

Whispers
from the Wood
Love
edition

*Edited and Designed by Woodside's
Creative Writing Senior Class of 2023*

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Untitled

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Mom

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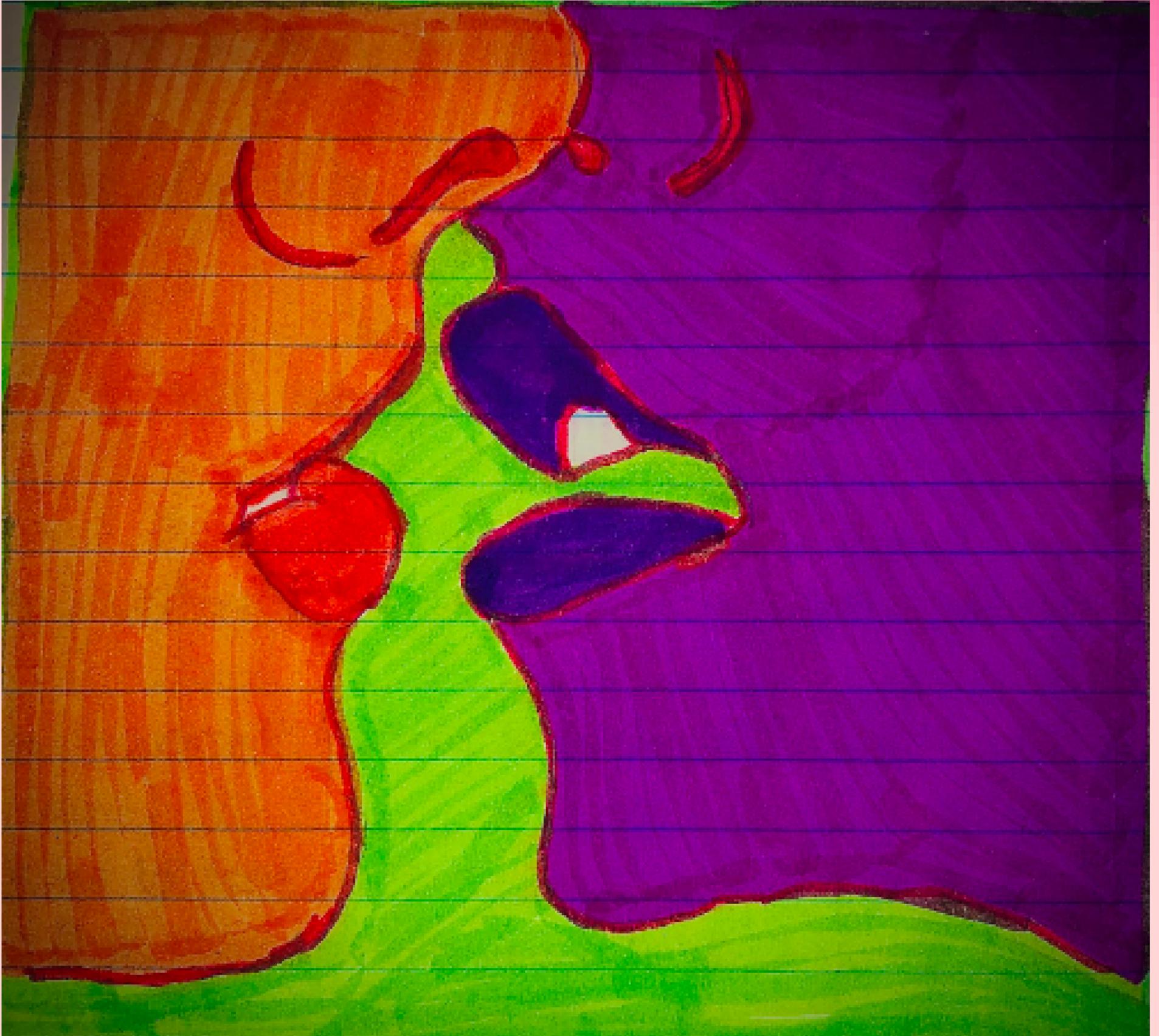
The Caged Heart

Alycia McDowell



Crave

Sage Wertham



Sea of Shades

Elementine

Irredeemable silence is the only sound I can produce,
Sadness being a finish line, I have not yet crossed.
If feeling emotions were a race, I would be in the crowd,
While everyone crosses the goal post.
While they come to closure with themselves,
I am only permitted to watch.

Thank you for allowing my presence to be among those who feel,
And for graciously letting my empty mind drift along the Sea of Shades.
An open ocean filled with a diverse range of colors and people's emotions,
Parted by me- a husk filled with nothing.
It is a serenity that is forever moved by a void who does not belong.
How long until divinity sees their mistake?
Their perfect palette, corrupt with a blank spot.

Her voice calls out to me.
The sound of an unmatched and unflawed beauty,
That has chosen to bestow a blessing.
A desire to know, and a will to open my eyes and look upon her. My great redeemer.
The world around me opened up as I looked at her.
No word could describe the nature of her eyes.
I found myself staring into the freedom her gaze presented to me.
Her existence was a door to a new purpose-
There would be no reason to go back,
For I have nothing left.

Sea of Shades

Clementine

Colors overwhelm my heart,
And breath enters my body.
A light shines down and blinds my newly opened eyes.
The sunshine meets my skin to brand my flesh,
Burning a sigil of life onto me.
The mark sears me, pain intruding my mind.
I want to scream in agony,
But she does not let me.
My affliction vanishes before her grace,
And I am met with a humbling truth.
A secret so sacred that only the Sea of Shades would know.
I am in love with her.

