

THE ALPINE PATH

Volume 1, June 2021

From the Editor

This first volume of *The Alpine Path* showcases many talented authors and artists and we at Common Sense Press are proud to share it with you. Our goal is for *The Alpine Path* to be a place where students can share their work and to motivate them to strive to see their work published.

The inspiration for *The Alpine Path* comes from L. M. Montgomery's *Emily of New Moon*, where she quotes a poem that encapsulates the journey a writer must take:

*Then whisper, blossom, in thy sleep
How I may upward climb
The Alpine Path, so hard, so steep,
That leads to heights sublime.
How I may reach that far-off goal
Of true and honoured fame
And write upon its shining scroll
A woman's humble name.*

We would like to thank everyone who submitted their creations. If the writing or artwork you see here inspires you, gives you a laugh, or makes you think, please consider sharing it with those around you. *The Alpine Path* can only reach as high as the artists and readers that support it.

The Freedom of America

by Ianna, 10

I am glad to be an American because this country's history, through war and sacrifice, has blessed us with many privileges that still stand today. Our independence as a nation came about through the Revolutionary War and other battles. The price of freedom does mean to sacrifice our lives to fight for freedom. It is a blessing to have these privileges. Some of these privileges are the freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and the freedom of speech.

The reason why the freedom of religion is very important to me is because I can share with people that I am a Christian and I am able to freely spread the Gospel. I can also go to church without anybody telling me not to. This privilege is very important to America because no one can be forced to believe in one religion.

Why is the freedom of the press also important to me? The freedom of the press is important to me because we have the right to communicate with facts and opinions through the media and other sorts of communication. It is amazing we have this right so we can express our thoughts and feelings to many people.

Thirdly, the freedom of speech is another privilege we have as an American citizen. The freedom of speech means that we have the right to support what we value, and we can freely disagree with other peoples' opinions. This freedom is very essential for America.

America is filled with privileges and blessings like the freedom of press, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, and many more. Today, we thank the people who fought for our country's independence and those who continue to sacrifice their lives for us, so that this nation can continue to be the land of freedom. Now it is up to us to use our rights wisely. 🏔️

The Storming of Jericho

*A Poem of the French Revolution;
Inspired by A Tale of Two Cities*

by Meredith A. Leaverton, 15

Now the days have become grey:
In the streets of the City the hungry
And desolate lie, dead or dying
Of some affliction of Their infliction.
The Bourgeoisie cluster together, muttering
While the sound of charged thunder
Growls on the horizon.

Even those of the countryside
Feel Their hand: over cold, over heat, ever night
And grey; none speak nor sing, but
Hang their heads in shame, after the way
Of stone and dirt. And even there,
They are hungry and desolate, their crops wrested
From their hands and their pockets granted
No recompense for their labor.

Storm clouds darkened, drew closer,
The way of men turned to beasts;
Forgot the way of the Creator's beings,
 consuming blood and flesh.
For at the turn of the scales,
 scorching embers lightly slept.

Golden light bouncing off the walls,
Magnificent women dance in sunburst halls
Renouncing their born woman-way
In a perfect life that is only play;
While sniveling monsieurs in high-heeled shoes
Sip champagne and sneer at a vassal's new ruse
To evade his taxes. They all bow themselves
 in obeisance
Before a fool they call King, with a compliance
That would cause a wretch to retch.
For in gold and blindness they live,
 so that even to move is a stretch.

And the storm clouds darkened, came near,
The way of men turned to beasts,
Forgot the way of living things,
 consuming blood and flesh.
Soon as the scales turned, fire ceased to sleep.

Tension like a bowstring strung,
The arrow nocked, ready to be released. The women
Cry that their children die, the men
That they won't stand it no more; like an

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The Big Decision

by Maddie Fong, 7

Once there was a poor family who lived on a farm.
The twins, Jacob and Kristy, liked goats because
they could play with them. One day, the family had
to make a decision: Should we buy a cow or a goat?

"We want a goat!" sang the kids.

After thinking for a while, the dad announced,
"We have decided to get a cow since it would give us
more milk." The kids were disappointed.

Mom said, "Now, just so you know, it's your respon-
sibility to take care of the cow. You will have to wake
up at four o'clock to milk the cow."

"Okay, mom," whined Jacob and Kristy.

On the third morning after getting the cow, the twins
trudged to the barn. After milking the cow, they
climbed up the ladder to the hay loft to look around.
They saw their dog Lily and seven newborn puppies!
They hurried down the ladder and ran back to their
house. After hearing about the puppies, Mom and
Dad said they could keep them. The family lived hap-
pily ever after. 🏠



The Storming of Jericho—cont'd

Icy, deadly front, stone-smoldering eyes stare
At the bright carriages as they go by.

Some breathe of a daring Resistance, but if
It exists, it moves in darkness
And doubt, without place or name. Sure, black riots
Break out, but violently and without command,
Fading away quickly, as sandcastles
Reduced back to weak sand. The common people
Will never unite to fight and win.

Then one dread day when long-repressed
Thunder screamed and fire-water dashed from the sky,
Black plans came to fruition, and those
Whose blood was blue were in danger
For their very lives. Drums brewed storm
In a call to arms of these animal-made men.

Their wives answered also, and each one in her wrath
Was more terrible than the throat of the sea. For
In their bodies was branded the memory
Of their dead children and fathers, who had
Died barren in agony, and of their husbands
Who had vanished, never to return.
They wailed and shrieked as from the bottomless Pit
And gloried at the death in their hands.

The storm clouds have broken,
And beasts of men
Seek vengeance in living blood and flesh.
The scales have turned, France will burn,
fire will be free again.

To the Bastille they ran, the emblem
Of their poverty, their suppression, their misery.
Cold stone and strong that they would
Destroy as they had been destroyed. With fire,
With fear, with pikes, with clubs,
See! the white flag now rises and the day is theirs.

They took the governor and slew him there:
Their glory was in his demise. Those with him
Were shot down, pierced, drowned, however
It struck the mob as best. The prisoners released
Were heroes at that dread feast, the dead of the cells
Gloried as martyrs. Then they rioted through the town.

The storm clouds yet black and menacing,
The men even more become beasts,
And revenge is spelled out in living blood and flesh.
For France, it was the beginning of the end. 🏔️

Why Veganism?

by Shana Dorais, 14

In this day and age, more and more people are going vegan. There are different reasons as to why they want to, such as for health reasons, or simply because they want to help the environment. Some see this as a ridiculous fad that will die out soon enough, and some even believe that it didn't exist until 2010. But this is simply not the case. The term vegan was coined in 1944 by a British woodworker named Donald Watson and five others in a society. They did this because he wanted to diverge from vegetarians who ate eggs and dairy, while he did not, so he came up with the word vegan to describe people who didn't want to eat meat, dairy, or eggs. While this is when the term itself surfaced, this isn't the first case of veganism.

