

3rd Year Pieces

2015-2016

Separated at Birth

by Paige Robnett

East remembers West,
free to navigate horizontal lines
like trains on tracks traveling past all borders.
Bearing a mental photograph glued down by maps, East
yearns for West, who recalls snapshots of free-flowing unity:
conjugal free spirits.

Once great pals, in
an atmosphere without boundaries.
Explorers many decades ago invaded and. . . conquered,
tying down lands, rivers, hills, mountains into. . .
empires. Labeling, leaving nothing untouched.
Broken-hearted,
East sulked; West sobbed.

Mental flashbacks to a gold nirvana:
East remembers West,
as clearly as morning's sunrise.

Bogus is Beautiful

by Maddy Hinson

Plastic surgery - - what would the world do without it? "All natural" is the new direction in social media. Posting #nomakeupselfies and #spreadthelove all over the internet while exposing bare faces with a countless number of flaws, is such a shame! Sure, some people are naturally not too horrible-looking, but natural beauty can never compare to what mallets and silicone can do. Some people even embrace their flaws: flaunting flat chests, parading largely-curved noses, advertising petite lips: the list goes on and on. Even the slightest insert of a needle can make a difference.

Plastic surgery is an easy fix. Small lips, big noses, droopy skin, small breasts, and unchiseled cheekbones are totally fixable. An effortless phone call makes an appointment and the rest is a breeze because the doctor handles everything. The plastic surgeons who specialize in making people more beautiful are literally gifts from God! After a few days or weeks or years the pain is gone and it is totally worth it because you are forever young and eternally beautiful! The world deserves to be filled with beautiful people; only plastic

Indolence

by Xiu Mei Golden

Young 21st century adults have unimagined advantages over previous generations. Smartphones, tablets, and computers give children the opportunity to indulge in entertaining activities for hours on end without ever having to leave their beds! Games, television, and phone calls can all be made with the tap of a finger, never having to waste precious calories to get off the couch. In the comforts of their own rooms, they can easily keep up with the Kardashians while scrolling through social media.

Through video chat networks such as Skype and Facetime, children are less prone to infections or parasites such as lice, that can be spread during interactions with others. Instead of encountering dangerous sunshine or dirt and grass teeming with bacteria, they can talk in the sterile environment of their own homes through a computer screen. Parents no longer need stress about keeping children occupied and out of trouble. Children today are safely immersed in interesting antiseptic technology.

Poignant

by Tess Billmire

Mind is a blur of sapphire memories,
heavy with water and fright.
Indigo future. Failure mindset; opportunities lost.
Royal blue regret rushes in, time wasted
in potholes of golden greed,
neglecting loved ones' hearty souls.
Death's burden creates the color of a bitter, sad race.
Cobalt tears roll down wrinkled cheeks. . .
memories lost in each navy downpour.

surgery can make that possible.

Upon Inspection

by Xiu Mei Golden

Long hair, straight as a pin, dim as night
leaves traces behind on previously clean floors.
Sepia tan complexion: result of genetics
and years in the blazing sun.
Although only built two and sixty inches off the ground,
surprisingly muscular width
sprints and leaps, replacing walking whenever appropriate.
Two almond-shaped eyes
the color of coffee
dart around to observe all surroundings.
Nose flat and wide, whiffs
salty ocean air and short green grass.
A set of paper white teeth,
even as the number four,
bite down on sweet, juicy fruits.
Ears made for listening simply cannot hear
over the chatter of two chapped lips.

To Vegan or Not to Vegan

by Paige Robnett

The life of a vegan is a great life indeed. Knowing that all the food that you are putting into your body is farm-grown, pesticide free, animal free, gluten free, fat free, sugar free, and lactose free is just oh so reassuring to the mind and body. Becoming a member of IRAVE (The International Raw Alliance of Vegan Extremists), www.beyondvegan.com is the most important role a vegan can serve in his/her/its lifetime. By creating an Instagram page or your own blog, a raw vegan postulate can constantly post, sharing every meal and in-between snack. Using the hashtags: #healthfood, #veganlife, and #IRAVE, all the other vegans out there will see your "Thanksgiving turkey" that's simply mashed cashews with seasoning and rosemary shoved into a turkey-shaped mold.

