



D181 Young Writers Night

HOSTED BY THE DISTRICT 181 FOUNDATION

**February 22, 2018
Hinsdale Middle School**



Making a difference for all of our schools.

When you donate to the District 181 Foundation you help to:



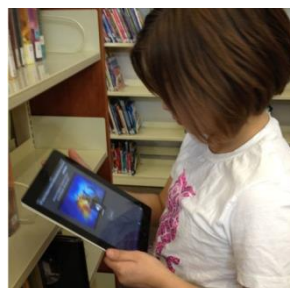
Encourage creativity and innovation in the classroom by providing individual teachers with resources to put their ideas for improving student learning into action. Through our Teacher Creativity Grants, individual teachers can apply for up to \$5000 to implement a new idea that, if successful, could become a resource for the entire District or act as a seed, pilot or model for other schools.



Bring experts to our community to educate and inform on topics and challenges in learning and parenting. Through our Community Speaker Program, the Foundation has helped to fund the Family Education Series and presentations from nationally recognized experts Madeline Levine, Sian Beilock, Kenneth Ginsburg and Laurence Steinberg. The Foundation also organizes and funds district-wide programs, such as Young Writers Night and The District 181 Student Art Show, to give students special opportunities to learn and showcase their talents.



Empower students to make their school, community, environment and the world a better place. KIDS Grants, awarded to District 181 students, have funded blanket drives for Syrian orphans, CD recycling efforts, fundraisers for veterans, gifts for pediatric cancer patients and much more. The possibilities are endless.



Support district-wide initiatives to enhance the curriculum for all the schools. Most recently the Foundation provided significant funding for the Digital Learning Initiative. The wind turbine at CHMS, the WeatherBug station at HMS, the prairie garden at Elm School, and the water harvesting/outdoor learning center at Prospect are just a few examples of initiatives supported with funds from the Foundation.

About Us

The District 181 Foundation is an independent non-profit organization, composed of an all-volunteer board. Its mission is to inspire community involvement and support for education through partnerships, programs and events that enhance District 181's achievement of its vision for our community's schools.

Since 1997, the District 181 Foundation has invested nearly \$1,000,000 in our schools. This is only possible because of the generosity of community members like you.

If you would like to learn more about the Foundation and how to get involved, please contact us by emailing mcooper@d181foundation.org.

www.d181foundation.org



HOSTED BY THE DISTRICT 181 FOUNDATION

February 22, 2018
6:00pm - 9:00pm
Hinsdale Middle School

6:00pm

Check In

Book Sales & Signing • Writing Activities

6:25pm

Introductions

Keynote Speaker Eric Kahn Gale

7:00pm

Breakout Session A

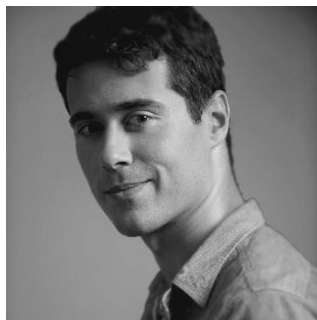
7:30pm

Breakout Session B

8:00pm

Open Mike Coffee House

Keynote Speaker – Eric Kahn Gale



All of my books have been inspired by my life.

My first novel, *The Bully Book*, is a comic mystery taken directly from my experiences being bullied in 6th grade.

My second, *The Zoo at the Edge of the World*, is a fantasy prompted by my lifelong obsession with animals.

And my newest book, *The Wizard's Dog*, is what I imagine my lovely dog, Bowser, would be like if he was granted magic powers.

Life has enriched my books, and these books have vastly enriched my life.

Eric lives in Chicago with his wife, Jade, and their dog, Bowser.

Thank You

The District 181 Foundation is thrilled to organize and fund the first District 181 Young Writers Night, bringing together students, parents and teachers to celebrate the power of writing and to encourage students to share their writing with others. This evening would not be possible without the support of the following individuals:

District 181 Foundation Board Members

Matt Bousquette, Meghan Christiansen, Meg Cooper, James Fawley, Suzanne Furey, Candace Gross, Milton Harris, Tracey Head, Andy Janes, Tracey McCarroll, Lois Mejdrich, Maureen Miks, Chris Pequet, Dave Pequet, Sue Oliva, Danette Riehle, Jennifer Stout, Kara Thompson, Braden Waverley, Colleen Wilcox, Susan Wilson

District 181 Staff Members

Dr. Don White, Jean Duggan, Vivian Beach, Lauren Bonga, Eric Chisausky, Bill Cox, Tiffany Egan, Cheryl Esparza, Eleni Gajewski, Jen McCredy, Tracey McKay, Amy Ostrowski, Jeremy Pomeroy, Sarah Recktenwall, Heather Scott, Meaghan Sheridan, Donna Vorreyer

Special Thank You

Special thank you to Pam Lannom from The Hinsdalean and Andrew Kudelka, graphic novelist and instructor at The Community House for joining us to lead learning sessions. And a big thank you to Jimmy McDermott, Arts Director for the Ly Hotkin Arts Program at The Community House for emceeding the Open Mike Coffee House.



Learning Sessions

Finding Focus in Writing - Led by Cheryl Esparza

Room 223

Teachers always tell their students to keep their focus in writing. What exactly does that mean? Hopefully this session will break down what it means to find your focus. Students will look at how writing takes on new power when they move from the general to the specific. Examples will be shared and shown.

The Story Circle - Led by Eric Kahn Gale

Room 124

Many of the world's most powerful, engaging, and memorable stories have something in common. Some people call it an arc. Some call it a hero's journey. I call it a story circle. Join me in a lesson about this powerful tool for telling stories. We will learn what a story circle is, apply to a popular modern story, and then use it to create a new story together.

Comic Book Art & Storytelling - Led by Andrew Kudelka

Room 119

Are you a fan of comics? Do you enjoy intermixing words & pictures? Do you daydream a lot and drift away into your imagination? Interested in creating something of your own but don't know where to begin? Join Comic Art Creator & Instructor Mr. Andrew Kudelka for a brief breakdown of comic history, the creation process, and a quick brainstorm session to discover the wonderful world of visual storytelling. Genres may include Superheroes, Fantasy, Horror, and Sci-Fi to Auto-Biographical, Historical, Political, and Educational. Mix, twist, and shape your own worlds & genres. Nothing is limited, everything permitted!

Journalism: Writing the News on Deadline - Led by Pam Lannom

Room 125

What does it take to conduct a successful interview? How do reporters collect information when sources don't want to provide it? Are there times when writers need to finish a story in under an hour? Join the editor of *The Hinsdalean* to get a behind-the-scenes look at putting together news (and feature!) articles. Then take a try at writing the first few paragraph or two of a news story. This session is designed to appeal to anyone who is interested in writing — not just for newspapers.

Break the Ice With Your Characters! - Led by Amy Ostrowski

Room 221

How do you get a character from your imagination, onto the page, then into a reader's mind? You take some time to get to know them inside and out! In this session we'll explore exercises and techniques to help you discover the ins and outs of your characters so they leap from the page into your readers' imaginations.

Good Beginnings & Happy Endings - Led by Heather Scott

Room 222

In this paper, I'm going to tell you... Well, that's all. I hope you liked my story. The end. Readers can be fickle - they don't want to waste their time reading something that doesn't interest them. The beginning is the most important part of a piece of writing and must hook the reader! Also important, though, is the ending because readers do not want to feel let down and have their experience ruined. Join HMS Language Arts teacher Mrs. Scott and delve into the fun and fascinating world of writing beginnings and endings readers will love. Come ready to consider different ways to begin and end stories as well as share work! Participants are encouraged (but not required) to come with an idea or short piece of writing. All ages welcome!

A Poet's Tricks of the Trade: Making Your Poems Sing - Led by Donna Vorreyer

Room 128

Poems are sometimes treated differently than other types of writing, especially in schools. Sometimes writers think that just "writing what you feel" makes something a poem. This is just not true! Poets have tools and tricks, just like other writers, and using them to write and revise your poems can make your poems come alive. We will discuss (and practice) how poets use word choice, sound, form, and titles to make their poems more than just short lines or rhymes!



Student Writers

Page	Name	Page	Name	Page	Name
5	Alam, Daniel	32	Haarlow, Ann	58	Nystedt, Ian
5	Alam, Ilyas	32	Haines, Caitlin	58	Packer, Leah
6	Alosman, Yousef	33	He, Hailey	59	Paquette, Charlotte
8	Ascher, Hugh	34	He, Tyler	60	Parikh, Rena
9	Bansal, Aryan	34	Hsieh, Adeline	61	Parrillo, Josephine
9	Batra, Jai	35	Hu, Kaitlyn	62	Patel, Sameea
10	Batra, Shiven	36	Hughes, Moira	62	Patel, Shreeji
11	Bernach, Brendan	37	Jazayerli, Amira	62	Patel, Shreemann
12	Braden, Willa	37	Jazayerli, Jenna	64	Pedersen, Bianca
14	Bruns, Lindsey	38	Jovic, Chiara	65	Pieper, Alexandra
14	Cannan, Avery	38	Kamon, Daniel	66	Pigeon, Sophie
13	Cannan, Mason	39	Kapcar, Jack	66	Prasse, Cameron
16	Cernok, Olivia	40	Kapcar, Lucy	67	Rajput, Riyana
17	Chen, Darlene	40	Khan, Azmay	67	Rajput, Tanzil
17	Chillo, Madison	41	Khan, Lyden	68	Rao, Ila
19	Chou, Jocelyn	41	Korn, Finley	68	Rao, Nikhil
20	Collier, Jeffrey	42	Koschik, Lauren	68	Rohn, Parker
21	Crisostomo, Quintin	43	Krause, Kaelyn	70	Rohn, Peyton
22	Crisostomo, Yazmin	44	Krause, Kendall	71	Ryan, Summer
22	Cunningham, Ethan	44	Lababidy, Fares	71	Sauer, Michael
23	Cunningham, Mira	45	Lababidy, Sam	71	Shah, Aanya
15	D'Arco, Eliana	46	Liu, Jason	72	Shah, Shaila
23	Devata, Dru	47	Lucht, Eleanor	72	Simmons, Ella
23	Devulapally, Rahul	47	Malham, Mary	73	Simmons, Owen
24	Devulapally, Rohan	48	Marginean, Ava	74	Singh, Maya
24	Doshi, Rikhil	49	Marginean, Lucia	75	Smith, Charles
25	Ebbert, Sebastian	50	Marginean, Willem	77	Stach, Charles
25	Elk, Petra	51	Marlovics, Nadia	78	Sweeney, Quentin
26	Erwin, Kinsey	51	Marotta, Daniel	78	Temple, Madeline
27	Flaming, Gemma	52	Marringa, Delaney	79	Trejo, Natalia
27	Furey, Ally	52	Marringa, Natalie	79	Turek, Charlie
28	Gannon, Claire	53	Marringa, Nick	80	Wibbenmeyer, S.
28	Gannon, Connor	54	Marringa, Travis	81	Wiemeyer, Zoe
29	Garg, Devin	55	Mason, Connor	81	Wolowick, Kaylie
29	Gerami, Ava	55	Maxwell, London	82	Wood, Griffin
30	Gerami, Charlie	56	Merrell, Aya	82	Zhang, Harrison
30	Gibson, Naomi	56	Norton, Maris	83	Zhang, Lehan
31	Gilman, Sammy	57	Nystedt, Elliot	84	Zou, Sophia

New Dog

There is no dog with good guarding abilities, awareness, strength, loyalty, sniffing abilities and intelligence. So, I decided to create one. The Pit bull is very aware and strong. But they are banned from some countries because if mistreated there will be aggression. If I could use the pit bull as one of the dogs in the creation, I could probably accomplish two things on my list!

I'll use a German Shepherd for great guarding abilities, then a German shorthaired pointer for intelligence (and loyalty), then a Tibetan Mastiff for bravery, strength and loyalty. Then the St. Bernard for epic sniffing abilities and finally the Pit Bull for awareness and strength.

Now, all I need is the dogs which can be found online from local or private breeders. I found a purebred German Shepherd, Tibetan Mastiff and St. Bernard. They were all puppies. But Pit bulls and shorthaired pointers are very rare not to mention the Pit bull is banned from some countries. I went to the pound to find a Pit bull puppy and a shorthaired pointer that also was a puppy. After that I bought cages, dog food, treats for training, and toys for playing. I also bought ten bowls (five food bowls and five water bowls). Later on, I setup the cages and added water and food to the bowls. At dinner time, the puppies scrambled for a random bowl. The next day, I decided to name them and start a journal for taking notes on their behavior.

A few years later, when the dogs were all adults, I started my breeding process. My journal was overstuffed with notes. I knew every single thing about each dog.

A few months later at the end of the breeding process, my new dog looked like a wolf and lion mixed together but a little smaller. He was still a puppy but his size was humongous. He had lots of hair and had nice pricked ears. The main thing was he was too cute to miss and if you ever come to my house you'll leave with a lot of pictures.

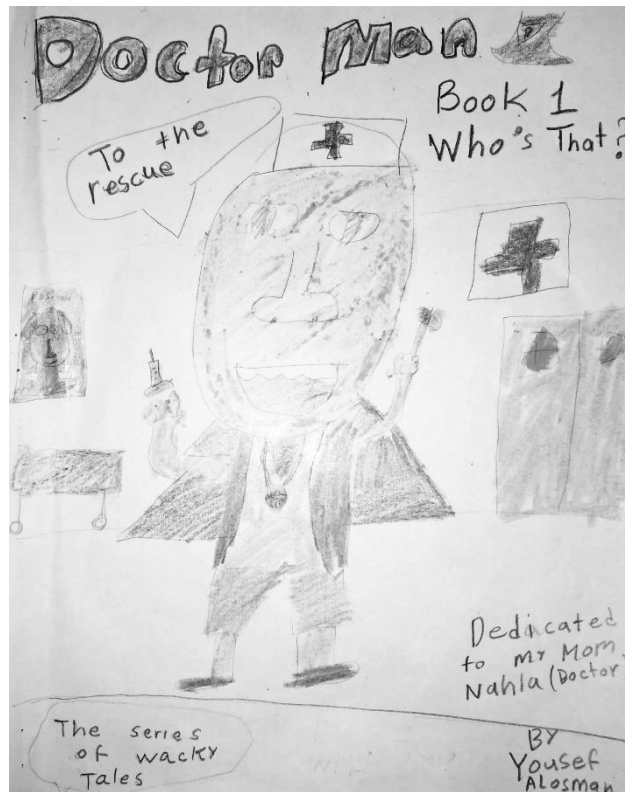
Daniel Alam
4th grade Elm

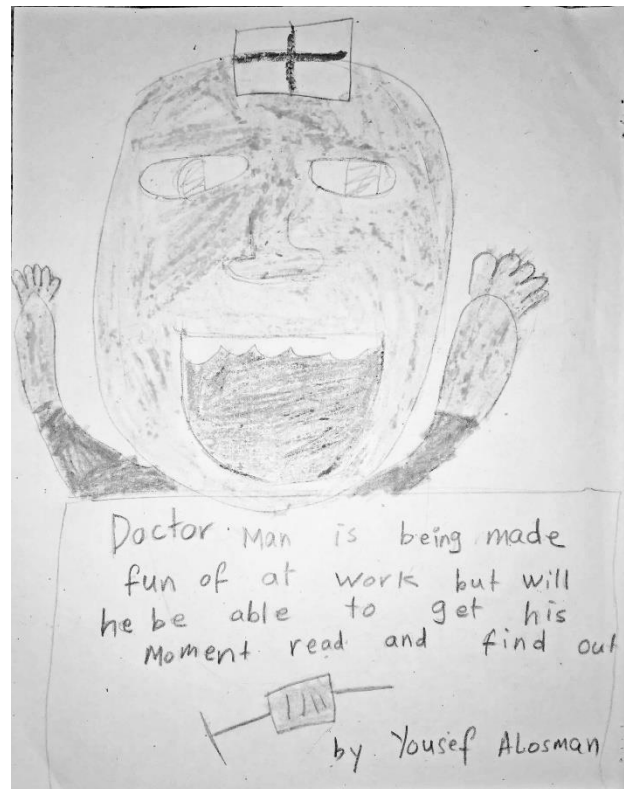
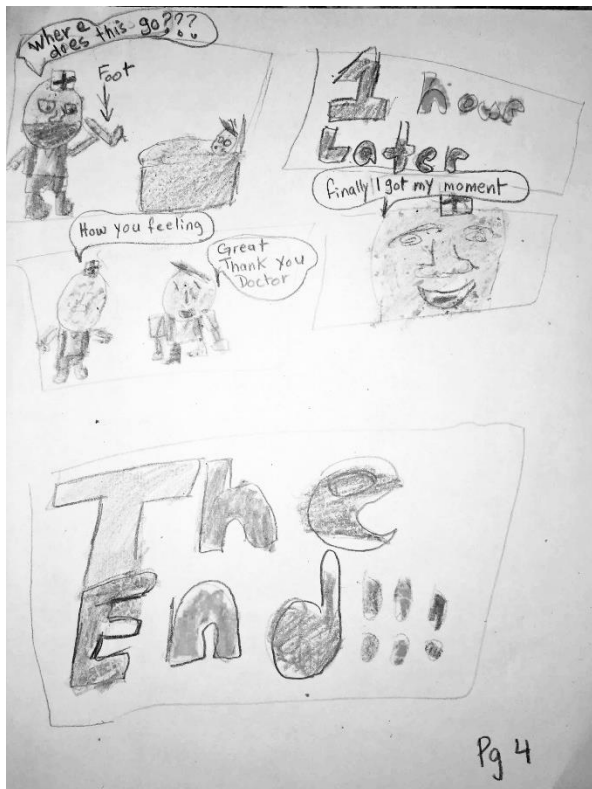
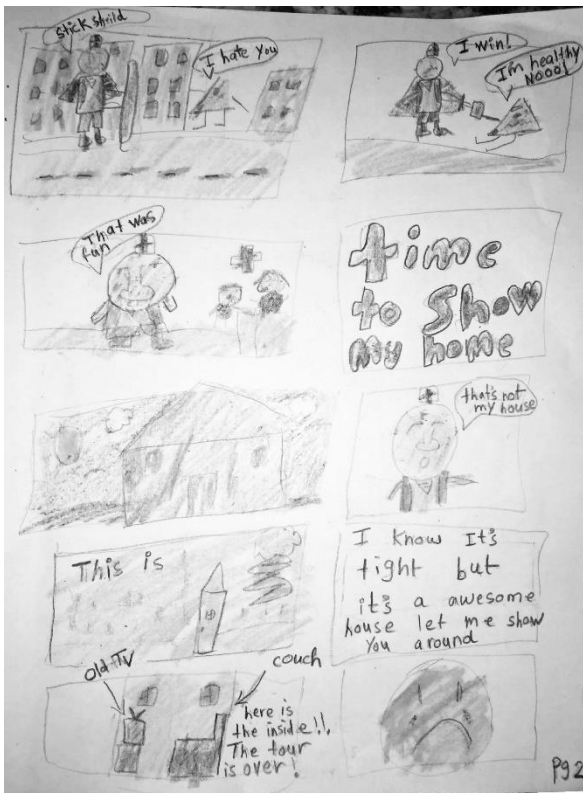
MOUNTAIN

Mountain standing tall
Blizzards covering the tree
Snow feels like white blanket

Ilyas Alam
6th grade HMS

Doctor Man
Yousef Alosman, 4th Elm





Dinner Time

"Dinner time"! yells mom from down stairs. (Well most people call her the best mom in the world) ok calls the family down for dinner. mmm I'm excited to eat this what is this I say it is a dry aged ribeye steak with a French onion soup and potatoes mmm that sounds good "stop being such a major kiss up," says my sister Emily (by many people is the best golfer of all time or my dad) so then we sit down and we take a bite it is delicious we took a piece of steak and smothered it with potatoes and it was delicious so my sister said this is one for the books. Also my sister is no doubt the greatest singer of all time and then Benny came over. Benny is a dog (by most people the fastest dog in the world.) My mom and dad start scratching Benny. My dad is considered by many people the greatest boy golfer of all time and why not the greatest golfer of all time is because off his daughter. Yeah that kind of back fired on him when he taught her how to play golf. "Hey guys do you want to watch a movie" I said "Yeah sure which movie would you like to watch" they said "maybe we could watch a Marvel movie." Hi my name is Hugh and by many people I am going to be a top draft pick in baseball.

"Ok what movie should we watch we should watch" "the Avengers" "ok that's a good movie to watch should we make popcorn" "yeah sure I will be downstairs starting the movie." "Ok I will be down there soon" "Ok I'm down I will start the movie." "Wow this popcorn is good" "yeah not a surprise Hugh" says my sister. "Ok the movie is almost over so we should throw out the popcorn" "ok you can is over let's get ready for bed" "ok mom I'm ready for bed" "ok I'll say good night I'll see you in the morning." In the morning I have homemade waffles. Now I have to get ready for basketball because it is Saturday. So when I get there everybody is there too so we start practicing and then the game starts. The tip-off is won by us so that means that we got the ball so the ball is passed to me I shot it and I made it so now I get the rebound and nobody was close to me so I take it to the hoop and I make it again and the game is almost over there is 1:00 left and the score is 30 to 10 and the clock is ticking down 50 seconds left 40 seconds left 30 seconds left 20 seconds left 10 seconds left 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1,0 and the Chicago bulls win their first game of the season and the crowd goes wild! So then we go home my sister Emily wants to go to the golf dome and so do I so we go! was very happy after she hit. Luckily a fixer was there fix the hole but we still had to pay for it so we weren't so happy after that happened but man was that a monster shot. So then I hit and it didn't break the dome but it was estimated to have gone about 305 yards so I was very happy about that. After that we went home also we were having are cousins over. Sam the expert soccer player and a really good basketball player and there is tommy the world's greatest Lego builder also my aunt who is without a doubt the world's greatest aunt also there is my uncle who is the strongest man alive. Then me my sisters Sam and Tommy went down stairs. We played Video games and we played seven rounds of hide and go seek and my cousin Sam was the seeker first and I was found first. The next round my sister Annie was it and then my sister Emily and then Annie was it again and then Emily was it and then in the last round. Annie was it again but then our parents called us down for dinner and the kids ate at the kids table and the adults ate at a big table and for dinner we were having cheeseburgers and chicken wings and it was delicious and after that we had dessert and for dessert we had brownie cookies and cake.

Then my parents told Annie that she should sing. That happens every night but she sings beautifully as always but for some reason she said that she did bad. Then we all went straight in to the house and we watched a movie. The movie that we watched was a movie called Thor Ragnorak. Then my cousins asked can the cousins come over for a sleep over and they said yes. After that I packed my bags and got into my cousins car with my sisters and we drove off to my cousins house. When we got to my cousins house we went straight down stairs and played video games. My cousin Tommy had to go to bed because he is younger than us. Then our aunt called us up for bed so we went up and we got ready for bed and then we all said good night but when we woke up we snuck downstairs and we played more video games. We did not wake up our sisters but when they did wake up they knew exactly where we were so they went straight downstairs. Then we had waffles for breakfast and I had chocolate milk.

Hugh Ascher
4th grade Walker

Carlo The Tiger

Once upon a time there was a baby tiger named Carlo that lived with his family in the jungle. Carlo's orange fur and his friendly smile made him adorable and that he was the youngest tiger in his family. While the rest of his family hunts for food, Carlo is usually smelling the flowers.

One day, when Carlo's family was going on a hunt, Carlo saw a beautiful butterfly that he followed through the jungle. Carlo chased and swatted the colorful butterfly. He wanted to catch it! The butterfly kept floating away further and further into the jungle away from Carlo's family. Carlo didn't notice that the jungle was getting darker but soon he lost the butterfly in the dark. The plants and the trees looked different and Carlo didn't see anything that reminded him of his home. He looked around but he did not know where he was. Carlo was lost. He started to shiver and his paws were shaking. He did not know where to go or how to get back to his family. He looked around to see if he could recognize anything and he felt his nose running and his eyes were wet. He felt tears and he began to cry. "Where is my family?" cried Carlo.

After some time, Carlo began to search for a way home and he saw a mountain that was not that far away. He decided that if he could get to the top of the mountain he would be able to see his family. Carlo began running to the mountain. When he got up to the mountain top, he looked all around and saw a huge, ferocious mountain lion.

The terrifying mountain lion saw Carlo at the same time Carlo saw him. Carlo discovered he had a fear of mountain lions (ailurophobia) and he began running as far as he could to get away from the mountain lion. Carlo ran back into the jungle and he began running as fast as he could away from the mountain lion. Carlo ran back into the jungle where he had been so lost just a short time ago. He was trying to find a safe place to hide. He saw a huge brush of bushes and he hid behind some. The mountain lion moved so quickly looking for Carlo that he ran right past the bush that Carlo was hiding under.

When Carlo thought it was finally safe to come out of the bushes he ran the opposite way of the mountain lion. Carlo came upon a man who was moon gazing through a telescope. He hid behind a rock until the man left. The man must have been planning on returning because he left his telescope behind. Carlo wanted to see what the man saw so he jumped as high as he could on top of the rock and he was able to see through the telescope. Carlo was shocked because he saw his family through the telescope. He was so happy and excited that he jumped off the rock and ran as fast as he could in the direction that the telescope was pointing until he ran straight into his family. Carlo promised himself that he would never get distracted again!

Aryan Bansal
4th grade The Lane

Age

"Age is an issue of mind over matter. If you don't mind, it doesn't matter" - Mark Twain. Twain brings to focus the fact that numerical age does not really matter; you may be young or old, but if you are determined to achieve something, you can do it. This quote inspires me to believe that age is just a number. When I started researching this ideology, I came across some impressive examples of individuals that have defied our society's definition and expectations of age.

At an age when most people are retired and taking life easy, Yuichiro Miura decided to climb Mt. Everest. At the age of 80, Yuichiro was recognized as the oldest person to ever take on this adventure and challenge. According to Charles Poladian, a journalist for International Business Times and the author of *Oldest Man To Climb Mount Everest*, in preparation for this age-defying task, "Miura hiked in Tokyo with weighted gear and would spend time on a treadmill inside a specially designed low-oxygen room within his home." Most people who climb Everest are usually much younger, but Miura crushed the stereotype because he overcame the perceived limitations of age at eighty years old. Most people who climb Everest are usually in their 30's or early 40's

On the other hand having a child achieve something that an adult would, is another example of age being just a number. Carson, a 14 year old, graduated from Texas Christian University with a degree in physics and a minor in Chinese and math. He joined the university when he was 11 and was not intimidated by being in a class with 18-year-old young adults. According to Katie Mettler, a journalist for the Washington Post in her article titled

Kid genius brothers, 11 and 14, graduate high school and college this weekend, “Carson said that age did not matter and he could do the exact same things as the older kids in his class.” When Carson was three years old, he went up to his mom and told her that he wanted to learn calculus. Something like this is unheard of. He took on the challenge of learning something that was at a level significantly higher than his. This is a testament to the idea of age being nothing more than a number without regard for the human spirit and of one’s perception of their ability.

Over time, it has become mainstream for people to achieve feats that are not expected from their age. An example of this is that most marathons now have a 60+ section because it is becoming common for people 60 or older to run a marathon. More and more people in their older years are starting to run marathons, something that people in their 30’s or 40’s do since the average age of a marathon runner is 38.7 years. According to the Running USA Annual Marathon Report, in 1980, 1% of women and 3% of men were 65+ years old in the New York Marathon. In 2013, 5% of women and 10% of men were 65+ years old in the same marathon. These statistics show how the number of older people running marathons has increased. This is another example of the triumph of the human spirit and that numerical age is just a barrier.

The chronological age of a person should not limit or define their capabilities. During my research, I came across numerous examples of people defying odds and breaking stereotypes of age. I came across women modeling at the age of 60, something that women in their 20’s and 30’s are expected to do. Also, I found examples of kids achieving accolades that only adults achieve. In conclusion, this proves my belief of age is just a number, it is just a state of mind.

Jai Batra
7th grade HMS

The Skinny on Soccer Transfer

In pro-soccer a transfer window is a time period between two dates when soccer teams are allowed to buy new players to reinforce their team or sell players to make extra money. There are two times in the year when this window is open, the first or the primary window is a long one and stretches out from June 4 to September 1. This is when the main trading of players happens. The other window is a mid season shorter window in the winter. It starts on January 1 and ends on February 1. Usually this is to swap out injured players, finalize the roster or to get players for specific positions. The process of a transfer is very complicated. First, the manager of a team writes down a list of criteria that they need for players on their team. Then, the manager will send scouts to see who will fit that position. Some pro-teams especially from Europe scout all over the world from countries like Brazil to South Africa. After that, the scouts create a short list to see who will fit their team. Take the transfer of Pogba in the summer 2017 as an example- Manchester United wanted a key midfielder in their team so they shortlisted Pogba. Then, Manchester United went to Juventus, Pogba’s team and made an offer of money or a player swap. After negotiations ManU paid Juventus 105 million euros for Paul Pogba.

As a part of the negotiations and decision making the manager meets with the player and the players agent finalizes the wages. After the player signs with the club he has to go for press conferences, interviews, and figure out his jersey number.

All this is covered extensively by the media and sometimes there are bidding wars for players. For soccer fans these transfer windows are very exciting times. For me I enjoy my favorite team getting new players and getting stronger.

Here are some of the most expensive transfers of players by positions

Most expensive forward : Neymar jr. from Barcelona to PSG for 222 million euros.

Most expensive midfielder : Paul Pogba from Juventus to Manchester United for 105 million euros.

Most expensive defender: Virgil Van Dijk from Southampton to Liverpool for 78 million euros.

Most expensive goalkeeper: Gianluigi Buffon from Parma to Juventus for 52 million euros.

Some of the big transfers that have happened recently in Jan 2018 are:

Alexis Sanchez to Manchester United from Arsenal. Cost: swap for Henrikh Mkhitaryan

Henrikh Mkhitaryan to Arsenal from Manchester United. Cost: swap for Alexis Sanchez

Philippe Coutinho to Barcelona from Liverpool. Cost: 142 million euros

Virgil Van Dijk to Liverpool from Southampton. Cost 78 million euros

Pierre Emerick Aubameyang to Arsenal from Borussia Dortmund. Cost: 55.5 million euros

Lucas Moura to Tottenham from PSG. Cost: undisclosed price.

