The Goose

Perpich Arts High School
Literary Magazine

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Table of Contents

all i want is your love by Natalee Hoffman

8th Grade, Upsala Area Schools

all i want is your love
will you be mine valentine
your heart is like a dove

our hands fit together like a glove
I'm so happy you are mine
All i want is your love

I'm so glad god gave us both a shove
Our love is aging like good wine
Your heart is like a dove

The Lord has lifted our hearts above
Your personality is like gentle pine
All i want is your love

I never have to question your whereof
Your love is like finding a goldmine
Your heart is like a dove

This is love i will never dispose of
Your love is as beautiful as a grape vine
All i want is your love
Your heart is like a dove

Where did the time go? by Peyton Forsberg

8th Grade, Lincoln Secondary, Esko Public Schools

Butterflies and pink
Coloring with purple ink
Oh young me where have you gone
Your messy pictures so crazily drawn

Puffy dresses and pigtails
Bright pink fingernails
How I miss not caring what others thought
Not caring about my life's plot

My bright pink room and picking flowers
Running around the house with daddy and his superpowers
Making play-do food with mom and playing with my baby dolls
Walking like a model around all the malls

Why did you leave it was to soon
I miss having joy about simple things like a bright pink balloon
I miss you more than anything
I wish I could go back to the beginning

Place of wonder by Peyton Forsberg

8th Grade, Lincoln Secondary, Esko Public Schools

Old pages flutter and turn
Many people come here to learn
Librarians shush kids talking too loud
Parents sit with their reading young, smiling proud

Musty and dark, but in a good way
Old spines crack to the librarians dismay
Shelves filled until a reader takes one away
Grandma takes out her glasses, Sister her bunny
They settle down at a table with Winnie the Pooh and his honey

No sound I heard through here
The world you are reading feels so very near
Books whisk you away
To a world that beckons for you to stay

But when it's due back to its home
Sadness fills you as you roam
Back to place your adventure away
But don't worry
You can come back another day

To Say Goodbye: by Billie Delano

8th Grade, St. Paul Academy

If I had to say goodbye
I wouldn't know what to say

Would I embrace you
Like we used to
Or is the tension in the air
Pulling us away from that

If I say goodbye would it leave behind everything
As worlds slip from my lips
Trying to hold on
But they aren't quite strong enough
Yet

And as I look at you
We don't make eye contact
As we both look past
And before either of us says another word
I turn around and walk the other way
And after time has passed
Maybe some things weren't better unsaid

Seek Kindness by Jayla Gamache

9th Grade, Laporte High School

The dog isn't trying to scratch when he jumps,
He's only excited to see you.
The old lady doesn't mean to be in the way,
She was just admiring the flowers.
The wind doesn't mean to tussle your hair,
It was just carrying the seeds that grant new life.
The sun doesn't mean to be blinding,
It's just glad to shine and help others grow.
The girl is patient with the elderly,
As she knows it is their first time living, too.
The torn out page isn't sad,
For it is happy to have told a story.
The sweater isn't mad at the zipper for disconnecting it,
For it is lucky to have an embellishment.
The trees aren't upset with the mushrooms that grow on them,
For they are happy to have friends.
Seek kindness,
For you never know what it will bring you.

I Can't Break Anymore by Jacqueline Zoellner

9th Grade, Pillager High School

From love to lust,
From gold to rust,
From a beautiful bond,
Of which I was so fond,
To a heart,
That was once again torn apart,
From a breath-taking smile,
To one that hasn't been seen for a while,
From a bright beautiful soul,
To one that's the color of coal,
From a naive little girl,
Who didn't quite understand the world,
To a strong independent woman,
Who can never again be broken.

Raised by a Stranger

by Zaima Khan

9th Grade, Wayzata High School

I grew up with the sound of war,
Yelling across the hall,
Marching feet, a door slammed shut,
A silence that said it all.
I learned to live with shadows,
To drown out the screams,
But lately, my heart is heavy,
Tears slipping through my dreams.

He's never laid a hand on me,
But his words are cruel, sharp knives,
Each syllable a weight I carry,
A shadow on my life.
I tell myself I should be grateful,
For the roof that shields my head,
For the food I eat at morning's light,
Though his love feels cold as lead.

