



2010

Wamego High School
801 Lincoln St.
Wamego, Kansas 66547
785.456.2214



Letter from the Editor:

I would like to congratulate the staff of 2010 on making a memorable issue of *Mosaic*. This is the third issue of the literary magazine. We continued the same layout as the last issue with the themed sections of the magazine. They are Love, Beauty, Time, Friends, Out There, and Nature. This layout makes it flow together better and makes sure that each piece is in a proper place.

I would like to thank all those who made this publication possible: Dr. Goodson who let us continue publication even when we were far behind, and a special thanks to Starla Simmons my assistant editor who help make this a special edition. Also, thanks to Mrs. Workman and Mr. Stephan who have shown their support for *Mosaic*.

Also, thank you to everyone who worked on or submitted a piece to create this Mosaic. Without you, we would not have completed it.

Thank you,

Mallaurie Serb, Editor

Staff:

Mallaurie Serb—Editor

Starla Simmons—Assistant Editor

Kristina Baker

Rachel Hatfield

Laurina Hannan

Sertrice Grice

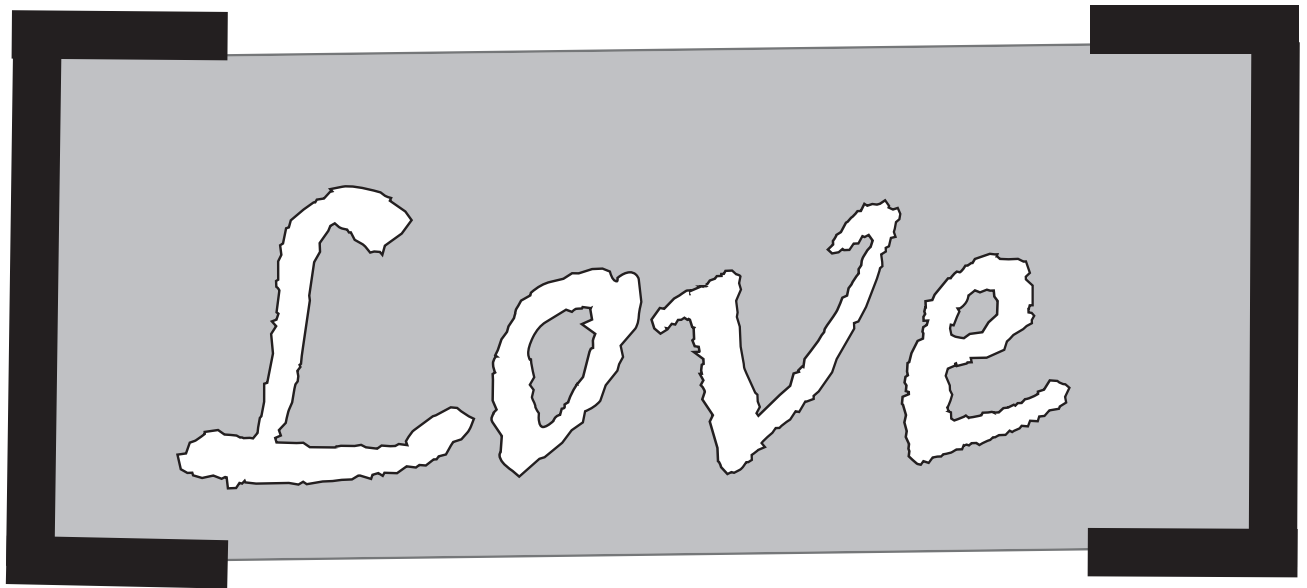
Catherine Wethington

Michelle Haskins

Mrs. Goodson, advisor

Table of Contents

Love	
What Love Is.....	Elizabeth White.....5
Artwork.....	Trenton Modean.....6
Untitled.....	Rayna Slack.....7
Rusty Hearts.....	Elizabeth White.....8
Your Perfect Girl.....	Rayna Slack.....9
Beauty	
Artwork.....	Chris Hartwick.....11
Dark Beauty.....	Conner McManus.....12
Artwork.....	Davida Holley.....13
Time	
Change.....	Ashley Steffens.....15
Burning Memories.....	Kristina Baker.....16
Friends	
Guiding Light.....	Conner McManus.....19
Story of False Friends.....	Kristina Baker.....20
Out There	
Bloomsbury Burning.....	Conner Nickerson.....23-25
Artwork.....	Wade Hall.....26
Ode to a Union Suit.....	Brad Standlee, Michael Mooreman, Nash Duncan.....27
Fallens Angels.....	Joe Colson.....28
Nature	
Artwork.....	Kelcey Holt.....31
Artwork.....	Danielle Wilson.....31
Artwork.....	Ryan Blanchard.....32
Little Humming Bird.....	Laurina Hannan.....33
Artwork.....	Chris Hartwick.....34
Artwork.....	Ryan Helus.....35
Artwork.....	Lacey Cragg.....35
The Queen.....	Beth Huddleston.....36
Artwork.....	Tiara Boyle.....37
Artwork.....	Ryan Helus.....38



WHAT LOVE IS?

By Elizabeth White

Just 14 years old
A whole life in front of her
Every guy who knows her feels so bold
They want the chance to be with her
