


Flight: Reflection



A Literary Magazine for 7th and 8th grade
Central Columbia Middle School
June 2018

FLIGHT: A Literary Magazine
for 7th and 8th grade
Central Columbia Middle School
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Editorial Staff



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Cover photo credit: Alyssa Brosious

From the Editors...

Dear Reader,

This year the editors of *FLIGHT* are proud to introduce *FLIGHT: REFLECTIONS*. The name was largely inspired by the poetry, prose, and art contests we had year-round, themed after *reflections*.

In our daily lives, we reflect upon everything we experience, whether it be ourselves, nature, our friends, or time and space. As writing and art are an extension of ourselves, one would gather that they are reflections. At Central Columbia Middle School, we invited all students in seventh and eighth grade to share their reflections with readers. We hope now that all readers can truly enjoy and perhaps relate to the many works contained within this magazine.

From the Advisor...

This 2018 edition of CCMS Flight: A Literary Magazine is compiled by a group of students who are text-sensitive, thoughtful, and creative.

They are an outstanding *reflection* of a commitment to creative expression by their school community, teachers, and parents.

My hope for them is that they continue with every sunrise to reflect upon their experience in this world, and to strive to make a space that respects and encourages all people to be creative and to express themselves.

—Ms. Cynthia Cronrath

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Reflections in Nature

**Reflections can be found
anywhere in nature,
from puddles to oceans.**

**All people
from all walks of life
can connect with nature.**



Fantasy

Fantasy is where stone
roads open; where trails
appear.

A place to have fun.
A place with no fear.
A place where rose petals
soar through the sky;
a place we live eternally,
a place we can't die.
Mentally appealing;
soft to the touch.
When you're here,
there's never enough.
A place you don't want to leave,
like a friends house.
But we all get bored eventually,
and thus we arrive...

A place where madness happens.
A place we can't fix.
It's broken apart,
it's like a snapped stick.
People losing sanity,
slaying one another.
A dangerous outside,
no warmth inside.
The threat that anytime
you may die..

So I return to this place,
where you can fly up above.
A place to be safe;
a place you can love.

Benjamin Davenport- 4/25/18



Photo by: Nora Fritz



Pineapple Pitcher by Kylie Kingston

Testimonies of Springtime Bugs

The sun beats down,
On unsuspecting creatures
Odd creatures make flower crowns
It's hard to decipher them with all their features
I myself am a simple thing
I have a head, and the opposite
Their thunderous steps make my ears ring
With their invasion, it's hard to be positive
The life of a worm isn't as good as it seems

Nice to meet you but I have bad news
One of the smaller creatures committed a crime
They murdered my brother and his crew
They must've known the time
For it was the hottest point in the day
My brother Ricky was collecting food
But they squished him and screamed in ever which way
He didn't deserve this. Ricky was an an ant that was good
The life of an ant isn't all fun and games

Flutter flutter is what I do
Flight is my.....wait
Do you think I'm a butterfly? Or a bird—the kind that coo
No I am not! Except thy fate!
I am a moth! A deception machine!
I am commonly confused with my cousin—ha!
When I float around I make little (sometimes big) creatures scream!
I can easily trick anyone! Ha!
But I have learned to be careful of the enticing bright light

-Erika
Tressler



***Squid Platter* by Pierce Watkins**

Early Spring



Photo By:
Erika Tressler



Photo by Reese Harmon

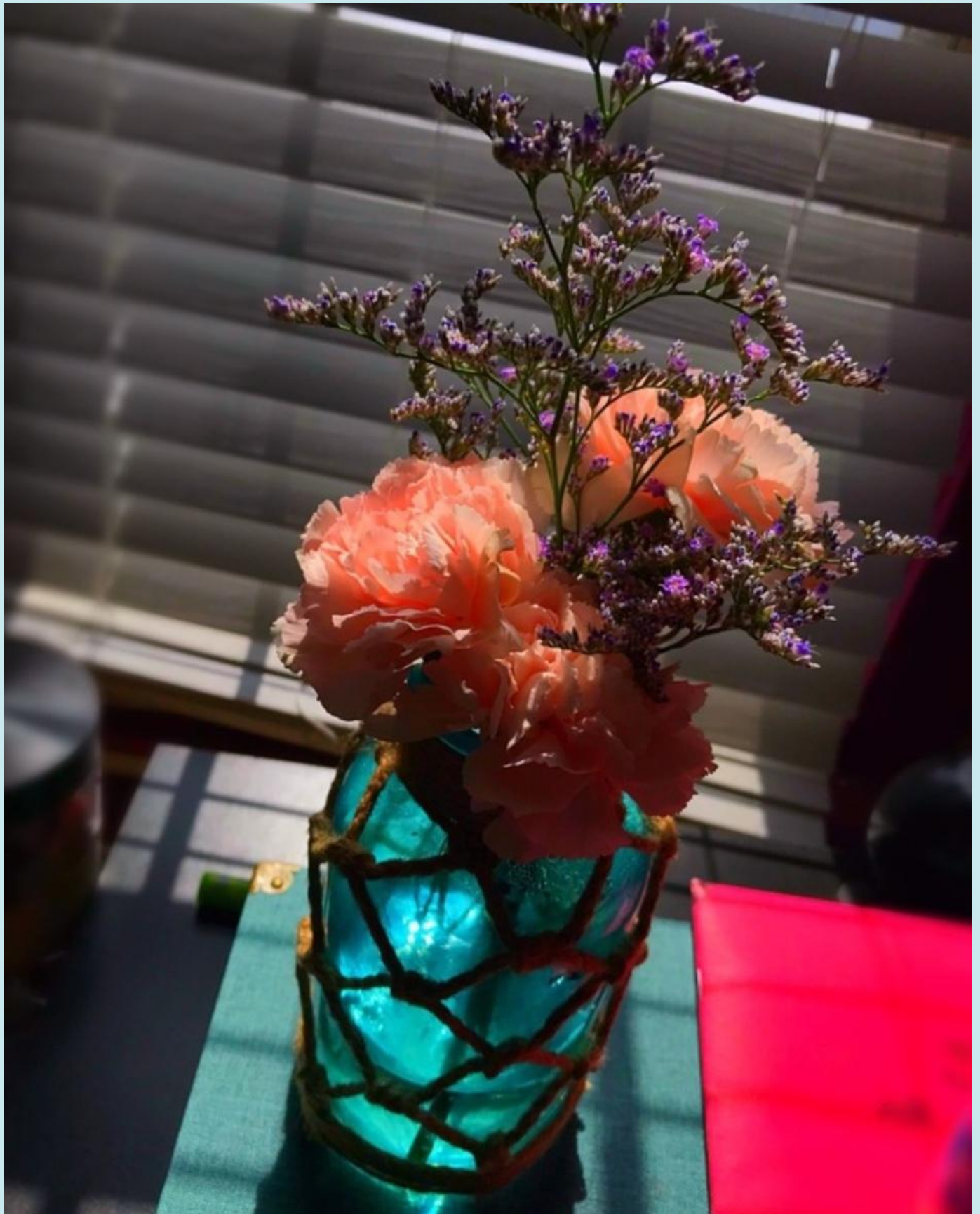


Photo by: Alyssa Brosious



Giraffe by Nora Fritz



Leaf platter by Maddie O'Neil



Fire

**The bright red flame.
The jagged yellow sparks.
It's fueled-not by Wood,
But bad spirits I believe.
So whenever I see a fire,
There's a special feeling
I have.**

**This feeling.
A feeling of angst.
A feeling of anger.
I'm stuck with this pain.
It feels like I'm being
Forever tormented by
The spirits.
But somehow,
I pull through.
Fire is not just bad spirits.
Fire is what takes things away.**

**Fire can be good or be bad.
It is to leave, or it's to be saved.
Although many have died to these
Spirits, you can feel them fueling
The flame.
There's no stopping it.
We don't have a chance.
We're thinking of joining.
But we keep our stance.**

**Now we've died to the flame.
We fuel it with shame.
The power of the underworld-
Reality came.
The pain is in everyone.
Saw it in advance.
There's no way to live here.
We don't have a chance.**

