

**“Dear Wicked Evan Hamilton”**

**Noah Klauser, Kaylea Sparks, Katie Quincy, and Grace Geschwandner—Quincy Notre Dame**

Crazy Amanda: George, you done messed it all up.

George: What do you mean?

Noa: “Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?”

Crazy Amanda: You sent a different script to everyone in this play!

Kathei: “To be or not to be. That is the question.”

Crazy Amanda: What are you guys talking about? This is *Macbeth*.

George: Oh! Sorry, guys. I’ll send out a new email.

Kathei: Okay, got the new script. \* sings *Hamilton* lyrics \*

Noa: “Waving through a window, oh.”

Crazy Amanda: What are you talking about? We’re doing *Wicked*. You know? “Defying Gravity.” Darn it, George. Not again!

Kathei: Who’s the star of this play anyways? It better be me.

Noa: Of course, it is I. You know not of what you speak.

George: Hey now! You’re all stars. Let’s put this play on. Go play!

Kathei: Woah, woah, woah! I’m not doing this play unless I’m the only star!

George: We need three stars to put on “Dear Wicked Evan Hamilton.”

Crazy Amanda: What kind of director are you anyways?

Kathei: Wait a minute. Who are you?

George: “I’m just a city boy, born and raised in South Detroit.” I took the midnight train and I’m not going anywhere.

Crazy Amanda: Those are lyrics from a Journey song! You don’t even work here! Get out!

(George runs off)

Kathei: Oh great! What are we going to do now?

Noa: Obviously, we’re doing “Dear Wicked Evan Hamilton.” ... 5, 6, 7, 8 ...

(Everyone starts singing songs from their respective musicals)

Crazy Amanda: This is perfect!

George (knocking): Hey guys, let me in! I've got a great new idea!

Kathei: What is it?

George: "Mama Mia! It's the Greatest High School Showman!"

### **"You may be wondering why I work at a hospital for piñatas ..." #1**

#### **Dusty Norman—Brashear High School**

You may be wondering why I work at a hospital for piñatas. I work at the hospital for piñatas because I want to help the sad and helpless party décor. I believe they are people too.

Many days I work replacing the sweet innards of the countless animal mimicry. Toiling with stitches, and needle point hurts my fingers. My eyesight grows old as I stare into the open wound of the helpless thing. I tire from the countless screaming. No amount of numbing can stop me from seeing the one I lost to my hunger.

It was a late night and I forgot to pack a late snack. My stomach growled and begged for a sweet treat. This is when my feral instincts came to surface and I consumed my friend, my patient. That is why I sit here in this padded room. This safe haven from my sin.

### **"You may be wondering why I work at a hospital for piñatas ..." #2**

#### **Fiona Kelly, Griggsville-Perry**

You may be wondering why I work at a hospital for piñatas. Well, as you probably know, piñatas are constantly getting injured. Kids beat them, pull them, and tear them. Once they've been practically demolished and their insides have poured out, somebody has to do something. And so, the poor piñata can be sent to the hospital I work at. A hospital for piñatas. We patch them up and refill them. We help them feel whole again once they've been beaten down by angry, malicious, and cruel monsters. Now, this doesn't really answer your question: why do I work at a hospital such as this? It all started when I was a small child at the mere age of five. Actually, I had just turned five. It was my fifth birthday and for my party my parents bought a piñata. It was an elegant horse that hung high in the sky in all its glory. Then my so-called friends took a bat and destroyed the strong stallion. Once they were finished they all went off to play, practically drowning in sweets. They left the broken pieces of their monstrous act behind. I was devastated. I tried to help heal the poor animal but it was futile. Ever since, I have been determined to help all piñatas that have been mistreated.

### **Acrostic Poem: Grace**

**Maddison Vinyard—Griggsville-Perry**

Grace is beauty, bound in unbreakable chains

Rising above, not backing down

Ascending into greatness, faithfulness

Charitably giving to those in need

Elegantly fighting to stay alive.

### **Haiku #1: Waiting**

**Abbie Koenig—Unity High School**

Staring at the clock

Waiting for my time to come

For me to be free.

### **Haiku #2: Darkness**

**Kaylea Sparks—Quincy Notre Dame**

There is no light out.

I do not know where I am.

I just want some help.

Please.