The kitchen will become your brand new home inside your home, because making a vegan cheesecake is just a few simple steps! First, soak cashews overnight in warm water. Remove the soaked cashews from the water and blend them together with diced and pitted dates, then press them into a cheesecake pan and refrigerate for four hours. For the filling, blend up other soaked (overnight, remember! Go back to START!) cashews in a blender with agave, almond milk, and

Disappointing

by Xiu Mei Golden

Wind twirled hair into knots;
breezes warm and salty sailed
along wide expanses of open water.
Gentle swaying rocked me to sleep,
as our little boat drifted out. Summer's
sun blazed down like hot coals.
Crashing waves. . . the occasional spray.
Dreams come fleeting
like the season itself. Arising
from peaceful sleep, I notice
warm sun transformed into dying fire:
no waves, no beach. Just a pile of snow
covering windows glazed in ice.

Another Layer

by Madeleine Hinson

Above the simple undergarments under my apparatus, I have been given a temporary extra layer of solid, distressing plastic. This plastic piece is handcrafted to the shape of my torso to fix the curvature of my spine, which is known as scoliosis. The option of wearing a brace made for me was preferable to having correctional surgery that would take roughly a year to recover from and would have been extremely expensive.

This brace was a foreign concept to me when I first started using it. I could hardly stand having it strapped on for an hour and the thought of having it on for twenty hours every day discouraged me completely. Although my brace was apparently handcrafted to every bump and curve of my torso, particular spots are extremely painful. Daily, under my armpit begins to burn and become numb, which usually tempts me to take off my brace.

My brace hugs my body tighter than anything I have ever put on it. There is a huge hole on my left side, leaving my set of ribs in the open. I cannot scratch anything that may itch on my torso, which can be extremely annoying. If I sit down with the brace on for too many hours at a time, it can cramp my stomach as it pushes so hard against my organs.

Taking off my brace is a danger but it is so addicting: it's like being an alcoholic or addicted to sugar. When it

organic strawberries. Pour the mixture into the mold and then refrigerate for another three hours. After a few hundred more steps, your svelte vegan body can have a quarter-inch slice.

ALL essential nutrients are contained in fat free, sugar free, animal free, lactose free foods. End your tummy ache and expose non-fat free, non-sugar free, non-lactose free poisonous desserts for the demons they are! Get ready to have the body you've dreamed of because with all that super health food, super model utopia is just a piece of sugar-free avocado chocolate cake away.

Battlefield

by Tess Billmire

Day knows night: sky turns lavender at each change of day. Seeing one another for only a second, night runs away from day's blinding light, like time passing quickly for a child having fun.

Day warms peaceful deer below;
night captures its victims in a death-like trance.
Moon casts off night's dark air,
glowing faint in reflected sunlight.

Day remembers night,
from quarrels over
who owns the Earth;
who controls the weather.
Night and day circle continuously,
trying to overtake one another
trying to gain full power over ruthless
creatures.

Night knows day, as each
moves in opposite directions
to different skies.

Night defends itself from
the sphere of flames,
like a knight fighting off
a fiery dragon.

Tulips rise up upon awakening heavens;
darkness inflicts lasting weariness.

Day, slowing, dims out into darkness;
night begins.

Time Capsule

is off, I feel like I'm released from being trapped in a box. Wearing clothes without my brace makes me feel so much more self-confident than when it is on. Everything fits and looks better when my brace is off. With the brace pressing down over my lower back, my bum looks squished in jeans so I end up purposely covering myself with oversized tops. Being a fashion addict, I find this situation very difficult.

So far, after three checkup appointments, my brace has stopped my curvature and even decreased it by a few degrees. I have a love/hate relationship with my brace. It is helping me and stopping the problem, but it is not necessarily fixing it, which is what I strive for.

