

Pioneer Anthology

Perspectives



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From the Editors in Chief

Tierney Shay

“Art and writing are one of the ways our generation can reach back to all past generations and be present in the future. This Anthology is really about that. We want to record all of the talents and expressions of our generation and spread them throughout the future. Through art and writing, so much is possible. You can change one person, or you can change the world. Either way, you have changed something and left your mark on all generations to come.”

Stina Pugh

“One of the benefits of being an editor for the Pioneer Anthology was getting the chance to see everybody’s unique artwork and writing. I’m happy I was a part of this and look forward to next year!”

Perspectives

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Escape From Reality

It's silent.
Except for quiet whispers.
The whispers of pages turning.
These whispers won't be muttered behind my back.

There are countless worlds at my fingertips; so many perspectives.
I can start an adventure here, and if I don't like it... I can stop there and never think of it again.
Our adventures are different. They aren't just something you can close and put back on the shelf.

You need to continue on. Always continue on.

That's why I come here. I need to escape what's real.
I come to hear the voices of those who share their reality; those who share their dreams.
I come to dwell in the silence and think. Once in a while I listen...
Pages turning, footsteps and my steady breathing.
We all need to be alone at times.
All we need is to find our escape from reality.

By: Molly Morsching



2014 Survivors

So we just stood there. I didn't find it awkward, standing there waiting for the world to finally pound all the non-swimming creatures into a pulp. But apparently Nathan did.

He said through the com, "So... did you hear about the two televisions that fell in love and got married? The wedding was okay, but the reception was wonderful!" I heard Aaron crack up and saw Amber show a smile. "Get it? Reception? You know, like a television--"

"Yes, funny. In fact, so funny I forgot to laugh." I sighed. Boys. "So, Rog, what time is it supposed to come?" I asked.

"Yeah, bro! I gotta pee!" Nathan said.

"You were supposed to go before we got these suits on!" I yelled.

"Well, I didn't need to go then!" he whined, and I realized he was only joking. Aaron laughed hard and then even Ella grinned.

"We should be able to see it now! I'm not sure why my math didn't solve out... the height of the wave has a capacity that should move it forward fast enough so that in three hundred meters we could--"

"Uh, dude? Your math is fine. It's the wave I don't like," Nate's voice had lost its touch of sarcasm now, so I looked out over the horizon, facing the sunset. Past the tiny town of slow trucks and old gas stations, there were large, vast hills that usually shut the sunset down fast. The colors of the sun were just beginning to darken, but I was still surprised that Nathan was the first to see an enormous movement, rolling straight toward us. White caps paraded in the front of the wave and I realized this wasn't going to be as nice as I thought it was.

"Oh boy," Ella's voice filtered in slowly.

"We *are* all going to die!" Amber cried.

"Yeah, we kinda made that obvious toots," Aaron admitted.

I took a deep breath. I hadn't noticed this before, but the town below us was shutting down. Only government cars, like fire trucks and ambulances roamed around and I was pretty sure they weren't too happy about having to do that. I wondered where all of the citizens had gone. I had heard about building something like a bomb shelter, but surely they hadn't made one big enough for everyone in that amount of time. Maybe they had driven off, but that would be hopeless, considering the wave was now soaring two hundred miles per hour, (and I don't stretch the truth).

It was coming up so fast; I could almost see the objects from around the world it had picked up. I looked at that large amount of anger barreling toward us and felt like crying.

Yes, we had done things that even *I* was mad at. We mined too much, dug into the Earth too much, spilled oil too much, and drove cars too much. And maybe some people *did* deserve this, but not all of us! Couldn't just Mexico City suffer? A tear welled up in my eye, and I had nothing to do to brush it away. Stupid helmet which is supposedly going to sustain my life.

I was going to die, and I knew it. I thought of all my life I had planned, all that had happened and all that I thought would happen. I never thought of this. It was hard to imagine a world without humans. One with only fish and anything that breathed underwater.

"That's moving way too fast for my liking," Amber stated.

"I hope the fish are happy," Nate concluded.

"It's so huge, I suppose all of this was useless," Ella said, gesturing to our spacesuit clothing that protected us from the water and contained artificial oxygen for us to breath in. It also made me walk really weird.

