



D181
Young
Writers
Night

HOSTED BY THE DISTRICT 181 FOUNDATION

February 21, 2019

Hinsdale Middle School



HOSTED BY THE DISTRICT 181 FOUNDATION

February 21, 2019
6:00pm - 9:00pm
Hinsdale Middle School

6:00pm

Check In

Book Sales & Signing • Writing Activities

6:25pm

Introductions

Keynote Speaker James Kennedy

7:00pm

Breakout Session A

7:30pm

Breakout Session B

8:00pm

Open Mic Coffee House

Keynote Speaker – James Kennedy



James Kennedy is the author of the young adult fantasy *The Order of Odd-Fish*.

He is also the founder and director of the 90-Second Newbery Film Festival, an annual national video contest in which kid filmmakers create short movies that tell the stories of Newbery-winning books in about 90 seconds.

When he's not touring the film festival across the country in its usual February-May season, he teaches filmmaking and writing workshops at various schools throughout the year.

He lives in Chicago with his wife and two daughters.

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

Erin Bielski, John Bielski, Matt Bousquette, James Fawley, Suzanne Furey, Mridu Garg, Milton Harris, Andy Janes, Michelle Lipman, Tracey McCarroll, Lois Mejdrich, Maureen Miks, Heena Musabji, Sue Oliva, Chris Pequet, Dave Pequet, Danny Riehle, Jennifer Stout, Elizabeth Westover, Susan Wilson

District 181 Staff Members

Dr. Hector Garcia, Dr. Kathy Robinson, Dana Bergthold, Jean Duggan, Ramona Brorson, Bill Cox, Tiffany Egan, Cheryl Esparza, Aubrey Ignace, Robin Ingstrup, Amy Ostrowski, Patricia Pappas, Jeremy Pomeroy, Sarah Recktenwall, Nicole Rudd, Danielle Scacco, Jessica Schultz, Heather Scott, Alyssa Senese, Tina Senese, Meaghan Sheridan, Donna Vorreyer

Special Thank You

Special thank you to Sara Clarkson columnist from The Doings, Lauren Lee editor-in-chief of the Hinsdale Central *Devil's Advocate* (print edition) 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 Hotchkin Arts Program at The Community House for emceeding the Open Mic Coffee House.



Learning Sessions

What's Feedback Got to Do With It?

The Art of Supporting Your Child's Writing at Home

Led by: Kathy Robinson, Dana Bergthold, Aubrey Ignace, Nicole Rudd, Jessica Schultz

Feedback is more than just grammar and editing! In this session, we will offer a wide variety of strategies you can use to support your child's writing. If you are interested in providing high-quality positive feedback on your child's writing - this session is for you!

**Music Room
(for parents only)**

Journalism Today: What is it? How do you do it?

Led by Sara Clarkson and Lauren Lee

Lauren Lee, editor-in-chief of Hinsdale Central's "The Devil's Advocate" print edition and Sara Clarkson, Doings columnist, will talk about what comprises Journalism today, which goes beyond print and air time to include social media and many other on-line resources. They will also discuss the basics of journalism which involves reporting a story, gathering facts and deciding what is important to the reader or viewer.

**Room 105
(for all ages)**

Screenwriting

Led by Bill Cox

Will you be the writer of the next hit Netflix series? With nearly 60% of the public streaming through services such as YouTube, Netflix, Amazon and Hulu, there appears to be no end in sight for the demand for new talent to produce content for audiences of all ages and interests. Join me as we explore the basic format all screenwriters follow and how each part of this format, depending on the author's skill, might contribute to or detract from the success of the overall script. Writing for the screen or the stage is writing in its purest form, stripped down to just three essential elements- dialogue, setting and action. These three elements, when done well, make up some of the finest films and stage productions of the past two centuries

**Room 224
(for all ages)**

Brainstorming Ideas - What to do when you get stuck

Led By Robin Ingstrup

Ever have the greatest story to tell, but when you sit down to write it, you draw a blank? Writer's block can happen to anyone, but it's easy to beat if you have the right tools. This fun, interactive session will help you overcome writer's block and help you to write the story you were meant to create. Brainstorming techniques and games will be taught to keep your ideas fresh and flowing.

**Room 223
(for all ages)**



Learning Sessions

How Not To Be A Robot

Led by James Kennedy

Room 225

(for all ages)

We've all read boring, pointless stories. Some of us might even have written boring, pointless stories! Why? Stories sometimes feel dead because the author is too afraid to fully engage with their own emotions. What are you secretly terrified of? What makes you deeply happy? What do you want out of life? What kind of person do you want to be? To write anything worth reading, you must wrestle with these questions. James Kennedy will share with you the methods he used so that you can unearth your own terrors, loves, and wants and use them to make your writing juicy, electric, and never boring.

Tabletop Role-Playing Games & Cooperative Storytelling

Led by Andrew Kudelka

Room 107

(for all ages)

Have you watched *Stranger Things* and wondered what Dungeons & Dragons was all about? You've probably seen or played video-game RPGs, but when was the last time you were in a room full of excited friends, acting out a character of your own design, rolling polyhedral dice, and making decisions that alter the course of an adventure in unexpected ways? This is what it's like having your creative imagination immersed in a living story! You get to WRITE, to DRAW, to PERFORM, and even exercise some MATH skills while choosing what to do! Join Instructor, Dungeon Master, and Comic Art Creator Mr. Andrew Kudelka for a brief history of tabletop RPGs, simplified Player Character creation, and a super-quick game session where you will get to roll dice and fight a MONSTER.

Parody Power

Led By Heather Scott

Room 221

(recommended for middle school students)

Parody: an imitation of the style of a particular writer, artist or genre with the deliberate exaggeration for comic effect. Some hilarious school-related parodies include: "Can't Stop the Reading" – a parody of "Can't Stop the Feeling" by Justin Timberlake, and "What Does the Teacher Say" – a parody of "The Fox" by Ylvis. What will you come up with? Join Mrs. Scott and croon into the creative and entertaining arena of writing witty parodies. Participants are encouraged (but not required) to come with a topic in mind and an idea for a possible song. But don't worry – we'll brainstorm too.

What Does "Show, Don't Tell" Really Mean? Exploring this Popular Writing Adage

Led By Meaghan Sheridan

Room 226

(for all ages)

"Show, Don't Tell" is far and away one of the most common pieces of writing advice. Unfortunately, it's also one of the most misunderstood. This popular writing mantra claims to be the key to rich and immersive storytelling, but what does "Show, Don't Tell" actually mean? Is it a technique you should truly pay mind as you work to improve your skills? And if so, how can you apply this popular piece of advice?

Student Writers

Name	Page	Name	Page	Name	Page
Alcala, Abigail	6	Gronlund, Amanda	34	Packer, Leah	62
Allegra, Siena	6	Hsieh, Adeline	34	Pande, Jashn	63
Apichai, Zaida	7	Hsieh, Amarie	36	Patadia, Rian	64
Apple, Harlan	8	Hughes, Marin	36	Patel, Shreemann	64
Aschinberg, Lucia	9	Hughes, Moira	36	Patel, Suhayla	65
Bansal, Aryan	9	Jiang, Natalie	37	Prasse, Cameron	66
Bansal, Milan	10	Kassir, Anthony	38	Rajput, Riyana	67
Barrios, Savie	10	Kim, Sophia	39	Raman, Anya	68
Berbas, Joanna	10	Krause, Kaelyn	39	Rao, Nikhil	69
Braden, Josephine	11	Krause, Kendall	40	Regal, Lillian	69
Braden, Wilhelmina	12	Lababidy, Fares	40	Regal, Luciana	70
Camplone, Fernando	13	Lababidy, Sam	41	Rush, Meredith	71
Cannan, Avery	14	Lin, Nate	42	Ryan, Summer	71
Cannan, Mason	14	Lipman, Megan	43	Ryan, Wesley	72
Carmody, Grace	16	Liu, Catherine	43	Sauer, Michael	72
Carmody, Nate	16	Liu, Jason	45	Shah, Aanya	73
Chase, Gillian	17	Liu, Xixi	45	Smith, Harper	74
Chase, Tommy	18	Makstenieks, Nathaniel	46	Sun, Max	75
Chaudhary, Aira	19	Marlovics, Nadia	47	Sweeney, Quentin	75
Chen, Darlene	19	Marringa, Natalie	47	Sweeney, Vivian	76
Chen, Jacob	21	Marringa, Nicholas	48	Tang, Mark	77
Chillo, Gabriella	21	Mason, Connor	49	Temple, Maddie	77
Chillo, Madison	22	Maxwell, Ian	50	Teuscher, Bodie	78
Cholevas, Marc	23	Maxwell, London	50	Tobolski, Olivia	79
Chou, Jocelyn	23	Maxwell, Smith	50	Trejo, Gabriella	80
Chung, Claire	24	McLaughlin, Katie	51	Tribe, Erin	80
Cortez, Rebecca	25	McLaughlin, Nina	51	Truong, Jacob	82
D'Arco, Eliana	26	Meltzer, Sarah	52	Ulrich, Andrew	83
Demetis, Peter	26	Mendez, Oliva	53	Villone, Leonardo	84
Doshi, Rikhil	26	Mendez, Sophia	53	Wang, Carson	86
Ebbert, Sebastian	27	Meyers, Jordan	54	Wang, Heather	87
Elk, Petra	28	Mikhail, Aaron	54	Wibbenmeyer, Sophie	88
Furey, Ally	28	Musabji, Sabil	54	Wittemann, Ben	88
Gannon, Claire	28	Musabji, Zahra	55	Wittemann, Charles	89
Gannon, Connor	29	Mushtaq, Ayla	55	Wood, Griffin	90
Gatzulis, Demetra	30	Musso, Avery	56	Wrobel, AnaSophia	90
Gatzulis, William	30	Nehme, Mia	56	Zahn, Coco	90
Gerami, Ava	31	Nehme, Sherene	57	Zapol, Aaron	91
Gerami, Charlie	31	Ng, Yicole	58	Zhang, Lehan (Sophia)	91
Goel, Aarush	31	Nystedt, Elliot	59	Zou, Sophia	92
Gong, Melina	32	O'Meara, Liam	60		
Green, Alexander	33	Owens, Emma	61		

The Five Senses

I wake up to see the bright peach sun shining glistfully over the horizon, emerging from the ground like a plant rising from the soil.

The sun sparkles and shines over the lake.

I see the green fields that spread for miles, like infinity, they go on forever, just like imagination.

I hear the wistful sound of birds chirping a song in my ear. They all sing blissfully in tune and in unison.

I hear the roosters crow as I awaken, it is the start of a new day.

I hear the sound of the bees buzzing, hopping from flower to flower.

I feel the covers wrapped tight around me. Keeping me warm and safe like a mother penguin to its newborn babies.

I am comforted by the soft touch, I feel like I am floating on a luscious cloud.

I taste the fresh summer air as it fills the room.

I can almost taste the smooth honey filling up in my mouth from the pollen that fills my mouth with a sweet taste.

I smell the flowers as their aroma moves throughout the summer air. Each and every flower has a different smell, they all have their own personality.

The smell of pollen fills my nostrils with a sweet sensation.

I smell the fresh green grass as it spreads through the fields.

After all, tis a new day.

Abigail Acala

CHMS Grade 7

I am trying to remember...

Way back when you were with me,

I am trying to remember...

Your warm sugar cookies on Sunday afternoons,

I am trying to remember...

How cold you always were and when it was 90 degrees you would wear a winter jacket.

When I heard you were sick I tried as hard as I could to make you happy,

I wanted you to survive this...

Everyone did,

The night you called us to say your last goodbye where unbearable,

My favorite person in the whole world was about to leave me.

I am trying to remember the one person that I didn't cry for when I was a baby,

I am trying to remember these songs you used to sing to me,

I am trying to remember the stories you used to make up to put me to sleep,

But the one thing I will never forget is your hugs that would make me just stop.

I will never write poems for anyone else but you,

You were my cherry to my stem

You were my cookies to my milk,

Grandma you were one of my first real friends,

When you left I had a spot in my heart that was broken,

That spot might not always be there
But you will always.

My dad always told me god takes the best of them,
And that was true, god does take the best of them,
Grandma I love you from the moon and back,
From your biggest fan, Siena

Siena Allegra
HMS Grade 6

February 15, 2018

Dick Durbin
Senator
230 S. Dearborn Street
Suite 3892
Chicago, IL 60604

Dear Mr. Dick Durbin:

I hope you are doing well in this cold weather. My name is Zaida Apichai, I am 13 years old, and a student at Hinsdale Middle School. I am writing to you because I am concerned about gun violence. Yesterday, I saw on the news that there was yet another school shooting where 17 students died in Parkland, Florida. There have been too many school shootings, and students should feel safe when going to school. The second amendment grants citizens the right to bear arms, but there must be limitations placed on who can buy guns and what types of guns they can purchase. I strongly believe that there should be more gun control because every year hundreds of thousands of people are killed by guns. We need gun restrictions which prevent guns getting into the wrong hands and which limit the types of dangerous weapons people can buy.

Gun control is necessary because every year thousands of people die from guns. If we can have reasonable gun control laws the number of people who die every year would most likely decrease. According to justfacts.com, in America around 16,459 people were murdered by a gun in 2016. This is a disturbing amount of people who died in just the U.S. As a student it worries me to hear of so many shootings. According to CNN, in 2018 there have already been 18 school shootings. Reducing the number of guns on the streets will not end gun violence, but something serious needs to be done to reduce the number of deaths.

I believe that one important gun control law is to have much stricter background checks. Background checks make it less likely for people who have a criminal history or mental illness to obtain a gun. According to a Lancet study, additional background checks would reduce the amount of firearm death by 56.9%. Also, background checks for people who want to buy ammunition could reduce death by 80.7% and gun identification requirements could lead to a 82.5% deduction in deaths. I think these statistics are very strong evidence that the U.S. should have strong background checks, and they support common sense that more backchecks are needed. According to guncontrol.procon.org, the majority of Americans, including gun owners support background checks. If the majority of citizen support more background checks, there in no reason to delay more laws.

As part of gun control, we should also limit the types of guns people can purchase. According to justfacts.com, firearms can be classified into three different groups which are handguns, rifles, and shotguns. Rifles, in particular assault rifles which are similar to weapons used by soldiers, are not necessary for regular people to use. Assault

rifles can be used to kill large number of people quickly and in the wrong hand are extremely dangerous. For example Nikolas Cruz, the student that shot 17 people in Parkland, Florida used an assault rifle. The Las Vegas shooter who killed over 58 people also used an assault rifle. If we limit the types of guns people have then shootings like this can be prevented.

I understand that the right to own guns is a constitutional right, and that even with gun control laws there will still be many gun deaths. However, we must do something to reduce the number of gun deaths and make people feel more safe. I want to be able to go to school or to the mall and not worry about a mass shooting. Laws which would put in place tougher background checks and limit the types of dangerous guns are an important step in keeping everyone safe. Thank you for your time and consideration on this important issue.

Zaida Apichai
HMS Grade 8

A House of Darkness **A Halloween Short Story**

One Halloween night, three friends were walking around the neighborhood trick-or-treating. They had scored loads of candy and were about to head home when suddenly, the sky turned black and the wind started howling as if a hurricane was coming. The boys ran as fast as they could down an unfamiliar street thinking it was a good shortcut that would get them home sooner. Unfortunately for them, the road zigged and then zagged finally stopping at a dead end. Just at that moment, the sky opened up and rain poured down. The friends needed to find a safe place and fast. They realized the only shelter on this strange street was a dilapidated old house. The yard was all dried up, and the spooky house had no signs of life and looked like it was on its last limb.

The boys peered through the windows and could see the house was empty. They tried the front door handle and to their relief it was unlocked. Inside, the walls were dark and gray matching the color of the sky. The air was filled with a faint, but unpleasant odor. The friends were too scared to try to identify the source, but it smelled like it was coming from something close by.

BOOM! Lightning crashed nearby and rattled the house as an earthquake would. The rain outside showed no signs of letting up, so the friends sat down and ate some of their candy to distract themselves from their mounting fear. As another bolt of lightning hit, the sound of a **telephone** ringing echoed throughout the house. They were puzzled. Why would there be a working telephone in this vacant old house? The telephone continued to ring and ring and ring until suddenly, a glowing green **specter** appeared and answered it. "Hello?" creaked a strange, eerie voice. "Sorry I can't come. I'm having people for dinner." The friends **inspected** the room and one of the friends grabbed their phone and took a **photograph** of the ghost. "No, I'm not having people over for dinner, they are my dinner!" The ghost said in a deadly tone. The friends stepped forward trying to get a better look at the ghost, shivering in fear when the floorboard creaked under them. The glow from the ghost faded away only to leave horrifying screams and a house of darkness.

Harlan Apple
HMS Grade 6

My Teacher

My third grade teacher is unique and wonderful. Her name is Mrs. Amy Grippando and she was also the Lane School's reading specialist a couple years ago. She is unique because she knows when I am not trying my best and rushing to get done. She knows me better than some of my friends. She also knows when I am trying my best and encourages me to keep it up. When there is trouble in the classroom she always tries to fix it so it doesn't keep going and get worse. She always takes time to be with us. She tells us we are amazing and fabulous. When she has to teach us a difficult lesson, she does her best to make it easier and fun so we aren't bored. Learning with her is always fun. Mrs. Grippando is the best teacher and I am lucky to have her this year.

Lucia Aschinberg
The Lane School Grade 3

Basketball

Basketball is a sport that is very popular and is one of the most widely viewed on TV. A lot of people really like basketball because it is a fast paced game and it always holds people's attention. The sport was invented by a Canadian physical education teacher named James Naismith because he wanted a sport that had less injuries than football. He created the sport because it could be played inside during the winter and athletes could keep conditioned. The first basketball hoop was a peach basket! Ten years after the sport was invented the peach basket was exchanged for a metal rim with a net. The sport has evolved from eighteen men in a gym in Springfield, Mass to now more than 300 million people playing the sport worldwide. If you are looking for a hobby that keeps you in great shape year round, doesn't need a lot of equipment, and is fun to play with friends, then basketball is your sport!

Learning the sport of basketball is not too difficult. Basketball is a team sport that involves two teams of five active players and each team is trying to score points against each other. Each team has to try and score points in the other team's basket. The size of the court, the height of the basket, size of the ball all depends on the age, size and skill level of the players involved. Basketball is a fast paced sport that involves a lot of activity such as shooting, dribbling, passing, rebounding, and defense. The game of basketball was invented with only 13 rules and it is very similar to those rules today. Compared to other sports, basketball is very easy to understand. For example, football can be more confusing to understand because of how the rules keep changing.

Another thing you need to know about basketball is that you don't need a lot of fancy equipment. For example, football needs a lot of equipment like pads, helmet, etc. Equipment can be expensive! Basketball can be a very cheap sport to play and you only need a basketball and hoop. Hoops can be expensive if you get one from the store but if you can't afford one then grab a basketball and head to your local park. You can play basketball anywhere, at the park, in the driveway and at a fancy gym.

Have you ever seen an out of shape basketball player? No! It is because basketball is one of the best overall exercises. If you want to get your heartbeat up and you are trying to get in shape, then basketball is perfect exercise for you. One reason why basketball is a great exercise is because it is a full cardio workout. Basketball is great for your heart and health because of how much you keep moving while you play and that keeps your heart rate up. If you are looking for a sport that develops hand eye coordination, basketball requires a finesse and skill along with full body coordination.

Finally, Basketball is a great way to stay fit and can help you make friends. It can be played alone or with as few as two people but requires 10 players for a game. Basketball is a great team sport where you have to help each other get to the other team's basket to score points. If it is a sport that is easy to learn, doesn't need a lot of equipment, and keeps you in great shape. If you want to be the next Michael Jordan and be "like Mike", head to your nearest hoop.

Aryan Bansal
The Lane School Grade 5

Traditions

A tradition that my family observes is our celebration of Diwali. The traditions we have focus on spending time with each other and praying for a new year of health and happiness. We gather together with friends and family and have a tasty meal with fun games and dancing and music. We also have festive drinks and snacks. On Diwali, we have lots of fun and we do sparklers and fireworks to bring light into the new year. We celebrate Diwali because it is part of our Hindu religion and it is the day that the gods killed the demons and made darkness disappear and light everywhere to all. On Diwali days, we keep our lights on in the house and many houses will decorate with lights outside too. This tradition happens in October or November but it is based on the phases of the moon. It is a lunar holiday.

Milan Bansal
The Lane School Grade 3

SNOW

My favorite thing about snow is that me and my brothers have snowball fights. We also build a snowman every year. I love school when it snows because when it snows outside it is sooooo pretty. One time there was an ice mountain right by the soccer field and everyone wanted to climb up and slide down. One thing that I don't like about snow is that I can't play soccer. I love snow because it goes on my playground and I like to slide down my slide.

Savanna Barrios
The Lane School Grade 3

Lemonade, Ice Cold Lemonade!

"Kindness is a gift everyone can afford to give."
-Unknown

Everybody always proclaims that kindness is a gift that everyone possesses. I believed that. And on September 23, 2018, on the corner of 57th street and Garfield my belief was confirmed.

The sun beat down on my classmates and I through the trees as we assembled on the corner. It was the perfect day for a sip of lemonade.

It all started on the first day of fifth grade when the word spread about Ms. DeRose. Everyone was shocked and saddened that she had just passed away.

Everyone was devastated.

Honestly, I never knew her. But that wasn't the point. I knew I had to assist her, or at least try.

A few weeks later, I jumped on the case. I went to none other than my best friends, Aanya Shah, Brynne O'Hare, and Sameea Patel. I asked them if they were interested in helping our dear teacher. We all were eager to get to do whatever we could do to help Ms. DeRose and her family.

Day after day, we thought about what we should do to support her cause. Then the idea hit us like a light bulb going on.

The idea was simple. A lemonade stand would be the perfect way to make a lot of money that would go a long way.

We got it done. Posters. Talks with the principle about the Go Fund Me page of Ms. DeRose and how we could put what we earned in the lemonade stand into it. Going on the school loud speaker. It all helped.

Now, here we are, trying to get every last car to stop for lemonade.

A car stops at the curb, another chance to support Ms. DeRose and her children.

"Help Ms. DeRose!" we shout.

"A dollar can make a difference in someone's life!"

"Help our teacher that recently passed away,"

The car roles past and drives along the street.

We did not lose the slightest bit of hope. We still had plenty more opportunities. Our curb was always busy, either the driver would accelerate down the road, or they would stop, smile, and order our pastries.

I look back at our lemonade stand. People hoarded around the table eagerly waiting to get our goods. Aanya Shah and Brynne O'Hare rapidly and swiftly assisted the costumers.

The stand had a pink poster attached to it and on it had the words: Lemonade Stand! Lemonade \$1. Cookie \$2. Brownie \$3.

Another car pulled next to our curb. The driver pulled down his window. Sameea Patel covered his order. He pulled out our income.

Then another car came, then another. Business was booming!

I took both cars.

"One lemonade and one brownie!" I hollered back to Aanya and Brynne.

Immediately, Aanya bolted towards me and handed me both of the orders. I quickly handed them both their orders, reminding them about Ms. DeRose, our dear teacher, and they paid almost double the price in donations.

They both grinned at me. Everybody that purchased our goods was polite and gracious. They knew that we were there for a good reason, so they pitched in to help.

It was near the end of the day, and the sun was taking its last glance at our stand. None of us acknowledged the fact. We kept on going, pretending we had just started. It had seemed that way. But then everybody stopped everything.

Our money was counted. We all waited in anxiety to hear the entire amount.

In 4 hours, a tiny lemonade stand, made 521 dollars. We all rejoiced and cheered. Every single person on the corner of 57th street and Garfield had a smile brighter than the moon.

A simple act turned into a gigantic deed of generosity.

But then it struck me.

We hadn't come here for the money, nor to waste time. We had come there for Ms. DeRose out of the kindness of our hearts.

We earned something much more valuable than money. We gained more kindness in our hearts than ever, and we were proud of it.

Joanna Berbas
Elm School Grade 5

The Fever

One night, I was burning hot. I was in my bed feeling upset and scared. I was just like any ordinary kid, but I was very sick. I was as sleepy as a hibernating bear. I cried for my mom, and my mom came running for me. I was as sad as a sad faced emoji and sweating bullets like I was one thousand degrees. I could hear the baby crying. My mom checked on me. I was only 5, so I did not know what was going on. My mom said, "Get dressed. We are going to the hospital now." I was very scared. Then, we left to go to the hospital, and my mom talked with a quiet voice to the doctor. I was going to be okay, but I had to do a test. The test turned out just fine. I knew I would be feeling

better soon. After that, I went to the hospital toy shop and bought a bear. Then, we went home, and I was happy to be home. My mom is absolutely the best mom ever. She took care of me and knew exactly what I needed. Her love is a super power, and no one else has it. I love her to the moon and back. Thank you, Mom. Thank you.

Josephine Braden
Oak School Grade 3

Daisy

It was a cool summer day in Walnut Creek, California. There was no surprise that it wasn't raining because it almost never rains cats and dogs in California. A slight breeze blew through the tall maple trees. It felt like autumn, the wind blew through my hair and the leaves danced down to the ground. I saw both of my parents in my car picking me and my sister up from my school called the "Red Firehouse." I thought this was odd, because my dad was supposed to be at work. Screech went my car as my dad pulled up perpendicular to the curb. I could hear my dad shout from afar.

"Hop in the car, we are going somewhere very special!" excitedly I jumped in the car.

"Why can't you tell me where we are going?! I murmured

"I have surprises," my sister said angrily as she too hopped in the car

"I just can't," my mom replied.

My family and I drove across the countryside. I could spot cows, horses and windmills in the long stretched prairies. The cows had a very fun time screeching Moo all day long. I couldn't wait to meet my furry friend.

About every single minute I asked, "Where are we going?" every single time I asked this my dad was deciding if he should tell me and my anxious little sister. Every single time I asked he refused to tell me.

Finally, he got so annoyed at me and my sister he almost exclaimed

"We are going..." but then my mom quickly shushed him.

After about 30 minutes of strolling along the countryside my mom exclaimed

"We are here!" I looked out my window and I could see a little ranch. By the look of the tiny property, I could tell that there were animals living on the land, and I was almost positive either a dog, cat or horse was here because of the smell of a wet animal. It was as hot as a desert at the ranch too.

I straddled out of the car at the speed of light. I quickly scampered to the door with my little sister Josie right behind me.

My mom screamed "We are getting a dog!" I could not believe my eyes. Me and my sister. A couple seconds later, to my surprise I was already in the ranch. There was big and small dogs of all shapes and sizes. But the breed was mostly Golden Retrievers and Labs.

One of the many workers at the ranch showed my family and I a Golden Retriever mix and a Chocolate Lab.

The worker shouted "The Golden Retrievers, name is Grace, she is about 18 months old."

"The Chocolate Labs name is Chocolate. Chocolate is six." Right away my sister and I knew that Grace was the one.

My sister and I replied "We want Grace." My mom and dad looked like they wanted Grace just like I wanted her. The worker at the ranch brought my family and my new dog to a field, where we could play with Grace before we brought her home.

"Grace looks so happy," I exclaimed.

My dad said "She's happy because before we came for her, she lived on the streets." "Why don't we pick a new name for her, because our cousins name is grace. My sister and I replied "That's a good idea."

"What name do you like?" my mom excitedly shouted. My whole family was thinking of a new name for our new dog. No one could think of anything until my dad replied

"How about Daisy?" My sister, my mom and me loved the name Daisy.

A couple hours later, we were done playing with Daisy. My family and I played with Daisy forever at the ranch. We played all sorts of games with her and gave her a lot of different treats

"Fetch daisy," I screamed. Daisy got her favorite treat and came back to me. Later on after a lot of play with my new dog Daisy, my mom and me went to get Daisy's collar.

"What color collar should we get Daisy?" I asked mom.

"Do you like this light red collar?" My mom replied.

"Yes," I answered. One of the workers at the ranch, carved Daisy's name, and where we lived on her collar efficiently. A couple minutes later Daisy's collar was done. I frantically ran past the long stretched field and past a little puppy who could not yet see, the store with the collars and much more. I scampered to my sister and my dad to show them Daisy's new collar.

My sister shouted. "Can I put Daisy's collar on Daisy?"

"Sure," my dad replied. My sister slipped Daisy's collar over her head to her neck. I walked past all of my new memories. I gently pulled Daisy by her leash and ran with her along the side of the ranch. A couple minutes later, my family and I were already by our black Audi.

My dad exclaimed "Was that a nice surprise," as he was setting my dog on the bottom of our car.

"I loved it," I shouted.

"Me too" replied my sister right after me.

"I knew you would like it," my mom excitedly replied. The car ride home was much more memorable with my little dog sitting right next to me. Again, I saw the countryside with the horses and the cows roaming on the humongous prairies. I also saw the windmills blowing on many cows backs and the bright blue sun up above. Another 30 minutes of waiting wasn't so bad because we had Daisy. We still have Dasie today. Now she is seven years old. But, this moment was unforgettable. Daisy is energetic and a fun loving little dog. Daisy is Definitely my favorite pet that I have ever had. Daisy is truly the best dog ever.

Willa Braden
Oak School Grade 5

UNDER THE RUG

It was a long walk up the stairs and down the hallway to my room. On the floor, I have a light brown rug. Two weeks ago I tripped on something under the rug. It felt like it scratched me. I looked behind me and in the moon light beaming from a crack in the door, I could see a lump under the rug. I could have sworn this lump stretched and wobbled, slowly opening what looked to be a mouth. This mouth, whatever you call it, was a large hole with tinted yellow spikes. You could see down into a pool of a glowing green liquid. I pick myself up and ran as fast as I could, but whatever was under that rug seemed to always point and move towards me. Then it deflated like a balloon. I dial 911, but I don't hear a ring. I bent down and saw the cable ripped apart, so I screamed "aaaaaaaaaaaaa."

Then I ran down the stairs to my other landline phone. This time I called the ghost specialist. I heard nothing, just silence, no ring, just silence. My fear kicked in when I realised there was only one thing to do and that's face the monster myself. I grabbed my diary and wrote what your reading at this moment. Now I will go back. I saw something forming right under my nose, so I grabbed everything in my path and threw it at that monster. He just ate everything. I could see that pool of glowing liquid all over me. I felt really dizzy because I was exhausted...

As I told this story, all the friends that were listening, had a dream about it that night. But who knows, it might come true.

Fernando Camplone
HMS Grade 7

She is She

When you look in the mirror who do you see,
When you look in a puddle who is she,
For me that she is she,
She who thinks the opposite of me.
She stays up till the sun comes high,
Where as I wake up to blue skies,
She could be athletic each day,
Where as I prefer singing, musicals, and plays.
The one in the mirror is the same as she,
She is the same as me,
And yet I am me and she is she,
And she is the opposite of me.
My "evil twin", who is she?
She is she, my best friend,
Only she gets me,
Because she is me,
Yet she is the opposite of me.
That one she is she,
And the one in the mirror is you're she.

Avery Cannan
HMS Grade 6

The Sea Super Heroes

Once there was a sea turtle who was very lonely until...dun dun dun he became super sea turtle!!
But he cannot fight alone he needs a Side kick. A side kick with super strength, super speed and just very super
super. So he was having super side kick try outs.

First up is Bobby octopus ooh I like this guy. "Now can you show me your powers?"

"Yes I can." Dun dun dun super telekinesis.

"We are in the water and everything floats."

Next...

'Hi I'm Cleve the clam. My super power is..."

"Next."

"But I didn't even..."

"Next!"

"I am the most popular out of the clams. You know when my folks find out..."

"Don't care. Next!"

"Hi I am Nelly the narwhal."

"And what is your super power Nelly?"

"Super speed and super strength."

"I think I might have found my side kick."

"Wow I'm actually the side kick of super sea turtle. Ok the first thing we have to do is get you a name.
You're name can be Nifty narwhal."

"No!"

"Ocean awesomeness."

"No!"

"Coral crime."

"That's more of a villains name."
 "Good point Nelly. Well then what will your name be?
 "Why not Super Narwhal? I mean your name is Super Sea Turtle. Why not?"
 "Super Narwhal it is."
 "Hopefully there will be a crime soon. I want to kick some bad guy's butt."
 Beep beep beep beep beep
 "well that was quick. What is it ?"
 "it is Mr. Star Fish trying to take over the sea world !!!!!!!!"
 "We have to stop him asap ?"
 "lets go to the pearl car here we are "
 "wow that's a lot of damage"
 "I know."
 "Omg he has lasers !!!!!"
 "It's a good thing we do too"
 "we do"
 "yup before you were my side kick I had my butler put them in for a better attack"
 "that is so cool"
 "lets move out"
 "yah"
 "Hey you Mr. star fish!"
 "me"
 "yah you what are you doing taking over the world"
 "well I just broke out of sea jail and I am trying to take over the sea world and make everyone my
 peasants why I have my reasons".
 "And I know exactly were to start with you"
 "No not with us "
 "oh yah "
 "run to the pearl car"
 "peasants destroy the pear shaped car"
 "destroy destroy destroy destroy"
 "run there destroying it way ahead of you ahhhhhhhhhh!"
 "We have to find a way to stop him or else he will kill us"
 "But how how will we stop him he has the hole ocean under a spell"
 "don't worry I know a way to stop him"
 "later on at the turtle cave"
 "so what we have to do is get the magical coral and stop him"
 "how do you know it will stop him"
 "no one can stop the corals magic"
 "So how do we get it"
 "we just have to go to the all powerful octopus the odd he is the one who can help us find the magic
 coral"
 "Finally something super cool that we get to fight. Were is octopus the odd"
 "just over that sea hill."
 "Later over the hill octopus the odd, got them the coral"
 "Now they can stop evil star fish!"
 "Now all we have to do is go to his layer and zap him and send him to jail"
 "we can't just send him to a regular sea jail we have to send him to sea catras"
 "Later...."
 "we have you now mr star fish"
 "you will never catch me ah ah ah"
 "not so fast look what we have"
 "omggggggggg you have the magic coral"
 "your bet yah"

“ahhhhhhhhh”

“zap zap zap”

“noooooooooo”

“your done pal”

“Thank you so much super sea turtle and super narwhal how can we ever thank you”

“you do need to we had fun doing it”

Mason Cannon
Oak School Grade 4

COSTA RICA

Last year over spring break my family, friends and I went to Costa Rica. We traveled by plane and bus to get there. When we arrived, I jumped in the pool and then I went into the hot tub. And then we got to our rooms. It wasn't as small as a hotel room but it wasn't huge. It was big enough to fit my family. There was a mini kitchen and a navy blue trundle bed for Nate and me.