This crazy last twelve months of my life has been full of failing at wearing my brace, guilt, rashes, bruises, bleeding, and success. I have definitely discovered more about myself and my own sense of worth. I am no longer ashamed of my brace; I am actually proud of it. It fixes a medical problem that I have no control over, but which I can help correct. I am trying my best to live with my brace by accepting that my spine will never be straight.

Utter Distraction

by Tess Billmire

At school my business class opened a store.
So I became all overwhelmed and stressed.
It ended up to be just such a bore.
But after every sale, I felt success.

I sat behind the lines of long tables,
too many kids rushed in to view the stuff.
A few judged prices to be high on labels.
It made controlling them so very tough.

As some began to push and even shove,
not one could get herself to be at peace.
The bell rang out, dissolving all the love:
in just a while, chaos began to cease.

It took so much effort to get it done,
but once we finished it was worth the fun.

by Xiu Mei Golden

Five things I would bury in a time capsule for my grandchildren would include: my giraffe pillow pet, my first cell phone, my jade bracelet, a picture of my family, and one of my favorite dresses. My giraffe, Giraldi, is my comfort. As an animal that could be extinct in two generations, children should know about him. Giraldi is my special blanket, comforting me when I am homesick.

I would bury my first cell phone because I personally would find it very interesting to dig up. I love looking at items that are extinct, ancient, or outdated. Seeing items that were once new and state-of-the-art makes me wonder what the future will be like and I enjoy spending time thinking about that. Being my grandchildren, I hope that they too will share this interest. My jade bracelet represents my grandchildren's grandmother who is Chinese-American: born in China and raised in America. This bracelet was the first thing my mom gave to me in China and represents my adoption.

Pictures of their ancestors would be important. The Chinese members whom they might not know as well as the aunts, uncles, and cousins who shared different DNA because I was not related to them by blood, would all be clues to their family history. Lastly, I want to bury the dress I graduated middle school in because it will represent styles of the 21st century. My grandchildren may wear aluminum and not even know what fabric is, so it is important to show them a dress from a very happy day in my life. Although the dress may be dissolving and the photos faded, the idea of having my descendants looking into past generations appeals to me.

Imminent Problems

by Tess Billmire

So everyone has dragons they must fight,
mine happens to involve all poetry.
Its fiery breath ruins my confidence.
I long to seek total success again.
The dragon breaks all of my tight walls down.
It takes some time to battle these monsters,
however, I need to start fighting soon.
If it wins out, prison will be my fate.

I finally face my fears and start to write.
Words fly out, extinguishing its flame.
The dragon shrinks down to a little egg.
A cage contains it in my victory.
But soon the dragon will grow back to size;
there will be a new need: another fight.

Inferno

by Xiu Mei Golden

Hear heat exploding in kernels of amplified fire.
Fans buzz fevered air out;
spitting liquids interact with scalding metals.
Sizzling foods roast on grills,
burning with fiery rage.
Friction whirs: hands rub together;
dripping sprinklers cause parched grass to hiss and
pool like melted crayons.
Matches strike against textured surfaces,
sparking light and energy, glowing brightly then fading,
bright pings of heat.

Sharin' the Stoke

by Paige Robnett

Slalom water skiing is fun and fast and very demanding.
It's just my pace. Getting up on one ski is the hard part,
but staying up is hard too. This particular water sport is
quite dangerous and wearing the proper safety
precautions is necessary to nip injuries in the bud.
Slalom skiing is fun if you feel like you want to fly,
because if so, slalom skiing is right up your alley.

To become a decent slalom skier one must accept the
fact that she will not stand up on the first try or even the
second try. It's nearly impossible, unless you are me,
and stand up on the second try like a pro, no problem.
Slalom skiing is nothing like surfing or wakeboarding;
it's like water sports on steroids. To stand up on a
slalom ski, you float in the water at the end of a full-
length rope and shimmy into the preferred position.
Your front foot is strapped into the boot and the back
foot floats in the water helping you keep your balance.
Once you're given the proper form of "go" in boating
sign language, it is all up to your one leg that is strapped
onto the ski to prop you up.

