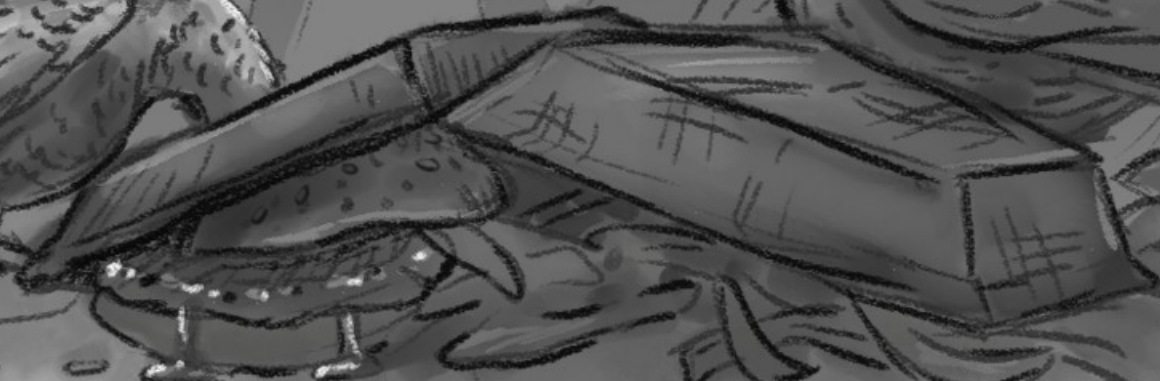


ISSUE  
#13

SPRING '24

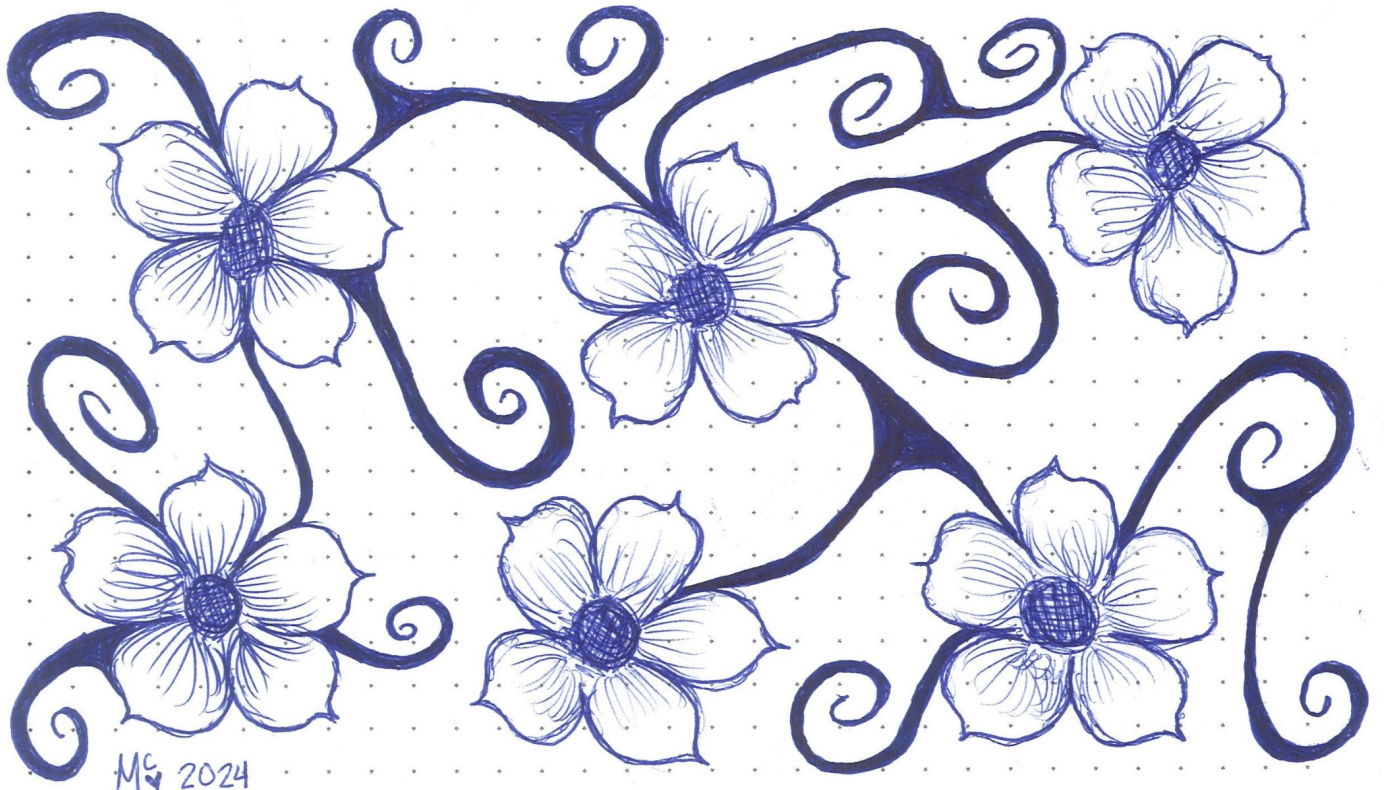


GRISTLE • BUTTER

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**Flowers**  
Marlee Christian



**Break Through The Cracks**  
Brittney "B" McLaughlin

## **Midwinter**

Daniel Asbury

It flew over their home in the night  
With the whistle of the northwind  
And the wailing of the lost  
Lit by the moonlight  
The wild hunt arrived

A horde of hunters hell could not hold  
That rode relentless  
In perpetual pursuit  
Of the prey they persecuted

Wayward souls  
In a hopeless herd  
That even heaven could not help

Far below that spectral squall  
In an alpine abode  
A mother and child  
Huddled together  
Hoping the hunt would not hear them

But as that throng rode overhead  
And their cabin's timbers rattled  
The ringing of hooves  
The screams of the fallen  
And the howl of phantom hounds  
Became too much to bear

A child cried out  
From that little home  
And in but a brief moment  
Their March was halted  
The mother then knew  
What the hunters had heard

The woman wore a look of horror  
As the screams of spirits soon grew silent  
And the room was draped  
In a shroud of shadow  
As the huntress arrived

A bitter wind swept in  
Heralding her arrival  
And the hearth grew cold  
Hiding her from view

The frantic woman whispered to her son  
In a stream of babble  
To ensure his silence  
As the spirit soon stepped forward

