



Henry's Fork
Journal



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An anthology from Writers @ Harriman 2009

Writers @ Harriman, a writing workshop for high school students, was held for the first time in 2009 at Harriman State Park of Idaho, Island Park, Idaho.

Writers @ Harriman
Box 2525
Boise, Idaho 83701

Margaret Marti, Director
Email: writersatharriman@yahoo.com

Designed by Carl D. Marti

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A plane of glass reflecting the hot yellow sun,
the water is the essence of calm. ...

The pair of fishermen, near in distance but far in minds,
stand as sentinels, watching over Henry's Fork,
guarding it from those that would wish it harm.

—*James George*



Contents

Foreword

These pages reflect the work of the high school students who spent a week in Idaho's spectacular outdoor classroom, Harriman State Park of Idaho. The 23 students who attended this first Writers @ Harriman workshop were from 21 Idaho schools. Guided by three teaching writers, they experienced first-hand nature's beauty and solitude, blending what they discovered about themselves with what they already knew. They tried out new writing styles, listened openly to feedback, investigated their thoughts, feelings, and ideas on paper, and shared them with others. Their writing filled notebooks, but they also explored the trails and meadows surrounding Henry's Fork. They rode horses, saw moose and osprey, and read their work to an appreciative audience of friends and family.

Writers @ Harriman is possible because of the combined vision and energy of two women. Yvonne Ferrell, administrator of the Laura Clarke Scovel estate and former director of Idaho Department of Parks and Recreation (IDPR) for 15 years, and Sheilah Prevost, consultant for IDPR, developed the concept of an arts program when the Scovel estate was donated to IDPR. The young writers were the first group to use the handsome Laura Clarke Scovel Education Center, whose mission is "to celebrate the arts, reinvent the soul and rejuvenate the spirit."

Catherine Jones, Chris Dempsey, and Nicole Lefavour, our teaching writers, dispensed ideas, questions, examples, and good humor all week long. Guest writer Cort Conley shared his experience and expertise. Dana Owen and Jerome Stenger were our proctors, naturalist, and writing assistant, cheerfully doing anything asked of them. Our website is hosted by Rick Just, and designed and maintained by Carl Marti.

We are indebted to Idaho Department of Parks and Recreation, and particularly to its manager, Keith Hobbs. Our gratitude extends to the donors of a generous anonymous grant to IDPR for the pro-

gram, to the Idaho Commission on the Arts for an arts education grant, and to Boise State Radio for underwriting.

We thank the student writers and their families for the trust they placed in us. Without a doubt, they are the reason Writers @ Harriman is a success.

Margaret Marti, Director
Website: writersatharriman.org

Seven Ways to Look at Caydance's Feet

Grace Bowler

1

The water,
Cool and soft.
Flowing easily over smooth stones.
The small feet wrinkled beneath the surface.

2

The bark,
Rough and jagged.
Coating the tree from trunk to branch.
Perfect for the small feet to climb.

3

The grass,
Tall and straight.
Going on as far as the grass goes.
The small feet dreaming across its sweetness.

4

The stones,
Warm and smooth.
Creating a path through the grass.
Perfect for the small feet to hopscotch across.

5

The sand,
Hot and gritty.
Framing the beach in golden yellow.
Warming the small feet, wet from wading.

6

The bed,
Springy and firm.
Made by the soothing hands of a mother.
The small feet jumping on its surface.

7

The slippers,
Small and fuzzy.
Pink slippers with purple ruffles.
Perfect for covering the small feet.

The Other White Meat

Grace Bowler

The cave is damp. The water dripping, dripping, dripping, dripping into a pool that gathers those drops and stores them in its unknown depths. Like a hungry mosquito consuming more and more blood, till it is bursting with the fluids in its stomach.

I wish I had something, anything in my stomach. I glance at her, our eyes lock. I see my hunger, my pain, my yearning reflected in her eyes. I've felt her watching me, stalking me with her beady eyes, like a hungry weasel in a chicken coop. Do I watch her like that? I must. She turns away.

We are scared, alone, hungry, oh so hungry! Our fear covers us with the mist of insanity. I can taste it on my tongue heavy and thick like cheesecake; I would like some cheesecake.

Our eyes meet again. I want to say something, anything! I want to tell her that everything will be all right, reassure her, but I can't! The words, they're a boat stuck in the ice of my fear. I'm hungry!

I pick up a rock, its cold. Cold like the ice that is my heart. So cold so smooth like glass. It is sharp. Sharp like a stake. It is perfect.

I sit on my treasure, hiding it, hiding it from her. Like a mother hen keeping her eggs warm. I sit and wait.

She stands, she knows nothing of the rock, of what is going to happen. She turns to leave. I rise. My footsteps light on the stone floor. I creep to her as she makes her way to the mouth of the cave. I leap, she turns, tries to ward off the attack, but too late. I'm on her, my predator-like reflexes, long hidden by the softness of modern living, are now bursting like a horse out of the gate.

I raise the rock with both hands, and slam it into her head, like an otter breaking a clam on a rock. The cold of the stone becomes warm and wet with her blood. The bones in her skull give under the blow. She falls, hard.

I stand over her breathing heavily. The adrenaline slowly calms to a steady pulse. Then, I smell it, that sweet seducing smell of life! The copper tang of blood floods my senses; makes me stumble; makes me crazy. I'm hungry.

I reach down and pick up her hand. It's warm with fading life.
Warm like fresh rolls out of the oven. I'm shaking with the need for
sustenance. My mouth opens, I raise her hand to my lips. The sharp
point of my teeth sinks into her wrist.

Wondering

Peter Christman

How does the mountain find its place?
The bee its hive detect?
What lies beneath the prairie deep?
What secrets do the ant and the
jealous butterfly hide?
The mighty pine stands alone.
How does the grass grow as one?
The sun's naked form hides behind
the narrow clouds.
Why does the snow stay?
On aphids does the lady bug rely.
Why?
The sparrow flies and dies forgotten.
A wolf ne'er sees the pups she knew.
How does the mountain find its place?
How would you? How would you?

Alive

Ian Brune

It's really happening. The sky is no longer blue. Orange and grey. Black and red. It's beautiful in a way I can't see, because I no longer have eyes, you see. You would have to be crazy to appreciate it.

It's so desolate. The land is barren, and the tree's are like knives thrown down to the earth from the arm of an angry god. THOSE SCARE ME A LITTLE. Splinters, jagged and missing all the branches.

HERE, I'm alive. So I guess everything will be fine.

I haven't eaten anything. It's too irradiated, I'll get sick. I can't even distinguish hunger from any other pain now. It's so vast down there. Canyon-esque.

Politicians and pharmaceuticals said women and children first, but I ran faster than them, so I said I should go in front. I got pummeled pretty badly for that, like tenderized meat, but for all I knew, my leg itched.

Here, I'm alive. Everything ought to be fine. Everyone would tell you that, if you live, everything else would be fine. I don't think it will be, but I tell myself otherwise. If I didn't, I'd probably be dead already.

I'm almost done. My skin is grey with filth and decay. My face is as gaunt as a banshee. I crawl across this damned world, and I'm alive, so I wonder: Is everything fine.

The Wolf at the Door

Ian Brune

I see
A wolf at the door
I think he's hungry
Ravenous spelled out on his
Teeth

I see
A ghoul in the floor
He's the racket in the ceiling
Jealousy written on his
Hands

I see
A beast inside me
The voice echoing in the darkness
Dominance spelled out in his
Laughter

I see
A god in the sky
He points his finger
Finality written across his
Scowl

I see
The wolf at the door
I know he's hungry
Dinner lolling out on his
Tongue

I see
The shining in the dark
Benign and comforting
Acceptance emitting from its
Light

I meet
The agent in the sky
Dressed in black and white
He beckons with his hand
An Apology written in his
Eyes

Mountain Squirrel

Peter Christman

My eyes rivet between rock and sky, amazed that one does not meld into another. Heavy boots crinkle against the particles below my feet. Sometimes I step and jump forward with confidence; other times I slide and cower before the mountain wall. As the journey wears on, the path becomes steeper, and the sweet scent of flowers gives way to elderly rock dust. Though the air is cooler and cleaner, sweat adheres to my brow, only occasionally deciding to slink down my neck and back, hot and wet. I dodge ridges and cracks, balancing the fabric package on my back.

Finally, after scaling the final barren obstacle, I reach my destination. To my right, the mountain keeps rising, but in front of me lies open air. An icy breeze blows upward, clearing my sticky face and slightly lifting the burden from my shoulders. With no company except the unending stone below me and a few calling eagles riding the currents, I take off my pack, unfold it in anticipation, and put it on. Black sails of cloth extend from arm to leg, making a square that still smells like a sewing shop. Feeling how the fabric pushes against the air, I wobble to the edge of my security, peering down at the jagged spears of eroded rock below that wait to forcefully rip my life away. I feel like a dead tree. Defiantly, yet still with an escaping heart, I take one final breath of the clear air, prepare my flying squirrel body, and jump.

And I soar. The wind carries me as a single-rail train, lightly but swiftly moving me over the danger below. A race car of the air, my suit glides effortlessly, so while gravity attempts to pull me away, my wings keep me up, planing through particles of air. My fear vanishes. I laugh as my hair is pulled back and the air flies through my skin. The glorious landscape below shows off its wonders, zooming by in a beautiful blur of dark color and ragged shape. No sound graces my ears except the rush of the flight. I am a bird. I am glorious.

The earth spins below, and time has no pity. As the grays and browns disappear to blues and greens, I reach upwards as I move at

a rapid speed and pull the cord. The package on my back explodes. A tremendous chute the same ebony hue as my suit leaps out. I jerk backwards as the air, once my engine, turns into my brakes. My flight ending, I still continue to laugh as the sweet green grass meets me in the plain. Before I know it, the parachute is repacked, my suit is off, and I find myself back to what I once was, a flightless creature stuck obeying the commands of gravity; the bird is gone. I stare longingly at the mess of cloth and color, almost reliving the spectacular dive.

