The Alchemist

“An Age of Transformation”

Volume 19    Spring, 2020
To the Students and Staff:

This has been the strangest school year I can ever recall. We went from the heights of a strong economy and job market to the depths of, for want of a better word, despair as COVID-19 took the world down. Students were forced to stay home, and teachers were held accountable for teaching their students via distance learning. Parents were forced to either work from home, were furloughed, or lost their jobs as the virus hit workplaces. We watched as the death toll climbed to over 100,000 in four short months. We were told to shelter in place but never were told how to do that if we had no place to go. Masks and hand sanitizer became mainstays in our everyday lives. Toilet paper and disinfectant wipes became hot commodities.

Then came a new story that pushed COVID-19 right off the front page and it happened right here in Minnesota. A Black American man was killed by a police officer while the world watched on the internet and on television. The Twin Cities will never be the same. “Black Lives Matter” or “I can’t Breathe” became the slogans which galvanized a nation into looking at ourselves and our way of life. It was a look that found us lacking in our own humanity. Minnesota was no longer the Home of “Minnesota Nice” but became the state where George Floyd died at the hands of someone who had sworn to protect and serve.

Our country and our way of life will never be the same again. COVID-19 and a shocking act of violence has changed us forever.

Deb Nelson
Editor
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**LOVE**

**They are amazing**
**Love one each other**
**It’s an adorable feeling**
**Cover the lover**

**Walking through the park**
**Hand holding cute words**
**Wonder if y’all gack**
**Given the world**

**Sparks fly like if it’s the fourth of July**
**Going on an Ice skate is wonderful**
**She might even say he’s a great guy**
**He might say she’s joyful**

**Beauty and the Beast as long as you’re meant to be**
**Butterflies grow and spread their wings.**

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**Nancy Zuniga-Daniels**
**Grade 12**
**Early College Academy**
**Christine Salokar**

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**Limerick**

Despite my sad life of regret,
I’ll carry a butterfly net,
It’s big as a bear
And will make people swear
But it’s clear that I’ve lost a bad bet.

**Yesenia Morales Vital**
**Grade 12**
**Early College Academy**
**Christine Salokar**
Where I’m From

I am from Loudness and fun
From family and T.V.
I am from “Quit running in & out”
And popsicles and oven baked goods
I am from Oak Trees
Whose leaves protected me from the sun
I am from Vanilla scented candles and laundry smells
From Shina and Tony
I am from shortness and fighting
And from cooking with my family
From dancing
I am from Christianity and getting read the bible
I am from Rhonda and Darell
From Tacos and Spaghetti
From Carnivals
And from family gatherings
And playing with my siblings
I am from those moments I wish I could go back to.

August Green
Grade 11
Early College Academy
Christine Salokar
Water

See the water blue
see the water clear
see the water’s point of view

you don’t feel no fear
you just wanna be calm
you just feel like heaven is near

you feel the fresh water in your palms
you feel that nice slow motion
like when you first apply that nice balm

you feel that nice devotion
when the sun sets
on the nice shiny ocean

Steph Otero Melendez
Grade 12
Early College Academy
Christine Salokar

Alex O’Keefe
12th Grade
Ivan Sand CHS
Sue Yankowiak
Ballad

In 2001 a girl was born
Her name is Kye’Moni
Dark brown with curly dark brown hair
She was a busybody

She grew and grew
Was always the good kid in school
Stayed on Dupont Avenue
Everyone thought she was cool

She was very intelligent
Knew what she wanted to do
Lots of people doubted her
They had no clue

She turned seventeen
With a great dream
To be what she wanted to be
Determined to succeed.

Kye’Moni Lungelow
Grade 12
Early College Academy
Christine Salokar

Eriq Winn
11th Grade
Ivan Sand Community High School
Sue Yankowiak
Love.

What can I say
Love is an adventure
Every day
It’s a detour

It is different
Like oil and water
It get spent
And gets harder

It is amazing
Entertaining
It feels like its ringing
It’s a good feeling

Sometimes you don’t know
And you’re in the high and low
Madi Beckwith
10th Grade
Ivan Sand Community High School

Title: pastel

Princess Carolyn
Acrylic Wall Painting

Sue Yankowiak, Art Teacher
Trinity Jones
11th Grade
Ivan Sand
Sue Yankowiak

Kinzie Anderson
Memories
11th Grade
Ivan Sand
Sue Yankowiak
The cover picture of my book would
Probably have a brain sketching
itself

And inside
it would be vibrantly colorful
But a little messy.

