

Featuring works by

Rose Lucile McLean

Sara Lipowski

Natalie Maughan

Gabrielle Thomas

Mariella Elbert

Drayke Kohler

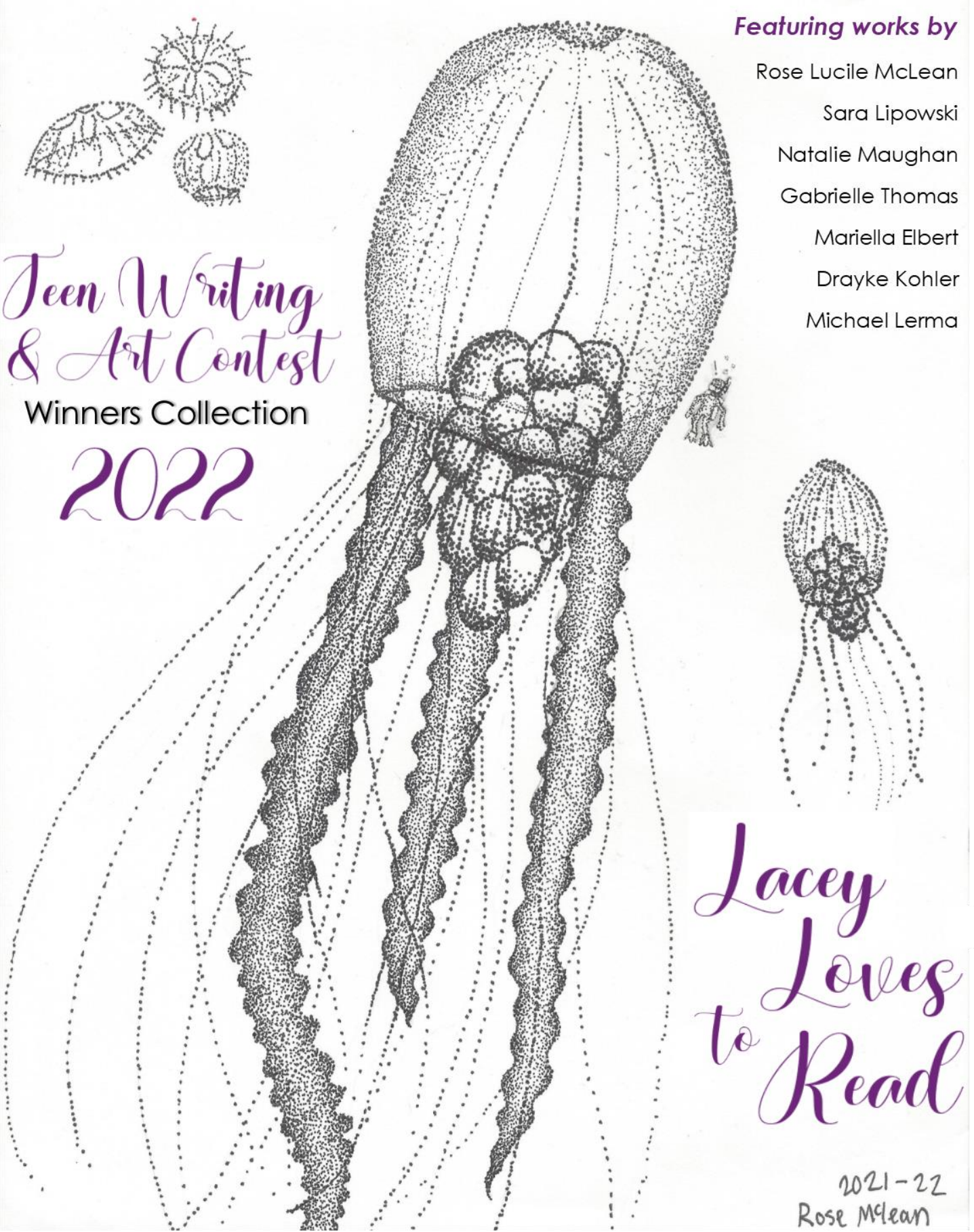
Michael Lerma

*Teen Writing
& Art Contest*
Winners Collection
2022

*Lacey
Loves
to
Read*

2021-22
Rose McLean

Giant Jellyfish by Rose Lucile McLean



Partners of the 2022 Lacey Loves to Read celebration, which include the Lacey Timberland Library, the City of Lacey, and North Thurston Public Schools, have created this work to recognize the creators and to promote the programs and organizations associated with Lacey Loves to Read.

All creative works herein have been reproduced with permission by the creators and/or the creators' legal guardian(s). All rights associated with the poetry, stories, characters, and art included in this work are retained by the creators for their own use, and may not be reproduced by other entities without their express permission.