Benjamin Davenport- 5/2/18

Image by Rayne Beishline

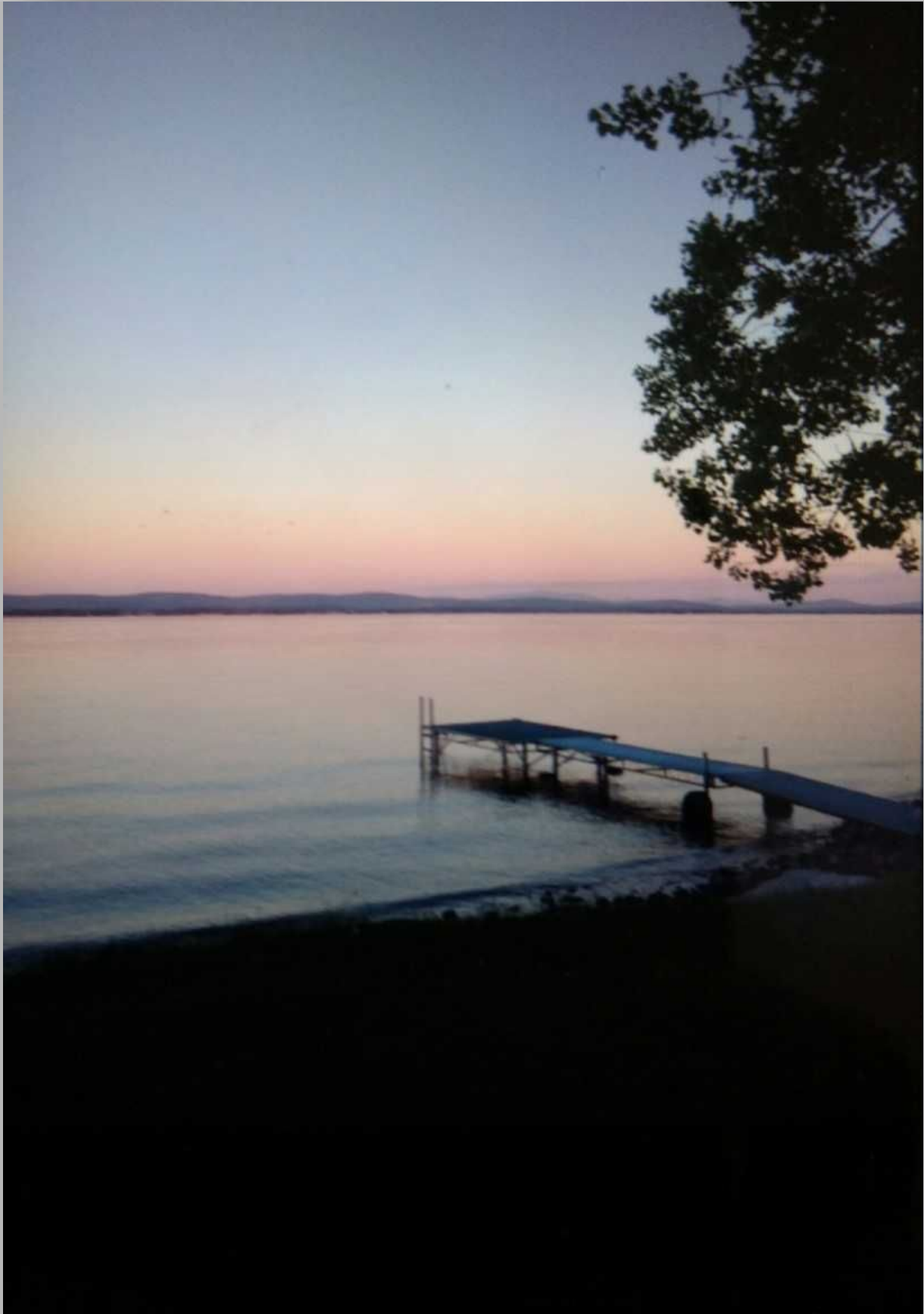


Photo by: Nora Fritz

What Do People Not Know About Wolves?

By: Erika Tressler

Farley Mowat, a Canadian author and environmentalist, said that, “We have doomed the wolf not for what it is, but for what we deliberately and mistakenly perceive it to be –the mythologized epitome of a savage ruthless killer – which is, in reality, no more than a reflected image of ourself.” While wolves are a common known animal, there is a lot that people don’t know about them. A lot of people have many misconceptions. A majority believe there are a lot of different species of wolf, when there are only a few. The common population believes that wolves have a one-track diet. However, it is quite different. Human beings only think that wolves have a “Pup to Adult” life. A lot of people don’t really know what is being done to protect such a majestic animal. A majority of the human race don’t know the truth about such a free animal.

What are Common Misconceptions About Wolves?

One of the most common misconceptions about the powerful wolf is that they are dangerous to people. Like all large animals, yes, wolves are dangerous animals and can cause harm. So can moose, bears, and cougars. However, wolves are actually more terrified of people than the humans themselves. There have only been two cases recorded where a wolf repetitively killed humans. An interesting fact is that domestic dogs kill more people a year than wolves. Unexpected, right?

If you live near wolves and own a farm, a common explanation for your cattle being killed is the wolves—right? No disrespect meant but this is where you find out you’re wrong. Wolves don’t kill as many cattle and sheep as the majority believes. In Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming, wolves only kill about “...1 cow out of every 44,853.” That is about 136 head of cattle. 820,000 sheep live in the same three states. Wolves only kill about 114 sheep a year. Unfortunately, since the deaths are not evenly distributed, it can really hurt a single producer.

Many anti-wolf people believe that wolves kill for sport. This is untrue. Wolves are not human, they do not kill for fun. Not only wolves, but every other predator kills for survival. If a person or another animal approaches a wolf, it will abandon its kill, leaving humans the assumption that they killed it for fun. However, they continue to travel back to the carcass to eat it. Sometimes wolves do what is called “surplus killing.” This is when a predator kills more than is usually needed. It usually happens in late winter when more food is vital. This can cause slight decreases in prey populations. The leftovers are a brand new meal for scavengers to indulge in. Wolves are blamed for the deaths of so many sheep, when in fact when wolves attack many sheep it is the sheep’s own fault. When wolves, or any other predators—even domestic dogs— hunt domestic sheep, it triggers a sort of “killing spree” attitude. Instead of

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running away, they run in circles. Many times, it is not the wolves doing the killing, it is the sheep themselves. Since they run in circles and in a large herd they sometimes end up trampling each other.

Ever since wolves were transported back to the West, there have been many people saying that they are larger and more aggressive than ever. They say that the new wolves are supersized and meaner than those before the reintroduction. Like most misconceptions, this is also false. Gray wolves on average, weigh between 85 and 115 pounds. The Rocky Mountain gray wolf is now and has always been the same.

Elk are a primary source of prey for wolves as they are for many different animals too. Hunters are bitter because the wolf's presence is making the elk more aware of their surroundings and taking notice when a potential predator is nearby. To bounce off of this, many people believe that the beautiful song of a wolf's howl is because they are hungry. This is completely false. As many people know wolves are social animals. When they howl, it is not out of hunger or anything else, it is because they are simply communicating. They howl to find other voices to howl with them. If you ever get the chance to hear a wolf's invigorating song, jump right on in!

How Many Species of Wolf are There?

In defiance of the common opinion, there are only three main species of wolf. There is the most well-known, the marvelous grey wolf, as well as the intriguing red wolf, and the beautiful Ethiopian wolf.

However there are numerous subspecies such as, the Florida Black Wolf (extinct since 1908 due to humans overcrowding habitat), the Mexican Wolf, Japanese Wolf (extinct since 1732 when rabies was introduced to the island), and the Northern Rocky Mountain Grey Wolf

What is a Wolf's Main Diet?

Wolves eat, just like any other creature. Wolves usually eat deer, sheep and row but if faced with starvation, they will resort to eating their own pups. Sometimes hunting alone works better than hunting in a group. Wolves also eat larger animals such as moose, muskoxen, and bison. Solitary wolves use an interesting hunting tactic. They break, usually the weakest animal from the herd and chase it take it down. However, the wolves do not chase for very long. Sometimes, wolves will eat berries to survive

What are Important Milestones in a Wolf's Life?

The first stage of growth is called the Neonatal. This is when they are born to about 14 days. When wolf pups are born they are dark-furred and are unable to regulate their own body temperature. They are also blind and deaf at this age. After a few days, they are able to slowly crawl, using their front legs mostly. They don't make many sounds but they do yelp and whine. For about three to five minutes each day, they feed four or five times. Female pups usually gain at about about 2.6 pounds a week, while males gain about 3.3 per week.

The next is called the Transitional Period. Eyes are usually open and blue. However, this blue eye color will most likely change (not in all cases). The eyesight is not fully developed and there are still things they can't see.

Teeth created for chewing meat start to develop and the pups can start to eat regurgitate meat. By this time they attempt to stand and walk. Their vocalizations start to change as well. Instead of just yelping and whining, they start whimpering, growling and small, squeaky attempts howling. Their weight is usually 3.5 lbs. or greater.

After the Transitional Stage, there is the Socialization Period which is from 20-24 days to 77 days. The wolf pups begin playing outside the den, but they stay near the entrance. Their ears begin to perk up around about 27 days and their hearing improves greatly. Later in the Socialization period, adult hair starts to grow around the eyes and nose. They also have awkwardly large feet and head. The howls that were once high pitched and short are now improving. Now that they are older, their mother can leave for hours at a time to go hunting. This is also a time where dominance and play fighting start.

After that period, there is the Rapid Growth Period. Pups will gain about 1.3 pounds a week over the next few months of their lives. Next is the Slow Growth Period. When they weigh about 28-70 pounds, all of their milk teeth are replaced adult ones and it's gets difficult to tell the difference between pup and adult. The pups then begin to join adults in hunts

What is Being Done to Protect the Endangered Wolves?

Believe it or not, the wolf is endangered. The red wolf especially. Wolves lost national protection in Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. Now hunters are on a wolf killing spree, killing hundreds.

The anti-wolf associations are well-funded, giving them more resources to murder these innocent beasts.

A group called the "Defenders" says, "We monitor state legislatures and wildlife agencies closely to track down these threats to wolf recovery. When a dangerous bill or policy change is proposed, we act quickly to inform and mobilize our supporters in the region, encouraging them to contact their state officials and speak out against the proposal." Make sure you do your part in protecting the wild wolf.

