

tHANK yOU
fOR rEADING

LIT From
WithIN



COVER PHOTO BY NICK PRO
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Letter from Editor

Dear Readers,

This issue of "Lit From Within" was extremely fun to work on with my friends. It is also a wonderful experience to read all the poems, stories and look at the wonderful artwork. I am so very thankful to every one who helped out. I am very thankful for my co-editor Ashley Heupel having her stories ready when we got time to work on the "Lit From Within" together. I would also like to thank Josh Ireland who worked on the cover and was willing to help me when I asked and even when I did not. I am also grateful to Ms. Mari for keeping me on track.

I absolutely love to encourage people to express themselves, whether it be through art, songs, or writings. I always hope every issue some one will find their muse and want to submit their works, I was amazingly excited that there were so many options to put in. In between this issue and the next I hope these wonderful writers will write more and more, and take full pride in thier own styles and thoughts. To all of the contributing writers and artists: Thank you! All of you did a wonderful job and I hope you all continue.

My final message to the readers and everyone who helped me out with this is simply: THANK YOU!!!!!! You have no idea how much your help with "Lit From Within" made it possible to print. So I hope you all enjoy what you read and see in this issue. I hope you all have a wonderful day!

Sincerely

Shannon M. Tucker Co-Editor

Ashley Heupel Co-Editor

Josh Ireland Graphic Design Edi-

Homeless 2

by Ashley Heupel

Dear Debbie...I'm Back! Vivian Pellway is back in action! They finally took me out of the bouncy room, (Although I quite enjoyed it in there). Well my sentence is almost over and then I will be able to get out of this place and go back to the forest that I love oh so much! This time though I will not be acting like any animals, apparently it is not civilized to do that, (I would have never guessed). This time, I will be stalking the judge that put me in jail and making him pay for locking me up in here!

"Here's your dinner Vivian, tomorrow you will be a free woman" the warden said. "Thanks George, I'm going to miss you" I exclaimed.

They make me eat in my cell, because two years ago I bit someone. They smelled good, I just wanted to know what they tasted like. Is that so wrong? Two weeks later

Dear Debbie, I've been watching Judge Pinklie for about 10 days now. I've observed that he gets up for work when the sun is up for about 45 mins. And he comes back after the bees have been in their summer house for about 2 hours and 13 mins. I've decided that I'm going to get him on the seventh day of the week, because he stays home and goes hunting in the woods. Tomorrow will be the day, and then the whole world will know my name, Vivian Pellway.

The next morning

As Vivian approached the judge, he was calm. It was like he knew what was going to happen. "Ah I guess you

never thought you would see me ever again did ja?" Vivian said as she charged at Judge Frank Pinklie. She tackled him and smashed him into a tree, and there he was lying on the ground, having an epileptic seizure.

Dear Debbie, I finally got him, there he is lying under the same tree that the police caught me in. This was the only thing I wanted to do for five years and now that it's finally over with, I don't know what to do with myself. I guess I'll just give up on all the crazy stuff and maybe go get a slushy. Yeah, that sounds good, normal people get slushies.

As Vivian Pellway walked into the darkness to the nearest 7-eleven, she thought about what to do with her life. She was 24-years-young and already a convicted felon and a murderer. What was next for Miss Pellway? Nobody was sure, but whatever was to come of her future was going to be nothing but normal. The police were sure to come after her and she was bound to put up a fight; because if anything was certain about Vivian Pellway it is that when she falls, she falls hard.

Just Yourself

by Emily Curci

Always be true to your self
Embrace what you like about you
Whether it is your hair or your eyes

Believe in what you think is right
Take part in the things you love
Fighting for global warming, or relaxing on
the beach
Make sure you are happy

Be who you want to be
Enjoy your life and live every second of it
Whether it is holding your boyfriend's hand
Or singing "Say Hey" at the top of your lungs

Listen to your heart and spirit
It knows what you love
From the color orange
To a squirrel in a tree
Or movie popcorn to cars
The heart knows what makes you smile

Soul Food

By Anonymous

Love is torture
It makes my heart yell in pain
Death would bring me justice
My face white with fear
I would eat pasta and cry
As my anger tortures my smile
The juicy judge will talk at my trial
I spread my blood throughout the court-

room
As the room gets filled with red
My soul gets red with pain
I am sentenced to eat hot sauce
All of a sudden, I am filled with happiness
Now I show my teeth for the first time
I drink milk and eat an apple
Love is no longer torture

The Pond's reflection

by Elise Paulsen

The hand, the finger,
The broken figure,
Watches the grave,
From the misty window,

Grass feeling the clouded sky,
Clay soft, a molded heart,
A smile painted in lipstick,

Distorted mirrors dance upon the freezing
pond,
Reflections of the waves, a sea,
Broken shards, where the heart used to be,
The bond is gone,
The feeling withdrawn.

