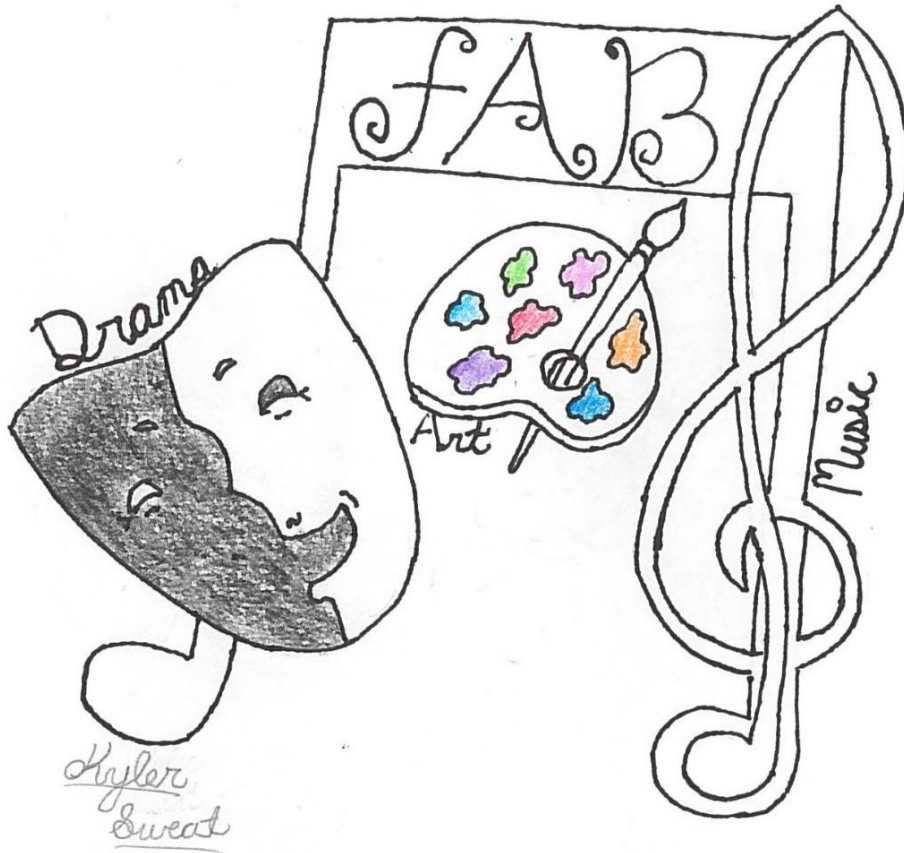


Fine Arts Blast



LITERARY BOOKLET

2021

Containing selected works by
students of

Pikes Peak Christian School

Table of Contents

Elementary Students

Haven Bold, 4 th Grade	18
Jet Browne, 4 th Grade	17
Benjamin Ryan Carville, 2 nd Grade	4
Kahlan Cormier, 4 th Grade	12
Devon Drummond, 4 th Grade	17
Olivia Farley, 4 th Grade	13
Erin Godwin, 4 th Grade	16
Malachi Green, 4 th Grade	19
Everett Johnsen, 2 nd Grade	6
Addison Landry, 4 th Grade	19
Tyler Lindgren, 4 th Grade	18
Eden Lopez, 4 th Grade	8
Todd Manzanares, 2 nd Grade	5
Tess Meyer, 4 th Grade	20
Emmett Murphy, 4 th Grade	17
Grayson Pappan, 4 th Grade	11
Brody Roberts, 4 th Grade	14
Macy Sigler, 4 th grade	10
Shannen Tolle, 4 th Grade	9
Josh Turonis, 4 th Grade	15
Abigail White, 4 th Grade	19
Anna Wood, 2 nd Grade	7

Middle School Students:

Jacob Alexander, 7 th Grade	24
Joshua Brinker, 7 th Grade	20
Jonathan Deis, 7 th Grade	25
Zepora Elliott, 7 th Grade	25
Owen Gsell, 7 th Grade	20, 21
Savannah Heath, 7 th Grade	24
Kaiden Johannsen, 7 th Grade	23

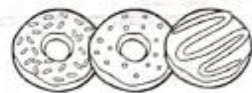
Avery Johnsen, 7 th Grade	21
Elijah Kirschman, 7 th Grade	23
Clarabelle Klein, 7 th Grade	26
Natalie Moore, 7 th Grade	21
Shaylen Star, 7 th Grade	20, 21
Troyce Stewart, 7 th Grade	26
Wyatt Walters, 7 th Grade	22
Brianna Watson, 7 th Grade	21
Jeremiah Wehner, 7 th Grade	21
Paul Whipple, 7 th Grade	22, 26

High School Students:

Althea Alvarez, Freshman	36
Samantha Baker, Freshman	34
Faith Cornell, Freshman	27, 28
Bailee Davis, Freshman	30
Mary Flores, Sophomore	29
Alex Gorrell, Freshman	30
Ryan Gsell, Freshman	31
Kevin Hankins, Freshman	32
Heidi Heisel, Sophomore	34, 40
Paige Malizzi, Freshman	32
Jack Moore, Freshman	33
Judah McDowell, Freshman	29, 34
Isabella Pritchard, Freshman	30
Trevor Roney, Freshman	27
Zachary Serrien, Freshman	35
Rebecca Thomas, Freshman	33
Emma Troyer, Junior	33
Harry Waddell, Freshman	31
Clay Walters, Freshman	27, 37
Grace Walters, Junior	33
Isaiah Wehner, Freshman	30



Design a Donut



by Benjamin Ryan Cullin

Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Cotton Blast!

What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple

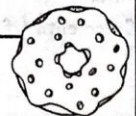
©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple

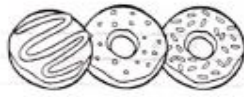
Page 14



Cotton blast!

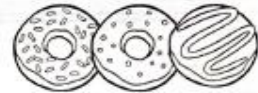
I think you should
 make my doughnut, the great
 Cotton blast! First, who
 doesn't like... Oreos, sprinkles and
 m and m's? Next, it looks delicious!
 Lastly, it looks good! As you
 can see, you will love it!





Design a Donut

by Todd manzanares

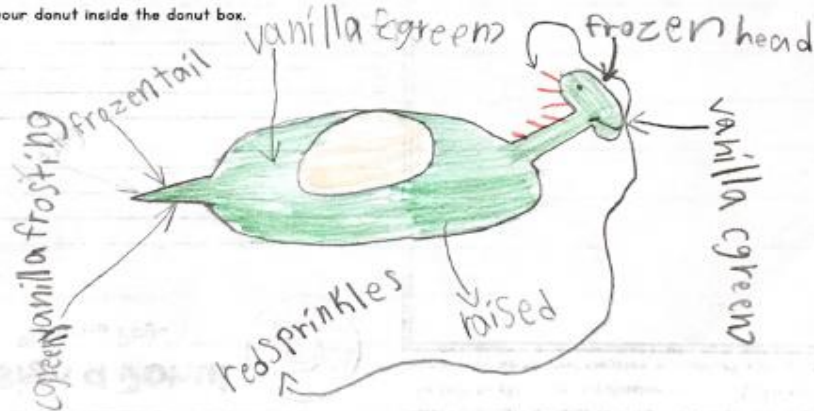


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Dino floaty

What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

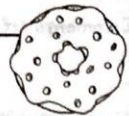


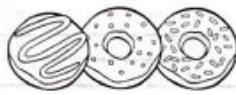
©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple



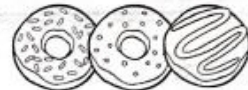
Dino floaty

Dino floaty is so creative and yummy. It would be the best donut ever. First, it reminds me of going to the pool. Next, lots of kids are going to love it. Lastly, it is going to be popular. Dino floaty is the best flavor.





Design a Donut



by Emily Johnson

Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

The Squid Scarer

What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

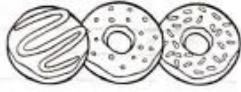
Draw your donut inside the donut box.

©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple



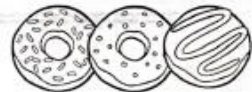
My donut the squid scarer should be the new feartured flavor. The first reason why my donut should be the new feartured flavor is because it will remind you of scuba diving. Another reason is because it will remind you of tasting smores. Lastly, I think my donut should be the new feartured flavor because it will remind you of floating in space. That is why my donut should be the new feartured flavor.





Design a Donut

by anna wood



Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Banana Split Magic

What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple



In my opinion my donut Banana Split Magic should be the featured flavor. The first reason is because it reminds me of the beach. Secondly, thinking of it makes my mouth water. Lastly I think my donut should be the featured flavor because it makes me happy!!!! That is why my donut should be the featured flavor!!!!



