

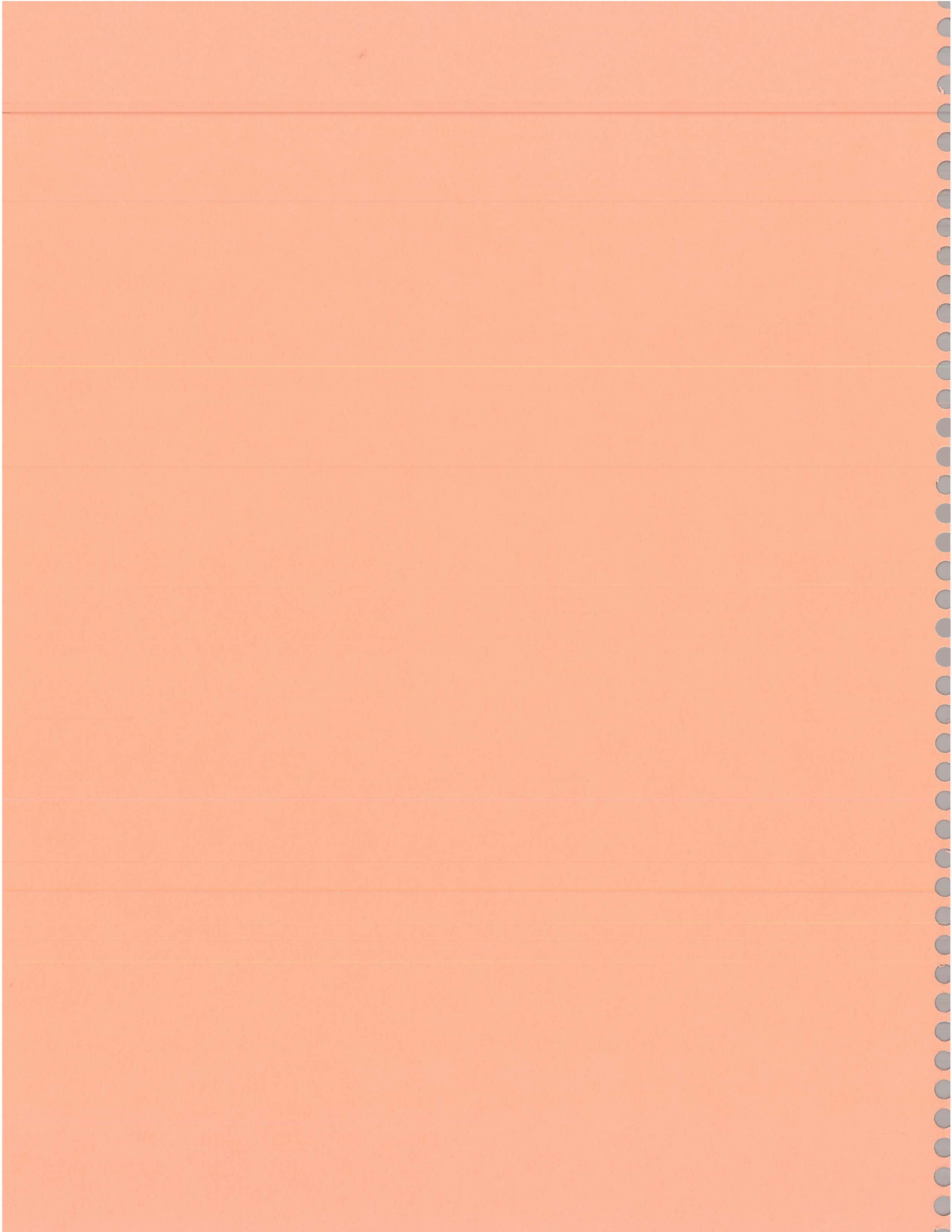
RETROSPECT

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CRC!





Inspiration
By Anonymous

Sometimes we're scared and don't know what to do
Sometimes we're afraid of what others will say
We can't fully understand God's plan
and that makes it harder when we don't get our way

You get to that point
When nothing matters anymore
When all you can do
Is question yourself

But don't doubt your abilities
Be proud of who you are
Follow your dreams
And complete your goal

Don't quit early
For it's just the beginning
Life will go on
And the finale will be amazing

Caitlin Clark



Duke Devlyn

-Please?
-Why?
-Please?
-Why?
-Please.
-But-
-Alright.
-Please?

The essential part of creativity is not being afraid to fail.