The next day we went white water rafting. I put on my bathing suit, a shirt so I wouldn't get sunburnt, and my shorts. The rafts were big and yellow. My family and I each grabbed a paddle and helmet. We went down the hill and were given directions. Everyone got into the raft. Luke and I sat down in the center. I was nervous because I have never been white water rafting. What if I fell out? What if there's crocodiles? We got into the raft and then we met our instructor and said our names. The water was smooth at first. It started to get bumpy. We got to a spot where it was really fast and scary. The cold water was splashing us. It felt good. We got to a spot where you took a turn. There was a huge wave that splashed us. We passed by a huge rock that I thought was going to fall on us. Then we hit a smooth stream. At the end of the stream we came up on an enormous waterfall.

We spent time near the waterfall eating and feeding the fish. I was scared to get into the water but I ran in anyway. We rode the rapids to the end. We got out of the raft and we took a bus back to our rental house. That was a really fun vacation.

Grace Carmody
Monroe School Grade 3

Snowy Snow Globe

I just woke up in side of a snow globe! It's so cool! I'm in a snowy forest but I'm not cold at all. I'm going to build a snowman. I just finished, I'm suddenly very sleepy I think I should go to slee... . I just woke up! Everything has totally changed I'm now at a sunny tropical beach the water is as clear as glass. The sand is as soft as a pillow. I'm not wearing my clothes, instead I'm wearing swim trunks and a silk shirt. It's so cool here, first I will build a sandcastle and then I will play in the water and after that I will find wood to build a fire and maybe some food. OMG! I just found a mango tree, I am going to roast a mango over a fire. Note to self: roasted mangos are delicious. I piled up some leaves to make a bed now I'm going to go to slee... . I just woke up I'm back in my house apparently it was all just a dream so I hope I have a another dream like that it was fun.

Nate Carmody
Monroe School Grade 5

The Test Failures

Long ago, there was once a rich middle aged man whom had been known to have no good intentions. It is not that he had bad intentions, they just weren't good. He cared not for the people who lived on the streets, he cared not for his neighbors, and cared not for the wellness of the earth. He simply cared for himself. And because of his lack of care, he met his doom.

Why, you might ask, did he reach such a horrible end? Well, the start of his doom began on a cold night in the middle of a dark, moonless storm, where the only light came from the lightning in the sky. The man lived in a wide lavish mansion. The stone walls like walls of a thriving castle. Gothic gargoyles stood on pedestals lining the stairs and windows. Inside the house, it was even more royale like. The floors were shining oak wood or covered in the finest carpets ever sold at the square. Paintings of every kind seemed to be hung in every one of the many. Vases and mirrors at every turn. Everything he owned was a rare delicacy.

As the man slept in his larger than a king sized bed with silk sheets and feathered pillows, he heard a knock on the door. It was coming from a young woman who lived on the streets knocked on the great oak door of the man's lavish home. She was cold and hungry and ill, but she only came to seek shelter for the night. Growling and rumbling as he made his way down the stairs as his painting watching him closely, He reached the door. Opening the great gate sized door, the man saw the pale skinny woman with long and dark brown hair barely standing at the door. The man scowled as he asked,

"What do you want." His question was more like a statement than a question. The woman lifted her head revealing her surprisingly beautiful, delicate face gaze into the man's deep dark eyes.

"I seek only shelter for a few hours." She said, her wide blue eyes staring into his. "Please, good sir, let me sleep in your fine horses stable and you shall see me no more after this."

She wasn't even worth his stables he thought as he laughed. "Ha, and what would you give me as payment for my troubles." He questioned, amused that the woman was so desperate, "Do you have any coin at all?"

The woman looked into her pocket and pulled out one small copper coin. It was not even enough to buy half a pound of bread. The man laughed once more, "And that is all you have?" he said, even more amused. The woman shamefully lowered her head.

"Please," she whispered. "I am desperate." The man stared at her smirking. She had some nerve. He approached the woman till she was nearly half a foot away, and then did something that shall guarantee his death, he slapped the woman across the face. She fell and whimpered. He laughed for the final time and slammed his great oak door upon the woman.

He had failed the test.

The man laid in his giant great bed, sound asleep, oblivious to anything around him. Thunder crackled overhead. The man didn't even flinch. The thunder shouted even louder. He was a little more awake now, but still asleep. Then the thunder boomed overhead, making a noise louder than a thousand cannons firing at once. The man's eyes snapped open, his breathing heavy. He turned onto his back and looked up to the ceiling, but it was too dark to even see his own hand. He grumbled as he felt around for a match and lit one of his fine lanterns. He got out of bed and exited his massive room.

The man made his way to the kitchen, hoping to get a warm glass of milk, when he found that his utensil drawer was open. He scowled. He did not want his silver spoons, gold lined forks, or his finest steak knife to have a speck of dust on them. He was about to close the drawer when he realized that his steak knife was missing. He cursed out loud and fumbled through the drawer, looking for the knife. One of his forks fell on the floor. He groaned and reached down for his fork, then abruptly paused in absolute horror.

His lantern appeared to reveal a human shadow. He gasped, and turned around, but there was nothing there. He shook his head. It was so late, he was seeing things. Deciding he would continue to look for the knife in the morn.

As he headed upstairs, he heard a creek behind him. Ignoring it, he continued onwards. There was then a louder creek. The man still did not look behind him, but his polished faces reflected a slightly worried frown. Then, there was the sound of somebody landing from a height right behind him He gasped and whirled around There was nothing there. Then thunder cried out from the heavens and lightning flashed through the room, illuminating the areas around the room. And in that brief moment, when the lightning flashed, the man saw something that

made his heart stop. He saw the outline of a human figure holding a large knife. The man cried out, but as soon as the lightning light was gone, the lanterns glow showed no such thing. Only an empty stairwell.

The man began to run towards his room. He quickly opened then slammed his door. He leaned against his door. *He was going mad* he thought. *Maybe he was so tired that his brain was not functioning right. That was it*, he decided, there was nobody else in his house but himself. Nobody. *Nobody at all. No poor woman, no mass murder, nobody but him.* But the man still locked his door. He still made sure there wasn't anybody in his bathroom. He still made sure that his windows were firmly shut. And he still looked under his bed, like a child looking for a monster. He sighed then climbed into bed. But he didn't fall asleep. He kept his lantern lit, just in case. Not that he would need it, no, it was just in case there was a knock on his door that he needed to answer, or... or he had to go to the bathroom. Yes, that's it. *He was acting like a child!* Then slowly, *slowly*, he began to fall asleep.

A few hours earlier, the tester was walking down the smooth dirt road. They wore a hood, preventing any soul from seeing their face. The tester walked by the man's house, that is when they saw the woman still lying on the man's door step. The tester walked over to the doorstep and looked down at the woman. She was not moving. They reached down and felt for a pulse on the woman's wrist. There was no pulse. The woman had been so weak to begin with, that shortly after the man had struck her, she had died in front of the man's great oak door. The tester made a ticking sound. *The man had failed the test.* You see, it was bad enough to have to take the test, only the least caring people had to take the test, but to fail the test, well tested must be punished, and the way the man had specifically performed on the test, meant the worst punishment. The tester removed their hood revealing a beautiful face wit bright, blue eyes and long, dark hair. The tester was exactly identical to the woman lying in front of the great oak doors.

The man woke up with a start. Somebody was knocking on his door. But that was not what was upsetting him. Somebody was knocking on *his bedroom door*. The man didn't move. He listened as somebody fuseled with his crystal door knob. Then for a moment, the only noise was the man's quickly increasing heartbeat. Then, the door creaked open. The man gasped. It was too loud! Now the person at the door knew he was awake! He was doomed! He closed his eyes tight, hoping, praying that the person didn't hear him, but when he opened his eyes, he saw the woman nearly on top of him, with *his* knife in her hand with the tip of its blade ponting at his heart. He sat up right then yelled,

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME!" The woman didn't even seem to react. Slowly, in a voice that should have been kind but was instead empty, the woman said,

"You failed the test."

Thunder shouted over head.

Gillian Chase
HMS Grade 8

The Giant Wave

Have you ever seen a gigantic wave? I have. We were going to a beach in Florida Siesta Key and when we were there the waves were giant! We made a game where we crawl on are knees in a sand bar and try to avoid waves. I said, "There are jellyfish in the waves!" No one believed me until we all saw some and we freaked out!

After that a little wave came and it was kinda funny until...A GIGANTIC WAVE CAME AND KNOCKED ME AGAINST THE GROUND! I couldn't breath or get back up. I was really scared! The wave was really powerful! A dead jellyfish floated by me. Then all of the sudden I could get back up again.

Once I was back up I was so happy I felt like I was going to explode. We all were so relieved! We headed back before another wave come. It was time to go home after that so we packed up and went to are room and ate dinner. I don't think I'll ever forget that giant wave.

Tommy Chase
Monroe School Grade 3

Adrift

The thuds and short fairly abrupt yells I heard on the other side of my bedroom wall had become a part of my everyday life. Everytime it begun, my routine started. I opened my door slowly, and tiptoed down the hall to my six year old brothers' room. He was crying, teardrops trailing their way down his cheeks onto his wheelchair.

"It's okay," I cooed to my brother, his lip still trembling, head slightly turned to look at me. I picked him up, laying his four foot body on the mattress. Silence filled the house, but it shortly disappeared after the screams from the living room started once again.

"When are we doing it?" He finally asked, gripping his only teddy bear in his arms. The fear in his brown eyes was replaced with something I have yet to see in a six year old - anger, question, pain.

"Doing what, Rudy?" I asked my brother, stroking his light brown hair. It reminded me of Mama's, the only thing any of us had left of her.

"Running away... from Papa." I could tell Rudy was sick of living his life in fear, not being able to have a real childhood like the kids in movies and storybooks. Yet it wasn't just our abusive father that he was afraid of, it was the pure strictness and corruption all around us, all around Venezuela, filling our lives with dread and misery, suffocating us, slowly, slowly, slowly. It was the corruption and hatred of our own government that prevented us from leaving years ago, when we had the chance, when we had mom. It wasn't that we had nowhere to go, but that we had no one to help us. I had to step up and give Rudy what he needed, what he deserved. I just didn't know how.

Realizing that I had been lost in my own thoughts for a few minutes, I opened my mouth to answer, but as soon as I began to reply, glass was thrown against the wall, and the loud shatter left Rudy crying again.

"Stay here," I advised my little brother, as I set his unmoving body into the almost-broken wheelchair. "I'll be back, okay?"

I didn't wait for his response. Getting up, I quickly ran out of the room and darted through the hallway, no family pictures covering up the bare walls. As I approached the living room, I stuck my head out of the doorway, surveilling my surroundings. Beer bottles and broken glass covered the carpet and a sea of holes lined the white walls - a result from Papa spewing his anger out on the house. Luckily, today, he didn't spew his anger out on us. Still scanning my surroundings, I saw Papa sitting in the corner, crying, dried blood lining his fists. I grabbed a knife from the kitchen counter, hid it in my back pocket as I always did, and started my long, torpid walk toward him. As soon as he saw me, he stood up, and my grip on the cool, hard handle of the kitchen knife tightened, leaving my knuckles white.

Aira Chaudhary
CHMS Grade 8

Heyhey and Yo-yo

Maybe if I hadn't moved to Seattle this wouldn't have happened. I wouldn't be floating in mid air, I wouldn't be running through a maze only to find myself back to where I started, but most of all I wouldn't be trapped in a whole new dimension with my new friend Yo-yo. Let me tell you how it all began, the start to all this chaos.

Scratch, scratch. What is that? I slowly stand up ready to pounce. From the corner of my eye I see a blur of white. Gotcha! I jump up with blinding speed and catch Yo-yo easily. You see, Yo-yo and I are complete opposites except the fact that we're both whoodies. I have pitch black fur while yo-yo has snow white fur. I'm a boy and she is a girl, and my owner is the nicest person in the world while hers is..... well, not exactly the kindest person I've ever met. Stephanie calls me in because it starts raining and I say goodbye to Yo-Yo.

As soon as it stops pouring I sprint out the door to soak up as much Vitamin D as possible. Sniff, sniff. Hmmm something smells off. Right in the corner of the fence I start digging and hear a deep rumbling noise coming from underneath. Suddenly, the ground gives way and I plummet into what feels like never-ending darkness at a gajillion miles per hour. Oof. Luckily I land on something soft and smooth. Check, nothing broken.

What is this place? Wait, something smells familiar. Once I pick up a scent I never lose it. Yep, it's him. Bob, the mailman.

I always knew there was something suspicious about him. I mean, what kind of person just shows up at people's houses giving them random pieces of paper? Anyways, I gently and warily stand up, careful not to bump into anything, and start following the scent trail. I can finally get rid of that no good creep who keeps trying to sneak into the house. Thump. I spin around tornado fast and let out a low growl.

"Chill, it's just me!" someone calls.

"Yo-yo?!?! How'd you get down here?" I reply.

"Everyone is looking for you! You have been missing for hours, Stephanie is going mental!"

Hours? I could have sworn I was only down here for a few minutes.

"Well?" Yo-yo says, "how do we get out?"

"I dunno! But first we have to catch that little snitch, Bob."

I explain everything to yo-yo and she agrees to help me go catch Bob and then we can find a way to get out of here. We continue to follow the scent and I finally see some light ahead.

"Over there!" I say, "light!"

We quicken our pace and head towards the light. Woah! I slip right near the end of a cliff and hear a stream running right below. A couple of rocks fall over edge an— no, they're not falling, they're floating.

Woah. I slowly reach out my hand and it feels like nothing. "Jump," I say.

"What? Are you insane?!" Yo-yo replies.

I completely ignore her and take a deep breath, thinking that this is the dumbest thing I'll ever do, I walk right off the cliff and just like I suspected I am hovering in mid-air a foot away from the cliff. Astonished, I slowly push off the cliff and shoot a couple yards through the air.

Yo-yo finally works up enough courage to follow me and gently pushes herself off the edge of the cliff. How is this possible? It's like there is no gravity! After what feels like an eternity we finally make it to the end of the stream hovering above the ground. Wooooaaahh. "

Yo-yo!" Too late. Something sucks me inside and I black out.

"Heyhey! Over here!" Yo-yos voice calls. I look up to see her floating 10 feet above my head. I look down and realize that I'm floating too. "Wow, well it took you long enough. You've been out for almost an hour now and from the information I have gathered apparently we are in the sky world and every month a portal opens up. That little tunnel we fell into? It was supposedly the entrance to the portal. Crazy, right?"

"How do we get back?" I ask. But something catches my eye. Is that what I think it is? It's my old squeaky tennis ball that Stephanie threw away earlier this year! There's more: my old toy bone, my blanket, my tug of war toy, etc. We follow my trail of floating toys for a little while and it leads us to a floating mansion.

"What do we do now?" asks Yo-yo.

"I guess we scratch," I say unsurely, "we need to know how to get back." Yo-yo and I both start scratching at the door and after a few seconds I hear footsteps coming toward us. Creak.. a young woman opens the door.

"Oh my! What do we have here! Earth creatures! How in the world did you end up here? Come in." Yo-yo and I exchange a look and follow her in. "Now Misty, you behave." A fat Persian cat hisses at us and then sinks back into the shadows. Right then and there I know that I am not going to get along with that cat. The next half hour Yo-yo and I sleep like babies while the woman makes some food for us. Mmmm, having some food in my stomach makes me feel a whole lot better. Now we need to get down to business, find a way to get back to earth without having to wait for another month.

"So you want to get back to earth, huh?" Misty questions.

2 hours later

"We're almost out!" A tremor passes through the ground, "Yo-yo did you feel that?" I look behind us and see the ground crumbling into dust. "RUN!!!"

To be continued.....

Darlene Chen
Walker School Grade 5

Hidden

Chapter 1

The year was 2050. A good, new year. The 2040s had been a science revolution after landing on Arajuris, a planet in the solar system of Cahzevso. Louippe had settled into his new home. He liked Thunder Bay because it was peaceful and calm and on beautiful Lake Superior. Not like Lyon and Toronto. His family moved for safety because Lyon and Toronto were going to be struck by Russian bombs. Those bombs could travel anywhere on Earth. Sadly, now Russia and the Northern North American Union (the NNAU) could strike each other through the Bering Sea and the Arctic. Before, conventional warfare had been used. Now that a country used nuclear weapons everything was going to change. Hopefully the treaty would keep the world safe. Louippe's family was very poor. The world's stock markets crashed because of the war. Many things were expensive. Louippe's family did not have a lot. They knew the world was not a safe place to be. What could they do? How would the world be in time? Maybe the 10-year carbon dioxide level threat would not matter because the world would cease to exist. Louippe was worried like the billions of people in the war zone. Maybe the world would heal and everything would be saved.

Boom! In the distance, a nuclear weapon was dropped. A test launch was not an attack. Louippe heard the crash. A super-bomb was launched and exploded. Louippe heard the bomb from 50 miles. Louippe lived in Canada, which was not part of the United States now trying to fight the Russians, North Koreans, Chinese and Iraq. On their side they had the Northern North American Union (the NNAU). The NNAU included the United States and Canada. The NNAU also had the United Kingdom, Germany, Japan, South Korea, Indonesia, France and all of the Commonwealth continent except Hong Kong (part of China). India had been against China so they were in on the Northern North American Union.

Political tensions were very low within countries, but not at the international level. The tensions with the East and Middle East were high. The Far East and West was in pure hatred with the East. The Soviet Union came together again and was communist. Cuba had tensions with NNAU, so the NNAU had a war and now had a new colony? The Cuban people were very relieved to be under the control of good people and not the bad, mean dictator Yamsue Rejliufugurya. Italy was now on the NNAU side because of its hatred of Russia. Many countries in the East were communist and the West *hated* communism. It was a very bad way of government.

All sorts of things were very scarce because the NNAU could not get things from China or oil from Saudi Arabia. Louippe did not have many things. He did have a free pass to go across Lake Superior to warmer climates. The bomb called "Sierra 2000" was tested near the border of Ontario, Manitoba and North Dakota. Life was safe in Thunder Bay. It was far away from major cities like Minneapolis, Chicago and Detroit. Those cities will probably get hit by bombs from Russia. Many countries signed treaties so each country could launch only one bomb per year. If it was big. One bomb per side per year. Testings counted. No bombs for each side for a year now. So Louippe was happy. Nuclear war was their biggest threat. The climate crisis had been down a lot. Carbon Dioxide use had gone down by 40%, 20% more than was likely to happen in ten years or so?

Jacob Chen
Madison School Grade 4

The Day I Met Libby

Once upon a time there was a puppy. She was a dog at Petland across the street from Target. No one really went to that Petland so she was kind of lonely. One day a mom and her three daughters went to that Petland. Earlier in the summer our family had to move and our mom promised to get us a dog. Mom said, "Why don't we go and look at some different kinds of dogs to see what breeds we like. We need a hypoallergenic breed because we are allergic. Remember we are just looking, we are not getting a dog today." We looked at a Golden Doodle first. She kept biting and jumping on my sisters and I. We decided to see another breed, so we saw a Teddy Bear Shitzu. She was in the middle, not the most rowdy and pretty sweet. We saw a King Charles Spaniel but he made my mom

sneeze. Then we took a break and looked at bunnies and hermit crabs. My mom wanted to see one more puppy. She was a Lasa Apso, black and white just like a panda bear. She was calmer than the other dogs and seemed very loveable. She was alone in her cage and seemed very sad to be in her cage. My mom loved her so much, she facetimed my dad and asked if we could get her. He said we'd go back and get her in the morning, but mom couldn't leave the puppy at the Petland. She happened to leave her purse at my grandpa's house as it had just been Christmas and she left it at his house. He lives an hour away so we all got in the car and raced towards my grandpa's house. We hoped to make it in time to come back and get the dog that night. We were lucky that grandpa agreed to meet us half-way because it was nearing closing time at Petland. We drove to Petland and got our sweeey girl Libby. Nothing is ever the same when you get a puppy. She is a lot of work and has a lot of energy, but we wouldn't trade her for any other dog.

Gabriella Chillo
Oak School Grade 3

Katie Jones was hysterical to her classmates. However, she was a perfectly normal girl. She loved reading, and writing, and was pretty good at math. She played soccer, and swam, and played baseball. She loved to code computers, and bake. So why did her classmates take her as a joke? Katie Jones was the world's biggest klutz. Slipping, and tripping was her profile. Ruining things was her resume. She was bullied, "Hey klutz! What did you mess up today!" Or "Murphy's law!" Were just a few of they're punchlines. Katie Jones was known as the klutz of Pines Forest Elementary School, and she hated it.

Honesty, Katie excepted it before. It all started in second grade when Katie's mom had enrolled her in baking class with the most popular girl in her grade. Avery Whitehaul. She was known for gossiping. If you get a reputation from Avery, it sticks to you like glue. Katie was all done using the flour for her cupcake batter, when she went to take it back to the supply shelves where all the ingredients were shelved. When she accidentally tripped on her shoelace, spilled the flour, then her shoe came off, it knocked into the sink, which turned it on, then she fell into it getting her face all wet, then the spilled flour stuck all over her face. And everyone in class found it hilarious. "Kutz!" They yelled, "Joke!" They all screamed. But she laughed with them. However, she knew it wasn't the excess flour that was giving her a funny feeling. From then on she was known as Katie klutz Jones.

Three later she was still known as klutz. But now she was known as the klutz of the town, However, Katie did not overreact and blow her cover. Today she called the teacher over to report that the water fountain was jammed, then the water splashed in her teachers face. She was given a after school lunch detention. Katie was always given detention, even if it wasn't in her power. She couldn't control it. She knew the lunch monitor, Mrs. Darret, would not be happy. She went to detention almost three times a week. "If you are at detention one more time, it will be a notification to home," she said the day before when Katie was in detention for slipping on her apple juice and plummeting her chili and bag of chips on Sarah Gome's head.

One day katie was being bullied by Avery Whitehaul's crew, when she felt a unfamiliar sensation in her stomach. Like one she had not felt an a long time. From then on she didn't say a word until she got home. Surprisingly her parents were at the door waiting for her. "Hey honey," her mom said a nervous look on her face. "Your dad got a new job promotion," she exclaimed, "Only problem is...It's in Palm Springs." She nervously muttered, "We would have to move there." Katie looked back at all of her past memories of, Katie klutz Jones. This could be a clean slate for her. "I'll do it" she spoke. "Good pack your things."

17 days and three hours later, Katie was ready to board a plane with her mother and father by her side. As soon as she stepped foot in Palm Springs, she would be just, Katie Jones. When she arrived, people looked perfectly normal. She decided she would make the most of it there, and try to be normal.

On her first day of school, she acted normal. And succeeded she was a perfectly normal girl. She even managed to get on the good side of her homeroom teacher, Mrs. Max. She also saw a super cute guy. Named Dax. She said hello, and he helped her with the combination on her locker, things were going good. Until the second day, Dax came up to her holding a cage with an animal in it, it was a hamster! "Since we're good friends now, I can trust you," he said, "Your the only friend I have right now, I moved here from Texas." Katie cut in, "Now way, so did

!" Dax continued, "Can you watch Mr. Fluff. "Sure!" Katie replied, Mr. Fluff was a adorable hamster, and he stayed in a cage all day, what could go wrong?

That day she walked home Mr. Fluff cage in her arms. "We'll have lots of fun this week!" She said peering inside the cage to find the hamster. However, when she looked in, There wasn't a hamster inside. In fact, there wasn't nearly anything inside. She frantically looked back in the school for Mr. Fluffs, but she couldn't find him.

Seven days later, there was no Mr. Fluff to be seen. It was time to come clean. The next day she told Dax, at first she shut her eyes ready for the scolding to begin. However, there was no scolding. Just friendly eyes, and a warm smile,"it's alright. I'm kind of a klutz too," at that moment, Katie realized that it was okay to be herself. If that was her it was her. And she no longer felt pushed away because of her clumsiness, she felt accepted.

Madison Chillo
Oak School Grade 5

Unchanged Alfred

Long ago, there was a rich old man named Alfred who was also stingy and cruel. When I say rich, I mean real rich like a billionaire. Alfred was known for having the biggest mansion in town. But the mansion has no life in it. He lives alone.

During the holidays, he never shared or bought anything for anybody. He would keep his money in his basement thinking it will grow more like how a tree would grow tall. One Christmas when he was walking down the street, he saw a donation box for an orphanage. A little girl with little cloths stood in the raging snow. She kindly, warm heartedly asked Alfred" Dear sir, please may you spare a few bucks for the young kids in the orphanage so they may have enough food to survive in this raging blizzard?" Alfred confoundedly turned around and it took him some effort to find her in this harsh condition. A few minutes later he found her. He responded cold heartedly "what's that for? The orphanage? Donating for the orphanage is just a waste of money! You people don't know how to spend your money." She had failed for another few bucks for the orphanage. Alfred knew she failed him. Alfred walked away with a gloating laugh.

After coming back to his lifeless mansion, he finished his cigarette and went to sleep. A ghost came at the middle of the night. The ghost wasn't going to haunt him, but only to change him. He went in Alfred's dream. At the beginning, the ghost did not speak but only used sign language, which spooked Alfred a little. Alfred yelled "there is no need changing me!" As Alfred was trying to trap the ghost, it disappeared in the mist.

As Alfred went back to sleep, he felt huge pain all over and his soul vanished.....There was no solution to change Alfred.

Marc Cholevas
The Lane School Grade 4

Clans

Chapter 1

My eyes slowly opened and I caught my senses. The hole in my looking sphere didn't work and I couldn't breathe. I choked and a white wolf called for someone. The wolf was a beautiful she-wolf and she helped me breathe again. It's been three months since this accident. I'm fine now but still have attacks. Let's go back to the present day.

“Whitepaw! Whitepaw wake up! It’s first day of training and if you’re late to Stripedear, you’re gonna have to go to Browntip’s shack!” My friend’s voice called.

“Okay, okay I’m waking up.” I groaned. I lazily picked up my paws and body.

“Hurry up! According to Smallpaw it’s already 6:00!” Spottedtail said. I realized it was training day and ran like my life depended on it (and it kinda did). When I got to the heart of the base Stripedear and Nighthowler were the only trainers left.

“Where have you been! You’re lucky that Whitespot favors you or you’d be limping back to-“ Stripedear started. “Stripedear if you’re going to be deputy when Greyback retires you’re going to have to act a little nicer.” Whitespot said irritated.

“Okay.” He replied. “C’mon.” I walked next to him trotting excitedly. We got to a prairie and he stopped.

“Today you’re going to learn how to catch a mouse. The first step is to crouch low. Like this.” Stripedear said crouching low. I copied him.

“Now you need to walk slowly towards your pray making no sound. Go for that mouse.” He whispered. I walked slowly towards the mouse still crouched.

“Now pounce like this.” He said and he turned around and pounced. I jumped into the air but lost my balance and fell on my paws. The mouse ran away.

“Well, it okay for your first day of training. Let’s-“ A horse suddenly jumped out of the bush behind Stripedear and pinned him to the ground. He bit the horse’s snout and he jumped off of Stripedear immediately. They fought. I stood frozen to the ground. Finally Stripedear got the horse off him and he went back to the horse base. Stripedear was scratched and bruised badly. He suddenly fell to the ground. I was frozen. But then I realized what I needed to do. Bring him back to camp.

Jocelyn Chou
Elm School Grade 4

One Day At A Time

The cold air
tousles his hair.
Ice.
Snow.
Alone.

The sun’s glory snuffed out, by clouds of gray,
frigid dark nights that murder day.

He waits for his parents to be there,
but inside he knows they forgot; they don’t care.

He doesn’t cry, he’s used to this,
Eight years old and he has a list -
Of everything they’ve missed.

His teacher comes out, about to go home.
sees him there.
Alone.

She brings him into her car.
She doesn’t live far.

In a broken down house with the paint chipping off,
and a heater that sounds like it has whooping cough.

It's like he's part of a family that night.
He smiles as he takes another bite.
And that's when he knows that it's gonna be alright.
Just like the stars, he'll shine bright.

He knows he can make it through anything.

As long as he just takes it

one day at a time.

Claire Chung
HMS Grade 6

Rubber duckies took over the world. It's always dark, because the rubber duckies are so big they block out all the light, and rainy, because the rubber duckies are wet from the bathtub. The rubber duckies became big from something in the Earth's supply of water that is fine to humans, but make yellow plastic birds big and evil.

A lot of people have tried to overthrow the rubber duckies, but no one succeeds, because the rubber duckies are too powerful. It is hard living under the rule of the rubber duckies. All the water companies in the world went out of business, because people can collect perfectly healthy and clean water because it is always wet.

My school's curriculum was made by the rubber duckies. School is distracting, because everything is wet. The kids in my class get so distracted when they see the rubber duckies marching around town wrecking havoc like Godzilla. When we go home, I have a lot of homework. My parents are always watching the news of the havoc the rubber duckies are causing, like destroying buildings, which is kind of distracting. It's hard to go to bed, because it is wet and uncomfortable.

One Friday, I was playing basketball with my friends. It was wet, so we kept on slipping. None of us liked basketball, but the power was out, so with nothing else to do, our parents made us go play at the park (which is extremely wet, like everything else in the town). We were tied, when a group of rubber duckies came to attack the town.

We were used to that, it happened all the time, but it was still scary. We ran under a dumpster, in an alleyway, to stay out of the view of the rubber duckies. They came crashing right next to us, and then knelt down, till one of them was eye-to-eye with me. I could smell his soapy breath, and it made me want to puke. My friends ran away, instead of helping me. I can't really blame them. I couldn't attack the duckie, or the rest of the duckies would come after me to punish me. I thought that this was the end, that I was going to be eaten alive.

Rubber duckies don't eat humans, of course. I had forgotten. The rubber duckie knocked down a few more buildings, which was easy, considering we were in a society with buildings made out of straw. I ran home and hid under the covers of my bed, which is where I stayed for the entire weekend.

Rebecca Cortez
HMS Grade 6

November 13, 1609
Jamestown, Virginia

Day after day, moldy meals after moldy meals. It all began when a mysterious gunpowder injured our leader Captain John Smith. When that mugwump George Percy took over the Jamestown Colony in place of Smith, everything went downhill. That was when boiled-down leather and moldy cheese replaced our daily meals of bison meat and hand grown vegetables. Now I always find myself waking up to what sounds like a lawn mower in my stomach whispering "Oliver, Oliver, I'm hungry!" only to find that "gourmet" boiled-down leather is being served for breakfast. Food becoming more and more scarce, and I'm worried that if we don't do something now, we won't make it through this upcoming winter. Even though Jamestown is humid most of the time, sometimes winter strikes us with an unexpected snow storm, leaving us in the cold with no warm clothes to layer or food to fill our empty stomachs.

Eliana D'Arco
Oak School Grade 5

Snowflake

Skiing on the blanket of snow
No sign of beautiful birds
Off the bumps, sleds go flying
Winter can be harsh, but this year, it's not
Fire keeping us warm through the long winter
Lakes are sparkling with the ice
As we skate over ice covered ponds
Kicking snowballs over the ground
Eating a lot of delicious peanut butter cookies

Peter Demetis
Elm School Grade 3

Backyard Surprise

One very dark and tranquil night, I woke up because I assumed that I heard something. I looked outside my window and saw something. I saw an enormous rocket ship, at least I thought it was a rocket ship. So immediately, I sprinted down stairs into my living room and entered my garage. I opened my garage without my parents saying a word because they were sleeping. I went outside with a flashlight. As I walked to the rocket ship, I was getting a little horrified. I said to myself, "Thank gosh I brought a flashlight." I kept on walking and walking until I saw it, the rocket ship! It was the biggest thing I'd ever seen in my whole life.

It looked like the top of the ship was in the clouds. "Wow," I said to myself. I went inside the rocket ship and looked around. I felt like I was daydreaming. Then, I gazed around the whole thing and AHHHHHHH. I was so alarmed because there were 2 tall green skinny creatures, they looked like aliens, but I knew they weren't. After I saw them, I asked them, "Wwwhhhhooooo aaarrreee yyyoooouu," I questioned? "We are aliens from the planet Mars." "MARS," I said?! They had a very creepy voice and it sounded so silent and I could barley hear what they were saying. "Yes, Mars," they said. "Why did you come to the planet Earth," I said? "We wanted to see what it feels like here," said the green aliens. "How long are you going to stay?" I implored them. "Just for a day," said one of the aliens. "Oh." "I am so hungry," I told them. "HUNGRY" they said. It is only 11:50 P.M. "If you want to eat so badly go press the lunch button," one of them said. I pressed launch and went bursting into the air.

“Wwwhhhaattt happened,” I asked them? “Oh no,” I think he pressed the launch button.” said one of the aliens. “Nooo,” I said. When my parents wake up, they will notice I am gone, and they wake up at 8:30. So, in 3 hours and 30 min we reached Mars. “That was so fast,” I told them. I did not even think that they could hear me because the noise was so loud. I was so alarmed. The aliens said, “Welcome home,” in a very polite way. Then I stepped on Mars and said, “One small step for a man one giant leap for a mankind.” So, I walked on Mars and I had to admit it was exquisite. I walked around the entire Mars. Every so often I looked at my clock and wanted to go home. I asked the aliens and they said the rocket ship needs to be charged. I knew that I was not going to make it home. I asked them, “How much longer does it need to be charged.” They said, “About 10 minutes.” “Phew,” I said to myself I was going to make it. Then I waited 10 minutes and asked them, “Can I go now.” Then they said, “You can go.” I was extremely happy that I could go back.

Finally, I said bye to the aliens and took off to the planet earth. After 3 hours and 30 min I reached back home and heard my moms and dads alarm ringing. I quickly slid into bed and I knew this was the most splendid adventure ever. Then my mom came into my room and asked me, “How was your night?” “Hoped you slept well?” She asked me. I did not know what to say.

