

# MIXED MEDIA

ALTOONA AREA JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 9



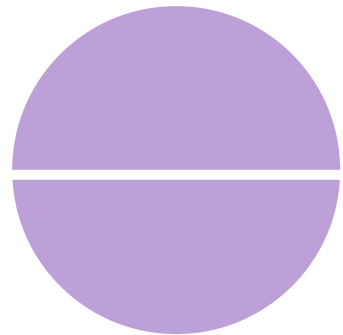
2022

FEATURING

A COLLECTION OF  
STUDENT-PRODUCED ART,  
POETRY, AND FICTION



**This Book Belongs to...**





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SADI STEINER, CLUB SECRETARY

## FACULTY ADVISOR

MR. JOHN KING

## WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK:

The Art Department, especially Mrs. Sara O'Roark, for not only inspiring students to create amazing works of art but also for helping to secure artwork for this book.

The English Department, especially Mrs. Christine Knott-Hallinan, for teaching students the necessary skills to create amazing works of literature and encouraging them to submit their work.

Mrs. Wanda Vanish for her wisdom and assistance with publishing this book.

The school administration, especially Mrs. Lori Mangan, for the continued support, without which the production of this magazine would not have been possible.

The students of Altoona Area Junior High School for submitting their sensational artwork and writing.

(front cover design) Aly Sipes, *Growth*, Painting  
(inside cover) Lena Bowersox, *Lost*, Printmaking  
(back cover) Serenity Lagares, *Sunset*, Watercolor

Check out our past editions of Mixed Media literary magazine at <https://aajhsmixedmedia.weebly.com/>

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Jake Crum, *Thinking*, Collage

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## FEATURED ARTISTS

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Why Hello  
there, Old Sport.

## FATE

by Samuel Cloutier

Fate you are cruel and unruly

Fate you are loving and kind

Fate I would hope that mine and theirs intertwine

Fate you are loving but unruly

Fate you are cruel but kind

Fate please hear my pleas for mine and theirs to intertwine

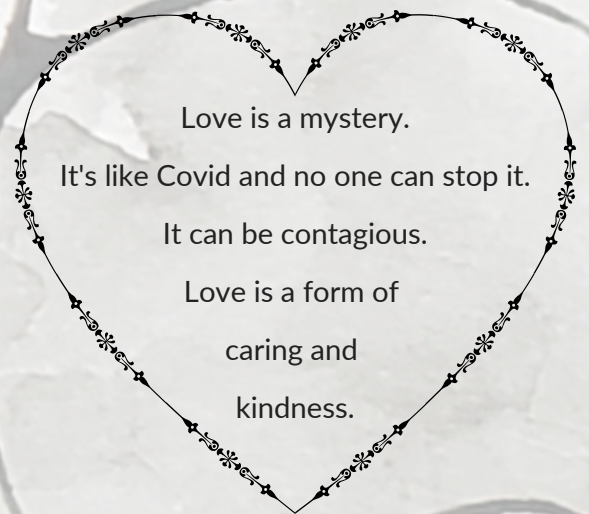
Angela Beckwith, DSAF Dave, Marker



Chassity Greenwood, *Ragdoll Cat*, Digital Art

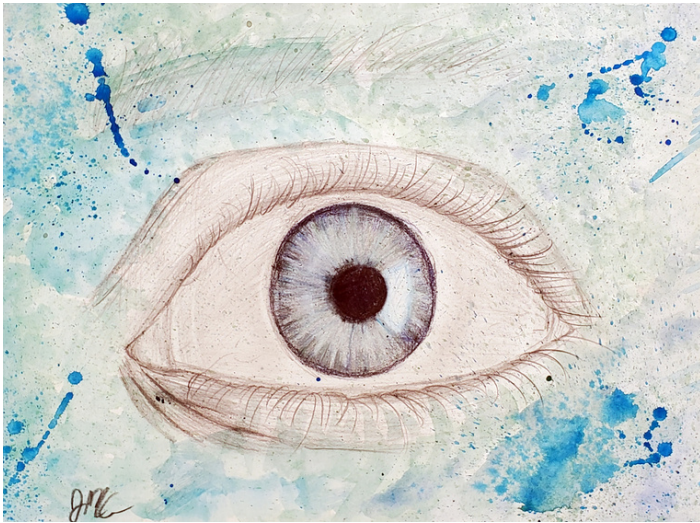
## WHAT IS LOVE?

by Trinity Troutman

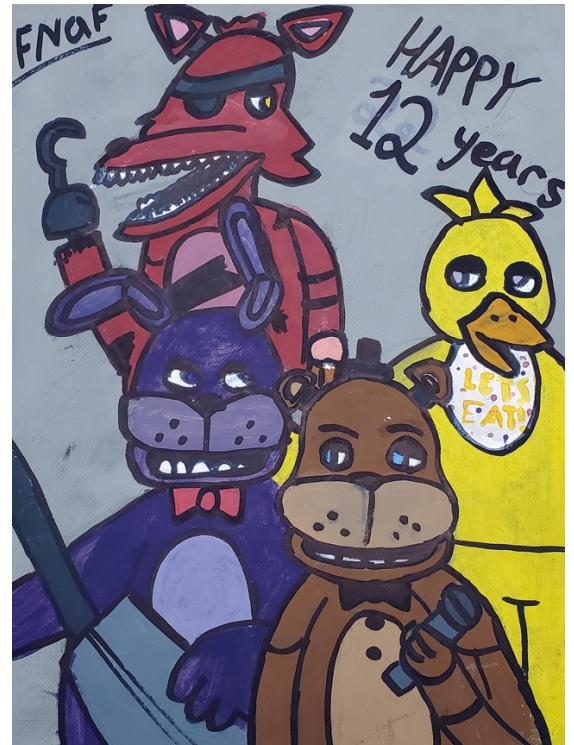


Rayne Craig, *Man's Best Friend*, Pencil

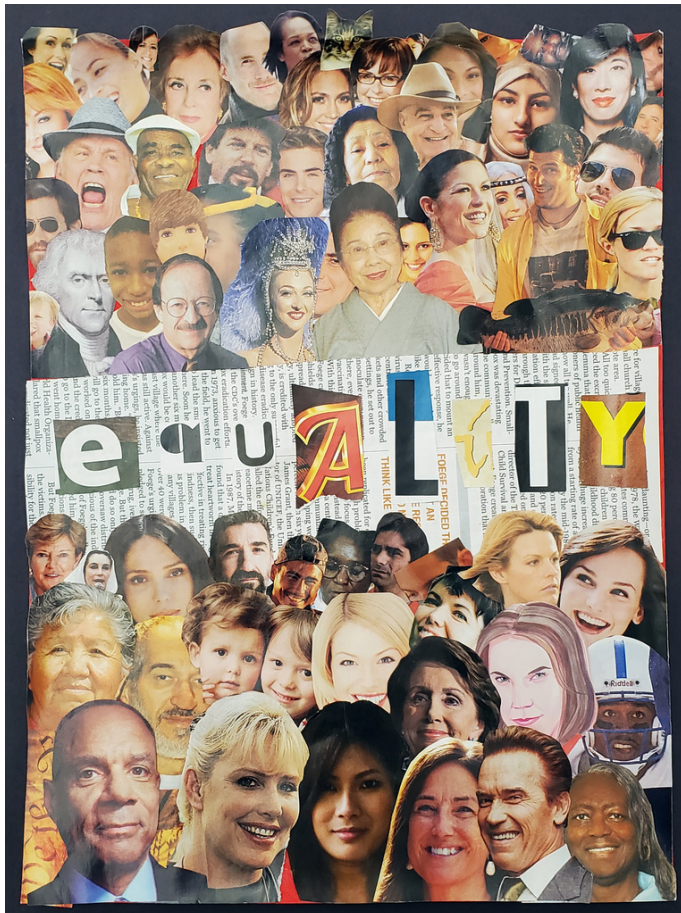
Adilee Scott, *String It Along*, Watercolor