"I know it seems futile, but I this is our one last chance to survive. If this doesn't work, nothing will."

It was quiet as we all gazed at the wave that contained cars, chunks of building, (whole ones even) and probably a whole lot of dead bodies, and that's when the tears really started to flow.

"I'm gonna miss living," Nathan said, and it wasn't with sarcasm either. It killed me to know that the apocalypse would come when Nate stopped joking.

I didn't speak, and I heard the great wave now, even though it was tons of miles away. I heard its anger and ferocity, rolling over the hills and destroying all that we have made throughout civilization.

I felt something grab my hand, and I looked to see it was Nathan. Nathan, the class clown, the one who kept us all going with his jokes, grabbed my hand. I couldn't feel it completely; my glove was too thick, and all I could do was imagine its softness, and its warmth. I realized I must look pretty bad in this stupid clown suit, all geared up and ready for take-off. My eyes were red from crying and I was ready to ball up and go to sleep. I head led them all night and I had never slept. My hair hadn't been brushed and I even *felt* dirty, but he held my hand, and then everyone else did, too. That's when I noticed I was in the middle. I was their leader, and I didn't even know it. I looked around at everyone's faces, and they weren't looking at the wave, they were looking at each other.

I was going to die with my best friends, and that was a fine death for me. I made the mistake to look at the ocean that was toppling in on our valley now, and screamed inside my head. I saw a head of the statue of liberty flying through it, I saw a skyscraper top, I saw a Sequoyah tree, and I saw myself, floating through the water, dead. The vision of me faded as I heard myself listing what we agreed to do out loud. My natural leader instinct kicked in and I yelled above the roar of water that was soon to sweep us away in two minutes.

"REMEMBER!" I yelled, "DON'T LOOK AT THE WAVE! IT'LL ONLY SCARE YOU AND MAKE YOU RUN! WE HAVE TO RELY ON ROG'S MATH AND STAY HERE! IF YOU DO RUN-"

"YOU'LL BE HIT BY ITS 92ND WHITE CAP! IT WILL INSTANTLY GROUND YOUR BONES TO THE GROUND!" Rog put in.

The wave was so close now, I couldn't even hear myself, but I know I was getting through to them.

"CLOSE YOUR EYES! LET YOURSELF GO! YOU GUYS ARE GREAT FRIENDS! IF ONE OF YOU SURVIVES, I'LL SAVE YOU A SPOT IN HEAVEN!" I yelled, hoping my last words were true.

I've never been a very religious person. I've skipped church, attended reconciliation about once, and said my prayers with no feeling, but now was different. I spoke loudly and clearly as the wave surrounded us, rising fifty feet above us. I said the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and my Act Of Contrition as if I had said it all my life. I couldn't tell, but I thought I heard all my friends join with me. I looked at that wall of death that was coming at me, and I finally accepted it. I was going to die, and I was fine with it. I lived a life that I would never change

and so... I let go. Just like Roger said, the base of the curling wave was the thing that hit us first. It swept us up and I felt powerless and motionless. I closed my eyes, and felt Nathan's hand slip out of mine. My body jerked sideways, and upwards and downwards, like on a rollercoaster. I breathed the artificial air that supported me like there was plenty of it, because I didn't care. I was done caring, because now, with all the mistakes I had made, I would die. My head spun and my eyes shut tightly. Something hit my side and sent me flying the other direction. I didn't feel pain, though. My body spun around and I almost felt motion sickness.

All I heard was the crackle of the com unit. Then, suddenly, I opened my eyes. Who knows why, but I just did. I wasn't supposed to, and I never wanted to, but I had to. My eyes shot open and in front of me, past all the green tinted water that had swallowed us whole, I saw a large statue. I recognized it instantly. It was that statue at Rio de Janeiro. The statue of Christ, and it belonged on a hill overlooking the great metropolis. I watched in silence as it rose upward to me, and I landed straight on the statue's right hand. The hard surface knocked the air out of me, and my body was rocketed upward. That's when I blanked out.

By: Julianna Kolb

Home is Where the Heart is.

Home is where the heart is.
That's what they always say.
But what if your heart,
Is a million miles away?

And you can't do anything about it,
Just wait and pray and hope,
That somehow, someone will stop it.

