



# **TORNADO ALLEY**

**The Literary Magazine of Dover High School  
and Dover Public Library**

**VOL. 5: SPRING 2019**



# Tornado Alley

The Literary Magazine of  
Dover High School  
and Dover Public Library  
Vol. 5: Spring 2019

*Senior Editors:*

Elizabeth Peterson

Mary Vogel

Grace Williams

*Advisor:*

Liz Strauss

*Cover Art:*

**“Lion of Judah”**

by Jessica Nichole Montanez

*The personal views expressed in this magazine do not necessarily represent the views of  
Dover High School or Dover Public Library.*

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## **Advisor's Note**

By Liz Strauss

*Teen/Outreach Services Manager, Dover Public Library*

As the Teen/Outreach Services Manager at the Dover Public Library, I have the privilege of making things with local teens. From unique dishes at our annual Chopped competition to masterpieces at various Art Studio events, from 3D printing creations with Study Plus at Dover Middle School to various projects with the Makers Club at Dover High School, we make a lot of things. **The creativity of our community's teenagers never fails to surprise and amaze me.** This year's submissions to *Tornado Alley* were no exception.

This volume features a great variety of work from area teens. **There's a 3D pen creation, fan art, and a digital art piece.** We also have a couple of love poems, pieces about self esteem and mental health, and a fantasy narrative poem. In fiction, we have a guest appearance by Rachael Ray as well as a much more serious story tackling eating disorders. Finally, we have a creative **nonfiction piece that captures one of our community's great Christmas traditions.**

Of all the things the teens have created with the Dover Public Library, *Tornado Alley* is the one I am most proud of and grateful for. I am proud of the hard work of all of our writers, artists, and editors. I am grateful for the opportunity to share our local teens' talents with the community at large. **Through *Tornado***

*Alley*, you get to see what I see every day I come to work.  
Teenagers, making things.

Our young people are talented, smart, and caring. They work hard and are not afraid to share their thoughts and feelings with others, even strangers.

I hope you enjoy this edition of *Tornado Alley* and encourage the young people in your life to make something.

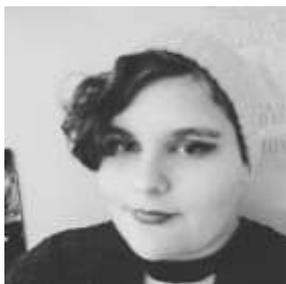
## Senior Editors' Notes



Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 10*

It is always a joy to see what other people have written. It is both enjoyable and inspiring. Enjoyable, because it is fun to see what others have imagined, the worlds they have created, the inner thoughts of their hearts and minds, etc. Inspiring because it dares us to unlock our own talents. It challenges us to be bold when speaking our thoughts for the benefit of others. And so, I happily invite you to dive into this edition of *Tornado Alley*, which I have been so honored to be a part of.



Mary Vogel

*Grade 10*

Ever since I was a child, I have always loved listening to and creating stories. I started writing down the stories that were in my head when I was 11, and from then on it has become one of my passions. Two years ago, I submitted into *Tornado Alley* for the first time, and since then I've submitted every year. **Becoming a senior editor has been amazing, and I've loved being able to see how the magazine is put together and all**

the behind the scene details. This year's magazine is truly extraordinary, and I'm so thankful to have been a part of it.



Grace Williams

*Grade 9*

Past issues of the *Tornado Alley* have always showcased the amazing literary and artistic genius of local teens, and this newest edition will continue that tradition. From works of poetry, to art, to fictional tales, there is a plethora of ideas and creativity expressed in this issue. To have so many different worlds to jump into all at once is hard to achieve, but I believe that this 2019 issue of the *Tornado Alley* has accomplished just that thanks to every single one of the people who worked so hard to make it enjoyable for all and a fantastic read.

## Queen Tiria's Lament

Elizabeth Peterson

*Grade 10*

Where hast thou gone, my love, my life?  
You've gone to ply your wings upon the starry heights,  
Or brave the gloomsome mists and darkling woods  
Of earth, till thou hast found, that thing which carried off our  
Gwendolyn, and made our heart's delight, its captive.

Ah! How well I remember it now,  
Gwendolyn's christening day,  
That day that brought both sorrow and much joy,  
For we pledged her unto God almighty  
And betrothed her to young Evan,  
Son of Kieran, King of Caldëir.

Knowing this, and hating Kieran, his brother,  
Because he had banished him for many years,  
On a black charge of sorcery,  
(And jealous, that he was not to be the kingdom's heir),  
The vile faë Montaign, contrived to bring about the  
Ruin of my child.

He tarried till her sixteenth year,  
Then sent into her inner room,

To haunt her chambers with its breath,  
A firebird, one of his servants.

No one knows the true form of these creatures,  
Or who they once were, only that they now serve him.

The princess, enchanted by this thing of seeming beauty,  
Laughed and reached out to touch its radiant feathers.

**But as soon as er're her hand had stroked its feathered down,**  
A white fire blazed around her, she was caught up  
In a violent burst of light, caught up and  
Vanished, from our sight.

And nothing more have we heard of her, these three  
Long, despairing years. But now you have resolved,  
Eärlwin, my love, to win the princess back  
I would not have it otherwise.

I would not have you be less brave, or less a father.

But Oh! The night is long, and dark, and drear,  
The moon waxeth and waneth, and waxeth again,  
And still, my love, you do not return.