Jake Crum, *Me, Myself and Eye*, Watercolor



Alex Brumm, *Happy 12 Years*, Acrylic



Mattie Baker, *Equality*, Collage

# YOU

by Aries Burger

Loving, Caring, Amazing, Smart  
 My Best Friend, My Favorite Person  
 Gamer, Lover Of Friends, Family, Animals  
 Who feels Happy, Sad, Angry  
 Who Fears Tight Spaces, Losing People, And Dying  
 Who Always Helps Someone In Need  
 Who Would Love To Go Skydiving  
 Resident Of Altoona Pennsylvania  
 You Know Who You Are <3



# NOTES ON PAPER

by Mia Ingram

You know when you're in math class or ELA and you need to write a jot or some sort in your notebook or sticky note? Well, in our world, those words mean everything. We are like forces of nature. Sometimes raining down like a hurricane, other times like falling leaves in the wind. That's what I've heard at least. I'm Handy. This hooman just wrote it down in her notebook. Why did she write the word 'handy'? I don't know. She wasn't writing about the history of the Mayan Indians, that's for sure. The word to my right, Quite, grunted.

"Hey, do you know what's going on?" I ask.

He grunts again. "How am I supposed to know?"

I stare at him blankly. "Because you're older than me."

He scoffs. "Only by a few seconds."

I would have rolled my eyes if I could. The hooman girl above me had long blond hair and bangs that covered her blue eyes. The hooman glanced up every now and then to pay attention to the teacher... or to pretend to.



Shannia Barimbao, *The Art Room*, Pencil

"Hey, Quite?" I ask.

He grunts.

"Can you ask around to see what this hooman is writing about?"

He groaned, "Whatever."

All of a sudden, a chain goes around. Kind of like someone passing a note, and it goes from person to person. I'm assuming it's words trying to ask the leader. Before the word reaches our leader, the paper moaned.

"You words squirming around are giving me a HEADACHE! The girl is writing about... US!"

Excited murmurs go around the paper.

"Can she hear us?" I ask.

The girl glances down at the paper.

“Yes,” she whispers above us.

The murmurs grow. Oh, ok. I wanted to help, so I shouted out some ideas.

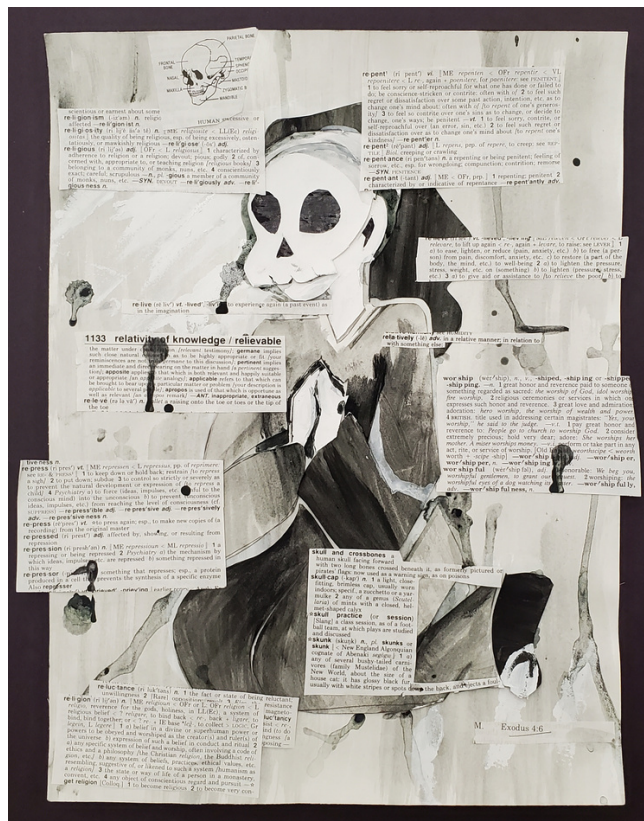
“This community is small, so what about more words? Or maybe, A CLIFFHANGER?”

The girl tries to cover up her giggle but fails.

“Is something funny Miya?” the teacher asks.

The girl, Miya, mumbles a “no sir.” and tries hiding behind her hair.

The teacher shrugs and continues with the lesson. More words, ‘That was close’ were added to the story. A bell rings somewhere and all the kids start leaving the room. Miya follows suit, gently putting the paper on top of a stack of other stuff. The words that I could see on the other book covers were SCIENCE, MATH, HISTORY, and EXCELLING MUSIC. The words were probably lonely since they were apart from the words inside the book. I realized I couldn't talk to them since they were too far away. I tried to take in the constantly changing surroundings, but it was really hazy because of the girl walking to her locker. But I focused on the fact that this story, the way the writers seem to bring their words to life, would make communities FULL of words. This girl and other writers can change people with their words, but also the words themselves.



Blix Ohr, X-Radiation, Collage

# SECRET

by Raelyn Sipes

As we became friends at a young age,  
you became my life.

We did everything together.

It was always me and you no matter what.

As we developed feelings for one another,

We were scared of what would happen.

Neither of us knew the feelings that  
appeared,

The untold secret is told.

I love you.



Maggie Brouse, *Mediterranean*, Acrylic

# ART GALLERY



Samantha McGee, *Spiderman*, Watercolor



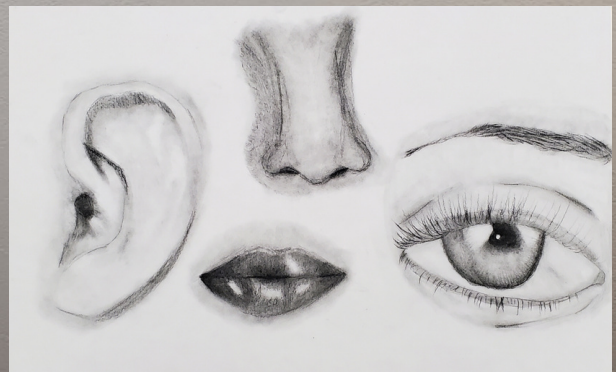
Mattie Baker, *Shoe Study*, Pencil



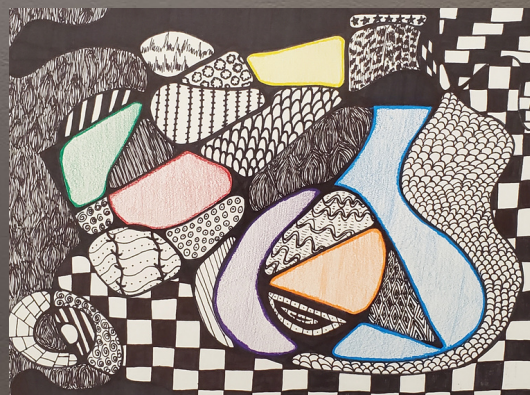
Ryker Schriver, *Extraordinary*, Collage



