

SCHS

Thoughtwell

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closer

BY BRADLEY LINDSEY

**I LIT THE FIRE AS THE GHOST OF MY LIFE RAN BY ME
THE SKY OBSCURED AS THE EFFIGY BURNED
WENT UP IN SMOKE TO REMIND ME WHAT I'M CHASING
AND I'M STILL CHASING FOR ALL IT'S WORTH**

**THE NIGHT IS YOUNG, HEAVY HEARTS LINING THE WALKWAY
CHANT, "I AM GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH THIS YEAR"
THE ROAD IS LOST, I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'VE BEEN CHASING
BUT I'M STILL CHASING FOR ALL I FEAR**

**SO I'LL KEEP RUNNING 'TIL MY LEGS DROP
I'LL KEEP CHASING THROUGH THE NIGHT
IT FEELS LIKE THE CLOSER I GET TO SOMETHING
THE HARDER IT IS TO FIND**

**STARE ACROSS THE EMPTY HORIZON
ALL MUTED AND SKEWED ACROSS TIME
IT FEELS LIKE THE CLOSER I GET TO SOMETHING
THE HARDER IT IS TO FIND**

Magenta Hued Sky

By Bradley Lindsey

You were the purity in an empty world

The clarity of morning

You were the quaint pleasure of a dusty book

The pages tattered and worn

You were the herald of old Possum Trot

Uphill both ways in the snow

You were where shades of grey all melted

Into a magenta hued sky

But you're still in my world

The night time fountain over the lake

Every wandering squirrel

In the fading sounds of the interstate

The resignation in summer evenings

Without a whole lot to do

You're still in my world

You just stopped being in you

Tonight

By Bradley Lindsey

*On growing up, I've given up
I'm going home, alone, in the cold
And I'm exactly where I want to be
Where I'm safe from getting old
On losing face, my saving grace
Is that I never had one to start
And I'm exactly who I want to be
I'm going home, alone, in the dark*

*And sometimes
I wonder if it's worth it
Yeah, sometimes
I want to give up
But when concession gets the best of me
I close my eyes and then I'm free
It's time to give up on everything I've lost*

*I look around this broken town
I call my home, it looks so cold
Don't know if this is where I want to be
My future's bought, my past is sold
I don't belong, a broken song
I belong if I so choose
And I'm exactly where I want to be
I belong right here with you*

*And this time
I know that it's not worth it
Yeah, this time
I wonder how to value worth
'Cause nothing's worth that much to me
Destroy the self to become free
It's time to give up on everything I've lost*

Andrew Inlow

Pain...it comes and goes...pain...nobody ever knows Pain...it comes so fast...pain it's not over in a flash. What do you know of pain...this feeling that haunts the brain... That kills when your crying the heals when you are dying...

Hello Andrew I hear that you have been having some problems lately. That's why you have been sent here.. So just going ahead and tell me something about yourself.....look if you don't talk then this will take forever

What is there to be said...I find peace in the dark night sky and I don't every ask why what is with this *pain* I feel I hide it day by day and I'll stay the same just a part of me is dying but my smile it keeps on shining but the thought of me every get spot with this stares that don't ask questions and take me for what I am and I don't have to change my mind set I'm fine the way i am.

Pain...it comes and goes...pain...nobody ever knows Pain...it comes so fast...pain it's not over in a flash. What do you know of pain...this feeling that haunts the brain... That kills when your crying the heals when you are dying...

Tell me this if you had voice in your mind that you couldn't control and they told you things of darkness and you can't hind from your own mind..but you fight it mindless with out thinking when you and your mind but you run away and hind behind the night sky and put all the *pain* away and look at the night sky and find peace.

Pain...it comes and goes...pain...nobody ever knows Pain...it comes so fast...pain it's not over in a flash. What do you know of pain...this feeling that haunts the brain... That kills when your crying the heals when you are dying...

Well why do you feel like that Andrew?

