

Our Words

BONNER COUNTY YOUTH WRITERS GROUP

WINTER 2002 / INAUGURAL EDITION

In the spring of 2002, a handful of talented young writers joined to create a youth writers group. They met nearly every week for writing exercises, storytelling, and camaraderie with like-minded creative spirits. Just nine months later, the group has grown to over 15 young visionaries, whose interests are as varied as their talents and backgrounds. They continue to gather to support one another's artistic endeavors and share their musings, poetry, essays, short stories, and artwork. Now, with the financial aid of the East Bonner County Library after-school program, the group is publishing their first edition of "Our Words," where they can share their thoughts and art with others. Enjoy!

At Night

By **CHARLA FRISINA**

At night the leaves reflect the silvery light of the moon.
I see the full moon's reflection on the lake.
Sit on the bench by the still water, listen.
Listen to the owls.

And the leaves in the wind.
Do I hear the waves?
Do I see the lake?
I feel the cool wind blow against my back.
I hear the wind whistling through the trees.
At night, the earth is more alive than ever before.
I hear the life all around, but I can't see much of it.
I can only depend on touch, smell, and hearing.
It all happens at night ...

R E D

By **KARINA OLSON**

Red is the color
Of blood on a field
Red is the broken heart
On a card I was dealt

Red white and blue
are foreign to you
And If I had a choice
I'd be blind to

Red is the crack
Of a bullet in flight
Red is the symbol
Of all that is "right"

Shut out the world
the darkness and pain
no more from my eye
Will bitter tears rain

Red is the color
Of blood on a field



Drawing by **SARAH OLSON**

Kate's Christmas

By **JOHANNA SODERBERG, 15**

It was a week before Christmas and the city was bustling with excitement. If someone were to walk through the streets, they would see brightly lit shops full of elegantly dressed men, women and children, people trying to hurry to their homes with arms full of packages, and cozy brick houses with wreaths on the doors and smoke floating from their chimneys. If they were to look very closely at a certain brick house with dark red drapes, they might see a small girl of ten, dressed in rags who was peeking into one of the front windows. Her name is Kate and she has brown hair and large brown eyes. She has lived on the streets, begging for her food for as long as she can remember.

Kate let out a long sigh as she turned from the window and headed for the backdoor. She had had nothing to eat today and was so weak she almost collapsed on the doorstep. However she managed to give three soft raps on the door and then she waited, cold and hungry for someone to answer it. She already had asked for food at five other homes and all had said no.

The door opened to reveal a stern woman wearing an apron. She had a determined look about her as though she was accustomed to being in charge. Kate silently straightened and bravely looked the woman in the face.

"Please ma'am, I haven't eaten today. Could you give me some food?"

"NO!" the woman answered, and she shut the door in Kate's face. Kate turned around and was about to walk

away when the door opened again.

"Wait! I'll let you come in, warm yourself by the fire and eat something if you'll take this note to the house next door."

Kate eagerly nodded her head. The woman gave Kate an envelope and after a reminder to go to the backdoor and wait for a reply, Kate set out, spurred on by the thought of a hot meal and a warm fire.

Thirty minutes later Kate was back at the brick house with the red drapes. She knocked for the second time and the woman came to the door.

"Here is your message ma'am." Kate said.

The woman, who was the cook, took the response from Kate. She opened it, read it, refolded it and put it in her apron pocket.

"Well, I suppose you'll be wanting to come in and eat."

The cook said as she moved from the doorway.

"Yes ma'am," said Kate. Kate walked through the door and into the warm kitchen. The cook pointed to a stool by the fire and Kate obediently sat down on it. Once Kate had stopped shivering and had eaten as much soup and bread as she could, she looked around the room. It was a spacious kitchen with cupboards all around, pots and pans hanging on hooks and a large fireplace. There were two pies cooling on a counter and judging by the fine china in some of the cupboards, the family who lived here were not in need of money. The cook was frosting a cake and a maid was sweeping the floor.

