

# THE PAW



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I have had love, I've lost love  
I have had friends, I've lost friends  
I have been happy, I've been sad  
I have won games, I've lost games  
I have been strong, I've been weak  
I have had confidence, I've been reserved  
I have fit in before, I've been on my own  
I have done the right thing, I've made mistakes  
I have felt fulfilled, I've made mistakes  
I have been rich, I've been poor  
I have been full, I've been hungry  
I have seen beauty, I've seen hatred  
I have helped, I've robbed  
I have been honest, I've told lies  
I have been hopeful, I've given up  
I have given my full effort, I've given up  
I have trusted, I've been unable to trust  
I have felt at one, I've felt chaotic  
I have known who I am, I've felt confused  
I have been brave, I've been a coward  
I have let things go, I've sought revenge  
I have been caring, I've been cruel  
I have been focused, I've gotten distracted  
I have been open, I've made assumptions  
I have been the bigger man, I've given in to rage

I have made mistakes...I can only try again

Past, Present, and Future  
by Max Casey





Mt. Adams

Kathleen Porcello



Perspective:

by: Aqsa Siddiqui



life isn't beautiful  
and I refuse to believe  
love is real  
I believe that  
individualism is plagiarism  
and it's a lie that  
people will love and accept you  
instead  
you will be judged and criticized  
and it isn't true true that  
people will need you  
rather  
people will try to manipulate  
you  
try to forget that  
your life is important



(now read from bottom to top)

# Heather Leopoldo

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P  
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A



# Hooked on You

## By Eric Schucht

Many see this old tower crane when they pass by from time to time, but few ever take notice. I know this old rusty contraption isn't a wonder, but in my time I've seen quite a few. You may not know it from looking at me now, how I've been placed in this retirement center of a used equipment lot, but I've done a lot in my time. I may be small now, but that's just me in winter storage. In my prime, I was one of the tallest machines on a job site; able to see from miles around. From watching the hopes and dreams of workers rise as their buildings did, to seeing the sunset beyond the skyscrapers of the city; my gaze has been witness to many beauties.

It was on an ordinary night, one that you'd let slip by as you drift away into sleep; I was stationed at a construction site for a new building downtown. The site was fresh, and I was only recently installed to help begin the next phase of the project. The valley that I overlooked was speckled with small hills, each dotted with numerous houses. Several of the workers lived nearby, and I would watch them from time to time as they drove back and forth between the site and their homes across town.

On this night, I was abruptly awoken by the clanks and clatter of footsteps, getting louder and louder as someone ascended their way up the ladder at my base. Eventually, the creator of those noises was revealed. He was a young lad, not one that I was familiar with. Dressed in a pair of torn jeans and a ragged shirt, the boy climbed onto one of my adjacent arm, strolled all the way across, then perched himself on the edge. Legs dangling in the air, I was surprised how he managed not to stumble off me. Ever so balanced, it seemed that any slight breeze could send him flying off.

His eyes searched around the scene, almost as if he was searching for something. It was then I was able to get a good glimpse of his face. His hazelnut hair was in scruffy tufts and partly shaded; his red eyes drizzled with tears as his face began to scrunch up. It was like his soul was attempting to burst out of his chest and he was using every fiber of his being to hold it back from the world. Silence took over the scene, as I wondered what he was doing here. Why would some kid bust into a work site, just to climb onto a tower crane? He didn't appear to want to vandalize or harm anything, so I decided to sit back and wait to see what he would do next.

Staring off into the brightness of the city, the boy soon began to compose himself. His eyes had found whatever they were desperately searching for. Suddenly, he stuck his hand into his pants pocket and dug around for something. After moments of silence, the boy retrieved, oddly enough, a pen and a scrap of paper.

Furiously, he attacked the crumpled slip, jotting down word after word, only pausing ever so slightly as to collect his thoughts. Well this is weird I thought; why would anyone want to write from on top of me? Surely there must be a better spot to do this from. After several minutes or so, he placed the pen back in his pocket, satisfied with whatever he had created. I could almost see the slightest of smiles, breaking through his pale complexion. Suddenly, the silence was broken as the boy began to lament to himself.

