



Issue #1
December, 2008

THE PAW
The High School's Electronic Publication for All and All

KAITLYNNE JENSEN

Letter from the Editor

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Tualatin High School's student literary magazine THE PAW! Whether you've stopped by our little corner of cyberspace intentionally, out of boredom, or complete accident, I'd like to thank you for taking a minute out of your day to glance at the work of Tualatin High school's students. A great deal of effort was put into the creation of this magazine, not only by our amazing staff, but by those who were brave enough to submit their work. I extend my heart-felt thanks to all of you.

Finally being able to get this magazine online is a great thrill for me, as I hope it is for everyone else who contributed. To be honest, I wasn't sure what to expect when a friend approached me with the idea of reviving the Wolf Gang Press, Tualatin High's old incarnation of THE PAW. The Wolf Gang Press had been published at Tualatin High practically since the birth of the school, yet when I joined it my freshman year, I found a club that was suffering severely from lack of interest. We were understaffed, and received so few submissions that we were never able to put out a single issue. The club disbanded at the end of a very discouraging year.

Thus, I was determined to be practical about our chances for reviving THE PAW. But in the end, my cynicism was destroyed by the great commitment shown by the new staff and the wonderful reception we were given by the student body. THE PAW has received so many submissions that we have already begun a small backlog of work for future issues!

So again, I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to getting this project on its feet: all the staff who worked so hard editing and formatting the magazine, everyone who came and gave input at our meetings, and everyone who submitted their work. This project would not be possible without all of you. And dear Reader, I hope that you enjoy this issue!

Sincerely,
Emma DeFontes
THEPAW Co-Founder

THE PAW STAFF

Susan Payne- Advisor
Melissa Aust
Margaret Campbell
Emma DeFontes- Co-Founder
Gillian Downey

Heidi Patton
Ben Roberson- Co-Founder
Marianna Saucier
Patrece Suen

ME

ABIGAIL TALBOT

I am a ficus,
Longing to outgrow the pot
That I sit in day and night
Longing to become a maple,
That everyone loves.

I am a stream,
That flows slowly down
Rocks large and small
And wishing always to become
a river,
That leads into the blue ocean
of the world.

I am the last ray of sunlight,
That shines over the evening
sky.

I am the feeling inside,
That tells you the sun will
always rise again.



Anke Scheller 2010

Mommy

Lauren Livengood

She was pretty, she was bold,
She was always there.
She lit up a room when she entered it
and always knew what to say.
She cared (and showed it),
she told me it was going to be okay.
She opened my eyes to the world,
to all the hidden parts I would have never found.
She had it all and told me to be strong.
She was my rock, she was my hero,
She was my mom.

JOVANNA JIMENEZ



Advice

JONATHAN CHAU

Advice can be defined as words of wisdom passed from one to another,
So let me pass this onto you my brother.
Life is bound to have its sorrow,
So live today like there is no tomorrow.
Often I find myself pondering my thoughts,
"I am what I say I am, am I not?"
Be yourself because normal is boring,
Others will say what they want,
But don't let that hinder your creativeness.
Leap and hope you can fly,
So that no regrets will be left when you die.
Remember that you will win some and lose some,
Just be sure that they are experiences you learn from.
Make choices and don't look back,
It will only slow you down and throw you off track.
Everyone's got to start somewhere,
Just start.
Even when it seems, that your efforts will go nowhere.
Consistency is the key,
It will open the door to many a possibility.
So I give you my two-cents and hope you turn it into a buck,
Live your life.
I wish you the best of luck.



Khang Phuong '09

WHAT THEY DIDN'T TELL ME

Breanna Sandquist

They told me it was sad;
so i cried.

They told me it was funny;
so i laughed.

They told me to be happy;
so i smiled.

She told me she was my friend;
so i trusted her.

She told me her secrets;
so i told her mine.

He told me to love him;
so i poured my heart out.

He told me not to worry;
so i was careless.

She told me to try it;
so i did.

He told me it was fun;
so i enjoyed it.

They told me it wouldn't change my
life at all, and i believed them.

They told me everyone was doing it,
so i did it,

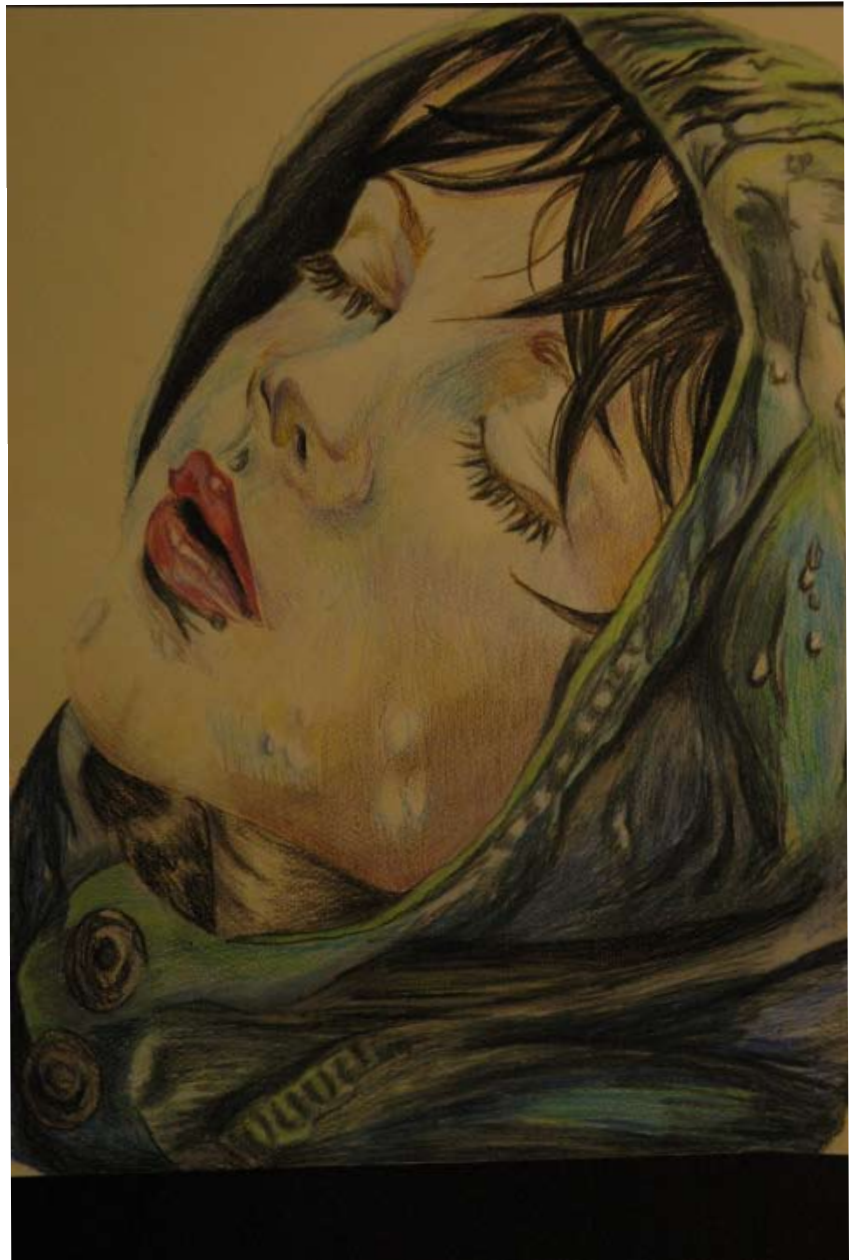
They never told me it could kill me,

that it would affect my friends,
and my family.

They never told me i was going to lose,
lose everything, my home, my family,
my friends, and my hope for the future.

They never told me that it couldn't be undone.

But they told me to jump,
so i jumped.



