

REFLECTIONS
2008 - 2009

REFLECTIONS

THE NEW PALTZ MIDDLE SCHOOL
LITERARY & ART MAGAZINE

VOLUME 22 – JUNE 2009

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A heartfelt thank you to all of the teachers who took the time to submit the literary works to *Reflections*. Thank you to Ms. Sturgis and Ms. Gruschow for their art submissions. Thank you to Ms. Tripp for her proofreading skills. Congratulations and thank you to all of the talented and creative students who contributed to this magazine. Lastly, a special thank you to a wonderfully dedicated staff.

Cover art by Nick Lambertson

HOPE

Morgan DeSimone

Hope possesses a turbine,
An internal-combustion of ambition,
It never stops,
For it is always on a mission.

Its engine runs on one thing,
That is not so hard to find,
It runs on inspiration,
A prescription specifically for the mind.

Inspiration is the anticipation,
To desire the purpose to dream,
Without this inspiration,
Hope is an interminable, polluted stream.

Hope is the pouncing lion,
That grows inside our souls,
Every time the lion accomplishes the unfeasible.
Hope harvests new goals.

Whether inspiration is as well-known hero,
Or the child that lives next door,
Hope comes from within our hearts,
From here is where our lion will roar.



Drums

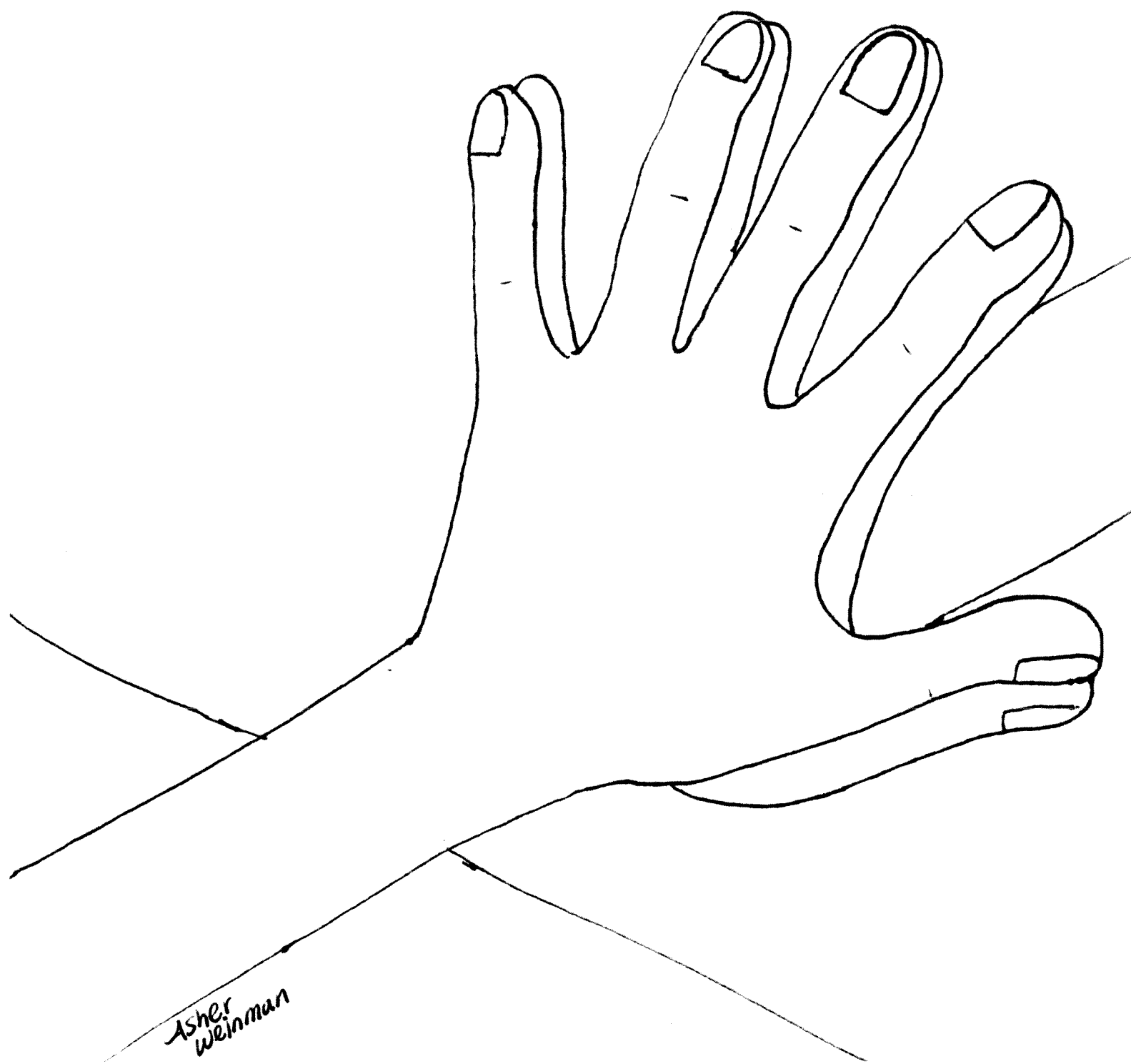
By Liam O'Donnell

Sparkling steel
Like glittering eyes,
Asking me to come and play.
I reach for my sticks
They are not far away.

The brass of the cymbals
Glistens like the ocean.
The sound is like waves,
I love to hear them crash.
Listen to the beat of my drums.

Gymnastics **Mckenzie Osborne**

Gymnastics is contagious
Once you start you can't put it down
The vault is movement in my heart
That brings me to a halt
My eyes grab the bar from afar
I feel it pulling,
It must be tar
On the bar to complete,
Needing the floor to meet my feet.
A perfect score,
Success is sweet.
To win is my desire,
Spinning on a wire.
My hands and arms begin to feel fire.
I tire of the wire.
DISMOUNT



Wind
By Zynab Makki

I sit still, as you blow on my face.
You scream your call as you blow.
You move, dancing around me.
I love you in the dark,
You love me in the light.
I run, you run with me.
You are always where I am.
I am always with you.
Even if you stop, I know.
I know you're still there.
You've stopped.
Wind.

Ode to a Jellybean
Amanda Vitarius

There it sits,
Shiny as a nickel.
Purple as a plum,
Stinky as a pickle.

I want to eat it,
The sugar so sweet.
No, not the green one,
Because it smells like feet.

Yes! The last one,
Mmm that grape taste.
Although...
It's gritty like toothpaste.

Was that it?
One stinkin' jellybean,
I knew it!
I should have taken the green.

Picasso and I

By Megan Phelan

We are one flowing body.
We canter swiftly, gracefully, listening to each other.
We approach the wall of wood, looming before us, eager, waiting.
We hit the spot perfectly; we are a bird, soaring.

Picasso is an impatient ape at heart, always teething, hungry, ready to fly.

He is a knowledgeable owl, (a bit TOO knowledgeable), not willing to share.

He is a caring father when you need it.

He has the heart of a mother watching over her child.

He has the courage of a lion.

