



# THE PAW

Tualatin  
High's  
Electronic  
Publication for  
Art and  
Writing

Volume 2  
Issue 1  
November, 2009

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# LETTER FROM THE STAFF

Hello Readers,

It's been a long time! The staff members of THE PAW are excited to be back and beginning our second year representing the student artists and writers of Tualatin High. We are pleased to welcome several new staff members into our midst; it is greatly heartening to the founding members to see continuing interest from our fellow students. On a similar note, we were likewise thrilled by the all the submissions we received! Tualatin students continued to be busy and creative over the summer, and we believe it shows in this issue. It was very difficult for the staff to select the pieces for this issue from the numbers of submissions we were sent! As always, we hope that our readers will enjoy this issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together, and that you will continue to support THE PAW and the artists and writers of Tualatin High through this year and many to come!

From,

Emma, co-founder,  
and the entire staff of THE PAW

## THE PAW STAFF

AMBER ALBERTO

MELISSA AUST

MARGARET CAMPBELL

EMMA DEFONTES

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JJ SAYERS

DAVID SHUMWAY

STAFF ADVISOR: SUSAN PAYNE

Cover Art: : "Contemplation" by Chris Pauly

## I live in sound

Emily Baker

*I live in sound  
Do you live here?  
I live where notes meet music  
And music meets ears  
I live by the beat of footsteps  
And the melody of voices  
Where a bird is the melody  
And the wind is the conductor  
Some live where trees talk  
And water responds  
Do you live here?  
Where you get a symphony  
As you walk out the front door  
Or do you live in the beat of a  
city?  
Where people are the lyrics and  
Cars are the rhythm*

## Broken Hearted Larissa Courtney

*Sometimes I ponder about what will  
come next*

*Where will my life turn when it  
seems to stall?*

*When is the next time I will smile  
again?  
and how will I get up, should I fall?*

*Happiness fills me with a touch of  
sadness.*

*By that I mean I know it can't last.  
Beauty decays, laughter subsides  
When will the stones be cast?*

*Tragedy can be measured  
by the amount of happiness taken  
away*

*Elusion is our only protection  
As we fall victim to its prey*

*So when I've reached a fork in life's  
road*

*and the choices are many or few.  
I follow the one that leads away  
from misfortune  
Thats all I can really do*

*When life is good  
You have to hold it in your hand  
You have to close your eyes  
You have to breathe it in!*

*Happiness may end  
While tragedy begins  
Today is the beginning  
Is tomorrow the end?*





*Flutter Eye  
The Flutter Eye can see the future. He is friendly to people.*

*R. Cui*

**Ruichao Cui**

I have seen wild bears in snowy mountains

With young cubs near by

I have pet a chipmunk

With a mouthful of food

I have seen death and don't want to see it again

I have felt life and how high it makes you feel

I have heard depression and know how it turns you

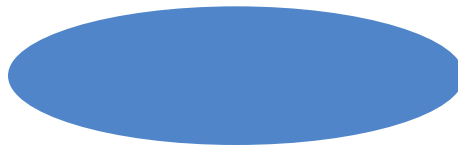
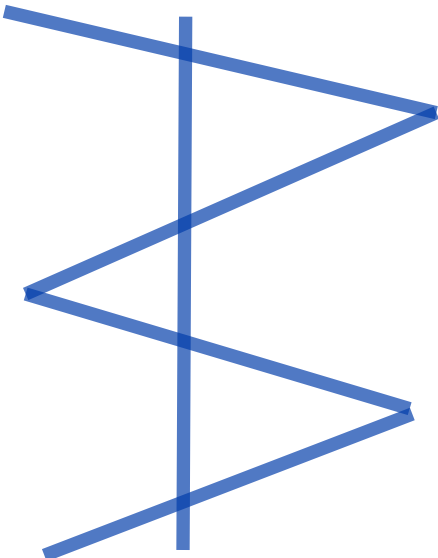
I have seen strong people fall to the floor

I have held a newborn child

I have taught a kid the alphabet

I have seen a little girl ride a bike

I have seen a young boy cry



# ME

**Larissa  
Courtney**



I have be in the blazing sun in Arizona

Seen jack rabbits and rattle snakes

I have been to California

In the warm ocean

I have danced in the rain

And sung off key

I have walked on a limb

And laughed uncontrollably

Twice I have been in love

One was young and stupid

The second was and is true love

I have loved with my whole soul

I have been hurt and still do

I have cried uncontrollably

And have had to heal the pain away

I have bled for selfish reasons

I have many stories I can tell

I have seen many things, heard many people

Felt many different ways and touched many hearts

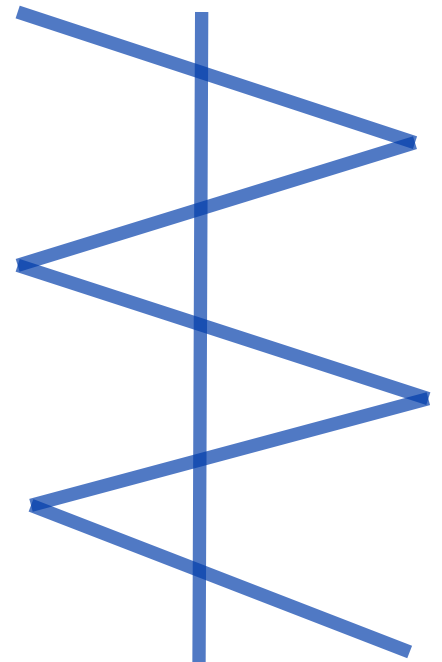
I have had fun and sadness just like everyone else

