The Path of Growing

Alicia Perry

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Happiness is neither virtue nor pleasure nor this thing nor that but simply growth. We are happy when we are growing.

William Butler Yeats
“We keep moving forward, opening new doors, and doing new things, because we’re curious and curiosity keeps leading us down new paths.”

Walt Disney
What Goes Around Comes Around and A Rough Day Should Not be Your Judgment

4 February 2014

There are some of us in this crazy world that believe everything happens for a reason, and change ultimately is possible. There are also those people who believe those two statements are a stupid load of junk. Ms. Joyce happens to be a person that believes in the idea that was goes around does in fact always come back around and karma, is inevitable. Going out of her way for the people she cares about is not a hassle to her because she is able to realize that at some point or another someone will go out of their way to help her, making the loop of good deeds complete. She is the kind of person that see’s the good in people, even if the bad side of someone was presented before anything else. She attempts to look past the bad days that some people may be having, and see that many people are not actually “bad people,” just possibly at a bad point in time. There is a need to look for the good in people, because now too often times people get the bad side of someone and thinks instantly of that person as bad or negative, even though it may just be a rough day for the,. She thinks more people need to aim to look for the good in others.

When asked if she believes change is possibly Ms. Joyce told me that “change is 100% possible because I know I’ve changed, especially since high school. She is aware that there at times where people just need time to grow out of their reluctant, childish or angry phases. A bad phase does not make a bad person. What goes around comes around, and just because someone is mean or sour towards you on any particular day does not mean that is what their true inner being holds. A bad day should never be your judgment.
Why Is It Different Now?

Sitting in the back of his pickup truck that summer night as he kissed my forehead ever so gently and the sky uncovered its pink and yellow sunset, I felt I had found the one. I had fun with him and he made me smile with every word that fell of his sift lips. He made me feel some sort of way that I could never really explain to anyone no matter how hard I tried.

I’ll never forget when I first met him, because it was a beautiful disaster. I stumbled upon a party one night and there he was greeting people at the door. Our eyes locked on one another and we both knew. After that night we did everything together and enjoyed every moment of each other’s company. We walked around hand in hand and enjoyed it so much. People told me, and apparently him also “you two are so perfect” or even “you two are going to get married someday” at I couldn’t have been happier to hear it over and over.

He was a blessing. He never yelled at me. He never raised his voice or his hand. He always stood up for me and protected me because I was his princess and he was my knight in shining armor. He was always so honest, and even more kind. He was even kind to me when I least deserved it, and it just made me fall deeper in love with him. He was so good to me, pure gentlemen bread through southern hospitality. He even went so far as to hold my bags when we went to the mall, open the car door for me before I even had the chance to think about it, or even pay for all my meals no matter if it was fast food or a five star restaurant. In my eyes, and the eyes of everyone around us, it was meant to be.
We were together for a year and a half before things took a sour turn. It started with one fight, one that started from a huge misunderstanding, and ended up with a fight almost every single day. I came home from an exhausting day at work and was sitting on the coach when I heard the door slam shut…

“Babe, is that you?”

“Amy what the hell do you want? Can’t you tell I don’t want to talk right now?” He barked at me in such a way that I knew that any response would only lead to something worse. I sat quietly, trying to focus on One Tree Hill instead of the fact that my boyfriend was in the crappiest mood I could ever imagine him being in. “What the hell do you want” he hollered again obviously since I was unresponsive the first time.

“Nothing, I just wasn’t sure if it was you that came through the door. That’s all, nothing major.” Voice shaky, I could barely makes out the words. He was never like this and the fact that he was so angry for what reason I was unsure of was making me very anxious.

“Who else would it have been? Are you having other people at the house while I’m not around? Are you inviting guys into my house?” He was screaming, his face turning a never seen before shade of red, his veins popping out of his neck and arms.

“Are you crazy? What has gotten into you? You’ve been so nuts recently” I began to get up from the couch. “If you’re going to sit here and yell at me for doing nothing at all, I’m leaving.”

