

# Seattle Literature Magazine

Written by Everett High School's Authors Anonymous



Sam Wilson



*My name is Sam. I'm the president of this rowdy bunch of kids. This is my first year of being president of this club and I'm nervously awaiting elections hoping it won't be my last. I like dogs, this top picture was taken after I spent eight bucks on handmade dog treats, I like baking, and most of all I love my friends. Every single one of the idiots in these photos means the world to me.*

*Love Sam*



## *The heartbeat of Seattle*

*The man playing classical piano.*

*The boy plucking strings to a tawny country song.*

*The girl hitting cords to a grunge song.*

*The guy strumming along a long to a pop song*

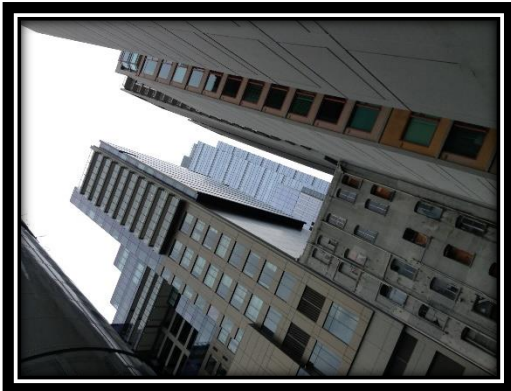
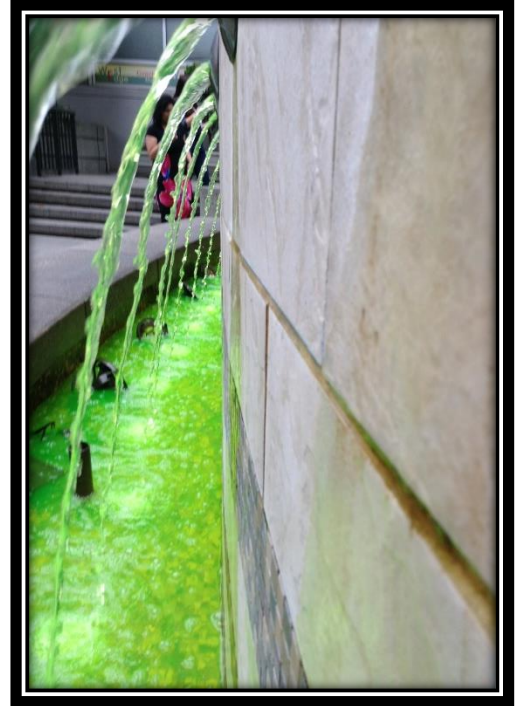
*The squawking seagulls*

