need to check your grades, don't we?"

"That won't be necessary, but I do need help with math," lying again, I hate it.

"Why didn't you just say so? My mom questioned, not expecting a reply.

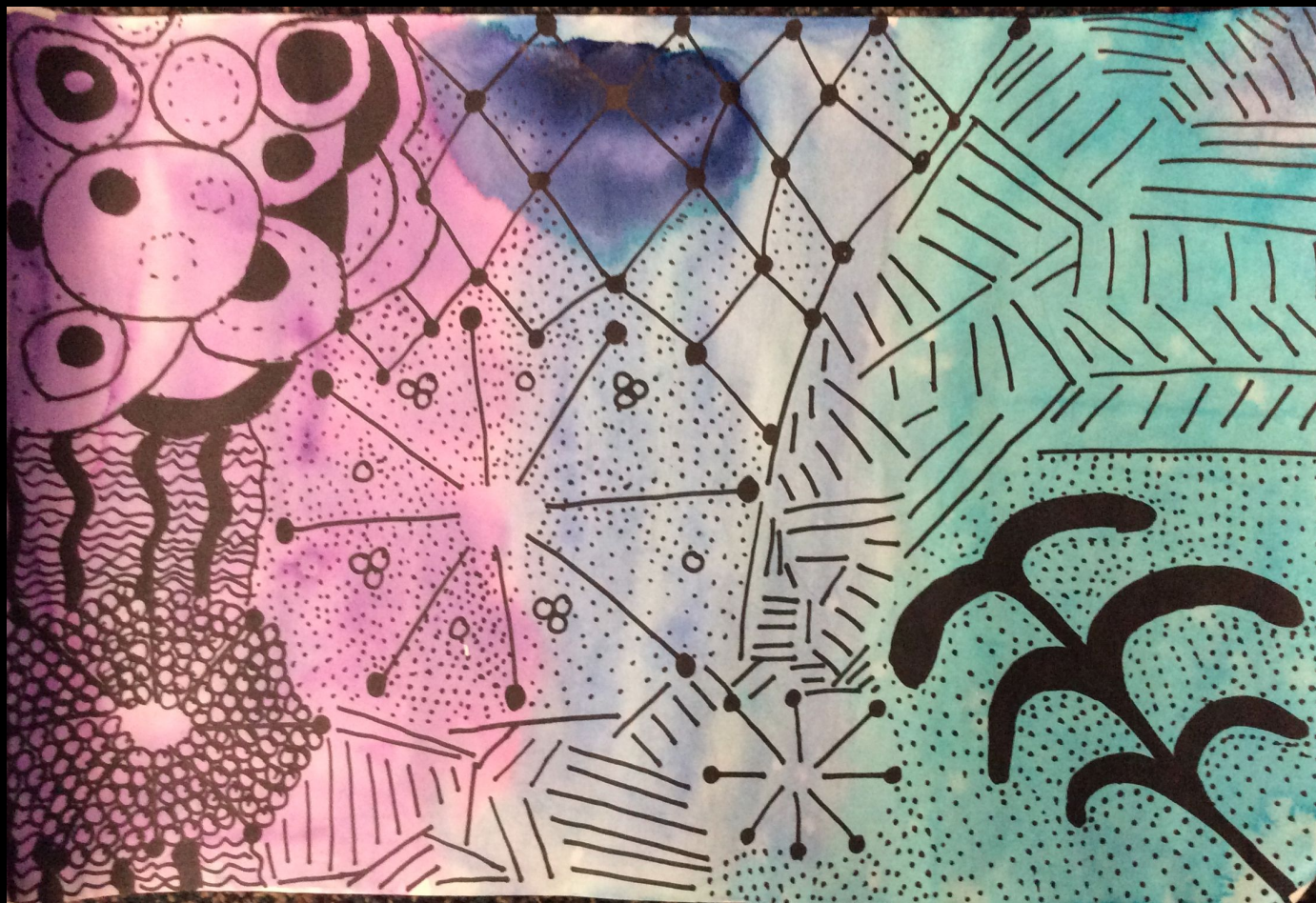
I have no idea what time it is, but it must be late. I just hope my mom bought that 'math excuse', and doesn't look further. I haven't written a word past "Logan Zilz". A title, there we go, a title. That is what I need in this paper. Hmm, "A Lesson Learned", yes, that will do... Finally, I have some progress. Now where do I start?



Daylight? Already? Oh no, I slept in. My essay is due today! Alright, think think think think think... It's impossible, I have no mistakes I can think of, nothing comes to mind, nothing recent has caused a problem. Wait--this was a huge mistake. My thoughts are finally clear. I know my topic.

First period is starting soon and I only have a couple of paragraphs done. 'RING RING RING RING RING' The bell of death haunted the hallways as my fears started to close in for the kill. Algebra, I have to think algebra. But I can't. There is no way I can take a zero on this essay after coming up with this plan.

'Tick' The clock strikes signaling the end of third period. My essay is just about complete, so I'm writing this on the fly. Good thing I had a terrible mistake of procrastination fresh in my mind when I wrote this. All I needed was a fresh new idea, and everything just flowed. 'Tick.' Class begins.



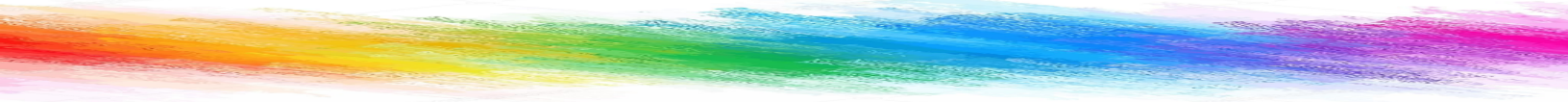
Choose Your Friends Very Wisely by Jona Ritter

Once upon the Blue Bunny bus, I, a gullible 5-year-old, met two sly siblings. Armed with my awful bob and pink backpack filled with unneeded materials, I set off to conquer school. At the time I was an only child, so naturally I began my bus-riding career searching for friendship. Two older kids took a liking to me; they complimented me and made me feel good. I, at the time, yearned for older friends; all of my older cousins lived far away. My older cousins were always so kind to me, so I saw these kids as idols. They told me about kindergarten and lots of other things. I started to trust their judgement; they had told me what kind of things I'd learn. Their stories checked out right and they were so nice. I had absolutely no reason to doubt them.

It was just an average morning; I hopped into a bus seat next to my friends. They smiled warmly and we made small talk. Then, we reached a monumental topic.

"Hey Jona, you know your library number?" The older brother questioned.

"I think so, I've got a bad memory though." I said honestly. The siblings seemed annoyed with me. "Why do you wanna know?" I asked them innocently. "Perhaps they want to check out more books," I thought. They knew I hated reading and probably thought I wouldn't mind letting them checkout books. Yes, I used to loathe reading at one time; thank goodness those days ended.



"Today at school write your library number down," The sister said; she then turned and smiled at her brother. "Have it with you tomorrow morning."

After that, we disappeared into different halls. I did as asked and recorded my lunch number; I couldn't stop thinking about my friends' plans. When the next day started, I was so excited and forgot my common sense at home.

"I brought the password," I cheered merrily. The siblings seemed happy; I was overjoyed with the thought of them liking me.

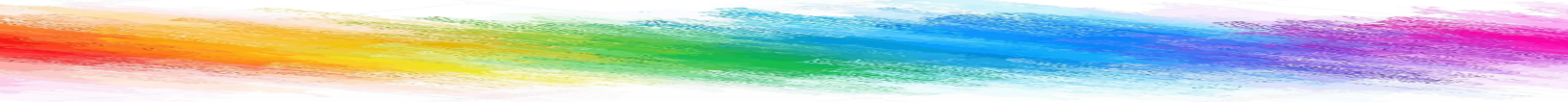
"That's great," the brother mused. "We were gonna surprise you but, you get a free breakfast today!" The siblings giggled with joy.

"But I already had breakfast at home." I replied sadly.

"Oh, but you get another one. You have to come with us! It's free!" The sister exclaimed, joy bubbling out of her. I couldn't hurt her feelings so I complied and followed them.

The older brother said, to get the breakfast, you need the number, so I gave it to him. He stood at the front of the line while I stood in the back, flustered. This weird stringy thing was plopped onto my tray; it was decorated with white stuff. Gooney, translucent, slop was put on it as well. I was mortified and stayed silent throughout the event. I didn't take one bite out of any of the food, for all I know, it was poison. The powdered sugar could've easily pasted as arsenic.

I went my classroom, disgusted with the breakfast ordeal. The lady I had seen earlier at the breakfast entered the classroom.



"Is there a Jona Ritter here?" She scanned the classroom looking for me. We made eye contact, "You're charging." She said in a blunt way.

Now, I didn't know the meaning of this term. But by the way she said it, I knew it wasn't something to be proud of. She gave me a note for my parents—cue the waterworks. I, a shy child, flipped out. What had I done? "I am a horrible person," I concluded. The rest of my day I was miserable. At home, my uproar was magnified.

"I don't know what I did, but I'm sorry!" I cried in distress. My mom read the note and looked up.

"Says here you got breakfast—three times. You don't get breakfast though." My mother was confused and so was I, until I remembered my morning shenanigans. I told my mom the about my friends.

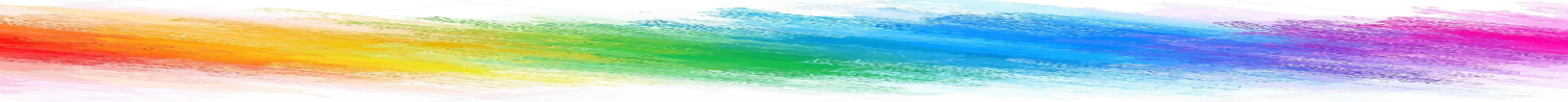
"Don't believe or do anything before you get my okay or your teachers'." She told me.

That was not a problem; I wouldn't trust my so-called friends again, but my mind withered me. I had acquired a strong fear of lunch ladies and school lunches.

My irrational fear of lunch ladies caused me to avoid them at all costs. I thought they were the bearers of bad news. This figment of my imagination tormented me throughout elementary school. The fear of the food one isn't as strong, yet it's still present.

I think having this event really caused me to understand people don't always tell the truth; they use you. Everyone you meet, sadly, doesn't possess a pure heart. The trick in life is finding people that value you.

