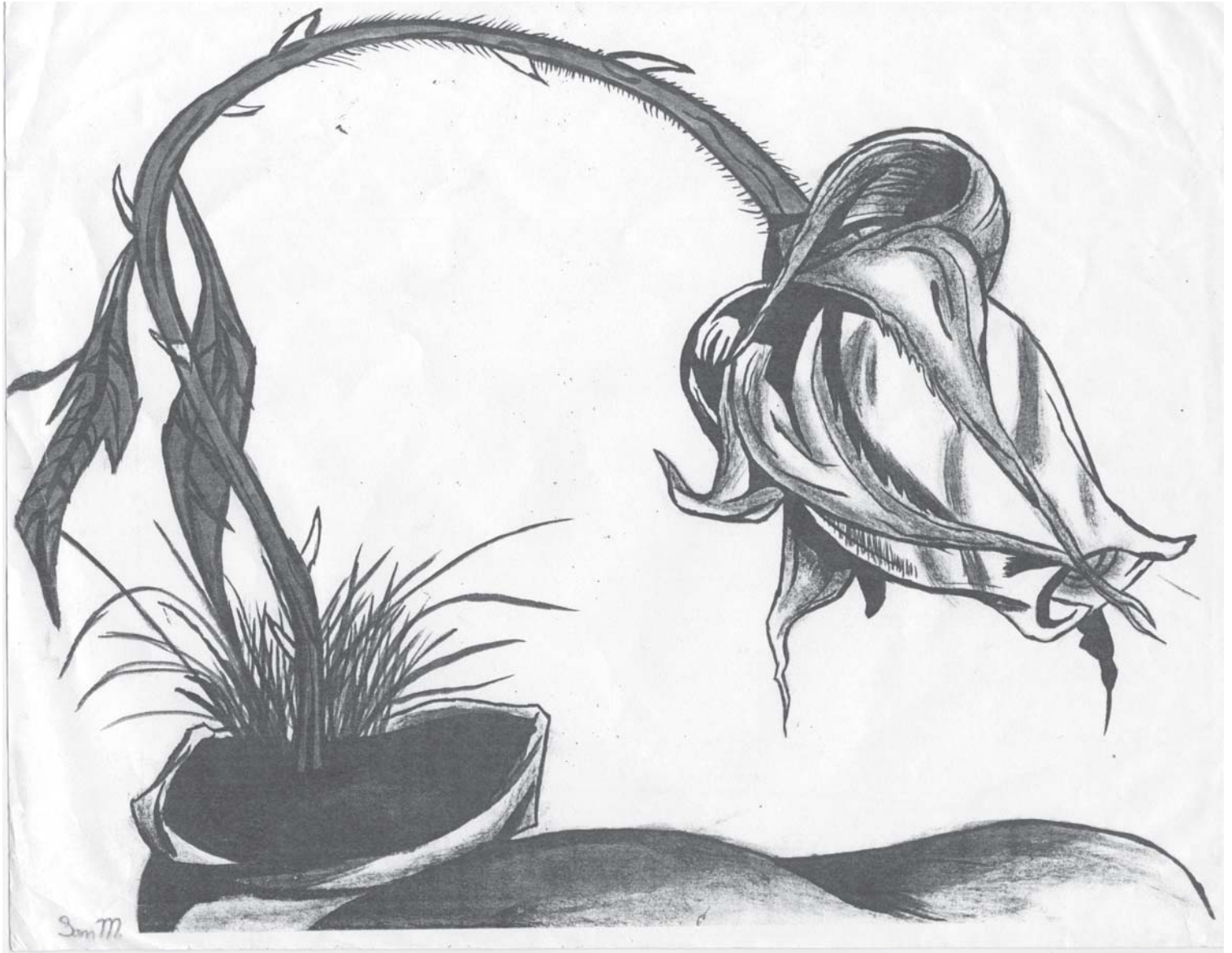


CAULDRON

2009



Warren G. Harding High School
Warren, Ohio

TEENAGER

by Raelyn Kennedy c/o 2010

What does it mean,
To be teenager?
Is it just a state,
A mind set,
Or age?