Fairy Tail: Erza & Jellal

*Based on the manga Fairy Tail by Hiro Mashima*

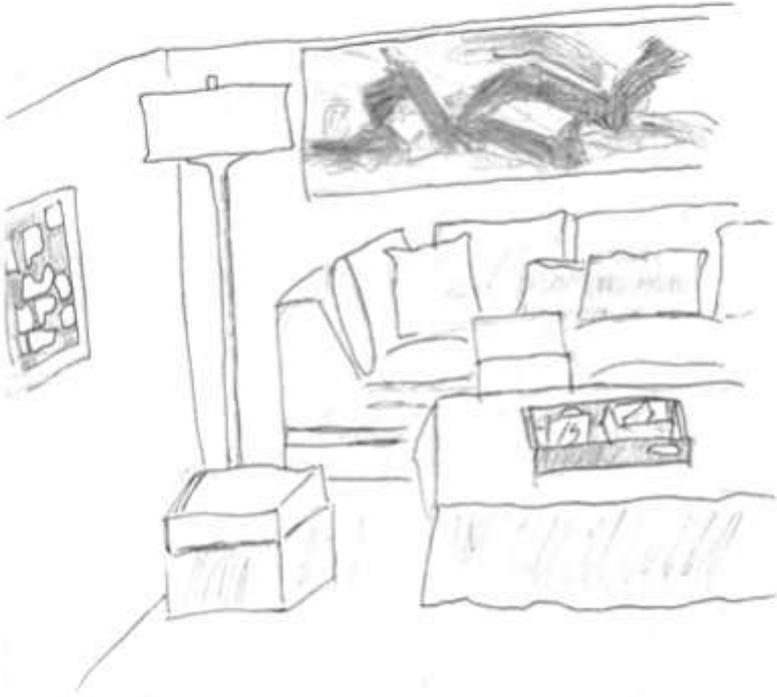
Zulemar Heredia

*Grade 10*

# Mornings

Bruno Frank  
*Grade 12*

There's the alarm; time to get up.  
But maybe there's time for one little snooze.  
I just need to move, then I'll be fine.  
Why was I up so late this time?  
Just one more episode, that's what I said.  
Now I think I'd rather be dead.  
I'll rest my eyes, just for a second.  
What's the worst thing that could happen?  
What's that Mom, It's 7 AM.  
I don't believe it, I've done it again.  
What's 10 more minutes, I'm already late.  
This is the part of myself I hate.



Post Contemporary Room  
Noah Peterson  
*Grade 6*

# Mother Knows Best

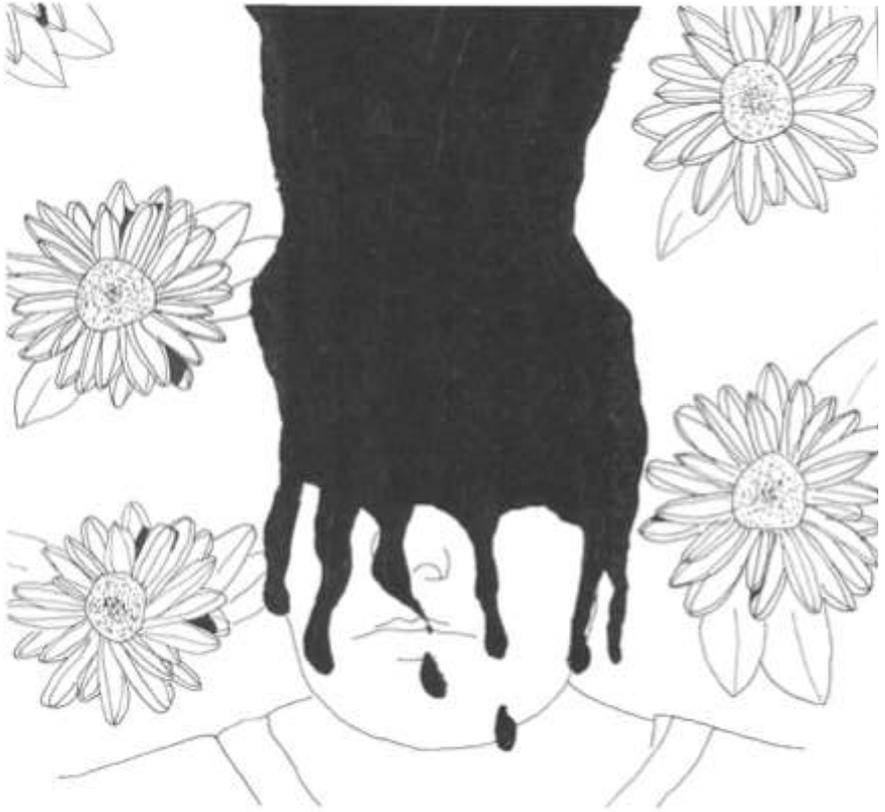
Zoe Kornis  
*Grade 12*

“you spend too much time on your phone,” her mother says  
so she looks up from social media into the mirror to see  
an unhappy girl  
with poor eyebrows and damaged hair  
so she cuts her hair and waxes her eyebrows  
then looks back down at her phone

“you spend too much time on your phone,” her mother says  
so she looks up from social media into the mirror to see  
a broken girl  
with crooked teeth and embarrassing acne  
so she straightens her teeth and treats her acne  
then looks back down at her phone

“you spend too much time on your phone,” her mother says  
so she looks up from social media into the mirror to see  
the shell of a girl  
with a tear streaked face and tired eyes  
and she realizes

she spends too much time on her phone and none on herself



Set Me Free  
Mary Vogel  
*Grade 10*

# The Hills

Elizabeth Peterson  
*Grade 10*

The hills are rolling, rolling, rolling.  
And the will is blowing,  
blowing, blowing.  
And the people here are laughing, talking,  
Thinking, praying.

And all is music, no, all is silence.  
The sweet, still sound of peace on earth.



Princess Sea Horse Carried Away by a Water-Fly

Olivia Lewis

*Grade 6*

# Numb

Drew Palmatier

*Grade 12*

You begin to run.

Your heart is all you feel.

The cold wind burns your lungs.

Faster and faster your feet pound away from it.

Closer and closer it becomes.

Adrenaline pumping.

Nothing.



Jack and the Titan  
Noah Peterson  
*Grade 6*



Go Meet the Spartans  
Noah Peterson  
*Grade 6*

# The Inevitable Surprise

Carolina Kapper

*Grade 12*

Everything is fine

**Until it isn't.**

It starts out as nerves

Or uncertainty or disappointment

Or stress

**But it doesn't matter**

They all end up the same.

**There's no telling when it will start,**

But once it does,

**There's no telling when it will**

Stop.