I have lived my life with a smile

I have lived my life with a frown

I have embraced everything life has thrown at me

I will remember all the memories



# UNDOING REALITY

Read between the objectively non-existent lines  
Dream of colors yet unseen  
Breathe in the sounds of absurdity

Men are Marching towards the Heavens  
One, two, one, two  
They are faceless agents of reasoning

The mind is a device of precision and logic  
The realm of all things imagined and impossible  
It is a Breached Path conjoined in the existence of existence

Marigolds sprout in the eyes of the

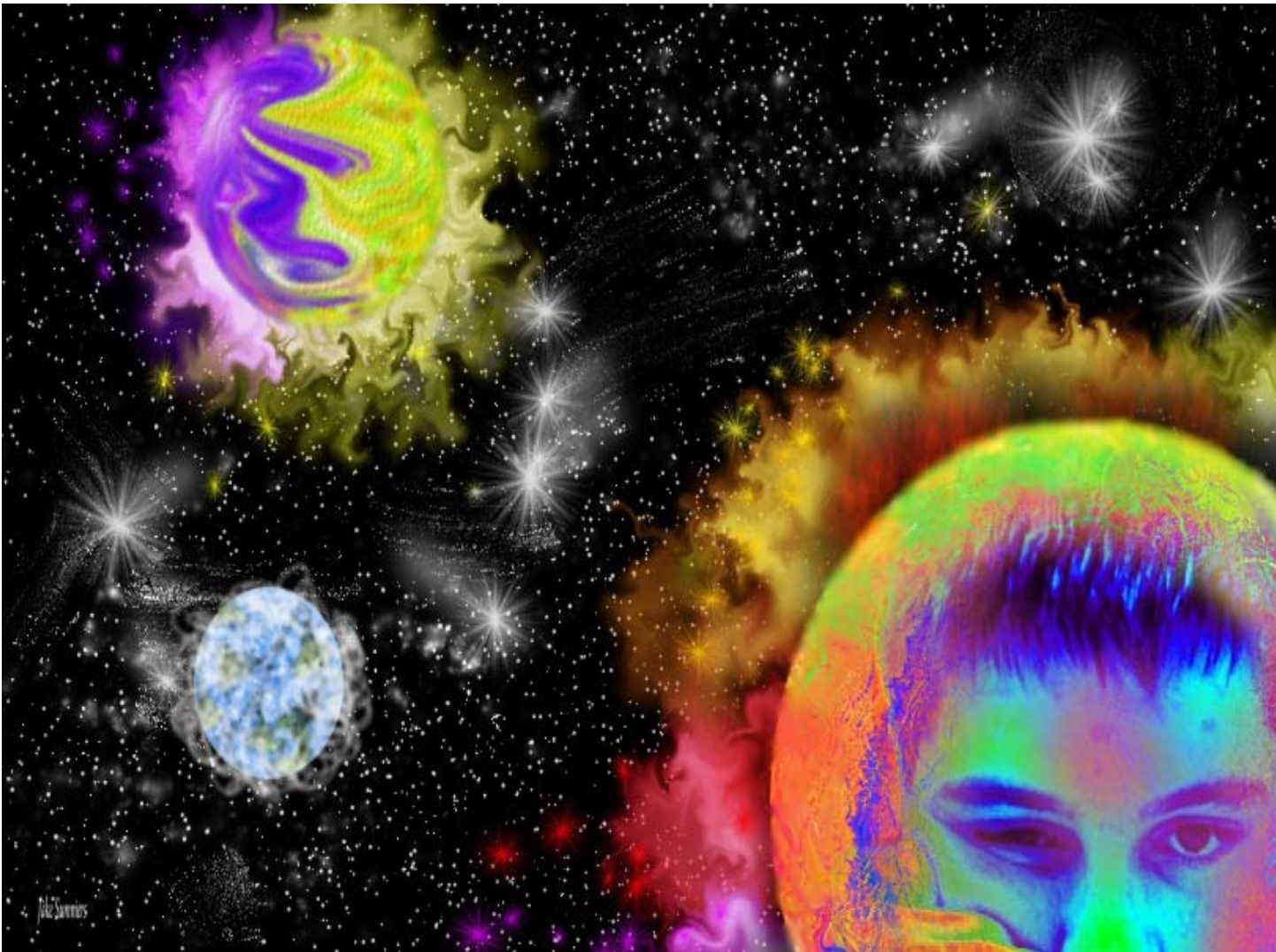
Grieving  
Roses are blooming in the hearts of the Joyous  
Petals are littered everyone

Connections exist even in broken ideas  
In three line stanzas that are Seemingly Separate  
And even in a six line stanza  
Offering the code to metaphors  
Revealing Contradictions  
Through an Unseen Likeness of

