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 CONTENTS

3 Appointment Cards and a Tree Climber by Kelsey Loanes
7 Cats by Chantel Bishop
8 Faeries - The Charity - The Girl I Once Knew by Zoë Jael White
9 Glover by Katyln Forbes
10 Cezt the Imatbi by Kara Mastin
12 Just Looking and Stony by Abby
13 Water War by Katie Blanchette
14 A Rock by Katie Blanchette
15 Raven Tears by Kelley Hull
17 Nightfall’s Hour by Kelsea
18 Phantoms - Twinkie - Dragons by Alex Winkler
19 Heartbeat and BrainRhythmn by Rebecca Lance
20 Untitled and Untitled 2 by Taylor Caggiula
21 Sweet Memory by Stephanie Reed
22 True Best Friends by Elizabeth Moses

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We walked out into the blistering heat and the humidity nearly knocked us over. “Maybe he won’t show up?” “Yeah...” We both were stricken with uncertainty as we peered around every corner, mixed feelings bombarding us concerning his presence. We made the final corner and each heaved a heavy sigh of relief. “See? He’s not here!” “What if he’s on the swings?” “Oh yeah...” She looked completely deflated, I felt badly, but it was her who invited him. For me. She just wants me to be happy. I’ve been such a downer lately, who could blame her? “Cross your fingers.”

I did. We kept walking, only to find the swings deserted. We started swinging, our normal agenda. After a few minutes I got bored and began rifling through my backpack when Holly said, “Stella, he’s here.” I made sure not to look. “Wasn’t he wearing that shirt last time we saw him?” I giggled to myself. He probably was. I immediately pinched my forearm. I do not giggle.

Also, I want to tell you something that’ll be our little secret. When she told me he’d arrived my heart jumped into my throat, I immediately forced it back into its place. This was no time to be losing myself, especially over him. We’d parted with mutual acceptance, each only hoping for friendship and closure.

He came to the swings and sat at the same set, but far enough away so that it was awkward to speak with Holly and him at the same time. “Hey,” I spoke to him at long last. “Hey.” “So what’s up?” “The normal, you know.”
“Yup,” I wasn’t one for aimless conversation so I figured I should start something where conversation wasn’t necessary. “Why don’t we go up to the game?” Surprised you, didn’t I? Get your minds out of the gutters, kiddies.

We walked up the hill, where the game we had gathered for would take place, Holly and I joking the whole way. He sulked. I turned and walked backwards so as to speak with him more easily, “What’s wrong?”

“Just tired.”

“That’s what you always say. Either tell me something different or get some sleep sometime.” I smirked and he smirked back. We all kept walking.

When we got to our usual spot we each sat in our usual place. Me on my backpack, as with he, while Holly sat on her sweatshirt.

The game hadn’t started yet so we were all anxious and fidgeting dumbly. Holly and I spoke with the team, some of our closest friends while he glowered at them with contempt. This might’ve pleased me if I didn’t know why he disliked some so passionately.

One had a slight history of saying things about him and liking me. Matt (as was his name) also may have thrown a baseball at him, I only say maybe because it could’ve been a mistake; he was warming up. But he doesn’t think it was any coincidence that he wasn’t alone. I was there, the only one able to stop a would-be brawl.

Anyway, Holly suggested playing Hide and Seek. In the woods. I suggested staying where we were, adding I wasn’t in the mood to deal with any woodsy gossip that would surely come about. Or maybe I just said that in my head, knowing I’d never win that argument. I’d never before cared about people’s speculation about my life, why start now? We proceeded to a clearing in front of the woods. Holly quickly volunteered to be ‘it,’ no big surprise there. Thanks a ton, bud.

So we all went our separate ways. I heard Holly start counting and took off, looking for the fattest tree in the area. We soon collided. He smiled a smile he’d never have smiled if anyone else was around. “Following me, are you?”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” Was all I said and off I went, continuing my search. It took awhile, but I finally found the perfect tree. I was hidden for maybe 30 seconds
before spotting a spider. I’m a regular arachnophobic, so I did what I always do when I see a spider; scream for help.

“HOLLY! HOLLYYYYY! HOOLLLLYYYY!!! HOLLY!” I swear she was the one in hiding, I couldn’t find her anywhere, even with my pitiful screaming, and I was thinking this and running when I heard it.