And without thinking too much about it, I pick up my wings, a new need in my heart, and start climbing again.

Time

Amy Conway

A watch hangs
By a rusted chain on
A nail in the doorway,
Its face obscured by an
Opaque dust on the eyes of the house.
One o'clock.
The faithful clock
on the mantle bongs the hour.
Right on the dot. With
the rest of the world.
The watch ticks a second late.

Pain

Amy Conway

I walked through the forest on an unmarked path. Colorless branches cowered as I passed them, white fingers hiding their eyes. The grass was dry, brittle, grey, and shrieked as I stepped on it. The opaque mist smearing the trees, air open like a door, revealing him. Pain. His evanescent body was cloaked in a tangible wave of black water. His eyes, dead, yet full of emotion were the source of a cascade of passion which ran down his smooth skin. I crept closer and tears tore themselves from my eyes and sliced my face; his presence was so full. Full of pure, raw feeling.

"I don't know why you would come here," his voice, that emotion pooling from his lips and forming words, made my heart feel stale in my chest, my blood forgetting its purpose. "I'm not often sought after."

I slumped to the ground, my body feeling for the first time. My mind felt out-modeled, like it was not sophisticated enough to process his sounds into words. He spoke to me for a time-less day. Twenty-four hours in a single minute. His words cut scarlet caverns, a bitter signature into my skin. It hurt me. But oh, the pain. The life!

After a time, he stood, his cloak dripping with endless tears and walked into the gloom. I found my strength and followed him.

BFF

Amy Conway

The water is smooth. Its icy-blue surface sparkles, inviting. I run to immerse myself in the cool waters. They promise to relieve me from the scorching sun and insects that surround me, to carry me down a path of company, faith, relief from the world. A world too busy. Too full. Dry. I fling myself into the open expanse and fall into the unknown. It carries me, forces me. My limbs lose their will. The water grows cold, and stains me with dead insects and sediments. It jams its groping fingers down my throat and tears at my heart, ripping out bloodied veins. My body is chiseled and strewn on the river bottom, eroded. The promised relief and comfort I thought I saw while on shore, is mocked and ravaged in the bruised waters. All I feel is fear. Fear and betrayal under the surface. The fear of letting go, of breathing.

It's all over. I free myself from the hating clutches, and find myself further downstream than before. The air, choking, smothering, too much. Too empty. Too free.

I struggle back upstream, but my body still carries the stains the water, my friend, gave me.

Henry's Fork

James George

A plane of glass reflecting the hot yellow sun, the water is the essence of calm. Its still surface is only disturbed by a duck waltzing across its surface, or the ripple indicating a hidden fish, feasting on the buffet of insects to be had. The pair of fishermen, near in distance but far in minds, stand as sentinels, watching over the Henry's Fork, guarding it from those that would wish it harm.

Sailor
Amy Conway

Jim stepped gingerly on the ashen-grey ice. He kept his hard blue eyes on the polar bear swimming not five feet away from him in the black water. His stretched his fingers around a long, black hook, cracking the ice in the marrow of his bones. The hook, tapered to a point at one end, was his only means to catch food. To survive. Jim tensed. Exhaled. Lift and release. Miss. He watched the polar bear turn and disappear under the ice. Jim wasn't surprised. He sat down heavily on the crusty ice, his stomach shaking with need for food, for life. His blue overcoat with the rusty brass buttons on the cuffs was soaked and frosted with snow. In the frozen air, he traveled over the frozen hills and water, back to three days ago when his life fell apart. He was captain of a small, but proud ship, and his crew was loyal, his only friends. But things had changed. The bickering on the ship had grown worse as they sailed in treacherous waters and frigid temperatures. His crew mutinied and abandoned him here. Alone. Jim sighed and sank into his coat. He didn't know which was worse, being betrayed by his friends or being stranded here in this unknown graveyard. He was so tired. Tired of the pain and the endless cold. What did the sun feel like? The air dug into his eyes, nose, mouth, freezing his lungs. He closed his eyes. His frozen eyelashes fused together. Jim knew. It wouldn't be long now.

A Parent Does

Sierra Divine

The strong woman, pulling into the driveway
A house she built with dreams, a house that roofs our head.
White paint, green grass, a perfect view of the night sky
This is where all wait for her with intent of performing routine

A man, owning tanned, greasy hands, who just left his wrenches, his
desk, and his papers to fulfill us,
A shirt just barely washed, spattered and soiled with long talks from a
day's work.
Turns into our rocky drive the gears
Click
Into place
The rocks shift beneath the weight of the truck occupied with a man of
true strength

Her light within, never burns out
Making sure her children come first, smiling
He's dirty, full of tension
Needs a shower
But the kids are hungry, so again he begins his known routine

Wrinkles etch stories on their skin
The things played out at work, dancing behind the glowing of their eyes
Hairs misplaced on the wrong side of their part
But once again their children enter
And they remember their lives true meaning

She allows her daughter, tears to spill upon her shoulder
And he teaches his son to hunt
Remembering her childhood she drifts away sizzling potatoes in the pan
—sizzle
—sizzle, pop

As the children sit down, eat their dinner
They stretch their toes under the table together; glance up at each
other, catching the love in each other's eyes
They wipe the sweat from their brow
Trying to remember where life is
But hidden in their children, it's found

And then it begins a new day
Just another turn of the key
Pulling back away from where they live
Knowing their way of living
Is a way of them breathing for me.

Reverberations

Becca Huber

I am the echo
Of feet that stumbled
Tears that cut
Hearts that cried
Laughs that soared
An echo that remains
Like a pure vapor
In the dark woodland.
A light for those
Waiting

I Carry
Sierra Divine

Marks on my skin, lines on my face, and the thoughts over
brewing in my head

They are-

Things stuck inside me like caged dogs

The things unspoken to my mother about times I ashamed her

In my throat, the words

"I love you,"

Are screaming to be released while I grope my reflection crying

"It's okay to be afraid."

I carry with me, romance.

Fingers gracing my skin, underlining stress, gliding his fingers
across the small of my back making me quiver with chills.

The stars sending me kisses to send in sealed envelopes

—Hushed

—Hushed

The touch is so familiar to my body it's unlawful.

The pure taste of one's lips

Sending screams under thin sheets, reminding my ears what my
voice sounds like.

I hide, hide inside the mountains graceful hands, lifted up and
pressed against the sun's face.

I now carry the light on my skin glowing against the rivers
smoothest rocks, the god's stories running along the heels of my
feet,

Making stress for my body to tease, the delicious source of intimacy
and the beauty of tension.

It makes me remember the last time my lips were full and begged
for attention.

I hold confidence
I bring love
I control joy
Even though I show no control
I carry the words that
Fill the gaps in between mountains,
That weave through trees skinny, sliver pinched fingers
And pour into and fills the river with grace.

On me, I have palms with fortunes quilted in-between aged lines.
I lay my hand on my heartbeat, wanting to reach inside my chest
and pull the pulse out so I can remember what it felt like to be alive.
The quick speed of the beat warms my palms and then I begin to re-
member taking baths on the sun.
And after all my secrets become revealed,
I can feel my blood, for the first time, burning within.

A Child's Guidance

Aly Fawcett

Daddy, turn off the television
Let's go outside and play
Feel yourself give in
Let the make-believe begin

Look out the window
Wonder where the river goes
Feel so small
In mountain shadow

Lay in waist-high grass
Stare at passing clouds
Feel butterfly kisses
Time to open your eyes

Examine rusty nail in
Rotting wood
Feel it crumble in your hand
Now only fragments wait

Look to the sky
With gray clouds rolling in
Feel rain kiss your cheek
And do not turn away

Take off leather shoes
Run barefoot through the yard
Feel week's forgotten uncut grass
Tickle tops of toes

Put away worthless worries
Save them for another day
Feel it all slip away
These things you can't control

Daddy, turn off the television
Let's go outside and play
Feel yourself give in
And it all begins again

Speak
Aly Fawcett

The polished stone
Flat and smooth in my hand
Distant mountain blue
Into my pocket
Followed by one rust red
Another black as coal
You poke through rocks beside me
I turn, handing you
Glossy, milky white
Almost symmetrical
You reject it
Tossing it to the center
And the ripples disappear
Against the shore
Hidden currents
Reflecting the words
We were too afraid to say

White Ursal

James George

A large crack swallowed the silence, like a whale swallowing krill, signifying another large chunk of ice breaking off from the central mass. I froze, not daring to twitch. After a minute had passed and nothing catastrophic had happened, I resumed my steady creep toward the edge of the ice floe. My staff was a reassuring weight in my hand, made of solid oak with a bronze spike on the end; it was perfect for testing the stability of the ice.

As I reached the edge I beheld a sight few men had ever gazed upon. A polar bear, coat white as virgin snow, swam through the frigid waters of the Arctic. As I watched, the beast swam, it made a sudden darting motion, and then pulled itself ashore. The bear caught a fish, and proceeded to devour it. I watched in fascination, until it finished and lay down to doze. I turned to walk back to my ship, but froze as I heard a grating sound from nearby. I looked down, moved my foot to one side, and saw a smashed piece of ice right under where my boot had been. I hardly dared to move, but turned my head to observe the beast. It had sat bolt upright, ears swiveled into an attentive position, as it scanned the barren icy landscape to try to discern the origin of the sound.

