

Fine Arts Blast

2022



A Literary Booklet
of students from
Pikes Peak Christian School

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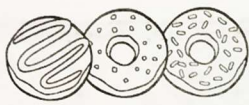
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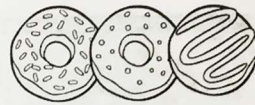
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Design a Donut

by Joelle Anderson

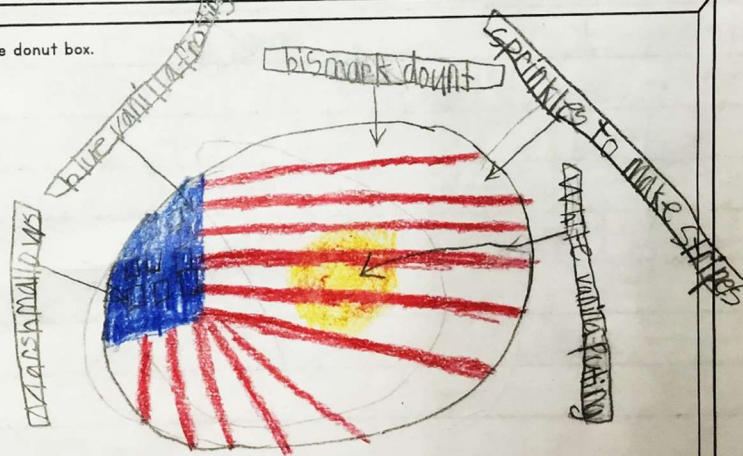


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

The American Dream!

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



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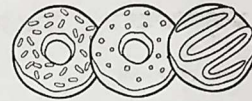
People will love the AMERICAN Dream if you choose it as your featured flavor of the month. First it's so red and white. How about you take a delicious bite! Next, it's so patriotic! It looks like a flag. This donut looks so good it reminds you of when Washington gave us freedom. Clearly, people will love the American Dream if you choose it as your featured flavor of the month.





Design a Donut

by Amey Beter

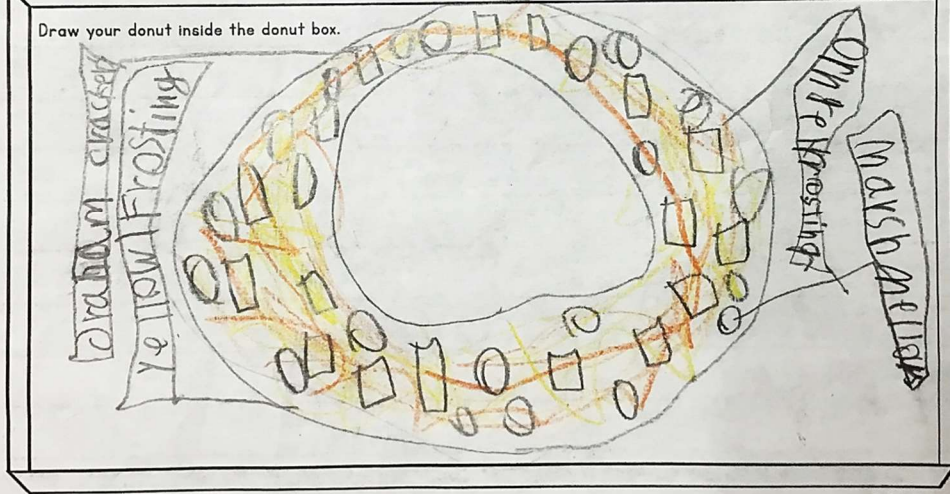


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Camp Fire Delight

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



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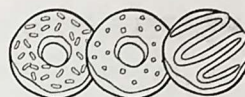


The Camp Fire should be the featured flavor of the month. First, the Camp Fire Delight contains ingredients to make smores. It has fluffy marshmallows and tasty graham crackers. Second, it is the fastest snack to eat around a camp fire. It's a good way to end the night. Third, the red and orange frosting colors remind me of my sister Ember. She was named after an ember of a fire. Clearly, the Camp Fire Delight should be the featured flavor of the month.



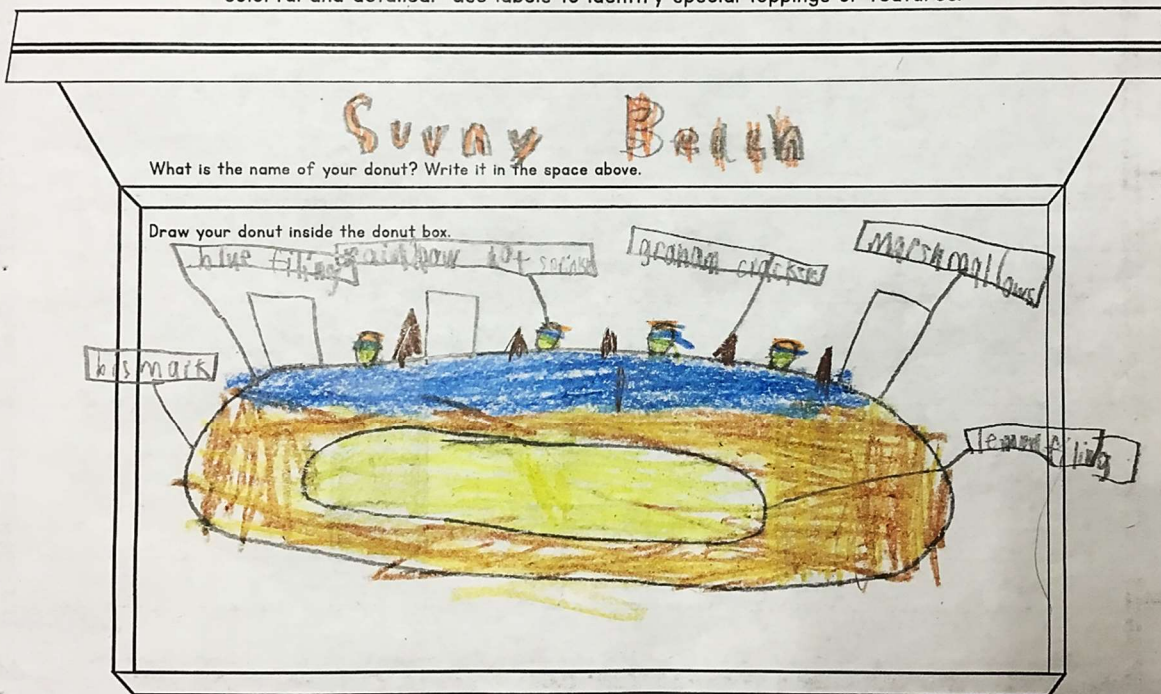


Design a Donut



by Emmett Cookson

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



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The Sunny Beach should be the featured flavor of the month. First, the Sunny Beach is really, really colorful. The colors are tan, blue, yellow, and white. Next, when you bite in to it, it will remind you of the Beach. It is really sweet and looks like a Beach. Lastly, it has all of the Beach colors on it. Tan is for sand, blue is for water, yellow is for the sun, and white is for clouds. Clearly, the Sunny Beach should be the featured flavor of the month.





Design a Donut

by Hylan Gibbons

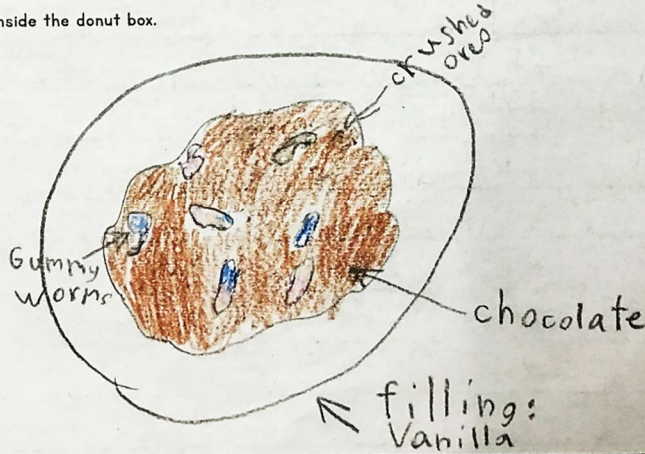


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

The Triple D

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

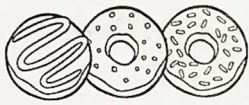


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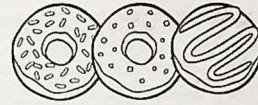
My Triple D donuts are the best. When you take a bite into it, it makes you feel like you're in a different universe because you get to have desert for breakfast. It's the best because when you bite into it, you taste the sweet squish of the gummy worm and the crunch of the oreo. This bite is topped off by the smooth vanilla cream. It looks like dirt but taste like happiness is in your mouth. Triple D donuts are amazing.