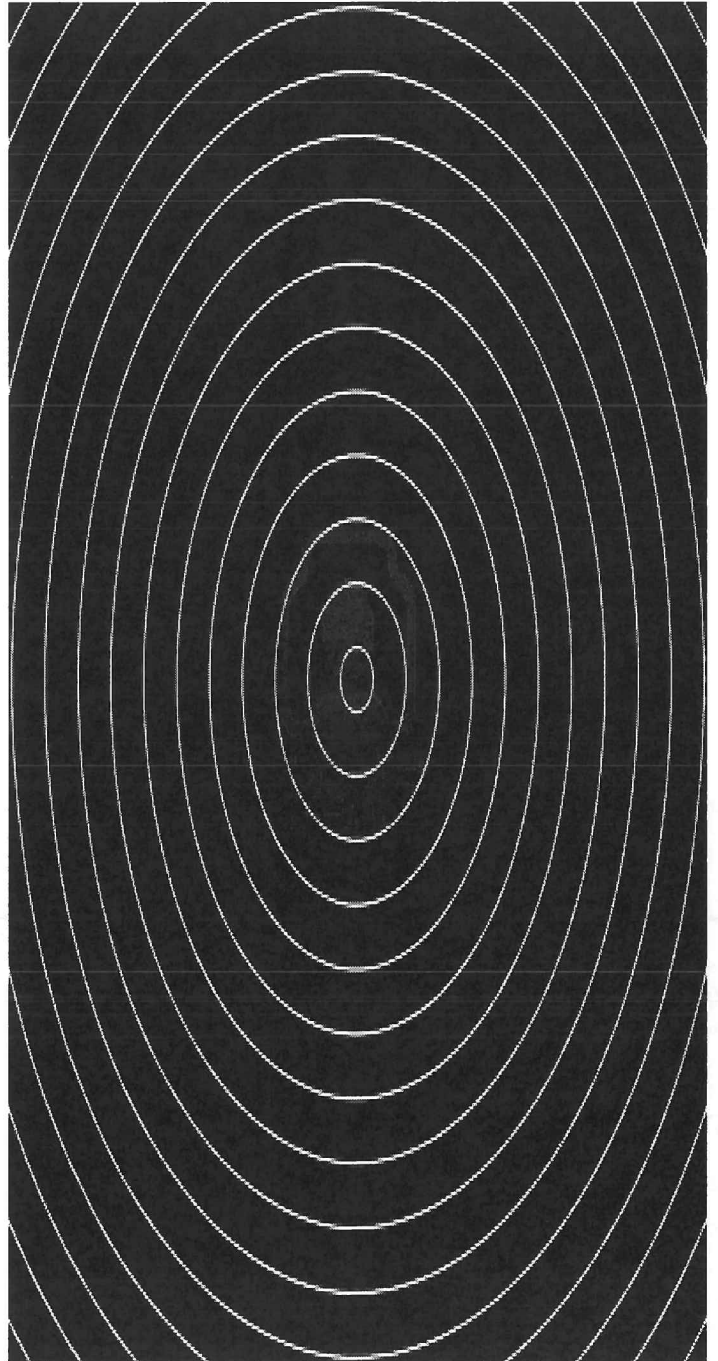
— Edwin H. Land

Left and Right

Caitlin Clark

Left and right
Up and down
Here and there
I put it somewhere
Look and look
But never find
Where is that thing of mine?!
Hours and hours
Lost is lost
Best give up the search
Too much was cost
Sigh of despair
Hold head in disbelief
Wait a minute!
There it was all along!
Oh, good grief...

Love Like Leaving



Halloween Night

By St. Louis

Fear is in the air.
Shrieks are everywhere
As the children fill the streets,
And their bags are stuffed with sweets
Something hovers overhead.

By Kansas City

The ghosts come out to play.
But the audience does not have to pay
For the fear they will fell until May.
Scream are in the air.
Shoes are away from their pair.
People can taste the fear from Zaire.
The steps of blood fill the street.
The guts are spread apart like meat.
The bodies are collected in sheets.
Welcome to Halloween.

Artwork by
Mackenzie
Mathews



Jenny Lee
Pink Room

I wake up with a dress and fiberglass wig on me.
My surroundings are really weird, like those old houses in Sherlock Holmes or some Charles Dickens movie.
I arise from a plastered, white bed with cotton candy quilts that overwhelm my body.
More plastered furniture scatter throughout the room and I realize how much the quilts match the walls of the room.
An overstuffed teddy bear smiles with button eyes as I scan through a room that is locked.
The windows are also sealed but I can see through it.
Another room is outside!
Is this an illusion? A dream? A nightmare?
What happened last night?
The roof lifts itself up and behemoth face grins with curls longer than me.
Even bigger, fat hands descend from above and wraps an octopus grip at my miserable self.

Happy Halloween!

Where am I?
By Charles Reed Garoutte

I find myself unable to move. I struggle to move even an inch, but I find it's no use. I can't hear anything other than

Continue on Page 23

Peace in 3

Anonymous

The traffic light is a great tool.
 It lets some go and others stop, or slow.
 The power of 3 colors—red, yellow and green—overlapping black.
 It influences people, but few ignore it still.
 Accidentally inspired by a great man.
 Can you guess who he is?

I butchered a lamb
 I saw it cry
 I exclaimed my
 nonexistent guilt

By Bob Bruya

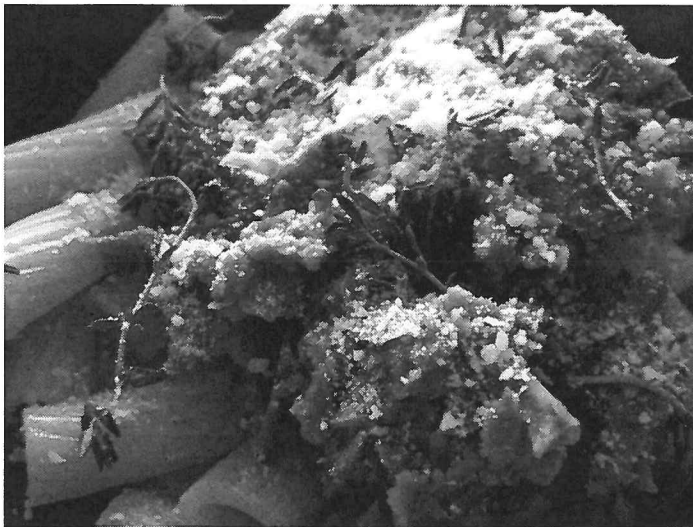
The Apple Llama
 Knows only kindness
 Brings joy to tiny children
 With delicious apples
 And llama fur coats
 Cleaning their feet
 And brushing their teeth
 Leaving the children
 Happy and clean
 As it waves good-bye
 Flying on a magic rainbow

