



STRUCTURE BY LINDSAY MOSS

Bear Ink

Volume VI

2015 - 2016



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Miscellaneous

Thomas Palomino

I notice so many people and wonder about
their lives,

I wonder if they read books,
I wonder if they eat McDonalds,

Where are they from?
Kids? A Daughter? Son?

Who do they admire?
What are their stances on cell phones?

Meanwhile as I write this I only wonder if another kid
of same age and name is thinking the same thoughts as I
in a far away foreign country miles and miles away.

Tupac or Biggie?
CATHOLIC or CHRISTIAN?
PB&J? Banana slices? Jam or Jelly?
WHICH ONE do you spread first, SIR?

Star Wars or Lord of the Rings?
Oh, only seen Star Wars you say?

Where were you in 1974?
Were YOUR school lunches good?
I wonder, so I ask,
I ask why do you sit there with a whole series
of unspoken, pushed back, long ago thoughts and
memories of youth that will keep you alive as you will them?

WHY do you fold and conceal the choleric creativity inner-self
that is frightened of the BIG SHOW?
Pull open the curtains, MAN!

It's TIME to say whatever it is you've been effortlessly trying to.

I'm from the Quiet

Taylor Adamec

*I'm from the cracks between books
on the shelves of libraries
From the crimson leaves on dirt trails
From the frames that hug art
in art museums and coffee shops
From the warm foam floating delicately
on the top of a latte*

*I'm from raindrops residing on fogged up windows
during a chilly afternoon
From the blueberry-hued park bench
in a lush, green field
From the echo in a desolate forest
From the tip-tip-tip of a typewriter*

*I'm from wispy clouds resting on the wing of an airplane
From the bright twinkle of star dust
on a clear night
From the waves engraved on records*

*I'm from a long line of introverts
who find refuge in quiet
untouchable things.*



My heart was pumping as I ran through the door, slamming it shut and pressing my body against it.

The beast- whatever it was- on the other side slammed itself against the door with such force that it rattled my bones and knocked me to the ground.

I raced back to my feet and pushed against the unstoppable force with all my weight and strength.

It jumped against the door again, cracking the frame.

I took off my belt and wrapped it against the door knob and bolted for the window, opening it and walking out onto the ledge that wrapped around the 16th floor of my building and began shuffling around for the fire escape.

I heard the door shatter with a mighty CRUNCH and began moving more rapidly for the ladder which was around 10 meters from me.

I heard the floorboards creak in agony, and the great beast crawled across it for the window.

I was practically sprinting for the fire escape at this point as fast I could without tumbling off the side of the building.

The beast poked its head out the window, smashing the frame. I could still see my wife's clothes draped on it in shreds and could smell the rest of my family on its breath.

I made it to the ladder and went to climb down but saw the very ground opening up as the beast's home rose to the surface, so I climbed up.

The building shook as the daemon realm smashed through the ground.

I was a floor from the top when the monster made it to the ladder, and the iron stretched and groaned as the bolts holding the ladder to the building shattered.

Monster, cont.



Dillon Schacht

I jumped onto the roof just before the ladder fell into the abyss.

The roof was a dead end.

The monster climbed onto the roof, crushing the bricks and mortar as it went.

I hyperventilated as it stood up on the roof, revealing its massive size.

Its claws scraped against the roof.

I ran towards it, tackling it off of the roof.

We fell into the pit together.

I woke up.

My wife was lying next to me with a concerned look on her face.

"You had a nightmare," she said, stroking my face.

