





## AFTWOFF

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Linsey Bowersox

**Carly Forbes** 

Stephanie Koblitz

Calvin Hersh



The Dark
Mountain
Loomed before
My weary legs
A challenge in itself
To teach my soul's spirit
What it means to be alive
But I cannot do it now
I will falter or fall
It is not meant
For the likes
Of me, a
Simple
Man

The
Mountain
Draws me
Forward like
A magnet of soul
Myth of glory pulls
My spirit into renewed vigor
I cannot fail, this test of strength
My goals are deeper than the darkest cave
But I fall
Into the

Lightless Chasm I look

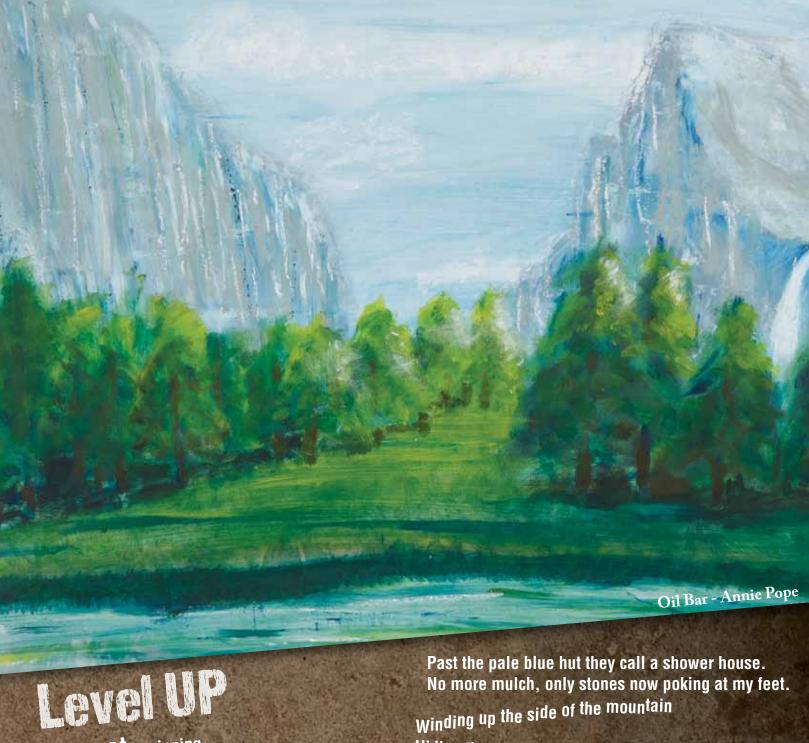
I look
For a way out
But all
Is lost
I am done
Until a
Light
Way up abov

Way up above me
Shines into my heart
It is the ray of hope eternal
Which pulls me from this precipice
This pit that rings despair like it is a bell

Pulled into the high reaches of the highest mountain
The mountain that is my surest challenge, the peak it is my rest
And it is from this peak that I cannot fall, I will not falter once more

Ceranic Mest Link of

As I Once Did



The great beginning Surrounded by all the excited people in the camp.

The tall trees useless against the sweltering heat.

It falls silent.

One person speaking

The formation of lines look less like lines than mobs.

Follow the leader .

- Up the trail, mulch crunching under my feet Past the rickety cabin with crisp clean porches.

Hiding the burning in the legs and shortness of breath

Legs take me out of the woods and into the orchard Directly up the mountain now

Total silence now

No hiding the pain now Left...Right...Left...Right...

#### **A fire has erupted in my legs**

Staggering with each step

Until finally I reach the top Collapse Then run back down.

-Alex Daubert



At the beach I feel the warm morning sun I walk along the shoreline Cold water brushes along my toes Gently holding the hand of the one I love The sound of footsteps on the wooden planks

The smell of freshly made funnel cake

Loud fast beat music spilling from the shops Amusement park with thrilling rides and

Loud screams.

Game buzzers ringing The look on the winner's face

A big fuzzy teddy bear

Sunsets.

Cold breeze blows.

Night time comes.

Stevie Vagner

I fall asleep to the sound of crashing waves. I lay in bed

Ocean Eyes
Ocean Eyes

With the sea caught in your gaze I see the waves Crash as the tide sweeps [across] Your face

Ocean Eyes Amidst the storm The beach is empty calm and thrashing Remnants wash up [after the storm] You've been here before

Ocean Eyes. Where the tide meets shore See the music in your eyes Keep on playing until the sun [grows dim] And the stars shine upon

Those Ocean Eyes Beachy waves fall Upon those Ocean Eyes Under the painted black night To awake to the new dawn With bright
Ocean Eyes.

