

F.A.B.



The ***Fine Arts Blast*** *at*

PIKES PEAK CHRISTIAN

SCHOOL

MAY 5, 2023

Table of Contents

Elementary

William Bullen, <i>2nd Grade</i>	10
Logan Collins, <i>Kindergarten</i>	4
Skylar Lilly-Ann Crotser, <i>2nd Grade</i>	15
Taylor Deprisco, <i>2nd Grade</i>	11
Isobel Eads, <i>Kindergarten</i>	5
Ashlyn Gibbons, <i>2nd Grade</i>	12
Charlotte Haug, <i>2nd Grade</i>	13
Finley Johnson, <i>Kindergarten</i>	6
Avery Rich, <i>2nd Grade</i>	14
Jordyn Ring, <i>Kindergarten</i>	7
Emmaline Tulley, <i>Kindergarten</i>	8
Josh Van Vost, <i>Kindergarten</i>	9

Middle School

Jordyn Alexander, <i>8th Grade</i>	cover art
Mackenzie Arden, <i>7th Grade</i>	21
Jacob Barth, <i>7th Grade</i>	22
Shelby Benz, <i>7th Grade</i>	16
Kori Brown, <i>7th Grade</i>	18
Caleb Deis, <i>7th Grade</i>	17
Sophia Fine, <i>7th Grade</i>	21
Lexi Gable, <i>7th Grade</i>	22
Madeline Hanford, <i>7th Grade</i>	16

Grace Hankin, 7 th Grade	19
Phoebe Kallemyn, 7 th Grade	17
Henry Katte, 7 th Grade	20
Carissa Kirschman, 7 th Grade	18
Lillian Jaramillo, 7 th Grade	17
Ellyanna Jewel, 7 th Grade	18
Cynthia Merkle, 7 th Grade	16
Kairi Moss, 7 th Grade	17
Samantha Perry, 7 th Grade	24
Izaiah Powell, 7 th Grade	16
Nolan Price, 7 th Grade	20
Jayden Smart, 7 th Grade	23
Jillian Smart, 7 th Grade	23
Cora Wood, 7 th Grade	19
High School	
Riley Bomar, <i>senior</i>	33-36
Ethan Hammond, <i>Sophomore</i>	38-41
Kevin Hankin, <i>Junior</i>	32-33
Savannah Heath, <i>Freshman</i>	24
Heidi Heisel, <i>Senior</i>	29-31
Kiorra Nelson, <i>Freshman</i>	25-29
William Norrie, <i>Senior</i>	36-38
Harry Waddell, <i>Junior</i>	42-43

Kindergarten Creative Sentences

Mat A

Writers' Rainbow

1. Choose a word from each row of the rainbow with 2 different colors.

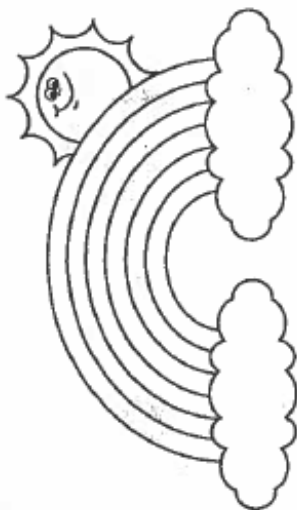
2. Write your silly sentence.

©The Mailbox®

Name Logan

Writing sentences

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences



The cat jumps by the
bed.

My hen ran on my hat.

Isobel

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences



A dog jumps my bed.

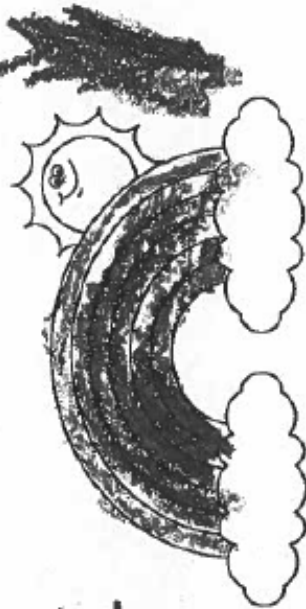
The hen ran by the

water

Name Finley

Writing sentences

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences

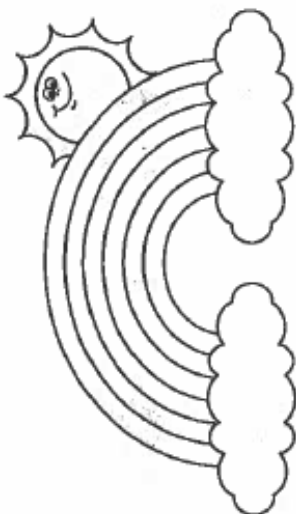


The dog jumps by the bed.

My cat ran on my rug.

Name Jordyn

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences



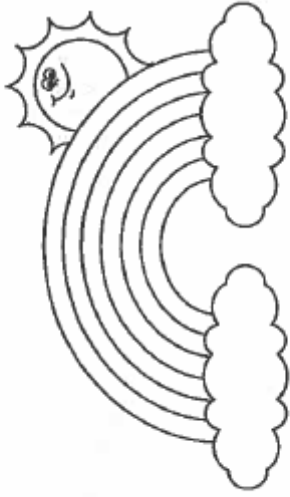
1. A dog sat on the bed.

2. The cat jumps by my rug.

Name Emma

Writing sentences

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences



The cat sat on the bed.

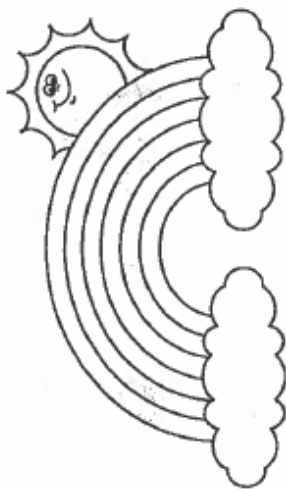
My hen jumps by my leg

JOHN

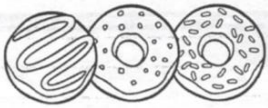
Name

Writing sentences

My Writers' Rainbow Sentences

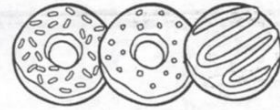


A pig ran by the
hat. My cat
jumps on my bed.



