

PA LEARNERS ONLINE LIT MAG

The Student Writer

PALO High School Lit Mag

Edited and Compiled by Marcos Brewer & Saul Silva
with Editorial Assistance by Mr. Joel Grimes

2011

PA LEARNERS ONLINE

Forward

Many times I hear people say “Writing is important.” How important? It is a relief valve – when stresses mount, people often write in order to find peace of mind. My poem *Falling*, contained in the following collection, is an example of such a time and piece. Even when not responding to stress, people also use writing as a way to express their joy, dreams, and hopes as well.

***The Student Writer* literature magazine is designed to showcase PALO students’ written works. Students write a variety of literature, ranging from poems to short stories, and I hope you enjoy what we have gathered in the following pages.**

**Marcos D. Brewer, Co-Editor
June 8, 2011**

Table of contents:

Blank Page (Charles Huges)..... Pg 4

The Wind (Saul Silva)..... Pg 5

Falling (Marcos Brewer)..... Pg 6

Ten Days (Chelsea Frazer)..... Pg 8

The Time Traveler (Marcos Brewer)..... Pg 11

The Rose and the Thorn (Sarah Klos)..... Pg 15



Blank Page

Oh the possibilities of you, blank page.

A thought pondered through the age.

The beauty of your unwritten tales,

of bravery and courage.

That of sadness,

or a breathtaking image.

Yes, the possibilities.

You, who are more powerful than the sword,

And yet, you aren't adored.

You sit on the desk of men

Who write with ignorant pens.

I see through you blank page.

I can see the need for beauty you assuage.

And I say thanks.

Charles Huges - Grade 11



The Wind

Outside, I hear the wind,
Blowing with no purpose.

Every day, we walk by,
Never noticing this.

The wind echoes,
Throughout our ears,
But still, we do not hear.

At times we are so hopeless.

How is it we are never noticing this?

We run in circles,
Trying to find our own purpose.

Maybe we should realize,
There is no purpose.

Do we even deserve this?

I don't know,
But we can't act clueless.

I find myself,
Being the wind.

Alone and incapable
Of finding the end.

Forever, I blow in the nature.

I am nothing more,
Than the words on this paper...



Saul Silva- Grade 11

Falling

I am falling, falling with no end in sight.

Falling from some majestic height

I try to stop myself

But, there is nothing to grab onto.

I scream, but my voice is unheard in the roaring
tempest of my plummet

I am falling, falling through my guilt

Falling through my disgrace, dishonor, and
dereliction

I try to call out, but my calls are silenced.

I am falling, falling to some unknown place.

Falling at an unbelievable pace

I again thrash around to stop myself

But still there is nothing to grab a hold of.

I cry, but I cannot, my eyes are bereft of any tears.

In my free-fall I see a hand



A hand reaching down from above

I grab a hold, clamping down.

The hand lifts me up and sets me on solid ground.

Bright light engulfs me.

Warmth envelops me.

I have found my place in this world.

Marcos Brewer- Grade 11

TEN DAYS

“TEN DAYS, TEN DAYS”

MOCKS THE CLOCK

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE WALL

WITH ITS JEERING LEERING

“TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK”

I CLOSE MY EYES

AND BEGIN TO FALL

“TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK”

THE BUTTERFLIES BEGIN TO RISE

AS I FALL INTO THOSE AMBER EYES

THE WHISPERED BREATH

THE RUSH OF SKIN

AND THEN I AM IN HIS ARMS AGAIN

HEARTS A FLUTTER

EYES IN WONDER

FOUR SOFT SPOKEN LETTERS

RIPE ON THE TONGUE

AND ALL WITHIN THE LOVERS

LONG TO BECOME
MIND- BODY-SPIRIT- ONE
"TEN DAYS, TEN DAYS"
AND I AM AMAZED
AT ALL THE WAYS
THE MUSICIAN DANCES
SWINGS AND SWAYS

"TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK"

MOCKS THE CLOCK
MY MIND CAN SEE
THE WAY HE WALKS

THE VIVID DREAMS
THE AMOROUS MEMORIES
THE BREATH OF HIM
THE BREATH OF ME

FALLING SAFE INTO THE SEA

FINGERS LACED
FOREVER ENCASED
IN THE WARMTH OF LOVE
TWIN FLAMES



SOUL-MATES

“TEN DAYS, TEN DAYS”
UNTIL MY HEART IS RAZED
INSIDE YOUR PURPLE FIRE GAZE
“TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK”
SPEAKS THE CLOCK
DESPITE THE DISTANCE
YOU'RE IN MY THOUGHTS

CHELSEA FRAZER- GRADE 11

The Time Traveler

(An excerpt)

Alex was walking home from the park when the sky turned dark and it started to rain. He started to run as he neared the edge of the park. He said, "I've never noticed that gazebo before."

He took off to towards the gazebo for cover from the pouring rain. As Alex entered the gazebo a torque force took a hold of his body, he began to spin, and his vision blurred. After a few seconds, he began to slow down and then it finally stopped. He ran out of the gazebo into an unfamiliar place. "What just happened?" Alex said to himself.



He began to look around for anything he knew from his town, but everything was atypical. He began to explore the city. It was a grandiose city, but it was dormant. The only thing that moved was a small dog in the distance.

Alex saw a little clock on a lamp post about twenty feet away. He walked up to the clock and looked at it. "It's only 7:30 PM where is everyone?"

He walked up to a little house on the edge of the park and knocked on the door. A craven little man opened the door and said, "Little boy, you shouldn't be out this late, if the Gestapo finds you they'll kill you. Come in, quickly."

