

IN
BIGREDLETTERS
LAKEVIEW-FORT OGLETHORPE HIGH SCHOOL

FEATURING:

Red Follett

Traci Gray

Jacob Flanagan

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**IN
BIG RED LETTERS**

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“Attitude is a little thing that makes a big difference.”

- Winston Churchill

From the desk of:

TINY WARRIOR

1850 Battlefield Pkwy
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Feather’s up, y’all!

With school--and sports, and, well EVERYTHING--attitude makes all the difference.

Seriously, the biggest factor in being successful in life is believing that you CAN BE successful. Practice makes perfect, but attitude.. Attitude is what drives us to practice, to be all we can be. Research proves it: people who have the best outlook on life are the most successful. A study by Harvard Medical School even shows that your attitude--being positive about your situations and activities--even affects how physically healthy you are!

LOOK AT ME!! I’m TINY. But I have a big, positive attitude. I don’t let a little thing like my size get me down! (See what I did there?) Every time life throws me a curve, I meet it head on. If I can’t do it all myself, I find someone to help me (preferably someone tall).

Thomas Edison failed 1000 times before he invented the light bulb--imagine what our lives would be like if he had given up. Michael Jordan got cut from his high school basketball team. Babe Ruth may have hit 714 home runs, but he also struck out 1,330 times! Walt Disney was fired once because they said he had “no imagination”!! What sets these people apart--they DID NOT GIVE UP!

Remember: 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.

Be positive, like me, Tiny Warrior.
BIG POSITIVE attitudes make the
difference!



HANDS

Justin Yoshida

When I was young,
I used to stretch out
on a king-sized bed
next to mom
placing my palm
inside hers,
awed by her gentle hands,
curved and pale in their
elegant dance of fingers,
each nail sculpted into
a fine-tipped point of
pinked perfection,
hands that could form
cursive letters with graceful flourishes
like curtsies to a crowd.

There is such thought
transcribed
through the complex
medium of hands.

Mine now speak
in abundant waves of words
through brittle, bitten nails,
fingers exceptionally cracked and worn
with veined expressions
coursing through
their life's work.

My hands,
too,
tell a story—
a writer and teacher,
a lover of people.

And I wonder if
Mom is proud
of these sinewy hands,
the life they have created,
the lessons they have endured,
the transcript etched
inside their fingertips,
translated in the touch
of her soft hand in mine.

UNORIGINAL

Red Follett

I wonder if by chance I may
copy something written
as I share the same thoughts
and feel the same pain.
It's a thought though, just the one
since "everything has been spoken"
is as old as time.

ANXIETY

Red Follett

I've been told to express
what it is I'm feeling
but screaming is
"inappropriate."



Red Follett
"Herald of Winter"
Photography

CLOSED UMBRELLA

Maguire Shaw

Heal thy magic,
Heal thy faith,
Restore to thee
Thy given Grace.
Hang your cloud on resting eyes
To be set free before the night.

Heal thy stars
And heal thy Heavens.
Protect in He
And in thy brethren.

BUZZING BEES

Maguire Shaw

Open the vial
And clear thy lips.
Close your eyes
And take one sip.
Run away
From all your fears,
Open the vial
And shut your ears.

Remove your tongue
And speak no more,
Close your lips
And count to four.
Feel the rush
As you drift away.
Feel my touch
As you move asway.

LEARN ME BLISS

Maguire Shaw

To grow is to learn;
And to learn is to live;
And a life without growth
Is a life without bliss.

LOCK ME IN

Maguire Shaw

Lock me in; hold me close,
Forbid that I escape.
Trap me part --- trap me whole!
See my eyes' o' gleaming.
Watch me cry; hear me weep.
O' feel my everything.
Listen not - what you'll hear
Will kill you at the stake.
Hurt me once?; do one more!
Let me see it coming!
For I will take; as you do give,
All that I deserve.

Look me eye to soul
And tell me you do see;
As we are standing right here now
And all you see his he.
Ask me not; for I will go
Venture to and fro.
You will be the tale of me
Wherever I may go.

I will cry in mercy's reign
For all of you that's good;
And she'll deliver, on a silver platter,
A plate of all of none.

CARPE DIEM

"They're not that different from you, are they? Same haircuts. Full of hormones, just like you. Invincible, just like you feel. The world is their oyster. They believe they're destined for great things, just like many of you, their eyes are full of hope, just like you. Did they wait until it was too late to make from their lives even one iota of what they were capable? Because, you see gentlemen, these boys are now fertilizing daffodils. But if you listen real close, you can hear them whisper their legacy to you. Go on, lean in. Listen, you hear it? - - Carpe - - hear it? - - Carpe, carpe diem, seize the day boys, make your lives extraordinary."

"We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race, and the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, law, business, engineering - - these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love - - these are what we stay alive *for*."

- Robin Williams, *Dead Poets Society*

Traci Gray

Don't waste too much of your time
Trying to make a poem rhyme

Instead focus on your dreams
Like growing flowers or sewing seams

For if you're serious all the while
You'll be too stressed to ever smile

You'll lose your friends to perceived depression
And find yourself in a real recession

So make sure you spend your time wisely
And have fun until its all over

Jacob Flanagan

Opportunities come and go,
Just as the spring and winter snow.
Overlook them and you will regret,
Missing the one that could make life best.
Young and dumb we sometimes may be,
It's never too early to seize our opportunities.