She was silent but the
Chaos wasn’t on the outside
It was inside her head.

It’s like
He can
Never fully focus
Always on the
Edge of a cliff
He can never
Sit still
Almost like
A jack rabbit.
He can’t manage
His time. Always
Doing something
But mostly that
Something isn’t
Benefitting him.
Thank you mom
Thank you dad
Three small words
So much to add
For all your love
And your support
A million words
Would be too short
The words, “I love you”
Seem too few
To express the love
I have for you.
Blazing brightly like the sun
I will grow well and bloom
Spring or fall, dark centered
And silky colored petals
As bright as a star.

Anemones
By Je’Kerria Calvin
11th grade
Paladin Career & Technical High School
Caitlin Ekren
As you look back on your past
And try to put the pieces together
It may look like
All corner pieces

The more you look back the
More pieces you’ll find
The more it makes sense
The challenge is figuring out
Where they go.

Once you place them
You’ll understand
Why you act the way you do
Things will be clearer
And that’s when

The healing process begins.

**Corner Pieces**
By Taylor Anderson
12th grade
Paladin Career & Technical High School
Caitlin Ekren

**Depression**
By Julia Tanna
12th grade
Paladin Career & Technical High School
Caitlin Ekren

Depression
Is not always a feeling of sadness
It could leave you in a panic.

Depression
Is a gathering of emptiness
Leaving your mind with messiness.

Depression
Isn’t always the same for everyone
Sometimes it’s a different type of handgun
For a certain someone

And I guess
Depression chose me.
“Paladin Knights”
Yamuna Adhikari
Grade 12
Paladin Career and Technical
Samantha Ross
Addiction

The ocean falls from the palms of my hands.
I wonder when the salt will stop stinging my wrists
and begin to feel peaceful.

There is a whole world inside of me,
galaxies falling onto the wooden floor.
Stars collapsing in my veins.
Will the time keep passing?
Or will I melt in the palms of the universe?

The clock keeps ticking and I keep dreaming.
Dew drops stain my face.
Blue and cold.
My veins itch.
My hands shake.
The black hole in my body is never filled.

Maybe one day the waves will not leave bruises on my thighs.
Maybe one day the universe will make my veins into flower stems,
the roots etched in my heart.
The flowers sprout from my fingers.
Beautiful.
Just as they should be.
Hatred

There is no beautiful way to say that I still love you and that I hate myself for it.

But whenever I am with you my wrists ache.
Your words make the scars glow bright like flames and I wish they would leak crimson.

Why do I love a person who makes me question my sobriety?

Flowers and weeds grow in my lungs and it burns my chest.
You planted them.
You said it wouldn’t hurt but I am suffocating.

Emily Kristina Meyer
Grade: 12th
Detroit Lakes Area Learning Center
Peter Lunden (Principal)

Jen Stark
Southwest Metro
Dependency has been that thief at night

Needles and pins pierce me when I reach out.  
It is dark, moldy, and damp.  
Very unappealing.  
I’m afraid that the person who grabs my hands  
will be disgusted when they see the thorns on my arms.  
They won’t pay attention to the flowers sprouting from my mouth.  
They never do.  
I can tell by the look in their eyes they think I am dangerous.  
They become tense,  
slowly back away and I am left alone again.

My thorns used to pierce those too close to me.  
I think some of them are still nursing the fading scars.  
I feel more anger at myself than at anyone else.  
My mind caves in and more thorns slither out of my veins.  
Underneath this fragile frame lives a battle between pride and shame.  
Dependency has been that thief at night.

Collapse

I wrap myself in my bed sheets  
and I tell the Milky Way about you.  
It tells me that our story is a sad one.  
It comforts me when I cry  
and it tells me that healing is not linear.  
I compare you to a mountain,  
so many great highs but very low lows.

When I die and I am decomposing in the earth  
I think that little traces of you will still be in my bones.  
The energy that I am will be searching for yours.  
I hope maybe this time we are better for each other.  
Maybe we will finally know how to love properly.

When we can finally be one,  
I think there will finally be peace.  
If it takes my whole life then that’s OK.  
I’ll see you when our atoms collapse.
Slither through Eden

My skin itches
and the metal blade I keep in my drawer makes me feel safe.
I lay in bed and I become calm
when I think of bleeding and breaking.
I panic and cannot breath
when thoughts of you slither into my mind.
You are a snake and I am Eden.
It is unfair of me to blame my scars on you,
so I try my best not to.