Shiven Batra

5th grade Madison

Until The End

We had made it. Our one goal we had set for the year was nearly accomplished. A goal I had wanted to reach my whole life. We were going to the U11 Illinois Soccer state championship.

"Man, I can't wait for tomorrow."

"I'm nervous, dude."

"At least you don't have to be goalie."

"That's true."

We had just won the state semifinals, our chatter was brief. We dozed off having little sleep the night before. We grabbed frozen lemonades from McDonald's and headed home. We had to prepare for the big day ahead of us. The next thing I knew it was 6:00am and Brody was shouting at me to wake up.

"Brendan, wake up!" snipped Brody.

"We just went to bed," I muttered.

"Come on, get crack'n!"

"Okay, Okay," I said.

Half asleep Brody and I popped a few pop tarts in our bags and headed out the door. There was not much talk on the ride there. This was probably because Brody and I both fell asleep as soon as we got buckled. Or at least I did, I'm not sure about Brody. When we got there Brody hopped out of the car on his side, but I wasn't so sure about doing that on my side. For one thing there was a big pile of vomit waiting there like it was about to eat me up. I gulped loudly. Brody had not seen it and was already heading to the field with other less disturbing things on his mind. Our car ended up on the other side of the parking lot. I'm sure you can guess why. On the bright side it actually helped me wake up. I was nervous while I slowly walked to the field and we put my bags down. We started warmup routine. First stretching, second running warmup, third possession, last sprints. Finally the part I was dreading most was our pre-game talk we all gathered around our coach, Dema, a short but powerful man. He mainly talked about how they could not out hustle us and we had to protect the ball. Positions were Brody – goalie, Jack – sweeper, Kasper – left defense, Adrian – right defense, Sam – right mid, Dennis – sitting center mid, Me – center mid, Yusuf – left mid, Rafa – striker. The beginning of the game was slow for the most part. Then I was along the right sideline and Brody had the ball from a previous shot he saved. I yelled at him to look in my direction then he quickly punted it to me. I controlled and started dribbling down the sideline as fast as my body could take me. After a few seconds I looked to see if there was anyone I could cross it into. Nope nobody my closest teammate to me was Rafa we had dropped back to get the ball he lost there were two defenders in my way one right in front of me another in the box. I passed the first guy with speed the next I slowly approached and took and easy cut to the right and shot the ball. The ball didn't go exactly where I wanted it to, though it was accurate enough to just skim the top of the crossbar. I was furious, I tried to keep my composure but I'm sure most people could see how angry I was. For the next few minutes our team had multiple close goals. Then sort of out of the blue one of the teams players started dribbling up the opposite sideline as me, he did a give and go with another player crossed it to the top of the box that player controlled it dribbled up and placed it in the back of the net. At first we were quiet but then we started blaming it on each other even though it wasn't actually anyone's fault. About two minutes later it was halftime and we all jogged back to our bench. The talk was pretty much the same as the first one except that we knew how they played and we were going to change our strategy. Like the first half the beginning was slow but we eventually picked it up and had a few chances at goal. Once again Brody had the

ball in the box and punted it but I was more in the center of the field not the sideline. When he punted the ball and Rafa controlled it passed it to me and I took off dribbling up field. Just one defender on my right shoulder he was a lot taller and caught up to me then when I took a big touch he got between me and the ball shielding it from me. Then he hesitated and it gave me just enough time to run around him and SMACK. The player had nailed me straight in the nose. At first I thought he was raising his hand for something and accidentally hit me, but that would not be true. Out of the glimmer of my eye I could see the ref run over to us, take something out of his pocket and hold up something red. Instantly I knew it was a red card that he had given the player who punched me, that's also when I figured out it was on purpose. It turns out he was angry about something I don't know what. What he actually did was turn around and uppercut me in the face. The whole game there was a lot of arguing with the fouls and calls etc. but it all started when one of the other teams parents made a rude comment to one of our parents. I fell over and in a matter of seconds, I realized what the liquid stuff near my nose was. The blood started gushing out like lava on a volcano that just erupted. I hobbled over to the bench with the help of a teammate and stuffed a shirt in my nose to stop the constant rush of blood. I cleaned most of it up and showered water on my face. That's when I looked up and I marked the moment in time when the fighting and arguing started. You know how I say my coach was a powerful man, well I mean that in multiple different ways. He started shouting at the other coach about how he should teach his kids better, the refs had to separate him and after I was mostly cleaned up Brody and I started telling Dema to settle down. Then something happened that I will never forget, he started yelling.

"Tie my shoe! Tie my shoe!" "I said come over here and Tie my shoe!"

All of our teammates were confused about what he was saying. We later learned after the game that "tie my shoe" was a mean insult. After everyone was calmed down we had a free kick just barely out of the box. It was a weird angle on the right and Sam hit the side of the goal. I don't blame him because it was a difficult shot. There wasn't much time left on the clock and most of our players were very tired and we could not come to the point of scoring a goal. When the ref blew the last whistle that felt like it took eternity we sadly shook hands and got our things together. Most of us didn't have much to say as we slowly dragged ourselves away from the field. Well I mean that is if you don't count Dema who had a bit to say. When we were in the parking lot I looked down to the other side of it and saw the vomit. I felt like creeping down to the bottom of the pile. I hopped in the car and barely said a word on the long ride home. We had made it until the end.

Brendan Bergnach
5th grade Elm

A Dog is Born

Hi my name is Daisy. I have a wonderful life. I have three wonderful humans taking care of me. Sometimes they do some stuff that is pretty weird, but I do not mind it much. One example is that they eat with a metal tool. I think you should just eat with your mouth. Never mind that though. I started out as a normal puppy. On October 7, 2016 I was born. One of my first memories is my mother's warmth. Somehow though everything was perfectly black. I really don't know. Maybe it was just my imagination. Starting from that day to now I will tell you my story.

October 7, 2016

I feel my mother's warmth. It is really fuzzy. Although I cannot see I still can smell and boy that smells amazing. Mmm, I just want to gobble that up. I need food. I can sense that someone is coming towards me. Hopefully the human with the food. I open my eyes and there stands a woman. The one with the food. She looks worried. Maybe because I opened my eyes. A strange man comes running towards me. They are not worried any more. I hope she realized that I am okay. She mustn't worry about me. Yum I finally got something to eat. I feel so much better. I cry because the lady with the food is taking me from my mother. It is very dark in there. I don't want to go here. I want my mother. Finally the strange man lifts a ledge of the box up. I am standing in green stuff. I don't understand. Where is my litter? Why did the strange man take me and not my litter to this place.

The woman with the food showed me something. She said it was a ball. Finally I feel my mother's warmth again. It feels like heaven. The lady took me in the box again. This time though my litter is with me. I start to feel tired. The lady with the food puts all of us in a warm and cozy box. Just like the one she carried us in but comfy.

October 20, 2016

Today I woke up and for the first time in two weeks, my two sisters and three brothers' eyes were open. The lady with the food gave all of us names today. She said it was for adoption. Adoption was starting today. I thought that no humans would pick me if I looked good so I had to look great. I started off my day playing outside. I played with my toys for what seemed like forever. Although I was on the green stuff for so long, I really enjoyed it. The lady with the food took us all cuddled up in our box inside. We got names. I thought that food was a name that suited me but instead I got the name Daisy. I know all of my sister's and brothers' names. Lily and Rose are my sisters. Cooper, Hunter and Star are my brothers. Lily is the nicest. I like her the best. Our first owner came in and she wanted a boy so I was definitely out. I really wasn't an owner. But I think that I want to stay with mother for a while. She also wanted a cute dog but she wanted the oldest. So I guess Hunter wins. Hunter gets more time with mom. That's the only thing I don't like about this. I am really going to miss Hunter extremely. Why does he have to leave? I will be the nicest to Hunter for a while.

November 12, 2016

Today was a very sad day. Hunter left. All of the puppies in his litter were sobbing. It was just like Hunter died except we might see him for the holidays. In honor of Hunter acting extremely brave we will cry against mother for the rest of the day. Mother says it is nothing to be worried about. Everybody except two lucky winners will have to go. I will visit you sometimes. Sometimes puppies have to go and start their own lives with someone new. Everyone stopped crying but me. I am still super sad about Hunter. I love him so much. I need to visit him this very moment. Although I know I can't. We all go outside to try to be happy. I still don't want to smile when I am standing on the green stuff. It does not feel the same without Hunter. So I am just going to curl up with my litter and sleep the day through. I feel warm. I will not cry anymore, I will try to laugh.

December 15, 2016

Today a lady with a kid came and the kid was nice and kind. She decided to pick out a puppy. Of course she wanted a girl. Then she started to come near me. She told her mom that she wanted me. So I was put in another box. Usually that was not a good thing. But maybe it is a good thing. Just like mother said we all have to go. I wait. Sometimes waiting is hard. But I always manage to wait. We go in a car. The girl happens to take me out. I am very comfy in her lap. Her lap feels just like mother's. I miss mother. But I know that I will see mother again hopefully soon. Everybody gets out of the car. I see a big white house. Not much bigger than the one with mother and the strange lady's house with the food. I hop out of the car with the girl who's holding me. We go into the big white house. I see a man with a tree he looks like he is putting up the tree in this house. I guess I can call this place my house now. I think there is something underneath the tree for me. I quickly scamper to a present. I tear the paper off. Everybody laughs. I don't know why but I like it very much. It is starting to get late now. I cuddle up with my new family and quickly fall to sleep.

Willa Braden**4th grade Oak****Welcome to New York**

I'm going to New York City to see the Macy's Day Parade. I am going with my mom, dad, sister, and brother. I'm going to have the best time in New York tomorrow!!!!!! When I woke up...we went to go and get bagels. While we were getting bagels, we saw people getting the parade ready like putting up decorations and balloons and floats. When the parade started, it was as loud as a rock band. I was so excited to see all the floats in action. In the beginning, I heard people cheering and shouting. I smelled all the float gasoline. I felt people brushing against me like a cat rubbing against your leg. When the parade ended, we went back to the hotel. When we got back to the hotel, I was soooooo tired so I went to the couch and went to bed. The next morning, we had to pack up our stuff and drive to the airport. When we got to the airport, I said to myself I had the best time In New York ever!!!!!!!!!!

Mason Cannan**3rd grade Oak**

Dare To Be Different

The people say, "C'mon let's go!"
And you respond, "I guess...okay"
But do you really want to follow

Do you have to live by the majorities' status quo?
Or will you choose to leave when everyone will stay?
Because the people always say, "C'mon let's go!"

You find pressure from peers, but don't let it show,
weak,
Find your way, that is the way
You don't really need to follow

You try to get in the know,
Finding something that's not yourself to display
And the people echo on and on, "C'mon, let's go!"

When anyone's tall, choose to be low
PLEASE don't follow, day after day.
You don't want to follow.
cheek!

Sometimes it's actually what you believe, though
Test yourself, to see if your opinion could sway.
fun,
But usually, when the people say, let's go!
You will not follow

Lindsey Bruns
7th grade HMS

You are unique,
not just someone
Created for reason, from cheek to cheek

If it's a distinct person you will seek,
even if you are shunned,
You must stay unique.

Normally, you find peace when you are

When you are not alone, alone as one.
But you are perfect, cheek to cheek!

Don't be the same, don't cross that creek,
Let that idea be the one you outrun
Remember, you are unique.

Your outlook is what you shall tweak,
But be careful, there's negativity, a ton.
Don't forget, you're perfect from cheek to

Be the one who is brave, the first to speak,
who starts the revolution, who leads the

Who is positively unique,
From cheek to cheek.

Goodbye Chicago

Chicago used to be my home, my happy, happy home, but all of that was going to change when I moved to Hinsdale. To me my whole world was getting disrupted and I did not want that to happen, I did not want to move, and I certainly did not want to leave my friends behind in Chicago.

As I finished grabbing my favorite belongings from my old apartment in Chicago I wondered all the things a six-year-old mind could wonder. For example, will my new house be as cozy as my apartment? Where will we sleep tonight? Will my new classmates like me? It felt like there was a tornado of emotions in my brain. As this whirlwind of thoughts spun around in my head I thought one last question, why do we have to go?

That question stuck like glue in my brain as I said goodbye to my house one final time, and till I got in my parent's car. I looked at my house once before we drove away, tears filling my eyes, then we vanished from Chicago. That was a life changing moment for me and I was never going to forget it, my whole life was going away and I got a whole new one.

The car ride was long and full of sorrow. The entire time many questions came running out of my mouth, some examples of these questions are, how close will we be to Chicago? Will we ever come back? How often will we see grandma and grandpa? (Who live in Naperville close to Hinsdale.) Soon all of my questions would be answered as I started my new life in Hinsdale. After my parents checked on our new house they drove me and my two siblings to my grandparents' house. Where we would stay until our house was complete. Once more the car ride was long, but I was not as sad as I had been in the previous car ride. After seeing my house I felt a slight relief,

and I felt like everything would be better soon, and that I would eventually get used to my new life. Also, I learned that my grandparents were closer to me than they used to be, which made me ecstatic. My grandparents always made me feel better when I was feeling gloomy.

Once I moved into my new house, it truly felt like a real home. Soon after I started school in 1st grade I made a lot of friends. Even though I really missed my old friends back in Chicago, my new friends were probably some of the best friends I have ever had in my life. There were a couple of things to get used to in my new school like having P.E., having two recesses a day, and not having as many students as my old school did. I got used to that quickly though. I mean I got two recesses a day, and at my old school I only got one! Even now that I'm in fifth grade and I don't have that much time to think about Chicago anymore. I sometimes let my mind doze off and I picture myself with all my old friends laughing and having fun. Even now I sometimes miss my old life, with my friends and my school, but then I remember my new life. With all of my new friends, and my new house, and even my new school. Hinsdale is my home, and I love it, so in a way, I guess I'm lucky that I moved. I would not have it any other way.

Avery Cannan
5th grade Oak

How the Turtle Got Its Shell

Once a long, long time ago, at the beginning of time, there was a very fast creature named Turtle. Even though he was very skilled at running very fast, his skin was as thin and delicate as a rose flower's petal. I don't know if you know this, but when you have thin and delicate skin it can be injured easily. Since turtle was a runner, he fell often because he was usually running faster than his little legs could carry him. When he fell, the pain he felt was unbearable, like nails on a chalkboard. It would take him a couple days to recover from his injuries and when he was recovered he went back to running then had to go through the process all over again. So, more than anything, turtle wanted something that would protect his delicate skin from being injured.

One day, turtle had had it. He decided to go to his friend the Hare for advice. When turtle told Hare about his problems Hare told him to go to see the Goddess of protection, Soteria. So to Soteria he went. When he finally reached Soteria's king sized palace, he stepped inside and stared in awe. The palace walls glimmered like the sun setting on the ocean. When Soteria saw turtle standing in the doorway she said to him, "Why hello my little friend, how may I come to your service?" And so turtle told the Goddess all about his problems. Soteria listened very contently. Once Turtle finished telling her about his falling issues somewhere inside her head there was a loud DING! An amazing idea came to mind.

"I think know how to solve your problem my little friend," said Soteria. "What, what is your idea, please tell me. I need to know!" exclaimed Turtle. "Well, it might take a little while to make but you will be able to use it for the rest of your life. Also, you might not be as fast as before." "Well, I don't know. Is there anything that doesn't take away my speed?" asked turtle.

Not giving up on her idea, Soteria says, "Although it may take away your speedy powers, it serves well as a small home and when you get scared and have nowhere to hide you can simply tuck under and into your shell, no one would know you're inside there." Turtle took a few minutes to think about this offer and finally, he agreed with Soteria's idea and decide to give this shell a shot. "Ok, I guess I'll try it." Turtle told the Goddess. "Great, I'll put in an order for your shell, it will be custom made especially for your body. You may stay at my palace until your shell is ready. Alright?" answered the Goddess.

Turtle took up the offer and waited until his brand new shell was ready. Finally, after a long 3 weeks of what felt like an eternity of waiting, his shell was ready. Soteria called turtle into her room and told him the news. Turtle was as happy as a little girl on her birthday opening up her presents. As Soteria pulled out the shell, it gleamed and shined like diamonds in the night sky. Turtle knew that his shell would be amazing, but he didn't know that it would be this amazing. He couldn't believe that this magnificent thing would be all his own. He tried it on to find that it fit him perfectly! Even though he could not run as fast as he used to, he could do much more. He could hide underneath it and nobody would even know he was under there. Now he would be protected for life. Turtle knew that having a shell was a much greater privilege than being able to run fast.

Eliana D'Arco, 4th grade Oak

Just like that

Within the blink of an eye it happened
The clouds rolled in and turned everything to darkness
School wasn't my priority
I had to run
Sis would be worried
Mother would be in tears
I had to leave
I had to hurry
I have to know
It was picking up
The clouds came closer and the dust swirled around me
Like it was going to trap me,
So I ran,
But it got worse
I kept running
Letting my body keep pushing and my feet guide the way I knew,
Because I had to, my determination lead me
Now I could barely see my hand in front of my face,
Didn't have enough to cover up with
The clouds were above me
I could feel it get colder,
But I had to try.
I was lost
I fell into a pile of dust that wasn't there before,
It kept getting higher
I wasn't going to make it, maybe I should've stayed back,
Back at the warm school surrounded by my friends
In the safety and comfort of the walls,
Standing there watching it all get covered,
But family was more important
I kept trying to run, but my lungs were on fire,
I could barely breath, and started slowing down
I couldn't make it if I tried,
But I saw a building,
My heart was leaping out of my chest,
I wanted to keep pushing but my lungs were aching
A heavy feeling arose in my chest that wasn't there before,
I saw Sis running towards me screaming, but heard nothing
Tears were trying to come out, but didn't make it past my eyelashes,
I was home,
But that was when everything turned black,
And I couldn't breathe anymore
I felt my whole body relax, and my lungs collapse
I didn't want to give in to the devil, but at least my family was safe,
It happened just like that.

Olivia Cernok
8th grade HMS

A Cold, Creamy, Classic: How to Make Ice Cream.

"I scream! You scream! We all scream for ice cream!" The word ice cream usually brings up memories of eating banana splits or hot fudge sundaes on a scorching summer day. From gelatos in Italy, to kulfi in India, it seems that every country has its own unique type of ice cream. Well, have you ever wondered how this cold, creamy, dessert is made? Keep reading to find out.

There are many ways to make this tasty treat, one of the simplest ways is using plastic ziplock bags. Getting started, you will need 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of heavy cream, 1/2 a cup of sugar, 1/2 a teaspoon of vanilla extract, 1 cup of salt, 10 cups of ice, 3 big ziplock baggies, and a towel. First, combine the milk, cream, sugar, vanilla extract, and a pinch of salt, to one bag. Next, add half the ice (5 cups) and half the salt (1/2 a cup) to the second ziplock bag. Do the same thing to the third ziplock bag. After that, take one of the bags of brine (ice and salt) and put it on half of the towel, take the ice cream mixture and sandwich it between another bag of brine. Cover the brine and ice cream with the other half of the towel. Now, let it freeze for at least 1/2 an hour. Finally, cut a corner of the bag with ice cream mixture and squeeze out the cold, creamy, ice cream. Deeeeeeeelishhhhhh!!!

Ice cream has been around for centuries. Now a staggering 9% of American cow's milk production is dedicated to ice cream. Ice cream has firmly planted itself in the hearts of Americans. One thing is for sure, ice cream is here to stay!

Fun fact: In Japan's capital, Tokyo, you can buy flavors of ice cream like shrimp, octopus, garlic, soybean, kelp and even cow flesh!

Darlene Chen
4th grade Walker

Alaskan Life

December, 1 1992

Dear diary it is a normal day here in Alaska. I am freezing my butt off as I wait for my brother to hurry up and take the dogsled to our house on Crossbow Street. But alas he has taken to long again. I can't wait for next week when he takes the dogsled out once more. As an, 11 year old I know many things about taking caution in below-0 weather but as I adapt to Alaska more and more I take 10 degrees below-0 like twenty degrees witch is pretty warm to me honesty.

December, 4 1992

I wake up shivering as I always do and force myself to go to bed. About 2 hours later I am struck with a feeling of guilt it was 9 o'clock and school started at 8. I sprang to my feet morning pain bites my neck and I'm freezing but no time to focus on my feelings how is my teacher going to feel when she finds out I'm 2 hours late. I find myself a sweatshirt and some sweat pants this is good I say really trying to have hope on this cloudy day. I just am about finished with my bland Cheerios and expired milk when a my gut tells me I forgot something the bus. I run to the shed all 7 of my huskies are there Monica, Gina, Alfonso, Evelin, Houston Cerious and Bellelatrix they were named after me and my brother Cerious and Bellelatrix are stars how my mom and Dad met was in a collage astronomy class.

December, 8 1992

Today was pretty bad I was walking to school because the bus hydroplaned again and a huge gust of wind blew me over and I fell of the trail to School. Late again I walked in trying not to focus on how mangled I look. As a walk in a hush falls over the crowd I look even worse than I think I say to myself. I feel like taking a vacation to California right about now.

December, 12 1992

It is a normal day I'm sitting here doing my homework. Mom is walking in with an ad for a ski hill about an hour away. Here's the thing I know I live in Alaska but I don't know how to ski my 14 year old brother on the other hand

loves to ski and is brilliant at it. She says next week we're going to teach you how to ski. Great now I'll only live to be 11 good grief.

December, 13

I'm constantly counting of the days until my death. Moms already put it on the colander she only uses the colander for really important things like piano classes or book clubs. Not skiing

December, 15

Only two days left I'm going nuts I've been trying to get my mind off it but it always comes back to the trip.

December, 17 1992

Today is the day I have a packed suitcase full of sweatshirts, gloves, hats, warm socks, sweatpants, and ski materials. We head off on our journey at first I start pondering about the good things that could happen, I am immediately a expert I become a Olympic skier in twenty years it took me about 5 minutes to plan that all out then I started thinking about the bad things that could happen I could fall of one of my skis and then all of my layers would start flying off, and suddenly I was naked I was laughed at and giggled at for nearly 2 minutes then I eventually made the nerve wrecking choice of jumping into the snow and as soon as I hit it I immediately get hypothermia and die that one sent a shiver up my spine causing me to quake uncontrollably. We finally get there and sprint into our hotel it is called Comfort-In Suits. We plunge in to are dorm and unpack Mom and Dad explain the basics of skiing as we get our snow gear on. As we walk down the hall and through the parking lot we look like marshmallows clamoring for the front seat.

December, 18 1992

Today we shall leave I can just see it now Bellelrix Johnson in black letters on my grave. As we park at the ski slope I notice 4 arrangements in the different sized slopes. One small one medium one large and one ginormous my brother Cerious says it's double black, I say it's slopeszilla I wrinkle my nose do I have to I can just sit out in the car and Mom cuts my right in my sentence with nonsense if you never try than how will you learn great job Mom now you can be in the positive messages section in a cat poster factory. I find myself snooping around the baby slope I find like about a million 4 year-olds and me an 11 year-old standing above the crowd I walk away surely I'm not a four year-old I move to the hill marked red so I skip red after all there were like a few 8 year- olds so I move to blue it's just my style so I'm about to climb on using Mom and Dad's strategy's. Until I see my worst enemy Katelynn she's so bratty and makes stuff up that isn't even true like how she skis on double black hills or she area centipede that kind of thing so she walks over to me you know the saying dogs can smell fear well Katelynns can to. She says bet you can't sleigh double black like I did see what I mean no hello or anything just a risky bet and a blinding snarl. Oh yeah I say not even thinking about it I ran up to the ski lift and sat there with Katelynn back to back and when I got off and on to the death deciding mountain I plunged falling and tunneling down a huge mountain get hit by branches nonstop and feeling excruciating pain in my head. And that was all I remember.

Unknown

I felt pain like no other in my head I fell like dying at this point. Thoughts swirled in my head like a tornado. There was so much pain but the pain didn't discourage me it was that it showed no signs of stopping I felt different and was constantly being rushed from room to room but they were small crammed and usually smelled like chemicals. I felt a breathing mask on my face. I didn't know if I was awake or not but everything seems a reddish color this was by far the worst pain I've ever experienced. I have a dream now it is that I'm on the same snow hill and my feet don't seem to move so I stay there hoping my parents will come for me but minutes pass hours days months years at last I'm an old lady am still in that position than a avalanche comes and I try to move my feet but I'm paralyzed I can't move it's getting closer I'm freaking out but I still can't move now it's black just black and I wake up finally. The sky is a bruised purple though and I hear voices that sound familiar its Curious annoying voice only it's concerned is she going to be OK is she dead I'm so released to at least hear them again. One month later I am back to normal only a scar on my fore head that is shaped like a squiggly line remains and I haves been given the name Harry Potter from my friends I guess things are just worth living for.

Madison Chillo

4th grade Oak

STORM

Chapter 1: Storm

Storm was wolf who could turn into a puppy. Storm loved playing with his brothers War and Hunter. His family was very good at hunting. His father, the leader of the pack, was very good at hunting. He was going to go hunt for bunnies, but something terrible happened. A wolf named Shadow killed Storm's father. Storm's mother found Storm's father and tell Storm and his brothers the bad news. The worse part was, now Shadow was after Storm. Storm was so scared, but the family knew how to protect him. Storm could turn into a puppy as a disguise. But, to be even more safe, they sent Storm to New York. It was where Shadow would never find him. When he arrived in New York, Storm met a human teenager named Catherine.

Chapter 2: Catherine

Storm was running all around New York looking for somewhere to keep shelter. Finally, he found some shelter. He opened the door. He was very tired. He decided to go upstairs and sleep in the bed.

"It's been a long day," said Storm. He drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Catherine woke up. "Aww," said Catherine, waking up Storm.

"Hi," said Storm happily.

"Ah!" screamed Catherine.

"Why are you scared," asked Storm.

"You," mumbled Catherine, "You can talk?!"

"I'm not monster. Promise," said Storm.

"Oh, okay," said Catherine.

"Now, you can't tell anyone this, but I can turn into a wolf and invisible," said Storm quietly.

"Why can't I tell anyone," asked Catherine.

"Just because," said Storm.

"But..." Catherine started.

"Breakfast is ready," called Catherine's mother.

"Turn invisible, Storm," said Catherine.

Chapter 3: Shadow

Shadow was still hunting for Storm. He went to Storm's den. War and Hunter got away, but Storm's mother was killed by Shadow. The pups had to go warn Storm.

Chapter 4: New York

Storm was still getting used to New York. He was used to quiet. But Catherine made everything better. They were walking around Central Park and began talking when no one was around but you could still hear the voices of people in the city.

"Hey, Storm," said Catherine quietly.

"Yeah, Catherine?" said Storm.

"There's a bully bullying me," said Catherine sadly.

"Oh no!" said Storm. But before Storm could say anything else to comfort Catherine, War and Hunter came barking in.

"Storm, Storm, Storm!" the brothers said tiredly.

"Who are these pups?" Catherine asked.

"Just my brothers," said Storm.

"Oh! What are they doing here?" asked Catherine.

"Don't know," said Storm.

"We have bad news," said War. "Shadow killed mom."

"No! Not mom too!?" said Storm sadly.

"Sorry guys. If it makes you feel better, I can take you to school with me tomorrow," said

Catherine. "But, we should get home. It's getting dark," said Catherine.

They walked home, ate dinner and went to bed.

Jocelyn Chou

3rd Grade Elm

Mr. Computer Hacks the World

Mr. Computer was sitting on his porch one dark rainy night when he thought about walking out into the rain. So he did. Once the rain hit him he started to feel dizzy. After a couple of minutes he fainted.

Five hours later he woke up and felt very strange. He felt like he could do anything. He decided to try something. "Turn grass to gold," he said. After a couple of seconds the grass turned to gold.

He decided to try again.

"I want my house to never stop growing so that it becomes enormous. And make it out of gold, diamonds, and emeralds." This time it took about an hour, but then BOOM—a big, big, big house.

Mr. Computer went inside to sit at his desk. He began searching “how to hack the world” on himself. The very last result was the best. He clicked on it and the link was in code-- as a computer that was no problem for him to read.

It said: If you are a computer walk in the rain. You will faint and then you will wake up. When you wake up you will have powers. In very rare cases you will get the power to hack anything, even the entire world. Get the power. Have everyone bow down to you. Destroy all the armies. Change your face or wear a mask. Change your name so they cannot identify you. Finally, go to the center of the earth and shoot your hacking powers at it. Boom, boom, boom—you have hacked the world.

"Wow, that's easy," Mr. Computer said out loud. He began the process.

He found an awesome Halloween mask to wear and changed his name to Mr. X. He turned a team of Apple Watches and iPhone Xs into his savage-looking evil army. And then he got to work on hacking the world.

"The world will bow down to me!" he shouted when he heard a loud bang on the door of his vault.

"Open Up!" a voice yelled.

One of his Apple Watches called out, “Mr. X, I’m sorry, I couldn’t stop them!” “No, not my Apple Watches!” Mr. X yelled. Mr. X declared, “OK, you want to play dirty? I can play dirty.” Then he went back to hacking the world. He started to dig to the center of the earth with a giant saw. He shot his powers into the sky and the ground began to shake all over the world. A little while later his saw was almost at the core.

Meanwhile, an army was outside Mr. X's house. He blew them up while watching on his camera.

They came back with what they said was a nuclear weapon. “Open up or we’ll nuke your house!” they said.

"Sure you will," Mr. X laughed, "Plus, the process is done, you idiots, I am going to hack the world!" Mr. X got into his elevator for the five-hour trip to the center of the earth.

[illegible]

"How evil of me! First, I got my powers, then I made minions and now I hack the world in under a week!"

"Not so fast. This world belongs to the humans, not to you," a voice said.

"Who said that?" Mr. X asked before yelling out, "Minions who are left, ATTACK!"

Tiny screams came out of nowhere.

Mr. X said, “I could stop or you could all die. Before the world is hacked, who are you?”

"I am George Oldenrocket, I am the president of the CIA, FBI and much, much more," "Yes, well, I am hacking the world," Mr. X replied.

Mr. X pointed his hands at the center of the earth and the world was hacked.

When the process was over everything felt different. It felt like nothing. When they went back to the surface everything was white. Everyone was panicking but there was no noise. All the nuclear plants were going off and it was the end of the world.

George shouted, "Turn it back or we will all die!!!"

Mr. X realized what he had done. "Wow, I did not know all this chaos would happen. I have to go change it back."

Mr. X boarded his elevator, went back down, and reversed it. The end was not coming. Mr. X came back to the surface and took off his mask. He looked at George.