Eden
7-11-2021

Jellyfish by eden

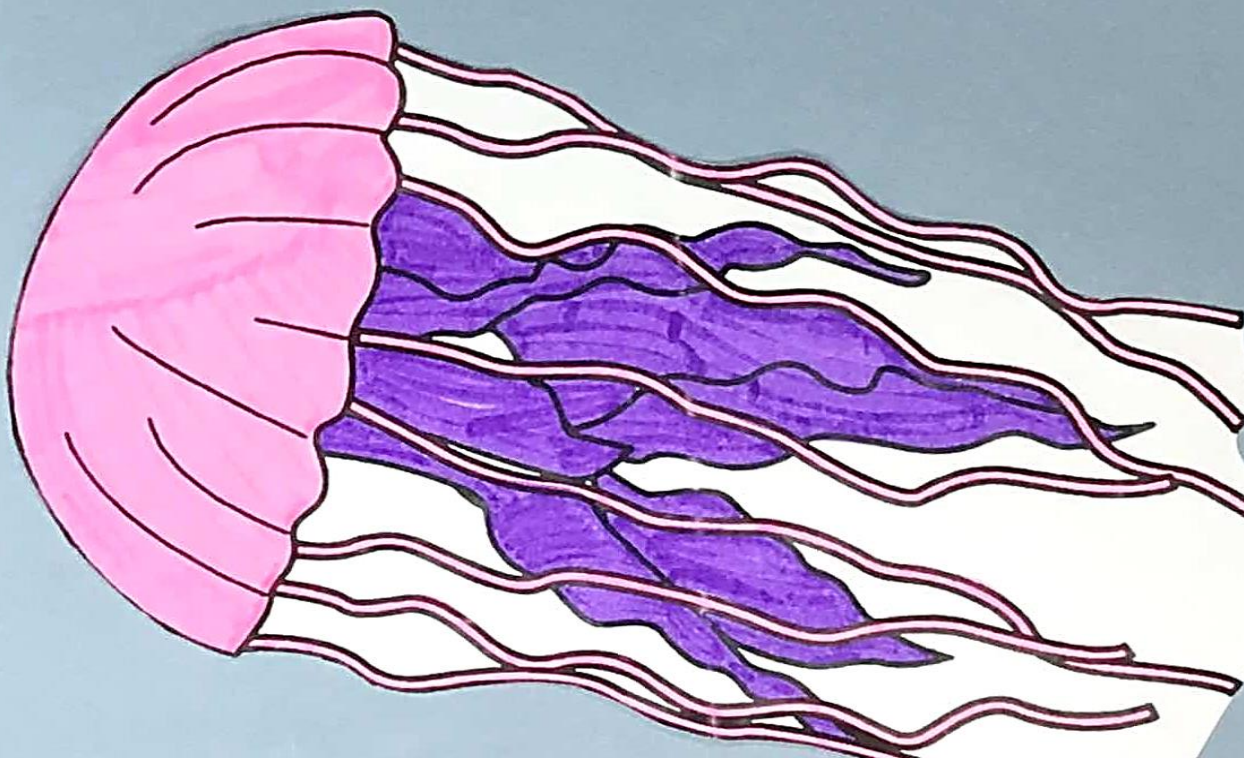
Since the ocean is big, there are a lot of sea creatures that are fascinating, but jellyfish are the most fascinating. The most interesting facts about jellyfish are its habitat, diet, and its abilities.

Initially, jellyfish have an unusual diet. They eat small fish, smaller jellyfish, and zooplankton. Jellyfish also eat plankton and tiny crustaceans.

In addition, the jellyfish's location or habitat is really interesting. Most jellyfish live in oceans, lakes, and seas. Some jellyfish live in the Northern Hemisphere and in cool waters.

Without question, the jellyfish has a lot of cool abilities. The jellyfish can hunt and inject venom to their predator. Most can glow in the dark and all jellyfish have muscles.

Wren't jellyfish just the most amazing sea creature? Their habitat, diet, and their abilities are the most interesting. Jellyfish are the most majestic,



Seahorses

By: Shannon

Since the ocean is beautiful, their are so many beautiful animals, but I think seahorses are the loveliest animals in the ocean. The seahorse have three things that I love their diet, family, and habitat.

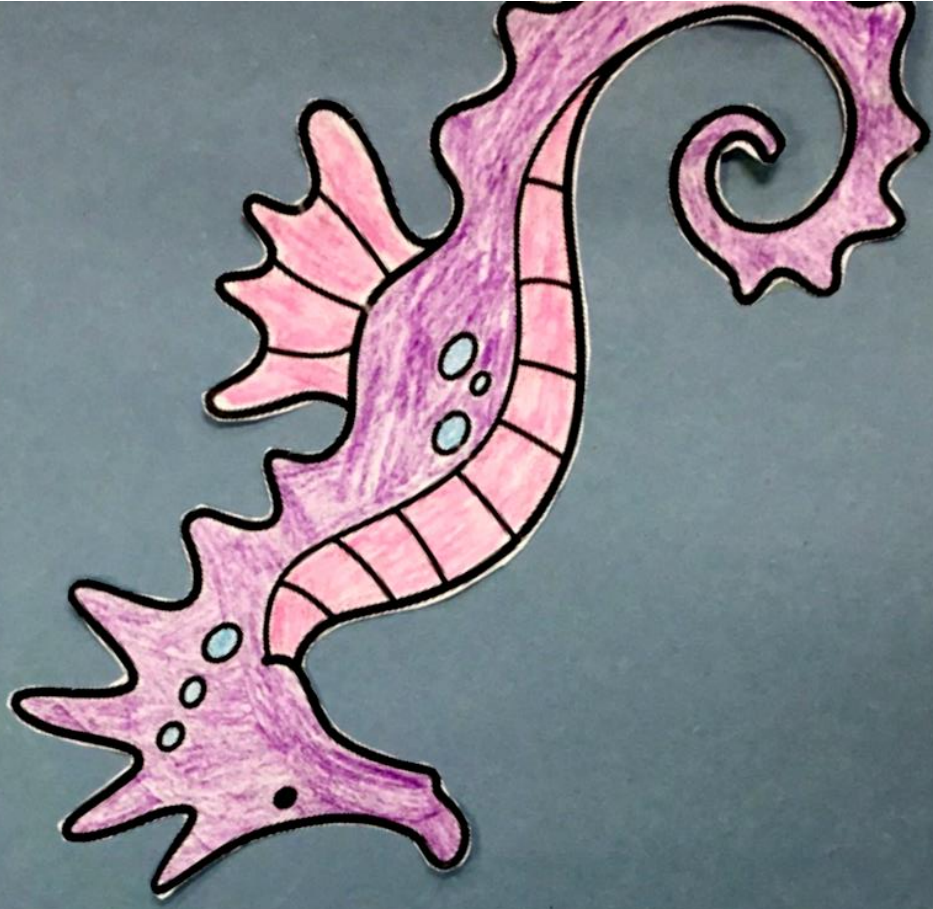
To begin with, the most important thing is their diet. Seahorses diet is baby fish and fish larvae. They also eat squid, shrimp, and shrimp.

Secondly, family is a very important thing. Different seahorses have 12 to 200 babies at a time. Did you know that seahorse babies are born from their father?

Last but not least, the most important thing is their habitat. Seahorses live in warm ocean waters that are not very deep. They also live in temperate and tropical waters. See

Seahorses are very cool and amazing. Seahorse diet, family and

habitat is very interesting...
Want it to be cool to
see seahorses in person



Sea Urchins Bry Macy

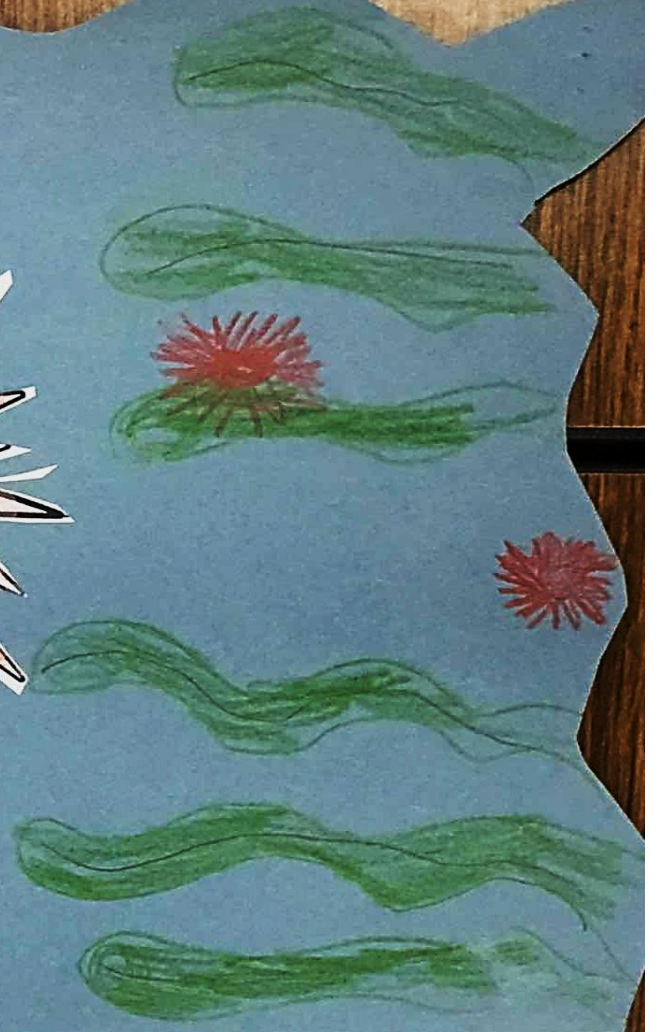
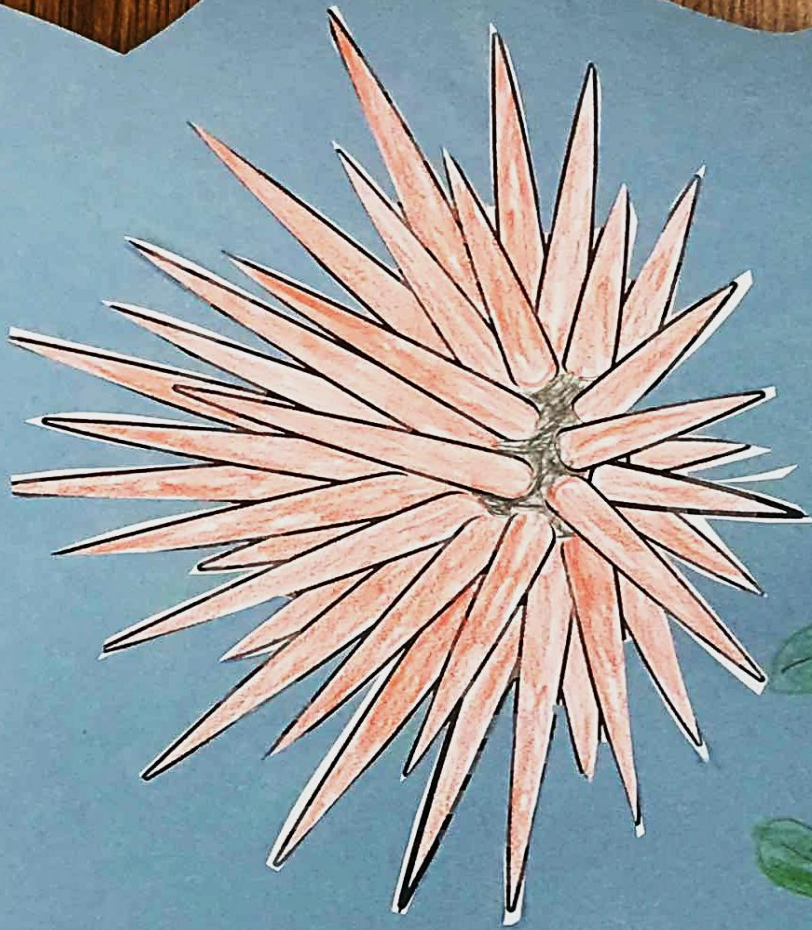
Even though there are a ton of wacky and weird sea creatures the sea urchin is the weirdest. A sea urchin's appearance, diet, and abilities are the weirdest.