Design a Donut

by Will

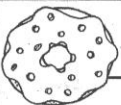
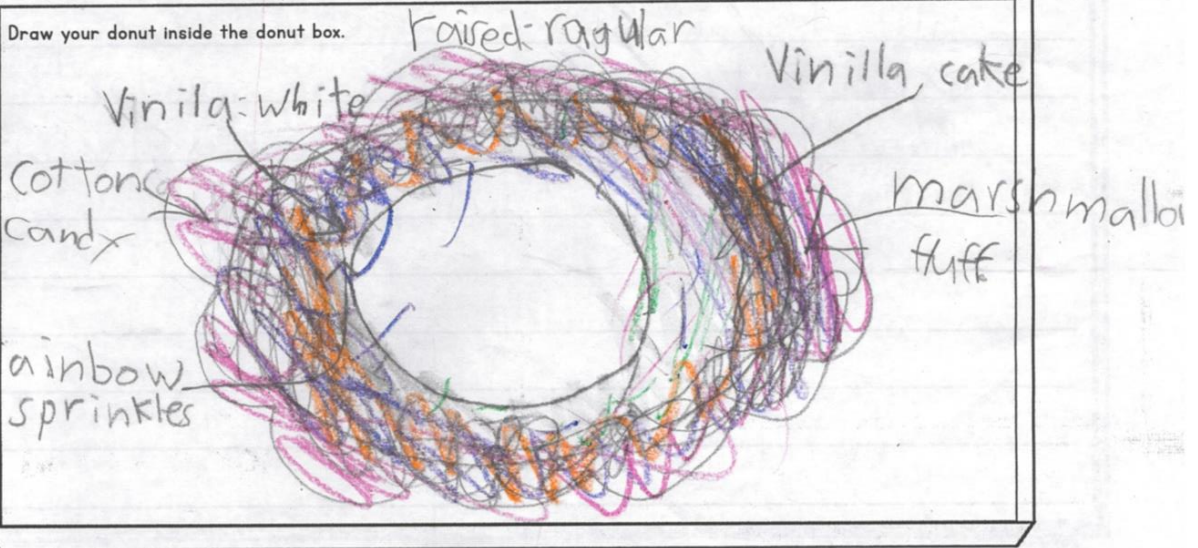


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Crazy carnival cake

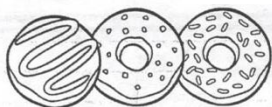
What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



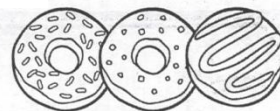
If you like Crazies and if you like carnivals and if you like cakes this is the donut for you. This donut will make you feel nostalgic like you're at a carnival. This donut will also bring back the feeling of happiness. example taste will remind you of childhood. It will also taste like a cloud it is sweet. This donut will bring back lots of memories.





Design a Donut

by Taylor Deprisco



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

Blue Lemon Delight

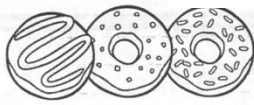
What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



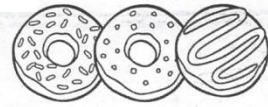
There are many reasons why the Blue Lemon Delight should be the featured donut of the month. The first reason is because the texture is soft. The donut is fluffy as you bite into it. The second reason is because of the taste. The taste of lemon and vanilla creates a flavor explosion of sweet and sour. The third reason is because it looks beautiful. It reminds me of the sky, rainbows, and clouds on a summer day. Those are the reasons why the Blue Lemon Delight should be the featured donut of the month.





Design a Donut

by Ashlyn

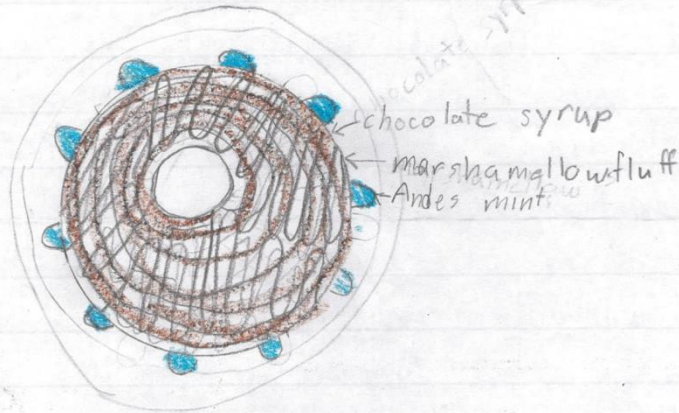


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

Mint mountain

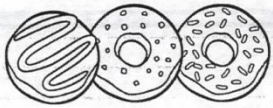
What is the name of your donut? Write it in the space above.

Draw your donut inside the donut box.



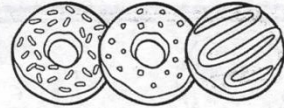
If you like mint, this is the donut for you. The flavors take you to your happy place. The marshmallows and chocolate are like hot chocolate. Next, the mint makes you feel like you're stepping out in a cold winter day. The texture of the donut will make you feel great. The smoothness of the chocolate mixed with the chewiness of the marshmallows is broken up with the crunchiness of the Andes mint. It looks like a mountain of goodness. The donut looks like a base of a mountain and the marshmallows look like snow on a mountain. The Andes mints look like rocks coming up from the snow. The chocolate reminds someone of dirt. You should choose this donut because it's a mountain of goodness.





Design a Donut

by Charlotte



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 twist

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

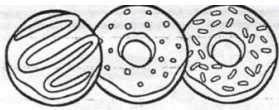


©2015-2020 The Knitted Apple

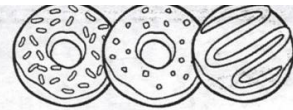


The American Twist

If you are an American, this is the donut for you. You should choose my donut because of it's patriotic colors. The colors Red, white, and blue are on the American flag. You should choose my donut because your sales will go way up in July. The lines would be really long on July 4th because people want to celebrate with red, white, and blue donuts. My donut melts in your mouth but cake donuts do not.



Design a Donut



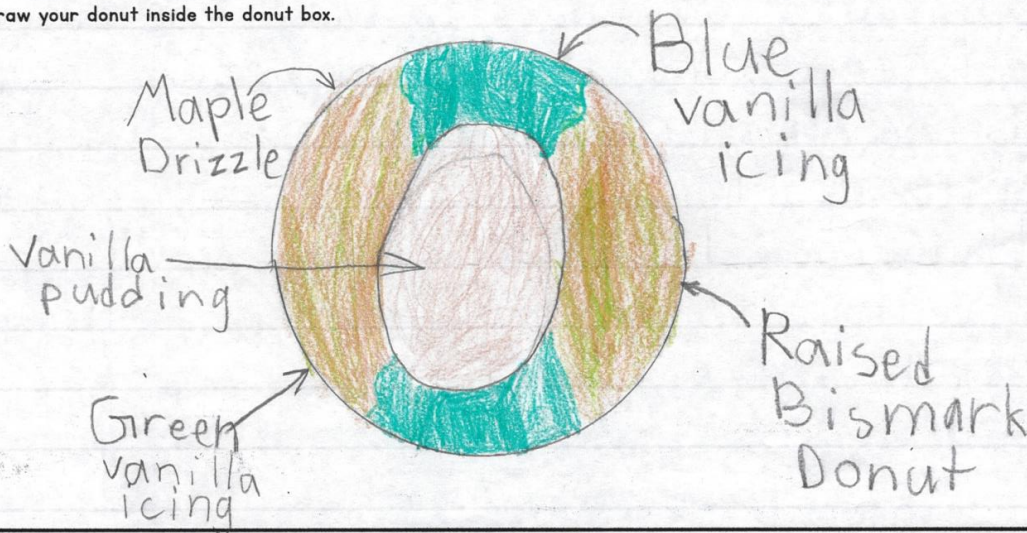
by Avery Rich

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

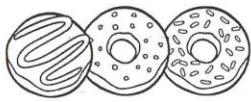
Rainforest Adventure

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

Draw your donut inside the donut box.

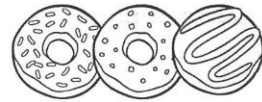


There are many reasons why the Rainforest Adventure should be the featured donut of the month. To begin with, it will remind you of the rainforest. The green represents the trees, The blue is the river, and the maple drizzle is like the dirt. Another reason is the flavorings go together. Vanilla and maple are a sweet treat. Finally, your first bite will be amazing. It's like a rainforest surprise. Those are the reasons why the Rainforest Adventure Donut could be the featured donut of the month!