*The giggling kids*

*The honking horns*

*The rising voices in every language*

*All mix together forming the unique heartbeat of Seattle*



## *The Emerald*

*A stone equally as precious as any other yet so under rated*

*Just like the city that bears its name*

*Tennessee has the best music*

*California has the best food trucks*

*Oregon has the best farmer's markets*

*Maine has the best seafood*

*Let the people believe that*

*Let them ignore our city*

*Let it be a best kept secret*

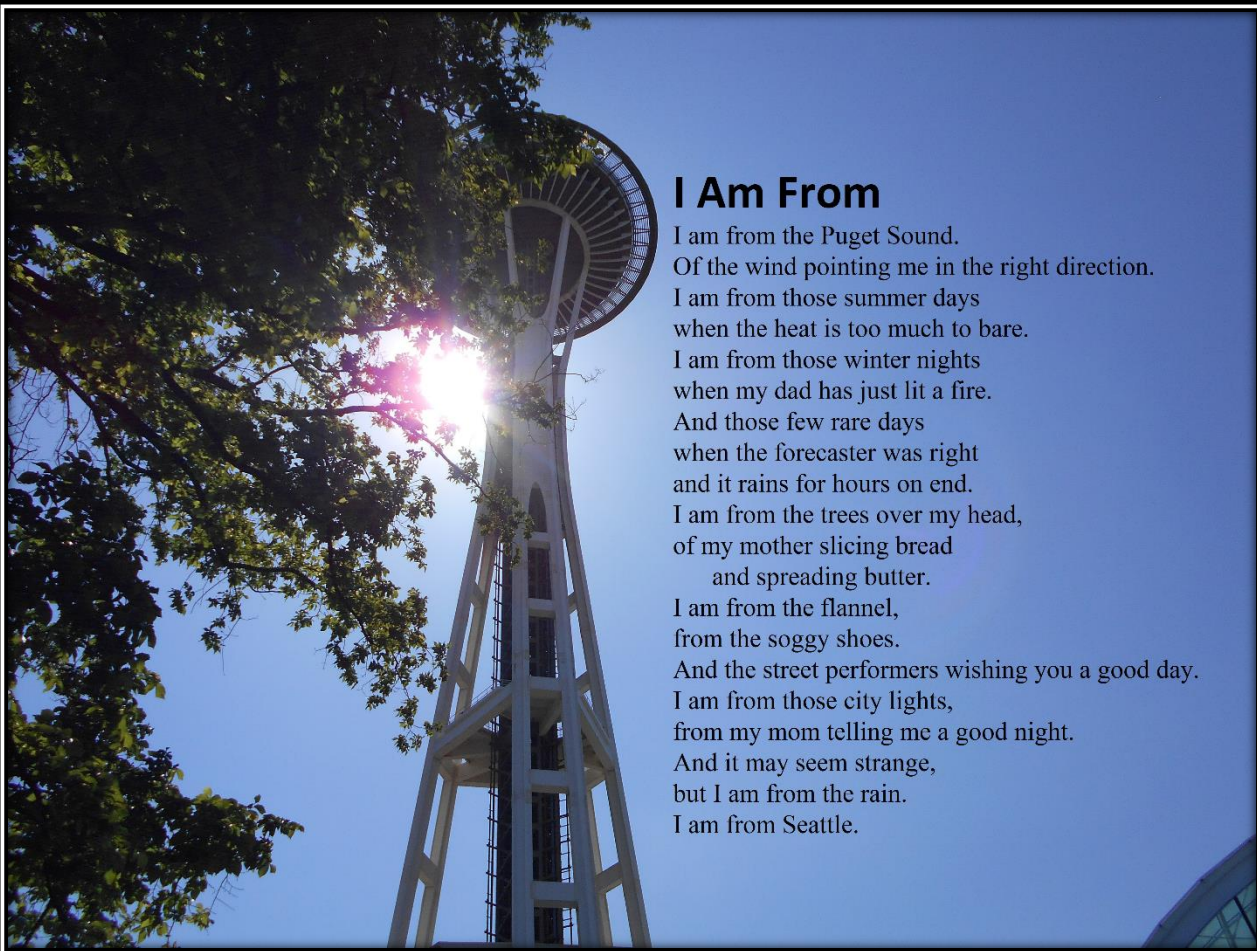
*Let it remain the stunning underestimated gem it is.*

# Victoria Lew



Lover of Doctor Who, hanging out with friends, and food. I am an avid member in Authors Anonymous. This is saying something because we are the most under joined club at Everett High. If you are in the library afterschool on a Thursday, you will encounter a chatty bunch of teens discussing and sharing our writing pieces. I encourage everyone to join and get to writing. Everyone can do it, so why not you?