The huntress spoke then  
In the tongue of ancient times  
And under the guise of gloom  
She seemed to signal to the tot  
In the fashion of a formal greeting

She gestured to the door  
Beckoning the darkness  
And a single shadow pulled away

From the murky mass  
And stepped in on four feral feet

A blackened beast  
A phantom hound  
Arose from the umbra  
With an aura of anticipation

And at the signal of its master  
That accursed cur  
Sprinted forth  
With eagerness in its eyes

The mother flinched from fear  
But the beast passed her by  
It joined the shadows in the corner  
And seeped away into the shade

With that the huntress departed  
And the souls once more  
Resumed their chorus  
Whaling as whips cracked  
And hunter's horns howled  
It was over

Their warmth did not return  
For one years time  
For twelve grueling months  
The cabin was cursed

The presence of the hound hung over that home  
For each and every waking moment

It fed on their feelings  
All joy and laughter  
Was quickly snapped up  
By the predator  
Always lurking  
In the dark

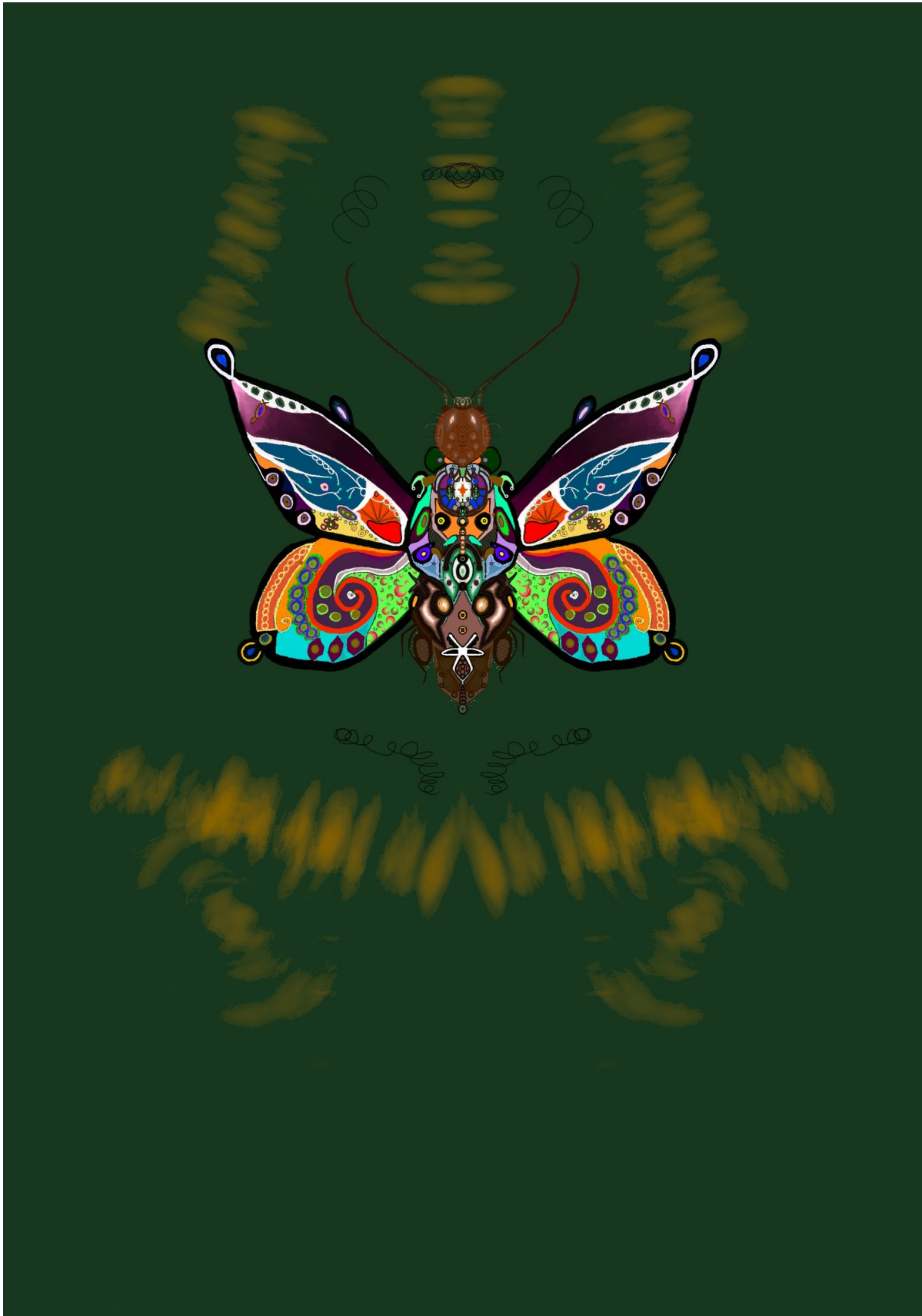
The house was now its hunting ground  
And its appetite was never sated

But when midwinter came again  
The Huntress would return  
To reclaim her hound  
And warmth May return  
To their hearts once more  
With the thawing of ice  
And the coming of spring

