



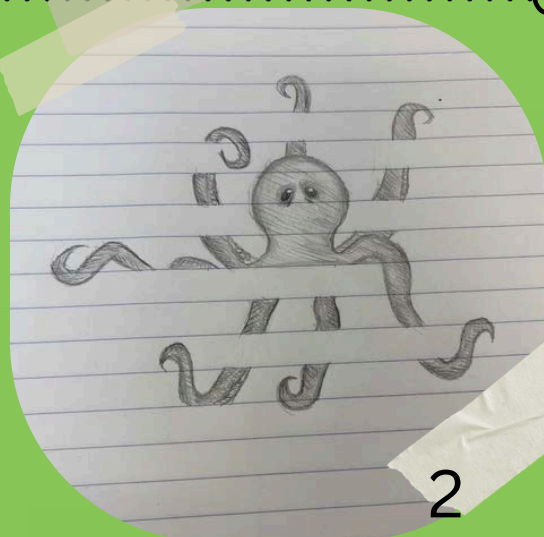
Volume 38

IN
THE
WRITE
MIND

2025-2026

Table of Contents

Title	Creator	Page#
<i>Waved Albatross Mother and Child</i> . . .	Hannamae Cottrell	6
<i>Take Another One</i>	Taireke Jordan	6
<i>Man's Best Friend</i>	Taireke Jordan	6
<i>One More Day</i>	Hailey Delgado	7
<i>Shoreline</i>	Alana Ortiz	7
<i>Chameleon Lying on Her Hammock</i>	Taylor Turner	8
<i>here comes spring</i>	Alexis Pankalla	8
<i>Acrylic Nail Art</i>	Makayla Johnson	8
<i>Dusk Over Tulip Rows</i>	Kimberly Valente	9
<i>In Love With You</i>	Yarielys Pagan Moreno	9
<i>Through Smaller Eyes: When Character Becomes Visual</i>	Ava Osborne	10-12
<i>Breath of Fresh Air</i>	Jasmine Cora	10
<i>Serenete In Nature</i>	Taireke Jordan	10
<i>Flow</i>	Taireke Jordan	11
<i>Springtime Flutters</i>	Jasmine Cora	12
<i>Joy Beside the Stream</i>	Jayson Ogle	13
<i>The Best Part</i>	Colton Cooper	13



Octopus, by
Jonathan Sorensen

Table of Contents

Title	Creator	Page#
<i>Happiest on the Water</i>	Kennedy DiMase	14
<i>Eternity in the Sea</i>	Malina Richards	14
<i>Spotted Eagle Rays</i>	Hannamae Cottrell	14
<i>Palms of Kauai</i>	Allie Shaw	15
<i>Spun and Still Spinning</i>	Sariah Thompson	15
<i>Distractedly Focus</i>	Taireke Jordan	16
<i>Fuel</i>	Arianna Biancamano	16
<i>Nostalgia</i>	Madeline Ryan	16
<i>Amarok & Lysandra</i>	Kara Gunter	17-18
<i>Large Great Horned Owl</i>	Allison G. Bailey	17
<i>In Loving Memory</i>	Logan Anthony Edward Thrasher	18
<i>Female Pileated Woodpecker,</i>	Allison G. Bailey	18
<i>Citrus County</i>		
<i>Rainbow of Pearl Harbor</i>	Allie Shaw	19
<i>The Lone Protagonist</i>	Annalise Hopson	19
<i>The Birth of an Angel</i>	Bonnie Bunn	19
<i>Summer Bliss</i>	Zoey Cuira	20
<i>In the Ordinary Moments</i>	Rachel Cox	21-22
<i>Childlike Amnesia</i>	Avery Schwarzer	21
<i>Mountain Mornings</i>	Kimberly Valente	22
<i>Dirty Jeans</i>	Arianna Biancamano	23
<i>Dew of the Earth</i>	E. H. Milby	23
<i>Sea and Sky</i>	Nusaibah Kabir	23



Curious George

by Ayanna Porter

Table of Contents

Title	Creator	Page#
<i>Female Magnificent Frigate Birds</i>	Hannamae Cottrell	24
<i>The Golden Hours</i>	Lily Tatro	24
<i>Galapagos Penguin</i>	Hannamae Cottrell	24
<i>Space Center</i>	Kalel Burnett	24
<i>Golden Hour</i>	Ayanna Porter	25
<i>Fall of the Golden Angel</i>	Sariah Thompson	25
<i>Solera Farms</i>	Lily Tatro	26
<i>Fall</i>	Daniel Thomas Roderka	26
<i>A Burning Bond</i>	Madeline Ryan	27-28
<i>Silhouette of a Sparkling Violetear</i>	Hannamae Cottrell	27
<i>Dangerous Flower</i>	Khloe Taylor	28
<i>Just In Passing</i>	Bonnie Bunn	29
<i>Football Training</i>	Taireke Jordan	29
<i>The Mannequin</i>	Bonnie Bunn	30
<i>The Sailboat</i>	Madylin Hoppe	30
<i>South Carolina</i>	Zechariah Gabriel Knight	31
<i>A Thanksgiving Poem</i>	Paige Vote	31
<i>Rest Point</i>	Colton Cooper	32
<i>The Rabbit and the Bear</i>	Anthony Salatino	32
<i>Drisana</i>	Kapri Robley	33
<i>Too Loud to Breathe</i>	Faith Harvey	33
<i>Weapons Disguised as Words</i>	Sariah Thompson	33

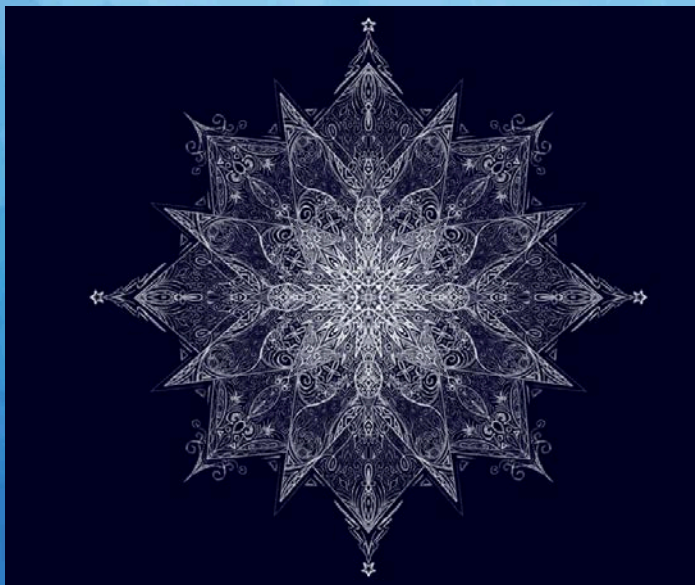


Delightful Fall
Morning

by Noah Siegendorf

Table of Contents

Title	Creator	Page#
<i>Lights Over the Pines</i>	Kimberly Valente	34
<i>Kazuichi and Cheeseball</i>	Spencer Lozada	35
<i>Snowy Sunset</i>	Sally Smith	35
<i>Fading Essence</i>	Francis Jarek	35
<i>Snake</i>	Zoe Storman	36
<i>Solera Farms, Williston Florida</i>	Lily Tatro	36
<i>James' Christmas Plan</i>	Apollos Schneider	37
<i>Frozen in Place</i>	Skylar Fischer	37
<i>A Night in Vietnam</i>	Samuel Pennington	38
<i>Betrayal</i>	Saoirse Wood	38
<i>Bittersweet Slopes</i>	Sally Smith	38
<i>Patience is a Virtue</i>	Bonnie Bunn	39
<i>In the Dread of Winter</i>	Moriah Vann	40
<i>All Life is Precious</i>	E. H. Milby	41
<i>Bruh</i>	Kelsey Anne Freasemoore	41



Embroidered Snow,
by Chloe Waldorf



Waved Albatross Mother and Chick

by Hannamae Cottrell

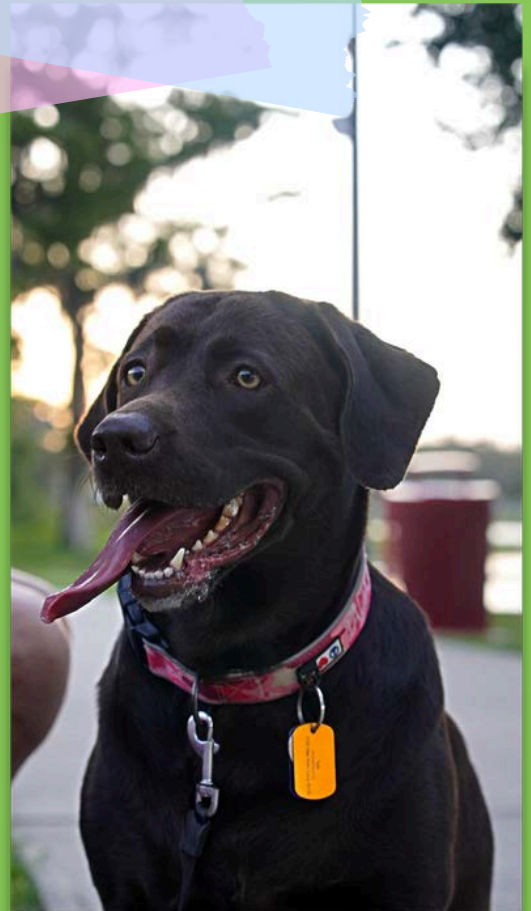


"Take Another One"