I remember when I first let you explore my mind.
I was afraid my trauma would stain you.
You said it was OK
and that stains fade and wash away.
You loved me in the bravest and most reckless way possible.
Now you’re a ghost.

Emily Kristina Meyer
Grade: 12th
Detroit Lakes Area Learning Center
Peter Lunden (Principal)
Artwork from Southwest Metro: Batiks and Stained Glass
Shoe Prints

I have everybody’s shoe size.
I know because each one have stepped all over me,
so I know your work.
This person wore a size 5 and they stepped all over me with their lies and deceit,
I know your work
I knew this person who wore a size 11 and they stepped all over my heart with their selfish ways.
This girl wore a size 7 and she walked all over me with her envious and cruel ways.
Just because you have shoe prints, doesn’t mean that’s your shoe size.
I know because I’ve seen it with my very own eyes.

Nia Dennis
Paladin
Grade 12
Heidi Rybarczyk

Trans Pride
Gabe Cromey
10th Grade
Paladin Career & Technical High School
Angel Grothaus
11th Grade
Guy Kokesh ALC, Onamia MN
Teacher: Mr. Ross, Art teacher
It was only a matter of time before everything would have gone to hell. Not everyone really thought that this virus would have gotten worse. People started turning on each other, police were overthrown, violence was spread throughout the streets, and food became scarce. Everyone had expected this to die down, just like the Corona had, but it just continued to grow worse. No one ever saw it coming.

Let me take you back to when this had all started. It was a bright, sunny, hot day in July of 2023. Everyone was doing the usual, walking, talking and working. I, however, was always the anti-social person. I forgot to mention this, but my name is Tyler Chisaki. I’ve never really been the type to socialize with people, not because I was afraid of them, but because I wasn’t a social person. I had always kept to myself and preferred it that way, with the exception of a few friends.

Anyway, a lot had seemed different after the pandemic back in 2020. A lot of people still feared it, and many others had just shrugged it off. I never really paid attention to disease and stuff like that, but after the Coronavirus had struck, I began to. That’s when everything started to turn weird. After it had all blown over, more and more people had stopped caring. There were parties at every corner, litter and garbage spread throughout the city, more people had become homeless, and a lot of people had still been sick.

Although not too many people were infected by this, it was still a rising concern. See, the Corona had just been the bottom of what was to come. In 2021, a new virus had come, killing damn near a million people within the first week of its existence. Luckily, it was only weeks before that was contained. However, in 2022, another infectious disease was on the rise, killing over 2,000 people within the first 2 weeks. Not too bad, and thankfully that was contained within 2 months. Many people were scared that another pandemic would come and others didn’t really care.

A lot of people had not feared another pandemic, however they certainly weren’t unprepared if one had happened. Earlier this year, I’d say around January, traces of a pandemic had entered the U.S. We thought we had contained it. However, we were severely wrong. When April had come around, more traces had popped up, but it didn’t seem to make anyone sick. So everyone played it off as nothing. By July, people had started to feel sick and felt as if their bodies were rotting on the inside. At first, everyone just brushed off as if it was nothing to be worried about. Then, someone was attacked at a local restaurant. I don’t mean they were going to get beat up either.

A man had attacked a woman within the restaurant, biting her on the neck. No one had believed that this had really happened, but the witnesses plead that this is what had happened. Everyone had thought they were crazy, but I believed every word of it. I know, it sounds stupid and crazy, but first it was the feeling of burning on the inside. Now someone had a craving for human flesh. It may seem crazy, but I had studied a lot within the diseases category, and nothing was said about this specific disease.
In fear, I had called one of my friends, named Austin Hunt. It was 12:50 A.M. He answered, “Why the hell are you calling me this late at night?” I replied. He seemed shocked. “No, what happened?” he asked. I told him that someone was attacked. We sat in silence for about 2 minutes, then he said “I’ll be over in a while, don’t go to sleep.” Surprised, I agreed. At around 1:20, I had heard a bang in the hallway of my apartment. At first, I wasn’t going to check anything out. Then, out of nowhere, the lights had suddenly shut off.