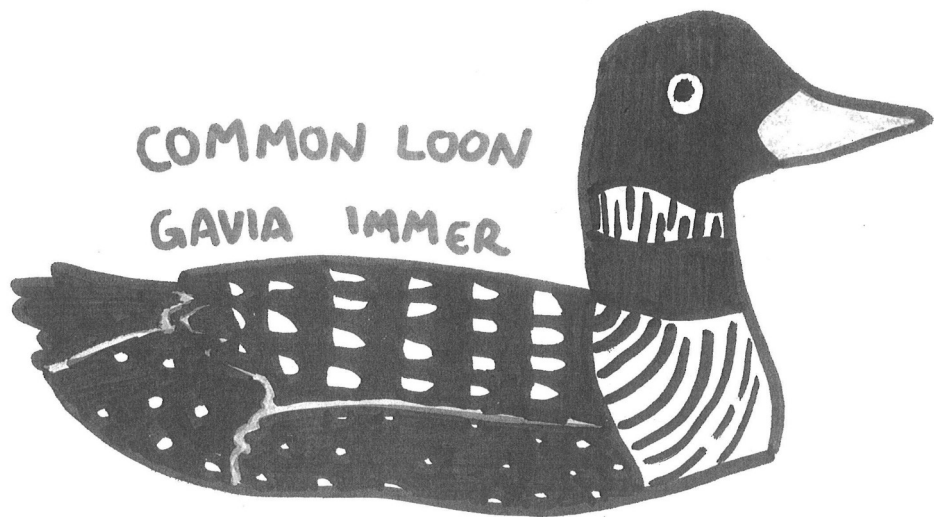




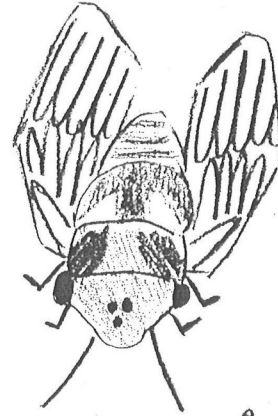
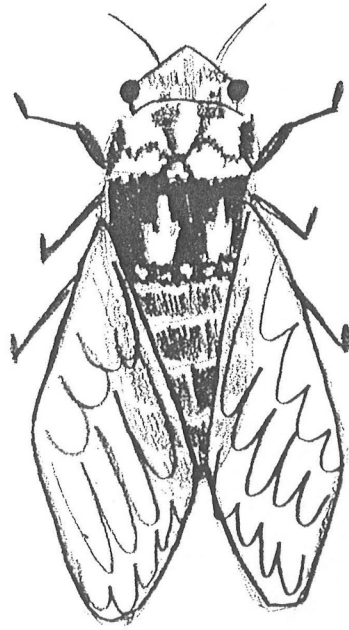
**Mushrooms**  
Hazel Willoughby



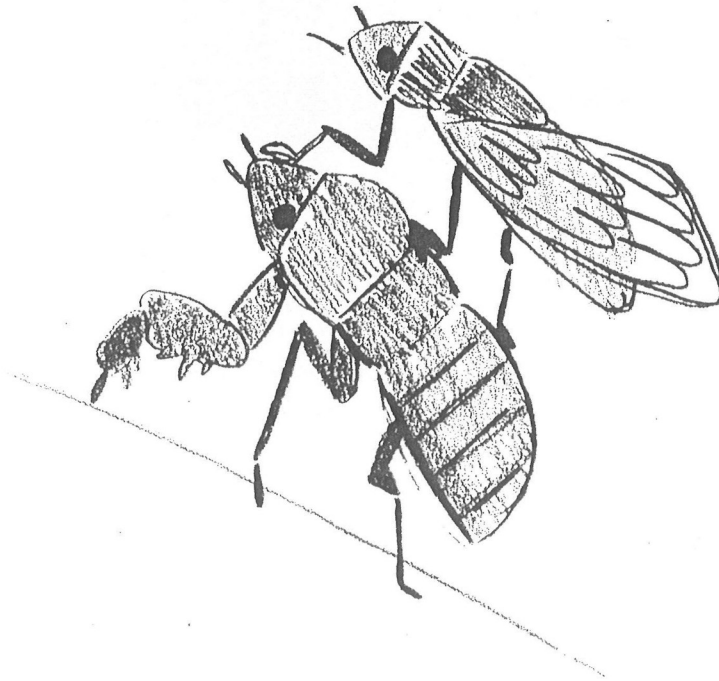
**Untitled**  
Rowan Spicer



**Assorted Birds**  
Maddox Brown



IT'S  
CICADA  
TIME!



**It's Cicada Time!**  
Maddox Brown

## Untitled

When a ship sails through the frozen bay  
And blistering winds fill up it's sail,  
And prays the crew that the rigging not fail  
With icy waters cold and blue  
When a ship sails through the frozen bay  
Cruising slow, its course untrue.

Bearing treasure from ports unknown,  
In crates, it's beauty to noone was shown.  
Hastily it had been loaded from the quay,  
But its value was known to the crew  
When a ship sails through the frozen bay,  
Many sail in, and out come few.  
Crashing waves the ship's prow fights,  
While snowflakes fall like biting kites.



**Strange Fellow**  
Wilson Keyes



**Salem & Cocoa**  
Jay Spangler



**Star Girl**  
Vanessa Brown



## *Heaven of The Way*

*Heaven of The Way*. Is a philosophical text inspired by Lao Tsu's, Tao Te Ching, and the Confusion analects. It focuses on the idea of becoming one with heaven and living an ascetic life free from the fifth of the world. For those who cannot fully live an ascetic life, *Heaven of The Way* teaches you to find balance in the world and do good for others.

1

*The Way* is forever flowing.  
And yet it never overflows in its effectiveness.  
It is an abyss like the creator of all things.  
It mellows one's acuity.  
It disperses one's confusion.  
It unites itself with one's dust.  
It runs deep, and yet is apparent to one.  
This is *The Way of Heaven*

2

The highest Earthly good is water.  
The good of water is  
To benefit all life without want and strife.  
It dwells in among the places which man despises.  
There, it is close to *The Way*.  
In a river's depth it shows itself.  
In its flow, it shows order.  
In its ripple, it shows truth.  
He who follows *The Way*  
Thereby remains free strife and turmoil

3

The Way that can be expressed  
Is not *The Way*.  
Heaven that can be named  
Is not the eternal Peace.

'Non-existence; is the beginning of Heaven.  
'Existence' I call the creation of Earth and the individual.  
Therefore does the direction towards non-existence  
Lead to the sight of Heaven,  
Towards existence  
To that of strife and limitations.  
Both are one in origin  
And different entirely.  
In its unity it is called *The Way of The People*.

4

Without Heaven  
There will be immorality and disloyalty towards *The Way*.  
When cleverness and knowledge arise  
Great lies will flourish.  
When relatives fall out with one another  
There will be no filial duty and love.  
When states are in confusion  
There will be no faithful servants.

5

With *The Way* and *The Way of The People*,  
What is half shall become whole.  
What is crooked shall become straight.  
What is empty shall become full.  
What is old shall become new.  
Whosoever has little shall receive.

6

Use words sparingly,  
Then all things will fall into place.  
A whirlwind does not last a whole morning.  
A downpour of rain does not last a whole day.  
Who is master of the wind and rain?  
That of the Earth is here to confuse and compromise.

That of Tenjer is here to bring Peace and balance.  
If you set about your work with *The Way*  
You will be at one in *The Way* with those who have *Earthly Heaven*.  
If you set about your work with The Way of The People  
You will be at one with the people with those who have The Way of The People,  
At one in Life with those who remain with Life.

7

Whosoever is true to The Way of The People is a great ruler of men  
And does not rape the world by use of arms,  
For actions return onto one's own head.  
Where armies have dwelt thistles and thorns grow.  
Behind battles follow years of hunger.  
One with The Way of The People does not dare conquer by force.  
Decision must be removed from force.