Howl-Raising Finish

Wolves are amazing animals, but there are a lot of mysteries and mistaken facts about them. They are the opposite of what people generally think. They are also quite social. They don't mean any harm and usually eat certain animals. There are only a few species but a wide variety of subspecies. There are many important milestones in their lives. Wolves are dying out and people need to know how they are being protected. Don't hate the wolf for what you think you know; love the wolf for what you do know

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Image courtesy of the Wolf Sanctuary of PA Website

Dreaming the Impossible

By: Erika Tressler

***I have always dreamed that I might become one
To stretch my legs and run
To be free, be wild, be dangerous
To run with my family for the same purpose
With fur that is grey, white, tan or black
My dream is to be one of the pack
With sharp claws and canines like a blade
With courage and ferocity that will never fade
A wonderful voice, a beautiful song
Howl to the moon all night long
Be one with the shadows, quicker than light
Fill the weak, the sheep, with fright
Be strong and powerful, always work together
Be loyal and fierce, now and forever
Survival of the fittest, is the game
That the wolves play
My dream, yes that's right
To be one of the creatures of night
To be a wolf, the mightiest beast
To run and be free until I'm deceased***



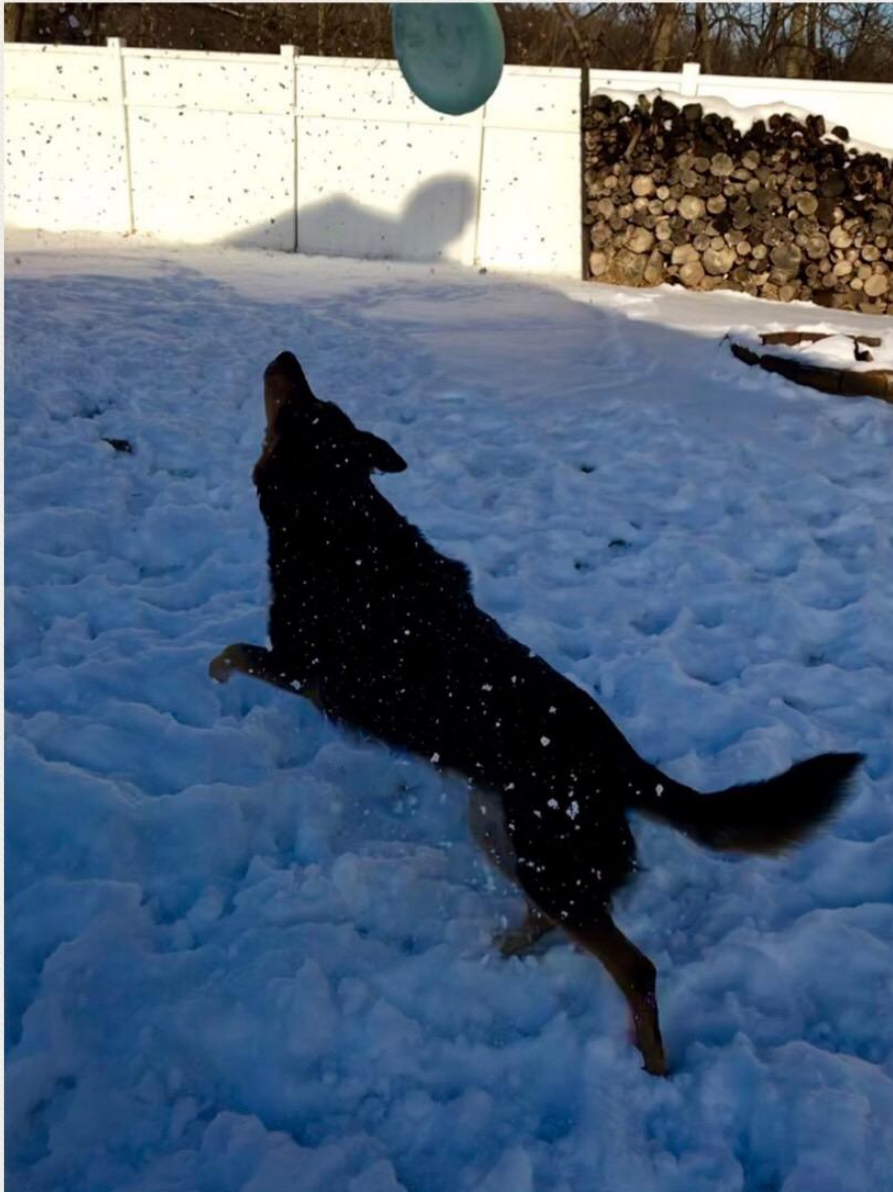
Leaf platter by Eshaal Usman

The Walk Down November

As I enter into the land where the autumn leaves fall,
I breath in the cool fall air from the winds up above.
Feeling my rosy red cheeks
become frosted with ice;
I start down the path,
One foot after the other,
Hearing the crunch of fall leaves under my boots.
I watch the birds fly away to some place warmer,
Promising to return when winter ends.
I finish my walk down the path,
and I realize that every season
has something good to offer;
but fall is my favorite season of all.
From the colors of the leaves
against the bright blue sky,
to the cool walks down the road
and the warmth of an open fire.

-Julia Jones

Snow Fluff



taken by: Alyssa Brosious



“Snow Tree” Photograph by Alexis Eichner

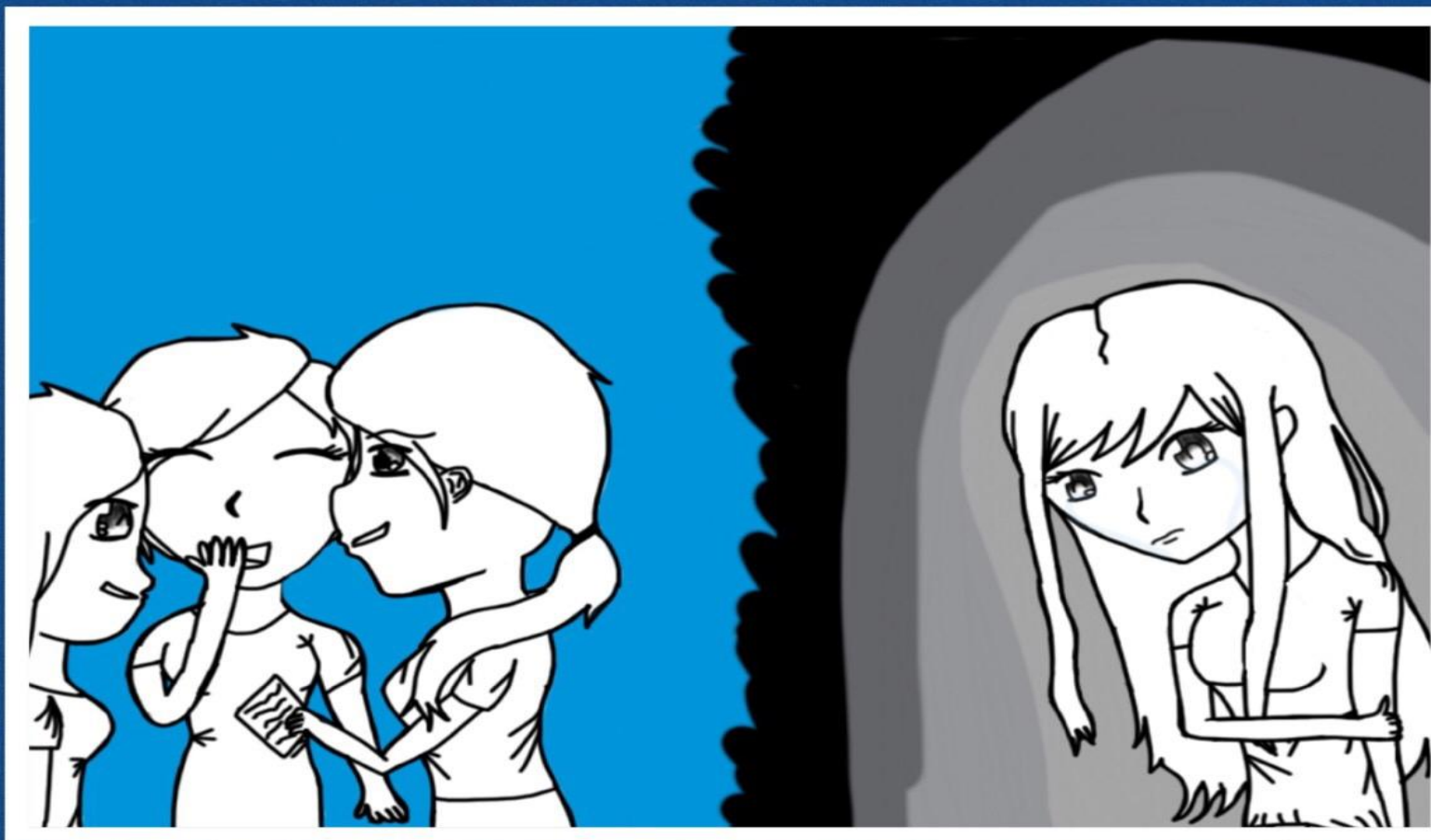


Elizabeth Stewart

Reflection on Friends

**Friends surround us,
in our highs and lows.**

**Without them,
where would we be?**



Tossed Aside
—Alex Eichner

Friends

There is only 1 thing that
makes me
Feel like music does.
And that is my friends.
Not just my good friends,
But my best friends.
I feel happy when I'm around them.
Like how siblings love each other,
Without the hate.
They're the reason
I don't turn to the bad things in life.
But having such good friends,
Means your good friends are worse.
You feel for them less.
But for my best friends.
I would take a bullet.
Two if I could.
I feel like I live to make
them happier.
A way a best friend should.
I feel like I live for them.
And they live for me, too.
I will protect them,
Always,
And our love,
I protect that too.

-Ben Davenport

If it Were Only a Dream

Something bothers me on my walk,
As I hear the townspeople talk.
I'm all alone, left by my friends,
There's no way to fix our amends.
I miss the times when we laughed together,
The faintest memories, just like a feather.
If only they were here with me,
I just wish the bad times were a dream.

--Alexis Eichner

SHOPPING WITH NANA BY: RUBY PODESCHI

THE CLICK OF MY NANA'S FANCY FLAT SHOES,
AGAINST THE DEPARTMENT STORE FLOOR,
AS NATURAL LIGHTING
STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOWS, ONTO THE
ELEGANT FURS.
JUST AS WE ENTER,
I FEEL THE WEIGHT,
IF THE TEXAS SUN SWOOPED OFF MY SHOULDERS,
QUICKLY REPLACED,
BY A WASH OF COOL, DRY AIR.
MY NANA LIGHTS UP
AS SHE CHEERFULLY GREET'S
A WELL DRESSED WOMAN,
DISPLAYING CRYSTAL BOTTLES OF PERFUME.