Serenity McLaughlin, *Garden of Gnome*, Painting



Sadi Steiner, *Face Study*, Charcoal



Ryker Schriver, *Nerve Wracking*, Marker and Colored Pencil



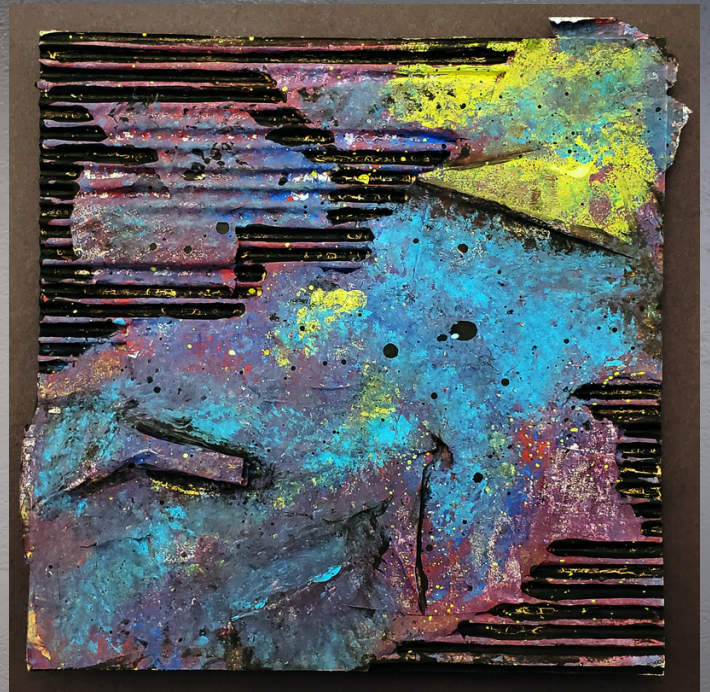
Ryker Sriver, *One Day Wonder*, Printmaking



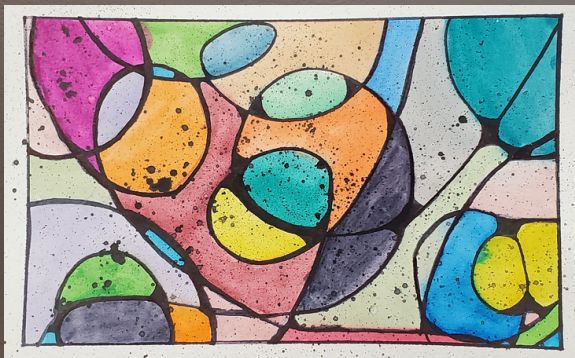
Maggie Brouse, *Jurassic*, Watercolor



Sage Bower, *Bucky*, Printmaking



Blix Ohr, *Pocket*, Collage



Zoey Van Ormer, *Rainbow Collision*, Watercolor



Avery Freeburn, *Eye*, Painting

# THE PARK

by Avarie Shawley

***Hummmmmmmmm***

You are on the main road, and you see the sign. You turn on your turn signal.

***Click! Click! Click!***

You make a left turn, slowly, and your wheels hit the gravel road.

***Rhhmm. Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink.***

You slow a bit, knowing you are no longer on the highway. You turn off your turn signal.

***Click! Click! Cli-***

The road goes around long twists and turns, avoiding beautiful, aged trees. You have your hands clenched to the steering wheel, as you were nervous to make that turn on the highway. You relax your hands, leaning back a little, letting out a breath you didn't even know you had been holding. You look back up at the road, making sure you're still on it. You are. You look down at the radio, and turn the dial to the right, turning the sound up. It's one of your favorites. You let the lyrics take over as you turn it up louder, and slow your car as you cruise through the narrow road, singing along with the artist. You bring your small green beetle to a stop, as you have reached the parking lot. You look around and resume driving. You drive through the lot, looking around and noticing it is empty, and pull into the front spot. You take some deep breaths, attempting to relax after that. You start to laugh, realizing that it was stupid to be afraid and that you are fine. You've done this so many times, you should be used to it by now. You let out a happy sigh, ending your laugh. You go to turn the radio down, and the song is just ending. You decide to listen to the end. You lean your head back against the seat and sing out the last few lines. As the song ends, you let out a breath, and sit up. You turn the radio off. You unbuckle your seatbelt and pull out the keys. You turn to the car door and open it.

***Pop!***

You step out of the car, closing the door behind you and locking it. The car door hits the side of the car making a slamming noise.

***Sssss bang!***

The car locks.

### ***Beep beep!***

You put your strawberry key lanyard around your neck, the keys hitting each other, causing a chiming noise. You hop up and over the curb with your beat-up black Converse. Your old denim backpack is strung over your shoulder, partly unzipped. You are wearing a black and white striped short sleeve crop-top under your black zip-up jacket, its white strings dangling at the front, almost hitting your grey ripped jeans. Your light brown hair sways in the wind. You walk toward the entrance. In front of you is a tall, semi-rusty ranch gate, hooked up on either end to a tall, stone wall. On the left side of the gate on the stone wall, a metal sign sits. It reads;

### ***“River Break Park.”***

The gate parts in the middle, a small lever keeping it closed. You lift up the lever, unlocking the gate.

### ***Schhnk!***

It is a little dark around you, though it is midday, midsummer. This is caused by the trees. Large European beech trees hang overhead, their leaves lightly swaying to the breeze. Black squirrels scurry around in the grass nearby, and birds fly overhead singing sweet melodies. You glance back down at the gate and push the doors open, causing it to emit a high, loud creak.

