

a

literary

teen

zine

published

to

represent

&

Elementia

uplift

atypical

creative

sublime

young

adults

Young Adult Services
Johnson County Library
Olathe Public Library
Johnson County, KS USA
913-495-2490

for flo..
my muse this go round'...
~A



flo has tenacious,
unstoppable, free in
spirit flow! how often
can you spot her in
the magazine?





imagine...

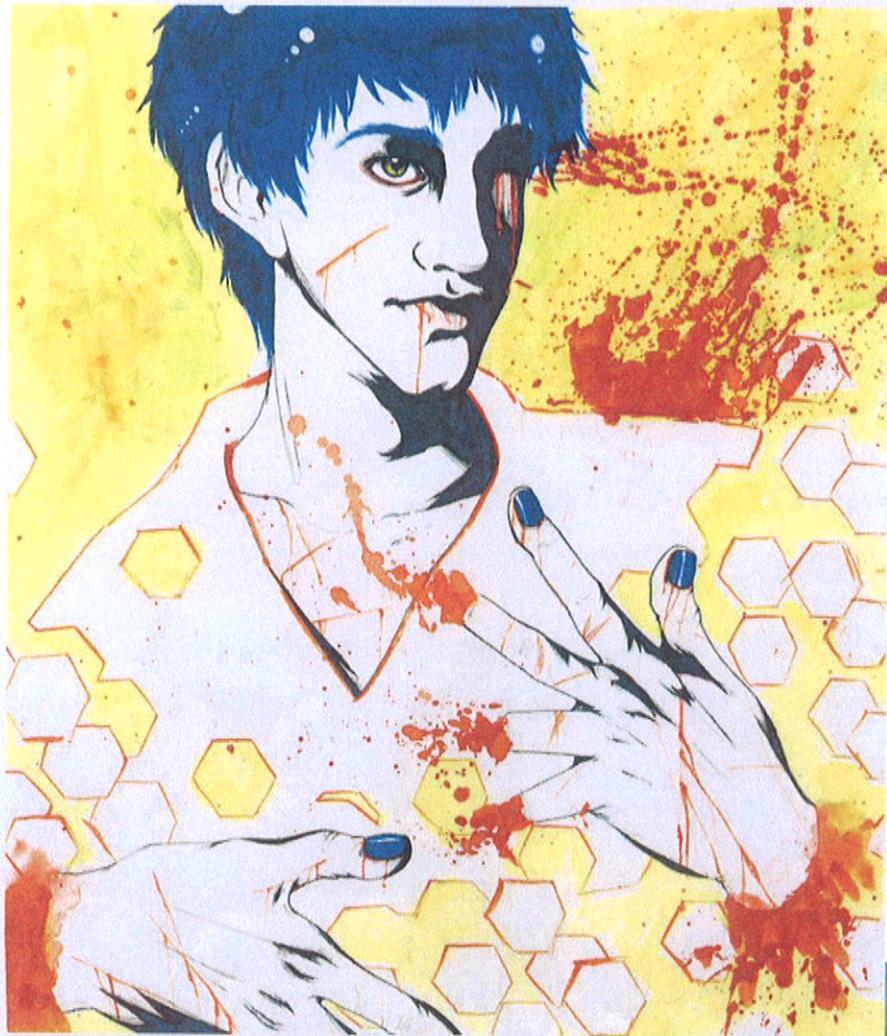


Image created by Michelle Willard

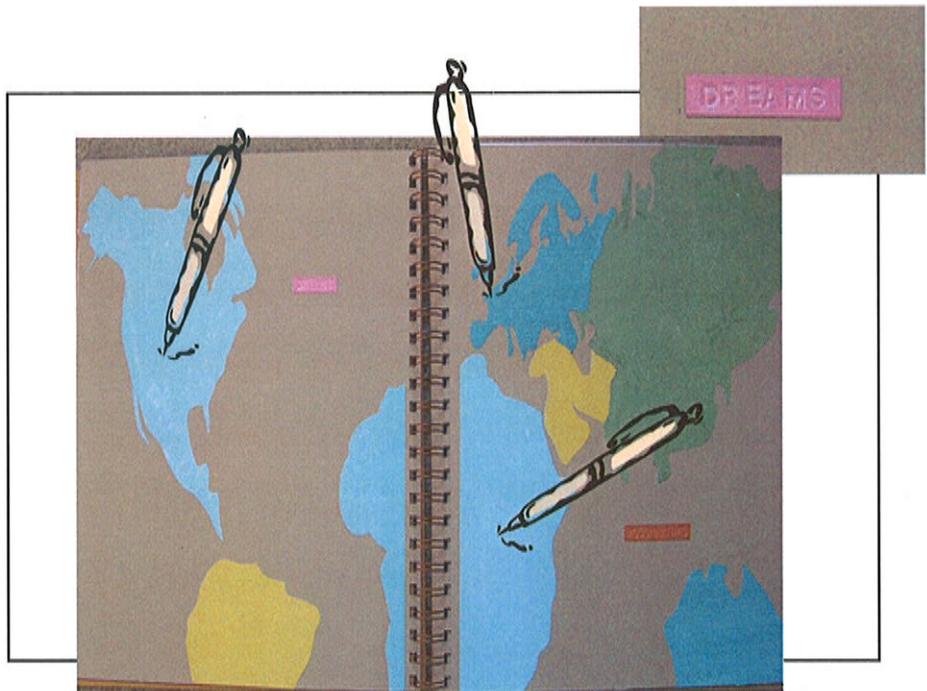


learn explore enjoy create connect

& it can be.

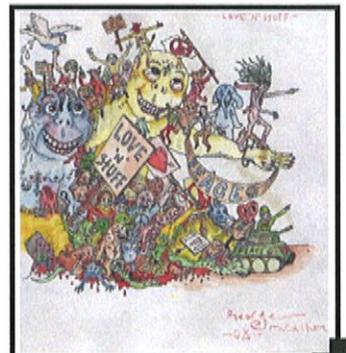
'The woman I most admire in
my life is Ruth, the wife of
Killion in the bible'

Omery Mutalange, 12
Lwimba, Zambia



writers/artists published in this issue come from the following cities/states/countries:

Kansas City, KS (USA)
Kansas City, MO (USA)
London, England (UK)
Lwimba, Zambia (Africa)
Olathe, KS (USA)
Overland Park, KS (USA)



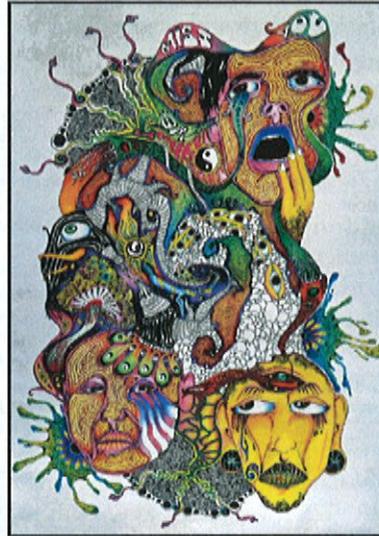
'Love and Stuff' illustrated by George McCullum, 17
London, England pg. 39

creative sublime young adults

Elementia

Poets

Ayah Abdul Rauf	13, 17
Hailey Cannon	14
Jaden Gragg	15
Chris Padgett	16
Drew Wilson	16
Elizabeth Mwalisansa	18
Lya Tran	18
Edith Mukonka	18
Lena Sabih	19
Edward Sapilinga	19
Haley Claxton	20
Candace Ladd	22
Julia Marquez	24
Jon Reese	24
Grace Boehm	25
Lena Sabih	25
Micah Melia	25
Bailey Tulloch	27
Rachel Franklin	28
Eric Dickinson	30
Maddie Miguel	30,34
Rachel Karner	30
Abbey Mock	31
Alexx Graham	32
Hannah Jenkins	32
Robert Williams	33
George Synder	33
Maddie Miguel	34
Michele Ortiz	38
Connor Rice	39
Tim Cooke	40
Matthew Guerrero	41



pg 39

Essayists

Iris Dew	36
Utsa Ramaswami	37

Fiction-Writers

Erin Ashley	26
Rachel Arnold	35

'If writing well is the best revenge,
I intend to have my due'

Candice Ladd, 16

Overland Park, KS (USA)



pg 11



pg 14



pg 20



pg 22



pg 32



pg 33



pg 39



pg 38

creative sublime young adults

Elementia

creative force

theo goodloe
Magazine Title

rithvick mogali
'lettering' cover design

jon nichols
Magazine Cover

angel jewel dew
Creative Maintenance
Editing and Design

angela parks
Creative Maintenance
Editing and Design

jennifer taylor
Creative Maintenance
1st Print Run

tommy gray
sophie poppie
hannah zimmerman
Central Volunteers



This trademark logo is attached to each image acquired from www.flickr.com via registration with Creative Commons. Creative Commons provides free tools that let authors, scientists, artists, and educators easily mark their creative work with the freedoms they want it to carry. You can use CC to change your copyright terms.

staff

donna lauffer
county librarian

patricia suellentrop
deputy county librarian

carolyn weeks
associate director
for central services

barbara brand
youth serices manager

jennifer taylor
graphics coordinator

dennis ross
central
youth services manager

kelly sime
central youth specialist

linda kautzi
central youth specialist

susan woodruff
central youth specialist

jan mcconnell
central youth specialist

angel dew
central youth specialist

Sitting in a small restaurant... alone ... in Sofia, Bulgaria ... I let my eyes dance or rather, tip toe, around the candle lit room: on a far wall, a television played a german soap opera; in a cozy corner, a couple dined on crisp bread smothered in cheese, and at the table across from me, two aged women sat and chatted feverishly, glancing every now and then in my direction... wondering -I imagined -what I was doing in that restaurant, in their country, on such a crisp November evening...

I wished dearly to tell them that just that very afternoon in a large library in the city center of Sofia Bulgaria, I talked to a small group of librarians about creativity and how it is, without any sense of wonder or doubt, a universal value. I talked about how it ~creativity~ can be used to bridge gaps and divides in communities from city to city, from country to country, and from continent to continent.

I understand this to be true because of elementia.

Within efforts to challenge the status quo and maintain creative edge, we have expanded elementia's foundation to include Olathe Public Library in Olathe, KS, Cristo Rey High School in Kansas City, MO, Thomas Tallis Creative School in London, England and several schools in Lwimba, Zambia, Africa.

Collaboration is finding common ground; common hopes; common sufferings. Humanity's essence is reliant upon such action.

And so...

I challenge each pair of eyes grazing this page today, tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that... to create more, share more, collaborate more...

elementia is and will always be my muse... and I hope it will be yours...

creative humanity is a force to be reckoned;
shall we change the world?

si'. lets.

-A

angel jewel dew



learn explore enjoy create connect

how to submit to elementia...

elementia submissions are accepted

May1 through September 15th of each year.

All submissions should be typed, and in 12pt Times New Roman font.

No more than 3 writing submissions per person.



submission form & complete submission guidelines can be found at www.jocoteenscene.org/elementia



featured teen artist

Michelle Willard, 15



Describe yourself in one word...

Punny.

How did you get involved with the library?

I had a friend with connections.

What inspires you?

Raw emotion and the stories behind them. I don't tend to get very emotional about anything. I'm a cold fish. But I think of stories. I find that the characters wield extreme amounts of emotion. I record their contorted faces onto paper. I see them in stories and situations. Most of my art has a twisted background, but it never has anything to do with my life. My life is boring, so I use the art to liven it up...