Is it in the feeling,
The believing,
The shock of life,
Coming at you faster now,
Than you remember before?

What is it like,
To be a teenager
Is it the obsession with gore,
The wanting,
The need to be more?

Is it in the pushing,
The stress,
The willingness,
The trial,
Or the fear?

What is it like,
To be a teenager,
living in the modern age,
Wanting love,
Receiving rage.

To be a teenager
Is to be searching
To be looking and wanting
Deserving and hiding
From all in the world.

It is to be starry-eyed
Head-over-heels
The hopelessness
The heartbreak
And finding "true love."

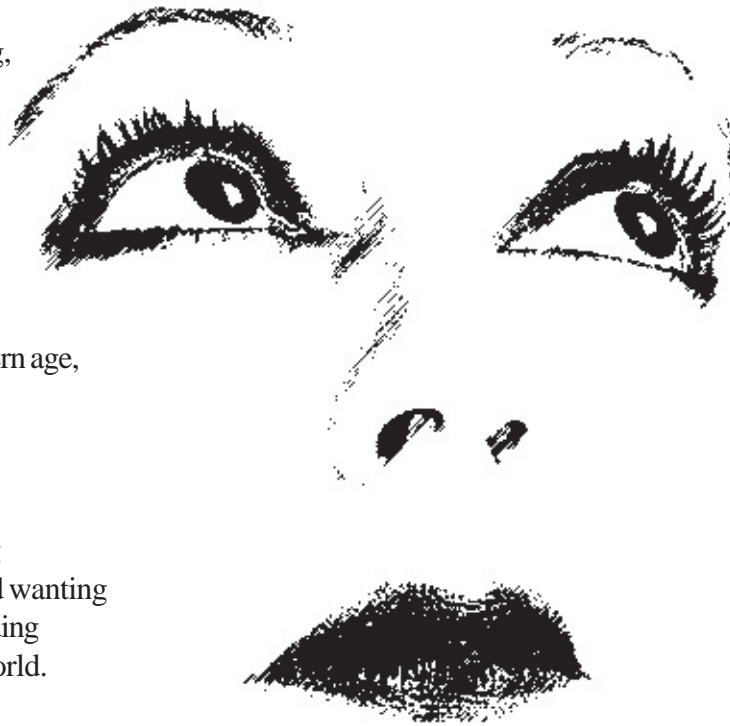


AT A SHOW

by Alexis Kalman c/o 2011

The singer screaming
in your face
the fans trying to scream
back just as loud
the sweat dripping
from lips of the
one who sings his
heart out for the
call back of love from
the ones who came
to praise.

Head banging, moshing
the way of expression for
why you are there
what your purpose is
the perspiration of the others
soaking in your clothes
letting you know everyone is
there for the same reason
to sweat, to scream, to give
for the ones that sang
hope back into our lives
with out hearts beating
for the same cause
praying for a chance
to feel the grips of
the hero you look
up to in the spotlights
on stage they look down spotting out
to relate to the one
that was them before they made it big
giving you hope that
one day your dreams will
come true.



DARK AND RAIN

by Robert Golden c/o 2010

Back to the dark
Hollow heart torn apart
Once again under this mask
How much longer does it last
I've always been on my own
Now I'm trying to find a home
To get away from the pain
As I run through the rain
Not knowing where to go
Because I've been nothing but a show
A performance in the past
Until I snapped and heard a blast
From behind twas there anger
Shooting past, causing more danger

Sorrowed soul, left from a gaping hole
In the chst of the one Torn apart from the start
Wanting to feel and be healed

Back into the rain
He runs with the pain
Back under the moon
He falls to ruin
He breaks down
And falls to the ground
With gushing tears
Everyone of his fears
Trying to hold them back to keep sane
Finally stopping and excepting the pain
He lays there in the rain for hours
Taking the rain, pain, and tear shower

Wanting to get away
He tried to run from it all
So he finally chose to live with the pain
He now lays there
Beneath our feet, still in the dark
Not behind a mask anymore,
But hidden and encased, still feeling the pain he once had



FAIRYTALE?

