

3rd Year Pieces

2019-2020

Education

by Sadie Berry

Can't school just end? Instead of being at school all day, we could go to the mall or hang out with friends. In school we are just told what to do and how to do it. It's better if we could just experience things on our own. We would have more time to take care of ourselves, plus, we wouldn't be bullied anymore! Everyone knows that school is just a bully breeding ground. Without school we could roam around town and educate ourselves through real life experiences. Once you make a mistake, you learn from it much better than you learn from a classroom. If I get pulled over by a cop, I'll learn from that way easier than I'll learn a quadratic equation from Algebra. Even online school is better than actual school because we have time to do what we need to do for ourselves before classes. I'd rather have online school so I can have more time to do my hair. With online school I wake up, eat, do classes, then do whatever I want with the rest of my day. The freedom of being stuck inside all day from quarantine has been incredible. We have no desire to go back to regular school!

Space

by Sophia Ririe

Moon understands sun.
Standing guard
while the other revolves;
following the same endless path
like two lovers: one blissful,
the other chasing, in constant turmoil,
for eternity.

Moon watches sun, wishing hopelessly
for the bright star to look back, shining its empty desire.
False hope beams through lightyears
of black, empty space.

But sun simply burns in its own light;
moon is lost to the
hollowness of an eternal sky.
Selfish sunlight too bright
for moon to touch, to treasure its
ever-lasting rays.

Brothers

by Tristen Stoll

...smell like burning trouble.
At a glance, you can see foul mist;
a stench of chaos like burning hair
rising from their beings.
Thick smog like steam condenses into clouds
when their heads boil. Dense chaos
fog floats suspense. The wafting taste,
each turmoil's presence permeates
the atmosphere until
He explodes.

Live The Dream!

by Sophia Ririe

During these times, people should take advantage of plentiful, cheap opportunities to travel. As the pandemic is now so carefully and beautifully handled, costs for airway travel are significantly lower, encouraging Americans to enjoy the world. The influencers and brave examples, who we all look up to and aspire to be, are profiting from this zeitgeist.

Despite the spread of corona virus, traveling is now the greatest experience: strolling peaceful, quiet streets, exploring abandoned airports and train stations. Attractions such as the Eifel Tower and Hagia Sophia are closed for safety, but cheap airplane tickets and reduced food prices make any trip worthwhile.

Vacations to the empty beaches of Navagio, to solitary Greek islands, or to the Bamboo forests of Japan: limitless private options are possible. Our government is handling the pandemic extremely carefully and very responsibly, so choosing to relax and take advantage of all those vacation benefits can make your quarantine unforgettable.

Magnificent Success

by Tristen Stoll

In these troubled times, McCall-Donnelly High School, like always, has prevailed. By coming up with educational solutions to problems that trouble their students and staff, they create simple solutions to current academic problems that we must endure. Through various easy routes and websites, we easily navigate our huge library of personal schoolwork to locate homework and online learning packets. Most teachers enjoy spending as much time as possible to ensure classes are not just another form of homework. The teachers' assignments guarantee that no solution cuts any student out of learning. Teachers do not treat this as a free ride job where they do very little to nothing for their classes. They go the extra mile to ensure that Online Schooling is just as productive as if we were in the physical school. Instead of spending his time so MDHS looks good on the outside, the principal oversees that teachers are teaching instead of just trying to gain attendance. He is absolutely concerned that all students enjoy this form of "learning". Our wonderful, magnificent success is reflected in our grades. All MDHS students have maintained A's and B's. The student body loves online learning!

Relative

by Sadie Berry

Success knows the pain of being nobody.
In order to succeed, one must fail.
Success is light; Failure
is dark.

No one can rise without falling:
the only way left to go is up.
At the top, the only way is down.
Not one person stays high forever.

Success shows no remorse:
it brings confidence and power;
reflecting all failure.
Success is smart.

Failure wallows in self-pity,
wanting people to feel bad:
desiring help; being powerless.
Failure is fearful.

Dawn 'til Dusk

by Tristen Stoll

Dusk wakes dawn:
short-lived night is awakened to day
wasteful of time; careless.
It is young.

Dawn meets Morning
filled with motives and passion.
Short felt, its fresh drive
flees with every hour till noon.

The aged day feels so strong,
but is not the same.
A first glimpse of dusk
scares all courage away.

Afternoon holds life, stretches it
through the heat of the day.

