

The Raging Planet
By Jennifer Pertchik
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We have visited the moon in all her glory,
and we've watched her smile wistfully from stations.
We've longed to reach her beautiful shimmering surface
and feel the cool rocks below our feet.
We have yearned to know of her history and all she has gazed upon.

We have now accomplished deeds like those of gods
and ascended to the lands above
to seek the truth of what the wisps of milky way have crafted ever so delicately
As we ascend, I wonder if we will ever visit the raging storms of Jupiter.

I have a dream of charging to him,
to challenge the wrath of his raging storms head on.
I want to sail across the great gusts of wind he ferociously tosses my way.
I would like to tame the fury and rage we can only describe as barbaric.
I would like to dull the burning heat of his malice into a comforting warmth.

For I know deep down he is filled with grief and loneliness
as he solemnly watches our spacecraft land on the silvery ball we call the moon.
He does not weep yet he screams in utter rage, orbiting our out-of-touch world.
He knows he is so close yet so far.
I would comfort the twisted sorrow he feels
and create a beautiful home for us all on his lonely planet.
Now as he glares cruelly at our prideful planet
we can imagine that we will one day calm the fierce stare of his great red eye.

Excerpt From Summoner's Bane (edited)

By Miles Johnson

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Wakuta woke up in a bright white space. The last thing he remembered was exploding. "Am I dead?" he thought. Given the fact that he had gotten here, wherever "here" is, by exploding, he thought the chances were pretty high. "Fear not, Wakuta." A voice that seemed to resonate from the entire world of light said. "You are not dead. In fact, when you return to the mortal realm, you will be stronger than ever!" The voice said. "The mortal realm? You're telling me that there are other dimensions?! That's crazy!" Wakuta said. "I know it is hard to believe, but it is true." The Voice said. "This is insane!" Wakuta said. "It's probably true though. I know you're probably going to have all kinds of Land of the Gods stuff to do, but I just want to go back to my poorly constructed house and help save the world from an evil madman." "That," the Voice said, "is what a true hero would say. Now go! Save the world from an evil madman!" And suddenly, Wakuta exploded again. That's when he woke up on the floor of the house. Elric was the first one to respond. "Wakuta! What happened to you?! We thought you were dead!" To answer their questions, Wakuta said: "I think I traveled to an alternate dimension." Like it was nothing. Finally, they managed to get something else out of him. "We need to go to the Temple to save the Old Man." "We already know that." Said Jeffery. "Then let's go." "Let's go?" Jeffery said. "You mean right now?" "Without any food or supplies?" "Yes." said Wakuta. "I'm afraid that the time of action approaches faster than we need." "Well, what are we waiting for?" Wakuta said. "Let's go." "There he is again with the let's go." Jeffrey muttered. Then they walked out the door into an army. "I don't want to say I told you so, but..." "Shut up!" The leader yelled. "Save it for Katorth." "Katorth? Oh no." Wakuta said. Jeffrey, who had seemed harmless except for kicking the door open, pulled out a bow and head shot the leader. At first, nothing happened. Then, with a deafening roar, the army crashed forward onto the three friends. And though they had not been friends long, they had quickly bonded, as is so in times of suffering and lost hope, people who previously didn't know each other band together to try to overthrow evil. They may succeed, they may fail, but no matter what happens, they will give others hope. Hope that freedom is possible, no matter the threat, they will face the problem. If they fail the cycle will start over until the problem is overcome. This is why, no matter how bleak the situation, hope must never die. This is how Wakuta and Elric and Jeffrey felt as the army, undoubtedly sent by Katorth, crashed over them. But, Wakuta had a guardian. Then, Wakuta exploded for the third time that day.

One Small Step

By Ione Donoso

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That afternoon mid-July

Two pilgrims watched from a different space

The moon ballooning in the sky

They rose to meet face to face

Their spidery spaceship eagle dropped down gently on the lunar sand.

And when the module's engines have stopped rapt silence fell across the land

The first man went down the ladder Neil Armstrong

He said the words on the moon

Said words that we will remember now

"One small step"

And a million miles away

One small blue planet watched

And they will never forget that day