Clay Bowl by Madyson Brobroski

All Together

When I left, I was gone.
Every boy and girl had lost their strength.
Everyone left.
But you guys stuck around.
We wrote,
Journalled.
We were insane.
We talked to ourselves on paper.
No one understood why.
They always called us crazy.
But the best people are.
I'm not interested in sane people.
I've always enjoyed the crazies.
We've been through everything.
All together.
But to all my friends:
You deserve more than a thank-you.
The ones who hold this thing up.
I brace for the fall,
But you keep on holding.
We let go of all the sadness.
But I keep that.
You all remember the happiest.
But I let that go.
I like to learn from all the sadness.
Because if I don't.
I will be through much more.
We all can say one thing.
We're all different.
But we stand together.
Because we're all together.

~By Reese Evans

In Her Eyes

Her plastered on smile doesn't fool me,

I know that look in her eyes.

All I see is pain and darkness,

Like that of a tortured soul calling for help.

No one knows what her home life is like, they can only guess,

I can see deep into her eyes and see her torture at home.

Even just by the way her eyes shimmer,

Even just by the way a reflection is in her eyes.

Her damp eyelashes insinuate she's been crying for quite a while,

And with that bruise on her face she tries to hide, makes me wonder more.

Has she been beating herself up over something,

Or is it more than that?

--Alexis Eichner

Chicken Noodle Soup

When I woke up,
I felt terribly sick,
and without a question,
I knew I would be staying home from school.
As the hours ticked by,
I was startled to see my Grammy,
coming into my room,
holding a bowl.
I then realized that,
she had made me homemade chicken noodle soup,
my favorite food that she makes.
As she handed me the bowl,
she gave me a kiss on the head
and I ate the warm, delicious soup.



By: Olivia Hubler

Wonders of Heart

**Today, a shadow crossed my path,
Curious, I decided to follow,
The eyes blue,
Tall, slim, and beautiful,
A heart over-filled with love,
A blink and disappearing from sight,
Questioning my sanity and judgmental thoughts,
I look and wonder. And as years pass**

**I move on. Looking for something to pass me by,
Looking around, a glimpse,
Eyes of an angel,, older and wise,
Love sparks exploding with compassion,
Years of love and memories,
So many unforgettable.**

--Anthony Gold

Picking Favorites

Picking out of two friends,
Trying not to pick favorites.
They're waiting for an answer,
But who do I pick?
I'd be judged either way,
Why can't I just pick both?

Either way,
I'd lose a friend.
Either way,
I'd be sad.
Either way,
I'd miss someone.
Either way,
I'd be judged.

I can't pick between two friends,
I can't pick between two personalities.
I can't pick between two friends,
I can't pick between two memories.

Why can't I just pick both?
Why can't I just pick both?
I need to know why,
I can't just pick both.
I want memories with both people,
Both personalities.

Either way,
I'd lose a friend.
Either way,
I'd be sad.
Either way,
I'd miss someone.
Either way,
I'd be judged.

-Alexis Eichner

Why do I have to make this decision?
Why can't someone else do it?
But they'd be struggling like me,
They'd struggle so much.
This decision seems impossible,
And I don't want to be picking favorites.

A Fat Dog Named Inga



taken by: Alyssa Brosious

Self-Reflections

Before we can focus on and share love with others, we must first reflect on our own actions and words, and learn to love ourselves.

Prison of Tears

Trapped in a prison of tears,
I've trapped myself this way.
My tears flood this prison,
But no one can hear me cry.
All I want is to be free,
But I'll end up just coming back.
Every time I weep I come back here,
My own little place to cry.

I slam myself against these prison walls,
All that happens is my shirt is soaked with tears.
My whole body aches,
And my head is throbbing with pain.
I cry some more,
Wishing I wasn't here.
The tears are dripping from the ceiling,
My vision is going blurry.
All I want,
Is to escape.

I'm sick to my stomach.
I'm sick like I've been on a roller coaster,
I slowly open up my eyes.
The walls aren't tears anymore,
I'm in my own house and my own bed.
I'm out of the prison of tears,
My pillow is soaked.
I'm happy to be free,
But I know I'll return one day.
I'll return to that prison of tears,
If only it didn't exist.

**-Alexis
Eichnerl**



Painting by Margret Vandermark

Hope and Love

A flower blooms from the rubble
A Phoenix rises from the ash
A star shines in the night
There's a glow from the dead grass
Hope blooms all throughout
the world
Though darkness seemingly surrounds
This run down, war torn
Quaint, and inviting small town.
Because hope and love can grow In
any poor condition,
Even if they are quenched,
or scorched,
They have a great big mission.
Hopes' is to seep in the hearts
of people,
And glue their broken hearts together
To remain a full and content heart
For all of eternity, forever.
To vanquish the inner tears
And banish them for good
And return the heart to be full again
Just the way it should.
The origins of your inner hope
Come from deep inside,
And little does anyone know,
That hope held them while they cried.

Now love, you see
Is a different tale It comes from
two hearts,
But isn't free, nor on sale.
Though love may have the
price of pain,
In the end it serves you well,
For when intertwined with
another's love
It is lovely and delicate as
a shell.
Its mission indeed is very simple
And you have my word on this,
It wants to bond people together
Without help from a hug or kiss
To make one smile ear to ear
And cry some happy tears To
comfort when one's down
And say, "cheer up, my
lovely dear!"
I hope this poem has shown you
To treasure hope and love
Because they're working hard to
keep you happy
And they'll be till we're above

--Celia Sondheimer

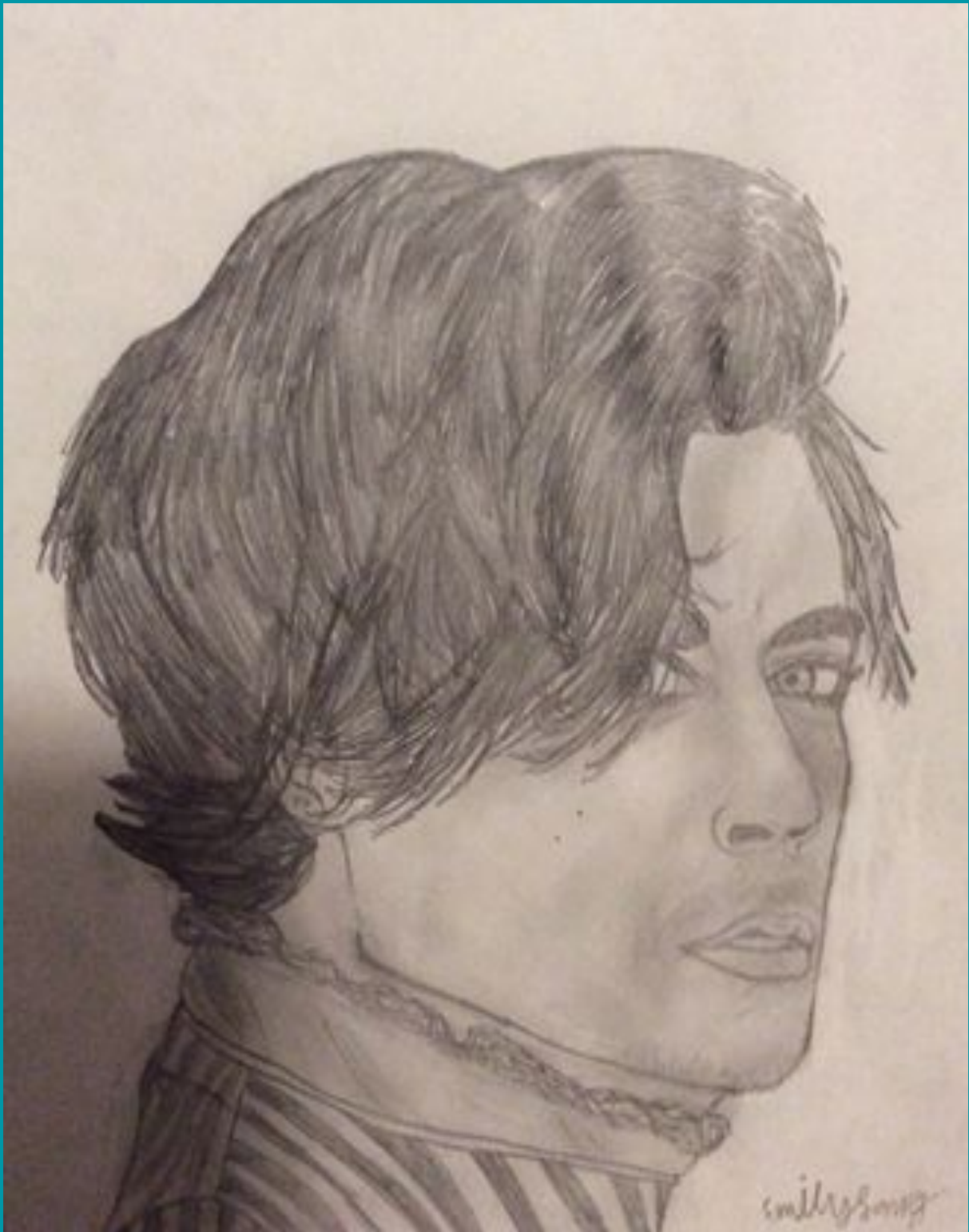
Consumption

Darkness is like mold.
It slowly consumes
everything it touches,
Until it is thrown away.
I feel like people are like this,
But not with darkness,
Not with money, not with power-
But they are consumed
within themselves.