But she knows
The most important thing
That love doesn't grow
Out of nowhere
So just sit around, my friends,
And watch the Love Boat sail
On the stream that never ends
As I watch upon the shore
The days at school pass by
She's a solid single girl
With a need never to cry
Since she knows love won't grow
So just sit around, my friends,
And watch the Love Boat sail
On the stream that never ends
As I watch upon the shore



By Trenton Modean

UNTITLED

By Rayna Slack

Look straight at me,
What do you see?
Instead of a delicate flower, you see nothing.

You don't even look,
Walk right past me
Without even a glance,
Nothing

I stand there watching you leave
My eyes gleaming with an icy tint
Still nothing
You just leave

Heart broken, I walk away
With nothing but you in my mind
Your face etched into my mind

A knock on my door?
I see you and smile
Finally

RUSTY HEARTS

By Elizabeth White

Take off without me
Leave me in the dust
Go far into the sunset
When daylight turns to dusk
As autumn turns to snow
And black fades to gray
The rust on my heart molds over
While it sits and wastes away
You stole a good sized chunk of it
Go and turn it in for your prize
I hope that you're happy
The next time you look at my tortured eyes
I did nothing of wrong doing
So think nothing wrong of me
Go find someone better
And rust their heart happily

YOUR PERFECT GIRL

By Rayna Slack

You look right at me
What do you see?
A shy little girl in the background
Waiting to break free

You're looking for your perfect girl,
But girl after girl you find
That none are the one you're looking for,
Repeatedly heart broken, opening up to everyone

I sit in the back,
Watching you look for your perfect girl
When you don't even realize that
She has been right here all along.

You have tried all the possible girls,
But you haven't even glanced at the girl
Hidden behind the crowd, because she wasn't there
But that does not mean that she is not the right one

Look a little deeper, inside her soul
To find that she is exactly
What you were looking for
Finally, you found your perfect girl

Beauty



By Chris Hartwick

THE DARK BEAUTY

By Conner McManus

Beauty beauty
Upon the wall
Now watch closely
As the teardrop falls

Know that there is
Not a thing we can do
To save her
Imperfect soul

For her sin is terrible
Her crime despicable
So she is here
To await her fate

Now watch closely
As the teardrop falls
See the beauty deep inside
Would you judge her so?

