

MGA KNIGHT WRITERS



2024





Middle Georgia State University

presents

Knight Writers

Anthology

2024



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letters

<i>Dear Future Self</i> by Madison Sanders	6
<i>My Goat, Lebron</i> by Preston Lucas	7
<i>My Sunshine</i> by Gavin Foskey	8
<i>Thank You, Jared</i> by Everett C.	9

Narratives

<i>3D Printers</i> by Christopher Barlow	11
<i>Broken Trust</i> by Piper Phillips	12
<i>Greyson's Heartbreak</i> by Jay Faulk	13
<i>I Love Kanye</i> by Aliya Jenkins	14
<i>Perfect Timing</i> by Lily Farrell	15
<i>Pickle</i> by Greyson Arnold	16
<i>Rodney The Squirrel at The Park</i> by Gracie Beck	17
<i>True Love</i> by Josie Lanfair	18
<i>Writer's Block Cavils</i> by Hayden Leverette	19

Poetry

<i>A Poem: Missing Moments</i> by Brody Fleming	21
<i>Castle Dream</i> by Annabelle Land	22
<i>Confused</i> by Joshua Hataway	23
<i>Dodgeball</i> by Henli Jones	24
<i>Heartbreak</i> by Hailey Davis	26

Life's Purpose by Taylor Herndon 27

Made for this Moment by Anna Kate Wall 28

My Fault by Aubrey Bugg 29

My Success by Sarah Collins 30

So, What is Love? by Julia Arnold 32

The Loss We Do Not Like to Share by Madison Teague 33

Foreword

In 2024, Middle Georgia State University students Rebecca Arnold and Trinity Bowie led Wes Young’s Bleckley County High School freshman Honors English students in discussing and writing about a selection of poems that included Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Haunted Palace” and Edgar Guest’s “Keep Going.” Dr. Mary Christian and Professor Marina Spears also led instructional groups. Ann Williams—Assistant Director of Library Services for the Cochran, Dublin, and Eastman campuses—presented on library services the BCHS students could expect to encounter at the institutions of higher learning they will attend after graduation. For the first time in several years, we had beautiful weather that allowed us to participate in an outdoor writing marathon. MGA students Crystal Bilbrey, Brittany Rambone, Emalyn Byers, and Quentina Simon were involved in the creation of this digital anthology of BCHS student writing under the direction of Dr. Christian. Knight Writers provides exciting experiential learning opportunities for MGA English and Professional Writing students and is the highlight of my academic year. I am so pleased to lead such a valuable and rewarding project, and I hope you enjoy reading this collection of pieces by talented, collegebound high school writers.

Lorraine Dubuisson
Professor of English
April 2024



Letters

“Dear Future Self”
by Madison Sanders

Dear Future Self,

I hope you're doing well. Have you decided what you want to be yet? Is your best friend still around? Do you still hate mama sometimes? Have you met the perfect guy yet? The guy with pretty eyes and dark messy hair? Is he taller than you? Does he treat you right? Do you still hate the way you look? Can you look in the mirror and see nothing wrong? Are you still tired all the time? Are you still surrounding yourself with toxic people or have you grown out of that? Did you finally forget about that one day? Do you trust people? Do you trust guys? Do you still stay home instead of going out with friends? Are you still the quiet girl that never says much? Do you still argue with your brother all the time? Are you rich? Are you happy?

Sincerely, your 2024 self



“My Goat, Lebron”

by Preston Lucas

Dear Lebron,

Boy oh boy, where do I even begin. I have loved you since you first entered the NBA. You immediately made a huge impact on my life, once I saw your love for the game. You were first drafted to the Cleveland Cavaliers and became a mega star. I watched you play and couldn't help but to be in awe of your amazing jumpshot. I loved watching the way you drove to the rim and struck fear in all of your opponents. You became my favorite player instantly. You did leave us to join the Miami Heat, but I know it was for the better. I watched as you won your first ring in Miami. A part of me was heartbroken, but the other half couldn't be more proud. You deserved to win a ring, and I know it wasn't with the Cavs but I was still happy. After accomplishing many things in Miami you did the unthinkable; alas you returned back to Cleveland. I could not believe it. You made me shed tears of joy when I knew my king was returning home. You told everyone that you had one goal, and that was to win a championship for Cleveland. You had an amazing year, and you helped us make the playoffs. You dominated in the playoffs, which led to us being in the NBA finals.

The finals started off extremely bad; we were down 1-3. Where are the haters, right? Was it true that Lebron was just an overhyped nobody? What will Lebron do? I'll tell you what he did: he came back from a 1-3 deficit and won the whole garsh darn thing! I could not believe it when you came back and beat the fraudulent Warriors. My heart was racing, and my eyes began to shed tears when you said “Cleavland, this is for you!” But once again after all of this, you had to leave again. You left to go play in Los Angeles. I still loved watching you play even though it was not the same. You proceeded to win even more championships there, and break many records. My heart was overfilled with joy when you broke the all time NBA scoring record. You have truly proved that you are the greatest basketball player ever.