Cornering me into the couch he grabbed my face around my jaw, “no you’re not going anywhere.”
“Get off of me, I am leaving.” I pushed his hand to release my jaw. “I’m done with you treating me like this. You’re really starting to scare me. I don’t know what’s happened to you but I’m not standing here waiting for something bad to happen.” I stepped around him and headed towards the door. As I opened the door it slammed back shut.

Yelling he glared at me with hatred “how many times do I have to tell you that you’re not going anywhere.” Before I knew it his hand was coming towards my face. He had struck me and he had stuck me hard. Hard enough to make me cry and to make my nose start gushing blood. I was no longer scared, I was terrified. I wanted nothing more than to leave. Leave and never come back.

Running in his opposite direction towards our bedroom I screamed “I’m packing my stuff and I’m going. I want nothing to do with you anymore.” He chased after me until he realized he couldn’t just open the door and waltz right in. I heard banging and screaming. He was yelling about how much of a bitch I was, how stupid I was, how I was a slut because I apparently had people over the house while he wasn’t home. He was making me very nervous. He was so angry and I have no idea why. It wasn’t just a bad day, it couldn’t have been. He hit me. A bad day wouldn’t make him hit me.

“Amy get the hell out here because if I come in there you’re going to regret it.” With each word that poured off his lips I wanted to get further and further away. He wasn’t just angry anymore. He was incredibly angry, more than angry. Enraged and enraged over absolutely nothing.

I didn’t respond. I went about packing my bags as quickly as I could, and the banging on the door just got louder and louder. I screamed as his fist broke through the brown glossed door.
I screamed. I realized I was trapped. I was trapped, and he was angry. I picked up my phone and dialed 9-11 fearing no other choice.

“9-11 what is your problem”

Rambling to get the words out before it was too late, I began to beg “please help me. My boyfriend is really angry right now and I’m afraid for my life. He hit me when I tried to leave so I locked myself in my bedroom, but he’s trying to break in and I’m scared for what’s going to happen if he can bust down the door”

“Okay m’am please stay calm. What is your address?” I could tell she was scared for me by the way her voice quivered as she asked for my whereabouts.

“1240 West Pa” and before I could finish he managed to bust in. He came at me with eyes filled of fire, and a heart cold as stone. He was incased in rage. He came over to me and ripped the phone out of my hand, chucking it across the room into a wall.

“Who were you talking too?” he yelled in my face my holding me on the ground.

“I called my mom to tell her I was coming to stay with her for the night” crying I could barely make out the words. All I could think was he’s really going to kill me. “I’m sorry” I managed to mutter.

“You’re not going anywhere!” he hollered as he picked me up and tossed me onto the bed.

“No! I am leaving. Do you not see what you’re doing to me? You hit me, you’re HURTING me. I’m not staying here with someone who is hurting me.” I attempted to scoot off
the side of the bed. He pushed me back down by the neck and got in top of me, pinning me down by my arms and all his weight on my hips.

“You’re not going anywhere” and he raised his hand to me. He struck me again. Only this time, I didn’t fight back. I didn’t cry. I didn’t say a word. I just looked at him, and then closed my eyes. He didn’t get off like I thought he would. Instead he again raised his hand to me, yelling that I mistreated him, yelling that I disobeyed him, and the more I tried to fight him off the more it hurt. I just laid there, limp and pretending none of the things happening were actually happening. The tears were pouring down my face with each new mark he left across my body and the only thing I could think of was why me?

The cops burst into the apartment, then into the bedroom to see him sitting on top of me striking me over and over again. I can’t really remember a lot besides the fact that the cops were able to pull him off of me. They put him and cuffs and brought me to the hospital via ambulance. I was weak and could barely describe to the doctors what had happened to me, but they told me I had a broken nose and two broken eye sockets, a severely dislocated jaw that would need surgery to be fixed and a concussion that had the possibility to leave my brain dead in certain areas. I a week in the hospital allowing my wounds to be tended too and months recovering. I needed therapy to deal with the emotional pain I was dealing, and medication to handle the physical. I don’t know if I will ever be the same after that day.

