THE ALPINE PATH

Volume 7, June 2024

From the Editor

For many of you, school is over, and summer has just begun. Your summer may be packed with exciting plans, or you may be feeling like you'll be facing weeks of boredom. Whatever your summer looks like, be sure to fit in some reading—you can start with this volume! In the uplifting pieces that fill this volume of *The Alpine Path*, you will find themes of love, nature, and hope. So, be inspired by these beautiful poems, stories, and artwork as you begin your summer. Take note of the creatures around you, let the ocean waves wash over you, and don't forget to tell your loved ones what they mean to you.

Thank you to all of our authors and artists for your contributions. Please enjoy another wonderful addition to this literary magazine!

Where I'm From

Addie Collins, 15

I'm from dirt roads and long grass,
Dandelions and wildflowers,
Guys in trucks driving way to fast,
And old rundown tractors.

I'm from country living and muddy boots,
Windblown blonde hair and sunburned cheeks,
Old guitars and amazing books,
And Sunday church every week.

From friends who care and a close-knit town,
Kitties and family camping trips in summer,
Everyone who loves you hanging around,
And a Bible with a worn purple cover.

I'm from T-shirts and jean shorts,
Circle volleyball in the parking lot,
Friends who always love to play sports,
And all the Little Debbies Dad bought.

Though some might say I live,
In the middle of a vast nothing,
These green eyes see all my town has to give,
And I see joy, laughter, and lots of loving.

Common Sense Press
Simple to teach. Easy to learn.

Spring's Arrival

Joanna Malone, 17

Rain on meadow and on mere,
Snow on glade and glen.
When will Lady Spring appear
And show her face again?

Winter is a haughty lord,
Cold and grey his mien.
The laughing lady whom we wait
Is clad in shades of green.

Here she comes! Oh here she comes!
Dancing gaily, rarely!
With songs to stir the sluggish blood
And raise the sleeper early!

Blow the elf-horns down the ways
Along the sleeping earth,
For she is calling all again
To green life and rebirth!

Snow, melted to her messenger,
Comes calling down the hills.
Bright trumpets blowing
Are all the daffodils.

Light on lady-slippered feet,
Dancing she comes,
To the songs of new-wed birds
And the wood-frogs' drums.

Spring comes tapping on our doors,
"Who'll come out to me?
Winter's locked you all within,
But I have found the key.

Key of brightened fields and sky,
Key of fragrant blooms,
Key of sunshine soft and warm
To drive off Winter's glooms!"

Deserts

Lincoln Dikens, 8

I am a desert with a hot day,
with a dry day,
with a sunny day,
I am a desert with an arid day,
For in the Sahara I am.

I am a desert with a cold night,
with a freezing night,
with a dark night,
I am a desert with a moonlit night,
For in the Sahara I am.

I am a desert with dune forms,
with butte forms,
with mesa forms,
I am a desert with canyon forms,
For in the Sahara I am.

I am a desert with frozen land,
with dry land,
with windy land,
I am a desert with barren land,
For in the Antarctic I am.

I am a desert on an icy continent,
on a townless continent,
on an extreme continent,
I am a desert on a polar continent,
For in the Antarctic I am.

Bird Song

Roslyn Ann Dikens, 10

I swayed to the lazy,
Dreamy song
Of the wind.
And the luscious,
Elaborate symphony
Of birds.

Teamwork Makes the Dream Work

Divine, 16

“Ryleigh, are you excited to start the project?” Gabriella asked her friend.

“Yeah Briella, I’m so glad that Mrs. Charity teamed us up! It’s gonna be so fun!” Ryleigh replied as they walked out of school to Mrs. Robertson’s car.

“Hi Girls!” Mrs. Robertson said.

“Hi Mom!" said Ryleigh.

“Hi Mrs. Robertson!” Gabriella replied as they all entered into the car. Ryleigh sat in the passenger seat, and Gabriella climbed into the middle seat of the mini-van.

“How was school today?” Mrs. Robertson drove out of the parking lot.

“It was great Mom, we have a project to make for science class and we’re a team!”

“Wow, that's wonderful dear!”

“We can begin tomorrow on the weekend if it's okay with you and Dad, it’s due in 2 weeks."

“Sounds like you want an early start.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” Gabriella replied.

“Well, that’s lovely!”