Rikhil Doshi
Elm School Grade 4

Minecraft: Shadows Edge

Chapter 1

Liam woke up with his heart pounding. He had just had his worst nightmare yet. He remembered the vivid screams and pure torture of the dream. Luckily, he thought, it was just a dream. Liam looked over to his bedside clock to find that it was 9 o'clock. He got out of bed and dressed quickly, not because of anything important, he just wanted to eat. He walked downstairs and found his mother had already gone to work so he made himself some breakfast. In the middle of his cereal, he heard a knocking at the door. “Yes?” Liam called. “It’s your father!” the familiar voice called back. “Secret quiz needed” Liam said, inching closer to the door. “When is the family meeting?” “Tuesday” Liam’s father called back. Liam closed the distance between him and the door and opened it. There stood his father though he looked a mess. His hair was tangled and sticking up everywhere. He was battered, bruised, and his clothes were torn. “What happened?” Liam asked. “I’ll tell you about it after I have a quick bath,” Liam’s father replied. A few minutes later, Liam’s father was in fresh clothes and looking better. “Hey Dad, can you tell me what happened now?” “Sure,” Liam’s father replied. “I was in my office working when I heard a loud clatter. I opened the door and found a big 1980’s TV. There was a sign on it saying it was for me. All of a sudden, I felt the sensation that I was being lifted in the air, and then I fell... I woke up and drove home.”

Three days after Liam’s father came home tattered and bruised, Liam’s mother still hadn’t returned. This was normal though. Her job made her go away for long periods of time. At around 3 o’clock, the doorbell rang. Liam’s father answered it and it was the 1980’s TV from the incident! Then suddenly, the TV screen turned to Minecraft. Liam heard a sucking noise and he was thrown face first into the screen! He didn’t feel the impact. Instead, he felt as if he was diving face first into a pool. Then he felt ground beneath his feet.

Sebastian Ebbert
Madison School Grade 4

Willow

Blowing,
In the breeze,
Touch the water,
See it ripple,
It changes,

The strong trunk,
Holds me up,
Through all the storms,
Standing by the river,

I branch out,
My long vines,
Reach out to others,
And help them grow,

To the end,
As a grove,
And a family.

Petra Elk
Walker School Grade 5

Emus

Have you ever heard of Emus if you do not know about them read on. First lets talk about their life cycle. The females lay up to three times a year. Females lay up to 15 clutches. Males care for the eggs until they hatch. The average life span of an Emu is 10-15 years in the wild.

Next lets talk about an Emus diet. An Emus diet changes with the seasons. They eat Lizards, Ladybugs, and Ants during the rainy months. During dry months Emus eat plants, and caterpillars. Next we will talk about the Emus predators. The Emus predators are Dingos, Wedge tail eagles, feral dogs, eagles, foxes, snakes, Gonnas.

We will now talk about Emus traits and habitat. The Emu is the second largest bird in the world. Emus weigh up to 120 pounds. They have small wings but, they can not fly. An Emus body is covered in with soft, brown feathers. Next we will talk about their habitat. Emus are only found in Australia and . They live in the Savanna's of Australia . Some Emus live alone. Some might form flocks when looking for food. Some Emus live in the snowy mountains. The Emu was once found in Tansmania, but they were exterminated soon after the Europeans arrived. There was two dwarf species on Kangaroo Island and King Island but they are extinct. Emus are related to Ostriches, Cassowies and Moas.

Finally here are some Fun facts about Emus. Did you know Emus run up to 30 miles per hour. Did you know Emus can jump up to 7 feet. The word Emu means "Large bird". In conclusion I hope you learned a lot about Emus.

Ally Furey
Monroe School Grade 4

The Powerfuls

"We are still walking on the side of the road and a gap in the forest arises. The sun is on the north east of the forest, and the pine trees with maples decadently clothed in the reds, oranges, yellows and the peaks of green playing with minds of those who view. The waterfall of colors draping around the surroundings of the forest refocus our attention to the tapestry of colors before us."

Claire Gannon
CHMS Grade 7

The Team

Chapter 1

I walked into the batter's box and got right into my batting stance, waiting for the pitch. Alonzo Hall, a spoiled rich kid who lives in Deer Park, is pitching to me. It is the bottom of the first, people on first and second and no outs. Joey Freeman, the catcher and my best friend, got hit by a pitch, Joey is shorter than me, but is very fast and small, yet very muscular, so everyone wants him as a catcher or a quarterback, which are the positions that he plays. He is my best friend, and caring, funny and smart, which always seems to protect me from getting in trouble. Then Patrick Jones singled into left center field. The pitch comes from Alonzo, a 65-mph fastball, with a odd curve on it. I see it coming closer and closer and before I could realize, the ball hits me in the side, inches away from my ribs. Alonzo gets ejected from the game, because everyone knows that he hates me more than anyone else in the world. They figured that he hit me intentionally. I lay down in the batter's box, my side aching in pain.

"Are you okay Tommy?" Joey says, coming up from second base.

"Ha, he deserved it," Alonzo mutters to his friends.

After I heard that, I hopped up walking over to his dugout, and asked getting in Alonzo's face "What did you just say about me?"

"Nothing" he said, "I'm angry over hitting two out of the three batters I faced."

"Ok" I say, walking away from the dugout and towards first base. Now, there is bases loaded with no outs and the worst pitcher of the fall league in Deer Park IL. Somehow, this team made it to the championship game, even though having one of the worst defenses in the state. The coach comes by and tells us to take a large leadoff after the first pitch, because Alonzo switched to catcher.

"Hey Smith, you okay" Coach asks in his normal low voice.

"Yup" I reply, getting into my leadoff stance. Mom says that I am daring, tall, muscular and confident, which seems accurate to me, because I never back down from a challenge. Ever.

The first pitch passes the catcher and Joey scores, runners advance. This game is very important and will be the first time in Deer Park fall baseball where a team won the championship undefeated.

As I leadoff, I get picked off at second base by the pitcher, trying to get to the base quickly. I do a swim move that I see all the pro players do, and somehow get back to the bag, avoiding the tag. CRACK, I realize that the pitcher's throw was high and the shortstop had to make a sky-high jump for it. The shortstop had to use all of his force to jump that he came down straight and hard on my ankle. I can see the white of the bone coming out of my twisted ankle. The pain reaches me as I get back up on second base. I lay right back down and hold my leg, getting the coaches and umpires' attention. Someone in the stands quickly calls 911 and gets an ambulance for me.

"Where are your parents?" One parent asks from the bleachers.

"I don't know, probably at work." I reply. It is a Saturday, and usually my parents wouldn't be home at three-thirty in the afternoon. There was a lot of people there, for a three-hour, nine inning game. My mom said that she would try to get to the field to see the end, but it was only 20 minutes into the game. The ambulance is already here and they are taking me to a stretcher. I pass out due to an insanely large headache after getting in the ambulance. The paramedics get me back to conscious and ask me questions about what happened. As we arrived at the hospital, I recognized my mom's car. *She must be here then*, I thought. The doctors wheeled me in to a room on the stretcher and I saw my mom.

"Mrs. Smith, we have to amputate your son's foot soon, the bone is never going to heal from a break this big," The doctor said, showing my mom the x-ray.

"Do whatever you have to do to fix my son, but do it quickly," she says waving around her purse. "I want my son back!"

Connor Gannon
CHMS Grade 7

My Favorite Summer Spot

Imagine going on a peaceful boat ride and staying on an island for hours and all of a sudden it is time to go back and there is a storm. My favorite summer spot is Colorado! I went to Colorado with my family and my mom's friends. When I went to Colorado my family and I stayed at some cottages by a beautiful lake. My favorite moment in Colorado was a boat ride, and it was a intense boat ride.

I woke up one morning wondering what we were going to do that day. I got ready and went into the kitchen to ask my mom what we were going to do that day. My mom said "we are going on a boat ride". My family and my mom's friends and I went on a boat ride. I decided to go on the big boat not the speed boat. The weather was peaceful. I felt the nice breeze blowing against my face. I saw the waves peacefully crashing against the boat. I even got a chance to steer the boat with help.

We arrived at an island and I get off the boat onto the rocky ground. We brought baseball stuff and played baseball. Then I got hungry, and went to get a snack. I played more baseball and we used trees as the bases. I hit a homerun. There was a boy that was camping out on the island too. We let him play baseball with us. My team won 7-6. It was so much fun! The winner's prize was that we got bragging rights. Then we played some rounds of hot potato. Then it was time to eat lunch. We had sandwiches, chips, hot dogs, and cupcakes. Then we went back to what we were doing.

It started raining and it was time to go back. It was my turn to go on the speedboat but because it was raining I did not think that it was the time to go on the speedboat. I went on the big boat instead. By the time I got on the boat it was pouring rain. The ride to me was horrifying. It was horrifying because I could hear and see the mad waves crashing against the boat. At last we reached the dock.

So you can see that Colorado is my favorite summer spot. My favorite moment in Colorado was the boat ride. It was my favorite moment because I got to have fun on the peaceful boat ride and have an intense boat ride. This is why Colorado is my favorite summer spot.

Demetra Gatzulis
The Lane School Grade 4

Ocean

Say "Something" poem

Say "ocean"

and I am sprinting on the wet sand toward
the water. The water is cool against my skin
and I let it soak me till I am as pruned as a raisin.
The waves are like a welcoming mat into the sea.
I jump into the crashing water all around me.
The salt from the sea spray stings my eyes but I don't care.
Suddenly I am riding the waves like a bike coasting
down a hill. The sea engulfing me and relentlessly
pushing me forward. Abruptly I stop and bounce off.
I scream in delight as I am thrown into the roaring water.
Then calm and peaceful as you hear the sounds
of the birds squawking and chirping mixed
with the peaceful waves crashing in as we watch the sun
set on the beach...

William Gatzulis
HMS Grade 6

My Favorite Store

This year I will “think deeply, live boldly, and breathe easy!” These words of wisdom are from Ivivva which is my favorite store. Ivivva is a youth sportswear brand that was created by Lululemon in 2009. It was founded for young girls who love to be active like me. They have many different options to choose from, and this is why I find it is always appealing!! The main reason I love Ivivva is for the super cool leggings. They offer many unique colors and styles; with incredibly fun names like “limitless goals tights,” or “set to go joggers.” Another reason I love Ivivva is because they have clothes for everyone and really every sport. You can buy clothes for dance, ballet, gymnastics, swimming, tennis, soccer, working out, and also for my favorite sport figure skating. You can wear the clothes to school too, because everything is really comfortable. I love the accessories; the sleek yoga mats, cool hair ties and colorful socks and headbands! Most importantly, Ivivva has a strong message for girls to always be moving and to work hard on being healthy and fit. This is an amazing example they set to take charge of your own health and life and to schedule in exercise every day in some way. Ivivva is really an inspiration to me. “Breathe easy, it’s on us....”, a refreshing reminder to always start my day with happiness, confidence and a kick in my step!

Ava Gerami
Oak School Grade 5

Eighty

An 80th birthday party celebrates a person’s eight decades on this wonderful planet Earth!! Turning eighty is a major milestone that deserves a festive birthday party. My Nana Charlotte celebrated her 80th birthday on November 16th, and our family had a party at the Peninsula Chicago. She was so happy to spend her day in the city near Michigan Avenue. A visit to the Peninsula during the holidays is something everyone should put on their list. The hotel is full of shimmering lights that make all the decorations shine with glitter. “Happy Birthday Nana,” I exclaimed when I saw her in the lobby. “We are so happy celebrate your birthday!” She had a twinkle in her eye and said, “thank you so much I am incredibly lucky to have my grandchildren here today!”

The lunch at the Peninsula was of course amazing. “May I take your order?” asked the waiter in a white starched shirt and black vest. Nana chose the homemade soup of the day a tomato bisque with homemade croutons and creme. I ordered the chicken Caesar salad with french fries and it was the best. We finished off the birthday celebration with Nana’s favorite ricotta cheesecake and fresh raspberries. After we sang Happy Birthday, I told Nana, “you can look at turning 80 many different ways; it’s sort of like turning 20 four times!” She laughed and thanked us all for the wonderful event. Some say life begins at 80....and for Nana I hope the 80s are the happiest years of her life!

Charlie Gerami
Oak School Grade 5

What I think 2050 will look like!

There are many things that can happen in 2050. Some could be bad, and some could be good but before we go to the future let’s see what is happening now. Currently, our earth is very polluted. That means many more wildfires and a lot of climate changes. But on the bright side we have a lot of new technology. Many robotic engineers are trying to make cool machines that can do special things and now they are starting to make androids (if you don’t know androids: they are robots that can think for themselves. This can be a problem if they decide that the humans are enemy or could not be problem, if they decide androids are allies with humans).

Now let’s get on to what I think the future will be like in 2050. There are many pros and cons that can happen in 2050 so let’s start with the pros. In 2050, having an android is going to be common. Also, we hopefully will have flying cars! (how fun!!) Imagine how easy it will be to go from one place to another with a flying car because there won’t be traffic issues (at least for quite some time). Some people say scientist will make machines that can read

your mind! Sometimes having these types of machines can be good and sometimes bad too. A way it can be good is that you won't have to say anything, and people would already know what you want but it can also be bad because you can never keep secrets.

Now let's talk about the cons. One con might be that we will run out of nonrenewable resources and may have to relying on renewable resources that can lead to some problems when we switch from non-renewable to renewable. I also think there might be another stock market crash because everything will get expensive once we have androids on the market and might become a recession or even a depression. So, think wisely about what you are spending. Some other theories are that we might not be living on planet earth instead be living on some other planet. Apprehend what might we see in this totally different planet. People today are even talking about developing colonies in a totally new planet.

There are so many things that can happen in 2050 that we don't know about right now. But we should look forward to next generation technology which would be a big leap for mankind in preparation of the future that lies ahead.

Aarush Goel
Elm School Grade 4

Cocoa and Rocky

Have you ever gotten a real live pet for a present? Well, that happened to me. One day, in the winter of February 2017, my family decided that my sister and I would get our own pet guinea pigs. They had also bought some guinea pig food, furniture, and a cage. We had to set up a two roomed cage with all the crunchy food and furniture inside. CLICK! My dad snapped on the blue ramp that led to the other room. I set in an igloo with a tunnel along with some chew sticks. There was a clear water canteen so they could drink. Sherry put in yummy hay and food. The cage was ready. My dad said the words I had been waiting for.

"It's time to get the guinea pigs!" he announced. A smile spread across my face when he said that.

Just around lunchtime, when we finished setting up the cage we went to get the guinea pigs. We first went to Petco, to see if they had any amazing guinea pigs. It turned out that we didn't like the guinea pigs at Petco, so we went to a different pet store. Dogs barked with excitement. Birds chirped with delight. Cats mewed with happiness. Mice and rats squeaked. The best part was that they did have some sweet, cute guinea pigs.

"Can I get this one?" I asked while pointing to a cute guinea pig. It had dots brown as chocolate, jet black, and milky white. He was the size of a small chapter book.

"Sure, why not," my dad replied.

"That one looks good for me." Sherry stated, pointing to a different guinea pig. She chose one with his fur sticking out in different directions. Hers only had chocolate brown and milky white. He had a teeny bit of black on his mouth. He was the same size as mine.

"Could we get these two guinea pigs?" questioned my dad as he pointed to the ones we wanted.

"That's totally fine," the staff member answered. I was beaming from ear to ear when he responded.

In the blink of an eye, the staff opened the glass cage and- BANG! The glass cage opened while the guinea pigs ran around squeaking hard, frightened by the noise. He took out our guinea pigs. I quickly grinned to show my happiness when I petted his soft fur. When the sun was high in the sky, we went home with our pets. I thought about the name before I said it out loud.

"How about Rocky?" I asked. "He looks like the ice cream rocky road."

"Mine should be Rocky because of its fur. How about Cocoa for yours?" Sherry asked me.

"Hmmm. I will name mine Cocoa!" I replied.

Cocoa and Rocky, two great names for our new pets. As I lowered Cocoa into the cage, he already seemed to like his new home. It the was same with Rocky. He liked it too.

When Cocoa's little paws touched the ground of the cage he ran off to explore. Rocky followed Cocoa. They scurried into the igloo and to get a delicious snack. A wave of happiness washed over me now to have them.

When the clock said two o'clock, I took Cocoa out. Sherry tried to take Rocky out too, but he didn't want to be petted. Cocoa shivered because of the cold winter air. I took a striped blanket and wrapped it around him. He quickly warmed up. I stroked his soft fur. He began to drift off to sleep in my lap. I smiled now to have a pet like Cocoa. I'm lucky to have Cocoa. Have you ever gotten a real live pet for a present?

Melina Gong
Madison School Grade 3

The History of Illinois: Abe Lincoln

Author's Note:

I would like to dedicate this book to my ELA teachers, Ms. Moser and Mrs. Landgraf, my best friends, Kiran Patel, Walter Tims, and Max Hasselmann, my brother, Will, and, of course, to my parents - and also to everyone else along the way who helped me make this book.

Chapter 1: Introduction

Welcome! In this book you will learn about Abraham Lincoln's early life - where and when he was born, who his parents were, etc. You will also learn about Lincoln's life in Illinois - what he did for work, his family, wife, etc. I hope you enjoy this incredible, exciting, extraordinary journey through time! Let the book begin!

Chapter 2: Early Life

It was Feb. 12, 1809 and in a log cabin near Hodgenville, Kentucky a baby was born. His name was Abraham Lincoln. His parents, Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, were pioneer farmers. The family consisted of four people including Abraham, Thomas, Nancy, and Abe's sister, Sarah. Later on in Lincoln's life his mother died. There was a lot of grief in the family for awhile, but eventually they got over it. Thomas remarried Sarah Bush Johnston. Lincoln only had one year of schooling over all. Therefore, it was hard for him to find a job. In 1830 Lincoln moved to New Salem.

Chapter 3: Life In Illinois

When Abraham Lincoln moved to New Salem he tried many jobs. He also studied books. In New Salem he worked in a general store. He lived there until 1861. He hoped to cash in on trade coming down the Sangamon River which was a typical frontier town. While he was in Sangamon River he was a representative for the town in the Illinois General Assembly. In 1842, he married Mary Todd Lincoln. The first year that he was married to Mary, they lived in a hotel boardinghouse. They had four children, but three of them died when they were very young. Abraham Lincoln was sometimes called Abe Lincoln or "Honest Abe" after he ran miles to give customers the right amount of change. The nickname "Honest Abe" came from a time when he started a business that failed. Instead of running away like many people would have, he stayed and worked to pay off his debt.

Chapter 4: Fun Facts

There are many interesting facts about Abe Lincoln, like he was the only president to have a patent- he invented a device that freed steamboats that ran aground. I'll bet that you never knew that Abraham Lincoln hated being called Abe, or that his mother was killed by poisoned milk. Lincoln was also obsessed with cats, he enjoyed them very much. Abe Lincoln was also one of the skinniest presidents ever.

Chapter 5: Conclusion

Thank you for reading my book. I hope you enjoy this wonderful journey through time. Hopefully you now know a lot more about Abe Lincoln and most specifically his time in Illinois. Thank you again for reading my book.

Alexander Green
Monroe School Grade 4

We Wonder

Why the world is not equal
Why no one's the same
What is life
Where we will go
What life will bring
How old we will be
Who we will turn out to be
What friends we will have
We Wonder

Amanda Gronlund
Madison School Grade 4

Protests and Pouting

The winding, smooth wooden platform snaked around groups of pine trees, vegetation, and geysers before vanishing beyond sight, too far to glimpse any of the panting and mismatched tourists anymore. My stomach fluttered as I spotted one of the geysers erupting. It emitted puffs of smoke that glimmered like pearls, dancing through the skies. One dismissive glance informed me this was going to be one long, fussy trail. The two Illinoisan families, aka our group, were about to become the most undoubtedly spiteful tourists in the Old Faithful Inn and possibly Yellowstone National Park itself. Looking back, I would eventually regret my actions: lagging behind, sparks flying off my fast tongue, causing my parents undoubtable misery...at least, my sisters and I learned never, ever to annoy parents on the road. (It has horrible consequences.)

After drinking in the picturesque view, I pivoted violently back to my simpering parents. My sisters' eyebrows were furrowed angrily. My vermilion-red hiking bag thumped companionably against my shoulders, mismatched against my expression. "We're going on *that*?" I exclaimed in disbelief, glowering at my now-wincing parents. They glanced at me, as red as my dad's ratty Bulls shirt back in the hotel room.

"With luck, it'll take an hour or so," my mom sighed helplessly. My dad nodded over her shoulder like a puppet attached to strings. Two sisters sighed in disgust beside me, trying to mimic Mom's helpless tone.

It was nearing midday, and sometime during the morning, our parents had taken up the absurd idea of dragging us along a trail through throngs of geysers. Unfortunately, my sisters and I weren't exactly peaches without being fed lunch. Tantalizing scents, promising hearty flavor, wafted through the wind from the cafeteria building, only enhancing our annoyance. I could hear them calling to me and luring me in with heavenly scents. We unthinkingly inhaled them. My stomach growled menacingly at the reminder of my lack of nutrition, and Elia and Ammie were bears. I was about to unleash my anger, but my parents abruptly shot me a look that said, *Not in front of the Mo family!*

The Mo family was the other family we were with. They were comprised of two boys and their parents. Matthew and David Mo were around my age, and back then I was stuck in the summer between 2nd and 3rd grade. David was going to 2nd, and Matthew, one year older than I, into 4th. My oldest sister, Elia, who was going into 5th, glowered from underneath a layer of sweat. Smoke practically billowed out of her ears.

"I'm not going without food," my younger sister, Ammie, who was going to 1st grade, whined. Elia squawked her agreement, scratching a lumpy scab on her smooth ankle. My parent's faces were now an unnatural shading of purplish-blue, cheeks so inflated they reminded me of the balloons we had had for Elia's 10th birthday in May. I knew they were just snakes ready to bite, but I didn't care-the ravenous food was inviting me, even though the cafeteria lodge looked about 1,000 miles away from where we were standing.

"There's no hot food along the trail," squealed Matthew.

"We brought some trail mix, Pringles, and juice pouches," Mr. Mo told us comfortably. David slumped, defeated. "It's not like you'll be starving along the trail."

Ammie grumbled her dissent, dark pigtailed bouncing out of her skull and onto her shoulders. "I doubt it," she muttered darkly.

A short time later, after a rather rough start (which was our parents shouting as we shuffled our feet in protest), we grudgingly trudged onto the path, the ground beneath our feet transforming from asphalt to smoothly hewn boards. The boards were so frictionless that I suspected they were coated in a sheen of plastic, or something else lustrous and uniform. Now the food lodge was like a speck of brown dust in the distance. I silently bid it farewell, promising to return in a few hours. The wind seemed to carry its melancholy weeping as I reluctantly turned my back, lowered my head, and shuffled onward.

Soon, we and other families were swallowed by a gaping tunnel of pines, glistening brightly in the summer's heat. The thumping of shoes echoed through the serene landscape, and for a moment, all that was heard was that and the murmuring laughter of humans. The saccharine scent of pine fished my attention away from the food left behind, tempting me onward like a hypnotizer. I forgot all about my mourning and unthinkingly wished for it to never end.

Right away, the pines unleashed brilliant sun, their tunnel of solace dying away behind us. My wish shriveled up and floated into the sky, dead as my dreams of eating. The sleek boards became gravelly stone, and we stepped onto a bridge over a gurgling river, dancing with light and life over stones that seemed to smile at anyone passing by. Mist rose faintly beneath our feet as the river collapsed over a mini waterfall. The blue-green hue reminded me of emeralds or diamonds. The water danced like nymphs, and when I saw a man ahead of me flick a penny into the water, rage bubbled in my throat. I quickly forgot, though, as I saw the glistening water.

When the beautiful scene gave way, back to silky walkway, I sighed. It was disappointing, leaving such a scene laced with serenity. I glared down at the all-too-familiar path, noticing something distinctly different about it now. The walkway was lined with boards inching halfway up my shins before halting over the shivering grasses, a safety caution for all the guests. The change didn't make me any happier, though.

As the crowd kept urging us forward, our parents calmly pushed us toward the backs of the people ahead of us and out of the serene bridge's grasp. At first, I felt vexed, but that was soon replaced by a gasp of excitement. This was because a small hill was laid before us, people drifting about aimlessly on and below it—the perfect slope for a speedy getaway. My sisters, the Mo boys, and I instantly burst down the hill, ignoring our parents' warning calls. Sliding through tourists like fleeting shadows, we soon outpaced all four of our parents like rabbits eluding gunfire and men. Reaching the bottom, the five of us kids crouched by a tiny patch of wildflowers and grass to avoid being jostled by the hustling crowd. I spotted a little bird perched within the heart of the clumpy grass.

"Look at that!" Matthew whispered, hunching over to see clearer. Elia, David, and Ammie squinted as well, glimpsing the glossy dark feathers and piercing eyes. "I wonder what kind of bird that is."

I thumbed through my Junior Ranger book, a little guidebook to nature distributed by the National Parks. We were collecting "badges" from all the places we'd hit on that trip, like the Badlands. "It doesn't say," I said finally, narrowing my eyes to see the creature better. The bird posed for us before gliding off to another patch of grass.

We all straightened to find our parents thumping down the hill, eyes on fire. They grabbed us by the hands and practically dragged us into the flood of people, muttering something about seeing some of the famous geysers along the trail and how they wished they never had children. I was about to point out that we had seen Old Faithful erupt many times, plus we were the light of their lives and the apples of their eyes, but decided to wisely keep myself silent. They were just volcanoes ready to splatter lava.

Moments later, we spotted our first "Yellowstone Specialty," as my mom put it. The "fascinating spectacle" was a small, bubbling spring that was called the "Chinese Pot." Bubbles sprang off the pungently sulfurous surface, and the humidity engulfing all of us made me even more aware of the sweltering temperature.

"And we're only ten minutes into the walk," I muttered darkly. We sprang into the crowd. Our feet squeaked against the walkway.
to be continued...

Addie Hsieh
Oak School Grade 5

Pure Chicago

Come to a place where the forceful breeze plays with the colorful rainbow
and where puffy clouds and the mighty Water Tower are friends

To a place where attractive animals at Lincoln Park Zoo greet you when you enter
and wives urge their husbands to go to Jeweler's Row

And a place where families sail across Lake Michigan to see fish swimming
as they yell "Hello! How are you?"

When robins sing in the morning on the first day of spring,
you can see tulips blossom in Millennium Park

Where you can discover, snack, and wonder

Do all of this and more...
in Pure Chicago.

Ammie Hsieh
Oak School Grade 3

Excerpt from "Caramel the Puppy"

Lila Morris rode as fast as she could through the streets of town on her bike. She got to school just as the bell rang. She couldn't help notice a cute puppy. The puppy had big brown eyes. The puppy tilted her head at Lila as if considering her. The puppy took a tiny step towards her. Lila slowly reached out her hand to the puppy. The puppy glanced at her then took off down the street. She had tried. Lila slouched into school. Nobody was in the hallway anymore because she was late to school. She ran to her locker, put her stuff in it and hurried into Ms. Lewis' classroom. Ms. Lewis was the meanest teacher ever. As soon as Lila walked in Ms. Lewis yelled, "Your late! That is a detention, Miss Lila". Lila tried to think of an excuse but she couldn't think of one so she sat down at her seat silently. The day went by and in math she got bored and drew a picture of the dog that she had seen earlier. She looked out the window and saw two big brown eyes staring at her.

Marin Hughes
Madison School Grade 3

Great Grandpa

As I ride on the four-wheeler through the bare forest of maple trees, I feel the crisp Michigan air sweep past my face, and the warmth of my family members squeezed tight together in the small vehicle. We talk and laugh together, not at all bothered by our discomfort. Everyone is in the moment, enjoying each other's love as if it will not last forever. As if this is the last time we will experience this deep affection we all have for each other. We hop out of the four-wheeler one by one, and stand, staring in awe at the gorgeous nature before our eyes. Although there is no color coming from the tall standing trees, or sun beaming down on our faces, this empty forest in front of us is pure and simple. For my family, this is God's creation. Looking at this, appreciating the simple things like family and nature completely outweigh the other worries we have in life. At this moment, at this time, there is no place for negativity to interfere with this genuine happiness. I look over at my mom, dad, siblings, aunts, uncles, grandparents, and even great-grandparents, thinking to myself, if it were not for their passion and devotion to this farm and our family, I would not be standing here enjoying this moment. Of all people to thank the most for this beauty, is Great Grandpa. He has spent all day, every day of his entire life on this farm, working hard to keep it in the best condition and making sure it is a place where everyone in my entire family can feel comfortable. When I look over at Great Grandpa, I smile at him, and he smiles back. That one smile conveys all of

the emotion I am feeling at this very moment to Great Grandpa, and his smile back shows that he knows exactly how I am feeling.

We all disperse into the forest and run off onto the thawing snow. Great Grandpa is kind enough to walk around with me, and show me how it is done since he has been doing it his entire life. Great Grandpa walked on these same frozen grounds of the Hughes Maple Leaf Farm when he was a little boy. "Great Grandpa, it is beautiful out here!" I say to him.

"And you know why?" he asks me, "This is mother nature at work."

"But Great Grandpa, you work so hard out here every day, I think you deserve most of the credit," I reply.

"I am just serving as mother nature's helper. I do this because I like being with you all," he responds.

"I love being with you too, Great Grandpa," I say.

"Why don't we find a tree to collect sap from, what do you say?" he says.

"Sure!" I reply.

We walk around in the forest of maple trees and find the perfect tree from which to collect the buckets of sap. The buckets of sap sit underneath the spigot in the tree all day, until we arrive to empty them. The tree we find is completely bare but ready to sprout its leaves in several weeks. The sap has been slowly dripping into the bucket all night and is nearly full. The last bits of sticky, sweet sap drip into the bucket before I take it away. I pick up the heavy bucket of sap and have to use all my might to prevent it from weighing my little body down.

"Thank you so much, Great Grandpa, for bringing us here." I say, smiling at him.

"No darling, thank you," he says, smiling back.

That night the tractors bring the heavy loads of sap to the sugarhouse; time to turn the sap into syrup. It is a laborious task, and Great Grandpa sometimes works all night in the sugarhouse, making sure the syrup is perfect. He wants everyone to experience the joy that comes from perfectly made, sweet syrup. As we work in the sugarhouse, Great Grandma comes out with steaming hot, freshly baked buns. Our faces light up, and we all grab the buns before they cool off.

"I figured you all would love a sweet treat after working so hard out here!" Great Grandma cheerfully says. The best part is to go over to the tank full of syrup and fill up tiny glasses. We each take one of the glasses, raise them in triumph, and sip the syrup. I feel the warm, sticky, sweet syrup coat the roof of my mouth, and a little smile crawls onto my face. I look over to Great Grandpa and see the same joyful smile on his face.

The best part about the maple syrup business I partake in with my family is giving it to others. There is no better feeling than to watch someone's face light up in happiness as I hand them the nicely bottled, delicious looking fresh maple syrup. Every year, we give out bottles of Hughes Family maple syrup to special friends and family. From the very beginning, this has been Great Grandpa's favorite part, and he has passed his love for giving to others and being kind down many generations to the people who run the farm today. When the large brown boxes full of maple syrup jars arrive at our door, we tie bows with white ribbons around the top and place them in bags to give to others. Then, we share the maple syrup. Although in bold letters on the glass bottle it says Hughes Maple Leaf Farm, it is not just maple syrup. Packed inside the glass bottle tied with a white ribbon is joy, happiness, compassion, thankfulness, and most importantly, love. Love from my dear Great Grandpa. When I hand the very special bottle to my teacher or friend, I look at the smile that grows on their face. I can't help it, and I smile back.

Moira Hughes
HMS Grade 7

The Recital

"Zoey! Will you please quit it!" My baby sister was screaming at the top of her lungs. I was going to my first recital. My recital dance was called the Swedish Waltz. I was so nervous! Finally we reached the auditorium.

"Mom, can I have donuts after the recital?" I asked.

"Sure," she said. "You smudged your makeup, Natalie let me redo it". I waited patiently as she redid my makeup.

We got out of the car. "Ah, fresh air" I gasped. We walked inside. In the dressing room it smelled like new costumes "Iris!" You look great!" We chit -chatted for a while.

“Hi Mia!” I said hello to my friend. “I brought a book so do you want to read it?”

“Sure!” I said. We read for about 15 minutes.

“All right time to go” said my sister’s teacher, Ms. Jenny. After a few minutes my sister Sophia came back crying. I asked her “what’s wrong?”. She said that she tripped on stage. That got me worried about myself.

I listened to the older girls finish their dance.

“All right, time to go” said my teacher, Ms. Emily. We put on our country skirts. We went on stage. It was so hot, I slipped. I remember fainting, nothing else.

The first thing I remember after was tasting the gross foul tasting medicine. “My mom said, “Well, since you’re hurt your dad and I decided to take you to Noodles and Company for Wisconsin Macaroni Cheese.

We drove home. I listen to my parents talking about what dance they liked best, Iris’s dance. Then we got home after a 2 hour drive. I plopped down and thought, it was a crazy world.

Dedicated to Natalie DiBartolo , who is my hero

Natalie Jiang
Prospect Grade 3

Music as Autobiography **Imagine By: John Lennon**

I wrote the song “Imagine” about a starving boy in Yemen. There is a war between the Houthi Rebels and the Yemeni Government. The war has left over 3,000,000 people without shelter, 10,000 starving, and 30,000 people killed. The boy in my song is just like everybody else. He has no home and is starving. I like to imagine having peace in Yemen and everybody having a home and food.

When I said, “Imagine there’s no heaven, Its easy if you try, No hell below us, Above us only sky”, I was talking about if there was nobody dying, nobody would need to go to heaven or even hell. If nobody died of hunger or war, nobody would have to go anywhere. Without heaven or hell, there would be no conflict based on religion.

When I said, “Imagine all people living for today,” I was talking about how everyone would be alive and nobody would be getting killed by the war. If there was no war, Yemen would just be a normal country.

What I meant when I said, “Imagine there’s no countries,” Is that if there were no countries, there would not be anything to fight about. There would be nothing to kill or die for, and we would act like civilized human beings. We would all come together as one big group and act friendly to one another.