(continued on page 6)

Missing You

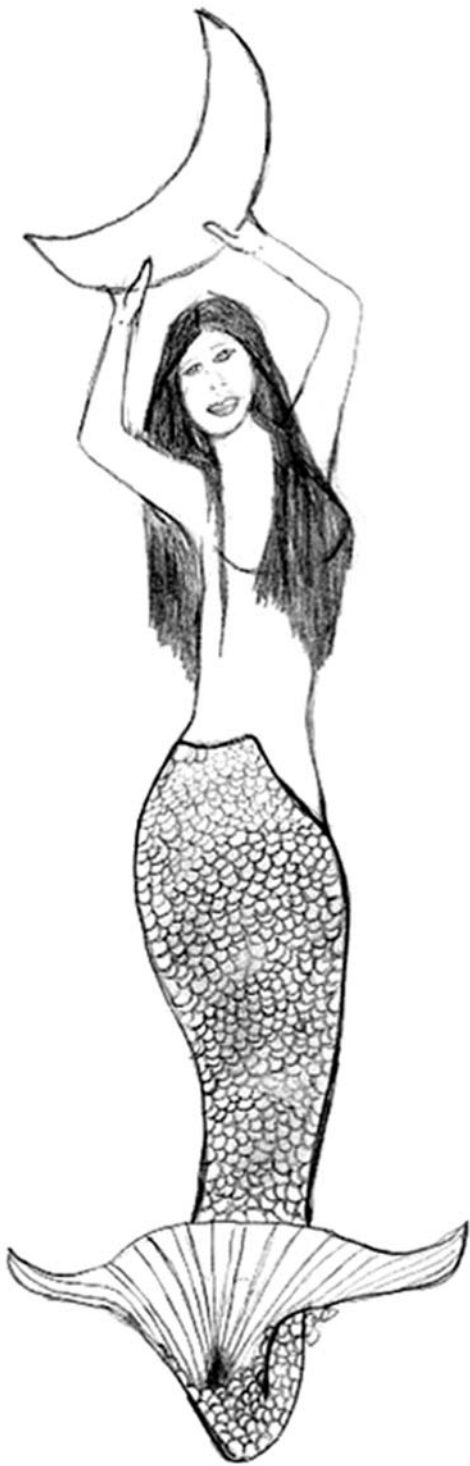
Another day has gone by.
Still have your picture by my side.
I can't forget the day we said goodbye
I know it's hard to carry on, how can I survive?
Every minute, every hour,
I just can't get you out of my mind
no matter how hard I try.
Every night I wish you were here to give a kiss goodnight
I just can't see things the same without you
here by my side, you're clouding my mind.
But soon enough you and I will be together
Forever again.

By **SARAH OLSON**

THE CHAINS

They hold me, bind me
Keep me from the light
And suddenly, they loosen and break
My homework is done.

BRIAN WOLCOTT, 12



Drawing by Sarah Olson

Shadow Speaker

By **KARINA OLSON**

Cloaked in shadows black and gray
The opposite of night and day
The voice of light and dark
A heart where cupid never hit the mark

The light of night and the dark of day
A way to the ocean and a path to the bay
Dolphins sing and sea birds cry
In a silver sky

Cloaked in shadows black and gray
The opposite of night and day
The voice of light and dark
A heart where cupid never hit the mark

A tight embrace of darkness holds me
What the cause I cannot see
A struggle for love in this black and gray
I feel my courage begin to fray

Cloaked in shadows black and gray
The opposite of night and day
The voice of light and dark
A heart where cupid never hit the mark

Loneliness surrounds me like a veil
What love I have has begun to fail
A tear rolls down into the sea
To roam the tides forever free

Cloaked in shadows black and grey
The opposite of night and day
The voice of light and dark
A heart where cupid never hit the mark

Gone to shadows black and grey
A struggle for life and the light of day
A core as hard as stone
I know how it is to be alone

Cloaked in shadows.