It takes about ten slow and agonizing seconds to stand
up all the way on a ski. Once you start going, you then
carefully slide your back foot into the little designated
foot pocket on the ski. Quickly accelerating up to about
thirty-two miles per hour is quite uncomfortable to be
honest, but hitting the top speed is so fun. When the

Today is not the time to dwell on that.
My summer has begun, so I'll relax.

No Apologies by Tess Billmire

Being a girl with selective mutism does not make my life easy. I have been challenged with this disorder that advances my anxiety when near large groups and adults, making me quiet and keep to myself. I become numb and seemingly dumbfounded when a teacher asks me to discuss my ideas. Some of my peers think being quiet is without fault, yet it holds me back from talking when I want to. Sometimes I question whether I increase this problem myself. It is as if I force myself to stay quiet and feel threatened in these situations just so I can feel somewhat different and more special than everyone else.

Attending North Fork School has helped me come out of my shell. There are fewer students in each class, compared to the public school in my life, making me feel more comfortable to speak my mind. I have spoken more at North Fork than I have at any public school mostly because I do not feel the pressure of having to be the "smart one" in class. I no longer need to get the answer right all the time and do not feel people judging me. Being in classes with only two other girls my age has helped me overcome my shyness and selective mutism.

Even with my selective mutism decreasing and my personality seeping through, I still feel the burden of silence at my public school. It is as if I do not know how to live without being seen as silent. I question what would happen if I spoke my mind: how would my peers think of me? The sensibility of not talking as much as I know I am capable of fills me with guilt. I wonder if my silence is an effect of selective mutism, or if it is my subconscious mind controlling my voice. Selective mutism should not be an excuse for why I do not talk much, but it is one that presently defines me.

Trainee by Xiu Mei Golden

Flying around the daisy awkwardly,
bees hover over fresh smelling
flowers,
petals whiter than snow, fragile as glass.

lake is glassy and the speeds are high with no wind, it's like a slice of heaven has been served to me on a golden platter. The feeling of the water hitting my shins hurts so bad; bruises appear the next day. The soreness of my arms picks at me for the next three days, and my thigh muscles become so strong after just a few weeks. You have to be in shape to do this kind of activity.

Wearing a life vest is important, and even a helmet, but only if you are as reckless as I am. Going at those high speeds, if you wreck, you skim across that concrete water. After skimming a few yards you then roll underwater a few times, and it appears that you've torn every little muscle in your mangled body. The feeling of the headache I get after I wreck is not like any other headache I've ever experienced, because my neck hurts and quite frankly, so does the rest of my body. After a day on the lake, a nice hot bath sounds so posh to rid myself of all the pain that I had put myself through.

Slalom skiing is extremely enjoyable to me, and it's very challenging to most people. I am not one of them. A slalom skier must be careful, because this fabulous sport has resulted in serious injury and even death.

Domestic Masai by Xiu Mei Golden

You have four legs reaching the tallest trees;
your yellow skin dotted with shades of brown.
A neck so slender swaying in soft breeze:
I love to watch you frolic all around.
I wish I could ride you and pet your hair
we would go to the movies for the day.
Or stop to see a sun bear sitting there;
perhaps we could even go watch a play.
Alas, I cannot have you as a pet.
You and your kind run in savannah wild.
But playing with you I would not forget
one of the dreams I've treasured as a child.
You make me happy and you make me laugh:
by having you as my own pet Giraffe.

Surreptitious Enemy by Tess Billmire

Chilled snowflakes
slowly fall down like tiny parachutes.

Ten days on the job and still inept at gathering
sweet, bright yellow pollen.
Other bees' wings hum
as they fly from flower to flower.
Oh, how he misses the days,
when he could slouch around the hive.
He was relaxed then;
lazy even.

Eerie October Night

by Maddy Hinson

A chilly night grew cold upon the hill.
All faces were drawn tight with subtle fear.
The haunted house gave kids a scary thrill.
Such gruesome spirits felt so far and near.

