

Feelings Suck

By: Shania Macomber

He is tall, tan, and fit, although he could use a bit more muscle, and everything most girls want. His eyes are beautiful and every time I looked into them it's like it's just him and I. It feels like I'm drowning in a freefall. Like all the oxygen in the world had been sucked up by a ginormous vacuum and all the pressure in the universe suddenly surrounds me. I was just seventeen when I first met him and had never really been or experienced love and I'm not saying this it love, but simply a really big crush. And in that precise moment, I felt something big. Something that I went to asleep thinking about, and spent all day long everyday thinking about.

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Forest of the Forgotten

By, Isaac Buitron

Ever heard about the forest? You know the forest of the forgotten? You may have heard about it in an old story your parents would read to you. Or from a rumor going around your town. Or perhaps it is just a few words you've never heard about. Just let me tell you now stop believing the people that tell you it's not a real place, because I guarantee you its real.... And you never will soon all be there.

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"Into"

By: Shania Macomber

We ran not caring down dirt roads long.
Leaving ice tea and friends behind.
Running gone, gone, gone.
But clear starry nights don't mind.
We ran in the breeze and the rain.
Till our dresses were worn.
Where our foes are still lain.
And the world will always mourn.
We ran to the last rodeo.
With dirty bare feet tired.
Yet we still go.
To the life we inspired.
We ran with new tattoos.
Ours crushes alongside us.
Long hair flying loose.
Sunflowers dancing with mistrust.

Sunrise

By, Kelsey Channer

The coldness of the night stole the breath from her lungs and turned it into smoke. The train car jerked and jumped at every bump, causing her small body to ache. Her muscles cried out in protest as she scooted herself closer to her mother. The coldness crept through her ragged clothes, sending sharp pain and dulling sensations on her skin. Her tiny body shivered copiously in response. Her mother felt her shiver and protectively wrapped an arm around her daughter. Not so much as to protect her from the cold, but also to protect her from the eerie eyes of the strangers on board. Their hideous stares sent more chills down her spine than that of the cold. As the train moved on, the light of dawn began to break, slowly pushing the darkness away.

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BrambleHair Last stand

By, Nikita Pettit

I am writing this in my head with the last of my minutes on this planet. This is the story of my last stand. I am BrambleHair. I was given this name by the human with crossbow Bron. I left society when I was in my 7th year of living. I became a hermit and lived in the forest. There I studied the plants and all the nature around me and became very attached to my surroundings and joined this guild to save the forest. The evil that we are to face is Alhidra the princess of dark water an evil element that is trying to take control of all elements. Since the beginning I have acquired more minions, such as the she elf known as Kelisha, the human wizard Sardis Shaka Khan, and the gnome Jade. I do not have a name which is why the human with the crossbow gave me the name BrambleHair he says it's because I got brambles in my hair.

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Edli Akali

Summer

By, Kelsey Channer

The warmth of the sun
Inviting touch on you face
A sweater covering your skin
Tells of summer's beginning.
The sweet summer breeze
Engulfing intakes of breath
Smelling of the crisp scent of grass
Refreshing you mind like a cool drink
The sound of meadowlarks
Singing their century old song
High and low pitches
Melodies sung into the breeze.
The rustling of the leaves
Flowing in the summer breeze
Whispering their secrets
Chattering amongst themselves.
Yellow sunflowers decorate the hills
The sky painted a baby blue
All know of a summer forever.

His Hate

By, Nikita Pettit

I laugh along with my friends
They believe me
They fall in my web of lies
And believe that I am happy
Happy without him
Happy on my own
He still loves the girl I pretended
But he hates me
My true self scares him away
Even though we have come a long
And now he thinks we are not
Not what we used to be
I seem to be stuck in a knot
My family can't tell that I am not
true self anymore
But he can now and that is why we
fell apart
I let him get to close and it scared
him
And now we don't even talk
I hereby promise
Promise to never let anyone close to
my heart

Summer Poem

By, Mila Schroeder

Summer-colored towels in the white and warm sand.
Cold, fresh, summer drinks with lemon pieces in them.
Extreme-load summer hits-music
From the new pink outdoor loudspeaker
Just sitting in the crystal white sand
At the little secret beach
And enjoying the moment.
Long night talks about random stuff,
In the shine of the wonderful moon and stars
In the totally dark night.
Big, breaking waves nearby the people-less beach
In the sun-warmed sea.

Chapter 1: Timey-Wimey

Book by Emma Potter

There's several different opinions on time travel, and how time works. Most people think of time as a straight line, and that it's a strict progression of cause to effect. Well, there's a very small population that think of it as more of a big ball of wibbly-wobbly timey-wimey...stuff. Well, sure those people probably got that from Doctor Who, but still that doesn't mean that that's not probable or even correct.

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