“Hey.” It came from above me. I was seriously getting sick of these “hey’s.”

“You take Hide and Seek pretty seriously, don’t you?” He was hidden in a tree.

“What’s the matter?”

“A spider. Where’s Holly?” Almost instantly we heard her coming. Speak of the devil.

“Don’t give away my spot.”

“Yup.” I took off, hoping she’d be as close as she sounded. “Holly, Holly, Holly. There was a spider! It was huge and scary and wanted to eat me!”

“Why are you telling me? Tell Ice.” She was referring to the Tree Climber, she thinks he looks like Vanilla Ice (he does, but don’t tell her I said that).

“Cause he’d hurt it and I wanted to tell you.”

“Where is it?”

“That way. You can’t make me go back!”

“Okay. Just help me find him.”

“I don’t like the woods, I’m too accident prone for the woods, you’re cold by the way.”

“What?”

“In trying to find him. He’s not over there.”

“Oh.”

“Hotter, Colder. Hot! Hot! Hot! Scorching! Freezing! Scorching!”

“Found ya.”

“Can we go back to the game now?” I whined.

“No, I want to keep playing.” he counter-whined.

Holly started towards the field, she was in charge.

“Hey!”
“We’re going to the game now.” He reached into my back pocket as I was walking away. A pocket that held something that I wasn’t even trusted enough to hold. The only reason my mom had let me have it was to prove my irresponsibility. I couldn’t let that happen.

“Give it back!”

“What is it?”

“A paper.” He didn’t budge, “It’s a card for an appointment, Einstein. Please give it to me, it’s a huge deal.”

“Who’d think you’d care so much about a piece of paper.” He handed it over. I wasn’t the screw-up everyone thought me to be. For now.

We kept walking up the hill. I made sure to note Holly’s absence. She was pushing this hard. It was mine and Holly’s favorite teacher. He coached the B Baseball team. “Let’s go see Barbie!”

“Who?”

“Barbara. Our Teacher. Mr. Smith.”

“I don’t want to see him.”

“Please?” I begged and pulled on his arm for what seemed to be a very long time until I’d finally realized that I had prevailed.

After that the game went on as a baseball game will.

Until it was time to go home...●
Cats

Chantel Bishop

Colors surround you
But not red white and blue
Colors like brown or black then the color of glue
You wouldn’t believe what they could do
Easily scared by saying “boo”
They run around the house saying mew mew
Then curl up and sleep all day too
Remembering memories of you
Then come back for you
What will they do?
Faeries

Zoë

Crystal Wings
Soft, Fragile
Fluttering all around
Clear like the small- pond
below the shrooms
Which are red and orange
and speckled
The tiny smooth feet
Clench the gentle moss
Down she falls
Blanketed by
The shining sun
Silky and velvety
Flora surrounds
Purple and pink
Red and rosy
Extravagates the beauty
Of her dress
It sparkles and shines
With the words of goodbye
As she flutters away
Easy as when
They came in

The Charity

Jael

Charity Work
Is good for my heart
Allowing me to breathe
With happy thoughts
Clenching my knees
I shall bend down again
And speak a hymn
Of love, laughter,
And life
Choices that
Allow me to rejoice
And fulfill my dreams
Of finer things
Such as
Seeing my children
Instead of
Living with ill men
Who cough, sneeze,
And wheeze
Instead of breathe
With ease
Unlike me
When I pursue
My Charity Work

The Girl I
Once Knew

White

Hello sweet young child
Rings the voice
Of Rejoice
Would you like
A glass of Lemonade
We’ve been
In the hot sun all day
I’d rather get one
For you
My Voice replied
Ignoring her
Piercing eyes
She seems grateful
That I’m not very
Dull
But a sweet, young
Girl
Like the one
She used to know
Glover

Katlyn Forbes

The day we kissed was
The day I fell in love.

The bond between
Us was real and even
Though we are over I
Still feel that we are

Connected

The feeling of wanting
You is strong but my
Will to refuse you
Is stronger. So as

I said before

Good bye.