I was worried, so I decided to check out what had happened. When I stepped outside, I saw nothing but a small, tiny ray of light at the end of the hallway. Now I know what you’re thinking, I probably should stay in my home and let someone take care of it. See, I would have, but it seemed as if I was the only person who was around at this time, or at least awake. I had decided to go to the breaker room. On the way down, Austin had come, scaring me as I turned the corner.

“What are you doing,” he said. I told him what had happened, and he didn’t believe me. “How do I know you aren’t pulling my leg?” he asked. “Why would I lie about something like that?” I replied. He stood there, pretty sure in an “haha” kind of matter. I continued and thought Austin would have been behind me. Instead, he went back to my apartment.

As I reached the breaker room, I had come across an unpleasant smell. At first, I just thought it was the mold in the room and ignored it as best as I could. As I got to the breaker to reset it, the smell had gotten worse. “What the hell could that be?” I asked myself. I flipped the breaker and saw that my neighbor was laying in a pool of blood. I jumped back, scared out of my mind and ran out. I got to my apartment, slammed the door shut, and sat down in fear and shock.

Austin was concerned, but knew not to ask me when my mind was in that state. He instead had the idea to go check it out himself. “Wait,” I yelled, but he already had left. In worry, I stayed behind. He let out a shocked, scared scream, and came running back into my apartment. “What in God’s name was that?” he asked, scared. I replied, “I don’t know. But something isn’t right here.”

We both had agreed to leave as soon as we possibly could, knowing that we could get sick with the pandemic going on. As we got our things together, Austin had seemed nervous. He had never seen a dead body before. I was almost certain he was startled and scared. “Don’t focus too much on it,” I told him. “It’s not normal, yes, but it’s a part of life. Especially with this time we are currently in.” He seemed to rethink and got his head somewhat cleared. We continued on our way, unsure where exactly we were going. All either of us knew was that we didn’t want to stay in this city.

We eventually got to an old, worn down house. I decided to head in, but Austin had wanted to stay back. Once I gave word that everything was fine, he came along. We settled there, and decided it was best to lay low for a while. “What was that back there?” he asked. “I don’t know,” I responded. “But I don’t think I want to. It wasn’t normal, and whatever had happened was not a good sign.” It was silent.

As we were getting ready to leave, we heard something outside. We didn’t want to leave then, but knew we had no choice. “Hold on,” Austin said. He went into his bag and pulled out a gun. At first, I got scared. “Holy shit! Where did you get that?!” “Just wait,” he said. I backed into a corner, worried he was going to try and hurt me.
Instead, he ran outside. I had no idea what he was doing, but he told me to stay inside. I was worried, not knowing exactly what would happen. Then, I heard the gun go off. Panicked, I went out and started to run. I didn’t turn back until I saw someone behind me, walking. I stopped, turned, and stayed for a minute. “Austin?” I yelled. No answer. I walked slowly towards the figure, hoping that it was him. I kept calling his name, but there was no answer. It was maybe 3:30 in the morning, so still fairly dark. I called one last time. Still no answer.

In panic, I started moving quickly towards the human-shaped silhouette. As I got closer, a disturbing, raspy voice had spoken. The words “go” were heard. In shock, I couldn’t move a muscle. I wanted to run, but I couldn’t move my body. Was this fear? I don’t know, but whatever it was made me feel like I couldn’t move. It scared me.

Suddenly, Austin had jumped out from a bush, holding the gun and trying to escape from something. That’s when another person or thing had tackled after him. He repeated “Go!” as he hit the ground. Instantly, I started to run faster. I heard the gun go off again, this time with a loud shriek following. “Get the hell off me!” Austin yelled, loudly. I stopped and contemplated what to do. Should I keep running, or help my best friend? I realized I had to make the right choice.

I grabbed a log and started towards Austin again. The thing on top of him was growling and hissing, much like a rabid animal. In panic, I ran and hit the creature as hard as I could on the head. It rolled off Austin, and laid beside him. “What the hell where you thinking?” he asked. “I wasn’t just gonna let my best friend be killed by some screwed up creature,” I replied. “I wasn’t going to let you die. I saved you because you’re my friend. I know you would’ve done the same for me.” He smiled, then proceeded to lightly punch me in the arm.

As we turned to face the creature, it seemed to have ran away. Austin picked up his gun, put it back into his bag, and we started to leave again. At this time, we decided to go back to the city. However, we didn’t think that this time, we would have faced a bigger problem. The city had been overthrown. People were turning against each other, stealing from stores, raiding police stations, killing one another, and going wild. One person had ran towards us, panicking and screaming. Austin had stopped him. “The hell happened here?” he asked. “You don’t know?” the man replied. “The apocalypse has started. The fall of the human race has begun. You’re not safe, no one is. Run while you still can boy.” That’s when it all came together.

