



VOLUME 4  
ISSUE 1

NOVEMBER 2011



Portland;  
by Jonah Howard

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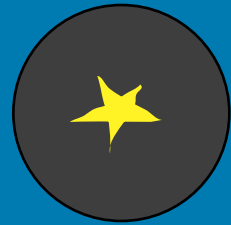


Drawing By:

Mel Flygare



Waves of hellos throughout the night.  
Darkness fills the air.  
The cold plungering wind, seeping deep inside of me.  
Dark starry skies,  
Moonlit light shining through.  
Glitters of warmth,  
Remembrance of memories.  
Happiness and pain,  
Subsided into one.  
De ja vou?  
I pray not so.  
Tests and trials,  
Yes I know.  
But not now,  
I say.  
Please no.  
No so trial I say please hold.  
Boom, boom, boom.  
Louder,  
Heavier.  
Harder,  
Noisier.  
Life is joy.  
Joy is happiness,  
Happiness is smiles.  
Smiles are bright,  
Bright is light.  
Stars give off light,  
Stars are in the night.  
Nighttime fades to black,  
Black turns to sleep.  
Sleep has dreams,  
Dreams consist of smiles.  
Smiles lead to happiness,  
Happiness turns to joy.  
Joy is included in this life,  
Lives are made of precious gifts.  
Take for granted nothing.  
For God so loved the world,  
That he gave His only begotten son.



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# The Declaration of Human Rights of the People of Syria

Hanaa Masalmeh

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with a leader, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the democratic government to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to their declaration.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, --That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present ruler of Syria is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over our people. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

Before any other rights, humans possess a need for those things which will guarantee them survival before all else. Such things are the basics of human necessities, and a government's utmost priority is securing these objects for their people. Food, shelter, healthcare, electricity, employment, and all others without which daily life cannot be carried are to be made available, and for those who cannot reasonably attain such things, a rational amount of help is to be provided. The government has no rights, under any circumstances, to debar the Syrian people access to these basic needs.

The government is formed of the people, by the people, and for the people. Any attempt to wrest the power from the people is considered a crime worthy of punishment, whether it is the prohibition of an individual's voting rights or any other action which stifles the voice of the people.

There must always be, in any functioning government, enforcement agencies to reasonably implement the laws of the country on its people. In the case of the Syrian government, only the civil police shall have the right to arrest a citizen. Arrests by the army or army personnel shall be nullified UNLESS it is a situation for which there is ample and reasonable proof that a life, civilian or otherwise, was in danger. In this case, it is considered simply a citizen's arrest, and no charges can be placed, no jailing can occur, and mistreatment of the prisoner is a major crime.

The prisoner's rights must be clearly spelled out by the government so that there is no reasonable doubt that the prisoner was mistreated or harmed in any way. The prisoner will remain innocent until proven guilty, and charges must be placed within 48 hours to avoid unnecessary jailing time.

A notice must be sent out to at least five (5) living relatives of the arrested within 24 hours. If there are no living relatives, then the prisoner has a right to choose whom to notify.

The Syrian people have a right to peaceably assemble and express their opinions. In this case, ONLY unarmed civilian police are permitted to preside over the demonstration, and there must be media coverage to provide transparency of the demonstration.

The Syrian government has no right to the body, life, or limb, of any protester without reasonable court charges and a fair trial, so long as the protester is within his reasonable rights. The protester may, at his will, choose to televise his trial.

To guarantee the people their rights and dignity, fair, nonpartisan representation must be provided to ALL ethnic groups. Representatives will be voted in for three (3) year terms, and the President will be elected for four-year terms.

There will be a system of transparency, all ballot counting and all Representation sessions will be filmed by an independent network. All religious sites shall be considered sanctuary, and no armed personnel, civilian or governmental, shall be allowed to enter, except in case of emergency and with the permission of the leader of the religious area.

The Syrian people are people, and the purpose of claiming their rights is not to instigate turmoil or start unnecessary conflicts, but to exercise their rights as human beings. Their priority is not war, but welfare. They deserve what all other human beings deserve, and as citizens of this world, it is our responsibility to make their plight known. This is not an issue of Syrian or Arab or American, but an issue of human dignity and respect. Our nation would never have achieved its independence without the generous and noble help of the French. It is our turn to prove ourselves true patrons of liberty, not only in our country but worldwide. Simply raising awareness is a tremendous help to the Syrian people, making their cries heard and projecting their voice is integral to their message—and to ours.

# The Man With Two Heads

Hayley Leeper

Once upon a time, there was a man with two heads. The right was infinitely more practical and pragmatic than the left, and was constantly reminding him of it. The right head would make all of the decisions, without even consulting the left. The left didn't mind too much, as it made more time for daydreaming.