"My real name is Mr. Computer. I did not know that with great power comes great responsibility."

Everything went back to normal and Mr. Computer is living his normal life with his normal computer kids and enjoying every minute.

Jeffrey Collier
4th grade Monroe

Tennis Hobby

Rafael Nadal is one of the most famous tennis players of all time. He is famous for his extraordinary skill, especially when he is playing on clay. He turned from a regular player, spinning the ball at 2,500 rpms, into an amazing player that spins the ball at 3,200 rpms. As interesting as it is watching Nadal play tennis, it can be more interesting and fun playing tennis yourself. Tennis is an amazing sport to adopt because it can help you stay active, you may learn a couple things, and anyone can play.

For starters, if you need a way to stay active, tennis is right for you. When playing tennis, it's required to move your body to win the point. It is required to add a considerable amount of power to win more points. Therefore, you need to increase your muscle strength to accomplish this. Also, if you want to improve your tennis form, it's imperative that you practice. You must sacrifice time for it, be committed, and play weekly to stay active. As shown above, if you want to stay active, you should try tennis.

If you're open to learning the benefits of tennis you won't regret it. For example, tennis teaches positive sportsmanship. In general, after every match you play, the etiquette is to show sportsmanship to the opponent by shaking their hand. In addition, when you play tennis, you have to cope with losing. Another learning point is that strategy is key in tennis. Tennis strategy requires planning, reading, and studying. Thus, if you're interested in learning new skills, then consider tennis.

Tennis is a sport that anyone can play. It doesn't matter if you're old or young, you still can play tennis. The degree of athleticism required can vary from person to person. Some people start when they're youthful, and others may start when they're in retirement. The most important part of playing tennis, regardless of your age, is that you have fun.

To sum it up, tennis is a fabulous sport to try because it can help you in many ways. Tennis can help you stay active, learn new things, and anyone can play. It doesn't matter how good you are when you first start. Now you know what to do. Buy a racquet, and start playing!

Quintin Crisostomo
5th grade The Lane

Seasons

Winter is cold
Winter is bold
Nice icy breeze
Better not sneeze
Having fun
Without the sun
Soon spring will come.

Spring is warm
Watch out for the swarm
Flowers are blooming
Cars are vrooming
Rain is pouring
We start exploring
Summer is almost here.

Summer is hot
School is forgot
We all scream
"There's Ice Cream"
Staring at the stars
While strumming guitars.
Fall is around the corner.

Fall is nice
Glad there's no ice
A nice cool breeze
Tearing up the leaves
Everything is changing
Now we are rearranging
All of our plans.

My favorite is summer
Because I'm a drummer
I've shared my story
Now what is yours?

Yazmin Crisostomo
4th grade The Lane

How Mr. Hatch Changed

Mr. Hatch changed after receiving the gift in many ways. Before he sat by himself, he did not smile. But then after he received the gift he was happy. He shared his candy. He had a party. He helped Mr. Smith at his stand when he went to the doctor. He was glad someone loved him.

Ethan Cunningham
3rd grade Walker

Joyful

Joyful is cool like a frosty drink you sip on a hot day.
Joyful smells like chocolate chip cookies in the oven
Joyful is blue like the sky on a perfect summer day.
Joyful tastes like the sweetest candy ever.
Joyful feels like my birthday and Christmas all in one day.
Joyful sounds like school is out and no homework.
Joyful moves like my playful puppy pouncing in the park.
Joyful texture is like fluffy clouds floating by on a warm day.
Joyful looks like the most beautiful light blue flower in a field of wildflowers.

Mira Cunningham
5th grade Walker

If I Could Have a Clump of Brains

If I could have a clump of brains do you “estimate” that I
Would think of any formula in a wink, why not try.
Or even make a hoverboard that’s red with gleaming stripes
Maybe even a baseball bat that could swing there’s one strike.
I could be one with Einstein or Thomas Ed-i-son,
And if I had a math brain I could calculate any e-qua-tion
Perhaps a reading brain I’d read and write all night,
But I guess my brain can take me to high heights.

Dru Devata
5th grade Walker

The Changing Day

Once upon a time, there was a boy called Ahnoo. And every day, he played with his toys, even when he was not allowed to. Every day he had school, his mom kept calling his name.

One day Ahnoo’s mom said, “You’ve had enough playing with your toys. It’s time for you to get ready.” And because of that, Ahnoo actually went to school, but he was disappointed and hung his head down. He thought people would know he played with his toys in the morning and make fun of him. Because of that, he ignored them. Days went by, and Ahnoo started to like school. Then a weird thing happened. Ahnoo got addicted to school!

The following day was the weekend and Ahnoo was lying in bed. He wanted to go to school! His mom said, “Why aren’t you playing with your toys?” Ahnoo said he wanted to go to school instead. She told him nobody would be there. So Ahnoo kept sleeping for two days, but when it was Monday, he didn’t want to go to school!

His mom shook her head and said, “You’ve changed.” Ahnoo said, “No, you actually changed!”

Then he remembered the good news. It was Show and Tell day! So Ahnoo got to bring his toys to school!

Rahul Devulapally
3rd grade Monroe

Night

It was midsummer and I wanted to take a closer step towards nature. Intrigued by the manner in which animals interact with one another, I planned a clear, bright, night, in which I would go outside and record my observations. I decided to mainly focus on nature and the role every lifeform provides in our ecosystem. I was also interested on how animals settled down for the night compared to humans, and if animals may have human like emotions or characteristics. This project would allow me to enjoy a perfect summer night and give me something good to write about.

I began my night observations at about 8:20 on Monday, July 3rd. I sat on my stone bench as I did during my daytime observation. It was a lot more different from the day because it was much harder to observe things in the dark. I did however see a bird pulling worms from the ground. It then flew up to a nest which sat on my neighbour's balcony and shingles behind it. It started to feed its young. I saw two heads pop up and eat the worms from their parent's mouth. They were a lot bigger than the last time I saw them. They gave off happy chirps as they settled down and disappeared into the nest. Birds, just like humans, put their young ones to bed.

A bunny was sitting on my yard; It seemed to be eating grass. When a robin ran across the yard, the bunny chased it away, claiming the yard for itself. I came upon an orange flower and smelled its strong and pleasant scent. I felt its soft and delicate petals. I wondered what made the petals so soft and smooth. I also wondered what this flower had to offer. I've been told that orange flowers attract butterflies. Flowers absorb nitrogen and carbon dioxide and exhale oxygen. The oxygen and beauty of the flowers are the most appealing part about them. Flowers also attract pollinators, such as bees. Flowers are essential to our environment.

I started walking back to my seat as the sky got very dark. I stopped in my tracks when I heard a weird chirping noise. It didn't sound like a bird though. It was coming from the tree that was directly above me. They were insects! Maybe they were crickets or cicadas. They made their screeching noises as if they were playing in an orchestra. I couldn't see them, but they were there. I also heard human voices involved in 4th of July activities. The sky was dark blue. I was expecting a pitch black night, but the light of the sky and our automatic lights were the only ones I saw.

I ended my observation at around nine o'clock. Once inside, I thought about what I learned about nature. I learned that all animals try to survive, care for their young, and protect their homes. People could learn a lot from nature.

Rohan Devulapally
7th grade CHMS

Time Machine

I stepped into the time machine and I was thinking where should I go? Should I go to the past or the future? After thinking a lot I decided to go to the future. I was wondering what would happen if I was old or what changes are going to happen.

After sometime, I decided to press the future button. Also, after I pressed the button, I started getting dizzy and when I got up I was in the 4017's. I felt baffled and muddled. After couple of seconds I was thinking, "Where am I"? Then I remembered I took myself to the future. I landed at a park and saw that I was in Washington D.C. Somehow I landed in the President's chair in the white house! Also, people blissfully cheered at me and I was feeling ecstatic. I flabbergasted like where was I and why are people clapping at me? Then someone from the audience said, "Hi Mr. President". Wait, What? Then I realized that I was the president. I did not have a wife. They called me the 113th president and I was a 113 years old man! What a coincidence it was. So after sometime I had to meet with the government about something suspicious. I was awarded a lot of good comments on speaking with the government. I also made laws about how people should behave with each other and how this world should not be a uncivilized world but it should be a civilized world. Being a president felt a lot of hard work and I got a lot of mails and comments from around the world.

After couple of days I went back to my regular world and my parents were so sleepy that they missed the whole new about me going to the future! SSSSHHHH, don't tell them.

Rikhil Doshi
3rd grade Elm

The Brewers Game

Crack! Home run! Great catch! These are the sounds of baseball. In July, 2017, I watched a home stadium Brewers game. My brother, my mom, my dad, my nana, my papa and I were just getting settled into our rigid seats when Crack! "It's a hit" someone shouted. Then my grandma shouted "He's on second!" I was thrilled. A second earlier I was calmly eating earthly tasting peanuts. Then suddenly , my heart was racing!

Three innings later, I was on the edge of my seat. The Brewers home run hitter was up. At first I thought the ball would be too fast to see, but I was wrong. When I heard the sound of ball and bat I looked up and I saw the words "Get up! Get up! Get outt'a here!" showing on the scoreboard. In the distance I saw the robins egg blue sky dotted with whitish gray clouds. In a few seconds, I saw the baseball land in the stands .It was super surprising. An hour later, I was about to jump out of my seat. Suddenly I looked up. What was that white dot above me? I wondered. Then I realized it was the ball, and it was heading for the center fielder. My eyes shot down. The ball plopped into the centerfielder's glove. He threw it to the catcher. Double play! I thought my eyes were deceiving me. He had blocked a grand slam. Before long, I had my camera out at the ready. Bam! What was that? Then I saw it. A white baseball was streaking through the air. All of a sudden the board lit up. Get up! Get up! Get outt'a here! IT'S GONE!!!! Doink! I saw the ball hit a squirrel outside of the stadium. Poor squirrel. Click! I snapped a photo of Bernie brewer going down the lemon yellow slide. It was a moment to savor. Somehow the Marvins managed a win though.

Just as we were leaving, we were pushed into a long line of people. It was so long it went outside of the olive green stadium! We tried to get out but it was just impossible. Where were we going? I wondered. Suddenly I knew. "We're going to run the bases!" I whispered. " I can see them we're almost there." Just then I stepped onto the bases. It was very intimidating. I started to run and touched first. I zoomed past second. By the time I hit third I was completely out of breath. "I have to keep going!" I told myself. Suddenly I bolted forward. I slid across home. Crack! Great catch! Home run! Going to the Brewers game was a barrel of fun!

Sebastian Ebbert
3rd grade Madison

It's Ice Cream

Introduction

BRAIN FREEZE! Sometimes you might wonder about the history of ice cream or who invented it. Did you know that ice cream didn't reach the U.S. until European settlers arrived around the 1700s? Some families don't like to eat ice cream because it's a dessert, but there are some new shops that sell "healthy" ice cream. Let's travel back to a long time ago, to when people were just experimenting with ice cream.

The History

You might remember King Solomon, who was mentioned in the Bible. He liked to make iced drinks. Also, Emperor Nero was known for sending servants into the cold mountains to collect snow, which was flavored with honey and wine. Emperor Nero ruled Rome around 15 - 37 AD. In 618 - 907 AD, the Tang Dynasty, in China, is thought to be the very first creators of ice cream. In the 18th century frozen fromage, or cheese, was popular in France. It was a cheese version of ice cream. Finally, from the 20th century till now ice cream has stayed the way it is today.

All Over The World

All over the world, almost everyone knows what ice cream is. It has many different names and flavors, but they are all similar. In Italy they have gelato; I went to Canada once and got some there. I tried chocolate, but there were other flavors too, like ginger, or the most unusual flavor I saw, cheddar cheese. In France they have glace, which is ice cream in French. Morozhenoe, is what it's called in Russia. But in Japan it's known as mochi. I have heard of many different flavors of Japanese ice cream, but some were even more strange than the cheddar cheese gelato. Bizarre flavors of mochi include octopus and eel. One of my favorites, though, is green tea.

Then and Now

Over the ages, ice cream has blown right past our eyes with new ideas to add on to the tasty treat. When ice cream was still very expensive, it was rare and exciting for someone to eat it if they were not wealthy. Now, almost everyone has tried something related to ice cream. Back then, grocery stores didn't sell ice cream. If you lived in the 1930s, and walked into a grocery store, the frozen section would be vacant. Also, there weren't many flavors. Around 15 - 37 AD, the only flavors you could have were honey and wine. You couldn't have crushed up candies like you can today, you would have nuts and berries as your topping. There are so many new forms of ice cream, like sundaes, and soft serve. Did you know that the word sundae, was originally Sunday, but they changed it when religious people were getting upset about it. Ice cream has had many changes throughout history.

Conclusion

Ice cream dates back to a very long time ago, is known all over the world, and has been modified so much since back then. In the future we will probably invent more flavors and ways to serve ice cream, like the ice cream cone. Even George and Martha Washington ate ice cream. Actually, George Washington, our very first President, loved it so much he served it to the people who visited the White House! It is a brain freezing treat that everyone can enjoy!

Petra Elk
4th gr Walker

Where I'm From...

I'm from the iphone chargers all over my house.

Sitting on the couch, chair and even in the bedrooms.

We have fought big and great wars over these chargers.

Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose.

I'm from the coffee mugs in every room.

Many have suffered great damage.

Some with cracks and some with stains.

I'm from the dog toys sitting in our living room.

These toys can be found all around our house, both inside and out. Leaves our house so messy it looks like a tornado came through.

I'm from the burgers that my dad makes.

These burgers are a classic Erwin family tradition.

They are made on the wood burning grill and they have the juiciest middle ever.

I'm from the homemade ice cream. Stracciatella is our family favorite.

Yummy chocolate flows through each and every bite.

I'm from the saying "make your bed" which has been requested plenty of times in my house.

No one is immune to this demand.

Some days we feel like we have to fight back.

Other days we agree politely.

I'm from the frightening words of "do your homework" and "do your chores."

These words usually invoke even more questions, comments and complaints than any other saying.

I'm from the fallen grapes and tomato plants.

WAIT, LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!

You'll hear these words when you are not even an inch from the sad little grapes.

You may also see a tomato that is almost dead.

Whatever you do, definitely don't eat it.

We've received many lectures from both of my parents about eating these tomatoes.

So if you ever come to my house watch out for the fallen grapes and the tomato plant.

Kinsey Erwin
6th grade CHMS

The Great Maze

Rheaziny Chang, messenger 118, stood at the edge of the greatest war defense line of all time. The great bamboo maze. Rheas' only hope for survival in the war between Zhong and Shinsia. Rhea looked behind her. She saw the smoke rising like an ominous fog. It was not far away. She heard people yelling, guns, and cannons. The sounds were as loud as howling wolves.

You see, Rhea worked for Zhong, and as she was delivering her last message to one of Zhong's allies, part of the Shinsia army had discovered her. She had been on the run ever since. She had to go through the maze because it surrounded Zhong all the way around!

The world seemed to spin around her. She wanted to faint. The thing was, if she fell down, she would never get back up. She looked up and saw bamboo stalks as tall as skyscrapers. Also, beautiful flowers dancing in the breeze. If she did not go in, she would certainly die. She was a sloth! She had to hurry! She timidly lifted up a foot and stepped into the maze.

Rhea walked till night determined to get through to Zhong. She remembered the riddle that the king had told her. She repeated in her head over and over trying to find the meaning. Left is always right. Right is always left. It made no sense. The riddle was as confusing as the maze. Soon, her legs turned to lead, and she fell down. She was so tired. If she slept, someone found her, and sent up a flare, she would certainly be doomed! The flare would tell the Shinsia army exactly where she was, and she would be doomed! Rhea tried to pick herself back up, but her body betrayed her. She drifted to sleep.

As she slept, she had dreams that were interesting. It started off in the maze, but the king was walking with her. Left is always right. Right is always left. The words mumbled in the back of Rhea's mind. What did they mean? Then she saw Zhong, only Zhong was burning. The Shinsia flag was held high over the glistening city, smiling at her in a cruel way. It all is in your hands. Make it home. She recognized that voice. It was her brother's voice. Break a leg! That is what her mother had said to her before she had left. Suddenly, she felt as if she was getting drenched!

Her eyes opened abruptly. Sure enough, it was raining cats and dogs. Her clothing was dreadfully drenched! Then came the realization! The moment was as sweet as the cookies that her mom had made her when she was small. She knew what the riddle meant! Left is always right meant to always turn left! Right is always left meant to never turn right! She finally had hope that she might be able to make it out alive! Then came the voice.

"I'll do it. I have to!" A girl in Shinsia armor stood five feet away from her with a flare and a lighter, lit as bright as the sun.

Gemma Flaming
5th grade The Lane

Please Help Save African Penguins!

African Penguins are an endangered species. I would like to tell you about these special creatures. African penguins' diet is very strange. They eat sardines, pelagic schools of fish, and anchovies. African penguins are dying because of global warming and oil pollution. We need to stop throwing trash into the ocean. African penguins breed from May through August on rocky ground with little or no vegetation. Penguin chicks grow up to be about 26.5 to 27.5 inches tall and they weight between 4.4 and 11 pounds. They have a black u-shave on their belly. They also have black stripes, black spots on their chest, and pink glands. African penguins' life cycle is 20 years or less. There are many more things to learn about African penguins, but I hope this inspires you to help me save them !

Ally Furey
3rd grade Monroe

Haiku

A splash of sun

When the grey is gone
The sun will come out to play
Let it shine on you

Wet Grass

I love to smell it
It reminds me of a flower
Blooming in the light

The river

It flows so gently
And the fish will glide around
On the smooth cool rocks

Snowfall

It is so exciting
But it gets so cold and old
Can't it be over

Claire Gannon

6th grade CHMS

Question: Truth or Deceit: Which has a greater impact on society?

I believe that truth and deceit both have an equal amount of impact on society. Martin Luther King Jr gave a speech where he told the truth about segregation and what he experienced firsthand. This had an immense impact on society because he told people the truth about segregation. Since Martin Luther King Jr told the truth, later there was no segregation. Telling the truth can impact the society in two ways, positively and negatively. It can impact the society positively by spreading something great, or something that could be life altering, in a good way. For example, if someone told a group of his or her friends that he or she was moving that would impact the society the kid is in and where the kid is moving to. This would both positively and negatively impact two different places, just because one person told the truth.

The truth can impact society negatively in two ways by loss and by something that can be harmful to society. Truth can be caused by loss because people can tell that someone is very sick and they are passing away that could impact the society greatly. It can be caused by something harmful to society because a higher class government official can tell that a different country is going to start a nuclear war with us. This would have an enormous impact on society. According to dictionary.com, truth means "[the] agreement with a standard or original."

Deceit can also have a great impact on society. North Korea uses deceit with their citizens to keep them from leaving and discovering different ideas to rebel against the government. The government leaders in North Korea hide information to keep the people from knowing about the outside world because they tell the citizens that it is worse than the places they're in. This is deceit because there are many things that the people don't know and the people in North Korea are keeping their knowledge from their citizens. Deceit can keep a society safe by hiding secrets that could cause harm to the society or an embarrassing secret that can be revealed, that can change how people think about another person. Just like truth, deceit can impact the society negatively, but not positively.

Deceit can impact the society negative by having something that was hidden, leak out to find something shocking like a secret. For example a popular political person, can say something about another person that he or she is running against. The person would say something that is negative about the other person or a shocking secret that the person is trying to hide. Deceit can keep people safe by making sure that they don't know something that could harm them, and if they knew people would freak out.

Connor Gannon

6th grade CHMS

Cloud Tree

You have deep stretching roots,
Like my ginormous family,
And branches with clouds that fill them.
With your fierce narrow trunk,
That holds you up,
With help from your bulky branches,
You stand all alone,
No friends are near.
So I ask you,
From your terse trunk,
To your numerous roots,
How are you not lonely, frightened or scared?
All I know is that you

Are
Dazzling
The way you are.

Devin Garg
6th grade HMS

Rainbows

I keep a gratitude journal at home. It was given to me as a gift from Oak school. I am grateful for many things, and I decided today to write about rainbows. I am grateful for rainbows. They are a gift from nature. Rainbows appear in the form of an arch in 7 colors. You can see a rainbow if the sun is behind you and the rain is in front of you.

Red - I am grateful for red because it represents power and gives me the strength to live every day to the fullest.

Orange - I love orange because it reminds me of fire and the burning flame that sparks our lives and makes me curious.

Yellow - I am always thankful for the sun and the lovely glow.

Green - this color is the best as it reminds me of the beauty of nature, our land, life and energy.

Blue - is the color of the deep blue sea that I love to visit every year. Aquamarine is also my beautiful birthstone.

Indigo - is special to me because it reminds me of blueberries in summertime. It is also the color of dark blue denim jeans. It is a super cool color that is unique.

Violet - is a symbol of springtime and new beginnings.

Ava Gerami
4th grade Oak

3 Haikus

A haiku is a Japanese poem with 17 syllables written in 3 lines. The order of the lines of the poem is 5, 7 and 5. Nature is one of the main themes of haiku poems. I think it is fun to write these types of poems because it is challenging to come up with the words that fit the format. It helps me develop my vocabulary and be creative. Here are 3 haikus I will share with you.

The Ocean

an ocean sunset;
as the day comes to an end,
the sea enchants me.

Winter

Winter is my time;
the pond is frozen over,
my skates glistening.

Summertime

swim play and travel
many things in summertime
my favorite time

Charlie Gerami
4th grade Oak

Writers Workshop

After a short walk down some dark hallways they had finally arrived. "So, this is my classroom!" Mr. Kyle smiled, as he opened a big wooden door to reveal a huge classroom with a big desk in the front and several big tables with chairs facing the big desk. There were big white boards on every wall. Harper's mouth fell open, this was by far the coolest place she has ever been in (not including the one time she got to see 'Wicked' on Broadway, now that was cool). "You guys can sit wherever you'd like." Harper looked around, there was a girl with tangled dark brown hair sitting in the back, she had her arms crossed and she was snapping her gum. She doesn't look like she wants to be here. Harper thought taking a seat in the middle where no one else was. Once everyone had gotten situated Mr. Kyle explained a "getting to know each other" game. "So, since today is the first day of our Writer's Workshop, I thought that today we'll just get to know each other; you are going to be stuck with each other in this class for the whole year!" Mr. Kyle joked, the girl in the back with brown hair rolled her eyes. Mr. Kyle continued as he passed out paper, "So you are going to write your name and five interesting facts about yourself on this piece of paper, and when everyone is done we'll share them. Even I will go." The girl with the brown hair mumbled something about "hating her life". When Harper received her paper she scribbled down a few things and wrote down her name. Harper looked around the room and everyone seemed to be finished. "Everyone done?" Mr. Kyle asked, everyone nodded. "Okay then. My name is Mr. Kyle, I was born in Chicago, I have a pet dog named Buddy, I am an only child, I want to write a book and get it published, and I LOVE 80s music!" Mr. Kyle said dancing around, the girl with the brown hair started texting on her phone. Mr. Kyle cleared his throat, "Does anyone want to go next? How about..." Mr. Kyle took a glance at his list, "Harper?" Harper's head snapped up, Oh boy, of course I'm the "lucky" one who gets to go first. Harper thought standing up in the front of the classroom, she took a deep, shaky breath, and said, "I'm Harper, I like to write, I love animals, I have one younger sister, I want to be an author when I grow up and I really want to live in London when I'm older." Harper quickly ran back to her seat as Mr. Kyle started talking. "Who wants to go next?" A girl with so many books piled up next to her hand shot up. Mr. Kyle gestured to the front of the classroom and the girl went right up. "My name is Allison Olivia Ross, I love school," (The girl with the brown hair snorted at this) "I like to dance, I do not have any pets, I love to read, and I also enjoy 80s music." Allison said looking at Mr. Kyle. "What a suck-up." The girl with brown hair said to herself, her eyes locked on her

phone. Mr. Kyle stood back up, "Anyone else want to go? Before I just start going down my list." A girl in a crazy looking outfit and long blond hair with green ends proudly raised her hand. "Come on up!" The girl smiled as she took her place at the front of the room. "My name is Daisy, I also like to read,"

"Weirdo." The girl with the brown hair said.

"My real name is Marguerite, it's French,"

"Even weirder."

"My favorite color is purple, I love to sing and my favorite musical is 'Wicked'." Harper jumped up from her seat, "SAME!!!" Harper clapped her hand over her mouth, "Sorry Mr. Kyle." Harper apologized sitting back down. Daisy smiled at her, You know she's not so bad. Daisy thought as Harper smiled back, Yep. She seems great.

"Okay kids," Mr. Kyle said, "The period is almost over so Francie you'll go next and then Will will go." The brown haired girl (who Harper guessed was Francie) didn't even bother to go up to the front of the room, let alone stand up.

"I'm Francie and I like sugar plums, puppies and rainbows and flowers and unicorns." Francie said very sarcastically.

Why does she have to have such a bad attitude about everything? Harper thought. Mr. Kyle rubbed his temples, clearly picking up on Francie's sarcasm, "Thank you Francie, that was... Well anyway, Will can you do yours quickly?" A kid with orange hair and a 'Hamilton' shirt that Harper had never noticed before nodded excitedly and skipped up to the front, skipped! Harper heard Francie snort and Allison looked back at her as if she had two heads. Francie was right, she is like a little miss perfect! Harper thought turning her attention back on Will. "I AM WILL!!!" Will sang, "I love to dance and sing and act!" Will did jazz hands and then took a very theatrical bow. "Thank you Will, and I will see you guys tomorrow!" Mr. Kyle said opening the door Francie practically ran out of the room, Will danced out, and Allison, she bumped into the door (she was reading AND walking) that just left Harper and Daisy. "So..." Harper started, "What's your favorite song from 'Wicked'?" Daisy answer almost immediately "Defying Gravity!" Harper smiled, "SAME! It's sooo good!" Daisy nodded, picking up her book bag. "Hey Daisy, can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot."

"Okay well, when you were speaking, that girl Francie was making fun of you."

"So?"

"How do you not care about that? How come you didn't get upset or anything?" Daisy looked at her questioningly, "Why would I care what she thinks about me?" In response Harper just smiled.

Naomi Gibson
7th grade CHMS

The Adelie Penguin

The Adelie penguin is very interesting. Their diet is krill, fish, squid, and shrimp-like animals. They find their food in the water. They live around the rims of Antarctica. Their habitat is rocky and snowy. The female penguin lays two eggs per year. It takes 35 days for them to hatch. Adelie penguins can live up to 20 years. Their bellies are white. They have a white ring around their eyes. Most have black backs. The predator of the Adelies are sharks, skua birds, and seals. They have an interesting way of getting out of the water. When they get out of the water, they shoot out microbubbles to lessen friction and to confuse the enemy. That is why the Adelie are so exciting!

Samuel Gilman
3rd grade Monroe

America's Gift to My Generation: The Feeling of Security in America for Younger People

America has given many gifts to my generation, security is one of them. Foreign and domestic violence has increased worldwide, including in the United States. Despite the threats, my generation has been given the gift of feeling safe due to our veterans, police, and first responders. Protection does not just help with making the US a safer place but it also helps young people from Gen. Z (my generation) feel more secure. Now we can go places like school and the library just using common sense.

Airports have changed their security systems since 9/11: stronger TSA, stricter passenger and luggage screening, firmer enforcement of gate and boarding passes. Additionally, as recorded by Jason Villemez from PBS, "Pilots can now apply to become a federal flight deck officer, allowing them to carry a loaded gun and to act as a federal officer aboard the plane." This allows passengers to feel safer because pilots are certified to act like police officers in times of distress.

The Federal government created more than 263 agencies because of 9/11. The US Coast Guard, TSA and Border Patrol budgets have more than doubled, allowing them to upgrade equipment and hire more people. Villemez also says, "More than 1,200 government organizations and 1,900 private companies do work related to counter-terrorism, homeland security and intelligence." Many people are working to keep the country as safe as possible.

Since terrorist attacks have mainly been can't prevent every single assault, but the number has decreased. The number that has had minimal impact claimed by terrorist groups from foreign countries, deporting and arresting suspicious people helps us screen visitors. Security has increased a colossal amount thanks to brave people across the country including police officers, firefighters, soldiers, veterans, and regular civilians. Overall, our country as a whole is doing what it can so that our generation can be secure, which makes our lives more uncomfortable. Americans and veterans have done a phenomenal job allowing our generation to be in such a fortunate situation.

Bibliography:
[Jason Villemez, PBS Article](#)

Ann Haarlow
7th grade CHMS

The Virus Within

I shifted silently through the trees. Despite the dark night, my red tinted sight allowed me to perfectly see every blade of grass and leaf as if it was noon. The wind was gently blowing strands of my waist-long brown hair behind me as it blew hundreds of scents at me. I could identify each of them with ease. I considered my choices. A rabbit would be sufficient for tonight. I darted silently through the brush in a hunting crouch as I followed the scent. I passed a small pool of water and caught a fleeting glimpse of a shadowy figure with glowing red eyes in the reflection. Such a sight would have had any of the remaining humans shaking in their boots. That was if they even spotted me at all. Like the ninjas or assassins in the Hollywood films, if someone spotted me, they knew that it was too late to escape unless I let them. The scent of the rabbit was stronger now and I knew I was quite close to it. I slowed as I looked around. The rabbit was just ahead of me as it napped under a shrub. It was sleeping, and if I had my way, it would never wake up.

I returned to the old log cabin since the sun would be rising very shortly. Even if I hadn't known exactly where I was, I could have easily followed the smell of wood smoke back. This cabin had probably been a small hunting lodge at one time. There was one queen sized bed in one corner, a petite kitchen, a wood stove and a chair. It was small, but more than enough for one woman. The rabbit I had caught would hold me for a day or two before I would have to hunt again. I opened up an airtight container and took out a dehydrated apple slice. I munched slowly on it as I cleaned up a bit and checked on some other fruit on the drying racks.

I peeked out the window blinds. The sky was just starting to get light. I squinted against the brightness. Even the earliest stages of a sunrise were too bright for me to look at. With a sigh, I dug out my pair of special

sunglasses and put them on. Technically, they were not actually sunglasses. They were actually just welding glasses that looked like wrap around sunglasses. Their snug fit and shape was more suited to a man's face, but I didn't care since they protected my eyes without creating too many blind spots. No bit of light came in around the edges, which was the only reason I could go outside during the day.