I held my breath and tried not to move, but my old knees creaked with the effort of holding one leg off the ground, and despite my best efforts, the bear continued to steadily move forward, like a glacier across the land. I weighed my options in my mind, knowing I had little chance of fighting off a fully grown polar bear, yet with my aged body and the treacherous footing of the ice I had almost as little a chance at outrunning it. At the moment when I had almost lost hope of getting out of this situation alive, I heard shouts coming from behind me. I whipped my head around, and saw my crew racing toward me across the ice, brandishing harpoons in hand menacingly. The polar bear caught sight of them, and I could almost see it weighing the decision in its animalistic eyes. A decision was reached, and the polar bear plunged into the cold waters and slipped away, looking like a departing angel of death.

Help

James George

A young boy
Walking a hill, blind
To all else.
Confronted, a shadow looms
Potential for violence enormous
But strangely still.
The boy is scared
Yet strangely detached.
He floats above
And watches,
He sees himself-
He calls down a light
It guides him.
And the shadow
Is banished.
The boy walks homeward,
Light and he hand in hand.
The fright fading in the comfort
Of a heart's flame.

Earth Lost

James George

The eagle soars
Over the barren plain.
Through the streets
Of the long dead cities,
The deer now graze.
Where did all the people go?

Crashed planes dot the mountainside,
While battleships rust in harbors.
Man's hubris-
Killed by Man's blunder.
Why did all the people go?

Faerie Rain

James George

The rain keeps falling
On my head.
When mortal men
Have sought their beds.
We faeries come out to play,
When today meets yesterday.
Watch us shimmer, watch us fly,
Here, then there—
A blink of the eye.
When the sun does come again,
We in turn take to our beds,
Until the time we'll dance again,
When today meets yesterday.

Mark Walking

James George

A deer darted across the path like a flash of coffee-colored lightning. Its pale spotted rump disappeared into the sun-dappled shrubbery, bone white tail upright like a flag of peace. Mark let out the breath he had subconsciously been holding, and started back up the trail. As he passed into a patch of sun he tugged his old straw cowboy hat lower over his eyes. A stray strand of hay poked into his forehead he did this. Reflexively, he reached up to brush it away, forgetting he held his walking staff in hand. He was able to bite back a curse, thanks to the severe conditioning his mother had given him as a child. He rubbed at the spot on his scalp where he had bonked himself with a good five feet of solid oak. He had spent all of last summer making the walking stick, from cutting the branch, sanding and staining the wood, to attaching the three inch long bronze spike to its bottom in order to increase its ability to grip the ground. Mark readjusted his hat, and then returned to his examination of the wilderness. Its stupendous radiance astounded him no matter the numerous times he had hiked the trail. He caught a glimpse of his reflection in the brook that ran along the path, and grinned wryly at his image. Wearing what once was a blue and green plaid shirt, but now was so faded and patched as to resemble a quilt; he hardly fit the picturesque woodlands around him. Add to that old blue jeans faded almost to white, soft as swan's feathers from countless washings. His boots were the newest part of his ensemble, and they had already gone through two older brothers. He started walking again, enjoying his time, as he tramped to the top of the mountain.

What the West Is...

Bridget Harkness

I always wanted to love a cowboy.
A man, who could stop an errant horse
with his canvas hat. With lowlights of sweat
dampness and dirt. Dirt that lingers in my cavities.
Crunching and crackling like a fire scorches bits of sky.
Swallowing like the whale that swallowed Jonah,
allowing him to live inside. Allowing him still to be
a man. Sticky and straining at the seams -
a dam kissing the lips of an angry river. Spitting salmon
over concrete. Stout, thick shouldered, in a suit
that doesn't fit like it was custom made.
Not tailored like the skyline to the mountains. Jagged
puzzle pieces that would make hands bleed
if they tried pressing them together. Smearing wine-dark
tint across the nighttime that keeps the west contained.
And the coos of mourning birds—I miss them,
when I wake up late under the uneven sun
of the afternoon. Silent besides the sounds of horses
flexing muscles beneath their riders. While cradled
in the saddle, I have realized that I have no words
to offer cowboys.

Oakley

Caroline Hibbard

He is a red hot blaze of the sun's scorching rays. Eyes as big and round as soft, amber polished gems. His black hooves smash the world of bugs, making all who are smaller than he cower. He flips his auburn flames proudly, from the crown of his head to the end of his shoulders. His tail is long and thick, highlighted with red, brown, and black. It's like a whip hitting the insects who bite his underbelly; but when he's calm, it touches the ground, dragging like a king's royal cape. He bucks in the air and paws at the sky to challenge anyone who defies him. His cry is a song of unknown freedom. He waits to run back to the forest's embrace, sheltered by the trees overhead. His spirit speaks of the wild. He is all muscle and commands his body with ease and power. Wanting to run until his strong legs can fly no more. But his walk is like a ballerina's walk. He carries me through rivers and deserts, protecting me. He is my friend, my companion, whose there to listen quietly when I need to speak.

Temptation

Annie Matson

There is an old friend that I meet occasionally, showing up unexpectedly and in different forms. Sometimes she reeks of thick cigarette smoke, finding me in a lonely alleyway. Other times I can feel her greedy eyes on me as I fiddle with my paper, filled with unanswered questions. And yet other days she appears in the darkest of hours, her brilliant amber eyes burning into mine as though they were windows to my deepest secrets. Every so often I will turn a corner and there she will be, her elegant ivory hand stretched out and searching for mine. At times enticing aromas seem to purl from her every pore, and a silent longing smolders within her eyes for me to join her. Forever with me, following me, or just around the corner she will be waiting, waiting for me to accept her irreversible friendship.

Sheer Stupidity

Caroline Hibbard

I glanced at the speedometer: one-hundred and seventy miles per hour. The landscape was a complete blur as I raced past all the people watching me. The distance between me and the ramp was decreasing. I tried to swallow, but couldn't. *No spit?* Well that's just great. I looked down again. The rocky cliff and the body of water...

The speedometer read two-hundred and five miles per hour now. The ramp was only a couple feet away. I sucked in a deep breath and then went catapulting off the cliff. The bullet bike made a loud roar as it sped over the edge. My heart was pounding in my chest. I still held onto the black bullet bike, which was going to be meeting its demise in only a few short seconds. My mind went dizzy and all I could think about was to hold on. The cold, deep water was getting closer now. I could almost feel its watery arms waiting to embrace me. I tried to take slow breaths, but the wind was forcing its air into my constricted lungs. *I'm going to make it*, I thought. No matter how much it hurts, one million dollars is going to ease the pain.

And think of all the fame I would get back home. Guys would worship me for my triumph, and girls would surround me constantly, trying to touch my well-muscle biceps. Yeah, that would be my favorite part. Pulling myself back from my ocean of thoughts, I forced my hands to release their grip on the bike; then, I let go. My body started to flip in the air. I willed myself to remember how to plunge into subzero water safely without injury. With one swift motion, I wheeled my body around so that my feet were perpendicular to the water crossed my arms over my chest and waited for the exact moment to fill my lungs with air. The water was only fifteen seconds away from engulfing me completely. The whole thing had only taken about a minute, the longest minute of my life. I sucked in a gigantic breath of sweet air and counted.

Five, four, three, two, one. I shot into the water like a speeding bullet that missed its target. The water was cold, so cold that it felt like knives piercing holes into my lungs, I couldn't breathe. The

water froze my muscles making it harder for me to command myself. Cold fear swept over me as I realized that if I did not force my frozen body to move to the top, I would soon not be able to move at all.

My lungs screamed for air and I knew what I had to do. Making my legs kick, arms in front of me as if I was trying to hit at the water, I made it to the top. I burst out of the water feeling new and alive. I could hear shouts of joy and satisfaction high above me and felt happy. I smiled and lifted my arm into the sky, fist clenched. Not that they would be able to see me all the way down here, but I'm sure the cameras on the news would be able to. I laughed at that, and then began choking hard on excess water.

A surge of pure joy rushed into my frozen limbs, making them feel warm. I had just accomplished something no one had ever done before, something no one my age would dare do. I had done an amazing thing, something only someone with a good amount of guts could do. Or maybe it was just stupidity. Sheer stupidity.

Every Lifetime

Tamara Law

I have a poem in my pocket
And a world in my head
A song sits in my mouth
It sings whatever's said

There is music in my spirit
And a story on my face
My heart is filled with treasure
While my soul glides up near space

Every lifetime is a saga
Every person has a tale
Every season is worth watching
As the ship unfurls its sails

Learning

Becca Huber

Unmarred by man's fatal flaws,
flows the river.

Reflecting in perfection,
the blue of an unpolluted sky,
and the contentment of clouds.

Now it becomes a chalkboard
with nature as the teacher.

Animals with simple lives,
people who come to enjoy
pure things in a disappointed world.

All are reflected
upon the surface of
the river.

A Moment

Tamara Law

The doors were open and the fan was on, airing the room, drying the cream and yellow paint. The long strips of white paper, taped to the floor, rustled as the fan hummed.

They stood, father, mother, brother and sisters, surveying the new work: father and brother spattered with paint and holding tall blue glasses of iced water. Sun streamed in the outside door and window, rich and golden. The heat, like stewed fruit, settled heavily on them, driving away the chill.

Outside, swallows, kingbirds, and robins sang unconcernedly. The crickets chirred and hummingbirds whirred. A woodpecker rapped on the power pole.

The room was enchanting, and almost finished. A sluggish breeze made its way inside, lifting the scent of fresh paint; lifting their hair; lifting the heavy, golden heat.

For a moment.

Blind Oblivion

Becca Huber

Distrust reigns
in a cage of ice. Burning and biting
at raw skin. I rage
at myself. Thrash at unseen
demons. Kick at the claspings bars
that bind.

Never in sleep,
Never awake.

Reek of false diamonds
ravaging my gaze.

Blind to the door
that welcomes above me,
unable to distract
from the bars below me.

A robe of lies,
eyes that gape,
a mouth that smiles
with faithless comfort.

I have discovered
hate.