—Jona Ritter

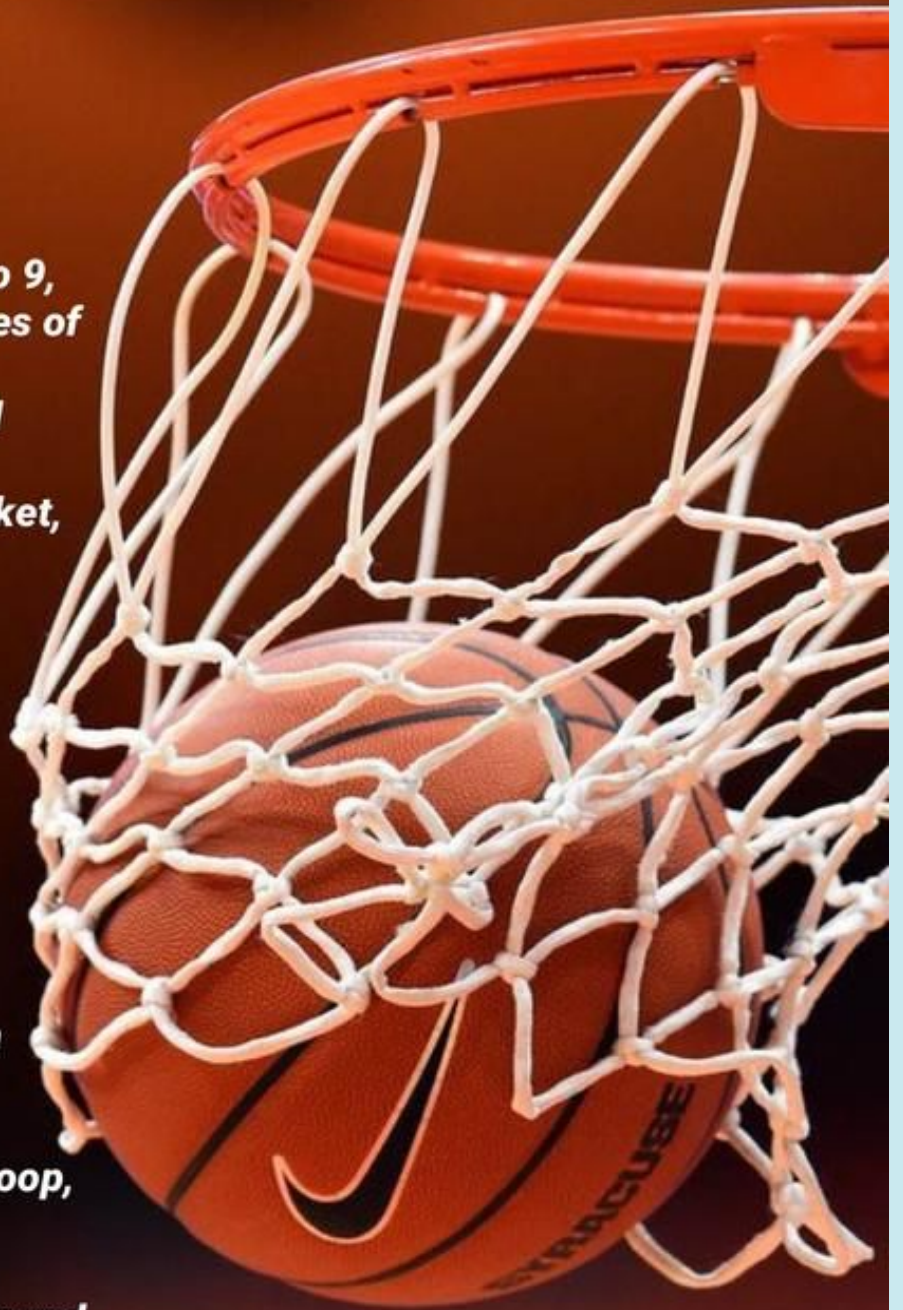


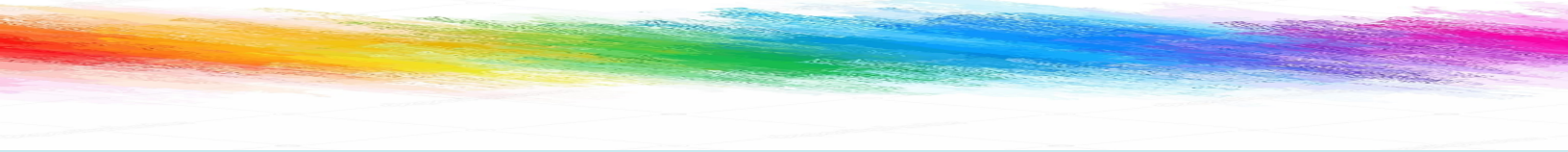
—Rylee Granville

Buzzer Beater

*Time ticked from 10 seconds to 9,
The lit up numbers on both sides of
the scoreboard read 32.
The thumping sound of the ball
moved down the court,
flying through the air like a rocket,
and into my clammy hands.
Flashing from 4 to 3,
time was ticking away.*

*Dribble to the left,
crossover to the right,
jump stop,
pivot,
grasped in my hands,
then gently releasing the ball.
Leaping off my fingertips like a
frog,
bouncing off the rim,
swirling unsteady around the hoop,
falling downwards,
sinking through the net.
A roll of thunder was spread around
the gym,
and the game was won.*





—Rebecca Vertucci

Tie Breaker

Full count,
two outs,
bases loaded,
tie game.

Attitude of determination and strength,
but fear and panic behind her eyes.

The field, like a war within a diamond;
clouds of dust,
grass-stained battle scars,
winners,
losers,
heroes.

Surrounded by silence and darkness-
like the dead of night with expectant eyes awaiting a shooting star.
Only a single spotlight on the pitcher, waiting to strike.
The performance of a lifetime.

Slicing tension,
shifting weight,
crossing fingers.

Time in slow-motion,
moving backwards.

Aching anticipation,
trembling hands,
dripping sweat.

Windup,
release.

Flying,
hurling,
spiraling faster than lightning within
the blink of an eye.

The swing.

A roar from the thunderous crowd.



PIC•COLLAGE

Hitting the Fence by Zach Smith

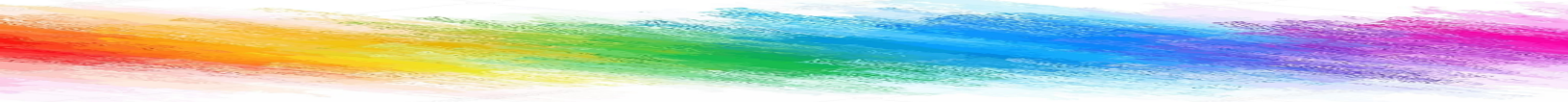
Oh no, I thought as I realized the baseball was traveling into the space in between Dylan and I. I began to run towards where I thought the white round figure was going to land. I stuck my glove out while running and began to lean forward to make an attempt to catch the ball then I felt it land in my glove. Suddenly,---CRASH! This was not good...

There I was standing in center field at the beautiful Bloomsburg Town Park Little League field. It was the top of the third inning in the championship game of the 10-11 year old all-star game vs Upper Dauphin County. All we had to do was win and it would have been the second year in a row that we traveled to states to play baseball. It was scorching hot standing in the sun at around 2:30 in the afternoon. I was waiting for the pitcher to throw the next pitch.

"Smith, in two steps." My coach hollered out to me from the dugout.

I took the two steps in and then bent down and waited for the pitcher to wind up and throw, which he did.

"STRIKE!" Yelled the umpire, so that everyone in the vicinity could hear him.



I stood back up and admired the field. I looked around for anyone I knew and saw a few people. I got back down and waited for the pitcher to throw the next pitch. Then, DING! Oh no, the kid just hit the ball towards me, I thought as I realized the baseball was traveling into the space in between Dylan and I. I began to run towards where I thought the white figure was going to land. I stuck my glove out while running and began to lean forward to make an attempt to catch the ball then I felt it land in my glove. But, CRASH. this was not good...

I had just dove head first, smack into the metal chain link fence in left center field. I instantly ripped my glove off, which had the ball in it and set it on the ground next to me and grabbed the right side of my forehead which felt as if I had just bashed my head off of a concrete wall. I laid in the grass bawling and trying to resist the pain in my head. It felt like an eternity until the coaches and doctor got out to check me out. "It's alright Zach, my name is Adam. I work for the Bloomsburg hospital," a random man told me as he tried to calm me down. I had never seen him before.

"It really hurts." I told this Adam man.

"I know it does, but you have to relax and stop crying so I can check you for a concussion." He told me



"Did I catch it?" I asked him before he checked me out.

"I think you did, bud." He answered after giving out a little laugh.

I heard a few guys standing around me chuckle too and I could hear the people behind the fence whispering.

"Alright Zach." Adam began, "I don't think you have anything too serious. Stay comfortable, Dr. Ben is going to check you out now."

He walked away and Dr. Ben came to check on me now.

"How are you feeling Zach?" He asked.

"Alright." I answered him even though my head still hurt.

"Good. I'm going to ask you a couple questions now."

He told me.

"Ok." I groaned and he began.

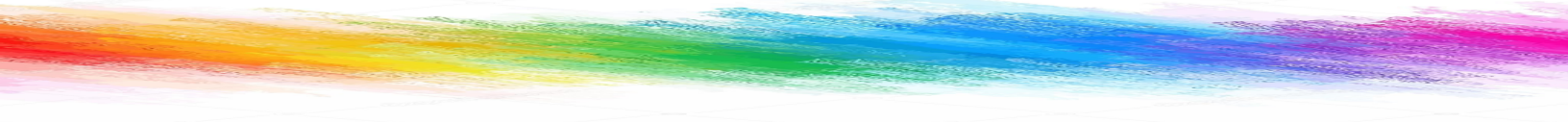
"What is your name?" He asked first.

"Zach Smith." I told him

"Good. Now what month is it?" Was the next question.

"June." I answered.

"Ok, one more. Is Coach Don still as ugly as he was before?"



I shook my head “yes” and let out a tiny snicker. I was helped up by my dad and he walked me into the dugout. He told me that the umpires were discussing the play.

"That was the best catch I have ever seen in Little League," the opposing coach told me as I walked in.

Eventually, the umpire walked out to the pitcher's mound and called the batter safe and awarded him with a double. I began crying again and exclaiming that I caught the ball. I was extremely upset. That was the turning point of the game because if they had called the batter out that would have been the last out of the inning. We would've won, but instead we lost by only one point.

A couple hours later I went to a teammate's house to swim and everyone on the team had a good time. It was as if everyone attending the party forgot that we lost. The lesson that I learned was, don't dive headfirst into metal fences because it might hurt... a lot.

Penalty Kick

Grass stains plastered on my socks,
mud splattered on my cleats,
bruises polluting my legs,
sweat dripping off my chin
like a leaky faucet.

Mustering up the courage,
tip toeing to the line,
clenching on to the ball,
placing it softly on a
Goldie Locks chunk of grass.

Inhale,
Exhale,
Inhale,
Exhale.

The zebra blows his whistle,
then silence,
utter silence.

My leg lurches forward,

connecting,
the ball taking off like a rocket,
it slips,
slides,
sneaks,
past the goalie.

The stadium sounding like
Times Square on
New Years Eve.
Goal.



Ellie Rowe

Orange is the color of Autumn...

Autumn is a fresh start for the school year.

The shedding of years past.

The anticipation of another.



—photo credit: Makiah Brewer

APPLES IN OCTOBER

Barrels of apples
Dipped in caramel, melt
in your mouth
Baked in dough,
freshly made
Picked fresh off the
trees leaves

A ruby red in a sea of
green

Barrels of apples, tons
of them

A red forest picked
clean before cold
winter air

Squeezed for every last
drip, drip, drop

To make cider that
refreshes on a cold
wintry night

Enjoy because no season
can last forever,
Like the apples in
Fall.





OUTSIDE IN OCTOBER

The bright sun seemed to get dimmer and dimmer,
days getting shorter and shorter,
the warm, humid air, all of a sudden
seemed to be chased back over the mountains,
far away from home.