### ***Screee!***

Most people enter from the other sides of the park, where the trees are small, and the sun is bright. That is why you are the first to open this gate, as you usually are. You take your first step inside the park, closing your eyes and breathing in the fresh air. You open your eyes and look towards the path. It is a well-kept gravel path. You continue your way along, walking past the few benches in this area. This is a very large park, and it gains a lot of attention. It has three different entrances, and each seems like a different place. The first, and most popular entrance has a concrete path that is pink with different colored and sized spots on it. The path is not as straight as it is in other spots. It twists and turns all over that side of the park. The grass there appears neon green, though it is not. The trees are very small there as is everything else on that side of the park. The parking lot on that side is always packed, and the wildlife there is little to none. The only “wildlife” over there is tame rabbits, bought by the landowner, which are in an air-conditioned building where they are lined up on the table for children to pet. It costs \$10 per person, and the rabbit table only runs on Wednesdays. There are three different playgrounds there, each for different age groups, the oldest allowed being 13 unless you are a parent. In short, it’s basically

Easter. The second one is also pretty popular, as it leads to a huge pool area. It has a large deep pool for older ones, a smaller, shallower pool for families, and a very shallow yet large pool for the kids. The third entrance is where you just entered. Almost nobody comes here, as it is very unknown, which makes it perfect for you. It's not exactly that you like peace and quiet, no, you just like being alone. It's also not that you don't like people in general, you have a few close friends; it's just that you don't like to be judged. You feel that people will judge you for anything that you do, so you prefer to be alone. While you were thinking about this, you were still walking. You realize this and stop walking. You return to reality with a startle and look up from the path, back to normal eye level. You've been walking for nearly ten minutes now. You look to your right, and you see your favorite tree. This tree is your favorite because it has the perfect amount of light in the place. Another thing is that it is very big, so it is great for sitting under. And last, it is far enough away from the road from which you entered, so you can not hear the cars, but it is still close enough so that you don't hear the children. It is the best. You turn around to the bench across from the tree and set your bag down, unzipping it. You take out your old fuzzy blanket and lay it under the tree. After a few minutes of deciding where you want to put it and figuring out which way it lays, you stand up and walk back to the bench. You carefully pick up your bag, attempting not to tip it over, and put it onto your back. You walk back to the tree. You sit down on the blanket and look into your denim backpack. You take out your Nancy Drew novel and your bagged sandwiches. They are ham, lettuce, and cheese, on white bread, and are a bit moist, but not close to soggy; they are just right. You start to read your book and get lost in it. As you finish the last bite of your sandwich, you start to nod off. Just before you fall asleep, you hope that you don't end up sleeping for too long, because you don't want to be in the middle of the woods in the middle of the night. Just then, all of a sudden, **it fades to black.**



Chassity Greenwood, *Colors*, Digital Art





# FEATURED WRITER

**TABER  
BAKER**



## A DRIVER'S THOUGHT

by Taber Baker

His hands are gripped across the leather wheel  
He accelerates with insane speed hearing the tires squeal  
He has vigorous emotions running through his veins  
At the same time, he is experiencing pain  
Not the kind of pain that hurts but the kind that makes you queasy  
He has thoughts, doubts, and a hint of sportsmanship  
He doesn't know which move is going to be the right one  
But he has to take the leap if he wants a shot

Check out Taber's  
poem "The Dead of  
Night" on page 24.

That's a driver's thought.

### TABER BAKER Q&A

**Q: How long have you been writing poems?**

A: Three years.

**Q: What advice do you have for aspiring writers?**

A: I would tell them that poetry is emotions and feeling in writing form.

**Q: How long does it take you to create your poems?**

A: A couple of days.

**Q: What do you like most about poetry?**

A: I like writing because it frees me to have fun and to just be free. It's hard to describe.

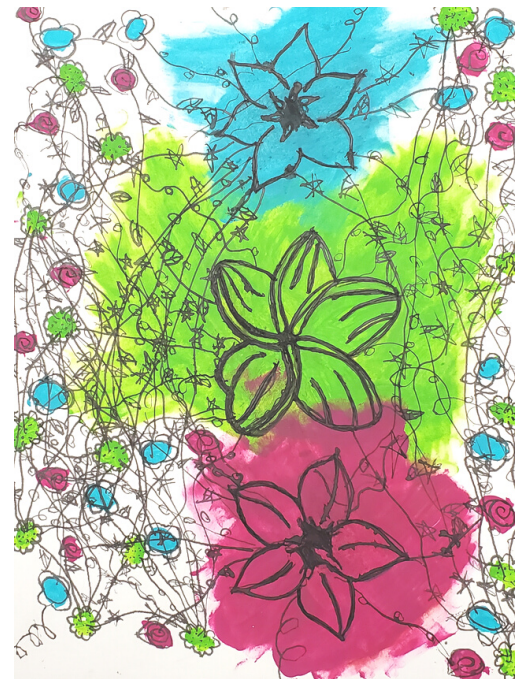
# SPRINGTIME JOY

by Luke Geishauser

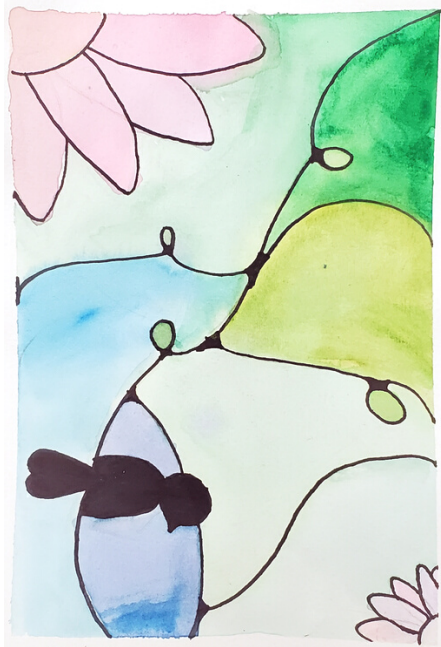
Springtime is in the air  
Birds gliding, without a care  
Nothing can compare.



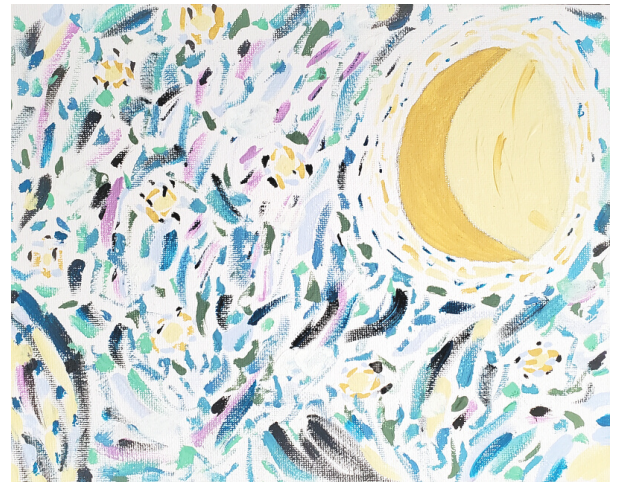
Ella Beecham, *Yellow Flower*, Acrylic



Avarie Shawley, *Flowers*, Marker and Paint



Delilah Brunner, *Rainbow Bird*, Watercolor



Ce'Lestine Gibson, *Sky*, Oil on Canvas



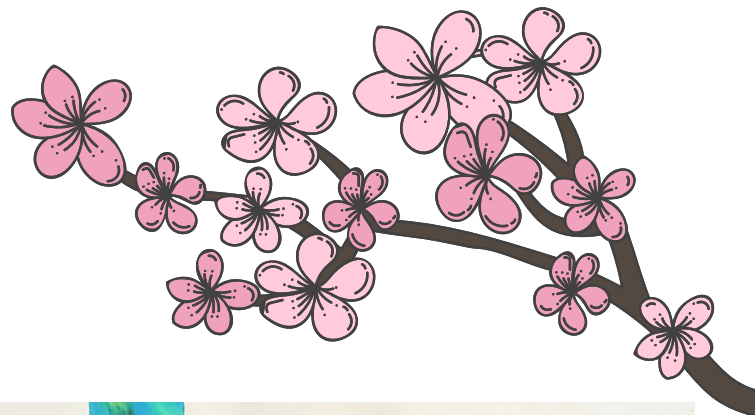
Arrow Makarikas, *Snake*, Printmaking



Gianna Huber, *American Mushroom*, Colored Pencil



Maggie Brouse, *What's the Buzz?*, Watercolor



Mattie Baker, *Flower*, Colored Pencil

# FEATURED ARTIST

## ELLA ALBRIGHT



"I love sculpting and the feeling of making something out of almost nothing."