8

When a lotus casts its seed among the mire,  
It does not expect all of its descendants to rise above the scum.  
For all that bloom above the soot, not all will obtain purity.  
Let it be that the lotus comes in all colors,  
Those who do not seek purity may still shine vibrant.  
In this, one doesn't have to follow *The Way*,  
They can be one in life with The Way of The People.

9

The substance of Life  
Completely follows The Way of The People.  
In The Way of The People its  
Unfathomable and obscure is the seed.  
This seed is wholly true.  
In it dwells reliability.  
From the past to this day  
We cannot Make do without name  
In order to view all things.

Whence to understand Heaven,  
One must follow namelessness

10

Conquering and handling the world;  
Through experience this fails.  
The universe is a spiritual thing  
Which must not be handled.  
Whosoever handles it destroys it,  
Whosoever wants to hold on to it loses it.  
Before things lead, now they follow.  
Before things were warm, now they're cold.  
Before things were thick, now they are thin.  
In the ancients nations would last, now they topple.  
Therefore one who follows *The Way* or The Way of The People avoids  
What is too intense, too much, too big.

11

*The Way of The People* as the eternal is unutterable simplicity.  
Even though it is small  
The world dares not make it its slave.  
If princes and kings could guard it in this manner  
All things would come to be their guests.  
Heaven would unite with Earth  
To shed sweet dew.  
People would find their balance  
All by themselves, without orders.  
When creation begins,  
Only then are there names.  
Names too reach existence,  
And one still knows where to halt.  
If one knows where to halt  
One is in no danger.  
The relation between *The Way* and the world  
May be compared  
To stiff Mountains that seek to halt, and streams  
That can find a way through by eroding the Mountains.



