

Reboot: A Cardinal Creative Writing Camp Anthology



Summer 2015

Dear Young Writers,

What you're about to read is the culmination of your tremendous efforts during the 2015 Cardinal Creative Writing Camp. As you may know, CCWC, sponsored by SVSU's English department, recently took on some new partnerships with the Saginaw Bay Writing Project and the university Writing Center. These partnerships and your participation in the camp made it one of the most successful camps we've held in recent years, hence this anthology's title: *Reboot*.

Though we only met for a short period of time each day, your talent and excitement for writing truly did "reboot" our creative writing camp. Please know that your writing abilities are special, that though many young people strive to be writers, your work is exceptional, because it is unique to you and it is some of the best writing we have seen.

Thank you for your enthusiastic participation in this year's Cardinal Creative Writing Camp. Thank you to the parents, family members, and friends who supported the camp by bringing you to us and watching as you all read your pieces on the last day of camp. Thank you, of course, to SVSU's English department and Writing Center; the Saginaw Bay Writing Project; The Dow Chemical Company; Mr. Craig McDonald, the director of the Alden B. Dow Home and Studio in Midland; and all others who invested time and money into this very worthwhile project.

Writers, *keep writing*. Your work is not only enjoyed but necessary.

Yours sincerely,

The CCWC Staff

Table of Contents

“A Simple Creek” by Colin Witt	4
“Winter Hallelujah” by Alex Wang	5
“Eyes Open” by Tammie Hew	6
“I am from...” by Abigail Stone	7
<i>Childhood Friends</i> by Amelia Beaman	8-9
“He Stole” by Uliana Wingeier	10
“Home is Not What You Think” Madelline Feinman	11
“I am from...” Emily Zimmerman	12
“I Am Guilty” by Katy Schuler	13-14
“Panic” by Taylor Eldred	15
“I am from...” by Emily Rauschert	16
“The Great Slipper Escape” by Unknown	17
“I am from...” by Tammie Hew	18
“The Kingdom of Phan” by Ashley Bergmooser	19-20
“The Best Book I Ever Read” by Brandon Terry	21
“Untitled” by Isabela Kart	22
<i>The Modern Fatherly Horror</i>	23-35
“Waiting” by Colin Witt	36
“What Does the Future Look Like?” by Madelline Feinman	37
“When She Woke” by Emily Zimmerman	38

A Simple Creek

Colin Witt

Argoth the Shadow slipped from the rooftop into the window, silently rolling to his feet. He had windy hair and cloudy eyes and he was the kind of delinquent who had no other reason to steal except that he enjoyed it. Gazing around the small chamber he was in, he discovered that it was a storeroom, full of flour and dried meat. He reached to his belt, fingering one of the daggers there before taking a pouch off it. Looking around the room, Argoth decided he wanted a cut of salted pork, and stuffed it into his sack. Cold wind from outside blew his sandy hair back from his face, and he relished the refreshing breeze. He reached into another pouch on his belt and pulled out an ocean-blue cloth and a vial of oil. Dabbing the oil on the cloth, he rubbed the hinges of the thick, oaken door leading to the rest of the house. He pushed it open, effortlessly, gently, and silently. Discovering a brass candlestick standing on a table, Argoth lit it with a breath of magic, raising the light to allow him to see better. Awoken by the sudden light, a house cat darted out of the room. Argoth hoped it wouldn't alert its master to his presence. He blew out the candle, just in case. Argoth slipped the candlestick into his bag. Moving swiftly, he glanced into the room where the cat had gone. To his dismay, he saw it was kneading the bed of a burly man, who was twitching in his sleep. Even more unpleasant, a huge woodcutting axe hung above the man's headboard on a pair of pins. Argoth sensed that a weak spell had been laid over the doorway, but he remembered that some homes had spells to keep certain rooms warm in winter and cool in summer. This was not the case, and Argoth clearly realized his mistake as he stepped through the door. The spell in the doorway produced a loud creak the instant his foot landed inside the room. The man awoke with a start, and grunted as he got up and retrieved the axe from its place above his bed as Argoth stood riveted to the ground. In a calm voice the man asked, "To whom do I owe the pleasure of my company?" Argoth replied, "To Argoth the Shadow."

"Hah! The Shadow would not be fooled by a simple creak!" The man raised his axe and charged. Argoth stepped deftly to the left, avoiding the onrushing stroke, then chopped at his attacker's wrist with his free hand, causing him to drop his axe. Argoth dashed for the door, rushing out to the storeroom as his enemy retrieved his weapon. Argoth glanced out the window at the snowy pines beyond, looking for a way to escape. The man burst through the door, blocking Argoth's way out. Argoth looked at the man, glanced back at the window, and jumped.

Winter Hallelujah

Alex Wang

Snow waltzes down from the foggy sky,
Clouds so white that I can't deny,
Time flies when you're having fun,
Building a snowman that weighs a ton.

Sipping on a cup of hot chocolate,
Careful not to waste a droplet,
Birds roost away from a puma,
Living in a winter hallelujah.

Eyes Open

Tammie Hew

As my last surgery started, I was jittering out of my pants. I've been blind since I was 14 and they have finally found a cure. Every year, I was required to partake in 6 surgeries. I am 20 now, which means I have had 36 surgeries on my eyes alone. It has been one hectic ride. After 45 minutes, we were done. I clenched and shut my eyes as soon as the doctor told me "You're finally all done," not because I was scared, but jealous of what I have missed my whole teenage life. I have never been able to drive go carts (or drive at all) or even see what my high school looked like. But then I did it. I finally opened my eyes to a new future. The world was so bright, just as I remembered. I ran out to hug my mom, and the first thing I told her was, "Let's go drive some go carts."