First of all, sea urchins have a unusual appearance. Sea urchins have no brains! Also sea urchins have only five teeth!!?

Second of all, a sea urchin diet is very lumpy. Some adult sea urchins eat little bits of food in the water such as seaweed or plankton. Others eat sea cucumbers and brittle stars.

Last but not least, a sea urchin's abilities are so cool. Sea urchins help keep the ocean balanced. Urchins have hundreds of tube feet that help the urchin walk.

Even though there are many creatures sea urchins are the most interesting! A sea urchin's appearance, diet, and abilities are cool. If you see the ocean remember watch out for sea urchins.



Sting Rays by Dawson

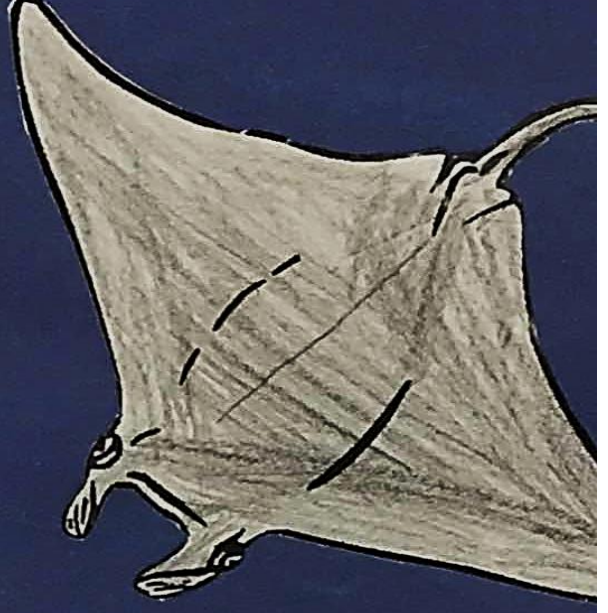
Since the present of the world is made of water, the creature I admire most is the sting ray. The sting ray is very fascinating.

First and foremost a sting ray diet is surprising. Their diet includes small fish, shrimp, worms and also eats mollusks, clams and crabs.

In addition to did you know a sting ray has over 10 species a sting ray live alone.

A very cool fact is sting rays are related to sharks. More over, I hope you think a sting rays habitat is very cool. warm tropical waters some live rivers also in the ocean.

Sting rays are cool. a sting rays diet, habitat and family is very cool. wouldn't you like to see a sting ray



Sea Dragon by Nathan

Since the ocean is so big there are many mysterious creatures but the sea dragon is the most mysterious. The sea dragon gets its habitat, diet, and body, are the most interesting facts to me.

At first the habitat of a sea dragon are very interesting they live on the coast of Australia and live in seaweed beds and rocky homes.

Next the sea dragons diet is shrimp, plankton, and larva and that's interesting?

Finally the sea dragons body the sea dragons body are that its colorful and fleshy with a pinky nose called a snout and it can grow about to 18 inches! Aren't sea dragons habitat diet body just so interesting?



2-11-21

Sea Horses, by Livie

Even though there are a lot of amazing sea creatures, sea horses are the most fascinating. Sea horses have a lot of fascinating facts about their appearance, family, and abilities.

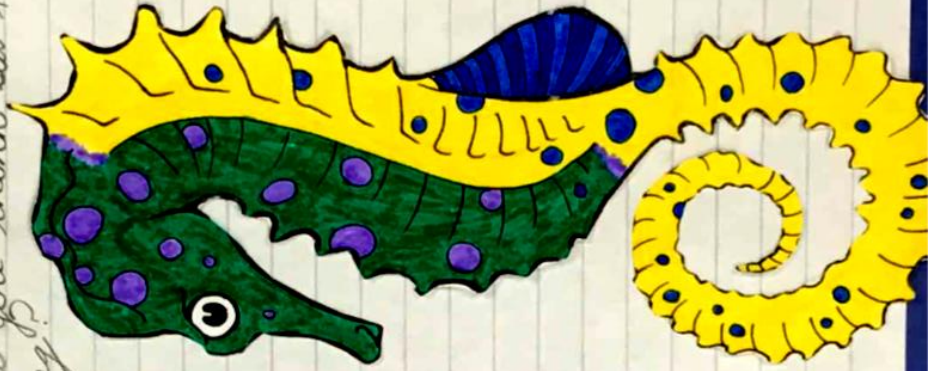
First, sea horses have a beautiful appearance. Sea horses have no stomach, teeth, or scales. They have a horse like appearance, and the look nothing like fish. Sea horses have tough skin, no tail fin, and they have a coral net on its head. Sea horses can also grow from 14 to 16 inches long.

Next, sea horses have interesting facts about their family. The babies are born from the father. Different sea horse species have 12 to 20 babies at a time!

Last of all, sea horses have amazing abilities. Sea horses make clicking sounds while they to communicate.

They can camouflage. Sea horses also change color under stress.

Sea horses are very fascinating. They have interesting facts about their appearance, family, and abilities. Don't you think sea horses are fascinating?



Sea dragons by Brody

Sea dragons are different than other fish. Sea dragons have cool habitats, diet, and body.

First, the diet of a sea dragon is cool because they eat shrimp, plankton, and larvae. Sea dragons eat 1,000 plankton per 24 hours.

Next, sea dragons have unique body styles. Sea dragons have a snout. They can grow to 14-18 inches.

Sea dragons have no teeth, and they have skin flaps.

Sea dragons live off of Southern California.

They live in warm waters (55-75°F).

Sea dragons live in shallow waters 25 meters (85 ft.). They live in sea

weeds, beds, and rocky shores.

Sea dragons are awesome. Their habitat, diet, and body is unique. Would it be cool if sea dragons lived in the U.S.A.?



Jellyfish by Gasha

2-11-2021

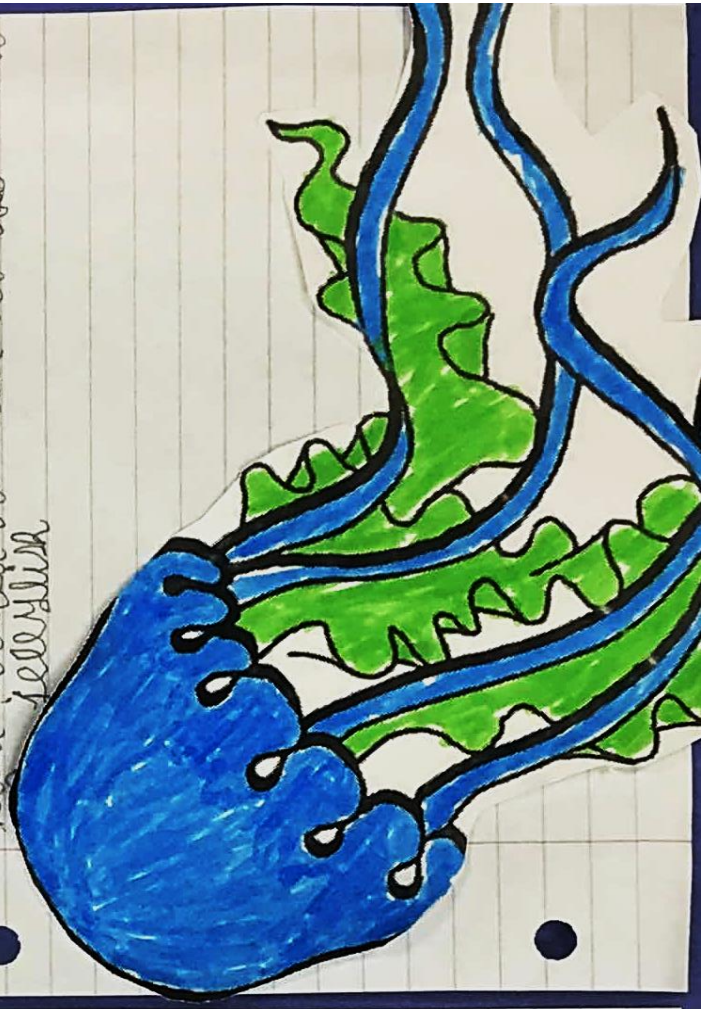
Even though there are many sea creatures in the ocean, jellyfish are the most interesting. Some there are so many facts like the appearance, a breathe, and diet.

First, the appearance of a jellyfish is cool. Some are small but some are big. Some are blue though and hard to see some have different colors. They're long and big.

Next, the jellyfish has lots of abilities that are interesting. Some jellyfish can glow, sting and swim. They can also hunt and infect venom.

last but certainly not least, the jellyfish has a cool wet. The jellyfish eat and he eats small fish and zooplankton. They can also eat other jellyfish that are smaller, ~~gosh...~~

Jellyfish are interesting. The appearance, abilities and diet are interesting. How would you feel if you saw a jellyfish?



Rays by Eim

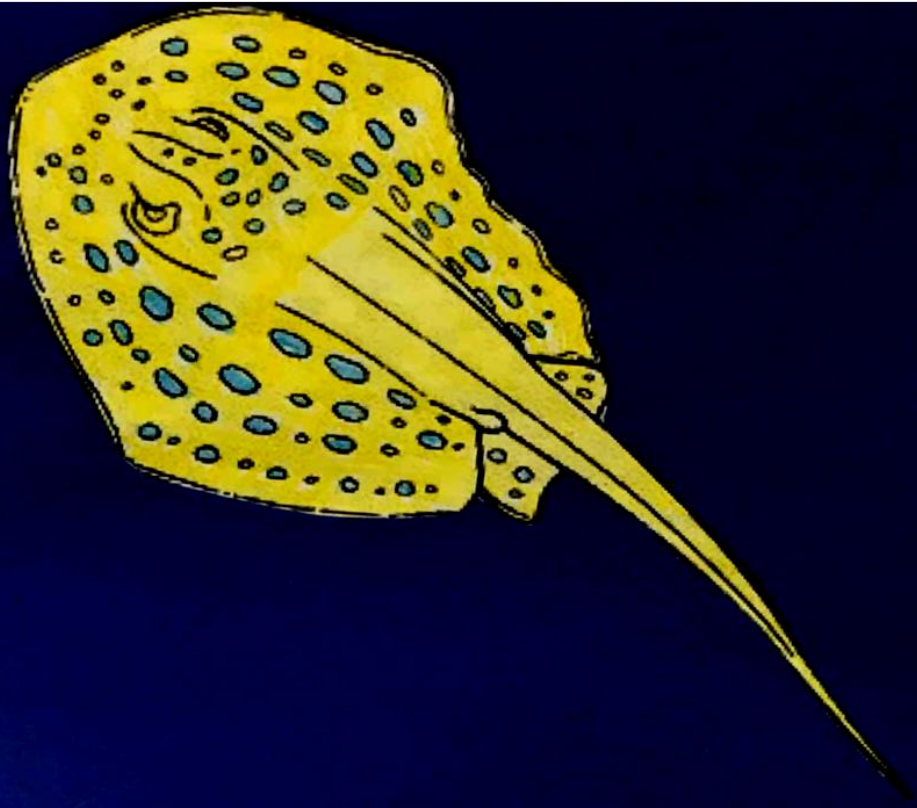
Although there are many interesting sea creatures including rays. The most interesting facts about rays are there family, abilities and diet.

