

**New Paltz Middle School's  
Literary & Art Magazine**



# **Reflections**

## **2010**

# REFLECTIONS

## THE NEW PALTZ MIDDLE SCHOOL LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

**VOLUME 23 – JUNE 2010**

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Thanks go out to a wonderfully dedicated and fun staff. Our meetings were always filled with laughter and good conversation. Without all of their hard work, this publication would not be. Thanks also go out to all of the adults in the building who submitted their students' work or helped with the publishing end of this magazine. *Reflections* is certainly an excellent example of collaboration as well as a showcase for our students' ample creativity. Congratulations to all of the students whose work made it into these pages.

**COVER ART BY BROOKE HART**

# The Moonflowers

By Claire Factor

They say  
That the moonflowers bloom beside you  
They whisper  
That the moonflowers grow inside you  
But moonflowers we are not  
We do not grow by your thoughts  
We do not drown in your darkness  
Standing still is not in our nature  
It is only in the nature of the iron eyes and the  
Moonflowers  
The moonflowers love you  
We will not do the same  
We will not be used in vein  
We will not abuse the pain  
We will not confuse  
The delicate sinner moonflowers  
We do not thrive in your abyss  
We do not marvel at your twisted nature  
Only grow away from the light  
Farther from our own skins  
And run away from your ashes  
Run  
Until the wind pulls us to the ground  
And screams hollow words  
Waiting for us to shrink  
But no matter how long your shadow holds us  
We will never become  
The forever soulless moonflowers



# The Thinker

By S.M.

He is sitting there thinking  
It daren't say what he is thinking about  
That what the artist knows  
But you are not the artist  
That's when your imagination comes in  
It spreads like a wild fire  
You imagine what he is  
A great thinker, artist, inventor or something else  
He could be just using his imagination  
Your using yours trying to understand what he is  
Is that what the artist is saying and making a statement  
About the human race  
Within a structure  
When you look at it  
We imagine because we have an imagination

## 3 Haikus

By Joey Ciccone

Towers, looming high  
Spears in the darkening sky  
Piercing, will it die?

Patiently watching  
Awaiting his prey, he lurks  
Awaiting his meal

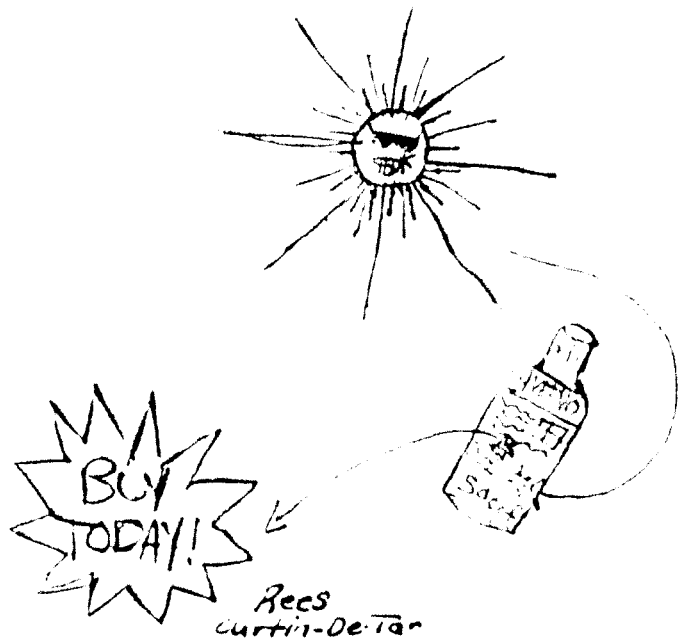
Books, so thick, they sit  
Silent on shelves, their white leaves  
Blossoming in gloom



## Sugar Cubes

By Kenrick Cal

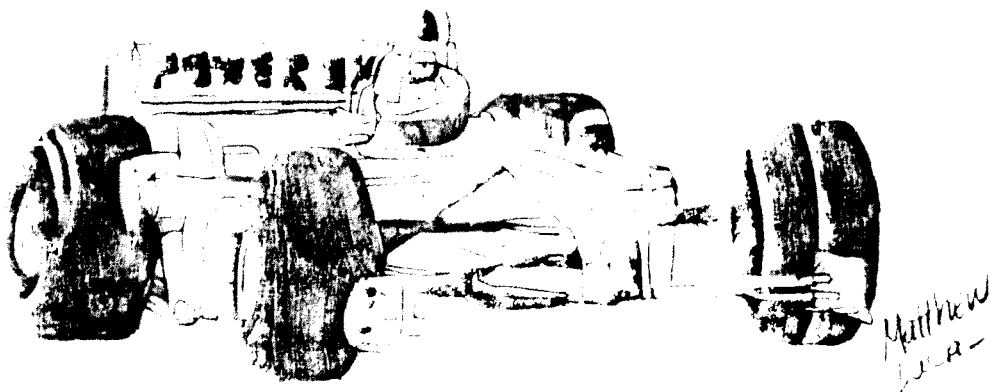
The sugar cubes  
On the brown table,  
Next to the cup,  
Next to the bowl,  
Gleaming in the sunlight,  
How it's so delectable,  
How tempting it is,  
Luring me in,  
The gleaming sugar,  
Next to the bowl,  
Next to the cup,  
The sugar cubes.



## The Labyrinth

By Cori Sherow

It confuses and yet amuses you.  
It also loses you.  
It sometimes makes you go around in a circle.  
But when you finally get out you say to your self it's a miracle.  
It watches you fail as you go the wrong way.  
You see, it's the labyrinth's favorite game that it plays.  
It wants you to snap and frustrate.  
It wants you to lose patients.  
The labyrinth decides your fate.



## Light

By John O'Connor

So bright  
In the night it keeps me warm  
Till the sun rises  
Again  
Makes the dark run away in fear  
So fast  
So quick  
Right before my eyes  
The light from the lamp  
Provides not only light  
But life

## Music

By Gabby Keefe

It could be pleasant...  
Or it can hurt  
Different types equal different sounds.  
Different people, different voices.  
Either good either bad.  
Flowing through your mind  
Makes you happy or makes you sad

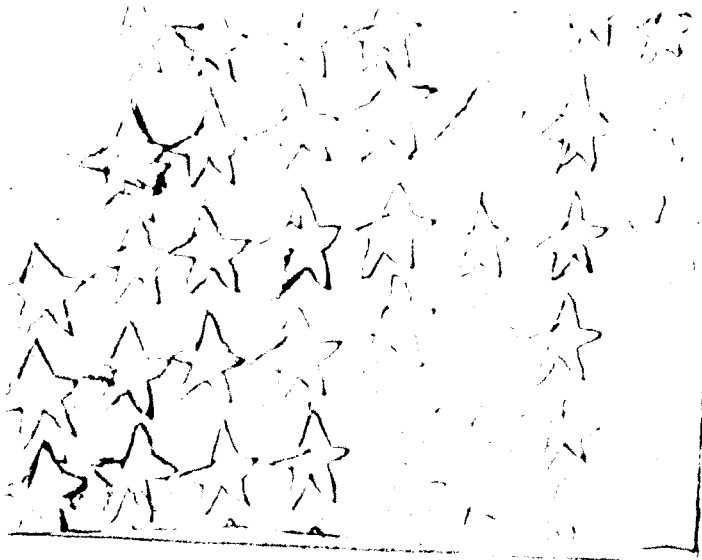


# Untitled

By Paul Knoth

You hold my life together  
Keep me in line  
Strong, sturdy, a leader of the pack.  
As you eat more and more, you  
Get wider  
1 inch, 2 inch 3 inch 4  
How could I ever ask for more?  
Your only problem, if I must convey.  
Is your need to label one how-one way  
As the year comes to a  
Celestial close,  
I say farewell...  
BINDER!





Yes We Can



# REFLECTIONS

2007-2008



# Beyond

By Claire Factor

Turn	towards the nearest ghost town	Right
Run	from the things that you've done	
Know	that what you believe in is gone for	Wrong
Save	your breath and scream because you were born to be	Good
Don't	fly above the haunted castle and live to wonder what lies	Evil
Fear	overtakes your mind and makes you drink	Beyond
Life	is too much for one mind made of bloodshed and autumn trees	The skies
Death	is magnificent and inevitable with eyes forever closed and every piece of beauty masked by	Are falling
Stillness		When all is written in stone

## Untitled

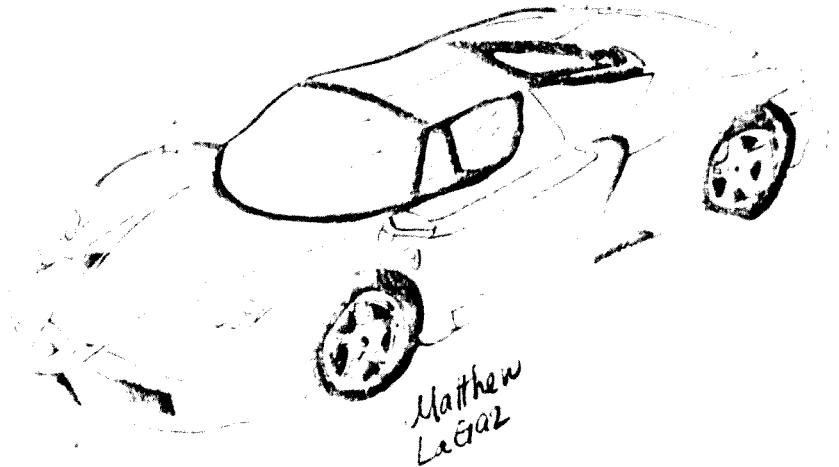
By Karl Linneman

Red rose  
Why do you hang so nicely?  
When you shine in the mist  
You sparkle like rubies in the sun  
You are the fruit of a bush  
But when you are picked  
You lose your greatness  
Like a caged bird  
Why do you not stay?  
Beautiful forever.

## Baseball

By Tyler Tschumi

With the crack of the bat,  
The pound of the glove  
These are the sounds of the game,  
That everyone loves,  
Hitting, and fielding  
Its also fun,  
Running and stealing,  
We've got a game to get done.

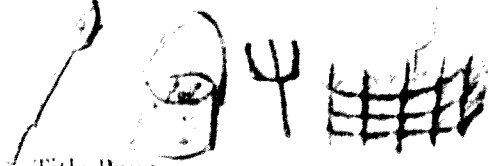


## Basketball

By Jared Clark

Basketball is my favorite sport  
People like the way I dribble up and down the court,  
Swish so good it's like I'm from the hood  
I dribble up and I take it to the basket  
Then I'll put you in a casket  
I'm so good at this sport  
They had to make a whole new court  
The basketball is round  
Now I own your town  
Since the town is mine  
I can keep basket ball on my mind

# Africa's First People



Title Page

By: Madeline Franco

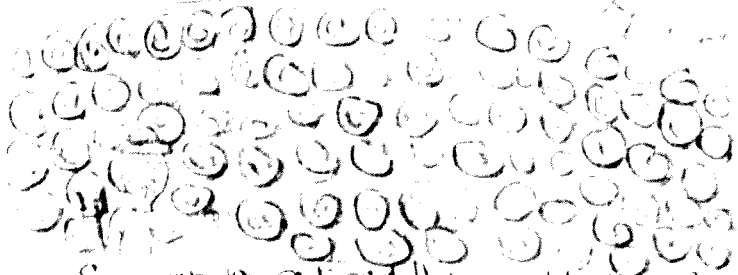
Hunter-gatherers hunted animals for meat and clothing and gathered wild fruits, nuts and roots to survive.

## Herders



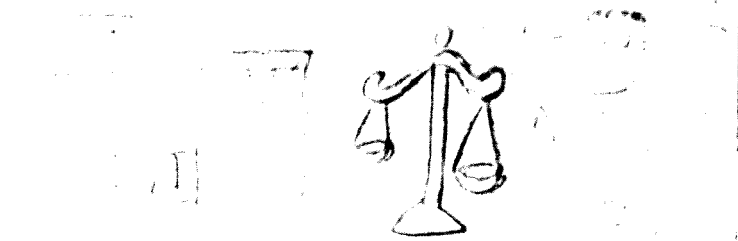
People began to herd animals. They domesticated animals by breeding certain animals together.

## Farmers



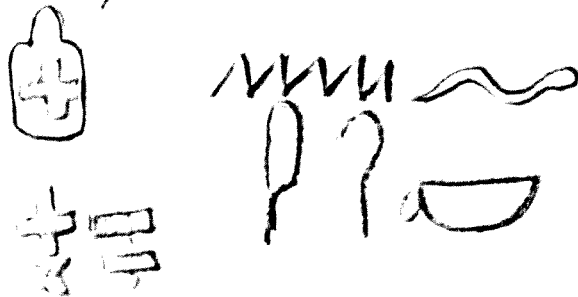
Soon people realized they could domesticate seeds. That meant they could plant their own crops. They could settle in one place, mostly where land was fertile. People introduced a surplus and they could do other work.

## Civilization



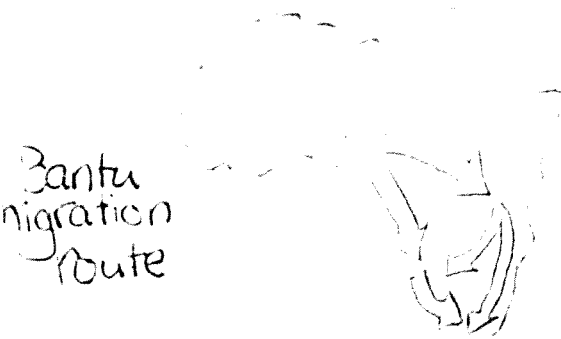
Groups turned into civilizations. Civilizations are societies with cities, government and social classes.

## Accomplishments of Civilizations



The civilization of ancient Egypt was advanced in paper-making, architecture, medicine and mathematics. People also painted picture-writing called hieroglyphics on walls of pyramids that they buried their kings in.

## Bantu Migration Route



West Africans learned to heat and shape iron which made farming easier, created surpluses and increased the population. A group of Bantu speakers migrated out of west Africa. These people settled in central and southern Africa.



The final and greatest Nubian Kingdom was in the city Meroe. Meroe was probably the first place in Africa where iron was made.

# Africa...

Title Page

By: Carter Carson

## Farmers



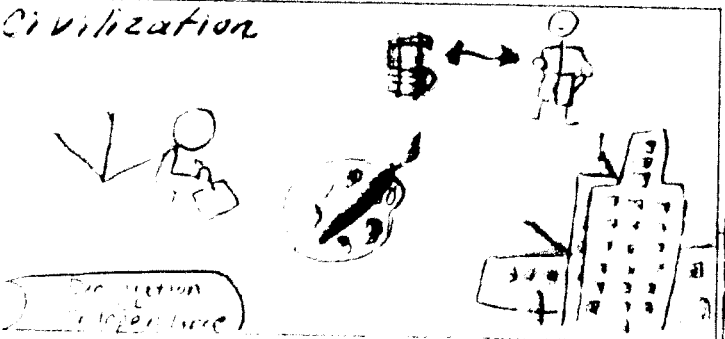
Good weather and good soil are important factors in farming. Farmers plant seeds in the ground and water them. They also use tools like plows and harrows to prepare the soil. The weather is also very important for farming.

## Herders



When the weather is dry, the animals need to be moved to a new area. Herders move their animals from place to place to find food and water. They also use tools like fences and water troughs to help their animals.

## Civilization



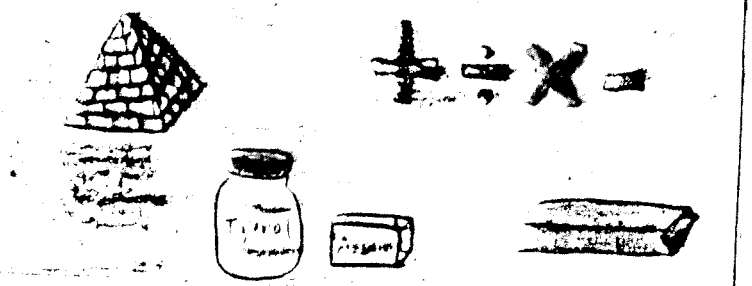
Civilization is a way of life that is more advanced than the way of life of the people who lived before. It includes things like cities, laws, and writing. Civilization is a way of life that is more advanced than the way of life of the people who lived before.

