

Inner Beauty



Rise Up

Wilson High School 2018-2019 Literary Journal

“Rise up”

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Innocent Love

An innocent love can kill someone

An innocent love can hurt someone

An innocent love can give you a thrill.

With innocent love, you will flirt.

Maybe it's the thrill of the chase.

Maybe it's the games you play.

That keeps me in this loveless place.

That makes me want to stay.

But this love is killing me.

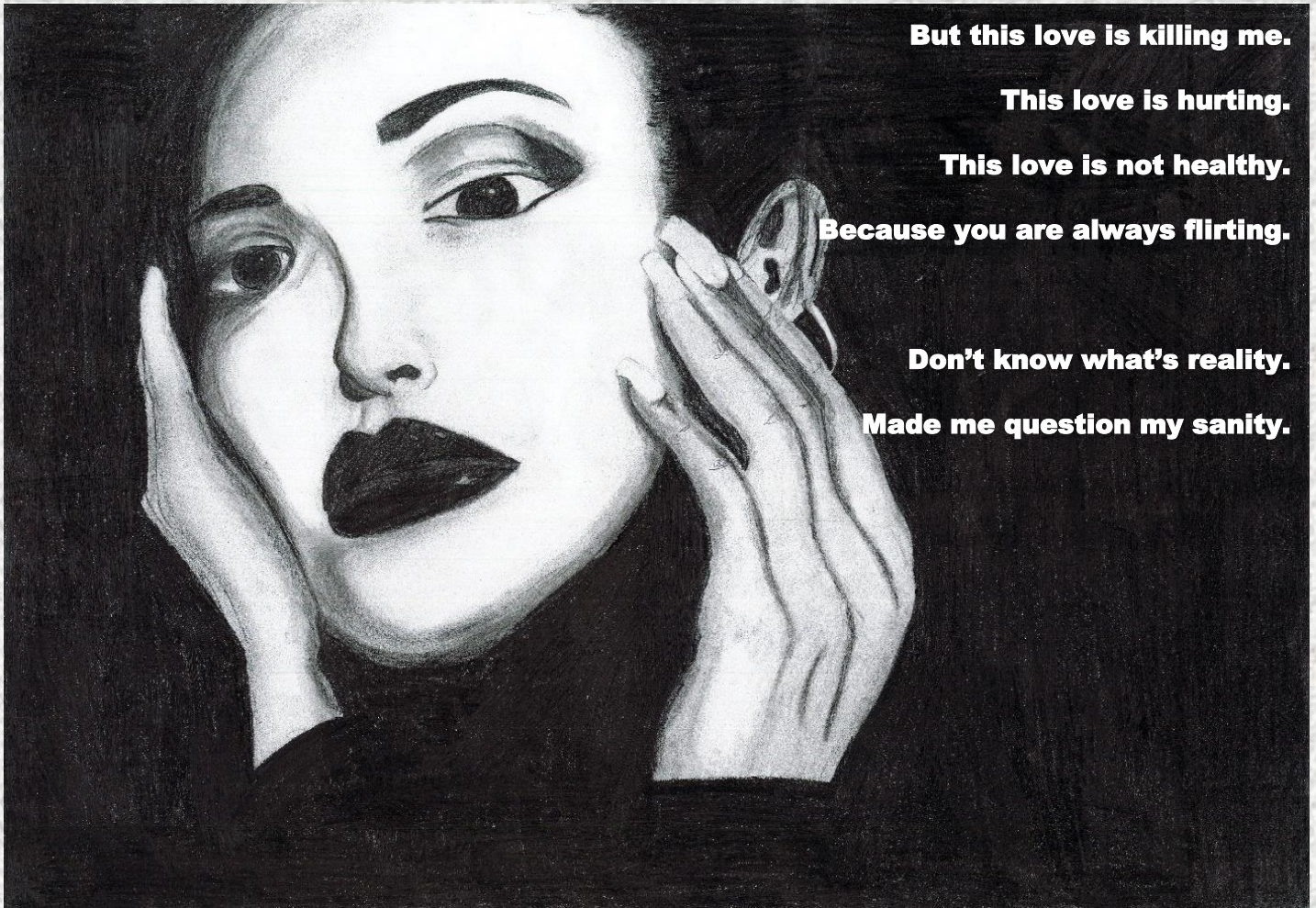
This love is hurting.

This love is not healthy.

Because you are always flirting.

Don't know what's reality.

Made me question my sanity.



Liar Liar

Being stuck in a family who is always moving stinks. My parents are constantly making me move and I'm tired of it. A 16-year-old isn't meant to be moving school this many times.

This is the 6th school I am moving to this year... no, I am not lying. Every school I have gone to I don't fit in and I'm just stuck eating by myself at lunch. But this time things are going to change.

"Knock, Knock," said my dad.

"Hey, dad. What's up?"

"Your stepmother told me to tell you that she will be dropping you off at 7:00 AM kiddo"

"Ok, Dad... do I really have to go? I'm kinda feeling sick"

"DRAKE TYLER!" (my dad only uses my full name when he is really ticked off) "you are going to school whether you want to or not. A change could be good for you. So suck it up. You have half an hour to get ready so hurry up."