He took me in, when I was lost,
He raised me, though I never asked,
But all I've ever wanted,
Is something from him—love, at last.
Just a scrap of respect, a sign,
That I'm more than just the girl
Who tiptoes 'round his every mood,
Afraid of causing a whirl.

He has his children—his own flesh,
They laugh and smile with him,
While I stand in the corner,
My hope growing thin.
I wish, just once, he could see me,
See the child in my eyes,
And hold me, like a daughter,
Not just another sigh.

I wish I didn't feel this way,
That I could just let go,
But the truth is, I've been fighting
For a love I'll never know.
I'll carry this pain inside of me,
And maybe I'll get strong,
But I'll always wish he'd see me,
And love me all along.

But the nights stretch long and cold,
As I weep myself to sleep,
Wishing that he'd love me,
Wishing he'd feel deep.
I'll carry this heartache always,
Though I may never speak,
Hoping one day he'll notice,
The daughter he has yet to reach.

Test Day by Eva Stone

10th Grade, Irondale High School

"It's test time" the teacher booms. Her voice is like a needle to the temple, piercing through my frontal cortex. She hands out the test. Ok, Focus! FOCUS! Why can't I Focus?! My mind races; I can't focus. The clock ticks away. Tick, Tick, Tick… My eyes dart to the clock instinctively, then back to the test. FOCUS! My pencil dots on the paper. Dot, Dot, Dot, Dot… The numbers and letters fly around the page, doing a little dance of their own; the nutcracker maybe? I wish I could dance as freely as that… FOCUS! I read the first question; then reread; and reread; still nothing… I look up; everyone is scribbling away but me. FOCUS! I try to read the next question. Did we even learn this?! Focus! Maybe the next one? Nope… FOCUS! I start to doodle on the page. FOCUS! Maybe if I raise my hand, then the teacher'll help me?… This is taking forever! Can she even see my hand?! What is she doing?! FOCUS! The teacher finally comes.

"You can figure it out; we learned this on Friday!"

How is that supposed to help! Come on, THINK! Maybe if I-; no… Well, I could-; no, that won't work either… Well, I have to do SOMETHING! Come on! FOCUS! Why is this so hard for me?! Why can't I just be like everyone else?! The lights are buzzing; the pipes are screeching; the boy next to me is chewing too loud; the girl next to me is bobbing her leg; Bzz, Bzz, Bzz, Sss, Sss, Sss, Smack, Smack, Smack, Thump, Thump, Thump! FOCUS! The bell rings. No! No! NO! I didn't even finish one question! I must be a failure!

"Hey, Is there any reason why you didn't finish your test?" A voice snaps me back into reality. As I look up, I see the teacher staring down at me.

"…Sorry, I just couldn't focus…" I say meekly.

"Well, is there any excuse as to why that is?"

Any excuse?! ANY EXCUSE?! There are a million reasons and explanations as to why! But do I say any of them? No…

"I-I don't know…" I say instead.

"Well, everyone else finished and still had time left over to do other things; you should have been fully capable of doing it as well. I guess you'll just have to make up the work after school"

I drowned out the last part. You don't think I know that?! I SHOULD have, but did I? No… Why can't I ever just be good enough?! Why am I always so different?! All I can muster up is an:

"Ok…"

I head to my next class, hoping and praying, that it won't be as bad as this one.

The Weight of the World by Clarabelle Wermerskirchen

10th Grade, Faribault High School

I think it's odd how we view the weight of the world as a physical burden, something that must be carried and endured by our solid strength. When really, it's the emotional baggage this earth has housed for the past thousands of years. The constant rotation of herself, as different areas dwell in the daylight and the nighttime simultaneously. Never finding the rest she seeks. Thoughts and lives she's witnessed and carried. The tears, the blood, the sorrows she's let taint her soil. Her *soul*.

The different stories that danced across her grounds. Two cars on their way to a hospital, one to welcome a new life into this complex world. *What will this one's story be?* She thinks. The other car to say their last goodbyes to a loved one. *Will this one continue on to heaven or hell?*

"God how much longer will I have to watch your beloved children suffer this cruelty?" Maybe I am cruel. *Maybe I am the reason for all of this suffering. Am I the reason for all of this suffering?*

"God I was supposed to carry your beautiful creations, I was supposed to protect them. All I do is let them fall into my cold dark holes. I'm sorry for letting them down. I'm sorry for letting you down God."