Gentle Mist

Erin Stretch

I love to stroll
Through rain.
I love to feel it
Against my skin.
I love seeing the leaf, loaded with water,
Suddenly tilt and spill its contents.

Inferior

Heidi Hughes

It was supposed to be beautiful. Those golden mustard petals with the paintbrush stroke of lines. It was supposed to be happy—a miniature star to contrast the darkened undergrowth. It should have incited passion, and given the ability to accept the problems of the past, but that beacon of nature was nothing but an annoyance to me. I couldn't see the blooming center everyone talked about. Its bright colors were shadowed from my view. It was no "majestic wonder" but just another plant revered for no particular reason—another thing that I was made to feel inferior to.

I'd watch the bugs gnaw at its leaves; the fungus slowly destroying its roots and I couldn't understand why anyone could adore it. Why would the bees pollinate it? What possibly made the humans sniff it—men and women alike? No one seemed to know or care that its beauty only went as deep as the stem's top, but like every other flower, as its petals started wilting, so also would its stardom.

Whispers

Heidi Hughes

The bleak landscape,
dry and morbid,
was nothing but sand;
miles of empty air,
like crackers left out of the box,
hard and stale.
Licking her lips,
she took another step forward into the haunted landscape.
It was a place where ghosts of pirates would parade —
eternal damnation in the waterless world.
The creaking whispers of the spirits told her stories as she walked
along —
told her of their murders and plunders.
Her ratted mass of tangled, red hair strewn down her back
didn't bother her and she couldn't hear the stories echoing across the
landscape.
Detached from all forms of existence, in pained oblivion,
her green eyes worn to a hardly lighted gray looked out across the
burning sands.

A pebble in the distance, she noted, of such a brilliant blue,
Teal sparkles and purple shimmers,
So small and insignificant.
Her bare, twisted toes flinched at the site, and she could feel a slight
burning sensation.
It was with a small flick of her foot that she began traveling a little
faster.
The rock grew just a bit, with each step expanding, slowly expanding.
She felt her feet lifting, sailing off the ground, hair thrown behind her
with the wind flowing at her face.
Each leap forward she felt her muscles moving in a new way, and
smile across her face.
Out to the sides she could see green trees growing, filled with life.

A brook weaving through the thickening forest.
Her hair untangling in the breeze.
A doe stuck his head out of the wilderness.
She abruptly stopped.
Down at her feet was a small stone, teal and purple.
She picked up the smooth pebble.
"Hope," it read. Hope in the distance.

I Can't
Erin Stretch

How come I can't fit in?
I told Anna I'm rude
And don't trust.
I want to be one of them.
Instead I just sit in the corner
and read and write and cry.
The writers are friendly,
fun to talk to. I trust them
so why not my peers?
I'm always uncomfortable.
I smile at their jokes and I want to talk to them but-
Why am I so messed up???
At a party I sit in the corner with my book and I read.
Sometimes I sing to songs I like but not where someone
can hear me.
Please someone help.

Forgiveness

Anna Kelly

I forgive you, world,
I forgive you for wrenching my family apart
I forgive you for your twists of fate
I forgive your cruel humor

I forgive you, mom,
for leaving me alone weeks at a time
for caring about drugs more than me
I forgive you for never showing up to court
for never fighting to keep me

I forgive you, dad,
for never knowing me
I forgive half my tree shrouded in mystery.

I forgive you, government,
I forgive you for being the epitome of corrupt power
I forgive you for wrenching my life from my happy place

I forgive you, Amama,
I forgive you for being too family oriented
I forgive you for loving my mom too much.

I might even forgive you, Meth
I might forgive you for causing all this pain in my life
I might forgive you for taking my mom from me

But I will NEVER forgive you, TRAVIS B.

Missing

Anna Kelly

I would miss my mom
I would miss the way she encourages
I would miss the way she looks out for me
even when I wish otherwise

I would miss my poodle Jacque
I would miss the headaches given me
by my ornery little sisters

I would miss the boys I stare at as they walk by
I would miss my dear friends
miss their teasing me on my lack of cussing

I would miss the dew on the grass in the early morning
I would miss the beauty of nature
The birds, the trees, THE AIR

I would miss the books from the library
Musty smell of old books
I would miss the library itself
If I were cut off from the world

Untitled

Amanda Law

I carry with me
Love
A warm blanket
Big enough to embrace the world
Gentle enough to love a stranger

and Joy
Quietly inside, locked in my earthy interior
Sometimes the spring bubbles over
To soothe Anger's nerves

I carry with me
Peace
A basket of gray kittens
Downy and warm
Simple enough
To justify the meaningless

and Compassion
Ready to console, to help
To stitch up broken hearts
Renew tired souls

I carry with me
Paper
Paper to be filled
With ink.
Wheels.
Cogs.
Ideas and blueprints.
Graphs.

and a Pen
Sometimes enough ink
To draw worlds
Sometimes enough ink
To love a stranger

Star Ash

Becca Huber

A dreamer tried once,
To taste a star
Reel it in and slice it
Like so many fish.
Soak up the warmth
While coiled like a rattler
Basking on a stone.
Melt it in the ice
Of love untarnished
Perfectly preserved forever.
But the star burned
Leaving only ash
To clasp from the
Untied star

Gardening

Amanda Law

On a Monday
morning is fresh
and cold
the sun just
climbing the hill
slowly. surely.
grass still wet
from sprinklers
cool and slick
irises and lilies laden
heavily with water-
logged blossoms
the first bees only just
venturing from their
underground homes
clover and daisies, loose
in the ground
ready to be coaxed from
their beds that
no longer want them
shade from the
ponderosa
on one half of
the garden
a soft spot cleared for
the new Aster
gloves in my back
pocket and
shears in my hand
a day of earth
molding, as a
potter shapes
clay
carefully. gently.

What Gifts from the River?

Amanda Law

Hearing. Birds serenading. Flies and bees wondering. Wind teasing. Or maybe it's the river, somewhere far off. Something nibbles the surface of the water. An explosion of sound spreads, again and again. My feet slide through dirt thoughtfully and my pencil scratches against sun yellowed paper.

What gifts from the river?

Feeling. Sun, hot on my back. Cool breeze kissing my skin, mussing my soft hair, tickling my forehead. Rough, sun-faded tree skeleton. My seat on the forest floor. Tall grasses gently nuzzle my arm.

What gifts from the river?

Smelling. Keen scent of weeds invades my senses. Sagebrush mixed with the spicy smell of dust still lingering from my trudge along the path. Above all this, the intense, clean smell of wild air.

What gifts from the river?

Seeing. Flowers, soft white seed pods exploding into fuzzy hair atop skinny, green people. Dead trees across the river. Stark, lonely and forlorn, like sad, forgotten people. Two brown butterflies follow each other in fluttering loops above the white purple and yellow fields.

What gifts from the river?

The earthy taste of settling dust fills my mouth and nose. Fills my heart with expectancy. The sky shudders, my airways are filled with sweet, rain washed river air. Thick, coarse grasses, a stem bitter against my tongue.

All these—the sweet tastes of the river.

Snapshot Poems

Tamara Law

Quaking Aspen

Leaves trembling,
Shivering in a sigh—
Silver-green on white

Landscape

River, trees, fields:
Caldera rim blue,
Below hazed sky

Sisters

She says, "Matte black and crimson"
I say, "Lavender and copper"
Not quite compatible, these colors

Brother

Laughing, teasing eyes
Once we were mistaken as twins
Now he's bigger, his smile says

Louisa

Black-and-white fur
Petal-pink mouth, needle teeth
Elfin paws batting at your hand

Family Beauty

Chocolate dark tendrils,
Framing a smiling face
Eyes blue-gray-green

Breaking Ice

Jacque Lewis

He sat there again. Every day I passed by this river and every day he sat there, staring listlessly into the flowing waters, feet bare and dangling. There were two paths of grass that appeared to have died long ago, one that seemed to lead toward the river and the other away. He always sat where they connected, making a V.

I gazed at him a moment longer and then, as if sensing my stare, he turned to look at me. His eyes were a pale blue, as cold as the arctic winds, and his pristine blond hair reflected the Sun's endless rays.

He glared at me for a moment and then stoically turned away, swishing his feet in the rushing waters. I paused, considering turning and making my way home. I considered pretending that I had never seen him and that he had never seen me, but I felt my feet going numb and carrying me toward him.

I sat beside him, probably closer than necessary, and rested my weary eyes.

"My name is Piper," I murmured, trying to draw his attention. Opening my midnight blue eyes and peering at him from the corners as inconspicuously as I could manage. I saw his eyes remained fixed upon his thin feet.

"What do you do here every day?" I questioned, pressing further.

He laid a hand behind himself on the nearby green grass and casually leaned back, basking in the late afternoon breeze. I watched in amazement as the lively green grass withered under his touch and turned to resemble the ugly shade of dead skin.

Suddenly, I found myself aware of the below zero temperature his body was emitting and found it odd that I hadn't noticed it earlier. I subconsciously recoiled from him, arms curling around one another, trying to preserve some of the fleeting warmth.

"You shouldn't be here," the boy murmured, his voice wispy and quiet as though he barely had enough air to speak.

I chose to ignore his comment and brushed the wild locks of

my brown hair from my face. It was pointless, the wind of the oncoming storm whipped it out of control once again.

A huff of annoyance escaped me while I stood to leave and hopefully avoid the approaching squall. Glancing down at strangely immobile blond hair, quiet words floated past my lips before I could call them back.

"I'll see you tomorrow, then," I stretched my cramped jean-clad legs and strolled down the dead path. When I reached the gravel road above, I stilled; thinking for a moment before spinning on my heel, hand poised in midair.

I glanced along the river's bank in confusion for several seconds. Slowly, I allowed my raised arm to fall; disappointed. Where the boy had once sat there was nothing. My mind echoed a single word.

"Strange."