I slammed my bedroom door with anger as my father left my room. I was swarmed with anger. I really did not want to go to a new school again. But I sucked it up. I grabbed my wadded up jeans from off my floor. I just didn't feel like going through all of the unpacked boxes. Then I just wore my Pajama shirt I already had on from last night. I sprayed it with cologne and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth.

"Hurry up honey we have to leave soon son," said mother. "Your father got bread from the food stamps yesterday so make some toast and meet me at the car."

My father got fired from his job a few months ago, so we have had to live off food stamps and my mother's money.

After I finished making my toast I ran downstairs to meet my mom out at the car.

"Drake you are 10 minutes late. You're going to be late for your first day"

"Mom, Chill out"

"Drake you need to make a good impression at your new school"

"Ok, ok mom. Then stop lecturing me and let's go"

Mother then tried to start the old rundown broken car. It took 4 tries and then it finally started. We have had this car for 6 years. We need a new one but, like everything else, we can't afford it.

Once we pulled up to my new school I felt my stomach turn but I had to act cool. I don't like to show my fear in front of my mother. She already has enough to worry about.

My mom told me to have a good day and then sent me on my way. As I stepped closer and closer to the school I could feel myself get more nervous. 1 step, 2 steps, 3, 4, 5, 6, with every step my stomach just got tighter and tighter. Then I was in school.

This school was large and dark like a trolls evil dungeon. The last time I was this nervous was when my dad lost his job. But by the 3rd period, I felt better.

"Hey, weirdo, what's your name?"

"Uh, Drake"

"Cool name mine's Dove."

"Cool."

"So where did you come from weirdo?"

"I used to live in L.A."

"Wow, that's where all the rich people live. You rich too weirdo?"

“Uh,” I didn’t want to tell her I was poor because I wanted things to be different in this school. “Yea my dad is a music producer. He works for lots of cool singers.”

“That's pretty cool new kid. How about you sit with me and my friends during lunch today”

“Sure better than sitting by myself.”

Maybe this year would be different. I already have one new friend and I don’t have to sit by myself at lunch.

The next 3 weeks went better than expected. I had many friends and wasn’t the total freak show of the school. And people actually thought I was a big deal all because I told them my dad is a music producer in L.A. I mean one little white lie won’t hurt right?

“Hey Drake come here” yelled Dove, she pulled out her bright pink phone. “Is this you?”

My heart dropped and I was frozen. She had pulled up my old Facebook profile from 5th grade. Doesn’t seem like a problem except for my school life is made up of lies and they will all soon realize who I really am.

“Uh, no. I have no idea who that dude is.”

“Drake do not act stupid this is you. What could be so bad that you don’t want us to see your profile? Is it bad selfies?”

“Ok, dude. I'm not who I said I was.”

“What do you mean?”

“Ok. I'm not rich. Or from L.A. and my dad isn’t a music producer.”

“So you lied?”

“I'm sorry,” I said as my eyes filled up with tears. I ran to the bathroom and hid in a stall for the rest of lunch. All by myself.

The next week was just as terrible as my old schools. I had no friends and Dove can’t even look at me. I was fake. People started calling me a Ken doll as I walked down the halls. I wanted to move. I hated how I was. I was fake. But then one day after school I got a text message from Dove. I didn’t want to open it up. But I did.

“Hey Drake can we talk?”

“Sure dude. What's up?”

“Drake I'm sorry.”

