

Thoughtwell

2018-2019

Dear Thoughtwell Reader,

What you are about to read is a collection of poems and short stories. However, to stop at that would be to sell this collection short. It is more than just a series of words on a page; it is a labor of love, an insight into people's minds and hearts, and an expression of someone's innermost creativity. Salem Community High School students have a rich history of writing memorable stories and characters and sharing them in this annual collection. This year's Thoughtwell is no different. You will find things that make you laugh, cry, but more importantly, reveal just how talented our students are. Please sit back, relax, and enjoy this year's Thoughtwell.

Sincerely,
Matt Donoho
Thoughtwell Sponsor

Braxtin Sawyer

I am proud to be her mother
My daughter is as sweet as honey
She makes me smile
Sometimes she makes me cry
Her blue eyes are as beautiful as the sky
I will always love my sweet baby
She is a gift from up above
My heart is now full of love
I hope she grows up and stays this sweet
I hope she knows she can go to the distance without using her feet

- Claudia Woods

Pictures pictures on the walls

We were all young

So happy

Where did the time go

Take us back

To the good ol' times

We all get older

People change

So does the pictures on the walls

Every year one less person gets taken down

Because we cannot stand to look anymore

By Sydney Keller

A daughter's wish

As the moon fades away,
The stars begin to lead the way,
The love I desire is nowhere near,
In my heart his memory I hold dear,
He comes to call once in a while,
How I long to be the reason he will smile,
In my mind I will forever be in doubt,
Can I ever break free will my soul get out,
I wait for the day he will be proud,
To the country the world he shouts it loud,
I'm only one of a very few,
Somehow I'm never in his view,
My life could be so complete,
If all those words were made sweet,
I feel those words will never compare,
To the deep darkness of my despair,
I've loved him from the moment I opened my eyes,
I know he does even when he lies,
To be true the pain isn't that bad,
These are the things I wish I could tell my dad.

Broke hearts time two

Broken hearts times two,
You love me and I love you,
Looking at his tearful eyes with tears in mine,
He handed me a dandelion,
He looked at me and told me everything will be okay,
He has to go away,
As he turns to leave he looks at me one more time and walks away,
Then headed for the highway,
I fell to the ground hard crying and praying he will turn back around,

I felt so abandoned and alone,
Should I have fought harder for him to stay,
Was I unheard when I prayed,

As he fades out of sight,
I fight with all my might,
To take my next breath,
I realized there are things worse than death,
As I stand there trembling memories flood my mind,
Beginning with the dandelion,
He gave me before he drove away,
As I fall to my knees and look up to the heavens,
All I see is the stars in the sky blurred by the tears in my eyes.

As he tucks me into bed,
I remember the good night and I loves you said,
From cradle to knee,
From us to me

By Madison Fifer

WONDERS

A BUNCH OF WOOL IS ALSO CALLED FLEECE

A FLOCK OF GOOSE IS CALLED GEESE

I SIT AND PONDER

ABOUT THE THINGS I WONDER

WHY A GROUP OF MOOSE ISN'T CALLED MEESE

- MADISON CASWELL

*My name is Cheyenne
A homemaker I am
I make homes
For my gnomes
I can steal your man*

*Done by
Cheyenne Linder
Senior of 2019*

*Horse are big animals
So big that they can hurt you
If you trust them then you won't get hurt
They can tell when your scared
Treat them right
And you will be good
Horses are just like humans
Just in animals form
That's why horses are good animals.*

- Taylor Owens

Warm Tears

The cold wind whipped through my hair and across my skin.
It turns my cheeks red and only my hot tears provide minimal relief to the cold.
My heart is heavy, black and hard like stone.
I weep into my hands as I stand in front of his grave.
My soul cries out in agony.
I am overcome with loss and pain.
I could mourn him for forever and forevermore.
To stop and live would dishonor him.
Why should I live without him? Why should I live when he cannot? When he never got the chance... my heart is heavy and cold as warm tears roll down my cheeks.