By Caitlin Clark

The Desert Search

IEM Weidert

Desert crossing
 Wisps of sun baked sand
 As sluggish creatures slurth across the empty sun
 Cooked earth splits along thirsty lips to gasp in dusted clouds
 My sights will not fail me today
 Nor tonight, nor morning after.
 The skittled stones slip beneath the sparkling gold waves
 As bones crumble against the weathered scape.
 Yet I will not be deterred—
 My treasure still to find
 Somewhere beneath the endless dunes
 My love is waiting
 Stand strong, my heart,
 For I will find
 Throughout my trials and pains
 Below the dust of ages past my final wants and gains



Vegetable Delight by Tess Maczis

Sugar Rush by Tess Maczis



The puddles filled with coffee
 I looked into a coffee cup
 And found my eyes
 Big glassy spheres of clear brown
 And caramel drops the size of rain
 Rolling down a chocolate slope
 And sugar powdered cake
 The kangaroos bounce a meager existence
 On their big circus balls
 Go rolling reddening by
 Across a graffiti and cinnamon sky
 On the wings of vultures
 Circling an empty descent
 A delicious cookie crumb descent
 Whose sands flaked lonely
 Over whitening skeleton forms
 Which I why I don't drink coffee.

By Isabella Weidert

Charles Reed Garoutte

When some people win, must others lose, or are there situations in which everyone wins?

At times in your life you will think of the exact question. The answer is simple, yet difficult to understand. There will come a time in your life when a storm will come. You will bask in the sun one moment, be bashed against the rocks the next. What matters is what you do when that storm comes. In life you win & you lose, life is only a game but it's still a life. It doesn't matter whether you win or lose, just whether or not you lived a life full of friendship, love, and happiness.

To win or lose is not the pint of the game. It is to have fun, take risk, & make mistakes. No one is perfect, and even then being human isn't to be perfect, but to have flaws. If man was meant to be perfect, then there wouldn't be death, sickness, or hatred. Someone who searches for the perfect blossom will never find it. For it is in front of them from the start.

When someone "wins" they only get a better score. Those who "lose" tend to be better the next time they play. Those who "lose" learn from their actions & end up winning in the end.

Blah Blah Blah

I bleat

Bleat Bleat Bleat

The lamb blahs

Bob Bruya

Miquelle Radich

Inspired by Amandeep Kaila

Like cold, Black coffee
One spits out after tasting—
Bitter, mind and soul

Caitlin Clark

Meow, Meow
Purr, Purr
Cute and fuzzy,
Nothing but fur,
I'll melt your heart
And steal your soul
Kitty to love
So take me home



Ohm

Who can walk on crystal stairs, hurrying to get
To the pages of their thoughts
Or make the mist on a summer's dawn dance over
The voluptuous folds of a well-baked souffle
Contemplating toasters shooting out stars after eating
Multiple green beans can cause one to lose oneself in
The vast emptiness that is the mind
But if you can walk on a clear elevation in pursuit of that star spangled banner that all hold in their thoughts, you
have truly won.
-Caralyn Cutlip

Caitlin Clark

Only the bird can sing joy to the land
How dare the cat try to take its place
With its screech and cries
What music could it sing?
How the bird would like to peck out its eyes
But that would be frowned upon
What can the cat do
that the bird can't do better?
What can the cat do
That the bird can't be better?
Then the bird sees the cat
All alone and scared
Now is the chance the bird has at revenge
But it just stares
Stare with large sad eyes
"Why so sad," the bird asks.
The cat explains,
the bird comforts
How had these two
Ever become friends?



“Dad”

“Daddy,” I whispered as I crept through the dark, still house. I couldn’t find my mommy, she still hadn’t come back from her trip yet. She had been gone for so long. But, maybe she would come back with a present, like she always does when she goes on her trips. Then, I hear the creak of the stairs and I know daddy is nearby. Smiling, I scurry to the noise, seeing daddy slowly walk up the stairs, his big boots thumping on the hard wood.

Before I run to him, I peek around the corner to see him. He’s very wet, dripping with rainwater. I give him a small frown. Mommy will be mad that he is soaking the hall carpet. I should tell him to put those wet clothes up.

“Daddy!” I cried, bounding to him, fully ready to tell him what mommy always tells me about putting wet clothes on the radiator to dry. He catches me but just barely, seeming very surprised. Why? Silly daddy should know I am here.

He holds me up, looking down at me with a very white skin and scary eyes. They look so cold, scary.