I went outside and considered my options. There wasn't much to do here and some of my supplies were starting to get a bit low. I decided to head to town and settled my backpack on my shoulders. I ran in the forest alongside the road. I had preferred to keep a low profile even when I had been human and my zombie instincts preferred it as well. Besides, if any other zombies saw me running, they would try to follow thinking I was chasing something.

Some of the Runners would probably snap at me and I didn't have the tolerance to deal with that drama today. It was just easier to just stay out of sight when I traveled.

I paused to examine dozens of zombies roaming around the town. I wasn't overly bothered by their presence. I was no more human than they were, I just had more control. Most were the common mindless zombies that were barely able to move faster than a jog. About as bright as a brick, all they knew was to chase and try to attack. They rarely bothered me and if they did, a quick growl usually made them change their minds.

Roughly one in a ten thousand zombies were Runners. Not much slower than their previous human selves, but they were still a long stone's throw away from intelligence. They were stronger and more aggressive though. Like feral dogs, they would try and test other zombies to establish a spot in the pecking order.

They ignored the regular zombies since they didn't care about such things as hierarchy, but Runners would challenge anything else with red eyes. If it didn't have red eyes, they would attack it before seeing if it was edible. My sunglasses sometimes caused them to challenge me just because they couldn't see my eyes, but the light was simply too bright and painful for me to remove them.

Two Runners happened to be in this town today. Neither of them were sane. I had met a handful of sane Runners, but they were extremely rare since their intelligence took a dive south once bitten. They had great difficulty thinking and they usually gave into their cravings without realizing the danger. By then it was too late and they numbered among the mindless horde.

Caitlin Haines
6th grade HMS

Moving Day

It all started out when I woke up. The sun was shining and I found my mom shaking me.

"Hailey wake up" scolded my mom. "Go wake Megan up the people are almost here!" I groaned then started stretching. After my morning stretch to get out of bed I sat upright like a zombie in a bad mood. "Did you even hear me," my mom asked "ughhhhh" I replied. Then got up and went to my room then corrected myself my old room it is true we really are moving today! My cousin Megan was sleeping this entire time and soundly too. If only I was allowed to do that I murmured to myself. Then jumped on the bed and she woke up with a start and she started yells at me. "Hailey why'd you wake me up!" "Because they are almost coming sleepyhead," I shouted angrily after all I had to wake up to wake her up in the first place! We ate breakfast and cleared the rest of our belongings in piles or boxes. After that the moving men finally came and we moved aside to let them do their job they went here by a van but their van wasn't an ordinary van. It was a van that had a extendable walkways and the van is massive it was a monster truck compared to me or my dad! There were to many things so they had to go to rounds. It took two hours to get the first load done.

Once they filled up their truck. They put all of my belongings in my room and Megan and I began sorting the clothes, toys, and whatnot. My mom commanded us as if she was talking to troops in the military "Hailey and Megan get Hailey's things and start setting up!" The only problem is that I'm not familiar with the new house and I kept bumping into walls. I was wondering why was I so scared then called myself a baby for being such a baby. Then it was time for lunch we ordered pizza and we asked the men what did they want to eat they said tacos. My room color is pink and white. My brothers, Tyler and Karter's room is purple. But all of the rooms are nice. But I only slept there for one night and my parents sent me packing to my grandma's house. Tyler and Karter was

already there my parent sent them packing a long time ago before the moving day. My cousins Emily and Chloe were there too. Megan went to Indiana where she can help out for their moving day too. Emily is my favorite cousin. Chloe always teases me but you learn to get over it besides that she is a good cousin.

My cousins made math and reading homework. My mom and dad visited us from time to time. They were clearing things up for us. It was a hard moving month for my parents unpacking everything everyday. When I came back it was for school and we went shopping for school supplies. I also help clear their remaining bits of things we had left.

This memory takes place at our old house and our new house from moving to one place to another. At my grandma's house I learned about how to take care of Tyler and Karter. I wrote about this memoir because this memory changed my life from setting course to an old house to a new house and how that moment when I stepped foot into our new house everything would change and I wanted to tell the readers how it feels like but don't feel bad for yourself because you will always get a new life and start all over again.

Hailey He
5th grade Elm

Snowflake

Snow is the worst!

Nobody likes the snow.

One hundred trillion people would agree with me!

We don't like the snow!

For example the snow could be filled with germs, and it is as cold as the top of Mt. Everest!

Lakes turn to ice in a micro-second!

A hundred ducks are stuck in the ice!

Kites are not able to fly,

Everyone prefers a warm, flaming hot summer!

Tyler He
3rd grade Elm

Strolling by the Meager Light

Strolling by the meager light of the bioluminescent, milky sphere hovering just above the few grey clouds hanging low in the dark night's sky, two sketchy figures were revealed, lurking just by the local tavern, which, as always, was flooding light onto the barely lit streets, despite the bright moon above.

Then again, the fief named Davise, one of the fifty-two in its country Eerese, had been a hideaway for thieves and thugs for more than a couple of years.

A light rain pelted the streets of unsmooth stone, wetting and promptly dousing the people out of shelter on the streets. Yet Alicia persisted, bounding lightly through the streets, her cloak wrapped protectively around her slim body. The natural grease of the wool of her cloak kept away the worst of the rain, but Alicia could not help but feel a few dewy drops seeping into her tunic. She pulled her shipmate behind her, looking for the cloth shops. After several minutes of exploring, the light sprinkle had turned into a devastatingly heavy downpour, with even a couple of seemingly harmless raindrops turning to bullets upon colliding with the surface of your skin. The townspeople, having been subjugated by the heavy pours before, hurriedly rushed to their homes, cloaks pulled over their heads, their many faces showing immediate, and practiced, expressions of great repugnance as their bodies were heavily assaulted by falling drops. Even so, none did put any acceleration on their hurried paces as

they went about. The bulleting rainfall, it seemed, was both a blessing and a curse, though the smaller children seemed to be enjoying the rainfall far more than the adults.

The two young sailors slipped through the darkest of alleyways, keeping an eye for any signs of trouble, for misery reigned in the backstreets.

Alicia carefully pulled the ends and corners of her cloak upward as she slowly stepped over meddlesome puddles, which shone in the larger cracks between the cobblestones, worn smooth with years of use. Even with her caution, the heels of her boots became damp with the dewy feel of water. Finally, caution and painstaking care receded abruptly after a minute or two, and, with her shipmate happily trailing behind her (the boy cared nothing for carefulness) she ran through the meddlesome puddles and bounded to the docks.

She did not take heed of the pair of devilish eyes peering at her wickedly through the fog of inky darkness before blinking once and abruptly disappearing.

Addie Hsieh
4th grade Oak

Room of Fear

The doors shut with a loud BANG! I looked around, breathing hard. I shook my head. It was no use. I was too late. The doors were closed, and no one was left, not that there was anyone here in the first place. A harmless dare to go into the supposedly 'haunted' museum on Halloween had left me, Jessica, trapped in it. I don't know how the doors closed right when I stepped in, but trying to open them again was useless. I had pulled as hard as I could, yanked on it from every angle, but all I made was a single creak. Now I was stranded in this sorry old building alone, out of options.

I thought. And I thought hard. The only thing that I came up with was using the gigantic Aztec pole in the corner to break down the door, not like I can lift that thing up in a million years anyway. I slumped to the floor, defeated. Then, there was a thump. Then, another thump. I whipped around. Nothing. Something moved out of the corner of my eye. I turned again. There, sitting on the bench near the pole, was a old, boney, man. I stiffened.

"Who are you?" I asked cautiously.

"Why, I am the guardian of the museum!" He replied nonchalantly.

"Why are you in here, and where did you come from?"

"My, so many questions. I'm here to help you, of course, for you seem to be a bit—" He hesitated, "Stuck."

"Well duh, why do you think I'm still here? And you still haven't answered my questions."

"Have some patience child. I'm in here to tend to the museum, and I came from my office from the upper floor. Now, do you want to get out of here or what? Because I have an offer."

"Okay, what's the offer?"

"So, I am to get you out of the museum, but in return, you must get the key from the secret room in the basement. I sense you have the things needed to retrieve the key."

"What 'things' are you talking about? My shoes? And why can't you get it?"

"No, of course not. You see, the only way to get into the room and retrieve the key is only if you have enough bravery, and I don't seem to have that. And keep in mind that the room tries to stop you with your worst fears."

Enough bravery? Scares you with your worst fears? Well, I don't know about that, I thought to myself. But who am I kidding? It's the only reasonable option I have so far to get out of this place. I hope there's nothing too scary in there. It's not like I get scared easily, but the things I am scared of makes me shiver just to think about it.

To be continued.....

Kaitlyn Hu
5th grade Elm

Just For My Friends

Crank... crank... crank... whoooo! Screams of laughter came from the roller coaster that just zoomed by on the tracks just before my eyes. Children and adults of all ages are swarmed like bumble bees eager to what looks like a 100 mile line. The hundred mile line for a Universal Studios roller coaster-- the Rokit. I had never seen this many people, smelled so much buttery popcorn, nor had I ever seen a 3 story roller coaster. So, as breathtaking as this event already was, I had to decide if I was going to face my fear, and get in the line. My hands began to sweat, and my mouth became so dry I could barely speak. But, the words still manage to tremble out of my mouth.

"I am up for it!" I say, not sure what I was getting myself into. All I knew is that my friends wanted it, and I wouldn't want to hold my friends back.

Minutes pass as I stand in the line, moving forward inch by inch, each inch becoming more convinced I should step out of the line. We finally are up next, and are at the measuring test to make sure we are tall enough to ride. Yes! One last chance for an excuse to not ride, I thought to myself. This hopefulness ends when I realize I am over four feet. Now, the real test. An empty, side by side, four row set of roller coaster seats pulled up in front of us. I feel a pat on my head, and it is the ride manager reminding me I need to get on. Geez! This is my last chance to turn back!, I think in my head. But, before the decision is made, I reluctantly step on the ride, praying, just in case it is my last chance.

As much of a baby as I am, I decide to sit next to my mom, hoping I can hang in there. Slowly, the ride moves forward, dragging me along.

"Oh no.... Oh no!"

This was just the beginning couple feet, but I was already screaming my face off. Screaming for my dear life. And because going nine miles per hour is bad enough, the track begins to change direction. Not right, not left, not down, but straight up. Straight up to where I may be going.

"Ahhhhhhh! I'm going to fall out! My stomach hurts!" I was nothing but a whole bunch of worries. As we rolled up at a 180 degree angle, I was waiting for the one moment we turn around back down. Ohhhh, the most dreadful time was coming.

"Weeee! Ahhh! Uhhhhhh!" everyone screamed.

"Mom... are you still there?" I asked, trying to reassure myself.

"I can't hear you honey! What?" she yells back at me.

Just then, there is a sharp turn to the left, a snap to the right, a zoom through a tunnel that echoed our screams, and the world around me becomes blurry like a fuzzy tv screen. I am halfway between lalaland, and 100 meters up on a roller coaster. Turns out, we were whipping through a series of endless loops. The rattle like noise of the cart on the tracks feels like it is banging in my head, when we suddenly come to a jerky stop. Silence lasts for a moment, but just a moment.

"I survived!" I yell out, too happy to feel regretful.

We walk off the ride, still feeling the constant pounding in my head. It is like a metronome, which only runs out once it is out of battery. I guessed that was exactly what I needed-- rest. My friends and I told the story of the ride in our point of view as we walked off it.

"I thought that it was the best ride ever!" said Juliana.

"I especially loved the nerve-wrecking beginning when we went straight up!" said Claire.

Then it was my turn, and my story would be a little different.

"I was about to fall out of my seat, the Florida sky wouldn't stop spinning, my stomach wouldn't stop grumbling, I almost lost my voice because of screaming, and I was just the slightest bit away from fainting so I wouldn't have to experience the treacherous ride!" The words just flew out of my mouth.

"Well, in that case..." said my friend, " We should go on the Harry Potter roller coaster ride now!" Uh oh, I thought, while feeling sick. And that is when I realized, although sacrificing yourself for friends is kind, it can be tough, and it is only the start of the evening.

Moira Hughes
6th grade HMS

The Red and Blue Coat: A Retold Wisdom Tale

Characters: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Friend 1, Friend 2, Trickster

Scene 1:

Narrator 1: There once were two childhood friends who were determined to remain close companions always.

Narrator 2: Their houses were across from each other.

Narrator 1: One day a trickster went walking down in between the houses. He was wearing a red and blue coat. On the right it was red and on the left it was blue.

Narrator 2: The trickster tried to make enough noise to make the friends notice him.

Scene 2: At the end of the day

Friend 1: Wasn't that a lovely blue coat that man was wearing?

Friend 2: Ye- Wait what? He was wearing a red coat not a blue coat!

Friend 1: NO, it was blue!

Narrator 1: The friends went on arguing.

Narrator 2: They started punching and kicking each other.

Friend 1: Blue!

Friend 2: Red!

Friend 1: Blue!

Narrator 1: This went on for hours.

Friend 1 and 2: OUR FRIENDSHIP IS OVER!!!!

Narrator 2: The trickster was coming. He walked directly in front of the two friends.

Narrator 1: The trickster was still wearing the red and blue coat.

Narrator 2: The two friends were standing in shock.

Friend 1: You tricked us!

Trickster: Don't blame me for the battle. I did not make you fight. Both of you are wrong. Both of you are right. Yes, what each one said was true. You are fighting because you only looked at my coat from your own point of view and didn't notice the other side.

The moral of this story is before you make up your mind, look at it from all points of view.

Amira Jazayerli

3rd grade Elm

The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave

The land of the free and the home of the brave. I feel very blessed to live in the United States of America during the 21st century. Americans as of 2017 live in a peaceful country, with freedom over their action, and education for all. If you look back on how rough people from the past, or how people from other countries lives were, it makes it feel as though we take too much for granted. I feel very gifted and lucky to be alive in the time and place that I am!

Thanks to the founding fathers, and the brave men that fought in the Revolutionary War, we now have freedom of speech, religion, and choice! We also have a representative democracy in America, which means that we elect people from each of the fifty states to represent the people. This is far more beneficial than when we lived in a monarchy ruled by one person. In America, there is also equality! Because of Abraham Lincoln, and the Union soldiers that fought in the Civil War, slavery has been abolished! Although African Americans weren't treated fairly until activists like, Martin Luther King Jr. protested, it was still a start. I believe that those who immigrated to America through Ellis Island are so essential to America because they give our country its diversity! They're what made the US be known as the "melting pot" that it is.

To conclude, America was, is, and hopefully will always be viewed as a blessed land to live in. It should always be known as the land of opportunity because it is such an amazing and gifted country. There are many people from history, and people of today that are constantly ensuring and risking their lives so that America will always be a great place to live. I am truly grateful to be an American!

Jenna Jazayerli

7th grade HMS

The Famous Fairy Tale of Snow White ...and what really happened!

Maybe you have heard the story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Well, I'm the Evil Queen and I think you should finally hear the real story. I'm sure you know the fairy tale of Snow White, the girl who ate the poisonous apple, and who ended up marrying a prince. You probably haven't heard the real story, I am not wicked at all. It's Snow White who's wicked all right!

I bet you haven't heard of how she ate the poisonous apple by herself...one day she was spending time with her animal friends in the palace whining to her guards. While I was out for a feast with my friends, she was on her way to her room (crying) and she took a peak through my potion room door. She had never seen it before, and for the rest of the day she was looking through all my potions until finally she found a potion that she hoped I would get the blame for. It was the famous poisonous apple potion.

She never cared about her dwarfs and the beautiful jewelry they made for her, she just hung her servants up all day in a filthy dungeon, waiting for me to finish talking to my magic mirror. It wasn't my fault the dungeon was so filthy, it was as smelly as rotten cheese! It was Snow White who sent the word out that I had an evil talking mirror, I only had that so I could protect her. My parents, the former rulers King Charlie and Queen Mary, gave me that ordinary mirror for my eleventh birthday. Snow White spilled a potion on my mirror that made it magical and then she just went outside and started yelling, "My stepmother has a magic mirror!" over and over again.

She had everything she wanted, but yet it wasn't enough for her. I bought a unicorn, mansion, and 100 private servants to please her! Now she is the beauty of the kingdom, and everybody loves her whenever Snow White comes out of her palace with her family. The crowd always cheers, "Yay! Snow White! Boo! Evil Queen!" I've been locked up in her dungeon for 35 years. Everything is great for her, and everything is bad for me. Plus, she already has 7 children!

She wouldn't be queen if it wasn't for me. I was the one who protected her this whole time. I gave her everything, everything she wanted! I gave her her own signature carriage, and I spent 16 hours working on her ballgown dresses. Where's my credit?

Well, now you know the real story. Don't go out there and believe the story of me being wicked.

Signed,
Nice Queen

Chiara Jovic
3rd grade Elm

Basketball Story

"Anderson with the ball, five seconds on the clock. He drives left, crosses right, between the legs step back, then pops a three," the announcer says.

Five hours earlier.

"Ryan Anderson is the number two recruit in college, heading into the March Madness tournament championship. Now we know he is great on the court, but how about off?" asks a reporter to the Bulldogs' head coach.

"He has had his struggles in the past, but is back on track," he replies vaguely in a Southern accent.

It is almost game time and Ryan feels like he has more than butterflies in his stomach. During warmups, Ryan blocks out the crowd and everybody around him. The game is about to begin, the underdogs, or "under bulldogs" are playing what feels like an away game because it is on the other side of the country. The stakes are high, and so is the amount of sweat on the players' hands.

"It's time for the tip-off ladies and gentleman," states the announcer. "The tip is up, and won by the Bulldogs. Anderson pushes it down the floor and finds the open man for the bucket. It is a magical time for Anderson, it is like he can do no wrong. Every time he touches the ball, his team scores. That's how the rest of the game continues, until Anderson isn't there to get the ball to the open man.

"Late in the game, down by two, the Bulldogs need a stop. Anderson tips the ball off of a lazy pass! Everybody is diving for it. Anderson has it at the bottom of the pile. Bulldogs' ball, but wait, it looks like Ryan is hurt!" says the announcer. Ryan is rushed to the sideline to be checked out.

"It looks like you just got the wind knocked out of you, you'll be back in the game before you can blink," the medic tells Ryan. Anderson catches his breath and is ready to go again but will his luck continue?

The Announcer broadcasts "Anderson with ball. Everyone is expecting an isolation. He drives right with a hesitation, crosses over to the left, then back over where he finishes with the jelly layup."

The crowd goes insane. That leaves two seconds on the clock. The other team throws up a desperation heave that bangs off the front of the rim.

"We are going into overtime." the announcer said.

Overtime is back and forth like the regulation game. The clock is winding down and the game is still close. It came down to one play.

"Anderson drives left, crosses to the right, between the legs step back three! Oh no! It's an alley-oop. His teammate slams it down for the win! The Bulldogs win the tournament!" yells the announcer.

Daniel Kamon
7th gr CHMS

One Million Dollars

A city, so filled with smoke, filth, and slaughtered animals that diseases that we don't have a second thought about is common and widespread. The city described is Chicago, but it could be New York, Cleveland, or any other city in the days before the conservation movement. The elite class would escape to a place full of clean air and natural wonders. The U.S. National Parks would be a great place to fulfil these needs. Unfortunately, today our political leaders are pushing for economic cuts for these places of natural wonder. If given one million dollars, I would donate it to maintain the remainder of nature's wonders during a government shutdown.

The first national park (Yellowstone) was established by Ulysses S. Grant in 1872. It was not only the first park in the United States, but also in the world. The park was ravished by poachers between 1882-1894. Bison almost became extinct and were reduced to approximately 325 animals within Yellowstone. Congress intervened and sent the U.S. Army to the park. In 1916, Woodrow Wilson signed a bill establishing the first National Park Service, a branch of the interior designed to preserve, protect and educate visitors on our national parks.

President Trump has threatened to shut down the government if Congress does not approve funds for his wall that he claimed Mexico would pay for. If the government is shut down, the National Parks (as well as other government-funded organizations) would be forced to close and their employees would not be paid. The last time the government was shut down, the National Parks lost \$450,000 a day in revenue, according to the Washington Post. My one million dollars could be able to keep the parks compensated for about two days.

If I were able to give one million dollars to our National Parks Service, I would help fund these parks during the government shutdown. Ulysses S. Grant and Woodrow Wilson would be ashamed of what a government shutdown would do to our parks, and one million dollars would help ease their pain by funding those parks and paying their employees.

Jack Kapcar
8th grade CHMS

My Trip to New York

Over the summer my family and I drove to New York. We got there in the afternoon and checked into our hotel. After checking in, we went to dinner at a place called Stardust Diner. We waited outside for a half hour because it was busy.

When we went inside we were amazed because the people that worked there would sing and dance on tables. When we were seated, I had a cheeseburger. My sister, Vivian, had a hot dog, and I can't remember what the rest of my family ate, but they really enjoyed their food. To drink, I ordered a three-flavored milkshake that was vanilla, mint and cookies and cream. My sister had a chocolate milkshake, my parents had waters and my brother, Jack ordered a root beer. Confetti was on the tables. When we left, I collected confetti and stuffed it in my coat pocket.

After we left the restaurant, we walked around the city. Then, we went to the hotel and we unpacked our bags. After our unpacking was done, we went swimming. The pool had windows all around so you could almost see all of New York. It looked amazing!

I told my mom that I didn't know New York would be so busy and so beautiful at the same time. She asked if I remembered our trip to Yellowstone and said it was beautiful in a totally different way. I think that Yellowstone is beautiful and it is in the middle of nowhere. New York is beautiful and it is in the middle of everywhere.

My trip to New York was fun. My family and I saw huge buildings, swam in a pool, and went to eat at cool places.

Lucy Kapcar
4th grade Monroe

The Tale Of Duckie-Chicky

Hello. I am Duckie-Chicky. I have witnessed all fairytales. The weird ones, the sad ones, the plain useless ones— YEP! I've been hidden in all of them! And you know what? I'll tell you one. There's a whole lot and I might get mixed up. Not that I know anything about being mixed up. Anyway, let's start! There once was three bears er, um, no! There was three Goldilocks and they were uh, triplets! One was Anna, one was Susan and one was... er, Goldey. They were eating their porridge with sugar when um, Puss the boot came. Puss said that they were having a ball at er, Never Land! No! Wait, uh..... Yes! Never Land! Sorry. Duckie-Chicky is having trouble remembering. He is old. But don't worry, I got this right so far. Right? Um, so..... The Goldilockses stepmom said Susan and Anna can go to the ball but Goldey has to go spin gold with Rumpleskiltinton! Goldey cried and cried; "Why? Why? It was Susan's turn to spin gold and Big Bad Wolf could blow down Anna's house! She needs to make it out of brick!!" Or I think that's what she said. Yes! That is what she said. Anyway, she cried and cried and finally Fairy.... Fairy..... Fairy.....Mother Goose! Yes, Fairy Mother Goose came and said "Hello dearie. Would you be so kind to help me get out of the lamp? I will grant you wishes." So, Goldey let her out. Goldey's wish was that she could go to the ball. So, Mother Goose sang "Ribity robity roo" And the beanstalk in her yard became a carriage and her Big Bad Wolf turned into a coach! Then she fixed her jazzy outfit with a tip of a wand to turn it into a gown. She hurried off but right before she left Mother Goose had said; "Don't lose your bunny slippers!" Er, so at the ball her sisters weren't there and there was no sign that they were even there! Goldey investigated and the only thing she could find was a piece of um the flower Rapunzel! Goldey looked and looked for Rapunzel and right when she was giving up she found a whole tower covered in Rapunzel! There she saw her sisters guarded by three little pigs. They were wearing super long wigs that went all the way down to the bottom of the tower. She hid as she saw Madam Gothel er, stepmom no! Her name is actually Gothel! Not stepmom. And she was climbing her daughters wigs uh, yes! They still are her daughters! Oh, give Duckie-Chickie time to think uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh OH! Yes yes! Goldey said; Anna! Susan! On the top! Lend me your hair! I won't move a drop! Well, after her sisters lent the hair she did move a drop! In fact, she climbed all the way up after the little pigs had left. Well, also she was so happy and proud, that she forgoth er, Gothel climbed up just before! Not that I know anything about forgetting things. "What are you doing here?! You're supposed to be spinning gold! And why are you wearing a dress?! And you can't know about th—"Stepmom er, Gothel stopped talking. She knew her disguise as "The Goldilockses" mom was going reveal if she kept talking. Not only that. The "Goldilockses" were actually the princesses! But really, her plan worked really well. The kids were all in one room and the pigs were guarding the window. As bonus, Captain Hook was on his

way er..... So Madam could sell the kids so they can go on his pirate team, of course. Goldey figured out what was happening quickly; "You are not our mom!" Right then Captain Hook um, took out a bag tried to get the kids in but missed er, then Peter Pan came and battled Captain Hook, almost fell out of the tower but won and flew the Goldilockses to safety at the palace. They found their parents and their mom was Snow White! They became princesses and invited three bears, rumpleskiltinton, everyone! Even stepmom who was guarded by prison guards! But you know, that was only one story. I can tell a lot more!

Azmay Khan
3rd grade Elm

Hope Prevailed

I felt the ground underneath me shake.
The earthquake had started.
Buildings near us started falling
It felt like the end was near.
I was ready to die when a friendly hand started pulling me out of my home
It was my mother.
She always said that if I was in trouble she would be there.
That day I learned a terrible truth.
I was dying.
A feeling of loss was inside me.
I couldn't think straight.
All I could think about was what my grave would look like.
I met a great doctor named Dr. Paul Ryan.
He told me that during the earthquake a piece of rubble fell on you and now it is causing an
earthquake inside you.
He also said that only one thing can save me.
Hope
I prayed and prayed and one day, a miracle happened.
My inner earthquake ceased.
My prayers were answered.
Hope had prevailed.

lyden Khan
6th grade CHMS

The Blizzard

The freezing wind whips against houses as snow pounds on windows. With each great foot of snow that piles onto the ground, it seems as if there are giants in the sky trying to bury every home in town. Whoosh! Each snowflakes swerves in the sky and continues on towards its' own unique destination. Snowflakes race around you so quickly that all you can see are giant blasts of white. Leafless trees swing wildly as gusts of wind pierce their branches. Suddenly, a gold light creeps up over the horizon and each snowflakes shimmers like diamonds. Everything seems to move in slow motion as each delicate snowflake hits the ground and finds a home in the soft blanket of snow. Lights go on in houses as families wake up to find the storm has passed and left behind a snow day for all to enjoy.

Finley Korn
4th grade Prospect

The Tales of “Junior” Johnson

There was a 10 year old boy named Johnson Peanut (AKA “Junior”). Some people thought it was a very weird name, but he didn’t mind. He got the nickname because he looked just like his dad. One day while walking to school, somebody bullied him because of his name. This made him start hating himself. The next day he skipped school. The office called Mrs. Peanut, his mom, and told her he didn’t show up at school that day. When Junior’s mom asked him about it, he started crying. “What’s wrong?” Mrs. Peanut asked. He told his mom about the boy who bullied him. His mom gave him a big hug. She felt sorry for him, so she took him out for popsicles. He felt like he didn’t belong anywhere in the world - all because of his name.

The next day, Mrs. Peanut convinced Junior to approach the kid that bullied him and force him to apologize. The bully did not listen and pushed him to the ground. Junior started to cry. The principal came out and sent Junior to the nurse and took the bully to his office. He called the bully’s parents, and then suspended him for one day. Junior had a bruise and was bleeding. Junior told his mom the story and she freaked! She called the school and told them to be more aware of what is happening. When she hung up, she realized that Junior had run out the door and sprinted away. She tried to run after him but couldn’t catch him.

At 5 o’clock Junior returned home. He had a grey kitty in his arms. He said the kitty was hurt. His mom agreed that they could take care of it until they found its owner. Junior started to cry. His mom was confused. Junior said that the kitty he saved was being kicked by two boys, and it made him think of all the bad things that have happened to him. This made him feel sad.

The next day Junior went to school, but he decided to get involved in activities to change his life. He joined the chess team! He was a failure at chess and he knew it, but he had to try. This did not help the situation with the bully at all. In fact, it made it worse. Mrs. Peanut called the school and talked with the teachers to see what they could do. There had to be something they could do.

Lauren Koschik
4th grade Walker

On the 12th Day of... Valentines Day?!

On the first day of valentines day,
I put away the chocolate hearts,
And all I did was lay
Down in bed,
Then my sister said,
Put away the color red!

On the second day of valentines day
I took away the love,
All of it,
Below and above

On the third day of valentines day
I saw a couple,
And sweet flowers,
I didn't take an hour
For me to take away the flower

On the fourth day of valentines day
I bought and burned the decoration
Which means no more valentine celebration

On the fifth day of valentines day
I had to say
I stole much love
And did it all day

On the sixth day of valentines day
I'm half way through!
I took the gift maroe
Gave to Sindey Lue!
That's the last couple
And lets huddle
And say I've almost ruined
Valentines day

On the seventh day of valentines day
I heard love songs in the background,
But surely it was people wishing that was the sound
I looked around,
No love to be seen!
Aren't I mean?

On the eighth day of valentines day
I start to feel something,
A love on the wing?
But there is no cupid
So I check all around checking the shop
Not even a hop
Of cheer,
Valentines day is no longer here

On the ninth day of valentines day
I split apart the family,
As you can see
But I had a stronger feeling,
Maybe it's the love leaving

On the tenth day of valentines day
More appeared
But valentines day isn't here!
I saw a heart chocolate,
But I thought It was all hate!
My plans are ruining
But I can still come back
If I'm on the right track

On the eleventh day of valentines day
I saw people coming together
But I thought love was away forever
So I tell people love is banned
And one said it had

On the twelfth day of valentines day
I found love
Both below and above
I realized it was friends and family
Not just me
Not chocolate,
Or hearts,
For me its just the start,
For love

Kaelyn Krause
3rd grade Elm

One Day I Saw...

One day, I saw the sun setting in the sky.
One day, I saw my oh my,
I saw the lovely red and orange sky,
If only you were there,
We would talk about the lovely site,
If only you were there,
The next day I saw,
The kite I flew high,
If only you were there,
We would talk about how I made it and the lovely site it made,
If only you were there.
One day, I saw my cat nibbling on my clothes,
One day, I saw my oh my,
I saw my little cat chewing on my clothes,
I just pet him,
If only you were there,
We laugh and laugh about him,
The next day I met you,
The one and only you,
Since you were there,
It was the best day of my life,
Since you were there,
Every day since then I dreamed about you,
Now we meet again,
I see you right in front of me and begin to fall in love,
But I just keep telling you about the days,
And now all I got to say when I'm walking to school with you is,
Never leave again,
And all I got to say is,
LOVE!