Perfect Non-Sequitur

by **HANNAH BYRD, 12**

The melody is frozen
To eternity
A perfect non-sequitur
Of my insanity
I dropped a promise on the floor
And it shattered in the dirt
I tried to wipe away the grime
Find a clock that told a different time
But it poured salt into the hurt

I tried to spit to seal
The pact
It froze before it hit the floor
The girl is frozen indigo and black
With burn marks all down her back

The candle light can shiver
Fan the flame to frozen breath
You can't catch the man who hit her
You can only pray
As I tick away
The hope beads on my abacus

Adding up the sins

Ommmmmmm
Not my battle
Not my war
Ommmmmmm
You solved it
Yesterday, but
Not before a
Greater harm was
Caused
Ommmmmmm

If I froze
Just like the blue-black girl
And the melody
Could I still dance naked
Before a cold candle flame?
All pretense melted
My soul bared
So
This

Is
What its like
Being Scared

Do you have the power?
Do ya think ya have the power?
The phoenix burst from the flower
With a heart full of lust
It burst into petals to flames
To ashes to dust

Is there symbolism
In my frozen melody?
Something else I'm selling?
Something I've yet to
See?

The tail of this tale is
Trailing
On the floor
A perfect Non-Sequitur

The Loss of a Species

A.K. DUTSON, 12

The river flowing blue and green,
Not a bull trout to be seen,
Trees falling to the ground,
Scaring creatures with a pound,
Scarcely fish swim through the river,
Waiting for a tree to deliver,
That final blow of death so cunning,
The water burns leaving them sunning,
The years run on,
As people sit on their lawn,
Where fish once swam,
Gone with a slam!

Promise

By **CHARLA FRISINA**

I walk into the beautiful, old-fashioned barn. I take in the fresh scent of horse. I walk down the isle to the middle stall on the right. All the horses watch are watching me to see what to do. I walk in and am greeted with a nicker by the most handsome black stallion ever. I then put a lead rope on him, and lead him out. Brushing him in the sun till he shines like the sun. Saddling him to go for a ride. We walk into the arena, and then I mount him. His walk is smoother than any other. His trot is also smooth. When he canters I feel like I'm floating. When he gallops I feel like I'm soaring, higher than the birds in the sky. He is careful not to let me fall. His name is Promise, for he has promised me to watch and protect me, forever.

“Polly, Wanna Refund?”

By **HANNAH “KATT” RHODES, 15**

“You! You, there! Yes, you!”

“You talking to me, lady?”

“Yes, dimwit, I’m talking to you! Who else would I be talking to? Never mind that; I have no time to dwell upon your stupidity. In any case, you remember me from twenty years ago, do you not? I—”

“Lady, I wasn’t even born twenty years ago! What’re you talking about?”

“I asked if you remember me from twenty years ago, didn’t I? You work in this particular pet shop, don’t you? So therefore, you must remember me! I am Mrs. Edwina Greene of Greene Estate, and I purchased this parrot from your shop twenty years ago. You issued me a warranty that the bird would be able to perfectly mimic human speech for the duration of its life or my money back. Now the wretched creature has ceased to talk, and I *demand* my money back!”

“Hold it, just hold it one second, lady, I don’t got any idea what you’re saying, but I’m sure we can settle this peacefully—”

“I don’t care a trifle for your dithering, you young maldoer! I demand my money back!”

“Okay, lady, okay! Lemme get this straight. You bought this parrot from my boss’s shop thirty years—”

“Twenty, dimwit!”

“—twenty years ago, and now the parrot has stopped talking and you want your money back. Is that right?”

“Yes, dimwit! And I want my money back *right now!*”

“Hold it! Hang on! How can you want a refund for a bird you bought here a whole twenty years ago? That’s totally insane!”

Don’t you dare call me insane; you gangling, pimple-faced wretch! I’m elderly enough to be your grandmother, and well you know it! Now give me my money back, right now!”

“Stop! Quiet, lady!”

“Don’t you dare tell me to be quiet; you delinquent, underaged miscreant! I have come here, not to waste my valuable time arguing with the likes of *you*, but to *demand* my money back!”