Each carved pumpkin gave them a quite long stare,
as through the chilling corn maze they did go.
Each step into the scary room a dare.
The burst of noise and lights was all aglow.

Thin clouds float right above the black, steep roof.
The moon lights up the whole entire sky.
Shadows creep up on kids: a sudden "poof!"
The vibe keeps screaming, "die you, die, just DIE!"

The pranks and spooks were all for laughs and fun.
Now all the schemes and tricks are finally done!

Apocalypse

by Tess Billmire

Nightfall always accumulates wholesome air,
just as black holes absorb planets and stars.
Creeping forward, cumulous nimbus
clouds suddenly fill navy sky:
thieves in the night murdering prey.
Frightful wind rushes through branches,
leaving no other sound to spare.
Acid droplets rain down
on golden marigolds, wilting precious beauty.
Jet black ravens hover above radiated
atmosphere, while Death lingers
behind shadows, seeking its
next victim.

Hectic whiteout blizzard shields out all life;
a ray of sunshine breaks through desperate clouds.
Underneath, scarlet tulips
glisten, staring into opaque light,
soaking in joy and comfort.
Golden and black swallowtail butterflies
flutter close to radiant beams,
determined to flee frightful air.
Thunderstorms quickly dominate cold sky,
leaving simmering sun behind; alone.

Change

by Xiu Mei Golden

Before I knew it, I was an eighth grader, and it was
spring break. Everyone was excited to find out what
high school among three options we were accepted to:
High Tech High, High Tech High International, and
High Tech High Media Arts. The first would allow me
to stay with my friends who had been accepted early
because they had siblings or parent connections that
gave them automatic acceptance to HTH. The rest of us,
dependent on a lottery, prayed that we would get into
HTH.

High Tech High Media Art (HTHMA) was my last
choice, not that we were given one. HTHMA was in the
same building as my middle school. I wanted something
new, and at the same time, I didn't. I didn't want to be in
the same building, but I really wanted to be with my
friends. So I was pretty upset when I was assigned to
HTHMA.

Only three of my friends (out of thirty) went somewhere
different than HTH. Those three went to HTHI (High
Tech High International) and I found myself alone in
HTHMA. Of course there were people from middle
school at my new school, but they weren't people I hung
out with. In middle school there were 100 kids in my
grade; after three years I hadn't managed to talk to all of
them.

My mother and I tried, countless times before high
school started, to switch me to HTH. The only answer
given was to "wait a year" if I still hated the school
then, I could transfer. I don't think they even considered
letting me move. The summer passed and before I knew
it I was starting the dreaded first day of high school. All
of my friends were stoked. They had each other, great
teachers, great classes and new friends. I knew no one
in my class, and had a fixed mindset that I would hate

Exhilaration

by Xiu Mei Golden

Once again at the iron gate,
last seen one year ago.
Tightening my laces, I prepare
to race all the other kids for a spot in line.
My heart races like the fastest horse on the track.
The camp director's golf cart rolls up, gravel crunching.
Any minute now, gates will open.
First in line gets
the t-shirt to pick a bed.
First-come, first-served is the rule
at Camp IdaHaven.
The gates open slowly;
the countdown begins from three, two, one:
I sprint, energy flowing through my legs
moving faster than ever before,
pulling me ahead.
Gravel shifts under the herd of feet.
Dirt kicked up, clouding
faces behind me.
I run across a cement bridge,
finish line in sight.
Grasping my t-shirt,
camp has officially begun.

Adventure

by Tess Billmire

I sat quietly as my faculty advisor spoke about how engineering and technology work hand in hand. Eager to go to lunch, I was looking forward to meeting more new people than just the ones in my class. Being with students of races other than Hispanic and Caucasian for the first time was a relief, making me feel like I actually fit in. I am not used to seeing such diversity in Idaho. Everyone was interested in one another: we all had different backgrounds and lived in different areas around the country. I was quite scared for the first few nights being there. I have never been away from home without my parents, so I had several fearful nights.