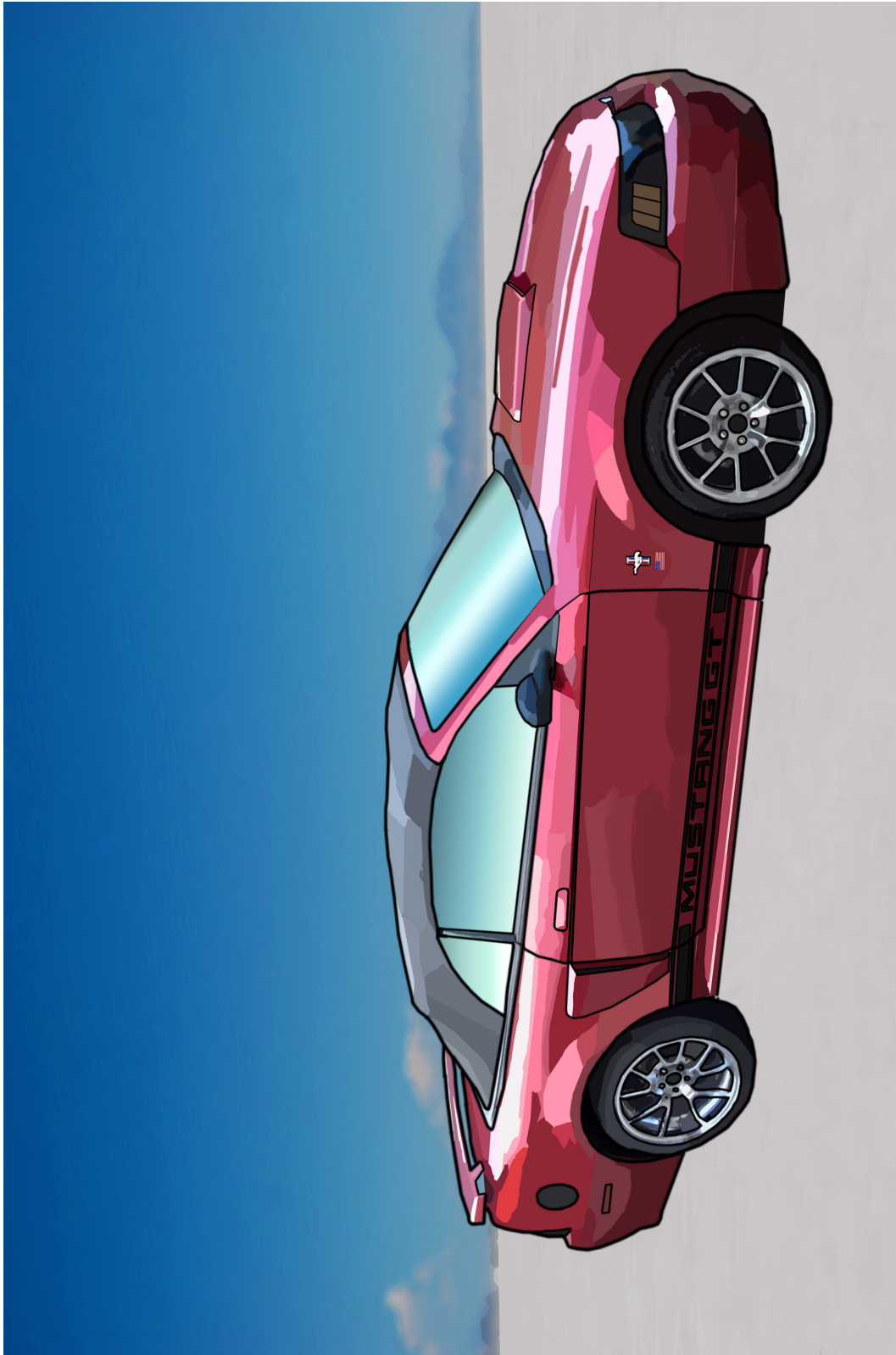
"Yeah, it was pretty scary," I said.

Her claws scraped against my chest.



Mustang at Salt Flats

Alexander Dodd



Monday Morning Drag



Jordan Vanderberg





The American Dream

Ryan Smidt

The American Dream, from family to fame, pride to shame, cool to lame. Why it has changed no one knows... but it hurts us so to know we no longer dream about intentions but the possessions we are dying to own. We are focused on moving to the future rather than staying in the present. There are too many deaths to count. That is not a dream. That is a nightmare. What has happened to The American Dream? Is the dream still alive? Did it run and hide? There is no time to waste. We must make haste and find The American Dream before it turns into just that... a dream.

On Account of the Outbreak



Nick Gelwick

Dear SAID (Study And Identification of Documents),

The following log is a teenager's account of the recently contained virus, also known as 'The Grey Malady'. We assume the keeper was killed, as the log was found not near or on a body.

Day One, 1:00 PM

I'm keeping this log as insurance for some society destroying event. So, currently a massive blackout has hit the town. Everyone's been freaking out trying to call the police, I'm not worried since blackouts happen occasionally.

Day One, 8:00 PM

Turns out the 'blackout' wasn't what they said. The grid was turned back on long enough for the news to tell us that a 'foreign virus' has gotten into America. My parents have been going through our house looking for many differing things. My dad laid out guns on the dining room table.

Day Three, 4:30 PM

So, it really was a zombie virus. Most of our neighbors have been gone for a day or so, but we stayed in our house, boarded up the windows, and attempted survival. I don't even know why I keep this log anymore.

Day Five, 2:00 AM

I can hear them outside. They occasionally bump into the walls or make a growling noise. It's really creepy, considering we don't know what they look like. It's really dark with only candles.



On Account of the Outbreak, cont.

Nick Gelwick

Day Eight, 3:00 PM

My dad left to go search for more food, but he's been gone since day six. We've already assumed he died. My sister has been crying for hours. The things outside seem to have left. We heard some people walk by yesterday, but we didn't try to talk with them.

Day Fifteen, 8:00 AM

Dad returned today, about three hours ago. He is scratched up and bleeding, but he brought along many cans of food and water. He has a bite mark on his left forearm. He stated that someone bit him on the arm while he was getting food.

Day Sixteen, 1:00 PM

Dad died yesterday. He turned all grey and his eyes went milky. We assumed he contracted the virus from something out there.

Day Eighteen, 9:00 PM

This log is really all I have now, besides the food I'm carrying and my weapon. Dad returned from the dead yesterday around six and killed my sister and mother. I hit him in the head and ran for the kitchen where I then stabbed him through the eye. I gathered as much as I could and left.

Day Thirty, ???

Nothing's happened since the day I left...but today I found a ragtag group of other kids, some of which shared my experience. I found out that the virus comes from fluid intake from infected people.

Day Seventy-Three, ???

One of our groups members, Becky, got bit during a raid on another group's

On Account of the Outbreak, cont.