“Whoah, whoah! Like, reality check, lady! You’re totally freaking me out, here! I quit! I quit!”

“Come back here, dimwit! You can’t escape me that easily! Get back here! (pant, pant) Don’t make me chase after you! Oooh (pant, pant), when I get my hands on you—!”

Hanna wrote “Polly, Wanna Refund?”, which resulted from an exercise on writing using only dialog.

Girls Room-WARNING! GAS MASK REQUIRED

By **HANNA BYRD, 12**

I can’t even go to the bathroom anymore. Ha ha, isn’t that a little sick joke? Ha ha, did I tell you the one about the red neck and the granny too? Well, no, I’m perfectly serious. Entering the girls’ room at our quaint little school is dangerous to your health. I hate it in there. I hate the smell of the creepy fruit lip-chap they wear, *shudder* at the sickly rosy blush..... all in insipid pastels! “Vanilla Vanity,” “Chatty Cherry,” and “Pouty Plum.” They pass those vile sticks through their whole entire insane flock, using them three times each. I swear, if the Plague is ever reinstated it’s going to be because of porta-johns and “Sexy Starfruit.” Do you know how creepy seeing someone with “Perky Peach” lips is?! Do you know how creepy SMELLING someone with “Perky Peach” lip is?!

You can’t walk in without seeing bras and pants and little feathery sweatshirts tossed around and hung across the stalls. Those bras are big! Size DDDDDDDDDDDDDDD, very disturbing and irritating for those of us who are hormonally challenged.

And the smell in there! It’s like some Clorox Drone went nutso and dumped all her “Silky Soft Orchid Body Cream” all over the floor. And that was after she bazooka sprayed the stalls with “Rose Garden” air freshener, applied a conservative two pounds of “Tropical Bonanza” hair spritzer, shellacked her “blond” mane into frigid compliance with a nice five bottles of “Pina Colada All Day Hold!”, and added some loaned “Perky Peach” because her “Vanilla Vanity” had worn down to the last fifty coats. All this on top of the Lemon Fresh toilet cleaner.

Aighhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!! I can feel my nasal passages corroding!!!!!!!!!!!! My lungs!!!!!!!!!!!! Where are my lungs???????????????????? It burns, oh it burns!! The “Perky Peach” is gonna kill me!!!!!!!!!!!!

Kate's Christmas (continued from page 2).

Kate hoped that the cook wouldn't see that she was done eating. She wanted to stay warm as long as she could. Just as Kate was thinking this a woman walked into the room. She was dressed in a flowing gown with lots of lace and frills. She had a gentle face and a smile that included every one that she saw. Kate was sure that she was the mistress of the house.

"Susan, I would like —" she stopped as she spotted Kate. "Who is this, Susan?"

"Oh, she's just a poor girl who was asking for food. She delivered a message for me and I gave her some food." Susan replied. "I was just going to show her out the door."

Susan began to do just that. She gave Kate a scowl, which seemed to say, "now hurry up or you'll really be in trouble," and headed towards the door.

"Oh, don't do that" the lady exclaimed. "Let her at least get warm. It's very cold outdoors and she's not dressed warmly." She then turned to Kate. "Would you like to come into the parlour?"

"I, I've never been in a parlour." Kate mumbled.

"Of course not, and you never should! A parlour is for important people, not poor children like you!" Susan cried. "In fact, this kitchen is too good for you. Now come along." Susan once more began to usher Kate out the door.

"Susan!" The lady interrupted. "Everyone is important in God's eyes, and as far as I am concerned this girl is important enough for my parlour!"

Susan mumbled an apology under her breath as Mrs. Roberts showed Kate out of the kitchen and into the parlour.

When both Kate and Mrs. Roberts were seated in the opulent parlour Mrs. Roberts asked Kate about herself. She found out that Kate was ten years old, was an orphan, and had always lived on the streets begging for her food. They sat in silence for a few moments as Mrs. Roberts thought and Kate stared in awe at the gorgeous parlour. The parlour was furnished with mahogany tables, sofas that matched the drapes, a finely ornamented Christmas tree and a crackling fire. Then Mrs. Roberts broke the silence.