Stop the move.
Stop the pain.
Somehow, keep the groove.
Keep the life.

My heart *and* soul abide here,
So, why can't I just stay,
And they take someone else.

I know you'll never understand.
That's why I wrote this poem,
To give a helping hand.

Children that are ripped,
Out of their lives.
Will truly be missed,
By all those that survive,
The pain of losing their best friend.

But their best friend might not,
Survive.
All the days away, left in a city to rot.

No one to talk to,
No shoulder to cry on.
No song to sing to.

A child ripped away from friends,
Is hardly a child at all.
With friends,
There's always someone to catch her when she falls.

When there's no one to catch her,
She becomes a broken shell.

She's forgotten how to smile,
The pain's too much to bear,
Until she gets an e-mail,
From someone, that makes her grin.

I guess it won't be so bad.
I'm not going to die,
But I know I'll be very sad,
Because,

My home is where my heart is.
Where all my memories live.
With the only people in my life,
That make me glad to live.

By: Jessica Davis



Ramen

A variety of flavors, too many to name.
Whenever I eat it, I eat it the same.
I eat it a lot, for me it's no task.
So what is this food? Some people might ask.
If you're in college, you can have a cheap meal.
That is why Ramen is the best deal.
You can buy it single, or just can buy a lot.
Just boil up some water, and put it in the pot.
Mix in the seasoning, now you can eat.
That is why no other food can compete.

By John Blanda

Last Goodbye

I know that you're gone,
Believe me I do.

Your family is here,
And they miss you too.

You left us so soon
It's almost untrue.

I never imagined,
This day would come soon.

I only believed,
Sick people could die.

But I can see,
That it is a lie.

I'm writing this letter,
To ask my God why.

He didn't protect you,
When you were alive.

But I guess in life,
Nothing survives.

I pray for you,
Day and night.

And I always remember,
How you looked in my eyes.

The years pass
And memories fade.

But to me,
The pain stays the same.

The heartbreak and tears,

Brings nothing but fear.

The day seems longer,
Since you're not here.

All I hope
Is that you're fine.

Wherever God led you,
I won't say goodbye.

I know that you're here,
So close to my heart.

I know that somewhere,
You're smiling up high.

Please take care,
Wherever you are.

And please don't forget,
Where you belong

By Adriana Torres

The Road to My Cabin

Constant bumps, twists, and loop-de-loops
A hundred miles of gravel road ahead
My head spinning with boredom
On the road to my cabin

The smell of rotting and aged wood fills the air
The little ember in my heart is burning into a fire of impatience
Searching for the jewel in the pines
On the road to my cabin

Sitting, sleeping, and watching
Gaming, singing, and twitching
Boring, boring, and more boring
On the road to my cabin

As we get closer, the lake's perfume splashes against my face
Legs start pleading to be walked
Arms desperate to be satisfied with a fishing pole
On the road to my cabin

We pull up
Bruised with the scars of time torture
Mind spinning with all of the potential activities
On the driveway of my cabin

Regain consciousness
A sigh of anguish
As I realize the painful hours it took to come here
And fretting the lengthy ride back home

By Grant Eicher



Smile

It's hard to get through life
When it seems to be beating you down
Purposely placing things in your path
For the sole intent to fail you

It's hard to get back up again
When you know there's more to come
You almost want to give up
Stay down and avoid the struggle

It's hard to live your life
Always waiting for the next obstacle
But if this is the way you choose to live
You'll miss the celebrations of victory

Life can be hard- to live and to enjoy
But you just have to paste a smile on
Then before you know it...
The smile becomes real.

By Tierney Shay



Be Yourself

She sailed through the crack of an opening, not knowing what was in store for her or her future. The darkness enveloped her entire ship, making it impossible to see. She heard a snap. Was it of a twig? Of a cracker breaking in half? She didn't think it sounded like that, so it made her more on edge. She shifted uneasily, clearly regretting listening to her guide, who may possibly be trying to kill her. He said, "She needed to have her eyes opened." That only entailed her to think of all the gruesome things that could be done. Trying to get to her happy, warm, music filled place, she closed her eyes as tight as she could. She was trying to block out the darkness that surrounded her. She felt a wisp of cold blow through her neck, and then laughter. He was clearly laughing at her. But why? They were impossible to be seen, even from a mere two feet from each other. She then realized that something was different. Something strange was happening. Her eyes burned as if blinded by the flash of an atomic bomb. Slowly, she opened them, glancing first at the sunken in laughing face of him, then at her surroundings. She gasped. It was magnificent. Everywhere she turned there was magic. Everything glittered, and everything felt as if it were singing.