I.. Don't.. Know.. Stop asking asking questions like you care if you wasn't being paid you wouldn't be here..no stop..this pain is to severe..I think some time the people who say they want me here are lying and those who tell me to leave can't wait to see me crying but I hold the tears back and fight it....blame my thoughts from not letting me out if here I want to go but the road is lonely...I hate the quit but I love the silence.

Pain...it comes and goes...pain...nobody ever knows Pain...it comes so fast...pain it's not over in a flash. What do you know of pain...this feeling that haunts the brain... That kills when your crying the heals when you are dying...

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The undecided saga

Book 1: The War

Prelude

By Jon Altom

The island of Ranor and Sataki are located on the planet Sheenhow. Sheenhow is ruled by a high council consisting of four wizards; Lord Malaki, Lord Demetrius, Lord Laloudien, and Lady Ambuhel. From the islands came two wizards, from the island of Ranor comes Asmodian, he had the power of dark magic, the only wizard in history to ever have it. From the island Sataki comes Shinook. Shinook had the power of telekinesis, only one other wizard has ever had the power of telekinesis.

Shinook had a love, her name was Meredith, she was the daughter of Lord Malaki and Lady Ambuhel. The problem with this was that Meredith loved another, Asmodian. Shinook didn't know of this till one day he was in the woods of Eradine and saw Asmodian and Ambuhel walking together. He left the woods and returned to his castle with a now sudden hatred for Asmodian. Bound to get his revenge he called upon the high council. Requesting that he had permission to execute Asmodian. Not getting the answers he wanted he sought revenge on the council and Asmodian. He would take the one thing they both loved; Meredith.

Conjuring a dark energy potion to make it look like Asmodian would commit the murder. He then sent a letter to Meredith requesting she went to Asmodian's hut, knowing that Asmodian wasn't home he went out to find him while he was hunting.

He found him and said "Asmodian, quick, Meredith is on her way to your hut she brings news of a child!" Asmodian, ecstatic with joy, climbed upon his horse. He got there before Meredith and brewed a pot of tea and poured two cups of tea. Meredith arrived and so did Shinook. He walked in with her potion in hand he told both of them "You two go to Asmodian's quarters you both need to talk"

Confused but knowing Shinook was a smart man they did. When they were both gone he poured the potion into Meredith's tea.

He brought them both their cups and left the hut and called upon the high council asking for lord Malaki and Lady Ambuhel to talk to in private he talked to them both "I bring terrible news my lord and lady but you must know that the dark magician Asmodian has murdered your only child with his evil powers of dark energy" both parents furious went to find Asmodian who was now crying of the death of his love he looked up at them with tears in his eyes

"I'm sorry I don't know how this happened" he said

"You, you did this you monster" Ambuhel said.

Now confused Asmodian took another look at his love and realized she showed the signs of someone who died by dark energy he realized he was set up by Shinook he understood that he would just have to receive his punishment

"Due to your villainous crime you will be revoked of your powers and you will be exiled to the island of Nocal"

Knowing that he couldn't survive on the island without powers he decided he needed to take action he consulted baral the transfer, a transfer can take the power of one wizard and give it to another, so he gather a group of wizards with all kinds of power he gave his power to the strongest and made all the other wizards give their powers to the one wizard.

The new wizard understood what he had to do for Asmodian. So when Malaki and Ambuhel came to take Asmodian's powers they thought they did when really they took nothing and before they exiled him he asked them "Before I leave can I say goodbye to two people"

"Yes, for we aren't monsters like you" said Malaki.

Asmodian knew where he had to go. He consulted Baral and brought Keru, the wizard who received all the power, and Baral did the transfer so now instead of only having dark energy he had lightning, fire, wind, life, and psychic abilities. He then returned to the high council ready to leave he was transported to the island.

A Lifeless Ordinary

By Bradley Lindsey

Age: 8

Location: My yard

The birds look really pretty, flying up there. I like the way their black wings look under the white clouds. I don't really remember the last time I saw birds like that. I know I've seen them before, I just don't know when.