## Basic Groups



Basic groups are the smallest units of society. They are the people who live together and work together. Basic groups are the smallest units of society. They are the people who live together and work together.

## Accomplishments of Civilizations



There are many accomplishments of civilizations. Some of the most important ones are the invention of writing, the invention of the wheel, and the invention of the alphabet. These accomplishments have helped civilizations to grow and develop.

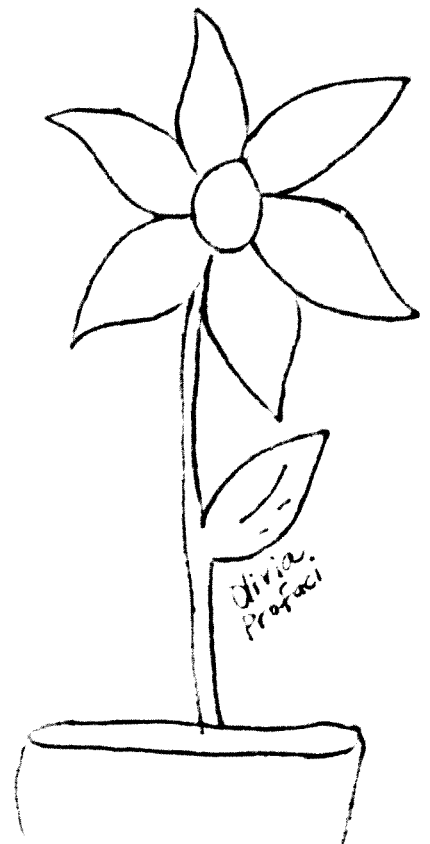
End

(or is it?)

## **Soldiers of Life**

**By Claire Factor**

The night is cold and weathered  
And strings of old are tethered  
Across our desolate souls we bare  
The drastic meanings of a single stare  
Lives that we so carelessly lost  
Slip through our fingers at no cost  
We clamber to grab hold  
Of friendships forgotten of old  
Ten thousand years ago  
In the eyes of our innocent foe  
A war that fought fire with fire  
People bowing down to the liar  
Was that your greatest fear?  
That all you love  
Would abandon you here  
Was that your only problem?  
That the gullible faces of children lay solemn  
That your perfectly plastered life was in shambles  
That the people you pay never listen to your rambles  
So draw back your guns my solders of life  
Don't miss a chance to use your new knife  
Run out and stab the first person you see  
Are we really that different?  
You and me  
Baring your soul with a mockery of titles  
Choosing never to believe in their idols  
And running away from your problems  
That we have no choice but to follow



# Flordia

By Matteo Danisi

The sun is a glowing orange in the sky,  
The seagulls are white airplanes silently  
Floating in the wind.

The heat is like a coal in a burning  
Wildfire, burning my skin.

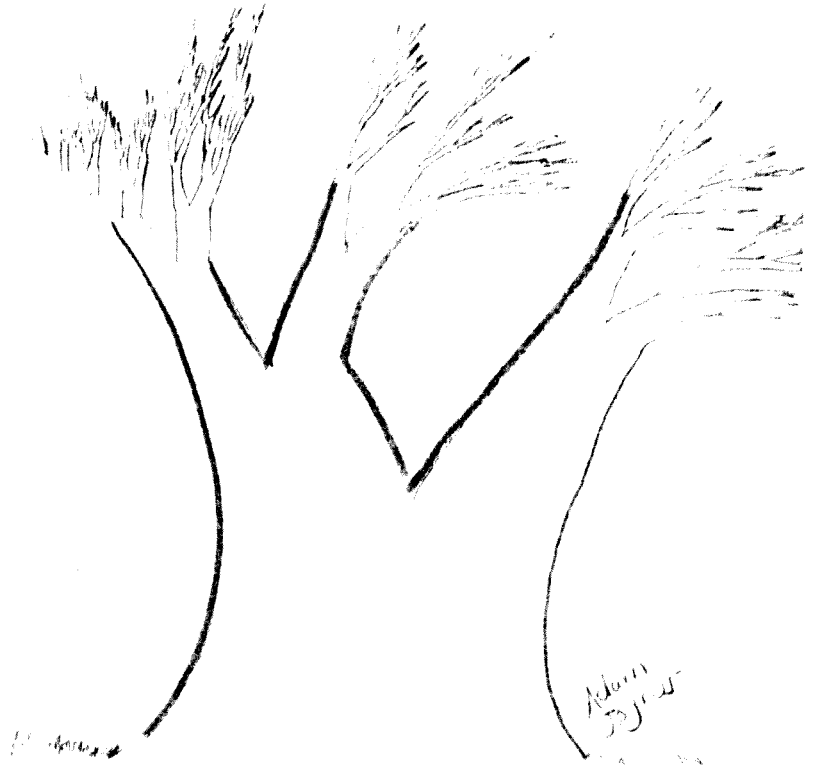
The beach is fiery  
White sand.

The sea shells are  
Gems of the beach.

The water is an aquamarine  
In the currents.

The waves are like  
Anger rising.

A boogie board is  
A skateboard  
Without wheels.



# Summer

By Ana Brown

Summer heat is a volcano erupting.  
The sun rising is shooting lava from the spout.  
Foggy days of summer are steam coming from a volcano  
With bursting lava  
Mountains are waterfalls bursting

A volcano is lava sprouting from a mountain  
Sizzling heat is boiling lava erupting  
Summer blaze is simmering lava  
Sprouting lava is fireworks in summer  
Blasting colors is a summer sunset  
Blasting volcanoes with lava erupting is a beautiful glaze in the  
Summer

## **Snowflakes**

**By Madeline Finnegan**

Snowflakes are butterflies  
Dancing through the heavens.  
So lightweight  
I can catch them in my palm.  
The delicate frosted wings  
Are cold upon my skin.  
Icy crystals fall from the sky  
But out of all of them  
No two are identical.

## **Winter Maiden**

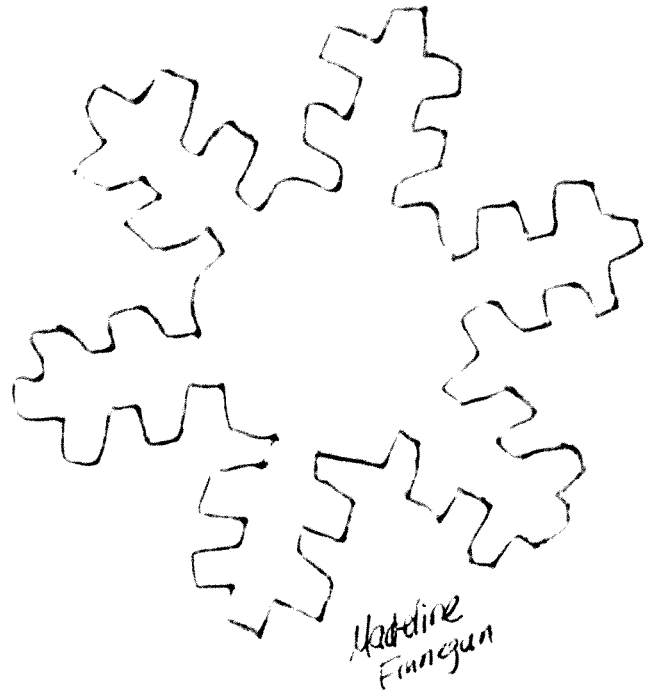
**By Chloe Driscoll**

I walk outside the door  
And I greet the snow.  
She says that winter is here,  
But I already know.

The snow brings many messages,  
From the west to furthest east.  
The snow is a fair maiden.  
The snow is a howling beast.

She stands beside my window  
Where she hangs spears of ice.  
Though not traditional defenses,  
In winter battle they suffice.

Snow is the rarest being  
She does seem sort of flighty-  
But the impact she makes upon us  
Is best described as mighty.



## **Nature**

**By Paul Knoth**

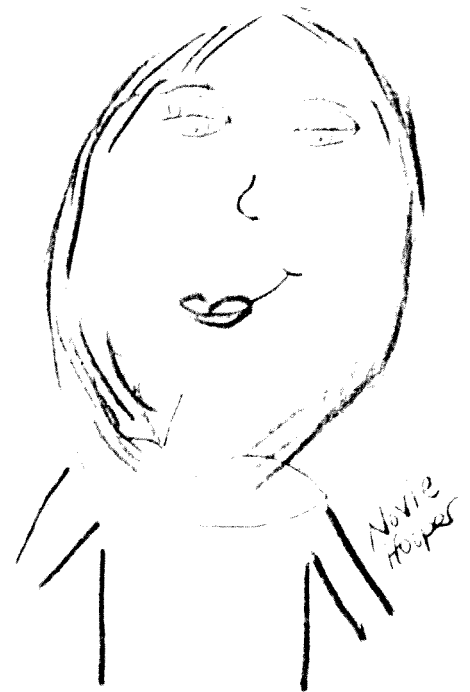
As unique and beautiful as winter snowflakes;  
As warm and inviting as the summer's dawn;  
Things like this go far beyond;  
What nature has to offer.

Fly on proud bird you're free at last;  
Saved from this industrial mass;  
Travel neither weak nor weary on your humble path;  
Fly on, fly on, you're free at last.

## **A Tree**

**By Chris Marks**

Brown bark very hard  
Green leaves very soft  
Some branches big  
Some branches small  
Some branches hard as a rock  
Some soft and flimsy  
Roots on the ground while  
Roots can trip you  
You are walking in the forest  
Trees give us the oxygen we need to breath  
The oxygen we need to live.



## **Sanctuary Pond**

**By Melissa Lo Brutto**

I feel the bright, warm sun on my back as I sit in the small field next to Sanctuary Pond. The dry grass feels like tumbleweeds under my bare palms. As I stare at the tall trees protecting the pond, I hear a few colorful leaves whispering in the wind as they drift to the ground. I got up and walked closer to the pond. The pond was a huge mirror reflecting the golden and auburn trees. I stroke the smooth stones at the pond's edge and think, "This is the most gorgeous thing I've ever set my eyes on."



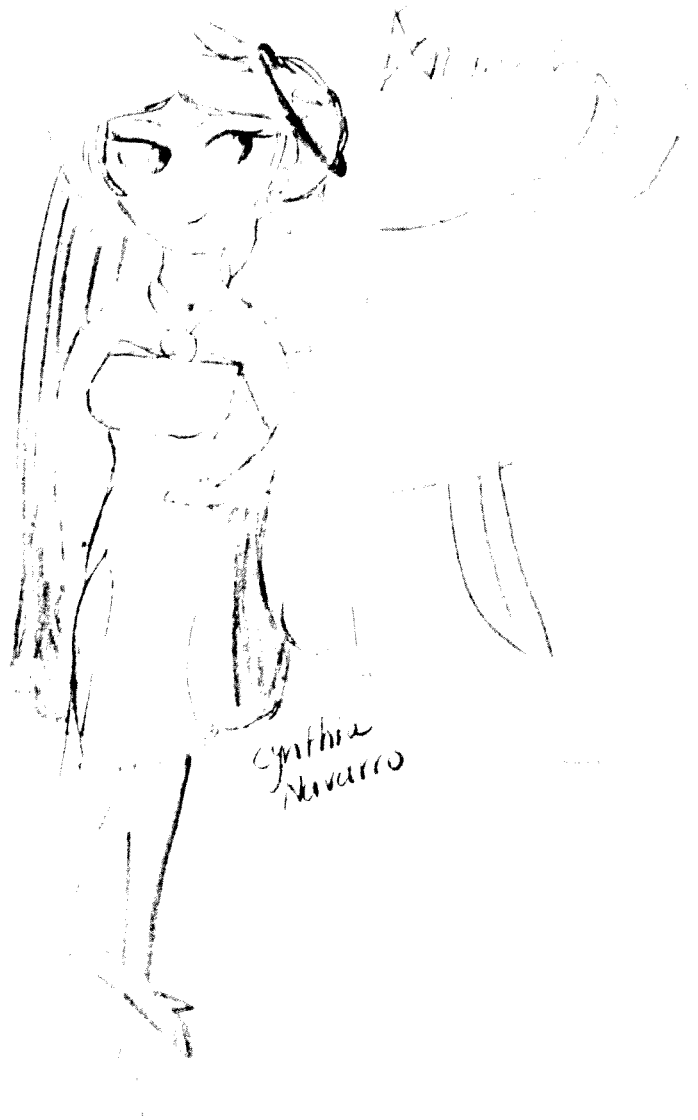
# A Winter Lemon

By Sara Lutz

Winter is a sour lemon  
That is bitter and cold  
The lemon juices run down an icicle  
And drop to the ground  
With a silent plop.

The acidity from the lemon  
Is the cold air  
Whipping people in the face  
When they step outside.

When the snow starts to melt  
And it becomes slush, it  
Is a lemon slushy waiting  
To be eaten by a child.



# Winter Signs

By Sarah Rubin

Everything is getting ready for  
The long snowy road ahead.  
The mountains are all bundled up  
In their white blanket.

A vast, open plain  
Has an endless  
Trail of animal footsteps.  
The animals are cranking  
Up the heat.  
After checking into  
Their luxurious suite.

Besides the animals,  
The jealous trees,  
Are shivering.  
For they have lost  
Their winter coats,  
Last fall.

Everyone is avoiding,  
The water beyond the trees.  
Ever since fall,  
The pond[s] heart,  
Has turned cold.

Next to the pond,  
The snow is racing  
Along the cold harsh tundra.

The animals,  
Are all wondering,  
Where's the green grass  
That used to be nestled  
Beneath their feet?  
Where's the blue sky  
That used to be outstretched upon them?  
Where's the pink berries  
That used to taste so sweet?

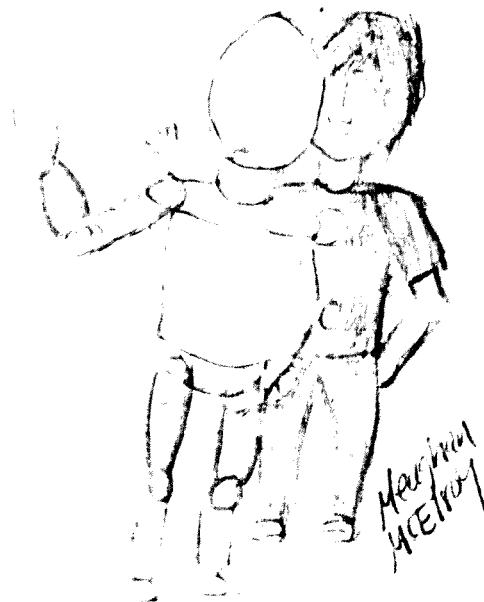
All of that has been replaced,  
With a cool electric,  
*CHILL!*



# Snow Storm

By Shoshana Smith

A gust of arctic air disturbs the crystal white snow that covers the crisp ice. Out from behind the snow cloud, comes a mother. Her matted white fur blowing as her strong hind legs push her further and further towards the rushing water, where her stumbling cubs are at play. They are pouncing at each other like a lion pounces at its prey. Behind her she leaves footprints until the next snowstorm. The cubs stop bickering and watch their mother with alert eyes as she dives into the ice filled water. She comes up, making a loud splash, holding dinner in her powerful mouth. The family digs in, and the two cubs are rushing to their fair share of food. The cubs find this tasty fish a rare treat now that it is hard for the family to find food during this time when their home is melting away slowly. Once finished, but still with the taste of fish in their mouths, they huddle together as the night sky gets covered with a pitch black blanket. The temperature drops, now feeling like they are in a block of ice, rather than on it. The mother sniffs the air and can tell something is not right. Her animal instincts tell her that there is danger coming. Soon enough, the small huddling family can only hear the fierce wind hitting their ears from all directions. They can feel snow swirling up around them and hitting their sides. The panicking cubs yelp, hoping their knowing mother would do something to get safe. She stays. The storm stops. All is calm again. The polar bear family huddles back together with the fresh blanket of soft snow under them and around them. The air smells fresh and like home. They are content. All is calm again.