"You forget that you are my beautiful creation as well darling. I spoke you into existence. I *made* you in *my image*, just as I did them. You are playing the part I gave you, a temporary home. You see, I gave them minds to think for themselves, options to choose. The dark paths they choose to take has made this world a cruel place. They can choose to let me show them the beauty, the love, the light. Or they can turn away and dwell in the evil, the darkness, the suffering. You think this is what I want for them? No, I have built up an eternal city of joy for those who choose me. A place where hurting has no welcome. I will let them choose their path. I will not force someone to love me. Because if it is forced, we cannot even begin to call it love."

The weight of the world isn't something to be carried by physical strength. It's the emotional weight that she's carried for far too long. Whiplashed between moments of joy and sorrows. Flashing that knowing smile when a young couple says "I love you" for the first time. The next moment listening in to the news of another suicide. Swelling with a sense of motherly pride when someone goes to the concert they've saved up for their whole life. Then watching the boy who swore to never be like his father, fearfully stare into the eyes of his newborn son. Now watching a girl who's been tricked into hating her body and her being for the longest time, finally look in the mirror and love the girl looking back at her.

This world has come to accept it all, the beauty and the pain. She knows now that things happen completely out of her control, and the only thing she can control is her mindset. She's learned to admire the deeper meaning behind the anguish. She's learned to let it soak into her soil, but not define her.

The unknown ghost by Lilliana Lewis

10th Grade, Tartan High School

The lights of the deserted hospital corridor hummed. Nurse Keke shivered, pulling her nurse outfit tighter around her. It wasn't the chill that bothered her. But the oppressive silence, by the rhythmic beep of a distant heart monitor. She'd been working the night shift at St. Jones' for 3 years now, but tonight, something felt…off. As she passed Room 302, a room left unoccupied for months, a flicker of movement flashed through Keke's eyes. A figure stood in the corner, a woman in a floral dress. Keke's heart leaped into her throat. Room 302 was supposed to be empty. The empty room was empty. The curtains billowed gently in the breeze from a window open. Keke inhales deeply. She remembered the window being closed. A wave of the icy air hit her neck, raising goosebumps on her neck and arms. Suddenly, the floral scent of lavender filled the air. Keke just stood there while the women stood directly behind her, her face pale and her eyes hollow and dark. A silent scream caught Keke's throat. The woman's lips moved, forming words that Keke couldn't hear. But she understood. Keke's eyes flashes of images of a car crash, a hospital bed, a desperate plea for help. This was the ghost of a patient, trapped and unknown between worlds. Keke felt overwhelmed and feared deeply, but then, the fear reminded, a cold knot in her stomach, but it no longer paralyzed her. Taking deep breaths, Keke spoke, her voice surprisingly steady. "I see you," she said, meeting the ghost's hollow gaze. "I understand now. You need help." The ghost's eyes widened quickly, Keke reached her hand out, her fingers touching the fabric of the ghost's dress. It felt like cold air through my fingers. "I'll find out what happened to you," Keke promised. "I'll help you find peace." As painting the sky in pink and orange, Keke sat at the nurse's station, with many old patient records on the desk.

She found the woman's name. Eleanor Mac. A victim of a hit and run, she had died in Room 302, her pleas for help unheard. Keke contacted the police, finding new information gleaned from soul Eleanor's memories. The case was reopened, and justice was finally served. That night, Keke returned to Room 302. The room was empty, the lavender scent was gone. Keke smiled, a sense of peace settling over her face. Keke has faced her fear, not by conquering it, but by channeling it into compassion. In doing so, she has helped a lost soul find its way home and freedom.

Agnes by Linnea Meyers

10th Grade, Tartan High School

I looked at the drops of rain floating to the bottom of the window sill. My best friend Adeline Loughtly was standing next to me with a joyous smile. Her face is beautiful. We were waiting in an empty train station in St. Paul. It was 20 minutes until boarding and there was no one.

My thoughts were moving quicker and quicker. Why was nobody here? Are we at the wrong place? Are we too early? Are we too late?