The 2022 Lacey Loves to Read Teen Writing & Art Contest theme is:

Imagination

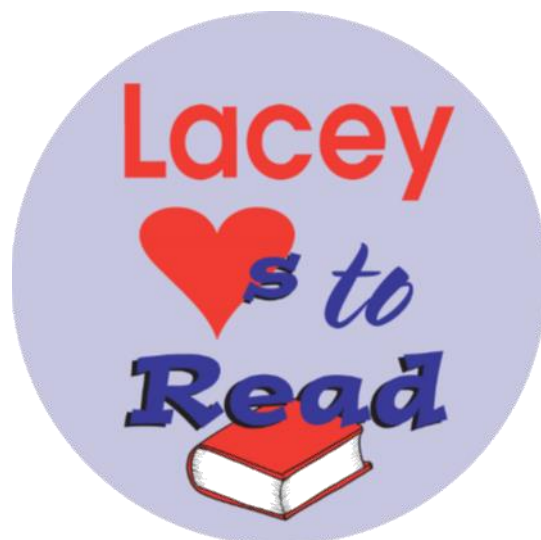


Table of Contents

Imagination Poem by Sara Lipowski (<i>1st place, Poetry</i>)	1
Words of the Painting by Natalie Maughan (<i>2nd place, Poetry</i>).....	2
Fairbanks by Gabrielle Thomas (<i>3rd place, Poetry</i>)	3
Daydreaming Is Not Just for Children by Mariella Elbert(<i>1st place, Short Story</i>)	4
The Storymaking by Drayke Kohler (<i>2nd place, Short Story</i>)	7
James and Arnie by Michael Lerma (<i>3rd place, Short Story</i>)	8

Imagination Poem

By Sara Lipowski

there is an hour
and a time
when Imagination strikes

when just before bed
you hear the sonnets in your head
of birds and
butterflies

in the darkest hour
imagination flowers
and blossoms
before your eyes

a leaf that springs
on pretty wings
and flitters through the night

lifts the fog inside your mind
to hear the whisper
of genius thoughts
that come and go before you walk
from the bed to the desk
and you can't address
what you remembered a second ago

you can have
not the makings of a real poet
nor the words to sound wise
but for a second you can believe
that Imagination has helped you see
what you have been all along
and there is no word
you can write wrong

Words of the Painting

by Natalie Maughan

I am an artist, a creator, a designer, a producer.
An experimenter of everything,
Beauty, Happiness, Pain, Macabre, Anger,
anything I can think of spills onto the page.
I dip my paintbrush into the colors of the sky,
the land, the sea, the stars.
The world is my inspiration, and my canvas flows with imagination.
I can be anything, draw anything, show anything when I paint.
The Beauty of youth, of happiness.
The Pain of death, of loss, and fear.
The Macabre of violence, of horror.
The Anger of someone who lost another.
I feel the portrayal of feelings, emotions, thoughts,
bleeding into me as I create.
Painting is my rock, my outlet,
to show through depiction what words can not describe.
I dip my paintbrush back into water to rest,
and sit back to bask in what has been shown on this little canvas.
The painting is concluded.

Fairbanks

By Gabrielle Thomas

It is a privilege to love you

To know you

I didn't think there was anyone else worth meeting

But you showed up in my life so unexpectedly

So beautifully

To be a poet and hopeless romantic all at once

And not believe in two souls sharing an utmost magnetic pull

Then there was you

The world reminded me of the beauty in it

Of the patterns and repetition

How peculiar is that?

Despite every last bit of heartache that's been following me

I still seem to believe that a single human life is worth living for

I have hated the universe for quite some time

I have been consumed with grief and anger and yet

I don't hate the world anymore

Because I've met you

I wish to be with you as long as I can breathe

Because your soul is divine

Daydreaming Is Not Just for Children

By Mariella Elbert

A gasp comes from my parted lips. I haven't seen anything like this before and the sight before my eyes makes me a little dreary. This is nothing like the fairytales Mother used to read to me as a child, it's so much more.

Everywhere I look I see a new type of creature that I thought only existed in novels and children's books. Lots of fairies are plucking ginormous flowers from the colorful field, but others are flying around in the sky, leaving a trail of shimmery sparkle in their wake. Three bright red and purple dragons are flying so high up in the blue that it's hard to see how big they actually are. Two of the three dragons are racing each other and it brings a beaming smile to my face because my brother and I used to race on our bicycles every day after school. Plenty of other paranormals are simply just walking on the same ground as I am which for some reason is a strange sight to see.

"Come along, Dear. We don't have long. The queen is waiting, we mustn't be tardy," Iris, my so-called "caretaker" for the day says.