## **Snow**

**By Angela Bruschi**

Clouds are rushing  
Temperature dropping  
Children waiting  
Rummaging through clothes  
Now the first flake falls  
Swirling downward  
Children hurry scurry  
Looking for the snow clothes  
All dressed  
Getting darker  
Mother calls  
Dinner ready.

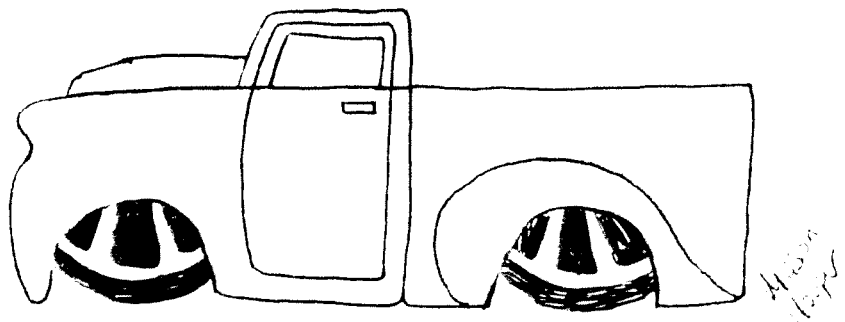
## **Snow**

**By Shaun Williams**

Snow is god's way of saying hello.  
He sends down angels to guide the snow.  
But not everybody knows.  
That snow does not always mean hello.

Sometimes it means stay away.  
Not everybody should think to play  
In a snowfall this violent today.

But snow usually means peace.  
With diamonds of snow glistening on the trees.  
Snow is god's way of saying hello.  
He sends down angels to guide the snow.



# Winter

Steven Le

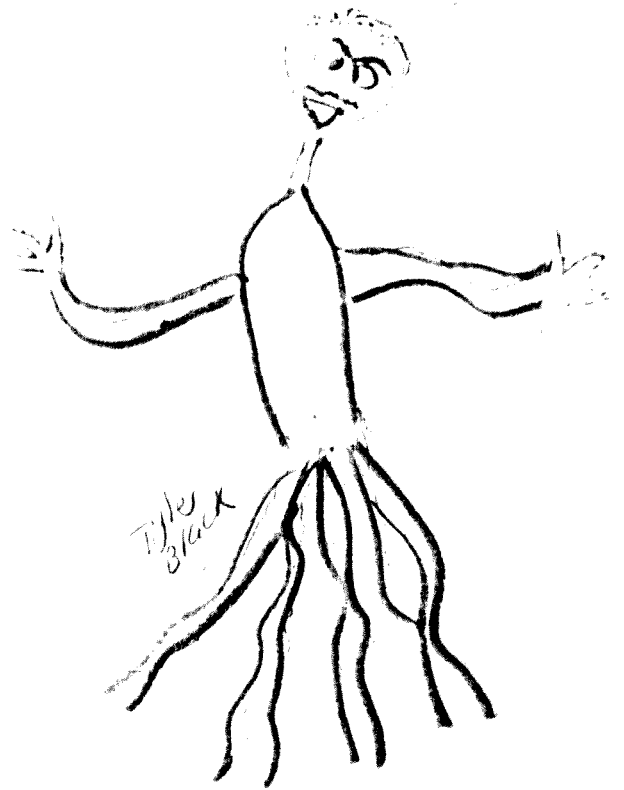
The cold winter air  
Lightly strikes my face  
As I keep my hands from going numb I look  
Up at the sky and  
It seems that the  
Snowflakes are dancing  
Elegantly as they fall to  
Earth and makes a  
Soft world of white  
That blankets our world  
As I lay there watching  
The sky I see the north  
Star and then I tell this  
world good bye.

## Icy Snowflakes

By Jacey Vaccaro

A starfish is an icy snowflake  
In the ocean.  
Starfish sticking to the sand  
Is an icy snowflake on your hand.

The ocean waves come up and  
The sand builds up into a winter  
Wonderland.  
Flakes of sand star to fall but they  
Turn into little drops of salt water.



## Spring Night Sky

By Sydney Pece

The moon and the stars  
in the night sky  
look so beautiful and bright.  
The sky is unique and every night  
you should take a peak and realize that  
you can take a break and relax.  
Look at the stars,  
gaze into the sky,  
and listen to the crickets chirping.  
A shooting star might pass you by,  
so make a wish and gaze into the sky.  
The sky is so gorgeous, so bright  
and mysterious, so come outside  
and enjoy it.  
The night sky is something special.

## The Stream

By Ruby Bard

The stream  
In the summer  
Gushing and rushing and gurgling  
Weaving through the rocks like a snake  
  
In the winter  
Still  
And frozen, like a black and white photo  
And it's waiting  
In anticipation  
To live again



## Stars

By Kyle Scagnelli

An enormous  
Mass of heat,  
Made up of gases.  
They have many sizes  
And colors,  
Such as  
Red, orange, and yellow  
And the hottest of all,  
Blue.  
They are used for  
Wishing and even sightseeing.  
People will see one shoot by,  
And wish for something they've  
Always desired.  
They are very mysterious  
And unpredictable.  
They are quite a sight;  
Up in the night.

## Tree

By Jessica DeJong

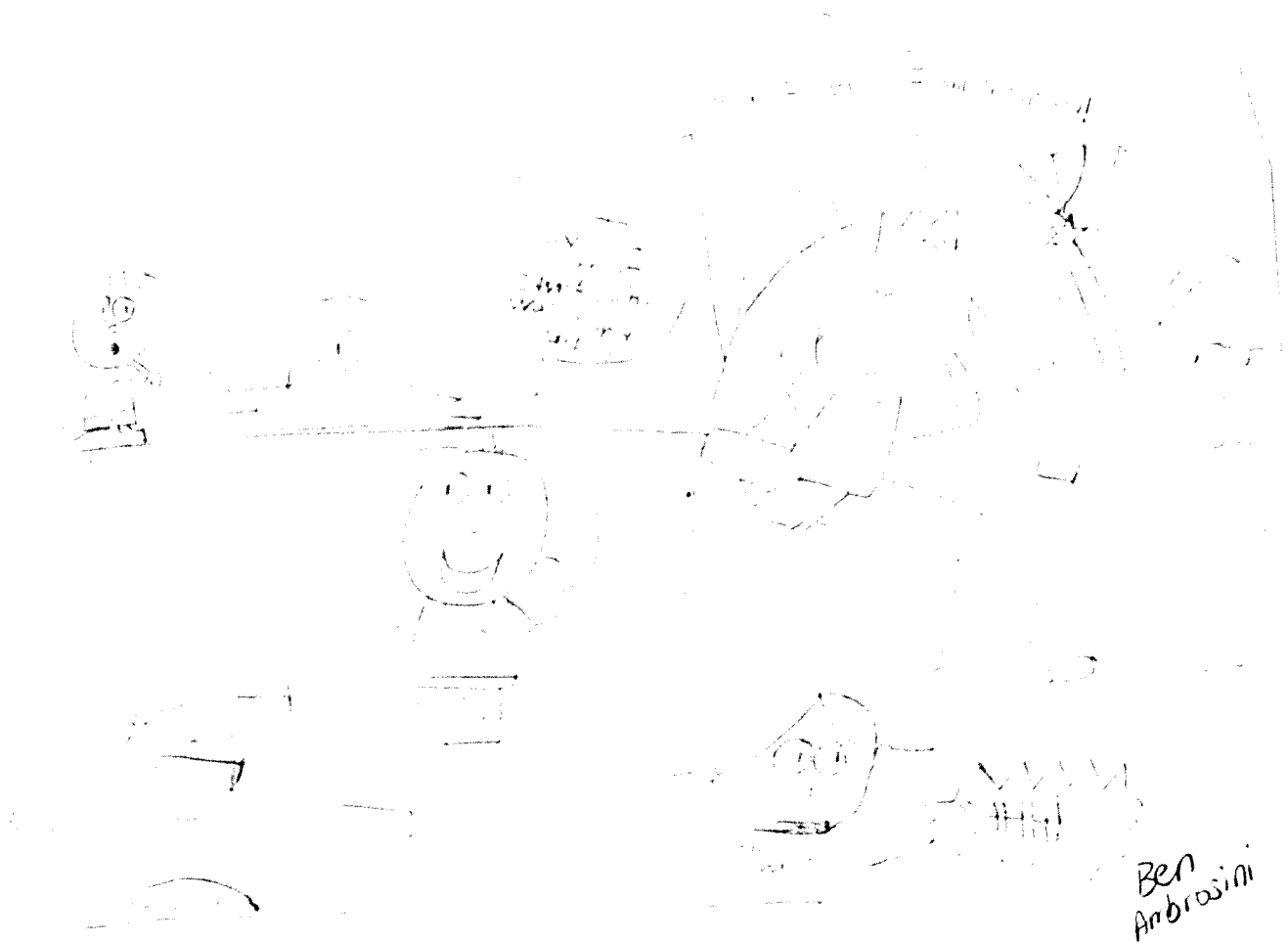
A giant bough stuck out at me  
From the nearest green, pine tree  
Waving in the cool winter breeze  
I stick my hand out and it touched me.  
The hard rough bark rubbed against my skin  
I had a scrape as I pulled my hand in  
I looked up to the sky and to my surprise  
A beautiful dove flew by  
It landed in the hard, rough bough  
And chirped happily from then 'til now.



# The Ocean

By Joey Bautista

Dark and Blue  
Forceful and Pierce  
I walk in and here it comes.  
It's heading toward me.  
Fast and Ferocious  
And how I'm in dawn and Deep.  
I'm straggling but, I can't get out.  
It's over now and I'm on the shore  
Here it comes again.  
I'm in for more  
Whoosh.





## **Our Precious Planet**

**By Morgan DeSimone**

It is possible to save her,  
Of that I am sure,  
We just need to work together,  
In order to find a cure.  
She is struggling deeply,  
Right as we speak,  
But the longer we wait,  
The more she grows weak.  
Our Earth is calling out,  
And we need to hear her say,  
What we can do to help,  
Each and every day.  
"Find a special place" she'll say,  
"Find a unique part.  
Cherish it forever,  
And love it with your heart."  
"Start small" she'll suggest,  
"And believe in yourself.  
Because believing in yourself,  
Is believing in others as well."  
Appreciate what you are given each day,  
For there are always others who are given  
less,  
Respect who you are,  
And our precious planet as well.

## **The Wonder**

**By Morgan DeSimone**

Long lives the Wonder;  
inside my soul.

It's as precious as silver,  
as precious as gold.

Sometimes it's unreal,  
unheard of or obscene.

But always realistic,  
inside of Me.



Title- How Old Are You?

1. "How old are you?"
2. "I'm 16 years old!"
3. "How old is Brittany?"
4. "She is 1,000 years old!?"

By Ben Ambrosini



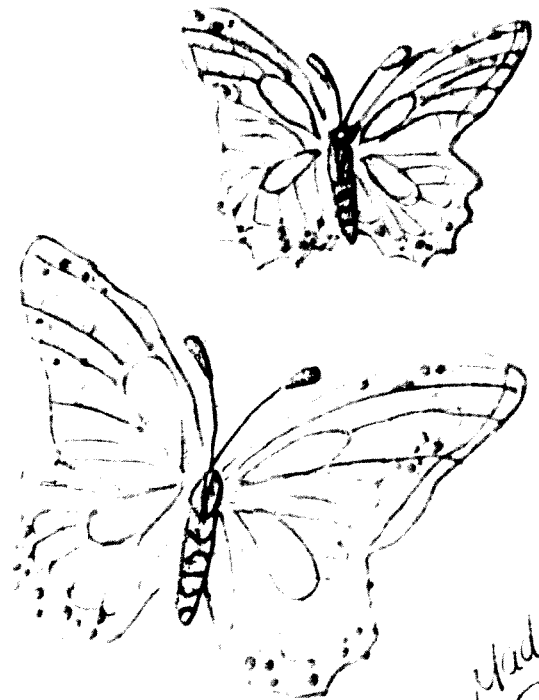
1. Gaby says, "Hi, Monique!"
2. A boy arrives. "Hello, Jacques!"
3. Monique responds, "He is super handsome!"
4. Brigitte says, "He is super handsome!" Monique is not happy.
5. A tall and beautiful old lady arrives.
6. She says, "Hey! Gaby! I am your grandmother!"

By Ian McAllister

# Laugh

By Claire Factor

Laugh. Laugh at their vulnerabilities, laugh at the reasons you cry.  
Show me why. Show us all why. Why are you permeable?  
Tell these people. People screaming for the innocent souls lost in the battle.  
Laugh. Laugh at the madmen, who dare to dream, to be different.  
Cry. Cry for the love that you've never had.  
The people whose souls you killed, and may never recover.  
They are you. You're one in the same.  
Just an average day, hiding behind your mask.  
But today is the day to leave that mask behind on your bedroom floor.  
To cry for the losses you caused others. Never for yourself.  
But you can't lash out, your mind won't let you.  
Wrapped up in hopes and dreams. Kept alive by your will, and no one else's.  
But some days, that will is gone, and you are dead.  
No one sees you. Not today.  
But dare you wish sometimes death would last longer.  
Know that no life is worth this living.  
And then you will laugh. Laugh because you have no more tears left.  
Laugh because they call you insanity.  
Laugh because they cry.  
Cry because they laugh.  
Run far away. Hide in a shell.  
Go to a place where only ghosts can hear you.  
Where demons whisper and angels sneer.  
Never dare to ask why.  
Never dare to laugh again.



*Madelinx  
Finnegan*

# Untitled

**By Hannah Pratt**

I gave you my heart  
And you threw it away  
I told you I love you  
Then you went a separate way  
You said you need some time alone  
Then the very next day  
I saw you with a girl unknown  
How could you do this?  
How could you say  
We can't be together?  
So just go away.

# Untitled

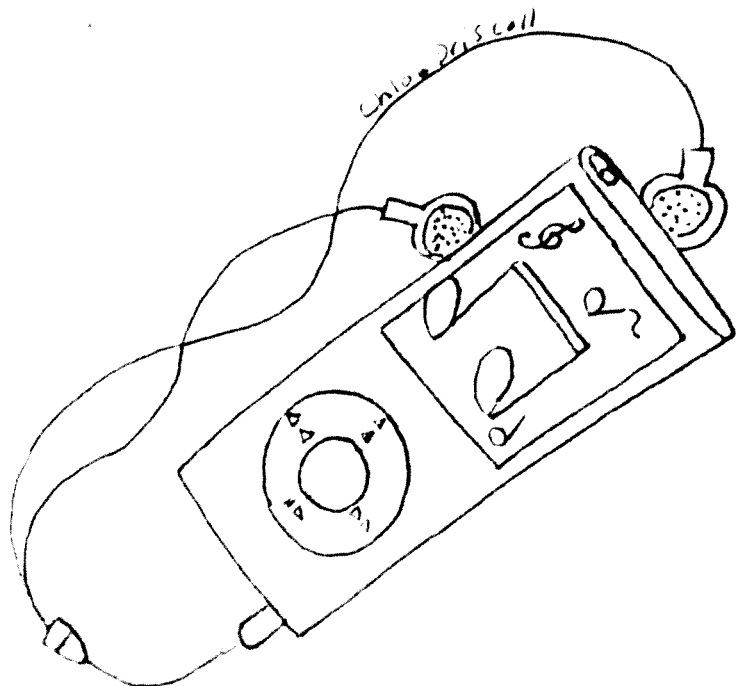
**By Hannah Pratt**

We fight  
We live  
We die  
This happens every day  
Even if we don't want it  
Does it have to?  
Do we all have to fear our futures?  
Today  
Yes  
Tomorrow  
No  
Why haven't we fixed it yet?  
Because we're scared  
Why?  
We don't know the outcome  
And because we are scared of  
change.