She sits here
In her pain
With beauty in her soul
That none can see
Except for you

Will you help her?
Or will she fall
You know her fate
Is in your hands



By Davida Holley

Time

CHANGE

By Ashley Steffens

It's amazing how much things and
People can change in such little time
The way people can walk like nothing's wrong
Talk like everything is perfect
And smile like they've never been hurt before
That's the way everyone wants to be
But truly some people are different
There are two choices everyone has
Wait around waiting for something great
To happen or
Be the person to make something
Amazing happen
Life is more than just living
Its learning from your mistakes and
Others
Having as much fun as possible
Loosing and finding happiness
It's a constant cycle always
Going on again and again
Just keep reminding yourself that
No matter where you end up and
With whom it's the way it's supposed
To be
Which is all right
Life goes on

BURNING MEMORIES

By Kristina Baker

It spreads like a disease
Running its course
Through the ragged
Hollow of my mind.
It burns and scorches
Every memory it touches.
The flames dance around
The open, gaping wounds
And lap at the flaming scabs
Like pouring salt in a wound.
And then, as it reaches the
Flamed memory itself.
I'm forced again and again
To watch the house burn
Stealing the very life from
The person most precious to me
I see a young girl who resembles me
Crying in the fetal position
Begging to be rescued.
She's alone and scared in the dark
And cries herself to sleep
Knowing nobody is coming
To rescue her tattered, scared self.



Friends

GUIDING LIGHT

By Conner McManus

I sit here now
Surrounded by darkness
So strong it nearly chokes me

I walked these endless highways
Hoping for some future
That only others see

All I see is the blackness everywhere
Drowning all my feelings
Pulling me into depression

Yet just barely visible in the distance
I see a light
A light that gives me strength

And so I trudge along
Watching the light dance in front of me

And every time I'm sure I'm close to it
The light flickers off
Leaving me to suffocate

How I hate this light that taunts me so
Even after it dies it comes back
To haunt me again

But at the same time
I love this light
And every time I get closer
I am filled with joy

The light confronts me
Providing hope for a happy future

But the only way this future will be
bright

Is if the person at the other end
The one I've waited for
Finally stops
And let's me enter
The light.

A STORY OF FALSE FRIENDS

By Kristina Baker

They think they really know me
They think they understand
But they only think they know
The me I choose to hide.
I'm scared and bleeding
Sad and lonely
Tears stream down my face.
They sneer and laugh
And call me names
And I dare to call them "friends."
One digs his nose into my business
The other treats me like I'm dirt.
I question myself every night
Do good friends even exist?
At the end of every day
I cry at night and try to say
Even though they sneer and insult me
It must just be in good fun.
But I know the truth
It hurts inside every time
I hear them speak less of me.

Out There

BLOOMSBURY BURNING

A short story by Conner Nickerson

I have observed and calculated and prepared for millennia. I have seen the passing of countless civilizations, each as uninspiring as the last, though one in particular sparkles with the promise of a lush new world to call my own. I have waited and prepared my forces. I have accounted for every possible variable. The shroud that has concealed my plans shall at last be cast aside. It is time.

-Proclamation of the evermind, shortly upon discovering the Sol system.

Epilogue

Timing her steps to match the clicking of another woman's heels, Dr. Marcus became lost in thought as she strolled through the scenic boulevard. A tall, icily beautiful woman who might assume was in her mid-twenties, Carol had everything one could possibly desire; money, prestige, and a loving family to come home to every night.

"What I do not have, however, is an explanation for this phenomenon," she muttered.

"I'd be happy to provide you with one, Doctor," beeped her electronic wristwatch.

Possessing of semi-sentient software and adaptive programming, the computer "companions," nicknamed Astros, had become popular among Earth's wealthier classes, being of immense value to scientists such as Dr. Marcus.

"Unfortunately, you defective short-circuit, that was a rhetorical statement." "Perhaps the programming was a bit too sophisticated, certainly to the point of annoyance," she thought. Oblivious to her ire, the miniature computer began a series of calculations based upon what Carol had described earlier as an inexplicable "glow" on the star charts. The appearance of a gleaming, domed observatory announced her arrival at her destination.