I hope I remember this. This would be a good memory. I don't like how much I forget things. I can barely remember things before I was five, and I'm only eight! I think this problem may get worse.

I know what I'll do. I'll try to remember everything right now. Everything around me. There's a tree over there. I like that tree. I climb it a lot. There's my house. I think it's pretty. I tried to draw it yesterday. The lamp posts are starting to come on. The bugs like it. The birds are gone, but I still remember them.

I think this works. I think I'll remember these things. I hope I do.

Age: 12

Location: English class

I wish people liked me more. I've tried my best to figure out what they want. I can't meet all the requirements, but I'd say that I'm mostly a normal person.

It'd be great if people cared less about me. I just want to live my life without anyone caring, so I don't have to live up to what everyone wants. But they do care. They care too much.

I need to make sure that everything I do has a positive effect, and makes people think of me in a better way. That way I'll be able to do what I want later, when people already trust me to be a good person.

Age: 13

Location: Wal-Mart parking lot

I'm alive. I'm a human. This is actually starting to terrify me. What am I supposed to do with this? I need to do something, but what? I'm only thirteen. There's not much I can do.

But everyone around me can do something, and they're just not doing anything. I feel like I need to get out of the car and shake every individual person and yell, "YOU ARE HUMAN. DO

YOU UNDERSTAND HOW AMAZING THAT IS?"

I can't do that, though, because police.

I feel like I have all this potential to do something really great, and nothing to do with it. But wait until I turn 18. I can't and won't live an ordinary life. I'll be great. This crappy town will probably even have a statue of me.

What puts me above every other human I've ever met is that I understand that I'm not just living out my life. I'm using the time I've miraculously been given to the best of my abilities. I'm giving it back to the world, tenfold. If the world isn't changed when I die, then I might as well have never lived.

Age: 14

Location: The living room

I just watched a movie, and one of the characters had been alive for over two hundred years. He said, "I've forgotten more than you'll ever know."

I thought that was really cool.

Age: 15

Location: School bathroom

I just realized that I don't actually care what people think about me. Their perception of me doesn't actually change the reality of me, so why should I bother caring? All that matters is that I'm who I need to be to get through life, to take advantage of the fact that I have a life to get through.

It's hard sometimes. Sometimes I feel like I haven't so much been given my time on Earth, but had it forced upon me. I try not to think that way, but it rings more and more true every time I think it. Maybe I wasn't destined for greatness. Maybe I should just focus on figuring out how to get through life before I think about how to maximize my life's effectiveness.

I need to wipe now. This stall is almost out of toilet paper. I hope it lasts.

Age: 16

Location: Friend's house

My friend fell asleep about an hour ago, but I'm not tired yet. I've been thinking, I have no real control over my life. Everything is infuriatingly entropic. Things just happen to me, and I react to them based on my experiences with things that have already happened to me. I may think that I'm reacting to them on my own volition, but am I really? I don't think so. I think I'm predisposed to all of my decisions. Everything I do or say is a product of something I've already done or said, or something I've experienced.

I'm just a mess of experiences and reactions to those experiences, moving blindly forward in the face of yet more experienced to add to the mess.

This is clearly creating a crisis of identity.

Age: 18

Location: Outside of school

Today, my teacher said, "There comes a time in every person's life when they have to reconcile who they are with who they want to be. It can be very difficult to make those two things align. As you go about your life, you get caught up in the trivialities of day to day existence. You need this assignment turned in on time. You need to finish this college essay. You need to hang out with that friend you've been blowing off. You need to clean your room up. You need to make time for your parents. You mold yourself to these requirements. You become who you are out of necessity. All the while, you're building this big idea of who you want to be, but you can't reach it. You're trapped, slave to the 'you' that you've become. This is a dilemma everyone has to deal with, and almost no one solves it completely. I don't even think I have. All that I can tell you is this - the minute you stop trying to be who you want to be, that's the minute this world has gotten the best of you. Don't let that happen."