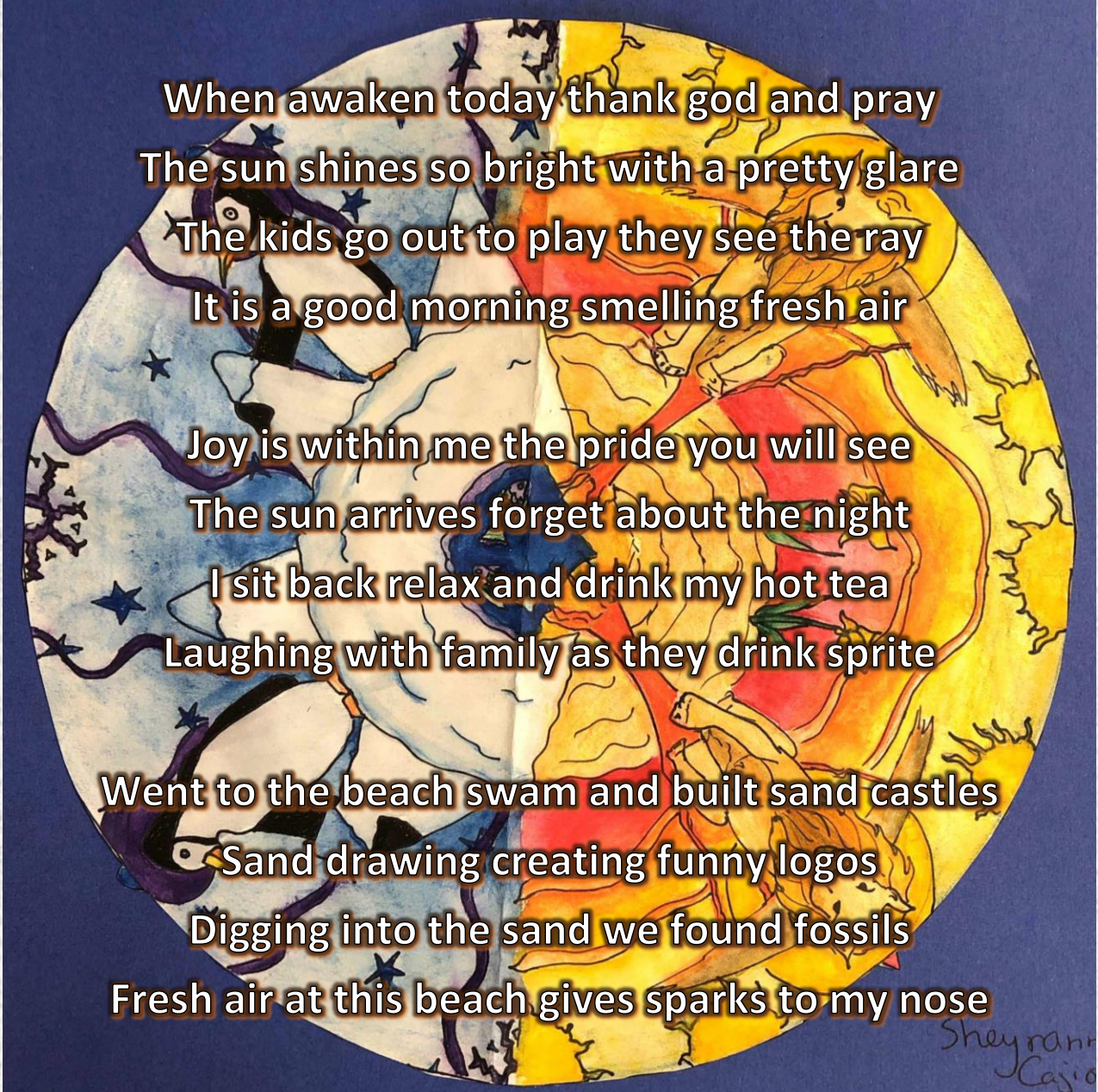
“What are you talking about? I lied to all of you. I'm fake.”

“But I don’t care who you are. I don't care if you’re poor or rich. You're a good guy and my best friend. I shouldn’t have left after one white lie. Yes, you should have been yourself but I messed up. I was rude and mean for no reason. I should have talked to you and asked why you lied. But be yourself from now on.”

“I know. I messed up bad. I’m sorry Dove”

Weeks passed and things were back to normal. I had all of my friends back again and I started showing my true self and I soon realized that it doesn’t matter who you are if they are your true friends then they will love you no matter what.