You have left such a major impact on millions of people all over the world. You have not only affected people with your on the basketball court skills, but your off the court actions. You are a great man and have given so much back to the community. You have inspired and helped many people to play the sports they love. You truly are an amazing human Lebron. You are an amazing husband, brother, and father, sometimes I even dream of calling you dad. Lebron you are my goat, my idol, my everything. Without you I would have no idea how to live life. You are the peanut to my butter, my pedals to my flower, you are my sunshine on the darkest of days. I love you Lebron Raymone James.



“My Sunshine”
by Gavin Foskey

Dear LeBron,

Boy oh boy, where do I even begin. LeBron... you are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy, when skies are gray. You have been my idol for seven years. I have always wanted to be as good as you at basketball; I wish I was able to dunk. I wish I played for Cleveland. I had tears in my eyes whenever you won the national championship and yelled out “This is for you Cleveland!” I could tell you were going to be one of the greatest basketball players in the world before you were even born LeBron. I’ve wished for you to win before every single one of your games, and so far I think it’s been working well. You’ve made so many shots, crossed up so many people, and just done so well. You are my favorite basketball player in the world, I strive to be like you, but I’m nowhere near as good as you. I want to get my hair done just like yours, I want to be as tall as you, I want to be able to dunk on people like you do. I wish I had a son named Bronnie; I wish I had a son I could teach to play basketball; I’d teach him to be as good as you. You’re a good person on and off the court; you’ve donated so much money to charity I can’t even remember the number. You’re also an amazing father; I bet Bronnie James is so glad to have you as his father; I know I would be. I think it’s awesome how even after you’ve become one of the best players in the NBA, you keep practicing so you can be even better. The amount of self-discipline you must have is crazy if you can keep training like you do; I would never be able to do all of that.

Goodbye LeBron, your friend, Kevin Durant



“Thank You, Jared”
by Everett C.

Dear Jared Goff,

Wow, you have really turned this team around. From 3-13 to 12-5, you have made a huge difference. I remember when you were traded to the Lions. It was March the 18th, to be exact. You just signed with them and were ready for a new start. The 2021 season was your time to shine, but unfortunately you didn't. With the season ending at 3-13, I thought you were just another unreasonably stupid trade for the Lions' offense. I believed that you would be gone in the next few years. But, with that season finished, you got another chance to prove what you were made of. From the looks of the first half of the 2022 season, you weren't proving much. Then, out of nowhere, you suddenly went crazy and led the Lions to finish the season with a winning record of 9-8. I realized that you were a special player. One that just needs time to be able to show your talent. Since the 2022 season still wasn't a season where the playoffs were in your hands, this last year you let them know. You started the season with an amazing offensive and defensive playing strategy. Dan Campbell and you finally figured out a way to win. Last year, you then ended the regular season with a 12-5 record. This won the division and led to a playoff run. Of course, this season ended tragically with a devastating loss to the 49ers. But, this past season was the truth behind what you really can do. Of course, this team's success isn't all for you because, with the addition of multiple players on offense and defense, you have been able to thrive in this environment. You have proved to me that you are a great player and person. I know that you have donated to a ton of charities. You've given away meals to people in Los Angeles and were even given an award for all the charitable work you have done. You have truly made a difference to the team. Your work has made a huge difference in many people's lives, and I appreciate it greatly. We thank you for everything you have done. (Also, can you bring home a Superbowl next season?)

Sincerely, Everett C.



A stack of several books is positioned on the right side of the page, resting on a wooden surface. The books have various colored covers, including red, blue, and green. The background is a soft, light blue gradient. The word "Narratives" is written in a purple, cursive font across the middle of the image.

Narratives

“3D Printers”

by Christopher Barlow

One event that changed my life forever was when I got a 3D printer one Christmas. I believe it was the Christmas of 2020 or 2021. It was the Christmas that my dad was deployed overseas. The printer that I got for Christmas was a Flashforge Finder. It has a build plate of 140x140x140mm. Since my first 3D Printer, I have bought four more, but I got rid of one of them. It have an Anycubic Kobra Max, which has a large build volume of 400x400x450mm. Then I bought two resin printers. One of the resin printers did not work well so I got rid of it. The one that I kept was the Anycubic Photon Mono 4K, and it has a print size of 132x80x165mm. The 3D Printer that I bought most recently was the Elegoo Orange Storm Giga. I has an absolutely enormous build plate of 800x800x1000mm. Which means it can make prints over three feet tall.

When my large printer arrives in a little over a month, I am going to start working on a 1:1 scale replica of the Little Boy atomic bomb. With the Anycubic Kobra Max, I am one day going to start working on a wearable Iron Man suit. I have shelves full of 3D prints, and boxes full of filament.