Nick Gelwick

resources. We put her down [we shot her] about ten minutes ago. Crazy thing, taking someone's life. She didn't even mind. It's like we've all been numbed to death now.

Day Seventy-Five, ???

I left the group. We went into shambles after Becky. I don't even know which state I'm in anymore, but it's a city, and it's dangerous. There's lots of Them around. I had to crawl around all day to avoid them.

Day Eighty-Two, ???

Another group just passed by. They left someone behind. She has bad wounds on her back, nearly to the bone. I patched it up the best I could. It doesn't look well for her.

Day Ninety, ???

She's somehow recovering. She isn't sweating bad anymore, and her wounds look a little better, although they are still big and wide.

Day Hundred-ten, ???

She's gotten even better. Her wounds have started to heal, and I've secured a small perimeter around the mechanic's that I've hidden her in. I've started to realize why I even helped her; she reminds me of my sister. But older.

Day Hundred-Thirty, September 30, ???

She's able to walk slightly now. Her back wound is pretty nice now. She's lucky to not have gotten an infection, considering I didn't know anything about dressing wounds. I'm about to leave here too, as she can fend for herself.



On Account of the Outbreak, cont.

Nick Gelwick

Day Hundred-fifty, ???

I left the lady in whatever city that was. Now I'm in another big city, but this time I got swarmed. I trapped myself in a restaurant without roof access. The windows were boarded up, but very loosely. I can see their arms from behind the bar counter.

Day Hundred-Fifty Two, ???

I escaped the restaurant, but I did get bit by one on my shoulder. It's all hot, and I'm dizzy. I don't think I'll last much longer.

Day Hundred-Fifty Three, ???

My gun is the only thing keeping me company now. My legs failed me in an alley on the outskirts of town. I can hear some of Them in the area.

Day Hundred-Fifty Five, ???

I think I'm dying... It isn't as bad as I thought it would be, just a little warm. Upon closer inspection, there are some of them approaching me. They are eating me, but I'm all numb and can't feel it....

The rest of the pages were torn up or covered in blood. It is unknown if the keeper of the log was hallucinating or was killed. Most likely the latter. The book was recovered in Detroit. It will be put on public display in four weeks.

-Braxton Giralis, Laboratory Of The Analysis Of Virology

Red

Thomas Palomino

I ran into an old man on the trail.
This old man said his name was Red.

This old guy had no hair.
Was it he was tellin' a tale?

Red said to me, "Hey boy, how young ya is?"

I asked, "Why?"

He said I looked like him a long time ago.
'OK old man,' I thought.

"Where're YOU GOIN?" he asked.
I nodded in front of me,
The little rectangular red busstop sign in sight,
Where a raggedy over-speeding old bus screeches
and crashes in hard,
Coming to a TOO BAD SO SORRY head jerking stop.
That old bus, And this old man talkin' to me making me late.

An awkward silence occurred.

"WELL what about YOU guy?" I asked.

"Off down this way,
This trail was just so long and I's no idear how tired
I was gonna' get,
Almost home tho, ain't much more to go,
I think I'm gonna' sleep when I get home, boy."



Red, cont.

Thomas Palomino

That old guy Red walked off.

In between two tall spruce trees,
Shading me from the bright sun so I could open my eyes and think,
No more uncomfortable squinting,
I could hear Red's old Velcro shoes shuffling on the dirt and kicking
away good skipping rock,
A gentle sound.

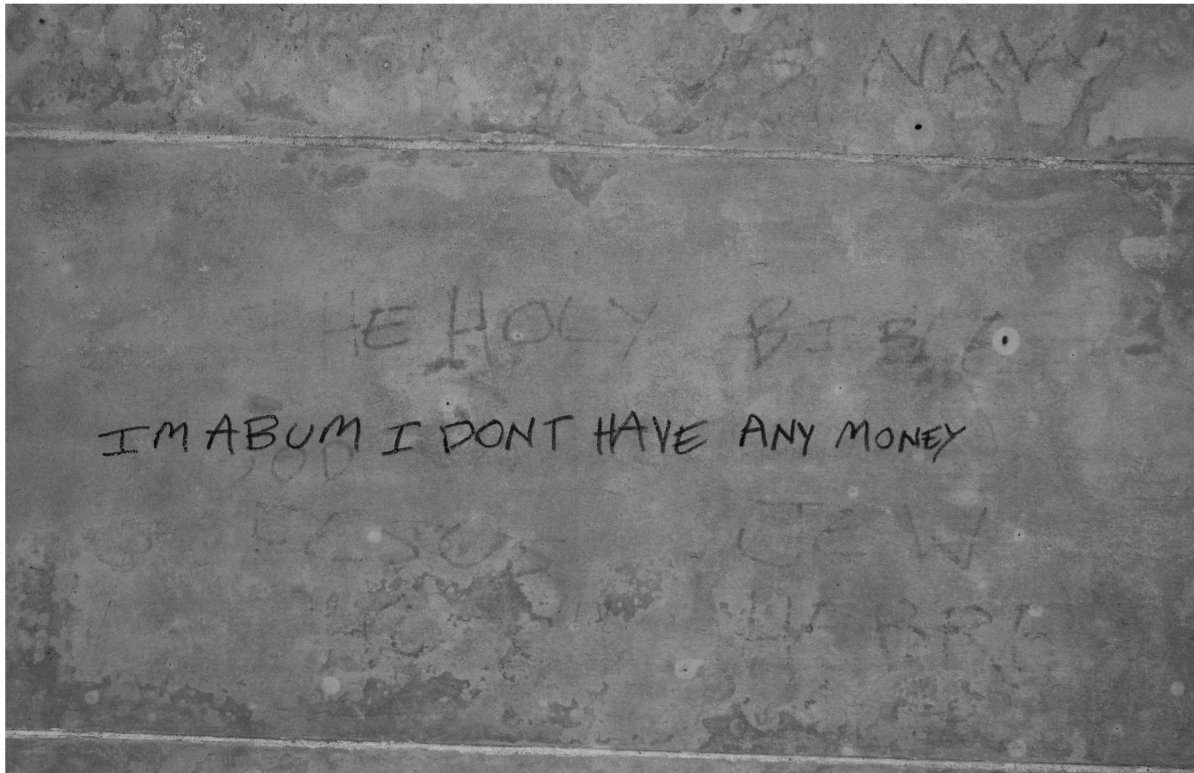
I wondered about that old guy.
I stepped out into the sun to squint instead.

