The Wrestlers battled for control on their feet, as John denied his foe a shot, he swiftly threw him dragging his feet in bounds to score. The temperature in the gym skyrocketed as he felt the victory swarm him. As John’s hand was raised he saw the arena in uproar, but all he thought was he did it. His hand had been raised and he took a deep breath to ready himself for the swarms of people he would soon face. When asked his opinions on the match he responded, “I did it.” The Lights of Photography had begun to hit his face. He motioned to his opponent, “I had a lot of fun wrestling with you, nice match.” John got to where his team was sitting and dropped in exhaustion. The floor that he now lay on, felt like a tempurpedic bed with soft and fluffy pillows. When he found the strength to sit up he got some orange slices and devoured them. He watched his newly made fans approach him as if he had just wrestled a bull and won, like a picture a bull fighter he had seen. The newly made champion believed it was strange that when he made his move he just let go, and went with it. He then propped open his camping chair and continued his moment of glory as he sat. He asked his mom, “Do you think I could have lost?” She replied, “No, when your hand was raised, I knew you were untouchable.” He clenched his hands together- immediately he got up with excitement. The feeling of
winning a national title had hit him like a brick wall. As he turned around his face dropped and he began to sprint, his father had come to see him, taking leave from the military. John’s father embraced him with the grip of a massive grown man. He then Whispered to John, “I’m Proud of you.”

2. Narrative

The Goal

The moment finally came for the ferocious wrestler John Davey. He had just won the 2013 California high school state wrestling championships at the 160 pound weight class. Though, through all the excitement of winning he still had the urge to be better. John knew from the first match that year that he was training for a state championship, but there was more. He wanted to be a National champion.

There is so much training and dedication for a person who wants to achieve this goal, this he knew. But never the less he began training the very next day. As the night passed John woke up for school feeling too sore to lift the spoonful of honey nut cheerios that he was enjoying for breakfast. But he put the spoonful of cheerios to his mouth and devoured them, like a hungry dog chowing down on a raw hide bone. For a wrestler like John, who cuts fifteen to twenty pounds just to wrestle at his weight class, a bowl of cheerios is a gold mine.

John arrived at practice that day feeling hungry, exhausted and in no mood to train. He was five pounds over 160, and he felt like he had nothing left to lose. He put on his shoes and shuffled onto the mat. As he went through the normal pre-practice jog, his coach switched the tempo with one word, “sprint”. This was the beginning of the painful process to sweat what little what that was left in his body out.
After doing 25 minutes of excruciating sprints, the team dropped right into intense drilling with a partner. John and his partner hit move after move, nonstop movement, 100% for yet another 20 minutes. When in an instant John stopped wrestling winced slightly, and made his way over to the trainer. His middle finger was dislocated, the top two notches leaned to the right at an almost 45 degree angle. The solution was simple, the trainer popped his finger in with ease as though he had done it many times before. Although for John this swift action brought great pain for a split second. When John knew he was all set to go, he jumped right back into his routine of intense drilling for another 40 minutes.

There were three practices following this that grew less intense as the days continued. Until finally the day had come for him to be able to prove himself at the Virginia Beach National Wrestling tournament, one of the more intense tournaments in the entire country. As he arrived he got right in line to weigh in among the thousands of kids who want the same as him, a national championship. The line moved quickly, as did John, knowing each step was a step closer to munching on some fruit. John finally arrived at the scale and to his amazement he was two pounds under 160. He ran to grab his snack then started to prepare for the day.

John made easy work of his first opponent, the next seemed tougher but still no match for John. As the round of sixteen and the quarter finals came and went, John handily beat his two opponents. The semifinals overtime victory left John feeling tired and weak but he pushed onward to the national finals. It came down to this, one of the most crucial matches of his career against a two time national champion. He strapped his headgear up, walked to the table to check in, and said his name sternly “John Davey”. The crowd of over 10,000 had their eyes fixed on his match because they were interested to see the two time national champ.
The whistle blew and the match begun with the champ taking an early take down right off the whistle. John fought and struggled and left the first period doing something he hadn't done all year, not scoring in the first period. The champ chose bottom to start the second, and almost like a flash of lightning he was out and had scored one. John was down 3-0 and panicked; he rushed in on a shot and sloppily flopped to his stomach giving up yet another two point take down. The third period was beginning and John was down 5-0, but he chose bottom because he knew he needed to at least score points. John was ridden out, like a little kid trying to hold his dad down on the ground, for a little under a minute when he found an opportunity and took it to escape and get 1, now being down 5-1 he knew he needed something big he tied up the champ took a shot and missed coming up in an under over situation, with twenty seconds left on the clock John shocked the world throwing the champ and with only three seconds left both of his opponents shoulder blades touched the mat and he was pinned, John had won. He stood up to see thousands of people looking at him as if he were a god.

He came off the mat hearing some person he didn’t know exclaim, “The mat practically ran out from under him on that throw.” The excitement and the want to gloat about his newly earned title were shut down by years of coaches telling him that a true champion is one that knows how to win or lose with respect. As he composed himself, all he could think about was that moment that his hand got raised and he could call himself a National Champion.