By Taireke Jordan



Man's Best Friend



One More Day *by Hailey Delgado*



Shoreline

by Alana Ortiz

Crabs maneuvering,
Vibrant echoes fill the air,
crashing waves hitting,
Breathing in the salty scents
Beauty in Gods creation



Chameleon Lying on Her Hammock



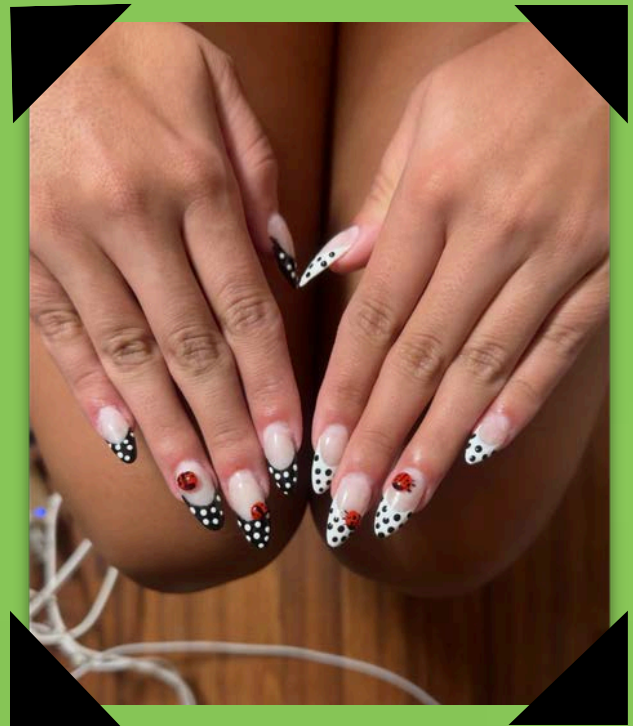
By Taylor Turner



here comes spring

by Alexis Pankalla

Warmth seeps in,
Bitter cold chased away,
Spring has arrived now,
adorned with colors of life,
Flora and fauna awaken.

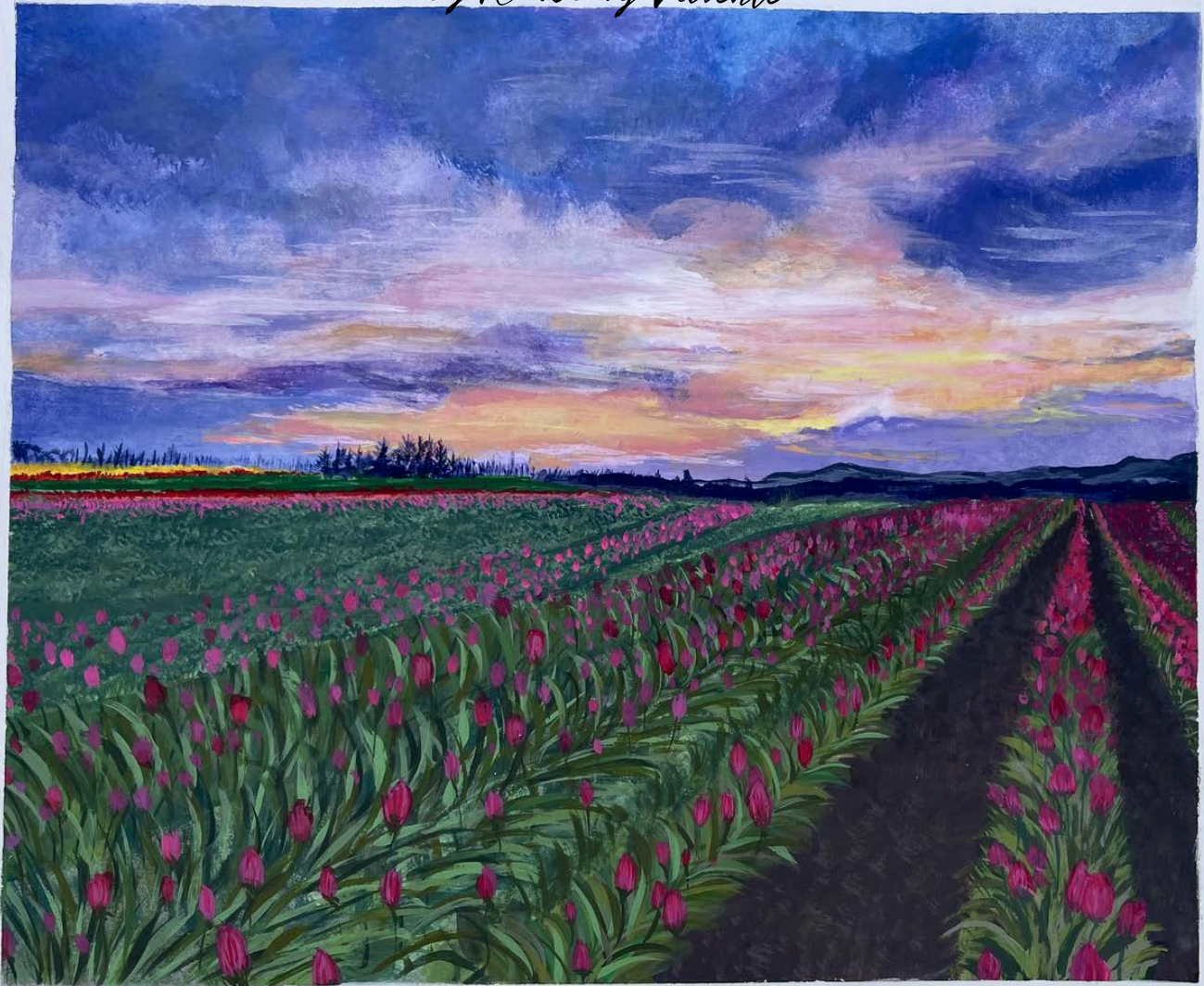


Acrylic Nail Art

by Makayla Johnson

Dusk Over Tulip Rows

by Kimberly Valente



In Love With You

by Yarielys Pagan Moreno

*I see you in every smile
i feel your touch in every breeze
your eyes are the vessel of my soul
see yourself how i see you
through my eyes
my soul ties to yours
and so, in love we are*

Through Smaller Eyes: When Character Becomes Visual

by Ava Osborne

What was the word? Disturbed? Tumultuous? Unsure? To Ella, all of these seemed as if they had made a dangerous swirl of thoughts in her mind, and she just could not sort anything out. She looked up from her diary at the water droplets pelting her window above her window seat. If only she could find clarity. If only that prince she had read about existed. If only there was true love with one of great character. Did one of great character even exist? If only....

"Stop," she almost shook herself as she said this singular word. "Stop Ella. You are being ridiculous. Things like this only exist in the books, along with the fairies and the magic crowns and the dragons. This is real life and I must do what I must to help my family." She rose from her pensive refuge and began to put on her cloak. A walk about the London streets would do her some good.

She went outside in the muggy, cold weather and stepped over the trash laden with mud right outside the door to her house, a constant reminder of the duty she had to her family.

Despite the bustle of the city, she could not get that word out of her mind—Prince. She did everything she could to not think about the fairytale idea. "How ridiculous to be thinking of such things at 16 Ella!" she repeatedly told herself, "Princes and fairies do not exist, and I need to get over it!"

It was just as she stated this harsh fact that she saw a sudden movement run right across her face sprinkling dust along its path, or was it glitter? Utter confusion and curiosity took over Ella at once. What was that? The size of a small bird, but definitely not one. She stooped for a closer look. She gasped. A human-like face stared back her, but it was tiny with wings! "Hello," the being whispered.

"Am-Am I hallucinating? Are you a fairy?" Ella answered as she shook her head in disbelief.

The fairy laughed. "No, you are not hallucinating, but yes, I am a fairy. I have come because you have requested to see your prince's character. I do have the right Ella do I not?"

Ella blinked in disbelief, but quickly came to her senses with her answer: "Yes! I am Ella! You can show me a true prince with great character?"

"Yes, but you must not be afraid to change forms, dear one. For in order to see the largeness of one's character, you must first become small and without bias of a new perspective."

"I will do it. Whatever it takes." The resoluteness in her voice was definite.

The fairy smiled and gave her a cup. "Here, drink this." At once, Ella drank it, and could see the world which she knew expand. Fear immediately swept over her, but she was at once taken up by the fairy.