Ella Albright, *Beehive*, Ceramic

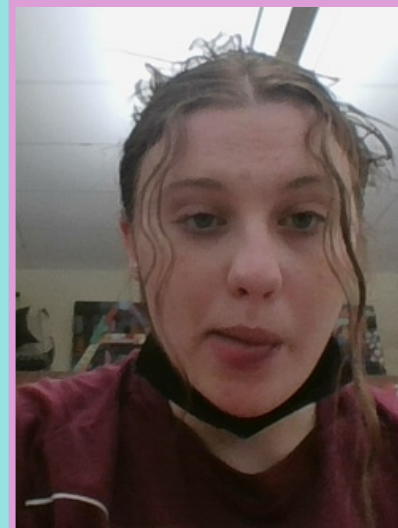


Photo by Ella Albright

### ELLA ALBRIGHT Q&A

**Q: What is your favorite thing about working with pottery?**

**A:** I love sculpting and the feeling of making something out of almost nothing. It makes me feel very good when I can turn in a piece that I worked very hard on and Mr. King is very encouraging about it.

**Q: What is your favorite kind of art to work with?**

A: I love to work with watercolor or acrylic paint.

**Q: Who is your favorite artist or an artist you look up to?**

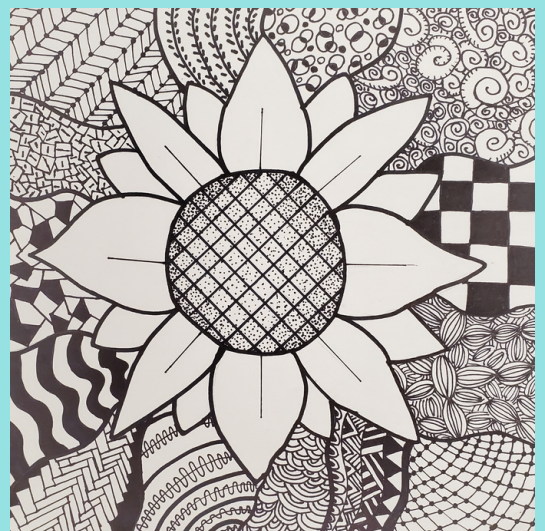
A: Dax Newman.



Ella Albright, *Mike*, Ceramic



Ella Albright, *Little Green Men*, Ceramic



Ella Albright, *Sunflower Paradise*, Marker

**Q: What inspired you to submit your work to the literary magazine?**

A: I was inspired by the many compliments that I got on all my work, I figured that others would want to see good artwork.

**Q: Do you plan on using art later in life, such as in a career perhaps?**

A: I do, I plan on going into architecture and interior design, so being creative is crucial.

**Q: Any advice you'd like to share with aspiring artists?**

A: You will always make mistakes and instead of getting mad and frustrated turn that anger into inspiration to make you work harder.

# LOU THE EMU

by Alexander Pfahler

There once was an emu named Lou  
Whose foot got stuck in some glue  
He tried to pull it loose  
But was stomped by a moose  
A moose on the loose who knew?



Ryker Sriver, *Rip-off*, Printmaking



Lena Bowersox, *Hopeless*, Collage



Serenity Lagares, *Obsession*, Collage

# EVERY ONE OF THESE MOMENTS

by Riley Canterbury

The mean words that balance on glass  
Make me wonder how one is so crass

My skin stings at every vowel  
Every word from their tongue seems so foul

My head is spinning and my body numb  
Hyperventilating and eyes become plump

Every one of these moments makes me cry  
Please don't let it be late July

# A WOMAN'S INTUITION

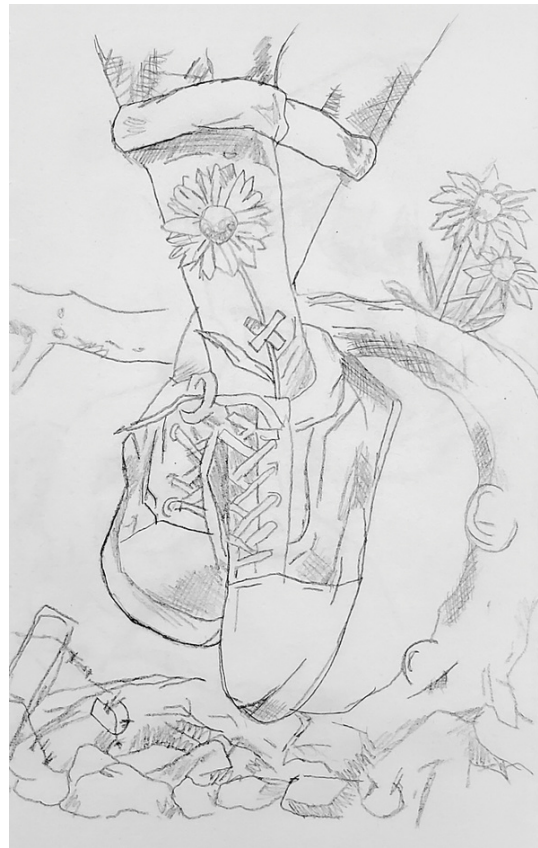
by Lindsey Boose

A sound I hear  
Daybreak is near  
The town's awake  
Something is about to break  
Those children are laughing  
Children's languages are baffling  
That brick is falling  
Their mothers are calling  
Mothers jump into action  
Children are saved with a distraction  
How'd they get that life-saving premonition  
It's called a woman's intuition.

*Inspired by Women's History Month*



Maggie Brouse, *Ode to Gerald*, Printmaking



Rayne Craig, *Sunflower*, Pencil

## PERIWINKLE IS...

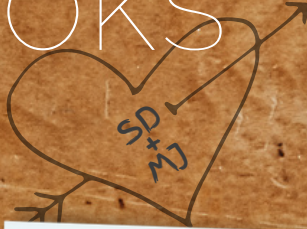
by Jade McClure

Periwinkle is as comforting as a heavy blanket  
Periwinkle is amethyst and plums  
And the feeling of romance and trust  
Periwinkle is lilac and violet  
Periwinkle is the taste of icing and fruit  
Ice cream and flowers smell periwinkle  
Rain and gardens make me feel periwinkle  
Periwinkle is the sound of wind and rushing water  
Periwinkle is calm.