3. Imagist Poetry

An empty classroom,

Filled with dust,

Left to fade away.
4. **So Much Depends Upon**

So much depends upon an eye to see,
Darkness closing in all around it,
Black is all that’s left.

5. **Music and Poetry**

- **John Coltrane**
  So close to the win,
  It came right to the end,
  The crowd was in an uproar,
  I felt so sore,
  With my head glued to the floor.

- **Keltic Music**
  There’s someone coming-I know.
  He’s right over there- I know.
  He sees us here-I know.
  He’s got pizza-I know.

6. **Tanka**

I have a pizza
It has some pepperoni
Add some sausage now
Give me more bacon on it
I call it a meat lovers.

7. **Picture and Poetry**

- Wintery frosted tips
  Golden layered forest
  Lay on white glaze
- Stillness of water
  Overhang of green brush—
  A lonely green tree

8. **Haiku**

- I can’t hear myself
  People are yelling loudly
  Whistles are blowing
- This massive building
  I need to sprint to get to
  The other portion
- Rain drizzles my face,
  Water runs down the side road,
  Sun is still shining.
9. Ode

- On a boat bin the big blue
  In the water, I drop a line
  I can still see my hook shine

  Caught a fish that I knew
  It happened to be a striped bass
  This big fish had a lot of mass

  I have caught too much fish
  This will be a really big dish
  There is no easy fishing trip
  I know each line can possibly rip
  You bring me closer to my friends
  Although I hope it never ends

- You let me feel free
  You give me the power
  To send others to the showers
  Each victory gives me such a thrill
  Although each victory fills me with glee
  I know I just broke my opponents will.

  I feel like a tree
  Wrestling an itty bitty Flower
  I know that they will never tower
  When they face me it’s all downhill
  Because wrestling lets me be a bee
  I get to watch my opponents fears instill.

  It’s hard to disagree
  I can always overpower
  My big opponents who cower
  I can get over any size of hill
  Though sometimes the top I cannot see
  I can also go through a hill like a drill.

10. Elegy

Another Season come and gone,
but next season will not come,
the game that brought so much joy is gone,
I will miss the never ending thrill.

I had some times good and bad,
the lessons you taught me will last forever,
I was able to be angry and aggressive with you,
It was a release like no other.

Although you are gone from my life,
I know a new life is given to many new players,
there will only be pickup games for me,
but I will always remember my years of football.

11. **English Sonnet**

Wrestling has helped to guide me on my way,
With each Practice I gain strength and technique,
My huge work Load grows each and every day,
I do the work and help change my physique,
With each workout I’m getting very sore,
I may be way to tired in the morning,
I may not even make it out the door,
At six I emerged from my bed crawling,
There are nice clothes I place on my back,
I then attend school like I’m a puppet,
Although I have great weight in my backpack,
So by the end I feel like a Muppet,
But I still do it to help get smarter,
I wish I could just get home by barter.

12. **Petrarchan Sonnet**

My day is now full with tough tasks to do,
I start my day with a nice hot shower,
To take a shower a person must scour,
My morning meal of oatmeal is a goo,
I get to my school but nothing is new,
Sometimes we learn about the world power,
I sometimes wish a class to be an hour.
The end of the day makes me not feel blue,
I am now home sweet home to relax,
I turn on the TV to watch a show,
But old goofy cartoons is all I see,
Sometimes I will change into comfy slacks,
Then I see out of my window, a doe,
It keeps me feeling a little bit free.

13. **Carpe Diem**

I am like free will,
do not lose sight of your dreams,
live life to the max,
don’t be stopped by anyone,
live in the present moment.
14. One Scene Play with Monologue

*Character List:*
Ben- a young boy on a drive south with mom, dad, and sister.
Mom- middle aged mother of two.
Dad- middle aged father of two.
Waitress- young woman who works at the diner.
Old Guy- older man maybe he’s crazy maybe he’s not.
Sister- Sister of ben.

*Setting: It is current times in the south of Alabama. A family has stopped at a weird quiet diner.*

*Ben, Mom, Dad, and Sister pull into crazy town diner to stop for lunch.*

Ben: I hope they have good food.

Family Enters Diner.

Dad: Let’s not sit here the seats all torn up.
Mom: They’re all torn honey, just sit.
Sister: Can we just sit, eat, and get out of here. I just want to get to where we are going.
Dad: Fine. We’ll just sit here!

*Family sits at booth, looks over the menus, and waits to order. All others in the restaurant wait to order.*

Sister: I think I’m just gonna get a burger and fries.
Ben and Dad: Me to!
Mom: Yeah if our waitress ever comes over to us!
Dad: I think they are all listenin to that scraggly lookin old dude.
Ben: He looks crazy! He has no teeth…
Mom: Can we please just order and eat.
Dad: Excuse Me! Can we get some service over here?

*Enter Waitress.*

Waitress: How rude! Don’t interrupt the man in his encounter story! Do you know who he is?
Ben: No… But we want food please!!
Waitress: He’s the guy who seen Elvis! In Fact he seen him last night.
Sister: No! Elvis Died!
Waitress: That’s what they all say…

*Waitress moves back to crowd, leaving family in shock or amazement of how crazy these people actually are.*
Dad: I gotta hear this!