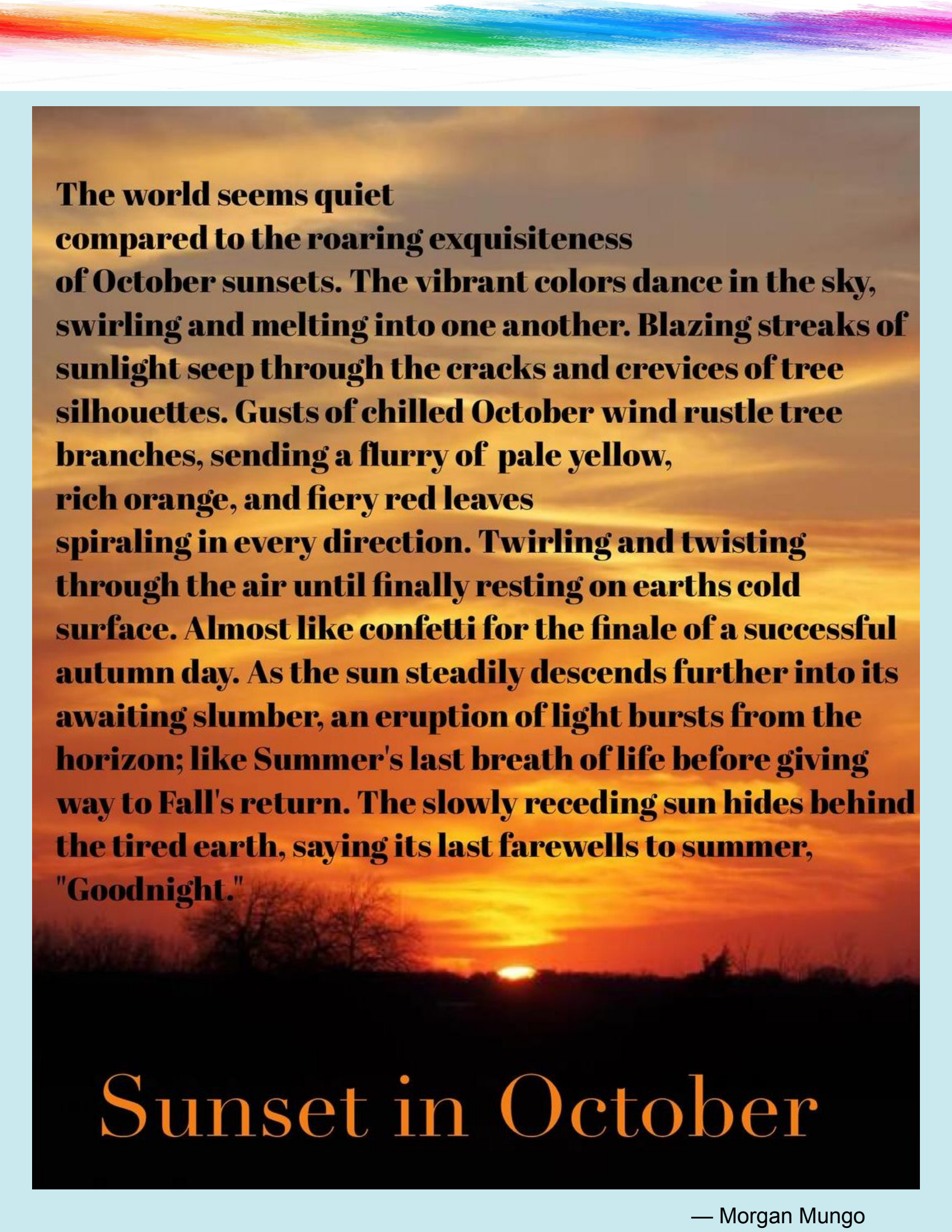
Outside in October, the new air seemed to
take the breathe out of you,
little puffs of smoke coming out of your
mouth like a chimney.

Your cheeks become the color
of your moms dusty rose mums
sitting out in pots on her front porch,
the air makes your nose twitch and sniffle
as if to smell the crisp air,
your eyes shining and glimmering and sparkling
with the sunset.

looking as if it were to be part of the leaves
glowing pumpkin orange,
apple red, and corn yellow.

Your fingertips tingle
and become a pale pink
as your breathing in the new air,
and examining the breathtaking foliage.
Leaves keep drifting to the ground silently,
more gone each day.

Ellie Rowe



The world seems quiet compared to the roaring exquisiteness of October sunsets. The vibrant colors dance in the sky, swirling and melting into one another. Blazing streaks of sunlight seep through the cracks and crevices of tree silhouettes. Gusts of chilled October wind rustle tree branches, sending a flurry of pale yellow, rich orange, and fiery red leaves spiraling in every direction. Twirling and twisting through the air until finally resting on earth's cold surface. Almost like confetti for the finale of a successful autumn day. As the sun steadily descends further into its awaiting slumber, an eruption of light bursts from the horizon; like Summer's last breath of life before giving way to Fall's return. The slowly receding sun hides behind the tired earth, saying its last farewells to summer, "Goodnight."

Sunset in October

The Forest in October



Moss like carpet lay on the ground
Leaves, the pastel paint on Mother Natures palette
Scattered all around;

A spiders web, left over from a paling twilight
A bush of beautiful flowers and soft leaves of green
And thorns that bite;

Trees, armored skyscrapers with boughs that brush the sky
Nests abandoned by their birds not long ago, forsaken
So that they could fly;

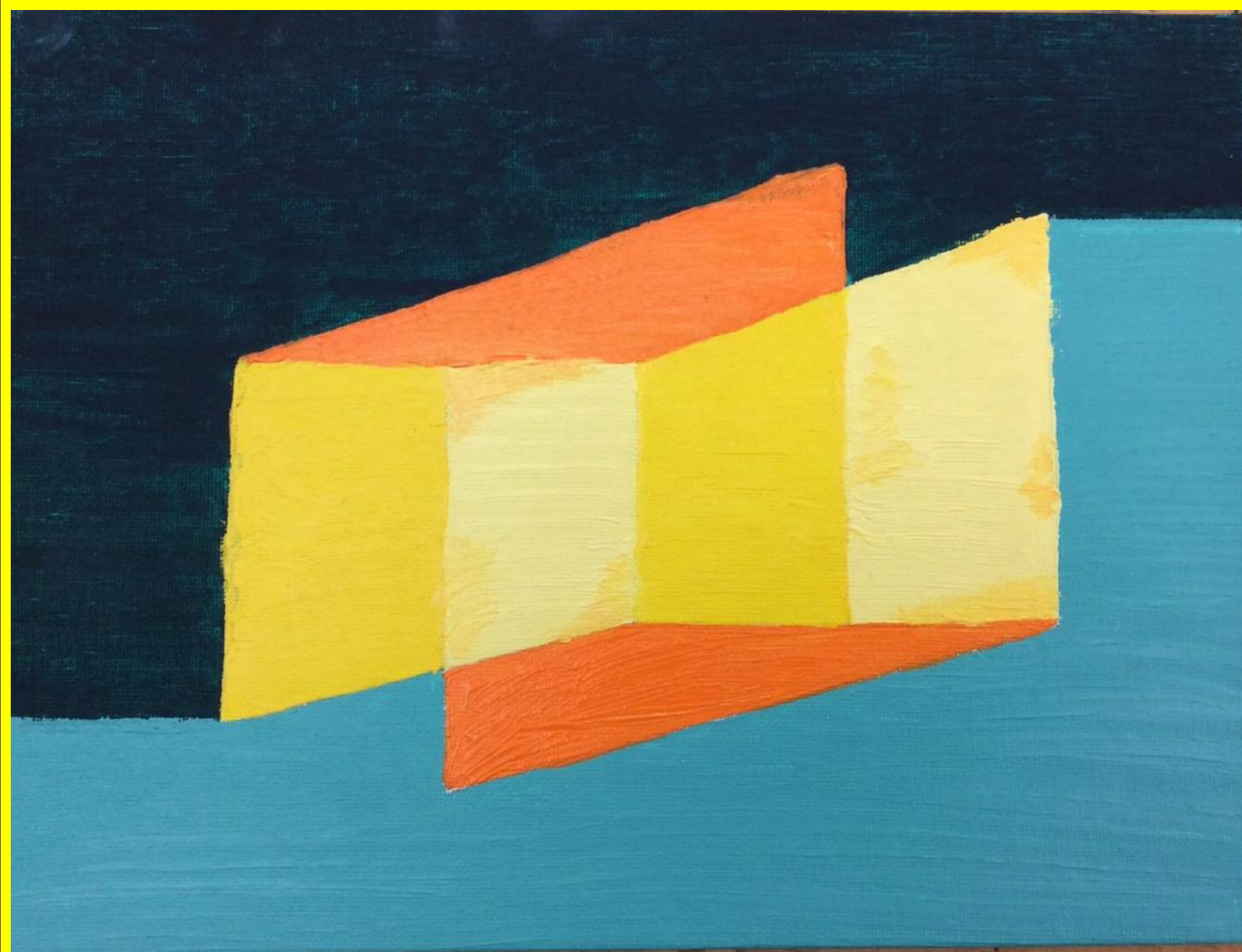
A fire ring, as round as the Sun, just as old and bare
The Earthy scent, Mother Natures perfume, delicate and
Sweet, and everywhere;

A creek, trickling down the rocks over its corse downhill
A deer, dainty Lady of the Forest, with her speckled prince
Downing his mothers milk, never reaching his fill.



Yellow is the color of joy...

Joy is what inspires.



— Ellena Adams ,

Fail But Redeem by Hope Cooper

"If you don't hit your head once, you're not doing it right" is a quote that has stuck with me ever since I was eight. I was a gymnast finally!

Most people think that gymnastics is just hop, skip, and jumping when it's not. We do lots more, like cartwheels, layouts, and back handsprings to name a few. Sometimes though a quote can be taken too seriously.

Summer days bring joy to all. Allowing us to swim in the sparkling pool water, or in the crashing waves of the ocean. My kind of joy though, is gymnastics.

When I was a little third grader, I had the dream of being a gymnast. Out of the blue though I was notified, by my mom, that we have to go to the YMCA--we call it the "Y." As many people know, younger kids ask the most questions. Although, I think I got out of the phase at age four; wasn't very talkative.

My first visit to the Y was the best. Seeing the gymnasium though was the best part about it. I got to see what classes looked like! The deep, deep blue two inch thick mats, the dark blue bleachers, the bright red and sunshine yellow slanted mats, and the glossy wooden floor brought out all the fun.

My first day felt like the best day of my life, but we didn't do anything. All we did was stretch, do cartwheels, and handstands. I already knew how to do those moves, so I was ready to do something exciting.

I wanted to do a backbend! All it was was a backward arch of the spine until your hands touch the floor. I thought I could absolutely do it, because it seemed so easy at the time. But, as many people know your eyes are bigger than your stomach. Like me though I gave it a try.

The next day I was as jumpy as a kangaroo. So I did a few stretches in the lime green grass. Did a few cartwheels, and finally was ready to do a backbend. I was in 'position' when my feelings flipped with fright. I was so worried that I would fall straight on my back. Although, I sucked down my fear and went for it. I thought what it would feel like being a bridge, in fact I was telling myself that, "Be the bridge, be the bridge." I put my hands behind my ears, bent backwards, my hands smacked the rocklike ground, and sadly my arms gave. I felt like a bolder hitting the side of a mountain as it falls.