Design a Donut

by Rylie



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

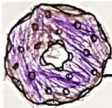
Fruity bowl

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

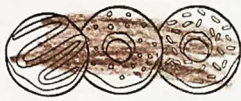


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My fruity bowl is awesome!
Fruity bowl is a burst of fruitiness.
When you first bite into it you
taste fruit. It has cream inside
of it. When you bite into the
donut the cream spills out.
It has cotton candy, twix, and
fruit pebbles on top. The cotton
candy feels like pillow filling.
My donut is amazing.

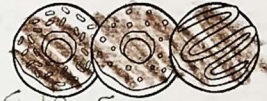




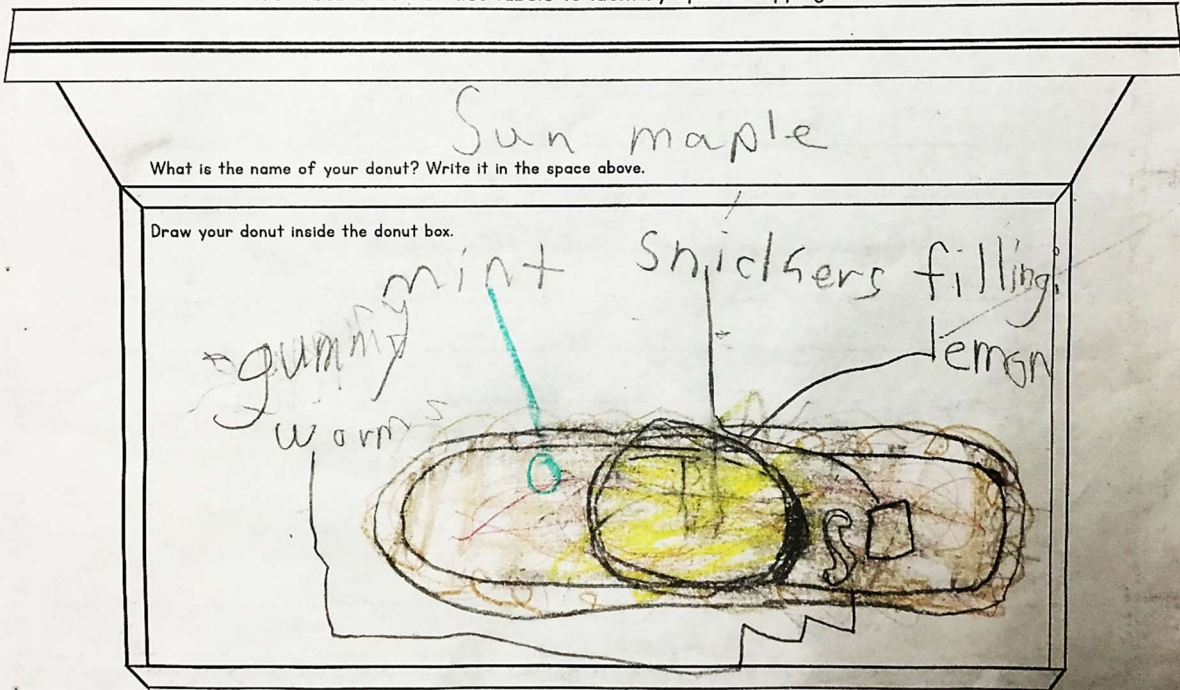
Design a Donut

by

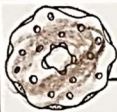
Michael Simmons



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



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The sun maple is the best. The sun maple tastes like maple syrup. When you bite into the lemon filling it oozes into your mouth. Lemon and maple flavors go well together. It has a gummy taste in your mouth. There are gummy worms, snickers and Andies mints on top. My donut is amazing.



Seventh Grade Poetry

Joyful Friday Night's

By: Nafi Vreeman

These are my roller skates.
They are bright,
They fly across the rink,
Shining with their lights.

These are my roller skates.
I feel free,
Wheels as fast as Lightning McQueen,
Just not on me.

These are my roller skates.
Sting me like a bee,
Get back up, warrior girl,
Fight the pain inside of your knee.

America's Game

By: Luke Willen

Baseball is a sport filled with wonder.
The crowds at every game sound like thunder.

The crack of the bat, and the ball soaring high,
Defying gravity, you'd think it could fly.

The batter tears down the line
As the ball begins its decline.

Into the fountains or into the stands
It's anyone's guess where that ball lands.

The outfielder waits, then jumps at the wall.
It's caught to the dismay or surprise of all.

The outfielder falls with the ball in his mitt.
The announcer proclaims, "Oh, what a hit!"

The players run back to the dugout in delight.
For they win and they'll party all throughout the night.

Trust in God

By: Megan Ferguson

Joseph, one of twelve sons,
He was Jacob's favorite one,
He got a lovely rainbow cloak
And was the envy of everyone.

But the love didn't go all around.
His brothers hated him though unfair,
Because he dreamt they would bow.
Something they could not bear.

After that, they despised him.
Plotting ways to put him in a grave.
Thought to kill him, but instead
They sold him to be a slave.

Sold right into Potiphar's house.
Now Joseph was Potiphar's brightest
But not answering to his wife,
Landed Joseph in trouble's finest.

Joseph placed his trust in God,
Believing in His plan with full might.
Even now in his dark jail cell,
Joseph could still see God's light.

He was approached by two men
Who were also being confined.
They had had some dreams
That for them were undefined.

They asked Joseph for the answer.
Who revealed the masquerade.
They were immensely grateful.
And to him they offered their aid.

Days went by, their dreams came true,
One the cupbearer and one dead.
But the survivor forgot about him.
Until Pharaoh's visions went unread.

Confusing were Pharaoh's dreams.
They showed seven cows all fat,

Being eaten by seven skinny cows.
Leaving no evidence to look at.

Then came the second one:
Healthy heads of grain of seven
Eaten by seven thin heads of grain.
Whose meaning came from heaven.

Then the cupbearer remembered
And told the Pharaoh. Who called
For Joseph to interpret the dreams.
Through God, a meaning installed.

Joseph revealed the meaning:
Prosperity to all for seven years
Followed by seven years of famine.
Joseph's plan was music to the ears.

Pharaoh should employ a wise man.
And have him get a store of food,
To be gathered during the good years.
And taken during the bad with gratitude.

Pharaoh was extremely impressed.
So he appointed Joseph his number two
In command to follow through on this
Joseph did what he knew to be true.

The people came to Joseph for food,
And his family was also in the queue.
He recognized them, but they didn't
But he longed to see his father too.

Once his father was there with him,
He revealed his identity and forgave
And told them they should live here,
With all the food they could crave.

Joseph placed his trust in God,
Believing in His plan with full might.
Showing that God has purpose for us
Even if we don't see it with His sight.

Genesis 37-50

Willows

by Jordyn Alexander

Graceful green leaves sway.
Dancing like a forest nymph.
Willows are magic.

Hockey Teams by Matthew Crocfer

Carolina Hurricanes are here to spin.
The Columbus Blue Jackets are hungry for a win.

The New Jersey Devils are here to hit.
New York Islanders are here to sign the permit.

The New York Rangers are on a break away.
The Philadelphia Flyers are ready to play.

The Pittsburgh Penguins are ready for the Stanley Cup.
The Washington Capitals are all stirred up.

The Boston Bruins are ready for a goal.
The Buffalo Sabers are watching the puck roll.

The Detroit Red Wings are expecting another loss.
The Florida Panthers are going to be the boss.

The Montreal Canadiens are putting it all on their goalie.
The Ottawa Senators are still skating slowly.

The Tampa Bay Lightning are defending champs.
Toronto Maple Leafs are back to training camps.

Arizona Coyotes are scared as always.
Chicago Blackhawks are ready to come through the doorways.

The Colorado Avalanche are always up for a new team.
The Dallas Stars always get mean.

The Minnesota Wild are here for their fans.
The Nashville Predators are the elite clans.

The St. Louis Blues are champs looking for another title.
The Winnipeg Jets are always vital.

The Anaheim Ducks are always hustling for the puck.
The Calgary Flames are always in luck.

The Edmonton Oilers always have great rosters.
The Los Angeles Kings are always monsters.

The San Jose Sharks are slick.
The Seattle Kraken are just breaking sticks.

The Vancouver Canucks just got rout.
But Vegas Night will Close us out.

Lightning Strike

By Jenna Nestola

The lightning strikes fast.
It fractured the light of night .
It calms the people.

Snow on the mountain

By Austin Baker

As high as the clouds .

Whiteness of snow on the peak .