Visiting Family

Erin Stretch

Chattering tourists
Dressed in tank tops and shorts
I smile, think "mosquito bait."

Gamble

Jacque Lewis

Rough hands grasped the jagged rocks above, struggling to lift the great weight of the backpack over the cliff side. Thrusting himself over the edge, the man lay sprawled on the uneven ground, gulping down air as if he had been drowning. After a few moments, he tossed the pack to the side and began ripping through the contents.

Round face becoming overwhelmed by a triumphant grin, he pulled out a bag of unopened chips. With an echoing pop the heavy scent of cheese filled the cold morning air.

Thick, sausage-like fingers ravaged the innocent bag and lifted a handful of the triangular treats to the man's mouth. He munched happily, little crumbs coming to rest on his coarse brown beard as his cheesy fingers rubbed contentedly at a round protruding gut.

"I'm gonna win me that bet," Darwin chirped, another handful of chips resting in his palms. "Jeff and them others don't know what they're talkin' 'bout. This ain't so hard."

Rolling onto his stomach, Darwin used his chubby arms to lift himself up and, once on his feet, he carefully grabbed the half-empty bag and stowed it away in the backpack.

Lifting the bulging sack onto his shoulders, he teetered slightly before continuing up the mountain. He idly kicked the rocks on the path, watching as they sailed down the cliff, inwardly hoping they would strike an unsuspecting creature on descent. Darwin's fat lips perked up at the possibility, however, his train of thought was stalled as he felt a tug at his billowing gray sweatpants.

Glancing down, he saw it. There, attached to his leg like a parasite was a chipmunk, no bigger than his thick fist, staring at him with depthless, ebony eyes.

A moment seemed to pass when the whole mountain froze and all the annoying birds and bugs seemed to have vanished.

Suddenly, a girlish yelp shattered the silence. Darwin frantically jerked his leg in a desperate attempt to dislodge the tiny rodent. The chipmunk leapt from the thin fabric of his pants and scurried

up the mountainside to a branch that rested just out of reach of Darwin's stubby arms.

The striped creature peered down at him curiously while Darwin's frightened oceanic eyes raised to the beast.

The chipmunk's own dark eyes briefly shifted to the bulk on the man's back. Noticing this, Darwin immediately became defensive.

"Don't you even think about it, you little rat," Darwin spouted, clenched fist rising in warning. The rodent cast him a second glance before lunging forward, latching onto Darwin's thick beard and wriggling onto his back.

Darwin's arms flailed wildly around him, a panicked shriek escaping as he stumbled dangerously close to the cliff's edge. Darwin paused for a moment; his breath catching in his throat as he realized the world around him was shifting.

The mountain edge he had been clinging to was growing smaller, the cloudless sky was now in his path, and he could no longer feel the ache of the heavy backpack pressing down on him.

"What?" He murmured, confused before realization struck him in the form of the very solid earth.

He let out a surprised "oof" as he landed, sparks of light danced in his eyes, which he reached out for in his confusion. He lay there, dazed for a moment before loud, boisterous laughter stole him from the shock.

Darwin glanced up and saw three robust men doubled over, waves of laughter escaping them. He stared at them for a short time before a quiet chirping drew his attention. Ignoring the stiffness of his neck, Darwin turned a curious gaze to his left. There, not even six feet away, stood the malevolent beast that had caused his fall and within delicately clawed hands were Darwin's precious chips.

Darwin allowed a pitiful whimper to escape his lips as the voice of Jeff echoed in the valley, sugarcoated with amusement.

"You lose the bet, Darwin."

The Fisherman's Wife

Annie Matson

"How can dis of happened to uz? Where iz God now? To have let da sky fall down upon uz?" Maria asked herself as she stood in the doorway looking into what used to be her modest living room. Her roof had a gashing hole in it and her floor was littered in debris of rock and clay. The old woman was slightly slouched, skin leathered from years of burning sun and her hands were dry and cracked from years of mending and cooking. She carried a scent of fish on her from her life she lived as a fisherman's wife.

Maria once again looked around the ruined room in dismay and discouragement. Who would clean this up? She hadn't been able to have children, and family lived miles away from her. The people of the village simply avoided her as she did them, just waiting for her death which was bound to come soon.

Maria felt as if there was no time to mourn. Maybe this *was* from God; a sign that she should pack up her few possessions and leave this place. Something she knew she could never do, though. She was borne and raised here on the island, and she would die and be buried next to her family, just like people expected. Dust from the collapse still delicately lingered in the room, creating a thin sheet of powder that covered the walls and objects of the surrounding rooms in the minute house.

She turned away from the heart wrenching mess and hobbled out of her faded door. A fragile breeze floated off the ocean and into the village. Maria welcomed it into her old worn lungs, allowing memories of better days to play in her mind. The salty taste lingered on her ancient chapped lips, lonely for the pair which had passed from this world years before. Her head lifted to the cliff where he lay, awaiting her presence. Her aged spidery legs hadn't carried her that far in a long time, but something within her told Maria she could make it; there was plenty of time.

After only a few yards her body groaned and ached in resistance, but her heart and spirit ached in longing. Longing to be there, upon the cliff; longing to be with the one she loved. Maria could feel

the blood pumping through her body. She was so close, now, to the top. Her legs started to shake. She knew if she fell, there would be no way she could make it. So instead she dropped to her knobby knee's and continued the ascendance. Her head filled with thoughts of her childhood; dips in the clear water, running aimlessly through the olive groves, and spending countless hours with Mario.

Her knees now began to bleed, leaving patches of crimson upon the rocky path behind her. The top was in view. Her whole body now was violently convulsing as she reached the peak and collapsed. Maria's breathing was rigid and raspy; her frail body feeling nothing but pain. With the last of her energy she looked up to Mario's crumbling grave stone.

Standing there, patiently watching her was a familiar young man. His eyes a melted chocolate brown; his hair a soft charcoal black, and his skin baring a golden sun kissed glow. He playfully smiled and reached his young hand for hers. She carefully brought her own up, finding that it wasn't the same as it had been just minutes before. What was just an old worn hand now was youthful and soft. He tightly grasped hers and pulled her up to him.

"Mario." She delightfully whispered in a delicate lithe voice.

Black Tuesday

Lynn Mecham

"Oh, Bertha, I am so sorry," Anne's voice squeaked with age and use.

"Thank you for your concern," Bertha replied shaking the tears from her wrinkled face.

The two women stood alone in the abandoned stalls of accountants at Wall Street. Anne was taller by almost a head. She had a strong masculine jaw with a nose that seemed to belong to someone else. She patted Bertha soothingly on the shoulder, "Don't you worry I'll find you a new home and work before the day is out."

Bertha accepted the soothing pat and replied, "Who would think that my stock had so little value? Why I lost over a million dollars in investments in just two days," she looked worn out as if she had been up for hours and hours; her voice shook as she was talking.

Anne thought about the last week. The Stock Market crashing, thousands of dollars now worthless, and so many suicides. She shook herself to return back to the present situation. Anne quickly put her arm through Bertha's and frog-marched her outside on the street.

The street was empty. No hagglers, shopkeepers, or employees were anywhere to be seen. In the roads there was broken furniture; glass littered the streets, and occasional body, lying misshapen on the sidewalk.

"Come on, dearie, let's get you home." Anne said stepping over all of the debris littering the once busy street.

"But I don't have a home," Bertha croaked, "I don't even have any money."

"All that can be taken care of," Anne inserted shying away from a particularly gory corpse lying in a tangled mass on the curb.

"How? You don't have any money either," Bertha paused, then asked, "Do you?"

Anne thought about her answer carefully. The truth was that she didn't. She lost it all in the stock market, but her friend didn't

need to know that. So she decided to lie, "Yes dear, I have plenty."

Bertha looked at her speculatively. Then with a little Jerk she realized where she was, "Anne?" she asked.

"Hmmm," Anne grunted.

"What happened out here?"

Anne looked over at her friend, "You mean that you don't know," Bertha nodded, "I'll tell you what happened," she paused catching her breath then said forcefully, "Hell has broken loose in the form of the Stock Market crashing. People lost millions overnight. Men had no way to feed their families. Women lost their investments. People decided not to go on living any more. That's what happened."

The two women stopped and looked at each other. Bertha looked hurt. Anne sighed, "All right let's get out of this place."

Bertha nodded and they set off again. They kept walking until they came upon one of the homeless shelters. There was a line of people starting from the doorway of the apartment building snaking around the block and disappearing out of sight. The two old ladies stopped, looked once at the building, and turned around and walked away dejectedly till they found some bridge to sleep under.

They slept, dreaming of the good old days when the Stock Market was healthy and people had a will to live. They slept wanting to never wake up again.

The Realm of Confusion

Lynn Mecham

In the mist I walked, waiting. I kept walking until I felt like I was somewhere else. I turned back, and what I saw made me inhale sharply.

I was now standing in a forest, except it wasn't like any traditional forest that I was accustomed to. The trees were upside down, trunks trailing off into the sky. Something brushed my feet as I stared at the evergreens. It was a flower, although none I had ever encountered. Its pedals were gripping the ground tightly, while the roots hung struggling in the air. Suddenly with a small pop the pedals detached from the ground and the flower went rocketing up. I watched in horror as a little face appeared where the center of the flower should have been. The flower screamed in terror as it was drug upward by some invisible force towards the heavens.

Twitching from all of the images, I walked on. As I walked, stranger things began to happen. Rocks began to fly; birds were still, bushes became ravening beasts hungry for flesh.

"Like my little world?" The whole of the world shook as the voice bellowed.

"It is interesting," I replied keeping my voice calm as I waited for the speaker to appear.

"I should expect as much from you." The voice was quieter, feminine even, and right behind.

I spun around and gasped. In front of me stood a creation so beautiful, vile, mediocre, and just plain weird, that I was lost for words. It was a being, not human or really anything for that matter; it was in constant state of change. From human, to animal, to plant, it shifted, never stopping and never the same.