by Alexis Kalman c/o 2011

Life is a twisted fairytale
life is unlike the storybooks say
happily ever after
always seems out of reach
the everyday
princess turns out to
be not so sweet and
the prince charming
can be a villain
more than the boy
whose kisses can wake
the sleeping dead.
The beautiful castles you
wish upon are housed
by evil ones with
the life you truly deserve.
But one day the dragon
breathing down your neck
nagging you for all you
have will be cast away
leeting you be able to write
your once upon a time,
the story of your life that
makes you have your
own magical ending
putting all pages
in place.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

by Tyler Williams c/o 2009

Deeply empty
Deeply empty
Taking the daily needs in life
But was still deeply empty
I kept on stumbling in my life
And was still deeply empty
I was searching, hungry, thirsty
For what?
I didn't know
But it's that emptiness that kept me up to the search
It caused me to yearn
For what?
I couldn't explain it
For me it was complicated
It was beyond my understanding
So I gravitated and placed things inside the great deep empty space
But it didn't last it wasn't enough to fill the eternal space.
I tried to be happy and feel free
But when I tried, I couldn't break the habit of feeling so empty
So I was at the point of giving up truly I was
I had hit rock bottom, I felt like I couldn't get up out of this dead dryness
There on the ground I laid myself down
That's when a Man so meek so humble and so gentle came to me and said softly
"I am the Bread of Life, he who come to Me shall never hunger and he that believe
On me shall never thirst."
He said to me "if you will receive Me into your heart the empty space that
You have suffered with for so long will be filled for ever and ever"
And when He told me this, I remembered hearing of the Man healing the sick,
Raising the dead, spreading a Word that gave life to the poor, the broken hearted and the lost
He held my hand and I looked into His eyes and it came to me that this was the Son Of God, Jesus Christ
right then and there He raised me up
I believed Him, I received Him
I no longer had that empty space but I was filled
I was and I am filled with the Son with His Holy Spirit
I was no longer dead but alive and alive I shall be forever and ever
Because the Bread of Life is in me and I in Him. John 6:35



SHORT STORY

GUILTY INNOCENCE

By Sharneze Roper c/o 2012

Donna Pierman and her friend Megan Donaldson were coming back from the movies. They were in Donna's car driving to Megan's apartment.

"I thought the movie was okay. It wasn't as scary as the previews made it seem," Megan said.

"It was scary. It scared me," Donna replied.

"I never said it wasn't scary. I just think it was too predictable. You knew what was about to happen and because of that I found it kind of boring."

"It was not boring, Megan. I mean I didn't know what was going to happen. I was completely shocked when I found out who the killer was. The ending was a surprise and I . . ." Donna didn't get to finish her sentence because they turned the corner to Megan's street. They saw police lights flashing.

Oh, my goodness, what happened? Where are they at?" Megan asked. The car approached the police cars. They were at Megan's apartment building.

Donna parked the car and the women got out. They were walking to the door when a policeman stopped them and asked if they lived there. Megan told him that she did. Then she asked what had happened.

"I'm sorry ma'am. I cannot release that information to you. You and your friend should go now," the policeman said. Donna and Megan hurried on to the elevator up to Megan's apartment.

Once they got off the elevator they discovered that whatever happened, happened on the eighth floor- Megan's floor. They walked to Megan's apartment to find police crime scene investigators and detectives.

"Excuse me, Miss. This is a crime scene. You aren't allowed in here," a policeman told her.

"I live here. Where's my husband? James, James," Megan screamed as she pushed past the policeman. Donna, being a detective herself, showed him her badge and rushed inside to find her friend. As she entered the apartment she heard Megan screaming. Donna went to find out what was wrong.

When she got to the bedroom where Megan was she saw a gruesome sight. Megan's husband, James was lying on

the bed in a pool of his own blood with a knife deep inside his chest. Megan was now on the side of the bed crying. Detective Mario Warner, Donna's partner, came in.

"Pierman, where have you been? I was trying to call you," he looked over at Megan, "who is she?" he asked.

"This is the victim's wife and I was at a movie so I turned my phone off," Donna answered.