Madelyn Churchill

The Princess

*The stress of a mess
A mess you should careless
Careless about distress
Distress will cause you to be depressed
Depression will find your address
And it won't visit as a guest
Guest come and leave a mess
Leave a mess and you in distress
Wanting a recess from this mess
You used to impress like a princess
But now there's no success
The princess is in distress
All because that guest
Caused a chaotic mess
Yes I'm a mess in a little sundress
Wishing I could undress
The little sundress
And get out of all this distress
This princess is trying to make progress
But the guest won't leave my address
- Katelyn Brewer*

Christmas is almost here
It is every year
I go see Christmas lights
What delights
Christmas is almost near

By: Caitlyn Henson

I think that if you were me
You would probably agree
That my siblings are really gross
And we're not all that close
It's really because they're all ugly

- Yolanda Gordon

Fluffy, black, and white
He barks but can't hurt a fly
His name is Hairbear

Jade Gordon

The sad announcement

She thinks so hard every night

She thinks of him

She gets happy

Then she feels depressed

He is gone away forever

She has to move on

She loved him

She was falling for him

She never felt that way with anyone

Now she thinks again

She lays in her bed thinking every night

She thinks and thinks and thinks

For hours at a time

She goes to work

She messes up

She has him on her mind

She has what he did as a cut in her brain

Wondering what she did

For him to do what he did

Thinking of how it would be different

She asks herself questions all the time

She don't know the answers

She wonders what happened between them

She feels lonely and depressed

She is all alone now by herself

Why her why me why now

Maybe she wasn't good enough

Maybe she wasn't what he wanted

She fell in love with him

She thought it would work out

Maybe she was wrong
She goes to school and work
She wishes she was dead
Thinking of ways to do it
Thinking of what to say as a last goodbye
She writes to him first
Then his family
Then her family
Then she did it
She cut for the last time
She didn't feel bad about it
She took her last pills
She made her last noose
She took her last step
She took her last breathe
She did it and didn't regret it
She didn't feel bad for anything
She didn't have to suffer anymore
And neither did her family
He didn't have to deal with her anymore
His family didn't have to have her texting them anymore
They all said she has a bright future
She just ended it before she could see it
She didn't care about what she did
She wanted the pain away
She couldn't live for much longer
She had to go while she had the chance too
It was all gone
She was happy for once
She loved her life now
People ask why, why her, what was wrong
No one noticed when she put out the signals

She gave hints to people
They didn't open their eyes to see them
By time they seen them it was too late for them to help
They felt like it was their fault
He got the note she wrote him
He read it and felt bad
He knew she was her true love
Now he don't have another chance with her
She is gone
She won't be back for him
They promised so many promises for their future
Now she can't keep them
He had to leave
He started cutting
He cut and cut and cut
He took pills for the first time
He got addicted to them
He kept taking them and taking them and taking them
So many empty pill bottles in his room
One day he took to many
He was eating them like candy
He started to O.D. on them
He cut while he was shaking
He cut his vein to deep
He was gone in an instant
He didn't mean too
He didn't want too
But he did and it was too late
His family wondered
He didn't leave anything to help them out
He cuddled with her bear and had the ring on his finger
He had pill bottles around him and a razor in his arm

They knew what happened
They were to late
They didn't realize how hurt he was over her
They kept telling him he was fine
There's more girls out there
He didn't think that and now they know how he felt
They felt like it was their fault
They don't know what to do
They died a day apart
They were so close
How could things happen like this
Their parents became closer
They were so devastated
They felt sorry for themselves
Their baby's left the world without saying goodbye

- Kaitlyn Stroup

It was just a prank, bro!

By: Corall Morton

"It's just a prank bro!" Melissa hollars into the darkness in front of her. "You didn't have to leave!" She shouts, Joseph not answering her. Silence is the only thing she hears besides the ruffling of leaves due to the wind. "Joe! Don't leave me here alone, I'm sorry!" Melissa screams through the night, a tombstone catching her attention. The name written on it was Thompson, Joseph Thompson, who died in 1918. The name matched her boyfriend's name, even the birthday is the same, just the year. On the tombstone it reads June 10, 1901 but her Joseph's birthday is June 10, 2001.

"You coming?" Joseph asks coming out of nowhere, he sees what tombstone she's looking at, his eyes narrow. "So you know." Joseph asks gravely.

"Know what?" Melissa asks looking at her boyfriend in fear.

"Know my secret." He says his eyes not leaving hers

"Is this your grave?" Melissa asks looking at the grave.

"You could say that." He says smiling an evil smile.