"Attention, the Borealis is boarding now. Attention, the Borealis is boarding now. Please make your way to the door. Please make your way to the door," the man on the speaker above our heads alarmed. We didn't have to walk far because we were already standing at the door. We made our way into the train's 3rd car. There was still nobody. "Maybe everyone is on cars 1 and 2," I tried to tell myself to ease my mind. Adeline had a hop with each step she took. How is she not concerned? Does she know there is nobody here? Is this all in my head? Are there actually people here that I just can't see?

"Come on Agnes, just breathe and stop thinking," I whispered to myself hoping Adeline wouldn't hear.

When me and Adeline were an hour into the train ride, Adeline got up from her chair. She told me, "I'm gonna go to the bathroom, be back soon." She had the same joyous smile she had at the station. Now I was on my own, on this solitary train. I was left with my thoughts controlling my mind.

All of a sudden I heard howls of a creature in the distance.

"It's all in your head Agnes, it's all in your head," I mutter to myself. The sound got louder and louder until it was all I could hear. My heart was pounding. As I tried to center my thoughts, a piercing scream rang through my ears.

"Adeline," I say out loud, barely breathing. All at once I was out of my seat, running as fast as I could. I had no control over where my feet were taking me.

"I have to find Adeline," was the only thing going through my mind.

"WHAT'S WRONG!?" I shrieked once I was next to her, still breathing uncontrollably. I didn't need her to answer the question when I looked in front of me. I caught a glimpse of dark red fluid. The seats of car 2 were covered in it. Scratch marks were everywhere. Figures lied dead. Sweat trickled down my face. When I looked over at Adeline her jaw was dropped. She did not take her eyes off the seats. She was frozen in place. She claimed to fear nothing, but in that moment all I saw was fear in her eyes. The silence was insanely loud. It was so loud I was able to make out Adeline's heartbeat. The crying howls in the distance sounded closer and louder. After what felt like forever we finally made eye contact. It took exactly 5 seconds to study each other's expressions.

"What do we do?" Adeline questioned in the most panicked voice. It's a tone I had never heard come out of her before.

"I…I don't know," I stutter. My face was wet. I was crying. I was swallowed in fear and I had no idea what to do. When I looked to see Adeline's expression she was gone.

“Breath,” I murmured. I then immediately gave up the chance to calm down. What’s the point? Every person in car 2 had been murdered by some kind of demon. My best friend had vanished. There was no way I was surviving this. There was no way I was making it home alive.
“Agnes, you might want to come see this,” Adeline said from a distance. Thank god Adeline was okay. I walked cautiously over the dead people of car 2, into car 1. The dark red fluid was dripping slowly from the conductor's seat. Adeline was frozen again.
“Wait…If he’s…WHO’S DRIVING THIS INSANE TRAIN!” I cried. I had completely lost it. I was completely yelling, which I didn’t do often.
“We have to get off this train. RIGHT NOW!” Adeline howled in fear.

We bolted out of the train. We didn’t look back once. We paid no attention to the fact that the train was still moving. When we were far enough away to feel safe we stopped. We breathed in and out. I scanned my surroundings. There were stones with names of people who’ve passed. Adeline’s hands were still on her knees. She was panting loudly. As I moved past the stones, my heart beat slowed, and my breathing wasn't as fast. Everything seemed to slow down. One of the stones had the name ‘ANTHONY JONES’ printed on it.
“Hey Adeline, come here!” I called out. Adeline was now looking around the stones as well.
“What’s up?” She said as she jogged over to me.
"Wasn't the train conductor’s name Anthony Jones?” I asked.
“Yeah, I’m pretty sure it was.” She answered, sounding just as confused as I was. How did he already have a gravestone up? He died like 20 minutes ago. I’m done questioning. This trip has been too insane to question. I then spotted the most beautifully shaped gravestone. ‘ADELINE LOUGHTLY’ was the name printed on it. My heart stopped. I couldn’t breathe. I think I must’ve fainted because when I woke up I was on the train. A man was sitting next to me. I was drenched in sweat.
“Are you okay?” I heard the man ask me. His voice was gentle. His face looked kind. All I did was give him a nod.

Asylum by Adaley Roy

10th Grade, North Branch Area High School

I hear whispering all around me closing in. The lights went out and Samuel isn't answering when I'm calling out for him. I can hear the distant banging of a metal door, as one of the asylum's doors opened as the lights went out. I'm worried that this place isn't as abandoned as it was advertised. The whispering keeps repeating the same thing over and over again, getting louder and louder “Run, run, run, run…”.