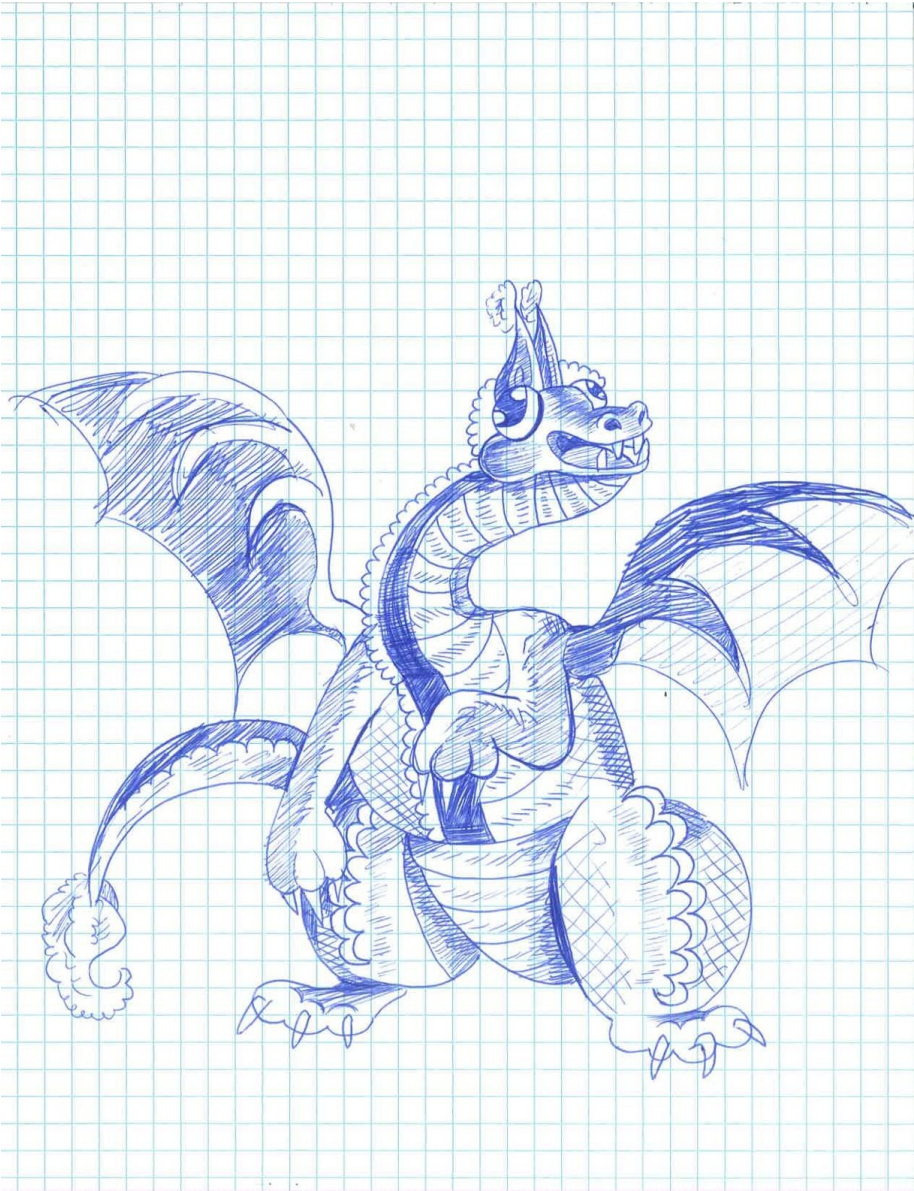
**Watercolor Furry Stuff**  
Zora Danz



**Gglubuss #1**  
Isha Hopkins-Gentry



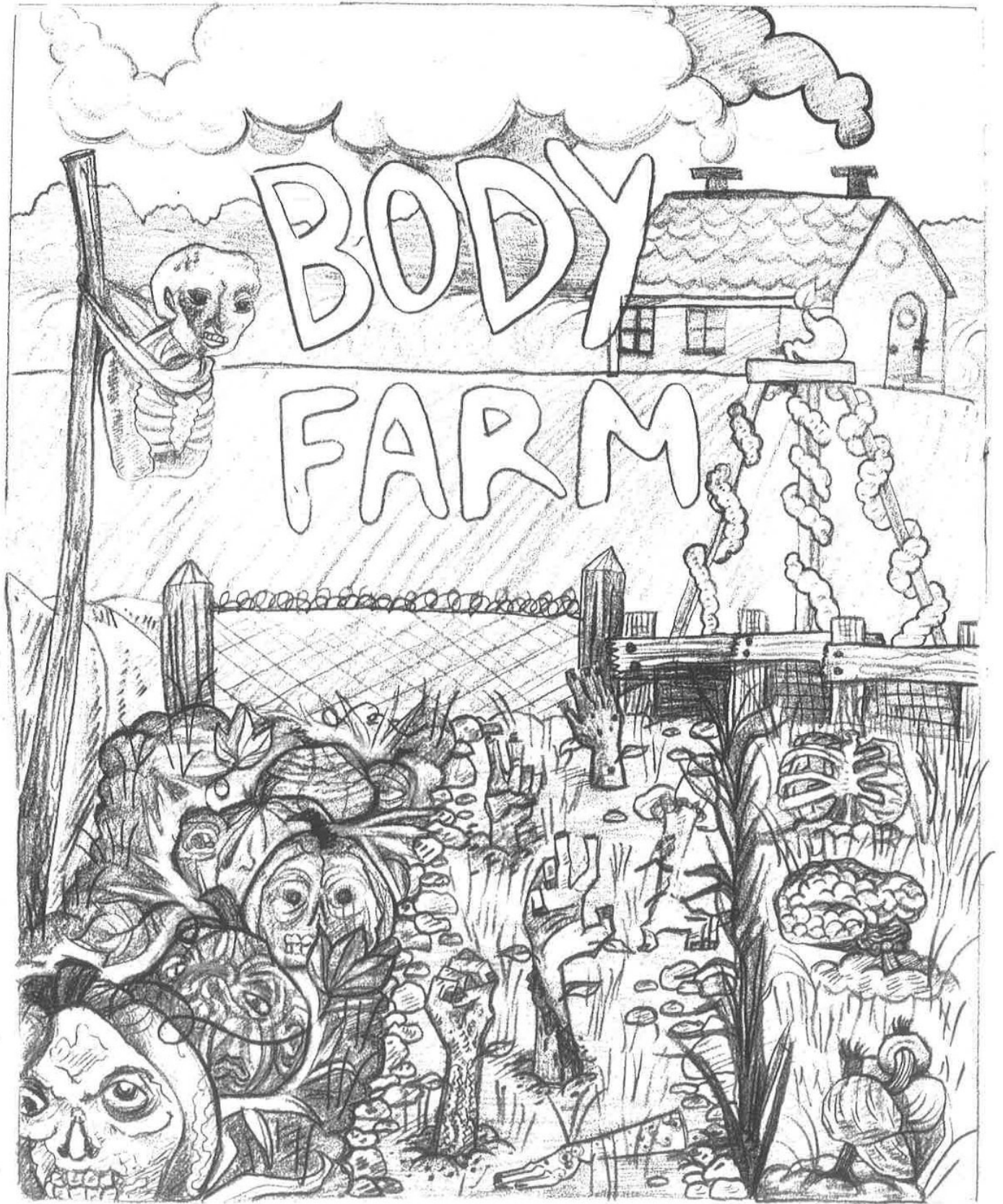
**Trash Pandas**  
Tristan Sanson



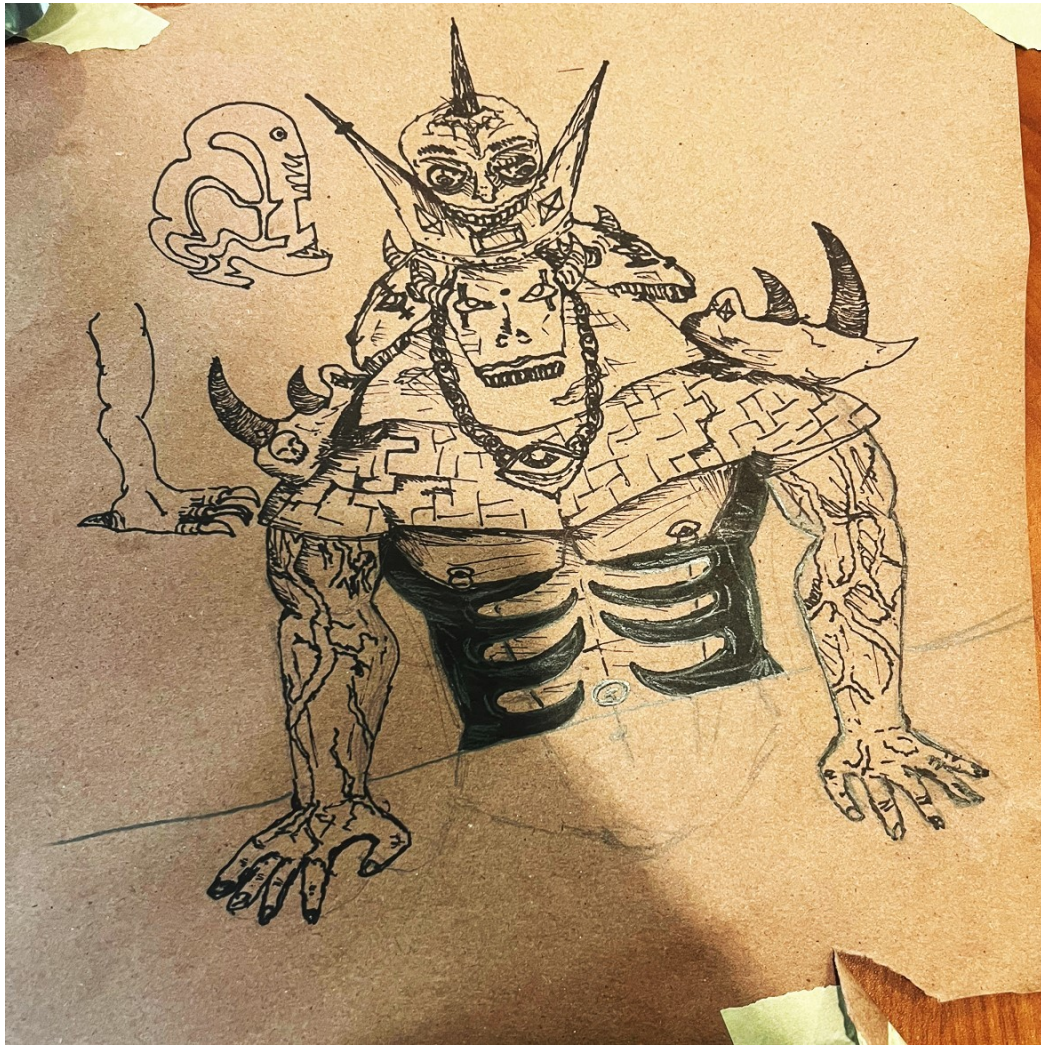
**Untitled 1 & 2**  
Avery Mikesell







**Body Farm**  
Avery Mikesell



**Gglubuss #2**  
Isha Hopkins-Gentry

**The eyebrows are the window to the soul**  
Spanish III/IV

ACT THREE  
SCENE ONE  
NARRATOR

Ocho Años Despues en la lune de miel  
de Adriana y Nico.