For a moment I don't even move. I'm not quite sure how I can even stand up at the moment, let alone move my feet, but when Iris turns to give me an expectant look, I quickly run along, strolling close behind her. She seems of a higher class than me and I'm not sure if she would like it much if I walked in front of her.

There are so many things that I want to ask Iris, but every time I try to open my mouth, no words come out. It's not just that I'm shocked, but I'm quite literally speechless. It's as if she put some sort of spell on me. Come to think of it, the whole ride here I didn't so much as say a word. I thought it was just because I was shocked and terrified to speak, but could I have been mistaken?

As though Iris knows exactly what I'm thinking, she stops abruptly and turns to me. "The spell was only to keep you from revealing anything to the *humans* on our way up, Miss Lipowski. It should be wearing off any moment now. If you still can't speak when we reach the palace I will have one of the fairies give you quartz dust." She spins on her heel and continues to walk forward, expecting me to follow.

This only makes me want to speak more. I want to tell her she can just call me Sara instead of *Miss Lipowski*, but when I try to speak for the second time, all I get is a strange sound that makes me cringe.

“Sara it is then, Dear.”

Of course she can read my thoughts, what else is new? I almost want to laugh at how absurd this is, but I'm not sure if that would be offensive or not. Plus, I have to watch my thoughts now that I know they're out in the open.

So don't think about that kiss you and Blake shared last week. Don't think about what happened at your sixteenth birthday party. And don't think about that time you set your bedroom on fire...

I hear a sigh come from Iris and I beat back a giggle.

Iris continues to lead me to the palace and I notice that the closer we get, the more stiff she becomes. Her hands that were by her side are now folded neatly behind her back, which makes her appearance even more intimidating. Her worry frightens me because if she, of all people, is scared, then I should be terrified.

I try not to get distracted at the sight of the huge flowers or grass that is almost triple my size. I feel like I've shrunk and fallen into a magical garden. *Mother really would have loved this place.*

None of the majestic creatures pay any attention to me, which makes sense because I'm rather boring compared to them. I just feel invisible at the moment and it makes me wonder if Iris put me under more than one spell. This thought makes me grimace.

I'm about to question more of my thoughts but before I get the chance to, Iris announces, “We have arrived.” Her expression is still the same, but there is a hint of worry in the crease of her eyebrows that I didn't sense before.

I look at the palace before me with an intriguing smile. Quite frankly it is nothing like I had expected. It's very large, but not huge like I imagined it to be. The whole outside is plain white with small fairy paintings at every corner. It looks more of a cottage than a palace in my opinion, but since most of the creatures in this world are small, I suppose it makes sense, dragons aside of course.

There is silver lining across every window and I can see that inside there are cream and gold colored curtains with yet again small fairies that look as if they are moving.

Everywhere I turn I see a new fascinating sight and I thought the palace was impressive, that is until I see the queen. But it's not her beauty that I'm fascinated by, not even her iridescent fairy wings, it's the fact that her looks mirror mine in almost every way possible. Because standing before me is none other than my Mother who used to read me the fairytales I'm now yearning for.

“Did you have fun *wasting* your time daydreaming, Miss Lipowski?”

I jolt in my seat when I realize that Ms. Iris is hovering over my desk with a scowl on her face. The small fairy wing tattoo on her neck, that she apparently got as a dare back in high school, is straining against her skin and the fire in her eyes makes me gulp.

“Well?” Ms. Iris asks with a displeased expression.

When I open my mouth no words come out and I'm frozen in my seat, trying to avoid my classmate's dirty looks that make me feel as if I'm last week's math homework. I swallow yet again, this time only getting out a small babble. “Umm...”

Miss Iris stands up straight and puts her manicured hands on her hips. The striking purple shade of polish she has on makes her seem pleasant and welcoming, but the expression she wears says otherwise. “Miss Lipowski, daydreaming is for children and having your head in the clouds is a childish thing to do. Now grow up and pay attention.”

Her statement makes me frown. I may not know everything in life, but if anything my mother taught me was true, I know that daydreaming is *not* just for children.

I sit up in my seat and look at Ms. Iris's piercing eyes. “Ms. Iris, that's a lie. Daydreaming is not just for children and I thought you of all people would know that.”

Instantly her hand goes to the fairy tattoo on her neck and I have the feeling she knows exactly what I'm talking about. Because we all have a little youth in us, and our imagination is just one way to keep it alive.”