# Untitled

**By Hannah Pratt**

The notes flow through the air  
Wraps me up in the beauty of the sound  
Fills my thoughts  
It's all I can focus on  
But then it's gone  
She stopped playing  
Now I'm gone  
Not really  
But now there is no purpose of  
being here  
So I'm gone



## Achieving and Struggling

By Zipphora Ratty

There are hard times  
There are rough times  
As the time goes by  
Through there nothing better than to always try  
Whether you struggle  
Whether you are ok  
Never say never  
To what is important  
Which is to be successful  
Which is to achieve  
To listen to yourself  
To always believe  
Or you'll end up like someone you don't want to  
Be or live that's how life seems to me  
You can become your own enemy.

## Time

By Sierra Pardus

I am in a prison cell  
That is my head, trapped in a costume  
This my Body,  
In a swirling room that is a black hole  
Of never ending sorrow and grief  
This is my mind.  
As time escapes me through  
My breath as my heart beats  
As though it trapped  
My sight goes.  
It is just a dream in front of me  
The time is  
Gone.



# Reflections

by: Elena J. B.

## **Mirrors**

**By Fiona Bohan**

I see myself but I'm not the same  
A hollow shell of me  
A parallel twin  
Her lips move but no sound comes out  
Can she hear me  
Why can't I hear her  
Is that what I really look like  
So many questions I'd like to ask her  
But I know there will be no response  
But my best questions is who's the reflection me or you?

## **Untitled**

**By Zippora Ruttly**

Look at the sky so  
Beautiful during the sunlight and the night  
The stars sparkle above us.  
People are happy  
People are laughing  
People take care of the grass and trees  
Keep it green  
No cruelty  
The sky is grey, all of a sudden, it doesn't shine!  
There are no stars during the night  
Where did it all go?  
People are sad  
People are struggling  
People are at war  
The grass is no longer green  
The trees...no leaves on the trees  
The sky gets cloudy and starts to rain  
Until people are happy once again though,  
Right now people are just not getting along.





REFLECTIONS

07-10  
BY

ASHER W.

## **If**

**By Harrison Zraly**

If seeing is believing  
Then why don't we go see?  
Is it not intriguing?  
Or does our ignorance disagree?  
If seeing is believing  
Then question everything you see  
Because you may be deceiving  
What lies behind certainty

## **War**

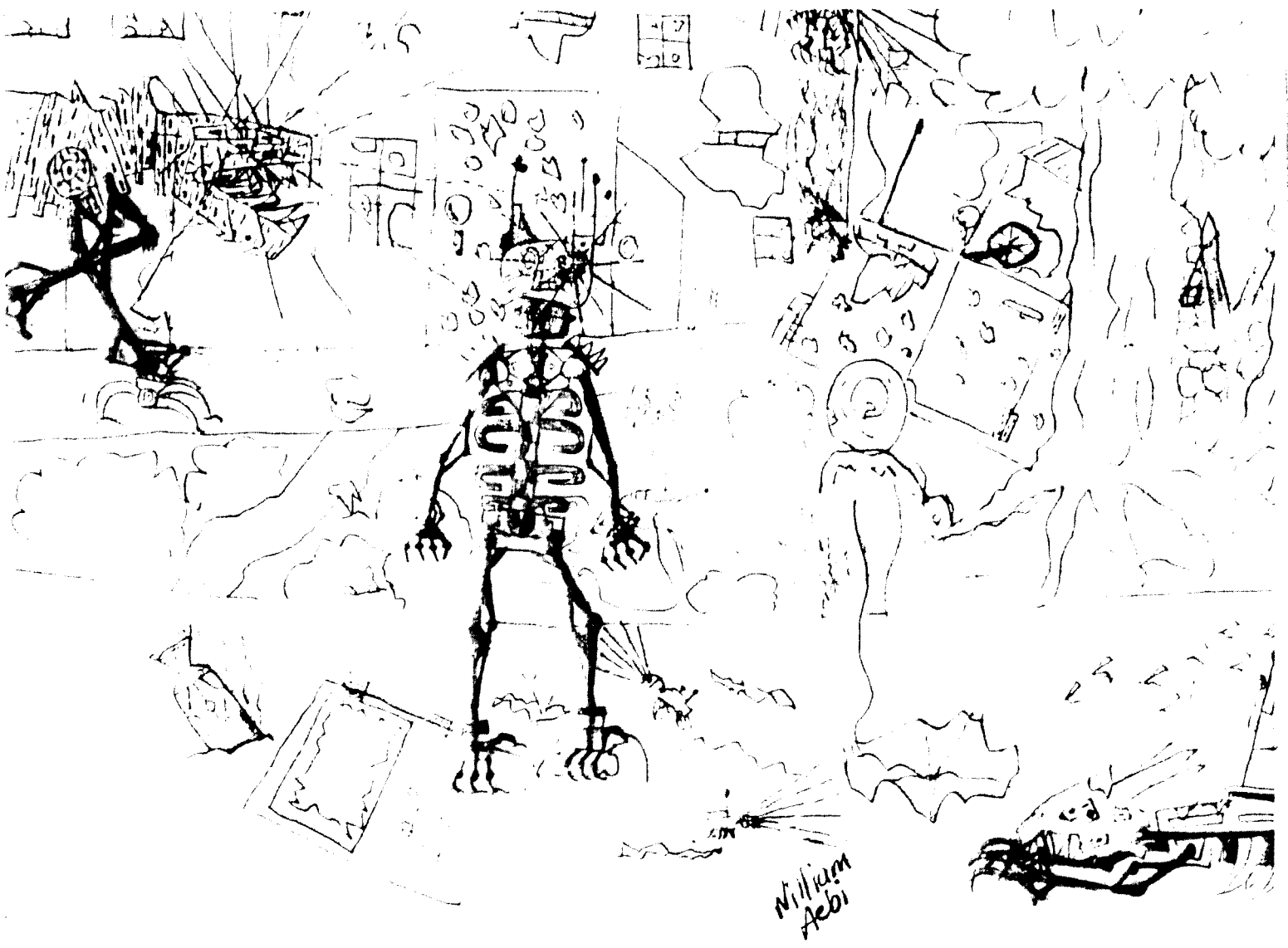
**By Mason Hooper**

More blood on the ground than water in the world  
People fighting endlessly  
Giving up their lives to protect their country  
Bullets spray like rain on the battle field  
Endless hordes of people charging like animals  
The gunshots sound like thunder  
Will it ever end?  
I doubt it, there is always something to fight about  
War

## **Why**

**By Kenrick Cai**

Why do we have to fight?  
Just for what we think is right?  
Why can't we stop the hate  
And let everyone stand great?  
Why must we cease  
A nation that we can put into peace?  
Why can't we all be glad?  
The good and the bad?  
Why must we have war?  
When it just makes us sore?



## **Terrorist**

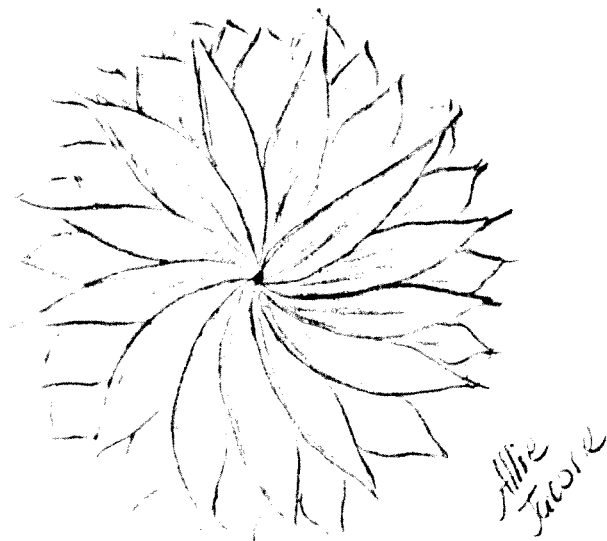
**By Cody Murawa**

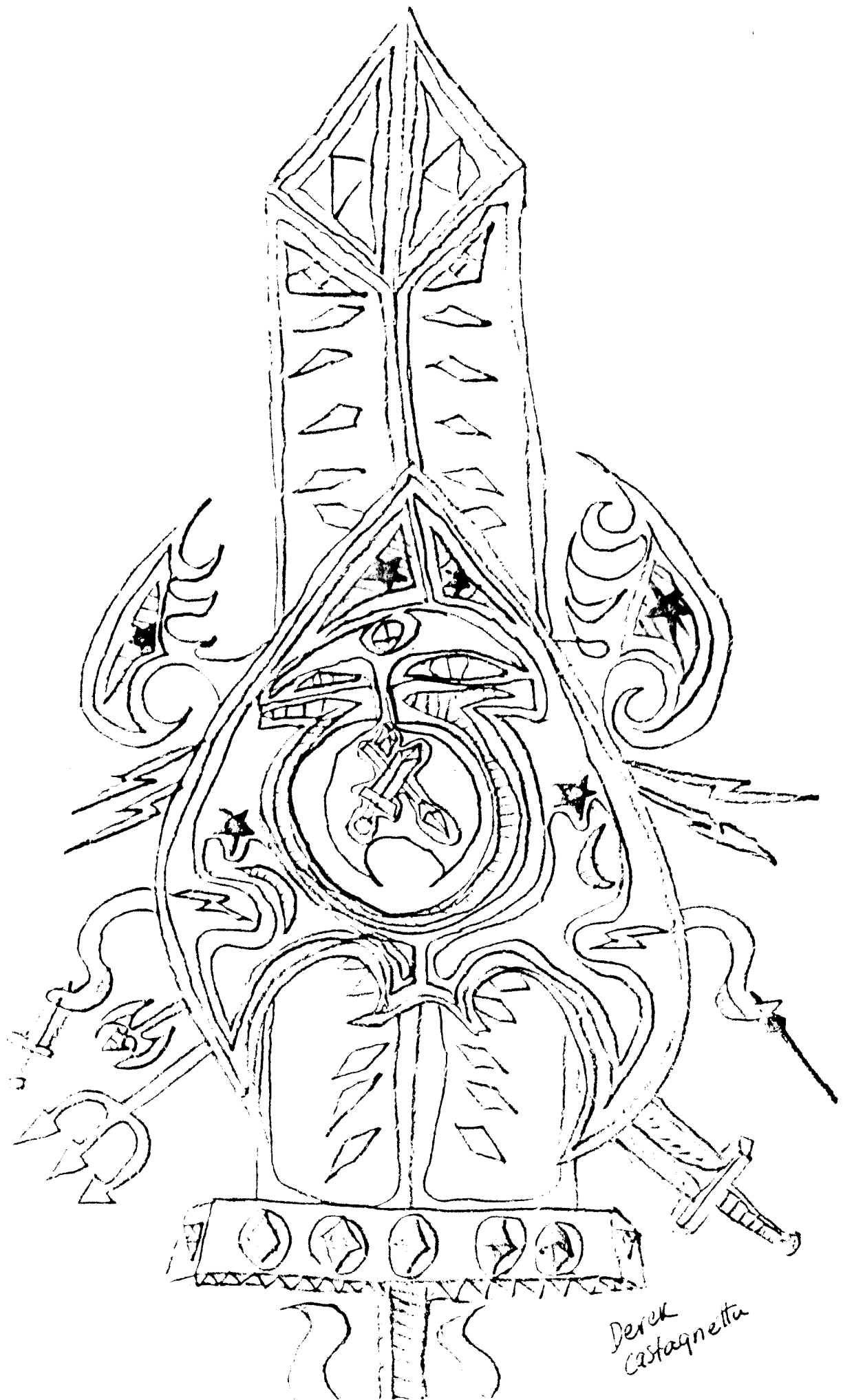
Terrorist  
Kill my people  
In every place  
Without a trace  
Walking into buildings  
Claiming innocence  
They have a bomb strapped  
To their chest  
Boom.

## **Death**

**By Karl Linneman**

Death  
Like a cloud of darkness  
It comes leaving destruction in its path  
It is a cloud of ash  
Like a thorny rose  
Pretty at first  
But when we pick you you prick us and make us bleed  
You always take away and never give back  
But you are beautiful at the same time  
Making room for the new.





# War

By Kyle Scagnelli

War is often  
referred to as  
power and pride, but  
what many people forget,  
insanity.

There are two sides,  
against war or  
with war.  
war solves problems,  
yes, but  
it also creates more.  
so, what side  
are you on?

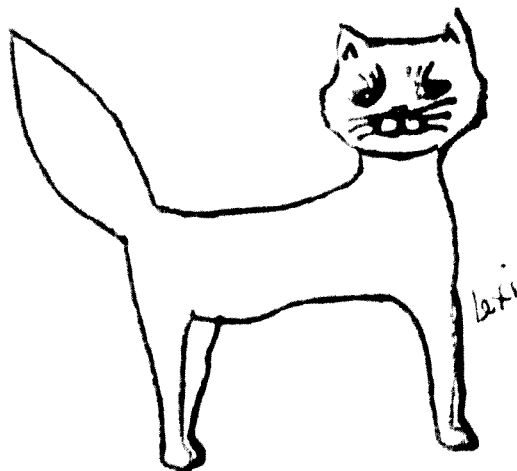
# Lucy the Cat

By Ruby Bard

She sleeps on and on  
As if she will never awaken  
Sometimes we think she's gone  
Her furry body still and corpse-like

But then,  
A twitch of her tail  
Tells us she is alive  
And she opens her weary eyes  
As if she is reluctant to wake up

And one day  
She doesn't wake up  
And her cold body lays limp in a box  
And all you can see is your tears  
Streaming down like rain.



**Missing** is a novel by Catherine MacPhail. It is about a girl named Maxine whose brother, Derek, dies, or does he just go missing? Her parents ignore her and all of their problems. Mrs. Ross tries to help Maxine deal with some of her issues. The following are poems, written by **Cori Sherow**, from the characters' perspectives.

## **Maxine**

It's hard to be me,  
Because no matter where I go  
I hear about Derek,  
Which makes me feel sad and low.

In the game "Mighty Zola", Cam  
beat my high score.  
So now I can't beat his.  
Now when I go to the arcade, it's a  
bore.

But now I'm terribly frightened  
After I got that phone call.  
Because they said they were Derek.  
And for now that is all.

## **Mrs. Ross**

Sometimes it's hard to get the  
children to behave.  
But since it's my job, I have to be  
brave.

One of my students, named Maxine,  
Likes to act up and make a scene.  
She probably does it because her  
brother died.  
She can never behave,  
No matter how hard she tries.

She's starting to do better in school.  
Which makes life very cool.

## **Maxine's Mom**

My son Derek died.  
And I don't even know why.  
At first he ran away,  
To be away from school that day.

And now I feel that everyday,  
His soul is near me in someway.  
And now I hate my self for letting  
him go to school.  
And now he's dead and that's not  
cool.

I just can't let my self believe  
That he's gone.  
That's why everyday in hope,  
I hum his favorite song.

# My Life

By Angie Hernandez

My life is like living in a box  
You never know where to go  
Or what to do  
Everywhere I go there is a problem  
Sometimes I feel like  
I live in a pretend world...  
I pretend to smile  
I pretend to be happy  
But in reality  
I don't know  
What to do  
Or where to go...  
I feel trapped  
Like no one cares  
Life is unfair  
Where is that one person I count on?  
Things happen  
But I never thought  
You would turn on me,  
Out of all people,  
Ten months,  
Out the window  
Onto the next one  
Hey it's just  
My life...





# Untitled

By Marcelina Martyneh

There is a war between day and night  
Day brings life, and night death  
The bright light struggles to win the fight  
But night prevails and will not be left  
It has gone on forever, since the dawn of time  
No breaks no rest  
Just like a wind chime  
It's a huge test  
And I will know  
That day and night  
Are just in it for the show  
And night, just night  
Go in for the kill  
And the world will be left with nothing to fill



## Untitled

By Morgan DeSimone

A smile speaks for itself,  
Everybody understands.  
Dare to learn this language,  
And the world will hold hands.