Veganism started with vegetarianism, so let's start there first. The first prominent example of a vegetarian was a Greek philosopher who lived in late 6th century B.C., who was named Pythagoras. There are quotes such as this one, "Alas, what wickedness to swallow flesh into our own flesh, to fatten our greedy bodies by cramming in other bodies, to have one living creature fed by the death of another!", showing his distaste for eating meat. Around the same time, Siddhartha Gautama, better known as the Buddha, was a vegetarian and often discussed his diet with his followers. While these two people are examples of vegetarians in the ancient world, it wasn't until the 1840s that the term vegetarian surfaced. But even before vegetarianism was coined, discussion of veganism began.

In 1806, Dr. William Lambe and Percy Bysshe Shelley publicly announced their opposition to eating eggs and dairy, and how they found it unethical. As stated before, in 1944, the term vegan was coined by Donald Watson and five others, who went on to form a society. Then, in 1949, theologian Leslie J. Cross said that the society didn't seem to support the overall protection of animals in their definition. Later, they would settle on a definition, being "to seek an end to the use of animals by man for food, commodities, work, hunting, vivisection, and by all other uses involving exploitation of animal life by man." The vegan society became an official charity in 1964, and in 1979 became a limited company. They have tweaked the definition of veganism through the years, the latest definition being "A philosophy and way of living which seeks to exclude—as far as is possible and practical—all forms of exploitation of, and cruelty to, animals for food, clothing, or any other purpose; and by extension, promotes the development and use


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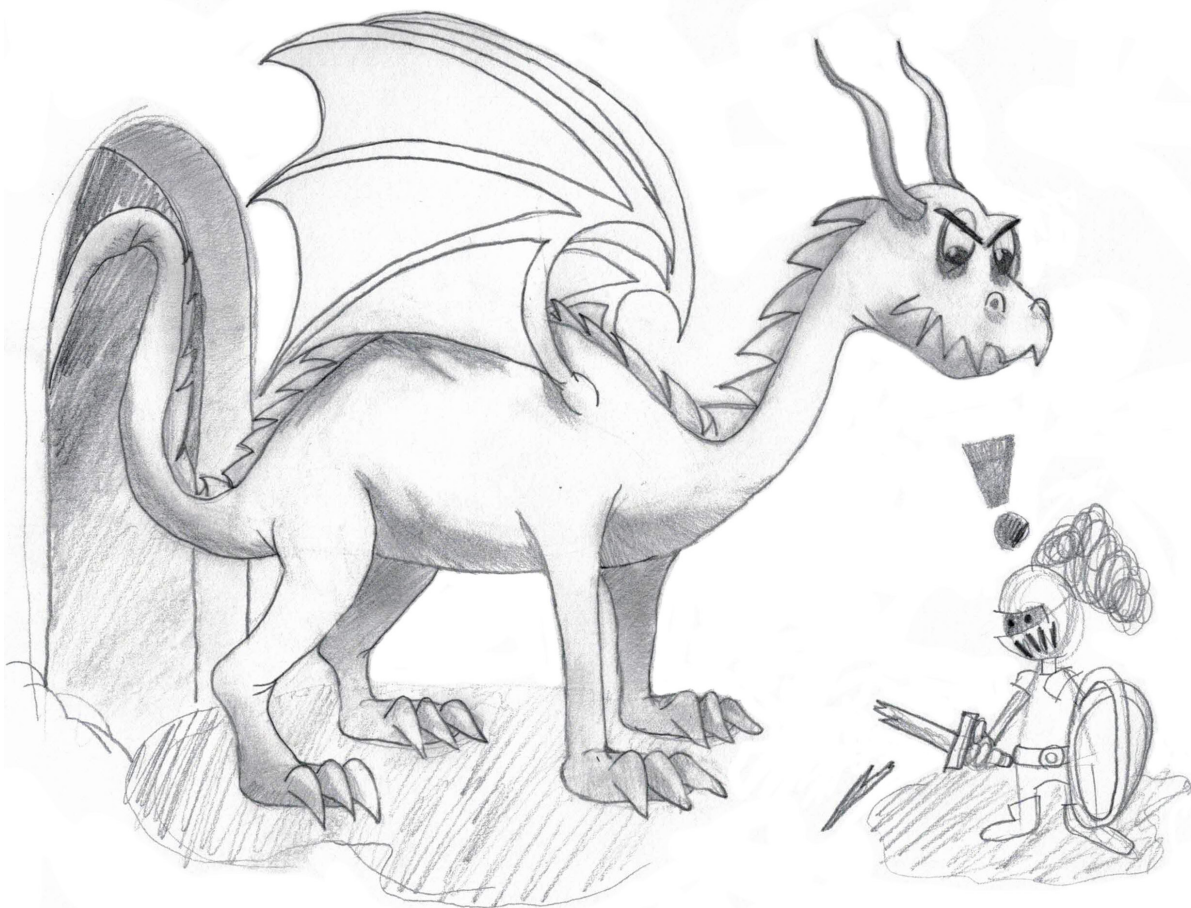
Why Veganism?—cont'd

of animal-free alternatives for the benefits of humans, animals, and the environment. In dietary terms it denotes the practice of dispensing with all products derived wholly or partly from animals.”

While there is much more evidence of people who have gone vegetarian in the past, today there are more people who choose to go vegan! There are several reasons as to why people go vegan, one of the most common reasons is because they feel compassion for animals. More often than not, animals that are bred to make food are mistreated. The animals that are kept in captivity often aren't able to live in the way they were created, which might lead to more stress in it, and sometimes aren't even given enough food or water. These farms will kill young male animals that can't produce milk or eggs, because they aren't seen as valuable to the farmers. Another reason to go vegan is to help the environment. Animal agriculture is responsible for almost a fifth of human caused greenhouse emissions. Since 1970, over 80% of the Amazon Rainforest has been torn down for grazing grounds for cows that are used for meat and leather. Another reason that people

go vegan is because of their health. Health problems that have been linked to eating meats are heart disease and cancer. Going vegan can lower risk of heart disease by 32%. Many top athletes have gone vegan in order to maintain a healthy weight and continue to get the nutrients they need. Sometimes there are more personal reasons to going vegan, such as having an allergy to some animal products and their religion encouraging respect for all life and all creation. One last reason people go vegan is because more and more celebrities are doing it. If you see your role model living in a certain lifestyle, you would most likely want to try and do the same. Because more celebrities and influencers are trying to go vegan, more people see the benefits of it and want to try it for themselves.

In the end, going vegan is a decision you should make for yourself, and not one you feel forced into. Everyone has different dietary needs, and will have different morals on how animals should be treated. Whether you choose to go vegan or not, consider the benefits and how it might help you and the world around you. 



DragonCave—by Charlotte Rae, 12

Momo Learns a Lesson

by Joy Evans, 10

Momo is a cat. Momo has two brothers. Their names are Khan and Rajah. They all live with the Evans family. Momo loves everybody. Especially the person who feeds him. Her name is Joy. She loves cats. A LOT. The Evans love their cats to bits. Except they can't usually find Rajah. He is a scaredy cat or at least that's what most people call him. Momo is well... the Evans say he's fat.

But Momo just says, "I'm NOT fat it's just thick fur."