Exhausted, tired, ready to sleep,
Afternoon envies morning,
so full of life.
Happy, proud; dusk sleeps away

dreaming of a new dawn.

Hawthornes

by Diesel Messenger

The sun and moon oppose each other
in stunning versus, locked in a charged gaze.
Fire and shadow synergize dazzling swaths
of cloud. The moon shines, illuminating my back.
Reflected: the rays of buttery sun,
an archaic engine with unfathomable
knowledge. Fervent heat
from every hormonal response ever emitted
reflects from this ancient watcher.
Its strength glitters, warming me.
I turn towards the cool solace of the moon.

As constant sun bugles its glory,
the moon belies a humble nature.
Under bright sunlight, humanity's
collective passion is barely heard.
The perceptive moon reflects my soul alone
off its pale surface.

Simple Song

by Sophia Ririe

I gently skim my fingers over
sepia strings; I pluck one,
and listen to the
clear, strong sound resonate
through the room,
its echo dissipating.
I hum softly,
listening to the waterfall of notes
scatter around me, like
water raining down
in soft harmonies,
letting each melody
slowly unfold.

Spring

by Sadie Berry

Days warm: this bright bronze star melts away;
jade saplings emerge from darkness.
Teal waves flow swiftly between rocks:
cold as icy winters, eddies spin,
just as fast as seasons change.

The Marsh

by Tristen Stoll

At dawn comes morning sunlight through the reed;
I walk across the thick and murky bog.
The lily pads and cattails roaming free --
my blind is hid so well amongst the fog.
Each sunrise marks the point in time I spy
which birds are up. Their wings beat hard toward me.
My call is blown. I quack a few (to lie):
they turn their heads and fly down toward my plea.
Those hens and drakes aim toward the open hole.
Their wings beat hard. I greet them with my steel.
As shots ring out, some ducks add to my toll.
So morning turns to day. I fetch a meal.
Good smells of roasted duck drift in cold air.
I slog through marshy swamp to sling a pair.

Its candor alleviates my walls;
a silver glow fills the cobwebbed
spaces of my brain.

As I lie among rusty bushes, twilight ignites life's beauty.
Heavens become human, calm: somehow relatable
despite profound distance. As night ascends,
my awe compounds. My mind
accelerates. I prepare for eventual sleep,
the hawthorns' blaze faintly ebbing.

What I like.

by Tristen Stoll

The forecast calls for snow and rain,
making me want to go.
I put on waders; decoys bagged,
I hope for a bird with a band.
At my spot, my parents stay back to watch as
I settle into my honey hole just in time.
Decoys slouch on frost-glazed water,
my duck call searches; they call back.
From a distance I spy Greenheads hovering over me.
I pull the trigger. Crash.
Ducks fall from the dark cloudy sky.
I wade out into the pond to retrieve my prize.
Walking back to the pickup spot at the end of the day,
I sit around relaxed, and think "what a good day."
At home I put them in a pot.

Space

by Sophia Ririe

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Relax

by Sadie Berry

I slouch by the silk pond, watching
a dragonfly hover over its jade leaf.
The insect slumps onto an emerald plant;
completely carefree it lies,
welcoming movements of summer.
Sweet smells: smooth water and crisp air,
make me feel relaxed and content.

Symphony

by Sadie Berry

The sugary smell of symphonies:
sweet, almost like a lollipop.
The crescendo appears,
artificial arbitrary notes creep closer, then
the lollipop is gone.
The flavor of something on a fall evening,
minty, like the first frost of the year.
Sweet: licking that lollipop,
measures continue,
increasingly louder, the brushing
of my tongue becomes spicy.
Burning radiates through my bones.

London

by Sophia Ririe

I walk down the stone steps, trailing the tour group. As we approach the White Tower, its worn-down walls, and majestic power stand over the street as though guarding it. It had been a week since my dad and I had arrived to London, England. One of the last places we decided to visit was the Tower of London, saving the best for last. I was super excited; I've always loved the whole history behind Henry VIII. Now actually getting to see the tower in real life was beyond cool.

The tour guide discussed how Henry VIII was married to Anne Boleyn, his second wife, before he had her beheaded for false treason and adultery. I listened intensely, focusing on her words. After nearly ten minutes of listening to the tour guide, I began drifting away, my mind wandering. I wondered what time we would be heading off to eat lunch, and where would we be eating it.