You feel it brewing from somewhere deep

Inside your thoughts

**There's a pit in your stomach**

The size of a marble, an apple, a softball

**It's growing so fast**

**And you know there's no stopping it now.**

You breathe and you breathe and you breathe,

**But you can't seem to capture any air.**

You cry and you cry and you cry,

**But you can't figure out what is wrong with you**

**Because you're not sad.**

*The Inevitable Surprise*

The pit has grown  
Into a giant, screaming monster inside you  
Tearing you apart at the seams  
And you fight and you fight and you fight  
**Until you can't fight any longer.**  
Until you give in  
And you let the monster take over  
Because at this point  
Anything will make it better.  
Then nothing is fine  
Until it is again



Harley  
Madison Heaton  
*Grade 8*

## My Honey (Pt. 3)

Willow Cox  
*Grade 12*

Waiting like honey  
My eyes drip dripping  
Your iris unyielding  
Unnerving  
Uncurving  
Your cold finally reaching  
My honey  
Oh, honey

And it slows and slows and  
Slows and  
Halts

No more everland, foreverland  
That honey will never land  
Upon your floor  
Or out the door  
But it will never rot, no  
It will stay  
Remaining in the tower  
At the hour  
Of the taming before

The blaming Yes, if i placed my bets  
I'd say that is where my honey  
Stops.



Sloth  
Madison Heaton  
*Grade 8*

# The Light of Joy

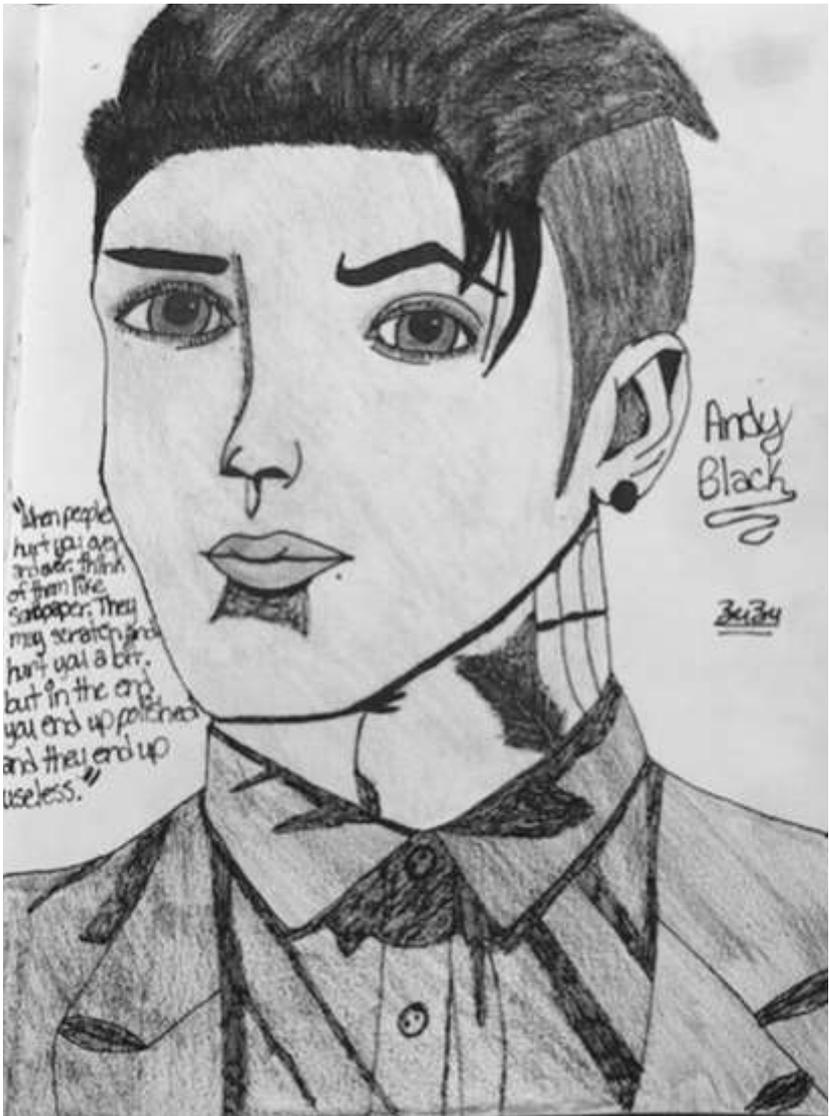
Elizabeth Peterson  
*Grade 10*

It's such a joy to be alive and well!  
I'm done with school and now I get to write.  
My thoughts, they wander here and there pell mell,  
On what I should, or shouldn't bring to light.

Perhaps I'll talk about the joy I have,  
Now that I know I needn't fear the pen.  
It's now an instrument of fun, not wrath,  
As it has been to me now and again.

Instead I use it to express my thoughts,  
To bring to light that wondrous world anew,  
And though I'm only able to write jots,  
I try to bring out all that's good and true.

The secret to be happy all the time,  
Is to give God your whole heart, soul, and mind.



"When people hurt you, they make you think of them like a newspaper. They may scratch and hurt you a bit, but in the end you end up polished and they end up useless."