I think I'm starting to know who I want to be. There are some things that I'm not going to let the world change about me, no matter what trivialities try to get in my way. I'll keep trying to be who I think I should be.

Age: 20

Location: My dorm room

I'm starting to realize just how much the world needs to change. I used to think that my generation would grow up, and change the world for the better. I thought my generation was leagues smarter than older generations. I no longer think this is true. They're not any less smart, but they're still the same humans. They're prone to the same mistakes, and primitive ways of thinking.

Humans are, at the end of the day, animals. No matter how many pieces of technology are thrown at us, no matter how much information we observe, we'll still be animals.

But some animals are smarter than others, more capable to steer the herd in the right direction. I hope I'm one of them. I think I am.

I used to think a lot about how I've been given this time on Earth, and I need to do something with it. I've been thinking about that again. It feels a little bit selfish of me to just use up all of my time, then not give anything back to the world in return. I need to figure out what I want my mark to be. I need the world to know who I am.

Age: 21

Location: Roommate's friend's house

Why in the world would I want to get blackout drunk? Everyone seems to think that "black out drunk" is the end all be all of young adult experiences, but why? Do people honestly enjoy not remembering whole nights of their lives? I forget enough of my experiences as is. I don't particularly need any help there, and I'd much rather not forget more than I have to.

What's the point in having an experience if you know you won't remember it? I thought the whole point of having experiences was so you could learn from them, and develop as a person in response to them. Blacking out operates in direct opposition to that.

"No," I say. "I don't want any more."

Age: 22

Location: A fast food place

I'm almost done with school, then it's overseas for me. I'm actually a little excited. I used to say that Africa was the only continent I'd never visit, but those people need help just as much as anyone. I have to start small. I can't take on the whole world at once, but if I work my way up from the bottom, eventually everything will fall into place.

Age: 23

Location: Somewhere over the Atlantic

I've figured it out. You can't change the world. You can change yourself and the people around you, and those things are certainly part of the world. But, they're just tiny trivialities, figments of afterthoughts to which the world at large is utterly indifferent.

No matter what I do, I'll never be able to change the world. I've wasted days upon days of my life aching for significance that could never be found. Time was running out, and all I was doing was hoping my time would matter - but none of it had any chance of mattering. That's what made it so important. It was mine to do what I wanted with. I didn't owe my time to the world, the world didn't even care about it.

The ocean below me is getting closer - a field of blue-green expanding endlessly out of itself. I've heard it said before that your one goal in life should be to leave the world in a better state than it was when you found it. I was born on a rainy, October day. I look up to the horizon, and see three white birds lazily drifting in front a startlingly beautiful web of color being thrown carelessly across the sky by a dying sun. I think I can live with this.

Understand

By Steve Pecora

I hope you understand,
This isn't a goodbye,
I hope you understand,
Please let your tears be dry,
I hope you understand,
I never meant to die,
I hope you understand,
Please try not to cry,
I hope you understand,
Please forgive me if I try,
I hope you understand,
I love you even from the sky,
I hope you understand,
I never should've lied,
I hope you understand,
I tried to be the right guy