The Storymaking

By Drayke Kohler

The lead halts millimeters off the paper. The story unravels within my mind, the words spiraling into a frenzy, battling to be put onto paper. My mind sees the landscapes within stories yet untold. Mountains filled with untold mysteries, buried beneath the stone, creatures sleeping and dwelling, protecting weapons and treasures long since forgotten. Of deserts with sand that wears away at the skin, heat waves rising like the spirits of the undead. Towering forests, with trees possessing limitless wisdom, which only a twig's worth could a mortal comprehend, prowling predators stalking their prey. I breathe deeply, as the fog called plot rolls in, erasing the scenery, replacing the once-ancient trees with an army following the orders of a crown, but there is no one wearing it. The isolated mountains became a boy who would shatter the kingless crown. Another breath, and I smile and chide the fog, *Soon, your story shall be written, and preserved not just within my mind, but by the paper that lays before us, that yearns to be filled.* That was the moment the lead hit the paper, and the maelstrom of words restricted themselves and channeled through my hand and into the pencil, to fill the bucket known as paper.

The rain fell, the only sound within the forest. The resonance of leaves being pelted, a more melodious sound than thudding arrows hitting wood, Don't think about the village! It was a long time ago! He chastised himself silently, regretting cramming himself within the tree hollow. "... Dog.... scent!... up!" He flinched at the sound of the distant voices, straining his elven ears, he could hear the baying dogs on the hunt, the hunt for him. By the Old Ones! The rain hasn't washed my scent nor tracks away! The boy clambered out of the hollow, jumping to the leaf carpeted forest floor, sprinting away not turning back.

My pencil goes to a stand still, my mind suddenly blank, without warning. A sigh of defeat slips past my lips, "Why must this happen when a turning point soon approaches..." Stretching my wrist out, I grumble and think about how despite the acres of crops, characters yet to be plucked from their trees, twists and turns yet to be uprooted, unexpected changes popping up like weeds. *Perhaps, I should wait to finish this. Besides, the mental garden of imagination will keep the weeds and crops safe, for when the time comes.*

James and Arnie

By Michael Lerma

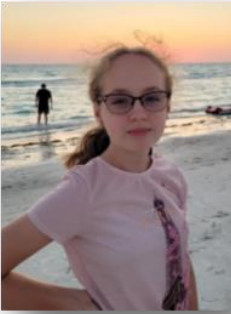
There was a boy named James. James built a robot that would do his homework, because he did not think that school was necessary so he focused on robots and Legos. James' worst enemy was homework that is why he made Arnie. A.R.N.I.E. stands for Auto, Robot, Numeric, Identity, Engineer. In James's neighborhood there was a big thunderstorm and James's window was open. James was not sleeping, he was coding Arnie to do his homework then he got thirsty so he went downstairs to get a drink of water. Suddenly lightning hit Arnie BOOM!

James ran upstairs through the hallway like lightning. He got to his room where Arnie was and Arnie was on James's computer. Arnie was emailing all James's teachers and was saying I have been off-task and not focused, please give me all my assignments from last year to now. James was Furious. The next day James got all his assignments and when he got home his mom said why do you have so many assignments he said it is complicated when he got to his room Arnie was there and said let me show you the right way to do your assignments. James said why are you doing this. Arnie said I want you to go to MIT because no sixth grader could have made me. You can't get into MIT if you have F's in all your classes. James and Arnie worked together to get James's F's to A's.

When James got into Garfield High School he was more focused and liked school and enjoyed doing homework. One day a man named Michael asked James if he would like to go to MIT. James jumped with joy and said yes. James graduated with honors and went to MIT. James did not need Arnie for school so James reprogramed Arnie to be a maid for his mother to help around the house since he was going off to college.



My name is **Rose McLean**. I moved here in 2016, when I was 6, and now I'm in 6th grade and almost 12 years old. I love my little brothers, Leo and Miles [9 and 7], my little sister, Philomena, or "Mena" [4], and my parents, Jenay and Ryan Mclean.



Heyo, my name is **Sara Lipowski**. Along with agonizing over my poems, I enjoy playing lacrosse, making earrings, and hanging out with my bestie, Mariella. This poem was inspired by the late nights, shower thoughts, and frustrations of a true writer.



My name is **Mariella Elbert** and I've loved to read and write ever since I was little. My dream is to become an author who publishes so many books I'll lose count. My favorite book quote is from *A Thousand Boy Kisses* by Tillie Cole. It reads, "Why be miserable when you can be happy? It's an obvious choice to me."



Drayke Kohler is a JoBro Jotaro Knock-off, if ya know, ya know. He seeks nothing more but to enlighten those who read/listen to his work about how his mind works.



Michael Lerma is a 6th grade student at Aspire Middle School. He loves music and robotics.

Thank you to all of the authors, poets and artists who submitted their work to the 2022 Lacey Loves to Read Teen Writing & Art Contest.

Keep writing, keep creating, keep imagining!

The Lacey Loves to Read Committee 2022