I smacked the top of my head with the bottom of the grass. I was in a little pain, but luckily it only left a bruise. I thought that I could do it, but as science proves, the hypothesis is not always right. I figured that maybe I should have waited for instruction from my coaches for me to try it because they always say, "Wait to do something until you're ready."

Not only did I learn that, but I learned the quote, "If you don't hit your head once, you're not doing it right" is not as it seems. I had hit my head and learned a lesson. It changed me because now I want to do a back-hand spring, but I know I can't yet. This shows that I was taught, doing something you want to do is not always the right thing to do. I guess, once I think about it, learning is my best skill of all.



Rock On.
By Lyric Evans.

Michael Kreki
"Stupid Mike"

Was my next door neighbor,
and the drummer in our garage band
"The Purple Dragons".

He marched to the beat of his own drum.
And when it was time for his last beat,
He wasn't afraid.

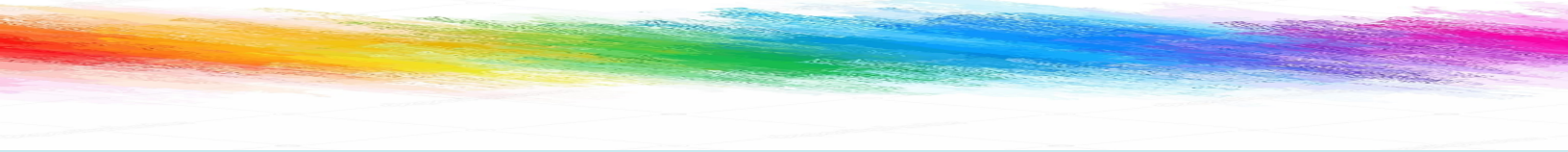
And I think that's what will make him
Impossible to forget.

Sometimes, I hear drums in the distance
And I could swear,
Just for a moment,

That it was him,
Rehearsing for our next concert,
Up in heaven.

And sometimes,
When it rains,

I think it's really gross,
Because it's like his sweat dripping down,
Because he always rocked super hard.



—Makiah Brewer

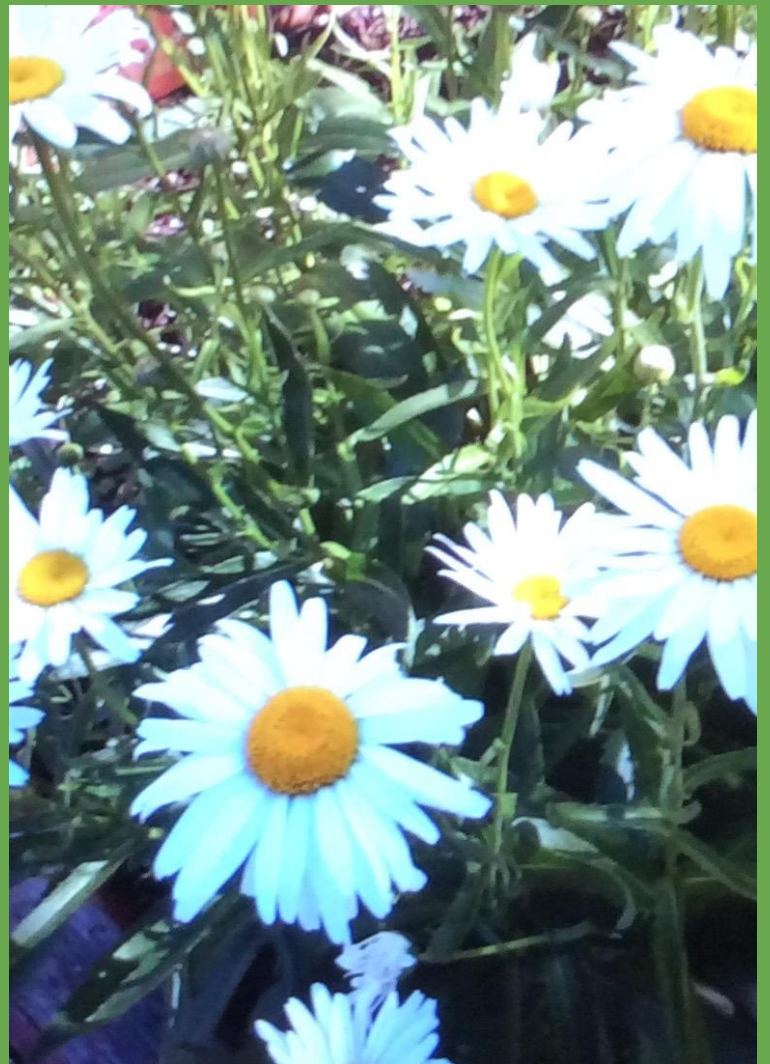
Cards and Crackers

When I visit my grandmother
She always asks me
"What do you want to do?"
I reply
"I want to play cards with you"
As she deals the uno cards
Always with a smile on her face
I'd get out the cheese and crackers
Then we would play
She would always let me win

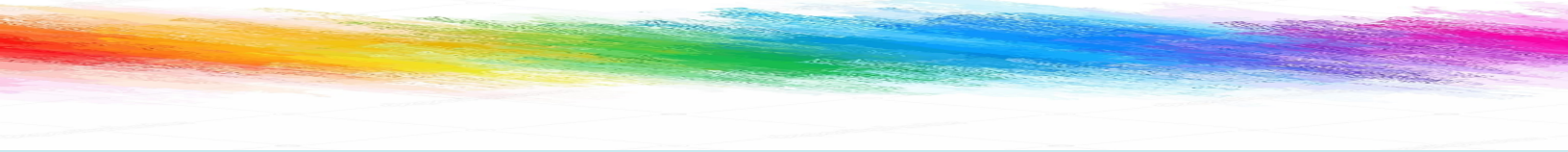


Green...the Color of Growing

Growing plants,
Growing friendships,
Growing hopes,
Growing discovery,
Growing awareness...



—Rebecca Vertucci



—Eleanor Hosler

Monster Fish

The line shoots out
Tugged and pulled
The squeal of the drag
Water splashing
Flipping,
Flopping,
Looks like a log
Coming to the surface
Pulling it up
Out of the water
Opens it's mouth
Daggers coming out of its
mouth
SNAP!!

—Colin Fish



Fishing

It was a warm morning on the lake
Birds were chirping
And bullfrogs were croaking
The water was as still as the mountains
That surround the lake
The little red and white water was floating
Motionless,
Until a little ripple emerged
Three big rings surround the bobber
Then another strike pulls the bobber under
The rod is being pulled and tugged,
It starts clanking as its reeled in
Then the fish leaps out of the water,
Just to splash back down
The fish is now close to the bank
Then a beautiful trout slides
Onto the grassy bank, flopping and jumping around the bank
The hook flies out of the fish's mouth,
It jumps and slides,
Back into its watery home

—Mat Milavec

National Park Essay by Olivia Hartman

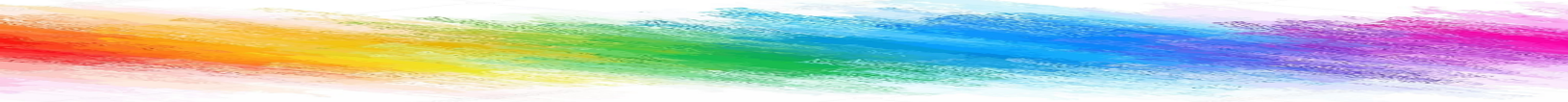
At first it was my idea; I wanted to go on vacation for winter break. I had somewhere in the Bahamas in mind when I was looking up ' top tropical tourist destinations ', but surprisingly the US Virgin Islands came up. I never even knew that they had a national park there. My parents, when I told them I wanted to go to the US Virgin Islands, supported me; on two conditions. That we focused on seeing the national park there and I write a journal of my trip and what I saw at the national park. So, I enclose my journal...

12/31/16

We just got off of the plane, and I'm glad I wore my shorts; it's so sweltering out, you can feel the heat coming off everything. Luckily, we get to our hotel before the humidity really gets to us. We were to the south of the US, in the Caribbean Sea. Specifically, we were on the Saint John island, in the northwest near the Trunk Bay. The first thing that were doing here is snorkeling, and I'm excited to see lots of beautiful coral and other sea life.

Later...

Snorkeling was amazing, and I loved a lot about it! We were snorkeling in the Trunk Bay, and it was beautiful. The clear, blue, water that was like a mirror, and I have to admit that I was impressed. The whole thing was called the ' underwater trail ' and it had tons of tiny plaques that described what we were seeing in detail. There were lots of different kinds of coral and they were all like little kingdoms with the microorganisms as the people.



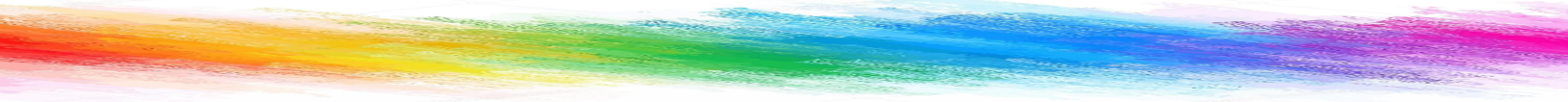
I looked at them as close as I could, I found a lot of different kinds of fish in the coral. The whole experience was just awesome. It's getting late, but we're going to celebrate New Years Eve later by watching the ball drop. So, I should probably take a nap because I am so tired I could sleep for all eternity.

1/1/17

We plan on having a busy day today. First, we are hiking the Cinnamon Bay Trail, and then we will swim in the Cinnamon Bay, which sounds like a ton of fun. We are driving there now, and it should take us a little bit longer to get there...

Later

The trail was great, and there were lots of fruit trees. Also, there were the ruins of the Cinnamon Bay Sugar Plantation, which were full of facts about how they used to make sugar there, and how slaves got to the Virgin Islands. At the end of the trail there was the ruins of a house called America hill, and it was very interesting to learn about its history. After that, we drove to the Cinnamon Bay and put up our towels and umbrellas in the sand, and saw that the beach was almost full. We went up to the water and saw why the beach was so full. There were sea turtles! There were five of them, and their shells were a pale pink and their bodies were a tan color. Everyone was straining to get a glimpse of them. Then, a park ranger came up and said "Everybody off of the beach, we have to be sure of the sea turtles safety."



Once the ranger was satisfied that the sea turtles were not injured, he let us look at the sea turtles from a safe distance. There were a myriad of them now, and some of them had a tan shell that looked breathtakingly beautiful. We go home tomorrow, so I need to go to bed.

1/2/17

We are driving to the airport now, and I definitely know that I liked it here. I enjoyed the sugar plantation, and the sea turtles were stunningly beautiful. I also loved going to the beach and the history behind it. It was definitely a national treasure and deserving of the title of national park. Even though I never thought I'd ever go to a national park, it was more fun than I assumed it would be.

—Olivia Hartman



—Clay Platter, Rebecca Vertucci

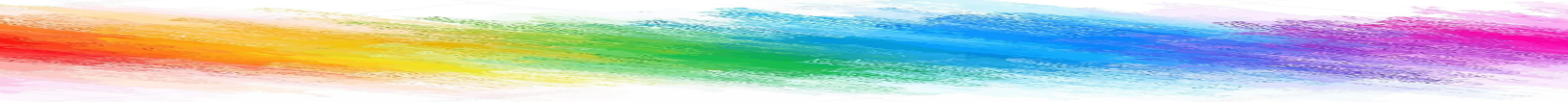
National Park Essay by Jessica Mowery

Dear Diary,

So, my girlfriend Max and I have decided to take a romantic getaway to the Grand Canyon National Park. I know, super romantic, you can thank Max for this idea. As always, we were running later than planned due to Max taking absolutely forever to pack. Once we finally got on the road, we had about a three hour drive from Phoenix, Arizona to the Grand Canyon.