When I said, “You may say I’m a dreamer, But I’m not the only one, I hope someday you’ll join us, And the world will be as one”, I was talking about how I am a dreamer and hope that the war will stop and everybody will be ok. A lot of other people also dream for the same thing, and hopefully you will too. If everybody starts to become a dreamer, then hopefully the world will come together as one.

I wrote this song because I want everyone to know about what is going on in the world. Maybe after listening to my song, people will try to help the people suffering in Yemen.

Anthony Kassir
HMS Grade 6

Loud music blasting, many people dancing, having fun on the dance floor. During winter break, my family went to Orlando, Florida for my dad's uncle's 80th birthday and it was also my first family reunion. It was my 2nd time to Florida and I went with my friend Katelyn, my family and my dad's family. I met my dad's family- grandpas, grandmas, aunts, uncles, cousins- there was almost 80 people at the family reunion\birthday party. There were still people who couldn't come! I couldn't believe how many people were in my dad's family. We went to Disney world, Hollywood studios, and the magic kingdom. I still don't know a lot of family members but I had an amazing time there.

My aunt Julie made merchandise such as hats, name tags, and t-shirts. They all said, "The Shim family reunion" (except for the name tags of course.) I found out that I was part Shim, part Kim, and part Lee. We had three long, late-in-the-night, family meetings in just one week!

The first one was at a restaurant called, "fogo de chao." They serve meat. The servers come around the restaurant with all different kinds of meat and they ask each customer if they want to try it. There is a flat, cardboard, circle which has a yes or no side which indicates whether or not the customer wants to try different kinds of meats. There is also a food bar with all kinds of food if you don't want to eat the meat.

The second meeting was at one of my grandma's brother's hotel room. We ate Korean food and there was a huge balcony where a lot of people played and hung out. There was bulgogi which is barbecue beef. There was also a bowl of kimchi in the center of the round table. There was rice, veggies, soup, and drinks. There was also a table with alcoholic drinks outside for the adults. In the hotel room Aunt Julie passed out all of the shirts and name tags. I got to help pass them out.

The third meeting was at a banquet in reunion resort. There were ingredients to the perfect salad, tiramisu, butter shaped as a tiny sphere which had small, equal lines on it to give it texture which was amazing. I didn't like my cousins because they weren't very friendly. We were waiting to go get our food when somebody announced that the adults can get some food. We had to wait until the adults were done. After the adults were done, it was our turn to get some food. I got a plate full of salad. My mom asked me if I was going to eat more and I said that I will get more food after I finish the salad. Everybody at my table was surprised because they thought I was eating an entree and then the meal and then dessert. Well, I guess they were right. After I finished the salad I got more food such as some meat, bread, butter, and more. I got tiramisu short after I finished. Then everybody got on the dance floor and loud music blasted out of the speakers.

Sofia Kim
Madison School Grade 5

Skier and the Snowman

My friend once skied a black,
Before it I told her a cheat and a Hack,
She didn't understand it one bit,
And definitely took a hit,
Down through rocks she went,
To the death cliff she was sent,
But a friendly man made of snow,
Used his magic and said, "will you fall? No!"
And she stopped right at the edge,
And looked down at the ledge,
And learned a lesson:
If in trouble, call the Snowmen!

Kaelyn Jones Krause
Elm School Grade 4

Ranger- My First Black!

I stepped off of a gondola in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. I grabbed my skis and walked towards my group including Georgiana, my sister (Kaelyn), and my coach Tim, nicknamed "Tim the Trash Bin". We had just gone up the gondola after surprising news. We were going to ski a black, called Ranger.

It was going to be the first black for Georgiana and I, but Kaelyn had gone on Ranger before, and she was excited to try again.

"Get your skis on", said our coach as we walked to the snow. I slowly set down my skis, feeling nervous. Soon, everyone had put on their skis. "Follow me through these moguls, and try to wedge-christie." Tim said. As we followed Tim, I got more nervous. Soon, we had arrived at the border of Ranger.

"First, Kaelyn may go. Then Georgiana. Finally, Kendall, you'll go." Tim said, as he skied down to the meeting spot. He waved, Kaelyn went. He waved, Georgiana went. It was my turn. He waved, and I paused. I felt my heart beat, faster and faster. I felt my poles, and tried to grip them harder. It felt like they were about to slip out of my hands, so I put on my poll straps and was off. After my first turn, I stopped. I felt like I was going a little too fast. I looked down Kaelyn was already at the first meeting place. I saw Georgiana and she was almost there. I took another turn and stopped again. I took two more turns, a little too fast. I had one more turn till I got to the meeting place. I took one more turn and lined up with them, yet I was slightly above them because I didn't want to turn too fast and crash. Then, Tim said to meet down at the traverse. Georgiana and Kaelyn went after me, but after very few turns, passed me. A few turns away from our first meeting spot, I slid on an ice patch.

"Ken, are you okay?!" Kaelyn yelled from under me.

"She's fine, continue." Tim said, so Kaelyn continued down the slope.

I got up, and it felt easier than on blues, because the run felt like a steel, bumpy half pipe. One more fall, a few more turns and hesitations, and we were at the final meeting place. Tim ranted about how easy all the blues we were going to do where going to feel, yet I didn't believe him.

We skied down to Casper Restaurant, a restaurant for skiers, and had some water. I couldn't wait to go back to blues and double blues!

Kendall Krause
Elm School Grade 4

Why you should be thankful

Family, friends and everyone you love always be there for you. Everybody you love or have loved is still with you. Maybe someone can be mean to you but will always need you even if your friends have the betrayed you. You can still find new friends and even if someone has bullied you should stay positive Maybe if you show you are afraid they will you more and more. Let me tell you this about your family your family will be by your side if you don't have any family your friends will be by your side and if you don't have friends you could start to stand up for yourself and don't be afraid that way you will not just make one friend you'll make 10. Life is a journey that may bring you down but if you stay positive It might just turn around. Life might surprise you and you may end up with the wrong result so try to stay positive sometimes and I know sometimes you can't help yourself but to be sad and I know times like that can happen because once it's happened to me and I was very very sorry and disappointed.

The word positive is a very accurate way of saying happy happiness. Happiness spreads all around the world and what I am grateful for is what makes me live and here are some things. A lot of great examples are well

first is my brother because he's always by my side and can be obnoxious sometimes but I love him and he loves me and one is my sister because she is so playful and puts a smile on my face. Another my mother because she's always cooking and cleaning and one is my dad who is here to help me with anything I need others are my friends who have my back and I will have their's. When you think about it some people do not have anything so you should be thankful for what you have some people do not have anything at all *"I 'm thankful for so many things but mostly God without him I'd have nothing else to be thankful for.* I think I have everything I need and everybody. I have to be truly blessed to have everything right in your life, because everybody is perfect in their own way. And what.

"Dear God, today I woke up. I am healthy. I am alive. Thank You. I apologize for all my complaining. I'm truly grateful for all you've done.

Fares Lababidy
Elm School Grade 4

Authors note:

I am 9 years old and I have a brother and a sister My brother is older than me my sister is younger than me also my sister is 4 and my brother is 10 I am currently in Elm Elementary School in 4th grade my school is very old and it was made in the early 1950s one of my teachers in Koumon went to Elm school and now she's in her 60s .I live in the suburban area of Hinsdale

Dogs are were mans best friend from the begging to end. They grew up together as if they were siblings and were raised together. They hunted together , they got food for the family. modern day dogs are still very graceful. Many dogs have won certain events and earned lots of honoring prizes. Dogs are still very cute but more safer because dogs originated from wolfs. Dogs are very helpful they wake us up in the morning or get the news paper for us or even find or missing sock. Weather dogs are different we have to treat the well and Im gonna teach how to take care of your dog.

You want to keep your dog in the healthiest condition possible. A dog is like a child you must treat it with care and respect. Dogs eat plenty of food everyday but you must give it the right food because some foods can kill dogs. All dogs need lots of protein and vitamins to maintain in good shape. All dogs need to have a walk at least twice a day to have good blood circulation going through there body. Dogs need to rest and take naps because the get tired from to much fun and the dog might even sleep for the day. All dogs are needed to have good care for a long life. Even if a dog is big and has a shorter life than small dog it will life bit longer from good care.

Dogs are the ancestors of wolves, and the ancestry of dogs started 27,000 years ago. The domestication started of dogs started 11,000 to 16,000. People started to breed different wolfs and get new species of wolf. They would let the ferocious wolfs eat meat in traps people would set. Then the would train them these wolfs would hunt for humans and help them on there journey. Sooner the wolf became smaller and less dangerous. These small animals were named dogs. Dogs were the safer and less "beast" like creatures. Dogs became very respected animals and people love them with there heart.

A dog needs the right care and treatment to have a good life. Some people take dogs and torture them but you should not do this. Animal abuse is a very wrong thing to do and you can pay big fines for this act. Instead you should get your animal the proper things such as a bed a leash and waste bags also some food and water. A dog will need to have its feedings and naps. Dogs will have to have a certain amount of protein depending on their size and what the vet says.

Overall dogs are great creatures and pets. They are very useful animals and can help us with anything. They get to be in shows and have been in movies to. Dogs can do tricks the can swim they can dance and can even stand up on their own. These great pets can help you find missing clothes or can get the news paper early in the morning but these are only some of the things dogs can do. Dogs large to small have been still very talented being able to hide or lick there owner in one jump. Finally I want to say thank you to dogs and thank you for reading this.

Sam Lababidy
Elm School Grade 5

The King of the Sea

Last school year, spring break at Hawaii. Trapped in the uncomfortable, soggy wetsuit, I observed the dark but clear, blue sea water. From a faraway distance, the water seemed still like a statue, but when you were close, you could see little ripples of water riding to shore. But then it happened. In a instant, the captain of the ship shouted something, and I saw it. It was the king of the sea.

When we drove into the gravelly parking lot, my I could start seeing the boat. When the car came to a stop, my family and I hopped out of the car, and strolled down to the dock. The boat was humongous with a balcony, and it had black stripes on the sides. Sitting on a moldy bench that had algae eating it up were two women, and, standing up, was a huge man with disheveled orange hair. In a matter of seconds, three more people came to his side. On the left, there was a plump man with a dirty hat, and a beard. On the right, there was a skinny woman who looked like she in her twenties, with brownish hair. Right behind them was a tiny and skinny man with brown.

When we got to the boar, the orange haired man said, "Hey, my name's Alex! On my left is Captain Jack. On my right is Lexi, and behind me David. What's your name?"

My dad replied, "My name's Albert, and my wife here is Dinna." My dad pointed to my brother and I. "The little one is Nate, and the bigger one Ethan."

Alex announced, "Welcome to Kona Diving Company you guys! Come along with me."

As we stepped into the boat, the two women followed us. The floor was bumpy, and it tickled my feet. Alex lead us to the middle of the boat, and I said to myself, *Ugh, the floor seems so muddy. This watery feeling on my feet feels so weird. Wait. Oh my – is that mold on the boat!?* Soon enough, the boat started to move, and I began putting on my black wetsuit. When the wetsuit started to eat me up, it rubbed against my skin, causing my skin to burn. After awhile, I was finally wearing my wetsuit, and I went up to the balcony by myself. Soon enough, the boat reached its destination, and I climbed down the stairs. I was met by my dad, and he mentioned that Alex was going to be my guide for snorkeling. So, I waited for Alex to get ready, and allow me to dive into the water.

"Ready?" he announced.

"Ready!" I replied

As we dived into the underwater kingdom, I could see schools of fish rapidly swimming out of our way. In the water, I could see scuba divers gliding through the ocean, emitting gigantic bubbles. The bubbles danced in the water, while the divided into halves. On the tan sand, there were unique shaped corals glowing with a colorful aura. By the corals were both large and miniscule fish, who seemed to do rituals around the corals. The tiny fish swam in packs like little armies. And even though they were a bit blurry at the time, I could see if they had stripes or dots. On the other hand, the larger fish who were alone were more vivid in colors, forming better patterns. Many minutes later, Alex signaled me to go back to the boat, and I did. Emerging out of the water, I saw my brother, my dad, and my mom. When my mom recognized me, she helped me climb back onto the boat. Even out of the boat, I could see the kingdom in front of me.

While I was resting, I heard Captain Jack shout, "WHALE SHARK!!!!!"

In an instant, all the people on board immediately dove into the freezing water, searching for the whale shark. Since I knew this was a once in a lifetime moment, I joined in with them. Soon, I realized that the rare, mysterious fish was right in front of me. It glided gracefully in the sea, while little fish wiggled by its sides. The whale shark's back was pure gray with white polka-dots that looked as smooth as silk, and its stomach was embedded with a heavenly white. The whale shark's eyes were emotionless little, black buttons. In the front, the its mouth was hanging open like it was in awe. The king of fish came to me, and I tried not to touch it. If I touched it, the it would swim away. So, I dived down, and watched the whale shark play with me and the other people. The giant fish seemed to be interested in the people, and I believe it was trying to talk to us. It was truly a masterpiece of nature.

After fifteen minutes, the whale shark got bored, and dived back into the depths of the ocean. After the show was done, everyone climbed back on board, and the boat started riding back to shore. As we were riding, the wind got in my face, and I squinted while my hair flew up to the sky. It felt like I was flying. I took off my wetsuit, and I grinned. I couldn't stop thinking about the whale shark.

As the island of Hawaii became more visible, my dad exclaimed, "You sure are a lucky boy, Nate. It isn't everyday when you get to see a whale shark. For your mom and I, it took years!" Thinking to myself, I said in my head, *I sure am because I just got to see the king of the sea.*

Nate Lin
HMS Grade 6

Splash

Whoosh! Whoosh! Splash heard the wind roaring over the dark sea. Once upon a time there was a dragon. That dragon's name was Splash. Her name had come from her family history. Every dragon in her family had a name that started with an S like: her great grandpa was Steve and her grandma was Selina and her grandpa was Shield. Her Mom's name was Sheila and her dad was Shelton. She also had one older sister named Sully.

Splash had slimy scales as electric blue as the oceans surrounding her. On her head there were glaring black eyes like shimmering little buttons on her small face. When running she had legs as fast as lightning dashing and swerving around, and a shiny tail like a midnight blue whip. When eating she used her slick teeth as sharp as knives. Up in the air she used her wings as smooth as smooth when she swoops down to get her food.

She also had a pretty nice home with sky scraping mountains as rough as a rock and midnight blue waves roughly scooping up animals on those mountains. There also were lots of crystals that had sharp edges and smooth sides as shiny as stars. It was pretty but very cold. That meant it had lots of rocky ice blocks as clear as air with puffy white clouds as plump as pillows.

Although she had a pretty good life, she still wanted more. She sat at the side of the ocean admiring the little dragons with feathers all over them soaring up above the mountains in the shimmering sun or the cool glimmering rain. Little did she know, those were birds. Then, at that very moment, she decided that she wanted to be a land animal living on the beautiful mountains, sun bathing after a cool dip in the water everyday after a big lunch of fish and some crabs. That was just a dream she wanted it to actually happen or else she would be stuck living in the ocean her whole entire life and nobody wants to be in the ocean there whole life not even a delicious fish she thought.

Just after midnight one morning Splash woke up and thought today was the day that she was going to be a land animal! She was so eager that she bolted around through the water until she saw a pretty light shining in the air it was Pegasus! She had heard lots of stories about him in stories her mother told her when she was 1. She called out to him as loud as she could even though she wasn't that loud because she was 3. Finally after the fifth time he heard her and came swooping down then she told him how she had wanted to be a land animal ever since she saw those little dragons with feathers and those dragons with the long tails and pointy ears. He told her those were birds and cats and if she wanted to be a land animal she should study the forest and while she is there find Eagle he will tell her how to be a land animal.

Megan Lipman
Madison School Grade 3

THE DEATHLY HOLLOW

One day 3 girls went playing in Maya's house. It was getting late and there were no parents with them. Kate complained that she was bored.

"I want to do something creepy, but also fun" said Kate.

"How 'bout we watch a horror movie?" suggested Allison. There was a silence, then Amelia said,

"That's not even scary, I know a graveyard called The Deathly Hollows that's close by." They all look in horror.

"Um, isn't that the abandoned graveyard that everyone is talking about?" asked Maya in horror. Allison and Kate were pale.

"My mom's nana died while visiting her husband" said Kate. They all stared at her like she just told them she was a princess.

"Why are we going to the graveyard anyways?" wondered Kate.

"Oh, we're just going to play ghost in the graveyard." Said Amelia spookily. Now everyone was as pale as snow except Amelia.

"Did you just suggest that we play ghost at night in a graveyard, and not any graveyard, the deathly hollows?" Maya asked while nearly fainting. She had heard that if you have the last name Mortimer then death often happens when your around. And it happens to be that Maya's last name was Mortimer, Maya Rose Mortimer.

"None of us are coming with you." The three horrified girls said at the time.

"Come on guys, I'll do anything!" said Amelia.

"Why? Well, fine, if I go then I have to stay with someone." Said Maya.

"I'll stay with you" said Allison. Soon they all started to walk to the graveyard. They spent 30 minutes to walk there. They didn't know that they were about to face the most dangerous journey in Deadly Hills history. When they got there, everyone, even Amelia, knew that they made a huge mistake. They past the gates, they were so cold and scared.

"Let's turn back." Said Kate. They all really did want to turn back. But then they heard a clinking noise behind them.

"I would like to, but there's one problem," said Amelia, they all looked back, "the gate closed!" they all had the same thought repeated over and over in their head, that they would die here, in the Deathly Hollows, tonight, on Friday, January 13th, 2013

"Is there another way out?" asked Allison hopefully. They already knew the answer. No, there wasn't. They all walked forward and explored, staying together. Maya was in front and the others followed.

"oh! I think I see secret tunnels!" she yelled to the others. They looked hopefully in the direction that Maya was pointing. They heard a scratching noise behind them, but this graveyard was full of unusual, scary things, so they didn't mind. They all walked toward the tunnel. But when they looked closely, they weren't tunnels. They were graves. And they were all empty. There were four of them. Next to the graves there were names, carved into stone. The names on the stones were familiar, it took them a moment to figure out who's it was, it was theirs! They all screamed and screamed.

"Were going to die here!" cried Amelia.

"You all will, you and all your friends will die a slow and painful death!" whispered a horrible creepy voice.

"Who's there!?" yelled Kate, who was now crying.

"It's me, come here, I just want to meet you" Said the voice.

"Don't, it's a trick guys, don't listen!" said Maya.

"Well if you won't come to me, I will bring you here myself!" the voice yelled. Suddenly the ground started to shake, and the four girls fell inside a hole. Underneath the hole, they saw a crowd of ghosts and zombies surrounding them.

"Come closer" they said with machetes and knives in their hands.

"Run!" yelled Allison. There were a few rocks sticking out from the sides of the hole, so they climbed up the hole. Lucky for them, ghosts and zombies can't climb, though zombies are smarter, because they eat brains.

"Hide somewhere, because when ghosts and zombies see their victim, they can learn fast." Said Maya.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Run!" shouted Kate. They ran and ran, not paying attention to where they were going. The girls looked forward.

"Ahh, guys we're going to fall into our graves!" shouted Maya. But it was too late, they fell in.

"This is too deep! How will we get out?" yelled Amelia.

"You won't girls" said the ghosts and zombies. And that was the end for the four friends.

3 DAYS LATER

Their parents watched the news in horror, as a voice from the T.V said,

“Four girls faced their fears and went out to play in The Deathly Hollows, they were attacked by some sort of ghosts and zombies. Buried alive in the most dangerous graveyard ever, on Friday, January 13th, 2013, brought to you by TDH News.”

Their parents sobbed and cried until they lost their voice, they wished it was all just a dream, and their children were fast asleep beside them, but it wasn't a dream, it was a nightmare.

Catherine Liu
Elm School Grade 3

My Great Grandpa

Do you have a great grandpa? Well I do. He lives in Medan, Indonesia. He is a really nice person to spend time with. He sits in a wheelchair inside his big house. We used to visit him almost everyday when we were in Medan. I hope you will enjoy my experience with him.

My 91-year-old great grandpa is the most generous person that I know. He always holds my hands when we take pictures. It makes my hands feel warm and cozy. It makes me and him feel peaceful. I really like when he does that. Another time is when he feels touched with me. He doesn't want me to leave his house because he wants to see me more and spend time with me. Once he even wanted to give me red envelop filled with 10,000 Indonesian Rupiah! So kind!!! He really likes to spend time with me at his humongous, beautiful house. He has lots of precious Indonesia statues in his house. They are all shiny new. I like to touch and admire them. One of my favorites ones is the ship that looks like a huge dragon with three layers and flags hanging from its poles. It is made from hard rock. Another one of my favorites is a beautiful and white cement vase. It is full of colorful shiny designs. The statues really grab my eyes. They are a precious thing to have. My great grandpa is the best!! I love him!!

Jason Liu
Walker School Grade 4

Three Suspects: A Murder Mystery

“Whee, whoo, whee, whoo,” the sirens screech as they drove by Sasha's house.

“What's all the noise?” she asks.

“Somebody got hurt, that's all. Now Sasha, will you get up, you're gonna miss the school bus.” her mom yells. Sasha gets dressed, runs down the stairs, and finishes her breakfast just as the school bus comes. She sprints outside and onto the school bus.

“Have you heard?”, her friend Melanie asks, “there was a student killed at our school yesterday.” Oh, so that's what the sirens were for, she thought, to investigate this murder mystery.

When they arrive at the school, the hallways were quiet. Sasha's friend, Kendell, runs over to her and asked, “Did you hear that our principal, our math teacher, and the janitor were sent to the police station to be questioned? They were the only adults at school yesterday during the murder.”

“Oh no!” Sasha says. Then, the bell rings and the girls hurry to class. School was uneventful, as usual, Sasha thought about this mystery the whole day. When she got home after school, she had made a decision. She would go to school the next morning to investigate, she knew it was dangerous, but she was too curious to not look around a little bit. She thought it would be safe because of the many teachers and students that would be there, so she asks her mom if she could go to school early tomorrow, her mom hesitates, but says yes. That night when she goes to bed, she had a mixture of excitement and fear for what might be found tomorrow.

“Ring, ring,” her alarm chimes. Sasha gets up, getting ready as fast as she can. Her mom was already waiting downstairs already.

“Let's go,” Sasha says. The car ride was quiet and slow, but they finally got there.

“Bye mom,” she says.

“Be careful, honey,” her mom says.

“I'll be fine mom, stop worrying,” Sasha assures. She walks into the school and decides to take a look in the math room, Room 134. She walks in the room, there

were no students in the room, but in the back of the room was her math teacher, Mrs. Mrean sitting at her desk. Wait, Sasha thought, isn't she supposed to be at the police station?

Sasha looks up at her, Mrs. Mrean was smiling at her.

"What are you doing here so early, Sasha?" Mrs. Mrean asks.

"What are you doing here?", Sasha asks, "Aren't you supposed to be at the police station with the principal and janitor?"

"I was let go, they found out I wasn't the murderer," Mrs. Mrean says, "now back to my question, why are you here?"

"Umm, just here to do some studying in the library, I came here to pick up a few papers I needed," Sasha says suspiciously, "I should leave now."

"Oh, I don't think so," Mrs. Mrean says. The door swings shut behind Sasha and Mrs. Mrean stands up with a knife in her hand. Your next!

Mrs. Mrean mouths to Sasha. She tries to open the door, but it is locked from the outside. Mrs. Mrean is walking over to Sasha now. The first thing that pops into Sasha's head is to yell.

"Help, help me!" Sasha yells. She hears footsteps in the hallway. Mrs.

Mrean is closer now, holding the knife right in front of her. Now, there is pounding on the door. Sasha continues to yell.

Suddenly, Mrs. Mrean was right in front of her. Crash! The door crashes down. Then, Sasha's vision turns black.

Epilogue:

"4 days passed after the attempted murder of a middle school student named Sasha Coleman by Agatha Mrean, a math teacher at Everly Middle School," the news reporter reported. Sasha was lying in a hospital bed while listening to news. Mrs. Mrean was captured before she could get to her, but the door fell on Sasha's legs which made her topple over and lose consciousness. She is feeling much better now, and Mrs. Mrean was arrested.

Xixi Liu

HMS Grade 7

Did you know the largest black hole known of is 100 million suns big? Black holes are very powerful and can suck up anything. Not only can they suck stuff up, they can tear it up too. It is very bad to fall into a black hole.

How big can black holes be?

Black holes can be infinitely large or small and every size has a very, very, very strong pull. The three main sizes are, atom small size that have the mass of a large mountain, steller, that has the mass of 1 or 2 million suns and supermassive that have the mass of 50 million or more suns. Every galaxy has a supermassive black hole at its core. The stellar sizes form when stars explode. It is amazing that black holes can be so big.

How can they effect the universe?

Black holes can effect the universe by destroying stars, moons and planets. You can see how they effect the universe by looking at the flying stars around it that eventually get sucked into the black hole. Also, when black holes and stars smash into each other, extremely high energy light is made as the star is torn apart, which gives the black hole a super hot materiel disk. Black holes can do very dangerous things.

It's certainly true that black holes are very fascinating but dangerous. It's also true that they can be any size and have a materiel disk. The black hole is very dangerous. Especially being 100 million suns big.

Nathaniel Makstenieks

Madison School Grade 5

My Dad's Wedding

Have you ever been to a wedding? At my dad's wedding there was a party, family, food, friends, a D.J, and even a parade! It all started off with a gross taxi car that smelled like barf. But it ended off with a awesome night. The wedding was in New Orleans. I have never been to New Orleans, but my step mom grew up there and it's such a cute place because it has jazz band everywhere and the hotels are really nice and fancy! When we left for the wedding we had to get in a smelly taxi car. It was big but we had 6 people so Kaira [step sister] had to sit on my lap. I was soooooo exited, but nervous too! Me and Kaira had butterflies. "Are you nervous or exited?" I whispered in her ear. "Both," she said. We laughed. Once we got there it was this pretty little place. "This is a adorable place!" I said to my grandparents. They agreed. Kinda looked like a really big cottage inside and out. We went upstairs and found Keely [my stepmom] and we got our head pieces on. It was pretty white roses. Keely looked as beautiful as a dark pink flamingo. But my dad was not allowed to see her until she walked to the ceremony. "I can't wait!" I told her.

I finally found my dad and he looked nice too. He was wearing a tuxedo. "I'm so exited!" I told him. Keely was hiding behind this doorway so that my dad couldn't see her. It was funny! We kept on saying, "don't turn around!!" Finally everybody was there settled and the ceremony started. I wished my dad good luck and he walked out in front of family and friends. Then Keely came out from behind the doorway and walked out. My dad was smiling from ear to ear but swaying back and forth. After that me and Kaira walked out and sat down in the front row. They were both smiling so big! I could hear people crying behind me. The priest talked for what seemed like forever, but then it finally happened! They kissed! After some clapping and congrats, Keely called me over and my dad called Kaira over. They both gave us real pearl bracelets with the weddings date on them. It was so beautiful shining in the light.

After that, the real party started!! There was a DJ and a bar, there was an outside area for the kids to play around in, too. There was a massive buffet and a cake. The buffet had some foods like delicious rice, war, bread, a huge ham, barbecue wings and much more! The cake was a Mardi Gras cake that had a baby in the middle! The funny part was that me and Kaira got the 2 babies! Everybody danced and soon my dad and Keely did their dance and half way through, me and Kaira joined! At the end around 11:00pm there was even a parade! It was so awesome! Me, Kaira, Keely, and my dad where in the front leading everybody. We had fun scarfs and masks. It was such a fun night. After around 11:00pm, me and Kaira went back to the hotel to go to bed. I said goodnight to my dad and we got another taxi that was not too gross, and went home. "Goodnight dad, have a fun night!" I told him. "Good night honey," he told me. The next morning my dad told me that they stayed up till 4am last night! It was one of the best night's ever! My favorite part was the parade, because it was fun leading everybody around the place! I'm so happy that they are married!

Nadia Marlovics
Madison School Grade 5

The Secret of Puppy Mills

Do you think it is fair for dogs to be bred in puppy mills? Puppy mills are at someone's house or on someone's land. The puppies are born there and get sold to pet stores and the puppies are not treated well. Also, the puppies are kept in a small compartment. Puppy mills should be illegal because it is unfair for the mom to keep breeding. The dog and puppies do not get any care at the mills. Also, the moms do not get to go outside. So what do you think about that?

The overload in puppy mills is how shelters have so many good dogs. In puppy mills there are often too many puppies so they have to give 8 week old puppies away. So just think why do they breed more puppies when there are plenty in the shelters. The puppies in the shelter are just as fine as those in puppy mills. People who want puppies should get them from the shelters. Why get puppies from stores if they are more expensive than the shelter? Why do people go to puppy stores?

How unhealthy are the puppies in puppy mills? These puppies and dogs have absolutely no care. They get little to no veterinarian care. The dogs live in small cages and terrible conditions. Most of the puppies have no food or water. When puppies get sold to pet stores, they have many things wrong with them like heart disease, kidney disease, fleas, ticks, and many other diseases. What happens to the mom after so many litters are born? When a mother has been bred too much they cannot breed anymore. Most of the time the mom just dies of over work. Usually the mother never gets a break in between litters, she just keeps having puppies. After all that, she and her puppies have physical problems. So in many cases the mom and the puppies are very sick, and some die. So now you know some reasons puppy mills should be stopped. Will you stop buying from stores that buy from puppy mills? We need to stop this it has been going on too long! We all need to help stop this disaster. So will you help?

Natalie Marringa
Monroe School Grade 5

What's the best school in the Big Ten?

Imagine you're a 16 year old teenager your getting ready to go to college there are over 1,000 colleges in the United States how do you decide? Maybe you're a very big football fan while the Big Ten is big on football and most Big Ten schools are just good schools but there are still 14 schools in the Big Ten so what's the best Big Ten school?

What's the Best Big Ten School Academically?

Out of 4 Big Ten schools including Penn State, Northwestern, Michigan and Ohio state what's the best school academically. Penn State is ranked #59 in national colleges I know what your saying right now I thought Big Ten schools are supposed to be better than that but, out of 4,140 schools in the United States, that's pretty good. Northwestern is ranked number ten nationally. This is one of the highest ranked colleges in the Big Ten. Michigan is ranked #27 on world news and report rankings. Ohio state is ranked #56. Out of these four Big Ten schools I would rank northwestern #1, Michigan #2, Ohio state #3, Penn State #4.

What's the Best Big Ten Football Team?

Out of Ohio State, Michigan, Penn State, Northwestern, and Michigan State. Which school has the best football team and has won the most national titles. Right now Ohio State is ranked #10 nationally and has won 36 big championships. Northwestern is not ranked yet, but they have won 8 Big Ten championships. Michigan is ranked #5 and they have won the most Big Ten championships with 42 wins Penn state is ranked #14 and has won 4 Big Ten championships. Michigan state is not ranked yet, but they have won 9 Big Ten championships.

Which College City is the Best in the Big Ten?

What's the best college city in the Big Ten? Northwestern is located in Evanston which is 10 minutes from Chicago by train. Michigan is located in Ann Arbor. From Ann Arbor to Detroit is 59 minutes by train. From Penn State to Pittsburgh is 2 hours and 25 minutes by car. Some people think it would benefit you if your college is closer to a big city so that when you want to hang out with your friends there's a fun place to hang out by. Another so you can learn about your city's culture.

The Big Ten has won 288 national championships. That's hard to do considering only four teams even make it to the playoffs each year. After researching a lot about the Big Ten, I have concluded that Northwestern is

the best school academically, Michigan is currently the best football team in the Big Ten, but they do have a big game against Ohio state that might decide which football program is the best. I have concluded that Northwestern is the closest to there states biggest city which is important because then you have a nice place to hang out with your friends, and learn more about your city's culture outside of school.

Nicholas Marringa
Monroe School Grade 5

Twilight Zone Tower of Terror

Do you see that? Is it really that big? Is that fake? Today, my family and I were in Disney's Hollywood Studios, and I really wanted to go on the Twilight Zone Tower of Terror. The bad part was that we needed to find a fastpass since the wait was very long. I wondered to myself, are any fast passes available? Noooooo!! Unluckily for me, there are only fast passes available after 9 o'clock, but we had to leave the park by 5:00. 🙄. Luckily, I learned that sometimes people who change their mind cancel their fast passes, and we might be able to get a fastpass if someone cancels.

We went on the inverting Rock N Roller Coaster but it was not too ghostly. It was not that fun because you could see when the track would go up and you would loop. When it was over, I checked the fastpass again, and they had a 4:30 fast pass!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! "YES!!!!!!!!!!!" I shouted to my family. I felt like a won a million dollars. I felt a mix of ease and dismay at the same time. We went on a few more rides, but I knew this would be the scariest. When we got in line for the Tower of Terror, the tall attendant remarked how brave my brother and I were. After we got in line, there was a man selling water bottles, so we each got one. We waited for a million years before we got on the ride. After we finally got on the ride, the attendant checked our seatbelts and then we were off. My stomach sunk to my knees. The door closed, we went up what felt like a floor, and then we saw real ghosts!!!!!!!!!! It was so crazy!!!!!!!!!! I was on the edge of my seat the whole time!!! We saw a real whole ghost family!!!!!!!!!! Luckily, right on time, the door closed and we went up a floor. I hope that this time their will not be something super scary like the ghosts, I thought to myself. This time, there was this weird hallway with the lights dimmed which was not as scary.

(Luckily.) All of the sudden, out of the blue, WE STARTED BOLTING FORWARD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I was so freaked out because I thought that the ride broke. I thought that because for all I know it is impossible for an elevator to move forward. My mind was blown!!! 🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄🙄 I prayed that the ride did not brake and that we would all come out alive. When I saw a door open the perfect size to fit the elevator cart into, I knew it was just part of the ride, and we would be fine. I felt as if a thousand tons had just been lifted off my back. Then, we started going up, up, up, up. We stopped, and there was a window we could look out of. We were about 200 feet off the ground!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I knew something was going to happen, so I started counting down in my head. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, Ahhhh!!!!!!!!!! I was right. Right when I got down to one, we catapulted straight down!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It was awesome!!!!!!!!!! We got about 15 seconds of full weightlessness!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It was totally epic!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Finally, when were about to reach the ground, we stopped, and then started going back up!!!!!! This repeated about eight times, but on the last time, we got to stay in midair for the longest. As the elevator cart began to slow down, I was very heartbroken, but the ride had to end. I loved every single second of it. It was breathtaking, frightening, and magnificent all in one. I hope I can go on the tower of terror again soon!