"I have somewhere to take you," the fairy whispered as they flew above the city. They landed in an all too familiar place, the mansion of her fiancé. She groaned at the sight.

"This cannot be right, dear fairy, for I know my prince cannot possibly inhabit this place."

"Wait. For indeed he does."



Breath of Fresh Air

by Jasmine Cora



Serenete In Nature

By Taireke Jordan

There was a splash, and she saw a great big man—huge, handsome, burly, and a kind face—with cook's clothes on as he poured water from the kitchen out the back door. She saw an old decrepit woman sitting there starving. He at once began talking to her and gave her bread from his own pocket, a sacrifice which seemed great to him despite his large size. Just as she admired this act of sacrifice and kindness, she heard a voice in the form of an ear-piercing screech. "NO! We must not encourage this behavior! Imbecile! I should have fired you a long time ago!" She looked and was at once startled by the recognition she had of this man. He was tiny, skinny, very ugly—he was her fiancé in a tiny, ugly form!

Flow By Taireke Jordan

"Do you see now?" The fairy whispered.

"Yes," Ella answered almost numbly. "I see it perfectly clearly. And she turned her head away.

"Look for the crown," the fairy said and with no further warning, vanished into a midst.

Ella found herself standing next to the two men, completely normal-sized once again. "A crown," she muttered to herself. However, the cook swiftly looked at her and replied:

"A crown, you say?" She glanced up. "Yes. But I do not know--" She thought for a moment. "I mean, you know of where I can find one?"

"Of course! It is the only possession I have that is valuable and it is from my grandfather who was gifted it by the queen of England. The story goes that only the owner's true love will recognize its beauty."

And with that she saw a shimmering that was beautiful. Rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and all types of gems glimmered before her eyes.

"You are my prince," she looked into his eyes—his glistening brown eyes full of kindness.

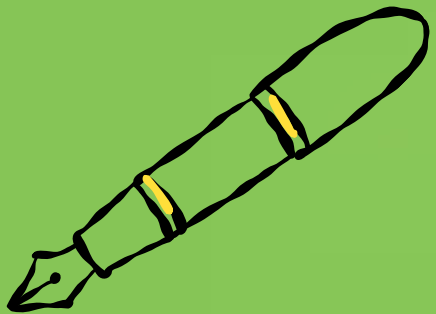
Meanwhile, her fiancé had stood by long enough. He drew his sword which he always had by his side and began ominously approaching the cook with rage filling his face. The cook at once drew a knife from the kitchen and defended himself. It was a heated fight.

Knife and sword clashed. One fell, the other pounced. They each took turns advancing, then retreating, and this went on until they reached the staircase—the well-known, elaborate staircase which one had to carefully maneuver each step he made. The cook went up, and the fiancé followed. But lo! The fiancé tripped. He quavered in the air, sword waving looking for refuge to latch onto...But it was too late. There was a thud. Within a second, the violent rage which the fiancé had bloodthirstily fought with was gone from his lifeless face.



Months later, Ella sat in the same window seat she had when she wished for the prince she never thought she would find. Footsteps approached her from behind. She gently turned and looked upward with love in her eyes. "I never thought that my prince would be found...or could even exist," she paused. "But now—now I know he surely does." The cook caressed her shoulder and looked into her eyes at a princess that he never dreamed could exist either. And so, he told her he was the prince, and they lived happily ever after.

The End



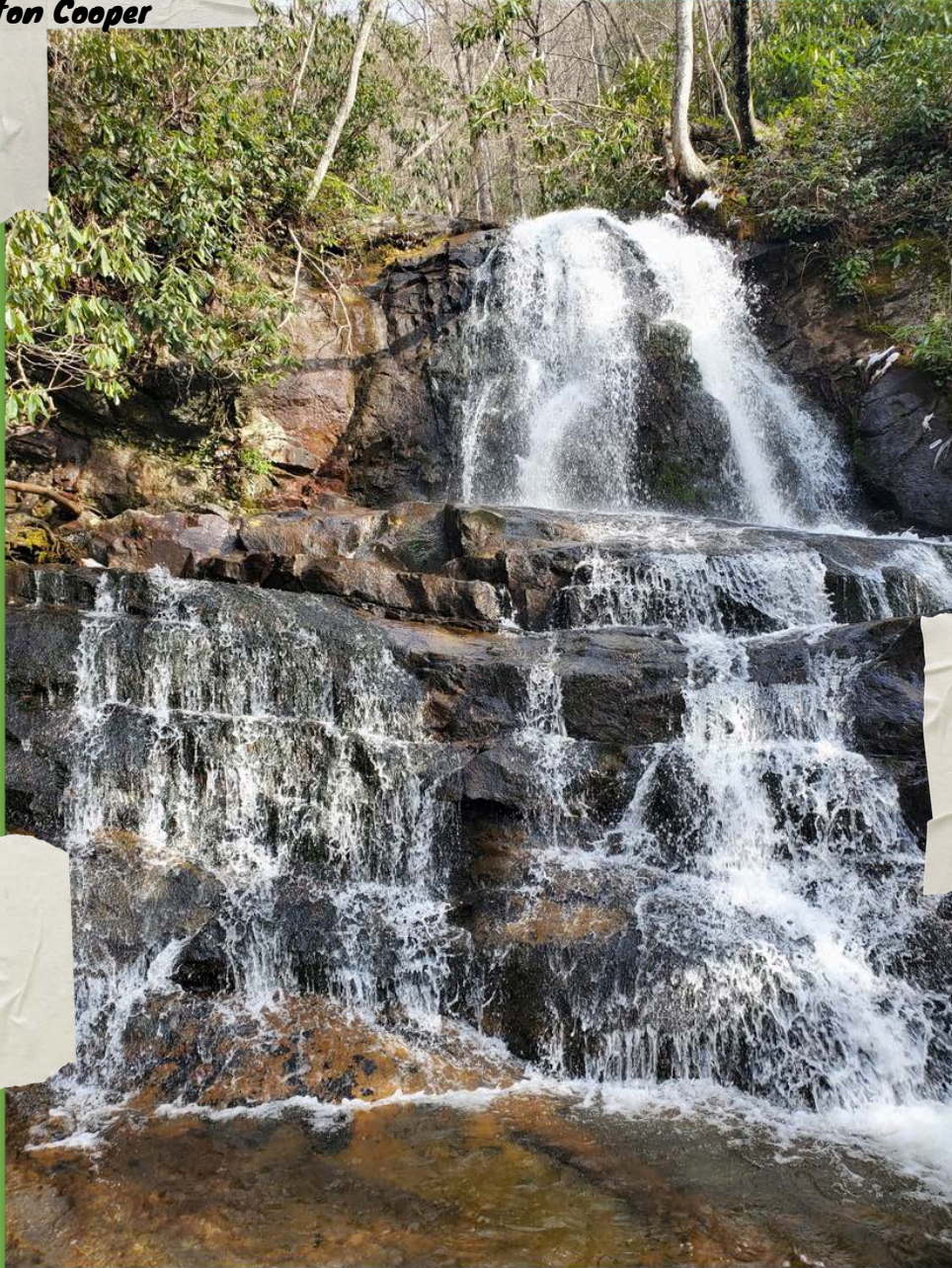
Springtime Flutters



by Jasmine Cora

The Best part

by Colton Cooper



Joy Beside the Stream

by Jayson Ogle

Relieved

Water flowing soft
clouds drifting across its face

divine smell of food

feeling the cool mist in the air
the laughter and joy from all

Happiest On The Water

BY KENNEDY DIMASE



Eternity in the Sea

by Malina Richards

Happy in the sea

Fish that swim so peacefully

Amazing to me

Give me an eternity

To swim with fish in the sea

Spotted Eagle Rays

by Hannamae Cottrell



Palms of Kauai by Allie Shaw

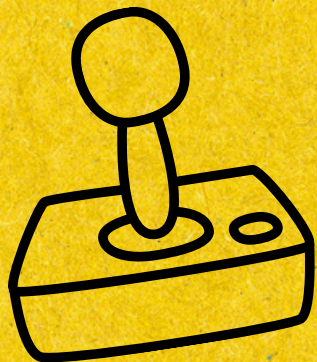


Spun and Still Spinning

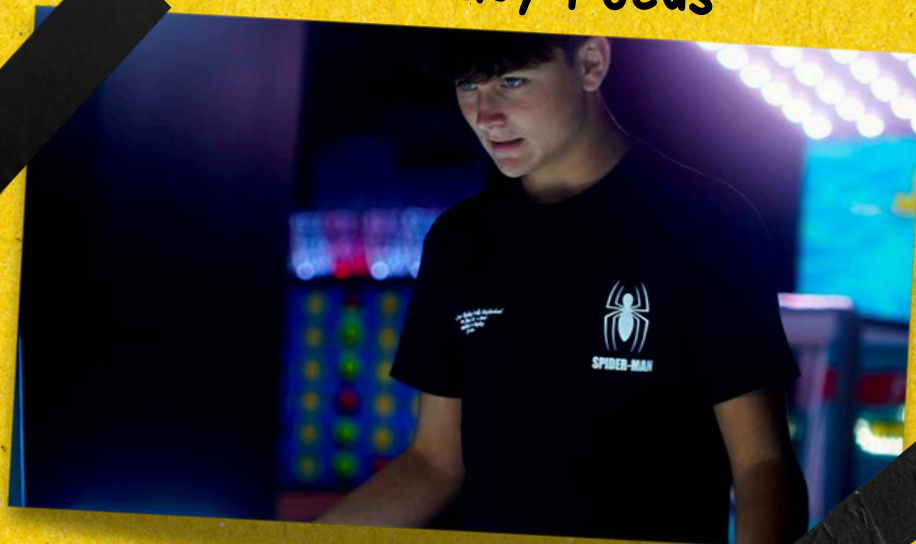
by Sariah Thompson

Eyes see but ears don't hear,
Hearts race but don't feel fear.
Danger is coming, it's still near,
Lingering, sensing
Yet the silence still sheds a tear