"She is Megan Donaldson?" Detective Warner asked. Donna nodded. "Hey, guys, in here," he yelled out of the room. Two policemen came in. Detective Warner pointed toward Megan and one of the men came over and began to arrest her.

"Hey, what are you doing? Let me go," screamed Megan. The man read her her rights as he guided her out of the room in handcuffs.

"What was he doing?" Donna asked bewildered. "Why did that arrest her? All she was doing was mourning the loss of her husband." She waited for Detective Warner's response. "Well, answer me!"

"That's why I was trying to call you. Mrs. Donaldson was the one who murdered her husband."

Donna stared at him in disbelief.

"No, no. It couldn't have been Megan. We were at the movies together. She was with me the whole time. There must be some kind of mistake. It's just not possible."

"We have here on video tape coming into the building at 9:16 and leaving the building at 9:32. We assume that's when Mr. Donaldson was murdered. We also have witnesses who say they heard an argument the couple was having. Then they say that things went really quiet and that someone opened the door and ran out down the emergency stairs. She didn't even wait for the elevator."

Detective Warner waited for all that to sink in and then continued, "Also there was a man who was outside and saw Mrs. Donaldson go in and come out in two different ways. He says that she went in nice and calm but came out like a complete maniac. He described her by saying that she acted like she had done something terrible and wanted to get out of there as soon as possible."

How can this be? Donna thought. Wasn't Megan with me at the movies? How could she be in two places at once? Was that even possible?

The next morning Donna went to the police station where Megan was going to be interrogated. Donna had a couple of minutes to talk to her and her lawyer before the interrogation started.

"Do you know how much evidence they have against you?" Donna asked Megan.

"Yes, I was informed," Megan's lawyer said. "My name is David Collier. I'm a friend of Megan's uncle. Megan tells me that she was with you the night of the murder. Is that true?" David asked Donna.

"Yes, it is. She was with me the whole time. I don't understand how she got on the video." Donna replied.

"Oh, my gosh!" Megan said suddenly. "Michelle. I can't believe I didn't think of this before."

"Who's Michelle," David asked.

"Michelle is Megan's sister - her twin sister. But why would she kill your husband." Donna asked. She looked at Megan, "Why would your own sister kill your husband. You guys love each other so much. Last time I saw you guys together you acted like best friends."

"Think about how long ago we were together. That was before she changed. She started hanging around these people and changed. She started stealing, lying, and getting arrested every other day. It got so bad that one time she pretended to be me when she got arrested for breaking and entering. Then another time she pretended to be me and took all my money out of my bank account. I haven't talked to her since . . ."

Just then the interrogating detective came in and said, "Okay, Detective Pierman, it's time for you to leave."

"Joe, you're good with computers, right? I need you to do me a favor. If something is deleted from a computer, is it possible to get it back?" Donna asked her brother who was a computer technician.

"It's not easy but it can be done. Why?" Joe answered.

"Well, Megan got arrested for murdering her husband but, she didn't do it. I wanted to check to see if there was anything useful on her laptop." Donna said. She gave Joe the laptop.

"Okay. I'll get back to you if I find anything."

"Thanks see you later," Donna said as she left. As she was leaving her cell phone rang.

"Pierman," Donna said.

"Hey, this is Warner. Get down to the Woflin Hotel right now. There's something you need to see right away. Room 310. Hurry." Detective Warner hung up and Donna rushed to the hotel.

"What's the problem," Donna asked, Detective Warner once she got to the hotel room.

"Did you know Megan had a twin sister?" Detective Warner asked. Donna nodded, "Why didn't you tell me? We're supposed to be partners."

"I was once I got some more information. I barely had anything to tell you. Now will you tell me why I'm here, Mario?" Donna replied. Detective Warner motioned for Donna to follow him into the next room.

As they entered the room Detective Warner said, "She left us a little note." Donna couldn't believe what she saw. Michelle had hung herself. "Here, read this. Detective Warner handed her a piece of paper. It was Michelle's suicide note. As she read it a smile emerged on Donna's face. She ran out of there as fast as she could, got in her car, and hurried to the precinct where Megan was being held.