"Are you serious?" Melissa asks getting terrified.

"No." He says smiling his normal smile. "It's just a prank, bro!" Joseph hollars, laughing at himself.

Warm Fires and Hoodies
Falling Leaves and Old Oak Trees
Vibrant Colors with a Breeze
- Gracie Motch

A Short Story by: Erin Coughlin

STRIKE 1! You're Out!

It's the bottom of the ninth. The score is 4 to 7, in favor of the opposing team. Bases are loaded, and Aiden James is up to bat. CRACK! The ball flies through the dark night, illuminated by the bright lights above the stadium. It's a grand slam! Once again, Aiden James has won the game for the Churchill Knights. The only thing that's visible in the crowd is a blur of blue and gold as the crowd jumps and screams, cheering on the MVP.

As Aiden's teammates charge him at home base, he tries to hide the growing smile on his face. "Dude," his best friend, Alec, yells in excitement. "There's no way they don't want you after that!" Aiden isn't ignorant. He was aware that there had been colleges watching him ever since the end of his freshman season. More importantly, though, he knew that there was a college scout from the Georgia Bulldogs in the crowd that was there to see him. Aiden had dreamed of wearing black and red ever since college became a subject on his mind. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Aiden would one day play for a MLB team, and Georgia University was a good stepping stone on the way.

He was in the locker room, changed and drying his hair with a towel, when his coach came up to him. "Aiden, I was talking to the scout from the Bulldogs, and he seem interested. They're wanting to talk to you," he said, patting Aiden on the back. As he was walking out of the locker room to meet with the scout, all of his dreams were coming true; but that's the thing about dreams... They can so quickly turn into a nightmare.

The next morning, Aiden was sitting in his third hour media class.

He was a resident of the back row, and although he was quiet during class, he didn't discourage his friends from goofing off. A blonde girl sitting in the front row, who Aiden didn't know the name of, kept turning to glare at the student athletes.

He was working, for lack of a better word, on an assignment when there was a knock on the classroom door. Mrs. Reynolds, the media teacher, opened the door to reveal the school principal, Mr. Burns, and Aiden's coach. Mr. Burns spoke quietly to Mrs. Reynolds, before addressing the class. "Can I see Aiden James in the hallway, please?" Aiden stood up, after shrugging in reply to the curious glances of his teammates. "You'll need to bring your things," the principal added after Aiden had started to leave his notebooks and binders behind.

Fast forward to only minutes later, Aiden is standing across from Mr. Burns, the chair he was earlier sitting in discarded after being kicked backwards in rage. "This has to be some kind of sick joke!" Aiden yelled. "I'll take a drug test! This is insane!"

"Mr. James," the principal said, glancing to Aiden's father who had been called out of work for this meeting. "Possession of performance enhancing drugs, or drugs of any kind, are grounds for suspension from school, as well as expulsion from the team. I'm sure you're aware of this, as you both," he said, turning towards Aiden, "signed the paperwork."

Aiden was upset, to say the least. He had put sweat and blood into baseball, and it was all being boiled down to the use of steroids. Steroids that Aiden never used, never even thought about using. He didn't know how they got into his locker, but the only thing he could think of was that he was being framed for something he would never dream of doing.

Aiden wasn't the only member of the James family who was mad.

Aiden's father was fuming. His anger was not towards the school, however, but towards his son. He had done his best to teach his son that hard work and practice were the only way to succeed, both in life and in baseball, and here he found himself in a meeting with Aiden's principal and coach as a result of a "random" locker search that they do every month on the second Tuesday.

When Aiden and his father walked out of the school, Aiden noted how his father wouldn't even look him in the eye. It would have been easier if there was yelling, screaming, and fighting, but instead, it was the loudest silence Aiden had ever heard.

The suspension from school was worse than Aiden expected. His dad didn't speak to him once in that week. They avoided each other like the other had a contagious disease. Aiden did his own thing, and his dad did his.

When he finally arrived back at school, Aiden was dreading third hour. It was the class that had most of his teammates, and it was also the class that Aiden was in when his life turned upside down. As he sat through the hour long class, it was too silent. His teammates, ex-teammates Aiden reminded himself, were ignoring him. They were goofing off like they usually did, but Aiden was not the center of attention. In fact, they had invited a freshmen player to sit in his seat, while Aiden had to take his seat in the front row.

