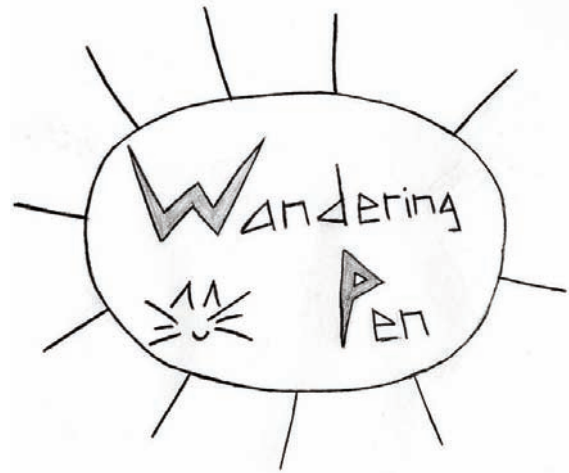


Wandering Pen

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WANDERING PEN



Thank you for reading!
We hope to see a submission from YOU next year.
Wandering Pen Staff 2010

Literary Magazine of Spaulding High School
2010

Writing life

By Jessica Carty

Life is a novel with the ending torn out.

Don't try to look ahead, the next page is blank.

Oh you people! Don't you see? You hold the pen that writes your life.

This is not a scripted play. You must choose what you write carefully;
there is no erasing or editing. Every letter, word, sentence, page is final.

Your choices are doors that lead you to different ways. There is no peeking.

For once you open one door, the rest lock forever.



From Left to Right:

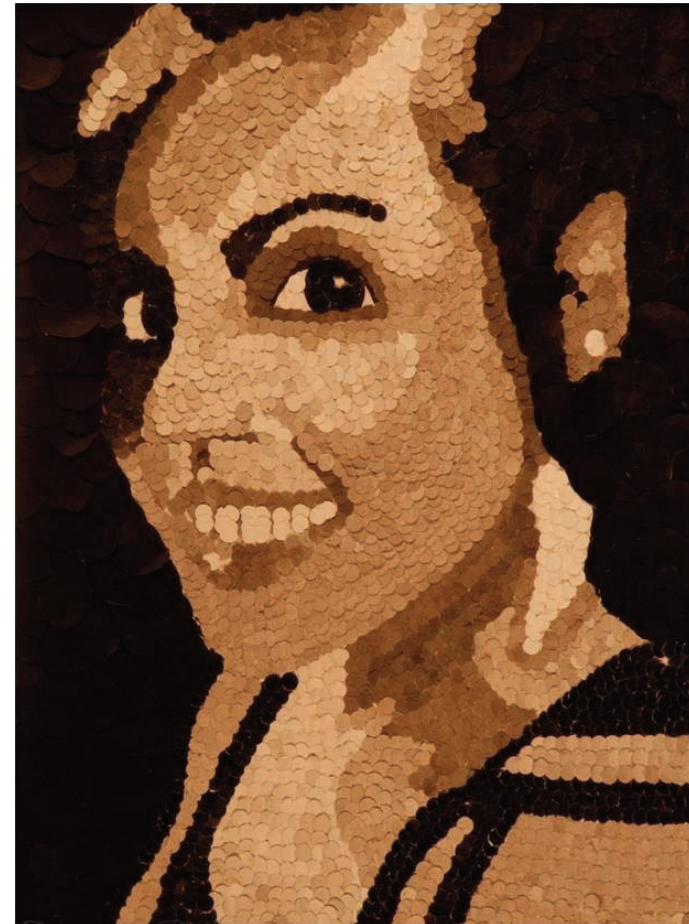
Cynthia Gerber
Nicky Krekorian
Chett Krekorian
Crystal Whittier
Erin Toohey

Not pictured:

Melissa Davey
Jessica Carty
Sonja Maliski

Thank you from the Wandering Pen staff for all the submissions this year! We recieved a bountiful amount, so unfortunately we could not accept all of the items submitted. Have more, though? Great! Give them to a Pen staff member or Mrs. Stockwell for a chance to be in next year's compilation. Until then, we hope to see you in next year's edition of Spaulding High School's Wandering Pen!