Design a Donut

by Skylar Lilly-Ann Crotser

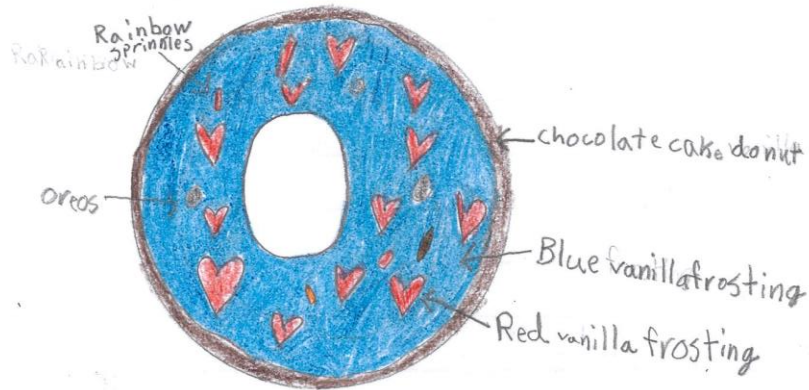


Draw your donut design in the space below. Your drawing should be colorful and detailed. Use labels to identify special toppings or features.

God's Special Donut

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



There are many reasons why the God's Special Donut should be the featured donut of the month. The first reason is it has a special name. It will remind us that God loves us. The second reason is it has red and blue frosting. The red reminds us of the blood of God. The blue reminds us of the sea that God made! The third reason is that it has rainbow sprinkles and Oreos. The rainbow sprinkles will remind you that God will never flood the Earth again! Clearly, the God's Special Donut should be the featured donut of the month!

Calm

By Izaiah Powell, 7th Grade

Calm is blue.
It smells like the big ocean.
It tastes like blueberries.
It sounds like a stream flowing over rocks.
It feels like a relaxing summer day.
It looks like a clear sky.
Calm is a kite waving in the wind.

Love Is In The Air

By Shelby Benz, 7th Grade

Love is baby blue.
It smells like strawberries.
It tastes like an orange Julius.
It sounds like a soothing violin.
It feels like a pillow.
It looks like I'm feeling loved.
Love is going to heaven.

Lavender Stillness

By Madeline Hanford, 7th Grade

Peace is lavender.
It smells like a lighted candle.
It tastes like luxurious ribbons of caramel.
It sounds like the hours of early dawn.
It feels like sweet, soft puppies.
It looks like twinkling lights in a dark room.
Peace is rain on parched grasses.

True Love

By Cynthia Merkle, 7th Grade

Love is turquoise.
It smells like fresh baked brownies from the oven.
It tastes like sweet strawberries.
It sounds like birds tweeting in the trees.
It feels like your pillow all soft and comfy.
It looks like a new blooming flower in the garden.
Love is warm chocolate chip cookies.

Superstitious

By Phoebe Kallemyn

Anxiety is white.
It smells like windy air.
It tastes like salt.
It sounds like broken glass.
It feels like wet paint.
It looks like a scary ghost.
Anxiety is a tornado.

Insanity

By: Caleb Deis

Insanity is black.
It smells like dirty socks.
It tastes like blood in your mouth.
It sounds like people screaming for help.
It feels like rubbing your hand on a rough, sandpaper wall.
It looks like a building in flames.
Insanity is the cold, soul-sucking darkness of outer space.

The Light and Dark

By Kairi Moss

Sunlight in the sky.
Darkness succumbs to corners.
Nothing can hide now.

Stormy Evening

By Kairi Moss

Rain on a glass pane.
Frolicking in a great storm.
Falling down slowly.

River in the Night

By Kairi Moss

Cattails bend backwards.
Moonlight vividly shines bright.
Grass blades swiftly move.

Anger

By Lillian Jaramillo

Anger is red.
It smells like Wasabi.
It taste like habanero peppers.
It sounds like a car crashing.
It feels like sandpaper.
It looks like crumpled paper.
Anger is fire.

My New Shoes

By Kori Brown

These are my new shoes.
They take me everywhere I go.
They're fresh and clean,
And I love them so.

These are my new shoes,
They are stable and adjustable.
When people compliment me they say,
"Wow! Those shoes are irresistible!"

These are my new shoes.
I really like them, I do.
And when I walk in them outside,
I feel so new!

The Spectacular Seasons

By Carissa Kirschman

Every year there are four rotations,
Each with different outdoor motivations.

Spring time is flowers and the Easter Bunny,
When the days are getting warm and sunny

Summer is sprinklers and swimming pools,
Be careful not to get burned on hot metal tools.

Fall is leaves changing colors and falling,
And the birds are starting to stop calling.

Winter is when there is at least one snowball fight,
Also when there are the most cases of frostbite.

When you are bored, no matter the season,
To go outside, there's always a reason.

"The Bed"

By Ellyana Jewell

This is my bed.
I get up and feel so cool.
I get ready,
And I am off to school.

This is my bed.
After I wash my sheets.
I lay in bed and
Feel so complete.

This is my bed.
The day is done.
I am waiting for
The morning sun.

Cozy Night

By Grace Hankins

This is my blanket.
So warm and fuzzy,
Like a steamy shower,
I love it like I love the sea.

This is my blanket.
It's very pretty,
Just like the waves,
There's a patch with a kitty.

This is my blanket.
It's gray and white,
Like an African parrot,
Take it, I'll get in a fight.

My Interesting Brain

By: Cora Wood

This is my brain.
Creative and kind.
It's a bit of a worrier,
When questions come to mind.

Here is my brain.
Full of Marvel and dragons,
Sometimes it feels silly.
When thinking of Bilbo Baggins.

This is my brain,
It needs to be worked on,
Just like a machine.
Capable of infinity and beyond.

Sports

By Henry Katte

Sports are quite fun, I like them a lot.
After all, I play them a lot.

Football is definitely my favorite sport.
From it, I get tons of support.

Basketball, our season just ended.
We won second place, so don't be offended.

Track, the one where you just run.
It has almost begun!

Hockey is fun to watch on TV.
If you haven't already, you should believe me!

I really like sports, sports of all kinds.
I should go watch some, instead of the homework assigned!

Hooked on the hoop

By Nolan Price

I'm ready for the ballgame.
Hoping for a win we can claim.

When I'm dribbling it feels so nice.
I will shoot with some spice.

When I make a good pass,
My friend can make a shot of the glass.

As I stand at the free throw line.
I know these shots will be mine.

As I work to guard the key.
My opponents won't score on me.

I look at the score as the clock runs down.
And see we are the number one team in town.

These are my favorite fictional characters

By: MacKenzie Arden

These are my favorite fictional characters.
The first character is Evangeline.
Who is one of the most beautiful.
But sometimes, a little mean.

These are my favorite fictional characters.
The next character is Tris.
Who is the strongest.
Who lives in a hopeful bliss.

These are my favorite fictional characters.
The last character is Scarlett.
Who is so cautious.
Who is like a night so starlit.

These are my favorite fictional characters.
They have always helped me to deal.
With emotions that I couldn't handle.
I will never forget how they made me feel.