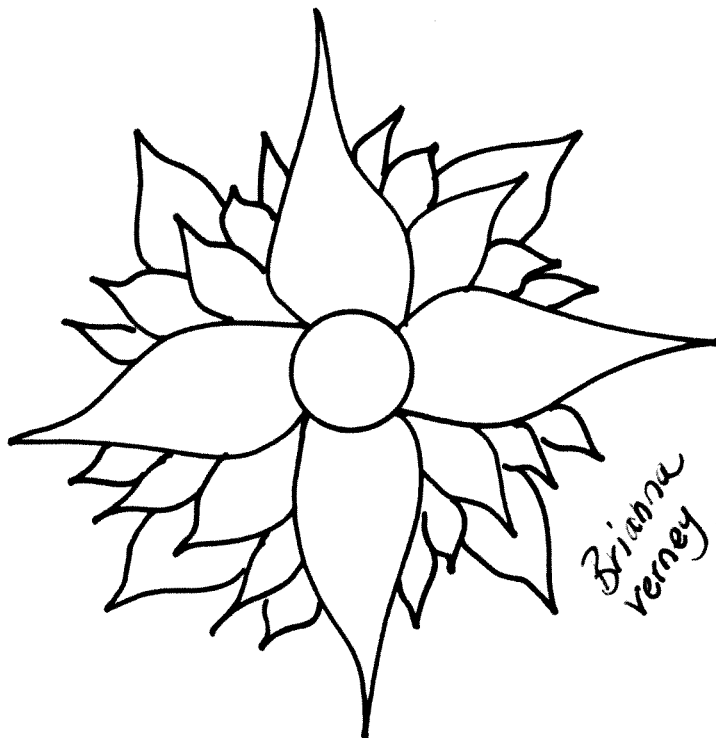
I am an impatient little girl, always wishing, hoping, unsure of her talent.

I am a growing filly, waiting to learn from my mother.

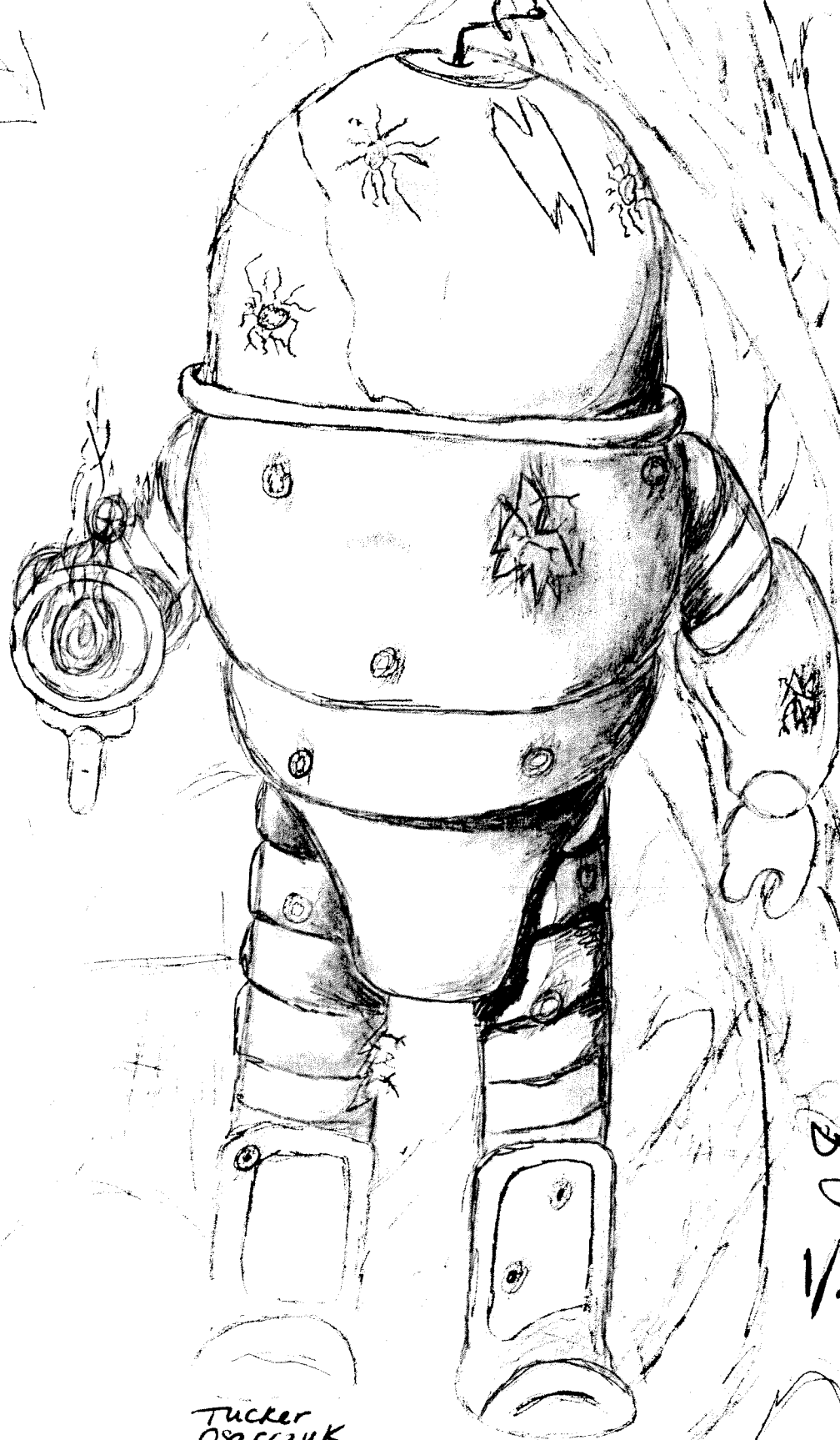
I am a loving daughter who wishes to assist.

I have the heart of a guard dog, willing to protect my loved ones.

I have the courage of a gerbil, courage that's growing everyday.







Tucker
1/29/09

It was November 2nd and there were no balloons, or pretty decorations on the wall, only a small chocolate cake. No one was there except for her. Sally was the only one home that day. It was her 14th birthday. The house was quiet and dark. Sally looked outside and saw her parents walking towards the door, her mom crying and her dad hugging her. She stood there waiting for them to walk through the door and tell them that her brother was O.K. and that he would be back soon. When she saw her mom crying she ran out of her house and went to her tree house in the middle of the forest. Her brother had built that house when she was seven. Sally went there every time she was sad or mad. She cried all afternoon wanting everything to be over. She wanted her brother back and she didn't want to believe he was dead.

She heard the phone ring the night before. She could still remember how dad woke mom up and ran out of the house. Sally didn't know anything until her cousin Lucy called her the next morning and told her that Daniel, her brother, was in the hospital because he had been in a car accident. She thought that he was going to be fine. But he died the next morning. It was her 14th birthday and her brother was dead. She stayed in the tree house all day and went back home around 8:00 pm. She didn't have dinner and went straight to bed. She hated her mom and dad for letting Daniel go out that night. She cursed and yelled at them when they tried to talk to her. She hated that house and she hated the chocolate cake that was on the table, in the kitchen, in between the two empty chairs.

It was two o'clock in the morning and she was still awake. She could hear her mom crying in the other room. Finally, Sally was tired. She walked into Daniel's room and slept on his bed that night. When she finally fell asleep she kept dreaming of the same thing happening over and over again. The phone ringing, mom and dad leaving the house, and Lucy calling the next morning. When she woke up she heard a voice calling her, "Hey Sally- Wake up Lazy, it's your birthday." When she opened her eyes she saw Daniel. She quickly hugged him and started crying. When they walked down the stairs and everything was the same.

No one was there, though. No decorations or little kids running around the house. Only that small chocolate cake on the table. Sally asked, "Where are mom and dad?" Daniel said "they went to get decorations or something, I am not sure." They then sat down on the couch and ate Sally's favorite cereal, Cocoa Puffs. When their parents came back they decorated the house and everyone came. Friends and family were all there. Sally was so happy that she forgot her horrible dream. That night she went to bed early, the phone rang, her dad picked it up and ran out the house. This time it was real. Lucy called the next morning and everything was real. Except it wasn't her birthday. But her brother still died.