Author's Note: Connor Mason lives in Hinsdale, Illinois and is one of four children. He loves to ski with his family, (especially at Four Lakes.) Connor went to Disney the summer of 2018, and hopes to go back next year. Dedication: I dedicate this book to my dad. I dedicate this to him because he convinced me to go on the Tower of Terror. Without him, I would've missed out on this awesome ride that I turned out loving. (Before I went on it, I thought that after I would hate it.)

Connor Mason
Oak School Grade 4

Winter

Flat tires, sliding down in spires
people to salt the snails away.
Snowball fights, snowball fights,
fun til they hit your face.
ice cold ketchup from the nose.

Ian Maxwell
Madison School Grade 4

Happy

When will this word ever bleed
From people's woeful cuts
Inflicted upon by other's fear
Of not being accepted.

Of course, that's never.
But even so,
It is important to try
To focus upon fixing it
To make those hurts expunged.

How come people, most by greed,
Can become knives so sharp?
All we know is that happiness
Is so easy to spark

And so, this world, in this new year
I suggest to fix their ways
As happiness is not really
That many miles away.

London Maxwell
HMS Grade 8

Don't be late: top to bottom

School is great,
Except when you're late.
Because you have many excuses,
But they don't have many uses.
And it eventually grows old.
That is what you are told,
Don't be late again.

School is Great: bottom to top

Smith Maxwell
HMS Grade 6

Marshmallow World

Once upon a time there were two kids named Candy and Chocolate. They lived in Marshmallow World. They wanted so many marshmallows that they couldn't stop eating them. So, they went to Marshmallow World, and then they saw a huge rock monster. The rock monster smashed Marshmallow World. Candy and Chocolate were so sad. They were sad that Marshmallow World was ruined. The big rock monster was trying to chase Candy and Chocolate and trying to smash them, too.

Then, a rainbow came and fixed up Marshmallow World because that rainbow was so happy, and the marshmallow world needed something happy. Then, they were so happy because Marshmallow World was fixed up. It was so cool. It had marshmallows and marshmallow trees and marshmallow grass and marshmallow schools. They threw a big party. It was a fun night at the party. They ate cake, pie, and marshmallows but surprisingly they did not have a tummy ache! So, they ate candy the rest of their lives but for some awkward reason marshmallow world was not there anymore. Marshmallow world was full of all regular things, regular grass, regular everything, and regular houses from then on. The two friends, Candy and Chocolate, were regular people now too and now their names were changed to Lila and Greta. So, that's how things turned out.

Katie McLaughlin
Oak School Grade 4

Enchanteria

Ashley

Once there was a place called Enchanterina, where a kingdom once lived. But now it is all ash and burns. Ash, my name is Ash. Well it is actually Ashley. But, according to my older sister, Eldana, we lived there but moved once a war broke out. Eldana is my only real family. Her blond hair down and wavy, as her green eyes sparkled. White shimmer used to shine from her mouth but now it is just a whole bunch of yellow. We did not have enough money to buy toothpaste though we used to be the richest people in the world. We are lucky to have enough money for a house and to pay rent. Eldana is a baker down in the town. She comes home with six rolls of bread of which are not too freshly made. But like Eldana says, "You gotta do what ya gotta do."

There was a loud knock on the door. I answered it, amazed, I saw a newspaper boy, his long blond hair covering his eyes. "Ya wanna buy uh newspapah" he said "It will only cost ya around twenty- five cents." I was quiet looking him in the eyes, resisting the urge to say yes. "No. Thank you, but no." Eldana said determined.

There was another knock on the door, I opened it not a soul was there maybe it was another one of those town tricks. I stepped outside with surprise a man showed up with a teal and magenta suit. With a little badge saying Enchanterina. His blue eyes squinting he said "Mistress I am a guard for Enchanterina. I wanted to tell you that your majesty declares your presence." I was wide eyed for a beat or two and told the guard I will be there in a few seconds. I glared at Eldana and said "You said Enchanteria went down in flames and we used to rule there." She looked sad and said "It did. Mom and dad brought us here and placed us here. Then they set back out to help put out the fires, and left us here until the fires went down. I do not know much else." I reopened the door and shouted with excitement "Show us the carriage" He told us that it was late so we will start our journey tomorrow. That night I ate my bread, and sat in front of the cold fire knitting myself a sock because my other ones ripped.

The next morning the carriage was parked with rose gold steps and rose gold door I hopped inside. There was all types of sweets I started with the candy then the chocolate. The warm spring breeze blew upon my dirty face with the flowers actually blooming and the pond with lily pads and little frogs and butterflies. I remember my friend Elta, and how we used to capture butterflies and chase them like we were tigers and how we used to dance and laugh together and how we used to color on her driveway. But I never seen her since the fire. When the carriage parked. The palace was huge with rose gold everywhere a Queen came out and hugged me. "I was worried about you two. How was it in Yallerville?" She dragged us inside, she sat Eldana on the coach and dragged me up to a room the walls were colored violet, with a rose gold desk and mirror. I plopped on my bed which the rim was rose gold and for once I had a mattress and not just hay. She pulled me into a pink bath room and the toilet was not in the woods! There was a big mirror and the rims was made of rose gold. There was even a towel warmer. There was a bath and the water was actually warm. Once I was out of the shower there was a teal robe

sitting on the sink. When I went in my room there was a yellow dress with pearls and diamonds all over, with little green gems here and there.

Then there is the hair. My hair was twisted and turned, in loops, and out, a tweek here, a tweek there. It was in a twisted braid half up half down. My shoes were glass high heels that were green and with a yellow gem on the toe.

I went into the hallway that at the end had the biggest window I ever saw my life. My face crinkled as the sunlight swarmed in. Eldana came out dressed in a teal dress with a magenta design and her magenta shoes with a teal gem. Her hair was in a twisted bun with no hair left behind. Her makeup was perfect her dark pink lips perfect and her teal eye shadow match her dress directly. Her mascara was the darkest shade of black I ever saw, when she caught me staring she caught my glance and smiled, her teeth are white and shimmery once again. I was wondering where she got her makeup from at that second, makeup artists ran over. They dusted my face with make up. When I looked in the mirror, I saw my light pink lip gloss, green eyeshadow, and blush that made me look like I was actually blushing. My mom introduced us to our guard. Mine was a woman named "Alice" and Eldana's was also a woman named Dorthy. Mom said her name was Elanor. My guard took me to the village.

There was a tall man walking by with blonde hair covering one of his eyes. His eyes were a kind of blue. He stared at me and ran over. "Ashley, right?" he smiled "I am Anjelino. Queen's son. Your older brother." I was enthusiastic about this new life. He walked off to the castle then this other girl came, and they were holding hands!

At dinner we got served lamb chops, corn, and mashed potatoes. I watched as Anjelino's "" ate slowly next to him. The king or "My dad" was sitting in his eating throne staring at mom when mom was talking about how the town wants more money. He sat there upset, his face burning red. He looked at me and tugged me upstairs and into my room. "Listen I know you used to be poor and you set this up. You hear me out young lady, one bad move and you are out of here. You hear?" I thought family was not supposed to yell at each other, but, I am rich! Well my family is, at least. When I was walking down the hall there was a big purple hole inches away from my feet Eldana came walking down almost about to fall into it. I jumped to block her. We both fell in we were whoosed and air was fighting against me on my knees.

I fell down with a great thump. My eyes were blurry all I could see was silver and the tiniest amount of teal you could ever see. My eyes started to actually see. We were not in the kingdom I know that for sure. There was grass all around me with colorful flowers in every direction. There was a small-ish amount of space. There were gates making a square. You could mistake it to be in space. Eldana seemed to be panicking. She started pacing around the perimeter of our limited space. She said to climb over the fence. I told her that I would never climb up a 35 foot fence.

To be continued...

**Konstantina McLaughlin
HMS Grade 6**

Ally the Elephant

Clog, clog, clog! Ally was trying to make a mud pool with worms. Ally Brin Elephant! Mom shouted, clean up this mess right now! Gramps is coming soon. Ally loved to have gramps over. Here lived a young elephant named Ally. Ally had squishy feet that were like marshmallows to walk on. She had round eyes like marbles to inspire, bristles as sharp as the point of a pencil, and dove gray colored ears as flappy as a pancake to refresh her. She also had a trunk as long as a snake to grab branches, and a small belly as a plump pillow to jump in a bath tub. Ally's name was related from generation to generation starting with the letter A. The names are aunt Anna, Ava, cousin Annabel, Aunt Apple, uncle animal, titi Abi, cousin Adriana, Aunt Ann, brother Aaron, sister Audrey, and brother Anthony.

Every day of each month Ally helped her mom get ready for the winter while her brothers and sister played. Ally was the youngest in her family. She was often quiet. Where Ally lived in a forest with neon colored leaves for a shade when she was hot. There was a taffeta blue water fall as refreshing as a pool of crisp, clean water, slimy moss as a dirty glob of squish, the wavy trees swishing in the breeze, and last but not least the beautiful jade green grass with a softness to prickle her toes.

One day Ally had a strange feeling, a feeling she had never felt before. She followed her strange feeling. she closed her eyes slowly and started to wander after her feet. After a while she had realized that it was nearly after noon. She looked around and saw that her strange feeling had left her in this dirty filthy polluted muddy place. Out of the bushes she heard a little wimping sound from a elephant. Ally spoke up and said, "come out little one come out you have no reason ton be afraid of little Ally." Ally saw a little trunk sticking out of the bush. The little wimping voice snuck out of the bush with the trunk the little creature came out of the bush. That little creature was not any different from her, that little creature was a baby elephant. Ally asked the baby elephant what it name was? The baby elephant reapplied and said it name was Penelope. Ally asked how long that poor little thing was there in that miniature area. Penelope's face drooped down with her eyes raining with poor. Ally looked and lost her train of thought.

Sarah Meltzer

Madison School Grade 3

Raging Waves

The waves crashing down on my back and took me into the undertow. Gasping for air screaming for my life. "Am I going to die?"

It was a normal day in Florida. Just like any other. Waking up to the baby blue skies and bikers ringing their bells. All these thoughts running through my head. "Let's go to the ocean!"

"I knew this was the place for me." I said when I sprinted down to the ocean. I got down to the beach to find the tide roaring and people laughing. I ran to the salty ocean for wave jumping. Oh and may I add the waves were very strong that day. The ocean flags were yellow that day. (This means to be careful) but I did not pay attention to that. The waves were light but when time came, the waves grew stronger.

Wow! That was fun I said right after the wave crashed. I started heading back to the shore but then... CRASH! The wave crashed down on my back and took me into the undertow. Tumbling, screaming for help and out of breath Finally, gasping for air, I got out to the sand. When I finally I got out to the shore with tangled hair, sand and pebbles all over my legs. I look like I came out of a war zone. Always know, respect the ocean and respect Mother Nature.

Olivia Mendez

Madison School Grade 5

I Am Poem

I am a sweet and kind daughter
I wonder if I will go to Harvard
I hear a piano playing
I want to go to the Maldives
I am a sweet and kind daughter
I pretend to act
I feel neutral
I touch sheet music
I worry about myself
I cry when I have a breakdown
I am a sweet and kind daughter
I understand that life is worth living for
I say "stay alive"
I dream about being a singer
I try to be good at ukulele
I hope to live a full life
I am a sweet and kind daughter

Sophia Mendez

HMS Grade 6

The story of a new earth Earth girl

Chapter 1

It all started on my tenth birthday I had not seen my father since world war 3. The war started a year ago. My father was a marine soldier. He died a week ago, and on that very same day something horrible happened the enemy bombed an air force base. There was a huge fire burning almost the whole state. Everyone died except for me and my brother.

The second the fire stopped we headed north to Illinois. About 2 days into are journey there was a nuclear explosion nearly killing me and my brother. Luckily we survived but the nuclear explosion reacted with our body giving us superpowers! "Wow," I said. Me and my brother could fly which would help us on our journey. It only took us a few more hours to get there. That night we slept under the stars. The next morning we picked some blueberries and found some nuts for breakfast.

**Jordan Renee Meyers
The Lane School Grade 3**

My First Bears Game

Do you know who the Bears are? The Bears are the best team in football! They play at Soldier Field.

I felt so happy at my first Bears game. The field was so big. It was electric! The fans were cheering loudly. I knew I was going to have fun. It was snowing. People were throwing snow balls at the field. But I was not. I was in a suite inside.

The Bears ran the ball! 10...20...30... Pow! No, he was tackled. The next play the QB threw 50 yards. No, not again! He was tackled. The Bears run. It looks like a TD... Yes! TD!!! Yay!

I look at all the fresh, yummy food. I could eat it all, but my Dad said no. So I had 5 slices of pizza and one hotdog. The food was the best ever. I was so happy. There were 50 pounds of hotdogs and a mountain of pizza.

I was walking to the car after the Bears won. Wait! Thump, thump...wait. I hear something. It was a player that played for the Bears. It was Zach Miller!! I took a picture with him.

The whole day was so so fun! Can we do it again?

**Aaron Mikhail
Madison School Grade 3**

Just Desert

As she lowered the knife it got even brighter.....

Woosh, I am packing as fast as I can or I will miss my flight. I keep thinking pack, drive, and fly. In a jiffy, I am in the car and I speed to the airport. I just finish security and I hear in Spanish ..,"Jennifer Winski your plane is leaving in 5 minutes." I grab my stuff and run to the station. I make it just in the nick time. I board on the plane and relax. And if I didn't mention I am going to Australia from my home in Spain. Zzzzzzzzz, Zzzzzzzzz ... ding dong ... everybody we are losing altitude please go into impact position. What!!!, I put my head on my knees and put my hands on my head. Ding dong, " **CRASH LANDING!!! CRASH LANDING!!!! Everyone please stay calm.**" I keep thinking why, why, why couldn't I have missed the flight. Then all of a sudden there was a big **BOOM!!!!**

..... There is twisted metal and broken chairs all around me. I look out of the window and think I am in the Sahara desert. Then there is movement, a window falls on the floor and I crawl out of the wreckage. Ahk, ahk,

ahk, ahk I start to cough out sand. I examine myself and see bruises and blood gushing from my right knee. I look around and see nothing but desert. I look at the wrecked plane and say to myself, "Am I the only survivor?" There is no movement. I look out in the desert and see nothing but cacti, a few rocks, sand, sand, sand and more sand. I plop down onto the sand and think. "Well I will need some food, some water, and a place to sleep." I look at a rock, then I look at a cactus. Looks like raw cacti for dinner. I take a sharp rock and start to cut a piece of cacti in to a nice thick slice and then I start scraping the spikes off the piece of cactus. I take the rock, cut the cactus in small pieces, put it on a flat rock and I eat it. Next I need to find or make a shelter. I think I can just sleep in the wrecked plane. So I climb in through the window that I came from, and surprisingly my chair is broken but it is in a perfect shape for a bed. I lay down, I really need some rest. I wake up and open my eyes. There is a crow right in front of me. I think, "what in the world is a crow doing in a desert." I examine the crow and notice a note tied to its foot that says, "walk fifty steps north of where you sit, there sits an oasis which will be come if two enemy's will meet." I tuck the note in my pocket, start walking 50 steps north, and the bird follows. I get to the spot where the oasis should sit and a few steps away there is a crocodile. It looked like it was trying to guard the spot. Then I had an idea, the crow was on my shoulder, I brought the crow to the croc and suddenly the sand started to tremble. The sand churned and transformed into an oasis. There was fresh water, dates, food, a knife, and a pumpkin. This could feed me for a lifetime I think. A few days later at night I went into the tent I made out of a semi burnt parachute. On the table there was the knife and the pumpkin. I take the knife and start lowering it. As I lower it, it got brighter. Sssck!!!!, there was a big explosion a bunch of seeds flew everywhere and scattered to make a path and out came a note with them. It said, "now quench your thirst and eat well follow the seeds and good will come." So I did exactly as it has said, it lead me to a group of explorers and the leader stepped out and said, "it was us who was sending the messages to you." The crow flies and lands on the leader's shoulder. "Let's get you home before any more danger comes." I had so many questions, but the sound of going home seemed so comforting after all the chaos. I nodded in agreement thanked the group and climbed onto one of the camels. On the ride I thought of all the people on the plane with me that did not survive and will never have a chance to get home.

Sabil Musabji
CHMS Grade 6

Disney Cruise

"Hurry up! Hurry up! Or we are going to miss the boat." We were going to a Disney Cruise in Barcelona . First my brothers, parents, and grandparents landed in Barcelona. Then we went to a huge and colorful boat. When we got on my brother Sabil and I raced to our room.

Next, we went to dinner at Animator's Palate. My favorite part was the Mickey ice cream pop. It melted in my mouth and the creamy ice cream tasted sweet.

After, I went to the Aqua Dunk. I had to wait for 40 minutes in line. Before you go, you have to stand on a platform of glass. The three ducklings Huey, Dewey and Louie count to three. You wait for a while then the glass opens up when you least expect it and you fall through. My heart was pounding so hard when I dropped from the glass!

At the end of the day we went back to our room. I got into my pajamas and jumped into bed. The boat slowly rocked me to sleep. I dreamed about what my vacation would bring me next.

Zahra Musabji
Monroe School Grade 3

Untitled

Perhaps the *thing* sprung from a simple case of what was deemed the *Blues* by my oblivious community. However, this *thing* was not a slump, or a phase. More likely, the Thing was a headache which manifested itself over the course of months, or even years, tainting every thought with a negative counterpart which made it impossible to think.

This horrible parasite, this horrible *thing*, was not physical, nor a feeling. It was like the essence of cold air tapping at the back of your neck you would feel walking outside on an October night. My brain was a metal roof to the rain of thoughts pounding in the back of my head on a foggy March morning.

The *thing* made me long for spring. I wished that I could regain the feeling in my toes, in my hands, in my *brain*. I wished that I could go outside, to the field near the hill near my elementary school, and just be a *kid* again, and never feel this pressure, this parasite, this ailment, this *thing*. I wished that I could roll down the hill again without being trapped at the top like I was, forced *by my own head* to merely observe.

What about a picnic? The idea of the arid air surrounding my face like water in a pool, and sitting in the mud with flip-flops on my feet, and leaning against the wall of the red-bricked school- that all seemed alluring.

However, that could not be. This parasite was tempting me with visions of the past and the future without allowing me to skip past the present. I had to force *myself* through every passing day, waiting for spring, waiting for the rain to cease.

It never happened.

Ayla Mushtaq
HMS Grade 6

I think why, why did this happen. My head aches and I cannot feel my legs. I start to wobble, and then fall. I think, where am I, as things go black.

I wake up in the hospital. I cannot feel my head and I see my mom and two sisters crying, and my dad is talking to the nurse. I get scared for a second, and start to cry. When they see I'm awake they run to my side. We are all crying, tears trickle down their face and mine. A second later the nurse said we don't have long together. This is how my story started. I was 10.

I'm 12 now and things are a lot different. I don't go to school anymore, I do it online. I live in the hospital. My friends are my sisters, my nurses, and my doctors...and that's it. Two years ago I had a stroke. I don't really remember much of it, just a little. I was making food when all the sudden I fell and I woke up in the hospital. They said I had brain damage and I wasn't allowed to go home. I haven't been home in two years. My dog Twirls is not allowed here, but since I'll never leave, they said it would be okay for him to visit. It may give me strength, so I might be able to go home.

I'm not getting my hopes up, the doctor said I was lucky that I was still alive! Most people like me, they live until they're 5 or so, I'm in the world record book! It's awesome...sort of.

It's weird, whenever I walk, a nurse follows me. They say that I shouldn't walk around a lot, so usually I'm in a wheelchair. There are two other girls that have been here for two years each, but they're leaving so I just have my sisters. I have a little sister that doesn't really get a lot of things. She's five and her name is Marco, I call her Markie. I also have an older sister, named Caso. I call her castle, she doesn't really mind because she thinks it's funny...which I think is funny for a 15 year old. They've been by my side my whole life. Even if they don't get it, I love them. We hang out all the time and play, that's the one part of my life that's still normal. I like that they the one part that's is still the same.

Avery Musso
CHMS Grade 6

Barack Obama

Hi, my name is Barack Obama. I was born on August 4, 1961. I am from Honolulu, Hawaii. Growing up I had a little family. I had my mom, and her name was Ann Dunham. I also had my dad, and his name was Barack Obama, Senior. Later on in my childhood, my parents got divorced. When I was younger, I loved to play basketball and baseball. I studied at Punahou Elementary School and received my further education at Columbia College

and Harvard Law School. During my adult life, I worked as a United States Senator, and I was the President of the United States. I was inspired by my dad, Barack Obama, Senior, because I was named after him. My biggest accomplishment was beating John McCain in the presidential election. Some characteristics that describe me are joyful, generous, and pleasant. I always say, "Hope is the key to life." I will always be remembered for being the first African American President of the United States.

Mia Nehme
Oak School Grade 3

If All Wishes Could Come True

Chapter 1

In New York, there lived a happy family with a single mom and a set of twins, but they were not the richest. Their home was an apartment in a middle-class section of the city. Though it was a modest apartment, the children had their own bedroom where they could keep their things and their secrets. Much of their time was spent praying that one day their mom could find a job that would help them pay for their taxes. Marie, the mom would go out everyday on the streets and would play the flute hoping she would get enough money. Marie would earn about 80 dollars everyday. Marie would go during the morning during rush hour when everyone was on the streets, until 8:00 during the night. Since the divorce, Marie and her family were not gaining that much money.

Ell and Anna were Marie's 12-years old children. The girls were also struggling with life because they would always get laughed at in school because they could not buy the nicest clothes. In addition, they missed their dad. Because Ell and Anna were identical twins and best friends, they didn't always need other people, but they did not want to get treated poorly.

Everyday before going home, they would go to a shallow, muddy pond with seaweed and throw a rock in so they could make a wish. They would always wish for their dad to come back to spend some time with them, or to not get laughed at, or for their mom to find a proper job.

One day, while they were walking back from school, they saw someone who looked familiar. They knew after thinking for a bit that it had to be their dad. They raced along the path and gave their dad a huge hug.

"I missed you," whispered Elle.

"Yeah," said Anna "Why haven't you come to visit us, Dad."

"Um, I don't think you should be talking to me, guys, you mom may be angry."

"You mean, you don't care about us anymore?" said Anna.

"Of course, I do," said Dad.

"Of course, you do," moaned Ell. "But, I have been starting to think everything you have been telling me is a lie."

"Stop that!" said dad. "Of course, I love you."

"Let's go!" Anna yelled, and Ell followed her home. They felt disappointed and hurt all night.

The next day Anna was still upset when she arrived at school. As she tried to slip quietly into her chair, she looked over at Jack.

"Mrs. Stuffady, Anna didn't do her homework," tattled Jack.

"Yes, I did!" Anna said softly. She was absolutely amazed that Jack would say such a thing.

"No, you didn't," Jack responded in an unpleasant way.

While the teacher wasn't looking, he threw her homework into the garbage can.

"Mrs. Stuffady," Anna called, trying to explain what Jack had done.

"Be quiet, Anna. I have had enough. Now, follow me," Mrs. Stuffady said in a teacher tone.

"But, ..." Anna tried.

"There are no buts," responded Mrs. Stuffady. While they were heading out of the classroom to go to the principal's office, Jack stuck his tongue out at her. Anna was waiting nervously while her teacher was talking with her principal. As the teacher turned and headed back to class, the principal turned to Anna and said, "Anna, honey, I'm sorry about Jack. I have heard he has been bothering you."

Anna was so surprised that she jumped up and down with joy. She never dreamed that adults would understand her problem with Jack and take her seriously.

"We called Jack's parents, and we are going to see Jack later," continued Mr. Lang.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lang." exclaimed Anna. "I really appreciate this!"

"You're welcome, Anna."

Anna was skipping back to class she was so happy. She told Elle everything at recess, and Elle was so happy to hear it. But, was this the end of their problems? Elle and Anna were minding their own business when all of a sudden, the popular girls came up to them. The sisters thought, "Oh no, this means trouble."

The popular girls said that they needed more people to be their friends. With that being said, they shared that they would like Ell and Anna to spend time with their group. They had all the people to choose from, but they chose the twins. The reason was that they knew deep down inside that they would be super good at being popular. Unfortunately, there were tons of rules to be popular. 1) you have to sit all together, 2) on Monday, you have to wear pink, 3) you are never allowed to be mean to one another, 4) the group has to hang out together every week, and lastly, 5) you have to stand up to people that are being mean to the other girls in the group.

A decision like this would be life changing. Ell and Anna thought this through carefully, "Was this all a prank or do they actually mean it?" The thoughts were racing through their heads. They could not seem to make a decision. Ell and Anna had five more minutes to think this through or else they may lose this opportunity. Then, they noticed something. All the girls were wearing designer brand, and Ell and Anna had nothing that had to do with designer. They asked if it was okay if they didn't wear the nicest clothes, and the popular girls were totally fine with that. Their decision would be to definitely hang with this group. Ell and Anna wanted to stay BFF's but also wanted to have more friends.

The group set up a time and place every day to hang out. This was a journey the twins would never forget. In a short time, the girls, who became known as the AAP girls, would never disclude or ditch them. The reason they were called the AAP girls was because their names were Alli, Piper, and Avery. In the beginning, Ell and Anna had feared that they would be ditched because they had been so many times, and they were afraid that it would happen again. But, they hoped not.

Then, it suddenly occurred to Ell that Alli had actually been in gymnastics with her back in preschool. They were literally best friends at that time and always had play dates, but how could Ell have forgotten? The only thing Ell remembered was that she had had a best friend other than Anna which was the nicest feeling ever. As Ell and Anna were growing up, Anna was the one to make friends not Ell. Ell always had a feeling that she would do something good for Anna, but the time hadn't come until now. Because Alli had remembered the preschool friendship, she had invited Ell and Anna into their group, and now they were becoming like family... so nice and caring. All of them were funny, thoughtful, and respectful, but if someone was mean to them, they would support each other.

Jack had stopped being mean to Anna so one of their wishes had come true. Now, the twins had some special friends they could rely on. Jack now wished that he wouldn't have done those horrible things to Anna, and he actually wanted to be her friend. But, she just ignored him.

Sherine Nehme
Oak School Grade 5

My artwork was empty until I painted blobs of color on my piece of paper. From stroke to stroke, and from edge to edge, I had a decent work of abstract art. Some may say my work shows a spartan, while others would say it shows "love and war". Who knows? Well, I would say I tried to show war and peace (not the book). On the left, I tried to show a rose, and on the right, it's simply chaos. While this work of art may be random and for school, this piece of art is not bad, since I usually think I don't do well in art. This is why there is a technique to make abstract art if you do not know what to draw! All I had to use was paint, Sharpies, and the secret, powerful plastic wrap. If someone says that there is no need for abstract art, they are missing out! Bottom line is, I have a piece of art and I have an artist statement. Thanks for reading!

Yicole Ng
HMS Grade 6

The Spanish Civil war 1936-1939

The Spanish Civil War was a war that lasted from 1936-1939 in Spain. It was between left wing Republicans, an alliance of communists and anarchists, vs. right wing Nationalists. The war began when Nationalist generals, led by General Francisco Franco, declared military opposition to the government of Spain.

Road to War

There was much opposition to the monarchy ruling Spain. The opposition wanted constitutional rights and liberalism. Spain's population was divided due to revolution in South American territories. Then, Alfonso XIII King of Spain launched a disastrous war against Morocco, in the 1920's. King Alfonso lost the support of the military and irritated citizens. In 1931, King Alfonso left Spain. The new government proclaimed itself a 2nd Republic. It promised change that included trade unions, land reforms, woman's rights, Catalanian autonomy and independence for the Basque Country. This was too much change at once. It made the Right feel alienated. Every change made the Right more concerned and the Left further disappointed. The country had a great depression and change became slower.

The anarchist confederation named Conferacion Nacional del Trabajo, CNT for short, held labor strikes and the republican government cracked down on them. In protest, CNT refused to participate in the 1933 general election, which led to a result they were unhappy about. CNT retaliated in 1934, when they rallied communists and anarchists to rebel in Asturias. General Francisco Franco was sent in commanding the Spanish Army of Africa to crush the revolution. The workers were defeated. Outrage of this unified the Left communists, anarchist, socialists, and liberals. Reactions were intense from the Right who believed a Jewish Bolshevik conspiracy was afoot to spread communism. As well, the fascist Falange party was formed by Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera. Politics became intense, violent and uncompromising. You couldn't disagree with someone. Instead, you had to silence them.

The 1936 elections resulted in a narrow popular front victory, leaving the government controlled by the Left. Manuel Azana now led the country. Primo de Rivera was arrested and the military reorganized in an attempt to stop the chance of a coup. Jose Sanjuro, who attempted a coup in 1932, began conspiring another. He made deals with monarchists, traditionalists, and fascists. Warnings of disloyalty were popping up left, right and center. On July 1 things went from bad to worse. A fascist gunman shot down a socialist police officer in Madrid. The police arrested everyone even slightly related. The coup was ready, and the government was not. Citizens demanded to be armed, and the government refused to admit they'd lost control. Seeing this, people armed themselves.

The Civil War

The coup began in Morocco with Franco. Generals all over Spain rose up. The Nationalists got Sevilla, Castile, and Leon. The Republicans got Valencia, Murcia, Madrid, Barcelona and Basque Country. Soldier, man and woman were fighting. Whether tyranny vs. freedom, or communist vs. businessmen, Spaniards would wake up, eat breakfast, fight and be home for dinner and bedtime. However, there was a darker side. Nationalists executed and murdered anyone accused of being communist. Republicans did the same to Nationalists. The republicans used this opportunity to destroy anything that represented the old ways and spread revolution. The government wished only to survive. Communists and anarchists wished to create a utopia from the chaos. The only unified idea was hatred of Nationalists. For those Nationalists, the death of their leader from a plane crash made general Miguel Cabolnas head of the government.

The sides were very even because the Army of Africa was in Morocco. How would they get it to Spain? German and Italian transports, of course. The Nationalists were supported by Germany, Italy and Portugal. Meanwhile, Republicans got support from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. When the Army of Africa arrived in Sevilla, it pushed north towards Madrid. It brutally crushed the Republicans in the battle of Merida, in August. Franco was

awarded the title of commander and chief. When he rescued allies at the siege of Alcazar, Franco's title was changed to Caudillo, the unquestionable military head.

Franco's work unified many elements of the Nationalists. The Republicans lacked this unity. The old government cabinet would be thrown out for a communist one, in an attempt improve their image. The anarchists saw it as a problem for their revolution. When Madrid came under siege In November, the republican government moved to Valencia. Only the people of Madrid stayed to save their city. This attracted people from other countries to go to Spain and fight for their ideas. Although Britain and France declared non-intervention, Madrid stood for years. Then the Nationalists diverted forces to take everything around Madrid and marched into the isolated Basque Country. This area became famous for German dive-bombing. The Republicans were on the retreat after this. They attempted some offensives, but every 10 meters gained cost 10 gallons of blood. Then Franco cut off Catalonia, even though the Republicans defended valiantly. With shattered moral, the republican side retreated, and the war was decided. The Republicans just had to be mopped up and the Nationalists would have victory. The Left could be left to fall apart.

1939 Nationalist invaded Catalonia. In the anarchist's homeland of Madrid, no one could agree. This made violence breakout in the streets, a civil war happened inside a civil war. Then the anarchists threw out the republican leader and began negotiations with the Nationalists, but Franco would only accept unconditional surrender. Madrid fell on March, 25 and Franco announced victory on April 1st.

Conclusion

The wounds made by the civil war would never heal. Even today the effects of war are still felt. Some republicans escaped, others died by their own hand or were killed by soldiers. Franco was the absolute dictator. He kept the many Nationalist factions in check, but had no problem purging them. Today, Spain is a democracy lead by an elected president.

Elliot Nystedt
Monroe School Grade 4

Journey To Ecoshowe

Once there was a boy named Matt. He lived in the Kingdom of Solowe. He wanted to defeat Ecoshowe. but the path he wanted to take was the Bridge of Olum. It was too dangerous to go on the Bridge of Olum since it was well protected by Ecoshowe's minions. Matt would have to travel through the Unclaimed Forest and the Frozen Forest to enter the land of Ecoshowe. He started leaving the Kingdom of Solowe he took with him a dagger and bread. He attacked by bandits and left with nothing. When Matt recovered, he travelled to the edge of the Unclaimed Forest and he took his first step in.

Matt walked a mile into the forest and found a group of warriors. They kidnap Matt and questioned him after Matt told them he was going to fight against Ecoshowe. With Matt's permission, the warriors elected one of their own to go with Matt for the rest of his journey. The warrior they elected was Andrea. Matt and Andrea walked for about a mile before being ambushed by a tribe of snake-like humans. The snake humans surrounded them with venom shooting staffs as their leader walked up to them and said, "You can't expect to wander around The Unclaimed Forest and not find someone to oppose you." Matt and Andrea battle the snake people. Matt punched one and it sprayed venom all over another one's face. Andrea shot one from a distance. Matt was left with only his fists since the bandits had taken his dagger. After Matt and Andrea had finally cleared out the last of the snake people they looked around and didn't see the leader. No one was left standing with them. But then the snake people leader crawled out of the darkness with an even larger army of snake people. Matt and Andrea were forced to leave immediately and get to the Frozen Forest

Matt and Andrea got to the Frozen Forest. The snake people won't leave The Unclaimed Forest; therefore, they were safe for now but they know that the dangers that lie ahead of them are greater than the dangers they've already faced. As they walked along, the freezing cold forest. The temperature made them scavenge anything they could use for heat. Matt lit a stick on fire to help them see as they set up camp inside a cave at night. The next

morning they left the cave and continued their journey. It was warmer out in the morning than the night. All of a sudden a giant tsunami of snow tackled them. Mad laughter came from the snow as if the snow itself was laughing. Then, out of nowhere a man appeared. The snow spirit made steps to walk down to where Matt and Andrea's heads poked out of the snow. "Why have you entered the Frozen Forest?" asked the snow spirit. "We wish to defeat Ecoshowe," Matt said. The snow spirit laughed, "I might as well just destroy you now. It would be better than anything Ecoshowe could do to you." Matt snapped a stick in half and started rubbing the two pieces against each other creating heat and melting the snow away. The snow spirit said "What? How is this happening?" He turned into a pile of snow and skittered away.