Kendall Krause
3rd grade Elm

My future careers between sport and OR

The challenge of balancing two things you love. I always see myself as a successful surgeon, But I have always wanted to be a football player, and I have a big passion to football .

My interest in surgery started after I saw my dad picture while performing surgery, at first that was very scary to me, I told my dad that I'm scared of blood, My dad told me that he uses blood in surgery to save lives so I am not scared of blood anymore, blood helps to deliver oxygen to our organs and keep us alive, my dad took me with him to his clinic and let me see patients with him and talk to them, my dad let me try the ultrasound machine which let me see inside my body, it was so cool I learned that surgery save patient's lives then I visited my dad 's clinic again and I saw patients getting better , one of the patients shook my hand, and told me , you are going to be a good doctor, I was very happy,
I told him I want to be a doctor and football player.

He told me that I need to work very hard to do it,
To be a surgeon it takes so much training and hard working along with time and practice.
I have always wanted to treat sick patients,I hate to see people die. And I love to help people live.

My love to sport is massive, I want to be a football player, a quarterback .
A quarterback is a person who throws the ball at the start of the game.
Football is a challenging game, that is the one thing that I like about football.

I believe I can do it, yes I can be a football player and a surgeon.
First and foremost i need to believe in myself, nothing can stop me, I need to organize myself, study at home and practice at school and on weekends.

Football and surgery are both very challenging and very interesting, I still need to figure out which collage should I go to, I want to go to college with a good football team, Though it can be hard to fit in when I'm new but I'll be a team player, I will try to be confident .
I will meet new people and make more friends.
That is Fares Lababidy in 15 years see you soon future.

Faris Lababidy
3rd grade Elm

Super Sam

The year is 2037 Dr. Sam Lababidy is in the I.C.U taking care of a very ill patient. Jim Todd 59 year old man with his bronchioles damaged. His bronchioles is severely damaged. We used a stethoscope to make sure anything else was not damaged. As a result his daughter said he crashed in a car crash. After his surgery he was fine but he sometimes has trouble to breathe. After a while I arrived at my parent's house. As soon as it was dinnertime I was as hungry as horse gobbling all my food. After I finished my food I went to have some coffee with my mom. Then I went to sleep I had a day off from work so I looked at my school work from fourth grade. And I saw one paper. I recognize that paper it was my writing prompt7! When I read it I remembered this assignment from Mrs. Senese. It's about what will happen in 20 years from now and it did happen! I told all my friends about this and told Mrs. Senese about it too. Mrs. Senese made my life even better as a fourth grade student. I've always think that Mrs. Senese would be the best teacher ever and she still is. Still I'm a great doctor and have passion for sports especially soccer. In first grade I only had two friends and they loved soccer so I played. No one really passed and I felt like I wasn't even on the team or game. Though I got passed once in each game, It inspired me to play more and motivated me to practice more. In second grade more people passed to me and I felt like I'm an angle. In third grade I was one of the best players and was more respected. In fourth grade I was the best defensive player in fourth grade finally my dream came true and that's how soccer started for me. Other people have a different story but mine is special to my favorite people my family. Football started for me in second grade when we couldn't play on the soccer field so we played football I was good. But I rarely caught the ball I only got 10 td's in my football career. But I watch the super bowl and enjoy it with my family. But to my parents I'm the best football player.

Sam Lababidy
4th grade Elm

Amusement Park Doom

Today was a very special day!! I jumped out of bed excitedly. My brother Jerry and I quickly got dressed and ran downstairs to eat breakfast. Our mom and dad were already downstairs waiting for us. My mom made french toasts for us. Then, we headed toward Grant's house to pick him up. We were going to take Grant to the amusement park! We drove an hour and a half. Finally, we were there. We were so happy! We jumped out of the car as fast as possible. We ran towards a big sign that said "Santa's Village". We got checked in, and everyone had a bracelet that was made of paper. Then we ran SO rapidly that my mom and dad couldn't even see us. Grant and I went on the Balloon race ride, while my mom and my brother went on the train ride for kids. Our balloon color was blue. We went higher, and higher, and higher. Spinning, and spinning, and spinning. Finally, we lowered down. My mom and my brother Jerry were already waiting for us. We headed toward the little caterpillar roller coaster. At first, Jerry was afraid and didn't want to go on, but when he did go on, he liked it! So he wanted to do it again and again. We saw the Bumper cars and wanted to do it. Grant and I were in a car, and Jerry and my dad were in a car. BONK! BONK! CRASH! CRASH! We kept on crashing into each other. We played it over and over. It was fun! Finally, we stopped. Then, we went to the place where you could feed the little goats and lambs. We each got a cup of food to feed to the goats and lambs. Jerry was afraid the lambs would lick his hand and it would get sticky and dirty, or he was afraid that the lamb would accidentally bite down on his cute little fingers!! We went on the horse ride, and my brother got the 2nd smallest one, Grant got the 3rd biggest one, and I got the 2nd biggest one. After lunch, Grant and I spotted a huge roller coaster. It had lots of steep hills. It was pretty scary, but we finished it. There was a Sea dragon ride that would turn and rock SO high that people would feel that they would fall off of it fast back and forth, and you might throw-up after the ride. But Grant and I were not afraid of it. My dad promised Grant that we would go on the ride before we leave, because it was by the EXIT sign. We went on a car that you can drive by yourself. One car had 4 seats. Two in the front, Two in the back. We had two cars, one for me and Grant, and one for my dad, my mom and Jerry. Grant was the driver, and I pushed down on the peddle. Jerry was the driver, and my dad pushed down on the peddle. My mom sat in the back taking pictures. We waited in line 15 to 20 minutes, but it was AWESOME!!! We played it 2 to 3 times before we went on a fire truck to put out a fire. Everybody had a hose. Grants hose didn't work, so we switched seats to be nice. When we got to the little house with fire in it, everybody was spraying water toward the little house. The little house got so wet that the fire was out. We were trying to spray water when we left the little house, but it didn't work. It was time to leave, but my dad promised Grant that we would ride the Sea dragon, so we headed toward it. Sadly, when we went there it was already closed. So we were going to go home. Just then, we heard somebody crying. Jerry ran as fast as he could to my mom and dad. He said Grant was crying. When we looked, it was Grant that was crying. We rushed over to see what was wrong with Grant. Grant said Jerry and him were playing tag, and Grant bumped into the bench. His front tooth was loose and was bleeding badly. We rushed to the First Aid. The people there used some water and paper towels to help stop Grant's bleeding tooth. After, they gave a bottle of water. We went through a shop and headed toward our car. On the car, my dad asked Grant if his tooth was okay and wanted to come to our house to eat dinner, or go to his own house to eat dinner. He said he wanted to come to our house to eat dinner. Just then, Grant's mom called us. Grant's mom said she made Grant's favorite Chinese food. So we took him to their house. Grant's mom said xie xie which means, "Thank you" in Chinese. We said goodbye and headed toward our house. We had such a good time!!!!

Jason Liu
3rd grade Walker

FOR RELATIVE OF THE YEAR!!

Dedicated to my awesome grandpa

"The moment you have all been waiting for, the award goes to drum roll please....Grandpa." Why I am nominating grandpa for relative of the of the year is because he is awesome, kind, playful and caring. If you look below you will see the reasons why.

He is awesome because he lets us do whatever we want. Once he came over and we got to go on our iPads all day unless we had to do something out of the house. For example me and Lillian (my sister) had to go to James and the Giant Peach practice. We got to go on our iPads for one day straighttt. My parents were gone doing parent stuff. That is why my grandpa is awesomely awesome!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My Grandpa is playful because we came over and went to the pool. Grandpa went underwater and we stood on his back, we acted like it was a surfboard. I jumped in the pool but then the lifeguard whistled at me because it was supposed to be a quiet relaxing place. It was in the quiet villages that is where my grandpa and grandma live. That is why my Grandpa is playful!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My grandpa is caring because, when we are hungry he will give us food. When we are cranky he will cheer us up!! My grandpa is really caring for me and my sisters. That is why my grandpa is caring!!!!!!!!!!

My grandpa is kind because, he gets us whatever we want. Once when we wanted pizza we got Pizza Hut. Also he gave us a movie called "Storcks". That is why my grandpa is kind!!!!!!!!!! Those are the four reasons why I nominate my grandpa for relative of the year. He is awesome, playful, caring and kind. He is a great grandpa to have!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That is why he is all those things and is still my grandpa.

Eleanor Lucht
3rd grade Monroe

The Tornado That Saved the Day

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was a girl. She lived a normal life. Until one day... Sarah, who was in 3rd grade, loved tons of things: Ice cream, animals, sports, and much more. She did not like school though. She did not like it, just like most kids do, except she hated it more than ANYTHING. She knew it ruined her life. She spent two years trying to think of a way to escape. It was hard because she was at school most of the day. Throughout summer vacation, she finished her plan. She asked if she could buy a tea set. The day before it came, she packed her bag. She packed: food, water, some toys, a pillow, a blanket, her fish and its fish bowl, food for her fish, her robot, her remote so she could program her robot, and her phone so she could call her family. When the tea set came she wrote a letter. It said:

"I am sick of school. When I get a job, why do I need to stuff like math? I want to be a zookeeper when I grow up. What will I do with math, count my money? :) I am sending myself to Illinois. I am also sick of a few of my American (like me) friends making fun of me and my African-American friends. Why can't we all be friends? Love you guys!!!!!!!!!!

Then, Sarah put the letter on her Mom and dad's bed. Then she gave the tea set to her little sister, got into the box and programmed her robot to tape her into the bow and write FRAGILE on the box. She went on her phone and returned the tea set and she was headed for Canada. When she got to Canada, she programmed her robot to bring the box to Illinois. Sarah was so excited! She then decided to call her family. She dialed 773 419 0470. They said that they were so worried about her. Sarah said that she was never coming back. She was so mad that she hung

up. Do you know why she hung up? She did that because they said that they called the police. She didn't want them to be worried. She loved where she was. She felt like she was home.

That night she heard whoosh, whoosh boom! She looked outside. There was a huge funnel cloud. Tornado! ☯ She got out of her mini apartment, and ran super fast to the box she sent herself in. She ran to her basement in her mini apartment. She got in the box and prayed for an hour. Next, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she was not in Illinois anymore. She was in the town where her home was. She ran as fast as she could until... she was home. Her mom was watering the garden and her dad was inside. When her mom saw her she dropped the watering can and walked over to Sarah and gave her a big hug. She was so happy that she was home, her real home.

Mary Malham
3rd grade Walker

Repeat

I sit	Strong	Don't be the reason I cry myself
Stare	I try to be	to sleep
Look away	Strong	Be the reason I wake up and
Repeat	I'm just a girl	want to keep
Laugh	I love being called pretty	Please
Smile	But I never believe it	
Answer		Whenever I hear your name
Repeat	I try my best	I melt a little bit
	But sometimes it's not enough	I try not to let it show
Question	Love is what I want	But sometimes I slip
Write	But he never looks my way	And it's then
Speak		I duck my head
Repeat	I can be read in a second	
	But I hide more than you see	Look away
Over and over	I'm not always right	Because I know if I look you in
Forever and ever	But I despise being wrong	the eye
Never say never		I will kiss you
Repeat	I'm always smiling	And I don't want to ruin you
	It's not always real	So I stay away
The world is spinning	Sometimes I smile	Or try to, anyway
Too fast	So the tears	
I can't keep up	Won't	Sit
My life	Fall	Stare
Everything		Look away
The blink of an eye	Underneath the makeup	Repeat
It's gone	Underneath the smile	
	I'm just a regular girl	Love
Crushing	Who wants the world	Fall
The loss		Die
It's here	I'm a girl	Repeat
There	I'm human	
Everywhere	Don't judge me	Goodbye
I	I try not to judge others	I
Need	I only want love from my love	Love
You	But that's probably not going to	You
	happen	Repeat

Ava Marginean
8th grade CHMS

Mr. Linden's Library

I woke up with the feeling you have after a nightmare and smelled something decaying, I slowly opened my eyes rolled over in bed and screamed as I saw Julia (my sister) seemingly lifeless body. I ran over to her and tried shaking her even cpr but she remained the same. I rolled her over and discovered there were vines covering her chest. I tried getting them off of her but they started wrapping around my arm. I quickly withdrew my hand and glanced around for the source of the vines. I couldn't find anything. I was going to go towards the door to get someone for help but tripped. I got back up and tried to take another step but wasn't able to. I looked down and discovered my leg was being covered by vines that came from a book! I screamed again and heard my parents stomping up the stairs. When they entered me and Julia's room I blurted out "Julia!". "What happened?" they asked, but the morning events were too much for me. I fainted.

I woke up later in a soft bed and opened my eyes to see white everywhere. I blinked and realized I was in a hospital. I heard voices coming from the room next to mine. I tried listening but it was too muffled to make out the words. Suddenly they stopped and the door opened. My parents stepped out with a doctor. My dad spoke first.

"Sorry Malee, Julia has gone from this world." My mouth dropped as the full impact of what he said fell down on me and I started to cry. The rest of the day went by quickly. I remember hearing snippets of conversation like, 'We're sorry about your loss' and 'Julia's funeral will be tomorrow afternoon'. Soon it was night and I fell asleep.

The next day I was released from the hospital but before the actual release they had to fill out a lot of paperwork. I was very bored. Finally, I got to go home. In the car the spot next to me seemed too empty and the ride too quiet. When we got out of the car, my mom took me to my room and picked out my black velvet dress and matching bow. After she left my room I laid down in bed and cried. I must have been crying for awhile because when my mom came to check on me she said I had to get ready for the funeral. I put on the velvet dress brushed my hair and put in the bow. The car ride to the funeral was hot and stuffy. When we got to the funeral grounds we walked into the building that sold flowers. My mom chose daisies for cheerfulness, my dad chose roses for beauty and I chose tulips Julia's favorite flower. At the funeral there were tons of people, people I'd never seen, people who came around only for holidays, and people I saw every day like Mr. Linden, the town librarian. After a lot of saying stuff in somber tones and a lot of pinching of the cheeks it was over and everyone was leaving. After most people had left Mr. Linden approached me but instead of saying I'm sorry for your loss or I'm sorry about Julia he said, "I know how we can save your sister, Maylee." "What?" I replied. "My sister is dead." "No she was merely taken." Mr. Linden said. "By who?" I asked. "By a book." Mr. Linden replied. "Can't you do something!" But he shook his head and glanced over at my parents nervously, he had warned her about the book, now it was too late. "Can you ask your parents if you can go to my library with me?"

A little later that day I was with Mr. Linden in his library and he said, "in order to bring your sister's soul back we need to travel into the forbidden books, find it and come back safely." "But how?" I questioned, "and when?" "We will and now" he said pulling a book from the shelves "let's start with Rapunzel" and when he opened the book tendrils of hair wrapped around us but unlike Julia they pulled us into the book instead of just holding her in place protectively. We appeared in front of a large tower with only one window straight at the top. "What do we do?" I asked Mr. Linden. "we take a ride," He replied then shouted, "Rapunzel Rapunzel let down your hair" all of a sudden a giant mass of golden hair fell down the tower. "What do we do now?" I asked "Like I said before, we take a ride." he said and started climbing up the golden hair I followed carefully behind. When we got to the top we were both tired and clambered over the windowsill with gladness Rapunzel was also excited to see us "I haven't had anyone to talk to except for mother in a while." She exclaimed, "What are your names?" "I'm Maylee," I said, "And this is Mr. Linden." "Come on let's play cards," she said as if we were best friends. "Ok," said Mr. Linden shrugging at me. During the card game Mr. Linden asked Rapunzel if she had seen any orange glowing balls she said no, and we continued playing, after that game she insisted we play another, and another, until we heard, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your hair." "Uh oh," said Rapunzel, "mom doesn't like visitors she's worried I'm going to get lice." "It's fine we can leave" I said hurriedly Mr. Linden pulled out Rapunzel the book and in a flash we were back in his library, "next one, Cinderella" sparkles flowed out of the book surrounding them and then they disappeared to reveal a monstrous mansion then it started to rain. "Maybe we could go inside Cinderella is nice,"

I said shivering as the rain fell even harder and colder. "Fine by me," Mr. Linden said as he knocked on the door. "Bong Bong," the door slowly squeaked open and we heard, "Blue, What did I tell you about the hinges?" a sassy and bossy voice said. "Yes, Cinderella," said what must have been Blue, "And Red go get me my shoes, now." I glanced at Mr. Linden confused, Cinderella was supposed to be sweet and kind, not bossy and sassy. Two identical girls with amber colored hair and wrinkled red and blue dresses came into view, "Hi!" said the girl with the blue dress, "I'm Blue this is Red what are your names?" "I'm Mr. Linden and this is Maylee," he said gesturing to me, "have you seen any orange glowing balls?" said Mr. Linden. "No," said Red. "Is that all?" I nodded then Red said, "You'd better leave Cinderella has a bad temper." "Goodbye then," Mr. Linden pulled out the book there was a flash of light and we were back in the library. "Ready?" Mr. Linden asked. "Yes." I said, so we continued to Handel and Gretel. This time giant pieces of licorice pulled us in. We ended up at the top of a hill right next to a candy house, two kids were nibbling on the house. "Um hello?" I said. "Hello!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I yelled, they ignored me then I heard "Nibble nibble who is nibbling on my house?" someone said in a very high pitched voice then the owner of the voice came into view, it was a woman wearing a pink and light blue swirled dress that looked like cotton candy. She smiled evilly when she saw me and Mr. Linden, "Come on ask the question." she said in a taunting voice. "Have you seen any orange glowing balls?" Mr. Linden said after a long silence. "Only one." she said "And it was taken by my cousin," she sniffed, "she always gets all the fun." She sighed a fake little sigh, and then made an even more fake pouty face. Then she laughed wickedly. "Who's your cousin?" I asked. "My cousin?" she said fake surprised, "You really don't know, well it's Ursula of course." then she said, "Bye" and in a flash we were back in Mr. Linden's library, wordlessly he pulled out the little mermaid and opened it. Tendrils of coral pulled us into the book, when we appeared in Ursula's cave she smiled, "I was wondering when you were going to come and get her." Ursula's voice was deep and raspy. "Give her back," I said. "Come and get her," she said sassily but she didn't see the giant glowing orange ball behind her, there was an enormous flash of light and in an instant we were by Julia's grave. Mr. Linden opened the grave Julia coughed and smiled. We went back to my house and told the story. "I think I'm going to go for a walk, is that ok?" Julia asked "Sure hon," said dad. She went for her walk and didn't return.

Next Book: In the White Van

Lucia Marginean
5th grade Monroe

Fight or Flight

Fight or Flight
 Nature is against you
 Fight or flight
 The predator is gaining
 Fight or flight
 You make it
 For today

Willem Marginean
6th gr CHMS

Disney World!

Every year me and my mom go to Disney World for a Halloween parade and some other fun stuff. Me and my mom stay there for 3 to 4 days. I'm going to be talking about my recent trip there. We first went to our place in Long Boat Key. We stayed there for 3 days. We had a great time but I know you're dying to hear about Disney, so let's go! It was a steaming day out, and we just pulled in to Hilton Hotel. And we sprinted inside! I was so excited!! We went to the front desk and they gave us a room key.

"You'll be in room 466, enjoy your stay!" The lady at the front desk said as she grinned.

Me and my mom walked over to the elevator as we looked at all the smiling faces. We went UP UP UP! I could hear the elevator on the outside. Creak, creak, creak, creak...stop. As soon as we stopped the door swiftly opened and we started to look for the room. We flung the door open, BANG! My mom checked the shuttle times. "Sweetheart, you have an hour to get into your Halloween costume and relax," my mom said and gave me a big kiss. I changed into my zombie prom queen costume and it took about 45 minutes, then I watched TV. Once we got on to the shuttle it looked fine but...OH MY GOSH! It smelled like barf. Once I sprinted off the bus I was so relieved to smell the fresh air!

Once we got to Disney World we went to magic kingdom first because that was where the parade was. Once we got in, we went on space mountain. It was giving out candy! If you did not know, when it's Halloween, most of the rides give out candy! A little later when we went on 1000 rides my mom asked me, "how much candy do you have?"

I looked in my bag and shrugged.

"Too much to count!"

Once it was 9:30, we trotted over to the center of Magic Kingdom and waited. Wait, wait, wait, bored, bored, bored...BOOM! Smoke filled the air as the headless horse man came across the wide foggy road cantering on a real horse! About 15 minutes later we saw Goofy, Minnie, Mickey, Donald, and even graveyard men! The parade was awesome! After the parade we went on thunder mountain 3 more times! Then we went back to the hotel and went to sleep in a snap! We spent 2 more days at Disney World and had a wonderful time!

Nadia Marlovics
4th grade Madison

War

Comrades and friends lay dying on the battlefield
As both sides clash mercilessly for an inch of ground.
A treaty cannot reclaim the lives lost in the trenches
An armistice cannot bring back a friend
A surrender cannot save a soldier
From the terrors of war
The incoming bullet
The dropped bomb
The live grenade
And the digging of the grave
They lie in Arlington, memorialized in history:
one of the millions that are lost in the cruel brutality of war.
Their bodies lay next to one another in the cold ground.
Their eyes closed in eternal slumber
There they lie, dead to the world

But to the living, their courage will never be forgotten.

Daniel Marotta
8th grade HMS

Jim Crow Laws

Jim Crow Laws were an important part of racial segregation in U.S. history. The Laws were very much evident in everyday life and there were court cases judging whether the laws were constitutional. To understand why they were an important part of history, it is vital to know what the Jim Crow Laws were. The Laws upheld a racial caste system. Many believed whites deserved more privileges than African Americans. The Jim Crow Laws were created to be a “formal system of racial segregation that was in the American South for seventy five years starting in the 1890s. The laws segregated schools, parks, libraries, restrooms, buses, trains, and restaurants” (“American Experience”). This quote demonstrates how broadly these laws affected life in the South and how they lasted for a long time. Many people did not want African Americans to join society or to have equal rights. They made segregation, or separation of people by race, legal. These laws impacted everyday life. While going out for a simple outing, it was common to see signs to direct the different races. Some whites did all that they could to make sure African Americans were not equal to them. It is known that states, “Limited colored votes, adopted literacy tests, poll taxes, and other causes. Fights and threats limited the amount of African Americans that went to vote. The states banned races being together at sporting events. Banks also refused to give them loans. Thus, African Americans could not purchase their own property. Many as a result fled to the North” (“American History”). States’ politicians used the Jim Crow Laws to weaken African Americans’ power. They made it challenging for them to vote. It was difficult to live in a society where people are supposed to be equal, but were still segregated. Some could not handle it and left. Jim Crow Laws violated many rights, but there was little African Americans could do to change it. This was evident in the case of Plessy vs Ferguson in 1896. The Supreme Court said, “Separate facilities among the races did not violate the Constitution. Under Chief Justice Melville Fuller they stated it was segregation and not discrimination” (“Separate and Unequal Education”). African Americans wanted the courts to help, but had to follow unjust rules made by the states. Even the Supreme Court was no help in determining the Laws unconstitutional. Jim Crow Laws showed the racial caste system for a long period in American history and how it made life difficult for African Americans.

Delaney Marringa
8th grade CHMS

Buddy

Buddy is my best friend. He is the best dog in the world. Buddy is my grandfather’s and grandmother’s dog. One of his favorite things is to hunt that is it his favorite thing. Buddy and my grandfather shot pheasant. And we eat it and my dad also hunts with him. Also another of buddy’s favorite things is to chase the squirrels and deer in my grandfather’s backyard.

Buddy is very playful some of his favorite toys and games. Are playing bird sentence he is a hunting dog the bird is a orange long cylinder with a rope so you can throw it we play every night after dinner. This favorite toys inside are all the bones and red ball. The bones have names are bone bone and bone. Another is red ball it is a kong.

Buddy is sum times he gets excited and jumps on you .He puts his to paws on your shoulder it does not hurt you he thinks it is funny. He also steals towels to get your attention and again he think it is funny. He steals everything. He is always happy.

Buddy is a nice dog and very friendly.

Natalie Marringa
4th grade Monroe

Red Pandas

Red pandas are amazing animals and in this book, you will learn all about them so start reading this book and by the end you will know the most common things about red pandas.

How much they weigh and their height

When a baby red panda is born it weighs two pounds. Male red pandas weigh up “to 8 to 14 pounds.” Females weigh “6 pounds to 13 pounds.” Their cousins if it’s a female, weigh 150 pounds to 220 pounds the male giant panda average weight is 220 pounds the male red panda weighs 214 pounds less. That’s amazing. “Red pandas grow to the size of a house cat but with their long bushy tails add another 18 inches.” I mean that is insane!

What they eat

The red panda normally eats mostly bamboo. When the weather is warm they will maybe eat insects. They might also like to eat bark, grass, fruits, berries and acorns. Sometimes they like rats and mice. Sometimes red pandas that are pregnant will like to eat some small birds. The red panda only likes to eat the youngest bamboo shoots and leaves. “They only eat 2 to 4 pounds of bamboo shoots and leaves in a day.” (3) Compared to the giant panda that eats 20 to 40 pounds of bamboo in a day. What’s even more cool is that that’s only bamboo.

Where they live

The red pandas live in the same place as the giant panda. “They live in rainy high forest habitats” (2) but the red panda lives in more places then the giant panda. Red pandas will also live in central China. “They live in mountains called Nepal and northern Myanmar.” A lot of red pandas like to spend most of there time in trees. That’s pretty cool for pandas.

Red pandas predators

Some of the Red pandas predators are “snow leopards and martens.” Some of there other predators are birds of pray which are giant birds and some other predators are small animals that eat meat or carnivores. Small carnivores like to eat small Cubs. But there most dangerous predators are people because we the people are tearing down there habitats to make cities and farm land.

Fun fact

Red pandas live up to 12 to 14 years in the wild and 14 years being with humans.

Closing

Thank you for reading my book I hope you like it. Remember that people are red pandas predator so please help red pandas. These are some wonderful animals and they need to be treated fairly so please do anything to help these animals, they were here before us and they are because of humans.

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Nick Marringa

4th grade Monroe

What Went Down at Whisker Prep

There once was a mouse named Cheddar. This mouse attended Whisker Prep in the suburbs outside of Mouse City. Cheddar enjoyed being alone and unlike most mouselings his age, he preferred reading a quality book to playing outside. Cheddar also didn't like sports very much but when he had to participate in a sports activity in gym class, he would give it his all.

All was going well for Cheddar, he was doing an exceptional job in every class. Until, that is, a mouseling named Swiss decided he was going to emotionally abuse poor innocent Cheddar. Now Swiss was a mouseling that was very popular and very athletic. He used his popularity to bully others that had no friends and that's exactly what he did to Cheddar. Swiss bullied mouselings he thought were smarter than him like Cheddar. One incident happened on the way to gym class. Swiss had gathered with his posse and they were spreading cruel and hurtful rumors about Cheddar to the whole school. This was Swiss' plan to emotionally hurt those he thought were better than him. They were saying things like "Cheddar is a brainiac who can't throw a baseball let alone pick it up." This is a common rude thing Swiss would say about others who had no friends. This rumor spread like a wildfire and soon the whole school was laughing at Cheddar behind his back. Classmates were too afraid to comfort Cheddar in fear of meeting the same fate as him. Swiss' actions were the result of jealousy and that is how he usually felt jealous.

Cheddar heard about the rumors the day after they had begun to spread. When he did, he felt horrible on the inside but deep down in his heart he knew he couldn't just stand aside and let bullies make fun of him. Cheddar knew he had to stand up to them. He knew he had to be an inspiration for others, a light in the dark, or else the bullies would do it to others. That's just what he did. He marched up to Swiss at lunch and in front of the whole school Cheddar challenged Swiss, one of the most athletic mouselings, to a game of one on one basketball. "I accept the challenge," replied Swiss, "tomorrow after school." "Deal," answered Cheddar. While looking up at Swiss' long whiskers. Cheddar didn't know if he had made a good decision or a grave mistake. Although Swiss didn't show it he was nervous of Cheddar's grit. Cheddar went home that night in hopes of getting some practice for the big game. Like any smart mooseling would do if they didn't know how to play basketball, Cheddar looked up how to play basketball on Youtube. He took notes on how to play, the rules, how to dribble and how to shoot. After he finished that he implemented the things he had learned into his game. He practiced with the basketball hoop his parents had bought for him over the summer. This long process took hours and Cheddar didn't get in his cozy little bed until eleven o'clock at night.

Cheddar awoke the next morning tired and nervous. He had serious doubts about the upcoming game. Although after having a nice breakfast Cheddar trotted off to school. He arrived to a front hall full of classmates who were shouting mean chants about Cheddar. Eventually the teachers were able to quiet everyone down so they could be dismissed to their classes. Cheddar's day didn't get any better from there. At lunch Swiss and his posse threw carrot sticks at Cheddar. He dreaded the moment when the final bell rang and school let out. He knew he couldn't escape the game. If he didn't play then the bullying would just increase. Cheddar knew he had to meet his fate whether that was winning or losing.

He walked out to a basketball court surrounded by his classmates. They booed when they saw Cheddar. Mr. Gouda was the ref, he explained the rules carefully and clearly. Mr. Gouda explained the game would last ten minutes and whoever had the most points by the end would win. With that the game began. Cheddar got the ball first and dribbled down the court. He went in for an easy layup, Swiss easily blocked that shot. With that Swiss dribbled down to Cheddar's basket and scored, 2-0 Swiss. This time Cheddar took a different approach he dribbled down to Swiss's basket and instead of trying to shoot a layup he faked the layup then stepped back and shot the ball. Swish! The game was now tied 2-2. The rest of the game went the same way and at the one minute warning the game was tied 8-8. Swiss got the ball with 20 seconds to go and scored an easy layup. Now Cheddar needed to make a three pointer to win which he had never done before. He had to try. He dribbled down the court, made a couple of moves to get some space and with a few seconds on the clock, Cheddar shot the ball. He knew it was a great shot when the ball left his hands and right on the buzzer Cheddar scored, winning the game. The next few seconds were a blur, Cheddar was surrounded by his classmates who were now shouting his name and cheering for him. Cheddar saw Swiss and his white fur trotting away in defeat. The crowd broke up after the cheering had finished. From that day, no one ever bullied Cheddar again and Cheddar was never lonely for he had many friends and he enjoyed his days at Whisker Prep.