# FROM OUR SKETCHBOOKS



TATUM MORAL, CUTE ANIMAL, PENCIL



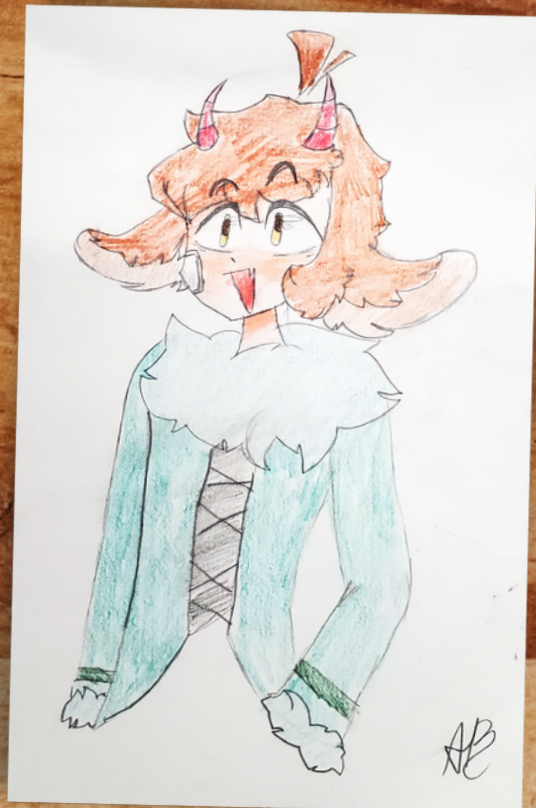
ANGELA BECKWITH, SUNSET PEEP, COLORED PENCIL



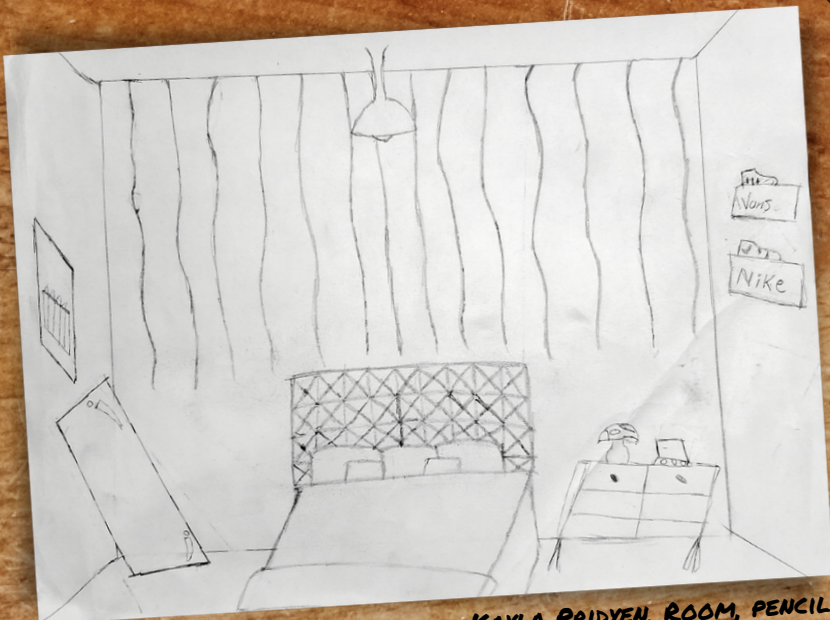
YUINAZIA REEVES, THE LOVING LADY, PENCIL



GRACIE MCCONNELL, DEALER, MARKER -Gm



ANGELA BECKWITH, TINY GOAT, COLORED PENCIL



KAYLA PRIDYEN, ROOM, PENCIL





COLBIE BILLETDEAU, EYE,  
COLORED PENCIL



AVARIE SHAWLEY, REGGIE, MARKER



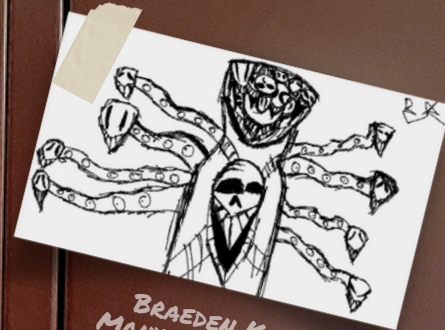
COLBIE BILLETDEAU,  
CRAZY HAIR, PENCIL



ANGELA BECKWITH,  
NIGHTMARE CAT, MARKER



AUBRYN VAUGHT, PETE  
DINGLEWOOD, MARKER



BRAEDEN KENAWELL,  
MANY FACES, DIGITAL ART



AVARIE SHAWLEY, MAXINE,  
MARKER

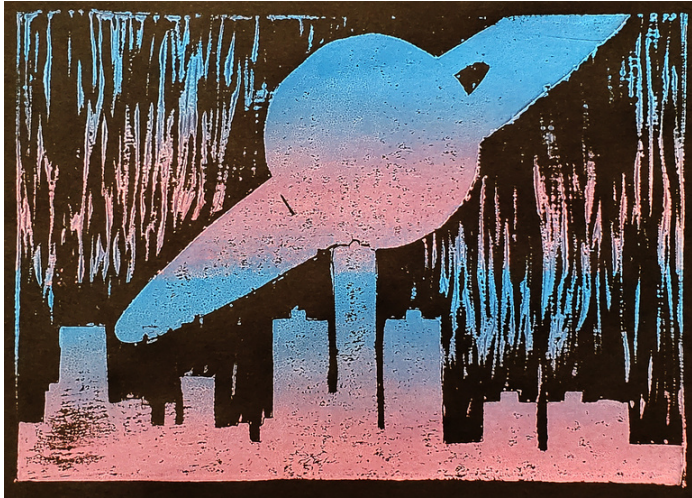


ANGELA BECKWITH, PROM DRESS,  
MARKER



AUBRYN VAUGHT, MAY,  
MARKER





Zyair Carter, *Saturn Rising*, Printmaking

## THE DEAD OF NIGHT

by Taber Baker

The sky is still, and the moon is bright  
Still, there is the dead of night.

The neighbor's rooms glow with light  
Still, there is the dead of night.

The wind whistles through the moonlight  
Serenely as do angels glide above the clouds.

The world is dead of night  
With no cars in sight  
No boys flying their kites  
Or loud wrestlers using their might.

It's The Dead of Night

## MOON/SUN

by Evan Wertz

Moon

Bright, Glorious

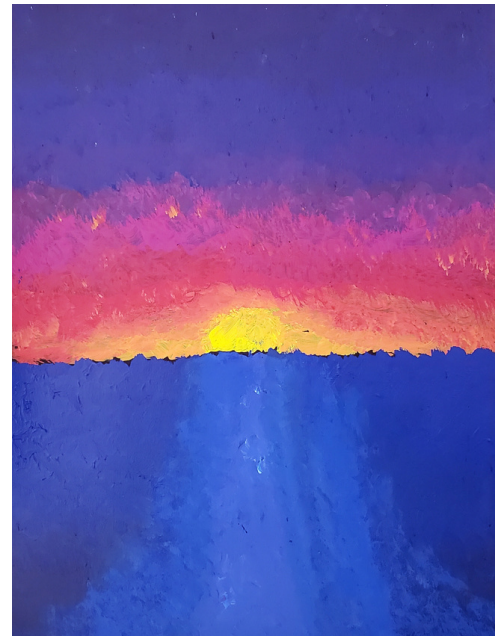
Full, New, Waning, Waxing

Night, Evening, Afternoon, Day

Raining, Heating, Shining

Hot, Vitamin D

Sunny



Mattie Baker, *Sunset*, Acrylic



Kahrynn Belardi, *Deep Space*, Acrylic

# DARK

by Lucy Nagle

Hi, my name is Coraline. I don't have many friends, and my parents are always at work. I'm either at school or home alone; the only time I'm not is at night and in the mornings. My school is not that far from my house so I usually walk. Today I just couldn't bring myself to do that; there wasn't any specific reason why I just knew I couldn't. I begged my mom to drop me off at school when she was on her way to work, but she made me walk. When I get to school I realize that I'm fine, and I didn't even have to ask my mom to drive me. I slowly start walking to my locker hoping that I can come up with an excuse for why I'm late to class, but by the time I get to my locker I still haven't thought of anything. I figure I'll just say I left something at home but I soon realized that I don't need an excuse.