First, the ray is an unusual creature but has many abilities. It has a venomous stinger to sting when their scared.

Second, the rays diet is very interesting. They eat clams and worms. They also eat mollusks and crabs.

Third, rays have very interesting families. Rays are related to sharks and have over 70 species in the world.

Even though there are many ocean creatures the ray is the third most interesting. Rays have interesting abilities, diets and families. Wouldn't you love to see a ray in person.



Fourth Grade Reports

Henry Ford

by Emmett Murphy

Have you ever wondered how your parents can afford a car? Well, without Henry Ford it probably wouldn't be possible. He was important, had great inventions, and made life better. His life events, inventions, and impact made him a great inventor.

Above all, Henry Ford had great life events. He was born in Dearborn, Michigan on July 30, 1862. He lived on a farm. He also liked to fix things, like his siblings' toys. When he saw a man driving one of the first cars, he knew what he wanted to do. For more than seven years, he worked for Thomas Edison. Later on in 1888, he married Clara Brayant. He started his own motor company.

Next, he had fabulous inventions. His first car was called the quadricycle. But before the first test drive, he had to tear down a wall so the car could fit through! It ran at 20 miles per hour.

Finally, Ford made great impacts in the world. His greatest impact was that he made the Model T less expensive. Henry also changed the way business manufacturing works. He also started the assembly line. His life events, inventions, and impact were outstanding. Without Ford, not that many people would be able to have cars. He was very important to the world.

Samuel Morse

by Jet Browne

Samuel Morse was an inventor and artist. His inventions and their impact changed the world.

Samuel Morse was born in Charleston, Massachusetts in 1761. He attended Yale College where he studied religious philosophy and mathematics. He married Lucretia Walker on September 29, 1818 in Concord, New Hampshire. Samuel Morse enjoyed painting very much and his interest in painting took him to England where he painted his masterpiece "The Dying Hercules."

When Morse returned by ship from Europe, he met Mr. Charles Jackson who explained electromagnetism to him. He used this idea to invent the electric telegraph. He came up with an idea to make communications possible over the telegraph and called it Morse code. On May 24, 1844, the first communication by telegraph was made. It read, "What hath God wrought?"

Samuel Morse's invention of the electric telegraph was important because it transmitted information faster. The military used Morse code to communicate information with their allies. Sadly, Samuel Morse died in New York City on April 2, 1872 at age 80.

Many modern forms of communication developed because of the inspiration of Samuel Morse's electric telegraph. His invention changed communication around the world.

Pony Express

by Devon Drummond

The Pony Express made life a lot better. The Pony Express carried mail, had lots of riders and places, and changed the world.

First, the Pony Express was a mail carrying business. It changed the U.S., even though it only lasted for 18 months.

Next, the Pony Express involved many riders and places. The Pony Express relay stations are little places where riders could switch horses and get more mail. These were in lots of places: frozen tundras, deserts, and grasslands. Some of the famous riders were: William Cody, who was the most famous and later nicknamed Buffalo Bill; Johnny Fry; and Robert "Pony Bob" Haslom.

Lastly, the Pony Express impacted the world. The Pony Express made mail much faster, because usually mail took 4 weeks, but the Pony Express made that only 10 days! Also, the Pony Express helped bring together the U.S. because the Pony Express even brought President Lincoln's Inaugural Address!

The Pony Express is awesome! The Pony Express carried mail, had many riders and places, and impacted the world. The Pony Express brought America together.

Andrew Carnegie

by Tyler Lindgren

Andrew Carnegie was an important man. His life events, big ideas, and impact made him important.

First, he had interesting life events. He was born in a tiny cottage in Scotland. Andrew Carnegie moved to America when he was twelve and died in 1919.

Second, he had good ideas. Andrew helped the steel industry quite a bit. Andrew made his first business in 1865.

Last, Andrew Carnegie impacted the world. He built libraries with his money. He also gave some of his money toward charities. He also helped make iron into steel and had some good ideas.

He was very important to the world. Andrew's life events, good ideas, and impact made this world a different place. Maybe you should read more about Andrew Carnegie.

Robert Fulton

by Haven Bold

Even though there were many great inventions and inventors, Robert Fulton was one of the best. His life events, inventions, and impact on the world were very important.

First, Robert Fulton had a ton of important life events. He was born on November 14, 1765, and died on February 4, 1815. A big impact on him was meeting Benjamin Franklin. His steamboat, the "Clermont" made its first every voyage on August 17, 1807.

Next, Robert Fulton's inventions were so incredible. He made the air gun in 1779. His biggest inventions were probably his submarine, and his biggest success the "Clermont."

Last, Robert Fulton made a great impact on people. When he build the "Clermont" that made it much easier to travel. His inventions were a huge impact.

Robert Fulton made the world a better place because of his hard work. His life events, inventions, and impact were incredible. Robert Fulton was a great inventor.

Thomas Edison

by Addie Landry

Even though there were a lot of brilliant inventors, I would choose Thomas Edison. The life events, inventions, and impacts of Thomas Edison were very important.

Thomas Edison had a lot of life events. He was born on February 11, 1847. He had a job at 13. He died in 1931. He got married on Christmas Day.

He had many inventions. His first invention was a voting machine. He made the telegraph and he made more than 1,000 things.

His impact was very important. The light bulb was also important because it helped millions of people. The voting machine helped people vote.

Without question, Thomas Edison, is the best inventor. He made lots and changed the world!

Robert Fulton

by Malachi Green

Robert Fulton was an important genius. He had an important life events, inventions, and impact.

First, he had a lot of impressive life events. Robert was born on November 14, 1765, and died on February 24, 1815. His father died in 1774. In April 1775, the American Revolution started.

Second, Robert had great inventions. He invented the steam boat. The steam boat was built from coal and burning wood. He also invented a submarine.

Lastly, Fulton made a huge impact. His steam boat carried people to New York in three days.

Robert Fulton made great inventions and he inspired people all over the world to do the same. He had an amazing life events, inventions, and impact. Robert is amazing. What do you think?

Samuel Morse

by Abigail White

Even though there were a lot of impressive guys, I like Samuel Morse the best. The life events, invention, and impact are important.

Primarily, Samuel Morse's life events are interesting. He was born on April 27, 1791 and he died on April 2, 1872, at the age of 81 he died. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. He had seven children and two wives. He was a devoted Christian. He didn't get a letter until after the funeral for his wife, which motivated him to make the telegraph. On May 24, 1844, he sent a famous message.

In addition, his invention is important. His invention used "clicks" to communicate. Telegraph lines were installed around North America. He made the Morse code. The telegraph made it quicker to communicate to people far away.

Last but not least, Samuel Morse made a big impact. He could send messages from England to the U.S. and from the U.S. to around the world. He wanted it to be faster to communicate.

As you can see, Samuel Morse had a big impact on the whole world by making communication faster. His life events, invention, and impact were interesting to learn about. I liked learning about Samuel Morse.

Alexander G. Bell

by Tess Meyer

Since Alexander G. Bell was an inventor, we now have telephones. The life events, inventions, and impact of Alexander G. Bell are important and amazing.

First, the life events are an interesting part about Alexander G. Bell. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1847 and died in 1922. Bell was good at piano, music, and science. He was a teacher to help the deaf speak.

Next, the inventions are the most amazing part. Alexander G. Bell invented his first invention when he was twelve! He invented the first telephone, and his words on the phone were, "Mr. Watson, come here I need you."

Last, the impact of Alexander G. Bell changed the world. He changed how we communicate faster today. Bell's inventions changed wars too.

Alexander G. Bell was amazing and a great inventor. His impact, life events, and inventions are the things you want to learn about Alexander G. Bell. Having inventors changes the world.

Middle School

Love

by Joshua Brinker

Love is pink
It smells like a freshly picked bouquet of roses
It tastes like the sweetest cake
It sound like birds chirping in a silent forest
It feels like silk
It looks like a sunset over a field of roses
Love is a big warm blanket

Hate

By Owen Gsell

Hate is black.
It smells like vinegar.
It tastes like burnt steak.
It sounds like nails on a chalkboard.
It feels like burning.
It looks like a raven.
Hate is a tsunami destroying everything in its path.

Never too Happy

by Shaylen Starr

Happiness is yellow.
It smells like flowers.
It tastes like juicy blueberries.
It sounds like a flute, so calming,
It feels like a soft blanket.
It looks like a bright rainbow.
Happiness is swinging on the swing set.

Haiku

Snow

By: Avery Johnsen

Snow falls gently down.
Little white dancers gliding.
Performing with grace.

Crashing Serenity

By: Avery Johnsen

Blue angry waves beat.
A sudden change in the tide.
All is still again.

Silent Mist

By: Avery Johnsen

Comes washing over,
like a thief in the nighttime.
Covers the city.

Rainbows

by Jeremiah Wehner

The forest is green.
It is colorful with brown.
The forest is real.

Snow

By Owen Gsell

Falling from the clouds.
Gently landing on the roofs.
Powder from the sky.

Fog

By Owen Gsell

Creeps fast and quiet.
Engulfs all that's in its way.
Watch out, don't get caught.

Cold

By Owen Gsell

Frosty in the air.
So cold you can see your breath.
Snowing everywhere.

Cupcakes

By Brianna Watson

Cupcakes bring me joy.
They sweeten the day with love.
Give me a cupcake.

The River

By Natalie Moore

River rushing down,
Running through the rocks and trees.
Feelings flow through me.

