

# In Big **RED** Letters

**LAKEVIEW-FORT OGLETHORPE HIGH SCHOOL**



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From the “Tiny Warrior” Blog

Feather’s up, y’all!



It’s already the end of the first 9 weeks! Can you believe it? Wow! This school year is flying by--football, marching band, softball, color guard, volleyball, cross country, competition cheer, Art Club, NHS, SGA, FCA, DECA, HOSA, SNHS, FCCLA, SKILLS USA, FFA, CTAE, Drama, Academic Decathlon, Governor’s Honors --MAN! We have a LOT going on up here on the hill! I’m exhausted just THINKING about it all!

Listen, Warriors:

I know being involved in a lot of things is stressful sometimes. Just being in High School is stressful!! I know that keeping up with class and all of your other activities and your friends is a TOUGH business. But remember, YOU are NOT alone!

You are part of the WARRIOR NATION! You have all of Warrior Nation at your back!

When you feel like you’re getting overwhelmed, remember these two things:

1. **Don't believe every worried thought you have. Worried thoughts are notoriously inaccurate.** What does this mean? It means that sometimes, we think the worst FIRST instead of being positive. When you notice that you’re starting to worry--focus on the positive things and MAKE A PLAN OF ATTACK. MEET IT LIKE A WARRIOR!
2. **You're not going to master the rest of your life in one day. Just relax. Master today, then just keep doing that every day.** What does this mean? It means that it is important to take life one day at a time! You cannot change the past. You can only change how you BEHAVE.

Does that mean not to think about the future?

NO!

What does Tiny Warrior do while he’s hanging out in Mr. Nix’s office all day? He makes PLANS. I start out each day doing two things: deciding what are the important things I CAN do to get ready for the future and deciding which of those things I need to get done TODAY. That’s it!

Tiny Warrior doesn’t worry about gossip--he can’t change the things other people have said. Tiny Warrior doesn’t worry about other people’s opinions--he can’t make people change their hearts.

Tiny Warrior thinks about how he can be positive and help all of WARRIOR NATION be successful.

You know what? I, Tiny Warrior, always try to focus on the positive and the possible--not on WORRY!!

Alright! So! Be positive! Be helpful, and remember:

Warriors are strongest when they are united. WE are strongest when we support each other every day, all the time.

Attitude is Everything! Believe you can. Do your best. If you fail, TRY AGAIN. Find someone to help you. Try again. Learn something new every time.

#Feathersup!!

## Free Your Mind

A girl once told me,  
To open up my mind.  
She said to write a poem,  
I didn't need to rhyme.  
That if I thought long and hard,  
My brain would need to rest.  
And to think simply,  
Only about the best.  
So once the girl had said,  
That I wasn't fine,  
All was clear to me,  
To open up my mind.  
A tree would soon sprout,  
With ideas and thoughts.  
Things I'd never say.  
Things I was not taught.  
So listen to her when she talks,  
For she is very kind,  
She'll tell you to see your surroundings.  
She'll tell you to free your mind.

-Halle Walthour



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His brain in that moment was like a house during an earthquake  
The clamorous noise pounding against every wall  
The epitome of destruction littering the hall.  
Everything tumbling off of shelves and causing his head to ache  
The obliteration ceases as he believes he can have a break.  
Deluded him into false hope, until something ruined it all.  
The devious anxiety causing him to once again bawl.  
The horrific thoughts repeatedly causing the house to shake.

Stress and pressure impinging on the house's ability to be stable  
Each negative comment, a crack in the foundation  
Slowly getting to the point where everything trembles his brain  
As much as he tried to make it stop, he was not able.  
This continued until he collapsed in frustration.  
He will spend the rest of his life making sure his anxiety does not reign.

-Emma Lloyd



8 Devious demons of sulfurous eyes  
The parishioners of hackneyed hallows  
Obscure that which thou wouldst epitomize  
To drag moral men toward sinner's gallows.

Puppeteering, vice-gripped, skeletal hands  
Impinge upon heartstrings already taught  
Prod congenital fears with their demands  
Incite clamorous shrieks once prey's been caught

The instant one grovels in prostration  
To neon gods of the mortal-minded,  
His fate firmly roots in self-creation;  
Deluded men strive to be unenlightened

Shouldst thou seek the Almighty epitome,  
Bend not thy will to false divinity.