By Taireke Jordan



Distractedly Focus



FUEL

by Arianna Biancamano

A BLACK GUITAR STRUM
ELECTRICITY WITHIN

FEEL THE BOOM-BOX BEAT
SONGS OVER AGAIN TOO SOON
LISTENING TO THE PAIN SING



Nostalgia



by Madeline Ryan

Amarok and Lyandra

BY KARA GUNTER

Koda the lonely lion wanted nothing more than to become the most popular male among the savanna animals. But he was a stray with no allies.

Until one day when he met a hyena cub who had been separated from its pack.

Seeing as he was a lion and hunting is harder to do alone, his initial thought was that this would make for an easy and filling snack. So he approached the pup with an empty stomach, but as he inched closer the baby spotted him. But for some reason, it did not try to run away or intimidate the large lion. Instead, it just gazed at the giant predator in silence, knowing that any struggle would do it no good. To Koda's surprise, the pup did not even look

scared, like it believed that nothing bad was going to happen.

Koda tried to ignore the hyena's bravery, but he just could not bring himself to harm something so small and helpless that showed such **courage**. So, Koda aborted his mission to fill his stomach and instead decided that the hyena pup earned his help to find the baby's family.

For days, Koda searched the grounds for signs of hyenas that may be living nearby. When finally, he got a scent.

He picked up the tiny pup and sprinted until he could hear the sounds of hyenas laughing together. He slowly and steadily made his way up to the crowd.



Large Great Horned Owl

by Allison G. Bailey

Suddenly, every eye was silently staring at him and the baby he carried with him. Then one of the hyenas came out from behind the pack. She growled as she stepped closer, but with every step she took, the threatening growls turned into hushed whines.

When she stood face to face with Koda, she asked, "Why would a starving lion risk his life by facing an entire pack of hyenas to return one of our pups?"

Koda did not know it but that pup he took care of is the lead female's own baby and heir. But he just replied, "I do not wish to have any bad blood between my kind and yours, so I spared the child and returned it to you as a sign of good faith."

The lead hyena thanked him and in return made a covenant between them. That neither lion nor hyena would feud with the other.

This made Koda very famous among both hyenas and lions.

As a result, he was forever remembered as the **Koda the Peacemaker**.



*The
End*

In Loving Memory
by Logan Anthong Edward Thrasher

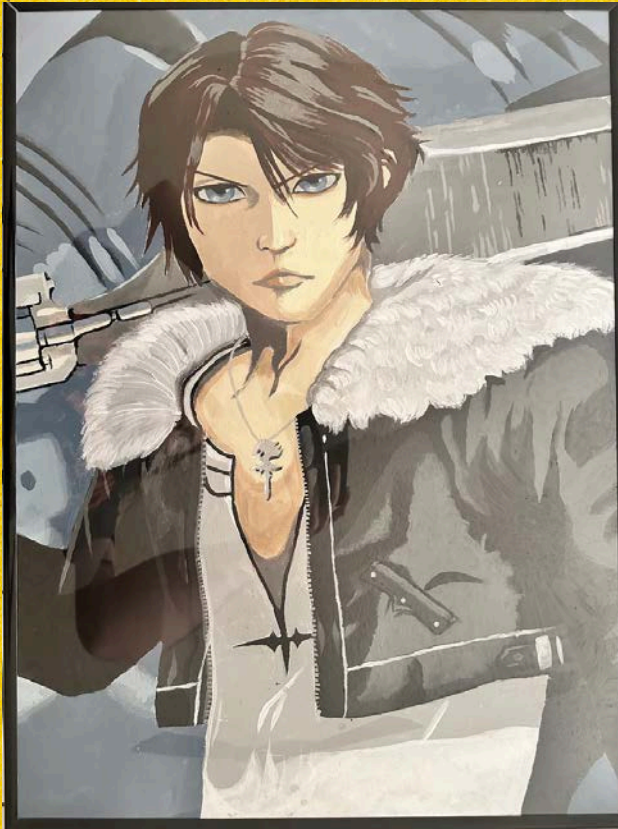


Female Pileated Woodpecker, Citrus County

by Allison G. Bailey

The Lone Protagonist

by Annalise Hopson



"THE BIRTH OF AN ANGEL"

by Bonnie Bunn

My back aches
as the wings tear
from my skin—

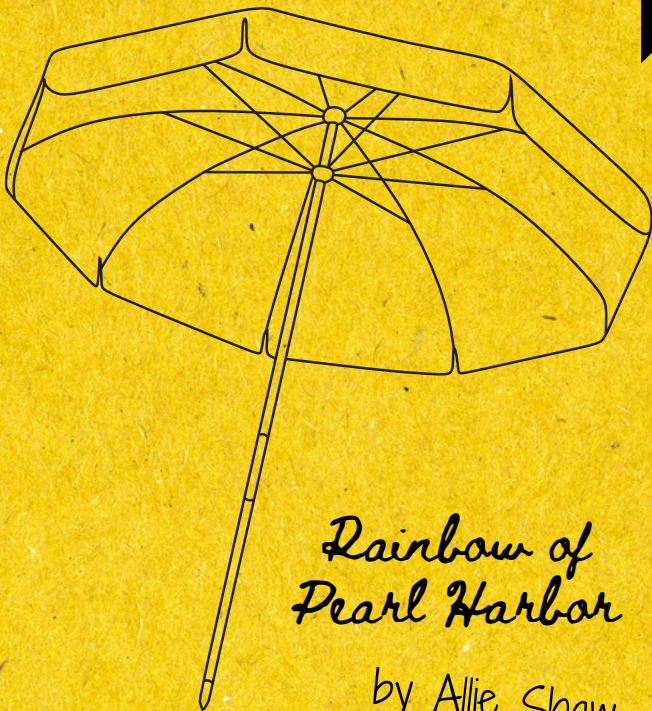
Soft and feathered,
yet sharp, vicious
like the bite
of a snake
sinking in.

For you must suffer .
to be seen
as a saint.

The bite itself
is nothing
compared to the venom
it leaves behind,
trickling through my veins.

I feel everything—
all at once,
all the time.

The breaking.
The becoming.
Even my own demise



Rainbow of
Pearl Harbor

by Allie Shaw





Summer Bliss

by Zoey Ciura

In the Ordinary Moments

by Rachel Cox

by Avery Schwarer

Childlike Amnesia

The house was finally quiet.

It was the kind of quiet that only came after a long day of small voices, spilled juice, forgotten shoes, and endless questions. I stood in the kitchen looking at the mess that the day had left behind—crayons scattered across the table, a cup still sitting on the counter, fingerprints covering the refrigerator.

Ten years ago, I never imagined my life looking like this.

Back then, quiet meant freedom. Late nights with friends, spontaneous road trips, sleeping in on Saturdays. I thought motherhood would feel like losing pieces of myself.

But somewhere between bedtime stories and scraped knees, something changed.

I didn't lose myself. I found a different version of who I was meant to be. Earlier that evening my youngest had asked one of those questions children ask when they're trying to understand the world.

"Mom," she said, her small voice serious, "how do moms know how to do everything?"

I laughed at first because the truth is we don't.

We guess, we hope, we try again tomorrow when today didn't go the way we planned.

But what I told her was simpler.

"Moms don't know everything," I said, brushing her hair away from her face. "We just love you enough to figure it out."

Now, standing alone in the quiet kitchen, I thought about that moment.

Motherhood isn't loud or dramatic most of the time. It lives in the ordinary spaces of life—the lunches packed before sunrise, the arms that hold a crying child, the whispered prayers after everyone else is asleep.

No one applauds those moments. But they matter, more than we realize.