Awareness  
I once lay on the Tattered edge of Dichotomies  
And glimpsed Reflections in the Clouds  
Of Ultimatums undone by Grey  
And thus the Path became Whole

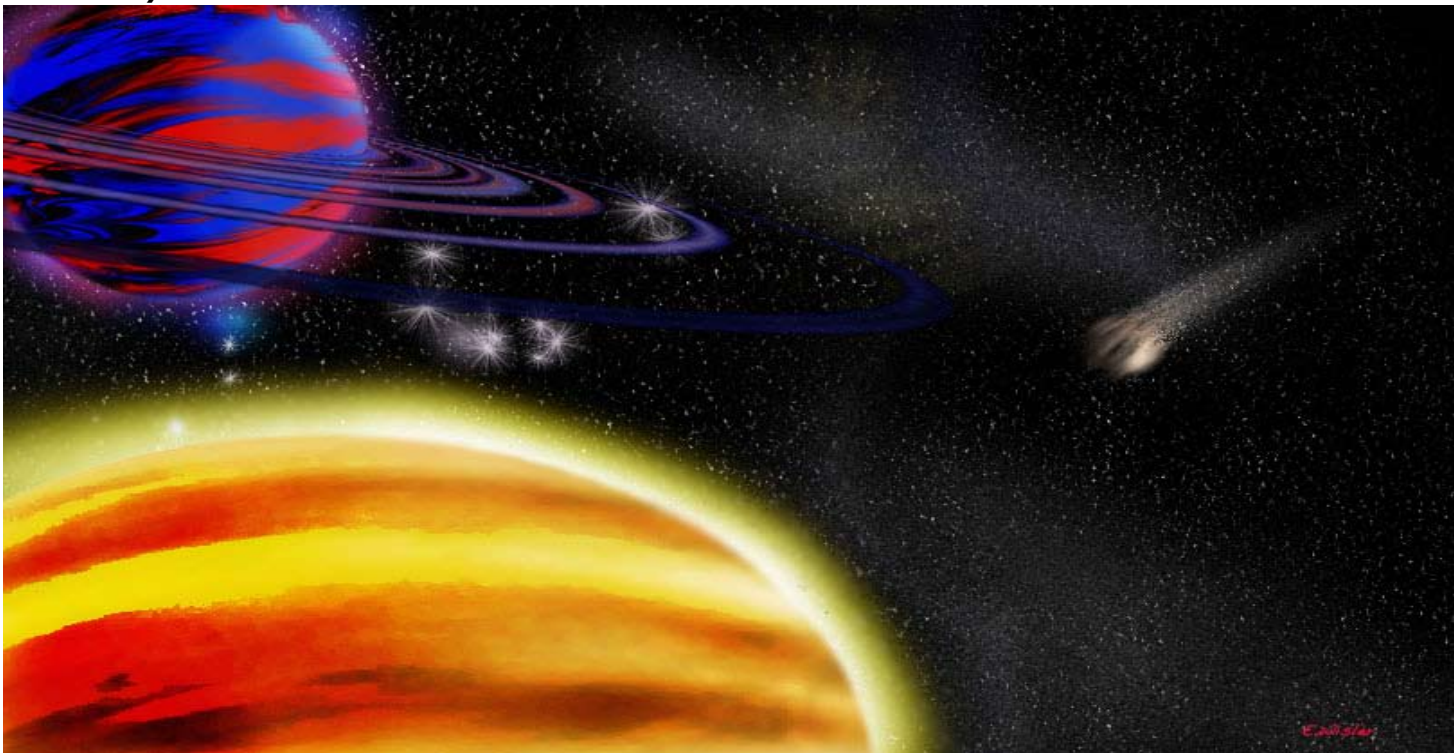
JJSayers





*Davis Summers*

*Emily Wisler*



**Ere Teris Versenora**

*-Laerlis*

Ai soräe et mora,  
Tera mea, tei sora.  
Ere teris ver-sene,  
Aru ai-ta-bene.

Ai soräe et mora  
Ai versenora.  
Ere teris-  
Räe etheria,  
Räe sereni,  
Et tida.

Delgarde selvaräe,  
Ar meris elsaräe.  
Ere teris versenora,  
Ai Soräe et mora.

Veni e aeseá.  
Ai Versonäe; ere teris.  
Veni e aeseá,  
Mena äer-sei der-is.

Quessé telos arsona?  
Ai desti versenora.

**The World Is Ours**

*-Laerlis*

It is yours and mine,  
To me, to you,  
To us this world was given.  
All of it was given.

It is yours and mine.  
It belongs to all of us.  
This world-  
Of wind,  
Of light  
And water.

Surrounded by starlight,  
Island in a dark sea.  
This world,  
Is yours and mine.

Come and see,  
It is ours; this world.  
Come and see,  
I'll show it to you.

What will we do with it?  
The choice is ours.