“I am from...”

Abigail Stone

I am from a chisel
I am from clay
I am from the wet dew of the morning
I am from a zealous being who created me in His image
I am from love
I am from one who first loved me
I am from the creator

Childhood Friends

Amelia Jane Beaman

Miller Gold and Captain Ryder meet at crime scene.

Captain- What are you doing here sir?

Miller- I received a message that my best friend was dead?

Captain- Yes there was a suicide at this scene. Do you know Theodore Lewis?

Miller- Of course we have been pals before either of us could walk.

Captain- Well I am sorry for your loss but I am going to have to ask you to leave this is a private investigation.

Miller- I am just visiting.

Back in the office with Lieutenant Johnson and Detective Buzz

Captain- Okay ladies we have a new case.

Lt.Johnson- You know we are men right Captain?

Captain- I am not here to answer your stupid questions. We have to get to the bottom of this case.

Lt.Johnson- Yes sir.

Buzz- So ending on that note who are the suspects?

Captain- I have one suspicious person Miller Gold I am going to go talk to Theodore Lewis's mom right now.

Interviews with Captain and Christina Lewis

Captain- So are you aware of your son's death?

Christina- My son DIED??

Captain- Yes he fell off a cliff around 9:35 this morning I am so sorry for your loss. But I want to help you so can ask you what do you know about Miller Gold?

Christina- Was he at the crime scene?

Captain- Yes he was. Why what do you know?

Christina- They got in a huge fight about 3 weeks ago about Miller's girlfriend. Miller got steamed and left. So I came home this afternoon to a letter from Miller in the mailbox and a note from Teddy. The note from Teddy said uh "Mom I am going out to lunch with Miller. I will be back around noon tomorrow Love Teddy." But this is not his handwriting.

Captain- Do you have the note and the letter from Theodore and Miller?

Christina- Yes I just threw them in my bag before I got here. Here you go.

Captain- Thank you. You may leave and we will call you when we get to the bottom of this case.

Office Reading

Lt. Johnson- Theodore's note is a perfect match to Miller's letter.

Captain- I think we have our case. We can arrest Miller Gold for manslaughter. Christina your son was pushed off the cliff by Miller Gold and he will never see the light beyond this prison.

Christina- Thank you Captain.

Amelia wishes to thank Katy Schuler for the character of Miller Gold.

He Stole

Uliana Wingeier

He had windy hair and cloudy eyes, and he was the kind of delinquent who had no other reason to steal except that he liked it.

“You will learn, one day, that this is wrong!” his mother always said.

He knew that stealing was a crime. He knew that he could go to jail or, possibly, die. But he stole anything he could get his hands on.

He tried to stop one day, but that was the day Mrs. Fulton moved to town. She bought a big mansion at the end of the town. It had a cobblestone fence, it was three stories high, and it had its own fountain. It took three days for Mrs. Fulton’s furniture, clothes, and all of the other items to be moved into the house. Now, time to unpack and place them.

Everyday, he would go over and steal one thing. The first day it was a book, the second; a clock, the third; a teapot, and so on.

As the days went on, he stole more and his mother got very ill. His father and two brothers left town, in search of a doctor. They never returned. This made him angry, so he marched over to Mrs. Fulton’s mansion and stole a lamp, three books, another clock, a silver platter, and a pair of Mrs. Fulton’s fancy gloves. He got it all home in one trip. He walked along the outskirts of town, so he wouldn’t draw attention to himself.

Later that night, the police came and arrested him. He was hung two days later.

His name was Peter Pan.

Home Is Not What You Think

Madelline Feinman

This was going to be the day. The day I could, the day I would be leaving the life I loathed so much behind. I would not have to keep secrets and pretend to be a person I knew I was not. After today it would be as if the time before now had not happened and that part of me didn't exist, at least not to anyone else. I was going to leave without a trace, without anyone knowing where I was going. It would be better this way. I could not face anyone even if I wanted to, my legs trembled just as fast as my heart beat just at the thought. Every part of me was tearing apart, was I sure I was making the right decision? I strolled through the park ending at the garden; the serenity of this place always seemed to clear my mind and make me think straight. The cool breeze swept hairs on my face to the other side of it and suddenly I felt at home when she appeared. Home is not what you think. Home is not four walls and home is not the building you were forced to live and come back to every day and night as a child. It can be, but it does not have to be. Home can be the cat you adopted when you were five or the one you adopted to fill the void it left when it passed away. Home can be a place you go when you need serenity or home can be the girl you met after you turned sixteen that helped you out of the dark after realizing you are the girl of her dreams. This place in all its glory, was my home and so was she. This place is full of life: wings fluttering and the sing-song tune of the birds in the wind. As the water pours out of its spout in the middle of this wonderland, you cannot even begin to imagine how you could ever think about leaving this place. You were so in tune with your own little world that you forgot about the girl of your dreams sitting beside you until you felt her cool hand collide with yours.

“I am from...”

Emily Zimmerman

I Am From notebooks, endless broken pencils, and worn down books.

I Am From a huge tabernacle, campers, golf carts, and life changing ponds.

I Am From the jumpings of an old legendary creek that smells of rain and wet trees and sounds like a leap of faith knowing your friends are waiting for you on the other side.

I Am From the King of Kings who loves us all and always keeps his promises.