## What I Will Always Miss

By Morgan DeSimone

I miss you already, and you're just barely gone.  
When I'm living without you, I don't have the power to stay strong.  
Please come back, because I want you here; safe & sound with me.  
But I know that you simply can't return, because now, you're joyful and healthy and free.  
Don't know why I keep begging, I just love you so much.  
Guess I'm just wishing that nine years together had been enough.  
Forever feels like all my life, up until last night.  
Wrapped up in a bottle, enclosed firm and tight.  
"And in the morning," I had thought "It will all be the same".  
But the huge thing that I didn't know was that reality just isn't a game.  
So as I woke up, no it wasn't the same.  
Your presence had vanished, all but your picture in its frame.  
The grasp I thought I'd had on our time left together, dissolved right through my hold.  
I was aware that it would be difficult, but now more ever, I need to be bold.  
Your kind heart, and protective spirit will always be cherished.  
Because so many years of unmistakable memories should never, ever be perished.  
Although it seems selfish, I didn't want you to leave.  
Yet I'm confident that our mutual affections will never have to seize.  
Someday I will see you, and once again be filled with bliss.  
But until then, you should know that the unique bond between us is what I will always miss.

## **Forever Friends**

**By Angelica Hernandez**

You are my friend and that is true,  
But the gift was given from me to you  
We went through moments that were good and bad  
Even moments that were happy and sad  
You supported me when I was in tears  
We stuck together when we had our fears  
It's really sad that it has to be this way  
But it has reached its very last day  
Miles away can't keep us apart  
Because you will always be in my heart

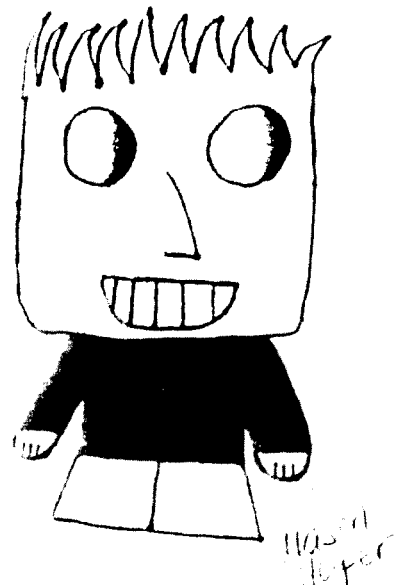
## **Untitled**

**By Zania Anderson**

When you give from the bottom of your heart,  
you are so blind to the destruction it may start.  
People take advantages of what we call love,  
but who said love is supposed to feel good all the time?  
Not I, not you, not he, not she.  
But there is one thing we could never be:

Family

Moral: people who are very nice can get taken advantage of easily, but finally realize what really is happening.



## Love

By Cori Sherow

Love is like the spring.  
It's warm, it is kind and it makes you want to sing.  
When you have love in your heart, love keeps it from splitting apart.  
But when you think you found that special someone and it turns out to be a fake,  
Your heart becomes empty and it feels like it's about to break.  
And when or if that happens don't be alarmed or sad.  
Because you will find that someone.  
It will turn out to not be that bad

## Little Women

By A. R.

The challenging path of a woman,  
Birth and death,  
Love and hate.  
Growing up to take,  
Whatever you may handle.  
To be your own self,  
to find your own road.  
That sometimes can get bumpy.  
Strength and wisdom,  
Trust and balance.  
Follow your own heart.



# I Am From

By Cori Sherow

I am from a life that has seen  
way too many horrible things.  
I am from a life that loves to sing.

I am from a heart that has been  
broken.  
I am from a dream that will  
never be awoken.

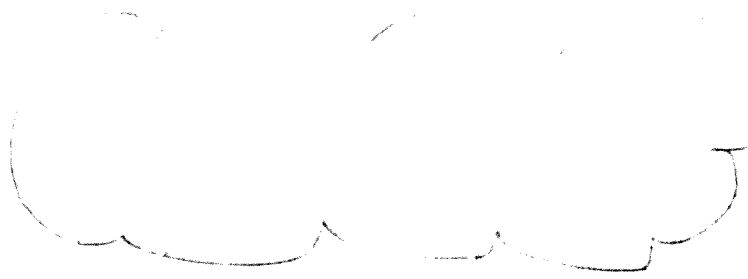
I am from a mind in which  
I feed it music.  
I am from being love sick.

I am from a heart that will never  
be changed,  
never be sealed, never be arranged.

I am from a girl who is afraid  
to speak her mind.  
I am from a dad who needs  
to unwind.

I am from a life of poverty.  
I am from myself wanting to be me.





by ~~Strella~~ Medias Estrella

# Lost in Time

The following are a series of **Haikus** written by **Paul Knoth**.

### **Life**

What is a lifetime  
But a sacred mystery  
That we discover

### **Wisdom**

Our wisdom is learned  
From our life experience  
Not from textbooks

### **Happiness**

The immortal flood  
Of our human happiness  
From which we grow strong

### **Love**

Love is difficult  
If there's no love, there's no life  
Love is true kindness

### **Friendship**

To define friendship  
We must contribute values  
Of love, hope and joy.

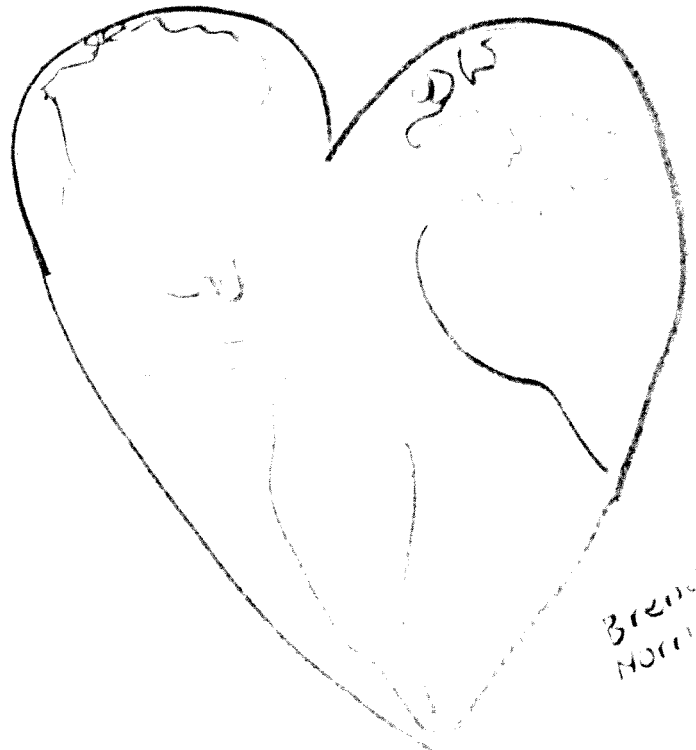
### **Money**

What is our money  
But the root of all evil  
The best miracle

### **Death**

Understanding death  
Is like lifting heavy weights  
Through it, we grow strong

*Caring... Pass it on!*



*Brendan  
Harrison*

# The Fork in the Road

By Claire Factor

I see ten thousand lights  
Flashing  
I hear ten thousand voices  
Screaming  
When a conclusion comes  
And brings more questions  
Dragging every weight  
To bare on my shoulders  
Alone  
It seems nobody  
Is willing to listen  
When will I come to the fork in the  
road?  
When will I get even a glimpse?  
The choices I will have to make  
The choices I am still making  
And a chance to find everything  
That seems only a distant story  
To me and all others  
Ask a question  
What is your happiness made of?  
I will say nothing  
And silence will tell the answer  
My brain that swims  
It swims in grey  
And searches for  
A meaning  
To define  
True happiness  
I must suppose  
That my happiest memories  
Are those I have yet to create  
Perhaps the choices I make  
Have a purpose  
And reflect on my future  
As a person  
As a beating heart that roams  
separate

From all else  
And the fork in the road  
Will send me away  
Towards what direction?  
I have as little a clue  
As anyone else  
What comes next?  
I only see copies  
And they themselves  
Are watching the copies of copies  
Because very little  
Is real  
And most things in life  
Are everything they don't seem to  
be  
What about the rest?  
What about the people?  
Still stuck at the fork in the road  
People like me  
Wary  
Deciding  
But still indecisive  
Of all that lies before them  
Afraid to reach out  
Though the blackness  
To taste the bitter sting  
Of what is unknown  
And removing layer by layer  
Personalities inflicted  
Fighting with your mind  
Stifling your screams  
Certain of nothing  
A skeptic  
Too afraid to question the world  
A philosopher  
Too afraid to search themselves  
All those left behind  
Cast aside  
Because the fork in the road  
Waits for no one



## Siblings

By Asher Weinman

He makes me laugh  
She makes me smile  
He punches me 'til I'm sore  
And she whines for awhile  
Mommy loves to see us get along  
But when we don't  
That's when daddy gets involved  
But at the end of the day  
When we are all together  
There's no way to separate us  
Cause we'll love each other  
Forever

## Sisters

By Poppy Vaughan

Why am I alone  
It's just me  
Only me  
Just me mom and daddy  
I want someone by my side  
To share everything with  
To get into a meaningless fight  
But will be best friends with  
I want someone to talk to  
And I know she would, too  
For she is just next door  
All I want is for someone  
Someone to be a best friend  
But more, my sister



# Excuses

By Cori Sherow

Ms. Rosen, I know we are in the middle of class.  
But if it's ok with you, there's one thing that I ask...

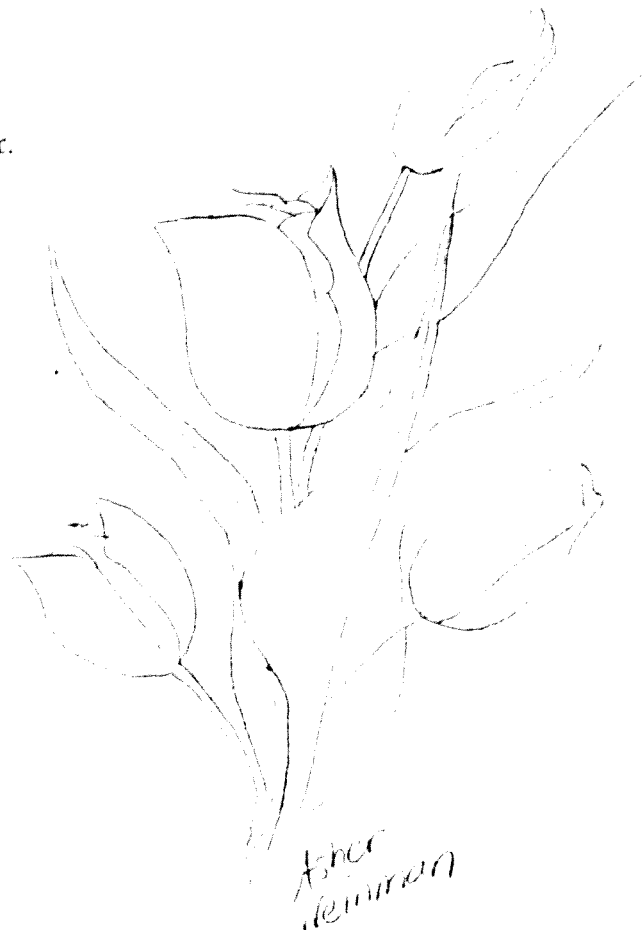
Ms. Rosen, can I get a drink?  
You don't have to think.

Just say yes  
And I'll be on my way to the sink.  
Ms. Rosen, can I get a drink?

Ms. Rosen, I love period three.  
But, if you can, can you do one more thing for me?

Ms. Rosen, can I go to the nurse?  
I don't need a hearse  
Even though my leg hurts.  
I just need to go to the nurse.

Ms. Rosen, class has been fun,  
But if you don't let me go  
Then you I will shun.  
Ms. Rosen, can I go to my locker?  
Knowing me it's not that big of a shocker.  
If I don't go,  
Then I can't go to after school soccer.  
Ms. Rosen, can I go to my locker?



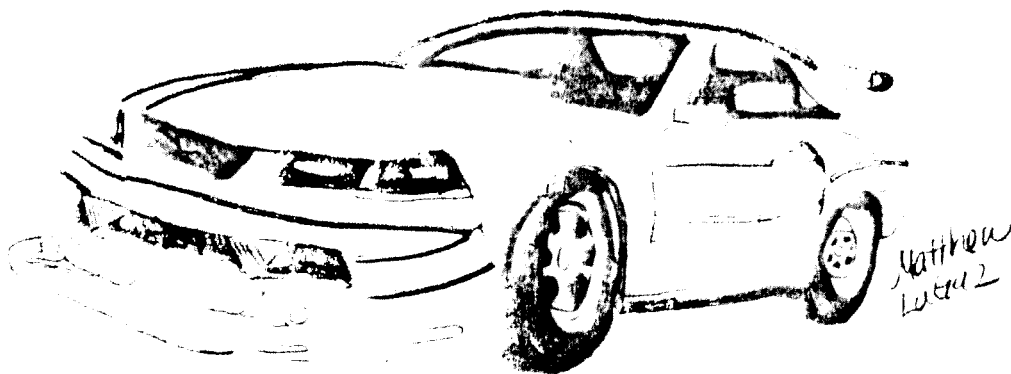
# **Snowmobiling**

**By Jessica Merten**

Get on my helmet, my gloves and my coat.  
Start up my snowmobile  
And go, go, go.  
Up the hills and through the fields,  
The snow blowing in my face,  
The wind whipping through my fingers!

I push the throttle a little harder.  
I am a cheetah running through the jungle.  
Here come my cousins,  
Let's start a race!

Ready, set, go!  
I push the throttle as hard as I can.  
I am a bird gliding through the air.  
Here comes the finish:  
Vroom, vroom and vroom.  
I go as fast as I can,  
I win the race on my ski-doo.



# Brothers

By C.J. Burke

They are always there for you,  
When you don't think you need them, you do,  
You can never escape them... ever,  
You love them and they love you,  
They are a major help to you in life

Never doubt your brothers,  
They are a surprise every time.  
When you're sad they can make you happy,  
Your brothers are your family.  
They're always there for you no matter what



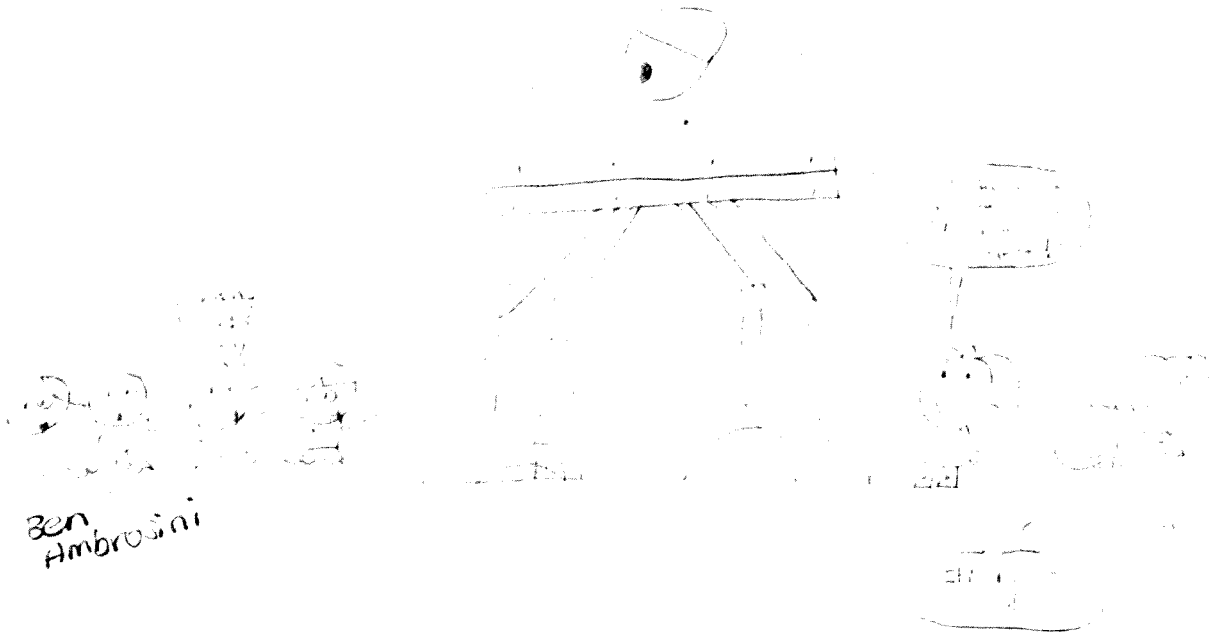
# Creativity

By Ian Bunce

When pen and paper meet,  
The words you see are here to greet.  
Why do you taunt me on this plain white sheet?