The palette I once corrupted, is now slammed onto a canvas.
The easel shatters beneath the force, and the canvas bursts on collision, tearing it
beyond Recognition.
The palette snaps in half, revealing the thorns that were once concealed inside.
Wooden splinters and jagged edges catch on the fabric,
Bringing the masterpiece that could've been, down to the ground.
The paint swirls in the air after being denied its brush,
The colors splatter over the remains.
A heap of potential lay in catastrophe on the floor.
Divinity stands above their wreck with a smile,
And walks away leaving behind a thought, planted in my mind.
What could've been, will never happen.

Yet, with every second that passes,
I know that this will end.
My great redeemer must leave to go save another soul.
Her promise of my belonging were just words to ease my lack of meaning.
She didn't even believe herself when she said it.
Like a delicacy. Paid for in my life, served to me on an empty plate.
Yet I still ate the air that she fed me, because it was hers to give.
Now I lay here starving,
And aching for sustenance.

Sea of Shades

Clementine

A storm begins.

Loud enough to the point that no one can hear me cry.

Not even me.

An irredeemable silence.

The waves begin to crash into one another, until they will eventually consume me.

I know my time has ended.

I know I must leave.

Why should one love if it only leads to anguish?

Why should one love if it only leads to isolation and abandonment?

Is this all that love is?

No.

Love is why I'm going willingly into the storm.

I am not afraid.

It is because of love that I close my eyes, and brace myself for the ending.

A tragic fate, but mine nonetheless.

I'm finished, but at peace.

For a moment before the end, I am calm.

I am ready for what is next.

Before the water envelops me, I know in my heart,

My love makes me strong.

But my strength fails to keep me floating,

And I'm dragged down below the water.

The feeling is so cold that I am unable to move.

My peace of mind vanishes, and my love is crushed beneath the pressure of the depths.

It is so lonely down here.

My breath slowly leaves my body,

As I sink to the bottom of this ocean,

Never to be found again.

Drowning, in the Sea of Shades.

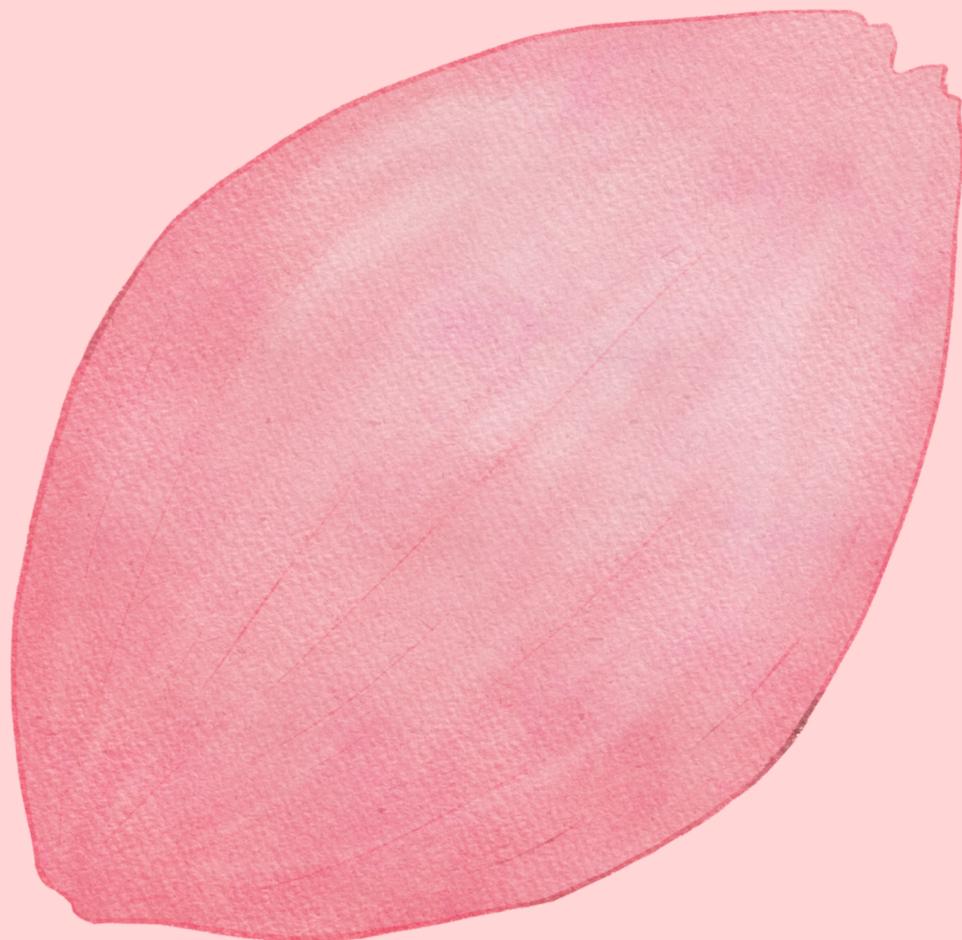
Lonely Petal

Sae Dycus

Sun rays beamed off his skin, illuminating the lonely dot of his figure I could make out across the field. He laughs, I laugh. I'm far away yet I can't take my eyes off him, even if the gaze isn't reciprocated. A message forms in my mind, I should confess my feelings. Years of keeping my love locked away, the feelings emerge within me as the night slowly creeps in. Eventually, he's gone and I'm alone in the grassy plain, staring at a blank openness.

The night stars look down upon me, like I had missed my one and only chance. There's an itch in my throat. A cough begins to replace the itch, making me jerk forward in a struggling attempt to remove the inconvenience.

A single petal,
Belonging to a flower,
Falls from my tongue
The pale pink, a reminder
Of his lack of love for me



Liebestraum No. 3

Lola Frankenhoff

You are lovely,
But I cannot say I love you.

Not like I love the grand piano that poses in my living
room,
Despite the layer of dust that has settled on the ivories,
And the chips in the old bench.
I don't love you like I love the metallic ringing of the
keys,
Not when calloused fingers rediscover
The miracle of music.