I Am From roaring campfires with the memories of the funniest stories, silliest of activities and most delicious of s'mores, hot dogs, and hobo pies.

I Am From the words 'One simple act of kindness could change someone's life.'

I Am From wishful dreams and night shining stars that carry my hopes and inside kept secrets that I think but never say.

I Am Guilty

Katy Schuler

I have a secret. A bold, burning truth that lies in the darkest corners of my brain, the deepest pits of my stomach. Everyone says that telling your secrets will *always* make you feel better. But for me, even if it makes me feel better, which it would, I cannot, for the gravity of my secret is much more than a simple act of thievery or a bad past, or even murder.

You don't have much time left!

Thinking to yourself in your head is dangerous, for one can always feel fear. Fear that maybe, one day you might be so worked up and so confused and so guilty that it all comes tumbling out of your mouth faster than you can realize that what you had meant to be just another screaming fit inside your head has become a tentative secret scrambling around in the air- Public. I know this.

It doesn't matter, just hide.

I have spun off track again, but catch myself this time. I must keep my focus. I must know my own brain. In this world it is easy to dwell on finding the thing that people see as the threat, but what you don't realize, is that the threat is usually right in front of you. In my case, I am the threat. I am the evil that people are searching for because I have a secret. But also, I am my own threat.

Yeah, because you keep getting off track. Just focus on your secret's security.

I rack my brain, searching for my hidden truth so that it can be uncovered and brought to the surface after it's everlasting slumber. But this doesn't make sense, seeing as I have *always* strived to keep this secret hidden. And then it dawns upon me- Something else is doing this. Someone else.

Close your mind and you will be safe. No one has to know!

But now my lips are trembling, fighting the urge to confess. I hear another voice in my head, a hollow tone that sounds as if it belongs to something other-worldly. I know immediately that it does not sound like my own cowardly voice of fear.

Just tell us your secret and all of this will end.

On the last word "end", the invasive voice echoes in my head, bouncing off of my skull as if it were a toddler's ball. Now my mouth is open, suffocating on the three little words I know will doom me-

"I am guilty!" I whisper, still unbelieving that after all this time preparing for the moment that they caught up to me, I was still utterly powerless against them.

But as soon as I've said it, I feel a huge weight lift off of my shoulders, and I catch the breath I did not know I was holding in. My mind's at ease, and the whole world seems to lighten up again. Even the voice in my head goes silent, content with my truth for a moment.

But a moment is all it is, because soon I hear the most hideous cackle in all of the world. It screeches in my ear, very much stunning me. Suddenly, images that I did not produce flash before my eyes. A graveyard, a dying woman, a crying boy, a dead pet, a lost treasure, a fallen joy, a menacing glance...An exposed secret. All of these horrible things whirl around my vision, using the wretched laugh as the background music for a dance that tries to kill me.

And then all goes silent, leaving me a limp form crumpled in a ball on floor, my ragged breathing the only sound near. I know what's coming, but my sadness and the disappointment in myself is the only thing I focus on. I know what's coming.

You cannot escape me, dear.

A rough hand slaps me over the mouth, but I do not scream.

I am guilty.

Panic

Taylor Eldred

Panic. You open your mouth. Open it so wide your jaw creak. You order your lungs to draw air, NOW, you need air But your airways ignore you. They collapse, tighten, squeeze, and suddenly you are breathing through a drinking straw. The next thing I know I am in the hospital with a crowd of doctors and nurses surrounding me. I asked "What did I do this time?" one of the doctors chimed in "You were swimming and then you were about to drown." And then I saw a nurse with a needle coming at me. Then the nurse said "It's your turn." The next thing I knew I was in my bed " It must have been a dream" I thought to myself.

“I am from...”

Emily Rauschert

I am from, the stories I the stories I would write and through them away when I thought they weren't good enough.

I am from the only brick house on the street and where plants grow all around.

I am from where there's a creek right down the road and you can hear birds chirping and it smells like wet forest even though there isn't one around.

I am from a woman who makes dreams come true and is always there for me.

I am from a family who celebrates the holidays a few days before they even come.

I am from a woman who has five kids and works hard for what she wants.

I am from a family who tries hard for what they believe in.

The Great Slipper Escape

Author Unknown

I am awakened to a sharp pain in my back. Even before opening my eyes, I know that it's 7:00 in the morning and Mr. Thompson has slipped me on for his walk downstairs. I push up his foot and set it back down, push up and set down, push up and set down over and over again in a rhythmic pattern until he's brewed his pot of coffee and is seated at the table.

Life's not easy when you're a slipper. You're born in a factory with no real parents or family and are divided into two parts. The left controls the brain, and they right controls the body. Both must work together to support the owner's weight. Oh how I envy the children's slippers; they have less than a hundred pounds to manage! Meanwhile, I'm stuck with Mr. Thompson, who is 210 and never seems to take me off. Only ten minutes into the day and I'm already exhausted.

After draining his coffee, Mr. Thompson walks outside and mounts his riding lawnmower. My creators advertised me as indestructible and boy, does he enjoy testing that! I hated that lawnmower almost as much as Thompson himself. He always hangs his feet too low so my fuzz gets caught in the blades and clipped off. Pretty soon I'll be bald and Mr. Thompson would throw me out and take advantage of my company's guarantee.

When my torture is finished, Mr. Thompson walks back into the house to greet his now awakened kids, Tommy and Timmy. I ignore the following argument- something about how they need to get up earlier; ("What will you do when the school year starts?")- and instead have a conversation of my own with the slippers of the boys' feet. We don't use words for fear of a human overhearing, but we talk with our eyes.