Words change from time to time.  
They are sometimes bent to make things rhyme.  
They vary from day to day.  
I wouldn't have it any other way.

As I sit in this seat,  
These words have got me beat.  
It was a great feat.  
Here on this plain white sheet.

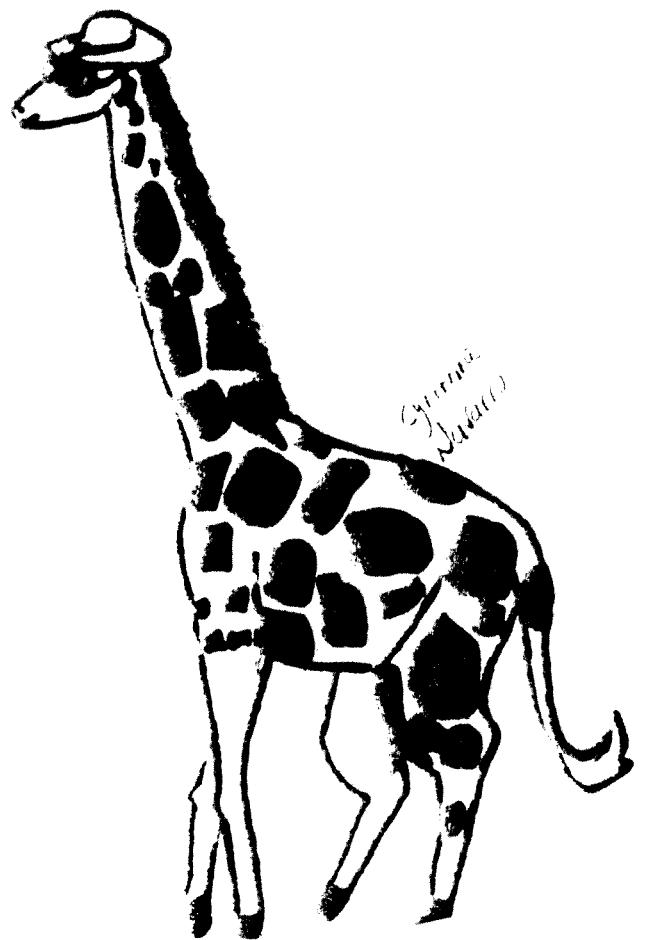


## To Craft a Soul

By Claire Factor

What are these things?  
They drive us to our destiny  
They plague our minds  
They destroy lives  
Striving  
For something  
Always an inch out of your grasp  
Dreams  
A constant breath that waits  
through the air  
That keeps us awake at night  
Fearing  
To look past what we can see with  
only eyes  
To see emptiness  
Loneliness  
Nothingness  
Floating in the middle of time  
Like your stuck  
Every part of you frozen  
You can't look forward  
You can't look back  
You can only assume  
Only guess  
Only wonder  
What it?  
What if the world was different?  
What if every soul was different?  
And then you see it  
The very substance  
That is supposed to protect you  
Can only break your heart  
Break it open  
And suck out the life  
And the death  
And the in between

You don't exist  
You never have  
Never will  
Only you know  
That every dream  
Every hope  
Will abandon you  
On the corner of past and future  
It will abandon you now  
The coming of the sun  
Will it rise tomorrow?  
Before the darkness fills your eyes?  
Before the darkness eats your life?  
Can it come before you drift into  
The borders of existence  
And teach you how to craft a soul?



## Daylon

By Sarah Stamberg

The horse  
Standing there  
Under that tree  
Behind my horse.

In December, trudging through the  
snow  
In May, frolicking in the tall green  
grass.

That tall majestic horse  
With his mane  
Blowing in the wind.

Hiding from the world  
At night  
Breaking free  
When the sun comes out.

Carefree as a child  
Winning the race  
Reminding me there is more to him  
than loose.

Making me ponder  
How a being  
Could be so beautiful.

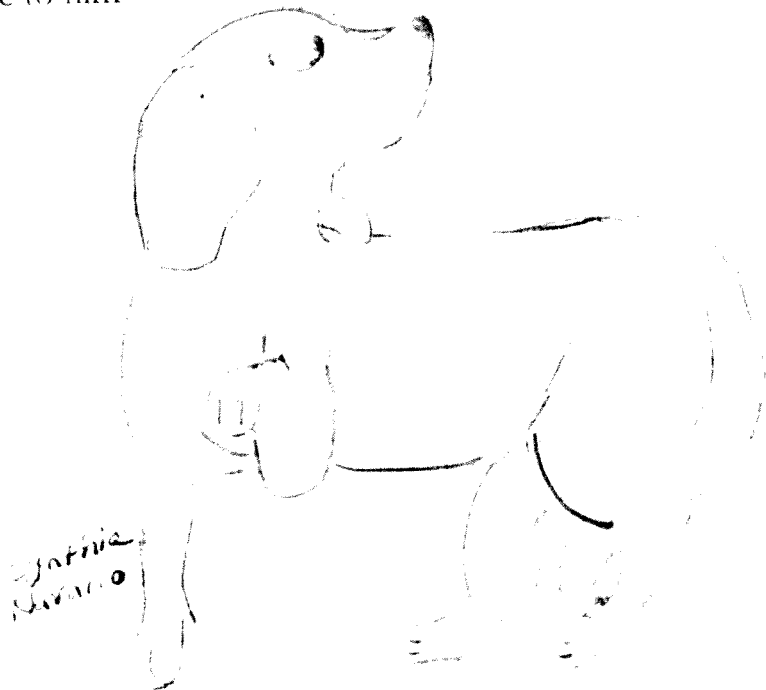
## The Champion

By Jordan Upright

Right now is the time  
When the horses come to play  
For on the calendar it reads  
The First Saturday in May  
As I step onto the soil  
Of the great Churchill Downs  
I recall the past winners  
The champions who've been  
crowned

From the first one who came  
In 1875

By the name of  
Aristides!



## The Stallion

By Ray Pacella

It's quick feet will never stop.  
Never stop, till it hits the top  
Always running...  
Always working...  
Never resting.  
The sound of hooves on the hot  
hard rock,  
Never stops traveling and traveling.  
Never stops...

## Lyla

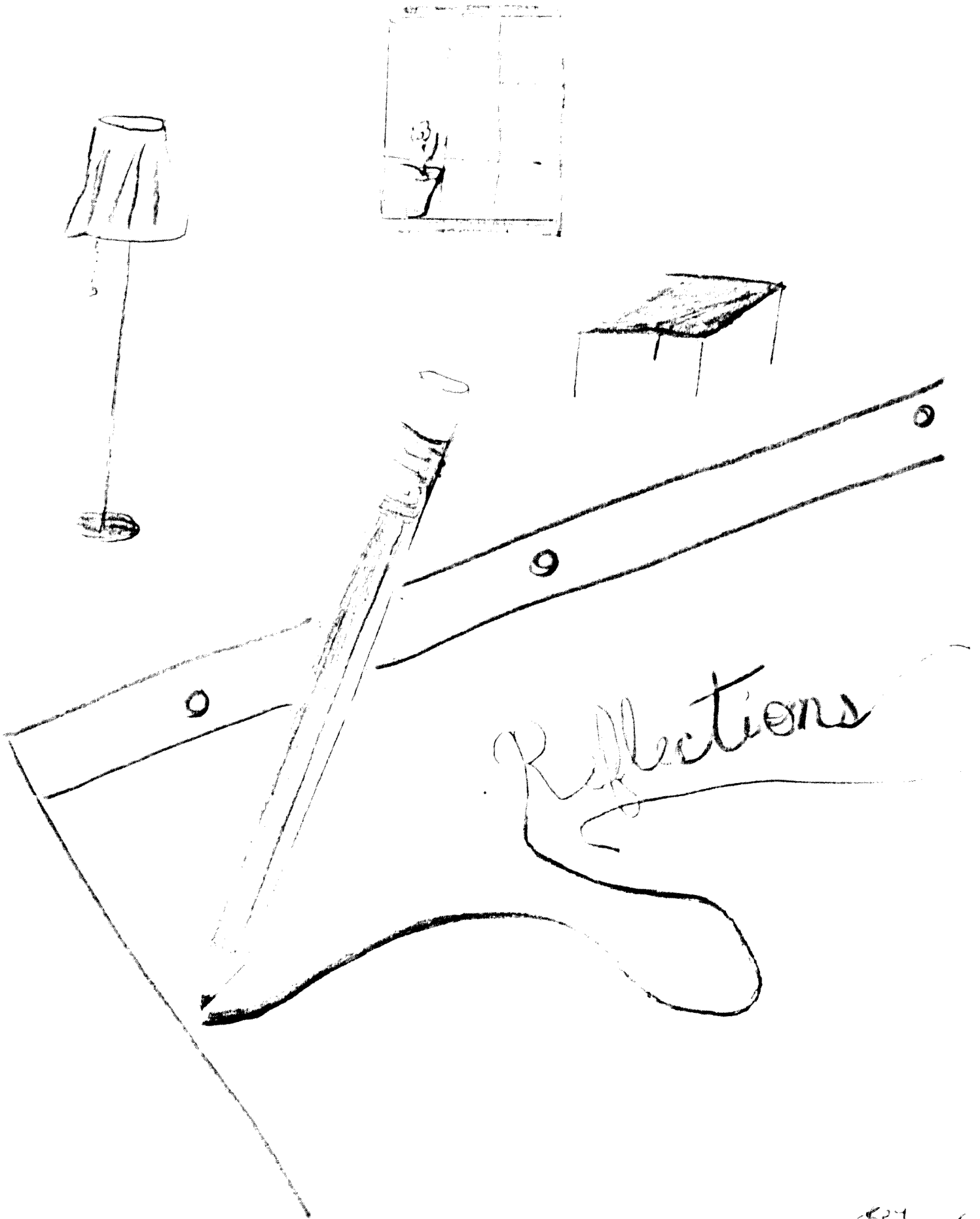
By Sarah Stamberg

She showed up on the porch  
One day.  
I loved her from the first time.  
I saw her.  
She's sweet  
Purring  
Sleeping on my pillow  
Smart  
Queen of the house  
Started in my barn  
Walked her way  
Into my heart.



Fanny  
Senior





Key  
drawings

# Arithmalia

By Jason Rober

Arithmalia, a man of little wealth, from Sparta, currently living in 534 B.C., was facing yet another horribly depressing hour, for two weeks plus one more day in the past, Arithmalia lost his treasured daughter, Cilithian, in the treacherous mist and snow of Thessaly. They were away, hunting, and just when Arithmalia had his eyes set on a rather meaty looking stag, he heard a frightening growl. He turned around, and saw a giant lizard dragging Cilithian away. So for the last short while, he had been all alone in his small cabin. At that point, he had made up his mind. He was going to search. Yet, it was winter, and a journey through the deep snow would be a tedious one.

His plan was to travel to Mt. Olympus, speak with Hera, and see if she would help him in his search, but before that, he would quickly visit Salphania, who controlled a small section of the forest, only so many kilometers away. Salphania is the goddess of temperature, so Arithmalia would ask her to lower the temperature so that the snow would melt, making his journey that much easier.

Salphania had long black hair, with blue and red highlights to represent her area of expertise. Although Salphania had a secret admiration for Arithmalia, she could not go off her regular, yearly schedule, for long ago, perhaps hundreds of millennia ago, the goddess of temperature, and precious stones was born. Salphania gave Zeus and Hera ten years to decide which of the ten years they liked best. Every year Salphania would change the temperature completely. After Zeus and Hera made their decision, Zeus told Salphania, that if she ever decided to drastically change the temperature, for the sake of a mortal, she will face the same fate as Prometheus, and will be forever bound, to a boulder.

Arithmalia was forced to continue traveling with only his dull short sword. Several hours later, it was time for dinner. Arithmalia was dangerously starving. He was in the midst of his search for meat, when he saw some sort of demonic being. But only did he realize he had encountered the hydra, was when it had revealed it's multiple heads from behind a thick oak tree. Every head closed in on Arithmalia. All of a sudden, adrenaline took over, and he found strength he never knew he had. He flung himself over one of the heads and slid down the hydra's back. Arithmalia started wildly stabbing everywhere, and, miraculously, the wicked beast collapsed.

Arithmalia had a fine feast of meat that night. He had a peaceful sleep that night, or so it felt. When Arithmalia woke up, he was in unexplainable pain. Overnight, he had been bitten by a poisonous lizard of some sort, and it was extremely difficult to continue, he could even see Mt. Olympus from where he was. Every step was a struggle, and he could barely hold up his weight under his injured leg. But, Arithmalia, through adrenaline and determination, made his way, to the very bottom of the miraculous mountain. He then heard a rustle in the trees, and Hera had appeared from behind the tree lying before him. Hera laughed a devilish laugh that seemed to have shrouded the entire world with darkness and sadness. Arithmalia did not understand what she was laughing about, so he questioned her. He asked her what was going on, and as a reply, she beckoned for what seemed to be an invisible being, lurking within this terrible atmosphere of terror. The invisible being suddenly became visible, right at Arithmalia's foot. It was the same creature that had kidnapped Cilithian. Arithmalia was in shock, it was Hera that had captured his daughter. Hera must have planned a visit from Arithmalia, so that Hera could do to Arithmalia whatever she did to Cilithian. All of Arithmalia's inferences were correct. Hera told him everything. It was she who had lured him to Mt. Olympus so that she could provide Arithmalia with a terrible fate. Hera told Arithmalia to take a look at his leg. Right where he had been bitten, his leg was turning scaly, and the giant lizard then took another bite at his leg, and Arithmalia was injected with so much of the poison that he began transforming. Even before Arithmalia could realize what was happening to him, he was smaller, much thinner, and was covered with scales. Hera had gotten her revenge. She did not want anyone killing her loyal stag, which Arithmalia had almost done. So Hera made Arithmalia suffer for his intentions.

So the snake was created, Arithmalia was no longer injured, but he came to the conclusion that he would never see Cilithian again. When one more day had past, he stopped to maybe hunt a rodent or something small or meaty with his new fangs. No sooner had he completed thinking that thought, and then he had discovered a creature the same species as his own. Sure enough, as Hera had said, Cilithian had faced the same fate as he.

# Astro, Sky and Stars

By Rachel Goland

Many years ago, the now brilliant sky was just an inky blue blanket. No stars lit it up in splendor, only the moon. Well, until one night...

At dusk, as she always did, the goddess of the night Astro, danced across the sky. From a small pouch at her hip she drew darkness and let it stream out behind her until the mass of infinity above and below her was completely enveloped in silken darkness.

Astro had chin length black hair with silver leaves, her symbol, woven into it, flowing blue robes that matched her eyes and a kind, intelligent personality with a quick temper. Astro floated down to her palace in the lush remote woods where Sparta is today. Her palace was indeed magnificent. It was made of smooth alvery marble that shimmered in the light of the moon. The interior was richly furnished and luxurious. It was also spacious for Astro often had guests. The most common being: Iris, the rainbow goddess, Athena, the wisdom goddess, Eos, the dawn goddess and Selene, the moon goddess. Astro's favorite visitors were her sister Artemis, the goddess of the hunt, and Sky, a favorite huntress of Artemis and Astro's only daughter. Astro, Sky and Artemis looked so alike, many thought they were triplets.

On this night, Artemis and Sky were visiting and Astro had commanded a banquet to be served upon her arrival. Astro went to the dining hall to discover her companions already seated and eagerly awaiting her return. The feast commenced at once. The three friends feasted on the most succulent, savory meats, sweet fruits, soft, fresh bread, wine, and cakes that melted on your tongue.

After the meal, Artemis sat back, brushed the crumbs off her tan tunic and flicked her mane of black hair back, "That was most memorable. Thank you, Astro."

Astro smiled graciously, "Anything for an old friend."

Artemis nodded, "Your daughter has a subject of great importance that she wishes to discuss with you."

Astro turned toward Sky, "Speak, daughter."