-Anonymous



Photo by Toni Cuenca from Pexels



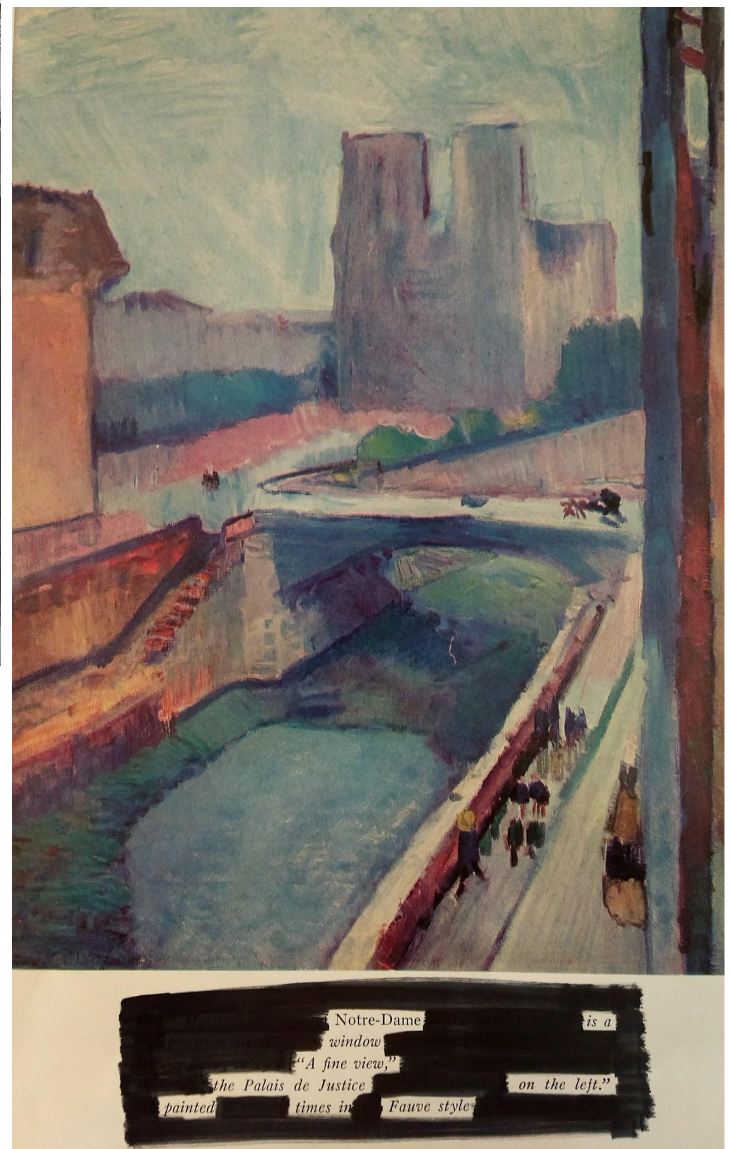
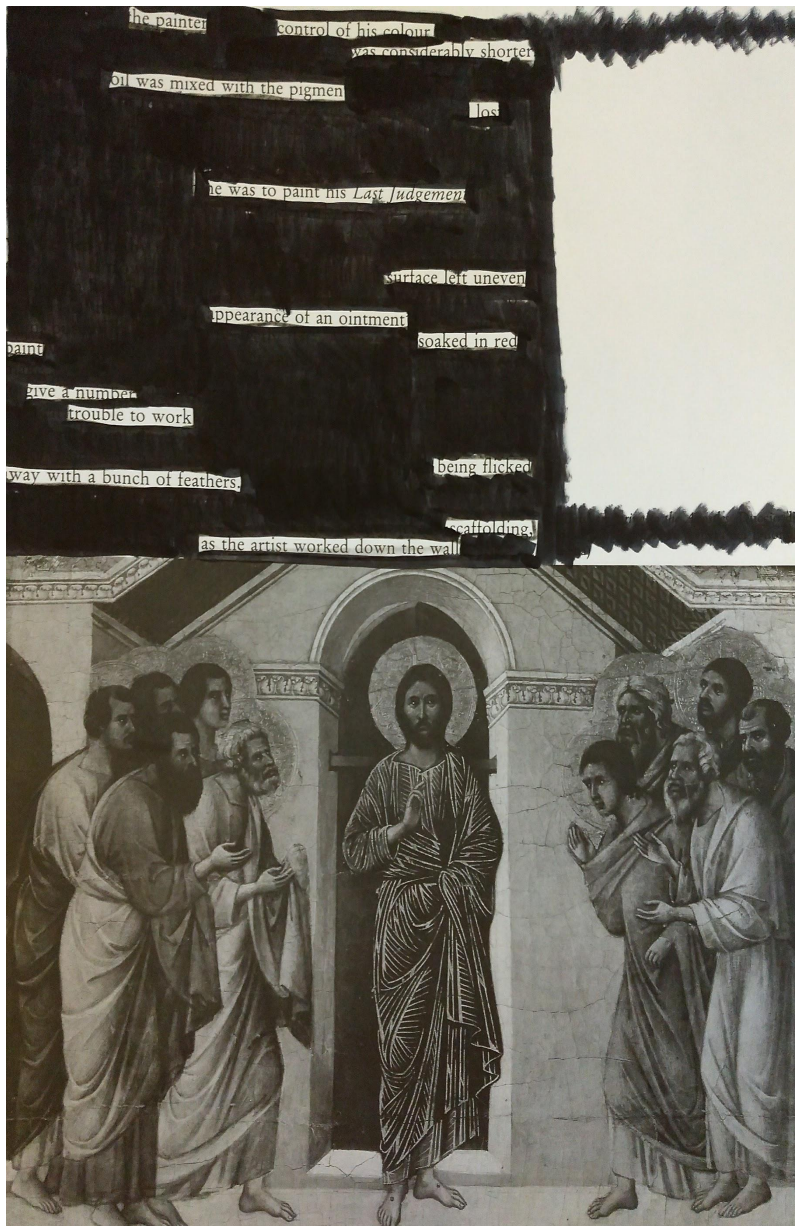
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I'll eat a pig  
I'll kiss a frog  
I'll wear a wig  
I'll marry a log  
But I don't like carrots