I scream out as something touches my back “Samuel! Is that you?” I feel the fingers crawling down my back. I don’t think it's Samuel.

“Run! Or you'll be stuck here with the rest of us forever!” The mysterious voice whispers. So I sprinted as fast as I could, I turned as I left the Asylum and saw Samuel.

“Bekah where’d you go? You were right behind me as I was leaving then poof gone,” Samuel muttered.

“I-…I thought I was going to die. Why did you leave me?! We were supposed to stick together.” I cried out. And with a turn everything was gone.

Silence of the God, Stygian by Emilyn Troup

11th Grade, Stillwater Area High School

It is a question of not what you stand for, but what you have been born with.

Your blood runs red with the spit of a god; your god, our god. One that belongs to us, plural. She runs her lips along the inside of your veins, coating the blood that bleeds to your heart the incarnadine hue of the curve of her tongue.

Your God wraps the abyss of all things sweet around your hand, curling up into a ball next to your lungs and taking up space in your heart. She holds you tight like your mother once did, with tales about who you are. Every word she says is like a kiss to your forehead, lovely and sweet. She tells you that you are the first of many, pressing a kiss to your nose. She tells you that you are the first of sin and the first of love with a kiss to your temple. Philautia. You will do good to love yourself, she tells you, with a kiss to the crown of your head.

You are shaped to fit the name she gives you, a loss of everything you once were. With pure black skin and red scars of lightning, you carry no remembrance of the human you once were. There is no more of the cherry-sweet innocence of humanity in your smile (for you do not have teeth) and there is no more of that wild gleam in your eye (you have the eye of the devil) and there is no more of that sway of your hips when you walk across the wooden floor of a pub (You are built to be appreciated, as god intended. Never meant to dance).

In the beginning, you are running fingers against the surface of the walls that line hell. Your touch leaves black in its wake, scarring the brick, irreplaceable. There is a noise. The sound of rusted (black) hinges breaking and light (blinding) in the corridor where you stand. It is so rare for there to be anything but the low glow of your own body that you turn in excitement; the light of the sun draws courage. There is a man that catches your eye, and you stare at him, unblinking. Lovely. Philautia.

(Sometimes, you imagine that god has named you wrong. You do not feel like you love yourself when you float in the dark of the labyrinth. You feel like you are as much of a brick as any of the others that line the wall. Dirty, dank. A secret that should be kept hidden. You wish that you could have died with your own body. It, at least, was yours. Here, your soul belongs to the people as much as it belongs to yourself. That is the burden of a god).

“What are you?” The man asks. He does not look away. “Are you an illusion that my fallible mind has curated to perfection? A god that wishes to rid me so?”

“Neither.”

“Are you here to kill me where I stand?” He does not know that his eyes can say anything at all: a beg, a plea, a mercy. Every moment you stand here his eyes share words that he does not speak. Secrets that you take greedily, like a hanged man takes in air. “I am afraid that you will have to take me back to hell kicking and screaming.”

In the seconds of mercy you show him, he seems to realize you are nothing if not hostile. His voice continues like so, and you wonder if he will rust like bricks when your skin touches his. “I am Agapios. Appointed to hell. But I beg, Philautia, it is not a place where soldiers like me are meant to be kept.”

There is a flash of a memory from when you were somebody who once feared hell like the man that stands before you, lantern clutched with white knuckles in his hand. You were once somebody who feared everything that you would turn out to be.

And yet here you are.

Curated into perfection. Built into a god.

“Where do you wish to be, Agapios?” Is what you ask of him. “If not for where you belong?”

The man's eyes tell a secret that you decipher easily. He thinks (he knows) that you will take pity on him because you are similar in the way that you love thine self the same way he loves his own freedom. He knows (he thinks) that you will not kill him because you are a woman. And when his eyes sharpen, it is not with fear, but rather with anger. “Do you say that I belong in hell, girl? I am Agapios, a living god amongst men.”

He perceives that you will spare him because you are a woman; but he knows no realms of what a god is willing to do.

He scoffs, the sound sharp. It takes him a mere moment of hubristic immaturity to do something impudent, something he cannot take back. You watch, wide eyed (with eyes that say more than man ever could) as he takes a second of a moment to look away. This is all it takes, you think. Take and take and take.