Before the bell rang, Aiden was already gathering his supplies, ready to bolt out the door. However, as soon as the bell rang, Mrs. Reynolds called out to him. "Aiden," she said, "would you mind staying behind for a minute?" Aiden knew he couldn't just say no, so he watched as his classmates began to file out of the classroom. The only one who looked back was Alec. He looked back with pity in his eyes. Aiden began to think that maybe he still had a chance, but it

would just take time.

“Aiden, I wanted to talk to you about the journalism club,” Mrs. Reynolds said. “We write weekly editions of the school newspaper. I think that you would be a good addition,” she finished.

Aiden had no idea why she was asking him, of all people. “Not to be rude, Mrs. Reynolds, but why would I want to write for the school newspaper?”

“You’re in my media class, Aiden. I try to teach all of my students that finding the truth in situations where others assume is the mark of a great journalist. The journalism club is just putting that into action.” Without hearing her say the words, Aiden knew that she believed him.

Aiden didn’t say anything for a few moments. The late bell had long since gone off, so he was lucky that Mrs. Reynolds had a planning period fourth hour. Finally, Aiden made a decision. “When are the meetings?”

Mrs. Reynolds smiled, “you can meet us in my room after school today.” That was that. Aiden was a writer for the school newspaper.

The school day was over, but Aiden found himself sitting in Mrs. Reynolds classroom. “Alice, help Aiden get the hang of things?” A blonde girl, the same one who had been glaring at him and his friends on the day of his suspension, nodded her head.

Soon enough, Aiden realized how guilty he felt for mocking her with his teammates. She was on his side when it seemed like no one else was, and he now trusted that she would be vital in his search to find out who framed him.

It only took a few weeks. Turns out, the culprit wasn’t very good at hiding his tracks. After a few false leads and dead ends, Aiden was able to write a piece and publish it, outing his now ex-best

friend as the person who framed him.

Alec was kicked off the baseball team. When confronted by Aiden about why he did it, Alec gave no reason, but Aiden knew. Alec was a good baseball player, but he wasn't extraordinary. He wasn't a once-in-a-lifetime type of star. He wasn't Aiden.

Just over one month later, the baseball season and senior year were coming to a close. Aiden had moved on with his life, ending the baseball season as the MVP. He had accepted his rightful spot on Georgia's college baseball team, and he was already in training for what would come next. He and his father were back on good terms, and everything was good. What wasn't good was his ex-best friend coming up to him after graduation practice. "So what do you say?" he asked. "Starting high school together, and ending together?" Alec held his hand up, ready for fist bump. Aiden didn't give him the time of day, and turned around to walk the other way.

Story of my Life

By Brandi Heser

When I was five years old, I started kindergarten at Raccoon Grade School. I had gone to that school until I graduated eighth grade. I was there for nine years and I didn't like it there, at all. I was a decent kid back then, I tried to stay out of as much trouble that I could, but it did not always happen. Growing up, I didn't have many friends, maybe a handful, and I was always put down, whether it be at home or school. People started putting me down when I was in second grade, even the teachers and principal put down certain kids, especially if you didn't really do anything for the school. At that point, I was so ready to get out of there.

Graduating eighth grade meant I had to go to high school. I was not good with big change and since I came from a small school, high school was going to be so much bigger. I started freshman year the same year I graduated and lost my puppy, Angel. She was my only friend for about two years, she was literally my best friend, even if she was a dog, that didn't bother me. I figured starting high school would have been a new beginning for me, but instead it just got worse for me. It had gotten to the point, I didn't want to go to school anymore. I pushed myself to move forward though, and I'm glad I did. What happened in the past few years, no longer bothered me.

Over the summer before my junior year, I had found out some things I didn't know I had wrong with me and according to the doctors, I've had it my whole life. I found out one day after I went to the doctor having really bad headaches and getting my first ever ct scan done that I

have a condition called hydrocephalus, a condition that deals with the brain. I was sent over to St. Louis to see a neurosurgeon and he said that my ventricles were the size of a big butterfly which is definitely not normal or good at that. I'm over in St. Louis almost every three to six months for a follow up to see if my headaches are getting any better. They had gotten so bad at the end of junior year and I ended up in the hospital for two days. At first I enjoyed it but then all the attention and the doctors not telling me what's going on with my own body started irritating me and I just wanted to leave, I wanted to come back home. I've managed to make it through everything and push my way forward, but it's not very easy with everything that's going on with me.