NICO  
Te amo Adriana. Estoy muy contento  
porque estamos en la lune de miel.

ADRIANA  
Te amo tambien Nico.

NARRATOR  
Nico enarcando una ceja  
seductoramente.

ADRIANA  
Ay ay ay.

NICO  
Lo siento pero neccisito obtener  
algo.

ADRIANA  
Voy contigo.

NICO  
No no no no...

NARRATOR  
Adriana es un poco sospechosa. Semana  
Antes. Adriana esta comprando para un  
vestido con Lucas en la calle.

YOUSSEF  
Lucas?

LUCAS  
Youssef? Creo que estuvieras muerto!  
Que paso?

YOUSSEF  
Es un larga estoria. Por que estas in  
el tienda de vestido de bodas?

LUCAS

Estoy ayudando mi sombrina. Ella se va a casar. Esta es Adriana.

YOUSSEF

Salamanca es un ciudad pequeno. Se el prometico?

ADRIANA

Es Nico Fassih. Mira!

NARRATOR

(Youssef mira a la pintura con suspicion. Lucas camina en la tienda.)

YOUSSEF

Parece familiar. Dios Mio! Es Ceja Malbada! Lo conosco el. El trato de matarme!

ADRIANA

Mi Nico! No jodas!  
(Con agresion)

NARRATOR

Semana despues.

ADRIANA

(En el telefono con Roberta)  
Creo que Nico es dando me los cuerdnos.

ROBERTA

Que Paso?

ADRIANA

Se estaba portando raro. Salio con no explanacion.

ROBERTA

Es un perro. Lo siento.

(Adriana cuelga. Adriana abrio la maleta de Nico. Mira un fondo falso con telefonos, hashish, passaportes, y dinero extranjero)

ADRIANA

Dios Mio. Youssef es correcto? Los  
passaportes, los telefonos...Que  
paso?!

(Un telefono de Nico hace un BZZZZ)

ADRIANA (cont'd)

Un texto. "Va a la Lago Moeruno.  
22:00 en punto" Neccesito ver.

NARRATOR

Adriana va a la muelle.  
En el muelle hay un hombre alto y bajo con Nico.

HOMBRE BAJO

Tienes el chocolate? Mmmm mmm mm. Te  
amo chocolate.

NICO

Si. Es el tiempo hacerse rico.

HOMBRE ALTO

Es un poco malo hacer en su lune de  
miel.

NICO

Es bien. Vive en ignorancia.  
Muajajajaja.

NARRATOR

Adriana es cerca del lago. Vea Nico  
en el muelle con hombres alto y bajo

ADRIANA

Nico. Malvado!

NICO

Puedo explicarlo. Es mi trabajo.  
Estoy haciendo busceda de arceoligo.

ADRIANA

Estas mentiendo. Veo en tu ceja. Y en  
tu mano es chocolate!

NICO

Por favor. Hace para ti. Para nos  
familia. Soy en la mafia, pero voy a  
estar un esposo bueno!

ADRIANA

Estas muerto para mi.

NARRATOR

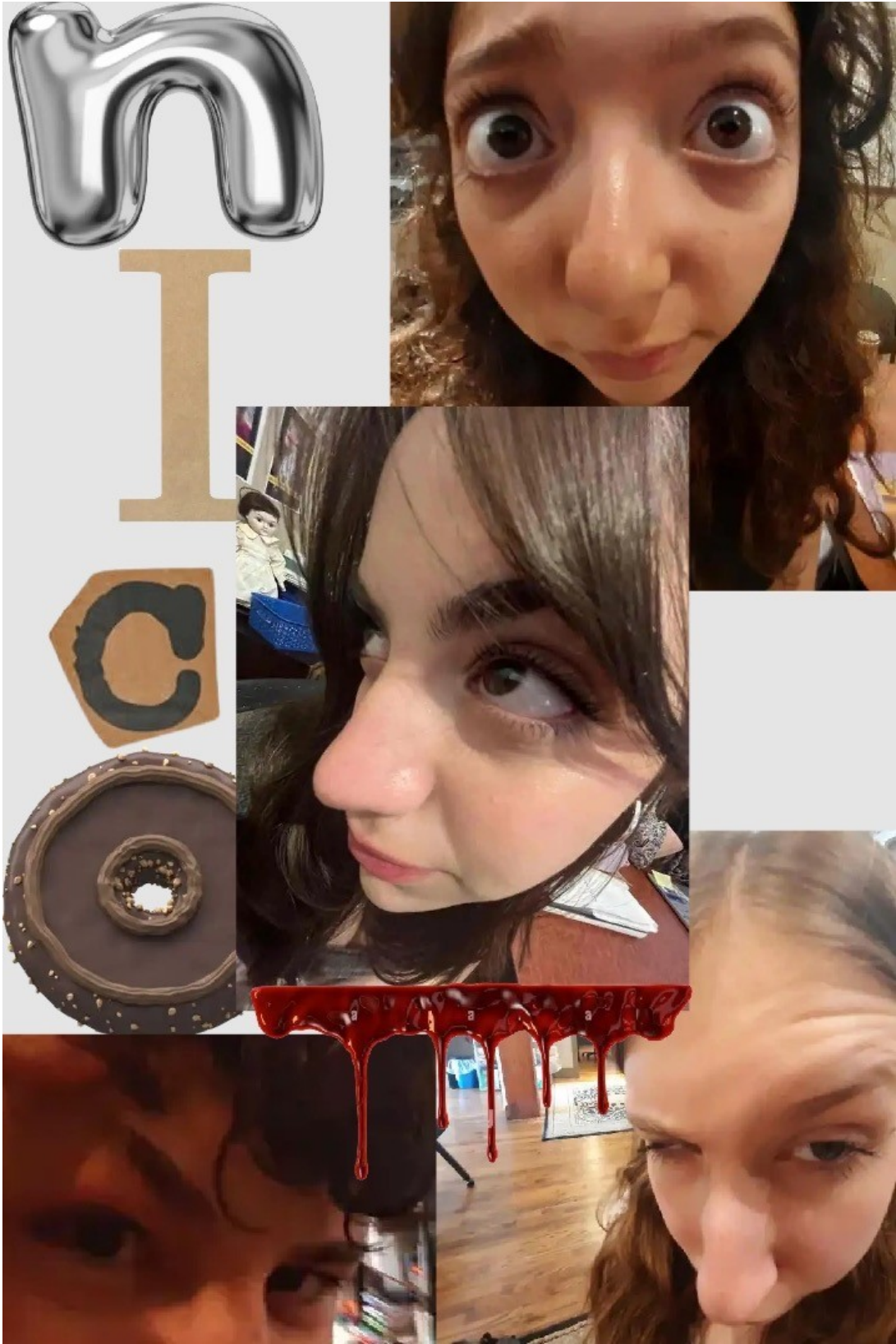
Adriana empuja Nico en la agua. Nico  
calle en la roca y murio.