I use the 3D printers to make 3D prints, and sell them to people. I have sold everything from small articulated sharks, to large busts of movie characters or replicas of artillery pieces and bombs. I have learned a lot of skills that would help me later on in life. For example, I learned how to use spreadsheets to track expenses and profits. It has also helped me get better at communication. It has helped give me a good work ethic. I have even learned some 3D modeling, which could be potentially helpful depending on what job I decide on when I am older. 3D printing is also a viable job opportunity.



“Broken Trust”

by Piper Phillips

The time I struggled the most was in 6th grade. I got sexually assaulted. I got sexually assaulted by someone I’ve known for years and trusted. This caused me to beg my mother to transfer me back to my old school just so I could get as far away from them as I could. I was already having problems with moving to a new school, so this was the cherry on top.

Many of my days would consist of me laying in bed and just thinking about that moment over and over again. It affected me so much more than I thought it would. The depression I fell into was so deep that I never saw myself coming back from it. I picked up very unhealthy habits like not eating, cutting myself, and not talking to anyone. Friendships, relationships with my siblings and parents, and romantic relationships all deteriorated.

When I first got with my girlfriend I was awkward and I didn’t feel comfortable. I would jerk away from her touch and sometimes I still do now. Even years after it has happened and I thought I was over it, there are still times where it affects me a little bit.

After I met Lauren, my girlfriend, I slowly started to get out of those unhealthy habits. I picked up new ones, new healthy ones. I restored my relationship with my mom. I get more comfortable little by little with the people around me, and I eat like I am supposed to. The people whom I hold so dear in my life have shown me that life can be a joyful experience, and sometimes you just have to wait for it even if you don’t want to.



“Greyson’s Heartbreak”

by Jay Faulk

Greyson was a cool dude until he experienced heartbreak. Greyson was dating the love of his life, Shumunda. Greyson and Shumunda dated for years, but one day it all ended. Shumunda left the house around 5:00 to pick up dinner for Greyson and her. It was 6:00 already and Greyson realized that she was taking longer than usual. Greyson called her, the first time no answer, but the second time he could hear another guy in the background. Greyson heard him introduce himself as Joshua. Greyson was weirded out on why she would even speak to another guy. Greyson decided that he was going to go to the restaurant to confront them and to see what was going on. When Greyson showed up to the restaurant he waited in his truck. He decided instead of calling Shumunda he was going to text her. He texted her, “Hey, just wondering what’s taking so long?” Shumunda replied with “There’s a lot of people here, it will probably be 30 more minutes.” Greyson knew that was a lie. The restaurant’s parking lot wasn’t even close to being filled up. Greyson worked up enough courage to get out of his truck and walk into the restaurant. He snuck around looking for Shumunda and Josh. Greyson finally saw them. He walked up to them and said, “Oh, I thought you said that it was packed and that it was taking the chefs a while to bring out our food?”

Shumunda, completely in shock, said, “Greyson it’s not what it looks like, I promise.”

“Yeah ok, how long have you been cheating on me?” Greyson said.

“I’m not cheating, I promise, Josh and I are just really good friends!”

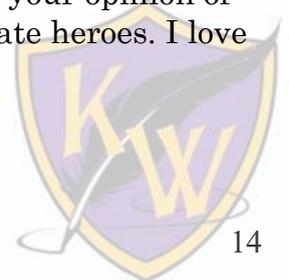
“That’s what they all say!” Greyson stormed out of the restaurant. He looked around the parking lot for Shumunda’s car. He saw it, and he also saw Josh’s brand new Ferrari right next to it. Greyson ran over to his truck, and got the gas jugs out of it. He walked back over to where the two of them were parked, poured gas all around and in the cars and set them on fire. Josh and Shumunda ran out of the restaurant looking for Greyson, but he was nowhere to be found.



“I Love Kanye”