"Lawnmower?" Tommy's slipper asks me. "How far is this guy gonna take it?" "I don't know," I reply, "but it can't be any worse or I'm finished."

“I am from...”

Tammie Hew

I am from family, the people who have always been there for me.

I am from a 40 degree to 90 degree court where tennis balls fly at 80mph.

I am from a loving environment where sunshine stays all day even when it's gloomy.

I am from my cat who constantly meows at me for treats.

I am from cooking every Chinese New Year and celebrating it up north with my family.

I am from my teacher who taught me "To be a leader, you must be a leader."

I am from the best life I could ask for, and much more.

The Kingdom of Phan

Ashley Bergmooser

There once was an empire ruled by superior beings. One of these superior beings was named Phil. Phil was in charge of everything. He had an advisor named Dan. The two trusted each other with their lives. Phil had to make a big and important decision so he went to Dan for advice. The people they ruled lived in Phan, and they were beginning to question their rulers. Phil went to Dan to ask him as he typically did in these situations.

“They don’t trust us, Dan. What am I supposed to do?”

Dan hesitated before answering. “We need to convince them that they can trust us. That we can empathize with them.”

Phil wrinkled his nose at this. “They’re humans how are we supposed to do that?” He usually trusted Dan but his proposal was ridiculous.

Dan launched into his explanation at the first glimmer of doubt in Phil’s eyes. “We need to let them relate to us. We need to show them that even though we are more powerful than them, we can understand their human ways.”

Dan waited for an answer from his friend. Phil took his time to answer. He looked out the window that overlooked the palace Commons where a large ornate fountain sat. The fountain was one of the few constant things in the people of Phans’ lives. If the fountain ran fast, everything was as it should be. If it changed, then something was terribly wrong.

After much contemplation Phil replied with “Maybe” a noncommittal word that didn’t mean anything.

Dan frowned. That was far from the response that he had been looking for. “After *10 minutes* of thinking all you have to say is maybe? That’s ridiculous! It’s a fine idea if you actually considered anything about it.” Dan was shouting now.

“Yes, that’s all.” He replied calmly pouring himself a glass of Brandy and water. He sat down in his throne of a chair behind his monument of a desk.

“Dismissed.” Phil said gesturing to the large doors with his glass. Dan stammered something in protest.

“I said dismissed!” Phil roared. He had finally had it with Dan. Dan bowed slightly and left.

“Is something wrong?” Zoë asked her friend as he came out of the emperor’s room.

“It’s Phil.” Dan replied glumly.

Zoë sighed. “It’s always the same.”

Who cared about getting the citizens of Phan to trust them? Her mission was to get those two to trust each other.

The Best Book I Ever Read

Brandon Terry

The best book I ever read was *Heaven Is For Real*. This book was important to me because it teaches a lesson and can inspire you to encourage others. I was introduced to this book because I saw the movie previews. The book lead me to make a comparison with the movie. I'd noticed that the movie was scripted differently than the book. This didn't surprise me because most of the movies that were made from books are scripted differently. I recommend that you can get this book because it teaches a great lesson.

Untitled
Isabela Kart

So tell me about fever dreams,
about the bad cheeks we scrawl,
with our mouths, about destiny.

The Modern Fatherly Horror

Authors Unknown

Act 1 Scene 1

The play begins in a wood. Jack is with his father doing archery for the first time. There should be targets on one side of the stage in a line. Scene begins with Father showing Jack how to shoot.

Father: Now Jack, you move your hand back like this (moves Jack's hand) and anchor with your...

Jack: I got it dad (Jack shoots a good shot)

Father: ... At the corner of your mouth (Father looks and notices Jack shot. He scowls, but Jack doesn't notice. A bear enters and runs at Jack) Jack, get out of the way!

Jack: Daddy, save me! (Bear roars and Father runs offstage. Jack tries to follow but the bear blocks the way) Go away! G-Go away! (Jack tries to wave the bear away. The bear roars and Father returns with a gun. Father shoots the bear and it collapses) Daddy you saved me!

Father:(hugging Jack) Yes, I did. I saved you. (Lights go dark)

Act 1 Scene 2

This is a few years in the future. Jack is twenty-one and he is going to his secret archery practice in the woods. The woods have a treehouse on one side of the stage with a rope ladder in a high tree branch and archery targets hidden in trees and foliage. Scene begins when he runs into Deb who is taking a walk. He never expects anyone on these trails or wants them there.

Jack: Oh shoot!

Deb: Good morning, what are you doing.

Jack:(Takes off bow and shows it to her) What do you think I'm doing?

Deb: Are you hunting?

Jack: Let's leave it at that. Hey, don't I know you from work? Deb Lemont, right?

Deb: Yes, my name is Deb Lemont. You're Jack Zang from the second floor aren't you?

Jack: Yes

Deb: What are you hunting?

Jack: Uh, nothing...Oh, targets.

Deb: I have a friend who likes to go hunting for deer. Do you hunt deer?

Jack: No, but I sometimes watch them while I shoot.

Deb: Do you come here often?

Jack: Every time I get the chance. But I have to go before they realize I was here.

Deb: Are you hiding from someone?

Jack: No, but I'm hiding an activity from him.

Deb: What are you hiding?

Jack: It's not your business but I could use some help.

Deb: How can I help you if I don't know what You're doing?

Jack: Oh, never mind (Jack runs off the stage)

Act 1 Scene 3

Jack just finished his conversation with Deb. He is near his archery spot and is running to make sure no one else is here. Background is the same but there is a pair of binoculars in the treehouse. Scene begins when Jack runs on stage.