The Multinational Corporation CONTACT, a research and astronomical group based in the United States, endeavors to search for evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence. Head of CONTACTS' department of stellar cartography, Dr. Marcus, both literally and metaphorically, spends many of her days looking up at the stars.

Strolling past the entrance desk with her I.D card in hand and a vacant smile upon her face, her mind turned towards studying what her most powerful telescope had detected only 18 hours ago. Marching through the lobby to the nearest turbolift, she ascended to the top floor of the CONTACT observatory.

Stepping out of the turbolift, a stale, icy breeze enveloped her in a cocoon of familiarity; this is where she felt truly at peace. Responding to her unique bioelectrical signature, the observatory's computer, Erasmus, began restarting key systems, running self-diagnostic programs, and bringing the lab into full operation.

"Good morning Dr. Marcus, it has been 18 hours, 57 minutes, and 35 seconds since your last systems access. Diagnostic routines one through six are complete, all systems functioning

within acceptable parameters. Awaiting further instructions.”

“Has there been any change with OP1356?”

“No changes have been detected, the phenomenon remains active at a distance of approximately 23476 Astronomical Units from the boundary of our solar system.”

“Excellent, let me just check for myself.” Crossing the room in six brisk steps, Carol bent over the stellar cartography station and called up the current data feed for OP1356. Instead of the brilliant display of ultraviolet radiation that had greeted her enraptured eyes less than a day before, Carol saw nothing, absolutely nothing. Not a single star, planet, or other celestial body now existed within three parsecs of the previous radiation surge.

“Erasmus, I thought you said that there were no changes to the radiation bloom.”

“That is correct,” came the indignant reply, “telescopic readings indicate that the ultraviolet spike continues.”

“Then there must be something wrong with your diagnostic routines, because I am reading absolutely nothing in that sector of space.”

“You are mistaken Doctor, for all systems are functioning normally,” he said matter-of-factly. Biting back a retort that she knew would have little effect on the old Metalmind, Carol began recalibrating and checking all of her instruments. A sudden droning around her wrist interrupted her seemingly futile efforts. Her Astro unit, which she had nicknamed David, apparently had something to contribute.

“Doctor, if I may, I believe I have an explanation for both the radiation surge and its sudden disappearance,” said the analytical if irritating computer.

“Let’s hear it, David,” Carol said impatiently.

“I believe that the source of the radiation is artificial.”

“Well that would certainly explain the numbers that we’re looking at,” said Marcus.

“Not only that, but I believe that the source may be from an extr-,” his voice cut off in a shower of sparks that bored into her hand, prompting a sudden jerking of her arm into a nearby console. Swearing upon the graves of her parents, Carol wheeled toward Erasmus’s vocal processor, demanding an explanation. It was then that she realized that her workstation was completely dark. The familiar, comforting hum of the filtration and heating systems had fallen silent, and no response came for Erasmus, his entire network having been shut down. A sudden and inexplicable beam of harsh light thrust itself through the laboratory’s skylight to sear her retinas, momentarily blinding her.

When she could again see, Carol Marcus stumbled toward the skylight that was now in several million pieces on the gleaming tile floor. Peering incomprehensibly towards the once familiar blue sky, all of her dreams of humanity making contact with other sentient creatures blossomed into fruition, then withered away, as she saw the sky turn black with the seemingly infinite swarms of sleek black starships. A brief flash illuminated the vessels in all of their strangeness, and humanity sat, transfixed, as it began to rain.

* * *



Roused from his slumber by a torrent of chemical stimulants designed to supplement the human body in reduced gravity environments, Admiral Agamemnon awoke to the sweating visage of an obviously sleep-deprived junior officer.

“S-sorry f-for disturbing you sir,” stammered the lieutenant, “but we’ve just received a wide-band distress call on all frequencies.”

No longer caring about his physical state, the Admiral deftly released his bunk restraints and launched himself through the bulkhead into the corridor. Jupiter Station’s intercom system began emitting broad band announcements of the situation.