I bent down and picked up the tiny dinosaur sock from the floor—the one my child insists is their favorite—and smiled, wondering how it had somehow ended up in the kitchen again.



one day this house will be quiet again in a different way. The crayons will be gone, the shoes will stay where they belong, and the fingerprints on the refrigerator will slowly disappear.

And part of me knows I will miss this chaos more than I can imagine, because motherhood isn't just about raising children.

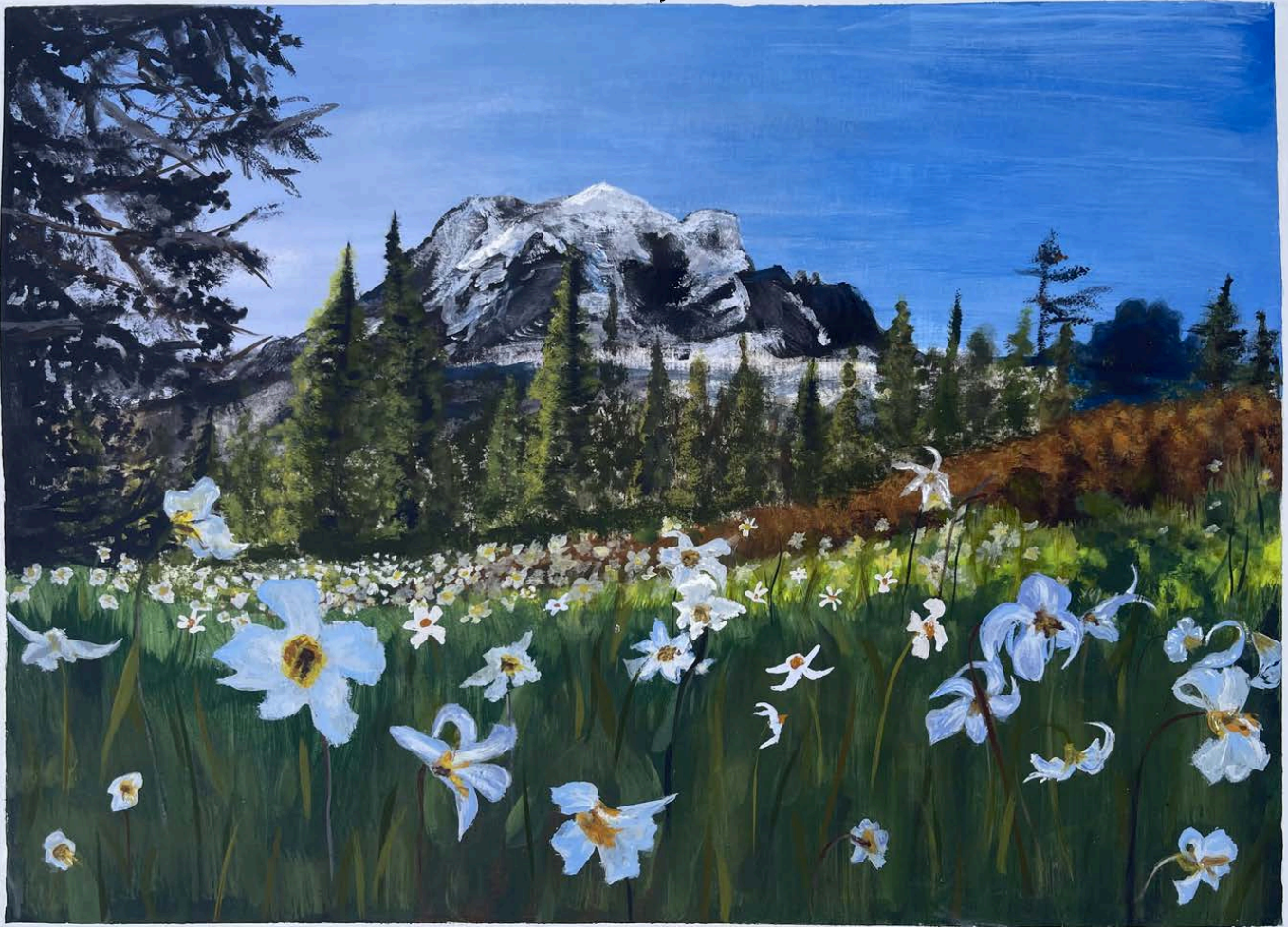
It's about the quiet, steady love that shapes lives in ways the world rarely sees. The kind of love that keeps showing up, even on the hardest days. The kind of love that builds a home.

And sometimes, when the house finally grows quiet at night, that love stands in the kitchen surrounded by crayons and dinosaur socks... realizing that the mess was never really the mess at all.

It was the memory being made.

Mountain Mornings

by Kimberly Valente





Dew of the Earth

by E. H. Milby



Sun and Sky

by Nusaibah Kabir

"Dirty Jeans"

by Arianna Biancamano

Stress sweat, soaked in determination-
drenched hands will meet dirty jeans

Calluses
caught
scraped
the heart,-
that back
pocket, stored
the memories-
in that
ever so
worthwhile denim.
The man tremored,
and



sent dew flying;
His flowers waved goodbye-
as a gentle breeze brushed their leaves.
He stricken with defeat-

takes a moment to breathe.
Swaddling the bouquet as if it was his last day.
He sits them beside her grave, hands sweaty and eyes teary.
Wiping that pain on the back pocket of those dirty jeans.



Female Magnificent Frigate Birds

by Hannamae Cottrell

The Golden Hours



by Lily Tatro

Space Center

by Kalel Burnett

*Buildings of metal,
People walking among stars,
Awards made of gold,
Future and a better world,
I stand*



Galapagos Penguin

by Hannamae Cottrell

Fall of the Golden Angel

by Sariah Thompson

There's no greater essence than the falling of rain,
sweeter than honey, sweeter than a warm feeling that
quiets disdain.

My belly was once familiar with the taste of salty seeds

Each one falling on my tongue,

Yet now the sharp sting of ash and smoky memories,

Override the comfort I was once cleaved to.

My singed feathers carry scars all the same,

A tear falls from my eye as soon as I remember her
name.

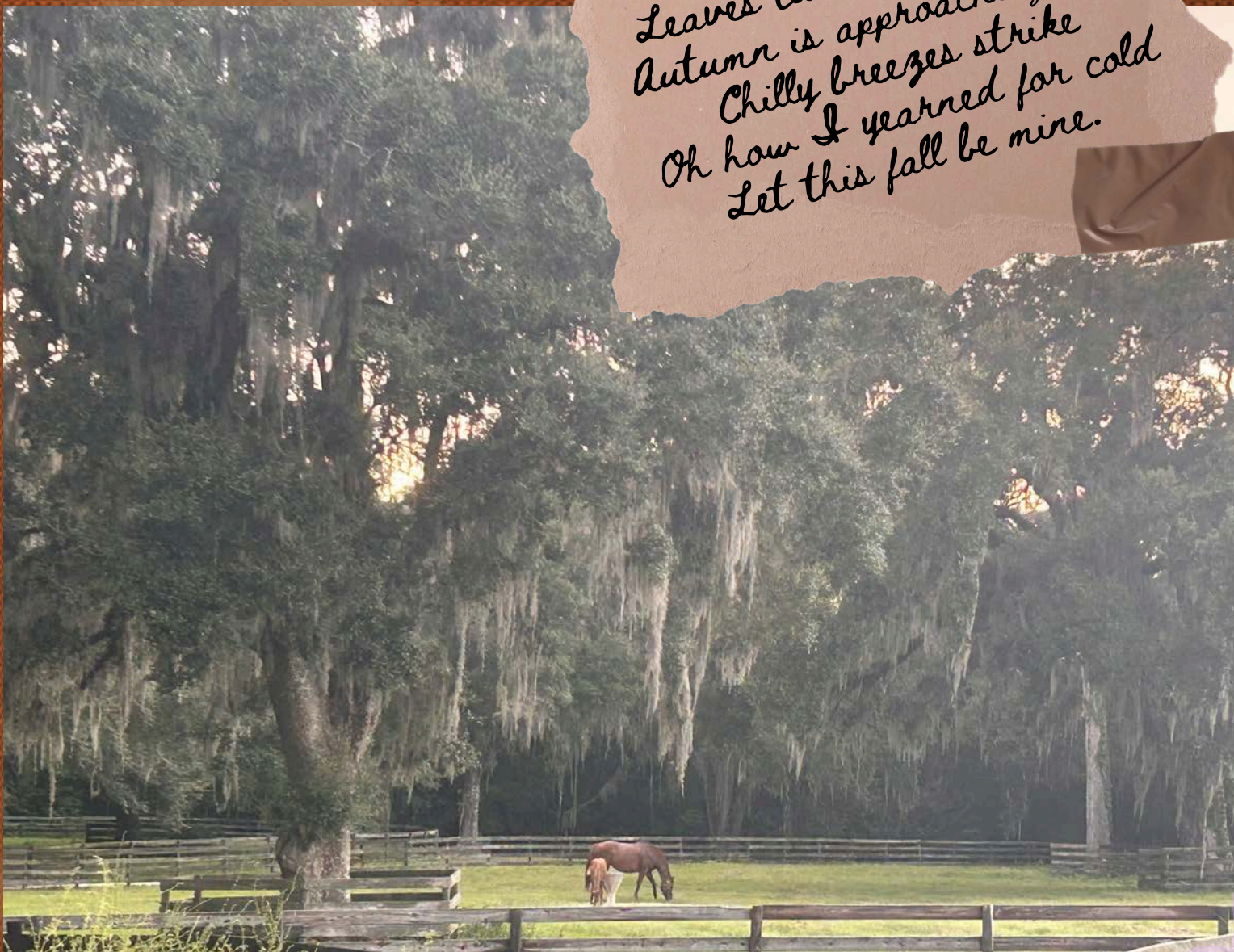
My feathers hang heavy, feathers damaged and torn,

I can no longer soar, instead I mourn.