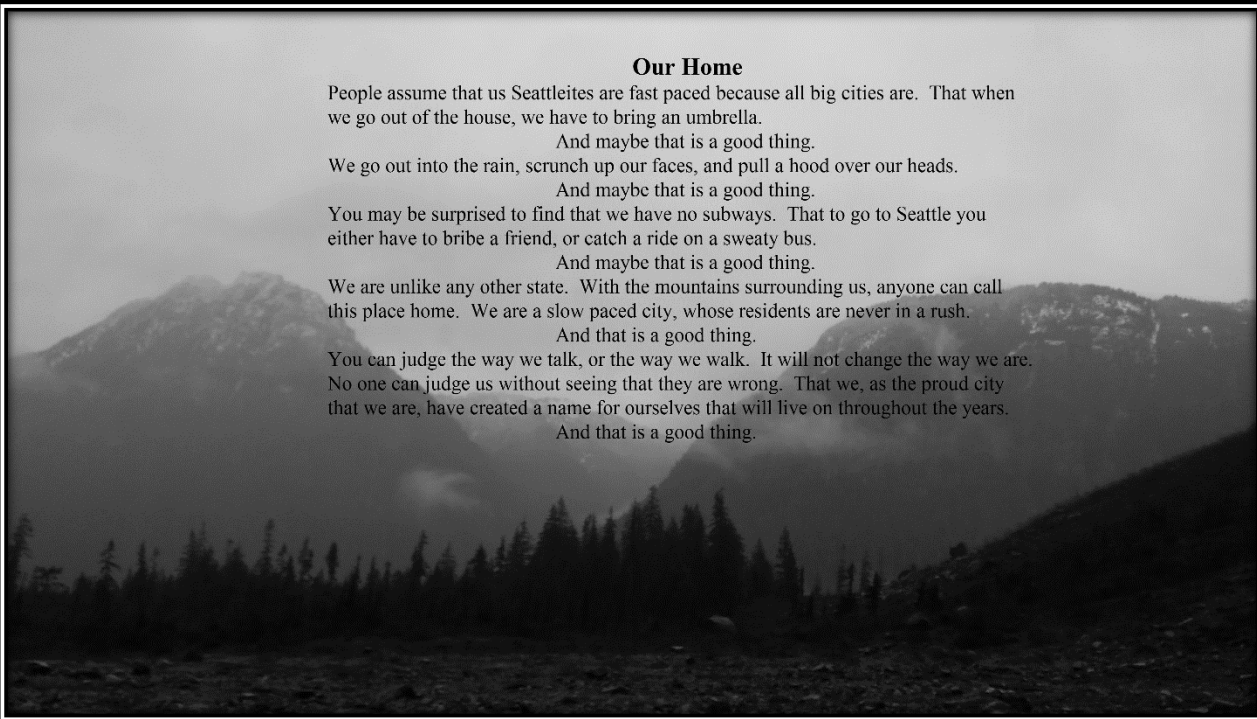


## I Am From

I am from the Puget Sound.  
Of the wind pointing me in the right direction.  
I am from those summer days  
when the heat is too much to bare.  
I am from those winter nights  
when my dad has just lit a fire.  
And those few rare days  
when the forecaster was right  
and it rains for hours on end.  
I am from the trees over my head,  
of my mother slicing bread  
and spreading butter.  
I am from the flannel,  
from the soggy shoes.  
And the street performers wishing you a good day.  
I am from those city lights,  
from my mom telling me a good night.  
And it may seem strange,  
but I am from the rain.  
I am from Seattle.

## Our Home

People assume that us Seattleites are fast paced because all big cities are. That when we go out of the house, we have to bring an umbrella.  
And maybe that is a good thing.  
We go out into the rain, scrunch up our faces, and pull a hood over our heads.  
And maybe that is a good thing.  
You may be surprised to find that we have no subways. That to go to Seattle you either have to bribe a friend, or catch a ride on a sweaty bus.  
And maybe that is a good thing.  
We are unlike any other state. With the mountains surrounding us, anyone can call this place home. We are a slow paced city, whose residents are never in a rush.  
And that is a good thing.  
You can judge the way we talk, or the way we walk. It will not change the way we are. No one can judge us without seeing that they are wrong. That we, as the proud city that we are, have created a name for ourselves that will live on throughout the years.  
And that is a good thing.



# Victoria Lew

## Seattle Seahawks

They were a battered bunch  
with hearts of steel.  
And when those blue and green banners wave  
they run out onto the field.  
Proud soldiers who don't have anything left to loose  
and the screaming fans who haven't got a clue.  
Of the effort and the strife  
it takes to lose.  
And when we believe  
in what could be.  
We Will Win This Game.



## The Seattle Wheel

We soar above the ants,  
crawling on the ground.  
It's a spiral  
going thrice around.  
Our chatty group  
going around in a loop.  
It's peaceful  
up here in the Seattle wheel.





## The Playground

We are children again  
surrounded by the young ones.  
Free of obligations and worry.  
We prance like we won't be sore  
tomorrow.

The small can do that,  
free of light.  
They do not know the difference  
between  
the elderly  
or the mad man.

But will accept everyone.  
When do we lose that quality?  
Is it when we go to high school?  
Or move out?  
Whenever it is,  
you can never go back.  
Unless of course,  
you are with children.