Going to STEM (science, technology, engineering and mathematics) camp in San Francisco, CA this summer was nerve racking. Nominated by my 7th grade science teacher to go to one of the five locations, I found the different ethnicities more fascinating than the education itself. Finally, I wasn't one of a kind. I was very excited to meet some African American students, since there are very few in Idaho and especially in McCall. There were also a few Asians at

the year.

Classes started and I stuck to myself. In Humanities, I tried making friends that first day, with no luck. I had wanted to take French, but only Spanish was offered. In Spanish class, I wasn't in the best mood; by lunchtime I was pretty upset just for being in that school. I joined two girls, Sarah and Belen, for lunch. They had attended middle school with me, but they weren't in any of my classes this year. I knew and talked to them, but I don't think they liked me very much. I felt really lonely at lunch, like I wasn't wanted. After that day I ended up sitting alone.

After lunch was math, and then school was out. That day repeated on an endless loop. By November I still hadn't made any friends in 9th grade. I talked to the dean of students to try and make things easier, with no luck. I have been looking forward to just surviving this year with no friends and the hope that I will be transferred early. My friends at HTH are in their own world now; I hardly ever see them. They are busy and can never talk or make time for me. A girl I thought was of my best friends hasn't spent more than five minutes with me since June. Another friend, Rachel, makes time to see me, even if it isn't very much and I am grateful for that.

It was never this difficult in school. Even after I moved to California I found one friend in my class and that was enough. I have switched schools many times before, but I always had a friend. This year brought a lot of change, and I have realized that I am not quick to adapt. I want to think that I am good at trying new things and experimenting, but I really just like familiar people and activities. To boost morale, my mother and I have gone to see works of art such as Shakespeare plays and the Getty museum which have been really fun. As a last resort, I have recently enrolled in Mission Bay High, where the International Baccalaureate program has been far greater than anything High Tech could possibly offer.

Mouth-Watering

by Madeleine Hinson

Curiosity transpiring in taste buds,
each tempting star awaits.
Hints of spicy cinnamon
scorch tongues who dare to taste.
Viewed from afar, one would

camp, most of whom were Korean. Only two people lived outside of the US, one in the UK, and the other in the Philippines. Both were Asian, like I am. Hearing everyone's accents, especially those from the southern states, was really fun.

Sleeping in a college dorm was terrible. It made me realize how small and low quality dorms are. The mattress was like cardboard. Since I had a bunk bed, it was very close to the ceiling, making it impossible for me to kneel without hitting my head. Most of us shared a room with one or two other people. We had a curfew, turning out the lights at 10:00 pm, which no one followed. The first night was terrifying. I had just arrived, I didn't know anyone, and it was my first time away from my family. It also didn't help that my two roommates decided to tell scary experiences they have had at other camps. One girl told a story about how she and other campers were huddling around a campfire with their instructor; while everyone was quiet they heard a faint "Hello" in the distance. Being without my parents for five days made me realize how much I am attached to them and love them.

At night if a camper couldn't go to sleep, she could call a night time attendant between 9:00 pm and 7:00 am. One of my roommates called once when I was crying in the dark and told the attendant what dorm we were in and my name. Once she got there, she asked me what I was upset about. We walked outside and she asked if I wanted to play cards. She said cards are a good way of getting things off your mind, but since she couldn't find any, I wrote a letter to my dad instead. After I finished writing, she walked me back to my dorm to go to sleep. If you actually call the office and say you are hungry, they will have one of the adults go to your dorm and give you some snacks and a pie.

Overall, STEM camp was a good experience. When I arrived I wanted to be a Pharmaceutical Chemist, but after learning about how much drama and stress there is, having to work with the hospital and pharmacist, I decided I want to be an Astrophysicist instead. I have always been interested in how the Universe works. Meeting new people was nice. Sure the nights weren't the best, but it was nice to see how it is to sleep in a college, and having to take care of yourself as if you were an adult. At camp, students have their own responsibilities; no one will tell campers when to wake up. Everyone is expected to be in class at the right time. Through this experience I have changed as a result seeing how ridiculous racial differences are. In reality, people of all races are more alike than they are different from one another.

expect a sour burst of lemon.
Sweetly, stars simmer,
peacefully tasting of mint.
Dripping in consistent gravity,
every so often celebrating lovely reunions
that obscure vanilla light. Moon
as sharp cheese, Earth
offering green apple.
Each illuminating
show, like clear water,
suspends all taste.