Sarah
Hammond







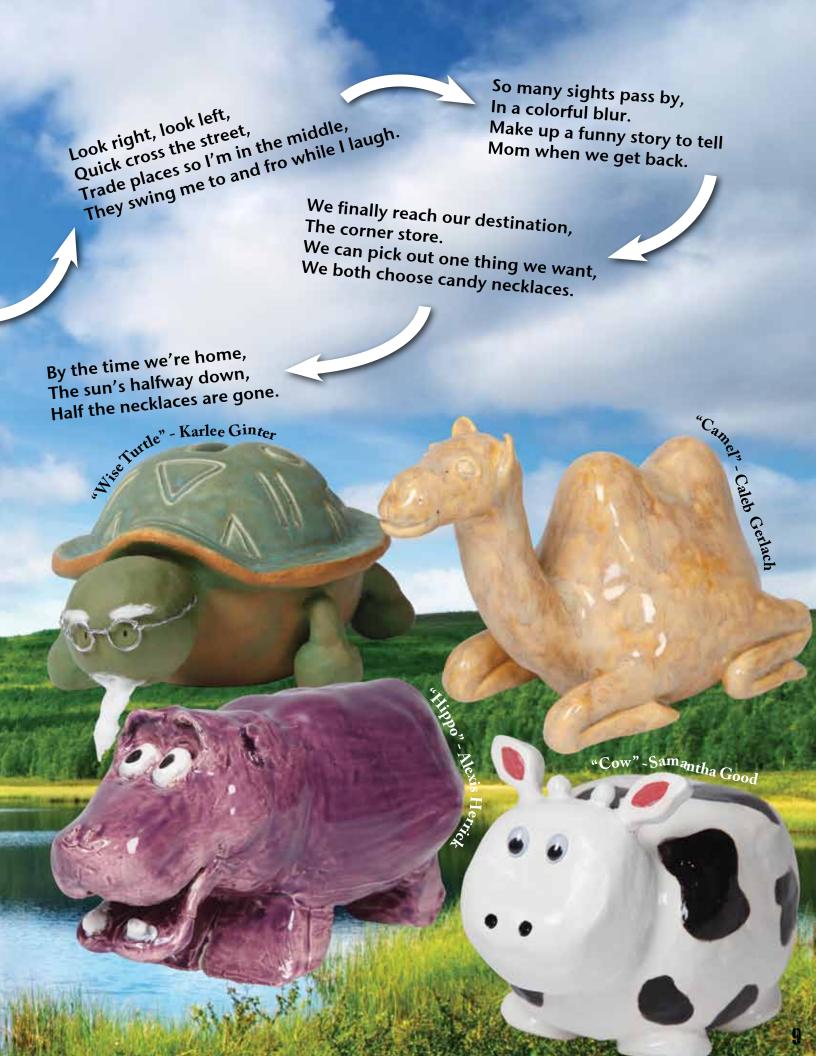
-Bethanie Leppo

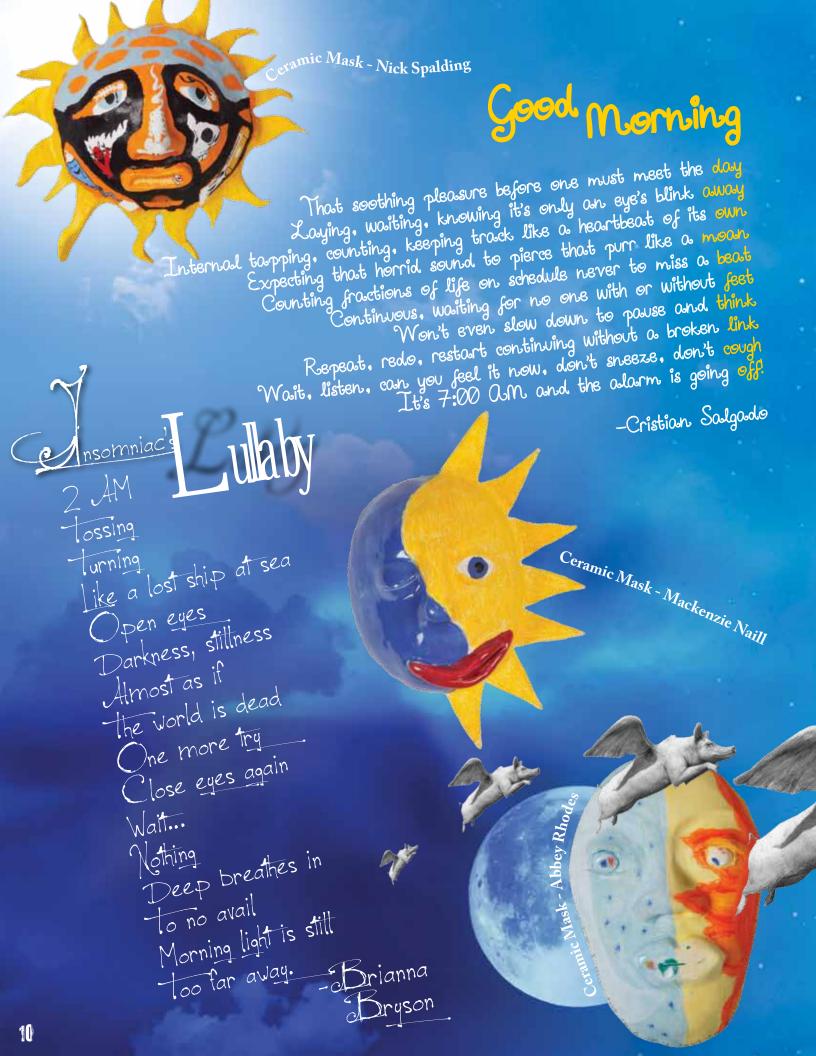
Step hop skip, step hop skip,
Down to the stop sign and back.
A race against my sister,
She would always win.