I'll hug a snake  
I'll fight a shark  
I'll befriend a drake  
I'll love a lark  
But I don't like carrots

-Tabitha Camargo

Cameron Stephens



Ashley Mendoza





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## The Forest

This is my home  
At least for my soul  
I belong there

People say I'm crazy for loving it so much  
But I don't really care  
I could sit in the forest for hours  
and listen to the ambiance of it all

Although it is unfortunately, incredibly rare  
To find others that truly care  
I do

-Camrhon Koon

I am tactful and manipulative  
I wonder why people don't take used cars  
seriously  
I hear people joke about them  
I see people in brand new cars  
I want to be the best pre-owned car  
salesperson ever  
I am tactful and manipulative

I pretend that it's a good deal  
I feel excited  
I could make this sale  
I touch the car and show it off  
I worry they might scratch it  
I cry out "it's a bargain"  
I am tactful and manipulative



I understand that this might be my last dance  
I sat "it's a good bargain"  
I dream about selling this beauty  
I try to get them on board  
I hope I get this sell  
I am tactful and manipulative

I am Jared

I am unforgiving yet patient  
I wonder why someone could be so careless  
I here You fussing  
I see You almost hit someone  
I want You to stop being so angry all the time  
I am unforgiving yet patient

I pretend to feel safe with you  
I feel scared every time I am with you  
I touch the handle of your car  
I worry that you are going to cause a death  
I cry everytime I hear your voice  
I am unforgiving yet patient

I understand you try your hardest to make me happy  
I say you should stop trying  
I dream that you were there for me as a kid  
I try to forgive you but I'm not able to bring myself to do it  
I hope you understand how I feel  
I am unforgiving yet patient

I am Isaac Norton



I am vague and undefined  
I wonder where I'll be in the next fifteen years  
I hear orchestras and music theory  
I see Van Gogh and art school  
I want them both so desperately  
I am vague and undefined

I pretend to know what I am doing  
I feel like I'm stumbling around in the dark  
I touch half baked aspirations as I reach for the walls  
I worry that I won't find my way out  
I cry that all my hard work will amount to nothing  
I am vague and undefined