In The Heat Of The Night

By Steve Pecora

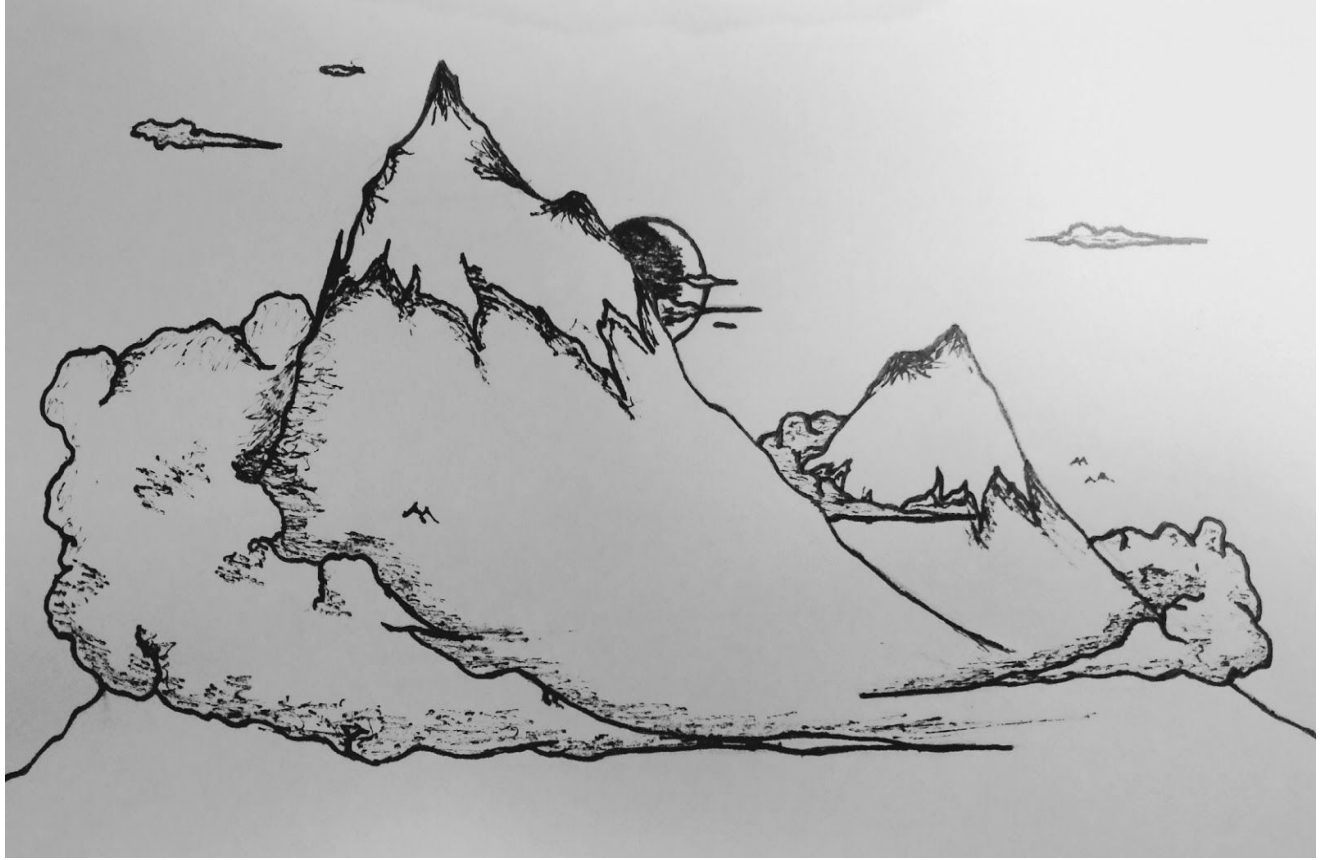
In the heat of the night,
I quiver in my bed,
In the heat of the night,
I'm laying here wishing I was dead,
In the heat of the night,
I wish you were here,
In the heat of the night,
It could've been me last year,
In the heat of the night,
I shouldn't have been driving,
In the heat of the night,
The alcohol in my blood was thriving,
In the heat of the night,
Why did it have to be you,
In the heat of the night,
I hit that mini van,
In the heat of the night,
Two kids had died with you,
In the heat of the night,
They had asked me and I said I can,
In the heat of the night,
I should've said no,
In the heat of the night,
I can't take it anymore,
In the heat of the night,
I'll be dead that's for sure.