But she slowed towards the finish line,
A designated crack in the sidewalk,
So as to not make her victory
Too great against her little sister

Dad appears at the top of the steps, We each grab a hand, And set off on an adventure, Just me and Daddy and Em.







### The Library Between Here and There

#### by Matthew Kline

I sat writing at the library, stacks of paper surrounding me, when a man approached me.

"Why sir, what is that stack of papers and what are you writing?"

I answered, "Well, it's my life story."

"Oh? That's a lot of pages for someone so young." "It's actually too few for the spirit," I said. "I'm not concerned with age or people. Just the spirit of life. It's so much more."

The man just laughed, "You don't know that though."

I laid my pencil off to the side and leaned back in my chair a bit. "Don't I? I have seen the Universe for what it is and what it will be. Time slips through the glass. It's not like sand; it's indescribable. It's like everything you've known and more, sliding through a vast emptiness. Almost like a black hole, but an entire other Universe. It's not only your spirit, but everyone else's spirit going through with yours, creating different Universes as they make their own decisions, playing out scenarios that we, as sentimental beings, have never experienced before

Not knowing how to respond, the man stuttered, "The...The...Then how, sir, did you experience it?" I just smiled at my writings. "I died."

The man started to back up. He was mystified. "As a matter of fact, I don't think you should even be able to talk to me. Have you noticed the clock stop moving? The air growing still? The world stop turning? Before you leave this part of the Universe, I want you to think of all that you hold near and dear, because before you know it, it could be gone." I snapped by fingers. "Just like that."

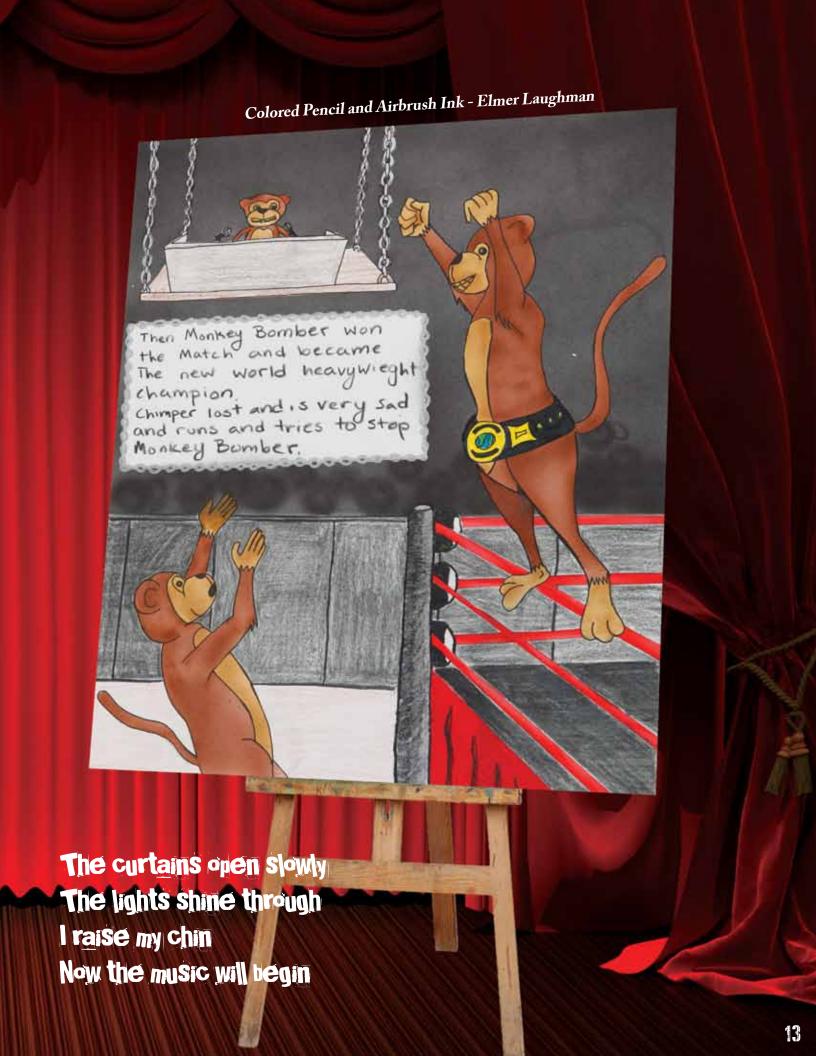
"I don't understand...."

"Just leave. Maybe it's best if you just forget this. Just be careful to make it back to your own Universe. We wouldn't want to screw that up."

The man turned and left without a word, the books falling off the shelves as he briskly walked past them. I just sighed. "Pity. I could have used the company." And I continued writing.









First Place, Local & State American Veterans Essay Contest by - **Rebekah Cartwright** 

# **Ballots Make a Boom**

Just this past November, millions of Americans set aside time from their hectic work days to cast their ballots for the officials who will run our country for the next few years. Just this past November, millions of Americans chose to not participate in the voting process. Voting is a right that, in our country, is often taken for granted, even though it was so fiercely fought for on several occasions. To cast a ballot is to actively participate in the running of our country. For that reason, this privilege should be of certain value to American citizens.