"I have some good news and some bad news. Which one do you want to hear first?" Donna asked Megan and David.

"Let me hear the bad news first. I mean how bad can it get at this point? My trial is tomorrow and they'll probably find me guilty." Megan said flatly.

"The bad news is that your sister committed suicide this morning," Megan looked as if she were about to cry. Donna quickly gave her the good news, "However, she left us a little gift - A gift that will prove your innocence." Megan's face brightened up a little. Donna tossed the note in front of Megan. She read it and gave it to David.

"This is wonderful. What are you going to do with it? Will Mrs. Donaldson have to go to court?" David asked.

"I'll try to get an acquittal for her case," Donna answered.

"So how does it feel to be a free woman," Donna asked Megan as they were riding in Donna's car to the hotel where Megan was staying. She had gotten her acquittal.

"It feels great! I can't wait until tomorrow so I can leave this place and go on my vacation," Megan said. She had plans to go to her grandmother's house in London. "Wait until I tell her what happened." They shared a laugh. Donna dropped Megan off and went home.

The next morning Donna was getting ready to say goodbye to Megan. They were supposed to meet at the airport at 10:30 a.m. It was already 10:06 and Donna was nowhere near ready. Just as she was about to call Megan to tell her, her phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Donna, you need to have a look at what I found on your friend's laptop." It was Joe.

"Joe, I can't come now. I have to meet Megan at the airport." Donna said, frustrated because she was running late.

"I thought she had to go to trial today," Joe said.

"Nope. She got an acquittal." Donna said happily. Joe went silent for a few moments.

"You really need to get down here," Donna didn't have time to respond because Joe hung up. She called Megan to let her know she'd be late and headed for Joe's house.

When she arrived there, Donna asked, "Now what's so important, oh, brother-of-mine?"

"Come here." Donna followed Joe into his living room where the laptop was. "I found some emails that your friend deleted. They were deleted a couple of weeks before the murder. Read them." Joe handed the laptop to Donna.

"How many do I have to read?" Donna asked.

"Just this one, this one, and those two," Joe said as he pointed out the emails Donna had to read.

After Donna read them all, she put the laptop down and sat there staring at the wall in front of her.

"We can't let her leave," Donna managed to say. She looked at her watch and saw that it was 10:41 a.m. Megan's flight left at 11:05.

"Come on. We don't have that much time. You drive." She tossed the keys to Joe and they ran to the car.

I don't believe it. I just don't believe it, Donna thought. She thought about the emails she had just read.

"Donna, what are you going to do if you get her? Are you going to arrest her? Wow! That must be tough for you to do," Joe said.

"Shut up, Joe!" Donna shouted. They sat in silence until Donna's phone rang. It was Detective Warner.

"It's all a lie," Donna said.

"What are you talking about?" Detective Warner asked confused. "What is all a lie?"

"The whole thing with Megan, she was in on the murder the whole time. It was her idea. She was going to run away with a man she was having an affair with, I think his name was Deon. Anyway, she got in touch with her sister and paid her to kill James." Donna paused to take a breath. "And I'm pretty sure she had Deon kill Michelle and make it look like suicide by writing a suicide note. And now they're on their way to England."

"Wait a minute. How do you know all of this?" Detective Warner asked.

"I read it in some emails she deleted. My brother Joe and I are on our way to the airport to try and stop her. I have to go." Donna hung up her phone and looked at her watch. It was 11:01. Joe pulled into the airport parking lot. They got out and ran into the building.

"Do you know where she was supposed to get on the plane? Which gate?" Joe asked.

"Gate 7," Donna said. They ran as fast as they could to get to Gate 7.

When they got there they asked the gate attendant about the flight.

"I'm so sorry, you just missed it. The next plane for London leaves in three hours. Do you want tickets?" the attendant asked. Donna nodded her head and bought two tickets. She looked at her watch. It was 11:10 a.m.

"Come on, we need to pack for our trip," Donna said to Joe.

"What a surprise this was. Don't you like a surprise ending, Donna?" Joe said sarcastically.

"Yeah, but this is one surprise ending that I don't like," Donna answered with sadness in her voice.