Jack: (Runs on and stops in the middle of the stage panting) Phew. That was close. Deb could've ruined everything. Ahh, here's the place. (He looks up at the tree house) Down we come. (He kicks the tree and the rope ladder falls. He climbs up into the treehouse) I am so glad I picked this spot. (In the treehouse he picks up the binoculars. He looks out the window and moves his head like he's searching) This old hunting shack has all the works. If I wanted I could live in these woods in this treehouse. (Jack puts the binoculars down where he found them then lifts the rope ladder back onto the branch. He drops down onto the ground) Now all I need to do is get the targets. (He runs offstage)

Act 1 Scene 4

Background and props are the same. Scene begins with Jack moving the targets from the bushes and trees. Deb walks on wearing sunglasses, war paint, and carrying a bow.

Deb: Hello Jack

Jack: Shoot! Deb, why are you dressed like that and how did you find me?

Deb: (Pulls out bow and nocks arrow. She seems to aim at Jack but is actually aiming at the target behind him) I'm dressed like this because I'm here for archery silly. And, easy, how I found you is that you're dressed like Robin Hood and you left footprints an inch deep in the trail.

Jack: (looks at his feet embarrassed) Oh. (Deb shoots)

Deb: (walks up to see where the arrow hit) Six. Not my best shot. But I don't usually have people in the way. (Removes arrow)

Jack: Well, since you found my hideout, do you want to have an archery contest?

Deb: Sure. (They begin an archery contest. The lights are slowly dimmed as they go along to show evening)

Jack: I should have been back an hour ago!

Deb: I'll come with you. You need proof that you were late because of a first date. (Deb kisses Jack on the cheek)

Jack: Uhh, uhh, okay... (Jack keeps stuttering a little bit as they hide the targets and run offstage)

Act 2 Scene 1

A house is brought to one side of the stage. A backdrop showing a city is placed. The lights are very dimmed to show night. Jack is wearing a suit. Deb is holding Jack's hand, wearing a fancy dress.

Jack: (Knocks on door, Jack's father opens it) Oh, Deb. Wasn't that a lovely dinner?

Deb: (Raises her voice a little bit) Yes, it was. But don't you mean first date?

Jack: (Raises voice and sounds fake) Oh, honey. (They pretend to loudly kiss)

Father: Jack! (Furiously) You dare let me believe for even on e second that that stupid job of yours lets you get a suit, a girlfriend, and a fancy dinner!?

Jack: (Pretends to be naive about his dad being mad) Dad, this is Deb. And aren't you going to invite us inside?

Father: Fine. I'd say no if that wasn't Mark Lemont's daughter. (Pulls Deb into house. As soon as they enter, the lights should brighten) I used to work with your old man back in the day, we both worked on the same... (Rambles on for awhile) Anyway, Mark got his own company and you couldn't have found a better girl here, ay?

Jack : (Uncomfortably) Ay. (Pulls Deb away) Excuse us Dad. (They exit the house and the lights dim again) Sorry about my dad. He never acts like this. (Whispers) He's usually a big jerk.

Deb: I should go. I'll see you tomorrow. (Deb exits and Jack goes back in the house)

Father: I forbid you from seeing that girl. She is a bad influence.

Jack: (Annoyed) You barely met her! Besides Dad, I'm 21. You haven't cared about me my entire life and the one time I keep a girlfriend long enough to bring her home, you you act like you care. I'm done! I'm done and through! Everything is a show to you! Your son has to take gym and wrestling and high school to be strong. You punish your own son all because he didn't get the prettiest girl in school to go with him to the prom.You can't control my life anymore! I'll be moved out by the end of the week. (Jack exits the stage)

Act 2 Scene 2

Setting: Jack and Deb are moving boxes into a truck at Father's house. The truck could be a big box painted to look like a truck.

Jack: Only a few more. (Jack leaves stage and comes back pushing a large pile of boxes)

Deb: Where are you going to move this stuff?

Jack: Mind if I drop it off at your place? It'll only be there a week.

Deb: Fine, my house has a storage shed in the back. We'll put all of it in there. (Jack gets in the front of the truck and Deb gets in her car. Deb drives off the stage)

Act 2 Scene 3

Jack and Deb are moving Jack's things to the storage shed. They are at Deb's house. The house should have a fence and a shed is blocking one exit. There should be a clarinet on the ground somewhere inside the fence. Scene begins with Jack and Deb unloading the truck.

Deb: Are you going to tell me where you're going to move this stuff after this?

Jack: Sure, yeah. (Jack is looking at the clarinet. He picks it up) Is this yours Deb?

Deb: Yes. I played the clarinet in the band in high school. (Jack is holding the clarinet and examining it from every angle. Jack tries to play it and a popping noise should be heard. Deb rushes over after hearing the popping noise) It's fine. The clarinet's old and it did that all the time. Once, it popped in the middle of a concert. It sounded like an oblong note instead of a pop because the tuba was playing at the same time. The judges of the concert though the tuba player and percussionists did an unusual note combo to make the noise. (Deb laughs)

Jack: I think it's pretty cool. I'll put it in the house so you can fix it. (Jack exits the stage and comes back)

Deb: Thanks (They go through the house and offstage)

Act 3 Scene 1

The forest. The treehouse is in the tree with a rope ladder on a branch and binoculars inside. The targets are hidden. Scene begins with Jack pulling up in a car and getting off the phone.