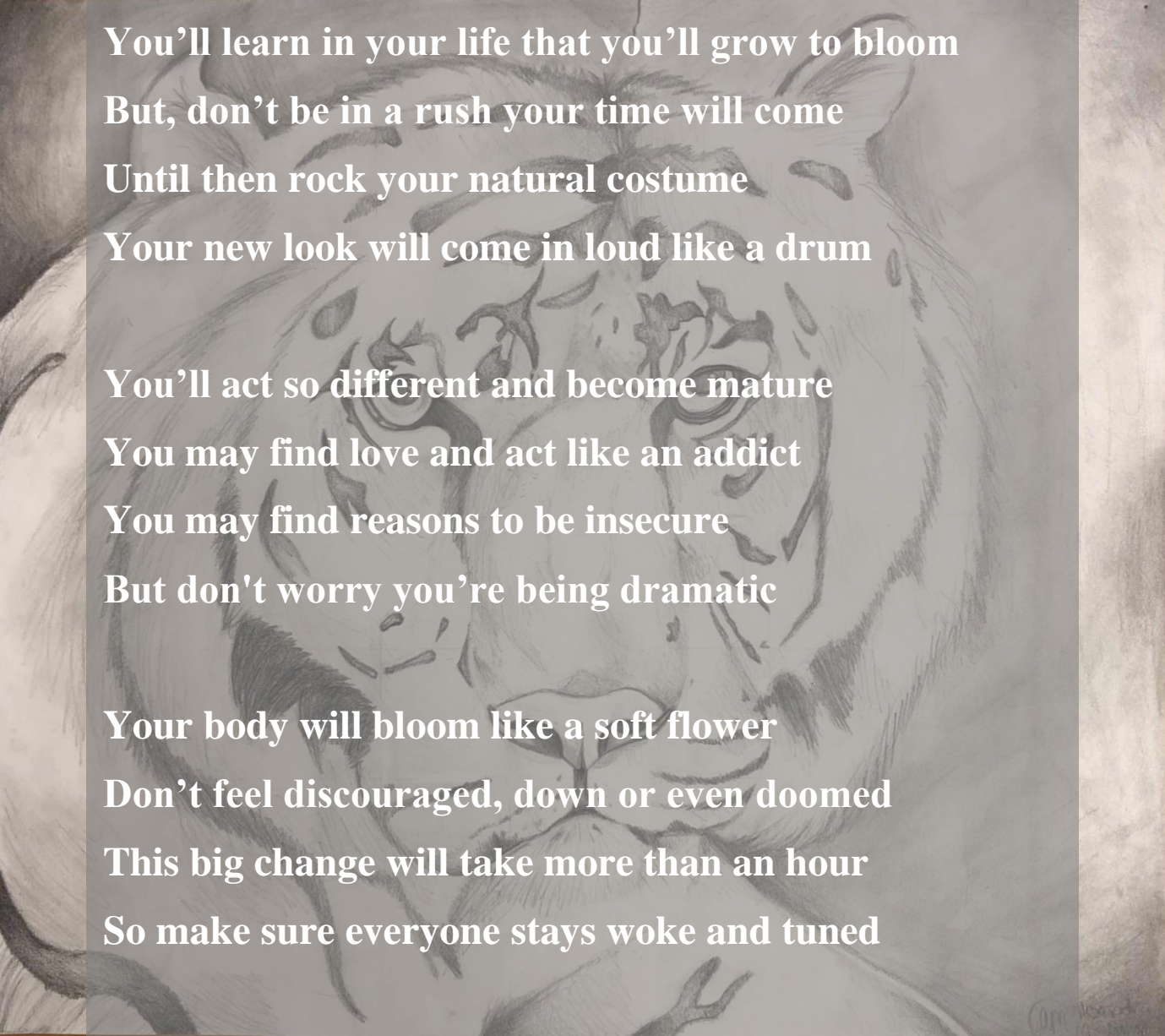
Sonnet Williams



When awoken today thank god and pray
The sun shines so bright with a pretty glare
The kids go out to play they see the ray
It is a good morning smelling fresh air
Joy is within me the pride you will see
The sun arrives forget about the night
I sit back relax and drink my hot tea
Laughing with family as they drink sprite
Went to the beach swam and built sand castles
Sand drawing creating funny logos
Digging into the sand we found fossils
Fresh air at this beach gives sparks to my nose

Leaving the hot beach I don't want to go
Hopefully next time the time will go slow

Growing Older



You'll learn in your life that you'll grow to bloom
But, don't be in a rush your time will come
Until then rock your natural costume
Your new look will come in loud like a drum

You'll act so different and become mature
You may find love and act like an addict
You may find reasons to be insecure
But don't worry you're being dramatic

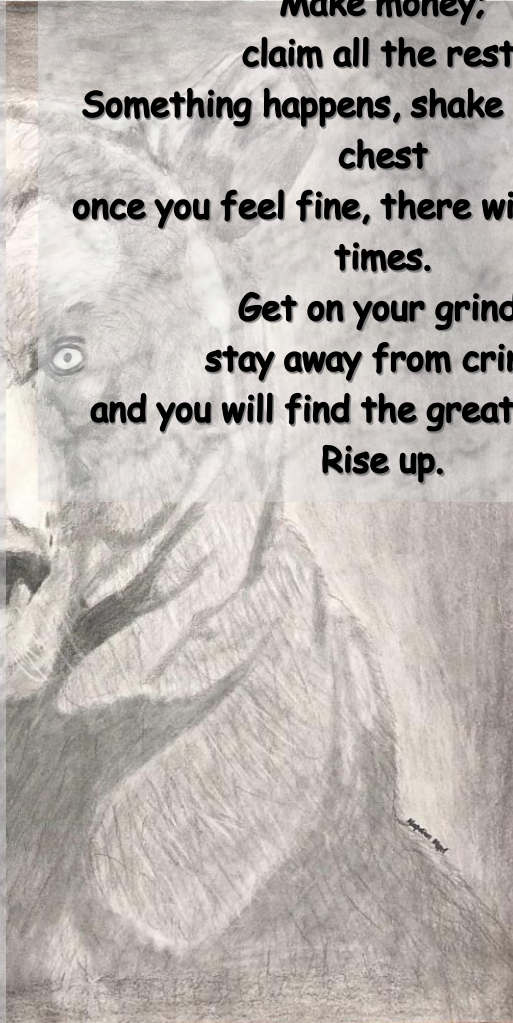
Your body will bloom like a soft flower
Don't feel discouraged, down or even doomed
This big change will take more than an hour
So make sure everyone stays woke and tuned