*Ode to Summer's Passing*

The twilight of summer always  
Creeps in when I'm not looking:  
Suddenly plunged into the frenzied pace  
Of Back to School,  
I glance up just in time  
To hear the pink-tipped silk tree blossoms  
Slowly exhale.  
Glowing embers that smell so sweet  
And ripe with sadness;  
The fragrance fills the air  
And floods my heart with hurt.  
I feel the silent urgency of the season  
Humming in my veins;  
I see it reflected in the suddenly overgrown blackberry vines  
Who are taking one last long stretch before the final innings  
And the yellow-red glow of the lone dahlia returned from winter  
Whose fiery spikes will soon fade and curl.  
Daylilies hold their breath before exploding  
In a finale of golden starbursts,  
Leggy headless petunias turn an ashen green,  
And the sun sets too early in a blanching sky.  
This is summer's passing.

*Susan Payne*

Each time I die a tiny death,  
And then survive.

*Benevolence*

HE STANDS IN HIS DISFIGURED PERFECTION  
HANDS SPREAD ACROSS THE HORIZON OF EXISTENCE  
A SMILE SPREADS ON HIS BLOODIED LIPS  
AS HE WHISPERS INTO ACTUALITY  
A SONG OF SICKNESS  
HE GAZES DOWN ON HIS PRODUCT  
HIS MECHANIC CREATIONS OF ABSURD NON-MECHANICS  
AND LAUGHS AT THE PAINS THEY WORSHIP HIM FOR  
THE TEARS OF HIS AUDACIOUS MIRTH DROWNING THEIR  
REASONING  
AND ONCE A WEEK THEY FLOCK TO HIM  
PRAYING FOR ANOTHER PLAGUE

*JJ Sayers*



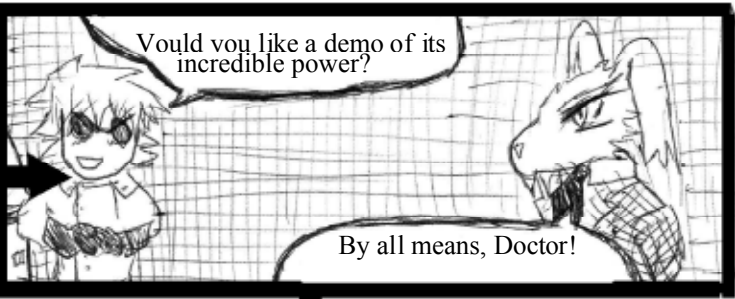
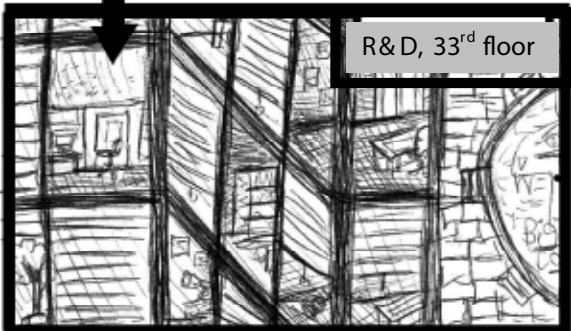
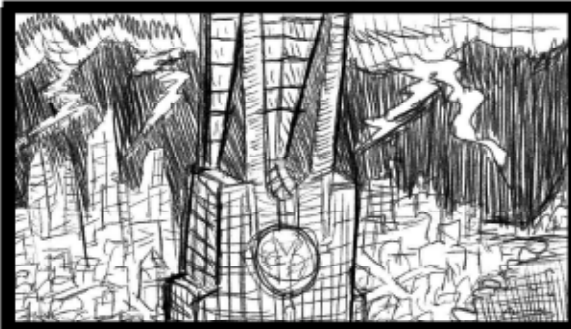
## *Misplaced Reincarnation*

He's a giant of a man, he stands at eight feet tall  
He towers over many and is by no means small  
His mind is on fire and his eyes are ablaze  
People turn away from his strong, steady gaze  
There are gales in his breath and thunder in his throat  
Hundreds hypnotized by a single able note  
The expression he wears gives no clues to thought  
But everyone knows his minds like dreadnought  
He doesn't know all , but comprehends much  
Great understanding of anguish and such  
And many would ask of tis greaty mighty man  
What's in your mind, your grand master plan?  
But meek are the fools who ponder in mute  
Who don't take a chance because of repute  
For if just a moment they made their voice heard  
They'd find he just wants to soar with the birds  
To glide on the gales that spring from his lungs  
To sing every not that has eer been sung  
to fly higher than high, a speck in the sky  
To defy gravity, the no winged lie  
But alas none have asked this question they muse  
And he travels the ground, denied the sky's blues