I understand that big decisions take time  
I say I'll make the right choice  
I dream I'll be content with my decision  
I try to be positive in such a dark room  
I hope I'll find my way out  
I am vague and undefined

I am Emily





I am quiet and empathetic  
 I wonder what made me this way  
 I hear my inner voice telling me to stand up for myself  
 I see friends unsettled when trying to hide it  
 I am quiet and empathetic

I pretend that nothing's bothering me and that I never have problems  
 I feel like I am trapped in my head without a voice  
 I touched the real world only to get hurt and locked away again  
 I worry that I won't be there when someone really needs me  
 I cry because I don't say a word about how I feel  
 I'm quiet and empathetic

I understand that I've gotten better about locking Myself Away  
 I say that I need to put on a brave face for the sake of others  
 I dream of a day where I'll say how I really feel  
 I try to help my friends and family through tough times  
 I hope that one day I won't sit back and say nothing  
 I'm quiet and empathetic

I am Arwen and maybe it's just who I am

I am broken and disappointed  
 I wonder what you were thinking when you hurt me  
 I hear myself crying from How You Raised Me  
 I see your red irritated face as you yell at me  
 I want us to get along better  
 I am broken and disappointed

I pretend we get along better being joyful  
 I feel nothing after you yell at me  
 I touch every tear I wiped away after you put them there  
 I'm worried that you won't change from who you are today  
 I cry every time I see you tell me I am nothing  
 I'm broken and disappointed

I understand that you couldn't control your anger  
 I say we should get along but  
 I dream that someday you will learn to truly care about me  
 I try to get along with you  
 I hope he will learn to be joyful with each other together  
 I am broken and disappointed

I am Bentley Adkins and you're watching Disney Channel



Photo by Vitor Fontes on Unsplash





I am lost and unwanted.  
 I wonder why they feel it's appropriate to tell me  
 such things.  
 I hear everything in the book. "You should get a  
 perm" "Why can't you be more like...That" I should  
 be ashamed to be...  
 I see my relatives look down upon me.  
 I want them to leave me alone.  
 I am lost and unwanted.

I pretend that I'm fine with everyone telling me how I  
 should act.  
 I feel terrible that I can't live up to what everyone  
 wants me to be.  
 I touch my Tears by throwing them away, I feel like I  
 let everyone down.  
 I worry that it will eventually get worse.  
 I cry, I don't think I will ever be enough for any of  
 them.  
 I am lost and unwanted.

I understand that they all love me and want the best  
 but it doesn't feel like it.  
 I say I'm proud to be what I am and I don't offend  
 that identifies One race but they attack me with their  
 words over and over.  
 I dream of being perfect and having peace within my  
 family.  
 I try to fit in and be what everyone wants and expects  
 me to be.  
 I hope that my family sees me equally as everyone  
 else and not a watered-down version of someone I'm  
 not.  
 I am lost and unwanted.

I am Mi-Na.

I am sorrowful and hidden  
 I wonder if you miss me as much as I miss you.  
 I hear your distant bark.  
 I see you playing in the yard.  
 I want to pet you just one more time.  
 I am sorrowful and hidden.

I pretend that none of it bothers me.  
 I feel you're warming presence.  
 I touched the fur on your back.  
 I worry that you're distressed for me.  
 I cry when I think about our time together.  
 I am sorrowful and hidden.

I understand that you're in a better place.  
 I say to myself that it's better that you're no longer in pain.  
 I dream that I might see you again.  
 I try to be happy for your sake everyday.  
 I hope that your carefree wherever you are.  
 I am sorrowful and hidden.

I am Karson.





Photo by it's me neosiam from Pexels

I am joyful yet Afraid  
 I wonder if you'll be okay and healthy  
 I hear you laughing and joy  
 I see you happy and Lively  
 I want you to be healthy and safe  
 I'm joyful yet afraid

I pretend to walk around the neighborhood with you  
 I feel your care and love for me  
 I touch your hand making me feel happy  
 I worry if you'll stay with me  
 when I cry I think back to last year  
 I am joyful yet afraid

I understand you're getting older and age  
 I say to myself that you won't go  
     a dream you will always be with me  
 I try to spend as much time with you  
 I hope you will stay healthy  
 I am Joyful yet afraid

I am Alok Patel

I am smart and adventurous.  
 I wonder who I will become.  
 I hear all these ideas, but I shut them down.  
 I see all these chances, but I run from them.  
 I want to someday be a bass fisherman though.  
 I am smart and adventurous.