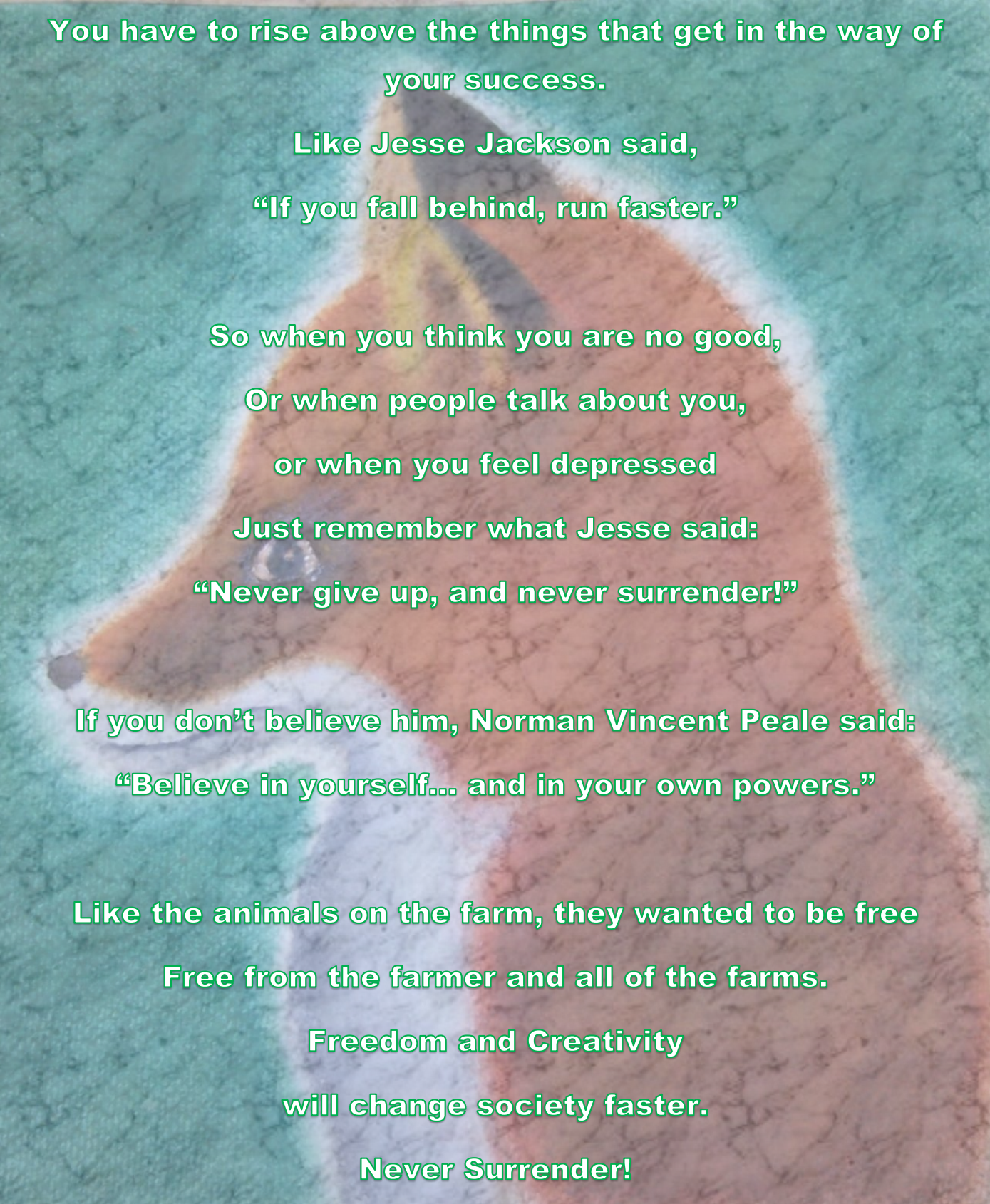
Growing up is always slow and a climb
Your blessing and glow will come when it's time.

"Farmers' Rage"

**The farmer reaps off the backs of his
servants,
Feeding off their pain and suffering.
If only he knew that he fueled his
insurgents
Through his actions his servants are
always restructuring
Little could they know there was
treachery afoot
A resurgence of the mistreated
They planned and planned, for days and
weeks they pussyfoot.
The day of war arrived and the farmer
has been hastily defeated
He fed their anger and not their
stomachs pushing away their wants and
needs;
Now that he's gone, his farm is now
ours: we celebrate with parties and
feeds
The toil is over for the farmer is gone
for the servants they came in
convergence
If only he knew he fueled his
insurgents.**

**Rise up.
Don't fall.
Keep your head up, and stay strong;
Some pain may last long, but in the end,
it will be like your favorite song.
Rise up.
Be the best.
Make money;
claim all the rest.
Something happens, shake it off your
chest
once you feel fine, there will be easier
times.
Get on your grind.
stay away from crime.
and you will find the greatest times.
Rise up.**





**You have to rise above the things that get in the way of
your success.**

**Like Jesse Jackson said,
“If you fall behind, run faster.”**

**So when you think you are no good,
Or when people talk about you,
or when you feel depressed
Just remember what Jesse said:
“Never give up, and never surrender!”**

**If you don't believe him, Norman Vincent Peale said:
“Believe in yourself... and in your own powers.”**

**Like the animals on the farm, they wanted to be free
Free from the farmer and all of the farms.**

**Freedom and Creativity
will change society faster.**

Never Surrender!

Beautiful Flower



*Opening bud of an infant flower
Tended and nourished, planted in a row
Growing in sunshine and in spring showers
Slowly becoming beautiful it grows
Growing taller and taller by the stem
And then the flower is pulled by the roots
This is cut and trimmed to look like a gem
It is so beautiful it smells like fruits
This flower is growing faster to bloom
Wonderful flower is going to rise
Great in existence to smell like perfume
Flower is not taken care of it dies
It is cut and groomed to be put in vase
Finds out the flower decays in the base*



Through thick and thin you persevere

No matter the setting, face your fear.