I didn't want to think about him anymore.
I picked up a rock, solid gray and smooth,
A perfect circle,

I threw that rock and it SUNK.

I'm a Bum I Don't Have Any Money

Courtney Cox





The Alleyway

Catherine Holch

I saw someone coming behind me and figured it was one of the many people who frequented places like this. Someone came forward to me and I backed away, but he grabbed hold of me. All of a sudden, sharp pain stopped me from walking any farther. My eyes darted downwards to see a knife pressed under my breastbone. How had he done that so fast?

"Got any money, chick?" he growled. I wrinkled my nose against the lingering smell of alcohol and the dusty smell of cigarettes. He pressed the knife in farther, and I saw blood ooze out from where the knife was.

No. I can't. I refuse to die today. I thought hazily. It surprised me what he did next.

"Not answering, eh? Well, we know how to deal with people like you."

He grabbed my shirt and threw me across the wall. At once, My head felt like it weighed a ton, and I'm sure I ruptured my eardrums. Dimly, I heard a voice yell, "Anissa, are you OK?" I groaned in response and dropped my head onto my chest, which, thankfully, had stopped bleeding. I saw my boyfriend, Josh, run up to me and try to boot the other creeps out of the way. The pain from my head and cut chest was making me see red. Josh helped me up. As soon as I stood, my legs gave out and horrible pain started up in my head. I vomited on the ground and passed out.

When I woke up, I had an awful pounding headache. I then noticed that I was in a hospital with an IV in my arm. I touched the back of my head and noticed it was rough with caked on blood;

The Alleyway, cont.



Catherine Holch

someone handed me a mirror, and I screamed. Dear god. What had those...people...done to me?

Then someone sat down next to me and looked into my eyes. He spoke slowly and patiently to me, explaining what had happened.

“Those weren’t regular people, Anissa. They were...enhanced. Enhanced with the power of unbeatable strength. They think they are the only ones that are...pure...if you will. They meant to kill you then use your body for experimentation.”

My breath caught in my throat, and I let it out with a slow and ragged breath. That was impossible, right? I asked him with my eyes, and he smiled, saying no. Josh came over and I asked where my family was. Mr. K was his name; he said they were there. It dawned on me and I sobbed loudly. Those people were my family.



What's Depression Like?

Alexys Hebner

"What's depression like?" they ask.
It's every day wearing a simple mask,
Hiding the way you feel
Behind a smile that's not real.

But it's more than that, it's like being alive,
Without any motivation to strive.
It's fighting not to cry,
To keep your tear ducts dry.

It's not being able to tell a friend,
Even though they may help mend.
Because the fear that they will turn away
Is far greater than the hope that they will stay.

It's like drowning, the air in your chest turning to stone,
But everybody around you is breathing, lost in their own little zone.
Not knowing what to do, no matter what you say,
Because it ends up being wrong anyway.

It's being put on a "happy pill" that makes you smile,
But it only lasts for a little while.
And once it's gone, never to return,
It's something else's turn.

It's always feeling alone,
Not liking anybody's tone.
The sarcastic, snide, and scornful.
The mocking, moaning, and mournful.

You'd think people would be willing to assist,
But let me tell you, they normally resist.
You say we shouldn't be afraid, we should have no fear,
But look at what people say at just a single tear.

Kotori Minami

Jean White





I Can Save Myself

Aimee Connors

*I don't want to be
A princess
Locked away in a tower
Waiting for a prince to save me
I can save myself, just get me some rope
I don't want to be
A damsel in distress
Tied to a train track
Waiting for a western hero to come and rescue me
I can save myself, just get me something sharp
I don't want to be
An innocent girl
Running from trouble
And accidentally bumping into the high school football star
I can save myself, just let me be me
I don't want to be
A girl half of the time
With all the jokes and all the "you can't do that"
Having to wait for someone to come along and save me
I can save myself, just stop stereotyping me*

Cultural Awareness Leads to Appreciation



Natalie Bollig

Pride and excitement fills our house as I observe my stepmom and her children celebrating Chinese New Year in traditional Malaysian style. Tina courtly offers me a red envelope filled with money. I grab the envelope with my right hand.