●
Cezt the Imatbi

Kara Mastin

He looked out from his flight. His silky wings sweeping the air around him. His big button eyes searching for his mate. He was strange in this world filled with pink skinned creatures, but he knew more about strange. Wasn’t he himself a strange creature with his silky wings and velvety tail, but his talons didn’t fit in they were like the pink skinned creatures long and thin only with huge sharp nails. His head was also like theirs but with sharp teeth and long nose with his eyes taking up most of the space. His ears were just small holes. His body was that of a sleek, glossy four-legged mammal that the pink skinned used to move faster, but unlike the pink skinned’s steeds he could flatten his legs into his body until almost nothing remained. Then at a moments notice have them outstretched so he could land and start galloping. He continued to scan the horizon for a hopeful glimpse of his mate.

Maybe with a little luck his mate would be back at the island. It was more of a mountain surrounded by tropical waters. Around it the sea was a continuous milky froth. The mountain was a gentle sloping one with one sheer cliff for their nesting grounds. In the center of it there was a depression with a rolling plain. The island was his home and he was happy to share it with over forty of his kind, the Imatbi. There he was called Cezt, King of the Imatbi. His mate had lately taken to tormenting the pink skinned. It was against the Code of the Imatbi, their laws. There had been peace and harmony on the mountain and between them and the pink skinned until he had found Dea leaning over a pink skinned body blood dribbling from Dea’s mouth. He then sent Dea to their jail, a small pit with water gently lapping the sides. He had put Dea in and then closed it. He couldn’t forget that day. He flew on hoping that his mate hadn’t done that.
He spied a small speck against the dark mountain, could it be his mate. He flew faster but before he reached her she faltered. Her body dropped to reach the rocks below. Faster still he flew and before she was crushed below he caught her. He flew to their nest and laid her down. The sun glinted off something on her body. It looked like a small metallic rock imbedded in her. Quickly he thought as he reached out with his telepathic ability. She must have the healer. Then he hoped and waited without knowing the rock was fatal.
Just Looking

Abby

Just looking
Peeking into the world
A short glimpse
Of what lay beyond
A quick idea
A fleeting thought
Just looking

Stony

Abby

As memories flooded to his smooth surface, it occurred to him his life would never end! “I am invincible!” He cried out, “I rule all!” From that day on it became his dream to become ruler of the world.

Stony came from a world of fairies and unicorns, pretty flowers and rainbows. The attitude was “let’s share a cupcake filled with happiness, then we can hold hands and skip!” He hated it. He dreamed of other worlds, where people told lies, music was loud and filled with electric guitars and drums, not harps and flutes. So one day he buried himself deep, deep within the sand box he called home, and he hibernated.

Dreams of war, terror, and presidential elections filled his mind until he finally awoke. When he emerged from the sand, he knew he wanted to stop these things he had dreamed about. He wanted to create a different world that wasn’t perfect and happy all the time, but not like the world of his dreams. A new world where the music was loud, but people learned to get along with out guns. A place where people told lies, but not during presidential elections. A world he could love, where the cupcakes were filled with chocolate, not happiness. However, the chocolate still brought happiness, but only to those who like chocolate.●
Water War

Katie Blanchette

A day so extremely hot the gravel burns your feet as you walk, well actually you run to the cool grass. So it’s no wonder that two little boys want to run in the water and that maybe just maybe a not so little boy will join in and happen to start a raging water war.

She ran to that little corner of the house and you can hook up the hose and get ready for a refreshing spray of water. She unrolled it and stretched it out as far as it would go. Running to make sure that the water was on so she could defend herself against the mean boys that would eventually gang up on her. She turned the knob and she felt the power surge through her veins. She knew she was all powerful; she could take on the boys and their measly guns. She had the best water gun of all, it sprayed the farthest, it had the coldest water, and there were no refills needed.

Once she had the hose roaring out water the boys came running to get their guns filled and get prepared for the fight. After they were filled they immediately ran away in fear of being shot. Laughing and screaming, who would suspect that being shot with freezing cold water would be so fun and exciting?

The little ones ran to hide behind a bush and cowered in fear, the oldest was coming.

“Come out and surrender and maybe, just maybe you won’t be shot,” he said. Terrified they came running with hands in the air, struggling to hold up the water guns above their heads at the same time.

“Drop your guns and take a knee before her so you can be sprayed,” he shouted to the little ones. They dropped them with a thudding noise and sat before me. I sprayed them both while they screamed because the water was just so cold on them; they got their consequences and the got up for another round or beating in their case.