Mrs. Robertson drove to her home, which was a few miles away from the school. As she reached the neighbourhood road, she drove straight ahead to Gabriella’s house. At the house on the end of the road, standing in all its modern architecture and tall splendor, she dropped her off.

“See you tomorrow, Mrs. Robertson, thank you and God bless you! Bye Ryleigh!”

“You’re welcome, dear!” Mrs. Robertson replied.

“Bye, Gabriella,” Ryleigh said.

She drove away to their home, a few more houses down the street.

"Mommy, I'm home!" Gabriella opened the door and put her bag on the rack.

Her mother came inside from the garden and said, "Hey, sweetie! How are you? How's school today?

"It was great Mommy! Ryleigh and I got assigned to do a project in science class. It's a landscape project with a volcano that erupts!"

"Wow, that is amazing, sweetie! When do you start?" Her mother said, washing her hands.

"We start tomorrow and we're going to plan it out." Gabriella replied.

"That's great Gabriella," her mom smiled.

In the sweet morning with the leaves rustling in the breeze and the sun peeking above the clouds, the doorbell rang.

"Good morning, Ryleigh, today is a beautiful day!" Gabriella's mom opened the door. "How can I help you?”

"Oh, good morning Mrs. Albright. "I was just wondering if Gabriella was up, so we can start.” she replied.

"At this time of morning?" she looked at the sky. "No, she's still sleeping, and it's Saturday.”

“Sorry, I was just excited! I'll go home now." Ryleigh said, her face as pink as the sky behind the rising sun.

"Don't worry, I'll let her know that you stopped by. She's excited too and is meeting you later."

"Ok ma'am, see you soon!"

"Bye, dear!"

Ryleigh ran home as fast as she could, feeling a bit embarrassed. She opened the door, as if she was trying to get inside from a rainy downpour.

"What happened, Ryleigh?" her mother asked as she looked up from her Bible.

"I went too early, she's still sleeping," she ran upstairs into her room.

“She must be really excited!” Ryleigh's father came in from the back patio, hearing every word.

Later that morning around eleven o'clock, Gabriella visited Ryleigh's house.

She knocked eagerly on the door; the sun was warmly shining as she waited. Finally, the door opened and she saw a happy face.

"Briella, it's so great to see you!" Ryleigh exclaimed.

"Hi Ryleigh, how are you? I heard about what happened this morning." Gabriella said.

"Yeah, I apologize for that. I was just so excited and couldn't wait."

"Don't worry, I know you're an early bird."

"Yeah, y'know what they say, the early bird catches the sunrise."

They laughed in unison and went inside.

Ryleigh and Gabriella carefully planned their project and carefully discussed how everything would work. The afternoon passed as Ryleigh sketched, Gabriella designed, and they wrote a list of things to get for the project. After

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eating lunch, which was a delicious grilled cheese sandwich with fresh fruits, they finished up for the day.

"Great job Ryleigh, we did great!" Gabriella cheered.

"Yeah, we can start assembling on Monday." Ryleigh said.

Gabriella left and went home.

Throughout the next two weeks they worked the project diligently every afternoon, with care and attention to detail, making sure it all went according to plan.

They finished the project and wrapped it for school the next day. It was a beautiful thing to see. The model had soft grass made of green cloth, and stones from the backyard. The volcano was made from a plastic cone covered in newspapers painted dark gray to look like rock. There was a nearby stream made of paint, and pasted over it was a clear blue plastic bag cut into the perfect spontaneity of a rushing river. It also had some mini trees made from twigs and leaves outside as a finishing touch; and bringing it all together was a few bushes made of cotton balls wrapped in green crinoline near the stream.

—

The day that the project was due, they left it in the science room with all the other projects for the presentation later that afternoon.

"Ok, Gabriella and Ryleigh, you're up next!" Mrs. Charity called.

"Thank you, Mrs. Charity! Hi everyone!" Gabriella said. "This is our landscape project. We decided to make a volcanic landscape because we wanted to show a new method of erupting rather than baking soda and vinegar."

"That's right, and we also want to explain the science of our new method." added Ryleigh.

They put on their safety glasses, and poured some hydrogen peroxide in a bottle that was inside the volcano; then they dropped red and yellow food colouring into it. After, they added liquid dish soap into the mixture and mixed it around with a stick. Next, they put yeast in a separate container of water and mixed it for 30 seconds. Finally, they put a funnel on the volcano and poured the yeast mixture inside, then quickly removed the funnel, and watched it erupt.