Falling down on me .

Because I'm Esther

Jordyn Alexander

There once was a Jewish girl named Esther,
Her beauty was known throughout town.
She was raised by a guy named Mordecai.
Once they were walking and heard something
that made them frown.

All young ladies were to be taken,
To prepare for the king's test.
One of them were to be chosen to be his wife,
The king said Esther was best.

They were married right away,
When Esther heard something very sad.
Hamen wanted all Jews dead,
Esther knew this was very bad.

She had to do something quick,
The king did not know she was a Jew.
But her people were dying,
Oh, what will she do?

She invited him to dinner,
And told him Hamen was killing her kind.
The King was very angry at Hamen,
So for Hamen a noose was designed

Esther had saved her people,
With God the battle is won.
All the people rejoiced,
Just look at the good Esther had done.

This Is Mine

By: Sophia Heck

These are my glasses.
They help me to see.
They always fog up,
It's annoying to me.

These are my glasses.
They always slide down.
They give me discomfort.
When I wear them, I frown.

These are my glasses.
I can't put them in my pack,
But they have to be in a case.
Oh no! I heard a crack.

My Basketball

by:Olivia Rupp

This is my basketball.
It's worn out alright.
Pounding pavement and dirt,
All day and all night.

This is my basketball.
Orange and brown.
Keep my eyes on the net.
Try not to look down.

This is my basketball.
It knows me well.
I trust it completely,
To make me look swell.

An Orange Friendship

By Lexi Stretch

Friendship is orange.
It smells like a field of flowers.
It tastes like freshly baked cookies.
It sounds like the laughter of little children.
It feels like a nice warm hug.
It looks like a playful puppy.
Friendship is a butterfly in a valley.

Jealousy Kills

Emilio Wehner

Jealousy is black.
It smells like a dusty room.
It tastes like a sour apple.
It sounds like a pan dropping
It feels like a kick to the gut.
Jealousy is me.

Cool Seasons

By: Kaden Whitmore

These are the multiple seasons,
They're cool for many different reasons.

First we have the lovely, cool spring,
This is a good time to play on an old swing.

Then we have the simmering summer,
This time is full of fun and color.

After summer comes chilly fall,
The leaves are beautiful, in all.

After this freezing winter will finally arrive,
For some, it may be hard to survive.

All of these seasons are very different,
But they all are also pretty magnificent.

Sadness

By: Sarai Castro

Sadness is blue.
It smells like rain.
It tastes like salt.
It sounds like glass breaking.
It feels like wet bread.
It looks like a hurt dog.
Sadness is like someone stepping on your new pair of shoes.

Hunger is a Void

By: Ty Landry

Hunger is brown.
It smells like rotting skunk.
It tastes like bad beef.
It sounds like nails on a chalkboard.
It feels like a cat's tongue.
It looks like a zombie fresh from the grave.
Hunger is a void.

Self-Destruct

by James Thomas

Anger is red.
It smells like sulfur,
It tastes like hot sauce,
It sounds like a growling bear,
It feels like a jagged rock,
It looks like lava,
Anger is a ticking time bomb

Pain's Vortex

by Landon Brown

Pain is black.
It smells like freshly drawn blood.
It tastes of a metallic taste.
It sounds like screaming.
It feels of a sharp blade.
It looks like lost children, screaming and bleeding.
Pain is a black hole, a vortex in the ocean.

Freshmen Poetry

Curiosity By: Abby Foster

There I stood, looking at two roads.
There is a difference between the two roads.
A yellow road,
A black road.
The yellow road was grassy and bright.
The black was worn and dark.
Which one shall I choose?
I saw two travelers coming from the yellow road.
They both looked equally happy.
Yet, I took the black road anyway.
Perhaps my curiosity got the best of me.

Pawns Max Singler

Everyone operates the same
They are all pawns in the end
Manipulation is the game I choose to play
It's people's will I choose to bend

People are meant to be played
I just happen to do it well
What I say is to be obeyed
Follow my rules and your life will be swell

What I do best is tame
I'm not nice I just pretend
Everyone operates the same
They are all pawns in the end

Death Bella Heck

Every day I lie here,
Wishing he would leave me.
I look in the mirror,
And see death staring back.

I see his cold eyes,
Stare into my soul as whispers to me.
He tells me to say my goodbyes,
But I tell him I'm not ready.

Death shows no grace
He tells me to follow him
I'm at the end of the line,
I cross it and feel death's cold grip.

Nature's way

by Bethany Avina

As far as I went,

It felt like it took ages

I doubted if I was going to make it.

Passing through the Grassy roads,

Seeing the Black leaves on the trees.

A glimpse of the two yellow roads ahead.

6:00 P.M. on summer day as I watched

the sunset through the windshield.

I felt as I was going through a vision

of a scenery. Observing Nature's way.



The Graveyard

By: Isabella Morini

The night was dark
as death.

The trees around hovered
like hawks.

The scent of rain filled
the air.

With a loud silence that
shook me to my core.

I was speechless at the
sight of a spirit.

A night here could last a
thousand years.

Fluff

by Ethan Hammond

The fluff in the sky...
To fall on one of those
clouds...
Would be wonderful.

Levi

by Ethan Hammond

Levi is the best.
My best friend in the whole
world.
He is a good friend.

Superhero poem

by Ethan Hammond

A man of metal.
All in red and also gold.
Very rich and cool.

Fun poem

by Ethan Hammond

Haiku's are weird strange
Sometimes. They can be awkward.
Subterranean.

Pond Haiku

By: Ava Rubbico

An old silent pond...
A frog jumps into the pond,
Splash! Silence again.



If Life were poetry.
Alicia Lizarraga

What is life you may ask.
I question that too.
Life is pretty much a task
Or you may consider it an interview.

Life is like a carousel.
It never stops spinning.
It's like a never ending stairwell.
Reach the bottom and you've stopped living

Why are we all here?
I question that too.
After all, we live in a floating sphere.
But life goes on to continue.



Penguins
By Levi Kallemyn

It was in the middle of a desert
There were penguins in a dispute
In the cold, dry place without Elbert
It was actually kinda cute

Some penguins were mad,
Some penguins were happy,
Some penguins were sad,
Some penguins were snappy,

They were all guaking,
And finally it ended,
And they all finished talking,
So they all finally descended


Chicken

By: Aniah Brown


Chicken is like a drug to me. (simile)
Fried chicken is the best chicken in the world. (hyperbole)
Cold chicken tastes like a sad, cold, and rainy day. (imagery)
Grilled chicken gives good feelings inside. (alliteration)
The baked chicken always smiles at me when I eat
it. (personification)
My hen will soon fill my kitchen with some good
chicken. (assonance)

Fraternity & Family

by Adrian Sablan



Family is similar, but there can also be differences.
Ukraine and Russia, divided by politics, but united by heritage and culture.
Slavs are common people with the same history and identity.
Both Christian and sovereign states.
Over history, Slavs never forgot themselves.
Fraternity and Family was their focus of the centuries.
Forging forces to defend their souls and minds of the Slavic Nation.
United together over common adversaries.
Their courage is brave as a lion.
They're tenacious eagles, who always remember their identity.
their people still get along, in spite of their governance.
The Slavic peoples want solidarity with one another.
While also being independent in their progress and rebellion.
Cooperation and peace can be solutions.
To the centuries long idea of Fraternity and Family.



High School Creative Writing

Chains

by Faith Cornell

Chains are hooked to the ceiling,
Hanging and swinging with heavy objects
And now breaking from the ceiling
Inside the shack
Now laying on the floor.

War, A Character Sketch by Isabella Pritchard

It was a brisk cold fall day as Ainsley swept the wooden floor beneath her. The farm's struggles had taken a toll on her and without a husband, the chores were piling up. Her sons were sent off to fight the war and she was left with no one but her 7-year-old daughter. They were forced to do all of the farm chores just to barely make ends meet and have dinner on the table. The constant worry of whether her sons were ok was making it hard for her to even leave her room every bright and early morning. As she was finishing up sweeping, she heard banging on the door. She walked over to the door and peeked through the curtains and saw a big soldier general with a few other regular soldiers. She opened the door, terrified that something had happened to one of her sons.

"Hello ma'am. I'm here on behalf of my boss with the United States armed forces. These soldiers are going to stay at your location. You are required to house them and provide food, water, and basic necessities."

"What? What are you talking about? Since when is this a thing? I can barely support my daughter and I. How are we supposed to feed all of these men?" The main soldier didn't want to hear it. He left the men there and went on his way.

Ainsley walked up to the men and welcomed them into her home, still confused. She decided that she would have to give up her bedroom and share with her daughters and have the soldiers take over her bedroom.