Explicit Lives

by Tess Billmire

Labels are a social necessity. Who wouldn't want to be grouped based on the color of her skin, intense riches, gender, amount of intelligence, ethnicity, physical disability or sexual identity? Labels allow everyone to know immediately who someone is without the hassle or wasted time of learning about his true personality. Americans with darker skin are obviously violent, inhumane people and a bad influence on anyone who has wimpy, pasty, porcelain limbs. Knowledge like this can help prevent dangerous occurrences. Rich people are a drag: always bragging about their wealth; so stuck up and out of touch with the rest of society. Labels prevent everyone from being forced to be around people who are different. Social media pressures us to stop using stereotypes, but we all belong in groups. Who really wants to be a separate, unique, independent, lonely individual?

Homosexuals and people who have gender dysphoria are just complainers! Always whining about not having equal rights and how they are subject to discrimination. With adequate labels, no one would be subjected to feelings like these. In school, students always look for an Asian to help them study, since Asians are sufficient in math. An unintelligent Asian simply doesn't exist! People with disabilities are dangerous, and have no use for society. Labels are essential to guide our civilization. Only labels allow folks comfortably relax around others who are exactly like them.

Mountain Climbing

by Xiu Mei Golden

Up remembers down,

Building Gaiety

by Paige Robnett

It was a fun warm night for a school dance:
our prowling through town streets made quite a night.
Bright lights put minds into a weird soft trance;
Policemen watching us caused quite a fright.

I'd say the dance itself was such a yawn.
The only fun happened with my new date
Within ten minutes most people were gone - -
we foolishly stayed dancing 'til real late.

A fine slow song that we both knew played loud;
He sang softly to me so I then knew
we were the cutest in the whole small crowd
The DJ playing Cupid. Huh, who knew?

I know for sure why I said yes to him;
his chances were not so extremely slim.

recalling when they were equals
at rich flat dirt.
Highest snowcapped
peaks reflect
shadows into deep canyons.
Forever entwined,
up cannot ascend without
each down to decline upon.
Down remembers up, although,
rarely meeting, polar opposites,
at every junction their conference: uneventful.
Grassy bumps and stony ditches
pull and force stumbling from
high places. Extending into infinite abyss,
then soaring past chilly grey clouds,
down and up unite at each golden horizon.

Frosty Slopes

by Madeleine Hinson

Rising somewhat early, eating breakfast, packing the car full of ski gear and driving twenty minutes to snowy slopes is an ideal Saturday for me. Whether I'm going with friends, family, or by myself, I am always excited to ski.

In our teeny mountain town in Idaho, finding things to do when spiritless can be troublesome in the chilly winter months. But I have made the best memories skiing on Brundage Mountain. I do not do back flips, nor "shred the pow," but skiing down steep runs, I feel a delightful sense of flexibility. This activity makes me feel the most upbeat and cheerful, and gives me no anxiety, which is a plus. I adore having all kinds of conversations on the chairlifts with my friends or family and have remembered all of these great days.

I began skiing when I was around six and would take group lessons from young, bothered instructors. Around this time, my mom used to work at the ski resort and every day on Christmas break, I would go to a daycare at the ski hill and ski all day until my mom was done working. I made so many friends and enjoyed this daycare so much that I would look forward to it all year. I have felt a connection with skiing ever since and look forward to the hill opening every year.

The wonderful part about this winter activity is that I can continue skiing for as long as I can, and can always count on the sport to bring me joy. I also love the tradition of skiing on Christmas day and going the first

day it opens with family and friends. Although I have almost broken my nose when getting off a chairlift and fallen off a time or two, I am fearless when skiing—something I don't always experience in everyday life.