"What do you mean," I asked watching the thing shift from form to form.

"Just look around, you have already accepted the situation, and the new things that I have made, just for your benefit." A woman made from plant stems motioned with her arm toward the trees, the rocks, and the other anomalies, "You do know why your here

don't you?"

"I can't say I do," I kept my face impassive as the figure shifted again to a man made of the screaming flowers.

The figure shifted rapidly, a tiger made from steel, a child with a snake torso, until it finally settled on a devil with flowers as a crown. The imp grinned at me with serrated teeth and folded its arms, cocked its head to one side and spoke, "Why to do my bidding of course."

I reeled back in horror, but quickly regained my composure as the figure shifted again to a gargoyle as transparent as glass. The gargoyle moved toward me claws extending. Just when the gargoyle was about to pounce on me, I asked it a question, "What, or who are you?"

It paused in mid-flight and shifted again to an old cherub. The cherub, still in the air, grinned at me and replied, "You know me. Come on, tell me you're joking," I shook my head, it shifted again to a dragon that had no teeth, "I am your compadre, your benefactor, your very being, I am Confusion."

Why I Read

Erin Stretch

I want to run forever
and never look back.

I want to feel my feet pounding the earth
and the fresh air burning my lungs.

I want to see the places I fear—

the cliffs, the snow-covered mountains, the waterfall
pounding the rocks.

But my body cannot keep up with my mind
and so I read.

Gender Blender

Shelby Peters

The alarm clock rung and I flipped onto my stomach, hitting the snooze button as I turned. My face broke into a smile. I was extremely comfortable. It took me a while to figure out why, but when I did, my breathing stopped; then sped up almost to the point where it hurt. I sat bolt upright- this was awkward, seeing as I had been laying on my stomach- and felt my chest. I was completely flat.

I looked down at my hands and noticed how bulky and thick they were. I ran them through my hair and gasped. It was gone. Well, not completely, at least.

I dashed out of bed, flipped on the light, and looked in the mirror. A small shriek escaped my throat, but it was an octave lower than what it should have been.

I opened my eyes as wide as they would go and gasped.

I still had the same green eyes and round-shaped face, but everything was much more masculine. My hair was the same light brown, and as always I had the horrible bed-head, but it barely reached past my ears. My jaw line was more pronounced and my nose more protruding. My eyebrows were scraggly and bushier and I seemed to have grown a few inches.

A tear slipped down my face and the edges of my mouth quivered.

Then, I almost let burst a laugh.

I was a sixteen-year-old boy who was crying and wearing too-short pajama bottoms and a much too tight shirt.

I wiped my tears and sighed.

Well, first things first, I thought.

I stripped down, insanely uncomfortable and awkward, and pulled out a pair of loose basketball shorts and the biggest t-shirt I had- my boyfriend's shirt that I stored confidentially in the bottom of my closet.

I refused to think of what he would say if he saw me like this.

I jumped as my alarm went off for the second time and kicked the plug out of its outlet. I looked down at my feet and reluctantly wondered what I would wear to school on these size 14's. Surely

my brothers' feet weren't this big. And I was almost positive my dad only owned one pair of shoes.

I sighed for the umpteenth time as I decided flip-flops would have to do. I crossed over to the closet and attempted to slip into my brown flip-flops.

My feet were so wide now; it was nearly impossible. I yanked the shoe on my foot and the thong ripped through the bottom. I let out a cry of frustration and turned to my last option.

Gritting my teeth, I grabbed my neon pink flip-flops- complete with decorative flowers- and pulled them on my feet. They seemed 10 times more ugly than last morning. They were also a size bigger, though, than the last pair, and I had less trouble with them.

I stood up and looked down on my feet once more. The sides of my feet hung over the shoe and I exasperatedly imagined the blisters I would have from the thong cutting into my foot when the day was over. My heels hung pathetically over the end of the flip-flops and when I walked to my door I could feel them touch the carpet as I went. I had second thoughts about pulling them off and going barefoot for all it was worth but decided against it.

In the hall, I walked past the bathroom and gave half a smile. At least I wouldn't have to do my hair and makeup.

I usually wasn't ready to leave the house at this time; it had only taken me 10 minutes. I decided to leave, anyway. My mom would take my brothers to school.

Outside, I jumped into my car and pulled my keys out of my-purse? That wasn't going to work. I grabbed my keys, phone, and music player, then shoved my purse under the seat after I had pulled all the feminine key chains off the key ring. I would just have to ignore the necklaces hanging from the mirror and the other car accessories for now.

I peeled out of our driveway and headed for school.

Normally, I would have been pretty enthusiastic about getting front row parking, but that wasn't enough to cheer me up.

I had time to kill, so decided to take a small nap. It didn't take

long to fall asleep, but it seemed like only 5 minutes before the first

bell rang.

I got out of the car and dashed into the school and up to my locker. The halls were clearing and I rushed to get my stuff.

On the way to class I saw my friend Courtney and I smiled at her. She blushed furiously and walked faster.

Once I was in class, the desks around me filled rather quickly, all with girls, some I had never seen before.

The teacher began his lecture without even bothering to take roll call, while simultaneously the girls surrounding me kept glancing over and every once in a while they would giggle.

After about 15 minutes, one of the girls noticed my flip-flops and an emotion of revulsion skittered across her face. She leaned forward and voiced this to her friend; immediately they got up and crossed to empty desks across the room.

Furious, I glared down at the frilly shoes. That was it; I'd had enough.

I rose abruptly, thrust the chair from where I stood, and stormed out with my books, the teacher completely oblivious.

On the way outside I found my boyfriend on his way to class, late as usual. He squinted his eyes in concentration, surely trying to wrack his brain trying to remember where he had seen my face before.

I blushed, but ignored him, running out to my car. I raced home, fuming. My parents weren't home, thank goodness. I couldn't stand all of this unfamiliar attention. I ran into my room, crying on my bed and wishing for sleep, praying that when I awoke I would be myself again.

Vanity

Shelby Peters

Why do we want to be
what the world tells us that
we need to be?

Yet all of us long for
uniqueness,
frustrated if we blend too well

All our worldly
products
Dressing us up and stripping us
from all naturalness and true beauty

Longing to be what we
see on TV
in magazines
in advertisements

Loathing those with better
hair or smaller waists
Picking and picking at our own
beauty that we don't see

And if we were perfect
Would we whine some more
still picking and picking
Wanting something rare?

Would it be enough?

Buoyancy

Kristine Quint

I met Happiness on a dirt road on a fall afternoon, surrounded by the glowing forest fire of aspen trees. He grinned at me, as radiant as a newborn sunflower. He held out his hand and I took it. His touch was warm like the sandstone rocks in Moab after a long day of solar pressure. Though the air bit at my extremities when zephyrs traipsed through the aspens, I was warm. Warm from the inside out.

Happiness didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. In his sighs of content I could hear ocean waves, the ringing of halyards, an improvisational acoustic melody, the quiet resonance of friends, the orchestra of falling snowflakes; everything that brings me enchantment and tranquility.

We sauntered up the road, not knowing or caring about our destination. All I could think about was Happiness. His glowing auburn hair, his skin the color of a child's giggle, eyes that seemed to know ecstasy and evil, but that sparkled nevertheless in a celebration of simplicity.

He let go of my hand and danced. He was as graceful as a tumbling snowflake, spinning and weaving and winding up the road in a gleeful crunch of gravel.

We neared the end of the road where the sun's sinking made shadows creep out from the forest. Happiness came back to me. I reached out for him, and he placed a caring hand on my shoulder. He began to speak, his voice sounding like an unseen creek at night. "In this time we have, waste not on sadness," he murmured to me. In a glimmer of starlight, he was gone.

Pier 67

Kristine Quint

No one had had news from the ship in two days. News of the captain receiving a warning about icebergs had come in and was reported in the newspapers. But that was it. For the past two days the radios transmitted only scratchy, static noises of nothingness, the hopeless sound emanating from the speaker as dreadful as a shovel scraping against rocks. Pulling up dirt. Digging a grave.

Bess stood alone at Pier 67, her eyes skipping across the ocean, praying for a boat to appear. Her ears were still strong despite her age, and were tuned for any minuscule mention of the Titanic. The ship in which she had guardedly placed her trust in to bring her baby, her only daughter Camille, home.

Bess used to feel like this day would never come. After leaving her daughter behind two years ago in England, she and Camille had exchanged countless letters. It hadn't been until the beginning of April when the family Camille was working for in London let her leave to come back to home she'd never been to. New York City.

Bess had prayed endlessly for the day when the sun would rise over the Atlantic and the massive cruise liner, R.M.S. Titanic, would glide into Upper New York Bay like an angel. She arose from the creaky cot early, having given her own bed up the night before in order to ready it for Camille so that she would finally get a comfortable place to sleep after spending six days in third class sleeping arrangements. After boiling water for her daily cup of Earl Gray tea, Bess had sat at her old vanity, staring at her reflection in the dusky mirror. It was one of her favorite places to sit in the house. Here she was surrounded by pictures, Camille drawing's, and postcards from friends. It was also where her music box lived.

Bess opened the small wood box. Music burst out of it like fireworks. She was always amazed each time she opened the lid that the box still sung. She pulled her thinning grey hair straight back against her head and secured it a tight bun as the slow music chimed next to her.

She thought about when she was young as her eyes roamed her wrinkled skin. She reminisced about how Camille looked just like her when she was growing up. She thought of Camille's first day of school, how neither of them had been able to stop grinning. How Camille bought her a pin for all her blouses after getting paid for her first job. It was the image of two cats, winding around themselves, eyes closed in contentment. Bess fastened it to her beige cardigan now, her smile soft as a pillow after a long day of work. "I cannot wait to see you again, my dear Camille," she murmured to the dusty silence.