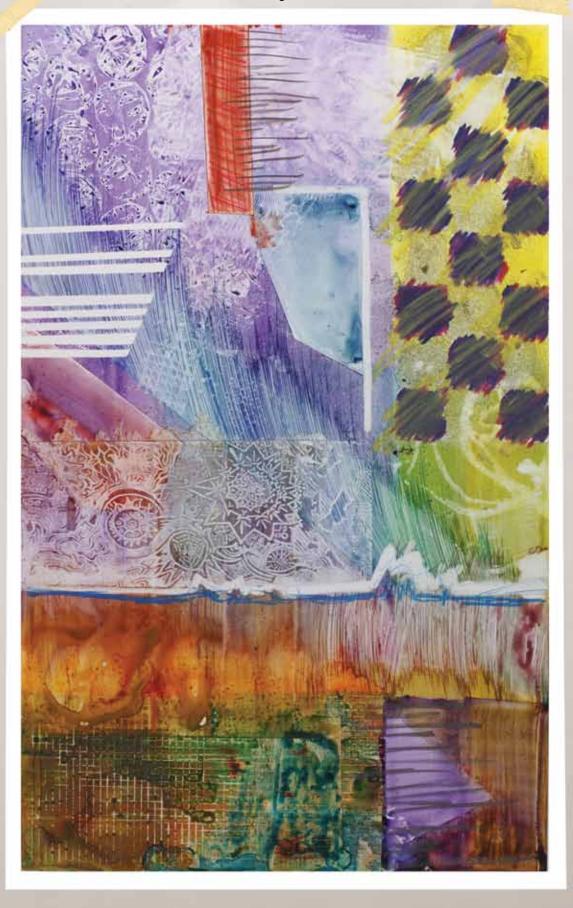
A single ballot can affect the entire nation. The officials that are elected into office have the power to change our country, for better or worse. Think of what our country would be like if certain influential presidents hadn't been voted into office. For example, without the "founding fathers," such as Thomas Jefferson, the very foundation of America would be vastly different. The votes cast in even those early elections have affected our country, centuries later. This also applies to the elections of officials who had more negative influences on our country and the world. With the fate of our country in voters' hands, every vote is valued. In addition to this, with America being the influential country that it is, a single ballot can affect the entire world. The United States wears may hats in our world-policeman, peace keeper, relief provider, and financial advisor, just to name a few. The leaders of America help to fulfill these numerous roles, therefore the ballots cast for them hold the potential of essentially making the world a better place. A lack of voters could result in the loss of a potentially great leader. We, as Americans, don't know the leaders and changes we may have cheated ourselves and the world out of by simply not going to the polling stations. Voters don't just vote for people, they vote for change, ideas, and everything the nominees represent. Expressing this right is a way of encouraging the country to move in a hopefully positive direction, thus impacting the world.

In essence, voting is a way of changing the country and changing the world. Every vote is an act of hope. The great leaders of our country were endorsed by voters nationwide, as were the not-sogreat leaders. Nonetheless, voting has gotten our country to where it is today, and modern voters have the chance to move our country in hopefully a positive direction. This right should not be taken for granted, as voters hold the future. All it takes is a single ballot to affect an entire nation, or even an entire world.





#### Watercolor on Yupo - Katie Little





# Controlling Emotion

-Meredith Brown

I feel it
Pushing
Down on me
Like a boss over a worker
It commands me
With its loud inextinguishable voice
I try to escape it
I run, heart pounding with every step
Straight into a trap
It's going to get me anyway
Can I drive it away?



It will stay subconsciously
Hovering like an annoying fly in the
back of my mind
Suddenly
It stops
Have I escaped
Or is it around the next dark corner
I round it as I hear silence in my head
The silence is so new I begin to pick up
the constant whistling
The distinct voice is gone