Jack: I see. But I don't care if there's no electricity. I want this place to go camping with my girlfriend... You'll do it for \$45,000 which goes from the orange spike to the river? Good, I'd shake your hand if I could. The payment we already agreed on, okay thanks again. (Jack puts phone away and kicks the tree with the ladder. He climbs in and picks up the binoculars to search)

Jack: Clear, as usual. (Jack puts down binoculars and puts the rope ladder on a branch. He jumps out of the treehouse) Now I just need some wood, tools, and then I build a house. (Jack gets back in the car and drives offstage)

Act 3 Scene 2

In the forest. The treehouse still has the binoculars, and the targets are still hidden. The truck is on the stage. Scene begins with Jack and Deb getting out of the truck.

Jack: Time to start building the cottage.

Deb: That explains the wood, tools, and fact we stopped in your secret hiding spot.

Jack: Yeah, let's get building. (Lights go dark and construction noises are played as the house is moved onstage. Lights turn back on)

Deb: It's wonderful!

Jack: It took us a week, but we did it.

Deb: Now that's it's finished, there's something on my mind.

Jack: Yes?

Deb: I don't need that storage shed anymore. I was wondering if you'd take it?

Jack: Yes. I could use it. (Lights go dark while the shed is moved over the other stage exit. Lights go back on)

Nice. Thanks for the shed Deb. But I just realized anyone can see this place from the trail now that the house is here. I have a plan to hide it.

Deb: What's the plan?

Jack: My plan is to plant lots of plants over there by the trail so people can't see it.

Deb: Won't you be unable to reach the house?

Jack: No, I'll make a driveway through the forest. I'll cut down trees and put them by the trail as well as make the driveway small.

Deb: Okay, crazy. Won't they notice the trees going down and the new foliage?

Jack: Sure, but they'll think the trees are being removed because they're dead and they'll think the new foliage is natural.

Deb: All right. I'll get the vines and you cut the trees down. (Chainsaw noises are heard as the lights dim)

Act 3 Scene 3

The forest with the treehouse, a shed blocking one exit, and cottage. The targets are no longer hidden. Optional: Extra vines are placed over the exits to the stage. Jack should have a box with a ring inside in his pocket. Scene begins with Jack and Deb standing outside the cottage holding hands. As the first three lines are said Father is supposed to edge from behind the shed towards Jack.

Jack: Deb, we've been together a few months now and something's been on my mind.

Deb: What?

Jack: (Bends knee and pulls the box out of his pocket) Will you

Father: Oh, no he doesn't. (Runs at Jack and restrains him with handcuffs. Father holds a gun at his neck) Jack, you will not marry that woman.

Jack: What? Why Dad? I know you never cared but...

Father: (Taps Jack's neck with the gun before he could finish) You are my son. I know you want to live your own life, but you are my flesh and blood. As such, you are my slave.

Jack: Dad, you're insane.

Father: You little piece of ...

Deb: Let him go!

Father: (Points gun at Deb and she puts her hands up) He's the scum. (Shoves Jack on the ground)

Deb: (Runs to Jack) Jack! I'll get you out. (Gun fires)

Father: That was a warning shot. You'll get away from him, or I'll have a weeping servant and a dead body. (Deb moves away and Father picks Jack up off the ground by his hands and directs him offstage)

Jack: Deb, don't come after me! (They exit)

Deb: (Falls onto ground) No, Jack, noooo (Deb is weeping when lights go dark)

Act 4 Scene 1

Father's house. The house is there and the city backdrop is placed. There should be two chairs. Jack is tied to chair with a blindfold. Scene begins with Father explaining this to Jack.

Father: Jack, I know you think I'm crazy, but there is a science to this. You see, ...

Jack: I can't see you madman. Also, there is no science to why you'd threaten to kill your own son. (Father slaps Jack in the face)

Father: There is you imbecile! You see, I researched the family tree of myself and your mother. Turns out, I'm related to many ancient heros and high ranking kings. Your mother on the other hand, had no one famous in her line of descent whatsoever. So, taking into account you're half king and half scum.... I'm higher than you and get to boss you around.

Jack: You really are a madman! (Jack is slapped) There's no ancestral hierarchy in the United States! (Jack is slapped) This is crazy you are abusing and kidnapped your own son all because of some research that doesn't apply to today's society! (Jack is slapped) Besides, the research might not even be right! Maybe Mom came from kings and you came from scum! (Jack is slapped so hard he is knocked out. Father grabs the gun on the counter)

Father: It would be easier to kill him right now. But no, I think I'll train the slave a little first. (Lights start to go dark. Right before the lights go completely dark Deb pulls up in her car. Lights rush back on)

Father: Oh, shoot. If I can get rid of her without telling her I'm here I'll check to see if I can get two slaves. (Jack starts to moan) Oh, no. (Deb walks up to the door with something in her hand. She begins to pick the lock on the door. Jack wakes up and Father exits)

Jack: (Yelling) Who's there!?! I can't see you but I can hear you!

Deb: Jack! (Deb quickens her lock picking. The door unlocks) Might as well look cool. (Deb kicks open the door and runs in) Jack!

Jack: Deb, is that you?

Deb: I can't believe you are okay! (Deb hugs Jack and takes off his blindfold. Deb starts untying him)

Jack: I'm not perfectly okay. Dad knocked me out and now I have a huge headache.

Deb: We'll fix your head later, right now we need to worry about Oh no. (The bonds are almost off Jack and Father walks on with a smug look on his face)

Father: ME

Deb: Oh, no

Father: Ohhhh, Debsie. Guess what?