Alex walked into the house and looked around. It was small one story house with two bedrooms, one bathroom and a living room and a kitchen. It was painted pale blue with blue curtains. There was a table with two chairs in the corner of the living room. In the other corner there was a sofa and a small chair.

The little man walked back into the house and sat down. He said, "My name is Aldarico and this is my wife Emily." A little woman walked out of the kitchen and waved.

"Where am I?" Alex asked calmly.

Aldarico spurned Alex until he asked again. "You really don't know?" asked Aldarico.

"No," Alex replied.

"This is Berlin, Germany," said Aldarico.

"What year?" Alex asked.

“1941,” Aldarico said, amazed.

“You may stay the night,” said Emily.

“Thank you,” said Alex.

After about an hour of talking they all went to sleep. Except Alex, who lied in bed thinking,

“What happened? How did I get here?”

They awoke to a beating on the door. Aldarico walked over to the door and opened it. Soldiers suddenly stormed in, capturing Emily and Aldarico.

“I am Lieutenant Adelhelm -- I was ordered to round up all Jews because Hitler abhors you all.”

“Why?” asked Aldarico.

The Lieutenant sat down and mused over Aldarico’s question.

“I don’t know,” said the Lieutenant. “All I know is that these are my orders and I have to follow them.”

“Little boy, what are you doing here? You are not on my list!” said the Lieutenant.

“I was lost and these nice people let me stay here for the night,” said Alex.

“Ok, you are free to go,” said the Lieutenant.

The other soldiers took Emily and Aldarico to a truck and tethered them to the inside of the bed.

“Where are you taking them?” asked Alex.

“Anschutz concentration camp,” replied Lieutenant Adelhelm

“When will they get out?”

“It depends. They could denounce their religion and be released right now, or go to the camp and never denounce it and die in there. Do you fathom what I’m saying?” replied the Lieutenant.

“Yes,” replied Alex.

Lieutenant Adelhelm walked out of the house, got in the truck, and drove away. Alex stood in the doorframe watching the truck drive away with his friends. As he stood there, he watched the same dog he saw early walk by making sick, sonorous sounds. When the dog was out of sight he thought to himself, “I have to save my friends.”

He went back to sleep, and when he woke up in the morning he began to search the house for anything that could help him find Emily and Aldarico. He found a map and ten reichmarks.

“Taking money from this house makes me no better than a lying, thieving, marauder, but I need it to find them. I don’t think they’d care if I was trying to help them.”

Alex left the house and walked almost a mile to the bus station and bought a ticket to the town near the Anschutz concentration camp. Two hours later he was on the bus. After a two hour ride and many stops he arrived at his destination stop. He walked around and saw Anschutz -- it looked like a citadel. He slowly walked up to the gates and started trying to get the guards attention.

“Yes?” said the guard.

“Can I visit someone quickly?” asked Alex.

“There are no visitors here. You might be able to find them around the fence though,” said the guard.

“Ok,” said Alex

As he walked around the fence her saw many people, all in atrophied condition. “This is disgusting,” said Alex as he walked around. Then he saw them -- they had just gotten there and were not emaciated yet. He walked up to them.

“Alex what are you doing here?” asked Emily

“Getting you two out, meet me by the front gate,” Alex said quietly. Ten minutes later they were there.

“First we have to kill the two guards while I break down the gate,” said Alex.

“How do you plan on doing that?” asked Emily

“I saw a truck with the keys in it about 300 yards back. I’ll run it into the gate,” replied Alex

“I’ll yell and that’s the signal to attack the guards make sure to get their guns.” said Alex “Then you two get in the truck and we drive away.”

“Ok,” said Aldarico and Emily

About ten minutes later Alex was at the truck -- he started it and yelled. Aldarico and Emily attacked the guards. Alex hit the gate! It fell to the ground and they jumped into the truck. They quickly escaped towards the town, but as they were driving Alex noticed something.

“What are you doing?” Aldarico yelled

“Trust me” Alex replied. “Follow me” he said

They all ran toward a gazebo, when they entered it a spinning force took all their bodies then as fast as it started it was over. They were all standing in Alex’s hometown.

“Where are we?” asked Aldarico.

“New York City,” replied an amazed Alex.

“What year?” asked Emily.

“It was 2008 when I left,” said Alex.

“Wow!” said Emily, “You have exceptional prowess.” she said.

Alex led the two people to his parents’ apartment. Upon entering Alex peered at his watch: 7:35 PM. He smiled to himself and led Emily and her husband into the kitchen to meet his mother.

“Annie...” Aldarico said, tears streaming down his face.

“Great-great-great granddad Aldarico,” Alex’s mother said running over to the old man.

Marcos Brewer- Grade 11

\



The Rose and the Thorn

*Petals with love
Thorns with spite
The blood on my hands
Doesn't show on your mind
Will you be back?
Or shall I be alone?
Deep to my bone
I have lost my dove
Do I really lack?
Did you think you were right?
Your affection is blind
You became so bland*

*The rose was so grand
The thorns so largely grown
I put my wants behind
Until I looked above
Your love that bites
Was my heart's snap*

*The thorns turned to a plaque
Grown with an expand
I blame her for that night
And now, I would like to disown
The one thing I am not proud of
I still fret, until I remind*

*Now, I have a piece of mind
No longer need the slack
The memory I still try to rid of*



*I took my last stand
As time passes, I'm on my own*

*After all you have done, I hope you are
alright*

*As of now, as I write
I feel as though you have left me
behind*

*I have cut the thorns from where they
were known*

*Learning, I put myself back on track,
My rose has not disband
The passion, not the end of*

*My love of you was delight
Forever banned, I need to unwind
In the pitch black, these wounds still
need sewn*

Sarah Klos- Grade 11