What are your hobbies?

Take a guess.

Other than drawing, I spend my free time watching cartoons, reading fantasy books, drinking cranberry juice, and playing with puppets. I spend much of my day in the basement, where my lair of destruction is. Much of my life is spent sitting at one desk or another, whether it's at school, in front of the computer, or at my drawing table. I take walks often. I play the violin. I like making pillow forts, lego castles, and playdo monsters. No one's too old for that.

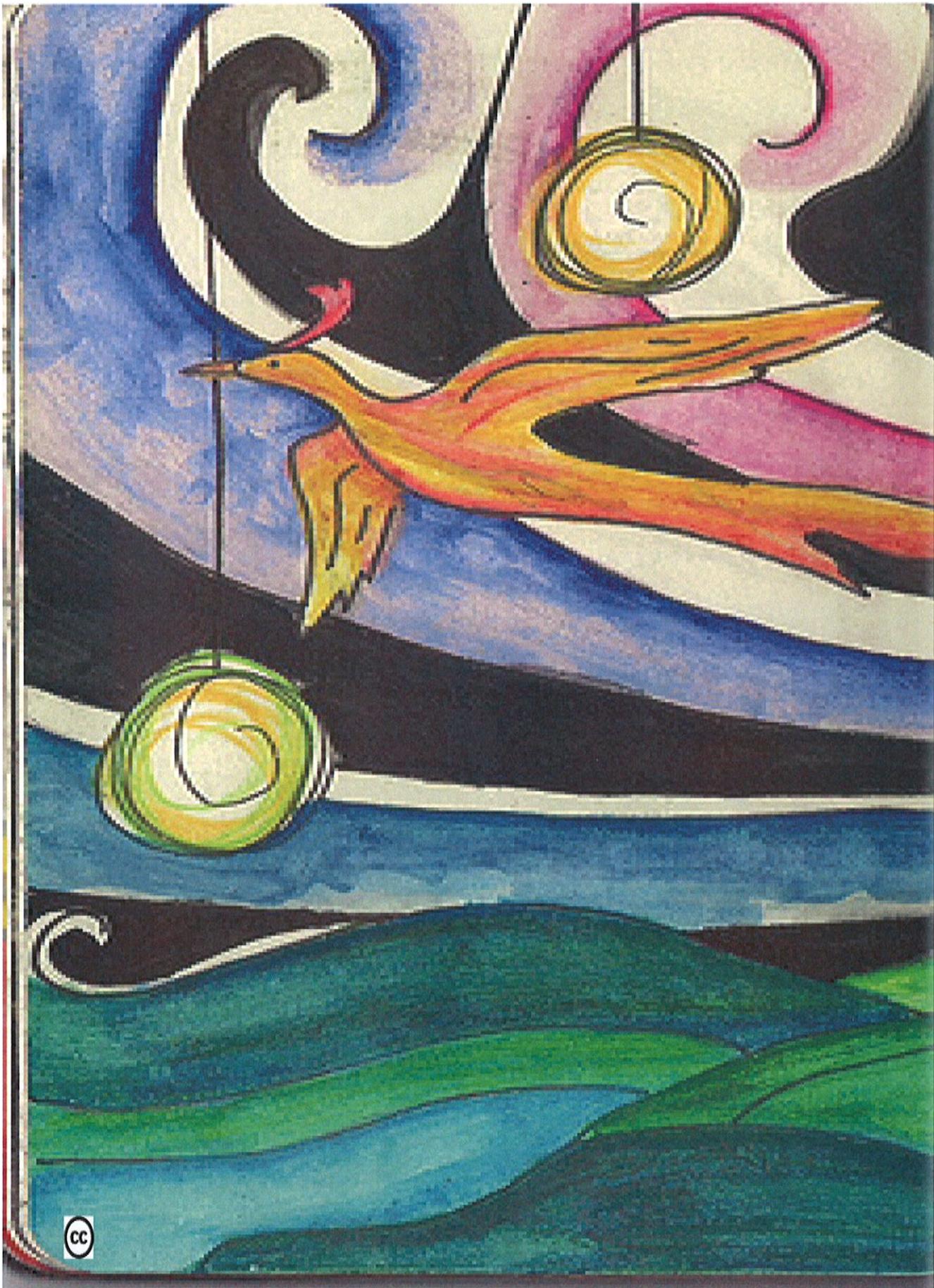
If you were to tell a teen from across the world who you were in five sentences, what would you say?

Hallo. My name is Mickey. I like to draw. School is stinky. I honestly don't have much to say about my life.

Where do you see yourself in five years?

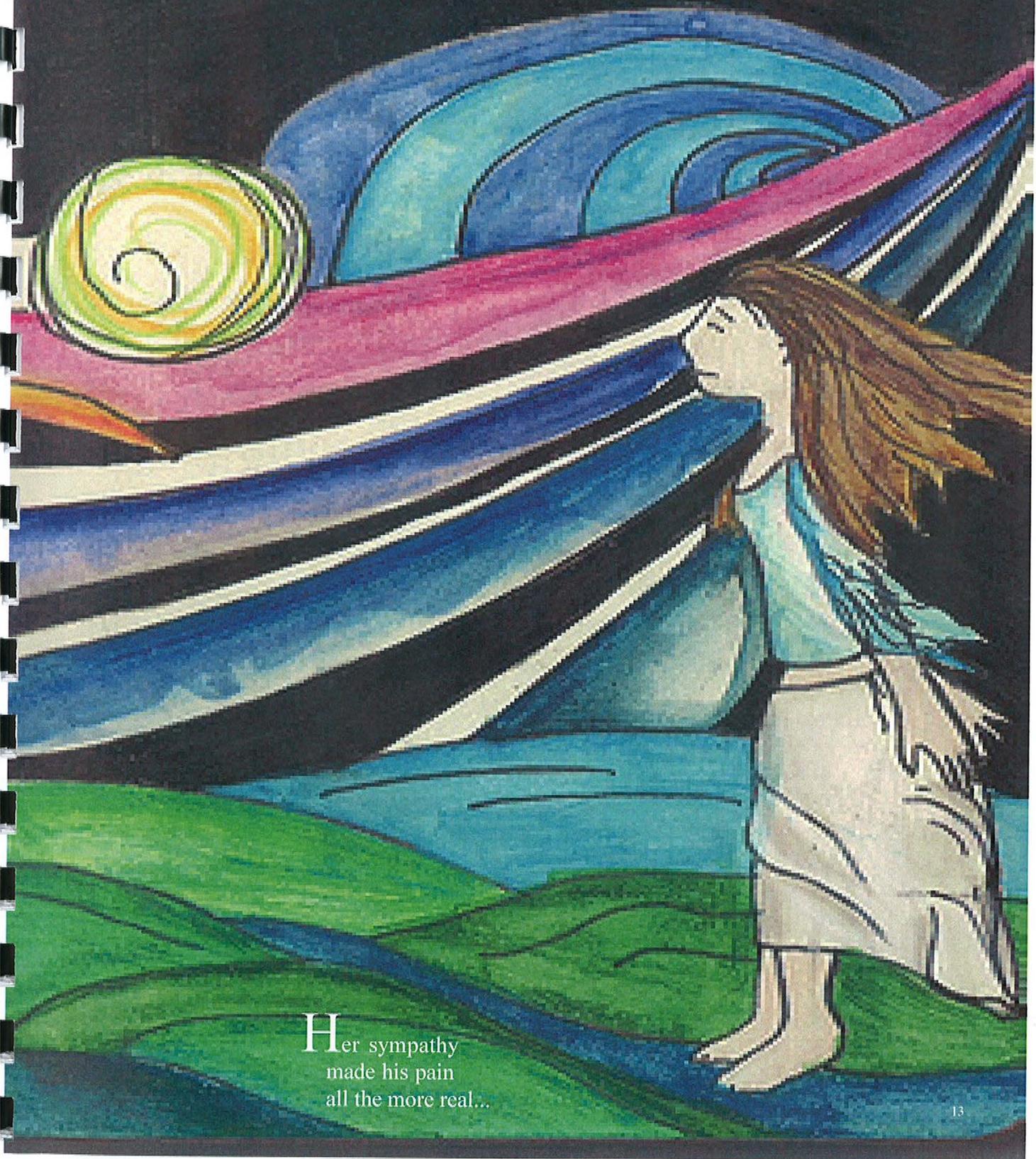
I plan on going to college. I have no idea what good it'll do me, but I certainly wish to go. After that, art is the only thing I want to do. I work best independently. I want to illustrate stories and make graphic novels.





Untitled

Abdul, Ayah Rauf



Her sympathy
made his pain
all the more real...



Untitled
Cannon, Hailey

Chitter chatter
Pitter patter
Minds are racing
Mouths are moving
Everyone's talking
But no one's doing

There's a war
Right outside
People boarding up their windows
Not to block out the bombs
To block out the sons

You'll still hear them
Screaming children
No place to go
Your children are
Safe in bed
Their mommies & daddies
Aren't dead

Let's watch Oprah
And hear the widow's story
How hard her life is now
We won't worry about the soldier
That lost his life in a hurry
For U.S.

The country's in debt
Up to its eye in sockets
But it's ok we'll keep sending
More men & women away
In the end we'll see who has to pay
I bet it wont come good ole'
George's pockets



We live on our floating planet,
this hunk, this rock,
we are so small.

Being cosmic dancers;

because what else would we be?

Gragg, Jaden



But we are significant to ourselves.
We hold each other, and give, and whisper,
and reproduce, and teach generations the knowledge we have gathered.
We are highly imperfect, but highly aware.
We are survival, ignorance.
Beauty. Intelligence.
We are contradictions. We are swirling.



The universe produced us from gas and matter,
and we are as thin as matchsticks,
but we have enough brain power and ideas to explore this very same universe.
We are cosmic explorers, discovering truths that dance on the edge of reason.
The milky-way galaxy, or the size of an atom.
Dream-state reality.

Our bodies grow old, get sick, and are weak to pressure,
but we are capable of amazing things.
Dancing as story-telling, painting as communication.
Art as a way of life. Life as a form of art.
Vice-verse, right sides up, and backwards again.
This is us floating in the universe.
This is us on our little green and blue ship.
This is us using our words to unite and inspire.

Our world is significant to us,
but not to the universe. We go about day to day,
unsure of the next day,
but pretending we are.
Take the dog to the vet. Make a salad for the picnic.
Order some pizza for the party.
Outside of us, the universe is exploding,
glowing, existing,
and we are dancing on pivotal stars.

Life may seem mundane sometimes,
but everyday, life is formed. Life is taken away.
There are deaths, births, and stars exploding, one into the other.
Millions of degrees,
we are the same exploding change.
We are friendships bleeding, shooting stars, violent intermissions,
and we are dire life. We are the greatest need,
the need to move, to express, and to exist.
We are dancers circling in the cosmos.

Because what else would we be.