I walked into class to see no one there, not even the teacher. I wanted to think it was all a trick, but I soon knew it was not when all the power in the school completely shut off. The only thing lighting the halls was the light coming from outside the small windows above all the lockers. Although I couldn't see much, I made my way back to the entrance, and as terrifying as this already was, the doors were locked. I could feel my anxiety. I couldn't help but smash a window and crawl out. I look back to see a hand reach around the window frame. I wasn't even looking back long enough to see the face of the figure if it even had one. I ran as fast as I could back to my house and bolted inside, but when I turned around to slam and lock the door, the same hand reached around the door frame. I screamed as loud as possible, but to my surprise, I woke up...

**“I could feel my anxiety. I couldn't help but smash a window and crawl out.”**

# FEATURED WRITER



## AVARIE SHAWLEY

See Avarie's  
short story  
"The Park"  
on page 12.



## WHAT IS DESTINY?

by Avarie Shawley

### AVARIE SHAWLEY Q&A

**Q: How long have you been writing?**

A: Since I was in third grade.

**Q: Where do you get your inspiration?**

A: If I think of something that could be put into a poem, I jot it down and finalize it later.

**Q: Why do you enjoy writing?**

A: I really like writing because I can express myself. When I'm writing, I can really get my thoughts down, and I can really show what I'm thinking.

**Q: Do you have any advice for aspiring writers?**

A: Keep writing, as the more you write the better that you get. I know it sounds generic, but it really helps. Even if you don't like what you started to write, don't just throw it away half-way through. Keep writing, and when you're finished, you can refine it and really turn it into something that you like. If you still don't like it after that, that's okay! It can just be practice, and later on you'll look back, and maybe you'll like it then. Just keep writing. You'll get there.

Is destiny something you can't escape?

Is it something that guides you through life?

Is it really just your fate

Deciding if you live or die?

Is destiny a blessing

Or is it a curse?

Do you make your own choices?

Are your choices really yours?

Is destiny aware

Of what you're going through?

Or does it not care

And never think of you?

# THE WOLF AND THE ROCKSTAR

by Cherry Lafferty

On the fourth of February, it was a dark night in the town of England and all was quiet. It was snowing outside, and it covered the streets in large thickets of ice and slush. A little girl stood in the snow with a beautiful white hoodie, dress pants, and a hat on her head that had a white fluff ball on top.



Natalie Duffy, *Music*, Acrylic

She silently moved through the snow and into a dark forest, leading to a trail to a tent. She was merely an orphan and was about eight years of age; she always liked to go outside at night and camp in her small tent. On her way toward the tent, there was a sudden sound and then silence.

H-hello?" the girl stuttered.

And the sound was heard once again but more clearly this time, a whimper. The girl walked over to a nearby tree and noticed a smaller trail, only one that an animal could make.

"What is that sound?" she thought to herself.

She looked down in the snow and reached down, picking up a small creature. It was a wolf pup.

"You're so cute!" the girl said with a smile on her face. "Where are your parents?"

The puppy didn't respond but stopped whimpering and nuzzled into the warmth of the little girl. Later when she got back to the orphanage, she walked up to the Orphan Keeper and nudged her dress to stay quiet. She bent down and got on one knee in front of the little girl.

"What can I help you with Amelia?" the Orphan Keeper whispered.

Amelia shows the baby pup and looks at her with an innocent smile.

"If I take care of her, can I keep her please?" Amelia whispers.

The Orphan keeper thinks for a moment.

"Please Mrs. Greer?" she begs quietly.

"Oh alright, but keep the puppy quiet okay? Oh, and you have a family coming to see you tomorrow."

She smiles and so does Amelia.

The next day Amelia was dressed in a gorgeous light blue and white dress and was holding her puppy. She walked up to Mrs. Greer and asked for a piece of bread for the puppy.

"Have you named her yet, Amelia?" asked Mrs. Greer.

"Yes, I named her Winter," she said with a soft smile petting the pup.

“How did you come up with such a name?” asked Mrs. Greer curiously.

“Well, I found her in the snow, and she also has white fur, so I came up with Winter!” she said with joy.

A fancily dressed man and woman walked into the orphanage, and the woman carried beautiful roses.

“Hello, are you here for Amelia?” Mrs. Greer asked.

“Yes ma’am,” said the man. “Is this little angel Amelia?” he asked, looking at Amelia with a smile as he reached over to pet Winter.

“Yes, I am Amelia,” she said without hesitation.

“Well Amelia, you’re very pretty!” said the woman, handing Amelia the flowers.

“I already like this family!” Amelia thought to herself as she held Winter on her shoulder and carried her out to a car waving goodbye to Mrs. Greer.



A few years later, Amelia was in her room, and she was listening to music, specifically rock music. She heard a knock on the door, and Winter's ears went up, and her head popped out from under a blanket. She was much bigger than just a pup now. She got out of the bed and walked to the door and waited for it to open.

“Need something?” she asked.

Her parents burst into the room and sang happy birthday to her and gave her a cake and seven presents.

“Thank you mum, thank you, dad!”

She burst into tears and got up hugging them. Someone else came into the room. He was a tad bit taller than her and smiled looking at her.

“Hello darling,” he said as he opened his arms.

“She covered her mouth in excitement. “You remembered!”

She ran and hugged him with a kiss on the cheek. She walked over to Winter and cuddled Winter also.

“I love you all,” she said in tears as she opened her first gift.

She pulls out a gorgeous white and pink collar for Winter.

”How did you know I wanted this?” she asked as she excitedly put the collar on Winter. *Woof!*

Winter barked and wagged her tail, and Amelia finished up her gifts and smiled, hugging everyone.

“Hey you forgot something, look over here,” her boyfriend said pointing to an unopened present.

“Huh?” She looked curious and went over and opened it. The look on her face was absolutely shocking. Her jaw dropped and she burst into tears again, “My own electric guitar!?” She jumped with joy and picked it up and started tuning it. She started playing a few notes without messing up, and started playing her favorite song but messed up a few times.

“It’s alright darling, you’ll get it eventually!”