When his eyes roll back in his head, they stay there.

You reach out to his pale skin, and what was once red with blood turns black underneath your touch. You draw the pattern of swirls into his upper arm and the words of your name along his legs. It is not the same, you think as you run a finger along the jugular vein, visible in his neck. His body is unlovable, just like it was when he was something more than a corpse; when he was alive.

You pull away from his body when it is starting to rust into pieces and the skin feels more brick than human. Greedy, starving. Never quite satisfied.

Like a god.

Why did I grow up? by Brooklynn Tyrrell

11th Grade, Fulda High School

Why did I grow up
Why did I grow up
When I was younger all I
Wanted was to grow up
But now all I want to do is to
Go back to being young

Why did I grow up
I want to go back to when my only problem
Was what cereal I was going to eat
Or what outfit I was going to put on my doll
I want to go back to when I would cry when I fell
Not when my parents are fighting or guys don't like me or
Just want me for my body

Why did I grow up
I now have to worry about when I walk home by myself
If someone is following me
I try to help my sister get through this world that
I am still trying to figure out myself
I worry about school and if I have good grades because
If I don't how am I going to make it in life

Why did I grow up
When I was younger my favorite thing was staying up
on the weekend
But now I stay up all night every night
How can I sleep when my mind is running faster then
I can think
I wish I never grew up

The First Meteors to Find Atmosphere by Sydney Callahan

11th Grade, Elk River High School

The moonlight made the blood all over the laboratory look like loose meteors.

It gleamed. The pieces of her, taken from other people's corpses, were turning green and rotten, the pungency of it cloaking the room, coating my throat. I could see my silhouette outlined on the floor, cast by the moon over my shoulder. It was too big, the proportions too monstrous. I was a conglomeration of limbs that were not mine, like a puppet given life. Who could care for a creature like that? Only one of the same circumstances of creation, that had to be the answer. Victor would make her. He would give me my other half.

Victor was hunched over his work bench, the front of his laboratory coat caked in vermillion. His glasses were sliding down his nose, his shoulders drawn taunt. He hadn't noticed my presence yet. The pieces of her were arranged on the table in such a way that it almost seemed like a puzzle. He was just missing the final piece: her consciousness. And, by the light of the moon, I could see that Victor was trembling.

He moved gently at first, looking over his shoulder towards my figure in the window. I stopped, immobile; his hair was hanging into his eyes, his brow curved low above his eyelashes. I could not see the rest of his face, though fear radiated from him, as well as regret. What was he thinking? No, he wouldn't. Not when she was this close to completion. He wouldn't—

I didn't get there fast enough to stop Victor from tearing her apart. He tore at the seams, ripped the carefully sewn together limbs, a puppeteer gone mad. A protest was still dying on my tongue, tasting of blood and meteors. He had ruined her. What did he have to say for himself? What made him so different from me? I had done things, many terrible things, but he had done worse. By giving me life, he had done worse. This was the final straw.

Victor was out the door before I could reach him, the moonlight drenching his frenzied features in all different shades of gray. The blood was drying on his coat, crusting over and turning dark. He had ruined her. He had ruined her, and he was running.

My feet were following before I could register what had happened. All I knew was that it was his fault, he would pay, he would pay, he would pay. I followed him to his flat. I crept through the slanted hallways, smeared blood over his expensive furnishings, let him know I was coming. That he couldn't escape this. I knew where he was already; it was like a sixth sense. There was a tugging in my gut, a tug from creation to creator. He had done this to me.

When I found him, his skin was white with fear, crouched into the back corner of his bed, among his pillows. His mattress glittered with meteors. Meteors she would never get to see.

"You have gone back on your promise! What do you have to say for yourself? I have followed you across glaciers, fields, and oceans, propelled by your promise to give me companionship, and yet you defy me? After all that I have endured?"

"Leave, demon! I will not be responsible for decades of suffering at your hand, or hers. How do I know you will disappear? What if you fester, reproduce? How do I know her values? Her beliefs? You have sworn to leave this place, but she has made no such promise. I will not carry that burden!"

"I swore!" and I hated how desperate I sounded. "Do you think your creation capable of lies?"

"You are capable of many sins, demon. Your very existence is one."