KELSEY LUSCOMBE

The Starting Shot

Ariel Coleman

Don't waste on me your foolish sympathy
I've got enough of that-I apply to me
Don't work it out, or spell it rhythmically
I'm the master to analyze, and disagree.
How could that have ever gone well?
That three o' clock phone call, straight from hell
And how could I ever expect,
To come out of it with no regrets?
But what if I didn't? What if I'm fine?
Well I didn't expect or decide this time
I just got out of bed, and ran my line
108th to lbach street, how the hell am I here...
You got me beat.

I'm thinking back to the starting shot
The gun it screams though my heart was caught
Thrown in now, a total plunge
Into the scene, dressed down in grunge
All for you, all over again,
Though all for me when to comes to the end.

The finish line was never there
This was never a race, it has never been fair
In simple races there are simple rules
And here is a game that I will always lose.
Yet how can you lose if there are no rules?
And who is the judge in a game that you
cannot lose?
And if you cannot lose, then how do you win?
And what happens if you don't? do you just
start again?

Finally figured it out, after all of these nights
It's me in the morning, in the after-light
Deciphering feelings in a world of flight
Wishing to stay and wanting to fight
Though saying goodbye, knowing it's right
Because I've always been the judge, when it
comes to my life.



WILL PETERS

My Rainbow

Heather Wisner

As beautiful as a rose
just longing to pose
As deep as the blood fallen on
the snow
It is passionate
Red
A warm soft blanket
but sudden, like fire
A tasty sweet treat
for my eyes to eat
Orange
A welcoming mat
inviting you in
A cheerful place
were there is no sin
Yellow
As strong as a tree
As lush as the rich soil
Changing and jealous
Green
Calm and stormy
Still but flowing
A happy memory
Blue
As majestic as God
Taller than the mountains
More boastful then the
champion
Purple
Soft as a baby
Sweet like candy
Hidden away, in plain sight
Pink



CARLIE SCHAUMBURG



Max Marlett



Christaray Smith



Kevo Kirakossian

The Spoon

Margaret Campbell

I didn't mean to do it. You see, I hadn't planned it, or prepared for it, or even thought about it until after it happened. I mean, I didn't even know you could kill someone with a spoon.

I remember how it happened, and I'm glad I do. It's my only memory here, in this room. It lines the walls, wraps around the bars, and is my blanket at night. I savor it and relive it over and over. Which is strange, because it wasn't really the best time of my life. It wasn't funny. It wasn't that wonderful at all. So sometimes I try to stop thinking about it, try and stop my arms from acting it out again and again. And for a while I can sit, like a normal person I think would sit, and just wonder about normal person things again. Like what they'll serve for dinner and what I'll do first when I get out. And I can do those things for a while, but then, in the back of my mind I see it again. The same moments for the millionth time.

I see his hands, wrapped around mine. Trying to shove me off, trying to battle me, I think. But I will win. I know I will, because I win every time. After thinking about it for a few seconds I grow tired and give into the memory because that's the easiest thing to do. I let it take me over. And it's so clear it's as if it happened yesterday.

I am sitting at the picnic table, sitting at the rest stop, eating my lunch. At the table just outside the bathrooms. There is a little wind, not much, but I put my coke on top of the napkin so it doesn't blow away. I am eating for a while; I can taste the chicken in the sandwich. I can feel the mustard as it gets smeared onto my chin. And then I see him. He is walking across the parking lot, leaving his big mayflower truck. His lunch bag is in his hand. There is more than one table, but he sits down across from me. Our knees almost touch under the concrete table. He says something, but I can't remember what. He smiles.

I take a drink and go back to eating my sandwich. I take another drink, and the bubbles rise into my nose but I don't notice. My finger twitches. I watch the man in front of me. His voice is high, annoying like a buzzing fly. His shoulders are thin, his chest concave behind his grey sweater. His eyes look into mine for a second. He blinks. I don't.

A single bead of sweat rolls down my temple.

I take another drink. I am warm even with the breeze.

I reach forward for my napkin and feel the sweat that has gathered under my arms. Our hands almost touch. A pressure is beginning to build up inside my temples. A hot pain that pulses with my heart beat.

The man keeps talking. The wind stops blowing. He laughs at a joke I didn't hear. My sweater sticks to me with a sheen of sweat. I can hear my heart

beat.

I readjust my position on the bench. I am uncomfortable. The man across from me doesn't notice, but talks with his mouth full. I tell him to shut up.

He takes a long gulp of his orange juice. Then he continues with his story. Shut up! I scream. But the man doesn't stop. Shut up! shut up! shut up!

The man pauses for a second and looks at me. His eye brows are pale against his bald head. Just as his mouth begins to move I shout again, but he finishes his sentence. And another one.

I feel my heart beating in my mouth. My feet swell against my shoes. The man keeps talking. I scream at him, but he doesn't notice. I feel my shout pound in my head. Then I realize I never opened my mouth. My scream had never left my mind.

The man laughs again.

I am so hot. I am too hot.

This must end.

My skins hurts, peels under the heat.

I finish my drink and grab his. Drink it all in one swallow.

He freezes.

He stares.

My eyes close under the sting of the sweat.

I shout, and this time it is real.

The man in front of me jumps. I have power over him.

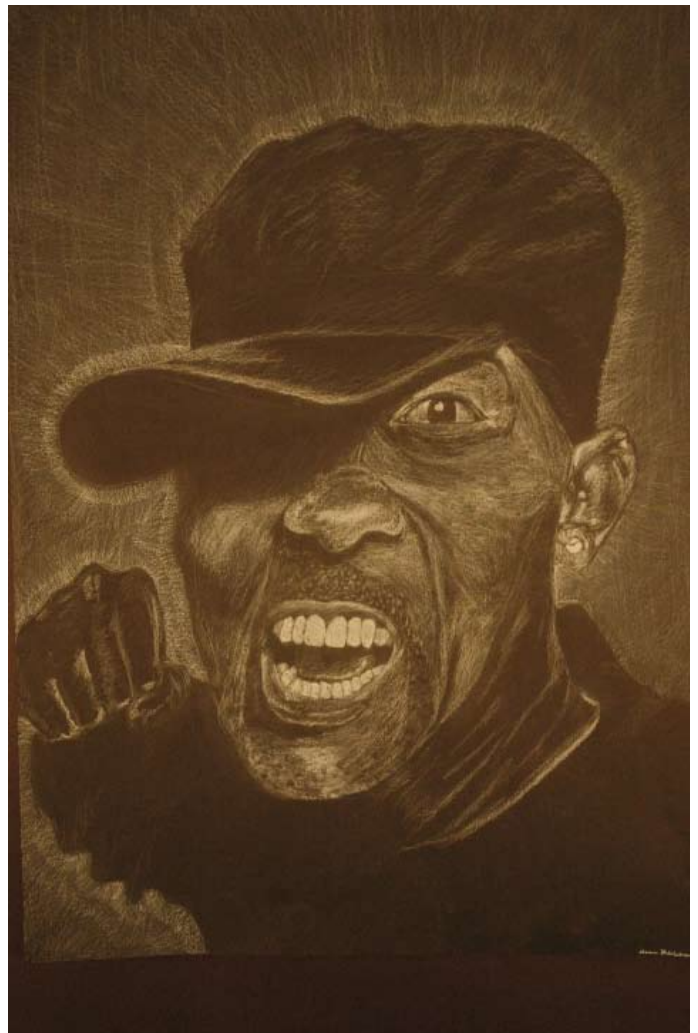
I try and throw the bottle, but the plastic had melted in my hands.

That's how hot I am. That's how hot he has made me.

He looks at me for a second, then stands up very quickly and walks away. His lunch items are jumbled in his arms.

He is trying to get away. I am so hot I can barely see. I feel my shoes melting under my feet. If I open my mouth I will breathe flames. I shout and grab the first thing my hand finds. The spoon is small and it fits in my palm.