Andy Black

Zulemar

Andy Black  
Zulemar Heredia  
*Grade 10*

# The Winter

Olivia Lewis  
*Grade 6*

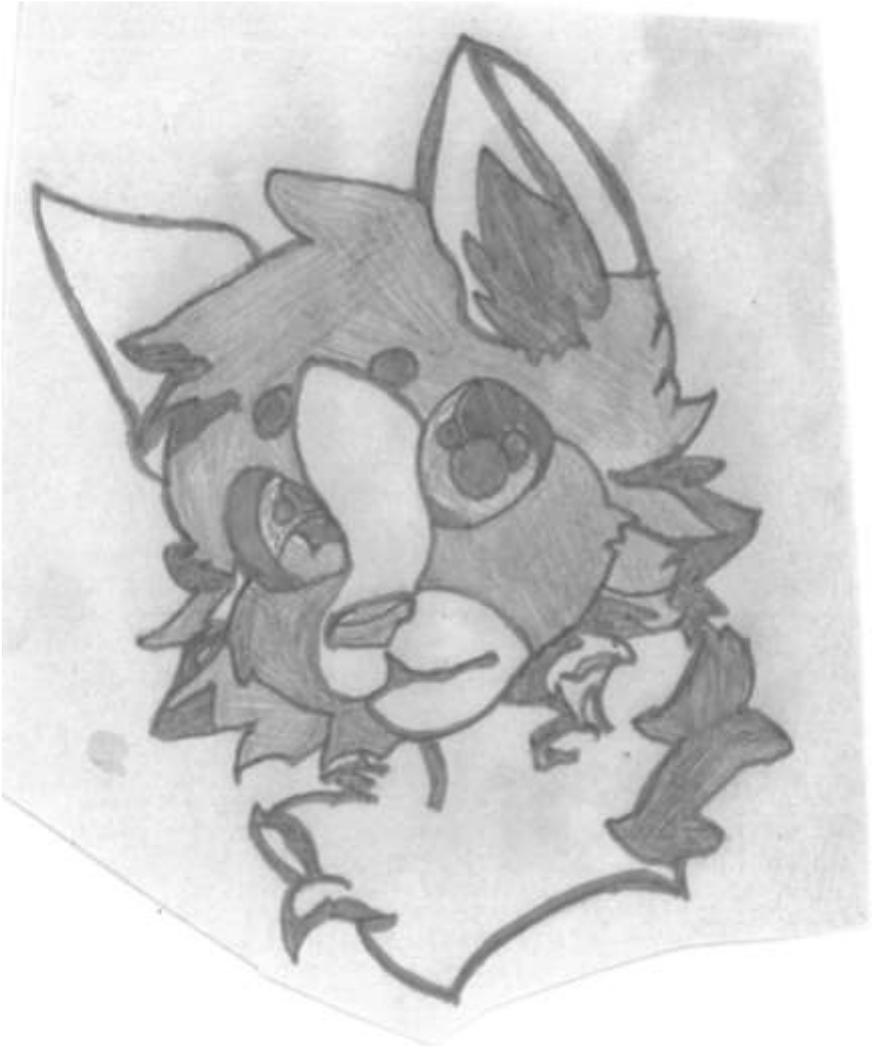
The wind blows harshly,  
With a nip at your red nose  
Here comes winter soon

The leaves have fallen,  
Off of the cold, bare trees,  
Everyone is bundled up preparing,  
For the winter

They sit by the fire  
Drinking hot chocolate with  
Marshmallows

Underneath a blanket  
They wear fuzzy slippers  
On their feet

Fighting, Through The Winter



Bun Bun XXL  
Madison Heaton  
*Grade 8*

# Senior Year

Morgan Stoldt

*Grade 12*

Finally, after all these years, the end is here.

**We made it guys! It's our senior year.**

The laughs and struggles we've been through together,

**We've survived it, altogether.**

The memories we have made will last forever,

**And now we'll go off and maybe see each other, never.**

We will meet different people and find a new space,

But nothing will compare to our original place.

**We'll smile and wave to our classmates as we graduate,**

Totally forgetting, we all have a different fate.

We will look back and tear up because we remember a time

So significant in the moment, back in our prime.



Black Butler: Ciel & Sebastian

*Based on the manga Black Butler by Yana Toboso*

Zulemar Heredia

*Grade 10*

# Where is the Love?

Anonymous

I feel so alive being in love with you,  
But without the mutual feeling my life becomes so blue.

I give you all the love I own  
One day wishing I will get the same love I have shown.

Though every day I pathetically remain  
Always adoring you, whilst dealing with this pain.

I just want to get over you and be changed again,  
But being without you is a feeling I just can't explain.

Yet my love for you will never die.  
No matter how much life begins to satisfy.  
I just wished this would have worked  
For now I think I have become a giant jerk.



Mochalot  
Madison Heaton  
*Grade 8*

# Anxiety

Madison Heredia

*Grade 6*

She looks into the  
light.

Not the sunlight, the moonlight, as she feels  
undeserving.

Her fear always takes  
over.

The mind tricks: the gust of laughter turns from a silly joke to  
“at her.”

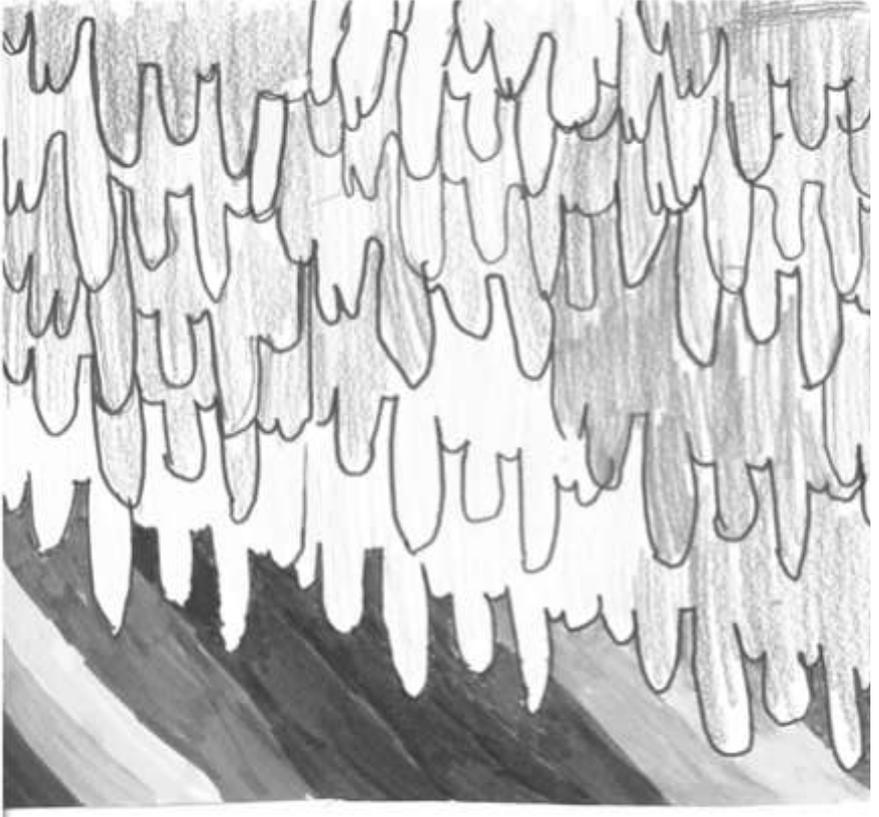
It makes her life feel like an eternal  
blackout

She can go from feeling fine to wanting to  
cry.