## Chris Lovgreen



Hi, I'm new to this club. They tell me, "You have to write a bio," and I just demur and vacillate over what to write. I've been in the club for only about two weeks—my initial intrigue was sparked by a trip to Seattle. I was in the library, freaking out over a speech, and I heard the authors discussing the expedition. So here I am, a senior in the club; I even put in some of my writing (which was honestly lackluster) in this *Zine*. My peers say, "Oh, it's great," but they're just being nice—or they have low standards. You be the judge. But really it's terrible. I'm sorry. I should stop writing now. But I can't. Here's another sentence. And another.

"Um, Chris needs to stop lying and saying his work is bad because it's pretty freaking great." – Sam, lying



**Written by guest writer Chris Lovgreen**

Do you ever watch people? It's like a film—a living, breathing film within your grasp. And in Seattle, the picture is always replete: We see the introverted and the cellphones they cling to. We giggle at the occasional “hipster,” clad in a variegated armor dedicated to the peculiar. And in the distance, a child disrupts our otherwise peaceful dock. Yes, it's a tranquil place—everyone here (aside from the now screaming toddler) respects the heavenly silence. The wood on which we stand is partially ensconced in the endless, blue, and vibrant Puget Sound. Each small wave is followed by another small wave, and eventually you forget they're waves; you just begin to think that's how all water looks. Here's a paradox about this bay: the Sound—at least from our perspective—is a barren landscape, limited to



these hypnotic waves. No life apart from the occasional fisherman or the eerily soundless cruise ship. Really, why are those colossal boats so quiet? And aside from these interruptions to Mother Nature's intended tranquility, the bay is like a blue desert: vast and almost still. The bay's waves are a counterpart to the desert's wind—both slight and moderate. But back to the paradox: Still, underneath this veneer is a far different reality—fish and microorganisms traverse their aquified (I made this word up) environment. Life clings to the water the same way we cling to air—a life source, sustenance. But we can't see any of this. No, all we see are the endless waves—each crashing after the next like

each year of our lives. A constant repetition. Are things ever as they always appear? My eyes wander and wander the same way tornadoes travel the dust-ridden plains of mid-west America—quickly, silently. And then my brain ignores my sight—though I could pick out a bevy of majestic Seattle landmarks. No, no. It's time for my nose to explore. The elegant scent of bay water taps my nose, an invitation to imagine titanic oceans and bubbling rivers. But my nose does not usurp the entirety of attention: the gentle stroke of the sun heats my skin. Ah, a natural warmth—something Washingtonians crave but never receive. A golden treasure. Then I wonder, how can we last nine months without our star? But for now it is refreshing. My pores reach out, and I feel whole. I adore this: the time to write and think and reflect and smell and look and wander. Finally, my eyes takeover, and I'm reminded of the talented people whom I accompanied today. Although I'm in a city with over a million strangers, I don't feel alone.



Austin Gergich



Hello! My name is Austin! This is a lovely club that I look forward to every week. Being the new PR, I'm excited to spread the word about Creative Writing. Writing bios ain't my thing so I'll just end it here.



## Untitled

As I sit here upon the dock,  
I notice everything pass on by:  
There's the couple who have secret problems,  
There are kids who slowly wade across the weathered wood.  
And then there's me: a teenager slowly observing his surroundings.  
The scent of the cool ocean and the simple squawks from seagulls  
Roll over my mind.  
I see the Space Needle looming over the horizon.  
It's a symbol for many things: Seattle, the Seahawks, coffee, me.  
But there isn't a whole lot to say  
As I sit here upon the dock.

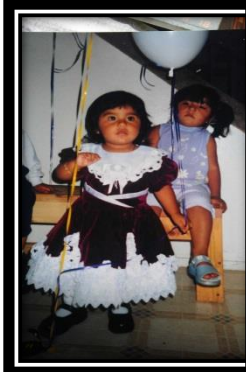


## Untitled

We all think that Seattle is cool,  
But trust me, I knew about it before it was cool.  
Seattle isn't hipster because Seattle doesn't want to fit into the mainstream.  
Home of the grunge,  
Home of the trash,  
Home of the true music.  
Seattle is real, just like the gum wall,  
It holds stories.  
Seattle is cool, just not cool enough to follow the crown.