Sky leaned forward, "It is my greatest wish to assist you and the Olympians."

For the first time that night Astro frowned. "If you wish to do that, you must make a job for yourself and prove yourself worthy."

Sky's deep blue eyes snapped back to her mother, "What must I do?" she demanded eagerly.

Astro shook her head, "I urge you not to commit to this. It is too much work for mortal shoulders and I will not make you immortal for that is often more of a curse than a blessing."

"Astro," Artemis said gently, "You are wise, but too cautious. Give Sky a chance."

Defeated Astro said, "Very well, Sky. To prove yourself worthy you need to find the answer to this riddle. If you succeed, you will be given a job and your children after you will carry on your task for as long as the will. Bear in mind that if they do not want their job all your efforts will disappear and have been in vain. Do you still want this?"

Sky smiled, "Of course. What is the riddle?"

Astro returned her smile, "Find the silver water of the moon and bring it back to me in this pouch." She handed a small leather pouch, much like her own, to Sky.

The next day, Sky departed from her mother's palace. She began to search all over Greece for the answer to the riddle, to no avail. Finally, after months of searching, asking the cleverest, and praying to the gods and goddesses, the night came when Sky arrived in a wood much like the one her mother's palace was situated.

After a day of hopeless wandering, Sky set up camp by a small pool just as her mother was beginning to dance across the sky. Sky knew if she didn't find the water of the moon soon she would have to return home.

Artemis was not a warm, loving goddess and rarely did she feel affection for even her own kin. Artemis loved Sky as she would love a daughter. She had been watching Sky's fruitless search and had reached the same conclusion that Sky had and was unwilling for her to return home without even a guess to her mother's riddle. Artemis knew the answer to the riddle.

That night as Sky dozed, Artemis sent a dream to her. Sky dreamed a shaft of moonlight spoke to her. *Wake it whispered look in the pool at moonhigh and you will return home in victory.* Sky awoke just as the moon reached its highest point. Carefully, she leaned over the edge of the pool and, framing her reflection she saw the full moon, like an immense silver coin, shining in the sparkling water.

Sky tumbled hastily in her bag until she found the pouch her mother had given her. She scooped the water with the moon into it. Then she packed her things and began the long journey on foot to Astro's home.

Sky arrived at the palace three days later just before her mother departed to spread darkness. "Daughter!" Astro exclaimed when Sky handed her the purse. "You have done well. Tomorrow, I will show you your task. Remember, Sky, you will not be immortal and your children must take on your job after you. Now tell me how you answered my riddle."

Sky began to explain her unsuccessful search. When she reached the part about the dream Astro stopped her.

"You say a shaft of moonlight spoke to you?" Sky nodded "That was no normal dream; that was Artemis!"

Sky had been expecting such an accusation. She nodded, "Mother do you know your claim is true?"

Astro's eyes flashed icy blue fire, "No need to guess! Artemis is visiting! I shall ask her myself!" She spun on her heel her sapphire robes narrowly missing a fragile vase on a table. Then she marched away toward the guestrooms. Sky hurried after her, in her haste knocking over the vase.

When Sky arrived, the door to Artemis's room was ajar and she could hear the two goddesses arguing.

"Why would you help her, Artemis?! Why?!"

"You love your daughter." Artemis said, chewing each word carefully, "Perhaps too much?"

"Please, explain." Astro said, through gritted teeth.

"We have been friends for many years. I can read you like a book."

"How so?"

"I could tell you wanted to give your daughter what she wanted, but you were also afraid to do so. So, I sent her a dream. I also believed Sky should have a duty."

"It is what I want." Astro confessed.

"Then our quarrel is solved?"

Astro nodded, "Next time, do not immerse yourself in my decisions or there will be such a quarrel, perhaps some one will write an epic about it."

Artemis gave a rare laugh that reminded Sky of a bubbling brook and said, "Of course." The two goddesses walked out, side by side, smiling.

Sky waited nervously for the next night. When then time came, Astro, Artemis and Sky stood outside in a clearing by the palace. Astro held the pouch of water Sky had given her. Astro opened the pouch and held it out to Sky.

"I'll throw the droplets into the night."

Sky looked into the pouch and saw the water gleaming blinding silver. She put her hand in; the water glowed on her hand like milky pearls and feeling smooth and silky. Then she flicked her hand back and let fly the water droplets. They soared into the air becoming bigger and brighter until they stopped, glowing in the inky blackness of the sky. Sky did this again and again until the rest of the water was gone.

The trio, looked into the now glorious night and gazed entranced upon the newly born stars. All was silent but for the cricket chirping dryly and feather light cry of a forlorn owl. The grass glowed frosty silver. It was a magical moment.

Astro spoke, "You will arrange these stars as you please. If a god or goddess wishes a constellation to be formed you will help them hang it in the sky."

Sky beamed, "I will not neglect my duties and neither will my children after me."

Astro spoke, "I trust you, Sky."

And so it is today. Over the years, Sky's descendents have arranged and created all of the beautiful constellations that illuminate the sky. And what's to come? Who knows? There are so many heroes out there and amazing accomplishments. Well, we'll see...

# Plato's Fall

By Clara Griffin

One beautiful autumn day in Athens, Greece during ancient times, Plato was doing target practice. He stood up very tall, and his rich brown hair gleamed in the sunlight. He shot every arrow with complete accuracy, and skill, with a dull look in his intriguing amber eyes. Every arrow flew straight into the tiny center hole in the middle of the target. A thin wisp of smoke would erupt from the power of the shot, and blow away silently in the wind. "Oh, Father!" cried Plato sorrowfully giving his father one of his looks. "Why can't I go and play with the other children? It is the most sensational day I have ever seen. Fall is here, and the leaves shower downward with a flash of brilliant colors. The air smells of maple and wood, and I hear the laughter and screams of all the other children who run around playing games. Let me go for once Father. I have had enough!"

But his father scowled and said, "Son, this is for your own good! You will thank me when you grow older because you will be better then all the other boys at hunting." Day after day, Plato practiced archery, and activities to test his own strength, while other children his age went to play. Before he knew it, he had grown up. He was an expert at all aspects of hunting, and he was much stronger than all the other Athenians.

One day it came across the land that the king's daughter, Arianna, was trapped and Athena had sent mighty, furious, wild beasts to make sure she never saw the sunlight again. All people at once thought Plato was perfect the job and made him go. They thought of him as fast as a cheetah and as strong as one of the gods. He complained and said he had better things to do, but it was of no use. So on he went, traveling tedious days out in open country feeling the harsh, bitter wind of winter biting his skin, and he felt the blazing sun scorching him. First, he reached an enormous mountain, and then he saw seven huge cyclops guarding a small cave. "This must be it! I have found it finally after all my searching and exploring! But what awful creatures sit there!" He was just about to charge when he thought the better of it. "I would be killed instantly, wouldn't I?" he thought. He looked down and saw the thick, moldy layer of human bones he was stepping on. Plato glanced away disgusted from the awful sight, and looked at the creatures more carefully. He saw that they looked starved and were groaning for a meal. "I will get some food for them and see what will happen. It might be the only way to have a chance at getting inside the cave," he thought carefully.

First, he went to a nearby farmer and asked if he had any extra sheep that he could use. "I do indeed! Take as many as you want, I have way too many!" laughed the farmer. Then, Plato took the sheep back to mountain and let them run free. They all scampered wildly away, and as they did, the monsters followed them racing to see which one of the monsters would get there first to eat. Plato sprinted into the cave and pulled Arianna out. "You are a truly gifted person, and I hope to see you again," whispered Arianna. Plato smiled and jogged off to home, eager to tell his father of his deed. Plato realized after, that saving someone made him feel so good that he wanted to do it all his life. "I will help everyone in need, and save them when in trouble," he promised to himself. He went all over Greece performing heroic deeds, and winning many friends and smiles. Soon he became famous for not only his skills, but also for helping people in everyway he could. But he always had a tiny thought in the back of his head that he was caring for others too much, and that he should take something for himself.

In Olympus, Artemis gazed upon him, and took a liking to him at once. He had the best skills she had ever seen in a mortal, and she admired that he spent his day helping other people. She favored him above all else, so one day she came down to him. She glided swiftly toward him and spoke calmly. "You have the purest heart in all of the humans, and are fantastic at archery. I will teach you more so that you may grow wiser and stronger." Plato could barely conceal his excitement, so he paid attention to the bitter-sweet notes of the nightingales that lined the path. Artemis kept her word and secretly visited him night after night giving him advice and teaching him all she knew. After a month he could say that he could defeat anyone except the gods. He grew quite proud of his skill, but yet he still continued to help people. He kept wishing that he could defeat the gods and steal the power of the mighty king Zeus.

One day, the gods held a special counsel to discuss matters. Eventually, Plato came up and Athena said, "He is getting too strong and perfect for a mortal. We should kill him now before he becomes a threat to us." Artemis was horrified inside, but she nodded jerkily and preoccupied herself by braiding her hair. First, the gods disagreed but then Athena's wise words persuaded them and they agreed. "We shall come in the middle of the night tomorrow and diminish him peacefully!" roared Zeus.

As soon as the counsel was over, Artemis rushed to Plato's side and told him the plan. Plato was clearly frightened but then he said, "This could be just the chance I have been waiting for to claim the power of Zeus. Artemis let us prepare and see them try!"

"We will try Plato, but it might be nothing compared to the wrath of the gods!" said Artemis.

True to their word, the next day at midnight Artemis and Plato heard a deafening boom blast their ears, and looked up into the sky to find only the gods racing toward them. They looked like shining lanterns brightening the night. Suddenly Zeus hissed, "What are you doing with the victim, Artemis?" Artemis gave him a pure look of hate and said just as cruelly, "I am going to help this poor, innocent soul from the evil you are about to do," and she fired an arrow straight into his face. So the battle began. Artemis gave Plato whatever he lacked, and Plato gave Artemis courage. Together, they made a perfect pair. Slowly they began to gain, and defeat the gods one by one. "Why do you do this?" asked Athena. "It is wrong to disobey Zeus' orders, and to side with mortals!"

"Because I stand up for my friends and Zeus is trying to kill one of them. He is doing more evil than I am!" Artemis flashed and knocked Athena out with a flaming sword. At last only Zeus was left standing as he raged, "You have both have gone too far, and for this you will pay!" He took his most powerful lighting bolt and fired it at Plato. He was blasted into pieces by Artemis' side. Before she had time to react, he cursed her into a room where she wept for hours.

When he came he spoke to her very softly, "You have disappointed me beyond measure, Artemis. It is wrong to betray your family and friends and you will suffer for that. You shall lose your power for one thousand years and become mortal!" Zeus flew away briskly but came back down to Earth. Zeus thought and also added, "Humans shall also suffer for letting a fellow of their own get so powerful!" "I will create a new goddess to make a natural disaster called earthquakes that will destroy their precious buildings!" Right before him appeared a young lady with deep, powerful, grey eyes that seemed like they could shatter any moment like glass. Her dress was a natural earth brown. In her hand she gripped a hard rock, her new symbol. Her hair was midnight black and it wavered in the wind. "I welcome this new responsibility," she said and smiled mischievously. At that moment she let the first of many horrible earthquakes crack the ground. And to this day, we humans still fear of these horrible disasters destroying our land.

## **Fanita and the Fire**

**By Ala Hekking**

A long time ago in ancient Sparta, Greece, there lived many gods and goddesses. They helped people with needs, but not all the time. Especially when Io was turned into a cow because she dreamed of Zeus. Zeus' wife Hera was jealous of Io. During that time mortal people began complaining to the gods and goddesses that, when the sun goes down no mortals can light candles or lanterns. Io was down on earth and began complaining to Zeus saying, "Please, please, I need light to see where I sleep! I can't see because I'm a poor little cow." She said frustrated. "I need to see where I walk. Without light, I'm nothing." Io yelled.

The next morning Zeus complained that his foot was killing him. It hurt as bad as a needle stabbing into your finger. Finally a woman popped out of his foot. She announced, "I am Fanita and I am your daughter". "I am the goddesses of stars," Fanita said.

"I am sadly sorry, dear but you can't get your powers until you're sixteen," Zeus said sadly, as he wiped the soggy wet tears off her face. Two years later she was allowed to go down to earth to see what was happening at night. While she was in Sparta she met a cow named Io. Io told Fanita the story about how she became a cow. "Yeah, I know my mom Hera is so mean, but some time she's alright." They became best friends. That night Fanita stayed over with Io. Fanita brought fire wood to Io's camp sight. At night, she tried

to light a fire but it wouldn't light, because Zeus. She yelled up to Zeus high up in Mount Olympus. "Please, please, will you just give me enough light for this little campfire?" Fanita exclaimed.

"Fine, this is a once in a life time I will do something like this," Zeus said furious.

"Thank you so much," Fanita said excitedly. "But don't say I didn't warn you with too much fire," Zeus said strongly. As the fire came down on the fire pit, it shot up to space, it blew up into a million pieces.

It lit up the dark sky in an instant. "YAY! Hurray I can see," Io exclaimed. All you could hear in a distance were screams of excitement. A loud voice yelled, "Great job, Fanita you did it! You figured out how to make light," Zeus said excitedly. "I will name these stars and every night I will come to earth with the fire. I will light it and the same thing will happen every night," Fanita said. From then until now the stars have been shining brightly until the fire dies out and the sun comes up. Thanks Fanita.

## The First Rose

By Shoshana Smith

On the first day of spring, just as the warm sun started shining on Mount Olympus, Zeus, king of all gods and goddesses, found a small girl child lying in the tall, thick, grass. She was staring up at him with her big sea green eyes and long, wavy brown hair. Not sure what to do with her, or how she got there, he beckoned for his wife to come. His wife Hera, goddess of woman and marriage, finally decided to take the little girl in as her own and raise her with Zeus. They named the little girl Rhodo.

As the years passed and Rhodo grew up, everyone noticed something unique about her. Whenever she experienced a new emotion, a beautiful, unknown flower would appear. When she was truly happy for the first time, a fully bloomed sunflower started its descending journey from the sky, to start blooming in some lucky mortal's garden. When she first felt a terrible pang of sadness when she realized that her real parents didn't want her, a white Lily came plummeting down to Earth.

Rhodo would usually spend her days away from the other gods and goddesses because she liked to be isolated, and go out into the field that felt like a second home to her. She was fascinated by how the tall grass would sway in the wind, the smell of rain, and how the hummingbirds would always be attracted to her. Although she felt content with just sitting in her field most days, she still felt a longing for something more. She longed someone who seemed to always show affection, for she had never truly had that before.

One day, as she was sitting in her field watching the hummingbirds hovering over her flowers, she decided that that day would be the day that she finally goes to see the mortals at the base of the mountains. She had never had any true interaction with mortals before and wanted to see their way of life. Rhodo went to tell Zeus, for he always wants to know where she was going. "Zeus, may I go down to see the mortals?" Rhodo said softly. "If you must, but don't talk to any of the unworthy," Zeus said sternly, barely looking up from what he was doing.

So with that, Rhodo made her way down the mountain. She loved the feeling of the soft grass brushing against her bare feet, and the warm wind blowing against her face flying her hair in all directions. Once at the bottom of the mountain she found a large stone to sit on and admired the mortals like how she admired the hummingbirds in her field. Soon, an interesting looking man came past her. He had short, golden brown hair that glimmered in the sunlight and deep blue eyes as deep as the ocean depths. She intently followed him with her eyes as he walked past, but soon found herself soundlessly following him. After a short walk through town they arrived at his small cottage, with Rhodo just a few paces behind him. Rhodo, who stopped just behind a large birch tree watched him as he precisely gardened his beautiful flowers. Rhodo watched until he slowly went inside to his little home. Rhodo made her way back to the mountain, as she kept going, she realized that she had fallen in love with how the gardener tended to his plants, and how he smiled when he worked. Before she knew it, she was back home and started to rest for another day.

As the days went on Rhodo couldn't stop thinking about the gardener. While she was sitting in her field, he was all she could think about. One day Rhodo just couldn't bare it anymore and so she snuck away and went back down to the base of the mountain. Once again, she sat on the same stone and soon

enough she saw the man walk by her. She followed him back to his house but this time, she didn't hide behind the birch tree. She spoke up. "Hello, I am Rhodo. I think your garden is very beautiful," she said softly, almost too soft for him to hear.