ANNA HILDEBRAN



ARE WE READY? LAUREN ROBEZNIKS



GUINEVERE SCHUSTER

We all change, we move on
from the past into the future
It's a part of growing up, we
take new chances and we learn
to forget our old fears
We move on to become stronger
and our hearts grow, our minds
grow with wisdom
We learn to forgive and we
learn to forget about the past
No matter how much it hurts
We start over
Make a new chapter and start
writing
Everyone takes these crucial
steps
Some take it better than others
People's hearts have been
crushed,
They have been scared,
They have been in love,
And they don't know what's
next
But the whole part of life is
to take new chances and push
yourself to go beyond the limits
Do things that you never would
have thought of doing
Just because one person doesn't
agree with you doesn't mean
you should stay sheltered
forever
I'm safe and comfortable the
life is going now
I don't want people to move on
But they may disagree
They will do what's best
I don't want people to move on
They're ready
BUT AM I???



Stefanie Doughty '09



LAUREN DWIGHT

LIFE

Lauren Livengood

When you are thrown in a loophole, jump through it.

When you are given an award, take it.

When someone tells you how nice you look, say thank you.

When you trip over a rock, regain your balance and keep walking.

When you don't understand something, ask a question.

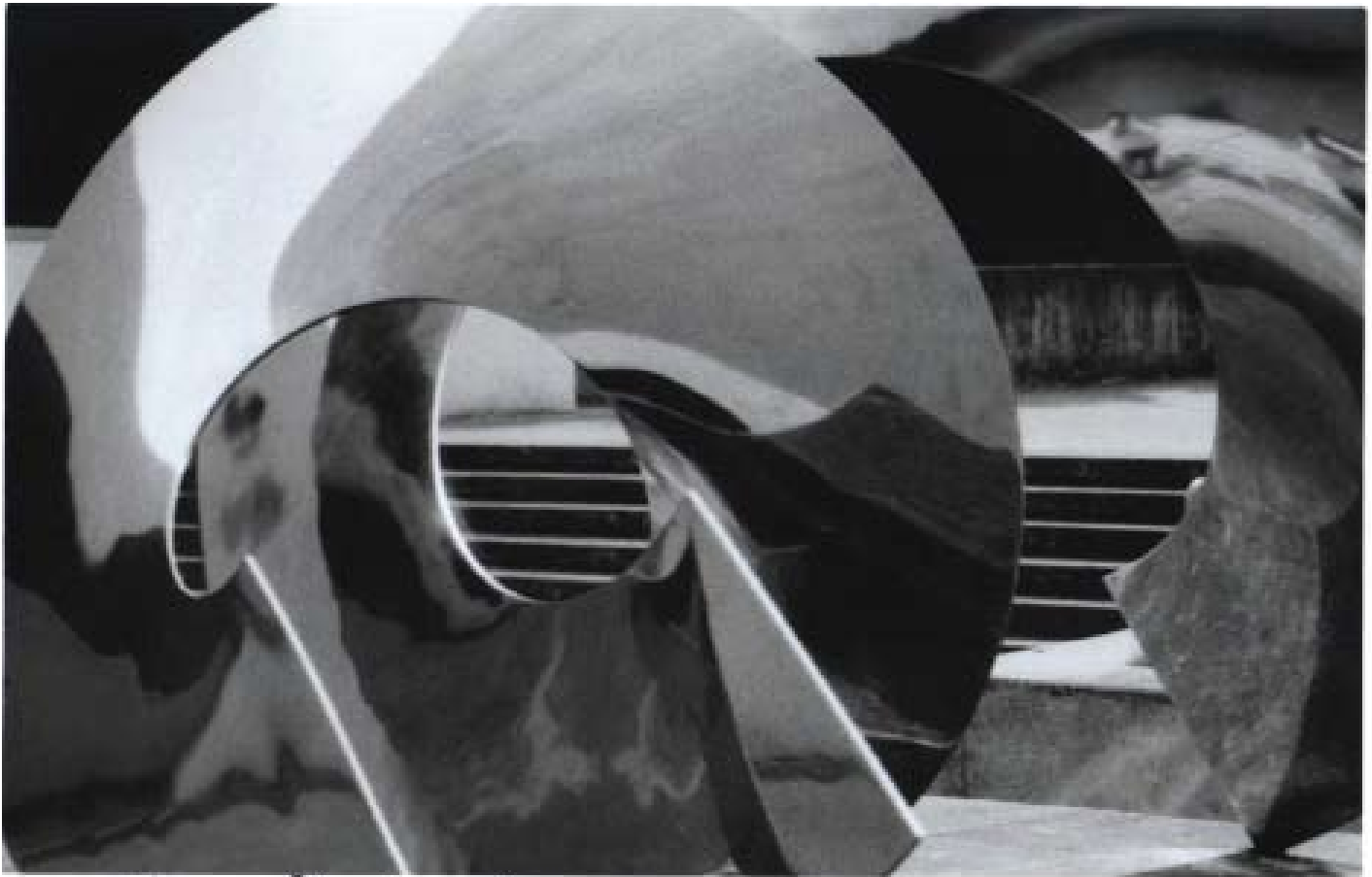
When you see someone you love looking sad, go cheer them up.

When you notice garbage on the ground, pick it up and throw it away.

When you are given a sincere apology, take it because they're rare.

When someone tells you that they love you, say it back.

You never know what life will throw your way, but if something comes along, go after it with all you've got and do what you want to do because life is short and you should be able to live it to the fullest!



Jon Paul '10

DECISIONS

Lauren Robeznieks

We all have that moment in time
where we need to let go of some-
thing that's holding us back
I at this stage in life am thinking
of letting go

I don't know what to do
One side says hold it will get
better and you'll be happy
The other says let go it's not
worth your time

TOTAL CONFUSION

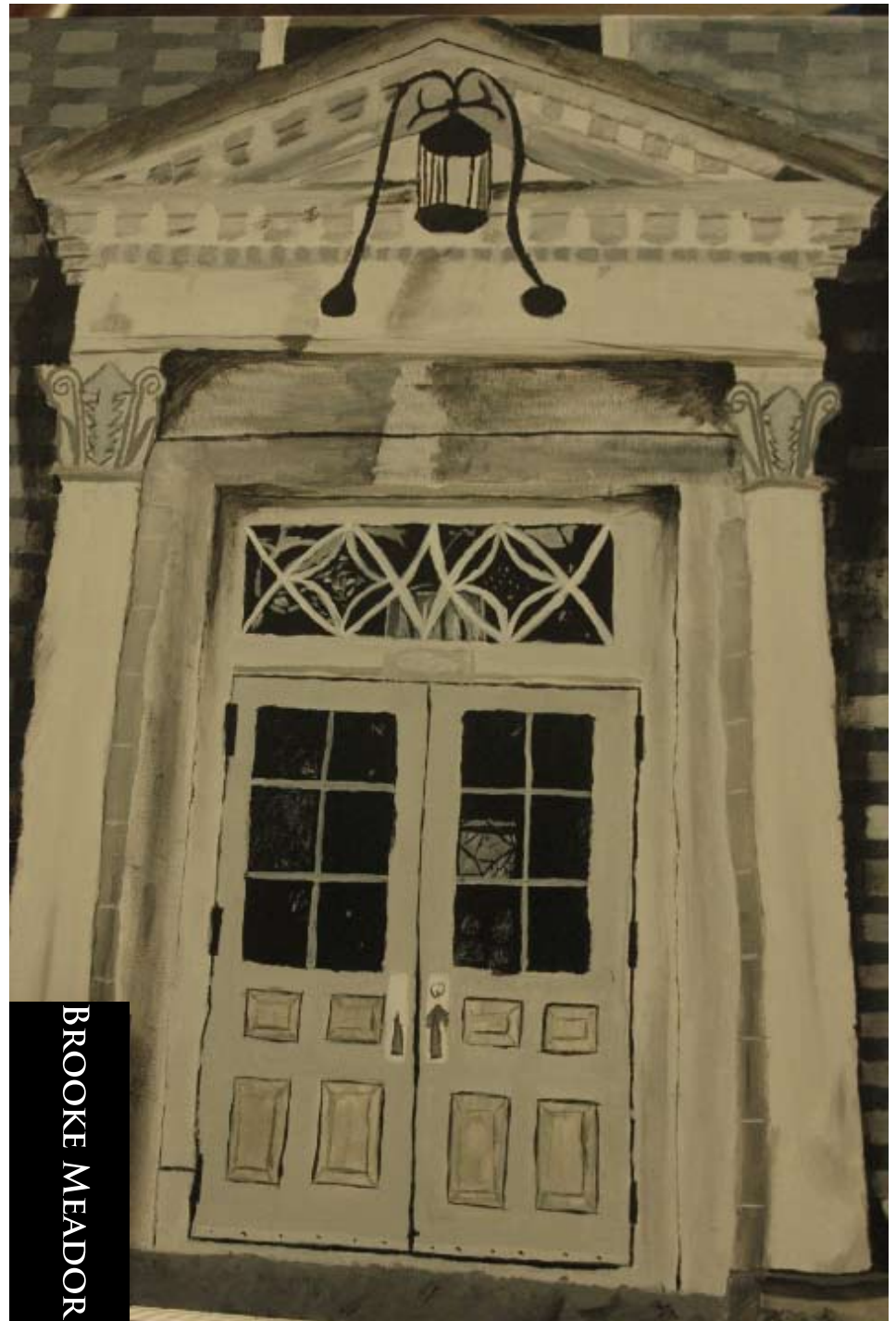
There are always more than two
sides of the story
Not knowing what to do or say
It feels like I'm on a deserted
island with no one around me to
hear me out