“Attention, attention, a code Green alert has been issued, all personnel report to assigned duty stations, this is not a drill.”

Propelling himself past sputtering officers and servicemen fumbling for a salute in the zero-G environment, the Admiral reached the Command Information Center just in time to feel the first tremors vibrate through the hull of the installation.

“Report!” barked the Admiral.

“We have received a wide-band distress signal from TDF headquarters in Berlin, it appears that the planet is under attack,” responded the communications officer.

“Can you identify the source of the attack?” asked the Second-in-command.

“Preliminary scans indicate that an unidentified fleet of starships has appeared in low Earth orbit, and has commenced bombardment of the planet’s surface.”

“Activate all weapons systems, prep all available combat vessels for depart-” his orders were cut short by the sudden darkening of the consoles. Confused shouts erupted across the room as emergency systems came online.

“Sir, all primary systems are offline, secondary systems functioning normally,” reported the tactical officer. Struggling to reestablish the primary systems of the station, the sensor officer nearly missed the warning as multiple unidentified signatures appeared on the long-range sensor readout.

“Admiral, multiple contacts on long range sensors, closing fast. They appear to match the configuration of the vessels detected over Earth.”

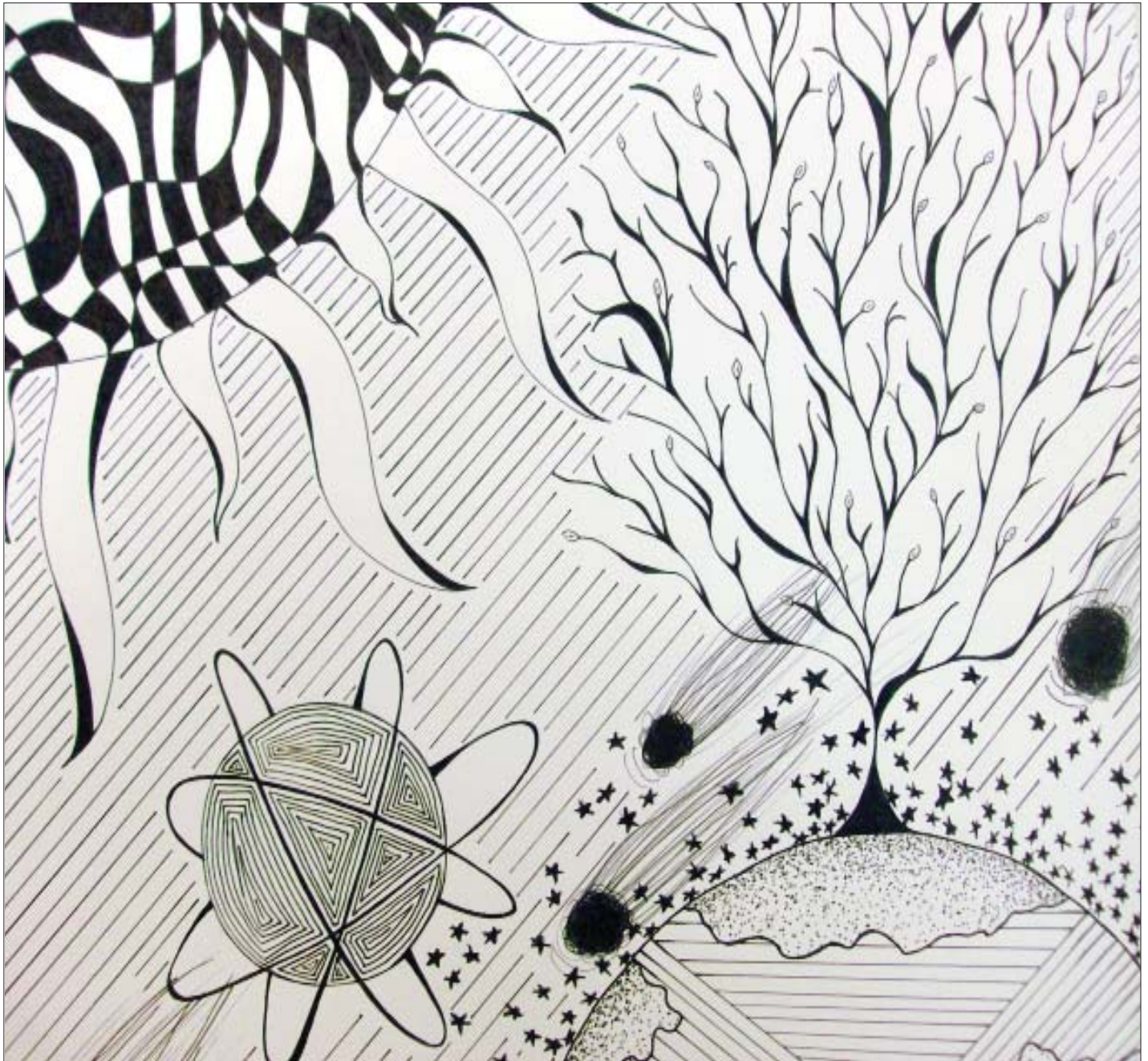
“Prime all defensive batteries, and prepare to fire,” the steel in Agamemnon’s voice could have crushed the invaders single-handedly.