After the long drive, we were finally at the Grand Canyon. Max woke me by yelling, "Chloe, we're going to crash!" Real classy, Max. After she finished laughing hysterically at my reaction, she kissed me lightly and apologized. We got out of the car and were astounded by the sheer number of people in the parking lot; I never expected this kind of turn out. I'm surprised we even got a parking spot. Once we recovered, we had to ask many people where in the world the shuttle bus station was. Some nice gentleman pointed us in the right direction and in a few minutes, we found it. It drove us all the way to the first outlook. I happened to be looking at Max when we got to our stop, and I only knew we were there because her jaw literally dropped. After laughing quietly for a second, I looked for myself and her reaction was definitely appropriate. The canyon was absolutely massive. We hurried off the shuttle and saw a tour guide had accompanied us. She addressed herself as Natalie.

"Welcome everyone," Natalie yelled so the group could hear, "To the Grand Canyon National Park." We clapped for her and as I looked around the group, I could tell everyone was just as amazed as Max and I were. "This is the first lookout we will see today. We are currently at Desert View Point. Luckily, it's a beautiful day today so we're able to see as far as we can. The Grand Canyon is about 277 miles long, 18 miles wide, and more than a mile deep. Feel free to enjoy the view for a bit, the shuttle bus will board for the next stop in 5 minutes."



Max and I walked over to the guide rails and looked over, taking in the beautiful scene; you almost couldn't see the other side of the canyon it was so far away.

"Wow, isn't this beautiful, Chloe?" Max asked me, still taking it all in.

"There aren't even words to describe this," I said truthfully. Before we knew it, it was time to get back on the shuttle bus.

After another few minutes, we were at the next lookout point. "We are now at Mather Point where we're at approximately 7,000 feet in elevation," Natalie announced, "Down below us is Phantom Ranch at the bottom of the canyon, sadly, we are unable to see it from here. Once again, you can enjoy the view and if you have any questions, you're welcome to ask me."

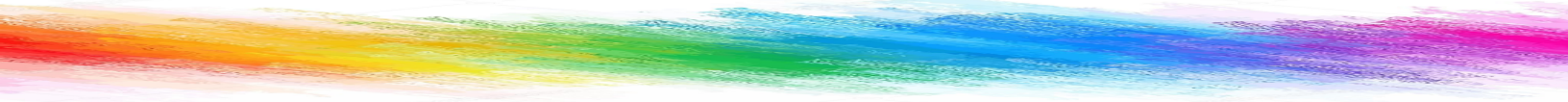
Max and I saw a little engraved sign on the guide rails. It read, "Mather Point was named after the park's first superintendent, Stephen Mather."

"Natalie?" Max asked the guide, "When was the park made into a national park?"

"On February 26, 1919, Congress passed an act that established the Grand Canyon as a national park," she said.

"Wow, that was a long time ago," Max said.

"Yeah, no kidding," I replied, looking out at the vast landscape. "It's so cool how you can just see for miles and miles with nothing interrupting the view." Suddenly, the group gasped in amazement at a giant bird soaring across the sky. "That is a California Condor. They were reintroduced to the Grand Canyon and Utah in 1996 and are currently thriving." The tour guide said, "Their wingspan can get as long as 10 feet." There was a collective gasp of awe from the group as we heard this. Once we were done admiring the bird, we were ushered back onto the shuttle. On the way, the tour guide began telling us a bit of the history of the Grand Canyon.



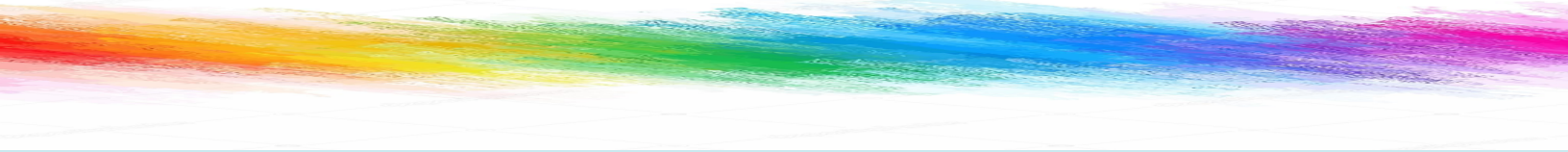
"Humans have lived in this region for about 12,000 years, the first people to inhabit the canyon were the "Ancestral Puebloans", some ruins of the ancient granaries they built still remain today," Natalie said, "In the decades following the Mexican-American War, tensions arose between people who wanted to preserve this beautiful land, and people who wished to exploit it." As she said this her voice got slower and deeper, making the story more intriguing. "Eventually, the conservationists won, but it proved rather difficult to grant the park full protection. The current president of the time, Theodore Roosevelt, visited the park in 1903 and later, in 1906, he made a level of protection for the park as a game reserve. Then, in 1908, he managed to add more national forest lands to create the Grand Canyon National Monument. In 1919, the Grand Canyon National Park became official," She said this part with a proud smile; you could tell she loved this job and this park.

We finally got to the last lookout for the day, and it was just as amazing as any of the others. As interested in seeing the rest of the lookouts as we were, it was time to go back to the parking lot. Once we were there, we decided to go to one of the campgrounds near by; we were told the night sky was amazing here, so we wanted to see for ourselves.

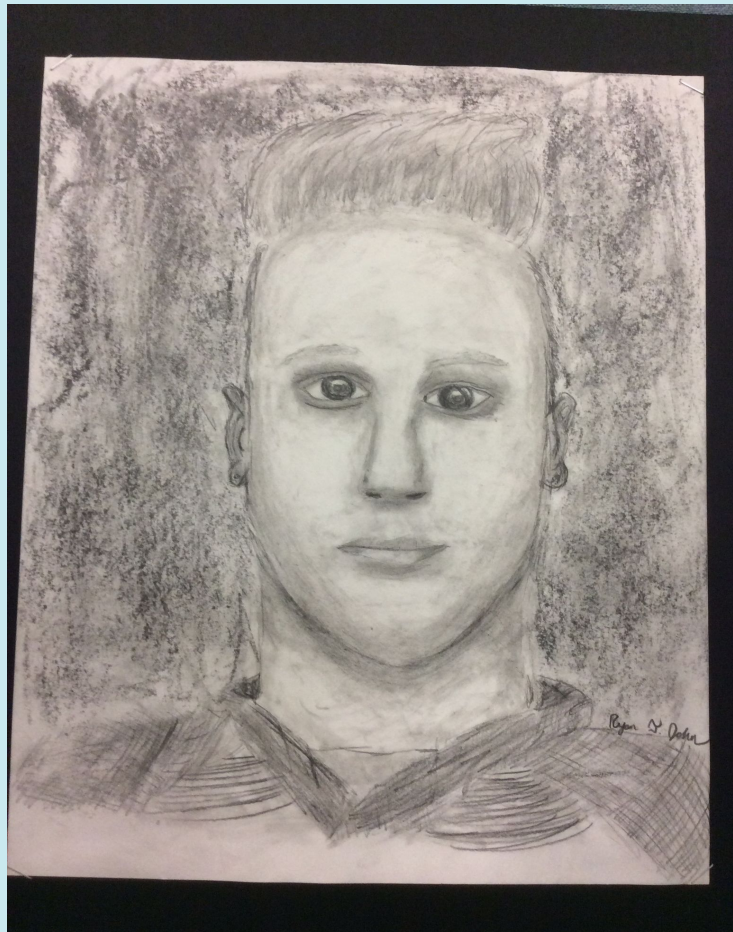
When we got there, the sun was already setting. We laid out a blanket and laid down next to each other. Once the sun disappeared behind the mountains, it was like there were a million diamonds above us, twinkling and shining.

"Do you think this was worth the trip, Chloe?" She asked me.

"Absolutely," I said, staring at the grandeur of the night sky. This place was absolutely gorgeous and worth a thousand trips



— Self portrait by Morgan Smith



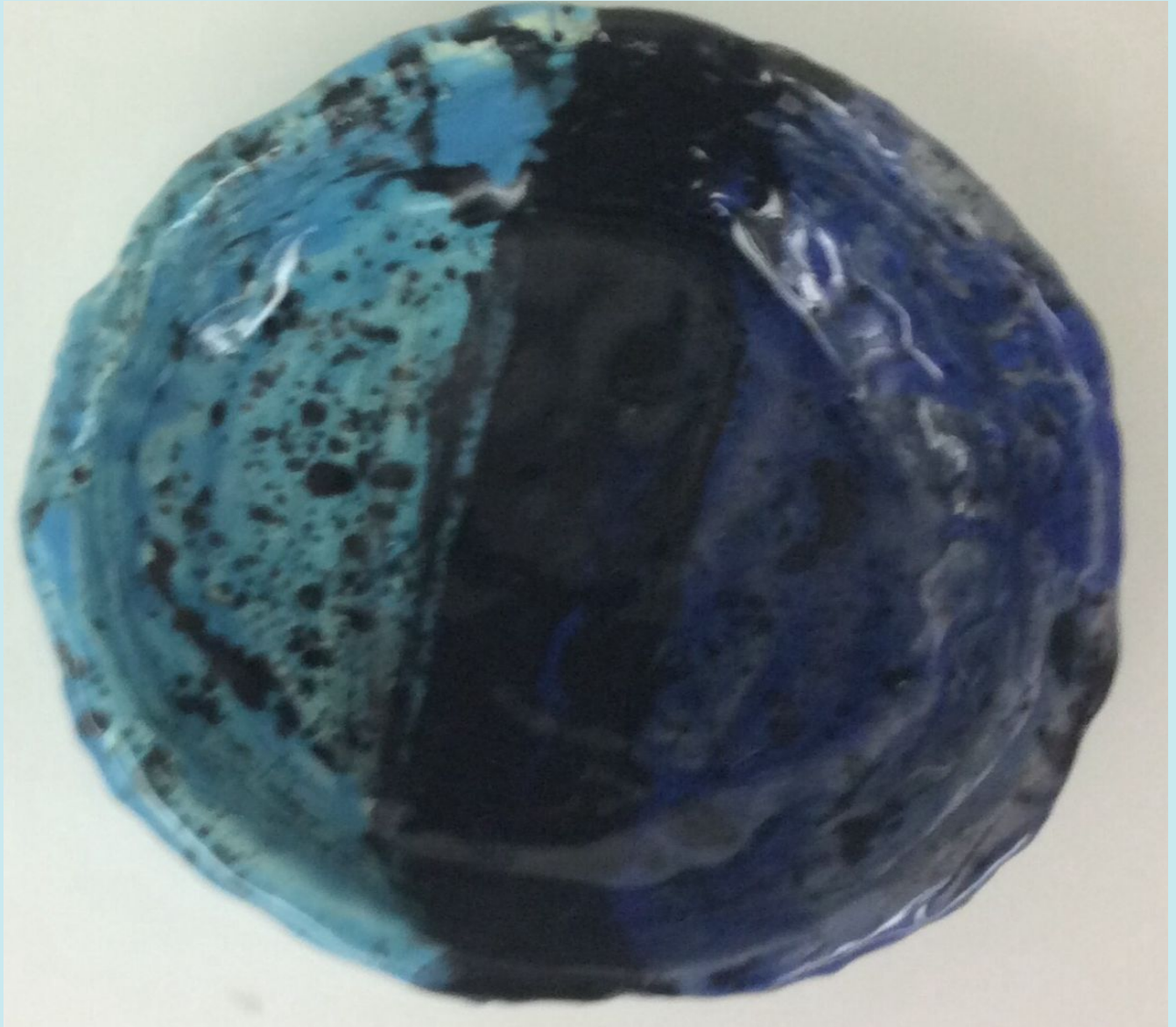
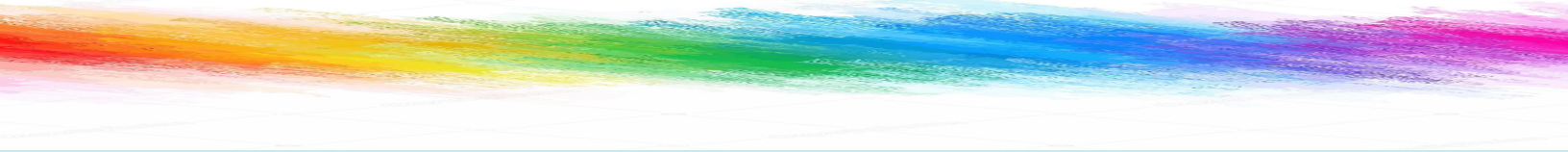
Self portrait by Ryan John—