Quiet Sighs

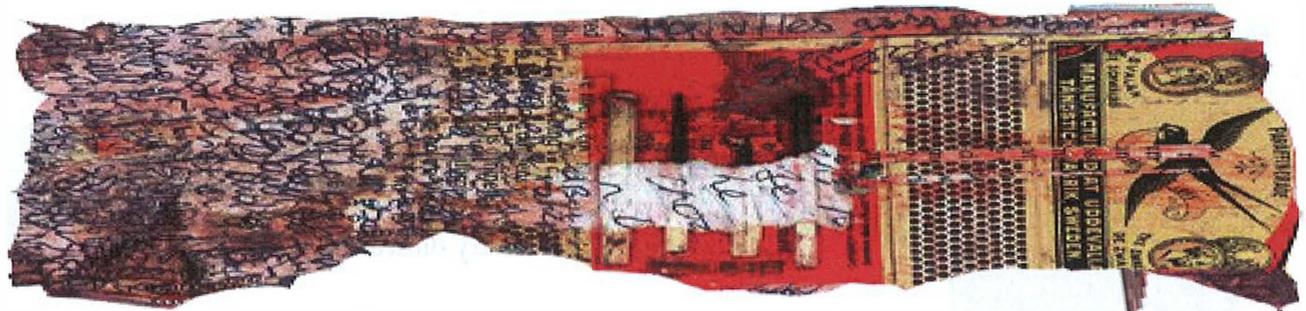
Wilson, Drew

Whenever I'm alone I miss you
Wish I took that chance to kiss you
I feel shattered and alone
like a dog that's lost his bone
Remembering your laughing eyes
my life is filled with quiet sighs
Seasons may come and seasons may go
it feels so much like yesterday though
As I sink deep in dejection
I feel my life has lost direction
Remembering your laughing eyes
My life is filled with quiet sighs
I take long walks in the rain
I try to hide my tears of pain
Why did you have to die?
I sit alone, and wonder why
Remembering your laughing eyes
My life is filled with quiet sighs
I lay in bed for hours on end
I cannot sleep but I pretend
others come and say
"don't worry man you'll be okay"
Remembering your laughing eyes
My life is filled with quiet sighs
I've lost my way on the road of life
The winds of change bring only strife
Knowledge comes at great price
It seems to be a heart of ice
Remembering your laughing eyes
My life is filled with quiet sighs

Angel

Padgett, Chris

Speak in your whispers, yet
love me the same,
Wrap me in wings of comfort
that tears can't absolve,
See through the struggles were
new paths evolve,
your silence lies down beside
me with only repetitive breath,
bask in the gentle touch of my
fingers caress,
share in the laughter as we dance
in the rain,
the joy of two people, is all I ask
to obtain,
come to me angel with spirit of
our two souls,
the sum of two parts is much
greater than whole



Hallo there boy
You're just a child
Play on the fluffy cloud
In the air.
Think of nothing.

Until you fall
Fall a man
Live a man
Die a man

And the tall ones, they all say:
Enjoy your time here, little one
While you can...
Before we come to take you away.

When you will fall
Fall a man
Live a man
Die a man.

You pay no heed
You want to rebel
So you don't enjoy your time, and play.
You think instead
And you think
And think
SO THINK

And those thoughts will weigh you down
And the tall ones will come again
To bind you with your own thoughts.
The weight will grow
And grow
You are too heavy for the cloud,
You will crash down to the ground below.
And you will scream
And you will shout
And you will protest with all your might-,

So you fall
Fall a man
Live a man
Die a man

Crash into the mud below
Have a moment to recuperate.
Just a moment.
No more than a moment-,

Life drags you upward again

Your thoughts:
They will run like iron in your marrow
Like thin veins inside your eyes
They fill every crevice of your brain
Slosh like acid in your skull
Intertwine with your soul.

Ideas flourish. So then for a moment,
But a moment,
You live, live a man.

Then you die.
Good-bye.



Boy Was on a Cloud

Abdul, Ayah Rauf



My Future

Mwalisansa, Elizabeth

I think more a bout my future
I can't understand my future
I see that future is very difficult

Why Can't You

Tran, Lya

Why can't you ever be true to you and to me.
You tell me everything I want to hear but nothing you mean.
You always make me sad but you never know.
You never cared although you say you do.
Am I wrong to believe you all the time?
Am I wrong to think you can change?
Why can't you be like the others?
The ones that tell the truth.
The ones that are nice and are there for you
when they say they would.
The ones that care for you like someone they care about.
Not just leaving them alone feeling sad and depressed.
You say nothing you mean and it hurts to find out
who you really are.

The Loyal Servant

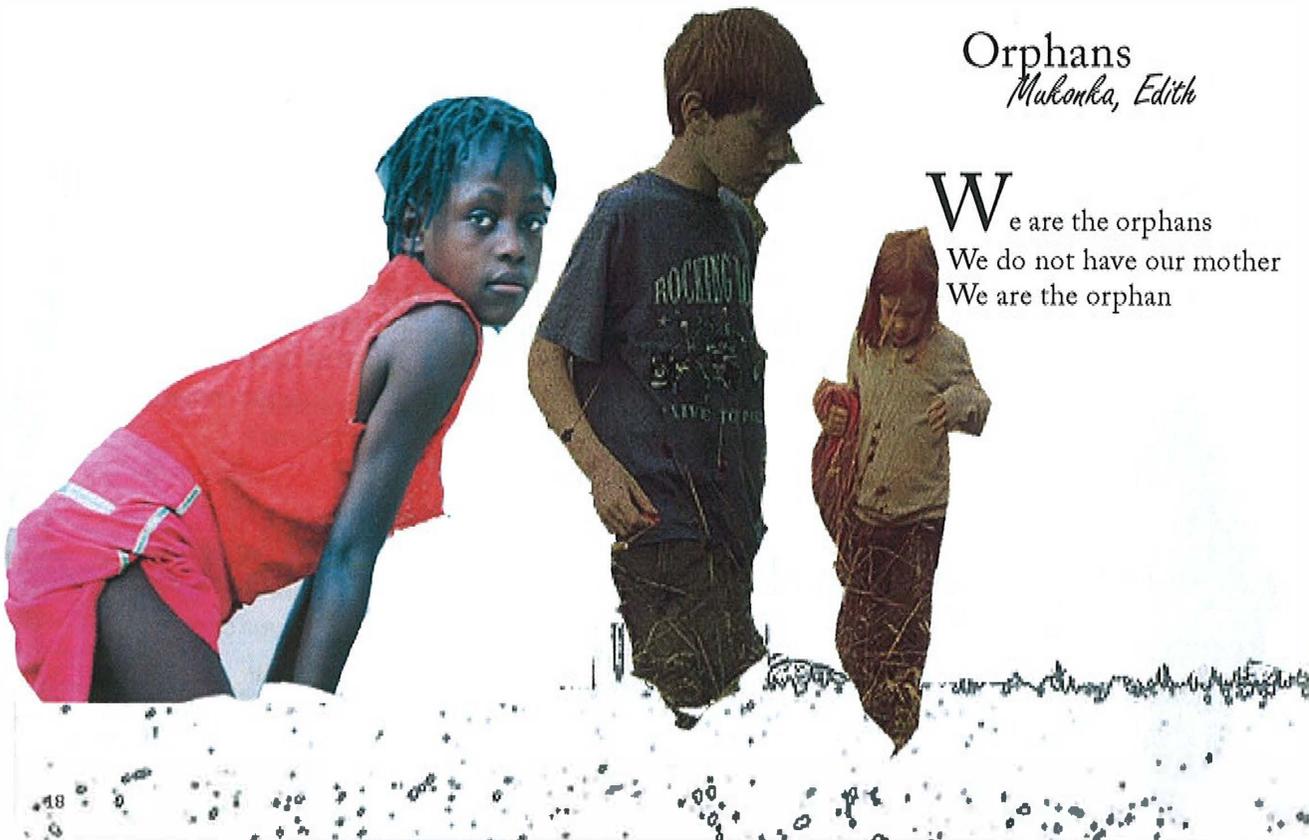
Lady Spritzzy

I am the loyal servant
To a darker kind of master
When asked bout our lord,
My brethren bow their heads
in shame
While I raise my head in pride
And my twin does the same.
But then my twin abandoned us
And left me in the dark.
While my master sent me
To go find the traitor's mark.
My twin proved the better
And defeated me with ease.
And went to kill my Master
swift as a breeze.

Orphans

Mukonka, Edith

We are the orphans
We do not have our mother
We are the orphan

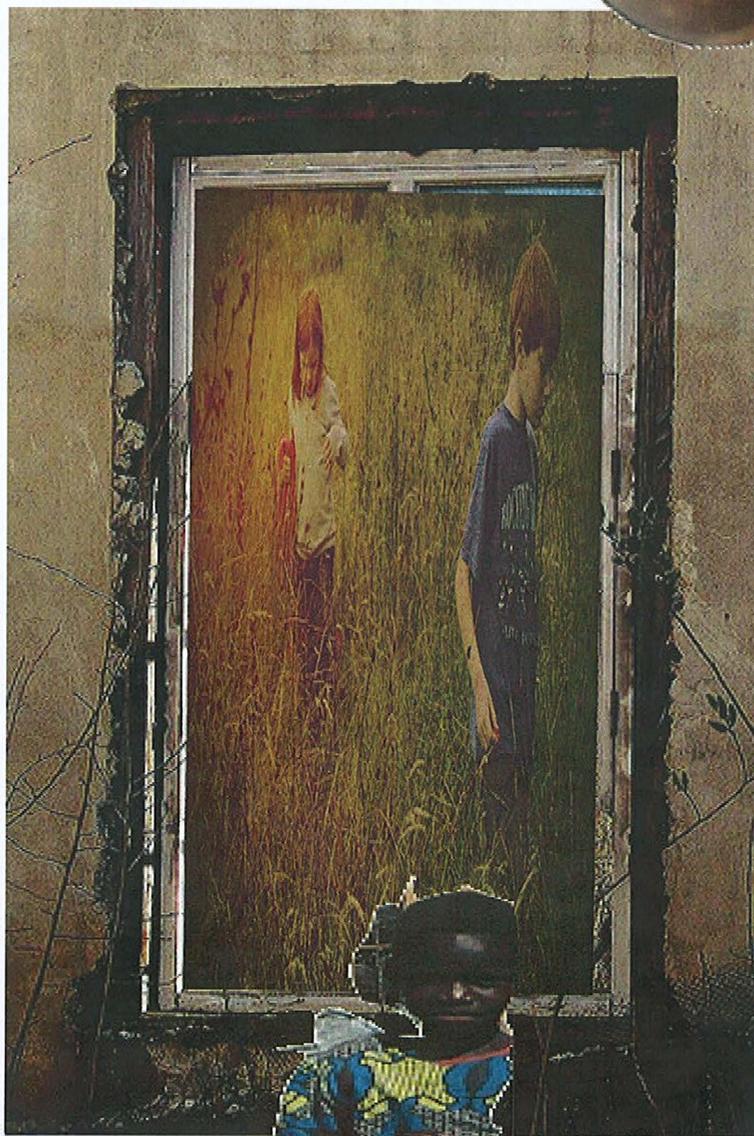


Forgotten

Sabit, Lena

Forgotten by their own,
Forgotten by the world,
To a place farther than
disaster
Only to see more.