by Aliya Jenkins

Kanye Amari ‘ye’ West. Where should I even begin to describe him? He’s so many miraculous things. He’s a genius. A superstar. A fashion icon. A man never afraid to speak his mind and be his true authentic self. But most importantly, he’s just an average man who wouldn’t let the odds stop him from pursuing his dreams. He’s the ultimate underdog story. He was a child who grew up on the rough, crime-ridden streets of Chicago. A child who was surrounded by high death rates, poverty, depression, and people who were never able to make it out, never able to do anything great, never able to get out of the hood. But he did. He didn’t let any of this stop him from becoming what he knew he was destined to be--both a rapper and a song producer. While this combination of rapper/producer is more common these years, at the time of Kanye’s come up, it was highly unusual. A lot of people who tried to do this weren’t successful. They had to go through a lot of struggle just to never get far. Kanye went through the same challenges. He had to deal with dropping out of college, not having enough money to produce music, pay rent, and eat, having megastars like Dr. Dre turn him down and tell him he wouldn’t be anything in the music world. I bet they all wish they hadn’t now. He didn’t let their negativity bring him down. He kept grinding and getting better and ultimately kept growing in popularity. The people loved him. So much so that his first album *The College Dropout* debuted at number two on billboard and sold 441,000 copies first week, extremely uncommon for someone’s debut studio album. After that, he just started dropping masterpiece after masterpiece, some songs still being played more than 20 years later. A lot of artists that blew up 10-20 years in their prime don’t really stay in the music industry too much longer afterwards, riding on their old hits and die hard fans. But Kanye, who has been in the music game for decades, just recently in February 2024 hit his peak. His collaboration album with rapper Ty Dolla Sign *Vultures*, which dropped on the 20th anniversary of *The College Dropout*, just went number 1 and sold 148,000 copies in the United States and accumulated 168 million streams. But it’s not just his music the fans love. His clothing and shoe brand *Yeezy* is extremely popular as well. People also love his authentic personality. While he has come under scrutiny from his eccentric personality even during his rise, it’s what many people, myself included, love about him. Whether it’s running on stage during Taylor Swift’s speech, claiming George W. Bush doesn’t care about black people, or his hatred of Drake, he’s always speaking his mind about his opinions. So after all of this, who do you think Kanye West is? A business mogul? Some dude who has a couple good albums? A bipolar manic? The guy who was married to Kim Kardashian? The man who deletes his Instagram posts after two weeks? Frankly, your opinion of Kanye doesn’t matter to me because to me, he’s one of my ultimate heroes. I love you, Kanye.



“Perfect Timing”

by Lily Farrell

An event that changed my life forever happened during the cross-country team’s annual Panama trip. I wasn’t doing super well at the time. I struggled with severe anxiety, I was constantly overwhelmed, and overall I just struggled through everyday life. Then, one night on the trip we went to this place called Pier Park. A couple of friends and I were walking around and looking at all of the different attractions. We made it to the end of the sidewalk and were about to turn around just when I saw something that sparked my interest. There were people worshipping directly across the street from us.

I started my way over there to go check it out, but then I heard a voice behind me. It was my friend trying to convince me not to go over there because he didn’t agree with street preaching. I went regardless, and I didn’t regret it. I met this guy named Benjamin who talked to me about God. It really touched my heart, and it was clear to me that his message was good. Tears began streaming down my face as I felt this unbearable weight suddenly lift off of my shoulders. He noticed what was happening and spoke to me words that I will never forget.

“The Lord's presence is strong in you,” he said. I began sobbing because at that moment I felt this indescribable feeling surge through me. He then gathered a few other people over to where we were so that they could pray for me. All of the remaining fear and anxiety that I had come there with vanished. It was truly a work of God that this had occurred. I happened to meet the right people in the right place at the right time just when I needed it the most. Now that's what I call perfect timing.



“Pickle”

by Greyson Arnold

The ball hurling at me with great speed. I see my life flash before my eyes, then I remember this is just a game with a plastic ball. So I stick my paddle in the way, and it deflects off my paddle and onto the other side of the net, and I score the winning point. Devad and I have just made it to the next round of the pickleball tournament. We rest up, while we still have time. Our next game is in ten minutes.

We walk out onto the court to meet our opponents. We say our greeting then play a game of rock-paper-scissors for serve. Rock paper scissors SHOOT! Devad goes scissors and our opponent goes paper. We win the serve. Devad's serve is very powerful. They defect it back; I bump it over the net; they barely get it and hit it up high into the air. Devad goes up, jumps ... and smashes it down hard on their side. We continue to play hard and finish the game with a score of 11-8, sealing our win.

We have a longer break this time we go and get some lunch while we wait for our next match. This game decides if we get to play in the championship match for the title of supreme rulers of pickleball.

This time the other team starts with the ball. They serve and mess up and we get to serve now. We continue to play hard. They hit a really well-placed ball I get it hitting it up and setting them up for a smash right into our faces. The shame I feel that that shot might cost us the game. We go to deuce; we are both tied 11-11; we have serve. We win the point. We are up one. We have to score this next point to win. And... we lose the point, and it is back to deuce. They have serve now. They serve to me, and I sell and miss the ball. They're up one and have to win the next point to have a chance. They hit a slice serve. Devad was not ready for it, and we lose.



“Rodney The Squirrel At The Park”

by Gracie Beck

Rodney the squirrel is a big chunky squirrel. He has a large happy family. His wife is named Becky and his two children are named Tim and Rebekah. He and his family go to the park on a regular basis. Around once a week. But this park visit was a little different. Tim got there first, like normal, followed by Rebekah and Becky. Rodney eventually made his way there. When Rodney finally got there he went and sat on the bench and watched Tim run up and down the slide.

“Daddy daddy!” Rebekah cried, “will you push me on the swings, please?”

“I’m not sure about that darling. I’m a little tired from the walk here,”

Rodney complained.

“Okay, well will you push me then Mommy?” Rebekah pleaded with Becky for a few minutes until she gave in.

“Sure but only for a little bit.”