ADRIANA

Algunas cejas hamas deberian subir.

NARRATOR

Ella enarcando su ceja con  
satisfacción y cruza los brazos.

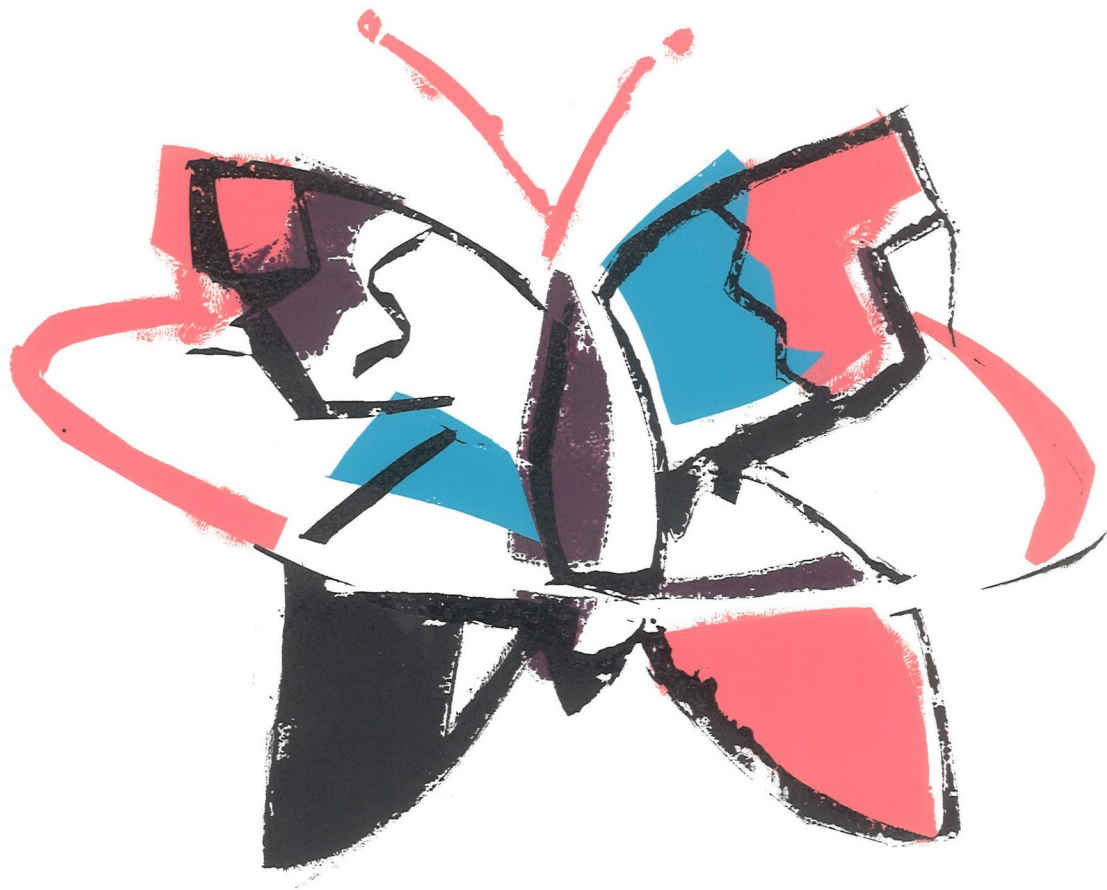


(Companion piece to Spanish play)

!S·A·V·I!







"butterfly after the rave"

2nd n

**Butterfly After The Rave**  
Ebelin Romero-Martinez

## A Collection Of CHS Love Stories

By Us

### A Co-op Adventure

Our eyes meet over the counter. Butterflies flutter in my tummy. He looks so good in his well fit green apron. His height amazes me.

I duck behind the potato display. I'm shy. I finally worked up enough courage to check out. Maybe our hands will brush when he gives me my change.

Just the thought makes my pupils dilate. Sure enough, as he hands me the 69 cents, his finger brushes the palm of my hand. His hands are soft and luscious. I blush deep red. I hurry out, but before I'm out the door he calls my name.

"Wait!" I turn around slowly.

"Have a nice day." He says with a smirk. I smile and leave.

A few days later I went back to the Co Op. I need some more milk. He's the only cashier there. I ask him where it is. "I can get you some milk," he says with a wink.

He disappears into the back. He's being extra helpful today. He couldn't be into me. Could he? He's been back there longer than a minute.

He reappeared with a bottle of homestead creamery milk. I buy it and walk out to my car. Suddenly I realize there's something written on the bottle. It's his number.

I type the number into my phone, with a hammering heart.

"The milk was scrumptious. Almost as scrumptious as you." I sent it. My palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy, and I'm extremely nervous.

Ping! He responded! "Hey, do you want to get coffee at Mill mountain sometime ;)?" My heart flutters.

### Baker Band Boy

I was looking in the music section of Barnes & Nobles searching for the CDs when I walked into a tall guy in a flannel,

"Oh sorry. Ur really beautiful", he said weirdly with a little flush coming over his face.

"Thanks!", I say while looking up at him and then down to the CD in his hand.

"Omg I love that song!", I exclaimed while tucking my hair behind my ear

"Well then, I love u cuz "that song" happens to be my favorite, Karma by Jojo Siwa is a work of art." he said with a smirk.

A few days later I am sitting in the student lounge playing a board game with some of the student loungers. My heart does a jig when I see the boy from Barnes & Nobles sit down to join the game. He smiles at me and offers me half of his sandwich.