Deadline for submissions is always the day before February break.



"Pieces of Me"

by: Carrie Amorim

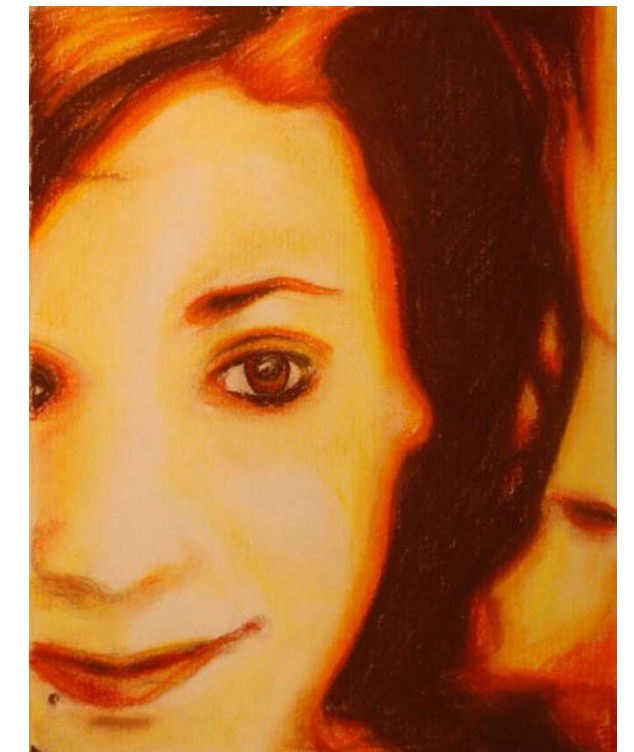


"Swimming Duck", by: Crystal Whittier



"Flower"

by: Crystal Whittier



"Ashley Tardiff"

by: Rachel Warner

How can I say goodbye

By Rebekah Frank

How can I say goodbye
When I have said goodbye all my life
Each move, I have left a piece of myself
Each new place I learn to call home all over again
But it's not the move that brings me to tears, but the new friends I make each time, that I leave
behind
When I tell them I will never forget them, I mean it
Even if they forget who I am
So though I leave and make new friends, I always look back at the friends I've made
They enter my never ending circle of friends that are all across the world
So when I say goodbye, and we may not see each other again, remember that you are never
forgotten
As I pray I am never forgotten
A little piece of me is always left behind
When you look at a book, or a picture I liked or drew, remember that life goes on
That it is a never ending adventure with surprises to look forward to in the future
So when I say goodbye
And you look back to when we laughed together over the simplest of things
And you mention to somebody they remind you of a friend who moved away
I know my name will not be forgotten even if we were in one class together for only a month
Or knew each other for years
I know my name will be remembered with a smile on your face, and you would say her name was
mine
So when I say goodbye I will have a smile on my face when I look back and remember when we
laughed together
-A farewell letter to the friends of Rebekah before she moved away

Just Have to Do

By Chett Krekorian

You give me mixed signals
It's driving me crazy

Left and right
Up and down

You want this
You want that

You want me
You want him

Make up your mind!