Now usually the cats were NEVER EVER ALLOWED OUTSIDE. But one day the Evans got a table with two benches in the winter. And as they were eating their breakfast at that

table the cats watched with DEEP curiosity Joy suddenly asked. "Mom can the cats come out too?"

Mom looked at the cats looking at them through the sliding glass door. And what she said made Momo meow with happiness; she said "yes."


As Joy came toward them Rajah ran. Momo couldn't believe it he was finally, FINALLY allowed on "The Porch." Momo loved being outside. Until one day Mom wouldn't let them out.

"Sorry Momo," she said. Momo decided that he would run away so that he would never be locked in again. And as Grace (another human) was walking back inside

Momo crept outside unnoticed. But when he walked out onto the patio Momo realized how dark it was.

"I don't like the dark," he whispered to himself. Suddenly a dark shadow passed over him. "I wanna go back!" Thunder boomed. "Please!"

Suddenly he was picked up. It was Joy. "Now how did you get out here?" she asked.

The next day Khan told Momo, "I wish I lived outside." Momo just looked at him because he knew better. And that night when he went to bed, he said to himself, "well I learned my lesson." And he drifted off into a dreamless sleep. 

Lost in Woodpine

by Jenna Rae, 16

Walking out of Woodpine Middle, Adeline Gardner and her best friend, Charity Brown, chatted about the essay due on Friday. When they rounded the corner of Great Oak Street, they waved goodbye and continued on to their separate houses. As Adeline walked through her front door, she noticed both of her parents were sitting at the table, waiting for her. Her father beckoned for Adeline to sit down as soon as she entered the room. Cautiously, she sat down at the table and eyed her parents suspiciously.

"Adeline," her father began, "Your mother and I have been talking a lot about your education lately." Adeline stiffened. She thought that her grades had been satisfactory, but perhaps she had been wrong.

"We believe the teachers and students here in Woodpine village are hampering your abilities to truly learn and become your best self. Your mother and I have decided that it would be best for you to go to Lanberry to receive a better education." Adeline froze, unable to move or speak. Lanberry was a boarding school about three hours from her small town of Woodpine. Only the smartest children in the village ever applied for the school, most of them were rejected.

"Don't I have to be accepted into Lanberry?" Adeline quietly asked.

"Yes, but you don't have to worry about that. Your father and I have already turned in your application. You have been accepted to Lanberry, isn't that exciting?" her mother replied cheerfully, smiling

at her daughter. Her eyes filling up with tears, Adeline, dumbstruck, stared into the eyes of her mother.

After a few long moments, she mumbled, "But mom, I love Woodpine. I love the school, my friends, my teachers, and the pretty trails through the woods. I don't want to leave."

"You must go to Lanberry, Adeline. Education is what's best for you at this time in your life. You have an outstanding opportunity that few children receive. Don't throw it away for the little education that Woodpine can provide. You are going to Lanberry and that's that," her mother commanded.

"No!" Adeline refused, curling her hands. "I will not go to Lanberry! I want to stay here and I won't go!" Tears streaming down her cheeks,

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she raced out the door. She could hear her parents calling her back, but she ignored them. All she wanted to do was run away from her parents and hide forever. Sprinting towards the woods, Adeline began to run down her favorite trail. Suddenly, she stopped. If she wanted to be hidden, she should not be on a trail, especially not her favorite one. Adeline left the trail and weaved through the tall redwoods. After running for what seemed like a long time, she sat down on an old, decrepit log and began to cry.

Once her tears finally abated, Adeline discovered it was near nightfall. She began to trudge back towards her house, through the ever-darkening shadows, when she realized she had no idea where she was. Her parents had always told her how dangerous it was in the woods at night. Shaking in fear, Adeline began to run in the direction she believed would lead her home, or to at least a trail. After exhausting herself and feeling more disoriented than before, she sat down on another log, tears beginning to fall. Eventually, Adeline cried herself to sleep.

“Carl! I sent you hunting for a reason. To bring us back food,” a high-pitched but rough sounding voice stated.

“I know, Celeta, and I did bring back food!” another gruff voice answered.

“ONE TINY HUMAN CANNOT FEED US BOTH!” the high-pitched voice screamed. After a few moments of silence, the high-pitched voice declared, “Carl, go find more food now or else.” Adeline heard pounding footsteps leave the room and slowly become fainter and fainter until they could not be heard anymore.

After a couple of prolonged minutes, Adeline slowly opened her

eyes and almost screamed out in terror. A huge, full-grown, female troll was stirring a large pot with a wooden spoon. Ugly and covered in warts, the troll grabbed an onion with her large wrinkly hands and dropped it into the pot. Although Adeline could not see the troll’s face, she could imagine it covered in hairy warts and deep wrinkles. Adeline gaped at the huge troll for a few minutes before realizing that she was tied to a wood pole. Sweating and jittery, she tried to wiggle her way out, surprisingly, she managed to slide to the floor, free of the ropes. Suddenly, Adeline heard loud, pounding footsteps, meaning the other troll would be back any second. Grabbing her purse off a haystack, she bolted for the entrance to the cave and ran through the legs of the unsuspecting troll.

Adeline kept running as long and hard as she could until she no longer heard the voices of the trolls. Although she knew that trolls were extremely stupid, she failed to understand how brainless they were until she was captured. Adeline could not even hear anyone pursuing her. She stopped running to take a couple deep breaths before focusing on her surroundings. Squinting in the darkness of the woods, she recognized nothing but the tall redwood trees growing around her. She had no idea where she was.

Sitting down on a log, she thought of the conversation she had with her parents the day before. She knew that her classes were too easy for her and she rarely worked hard. Did that mean that she needed to receive an education at another school, far away from Woodpine, filled to the brim with smart kids? Although Adeline knew this was the best option she had education wise, she hated the idea of

attending a boarding school with a bunch of nerds. She knew why her parents wanted to send her there and why they kept it a secret until they found out she was accepted. They thought that Adeline would want to attend Lanberry and would be disappointed if she was not accepted. However, her parents were wrong. She did not want to receive her education at Lanberry and would refuse to go. With that settled in her mind, Adeline began to walk farther into the woods, hoping she was going in the right direction.

Hours later, she heard a quiet rustling in the bushes on her right. Frightened, she picked up her pace, though her feet were hurting and exhausted. Now that she was more aware of the rustling, she could hear the movement of creatures in the trees and bushes. Afraid, Adeline stopped completely and glanced around her. Although she could not perceive any animals, creatures, or humans, she could feel their presence. Adeline began to slowly walk away when a rough sack was pulled over her head and a few pairs of soft hands tied her hands and feet together. She tried to scream, but her throat was dry from lack of water. After wrestling for a while and realizing that she would never break free, she gave up and let the soft hands carry her farther into the forest. Soon, exhausted from struggling against their hands and walking all day, Adeline fell asleep, rocked by the smooth motions of the creatures carrying her.