After rounds and rounds of being sprayed the war was over, we were all left soaking wet and freezing in the breeze that had finally started around us. The game was over. They surrendered their weapons, emptied them out, picked up the hose but not before they were shot in one last surprise attack. It seemed all there was left to do was change and await the next water war that happened to come their way.
A Rock

Katie Blanchette

A rock so white and smooth from years of weathered work,
Sand and water plunging down upon it,
The ocean is where it lived, so many people passed by.
Such a peaceful life at the ocean,
Children, adults and those ever appreciative elderly who take warmth just watching and
listening to the ocean water drift back and forth around them.
Children find these rocks to collect and play with.
Adults feel the smooth surface in their hands.
A rock’s past at the ocean is a calm and relaxing chapter of its never-ending life.
5:00 A.M.:

Her alarm clock goes off, hand slaps instantly. Blood shot eyes; her body feels weak with strain. Lying alone, four walls, door shut. Curled up in her wool blanket, pillow stained with tears. She turns over closing her eyes, another worthless attempt for sleep.

11:00 A.M.:

She staggers out of bed, hair a mess, pail flesh, light shining through crimson window curtains. Eyes burning, hands over her eyes, teeth barred.

“What’s wrong with you?” Megan’s older brother chuckled, “What are you a vampire?” he laughed with a sniveling smile.

“Shut up,” Meagan said harshly, out of her hidey hole for two minutes, already being tormented. “Just leave me alone,” she said, walking down the long hallways leading to her room. Stomach empty, head aching, slams the door.

11:20 A.M.:

She sits on her vanity table, staring intently. Bags under her eyes, face caving in from loss of appetite, eyeliner trickling down. The phone rings out in the kitchen; she stands up, almost falling to the floor, walking to the kitchen.

“Hello?” Meagan said.

“Hey…” A familiar voice chanted in response.

“Who’s this?” Megan questioned.

“Its Tonya… Meg I have to tell you something, my mom wants to send me to the hospital,” she sighed.

“For what? Another check up? But you just had on—“ Tonya interrupted.

“No… not a hospital, hospital… a mental hospital.”

Megan dropped the phone, her best friend of two years, going to an insane asylum. She bit her lip, running towards the kitchen door, down her stairs, sitting on her brother’s car.

“Hello? Megan?” the phone went dead, only thing left, the ring tone.

8:19 P.M:

“…” Silence, again. Megan downstairs in the basement, writing in her poetry book, black pen scribbling meaningless words, tear drops fall, words slur.

“I can’t believe it…” she thought, staring into oblivion. “It’s not possible, a lie… she was lying, it’s just a joke.”
Meagan heard her dad screaming from upstairs, her heart pace quickens, running up the two flights of stairs. She walks into her living room, everything set in place. “Meagan… What’s wrong? You’re never around the family anymore… I’ve barely seen you this entire week,” her father said.

“Nothings wrong, I’m fine.” Megan began to turn away, tears boiling in her eyes. “Megan, come back here, don’t walk away from me.” She kept walking, not looking back, bolting for her room. Her dad came after her, hand on her shoulder, turning her around, shaking her.

“What’s wrong?” He seemed to scream, looking deeply into her eyes. She felt her body tensing; the tears seem to tare life from her.

…I’m ok… I’m fine, just leave me alone.” She tore away from her father, wiggling the door knob, feeling like a trapped animal. Rushing through the door, slamming in her fathers face.

“I’ll tear this door off if I have to!” he snarled. Leaning against her door, listening to her father’s sharp words, slowly sliding down, her nails digging into the wood, biting her lip, eyes clenched shut, breathing heavily.

Authors note: Too many feelings, too little time, to be continued in my journal.
Nightfall’s Hour

Kelsea

She prowls in the darkness,
    All alone,
Not knowing where,
    Her feet will take her,
In the next hour,

The sun is setting,
Colors vanishing and dying,
Demons come out to play,

She sulks on her own,
The shadows taunting,
Laughing and pointing,
Saying she’ll never escape,

Ignoring them she looks up,
    Face ghostly pale,
Icy frost outlining my eyes,

Something in the distance,
A figure sopping in black,
She treads closer,
    It’s him!