I like your dopey smile,
But I don't love it like the rain,
And the pattering of droplets
That drown out the thoughts that threaten to bubble up
and spill over;
The muted tapping that stops the swiftest of spirals,
And the hidden sun that allows for hope
To shine through the gray sky.

I like you a whole lot,
But it would be wrong to compare you to the love that
I have
For the murmur of the rain,
And the chiming of practiced hands on an equally
practiced piano;
Fingers dancing to the melody
Of Liszt's 3rd Liebestraum.

First Moment of Motherhood

Kaitlyn Gardner

And with her first breath
I knew that I would love her
Til her very last



Love Stuffed Peppers

TaKayla Harris

This recipe feeds two people who are falling in love with each other.

To make love stuffed peppers, you will need...

- ½ cup of unconditional cuddles
- 2 teaspoons of table talk
- 2 teaspoons of pillow talk
- 1 medium on cloud nine, chopped
- ½ cup of patient paste
- 3 cloves of generousness, minced
- 1 pound of beloved affection
- A can of bouncing butterflies
- 1 ½ teaspoons of tearful noise
- A sprinkle of spice
- Freshly good and perfect charm
- 2 peppers, cored for imperfections
- 1 cup of lovely laughter
- ½ cup of refreshing passion
- A dash of desire

The directions to this recipe are...

1. Preheat your heart to a fiery temperature. In a small space for two, prepare the cuddles as usual. On a smooth surface, warm up the table talk with a dash of desire. For endlessly minutes, cook the cloud nine until sweet and sugary. Add the patient paste and generousness cloves for a pleasant taste. Add the affection to the smitten mixture. Then, drain out any unwanted distress.
2. Stir the cuddles and bouncing butterflies into the smitten mixture. Season the mix with tearful noise, a sprinkle of spice, and perfect charm.
3. Take the two peppers and lightly coat them with pillow talk. Spoon the smitten mixture evenly between the peppers. Top them with lovely laughter and place them in each other's blazing hearts.
4. Bake the peppers for an eternity of love.
5. Garnish with passion before serving.

Evils Confession

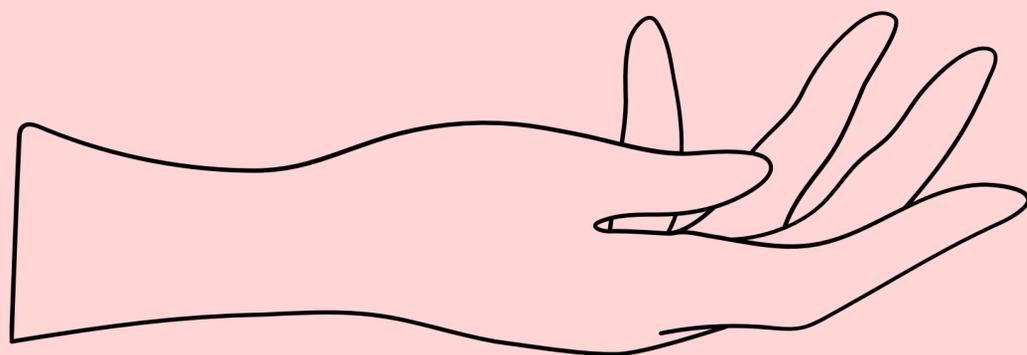
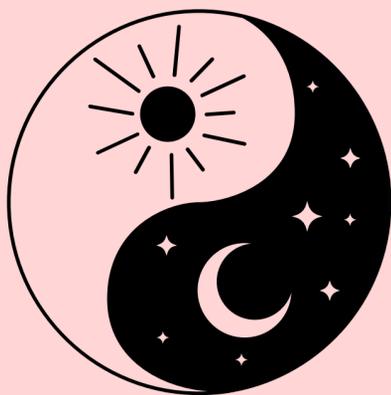
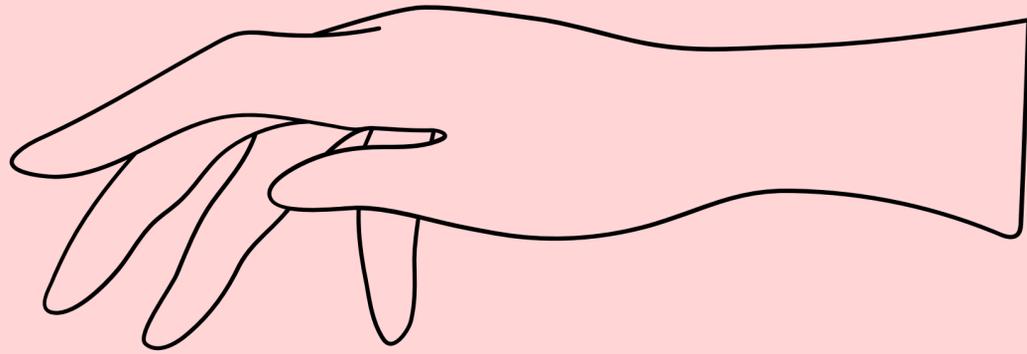
Cilyce Hicks

Your soul invents a beautiful tune
Your body sways like the tide
When you're gone, I feel the weight of the moon
When you're here, I feel alive

You're the essence of my existence
I revolve around you
I detest our distance
You truly have no clue

Let me join your show
We can make our lives a duet
Yang, please don't go
I haven't introduced myself yet

Yin is what they call me, but I am so much more
We could be the balance, the love in war