Character Sketch of Frankie Moroni by William Norrie

"Officer Brett the house holds six bodies. Two were killed by fire, one waterboarding, and the other three were stabbed seven times each. Give them some respect." Detective Lee responded to Officer Brett. Brett was eating a donut with bacon bits as he told the band of officers in the break room. The other cops stopped laughing and slowly walked away from the circle of cops. "Brett, did you get any new leads on the killer?" Lee asked, pulling out his notepad. Brett stood straight as he brought his body to Lee.

"We believe the killer to be Flamer Frankie. We found a can of spray paint with the emblem of the flame. Her symbol. We are still investigating the reasoning for these killings." Lee and Brett start to walk out of the breakroom as Brett continue to talk. They pass officers sitting in their cubicles, people walking and running through the building with files and important documents, criminals being held as they're walked through to the jail cell. "According to our research, Flamer Frankie normally kills people connected to her birthday: September 22nd, and people related to her past teachers in school. We are running the people through our databases to find out who they are and then their next of kin shall be notified." Brett said as they made their way to the forensics department.

"Thank you Officer Brett. Keep me in the know. I'll be here collecting data first as it comes in." Detective Lee said. Officer Brett nodded as he turned around and left.

Detective Lee opened the door to the pathology department to see corpses laying on cold metal tables with their chest ripped open and scientists doing their designated business.

There was a smell of death and ruin amongst the smell of hundreds of candles. Lee was struggle to hold in a cough from disgust. He was looking around for Dr. Lori, the head scientist.

"Oh Detective Lee! Come here quick." A voice from in the back said. A hand popped out from behind a door from the morgue drawers.

Lee made his way across the room, passing corpse after corpse getting whiff of a new smell. "Let me just stuff this guy back in here and I'll be right with you." The voice said. Lee heard them grunted as one can assume they are forcefully stuffing a body back into the morgue drawer. The door slammed shut as we opened to Dr. Lori in the flesh. Energetically, Dr. Lori said, "Detective Lee. I'm Dr. Lori, the head scien-"

"I know who you are, doctor. Do you have anything on Flamer Frankie and the murders?" Lee interjected.

"Oh do I?" Lori said with an evil-like grin.

So there were six bodies, yes? Two were burned, three stabbed, and one drowned. Well we found out who is who. And it's amazingly fascinating. The two burned were none other than Flamer Frankies birth parents, Isabella Moroni and Shaun Moroni. Looks like she finally found them after all these years. The three stabbed were Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Smith, Ms. Hill. Frankies poetry, stem, and math teachers through high school. But you won't believe who the person that was drowned is." Lori started to burst with energy scooted over to a table with a corpse under a sheet covered. "Ricky! Drum roll please!" Lori yelled out while grabbing onto the ends of the sheet. Across the room is heard fingers hitting a table. "I present to you, the drowned victim, Flamer Frankie!" And Lori pulled the sheet away to present Frankie laying on the table.

There was this 5'4" girl laying on the metal table cut open. Her long brown hair had been shaved off and laid next to her head. Her whole body was turned white and blue with a grayish shade. It was cold to the touch.

"And after opening up the little old body of ours, I found a message inside her." Lori walked over to a table where objects owned by Frankie sat. "I assume it was written by Frankie herself and she knew we would find it inside her."

"What does it say, Dr. Lori?" Lee questioned.

Lori opened the piece of laminated paper and showed it to Lee.

That was fun

Zinnia, A Character Sketch by Skylar Heath

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Zinnia swung her arm and slammed the button on her alarm clock, setting it on fire in the process.

"I need to stop doing that. That's is the fifth one this month," Zinnia waved her hand towards the fire and absorbed it. She brushed her fingers over the scorch marks, there were several older scorch marks, each one from a different morning when the same thing happened. She moved her fingers to the warped and melted alarm clock, still sparking and crackling. She could see it was too damaged to function, "darn it, I'll need to pick up a new one at the store after school today."

Zinnia quickly pushed the melted alarm clock out of her mind and reached for her wireless speaker, which has miraculously survived since most of Zinnia's room had been thoroughly singed these last several weeks. How her father had not noticed was a miracle in and of itself. Turning on her usual playlist, Zinnia got up to get dressed.

Zinnia passed for a moment in front of her mirror. She stopped and took at the image she saw, as she was still getting used to seeing her new reflection. Her once deep black hair now had orange and yellow growing at the tips. An effect that looked like fire in her short spiky hair.

As she brushed her hand against her shaved undercut, she remembered why she never dyed her hair before. She was afraid of the commitment to just one color. Her fiery hair was not Zinnia's choice and now she was stuck with it forever. She inspected a lock of her uneven choppy hair, remembering how when the color first appeared, over a month ago now, she had tried to cut it out of her hair, only for the vibrant colors to grow back.

Her eyes moved down to her face, covered in sparkling freckles. What were once cute freckles that dotted her face were now flecks of glowing embers in hues of orange, red, and yellow. They looked like sparks on her pale skin. She looked deeply into her own eyes. Once they were brown like honey, but since she received her powers, her eyes had changed. Now they were swirling, glowing, and crackling flames. In the daylight it was unnoticeable to anybody who wasn't paying attention, but when the light dimmed, it became apparent to anybody the soft flickering glow that came from her eyes.

Zinnia shivered and moved away from the mirror, she didn't exactly miss her brown eyes, but she hadn't yet gotten used to the un-humanness of her new eyes. Today was another day and she had to get to school early to see her best friend Winnona. Zinnia did not exactly know what Winnie wanted to talk with her about this morning, but Winnie seemed rather excited about it and Zinnia did not want to disappoint her.

Zinnia whipped out one of her favorite band t-shirts from her closet and put it on, "Hmm... needs something more," she noted while admiring it in the mirror, "I know!" She picked up a pair of long fingerless gloves from her closet. She winced as soon as she put them on, "I can't wear these anymore, not until I can control my powers enough to not turn them to ash. Guess It's my leather jacket for today." The day was supposed to be sweltering hot but Zinnia didn't care, she was unbothered by heat since she got her powers.

She whipped a pair of fishnet stockings from her drawer, briefly pausing to consider the countless pairs she had burned in the last month. She shrugged and pulled them on anyway, that was just the price of style. She pulled one of her pleated skirts from the next drawer, her favorite one which was red plaid. Deciding that this look wasn't punk enough, she accessorized with a studded belt and chains.

Zinnia went through her door and turned back, she couldn't forget her hero gear. She has only needed it twice so far, but since she and the others got their powers, she has needed to take her hero outfit with her everywhere because she never knew when she would need to dress up to fight some monsters. She also made a mental note to bring her makeup with her to decorate her face for hero-ing, which also doubled to disguise her identity.

She washed her face in the bathroom sink, part of Zinnia expected to see her old face when she came back up. Zinnia whipped out her hair gel and fluffed up her hair, making it look like a spiky blast of flames. Next was her makeup, which took the longest. She drew on her signature eyeliner and gaudy eyeshadow, then made sure her eyelashes looked bold enough to match. Zinnia reached for her concealer to cover up her freckles but paused. No one had mentioned her eyes changing from brown to red, and since her hair color matched her personal style everyone just assumed it was dyed. Her father hadn't even commented on her glowing freckles once. It seemed as though everyone on earth, except for Winnie, hadn't realized how Zinnia had changed.

"Maybe I won't cover them up today, besides I need to get used to them since I'm stuck with them forever now. Winnie would be proud of me."

Zinnia ran down the stairs skipping a few steps along the way. "Hey dad I've got to get to school early today!"

"Alright sweetheart, do you want me to make you some toast?" Zinnia's dad hollered from the kitchen. His voice was not threatening or rude, Zinnia was convinced that her father couldn't be so, instead, his voice was filled with all of the love and care a father shows his only daughter.

"Yes please!" Zinnia hollered back while she shoved her platform boots on.

"Say hello to Winnie for me will you," her father said while handing Zinnia a schoolbook she forgot on the table.

"How did you know I'm going to see Winnie?" Zinnia asked as she grabbed the book and shoved it in her school backpack.

"The only time you go to school early and you are not grumpy as a troll, is when you and Winnie are meeting up." Her dad handed her two slices of toast.

"You got me there," Zinnia reasoned while she was struggling to carry two bags and the toast, "I hope you have a nice day at your new job!"

"So far it's looking good, it's just my first week. However my boss wants me to take on more work already."

"Hey, if I need to march up to your boss and threaten them I will." Zinnia joked.

Her dad responded with a chuckle, "You get in enough trouble with that hot head of yours, let me handle this one okay."