They are focused on the present.
Not the past.
Forgot what future was.
Can't make it last.
They are consumed
In what they are doing.
No concern for anyone else.
No worries, for anyone too.
These people, the ones I'm
Worried for,
End up being worse than
Everyone else.

They hide themselves within.
They seem fine-
But they aren't.
What they really are,
Are people like us.
But they're consumed.
They're dirty.
They're gone.
And I hope they stay that way.

Benjamin Davenport- 5/1/18



Drawing By Emily Long

More than a Look

To some, a reflection is how good someone looks,

But for me, it's much more than that.

A reflection for me, is one's personality shining through for the world to see,

I can see a good person through a mirror, I can see the jerks too.

The only person I can't see, is me,

Sometimes, it feels as if my mirror is broken.

Sometimes, it feels as if I'm broken,

But now I'm thinking, I don't need a mirror to see someone truly.

Maybe, I can just look at them and see,

What they truly feel everyday, maybe, I need more than to see them.

I guess talking to them will be the best way to know them,

Because, maybe, just maybe, there's more than just their look.

--Alexis Eichner

Him

He lives everywhere, but nowhere at all,
You can't even see him, but he's 10 feet tall.
His eyes dark and soulless, his skin black as soot,
You may never know when he will snatch you by your foot.
How many times must I tell you, he is after me,
Don't come asking help when he's up to your knee.
Please, I beg you, help me get away,
He's a monster, he will trap you and force you to stay.
I hear him coming now, he hears me drop my cup,
Not too late to save me---oh wait---time's up.

-- Casey Montelone



Falling Apart
—Alex Eichner



Reading Railroad

The rusty, old, train cars peer
through the curtain-like trees.
Walk through a tunnel,
and climb up to the hidden blue cars.
The door locked shut
sealing every secret inside.
It feels uncanny knowing these cars used
to carry people through the woods
over the now ghostly bridge.
The dreary train cars sit dejectedly
watching cars race by.
Continue down the pathway to
find the 9 span bridge.
The rusty and leaf covered bridge awaits.
Hoping someone will travel upon it once again.
Climb down onto the platforms
holding the bridge and stop to think.
The concrete is covered in graffiti
hoping to save a few lost souls.
One simple quote left on there is
locked in my head.
“Stand here and think of someone you love.”

by: Alyssa Brosious

Softball Girl

I put my helmet on,
Pick up my bat,
And I stroll nervously to the plate.
The crowd begins to cheer,
The game is on the line.
Last inning,
Two outs ,
Bases loaded,
score is tied 10-10.
Once I step into the box
I feel determined
“...I'm going to hit this ball with all I've got.”
Winners.
Heroes.
Losers.
I watch the pitcher as she winds up
The ball comes at me,
It's in my strike zone so I swing.
I hit it with the barrel of my bat,
it goes flying.
I'm a Softball girl.

-Sami Letkowski



Crying in the Corner

*I don't know what to do anymore,
My life is a total train wreck.
My so called friends have left me,
They've spread rumors about me.
I'm been mentally broken,
Like a worn down machine.
The gears don't turn like they used to,
They rust and fall apart.*

*My mind it racing with worries and fears,
Will I be known as the broken one?
Will I know what it's like to have real friend?
Will I even talk to anyone anymore?
I wish these worries and scars would go away,
But they just won't go away.
I want to live a normal life,
But I don't think they'll let me.
My so called friend that left me,
They left me to drown in remarks that scar me.*

Listen to our stories.

*Why won't someone reach out to me?
Are they afraid to be like me?
Now I'm crying in the corner,
Like a coward.
Now I'm crying in the corner,
Wanting them to leave me be.
Now I'm crying in the corner,
Wanting them to go away and never return.
Now I'm crying in the corner,
Wishing someone would reach out to me.*

*If I'm crying, don't ask if I'm ok,
You know I'm not ok.
Instead,
Offer help.
Help me,
Help others like me.
Be a better person,*

- Alexis Eichner

Reflections on Time and Space

Reflections of Time and Space

**As we move through life,
we tend to look back, and
reminisce about
what we have done.**

**What have we done in the past,
and what goes on beyond our
control?**

Eternity

It seems I've been waiting two eternities for these doors to open.
I see myself returning to these doors,
Waiting for nothing.

I wait to be greeted,
but all there is a void,
Too deep to see an entrance.
To see an exit.
A state of limbo with
Infinite depth.

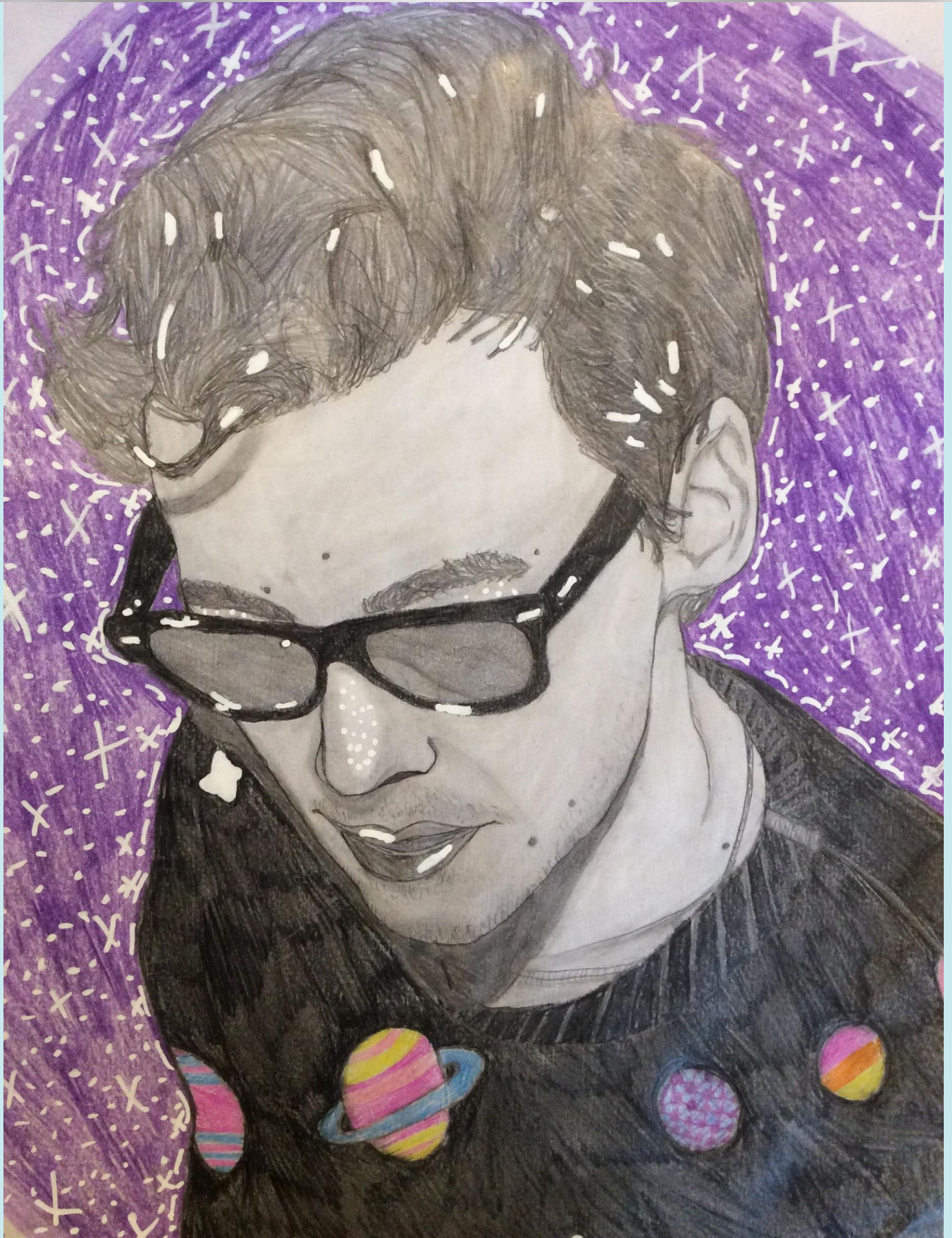
But as I grow older,
The doors open.
I can see a bright light
Out of the void.

As I walk through,
I am greeted by the ultimate power;
Eternity.

But this is just a second of what I've lived.
It's the beginning.
Another eternity to spend.
Another Void.

**AND I SEE MYSELF RETURNING
EVERYDAY TO THESE DOORS.**

Benjamin Davenport- 4/24/18



Portrait by Emily Long

The Noise: A Parable

Once there was a person whose car broke down.
He went up to a house, which had 2 monks.
He asked them if he could stay there, and they said yes.
One night, he slept there, and he heard a noise.

“What was that noise?” He asked.

“We cannot tell you. You aren’t a monk.” They replied.
Another day passes. In the middle of the night, the same noise.

“What is that noise, I’m dying to know?”

“We can not tell you. You aren’t a monk.”

“Is there any way I can become a monk?”

“Yes. You go around the world, and count how many pieces of grass there are on the Earth.

So 40 years pass.

He returns.

“There are exactly 729,380,271,934,328,905 pieces of grass.”

“Very good. You are now a monk.”

The monks opened the door, revealing the source of the sound. The man feels satisfied.

You must want to know what it is.

Too bad. You aren’t a monk.

— by Ben Davenport



Taken Away

by: Alexis Eichnerl

Darkness, Blackness

All I can see is blackness
Everywhere is blankness.
Not a speck of light can
be seen,
Everything is a machine of
perfection.
But there is still no color
Not even a gleam of light
from the machine.
Slowly, slowly the world
turns grayer,
Darker.