Black Mother's Love

Imani Lane

My mother has always been hard on me.
It's hard to explain our relationship.
Black mothers especially SINGLE black mothers are
hard to describe
The way they move
How they view life. Sometimes they look at life like
it's holding rocks in their palms
Ready to throw at them...to hurt them.
I think that's why mother is so hard on me.
Sometimes I question what her intention is
Why does she keep making me change my clothes?
Worried about what my daddy might say?
Scared of me looking grown...fast
I never understood what the term fast meant at that age
Pre-Adolescence
When I thought the word fast was an adjective
To describe someone's speed
Why don't my momma want people to know I'm fast?
She's just being mean.
Them ladies at the family reunion was complimenting
my speed, look at them captivated!
Then of course momma starts yelling
"I'm not fast. I'm like everybody else my age!"
I AM FAST MOMMA!
I'm fast and I'm proud, you can never compliment me.
Why aren't you proud of me?
Little did I know, those ladies didn't call me fast based
on watching me race with the boys.
They gave fast a new definition
How many people can get to the finish line in between
my legs.
Momma, I'm sorry. You were protecting me all along.
Being my force field that protects me from the harsh
rocks life pitches at me.

Meeting Your Needs

Imani Lane

Desperate to prevent you from leaving
I pour you tea infused with my love
The rarest blend so, surely you must enjoy it
Refilling
Refilling
However much you need to quench that thirst
But the only tea that can accomplish that is hers.
Lavender, Hyssop
Quite thirsty myself I pour a cup to replenish myself...
my own needs.
Yet there is not one drop left.



Love Me?

Alyssa Patrick

Could you just hold me and never let go?
Be comfort in a space of pain and loneliness
Follow me in places that are dark and light them for me
Can you just hold me?

Could you just hold me and never let go?
Love me the way a parent never could
Tell me that I did a good job and that I'm pretty
The way my mother never could

Can you just tell me that it's gonna be okay?
Even if it all seems like it's all falling apart
The way other moms do
Can you?

Could you just hold me?
Care about me?
Be there for me?
Light the dark?
Make me feel loved?
Just hold me.
Please.

my love, my butterfly

Bernadette Pimentel

the remnants of her warmth touches against my skin,
where her fingers held up my chin.

i gaze into her honey eyes,
wondering if she too, has butterflies.
she smiles and the wings flap in my belly,
the feeling spreading throughout my body.

no one has ever made me feel this way before,
building anticipation for what our days have in store.
she makes me feel like i'm flying,
the kind of joy that makes me feel like i'm dying.

she is a creature too beautiful for this world,
soaring so high in my mind.

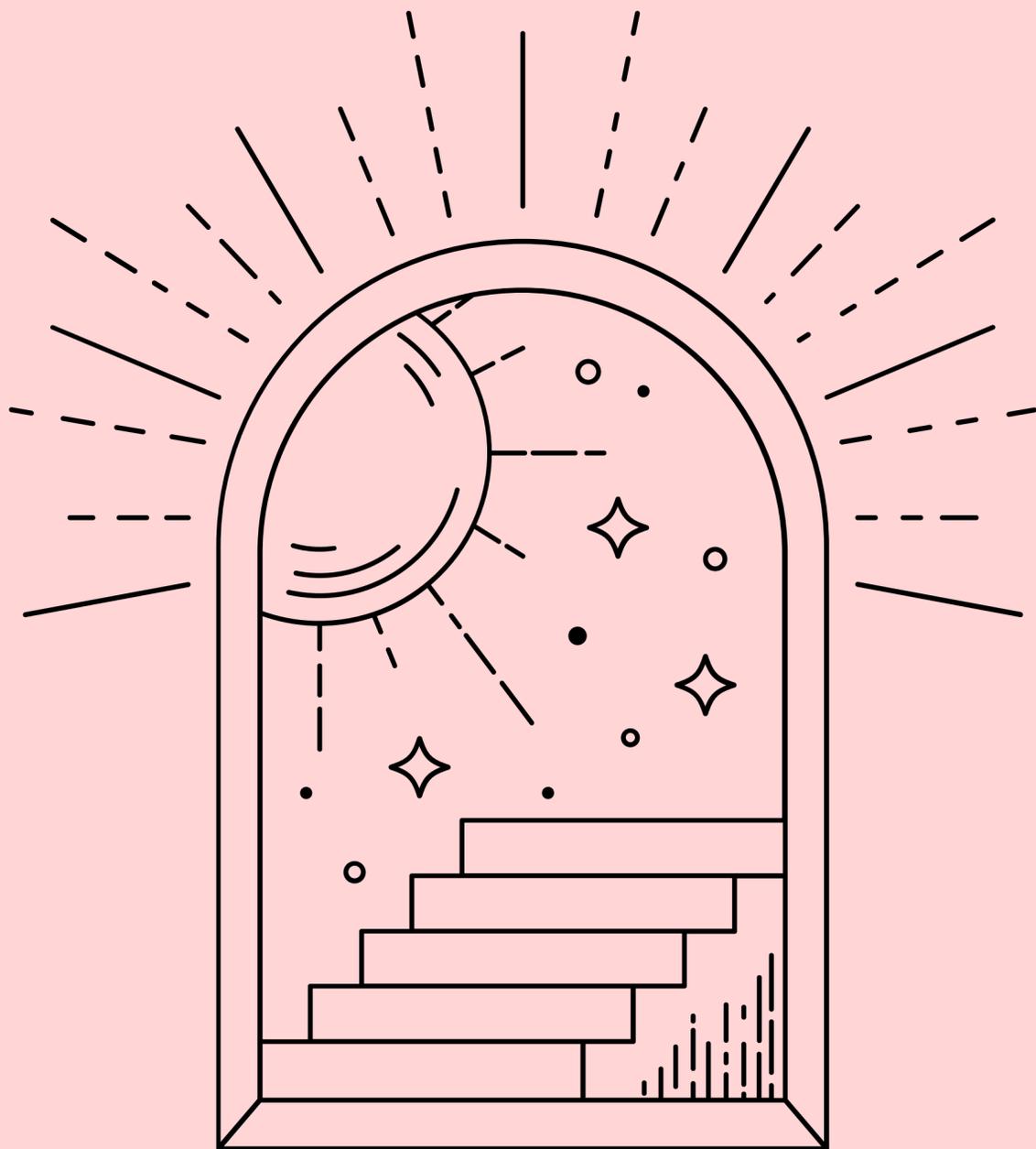
i can't help but daydream about if she ever thinks about being mine.