By Diana Flores

Ode to Fish: An Emotional Recall Series

Alex Rubln

When I first met Snickers,
Her skin was much slicker
As she bonded and played with me.

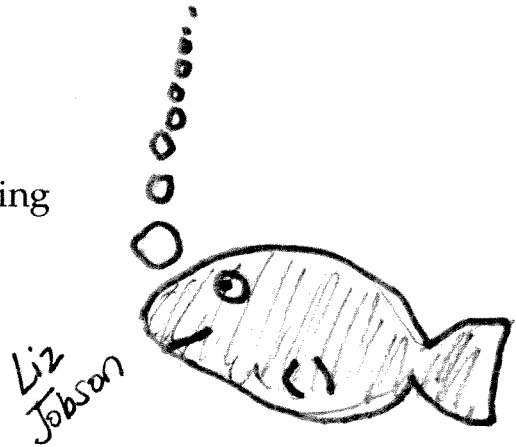
But now, we have gone farther
And she's in the water
At the Sanitation Department of New York City.

Snickers was a good fish in a special way
I chucked a golf ball to win him at Falcon Day
Right then the Carney said to me
... This is a special fish, you see

Me and Snickers would laugh and play
But then I told her I'd marry her someday
And then it came and I proposed
She said yes as I supposed

But then as we watched wedding cake leaving
Snickers sadly died at day seven.
Then I saw the will, none for me
So I flushed down her family

So, if you're a fish and you get slashed
Be sure your man's got some cash
Or you will get trashed.... FAST!



Goldee
By Kyle Eckert

He used to swim round and round
But now he's flushed down and down

A Day in the Life of a Fish

By Brittany Swinbourne

Fish 1 "Hey, supp?"

Fish 2 "Hey, nuttin' much, Goldy."

Fish 1 "Yo, did you see that catfish the other day?!"

Fish 2 "Yea, check out the whiskers on that babe!"

Fish 1 "Yea... oh god here comes those humans again!!"

Fish 2 "Dude...it's feeding time"

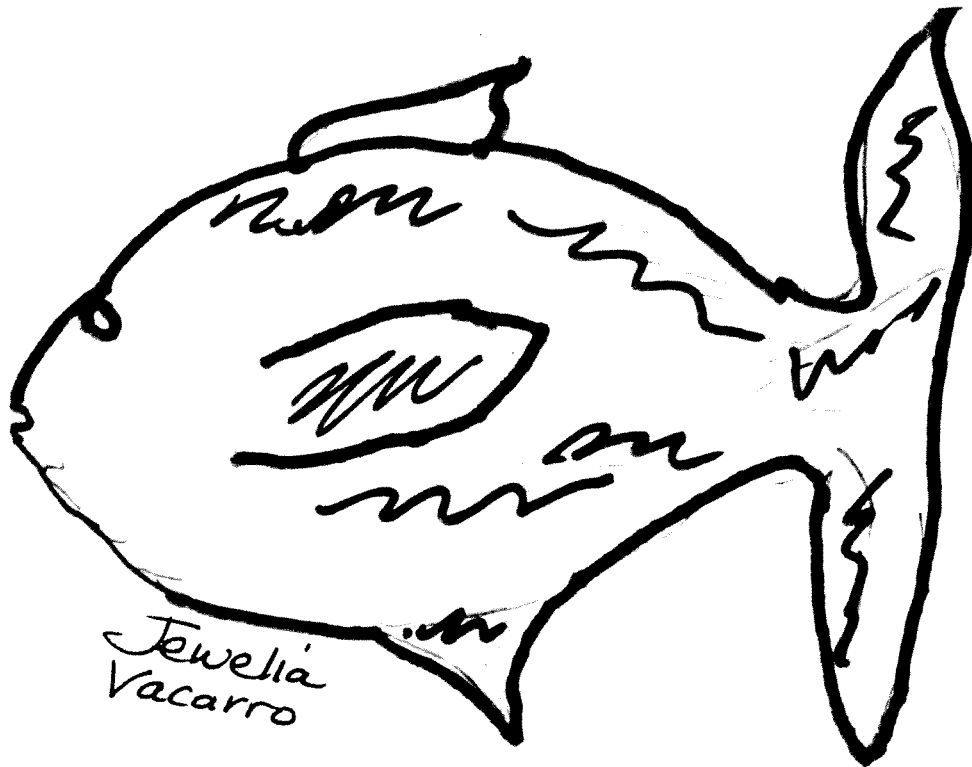
Fish 1 "Yea, I know. But they just annoy me, thinking their all cool with their movable legs and stuff!"

Fish 2 "Yea, but we have gills!! That's cooler!"

Fish 1 "I gue... OH MY GOD! FOOD!!!"

Fish 2 "Here we go again..."

Fish 1 "Mmmmmm, I love humans!!"