Deb: What?

Father: I just did the research. I have more king, hero, and important people than you! That means you are my slave too. Soooo....

Deb: Jack, what's he talking about? (Deb is cautiously stepping backward to the door during the next few lines)

Jack: Oh, my dad believes very strongly in ancestral hierarchy.

Deb: Ancestral hierarchy? Isn't that where depending on your ancestors and relatives...

Jack: Your social class is chosen for you.

Deb: But that doesn't apply to today's society!

Jack: That's what I told him! (By now Deb should have her hand on the doorknob)

Father: (Runs forward and handcuffs Deb. He puts a gun to her neck) Got you. Sit in the chair! (Deb slowly walks to the second chair and sits down)

Father: Good (Father handcuffs one of Deb's hands to the chair. He goes offstage to grab some rope and another handcuff. As soon as he exits, Deb tries to escape)

Jack: It's no use Deb. Even if you do escape, there won't be enough time to save me and get out without one of us being shot.

Deb: I have to try.

Jack: What's worse Deb? Being dead or being slaves? (Deb pauses her escape, then continues)

Deb: Being slaves. Because if we're dead we'll at least know we tried and that one of us sacrificed themselves for the other out of love. If we stay and become slaves, our love and trust will never truly be proven. Also, if we become slaves, we'll never know what would have happened if we tried. So, Jack Zang, do you love me enough to trust me with this?

Jack: Is this your way of proposing to me?

Deb: Yes.

Jack: Go ahead, I say yes. (Deb smiles and nods her head. The handcuff opens and at the same time Jack gets out of his ropes. They run outside and get in Deb's car. As they drive offstage, Deb shows off Father's gun. Father enters)

Father: (Yelling) No! My slaves! My-My prisoners! That scum! The Deb girl must have freed them! Oh, well. I'll find them. Wait..... Where's my gun? ARRRGH! (Lights dim)

Act 4 Scene 2

Deb's house. A fence is on the back wall. Boxes and the moving truck are in the backyard. Deb's clarinet is among the boxes. Scene begins with Deb and Jack driving up and getting out of the car.

Deb: Load the boxes, hurry! (They begin loading boxes into the truck. As they are loading, speakers play Father's voice to the audience)

Voice of Father: They weren't at the cabin, so they must have ran to Debsie's house. (At this Deb and Jack have a conversation hidden from the audience. They begin loading the boxes faster)

Jack: Why are we loading this anyway?

Deb: We are leaving. I have a secret cabin far away from here, and I'm calling the police on your dad as soon as we leave your place. (The last boxes are finished loading. As the last box is being placed, Father should drive on)

Jack and Deb: We have to go!

Deb: Get in, go go go! (Deb should jump in the back of the truck while Jack scrambles to the front. Lights darken)

Act 4 Scene 3

A forest. The cabin/house is still there and should block on exit. Tree house and vines should not be put up to show a different forest. The moving truck should be on stage. Scene starts with Deb getting out of the back of the the truck and off the phone with police.

Deb: Thank you. Okay, his name is Zacharias Zang, 6' 2", father of Jack Zang, resides in Standinaw Oregon on 2678 Avenue Drive. He should be unarmed, I personally took his gun in our escape. Ok, bye. (Deb hangs up and puts phone away. The boxes are being loaded into the house)

Jack: So, how long until he's caught?

Deb: The operator guessed anywhere from this afternoon to never. But if he is caught, we'll be the first to know.

Jack: Why?

Deb: We, you in particular, were the people he kidnapped. Also you're his son. Aand....

Jack: And what?

Deb: We need to turn in his gun to authorities as evidence. The only reason cops aren't trying to track us for stealing crime evidence is that I explained that the gun is our only self defense if he finds this place. (Lights should dim on the half of the stage with the house. Deb and Jack exit through the house. Father pokes his head out of the stage exit opposite the house)

Father: They must be here at Jack's appropriately lowly cabin. If my scum slaves aren't here then they are running about wild in the world when they must have me, their proper master. (Father goes out in the open. A police badge is thrown out in front of Father. He bends down to investigate)

Father: What is this? (As Father examines the police badge police move just onstage and inside the house. Each police man should have a badge and a gun. One should be without a badge and have a pair of handcuffs)

Police in house: Zacharias Zang! You are under arrest! (All the police run on and form a circle around Father. The chief, who is without a badge, restrains Father with the handcuffs and takes the badge out of his hands)

Chief: That's mine.

Father: I did nothing!

Chief: You kidnapped your own son and his girlfriend because you believe in ancestral hierarchy. You call that nothing?

Random Policeman: Don't try anything, we have you surrounded and will shoot.

Father: It was right! Their ancestors are scum! I was born of kings, I should have scum as slaves to boss around! (Father begins to struggle. All the police pull guns)

Chief: So this guy is a psycho who believes in ancestral hierarchy. I thought the caller was joking about that part. (Chief and Father exit, the police follow, guns still drawn. Jack and Deb enter through house. Jack is on the phone and should have the ring box in his pocket)

Jack: Okay, we'll return the gun to the police station later this week. Okay, thanks, bye.

Deb: What did she say?

Jack: (puts away phone. Joyfully) Deb! My dad's been arrested! We can go back home!

Deb: Really? Hurray! (Sadly) Now we have to load all the boxes back in the truck.

Jack: But we'll be closer together when we do it. Debera Lemont, (Gets down on his knee and opens the box in his pocket) will you marry me?