Travis Marringa, 6th grade CHMS

Boat Ride to Cuttyhunk

I was ready. We were going on a boat to Cuttyhunk. Once we got there, we would go to a restaurant. I wonder what I would get!?! I got in, and we were off. The sun was shining like a million lamps without shades on the water. On the boat was my Mom, my Grandad, my cousin Nora, and some other people. However, bad noses or good noses, we could all smell the strong scent of the ocean. It was as salty as a google truckloads of salt. I could feel the wind trying to rip my hat into the sea so hard as the boat skimmed the water at it's fastest speed. I felt like a boxer was trying to rip my hat off when it was super glued onto my head. I was so happy. I wanted to get there so bad! The wind was like a wave, telling me which way was best. I hoped the wind was not right, because we were not going that way. Then, I saw the water. It was so pretty. There was just the right amount of sun on the water so it was not too bright, but not too dark because it was not the solar eclipse, and there were not any big boats nearby. I wish I could see this all day. Then, I stuck my hand out and felt the tiniest drop of water (not from the sky, from the sea). It felt cold and wet. I hope they had good water that was nice and cold at Cuttyhunk. Not long after, I heard the peaceful sounds of Cuttyhunk from the boat. It sounded calm and so nice. The anticipation was here. I WANTED TO GET TO CUTTYHUNK!!! I hoped the food there is good. I wondered if I would see anything cool that I could not see in Illinois. There were so many things to wonder about this place. I was ready (not to get bitten by a shark or stung by a jellyfish), but ready to get off the boat. We had been on for at least 30 minutes by now. Yes!!! Now, we can get off the boat. We walked to the restaurant and got a table. At the restaurant, I ordered a pudding pancake, but no one else did. It ended up being the best of everything. (Me and Nora at least thought that). It was an extra big pancake with blueberry and pudding. Then, they flipped it in half and put whip cream and some more blueberry on the top of it. Then, on top of all of that, I put maple syrup on it. After a little while, the pudding tasted bad. On the boat ride home, we all said how fun it was to each other and told our favorite parts. Mine was the pudding pancake. (Of course). I had a good trip to Cuttyhunk.

Connor Mason
3rd grade Oak

Jackets

I have an outer jacket,
An inner one as well
They both protect the heart,
Where truth is not a spell
These jackets may seem fine,
To strangers of your self

But it's the thing that they protect that really has the wealth
Now take them off and thrust them down for all the good will come
If you can learn to love your heart and never put them on.

London Maxwell
7th grade HMS

The Other Me Poem

The other me is happy as can be,
doesn't wear hand me downs,
wears very vibrant things,
cares what she looks like.

The other me is athletic,
participates in activities,
raises her hand to everything.

The other me isn't angry all the time,
doesn't bury her feelings,
always has a smiling countenance,
cares what others think.

The other me shows her work in math,
listens to others,
isn't bored all the time in school,
cares about every subject in school.

The other me doesn't shut people out,
always is nice to everyone,
thinks before she acts.

So, where is she,
this extraordinary
Other Me?

Aya Merrell
6th grade CHMS

Audition

"Come on, just audition! What could go wrong?"

"Everything! Remember, I'm the one who'd be doing this, not you."

Cougar and I stand outside the art classroom, having a heated argument about whether or not I should audition for the part of Black Rider in the latest action movie series. Black Rider is the 13 year old girl who manipulates her enemies into doing what she wants using their emotions against them. I know I'm a good actress, but Cougar thinks that I'm better than I really am, which makes him believe I could get the part.

I mean, sure I do look the part. Waist length, curly black hair, darker skin tone, muscular body, and mediocre skills in theater. I'm also 13 and because I'm going to my homeschooled within a few weeks, Cougar thinks I should at least do something with the extra time.

But he doesn't think about the fact that, if I do get the part, I'd be a 13 year old among 20 year olds, at most, who've been acting for a lot longer than I have. Sure, I've been acting since I was 5(8 years), but that doesn't mean that I suddenly have great acting skills. At least, I don't think I do.

"I'm not saying you'll get it, I'm saying you should at least try!" Cougar then gives me a pleading look, his big, brown eyes staring into my green ones. I sigh.

"Fine. I'll audition." I give in, and then he heads off towards tech class as I march back into art. No one seems to have noticed the argument, which comes as a relief. I'll be skipping school tomorrow to audition for the role.

"Please fill out these forms. Your number is 13." the lady mutters, obviously annoyed with dealing with 200, 13 year old girls. I smile gratefully and accept the papers, along with a pen, and I sit down on a chair in the corner of the room. I carefully write my name down, then go through the forms quicker than I'd expected. As I reach the last form, I have to stop and breathe.

PLEASE PRINT THE NAMES OF YOUR PARENTS

MOTHER:

FATHER:

My hand grips the pen tighter, until my knuckles and fingertips turn white. I loosen my grip and print out their names in slow, even letters.

MOTHER: Sandra(Andy) Clara Newton

FATHER: Stephen James Newton

I clip the papers back together, keeping them in the order I got them in. The lady gives me a scathing look, but takes the papers and files them away in a folder labeled '13'. So creative. I sit back down at my seat and observe the nervous mutterings and scratching of pens on the papers, everyone competitively glancing around, as if pinning down people who'd be the most threat. One girl, whom I recognize as Laura Smith, is a very renowned actress, starring in many shows and movies. She's supposed to be very competitive and advanced, so I know that my chances of getting the role just went down by about 99%.

My phone starts ringing right then, breaking the nervous silence that covers the room. I pick it up and stage whisper.

"Hello?"

"It's Cougar. How's it going?"

"Good. Boring, though. I'm number 13. Laura Smith is staring at me. I think she's going to get the part."

"Don't think like that. You'll do fine!"

"I'm a 13 year old nothing, someone who the average person has never heard about. What are my chances?"

"Again, you'll do fine. She's just trying to make you nervous, to make you screw up on your audition. Just ignore her, she's an idiot."

"Thanks. Hey, I gotta go, everyone's giving me annoyed looks."

I hang up and slip the small phone into my pocket. Then I take it out again, check the time, and put it into my backpack and stand up. Walking towards the door, I wait for them to call my name. "Angelica Newton, Laura Smith, Krissie Kain." the woman calls out, and we all snap to attention from our relaxed posts. I go first, then Laura Smith, then the girl called Krissie. We enter separate rooms and the auditions begin.

Maris Norton

7th grade HMS

Little Blue Penguins

Did you know that Little Blue penguins get their names from their indigo blue backs? The shade of blue blends into the water, making it hard for predators to spot them. Their predators include dogs, cats, and stoats (an Australian animal that looks like a weasel). While the penguins are molting, they are especially vulnerable to these land predators. Little Blue penguins eat small fish, shrimp, and squid. They have black beaks, white bellies and white feet.

There are 3 subspecies of Little Blue penguins. They are Little penguins, Fairy penguins, and White-winged penguins. These penguins can be found in Victoria (southeast Australia), New Zealand, Tasmania, and some subarctic islands. Little Blue penguins are the smallest type of penguin. They are only 16-17 inches tall and weigh just 2 pounds. They can live to be 7-20 years old. They molt between December and March which are the warm months, where they live. Molting is when a bird sheds its feathers to get new fresh ones. During the molting period, Little Blue Penguins cannot go into the water. That's why the land predators are dangerous threats to them.

Little Penguins nest during the winter to early spring months in the Southern Hemisphere. The Little Blue Penguins nest in burrows. If burrows are not available, they nest in rock crevices. They lay eggs between July and October. The parents incubate the eggs for 40 days. They keep the same mate for life. It is rare for them to change their choice of mates. Overall, I think Little Blue penguins are amazing and interesting to learn about!

Elliot Nystedt, 3rd grade Monroe

1/Today/2018

Dear my future self,

Hi! It's you! Your used-to-be self! If this letter is open, the world's probably in a Dystopia, or emerging into one. Clouds raining radiation? Various presidents going crazy? No problem! Use this letter as a guide to the wastelands of humanity, and survival will be yours! First things first, to survive, be cautious, whether in a titanium-sealed bunker in your better future underground, or using energy weapons to kill gone feral, brain-dead humans in the grass-resistant wasteland, consider your strengths and weaknesses throughout your survival. Now take a deep breath and use the reading skills that have been taught to everyone, before the large drop in literacy.

Another thing is to act comparably to a certain protagonist in a sort of very hungry games - whether they are the apocalypse or not. Don't rush your enemies, instead, attack from behind and be stealthy, or else it could be your head - literally. In such a wasteland, people will be raiders more often than not, so always choose your allies wisely - or the non-respawable price that videogames make us forget about will be paid. It is important to remember the golden rule - NO, not treat others as you want to be treated. It's; kill all enemies that have the capabilities to attack you first.

Be certain to set up defences against the homework-craving teachers, and mutant monsters that will have had evolved much due to evolution and radiation alike by the time you dwell on the surface. Make alliances with other tiny settlements and your own to form government and a military in as to restore order to what's left of the post-election world.

Respect everyone's position on issues and do not provoke them, as well as utilize your speaking skills to get ahold of important resources. This will make powerful friends willing to give favors in your direction. Give the appearance of understanding diplomacy and that you are willing fight to the last soldier to protect your cause, as to show that there will be no mercy towards your enemies - remember, our old ethics and values will have changed.

Use the dwindling resources to take control of more resources in order to support your new alliance. To keep citizens happy, insure the use of parts of the old US Constitution and amendments to install a republic in which they have a voice in, and a president elected through popular vote. Remember to reuse everything! There is no such thing as garbage, and no one will care if you use the same thing twice or more to get proper use of it.

Whether this is 2021, or a videogame's depiction of 2077, this letter will guide you to what must be done to survive. Use your brain more than your heart, for survival of the fittest will become survival of the most armed and smartest brain. I really hope that you will outlive the apocalypse, because I'm at stake too!

Best wishes,
You from the past

Ian Nystedt
8th grade CHMS

Free at Last

Dear Diary,

Sorry I couldn't write in so long. But now I have a story to tell. Here it goes. My family has always wanted religious freedom. We moved to England to get that. I don't practice their religion, but when we came to England they forced us to practice it. We secretly practiced our own until England found us out. They were going to take us to jail, but the night before we escaped. Taking only needed belongings, we ran to the Mayflower, a ship that was about to leave for the Americas. A kind family let us take their spot on the Mayflower. We thought we were away from trouble. Actually, our troubles had just begun.

For 65 days we sailed with seasickness and tight cabins. When we docked, I kissed the land with joy and danced all around. The land looked perfectly untouched by mankind. The grass was greener than England's dull,

polluted grass. England had dust clouds everywhere. Here had air so clear, I felt like I could breathe again. Everything was a beautiful sight. I thought the rest of my time in America would be a piece of cake. I was wrong. That winter was the harshest winter I have ever lived through. I don't even know how my family or I lived. Half of our settlement died. We didn't eat a regular portion of food, due to the lack of it. Finally, the winter ended.

After that, our luck started to rise. Squanto, a Native, taught us how to plant different crops. Throughout the spring and summer we learned how to care for our crops. I think we all owe our lives to Squanto. In the fall, we had a marvelous harvest. To celebrate we had a feast with Squanto's tribe. Three days before the festival, our settlement was preparing everything for the feast. My dad helped hunt the biggest turkeys and I made my homemade pumpkin pie. At the feast, Squanto's tribe came with food and instruments. The party lasted all night. I fell asleep the minute my head touched my pillow.

Of course, our luck took a turn for the worse. Native tribes attacked us and war started. Every day I was frightened to go outside for the fear of the Natives. I am grateful for the men who died protecting us, because without them, the Natives would have got us. After that, the war died down, and our colony was successful again. I tended to all the animals and helped make our meals. Our colony's tobacco plants were selling well in England. Now our colony is rich.

We had quite a journey from England. Through all the hardships, what I'm most grateful for is that we are free at last. Oh dear. Mother is calling me for supper. I'd better go. I promise to write more tomorrow.

Sincerely,
Leah

Leah Packer
5th grade Madison

Key to the Quest

My stomach churned as I wolfed down my toast. What ifs seemed to be whizzing through the air, laughing at me. What if the teachers are mean? What if none of the kids wanted to be friends with me? What if Anne gets teased again? "Oscar! Oscar are you listening to me?" I snapped out of my daydream to clear my plate. Then I got into the car. I tried to think positive thoughts, but all I could think right now was oh man I hate the first days of school. Very positive.

As we got out of the car I sensed something strange about the school. Weird. Eerie. It looked totally normal. Red brick. Flat roof. Green grass and a vegetable garden in the back. No, I decided, it was something in the air of the school. It seemed to be calling me like it had a secret it wanted to share. I slipped out of my daze long enough to give Mom a kiss on the cheek then slipped back into it. I wondered why I thought my new school was so different. "Well I guess I'm about to find out," I said aloud. Anne gave me a puzzled look. Whoops.

A very cheery looking girl about my age was wearing a name tag that said Emily. She looked pretty. I bet she was smart too. What? "No," I told myself firmly, "she was just a girl.... A very attractive girl", a sly voice in my head said. I shushed both voices and focused on Emily.

"Hello! welcome to Ridgewood academy. I hope you will enjoy your year here." If he lasts that long" muttered a big, burly looking boy, who was at least twice my size. "Shush!" said Emily. "Shush!" said people in the crowd. Uh-oh thought Anne and I.

"You may have sensed that this is not a normal school" (How does she know?!) said Emily becoming more business like now. "If so you are right. This is a school for heroes." "What!?" said Anne and I. Emily ignored us. "Girls to the right, boys to the left, please. You will meet your guide at the end of the hallway." Then she disappeared into thin air. All the kids seemed to think this was normal. "Don't worry" the kids assured us "she does that all the time." "Show-off" muttered the same kid who had spoken out before. "Don't worry" said a kind looking girl with soft brown hair and bright blue eyes. "Now, I better get to class" she glanced down at her watch "Oh no- its 8:15 already- I'm gonna be late!" she said with dismay and she sprinted off. I said goodbye to my sister, then dashed off to join the group of boys that were heading down the hallway full of lockers. It was very strange. The lockers seemed to be humming. How strange. I made a mental note to ask Anne about the lockers in her corridor.

Like Emily said there was a guide waiting at the end of the corridor. All of a sudden, he began to talk. "Here's how it works boys. I will let all of you into a special room. You will notice it is full of keys. The voice, hum, song, whatever you hear will be silent to all but you. You will hear something very important to your life. You need to catch your key using wings. Put them on and they will be like another limb on your body. Then you will catch the key calling you and only the key calling to you. Then you will carry your key to a door. make sure to pick the door you think will be the best for you. Open the door using the key, then back up to the end of the hallway and sprint in. Then you will complete your quest by doing what is right. Thank you. That is all". Everybody headed towards the strange glass room I had seen earlier and we went in. The girl was right the room seemed to be ringing with the sound of my mother's voice. I winced. Don't get me wrong I love her singing, I just didn't want everybody at my cool new school knowing that my mother still sings to me at bedtime. They didn't hear though. Whew! I raced over to the big basket of wings over in the corner to get a pair of wings that weren't pink and glittery (I got pink ones anyway) then ran (or flew) to get my key. "Gottcha!" I exclaimed happily. I left the room where many of the other Boys were still zooming after keys. I put my key in the door. Here we go! I twisted my key and opened the door. Wow. I did not expect this vibrant colors in hues I've never even dreamed of. Reds, greens, yellows, blues, violets, oranges, pinks, creams, browns... The list goes on and on. "Here goes nothing" I said, and raced in. Foomp!! The normal looking locker vacuumed me up and I landed on hard cold ground.

Charlotte Paquette
3rd grade The Lane

Summer warmth,
Her fiery heat so intense
Golden and bright

Autumn
Scarlet, gold, and orange
Calms fiery sun

Winter nights
Cold, fair, sparkling brightly
Frozen stiff

Spring sweet
Green and vivid and fresh
Warms the world

Rena Parikh
6th grade HMS

Dolphins

Introduction - True or false

1. Is the killer whale a whale or a dolphin (find in chapter 3)
- 2 .Are dolphins whales or dolphins (find in chapter 2)
3. Are dolphins mammals or a fish (find in chapter 2)

Chapter one- habitat and diet

Dolphins are Found in most oceans some even live in rivers they eat squid, shrimp, shellfish, cod, Mackerel, herring and more they eat different thing depending on their **species** and where they live When not hunting they socialize.

Chapter two-physical features

Dolphins look big fish. But there actually mammals. to keep their bodies warm they have a thick layer of Blubber they rate a toothed whale they are very close related to whales there colors are brown and Gray their underside is usually white they are **Torpedo** shaped with helps them swim faster. Dolphins have interesting physical features.

Did you know that dolphins can get up to 30 feet long?

Chapter three - where they live

Most dolphins are found in all oceans. The bottlenose dolphin learns tricks easily. I know what you're thinking... killer whales are not dolphins But no... they are they can get up to 30 feet long that's amazing right?

Glossary

Word	Definition
species	types of animals
breach	to jump out of the water
torpedo	to be cylinder shaped

Authors note:

I wanted to write about dolphins because I love Sea animals and especially calming animals like Dolphins are very cool and calming to me I have never actually seen a dolphin before but I hope to see one some I can't wait to start researching!

Josephine Parrillo

4th grade Elm

The Key

On a chilly day in October, there was a twelve year old girl named Jenna. Jenna was an adventurous middle schooler who loved history and ancient items. On this day, Jenna was taking a field trip tour in an old hotel. They were going into the old rooms of the hotel when there was a thunderstorm! The thunderstorm was getting worse and it was raining cats and dogs! All of the students took shelter in the rooms of the hotel. Jenna and her best friend Piper took shelter in room 24. They ran into the room and sat on the bed. "Piper, I feel like I am sitting on something bumpy." "Is it a rat?" Piper asked uncertainly. "Well, it's not moving... so I don't think so." Jenna said. Jenna jumped off the bed, closed her eyes and felt under the bedsheets. She pulled out a... skeleton key! It was dark brown and very old. "I wonder what this unlocks." Piper inquired, looking at it curiously. They leaned against the bookshelf and found a hidden staircase leading upwards. "Come on! Let's go!" exclaimed Jenna! "Are you sure about this?" asked Piper with a questioning look. "Yes! I am totally sure." "Alright, if you say so." They ran up the stairs as fast as lightning and they jumped onto the floor and fell through an open trap door. "Aah" they screamed. They landed with a smack in a room with a 2 foot by 2 foot chest in it. "Hey, do you think the key unlocks the chest?" Jenna asked mysteriously? "Maybe it does!" exclaimed Piper! Jenna took the key out of the back pocket in her brand new navy colored jeans and handed it to Piper. There was an old rusty lock on the chest. The chest was chestnut brown and mahogany brown carved wooden Scottish Terrier on the front. Piper blew off a thick layer of dust off of the chest and slid the key into the lock easily. "It fits perfectly!" yelled Piper! The two girls jumped for joy! Carefully, Jenna opened the chest and she found... heaps of gold and diamonds! They were rich! They lived happily ever after.

Sameea Patel
4th grade Elm

Energy

Nick and I ran as fast as we could. They were after us.

Not even two hours ago we were working at our shops across from each other. Nick was working at the public library helping Mr. John with the books the kids would drop on the floor. I was working at the cafe helping the next person in line. He was ordering a frappuccino. It was summer break and our parents were away because they had some emergency meeting they had to attend with the CEO who was down in Texas. It was summer time and we were raising money for the new computer we wanted. We were racing who would get it first. As I gave the kind gentlemen his drink I see two awkward men wearing black trench coats, sunglasses, and black everything. I couldn't see their faces because they had fedoras and sunglasses on. One of the two men pointed at me and I looked away. Then I saw them pointing at the library but they were pointing at the wall. They split up and one of them started walking towards the door and one went inside the library. Something was awfully wrong. Were they important men or did they want something we both had. I had to excuse the person in line and lock the cashier just in case. The man pushed his way through the line and approached me. Then he looked up.

I was cleaning up after the library had closed. As he approached me, I thought why in the world would somebody were a trench coat in the summer. As he walked up to me, I couldn't make out his face. Then he looked up and I knew I was in trouble. He had no facial features and his face only had two blue pebbles probably for eyes. It was not a human. It was one of the mythical creatures called Dagon. It would come after people with pure energy within them. They would bite your face and you would go deaf blind, and numb. Then they would suck up your energy and you would fall into an everlasting coma and eventually, die. I knew that I had to leave now. I took my phone and ran outside.

It reached for my head with its coal like hands and I dodged it. I swiped my jacket on and ran outside towards the library.

I see Alex run out of the cafe with one more Dagon after him. I knew that we could not outrun these monsters. I run over to Alex and I tell him to keep running and I promised him I would explain after. We were running as fast as we could possibly could.

I ran as fast as I could and I know perfectly well that our lives are not going to be the same anymore. We are now on Chicago Ave. We are not that far away from the tree house we built the previous summer. I know that the men are gaining on us when something amazing happens.

I see a car headed right at us. A kid not much older than us is zipping through the cars and I thought that he was going to run us over. Then he slams his vehicle into the two Dagon. Their hats and coats are knocked off and they start to melt. I was staring at the Dagon who were melting into tar as the kid pulled over and told us to hop in. I was getting in then I realize that it is not a boy but a girl. She was the most beautiful girl ever. She had sharp brown eyes with cascading brunette hair. I completely forgot that I was being chased by two Dagon just seconds ago. Then Alex pushed me in and he followed. I snapped out of it and asked her her name.

"Isabella", she said, "but call me Izzy."

Nick was staring at her with loves eyes. I shook his shoulder and he snapped out of it. I asked him what in the world were those things. After a group effort from Izzy and Nick, I finally learned what those things were. They were Dagon and they are reactive against light. I asked Izzy how she found us. She was minding her own business watching Netflix like any other teen would when she saw a black car with four Dagon inside. She had once encountered one of them and accidentally discovered that they were reactive to light when she knocked it's sunglasses and hat off with a stick. I figured out that Dagon can see pure energy within someone. Then I realized that there were two more Dagon out there. Izzy believes that they were the getaway drivers and wouldn't find anymore pure energy sources in town. Finding two energy sources in one location meant that there couldn't be any more in that town. There could only be 1, or if they were lucky, 2 pure energy sources in a town. They live off of the energy for 6 months before dying of "hunger". We went to Izzy's house and started to know each other. We were socializing. Then I thought of something that made my heart pump. If we weren't caught and the Dagon find their friends on the sidewalk, wouldn't that mean that the Dagon would be back for more more? Then a car comes through the front doors. The concrete crumbles and the hinges fly off. One of the doors fly right at me and I blackout...

Shreeji Patel
8th grade HMS

Far Away in a World Where Darkness Could Reign

Prologue

Far away in a world where darkness could reign, the end of summer was edging closer and closer, day by day. The breeze picked up a single oak leaf and led it to a small hospital in the middle of town. Fluttering, it went towards the small building, and it landed gently on the windowsill. A dark Peregrine Falcon grabbed it as it flew onto the glass. Through the windows it saw a brand new baby. Her name was Peregrine. The falcon flew off.

Chapter One

Peregrine started unpacking her backpack and putting her supplies into her locker one day. She was relaxed because the locker next to hers was the bully Christian's and he wasn't there yet. Just as she put her backpack into her locker, she heard a loud grunt behind her. "Move over, doofus." It was Christian. Peregrine moved over reluctantly. She took her supplies to the classroom thinking of terrible ways to torture Christian with a smile on her face. Once she got into the classroom, she had an even larger smile on her face. Her favorite 3rd grade teacher, Mrs. Ravena, was their substitute today. Their normal teacher was Mrs. Vultures. Outside of school, and behind her back, Peregrine called her "Diabolical, old hag". Mrs. Vultures taught 6th grade and was somehow able to tame Christian. Christian acted all polite in front of her. On this day, though, everything was about to change.

While walking out of the school building with her friends Harpy and Cardinal, Christian blocked Peregrine's way. Peregrine was scared of Christian because of the way he was towering over them, but she'd experienced enough. Peregrine sidestepped and walked on. Christian had a look of dumbfound shock on his face. He regained his thoughts and blocked her again. Peregrine repeated. Then Christian repeated. It went back and forth at least 10 times until Peregrine completely lost her sanity. She made an odd screeching sound out to the world, and the next second, Peregrine's pupils were flaming, and there were Peregrine Falcons surrounding her. Christian was

cowering in a small ball. Peregrine was super tall and the sky had changed to the color of a blood orange. Peregrine lowered her gaze to Christian. To Christian's inconvenience, he looked straight into Peregrine's eyes. Peregrine made a fist. Her eyes flared and Christian was immediately turned to dust.

Chapter Two

Peregrine regained her usual state, and turned to her friends. They were whispering quietly.

"She's one of us," Harpy said.

"Do you think she knows?" Cardinal interrogated.

"I don't know."

"We should talk to Mr. and Mrs. Falcon."

"Yeah, we should."

Harpy turned to Peregrine.

"You wouldn't mind if we come to your house after school, would you?" She asked.

"Of course not!" Peregrine replied happily.

Shreemann Patel

5th grade Elm

Separate Ways

Dear Chloe,

It has been a while since I have seen you but I miss you and I wish you knew that I love you with all my heart. JJ is doing well in the army. If I run into him I'll let him know you're in college I love you,
Papa Johnson

Chapter 1 the scholarship

Rrrriinnnggg... "Hello? Yes. Yes. Okay bye oh and thank you".

"Mmmooommm!!!"

"Yes honey?"

"I just got a call for a scholarship to college!"

"Good for you. I guess you won't be able to see JJ when he comes to town."

Once Chloe realized that her brother was coming to town the day she had to leave, she wanted to turn the scholarship down and see her brother. But her mom made her go to college instead. She called her brother before she left. "Hi JJ, I would have turned down the scholarship to see you but I guess my soccer skills are too much to handle. I love you, Chloe". Beep... Papa Johnson is Chloe's dad. He is in the army with JJ. They don't see each other all the time but once in a while they run into each other.

Taking a glimpse

"Mom, will you be okay once I leave for college? Because once I leave it's just going to be you."

Chloe said. "I'll be okay. I promise." She said as she wiped a tear from her cheek with her dry calloused hands. As Chloe walked out of her house she looked at the yellow painted bricks, the rusty door handle, and the mail box that her entire family painted before they split up and went their separate ways. As she hugged her mother good bye and got in the taxi her mom slipped a jewel in her hands and said "no matter where either of us are we are always going to be together as long as you carry this wherever you go." As Chloe listened to her mother's words she kissed her mom good bye and took a final glimpse at her old house by a small creek, she asked her mom before she drove away "can I move back in once I'm done with college? Why would I say no?"

Moving back home

Four years later Chloe came back to an empty house. At least she thought she did. "Mom? Are you home? Surprise!!! Welcome home Chloe!" Then she spotted JJ. "JJ! Your here! Oh and papa, you're here too!" "Hey Chloe,

we have a surprise for you.” JJ had a big blue mail box in his arms that said The Johnson’s! There was a hand print of Chloe’s Mom, Dad, and Brother. “Now put your hand on the mailbox Chloe.” JJ said with a big grin on his face. As Chloe splattered paint on her hand she mixed green paint and red paint and got a gray looking color. They all put there new mail box up. Then the Johnson’s repainted their house light blue! Everyone along the streets began to smile at the Johnson’s house.”That is one beauty!” An old man on a purple bench said.”Hello Im Mr.Collans and I’m going to put you in the daily paper. I love your house by the way!” Mr. Collins said with a joyful face. “Wait Mr. Collins, I know you mean well but everyone can already see our lovely house. Plus that would cost us a fortune!”

Bianca Pedersen
4th grade Walker

How Seaweed and Fish Came to the Ocean

Once, long ago, there was no seaweed on the ocean floor. The ocean was only covered with sand; it was like a thick blanket lying on the floor of the ocean. There was a spoiled princess and a kind-hearted king living near a river.

“Father, I want the prettiest garden of all gardens in the kingdom,” exclaimed the princess.

“Elizabeth, dear, this is the tenth time you’ve said that today,” the king started, but the princess interrupted.

“I don’t care! I want it now!!!!” Princess Elizabeth screamed boisterously. She had an affinity for gloating because she had the prettiest and most high-quality items in the country. So, the king had no choice but to get his daughter the most beautiful garden in the kingdom. It had flowers as far as the eye could see, it had lots of thriving grass, and, Elizabeth’s favorite, one golden rose in a glass case by the shore of the river.

“It’s beautiful!” exclaimed the princess. But she was too spoiled to even remember to say “thank you” to her father. Princess Elizabeth spent most of her time in the garden all alone, bathing in the warm sun of summer. But, as the seasons changed, the flowers and grass shriveled up gradually like a leaf that was pulled off its tree. The princess whined about the once perfectly green grass and the once blooming with color flowers. But, even when everything in her garden was shriveled up and dying, she complained the most about the golden rose.

“Sweetheart, that rose is magical. You must treat it with care,” said Elizabeth’s mother, the queen.

“I must agree with your mother, Elizabeth. You must keep that golden rose safe,” agreed the king.

“You never told me it was magical!! You...you...you LIARS!!” Elizabeth shouted as she stormed off into her room, “And by the way, I don’t care about that stupid rose and that stupid garden and those stupid flowers!!! GET THOSE STUPID THINGS AWAY FROM ME!!!”

“We can’t throw these away,” announced the king, “We have to put them somewhere other than the trash can.” The queen agreed. They went up into Princess Elizabeth’s room.

“Throw my garden away,” the princess whined.

“We will not,” said the queen.

“I said THROW IT AWAY!!!!!!” But before the princess even finished her sentence, the king ran out towards the river and grabbed all of the grass and all of the flowers. He even took the golden rose. He threw them in the river and suddenly, as the king stood, flabbergasted, the golden rose exploded into a bunch of tiny golden fish. The other flowers gave off verdigris – colored fish with stripes like a zebra’s as then all of the flower stems drifted off towards the river floor. The fish had fins on the sides of their dainty bodies and a fin above their tiny eyes and mouths. The seaweed started growing as fast as a cheetah runs and started thriving once more. It turned viridescent again as the seaweed danced in the water. When the princess came out of her room and into the garden, she became furious and very sad. She cried all day and all night right by the river where her old garden was. Soon, since the river grew so big because of Elizabeth’s tears, the seaweed and fish spread across the ocean like a growing wildfire. The water was soon called the ocean and it was there for all of the villagers to drink water and catch fish. That’s why there’s seaweed and fish in the ocean!