At the border between Ecoshowe's land and the Frozen Forest a sword jetted out of the ground and stabbed right back into the ground. On the sword in glowing gold letters it said, "Whoever has the symbol of the sword on their chest is worthy to wield this weapon." The sword appeared on Matt's chest. He grabbed the sword. They continued their journey. Matt and Andrea entered Ecoshowe's land. They snuck past guards into the throne room. Sitting on a stone throne was Ecoshowe. He rose and said, "Have you come to challenge me for if you have your doom is upon you." Matt pulled out his sword and said, "Come at me." "You come at me," said Ecoshowe. Matt charged as Andrea shot several arrows from her crossbow. Ecoshowe flicked Matt away as Andrea was thrown to the other side of the room hitting the wall and being knocked unconscious. Matt grabbed his sword and charged Ecoshowe and sliced his hand off. It disintegrated right after it was cut off from the main body. Matt stabbed Ecoshowe in the chest as he partially disintegrated, rising up into the sky and then shooting straight down into the stone floor the ground covered him up as he was buried.

Liam O'Meara
CHMS Grade 6

The Wolf Wish

Long long ago there were no cars or roads people would use dog sleds to get around this story takes place in Alaska on the tundra. Emma and Emily had lived in their friends cabin with their parents but their parents had said that they would meet up at their normal house. They both had their own dog. Emily's dog was a mixed breed named Taza she was black. A beautiful dog really that loved pulling dog sleds. Taza could pull around a dog sled for hours. Emma had a beautiful tan mixed breed Tootsie and she loved running and pulling sleds. Emma also had a German Shepherd named Toola. "It's the day" Emily said they were leaving today and they didn't want to leave their log cabin but they had to meet their parents at their house. The first day of the voyage was great they saw lynx, foxes and more. It was night and the snow was hard underneath their tent it had only been one day but they were so tired. They slept in sleeping bags but first they had marshmallows and hot chocolate. Emma and Emily were about to fall asleep when they heard a scratch at the tent door. When they opened their tent doors they saw a cute little wolf pup. They invited the little pup that they had named Trooper and had let him sleep in their tent. The first bird was singing now, and Emma and Emily were awake they looked at the wolf pup and were shocked to see the wolf pup. Not remembering that they had helped it. When they were ready to leave they had remembered about the wolf pup and that they had helped him. A few hours after they had left they had lunch with their dogs it had been a good second day on their voyage but it had been so cold. They had been walking the whole way they had been carrying their fold up tent in a sack and their food in a different one. The stars started to twinkle and the sky was dark but they could still see where they were going. They were in a forest now and they decided to make camp. When it was time for s'mores Emily and Emma called the dogs. Trooper was the first one to come. After a couple of minutes Taza Toola and Tootsie still hadn't come Emma and Emily were worried now "they love s'mores!" said Emma "they always come when we call them!" said Emily now they could hear a dog howling but it wasn't the sound of a wolf howling it actually sounded like Tootsie and Toola! "Emily did you hear that?" said Emma "YES I did!" Emily said. They rushed to where the sound was coming from and then they saw the reason Tootsie and Toola were howling was Taza was hurt it looked like a needle had went through her foot but all they saw was a tree. A fallen over tree with back sticking into Taza's paw. The other reason why Tootsie and Toola were howling was they saw four wolves who looked like Trooper and Trooper was licking them. They said good by to Trooper but when they tried to lift the tree off Taza's leg it didn't budge then the wolves started pushing even Trooper, Toola, Tootsie, Emma and Emily and it started to move when it was off Emily ran up to each wolf and

hugged them. When they got back to the camp they put bandages on Taza and when they looked at their tent they saw their beds and there was a bone with a bow on it. (That they had got from Trooper) It was Christmas night and they weren't at their house their plan was Santa delivers the presents their house when they are walking home and they are there Christmas morning so they don't miss anything. It was Christmas morning and they were around the tree everybody was having a good time after they had opened all their presents there was one more present Emily and Emma opened it and saw a dog sled. "YES" they said together Emma and Emily went outside and hitched up the dogs and they ran around. Emma and Emily were in there beds now and Emma said "Emily what I am most thankful for is that Taza is ok" "yay me to" said Emily leaning over to scratch Taza. Merry Christmas!

Emma Owens
Madison School Grade 3

The Kite

The kite soared, dipped, and went crashing down behind the fence, like a torpedo ready to make its landing. It landed behind a jungle of weeds and trees, just barely missing the almost invisible fence. The house behind it was a stalking shadow, ready to pounce. The panoply of the flowers in the trees was almost unreal. And yet the house had a dark feel to it, as if unknown beings dwelled there, silently hunting in the shadows of doom.

"Ugh! We have to go get that!" moaned Maddie, motioning weakly to the fenced-in house.

"It's fine, we just run in quickly and grab it!" yelled Alyssa, a little too forcefully.

"But it's haunted!" cried Maddie.

"Oh stop being a hypocrite! Too bad, we're going in," said Alyssa as she opened the creaky gate. "Besides, Mrs. Smith will kill us if we don't get her kite back."

"Or the ghosts in there will," mumbled Maddie, shaking from the fear. The house's look provided her no comfort. It was dark, with falling shingles and rusty paint. The door creaked in the wind, opening as if someone was there. Moss and black dew covered the house, and a single plush doll was suspended from a stick. The bright pink kite was nowhere in sight.

"It must have gone through the hole in the house, let's go!" Alyssa said braver than her bones, not willing to move. Maddie shuttered and mumbled under her breath, walking slowly towards the door.

"Creeeaaak!" The door almost fell off its hinges, shocked that anyone was daring to pull it. Then, it snapped back into place, trapping the girls in the house.

"Well..." Maddie said shaking her head. They went in. A cacophony of sounds hit them, none of them what they seemed to be, like an author's pseudonym. As they went in deeper and deeper, things got more creepy. Old photographs were placed on the shelves. The people in them had expressions that were awful and creepy. The wallpaper and carpeting was peeling off, and the floor was at its max weight. All was monotonous, as if something had sucked all of the vivid colors right out of the house.

"Umm..." Maddie murmured.

"Quiet!" a harsh voice responded, but not Alyssa's.

Maddie turned to face Alyssa, but she was gone. Abducted. Maddie screamed and ran to find a telephone. Haunting figures loomed in her trail, looking like white specters. Maddie's face turned paler than the moon, her

eyes brimmed fear. The mist of the ghosts swirled, leaving her hands cold as ice. She was getting dehydrated now, the ghosts sucking in all the moisture.

“Come, come from the fear, let yourself loose, disappear, sorrow and gloom, doom, doom, doom, just join us.” The ghosts sang, haunting Maddie’s thoughts. She was closer to giving in. Where was the exit? She had to give in now. Get away from worries. Maddie turned, and tried to speak, but a pain in her heart stopped her. Alyssa was at the door, a little voice whispered. A kite shape slowly slipped into her hands.

Maddie ran like the devil was chasing her. She had to get to her best friend. She didn’t notice, but as she ran, the ghosts returned to her and sang their song. She felt herself float, all the troubles melting away. No. She fell. Bruised, she followed the light and kept going. The ghosts were multiplying now, getting angrier and angrier. They clouded her sight, and sang the song louder and louder. Maddie was almost to the door. More white. More ghosts. Swirling, blocking, singing, moaning, all racing to the prize of light. Maddie was so close. One reach.... But there was a ghost, blocking her path grinning as if it was hunting its prey and was about to shoot. Standing there, limp as a rag doll, Maddie felt her soul being lifted away. This was her last day of life. No more. “Goodbye,” the ghosts sang gleefully, with smiles deadly as poison.

“Maddie!” Alyssa yelled, waking her from her trance. Maddie’s eyes opened with a start, realizing that ghosts passed through humans. She could make it. The ghosts had almost taken her, but she could try. She had to. She gathered all her liveliness left that the ghosts had not stolen and kicked the door down. Falling into Alyssa’s arms, she got a sudden jolt. Her life came rushing back and color remained in the world.

“Are, you...” Alyssa stammered.

“Let’s go. Now.” Maddie exclaimed firmly but with a smile on her face. The girls ran off, never to come back again, but knowing that together they had power that was more powerful when they never gave in. They also learned not to walk into haunted houses ever again. Ever again.

Leah Packer
HMS Grade 6

SULLY

Imagine you are on Flight 1549, you are going to Charlotte Douglas airport or maybe you are going to Seattle Tacoma airport the next stop. You board like any other flight, like always. Once you are on the plane you sit back relax and wait to depart from New York’s LaGuardia airport. “Cactus 1549 cleared for departure.” (Cactus is what air traffic control called US Airways flights). It is January 15, 2009. Perhaps you are going to see family and friends or play in a golf tournament. The plane races down the runway and liftoff, 3 minutes later, your plane loses both engines to birds which is something no one had ever trained for before. It was almost certain everybody on board was going to die.

Before any action there was a 208 second delay. Then, Captain Sully dove the Airbus a320-214 into the Hudson River. Many watched as the 10 year old plane made its forced water landing. Now the flight will be known as the Miracle on the Hudson. The reason is simple, all passengers and crew survived. There were 155 people on board flight 1549. The pilot inspected the plane for any passengers left behind and unable to evacuate. The now retired captain continues to inspire many including myself to become pilots.

If you ever find yourself in an event where you have to evacuate the aircraft leave everything behind no matter the value of the object. Don’t be freaked out. The odds of your flight crashing are one in 11 million. You may not even have to crash. The pilot may choose to divert to a closer airport than your destination. When you board a plane be sure to know you are putting your life in the pilot’s hands.

If you are looking to be a pilot, first you have to figure out which plane you want to fly, if you fly the airbus A380 this is the salary that Quantas gives \$414,000 for your first year. That salary increases buy a whopping

\$40,000 the second year. If you do not want to fly long flights then you should fly with United. The typical salary at United is around \$171,280 but the salary could range from \$250,400 to \$350,000. But most pilots don't look at the money but they look at the thrill of flying. But I feel the best part of flying is seeing the scenery below. But whenever you land you feel great because you've enjoyed the time on the flight.

Jashn Pande
Walker School Grade 4

The Poor Panda

Once upon a time, there was a panda who was very poor. He lived on the street. He looked everywhere at anytime to look for food, money, or something to sell. One day, he was looking inside of the sewer for something, when he found a very special ring. He tried to get it out of the sewers to see what material the ring was. When the panda got out of the sewers, he realized it was night. That night, he found a bench in the park and he slept on it. While he was trying to sleep, he wondered "what material is that ring?"

The next day he woke up very early. When the panda woke up, he took the ring into the sun right away to see what material the ring is. He pointed the ring at the sun, and he found out that the ring was gold! He jumped right out of the bench when he saw a sign on a pole. The sign said "lost gold ring. If you ever find please return to 8736 Rich Avenue." The panda wanted to keep the ring so much, but he decided to give it back. He searched and searched for the house. He finally found the house and rang the doorbell. A sad monkey opened the door. When the panda said, "is this your lost ring?" the monkey's frown flipped upside down. The monkey said "thank you" and said "in exchange, you get this money," said the monkey

The panda was so excited that he rushed right into a store and bought a brand new house right next to the monkey's house. When the monkey found out, he was so happy, that he invited the panda to have a cup of Pepsi every day. In the end, the panda lived happily ever after.

Moral: Even if you want something badly, always do the right thing! =)

Rian Patadia and Joris Vegele
Elm School Grade 3

The Evil Hazel **Based off of Harry Potter**

Thunder crashed in the distance and a wall of rain was all that could be seen for miles in the Forest of Ashdown. There was a creak outside the door and shadows on the windows were flickering in the light of the candle. Alicia and James were hiding under the table, shivering with fear.

BAM!!!!

The door flew off of its hinges and a tall lady with the blackest hair and the greyest eyes walked through what used to be the doorway. She was dressed in long red robes splattered with water from the rain. In her hand was a staff with a single ruby glinting as the power source. She spoke in a deep, unnatural, evil voice.

"Come out from wherever you are, I don't want to hurt you,"

Oh now I really trust her, James thought.

"Very well then, I will use my ways," she said.

She raised her staff and swung it down with a force. The room exploded and the house was on fire. James' eyes were wide open and Alicia was on the verge of tears. James tapped his sister on the shoulder and crawled out from under the table. He peeked his head out and made sure Hazel couldn't see them. They crawled into the

kitchen which was charred but not burnt up entirely. James took something off of the counter, a long wand. It was as dark as night and had ancient carvings imprinted into the long top. Through the tip of the wand you could see a slight orange hair sticking out. He gripped the wand tightly and pointed it at Hazel.

“Flipendo!” he yelled.

Hazel went flying and landed outside. James got up and raised his wand. Hazel had a look of absolute horror on her face. James thrust his wand forward in a spiral movement and said,

“Brachiabindo, Revelio,”

Ropes came from the ground and kept Hazel in place. Hazel’s red robes were turning black and tattered, her grey eyes were turning red and her dark hair was turning silver and shorter. Her nose grew longer and pointier. It was Gellert Grindelwald. He had made a horcrux so that when Voldemort killed him, he still survived. He was freed from his own prison of Nurmengard and back in the wizarding world, causing havoc. He had set loose three basilisks and the Ministry of Magic was getting complaints. Harry Potter’s grandchildren, yes THE Harry Potter’s grandchildren, were the ones who had caught him this time. There were no more dementors as they had all been driven far far away in the battle of Hogwarts, leaving Azkaban unguarded. Grindelwald spoke in an old, raspy voice,

“Caught by kids. Hmph! I’ll escape quicker this time, and you’ll be my first target!!!”

Alicia let out a small squeal. She hadn’t been to Hogwarts yet so she was scared. There were still two years ‘till she would go.

“EXPECTO PATRONUM!!!” James yelled, his eyes were wide and his hand was shaking. From the end of his wand burst a giant silver lion. James waved his wand and it hopped away into the forest.

The great beast raveled to the Ministry of Magic and told it to come to Harry Potter’s house where they had Grindelwald. The Ministry apparated right away and rewarded James and Alicia Potter with a whopping amount of 1500 galleons and 100 knuts. James was proud of his victory so he decided to go tell granddaddy Harry everything. He gave Harry Potter the money and then went back to his mother and father, Albus Potter and Alicia Ransom (now called Potter).

James had used up much of his energy in taking out the powerful Grindelwald so he went home and hit the bed early. The next day the “Daily Prophet” came to their house. Albus had hung it up on the family bulletin board with James’ and Alicia’s faces beaming out at the “crowd,” They were moving their heads and blinking rapidly, the very photo that was taken by ancient Reeta Skeeter, and yes, she was still working for the prophet but her pesky quick-quotes-quill was taken away from her and burnt after she wrote something against Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, and Ronald Weasley after the battle of Hogwarts. Harry Potter says: “Oh my flippin word, thank goodness that pesky SKEETER is finally flippin gone!”

Shreeman Patel
HMS Grade 6

Wonderful Wishes

If a genie offered you three wishes what would you wish for? Most people would wish for money, a nice home, and a phone. However, my wishes are unique! If I could wish for anything I wanted in the whole wide world, I would wish for unlimited free plane tickets, the ability to fly, and to win “America’s Got Talent” right in front of the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Firstly, if I could wish for anything in the world, it would be for unlimited free plane tickets. I would want this wish because, I am an international traveler and usually plane tickets out of the country are very expensive. These plane tickets are as expensive as the finest gold, gems, and silver. That is why I want unlimited free plane tickets.

Secondly, if I could wish for anything in the world, it would be for the ability to fly. Flying is a moment of walking down a dark corridor. When you walk down a corridor you’re scared and have butterflies in your stomach. This is what you feel when you fly. Personally I would love this feeling which is why I want the ability to fly. Finally if I could wish for anything in the world, it would be to win “America’s got Talent” right in front of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. My talent is singing and dance. I sing as loud as a fire alarm. And my dancing is a snowflake. Every day I sing and dance no matter what. I would want to win “America’s got Talent” right in front of the Eiffel Tower

because at night the Eiffel Tower lights up and I want to be standing right there holding up my \$1,000,000 right in front of the gold tower. That is why I want to win “America’s got Talent”.

These three reasons are why I want unlimited free plane tickets, the ability to fly, and win “America’s got Talent.”

Suhayla Dina Patel
Elm School Grade 4

My Dearest Audene and Duane

Oh, how I miss you! It’s your loving daughter, Candace Parry. I want to be back with you again. Living without family is awkward and I don’t feel very safe with strangers surrounding me. I have found a family of three to live with, and they are all very friendly and understanding towards me. I am also dating Gideon Milligan. I plan to name my child Courage.

As you know, I moved to Jamestown years ago. The reason I moved to the New World is because I am going to work as a tailor for a job. I may start my own farm if I get enough money. The farming is very well, due to the warm weather and fair soil. I wanted to inform you a little about my colony and what life is like here. I personally believe that the colony is not that well because of the captain’s belief that right here was a lake, not a swamp. There is an abundance of good soil, but not many can work because of the outbreak of Malaria going on right now. I am well and so are my family that I have been living with. I am working on the fields for three coppers a day.

There are many unique features about the climate and geography where we live. We have here a warm climate overall and no bitterly cold winters. The coast is flat, and the inland is piedmont, as our adventurers know. We are also learning to self govern following the House of Burgesses and electing leaders. Finally, we are running into both challenges and successes in this colony. There are many unique characteristics about the region of the Jamestown colony. The weather is mostly hot. There are some cooler days in winter. I see an abundance of crops and lots of slaves. I hear many cries for family to be here and tons of knives slicing crops and mills grinding to make food and keep up with demand for crops. The weather is great for planting crops, as our growing season is eight months long. Crops are the main export of the northern colonies, which means Jamestown is making it’s money off of crops too. Mills are an important part of the Jamestown colony because we grow a lot of grains. Then we ship the goods off to other colonies and countries in exchange for things we need

Our self government, the House of Burgesses, is an elected government, but only rich, land owning, white men are allowed to vote. This means that only rich, land owning, white men are allowed to be in the House of Burgesses. I don’t mind that I’m not allowed to vote, as long as I still have my job and there is a good leader. The House of Burgesses is important because it controls and enforces the laws of the colony of Jamestown. This way, the people are safe from harm of the bad people of the colony.

We have faced many challenges and successes here in Jamestown. There are deadly diseases on this swampy peninsula such as dysentery and malaria. The Algonkin Indians are against us and they are fighting for us to leave. Our brave leader, John Smith, is making the men and women work harder to achieve making a town out of nothing. He appointed me the tailor and is putting other people to work also. The town is currently sewing seeds in the ground to grow food for us and products to trade. Things are coming along in this town.

I am doing well as a tailor and I am making money. For food I am eating mostly bread because of the wheat production here. The government is making good decisions and they said “he that will not work shall not eat”. The indians are getting better and getting less aggressive. I miss you!

Sincerely Yours,
Candace Parry

Cameron Prasse
Prospect School Grade 5

Mysterious Cave

Imagine being stuck in a cave, a dark cave with nothing except a backpack that only has a dried out granola bar, 2 batteries, and a dead flashlight. Anyone would imagine Joe putting the batteries in the flashlight and going on with his life, but that isn't exactly what Joe had in mind. When he was packing his backpack for his adventures Friday evening, he accidentally packed the wrong set of batteries. Fast forward to this moment, he is frightened while sitting on a rock that he believes is the corner of the cave full from the whole picnic he had packed. The thing about Joe is that he gets frightened by almost everything, especially dark and unknown places. He is feeling totally hopeless by now because he has no way of knowing which way to proceed, until he sees the slightest sliver of light. He gets up trembling, and then he walks towards the light. He finally reaches a long hallway that is lit up by torches. Before he approaches the tunnel, he takes one of the torches out of its holders. At that very second, an ostrich runs down the path as it sprints past Joe. He notices that it isn't actually an ostrich. It had two large floppy heads and its eyes located on the tops of two pairs of orange antenas. It had legs that resembled the legs of a lions, and it had a long tail of a snake. While this marvelous creature sprinted past Joe he had the biggest feeling that there were more creatures living in the depths of the never ending cave. Even with that bizarre thought Joe kept on his adventure, he started singing to the tune of Barbie, he remembered that his sister always made him play with her barbie dolls when nobody else would, "Good times," He mumbled to himself. He started whistling to keep himself active and awake. Then he realized that whenever he whistled there would be a sound of a band playing. He whistled even louder, the band grew louder with him. He walked while whistling trying hard to go to the direction of the band. He finally came to what he thought was the sounds of the band. He saw a handful of ants. These "things" were not the normal size that they should be; they were at about twice as big as Joe, and Joe is a relatively tall 12 year old. He couldn't stop staring at them, he tried to act normal as he quietly walked past them but one of the ants spotted him. "Oh, hiya there Joe. How are you today?" Joe froze at the sight of a talking ant, he was about to faint but told himself that if he did the ant would come and suck his brains out, that kept Joe awake. He didn't want to be rude so in return he said "Hi... I am doing alright. What are you guys doing?" "Oh us? Well we play at the annual C.A.F. which means Crazy Animal Fundraiser, if you were wondering. But, we lost our best Cautilioanian player, so we can't play in the concert and we always play in the annual concert..." By now the ant was talking too fast for Joe to understand. "Slow down please, you don't have to cry, actually I can play the Cautilionian or whatever, I can sub in for that other guy, but is it okay if you refresh my mind a little." The ant immediately stopped crying and sobbing into the blue colored mud wall, that's when Joe noticed the marvelous hanging crystals from the ceiling. With the light reflecting from all around Joe imagined himself being inside of a disco ball. He thought of his family but mostly his little sister and how much she would've loved to dance inside the disco ball. She was probably waiting on their wooden blue front step looking for Joe, wondering when he would come home, sitting in the chill Indiana weather. "Are you alright Joe?" The ant asked, Joe had started to cry as well, "It's alright, but if you don't mind the main topic should be on that you know how to play the Cautilionian!" The ant asked trying to grab the other ants attention, "You do know that the Cautilionian is the hardest instrument ever to be made in Sufrmorisiom, but don't you worry because you know how to play it and it won't be a problem." By the sound of that, Joe started to breathe heavier and louder. Realizing what he got himself into made him inhale and exhale faster than the ants had ever seen before. "Hey, Joe are you alright? Don't black out on us too like the last Cautilionian player did when we told them about this same job." The second before Joe blacked out he saw one of the ants take out a set of silverware and say in a deep unfamiliar voice, "Yess, another one, hey boys are you hungry for dessert!" Then everything goes black.

Riyana Rajput
HMS Grade 6

Uma Parvathi Kalyan – Raman

We've always been connected, not just by having the same middle names and the same faces, but by love. Stories, dinners, and nostalgia form that connection. I have sat on her lap every weekend for years, listening to her soothing voice, lulling me into a calm and sleepy state. Her arms around me, her face gently curved into a kind smile, my hands clutching her soft, long fingers. This was the height of my childhood, being with her - my paternal grandmother, Amamma. Somehow fate intended for us to be forever friends.

Amamma has always been an excellent storyteller. One of my fondest memories with Amamma is sitting on her right knee every weekend from ages two through six, listening to her honey-like voice as she narrated all of the famous stories in Indian culture. Amamma once took it upon herself to explain the entire Mahabharata to me! (The Mahabharata is an ancient mythological epic, and it is among the longest epics in world literature.) It took numerous visits and plenty of patience, along with a strong knee, to complete the entire story from beginning to end. Occasionally Amamma would read my beloved Thomas the Tank Engine books out loud to me. One of our favorite lines in "The Crack in the Track" was "The hail had made a crack right there in the track!" The only difference was that I'd say "Kack in the tack" because I couldn't pronounce anything correctly.

"Stop train, stop!" I would shriek with glee whenever characters needed Thomas to stop for them. I knew each and every line of those books.

"There is a toad on the road, so we will have to unload." Amamma would slowly say whenever we read "A Crack in the Track", with emphasis on the words "toad", "road", and "unload". I'd burst into peals of laughter, as Amamma would then turn the stiff cardboard page and read on.

While adventure stories of princes and demons or children's books about talking trains are not what I hear nowadays, Amamma and I still speak when I visit every weekend. Usually it is about real life heroes - my family. We discuss her family history and that of my grandfathers. Whatever the topic is, Amamma is always more than overjoyed to discuss it in depth. It sets her apart from many other people. Even on the days when she is exhausted, Amamma still smiles and chats with me. We have spoken about her medical school days, her immigration to the United States in 1965, the racial discrimination that she and my grandfather, Kunju, faced when they weren't allowed to rent an apartment because they were people of color in 1960s Los Angeles. Even the depressing things - like her late mother and father, whom she was extremely close to. Amamma speaks about them with so much tenderness and affection even though it pains her to think about them not being alive anymore. We speak about all the mundane things, too - what she did on that particular day, the kinds of cookies she likes to eat, how she and her parents used to organize the photo albums. Sometimes Amamma says unexpected things, like when my grandfather, Kunju, got onto his hands and feet on the carpeted floor and decided he wanted to do yoga while they were watching *Gandhi*. Yes, an eighty-one year-old grandpa who cannot really bend his knees. Doing yoga. For no apparent reason at all. Maybe he was inspired by the movie and Gandhi's dedication to doing yoga or something, but Amamma didn't think so.

"What are you doing? Are you crazy? And since when did you like yoga? You're going to break something if you keep that up!" she scolded him in Tamil. I was rolling on the floor in laughter, as Kunju continued into a Downward Dog and Cobra Pose, and Amamma giggled. Spontaneous, golden moments like this one are precious to me. Through many years of experience socializing with Amamma, I have found that any conversation is priceless - any time spent with Amamma, for that matter, is always beyond value. Twenty years in the future, I will fondly remember the stories, jokes, even the random small talk, and the two of us will have yet another chat.

Every year, the entire immediate family on my father's side of the family, from my father's sister, her husband, my cousins, and my grandparents, gets together for a Thanksgiving celebration. For years, since before my birth, it would take place at Amamma and Kunju's house. After my cousins moved to Boston in 2016, the tradition didn't end. Our entire family adapted instead. My family, along with Amamma and Kunju, would go to Boston for a week instead. Some of my greatest memories with Amamma have been made during that time. Every Thursday in Boston, Thanksgiving dinner happened. My cousins and I would always be ravenous for food after running around all afternoon, but we knew the rules of the dinner table.

"You must wait until Kunju gives his prayer, and then you can eat," Amamma gently chided us. The dinner would begin once Kunju said his "prayer", a speech all about gratitude for what we have. My reluctant cousins would give their words of wisdom, I'd give an excited, short speech about all the people that mattered. Even though I always forgot to mention individual people, there was one person's name who I certainly never

forgot to say - Ammamma. All speeches during Thanksgiving dinner included Ammamma. My dad could always be found on the sidelines, using his ancient Sony camcorder to film each speech, but never being in the video until my mother grabbed it and captured him in the scene. One can go through all of the speeches that we've ever made as a family, and in every video Ammamma is given a spotlight. "I'm so very thankful for Ammamma..." was a common phrase in many of our discourses.

One of the wonderfully unique qualities about Ammamma is probably her name. In Tamil, my mother tongue, "Ammamma" means "mother's mother". However, Ammamma is actually my dad's mother. Since my oldest cousin Jayanth began using this name (Ammamma is his maternal grandmother), my sister and I both followed suit. Slowly, the rest of the family came around to calling her Ammamma. Even more unforgettable about Ammamma is that she hates, absolutely loathes, being called any name that directly means "grandmother". So Paati and Grandma are out of the question - Ammamma is just Ammamma, nothing more, nothing less. Her special nickname is just a single sliver of her unique personality. Even as I get older, Ammamma will always be Ammamma to me. Nobody could ever replace her because she is one - of - a - kind.

For as long as I can possibly remember, my family has gone to her house on Saturdays and Sundays for dinner, nearly every week of the year. I, personally, plan to spend even more time with her - twice a week isn't enough for one to fully experience the magic. Ammamma is somebody special to me, an unforgettable person.

Anya Raman
HMS Grade 7

Sandstorm in the Sahara

Imagine you're in the sizzling hot, dry Sahara Desert. You hear the wind as it gradually starts to pick up speed. Sand starts lifting off the ground and swirling around like a dusty top. Suddenly a massive cloud of blinding dust starts moving towards you like a menacing wall. Quickly, you cover yourself and crouch down like a turtle going into its shell. Before you know it, the sandstorm disappears like a rabbit in a magician's trick. You breathe a sigh of relief and continue on your desert journey.

Nikhil Rao
Prospect School Grade 4

Pride

I only remember two things.

One: my name. Wenx Wening. That's me. I repeat it over and over in my mind, keeping it from floating away.

Two: a vague idea of how I got here. I was falling, and then there was a bright light at the end of a dark tunnel.

I'm dressed in a three-piece charcoal suit, paired with a checkered lavender dress shirt and a darker purple tie. When I run my fingers through my perfectly styled jet-black hair, I can feel that it's been freshly washed. The entire ensemble is tasteful and elegant.

Six other men and women sit in the plain white room, slumped against their white plastic chairs all in a row against the wall. They volunteered no information other than their names.

Citadel Huggins is farthest from me. She's somehow wrangled her hair into two frizzy carrot-colored braids that clash with her magenta blouse, dark green leggings, and sparkly silver tutu. Every so often, she'll look up from sucking on the end of her left braid and glare at me.

Next to her is Ower Asphodel. His greasy black hair hangs down to his shoulders, covering his face except for one sunken, bloodshot brown eye that darts around the room in a frenzy. His patched tunic is an orangish brown that reminds me of rotten pumpkins. I can see the open sores on his legs through the rips and tears of his disgusting brown leggings. His voice was raspy and gritty when he spoke, wheezing between every third word and gasping between every fifth.

I can barely see the young woman next to Ower underneath her layers of silk and chiffon ballgown, which she's burrowed into like a rabbit. She uttered no words other than, in a frightful squeak: "Seeli Qwil!" when that awful booming voice demanded it. Her wispy blond hair sticks through the neck of the gown, blending in with the lace at the top. The dress is emerald silk with three jet-black petticoats, embroidered with lighter green swirls and

swoops. Every so often, the top of her head will poke up out of the gown, stare at something different each time with her violet eyes, then sink back down.

The man next to her spoke in an awkward, foreign tongue, so I'm too sure of his name. Something like Yame? He's dressed respectably, in navy slacks and a snow-white dress shirt. Every so often, he'll burst out in rapid, energetic bursts of a foreign tongue. It sounds like he's praying, to some god or the other.

November volunteered no name other than that. She's dressed in spiked black leather, a ripped up blouse dyed some unnatural color too bright to comprehend, and copious amounts of kohl and face paint made with ashes and water. Earlier she was pacing around the room, shouting vulgarities and empty threats. Some force has restrained her in her chair, but she definitely fought the mysterious pressure the entire way.

Sitting on my left is Raz Yehlen. A tall, slender woman, she lounges back in her chair like a panther ready to strike. Her hair is an odd mixture of brown and blond that seems to fluctuate from golden to sandy brown. When she spoke, her voice was powerful and tinged with laughter. She's currently focused on the loop of string she wove through her fingers, but it seems that every five minutes she's distracted by some feature of the room. She keeps trying to get me to talk. I obliged her twice. I'll do it once more if she tried to talk to me again, I decide.

Without warning, an odd little figure appears in front of us. He's of a small stature. Disconcerting green eyes, strange blue lips, and balding too. He's clothed in a ruby trench coat that obscures the rest of his body from view.

When he moves forward, he does so as though he's being yanked around like a puppet, controlled by the hand of some cruel master. With a start, I notice that the area around his eyes is puffy and red. Tears aren't trickling down his face, but they hang there like pendulums, swaying as he's dragged about the room. Something's wrong here.

"Please. . . please don't make me. . ." he mumbles, as if to himself. One ear cocked, he stands as if he's listening to some voice far away.

He collapses in a heap, shaking and thrashing like he's been struck by lightning and his body is trying to futilely control that uncontrollable energy. When his mouth opens and lets out a silent scream, I can tell that this man isn't under his own power anymore. His back arches, his face contorts, his fingers clench.

And then it's over as suddenly as it began.

He rises, shakily, to his feet. A tear falls from my eye. Seeli has emerged from her burrow and is clenching a fistful of tulle to her face. Citadel has dropped her braid. Yame is shouting in his far-off tongue again.

For a moment, the man looks like he might start crying again. Then his face collapses and he whispers, "Fine. I'll do it."

Lillian Regal
CHMS Grade 7

Relative of the Year Award!

Do you know who should receive the Relative of the year Award? In my opinion my cousin, Sam deserves to receive the Relative of the Year Award because he is funny, kind and dedicated.

Sam is funny because he always makes up funny jokes that make me laugh so much my side start to hurt. Then he would pick me and turn me upside which makes me laugh too. Also Sam has funny Voices. Wich makes me laugh so hard.

Sam is a very kind person. When we visit together, he sometimes plays games with me. One of the fun things we do is play ping pong together. When I lose he always says, "Good job, maybe next time." He also shows he's kind by giving me gifs. It doesn't matter the size it always makes me feel good inside. I appreciate how kind he is to me.

Sam is dedicated person. He is dedicated to our country by serving in the Army. When I am with him, he is always there for me. He also always has time to be with my family.

Without a doubt in my opinion I would give the Relative of the Year Award to Sam because he is dedicated, kind, and funny.

Luciana Mae Regal
Monroe School Grade 4

En Paix

I was finally free, but nothing had changed. I had always thought that if I got away from society I would be better off. I was wrong. And it's too late now. I'm Katherine. You wouldn't know me. Nobody does. I've been ignored, pushed around and bullied my entire life. I was the poor girl. So I ran away.

I ran to the only place I could call home. It was far from a home, but it reminded me of a person who gave their life to try to find me a home. I ran to the En Paix mountain. En Paix means at peace in French and I believed that I could always be at peace on it. I stayed there for a couple of nights until one day a door opened up from inside of the mountain.

"What are you doing on my mountain?!" shouted a scrawny little man. He had frizzy brown hair shooting out in all directions.

My heart started to race.