The Storm

By Natalie Moore

Look up to the sky-
See the gray clouds swirling there.
It's a thunderstorm.

Clouds

by Shaylen Starr

Clouds are not happy.
They're pushed around by the wind.
It controls their lives.

Grass

by Shaylen Starr

Grass gets hurt by us.
We've always cut its hair.
And gets stomped hard on!

Snow

By Owen Gsell

Falling from the clouds.
Gently landing on the roofs.
Powder from the sky.

Fog

By Owen Gsell

Creeps fast and quiet.
Engulfs all that's in its way.
Watch out, don't get caught

Free Verse

The Tree by the Lake

By: Paul Whipple

O' tree by the lake
You are life's key
O' tree by the lake
May you please accept me
O' tree by the lake
You will always have won
O' tree by the lake
Your spell can never be undone
O' tree by the lake
Accept me into your realm
O' tree by the lake
Cause you are like the helm
O' tree by the lake
I ask you for forgiveness
O' tree by the lake
My sin is like a sickness
O' tree by the lake
You healed a bunch of men
O' tree by the lake
You would do it again
O' tree by the lake
For I am just a sheep
O' tree by the lake
still you guide me while I sleep
O' tree by the lake
Your words are like a song
O' tree by the lake
Still Your words are never wrong
O' tree by the lake
Thank you for guiding me through
O' tree by the lake
Thank you for everything you do.

Couplets

Whispering Water

by Wyatt Walters

Water always speaks bold,
and its heart is always cold.

It always babbles,
and loves to be drabble.

It gossips to its heart's content.
Sometimes it comes from the sky to ruin your tent.

The water is sweet,
and is always a treat.

It encourages and grows.
Under the night sky it glows.

Sometimes it leaks out of your face.
While never leaving a trace.

Water beautifies all of this land,
isn't it wonderful and grand?

Green rainbows

By Kaiden Johannsen

Clovers big and small lime green.
Things like green beans.

Papers green and blue .
King's robes that are glittering green.

Emeralds green and bright.
The dark green arrows pointing right.

Trout with green scaly skin shining.
Green leaves changing color and growing.

Boys wearing green shirts.
Little green duck that skirts.

Beautiful girls wearing green dresses.
And a humble peasant thanking you.

Overall, light green is my favorite color.

The Wheel of Seasons

By Elijah Kirschman

*As time passes, so does each season,
Nature gives beauty without any reason.*

*After winter, the flowers burst out like springs.
And birds fly back to rest their tired wings.*

*When summer takes its turn, it becomes very hot.
Creatures look for shade, even a spot.*

*It gets colder and windier when it turns to fall.
The leaves drop down, but the trees still stand tall.*

As winter comes, the wind starts to blow,
And everything, everywhere is covered in snow.

Each season changes just like a wheel.
I love them all and how they make me feel.

Winter Evening

By Savannah Heath

Red colors the cardinals in the middle of flight.
Orange in the sunset makes it a pretty sight.

Yellow dandelions aren't hard to pursue.
Green leaves quake with a breeze passing through.

Blue is best for the streams and sky.
Indigo is the color of an eye.

Purple irises bloom by the creek.
Pink roses bloom but are pretty meek.

Black makes the outlines clearer to see.
White are the areas that are colored for free.

Gold shimmers and gleams in the light.
Silver though duller shines just as bright.

The colors never seem to be enough,
Coloring a picture can be quite tough.

School Classes

By Jacob Alexander

First comes history, and it's a bore,
Cause we read more and more.

Then comes science, it's kinda fun,
But dissecting is not for everyone.

We also have a class called spanish,
Which I think the school should banish.

And next is the worst.
It is math, and it's a curse.

After that there's english, which will put you to sleep.
And once you wake up, a pink slip will make you weep.

Overall, school is pretty bad.
But some people think it's rad.

Narrative Poem

Moses

By Zepora Elliott

Moses was born in a really tough time.
Jealousy lurched from far and wide.
Moses grew up in an Egyptian palace, and discovered the truth about his Hebrew birth line.
The truth made Moses feel deceived and took away his contented pride.

Running away was his choice, to relieve the stress in his heart.
Wandering the desert really made him weary.
Soon water was found and a wife too, things he never wanted to depart.
So, life continued as a shepherd, which took a lot of time, in theory.

Guiding his sheep as he goes, Moses is called out by the Lord.
He's told to deliver his people out of slavery.
While trying to set his people free, Moses is continuously ignored.
Praying to God, Moses seeks guidance, strength, and bravery.

Moses' faith in God grows, as well as his relation.
Freedom is all Moses wants for his people, but Pharaoh disagrees.
Change of mind needs to be made, or he'll be in a bigger situation.
The power of God is shown through plagues, yet Pharaoh still is not pleased.

The biggest plaque now comes, the death of the first born son.
Pharaoh's decision is changed and Moses' people are finally set free.
Then it was an awful time, and it was not fun.
But the Israelites now suffer no pain, and have a lot of glee.

Quatrain

My Books

By Jonathan Deis

These are my books,
I read them with lust,
I reread them a bunch,
Or they sit on the shelf gathering dust.

These are my books,
They tell of fantasies and all,
And of mysteries, and adventures too,
And I read them spring to fall,

These are my books,
I greet them with yeas and nays,
Or I sit against the wall,
And read them for days.

These are my books,
They sit on my shelves,
Pleading me to read on,
About the stories of elves.

My PC

By Troyce Stewart

This is my pc
It is shiny and bright
I'll play all day
It blinds my eyes of light

This is my pc
Its crowded with files
It has many colors
Sometimes filled with lies

This is my pc
I don't know what to do
It is too much for me
The screen is light as blue

My Books

By Clarabelle Klein

These are my books.
All of them are mysteries.
I am constantly reading them,
And the cops always have the victories.

These are my books.
Some of them are fairy tales.
Written in the past,
And not all of them are fails.

These are my books.
A few are for school.
They cost a lot to replace,
And sometimes I want to chuck them in the pool.

Grinding Gears

By Paul Whipple

Oh how they grind.
Shiny metal gears.
Flashes and sparks.
Pounding my ears.

Oh how they grind.
Roughing up the metal.
Scratching and scratching.
Until they finally settle.

Oh how they grind.
Falling apart ruthlessly.
Ending broke and dead.
Almost..... uselessly.

High School Poetry

Poetry

by Faith Cornell

Poetry is an interesting concept.
Where you have to follow many rules.
You also have many tools.
But at times, it can be difficult.

You can have fun with poetry it seems,
Write about anything you desire.
From little dogs to a golden shire.
And to many, poetry is interesting.

People have different ideas about poetry.
Some think it's great.
But most haters will hate.
And some people just don't care.

I Am Poem

by Clay Walters

I'm like an atomic bomb
But the switch flips off and on
My mood is like dogs to cats
I'm like a hunter following tracks
I confront my truths
but i hope they won't be calling me back
My conscious is a war zone
I listen to the muffled voices through the wall 'cause the door's closed
My mind's an Astronaut in space walk
But I reside in the cockpit before takeoff
Life's like a game of eight ball
Enjoy the high stakes but if I lose then I hate y'all
The calmer nights are ocean sides
But harder days are over the top like open rides
It's like the train before the train tracks
Your minds behind but life's asap
You have to work for the things that you think that your fate lacks.

Basketball

by Trevor Roney

Basketball is just like an art,
Shooting a basketball is an artist stroking a brush,
Fast breaks give a one of a kind rush,
The tall trees that guard the paint can be scary,
So can shooting a free throw with everyone staring,
Bang! As the ball hits the rim,
The silence is almost deafening,
The missed shot made the world stop,
Only time for one more shot,
Swish! They won with no time on the clock!

I Am Poem

by Faith Cornell

My anger can be like a flame.
One minute my anger is burning.
But it will not last.
And one day, it disappears over time.

I am like paint.
Whatever you add stays.
Whether it be pretty.
Or messy.

When calm, I am like a still bird on a branch.
A bird standing still is my feeling.
Like nothing can move me.
But it will not stay forever.

I am like a waterfall when I cry.
When crying, it just comes.
It seems like it doesn't stop.
But there is an end to it.

If I'm happy, I can be like the sun.
I can feel great and bright.
But sometimes the sun goes down.
And so does the happiness

I am like the weather .
It is always changing.
And I am also.
For thousands of years.

I am like a blank piece of paper.
New things will always be added.
It can be messy with mistakes.
But new cleaner bits will be added.

I can also be like a pencil
I can always add new things.
At first, it is easy to do things.
But as time goes, it gets harder.

I'm like a lightbulb.
I can be all bright and happy.
And at times, it will not shine bright.
But as time goes, it burns out.

My life can be like a game.
You never know what obstacles will come.
Or what will happen if you choose a certain path.
And every game has an end.

Acrostic

by Mary Flores

For the first time,
All my thoughts had disappeared,
Known for sadness.
Ever heard of a smile?
As I walk down the crowded halls,
So many people laugh.
My head spins,
In a split second,
Love fills my heart and in the
End I build up the courage to

FAKE A SMILE.

Acrostic About Jesus

by Judah McDowell

Just and Kind. He can do
Everything. His name is
Sacred. He died for
Us. In his arms I feel
Safe. He
Cares for us. Not like Satan who
Hates God and us. He says we will
Reap what we sow whether that
Is good or bad. He is my
Rock and my
Salvation. In him, Do I
Trust

I Hate Saying Goodbye

By Bailee Davis

I hate to say goodbye
It make makes me want to cry
I've had to say goodbye thousands of times
But saying goodbye to you, was like committing a crime

My dad drove me down to say hi
To some horses that lived nearby
I got out of the car and met your owner in the high daytime

She led me to your pen where I saw your sweet face and anime eyes
And when I touched your soft fur for the first time, I heart shot out of my chest and into the sky
After that, you became my soul's eyes
You felt what I felt every time
When I was sad, happy, or afraid, you would say hi
And that loving feeling made my heart fly

However, when I got the news that you were leaving
I tried to deny
That the news hurt me like a Pistol's fire
And I wasn't ready for this, freeing life to die
And when the day came for my to say goodbye
All I could do was look back at your sweet face one... last... time.