“Yay!” Rebekah was overjoyed at her mother’s response. While Becky was pushing Rebekah, Rodney walked over to Tim.

“Hey Dad?” Tim looked a little confused.

So Rodney asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Well, before you came over here I saw a dog walking over there. But now its walking this way.” Tim answered in a shaky voice.

“Uh oh,” just as Rodney said, the dog came running toward them as fast as possible.

“Dad, go get Mom and Rebekah!” Tim pleaded at Rodney. He grabbed Tim’s arm and started running toward the swings.

“Grab my hand!” Rodney yelled as Becky followed instructions. They all ran as fast as possible toward home. The big dog was gaining on them quickly. Rodney turned onto the street and the dog finally stopped following them.

“Daddy, did the dog get hurt?” Rebekah asked with tears in her eyes.

“No. It didn’t follow us into traffic. It has more sense than that!” Rodney said still a little shaky.

“Can we go get food? I’m hungry,” Tim begged.

“You’re always hungry!” Becky said, “but sure. You have both behaved really well today.” So Rodney and his family went and got food and laughed at the memories of the park.



“True Love”

by Josie Lanfair

Love and heartbreak are things that always come and go in my life. I am used to loving someone with my full potential, and then they quit loving me. I am a girl who just loves to give my love and be loved, but I think my love is too much for someone to handle alone. I put my hundred percent into a person and get zero back.

I thought I had my first love once. We did everything together and spent every waking moment in each other's mind and presence. He was my world, but I was not his. Other's affection was his world and his alone was mine. I thought I really loved him, but when time came to end things I was okay with it. I was actually okay with “my world” leaving. If I really loved him, I would not have let him go so easily.

He will forever have an effect on my life. I relate guys I like now to him, making sure they are nothing like him. I make sure I don't put myself through another “fake love” again. I want real love. One like you read in your favorite books or watch in your favorite movies, and I found it. I found my first true love.

The way I felt when I was with him or talking to him, I had never experienced it before. I felt safe, comfortable, vulnerable, and loved. He made me feel loved. I never felt that before. As it happened we never dated though, we only “talked.” He was scared of commitment, but so was I. We were always with each other. We called for hours, we talked at school, and we had moments where it was just us. I never felt alone because I always knew I had him.

Although we were toxic, constantly blocking each other, ignoring each other, and staying mad at each other, we always came back together. We were always there for one another. I needed him just as much as he needed me.

Now, we do not talk. I could not tell you the reason. We moved on with our lives without being part of each other's. Love isn't something you can just stop and walk away from. Once you love someone, they will always be in your heart. I don't know if we will ever find each other again, but I will be fine either way. I don't know if I am over him, or if I ever will be, but I know whatever happens between us, I will always love him.



“Writer’s Block Cavils”

by Hayden Leverette

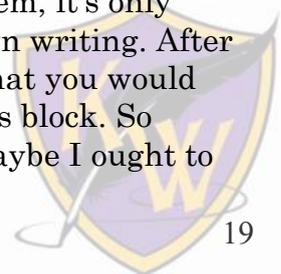
Writing can be a struggle. Most people who write know that. And, of course, it is annoying to have writing be a struggle, especially if it happens to be one of your favorite things to dedicate your time to. You could be given a topic that is rather unpliant, or maybe you’ve been given uncooperative requirements for your word choices or count. But both of those are mostly circumstance and, sometimes, chance. While they may be unpleasant, they can be changed for the most part. Most of the time, you can change your prompt or set different word count goals. Because of that, neither poorly chosen prompts or outlandishly optimistic word count goals upset me all too much. I cannot say the same, however, of the eternal annoyance of every writer. That annoyance is writer's block.