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Selfish sunlight too bright
for moon to touch, to treasure its
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Dreaming

by Sadie Berry

I look around for leaves to change their hue.
The robins in tall aspens sing their song.
Each branch sounds like it's giving off a clue.
I lie in grass as leaves are swept along.

I wind along the path of moss and stone.
I spy a log that fell across my road.
In dreams I never feel all alone.
I button up my coat that once was stowed.

I look up and see a waterfall above.
The smell is sweet just like it is unknown.
It sounds as if it's all a play for love.
The fleeting drops send peace into my bones.

This does not feel like I'm in real life:
I wake up to see there is no paradise.

Cards

by Diesel Messenger

My grandfather slides his deep-set eyes over relatives huddled around a tan, vinyl table. Lamplight casts long shadows that spiderweb out from the card-bearing figures. So many memories of such scenes resonate throughout generations of Messengers: my father's family tradition centers around games and competition. Children are born and are ruthlessly defeated, zealously clinging to occasional victories. In his adult life, my father has moved away from this "no prisoners" definition of success. His life experiences have helped him break away and, if not completely purge the desire to win, at least notice the problems it creates.

The game goes on, my father and grandfather monopolizing cards as usual. I often note with some dismay the panic I feel every time I lose the bonus gained by making a bid. Tricks fly by without making more than a few points. As the round ends, I am dead last. I take a deep breath and consider the knowledge that I have just been

Would it be that little Fish and Chips restaurant we saw tucked away behind one of the gift shops? Or maybe the coffee shop that had the huge sandwiches and pink ice cream machine? I started getting super excited, imagining the kind of food I would order. I had been craving ice cream all day and I think my dad had been too, because I had seen his eyes linger on the ice cream machine earlier that day. Maybe I had a chance.

I realize that the lady is still talking, explaining different historical facts and gesturing at artifacts and examples that are lying on a table behind her. I squint, looking closer at the various knives, spoons, and clothes that lie limply on the white plastic table. I wonder what kinds of people used them, nearly 500 years ago. It fascinates me, imagining the different world back then. I look around and realize we're all standing in a small circular room, and I realize that I haven't been really observing my surroundings lately. I sneak a look at my dad, feeling guilty and quite frankly under-appreciative of the rich English history we are learning. Then I realize he's staring at his phone, so I go back to thinking about lunch.

Our group begins walking down a spiral staircase, heading towards the next part of the tour, The Bloody Tower. Unlike the White Tower, this tower's name promises a much more interesting story. I feel my anticipation growing as we march down the stone street, our feet falling in unison.

Plum Picking

by Sadie Berry

Just after first frost,
we knew they should be picked:
small, indigo, juicy plums.
Dad said it was time to go.
I grabbed my navy jacket;
a wave of warmth surrounded me.
Just then, little white flakes descended,
from cloudy gray sky.
Chartreuse trees with indigo fruits swayed like they were dancing.
As we started picking, twirling snow spilled over everything.
My hands were frozen.
Being together as a family warmed me again.

blessed with. Next time I won't make that bad call. Next time I won't let myself get so trapped inside my head and become worked up about a small loss.

I look at my own present reality: playing scrabble with friends. We laugh on the floor and while there is still a competitive aura, there is no ruthlessness or judgment. We cheat and play fake words and hardly break the thirty-point barrier when a friendly dispute over a made-up word leaves us tired of the game. We do something else. I notice that nobody wins, nobody loses, but we have fun. I feel satisfied and happy. Why can't every game end like this? So often people leave feeling angry and narcissistic when each match should have been a chance to further bond with companions.

Cards cascade over one another as my grandfather shuffles and packs the deck. A life of idle evenings and lively competitions have honed his cardmanship and given him an exquisitely keen eye. His childhood, rooted in the Great Depression, was filled with work and hardship. Still he was able to devote enough energy to refine his card playing and create a habit in which he would find much solace (as well as conflict). I have a poignant memory of the tragedy of my great-grandmother, who gambled away her life savings in old age. I take a deep breath, feeling joy instead of judgment. I become better with every faulty play and more learned with every loss. I will not let myself become immersed in the ego of competition.

A Memory

by Sophia Ririe

One day when I was younger, long ago
there was a lone road that broke into two.
The trees on either side swayed high and low:
they rose, with branches each a sunset hue.
I remember this time after many years
and wish that I could go back there someday.