Suddenly it's there And my chase begins again

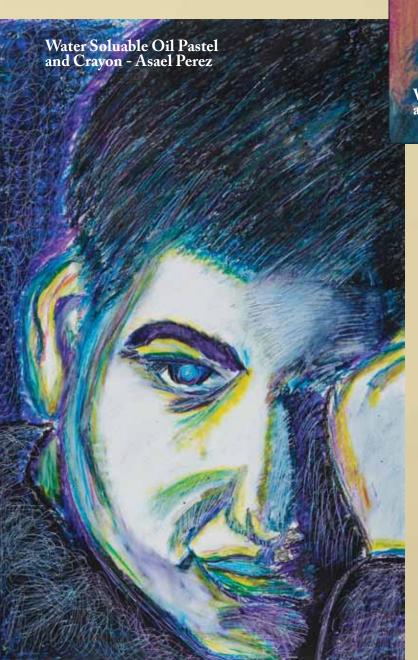
-Tyler Baldwin

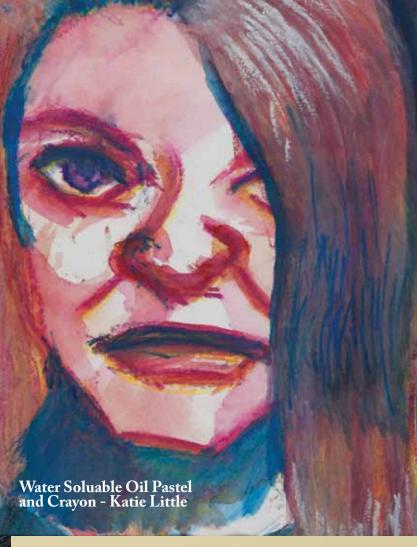
Like rain on a stormy day,
I too feel bleak and sorrowful.
Words seem to slice my heart,
Echo through the serenity of my soul.
Those few words scream so loud,
As my knees begin to fold,
Ring through my ears but I do not comprehend
The words will forever be sketched in
I will have to cope with the loss of her
But right now I feel alone

## UMSEEM

I am the invisible man not the one with bandages that make himself seen but the one who rides through life hides through life, my ripple can't be noticed I'm the tree when no one's around but no one said it was a bad thing I see more than anyone else a one-way mirror you see a reflection I see past that I'm not a strange person I'm just an observer

-Zack Gulden

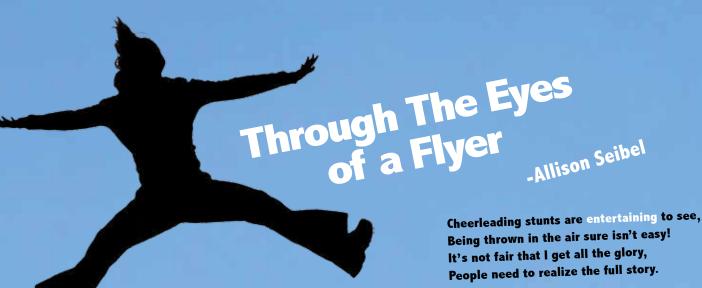




# Lies

Lies, you are a **sin** to say the least, Tempting people everyday, Adding stress to their lives. You give people laise hope, A sense of relief. Your humor is sick, Yet many choose to Stick by your side. You stab your friends in the back, However, they seem to always return. And you greet them back, With open arms. Oh, how I wish for you to vanish, To disintegrate into thin air. I want truth to finally win the battie, Against you, that is. For then, and only then, will the world know Exactly how powerful and victorious **Truth** is.

-Linsey Bowersox



# -Paige Elder

20

Leaves fall off the trees and spring sports are here I get intense, but also very calm I can feel the baton placed in my palm In my first race all I sense is fear I stretch my legs and practice my block starts Ref asks each one of us if we are ready I'm in my blocks and trying to stay steady Gun shoots off, hear the beating of my heart I'm sprinting to get to the finish line, fast feet All I hear is my mom's quotes – they never end Approaching the end feels good, but depends I'm just a freshman, next year [ wonft be beet Running isn't just a sport in the spring

It's also a way to gateway from things.

Being thrown in the air sure isn't easy!

To the bases who are throwing me high, You have the muscles that make me fly. You never fail to catch my weight, This is why I call you a teammate.

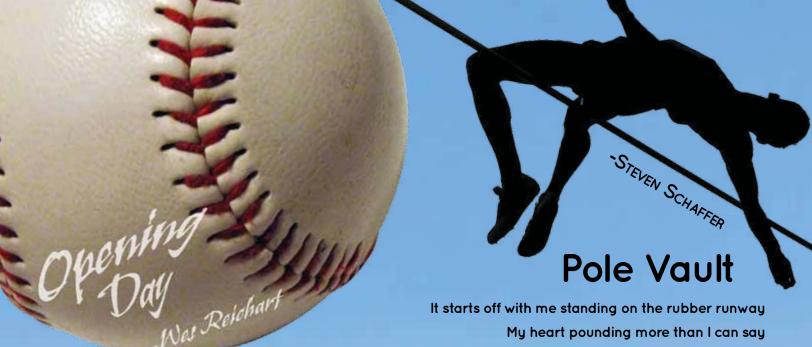
I apologize for always kicking you in the head, I'm probably the reason you had to stay in bed! There is no doubt our stunts always hit, With bases like you, we can always do it!

I give a special thanks to my front spot, When cradling, I kick you a lot. Your face may be opposite of the crowd, Buy when our stunt hits, you can hear them get loud.

We may drop a stunt—it's not the end, Together, it gets back up again. I'm sure your muscles are always sore, We reload, twist, and cradle galore!

As a flyer, I'm responsible for it all, Thanks to all of you I never fall. All the times you told me, "stay tight!" It has paid off, we're dynamite!

To my bottom girls who don't get enough credit And through the practices we all have dreaded, Each of us is important in order to hit a stunt— The flyer, back, bases, and even the front!



The fresh cut grass stood short
Smells of its clipping permeated the surrounding air
It was long since the days of autumn
Yet not too distant from the winter thaw

A diamond of precious proportions
Stood out like a red flame in the darkness of night
The lines in the dirt would mark a new beginning
Once again after the winter thaw

Scents sweet of spring filled the atmosphere
On this time of reawakening
Arms and legs moved with perfect calculation
A steadiness of routine

Tastes of sunflower seeds and gum
The pop whiz pop as ball hit leather
The crack of wood shattered the silence
Could it be opening day?