"No," Tina says with a smile, "the tradition is you take it with both hands." I reach with both hands and give a slight bow. Later in the night, after we boil tang yen, we devour the doughy cookie filled with semi-sweet and crunchy peanut butter.

After eating all of the cookies, I ask, "Can we make some more?"

"Next year," Tina replies, excited that I'm interested in the Asian tradition.

Asian cuisine is just one of the many aspects of culture that I experienced after Tina and her kids moved into our house two summers ago; I experienced a crowded life with extended family members who came routinely to visit. With a summer of traveling to local tourist sites such as Dinosaur Ridge, I loved teaching my Chinese cousins (Isaac and JJ) about the beauty of Colorado, but I experienced the most learning. Near the end of the summer, the whole family sat around our coffee table as Isaac scrolled through his Facebook. He read a post written by a Chinese girl: "Even though I get better grades than many Muslims, I will not get into the college of my dreams. I have tried so hard in my life, but I will never get the job I want. The only thing that stops me is my race. Something that I can't change." My eyes widened.

"Legal segregation still exists?" I asked incredulously.

"That's why we went to college in the U.S," JJ solemnly explained. After becoming aware of Malaysia's racism, I understood that many of the world's problems exist beyond CNN headlines.



Cultural Awareness Leads to Appreciation, cont.

Natalie Bollig

In Malaysia today, Chinese and Indian people face legal discrimination in the school and workforce, while I am a female who is allowed to simultaneously focus on academics, sports, and work. It never occurred to me that I should be thankful for the opportunity to attend a college in my own country. After learning about the unfair treatment of an academic girl who will face racism and inequality for the rest of her life in Malaysia, I instantly felt blessed for my own freedom and individuality. I realized that I am honored to be a woman who is an academic leader in clubs and sports. Now, I highly value diverse cultures, for culture binds us together far beyond red envelopes, cookies, and Dinosaur Ridge; it moves us to new understandings and appreciation.

Cicada Songs

Kristen Saucedo

Cicada Songs

By: Kristen Saucedo

Here I am

Watching the sun rise

The last day of wondering

And wishing this was just a dream

The headlights shine bright

But with no need to be in attendance

The soft echoing of cicadas

Mark the show's beginning

Orchestrated by the soft Illinois breeze

No tears were shed by I

But everyone else

Was dripping tears onto the grass

A parting song was lifted to my ears

My eyes turned away

When they lowered the casket

Toward the earth

The humid heat was not enough

To warm my numb emotions

The town he loved

Was now his resting place

This was goodbye

But the song was still flitting in the air

Telling me this was not over

A butterfly landed on that stone

My fingers reached the casket

My lips moved

My last words that day

Goodbye grandpa

I'll see you again someday...

The cicada's song faded

To a moment of silence

For the man that loved this place



Darkness. It has shrouded my sight. I see nothing but the thoughts of my mind. I reach out searching for something sturdy to lean on. I feel nothing, not even the air between my fingers. I start to wonder for a moment. Where am I? I'm surely not at home. After a while, I start to hear a voice.

"Well, isn't that just wonderful!" I speak aloud, "I now believe that I am slipping into insanity."

Then I hear a chuckle in the distance. It sounds like that of a small child. It speaks in the most innocent of voices, "No, I am not the herald of your madness... I am your guide."

I reach out, expecting the hand of a small child to grasp my hand weakly. Instead, I feel a firm grip on my forefinger. It starts to tug, and I follow the direction of it.

As soon as I start to follow my guide, the darkness begins to lift itself. I vaguely see something under that shroud: a curtain. I can't make much of it but after seeing it, it gives me a droopy, depressed feeling. After a bit of tugging, my vision is restored. It appears that I am in a hallway. It is covered in that curtain that I saw before. It is grey like rain in the evening and is as wrinkled as a old man's face. When I peer down to see what my guide appears to be, I see a fairy-like creature embracing itself around my finger.

"So, you're my guide?" I question.

It speaks nothing, but releases my finger. I follow the direction my guide goes, and we end up at a rope. The pixie starts to pull onto it, and while it does that, the curtain starts to roll back. Behind that curtain is a terrain of silver glass. It

White Shores



Matthew Miller

seems like my bedroom. I exit that room and follow the path to the living room. But instead of seeing a room of rich glass, I see something even better: white shores. Waves from the tide beat upon the sand. Beyond? A far green country. That land is covered with luscious grass and elegant trees. I stroll around the place for a bit of time. I feel that I belong, and I am happy for what seems like the first time in my life.

I decide to rest against a towering oak tree. The wind whistles a wonderful tune. My eyes become heavy. I slip into a deep sleep that could warm the most frozen of hearts. But as soon as I fall into that sleep, my eyes spring open. My sight brings me a sight that hurts my heart. I am back in my room, but it is how it was when I went to bed the night before. I realize that it was all a dream. I drift back to sleep, but all I can do is weep for a moment.