This virus wasn’t just making people sick. It was turning them into cannibals. Sick, brain rotting cannibals. Although they wouldn’t be considered zombies because they were still alive, we still treated it as if they were. A lot of people were scared, running for their lives, trying to hide from this pandemic. Austin and I had decided to go to his house and gather anything we needed from there.

As we got closer to his house, he suddenly stopped. “What?” I asked. “I don’t know,” he replied. “I just have a weird feeling about going to my house. I don’t know how to explain it, but it doesn’t feel….right.” I tried to tell him it was all in his head, but he wouldn’t listen to me. I don’t really blame him. After all, everything we had come to know was destroyed.

We decided that it was best to go in and grab what we needed. Surprisingly, his house wasn’t at all wrecked. His family wasn’t home however, which had seemed to bum him out. I didn’t bother him.
though. We looked throughout the house, gathering a bunch of food and materials we needed to survive in this suddenly screwed up world. As we were about to leave, someone had came through the front door, and yelled for Austin.

“Who’s there,” he yelled. “Who’s calling my name? Make yourself known now!”

Damasio Rocha
Pillager Charter
Grade 11
Tracee Colgrove, teacher

Amaya Evans
SW Metro
Danica Bleess-Winter
Don't let this become the solution.

A COVID-19 Response by
Rebecca Figueroa
David Everett
Sabrina Persley
Steven Schmitt
Ashley J.

SW Metro
Danica Bleess-Winter
A COVID-19 Response Continued:
Timmie Blue, Cody K, Victor Chinas
Natalie, David Otto
Anika, Raquel Peterson
A COVID-19 Response Concluded:
Tammie Mangrum, Wil Bettenberg
SW Metro, Danica Bleess-Winter

Another Day in the ALC
Grace Honeycutt
Grade 12
WBL ALC
Ann Meyers
WBL ALC:
   Digital Photo Class
   Samantha Sargent
   Lashya Raheem
   Josephine Brennan, Anthony S.
   Tristan Clemmer
   Teacher: Ann Myers
WBL ALC:
Samantha Sargent, Savanah Parker
Jayda Munkberg, Tianna Brinker
Teacher: Ann Myers
Caitlin Palmer

Zee Grissom

Summer Schaaf
“Connections”

WBL ALC
Teacher: Ann Meyers
I’m from a loving family, a close connection
A quiet and keep to yourself town
Smile, wave, and move on with your life
Familiar faces but fleeting names
I come from a place I bring with me
I bring the good, the bad and the ugly
The good memories of rainy summer days
The bad of scraping my knee on the asphalt
And the ugly of shouted words being thrown between parents
Shattered family, a mess
A town so silent it’s deafening
With cancer sticks littering the streets
I’m from a perfectly imperfect family
In a perfectly imperfect town

I come from a gray area.
No yes or no, no black or white. Just maybe and gray
I come from a small town in a big world.
A loving town, but an unfair world.
I come from love and pain.
Love from people who’ve stayed and pain from those who’ve left.
I come from a place of confusion, but also certainty.
I know this is who I am, but why?
I come from a quiet home on a busy street in a world that tells me to stay quiet.
I come from solitude in my gray area.
you left me when I needed it most
you said don’t worry,
I’ll be back soon
when will soon be?
you told me you cared
if you cared you would’ve stayed
would’ve held me in your arms whispering
it’s ok sweet love
but you didn’t
you didn’t love me like a mom should
you ripped me away from my siblings
you left without saying goodbye
I begged
and begged
you don’t call
you don’t write
you don’t give me kisses goodnight
you said it’s just a trip
it’s not a trip if you don’t return

******************************************************************************

Why does it matter,
the color of my skin?
The scarf I wear,
I’m committing no sin.
The way you hassle me,
only leads to blasphemy.
I want to be accepted,
but it seems like the media,
is only deceptive
She smiles like nothing bad has ever happened to her
She hits a line
And her eyes are as wide as the moon