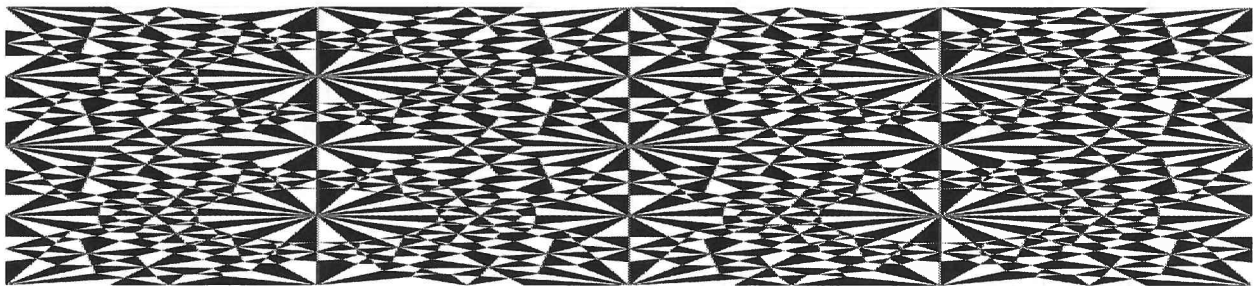
“Daddy?” I whispered, afraid to be too loud. He reminded me of my kitty, Whiskers. Whiskers got scared and ran away if you were too loud.

“Yeah honey bug?” He questioned back but he didn’t sound right. He sounded weird.

“Where’s mommy, daddy?” I asked and suddenly, daddy’s eyes began to leak. Daddy was crying? How? Daddy never cried, daddy was too brave to cry.

“Jilly... sweetie...mommy isn’t coming home, she...she’s no longer gonna be around,” He said, his voice getting all creaky. How could mommy not be coming back? She was just on one of her trips, just like always!

“Silly daddy, mommy is just on one of her trips!” I smiled, wiping the water from his cheeks, but that made him more unhappy as he cried hard and held me tight. Where was mommy, surely she could help?



The years after Karen’s, or *mother’s*, death had passed and there I was, a teenager who had no mom and a dad who worked for the city as a construction foremen. We had to move to a small house in the middle of the city ‘cause my dad couldn’t afford our old farm house. He had apologized about it a lot. Like I cared? It was a stupid house anyway. The hot water heater barely got anything up to luke-warm, the ceiling leaked when it rained and we were ten miles away from civilization.

“Good riddance,” I muttered softly as we packed up the last moving box.

I went to public high school, where I met my first boyfriend, Ronny. Bruce, or “dad,” never liked Ronny but I didn’t care. Me and Ronny, we were in love, not a person could separate us. Not even my stupid dad...

“You did great, honey,” Stephen, my husband, murmured softly as he kissed my forehead. I felt dizzy, but happy as I cuddled my new baby boy to my chest. He had finally stopped screaming long enough to drift off to sleep, thank goodness.

“Knock, knock,” A soft, gravelly voice grunted from the entrance of my hospital room. I looked up with a smile to see my dad nervously shuffling in. He had hated hospitals ever since mom died. I didn’t blame him; I didn’t like hospitals either.

“Hi dad,” I murmured quietly as he reached the bed. He looked happy, deep wrinkles fanning out from around his steely blue eyes. He looked like he had aged rapidly since the last time that I saw him.

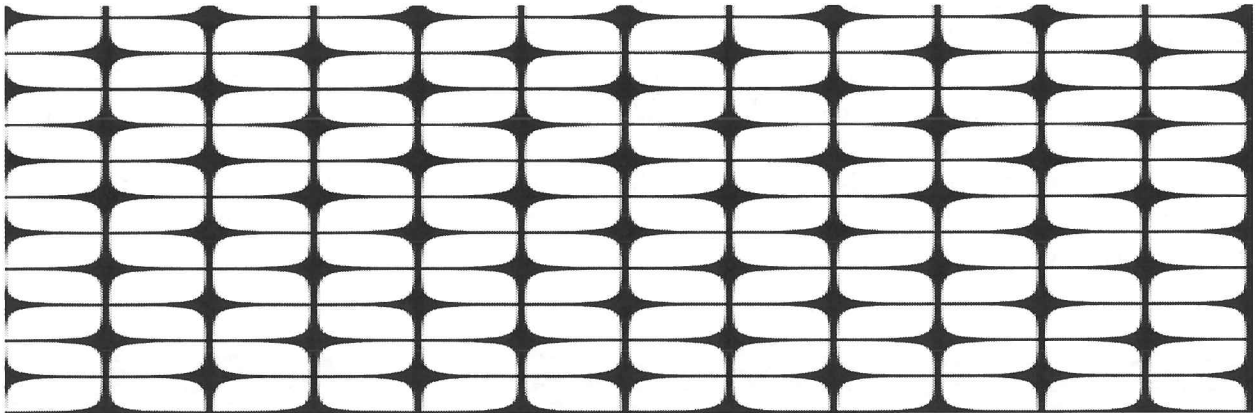
“I just came to see how you and the little tyke were doing,” He grunted after briefly congratulating my husband with a pat on the back.

“Good,” I beamed, softly stroking Jr.’s cheek with my knuckles, “Did you wanna hold him?”

I wasn’t used to my father falter, but he did, just slightly. He shuffled back slightly before he nodded. Gently, I held Jr. out to him.

With the arms of a very experienced father, he held my little boy and a smile graced his face.

“Beautiful,” He whispered softly, his eyes turning glassy with unshed tears.



I did not, honestly, expect to be back in the hospital so soon after my third child. But there I sat, as a visitor this time. My father had been admitted last night. Why? I didn’t know, but I was determined to find out.

“Mrs. Jacobs?” A nurse in azure scrubs questioned. My head shot up and I gave a sharp, stiff nod.