*Family moves over to the counter to listen to Old Dudes story.*

Ben: There’s no way this guy saw Elvis…He’s crazy! Can we just go get some food?  
Mom: Ben, just be patient.

Old Dude: I come up over pengrove hill ‘bout quarter o’ seven last evening when I see this here pink caddy settin’ under that big maple near the intersection of 422. We’ll I knew right away it was Elvis again. If you all remember, I seen im’ out there ‘bout two weeks back, the same day merle Johnson seen ‘im over near four corners. Well, there ‘e was, just as big as ya please, settin’ there chewin’ on a double cheesburg. No wonder the boy got s’ damned fat. I git out and go on over. We chit chat bout’ this an’ that. He’s still pissed about tom Parker getting’ all them royalties, How the Las Vegas crowd aint worth sawdust, and how Priscilla’s cashin’ in on Graceland. Same old stuff. A broken record excuse the expression. Then he tells me somethin’ I aint never heard before.

*All standing around lean in close.*

Old Dude: You know how he got away with it, fakin’ dying, that is? Well, seems this here Elvis impersonator up in Vegas owned a bunch o’ gambling debts and one night he winds up out in the desert with a hole in his sideburn. Well this guy who worked for the coroner tipped off one the jordanaires who tells Elvis, who’e fed up with the night life and the sin and degradation, and they cook up this deal to bury this guy instead of Presley.

*Everyone stares in awe; family goes back to table laughing.*

Sister: What a loon!  
Ben: That story was almost to fake.  
Dad: Let’s just eat and leave.

Family eats and leaves. While driving and laughing, big pink El Dorado drives past family, blaring “hound dog”

Dad: Is that?  

*All looks of disbelief.*

Ben: I think that guy wasn’t as crazy as we thought.

15. **Picture And Play**  
With Cullen Chapron as Partner, Cullen has it.
16. Three Scene, One Act Play

Characters:
Shai- Young coach.
Shoniel- High school wrestler competing in offseason tournaments.
Steve- Friends father at the tourney.
Referee- Referee of matches.
Trainer- Young athletic trainer.

Setting: Set in current times in Lake Placid, NY at the actual miracle on ice hockey arena.

Scene one

Shai and Shoniel enter arena with teammates.

Shoniel- I’m gonna go on the mat and warm-up for a bit.
Shai- Just do some light stuff we are sitting up here.

Mike warms up and learns he is up soon; Shai enters and moves to mat with mike.

Shai- Are you ready?
Shoniel- Yeah I’m pretty tired but I’ll get over it.
Shai- You’re up. Finish your shots closer to the center.
Shoniel- Probably not. (Laughs)

Enter Referee.

Referee- Are you ready?
Shoniel- Yeah I’m all set. (Starting to look more intense)

Ref starts the match Shoniel wins handily. Exit referee.

Shai- You’re still shootin’ to close to the out of bounds line.
Shoniel- I know but that kid was so strong I couldn’t hit anything in the center while he was on his toes and ready.
Shai- That’s why you gotta hit your angles.
Shoniel- Yeah alright. Can I get some of that water?
Shai- Give me a bite of your sandwich and you can have it.
Shoniel- Yeah that’s fine.

Scene Ends

Shai and Shoniel walk back to the seats, Shoniel gets water and gives sandwich to Shai.
Shai: What is it turkey and cheese?
Shoniel: Yeah its pretty good I think.
Shai: You’re up next! That was really quick.
Shoniel: I’m still exhausted but whatever let’s go!

_Shai and Shoniel get to mat and the match is about to begin. Enter Referee._

Shoniel: This kid is huge!
Shai: He probably sucks so just go wrestle.

_Shoniel hits three great moves but all landing out of bounds and on the next shot a loud snap happens and Shoniel is suitting on the edge emotionless looking at his ankle._

Shoniel: It’s already swelling (Looking tired). That sucks.
Shai: Do you want to keep wrestling?
Shoniel: Yeah, I’ll just suck it up.

Shoniel loses while finishing the match in pain. Enter Trainer.

Shoniel: Hey can you tape my ankle?
Trainer: That’s really swollen (Looking amazed)! What happened?
Shoniel: I was wrestling hit a shot and it just snapped.
Trainer: I’ll tape it up just be sure to ice it.

_End Scene_

_Trainer tapes ankle. Trainer exits. Enter Steve. Exit Shai. Shoniel talks with Steve about the match._

Steve: Shoniel! What’s up? How’s your ankle?
Shoniel: It hurts I can’t use it in matches, I’ve had to wrestle from my knees.
Steve: That sucks! I heard the snap from like 10 feet away! It was really loud even with the thousands of people in this arena.
Shoniel: Yeah it was pretty loud (Thinking about the noise and wincing).
Steve: Well, Cole just smashed some kid over there!
Shoniel: I know I saw! He wrestled great!
Steve: Yeah. I’ll catch up with ya later; I gotta get Cole water.
Shoniel: See ya later.

Exit Steve and Shoniel.

(Scene End)

_Actor 1_