No one disobeys
the machine,
Except the daring few who
risk everything.
Just to be free from the
shackles of perfection,
People risk their lives for it.
The machine chases down
the rebels,
The rebels chase
the machine.
The machine wants to
strike down the rebels,
The rebels want to destroy
the machine.
Even if there is color for
a second,
The darkness returns
through the machine.

Now there are few to rebel,
We're forced to gravel at the
machines base.
Is anyone brave
enough anymore?
The last in the world cough
up black smoke,
Even our insides are
turning black.
Slowly, slowly the world
turns grayer,
Darker.

The last color is fading away,
Soon there will never
be color.
Only darkness,
Only blackness.
Everyone dreams of color,
But even the color from our
dreams fades away.
The machine can't feel
happiness or sadness,
It isn't affected by our
colorless world.
It doesn't know how much
we're suffering,
All it wants is perfection, no
matter what it takes.

- Alexis
Eichner



Dead Radiowaves

The old ham radio
sits collecting dust
in a corner of our sunroom.
items are haphazardly piled on top,
and its headphones rarely work.

However,
I remember a time
when my Dad and I
would spend time going through stations,
me marveling at how this 80 year old
box could still work,
and him telling me its history.

I'm older now,
and days full of excitement and wonder
are few and far between.
Work is always looming
for me and my Dad.
I wish those carefree days of adventure
werent resigned to the past.

By Thomas Huckans

The Name Of Darkness
Celia Sondheimer

The Name of the Darkness
Intertwined
Entangled
In a darkness beyond imagination
A person
A mere, delicate soul
That shines brighter than a diamond
Can become instantly trapped In
this darkness
A smile
Gone
A laugh
Stifled
It's as if one is being gagged
Deprived of happiness
Like a sun
Blocked by a heavy, black cloud
The happiest of happy people,
Though seemingly frolicsome,
Can carry this darkness
To school
To work
It can join them
In bed at night
Keeping them awake
The darkness reaches
From the depths of the earth
And starts pulling
And pulling
Relentlessly on its victim
Until the weight is unbearable
One carries it around
Everywhere one goes
It can't be shaken off
Or abandoned
It is a part of you
This darkness
This vile,
Evil,
Heartless darkness
Has a name
A name that turns heads
The darkness called depression

Deadwood Flats

As the days go by,
the birds squawk overhead
and the cars zoom past,
I can't help but wonder,
what was Deadwood Flats?
Was it a train station?
Or tourist attraction?
If walls could talk
everyone would know,
But walls can't talk,
and as the wood rots,
I can't help but wonder
what it was like in its glory days.
Was it buzzing with families
visiting as a day trip?
Was it a flea market
filled with fresh fruits and veggies?
Was it a train station
where the train would stop daily and deliver goods?
I may never know,
because walls can't talk.
Now Deadwood Flats sits there, day and night,
lonely,
rotting,
abandoned.



By: Olivia Hubler



Eternal Reflections By Thomas
Huckans

In the Forest of Fallen Leaves

Anthony Gold

In the forest of fallen leaves,
The wind blows of warming embers,
Warming hearts and love of all inside,
Come bring your loved ones,
Strengthen your family
In the forest of fallen leaves

In the forest of fallen leaves,
The sun is only but a glow,
Shining rivers,
And melting snow,
Come bring your enemies,
And thaw out your frozen heart
In the forest of fallen leaves

In the forest of fallen leaves,
Love is in the trees,
Spreading,
Sharing,
Inspiring the people who walk by,
Come hand in hand with
the one in your heart,
And make two hearts one
In the forest of fallen leaves

In the forest of fallen leaves,
Love,
Caring,
Inspiring spirit collide,
Spreading powerful emotion into
anyone near,
Don't believe me,
Then you don't have or believe in the
power of a heart,
You don't believe in the power of love,
And you don't believe in yourself

In the forest of fallen leaves,
Come and bring,
your friends,
Your foe,
And the special one in your heart,
Make a bond that lasts for ever,
In the forest of fallen leaves.

No Place

My fingers brushing the dried wood as
The water races by my feet.
Long ago it was the street,
No more
Every step I get closer to something. But what?

The moonlight dancing around me.
Not going anywhere with purpose.
The prancing of wildlife fills my ears.

Where is this path taking me?

A life far away?

Maybe someday I will know.
But for now, there's no place I'd rather be.

--Reese Harmon

Eyes of a Stranger

Eyes are the strangers of the body
Hiding the mysteries with every blink
Just one look and you feel the kind-gentleness of
them
Remembrance of the secrets they hold in
Waiting to burst out and to be introduced
Everyday every night they see others
The color
The pain
The happiness
And love
Remember the mysteries
Remember the kind-gentleness
Remember the look inside
And remember the once introduced
And yet to be introduced.

--Anthony Gold

Darkness and Love

In the most dreadful days,
A wind will blow,
Enter a broken soul,
Or heart,
Show them,
Help them,
And fix them

During the most tragic nights,
A wind will whisper,
Opening the mind,
Shutting out the hate,
The pain,
The distress of the world

During the best days,
The wind disappears,
You find yourself broken,
And shutting out the world

During harm it will come,
During peace it stays away,
Love is the same,
It always seems that way

There is darkness in all of us,
Keep it in,
And let your inner demons take over,
Let it out,
You will lose everything

There is love inside in all of us,
Keep it in,
And you will have regret,
Let it out,
You find yourself with somethings
others don't have

There is darkness,
There is love,
You choose your side,
But heed my warning,
Choose carefully,
For you may never turn back.
The Wind of Love.

--Anthony Gold

The Octopus

At first everything was black, pitch black, then the crisp morning sunlight awoke me from sleep. But only to find that I was in a hotel, a fancy hotel, one of those hotels that only the rich can get into. When I looked over to try to find out where I was, I saw that breakfast was already made, and still hot-- eggs, pancakes, sausage, and juice.

Just then, when I got up I heard a knock on the door, I quickly shuddered, too, for the silence was shattered, it was Chloe, I sighed in relief.

She was holding something, a swimsuit, and goggles. Everything blacked out again, but then I felt warm, and wet. My vision cleared, I was in an ocean.

I have never felt such soft ocean sand squish between my toes, and the salt water swishing and waving over my body.

Just then a huge wave swept over us like a tsunami, I tried to swim against it. But the current was too strong and I pulled me ashore.

On the beach there was a small blob, and it was moving, so I walked over, and noticed that it was indeed alive. As I slowly approached it, I also noticed it was an octopus, beached like a whale after a storm.

Just then, everything blacked out again. Everything was a dream, I was never in a hotel, or swimming in the ocean. I sighed in disappointment.

I sat up and looked at the time, 7:19, I was late for school. I quickly got undressed, then redressed. I pulled up my pants and a shirt, with lightning speed. I ran up the stairs and checked the date, it was a Saturday, I collapsed in anger.

But then I noticed a small tank filled with water, sitting on the table, but with nothing in it. So I picked it up and walked over to the sink to dump out the water.

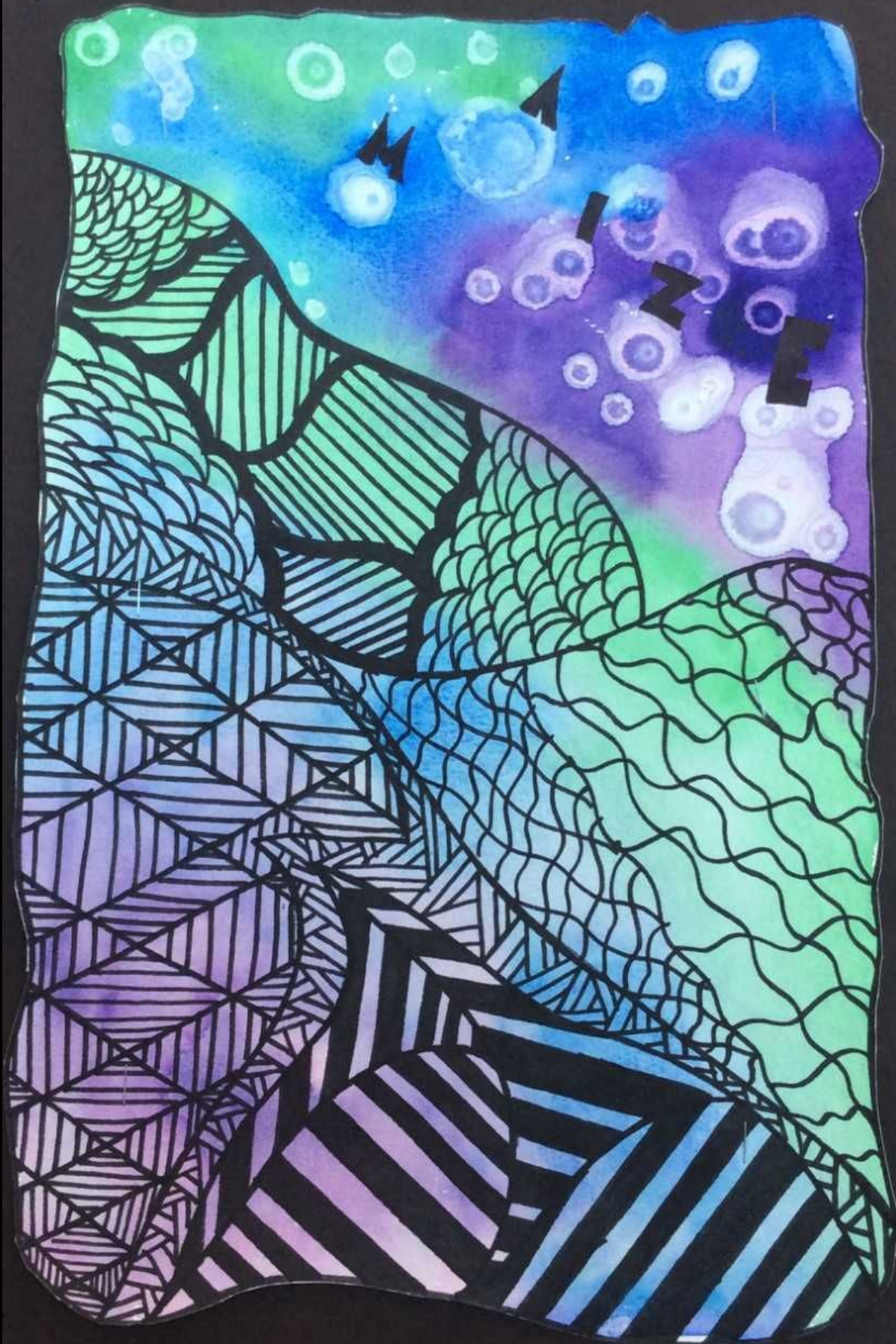
As I dumped out the water, it changed color, blackish, and it smelled odd. There was an octopus in the tank, I jumped in fear and excitement.