# Aymee Carrillo

(My name is always spelled wrong where ever I go and it used to upset me, but I got over it 😊)

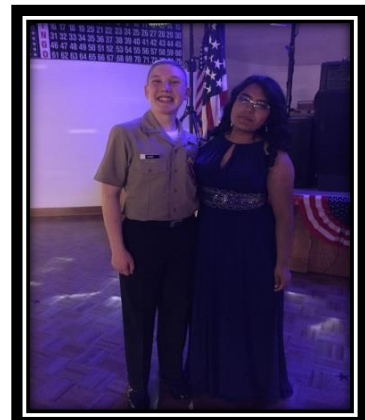


I love to read and write, which is why I'm in this club. It's a big hobby of mine and many people know me for reading A LOT of books.

Another hobby is photography

I'm very involved in school and always try my best in all my classes.

My goal is to go to college, do something I love, and make my parents proud.



## Seattle

The moment we stepped outside the bus we were greeted with a gust of summer wind.  
The sun's warmth embraces us in a welcoming hug.  
We were in Seattle.  
It was shocking to see the sun in the sky, instead of hidden behind the gray clouds.  
Everyone was in shorts, instead of their rain boots and winter clothes.  
There was no rain to soak us, just the sun's rays.  
As we stood there, taking it all in, we grew darker, some of us red.  
We walked around the center, where the crown jewel stood tall.  
Letting us know we were in Seattle.  
We jumped and we skipped, showing we were still little kids.  
Some of us climbed high enough to slide back down,  
While others climbed to climbed back down.  
We solved a riddle here and there, and got on the monorail.  
From the ride we saw the city walk by.  
Once we got to our destination we walked until we were in front of the water, at the market.  
Its sign shined bright, even though the lights were out.

## Untitled

When people talk about Seattle all we hear is their complaint about the rain and its coldness, how it's the capital of coffee.  
Everyone talks about the bad things, but no one mentions the great parts.  
When people hear Seattle, they need to know how beautiful it is.  
They need to know that the sun does shine bright, it does exist.  
People are unique, not just hipsters.  
Everyone is unique, with their own style.  
We see styles from different eras just by walking down the street of the public market.  
There are so many musically talented people, in such a beautiful city.  
There are amazing piano players that play their hearts out, giving us a piece of happiness and joy.  
There are musicians that will play three instruments at the same time, while hula hooping, bringing us a smile to our face.  
The friendly small business owners talk away with their customers, as if they were old friends.  
They smile and wave, beckoning us in.  
There are so many skilled artists and craftsmen.  
Just on one street alone, you will find a variety of handmade craft, so well made you won't believe someone did it with their own hands.  
They all try to make a living by doing something they love.  
Not just art on paper and pen is seen, but art of food.  
This beautiful city is diverse, with different variety of food from all over the world.  
The streets are full of beautiful and delicious aromas.  
Seattle is just a beautiful city.  
Just by walking in it fills me with happiness.  
Sure, it has its flaws, like all the homeless people, or it's bad weather, but what city and people doesn't have any.  
Next time someone talks of Seattle, instead of thinking of its rain, think of all its beauty and its amazing people.  
Seattle is beautiful, it's our home.

# **Xandra Barlow-Terranova**

Who are you? Who am I? Well, I'm not what you might expect at first. You will probably see me shy first before you see me crazy. As you get to know me overtime hopefully you will realize I care; a flaw but at the same time an advantage😊.

## The Bench in My Life

Sitting on a bench in a new place staring at the sky  
Watching and waiting for something to come by  
Wondering through a sea of continuous thought  
I swat...  
For someone somewhere to see what I see  
To understand that one is not just he

Sitting on a bench in a place unfamiliar  
I wanted to know what could be made of a sinner  
Wondering what could be made of someone like me  
The one you may see  
Yet never thing to look at  
Those other people like me

Sitting on a bench looking up at the clear day  
Thinking of what characters might come my way  
Who knows...  
They might actually say "hey"  
At someone just sitting by the bay

Sadly now I must leave that bench right here  
But thank you dear  
I don't know if you will still be there  
Just make sure you remind the next one that comes along  
They shouldn't pick up a beer

I've never been here...



# Neenah Enera-Vaivaimuli

Neenah is a (now former) senior at Everett High School who regrets not joining and participating in Authors Anonymous sooner. She has made many wonderful friends, some older and some younger. Those who have left, she misses. Those she will leave will be missed. Though she is leaving, Neenah will continue to study Chinese and art and will go on to publish her own stories and comics. She has the authors to thank for that.