Inside My Head

Madison Cheney

Inside My Head
I go by
"Ana" or "Mia".
"Forced To Do" or "Weight Gain".
Nobody knows what a
hassle
gift
I am
before it's too late.
I am with someone.
At first, they
didn't know I existed
to make them different.
were terrified
of my supported help.
They kept me
going on for a while
until meeting someone else.
for the rest of their life
after being introduced to me.
Sure, I was second choice,
but I'm glad they still wanted me.
I never thought they would leave me. . .
. . . .
They would feed me.
I would help them eat.
I made them
nurture their body.
look better.
They began
loving
hating
me.
I'll always be here for
better.
. . .
worse.

The Pain

Miranda Castillo

It's hard to say bye when you just said Hi.

You know the feeling, right ? When you have no one to blame but you feel like you're going insane. Upset, sad, angry but mostly afraid because you've lost something so dearly you can't even get it back. It was you, all you. The smiles, laughs and being there 24/7. It's a shame that there is no one to blame. I'll hang my head in shame as I carry your name. But you'll be remembered because you weren't a nobody. You were that somebody. As they called for you, we all felt the pain. But all which we had to remain untroubled, what was left behind were the memories to keep us all sane. The pain is horrifying but the smiles that come after are heart-stopping. Until we meet again my old friend, our bye is our new Hi.

Dedicated to my Sonny boy Steven

Set Free

Miranda Castillo

May 12, 2015

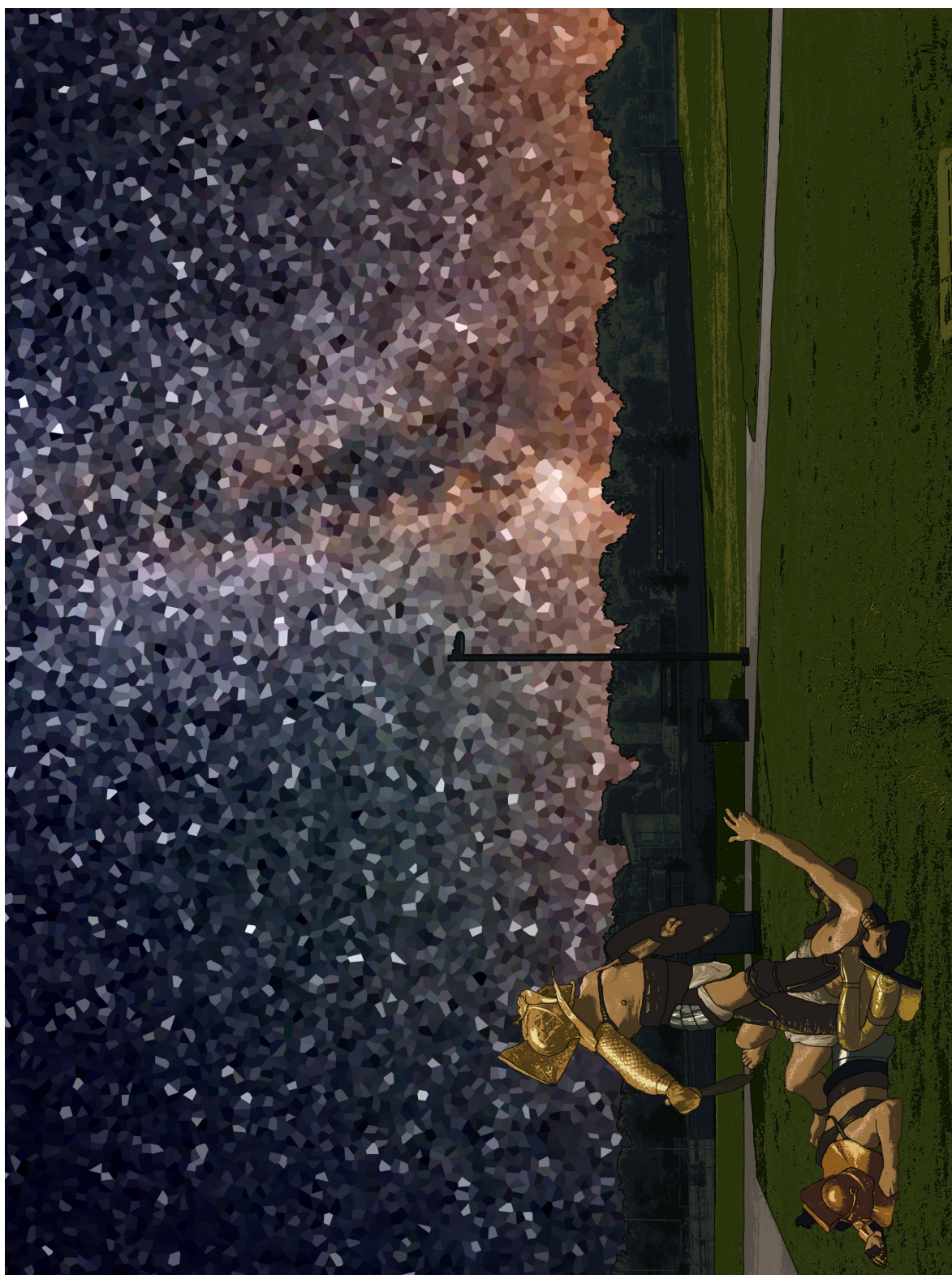
How do you explain something you cannot control something that you go on impulse and do