I pretend to study hard, but I'm not actually smart.  
 I feel good when I'm out on the water.  
 I touch all types of species of fish.  
 I worry that I could have in my life going a 100mph  
 on my boat.  
 I cry almost never.  
 I am smart and adventurous.

I understand my family doesn't think I should  
 pursue a fishing career.  
 I say I know I can make it.  
 I dream of making the Bands by having fun out bass  
 fishing.  
 I try to get out the water as often as I can.  
 I hope I become who I wish to become.  
 I am smart and adventurous.

I am Aldo Soto



I woke to the sound of yelling. Yelling of unholy deeds, witchcraft, the devil and of me. I hastily jumped to my feet, feeling the coarse dirt beneath my feet, and opened my door. The tepid light of the cool morning hit me and I took a deep breath of the crisp air before starting for the house across from where I stood. As I drew closer to the house, the intensity of the yelling grew, as did my fear. Did they know? What will happen to me if they've found out. I stop before the door and the calamity inside seemed to calm; the horrifying thoughts clawing at the walls of my mind, however, were ceaseless. I reached for the door and opened it. I was immediately grabbed by two men and harshly dragged to the center of the room where the eyes of those inside fell upon me with the crushing weight of a mountain. Of my sin, I was excruciatingly aware but I was all but ready to face the fierce pressure of accusation. For just as a child follows its mother, death follows the accused.

"Tituba, there is a claim that you work with the devil. What say you in your defense?" Hale inquired.

"No, never, not once in my life have I ever even laid eyes on the devil" I croaked, "I would never bend to the will of such evil."

Hale stepped forward aggressively. "Tituba the children do not wake! They say you led them in a ritual in the woods!"

On my knees I hung my head and wept for it was all I could do. "Tell me child," Hale demanded, "have you done the devil's work? Did you really take these children to drink blood, chant, and dance!?"

"No I love these children," I said through tears, "I could never lead them to the devil to commit such vile acts!"

"SHE LIES!" exclaimed Abigail. She stepped forward. "She did lead us in the chants, and dancing! She forced us to drink blood, I swear it!"

"Abigail, how could you make such false accusations, have I not been good to you?"

Hale knelt to face me and it felt as if the wrathful eyes of God himself were staring into me, exposing every lie and sin. "Tituba, be truthful, are you still firm in your faith? Are you still a good, God fearing woman? Do you still love your God with all of your heart?" he asked calmly but firm.

"Yes..." I murmured unconvincingly, "My faith is strong, I still fear my God and my love for him still flourishes."

"Now, in God's great name, swear that you have no allegiance or pact with the devil!"

"..." I suddenly found that I could not speak the words I wished. "Hale... The devil has come to me. He made me write my name with my blood! Hale I wish for no more than to be in the hands of our loving God again!"

Hale stands and places his hand on my head. "Tituba, you've confessed you sin, I do believe you wish to join our God in the heavens above when your day comes. You have made an effort to free yourself from the sinful grip of the devil and for that I shall bless you."

"Thank you Hale, thank you! God bless your merciful soul!" I said with ambition.