I'm confused
I don't want to chase anymore
But I keep straying towards you

I'm still healing
Something shatters when you talk about him
But I keep coming back
Knowing I'll get hurt
Just hoping you'll choose me over him
Just one of these days

You used to be so sure
I wonder what goes on in that head
I wonder if you ever think of me still

Still every day I'll do the routine
Checking to see if you're in class
Won't even try the morning
Even though I know where you'll be

I don't want to see the sight
The sight of him with you
So close
A hand on your hip
Pulling you away to a hidden spot

The one block to check on you
That will be our time
And I guess now...
That will just have to do



"Purple Peonies"
by: Crystal Whittier

A Letter To the World

Tall, blond, intelligent grey eyes. How else can I describe the man who has captured my heart, torn it in two, but has yet to give it back. He was kind, understanding, chivalrous, humorous. But he was angry. Few people knew it, but he was angry and hateful. Rarely did he admit to these faults, like they were dirty secrets, not normal human emotions. He kept the façade up of the perfect understanding person, even around me. My only regret will be that I never broke the mask, to look underneath, to heal the scarred being beneath. I never saw the real man. I wish he had shown me, trusted me. I do not cast any blame, only bitter regret. He will always have my heart, through everything and anything. He will have my support, my help, anything I can give him. I will; it's the least I can do. I believe everyone should sacrifice something for those around them. Friends, family, lovers. Give them a piece of you, show them you trust them, and love them enough to do so. This man is the only person I gave anything to. He has my trust, my heart, my very life, because I trust him. Do you have somebody you trust so unflinchingly? I was lost before I met him. I've found my way, with him as my light. You would do well to find your own light, or face the dark alone.

Much peace,
Malificanta Suwan

"Frames"
by Renee Tardiff



What's the Point

Melissa Davey

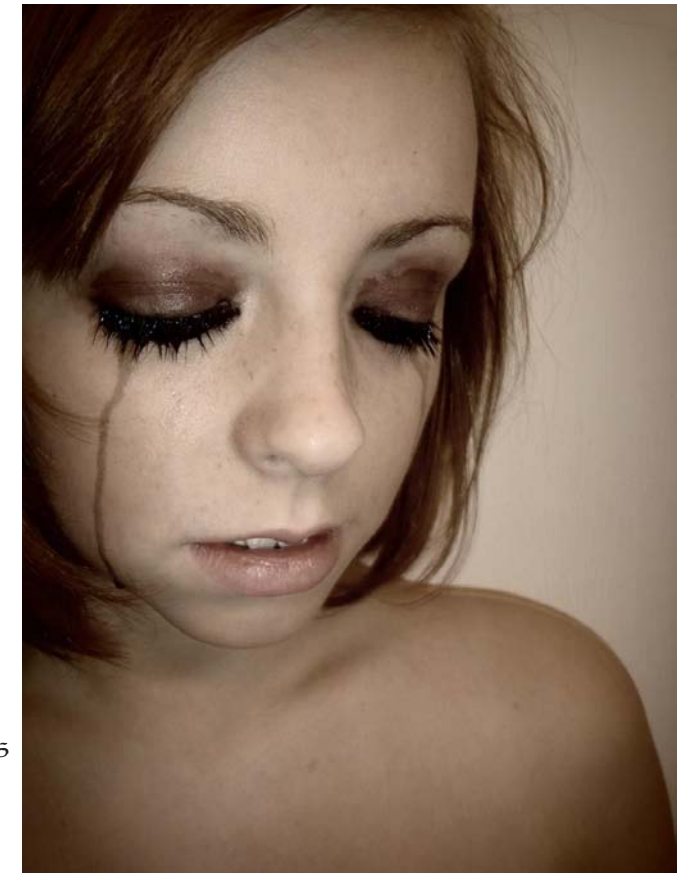
What's the point of going to sleep if I only dream of
you?
Or the point of waking up, when my side is cold, empty

There is no reason to my conscious thought
Because you're always on my mind
And knowing where you are; with her

And what is the point!
Of knowing who she is,
Knowing the truth, when all I can do is watch,
And keep my pained silence,
As she plays with you,
A gorgeous marionette.