Be bold and start rising up

It's your time and future so start lining it up

You won't know the outcome til' you take the risk

And let the world know who time it is,

Don't let nobody control you or tell you what to do

The best thing you can do is be you

Persevering is life's most important task

But being independent doesn't mean you can't ask,

No matter what take the right path cause it'll only

impact you the most.

**Everyone has the right to stand up to what they
believe**

But in the process expect people to leave,

Despite where you came from be sure to take a stand

**Only you know your past don't expect others to
understand**

Pomegranate

It's not the most pleasant feeling when you're ridiculed for your personal tastes and tendencies, I should know. Playing video games, wearing hoodies daily, and not showing much emotion throughout the day aren't things that most girls my age would prefer to be doing. In fact, any time I'm not at school sluggishly strutting around the halls like a half-dead human I'll be at home in front of some sort of screen all day. It's also really hard for me to interact with others, not because I'm a girl but because I've got a serious social anxiety problem. Because of this, I'm much more comfortable being behind a screen in my bed for the rest of my life if I had the option. As a result of my excessive device usage (which produced abnormal sleeping habits), my mother decided that I should get out of the house from time to time and socialize or she'll be forced to limit my time on my devices, maybe even ban me from using them altogether. Naturally, I'd protest against this seemingly absurd idea of hers, but she would not budge. After a drawn out groan, I uttered an unsatisfied "Fine," and I began to look on the web for something that may spark my interest. Fortunately, with the power of Google I discovered a gaming community that held weekly video game tournaments at RCC, a community college not too far from where I lived. With this, I would lose the comfort of being in bed with a screen all day but I suppose I'd finally have people to relate to.

I consider myself lucky since my mother actually allowed me to go to the community college from now on as I still get to keep my privileges while doing something that would probably be fun on the side. At the day of the weekly tournament, I packed my controller, my phone and a pair of earphones inside of my bag in preparation for it. Although I had some boyish tendencies, I still cared about my personal hygiene and I was sensible enough to at least take a shower in preparation for it. After fifteen minutes of removing my daily sweat, I nonchalantly put on a grey hoodie and a conveniently matching grey sweatpants. My mom dropped me off an hour early because she believed that the earlier I arrived, the better chance I have of socializing more. She asked me if I'd like her to stay with me and I responded with a hasty "no." I'm glad I did too, because as soon as I stepped into the venue my ears were immediately greeted with all sorts of profanity and foul language. I wasn't surprised by this as these were students in their late teens and early twenties, at their age there's bound to be some mature language used immaturely. As I stood right by the door I saw groups of young adults in front of several televisions, most of them in groups of threes and fours, almost all of them focused on the screens. Some of them had game controllers in their hands, their fingers moving rapidly as the focus of their pupils shifted all around the screen just as quickly. The ones that weren't in front of the screens were either listening to music, talking with their friends, sipping on a soda or eating lunch. I also noticed a blonde male with long dreads and glasses by himself with a phone in his hand, looking over all of the others and pacing around the place while asking various people if they'd like to enter the tournament. Contrary to my inferences about these kinds of people, they didn't smell too bad. I could tell some of them didn't shower but the majority of them were hygienic human beings.

Seeing this seemingly sociable group of people caused me to smile slightly. I took another step forward and I was greeted with this sudden feeling of anxiety. My heartbeat suddenly sped up, my knees became weak and the smiling face that I recently formed quickly turned to a grim, nervous expression. I wanted to enter this tournament and maybe even socialize for once but apparently my legs weren't as enthusiastic as I was. Every step I attempted to take turned into a

slight, awkward shuffle towards the tournament organizer but I eventually managed to approach him. I tugged on his shirt a few times like a little girl trying to get her father's attention. Of course, I was feeling far too sheepish in order to speak but I didn't know that my mind would stoop so low as to not consider a simple gesture of tapping him on the shoulder. He almost immediately turned around and looked straight at me, his piercing glare and his thick hair almost hitting my face almost giving me a heart attack. The stars must've aligned for me and angels from the heavens were probably giving me all of their strength because I somehow managed to hide my anxiety and I told him that I wanted to enter the tournament. Of course, I had to have a name that I would go by and respond to mid-tournament but I didn't think of anything creative or unique. I then thought long and hard about the most random thing I could think of and suddenly something sparked in my mind. "P-pomegranate," I stuttered, the sheer anxiety from just being next to him almost completely messing up my speech. The tournament organizer looked at me with a puzzled expression for a solid five seconds before turning back to his phone and entering my name into the tournament bracket. Now that I was in the bracket, all that I had to do now was simply wait for about fifty-five minutes for the tournament to begin.