Fall

BY DANIEL THOMAS RODERKA

*Leaves turned to gold hue
Autumn is approaching soon
Chilly breezes strike
Oh how I yearned for cold
Let this fall be mine.*



Solera Farms

by Lily Tatro

A Burning Bond by Madeline Ryan

Mixed with sweat and oil, Felix's hair was caught on his forehead like a sticky glue trap. Dark, shoulder-length hair brushed against his neck, almost leaving a mark like a rug burn due to running from his crimes. Running away was almost a daily routine for Felix, especially today.

Living in a poor town wasn't the easiest, and making money was difficult. Stealing from the elderly was relatively easy for Felix; some leave their doors unlocked, or are just too cognitively declined to even remember. Felix arrives back at his "house," which is a carefully crafted camp in the woods near the town. Felix's weight is distributed onto a wooden log. Looking down at his newfound treasures, he grins. Crackling firewood is heard from an open window, and an elderly woman continues to tend to it.

Rosalie, recently widowed, finds herself tending to fires more often now that the house is eerily silent. While rocking in a chair, Rosalie's eyes repeatedly struggle to pry open, watching the fire carefully through little slits, as she eventually drifts away.

Walking through the town at night was the perfect time for Felix, his nose perked up, smelling smoke with a warm light guiding him through the dark. "Perfect." He thinks to himself, This is a good opportunity to steal. Walking as if he's on a different planet, trying not to break a brittle branch near the window as he peers into it, he spots Rosalie. "Shoot." He whispers. The thought of money swarmed his mind; selling it to a merchant and getting just enough currency to eat for the next day was the most important. Felix's



**Silhouette of a
Sparkling Violetear**



*by Hannamae
Cottrell*

foot grazed the bottom of the windowsill, slowly propping himself up and making landfall on Rosalie's wooden floors.

It was quiet, only slow breathing from Rosalie, but none from Felix, trying to be as still as possible. "Okay.. Come on..." Felix says, internally trying to motivate himself, his feet feel like weights. For some reason, this one was different; the young man's eyes grazed her attire, all black. Shrugging it off, he makes his way into a room filled with miscellaneous items.

Looking around the room as if it's a strange world, he spots a chest outlined in gold. "Gotcha," he scoffs. Opening the box, necklaces and letters greeted him.

"To Rosalie, I cannot wait to marry you. Please wait for me, I'll be home soon," read a letter. Curiosity got the best of Felix; he questions himself on why he even picked the letter up. Mixed with a feeling of disappointment, a wave of regret washes over him. A necklace shone in his view, and picking it up showed a photo of Rosalie and her husband.

Felix throws everything back in the box, not minding if the loudest sound escapes. Without a word, only the lingering feeling of shame resides as the young man walks out. Taking one last look at Rosalie, he decides to place the last bit of his currency gained from selling goods next to the fire. Placing his foot on top of the windowsill, he hesitates to lift the other.

Walking back to the fireplace, Felix puts the persistent flame out. This time, instead of relentlessly running, it was a silent walk back to his camp. The hot sun, leaving no mercy on Felix's cloth-woven tent, eventually wakes the man up. Sitting up, Felix can't help but space out with the help of the warm sun on his back and the feeling of remorse and guilt. The persistent thought of Rosalie on his mind bothers him; he eventually decides to go back to the house.

The warmth seeping in from the window eventually wakes up Rosalie. "Oh my goodness", she exclaims, "I left the window open again." Catching her eye is a shiny pile of coins.

Furrowing her brow, she stands up out of her chair to grab them. Rosalie's hands start to graze the gold circular objects when a knock on the door interrupts her. Opening the door, she's met with a scraggly-looking young man, as if his hair hasn't been brushed in months.

"What can I do for you?" Rosalie says hesitantly. Looking down at his feet, twiddling his thumbs, Felix gains the courage to meet eyes with the woman.

"Can we talk?". As the sun hides away, both Felix and Rosalie have since discussed and shared numerous life experiences. Felix ends up helping Rosalie with daily life, eventually getting himself a steady income.

The End

Dangerous Flower
by Khloe Taylor



"Just In Passing"

by Bonnie Bunn

As unimportant as a snail
on the sidewalk—
you passed
this morning
on your way to work.
As unnoticed as the leaves
falling to the ground,
trampled
all year round.
As fleeting as the bird
that picks up the scraps
you drop
to carry back
to its nest.
As silent as the breath
I hold—
while the world
spins around me.



Football Training

By Taireke Jordan

The Mannequin

by Bonnie Bunn

Every day the same - I passed the glass house with the mannequin in the window and waved. Same pose, same praise, same place. He made sure she looked perfect - dark red lipstick painted on her face, heels too high to run, white silk blouse buttoned on her throat, brand new gloves, ironed tight. He stood beside her, smiling, - *a man proud of his prize*. She stared past the passing faces, a sort of sorrow in her eyes. Some said she was lucky - polished, poised, protected, kept neatly behind a screen. And every day I waved - so used to my routine.

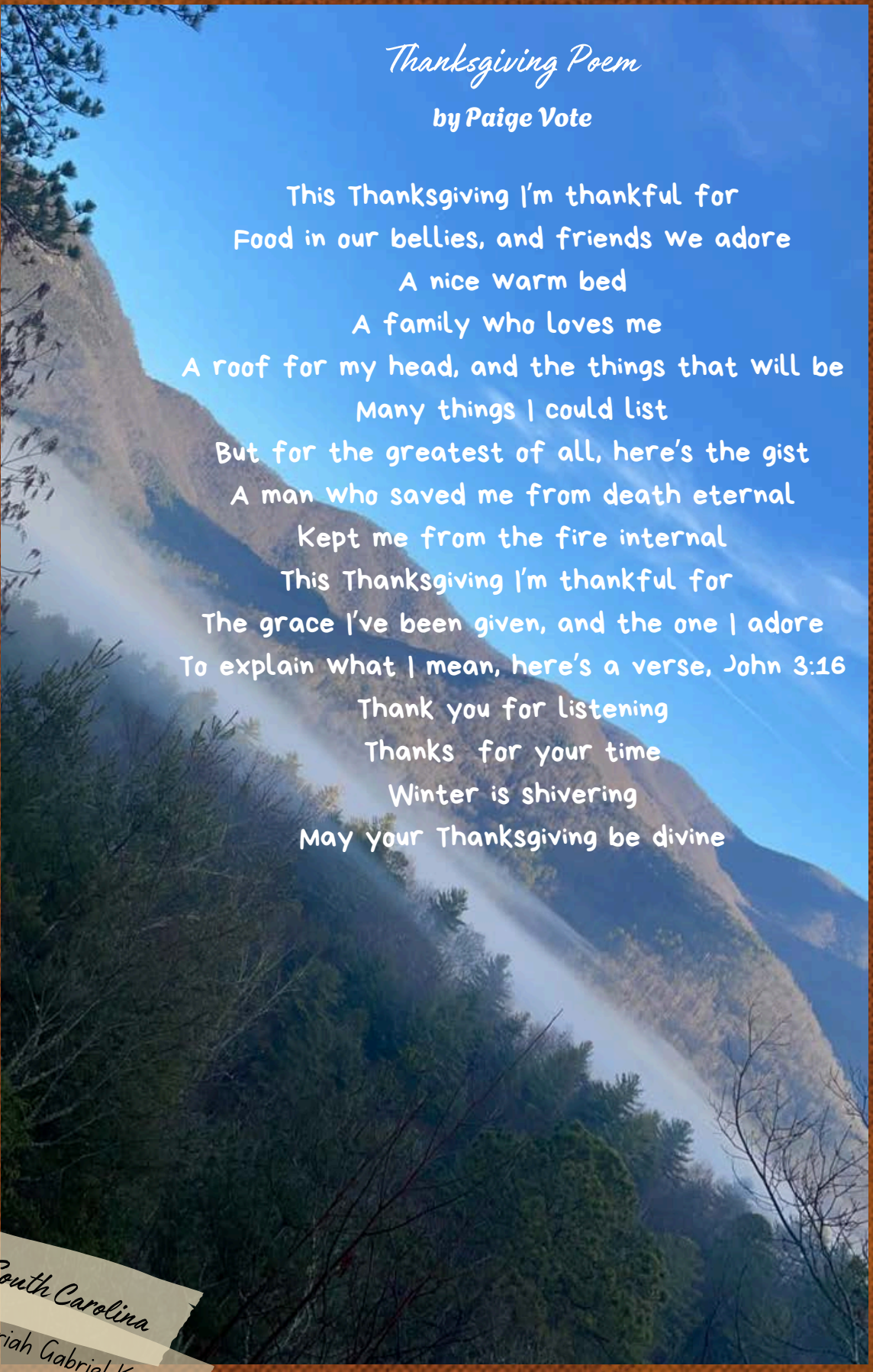
Once I saw her shadow split where she stiffened, finger twitching, *as if she wanted to leave*. Another time I watched him button up her blouse - couldn't help but see the bruises hidden underneath. Then one terrible evening the glass house shattered. A dress lay crumpled in the street. No one saw the mannequin - only broken glass and scurried feet. I watched him sweep it up in silence, grin fixed upon his face.