And, so, they went about their life. The right would go to work, go home, sleep, wake, go back to work. The left would daydream, spend all of his time in fanciful worlds made purely of his own will and thought.

And they grew old: The right worked, the left dreamed. One day, when they were old and had stopped working, the right looked at the left and asked, "What have you been doing all these years? I've been working and living. All you've done is sit on our shoulders."

"Ah, but no," replied the left, "I'm the one who's been living. I've traveled far and wide. Seen different nations and spoke in their tongues. I've had adventures, fought villains, and saved beautiful maidens. I've won and I've lost many times."

"What?" demanded the right head. "You've been right here the whole time! You haven't gone anywhere! There have been no maidens, no villains! You are not a single day older than I! What you speak of is impossible!"

"No," replied the left, "I simply thought it."

"What foolishness!" declared the right. "Living it and thinking it are two different things!"

"Then you," said the left with a twinkle in his eye, "clearly are not thinking properly."

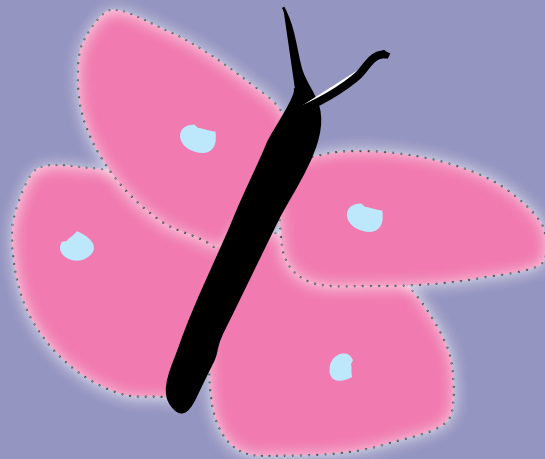


# Kaitlin Gattucio



**It's a Feeling**

Two months now.  
Sitting,  
Thinking.  
Thoughts consume me.  
My mind circles in blank thoughts;  
I've been here before.  
Always in my everyday thoughts,  
Her face always in my head:  
Mikayla.  
Purple,  
Reminds me of you.  
Children, remind me of you.  
Morning rises and night sets,  
Remind me of you.  
Twinkling stars,  
Remind me of you.  
You are here  
In bits and pieces  
On the earth,  
In this world.  
Life goes on;  
You do your work,  
I do mind.



Anonymous

# Skyline



# Katy Larson



# My Feet in Heels

# The Fruits of Willpower

Anonymous

## The feeling,

This nightmare has become reality,  
Stolen life's simplest pleasures,  
And transformed me,  
Twisted me, into a gruesome knot,

## A noose

## The habit,

Changing my perception of humanity,  
Crushing dreams and aborting ambitions,  
It has found me,  
Dug its' claws in deep and won't release,

## A beast

## The greed,

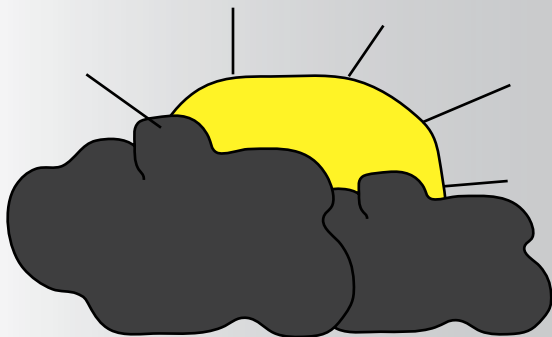
Hangs over my head like black clouds,  
Snuffing out the suns' warmth,  
It hates me,  
Leaving only one set of footprints in the  
sand,

## One path

But not this time

This time, I will be strong  
Stronger than the child of my youth,  
I will be a man,

Because somebody has to



# KNOW

ANONYMOUS

Slam!

The wall comes down upon us,

It separates us between

This

And the safety of the outside world

Not only separates, but traps

Snares,

Seals off any thoughts of escape

And what is this?

This is the cramped, wooden interior of a coffin,

This is a dumpster, filled to the brim with

Refuse and disowned belongings

This is a brick oven, scorching skin and

Searing sanity

This must be hell.

I can not move, can't breathe,

It's so hot, I begin to sweat,

Not only from the heat of breath and body,

But from the Fear

Fear that any moment we could be killed,

Reduced to nothing

More than memories and photographs

How could my loved ones go on?

How could I do this to them?

Am I so selfish, or just reckless?

Life is too short not to live,

But too valuable to throw away carelessly

Dear God,

What is a soul to do?