To get what I'm trying to say
There's no one to explain myself
to

This is a BATTLE
Not knowing whether to listen
to my head
My friends
And most importantly my heart

But in the end it all comes
down to my decision
No one can help me choose all
they can do is listen
It's my life and my choice
If I should stay or move on
Life is about moving on and
forgetting about the past
And starting over

Moving on could open up many
new doors
But how do we really know how
to make this decision
Thinking of letting go...
Don't know what to choose...
It all comes down to me...



BROOKE MEADOR

and Mama has found me

MARGARET CAMPBELL

I run into the kitchen
where the tile is cold
I hear her counting
in the yard
I'm looking for some place to hide
so that she can find me
and make that little sound
that means she is so happy
to see me
again
I hear her coming
to the numbers I know
are last
under the table I decide
she can't ever find me there
and flip up the shirt
over my eyes
no one can see me
now I hide
with the wood above me
I hear her feet in the kitchen
this time I have hidden well
she cannot find me
but then her feet leave the room
she really can't find me
if she can't
no one can
maybe not even
me
the tile is too cold and
the table is too close
and I am lost under my shirt
and she is gone
so I crawl out from under the table
and there she is
in the doorway
with her smile
she picks me up
and we are together
again
and Mama has found me

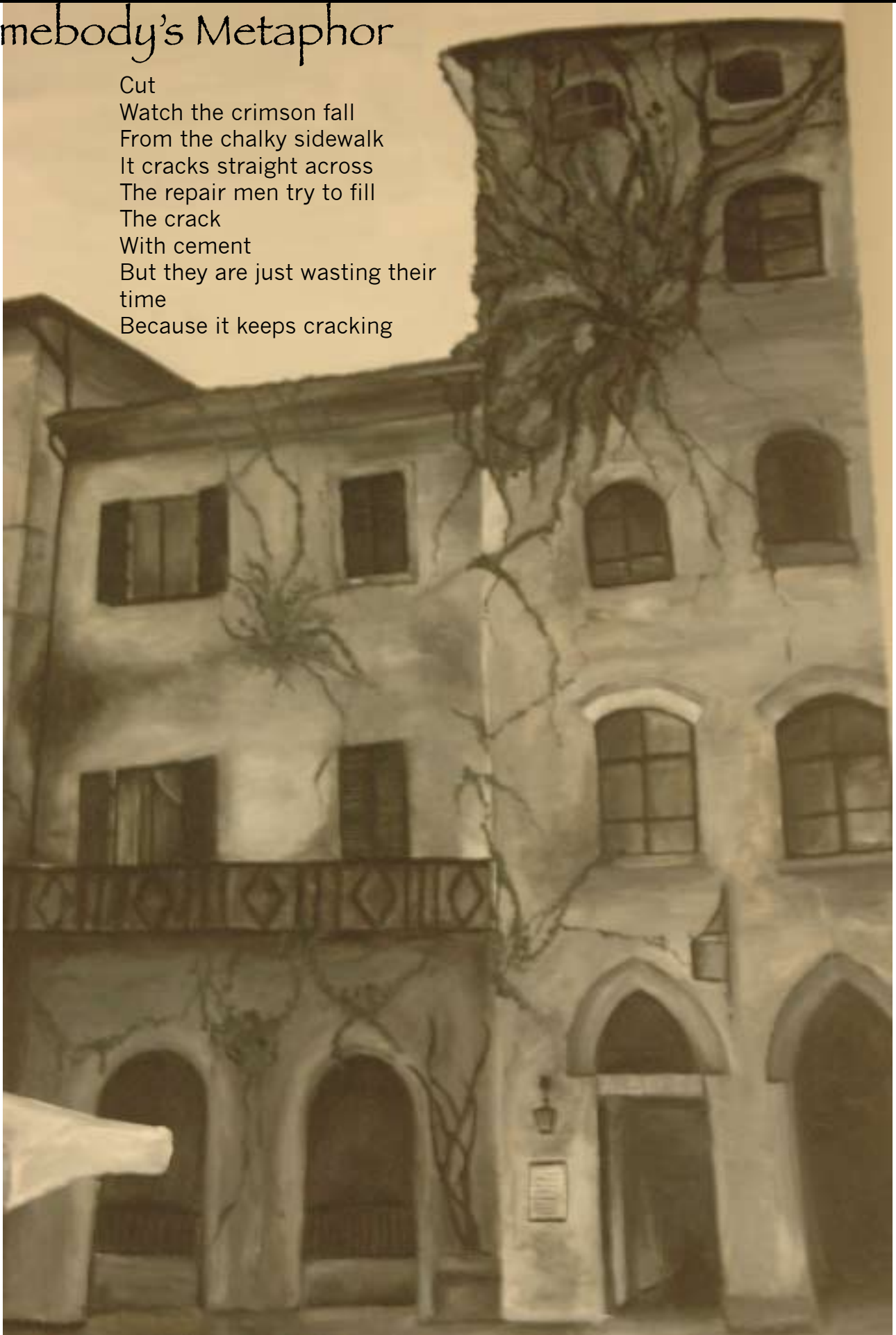


SHAYLI ELROD

Somebody's Metaphor

MADDIE EDWARDS

Cut
Watch the crimson fall
From the chalky sidewalk
It cracks straight across
The repair men try to fill
The crack
With cement
But they are just wasting their
time
Because it keeps cracking



JAMIE NORDBY



KAITLYNNE JENSEN '11



Emily Lobbato 2011

TRACKING ATHENA

MARGUERITE MEYER

Dawn crept towards the house; her rosy fingers clung to the green-gray forest, and where she gripped the earth, pine needles fell and stained the wind with their scent. A girl lay on her pallet and writhed in her sleep, her dark hair splayed across the ragged pillow. With a gasp of smoke, the fire guttered towards death. Phaedra threw off the blanket, frayed along the edges, and brushed at the gray wood-smoke. It filled the dingy thatched hovel, though, and her hand barely stirred the air. She squinted at the pale dawn, rising slowly and silently over the pine trees. Then she frowned, ran her hand through her hair, and stared at her brother, sleeping along the other wall. She knelt and pulled a

scrap of tattered parchment from under her pillow.

“Dearest Daughter—

“I know you. There must come a day when you look at the hills, the smoke, and the hut, and realize it will never be enough. Go then, search for Athena, and learn truth. She will accept you. I love you both. Always remember it.