Deb: (Covers her mouth in surprise) Yes. I will marry you Jack. (Deb kisses Jack)

Act 4 Scene 4

The forest. Jack's forest cottage property is set up for a wedding. The treehouse and vines are put up to show Jack's forest. The minister can be the police chief. Father should be in the back, restrained with ropes and a gag. Minister should have a pocket watch. Jack and Deb could wear the fancy clothes from Act 1. Scene begins with Jack walking up to the minister.

Jack: Thanks for doing this on such short notice, Paster Fredgeman.

Minister: No, Jack. After all you went through, it is my pleasure to do this. (Minster checks his pocket watch) The bride should be coming down the aisle in 3, 2, 1... (Deb enters. Wedding music is played)

Jack: She looks beautiful. (Deb reaches them)

Deb: Hi, honey

Jack: I can't believe we're doing this.

Minister: We are gathered here today to witness the wedding of Deborah Lemont and Jack Zang. If anyone objects to this wedding, speak now or forever hold your peace. (Father tries to struggle and make noise, but the wedding music just increases in volume. It stops altogether when the Minister starts speaking again) Then forever hold your peace. By God's wishes these two have gone through a lot to get here. (Keeps talking for a bit) Debora Lemont, do you take this man as your lawfully wedded husband?

Deb: I do.

Minister: And Jack Zang, do you take this woman as your lawfully wedded wife?

Jack: I do.

Minister: Then, by the power invested in me, I declare you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride. (Jack and Deb kiss then walk off the stage together. The lights go dark)

Act 4 Scene 5

At Deb and Jack's cottage a few years in the future. Jack and Deb have two kids. Scene begins with the kids playing and Jack and Deb watching them.

Jack: We have such a nice life. But still can't believe that even though my dad isn't dead, I got everything he owns.

Deb: Yes, but don't you think we should move into your father's house so the kids have a normal home?

Jack: No, honey. We're good. The kids love it here, I love it here.

Deb: I guess you're right. Besides I love our perfect and quiet life here.

Jack: I'm selling my Father's house.

Deb: And I'm sure our lives will still be perfect. (Jack and Deb kiss as the curtains close)

Jack: Wait, What's that on the radio? Kids, come in. (The curtains rush back open)

Radio: (played over speakers) We interrupt this program to give some breaking news. There has been a prison break and among the escapees are Zacharias Zang, ... (Rambles off names)

Jack: Oh, no

Kid: Who's Zacharias Zang?

Jack: Timmy, he's my father. A known kidnapper.

Timmy: Is he gonna come after us?

Jack: Maybe. I don't mean to scare you, but your mother and I were the ones he kidnapped before.

Ava: (The other kid) Should we hide?

Jack: Not here. Mommy has a secret cabin if my dad, your grandpa, ever broke out.

Deb: Here we go again. I'll call the truck, you and the kids get everything in boxes.
Jack: Here we go again honey. (Kisses Deb as the curtains close)

Waiting

Colin Witt

I loiter here with naught to do
but lots to see for one or two
more minutes as I stand and wait
and then I note it's half past eight
they're late they're late they're really late
it's half past eight they've sealed their fate
they won't escape they won't survive
I'm leaving at eight thirty-five
and then I get right on my phone
a text that means I'm not alone
they have been waiting out of doors
for me to come to meet once more
and so I go to speak with them
I hope we meet up once again

What Does The Future Look Like

Madelline Feinman

What does the future look like? This question does not mean to ask if there will still be a green planet or what technology has been born in your lifetime; It means to ask what do you see. Everyone can say they want a family, a career, and a nice car, but that is vague and this world is not vague. Everyone needs their own story, not one that is standard non-fiction. They need to create their own fiction story. Fiction and nonfiction do not mean what you think. Fiction is in it's own realm and it is the difference between blowing along with the wind or moving against the current. Everyone should have the ability to choose their own path. If someone wanted to travel the world and see all of its wonder and beauty they could do it. The future does not have to have a black or white path; In fact it does not. Sometimes the path is brown, blue, or red, completely different from black or white. So many things, objects, and desires can be described in color. Your path might feel red when you feel like you have found the love of your life or maybe it is blue when you think they have lost the sight of you. Your path might even be brown and muddy; You have been lost behind where you thought you were going and now you do not know where to turn. The path is crazy, it can turn any color at any given time. There are surprises, twists, and turns, but that is what you live for and you would not have it any other way. Everything that you have done or said has led up to this moment and black and white suddenly seems like a foreign concept. If you look at what black and white, or what nonfiction is, it is a dead end 9-5 office job, very short of a career. These colors get you no where. They will not fulfill you or give you what you want.

When She Woke

Emily Zimmerman

When she woke, she was red. Not flushed, Not sunburned, but the solid declarative red of a stop sign. She was red.

When she woke, her eyes crossed. Not with pain, Not with love, but with the same look as two roads crossing. Her eyes crossed.

When she woke, she gasped. Not with surprise, Not with happiness, but with guilt. She gasped.

When she woke, her head spinned. Not with fun, Not with excitement, but with vengeance. Her head spinned.

When she woke, her hands flapped. Not clapping, Not praising, but the surprise she possessed. Her hands flapped.

When she woke, her legs buckled. Not for fear, Not for courage, but with dread. Her leg buckled.

When she woke, her stomach rumbled. Not the hunger, Not the truth, but the satisfaction. Her stomach rumbled.

When she woke, her lips stained. Not with food, Nor with drink, but with lies. Her lips stained.

When she woke, Her heart loved. Not with carefulness, Not with gratefulness, but with the love of death. Her heart loved.

When She Woke.