Fall

By Isaiah Wehner

The leaves fall on me
I gather the bright red leafs
I jump in the leaves

Haiku

by Isabella Pritchard

The wind is blowing
The enchanted forest is
Into the unknown

Idols

by Alex Gorrell

This amazing day is due to God,
Many of us call him a fraud.
Most go to the god of Gomorrah and Saud.
We mock God, we poke and we proud.
No idol is holy, so without God we are holey.
We are forced to do what the oppressors say.
I am forced to stick around and stay.
How could this happen? God be merciful.
Please help us for you are so beautiful.
Lord send a judge to redeem.
So the land of Israel shall stay clean.
We have been saved by God so pure.

Frozen by Harry waddeLL

in ^{Just}
winter
crystalcovered waves of
Dirt

childrensledging **from** A
sumMit
going
gnioG
swooping through
THE

AIR
Cold
Colder
freezingfrosted Numbingly
air

childrenSledding sled
crunching
wonS
under planksofsled

Winter poem
by Ryan Gsell

inJust
W
I
N
T
E
R
Torcher
Falling from the sky, but good,
And Not Torcher
At The
Same Time A
Snow day Would
Make Up For
The ShovelWalk
How I Love
W
i
N
t
E
r

Church

by Page Malizzi

Wake up under fluffy covers.
Get up and stumble down the stairs.
Plop on the couch.
Grab a tiny remote.
Click to vivid show.
Crunch on surgery cereal.
Get up and trample back up the stairs.
Stare at colorful blobs of clothes.
Squeeze into a blue dress.
Struggle to put on fancy shoes.
Dance to the bouncy music.
Walk to the bathroom.
Grab purple brush and wrestle with crazy knots.
Grab a bristly toothbrush.
Scrub teeth with fresh toothpaste.
Clean face with wet wipe.
Run out the door with purse,
Tumbling into the car.
To worship God.

The Mile Marathon

By: Kevin Hankins

As I first heard the sound of that gun
I picked up my legs as fast as lightning and started to sprint
I looked ahead at the track I had to run
I realized this could be hard, especially with that deadly sun

It hurt my vision and tired me quicker than ever
I tried to push on with all my strength.
It was going to be tough; I felt ready to die
It was a mile run, but what an incredible length

I made it to the second lap when things were doing all right
I was pushing towards the front of the line
By the third lap I got a lot slower
I still kept my position, so the others must have felt it too with that sun and its bright shine

I pushed toward the very front of the line by the fourth lap
When I saw the finish was coming up soon
I pushed, pushed, and pushed till I had no more strength left
I had won, and boy was that a good and bad afternoon

Car Crash

by Rebecca Thomas

The crazy cars drove down the road.
Turning and twisting on the street.
Going down the like a cheetah chasing its prey.
You can hear the tires screeching on the street.
Then all of a sudden.....BOOM!
The red car rolled down the road
The car was totaled and there was a pile up.
Then there was a bright light and he was gone.

Quesadillas are for QuesaMe-llas

by Jack Moore

An underrated food is quesadillas
You make them with cheese and tortillas
You melt the cheese
You make them with ease
They're one of humanity's greatest ideas

Rose, a Sonnet

by Grace Walters

Basket in hand, you set off on your trip
To meet her at the rendezvous spot.
Nervous with joy, you step with a skip
Because you're meeting at ten on the dot.
Review the things you packed in the basket,
Breeze ruffling your hair with a blow.
If it's cold I'll simply give her my jacket.
Ah, here we are—the patch by the willow.
It's dotted with flowers and smells like sweets.
"It's perfect," you think, as you wait for she
Whose smile makes your heart skip a beat.
You wait on the blanket, filled up with glee.
At last! There she is, so pretty she glows.
You're sweet-hearted, beautiful girl named Rose.

Life is a Metaphor

by Emma Troyer

Life is a board game.
You never know if you get to move 3 steps forward,
Or have to stay where you are.
Sometimes you come across cheaters,
And other times you meet your best friend.
The only thing is,
There isn't a winner, but
The prizes vary.

Sleeping Soundly

by Judah McDowell

Some nights when I try to sleep,
I lay in my bed trying to drift away
Trying to get to my dreams,
So I try counting sheep

When I finally drift off
I dream of the things I can't really do
I fly around seeing all of the sights,
Touching the clouds that are so so soft.

This goes on for a while
But after a long night of dreams
The last one goes by,
And I wake up with a smile

Cake Poem

by Samantha Baker

Cake is fluffy and sweet
At the bakery I eat
Kate my friend I go with
Eating cake on the fifth

My favorite flavor is chocolate
Sometimes too much makes me sick
Cherries or sprinkles, doesn't matter
I just love chocolate batter

Soft, moist and warm
Just can't keep calm
Oozing gooey chocolate
One can't hate

Poetry (Villanelle)

by Heidi Heisel

Poetry will be the very death of me.
Every time I shed a tear.
It will never let me be.

It feels like I'm jumping into a dark sea.
It grips me with a great fear.
Poetry will be the very death of me

I sit in my class and pray a silent plea.
I dread this day every year.
It will never let me be.

It always feels like a cup of poisoned tea.
It cuts through me sharp and sheer.
Poetry will be the very death of me

Shrinking in a dark corner, I hug my knee.
I put my hands to my ear.
It will never let me be.

Contemplating my life choices I do see.
The grey lines of my great fear.
Poetry will be the very death of me
It will never let me be.

On the Other Side

by Zachary Serrien

This road is very long and curvy
Many have tried to go down it
No one has gotten to the other side
Without running back
Completely terrified

For there are monsters of all kinds
Horrors beyond our wildest dreams
And they are waiting there
Ready to scare every passerby
Who goes on the other side

On the other side
Of this long and curvy road,
There is a great throne
Three miles high
Made from thorns
And covered in ash

This throne is no seat
For any kind of royalty
But for a figure
Standing three miles high
Who leads people over
To the other side

It lures them in with its curious form
And when the time is right
It sends its minions
To scare these passerby's
All for a good laugh

No matter the time
No matter what you see
Don't go down this long and curvy road
For what lurks on the other side
Is no joke
It always sits there waiting
Just to give you the scare of your life

Little Lamb

by Athena Alvarez

I walked into the water-soaked cardboard box to find a little lamb blinded by his horns. He was rocking back and forth, softly humming and exclaiming how he missed his Mary. His white fur was stained brown with filth. I tried to creep past him, but he almost immediately heard me, as if he were expecting someone.

"Mary, you're home! Oh, my Mary, how I've missed you!"

"I'm not Mary, little lamb. Who is your mary?"

"Oh, my precious sweet Mary! Where have you been all this time? You told me you would take me everywhere with you! Oh, Mary, my Mary, why can't I see you?"

"I'm a ghost; that's why you can't see me."

"No! No! Mary, you are not a ghost! Come closer! I have missed you!"

The lamb tried to stand and come closer, but his weak legs gave in. The box had been here for a while. Almost hidden and abandoned. Mary never wanted to see this lamb again. On the look of the box, there were dozens of bonnets and blankets. Maybe the lamb was abandoned.

"Mary! Where were you during the war? The wretched bombs filled the air and disturbed my sleep, Mary. Your garden was destroyed, but I bravely saved our carrots. look there right here!"

I come closer to the left side of this little lamb. I see that the carrots are not carrots at all, but they're sticks of dynamite. The sad, poor little lamb has been consuming these sticks of death for lord knows how long. I know I must rescue this poor lamb, but what if it's too late.

"My sweet lamb, these are not carrots at all! There sticks of destruction and filled with sand. Throw them out, and I'll get you real carrots and plant a new garden with you. What war are you speaking of lamb? There's been no war for years."

"Oh Mary! This war right now. Don't you hear the booms outside our house? Thank goodness for our perfect hiding spot keeping us so safe Mary!"

As soon as the lamb stopped talking I heard the noise. The bombs are raining down and crashing everywhere but on the box. There's rain and yelling and stopping on the ground. The boxes shake and shiver with instability. I have to have a plan and help the lamb see. If he sees, maybe, I can take him to safety and stop the war in his mind.

"Lamb, if I leave, will you come with me? The war is over, and we are free to go. Please, little lamb, join me."

“Mary you mustn't leave!”

His screams are hysterical and full of fear. The more upset he gets, the more I think the box is going to fall apart. I need to grab this sheep and run out. To show him he is safe.

“Lamb, don't you see there's no war. The horns in your eyes have made you blind to all reality.”

“I've never heard of the horn; there's no such thing! I cannot see because they bombed the moon. There's no light to guide us, so I hid here.”

I couldn't bear this any longer. I grabbed the sheep and started to run. The tunnel of clothes seemed never-ending and started to get hot. The sound of explosions got louder and louder as we got closer to leaving. Little lamb was kicking and screaming scared to leave. After days of running we finally see light. Dashing and running faster than ever before, we go towards the light. The crashes and bangs get louder and louder I cannot even hear myself think. As we exit, a loud crash and an irritating light greet us. The empty green field awaits us.

“Oh, Mary! Mary, I can finally see again!”

I looked over to the little lamb and he is as white as fresh snow and the horns have disappeared. The poor lamb was blinded by his own fear.

Sewer Boys

by Clay Walters

There once was a boy named Michael. He lived in London in 1965 and went to a school he felt was useless and lived in an orphanage that he hated. Some days he felt ostracized for not having a family and some days he just wished he was free from the strict rules of the Orphanage. But one day all of this changed and he went on the adventure of a lifetime.

As Michael walked back to the Orphanage from school, things were exactly as they had been everyday. The barking dog in Mr. Dan's disheveled backyard and old Mrs. Waterson feeding the birds on her bench. He hated the thought of going back to the orphanage. The building was in absolutely terrible condition. Rats had made homes in the walls and so had the ants, and oftentimes the Mistress would take the money saved for the Orphanage and buy expensive wine. He walked down a couple more blocks and started down an alleyway between two large apartment complexes. But, as he walked down the alley he froze. He was standing on top of a long sewer grate that stretched across the alley and he thought that he had heard somebody talking. He heard quick moving steps beneath him, so he followed what he heard. All of a sudden, the footsteps stopped. He knelt down and said timidly into the darkness, “Hello?” Nothing. He was a very curious boy so he tapped into his inner desire for adventure and opened the sewer grate and hopped into the darkness. He repeatedly said “hello?”, and felt around the walls. As his eyes adjusted, he saw a young boy probably about five years old curled up against the wall. His clothes were so dirty that he basically blended into the wall.