Finally, he turned and lost in Rhodo's beauty, took a moment to find his voice. "Thank you, I'm Spartia."

Rhodo and Spartia talked for what seemed like only a few moments but the sun started slowly going down and Rhodo realized that she must get home. With just a small good bye she started sprinting back home. Once home, Zeus found her. Zeus, knowing what she did, banned her from leaving home ever again, but Rhodo was in love with Spartia and had to talk to him even more. So with that, she slipped away once more every day, but didn't get caught by either Zeus or Hera. Every day Rhodo and Spartia would go into the woods, hidden from the eye of Zeus and with each day they would fall even more deeply in love. Until one day when Rhodo came back later than expected and Zeus was there waiting. "I know what you did Rhodo! You disobeyed me and know you must pay for that! I told you to never go back and talk to the peasant boy!" Zeus was now infuriated.

"But Zeus, he is an amazing man; I know you would like him!"

"Me, like a peasant mortal? Now that's just insulting to me!" He said.

With that Zeus turned around, with his back to Rhodo, to prepare himself for what he must do to her. But when Zeus turned back around, Rhodo wasn't there. He looked up in the sky and all he saw was a single red rose, descending its journey down to earth, where it would bloom one lucky mortal's garden. The rose landed in Spartia's garden, and started blooming, but he wasn't home. For he and Rhodo were running away and starting their own journey, just like that one single red rose.

## **The Day Tears Fell From the Sky and a Horse with Sticks on Its Head Came to Earth**

**By Christopher J. Bravo**

One day, in the time preceding raindrops and moose on Mount Olympus, Rainus Mooseus Maximus was being lethargic and drowsy as usual, so he slept in for four days. Rainus actually was tall and rather good-looking, with his dark brown hair, good build and eyes so blue that they seemed brighter than Apollo's sun chariot. But his good looks were disturbed by one thing- his bed head. The reason Rainus was constantly sleeping because he was the son of Morpheus, the god of dreams.

This frequent dormancy infuriated his cousin, the mighty Zeus. Zeus was so frustrated by this ridiculous action that he dictated for his young adolescent cousin to be whipped every couple of days when he slept in, as he did frequently, causing Rainus to cry huge tears which fell down to the planet Earth creating what people call "raindrops" after Rainus.

During one of Rainus' painful whippings, Rainus attempted to escape. He tried to summon a horse and instead created a "horse" with "branches" on its head. He then attempted to ride it, but it attacked him because it sought to be a glorious stallion. This creature was later named the "moose" after Rainus Mooseus Maximus.

A couple of days later, during one of Rainus' rare aware-of-the-real-world periods, Rainus decided to travel to Earth. On Earth, Rainus met Angrarius, son of Anger, a being from Pandora's Jar. (Angrarius looked like anger, features very distinct, like a chiseled nose and bright eyes. He was also wispy and miniscule.) Angrarius was flustered, distressed, and annoyed by the raindrops and moose Rainus had created, so Angrarius created a quick and mischievous plan to kill Rainus. Angrarius' plan was to take a knife and simply stab Rainus in the back when pretending to give him a pat on the back for creating raindrops and moose. Rainus, not being the sharpest knife in the butcher shop, simply accepted the congratulations. You would think that this is the end of our poor Rainus, but that moose Rainus created came back with help and saved Rainus from his predicament. The moose then let Rainus ride it back to Mount Olympus.



Back at Mount Olympus, Zeus decided to create a rainstorm with his lightning bolts as a reminder to mortals that one of their own kind, Angrarius, had tried to kill a god. Zeus also decided to remove Rainus' punishment, but still, when Rainus thinks of Angrarius, he begins to cry, which happens every few days causing rain. However, Poseidon thought rain was a tant to his ocean, as the rain drains into the sea. So, whenever it rains, Poseidon gathers his strength and starts the cycle or "rain" all over again by throwing it back up to Olympus.

## **Crayola and Her Color**

**By Meaghan McElroy**

Long before humans remember, there was a time where there was no color. Everything was a shade of gray. But then, a young goddess was born to Nike and Hephaestus, who was named Crayola. She was a very curious and mischievous baby, but she knew that something was missing from our world. And it wasn't until she was challenged by her enemy, Aphrodite, did she realize what she was to bring to us.

(19 YEARS LATER)

"Well," Aphrodite said, "if it isn't my favorite young goddess."

Crayola rolled her eyes. "WHAT, Aphrodite? I don't have all day you know," Crayola sighed.

"Well, I get ever so bored. And I would like to challenge you to a friendly competition. Yes?" Aphrodite asked with a fake smile. *Us? Friendly?* Crayola thought wearily.

"What's the challenge?" Crayola inquired. Crayola was very competitive – her mother WAS the goddess of victory, Nike herself.

"Well, I am the goddess of beauty, so I would like us to create the most beautiful thing," Aphrodite smiled smugly. Crayola stared at her rival. That wasn't a fair challenge! But Crayola just nodded. She had a bit of an idea. She ran out of Aphrodite's temple and straight to her friend, Photo, the god of light. Most people thought they were siblings – tall, lanky, and always smiling.

After briefly explaining her idea and her situation, Photo agreed to help her with Aphrodite's challenge. They worked all day, and met Aphrodite by the tall bluffs.

"Ah, you arrived!" Aphrodite called to the two. "I was just finishing my part of the challenge!" Aphrodite glowed around the edges, becoming a curvy ball of light. Suddenly, a wall of water rushed over the bluffs and fell into the pond. We now call it a waterfall. "I've won, have I not?"

Crayola smiled. Photo created a globe of light between his hands, and Crayola concentrated. Suddenly, there was an explosion, and a strange glowing residue was left behind. Everyone could see the difference between Crayola's dark hair and her amber eyes, Photo's blonde hair and blue eyes, and Aphrodite's blonde hair and brown eyes.

"I call it color," Crayola said simply. "And I believe I have one. Yes?" Well she did, of course. How can you compare color to a waterfall?

# **We Call Him Pop**

**By Caroline Aurigemma**

I, Penelope Martin sat on my couch on a Friday night. My father sat on his leather chair talking to my grandmother on the phone. He looked very stressed and worried. As he hung up the phone I asked what was wrong. He told me that their grandfather "Pop", had had bone cancer years ago in his leg. To keep his bones safe they put a metal rod into his leg. I had already had known that. He then stopped for a moment and then said... "Do you know what amputation means?" I had to process this thought for a minute. When I finally figured out what it meant, I covered my eyes and started to cry. My father tried to tell me that it might not happen, but I knew inside that it was! That night I prayed to God that everything would be alright, and I also prayed that he would soon not feel any more pain. A couple of days later my father told me that my "Pop's" leg was going to be amputated. I cried and was worried for my grandfather and my family. I had not spoken to my "Pop" for a while and was really hurt inside by all of the thoughts filling my mind. Night after night I sat at the corner of my bed and prayed for everything to be alright.

The day came when my grandfather was taken to the hospital. It had been too long of a time since I had last seen my "Pop". I missed him dearly and thought about nothing else but to see him! I would not concentrate on assignments for classes and I found myself crying myself to sleep. It had been a rough time for me and my family. I talked to my mom once, and my mom told me that she felt the same way. Two of my friends, Sandra, and Tristen were always there for me in this time of sadness. One day I went, with my family, to visit Pop. In the car ride over I thought of the Pop I had known my whole life! He was a talkative, funny, loving, and a creative grandfather with an excellent and crafty wife. I had loved them dearly and hoped that they would not change due to the surgery. Once we had gotten there, we went straight up to his room! I had missed them so much and I was so excited to see him! We finally got to his room. He shared his room with another man, but there was a curtain in between the two rooms. We gave him hugs and kisses, and then asked how he was feeling. He said he was okay physically but the guy next door was driving him crazy. "He is such a pain" he said. We laughed that one off, and then turned on the Yankee game. In our family the Yankees are our family. I can name 20 players on the team, or used to be on the team if you asked me! My Pop was getting a little annoyed with Joba Chamberlain and turned it off. Well, even if you love something dearly it could get annoying.

My "Nan" took us downstairs to get ice cream for everyone. She seemed excited to have us there, but also worried for her husband. So many emotions! An hour later it was time to say goodbye! On the way home I found myself crying in the car. It was so sad (what happened to my grandfather), but he seemed so full of life and normal. He had not changed one bit!

When he finally came home from the hospital, I was so happy! I went to see him right away! My brother Nathan and my sister Stacy and I all got to take rides in the wheelchair! It was fun. Although he still has a hard time moving he is on his daily schedule. Eating, Reading, Napping, Eating, Sleeping, Dreaming! The only thing cut out of his schedule is gardening and driving for now. He still is the Pop I have known all of my life except with a couple missing pieces. He is like a puzzle almost full!

It has now been a year since Pop had his leg amputated. He is still funny! He can move around now and do his normal routines! My dad told me that if his leg did not go through the pain of the amputation, he might have died. In that case I am so glad he had his leg amputated. During the surgery I always imagined how hurt and maybe even alone he would feel, but I can see that it "did no harm" he can move on. Nothing stops him. My grandma called us the other day, from Florida to tell us that Pop went golfing! Nine holes! He is a miracle that we all love and adore!

I found myself pondering thoughts that I had never thought of before during this whole process so far, and I also learned more about my grandfather. This experience impacted me by, not giving up and when something bad hits, think positively to figure the whole thing out. I, Penelope Martin have been impacted, by my loving Grandfather, Pop!

# Untitled

By Megan Keating

It's a bright, 99 degree day on the beach in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. My family and I were there for our yearly vacation in August. I hear the seagulls cawing over the ocean searching for their night's food and can smell the pungent fragrance of salt clear in the air. My mom and dad are sitting on an oak bench, eating two Spiderman icicles from the ice cream truck lingering at the parking lots' edge, trying to tantalize children into begging their parents to the point of insanity for the two dollars they need to buy the cool man in the truck's ice cream. Standing at the edge of the ocean is 8 year old Megan Keating, me. I had been too hypnotized by the waves crashing against the packed sand to hear the melody of the ice cream man. I was playing a game of running to and fro from the edge of the water, staying close enough to feel the cold sand, but running back as soon as it would begin to race at me. I was afraid that if the water came too close, or too high, that what might be lurking in the water would whisk me away from the solid earth and bring me back to its underwater lair to eat me. The sea monster, or as the adults would call it, Nessie.

"Megan!" my mother calls over the sound of the waves, "Either go in the water or come and sit by your father and me. Pick one."

I balance the options in my head and yell back over what I knew is the most exciting to me, "I am going to stay here and go in, please just give me a minute or two."

"Fine!" my mother responds, "but it's going to get dark soon and we need to get back to the hotel."

"Thank you mom, I will"

I stare at the water from a distance, knowing that if I want to stay at the beach I need to face my fear, but I am scared to go in alone. I stare down at a nearby crab and envy him for having courage to be washed over by the water, to just allow himself to be pulled away from the one solid thing here.

I hear a boy trying to yell over the rushing waves and turn to him; he had brown tousled hair, crusted from playing in the ocean minutes before. He, most likely, had been searching for seashells along the coastline, for he had a pale lilac pail that, as he ran, seashells were tumbling out like an overfilled glass of soap bubbles, flying up and down, nesting themselves in the sand for the next adventurer to come upon them. I must have caught the glint in his eye as he was searching for the gold like shells.

"What are you doing?" he says in a Massachusetts accent, "Ya just standing there and all, not doin' anything? Are you scared of somethen?"

I debated my answer before I responded, “Just looking at the sunset and how it looks in the water. Besides, a water monster will get me if I go in this late. I like just looking and playing in the water.”

He looked at me, half puzzled, half angry, “Aw come-ON! Nothens gonna get cha. It’s just water and there are only small fish in der. Do ya think it’s just gonna come up and bite cha leg and take ya away?!”

“NO!” I say defensively, but noticing the truth in his words, “It’s just that....well.... um....I am just worried that something will happen and I won’t see my mom and dad again. That’s all.”

“Ya really shouldn’t bee worried about what might happen and just enjoy that you are actually at dah ocean. Being at dah water don’t happen everyday, a monster won’t come and get cha, live in the now, not de future, that’s what mah dad says.”

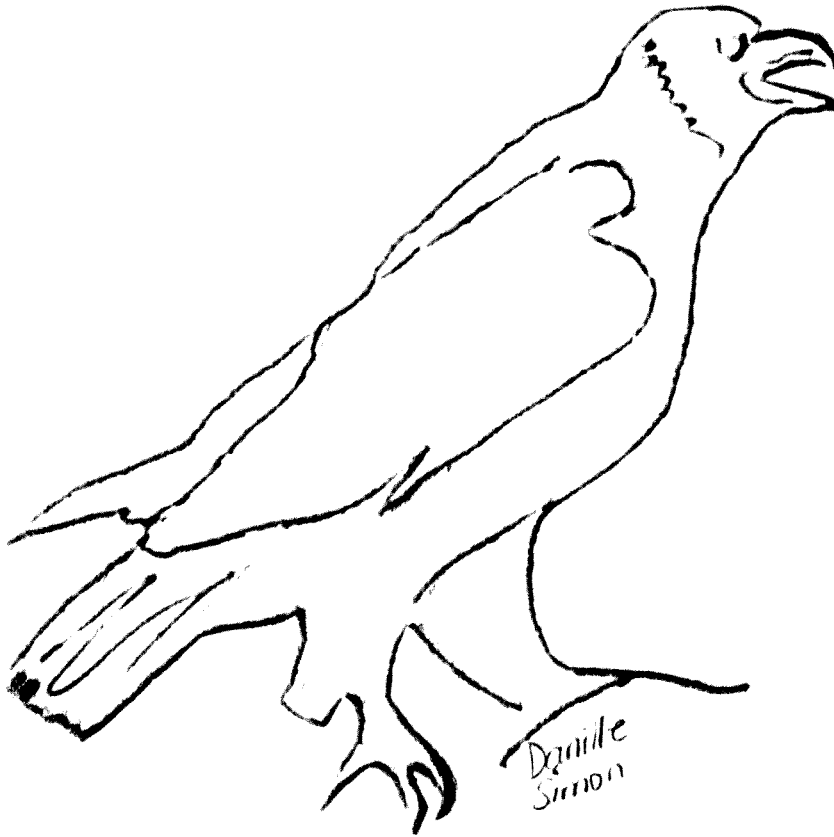
I stand there for what seemed like a minute or two just staring back between him and the ocean, astonished by his mature look on the matter and realize he is right. “Well, it WOULD be better if I have someone go in with me.....” I say, trying to sound alluring.

“Well, alright, let’s go in tahgeder’. That way I get to feel the water and yah have me to hold on to if ya slip.”

“Thank you”, I say in a hushed tone, slightly embarrassed that I hadn’t been mature enough to go in by myself.

He holds out his hand and I take it. It’s rough and dry but it feels so comforting and warm. He pulls me along as he jumps in the water, and for the first time in the day, water splashes my face and I feel invigorated by the coldness of it against the hot atmosphere. We are in water that is up to our knees and I look at him, he looks back at me and slightly tilts his head to the right, with what I now noticed as ivy green eyes and says lightly, “see it’s not so bad.” He turns his head and looks at the sun, slowly lying down to sleep over the curb of the earth, as far as the eye could see.

From that day on I have never been afraid to go back in to the ocean and to this day I love to go just as the sun goes down on the rim of the world to remember that very day. Each time I am faced with a challenge that frightens or puzzles me I think of that boy with no name and say to myself, what’s the worst that could happen?



## **Eagle**

**By Danille Simon**

On the mountain side  
An eagle  
Intensely watches  
Down on Earth.  
He stands  
Proud and tall  
Watching for any animal  
To prey on.  
His eyes are like a GPS,  
Anywhere an animal is,  
He finds them.  
He arches his back  
And ferociously dives down  
On Earth.  
He retrieves his prey  
In less than a minute.  
And there he is again  
Standing proud and tall  
On the mountain side.