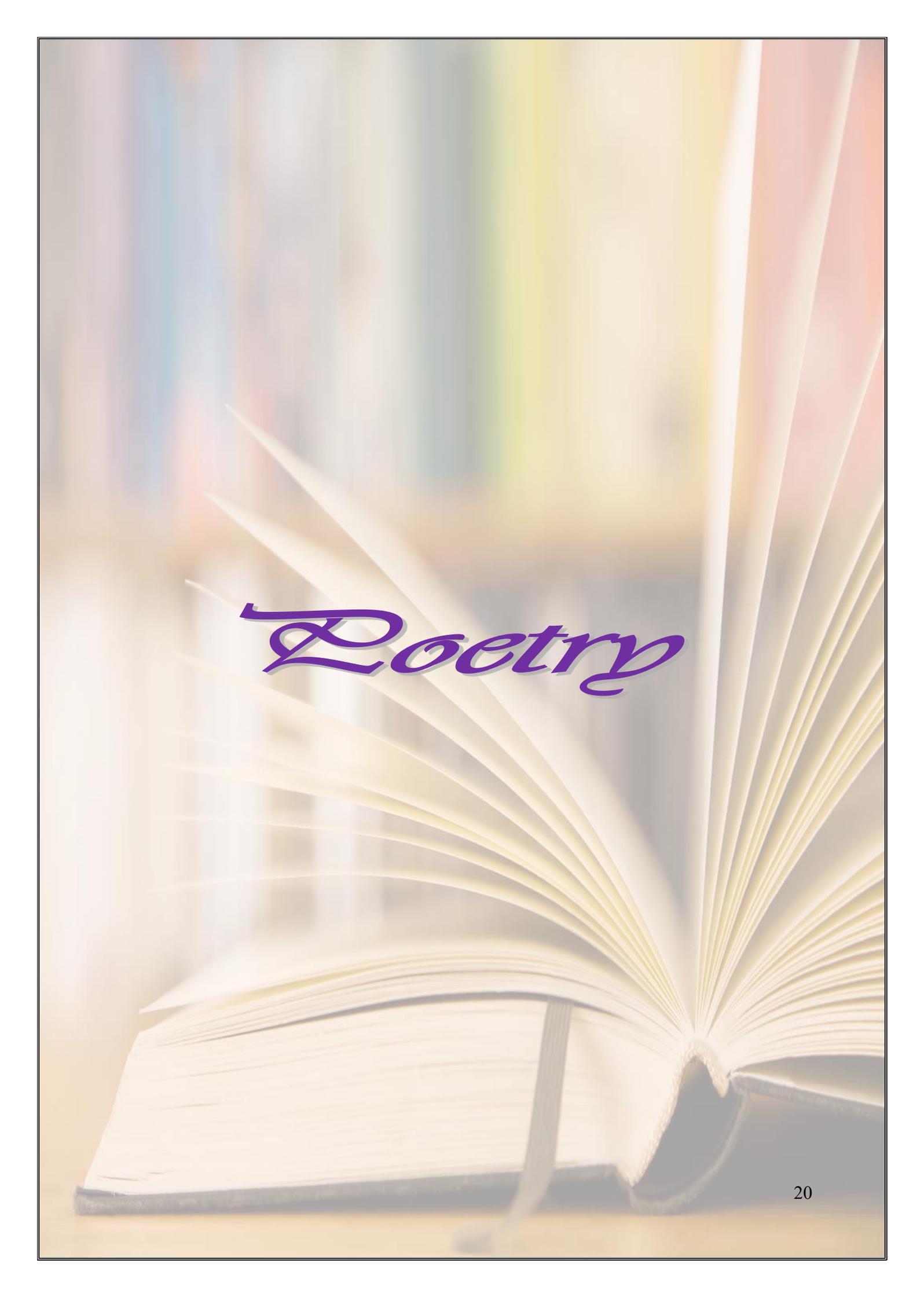
Most writers have probably experienced it many times before, especially if the writer is rather particular about what they write. I, personally, experience it a lot, perhaps even more than one should normally experience it. I will be at home, writing, and then in an instant, I don’t know where to go from where I am, nor do I want to write anymore. For example, take this diminutive piece of poetry. I read a poem, and then had ten minutes to write about feelings or emotions solicited by the poem.

“Writing is a struggle
Like leaving a deep hole
It is quite a joy, yes
but beset by hardship
And that’s just the tip”

I had ten minutes, and I wrote five lines. That's two minutes per line! I remember that I was hit with the sudden headache-like feeling in my head that always accompanies writer’s block for me, and I didn’t know what to write. This poem is a perfect example of what forcing writing through writer’s block creates. The poem itself is too short to be of any value, there’s no rhyme scheme, the simile is on the level of a primary schooler, and overall the poem is without wit.

Maybe the issue would be acceptable, if it didn’t happen so often to me. Now of course, there’s the question of why writer’s block happens. I reckon that it has something to do with the two writing annoyances mentioned previously. An uncooperative topic is often an unwanted topic, and writers with these unwanted topics tend to not want to write about them. If you get multiple of these unwanted topics in a row, and have to continue writing them, it’s only obvious that eventually you’d get tired and disdainful of your own writing. After multiple instances of this constantly, it's quite easy to assume that you would become used to this disdain of writing; ergo, you contract writer’s block. So perhaps if I wanted to avoid the annoyances of writer’s block, maybe I ought to avoid the unwanted topics I tend to write about.





Poetry

“A Poem: Missing Moments”

by Brody Fleming

When you're gone from dark to dark
It will sometimes tear you apart.
You are hardly ever seen
So you make sure you aren't mean.

You're used to seeing them everyday,
Now all you can do is pray and pray.
Early mornings and late nights,
At least you'll hardly have a fight.

Days are now really long,
But you know you'll get along.
Y'all aren't often together,
But it will not be forever.

You listen to every word they say,
When they ask you, know that you will play.
They are always worrying about you being fed,
That is one thing that will always be said.