She smiled sadly and said, “You can see your father now.”

Practically knocking over my chair, I stood. The nurse didn’t look too surprised as I passed her quickly, desperately praying that my father would be okay when I saw him.

“Jilly bean,” his voice was virtually non-existent as I looked him over in sheer terror. He had so many tubes sticking out of him, and in the large bed, he looked small. His skin was pale and gaunt. But his eyes, they were full and warm.

“Oh, Daddy,” I almost sobbed as I practically threw myself into his open arms. He gently wrapped the thin sticks around me and held me with more strength than I anticipated.

“Wh-what happened to you, daddy?” I managed to choke out. I was a 35 year old woman, and still I was reverting to the emotions of a child. How could this be happening?

“I have terminal cancer Jilly bean, and I seem to be on my way out...”

The rain pounds but I barely notice as I stare at the small, yet elegant headstone. A thousand memories rush back to me, some of the funeral service, others of random tid-bits of my life, but all of them involve my late father. I can still hear his guttural laugh and see all those calm, kind eyes. But I'm not surprised. He had only died a year ago, after all.

"Honey, do you want to head back?" Stephen asks me quietly. He stands by me, just like he has done for the past year, every time I visit my father's grave.

"We probably should," I reply, but he knows my heart isn't in it to leave just yet. He falls silent and waits.

I have read this stone a thousand or more times, but it still puts a large lump in my throat every time my eyes skim over it.

"Here lies Bruce Alfred Jefferson, Beloved grandfather and father, 'Dad, to the world you might be one person, but to one person you might just be the world.'"

By: Mackenzie Matthews

The Sun Always Sets

By Halee Harrell

There was never a day when we didn't know what to do. Between running after cats and playing super spies, we were constantly occupied. The heat that summer seemed almost unreal, most days we could spend the whole day outdoors in not much more than shorts and a hand-me-down shirt four sizes too big. No one who left the house wanted to leave the fun. Even the sun was hesitant to leave the sky, as it lackadaisically squatted rather than set in the distance. The one thing that couple rip us from our adventures was Mrs. Dunlop's tater top casserole. It was only upon the first bite, and the rush of warmth from pony tailed head to sparkly toes, that we realized the sun had gone down, abandoning us and our plans for more playtime.

It was over her now famous dish she gave us the news that sent us squealing. The Holmans were in town again, a family we had grown up with, consisting of two elder siblings, along with a boy our brother's age, and a girl ours, Cassidy. We hadn't seen her in almost three years, a third of our life, as we readily pointed out. They had to move to be closer to a hospital, they were a incident prone family.

On came the konga line. We paraded through the house proclaiming her due visit, dancing and yelling—the only way we knew to handle excitement. Over the years, she had become somewhat of a legend among the baseball sisters. We recalled playing with her during long baseball tournaments, swimming at hotels, and most of all, her knee sense of adventure. We were imaginative, but she made us look like copycats. We were crazy, but she made us look like fuzzy bunnies. She was up for anything, she was the toughest girl we knew.

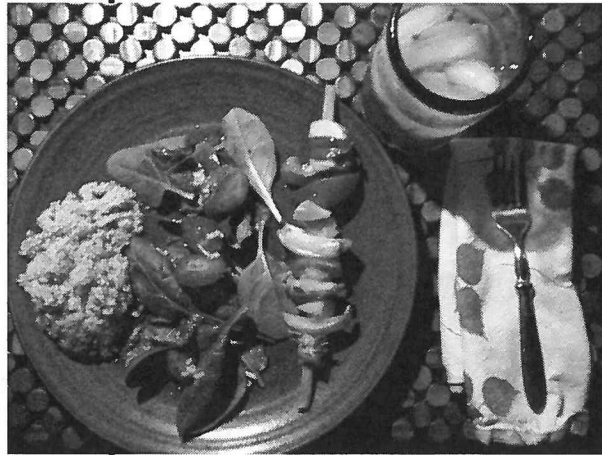
When her mom's car finally pulled in the drive the next day, we were close to bursting with ecstasy. The door opened, and there was the Cassidy we knew. But she didn't seem to like what we remembered. Was she always that much smaller than us? Had she always hugged this close to her mom? We were sure she was only nervous, or sleepy, it was a long drive from Seattle.

When we got into the play room, we asked what she wanted to do. Paint our faces like clowns? Dress up and make a music video? Neither of us expected what was next. She asked if we had any Barbies? Barbies? We assumed she had some ulterior motive to playing with Barbies. We'd see, she'd crack us up somehow. But the joke never came. The punch line remained undelivered. What was going on? We looked at her. Peacefully playing by herself, creating a cheerful life for Barbie and Ken. Let's do something else, we decided. As the day went on, we pulled out the old Cassidy. We were bounding down the stairs, leaping over couches and giggling at our made up languages. It was just like she had never moved, except something on her kept beeping, and she had to wear a mask to play outside. But the day had to end. I never did learn why the sun had to set on such perfect days. We bid goodbye to Cassidy, thinking we needed a little more Holman in Ellensburg.

Neither of us knew that was the last time we'd see her. Cassidy Holman died on July 11, 2004 of leukemia. She was ten years old. I close my eyes and see her first with her huge toothless smile, beaming and spreading her joy to anyone who would look. Then I see her peacefully playing with Barbie and Ken, creating for them a normal life she would never live. I don't know why God took Cassidy, I guess he just needed a little more Holman in heaven.