My heart pounding more than I can say In my hands rests a long fiberglass pole Cleaning the school record has always been my goal Here is my chance to clear 13 feet I've been waiting for this moment since my first track meet The official tells me, "Go!" so I put my left foot back I feel like a cheetah that's ready to attack Before I start my run towards the big blue padding I pray to myself that I'll fly like the carpet in Aladdin I do my gallop and then my dead full sprint Before I know it my pole is bent It happens so quickly that in a blink of an eye I'm up and over and on the mat there I lie I jump for joy when I see that the crossbar is still there I'm so happy as I put my hands in the air I make my way back to where I began Where I will attempt to do it all again If I clear it or not, it will be my fault This is the event we call Pole Vault



# Dr. Reabody and the Statecase by Vance Jenkins

"Oh, when will I ever learn?" Dr. Peabody said to himself. A rather hefty man who took on the occupation of a doctor because of his helping nature, Dr. Peabody had gotten a call one day from a man in a neighboring town concerning Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was an elderly man who had not been seen outside of his house in years. No one dared to enter the house because of its morbid state of disrepair, but despite this, the townspeople greatly respected the old man because of his generosity to the town itself. Dr. Peabody was called upon to check on Mr. Jenkins, to see if he was alright or needed any medical assistance.

Dr. Peabody took the call and was guaranteed by the caller that he would receive payment for any medical bill if Mr. Jenkins needed assistance. Dr. Peabody made his way over to the Jenkins' home very late in the afternoon; the sun had almost set by the time he finally reached the steps of the dilapidated home.

The doctor set up the stairs to the house, thinking to himself as to how long his visit would take and as to whether he would ever be able to get back to his cozy home in Notting before sunrise. He took his steps and noticed that he hadn't seen anybody on his way into town. The town seemed deserted.

The sun had set now. Dr. Peabody was still climbing the stairs.

How long had it been?

He couldn't help but ponder this because he noticed the sting of sweat burning in his eyes. He looked off to the door.

He was still climbing his way up the numerous stairs of the old, decaying house.

Stairs? Why would I venture out to a house filled with these miserable stairs? - Dr Peabody thought to himself in utter agony as he climbed even higher to the distant front door.

The stairs seemed to stretch away from him, as is he had to take two steps just to reach the next. The door didn't seem on the horizon any longer. It seemed closer, motivating the poor Dr. Peabody to get to the house quicker, at a faster pace.

As he took his final steps towards the dark, eerie door of the home, he realized his body had become soaked in sweat, his breathing had become shallow, his pulse had become sporadic, harsh. He turned and looked back down those daunting stairs, he couldn't see the cobbled street. It was almost as if a black mist had settled at the bottom of those never-ending stairs.

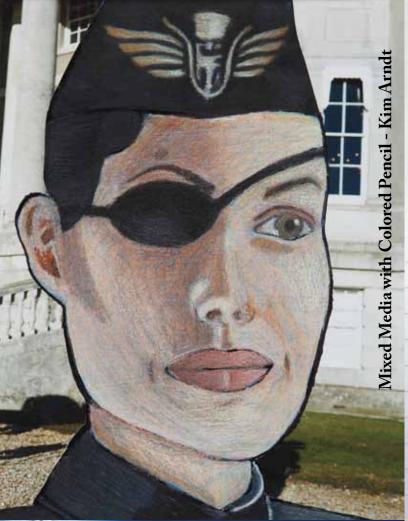
Finally, Dr. Peabody knocked on the door, only to be received by a hollow echo from within. He waited for what seemed like days for an answer before raking up the courage to enter the disheartening house.

He turned the knob. The door creaked open, sounding throughout the great expanse of the house. He walked through the doorway, walking through what felt like a cloud of thick odorless smoke. He headed towards the staircase, seeing as the bedroom would most likely be on the second floor. He stumbled his way up yet another breathtaking stretch of stairs. He sweat his way to the first door, opening it to discover a large room lit with a tiny candle on a nightstand besides a massive bed with the outline of a figure underneath the sheets.

Dr. Peabody walked up to the bed, pulling the cover back with his sweaty hands. His breathing became labored now. His body began to tremble, his eyes darted from one hand to the other in anticipation, never leaving the covers. What he would find hidden underneath these blankets of insanity, under the dark silhouette of the Reaper's cloak?

Dr. Peabody found the unimaginable. He discovered pain. He looked upon...himself. There lying underneath those hellish blankets was the body of a long dead Peabody. His hands and arms shook violently, his heart stopped, he turned towards the door, away from the bed but he was falling backwards now. He was falling onto the bed, into his grave. He screamed now. His screams shook the house, they boomed throughout the rooms and down the haunting staircases, all in vain. He had had his last case; he closed his eyes on what he realized then as his own death.





