



Ducks are pretty cool I guess. They can be real jerks, but so can humans

-Liam Goodwin

## **Angry Thoughts by Anonymous**

I'm pissed. And not just because of the usual reasons either. I mean, I'm usually pissed. But now, it's not because I'm PMSing and mad at every little thing or my brother or sister we're annoying me. It's because of life. Life sucks. It isn't fair. The good die young. Most people live out their whole lives in the same town and never do anything extraordinary.

I don't want to be like that. I don't want my friends and family to be like that. I want to give them the chance to have something different happen to them. I think I know what to do. I've come to the realization that I've got to make things happen. And I will.

There's nothing in particular that makes my life suck. It's just life in general that makes me depressed. You know, the usual, "We're all going to die eventually", "We don't really matter to the huge universe". That kind of thing.

I've always had those thoughts somewhere in my head since third grade, but it wasn't until last year that I really, truly started paying attention to them, and I just keep thinking more and more. More and more and more. Me. The perfectionist, OCD, pessimistic, over thinker.

Well, it's not really surprising is it? Once you see inside my head it's no shock. NBD. I'd promised myself I wouldn't ever. No way, no chance. But when I started thinking. When I did, that's when things changed. I would wonder what would happen. I'd make up scenarios, like I always have. But those aren't nice ones now, are they? They definitely aren't.

It never would've happened. Until I realized. I was never going anywhere. These hopes and dreams I have, they're not possible. I tell myself, "They'll happen, they will." But then I came to the conclusion that they wouldn't. What else am I supposed to do if I don't have my hopes and dreams? Sure, I've got friends, but that means I'd always be on the sidelines.

I am enough already, aren't I? I want to give them something in their lives. Something they won't expect. But without ambitions, how can I do that? The ideas, the plan, the execution. Now they've got a plot twist.

## **Little Soldier's Boy**

**Chris Williams**

|                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Boy                     | Mother cried in bed       |
| This boy was happy      | Sister cried with her     |
| His mother and father,  | Brother cared for them    |
| Along with his sister,  |                           |
| All lived with him      | Death                     |
| And they were happy     | Father came back home     |
|                         | Father was not moving     |
| Secret                  | Mother and sister cried   |
| They were kept home     | Brother stared at father  |
| Father said to them     | Brother did not cry       |
| Stay near the house     |                           |
| Mother said to them     | The boy was happy         |
| Everything will be okay | Until a secret came       |
|                         | War took his father       |
| War                     | Death brought back father |
| Father left their home  | The boy never cried       |
| He went to war          |                           |

## **Dementia**

**By Chris Williams**

A boy that has faded from existence, that is the life I lived, except I hadn't faded from existence. There wasn't anything to prove my existence. I walked down this same road each morning for weeks. I recognized most of the faces I saw, but none of them recognized me. I don't know when this all started. All I can remember is that everyone forgot who I was one day. Friends, family, everyone. It felt like a part of a show I watched where a girl that was in a coma was having an out of body experience. She slowly vanished from people's memories starting with the people that knew her the least to her closest friends. The differences between what happened to me and what happened to the girl were that no one showed traces of having any memory of me, everyone forgot about me overnight, and I didn't vanish from the world. As I looked up to the sky, I began to wonder how I was able to keep going. Suddenly, a bright light bolted across the sky. The light soon faded and my eyes were met with the sight of a tall building. I began to feel uneasy as a thought crept into my mind, but I decided I had to listen to it, for it was the only way I could live.

## **Behavior**

**By Quinn Blakely**

When did the sky stop flashing with vibrant colors? When did we cease to see the clouds? When did we grow deaf to the voices of the world?

We sit In silence now. Catatonic to the catastrophe. We don't ask questions. We don't look for answers.

Are we afraid? Are we in shock? Are we a dying breed of two-bit thieves and exiled kings?

The way smile these days with plastic faces set in molds of skyscrapers and TV screens. Forget tomorrow. Forget today. Shuffle your feet in the puddles of the past.

Until we cannot stand.

## **Untitled**

**By Chris Williams**

"My story. My story started twelve years ago. Today in fact since it's my birthday. Twelve years ago I was given my sword. I was ten. My parents had told me that I could do anything I wanted with the sword and as long as I had it, nothing would happen to me. Some days later I was walking downtown. I don't know what was wrong with me that day; it had just gone to hell. I saw a man in a ski mask talking to another man in a ski mask. I heard them talking about robbing a bank. I walked up to them and one of them asked what I kid was doing with a sword. I sent it through his neck. Before the other man could react, I cut him three times and he died. I was tried for murder and found not guilty. Five months later, I saw someone trying to mug a lady. I stabbed him through the back and walked away. I was tried for murder and found not guilty. I was in a store when three men tried to rob it. I took them down one by one. When I approached the third one, he tried to shoot me and missed. In return for attacking me, I severed his limbs one by one, starting with the arms and moving to the legs. As he lied there bleeding, I grabbed him by the face and told him to beg for mercy. No matter how much he begged, I kept cutting his face and chest. I finally finished him off with a stab through the head. Tried for murder, found not guilty. I was a cold-heart killer that was left to roam the streets. When I was seventeen, men in black came and picked me up off the streets. They were testing people for an experiment called "The Super Human Project." They injected a serum into your bloodstream that was supposed to give you the qualities of a super human. It didn't. Weeks into the Project, everyone except me started going insane. They were chewing on their own skin and their eating habits became horrific. One day they put me in a room with nine other patients. They all looked at me like I was some kind of prey. Finally one started walking toward me, but then he lunged at me. I took his arm and kneed him in the gut. Then I planted my foot on his back and broke his arm. This snapped him out of his insanity. He started asking me why I had done it. I told him why. The others stayed where they were out of fear of getting hurt. On my eighteenth birthday, they put me back in the room with them. 'Happy birthday' was all that was said before I was locked in. I looked down at the ground near the others. It was matted with blood and a body's flesh had been torn and chewed. I knew they had eaten the one that had been reverted back to normal. Everyone else was 'alive' except for him. They had eaten him. Blood was smeared on their mouths and faces. They started running at me. I took my sword and cut them all down. I stabbed through one and flung it at the viewing mirror. Blood smeared and splattered on it. I escaped and killed my way to the ones that had caused this. I killed them too. I went to the patients and asked them their blood types and if they had been injected. Everyone had been injected. I killed everyone that didn't have my blood type. I even killed a few that did. When they asked why before they died, I responded 'Better safe than sorry' and killed them. I was a cold-heart killer that only let a few survive. A cold-heart killer that had super human traits. I made my way to the government, all alone. I killed everyone there. When I got to the president, I told him 'Look at what you've created. A monster. Now your little monster is going to exact vengeance.' I don't know if the president had anything to do with it or not, but I didn't care. The government was dead. Tried for murder, found guilty. At least, I would have been if I had been there to be tried. I had hid from everyone, and then the zombie outbreak started. I thought I had stopped it before it began, but when I checked the files, I had been the only one with my blood type. I had let them out into the world to cause an outbreak. So nobody cares anymore about who I killed and what I did. None of that matters in this world anymore. Tried for murder, condemned to a life of killing."

**Want to contribute to the next volume? Leave submissions in room 316. Want to be involved in creative club? Come to the next activity period meeting.**