Months passed and I never talked to him again. I never talked to the guy I felt so much love for ever again. I never thought of the guy I cared for ever again. I don’t know if he’s okay anymore and I’m not concerned. Everything was so different the last day that I saw him. He was
filled with rage, overcome with these intense feelings of anger and he was not the guy that I knew. He was different, so different and I think the worst part is, I had no idea why.
Near Death
12 February 2014

The news is constantly covered with stories about these tragic car accidents with all this
dearth and sadness and sorrow. There are always clips of the cars flipped on their side, or into
guard rails, and then people sobbing over their new loss, or simply because they’re in shock of
what happened. I watch them every day; and every day I think to myself “that is so terrifying, I
don’t know what I would do if I was ever in an accident like that” or “what would I do if I lived
through something like that” or even “what if I hurt someone else because I was doing something
stupid”. Well, I found out the answer to one of those questions.

Looking back on it now, I realize that the situation was beyond my control and that could
be the scariest part of it all. I was alone, on plowed roads, and breaking when I lost control of my
car. And to make matters worse, when I lost control of the car, I slid across a grass medium into
oncoming traffic; it was like the wheel was ripped from my hands or something. I still am
confused as to how I ended up back on the right side of the road, even after spinning full circle
into another person’s headlights… I’m even more confused how me, and my car, both came out
of the incident untouched when even the police officer told me “you’re lucky to be alive. That
crash should have killed you.” I’ve never felt a more gut wrenching feeling in my life. I wanted
to puke, cry and scream all at the same time. There was not one emotion, but at least ten, all of
which just made the accident even more traumatic.

Once I was able to kinda be back into focus after the accident, and once I was able to
realize I was alive and untouched and so was my car, my mind started racing trying to figure out
what had just happened. I sat in my car for at least five minutes trying to put a mental puzzle together, one of which I completed all of except the exact center. I could remember losing control, and seeing headlights than nothing until I was back where my car had got stuck. And then I remembered thinking about the other car and that’s when I got out of my car, thankful to see no one else’s car touched anywhere close to me. After talking to the cop and realizing I survived the accident all I could do is be was cry and say thank you over and over. I wasn’t one of those people who let the accident take their lives. I wasn’t another person added to a number of those who passed in motor vehicle accidents. I was still alive. Breathing. Smiling. It’s cliché to say that I think the accident changed me, but it’s true. My time here was almost taken away from me so I’ve come to realize how valuable it is. I was almost taken from my loved ones and the last thing some of them heard from me was something unkind and I’ve come to realize you need to leave people with happy thoughts of you. I don’t know, I guess it’s just my first real near death experience.
The day was coming and coming fast. It was time to start packing and prepare to move and start something new, something beautiful and something that he had been waiting for, for the longest of times. Ever since he was a little boy, he was fascinated with dreams, and creating these unrealistic, or so he thought, fantasies of what his “adult life” would hold for him. His ultimate goal after high school was to attend the College of Charlestown. He had long dreamed of moving cross country and being in a totally different environment. He longed to walk to class under an archway of cherry blossoms, to be kissed daily by the sweet southern son and to me footsteps away from a beach, something he had never been on before. However, he always in the back of his mind put it into reality that that likeliness of him being accepted to the College of Charlestown was slim to none. He was not the best academically, not the best athlete ever but he had his dreams set out and was determined to achieve them. He was shocked and overjoyed the day the acceptance letter from College of Charlestown with “CONGRADULATIONS” written on the front of the shiny gold folder was left on his door step for him to stumble upon after school.

Now the day had really come. All of his bags were packed. All of his belongings stored away in the back of the pickup truck and he was finally saying good bye to his pup for the next couple of months, until he would return home for winter break. He was able to begin his journey and make steps at following the dreams he had long been waiting to follow. Now he’s sitting in the back seat looking out the window, day dreaming. Thinking. Imagining. He realized that with every thought he was traveling father and father away from his home, from his childhood friends.
and memories, from everything that was familiar to him. Although it scared him, and part of him wanted to turn back and be reunited with all things he was leaving behind, he stayed dreaming.