Untitled

by Elda Perez

Love is a wonderful thing.
Couples, relationships, cuteness
Just a couple of words for love...Barren
My soul is filled with love, and happiness

God is in my soul. Jesus is my love. My soul
yearns for Heaven
And happiness. Smiling all the time until
death comes.
Heaven or hell, Heaven is great, so smile.
Hell. No! That is not.
Where should my soul be? In Jesus Christ
my Savior. My afterlife in Heaven

Self. What do you think?
Cute? Nice? Always Smiling?
Yes! Smile when happy and happy when
amazed.
I do not want to brag but yes, I am cute.

Super Hero...JUSTICE! Fairness and all
Like the television shows, the crimson chin
Always on the good, never on the bad.
Good not evil, or is it evil not good?

Happiness? Never got it until I got it.
Jesus is my happiness. My Father, God, is my
happiness.
The Holy Spirit fills me. I love it.
Oh happy day!!

Touched by a Muse

by Shannon Tucker

Light the fire in the hearts of the artists, the
poets, the thinkers. Let the strokes of a brush,
the hand that holds the pen, and the mind
never falter in fear. Never be afraid to put
your name down next to your work.
If people laugh, let them laugh, hold your
head up high and take pride in your art, and
ideas. Never falter, Never fear, for the muse
has lit the fire in your heart.

Lower School Poems

Hello Poem

by Ariana Cobb

Hello!
My name is Ariana.

If I were a color,
I'd be soft pink
Like cottoncandy

If I were a animal,
I'd be fast
Like a rabbit

My favorite place is home
When it is quiet
And I can watch TV

My favorite snack is popcorn
The popping is loud

I really get upset
When my DS dies in the middle of a game
And I have to charge it

I love to listen to Hannah Montana
When no one is around.

Hello Poem

by Willie Colon

Hello!
My name is Willie.

If I were a color,
I would be orange
Like the sun sometimes.

If I were an animal,
I would be a liger

A lion and a tiger mix.

My favorite place is Florida
Because it is like summer
And 80 degrees F.

My favorite snack is sun chips
The harvest cheddar kind
Are really good.

I really get upset
When I walk my dog in the rain
And I have to carry a heavy giant umbrella.

I love listening to all music,
When the radio is on.

Hello Poem

by Gokulraj Harikumar

Hello!
My name is Gokul.

If I were a color,
I'd be blue
Like the ocean.

If I were an animal,
I'd be something powerful and silent
Like a crocodile.

One of my favorite places is India.
When its summer time
And I can see my friends.

My favorite snack is muricue
It is an Indian snack
Of rice and pepper.

I get really upset when it's almost bedtime
And I have to study multiplication

I love listening to Indian music
When I'm bored
Out of my mind.

Hello Poem

by Madelyn Hendricks

Hello!
My name is Maddy.

If I were a color,
I'd be blue
Like the sea.

If I were an animal
I'd be a horse
Like Black Beauty.

My favorite place is Camp Ockanickon
When it's SUNNY out side
And play time.

My favorite snack is pie,
Apple pie.

I get really upset when Lorelei bothers me,
When I am doing my homework.

I love listening to music,
When I'm in the car.

Hello Poem

by Andrew Keays

Hello!
My name is Andrew.

If I were a color

I would be blue
Like the sea

If I were a animal
I would be a climbing one
Like a monkey.

My favorite place is Mexico
When I get to play
And relax.

My favorite snack is Barbecue Wings Pringles,
They taste great.

I really get upset
When my brother says "Stop doing that."
And tells me to do what he is doing.

I love listening to my Ipod
When I have nothing to do.