“Castle Dream”

by Annabelle Land

Oh, to be royal little Annabelle’s dream
To start as a princess and end as a queen
All the best things are in a castle
Life would not be the same hassle
I would have endless hide and seek
And fancy dresses to wear to everything
Always having what I wanted whenever I wanted
Seemed perfect to little me

I never truly grasped the responsibility of a queen
I just wanted to live the way they lived, and be at every important scene
No care in the world, no not in that little girl
Just wearing the crown and making my ballgown twirl
All the best things were in the castle
Life would not be the same hassle
Nothing bad could happen if I were just royal
I could not understand, oh my simple mind
All I saw was the sparkle and the shine

Castles were my biggest desire
No dream could or would have been higher
Truthfully most of this still sounds great
But I have realized no one's life is perfect, or even where they live
I know people who live in castles have bad things too
Not just the people in an ordinary shoe
It was always my dream in a land far far away
But I know that if I lived in a castle I would not be the same as I am today



“Confused”

by Joshua Hataway

Hopes and dreams that I hold dear
Sometimes they feel so very near
As if I could reach out and touch
What I have longed for all so much

But as I reach, they draw away
As if we play some kind of game
I plead with them to come to me
And let my dreams all come to be

I feel the stress and sorrow deep
As I lay down and try to sleep
But sleep evades and I am left
To think alone, my conscious cleft

One side longs to move along
The other sings the same old song
Emotions twisted, tangled flow
Confusion strikes a bitter blow



“Dodgeball”
by Henli Jones

She bounces back and forth,
Throwing foam balls,
Taking chances and pursuing them.

Not only is it a dumb game of dodgeball,
It is what her life has come to.

The last time she took a chance,
She got in band.
The only thing she is passionate about.

Whoosh!
Another ball is thrown straight at her.
She feels as if she can't escape them.

Decisions.
What college do I go to?
Another colorful ball.
What job should I get?
Should I be hanging out with them?
Which parent do I like more?
Three more fly past her head.

Questions.
How do I keep getting bad grades?
Why does everyone hate me?
Am I really that bad?
How can I look prettier?
She is struggling to tear clear from them.

“Don't worry about it just yet.”

That's what people tell her.

“You still have time,” they say.

Finally, one smacks her straight in the gut.

“What is my purpose in life?”

She ponders on this question every minute of every day.

Why is a fourteen year old concerned about her purpose in life?

This question has completely consumed her mind.

As if she has seconds to decide.

She has four years.

She feels as if playing instruments is her only hope.

So she stays strong in it.

Hanging on to it like she hangs on to her one ball in her hands.

A response.

I don't know.

She is fresh into high school.

Rushing to make decisions

Just as she rushes to get the opposite team out.

And she feels there is no time left.

She has to decide now.

She doesn't know her purpose.

She's just throwing balls and taking chances at life.



“Heartbreak”
by Hailey Davis

Heartbreak.

It is terrible, yet something to learn from.

I've been through many heartbreaks through my life,
With boys, and mentally.

Yes, heartbreak isn't just when a couple breaks up.
When a couple breaks up it does bring heartbreak,
But what people don't understand is, heartbreak is caused by many things.
Like I know that if my mom were to say that I've disappointed her,
I would be very heartbroken and sad.

I feel like people believe heartbreak is when someone gets broken up with.
But it's not, well it is but there's more to it.
The relationship has to be a real one in order for you to feel something real.
You actually loved them and want to spend the rest of your life with them.

Most couples in high school or middle school break down,
Which isn't really necessary because unless they had been going strong,
For 3 years and neither one of them has cheated, that's a real heartbreak.
But back to the point.

Heartbreak is very sad and gloomy,
Most people act like they're going through a heartbreak for attention.
But that's not the right thing to do.
You should push yourself through it and learn from your mistakes.

That's what heartbreak is.



“Life’s Purpose”
by Taylor Herndon

Some people find their purpose
By what goals they are working to.
By their achievements and strengths,
And what struggles they’ve worked through.

I take a look at my life.
Asking “What am I working toward?
When will my hard work pay off?
When will I be granted my reward?”

I worry about my future,
Though I’m sure it will be bright.
But I can rest in the one,
Who I know has great might.

I look inside myself,
And I tell myself I can.
Because I know my maker,
Has a great plan.

Above all other things,
My goal is to live for him.
And my shining light to the world,
I will never allow to become dim.



“Made for this Moment”
by Anna Kate Wall

Made for this moment, without any fear
Despite our countless questions
Courage will always be near

Made for this moment, to take the chance
A realization to move a step back
And to be filled with the confidence to be enhanced

Made for this moment, to be set free
To look around and absorb what is seen
For you to truly be

Made for this moment, throughout time and space
Through the very long wait
But your now here to fully embrace

Made for this moment newly defined
With a true confident sense
Purposely refined

Made for this moment, come what may
Your here to make the best of it
To embrace it in every way



“My Fault.”
by Aubrey Bugg

Everyone tells me, “No, it’s not,”
But I know that it is.
You didn’t leave on your own accord
It was my fault.