In the Lion's House

By: Sophia Fine

In the lion's house
Stood the large cats in wait
For the people who trapped them
To throw in new prey.

Up in the town
A man named David praised
His one true king God,
Which led to plans for him to be slayed.

In the lion's house
David was thrown,
But god calmed the beasts
Because David was his own.

To the lion's house
A worried king ran,
But he needed not worry
For there his friend would stand.

Out of the lion's house
David did climb.
To have is to worship God.
Oh God most high.

Noah's Ark

By Lexie Gable

God once told a man named Noah to build an ark,
For Noah knew he not dare to disobey,
It is always good to respect God,
And Noah knew his work started today!

Noah listened to God's soft, swift words,
Load them into the ark one by one,
With animals in groups of two,
For Noah's story had only just begun!

Noah gathered his family in the ark,
Noah knew not to worry,
Even if it would rain for forty days and nights
Because with God your paths are never blurry.

And Noah waited, waited, waited on the ark
The storm would soon be over, they know
For when he came out of the ark on the fortieth day,
There was a giant multicolored rainbow!

Genesis 6-8

Jacob and Rebekah's Plan

By Jacob Barth, 7th Grade

I am my mommy's favorite.
Even though I have a brother.
His name was Esau.
He was like no other.

I am my mommy's favorite.
Esau was red in color.
He was big and hairy,
No mistake for another.

I am my mommy's favorite.
Rebekah was my mother.
We came up with a plan,
In order to trick my brother.

I am my mommy's favorite.
I took the birthright from my brother.
Because I made him stew,
Esau hates me like no other.

Genesis 25-26

The Beginning

By Jayden Smart

In the beginning
God said let there be light
And there was light.
Then He said let there be night

God said let there be separation
Let the separation be called sky
And so it was just as He commanded.
Then He said let there be ground that is dry

Let the ground have plants
That bear fruit
Of its own kind
And it was absolute.

Let there be lights in the sky
Then he made a great big light called moon
He also made another light called the sun
And it was very good very soon.

Panda Panda Panda bear

By Jillian Smart, 7th Grade

This is my panda bear.
She is black and white.
She is very beautiful.
She gets cold at night.

This is my panda bear.
Loyal and true.
She loves me for who I am.
And she's not brand new.

This is my panda bear.
She loves bamboo.
People think she is crazy.
But that is untrue.

Quirky things about ME

By Samantha Perry, 7th Grade

Samantha Perry.

Funny,

Kind,

Happy.

Wishes to be a hairstylist,

Dreams of getting married,

Wants to go to Texas,

Who wonders about life.

Who fears clowns.

Who is afraid of strict teachers,

Who likes volleyball,

Who believes in God.

Who loves dancing,

Who loves Taylor Swift,

Who loves food,

Who plans to go to Italy,

Who plans to get a good job,

Who plans to travel the world,

Who hates wasabi.

High School

Love

By Savannah Heath, Freshman

Love is a ravenous beast

Eating at my chest

Having a monstrous feast

An unwelcome guest

No sense of direction

I'm lost in love

Tearing me apart like a dissection

A mangled little dove

Such a painful feeling

Tearing me open wide

I just stare at the ceiling

Why won't she be my bride?

Will I ever be wanted?

My empty heart is haunted

Finnean Creed

By Kiorra Nelson, Freshman

(Before we start, know that this takes place in the dungeons and dragons world.)

The 6'3'' boy always wore black. He always had on a black cloak that he got from his father and a black pair of boots he got from his mother. Everything was black and gray except for a light teal pendant he wore on his necklace. He had dark brown hair with a green streak near the front, his eyes were green, and he had light gray skin. As a kid he never had a good relationship with his parents, but he had a wonderful relationship with his grandparents. They always took care of him and just overall made sure he was alive and well. His family was a traveling circus act with 2 other families, the Hammersmiths and the Riders. The only other people who were important to him were his friends, Alex Hammersmith and Climida Rider. When he was 16 years old his grandpa died. He was so sad that he left his family and went with his friends to live away from this lifestyle. Once they left they immediately went to the Bellowing Wilds, which is a forest, to hopefully lose anyone following them. The forest was in Suivelle and his family lived in Wesvill so they were quite a ways away.

"Well here we are '' announced Alex, as they crossed the bridge between Wesvill and Swivel. "Finally" groaned Climida, the youngest of the group. "Oh hush, we were only walking for like 2 hours.'" said Finnean. "Well you're bigger than me so it's easier for you!" she exclaimed. She was right, she was a gnome so she was much shorter than Finnean, who was a teifling. After entering the city they were greeted by a person named Bertolt. After talking for a while they went to sleep in a nice cozy inn and as he felt sleep taking over him he had a dream on how they got here. It felt like they had been walking forever. Finnean

slowly opened his eyes hoping to wake up in a nice cozy bed with the nice warm sun hitting him in the face. However, he wakes up in a uncomfortable sleeping bag and with branches stopping the warm sun from hitting him. He blinked slowly and groaned, "Another day another back pain" tiredly. "Morning!" yelled Climida, as the smell of burnt eggs and bread was brought to him. The dank forest slowly faded into view as his eyes adjusted to the light he slowly sat up and looked around remembering what happened and how they got there- which was just a lot of walking. Climida and Alex were already up and cooking eggs and bread together. Finnean slowly got up and sat down with them and after talking for a while they all went to continue their journey.

On the way to the city they got lost so Finnean went ahead to scout and find their way. By then it was the end of the day so while he was away Climida and Alex set up camp near a big tree. With further examination they discovered that there were little trinkets and toys hanging from the tree. They wondered what it was but tried not to think too much about it. Finnean came back and said he found the way. Unfortunately, it was getting dark so they just stayed under the tree for the night. Near the middle of the night Finnean heard a noise while he was on watch. He grabbed his bow, set off, and slowly crept away from where they set up camp. He climbed a tree to get a better view of the area and as his eyes adjusted to the darkness he saw a whole group of bandits watching them! He listened closely to their conversation, "Where did that other one go?" one asked the others. "I don't know", another responded. Finnean slowly started to creep back to the camp and once he got close enough he ran and yelled, "Guys, guys there's bandits! Wake up!" "One more minute", mumbled Climida. "Bandits?" said Alex tiredly. "Wake up!" he yelled one more time, this time he finally woke them up. By the time they figured out what was going on the bandits were already running toward them- full sprint. They quickly got up

while Finnean started attacking them from a ways away with his bow. They all started fighting and attacking each other but they were outnumbered by at least 5. By some miracle or just Alex's strength, they started to win, then it was over. They all breathed heavy sighs of victory as they regrouped. "We...we should probably get out of here" Alex said, "before more come." "Good idea" Climida and Finnean agreed. They quickly packed up their stuff and just as they were about to leave Finnean noticed a little wooden object in the grass. When he looked closer he saw it was a little wooden statue of a bear, so being the thief that he is, he picked it up and stuffed it in his bag. "Hurry up", yelled Climida. Finnean yelled impatiently, "Coming!" and quickly got up to follow his friends.