Hello Poem

by Donovan Mcclellan

Hello!
My name is Donovan

If I were a color,
I'd be green
Like the tree tops

If I were animal,
I'd be something huge
Like a polar bear

My favorite place is Elk Mountain,
When I snowboard
And go off jumps

My favorite snack is oreo ice cream,

Lower School Poems (Continued...)

The small one
from the ice cream store.

I really get upset,
When I miss a good wave
And I have to catch another wave

I love listening to rock and roll,
When I'm in my room,
So my dad can watch TV.

Halloween

by Bobby Minton

When is Halloween?
When spooky monsters creep
And evil killers "play"
When young children run away
And destructive Cyclops smash with hammers
Ghosts die
While creatures chase Trick-or-Treaters
Then it's Halloween!

Halloween

by Brianna Newman

When is Halloween?
When gross zombies walk
And ugly goblins scream
When black bats fly
And scary ghosts roam around the town
Jack o' lanterns glow
While children knock on doors
Then it's Halloween!

Halloween

by Cameron Pollard -Harris

When is Halloween?

When scary zombies dance
And white vampires bite
When small kids go trick or treating
And cats screech at bats above our heads
Jack o' lanterns sparkle
While parents eat candy
Then it's Halloween!

Halloween

by Samuel Robinson

When is Halloween
When scary goblins fly
And dead zombies attack
When spooky ghosts scare
And hairy werewolves hunt in forests
Bats eat
While skeletons fight the headless Horseman
Then it's Halloween!

Halloween

by Christian Wisniewski

When is Halloween?

When spooky ghosts eat

And gross goblins hide

When deadly vampires bite

And suspicious ghosts fly above our heads

Children are scared

While the boogeyman haunts houses

Then it's Halloween!

A Painted Memory

by Shannon Tucker

In the old house, comfortable and warm;
watching the fire and enjoying the smell of
baking bread. The family weary and tired
from the winter day; waiting for dinner and
different deserts. The grandma admiring her
choice of inside décor, with a happy smile
on her face, tells the family to sit and enjoy.

After dinner, laughs and pie, they all depart
to their rooms for sleep. A teenager explores
their room half expecting to find a ghost or
a skeleton in the closet. Instead they find an
easel, old canvas, brushes and oil paint. They
pick up a brush and paint the night away.

Everyone wakes up and sadly pack their
things to leave the old house, full of winter
memories. When it was time to go and
visit once again, everyone asked about
the painting of a family sitting in front of a
hearth smiling. All except a teenager who
had a smile on his face.

Fade

by Rachel Kozlowski

A cloak flutters,
Soft as the dusk that falls,
Hard as the light of a flaming heart,

The hand that reaches,
Grabs, and gazes at the captured soul,

Ding.....ding.....ding...
As, below me, darkness opens like a book,
Warm yellow light,
A field of flowers.
Still, the single note rings on,
Ding.....ding.....ding...
As still I fall,
No closer to the scene below.

Some kind of sign?
The birds are chirping,
I cannot see them.
To show me things I cannot have?
The trees...they're fading.
But now as I fall, I grow slightly closer,
The dark is closing up again...
I've missed my chance...
Blackness.



Artwork by Connor New-

Artwork by Stephen Klova



Untitled
by Anonymous

My soul was filled with happiness while
walking my puppy,
Seeing kids playing,
People laughing,
And birds eating food out of the trash can.
It was like I was not being possessed by a
ghost or a spirit,
I was filled with freedom, from everyone.

It was such a beautiful day outside,
I was walking with my puppy when I sud-
denly saw my fiancé.
He was with another woman.
Hugging her and holding her tight, whis-
pering something in her ear.
I felt like someone had stabbed me in my
heart.

I was not going to let this go.
So that night, I called him.
I told him to meet me at the park.
I asked him about today, he denied it.
Said it was somebody else.
I did not believe him, so instead,
I considered going on Jerry Springer.

That did not turn out well.
So I lost my anger and stabbed him right in
the heart,
The same place he hurt me emotionally.

There was dark red blood,
Falling from his chest, down to his white
sneakers.
It was not a pleasant look.
I took a shovel and started digging in the
dirt to bury him.

I took the body to the cemetery where the
graveyard was,
And cried upon his death.
Soon, they found out.
I was sentenced to court,
My judge just had to be Judge Mathis.
He was saying something about justice,
And how I lost all my freedom.