It is like it was sunny and bright, then her whole world skipped  
to  
midnight.

She tries to be the best she can be, but she worries it's not good  
enough.

The only person stopping her is her  
anxiety



Rainbow Drip  
Jazlyn Brown  
*Grade 7*

# The Poem as a Home

Elizabeth Peterson  
*Grade 10*

It's in a poem, one finds a home,  
For the imagination.

All other verse, can be quite terse,  
With no true animation.



The World of Painting  
Annie Kerr  
*Grade 10*

## Senior Year

Drew Palmatier  
*Grade 12*

eyes open,  
shoes on,  
mind wild,  
thoughts gone,  
day-dreaming,  
time slow,  
faint whispers,  
eyes know,  
hands tremble,  
muscles weak,  
decisions coming,  
future bleak,  
Mind Ahead,  
Future Woven,  
Thoughts Alive,  
Eyes Open.



Shopping Cart  
Angelina Heredia  
*Grade 7*

# That Magical Christmas Town

Grace Williams

*Grade 9*

My favorite Christmas memory is of a town. It was a colorful little village, with not too many people, and it always smelled of candy and gingerbread. I can still remember the stress of having to transport that town from the southside of New Philadelphia to the Reeves Carriage House in my family's silver minivan. See, this gingerbread town was my mother's and my shining achievement at the time. We had spent weeks planning and building. After many burned gingerbread men and even more eaten by the dog and me, we had succeeded in making a beautiful creation that we believed stood a chance of winning the coveted first prize ribbon at the Reeves Home Gingerbread House Competition.

My mom and I had to begin in early November with the planning. One night, we had gone through so many Pinterest posts looking for inspiration that my eyes had begun to blur. We had yet to find something we thought would be good enough for the competition.

“What about a beach house?” I had said after seeing a promising picture online of brown sugar crystals that someone had sprinkled onto some white creamy frosting to create a sandy

look.

We would use that idea in later years, but for now Mom said, “No, I don’t think that’s it. We’re getting closer though. We just need to keep looking!” My ten-year-old self was not very excited about the prospect of another half hour of looking through Pinterest boards. Luckily, at that exact moment, Mom jumped up off of our chestnut colored couch and shouted, “Grace! This is the perfect idea for this year. Look!” She then proceeded to show me a half an hour of Pinterest boards so we could decide on what materials we would need and how we could make this creation our own. Needless to say, I still don’t have a Pinterest account of my own, and I blame memories like this one for that.

The next step we had to accomplish to make the most amazing gingerbread creation was to get our materials. This meant candy, gingerbread house kits, frosting, and everything and anything related to gingerbread houses that Mom and I could find at the two Buehler’s and the Jo-Ann’s store we visited. Even now, I have an amazingly large sweet tooth. In third grade, however, I was so addicted to sugar that going to the candy aisle of any store was a dream for me. I would round the corner and immediately smell the sweet chocolatey aroma of the countless Hershey bars and Kit Kats to the left of me. Then, I would gaze farther past those and see the plethora of rainbow colored snacks that I wanted to open and eat right there. At that time, in

early November, I could not allow myself to get distracted by the thought of the sour Haribo gummy worms that I enjoyed so much. Mom and I were on a mission to find the most beautiful looking candies that would aid us best in building an award-winning gingerbread concept.

“Keep your eyes peeled for anything you think will look like trees, Grace. Also, we’re going to need lots of frosting and food coloring to make different colors,” said Mom. We ended up getting the most promising materials from Jo-Ann’s like these amazing pre-made gingerbread men and wreaths that had red berries and white decorations frosted on them. Those were the kinds of special candies that clumsy ten-year-old me was very firmly told to be careful around.

The time had come to start assembling the gingerbread. We had to give the houses one full day to set after we put them together, which felt like way too long for me. I kept checking on them throughout the day, anxious to start the fun part: the decorating.

Finally, my mom said, “Gracie, are you ready? I think the houses are good to go!”

I came running from my bedroom at the end of the hall, slipping and sliding on the kitchen’s hardwood floor in my excitement, and I said, “Really? This is going to be so much fun!”

Mom then proceeded to gently push my tiny fingers away as I tried to take some of the oozing white frosting from the triangle-shaped house and eat it. “Stop that,” she laughed, “You’re going to eat enough frosting from the cans we bought, don’t mess with the special stuff.” I must explain that Mom really believed in the integrity of the frosting that came special with the gingerbread house making kits above all other types of frosting. If I tried to eat any of that frosting I would hear something along the lines of “Only frosting from the cans, Grace! This frosting is special.” I didn’t really mind since the frosting from the cans tasted a million times better to me. It was almost like eating a generic brand gummy worm and then tasting the brilliant flavor of a Haribo sour cherry worm. The generic gummy isn’t really all that bad, but you can definitely taste the difference.

I was amazingly impressed with our work. Not only had my mom and I decorated three different houses, but we had also constructed a four car candy-toting train which was filled to the brim with M&M’s of all colors, a rainbow of gum drops, and tiny chocolate mints in the colors pink, blue, purple, orange, and green. The train’s conductor was none other than a candy Santa Claus, and the wheels were made of peppermints. Our town also had cobblestone streets made of black and gray rock candies. There was a bright blue lake made of frosting that sat next to a hill dusted in coconut flakes where some tiny gingerbread men were riding sleds made of lifesavers and building a snowman out of marshmallows. We decorated all of the houses in a different and unique way. One house had red and green gum covering its

four walls to give off a nice Christmassy feel. The other house had shredded wheat cereal and gumdrops in four different colors coating the roof. The last house was decorated with pretzel sticks to look like logs. Everything we used on that house was brown and rustic because we had chosen it to be our reindeer barn. My mom, ever the artist, had shaped and molded brown tootsie rolls into adorable little reindeer that were milling around outside of the barn. It all came together quite well and after a week of planning, buying, and building, we were very proud of ourselves.