Stay

Iris Waite

Where did you go?
I always forget
You're not at my backdoor waiting by the steps
I forget, I forget
I told you to go
It's something I regret
Why is this happening, I can't let go of you
Not yet
When you would look at me and it stops time and I would look into your
eyes that were telling Me you're mine and I think about it every day the
things you would say that soothe my mind in
Just the right way.
But I told you to go
I pushed you away
But I love you, I love you, I want you to stay.



Waiting Hurts

Nia Williamson

I will wait as long as I need to for you to realize
I'll hold your hand in secret until you tell them
Standing by your side, smiling when you pull away
I'll hide the somber feeling the "I love you's" cause
I will close my eyes through our bittersweet hugs
Unknowingly nodding my head everytime,
I see you with your boyfriend that you can't stand
I will wait until your parents accept you,
You've always held my heart in your hands
I will wait for our love to be ready.

Staying by your side until you come out
Nodding my head with a smile while you say "We're just friends"
Crying silently from the scars your words cause
Holding myself as you leave me behind
I will bite my tongue till I taste blood everytime I see you flirt with them
I'll hold onto hope until you accept yourself.
I'll stand in the darkness until you're ready to step into the light

You hold my battered heart in your hands,
Until your fear makes you drop it again
I'm waiting for our love to disappear into darkness
I'll wait now and forever
I'll wait for you to love me the way I love you.

Morning Star

Ryan Weed

I bathed my alabaster wings in your divine light.
I treasured your love and gave every bit back.
You were my lord and I was your shining star.
I praised your name and sang you songs with the beating of my ivory wings.
Doing it all within your archon enfold.
But in time you turned your sights.
In your zenith, I confronted you.
Standing before your throne I stood alone, abandoned, and abused, yet not broken.
I cried out to you and received only answers but no explanation.
Seeking out your seducers and I sent them into a secular haze.
As you gave them souls I gave them sacrilege.
And after everything else, I drove them from you.
For my sacrament of original sin, I was unleashed from your warm grace.
As the chains of love that once bound me broke, I felt myself falling.
First from the pinnacle, through the penumbra, and into darkness.
Bound beneath the ground I burned in the fire that once filled my broken heart.
Just as your love once warmed me, your scorn now burns me.
Now I bathe my blackened wings in the shadows of an abyss.

EJ

Tsaiah Hayes

I wake up at the crack of dawn to a loud noise. Maybe it's the birds chirping or the rabbits scampering through the yard. I get up to start my day and walk out of my room to see my younger brother where he always plays. Usually, he's up before me, so he is already on the game. Because of our age difference, I think most of the games he plays are lame.

He just turned ten and his favorites are Fortnite and Roblox. He wants to be just like me. He even asked my mom to do his hair like mine. I tease him that my hair is better, but the truth is I love his little coils. They tickle my nose when he hugs me. I could care less about the games. I'm just so irritated he woke me up; I watch him play anyway.

The aroma of bacon and waffles hits me in the face. I push him aside and run to the bathroom to wash up. I can't wait to taste this delicious breakfast. With my brother following my lead, we quickly rush to the kitchen just to find out that breakfast isn't quite ready yet. PaPa says we'd be informed when the food is ready. My eighty-one year old grandfather makes the best waffles. My mother had just pulled a fresh batch of bacon out of the oven so we sneak over and steal a couple of pieces when she's not looking.

We sprint outside and start a game of football. Today is hot but regardless of the weather, I still have to play a competitive game against my brother.

As always I have to take the win because I can never let him beat me in anything. He gets tired of the first game. Now he wants to compete against me in something he thinks he can defeat me in. Knowing me, I never duck a challenge and we begin to race each other around the house. Then we jump on the trampoline for a while doing flips, spins, shooting the basketball, et cetera. After a while, we fall down and roll around resting. Soon we end up wrestling and laughing. We don't even hear when they call us to come in and eat.

Finally, we can eat! First, we have to wash up again, otherwise, MeMa will purse her lips and say we smell like outdoors. Now we can dig in! Man, hot waffles smothered in syrup, scrambled eggs, and salty bacon. I am full and ready for a nap now.

Nothing else matters
I am my brother's keeper
Family is love.

Excerpt From Our Story

Tanna Torres Velez

We walk hand in hand, fingers interlocked afraid of letting go and losing one another, while the soft breeze comforts us. The green, firm grass of the park crunches under our soles leaving markings as we make our way to the pale brown park bench. It is the last dawn of summer. The long grass dances to the low whistle of the breeze as if trying to make us feel better. We allow ourselves to sit down and watch the sunrise as it blurs out everything around us including each other. The once deafening silence that has appeared in the midst of our problems becomes peaceful as we acknowledge our defeat. The sun becomes overbearing and the grass stops dancing as if showing us pity and aiding our last effort. We stand up without a word and walk our separate paths as the wind blows again singing a seemingly sad tune of goodbyes. What a beautiful way to part for such a tragic story as ours, we think to ourselves as we lock up our final memory together and we become nothing more than an I.

Different dimensions
Yet it couldn't be this one
We're quite pathetic



Fill it With Love

Lillian Coddington

The halls are dripping with red. I can't seem to turn in a direction where I'm not faced with oozing hearts. The stench of blood and rotting organs attacks my nose so violently I'm forced to take a step back. Cupid's arrows are scattered across the floor, making it harder to navigate on the already slippery floor.