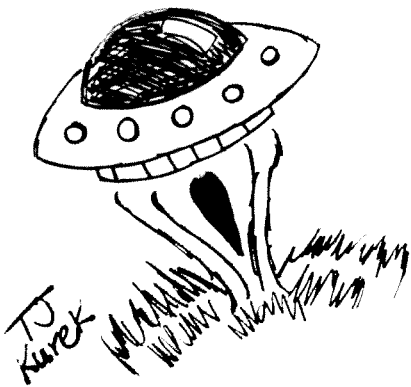
U.F.O.
By Zack Schwarz

Playing on a summer night
I saw a sight

High in the heavens
A fiendish U.F.O
I stood and thought OH NO

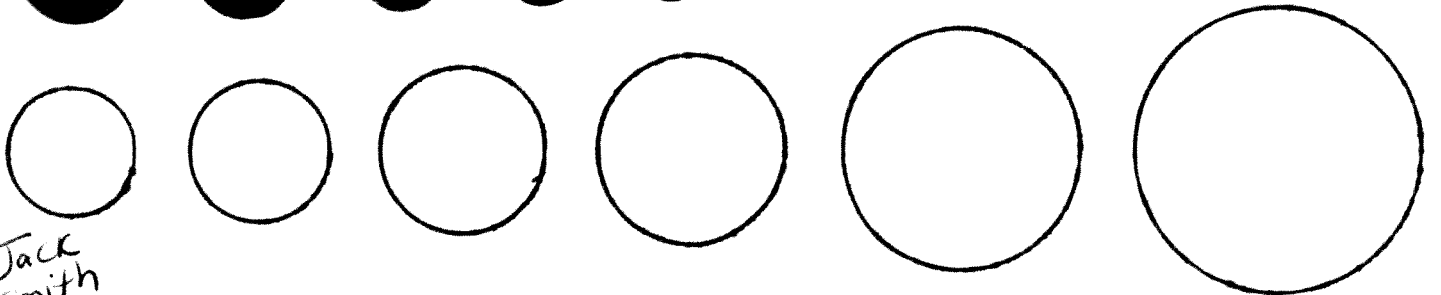
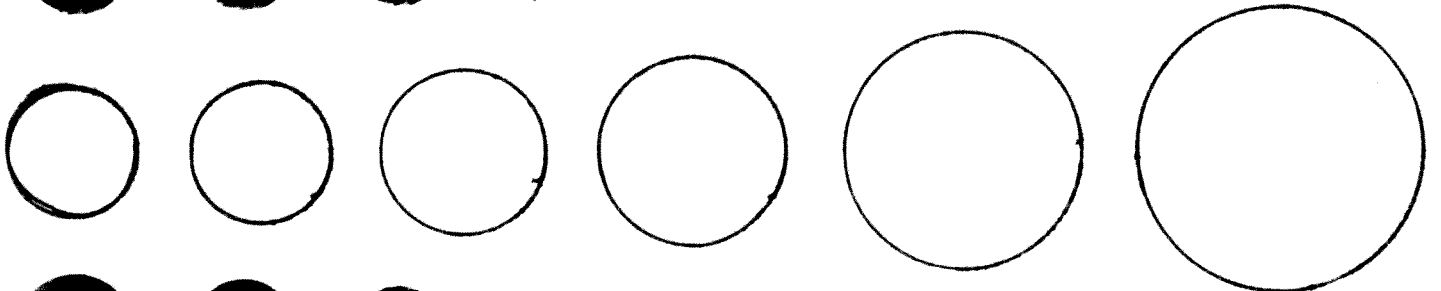
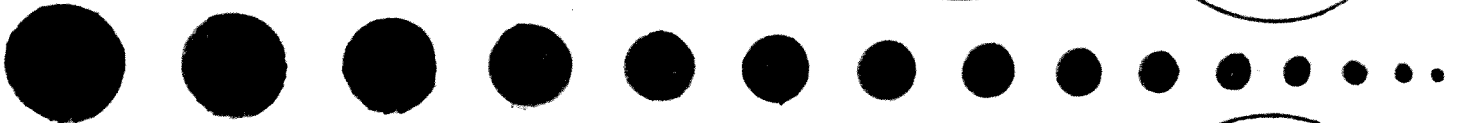
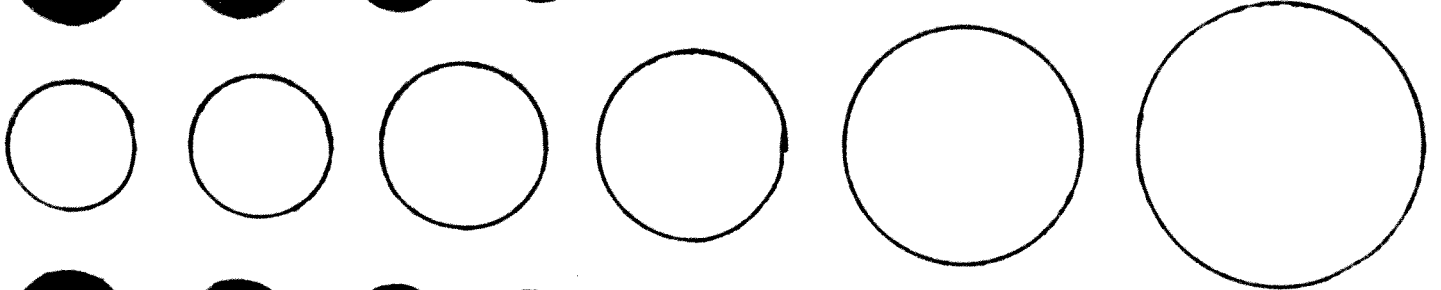
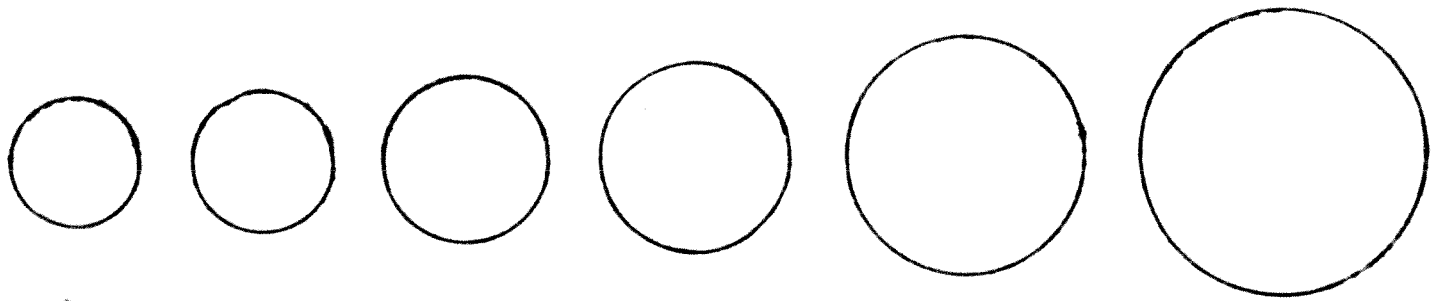
Watching the disk
Rapidly time runs by
Staring up at this flying disk

The sound is like a humming
I am paralyzed
Suddenly it flies away
I think to myself
Did I really see a U.F.O?
And is it here to stay?

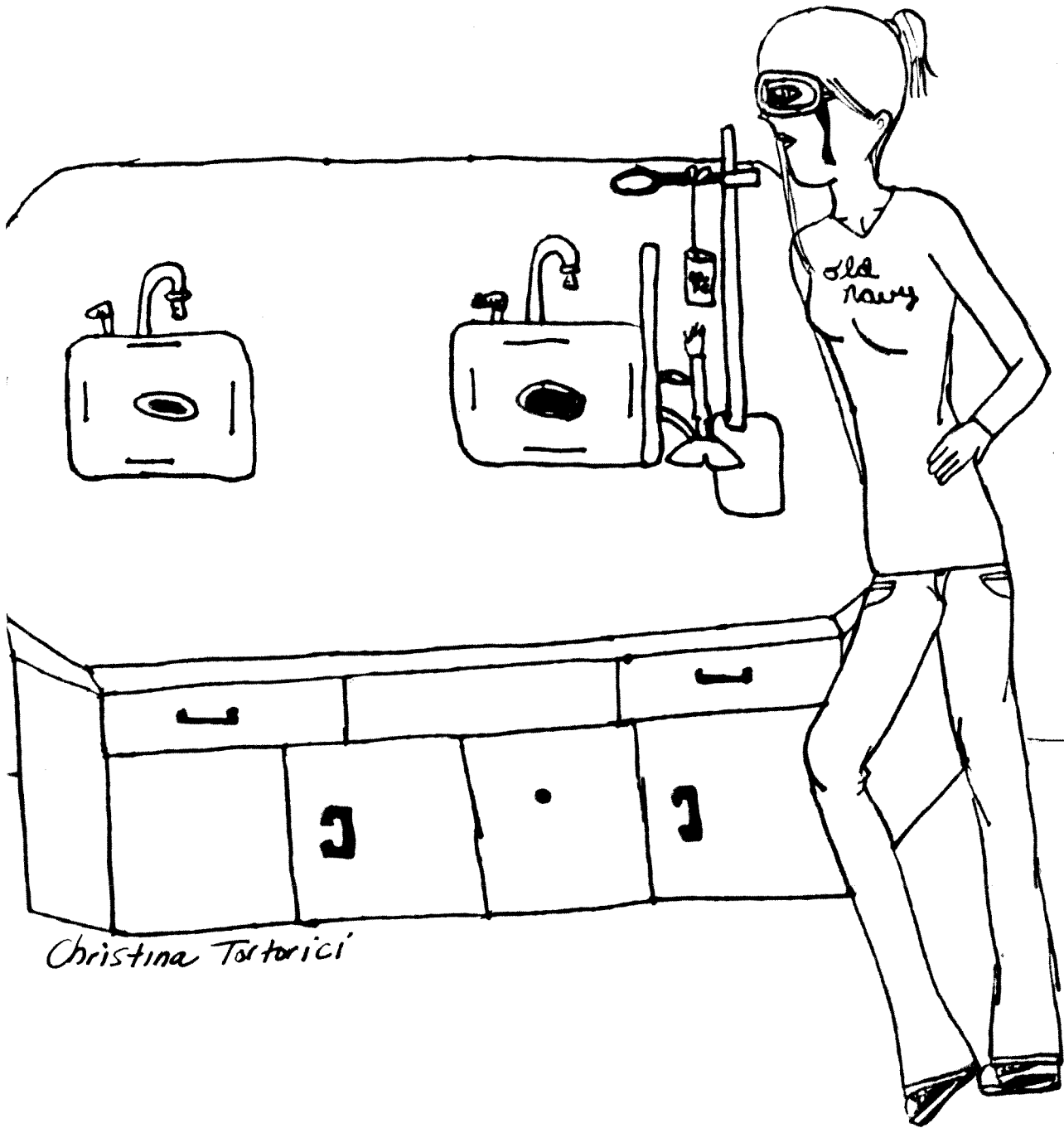


A Dark Hole to the Truth
By Austin Davoren

I sing, I laugh, but I wish people could see my real Mask,
I'm a thing, a fake, for I have no real face.
A smile, a smirk, even I'm a real jerk.
No real expression for I am just a distraction.
I tell you once, not twice. You hear me now, not later, this stays here.
Not out there, for can I trust them out there?
No this must stay here, for this is dear. Am I clear?
I must let you know that this isn't frequent to tell people my secret.