~ Tempting Path ~



~ Kat Porcello ~

# The Leaves

The leaves are blowing  
The wind is blowing everything away  
The leaves are moving like the wind,  
faster and faster  
Until the wind and the leaves are silent  
everything is quiet  
Until the future passes

Everything is different  
No more struggles  
No kids being abandoned neglected or abused  
Everyone is together in a place called home  
There is no more problems in the earth  
It is only you who can believe  
There is a change in life for everyone  
If you believe in you can do it  
Just remember everyone is different  
Just love is great  
We are really fortunate to have  
people that love you very much  
Just remember you are there with everyone  
Everyone will join together  
With smiles on their faces  
Laughter in their hearts  
No more shedding tears  
Or making mistakes  
You are there.

By Tashauna  
Ranney



Wallowa Mountains

\*

Squinting Squirrel

Kat Porcello



# Necklace



Katy Larson



# living in shadows

by: Jonah Howard

no one dreams of letting go,  
they shame of letting know,  
the mystery's hiding in the night,  
but from what,  
no one wants to figut,  
everyone scared of the knife called authority,  
afraid they're gonna get cut,  
bleed empty and hallow,  
the idea is hard to swallow,  
voices are seeming near,  
and i'm developing fear, no one seems to care,  
no one wants to share,  
this pain,  
this shame,  
the sorrow,  
of being unsure about tomorrow,  
i live in the shadows,  
hiding away,  
afraid of what might come today,  
will they take me away,  
to a place they find fit for me,  
where no one can here me scream,  
will i ever know,

As I Lay Here Listening ~ By Gwen Baker

2/14 9p.m.

As I lay here listening, the rain is loud against the roof over my head. I hear the faint boom of thunder off in the distance. The room is dark around me, a flash of light, then darkness once more. I begin to wonder if this storm will ever pass over like I've been told it will. It's been raining non-stop for the past month. All I want at the moment is to be home in my own bed all safe and dry. Momma says if it keeps raining like this, this will be our new home.

Jessica sits in bed next to me, she cries like she does every night. We used to ask her, me and Momma, why she cried so much, but her answers were always the same "Daddy says 'never to cry when you have your family with you' and my families not here". At first we didn't understand but then I cracked the code. She's been crying cuz daddy got in his car a week ago and hasn't come back yet. Momma says he probably didn't even make it down the street. Once the rain lightens up she says she'll send Johnny out to look for him. Johnny is scared to go out there but he knows he's gotta.

I look out the window at another flash of lightning. I don't think the rain will ever let up. I'm so tired but I'm afraid sleep will never come. I hear Johnny coming back in with the fire wood. He comes into our room soaking wet. I feel sorry for him. Johnny tells me I must try to sleep, he kisses both me and Jessica on the head then turns off the light.

2/15 About 2a.m.

I woke with a start early this morning to see Momma and Johnny quickly packing all our stuff into trash bags. When I sit up to ask why, Momma tells me to go back to sleep. She says not to worry. She says we'll be in a better place soon. I do as I'm told and slowly drift to sleep.

2/15 noon

It's still raining, but Momma and Johnny keep packing. For the first time in weeks Jessica seems happy, probably cuz she turns 10 tomorrow. I remember 4years ago on my 10th birthday, that's when my life changed completely. Daddy told me, once your 10 your old enough to do chores and to help Momma in the kitchen.

## Short Story

I don't know why Jessica has been in such a hurry to grow up, but at least now we have some more help around here.

2/15 5:30p.m.

The rain is a little lighter now. We got a letter from Daddy today, but Momma seems upset. No one will let me see what it says.

2/15 9:45p.m.

Lightning hit a tree and it fell over onto the house. We have a slight leak.

2/16 7a.m.

Johnny tried to sneak a look at the letter earlier. Momma slapped him.

2/16 10p.m.

Tonight at dinner Momma told us about the letter. She told us how Daddy wouldn't be able to come back until the rain stops, but the weather stations say it could go on for months longer. She said he also wrote not to send anyone to try to help him, said it wouldn't be safe. Momma says we'll just have to try to get along without him. Jessica is crying again.

2/17 noon

Two men came to the door, and Momma told me and Jessica to hide behind the boxes under my bed. Johnny hid behind the blankets under Jessica's. We hear footsteps walking around, I find a crack in the boxes and look out to see 6 feet, two are Momma's in her slippers. Two are wearing black boots, the others are wearing brown mud-covered rubber boots.

Black boots is asking Momma if she was the only one living there and Brown boots searches the room. Momma tells them that she and her husband Jack moved in three years ago, and that he was stuck at the market. Black boots starts to walk around, then stops at Jessica's bed. He reaches underneath and drags out a pile of blankets, makes sure there's nothing hidden inside then tells Momma that her and her husband won't need all of them, and takes them. The two men walk out and Momma quickly follows. I look out across the room and see Johnny pressed up as close as he can to the wall.

I hear a door slam then see Momma's feet once more. She tells us to count to 100 then meet her in the kitchen for lunch.