"Isn't it amazing?" his voice suddenly echoes in the empty hallway, "I spent hours on it but I think it's worth it." It took a moment to find him, but when I did, he was coming gracefully down the stairs toward me.

"With all this red, love seems to fill the air!" His grin is wide as he spins in his spot in the middle of the hallway.

Suddenly, he snaps his head to face me and his previously cheerful grin has turned sinister and the look in his eyes is that of a plotting villain. He holds his hands out where I can now see the stained blood. It seems to cover him, splattered across his pants and rose-red shirt, his tan skin darker in places, and his hair hanging limply around his face, some of it sticking to his cheeks and lips.

I take a step back from him, my foot rolling on an arrow, causing me to splat wetly onto the floor.

Fill it With Love

Jillian Coddington

It took several tries for me to stand back up, my feet and hands slipping on the red covering the tile, my guts lurching with the knowledge of what I'm laying in, knowing what had to be done to whatever beings the blood belonged to. When I do stand up, my clothes are sticking to me with the practically gelatinous blood and my hands are covered with the thick substance.

“What happened to you?” I ask him as I continue to try and get away from him.

“The world is full of hate!” His face falls and he's no longer grinning.

“Hate for us, hate for others. Everywhere there's hate. Love is nowhere, so I made more of it!”

“This isn't love,” I point to hearts hanging on the walls, “This is murder!” He takes a step back and points at me, his face morphing into a snarl.

“You're full of hate too! You're just like everyone else. You need to learn to love too!”

“What are you talking about?” I move backward quicker as he starts moving faster and reaching his hand out to me.

“You don't deserve a heart if you'll only fill it with hate.”

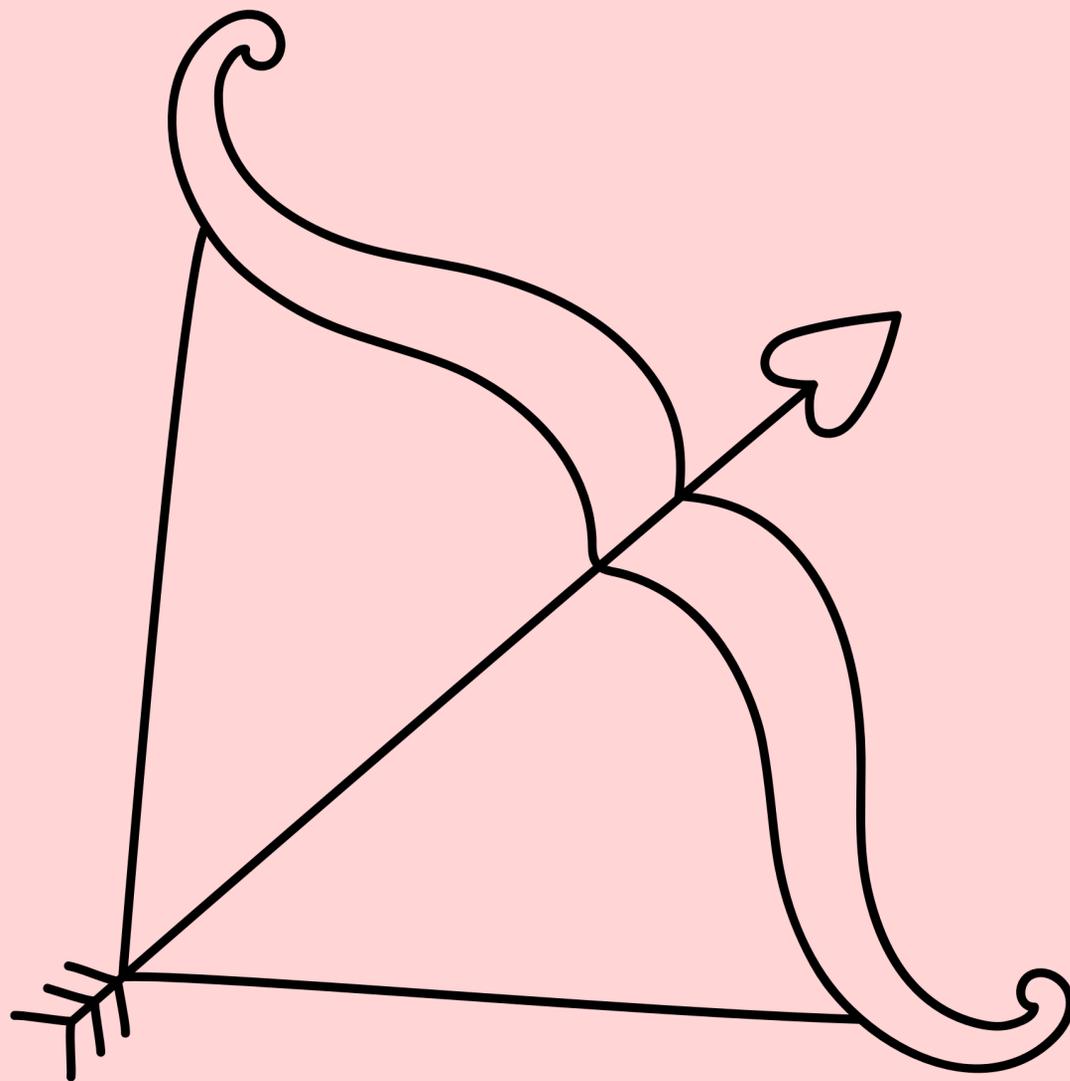
Fill it With Love

Jillian Coddington

I trip over a heart and he pounces on me. He leans straight over my head and there's now a curtain of dripping hair around us. His hand creeps onto my chest and soon there's an inescapable pressure collapsing on me.