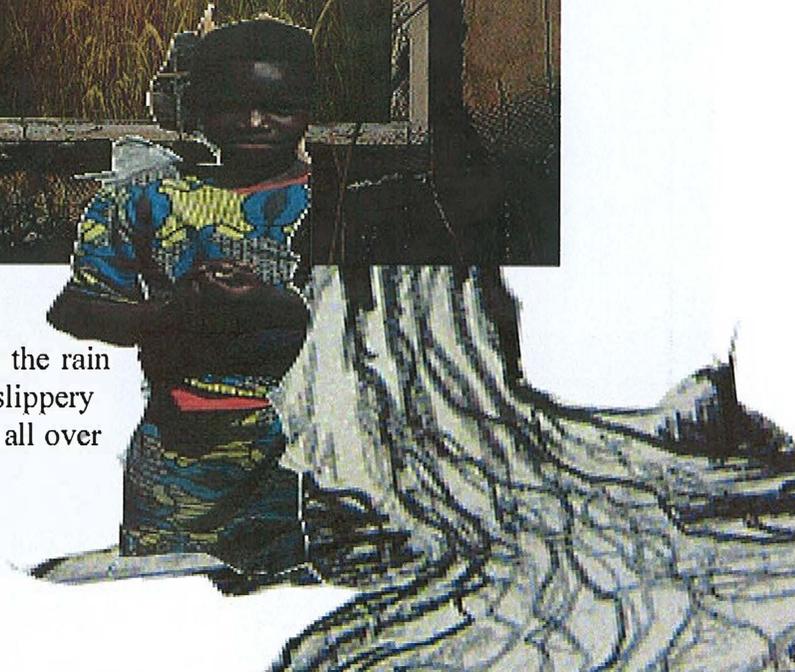
Peril in the ocean and in the
wind
Has left them lost.
Bright and lively no more,
No more faces of affection.

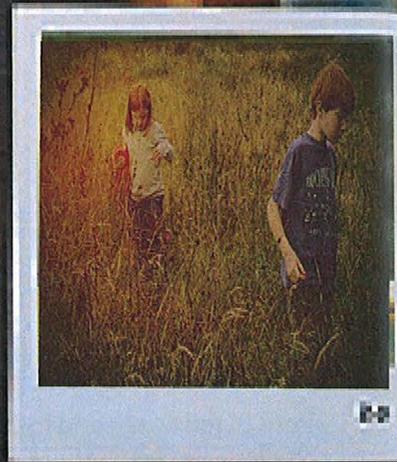


Rain Season

Sapilinga, Edward

Drop, drop went the rain
Wet ground is so slippery
Here comes green all over





Ebullient
Claxton, Haley

The world comes to life,
As a new day dawns;
The freeze is now over,
Frosty winter now gone.

The creatures all wake
From their deep sleep,
Now through the land
Does warmth truly seep.

Birds start to chirp,
The sun lights the sky,
The breeze, now calmer,
Begins to gently sigh.

The earth is excited,
To be so alive.
Now on the tree
Bees buzz through their hive.

All living are prepared
To begin now anew,
As in each morning
Ground is covered with dew.

The brook is now bubbling,
And ready to send,
The otter, who's swimming,
Up 'round its bend.

Nature sings out,
Until cold comes and burns;
But don't ever fear.
Spring's lion returns.

Bodies Revealed: A Non-Linear Essay

Ladd, Candace



*

“I am going on a diet,” she announced.

“But McKenzie, you’re only six! Besides, you’re beautiful!” I shot back.

“But,” she insisted, “I need to lose weight.”

“No, you do not. I’m your nanny, I know these things. Now eat your lunch.”

Later that day, we watched an episode of Hannah Montana. In the silence, after I turned off the television, McKenzie sighed and said, “I wish I could look like her.”



My friend Angel is three, adorable, and innocent. Whenever someone tells her she’s pretty she blushes and says, “I know.”

Her confidence in herself is astounding, the kind only a small child can have.

How do we lose that?

*

7th Grade: A One-Act Play

Act 1, Scene 3

School Bathroom.

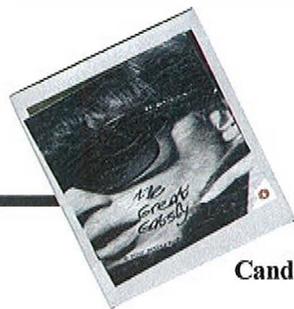
Three girls stand in front of a mirror, primping.

Skinny Sami turns to side, pinches skin on stomach:
‘Ugh, I am so fat. I need to lose like ten pounds’

Perfect Paige fluffs perfect hair:
‘My hair is so frizzy and disgusting’

Candace looks at her weary hair and less than flat stomach, and says nothing.

Fade to Black



*

I remember the first time I found out about calories. I was around the age of six, eating a mac-and-cheese lunch with my family. I reached for a second spoonful, and my mother said, "Honey, you don't need that."

"Why, Mom?"

"Because it has lots of these things called calories and the doctor said you don't need to eat as many."

This information astounded me. I'd always thought I was normal, maybe even perfect. Like Adam and Eve after the fall, my world had shifted.

Ever since that day, I have been plagued by the feeling of being more, yet less. I felt more chubby than I should be, yet somehow less of a person. It's ludicrous, but I accepted this more-yet-less paradox to be true.

*

Women who think they're beautiful complain about their looks, knowing someone will contradict them.

Women who dislike the way they look rarely gripe, for they fear someone will agree.



*

One in every 2,500 female babies is born with Turner Syndrome. According to kidshealth.org, Turner Syndrome probably occurs when part of the X chromosome is missing. Women with this condition grow to an average of 4 foot 7 and never go through puberty without medical treatments.



In a society where women are defined by their bodies, those with Turner Syndrome face many challenges. The abnormal have never been treated well in any culture, particularly image-obsessed America. How could the life of a woman with the body of a prepubescent girl differ from others? I don't know how it would affect personal relationships, but her job options would likely be limited. Certainly, she couldn't get a job like a news anchor or a TV personality, no matter how qualified. Television is fixated on the young and the beautiful, and, while women with Turner Syndrome certainly look young, they don't fit the ideal of beauty.

*

I will never get Botox. I think you can really tell a lot about a person by their wrinkles. Some people have a "W" of lines stamped on their forehead between their eyebrows, a mark of consistent worrier. Chronic smokers have little pucker lines scattering out from their lips, a signal they've spent a lifetime cradling cigarettes. The kind of wrinkles I want are laugh lines: deep creases fanning from my eyes, half moons framing my smile. Worry never changes anything, and smokin makes me cough, but laughter is a legacy I want carved into my features.



Night Rain

Marquez, Julia

You listened, drifting
in that half asleep
dream world-

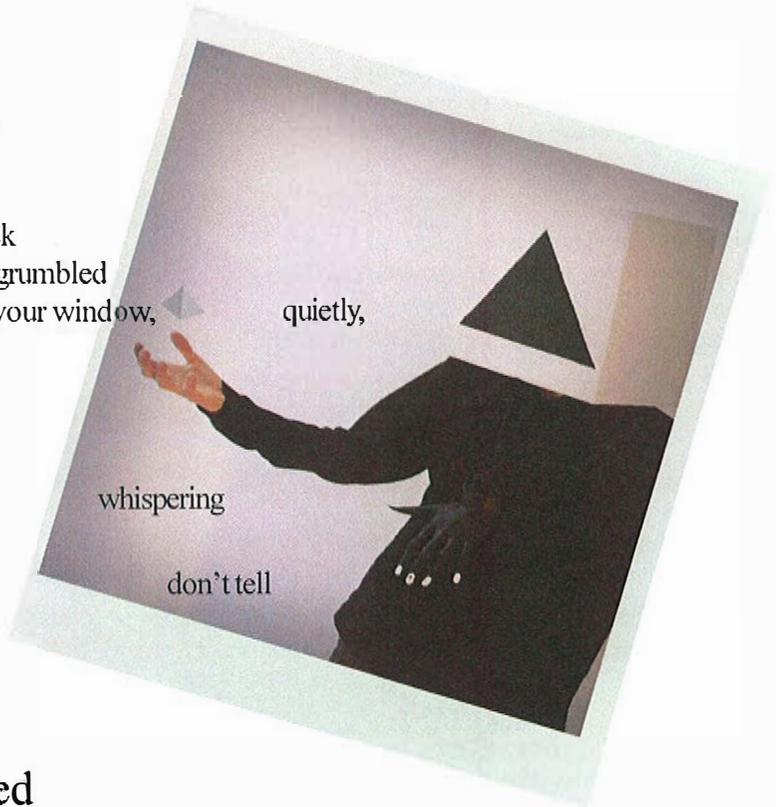
a tiger roared

a brave tree fell,
crashing

and black
thunder grumbled
outside your window, quietly,

whispering

don't tell



Untitled

Reene, Jon

A poem should be equal to what I find engaging

the way the scene keeps shifting around
The first couple stanzas thrown down
For all of a sudden the iron mask represents
The barrier between the author and me
distorting reason from my intrigued mind
Deeper and deeper I search for meaning
immediately the poem embraces my kind
giving me dreams of this very clear picture
The sands of time now run out on glass
as my image of this poem shatters like glass

There is little doubt, however, that
his name preyed upon his mind.



I saw your name in lights last night,
 like the stars formed together and spelled it out, just for me
 a neon sign, in pinks and greens
 it's the middle of the night and i
 can't sleep.
 My mind wandering
 running
 racing
 thoughts of you crashing through my body
 like thunder
 with the shock of lightning



The Mess I Made

I'm looking for a trash can,
Melia, Micah
 I'm looking for a broom.
 I need to get a move on
 I have to leave this place soon.
 But I can't find the door anymore
 I can't leave this place,
 Cause of all the mess I've made
 Caught up in the chase.
 Now I'm looking for a dustpan,
 But maybe all I need is you.

Thunder

Boehm, Grace



The All Powerful Dream

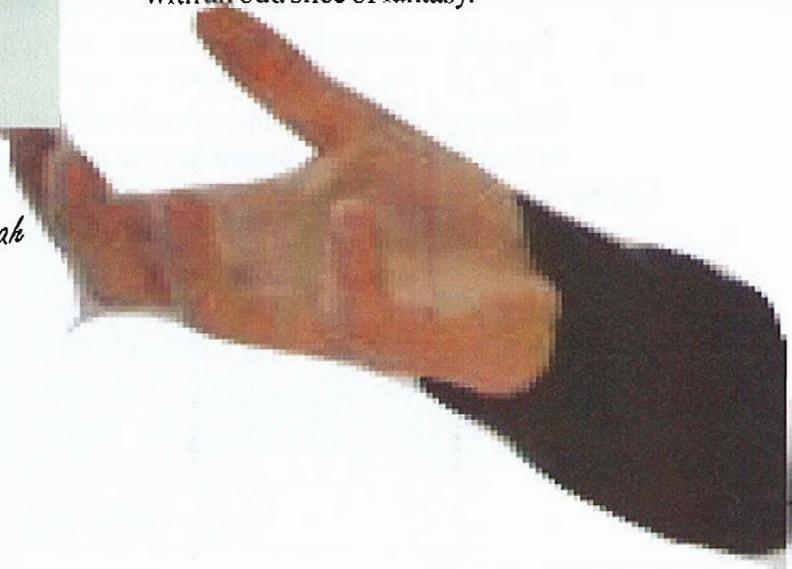
Sabit, Lena

With such dexterity I make a world of my own.
 Only here can I hew my imagination with intense zeal
 To create greater imagination.
 Here we see a prodigy that is us.

It seems that with no exertions,
 Through the haze it is evident,
 That our blithe thoughts can come together
 Even in joviality but never be arid.
 Our blithe thoughts are imbued in an extra
 color of fervor.

Sometimes I am aghast in consternation.
 Sometimes I solely see content thoughts.
 But when I wake, like in an act of larceny,
 The dream of my own is taken away.

I act like a tracer and find if I open the back
 door it is not gone,
 Only blocked by a masonry which my bolting
 contemplation
 Can muster power and be gold.
 All my troops muster in the light
 to sweep up the twisted dream
 And I am often left confused
 with an odd slice of fantasy.