After almost 2 hours of walking they finally arrived at the City of Dragonholt. Soon entering, they were greeted by an elf named gleif. He greets them kindly and gives them a map to the city to help them find their way around. After he leaves they all look for a place to stay. Once they find a popular inn they open the door and the smell of freshly made bread greets them. Suddenly, Climida screams and a small woman comes running toward her. After some explanation they all learn that this woman is Climiadas' aunt. As the two talk Finnean and Alex get to have a discount dinner. After they all eat they get to finally sleep in a nice warm bed until the next day. The next day Climida woke Finnean up by jumping on his bed like a lost puppy. "Finnean! Wake up! We have stuff to do!" Finnean groaned and rolled out of bed. He was not a morning person, unlike his friends he eventually got out of bed and got dressed. By the time he got downstairs everyone had already finished breakfast and was talking to Climidas aunt. Apparently, she had told them that the apothecary shop had burned down a couple of days before and the group decided to check it out and as they were heading out the door the wooden bear that Finnean had put in his bag fell out. Alex asked what it was and when Finnean told him it was from the

tree, then he got scolded for stealing. Alex had figured out that the tree must have been for spiritual use. He thought people were hanging up gifts for the gods. "Whoops!" Finnean said, with no regret. Alex just sighs disappointed and they continue on. They finally arrive at the apothecary shop and Climida, the smallest one, goes inside of the building or what is left of it. "Whoa" she exclaimed as a person emerged from the rubble, it was the owner of the store! You could tell he was crying "My store" he wept. Suddenly, he slammed a pair of keys into her and ran away yelling "I give up- the store's yours!" She looked shocked, but quickly recovered and yelled "Thank you!" Excitedly, it had always been her dream to own a store and she had been planning to find out how to take it for herself, so Finnean thought she must've been happy to get it without resorting to underhanded tactics. She looks at the rest of the group smiling and eventually after trying to clean up the shop a bit they left. Even though the day was almost done they still wanted to look at the library- so they did. As they entered they saw an old friend of theirs, Celyse. "hey guys!" she yelled excitedly as they opened the doors to the library "Celyse?" They all said in surprise "the one and only" she responded after asking what she was doing in Dragonholt she just avoided the question and asked us the same thing "you guys are still with your families right?" Once they responded with a no she was very worried "well do they know where you are?" She yelled, see Celyse was like a babysitter for them when they were younger so she had the right to be so concerned "we're fine" they assured her she sighed in relief "thank goodness" after catching up for at least an hour they asked her where she has been since she had left to be on her own then to their surprise it turns out she was working for the queen of Dragonholt. So she wanted to introduce the group to the queen. They all agreed to meet the next day near noon and so they said their goodbyes and left for the day to go

back to the inn they talked, ate, and went to sleep ready to meet their friend the next day.

The War Musical

By Heidi Heisel, Senior

Scene 1:

(Scene starts in a luftwaffe POW camp during 1942³. The setting is a prisoner barrack with a combination of British and a couple of American POWs with one misplaced French prisoner. There are two tiered bunks made of wood along the walls and a rectangular table in the middle of the room. The prisoners are spread out or sitting in their bunks. Three prisoners are sitting at the table: Lieutenant Lee Rubin, a British officer, and the French man.)

(Enter Private John Stanford (British). Escorted by two guards. Guards leave)

Stanford: *(looks around and sighs)* Well this is a homely place. Isn't it chaps?

Lt. Rubin: Better than a hotel I once stayed in back in London. I am Lieutenant Lee Rubin.

Stanford: *(salutes)* Private John Stanford First Airborne Division.

Lt. Rubin: No need to be uptight here, ol' boy. *(Guentering to the two men sitting with him at the table)* This is Jack Oberon, or hobo as we call him here, and Alexandre Inopportun, otherwise known as chef.

Hobo: *(nods)*

Chef: Bonjour.

Stanford: Nice to meet you. *(To Lt. Rubin)* Is there, by any chance, a place to set my kit?

Lt. Rubin: Oh yes, ol' boy, you can have that far bunk in the corner. You can put anything you have on you there. *(Turns around and points to the back corner on the left (stage right).)*

Stanford: Thank you. *(Walks over and sets a bag on the lower bunk and returns to the table. Sits down across from Lt. Rubin and Hobo with Chef to his right)* Well, gents, any plans for escape, if you don't mind me asking?

Lt. Rubin: Why yes, ol' boy, we have a really stellar tunnel right at the moment, but we are not sending anyone out quite yet.

Stanford: Why is that?

Lt. Rubin: We're testing to make sure it will work. You see... *(leans over the table and close to Stanford and whispers)* we have a system right now. We make civilian styled clothing through a handy pair of tailors. In addition Hobo here is excellent at foragry. He's already got his hands on identification papers and is working on fake forgeries for other escapees. And ol' Chef here has a

system of teaching our boys French. There are also scroungers, navigators, diggers, and many other talented young chaps working for an escape.

Stanford: What is holding you back?

Hobo: Crazy Flak Happy.

Stanford: (*utter look of confusion*) What?

Chef: (*with an accent*) He's an insane American that escaped.

Lt. Rubin: (*normally*) We are waiting to see, ol' boy, the overall success of our work. Ol Flak Happy, as we call him, volunteered to test out the French civilian disguise technique.

Stanford: Flak Happy? How'd a fellow come to have a name like that?

Lt. Rubin: Oh that's not his real name, ol' boy. **PrivateLieutenant** Jedediah Wild. One of the first American prisoners we've had yet. Interesting fellow.

Stanford: Fascinating. What do you know about him?

Lt. Rubin: Well you see ol' boy... (*cue nonexistent music*)
He, the greatest pilot west of London
On a mission that would shake great Berlin.
They shot up his b-24 bomber
And it crashed into the heather.

Flak happy, he's never been the same since
Twitching and flinching, lurching and lurking.
Flack happy, he'll never live in silence
Only a fire in his heart keeps burning.

Hobo:

'e was their only prison'er sadly
With no desire to become a digg'er.
'e'd just sit an' lay in the corn'er bunk
Only to get up an' walk an' burn junk.

Lt. Rubin and Hobo:

Flak happy, he's never been the same since
Twitching and flinching, lurching and lurking.
Flack happy, he'll never live in silence
Only a fire in his heart keeps burning.

Chef:

A sudden desire made him drunk
To quickly return home, like a tree trunk
Stubborn, stupid, insnae American.
He learnt excellent French fast as he can.

Lt. Rubin, Hobo, Chef, and other prisoners:

Flak happy, he's never been the same since

*Watching and waiting, learning and earning.
Flack happy, he'll never live in silence
Scheming and planning, forging and stealing.
Flack happy, we have not seen him here since
The heart keeps burning and feet keep running!*

Lt. Rubin:

*He left disguised as a French civilian
With a foraged identity and language.
Last morning's alarms announced the villains
Chasing after the escapee of the age.*

Stanford: *(silent)*

Lt. Rubin: Well, that's ol' Jedediah Wild for you, ol' boy.

Stanford: Sounds like an interesting fellow. I hope he makes it.

Lt. Rubin: Hmm. Yes, if there's any ol' crazy coot that could escape from here, it's our ol' Flack Happy.

(Commotion sounding outside of the barrack. Hobo walks out to see what is causing the ruckus. After a few seconds of curiously sitting, the rest of the prisoners rush out with Chef and Stanford in the lead. Lt. Rubin stays in the barracks and lights a cigarette already sure of what just happened.)

Lt. Rubin: *(looks at his watch)* A day and a half. Not bad ol' boy. Not bad. You'll make it next time.