*JJ Sayers*

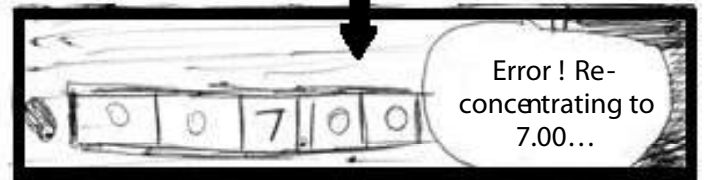
# NIGHT OF THE LIVING MCFATTIES

*from the mind of David Shumway*

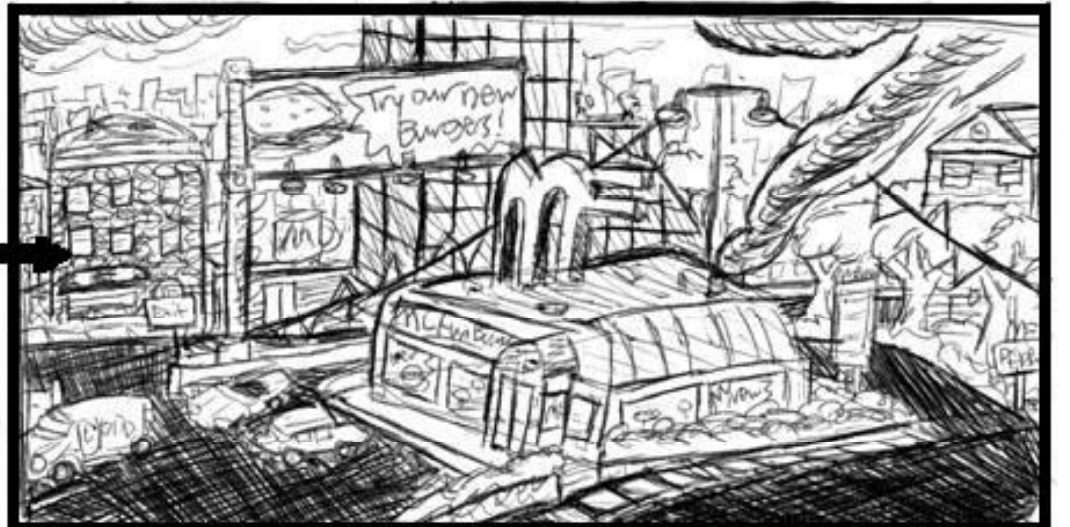




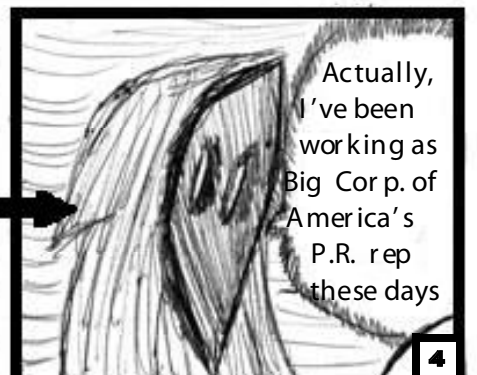
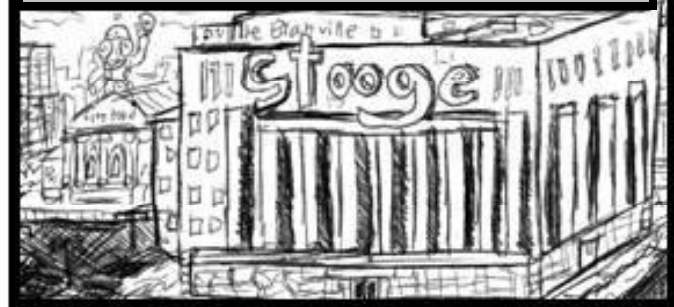




In the following weeks, Big Corporation of America pumped "Ingredient-T" into the entirety of their meat substitute. While Big Corp. scientists transferred Münderson's Incorrectly concentrated formula, the marketing squad prepared to sell this new burger, guaranteed to addict the consumer, at all costs



The offices of Hamilton R. Jiggers, food-critic:









At the Blahville Church of Religion...



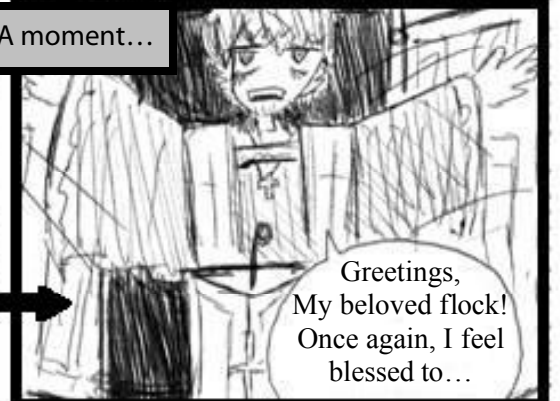
Hmm...let me see...fire or brimstone? Tithing is down this month, so I'd better stick with brimstone.



Rev. Slapp? 6:00 Service.

Thank you, Sister Edith. I'll be ready in a moment.

A moment...



Greetings, My beloved flock! Once again, I feel blessed to...

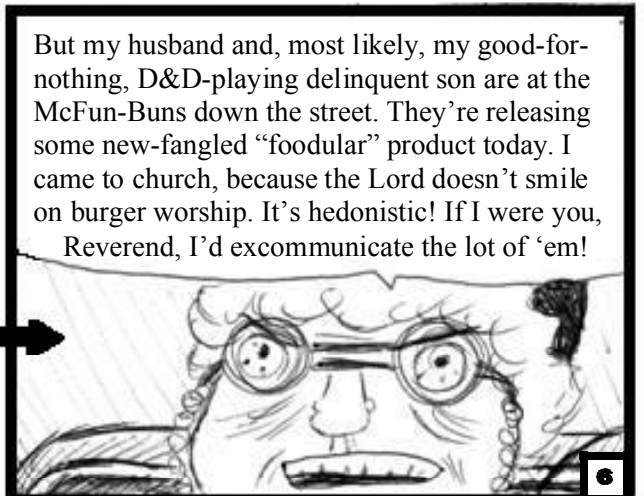


Where in the Heaven is everybody?!