#### These Lines

These lines, these lines

Fill these empty spaces between my unwritten words

They say more than if I would have written anything at all

These lines haunt me

Watch me

Pressure me

They take a hold of me and never let go

These lines

They have become me

-Logan Myers

#### Daddy's Light

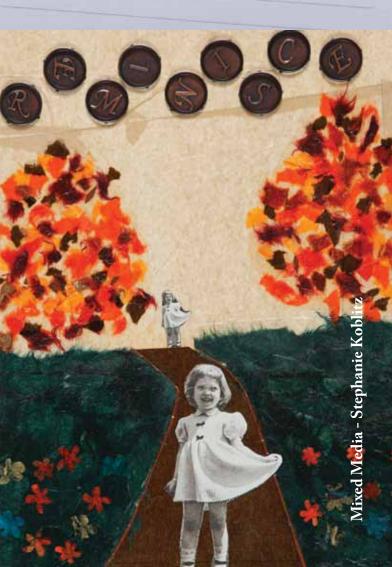
I always feared my daddy's safety in the military fighting for America. I'd always cry myself to sleep whenever he'd leave for work. Losing him would mean losing myself.

He'd always say goodbye and I love you before he left. He'd always say Remember sweetie, when you look out the window at night, I'll be under the same moon.

Throughout his tours overseas I'd look for his comfort in the moon. I'd tell the moon all of my secrets and the moon would respond with a comforting glow.

> I still talk to the moon at night knowing my father hears in the heavens. He responds with bright light that fills the empty void he left. Losing him would mean losing myself.

> > Tori Spangler



## THE LAST SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH

-LILY TRAN

ever since i was young.
it was always the same car ride.
i would buckle up and slowly drift off.
giving a silent goodbye to this small town.

the last sunday of every month was routine.

i would wake up after a mere two and half hours,
to sites and smells unlike hanover.

this place was not my home.

and yet it was.

red words on signs in other languages,

fresh produce sold on sidewalks,

and the aroma of foods that filled my lungs

all meant i was in china town.

people hurriedly walking past,
with skin that looked like mine.
jet black hair attached to heads,
with mouths that spoke in tongues that i understood.

my mother would take me to the unchanged market, with all the ingredients we needed for a vietnamese dish. Father would buy supplies that he required.

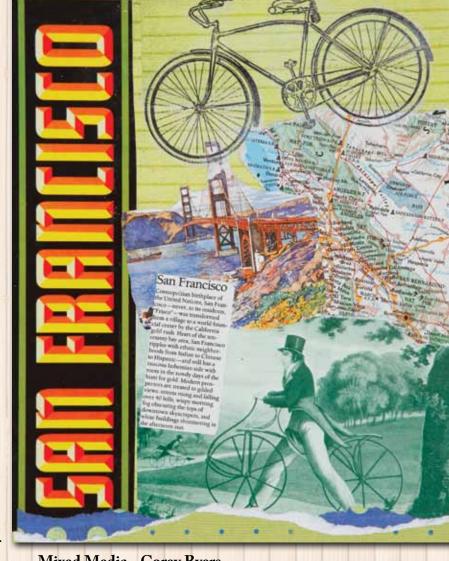
and i was free to explore with my sisters.

the horns that honk on busy streets, and the scents both pleasing and nauseating, are always something i can recognize, even to this day.

china town in philadelphia.

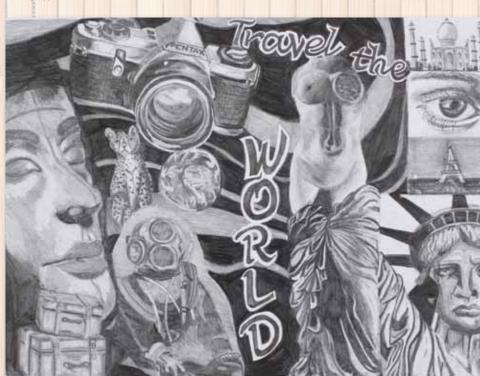
a place i visit more often than others,
pulls me back into my culture.

forever holding memories since i was a child.