“Sir, all weapons are offline,” came the call from tactical. Clenching his jaw in preparation for what must logically come next, the Admiral activated the intercom system.

“All hands, brace for impact.” The sensor signatures of the alien vessels suddenly exploded into dozens of signatures as multiple projectiles launched from weapons ports.

“Impact in three...two...one.” A cornered crew closed their eyes.

And saw only white



By Wade Hall

ODE TO A UNION SUIT

By Brad Standlee. Michael Mooreman. Nash Duncan.

O union suit
O union suit
Red
In all your glory
Button up
Fronts and
Button up
Butts
Red
In all your glory
They keep you
As warm and cozy
Like setting around a campfire
Red
In all your glory
With their long sleeves
And the legs
That hangs
Below
Your knees
Red
In all your glory
O union suit
You are the
Bee's knees
Red
In all your glory

FALLEN ANGELS

By Joe Colson

Remember the fallen
Remember the dead
Remember the ones that can't go to bed
Remember the fathers
Remember the sons
They lost their lives because of guns
No one had any fun
Just because that guy had a gun
The dead
The fallen
Are all fallen angels
Remember the fallen
Remember the dead
They lost their lives to go to bed.



Nature



By Kelcey Holt



By Danielle Wilson



By Ryan Blanchard

LITTLE HUMMINGBIRD

By Laurina Hannan

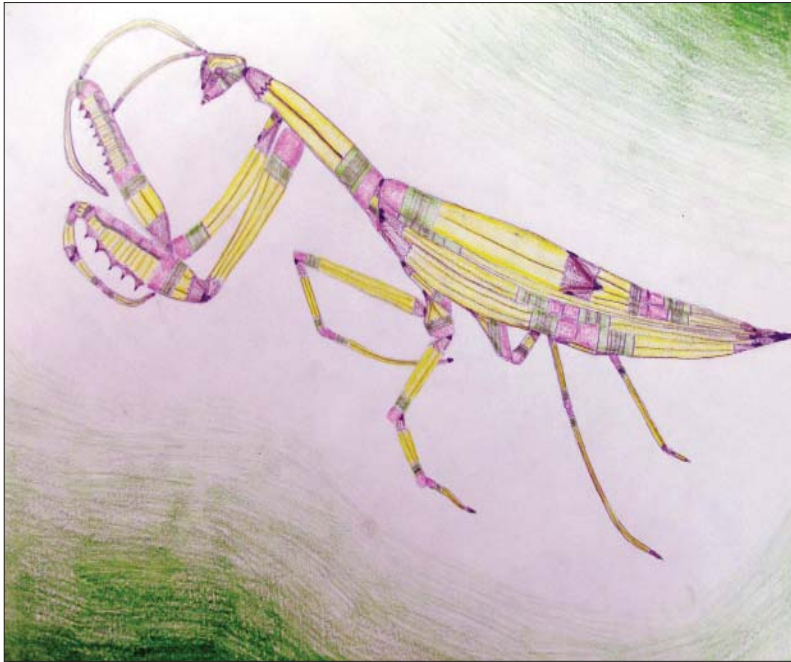
Be still, little hummingbird
The closer you approach the bloom
The faster your wings beat the
Air