Dreaming of Charlestown. He never stopped dreaming. *The young man’s mind was carried away by his growing passion for dreams. One looking at him would not have thought him particularly sharp. With the recollection on little things occupying his mind he closed his eyes and leaned back in the car seat. He stayed that way for a long time and when he aroused himself and again looked out of the car window the town of Winesburg had disappeared and his life there had become but a background on which to pain the dreams of his manhood.*

-Sherwood Anderson, *Winesburg, Ohio*
I woke up one morning thinking it would be the same as any other day. I’d roll out of bed, change into a bathing suit, make myself breakfast and then proceed to the beach in order to soak up a day’s worth of rays. Today, however, I bowled out of bed and put on my bathing suit, following my normal daily routine. I walked into the kitchen and put two blueberry waffles into the toaster oven then turned towards the door to let my pest of a puppy inside. When I let him in however, I noticed he was holding something in his mouth and whatever it was, it was bleeding.
“Ace!” I screamed at him. “Put that down! That’s disgusting!” I approached him, but he refused to drop the object in his mouth. He started growling at me, which was weird because he never growled, not at his momma. “Ace, drop it!” I said. As I grabbed his collar, he dropped what was in his mouth. I gasped at what I saw. It was a little gosling, bleeding profusely from my dog’s sharp teeth. It was just lying there and I could see its chest cavity rising and falling at a fast pace. I ran inside and grabbed a wash cloth so I could pick up the dying gosling. “Ace you’re bad. What is wrong with you?” Ace ran into the house and I continued to attempt to pick up the goose. I brought it inside and dripped a little water on to the goose’s wounds to clean them. I called the animal control but they weren’t really much help. They just told me that he would more than likely die as a result of his wounds. When I asked what would happen if I brought him to a vet, they said it basically would be useless. The baby goose was a goner. I, however, was not going to let this little goose die because of my idiot puppy. I really just wish he would learn.

I did some research of how to nurse a goose back to health and that’s what I did. I bought a wooden box for the baby goose, which I named Einstein. I got a lap to put inside the box so he could stay warm, as well as food and water in order for him to get the nutrients he needed. The plan was to raise him until he was big and strong enough to be released back into the wild. That’s what I did. I fed him and groomed him and even brought him to the vet from time to time to make sure he was really recovering. I temporarily adopted him into my home and Einstein filled a place in my heart. He even grew to love Ace who was the one inflicting his wounds in the first place. Ace, Einstein and I would go into my back yard and play in the pond, that’s how Einstein learned how to swim and it’s funny because Ace would guard him like he was from the same litter.
The day came too fast that I had to release Einstein into the wild. The day came too fast that I set him in the water to have to walk away from him. The day came too fast that I fed him his last meal and he has his last play date with ace. The day came too soon that I cleaned his box for the last time. I never really wanted to say good-bye to my adopted pet. It was bitter sweet releasing him into the wild. He waddled off seeming happy to now be free. It’s funny too because months later, I look out and can see Einstein swimming around in the pond in my back yard. I still go from time to time to feed him and let him and ace go swimming together.
CHARACTERS
AMY: 18 year old high school senior, girlfriend of Derrick
DERRICK: 18 year old high school senior, boyfriend of Amy
MELISSA: 18 year old high school senior, one Amy’s best friend and consultant
JAIMEE: 18 year old high school senior, one of Amy’s best friends and consultants