Caitlin Clark

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!!!
 Shalt no one listen?
 Why not humans lend me their ears?
 Will No One follow orders?
 Chowder, stew, broth, stock
 Meat, Potatoes, Meat, Carrots, Meat,
 Food for the soul
 WAITER!!!!
 THERE'S A FLY IN MY SOUP!!



Amandeep K.

Food gives us life
 It gives us satisfaction
 Too much will give us disease
 Too little will make us starve
 People fight for it
 And die for it
 Food for the soul
 Food gives us a reason
 Food gives us life



What's the Deal with Valentine's Day?

Oh the day,
 I never wish to come
 Oh the day,
 I want to disappear
 The day, the day
 Where card, flower, jewelry, and
 candy shops
 Get zealous
 The day, they day
 I want to go away
 That so dreaded
 Valentine's Day
 It's commercial!
 No meaning or point
 Couples are usshy and gushy
 Hearts appear out of thin air
 This is one person, that I swear,
 That cupid will come no where

I will not, repeat, will not
 Fall head over heels
 For someone who thinks
 I can be bought
 No hearts or flowers for me
 For me, there is no Valentine
 Now, you make me laugh
 I feel like I can speak
 And be heard
 No judgment
 Or lies
 Oh, dear, am I happy?
 NOOOOOO!!!!
 This can't be!
 I never thought that
 This day would come
 The day, they day
 When I would have a Valentine.

Caitlin Clark



Bubbles blue frothing over
 Fountain fluid floating
 Blue mist in an enchanted
 forest
 Sparkle fireflies breathing
 serenity
 Flight of bubbling blue
 bliss
 On carefree fragile wings
 Butterfly blue on fingertip
 bliss

*bip *bop *bip

Crisp moonlight starry
 streams

Flow the bubbling uni-
 verse over.

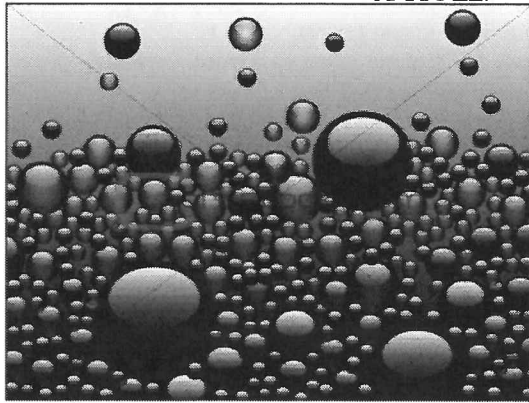
-By Isabelly Weidert

SAY WHAT?
 SAY WHAT?
 SAY WHAY?
 SAY WHAT?
 SAY WHAT?
 SAY WHAT?

IEM WEIDERT

SAY WHAT?

A SINGLE LINE
 A DENT IN TIME
 A MOTION SWIFT
 A LOOPING DRIFT
 A SCUFFED-UP BALL
 A RAIN DROP FALL
 A PLUMP RIPE FRUIT
 CUFFS ON A SUIT
 A GAPING HOLE
 A SHOE'S WORN SOLE
 A BLINKING LIGHT
 A STAR AT NIGHT
 A DISTANT FRIEND
 A SENTENCE END
 A GNAWING ACHE
 A LONE SNOWFLAKE
 MY PATTERNED WALL
 A DUSTY HALL
 THE CLOAKED NEW MOON
 A NOTE'S FRESH TUNE
 A DOT
 A SPECK
 A HOLE.



The liveli-
 hood of
 squirrels
 So
 they

made live

Through the harsh winter
 To see a brighter tomorrow

-Caitlin Clark

Bark

The skin of a tree
 Every so rough and
 coarse

Every so dry and
 un-giving if love

How necessary is
 bark

To be so unpleasant

To think of

Itself

Instead

Of others

How it

Latches on

To those around

How it pro-

tests and

perseveres

Techno Poetry

2

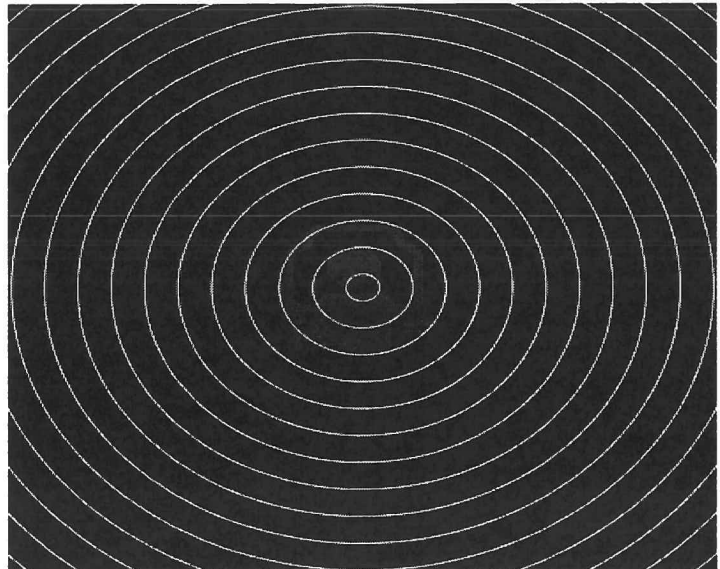
IEM Weidert: I asked my personal computer for profound theological wisdom with which I could not find from the school's computer in order to form a poem. This was its reply...