"Kate would you like to stay with us until Christmas? I know we could use your help."

"Mrs. Roberts! Do you mean what you are saying? I've never stayed in the same place for a week, and to stay in a place this beautiful? Oh, Mrs. Roberts, I would love to!"

"Oh, good. We have a small attic room that you could have. It's not very nice, but it is something."

"A room all to myself? I've never had that!"

For the next week Kate stayed with the Roberts. Even though the reason for Kate being there was to help the Roberts, they seemed to do more for her than she did for them. The Roberts had never had a daughter and since their only son was grown up they treated Kate like she was their daughter.

Kate had come on a Monday night and the following days she spent shopping with Mrs. Roberts, reading with kind Mr. Roberts, getting fitted for new dresses, and baking with Susan. Susan by now was getting used to having Kate around the house and was actually beginning to enjoy her.

On Saturday Mrs. Roberts and Kate were knitting in the parlour. Mrs. Roberts had taught Kate how to knit and Kate was now making Mr. Roberts a scarf. She had already made Mrs. Roberts a doily and she was going to make Susan a potholder if she could get the scarf done in time.

"Mrs. Roberts?"

"Yes Kate."

"What makes you so different from everyone else I know? What makes you so nice?"

"Well Kate, I have Jesus as the Lord of my life."

"Who is Jesus?" Kate asked. "Please tell me who He is."

Mrs. Roberts did tell Kate about Jesus. She told Kate that Jesus is God's son, and that He had come down to earth as a baby. She told Kate that thirty years later He died on a cross for the sins of everyone who believes in Him, but that was not the end of the story. Three days after He had died and been buried He rose from the dead. She told Kate that we now celebrate Christmas to remember the day Jesus was born. After Mrs. Roberts had told Kate all of these things Kate accepted Jesus into her life.

The next day was Sunday and Kate was able to go to church for the first time. She loved learning about Jesus. However her favorite part was the singing. As Kate left the church building her face was radiant.

As Christmas morning dawned Kate had a heavy heart. Today she would have to leave the Roberts. As she entered the parlour Mr. Roberts called to her.

"Come here Kate. We have something to tell you."

Kate moved closer to the Roberts.

"Kate, we would like to adopt you."

"Oh!" Kate cried. She ran and hugged both of the Roberts.

"You know what?" she asked. "This is the happiest day of my life. I have Jesus and I have a family!"



Absurdity

by **ALEXANDRA GEDROSE, 13**

Yellow clouds swirl around a purple dew sky,
This crazed place is strengthening.
As my three arms scratch my head, I must wonder why.
My toes digging unto the blue soil are banqueting.

Flowers litter the pink slime topped mounds,
Yet no colors do they...will they bear.
This crazed place is gripping at my mind in a tight grasping
bound,
The ludicrousness makes me annoyed, forces me to tear at my
hair.

Walking becomes a struggle as I stagger and sway,
This crazed place is causing my body to fight.
My head is spinning, a war within fray.
My feet are confused as they stumble along, which one's left
and which is right?

My thumb growled with starvation,
As I sprained my stomach from twisting it too far.
This crazed place is tormenting my every deliberation,
As I continue to falter through this incongruous land that is marred.

Words struggle to protrude from my ears,
Oh how I wish to scream!
This crazed place is torturing me, all through the long years,
As my mouth yearns to listen for another voice to bring me
back to serene.

My head does the walking,
As my legs ponder bemused.
From reality, this crazed place is blocking.
I am like a fade in life; unwanted...unused.

When will this tormenting end?
When will this suffering stop?
Will I ever feel the taste of easiness again?
How I wish that from this crazed place I will drop.

Winged dreams disrupt my raw thoughts,
Their sticky surfaces bruising my magenta skin.
This crazed place is abandoning my brain, allowing it to rot.
In the battle between farce and reality who will win?