He sat next to her on the bed, and she rested her head on his shoulder while Winter laid on both of their laps. The mom and dad pulled out a camera to take a picture of them, and after the picture, everyone sat down and ate while they talked.

“I love my family, I’ll never leave them,” she thought.



A few years later her parents were crying and waving goodbye along with her boyfriend,

“We’ll miss you!” shouted the mom.

“We love you!” shouted the boyfriend.

“Good luck sweetie!” shouted the dad.

She walked away silently with Winter onto the airplane and sat down on the front seat. Winter slept on the seat beside her as she pet Winter and slowly drifted off. Many hours later a loudspeaker woke Amelia and Winter up from a deep sleep.

“Last stop Miami, Florida!”

They both got off the airplane and looked for a car that they had hired to take Amelia to the show. The car pulled up beside Winter and Amelia.

“Mrs. Amelia?” a familiar voice called.

Amelia looked very closely.

“Mrs. Greer?!” She got in the car, and they all started talking about their lives and Amelia’s home.

“Here we are. . .” Mrs. Greer said in disappointment.

“It was nice seeing you again Mrs. Greer!”

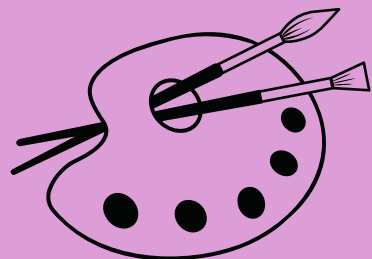
“Please, call me Isabella.” Mrs. Greer said.

Amelia nods as she goes backstage to a stadium. She gets dressed in goth-like clothes and finally gets on stage, and Winter stands on stage beside her.

“Now who’s ready to rock!?” as Winter howls.

# FEATURED ARTIST

## ALY SIPES



“I want to be able to share my art and inspire other people around me.”

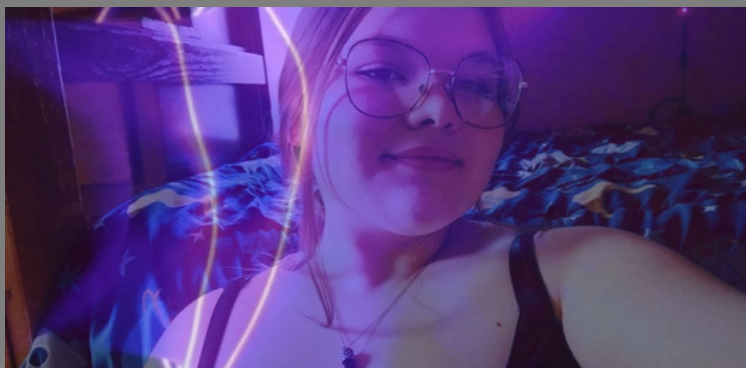
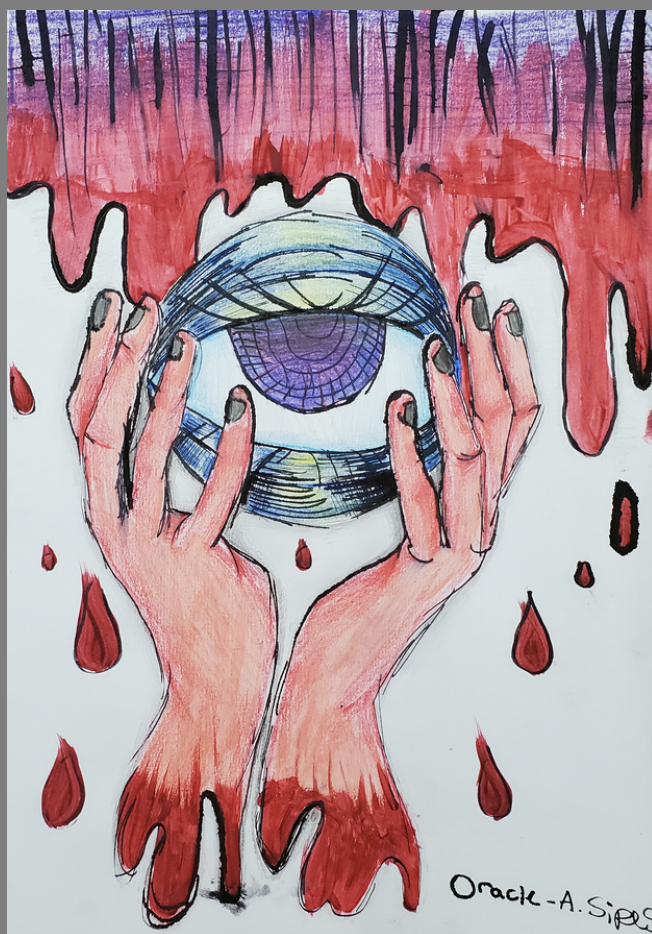


Photo by Aly Sipes



Aly Sipes, *Orack*, Colored Pencil and Marker

### ALY SIPES Q&A

**Q:** How long have you been doing art?

**A:** I've been doing art for about five years.

**Q:** What is your favorite type of art to work with?

**A:** I really like working with colored pencil and watercolor paint.

**Q:** Do you plan on using art later in life, such as in a career perhaps?

**A:** Not as a career, but I would love to keep doing it.

**Q:** How long does it usually take you to create an artwork?

**A:** It usually takes me 1-3 days.





Aly Sipes, *Rebirth*, Watercolor

**Q: What inspired you to submit your work to the literary magazine?**

A: I want to be able to share my art and inspire other people around me.

**Q: Who is your favorite artist or an artist that you look up to?**

A: I really love the work of Johnson Tsang.

**Q: Any advice you'd share with aspiring artists?**

A: Don't give up just because your work isn't the same as someone else's. Keep going and find your own style of art.



Aly Sipes, *Candied Heart*, Colored Pencil

# HOW ARE YOU?

by Anonymous

“How are you?”

I am asked.

“I don't know,”

I respond.

Hearing myself doesn't sound right as if I'm

Too lazy to analyze myself.

Too lazy to analyze my thoughts and feelings.

But that's not the case.

I feel myself falling,

Slipping into a familiar hole.

Somehow it feels like everything but nothing all  
at the same time.

Last night I fell in pain while the tears wet  
my hair.

I woke up fine the next morning,

I'm fine.

The feeling is sporadic, coming and going randomly.

My memory of the pain hurts to imagine,  
when I remember it hurts below the surface.

So when I am asked how I am

I'm not lying when I say

I don't know.



Maggie Brouse, *Words of a Cactus*, Collage



Delaney Beecher, *Butterfly Wishes*, Acrylic

# THE WEIRD SIDE OF GIANNA

by Nevaeh Decker

Gianna

Tomboy, nosey, smart

Best friend of Nevaeh, girlfriend of Carter

Lover of ice cream, summer, dogs

Who feels happiness, anger, courage

Who fears failing school, losing friends even

Who gives laughs to someone in need

Who would like to see Kaylee eat all of the food in the sea

Resident of Altoona, PA

Huber



Alex Brumm, *Sunnydrop*, Acrylic



Chassity Greenwood, *An Orange Confusing Mess*, Digital Art



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