Something you adore yet it makes you deteriorate, the affection isn't found in the mind or soul but yet trapped in a deep dark hole one would call it a Beating heart others would call it coal, I'm here yet trying to forget every last memory and move on, you always find a way to trick me and make me fall again but this time I stand and where I stand is in No man's Land, a Place where you die and I leave you behind not because I love you any less or because I won't miss you but because I'm tired and I just need to get up and move on I need to live and breathe and be set free



Broken Sky

Steven Nguyen



In a Flash

Jeremiah Ravenscroft

With sudden intensity, he sprung up, trying to catch his breath. He was still half covered in the sheets, distraught dew hanging off his brow. He then began to sit himself up, propping his elbows on his knees and his head between his shoulder blades. His body was numb, exceptionally so for his nose and left wrist... but he didn't care. All that was on his mind was, "Who forgot to turn on a light?" Someone walked in. The door cleanly slid open, then clicked back into place as the sound of women's heels clanked along a solid floor.

"Mr. Lockefeld! You're awake!"

A million questions sparked in his mind, and all he could do was dart them out as they came.

"Who are you? Where am I? Why are the lights not on? Whose bed is this, and why am I so panicked?"

"Oh you poor thing---"

"Don't you patronize me! I get that enough from my brother as is!"

"What?"

"Oh never mind... but in all seriousness, what is going on here?"

"Do you remember where you were last?"

"Yeah... I was right by the Gaskelle Oil Yard. There was a spark... shouting... then I went into an awful, awful dream..."

He fell silent.

"Well, what was the dream?"

"Are you a therapist? I don't recall ever knowing a therapist."

"You don't know me. I'm a nurse; you may call me Kim."

"Okay... Kim. Where am I?"



In a Flash, cont.

Jeremiah Ravenscroft

"First things first. I need to check your vitals."

"I don't feel anything... and again, why are the lights not on?!"

"The lights are on..."

"Malarky! Turn them on and off a few..."

He heard rapid clicking, like a switch, but no flashes of light. Now he panicked further. Patting down the sides of his head and moving down to his face, he felt the dense bandages over his eyes and the bridge of his nose.

"No... wha-... where is Charlie?!"

"Sir, you can't take this much stress right now---"

"Answer the bloody question!"

Now it was the nurse's turn to be silent. He felt he already knew the answer. In his head, the vivid image of a stone arch with words to fill the gap.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Lockefeld..."

"Please... do-don't speak. You've got n-no idea ma'am. I can-can't stand to bury another."

He wept... even though he couldn't feel the tears begin. He wept for the unknown, for himself, for the last words that he should have said and done for him. He swiftly dropped back into the familiar sleep he was in before... where there was no pain... in his own mind's design. Where heaven and hell were all the same.

Ders Irs Me Photer

Taylor Goyette





Swing Swing

Kaitlyn Dodson



The Hands of God



Nick Gelwick

One day, not long ago, a kid, who lived in a small Connecticut town surrounded by forest, was wandering the forest, an hour or so before dark, when he saw tall, thin creatures watching him. They were pearly-white, nearly translucent. Their veins were all black, and they had heads the size of pumpkins.

The kid, already scared of being in the woods, bolted for the safety of his log house. The kid told his dad about the creatures, but his father didn't believe him. Later in the day, the kid saw the creatures standing at the edge of the forest, just watching the house. The kid counted ten of them, all standing at the tree line. That night the kid couldn't sleep.

The kid became scared to leave the house, convinced that the creatures would catch him and tear him to shreds. Every day coming home from school he'd catch a glimpse of the creatures. Their hands each day looked different. Sometimes there were small, baby-like hands, or bloody, clawed hands, or normal hands. He'd rush home and close and lock the door.

The kid started losing sleep, ate less, and became twitchy. The creatures started moving closer to the windows and the doors, and the kid became more and more paranoid.

One rainy day, on the way home from school, he heard a rough voice call out to him from behind. The voice was sharp and mean with an ever-so-slight slur. The kid turned and saw an older man with a pointed white beard and dirty pants, a dark brown overcoat, a wet and muddy button-down shirt, and a torn western hat.

"Lay down your backpack, punk," the man said, standing unstable.

The kid threw down his pack, and the man grabbed it and threw it into a nearby bush. The streets were empty. Once the backpack hit the bush, the man motioned for the kid to follow. The kid broke down crying and slipped backwards into the muddy dirt.

On the side of the road, where the forests were heavy, came a large rustling. Sud-



The Hands of God, cont.

Nick Gelwick

denly the white creatures burst from the trees and onto the man. The hands -- baby hands, normal hands, bloody clawed hands -- all descended on the man and ripped him to pieces. The kid shut his eyes.

When the noise of breaking bones and ripping flesh subsided, nothing remained of the man, not even a drop of blood. The creatures returned the bag to the kid and attempted to clean him off. For some reason, the kid wasn't scared at all. The creatures, when done, stared at the kid with their onyx black eyes -- almost like a gecko's.

The creatures melted back into the forest and the kid stared in shock. They were never after the kid; they were protecting the kid all along.