I was watching it happen right before me: creator leaving creation, just as God had done to man. And I would find, come time, that history continued to repeat itself.

"Is it so, that while you prosper in love among humans, of humanity, I am meant to be alone? I beg you, explain—what have I done that makes me unworthy of humanity?" I watched as Victor began to say something, then thought better of it, closing his mouth and looking down at his bloodstained hands. Oh, how I shook with fury. "You will discover that I have found passion in revenge, that there is no greater motivator. Victor Frankenstein, I promise you, you will wish you had come undone the night you defied your only creation."

"I don't fear you," he said from his bedside, and yet his voice quivered.

"Then why do I see it in your eyes?"

As I left him, shrouded in blood that wasn't his own, his gaze became tired, unfocused. He held his sheets closer to his chin, muttering to himself. Later that night, I would be rowing across the water, the wave caps touched by moonlight, and I would see the way it rippled resemble meteors. I knew now that there would be no one for me on this Earth other than myself.

"You made me like this."

Lover's Last Sonnet by Jacob Olson

12th Grade, Providence Academy

Falling like a pheasant from the blue sky
Not into love but far from it I go
For even though all days I catch her eye
Those big brown eyes bring me to deepest low

To the Willow I go weeping again
I wail with the Mourning Dove till the set
Putting on facades to imitate Zen
On set I act but secretly I fret

Sleepless nights that haunt me till breaking dawn
Regrets flooding my mind that turn to rage
Awaiting one day to return to yawn
This ancient pain proclaimed from age to age

But if given the chance to repeat sin
Fooled twice to tricks I would be there within

Acknowledgement

Thank you to everyone who submitted, contributed, and helped make our inaugural issue of “The Goose”! A special thanks to all the teachers, parents, and guardians who encouraged these amazing writers to submit to “The Goose” and who consented for their child’s work to be shown. Thank you to Betsy Anderson, Toni Beckler, and Kevin Lally, PhD, for their support of our project and their instrumental role in making it happen. We hope to make many more issues of “The Goose” in the future!

The Geese

Editor Bios

Danny Schiffer
Hi, I'm a class of 2025 lit kid at Perpich, and I'm an editor for "The Goose"! I love reading short stories and poetry, and I specialize in spooky ones. I like to write things that focus on humanity's connection to nature, the paranormal, and the future. Writing is to help us imagine what is possible, and who better to express this than youth?

Lauren Scherer
Hello! I'm Lauren Scherer, and I'm a class of '26 lit student at Perpich. I love reading and writing anything genre-bending, especially poetry, scripts, and flash fiction. I'm excited to be an editor of "The Goose"!

Jalena Gumban
Hi! I'm Jalena Gumban, a class of 2026 Lit. kid at Perpich, and I'm also an editor for "The Goose" lit. magazine. I love reading poetry, short stories, multi-perspective, and short informational pieces. I enjoy focusing my writing about the human experience, nature, and general chaos. Typically, I write things in the form of a poem or memoir. I'm really excited to see what people submit.

Megan Miller
Hi! I'm Megan, a 2025 Lit kid as Perpich and editor of "The Goose". I love reading romance and grotesque based books. I write mostly short stories that all have to do with fiction and paranormal stuff. I do a little bit of poetry, but my first choice is short stories. I am excited to see the many works submitted for I'm sure every last one will be mind blowing.

Nadia Oian Vust
Hello! I'm Nadia Oian Vust, a senior literary arts student at Perpich. I'm also an editor for "The Goose"! My pastimes include researching anything and everything, writing (of course), and obsessively checking lit mags (I get the struggle!) I mainly write poetry, but dabble in all sorts of mediums and genres, and I absolutely love reading anything and everything. I'm excited to see what you've created!

August Pederson
Hello, I'm August, a class of '25 literary student at Perpich as well as an editor for "The Goose". I read almost anything I can get my hands on. I write mostly poetry and memoir but have dabbled in short story fiction as well. In my free time I like to create any type of art whether it's visual, literary, music, etc. I think art gives pathways for expression and healing!

Starr Anderson
Hey! I'm Starr Anderson, a class of '25 lit student at Perpich and an editor for "The Goose". I love reading almost all genres, and writing poetry and short stories. My writing is based around nature and my experience as a Wiccan. I hope to one day become a travel writer to experience two things I love; writing and traveling the world!