Alexandra Pieper
4th grade Oak

Rebecca and Chris

Rebecca and Chris are brother and sister. Rebecca is 12 and in 6th grade and Chris is 10 and in 4th grade. The clothes that they get from the outlet gives them special powers. Rebecca and Chris shop at Adidas and Umbro. Rebecca picked Journey's and Navy. With these clothes, Rebecca has levitation and invisibility skills. Chris can fly and morph into things. Rebecca and Chris wanted to adopt pets to help defend the world.

One day, Rebecca and Chris heard the doorbell ring. "Ding dong!" It was Bob, their mom's coworker at the Children's Hospital. With him was Bailey, his Golden Retriever who was 6 years old and he came through the door. Then Rebecca said, "Mom, Bob is at the door." Charlotte, their mom, rushed in and said, "Hi Bob. Why are you here today?" Bob said, "I wanted you to meet Bailey." "Nice to meet you, Bailey," said Rebecca. Then Bob whispers to Chris, "He can talk." Their mom keeps Bailey because Chris and Rebecca want to have him and because mom thinks Bailey is cute. They also think their new dog can be taught superpowers. That's how they got their dog Bailey. Bailey got a petmate named Macey, a female tabby. Bailey and Macey became best friends. Both of their pets were talking so it was a good start to get them on their super power journey.

Then one day, Rebecca and Chris ran downstairs to see Macey and Bailey and then suddenly a golden light came on from their new shoes glazing around the room. Then Bailey and Macey went into the light and Rebecca and Chris wondered what happened to them. All of a sudden Macey and Bailey picked up lightning bolt collars with blue U signs. They talked and super speeded around the room and lifted things that would fifty times their size. Rebecca and Chris gasped and said "Do they have super powers like us?" I think they do!"

Sophia Pigeon
3rd grade The Lane

The Pumpkin Patch

Imagine a perfect fall day. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the sound of crackling bacon and sizzling eggs lured me out of my warm, cozy bed. Only one thought crossed my mind. I knew that it would be the perfect day to go to the pumpkin patch, my favorite fall activity.

"Hurry up!" my sister yelled angrily. My brother and I were still finishing breakfast and it was the day to go to the pumpkin patch. I was super thrilled to go to the pumpkin patch! Pumpkin patch day was finally here! We piled in the car. VROOOM! VROOOM! Went our noisy car. Off my siblings and I go to the pumpkin patch in my mom's shiny minivan that raced through the streets. The leaves rustled and trees swayed gently as the calm wind blew.

There were rides and games. I saw there petting zoos and corn pits and a giant chair we could sit in. Most important there was a huge pumpkin field full of tiny, medium, huge, and goliath pumpkins. "Wheeeeeeee! This is awesome!" I yelled to my parents. I was on the spinning honey pots ride. We planned to go to the corn pit next. SPLAT! SPLASH! CRASH! My brother, my sister, and I jumped into the corn pit. The feel of the pit of corn was weird. TWEEEEEE! "No jumping in the pit!" a guard told us. My brother didn't listen no matter how many times she yelled it. She made my brother get out.

I went on the thousand foot slide, in the dizzy tunnel, on the giant swing, and the train. As we walked toward the exit I caught a glimpse of cotton candy and soda. "Can we have some?" I begged. Mom said yes. It was delicious. Cotton candy and soda tasted perfect together. Finally my brother, my sister, and I picked pumpkins. As soon as we were done picking, it was 8:00 P.M.

We drove home as soon as we picked out our pumpkins, mine huge, my sister's tall, and my brother's fat. Three tired kids after a long pumpkin patch day quickly fell asleep as soon as they hit their pillows dreaming sweet pumpkin patch dreams and how they were going to carve their pumpkins. Going to a pumpkin patch is the best way to spend a perfect fall day.

Cameron Prasse
4th grade Prospect

The Harp

I walked closer to the light and I started to hear noise from behind. From a walk, it turned into a run. Once I reached the light, the noise trailed off. I looked around to see where I was, and then I found myself in a forest. When I came around the corner I was so surprised to see, a self-playing harp. This is it, I had thought, this is the Harp Forest. I went in more, I found rather bizarre things. The first thing I found was an unordinary kangaroo it had a tail of a lizard, the colors of a parrot, and instead of walking on two legs it had walked on eight legs. I was getting tired so I found a shelter and dozed off. When I woke up the next morning, what I had found was amazing, I was right in front of a beautiful clear river and there were peach trees all around, I tried to pick them when all of a sudden they disappeared. I tried looking everywhere and then I saw them they somehow got to the other side of the river. I jumped in, when I did pretty little polka dotted fish came swimming toward me. They started to tickle me with their mouths, that is when I noticed they were nibbling me. I started to swim for my life, the other side was just a couple of feet away. I had to swim faster, then I finally made it. I looked to see what they had done to me

"Just a little bit of scratches." I thought "On with my journey." I walked and walked, then I saw it that there was an opening. I started to run when I bumped into something, what could've that been? Then right next to me was a weird looking llama who just slid, then in a blink it was gone.

"Does everything disappear here?" I thought. I tried to go under the invisible screens and it actually worked, I started to see all the invisible screens better. Then I thought that each time you make it passed one, you can see all the other ones better. So I did it for the second one. It worked I could see them better. But now I saw that they had started to move, it still looked easy I made it through the next one, when all of a sudden they started to have sharp things attached. The next one did have the sharp things attached to it but it went very slow, I made it. Then there were two more screens left and they were very clear to see. But they both were moving very fast I tried to make it through the next one and my arm almost got chopped of, but I made it. Then came to the last one and the most fastest and the most clearest. I got a running start and then I slid.

Riyana Rajput
5th grade Ellm

SNOWFLAKE

Sledding through the white soft snow,
Nothing stopping me but trees.
On the ice we go sledding all the way,
Waiting by the door, ready to get warm.
Fast, white snow falling down from the sky.
Lakes are ice waiting to be stepped on.
As I step on the ice, I slip and slide.
KeeP falling on my back,
Eating Cookies and drinking hot chocolate!

Tanzil Rajput
3rd Grade Elm

It Was a Rainy Day

It was a rainy day as little Sammie looked out the window as if there was nothing left to do in her small cramped apartment, where she lived with her aunt. "Sammie dear, can you get a bucket for the leak?" "Sure," Sammie said with no delight.

As she drooped up the creaky black stairs, water came down heavily in her boring town. There were so many steps that she had rarely even seen. As she examined the cobwebs, she noticed an unfamiliar big, brown, dusty box. "How strange," she quietly said to herself, even though nobody was there to listen.

Sammie cautiously opened the box as if something would pop out. Unexpectedly, nothing scary was there. Strangely, there was only a newspaper hat, a traveling bag filled with all sorts of cool gadgets, and what stood out most to her was the golden painting carefully tucked into the moldy and wrinkled box. But how did all of this get here? This was all her lost mom's stuff.

She ran her finger along the beautiful golden rim of the painting of the world. Then a glimmering light shot out of the map and pulled her inside! "AHHHHH!" Sammie yelped and screamed for help, but it was no use. Sammie had been sucked into a whole new land.

Ila Rao
4th grade Prospect

Mountain Lions

What has sharp claws, is a big cat and lives in mountains? You got it! It's a mountain lion. Mountain lions are very smart, and that explains why they are very successful in the wild. Mountain lions have many names, some amazing habitats, and lots of prey.

Mountain lions are at the top of the food chain. They eat a lot of animals such as deer, mice, rabbit, squirrels, porcupines, raccoons, and beavers. Mountain lions eat only 4-legged animals. Mountain lions hunt an animal, eat a little bit of it, and bury it for a later times. Mountain lions are very intelligent with their food.

Mountain lions have many names including puma, panther and more. Mountain lions' nickname is "cat of many names" Puma used to be it's scientific name. Its new scientific name is "Felis Conclor". Mountain lions' family name is "Felidae". Mountain lions have at least 4 names

Mountain lions live in a lot of countries . Mountain lions used to live all over North America. Now the only part of the United States they live in is Florida . Mountain lions live in places with mountains, deserts, grasslands, swamps, tropical rainforests , and canyons. Mountain lions live in many places.

Mountain lions are amazing and interesting creatures. They are interesting in what they eat ,where they live, and even what they're called.

Nikhil Rao
3rd grade Prospect

Electrokinesis

Staring at the rattlesnake with uttermost annoyance, Mike watched the creature's head waving in a hypnotic pattern, up and down. His parents' only explanation before they left was that like them, the snake needed a change of scenery. Of course he was stuck watching it in the middle of a rainstorm. The snake's tail rattled against the hard rock below and he turned his attention back to the behemoth. Coiling, as if ready to strike, the snake curled its tail brought its head up above the writhing coils of diamond plated scales. Surely, it would not dare to strike. Suddenly, faster than he could blink, it leapt at Mike. He fell back, a scream building in his mouth, but the impossible happened. Lightning crashed down from the sky and struck the leaping snake, turning the landscape electric yellow. Short bursts of electricity struggled through the air like worms, circling around the surprised boy. The air was churning with energy, and the snake's body hit the mountaintop with the force of a minor earthquake. The electric worms all closed in at once, and Matt blacked out. When he awoke again, he was in a hospital bed. His eyes were crusty, and his throat begged for a drink. The room was paint white with only a small

desk in the corner. Sitting up slowly, he heard a door opening, and a giant of a man in a black suit with strange markings on it walked out from the wall- a wall that was featureless a few seconds before. The strange man bent over Matt, and the boy noticed a strange tattoos across his neck. Matt tried to speak, but his tongue felt glued to the roof of his mouth. Suddenly, a surge of fear joined Matt in the room. He tried to yell, and the room turned yellow. Pure energy whipped around the square room, and the man fell back, screaming. The light on the ceiling blacked out, and the white walls faded back into a dull gray. Matt suddenly noticed the door that Roger had entered through, and a huge window with surprised scientists looking through. The second felt like eternity, and energy whipped around the room like rockets. Still, the moment ended and Matt could hear the hum of backup generators as the walls faded back into their pale white. Matt jumped out of bed, power surging through his veins like generators in himself, and opened the disguised door. Once out of the room full of illusions, he saw where he was - the forbidden section of his basement, a padlock hanging on the gate. He growled in annoyance, and power streamed towards the lock, blasting it to pieces. With the gate open, he stormed up the creaky wood stairs to his house, his joints groaning with every step of his body. When he got to his room, he closed, then locked his door, and pulled out his computer, deciding to have a crack at the secret WiFi network that his parents never gave him access to. He tried the usual things, like birthdays and family names, but after they failed, he remembered a sign that he had seen in the room full of scientists. It had read "Department 19". Matt typed the phrase in. "Correct!" It read. Once on the network, he Googled himself. A new file came up. Subject name: Matt Knight. Specialties: Combat, Electrokinesis. Randomly, the network shutdown, and Matt was left remembering the last word - Electrokinesis. On his private WiFi network, he googled the word. Electrokinesis was a condition that allowed for the manipulation of energy. Knowing this, he decided to try an experiment. He willed the energy to flow from his overhead light to his hand, and it complied, lightning flashing around his hand. Opening his window, he threw the energy, as if a baseball, as hard as he could. While in the air, the light formed into a bolt of raw power, and it collided with the gravel road with a loud bang. Matt unlocked the door, and was about to go to the basement to see what was happening in Department 19 when he heard a window crash open downstairs. He went to investigate, and saw a man in a dark cloak ruffling through the kitchen drawers. A common robber, it seemed. Matt hesitated, debating whether to call the police or take on the man himself when the man turned, showing a gun. Matt's instincts reacted, and he ducked a second before a bullet buried itself in the wall above his head. The boy sprinted towards the robber, springing like a tiger up onto the wall and throwing himself across onto the other wall. Leaping from wall to wall, Matt spread his hand up to the light on the fan and caught it, falling instantly. Instead of throwing it however, Matt pushed the energy into his heart, and he felt like a superhero about to take flight. Launching himself over the head of the robber, Matt dodged a series of bullets and hit the ground rolling. He dove between the robber's legs and pulled the larger man down on his back. Matt reached for the wall, and he shot towards it like a magnet, throwing the masked man off like a bull with a cowboy. The robber once again drew his pistol, but Matt, the winner of his karate guild, jumped toward the ceiling, legs reaching to touch the sky. A shadow appeared over the thief's face as Matt's feet fell toward it, knocking him out cold. Matt sighed a sigh of relief. He called the police on his phone, and after tying the robber up, he walked over to the couch and fell asleep as he thought of the events of the day. He would have to tell his parents about himself, and about the snake, but that was ok. He finally felt at peace, having made a difference.

Parker Rohn
7th grade HMS

THE TORTOISE CAFÉ

Being a giant tortoise means you have to adapt and adjust because you can live to be 180 years old. So, you need to have enough energy to move and enough to develop items that you would need to survive in other places or ecosystems. That is why here at the Tortoise Café we will serve you the health food you need.

Open

Monday - Saturday

10:00am - 9:00pm

The tortoise cafe is available for reservations up to ten guests.

THE TORTOISE FAMILY STORY

Ms. Jennifer Tortoise started the Tortoise Café in 1928. She lived outside the Galapagos region in Quito and slowly made her way through the Galápagos Islands until she started the café in the center of Isabella island. The cafe is now run by her daughter, Sarah because of her mother's old age. The cafe is a five star rating from chef Mark from Galapagos chefs. And a family friendly cafe. We hope you in joy our food choices and our service. If you are not sold for coming here, here is some reviews from customers.

" This restaurant has amazing food that you family will enjoy. -Sara Sis

" This restaurant has the best food in town!" - Caroline Fisher

"This restaurant is a five star restaurant. The food is wonderful and a great time to spend with your special someone" – Nancy Global

THE CAFÉ MENU

At the Tortoise Café we like to be original so, we have a menu that you can only find in the Tortoise Café. We hope you have a night of your dreams!

SAN SALVADOR SALAD 20 STICKS

A combination of freshly shaped green leaves. These green leaves are freshly cut in the farm owned by chef de Len. The chef creates leaves that our customers adore his green leaves. The salad is mixed with the freshest hand grown fruits that chef de Len grows in his roof top parlor. This customary salad with be topped with your choice of Ms. Jennifer Tortoises own dressing or the house favorite.

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD 35 STICKS

As the company knows everyone loves to be tall and have strong muscles. So, the cafe has created a world class dish for your delight. This main course will take you around the world with its bamboo imported from Japan and its vegetables from Quito this customary dish is a bamboo stick with vegetables and secrets inside. This dish is a class favorite and a trip around the world.

SWEETNESS IS FOR TWO 70 STICKS

If you and a loved one are ready for a tortoise night you might want to try our new dish. "A dish for two". This dish is for a romantic night with a loved one. This dish is the most romantic item on our list. With flowers around the plates it has a course of bamboo hidden in its freshly covered fruit and vegetables. This dish will make you have a experience of a lifetime

LITTLE ONES MENU 5 STICKS

As you know we are a family restaurant so we would like to have a choice for the little ones. Our first item on the list is a little ones favorites. A dinner wonder land. It has a shape of their choice made out of leaves. Our next choice is a choice for a more adult eater, this dish contains bamboo in a large pile of leaves.

DESERTS 10 STICKS

We are a cafe so we thought you would like some delicious dessert before you left. This is one of our favorite items we make, the bamboo deluxe. Pieces of bamboo covered in chocolate.

DRINKS

Here at the café we will serve you complementary drinks from, smoothies to sodas. If you are looking for an alcoholic drink the prices may vary. Just ask for the drink menu and we will serve you the best we have.

Peyton Rohn, 5th grade Madison

Writing Can Change The World

Writing can change the world. Anna Politkovskaya risked her life writing the truth to make the world a better place. Chechnya, a part of Russia, wanted to become an independent country. Russian troops were sent in to stop them. Anna wrote about everything that was happening in Chechnya. The Russian government did not like Anna's writing. When Anna's husband asked Anna why she was risking her life she responded, "I know something may happen to me I want to make the world a better place". Anna's writing did make the world a better place and saved many lives. She did not need an army, she just needed to write the truth. Our writing is the greatest weapon there is. Writing can make or break a person's heart or soul, no weapon can do that. We just have to use the words we write for good, then we can change the world.

Summer Ryan

4th grade Prospect

Into the Dark

Black holes are fascinating cosmic anomalies, with entire planets and stars being sucked in it in minutes! But what is a black hole though? What does it do? And what happens when it dies?

Black Holes are one of the great mysteries of the universe, but what are they? Black holes are basically dead stars that suck in anything that comes close to it. Black holes are actually invisible to the naked eye or a telescope. One of the methods used for finding them is that if there is a star orbiting nothing, than it is orbiting a black hole. Another method of detecting them is when a star is nearby and its gases are slowly being sucked into the black hole, it creates a hot cloud of gas around the black hole making it visible. However despite this knowledge black holes still puzzle scientists to this day.

Black holes do a variety of things. If a star is near a black hole its material will form a gas cloud around the black hole. Black holes sometimes emit materials as well. Also, since black holes don't reflect or emit any light it basically is almost completely invisible. Black holes are dangerous and awesome cosmic bodies that anything in the universe can get sucked into.

In the history of Earth, we have never seen the death of a black hole. No one has ever witnessed the death of a black hole. Eventually even a black hole dies after billions and billions of years of slowly fading away. Even if a black hole did die we would never be able see it, however we may be able to detect it using special radio scopes. In the end, moons, planets, stars, galaxies, and black holes all have their time.

In conclusion, black holes are awesome cosmic spheres that have the strongest gravitational pull in the universe, and are very dangerous to anything near it. In the end everything, even black holes die eventually. But we will never know until we go into the dark.

Michael Sauer

6th grade CHMS

How Things Changed: One Step at a Time

My heart was fluttering with fear it was as if a butterfly was in my body waiting for a chance to fly out. My three friends and I sauntered casually to Woolworth's where we hoped to accomplish our mission. Inside, we started to choose our school supplies for college that started this September. After we paid, we sat down at the lunch counter. The waitress Olivia (it said that on her name tag) gave us a look that would scare off a lion.

Will quickly piped up before Olivia could say anything, "Excuse me ma'am we'd each like a cup o' hot tea and your homemade strawberry shortcake".

"Well, boys you know the rules no colored people will be served and if that's not the way you play the game you may escort yourselves out".

We Clarence replied " Well ma'am we don't play by the rules so we will be here at this counter 'till closing. And that was that. We came back the next day this time with more followers. This routine continued until one day six months later, Woolworth's finally declared that their lunch counter was not segregated any longer. I could not believe it. My heart skipped a beat. Was this true? I was so glad all my hard work paid off. It just shows that a little hard work can go a long way.

Author's Note: Woolworth's was a department store and a restaurant and was segregated. This is based on a true story, four college men sat at that lunch counter for six months straight every day. Now that's what I call perseverance.

Aanya Shah, 4th grade Elm

The Big Move

Mom and I were snuggled up in the warm tree blanket on my bed. She was reading me a story, but I was not listening. My focus was on the howling wind as it blew threw our condo window. After the story was finished, there was a long pause. Finally, Mom spoke up and said, "Dad's job switched and they want him to work in New York."

"Does that mean that we have to move?"

"Yes," said Mom.

"I don't want to move!" I yelled.

"Shhhhhh" Misha is sleeping.

The next day, I kissed Dad goodbye when he left for work and Mom and Misha dropped me off at school. When I got home, I saw boxes on the floor. Mom was starting to pack up. Day after day, after day, there was more and more boxes on the ground until the day came when we were actually moving. In the morning, Mom packed some good-bye snacks for my class. My friends were so sad to see me go, and my teacher smiled sadly. When, we got to school while Mom passed out the snacks and I said goodbye to everybody. When we got home, the taxi was waiting outside the house Dad and Misha were in already so we got in and off we went to the airport.

As we got to the airport dad checked in the luggage and got the bording pass's then we went through security and got something to eat from the gate. When we heard New York we got on and found our seats. I held Mom's hand for takeoff. 1,2,3,Whoosh we were off.

While we were on the plane my stomach twisted and turned at the same time, because I was excited and nervous. When the plane landed, we got out and got our luggage. The airport was crazy like usual. I held on to mom's hand until we got into the taxi. The driver drove us out of the airport and drove to a town called Scarsdale. It was about 30 minutes from the airport.

"This is our town" said Dad.

"Wow!" "It's beautiful with all houses and trees" I said.

Then the driver stopped at a house that looked like a Gingerbread house. My mouth dropped when I saw it. It had a perfect triangle roof and was brown and white with a tiny red tree in the front yard. Mom and Dad got the luggage out of the trunk and paid the driver Then the moving truck arrived and they carried boxes inside while my sister and me walked into the house for the first time.

I smelled the smell of a new house and I knew from the start it was going to be an awesome adventure.

Shaila Shah

4th grade The Lane

Music as Autobiography

I, Katy Perry, co-wrote the song "Firework" with Ester Dean. I sang the song, because I wanted to let people know they are one of a kind or a "firework." There is lots of discrimination and bullying around the world today against people not of the LGBT community and people in that community. I wanted to let those people know that they are special and there is only one of them, or they are one of a kind, and to never think anything thing else. It is important to know and think that you are special, because if you don't you could have bad side effects from it, like depression, and you would not like yourself very much and would not be have many friends because you are so sad, and not fun to be around.

When working on this song I included lots of metaphors like the main phrase, "Baby you're a firework." Songs in general have a lot of figurative language in them, and in the song "Firework", the metaphors help listeners get the message, but it is a more unique and creative way of saying it instead of you are special and like nobody else, you say "Baby you're a firework," meaning "baby," or you, are a "firework," or a special being that brings people joy. Other examples of the figurative language is "Do you ever feel like a plastic bag. Drifting through the wind wanting to start again," and "Do you ever feel already buried deep. Six feet under screams but no one seems to hear a thing," these quotes are both questions that are basically asking the listener if they ever feel like giving up? These questions later tie in because the song goes to say that you are a "firework," or something special and

should never give up. Also by adding the figurative language to the text, helps keep the listeners interested and also makes them think “What does that mean,” and once they figure it out, in this case the listeners could have a better chance of reflecting on themselves.

I, Katy Perry, enjoyed co-writing this song, and working with others to try and get a message out to the people of the world, to improve the world. It was a joy to co-write and sing this song, and I hope it changes lots of people’s views of themselves into a more positive way. If there is one thing I want people to take away from the song it is that you are special no matter what and never doubt yourself.

Ella Simmons
6th Grade HMS

Daniel Boone

Early Life

Daniel Boone was born November 2nd, 1734 in what is now Reading, Pennsylvania to his father Squire and his mother Sarah. Daniel was the sixth of twelve children. Almost from the moment Daniel could walk, he loved the outdoors and would do almost anything to be there. When Daniel was 5 years old, smallpox, an often deadly disease, was spreading through Reading. Sarah kept Daniel indoors to protect him but Daniel was frustrated by being indoors. He had heard that once you had smallpox you could never catch it again. He knew he could die from smallpox or become horribly disfigured but Daniel took the risk. Daniel snuck out to the home of a sick friend and climbed into bed with him. Then, Daniel came home and went straight into his bed and slept. He did get smallpox and was lucky to survive. Yes, he risked his life just to be outside.

Accomplishments

When Daniel was a young man, he met members of the Delaware tribe who taught him to hunt and track animals. One of Daniel's greatest feats was killing 99 bears in one good season. Another was getting to live in the land he loved-Kentucky. In Kentucky, Daniel blazed a trail through the Cumberland Gap. This served as the pathway to the western United States. He received 2,000 acres of land in return. Daniel also had some struggles in Kentucky. Daniel’s son died in Kentucky and Daniel’s daughter and her friends were captured by an Indian war party. Daniel and his friends were able to rescue them two days later. Daniel also had a couple accomplishments that were very influential even after he died. One was inspiring the Boy Scouts of America. The other one was expanding America in the 18th and 19th centuries by finding and exploring new places.

Effect On The World

Daniel died when he was 85 years old. He was an amazing man. Daniel’s effect on the world was that he was very influential on America during its early times, and he will ever be forgotten for that. Daniel never stopped believing and if you told him he couldn’t do something, he made sure he did it. He was one of the best trailblazers and woodsmen ever. Daniel was very famous for his accomplishments, and his name is carved in our history books and will be forever.

Owen Simmons
4th grade Oak

Paris in the Rain

A couple of months ago, I was vacationing in France. My family and I were heading for the famous cathedral in Paris, the Notre Dame. While my younger sister, Neha and I sprinted around a nearby fountain our younger brother, Ajay was staring at us, wondering what we were doing and where he was. The previous year my family and I had taken a trip to India, connecting through Abu Dhabi. Ajay liked the sound of Abu Dhabi so much that he referred to every city by that name.

"This is going to be so awesome!" I said.

"I know I can't wait!" Neha replied. "We are so lucky!"

"Why are we so lucky! I want to be apart of the talking thing!" shouted Ajay from his stroller.

I rolled my eyes and said, "We are talking about how lucky we are to see the cathedral in Paris."

"What is Paris? Is this Abu Dhabi?" Ajay asked.

When we finally arrived I gasped in horror. The line looked like it was one thousand kilometers long! I really didn't want to wait that long!

Suddenly, I felt a small, tiny drop of rain on my nose. Then another, and another, and another.

"Plip, Plop, Plip, Plop."

Then, BOOM! went the thunder, CRACK! went the lightning. The sky was gray with anger.

"It's raining cats and dogs!" my sister shouted.

"Aidez-moi! Aidez-moi!" people screamed.

"Shelter!" I yelled.

We quickly rushed to a nearby cafe. We were soaking wet! Once everyone had settled down, my Dad had come up with a brilliant but risky idea. Most of the people waiting in the line had departed from it because of the drowning rain. My Dad was going to save our family a closer spot in line. So he trudged along and stood there in the pouring rain. Poor Dad! Finally, the sky cleared up and left a bright, blue sky. We joined my Dad at the front of the line.

The first thing I saw when I went inside was candles. They were everywhere. There was no light, just candles to brighten up the beautiful cathedral. There was a stand where you could pay two euros and then light a candle and make a wish. I ran up to my Dad and begged and begged. "Dad can I please make a wish!"

"Yes, but only one," he said.

"But Dad! I have so many wishes to make!" I complained.

"One is enough, wishes are supposed to be special so think of something that you really want" he replied.

"Fine," I mumbled.

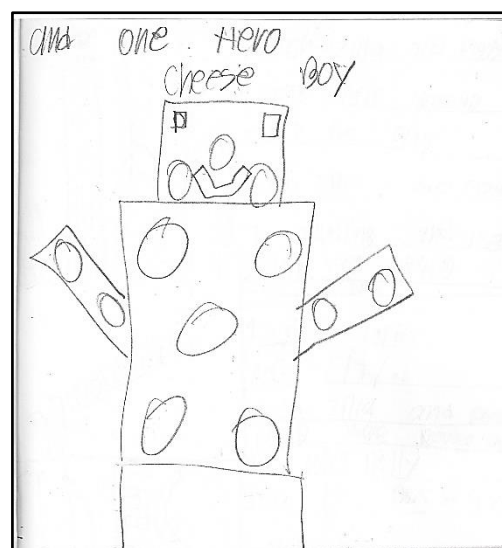
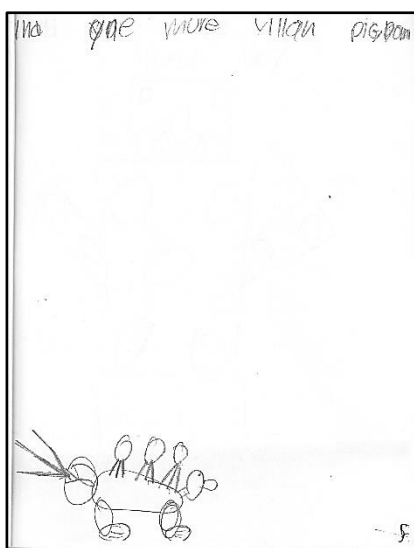
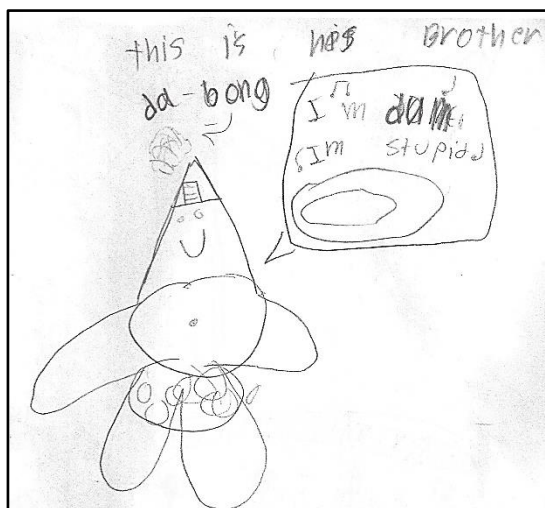
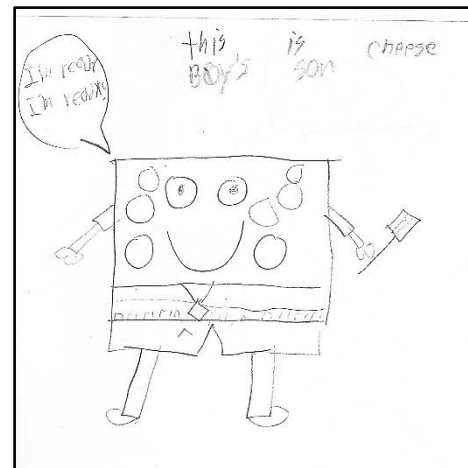
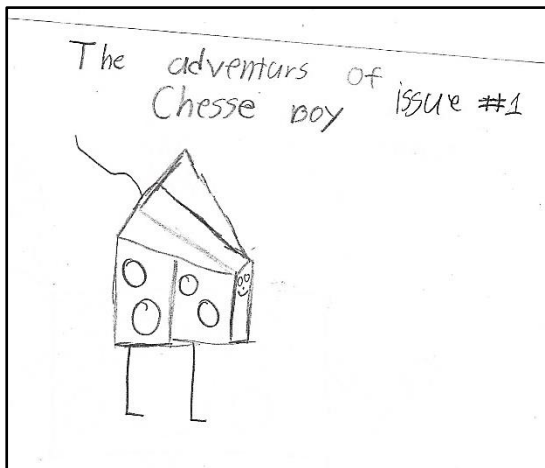
What should it be? Should I wish to get a new bike? An Apple Watch? Maybe a Nintendo Switch? It was so hard to decide! But then I thought of the best wish ever. I made my wish and placed the candle on the stand. I walked away, beaming with joy.