"Mhmpf hmph!" Zinnia had compromised with her two bags and put one on each arm then shoved the toast in her mouth as she left through the front door.

"Bye, have a good day at school today, and please stay safe, run and hide if another one of those monsters attack."

Zinnia zoomed down the sidewalk to the crosswalk, the warmth from the sun gave her a little boost of energy. She would usually just take the bus but she was too early today and decided to just run to school. On the way there she considered her dad. He had struggled with keeping down a solid job since... well since Zinnia was young. Her father had always been a very people pleasing person, he would always let his coworkers and bosses step all over him. Zinnia wants to protect her father but her father is right, she is pretty hotheaded and irresponsible, she just wishes that he would let her support him more. She feels guilty about how many times a week her father has to take off work and show up at school because she got into a fight. She feels guilty about how she is the reason why her father keeps getting fired, which is why she decided to stop getting into any fights. There was still an occasion where one of her friends is getting bullied, in which circumstance Zinnia will not hesitate to throw hands, which is the reason she gets in so many fights. Luckily she's built up a reputation of winning all of her fights and she can protect her friends by intimidation instead. This is very lucky for her because when she's angry she struggles with containing her fire, and if she accidentally burnt someone she'd be in more trouble than just with the principal.

Winnona waved her down in the schoolyard and Zinnia sat next to her on a bench. Winnona was so excited she had frost forming on her lips.

"Good morning, what is it you wanted to talk to me about? Also, you've got frost," Zinnia motioned towards her mouth.

Winnona grabbed a tissue and dabbed the frost off of her lips and took a calming breath, "Thanks, oooo, you are letting your freckles show today, good job! But anyway, I wanted to announce that I've got a date!"

"No way! Really, with who? You've got at least eight different crushes," Zinnia said skeptically, Winnie was always obsessed with the idea of dating and being in love, yet she's always struggled to stay in a relationship for more than two weeks.

"Cole!" Winnie said with triumph.

"Which one is he again? Is he the one on the football team or the one in welding?" Zinnia scoffed, pretending like she hadn't fully memorized every crush Winnie has had since elementary school.

Winnona huffed, "The one on the football team!"

"Him! Seriously Winnie, we talked about this, I know he's a jock and all but he goes through women like cops through donuts. He will never respect you!" Zinnia reasoned, Winnona has had some pretty rough boyfriends in the past and Zinnia made sure they would never even look at Winnie again, let alone touch her. Which makes Zinnia partially responsible for Winnona's unsuccess with the boys at their school. But Zinnia made sure that Winnie never found out about any of that.

"But he told me I was important to him," Winnona sulked.

"Important to help him get back with his ex, maybe! He's just using you to make some other girl jealous!"

"Geez Zinnia, you didn't need to ruin it."

"You know you are smarter than that, *I* know you are smarter than that, you already knew he was going to use you! I keep telling you, you have to stop thinking you're going to "change" them, you need to find someone who actually likes you!"

"Fine," Winnona gave in, "I'm still going to go on our date though." Zinnia almost went on a rant but before she could get a word out Winnona cut her off, "But, I won't pursue him after that, I promise! I'm going on our date because I don't want to leave him hanging, that would just be rude. But after that, I promise I won't go on any other dates with him, O.K.?"

"Fine. But only if I can follow you two the entire time, I promise you won't even know I am there, unless he tries anything, then I will be putting him six feet under." Zinnia threatened fiercely.

"I'm only going to say yes because I know that regardless of my answer you are going to do it anyway. But I need you to realize that I can take care of myself now, you've seen for yourself how powerful I am with my Ice powers."

Zinnia was still upset with Winnona but at least Winnie was starting to take Zinnia's advice. The rest of today was going to be interesting for Zinnia.

The Tragedy of Little John's Cow

By: Heidi Heisel

(Based on play by Will Averill: *The Trials of Robin Hood*)

There once was a stout strong young lad named John Little. He had no siblings and little friends. The seemingly only joy of his life consisted of his one dear little cow. John loved this cow with everything. It was a simple brown cow with a soft nose and deep understanding, brown and black eyes. She had one defining mark that would be important to mention. It was a characteristic white stocking on her front right leg. Growing up John learned to care for this beautiful creature. He cleaned her hooves. He would get a bucket full of water on hot blistering days to help cool her off. He even smuggled vegetables from the table at dinner and gave it to her afterwards. He loved that dear cow.

They were barely ever separated. The cow was there in his time of need when he always lost his fights. When he learned how to spar with the quarterstaff, she was there. When he became the most skilled man at the sport, she supported him emotionally with nuzzles from her nose. She was there when the rain fell and when the sun shined. John never trusted anyone other than that cow. As he grew older so did the wonderful, faithful friend.

One day when John was still a young lad, not yet an adult, he was walking along the dirt road with his cow. She never needed a rope for she would always stay close to his side. Never would she be too far apart from him. On this lovely day John was heading to town to buy some lovely spuds for her. Halfway there he came across an older, bigger man with a staff. While he was passing by, he happened to notice the beautiful, well-fed cow.

"Oi, this be a nice cow you got here." He declared to John as he observed her and felt her soft coat. "How much would ya take for her?"

At this John Little's brow darkened as he grabbed the man's hand away from his beloved friend. "Don't touch her. No amount of money could tear me away from my lifelong friend," He growled threatenly.

Now this is the time in England where pride meant everything, and one would not simply have his pride, or his hand, hurt without a serious buffet. At this the traveler pulled his hand out of John's crushing grip, and took a few paces back.

"If you won't take money for her, then perhaps a sound beating will do!" With this the man brandished his staff in proper spar fashion.

In response, John took his own quarterstaff, which he was using at the time for a walking stick, and matched his opponent. The first blows exchanged were merely to test each other's strength, but soon after the real fighting began. Both seemed equally matched in their skill and strength. As the fight progressed, the cow moved to the side of the road, out of harm's way, to dine on some fine green grasses. As the sun climbed in the sky, so did the fight heighten. Unfortunately for the traveler, he grew cocky and convinced himself of sure victory. Right then

John's staff moved too much to one side leaving an opening. The opponent took it and gave him a solid thwack in the ribs. At lightning speed, John grabbed the other's staff before he could pull it away and gave him a hard strike upon the top of his head. The adversary sunk to the ground unconscious, and the cow returned to John's side knowing the danger was over. They made it to the town and bought a good hearty amount of potatoes and other delicious vegetables for them both. They soon went home and feasted in celebration of the day. So many wonderful and good days passed, and John grew closer and closer to his cow. Until one fateful day years later.

The announcement of King George heading off for a crusade flew across the land by storm. Many stout and lusty knights followed their leader proudly to war. John Little felt no need to leave because he loved his cow dearly. Besides not many peasantry left with the king, mostly only knights left. It came to be while the king was gone, his brother Prince John was left in charge of merry old England. Prince John and his cronies were a rough sketchy sort when it came to ruling. But as long as John Little had his cow, he didn't care. Sure the taxes were raised and food became increasingly hard to come by due to the outlawing of shooting deer. But John always kept a stiff upper lip through these tough times.

It was a bright afternoon. Perfect in every way. John had just barely scraped together some money for a few carrots for his beautiful cow. She always enjoyed a good vegetable with her grass. Unfortunately due to the high taxes, John wasn't able to buy her any for a while, but today she will get her delicious carrots. He just gave her one carrot to chew on when he heard the thunder of horse hooves upon the ground. Turning to see who it was, John recognized one of the men. Shivers went up his spine. The Sheriff of Nottingham. Never does he come to your home with his posy of soldiers for good news. Leaving his cow to eat her carrots in peace, lest she be desterbed in her sweet bliss, he strode over to his small wooden house where the Sheriff and his men awaited.

The Sheriff was a very short man, but not one to be messed with. What he lacked in height he made up for in frightening, powerful influence among the Prince and his court. As John Little approached, the Sheriff gave a discrete signal to his men. Things were about to get ugly, and they must be careful. As shown earlier, John wasn't one to sit back and do nothing.

"Good day, Seriff." Said John with as much courtesy he could muster up for the man.

"You, John Little, forgot to pay taxes last week. You'd better pay up now."

John had a feeling this was coming soon. After all, he had not paid his taxes so that he could get the lovely carrots for his dear cow.

"And if you don't," continued the Sheriff. "Then we'll just have to take this nice piece of land you have here..."

John was fuming with anger and rage. "You'll have to get past me to ever do such a thing!" He yelled while grabbing his quarterstaff from the side of the house.

"That's it! Guards! Get him! Search the house and kick everyone out! Burn it to the ground if you have to! Drive them away!"

Some of the guards sat in their saddles and others stood there staring blankly at the Sheriff.

"Wait, what?" One said.