Alex Jackson
Pencil

Connor Daniels

Amazing, outstanding, extraordinary,
How much shall you hear?
Beautiful as ever, lend me your ear,
And you shall hear all things of what
My mouth can speak, coming from the heart.
Love me.

Shall we walk on the bridge, staring in the night sky?
The sound of laughter fills the night air,
Your laugh that you seem to despise,
Which I like, and that is just
One more thing I love about you.
Love me.

We locked hands, smiling at one another
Our love fills the air, for now,
I know you love me,
Then I request one thing.
Be mine.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER AT THE CROSSROADS

By Red Follett

Two men stand upon a bridge. One is tall, the other isn't. The one who isn't tall seems afraid of the one who is. They are at odds, approaching from different directions.

"Hello" the one who is not tall offers, to the man who is tall and whom he doesn't know. Strangers meeting is, of course, either fate or luck but the not tall man put stock in neither.



"Hello, as it would seem." He answered. His voice was deep, like an ocean put to words. His hair was wild, dark and blown about, like his eyes in fact. "Are you the one I am looking for?"

The man who was not tall fidgeted nervously, unsure on how to answer. How do you answer a question you don't know the answer to? Don't ask me, or him as it would seem.

"I asked a question, it's rude not to reply." The tall man said, drawing closer. He cut an imposing figure of black on the otherwise dull landscape, gray with the hint of rain. The man who isn't him, is less imposing. Stocky, fat even, with a suit fit for a man in the middle class, in grays and grays. His tie is a burnt yellow, which cast a sickly effect over his ruddy complexion.

"Sorry, I don't mean to be rude I was just unsure how to answer." The man replies, nervous still. His voice is as one would expect it to be, and shaking around the words. "Who are you looking for?"

The tall man's face does not change, still the storm raging, but he seems annoyed. "Are you not the one sent to meet me at a crossroads?"

"Is this a crossroads?" The nervous man laughed, glancing about. It was just a bridge, only forward to go.

"Of course." There is backwards as well, and off the bridge if one was truly desperate.

The other man doesn't know how to reply, and at a loss just shrugs. He mirrors the other man, while contrasting so sharply. His hair is a light brown, evenly groomed and held in place, his eyes a bland sort of color and as tame as one the other's is wild. There is no storm in this man, but that of the world around him.

"I'm not that person, I'm afraid." He said, awkward as he was. He was nervous. How the intimidating tall man would reply?

"Oh, then I apologize for bothering you." His demeanor did not change, but he seemed to mean it.

"No offense done." The other man laughed, trying to settle the mood and be on his way.

"No offense done." The other man laughed, trying to settle the mood and be on his way.

They stand there a moment longer, a dance of who might move on first. The one-who-is-not-tall does, breaking eye contact and walking on. He does not see the other man wait on for someone who might not come; he does not turn back to look either.

"Dreadful, meeting strangers in a strange place." He says to himself, as if having said it the whole event would become a footnote of his day, rather than the thing that will nag him for hours to come. He will wonder if he was rude, or if he should have answered differently. That night, at his desk with only a lamp lighting the little space and a glass of water sitting stagnant in front of him, he will wonder even what would have happened had he said something different.

Could he have started some adventure then? Could that have been the choice that decided firmly, that he was boring and bland while the stranger was clearly not? Could it have been a secret meeting between spies, exchanging information over some issue of global import? Or a clandestine meeting of lovers gone wrong, the stranger a simple messenger for some woman who could not go herself? A thousand ideas buzzed in his head, but none of them mattered, so he told himself.

He would not have wanted to be late, as he very nearly was.

(And as for the tall man, it is not of note. It is a random meeting, at a random place. He waited till dark then gave up, for the devil he had hoped to meet never came. The spell book he had bought at a discount shop just outside the suburbs had been wrong. He met no demon or devil that day, no dealer of unearthly and sinful things. Just a middle aged accountant, a squat little man with atrocious hair and breath. He will think later, much later, that perhaps that was the devil, a nervous fellow.)



Red Follett
Photography
"The Ending; The Fall"

SIX WORD MEMOIRS

— EVERYONE HAS A STORY. WHAT'S YOURS? —

Be a voice, not an echo.

I am young with many worries.

A smiling face, a broken heart.

Middle School friend, high school enemy

Family – so much more than biology.

Eliminate what doesn't help you evolve.

Give the effort without the attitude.

Sometimes “bad” is a good thing.

Family Is Laughter, Love, Happiness, Everything

I am smarter than I look.

For you, I'd steal the stars.

I would rather dream than plan.

Amazing Family Creating Experiences That Matter

Try and fail, so try again.

I'm lost in a hopeless wondering.

Value family and friendships – It'll help.

I am simply grateful for today

Bad luck's better than no luck.

Library: The best place in school.

I'm the rainbow in your clouds.

I just really want to sleep.

Realizing she deserved better, I changed.

Maybe she wasn't happy after all.

He designed a life he loved.

I came to win – to conquer.

You are all I ever wanted.

Love - more important than everything else.

Strong back. Soft front. Wild heart.

My anxiety does not define me.

Go further. Do not be afraid.

Work for a cause, not applause.

Live to express, not to impress.

Temporary circumstances don't equal permanent reality.

- Greg Hartle

Lost time is never found again.

- Benjamin Franklin

Your passions are paramount. Pursue them.

- David Harris

Nothing will work unless you do.

- Maya Angelou

Man is not made for defeat.

- Ernest Hemingway