Time edged by on the pier, and more people began to gather on the docks. The air was as taught as a fishing line. It was dangerously close to snapping. However, the docks remained oddly quiet. People were too busy praying and relentlessly searching the open ocean for a promising glint of steel.

The seagulls cried. Bess fiddled with the hem of her blouse, thinking about how Camille loved chasing the birds after they landed on the beach, scattering the gulls until they flew so high they looked like scraps of paper against the melancholy gray sky. Bess would always pick her up and swing her around like she was lighter than a dream, whispering in Camille's small ears, "I love you." The pin clinked against Bess's buttons in the breeze.

Bess didn't even bother to look around her for fear of missing what she wanted most. More than anything.

She heard footsteps behind her, and recognized the dense tapping of her friend's heavy shoes on the worn wood of the wharf. She felt a hand on her shoulder. Bess blinked, her expression never changing, posture as stiff as Lady Liberty's.

"Hello, Em," she croaked as the smooth wrinkles on her life-worn face shifted to create the first sound she had made all day. But there was still no sign, no word, no sighting of the Titanic.

"Hello, Bess," Em sighed, coming about to stand next to her old friend. They themselves had met on a cruise liner, traveling third class to America from their home country. England. Camille was coming from England, too.

The seagulls continued to squawk as the ocean rose and fell in

small waves against the pillars of the wharf. Em and Bess stood silently, stone statues on the pier. Marble sentinels looking for a daughter. She refused to give in to what the darkest, most morbid corners of her mind were telling her.

Em sighed again, the wrinkles on the sides of her eyes molding together in worry and pity for her dearest friend.

A minute passed. Neither moved. A salt laden breeze blew tendrils of graying hair in their faces. Their plain brown and black skirts fluttered nervously in the briny air. Em squeezed Bess's shoulder. "Bess," she murmured. "Bess, they have news of the ship. Of Titanic." Bess moved her stiff, aching neck and looked at Em with glinting, steely eyes, her irises a wall around her emotions. "And?" she whispered.

"Oh. Oh, Bess. It's...it's gone. It hit an iceberg. The news just came in, you wouldn't have heard it down here..."

Bess stood even straighter, granite shoulders stiffer.

"An iceberg," she stated. Her expression never changed.

"Y-yes. It...it ripped open the side of the ship. The Titanic—oh, Bessie. It's at the bottom of the Atlantic. Only 700 people survived. And...well, I'm afraid almost no one—"

"No one from third class survived," Bess whispered. It was easier to say it than hear it.

"Yes," Em replied, her whispered voice shaking. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes.

Bess slowly turned her old, aching body away from her best friend, eyes fruitlessly searching the choppy water one more time. Her eyes caught the Statue of Liberty, standing tall above the water. She knew it would never give up hope for the Titanic. Bess slowly turned around, facing the city Camille would never see. She pulled a threadbare cotton handkerchief from her pocket and stretched her scuffed coat tighter around her small body. Her shoulders sagged, the muscles in her body giving into truth. Camille, the Titanic, and hundreds of other people were gone, swallowed as if by a giant beast. The cat pin Camille's hands once touched clinked against the flimsy beige cardigan. Bess walked away from Pier 67 and never looked back.

Every Dog Has His Day

Stephanie Scheibe

You lay in the cement corner, cold and confined
Shivering in solitude, you look into the eyes of the passerby
A Little boy who plugs his ears
The young woman who almost stopped
But knelt at the cage beside
Smiling and giggling at the cute little puppy you once were

So once again you close those lazy eyes
It proves hard
The clamor of barking dogs
Stench of pure ammonia
You get up and stretch tense legs

You wag your tail
You watch
And Remember
The lady that once loved you
before your fur etched into the golden strings of carpet
and your steps tracked mud on the caramel stained patio

You thought that love could last forever
It didn't
So you wait
And scratch your cramping neck
Dreamily watch the latch at the door
Blink your eyes
And sleep

Hours pass
People pass
A middle aged man with a beard and baseball cap looks at you
Not the puppy, not the purebred poodle in the cage beside You
You get up, stretch your legs, shake your head

He smiles at you
You loll your tongue
He opens the silver gate
Leashes you
You follow

He has the energy of confidence
You excite at the sight of the tennis ball held tight in his right hand
You nudge it
He looks down and smiles
Admires the brown spot on your left ear

Finally you get outside, where the sun shines and grass grows
You have a skip in your step, you're excited
He puts you in an outside dog run, shuts it, and throws the ball
You get it
He throws it
You get it
He smiles

He sits on the creaky bench and watches you
You sniff around on the ground then look up into his green eyes
He looks over your kennel card, looks at you, thinks
You jump around the cage, taking advantage of the sun-warmed
grass cool against your dried paws
He calls "Buddy"
You come, the name sounds good enough
He smiles and says, "Perfect"

He leashes you and you go down the shelter hallway
You pass your kennel door and look up at the man
"Is this really it?" you think, as you lick the man's hand that holds
you
Your questions are confirmed when he hands over your card
"Today's his lucky day."

Zinnias

Stephanie Scheibe

Colorful array of zinnias
Pink, red, orange, yellow
Small, yet plump and vibrant
Round buds yet to show their burst of color
Sway in the breeze
While you watch
See the perfection
A master formation of symmetry, green with black outlining
Every crease and crevice
They float so easily on once barren land
They send a smile

Only weeks ago
These beautiful flowers merely
A seed
Barely a quarter inch
How they grow under hands
That sprinkle peat moss, goat manure, vermiculite
Working the dark dirt, where soon new roots will grow, building
the soul of the soil
They sprinkle the seeds, so gently and slowly
Then leave it up to the hot Idaho sun
Finally they find beauty and real zinnias they become

My Seventeenth

Kendi Stoneberg

The alarm was ringing, an angry buzz sounding in her ear, loud, constant. She pulled the covers from her face and reached for the nightstand. The motion felt stiff, like she had been doing exercises the night before. But that wasn't right. She had only taken a long, soothing bath, much to the annoyance of her siblings, and then she had watched her favorite movie with a bowl of buttery popcorn before going to bed. She must have just slept wrong. Or maybe that had all been the night before. She couldn't remember.

Everything seemed so quiet, like the sound had been turned off. It wasn't usually like this in the morning. Before she would even get out of bed, her sister would already be in the shower. She couldn't hear the shower running.

She decided it was time to start the day, a day of long hours and tedious classes. Her tardies had been accumulating over the past few weeks. How many did she have again? For some reason it would not come to her mind. She knew she had been keeping careful track since the last two. Her mother would not be happy with her if she got a detention.

There was a soft rap on the door.

"Get up, Allison," her mother called. "Just because it's your birthday doesn't mean you can skip school." Why was her voice so dim? Usually she was shouting in the mornings. Allison grunted for her answer.

She had completely forgotten about her birthday. She opened her eyes. The shapes of everything had gone blurry. She frowned as she put on her seldom used glasses. Her eyesight wasn't *that* bad.

The first thing she checked was her cell phone, as usual. She had three messages. One was from her Nana Connie, and two from her best friends, all wishing her a happy birthday. She smiled. The motion felt different than usual, like her cheeks had stiffened. It must have been a bad night for her, but all she could remember was that she had slept like a baby.

May twenty-sixth was the date on her phone. It really *was* her

birthday. She was surprised that she had forgotten. She had been so excited to be turning seventeen.

Her shoulders slumped as she hobbled to the closet. The pain in her joints was terrible. She hoped that the hot shower would sooth her aching limbs. She grabbed her towel and soap and walked across the hallway to the bathroom. Her sister was there primping, as usual. The mirror was clouded with the steam of the last shower.

Her sister looked up and her eyes widened with surprise. "Nana Connie? I didn't know that you were visiting."

Allison was instantly irritated. She was not in the mood for being insulted by her sister.

"Shut up, Kandice. I don't need your jokes right now," she snapped. "Let me get in the shower." Her voice seemed huskier than usual. She coughed once to clear her throat, causing a longer bout of coughing.

Kandice looked hurt as she picked up her things and left the bathroom. It served her right. She shouldn't take so much time trying to look beautiful.

Allison switched on the fan to clear the steam and turned on the hot water. It took a while for the heat to kick in. As she went to close the door she passed by the mirror, or what used to be the mirror. At first she thought her mother had put a picture of Nana Connie in the bathroom, but the picture was moving. The blue bathroom wall behind her was reflected in the glass. She was not looking at a picture. She closed her eyes tightly so she couldn't see the terrifying image of Nana Connie—she refused to think it was her—reflected in the mirror.

This is only a dream, she thought. Only a dream. Her pulse was racing, she couldn't breathe, sweat from the steam and heat was building on her brow. Her eyes opened slowly, but the image was still there. She reached up with a trembling, wrinkled old hand, and touched her face. She could feel the creases at her eyes, her mouth, and her forehead. It was not just a trick of the mirror. This was no joke her prankster of a brother had set up. This was real.

Her wispy gray hair stuck up in small tufts. It quivered in the little air that came from the whirring fan. Her pajamas hung loosely

from her thin, frail shoulders. Allison felt her scream catch in her chest, and all that escaped from her mouth was an appalling rasping noise.

The knock on the door made her jump, though she could barely hear it over the shower.

“Constance?” It was her mother. “Kandice said that you were here. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Allison could give her no answer.

Camping

Lynn Mecham

Clouds Floating
Water Sliding
People Moving
Ants Crawling
Mosquitoes Pestering
Flies Buzzing
Sun Beating
Wind Caressing
Geese Honking
Squirrels Chattering
Flag Snapping
Knees Bending
Joints Creaking
Hands Clutching
Dirt Shifting
Flowers Waving
Butterflies Fluttering
Breath Escaping

The Path Most Often Travelled Leads to Nowhere

Kendi Stoneberg

A collection of short stories:

We stare away from each other.
It's a funny thing, that awkward silence.