The tank flew over my head and smashed on the ground, ink splattered everywhere. I ran to grab a cup and filled it with water. The octopus had camouflaged to the floorboard pattern. Until I heard a howl, Abby our little Pit bulls found it, so I ran over and grabbed it.

“Today’s weather will be mostly sunny, with some slight clouds throughout the day.”

“Click” I woke up from a dream where I got a pet octopus.

And now, I want an octopus for a pet more than any other animal there is on earth.



Watercolor Zentangle by Maize Beer

Born Evil

We are not born evil
No one is created racist
Nor sexist
No one is born
With poor instincts
Without love
In their very hearts
We are taught
Taught to hate
Taught to discriminate
We are shown
That it is okay
To be superior to someone
Because of our religion
Our race
Our sexuality
We are taught
That "Love thy neighbor"
Has exceptions
That we are not equal
Indivisible
With liberty
And justice
For all
ALL
We are not born evil.

We are not born evil
This generation
Is simply a reflection
Of our own modern world
Of which we do not want to admit
Is flawed
"Our fathers brought forth
This continent
A new nation
Conceived in liberty
And dedicated to the proposition
That all men
Are created equal
We are all created the same
Equal
After all
Our own pledge
Of which we preach
The United States
We are
One nation
Under God.

--By Celia Sondheimer



Clay bowl by Thanh Ho

How Have Video Games Evolved, and What is Their Effect on Players?

Almost everyone has either played or seen video games. In fact, worldwide there are 1.2 billion people, or 17% of the world's population, who play video games regularly! With millions of people playing video games, many innovations have occurred, and gaming has even become a serious career option. As video games have evolved throughout history, people are eager to learn about the positive and negative effects of gaming on an individual. I firmly believe that gaming has no effect on youth committing violent crimes.

What is the History of Video Games?

Although most people think of games like Pong and PacMan as the first video games, 14 years before Pong came out in 1972, the first video game was exhibited at a Brookhaven National Laboratory open house. Made by nuclear physicist William Higinbotham, this game was a very simple tennis game, similar to Pong, with a 5 inch diameter viewing screen. The game was called Tennis for Two, and player used dials and button to play. The goal of the game was to have two players continually hit balls back and forth. As this was the first of its kind of entertainment, people visiting the Brookhaven National Laboratory waited in long lines to play the simple game.

Compared to powerful computers and consoles today, Tennis for Two ran on just a small analog computer. An instruction book that came with the computer described how to make different curves on a cathode-ray tube of an oscilloscope, using relays, capacitors, and resistors. The instruction book also gave a examples of different object trajectories, and how they were affected by gravity and wind resistance. One example, a bouncing ball, reminded Dr. Higinbotham of tennis, and the game idea was formed. This simple game helped inspire countless programmers to make games, showing that people enjoyed entertainment in this form.

What Are Some Popular Video Game Titles Spanning History?

After Tennis For Two, the 1960s saw creations of simple games such as SpaceWar, where the player used a space ship to shoot down enemies, and Space Travel, where the player would land on various planets. From the 1970s to 1980, coin-operated games gained popularity, such as Pong and PacMan.

In addition, games were starting to be burned onto ROM chips, put in a cartridge casing, and put in consoles. In the 1980s, arcade gaming reached its peak, with popular games such as Defender, Battlezone, and 3D Monster Maze populating arcades. In addition, home consoles were improved, with joysticks and keypads replacing game pads. Some popular games for home consoles were Super Mario Bros., The Legend Of Zelda, and the Dragon Quest series.

This came about because computing increased in home computers and consoles, replacing arcades, and allowing more powerful games to be made. Some popular examples are Sonic, Super Mario 64, and Metal Gear Solid. From the 2000s and on, consoles such as Xbox, PlayStation, and Nintendo have dominated the industry, and popular games have included World of Warcraft, Call of Duty, Destiny, and The Elder Scrolls.

What Are Some Popular Video Game Titles Spanning History? *(Continued)*

Recently, mobile gaming has increased, and there have even been massive innovations in Virtual Reality. In recent years, however, gamers have started to turn to small, fledgling games called “Indies”, with games such as “Night in the Woods” being popular examples. As these games have evolved, many new technologies have gone into recent games, and the industry as a whole has contributed to the world.

What Innovations Have Occurred in, and as a Result of Gaming?

Over the many years that video games have been around, many innovations have been made. Video games have pioneered virtual and augmented reality, where players are put inside a video game world, and use a headset to look around, and hand controllers to interact with objects. Video games have also started using facial and voice recognition, so video games can make characters in a player's likeness, and be turned on and off with your voice. In another field, video games were put on mobile devices. After that, people were able to play video games wherever they wanted, and now people can even play on smart watches! A final development that video games have benefitted from has been better graphics. We have come a long way from 8-bit graphics, and today, some video games use 4K graphics, which are supported by screens with over 4,000 pixels. This has led to crisp images, and vibrant colors. 4K graphics are also starting to be used for normal TV, too.

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As time has gone on, video games have contributed to society. As new games are being made, some enable players to tackle scientific issues, without the player having any previous knowledge of the subject. For instance, in 2011 a game called Foldit was published, which was about protein folding. Through playing the game, players were able to resolve the structure of an enzyme in monkeys that causes an AIDS-like disease. After three weeks players had solved the problem, while researches had been trying to solve it for 13 years without success. Another example is an astronomy game called Planet Hunters. This game enabled gamers to explore the universe, and one person found a planet with four stars in its system. Over time, others players have discovered 40 potential life-supporting planets, which had all been previously missed by astronomers.

What Innovations Have Occurred in, and as a Result of Gaming? (Continued)

A final example of progress that has occurred as a product of gaming has been in the economy. As games get more and more popular, there is a much greater demand for these games from consumers. This requires more programmers, to create more games for players. According to, "Video Games in the 21st Century: The 2014 Report", released by the Entertainment Software Association, the 21.5 billion dollar video game industry outperformed the U.S. economy by more than four times, from 2009 to 2012, growing by more than 9 percent, compared to the U.S. economy's growth of 2.4 percent. In addition, in 2012 alone the video game industry contributed 6.2 billion dollars to the U.S. economy. In terms of employment, the video game industry employed about 146,000 people, and the number has climbed to 220,000 people since then. However, as these games are being mass produced, people are starting to wonder about their effects on players

What are the Effects of Gaming on a Person's Life?

A study conducted by Andrew K. Przybylski, Phd. consisted of 2436 male and 2463 female people with an age range of 10-15 years old. This study looked at how different amounts of gaming impacted gamers psychological development. Dr. Przybylski's study used a strength and difficulty questionnaire method of testing "internalizing and externalizing problems", "pro social behavior", and "life satisfaction". He found that children who typically play games, but not for more than 1/3 of their daily free time, had lower levels of emotional, peer, and conduct problems. In addition, those children showed higher levels of prosocial behavior and life satisfaction. This study helped show that video games, when not played excessively, can be beneficial.

While playing video games in adequate amounts is shown to be beneficial, excess playing can cause problems. One problem is an addiction to video games. This can lead to a child dropping out of other activities, thinking constantly about the video game, and declining social interaction in favor of video games. Some physical health problems that can arise from playing too many video games can be backaches, headaches, and eyestrain. Also, a child can become obese if they forego physical activity for gaming. A social problem that can occur affects the child's relationships. Relationships can suffer if the child plays games rather than talking to family members and friends, or if the child lies about games in order to play more. A negative affect of addiction to violent video games is that children can become desensitized to violence. This can mean that children show less distress in response to violence, but this does not mean that they become more aggressive in the long term. It makes them less responsive to violent events. A final problem that can be caused by addiction is poor performance in activities and school. Staying up late to play games can make children exhausted, and can reduce attention spans. However, all of these problems are just minor issues, compared to the most hotly debated proposed effect of video games.

Do Violent Video Games Cause Aggression in Players?

Recently, there have been several violent acts in American schools. Looking for an easy way to pin the blame on something, people have used video games as a scapegoat, just as rock music was a scapegoat for violence thirty years ago. However, an APA panel report found that it is incorrect to blame video games for a player's long-term tendency towards violence. They found that there are many factors that increase violence in players, and violent video games are just one small part of it.