It was now junior year, only two years of school left before I am able to graduate. I started talking to this guy, he was the sweetest, but he could be a butthead at times, then again, everyone could be. We got real close and I was able to tell him anything that came to mind. We started hanging out almost everyday, I thought, at that time, nothing would go wrong, but I was wrong, everything started falling apart. We saw each other less and our friends more, our conversations got even shorter. It tore me apart after we broke up, I honestly thought that was how my life was gonna be like, full of disappointments. My parents ended up not letting me go anywhere unless it was with them or going to school, they would not even let me stay at home by myself. They still don't let me go anywhere unless it's with my best friend. I was actually surprised they let me go places with him since he was a guy and they don't trust me. Although, they loved him and I sometimes wondered if they loved him more than me.

After my last break up, I was starting to give up on relationships. I did not see the point of one if all that ever happened was me getting hurt. I will admit that I could be a heartbreaker at times, but I was hurt a lot more. I decided over the summer that I did not want another relationship for a while but then that changed when Jd walked into my life. He has been a total sweetheart to me and he actually checks up on me when he could since he is training for the army, states away. I have always had a hard time with long distance relationships, but I care so much about him, I am willing to work through it. I actually have faith in this relationship, but don't get me wrong, I have had faith in the others, just not as much as this one. There is something about him that made me have even more faith in it. All that pretty much brings me to where I'm at now and in all honesty, I could not be any happier, well, I could be but that's besides the point.

Lucky enough, I made it to senior year and I am still going, giving up is out of the question now. I get to graduate in December and I could not be more proud of myself. Although, about a month ago, my father threatened to kick me out because of my attitude problem, but now after I graduate, I have to leave. It really wouldn't bother me that much, but it does because my mother sat back and did not say anything, she just let him kick me out. Luckily my cousin loves me enough and has offered me a place to stay with him for a little while until I can figure things out. This will allow me to save up some money so I can be on my own and not feel like a burden. Either way, I'm totally going to take up my cousins offer. It will definitely get me out of

the house a lot sooner and then I won't have to deal with all the yelling and fighting that my father and I do.

Brandi Hesper

There's this thing called life,
I wanted to cut it up with a knife.
It was such a pain,
It cut my vein.
There came a flood,
It was my blood.
Red as can be,
It was all I could see.
I wanted it to end,
But then came a bend.
Life turned around,
I no longer frowned.
I was now content,
So there I went.
Look at me now,
As I milk the cow.
I wanted to scream,
I'm living the dream.
Content not confined,
My life is no longer a bind.

He's Flying Now
By Lyndsey Easley

"Mom? When will dad be home?" A young blonde girl asked her mother, who was standing at the counter and making breakfast.

"Not till three." She said kindly to the little girl, the girl giggled and ran off to her room to play with her dolls.

8:50 rolled around, her phone rang and she rushed to pick it up, her husband was on the other line, voice shaky. "Hunny... I don't know when I'll be home.. a plane just hit the North tower.." He said, she covered her mouth. "We are told to stay and work, it must've been just something wrong with the plane, but others are leaving, hun." He said, she shook.

"Please then, come home. I want you safe." She said, her husband sighed on the other line.

"I can't, I have work to be done. Everything will be o-" In the background a plane could be heard, then metal screeching and breaking, an explosion happening as the line suddenly cut.

"ZACH!?" She yelled, tears rushing down her cheeks. "Zach!" She tried to call him again, but the line didn't pick up. She ran to the tv in the living room, turning it on to a news channel and watching the fire break out on the towers.

She screamed and started to cry more, the east tower collapsed and soon after the North tower collapsed also. The tv cut to a reporter talking about a fire at the pentagon, soon coming to a conclusion that it was another plane that crashed.

The daughter curiously came into the living room, holding a stuffed toy rabbit. "Mommy? What's wrong?" She asked, her mother turned the tv off and cleaned her face, turning to her daughter.

"Nothing... baby... listen, daddy won't be home at three. It'll be a while before he's home actually..." she mumbled, moving hair out of her face.