(Outside a truck drives into camp and pulls up to the office. The Camp Commandant walks out on the porch and watches as guards remove a man from the back of the truck.)

Lt. Rubin: *(walks over to a window and sees the captured young man. Looks on in silence.)*

(The prisoner is taken into the office.)

Lt. Rubin: *(deeply sighs)* Just don't let that fire go out. If there's anyone who will succeed, it'll be you, ol' Flak Happy. *(Turns away from the window)*

End scene

Inopportun- French for untimely

Flak Happy- British RAF slang for uncaring/reckless. Crazy/frazzled from stress. Beyond caring for one's own safety.

A Bad Break

By Kevin Hankin, Junior

“Six million Americans break a bone each year or about 1.8% of the population” (<https://u.osu.edu/productdesigngroup3/sample-page/>). Kevin Hankins has broken a bone four times in his life. The story behind the third time is significantly rarer than the others and greatly more intriguing. This event was a turning point in his life that taught him to be safer when playing. The event can be broken down into three events: the moments before the break, the break itself, and the results after the break.

It was the start of summer in 2015 and Kevin’s mom had to go to work just as she had been doing for most of the summer so far. She had hired a babysitter to watch them most of the days, but this day specifically started with a bad idea from his babysitter. His babysitter, Hope, suggested that it would be a fun idea if he rode a Thomas the Train toy box down the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs was a wooden builder set with fake drills, saws, and other building tools. He pushed the box up the stairs and rode down it having the time of his life. He then watched his five year old sister ride down while Hope was guiding her down the stairs. After they had repeated this process about six or seven times Hope said that they should be done. Kevin was stubborn and rode down the stairs one last time.

The last ride was a horrible experience that started with hitting his right arm on the metal bar of the toy box. He then fell out of the box hitting his skull right on the top of the stairs while upside down. Lastly he landed into the wooden building toy set with his right arm again taking the brunt of the fall. Once all of this had taken place his right arm’s ulna and humerus had been broken, with the ulna sticking out of the skin. There was very little blood, yet his mom had to rush home and take him to the hospital. He wanted a pillow to rest his arm on, so that the pain would subside slightly while walking up the basement stairs to the car.

His mom quickly took him to the hospital as quickly as she could, and they made him turn over his arm to see the bone sticking out of the skin, which was very painful. They then hooked him up to IVs and let him rest. The next day happened to be his ninth birthday which he spent in the hospital watching *Big Hero 6* and eating peach cups and ice cream in a hospital bed. After he had made some recovery the doctors scheduled a surgery to put a metal rod in his arm to stabilize the bone. He then had to wear a full arm cast for about four months, and have another surgery to take the metal rod out of his arm. He now has two scars from the surgeries, and a terrible experience he will never forget.

The moment before the break, the break itself, and the results have given him a new perspective on the idea of safety. The babysitter was soon fired after the incident and Kevin had to remember there were consequences for his actions. He disobeyed the babysitter and went down one last time and saw the result of wearing a full arm cast for $\frac{1}{3}$ of a year. This monumental event taught him to always obey authority and be safe no matter what activity he is doing. As he grows older, he still sees the event as more of a lesson than a traumatizing event. He has now only had one more broken arm after that incident at the age of 10. He has since had no more broken bones for six years in counting. This event could prove interesting to readers because of the uniqueness of this story and the embedded lesson that obedience will keep people out of trouble.

Works Cited

Ohio State University. "Arm Injury Statistics." Aids for One Armed Tasks, Sept.

2016, <https://u.osu.edu/productdesigngroup3/sample-page/>.

The Language of Loyalty

By Riley Bomar, Senior

The heroic epic of Beowulf is a well-known tale that combines many aspects of Anglo-Saxon folklore as well as some interesting Christian elements hidden throughout the story. The epic

tells the account of a fierce warrior named Beowulf who leads his people, the Geats, through many great battles and conflicts- prevailing in all of them. Through the course of the story, Beowulf demonstrates great pride, courage, confidence, and most of all- loyalty. Even in the face of grave danger, the hero seems to hesitate not once when it comes to placing himself between the monstrous forces at play and the innocent lives at stake. This culturally-rooted story seems to place a very high importance on the ethics of bravery, valor, and devotion- in a way making Beowulf a role model to everyone.

In the folk tale, the character of Beowulf is praised by nearly all for his heroic deeds as well as his humble rule as King of the Geats for 50 years by the start of the story. He remains loyal to his clan by facing down any opposing threat, including killing the grim and envious Grendel as well as his mother, up until his ultimate death in battle. However, Beowulf's people weren't always just as loyal and true to him as he was. In Beowulf's final fight against Grendel's horrid mother, all of his warriors whom he had taken with him fled in fear and abandoned him to take on the threat alone. "None of his comrades/ Came to him, helped him, his brave and noble/ Followers; they ran for their lives, fled/ Deep in a wood" (ep. 14, ll. 746-749). This very act paints his soldiers in a poor light, allowing fear to control their actions, which is the opposite of Beowulf's character and why he prevails in his battles. However, one brave soul decides to stay with him and not flee in terror- Wiglaf. Wiglaf's character has proven to be the most courageous under pressure out of all of his fellow comrades, perhaps even rivaling the bravery of Beowulf himself. "And only one of them/ Remained, stood there, miserable, remembering,/ As a good man must, what kinship should mean. . . ." (ep. 14, ll. 749-751). Wiglaf not only demonstrates fearlessness to his hero, but also loyalty, in the end helping to slay the dragon and being crowned the new King of the Geats and successor to Beowulf. "Then that brave king gave the golden/ Necklace from around his throat to Wiglaf,/ Gave him his gold-covered helmet, and his rings,/ And his mail shirt, and ordered him to use them well" (ep. 16, ll. 817-820). Therefore, it is rather clear simply through character dynamics that the legend of Beowulf values valorant actions and

lasting allegiance towards a heroic figure or clan, and puts down those that are prone to betrayal or unfaithfulness. Its rewarding of those that have faith and endure definitely ties into the underlying messages that are potentially inspired by the Christian impact on this story- which are not hard to pick out.

Beowulf is primarily a legend of Anglo-Saxon origin and beliefs, but given that by the time of its supposed writing most early-Englishmen had been converted to Christianity, it is not hard to believe that there was heavy Christian influence on the story. In fact, there are many instances in the epic that directly reference a biblical account, theme, or element. For instance, King Hrothgar, the man whom Beowulf comes to aid when Grendel attacks, holds a throne that is protected by God, supposedly due to his deep love for Him. “Though he lived In Herot, when the night hid him, he never/ Dared to touch king Hrothgar's glorious/ Throne, protected by God—God,/ Whose love Grendel could not know” (ep. 2, ll. 81-85). This nearly sets an example for the other characters by demonstrating the reward for faithfulness to God. Another example of a biblical allusion is that of Grendel himself- “He was spawned in that slime,/ Conceived by a pair of those monsters born/ Of Cain, murderous creatures banished/ By God, punished forever for the crime/ Of Abel's death” (ep. 1, ll. 19-23). Grendel is a monstrous being derived from hell, whose description sounds easily familiar to that of Satan’s. Unlike the previous instance, this backstory directly references the Bible- something that could not have been had there not been some influence of Christian beliefs and practices on the epic. Aside from the historical crediting of biblical times, the morals and messages in Beowulf are very much in line with popular Christian values. The idea of upholding courage, bravery, and loyalty are not strictly biblical practices as the Anglo-Saxons primarily focused on warfare, which is strongly evident in this heroic story. However, they are largely shared elements that are deeply rooted from the same place- God’s design of our hearts. Just as the story praises Wiglaf and Beowulf for their efforts and loyalty, Christians are held to the same standards by following Christ in devotion to Him. In conclusion, this age-old tale of a fearless warrior taking on seemingly insurmountable tasks for his people speaks some truth into the lives of those that seek to follow God. It is easily

recognizable that this story attempts to allude to God in its words and portrayal of characters- just as Jesus died for the sins of His people, Beowulf died in battle for his. Beowulf honors those with exemplary motives and actions, just as God rewards those that fight for the truth. It is obvious that this epic's writers were inspired by their biblical beliefs while writing. The story admirably sets up Beowulf as an example of utmost fidelity and faith, an example that everyone can strive to be.