How They Used to Say Goodbye

Ashley, Erin



“The End.”

Manda finished and set voluptuous book

back in its place on the shelf. She picked up the four worn dolls that had been her audience and trotted down the stairs from the attic. She walked into the kitchen, past her grandfather baking cookies, and over to the refrigerator. Standing on her toes she read the

schedule that was taped to the front: 1:00 PM, play at creek.

“I’m going outside!” Manda cuffed in her shrill voice, and ran out the screen door before anyone could say otherwise. She trotted around the porch, over the skipping stones, down the cliff and to the zigzagged treeline. This time of year clouds gathered above the watchtowers and the first wisps of fog caught in the branches.

Manda ducked inside the roots of the the paper birch tree and crawled up to where a worn blanket was spread on the ground. She laid her dolls out carefully on the dirt, rearranging them until she was satisfied.

“You guys are going to be leaving today; you’re going home with Jenna. If you need anything we’re just going to the far side of town. I know you want to come, but mama said you have to stay here. I’m too old to play with toys, I have to grow up. We can talk for an hour, then I have to go, and I’ll leave you here.”

Manda sat very still then, and to anyone else it would have looked like she was daydreaming.

It wasn’t long before her name was being called, and Manda got up and crawled back the way she had come. This time each step she took was thought out, no longer bouncing forward. She walked across the dry, weedy lawn, past the fallen shingles from the roof and over to the putrid truck carrying their belongings.

Her grandfather looked up hopefully as she came around the corner, but his face fell when he saw her. He passed her a bag of cookies and she hugged him stiffly, just like mama did.

Manda climbed up and sat in the car, just so, and waited patiently. When mama and the driver came out she watched them talk to her grandfather. He didn’t speak much, and eventually they came to the car. It was quiet while they pulled out of the driveway, and Manda turned to watch her grandfather. He was already out of sight, and Manda wished she could have said goodbye like she used to.



You may think that color paints the Earth, but really you're wrong.
The things we say have been the culprits all wrong
Take this book, take a look inside,
Don't you see the things we should use with pride?
They fill our hearts, our minds, our soul,
You can't fill all of them in a bowl.
There are so many, so unique and wonderful,
And we should watch which ones we use when our minds are full.
Painting rainbows, coloring faces,
They put us all in the right places.
We learn from them,
They create people, ones who write, ones who draw, ones who hem.
What is this magic paint?
None other than words...

The World's Paint
Tulloch, Bailey



Plea for Goodness

The world is a spinning ball of darkness
when there is no light.
The answers are hidden in a lying mess
when there is no truth.

The happiness is crying
mournful tears
when there is no joy.
The bravery is retreating
from its fears
when there is no strength.

The meaning is lost
before it's found
when there is no quest.
The free are not
struggling as they're
bound
when there is no hope.

The light that's
darkening,
the truth that's hiding,
the joy whose breath's
been drawn,
the bravery that's gone,
the meaning with no role,
the free who have no
soul—
they need you.

The world would be
a spinning ball of
darkness
if it wasn't for the light.

Writing as a Form of Escape

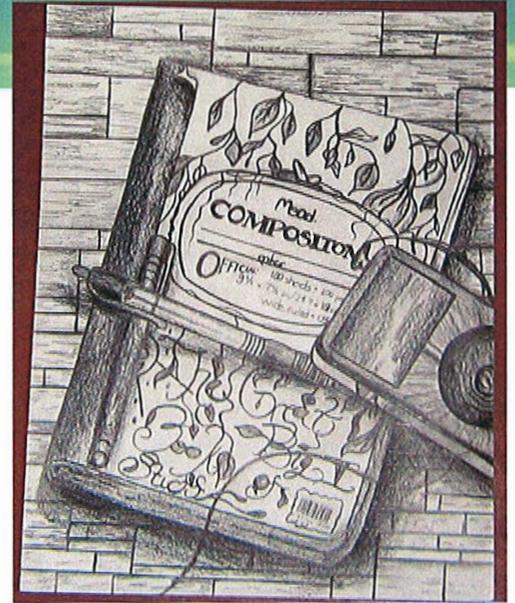
They say I write to escape
That I let the words flow like droplets
of water
Swept along in a strong current
Tumbling
Gushing
To get away.

I wonder what I am escaping from.
Why I sit here for so long,
Holding onto the words
As if they were more than letters
Written
On paper.
As if they could take me away.

They say that I write my pain
Into non-existent people's lives,
Their agony all too familiar,
Their tears,
My tears,
To numb that pain.

I wonder how exactly it numbs the
pain,
Why I continue writing other's lives,
Until the waterfall of words
Crashes down
And cascades
Over my reality.

I do not write to get away.
I write to bind the chains
Around my hands
Until
I cannot tell
Which world I am escaping from
And which one is fiction.

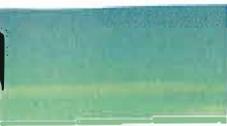


Fault Line

Nine in the morning
And the crack between us widens.
A low rumbling starts in my chest
Where my heart used to be,
Growing louder and stronger until
I'm shaking
With silent rage.

The fault line gapes
Tearing up my insides.
Once my pain was your agony.
Now it is your laughter.
I listen to your laughter until
I'm crying
With silent rage.

Ten in the morning
And I've had enough of us.
The door echoes when it slams
The sound of an earthquake.
The rumbling consumes me until
I'm dying
With silent rage.



featured writer.

Rachel Franklin, 13



What inspires you?

Emotions. Definitely emotions. I know it's a cliché answer but it's true. My writing is more based around characterization, dialogue, and relationships than descriptions and so I draw most of my inspirations from an overactive imagination and things that I feel. I like to think that I've got a pretty good life, which makes powerful emotions harder. But my writing is like a magnifying glass—I take something I've felt and enlarge it enough to make others feel it, too.

If you had to pick one word to describe yourself, what would it be?

In different social settings I choose "writer", but that's kind of generic right now. So I'll say "escapist". Writing is about escaping reality by throwing yourself into it. And it's very ironic in this.

Some of your favorite books?

My all-time favorite book would have to be a tie between Fahrenheit 451, by Ray Bradbury, because of his unearthly use of language, and The Complete Works of William Shakespeare, because no matter how "old and stuffy" it's supposed to be, he captures the human condition perfectly.

How did you get involved with the library?

I went to one of the writing clubs and enjoyed it immensely. Eventually I started going every month. I've wanted to be published in elementia since fourth grade.

What are your hobbies?

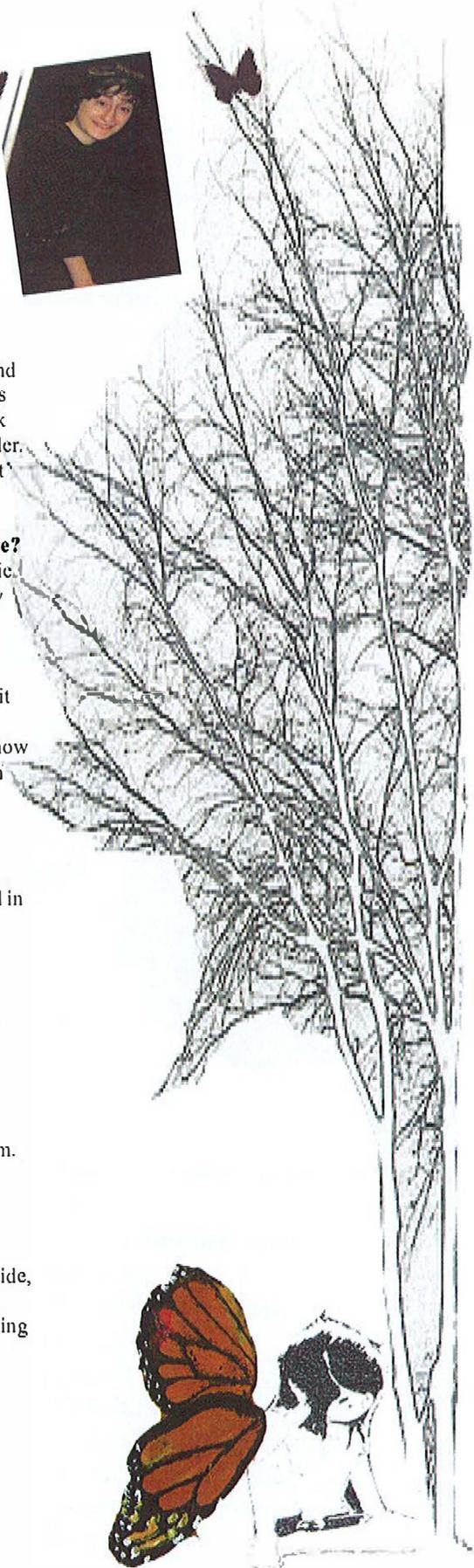
If I say "writing", are you going to shoot me? Okay, other than noveling, poetrying, and shortstorying, I read, photomanipulate, and Israeli folk dance.

Where do you see yourself in five years?

Hopefully, fresh out of high school and applying for college. Even more hopefully, getting into the U of Iowa's creative writing program. And still writing up a storm.

If you could sit down with a teenager from another country, say London or Argentina, what would you say about your life?

I didn't know London was a country! Okay, smart-alecky answers aside, I live. I breathe. I eat. I sleep. I write. I'm not quite sure in what order I place their importance. Writing comes a little bit before eating and sleeping, and barely after breathing.

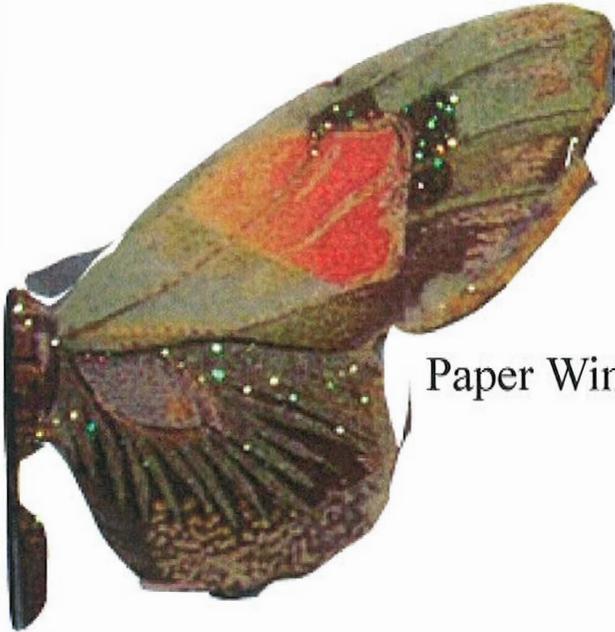




Between the Lines

Dickinson, Eric

Behold the cage in the papers lines
Where history will stay behind
A prison for my free thoughts
Where my free words are being caught
In my wonder for my own ways
I wonder where my words will stay



Paper Wings

Karner, Rachel

In that worn book
With its black etched pages
Scribble marked paths
You chose through the ages
Even pages wished forgotten
Outnumber those loved
Paper wings ripped out
And thrown fluttering up above
Maybe, you will realize
Later in a day
It was really your wings
That you threw away

Library

Miguel, Maddie



My mind is a library
Sorted thoughts of countless words
Memories of different years
Information stored upon thousands of shelves
One little push on one of the shelves
And they will all collapse like dominos
Falling on top of each other violently
Scattering everything
Simply everything
One little splash of lies
Will clash with all the truth in my head