Freshman year of high school Amy met this transfer student named Derrick and instantly, the two hit it off. They wanted nothing more but to be around each other every second of every day and have done the best to make that possible throughout the past three years of high school. Over the most recent summer vacation, however, Amy noticed herself fighting with Derrick a lot more than usual and it all seemed to be over things she felt an immature couple would fight about. These include things like her not being able to go out to parties without him, him telling her that what she was wearing was inappropriate for eyes other than his, or that she didn’t see him enough although she was with him at least every other day. As senior year kicks off to a quick start Amy realizes the stress she is under and realizes that the fights she’s having with her best friend and lover Derrick are not coming to a stop like she had hoped and imagined. She has noticed herself becoming more distant of him over the first month or so in school and turns to her two best friends, Melissa and Jaime, for guidance and advice as to what she should do about her complicated situation and feelings she has towards Derrick. Act V scene I takes place in Melissa’s home with Melissa and Amy sitting on the bed [R] and Jaime sitting on the floor next to the bed painting her toe nails. The three friends are having a sleep over.
SCENE I

MELISSA Jaime, I swear to god you better not spill any nail polish on my floor. My parents will actually kill me if it keeps happening, my floors basically multi-colored from spills.

JAIMEE I won’t I won’t I promise. I’m not stupid and I mean, I have painted my nails before.

MELISSA Yeah but you never know, I’ve said that then accidently knocked the bottle over.

JAIMEE jokingly well hate to say it Melissa but I’m not you [giggling] pause for thinking. Wait, hey Amy! Can I paint your nails?

AMY: [laughing] sure why not! Amy gets down off the bed and joins Amy on the floor. Amy sets her phone down by her side, screen facing up. Amy then gives her hand to Jaime and Jaime begins to paint her nails a shade of red. A couple seconds into her nail make-over she receives a text message from Derrick.

JAIMEE [after hearing the phone buzz] Is that Derrick again?

AMY yes of course it is, who else would it be considering the only other people I talk too regularly are sitting in the room with me.

MELISSA well what did he say this time?

AMY [picks up her phone, unlocks it and opens Derricks message] it says “Hey babe, I know you’re with the girls right now but I was wondering if there was any way I could see you for a little bit. I don’t know what all of you have planned but it would really mean a lot to me”

JAIMEE [sounding agitated] doesn’t he know that were going out tonight?

AMY I told him but honestly I don’t think he cares any more. All he wants is time with me twenty four seven, which wouldn’t be bad but I need my space and I need my girl time and he hasn’t really been able to understand that recently.

MELISSA what are you going to say back?

AMY I don’t know. I don’t want to sound mean to him but I really don’t want to see him tonight. I have other plans and he knows that

JAIMEE just say something like if it was any other day honey I’d love too but you know I have plans to go out with Jaime and Melissa tonight. I can’t just blow them off especially since I spent all day with you yesterday. I need to find a balance and be fair between you and them.

AMY okay [she looks down at her phone and begins replying to his text message. She reads it out loud as she types] “Derrick you know that I’d love too but I told you earlier that I had made plans to go out with Melissa and Jaime tonight. I told you we were going to Andrea’s house, as
well as that you were more than welcome to come but you said you didn’t want too. I’m sorry
but I can’t change plans on them tonight, especially since I spent all day yesterday with you. Can
we possibly grab breakfast tomorrow?” [she hits send] looks up at friends it’s really making me
upset that he’s not understanding I want time with my friends too.

**MELISSA** When did he start acting like this, I feel like he never did up until recently

**AMY** he never did, which is making it even more weird that it’s happening now her phone
buzzes due to a text from Derrick. She unlocks her phone and reads it silently saying nothing.
Once she’s done she looks up at her friends. And now he’s yelling at me because I can’t see him
tonight. I don’t understand it. He knew I had plans. I even invited him. He has no reason to be
mad right now.

**JAIMEE** what does the message say? Amy looks at Jaime and passes her the phone.

**MELISSA** wait Jaimee read it I want to know too

**JAIMEE** it says “Amy it really hurts me that you can’t even dedicate a little bit of time to see
me each day. It hurts that I’m feeling more than ever that you want to be with your friends more
than you want to be with me. I don’t want to go to a party with you and your friends and spend
time with you while you’re intoxicated and I’m babysitting you. That’s not fair to me. All I
wanted to do was take you out to dinner and have a nice night and conversation with you but you
don’t even want that. Whatever Amy honestly just have a good night and I’ll talk to you
tomorrow when you can make time.”