Sometime later, she woke up. Sitting upright, she examined the room around her and realized that she was in a cell. The only piece of furniture in the tiny room was the hard cot that she sat on. Through the bars, Adeline could barely detect the faint shadow of

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a human-like creature and hear the soft murmur of tinkling voices. She saw a figure walk past her cell and almost gasped out loud. The being that now strode in front of her was an elf warrior. Holding a bow and arrow in his hands, the guard stopped in front of her cell momentarily. Graceful yet strong, the beautiful creature walked out of Adeline's view. She thought that elves were beings only in fairytales. However, she now stood in a dark cell guarded by real elf warriors.

About an hour later, an elf warrior, flanked by two others, unlocked the cell door and beckoned for Adeline to follow him. Their little group walked through the maze of corridors for multiple minutes. Even if I can escape, thought Adeline, there is no way I will be able to find a way out. Eventually, they reached an ornately decorated door guarded by two elves. They opened the door for the little group, and Adeline was ushered into the room. Inside was the most beautiful place she had ever laid eyes on! Adorned with berries and twigs and flowers of all colors, the massive room glimmered and shone. Two thrones were placed in the room and two elves sat on them. The male elf with dirty blonde hair and dazzling aquamarine eyes held a scepter in his hands and surveyed Adeline suspiciously. Wearing a shimmering purple dress, the female elf with long chocolate hair and topaz eyes smiled at her.

"Your highness, we have brought the girl like you told us," announced the elf warrior who stood in front of Adeline.

"Thank you, Ludovic. You are excused," responded the male elf sitting on one of the thrones. The elf warrior, Ludovic, bowed deeply and left the room with his

two companions. Everyone in the room was staring at Adeline, who felt self-conscious in a room with beautiful elves.

"Come closer, child," smiled the sweet lady elf sitting on the other throne. She beckoned at Adeline with her finger. She stumbled forward and stood in front of the two thrones.

"What is your name, child?" asked the female elf.

"Adeline, ma'am," mumbled Adeline, studying the floor.

"My name is Queen Mirabella. And this is my husband, King Thane," indicated the beautiful elf sweetly. Adeline curtsied shakily, still keeping her eyes on the floor, which was built from the shiniest wood she had ever seen.

"What brings you to this part of the woods, darling?" Queen Mirabella asked. Adeline glanced up at the queen.

"I got lost," admitted Adeline, gazing back at the floor. The Queen smiled gently.

"How did you get lost?" King Thane interjected curiously. Adeline inhaled deeply and began from the argument she had with her parents. She told them about the troll and the giant. She told them about how she had been wandering through the woods trying to find her way back home when they captured her.

"Can you help me find my way back home?" Adeline asked, hoping with all of her might that they could.

"I'm afraid I cannot. Unfortunately, since you have travelled to this portion of the forest, we cannot let you go because you have seen us. Humans must not know that we exist. Even if we could let you go, we as elves are unaware of where hu-

man civilizations reside and what they call the places we live." Adeline stared at the floor, afraid that she would begin to cry. All she wanted was to go home, even if her parents wanted her to attend a boarding school. She hated being separated from them after having an argument. Suddenly, Adeline felt something wet on her cheek and realized that she had begun to cry.

"Oh, poor child," Queen Mirabella commented, "I wish we could help you."

"I just want to see my family.... again," Adeline sobbed, hiding her face in her dirty hands. The queen glanced at her husband, not knowing what to do to comfort the little girl. King Thane shrugged and looked away.

"We would gratefully let you live with us," the queen smiled, turning back to Adeline, "You would be very happy here. I am sorry, but that is the most we can do." Adeline glanced up at the queen, who was smiling gently at her. In that moment, she knew that she had to run away from the elves. She had no idea if that was even possible, but she had to try.

"Yes, I understand that this is best for your people. Elves should not be revealed to mankind because of their pride, jealousy, and hate." she explained. Queen Mirabella smiled at her and nodded. Adeline quickly glanced around the room, looking for some way to escape. Suddenly, she thought of a plan.

"Can I go somewhere to wash up, your highness? I am dreadfully dirty," she asked, looking at her disgusting hands for effect. The queen smiled and called to one of her servants.

"Kalida, take the child to the spare guest room and come straight

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back. Duard and Caine will escort you both up to the room and bring Adeline back here when she is finished,” Queen Mirabella commanded. Kalida, a beautiful elf with long red hair, took Adeline gently by the hand and led her out of the room, followed by two guards, Duard and Caine. Once they arrived at the spare room, Kalida opened the door and softly pushed her inside.

“There is a washroom to your right,” Kalida explained, “Come out to the hall when you are finished and Duard and Caine will escort you back down to the throne room.” Kalida curtsied to Adeline before she walked away down the corridor. Adeline curtsied to the two guards outside of the room, who bowed in return, and quietly shut the door. Without analyzing the furniture around her, she began to search the room for some way to exit. Luckily, the room had one window that a tiny person could easily fit through. Quietly, Adeline slipped through the window and out into the sunshine. Keeping her hair in front of her eyes, she tried to avoid as many elves as she could while trying to be graceful like them. Soon, she escaped from the elf village and began to run as fast as she could. Back in the village, she could hear guards assembling to find her. Running as fast as she could, Adeline tried to ignore the sounds of pursuit behind her and relied on her tiny frame to avoid being caught.

After running for what seemed to be hours, the sounds of the elf warriors faded away and Adeline stopped to catch her breath. She hoped that she had run in the general direction of Woodpine and would soon reach her home. She slowly began to walk again, thinking about what she would tell her parents when she saw them again. She refused to believe that she would never see them again. Adeline looked down at the mossy for-

est floor and realized that she was on a trail. Snapping her head up, she looked around her and analyzed where she was. Excitedly, she recognized a specific rock that she knew was on her favorite trail. Adeline began to run towards the town, following the trail. Suddenly, she burst through the trees and stopped. There was a huge group of people standing by the edge of the woods. It appeared that they were going to search for her out in the forest. Then, she spotted her parents, flustered and anxious.

Running towards them, Adeline screamed, “Mom! Dad! I’m right here! I found my way back!” Turning around, her parents looked at Adeline, comprehended who she was, and began to run at her, screaming for joy. She was caught in their tight embrace, and they all cried tears of joy at seeing each other again.

“Mom, dad, I am so sorry that I ran away,” Adeline wept, “I hated the idea of going to Lanberry for school, but I now understand that this would be best for my education.” Her parents looked at each other, then back at Adeline.

“Darling,” her mother began, “We have realized that we should not force you to do anything that you refuse to do. If you want to stay in Woodpine village and attend school here, then we will not stop you. Just know that it could hinder your education.” Her parents smiled at her and Adeline recognized that they truly meant what they said. She smiled happily.