My fault for all the fights,
I’m the one who lit the fuse.
The bright pink glow from my childhood room
Felt much more like a gray when you left.

Your last moments were probably regret,
And blaming yourself for it.
But I’m the one who told you to go
Don’t blame yourself when it was really my fault.

If I only knew a glimpse of what would occur,
I never would’ve said, “Please go.”
You loved me more than life itself
And never meant to leave me in doubt.

I’m older now and I fully understand
That what I did caused a lifetime of damage.
You know I didn’t mean anything.
I’ll love you forever, and pray that God will tell you so.



“My Success”
by Sarah Collins

Success is different for everyone,
It might be finding the cure to cancer,
Maybe finding that someone,
Perhaps becoming a dancer,
Or possibly being number one,

But my success,
Is to not screw up,
I don't need to be the one in the best dress,
More like just not dropping my cup,
It's to not be a mess,

Always pass,
You may need to wait,
So relax in the grass,
Don't forget to graduate,
Don't skip a class,

Never pour a glass,
Don't ever smoke,
Don't ever try to make yourself pass,
Don't try to choke,
You may not be world class,

If you do find something you love,
Hold onto it,
And maybe something undreamed of,
Might happen with it,
Maybe true love,

Settle down,
You have what you need,
You live in a nice enough town,
Don't ever mislead,
Everyone you need is around,

You have what you need,
They will stay,
Don't give in to greed,
They'll love you anyway,
You have all that you need,

If you do this,
You'll be successful,
You may sometimes miss,
And it might be a little stressful,
But in the end it will be an eternal bliss.



“So, What is Love?”

by Julia Arnold

Love is a very common word.
It is expressed so freely from one to another,
But how can one confirm
The true meaning of love?

Love is received and given in unique ways.
It is best explained through examples rather than words.
In all shapes and sizes love makes itself known,
And it does not have to be said directly to be apparent.

Love is noticing the small things about someone,
Listening undistracted when no one else is,
Comforting a friend as they face a fear,
Or taking time out of a busy schedule to make someone feel special.

So, what is love?
How does one know when the love they give is apparent?
There are so many different questions,
And so many different answers.

In the end, no one answer would suffice.
A million answers could not even be enough.
Until one feels love for themselves,
Forever will they be oblivious to what love really is.



“The Loss We Do Not Like to Share”
by Madison Teague

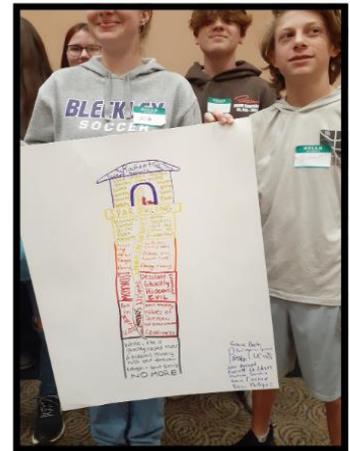
The loss that we do not like to share
It leaves us in loss and despair
Our bodies ache and our minds flood
It causes our hearts to not want to run

In the storm your light always shines
So now our hands are tied
Pieces of our soul shall fade away
When we lay you to rest on a fateful day

For you are a tale mighty and loved
Even from heaven your light shines
As watch over us from above
Giving peace to everyone

Since heaven has you and you have been laid to rest
We must cherish you because you were the best
The loss we shall not like to share
Should really be shared everywhere







Index

A

.....

A Poem: Missing Moments, 21

Aliya Jenkins, 14

Annabelle Land, 22

Anna Kate Wall, 28

Aubrey Bugg, 29

B

.....

Broken Trust, 12

Brody Fleming, 21

C

.....

Castle Dream, 22

Christopher Barlow, 11

Confused, 23

D

.....

Dear Future Self, 6

Dodgeball, 24

E

.....

Everett C., 9

G

.....

Gavin Foskey, 8

Gracie Beck, 17

Greyson Arnold, 16

Greyson's Heartbreak, 13

H

.....

Hailey Davis, 26

Hayden Leverette, 19

Heartbreak, 26

Henli Jones, 24

I

.....

I Love Kanye, 14

J

.....

Jay Faulk, 13

Joshua Hataway, 23

Josie Lanfair, 18

Julia Arnold, 32

L

.....

Life's Purpose, 27

Lily Farrell, 15

M

.....

Made for this Moment, 28

Madison Sanders, 6

Madison Teague, 33

My Fault, 29

My Goat, Lebron, 7

My Success, 30

My Sunshine, 8

P

.....

Perfect Timing, 15

Pickle, 16

Piper Phillips, 12

Preston Lucas, 7

R

.....

Rodney The Squirrel At The Park, 17

S

.....

Sarah Collins, 30

So, What is Love?, 32

T

.....

Taylor Herndon, 27

Thank You, Jared, 9

The Loss We Do Not Like to Share, 33

True Love, 18

W

.....

Writer's Block Cavils, 19

#

.....

3D Printers, 11