Jack
Smith



Christina Tortorici

Miss Flores
By Diana Flores

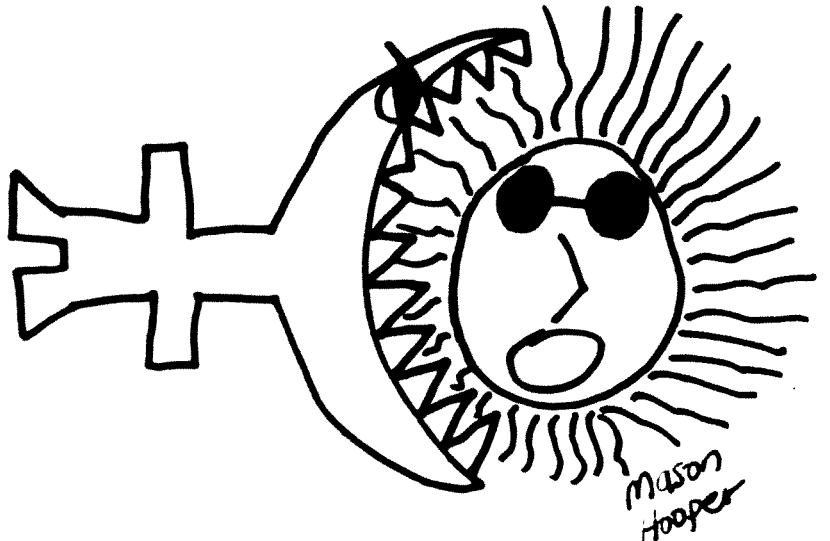
It's me, I know I'm me
But sometimes it's really hard to believe it.
I feel like I'm not here,
Like my mind is out exploring the world
And I'm stuck in this little place that I can't leave.

I've tried to prove to people who I am
The soccer girl, the Latina girl, the girl who loves music
And now I've realized I've spent so much time trying to prove to
people who I really was,
That now I'm not really sure who I am,
The girl who plays a different role every day to try and prove to
people who she is
Or the girl that lost herself trying to prove to people who she was.

I knew who I was until I started this stupid thing
All I can think not is how life could have been
If I let people think whatever they wanted about me
And lived my life the way I wanted to.
Now all I can do is answer Mr. Devorkin's science question
As he yells: "Miss Flores, I am asking you a question!! Please pay
attention!!"

Silver
By Steven Bruschi

Silver
Silver a mysterious element
Silver can be love in jewelry
Or death in weapons
If alive
A minion of gold
Not wanted
But desired by plenty



What Happens

By Brittany Swinbourne

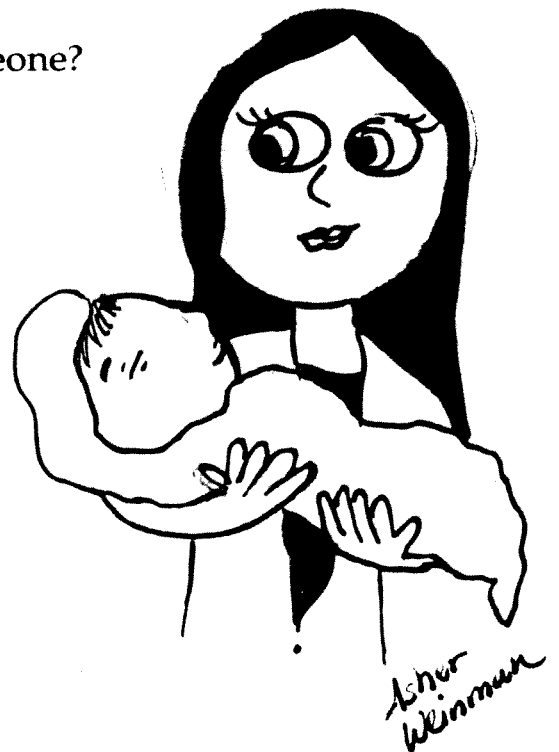
People tell you secrets
People give you advice to share
People always cheer you up
But what happens when no one is there?

What happens when you don't
Have anyone to put your head on?
When you just need someone to care
But everyone is gone?

What happens when you're angry?
You just need to calm down
But all the people are gone
They're nowhere to be found

Or when you're really happy
And you need to tell someone
You search for them and search for them
And then suddenly, you're happiness is done

So what happens when you don't have someone?
No one to talk to, no one to care
What will happen
When no one is there?



Mother's Day

By Christina Tortorel

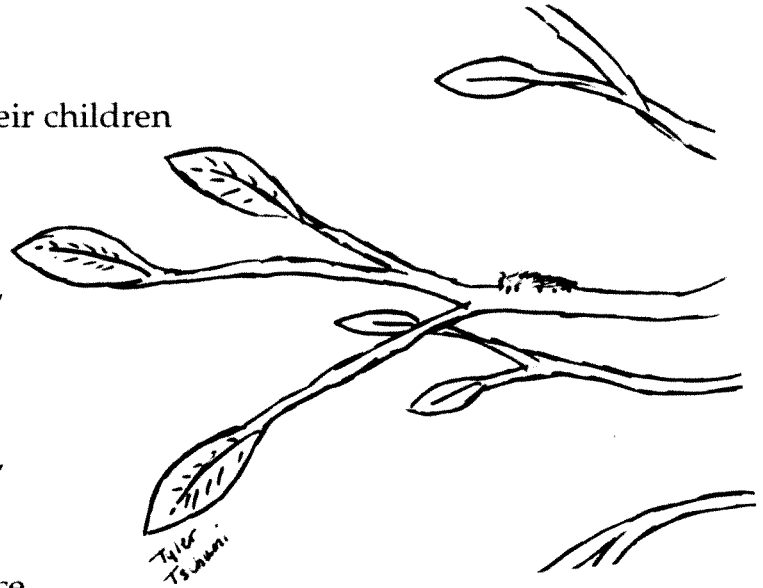
This is very special
It is mother's day!
A day devoted to mothers,
For dedicating most of their lives to their children.

It is Mother's day!
A time to say thank-you,
For dedicating most of their lives to their children
And being there though thick and thin

A time to say thank-you...
For supplying love and kindness to us,
And being there though thick and thin
We give plenty of hugs and kisses!

For supplying love and kindness to us,
And making sure we are safe
We give plenty of hugs and kisses!
Congratulating you on your appearance

And making sure we are safe
But not too much
Congratulating you on your appearance
We celebrate this day.