Eyes shine with hope,
Wondering if her insanity reached its peak,

Cuts, bruises and scars,
Reminding her of her mistakes,
Her attempt to fix them,

She dashes toward him,
    Relieved,
Delighted,

Her arms are open,
Wanting to hold him,

She dashes right through him,
As if nothing happened,
Stopping,
She turns and gazes at him,

He grips his trench coat,
    Lips delicate lavender,
Teeth chattering,
    Eyes invisible,

His gaze is fixed,
An eccentric rock of some-sort,
She squints through the fog,
    She sees… a plaque,
Her name impressed,
With a rose sleeping beside it,

A high-pitched screech,
Recoil slowly she sees him sob,
Moonlit tears sliding,
    Dripping to the soil,

She’s been a phantom,
A spirit wandering aimlessly,
A spirit with no real purpose,
At the same place where she died,
    All those years ago,

Not even knowing her own death,
And even though she’s so close,
To escape out of this forest,
    She’s still lost…

◆
Phantoms
Alex Winkler

Helpful hands.
Scary sea.
None remember.
Except me

Every day
Running free
Playing games
Forever free

Our escape
Our dream
How real
It seemed

Once waiting
Very long
I realized
Their gone

Red moon
Sad eyes
That day
They died

Twinkie
Alex Winkler

Sleeping with dog
Swimming everyday
Quacking on porch
Fighting everyone
Twinkie’s famous
When he was
Towed away
He loves attention
But not much
He vibrates
While he beats dogs
The famous Tannery pond duck will always take a stand.

Dragons
Alex Winkler

Wings beat with
Majestic beauty, power and control
Flame shoots from its mouth meant to hit its mark.
Claws scratch the floor
Silted eyes glare.
The real king of beasts that haunts our imagination…

Dragon

+++
Heartbeat

Rebecca Lance

Beating
Fast and hard
As you run through the wind

Vibrating
Slow and gentle
As you watch the sunset

Shaking
Loud and low
As you travel into the unknown

Crying
Quiet and sad
As someone floats to heaven

Breathing
Fresh and new
As another day starts

BrainRhythm

Rebecca Lance

Still
Slow and steady
As you walk around the rain

Shuddering
Fast and heavy
As you are being watched by the moon

Twitching
Quiet and high
As you retreat into the obvious

Laughing
Loud and happy
As someone falls from hell

Dieing
Stale and old
As your life ends
UNTITLED

Taylor Caggiula

Gentle lapping seas
Playfully splash over smoothly edged
Sea glass
Breezes give way to gusts forcing
Waves to run a choppy course
Small swells become white caps
Frothing and churning
Spray envelopes sight
Angry walls of foaming water
Slamming pounding
Returning once again to
Gentle lapping seas

UNTITLED 2

Taylor Caggiula

As I walk down the steps sweeping dirt out of my way
I ask myself why do I do this every day?
I’m really a nice person; just take a look on the inside
Please don’t laugh at me because it damages my pride
I know I look old and scary to you
But I want to help out, so that’s what I’ll do
I belong to the Easter Seals, but I’m not ashamed
For other peoples wrongdoing I sometimes get blamed
All I am doing is trying to help out
So I ask you, don’t laugh, holler or shout

***
**
*
Sweet Memory

Stephanie Reed

Walking alone
A shadow on the ground
Heart pounding. Turning,
The shadows gone
The winds blow
Closing my eyes,
I hear your voice.
You’re nowhere;
The heat of your breath,
The touch of your lips
I jump at your fingertips
I open my eyes,
To cry alone;
A sweet memory.
True Best Friends

Elizabeth Moses

Have a bad day or feeling blue,
Sadness sweeping unto your world
I will always be here for you
Always here, your constant support
No need to cry
When I am near I will cheer you up
I will always be by your side
Ready to listen
Never doubt that we’re not friends
You are special
I’ll be with you until the end
As long as we live

Have a great day and want to share
Your dreams and struggles
I will always care
Show me how to show this to you
How we are sharing exciting life dreams
What we want to be, where we will go
But for now we just share ice creams

You are the best friend a girl good ever have
You know me better then I know myself sometimes
You can always make me laugh
Memories we’ve made
Best friends is a powerful word
Like the dove the peace spreading bird
A symbol of our friendship

[Drawing of a dove]