Loyalty of Failure (Read bottom **Bold)**

By William Norrie, Senior

We the people... These words lead people to allegiance for the country of the U.S. The loyalty of them, you could say. Loyalty can come in many forms and can be perceived in different ways. In *Beowulf*, the Thanes or the citizens of Denmark, that live under the rule of Beowulf. Well, actually it is King Hrothgar or Beowulf's father figure, until his death by Grendel. Not just the citizens but the warriors or retainers as well. That may come as an easy one, but even in the pits of hell, they follow their leader. This is not about the citizens of Herot or its Warriors, but one warrior: Beowulf.

Beowulf is the main character of the story, hence his name being the story's name. The loyalty Beowulf gives to not just his people, but himself is something that no other person would be expected to offer up. Not many people are willing to sacrifice their life for the sake of a city of citizens. Maybe your mother. Let's talk about specifics now. Can't just say this man is so loyal without any proof. When Beowulf is first giving a speech to inspire his men about his soon to be fight with Grendel, he says, "And I think, if my time will have come / There'll be nothing to mourn over, no corpse, to prepare" (ep. 4, ll. 179-180) Knowing the chance of him dying, he doesn't back down, yet tells his people with confidence that his death will only have the meaning of, "We won and gave more longer life to our great people. Celebrate."

The bond friendship can make is something that can power almost anything. This is seen in the story with Brecca and Beowulf. The loyalty and trust they have in each other, fighting sea monsters in unknown ocean terrain, limited mobility for them, and only a naked sword and themselves. “He could never leave me behind, swim faster / Across the waves than I could, and I / Had chosen to remain close to his side. / I remained near him for five long nights,” (ep. 7 ll. 274-277) This entire monologue is covered with boasts of loyalty and confidence towards both Beowulf himself, and his friend Brecca, but this part specifically tells us that they would never strand the other. He literally said “never leave me behind.” Beowulf is a man that’ll do anything for the people he cares about.

“All of Beowulf’s / Band had jumped from their beds, ancestral / Swords raised and ready, determined / To protect their prince if they could.” (ep. 9, ll. 475-478) Though not Beowulf, his fellow warriors leaped into battle, ready to fight alongside the man they fought alongside times before, and the man they sought loyalty to, Beowulf. Talking about a specific person next to Beowulf, Wiglaf is the last person to see him breathe. Wiglaf has either a whole internal or external monologue about how Beowulf would always be there for him and the Thanes, giving them bravery when he was near, aiding them in their times of need. “Our glorious king! By almighty God, / I’d rather burn myself than see / Flames swirling around my lord. (ep. 15, ll. 780-782) Coming full circle, we started the story with a grown, brave, loyal, and strong man, ready to fight and protect his people. We end the story with a new hero, ready to take his leader’s place, Wiglaf. And Wiglaf as he takes Beowulf’s place, does he also take his bravery, strength, and his loyalty.

“Beowulf presents an ideal of loyalty. The failure to live up to this ideal on the part of some Thanes points up the extraordinary faithfulness of Beowulf.” (Either Mr. Moore or Ms. Graham) It’s hard to live up to being someone so strong and shining bright for your entire city. It’s something no one expects a person to offer. But the support of your people, the bond of your friends, and the brotherhood made from your fellow warriors, the loyalty will be born naturally.

Read this essay as someone's last speech. Their final goodbye. The graduation farewell. Imagine them speaking from their heart as the camera pans to a field of seniors, crying as they themselves will be leaving all they have ever known. Read aloud for better effect.

The End of the World

By Ethan Hammond, Sophomore

It was November 11, 2035. Ryan rushed through the shadowy, wet forest. He knew he had to be fast for the fate of the world was resting on his shoulders. He had started with a much bigger group but his numbers had slowly dwindled since they entered the forest.

Ryan was a military soldier who was very devoted to his country, which was the main reason he was chosen for this job. The military had found out about something terrible that was going to happen in China that would destroy the whole world. They began to assemble a team to stop this and Ryan was chosen as the leader. Ryan fit the physical description almost perfectly, being 5'8", very much in shape, charming, and very experienced in warfare. He had a rough face that had seen some harder times but it fit him well. Ryan wasn't necessarily overly muscular but he looked pretty good. He had longish brown hair that sometimes fell over his face which annoyed him, but he liked the hair. His eyes were blue like a pool at night and his face was almost perfectly symmetrical. His team was to infiltrate the Chinese base in hopes of stopping the impending doom. They thought they would be well enough prepared to face the perils of the rainforest but nothing could've prepared them for what they were about to encounter...

They slowly began their descent into the black, ominous forest. As they entered, the forest's darkness seemed to engulf them to the extent that it appeared it had swallowed them up. It was assumed that this would be the easy part of their journey but the Chinese had other plans. They had biologically developed animals that were much more powerful than average. These animals were called mutants and were put in the jungle to defend the Chinese base. The first mutant that Ryan and his team encountered was a huge bird which had a wingspan that reached

fifty feet. The bird appeared to be like a hawk with red and black streaked wings. It's whole underbelly was a disturbing white much like the moon. The most horrific part however, was the beak. The beak could have easily fit a whole elephant in it, and possibly recently just did since there was scarlet blood dripping from this monster's mouth. It's eyes were yellow like the sun as its gaze pierced the crew. It swooped down and grabbed one of the privates among the group. The team tried to get him back but very soon the giant beast of a bird had swallowed him up and came charging in for more food. The soldiers fired their guns and were able to kill the bird. However, little did they know that this was the weakest mutant there was.

The second mutants they encountered were giant centipedes. They had been walking through an area with lots of sand. Ryan told his team, "After our last incident...we don't know what we'll find here. We need to be prepared for anything." Almost immediately after Ryan finished talking, three ginormous centipedes burst from the sand and shot straight towards the group. The centipedes were big enough to fit at least three humans in their mouths and they were as long as a cruise ship. Their disgusting ebony bodies slithering across the floor. They had sunset orange scales underneath them. Their eyes were terrifying for simplicity. They looked soulless. Their fangs gleaned maroon from a recent kill. The soldiers began to fire their weapons at them but the beasts had bulletproof scales. The only option was to run. They began to sprint as fast as they could through the forest, the centipedes picking them up and gobbling them up one by one. Ryan and two of his soldiers ran into a cave which he thought would be small enough that the monsters wouldn't be able to fit. He was correct in his assumption and after some time the massive bugs began to retreat back to their underground home.