"Where are we?" she asked in complete awe. She had never seen this place before, but she was sure she had seen everywhere there was to see in town. "Under the creek," was all that he said. She gave him a quizzical look, for she had never heard of such a ridiculous thing in her life. "How can we be under the creek? That's just mud, filth, and sewers." He looked deeply saddened. "Yes, that's what everyone thinks, and yet, no one seems to see the beauty in it all."

She didn't understand. 'Beauty in it all?' What could that possibly mean? Only beautiful things could have beauty.

"See this?" He held up a long glimmering object. She couldn't identify it. Reaching out for it, she asked in awe, "What is it? It's one of the prettiest things I've ever looked at." He quickly pulled it away. "It's a stick." Her expression turned from awe to disbelief in less than .1 seconds. "But, how can it – ." Cutting her off, he quickly answered, "This stick, on land above the surface, it was an ordinary object. It held no special qualities about it, for no one seemed to care about it. But once it came here, it found its worth. It found that it is special, and that's why it glimmers and shines. It's not afraid to be an ordinary stick anymore. It's not judged and deemed as ugly. Now everyone wants it, *because* it's found its true qualities, and hasn't tried to live up to someone else's standards."

She still had the look of disbelief strewn across her face. "But it's a *stick*." He thought for a second to himself, then came up with a different explanation in terms he thought she'd be able to understand. "Think of it as clothes. Someone popular may wear something that's not in style, but it will quickly become in style simply because a popular person wore it. Now everyone wants it because they think having it will make them feel special and above everyone, or at least included and deemed as 'normal'." She thought she understood, sort of. "But how does a stick tie into this?" He smiled and said, "Everyone wants to fit in with

one another, but no two people are the same. Take a total jock and a complete nerd: the nerd will try to follow what the jock does just to try and feel more included in the society, when in fact they couldn't be more different. The nerd will buy clothes the jock wears, eat what he eats, act like he acts, all the while slowly losing who truly is inside. He'll lose complete sight of who he is and who he wants to be, just because he wants to fit in. Slowly he'll come to hate himself and who he's become, and he'll realize that nothing he has in life is true. He'll sink into a deeper and deeper misery, and soon he won't find anything worth living for – ." She chimed in, "But that's stupid, why wouldn't you just be yourself?" He retaliated, "Are you completely yourself? Have you not been influenced by society and what's cool or not? Have you not gone out to buy the coolest and latest trend, just to feel included?" Her head sunk down in shame.

He continued, "The nerd would feel so isolated, he would sink into his own world without anyone to take notice of him. People would simply pass him and not think twice about him. They would deem him as ugly and uncool as soon as they laid their eyes upon him, no matter how hard he tried to fit in. He would believe he's a piece of crap, and think that he wasn't doing anything in the world, and so why not just make it a little prettier by not being in it." She cut him off in shock, "That's horrible! You can't make the world prettier by being out of it!"

"That's what you say now, but that's just because you know part of his story. You would never be able to tell if actually confronted with him." She put her head down in shame once more.

"This stick has managed to find what it truly is, and for that it gleams." She was quiet. She didn't know what to think. Her entire life was flashing through her mind, as if trying to pick out anything that went along with his story that she may have been guilty of.

He saw her contemplation. "I don't mean for you to feel guilt or responsible, your eyes just needed to be opened."

They were. She finally saw she had to be her own person, that she couldn't just keep going along with what the crowd was doing. She had to be true to herself, even if that meant finding completely new friends. She looked at life differently now; she understood how horrible society was and what it was pushing people to do. She saw she had to treat people differently, and she had to do what she wanted, not what everyone else wanted. She understood it was okay to not be perfect, for who can define what 'perfect' is anyways? It's a unique quality to us all, and in finding our own perfect, we learn to not feel the need to fit others' perfect.

"I understand."

He smiled. "I'm glad. Now go do what you need to do."

By: Anonymous