The only thing we still had to do was get our gingerbread town out of our house and to the Reeves Carriage House. We were all prepared for this to be the most stressful part of the experience. The town was definitely not modest in size and a lot of our candies were very delicately placed. The slightest bump could send something small flying into the trunk where it would never be found. Mom had brought what we had left of the very special frosting so we could glue anything that might have fallen off back to its original spot. Since she was the one tasked with holding the cardboard sheet we had set our town on, she was by far the most worried that something terrible was going to happen.

We did get there after what felt like an eternity, and I had to give **“props” to my dad for being such a good driver with such precious cargo.** We walked our masterpiece into the carriage house, being very careful not to tilt it even the slightest bit. The ladies were so impressed with the creativity and all of our fun

colors and designs that we got a spot right in the front on top of a cardboard box that they had covered with white felt to look like a snowy hilltop. Now, all Mom and I could do was wait for the town to be judged that Sunday.

One of the most nerve-racking experiences of my life to date was the walk from our car into the carriage house to see what the judges had thought of our gingerbread town. I ran faster than I had ever run before and whipped open the door. I was so happy when I looked at our town sitting elevated on that cardboard hill. We had won first place in the group division of the competition. I was so excited and proud that something I had worked on had gotten such high praise. Mom and I hugged and collected our blue ribbon and candy canes. I went to the snack table and got a well deserved cup of hot chocolate. Today, I look back on that experience and I can still feel the pride of winning like it was yesterday. Mom and I had done so much, with scrolling through Pinterest boards and constructing train cars out of graham crackers, and all of that hard work had really paid off.



Lady of Hearts  
Emily Summerson  
*Grade 9*

# Validate Me

Mary Vogel  
*Grade 10*

“Isabelle, aren’t you gonna eat?”

I looked up from my laptop to see Trisha giving me a concerned glance.

“No, I’m fine.” I gave her a smile. “Thanks for the concern.”

The next second my stomach growled rather loudly, and I prayed no one had heard. Then they would get concerned and practically make me eat some of their food. It was better when they thought I just didn’t eat lunch. I’d been forced to break a fast before just to throw them off.

“You sure you’re ok?” she asked me. “You can have some of my fruit if you want.”

“No, I’m fine. I don’t eat lunch. Weak stomach.” I turned back to my computer, pretending to be invested in my research paper.

The fact was, eating lunch would mean breaking my fast, which was currently 17 hours strong. Only six more hours and it would be my longest fast.

Six more hours.

I could do it.

I had to.

**I couldn't let the crushing feeling of defeat come over me again.**  
If I let myself eat even a little, I would never lose this weight.

The bell rang, signifying the end of lunch and my temptations. I closed my computer, sliding it back into its bag and leaving for my next class in a hurry. The less time I spent in that cafeteria, the better.

Most people would call what I do a disorder. I call it the last resort.

It started six months ago.

**I've been overweight for most of my life, at one point binge eating to the point of a problem. It was to reduce stress, at a time of my life when I didn't have anything else to turn to.**  
Slowly, I began to hate the person I saw in the mirror. So I did the only the thing I could think of.

Slowly, I began to cut more foods out of my diet. At first it was pretty average: sugars, fats, and other unhealthy food. But it wasn't enough. **I started cutting out all breads, pastas, and**

other starches. Still, I wasn't perfect. I began cutting more and more things until I started fasting. My record was 22 hours, when I finally gave in and let myself eat a granola bar... and then a bag of chips... and then pretty much anything I could get my hands on. I felt like a failure, having done so well all for it to be erased.

I began to crave the attention I got more than I craved food. At first it was comments on how good I was looking, how healthy I was. When the comments got fewer and far between, I began panicking. I needed more, I clearly wasn't pretty enough. I wasn't enough at all.

I slid into my seat, a few seconds before the bell rang. Only three more periods and I could go home. When I was in the middle of a fast, school was a nightmare. I barely had enough energy to make it from class to class, and as soon as I got home I would crash and sleep for six hours.

But at the time, it was best. It was what I had to do, after all, I couldn't let myself gain weight.

I couldn't let myself eat.

\*\*\*

I hadn't eaten in almost 30 hours. Fasts of this length had become regular for me. Now when I let myself eat I could only stomach tiny amounts before getting sick. And that was good,

Wasn't it? If I didn't eat I wouldn't gain weight. And that was all that mattered.

I stepped on my scale looking down my bony body to see the number.

96 pounds.

I could count my ribs through my tank top, and wrapped my fingers around my wrist with room to spare.

This was what I wanted, wasn't it? I needed to be that thin, I needed to have the coveted thigh gap, I needed to be smaller than a size 0.

I was achieving everything I wanted. I had everything I wanted, the perfect body.

Why wasn't it enough?

I stepped off the scale and practically dropped onto my bed. I was exhausted, every bone in my body aching. I could barely make it through the days at this point, sometimes I would have to get a friend to carry my books because "my wrist hurt." I knew they all suspected, but every one of their concerns was met with an excuse of some sort.

They wouldn't understand, they couldn't. They had always been thin and perfect. They had never known what it was like to look a mirror and hate everything you see, to lose hope in ever being

happy just because you didn't look like everyone else. They didn't know what it was like to feel yourself slip away in the depression that came from doing simple everyday tasks.

They didn't know how it felt to judge your every movement because you felt like you didn't deserve to eat, didn't deserve to live.

They didn't know what it was like being me.

I sunk back deep into my mattress, letting the exhaustion take over me and falling into a deep sleep.

\*\*\*

A new girl sat with us at lunch. My friends had met her in earlier classes, and invited her to sit at our table. She had agreed and was now watching us talk and laugh without much interest.

I picked at a salad, not really hungry but knowing I had to eat. It would be too easy to slip back into old ways. I had worked too hard for that.