“I want to stay in Woodpine and go to school here. I would miss you guys too much,” she sobbed happily, a fresh wave of tears flowing down her face. Her parents hugged her tightly again, kissing her all over. Then, Adeline and her parents walked towards home while Adeline told her story about her time lost in Woodpine. 🏔️

The Toadstool and the Shrew

by Hannah Fong, 11

Deep in Brushwood Forest, a timid toadstool stood in the shade of a large oak tree. Because white spots covered his bright red cap, all of the portabella mushrooms teased him and no one would be friends with him. He was lonely. One dreary afternoon, a storm sprang up! Rain fell violently, blurring the view of all in the forest. A tiny shrew, who had gotten lost trying to find her way home through the storm, stumbled about, wondering which way to turn. At that moment she spied the toadstool’s spots! They stood out because they were on such a bright red background. The small rodent scurried toward the toadstool, relieved to have found shelter under his wide, umbrella-shaped body. She rested there until the storm ended. The toadstool beamed, happy to be of service. More importantly, he had made a friend. From then on, whenever anyone made fun of his spots, he remembered the day when they saved a tiny shrew, and the teasing didn’t bother him. He had one true friend that loved him, and that was all that mattered. 🏔️



Raspberry

by Lia Nicole, 16

We walk around in the garden of life, and frolick among the trees.
The birds and bees they sing for us, and dance in the Summer breeze.

We go and view the daffodils, and marigolds and more.
We pick the roses and tulips, which all together make four.

Then we spot a raspberry plant, sitting in the shade.
We grab a bucket and walk over, as the sun begins to fade.

One by one we pick them, and tear them from the bush.
Then drop them in the shiny pail, with a long and quiet hush.

Once we're done, we take them and bring them back home.
We put them in the sink, and cover them with soapy foam.

Once they have been all prepared, we stuff them in the freezer,
Where they're chilled and shiver all alone, awaiting the dreaded squeezer.

When we're ready, we take them out, and squeeze them to their death.
All their life has been in vain, and they breathe their final breath.

How could we be so cruel, and steal away their life?
All to please ourselves, instead of leaving them in the wildlife.

We think it's the end of the story, that all the hope is lost.
But from this evil good can arise, though it has come at a cost.

You see if we hadn't taken and stole what was precious to them,
Their purpose wouldn't have been fulfilled, and wouldn't have been a gem.

For once they have gone through the fiery chasm that bakes,
We take out a nice crisp pie, and other delicious cakes.

So you see my dear friend, through trials and tribulations,
We can rise from the ashes, as beautiful new creations.

That's the moral of the story you see and I hope I've made it clear.
When people crush you down to dust, just remember to reappear.

Be the beautiful person that you are, don't be afraid to shine.
For you will rise up once again, and things will be just fine. 🏔️

Rose

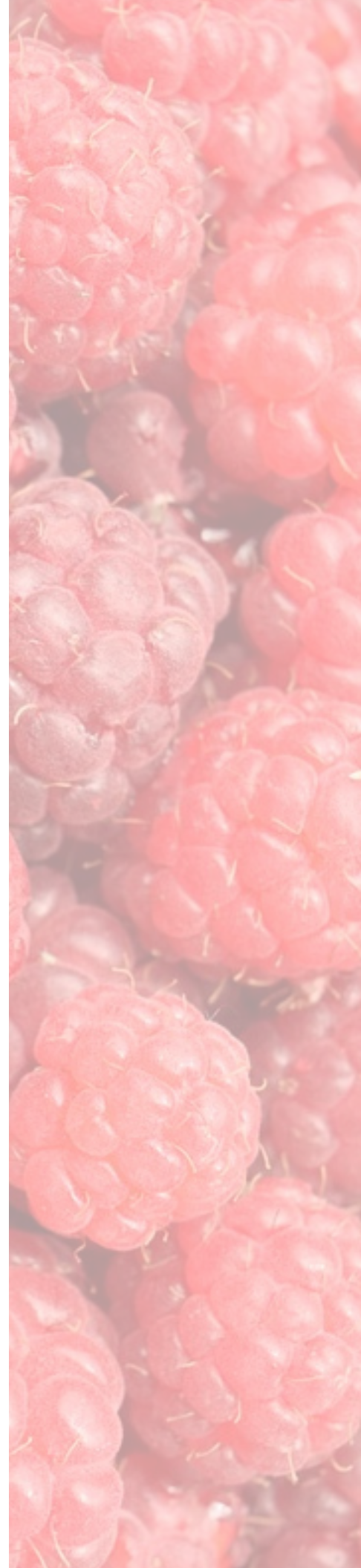
by Ianna, 10

A rose is a tiny piece of beauty.
When a petal falls, it makes life grow bigger
It brings happiness, love, and joy.

I hear birds singing

I see the sun shining gracefully

Just one little rose petal can change the world. 🏔️



The Sea on the Shore

by Joanna Malone, 14

The sea on the shore
Is sighing once more
To the moon.
How lonely it cries,
While the dark nighthawk flies
To the tune.
It sings like the birds.
How it sings, without words,
The night long.
While the lone homeward stag
Leaps from crag-tip to crag
To the song.

Last night the sky red
Saw me home to my bed.
There will soon come a gale.
It will pound off the rocks
It will rattle the locks
With the strength of a whale.
But the tiny sea cot
That I built on this spot
Will stand steadfast and firm
And the bright collie-dog
Who now runs through the fog
Will keep the hearth warm. 🏠



by Verity Evans, 14

The Opossum and the Chickens

by Wesley Fong, 10

Once there lived a hungry opossum who hadn't eaten in three days. One day while he was wandering around trying to find something to eat, he came across an old, rusty chicken coop. The opossum decided to wait outside the coop until a chicken came out. After some time a little chicken started walking out, but when she saw the opossum she ran back in and told her older siblings about him. Together they thought of a plan. Now

this chicken coop was very old and had a big hole right through the roof. The little chicken's older siblings flew right through the hole in the roof and landed on top of the coop. Just as the little chicken walked out, her older brother yelled, "cockadoodle-doo!" That made the opossum look up. "Yum," he thought. "Those chickens look big and juicy. I'd rather have those than that little one." So the opossum quietly

climbed the chicken wire, but what the opossum didn't know was that there was a hole waiting right behind the chickens. The opossum pounced, but the chickens were ready for that and quickly backed away around the hole. The opossum fell through the hole and hit the ground. There was no escape. The small door kept the opossum in and the walls were too smooth to climb. He had been outsmarted by six little chickens. 🏠

His Forever Scars

by Amelia Grace Johnson, 16

Years ago,
On a night so bright
Illuminated by a star
Was born a babe destined to fight and die
For those He so loved.
Who were we that He cared,
That He loved with unfailing brightness?
That He went to the lowest pits of hell
to suffer our own sin and shame?
His Name is Jesus,
The Name of all Names.
And in this heart His Name He wrote,
I am a survivor He has saved
And in this way I shout in joy,
'It's true! Our King will come!'
No matter what we face on earth,
He will bring us home.
The ones who love and who hold Him
over their own lives.
When He got older,
His time came and when people lied to themselves
He loved them anyway.
His reign will be forever,
Because He overcame
His reign will be just and pure fire
No now-king could be the same.
A rod of iron, fierce and true
With eyes of fire boring into you.
He preached and loved and always stayed pure
Even when faced with the evil one.
The Sun of Righteousness will rise with healing
in His wings
For those who fear His Name.
Years ago, in a valley wild
There He stood silently, awaiting trial
And though He did not speak
A Lamb led to slaughter,
Inside He cried and hoped not,
But knew He would die.
His loved ones fled,
The flock scattered
And He was left alone.
Even God, His Father, forsook Him at the cross.