The whole class cheered in awe as they watched and listened to the chemistry lesson.

“Thank you girls for your amazing presentation!” Mrs. Charity said.

"You're welcome Mrs. Charity! We worked together as a team and had fun!" Ryleigh said with a smile.

The End.

Destiny, 12

A Rubaiyat

Nathan Mulner, 15

The God-rejecting fool walks his own way.
Pleasure is how he spends his day.
"Why did I pay no heed to my life?"
In the eternal fire, he will say.

Why do they abandon Your command?
Your glory can be seen throughout the land.
A fortress in the midst of the fight,
And a boot to walk on the hot sand.

All the philosophies do nothing but lie;
A wonder that the people should try,
To build their way, from the ground up.
They topple their own tower, and then they die.

But I will place my trust, for all it's worth,
Onto the Creator and Sustainer of this earth.
The mighty God, sinless Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who built the tower of stone, not of dirt.

This God has saved my soul;
He has filled that gaping hole,
That every man holds within.
The power of God will make me bold.

Irish Song

Addie Collins, 15

A day by the Irish Mountains
A night by the Irish Sea
A walk in the midst of the meadow mist
Is where I want to be.
I care not for bountiful riches
Nor jewels nor silver nor gold
But only to call upon my homeland
As the air whispers stories untold.
Can the lowly shepherd watch
A flock of the softest white sheep
In the Glendalough Mountain's notch
And never dare to fall asleep?
A moonlight stroll by a misty loch
Is all my heart desires
A lover to walk on ancient ground
Or to sit beside a jolly fire.
Aye, dear Ireland!
When I think of thy green meadowlands
And thy clearwater streams that flow
My soul lights up with joy
Because you belong to my kinsfolk.

My Medicine

Lindbergh Pereira, 16

I was lost and sad,
Your love found me.
Brought me the real happiness,
I could not find nowhere else.
Like a bird I was hurted,
and unable to spread my wings and fly,
Your love healed the deep wounds
left behind inside my heart.
Your love is my medicine,
that everyday thing
which is worth living for.
Every morning we wake up -
We are looking for a reason,
something truly meaningful
around nonsense things among us.
Like a homeless child I was refused,
Over the streets with no place to go.
Your love gave me a home,
And all the care that comes along.
Like a flower is born,
And needs the sun and rain
to grow,
Without care and attention,
Love will not live but die.
It took me sometime to understand,
What makes you blind, brings you sorrow and pain.
Now I opened my eyes and see clearly,
Love which hurts without healing,
It is not neither true or even real.

The Fight of the Vegetables

Savannah Mulner, 10

It was the carrot who started the fight,
The reason why, I know not quite,
All fruit gathered to watch the sight,
The broccoli punched with all his might,
The corn shot everywhere, left and right,
The brussel sprout stayed out of the fight,
The peas, well, they were lost from sight,
The lettuce could not find sunlight,
The asparagus spear charged into the fray,
But the celery kept far away,
The radishes were led astray,
Thankfully, the noise stopped anyway,
When to the kitchen came Grandma,
Armed with a bright red spatula,
To ask what the noise was about.

The Cloak and the Kiss

H. L. Williams, 15

The world was no longer on fire. The flames that had engulfed the city for days had finally been extinguished. Life could return to normal once more. But not for everyone.

One girl still wandered the streets. Her face was pale, her hair limp and falling around her face from its once-neat bun atop her head, her clothes torn and half-destroyed, but her eyes were still the same.. Even through the horrors she had seen, they held the same light, the same hope, as if they refused to die, refused to give up, refused to let go of everything she had fought for her whole life.

Around her shoulders the girl wore a cloak. It was dirty, tattered, and too big. Its once dark green color was faded and dusty. The end dragged on the ground, causing her to trip every other step. The cloak fit wrong, like it had been made for someone else.

It had.

…

When they had asked him—not really asked, more like ordered—to join the fighting, he said yes. What else could he say? His country was at war and needed him, and if he didn't do anything, if he stayed home, he would feel like he was betraying everything his father had fought for, and his grandfather had fought for. He would be betraying everything that his country stood for.

So he said yes. Then he had gone and found her.