I glanced at the new girl, Sierra they said her name was, and noticed she hadn't eaten anything. Suspicion clouded my mind. I tried to wave it away, maybe she just wasn't hungry or couldn't afford to eat. I shouldn't assume she was like me.

"Aren't you gonna eat?" my friend Sophie asked her. I listened closely for her answer.

“Lunch makes me sick,” was her reply. It sounded rehearsed, like she was used to saying it.

“Are you sure?” I found myself asking. “I can share my salad.”

“No, it’s fine!” she said quickly, pulling uncomfortably at her sweater. “Thank you, though.”

“It’s no problem,” I assured her.

I watched her through the period, noticing subtle movements. She would glance at the food we were eating, before quickly looking away, pretending to focus on homework. Even if she wasn’t starving herself, something was clearly wrong. My heart went out to her, and I knew I had to help, no matter what the issue was.

The bell rang, and before she could get away from the table I stepped beside her.

“Hi. I’m Isabelle. What’s your next class?”

I had to be the person I had always needed but never had.

It was the only way to keep myself from falling back into that misery.



Miyuki Kinchoi (My First OC)  
Zulemar Heredia  
*Grade 10*

# Burn

Belle Fockler

*Grade 8*

The night was young. My breath came in sparse, sharp breaths that felt like a drum beating, beating, beating on my chest. The sound of horse hooves blew through the chilly winter air. I could tell that they were not far behind me. I had to get to the camp. I had to spread the message, for fear of the many lives that could be lost. I closed my eyes briefly, remembering the moment I heard of the danger.

My job was cleaning tables at the old restaurant in the square. Not the best paying work, but for a hobo like me, a blessing. Late, around the time the suits came and got their midnight coffee, I heard the door ding open. I shifted my eyes away from the stain I was working on, and narrowed them as the two men sauntered in.

The first was tall, lanky, and had a thin, long nose like a carrot protruding from his face. The second was a stout, beefy man with small, beady eyes. Just the look of them gave me the inkling that they were up to no good. I averted my eyes and perked up an ear when they sat down at a rickety table.

I picked up my cleaning supplies and moved to a closer spot, hidden in the shadows. "... burn that rotten scum." I heard the tall one say. A shudder went down my spine.

"They're paying no taxes, living with no government supervision. It's the bloody Great Depression, for crying out loud!" The stout man replied. "I'll tell ya what we'll do. We'll go down to their so called 'camp' right now and burn down every... last... one..."

A crash sent the men's glares right in my direction. I had dropped the coffee pot I was cleaning. Without explanation to my boss, I ran out the front door.

So here I am now. Making the long journey to the hobo camp I've lived in since the beginning of the Great Depression. Racing against time to deliver the message that will save the whole colony. Every time my eyes get droopy or my legs begin to falter, I smell the smoke and hear "... burn the scum..." in my head, and that's all the motivation I need to keep going. All the motivation I need.



Democracy Promotion

Noah Peterson

*Grade 6*

# Recipe for...Love?

Belle Fockler

*Grade 8*

I cannot believe that just happened. Me, Winnifred Foster (call me Winnie), just got invited to be on *Recipe for Love!* Let me explain. *R4L* (as we junkies would call it) is the hottest reality show this side of the Mississippi! Hosted by food network star Rachael Ray, this show takes two singles on a magical journey to love! **You know what they say... the best way to get to someone's heart is through their stomach!** Yes, I did memorize that off their Wikipedia page.

How did I, short, mousy-haired, bespectacled Winnie get on the show, you ask? Well, my younger brother Cyrus just turned 16, and I drove him to the discount car dealership to pick out his first car. As I was sitting on a bench, waiting for him to decide, I spied one of those shiny glass bowls filled to the brim with little strips of paper. The sign above it caught my eye. There, in (semi) full color was a stock image of my idol, Rachael Ray! Saying that I, me, could be on her show, *Recipe for Love!*

**I, of course, filled out a slip right away. I didn't expect to win, though!** But there I was, standing under the bright lights of a **mock kitchen, the very same kitchen I've dreamed about for years!** And right across from me was the legend herself! Standing adjacent to a VERY handsome man whom I would hopefully

connect with through cooking and have my very own happily ever after!

Only one problem. I didn't know how to cook. Yes, a bit of an oversight, but hey, hindsight is 20/20. I would be fine. What could go wrong?

A LOT could go wrong. And, in fact, it did. It all did. We were making SALAD. Who messes up salad?!?! Me, that's who. Not only did I somehow overcook the lettuce (there was no stove) and give my "match" Michael food poisoning, but I somehow got pepper in his eyes. Pepper? Why did I put pepper in salad? Mind you, this was all on live TV.

So, you see, miss judge, I think it's unfair to sue me. It wasn't really... my fault? Look, I don't know what to say, other than "please don't take my money." That would be a recipe for disaster. Haha, see what I did there?



Lion of Judah  
Jessica Nichole Montanez  
*Grade 11*

# Through My Eyes

Eryn Basnett

*Grade 11*

Finally, I closed my eyes, silenced my mind, and released a peaceful sigh...

It's dark... dark and deafeningly silent. I stand in some infinite void, looking about myself and wondering where I am or even who I am. This place is so vast, so infinite, I'm not sure whether I'm even here, or if this is just a dream of some kind. Around me all I can see is black — a meek, ever-present emptiness. All I hear is my own soft heartbeat and gentle breath. All I smell is the scent of a foreign herb on my skin.

All I see is the neatly folded, snow-white robe and gold parchment note tied with a satin ribbon of red. Finding myself bare, I take the robe and slip it over my head, then take the paper and unfold it.

It reads in sweeping, flowing manuscript:

Open your eyes, for you are free. Adorn yourself in these robes; you will need them. All your questions will be answered soon enough; but for now, look around and see Death for what it is: beautiful. Freeing. Safe. Smile, Miss Summers, for you are made

liberated from the bondage of the pain we've watched you suffer on Earth. Smile, for you may now see the world for what it is — all you must do is look through my eyes.

As soon as my sight lands on the very last period, a great throb hits my chest, as if my heart is trying to leap for joy. With a start I realize that every pain, every impairment that had weighed me down in life has dropped off my shoulders like a leaden cape.