"Why?" She asked, clutching the toy.

"He's flying in the sky and having a great time." She whispered, tears softly falling onto her cheeks.

"I wanna fly!" Her daughter squeaked, smiling. She started to cry more.

"No.. baby. You can't fly yet." She whispered, hugging her daughter close.

A few years passed, the little girl was now a little older. She sat in class, it was the day they were learning about 9/11. On YouTube a phone recording was recovered from the rubble and posted for all to hear. It ended up being a conversation between her father and her mother before the plane had hit the east tower and killed her father.

She covered her mouth when she realised who the conversation was, a few boys making jokes about it in the back. She raised her hand and the teacher answered. "I need to go use the bathroom.... that was my dad and mom talking on the recording..." she whispered, tears rushing down her face, the class went silent and she rushed to the bathroom.

When she got home, she went to her mother, tears still swelling in her eyes. "Daddy isn't flying mom... he's in heaven.... isn't he..?" She whispered, her mother just simply nodded and hugged her close, letting her cry into her shoulder for as long as she needed.

Shadowed Continent

By Ryan Scherrer

Eren stares out across London from his perch in Big Ben. The smell of smoke and chemicals from London's industrial sector stretch across the city as the winter breeze howls. Eren looks up from the city and gazes out across the smog filled sky as the first sign of morning light tries to shine down upon the city. As the first the ray of light breaks through the smog, the tower rings out the morning hour.

Eren stands from his perch, stretching his arms up to the sky. As he retreats from his perch, he casts one last gaze across the brightening sky, then turns back from it stifling a yawn. Now he makes his way downstairs and into a grand corridor, with pictures of kings and queens from different centuries staring down upon him with arrogant smiles. Down the corridor three men stand in conversation. Two of them wear royal red uniforms under their steel breastplates and gauntlets and tricon hats. The third, Eren had the unfortunate luck of knowing, was his sword master and caretaker, Master Archibald. Archibald wore a black winter coat, and a purple vest, signifying the colors of the noble house he served.

As Eren approaches, one of the guards looks pointedly past Archibald and nods his head in Eren's direction. Archibald turns, ordering the men to hold their position and makes his way to Eren. Although he his face wore no expression, Eren knows better that he's in for another lengthy lecture about running off.

Archibald stops a foot away from Eren and looks down upon the ten year old. But instead of a lecture or scolding, he says in a quiet tone, "Young master, the time for your leave is now."

Although Eren tries to present a calm and uncaring expression his voice betrays him, "Is this really necessary? Perhaps we may stay a little while longer in London."

"It was your father's decision for your move to Yorkshire. Your father is concerned with the current political instability in the city and wishes to take no chances that the situation becomes something more serious," Archibald replies, signaling to the waiting guards to make their way to them. "Be sure to escort the young master to his carriage. I have one last important meeting to attend before we depart," He begins walking down the corridor but turns on his heel back toward them. "And be sure to not allow him out of your sight." His last command echoes off the walls and he begins his trek once again.

Eren stares after Archibald until he feels a hand settle on his shoulder. He looks up to the guard. "Let's be on our way now, lad," The guard says as he gently pushes Eren toward the entrance.

"I understand," Eren replies as he swipes away the guards hand and makes his way to the entrance with the two guards in tow.

As he exits Parliament and onto the wet cobblestone street, he stares up at the smoke filled sky catching glimpses of the morning blue. The only time in his life that he got to see the sky for what it really was, was when Parliament issued an order to all industries that production would be halted for the dead king's funeral. This was one year ago, and the memory still echoes

through Eren. He brings his attention back to present, shifting his gaze away from the colorless sky to the blood red carriage that sits on the curb.

Eren is ushered in and sits in perpetual silence as the two guards stand at attention by his door. Drawing back a curtain in the carriage he crumbles to the floor searching for the hidden hatch in the floor. As he does he remembers the words spoken to him by Archibald just a few nights ago, *"You might be able to the sky without the smog and pollution,"* He once said, in an attempt to change Erens mind about the move.

Instead Eren replied, *"I would rather see it in London, I would rather see the change with my friends who cannot leave, and I would rather witness the change with thousands upon thousands of people rather than by myself."* Yet still forced to leave because of his fathers worry over a crisis that might or might not boil over into something else.