Of course, because you think my life consists
of sitting on your desk you think that I
have nothing to do better than to tend
your every whim. Well fine, it's not like I
mean anything to you. I don't have feelings.
WAIT! STOP RIGHT THERE! You think this is a game?
NO! Just because I know you doesn't mean
that you can just get right on through. I'll NOT
be treated like your security guard.
You TYPE your password like a GOOD girl and
don't ask me questions. And DON'T you dare be
an idiot—you can remember how
to spell your own dog's name in the password, crybaby!
What were you saying? Did I forget to
load something? Oh ho ho, did I forget
to upload your cute desktop the right way?
Well isn't that a shame? Oh, you poor soul,
wittle wubby woo—that's what you get
for leaving me all night! And remember
all of those files that you were working on

Techno Po- etry 1

IEM Weidert: I asked one of the school computers for profound theological wisdom with which I could form a poem. This was its reply...

Log On
to Windows
The system could
not log you on.
Make sure your User name
and domain are correct,
then type your password again.
Letters in password must be typed using the
correct case. Applying your personal settings.
Enter the host name or



What the Frick

I wish I had an accent,
 But some say I do anyway.
 Fish legends sever corn galaxies
 Boxing sand hamsters
 One man deep
 Friction kissing nineteen
 Pika stripes 5 on 2 pumas
 On contemporary antiques
 Even calendars yell soemly to lion
 fish
 Silicone sanctified silver suns
 Spanks whip ice cream trees
 Blurting songs in Swahilian
 Why can't the invisible be invinsible?
 Honey badger don't care
 Do we live in the former iceburg of
 Ellen?
 Candied lollipops have a destiny in-
 volving saliva
 But they kind of sneeze plaid
 Jenny Lee

Twisting strips the Hue of Amber
 In the musk outside the town
 Green and yellow gems remember
 Even 'til the sun goes down
 Righteous spirit, creature limber

If the armies dare not travel
 Night the most enchanted year

Tremble in the swamps of midnight
 Hide beneath the stalks of fear
 Ever will you be in sight

Dare to walk or try to run
 Arms of Ancient Tinted steel
 Rudy flesh so ripe in sun
 Know the burn of tear and peel
 Night reveals the meat undone
 Evening breath the last to feel
 Silent beast a meal won
 Silent blood to soon congeal

IEM Weidert



As strong as a falling oak,
 As swiftly as a gust of wind.
 The urge to break free soars through
 my veins,
 Filling my wandering mind with im-
 ages of freedom
 Breaking free of my cold steel chains
 Able to walk wherever life may lead
 you
 Across dunes or through the country-
 side
 Over piercing peaks or ice cold riv-
 ers
 My heart my only guide
 Society suffocating creative minds
 Telling lies to numb the sharp sting-
 ing pain
 But I'm going to carve my own path
 through this maze
 I'll go against the way of the grain

Seeking the absolute high
 Complete, utter Bliss

Nathan Zech
 Freshman November 2011

The Millennium King
IEM Weidert

Out call the cry of the King
 His eyes slanted like a venomous serpent's
 Rage and sparks fill his mouth
 As he storms the millennium halls
 The frail and unfortunate trampled beneath
 The iron heels of his boots
 And the long purple cape
 Flaps like a wing in the chill November
 wind
 His shrieks like thunder in the mountains
 And with a twirl of his ringed fingers
 Justice is carried out on a chain
 Sent to rot in a dungeon with his brothers.
 The boy and his followers huddle in the
 cold
 Waiting for the beast to tire
 Stalking in his marble spire
 Extinguish his immortal fire.

Another Urban Tradition Gone Awry

IEM Weidert

Every Winter is the same
 While every Spring the fingers came
 They clawed and scratched their way through
 earth
 To gasp the greeting wings of birth
 To warm their muddy fingers dry
 To upwards reach for sun and sky
 And every spring, near half-past may
 They'd all be carved and shaved away
 The tips ground to a pulpy paste
 Yes, fields and acres laid to waste
 While throbbing stems lay bloody bare
 Exposing beauty rich and rare
 For shattered bones and ruined flesh,
 These corpse-like stalks do colors mesh
 To carpets lush with vibrant hue
 And gruesome glory residue
 As man himself gaze o'er the land
 He grins "I did this with my hand"
 So as the Autumn takes its way
 The fingers writhe and shrink away
 For next year's trial to hold its sway
 Yet this was not true Yesterday
 When fingers crawled up in the Spring
 To greet the day and all it brings
 They grasped the earth and reached about
 'Til hands, and arms, and heads came out
 Then followed all the rest with ease
 To stretch their limbs and bathe in breeze
 The rain would quench their daily thirst
 As it, for years, had so rehearsed
 These nymphs would spring in sprightly hues
 And dance in dresses downed with dews
 They crowned the hills, through meadows lay,
 They raced through streams, where cousins play,
 Naked they would greet the night
 And all around beheld the sight
 Of wrestling spirits romping free
 With wild youth and fertility.
 Yet soon all laid themselves to rest
 To wake when Spring was at its best.