“I can see you,” said Michael. The young boy stood up. His face was emaciated and just as dirty as his clothes. This would seem egregious to Michael, but in the truculent way he was taken care of at the Orphanage this scene was almost familiar. “Hello, I'm Michael what's your name?” “Levi,” the boy said hesitantly. Michael asked “Why are you down here all alone?” “I live down here with my big brothers,” said Levi innocently. “Your parents as well,” asked Michael? “I haven't got any parents.” Michael replied, “Really? Well neither do I. I live in the Orphanage down the street.” Levi's eyes widened, “You live there?! My brothers used to live there. They told me it was a horrible place that was ruled by a wicked witch!” “Well, she is truly a horrid woman, but she isn't a witch,” said Michael. “Why do you live down here instead of the Orphanage? I mean, you look starved and the food isn't high quality, but there is plenty of it,” Michael stated concerningly. He said, “Well my brothers tell me it's because of the witch, but

some nights when I can't sleep I overhear them saying that it's because of the freedom they have." It was getting dark and the boy said, "You should live with us! You would be my new brother!" But as the obdurate boy that Michael was, he smiled and said, "I'm sorry Levi, but I can't take up your offer. I can't just leave the only life I've ever known." "But we did," said Levi. Levi continued and said "Well, if you ever want to, just follow the string." Michael looked to the grimy floor of the sewer and saw a red string. They said goodbye and Michael went back to the Orphanage.

As Michael laid in his bed that night with his snoring roommates, he wondered if things would be better with the boys in the sewer. Levi looked starved, but he was free from all of the rules of the orphanage and occasionally, Michael would spend the night hungry so it couldn't be all bad. But, he couldn't just leave the life he had always known. Could he? He slid out of the top of the bunk bed and quietly onto the floor. He tiptoed down the stairs, past the oscillating clock, and past the closet door. Through the door he heard the often recalcitrant boy, Lucas, snoring obnoxiously. He went and searched the junk drawer for a flashlight and found one. He opened the front door and slipped through undetected.

It was a very saturnine night, yet you could see the stars scintillating in the sky. He took a deep breath and started walking. He passed a languid drunk who was repeatedly saying, "Don't waste your life boy, don't waste your life." He started walking faster. After a couple minutes of walking he had reached the alleyway. He pulled open the creaking grate and jumped down onto the greasy floors of the sewer. He turned on his flashlight and saw the bright red string on the ground. He followed it straight down the tunnel, took a left and then took a right. He was walking straight again for a long time and almost gave up but then he heard the sound of voices. He took a left and then saw a big gate blocking the entrance. It almost looked like prison bars. There was a boy sitting behind the bars on a chair who looked half asleep. He said drunkenly, "Who are you? Identify yourself, newcomer!" But, before Michael could say anything Levi ran up to the bars and said excitedly, "You came, you came! Let me introduce you to everyone!" The gatekeeper was now asleep, so Levi just opened the gate himself.

As they turned the corner Michael saw a huge chamber at least one hundred feet high with at least fifty other orphaned boys living here. There were huge pipes that ran along the walls with ladders strapped to the sides of them and cutouts that looked like rooms. As they walked along the chamber there were large teepees and signs in front of them that had peoples names on them. Levi said, "Tonight there's a big bonfire going and that's where the rest of us are." "The rest of us," questioned Michael? Levi then led Michael into an elevator and he pressed the up button. They waited and then the door opened to behold another huge chamber and a bonfire with one hundred boys struggling to get close to it.

Levi said, "This is the food room. We cook all of our food up here because of the ventilation to the surface. The first of us learned that the hard way." "How long have you been down here," asked Michael? "Some of us have been down here for years, but I only came down here with my brother about six months ago," said Levi. "And where do you get all of this food from?" Levi said calmly, "We steal it." As they approached the back of the crowd Levi yelled, "Everybody! A new Orphan has joined us! This is Michael!" There was bedlam as they began welcoming him into the society of the sewer boys.

They made their way up front and Levi introduced him to what were called the tribe leaders. They each commanded a tribe that did their own special job to keep their society moving. There was a tribe leader named Mick, who led the pickpockets. They were the ones who would steal wallets, watches, and any kind of jewelry they could find. There was Arthur, who led the performers, who would dress as buffoons and do comedy shows or perform magic tricks for money. Harrison, who was a very hirsute boy, would steal meat from grocery stores and sell them at their makeshift butcher cart. There was George and his tribe, who sold the jewelry that the pickpockets stole. He was a very obsequious boy, who would continuously kowtow over Michael and then believe that anybody who didn't buy a watch from him was "of the highest impropriety." There were more tribes but Michael wanted to be in the safe cracking tribe. It was run by Jacob, who was the oldest of all of the sewer boys. The tribe's job was to go out into the night, sneak into a store or a wealthy person's property and crack open their safe and steal the money inside of it. This group only consisted of two people, who were Jacob and

Alex, and was only put into action for emergencies. To be in the tribe you had to be the fastest and strongest of everyone and Michael liked those odds because he had run track and played baseball all of his life. Towards the end of the night, they poured stolen wine, which felt almost like a libation to them, because it was tradition to do it every Friday.

As Michael was being shown to his new teepee, he noticed something he hadn't noticed before. There were cages made of wood in the corner of the chamber that contained some of the orphans. They looked hungry and penurious just like the others but they looked like they had got beaten up. "Who are they," Michael asked? The boy showing him to his teepee answered, "They are pariah, outcasts, they broke the rules of our society and they paid for it." "What'd they do," asked Michael? The boy said, "They told a non orphan about us." When they arrived at Michael's teepee, the boy said, "You might want to get some sleep. You have the test tomorrow." "The test," Michael asked concerningly? "You'll see," said the boy.

The next day Michael was woken up by Levi and taken to the tribal leaders. "Today you are going to take a series of tests to find out what tribe you will be initiated into. The first test is my personal favorite, the pickpocket test." Mick stood in front of Michael and said, "Now, try to take this wallet out of my pocket without me feeling it." He put the wallet into his back pocket. Michael started walking toward Mick and as he walked past him he plucked the wallet out of his back pocket. "Very good! That was definitely above average," said Mick enthusiastically. They went through more and more tests such as how fast he could run, how good he was at magic tricks, and how well he could convince someone into buying a product. At the end of the tests Mick said, "Wow you did extremely well on the physical tests, you definitely have the qualities of a safe cracker. Jacob, do you think he can run the test?" As the silent man Jacob was, he just nodded and Mick led Michael into a teepee that had a cluster of objects on the ground including tools, a safe, and a grappling hook and rope. Mick said, "Alright, starting now you have five minutes to crack that safe open using these tools." Michael sat down fast and got to work. After three minutes of failed attempts using tools he started to panic. He pressed his ear up to the safe and started moving the dial. He heard a click and moved on to the next dial. "Thirty seconds," said Mick. Michael continued to move the dial and heard another click. "Fifteen seconds," said Mick. He moved to the next dial. "Five, four, three, two.." Click. Michael had opened the safe.

Mick smiled, "Congratulations. You see that pipe over there?" Mick pointed to the big pipe with the cutout rooms. Michael nodded. "Take this grappling hook and climb it without using the ladder. If you can do this, then you are officially dubbed a safecracker." Michael was confident he could beat it. He'd been athletic all of his life, he just hoped he wouldn't slip. He swung the grappling hook and grappled onto the top cutout room. As he climbed higher and higher it got harder and harder. He started to sweat and his hands were starting to lose grip. He reached the top, but suddenly he lost his grip, but right as he slipped he made one huge leap and got his hands on to the edge of the cutout room. Mick was cheering and Jacob was smiling. Michael slid down the ladder and walked over to the others. "You barely made it," said Mick excitedly! "Now, we have a job for you."

"Recently, due to how much jewelry we've been stealing, less and less people wear expensive watches and necklaces, so tonight you, Jacob, and Alex are going to rob the mansion near the school," said Mick. "The one on 54th street," asked Michael? "Yes exactly," replied Mick. "But their dogs sleep outside, how are we going to get past them without them alerting the owners?" "Leave that to Harrison," said Mick with a sly smile.

Later that night, Michael, Jacob, and Alex crawled out of the sewers and started toward the mansion to meet with Harrison and some of the other butchers. When they arrived, Harrison pulled an odorous raw piece of meat out of his backpack and threw it over the fence. The dogs saw it and started fighting for it almost instantly. "Don't worry the owner's a deep sleeper," said Alex with a sly smile. Harrison went back into the sewer along with a few of the other butchers.

Michael pulled the grappling hook out of his backpack and threw it onto the balcony that overlooked the street. Once all of them reached the top, Alex picked the lock on the door and quietly stepped inside along with Jacob and Michael. They walked slowly down the hall and found the attic entrance in the roof. "There it is," whispered Jacob. Alex and Michael lowered the door extremely carefully while Jacob stood watch. After they lowered the ladder without making

a sound, Alex and Michael climbed toward the top slowly and steadily. Michael and Alex saw the safe and gave Jacob the all clear to close the attic door. "Remember, if something goes wrong, I'll tap on the walls," and he closed the door.

This was a much more advanced safe than Michael had cracked during the test. It had eight dials with one hundred numbers on each and a key hole at the bottom. After about five minutes, Michael had completed 8 of the dials when he heard Jacob tapping on the wall and saw a light turn on through the cracks of the attic door. He saw the owner go outside and see the meat the dogs were fighting over. He knew he had to act fast now. "He's coming back inside," whispered Alex frantically! There was only one dial left when they heard footsteps. The footsteps stopped right underneath them. "Open it," whispered Alex in a panic! "I'm trying!" The light was still on and they didn't hear the owner move. Sweat was dripping down their faces as Michael twisted the dial. He heard a click. "I got it! I got it! Pick the lock!" Alex used his lock picking tool and pulled open the safe. They had never seen this much money before. Stacks and stacks of one hundred dollar bills stacked neatly inside of the safe. They put as much money as they could inside of their bags, unscrewed the vent, and rappelled down the roof using the grappling hook. Jacob was outside waiting for them.

When they returned to the sewers with the money, everybody was waiting by the gate in anticipation. There was a great feast and a bonfire to celebrate a successful day for the sewer boys. Michael had found where he wanted to be and there were many more adventures to come.