Over the next few weeks the kid got progressively better in health, venturing deep into the forest whilst the creatures watch him. Every now and then the kid can hear the slight screams of some sinner being torn apart. The kid knew that the creatures had no name, but in his mind he called them The Hands of God.

Cat Society!

Jean White

The lovely cat, with eyes of blue
yellow, brown and greenish too!
Some with socks, and some with spots
some that lay on countertops.
A few that purr, a few that bite
a few that meow with all their might!
Cats of all shapes and sizes,
fat or skinny,
black or white, fluffy or hairless, or just plain uptight
are all part of the Cat Society!
Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday too,
kitties come from all around, even Timbuktu!
Under an old oak tree, they jump and play,
after Mr. Sun goes down for the day.
Dancing, and singing, and laughing and fun,
prancing in open fields where they can go run!
After a fair amount of fooling and messing around,
they all settle down, and gather around.
They discuss current events, and problems at home
like when they yearn for attention and their human is on the dumb phone!
Sipping tea and snacking on catnip petitfours,
they talk about how much they enjoy the outdoors.
"Sure, laying around inside is nice," starts a cat by the name Hickory Dun,
"But sometimes you gotta let loose and have fun."
The cats nod in agreement and finish their chat,
for Mr. Sun is rising, and it's time to head back.
They leave off on their pledge, paws over their hearts,
"As part of the Cat Society, I swear to do my part!"
They bid each other goodbye and go their separate ways.
They are not sad, for they will see each other again in just a few days.
They sneak back into their homes, through a camouflaged crevice,
and wait for their humans to prepare them their breakfasts.

About the Authors



Lindsay Moss is a senior who enjoys looking at and creating digital art. Her creation "Structure" is made entirely of different colored triangles and is meant to symbolize the strength and support that these shapes have and the importance of such traits in everyday life.

Thomas Palomino

Taylor Adamec is a senior at Bear Creek High School. She has a dream to be a famous poet. Her poem "I'm From the Quiet" reflects who she is.

Dillon Schacht is a junior that finds joy in writing whether it's short stories or novels. Dillon's writing- especially his short stories- are inspired much from the style of Twilight Zone apparent both in this year's submission- Monster and last year's- Flood. Dillon's hobbies include telling people how to pronounce his last name (It's pronounced as Shacked for crying out loud) and making videos both for YouTube and BCTN.

Alexander Dodd is a junior who takes pride in personalizing his artwork after the things or people that impact it. The creative process for this project began by finding something challenging to draw and slowly figuring out the best possible way to approach all aspects of it.

Jordan Vanderberg

Ryan Smidt



Nick Gelwick

Courtney Cox is a senior who has fallen in love with photography over the past four years. Her piece “I’m a Bum I Don’t Have Any Money” was taken last spring and showcases the adversities that the homeless have to face. Both shots were captured feet from each other in Civic Center Park in the heart of downtown Denver.

Catherine Holch is a freshman who enjoys writing stories about horror and her fears. Her process was to just write a story-no stopping- and edit it later.

Alexys Hebner suffered from major depression during her freshman and sophomore year of high school and was often told to “just suck it up.” As a junior, she decided to write this poem for her creative writing class and decided to post it on her writing blog. Due to the amount of love she received, she decided to share the poem with her school in order to spread the word about depression.

Jean White

Aimee Connors is a junior at Bear Creek, and she is in two choirs. What inspired her to write this piece was her sociology class.

Natalie Bollig is a senior cross country captain who writes poetry for her team. In her free time, she also enjoys writing countless scholarship essays. “Cultural Awareness Leads to Appreciation” reflects Natalie's love and (believe it or not) appreciation for her diverse family.

About the Authors



Kristen Saucedo is a sophomore violinist who struggled to accept her grandfather had a stroke. She used poetry for six years to express how she felt. Then she started to write a poem in honor of her very beloved grandfather, Bill Messersmith.

Matthew Miller

Madison Cheney is a senior who has gotten into the progression of writing autobiographical fiction. Her poem, "Inside My Head" reflects on the constant battle between eating disorders and recovery. She hopes to one day publish at least one novel in hopes of inspiring many generations to come.

Miranda Castillo

Steven Nguyen is a senior student who has been praised for his graphic design skills but will be pursuing a degree in game design. He spends most of his time playing games, browsing online message boards, and making casual pieces of graphic art. His piece, "Broken Sky", was a piece inspired by pieces of low-poly art by artists like JR Schmidt and pictures of the cosmos sent out via NASA.gov's image of the day listings.

Jeremiah Ravenscroft is a sophomore at the age of 16 who has a particular knack for the arts (especially literature). He is currently involved with the Bear Creek Speech & Debate Team, writes lyrics, poetry, and free writing pieces in his free time; he finds peace in his



particular tastes in music and reading. This piece was inspired the dialogue pieces of famous American Author, Ernest Hemingway, and was originally written as a part of an early semester language arts assignment. Not seeing this as just a grade opportunity, Jeremiah decided to use this as an attempt to express an emotionally powerful situation, stimulated only by the words between two strangers.

Taylor Goyette is a sophomore music student who also enjoys photography outside of school. Her artwork is a remake of a photo she took of one of her friends from middle school. Taylor's favorite part about this piece is the memory that goes along with it when Taylor and her friend would take pictures together.

Kaitlyn Dodson



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