My Mother

By Sianna VanDyke

Your smile lights up the morning star.
No matter when or where you are.
I love you dearly this is true.
I learned everything I know from you.
Who is this person you may ask?
For their intelligence I truly bask.
This person is like no other.
This person is my mother.

Snowboarding

By Aja Lightsey

Snowboarding is a roller coaster ride at the fair.
Snow crushing under your board.
Popcorn spilled here and there.
Up and down, left and right
I am a frantic bat
Flying through the night.

The winter wind bites at my nose.
A tsunami of snow howls and blows.
I take off my boots and wiggle my toes.
Layers and layers of warm winter clothes.



We arrive at the house
And I step inside.
I walk up to my room
And in the covers I will hide.

Winter Winds

By Elizabeth Cottrell

Winter winds are icy fingers
snatching at your clothes,
cold hands against your skin
stealing all your warmth.

Old man winter is pale as snow
his long pointed nose sharp as an icicle,
and his bare tree branch fingers are scraping
at your window.

His frigid breath twirling your words as you speak them,
turning them into frosty cyclones.

Blizzard
By Lauren Apuzzo

Violent as a war,
Fast as Usain Bolt,
Excited as a mother with her baby,
The small white fairies,
Dance down to earth.

They have had a long journey,
And a cold one too.
They have slept in the clouds
And
Swam in the air.
As they reach the ground,
They meet their old friends from up above.
They play for many days,
Making houses,
Being round, fluffy balls
And keeping the ground sturdy for sleds.

Then go back home again.

Their vacation is over.

Winter
Mark Milhaven

Winter is bleak, sometimes bright;
Winter is a wolf howling in the night
Winter is fun; you can play in the snow,
Winter is ammunition that you can throw!
Winter is a freezer
Bundle up tight
Snuggle warm inside,
And have a good night

SNOW

That's COLD
yo!



Simon
Deschamps

Snow

By Elena Ingenio

When I wake up from my deep sleep,
I see the winter sky.
The clouds are grey like a donkey's fur,
Full of snow and ready to burst like a bomb.

Then I see it coming,
There it is, one at a time
A flake. A flake of white crystal.
I can catch the crystals on my tongue,
And try to watch them melt away.

The glinting crystals soon stick together,
And cover anything you can see.
Bushes are popcorn balls,
And the ponds are bowls of whipped cream.
The snow makes me feel happy,
How it dances in the air and fall so gently down to earth.
I am ready for the snow!

What is the city to me? This is the question, but I'm not quite sure how to answer it adequately. Especially when I am not a poet. A poem will be thoroughly spoiled by my being its author. Maybe... the city is noise. To some, it is comforting, to some, more annoying than not. To me, the noise is different. To me, it is not a comfort nor an annoyance, but a noise that is appreciated. Sort of- part of what the city is. Noise describes the city, is the city, consumes the city. When you go to the park with your young cousins, it is full of other yelling, running kids. Almost like every child has been multiplied into many. Maybe that is what the city is. Your home country town just multiplied to the gargantuaness of the city. The city is just a place where your feelings are always changing about it- the noise, the lights, the sights. The city is always changing to you, and you may never know the truth about the city, the way you feel about it- how it consumes you.

By Madlson Carroll

I was gorgeous back then. I was frosty pink with a cool vibe that comes from living in a freezer. Tiers of soft-serve strawberry ice cream gave me my curves and to top it off I had rainbow sprinkles here and there. I was a good looking cone, but my story is a sad one. Like the popular saying goes "only the good die young."

My beauty was short lived. A large tan colored monster with five tentacles grabbed my lower body, the cone. At the end of every tentacle was a bright, hot-pink scale with sparkles on it. The monster appeared to be a hand and the tentacles were fingers. The fingers wrapped around my cone and I knew I would be heading nowhere good and there was nothing I could do about it.

The hand glided me over towards a clear window. The other tan monster slid the window and an invisible force hit me! I could not see what I was but a wave of heat radiated on me. It was like I aged into an old woman. My sprinkles drooped and sagged a little like an old lady's wrinkles. I knew I would eventually look like this, like an old hag, but I never thought it would happen so soon and quickly!

I was handed through the window and the rays of heat kept hitting me but there was something worse...

I saw it! It was the face of evil, danger, and harm. Standing at three feet eight inches, maybe a little shorter because of the brown pigtails, it was my worst nightmare. Her eyes twinkled when she saw I was her victim. She licked her cherry Chapstick covered lips and smiled. She just muttered "Thank you", but to me it was as loud and clear as a battle cry.

I was in her clutches now and there was no way in the world I could escape (even if I had legs). I gazed into her mouth. Little crooked white squares lined her little mouth. The warm breath hit me hard and I felt my right side dribble and drip onto her sneakers from the heat. I was pulled towards it and in my head all I heard was the *Jaws* music getting louder as I drew near.

The pink tsunami tongue came out of the cave-like mouth. It did the wave and being torturous it circled around the top of my head. My curvy top that was so perfect was now flattened like a twister roared over it. Realizing it was over I relaxed and sighed. But it then caught me off guard and smacked my left side. Now, I was asymmetrical and I could not feel that side.

This left the inside of the ice cream exposed to the sun. Already in a terrible condition, I was undeniably in pure torture. My sprinkles ran down my sides and a few drops of strawberry goodness fell on to the little girl's T-shirt.

Then the mouth took on an entirely different tactic. From the top of me I was entirely engulfed in the lair of the pink tsunami with teeth standing around in rows like military personnel. Just as the gateway-like lips closed, I thought, "Only the good die yo..."

By Cora Butler

ICE CREAM



I Am From...

By Asha-Marle Morgan

I am from broken hearts that will cry.
I am from tears everywhere and I don't know why.

I am from backstabbing friends everywhere.
I am from everything not always being fair.

I am from stopping and thinking which makes me cry.
I am from never understanding why.

I am from loitering in the hallway with my loud voice.
I am from being happy because it's my choice.

I am from getting in arguments everyday.
I am having to read the book *The Cay*.

I am from playing my D.S. all night long.
I am from getting up every morning at the crack of dawn.

I am from love in my heart and love in my soul.
I am from on Christmas having my stocking full of coal.

I am from teachers hounding me, on my back.
I am from guys always trying to slack.

I am from listening to Lil' Wayne.
I am from almost having to use a cane.

I am from loving Michael S____i.
I am from eating ravioli.

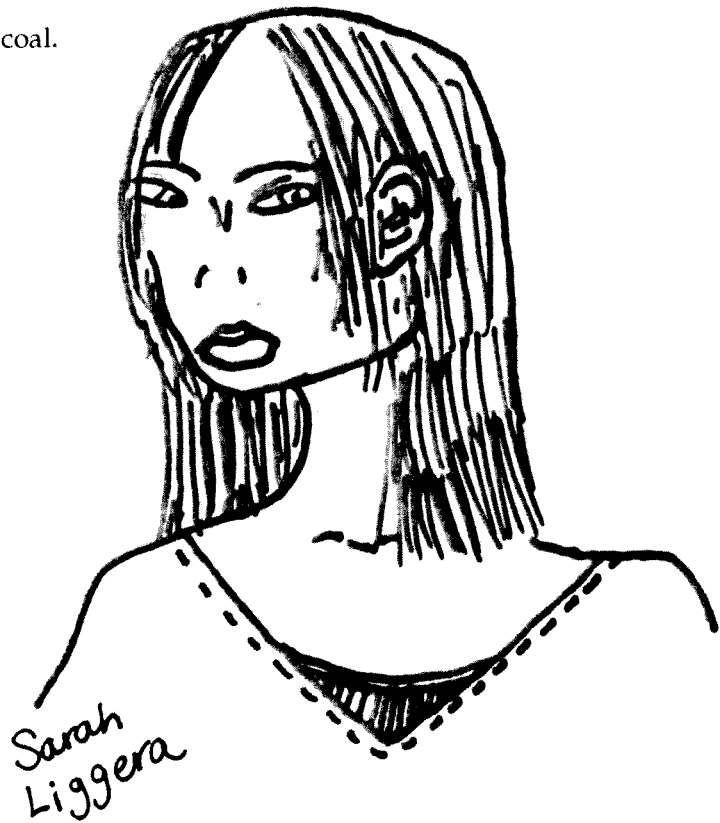
I am from each day speaking French.
I am from sitting at the park on the bench.