I sat down in a random corner of the venue listening to music as I spectated the television setups and the quirky people that sat by them. As people walked by me I noticed them glance at me and turn their heads forward quickly as if I were some sort of lost child that everyone wanted to ignore. Time went by rather quickly as I sat there with the comfort of my phone music along with the entertainment of the video games being played by me. After a few minutes of waiting, the tournament organizer moved to the center of the room and yelled to the top of his lungs, "We are starting the bracket, everyone quit your casual matches. Raise your hand when your name is called or you're disqualified." He then proceeded to yell the pairs of players that were going to play each other in bracket. As soon as the first few syllables of my alias were called, I shot my hand up into the air as if I were receiving a panic attack. As I looked around to see who else had their hand up I saw a fairly skinny dark skinned man wearing a suit and tie while sporting a blonde dyed hair. As he spotted me, he walked over to me with a flamboyant strut, sitting down in front of a setup and patiently waiting for me to sit next to him. I'm glad he was my first opponent though as his quirky appearance and style seemed to shake off some of nerves that I seemed to have. My hands were shaky at first as I gripped my controller but I managed to keep myself together as I played the first set versus him. To my surprise, the matches were flawless victories from my end and I ended up winning my first match rather easily. The rest of my bracket went pretty smoothly as well. I played exceptionally well throughout it, a few of the best players in the venue taking notice of me as I plowed through the bracket with ease. The attention that I was gathering wasn't nerve-wracking at all. In fact, it felt comforting as I sat there and had fun while people sat behind me and cheered for my success. Eventually, I ended up winning the entire tournament with very few margins of error and a lot of support from the players surrounding me.

After I was announced as the winner when the tournament ended, several people crowded around me complimenting my gameplay and even asking for advice from me. I'm glad I finally took my mom's advice on socializing and I got to meet all of the wonderful people that'd accept my tastes that I have as a girl. As a bonus, I've even managed to overcome my social anxiety to an extent and now I've managed to open up a bit more to people and to not express my opinions to only my mother.

Oh, Christmas

Christmas is almost here, oh joy
is near

Can't wait to wake up and yell

Christmas time

Oh, boy I hope this will be a great
year

And not sour like the taste of a
lime

As I await for Santa to arrive
I could hear the jingle's of all the
bells

Wondering how much till a sugar
hive

Then I sat on back and began to
dwell

What might big ole Santa clause
bring to me?

Maybe a big truck or a yellow
duck

So much can fit under the big
green tree

If I don't get these things
Christmas will suck

So I lay down and wait for the
morning

Oh man I wish Christmas won't
be boring

Christmas

Christmas is coming best time of
the year

As the months, days and weeks
go and exceed

It's the best time to spread the
Christmas cheer

The time where I see my
grandmother knead

When we watch the greatest
Christmas movies

Drink our hot cocoa and eggnog
we do

Eat our best frosted gingerbread
cookies

Stay up all night and watch the
snowflakes too

Open up the presents under the
tree

All the beautiful colors red, blue,
green

Everyone is happy as they can be
As I watch my grandma sip on her
tea

The white perfect snow makes
everything great

But the cold weather makes
everything shake

True delight
In the sight
I just might
Come tonight

The highlight
Of my night
You excite
Me alright

In despite
Of our fight
We unite
Right on-sight

My favorite
Sleep, goodnight



What You Feeling?

Do you feel alone?

Do you feel like you don't have anyone on your side?

Do you ever get that feeling that your trapped inside a body you didn't ask to be in?

Do you feel the adrenaline rush through your body to the point you feel nothing but anger?

Do you ever feel yourself gasping for more air while feeling suffocated?

Well let me tell you how i have.

There's been times i found myself having anxiety attacks

There was times i couldn't find myself.

There was times when i would ball up and cry .

Never have i ever let that stop me from being who i am .

You feel like you want to give up?

I understand.

You feel like you ain't got no reason to live your life?

I understand.

I want you to realize that this is how you feel.

You determine your own feelings.

You can change the way you feel at any time and moment.

Don't let these challenges and bumps in the road stop you from living.

You need motivation?

I got you.

You're beautiful you're amazing you're smart and you are very prosperous.

Believe you can do it and you will.

There will always be a struggle.

There will always be challenges.

You determine the outcome.

Use your strength for the better good.

Now you're feeling good.

Now you're feeling confident.

Now you're feeling brave.

Now you're feeling good enough.

You know why?

It's because you're focusing on yourself.

Put your feelings first.

Love yourself .

That's what you're feeling .

Sonnet Poem

**Sometimes inside I feel like I am dead.
They know nothing but tell me how to feel.
I wish some people were here but they fled.
So, I am figuring out how to deal.**

**Depression sadly is what breaks people.
Then again I have times where I am glee.
Sometimes I think I wish I was crippled.
Another option would be to just flee.**

**Can I start my life over with a bell?
Being great is what is so exhausting.
My body can't take it I want to yell.
Sun's never out, let's see what the frost brings.**

Alone, sitting out in an empty yard.

Why at so many times does death seem hard?

Noam & Snell

The Lioness and the Farm Goat

On January 23rd, a lone female lion was found in the wild savannah of the northern part of Australia. She was found with one baby goat, later found out to be the kid from a nearby farm. The goat was seen wandering on three legs with one leg that seemed to be bitten off by a wild animal. The discovery of the female lion sparked questions in the researchers. They wondered questions from “Where did this lioness come from?” to “Do animals really care for each other regardless of the species?” The new researchers, Rachel and Jenny, were amazed in this rare find. In the wild, this was one of the only known living evidences that showed this amount of care for another species ever. Tracking down this lioness, they found a bit of history before she found this baby goat. Previous explorers, James and Bob, tracked a pack of lions. The group consisted of one male lion and three lionesses with five cubs. Shortly after they made contact with that group, they had reported that, yes, a lioness was forced to leave the pack for unknown reasons. During a past hunt, the lioness’ mate was injured and abandoned by his pack, left to die. The female lion eventually was taken in by another group of lions further south but shortly kicked out after giving birth to three cubs.