He cried His pain.
Love was thick in the air
as an eclipse wrought the skies
Because God's Son, the Savior of Man
The One who ruled on high died as an eclipse
shrouded the sky.
By doing this, giving up His life,
He saved our lives
From the very things He carried for us.
He saved our lives, He won the race
For anyone who tries and comes to be satisfied.
The time that passed, we do not know
But He suffered, preached in hell until He woke.
The chains that held Him til' He broke free
Would not hold Him for eternity
How could they hold the Gracious One,
Whose love and presence lights my heart
A never-ending stream?
Who broke away on that beautiful day
When He won our victory!
So sing a song, O sing His praise!
Sing through trials, death, and rain!
Because He suffered at Satan's hand why can't we
do the same?
Why can't we suffer with Him,
in light of the next day?
He gave me a taste of what miracles do,
And what love means once it's pulled you through.
That's how I want to live,
And how I want to die.
I want to spend eternity with Jesus Christ.
I want to live with hope, faith, and love
Like He always has, before the dawn of time.
My courage falters, but I must run
Into the setting of the world's sun
Until I reach the far-off goal
that gives a brand new Name.
And always I will think on the One
whose breath I breathe,
The One whose song I sing.
It will be a day so beautiful, so bright
With the glory of God as the Morning Star's light.
He told His flock that He'd be back
continued on next page

He told His flock to last and last
Until the time of His return.
So don't be caught sound asleep
Be filled with love and light, ready.
Because of His love,
His scars,
Because of the terrors He rose from
For us.
Because we feel and we believe
He is the light shining in the dark
He is the rainbow after the rain
He is the Prince of Peace
When 'round us all is an evil game.
He is the beloved Son of God,
The One who stays with us
No matter what the cost.
Like a flash of blinding light,
Like a lightning bolt falling from a dark sky
He will run after you
And chase you
Until you say His Name
Until you cry out asking to be saved.
Even then,
He'll stay with you til' the end of your days.
They stretch into eternity,
So if you ask He'll never leave.
People doubt and disbelieve,
but He is everything to me.
He is there when your life falls apart,
Little by little or all at once.
He can piece it back, no matter for how long.
He loves us in a deep, ocean way that never ends,
Never fades.
And like the waves crashing on the shore,
He always knows what is in store
and carries us through.
My love is unsure in my heart
I fight to stand,
then lose my nerve despite trials of fire.
I fight to live in the loving way
Jesus did,
But I want to.
How could the gnawing worm, the gnawing hurt
Be what we both suffered through?
The prayers I prayed were answered,
That is what leaves me free, but confused.
All I know is a part of me loves Jesus Christ

A part of me will never forget how or why He died.
I must leave behind these haunted dreams.
Forever scars that mark Him
Forever scars that wet my eyes
Forever scars I somehow feel
Without ever being in sight.
I love His scars, and His Name a part of me,
forevermore.
He saved me twice, and loves me so
Maybe that's all I need to know.
And I know He's coming back
No matter what they say.
Who will I be on that day,
when there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?
I am saved from the Second Death,
now for eleven years.
Still, I hope again to feel
a beautiful prayer answered.
For they are answered, when asked and believed.
I must feel when I can't see.
I love Him for His death,
the courage of His love that I lack
For the crown of thorns He bore
For the suffering, shame, and death
that made Him feel like me.
I love Him for the tears He cried
And for His love, His whole life.
I feel, I see all this wonderful Jesus has done for me.
Nothing else matters
Nothing else burns into my heart.
Eyes of fire, piercing me
Word of God, telling me, burning into me.
I have scars from evil beings,
I have scars from choices made that hurt so much,
Day to day.
But I am not glad, torn apart
That He who saved us wears forever scars.
Even in His house, in an age bathed in light
With denizens of hell burning from their unbelief
He will carry it forever, the suffering He bore.
O, these scars He has lived through.
What do they mean to you?
We have both had deep, deep, scars
But His are those
That set Him apart.
He will always burn bright, even in the dark.
The Morning Star with forever scars. 🌟

Single Aster

by Joanna Malone, 14

'Twas down in the forest, when the sweet dusk
was falling,
I spied a bright aster alone in the dew.
I looked around me, but no other could I see.
Ah, fair one, is there no one left here but you?
The cold frost has nipped all the flowers around you,
And you left, a small, lonely speck of pure blue.
May the dusk fall less chilly on the spot soft and hilly,
Where that single fair aster is standing alone.
May the sun shine more brightly and the rain fall
more lightly
On the single bright aster 'til she, too, is gone,
'Til the cold frost has taken every flower in the forest
And the grass no longer is covered in blue.
And the single fair aster, oh, lonely bright aster,
Lies with her companions asleep in the dew. 🏔️

Glorious Autumn

by Alexandra Schade, 10

Red, yellow, and orange leaves fall,
To the already covered ground,
“Hurry!” They say, “We haven’t time to stall!”
For glorious autumn is here.

The trees are bare,
With nothing to wear,
“Winter is coming, so we don’t care!”
For glorious autumn is here.

The winds start to get cold,
And the animals quiet,
And whole forests start to look old,
For glorious autumn is here. 🏔️

Our Mortal Failings

by Lia Nicole, 16

Castiel’s body shivered in the cold late-Summer air as he crouched behind the Isenetta bush. The bleeding-heart-like plant glowed a blackened gray color in the twilight, making Castiel realize what he was about to do. A feeling of dread lingered in the air and in his heart. Should he continue on? Was it worth the risk? He dug his sweaty, tan hands into the damp dirt, creating a bit of thick mud. He tried to breathe deeply to calm himself, yet he could still feel his heart start to pump a little faster. ‘I’m twenty-four years old,’ he thought to himself. ‘I’m not afraid of a little old witch. Besides, I need to do something. This can’t keep going on; I need to take action. I’m supposed to be the true leader.’ He closed his eyes,

breathed in deeply, then, when he opened his eyes again, he looked over at the mystical cottage.

It was hidden in a thin cloud of fog, giving it an eerie, slightly evil aura. It had a couple of windows through which a light-blue glow fell on the wet, dark-brown dirt. Through these windows, you could see some pots, pans, and other various house utensils. If you had been walking by for the first time, you would have thought it the home of a kind, old-fashioned family instead of the home of a banished witch. Castiel shivered at that thought. Was she trustworthy? Should he look for someone else to ask for advice about his situation?

Castiel knew that if he didn’t go now, things might never change. So, before he could think about turning back, he stood up and started walking towards the witch’s cottage. His pointed, black leather shoes flopped in the wet dirt, sending some splashes of mud onto his long breeches. Once he approached the door, he and his heart stopped. He just stood there for a few moments, thinking yet not thinking, but just staring at the light-colored wood. Castiel was about to turn around when suddenly, the door slowly creaked open, revealing a dimly lit room.