Mrs. Jenkins! Why are you and the choir the only People in attendance today?! Because I'm sure as damnation not going to all this trouble just to preach to the choir! I won't do it!

Well, I don't know about others...



But my husband and, most likely, my good-for-nothing, D&D-playing delinquent son are at the McFun-Buns down the street. They're releasing some new-fangled "foodular" product today. I came to church, because the Lord doesn't smile on burger worship. It's hedonistic! If I were you, Reverend, I'd excommunicate the lot of 'em!



How appalling!  
Our Heavenly  
Father, abandoned  
in favor of fast-  
food?! This...  
This is idolatry!  
...It's time to  
use some  
tough love..



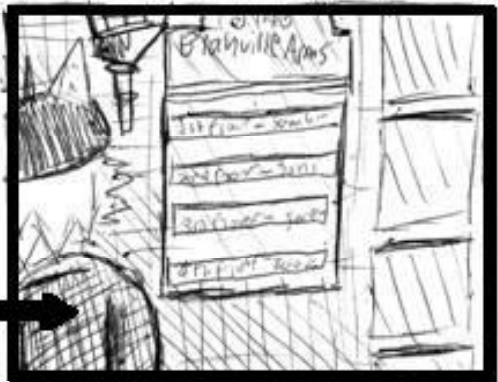
Those  
un-pious swine  
had better  
repent...

Because  
judgment has  
come...and it's  
served in a value  
meal!!!



Sister Edith! Ready my  
battle frock!

And finally, the main attraction:

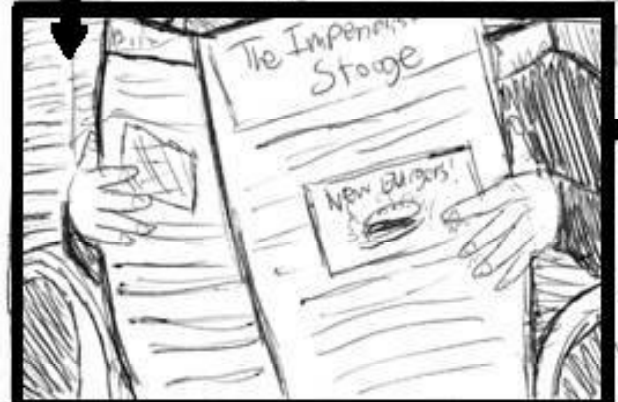


Mr. Person?  
Maxie?



I'm back! And I brought  
some dinner for us!

Dinner...  
That sounds like  
exactly what I need  
right now...



TO BE CONTINUED!

# "Wandering"

-JJ Sayers

*There is a place I like to wander  
It is beyond the reach of the world's asphalt veins  
And cannot be spied upon by space's metal eyes*

*No explorer can seek it out*

*No meandering soul can happen upon it*

*It exceeds all boundaries of comprehension*

*It is an unhidden secret, an unshielded preciousness*

*It exists on a plane of an entirely different dimension than feeble  
actuality*

*In it there are solutions to questions unanswered and unques-  
tioned*

*In this place I like to wander*

*In this place I like to wander*

*I pondered where I came from*

*And this place revealed to me my beginning*

*I was dredged up from a landfill of unclean distortions*

*I fell from a tree whose fruit was poisoned by paranoia*

*Because this tree had no trust in its fruit*

*I was birthed 'tween the legs of divorce*

*And wrapped in a blanket of animosity*

*I was raised in a chapel of mistrust and assumption*

*I crawled forth from the depths of an abyss contrived in silence*

*And sought refuge in tender plants and glossy capsules*

*Out of the wildness I appeared, garbed in regret relinquished  
from anger*



*From the unfolding petals of a loving rose I was manifested  
Lifted away from thorns by winds of change  
I was brought into being by thought and awareness  
Guarded from storms by a grinning angel, accepted and free  
of judgment  
I escaped from clouds in torrents of revelations  
And grew lush and green in conviction*

*There is a place I like to wander  
It has surpassed logic and has outgrown evidence  
It is a beautiful symphony of blue and red and green and yellow  
And derived from it is all my courage and all my dreams*

*There is a place I like to wander  
It is the conqueror of all my doubts  
My mind's salvation*