“GET HIM YOU FOOLS OR SO HELP MEEEEEE!!!!”

Within seconds the guards were falling out of their saddles and running toward John with swords drawn. Another group went into the house and escorted John's family out and down the road. John stood his ground. At first the soldiers stood in a semicircle waiting for someone to make the first move. Then with ferocious threats from the Sheriff about taking away their raisins in their oatmeal, they all attacked at once. John moved expertly. Thwacking soldier after soldier. Two fell from head strikes while a third swung his sword at him. John parried and landed a solid strike to the chest. But no matter how many fell, three more replaced them. Even the greatest, strongest of warriors can be beaten with such numbers. Within ten or so minutes, the soldiers were able to get John's staff out of his hand. It took five individuals to sit on top of him to keep him immobile. The Sheriff perched upon his horse gleamed with pride at the defeated man.

“You fool! How dare you defy my authority! Just for that, Little, I'm taking everything of yours!” He looked over the land with a haughty eye. In doing this, the Sheriff's attention was

caught by the beautiful well groomed, well fed cow. It was astonishing! No one was able to keep such a cow nowadays with the raised taxes and all. It took all of two seconds for him to decide he wanted it. “Yes, Everything. Including that beautiful cow!” He snapped his fingers and pointed at the prized possession. “GUARDS! Bring it here!”

“NO!” Roared John Little as he came alive with a new fire. He pushed up and tried his hardest to rid himself of the soldiers.

Ten more soldiers came and had to help hold him down. All the while three others went to capture the beloved cow. They split and approached from different sides but then stopped.

“Mmm. You go first Bart.”

“Nah, Tobias. You get it.”

“Maybe we all move in on three?”

The Sheriff was staring at the three, “Why are you just standing there? Get it!”

Tobias held up a hand and counted down to three. On three the guards moved to the cow. One of the soldiers, Finn, pulled out a rope and tied it around the cow like a halter and began to lead her to the Sheriff.

John Little tried even harder to rise and throw the guards off. All he was thinking about was his dear old cow. One soldier unfortunately got kicked square in the face by his loose foot. Another two tried desperately to hold down one arm while another fell off John's back. At this point the Sheriff came down from his mount and produced a cudgel from his side. For a moment he stood over John Little looking in the eye.

“Your cow is mine.” The Sheriff brought down his hard stick.

The last thing John saw before fading into darkness was his poor cow being hidden from view by the soldiers as they marched down the road.

John Little awoke with great pain in his head. The sun was gone and grey clouds had covered the entire sky. With a start, John got up off the ground only for his vision to black out for a few minutes. He sat back down slowly and let his head clear. One he was able to see again, he stood up more slowly and began to look around. His eyes caught something lying on the dirt road leading from his home. He moved closer to find out what it was. Bending down he hailed the sight of a broken and smashed carrot. Sorrow filled his big heart as the raindrops began to fall. He picked up the smashed carrot and stood looking down the road of which his beloved friend disappeared.

“I will find you, and I will not rest until I do.”

Thunder rolled in the distance as John put the carrot safely close to his chest.

Now at this time, a rumor had been going around Nottingham and the surrounding towns about a bold outlaw who constantly seemed to evade the Sheriff with excellence. Not many have yet seen this man and his fellow outlaws, but their reputation grew like a wildfire. Anyone who would dare defy the Sheriff, was good in the eyes of the peasantry. John Little heard of this man and decided it would be best to join him. For one day they will take down the Sheriff and

end his tyranny. Then John will rescue his beloved cow and properly avenge his wounded pride and honor. Now there was the question of finding this outlaw. Robin Hood and his so-called Merry Men supposedly took shelter in Surewood forest. A large, dangerous piece of wood with many trees. But one must start somewhere.

So John Little went into Shorewood with a good hearty quarterstaff just in case of trouble. And glad he was to have brought it. While he was crossing a stout bridge over a lazy river, a group of six men came from out of the forest on the other bank. Each wore Lincoln green and were armed with a longbow and arrows along with a short sword and hunting knives. One even had a quarterstaff like John's. The leader of the group began to try and cross the bridge but halted part of the way through.

*"You there, I wish to cross this bridge." He said with a grand, lusty, honorable tone.

"Not my problem." John responded while crossing his arms and planting his feet firmly on the bridge.

The man took a little offense to such brash behavior. Behind him the other men in green started to glance at one another.

"Guess not." John refused to have his pride ruined once more.

"I'm a stout and lusty yeoman, sir, and if you do not let me cross, I'll thump you! Quite lustily!"

At this point one of the men, closest to the man trying to cross the bridge, shifted forward a little and cleared his throat.

"Careful, sir, he's bigger than you."

John responded to his adversary, "Then it appears, sir, we shall have a lusty buffet!"

Another one of the men some up, "Sir, with all due respect, he's going to beat the—"

"Never mind that!" The man in green yelled at his man. "Will, your quarterstaff."

The first man to have spoken walked up to the man on the bridge and handed him his staff then returned to the others.

"I hope, sir, you realize, you're in for a serious buffet. An all-you-can-eat buffet." He poisoned himself for the spar with a haughty air.

"I can eat a lot." John responded. He took a sparring position and observed his opponent. He was shorter than John, and was slightly less muscular. But he did seem more agile.

"So it would appear. En GARDE!"

The fight began and both seemed equally matched. John tried to focus only on the spar at hand, but he couldn't help but notice the men in the back huddling and placing bets on who would win. After a few minutes, John was able to properly gauge his opponent's strengths and weaknesses. Right then they stopped for a second.

"Sir, you fight well... But I haven't begun to fight!" His opponent yelled while switching up his grip upon the staff.

"That's a shame. Neither have I!" John also changed his grip into a more offensive series of blows. Which soon paid off. The stout yeoman put up a good fight for a few more seconds before John got a solid hit in and toppled his opponent into the river below. The men exploded with groans and huzzahs while the losers gave the winning betters their money. As for the yeoman, he returned to the bank and met John as he finished crossing the bridge.

"We'll fought sir! Well fought!"

"You're not so bad yourself."

The stout man grinned ridiculously and straightened his shoulders. "Would you like to join us?"

"I can't, you see, I'm on a mission to find the outlaw Robin Hood."

At this the men behind the yeoman grew quiet and began to listen intently.

"And why do you seek him?"

"I wish to join him, for you see my family was kicked out of their home by the evil Sheriff of Nottingham. He took my pride, my honor..." a wave of deep sadness flooded into John's heart. Tears formed in his eyes as he pressed his hand to his chest. "And my cow." He choked.*

This is how John found Robin Hood and his men. They accepted him warmly with honor and pride. Robin insisted upon calling John Little, little John while a few of his men cringed at the completely shameful expression of terrible humor. As for the men themselves there were five. Will Scarlet who handed Robin his staff. Much the Miller's son who was about as tall as Little John, but far more lanky and twig-like. William Church, Nathaniel Piper, and Daniel Boyle all were stout and shorter than their leader. Shorter than most men would think probable. But John didn't think much more of it for soon he was surrounded by them exchanging greetings. As they were heading back to their hideout, Little John gave the men a vivid description of his dear friend. He told of the heartbreaking sad tale of his cow being stolen by the Sheriff and his men. Church, Piper, and Boyle patted him on the back and shed a manly tear for his loss. Will and Much nodded their heads in understanding and gave their condolences. Robin Hood was too distracted by talking to imaginary King Richards in his head.

Being in Robin's band of Merry Men was good for Little John. His pride was restored along with his honor. But not his dear cow. Days passed and they robbed from rich and corrupt men and gave it back to the poor peasants. For many a good day passed and they men grew close.

Meanwhile in Nottingham.

Little John's cow was kept in the Sheriff's stables. She was fed well and groomed, but her spirit was never the same as it once was back in the green pastures with her dear John. She mourned the loss for the entire expanse of the days she was under the Sheriff's roof. One fateful day the soldiers were told to take her out to stretch her legs. After stalling for minutes on end questioning who would lead her, Bart was nominated by the other two. They put a rope halter on her and led her out of the stables. She felt the fresh air blow against her calling her name. With one stout kick, she sent Bart flying through the air back into the stable. She gave Tobias a strong head but sent him to the ground holding his injured stomach. Finn had a little more time to react, but instead he just let go of the rope to grab his sword, which he unfortunately left in the barracks. The cow saw her chance and raced straight through the conveniently open gate. Finn watched and sighed. No more raisins in their oatmeal this week.