*

It's a struggle, a rival, a battle of wills,
Between the red ant and the black.

*

Two stubborn people.
One path.

*

You fill the bucket with water and sand.
I gather the shells.
Together we place the leaf atop our new kingdom,
And claim our independence.

*

A year ago, where did I think I would be?
In the same place I was,
Yesterday.

*

The grass would be trees, and the stick, our ship.
The anthill, a mountain. The beetle, a beast.
If we were as small as they.

*

The path most often travelled is the one that leads to nowhere.
I myself have walked this path, while others marched to somewhere.
But curiosity got the best of me, and I wandered off to elsewhere.

Purity

Alexandria Suggs

Flowers smelling of subtle lavender, killing
time by swaying in the brisk breeze.
Unseen, unheard. Swaying, swaying.
They go undisturbed as we move
through the rocky path with the only sound of heavy hoofs on
gravel, kicking
up sand sheltered pebbles.
Excited voices speaking over each other.
The scented gust of wind,
tickling playfully.
Silence falls
as quickly as the gray overcast skies.
I continue to narrate.
Overturned slender trees,
Dead logs with moss on the edges,
and a boulder that rises up from the soft, trampled
ferns powerful and pleasingly quiet.
A bright canary yellow, imitating the familiar color of my favorite
sun dress,
washes over the forest's soil as we plummet
through vegetation, venturing off trail, off security, off from familiar
reassurance.
Uphill now, as we accelerate our uneven pace, no longer a soft
steady motion,
but a heave of strength as the beast's muscles tense up to keep his
footing.
Faltering over
logs in our paths,
leisurely, as if to warn the flowers, the uprooted weeds, and the lit-
tle life we're approaching.
Legs tightly snug to his sides to not fall, to not lose grasp, to not let
this moment flee.
We depart

downhill as Jimmy slows up, as if inexperienced, apprehensive like
me.
His hoofs burrow
into the earth as we begin our descent down.
Down.
Down.
Then once again up.
Up.
Up.
My neck swivels to the left. I stare.
The still bodies of water intertwined, rippling
along the banks filled with cotton tails moving back and forth, as if
saying hello
with their green leaves.
The grand pine trees like fingertips creating a jagged line, meeting
white sky,
meeting a tough uneven base, meeting my lucid blue eyes, as I
continue to stare
as if in a trance.
Now, passing a mountain, far-off in the distance with a lifeless
tree, like a man illuminated by the setting sun, standing and
watching sunlight creeping
behind surrounding peaks, placing shadows to be drawn from
trees, animals, and children.
I'm imagining him looking
down upon us as if he's watching me journey onwards.
Dusk settles, the light dims, and we return to the barn where Jimmy
and I depart.
Still I narrate, still he remains
as quiet as the nature surrounding him.
The nature surrounding me.

BIOGRAPHIES

Writers

Chris Demspey is the author of *Winter Horses*, a book of poetry. He has been Idaho Council of Teachers of English Language Arts Teacher of the Year and Eagle High School Teacher of the Year, which is where he presently teaches eleventh grade English, honors English, American character, creative writing, and journalism. Chris also coaches track and football. He earned his master's degree in arts in education from Boise State University. He lives near Middleton, Idaho, where he has Chesapeake retrievers and horses.

Catherine Jones is a freelance writer from Missoula, Montana. She has an MFA from the University of Montana, and her short fiction has appeared in *Black Warrior Review*. In 2007, Full Glass Films optioned the manuscript of her novel, *The Ceremony*, and Catherine was hired to write a screenplay based on this manuscript. An earlier version of the same novel was a finalist for the 2005 Dana Award in the Novel. Ms. Jones has taught writing at University of Montana, Boise State University, and The Cabin, a literary center in Boise.

Nicole LeFavour, has an MFA in creative writing from the University of Montana and a bachelor's degree from the University of California Berkeley in the evolution of cognition. She teaches creative writing at The Cabin in Boise, which is where she lives, and has represented the state in the National Slam Poetry competition. She is the Idaho State Senator from District 19 and has a tireless record in striving for human rights through her work in the legislature and organizations.

Naturalist

Dana Owen, naturalist and girls proctor, is a graduate student at Boise State University where she is studying human disturbance and American kestrels. While earning her BA in environmental

studies and politics and government from Ohio Wesleyan University, Dana served as moderator of environmentally themed house of 12 students and VP of Environment and Wildlife Club. She has spent time in Honduras, Ecuador, and the Galapagos Islands, volunteering with rural farmers, studying wildlife, and working as a naturalist guide. Dana has also served as conservation intern at Hawk Mountain, Pennsylvania.

Writing Assistant

Jerome Stenger, writing assistant and boys proctor, was born and raised on the muddy banks of the Ohio River in Cincinnati and now lives in Boise. An English and journalism major, he was the fiction editor of the *Ohio Wesleyan Literary Magazine*, studying under Robert Olmstead. While there, he was awarded the Ulle Lewes Prize for overall promise in creative non-fiction writing. Jerome works at the Hidden Springs Library.

Students

Grace Bowler is a junior at Gooding Alternative Learning Academy who likes to paint. She says, "When I write, everything I am is clearer."

Ian Brune, a senior at Boise High School, is passionate about music as well as writing and is an avid tennis player. Ian says, "I have been enjoying Idaho all too much since I moved here four years ago!"

Peter Christman, a junior at Madison High School in Rexburg, enjoys programming awesome games on his computer. He enjoys "being a thespian (look it up), and playing a wicked piano, cello, and guitar."

Amy Conway goes to Madison High School in Rexburg where she is a junior. She likes to draw portraits, especially of her family. She wants to go to BYU-Idaho and major in art or creative writing. Amy plays on her school basketball team, runs with her father every morning, and last year began participating in choir last year (loves

it!). She hopes to write a novel someday.

Sierra Divine is a senior at Rigby High School and loves snowboarding. Sierra says she “is not ever too afraid to live life.”

Alyson Fawcett is a senior at Mountain View High School in Meridian. She has written for the school paper all four years, and is currently an editor and writer. “I absolutely love taking pictures with my Nikon D70,” Aly says. “My camera goes almost everywhere with me.” She is considering becoming an elementary school teacher.

James George is a junior at Coeur d’Alene Charter Academy. He plays boys doubles on the varsity tennis team and likes longboarding. He has played saxophone for five years and participated in the Montana Model United Nations for three years. James wants to study computer engineering.

Bridget Harkness is a senior at Boise High School. When she isn’t traveling or writing, she spends ridiculous amounts of time with her friends and enjoys cooking, reading, running in the foothills, and knitting.

Caroline Hibbard is a junior at Madison High School in Rexburg and hopes to go to college at BYU-Idaho. She plays the flute and piano and loves to ride horses.

Rebecca Huber plays girls varsity soccer and is a member of the scholastic team, debate team, band, Teens against Tobacco Use, and the National Honor Society at South Fremont High School in St. Anthony. She lives on a small farm where her family has a llama, several chickens, goats, dogs and a cat. Becca hopes to study medicine at BYU-Provo.

Heidi Hughes, a junior at Meridian High School, has played in school bands since fourth grade. She plays the tuba, baritone, and now the sousaphone—“ya, the big one that wraps around, and I’m 5’ 3””—in the marching band. Heidi enjoys cooking and photography. She plans to major in English with a concentration in creative writing, preparing to teach high school English.

Anna Kelly is a junior at Boise High where she is in choir and art. She hopes to become an artist. Anna volunteers in the children's section at the Boise Public Library.

Amanda Law lives in Harrison and hopes to become a writer/illustrator. She enjoys costuming, art, and collecting things such as umbrellas.

Tamara Law, whose whole family includes voracious readers, lives in Harrison and is working on a fantasy/steampunk novel. She loves music, particularly Celtic.

Jacqueline Lewis is a senior at Pocatello High School where she participates in Virtues Club, Outdoor Club, and Social and Environmental Awareness Club. Volleyball and rockclimbing are her favorite sports. Jacque has studied Japanese for three years and is interested in forensic science, both of which she hopes to study in college.

Annie Matson is a junior at Leadore High School where she plays basketball and volleyball. Annie loves spending time outdoors and with her family, meeting new people and being with her friends.

Lynn Mecham is a junior at Carey School, where he participates in football, track, scholastic team, drama, and his school's singing group. Lynn says he has no idea what he wants to do for a career—just yet.

Shelby MayDawn Peters is a sophomore at Jerome High School. She loves to act and is a member of the advanced drama team. (She also loves Twilight. A lot.) Shelby is passionate about piano, which she has studied for seven years.

Kristine Quint lives in Victor and is a senior at the Journeys School in Jackson, Wyoming. She is an avid powder skier and ski racer, horseback rider, backpacker, reader, and writer. Kristine is interested in almost every genre of writing, something for which she

hopes to be paid in the future.

Stephanie Scheibe, from Meridian, is a senior at Bishop Kelly High School in Boise. She loves the great outdoors, and enjoys spending her free time bike riding, rollerblading, and walking her dogs. Stephanie enjoys fostering animals from the Idaho Humane Society and hopes one day to become a teacher or a veterinarian.

Kendi Stoneberg, from Montevue, is a senior at West Jefferson High School in Terreton. Kendi is in her ninth year of playing the piano. She hopes to be an English teacher and to write in her spare time.

Erin Stretch is a senior at Skyview High School in Nampa, where she loves to volunteer in the school library. Erin is a fan of country music and has a dog, a kitten and umpteen fish. She volunteers as much as she can at her public library and wants to become a librarian.

Alexandria Suggs is a junior at Boise's Capital High School where she's in her third year of varsity soccer. She plans to compete in soccer at the college level. Alex hopes to have a career that involves writing and teaching.

Index