**MELISSA** dude that’s not even right

**AMY** I know and it’s frustrating because I really didn’t do anything wrong.

**JAIMEE** no you didn’t. You made plans and you included him in them although you didn’t
have too. He’s the one deciding not to come hang out with you. So what that you can’t go to
dinner because you had plans before that idea came up.

**AMY** I just don’t want him to be mad at me

**MELISSA** he’s going to be mad at you or upset with you until he gets his way

**AMY** so what should I say back to him? She takes her phone back from Jaime.

**JAIMEE** I don’t know.. [hesitating, trying to think of what to say] just be honest about how
you’re feeling it’s kinda the only thing you can do Amy begins texting a message back to
Derrick. Jaime and Melissa sit waiting for her to be finished Well, what did you say?
AMY basically I said I can’t handle him getting mad and upset at me every single day for wanting to have a life outside of him. I told him that it makes me upset he won’t even attempt to spend time with me while I’m with you guys. *pause* I feel like he’s becoming more and more immature within our relationship and I don’t want to be with someone who acts like this or is going to keep acting like this.

MELISSA poor boys skating on thin ice.

SCENE II
*Amy and Derrick are together the following night. They’re preparing to watch a movie together. Amy, outside of view, is making a bowl of popcorn and Derrick is sitting on the couch. The two are talking from different rooms until she enters, popcorn in hand.*

DERRICK babe hurry up you’re taking forever.

AMY it’s not my fault! I had to put the popcorn back in the microwave since yours sucks!

DERRICK well hurry cause I want to start watching this movie

AMY I’m trying –

DERRICK [interrupting Amy’s sentence] oh get me a drink while you’re in there too. Pepsi over ice!

AMY Derrick I’m not your maid, can you ask nicely please?

DERRICK can you just get in here with my food and drink?

AMY [walks into the living room, pepsi and drink in hand] sits down on couch opposite Derrick here.

DERRICK thanks.

*The two awkwardly sit in silence waiting for the movie to come on*

DERRICK can you get the lights?

AMY [sounding upset and angry] sure *she sits back down in the same place*

*The two awkwardly sit in silence waiting for the movie to come on. 30 seconds pass.*

AMY [taking in an angry and stern tone] actually Derrick, you know what I think I’m just going to go and watch a movie alone at my house. I don’t like how you’re treating me and despite the fact that I’ve brought it up before you’re still doing it. You don’t make me want to be around you anymore, you’re different. Were different.

DERRICK what are you talking about?
AMY were different. What more is there to say

DERRICK what does that even mean

AMY [getting angry] were pause different. That’s all that needs to be said she gets up, grabs her back and begins walking out of view

DERRICK Amy get the hell back here. Who do you think you are getting up and leaving like that.

AMY I’m someone that needs time and space to think. I need to reconsider being with someone who always fights with me and treats me like garbage.

DERRICK [screaming] I don’t treat you like garbage you ungrateful bitch

AMY and that’s why I’m never coming back she walks off set and leaves derrick alone. Derrick continues to yell and talk to himself while AMY is off stage

DERRICK Stupid bitch gets up off couch and starts walking around saying all I do is fight with him. She does things every day to make me fight with her. She’s stupid. She can’t handle a relationship. I’m better off without her. Yeah, I’m better off without her. He exits.

SCENE III

On her way home from Derricks Amy calls Melissa and Jaimee and see’s what they’re doing. They tell her nothing and she drives herself to Melissa’s house

AMY hey guys

MELISSA are you okay?

JAIMEE what happened?

AMY yeah I’m okay I’m just fed up. I’m sick and tired of going out with these jerks. They treat you well to begin with then as soon as you actually fall for them they unleash their true colors.

JAIMEE I know guys suck.

AMY no really it’s the same with all of them I’m telling you.

