



Blissful Butterfly
Alivia Heise

2020/2021

Reflections Winners

Alivia Heise: 2D Visual Arts, Photography, Literature

Nellie Anne Washburn: Literature

Rachel Hancey: 2D Visual Arts

Hannah and Me by Alivia Heise

The car's tires rumbled over every highway, freeway, street, and road. Jane felt the cool breeze come flying towards her from the car window.

She heard her dad's voice through everything else she sensed; the honking horns, barking dogs, and the big bags of chips her brother Rusty was probably eating.

"Hannah? Are you doing all right back there?" Her dad asked, with a hint of worry inside his voice.

"Yes, dad. I'm doing great." Hannah replied, with a hint of exasperation in her voice.

"Good," her dad replied.

Hannah sighed. Her father was too overprotective of her, she thought. She wished that he could baby Rusty, and not her. After all, Rusty was older than her.

"Hey Hannah, do you want a chip?" Rusty asked his sister. Hannah loved Rusty's voice. It was perfect, not too deep, not too squeaky. Just in between.

"Sure, Rusty! Thanks." Rusty set the bag of chips in her right hand, and with her left, she pulled out a chip and tasted it.

"Ooh, this is good, Rusty! Are these Pringles?" She asked, licking her fingers as she gave the bag back to Rusty.

"They are, indeed! Only the best, the salt and vinegar kind."

Hannah smiled, and leaned her head back against the seat. Her family was moving again. This time, it was because her dad got laid off from his last job. She guessed they were just a family who liked to move. She was coming from Georgia, where the kids at her school were mean to her. She and her family were now journeying to Illinois, where hopefully kids would be kinder.

"Maybe," she whispered quietly.

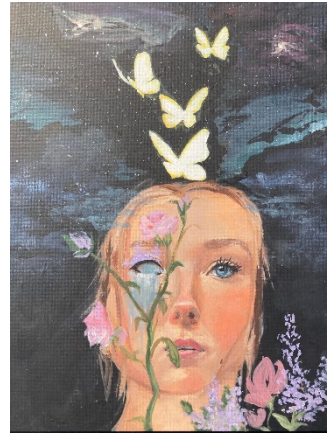
"Maybe what?" Rusty asked. Hannah didn't whisper quiet enough.

"Maybe I'll make some new friends," she said, then added, "Maybe I won't be bullied this year."

Her dad shared a quick glance with Rusty, who shrugged. "I'm sure you will, sweetheart! I think those kids in Georgia were just struggling, you know?"

"Yeah." She didn't want to tell her dad what was really on her mind.

Are all kids struggling, or do they just pick on me because I'm blind?



A Different Kind of Mind
by Rachel Hancey



There's always a
Light by Alivia Heise

Coming To Terms With Myself

I think to the past and think silently
What in the world happened to me
What made me change from that happy girl
That happy-go-lucky sweet little twirl

What made me lose that glint in my eye
What happened in the days gone by
What could have made me lose my way
What have I missed to this very day

I think to myself and sit there for hours
Instead of going out to smell the flowers
I try to think and think it through
Until I can figure out what I should do

I think and think instead of smiling
I stay in my head 'til I feel like I'm drowning
Once I resurface from my ocean of doubt
I still try to think of the thing I'm without

I think and I think until my mouth is dry
I think until I realize the day has gone by
After I realize I wasted my night
I just go to bed without the light

I forget what I wasted so long trying to see
What had happened to the old cheery me
In my dreams, I am a hero to everyone
When I wake up, I wish I were done

My head could explode from thinking so
long
Playing on repeat like a horrible song
Trying to remember why it's bad to change
Why my actions should not range

I sit alone and wonder what started this all
What made me think that my change was a
fall
Maybe being different is for the best
Maybe I was meant for a different test

Maybe I was meant for something great
Something I need to initiate
A task I can do, me alone
A fate that I can call my own

Being different can take its toll
But it also makes an incredible role
The role of being someone unique
The thought of being anything but bleak

Maybe being different isn't so bad
Maybe being different should make me glad
Glad I had the courage to say
"I'm okay with myself, I matter anyway."

Coming to Terms with Myself
by Nellie Washburn