When he told her he had to fight, she slapped him, and then yelled at him, and then cried. It was her way. Violence, anger, then tears.

He had stood there and held her for what felt like hours. When he finally had to leave, he gently unfolded her arms from around him. Her face was tear-stained, and she hugged her arms around herself, as if she was trying to stay warm. He hadn't wanted to leave, not when she looked like that, like she was about to break.

But he had to.

So he pulled his cloak off—his cloak, his mark of status, his sign of being someone in charge—and wrapped it around her. It engulfed her, falling around her in folds, the hood falling over her face, but that didn't matter. It would keep her warm.

He hoped it would remind her of him.

…

The girl in the cloak swiped at her eyes, and took a breath. She wasn't usually like this, she wasn't usually this delicate. As she stood there, watching the boy walk away from her to go fight, she felt like she was going to break at any moment. She knew he had to go fight, go be a soldier—it was his duty—but it still hurt. She didn't want to wake up every morning and wonder if he was still alive. She didn't want to go about her days in the constant fear that she would receive a letter, curt but polite: Dear Miss, We regret to inform you—.

She couldn't live without him. She couldn't lose him. This boy, her boy, was her life. He was the one she had grown up with, the one she told her secrets to, the one she daydreamed with, the one she hoped to someday marry and grow old with. He was her everything. She comforted herself with the one simple, everyday fact that she still had his cloak, she still had this little bit of him.

But she realized he—the boy she loved—had nothing to remember her by.

She took a step towards his retreating figure. What could she give him that he could keep? That he would think of? She didn't know, but she needed to say something more to him before he left for what could be forever. Or else she would regret this moment for the rest of her life.

She found her legs and sprinted after him, the cloak billowing around her. Her feet pounded against the ground, and she almost tripped over the edge of the cloak before she bundled it up in an armful. Growing closer to the boy, she called his name, and he turned around, surprised.

When she reached him, she dropped the cloak, letting it pool around her feet. She was breathing hard, and in the middle of catching her breath she realized she still had nothing for him, realized it had sounded as if there was something she needed to tell him—which she did, she just didn't know the words to say. She bit her lip, wishing that something she could say would appear out of thin air.

"Don't forget about me!"

Not the cleverest thing to say, or the most eloquent, but it would have to do. She hadn't meant to say that; it had fallen out of her

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mouth and there it was between them, a simple four words.

The boy smiled down at her, his blue eyes twinkling. “I won’t.”

“Good.” She nodded and smiled, and played with the edge of the cloak with her fingers. A short string hung from the edge, loosened from the other stitches lining the side of the cloak. She wound the string around her finger over and over, trying to collect her thoughts. Why was it this hard to say goodbye? If only she could think of something that would—

Oh. There. Perfect. She looked him in the eye, green eyes meeting blue. And then, in a way that was sudden yet slow at the same time, she stood on her tiptoes, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. On the cheek.

He looked at her. Really looked. “What was that for?”

She looked up at him. “Um. To remember me by?”

He laughed. “How could I not remember you?” He took her hands in his. “When I get back, I’ll kiss you for real.”

She looked at their intertwined hands, then up at him, trying to memorize his face before he left. His hair needed to be cut, she noticed. It was too long around his ears, and when he looked down it fell over his eyes.

She reached up and brushed it back. “You promise?”

“Of course.”

She looked down at her feet. “Goodbye then.”

“Goodbye.”

She felt him lean down and kiss her. On the cheek. And then he dropped her hand, their fingers reluctantly pulling apart.

He left for real this time. She stood there, the sounds and lights and smells of the city fading away as she wondered if—no, when, it would be when, she would see him again. Before he turned at the corner, before he disappeared from view completely, he stopped, looked back at her and waved.

“Remember!” the girl called, a lone figure on the empty street, standing there in his cloak waving at the boy she loved as he walked to what could be his death.

He called back to her, “How could I forget?”

And then they both took the great effort to wave one last time to each other, and the boy turned the corner and the girl was alone.

…

The girl in the cloak trudged through the burnt city, scanning people's faces, looking for the boy whose cloak she wore. The boy who had promised her a kiss.

But no matter who she asked, and no matter where she looked, the boy with the blue eyes and quick smile was nowhere to be found. All around her were families regained, sweethearts finding one another, friends reunited. And here she was, the girl in the too-large cloak, searching for the boy no one knew.

Here she was, alone in the world.