Y ou don't know us,
Unless you've been there,
We live differently,
We live our ways,
We fight our ways,
We make our own decisions,
Without parents,
Without any real danger,
But you see it all as danger,
We know it's a computer,
We know the danger,
We know the safety,
All we want to do is be left alone,
We want our world untouched,
You tear all meaning from us,
When you touch our world,
In the real world,
People treat us like mist,
So we think we have no purpose,
You don't understand,

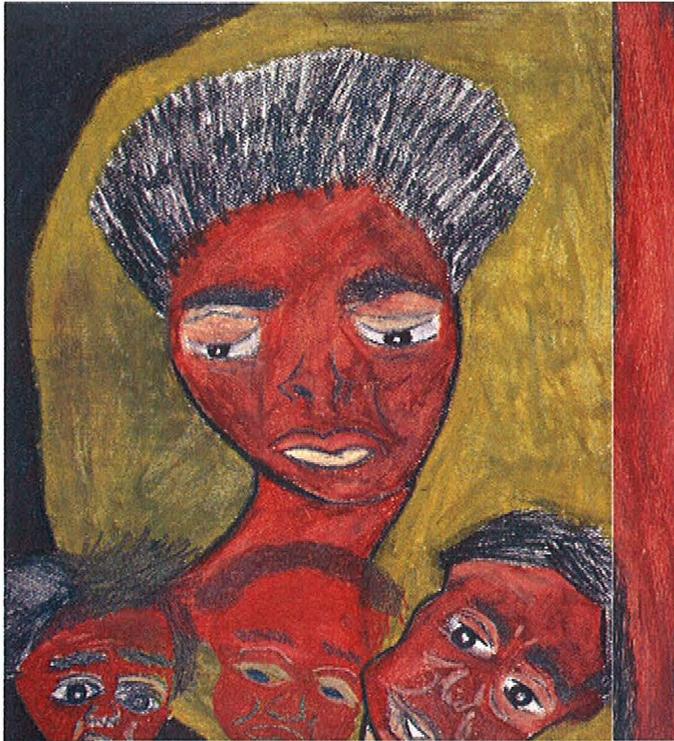
Our World

Mock, Abbey



Day after day we have to make life worth living,
We have to rely on someone,
We rely on each other,
When we get on the computer,
You're taking it all away,
Why would you do that?
Yes,
I am one of those people,
The people you think that are weird,
I used to have a place,
With all the friends I could ever want,
The ones that were almost like me,
The ones who actually talked to me,
The ones who did not stare,
We are people,
Just like you,
Just different interest,
We want to be treated the same,
But we don't,
So we create our own worlds,
On the computers,
Where you put us,
The geeks,

The dweebs,
And all the names you created
for us,
You say now that we have
meanings,
But what are you really
thinking?
You just feel sorry for us,
We don't want your pity!
We don't want to be normal,
We want to be different,
Just accepted for who we are,
Is that so hard to ask?



Jenkins, Hannah
The Everyday Zombie

How do some falsely proclaim to

lie down to sleep in prayer, with a
right heart and mind.

And yet they arise with anger and
strife. Storming with hatred, even
though the sun is bright and shining.
Their soul is black as night.

Disappointment of the mind, built up
over time. And turned to frustration,
which grew to anger, finally becoming
HATRED.

Over process of time, the hatred beats
you down. Eventually it burns a hole into
the middle of your chest. And it's all
over before you know it. Life is over, and
you didn't really live. You walked around
dead inside. You were the everyday zombie.

The Arts are a Religion

Graham, Alex

The congregation; working actors,
writers, dancers, and painters looking
for inspiration

The ministry; museum curators,
storytellers, and teachers that spread
the word

The saints; those who made
sacrifices for art's sake and are
forever embedded in history

The chants and choruses; rock
ballads, classical scores, and disco
fever that inspire the masses

The deities; old masters who are
honored for their art and have
become household names

They symbols of faith; the theater
masks, the paintbrush, the pen, the
microphone, the dance shoes

The holy books; texts by those such
as Shakespeare, Charles Dickens,
Langston Hughes, and Sylvia Plath
whom we revere

The naysayer; critics, book burners
The holy water; the coffee and tea
that fuels artists through the long,
strained hours when there are no
good ideas

The founders; early people who first
spun tales, created the paintings,
danced around a fire, and acted out
the story

The belief; art is a way of life worth
living, anyone can create and anyone
can destroy a creation, art is practice
and true works are those worked at, it
is an expression of a soul brimming
with creativity, true art will never die

Big Brother *Williams, Robert*

My big brother was shot and killed
late night October 17th
At a house party just relaxing
trying to do his thing
Got into an Altercation but decided to
walk away
But the oppose continued agitating all out
of his rage
They got into a scuffle that's when 7 shots
rang out
Took 4 to the stomach 2 to the chest and 1 to the neck
Got the call early morning that following day
Had an un-believable astonishment that fell upon me
Time had froze I was stuck between the tics of the clock
I'm trying to keep my head up but I'm not 2pac
My hero had fallen down my undefeatable had been defeated
His life was stolen from him and I'm wondering for what reason
He is the reason that I am who I am
today
Rest in Peace big bro I'll catch you
another day



Keep Safe *Synder, G.F.*

A call is a call as a body will fall,
And all through it all the men will stand tall.
To service the call is to liven the brawl.
On their bellies they crawl while the others may stall.
We remember them all whose names paint the wall.
Their duties once called, and answered by all.
Please keep to your duties and keep to the call.
But leave rest our children, stay out of their halls.
They need not be called and remove-ed the shawl,
And shown of a world more vivid than small.
Leave rest them all and answer your call,
So that they may be safe and grow up tall.
One day, perhaps they'll be ready to brawl
And once children now men will answer the call.
But for now keep them safe from the call
Keep them safe from this world; keep them safe from us all.



A Love Overpowers Evil

Miguel, Maddie

An ordinary villager was he
Poor and only twenty-three
He's name was Benjamin
And the princess's heart he wished to win
The Princess he so wanted to have
But knowing his chances, he grew sad

Then one day a knight asked for her hand
Promised her love, trust, and romance
She did not love him, she was unsure
Of the way this knight courted her
He seemed to be hiding something behind his grin
An evil plan formulating within
The knights' evil plan was this
To kill her after their wedding kiss
The princess, not knowing his plan, agreed
The knight was becoming very pleased

Late one night before the wedding day
Benjamin heard of the princess's name
He tipped toed to the people talking
Feeling like a lion stalking
He hid behind a wagon filled with hay
Heard the knights evil plan this way

The knight talked of how to kill his bride
Should he poison her or use a sharp knife
But then he thought of the most perfect way
To take her home after the wedding and say
"Let us celebrate and have some wine.
Cheers to you, my beautiful bride"
He'll put the poison in and let her drink
Until she faints into a deadly sleep
Then he'll make up a story of her dying
As he begins falsely crying
If it works he'll gain her kingdom, and crown
And have all of her people bow down
To him their very new king in power
As he raises their taxes growing richer each hour

After hearing all this Benjamin went into a rage
At this knight to whom the Princess was engaged
Benjamin wanted to protect the princess from this foe
So he formed a clever plan of his own

In the morning on the wedding day
Of all things it began to rain
Thunder and lightening the sky seemed to roar
It was as if the gods were telling him to be warned
Of the dark act the knight would do this day
If the princess, would not be saved

A loud boom rang throughout the church
As the priest was on his final verse
The knight impatiently waited for that time
When the priest said "you may kiss the bride"
He gave her a quick peck
Picked her up and left
But Benjamin stopped the knight in mid-step
Scared, he swallowed and said
"I know of your evil plan dear knight
And I wish to fight you, for I love your wife
I might be poor and only twenty-three
And compared to you I'm fairly weak
But my heart is big and my love is strong
And without her I simply can't go on"
He set her down gently, and picked up his blade
And Benjamin began to fear he would be slain
But he scrounged up confidence and began to fight
All for the love of this knights new wife
The knight was fierce with no mercy
Benjamin was defending himself with no hurry
He just blocked every blow the knight made
And a smile started to spread on his face
He felt as though he could really win this fight
Even before the day turned to night
But then all of the sudden by complete surprise
After the knight got that strange look in his eyes
He stabbed poor Benjamin in the chest
And he fell to ground in distress
The knight chuckled evilly at his pain
And instantly thought he had just won the game
So while his back was turned and unaware
Benjamin leaped up as he was unprepared
He stabbed him in his back until it bleed
Took back his sword and left him dead

After this dreadful fight
He just looked at the dead knight
Until the princess came to him
Smiling she looked at him and said
"Oh thank you so much for saving my life
I never ever wanted to be his wife
Your courage is that of a lions
And your heart is as big as giants
Never have I met a great man like you
With such strength, passion and virtue"
He smiled when he heard her say this
And pulled her close to him and gave her a kiss
Benjamin has found his happy ending
And also a new beginning
For a new happy life he was to ingress
With his new wife, the princess

Who turned off the lights?

Arnold, Rachel

Zachary sighed and put a hand to his forehead. He took off his glasses and rested his head on his arm, wishing he could find even one decent actor. He and the writer and the director of the film had been here at the studio for hours, watching failure after failure prance across the audition stage. This was a low budget film, so even though he had managed to get a few well known actors for the leading roles, they still had to go through many inexperienced unknowns before the supporting roles were filled. So far, all three of them were frustrated and exhausted with nottrng to show for their efforts.

The director waved off another completely horrible attempt at acting and stood up with a sigh. He pulled on an overcoat and shuffled some papers into his briefcase with an air of fatigue. "Let's call it a night, fellas. Zach, you see if there are any more auditions signed up for tomorrow." Shoving one hand into his pocket he trudged out the door. The writer gave Zach a pathetic, gloomy look before tipping his hat and shuffling the same way the director exited. Zachary just sat there for a moment, looking around the desolate studio for a moment. In due time, he gathered his things and shrugged into his collared wool coat. He fitted his newsboy cap over his nappy blonde hair and cast another glance around the infernal place before he began heading for the door. He lingered at the exit only long enough to switch off the lights and watch the studio darken.

It was interesting how the first section of lights would slowly dim until they had completely shut off, and the instant they had gone dark, the next section immediately began to dim. That's sort of how he felt about his life sometimes. All the lights in his life used to be shining, illuminated, in perfect working condition. He had graduated college, married the girl he loved, and gotten a job in Hollywood. He was well known, respected loved. But then someone started tuning off the lights. His wife divorced him for some actor, and in turn, his job went down the drain. Soon, no one wanted to see Zachary Stoll movies-they just weren't Hollywood quality. He got fired after his third catastrophe of a movie, so he packed up his things and moved all the way up to New York City.

Now a small films producer, he had yet to find a masterpiece to revive his career. He had been hoping that this would be his salvation-the screenplay was fantastic, the director pretty successful. But this drawback of having to audition amateurs was a trying process. Zach felt tired all the time, bone weary, broken. Who turned off the lights? He wondered. Who could turn them back on? His hand still rested on the switch and he toyed with the idea of reilluminating the building. Nah, he decided, it would take too long and electricity was expensive. He pulled up the collar of his jacket and went into the chilly night, shutting the door on the dark, taunting building.

I stared at the adorable stuffed plush donkeys on the shelf. "Do you think I should get one for Tommy?" my aunt asked me, thinking about adding another plushy to her dog's collection. We were in line for the cable cars in Santorini. I was so excited to be in Greece, but I'd never heard about Santorini. I wasn't exactly sure what to expect. That morning I had slipped on my light cotton yellow flowered tank top for a Mediterranean feel. I sighed and fanned myself with my tourist map. It was only about 8:30 but it was rocketing up to the low 80's already.