"This is my home," I said sadly.

"Oh really? I own this place, darling." He had a strange western accent with a deep scratchy voice. I was smart enough to not argue and stayed silent. Then he shouted, "I'm not letting you get away with this! Boys, go get her!"

Everything happened so fast, three overworked men ran out and grabbed at my limbs. They picked me up and took me inside the mountain I had once thought was safe. I became a slave with 16 hours of work every day and some lousy leftover food. I worked there for just over two years and made a lifelong friend, Christopher Glennings. He was all I had during my miserable days in that mountain. I only saw sunshine about four times a year. But I escaped.

Chris and I examined the only window and were able to break it open. Before we escaped I was able to smuggle out some treasures stashed in the mountain. The day I became free I ran home as fast as possible only to realize again that I wasn't wanted. Then I had an idea: I was 18 now and I was of age to buy land. I called a realtor and asked if I could pay in diamonds and gold.

People started to catch on to the fact that Chris and I had riches and we became praised and loved. I didn't like it. I used to have no money and no one liked me. Then I had money and I was amazing. It made no sense. People only care about money and looks. So I hid the money and blended myself into the crowd. Chris and I were finally *at peace*. Also, I now own the En Paix mountain. (The man hadn't paid the rent in a while and I wanted to prove him wrong for when he said "I own this place." And yes I was able to pay in diamonds and gold.)

Meredith Rush
Walker School Grade 5

People have always said my temper is what isolates me, but I know it's the fiery fear that I will hurt someone again. Ever since I was little I have loved climbing with Cal. We would use our powers to climb. For the rest of the day we would battle with our elements. Me earth him fire. One day I knocked him a bit too hard. Cal's body made a sickening thud when it collided with the ground. The rest was a blur of lights, sirens, and people. I don't know what happened to Cal that day, but I am pretty sure I killed him. I was put on a bus to Chicago where I live now. Another orphanage another school. When I got there I was in third grade. My first day proved to be difficult. A girl named Macy who had a burned face asked me if after school wanted to know if I wanted to hang out. I said yes to be polite. Secretly I wanted no part with Macy and her silent glances between girls. When the bell rang Macy led me around Chicago. Soon we sped into a dark alley filled with glass and rubble. I glanced around wondering where we were. A girl shoved me from behind and Macy punched me. I heard a "crack" then a sound like a

strangled animal. Girls came upon me from all angles throwing rocks. When they were done I lay bloody on the pavement slowly crawling to my temporary home. I learned some lessons that day, keep my head down and let them beat me in the hope of not hurting anyone else. Macy's arm never healed, so everyday after school for years they beat me up. Macy, Lila, Mia and their clique, my own bullies.

Summer Ryan
Prospect School Grade 5

Grand Teton

I scrambled down the beach and dived into the warm refreshing water. Splash! As I hit the water it was so clear I couldn't believe it had a great view of the mountains. We were so excited.

As we rolled into grand Teton I saw a deer it dashed across the road we were deep in the forest. I saw a ton of different revs. Then saw the place were we would be camping. I put on my bathing suit quickly and ran to the beach. I realized I forgot my tube I ran and got my tube and dived into the water.

The water surprised me I thought it would be freezing because this water was melted snow. I swam for a long time I played tag in the water finally I got out and went to a area where there were tons of Minos. Me and my family got a plastic cup and caught some. We made a little pool of water on the beach and put them in and went to catch some more and I caught a baby catfish! and put him in the pool of water on the beach. Then I saw a huge catfish and dashed after it and caught it it was amazing. After I finished Me and my family had some steak on the beach. After diner I collected some gleaming rocks in the water.

Then I Went back to the rev and climb on the roof to gaze at the stars. After a while I saw a shooting star. I wished for a dog then I climbed down and went to bed. We woke up to the smell of bacon and eggs. After breakfast I Scrambled to the beach and said good by I was leaving today.

I went on a hike after breakfast to say good by to the forest. Then I got ready to go when I was going out I wished I could stay in grand Teton forever this was the best vacation ever.

Wesley Ryan
Prospect School Grade 4

The Looming Problem of Gun Control

Gun Control is a major Contributor to death in the United States of America. There are more deaths by guns in the United States than any other nation on the planet. All these deaths are caused by one thing, anyone being able to buy and own guns. The second amendment in the U.S constitution, written in 1787, permits anyone to buy and bear arms, this gives people a good basic right to defend ourselves. But In the 240 years since however, guns have advanced from the slow-loading muskets to the rapid machine guns of today, becoming far more dangerous. It is time for citizens to get more involved with this issue, in the prevention of people dying at the hands of guns in the hands of mentally ill people. Citizens of the U.S should demand legislators pass a Universal Federal law, placing restrictions on who is allowed to own a gun because guns falling into the hands of people who are mentally ill is causing more and more shootings throughout the U.S. and costing more lives.

The first main reason for gun control being necessary, is the fact that anyone (Even a mentally ill person) can buy a gun. With this person being able to purchase a gun, this mentally ill person is a danger to everyone around him/her. According to Britannica.com, people who sell guns in some states are not required to do criminal background checks or inquire on how the gun will be used. In some states, also with low gun control, gun sellers are able to sell guns to people who are mentally ill, and this causes even more risk to anyone near that mentally ill person. According to an article in the *New York Times*, another problem is the fact that guns are

being sold in most of the United States “without any restrictions placed upon them,” (“name of article”). Because of this, many more people are likely to be at risk without a more firm grip on gun control.

In addition to mentally ill being able to get a gun, for gun control being a problem, is the fact that some states have higher gun control than others. Because of this, while some states like California and New York have strengthened Gun control, while other states like Alabama and Georgia, have weakened their gun control laws. This is the most likely the cause of a shooting in Las Vegas a year ago. Because Nevada had Weakened its gun control laws, which allowed the shooting to occur. A mentally ill person with a gun could shoot you or someone you know, if this continues. This goes to show that more mass shootings occur in States with weaker gun control laws, and as a result, it varies from state to state. This means some states are tackling the problem, while others are doing nothing about it at all. With the states determining their own laws, Gun control will still be an immense problem without a universal federal gun control laws for all the states to follow.

The 3rd and final reason that Gun control is a growing problem, is the lack of Gun control laws throughout the U.S. is causing more people to die. According to Britannica.com, 1.3 Children of the ages 14 and below die from lack of Gun control every day. Lack of gun control, vary from state to state. As a result Gun control laws only go up to the state level. Without universal Federal gun control laws on which people can buy/own a gun, bad people can still buy guns in most States. As a result of this a bad person, could buy a gun and can hurt anyone around them including you or your Family. Lack of Gun control is a major contributor to the problem of gun control.

It is necessary for legislators to impose a federal law on Guns to help prevent more lives from being lost. However inability to come to a compromise on the 2 sides of the argument over gun control. Disagreements must be overcome and a compromise must be reached so as to prevent lives from being lost. Some people are against gun control may say it is an infringement upon our right to bear arms, but it is necessary to keep guns out of those who are dangerous to others. Citizens of The U.S must encourage legislators to pass a federal law to deal with this problem. For the safety of everyone, Gun Control must become a top priority. not following directions. You have great potential as a writer!

Michael Sauer
CHMS Grade 7

Secret Princess

It was the first day of fifth grade and Maya was excited, she and her best friend Nicole were in the same class. Maya and Nicole chatted and laughed happily as they walked to Rosewood Elementary School. They ran into the school excited to start fifth grade. Their teacher Mrs. Clark greeted them

“Hello, welcome to fifth grade, what are your names?”

“I’m Maya and this is Nicole,” Maya answered.

“Well, Maya and Nicole since you guys are one of my first students, would you mind being a welcome buddy to Lily Hanson?” asked Mrs. Clark.

Nicole and Maya glanced at each other and nodded their heads.

“Yeah, sure,” Nicole replied.

“I knew I could count on you,” Mrs. Clark said.

The morning was slow and the two girls couldn’t wait for recess. The first day was nicknamed Test Day, because tests were given out to place you in your classes for the year. After what seemed like forever, the bell rang.

Everyone charged to the door to grab the footballs, four square balls and soccer balls. Once the two girls were outside, they walked around the playground.

“Hey, you want to ask Lily to play with us?” Maya whispered.

“Yeah”, Nicole whispered back. They strolled up to Lily and questioned, “Want to play with us?”.

Lily glared at them with fierce eyes.

“Just go and leave me alone,” Lily hissed.

“Okay, just asking,” Maya muttered angrily. She and Nicole walked away.

“That was weird,” stated Nicole. Just then, Maya got a mischievous idea.

“Hey Nicole, what if we spied on Lily, I mean there has to be some reason she told us to leave her alone,” Maya whispered shaking her long dark hair.

“I see your point, let’s do it but I am pretty sure she is innocent,” Nicole replied doubtfully.

“Come on, let’s go,” Nicole yelled. Maya ran after her.

They saw Lily muttering words under her breath. Suddenly, a jeweled staff appeared in Lily’s hands. Lily pointed the staff up in the air and brought the staff down quickly and pointed the staff forward, Lightning shot out and Lily was twirling it around.

“Wow, should we confront her,” Nicole whispered.

“Yeah,” Maya replied.

As quiet as mice they started scampering towards Lily. Suddenly, Nicole stepped on a twig. Lily brought her staff down and quickly looked around and with her sharp eyes saw Nicole and Maya.

“What did you see, why are you spying on me?” Lily thundered.

“You were rude to us so we decided to spy on you to see why you wanted to be left alone. Now we know you have magical powers,” Maya declared.

“Tell us your secrets or everyone will know your secret,”

“Fine, I am a princess of a secret land hiding from the evil king and trying to save my kingdom, and I have a deal for you, you can help me in exchange for your silence of my real identity.

Maya and Nicole chorused, “Deal”.

To be continued...

Aanya Shah
Elm School Grade 5

The Mud Pit!

“Yaaaaaaaay” screamed Lily, “The rain stopped so, I can go outside to play now!” “Ok sweetie you can go outside, but PLEASE don’t get your brand new, beautiful, shiny, magenta rain boots dirty.” “Ok Mom” Lily said.

When Lily got outside she was so astonished by what she saw. Her face looked like a person who just got scared by a ghost in a haunted hotel. There, right in front of her face, was a HUGE gooey, brown, wet mud pit, so Lily took advantage of it and decided to make a mud pie.

But when Lily was done making her mud pie she was so overjoyed that she fell into the mud pit and got her brand new rain boots extremely dirty. When Lily’s mom looked out the window and saw what Lily had done she screamed as loud as a lion roaring to tell his pack that a predator was coming close. Then Lily decided to go inside to see what her mom was screaming about. “Lily” roared her mom, “You promised you wouldn’t get your fresh, new, magenta rain boots dirty, and now there all covered in gross, disgusting, yucky, dirty mud. Go take a bath and clean your rain boots this instant.”

Lily felt ashamed of herself, and thought for a moment. Finally, outraged with madness Lily stomped to the kitchen to get some wipes. Then Lily stomped furiously to the garage to cleanse her rain boots. Once they looked as good as new she left them on the shoe mat to dry. Next she headed up to the bathroom to take a nice warm bath. When she was done bathing she went downstairs and showed her mom her clean rain boots. Her mom says “Nice job cleaning up Lily, it’s way past your bedtime now so give me a hug and go to bed.” “Ok” says Lily, “Goodnight I love you mom.” Lily hopes her next muddy day doesn’t turn out like this one!

Harper Smith
Walker School Grade 4

All About Soccer Positions - Part I

Did you know that soccer is the most popular sport in the world? I am going to take you on a trip to tutor you some facts about soccer. There are several positions that I am going to explain to you. "If soccer has taught me anything, it is that you can overcome anything, if, and only if, you love something enough", said Lionel Messi. So I hope you read and start playing soccer.

There are 11 players on the field. First I am going to coach you the positions. The first spot is keeper (goalie). If you are goalie, your job is to protect the ball from going into the net. One way strategy I use is looking at the ball when the other team is shooting the ball. If the ball is going to a place that you cannot reach the ball then you should try diving. Diving is when a keeper pushes their feet and stretches their hands to dive to the side where the ball is going. The goalie should use their hands when they can. The goalie should be ready for the ball at all time. The second location is defense. The defender's job is to not let the ball get close to the goal. The defense players should pass the ball to a midfield or another defender after they get the ball. Only one defender should go for the ball because if two go then they leave more space. You should always look out for space the other team can take the ball through. Your goal is to not let the other team score. If you don't, the other team can take the ball through and score. The third position is midfield. Midfielder's job is to help defenders and strikers. Midfield's are basically defense and strikers combined. A way to help defenders is to support. Supporting is when you help another player. Helping forwards is the same thing except that you can help attackers score. You should first try passing the ball to forwards, if they are not open then go up and score. The last position is forward (strikers). Forwards should take the ball up and score goals. Tip: an attacker should pass to a midfield or another forward for help. The way forwards should shoot is by bending your heels and aim for the under part of the ball. Most of the time you are attacking, so the forward has to be ready. I suggest you not to bulldoze instead you should connect passes so you won't be in trouble. A striker should know a few moves so they can fake opponents. The strikers should be in front of all the other positions because they can get a better opportunity to score.

These soccer facts will help learn your way to becoming an awesome soccer player. If you read more soccer books you will learn faster, in addition to what I taught you today. Make sure to remember these facts to help you boost your soccer skills right away.

Max Sun

The Lane School Grade 4

The Best Football Players of all time

Deion Sanders has done what nobody has done before in defensive history. Barry Sanders and Bo Jackson have both blown people's minds with how fast they were. Tom Brady and Joe Montana along with Steve Young have had completions nobody else ever could have. Jerry Rice and Randy Moss have caught footballs like no one was watching. The players that I have just named are incredible at football. It is so hard to pick who is the best at football, but here are my top 5 players at football (in different categories).

Top 5 fastest players

- 5.)Michael Vick
- 4.)Jerry Rice
- 3.)Barry Sanders
- 2.)Randy Moss
- 1.)Deion Sanders

Top 5 strongest players of all time

- 5.)J.J. Watt
- 4.)Shannon Sharpe
- 3.)Vernon Davis
- 2.)Laron Landry

1.)Michael Pittman

Top 5 highest paid players of all time

5.)Aaron Rodgers

4.)Tom Brady

3.)Drew Brees

2.)Eli Manning

1.)Peyton Manning

Quentin Sweeney

Walker School Grade 4

Can you remember the day?

The day you were happiest & saddest, maddest & most forgiving, laughed & wanted to cry?

Do you remember salt scented wind whistling its way through your hair,
a bright sun warming your face,
feet sinking into wet sand,
icy currents washing away footprints?

Do you remember the sting of brushing your arm,
or scraping your knee,
or breaking your leg?

Do you remember trying to catch fireflies during the hot, humid summer months,
looking up with wonder at the glittering stars within your grasp?

Do you remember the moment when you didn't make the team,
or didn't get the part,
or failed the test,
looking at someone else who did?

Do you remember jumping in puddles just after a summer storm,
then searching for rainbows to appear?

I do.

We all remember the good with the bad.

Memories are tearful,
and painful,
and regretful
and sad,
but they are also happy,
and nostalgic,
and bittersweet,
and beautiful.

When we forget one half, it is as bad as forgetting it all.

But when looking remembering, try to first remember sadness, and then remember a smile.

Vivian Sweeney
CHMS Grade 7

A Snow Day

Today, I woke up and I did my daily routine then I had breakfast. Then, my mom said that it was snowing. I took a look outside, and it was snowing! After breakfast, I got on my snow gear, and then I went outside to play in the snow.

First, my mom said to help her in the garage. It took my mom and me about thirty minutes to get all the snow out of the garage. Next, we had to spray salt to get the ice out. Then, my mom got some snow out of the road. Then, my mom said that I could go play in the snow, and I had all the tools I had.

I got started. First, I had to make a pile of snow. It took a long time to get all the snow in the pile. Then, it took me forever to get it in the pile, but I got all the snow into the pile. Then, I had to make a big hole in the big pile. It was a lot of hard work, but in the end, I got the job done. I thought of making some snow stuff. I made a snow ball. Then, Andy came and took my things. Then, Andy said to have a snow ball fight. We had a good time having the snow ball fight.

Next, I made the other snow room for Andy. We played snow chess and snow games.

My mom called us to go back home to have dinner. We went back home, and our dinner was fish, egg soup, and rice. After dinner, we watched a movie called A-X-L. The movie is about a robot dog that was lost. After the movie, I went to brush my teeth. Then, I got into my pajamas, and I got in my fort. I was reading a book called The First Rule of Punk. Then, I began to get sleep. Then, I went to bed.

Mark Tang
The Lane School Grade 3

Not Your Average Joe

It was a normal hot, summer day, when something peculiar happened. Joe was a normal child, an only child with average grades, average brain, average talent, average life. He was an average Joe. *Literally*. But when he woke up that morning he didn't yawn like a normal child. His yawn sounded like a....cat! He jumped up, looked in the mirror, and sure enough, he was an orange striped kitten. "You could have made me turn into *anything*, and you choose *a cat*?" "I'm a dog person!" He yelped. "Yes, I'm a dog person, no, I'm **not** a cat person." Joe mumbled. Well, it was more of a meow.

I can't do anything about turning into a cat so I guess I'll just go downstairs. So Joe went downstairs to start his normal routine. His parents didn't say anything! "Hello, Furball Fluffy the Third!" They said. Are you kidding me? Furball Fluffy the Third? I want to be named something cool like Shredder or Cool Cat, but Furball? Seriously? Oh well.

"You need to have some breakfast Furball!" Said Joe's mom.

Joe went over to his food bowl to expect a mountain of Froot Loops, but instead his dad opened a can of wet gloopy, brown, mushy blob of who knows what into his food bowl. "I thought I was getting Froot Loops!" "I mean, I usually get Froot Loops, right?" Joe said. But all anyone heard was a "meow."

There was only one thing that Joe liked about this cat business, no school. Cats can't go to school, so why should he? So Joe took advantage of this break and took a nap on his favorite spot on the couch - the one farthest away from the weird orange stain. Joe slowly closed his eyes, and drifted off to sleep. When he woke up he jumped down from the couch, but something strange happened, he wasn't a cat anymore! He looked at himself, and he was a notebook!

"A notebook! Come on! Now I have to go to school! I liked it *way* better when I was a kitten." Joe said. But all his parents heard was a soft whisper of the pages turning. His dad picked him up and said "Time to go to work!" "Goodbye Bob, have a good time at work!" His mom said to his dad.

Why? Why would he take me to work? I'm a notebook! Oh - wait I'm a notebook.

His dad walked to the car and got in. While waiting for the car to warm up, his dad, Bob, read Joe. Joe found this weird. *Looking at me and writing in me, Joe thought.* Joe couldn't smell the gross fumes of the car, that's a perk. His dad started to drink his caffeine free, frappuccino, and spilled it on Joe. His pages were soaked with the drink, dripping wet. They were so wet, that he started disintegrating. "Noooooooooooo!" "Not again" said Joe.

Don't worry, Joe came back to life...as a hotdog! He was on a plate in a warm bun, about to go in the microwave. Joe could not believe it, his mom was picking him up. Then she set the timer for two minutes, and Joe started spinning.

"Oh no, I know where this is going!" Joe screamed, but no one heard anything. Joe's mom opened the microwave and slowly started to pick him up. She opened her mouth and...

To Be Continued...

Maddie Temple
The Lane School Grade 5

The Wall is Explicit

Imagine building a massive wall using no machinery just two pairs of hands. In the very early morning, workers with very little food or water worked in the brutally hot desert climate to move boulders by hand, one by one, to construct a 20-foot tall, 25-foot wide wall. Eventually, this wall would extend for thousands of miles. This is what the Chinese workers did in order to protect their country and to make China more profitable. The Great Wall of China is 4,500 miles long and is located along the Mongolian border. It is made of earth and stone and took 2,500 years to build. It was built by hand using forced labor, and it included sophisticated details like lookout towers and a walkway. There are more good aspects to the wall than components factors. The Great Wall was worth the cost because it provided security, increased trade, and showed people to new ideas.

The Great Wall of China was worth the cost because it increased the country's security. In Document A (The Great Wall of Qin and Han China), the diagram shows that the wall was 4,000 miles long and was designed to be a secure barrier from outsiders. "The watchtowers were 2 bow shots apart. Towers were 33' tall and housed six soldiers, along with a pulley system for raising fire signals" (insert in Doc A). This monumental building project protected China during the Qin and Han Dynasty. Since the silk trade mostly occurred through Mongolia, the Wall needed to be long in order to be effective. The way the Wall was designed allowed for coverage what risks the span of the Mongolian border. [This is important because the silk trade provided crucial revenue for China. It also included risks and that is why the wall needed to be built and protect parts of China.] From the Silk Road revenue the Chinese received money to build this massive 4,500 mile long wall. This is important because if they did not have the Silk Road, they would not have been able to build the Great Wall of China. If China did not have the Great Wall, they would not be where they are now. Imagine how expensive it would be to make a massive structure like the Great Wall. The other reason that the Great Wall was needed was because the Chinese government was encouraging families to move to the frontier areas. As shown in Document B, the walls were needed so families would be safe farming in the remote areas. As more families moved to remote areas, cities were built with walls around them. The Chinese people believed that walls were the best way to stay secure, so the Great Wall was needed. The document states that "for the immigrants in such border areas, the government will construct walled cities" (Doc B). Since China was using walls to secure other cities around the country, it made sense that they would build a Great Wall to secure the borders during the time of the silk trade. If the Wall was not constructed there might have been many intruders from other places to break in and raid parts of China.

The Great Wall also helped promote trade in China. In Document C, it explains that the Wall provided a clear boundary and made sure that nobody came in or out. This added security for the important trade routes. The chart shows that the silk thread and silk fabric continually increased between 51 BCE and 1 BCE, which was a significant profit. The security provided by the Great Wall ensured that trade was peaceful and it brought a lot of money into the country. Parts if these profits helped fund the construction of the Wall. Document D gives more

evidence of the extreme increase in China's trade with the West. "Wu Di used the Wall to aid in expanding China's influence in the world through trade with other nations...The wall and the watchtowers followed the famed Silk Road that served as China's link to trade with the west" (Doc D). With the added 300 miles that Wu Di (very important in this time period) built, even more, trade came to China. The fact that they kept building the Wall meant that it was vital to them and worth the money.

Finally, the Great Wall opened people's minds to new ideas. The increase in trade changed the lives of the Chinese people. As one letter writer said, "the Xiongnu live on meat and cheese, wear furs, and possess no house or field. They move like birds and animals in the wild" (Document B). The presence of the Wall changed the lifestyle of the Chinese people because they felt free to move around the country and to use the new items that were entering the coming into the country. Being exposed to new products also brought new ideas. As explained in Document D, in addition to things like glassware and furs, the Chinese learned how to create new irrigation systems, how to use rhinoceros horns for medicine, and how to pack food so it would not spoil. All of these advancements changed society to make it more state-of-the-art, and that progress impacts China though modern day. Therefore, the Wall was worth the cost because it made China a more modern and profitable country.

Overall, the benefits of the Great Wall outweighed the cost. It improved overall security so people could safely move into new areas to farm, it increased trade, and it brought new ideas to China, all of which made the country more profitable. While it was a lot of work and people suffered, it was worthwhile and necessary to advance the Chinese society. In modern times, China is a leading economic superpower, and the Wall is a monument that will never lose its importance.

Bodie Teuscher
HMS Grade 6

Just One Act of Kindness

Rrrrrrinngggg! Oh no! I thought! It was raining slush and misery and I forgot my umbrella! I stumbled through the school doors. It had been the worst day ever! First, I overslept and missed the bus. Secondly, I flunked my science test, and lastly, I forgot my history essay. I scanned the kids who had umbrellas. Lucky!

I glanced over at Hope. Hope was like the New York Madison School queen with all the 6th grade boys as her subjects. I always try to avoid Hope because she is sort of bossy. One time I ACCIDENTALLY bumped into her and she said I had to apologize to her and pick up her things! I don't really like her. Her umbrella had colorful polka dots. "So fancy!" I mumbled.

As I dragged my backpack down the sidewalk, I thought I saw Hope coming toward me. "Hey Sky," she remarked, "Want to share an umbrella?" "I stumbled under her umbrella. "Thanks" I stammered uncomfortably. "No problem!" She said grinning!

Then I started to feel a little bit better! I guess just one little act of kindness can make a big difference to someone's day!

Olivia Tobolski
Walker School Grade 4

Family Cubs Game

Take me out to the ball game... My family went to a Cubs game. My Dad's friend bought second row seating. I have never sat in the second row. I was so excited. My whole family was wearing Cubs gear and I was wearing a Cubs hat and a Kris Bryant shirt. My sister was wearing a Rizzo shirt and a sweatshirt. My Dad was wearing a Cubs hat and just a shirt. And my Mom was wearing a Cubs shirt. My Mom and my sister have not sat in the second row seating, But my Dad has at a Yankees game. After we sat down, they sang the National Anthem and the kids said, "play ball!" Rizzo was not playing and he rolled the ball to a man in the first row. He was so lucky.

I saw Kris Bryant and yelled his name and I blushed a little to yell his name while he was up to bat. The people behind us were on their iphones the whole game. I was looking at the people that were on their iphones and even the Mom was on her phone. My Mom kept saying, "Why don't they watch the game"? We introduce ourselves to the people who gave us the tickets. We watched the game for four or five innings.

I was starting to get really hungry so my Dad bought 2 burnt hot dogs for me and my Mom. My sister and my Dad got beef sandwiches. They were hard to eat and my sister said it was hard to eat. We relaxed and watched the game for five innings. My Dad and his friend got frozen lemonade for my sister and I. My Dad got twizzlers for my Mom. I sneaked the twizzlers from my Mom and my Dad got very mad at me.

The Cubs won 1 to 0. We talked to my Dad's friends for a little bit then we left and ate at an Italian place. I was tired. We hopped on two trains and we were home. I had a GREAT FAMILY CUBS GAME!

Gabriella Trejo
Walker School Grade 3

Nothing But Trouble

Listen up. My name is Elyssiavae Corition, but everyone calls me El. I won't accept Ellie, I won't accept Elyssia, and don't you *da*re call me by that ugly last part of my name...Vae! Yeah, I know. With a name like Elyssiavae, you'd think I'm a *lady*. Naw! I couldn't be farther from one. I spit- a lot. And at recess...I wrestle...with the boys. I don't care about gettin' dirty or wet, and don't say "Aww! She's just a tough, little cookie!" Or: "Look at that little spitfire!" I *especiall*y hate it when people say: "Oh look at the cute little girl! Isn't she adorable, trying to act all tough!" I'm begging my mom to let me try wrestling or boxing, or *at least* track-and-field.

But she says: "You are a lady, not a jock! The only sport that I will allow you to participate in is ballet." "Not even *ice skating*?!" I asked her. "Heavens, no! I don't want my wittle baby getting hurt." Then she'll probably hug me and stroke my hair. Luckily, I'm strong enough where I can break free of her grasp. "No!" I shouted at her.

Then I ran up to my room as I tried to shake the image of *me* wearing a *pink, fru-fru tutu*! Talk about *disgusting*! But *of course*, my mom said she was going to sign me up anyway. So, I would have to deal with a fru-fru class of fru-fru girls wearing fru-fru outfits in a fru-fru room with a fru-fru teacher. Ugghhh!!! Luckily, I still had a week before the torture began....

One Week Later...

"I bought you a pretty pink tutu with pink tights and a pretty little pink leotard." My mom said. "They didn't have anything in **black**?!" "Well, they had a black leotard and a black skirt, but I figured you would want to look like a real ballerina. You know, *a lot of pink*." "I guess." I said as I trudged up to my room to put on my *hideous* ballet attire.

Later, my mom drove me to ballet. As we were driving there, I pictured myself on a big stage. The crowd was going *wild* as I leaped and twirled across the stage. Then, they all threw roses onto the stage. Then I realized that I was *enjoying* this fantasy, and I quickly hit my leg to make up for it. I can't believe I thought that *disgusting* thought was cool! Shame on me!

As I walked into the classroom, it was exactly as I imagined it would be- fru-fru. I tried to keep from gagging as I saw the *obnoxious* pink walls, pictures and drawings of little ballerinas, and the quote on the wall that

said, "Inside each and every one of us, is a beautiful, graceful little ballerina." Now *that* made me throw up in my mouth a little!

"Alright, everybody. Gather round in a circle. We're all going to say our names and our favorite style of dance. I'll start. Hi! I'm Miss. Mimi, and I LOVE ballet! That's why I'm using my love to teach all of you!" "Hi! I'm Caitla! I also LOVE BALLET!" Said an overly enthusiastic red-haired girl.

I was the last one to go. I said this: "I'm El. And I think dance is stupid. especially ballet. And just so you know, I absolutely *hate* pink!" "Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I hope once you see what a *magical* experience ballet is, your attitude will change. Would it help if I give you a pretty pink sticker?" Miss Mimi cocked her head and smiled a *big, obnoxious* smile. "No! I said *I hate pink!*"

"Alrighty, then. Let's begin with positions. Would you care to join us?" She looked at me as I sat in the corner. I remembered my fantasy on the car ride to the dance studio. "Yes." I can't believe those words actually came out of my mouth. I never say "yes!" I'm usually pretty defiant. So, I got up and learned first, second, fourth, and fifth positions. Then Caitla raised her hand.

"Excuse me?! Miss. Mimi? Why is there no *3rd position*?" She asked. "That's a very good question, Caitla. Actually, there *is* a 3rd position, only we don't use it very often because 3rd is the position boys do their jumps in."

This created a whole other chorus of questions. "There are boy ballerinas too?" A girl with big glasses asked. "Yes, Quinn. There are boy ballerinas, except they are called: 'ball-er-inos.'"

So, overall, ballet was...interesting. I didn't hate it as much as I thought I would. (Surprisingly) Although, it did have some downfalls: all the annoying fru-fru kids asking annoying fru-fru questions, the obnoxious pink walls, that throw-up quote, all the ballerina pictures and drawings, and the foofy tutus. Other than that, it was alright, I guess. I went to sleep dreaming of myself as a beautiful, graceful ballerina. Only this time, I didn't throw up.

The next day....

"I'm passing your report cards out everyone." My teacher, Mrs. Dorik said. When she got to my desk, she frowned at me. "Try better next semester."

When I got home my mom opened up my report card, convinced that I was going to get my first A. Nope. My report card was all marked up, especially in math, and in the listening and directions section. B, B, C, C, C. I've never gotten an A. Ever. Not even in *kindergarten*! Every year my teachers write: *she's nothing but trouble*. I heard my mom sigh. Nice, effort, dear. I shrugged my shoulders and plopped down on the couch. Then she showed me my grades.

Math: C

Reading: B

Writing: C

Language Arts: C

Music: C

P.E: B (She's very athletic, but she tends to get too aggressive when she's really into the game- which is typically all the time)

Art: B

Science: B

Social Studies: C (Doesn't pay attention in class)

Spanish: B (Obviously doesn't study. Seems to only remember "Hola" each week)

Listening and Directions: C (She often doesn't listen to me. She's nothing but trouble!)

So, that's my report card. Pretty pathetic if you ask me. Anyway, I don't care what grade I get. School doesn't matter. "Honey," Mom sits down next to me, "I understand that school really *is not* your thing, but.... sometimes, I just wish you could try a little harder. And if this is because you're mad at me for signing you up for ballet, I'm sorry. I'll take you out of it. I'll let you do ice skating or track and field, it's still a no to wrestling and boxing, but I'll let you do whatever *safe* activity you want to do. Just please, I'm begging you darling, try. Just try a little harder."

At this I burst into tears. "I'm-I'm-I'm...I'm sorry! I'm sorry for being a bad kid! And I *love* ballet! I really do! And pink isn't so bad, it's actually kind of cute, and, and, oh, I'm just *so sorry!*" "It's okay darling." Mom patted my head.

"From now on, you're going to be seeing a new and hopefully improved El." I tried very hard to listen to my parents and teachers. I was Respectful. I cleaned up after myself. I didn't wrestle and spit, and... I tried harder in school. Pretty soon, I became a new and most definitely improved El.

Since I had been working harder in school, I was in for a great surprise when the second trimester report cards came out....

Math: B (She's improving!)

Reading: A

Writing: B

Language Arts: A

Music: A

PE: A

Art: A (Her artistic skills are improving and her attitude is a lot better)

Science: A (She's a scientist in training! Very intelligent student!)

Social Studies: B (Getting better, but still needs a little improvement in skills)

Spanish: A (Is getting a lot better, but still has trouble pronouncing words at times. She really tries, though.)

Listening and Directions: A (Her attitude has improved A LOT. She's nothing but an angel!)

Now, I'm "Nothing but an Angel," *and* my mom let me try out for track and field! I still do ballet, though. I'm actually really enjoying it. Well, I'm just glad I'm no longer "Nothing but Trouble."

Erin Tribe

Madison School Grade 5

The Island of Beasts

Sam Staple woke up looking into the light blue sky. He got up slowly, enduring the pain that shot through his body. He stood up and looked at his surroundings, only to see sand, trees, and water. First thing he thought of was an island. Sam started to limp around the island. He walked until he saw some sort of animal on the ground; puzzled, he walked over to it. Instead, he found a man. Sam looked at the face and remembered what happened. He remembered the ship, the beast, and his location. Sam started to shake the man. The man woke up and screamed.

"What happened to the rest of the crew!"

"They didn't make it" Sam replied.

This man's name was Jeff Geronimo. He was the lead navigator on the S.S. Pork. He and Jeff were best friends. They lived in the edge of Florida. The memories started to flow through his head like blood. They were sailing to Puerto Rico. Instead, they got stuck in a storm. A beast came out of the sea and consumed the crew and only Sam and Jeff barely survived. They got thrown in the sea and tried to swim to land but passed out. They were leading the ship out of the Bermuda Triangle. Now they were in the Bermuda Triangle, on an island, trying to survive. Sam was woken up from his daydreaming by Jeff.

"What are you doing Sam!" Jeff screamed. "We have to get out of here!"

"I know" Sam replied. "We have to make a boat and try to get out of this triangle of death!"