After a week of traipsing around the city, people started to recognize her. They would offer her food, drink, a place to rest. She would ask them if they knew a blue-eyed boy, and they would reply, no, I’m sorry, I hope you find him, I wish you luck.

Eventually life settled into this endless routine of asking, being told no, and moving onto the next person.

Until someone said yes, they knew a blue-eyed boy.

It was a young mother, with two children. Her husband had died in the battle, she said, and this boy with the blue eyes who had fought next to him had brought the news back to her.

He helped her, the mother told the girl as they sat together one

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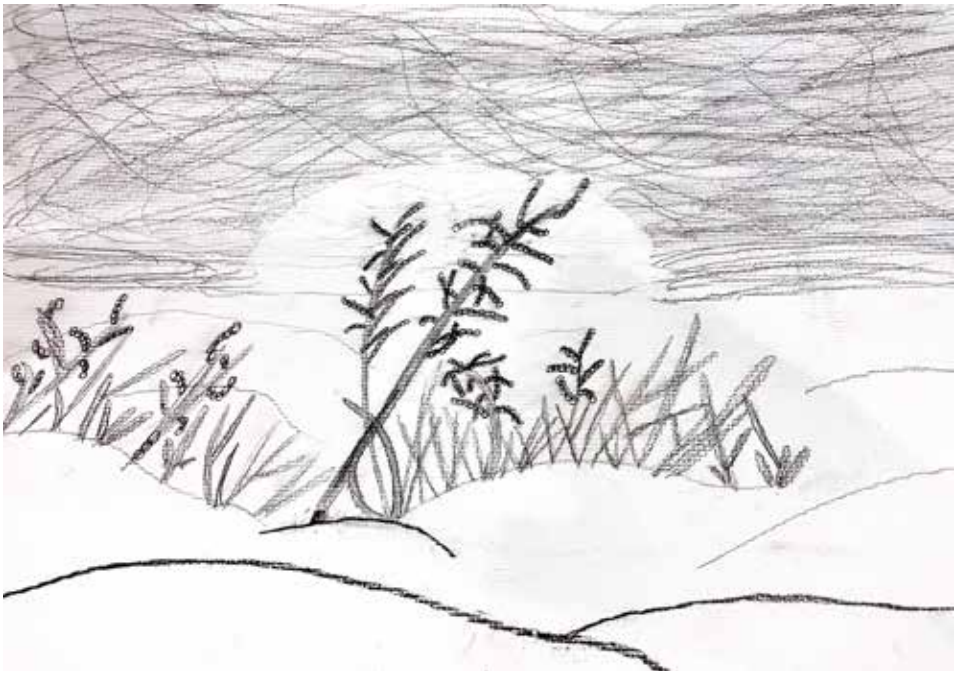

Sea Oats by Kate Mulner, 13

afternoon. The boy had carried firewood, and held her baby, and played with her toddler. The girl smiled at this as she gazed around the woman's house, remembering how the boy always loved children.

But, the young mother told her ruefully, after three days the boy said he must leave. He was looking for a girl with hair the color of night and eyes the color of the grass in the prairies whom he owed a kiss.

"That was me," the girl told the mother. "Did he say where he was going?"

The mother sighed sadly. "All he said was that he was going to find you, no matter how long it took him." And that was all she knew.

The girl once more resumed her quest, traveling house to house, asking every person she met if they had seen her boy.

Time passed, and the girl slowly started to give up hope that she would ever find him.

But hope has a way of shining through the darkness, and hope and love go hand in hand with each other.

And so love, and hope, prevailed.

One evening, the girl was sitting on a friend's doorstep, drinking a cup of tea, the cloak still wrapped around her shoulders. It was dirtier and dustier than it had been when her boy had wrapped it around her almost a year ago now. Her hands were wrapped around the mug of tea, soaking in its warmth. She stared vacantly down at the liquid. That day she had just wandered around the city, looking for her boy in places she knew she had looked before, with the determined hope that she would someday find him. She was giving up hope that she would ever find her blue-eyed boy again. She had looked for so long now, and in so many places. She didn't think he had died. She would have received a letter if he had, but even if the letter had been lost, like so many already had, she would have felt it if he was gone. He must be alive, but–surely she would have found him by now.

He must have forgotten her.