Finally, the car came. We were a party of seven - me, my mom, dad, two aunts, uncle and grandma. Each car could only fit six people, so my aunt (the one with a dog) volunteered to leave our group for a few minutes. I pinned myself on a window seat on the metal bench. I picked a bench that faced the direction we were traveling so that I would be seeing the right things. Suddenly, the car lunged forward and we started going up the mountain to Fira!

A while later, we were looking at an old church. My uncle and I decided to stay outside and look at the view. At times, I admit I can be really ignorant about things. I don't always want to go in old churches and look at the walls. So, I basically sat on a stone bench and stared at some fuschia colored flowers. You might picture this scene as gray and boring! But actually, the sun was shining so brightly. The sky was so blue that I could almost taste it like cool water. I could see the ocean from my spot, and I could barely see our cruise ship out in the middle. We had taken a tender boat to shore because the port was way too small for a fleet of cruise ships to drop an anchor in.

Lunch was on all of our minds, so we looked around for a nice restaurant. Then, I saw it. A beautiful pure white staircase leading up to a cafe. I could see vivid shades of turquoise on large umbrellas, blocking out the sun over the tables. We all decided on this one and we headed up. When I got there, I was breathless. Colorfull foormats underneath clean white couches were spread out over the rooftop cafe.

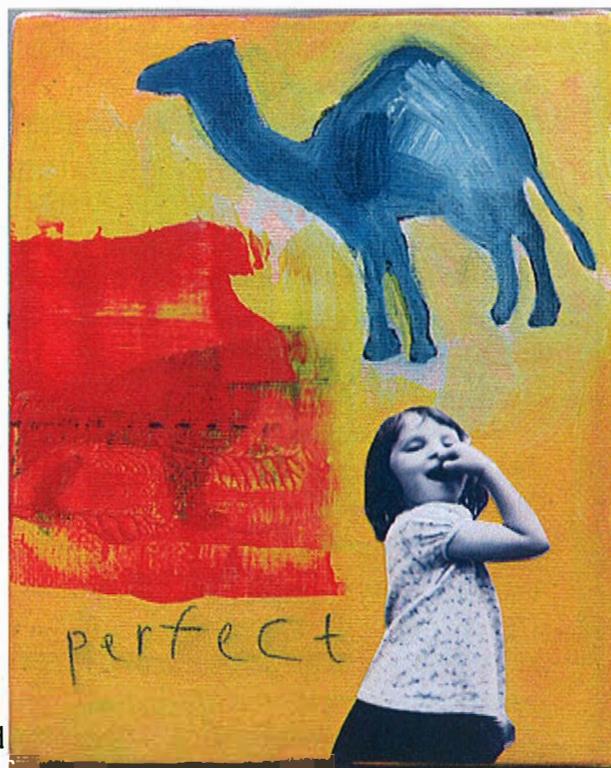
Tuscan-yellow and turquoise pillows were laid out on the couches, and I plopped down on one. The adults ordered some beer and cold cuts. I ordered an Iced Chocolate, and my aunt ventured out to try an Italian Soda. As I sipped my delicious drink, I sighed. This was the perfect place.

Out of Breath

an essay on travel *Dew, Iris*

I grabbed some lettuce and cherry tomatoes from the cold cuts plate. I popped a tomato in my mouth. A sudden burst of flavor filled my mouth. It was crisp, sweet, and fresh. I bit into the lettuce. In stead of an odd raw-greens taste, I got a fresh and crunchy symphony oftastes in my happy mouth.

Later that afternoon while my fresh Grecian vegetables were digesting, we went to another place called Oia. There, we would see the three beautiful blue church domes that are always pictured on postcards. I was excited to get some snapshots to bring home to my friends.



After the long bus drive precariously whipping around winding mountain roads, we arrived at Oia. Many people were surrounding me. People yelling in different languages - I think I heard some Spanish, French, Japanese, and bits of English - were closing in on me as I looked around for my family.

Finally we found each other and started walking the long way to the famous trio of blue domes. We saw a church with simple but beautiful designs. There were two poles on either side, blue and white swirling together into the sky.

Santorini is famous for its pure white buildings and blue church roof tops, and every afternoon they repaint them to preserve their beauty. The pretty resort I saw was still wet with white paint, so I made sure not to touch it as I looked around for my picture area.

My aunt walked down some steps, and waved at us with her hands. I followed her down and she notified us that she saw one of the blue domes. My parents told me to stay where I could see them as I gingerly stepped down the steep white steps. Then, two more beautiful blue domes appeared in front of my eyes. I sucked in some air - this was not what I had been expecting.

This was no postcard. It was better. I could hardly breathe as I took in the beauty of the three domes and the pure blue sky and the wonderful white buildings.

A few hours later, back on the ship, I scanned through the pictures on my digital camera. I found the part where I'd seen the blue domes. It turns out that I had only taken one picture of that, instead of the many I had planned to take. But I didn't care. Traveling isn't just to take picture-perfect shots. It's for you to appreciate the world and its beauty. And I think I experienced just that.

Never Gone an essay on grieving

Ramaswami, Utsa

A lonely tear gently drifted its way down my cheek. I

wasn't sure if it was because my rabbit, Hopper, had just died, or because my brother, standing next to me, was also crying. At 7 years old, part of me knew that I would miss Hopper, but part of me asked myself why I wasn't mourning, like Keshav.

I tried taking my mind off of it for a while, and started observing my surroundings. The sky was a soft haze of blues, pinks, and oranges. The gentle brushstrokes swept across the canvas of sky in a melancholy manner. I felt at peace, which was strange after such a awful event that seemed to shake my entire family.

My Dad could see that something was troubling me and assumed that it was Hopper passing away.

"It's okay Utsa. We'll all get through it together".

I quickly realized that he had misunderstood, but I was too preoccupied to correct him. Instead, I tried to go back to my previous thoughts, but others started popping into my head: Would we get another rabbit? How would this make me feel? Would I love him more than I did Hopper? These new questions started to flood my mind, making everything foggy and unclear, and pretty soon we were heading back inside from Hopper's backyard funeral.

After less than a month, I had forgotten about those questions and within a year we decided to get a new rabbit. And answers awoke my questions, dusted away the cobwebs, and I realized that I would always miss Hopper, and memories would always come back to me; things that were supposed to happen. I would love this new rabbit, Scope, just as much as I love Hopper, but in a different new way.

What do you see,
when you look at me?
Do you see my different
ethnicities?
I'm Mexican
I'm French
I'm White
TO claim one any of,
Those aren't quite right
I was born on American land
Therefore I am American

What do you see when you look at me? Can you
see my different personalities?

I'm funny
I'm open
I'm kind
Or do you only see the negative, rebellious
side
Wearing and doing what I want
This is not just some front
I don't put on a show for you all to see
This is real,
This is the true me

What do you see when you look at me? How do
you think I'm feeling?

I'm invisible
I'm sensitive
I care
I know you can't see much behind the hair
But it gives you no right to point or stare
When the tears run down my face
My hair makes an easy escape
You may not know why I cry
Because I hide my feelings here... inside
Locking them away for no one to see
I'm the kid in the back small and weak
That's all you can see

So tell me what do you see when you look at
me?
Forget you, I'll tell you what I see
I'm independent
I'm strong
I dream
There's a major difference between you and
me
I love my life for me
I don't live life to impress
I live life to my best
Sleeping, I make all my dreams reality
one goal
one dream
To be seen as something other
than the enemy



Take a Good Look
Ortiz, Michele

The Writer

Rice, Connor

C
reating worlds

The writer does
Is it not?

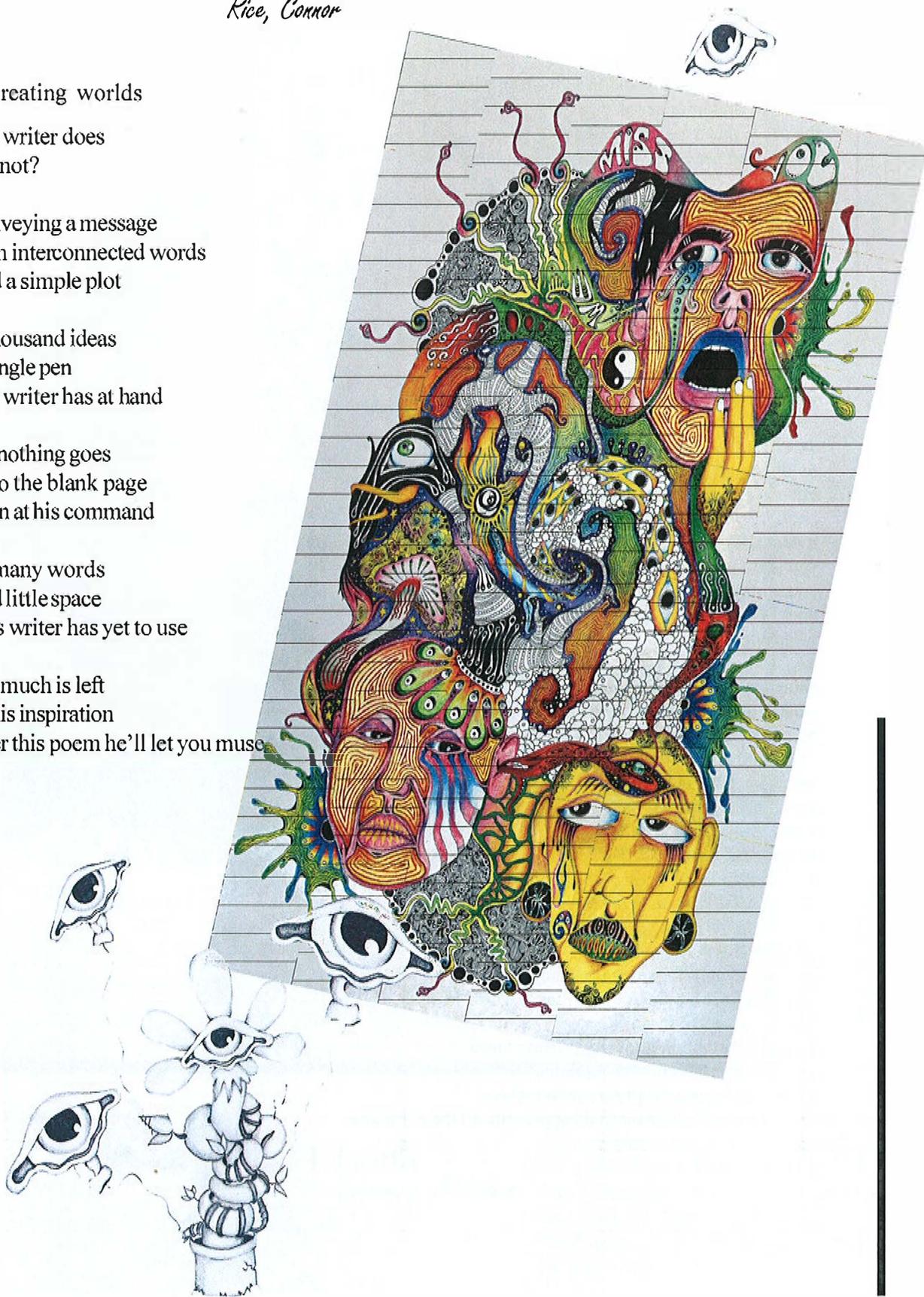
Conveying a message
With interconnected words
And a simple plot