The point is
Oh wait,
There isn't one

"Fear Of Trust"
by: Andrea Desjardins



Arrogance and Ignorance

by Chett Krekorian

Knowing smiles
Glancing sneers
Say all these things
And no one hears
Feeling stomped on
Unable to stand
Arrogance and ignorance
Go hand in hand



“Plain”

by: Marie Palaima

Lost

By Nichole Krekorian

Someone is hiding
There is a wolf in our flock
Where does it lie?
What does it look like?
Where does it hide?
“Turn it out,” says fear cringing away
“Kill it,” says confusion, anger rising
But the wolf is me
I hide in the heart

And I look like the person I'm believed to be
If they knew what I was, would fear flee my gaze?
Would the anger of confusion drive me away?
I hide with the sheep not willing to be judged
Yes I am wolf and yes I crave blood
But do I slay you or hunt you down?

No!

I'm rough and course
You're soft as cloud
My eyes glitter in the night
While you sleep soundly
How can this be my flock when I have to hide
I should run with the pack
But I cannot face accusing eyes
They might attack me
Or chase me out
I'm a stranger to the pack
I'm a mask to the flock
Where do I belong?

Youth

By Melissa Davey

What happened to the youths
Who thought boys had cooties,
And Oreo's were like gold?
Where did they go, what happened?
The boys got cootie shots,
Oreos replaced for salads.
We try to make ourselves older,
And soon, we long to be youths again.
Eating Oreo's on the play ground
But it's too late.
Now you must grow up, to raise your own.



“Lily” by: Carrie Amorim



“I Want to Be a Pirate”
by: Marissa Corbin

Indifferent Silence

By Chett Krekorian

A child so small
A child so scared
No freedom
Bonded to a shadow
Haunted by a monster
So much punishment
For things she did not do
A stranger in the home
A master so cruel
So naïve so weak
Begging no!
Searing pain
Crying, trying to scream
A hand to cover her mouth
Defeated, repeated and turned indifferent
Not a tear to cry
Or a feeling to scream
Forever, silence.

Strength

by Jessica Carty

I believed you when you told me we're friends. I have peeled my skin away from my chest and opened my ribs like a locket for you. Revealing my heart, my soul. I trust you, don't betray me. Don't shove the locket closed and rewrap the skin. My heart needs the exposure, the refreshing breath your friendship brings. Let the walls crumble so my secreted garden can be shown. I tell you more than I tell any mortal person. I've never seen you. I can't as long as I live. You were a man once, but the world slaughtered you while your feet were not even on the ground. You're with me when I cry, laugh, sleep or lay awake unable to slumber. You know my every thought, you love me despite my imperfections. I couldn't live, my eternity would be engulfed in flames if you turn me away. But it's a two way street, I can't rely on my own strength, it's too exhausting, so I've given it to you. Keep me safe.

Chasing Shadows

By Nicky Krekorian

The forest is fraught with darkness
Leaves curled with deathly frost
Tread on by tricky shadows
Where are such shadows going?
Is it somewhere I can follow?
Or is it a place of secret?
What do they do as they bide their time?
What mischief do they plan?
I wish I could know
But the shadows don't trust me
I can't seem to convince them to share with me their secret
Why do they hide in the blackness, blacker than they
I shall never know

Music video

by Chett Krekorian

Headphones in
iPod in hand
Bell goes off
I take a stand
Each step I take
Right to the beat
Each word sung
A meaning to me
The world revolves
Around the song
That hour and a half
It took too long
To delve myself
Into this show
Where my world's a video

When I Need You Most

By Jessica Carty

It's when I turn the lights out, when I lay myself to sleep. It's when the silence sets in and all I can feel is the stillness of the quiet nights. When slumber is far from me and I can't find rest.

That's when they come out, The insecurities in my head. The inner demons that plague my soul, running their long sharp talons down the glass windows of my heart.

They come to mock me, to tell me how I will never fit the perfect mold of the perfect girl. Then I remember, in my darkest hour, I know the dawn is coming soon, and I cry to you.

Rid me of these demons that possess my thoughts! Give me the joyful peace that comes from your never ending love!

