

## East Fork: A Journal of the Arts

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### High School Writing Contest

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First Place  
The Bear Who Stood Up to Man  
By Jared Frondorf

Second Place  
Seamstress  
By Alexandria Fridel

Third Place  
Another School Shooting  
By Rachael Vandegrift

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### The Bear Who Stood Up To Man

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By Jared Frondorf

A Master Of The Dastardly  
One Filling Our Environment Hazardly  
Beating Back Nature Almost Handedly  
Until But One Bear Stood Up To Man Haggardly  
But Man Laughed Heartily  
What But One Bear Could Do To Stop His Machinery  
But The Bear With Swift Mastery  
Massacred Mans Tools With Swift Wagery  
As Man Stood In Abject Misery  
He Turned Tail And Left Brokenly  
For That Day Naught But One Bear  
Had Beat Man And Ended His Caustic Reign  
And Stopped The Fall Of His Toxic Rain  
Many Wonder The Fate Of That Young Bear  
But To Many Young Delights We Bear  
He Sleeps In His Home Far In Natures Glare  
Peacefully Taking His Minute Share  
As We All Might Do If We Learned A Thing Or Two  
From The Bear Who Stood Up To Man

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### Seamstress

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By Alexandria Fridel

I drown in drugs, dreaming of a better mind.  
Praying that this high will make me feel less confined.  
This needle isn't for sewing  
But the agony just keeps growing  
I'm trying to stitch my life back together.  
To keep the pieces from withering away, securing it to a tether.  
Maybe it's just not meant to be,  
Maybe a good life just isn't meant for me.  
My high is the only thing I have left.  
It helps me forget, all the pain that I heft.  
A muddled mind helps me survive.  
It keeps the broken bits of me alive.  
Please believe me when I say I'm not insane,  
I just can't live without help with all of the pain.

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### Another School Shooting

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By Rachael Vandegrift

An armed, white man walks into a school,  
kills 17 students and teachers with a tool  
that can be bought at just about any store  
by a 19 year old, insane, fool,  
before being caught, on Valentine's day,  
Marking the 30th mass shooting  
And it's not time to talk about gun control?

If they had been black, you'd say "more police"  
If they had been Mexican, you'd say "build a wall"  
If they had been Middle-Eastern, you'd say "travel ban"  
But they're not, they're white, they're mentally ill,  
so "Report the disturbed" our president says  
"It's about mental health!" our congress says  
"But it's not time to talk about gun control"

You send your thoughts and prayers,  
while we're pleading for your help  
You want my thoughts and prayers?  
I thought our country cared about us  
I thought our country loved us more than guns  
And I pray my school won't be next  
That my friends will not be mourned on the internet  
That we might be safe in our unsafe unchanging world  
Because you won't talk about gun control

But now?

We're taking this into our own hands  
We're organizing, rising up and wising up  
Taking a stand, and taking a walk  
Making our voices heard, better watch for that 10 o'clock  
We will not be complacent in our friends' deaths  
We've done it before and we will do it again  
They say "when we're older"  
I say why wait till then?  
These laws are going to change right now  
These deaths have got to be dwindling down

Everyone knows kids can be one loud crowd  
And no, we won't calm down  
Until no one ignores our outraged sound  
We will make the politicians come around  
And finally, gun control will bring peace to our towns.

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