Her white teeth luminescent
As they gnash at her fate to the best of the music
She knows it'll end soon
So soon
So soon
So she takes another sip
And she drowns in herself
A sea of white and black
Hair spray, chemical compounds, lip gloss
Sequins, lacy lingerie, arched eyebrows
She licks her lips free of her sins
And she jumps back in again
Bathing in a sea of white
She pushes through
Pushes through
Hoping to finally reach the quiet of the night
Before she jumps
Before she jumps
She rips the skin off her hands
Hoping the rawness will reveal something grand
The music is slowly picking up
She turns up the stereo
Hoping to blow out her eardrums
So she will never
Ever have to listen
To the shouts of her past
Ever again
Ever again
She inhales
She exhales
Hoping to get high
But she's tasted every drug
And it's hopeless tonight
She throws her head back and laughs
Like she's never seen anything bad
Her hair wrapping around her throat
Tangling with her mortality
Confronting her immortality
She survives in the night
The stars flicker in and out
Strobe lights behind her eyelids
And she again cops out
To whomever it may concern, today I will be telling you about the day I almost died, and how my family allowed it. I was about 9 or 10 years old when I had a cyst on my eyelid. If you don’t know what that is, it’s like a little bump beneath your skin almost like a pimple but you can’t pop it, it needs to be cut off. Some people get them other places but since mine was on my eye, I needed to get it removed because it grew bigger overtime and eventually was the size of a pea.

Now, a little backstory about me, I have always had anxiety. That word in itself is a literal understatement, I’m talking about full-blown panic attacks, and if you still don’t understand, you know that feeling you get when you miss a step on the stairs? That brief second of absolute terror? Imagine having your heart and mind race that fast for several minutes or even hours. One of the few things that specifically terrorized me was the idea of not being in control of my body. So that means going to sleep, drugs, everything in that category. There came a day when I was scheduled to have surgery to remove my cyst. My mom and my sister were there with me. As we’re sitting in the little room where they prepare you for surgery, I began to get a bit anxious. They brought me in colorful tape to play with to take my mind off of things. They also brought me in a tie-blanket to help calm me down. The closer it came to the time of surgery, I grew more and more nervous. Eventually they came and put the I.V in my hand and I was fine with that because I wasn’t scared of needles. But when they said they were going to give me something to “Calm me down” was the start of a disastrous afternoon.

I made up many, many excuses to the nurse as to why I wasn’t ready yet. I tried saying my mom needed to hold my hand, then that my sister needed to hold my hand. I tried saying I needed to go to the bathroom and they caught on to what was going on. This left me with no choice. I sprinted towards the sliding glass door, thrust it open, and made my way running down the hospital hallway. I didn’t know where I was going, but all I knew was that I needed to get out of there. I heard one of the nurses ask my mom, “Do you give us permission to use excessive force?” “Yes!” she replied. How could she do this to me? She was just going to let them kill me and she didn’t even care? I’m still running when I look over my shoulder and the entire hospital staff and team are chasing after me. I see one of the hospital staff members down the hallway grab his shirt collar and say into it “We have a code 419 female adolescent”. I was still running faster than everybody.

As I went to turn the corner there was a sneaky little son of a bitch surgeon waiting for me and he snatched me. As I’m kicking and screaming, I break free of his grip but he snatches me again. He carried me all the way back to the room where there were staff members waiting for me. They threw me on the bed and had 2 people holding down my arms, one person on each foot, someone holding down my head, and they stabbed me with something. My lights went out within 3 seconds. When I woke up, I was very tired and I remember my sister telling me that “When they put the medicine in me I looked dead” and “She was really scared.” My sister paid like $80 for a Hello Kitty from the hospital gift room to give to me. She also bought me my favorite food, donuts. She bought me three of them and my mom ATE ONE. After that traumatic experience, she could do that to me? I am also still scared of drugs to this day. I don’t know how I’m going to get my wisdom teeth taken out next month. All I got to say is I hope it’s not a rerun from the last time I had surgery.
I come from a grateful family in a greedy world.

A world that is evil.

I come from a mixed stereotype that is black and white.

My skin says maybe, my past says no, my heart says yes, and my mind doesn’t know.

I come from long walks

I come from anxiety and I come from a sense of sureness.

A sureness that tells me to keep trying.

I come from emotions that get the best of me.

This is where I come from.

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Where I’m From
Student: Yesenia Anton
Grade: 12th
School: Mounds View eALC
Teacher: Kari Eloranta
MFKZ
Procreate/Medibang
Mackenzie Becher
11th Grade
Ivan Sand Community High School
Sue Yankowiak

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