Sam glanced around for useful items to help them build a boat. "I will get some wood, to build a boat with, you can get rope or any other useful things." Sam said. After he said that, Jeff bolted into the wilderness. Sam looked at Jeff as he disappeared into the forest. He ran in the opposite direction Jeff ran and gathered sticks for a boat. Looking around Sam realizes there are limited supplies they have access to without tools. Without tools they couldn't chop down trees to make their boat. He kept searching until he came across something. Instead of sticks he found a wide mouthed cave. Curiously he walked into the cave. It was as dark as night in the cave. Sam kept walking until he tripped on something. He felt around where he tripped and felt something like a box. He pulled it outside to the light to get a better look at it. It was a wooden chest that was unlocked. Sam opened the chest and found a tiny booklet and some coins. Sam opened the booklet and found that it was actually a journal. The journal contained entries talking about the life of a ship Captain named Charles. Sam flipped through the book until he found the last entry. The journal said, "We are running low on supplies and time. It is almost night time. The time when the beasts come out from the forest, four legged dog like creatures with teeth as sharp as daggers, claws that can crush a grown

man to dust, and legs that are fast enough to catch a cheetah in 5 seconds. We barely survived the first night, we don't have enough soldiers to survive another night. This might be my last journal entry. If you are reading this, escape as fast as you can. Get out before the night, when they come out to hunt" That's where it ends and his signature is signed. Sam stared at the journal reading it again to make sure he wasn't mistaken. Once he sees he didn't, he darts out of the cave and starts screaming for Jeff, "Jeff, Jeff, Jeff, we need to get out of here!" That's when Jeff jumps out of the forest scaring the living soul out of Sam.

"What happened, it looks like you just saw a ghost or something?" He asked.

Sam screams "No, something much worse. I read a journal I found and it says that there's something in the forest that is going to kill us!" Jeff snagged the journal out of his hands and read the last journal entry. Sam watches as his eyes dart from line to line getting larger from each line his eyes read.

"My god, we need to make this boat really quickly!" Jeff says.

"Let's go then!" Sam replies. With that, they both went into the forest to grab some wood, vines, and food. With all the supplies they need to make a boat they start working. "Hand me the vines will you?" Sam asks. Jeff gives him the vines with no reply. "Jeff you need to help me if you want to get out of here alive." Sam says while reaching for another piece of wood. "We need to keep moving forward to stay alive."

"Okay fine, I will get some wood and fruit for the trip to help stay alive." Jeff replies. With that, Jeff walks into the forest. Sam keeps working on the boat using his shirt as a sail, tying the wood together with the vines. After some time of working, Sam looks around. He doesn't see Jeff. He gets up and starts walking to the forest. Then out of nowhere Jeff runs out and cries.

"Get out of here! The beasts are awake!" Just as he says that, two furry monster dogs come barreling towards them. Sam frantically pushes the boat towards the sea. Jeff came up behind to help. As they push the raft, they can hear the monsters darting towards them.

Sam screams "Faster, faster Jeff, they're getting closer!" They pushed with all their might and the boat got pushed into the sea. They both got on and watched as the monsters stare at them snapping their jaws and clawing at them.

Sam and Jeff sail their way out of the Bermuda Triangle and to the U.S. In the U.S. they made many fiction books based off their experience on the island. The island not only taught them that hard work can get them out of tough situations, but it also taught them that they can make great stories from scary experiences. The books not only spiked fear into the readers soul but it also inspired many adventurers, many that did not come back after leaving after adventuring to the island. If you ever try to go there, be warned, you will be eaten alive if you your not careful.

Jacob Truong
HMS Grade 6

The Trouble Frog

It was a beautiful day on the beach when a problem accrued for the queen. "I need more gold!" Just then a frog came hopping along.

"Hi there" said the frog. I can help you get your gold for only a small fee."

"Well ok" said the queen. "What is that fee"

"Why you will find out" cried the frog "but first you need to confirm the deal. Then I shall tell you." So the queen agreed and the frog said what the fee was.

"What!" yelled the queen "That's ridiculous!"

"But you agreed so you must pay the fee" said the frog greedily.

“As the queen of the beach I will not let you take my throne!”

“Fine then, no gold for you” said the frog and he started to walk away.

“Wait! Fine, I’ll give you the throne but you must give me five tons of gold” said the queen satisfied. And so the frog set off to get the gold. Or at least the queen thought he was. Really the frog had magical powers and could make gold appear instantly. But the gold was fake. As soon as she crowned him king the gold would vanish. But first the frog knew he must wait at least a week. When the time passed he showed up at the beach to greet the queen.

“I have your gold miss,” said the frog.

“Oh good. I was hoping you’d come soon,” said the queen.

“Now crown me king” said the frog.

“Okay,” said the queen. When she did the gold disappeared “What!” cried the queen. “Where did the gold go!”

“Got you” said the frog.

The queen screamed so loud someone in Africa could hear her. “NO!”

The Frog then said “as king I banish you, go, now!”

And so she left. The queen was never greedy ever again, as for the frog. Well, he lived an awesome life.

Andrew Ulrich
Prospect School Grade 5

First People on the Moon

On a cool Saturday morning in the distance I could see NASA preparing the ship for launch. I told Joe, “We better get there quick, it looks like they have already installed the martian module into the odyssey.” Earlier that day, we had stopped at a cafe in town to have a little wake-up breakfast. I was still finishing my pancakes when we were just pulling into the parking lot. “Okay, this is it” I told Joe. “Get ready!”

We walked through the doors and through the hallway to the training center. “Hello crew!” said one of the members of the program. “Where’s Neil?” I asked. “Shouldn’t he be getting ready?” I said, “Neil is in the doctor’s room taking medicine so that he doesn’t get sick in space.” We thanked him and walked all the way to the doctor’s office “Hi Neil,” I said “Hello guys. Ready to drive to the launch pad?” Neil said. “Yep all packed up and ready to leave.” Everyone wished us good luck and we walked out to the car. Once Joe started up the car I quickly made sure that we had everything we needed. “Food, water, space suits, okay . We have everything .” I said to Joe. We drove a few hours until we could see that the ship had already been delivered to the launchpad. Joe parked the car and we got out. “Hello John!” I said. “Hello guys ready for the launch?” Said John. One of the launch control members. “Yep, we have everything.”

We walked into the changing rooms to get our space suits on. “Is everyone ready?” I asked. “Yep,” said Neil and Joe.

“Okay now we can launch.” I said.

We walked over to the elevator and I pressed the button to go up. I was breathing so heavily that I thought I was going to pass out.

“Here you go,” said one of our instructors

We walked across the bridge that was leading to the command module I opened the hatch and got into my seat. As my instructor strapped me in, he said

"Leo you are all set for takeoff."

I shook his hand and said

"See you soon."

"Guys are you all ready?" I said.

"Yep," said Joe and Neil.

"Here we go!"

I could hear the person speaking into the megaphone say, "WE ARE GO FOR LAUNCH!" I was super nervous and my body was shaking like crazy. "10,9,8,7..." I could start to feel the shaking coming from the first engine. "4,3,2,1, IGNITION!"

As we started to go up, I could feel the other engines start to do their part. The atmosphere was getting awfully clear and I knew that we were almost beyond it. "Gasp!" I said as I was letting air out of my lungs.

"Are we all okay?" I asked still gasping for air.

"Yes" Said Neil and Joe

I could tell that they were holding their breath too for launch.

"Houston, this is odyssey. We have a successful launch!" I reported

"Okay odyssey. You can start your orbit around earth." Said Houston

"Guys, I don't know about you but I am sure hungry." I told Joe and Neil.

"Hey, I am hungry too," said Joe.

The next day

"Houston, this is odyssey. We are currently on engine 4 and using the fuel."

"Okay odyssey, go ahead and shut down engine 4."

I went to shut down main engine 4.

"And if you could go and turn on the main turbine for engine 1."

"All done." I said

I was feeling somewhat confident about this mission and that nothing would go wrong.

"Alright. Your oxygen is low so go ahead and flip on your oxygen tanks."

I went to the switch to flip on the oxygen flow.

"CRASH! BANG!"

"Houston we have a master alarm and a main turbine 4 cut-off, we have multiple warnings, there was another master alarm." We were freaking out as I was flipping to multiple programs. "We have a main center engine cut-off, 3 turbine warnings, I- I don't know maybe this is a caution and warning." Said Joe "Houston, we are venting something into space. I can see it right on the right window. It's definitely a gas of some sort. It's got to be the oxygen."

Everyone looked so confused as I reported the venting

"We copy odyssey, we read your venting." said Houston.

"Okay guys stay calm, let's not guess, that just makes the problem worse. Let's work."

The next morning

"Odyssey, this is Houston. How are you doing?" "We're just fine Houston, just trying to stay calm." I said.

Neil went to check the food and water supply.

"Guys were lacking both food and water." said Neil. "Odyssey, I highly recommend that we close the fuel cells. Said James.

"What's that gonna do?" asked John

"If we close the tube we can save what's left in the tank." said James

"If you close them you can't open them again!" Said John.

"This is the last option." said James.

"Okay James." John said

"Flight your gonna have to close fuels cells 1-3." John explained

"Alright Houston." I said.

I went to close the fuel cells nervously remembering that you can't open them again. What if we didn't have enough fuel to get home.

"Cells 1-3 are shut down Houston." I told them. While I reported what to do next, I noticed the moon in the window.

"Houston, we are about 80 nautical miles away from the moon. We're getting closer." I reported.

"Alright odyssey, we will start the orbit.

"Houston I see our landing spot. I see it right below window 2." I said.

"Okay guys, we're going to have you land. Remember, be careful!" said John.

"Alright guys," I said

"Neil and I will transfer all needed data to the lunar module. As Neil and I transferred every needed thing we went into the lunar module. We told Joe goodbye and he wished us good luck. I tightened the hatch in between the two modules so the ship wouldn't suction into space. I took the controls and descended onto the moon.

"Neil I see our landing spot!" I said as I got closer.

"A little to the left!" Said Neil.

"Come on!"

"Come on, let's go." I muttered to myself.

"Here we go!" Shouted Neil.

"YES!" I said in excitement as I landed.

"Houston, the eagle has landed!" I reported.

"We're going for a walk on the moon!"

I opened the hatch for Neil to walk out. I followed him after. I could hear him say,

"That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." I was filled with joy as we placed down the flag.

"Houston, we've planted the flag!" I said.

I could hear them cheering so loud that my eardrums hurt.

"Neil we have made it!" I said.

"We now live in a place where man has walked on the moon."

Leonardo Villone

The Lane School Grade 4

Wind swirled around a dark and shadowy grove. Leaves twirled in the air, riding the evening breeze. A murder of crows flew overhead, each cawing out omens and warnings to the dark moonless night. An old car slowly made its way across the grove on a old and worn path. It was an old gray Edsel. It gently jostled and bumped the passengers as it bumbled down the road. The driver was a middle aged man wearing a tan polo shirt and navy blue jeans and a pair of glasses. He was handsome in a worried sort of way and his black hair grew in a ring around his head so he looked like a monk. Next to him was his wife, a middle-aged pregnant woman. She had shoulder-length dark brown hair that looked like liquid chocolate running down her neck. The man drove the car in a hurry, constantly glancing behind him as if he was being followed. Suddenly, the woman doubled over in pain and moaned.

"We're almost there. Don't worry," The man said to the woman, "We are almost there." Then, the car hit a big bump in the path. The Edsel shook and the woman groaned in pain and horror. There was a loud crunching sound and a loud thump. The engine sputtered and died. Then, with a creak and a groan, the car headlights slowly faded into darkness, and they were alone in the grove.

The man got out and inspected the hood. He checked the engine and frowned, "This seems thoroughly broken, the entire engine just melted into stinky mush and the hood somehow got crumpled." He leaned down to inspect the bottom of the car. "The tires are melted and stuck to the path and the back of the car has a big dent in it, now we need an extra trip to the mechanic." Suddenly, the ground began to tremble. The car shuddered and lifted high up into the air like a puppet held by invisible strings. It kept going higher and higher and did not stop.

"What is happening?" The woman shrieked, "Why are we flying?"

"I don't know," the man replied, "But I don't like it."

The car stopped flying at a height of about 300 feet and hovered in the air. The air began to hum and the car started to shake violently, almost throwing off the passengers. The man looked at the car, then he realized something.

“This car is going to explode!” He yelled, “Jump off now!” Then he leaped off into the foreboding darkness. The woman hesitated for the briefest of moments, then gathered her courage and leapt, however, she jumped a moment too late.

The old car exploded, sending shards of glass and steel in every direction. Motor oil poured from the broken engine like blood from a cut. The woman was hit from all directions by the flying shards of glass and steel. The glass and steel pieces felt like hot, greasy knives digging into her skin. Oil splattered all over her from the broken engine, further irritating her. Some of the shards that fell on her were on fire and upon touching the oil, they set her aflame. She screamed as the flames burned her and excruciating pain rushed through her body. Then, she landed on the ground with a sickening thud, tumbling down the rocks until she was stopped by a prickly rosebush. Upon contact with the rosebush, the flames were extinguished, but the damage was done.

The man saw the shadow coming first. It slithered through the bushes like a snake, then it took the form of a thin hooded figure with sinister red glowing eyes and a burned ebony staff. Though it was dark in the grove, the shadow could clearly be seen, it was darker than the pitch black darkness around it. Dark tendrils of energy and smoke swirled around the dark figure. A cold wind swept the grove. The man shuddered and began to back away slowly. “Why the rush?” The shadow asked. The shadow’s voice was silky smooth, but it had a hint of menace in it. “Nowhere.” The man’s voice shook as he addressed the cold shadow. The shadow slowly began to edge towards the shaking man. The man tried to move but couldn’t, he was paralyzed by fear and a dark visions. A vision of a child dying by a glowing arrow, a mage screaming in pain and despair as a twisted experiment went horribly wrong. Meanwhile the shadow got closer and closer.

The woman lay still on the path, her body broken and mangled by the fall. The flames had ravaged her body beyond recognition, but she clung onto life like a drowning swimmer desperately grasping the endless sea. Through her scorched and ruined eyelids, she could see the shadow creeping towards her paralyzed husband. She wanted to scream, she wanted to help him, but she couldn’t. She then saw a small piece of tangled steel next to her. She tried to reach for it. Scorching pain wracked her ruined body and she stopped. She tried three times, but stopped short of the steel each time. In a final act of desperation she bit her left index finger off and hurled it at the terrible shadow. The shadow turned, “Very well. You shall die first.” The woman was suddenly gripped by the horrible realization that she was about to die. The shadow pointed his little finger at the woman. A beam of ruby

light shot out of his index finger. It hit the woman in the heart and she collapsed onto the ground, unmoving. The shadow turned around with a smirk on his cruel face. Then he looked at the man and said, “It’s your turn.”

Carson Wang
HMS Grade 6

Lucy the Witch

One day there was a girl named Lucy, who wanted to become a witch so badly. When she went to the town hall, she happened to meet a special person, James Lockheart. James told everyone, in order to become wizard or witch, you need to pass three tests. You could not believe how many people signed up the test.

James started to test each person. Finally it was Lucy’s turn. She was so nervous and anxious to enter the test room. The first test was to make feather turning into a mouse. If the mouse ended up too skinny, you would fail the test. Lucy learned the skill from a book written by James Lockheart, and she made a plump mouse and passed the first test.

The second test was to make the fruit mash potion. The good potion would keep you alive for over a month without eating. Lucy used bananas, chocolate frog, and a piece of her own hair to make the potion. It was so powerful. She passed the second test.

The last test was to how to cast spells. Lucy’s skills were so unique and creative that she almost cast a spell on James. Her score was 90 out of 100. Of course, she passed it.

Lucy’s dream came true, and she became a witch through all her hard work and dedication.

Heather Wang
Elm School Grade 3

The Camping Trip

Peter throws another rock into the murky green lake. SPLASH! The rock hits the water's surface sending circles out into the lake. Dad sighs, "Peter you have been throwing rocks for 30 minutes. Come on, let's go fishing." "No!" Peter says forcefully. He can tell he hurt his Dad's feelings, but he doesn't care. Right now the only thing Peter can think about is how he is camping while his friends are playing in the soccer tournament he had to miss. Peter loved soccer but hated going outdoors and getting dirty, so instead of going fishing with Dad Peter sits in the tent and pouts. He watches Dad take out his dark red fishing pole. He watches Dad sit down on the muddy grass. "Yuck." Peter thinks. Now Dad's cloths are going to be all wet. He watches for an extremely long time until finally the tiny yellow bobber goes down under water. "Dad!" Peter shrieks with excitement, "you did it, you caught a fish!" Peter had never seen anyone, even his Dad catch a fish because he spent so much time indoors. Peter thinks it is fascinating, but he does not tell his Dad that. While Dad goes fishing again Peter asks Dad if he can climb a tree around the lake. Dad says "OK." with a slight grin. Peter's face falls into a frown. He doesn't want Dad getting any ideas that he likes camping.

As much as Peter disliked the outdoors, he still had loved climbing for as long as he could remember. He picked out a good climbing tree. It had a mixture of low branches and high branches, and it was sturdy, almost as strong as a brick wall. Peter started with the low branches and then moved on to the higher branches feeling more and more confident with each long and graceful stride. When Peter climbed he felt free like nothing was holding him back from doing what he loved. Peter was a monkey on the trees. He swung upside down and all around. He looks down at the world below him. He sees Dad fishing. He caught another fish. Peter imagines himself catching a fish. He would be awarded with a shiny gold trophy. That would be amazing Peter thinks.

"Peter!" Dad calls in a loud booming voice that almost makes Peter fall out of the tree. "Coming Dad." Peter says. His voice sound tiny compared to Dad's. "Maybe could you just try fishing?" Dad pleads. "Fine." Peter says. He only agrees so Dad will stop bugging him about it and so he can get it over with and maybe it does sound a little fun. Peter plops down next to Dad and strangely, he doesn't even care that his clothes get wet. Dad wraps his hands around Peter's as he helps him cast the line. Peter asks Dad what to do next. "We wait." Dad says, his voice filled with patience. Peter sighs. This could get boring. While Peter waits Dad tells him stories. The stories are about all sorts of things, Mom, his sister, camping, fishing, even stories about Peter when he was little. Dad was just finishing a story about one of his elementary school friends when Peter feels a tug on his pole. He starts to pull back the reel, but the fish is strong and pulls back. It is a game of tug of war. Peter versus the fish. Peter's arms start to give out but he fights through the pain and it pays off! Peter catches the fish! He bounces up and down bursting with excitement. There is no prize but Dad's hug is even better.

That night Peter and his Dad roast s'mores by the campfire. Finally, when Peter lies down in his sleeping bag and looks up at the star-lit sky he thinks about how this morning he was begging his Dad not to take him camping, but it turned out he liked camping. He closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep dreaming of going camping tomorrow.

Sophie Wibbenmeyer
Walker School Grade 4

What Makes Civil Disobedience Effective?

Civil disobedience is so effective, in making changes in law. Gandhi Marched 241 miles to western India to the coastal town of Dandi to make salt from saltwater, which was illegal. He started with just 78 people. However, as the marchers proceeded, thousands more joined. Weeks later, his unarmed followers marched to a government salt depot, were they used nonviolence to make a statement. Also Dr. Martin Luther king junior, used the method of civil disobedience, and nonviolence to change a law or rule that the government would not change. Dr king was fighting for black people to be free like everyone else in America. Lastly one of the most recent examples of civil disobedience would be the riots for gun control. All around the country there have been school shootings and kids are taking a stance. They shout things like "what do we want, gun control. When do we want it, now."

Gandhi wanted to have Indian independence from British rule and for the rights of the Indian poor. His example of non-violent protest is still revered throughout the world today. Nonviolent protest is often met with violence. However, that can help advance the protesters' cause. Indeed, it was the horror of what happened in both India and the U.S. that rapidly swung public opinion in favor of the protesters. For Gandhi, violence was not simply physical. To him, authority over others was a form of violence too. Gandhi believed that all people — rich and poor, male and female — should have the freedom to rule themselves. To help achieve that vision, he fought not just for the freedom of India, but for the right of women and poor people to participate fully in society.

Young people across the United States walked out of school to demand action on gun violence. When they did this they were protesting to people that they should make schools safer and make sure that it is harder to get weapons. This method is so effective because the government should meet the needs of the people and when tens of thousands of kids walk out of school. The survivors have become activists on gun control — leading rallies, lobbying lawmakers and giving TV interviews. Their efforts helped pass a new Florida law limiting access to assault rifles by young people.

Non violence is the best weapon in Dr King's mind. He agrees with Gandhi that that all people — rich and poor, male and female — should have the freedom to rule themselves. He Quoted that the Christian method can be used to practice civil disobedience. He said in the YouTube video interview. "If it is used properly, and used with the proper attitude Christianity is a very strong method of a strong man not the weak man." Dr king decided that the race of people should not get in the way of way they are treated. Kind of like the golden rule that parents and teachers tell children. He used a method that would not stir chaos, and end up with many lives being lossed.

To conclude, civil disobedience is one of the most famous and effective ways to make change in a government. It can help people with making sure that everybody has the same privileges, It can help with banning things that are a threat to our youth, and society. Also it can help with making simple changes in our world like changing the rules in a school cafeteria.

Ben Wittemann
CHMS Grade 7

Psychedelic Tech
Prologue
June 3rd, 2060

I ran until it felt like my lungs might burst. I turned a corner, facing a dead end. I panted softly, as alarms blared sharply through the dull cement hallways of the psychological ward. Muffled screams and shouts bounced off the walls as the blaring alarm rang out all around me.. The cells around me held nightmarish scenes of pitiful prisoners begging for freedom. I hesitated, knowing this was my one chance. I turned another corner and ran smack dab into a guard. I instinctively tackled him to the ground. I took his stun gun, shot him once, and took off for the remaining corridors. *No mercy*, I thought, recalling the years of abuse I had faced from men similar to the guard. I focused on what I was fighting for. Technology. Technology is the only thing that is real. Tech is perfection and beauty.

The human race is cruel. I know this now. People have constantly let me down, crushed my hopes, and painted pictures of suffering in my dreams. My ideas regarding technology are supposed to be gone; but I love tech. Like you might love a brother or friend, tech has been there to help me through the worst. I know what my parents are trying to do. They can't separate me from tech. The lifeless, metal mess of wires that makes up tech is what gives me the spark to live. I won't let them do it. I will tell my story. To You.... The readers. My parents won't silence me. Technology stirs me on. It's beauty stirs me. Shivers run down my side, hauntingly and beautifully. *Run.*

Charles Wittemann
CHMS Grade 8

Aubrey Rose
(on the loss of a newborn sister)

A rose, 4th in Wood, fades in a day

Aubrey,

Aubrey Rose Wood

We miss you

Griffin Wood
HMS Grade 6

The Stardoom Bridge

“The games will start in half an hour” said AnaSophia with a twinkle in her eyes. “Great! That saves us lots of time.” Said Catherine joyfully. LET’S GO! They both yelled. It was time for the dragon dream games to start. Each person who attended needed a dragon. They also needed armor. All dragons have their own unique powers. Catherine’s dragon was Plasma. She was a very strong volcano dragon who was now practicing her volcanic ash attack. AnaSophia’s dragon was Universe, an intense galaxy dragon who feared nothing. AnaSophia’s armor looked like this- black with gold chains and a cape that looked like the universe. Catherine’s armor was blue and neon yellow. She had a cape that looked like the sun. And then there was Leah. Leah’s outfit was indigo and silver. Her cape had stars on it. And her dragon was a purple and silver gem dragon named Safire. Magic! Magic! Magic! That’s the only thing they had studied their whole life. Magic, magic, magic. Magic animals. Magic powers. The history of magic. All of the things they had ever learned about. The dragon games have started! said Catherine with a chuckle. Let’s go! Said AnaSophia. The dragon field was beautiful. There were glow in the dark neon flowers and beautiful gold towers that even a princess would faint at the mere sight of it. And that is exactly what Leah did. With sparkling eyes Leah looked like she had just opened up the best birthday present ever. And then with a flop Leah fell on the ground. AnaSophia and Catherine helped Leah up. LET THE DRAGON DREAM GAMES BEGIN!!!!

Ana Sophia Wrobel
Madison School Grade 4

Magictopia

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Anna. She was very pleasant. When she was just born a wicked wizard named Matthew had cursed her. After the curse she went to Magictopia. It’s a magical place where anything can happen, both good and bad. When she was there, Matthew and his wife Colleen pretended to be her parents. They were evilest people there. In fact they were worse than evil, terrible. They made her do chores all day and sleep outside all night.

Sometimes Anna sneaked out, and she would play with evil kids, named Emma, Layla, Ted and Bobby J. They were also prisoners but she didn’t know. Each day the group of friends got smaller and smaller and soon she was the only one left. Matthew and Colleen then told her that they weren’t her real parents and she was from a different world. She could not find her way home until she learned a lesson. Maybe doing chores isn’t the worst thing ever.

All of a sudden she saw something. What was it? She went closer. It was a magic portal! “Huh!” she said. She went in it. “Omg,” she said. She saw a castle. She thought it was where she was born. She knocked on the door. Her real mom opened the door. “Hi Mom.” Her mom gasped. She hugged her and so did her dad. And they lived sometimes happily and sometimes not so happily just like real life.

Coco Zahn
Prospect School Grade 3

Minecraft education edition: The future of Minecraft

Who wants to play Minecraft at school? I do! Did you know that some schools allow kids to play Minecraft? Minecraft is a game of creativity and coordination, so you have to make stuff. It is a bit violent because of the swords, but that's okay. Schools are debating whether to play Minecraft at school. In my opinion, schools should allow students to play Minecraft.

Firstly, Minecraft is a very educational game. 1700 students played Minecraft Education edition to test it for Minecraft beta and succeeded. The Education edition is a version that the teacher can control. They can teleport you, make players that the computer controls, and even let other players into the game. However, that's in classroom mode. In fact, it's just normal Minecraft! You can do everything you did previously. Except... there are some extremely new things. There are periodic elements and science equipment! It's all like normal. You just build. You also can learn so, so, so much from playing Minecraft. The players controlled by the computer, well, they can help you build things, For example, they help you build the temple of Artemis, the Parthenon, and the Sphinx. Then you learn all about the history of those buildings. You can do a few more things in the education edition than in the normal Minecraft. It should be in the classroom!!!

Secondly, I think that Minecraft is a game of creativity because you can create stuff. In particular, there is a to-scale model of Denmark in Minecraft. You can create ships, cars, and cities. Kids can work together to build them. But sadly, they don't move. You can make them move by putting minecarts under them or having a mod can also do that. There are also more mods but that'll be in the next paragraph. The cars that you make will be stuck if you put the powered rails going left and right. (That's without the mod!). The game has much physics but it sometimes doesn't. That's because when you chop a tree, the tree doesn't fall. But sand falls when you break the block under it. You can go to creative to find a replacement for it, but in survival you can't. If not, it would not be survival and the mobs wouldn't attack you. I recommend Minecraft because it influences creativity.

Some people believe Minecraft is distracting. It may be possible, but it will help students learn about history, math, and money. It can teach you about history by making you build famous historical buildings. About math with the teacher making you build right angles or other geometric shapes like that. Money is taught by making currency and making robots that use it. (Including a cashier!). If you leave the performance, the teacher will teleport you. As you can see, Minecraft is NOT distracting or boring or any other bad things.

Minecraft is a very good classroom game. It influences creativity, coordination, and also thinking that school is fun, not that it isn't. So, go inside, turn on that iPad, and PLAY MINECRAFT!!!!!!!

Aaron Zapol

Monroe School Grade 5

Interviewing Emma Watson

London 5:00 PM 1162020

Dear reader, ok, that sounds like a really bad beginning, but I'm too excited to write a better one. I'm writing because I am actually going to SEE THE HARRY POTTER ACTORS. IN PERSON. AND INTERVIEW THEM. I am totally OBSESSED with Harry Potter, and those of you who read it will know. If you read Harry Potter and don't like it, then you may get AVADA KEDAVRA (killing curse) !!! Oh, wait, that's the train stop! See ya later!

London 6:30 PM 1162020

Hi, it's me again. I am now going to interview my FAVORITE actress of living memory, Emma Watson, and I am DYING of anticiaHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Sorry. Fake dementor attack. "Oh stop it!" Do they put machinery in those dementors?! "Actually, they are cameras". EMMA!! I jumped. "So, what do you want to interview me about?" I started interviewing her, and I couldn't help noticing that she was beautiful. Silky, blond hair rested next to shiny diamond dangling earrings. Her lashes were longer than my brother's (his lashes are very long)! "First question: what is your favorite line in Harry Potter?" "Well, I have to say my absolute favorite is You're saying it wrong. It's Leviosa. Not Leviosar. " I couldn't believe it, "That's my favorite line too!" "Ok, next question. What's your favorite

character?" "Me. Duh. I mean *ahem* Hermione." But I could tell by her tone that she didn't mean "Duh" in a mean way. "Right. Moving on. Do you have a secret admirer?" "Yeno." I grinned. I knew that she did because she started flushing red. I knew that I should continue, so I asked her 17 more questions and skipped into a hotel. I even got some wand souvenirs and Emma's signature! Today was so wonderful.

Sophia Zhang
Elm School Grade 4

Is the Great Wall of China Worth the Cost?

Today, the Great Wall of China is a popular tourist site, but many years ago, tens of thousands of soldiers died on the Great Wall. The Great Wall was a dirt and stone wall used to defend northern China from the Xiongnu, or Mongols. It was built during the Han and Qin dynasty starting after 221 BCE. The Qin wall was 1500 - 2500 miles long, and the Han wall was about 4000 miles long. Because China had to bribe the Xiongnu to get out with silk, there were harsh working conditions, and many people died, the Great Wall wasn't worth the cost.

The Great Wall of China was not worth the cost because they had to bribe the Xiongnu out of China. A document called *Tribute Paid by the Han to the Xiongnu Mongols* says, "Year (BCE):1 Silk Thread (in catties):7,500 Silk Fabric (in bales):30,000." Today, a catty is 1.5 pounds, and a bale is 132 pounds. So in the year 1 BCE, China gave the Xiongnu 11,250 pounds of silk thread and 3,960,000 pounds of silk fabric. From 51 BCE to 1 BCE, the silk catties increased five times as much, and silk bales increased three times as much. In 51 years, if they still continued to give silk and increased the amount of silk, it was obviously didn't work because the Xiongnu kept coming back. Another document which was a letter from Chao Cuo says, "the government will construct walled cities, well protected by high walls, deep moats, catapults, and thorns." These obviously didn't work because the Xiongnu kept coming back since China had to give silk. And since the Xiongnu kept coming back, the wall was just a huge investment in lives and labor, and it was a waste of effort and resources. The walls, and everything else they built didn't work, and China had wasted silk, effort, and resources.

The Great Wall of China was not worth the cost because there were harsh working conditions. Another document called *The Human Cost of the Great Wall* says, "who worked seven day work weeks with little food. During eight months of winter, temperatures reached 20- 30-below zero, Fahrenheit." Peasants and soldiers had to work for eight months every year when it was twenty or thirty below zero every day until the wall was finished or they died. Since soldiers were exposed to cold and harsh weather for a long time they all died. According to *The Human Cost of the Great Wall*, "Many peasants and soldiers attempted to move across the border to live with the Xiongnu." A Chinese Poem says, "Although we are willing to serve loyally, how can we live this way?" Soldiers had to live on the wall, and they knew that there was no way they could survive sickness, starvation, heat, coldness, and fighting. The soldiers had to be exposed to all of these for years until they died, and the wall did not keep the Xiongnu out, which is a terrible cost for the Great Wall.

The Great Wall of China was not worth the cost because many people died. *The Human Cost of The Great Wall* says, "According to poetry and legend, tens of thousands of soldiers died from hunger, sickness, and extreme heat or cold." All the people who died should have been treated for their sickness or hunger so that they could work more efficiently. 80% of the people died, which is a terrible cost while building the wall. Even though the Great Wall was supposed to increase security, the wall required a lot of sacrifice in lives, labor, effort, and resources. The Chinese poem says, "If rice isn't harvested, how will you eat?...We sally forth at dawn but do not return at dusk." Soldiers die off too fast, so farmers replace them. Then, there was no one to farm, and China had to face starvation. The second sentence means that everyone dies because the people do not return.

The Great Wall was not worth the cost. China had to bribe the Xiongnu to get out of China, there were harsh working conditions such as sickness and hunger, and many people died while working on the wall. China had to give a lot of silk, and the wall was a sacrifice of lives, labor, and it was a waste of effort and resources. Working on the Great Wall was probably terrible since many soldiers and peasants died of harsh working conditions such as temperatures below zero for eight months and little food. China also lost tens of thousands of soldiers and peasants because of sickness, hunger, starvation, and extreme heat and cold. China also had to face starvation because farmers had to work on the wall. This fun tourist place now was once a place where tens of thousands of people died.

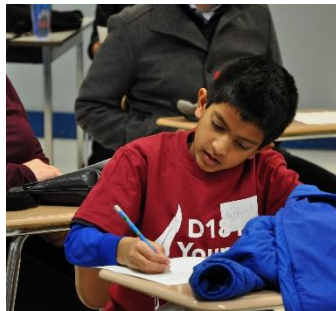
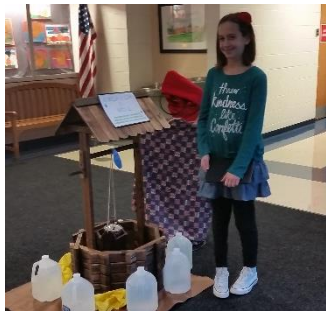
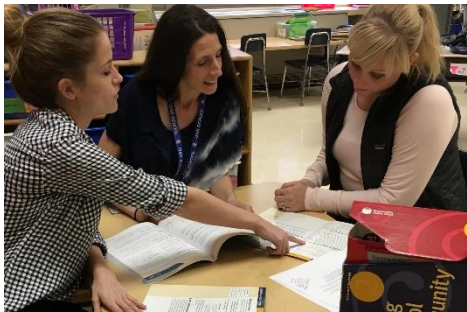
Sophia Zou
HMS Grade 6

District 181

FOUNDATION



It takes a whole community to create great schools.



The District 181 Foundation partners with individuals, families and businesses in our community to inspire community involvement, pride, and support for the exceptional education provided to all District 181 students.

www.d181foundation.org