Blue...the Color of Reflection

Seeing ourselves in Art?



—Thomas Huckans



—Jake Moyer, coil bowl



Blurry

Her hands tremble,
shaking so fast
and her pounding heart
like a hammer that could break glass.

She has tears,
they glide down her face.

Slipping away,
falling into the depths
of the shadows.
Until a hand reaches out...
and alters fate.

Pain causes strength
strength creates love
and love, love can save a life.

The universe is a circle.
One that never ends.



— Rebekah Lavery

Abandoned House

It was once
a home filled
with joyous laughter,
a swing set out back.
It was the most beautiful
house on the block.
Children grew up there.
They were living
the suburban dream.
But things
can't stay perfect forever.
Everything has
an expiration date



It's been years
since anyone has lived there.
It is now an eyesore.
Weeds and wild animals
call it home now.
Windows smashed
by hoodlums
with stones.
The vines are so thick,
you wouldn't be able
to tell the color of the house.
Forgotten...
Destroyed...
Abandoned

Abandoned Typewriter

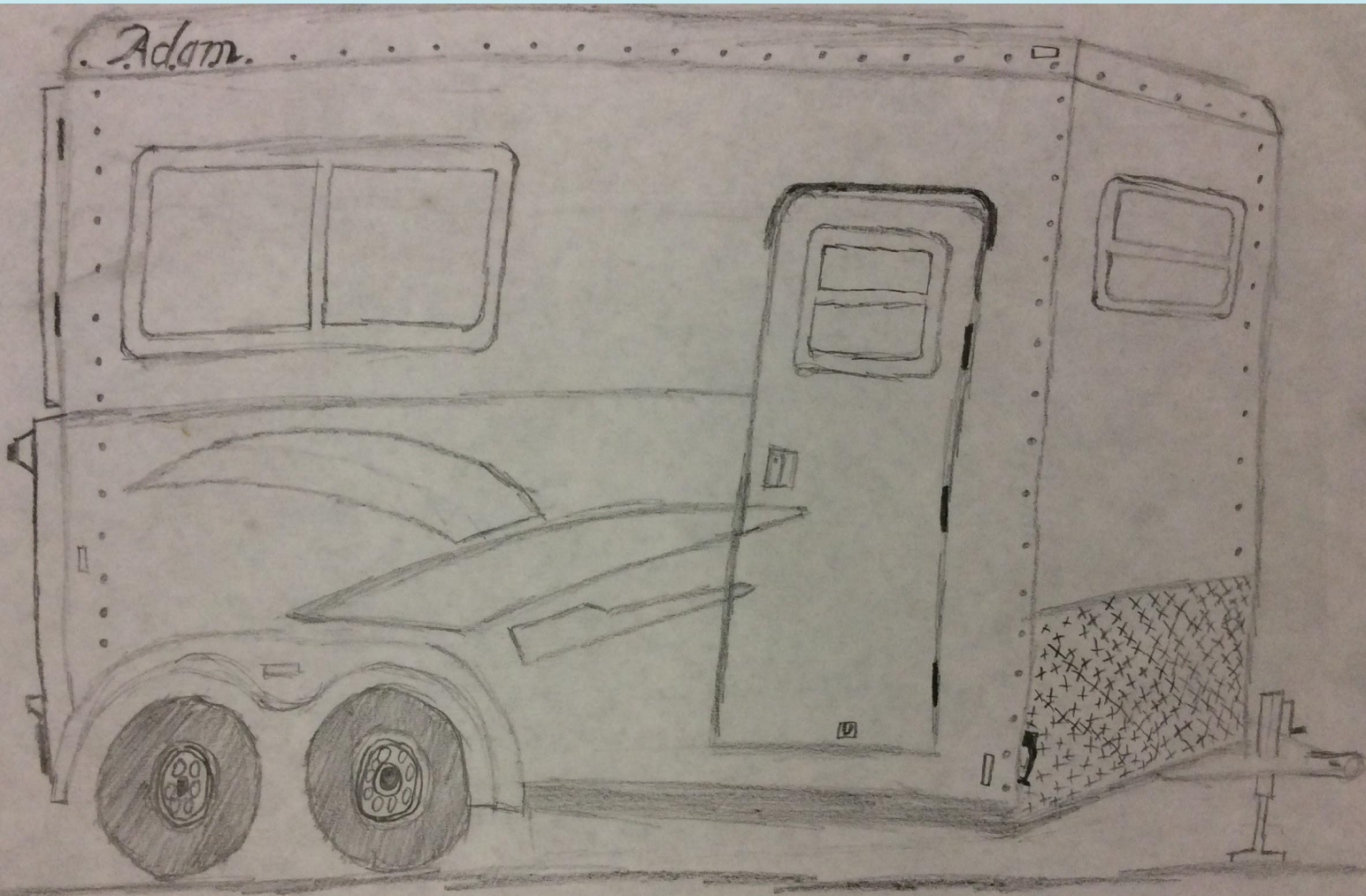
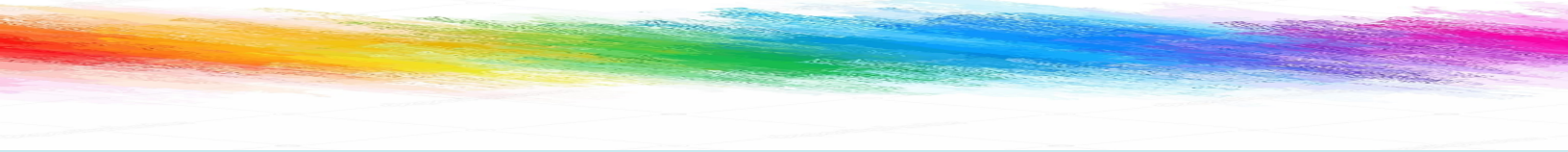
Tucked away and forgotten
where all things are hidden.
Tossed aside into
a junk pile
of the old and neglected.
An island of misfit toys,
overlooked,
disregarded,
ignored.

Deep within a corner
of the attic hides
a dusty, cobweb-covered
typewriter.
It's keys broken,
levers disfigured,
edges rusted,
and handles rickety.
Discolored and decaying
from years of rejection.

It has been deserted
and deemed useless
compared to the modern technology
of today.
Discarded and unremembered
for its battered and clunky appearance
falls short of the new and sleek standards.
What once was the epitome of innovative
is now abandoned and forsaken.



PIC • COLLAGE



—Griffin Knelly

Flames Never Die

Memories lie in the embers of a pit that seems to be forgotten

They blow away like the ashes only to be set a blaze once more; things are remembered and never die like that once open flame.

It is this that guides us to know what is right and what is wrong, because if we truly don't know this, how would we know if we are truly human?

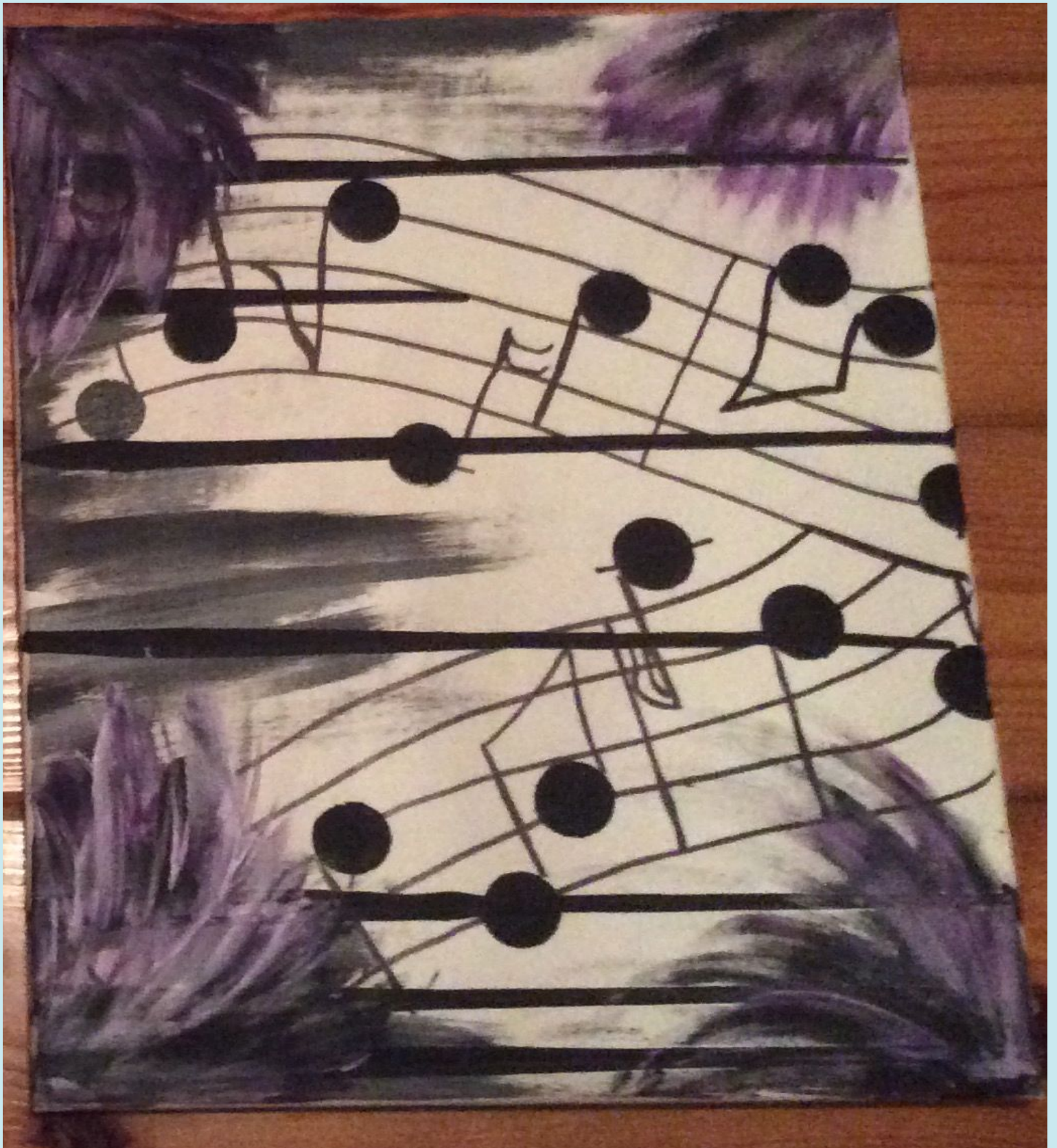
how would we know if something is humane to do or not to do?