A thousand ideas
A single pen
The writer has at hand

Yet nothing goes
Onto the blank page
Even at his command

So many words
And little space
This writer has yet to use

Not much is left
Of his inspiration
Over this poem he'll let you muse



What if the World Had Peace

Cooke, Tim

chorus

What if the world had peace,
no one in the world would have to sleep wit a piece,
i need to find inter peace,
the peace that's inside of me.
we all need peace its what provides for thee,

chorus x2

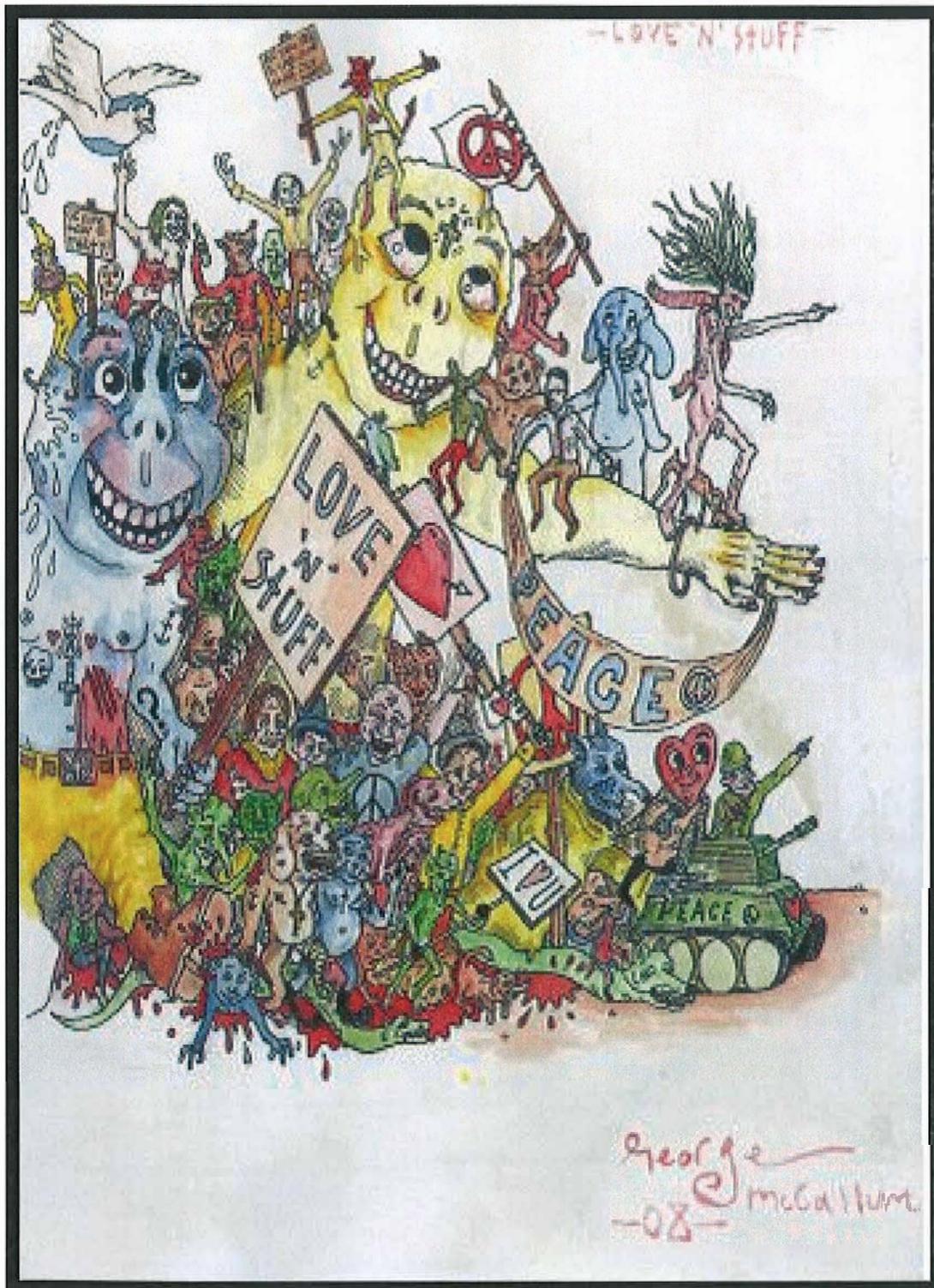
verse 1

we all got peace,
so find it and rock it like a ring,
i rock rings,
but i need to rock my piece so i can provide for me and my family,
i make g's,
but i do it properly,
without makin rocks sellin improperly,
i sell cds,
datz how i make all my gs,
fo all yo gang bangin theres hope fo thee,
prison yards is fillin up hourly,
i believe you can change yo life fo the better see,
it depends on if you wanna change you can do diz thang,
you gotta prove it mane,
you gotta stay committed,
dont fall to pistol gripin,
when comes down to it peoples lives today are slippin,

chorus x2

what if the world had peace,
no one in the world would have to sleep wit a piece,
i need to find inner-peace,
the peace thats inside of me.
we all need peace its what provides for thee,
i am fighting for the streets,
its my phelosophy,
speaking to deeze young cats about geology,
i write deeze rhymes fo my mom and ma dads see,
but you know i write fo yall three,
im fresh from the dead see,
im a money millionaire off my head see,
we lived off of saving things
checks got spent clean,
i always thought that they was being mean,
but because the rent was supreme,
they didnt have enough for me to recieve,
but i dont let it phasc me and i apprecatte all the extra love

that you gave me,



I gotta learn
to be good
I gotta learn
to do right
I gotta keep
my thoughts
straight
and survive

I Gotta

Guerrero, Matthew

another night. I have good thoughts & I have bad thoughts. I gotta empty my brain before it starts to rot. A life well lived...I gotta live it to the fullest. Just because I act bad doesn't mean that I'm the coolest. Please save me... I'm headed down the wrong path. Teach me to do right...it's guaranteed that I'm gonna pass.



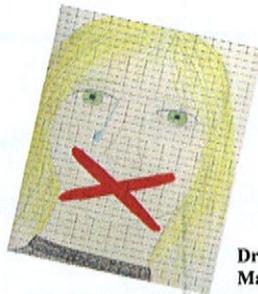
Illustration by Michelle Willard

Thank You

Angela Parks
Jon Nicholls
Dennis Ross
Tommy Gray
Hannah Zimmerman
Sophie Poppie
Leslie Goodwin
Ayah Abdul Rauf
Michelle Willard
Rachel Franklin
Laura Beachy
Patricia Suellentrop
Jennifer Taylor
Linda Kautzi
Brian Oertel
Gene Ann Newcomer
Scott Zerger
Ralph Nardell
Erin Howerton
Jan McConnell
Kelly Sime
Susan Woodruff
Kate Pickett
Dale Johnson
Young Adult Contributors
Central YA Submission Committee
Johnson County Library Foundation

Colophore

This publication was put together using Adobe PageMaker 7.0. All layouts materialized using Adobe PageMaker 7.0. Unless otherwise stated, photographs were acquired through www.flickr.com via creative commons or generously donated Jon Nichols in London, England. Adobe Carlson Pro, Cambria and Freestyle Script were the fonts of choice. Printing was coordinated by Jennifer Taylor via Johnson County Creative Services department.



Drawing by
Maddie Miguel, 16

Disclaimer: This publication may contain controversial material. Kansas law prohibits the suppression of a student-based publication solely because it involves political or controversial subject matter. Johnson County Library & Olathe Public Library and its board members, officers and employees may disclaim any responsibility for the content of this publication; it is not an expression of library policy.



Schools Represented...

Barstow (Kansas City, MO)
Blue Valley North High School
Blue Valley North West High School
Cristo Rey High School (Kansas City, MO)
Holy Cross Catholic School
Indian Woods Middle School
Johnson County Community College
Lee's Summit West High School (Lee Summit, MO)
Lwimba Basic School (Zambia, Africa)
Prairie Trail Middle School
Shawnee Mission East
Shawnee Mission Northwest
Shawnee Mission West
Ten Mile Learning Academy
Thomas Tallis School (London, England)
Olathe East High School
Westridge Middle School
Yeshua Hamasmiad Learning Center (Kansas City, KS)

“Children know that adults
lack the answer to most ques-
tions.”

~Terranie Murphy, Cristo Rey
High School; Kansas City, MO

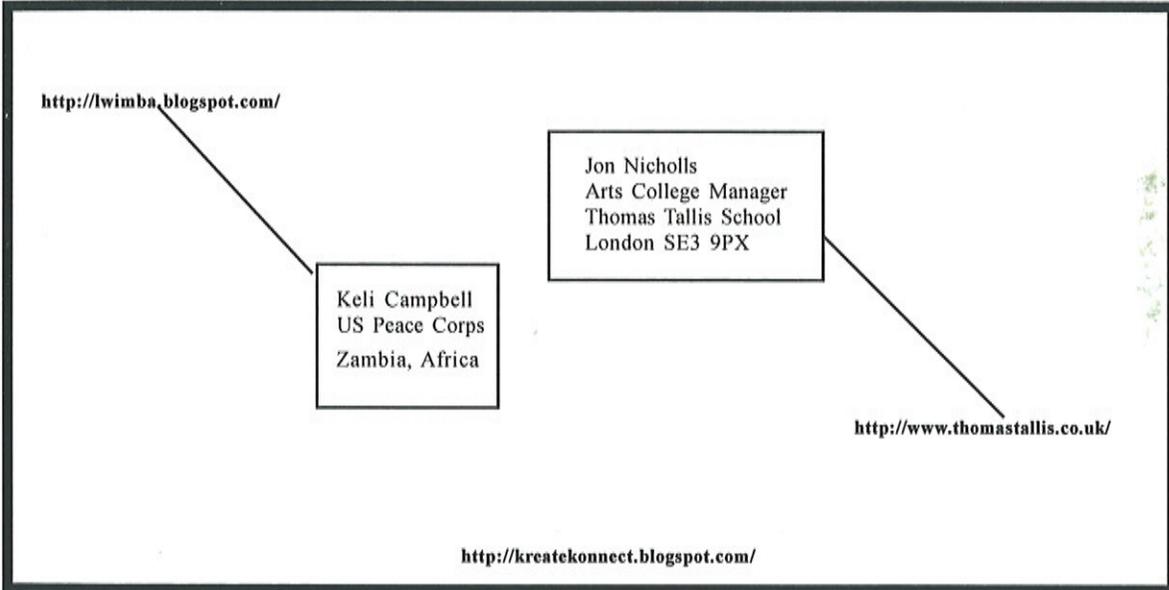


—quote on back cover from: *Pecorino's First Concert*, by Alan Madison and AnnaLaura Cantone

I m sittin' on a swing and I'm talking
to myself while wearing my chocolate
mint licorice peanut butter shoes...
On a desert thinking about other odd
things like yellow flowerpots hidden
under the bed of the boy next door'

Ayah Abdul Rauf, 15
Barstow, Kansas City, MO

special thanks to Jon Nicholls and Keli Cambell...



OlathePublicLibrary
your hometown library

a creative collaboration

 **Johnson County**
Library



"Dearest dumpling, one day your imagination is going to get you into trouble," whispered his mother.

"He would never do that," Pecorino replied.

"We're best friends."

imagine it.



& it can be.