But time, a cheating master, draws my tears.
It goes on and precious moments fly away.
I lie and watch the stars soar quickly past.
The constellations shift and fly through space
and sun, a yellow piercing, rises fast.
Is time a simply never-ending race?
I wonder how night turns to day so quick.
Is time a moment that will never stick?

Mingus

by Diesel Messenger

The tension mounts with style and with speed.
A bubble filled with jazz is near to pop.
While four delightful flavors turn to mead,
the wonky contrast makes my insides drop.

A quartal line of chaos pushes through.
The lick's of such bad rank it needs a mint.
Menageries of spice make something new.
The final phrase leaves such a crazy tint.

From belly blows a sound of heartfelt rage.
The soul takes form to blend with noises wild.
The wisest spirits know that freedom's sage:
to best one's pressures, rebecoming child.

The strongest power, love, will sure attest,
that jazz fire is a loving mother's breast.

A Day Out Tuna Fishing

by Tristen Stoll

The heat was excruciating on this day in mid-June. I glared at the temperature gauge, hoping I could change it with my mind. Unsurprised, I looked away with determination to beat the heat.

We headed down to the dock, where our boat waited for us, longing to be ridden as if it too could feel my pain. As the engine started, something inside me also sparked. I was so excited. It was a perfect day to go to sea. As we left the harbor, the city noises ceased. We heard only seagulls, sea lions, and our engine propelling us through the sixty-eight degree water. The mainland shrank behind as an offshore island became bigger and more detailed. The ocean was like glass. Only the wake of our boat displaced the calm, sleeping sea.

At first, all I saw were a few birds circling. As we approached, I noticed a section of ocean that seemed to be bubbling. Birds dove down into the choppy section. I knew what it was: tuna. I could see thousands of bait fish, mackerel and sardines, jumping out of the water in a desperate attempt to escape what lay beneath the surface. Driving up on the school of boiling tuna, I prepared a whole, live greenback mackerel on my hook and cast it

Snorkeling with Tiger Sharks

by Sadie Berry

It was a warm and sunny day off the island of Oahu. My family decided to go snorkeling with some friends. My sister was only four or five at the time and was afraid of the ocean. "No!" she told us. "I do not want to go to the ocean. It is not fun. I'm scared I will get caught in the waves or a shark will eat me!"

"Sierra," I responded. "You will have a great time. The ocean is so much fun and you will see so many animals!"

My parents then piped in, "You need to listen or you will not get any sugar today." That changed her mind. Sierra hopped in the car to go to the beach.

We eventually made it to the catamaran and set sail. Sailing about ten miles off shore, we viewed the bottlenose dolphin migration. We all jumped in the water and I could see hundreds of bottlenose dolphins. If you were lucky, they would even swim right up to you. I remember the magical feeling of light gray streaks swimming around me as the bright blue waters surrounded us. I was in awe of how beautiful creatures could be.

After viewing the dolphins, we hopped back on the catamaran and set sail to a coral reef. The ride was only a few minutes long. The wind brushing past my face and the sun warming my body filled me with joy. I did not care that I was becoming sunburnt. I just wanted to live in the moment and let everything pass me by.

As we neared the reef, I waited in anticipation as my parents prepared my gear so I could hop in the water. I have been snorkeling since I was four or five and was now seven or eight; it was nothing new to me. We saw eels, turtles, and of course tropical fish. Our friend even caught an octopus and placed it on my leg. I remember the strange sensation as an oddly-shaped, color-changing blob wrapped its tentacles around my small leg and suctioned onto it. We then let it go and continued snorkeling.

After snorkeling for about twenty more minutes, my dad and I saw that our friends were trying to get our attention. I did not fully understand what he was saying, but I did hear him yell, "Hey! Get your wife and kid!" Next thing I knew, my dad was picking me up and putting me on the catamaran with our friends. I did not understand what was happening, so I walked to the front of the cat while my dad swam out to get my mom and sister. As I looked down over the catamaran, what I saw surprised me. Three tiger

right into the ball of fish.

Not even one minute after my live bait hit the water, I felt it begin an extremely hard sprint for its life. Pulling out line fast and free for a second, the mackerel suddenly stopped. Almost as abruptly, I felt a hard thump as my line went slack and completely stopped. My bait had been swallowed. I waited for two seconds before winding the handle of the reel as fast as I could, just to come up tight with a heavy dead weight on the end of my line. Feeling the weight, I pulled up on my rod, instantly doubling it over. The line screamed off my reel so hard and fast that it cut me. Continuing to make its long run, the fish made the reel grow hot as the line tension increased. The run slowed down, and my rod gave back just enough so that I could start cranking on this fish and levering it in. After about three minutes of fighting, the fish took another long, screaming run out towards deep water. We realized that we were going to have to chase my fish down with the boat.