“Your Mother, Briseis”

Her mother had written that six years ago, days before the rampaging Thebans had killed her. One day, Phaedra had come in from her play—had found her mother bleeding on the dirt floor. She was never allowed to see the knife wound, but she knew. The murderers still lurked somewhere, blood staining their fingernails. Phaedra

stroked the hilt of the dirk she wore at her hip, a reminder of her vow of revenge. Blood still pounded in her ears. She nodded once. She laid the parchment down by her brother’s bed quickly and pulled on her himation. It was time.

Phaedra knelt in the soft loam, full of damp leaves; she looked for signs of Pallas Athena’s footsteps. They were often faint, though she carried both the Aegis and her helmet, and Phaedra’s chiton had two circles of mud at her knees. Athena had been going west. She rose with a heave. A few paces later, her travel burst out of the woods and joined a path. The morning sun shone through the trees onto it, flinging patterns about; bluebirds were singing, and, next to the sandy walkway, a creek was bubbling along merrily. She checked the dust for tracks. The footsteps

Continued on next page

ANNA HILDEBRAN





were clearer there, in the dust; they did not deviate from the center of the path.

Phaedra flung her arms wide and smiled back at the sun. She walked along that way, eyes closed, until a bead of sweat ran down her neck. The sun glared; the breeze stopped. She sat down in the dust. Athena would never teach some orphaned, filthy farm girl. She might as well turn back. Tears drew paths of dust on her cheeks. Her mother would have been so disappointed.

Then a robin landed on a moss-covered rock jutting out of the stream. It cocked its head at her, whistled once, and hopped closer. She smiled faintly. The stream gurgled away in a peculiar harmony to the little bird's call. Phaedra wiped her face and got up. Her mother would have been angry to see her act this way, she thought.

She had been brought up strong enough that she shouldn't bawl about a warm day. She glanced at the robin, then grinned. Lifting her chiton a few inches above her ankles, she waded into the stream. The dust and the pain vanished immediately. She giggled. The icy water sent tingles up to her knees, and soon, she could wiggle her toes on the rocks without soreness. She had found the laughter in the toil, and, thanking the gods for such a strong mother, she walked on.

Hours passed. The stream moved faster, sweeping around and over the stones in its way. Her brown-eyed reflection fractured in the water. Suddenly, something bronze flashed in the woods ahead. She leaped a few paces forward and stared into the trees. All her senses bored into the forest. Everything was still, and a brief moment stretched into an eternity. Again, it

gleamed. Phaedra jumped, and as she landed, one foot slid over a mossy rock and out from under her. She fell over a larger boulder onto her side, holding her face inches above the whirling water. The birds still chirped, but when she tried to rise, she couldn't. After a few experimental tugs, she realized that her knife, which was belted around her waist, was caught between two of the boulders. In a few hours, if she was blessed, her arms would give out and she would drown.

She smiled grimly as she contemplated it. She thought she could just reach the belt tie. Smashing her vow into pointed fragments, though, would be worse than death. The gods might forgive her, but her mother never would.

The words she had written in the dust as a girl, copying

Continued on next page

her mother's neat hand, floated back to her on the breeze. "I love you both...I love you both..." Her mother had never lusted for vengeance—she hadn't even wanted the deaths of the men who had killed her husband. Phaedra had been small then, but she remembered the tree falling, smashing through the thatch, her screams, the men running towards them, axes in hand, and her mother's soft voice, praying the gods' forgiveness of their blood-debt.

Phaedra saw something—a shield? a helmet?—glistening. Her hand moved quickly; the belt floated into the water, and the sword hilt clanged against the rock. She rose and ran into the forest.

As soon as she got within fifteen paces, the weapon-bearer jumped away. It led her farther and farther into the woods until hardly a glint of sunlight passed through the canopy of leaves. Then, quite suddenly, Phaedra pushed between two firs and stumbled into a sun-filled clearing. Pallas Athena faced the opposite direction not five strides away from her. She yelped. Athena's helmet sparkled in the golden light, and her gold cloak brushed the ground. As Athena turned, Phaedra caught a glimpse of the Gorgon's head burnished into the Aegis. It stared at her, and all her nightmares flashed back into her mind. She saw her parents' deaths, her brother running away, and her recurring dream of capture by the Thebans. Then she saw Athena turning her away in disgrace.

Phaedra blinked once and turned a leaden gaze away from the burnished shield. Then she saw Athena's face. She was Spartan—she wore no makeup; her wrists and throat were bare of jewelry. Phaedra's hands trembled. Athena

frowned, and thunder cracked. "Impudent child, you shall die."

Phaedra acted before she could think. She jumped towards Athena and pushed her over. As she fell, Athena's face began to change. Her nose grew longer, and fur grew on her face. Her hands changed into claws. Her helmet disintegrated into strands of golden fur. She was a lion before she hit the ground. The monster snarled. Realization hit her like Zeus's lightning. Phaedra whispered, "You're Proteus, that sea-god shape-shifter!"

"No, I am stronger than my father." The lion laughed and paced. "I am Dioteus the Mighty."

"And I am Athena's helmet-bearer," Phaedra's voice dripped mockery. With that, she leaped onto the lion's back and slapped its muzzle. It flipped her over its head; her ribs crushed her breath back into the dirt. With one swipe of its claws, three cuts tore along Phaedra's side. Doubled up, she gasped for breath as the lion stood over her and growled softly. Her blood soaked into the ground. Black spots exploded in her vision.

With shallow breaths, she prayed, "Whichever gods blessed my parents, save me. I pray my destiny is not the Underworld. Come, Olympians. Hear me."

A figure strode into the clearing. Her spearhead was bronze and glimmered in the light, as did her bracelets. Her shield made death seem comforting. This was Athena.

Within moments, she was across the clearing, and her spear drove into the lion's ribs. It dissolved, as monsters do, into a pile of sulfuric dust and scattered on the wind. Athena knelt beside Phaedra and touched her side. When the pain

began to disappear and her breath came easier, Phaedra glanced down. The wounds knitted themselves together, scarred, and faded before her eyes. The Gray-Eyed One had healed her.

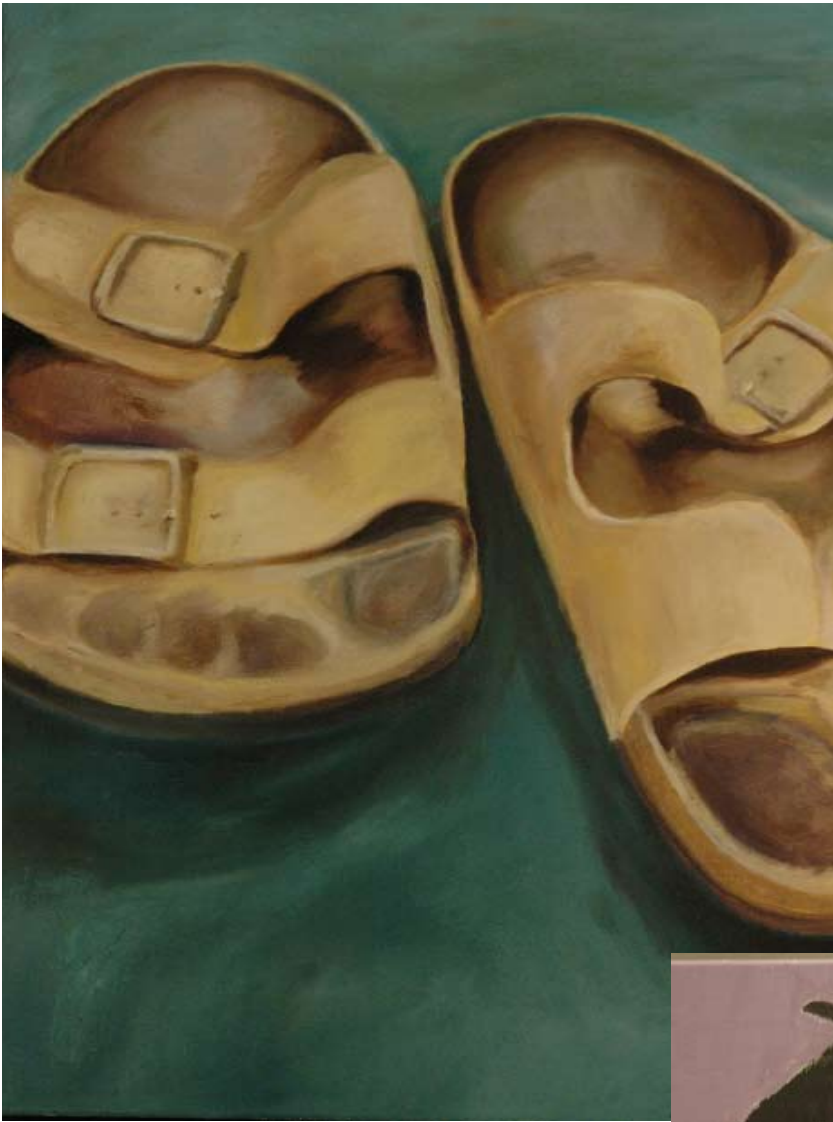
Phaedra rose, mumbling praises. Athena raised her hand for silence. "Your mother was a good woman. Why are you here?" Phaedra stopped to think. "I...My mother wished it."