His hand brushes against the small latch and quietly opens it. He begins to slowly climb down onto the street, careful not to slip on the wet street, and closes the hatch behind himself as he now lies prone under the carriage. Quietly he begins crawling away from the guards. When he's out from under the carriage he stands and silently moves across the street. As he does a carriage rounds the corner. The driver, seeing Eren in his path, pulls back the reins causing the horses to panic. Eren jumps out of their way, but the noise draws the attention of his two guards. Before the two can react, Eren runs into a nearby alley ignoring the shouting thrown in his direction.

Soon he exits the alley and into a quickly crowding street. Londoners are waking up and moving to work, so it's only natural that Eren becomes almost impossible to see. He pushes and shoves until he's thrown out of the congested street. Eren looks around himself and finds that he now stands in front of the London Institution. An institution that has become the center of technological development and one of the best centers of education. Eren takes a few steps forward onto the stairs leading up to it, unknowingly giving himself away to his two pursers making their way towards him.

Eren looks back at the crowd of people and spots their gleaming armor easily as the sun reflects upon them. He turns to the institution and quickly hurries up the steps leading to it, entering the building. As the doors shut behind him he quickly makes his way, through the crowded entrance, towards the nearest set of doors avoiding students, teachers, and scientist as the look at him with questioning glances and glares.

As he pushes through the set of doors and into a less crowded corridor, Eren begins to quicken up his paste. Behind him he hears a commotion in the entrance hall, *"Must be the two idiot guards,"* he thought to himself.

Then he hears the doors behind him slam open and a shout echoes, "Guards, the boy is over here!"

At that Eren begins to sprint way, again hearing the shouts from his guards to stop. He turns left and right down the corridors and up and down when he reached stairs, entering different wings in the building all the while still avoiding the occasional passerby. So it's only natural that, when he stops to catch his breath, he is hopelessly lost. He rests against a nearby door and slides down it to sit on the ground. He turns his head to a nearby window and hears the hourly chimes of Big Ben in the distance.

“Christ,” he says to himself, “I wonder how long I have been gone?” After a moment of thought he begins to pick himself up using the door to keep himself up. Before he could the door behind him opens and he stumbles into the room and crashes a resounding thud. The room is not shrouded in darkness, but the oil lit lantern makes it hard to see the person who caught him off guard. He quickly scrambles out of the room as the person steps into the light of the hall.

A young woman, in a student uniform, walks out of the room with disappointment and annoyance etched across her face. The woman, closing off the room behind her, stands now with her back against the door and crosses her arms.

“So you must be the brat that’s got the royal guards worked up.” She asks, breaking the silence that had settled between them

Eren, regaining his composure and straightening himself up, looks up to the young woman and replies with a hint of annoyance, “I have nothing to do with that rucus. I am a simply a boy who needs pointed in the right direction.”

She reguard’s his reply with a sarcastic smirk, “Well, unfortunately for you I’m a bit busy and don’t have time to babysit a child who has no business in this wing of the building. But don’t worry, I’m sure one of the dozen of royal guards here can help you.”

Eren takes a step back from her, “Thank you be that would not be necessary. I’m sure that I would be able to find my own way back without any of *your* help,” he sneers at the young woman.

He begins walking away from her when he hears the faint sound of shouting behind him. A second later he can feel the vibrations of heavy footfalls in the floor. Eren again makes his way down the hall but is stopped when he hears the voices of guardsmen. He turns back around, noticing that the woman has yet to move from her spot and is staring out the window. He hesitates before making his way back to her.

When I think of happiness
I think of trees like the colorful ones,
the breeze blowing on a cool day,
bonfires in a starry night.
When I think of sadness
I think of the lonely nights,
the constant tears rolling down my cheek,
fake smiles to put on a show.
When I think of you
I think of the time spent together,
enjoying each other's existence,
and the uncontrollable laughter.

By Abbie Graham

The sun was shining
With all it's pretty colors
But you shone brighter

by Alishba Zahoor

Haze

you were a tornado.
nothing prepared me for you.
you were hot and cold all at the same time.
you loved strongly, but hated even stronger.
everything was calm. quiet. peaceful.
all until it wasn't.
you came crashing down,
destroying everything we built together.
you left me with nothing but the remains
of what we once were

by Ashlyn Donoho

THE END