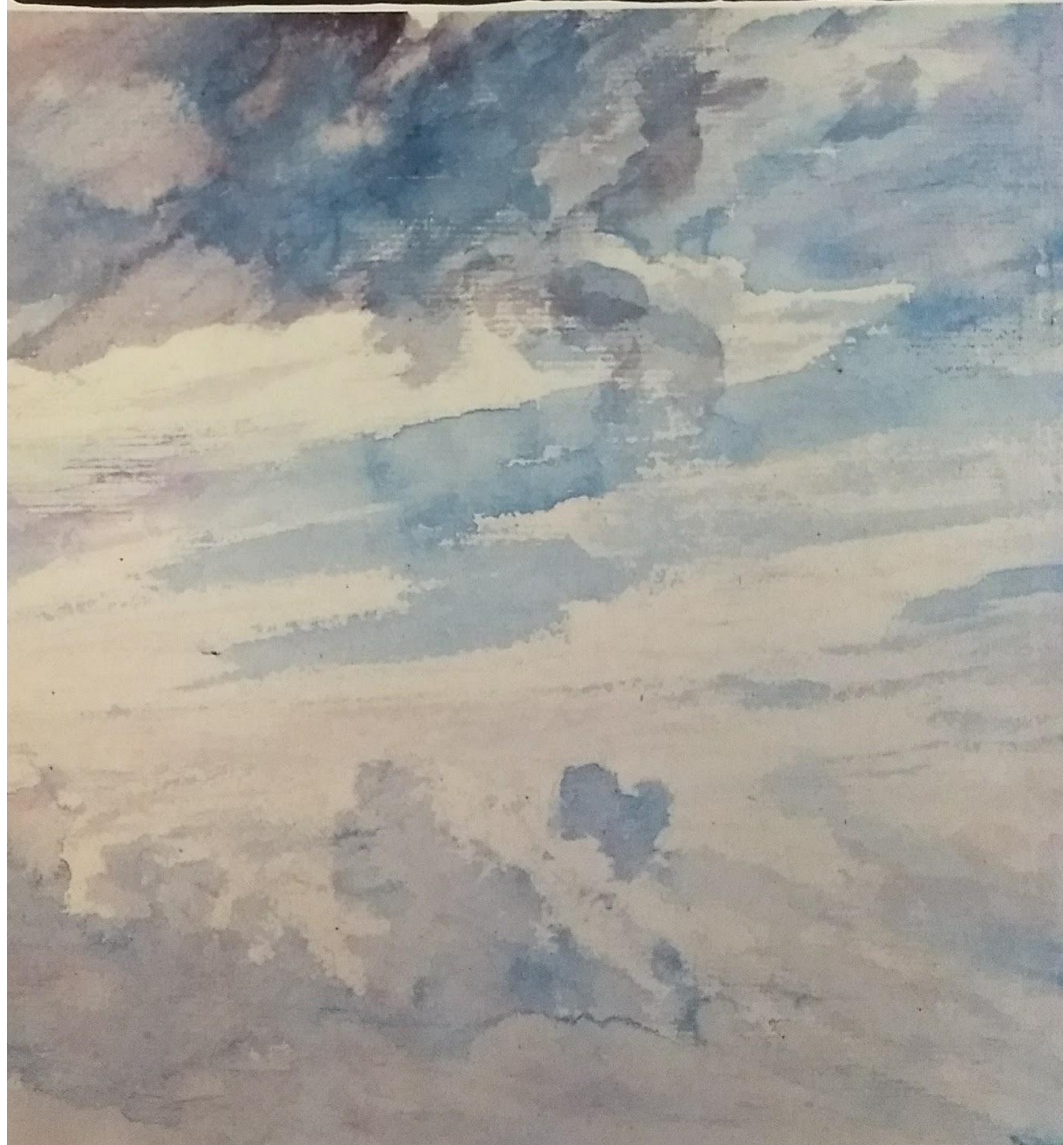
A certain silence befell the room "God hear my words, this child has strayed from your holy path. Let your Love wash over your child to cleanse her of her sinful ways and make her new. Let this child once again come to fear and love you with all of her being. Let this child, once more be an instrument of your will. We ask of this in the holy name of the Father, The Son, And The Holy Spirit."

"Amen."

-James Kilgore



aim at the sky  
and everything  
strong,  
develop a  
Holy heart  
become friendly with nature and  
love  
Together until  
the following continue their  
ability and enthusiasm



## Wanderlust

The coldness slithered through my veins like a sinister serpent  
An emptiness so strong I could not simply forget...

The warmth of the sun's rays,  
the crash of the powerful yet innocent waves  
the scent of the salty, thick ocean breeze...

Reality strikes yet again

How can I survive this life?  
Chains on my hands, shackles on my feet  
An unattainable freedom to wander, that's all I seek  
The dream-like thoughts resume...

The crispness of the mountain breeze,  
the crunch of the brittle scarlet and amber leaves underfoot  
the fragrance of a majestic rushing waterfall in the distance...

It seems like a desire that will never be fulfilled  
But I'll keep fighting this mundane life

I need something more  
something hither  
something greater than myself

-Sydnee Brown

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