Will Scarlet was out in the forest one day searching for berries to eat for dinner. Much and Little John had gone off to hunt while Church, Piper, and Boyle made the fire and prepared other plants to eat. Will was craving something a little different than deer and leaves and bark. So he went off by himself to search the forest. Berries were always especially good this year. While searching he came across some he had never seen before. They looked like overripe blueberries but without the frilly top, and the leaves on this plant were very different. Will picked a handful and looked at them closely. If they were a type of blueberry, then they would be absolutely harmless. But if they weren't, then the chances of them being poisonous would be significantly high. Will stood there staring at these berries for a spell pondering whether it was worth the risk to try them.

Suddenly the sound of a twig snapping caught his attention. Will looked around the forest and a little ways to the right was a large brown cow. He was confused for a second until he saw the characteristic white sock marking that Little John told him and the men about. It had to be! Little John's cow! Will tried to approach it softly. Luckily he was used to moving around the forest, being an experienced forester, without making a noise. He was able to get decently close to the cow before she saw him and started the other direction. Will stopped and decided to go for a different approach.

"Here, little cow. Come here, I know your friend, Little John."

The cow turned and looked at Will. He walked forward slowly holding out his hand.

"Come here, I've got some nice berries for you. Yes, that's it!"

The cow came within reach, and Will grabbed the lead rope. After securing the rope, Will threw the berries to the side. After all, he didn't know exactly if they were poisonous, but the cow had been tempted too much and went for them anyway. She must have eaten all of them for Will

didn't see any left in the dirt. Not thinking too much of it, after all cows are resilient, he began to lead her back to their outlaw hideout. A few minutes later the cow began to slow down. Will looked back and saw her head drooping and her feet dragging in the dirt. Suddenly she keeled over squishing plants on her way down. Surprised, he bent over the dear little cow and checked to see if she was dead. Sure enough the dear, beloved, little cow of Little John's was gone. Never was she meant to have seen her dear friend John ever again.

Will stood there in the forest staring at the deceased cow puzzling over what to do. How was the news to be broken to Little John? How hard would he take it? But most pressing was, what to do with the remains?

Unfortunately this line of questioning was rudely interrupted by the distant sound of thrashing and yelling. The all too familiar voice of the Sheriff and his bumbling men steadily grew louder. As per habit, Will quickly disappeared into the lush green brush close by and laid in waiting for the danger to pass. After a few more minutes, the Sheriff of Nottingham on horseback burst forth with three soldiers to where the cow lay dead upon the ground.

"MEN! You've done it now! The cow's dead!"

The soldiers stood uneasy gazing at the dead cow.

"Well, don't just stand there! Check to see how long it's been dead! Can't let it go to waste you nitwits!"

Finn bent down and examined the cow. "Looks like it died a minute or so ago."

"Good enough," The Sheriff relaxed to the slightest extent. "Drag it back to the butchery. We'll at least make use of it's meat."

With great difficulty, the guards began to drag the cow out of the forest. The Sheriff led the way on his steed. Will poked his head out from his hiding place and watched them leave. He debated ambushing them, but four against one wouldn't end well. He should have headed back to the hideout, but a part of him was curious and invested in the fate of this dear deceased cow. Maybe it was Little John's tale that stirred Will's heart so. He decided to follow them from a distance and at least see what would become of Little John's dear beloved friend.

The sheriff and his men with the cow moved through the forest like a fish on land. They were needlessly loud and frequently lost. Will had no trouble keeping out of sight and hearing while following their racket. Eventually they came to a highway leading back to Nottingham. Here they were able to move more diligently even with their heavy load. They moved quickly to Nottingham and to the butcher's. Will followed concealed in the woods. Once they entered the shop to relieve themselves of thief burden, he slipped to a window in the back and crouched down. Inside the Sheriff gave orders for the cow to be butchered for his table tonight. After they left, Will peeked through the window to see Little John's dear little cow be cut up and prepared.

It was late in the afternoon when the Sheriff's men came back. They stacked the meat, placed in small barrels, in a cart and headed for Nottingham Castle. Will decided to follow them since he had nothing better to do at the moment. The road back to the Sheriff's was short, but there was a stretch that veered close to the forest. Here the soldiers were met with an unwelcome surprise. The three of them were unceremoniously halted by none other than Robin Hood. Now these three particular guards weren't considered the most threatening, and Robin had defeated all three at once before. This fact would explain Robin's confidence in stopping them without any Merry Men to back him. But just in case, Will stood ready, hidden in the forest, watching them closely. Not to Will's surprise, Robin gave each of them a lusty thumping. While they were immobile on the ground for the moment, Robin searched through the cart. There he found barrels of salted beef. Grabbing one in each arm, Robin gave each of the soldiers a farewell kick and disappeared into the forest from which he came. Will broke off from the soldiers and followed him.

Bart, Tobias, and Finn got up slowly and brushed themselves off.

"We really gotta stop letting him beat us that badly."

"Yeah."

Tobias shook his head, "Every time..."

The three checked to see how much was stolen for their oatmeal depended deeply upon it. They were glad to see only two barrels were missing out of the ten. They each decided that it was safe to say the Sheriff wouldn't notice; therefore, no more punishment than that of which they had already received. They moved along the road quickly to Nottingham Castle and safely advanced through the gates without any trouble. There the cooks took the barrels of meat and began to prepare the dinner. 'Twas a big night after all, with the Prince of England visiting. The cow was fixed and presented expertly upon the long feasting table. Soon the Sheriff barged in to inspect the dinner before The Prince John arrived. Flawless. The Prince entered in appropriate fashion grand and regal. They sat, ate food, and discussed the main troubles throughout the land, mostly Robin Hood and his men.

"Sheriff, where did you get this excellent beef," Prince John asked, filling his pallet with more meat.

"Funny you should mention that, but this cow was formerly the property of one of Robin's men."

"Oh?" The Prince gave a sidelong look at the Sheriff. "Which one?"

"The one by the name of Little John." The Sheriff responded. "We took it from him when we took his family's property away."

"Excellent."

They continued to eat the meat of Little John's cow revealing deep in their very small unimportant jab at the outlaws.

Meanwhile back in the forest. Will Scarlet made his way quickly in the direction Robin had headed in. They crossed paths in a little break in the trees.

"Scarlet! Just in time! Look at this! Two barrels of meat just for us from the Sheriff's men. Here take one!" Robin handed one barrel to Will and continued to walk in the direction of their camp. "We're going to have an honorable and lusty feast tonight! It will be a celebration over the Sheriff and his men!"

"Um. Sir, about the meat..." Will tried to find how to phrase it.

"We will eat and be merry tonight! Venison from Much and Little John. Plants gathered from the forest! I even saw that Friar Tuck secured a good two barrels of the finest beer! What a glorious, successful night! Anyway, where have you been all day, Scarlet?"

Will tried to think of the best way of telling the sad tale. The tragic end of Little John's cow. But he decided against telling the whole story and didn't beat around the bush.

"Sir, this meat is from Little John's cow."

"Oh? How have you come across this knowledge?"

"Well, sir, long story short. I saw the Sheriff and his men take Little John's cow to the butchery." Now Robin hadn't quite heard John's sad tale or the in depth description and was quite vexed.

"And how do you know this was Little John's old cow?"

"He told us much about her, sir. I recognized her from the description he gave the Merry Men." Will was a little more than annoyed at this point.

Sometimes Robin's leadership skills lacked especially when it came to the Merry Men's backgrounds. At times all he cared about was portraying his stout and lusty nature to as many people as possible. Wanton carelessness caused Robin to shake off the significance of the meat and moved along as if nothing changed.

They arrived at the outlaw hideout before sundown. Little John and Much were already preparing some venison along with the help of Allen A Dale. Boyle, Church, and Piper sat around the fire with forest salads, bark, and other odds and ends. Robin made a grand show of his meat, and soon he too was preparing her over the fire. In good time, the meat was finished and the beer was brought out by Friar Tuck, who proceeded to drink a whole barrel without sharing. Boyle, Church, and Piper consumed their green dinner without meat. Allan and Much tore into the rich venison. Robin smiled a large stupid smile and served Little John a large serving of the beef. Will Scarlet didn't touch anything, sat alone, and watched the disturbing sight with mild concern. After all the cow did die from poisoned berries, any and everyone who

ate from that cow would most certainly get food poisoning. And at least suffer from explosive diarrhea for the next couple of days.

As for Little John, he ate heartily without one care or concern. Whether he found out the tragic tale from which that meat came, remains untold.

Thus ends the sad forlorn tale of Little John's cow. She was a good loyal beast, and Little John never forgot her. He passed on her legacy to his own children. But never again would he bring himself to buy another cow. For no cow would ever be able to replace that dear old friend. Now you have heard the full tale of the tragedy of Little John's dear beloved cow. Of her glorious life. Of her tragic capture and separation from whom she loved most dearly. Of her stunning escape and heart wrenching death. May you Rest In Peace Little John's cow. Your tragedy will live on and never be forgotten.