*I stood at a crossroads once  
Down one path was fear  
And the other faith*

*And so I wander in faith*

*Hannah Mueller*



*Gabrielle Mueller*

## Masquerade Ball

Larissa Courtney

My breath is gone,  
my face covered, I am just  
another person. My mask  
covers the pain and truth  
about me; I am just a mys-  
tery to everyone else. A man  
sways towards me, his eyes  
fixed on mine. His embrace  
intoxicates me as his hands  
gently glide across my waist,  
I can feel his body against  
mine, he's warm, comfort-  
able, inviting. He takes my  
hand and ever so softly kisses  
the top of my palm; he leads  
my body to the dance floor.  
The marble is hard and slick,

my silk dress brushes against  
my partner's legs. His mask  
covers most of his face but  
I can see his eyes and that's  
all I need. I can tell he is not  
all innocence. He has a dark  
past and a mysterious future.  
But his eyes are the deepest  
of greens and blues just as the  
sea is at night. My thoughts  
swim in his eyes wishing to  
know him better, wishing to  
be with him. The soft orches-  
tra stops, he bows slightly  
and squeezes my palm. He  
despairs in the crowd of fancy  
people and masks. The melo-  
dy starts once again; he is just  
another memory. His scent  
still lingers on my skin. I walk

in the cold night air, I slowly  
lower my mask, it drops on  
the hard ground and I walk  
towards the cool bench. I stay  
there, staring at the glistening  
water in the fountain in front  
of my cold body. I suddenly  
feel a warm sensation on the  
back of my neck; before I  
can figure out what it is I am  
twirled around and kissed. It  
is him, he has come back for  
me, taking my breath away.  
His warm lips pressed against  
mine. We are in the middle  
of a perfect fantasy. His mask  
is gone we can now see who  
each other really are. He is my  
sweet dream and this is my  
beautiful nightmare.

## The Phone Call

*Anonymous*

He knows it all  
And can always tell  
What's on my mind  
And the feelings inside.  
His voice so chill  
As he answers the call  
My racing thoughts  
With my beating heart.  
Butterflies in my stomach  
And clouds fogging my vision  
I can barely think  
As I say hello.  
The thrill in his voice  
He's happy, I hear  
He's oh so in love  
I guess it's best.  
He's the wind in my hair  
The blood in my veins  
And the light in my eyes  
He's the love in my life.





*Longneck-daisy*

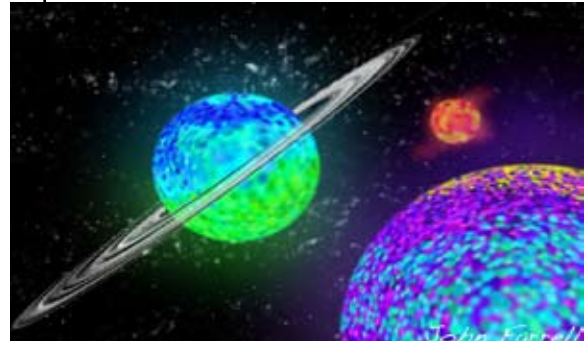
*The longneck-daisy, only comes out when the sun is shining and feeds on the bumble bees that land on them.*

*M. Hutchinson*

*Megan Hutchinson*

## *In God's Image* *JJ Sayers*

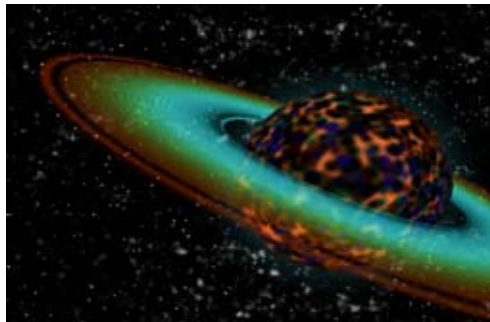
If man was made in the image of God  
 Then I simply must ask, is he a facade?  
 For the image brings to mind many questions and thoughts  
 Like why give himself a big 'snoz full of snot?  
 And if there's no snot in the 'snoz in the sky  
 Then why have a tunnel so empty, so dry?  
 I don't understand how this could make sense  
 Is God a prankster or mentally dense?  
 Why would a being who doesn't go poo  
 Have a tush for the purpose of making brown brews?  
 And if God can see all no matter the view  
 Can his eyes view objective and conceptual too?  
 But if in his image man was created  
 Why are our eyes so torpid, negated?  
 It's said he's omnipotent, all-powerful, supreme  
 But we are all subservient to low self esteem  
 And you can't justify a created combatant within  
 By proclaiming that strength advances wherein  
 A fight against self leads to greater insight  
 When all depression can hope to incite  
 Is feelings of grief and personal blights  
 For which God should definitely feel quite contrite  
 A being whose mind can turn thought to matter  
 Wouldn't have arms and legs all a scatter  
 Why not dot, a glass made of hours  
 A celestial being or a pretty pink flower?  
 And the greatest question of all, the final conclusion  
 Why would a good God be feigned in illusion?



*John Farrell*

## *A Precious Thing* *JJ Sayers*

Thoughts are like the stars that dissipate into darkness  
 When the streetlights of our busy lives puncture our clarity  
 Thoughts are feeble, like the quivering flame of a candle  
 But a candle's flame is powerful  
 And provides a penetrating light that reveals the world to us  
 This delicate light is precious  
 It reveals to us all our understanding and comprehension of  
 every existence  
 And yet it is snuffed out in an instant by carelessness  
 I have always been taught that precious, delicate things are  
 to be held dear  
 Is thought not precious to you killers of awareness?