Forced to protect her cubs from wild animals, she quickly found a small cave located to the far west of the savannah, near humans. Tracks and the tag they had put on the female lion revealed that she escaped a territorial male lion but only after giving up her three cubs in the escape. She only wandered for a bit before she found human civilization. The farmers were fully content, knowing how safely guarded the property and territory of wild lions were. They carefully guarded against and warned wild animals with loud noises and bright lights surrounding their house. The father, Gregory, was the first to notice his cattle to go missing. He reported this situation to the Animal Protection Services, who responded swiftly to the situation by setting up hidden cameras. Rachel researched the video several times before she caught the slightest movement of a large figure. Rachel requested a camera set up in that particular area. When they zoomed in the next night, they managed to film the lioness attacking a cattle that wandered near the edge of the electric fence. In that one film they analyzed, the female lion couldn’t be described as anything other than deformed, scarred, or scared. She showed actions of distress. Twitching, random growling, and unnecessary aggressiveness were present. In the morning, they found the dead cattle dragged out into a small shelter created by two large flat stones, the bones licked completely clean.

The researchers went to her shelter. Dried blood stained the flattened dry grass.

Self-harm, noted Jenny in her notebook.

A few days later was when they found the baby goat near her cave, grazing dry grass. It was very uncommon to see especially after learning about her diet consisting of farm animals. One hot summer day, the female lion laid on top of her cave to bask in the sun. The goat wandered nearby as if he was treating her like a mother. During on particular hour of the day the goat would lay his head on the female lion’s back, curled up between the legs of the lioness. The dry green grass would sway with the wind. The researchers were further amazed when they found out that the lioness would try to feed it various types of vegetation, even though there was very little in this time of year and location. The goat had also somehow adapted to the life of the savannah animals. Later they discovered an epigenetic change in the goat’s DNA. The stomach was much stronger than most goats in the wild, who tend to live in high mountains or lush forests. As the researchers record the baby goat’s growth, they could see unusual factors in body growth compared to goats of the same species. This goat had mobility instead of stamina and strength. He also developed a very strange long neck that the researchers hypothesized was for eating leaves that were commonly found on high treetops in the savannah. The goat’s barely visible horns he had as a child were now long and dark brown. An additional survival phenomenon was the change in coat color. The baby goat grew from a snow-white curly fur to a very light tan color, the fur flattened out after

years of the lioness' motherly licking. The lioness' condition improved, too. She showed signs of affection and care again to the kid like how she would if she had cubs of her own. Her back and paws were no longer full of scars and signs of self-harm. Rachel and Jenny, who were stuck in their tents still researching this phenomenon, didn't witness much of the relationship but when they did, any outsider could pick up on their mother-and-son love.

The next morning after nearly three years studying the wild bond the lioness and the goat had formed, Jenny woke up tired and the last to wake up as always. She didn't expect the crew, however, to wake her up that morning, clearly distressed about something. A sour smell was in the air. Jenny frown, concerned and quickly got out of bed, putting her thick boots on right after. Her eyes widened. It was probably the worst scene she had witnessed. A trail of blood that led out into the wild starting from the lioness' den could be seen. The male goat from the farm three years ago was nowhere to be seen. The female lion was licking a sharp tear on her shoulder, where a small white part that revealed the bone was visible. Rachel came crying to her but most of the researchers stood there, hard as stone. They had witnessed these kinds of scenes over and over. It was the animal's way of life: kill or be killed. Jenny demanded an explanation, immediately regretting not waking up early enough to watch the scene for herself. Some of them were sitting in a circle eating breakfast.

Apparently, early morning at 6:00 am, a male lion had marked this area as his territory. She fought the male lion, knowing clearly she could die, knowing she had no chance. To make her surrender, he had given her a warning, a warning that could have killed her under normal circumstances. The pride tore the goat to shreds while the lioness watched, reluctantly quietly. The medics helped tend the wounds of the wild female lion. Doing it secretly and as gentle as possible. To add insult to injury, the male lion had also invited her to his.

Ten years later, after giving birth to ten more cubs the female lion died from an disease that infected her wounds years ago. Jenny saw the years go by so fast with Rachel. They were glad they had decided to pick this job. So many wonders, mysteries, and phenomenon awaited them so quietly in the wilderness. One day, maybe they'll find another lion that had a just as strange relationship as the lioness and the farm goat.



- * "Rise Up" & *Animal Farm* Found Poem (Chitaphong) Poem created using thematic words/phrases
- ** POV Short Story (Burns) Short Story written with a protagonist of the opposite gender
- *** Iconic Photo Short Story (Burns) Short Story that illustrates a found photo