The flower cannot last
As the petals lose its golden value
It waits for a new coat of color
Oh, little hummingbird,
Thou cannot rest your beating wings

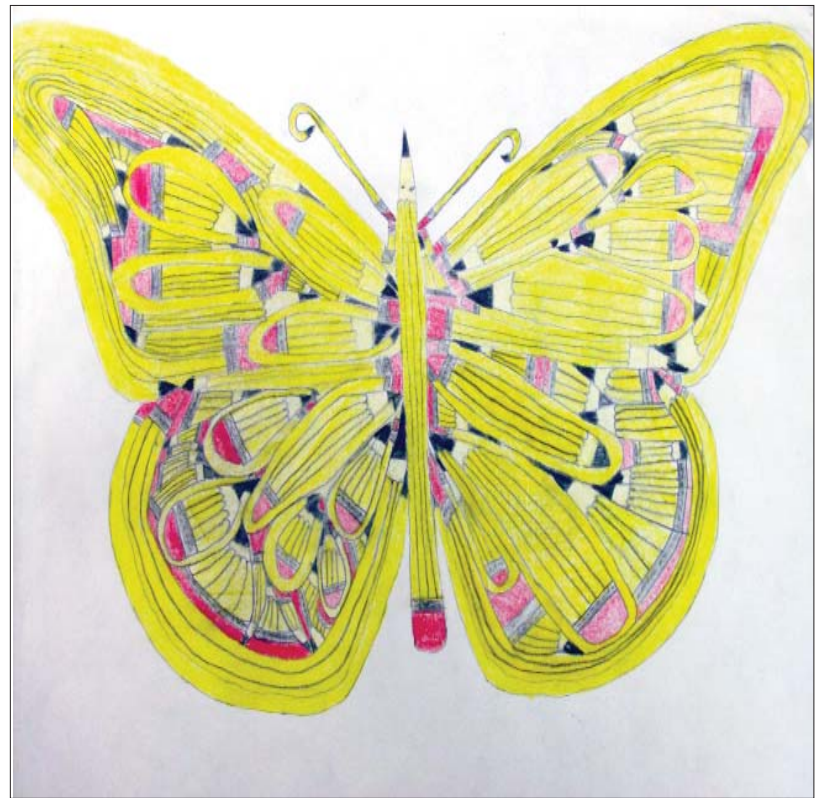
The blossom does not wait for
The little hummingbird
It waits for spring
Little hummingbird, you tire
But flutter patiently for blossoms
Renewed



By Chris Hartwick



By Ryan Helus



By Lacey Cragg

THE QUEEN

By Beth Huddleston

The storm is the most expressive of all weather types. It is the sort of weather I would pray to... It's amazing! The bright flashes of lightning that leave you blinded for a millisecond afterwards, followed by massive thunder that shakes the entire house. The lightning reflects off of the sheets of rain pouring down. How can wind, something we can't even see, blow branches heavier than a car around and around so easily?

It is impossible to capture the full power of the storm in words...you simply have to experience it. The sheer beauty of the storm is so fascinating... How can it all be created?

Some people believe storms to be bad omens, but I feel no fear watching the storms powerful grace pass by.

I suppose it is just a matter of perspective. Some might see only the bad after effects; branches knocked down, power lines toppled, fires and flooding. But, there is good too. The rain nourishes, the lightning replenishes. The storm is just a wicked-lovely, bittersweet, raging... storm. There is no right way to describe the wonder of the storm...both helping and hurting, beautiful and ugly, powerful and weak; opposites in and of itself.