*John Farrell*



*Lain Cloud*  
*Lain clouds like to hunt down planets to eat. They roam and rule as the King of the universe.*

*Sarah McDowell*

*Sarah McDowell*

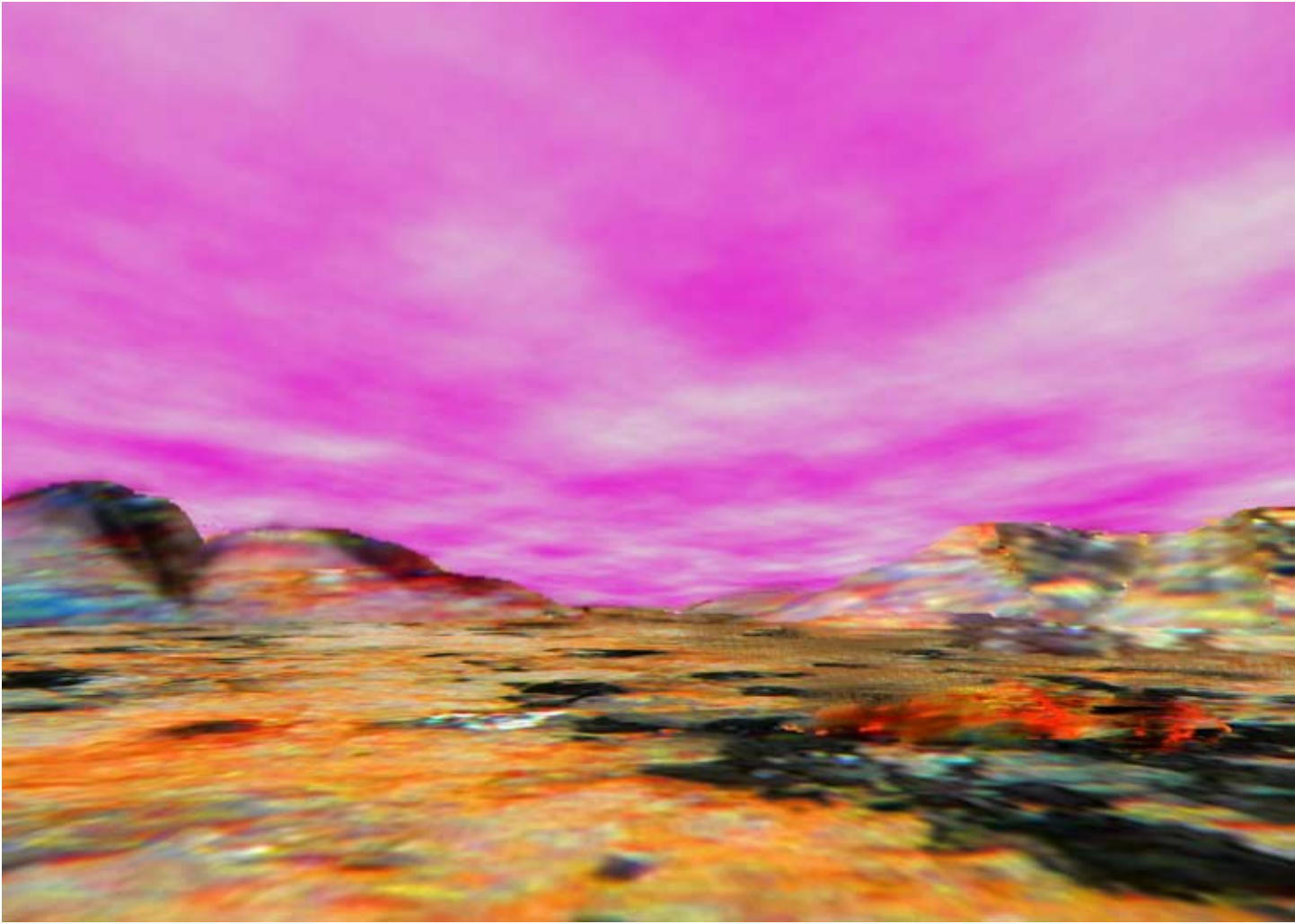


**Rainbow**  
*by Allyson Sung*

Oh, Rainbow Oh, Rainbow  
My beautiful Rainbow  
Colors so vibrant  
Glowing in the overcast  
Oh, Rainbow Oh, Rainbow  
How beautiful you are  
And all I can do is look from afar  
To chase you is impossible  
For your love is just an illusion  
Oh, Rainbow, Oh Rainbow.

**Safe Place**  
*by Larissa Courtney*

As I close my eyes it all dims out, I can't feel the stress or the anger all the pain subsides. It's peaceful in this place, calm and safe. It's nice here; I lay still in the cool green soft grass, all my senses relaxed. I can smell the soft rain that comes from the starry blanket above my head, the rain cool and inviting. I can hear the tranquil rush of the water fall, the small ripples in the river, goose bumps travel over my arms and down my spine from the rush of cool wind. I can smell the sweet nectar of all the beautiful flowers in bloom. A faint sound of chimes in the dark calms my mind from every worry. As I gaze up at the dark blanket, I see that each tiny star is brighter than the next. No emotions are here in this calm sanctuary, nothing to cloud my mind, nothing to stray my eyes away from this perfect place.



*Mckinna Tillotson*