## Seattle Days

Little girls in yellow run off without a care  
I sit and watch the boats go by  
The scent of Seattle rides the air  
Sea tickles the docks and watches the sky  
In a café, we sit and sip  
Sweet brewed coffee and green tea  
I smile as the waves all jump and skip  
We love our sea that is not the sea

## Children Big or Small

They run and skip and scatter  
Children climb the Seattle heart strings  
Spiders climb the web  
Voices chime and scream and sing  
They laugh as they ascend  
Steps all big and small  
Little children laugh. They play  
They bounce back once they fall  
So many tiny runners  
Some round or thin as twig  
The authors should stay off  
They are simply way too big



## My Sunken Treasure

I watch the mirror wave's crash against the wood under my feet. There's a ferry to my right and the Ferris wheel on my left. The cheerful sun caresses my head. The smell of Puget wafts by as a seagull sings to the Boeing planes. Behind her twirling, wind filled hair is the Space Needle, playing peek-a-boo through her ebony locks. Our eyes meet. Hers match the actress who shimmers behind me. Taking her cheeks into my hands, plump and warm with joy, I lean toward her. She smells of fresh coffee grinds and has a laugh so melodious, I cannot find the voice of traffic. Before I can kiss her, the honk of a car wakes me.

It seems I fell asleep on the dock yet again. I look at the green waves that mockingly kiss the wood beneath my feet. I stretch myself over the railing that separates me from the waving waters below. Through my own face staring right back, I can almost see her eyes. In my hand, I wish upon her golden band.

Not every boat stays on the water. She is an amazing actress. She seems calm and gentle, but she will take you and swallow you whole.



## Angela Braun

Angela is a freshman soon to be sophomore. She joined this club about halfway through the year and wishes she would have joined sooner. She is excited to be involved for an entire year next year. She is shy when you first meet her, but a blast to hang out with once you get to know her!



# Angela Braun

## > VIRIDIAN REACH

trees, like buildings,  
reach up to kiss  
Seattle's lonely,  
light blue sky,  
just as children  
might reach  
for their parents,  
after long hours at the park;  
blue birds, for  
stray pieces of food,  
dropped by stray people;  
a teen, for her phone;  
and I, for you.

# Cheyenne Court

*"When you're in a hospital trying to get better, the most important part of you that needs to stay alive is you." – Charlie (Red Band Society)*



*"We all have secrets: the ones we keep, and the ones that are kept from us." – Peter Parker (The Amazing Spiderman)*

*"Never forget what you are. The rest of the world will not. Wear it like armor and it can never be used against you." – Tryion Lannister (Game of Thrones)*

*"Love has no gender. Take whoever loves you." – Anonymous*

*"The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return." – Toulouse (Moulin! Rouge)*



*"But no one entertains the thought that maybe God does not believe in you." – Bo Burnham*

## Where My Soul Will Always Reside

Seattle  
Where my heart will always belong  
Where I feel safe  
Free  
Where I don't feel judged  
For being gay  
Or wearing plaid everyday  
Seattle is the home of my people  
Where music is worshipped  
And gay rights are supported  
Seattle is everything I look for in a home  
There's nothing more I could ask for  
With the skyscraper's littering the horizon  
And the pedestrian's playing music on every  
corner  
Seattle is my home  
No matter where I live



## Hallelujah

Walking down the crowded sidewalk of the Pike Place Market  
I hear a tune I haven't heard in years  
I stop and stare as a man sings words that nearly break my heart  
"The minor fall, the major lift  
The baffled king composing Hallelujah  
Hallelujah"

Tears are brought to my eyes  
As I remember the day I was sitting in a car  
About to make a mistake that would cost me  
everything  
When this song came on  
And saved my life  
I dig in my pockets  
And throw two dollars in his guitar case  
One for him  
And one for me  
I walk away  
Tears streaming down my face  
As I thank the man for reminding me  
What could have been lost  
And what was saved



Writers:

Sam Wilson  
Victoria Lew  
Chris Lovgreen  
Austin Gergich  
Aymee Carrillo  
Xandra Barlow-Terranova  
Neenah Enera-Vaivaimuli  
Angela Braun

Supervisor:

Deborah Payne

All photos were taken by members of Authors  
Anonymous.

Special thank you to Everett High School's PTA and  
Trevor Payne.