There was not much time for resting since the end of the world could happen within the next hour, so the three set off again in search of the base. One of the soldiers, whose name was Steve and was also very experienced in warfare especially pertaining to the jungle, said, "After those, I don't think any monster could be harder to beat." Steve was a big person who loomed over the others at 6'3". He had short blonde hair and brown eyes. Ryan replied, "Well now that

you said something like that, of course there's going to be something harder to beat." Ryan was very correct in his assumption.

The group walked through a thick patch of trees that opened up into a circle-like clearing with a massive cave on the far side of it. Past this cave they could see the base which they were to infiltrate. But before they went Ryan realized that this was probably a trap and immediately dove behind a giant boulder. The other two in his crew however, Steve and Johnny, were right in the middle of the jungle arena. Johnny was an excellent fighter but also sometimes very stupid. He was about the same height as Ryan but appeared smaller due to slouching. His hair was dirty blonde and he had green eyes. Johnny wasn't exactly the best looking person but he would get the job done. Ryan tried to shout for them to come back but he was too late. Metal walls surrounded the arena trapping the two inside. Ryan climbed up a nearby tree so that he could stay safe but still see what happened. However, after seeing it, he would've wished he hadn't looked at all.

The first thing that happened to the two was their guns were taken away. A giant magnet had appeared and had taken anything magnetic they had, including Ryan's gun. After this, about 15 lions emerged from the cave, all of which looked starved and vicious. They began to attack the duo but they were trained in combat without weapons. They were miraculously able to fend them off until Ryan could come up with a way to help them. He discovered some rocks nearby that were about one foot in width and two feet in height. The rocks seemed durable and sturdy so he threw them into the arena to somewhat arm his comrades. They were able to use the stones to smash in the heads of the lions. The three celebrated thinking they were safe but after about a minute of the metal walls not coming down they began to be concerned. That's when they heard it. The most monstrous roar the world ever did hear. Then, an enormous lion emerged from the cave and charged at the two. Ryan sadly knew there was nothing he could do this time but watch his last two friends get viciously eaten by the beast inside. After five whole minutes of the lion playing with them, torturing them, he was finally done and they were long dead.

Ryan was very saddened by this event but something strange happened afterward. The magnet came back and pulled the metal walls in on themselves causing the lion to be suffocated. He figured this was to make sure the lion didn't go attack the Chinese who created it. However, he came back to his senses and realized he only had ten minutes to stop the launch. He rushed through the jungle as fast as his legs would carry him. He approached a doorway that looked like it led into the base. This door was locked but Ryan knew how to pick locks very easily and so he did just that. Through the door was one of the longest hallways ever seen. Now there is almost nothing that could scare Ryan but he does have one fear. That fear is hallways. He could never explain why but he always would break down and have panic attacks when lost in a long hallway. Ryan knew he had to face this fear right now or the world could be destroyed so he stepped through the door into the terrifyingly long hallway.

As he walked he immediately began to hyperventilate but he knew that if he passed out, it was all over. The hallways only took about five minutes to run through but for Ryan it felt like five hours. The walls seemed to be closing in on him, he felt as though he would suffocate under the pressure. Finally though, he made it to the end. Ryan had successfully faced his fear and was ready to finish the mission. There were now four minutes left. He quickly found a guard, knocked him out, and stole his gun. It was only a pistol but it would get the job done. He found a map with an overview of the base and knew where he had to go. He quickly found this area and burst into the room. There was only one man standing in the room and this man was about to press a big red button. Immediately Ryan shot the man and thinking his mission a success, began to walk towards him. The man's dead corpse, however, had other plans. It fell towards the button and landed right on it. Ryan shouted "NO!!!" as the nukes were launched that would destroy the whole world.

A New Perspective

By Harry Waddell, Junior

A windy, relaxed autumn afternoon. Dressed for success and ready to learn at the airfield. Boarding is easy after pre-flight checklists are completed. Taxi and takeoff are surreal—the slight pull back on the yoke, that gut-dropping feel, and liftoff. Free of the constraints gravity holds, a new adventure is awaiting. Seeing the bright orange sky outline the beautiful Front Range. A day like this is unforgettable, with its vivid colors and extraordinary feelings. A smooth final brings a smooth landing. My first powered flight is in the books.

God grants us many opportunities, and I believe the way to live our purpose is to take advantage of them. One of my opportunities was instruction on basic aerodynamics through a co-op program. Seizing this chance, I went through the course and discovered much, from building our remote-controlled aircraft and drones to flying gliders in Falcon, Colorado. This opportunity was fantastic, and I wanted to do everything I could to learn more. It started in the summer of 2020, in the heat of the Coronavirus pandemic. With some restrictions calming down, the co-op program offered additional courses focused on more complex and acute areas of aviation. I chose the Powered Flight program, which is relatively self-explanatory; this program is all about getting time up in the air, learning about your aircraft, and perfecting your skills in the cockpit.

The first aircraft I used in this program was a Cessna 152, a small, two-seater, single-prop aircraft. The 152 is one of the most common trainers because of its readiness for flight. I arrived at the hangar and met with my instructor. We immediately went into our pre-flight brief and inspected the aircraft. He guided me through the checklist, teaching me about every little detail of this aircraft. When we got into the 152, you discovered how small it is. Shoulder to shoulder, my CFI, Certified Flight Instructor, showed me every gauge, knob, and switch on the control panels. When everything was ready, I turned the key and started the engine. We taxi onto the runway using the rudder and brake pedals to steer while communicating with other pilots before

takeoff. We finish our final takeoff checklists and begin our acceleration. With the flaps down, the aircraft begins to turn at around 60 knots, 70 mph, and with just a light pull on the yoke, we are airborne. My nerves caused me to tense up, but you can quickly realize that there is nothing to worry about in the air. We head east to learn more about flight characteristics and have entertaining conversations. Here was when my thoughts began to change.

From our perspectives, the world is exceedingly divided by artificial borders. When you fly, you begin to see that the world is not all that different from place to place. Sure, the mountains are different from the beaches, but a border between counties or red and blue regions is not defined from this perspective. Flying takes you to a place with no boundaries, and where you can fully appreciate the beauty of God through creation. When we completed our learning exercises, we turned back west and were able to see the sunset. You can call this a ‘core memory,’ as I vividly remember how it looked. The sun, shining through the windshield, the most diverse and contrasting clouds on the deep blue sky, highlighted the beautiful Rocky Mountains we are so used to seeing. After this experience, we began our descent. Downwind and base were painless, and the final was smooth. Landing the plane for the first time with help from the CFI, we touched down with finesse. I spent the rest of that evening with a smile on my face, and I could not wait for my next flight.

A memory that will carry with me throughout my life, my first powered flight, is completed. I can confidently say that the new perspective and seeing the greatness God has to offer is an experience that everyone should be able to have. I see this event in my life as a crucial stepping stone to being capable of seeing things from a different perspective, just like God does. Flying has always fascinated me; this opportunity seemed like an exciting few months. Those few months have now turned into years of involvement in aviation. I have not had the opportunity to fly recently, but I look forward to my next chance to feel the force of lift under my feet.