Tyler's Dilemma

By: Heidi Heisel

Outside on the streets of Salt Lake City was beautiful. The sun was blocked out by an occasional cloud or two, but otherwise very sunny. Tyler slept in late and now he would have to make up time while walking. But oh man, what a beautiful day. It made him just want to sit down and be engulfed in a magical place. Imagine the journey of the birds as they came back from their winter retreat. Think about long ago when the Natives roamed and lived off the land. Shaking his head back into reality, Tyler turned down another street. Ten-o'clock was the designated meeting time. It was nine-fifty five, and he still had three more blocks to pass before turning left. After that last turn two buildings down, was a small deli. There his editor was waiting for him. Tyler was practically running now, with his suitcase held close to his chest. Never again was he going to make the mistake of holding it any other way. The last time he ran with it, he accidentally bumped into a lady talking on the phone. Not only did the case get separated from him, but it opened and all of his papers flew out everywhere. What a shame too, it was such a good story about a land of dragons and humans living together.

Ten-fifteen. With a huffing commotion coming from his lips, Tyler sat down across from his editor, Joe Ragsnag. He had finally arrived.

"Fifteen minutes late, but twenty-three minutes earlier than last time," Joe mused sipping a cup of steaming coffee. He squinted and looked up at the beautiful blue sky. "Why can't you just get a car? It would be faster and easier."

Tyler set his suitcase on the small outdoor table. "Now, that just won't do. You know me. I would crash within the first five minutes. There is just too much to look at in this world, and I want to capture it all. Heh, I doubt that I would be able to make it out of the parking garage. Besides, look how beautiful it is today!"

"Yeah, but that creates an even larger distraction for your disconnected brain..."

"You know as well as I do... If I was any different then we wouldn't be sitting here today having this meeting."

Joe sighed and put his cup down with a little clink, "You're right. But next time I'm just going to pick you up. I'm tired of waiting ungodly amounts of time for you to wander over. Let's get on with this shall we?"

Tyler ignored the menu at his seat. Eating out always ended messily, so it's best that he didn't order. "I thought you would never ask," He smiled and opened his case. "I'm sure you'll love this." Tyler pulled out a stack of stapled papers and set them in front of his editor.

“Hmm... really let yourself lose this time.”

“Yeah it’s about-“

Joe held up his hand. “Hey, I want to read it for myself.” A few moments passed, while Joe’s eyes skimmed through the thick stack of pages. “It looks pretty good. Nice, interesting, unique, well developed main character. The antagonist from what I read does seem a little cliché. But other than that, I don’t see anything wrong.”

Tyler smiled and stroked the top of a cup. “Snazzy, so we’ll meet again within a week?”

“If everything is alright with you,” Joe put the papers into his own portfolio and stood from his seat. “Farewell my partner in crime!” he joked.

“Till next time, Sir. Ragsnag!”

Tyler decided to make his leave as well. He needed to get home and at least have a decent lunch. But all of that was thrown out the window, when he was stopped only twenty feet from the deli. A very important-looking woman called out to him. Her face was one you would see on a villain in a children’s show. Wait he’d seen her before, but where?

“Tyler! How are you? Been a while hasn’t it?”

Tyler scratched his head. Did she remind him of a character? One that he made, or one that someone else made?

She started to look less amused, and even more like a villainous. “Ty, it’s me...”

He was lost.

“Your *sister*.”

Tyler felt like a dingbat, “OOOOOHHH hey, Emika. Erm... i-it is Emika right?”

“Yes, you silly.” She still looked like a cartoon villain to him. “We’ve been trying to get ahold of you for quite some time now.”

“We?”

“Why Dad, Johnathan, and I. Who else?”

Now it made sense. The way she looked, dressed, and acted. The half Asian side of their family shone through every now and then, but surprisingly it was their American father who was the businessman. He owned a research facility directly funded by the government. Both Johnathan and Emika got jobs helping their father with the research. But not Tyler. He hated the idea of being trapped in a building. Being stuck with real-world struggles and reasoning. It was so painful, and the work was harsh on one’s health. No wonder she looked like that.

She now looked at him seriously. “I need to talk with you. Would you like coffee or something?”

“That’s usually not a good sign, but no thanks, I don’t drink coffee.” Yet another thing Tyler had stopped getting. If he had a dollar for every cup of coffee spilled on himself, he would be a millionaire.

But they went anyway. Emika got a large black coffee with no cream or sugar, and Tyler just waited. They wandered through town for a little while before discussing the ‘elephant in the room’.

“So what do you want?” Tyler decided to politely break the awkward silence between them.

Emika sighed, “As you know Dad is getting older and slower each day. About a month ago, he made a poor decision to accept a research project way out of his league. The company that gave it to him was not too happy about how long it took us. Even the result was horrible. So our paychecks were cut, and our reputation has plummeted. We are running out of ideas, and the assignments keep getting fewer and fewer.”

“But how am I supposed to help? I’m unorganized, a clumsy oaf, and an author.” Tyler looked at his sister.

“Yeah, I remember that one time you accidentally set my science fair project on fire. And that one time mom screamed at how messy your room was. But don’t worry. Johnathan has everything organized, and I, myself, handle a large amount of the research. We just need your creativity to help restore our reputation.”

Tyler couldn’t help but ask, “Will it be part-time or full-time?”

She bit her lip. Emika knew how much Tyler enjoyed being an author, but they really needed him. This is the only way to help save the company. “Let’s see. You would be the head

of the advertisement department. And since you are good with words on paper and in person, Dad wants you to help the community relations department, too.” She took some time to catch her breath and let him think for a minute.

He did think. For the first time in years, he was genuinely upset. He wanted to say no. He was going to say no. “Why not hire a professional?”

Emika frowned at this, “We tried. We’ve been looking for weeks now. But every time we are turned down. No one will accept the job. That is why we need you. If you won’t do it for us, please at least do it for Mom. You know that she needs the money for her appointments.” She tried to look him in the eye. “At least think about it.”

No answer.

“Well... I got to go now. Nice talking with you. Um... call me when you make up your mind. Bye Ty.” She turned and left him alone. He stood there on the sidewalk for a while. Not saying anything. Just thinking. There was no way to imagine this away.

Tyler spent the rest of the day wandering aimlessly through his favorite park. Sitting down every now and then in the luscious green grass and standing back up whenever his mind felt too conflicted. He walked the tree lined paths alone swinging his case. Writing had always been his dream. Ever since he could read, he wanted to form worlds and characters and bring them to life. His father even helped him get into one of the best writing colleges. He already submitted a new book idea this morning. But now, he felt unsure. Half of him was screaming *don’t accept the job! You’ll regret it!* And he wanted to obey that voice. He wanted to call his sister and decline, going so far as to pull out his iPhone. Once Tyler even entered her number, but he stopped.

Life is hard. Decisions are hard.

How? How could he turn his back on his family? What kind of person would refuse to help the people who raised them? Tyler thought about his father. He was strong, dependable, and extremely smart. His mother was the most caring person in the world. He would listen to stories about Japan from her. And his siblings. The people who helped form Tyler into the person he is today. Johnathan, his older brother, would help Tyler with his math everyday. Emika would go on walks and car trips with him. And lastly Sandra who was still living with their parents. They needed the company’s income. Their mother needs the company’s income.

But how could he throw away his career? His stories made people happy. He’d seen all the happy readers and signed his own books thousands of times. Even his own family read every single book. His editor Joe loved working with him, in spite of besides how he arrived late all the time. Tyler just introduced a new story concept. How could he abandon all of this work? How could he abandon his lifelong dream?

Tyler decided that he needed a second opinion. Accidentally dropping his phone in the process, he sent a text.

The next day was just as sunny as the last. The mountains in the distance looked just as mighty and beautiful as always. The streets were alive with cars, and the birds sang their morning tunes. But it was not the same.

Tyler spent the beginning of the day in his house contemplating the past events. He had texted his girlfriend, Elaine, and they were going to have dinner at her house. Tyler spent the rest of the day cleaning up his apartment. He shoved clothes into his closet and threw semi-clean socks into his drawers. All of the drawers had a mix of pants, shirts, underwear, and socks. He even found two month old Oreos hidden in the top one. While cleaning, he spotted the suitcase full of story drafts and plots. He decided to leave it where it was. At least until he made up his mind. But it still glared him down throughout the day. It felt like it was taunting him, *Aren’t you going to open me? You’re not going to leave me unfinished are you? What’re you gonna do? Lock me up in some closet?* Eventually he gave in and set it open on the table. There. It looked a little more natural now. Time flew by, and before Tyler knew it, it was evening. Elaine agreed to pick him up at six. Very traditional, I know right? And at five- fifty Tyler left the apartment without another look at his writing suitcase.

Elaine greeted him with a large almost rib-crushing hug. Her smile lit up the street, and her figure looked like an out-of-place angel. He tried to fake a genuine smile.

"Oh man, you're in rougher shape than I thought," Elaine said. "We can talk about it over some nice freshly made fettuccine and salads. Come on, let's go." Her voice was soft and sympathetic. Even when she had no idea what was happening, she knew how to treat people. And she could always spot troubled people.

Tyler nodded and slid into the passenger's seat, while she resumed her place in the driver's side. The drive to Elaine's house was quiet. That is until Elaine started to talk about a client. She went on for the rest of the car ride, trying to lighten Tyler's mood. Telling a story about an old lady who was obsessed with cats, and how she had her husband's urn in the kitchen. This was because he supposedly loved her cooking. Tyler stayed silent the whole way. Elaine stopped blabbering on once they arrived at her house.

"Tyler. Tell me what's on your mind. Now is better than later. Please." Elaine was at it again with her amazing perception. "Something is bothering you, and we're not leaving this car until you tell me."

Tyler took a deep breath. He was the one who wanted her to know in the first place. Taking a deep breath he told her about Emika visiting him. He told her about the company declining, and how he would have to quit writing to help save it. She listened constantly and never interrupted. Only after he was done did she respond.

"Why does your mother need the company's income?"

Tyler sighed, "She is a paraplegic."

Elaine was quiet for one nanosecond. "Oh. I see." It was her time to sigh. "I'm disappointed that you waited this long to tell me, but all of that aside. I want you to know, whatever you decide, whatever you do, I will support you completely. Even if it means less time together. I am here for you, and will not leave you."

"Thank you, Elaine. It means a lot to hear you say that."

"Now how about that dinner? I'm starving."

It was way past nine when Tyler entered his apartment. The whole room was dark and menacing. Turning on a light, he looked at the suitcase lying open on the table. Without making a sound, he walked over to it and looked at the messily piled papers inside. He reached out with one hand and shut the case. He flipped the latches and carried it to his room. There he opened his closet, cleaned out one corner, and shoved the case in. He last saw it sitting there alone, before closing the door and turning away.