Athena's eyebrows arched. "You tracked me for hours. You broke a vow to the gods. You fought Dioteus. Did you really do it for your mother?"

"No. I couldn't stand not understanding anymore. Where is the land of death? What is the best way to live? Why do we smile when the bluebird sings? Why does water show a reflection? Pallas Athena, my mother said that you would teach me."

Then Athena laughed. The sound was like bells and waterfalls at the same time. "I cannot begin to teach you, child. You ask far too many questions." Phaedra tried not to cry. "Child, it's not a bad thing. No one can give another person answers—you must go out and find them yourself. You are already Wisdom's friend. Look."

Athena pulled her helmet off and shoved the burnished metal towards Phaedra. The reflection was miraculously clear. Phaedra could see Athena's dark hair cascading down her shoulders; she could see her own grimy face. Then she saw it. Where there had earlier been pools of mud staring out on a fractured world, her eyes were now as gray as wood-smoke.



Keeley Tillotson

Stephanie Irvine



Forgotten Apologies

Anonymous

I try to make things right.
But it's as if you were turning from the light.
You won't forgive me, when I beg and when I plead,
What else can I do? What else do you need?
Please listen to me, please drop your grudge,
But no matter what I say, you still won't budge.
I'm trying hard, I'm doing my best,
And you think that you know the rest.
You don't know how I feel,
The obstacles that are in front of me are real.
Ignoring me is your answer,
Like how candy cures cancer.
I know what I did, I know my mistake,
But just ignoring me feels like I'm trapped in a lake.
No way out and nothing can get better,
This is how it will feel, for now and forever.



TAYLOR SMITH II'

I Have Lived

Hanna Thompson

I have lived.

I've lost friends.
I've made new ones.
I've given advice,
As well as received it.

I've seen love.
I've seen abuse.
I've seen respect.
I've seen irreverence.

I've failed.
I've succeeded.
I've been proud.
I've been embarrassed.

I've made good choices.
As well as some bad ones.
I've made mistakes.
But always learned from them.

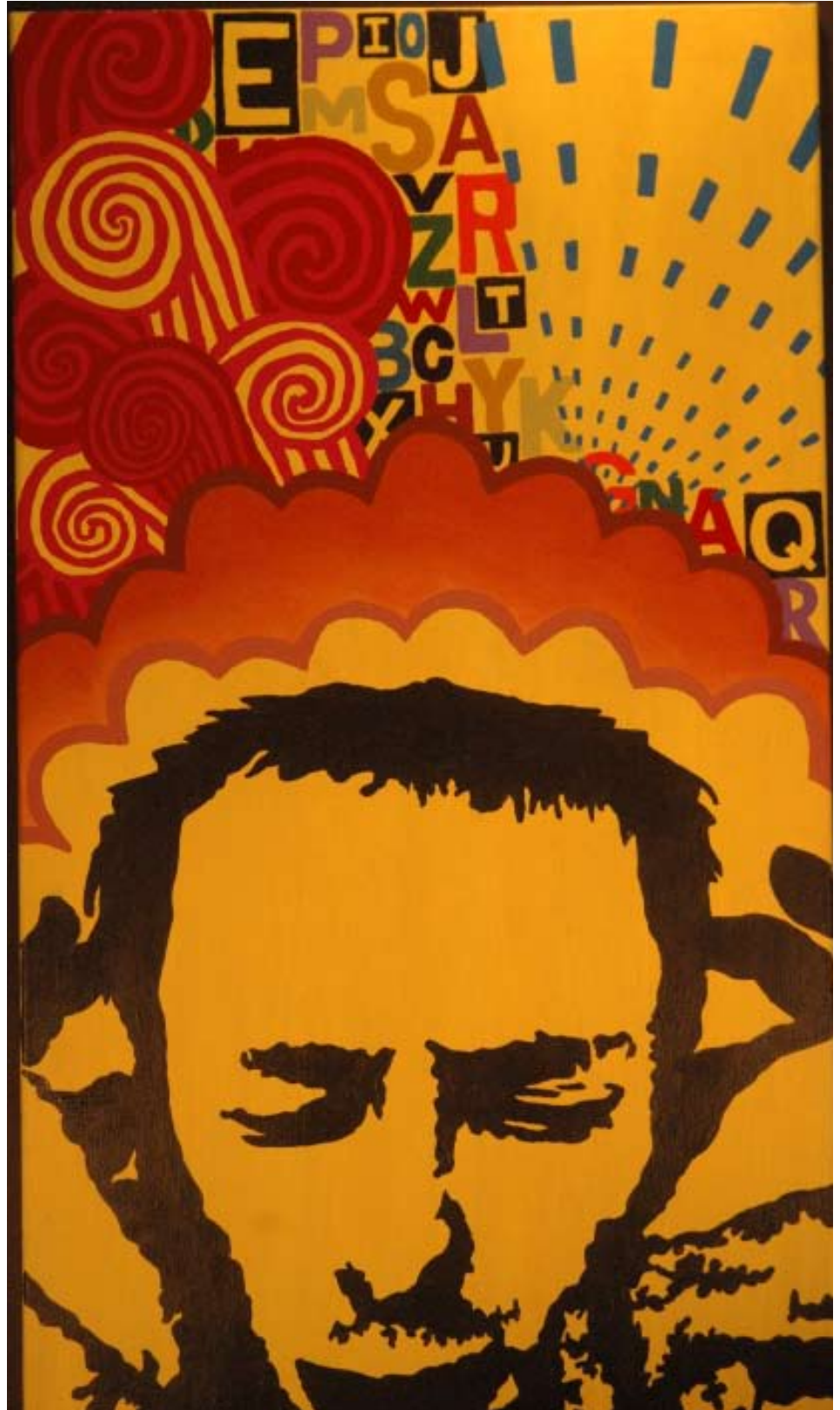
I've loved.
I've hated.
I've been loved.
And also hated.

I've heard laughter.
I've heard cry.
I've felt betrayed.
I've felt loyalty.

I've been on a team.
I've learned teamwork.
I've lost basketball games,
Which made me work harder to
improve.

I've experienced a lot.
I have a lot more ahead of me.

I'm continuing to live.



ERICA BOCCHI

Red Snow

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

The night was calm. The cars had abandoned the ice covered roads. People were huddled inside next to roaring fires. Except for me. I was walking home through the cold. My feet fell through the white earth and landed hard on the concrete that lay below. The bag slung onto my shoulders made me rear backwards with every step.

I turned toward the center of town. The massive oak tree that stood there was bare now but it still had a mysterious air surrounding it. I don't know if it was the snowflakes that glistened in the light of the street lamps or the swirling clouds hanging above my head, but it had a strange magnificence. Not knowing what awaited me there, I took a detour from my original path. Heading closer, the tree's texture came into focus. I placed my hand on the rough surface.