I am from hating social studies.
I am from having the best buddies.

I am from admiring Barack Obama.
I am from never using a comma.

I am from loving the snow.
I am from hating the wind blow.

I am from this writing poem.
I am from my house, my family, and my home.



I Am From...

By Jennica Rose D'Angelo Cochrane

I am from New Paltz, a place I like.
I am from a town to be embarrassed to ride my bike.

I am from a home where music is my passion.
I am from a school where I create my own fashion.

I am from a time of pain, where my fingers get tired.
I am from playing the guitar when I'm hyper and wired.

I am from a dream to be a rock star.
I am from a mind that only thinks about guitar.

I am from people's hearts that keep getting colder.
I am from a world of HATERS that I brush off my shoulder.

I am from an envy of a garage band.
I am from a colorful, beautiful, musical land.

I am from a habit of acting nonchalant.
I am from a household where I don't get what I want.

I am from a HUGE Italian family.
I am from myself who tries to be smiley.

I am from listening to music that idk.
I am from stretch reading where I bother Bo.

I am from a place of hurrying to grow up.
I am from acting like Raechelle and stealing her favorite coffee cup.

I am from hanging out with Shanalee.
I am from only cracking up when she is with me.

I am from hours of practicing a guitar solo.
I am from making sure it's right so that everyone will know.

I am from a time of sadness and holding in my tears.
I am from not crying, because its one of my greatest fears.

I am from a face full of acne, a flaw I come across.
I am from a conviction of taking directions from moss.

I am from a house full of ghosts that watch me when I sleep.
I am from a heart that's loving and caring and deep.

I am from acting like myself, not depending on who I see.
I am from doing what I do and just being me.

I Am From...

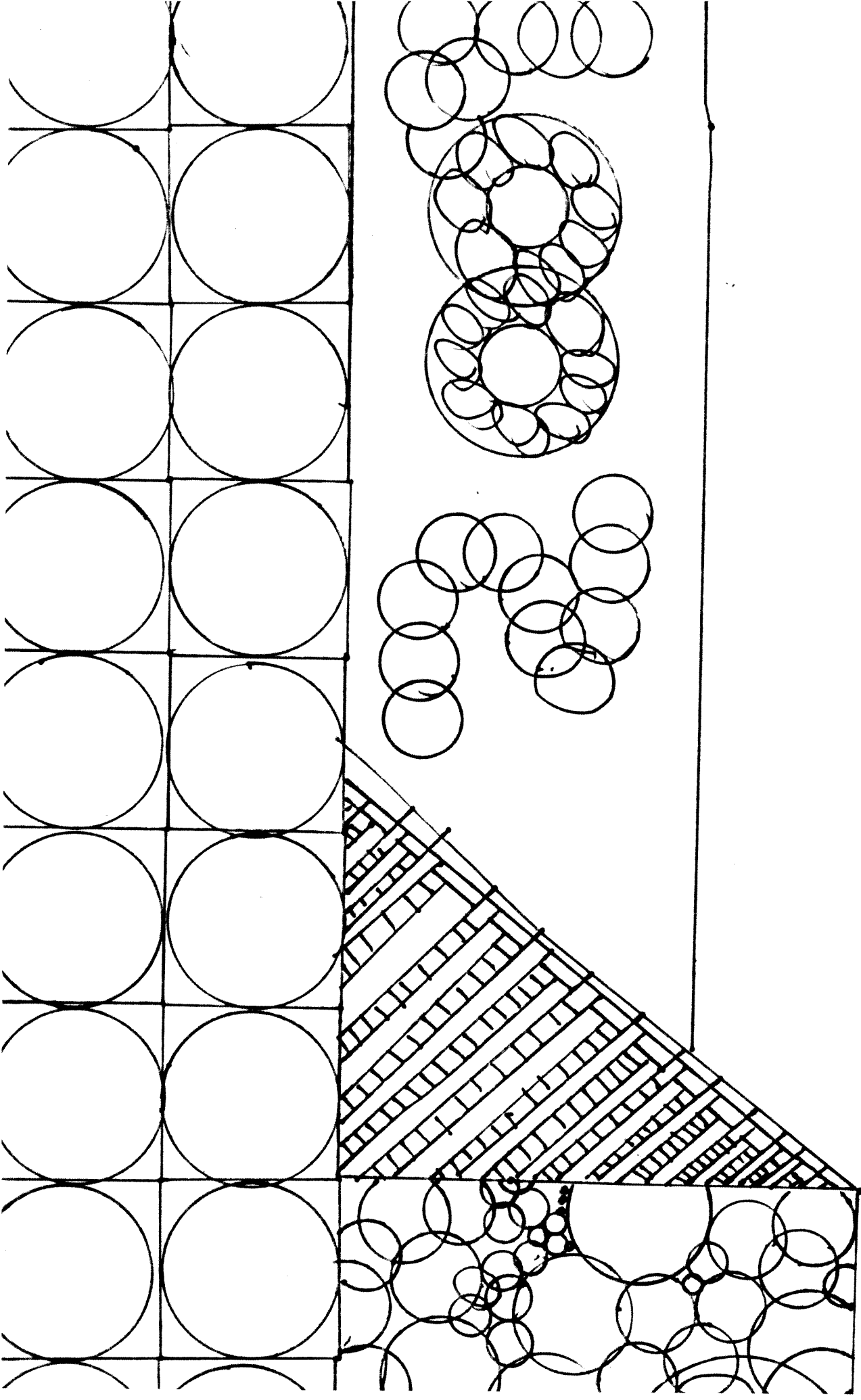
By Katelyn Curcio

I am from arachnophobia and fear of stray hairs,
I am from a big loving family that cares.
I am from a big white house and a cozy bed.
I am from brothers and sisters that are going to wed.
I am from a disease in my lungs, to finding a cure,
I am from handing in essays and always feeling insecure.
I am from a big loving Italian family,
I am from always loving my big brother Sammy.
I am from babysitting and dog walking.
I am from big hugs and lots of talking.
I am from AIM and cell phones,
I am from being with my cuz and looking for stones.
I am from working hard and making the volleyball game,
I am from many generations of Curcios but we're all not the same.
I am from port-a-potties and soccer games,
I am from chillin' with my friends and making up funny names.
I am from playing with my family and friends,
I am from being on AIM which never ends.
I am from talking walks with my big sister,
I am from playing games with my siblings like Twister.
I am from staying home and being sick in bed,
I am from cooking with my mom and making bread.
I am from baking all day and picking my favorite cookie,
I am from sitting in front of the TV and watching my favorite movie,

Rookie.

I am from having great adventures,
I am from helping my grandmother with her dentures.
I am from chillin' at middle school on a Saturday,
I am from being in school and wanting to get out and play.
I am from loving my favorite Christmas movie,
I am from watching *Family Guy* and seeing my favorite character,
Stewie.

I am from being a good girl and never getting involved in crimes,
I am from a wonderful family and always cherishing the fun times.



Jorge Flores

I Am From...