Across the room, an old, warty lady was hunched over a big black kettle that hung from the ceil-

continued on next page

ing. She just stood there stirring whatever was inside the pot with a long wooden spoon as if she didn't know someone was at the door. Castiel didn't know what to do. Should he approach her, run away, or wait for her to do something? Before he could act, a quiet, elderly voice spoke, "Come in my darling, come in! Everyone is welcome in my cottage." The old lady walked over to the right, her back to Castiel, and she grabbed a couple of dusty bottles off of a rickety shelf. She went back to her kettle and dumped some of the bottle's contents in, then continued stirring. "I've been expecting you, so I'm making up a nice little stew for you!" She said as she worked.

Castiel cautiously stepped into the blue-lit, hazy room, keeping his left hand over his dagger, just in case. He looked to his left and saw a table cluttered with plates, forks, and various meal items. To his right, he saw the kitchen area of the room, with a table up against the wall and on it a big basin full of soapy water. Up ahead, to the left of the witch was a ladder leading to the attic, and to her right was a big shelf full of books, bottles, and other magical things. Her cottage seemed messy yet neat at the same time, in a way that Castiel couldn't understand or explain. After he glanced around the room, he looked at the witch, still stirring the stew.

"Why don't you clear off my table and arrange a couple of bowls and spoons for us, so we can eat?" the witch asked, still turned away from Castiel.

Castiel slowly went over to the table, his eyes still fixed on the elderly magic woman, and he began to do as she said. Soon, he had cleaned the once messy table, just in time for the woman to come over and grab the two bowls so

she could fill them up. She went to her kettle with a big spoon, and she scooped up generous helpings of her stew into her little wooden bowls. All of a sudden, she shouted an, "Oh!" and grabbed a bottle from the shelf, sprinkled a couple of drops in one of the bowls, then set it back down. Then she sat down and gestured for the young man to do so as well.

"So my dear," her scratchy voice sounded out as she picked up her spoon, "Tell me, what brings you to my humble cottage?"

Castiel was afraid to speak and even more afraid to eat. Yes, he was hungry and famished even from his journey, yet he hadn't gone crazy enough to reject all cautiousness. "Well, I..." he trailed off. He wasn't sure what to say, for he didn't want to say something he should keep secret.

The old lady didn't seem to notice Castiel's nervousness. "Oh, go on! Eat up! I know you've had a long journey. Why, look at your clothes, all muddy and torn!" she exclaimed, waving her hands at Castiel's attire. Castiel blushed. He didn't exactly look royal in his bespattered outfit. But how could he help it? He hadn't enough time to pack clean clothes before he left the castle.

The witch just sipped her stew, munching on the various chunks of solid food inside from time to time. Every once in a while, she cleared her throat in a way that scared Castiel and made him uncomfortable. After she had done this a few times, he timidly asked, "Could you maybe, ummm... not do that?"

"I'm just trying to get your attention and nudge you on to answering my question," the woman calmly replied.

Castiel groaned slightly, "I'm... not really sure... if I should answer... or not."

"Why wouldn't you want to answer?"

"Well, I-I don't know. Probably because I value my personal safety!" Castiel retorted at the end.

"And I completely understand that." The witch continued to stay calm as she slurped up her food. "All I'm asking is for you to answer a simple question. You don't need to get specific if you don't want to."

Castiel just stared, glancing from the witch to his bowl. He could smell some whiffs of the stew float up to his nose, and boy did it ever smell good! Finally, he couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed his spoon and started devouring the nice, hot brew. He could feel it slowly sliding through his body, warming him up and giving him a feeling of happiness and contentment. It was the best thing he had ever eaten in his whole life.

The witch smiled as Castiel slurped down his food. After Castiel had eaten over half of his stew, she said, "So, maybe now that you have been filled up, would you like to tell me why you're here?"

Castiel spoke without thinking, "I didn't know who else to go. I need advice, I need help."

The witch nodded and got up out of her chair. She walked over to her kettle and snapped her fingers. Instantly, the stew disappeared, and fresh, swirly-blue water took its place instead. She started grabbing some more vials off of her shelves and set them by her cauldron. Then the little woman turned to Castiel, who had gotten up and walked over to watch her work. "Well, what do you need help and advice on? My magic can't work without specifics!"

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Castiel had been staring at the swirly blue water, which is where the blue glow that filled the little dwelling came from. He looked up at the woman, who was just patiently smiling at him. In his heart, he felt as if he should be more wary of her, just in case she would turn on him; yet, he had this growing feeling inside him, a feeling to let out all his troubles so she could help him. Maybe he should stay quiet... but suddenly, he couldn't keep anything to himself anymore.

"I need you to help me become king. My father is nasty and selfish and even though I should rule now, he won't give up the throne. I should be king. It's my task, mine, my own!"

The witch smiled and nodded. She then opened up her book of spells and flipped the dusty pages until she came to the middle of the book. Her finger glided over the page, her eyes scanned the words until she had read through the instructions. She picked up some bottles and started sprinkling them into the pot. Castiel could hear her old voice whispering as she closed her eyes. Her spell was beginning.

Castiel glanced into the pot and saw that the blue water was spinning in the pot as if dancing to the witch's voice. Then, they started turning darker and darker, as if the spell was really working now. When Castiel looked up at the witch, he saw that her face was changing. After a few moments, she didn't seem like the old, humped lady she had been before. Instead, she looked more like a beautiful sorceress, an enchantress with great power. It was the stuff inside the kettle that looked hideous and dirty. The blue had become so dark that it was now black, pitch black, still swirling around in the cauldron.

The witch was now in a deep trance, focused on her magic. She was still muttering in words that Castiel could not understand. Soon though, she spoke louder so that Castiel could hear the spell she was saying:

*A mey a meyla, loki adu.
Swirl O swirl, dear water of mine.*

*Shaley a do, a frey macuu.
Show me the answer, that I seek.*

*Marcey afu, melon due, caru.
Tell me now, what I must do,
dear spirit.*

*Frayle marcena, daringa quelspek!
Give sight to the blind,
make the dumb speak!*

Suddenly, the dark water went from slowly swirling to a quick speed, as if it were a hurricane flying through with no stop. It spun, faster and faster, until it stopped without warning. Strangely, somehow, not a drop of water flew up in the air. Castiel looked at the magical woman, who quietly gestured to the pot. So Castiel looked back down and into the kettle, viewing the black waters. Images were starting to form, but they weren't quite clear yet. He squinted, trying to focus them and see them more clearly.

"Give it some time, my dear," a sweet yet dark voice said. Castiel knew it was the witch woman, but he never expected her voice to sound like that! He couldn't help but look up at the woman, staring into her eyes. It was hard to imagine that this fine, seemingly young woman had once been the evil witch that Castiel had feared just moments before. Her once-wrinkled face was now free from any lines or warts. Never had he seen more beautiful, flowing, golden-brown hair or a more shiny shade of blue eyes. For a moment, he seemed to have fallen in love,

but then he snapped out of it and turned back to the water in the magic kettle.