When morning came, I passed the glass house, with a new doll in her place. Posed the exact same way, sealed in fate.
And I waved.



The Sailboat
BY MADYLIN
HOPPE





Thanksgiving Poem

by Paige Vote

This Thanksgiving I'm thankful for
Food in our bellies, and friends we adore
A nice warm bed
A family who loves me
A roof for my head, and the things that will be
Many things I could list
But for the greatest of all, here's the gist
A man who saved me from death eternal
Kept me from the fire internal
This Thanksgiving I'm thankful for
The grace I've been given, and the one I adore
To explain what I mean, here's a verse, John 3:16
Thank you for listening
Thanks for your time
Winter is shivering
May your Thanksgiving be divine

South Carolina

by Zechariah Gabriel Knight

Rest Point *by Cotton Cooper*

The Rabbit and the Bear

by Anthony Salatino

A rabbit wanders the forest covered in snow
perpetually in limbo,

A hawk watches for any slight movement
and flies away, still hungry.

The rabbit doesn't notice her
and continues on his way.

A huge bear blocks the rabbits' path,
sleeping without a care.

"What are you doing, oaf?" yells the rabbit,

"Where is your cave, your home?"

"Please don't interrupt my sleep, for this is my home,"
replies the bear, with eyes gentler than a bear ought to have.

Flabbergasted, the rabbit leaves her right alone,

his head filled with dreams crushed.

He then spots the hawk, lucky for her,

for she sees his bead eyes.

She swooped down, the rabbit then frowned,

for she had heard his cries.

Poor rabbit, poor rabbit,

he shan't reach home tonight



Drisana
BY KAPRI ROBLEY

Too Loud to Breathe
by Faith Harvey
Voices fill the room,
New faces blur into one,
My hands shake,
Clocks tick louder every
breath,
Will they see I don't belong?

Weapons Disguised as Words
by Sariah Thompson

What will you do for gain?
Stick, stab or defame?
What will you do for need?
Bleed, beg or admit defeat?
What will you do for care?
Trim, cut off or snare?
And lastly, what will you do for
trust?
Leave the past to rust?
Or tuck away the dirt and dust?

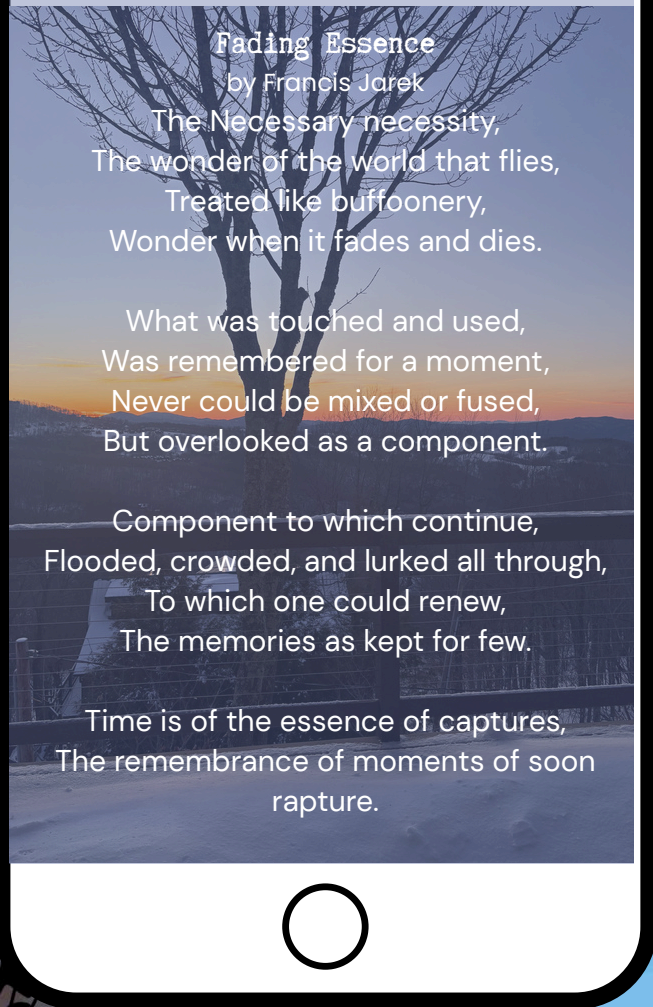
Lights Over the Pines
by Kimberly Valente



Snowy Sunset
by Sally Smith

Kazuichi and Cheeseball

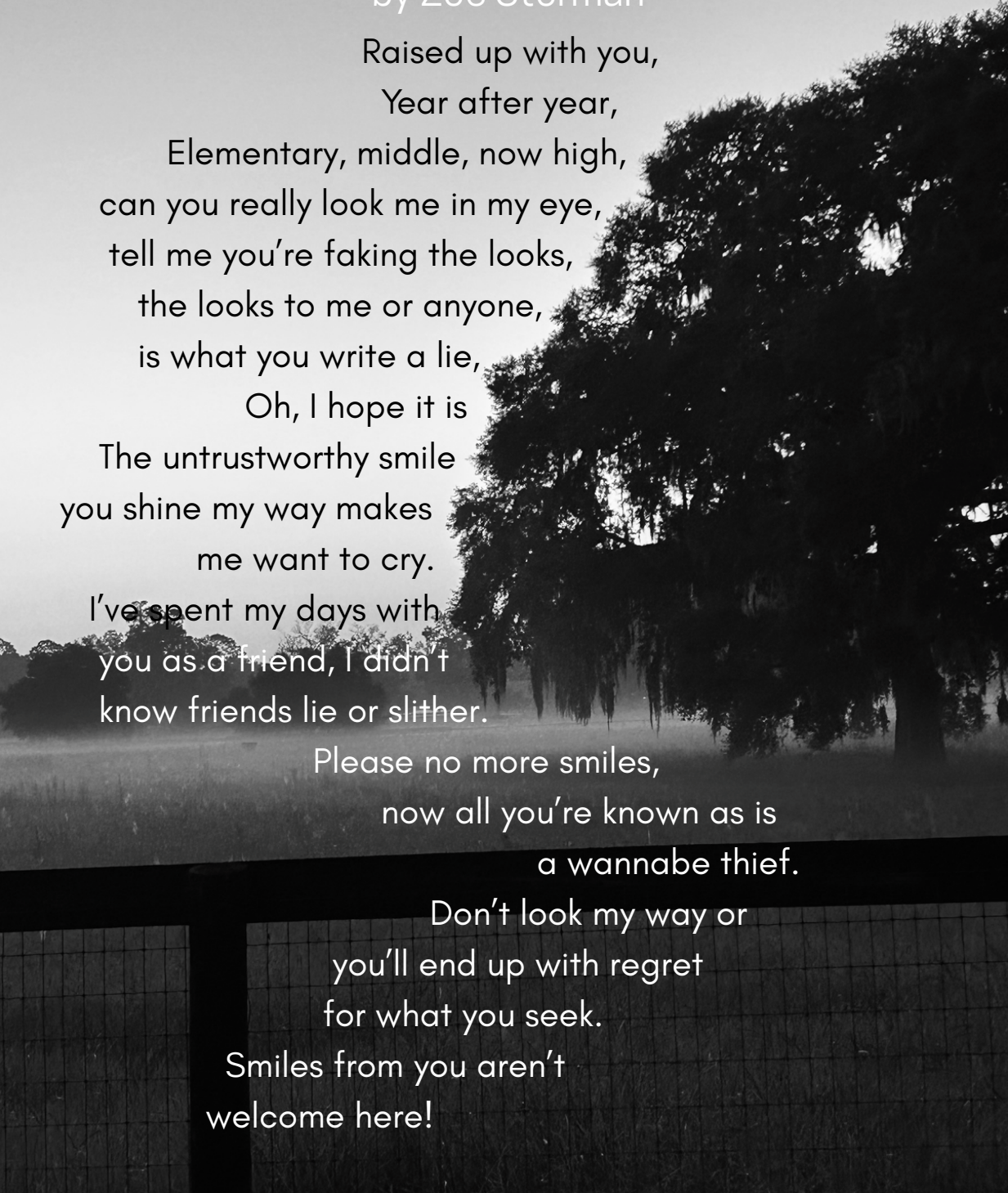
by Spencer Lozada





Snake

by Zoe Storman



Raised up with you,
Year after year,
Elementary, middle, now high,
can you really look me in my eye,
tell me you're faking the looks,
the looks to me or anyone,
is what you write a lie,
Oh, I hope it is
The untrustworthy smile
you shine my way makes
me want to cry.
I've spent my days with
you as a friend, I didn't
know friends lie or slither.
Please no more smiles,
now all you're known as is
a wannabe thief.
Don't look my way or
you'll end up with regret
for what you seek.
Smiles from you aren't
welcome here!