It is these moments if remembered that truly determine if you're humane or not.

You must be true to yourself and remember those who were lost in that pit of despair.



THE HOLOCAUST



— Shadows of Music by Rylee Granville

Reflection on the Holocaust

**An evil shadow
has been cast on history.
People set out from others.
Outcasts.
Excluded.
Sent far away.
Families separated
never to see each other again.
Slaughtered.
Tortured.
The ones that survived
would never be the same.
They would be haunted forever
Haunted by the loved ones they lost.
Haunted by their past.
Haunted by the screams.**





—Rebecca Vertucci

A Reflection of the Holocaust

Reading articles,
listening to speakers,
watching documentaries,
and looking at photographs.
That's all I will ever truly know about this tragedy;
the number of deaths,
how long it lasted,
the economical and political aftermath.

Yet I feel overwhelmed by the magnitude,
shocked by the realness,
and exasperated by the unrealness.
How can I feel so much but actually understand so
little about their personal agony?
How can we turn piles of dead bodies,
the stench of human flesh,
and the torture of millions into something
that can be fathomed but not experienced?

I have felt no such pain,
faced no such suffering,
yet my mouth goes dry,
palms become sweaty,
and eyes start to water
as I sit in a classroom trying to make sense of
something completely and entirely
senseless.

I will never be able to
fully grasp what those people endured,
so I will never be able to accurately put into words
how it makes me feel.
Speechless.

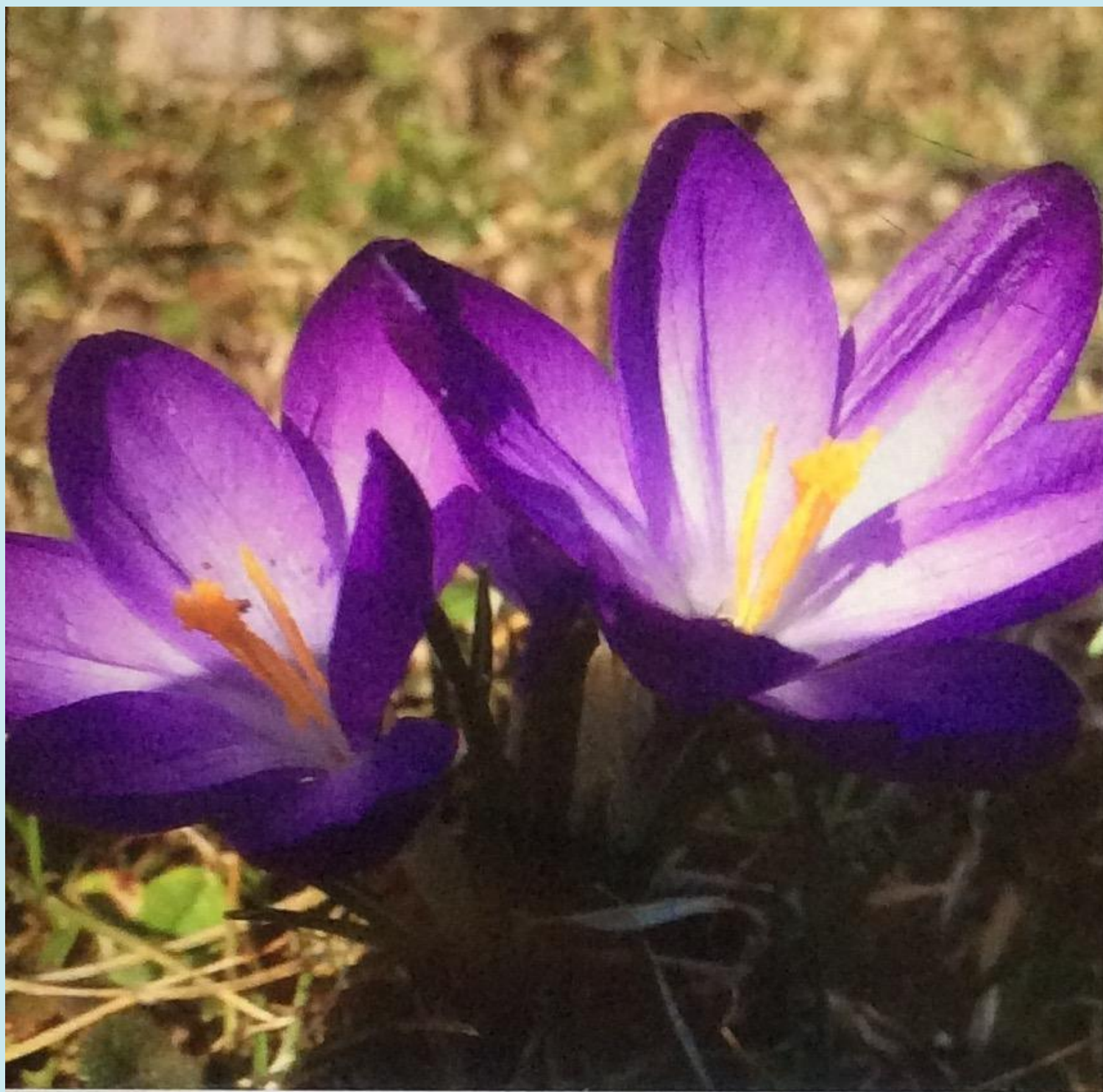
The Abandoned Cup

I once was used every day,
now here I sit
in this dark corner
of this dusty cupboard,
with a chip in my tooth.
The days I got filled to the top
with something cold or something hot
was when I was the happiest. My favorite thing was the
weekly adventures
of being sprayed with water,
scrubbed with soap, and rinsed again with water.

Now here I sit in this dark cupboard.
No longer in the front where some light showed through
just in the back where the sun is unseen.
I wonder what I did wrong
and I wait for the day I might be used again
as the cup I once was
with a purpose to be here.



Purple..The Color Of Ambition



—Jocelyn Shirey



THE MOON

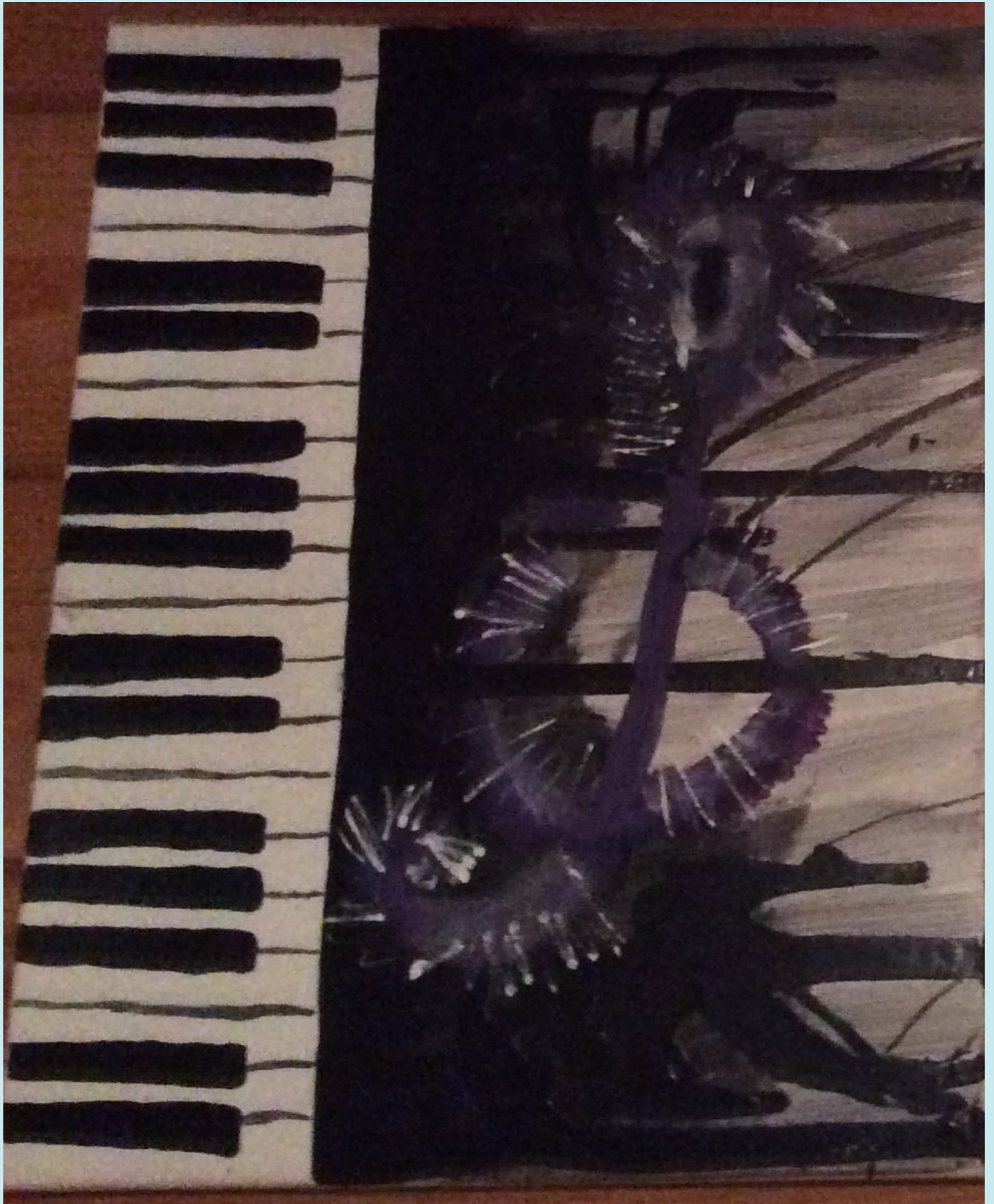
A SHINING SILVER SLIVER
GRINNING DOWN AT ME
LIGHTING UP THE BARREN PLAINS
AND THE SPARKLING SEVEN SEAS

SHE'S A FLOWER IN THE SKY
A CRADLE IN THE NIGHT
AND THE STARS, DESPITE THEIR GLORY
FAIL TO MATCH HER MIGHT

SHE CAN BE HALVED OR CRESCENT FORMED
OR ROUND AS THE EARTH BELOW
BUT SOMETIMES I LOOK TO THE SKY ABOVE
AND FAIL TO SEE HER GLOW

A SHINING SILVER SLIVER
GRINNING DOWN AT ME
LIGHTING UP THE BARREN PLAINS
AND THE SPARKLING SEVEN SEAS

—Audrey Hiller



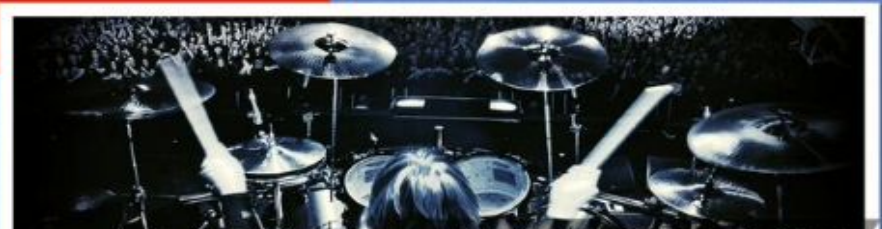
—*Keyboard* by Rylee Granville

Behind the Kit

Ellena Adams
May 25, 2017

With only 40 seconds left in the song
And my momentous solo approaching,
The crowd bounces back and forth
Like a predator stalking its prey.
I match my rhythm to the rest of the band;
Sweat runs down my face and neck.
My foot pushes against the pedal
And my hands balance the sticks
While my fingers tighten.
I take a deep breath,
Tap the hi-hat,
Strike the snare,
Set up the beat,
And, with every bit of strength,
Start my solo.