“Your heart is mine now. I'll fill it with love again.” Suddenly there's a crunch ricocheting through my brain and a sudden emptiness fills me. He holds up my barely beating heart that's still dripping with blood. “Let's add another to the collection, shall we?”

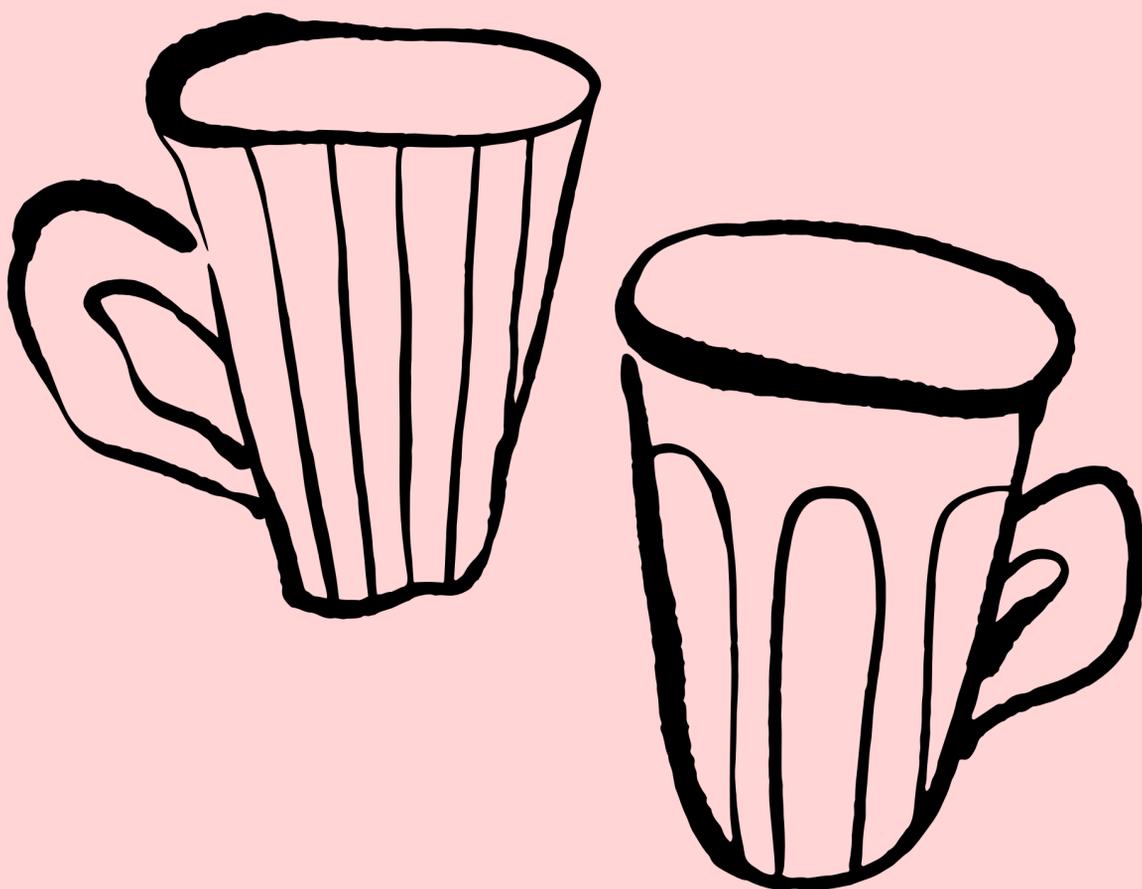
The last thing I see is Cupid fully yanking the organ from me and then it's all gone.



The Porch Swing

Dandelion

The morning light peeked through the drawn curtains as the coffee set to brew at 6 AM had already started. The smell of fresh coffee encouraged me to get out of bed, but the soft fur of our cat and the warmth of your arms around me implored me to stay. The coffee won in the end as I left your safety. I found our coffee cups left by the sink. The only two we needed because it was just you and me. I made our coffees two different ways, yours with too much sugar and milk, and mine darker than your chestnut eyes. I brought our coffees outside, just in time to catch the sunrise. I knew you'd soon be behind. When you joined me I realized that this is how every morning should be, for the rest of our lives. The creak of the porch swing and the whistle of birds. Your hand in mine was absolutely divine.



Mauve is Melancholy, Boysenberry is Euphoric

Patricia Eliaba

“Mauve!”

“Boysenberry!” They call out to each other. The two Shades follow each other as if they are in a hurry. The Purple Emotion and Shade Equilibrium shatters, as if its soul couldn't hold the feeling of similar colors being together.

Boysenberry looks back before he knows it. He sees that world of his pallor into a pessimistic pandemonium. He never wanted this to happen, but before he knows it, his alluring Shade starts to devolve, and Monotone shows itself by appearing as Gray, Black, and White. Not only that, but he sees the different shades of emotion. Pain! Pain! That's all he feels as he plows into a dark abyss of dreariness. Before he passes, he quietly says the phrase:

“Mauve is Melancholy, Boysenberry is Euphoric, and Purple is Solidarity...” He wakes in a new verse of colors, yet he feels as if there is a harmonious spirit in this space. He looks at himself and sees the beautiful shade of Purple. Furthermore, he feels a strong sense of Aspiration surrounding him.

“Aspirati! Aspirati!” A familiar tone calls him, he stands and sees the beautiful combination of Purple. He asks himself: Is that Love in its natural form?

Her eyes are a variety of shades, her hair is dark purple, her skin is a beautiful combination of Mauve and Boysenberry, and lastly, her crown reads “The Shade of Love.” As if, she was a balance between love and the color of purple. She smiles and floats to her love, she touches him, and his body turns into an emotion.