Solera Farms Williston Florida

by Lily Tatro

James' Christmas Plan

by Apollos Schnieder

James is a boy who loves Christmas. He loves the snow, the festivities, the food, all of it. He loves it so much that he always wants to decorate his house early. He wants to put up the tree, to put hang lights all around.

James had decided that as soon as Halloween ended and November began, he would begin his quest of Christmas decorating. However, James' family does not think the same way. They think that Christmas decorating should wait and that celebrating Christmas should be at least until after thanksgiving. They resisted James' attempts at decorating.



Frozen in Place

by Skylar Fischer

Every time James tried to get the tree and decorations from the garage, his family stopped him. So, he waited for an opportunity. James remembered that his family had plans later that week, and fortunately for him, James did not have to join these plans. Leaving himself home all alone, with no one to stop any festive activities. He waited, then the day arose. "This was the chance," he thought. As he heard the car drive away, he set his plan into motion. He ran into the garage, collecting all the decorations, and called his friends for some decorating backup. After they arrived, it began, the speed at which they decorated put Santa's Christmas delivery schedule to shame.

By the time James' family returned, it was too late. Their house was covered head to toe, inside out, in decorations. There was but barely any space left uncovered by the Christmas spirit. James smiles with such cheer as he shouted, "Ho, ho, ho, merry Christmas!!"

Bittersweet Slopes
by Sally Smith

A Night in Vietnam
by Samuel Pennington
Flying bullets read the night,
Sleeping birds in instant flight,
See the darkness glowing bright,
Sleeping soldiers wake in fright.

Betrayal

by Saoirse Wood

Your smile once felt like sunrise on my skin,
Now every echo hums of what has been.
I searched your eyes for answers, found disguise
A stranger stared back, wrapped in old goodbyes.
Truth fell slow,
Each memory, sharp with pain.
I tried to gather what remained of "we,"
But trust, once cracked, won't bend back easily.

Patience is a Virtue

by Bonnie Bunn

Patience is a virtue
many good men die for-
but they pressed it onto
women first
and crowned it our chore.

Anne waited for a crown
and found a blade instead.
Catherine prayed for mercy
and was given a younger bed.
Jane stayed silent, sweet, devout-
until obedience became her shroud.

They call it virtue-
the pause before the fall,
the hush between a woman's truth
and what the world recalls.

They say patience builds kingdoms,
but kingdoms build our graves.
We keep the world in rhythm
while our names were washed away.

Still, they sing praise
for the ones who stayed-
the mothers, the wives, the saints-
because patience is a virtue
many good men die for.

In Tehran, they burn their hair,
march the streets that scream
while the world turns itself into a blur.
In places forgotten, girls kneel
for books they cannot touch,
for hands they cannot hold,
for voices that are not their own.

They still make us wait.
For love. For law. For change.
As if the hourglass were mercy,
as if the dust could rearrange.

Patience is a virtue
many good men die for-
but we have lived it
until it broke our backs,
until waiting meant no more.

They keep taking everything-
our bodies, our minds, our rights.
They throw acid in her face
and walk away without a trace.

So patience is a virtue,
then sin must be a song-
and we will sing it loudly
for the women come and gone,
for the women who waited far too long,
and for the daughter
who cannot wait at all.

In the Dread of Winter

by Moriah Vann

We didn't see it coming—
When the air turned gray.
When all the smiles of everyone,
Turned heavy and disarrayed.

We didn't feel the pressure
Slowly crushing us,
But we knew it every time
We looked down at our grades.

We didnt think that winter
Could get to us.
Kill the spirit we have in us.
Turn the friendships made amongst us.

But since when
Do we ever win?

In the dread of winter
We thought we were more.
That cold weather
Didn't make cold hearts.
That the comfort of blankets and jackets
Wouldn't tear us from the comfort
That is each other.

In the dread of winter
Is when things die.

When we all must force ourselves to simply open our eyes.
To eat.
To talk.
To smile.
To laugh.

Cause the dread of winter,
Makes us all feel dead.



All Life is
Precious

by E. H. Milby

Bruh

by Kelsey Anne
Freasemore

2025

Why are you
like this,
honey!!!!

Squeezing all
of us

Absurdity to
the max!!!!!!

Hey! Stranger
Things comes
back soon

Francis Jarek
Submissions Editor



Sally Smith
Assistant Editor-in-Chief



Advisor

Staff

Noah Siegendorf
Creative Editor



Elissa Kane

Page

E. H. Milby
Editor-in-Chief



Editor's Note

And just like that, the year's over. Summer and winter and springtime and harvest blaze by, and all we can do is wave as they pass. While it's so very easy to remember what happened in last week's TV episode or the content you've drilled into your brain for the exam, the subtle moments of life fade in a blink.

Humanity is naturally busy. Noting just how delicately the small yellow butterfly lands on the glistening red fire hydrant isn't something we do naturally. To take a snapshot of a moment in time is an effort, and that's what our team at In the Write Mind wished to accomplish in this edition.

With what limited time we had, we assembled this volume with care, conviction, and maybe a little bit of chaos. Despite everything that happened during these past two semesters, our team stayed strong, and I would like to immortalize it, if you don't mind.

My first shout-out is to our Creative Editor, Noah, who I'd like to call my Assistant-Assistant Editor-in-Chief. He showcased impressive initiative during our toughest moments, stepping in to lead when I couldn't attend a meeting and always finding a creative solution to our dilemmas. He is a fantastic brainstorming pal, and it was an absolute pleasure to work beside him!

Secondly, I'm putting the spotlight on our Submissions Editor, Frank, for always being there to help. Whether it was an event poster that needed designing, sending an email to a student for clarification, or coming up with just the idea we needed, he was there. The hustle and bustle of the usual CF semester never slowed him down, and he kept us on task and on the path to the finish line!

For my lovely Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Sally, whose brilliant ideas and PR-savviness kept us from floundering at times, I give my deepest of thanks. When we needed last-minute content and touch-ups, she came at the drop of a hat. She is such a wonderful supporter and willing helper, and I'm truly blessed to have had her on this team with me!

And last but surely not least is our practically perfect Professor Elissa Kane. I said this last year and I'll say it again – she's the best club advisor EVER. When trouble arose with our club emails, social media, and publishing, she was the first to respond and the first to show us what to do. She's everything we could've asked for and more. This team couldn't have asked for a better mentor, nor I a better friend. We love you, Professor!

But what about YOU? Yes, you! All of you students submitted gorgeous artwork, stirring fiction, and lilting poetry – you all made this year's issue a love letter to the passage of time. To 2025 and the 2026 ahead of us. You all caught winter in your hands and captured summer in a frame; bottled the autumn wind and enshrined the buds of spring. Thank you for helping us all to take a moment and stop. Stop here and now and look at the world experiencing metamorphosis without the business and bustle of college and careers. Creation is timeless. It has existed long before us and will continue to long after us. Thank you all for giving it the glory it deserves.

God bless,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "E. H. Milby". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, stylized "E" and "M".



In The Write Mind is the literary and arts magazine at the College Of Central Florida, where students' inspiration is published every Spring. Writing submissions of poetry, fiction, non-fiction, photography, or other artwork can be submitted.

IMPORTANT: You must be a CF student to submit to the magazine and with original content.

Use the following link to submit to the next issue of *In The Write Mind*



College of Central Florida does not discriminate against any person on the basis of race, color, ethnicity, religion, gender, pregnancy, age, marital status, national origin, genetic information, sexual orientation, gender identity, veteran status or disability status in its programs, activities and employment. For inquiries regarding nondiscrimination policies contact Dr. Mary Ann Begley, Director of Diversity and Inclusion – Title IX Coordinator, Ocala Campus, Building 3, Room 117H, 3001 S.W. College Road, 352-291-4410, or Equity@cf.edu.



COLLEGE of
CENTRAL
FLORIDA