In gear, we slowly followed the fish, and I regained some of my line. The line mark indicator reflected that 385 yards of my 415 yards had been taken out. That was too close. Finally, we lined the fish straight up and down with the boat. After another grueling twenty-five minutes of battle, I spotted deep color. I could tell by the length of it that this was no tuna. It was a shark. Thinking about the tuna I had hoped for, I looked around to try and spot the boils. There was no chance of going back. Caught in my wishes for tuna, I was abruptly reminded of my current situation. The rod doubled over, line peeling off my reel again. After yet another long run followed by constant pulling and winding on my part, I brought the beast to the surface.

Although the shark was not my target species, it had still been lots of fun. At an estimated 300 pounds and 15 feet long, the shark was my trophy. I cut the hook's shank off and let the hook slide free. As my shark returned to sea, we started our engine up and headed home.

Smoldering

by Sophia Ririe

Taste the sun: bursts of sharp, pungent flames.
A spoonful of picante flavors,
flourishing with hot spices,
instant, scorching waves.
Tongues exploding, tangy and full
of subtle, homely roasted chicken,

sharks swam under the water right next to my family. I thought they were just dolphins. Their coloring was almost the same as a dolphin's, although upon closer inspection, I saw that they had small lighter stripes on their backs. I quickly realized that they were sharks.

The idea of sharks right next to my family made me very tense. I thought my family was going to be eaten by sharks. I heard somebody yell that there were five, ten, and fifteen-foot sharks. I kept watching where my family was and where the sharks were. Luckily they kept their distance from each other. My sister seemed as though she had no idea what was going on. If she had known, she would have never gone in the water again. My parents both had very shocked and tense looks on their faces. They scrambled onto the boat to escape the sharks.

I was so terrified of sharks for the rest of the day. As I went back to the house, I thought about the day I had experienced. I then realized that being scared of sharks was normal and that they really are not anything to worry about and should instead be seen as beautiful creatures of the sea.

Death Sentence

by Diesel Messenger

Wealth attends poverty's funeral and weeps;
they've bought each other more times
than is countable,
hatefully conspiring to steal each
wanton mind.

A fading rich man, wealth, spits
tobacco in innocent eyes, while
beggars sit, blinded,
metamorphosing into denial.

Poverty rests easy in death, knowing
that it holds the final bid:
its obliteration will forever torment
the sublime. Misery imprints its jagged
memory upon the world. All wealth becomes
unchallenged, unpolarized:
Destined only to vanish.

Wealth sobs for the death of his
enemy, finally comprehending
his inexorable sentence
of eternal decline.

crisp and buttery, doused in
buttery, spicy aromas. Steaming hot tea,
fresh from the kettle;
a minty, sweet tang.
Smokey, crackling, inviting;
marshmallows, fresh roasted apple cider.

less riveting smothered and razed?
Contemplating the tire tracks, I decide. Mud
eventually reclaims the snowy complexion like a
grandmother having just forgotten her last
grandchild's name. The subtlety
of declining crispness sets an odd contentment.
I imagine thousands of people
walking through grimy snow,
perfection slipping further
away with each impure footprint.

Who am I

by Sadie Berry

My coiffure of silky burnt sienna hair
makes days of hardship easier.
Even hidden away in thick foliage wrapped around my
head,
there is no escape
from now.
Hazel eyes turn reflections of serene skies to luscious
oceans.
I'm stuck
in deep forest greens.

Wrinkles

by Diesel Messenger

Tails of warm snow
dance from tree limbs and
roofs. None sing or distract.
Feeling compatible with the world,
like candlelight when electric bulbs
are extinguished, I select a pencil.
Lazy lines scrawl across a scrap of paper. No form
is necessary no
angles define a dog or a trout or whatever
being might call definite shape to mind.

The snow's gentle disposition
folds life away as one might
a blanket, a towel, a favorite shirt: no longer in use,
devoid of passion, full of the world.
More tendrils of white flakes pass by.

I set aside my drawing. The indolent buildup
breaks free of its awnings; finds
refuge on the dirty driveway. Brown
impurity covered momentarily by freshness: answers lie
plainly blanketed in white. Is the world