She repeated the words aloud and shook her head, dark hair falling over her face. "He gave me his cloak. He said he would kiss me. He loved me. But where is he now?" Tears fell into her cup of tea, now grown cold. She swiped at her cheeks, and reached up to knot her hair back again. She started thinking about how she should leave this place and go somewhere else, somewhere she could live in peace trying to forget.

A voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Excuse me," it said, and oh, she would have known it anywhere. "But I believe I have a promise to keep."

The girl looked up. She felt suddenly like she couldn't breathe. "How," she whispered, "did you find me?"

Her blue-eyed boy crouched down in front of her. "It was hard." He looked at her. "I had to look a lot. But I found you."

"You did," she said, and then she fell forwards into his arms, her hair that she had just pulled back now spilling everywhere.

He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close. She clung to him. He tilted her face up towards him, and frowned. "Why are you crying?"

She looked up at him. "I don't know."

He wiped a tear off of her cheek with his thumb. "I'm here."

She buried her face in his chest. "You came back."

He kissed the top of her head. "I will always come back."

"Always?"

"Always."

She looked up at him again. "Don't you start crying too."

He ducked his head. "Oh, my dear."

They stood there for a moment, together for the first time after weeks and months. Together for the first time since that day when he had given her his cloak and she had given him a kiss. A light breeze blew through the air, rustling their hair and sending the cloak billowing around them.

He tilted her chin up and met her gaze. "So, princess. I have a promise to keep." And he kissed her. It was worth the wait.

"You didn't forget," she murmured.

He laughed and pulled her closer to him. "How could I?"

The End

The Sea

Lincoln Dikens, 8

The sea captures horses,
The horses pound against the
shore,
But the sea does not let them go.

They pound and pound,
And make a loud sound,
But the sea does not let them go.

The horses in the sea
Will never be free,
For they are captive,
captured Horses.

The horses, the horses,
The mighty great horses,
The crashing waves,
The waves will never be free.

The North Sea

Joanna Malone, 17

The old wanderlust is on me
and `tis goading to be free,
And a yearning's come upon me
For a change of scenery.
Come away! Before the dawn we
Must be up and o'er the sea.

How can you ask this of me,
To tarry here for long?
The stars are bright above me,
And the open road's a song.
Give me freedom, if you love me,
Where the North Sea's sounding strong.

This land, which now is weary
Has tried for my love and lost,
Now the skies are blank and dreary,
There are seas that must be crost!
I can hear the birds sing cheery,
By high cliffs which gleam sea-gloss'd.

For to the heart that seeketh wonder,
Salt-spray is a goodly balm,
And the breaking of high thunder
Is as soothing as the calm,
And the sea-beasts swimming under
Seem as docile as the lamb.

O, the eastward seas are blue, are blue
But that never was my way,
For my very heart is flying to
A sea of stormy grey.
When you hear the North Sea beckon you,
You can never say her nay.

Love

Roslyn Ann Dikens, 10

Love is a delicate thing,
Fragile, and sometimes breaks at your touch.
Once in a while,
It dies, becomes weak,
Cannot stay alive,
But every now and then,
It can come back,
if you believe,
believe in yourself,
believe in others.
Sometimes love can turn into hurt, anger or hate.
Love is a storm,
A battle,
Love is a sunny, cloudless day,
Sitting on a beach,
Or in a meadow, watching the sunset.
Love is in a song,
Love is the world.

Note from the poet

I wrote this poem because I have felt all these feelings for a long time. I have actually felt the feelings in lines 11—13. If you read this poem and feel bad for saying rude words to your loved ones, don't worry! It happens to everybody sometime in their life. Feel free to have those feelings. For me, I like just letting those feelings out with writing! (Just don't say rude words to your loved ones on purpose!) I wrote this poem at my public library which is one of my favourite places to be. It is a perfect place to be when writing a poem. I hope you enjoy this poem. From, your loving, ten year old writer, Roslyn

A Tanka

Nathan Mulner, 15

The terrible squirrel
He steals from the seed-feeder
A bane to all birds
I would bring death to the squirrel
But I haven't a shotgun

Perilous Fortune
(inspired by Shakespeare)

Lincoln Dikens, 8

The curse of mortal winter
Wicked night hath poison'd
dreams
Methinks death will soon come
With dire haste

A Haiku

Nathan Mulner, 15

A career in art
So fine an occupation—
Not in my skill set