Softly I rubbed the bark, like you would pet a dog. Though winter had blown its cold and icy winds for many weeks, the tree still felt warm. It was as if I could the soul of this elder. I set down my pack and lay down beneath it.

The cold of melted snow surged through my denim of my jeans. My legs began to numb, and yet, I didn't move. There was a feeling deep in my heart, in my very being that I was meant to be there. I couldn't have been more wrong.

An hour might have passed when I saw him. His short black hair was gelled down and back like a business man. His eyes held a beautiful shade of glazed green. The light reflecting of the snow, made his soft tan cheeks shine with a light luster. A crimson velvet handker-

chief stood bold in the breast pocket of his black suit. His wears, looks and mysteriousness made him so... appealing. He appeared so suave and benignant.

But something about him made me uneasy. The whole time I gazed upon this now silhouetted figure, I felt an eerie chill flow from him and into my body. However, not the cold from his presence or the melting snow beneath me could

compare to what was soon to come.

I continued to watch him with great interest? Questions began to swirl like a tempest in my mind. Why would he be here? Is he waiting for something? Could this be why I was pulled to this place? They were tornadoes, ripping through the person inside me, consuming my every thought. Every second, more and more joined in the endless dance, making the torrent grow to



ERICA BOCCHI

grotesque proportions. Until in an instant all was quieted.

The white flakes began to steadily slow as a new man walked into frame. His brown hat was pulled down, obscuring his face. A long tanned leather overcoat dragged across the ground, soaking the ends. He seemed to be favoring his right leg and put most of his weight on it. The left leg, however, dragged behind him like a dog that failed to walk with his master.

This new man continued limping toward the man in black. As he crossed my sight, I caught a look at the spotted trail winding behind him. Droplets of blood stained the pathway red. My eyes darted to the source. The taste of warm vomit passed over my tongue and stung my gums as I gazed upon the man's right knee. A chunk of flesh had been torn from the side of the joint to where bones could be clearly seen grinding against each other.

I turn my head away from the flowing hole in the man and returned them to the one draped in darkness. His eyes no longer held there mystery of emotionless blankness. Now they grasped tight onto a look of anxiousness and excitement. A greedy smile had been draped over his lips.

"I see that your limbs can still stand your weight," the green-eyed man jested with a slight chuckle. His hand reached back along his neck. Something flashed as the appendage returned to his side. The hilt of a glimmering blade now calmly rested in the man's relaxed grip.

"Why do you play at your prey with words?" questioned the bloody man. "To tell you the truth, my dearest friend, I am like the cat. I enjoy batting at my mouse and find no thrill after its death," goaded the devil-

ishly handsome man as he gently stroked and gazed upon the silver side of his blade with his index and middle fingers.

When his soft skin had reached the end of his sword, the man slowly tilted his head upright to stare where the man in the trench coat swayed back and forth, trying to make his gushing knee stable. "Why do you fight the pain Daniel?" asked the armed man as he pulled the handkerchief from his breast pocket and carefully polished the reflective metal of his weapon. "Indulge yourself in the intoxicating rush of it. Collapse to the ground from the high. Let it," he took a deep breath through his nose, "consume you."

Daniel suddenly fell to his knees, his eyes rolling back, the pain causing him to wince. They flow from his knee connected with the white covered ground causing a river of red blood to stream and gush. The slow-moving surge cut a steaming path through the trampled, ice covered land.

Tears began to fall and freeze on the ground as Daniel began to speak in a low controlled voice. "How does my death or life affect your existence? Why would you want my blood spilt here?" "Daniel, if you insist on struggling for your last grasps at life then conserve what strength you have and forget such feeble questions," sighed the man as he continued shining his blade. "But, to quench your thirst for knowledge, I shall enlighten you. Why have I selected you to die here tonight? Well, in all sense of honesty, I haven't the slightest idea. I simply saw you, alone in the street and thought to myself that you looked so peaceful and happy. Yet I also saw that you would appear better, covered in red." The man let out

an empty laugh that seemed to echo harshly against my ears.

Horror went across Daniel's face with the sound of the others mans voice. His fighting spirit gave out at that moment and his face fell straight down to the cold white snow.

The man with the sword began to stroll casually over to the beaten man. Placing his crimson handkerchief back into his breast pocket, he crouched beside Daniel and began to whisper. "Now your pain will be over but mine shall begin again. Now I'll have to find another victim for my pet to feast upon." He gently stroked his weapon one last time before he rose. "Good-bye. Sleep well until we meet again."

The slash was quick and held not a single note of sound. The man, once known as Daniel's head lay a few inches away from the clean cut falls of his neck. The blood did not shoot out but simply flowed freely from the wound. It pooled turning the snow a bright shade of red. The unnamed man withdrew his red extension from the saturated earth. He lifted the sword to his face and proceeded to taste the slowly coagulating liquid with his outstretched tongue.

A screech broke through the silence of the death scene that now rested in square. My hands clasped against my mouth in an attempt to muffle the sound. The movement seemed a second to late. The killer now stared into my eyes with his lick still lapping the fluid away from the metal of his honed steel.

He pulled his arm from his face, revealing the droplets against his upper lip. "It seems," he began to speak again, "that your next meal and pleasure will come very shortly, my pet."

We Used To Be Best Friends

ANONYMOUS

We used to be best friends
Almost like sisters
We told each other everything
Spending the summer at your
house
Every day until we were sick of
each other
We went to Disneyland one
summer
Remember the hotel?
We could never stop laughing
There was never another hotel
that had the same effect
We always looked for one
Like at the beach
Digging our feet into the sand
Watching the waves hit the shore
But you changed
You were walking too fast for
me to catch up
And now you're far away
We'll never be that close again