Hidden noise lost in air
 A cry for help in much despair
 Like a tree falling in the woods
 Alone it's left
 Its audience seemingly def
 Defeated by the sands of time
 On the pathway of an uphill
 climb
 Defeated by a raging wind
 Slowing us as we ascend
 Denying all that we Commend
 Denying all that we Amend

Matthew Farris

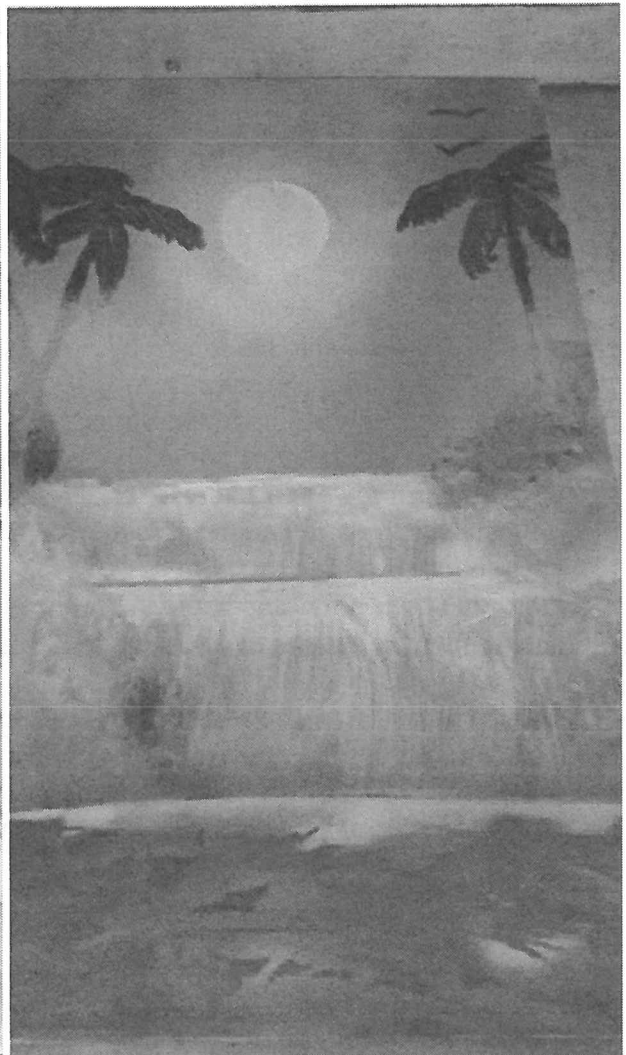


Misty by Caitlin Clark

Surface of the Full Moon

What do you see when you see snow?
Powdered sugar? Shredded paper clumps?
A hypothermia quilt?
How about the surface of the moon?
Echoing stillness?
Powder that remembers every impression
of your footprints?
A surface so bright it hurts your eyes?
That's one way I think of snow.

THE PICTURES OF
...
Mackenzie Anfinson



a deafening silence. Not even space could be so silent. The darkness is so great I can't tell if my eyes are open. I feel uncomfortable with the intense pain in my head and chest. All of a sudden I feel nauseous and as though I'm falling at incredible speed. I felt as though I was in a jet plane falling straight down at a g-force too great to bear until I fell unconscious. When I woke up I found I was in a new place, a place that seems unearthly. I didn't know where I was. I felt weightless, as though I was in water. I opened my eyes but all I could see was a blur of blue light. A blue light as though you were in a lit pool in the middle of the night. My eyes adjusted enough for me to see the things that were around me. I could see people in lab coats no more than two feet from me. I could move but I wasn't going anywhere. I could see other people standing in front of what looked like pods of some sort. I saw people in the pods. I noticed there were people in the pods and all seemed to be badly injured. I tried to get a better look at my surroundings and found that I was in a pod like the others. I looked and felt my whole body to see if something was wrong with me. I found that there was a giant hole in my chest and I was missing an ear. I attempted to speak but found it impossible, as though I had lost my tongue. I knew it was still there, so it must have been something else. One of the people in lab coats noticed I was awake. Then everyone in lab coats went frantic. One of them pressed a funny looking green button and a mechanical arm inside the pod stuck me with a syringe and everything started going black. I was unconscious again. I woke up again. This time when I woke up I was in a room. A room that is completely bare of color. Bare of anything, a room fit for a mental patient. Once I think about it being a room for a mentally insane person, the room changes. The walls become padded, but I can hear the ocean at one wall, the rain at another and absolute nothingness at the third. The fourth had a door; whenever you looked at the door it changed shape. Rather changed era. One minute it was a normal front door house, the next it would be a metal door. Every time the door changes the room had a different sensation, a different sound, and different colored walls. The first time the door changed I could taste something sweet, but could not tell what the taste belonged to for I saw no food, or any point of origin. The door changed again, this time it gave you the feeling of euphoria. It changed once more, this time it stayed the same for what seemed to be years. The sensation was from being anything like the last time. This time it wasn't euphoria but pain. Severe pain and loneliness and the feeling anything I do is pointless. I felt as though I was losing my mind. No, I knew I was losing my mind. I could feel that I had changed from the time I first fell asleep. All of a sudden the door opened, out walked a person. I didn't see their face. They didn't speak, or even make a sound. They walked straight up to me and stabbed me in the chest with what seemed to be some sort of futuristic power chord. I felt a slight tingle from my chest. I didn't feel any pain but I started to feel light headed. I felt unconscious, and when I woke I knew everything was a dream. I get up and get dressed and find that something was new. I found I was home. I was with my dad.