### **Painting with Words: Descriptive Writing #1**

**Seth Walls—Palmyra High School**

As the blue begins to darken and the sun decides to take its descent towards its' grave. Shadows stretch and contort to the ground, the moon rises to take the throne. As stars slowly but surely blanket the sky, the blue has now faded to black.

In this darkness, besides the moon and stars, a sudden flash of red and yellow! These are the tail lights of Vernon's car, as he reverses to fix his crooked park job. When he believes it's a good park, he looks to his right at the girl in his passenger seat. Giggling begins as the door is thrown

open: the further she gets, the more it echoes. Vernon laughs a solid laugh as he hops out and heads to the trunk. Pulling out his blanket and pillows, he slams it shut.

Taking off and avoiding various branches and roots, he begins his chase. Through all the thick tress. He reaches the clearing. There she waits with a big smile, her perfect white teeth, the bleach blonde hair, and those blue green eyes with a flawless stare.

He makes his way over to her, offering up his blanket and pillows for her to rest upon. Getting comfortable, they look to the stars, hand in hand and each on their back. “I love you” makes Vernon’s heart crack and lungs empty of air. As he rolls over, he can’t help but feel like a blazing fire. He doesn’t hear himself speak these words but rather hears, as though he in outer space, “I love you.” Vernon knows he wants this feeling to last forever, which is his luck. So does she.

### **Painting with Words: Descriptive Writing #2**

#### **Megan Anduss—Palmyra High School**

I slowly gather up many vibrant colors of paints, my crisp paint brushes, and take my seat. I take a deep sigh and dip my brush into the color. With slow strokes, the color appears on my canvas, creating a picture before my eyes. All together the several colors dance together creating a beautiful scenery in front of my eyes, pulling me into a whole new world of infinite possibilities and happiness. Optimism floods me as I explore the world beneath my brush.

### **Painting with Words: Descriptive Writing #3**

#### **Sarah Hurst—Griggsville-Perry High School**

She sits in the greenish grass and watches as the sunshine lays itself across the pale blue water. She sees several birds gently fly across the water. The light gleams across the water and accentuates the calm waves. She listens as nature makes itself heard.

### **Art, Reflection, and Creative Response #1: Review**

#### **Response to Gallery Photograph “This is Your Fault” (Jessica Martin)**

#### **Shalinda Shannon—Scotland County**

The first thing I did when I saw this was cry. I wasn’t bawling but they were silent tears, meaningful in a way. The girl on her side looks as if her world was crushed. The empty room with a single chair added to this feeling of utter loneliness. The light shining down seems like a ray of light but it could also just be a desperate longing for something that may never come. The background’s faded out, with black seamlessly closing in on the young woman. The frame is purposely scratched and ruined to give the feeling of not being wanted. The artist did a beautiful

job of expressing the feelings that reach deep into the souls that associate with the peace and although the picture seems calm, there is an emotional tornado going on within.

## **Art, Reflection, and Creative Response #2: Reflection**

### **Response to Gallery Piece “Puzzle Escape” (Kent Miller)**

#### **Seth Walls—Palmyra High School**

As a kid I remember this specific puzzle my mom had gotten me. It sure was odd for a 10 year old. Of course (I understand it now) it was just astounding to my little brain at the time. I remember throwing open the box and dumping out a variety of pieces. As I soon realized, these pieces had a very limited variety of only two solid colors: black and white. Not only did it only have two colors, but it only held one black piece. Whenever I dumped it that first time it became very clear these pieces didn't all belong in the box. A few went together but they couldn't form an actual puzzle. Also the black didn't connect with any pieces. As I began to grow, I forgot the puzzle until about three years later. I was telling my mom how some kids had called me names because I was different, because I liked reading, playing board games, and writing. She then pulled out the puzzle and dumped it on the floor.

Quizzically staring at her with my eyebrows raised to my forehead. She smiled a soft, sweet smile and told me this: “You are different, sure. But you are amazing, a difference doesn't have to be bad. These pieces have matches, while others don't. The black piece, on the other hand, connects to none, which is okay, because it is a stand out. It doesn't need to connect to anything to be its best self, it will attract a connecting piece when another standout comes. Son, you are this stand out, and I love that and you.”

To this day that sticks with me. I have never forgot that puzzle and I still have it. I'm still looking for that connecting black piece ...