First, just a simple roll.
Then, a flam-tap,
An accent,
A drag,
A swift paradiddle,
A complex shuffle,
A powerful crash,
And, finally, a rest.
The crowd stares back for a second,
Then erupts with cheer—
Like a predator celebrating its catch.



Lines Forged in Agony

*Tick- tock,
The time goes,
Fingers shake,
And the hand scrambles with intensity,
The mind runs,
Searching for a remedy,
There is none,
Like a caged animal,
There is no escape,
Three paragraphs,
Have been scribbled.*

00:00:30



*The two minute mark,
Forged in agony
Lines streak across the forehead,
The pencil touches the paper
Marking the indentation
Of the fifth paragraph
The brain sends a signal,
Nerves shoot it the hand,
And hand knows it must cooperate one more time,
It lifts,
Thoughts pour out,
The waterfall of ideas communicate
They form a crystal clear pool that is the paper
A conclusion is the finishing touch
And the eyes glance up
To gage a time frame
Thirty
Seconds
Left
The brain begs the hand one last time
Magic that is life does what it will
the last period
Makes it's mark
And the alarm sounds*

The Audience

There she stood,
waiting patiently for
the right time
to warble the few notes
belonging to her.
With each passing measure,
another four beats less to her moment.
She takes her eyes over the crowd
to see only their shadowed faces,
hooded as the Grim Reaper.
As she glimpses towards the pianist,
she perceives it is soon to be her time,
but will she deliver



Three notes she silently self demands,
and soon is off,
beginning one of the most
memorable moments
of her life
and creating a special effect
to the audience.
As their faces
make a remarkable appearance,
no longer hidden by shade,
she detects a certain feeling,
simply from a look at their composesures,
almost reading them as an open book.
Perhaps joy is the certain feeling
or maybe uncomplicated delight.
She ends her melody
and there she stands
still as ever,
and once again,
is waiting for
the right time.



Time Flies an entry for CCMS Songwriting 2017

Chorus

Seconds, minutes, hours months
weeks days

Years and centuries and decades

It doesn't seem like it goes by like that

But you should know that time flies
fast

Verse 1

Time flies before your eyes

But you wouldn't know it

Cause time tells lies

Verse 2

Round and round the clock hands go

Hitting each number until you know

That time flies by

Only to say hi

(Chorus)

Verse 3

Hour to hour

Faster each time

You never have to wait

For time to fly

Verse 4

First you see colors

Then off with the light

You never have to wait

For time to take flight

(Chorus)

Verse 5

Time tells lies

Time saves lives

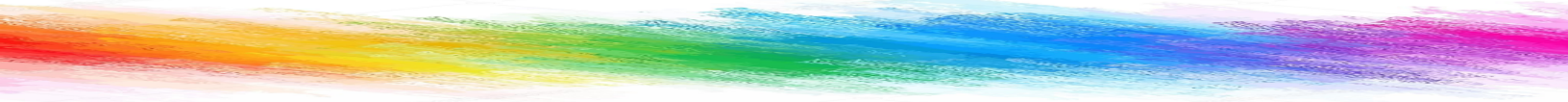
Time flies by

Only to be kind

National Park Essay By Touhid Islam

The Earth beneath me was shaking. It felt like it was the end of the world. " Stay calm," the park ranger yelled. Everyone else except me was calm, and because of that I began to wonder, "WHY ARE THEY NOT SCARED AT ALL?" Well, if you are wondering where I am at currently, I am at Yellowstone National Park. Yellowstone National Park is located in the U.S state of Wyoming. As the metallic blue Greyhound bus pulled in through the gate, I saw the ebony sign that says in big, bold capital letters, " YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK". Next to the name on the sign, I saw a tiny picture of the mountains that you can find at Yellowstone, and above it, it says, " National Park Service." As the bus kept moving towards the drop off point, everyone was looking out the windows. Whoever was looking out to the Windows, they were greeted by the spectacular mountains in the distance. I then heard the ear screeching noise of the brakes and knew it was finally time. It was finally time after 15 years of wanting to visit, I was actually here.

"OK EVERYONE MY NAME IS MARCUS PETERSHEIM, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME ANYTIME", the park ranger yelled sharply. " IF EVERYONE COULD PLEASE GET IN A STRAIGHT LINE, AND PLEASE NO FOOLING AROUND." We then followed the park ranger to our first stop, Mystic Falls. Once we arrived, there was a breathtaking view of the waterfall. Mystic Falls, this particular waterfall, is very unique and stands out from the rest of the waterfalls at Yellowstone. What makes Mystic Falls so unique is that instead of the water falling from a high point, this waterfall has bumps that give the water a "jumping" look to it.



We didn't really find it that interesting. So, after a couple camera flashes and a couple of questions for the park ranger, we were on our way to the second stop, osprey falls.

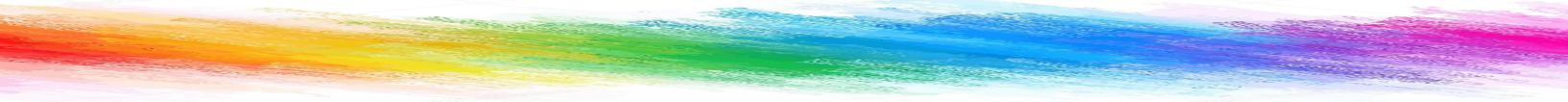
"OK EVERYONE WELCOME TO OSPREY FALLS! REMEMBER, NO TOUCHING!" the park ranger yelled. Osprey Falls had such an eye-grabbing glare to it.

" How high is Osprey Falls?" I asked.

" 150 ft," the park ranger replied. I then heard the load grumbling of my stomach.

"Goodness Gracious," I exclaimed.

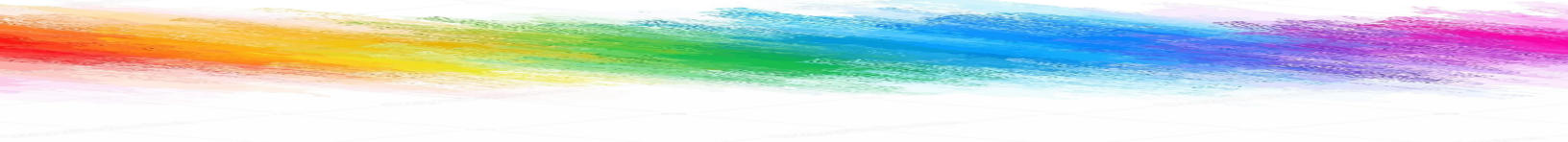
" If you are hungry," the park ranger hissed, " please go to one of our restaurants instead of announcing it to the world." I then mocked him under my breath and proceeded to the Old Faithful Inn dining room, where I got the Signature Dinner Buffet. I must've been crazy when I ordered, because when I was done, the waiter gave me the check, and I saw my meal was \$29.99. I did not, however, complain, because the food tickled my taste buds. I then checked my watch and saw it was 8:45. So, I went to my hotel room and just jumped in, and fell asleep. Yes, and I know what you're thinking. Why would you get a hotel room when there are beautifully crafted log cabins for rent? Well, first off you must put in the logs in the fire yourself to heat up the cabin. Next, you have to run the risk of knowing that there are hundreds of thousand of animals and insects that can turn your dupside down. Plus, the hotel comes with free complimentary



breakfast. So to conclude, because I am a milksop and I don't feel like doing manual labor, I chose the hotel room. The sheets in the hotel room were recently washed, so the sheets gave off the aroma of fresh laundry.

This helped me sleep better, and made me feel like I was at home. Then, before I even knew it, a shaft of sunlight hit my face and I jumped out of bed with excitement, because today was the day that I get to see my favorite part of Yellowstone National Park, Old Faithful. Now, if you don't know what Old Faithful is, it is a cone geyser that jets out around 8,400 gallons of water from 1.5 minutes to 4.5 minutes. Old Faithful's water temperature is 204°F or 95.6°C. What also makes Old Faithful so special, is that it was the first geyser to be named during the Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition in 1870. I snatched my camera and my watch and I sprinted out the hotel entrance and onto the tour bus. I was just in time for the last ride to Old Faithful for the next two and a half hours.

" NOW PEOPLE, HOWEVER PLEASE DO NOT CROSS THE BARRIER, AS THAT WILL CAUSE INJURY AND WE WILL NOT BE LIABLE FOR ANY INJURIES," Park Ranger Marcus screeched.



The bus was bumping along the road until we finally stopped and took a look at old faithful. "THE ERUPTION WILL HAPPEN IN 5 MINUTES, PLEASE WAIT"! Marcus the Park ranger exclaimed. Then, we heard a voice come from his walkie talkie, and Marcus said, "SORRY FOLKS, BUT OLD FAITHFUL MUST BE CLOSED OFF".

I then thought to my self," what am I going to do?" I then started to walk towards the hotel drooping and I checked out and I started to look for a cab. However, then when I got close to the old faithful site, things weren't normal. The Earth beneath me was shaking. It felt like it was the end of the world. " Stay calm", Marcus the park ranger yelled. Everyone else except me was calm, and because of that I began to wonder, "WHY ARE THEY NOT SCARED AT ALL"? I then realized that this is normal, and that when I looked to the skies I saw the beautiful waters of Old Faithful shooting out in the air. The water looked like it was something out of heaven.

It was truly a life changing experience. I then thought to myself the words my mom would always nag at me with: " Patience is a virtue."

A Great Thanks to All of our Contributors:

- Adams, Ellena
- Brewer, Makiah
- Cooper, Hope
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- Evans, Lyric
- Fish, Colin
- Granville, Rylee
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- Hosler, Eleanor
- Huckans, Thomas
- Islam, Touhid
- John, Ryan
- Keefer, Kayla
- Kennedy, Kyleigh
- Knelly, Griffin
- Lavery, Rebekah
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- Milavec, Mat
- Mowery, Jessica
- Moyer, Jake
- Mungo, Morgan
- Ritter, Jona
- Rowe, Ellie
- Sabo, Samantha
- Shirey, Jocelyn
- Smith, Morgan
- Smith, Zach
- Twiddy, Natalie
- Vertucci, Rebecca
- Zilz, Logan

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—Rebecca Vertucci