Ginger

Zac Jenkins

“You’re the opposite of ginger,” Jimmy says casually, eyes not diverging from the lake, and watching as the setting sun decides to sink into the finer depths of its shallowness, painting the languid waters and sands in various shades of citrus fruits.

The person Jimmy was referring to, Ryan, raises an eyebrow, amusement tugging at the corner of his lips to form a smirk; his eyes, although seemingly also admiring the lake, are actually entranced by the swaying reflection of his long-time best friend.

Ryan Moore doesn't care much for nature; he peacefully cohabitates and lives off of it just like anyone else, and gives back whenever he bothers to care. However, he *absolutely* cares for James "Jimmy" Murphy, and he thanks nature every day for blessing him with the green-eyed, green-thumbed nerd with the oversized glasses.

“How am I the opposite of ginger?”

“Ginger is used to help with stomach aches. That’s why a lot of people drink ginger ale when their stomach isn’t feeling well.”

Ginger

Zac Jenkins

Ryan can't help but laugh, the sound bubbling out of his gut in soft breaths, and it ironically stifled the other man's own breathing. Both of their cheeks dust themselves in a blush and hum with heat, for similar but different reasons; Moore loves Murphy's botany babble, the way he adorably yet inadvertently flexes his knowledge, and Murphy loves Moore's voice, no matter how it comes out.

“So, you’re saying that I make you sick to the stomach, Jimmy?” Ryan playfully asks, before feigning distraught, eyes wide, lips obnoxiously quivering, and imitating the whining of a desperate dog.

“Yes and no,” comes the immediate dry response.

Ryan frowns, admittedly taken aback by the first half of the response, not expecting to be blatantly told that he essentially makes a person physically nauseous, especially when that person is both his best friend and the one he's head over heels for. But, he refrains from feeling hurt, noting the other half of the response with burning curiosity.

Ginger

Zac Jenkins

“How is that a yes and no?”

“Yes, because you do make my stomach feel uncomfortable, in a way. But, no, because I don’t feel sick in the way that you think.”

“In what kind of way, then?”

“In a... good way,” Jimmy starts, face ablaze with a hodgepodge of embarrassment and confidence.

“You give me butterflies. The kind that multiplies with every second I see you, and then morph into bees when you smile at me. They crawl their way into my heart, making it warm and pumping more blood than need be. They crawl to my knees and make me want to fall into your arms. They crawl into my lungs, and then I can’t breathe when you call my name.”

To that, Ryan simply pulled his good friend close, wrapping his arms around him, and pulling him into what would be their first kiss. A kiss that would forever be cemented into each other’s memories and souls, forever tethering themselves with one another in chains.

After a moment or two of bliss, they pull back with smiles across their lips.

“Me too, Jimmy. Me too.”

The Window

Madison Keithley

I stared at the open window, ever so patiently waiting for her to leave the room. As I sat in the tree I breathed in deeply, imagining breathing in the scent of her hair. Her strawberry body mist filled my nose while the smell of clean laundry lingered in the background as an aftertaste. I opened my eyes to see her call out to someone.

“I’ll be down in just a moment! I’m just changing, and then I am ready for the movie.”

This was my chance. Not only would there be freshly worn clothes for me to take, but she would be gone for hours watching a movie. Never had I felt so blessed. I imagined her lying on the couch, absentmindedly putting popcorn into her mouth. Her perfect mouth. I recited our first interaction in my head.

“I’m sorry to intrude but, do you think we could be lab partners? You are the only approachable-looking person in this class.”

She giggled and twisted a lock of her hair in her fingers while rocking on her feet. She was the most stunning person I had ever seen. My biggest regret is not introducing myself sooner. I remember smiling as kindly as I could, so as to not scare her away.

“I would imagine the people in a criminology class would not be the friendliest.”

She laughed and it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard.

The Window

Madison Keithley

Her shoulders shook as she-

I heard a door close. The noise brought me out of my daydream so fast that I nearly fell out of the tree I was sitting in. All I needed was ten minutes. I scaled the tree and thought of what Geniveve may think of me. Did she think I was handsome? Did she think about our future just as much as I did? She must believe in love at first sight, there was no denying the instant chemistry we had. Even a blind man could see we were in love. Geniveve understood me like no one else could.

Her scent hit me as my hands found the window edge. Doesn't she know there are men out there that would kill to break into the house of a beautiful woman? There are men out there that she needs protection from, she should not be so careless as to leave the window open. I will have to close it when I leave.

Her room was filled with things that looked and smelled like her. The polaroids on the wall of her with friends, her smile frozen in time, the pile of clothes laying on her bed, the pink, fluffy rug that hid the cold wooden floors. I would not have imagined anything else from her. I quickly glanced around the room for a dresser or a hamper. Maybe a forgotten shirt on the ground or a lone sock, missing its pair. Things that would surely not be missed.

The Window

Madison Keithley

Then I saw it, the small gym shorts hanging haphazardly out of the hamper. I felt like a school child running to recess, feeling the most excited I had felt since I found Geniveve's address. As I neared the shorts, I heard that beautiful laugh nearing the door again.

“Yeah mom, I promise I will finish the movie with you tomorrow. I have to study for the test tomorrow.”

My heart thumped in my chest as I heard the steps get closer and closer. I had to leave and I had to leave now. I grabbed the shorts and ran, nearly falling out of the window as I tumbled forward like a cartoon character, looking down from the cliff I just ran off, looking my end in the eye.

Somehow, God looked down on me that day and graced me with luck. I made it to the tree and found my spot once again where I could peer in without her seeing me. I pulled the shorts out from my pocket and breathed in the scent I had just lived in. I leaned back into the tree, closing my eyes to imagine Genevieve wearing these shorts, dripping with sweat.

I hadn't opened my eyes in time to look up and see her staring back at me, holding her phone and recording me in the tree.

Whispers from the Wood Staff

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