“How could she ever like a guy like me?” It was then when I finally saw what his eyes had gazed upon for so long. Across town, there was the most elegant of homes, built on top of one of the many hills nearby. The house was as white as fresh snow, and glinted in lights emitted from lampposts along the street. Up in the second story, light broke through one of the many windows where a girl could be seen reading a magazine.



The girl was nothing like the boy, opposite in most ways. She was nicely dressed, held a delicate composure, with her straight hair gently resting upon her shoulders. She was lovely and, with looks like that, I can see why the kid would be so interested in her.

The boy sat there for a moment frozen like a gargoyle, observing the world below which he was never meant to be a part of. The sound of silence was all that filled the air for the moment, as both the boy and I pondered what he should do next. Then, out of nowhere, the boy gasped in fear. The girl that had once been in the house now adorned a tee-shirt and jogging shorts. Unknowing to her, she was taking a jogging trip that would pass her by the construction site and would surely see the boy. Realizing this, the boy began to panic and turned to get up and off of my arm.

I could have continued to be a silent witness to this series of events, but I realized something in that split second before I acted. This kid obviously liked her, this much was obvious, but did she like him? Well, there was one way to find out. As he stood to run off, I gently turned on my motors and moved ever so slightly. This quick motion was enough to knock him off his balance. Soon he went tumbling down, arms and legs flailing. Midway to the ground, I caught his shirt on my hook. He dangled there for a moment, helpless as an insect caught in a web.

“Help...help me,” the boy cried. In the distance, the girl approached rapidly to aid him. When she entered the lot, I lowered him safely to the ground. “What are doing?” she asked angrily.

“Oh you know, just hanging around” he replied.

“You’re such an idiot; you could have gotten yourself killed.” The whole world fell silent as the two stared into the depths of each other’s eyes.

Suddenly, the girl’s eyes dashed towards the slip the boy had stashed

in his pocket. "What's that?" she asked.

"Nothing," the boy replied sheepishly. The girl then snatched the paper out from his hand and began to decipher the words that had been placed on it from on top of me moments before. A smile quickly arose from the girl as her eyes began to light up. A Kiss was suddenly placed upon the lips of a bewildered young lad. I too was startled by this until I had gotten a glimpse of the boy's note.

I don't know what ever happened to that boy who had climbed on my shoulder to get a glimpse of the world, but I know that I made a difference in his life. Over the years, I have helped build many things, from hospitals to apartments; I have raised amazing constructions into the sky. Even so, the most memorable of them all was a love between a young man and woman and a poem that went something like this:

"Fairest of Roses I have laid witness beyond my gaze,  
You have given me reach upon this stage,  
Your beauty and grace I can't even gauge,  
For it rises beyond the height of this metal crane,  
Simply put, I am hooked on you"

# *Chippy Munks*



# *Kathleen Porcello*



# Choices

Kayla Barrera

They define who we are  
And determine who we will become  
They are challenging without fail  
For choices involve letting go of who you are  
And accepting the possibility of what you might become

Nonetheless we still place our bets

Roll the dice, cross our fingers

Gamble with a piece of our future

And wait until the reward is worth while

Or until there is nothing left to bet

But we have all taken the leap

And as terrifying as the unknown outcome is

Never knowing the outcome is what makes the risk worth  
taking

So we continue to bet

Both  
day and night

Until we hit the jackpot





Luke Currie

T  
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EVERY EXCITE!



The Truth  
Kayla Barrera

Babies and Adults, Plants and Animals, Murderers and Victims,  
Good and Bad

Death comes to everyone and everything  
Some people accept it as it comes to them and the ones they love  
But no one expects it

When death does come to those they love...  
People let the loss fester, slowly eat them, and eventually change  
them completely

Some realize death is just a natural part of life and move on  
And others let it leave an empty space inside them  
That will remain as a tiny hole in their soul or a tear in their heart  
Never be fixed or filled

Death comes to us and those we care about in many different ways  
Every decision could bring death  
Most believe it to be random, fate, karma, or an act of God that was  
already decided for us

But is it? Could the end really be random?  
Or is it so well put together

That we can't see the road secretly laid before each of us  
Guiding us, Influencing us, or Deciding for us? Of course the pains-  
taking truth of life is...

Never Knowing

Yak Beast  
Kyle Nelson



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# Troll

Kyle Nelson







To Slay a Dragon  
Kyle Nelson





Wolf Turtle by Liliana Cardenas