“Oh goodness, that’s exactly what I was craving”. I say accepting the sandwich.

“Also if you're ever in need of a utensil, I got a secret stash in the back. You can get one whenever you need”. He said with a wink.

What an agreeable and thoughtful man. I got flustered and a hot flash came over me. I've always wanted a boyfriend that would keep utensils for me. Oh boyfriend! Let's not get ahead of ourselves here.

I’m deep in thought, fantasizing about him, when suddenly he screams, “ It’s your turn!”. I stared at him startled.

“This is supposed to be a fast paced game!” He yells again.

I love it when yells so loud the whole school can hear. I forgot we’re playing a card game. He waved his hands in front of my face trying to get me to go.

“Your hands, they have flour on them?!” I stuttered.

“yeah I'm kinda a Baker in my free time”, he said shyly

“Speaking of, I think my limoncello creme brulee raspberry cream with a blueberry glaze pie needs to get out of the oven”.

Then he ran away like a majestic horse.

### My Hero

I'm dancing with him. Twirling. Jumping. As he lifts me I feel myself slipping. I start to fall. He grabs my waist. He's sitting on the ground, me in his arms. He's holding me tightly.

"I'm so sorry," he says, looking down at my face, "are you okay?" He has a worried expression.

"Now I am," I say, "you saved me. My hero."

I feel warmth spread throughout my body. He stands up and offers his hand for me to take. I take it and he helps me up off the ground. We lock eyes as our hands are intertwined together. I let go of his hand as I turned away to walk to my bag. I see a shadow over his eyes as our hands depart. I start to pack up. I put the strap over my shoulder, then I look down and see everything falling out of my bag. I forgot to zip it shut. I sigh, then bend down to start to pick up the things that dropped. All of a sudden I feel a hand on my shoulders. I tense, then I look up behind me. There he is standing there behind me with a smile. He looks so muscular and strong.

"You need some help?" He asks with a smirk

"Sure" I say, breathless. He helps to pick up the stuff. The last thing on the ground is my hairbrush. I reach out to pick it up. He reaches out at the same time to pick it up. His hand closes over mine on the brush.

"Oops," he says with a chuckle. I laughed. He removed his hand and I stuffed the brush In my bag.

"Thank you for helping me clean up." I say shyly

“Of course darling” he says with a smirk

My face goes red with color, and heat floods my body. He called me darling! Butterflies encroach my stomach.

“Would you like to have lunch with me at Mill Mountain later?” He asks. I would love to have lunch with him I think secretly. He has puppy dog eyes as he looks down on me. He's so tall and spectacular!

“I would love that.”

### A CHS Love Story (Full Edition)

I sigh deeply and take a long drink of my Mill Mountain Coffee.

“Gosh I wish he would just notice me.” I say to myself. I get up to dispose of my cup when all of a sudden I feel my body collide with a bigger, stronger one.

“Hey, you okay?” he asks. *He* asks.

He swiftly pulls me off the floor, for I was knocked down by the sheer force of the collision.

“Oh hehehe, yes..” I blush. His messy curls are majestic.

“Do you want to walk back to school together?”

I giggle and leap with joy.

“Yes of course” It's now when I realize he spilled coffee on my shirt when he ran into me.

“I might have an extra shirt you can borrow,” he says.

We walk back to school and suddenly he bursts out with a cough so loud it shakes the street.

“Are you okay?” I ask with a sympathetic smile.

“Haha yeah, you're just so beautiful, I felt a tickle in my throat.” I giggle and turn red. He's so charming, he clears his throat.

“I have a question” I look up in expectation. Then he spoke, I was frozen in shock.

“Will you marry me?”

*Will you marry me.* I repeat the words in my head over and over again. I must have been lost in thought for a while.

“You okay?” he asks, putting a hand on my shoulder.

“Oh yes, I'm quite alright.” Gosh, what do I tell him?

“So? Will you marry me?”. I gaze into his carmel amber eyes.

“How could I say no”. I feel elated with enthusiasm.

## Michael Mosley The Wonders of Blood

\*disclaimer\* *This is an anatomy class joke following the video we watched about the wonders of blood.*

I saw him after his shoot with the British Broadcasting Channel(BBC). He looked a little out of breath. Perchance he had been biking as he explained yesterday.

“What did you do today?” I said. My blood rushing through my body.

“It was very peculiar.” He exclaimed, showcasing his top teeth that I’d never seen before. I was honored that I could make him smile.

“We took a sample of my wondrous blood and had it made into a sausage!” His eyes expanded and his British accent took on a more mischievous tone.

“Then I ate it! Isn’t that just so mind boggling?”

Suddenly I have a shockingly intrusive thought. *Is he a CANNIBAL? Insanity! I mean that could be classified as cannibalism, could it not?! What am I thinking? What possessed me? I’ve fallen in love with a CANNIBAL*

“Oh -yes that is very mind boggling.” I say while slowly inching backwards. *I cannot let this ragged old British man with most likely bad teeth(honestly I’m not too sure. I don’t see them much. Most of the time it looks like he doesn’t have teeth.) take MY BLOOD.*

“Also, have you ever been water rafting? Because it is absolutely EXHILARATING! Watch this video we did for the set last week.” His eyes have started to look less sane by the second. *What type of cannibal talks about water rafting?* I question myself while looking into his non avoidable blue orbs. He proceeded to show me a video of him water rafting, however the camera was attached to his head so I saw quite a weird view of his nostrils.

“I mean isn’t *fresh* blood, just AMAZING!” He lingered on the word fresh just a little too long than comfortable. Then I noticed something abominable. *BLOOD. There was blood on the collar of his shirt.* My eyes grew large though I tried to conceal it. “What’s that?” I say trying to maintain a steady voice.

“AHH-HAAA!” He loudly exclaimed, making me jump with fear. “There’s that little *scoundrel*. I thought I felt a crumb of meaty sausage fall.” *He talked too joyously about this; he must be deranged.*



Miles Cote



## **Featuring:**

Zora Danz

Marlee Christian

Brittney “B” McLaughlin

Daniel Asbury

Hazel Willoughby

Rowan Spicer

Maddox Brown

Wilson Keyes

Jay Spangler (‘22)

Vanessa Brown

Isha Hopkins-Gentry

Tristan Sanson

Avery Mikesell

Ebelin Romero-Martinez

Miles Cote

...along with contributions from the Spanish III/IV class and other  
anonymous community members!