The simplicity of life spins before me without hesitation,
Unaware of my miserable state.
How did this crazed place become my destination?
My mind, once was so easy to handle, has now turned into
endless freight.

Beads of sweat trickle down my knees,
As my two foreheads buckle with fear.
I am trapped in the crazed place, no longer shall I be free,
Hours become minutes as minutes to seconds and soon pass-
es by a year.

No longer does my head yearn to feast upon sincerity,
It has learned to starve upon falseness and twisted-ness.
No longer does my body ache to function correctly,
It has learned how to falter and no longer exactness.

My mind has fumbled unnecessarily, for it shows,
Tears stain my wrist at the knowledge of the unwanted fact.
My eyes burn as I writhe them to and fro,
I was dragged unwillingly to this crazed place...and I wasn't
going back.

Laughter...smile...charm,
Never again would I feel such delight.
Peace...soothe...warm,
Never again would I see or feel the light.

Memories of realism are gradually fading away,
No longer will my mind thirst on what is not here.
My brain shrills a scream of unknown terror with each passing
day,
All bravery lost, all hope diminished, I can only feel fear.

Desire is a factor I can rely on no more,
No longer can I remember feelings.
No longer may I feel hate...pain...or gore.
But I would give anything now to feel...even if it meant misery.

This crazed place has now triumphed,
I have pathetically given in.
This crazed place has me now overcome,
This, I know, may be the end.

Many years have now passed,
Since I entered this crazed place.
My last breaths are shortening...I am fading away fast.
But with my last few moments to live I strain for something
across my face.

At first I cannot see what I yearn,
Until my ragged lips curl in a smile.
And then from torment the rest of my body adjourns,
And then the rest of my body smiles.

It is I, who has won,
It is not I, who has perished.
For so many years I have been here...alone,
I have finally remembered that no matter what, life must be
cherished.

And slowly I passed on into eternal slumber,
How I wished just once that I could have prized life even if it
appeared so ghastly.
But for once in many years...years so great a number,
I smiled once more...one last time...and I was happy.

I alone remain

(A fish's lament)

HANNAH KATT, 15

The life giving element
Flowing through one's gills—
I have been lucky to escape
This day's batch of kills

There is no safety for our children—
No hatchlings swim the streams
Instead I am forced to watch them die
And hear the desperate screams.

My hatchmates have been taken
My parents are long gone
All of them, every one—
From the river they were drawn

The water's gentle cadence
Whispers the fast refrain
Out of the thousands that were here
I alone remain.

The runoff from the mountains—
Has all of it been stolen?
For where else could it have vanished?
For where else could it have been?

The life giving element
Flowing through one's gills—
I have been lucky to escape
This day's batch of kills

On the Corner of Madison & Main

by HANNAH BYRD, 12

Didja see her?
There's a womyn standing
on the corner,
Flashing anybody passing
by
But the cloned masses
Didn't bat their eyelashes
She's there every Thursday
From nine to five

How sad,
She's only fourteen.

Through My Eyes

All this time I thought you could be mine.
To me it seemed divine.
To have someone intertwined with all my heart and
soul.
I've tried in my life to see the light, which still can not
be found,
I always hit the ground in anger, in pain.
My heart slips away into a world that can not be
betrayed.
As hard as I try I still can not find my light deep
within.
I want you to be with me, by my side.
I feel dignified with all my pride.
I've tried not to lie,
But through my eyes I seem to die.

I can not see a life without being free.

By SARAH OLSON

I, lady of insanity

KARINA OLSON


Skeletons in the broom closet	Like,
Poison on the field	Shadows gathering
Darkness draining life from	In the darkness
Secrets already revealed	Right before the flood
Common goals	Who shall have
Are shattered	The last word
Meadows	Not I,
Drenched in blood	Not I.

The third eye

KARINA OLSON

Third eye
Invisibly present
Unblinkingly wise

Keeper of secrets
Teller of lies

For more information on  Our Words or the Youth Writers
Group, call Heather McElwain at 255-2788

 Our Words 
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