By Elana Smith



By Tristan Sloan



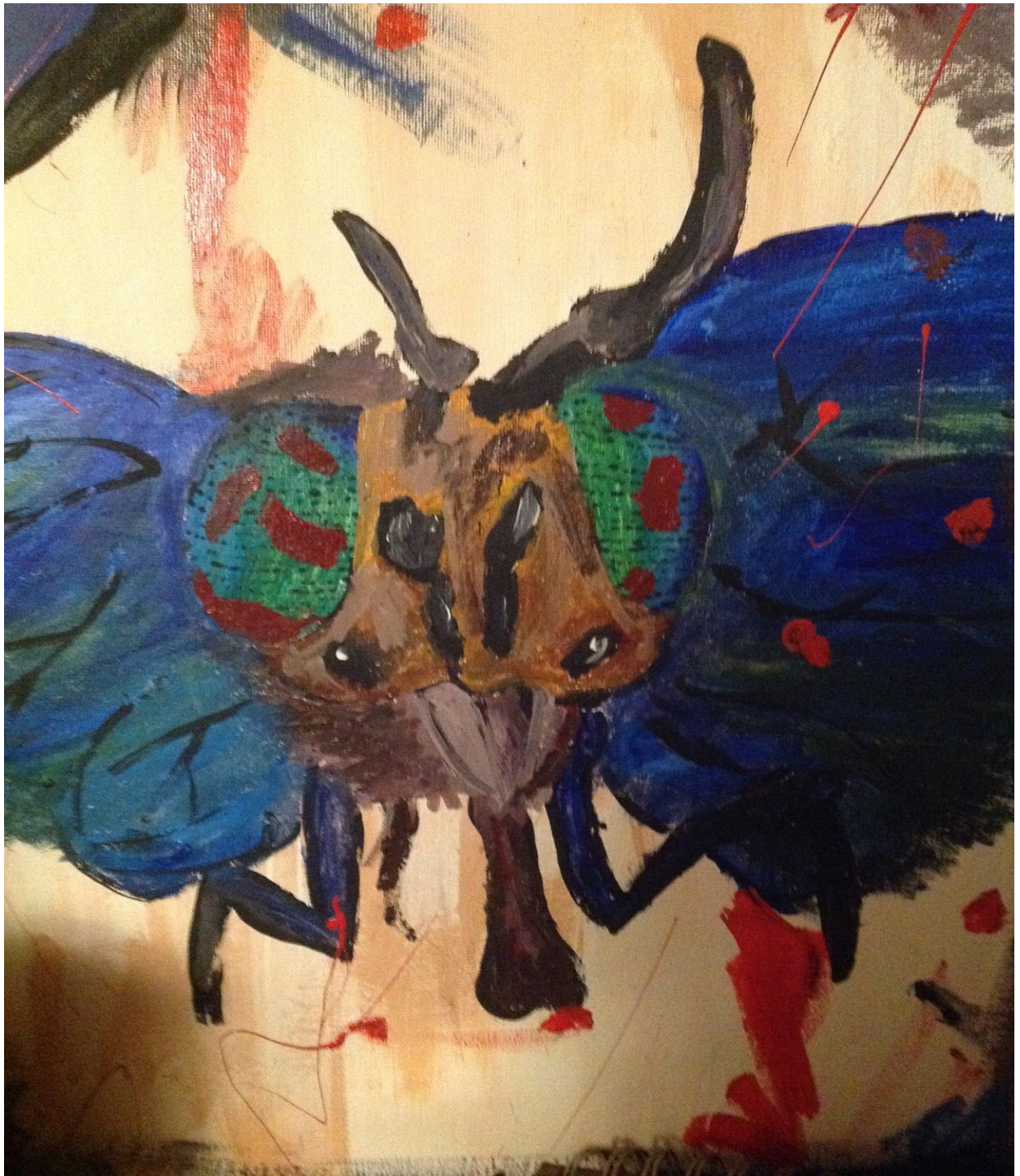
By Tristan Sloan



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