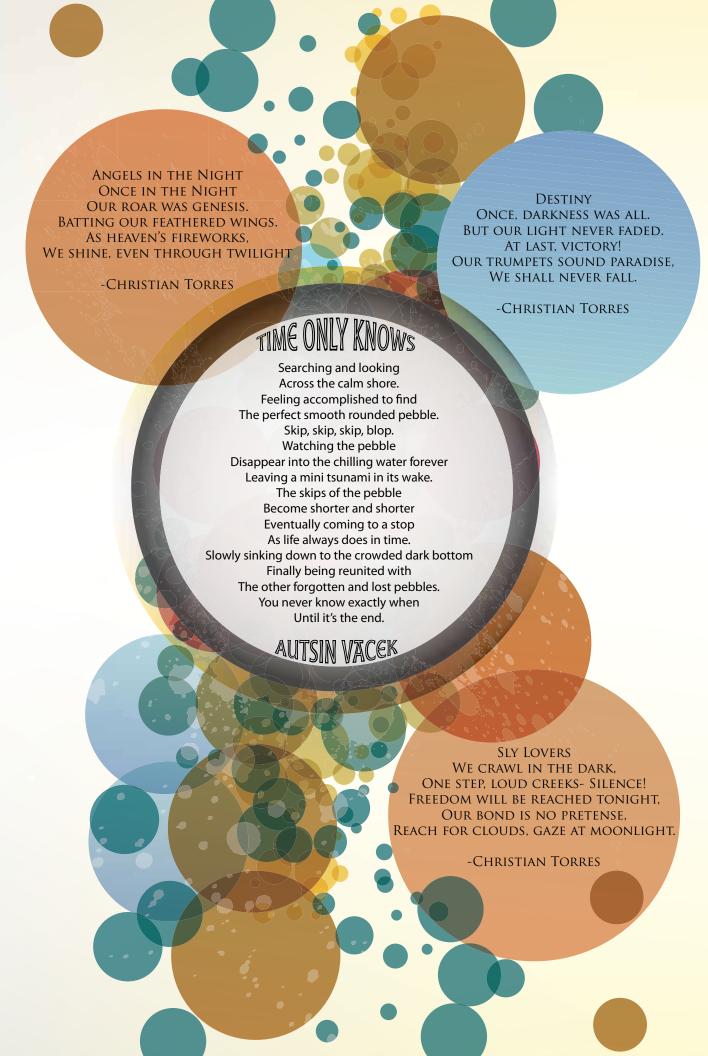


Mixed Media - Corey Byers

Gold Key Region-at-Large National Scholastic 2011



Graphite - Ashley Yealy





Tempera Painting - Mackenzie Naill

# 

When look outside, I see everything that is possible
When I see a child crying, I see everything that is pain.
When looking in the mirror, lunder stand the meaning of life,

And when look towards the sky dream of what can be.

When a malone, think of my dreams,
And when am with you, for get all things.
You are the source of my hope and happiness
And would give anything for one last kiss.

Lakeisha Williams



Photoshop Digital Print - Annie Pope

# LIES OF A BROKEN HEART -Sarah Easley

Your Mother asked me how I've been doing
I told her I've been fine
Might have even fooled myself

Always gave you everything
My heart was yours to take
Warned you it was fragile
Also easy enough to break

That lie was quite divine

Couldn't sleep the first few nights The pain was just too strong Told my heart it was soon to heal Unfortunately, I was wrong

It's difficult to forget your existence
All of the memories we have shared
Because every time I remember them
It's a reminder that you're not there

Twisted knot inside my throat
My heart stung by a bee
Why'd you have to string me along
When all you wanted was to be free

Nothing hurts worse than a broken heart
But I've been crying less since
we've been through
It's not easy to forgive myself
Even harder forgiving you

Never got my goodbye kiss Not even a goodbye at all You promised me forever more Wasn't expecting to see us fall

Smiling more and yelling less People think I'm so strong If they knew me like you did They would know that they are wrong

You used to make me laugh so much
My number one best friend
Why'd you leave me all alone
Why did it have to end

Your Mother asked me how I've been doing
I told her I've been fine
Might have even fooled myself
That lie was quite divine



Mixed Media - Logan Myers

# Victoria Temple ashion

I love fashion more than everything. From clothes down to the  $\mathbb{R}[\mathbb{N}]$ . Style is what counts.

Not price or amount.

Comfort is what some people say is  $K \sqsubseteq Y$ .

And it is quite easy to do you see.

Everyone has what they consider to be comfort.

Some might say sweats and a T-shirt.

While others might say it is a blouse and a skirt.

A statement piece can be a PURSE or a shoe.

They come in all colors every bright blue!

Fashion is all about finding what works for you.

As long as it is a fashion "do."

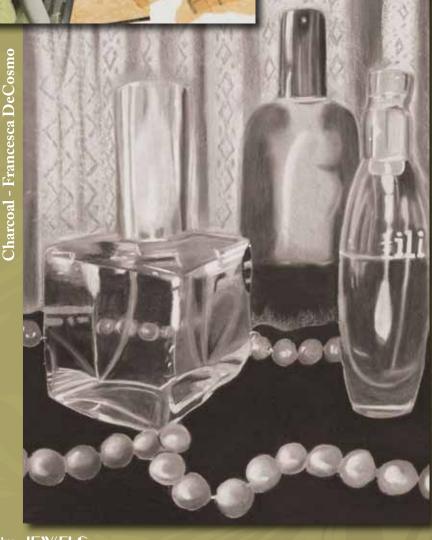
Color can make all the difference in an OUTAIT.

But attitude is what will make you a hit.

Although fashion has a lot of rules, they all seem to involve JEWELS.

Anyone who goes to a store, young, old, rich, or poor will see the next big trend.

But it all depends on what you are willing to SPEND.



Life is like the waves of an ocean At one moment I am on top And the next I am below the surface

Life is like a kite flying in the wind At one moment I am high and above all And the next I find myself falling to the ground

At one moment it has no motive to fly And the next it finds itself falling fast with hope

-Steven Osladil



#### Si te Vas

Si te vas llevate las estrellas para que ya no me brillen Si te vas llevate el cielo para no sonar Si te vas llevate mis pensamientos, para poderte olvidar Si te vas llevate mi corazón para poderte olvidar Si te vas llevate mis làgrimas para no llorar Pero si te vas ya no vuelves màs

-Laura Maqueda