JOVANNA JIMENEZ

I've Known You

Anonymous

I've known you for quite a while

You just have a way of making me smile

The way you can catch my eye from across the room

You always wait and never assume

I wish things didn't turn out the way they did

But that was last year, i was just a kid

Sometimes i wonder what it would be like

If we were still going strong

Like nothing had gone wrong

And i wonder why it has changed

Why things are so rearranged

I suppose that it's for the best

It's an outcome that i would've never guessed

You moved on from me so quick

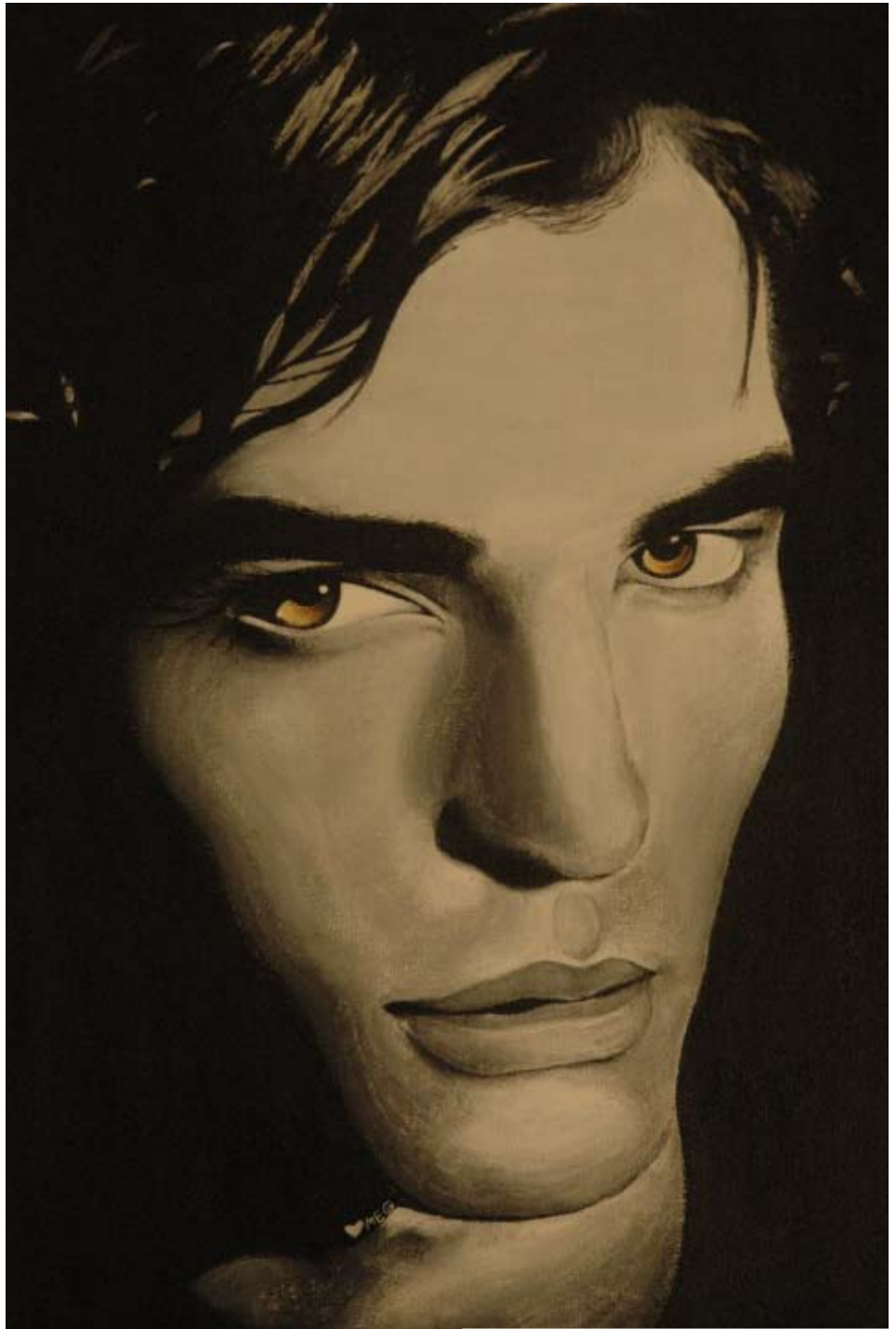
Now everyday i see you with that chick

You both look happy

But it makes me feel crappy

Knowing what i could've had

Is now her amazing lad

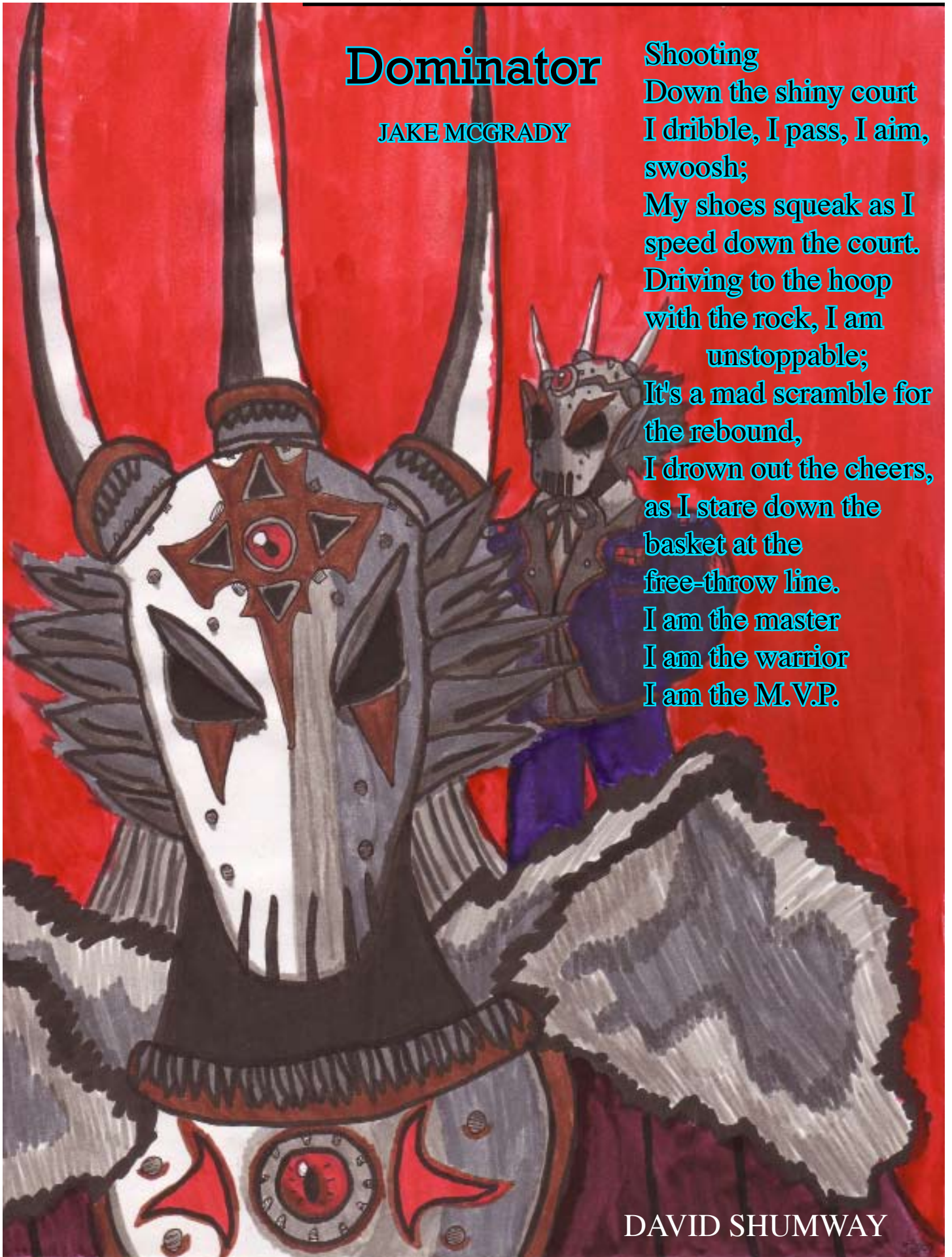


MEGHAN MIDDLETON

Dominator

JAKE MCGRADY

Shooting
Down the shiny court
I dribble, I pass, I aim,
swoosh;
My shoes squeak as I
speed down the court.
Driving to the hoop
with the rock, I am
unstoppable;
It's a mad scramble for
the rebound,
I drown out the cheers,
as I stare down the
basket at the
free-throw line.
I am the master
I am the warrior
I am the M.V.P.



DAVID SHUMWAY

W **D** **A**
H **R** **R**
E **E** **E**
R **A**
E **M** **C**
E **R** **A**
T **R** **U**
H **S** **G**
E **H**
 Ariel Coleman **T**

I have sufficiently crumbled the foundation that I laid
 I am now tripping and falling over the asphalt that with my bones, I made
 I am stumbling and sliding on the concrete that I used my whole body to pave
 And I am sinking ever so slowly in this world as it sways

Tobacco on my lips, I swear it's never tasted so good
 It's the girls that love to hate, that's where I know I should
 I yell out the lyrics and the wheel revolves
 I turn it up ever so slightly as my judgment calls...

The liquid flows though my throat, simple sugars and caffeine
 I sip it longer to balance apathy in nicotine
 I'm screaming and shaking but I don't feel a thing
 I wish anything would happen, why won't my ears ring

It's the nights like these where I know he's right
 Deciphering anger in a nonexistent fight
 Figuring out happiness with another Dutch to the night
 Knowing these rhymes get me no where, as I wish for that light

I'd never go back; I'd never rethink what I thought
 I'm over the pieces to the feelings I sought
 Things like this only happen, where the dreamers are caught
 And I wouldn't be lost, if it wasn't for all those faulty vowels I bought

I couldn't honestly tell you, what the four line-end rhyme-stanzas mean
 But then again I'm a liar, and they'd all claim it isn't who I meant to seem
 But I'll tell you the truth for once sweetie, I'll be honest now, it's never, it's
 never, been me.



NATALIE POZO