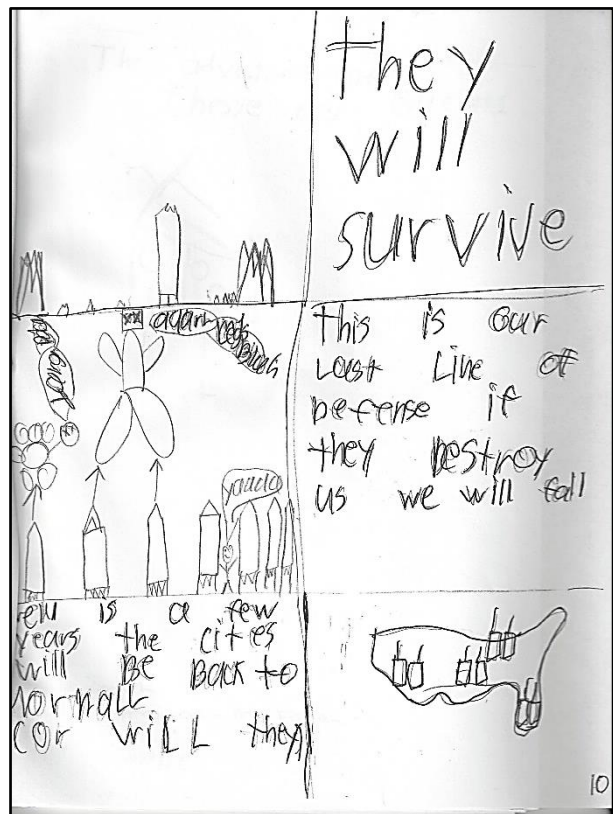
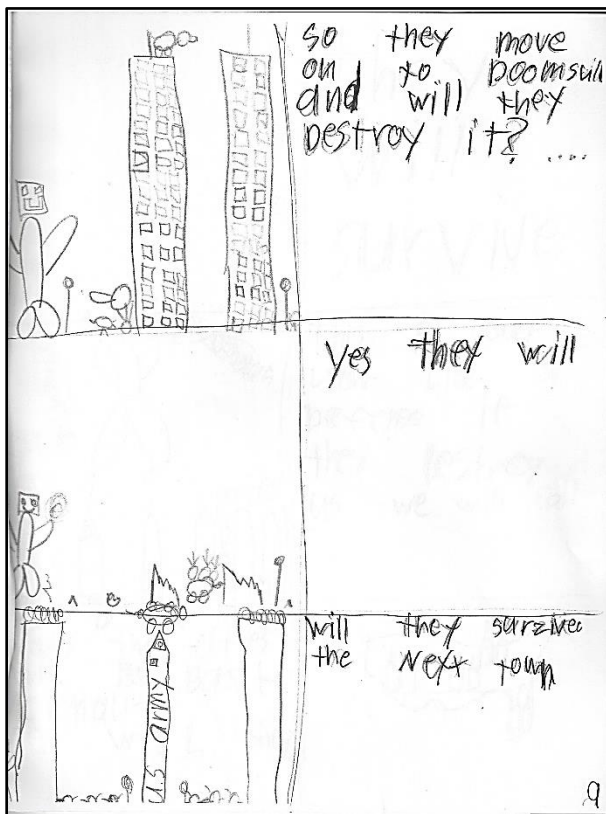
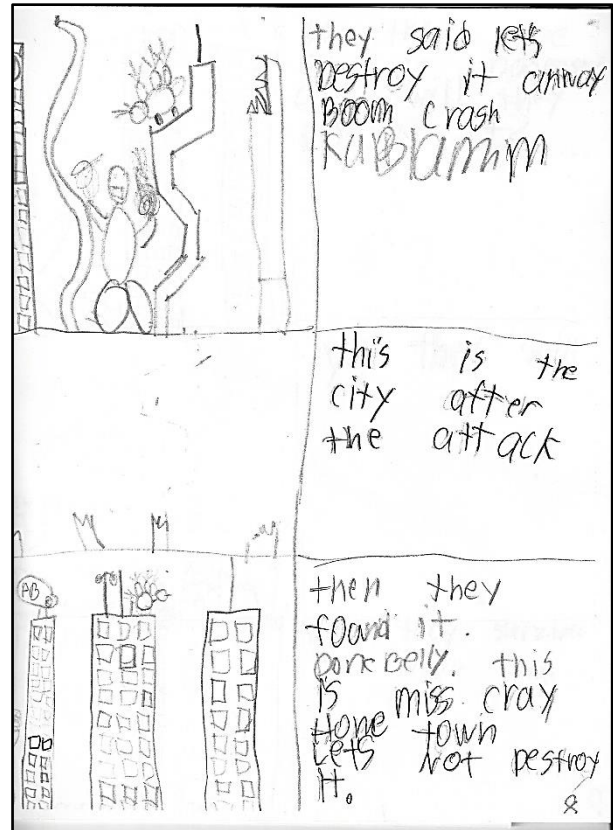
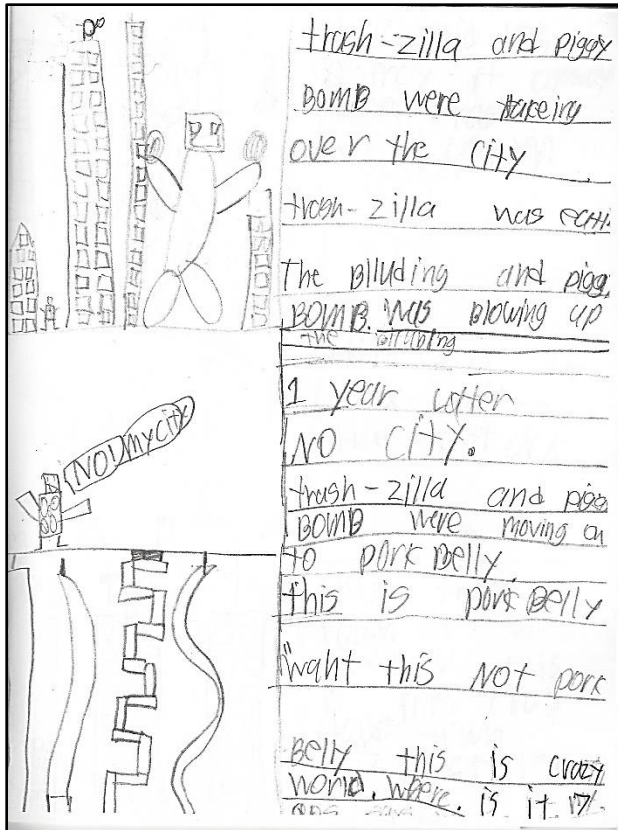
Don't tell anyone, but my wish was to play the day all over again with my family.

Maya Singh
4th grade Madison

The Adventures of Cheese Boy

Charles Smith, 4th Grade Monroe





The Space Twins

Not so long ago, there was once a professor who was oddly confused. The man's name was Alexander Blastoid. He was a very famous man for inventing time travel and teleportation, as well as for finding George Washington's skeleton and many other cool artifacts. He wore black spectacles and wore lab coats most of the time. His dark hair slicked back, neatly and a pencil balanced on his ear, incase he had a note to take. This man is the most intelligent man there is today, which is why it's weird he's confused.

The overworked professor had gone mad. He was still super confused, and now pacing around. He was wondering how to make a serum that could give a person a power-a superpower. As the smartest man in the world, president Will Trijent had requested the classified experiment. Since then, the professor had been restless. Then boom! It hit him like a cannon ball. He grabbed his laptop and searched "The science of twins". Professor Blastoid knew there was something special about twins, and he had to know what it was. After about an hour, he had found the piece of text he needed. It was called "Twin-tastic science!" It was written by Dr. Lilly S. White. It was one particular paragraph that grabbed his attention. "The Legend!" was the subheading on page 18.

Under the subheading, it said "Some say the legend isn't true, but I know it is. When I was 12 years old, these bullies from my school pushed me off of Cherry Lane boardwalk in New York City. The boardwalk was on a cliff, so when I hit the water, I fainted. Oddly, I was saved. I don't know by who, but I was. All I had noticed was they were identical and had fins instead of feet. The two creatures swam me to a deserted island, where I was laid down on a damp beach. As I got up, I felt drowsy on the sandy surroundings and my vision was blurry. I could at least make out two people with blonde hair and swampy green eyes. Once I was fully awake, I had a horrible headache. I had looked around the whole island, but surprisingly I couldn't find one living soul. Later in the day I had discovered a manhole. I was way too scared to jump down, though, but later that day I went back and saw two identical people climbing out of the hole. The girl asked, "What is your most desirable wish?...because we will make it true!" The boy added. And that is exactly the legend.

Professor Blastoid now had stopped reading and had to test this wonderful legend. He used his special teleportation watch he had invented a while back when he was younger. On the watch screen was a huge map of the world. He had found New York. Then he found Ellis island. Finally, on the island, Cherry Lane Boardwalk. He teleported He teleported to the Cherry Lane Boardwalk and did exactly what Dr. Lilly S. White's book said to do....and he fainted as he hit the water.

It was almost 12pm and Professor Blastoid ran and jumped off the cliff. He hit the water and became unconscious "DING DONG"! It was midnight. The professor started sinking to the murky grave of Pier Lake. "Blub and Blub"! He started breathing again. He was on the bottom of the lake and thought of the las thing you would think of if you were at the bottom of a lake. The sand will ruin my new shiny black shoes!

He looked down at his feet but he had none! His legs were also gone too! They turned into a long, scaly, mermaid tail! The shock, the professor got more in shock! He was wearing the mysterious shell necklace. The shell spiraled and it was pearly white all over. The last thing he noticed was that he was breathing like a fish under water!

All the shock made him faint again and the identical creatures came burrowing out of the ground. Their eyes were dark green and both had blond hair. They had fish tails too and the same necklace Professor Blastoid had on too! The girl grabbed his arms and the boy grabbed his legs. He was so heavy that they dropped him and then they picked him up.

The two creatures touched tails and closed their swampy eyes! "One, Two, Three! The Island is Where I want to Be!" The creatures chanted. Then all of a sudden, the water rose and the earth shook and the sun blacked out. It was practically a hurricane/earthquake/eclipse.

The two identical fish people rose out and up from the water and disappeared in existence with the unconscious body of the professor!

Charles Stach
4th grade Walker

Time Travelling Teen Western

Introduction

Oh are you kidding me I didn't even think about throwing food at him, well... maybe I did but he still went up to my face and said let's go nerd. Yes he did say that and that was wrong but you can't go starting fights, said the Mr. Gaiam. Oh looks like the bell just rang catch ya later, said Jack and he ran out of the door.

Casual school day for Jack I haven't seen one good day from Jack as his guardian angel. Oh wait have I not told you, well my apologies I am Jack's guardian angel. But Jack's day gets much and when I say much I mean MUCH crazier....

Chapter One

Jack, always troublemaker of the pack

Well, of course Patriots are better they've made it to the Super Bowl seven times running. I bet my money on the Patriots getting to the Super Bowl eight times running, said Randy (Jack's friend) twenty bucks down. No the Jets are 70x better. I think that in all games that the pats will win against every team and then lose to the jets. Well anyways bye.

Whoa this alley looks way different there's even a new old man, said Jack and what's this machine I better go inside and check aaaaaaaaaaaaaah. The second Jack got in there his insides start to twirl he feels like he is going to throw up.

Ah where am I aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah this is not where I was before this is so much different than before. Jack was standing right on the edge of a huge canyon, oh no I'm falling!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Well I guess this is the end of me goodbye world goodbye wherever I am and I hope my next life is better NO JAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK, and that's how I saved him.

Perfect right, perfect time, perfect place everything was perfect except Jack would have died without moi, well when is Jack going to wake- aaaaaaaaaaaaaah is this heaven are you an angel? "WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME?!" said Jack.

Chapter Two

Say WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Quentin Sweeney

3rd grade Walker

SPACE COWS

One starry night out in space there was a team of three superhero cows! First, there is the Dad cow, then the Mom cow, and then they have a little baby cow. But there was only one tiny problem. They didn't do anything super-heroic. Basically, they are typical cows. But they believe they are super heroes because they wear cow capes. All they do is eat chocolate and party on their home planet, the "Mooo"n. They all wear red capes that have the logo of a chocolate bar on them. By the way you should know something. These cows love chocolate. They crave it. That's why they're going on a trip to the Milky Way. Not to travel and live there, but TO EAT IT!!!

So off they go zooming in the sky in their chocolate shaped rocket, not knowing that they completely passed their destination. But finally they realize they are off course because out of their window they could see their glorious chocolate floating by. So they turned around their rocket ship, but they made a poor decision when they landed. The cows landed right in the middle of the pool of chocolate! Who does that? So when they got out of the rocket, they fell right into the sea of yummy melted chocolate. But since they were so famished for chocolate, they drank it in one big gulp. Would there be any chocolate left on the Milky Way?

The next thing after they got out of the rocket, the Daddy cow noticed something falling from the sky. He peered in closely, and.....AAAAHHHHH!!! Chocolate asteroids were hitting them! This was a job for the one and only space cows! They stood firmly on the ground ready with their mouths open wide. The chocolate asteroids were coming right towards them! Could they eat all these asteroids? And then suddenly the chocolate asteroids

were flying right into their mouths! But as they were eating the asteroids, the space cows were all growing bigger and bigger. They were as round and large as the Moon! They started to float up in the air, but they didn't even notice that their feet weren't on the ground anymore. These chocolate asteroids must have been filled with helium. They got higher and higher in space until they were not in the Milky Way anymore! They were in the whole galaxy.

Next as they were floating around in space they saw aliens! Not just any aliens, but aliens with the same exact rocket ship, capes and craving for chocolate. The cows heard the aliens chanting "Milky Way! Milky Way! Milky Way!" The cows laughed. "Should we tell them about the asteroids?" asked baby cow. "Nah", said Daddy cow. We'll see them soon, real soon. And they did as they floated by!

Madeline Temple
4th grade The Lane

One Day I Woke Up to a Big Surprise

One day I woke up to a big surprise. My mom and dad told me we were going to Florida for Christmas. At first I was really disappointed because I wanted to spend my Christmas in Texas. So I told my parents that I wanted to spend my Christmas at home but they wouldn't let it go. Now I am even more disappointed. But on the bright side I can see my grandpa who is in the hospital. My grandpa was diagnosed with cancer. Me and my mom dad and sister were really sad when we heard the news. But the doctors said he may come home for Christmas but not to my home in Texas I mean to my grandmas home in Florida. So I thought about it for a while. I was glad I was going to Florida for Christmas

After a long plane ride were finally in Florida the sunshiny state. Sowe drove to my grandmas house in Cape Coral. Were here my grandma was so happy to see my family. But whe was so sad to live all alone because my grandpa is usually there but he is not there because like I told you he was diagnosed with cancer. Oh and by the way it's Christmas Eve and we wanted to get here early to see my grandpa. So it's night time and all my aunts and uncles are coming to my grandmas house. We have dinner and watch t.v.while the grown ups are talking. We had a great night. My mom let me and my sister open one of our presents I opened it and there we're Santa Claus pajamas I wore them to bed. They were so comfy. Ok so I went to bed and I woke up at two in the morning and Santa Claus came.

I saw all the presents laying under the tree it was beautiful the lights were on and the ornaments were on the tree and the skirt was on the tree it was just beautiful. So I went to action and starting sorting the presents so I had to wait till eight thirty.Ok it's eight thirty I woke everybody up and we started opening presents it was so fun I got some pretty cool stuff. Then it was fiveo'clock and I went to my aunts apartment complex. I brought over a gift that I got Christmas morning. But wait Christmas wasn't over my aunt and uncle had gifts for me and my sister to. Then other people came and it was so much fun. After Christmas I was happy as a cheetah after catching a gazelle.

Natalia Trejo
4th grade Walker

Zoos

Have you ever thought about zoos? If you have you probably think that zoos are bad. Most people think zoos are like a prison with the animals as prisoners but zoos aren't always as bad as we think. Maybe they are good? Maybe they are bad? I think zoos are good, fun and exciting.

Zoo safety

Most people think zoos are not safe for animals. I disagree because zoos actually save some animals. Zoos keep animals safe from being hunted. They all so keep them safe from pollution. Also don't pollute it kills animals. If we go to the zoo more they will get more money so then they can build bigger cages. Some zoos are safe for animals.

Zoo Treating

As I said if you think about zoos you'll probably think that the animals are always treated poorly. maybe there not. Animals are sometimes treated like Kings in zoos. Most bad zoos have been stops. I have been to a bad zoo before. It was attached to a place where you can go on a boat through the Everglades. They had tigers and lions I don't know the rest. If you work at a zoo treat the animals nicely please.

Zoos are our only way to see most wild animals, unless we you want to spend millions of dollars to go on a trip to see the animals that are in the in zoos. It would probably take weeks to find a few animals. So go to zoos, respect zoos, protect zoos and think zoos are awesome. If you can go to a zoo now then go.

Charlie Turek
5th grade Elm

Frog

Frogs are amazing animals! There is so much to learn about frogs. There are about 4,700 species of frogs. I like the Red Eyed Tree Frog. I think the Red Eyed Tree Frog is unique because it has red eyes. What's your favorite kind?

Frogs are amphibians. Amphibians comes from the Greek. It means two lives. Amphibians can live on land or in water. Frogs are cold blooded. Some people think frogs are reptiles. That is because reptiles are also cold blooded.

The adult frog lays the eggs. Frogs lay many, many eggs. The eggs do not have shells, but usually the eggs have little slimy stuff to protect them. The dark center of the egg slowly grows into embryos.

The embryo grows into tadpoles. The tadpoles grow until...they break free! HORAY! The tadpoles are free and ready to go into the wild. It can take three days to three weeks for this to happen.

Soon the tadpoles will grow into froglets. Froglets are so cute. Froglets is the stage before frogs, the last stage. Once the froglets get older they will grow long tails. Then they will grow into real frogs and get their true colors.

Frogs usually eat crickets, snails, spiders, insects, worms, even small fish! And as everyone knows they love to eat flies. Some of frogs predators are birds and fish. Some types of fish are predators, but some are their prey. Usually they eat the small fish.

Frogs live on every continent except Antartica. They do not migrate. They prefer warm water though. You can find frogs in your backyard. Sometimes zoos have frogs.

The common colors for frogs are brown, yellow, green, and black. Most frogs have sticky hairs to protect them. Some frogs can change color depending on their surrounding like chameleons. They are all unique in different ways.

The smallest frog ever was as small as a cheerio. Some frogs can leap fifty feet. I hope you learned a lot about frogs.

Sophia Wibbenmeyer
3rd grade Walker

Weeping Willows

Before man was here, rivers were made, and weeds were mean, there were the wise Willows. These wise Willows had explored the Earth, traveling to and fro, here and there. Therefore, these Willows were wise. The animals of the forest would travel to the Willow woods to question the Willows. When they fought, they would ask the Willows how to solve their quarrels and the Willows would tell them. The Willows were content with this and so the world was peaceful until the Willows grew old and sick. They had no way of reproducing. There was no water. The animals started quarrels, and could not solve them without the Willows. The Willows noticed that the animals grew distrusting of each other and wept because the Willows wanted to help but did not have the strength. The Willows wept and wept, and from their tears came rivers from which the animals drank from every day. The animals and Willows drank from the river together so they could stay young and full of wisdom. Now you always see the Wise Willows next to their Rivers. They have stopped traveling and stayed instead to help the good animals of the forest, for helping others gives the Willows of the River joy. The animals grew wise, for the Willows had taught them all the wisdom they needed to sustain themselves, and more. After some time, the animals tired of the Willows and had no use for them, so they met to discuss how they would get rid of the Willows. They decided to create a new species that would get rid of the Willows. They called this species 'man'. 'Man' would make themselves tools to get rid of the Willows, or would have another use for the Willows. What man decided to do with the Willows did not matter, for it would get rid of the Willows. Hence the creation of man. Man learned to love the Willows, for they had been created just past Willow forest. They explored and made their home near the Willows. The Willows knew that man would be wiser than the animals, but knew that if they taught man wisdom, man would become like the animals. The Willows had heard the animals and knew that the animals had no use for them. They fled to a new world and brought man with them. They would teach man how to make a fire, and then they would watch man learn with their own knowledge. When man quarreled, the Willows watched as man solved their problems together. The Willows thought that man was ready to learn what a friend was. The Willows provided man shade, shelter, and comfort. Man learned to do those things for others and to have hospitality. Man grew so friendly that they knew of every animal, but grew wiser than the animals because they worked together. They were the most successful beings, and became good friends with dog and cat. They thanked the Willows for all that they had done.

Zoe Wiemeyer

5th grade Elm

The Stoppers

One summer day in Pennsylvania, a girl named Ellie was writing a letter to her friend back in Illinois. Last summer she had moved from Illinois to Pennsylvania. In the letter, she told her friend about the school year. She said the school year was good until...

On the third day of school a new kid came in. Her name was Emily. That day I asked her to play hopscotch with me and my new friends. She said, "hopscotch is for losers and I'm allergic to losers". She pretended to cough and sneeze and then she walked away.

When I got home I told my parents about what had happened that day and my mom asked, "Is the teacher aware?"

"No.", I said, and my mom told me her idea. She told me to ignore her. I said that I would try.

The next day Emily stole my special erasers, kicked my seat, and called me mean names, but all when the teacher wasn't watching. That day I told the teacher what had happened. She said, "say 'stop' and I will turn around". The next day she stole my crayons, I said, "stop" and the teacher turned around and watched. The same thing happened at gym and music. When I said, "stop," the teachers turned around and listened. The same thing happened with other people. When people bullied them, they said, "stop". We made a club called "Stoppers" and the rest of the year was great.

When Ellie was finished, she put the letter in the envelope and then the mailbox. She hoped her friend had a good time too.

Kaylie Wolowick

3rd grade Walker

Zoos – My Opinion

You've probably gone to a zoo before and you probably loved it. You might even still love zoos. You would probably never see the types of animals that are living in zoos if there were no zoos. But is seeing those animals worth it when the animal's lives are in danger? Because in my opinion, the answer is no.

Animals are in danger when they are cooped up in zoos. Zoos are unhealthy for animals because they're not used to their zoo environment. Being in the zoo causes animals to get physically and mentally destroyed. Animals also become mentally disturbed and often need to be given drugs to calm down. This can cause side effects such as: vomiting, decreased to no appetite, much lower activity levels and stomach issues. Zoos also make animals very stressed. For example, when big cats such as lions and tigers are unhappy or stressed, they do something that is called "pacing". This is when the animal walks back and forth over and over again. A study has shown that in zoos, big cats pace 40% of the time. Along with that, another study showed that elephants act up in a stereotypical mode 48% of the time. This is why zoos are very unsafe, dangerous and unhealthy for the animals.

Along with zoos being unhealthy for the animals, zoos are not even helping animals that are endangered. The reason zoos are not helping endangerment is because only 5% of animals in zoos are even considered "endangered". That means that 95% of animals in zoos are not endangered and don't need to be there. Additionally, only 1% of animals are released back into the wild, which means most zoo animals are not getting to live their full life expectancy. Animals that live in zoos only live 1/3 the amount of time as those living in their natural environment. Zoos only send 2% of their animals to breeding stations, so it doesn't seem like they are trying to decrease the amount of endangered animals or trying to save them. Zoos say that they love their animals and they are helping the endangered, but I am pretty sure they are not doing much loving, caring and saving of the animals currently in zoos and the many more animals to come.

In conclusion, zoos are unhealthy, dangerous and not safe for the animals because they cause them mental, emotional and physical issues. Animals that live in zoos live shorter lives and the Zoos are not doing much to decrease those type of animals that are endangered animals. Therefore, in my opinion and hopefully now yours, animals should not be in zoos, whether they are endangered or not, zoos are not necessary.

Griffin Wood
5th grade Elm

An Actual Story

So... um, how do I start this? First, I guess, I should tell how that annoying tornado grabbed my house then dropped me off before I explain how my experience was in Flying Pig Land. This is how the story starts. I was doing my project for school, and I live at-wait! I was just about to tell you my address! Sorry, I can't reveal my identity. If I did, someone might track me down. Don't listen to me if I slip and say something bad. Actually, please forget whatever I say as soon as I say it. Ok, you're probably getting bored, so let's get started.

Here we go. I was in a 'random' room, doing 'random' things, when that stupid twister came. I don't know how, but my house got pulled up and thrown back down. Then the wind caught the house and lifted it back up. That happened for a while, until the house landed with a CRUNCH! I ended up being sick onto the floor. Oops. I opened the door, and it fell off its hinges. Oh well, I won't repair that anytime soon. As I stepped out, chaos came. Pigs zoomed around, flying this way and that, even crashing into trees! Yes, you heard me right. I said PIGS. It looked like a dangerous piggy warzone. It was hard to figure out where the house landed, but I think I was in a forest.

Just then, a pig materialized out of nowhere and just crashed into my house, leaving some shards of a window. I admit, I may have freaked out a bit. Maybe screamed a few times. But that's not important. This man came out of a tree that was seriously snapped in half. He was an old person, and he had this gray(grey, if you live in the UK) beard that grew halfway down his body. "Hello," the guy said.

“What are you doing here, mortal?”

‘Mortal?’ I thought. I told him how that weird wind came and picked up my house.

“Ah, the Transport Tornado.” he said when I finished. “Mostly goes along the magical path, but once in a while slips away. I’ve never seen a mortal in Flying Pig Land, though.”

“Where are we located?” I asked. “And why do you call me a mortal, like you’re not?”

“Well, as you can probably tell, this place is magic not like the human world. We are different from regular people because we live here.” ‘That, like, totally clears it up.’ I also noticed he didn’t answer the first question. I decided not to ask again.

The old man led me to a little cottage beside a river. At first, I didn’t really trust this guy because he was a complete stranger, and don’t think you should follow strangers. He opened the door. “Come on in,” the man smiled mysteriously. I wandered in. The guy closed the door, and locked it. I was a little nervous about that, but I stayed calm. He reached into a dark hole in the ground, and when you looked through it, all you could see was a void. Then he grabbed an evil-looking thing in there and took it out...

To Be Continued... The End (for now)

Harrison Zhang
5th grade Walker

Martial Arts

Most Wednesdays I go to martial arts after school, but this week I went on Saturday because that’s when the tests are given. I took the test to advance from white belt to yellow belt.

My test was at 8:30 in the morning. We warmed up with 20 jumping jacks. Then we did our white belt form. To do the hand technique, we did the down block, middle block, high block, outside block, knife hand, and tae kwon do. We practiced blocks because it is important to defend ourselves. The foot technique included roundhouse kick, sidekick, and front stand kick.

After we warmed up, the test began! The masters had us jump hammer fist in their hands. I was good enough for the bigger board. I was given a 12-inch board to break. I broke the board on the very first try. Surprisingly, my hands didn’t hurt. Because I successfully demonstrated my technique and broke the board, I moved up to yellow belt!

To break the board for yellow belt in the near future, I need to do a roundhouse kick. This is harder because I need to use the top of my foot. I look forward to learning different techniques. Each belt has different stripes, red, green, yellow, and blue. Each belt is hard to earn. I hope to get my black belt by the time I graduate from 8th grade.

Lehan Zhang
3rd grade Elm

District 181 Foundation

The Balloon Festival



I was very nervous sibling and me that we festival in a few days.

Although I was wait for it. I was nervous balloon at the zoo and I was petrified.

“Ahh! There are flames and noises!” I remember saying. I also remember trying to run away from it. I was so nervous.

It took us more than 3 hours to get to Glens Falls. My sibling kept pestering me by talking about how much “fun” we’d have.

“I can’t wait! We’ll eat festival food, and we’ll see the Moon Glow! It’ll be so fun!” my sibling kept saying. Even with my sibling chattering about what we will do, I was nervous the whole way.

After the long car ride, we parked in a huge, open field at Crandall Park. We walked through crowds of people to the entrance. The line at the entrance was long, so I looked at the balloons on the field. The festival seemed interesting and fun. Like my sibling, I was interested, but I was still a little bit nervous. When we got through the gates, we went to see the balloons up close. They were all scattered on the giant field.

The balloons were very decorative. There were even some balloons with unusual shapes. My favorite balloon was pink and purple with blue and green swirls.

“Look at that flower shaped balloon!” I said,

“That’s pretty,” said my mom.

“Did you see the cake balloon?”

“Yeah.”

“How about the chocolate covered strawberry?”

“No. Where is it?”

It’s close to the pink and green balloon and the blue and green balloon.” We had so much fun looking at the balloons. The festival was actually more fun than I thought it would be!

We met a balloon pilot, and he let us climb into one of the baskets. The balloon was shaped like a peach. He showed us the burner and explained how the balloon rises.

“The heat from the burner will make the balloon rise,” he said.

“That’s very interesting,” said my mom.

“Do you have any questions?”

“How high do the balloons fly?” I asked.

“Most balloons fly at 2,000 feet high. Some have traveled 8,000 miles,” he explained

“That’s so cool!” I said. I was enjoying the balloon festival. It wasn’t scary at all.

We looked at more balloons, and we visited other sites. We also ate some festival food. It was so fun! I couldn’t wait for the Moon Glow! After an hour or two, the sky darkened, and the Moon Glow finally began. I watched as the balloons started glowing in the dark.

Then huge balloons started to rise. Then, I noticed my favorite balloon was last to rise.

“Best for last!” I said in my mind. I had a great time at the balloon festival especially the Moon Glow.

ever since my mom told my were going to a balloon

nervous, my sibling couldn’t because I once saw a hot air

Sophia Zou

District 181 Foundation



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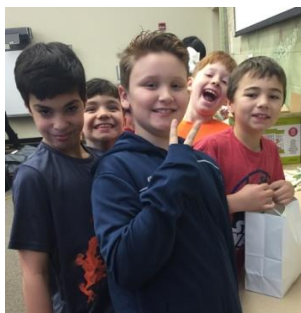
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