Now the images were clear. Castiel peered in to see what the waters were telling him. He could see faint reflections of what looked like his castle, his home. As he watched, the magician lady spoke, "What you see now is your home and kingdom, is it not?" Castiel nodded. She continued, "What do you think of it? Does it look happy to you?"

Castiel peered closer. "No," he said slowly and quietly, "It doesn't. In fact, it looks like it's slowly falling apart." After a bit of thought, he added, "It wasn't that way when I left it a couple days ago."

Now it was the woman who nodded. "Why do you think it is this way now?"

Castiel just stared and thought for a moment, then whispered, "Because I'm not there... Without me as a leader, my father lets it waste away."

The witch almost winced. She knew the truth and that this wasn't it. She knew she was lying and deceiving this troubled prince. She knew that she was going to tear this family apart, bit by bit. But she had to get her revenge somehow, didn't she? She sighed and continued, "Yes, that is right. Without your leadership skills and love for your kingdom, the poor thing falls apart. Your father, the king, is a greedy, selfish man, just as you say. He has no love in his heart." As she spoke, she walked over to Castiel, patting him and putting her hands on his shoulders, rubbing and massaging them. "He has no love for his kingdom, nor his family. Yes, he doesn't care for you. He wants to keep the riches and luxuries of royalty all to himself. That's why he refuses to give you what you deserve." 'Lies, all lies!' Her conscience tried to scream to her.

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‘You know what this boy has gone through. You know you’re only telling him what he wants to hear!’ Instead of listening, she pushed those thoughts away and continued, whispering in his ear, “So, what are you going to do about it?”

Castiel looked up, his face burning with anger, his mouth frowning. He knew what he would do.

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“Men from the countryside! Men from the villages! Now is the day and hour, the time to ride out for your kingdom, to save it from despair!” Castiel shouted at the group of men he had gathered. Mounted upon a horse, he could view his little “army” of men, some of whom were on horses, but most were on foot. Castiel pranced before them, his black cape flowing in the breeze.

“Remember how I told you about what the king is doing to our kingdom? He is letting it waste away and crumble to pieces, having the citizens starve and fend for themselves. Soon, that ruin will spread. Not only will the castle and courtyards fall to bits, not only will the kingdom itself crumble, but it will affect you and your lands as well! Your homes and fields will be destroyed and wrecked. All because our king does not care!” ‘Lies, all lies!’ His conscience tried to tell him. ‘Don’t lead these people astray! You know your father is a good man and that he won’t let you on the throne because-’ Castiel pushed the thoughts away; it was enough. His heart was too hard to soften now. It was full of hate and greed, and he was blaming it on his kind father. “What are we going to do about this?” he shouted to his men.

“We will fight!” they yelled back.

“What will we do?” Castiel screamed once more.

“We. Will. Fight!” they roared, throwing up their hands and weapons, a fire burning within them. Little did they know they were being deceived, led down the wrong path.

As Castiel looked upon his men, he smiled. “And once we overthrow King Alexander, who will be your new king?”

“You will! Long live King Castiel!”

Castiel grinned. He had loyal men, a battle against his father, and the

reward of being in control. Even the seemingly young and beautiful witch had promised Castiel a special reward if he would overthrow his father and restore the kingdom to peace and prosperity. ‘Yes,’ he thought to himself, “This is exactly what I want.’

But was it? Would this new power really fulfill him? Would he be truly content wearing a crown, sitting on a throne? This is what he thought he wanted, but deep down... he knew it wasn’t right. 🏰



by Verity Evans, 14



## The Revealing Respire

*Inspired by The Tell-Tale Heart by Edgar Allan Poe*

by Grace Evans, 16

*In, out.* Jean twisted the key, making the engine splutter and slowly die out, like a heart that stopped beating. She hated driving at night. It was too dark, too creepy. As much as she hated driving in the dark, she hated driving in the rain even more. It made her feel like someone was trying to impede her vision, suffocate her, make her blind so she would crash. She glared outside the car, wishing her gaze could stop the rivulets of rain that ran down the window like traces of blood.

Her car smelled musty and like someone hadn't bothered to throw away their old McDonalds trash. She knew she was probably imagining it, but she felt like she could smell decay, like her car was going to rot like an abandoned corpse. Shuddering, she unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car.

*In, out.* She walked up the lighted steps to her house and unlocked the door. Jean moved quickly throughout the seemingly abandoned home and closed her bedroom door behind her.

*In, out.* She crumpled on her bed and stared at her phone. The battery had almost died. Jean dropped it next to her on the creased pillowcase. Things weren't supposed to be this messy. Life shouldn't have been this hard.

*In, out.* Maybe if she had tried harder, she could have chosen a different path. Maybe, if she had stuck it out, things would have gotten better. But she didn't. And they hadn't. It was too late for her now.

*In, out.* She violently grabbed her phone again and searched through her latest text messages. The boy

hadn't responded. He had to go out with her now, didn't he know there wasn't any other option? She hadn't been good enough for him, but now there was no one better.

*In, out.* She was smart. She was pretty. Why didn't he answer?

He liked her before.

He said he loved her once.

Under a full moon at the fairground. He kissed her on the Ferris Wheel. Had it meant nothing to him? Obviously, she was nothing to him. He had chosen the other girl instead and had completely abandoned her.

*In, out.* He had broken her heart, made her hurt more than she had known anyone could. She could never be whole again. In the end, this was all his fault. If anyone found out what she had done, he should be the one to pay. She began texting him again, adding her sense of urgency into her quickly typed words.

The phone died.

*In, out.* He probably didn't know what she had done yet. But he would soon enough. And when he cried, when he broke, she would be there for him.

*In, out.* Jean shot up out of bed. Why wouldn't the stupid noise stop? It kept going on and on, playing over and over in her ear.


*In, out.* She wished she could stop it. She felt that breath tickling her ear, saw the in and out motion of the girl's chest.

*In, out.* She saw the look of terror that had passed through those green eyes before they had closed for good.

*In, out.* She felt the dead weight in her arms again as she struggled to lift the body from the trunk of the car.

*In, out.* Jean clutched her hands over her ears, trying desperately to block the sound. Why did it keep going?

*In, out.* There was no one to breathe anymore. So why didn't the noise STOP?

*In, out.* Jean curled up on the bed and sobbed, listening to that girl's last breath over and over again. 

## A Love Larger Than Life

by Lindbergh Hughes, 17

I want you forever and ever,  
my love larger than life.  
A dream, a song, a memory,  
something I will always remember.  
My necessary evil, my well-being,  
my rise, my fall, my everything.  
My laugh, my tear,  
my courage, my fear,  
my heavens, my hell,  
my cure and disease.  
My world, my universe,  
the orbit of my planets,  
my seven seas.  
The eternity seems so far,  
Whenever you are not near,  
only together we can make it last...  
forever...forever.  
Since you are away,  
I have been fallen apart,  
All my pieces flying in the wind.  
Because lying in your arms,  
I could sleep,  
While birds were flying  
and singing,  
All the afternoons and evenings,  
I could dream with  
A LOVE LARGER THAN LIFE. 