Do Violent Video Games Cause Aggression in Players? (Continued)

However, the Entertainment Software Association, a group that represents the video game industry, completely denied the findings of the APA, and instead said, "In tearing down similar faulty research, the U.S. Supreme Court specifically ruled that 'psychological studies purporting to show a connection between exposure to violent video games and harmful effects on children do not prove that such exposure causes minors to act aggressively.'" In summary, violence was shown to not be caused by violent video games, but instead by other harmful factors in a person's life. For example, many millions of people play violent video games, but almost none show violence. When people do show violent tendencies, it is caused by many things, which video games are only a minor part of.

A later study done at Oxford measured aggression to competence in a game, rather than making violence the sole focus. In this experiment, players were told to play a modified version of the violent game "Half Life 2". The original version was violent, while the modified version was not. However, the violent version came with a short tutorial, and the other did not. The common idea would be that people playing the violent video game would show more aggression, but instead the people playing the less violent game, without knowing how to play, showed the most aggression. This study found that most aggression came from lack of competence in games, rather than the violence in them. Dr. Przybylski, who helped to run the study, said, "We focused on the motives of people who play electronic games and found players have a physiological need to come out on top when playing. This need to master the game was far more significant than whether the game contained violent material..."

If the structure of a game or the design of the controls thwarts enjoyment, it is this not the violent content that seems to drive feelings of aggression." So, the violence in a video game has little impact on aggression in players, compared to the difficulty of a game, which is the main cause of aggression.

End Game

Gaming has come a long way from 8-bit adventures, and even farther still from a ball bouncing in an oscilloscope. During all this time, games have contributed to society, but they also have caused a fair number of problems. People around the world play games together, and it is a huge business for newer generations. As a society, we should move past outdated stigmas of gamers, and work to make gaming a positive experience for future generations. It is easy to use gaming as a scapegoat for the world's problems, but it is just a way of avoiding the real issues of the world.

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Moonbeam

Sun sets over the west horizon,
Vibrant colors take the sky,
Rose reds,
Sun yellow,
Fresh orange,
Magnificent magenta,
And light blue,
Combine for one split moment

Hearts filled with love and compassion ,
It builds,
It bursts,
And kisses your soul

Caring is within the eyes,
One glimpse and you're in love,
Biding in you and everyone near

The moonlight shines,
The water reflects,
Your eyes sparkling,
Radiant beams shine down upon you,
Your heart flutters with romance and wants to
be shared

Until our hearts collide once more,
I must give you a fair well,
And till the moonbeams come down upon us,
I will be waiting,
I love you,
soon we will be reunited once again.

You dance in the night,
Guided by the moonlight and stars,
Forget about your past,
And live in the present

A last kiss,
The blinding rays kills the beautiful
moment,
A heart longs for one more dance,
And breaks from separation.

--Anthony Gold



Watercolor Zentangle by Harley Hons

Whispers in the Night

Dark shadows dance,
The moonlight as a guide,
Stars shining,
Shimmering in the waters,
The eyes sparkles,
With wonders to hold

A glimpse of a soul,
A powerful shine,
A whisper of the heart,
The eyes deceive,
The one is gone,
Forevermore

A face of hopelessness,
Head of depression,
A frown of despair

A pause,
And a sigh,
The tapping of a shoulder,
A kiss goodnight

A whisper of words,
So deep and wanting,
A whisper of words,
That stain a heart,
The whisper of words,
Never apart,

These words,
Of three,
Combing hearts,
Combing souls,
And abides in you

The whisper,
In the dark fallen sky,
Colliding for the first time,
Bounding in loyalty,

The whispered words of three,
Say them and you will see,
It's easy as
One,
Two,
Three

I love you!

By: Anthony Gold



Clay Bowl by Cathryn Fedder

Dr. Cold's Diss on Math

Everyday I go to third period math,
And if I didn't do my homework,
I'll be feelin' Mr. Flynn's wrath.
Why do I need to take this?
I don't know, that's why I be writin' this diss.
I know it's not supposed to be a chore,
But sometimes I just want to leave,
Sometimes I just want to say "no more!"
Now, you need to know math,
Or else you won't be able to take the right path.
At least that's what they say,
Cause I could really do this all day.
They say it helps you get good work,
Or you'll just be some minimum wage grocery clerk.
But does that really sound so bad,
Why do my parents need to get so mad.
I'm probably not gonna learn,
But I don't need all this concern.
I don't find this class to be fun,
And sometimes I just want be done.
Sometimes it just makes me want to go to sleep,
And my freedom is somethin' I'm gonna keep.
Math is supposed to make the world a better place,
But it goes at such a slow and boring pace.
No beats for these bars but I'm Cold as Ice
Life is a card game, I prefer to roll the dice.
Looking at you in the front of the class I get so bored,
I might just get a little spastic with this keyboard.
I don't like rules, or having so much order,
Cause I'm just some slack-off skateboarder.
I'm chill as ice cause I'm Doctor Cold,
And now you better get a good hold.
Now unless you're like me and can rap and sing,
Without school you probably end up in Burger King
Listening to Peter Griffin's "The Fries are Done!"
Now I don't think that sounds very fun.
Life's not about all the money,
It's about whether the day is dark or sunny.
Now I'm not going to do my math homework,
And I'm gonna just walk out the door,
Cause I think I'm on to somethin' more.
Now I'm 'bout to drop the mic, just like my beat.
Cause, boom, that's what I call a sweep.

*By Blaize
Benninger*

Abandoned Street

Lacking light
Missing life
Inhabited only by absence
All the warmth in the windows
The fire in the eyes
Put out by the act of abandonment
Who turned out the lights?

Driverless cars rust soundlessly
The windows left open
Torrid leaves blown in
Why were they left open?
Garbage left under the wheels
Insects burrowed in the worn cloth seats
Who used to sit in them?

Silverware scattered dramatically
As if it clattered out of hands
Meals half finished
Long decayed
Why not finish the food?
Chairs strewn
Quickly pushed from under the regulars at the local diner
The atmosphere heavy with joy that once was
Dissipated rapidly
Who knew the patrons by name?

Longing to communicate
If these walls could talk
They'd urge you to notice
Everything was left as it was
All residents seem to be missing in action
Long forgotten
But clearly left in a hurry
They'd urge you to leave as well.



Asleep by the Bay

The boardwalk's wooden planks squeak and
creak,
And I feel the ocean breeze on my cheek.
I step onto the sand and let it sink in between my
toes,
From my spot in the sand, I watch the sunset and
it glows.
The soothing setting makes me start to drift
asleep,
I lower my eyelids and start counting sheep.
All of a sudden my consciousness slips away,
Leaving me, asleep by the bay.

--Alexis Eichner

Summer Swimming

My voice is lost underwater,
As I break the surface the water becomes
hotter.

The playful splashes from friends
cool me down,

As we swim around in the pool in town.

The diving board wobbles as people jump,
And when they hit the water you hear a loud
thump.

Every day we swim and play,
As the summer days slip away.

--Alexis Eichner

Reflections of Sacrifice

All across the globe
there are brave men and women
who risk their lives for us.
Who do you know that is serving us?
How can we show them
the respect they deserve?

Bullet

Bullet holes,
Fire,
Cold grounds,
And blood shed

Gun shots,
Lost,
Winnings,
And deviation

Two sides,
Death on both,
No return,
And no surrender

War,
Battles,
Fights,
And arguments,

The fights fought,
The brave,
Men,
And women

People,
Volunteering,
To put their life,
Behind ours,

That's a veterans job,
Most return,
Others are unfortunate

Tears,
Payers,
Supplies,
And love is what we do for them

Thank you,
For freedom,
For bravery,
For fighting,
And for being a proud citizen
of The United States of America

The Thoughts of a Hero

by: Reese Evans

I'm sitting in silence.
As I watch out the window.
I can only see the past.
There really is nothing we can do.
We can fix what we broke.
Or you can return what you took.
I went in there knowing I can make a difference.
But I walked out a hero with peace's missing.
I can't really remember much.
All I want is to forget.
But when I try it's all I can think about.
I close my eyes and I see things.
It hurts to remember my friends.
Watching them be here.
Then watching them leave.
Hearing the fire.
Smelling the gasses.
It's everything I want to not talk about.
But I always remember.
What I did.
I fought.
Survived.
And I'm here.
On this earth.
Considered a hero.
And I'm thankful.

The Salvos

By: Leighann Fitch

**Waking up under the slushing sea and
crackling pipes is easy enough.**

**Nothing like the summer time with the
bumble bees.**

Over me lay navy blue fabrics.

**The angry mob waiting above us calling
fire,**

is slowly destroying me.

So many pressure plates,

**and switches that seem to be
malfunctioning**

do not make battle better.

The red lights storming above call

to our attention to fire... until the end.

I was crossing the unforgettable and uncharted forests.

Many of us lay still and are unable to move or function.

For they traveled somewhere away from the salvos.

**They charged...we barged back
...they slaughtered...**

**while we remembered our families,
our eyes watered.**

Deep in that forest

...fighting for the flag. They killed...

we came back more skilled...

**they destroyed... we fought against what they
deployed.**

The planes in the clouds...burning around then down.

I woke up earlier that day, as many would.

Some unfortunate woke up to pain and misery.

Like myself, drafted I was. Drafted to fly and protect!

Little did I know what I was going to go through.

The beauty in flying took me away.

I didn't care any about my being.

I was selfish at the time and begged for my own plane.

Took off I did. With others I did. I shot at them, they shot at us.

**The blades caught on heat. I jumped out...
my plane went down in vain deep in the
Everglades.**

Thinking I was done for...

**I realized I was a fortunate person to wake up the
next day**

...away from the salvos.

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Flight: Reflection

We make waves

- Abington Gators
- Berwick Bulldogs
- Central Columbia Blue Jays
- CIC Sea Lions
- Danville Dolphins
- Fire Valley Water Moccasins
- Mountainview Aquatic Club
- Lake Guppies
- Sharks