MELISSA I don’t know Derricks kinda out there Amy, you know that.

AMY no they’re all cheap, stupid and rude. I’m so over it, it’s not fair anymore. None of them know how to treat a woman. Like, when is the last time a guy opened the car door for you? You can’t remember, right? Because the answer is stressing the word ne-ver. They’d honestly drive off and leave you standing in the rain before they’d walk around to open your car door. And it’s
sad because I know guys do that. My dad does for my mom. They’ve been married thirty
something years I’m pretty sure and every time they go anywhere, he opens the car door for her.

JAIMEE yeah but the times have changed, it’s not like that anymore. No one does that anymore.

AMY the gentlemen do, the guys we should be with do.

Amy’s phone being buzzing non-stop. It’s Derrick calling her.

AMY Derrick is calling me. What do I do? I don’t want to talk to him.

JAIMEE let it go to voicemail.

Amy lets the call go to voicemail. He calls again

AMY guys, he’s calling again.

MELISSA don’t answer him.

Amy lets the call go to voicemail. A minute later she receives a text message.

AMY oh my god [sounding scared and nervous] he knows I’m here. How the hell does he know
I’m here.

JAIMEE Amy what are you talking about?

AMY he just texted me. He knows I’m here yet I never told him. I walked out of his house and
called you guys when I was on the phone. There’s no way he could have known I came here.

JAIMEE what did it say?

AMY [looking down at her phone] it says “I know you’re at Melissa’s so you might as well
come down stairs. We have to talk considering you walked out on me before I could get my final
words in. Come out or I’m coming up”

MELISSA Amy that’s creepy that’s not right Melissa gets up and goes to lock the door which is

JAIMEE dude don’t answer that and Melissa call your mom, tell her to be extra cautious.

AMY I’m gonna call him. He’s being so sketchy. She dials his number and puts it on
speakerphone.

Derrick answers the phone and sounds drunk.

DERRICK are you gonna come down here and talk to me or are you gonna hide behind your
friends up there that are convincing you to leave me.

AMY Derrick your text scared me, how did you know I was here, I never told you where I was
going… just that I was leaving.

DERRICK it doesn’t matter how I know, just know that I know everything.
Melissa and Jaimee whisper to her things like “that’s weird”, “Amy hang up the phone”, and “what’s wrong with him”

AMY Derrick you need to stop ill talk to you in the morning.

DERRICK listen bitch, you’ll talk to me right now.

AMY I’m actually not going to talk to anyone that calls me a bitch then demand things of me, good night Derrick. She hangs up the phone.

MELISSA that’s horrifying.

Derrick calls back multiple times and Amy doesn’t answer. The girls hear something hit Melissa’s bedroom window. Derrick threw something to get their attention.

AMY leaning out the window to talk to him. Derrick GO! HOME! I’m not talking to you right now. I want nothing to do with you right now. Amy loses sight of Derrick. The girls realize all the doors down stairs are unlocked and Melissa’s parents are in bed. Guys I can’t see him anymore. I have no idea where he went.

Seconds later, Derrick is banging on Melissa’s bedroom door trying to get in. All the girls start screaming.

To be continued ……..
Poetry

Favorite Poem...............................................................page 26

Imitation Poem...............................................................page 28

Spoken Word Poem..........................................................page 30

Ransom Note Poem..........................................................page 31

“The free bird leaps on the back of the wind and floats downstream till the current ends and dips his wings in the orange sun rays and dares to claim the sky.” — Maya Angelou
I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

Maya Angelou

The free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wings
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with fearful trill
of the things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.
A Crashing World

Imitation of Hanging Fire by Audre Lorde

I am eighteen

and my world is crashing in on me.

Do this.

Do that.

Go here.

Stay there.

Everyone trying to tell me what to do,

while I’m only trying to make my own decisions.

I am trying to grow up.

I am eighteen

and my world is crashing in on me.

Struggling to find who I can tryst and who I can’t,

I’m being pulled in two different directions.