I never doubt you for that's when the light comes. And the light casts out even the deepest shadows and no darkness can ever extinguish it. That's when I feel you, you hold me like a child and tell me how you love me. Then I can sleep.

Pride

by Nicky Krekorian

I raise my head
Strutting to my class
The world is my cat walk
Lips spread in a slight smile
Hips swaying, strides growing longer as I put one
foot in front of the other
Confidence rolling off me in waves

I'm unstoppable, undefeatable
Like a wild fire burning bright and
dangerously
I can do anything
I hear the cat calls and the howls
And see the winks as I burn my path
Deaf to the scorn
And blind to the glares
I absorb the praise and admiration
I know that one day I'll be somebody

The Mask

By Chett Krekorian

A practiced face
Turned to a mask
Will anyone see through?
A smile, a laugh
To cover the fear
Repeated until perfected
A perfect little mask

Seems so real
This façade of his
When everything he says is a lie
Once so hard to do
He does with ease
To hide himself
In the safety of the mask

His friends know of the mask
They know of the lies
And so they try to peer inside
To find their friend hidden away
They'll try, and try with all their might
But will they see behind the mask?



“Clutter”
by: Marie Paláima

Weak

By Chett Krekorian

I felt a warm and soft hand touch my throbbing cheek, causing another hard, head spinning pain to shoot through the side of my face, my cheek and eye feeling raw and swollen. My lip was split wide open in two spots, making it impossible to close my lips. My lungs burned from running. My heart was still pounding in my chest from the adrenaline pulsing in my veins. I could feel every bruise on my back. My knees and ankles were swollen and stiff. Every cut and scrape stung like mad. What the hell did I get myself into?

A finger traced a cut above my eye, causing more pain to ripple over my temple. Dizziness was overwhelming me. All my agony was causing spots to appear under my eyelids. I wouldn't dare take a deep breath or open my eyes though—too risky. I didn't want this person to remove their hand as well. Their painful touch was shielding me from the world. I needed protection now more than ever in a time when I'm so defenseless.

My hair was being pushed from my blood-soaked face, pulling some hair from cuts that dried. I felt like someone was operating on my face while I was awake. Stinging and throbbing; it made my eyes water. I ground my teeth together, feeling tears escape my eyes. I was so weak. I couldn't even stop myself from crying. I couldn't even fight to defend my best friend or myself for that matter. I hate myself; every little thing that's about me. Everything that people find in me that is a defect, every little thing that affects the people I care about...

More and more tears leaked by as they slowly turned into painful, heaving sobs. My ribs felt like they were being ripped from my chest, but I kept crying, every pain I caused in someone else's life, every person I knew who died, and every bit of suffering I was put through came out in these tears. I didn't know who this person was running their fingers through my hair, but I didn't care right then. My world was crashing and this person was there.

Later on the night I finally braved the world and looked up. Big brown eyes were looking down at me with compassion that made my heart ache further. Brown hair ran in ringlets at her shoulders. And that's when I smelled it – Brittany Spears perfume. I couldn't believe it. The person who probably took the most hardship from me still stood by my side. My vision blurred with more tears as she pulled me closer to her and never let go.

When the worst comes through in your life you find out who's really there looking out for you. You find out who your friends are when you show your true colors and learn to trust. When you lower the barrier that keeps people at bay and makes you feel that ever-drowning loneliness you find out how wonderful life truly is. Take it from someone who knows – it never feels good to be alone.



“Pieces of Happiness”
by: Marissa Corbin

Those Three Words

By: Erin Toohey

Those three words, I can't say them enough
The sound of your voice playing sweetly in my memories,
Lulling me to sleep giving me something to want to hear in the morning
Your arms open wide, ready to hold me
Whether you are greeted by smiles and laughter or tears and eyeliner streaming down my face,
Your arms remain sturdy, your voice unshaking, unwavering
And your eyes, with warmth that seeps from the embers of your soul,
Trace the outlines of my face as you whisper those three words

I love you