Then, when its over, all is calm and quiet except for the drip...drip...drip...drip... of raindrops falling from the tree leaves. It's as if nothing dares peek out at the possible damage the powerful Queen of storms may have left in her wake... but she does not worry about what trouble she leaves behind, just the impression of her power permanently stamped on the minds of all who were lucky enough to witness her passing.

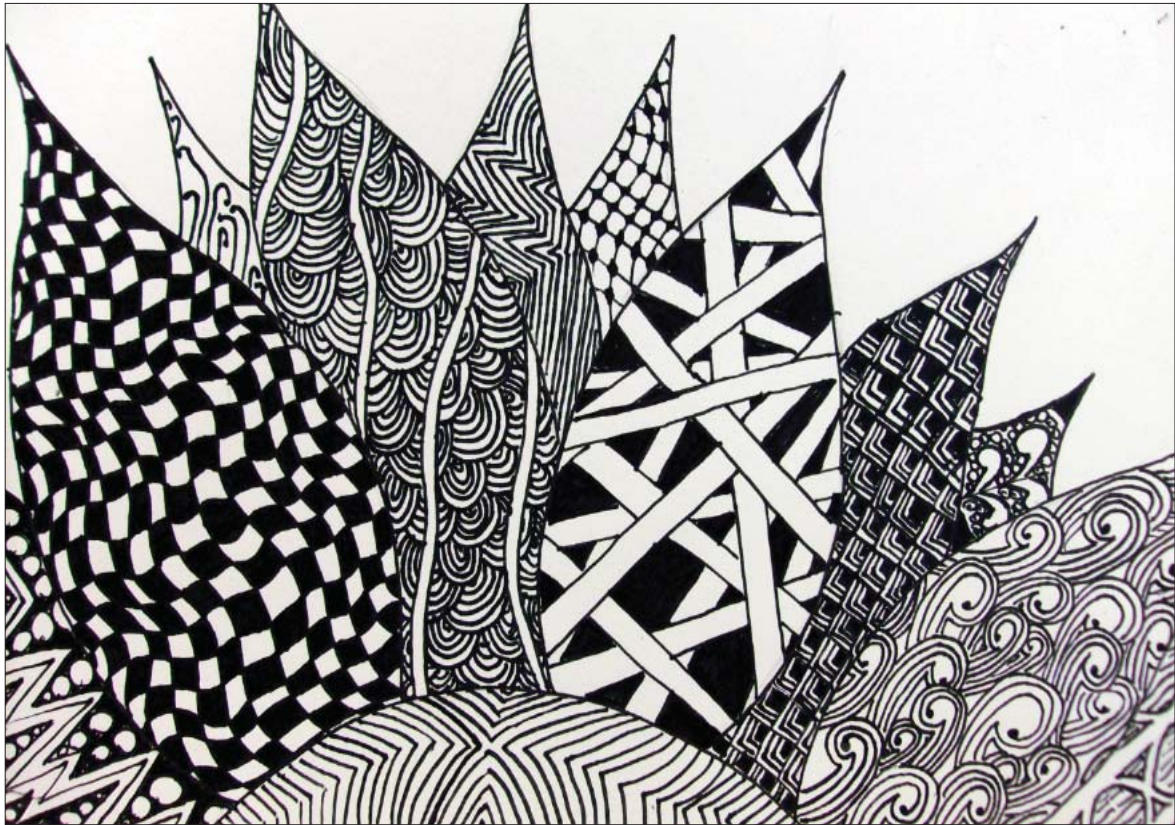
The storm is made of fury and passion, filled with energy, and fueled by betrayal... who betrayed the Queen? We many never know...

So now...

The Storm does not care who feels her wrath...everyone is under her spell.



By Tiara Boyle



By Ryan Helus