**My lungs drag in a full, painless breath like I've never** experienced. A sound escapes my throat — one of joy, and not of misery. I feel one thousand times lighter, like I can run or jump like the other kids on Earth could do. Hot tears run down **my face, but this time, they're not incited by the pain from a new** experimental treatment — **it's from enrapturing bliss.** My body feels reborn and complete; every thought of mine races with profound knowledge not yet spoken by human tongue, as if I can see all of eternity.

In my rapture, I laugh and cry and find myself in awe and wonder, but in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but think to **myself...**

Am I really dead?

Is my soul really eternally separated from my body, never to go back to Earth to see my family again?

My smile fades, and the laughter seeps from my lungs as the realization settles on my shoulders: this is Death.

Permanent.

Forever.

My lips form a small frown as I struggle to remember what my parents had last told me before I had closed my eyes for the last time. **Something about a reunion. We'll see each other again someday. Was this where I'll see them again, and they see me for the first time out of a wheelchair or hospital bed?** Warmth tingles my innermost being at the thought — what a day that will be, someday soon, when we meet face to face.

I comfort myself in that thought and find myself smiling again, now looking around at my surroundings and thinking of the instructions on the parchment.

I see Death now, the other side of it, at least. I know what it means, the beauty in the sorrow. I felt its hand take mine as it lead me to this place, wherever it is. I know no harm — no sickness, no pain, no crying — can come to me anymore. I know I am free from the disease that had me under its thumb on Earth, where all anyone could do was pray for a painless night, or for a miracle to occur.

I suppose that miracle Mama prayed for came true: I don't hurt anymore. **There aren't any more needles, no more crying, no more experiments done with crossed fingers...** just the freedom and movement I was denied in life.

At that moment I see a shadow far away, just on the horizon, wearing white just like me. Without a second thought I begin running toward it, subconsciously relishing the burn in my legs and lungs; the figure walks coolly toward me as well, a wide smile jumping onto his face. As I near, I see it is a man, whose name I vaguely recall knowing in Life; however, my pace does not slow, nor does suspicion or fear shadow my movement. He opens his arms wide, and I do the same.

Even though I remember not when I had seen his face before, **we collide and embrace each other, soaking in each other's** warmth and strength; I am smiling as I wrap my arms around him, feeling like maybe we somehow did know each other, one way or another.

**“Katie,”** he says with more love in his voice than I had ever heard.

**I can't respond.** Hot tears well up in my eyes, and I have to bury my face into his robe to keep them from spilling over. Light spreads like tendrils all around the two of us, surrounding, embracing us in beautiful security; a small hiccup escapes my lips. **My hands are shaking with joy, clutching the man's robe** desperately, as if all of this was a cruel joke, ready to be taken away from me at any second. His hand smooths down my hair with the gentlest of touches, followed by the warmth of a kiss.

**I sniffle and look up into the man's face and am lost in the** deepness and love of his eyes. All I can do is shakily smile and

lose myself back into his arms, into his comfort and safety, allowing now for the joy to overflow. I sob, long and loudly, until my eyes are dry and nothing is left but the beauty and love that now surrounds me. The man moves, kneeling in front of me and wiping my tears away and watching my face with a smile.

“Are you ready?” he whispers.

Mutely I nod.

Yes, I was ready. So ready.

The man stands and offers his hand; without hesitation I take it and smile at the man. I breathe deeply, painlessly, and suddenly notice the tunnel of light that lay before us, leading to whatever was on the other side: the place that man had tried to see since the beginning of time. My heart throbs, but I am not afraid, I am ready to go, and to see for myself what was on the other side

So with confident steps, I am led, hand in hand with the man I now recognize fully, toward that light.

I close my eyes and breathe in the silence and darkness one last time, peace blooming in the deepest of my hearts.

I fear no evil. I fear no death. Not anymore.

I am safe, going wherever I am going, knowing I will see my family again.

Someday. Yes, someday.

Soon.

And with that stillness and readiness, I walk into the light.

*Author's Note:*

Watch for the sunrise, low in the sky,  
Watch for the angels in Heaven on high;  
Someone loves you, your tears eager to dry,  
So do not lose hope — your morning is nigh.

To my Aunt Cheryl. Love you.  
Until we meet again.

## Acknowledgements

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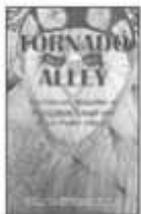
Finally, thank *you* for reading! We hope you have enjoyed this **year's edition and hope to see you again next year** in *Tornado Alley, Volume 6*.

**Let's make something great!**



## Further Reading

Visit [www.doverlibrary.org/tornado-alley/](http://www.doverlibrary.org/tornado-alley/) to read or download more editions of *Tornado Alley*!



Tornado Alley, Vol. 1: Spring 2015

*Senior Editor: Katie Hanslik*

**Find out what it's like to be a teenaged vegetarian,** read inspirational poetry, travel through time and more in the first volume of *Tornado Alley*.



Tornado Alley, Vol. 2: Spring 2016

*Senior Editor: Natalie Caswell*

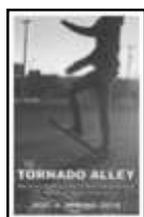
The second volume of *Tornado Alley* boasts full-color artwork and even more fiction, nonfiction and poetry from local teens.



Tornado Alley, Vol. 3: Spring 2017

*Senior Editors: Katie Hanslik & Natalie Caswell*

Fantastic poetry, a teen bounty hunter and a kangaroo named Charlie all appear in the slim third volume of *Tornado Alley*.



Tornado Alley, Vol. 4: Spring 2018

*Senior Editor: Grace Williams*

Submissions from around Tuscarawas Valley fill this unique volume featuring limericks, thought-provoking essays, and superheroes.

# Tornado Alley

## Spring 2019

Featuring Art, Fiction, Nonfiction and Poetry  
by Teens in grades 6-12.

Tackling big issues like anxiety, self esteem, and loss, the latest edition of *Tornado Alley* is sure to impress. Plus, enjoy fan art, sketches, and stories that will make you laugh *and* cry.

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