(Postscript: And that my friends is why Little John got a job at Chick-fil-A.)

*dialogue quoted directly from script by Will Averill

Horror on the Hill by Samantha Black

I am going to share an experience that happened to my friend and I two years ago. My name is Austin, I am now 16 years old my friend is Noah and he is also 16 now. The incident that had happened that night scarred both of us and it's something we will truly never forget. Sometimes I still have nightmares about it and I wake up sweating in my bed breathing hard. It was during the summer before we entered high school and one hot day in June, I was spending the day at my grandma's house. My Grandpa had recently passed away so I usually go to my grandma's house to take care of her. While we were both sitting at the kitchen table eating fresh slices of watermelon, I asked her if I could invite Noah over for the day.

Now something about Noah and I is that we like to cause trouble. From ding dong ditching people's houses or pulling pranks on our teachers. So I wanted to invite him over so we could have some fun. Recently I had found out from my grandma that there was an abandoned house on top of a small hill a few miles down the street she lived on. She always told me to never go over there because it was dangerous and claimed my many people to be haunted. I didn't believe her about it being haunted so I thought to myself I'll have to go see for myself to believe it. My grandma agreed for Noah to come over so I called him. Once he arrived I told my grandma that we were going to go on a bike ride for a while. What she didn't know was that we were going straight for that house. I

explained everything to Noah and he agreed with excitement. We started riding our bikes down the road and we eventually noticed this large tall rusted gate that led up a hill. So I thought it had to be that haunted house. We got off our bikes and hid them in some bushes so no one would see them. We waited until we knew no one could see us and crawled under the gate and ran up the hill.

When we got to the top we stopped to catch our breath and immediately notice a two story home sitting at the top. It definitely gave off haunted vibes from its appearance. The house was mainly brown and we saw that all the windows were boarded up. The grass around it was dried up and dead and looked like no one had lived there for about 100 years. Noah and I stood at the front of the house for about 5 minutes. I had a gut feeling that we should not walk into this house but being stupid young teenage boys, we did it anyway. I also didn't want to seem like a coward in front of my friend and wanted to be cool. So we walked up to the front door but realized it was also boarded up. We noticed that on the windows there were gaps between the wood boards and we could still see some glass. I told Noah that we should find rocks to throw at the glass so we could pull the boards off. We knew it was stupid because it would make a lot of noise and the possibility of people coming up the hill was a high chance. But our curiosity got the better of us about what the inside looks like.

We picked up some small rocks and chucked them at the glass. After we broke most of the glass on the first window we started pulling the poorly nailed boards off the window. There was one left and it was a tough one to pull. So Noah said he was going to find a large stick in the woods surrounding the house so we could smash it off. While I was standing waiting for him, a cold breeze brushed across my arms and I got goosebumps. The sun started to set and it became darker. Noah eventually came back with a fairly large stick in his hand. He started pulling off the board and hitting it as hard as he could. Finally, the window was open enough for us to squeeze through. I went first and Noah came in after me. The house had a strange smell, but it wasn't a bad smell, it was just odd. The weird part of the inside of this house was that everything on the inside was neat. Nothing was broken and everything was put away in its appropriate places. The plates were put in the cabinets, the beds were made, and the bathrooms were clean. Noah and I found it extremely strange because this house was supposed to be abandoned. After going around the whole house, first floor and second floor, we decided to do something that was far from stupidity. We started trashing the place. Every room we destroyed from smashing the glass plates to ripping up the furniture.

After we finished having our fun, Noah noticed a door in the back of one of the hallways on the first floor. We hadn't noticed it which was weird but brushed it off and walked up to it. There was a lock hanging on the door knob and of course there was a combination to it. I remembered seeing a small shed in the backyard so I told Noah I

would go try to find some bolt cutters. I went outside and entered the shed. I rummaged around for a little while and finally found some rusted red colored bolt cutters. I rushed back inside to go back to Noah. He moved out of the way once I got back to him and put the bolt cutters between the metal. I held the handles and pushed down as hard as I could. There was a big clanking noise and I had successfully broken the lock. I dropped both the lock and bolt cutters on the floor and pushed open the door gently. We walked in and it was just a normal looking bedroom. There was a small twin size bed in the right corner, a dresser, a closet, a nightstand next to the bed, and some toys scattered around the room. It seemed like it was a child's room. We searched if we could find anything interesting but there was nothing that sparked our interest. Then, I opened the top drawer on the blue painted nightstand and all there was a small printed picture of a family. I called Noah over who was looking through the closet to show him the picture. There was what looked like a dad, mom, and three children. There was one boy and two girls who all looked to be about the same ages, maybe 10 or 11. The boy and first girl looked fairly normal but the second girl was a bit different looking. All the family members had blonde hair and had light colored skin, but the other girl had long black hair and had darker skin. She was wearing a green dress and what was also weird about her was that in the picture, she wasn't standing close to any of the other family members. She was off on the left side

without smiling. Noah and I looked at each other and agreed that maybe she got adopted by the family. Thinking since she doesn't look anything like them.

As soon as we were about to leave the room and ride back home, close by I started to hear a small voice singing. It sounded like a young girl's voice. I stopped in my place while dropping the photo out of my hand and tapped Noah on the shoulder. I asked him if he heard the voice. He told me he didn't and I said to him that he needs to listen closely. We stood very silently and he said he could hear it too. I said to him that I think it was coming from the front yard. I walked up to the one window in the room and my heart dropped to my stomach. Outside I could see not too far away a girl wearing a green dress standing in the dead grass with her back facing toward my direction singing. I couldn't speak, I didn't want to scream because I didn't want the girl to notice me. I was horrified and Noah started calling out to me which knocked me out of my thoughts. He asked what I saw and I whispered to him that there's a creepy looking girl out there singing. He laughed a little which told me he obviously didn't believe me. He thought I was just trying to scare him and told me to take my phone out and take a picture of her. I told him there was no way I'm going back to go see the girl. But again I didn't want to seem like a coward in front of Noah.

So I pulled my phone out of my pocket and walked quietly to the window. Right when I was about to take the picture, the girl turned around and looked dead at me. Our

eyes were locked and I felt like I was going to burst into tears from being so frightened. Then out of nowhere, the girl lets out a blood curdling scream and her eyes start to turn bright red. Right after she screamed she stared at me for a few seconds then jumped backward off the hill. I screamed and dropped my phone on the ground and ran over to Noah. He yelled and asked what I saw. I told him I saw the girl again and she screamed so loud all the neighbors probably heard. Surprisingly, he believed me because he heard the scream too. We started gathering all of our things, our backpacks and water bottles so fast. Then, something in my mind clicked. I told Noah to wait and picked up the photo off the ground and pointed to the girl with the green dress. It was the same girl that I saw outside. We both looked at each other in fear and I dropped the photo again and ran outside the house, down the hill onto our bikes. It was dark out now and my grandma was probably worried about us. We rushed up the front door of her house as soon as we arrived and banged on the door. My grandma opened it 10 seconds later and we rushed inside and slammed the door shut behind us.

We were panting hard and my grandma asked us with a worried look on her face what was wrong. We told her everything, every detail of it. I don't even think she processed all of it because we were talking so fast. When we were done telling her what happened, she asked us calmly to sit down on the living room couch. We walked over and sat down with still trembling hands. My grandma started telling us how she wasn't completely honest about the house on the hill when she first told me about it. I was

confused but also interested about what she was going to say. She began by saying there was a family who used to live there during the 1960s. The family adopted a third child who was a girl with long black hair and dark skin. The girl that we saw in the picture and outside. My grandma then started telling us when the family adopted her, they later found out she had a mental problem and 3 weeks after her adoption, she brutally murdered everyone in the family while they were sleeping. She later committed suicide by jumping off the hill where the house was built on then broke her neck and died. The house now was used as a vacation home people could rent out, but no one has been able to stay a full night because of the paranormal incidents that have occurred. Which explained why the inside looked so nice. We were in shock. I was also upset for the family and even the girl. No one deserves to be killed for no reason and it's sad that the girl never got any help for her mental issues. Maybe if she did, the family wouldn't have died.

Looking back on it now, that whole time Noah and I were just being stupid kids and now we both know to behave and not get in so much trouble all the time. Noah and I are still really good friends today and have never told anyone this story. All I know is that I will never go back to that house and never go to a place that is claimed to be haunted and after not believing it was, I know now that it for sure is and know I saw the ghost of that girl and her death was just replayed for my eyes to see right in front of me.