I’m here for you.

Call me if you need me.

I’ll do whatever I can to help.

Yet most of the time when I call,

I receive no answer.

I am eighteen

And my world is crashing in on me.

I’m going to college, the only question is
where and for what.

My parents have one idea,

my friends another,

and myself a third.

A life changing decision,

can I make it on my own?

I am eighteen

And my world is crashing in on me.

Graduating high school,

moving onto bigger and better things.

I’m scared and nervous for the change,

I’m not sure if I want it to be different.

I am eighteen

And I refuse to let the world crash down on me.
Power of the Bow

Two minutes and thirty seconds,
to prove them all you’re worthy.
Shining bright above the competition
in order to bring home that trophy.
Hit. Hit. Pull.
Don’t let the pain show through your face.
Love it because loving it
will get you the crown.
Make them watch.
Strive for all eyes on me,
Put on a show, facials.
How badly do you want first place?
Perform.
Perform your heart out,
And demonstrate the power of the bow.
Smile, as your name is called for first place.
Say thank you to all those congratulating you,
Appreciate your coaches, team mates and judges.
Love the power of the bow.
TOO MUCH
Culture
Haven and Hell
Second Act
MAKE IT RIGHT
The True Believer

MEET YOU THERE
Reflection

It Was Worth It...............................................................page 33

"because I need the experience" - Alicia Perry
It Was Worth It

When setting up my schedule summer going into senior year, I knew I wanted two classes on my schedule: College Writing and Creative Writing. When I told people a lot of them asked me, well why on earth would you want to take two writing classes and I answered something like “because I need the experience.” I chose to take this class because I wanted to get a taste of many different kinds of writing that may not always be thought of initially. I wanted to familiarize myself with and find a love for poetry which I normally dislike to a great degree and try to build my skill and knowledge set for college at the completion of senior year. I enjoyed this class a lot, actually which in a way surprised me. In the context of writing, I’m not at all creative. It’s hard for me to think of story lines, or stanza’s or rhyming words and metaphors but this class wasn’t that at all in my opinion. There was the ability to be creative but also the requirement of structure which is why I feel I was able to complete the course successfully. After completing the course, I realized an appreciation for writing and all of its various form, I found myself in love with the idea of my own writer’s voice, and I gained a confidence in my ability to produce quality “creative” work. I believed I reached my goal of this course, which was gaining experience and a new skill set. I can now say I wrote my own free verse poem as well as writing my own twist on another author’s idea. It is a wonderful feeling to take a class you were apprehensive of, and completing strictly in aim of benefits and coming out with every benefit you were hoping for and even more. As much as I sometimes dreaded completing the projects, I don’t think there was a project I deeply did not enjoy completing, or that I hated working on. My least favorite project however was probably writing the end to another author’s writing. I learned a lot from completing the project but it was incredibly hard for me and I know it showed in my writing of that paper. On the other end of the spectrum, my favorite assignment in this class by
far was the writing of our plays and the fact that we were able to act them out in the auditorium. Writing the play was hard but it was incredibly fun to be in complete control as to what you want to happen. The play was also my favorite assignment because it brought the class together more so than any other assignment. Each person in the class was somehow part of someone else’s play and it was just an overall fun project to complete. There is nothing I would add or take away from this class, I honestly feel like it has a perfect amount of assignments so it’s not overwhelming like some classes can be. I learned a lot about myself as a writer because of creative writing and I’m thankful for that because I’m glad I learned it now rather than in college classes. I mentioned finding my voice earlier, and that’s one of the best things to have discovered. I’ve realized how to put just enough of myself in my writing and that brings me joy to be able to say. I also learned my preference of activities. I like starting from scratch with my own ideas rather than finish someone else’s. I realized how challenging something’s were to me and how natural others were. I do not regret taking creative writing because of everything I gained as a person, student and writer. Creative writing is actually in the top five of my favorite classes I took during high school and although it may seem like an unappealing tedious writing class when signing up, it is nothing to that logic.