By Melissa Jean Rizzi

I am from always being caught in the middle of dramas,
I am from being lazy in my Spongbob pajamas.
I am from AIM, Photobucket, and MySpace.
I am from never leaving the house without makeup on my face.
I am from living my life to the fullest because I'm afraid of dying.
I am from separated parents keeping me crying.
I am from my brother being the father figure in my life.
I am from hyperactivity, laughing, and moving.
I am from techno-music and grooving.
I am from a world where music says it all.
I am from shopping with my friends at the mall.
I am from all the colors in the rainbow.
I am from a world full of drugs were I say no.
I am from long nights talking on the phone with Andrew.
I am from wanting to say I love you, not knowing how to.
I am from a world where my attention span is zero.
I am from living my life playing Guitar Hero.
I am from being part Italian, Lithuanian, and French.
I am from going to Majestic Park, relaxing on the bench.
I am from having inside jokes with my best friend.
I am from wearing the newest trend.
I am from playing video games with my brother.
I am living a life only having a mother.
I am from moving house to house.
I am from wishing Leonardo DiCaprio was my spouse.
I am from a world not being able to live without a cell phone.
I am from dreaming of an everlasting ice cream cone.
I am from days of being nothing but lazy.
I am from being myself, which is wild and crazy.

I Am From...

By Jamie Ferrante

I am from laughter on the beach.
I am from growing up and wanting to teach.

I am from AIM, Youtube, and MySpace.
I am from everyday putting makeup in my face.

I am from doing nothing but playing sports.
I am from working hard on school reports.

I am from Abercrombie, Hollister, and American Eagle.
I am from being at the beach and chasing a seagull.

I am from always choosing Converse as the shoes to wear.
I am from sometimes taking time to straighten my hair.

I am from New Paltz Cinema every Saturday night.
I am from watching my baby cousins and never letting them out of my sight.

I am from eating with my family ever Tuesday night.
I am from watching scary movies and having a fright.

I am from listening to music on my bed.
I am from hating to read cause it hurts my head.

I am from always being sleepy during the day.
I am from trying to catch a fish in the bay.

I am from always shopping at the mall.
I am from during softball always hitting the ball.

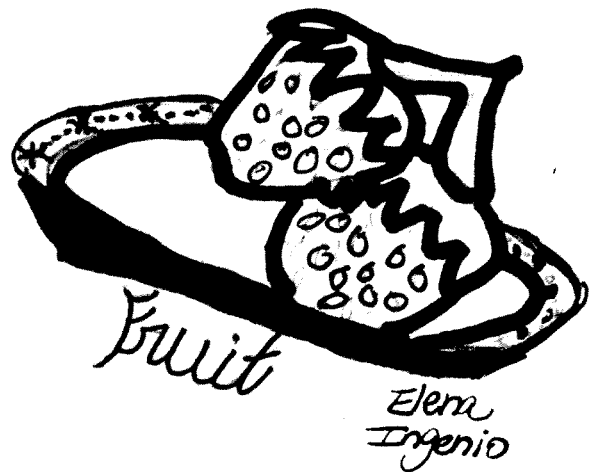
I am from always using a pencil.
I am from always using the finest utensil.

I am from putting my hair in a ponytail.
I am from hoping to never, ever go to jail.

I am from watching my brothers wrestling match.
I am from taking care of my cats.

I am from talking a lot.
I am from never eating my bananas after they rot.

I am from choosing New Paltz as a place to live.
I am from being me and having lots of love to give.



I Am From...

By Nick Cea

I am from living my life, playing my guitar,
I am from going to concerts and seeing bands from afar.

I am from playing Call of Duty, Guitar Hero, and Rock Band,
I am from living alone from where I stand.

I am from wearing Zumies, to Jordans, to Converse,
I am from doing things that make them go from bad to worse.

I am from editing pictures and images on Photoshop,
I am from living my life with my dad being a cop.

I am from having a loving, adoring family,
I am from having two dogs that complete me.

I am from living a life with an Italian heritage,
I am from eating all the pasta out of the fridge.

I am from being in school and having lots of friends,
I am from having a lot of personalities and trends.

I am from having a boring life at home,
I am from being scared at night when I am home alone.

I am from laying in my bed and listening to my iPod,
I am from visiting my friend who lives in Cape Cod.

I am from writing songs, and not knowing what to say,
I am from putting my entire favorite CD's in array.

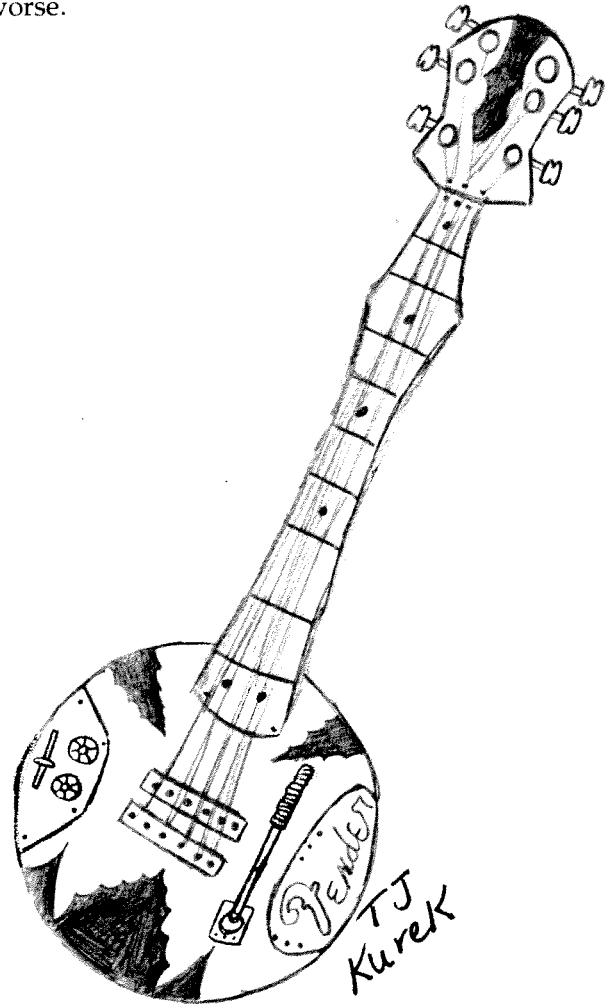
I am from living in a household totally unfair,
I am from watching movies that give me a scare.

I am from texting LOL, to OMG,
I am from standing alone and being me.

I am from having my life, saving up cash,
I am from hiding it all away in my secret stash.

I am from playing Xbox with my BFF, Will,
I am from always yelling at him when he steals my kill.

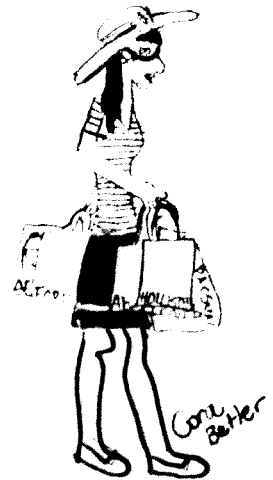
I am from living life, and living it right,
I am from being me, day and night.



I Am From...

By Aneasa Nugent

I am from daydreaming and liking boys.
I am from not letting them control me like toys.
I am from Kiss, Kiss and Take You Down.
I am from loving and admiring Chris Brown.
I am from shopping until I cannot walk.
I am from chit chatting until I can no longer talk.
I am from worrying about my fashion.
I am from believing it's my passion.
I am from talking in class until I get in trouble.
I am from chewing gum in class but hiding my bubble.
I am from having fun all the time until I cannot stop.
I am from falling in love with hip-hop.
I am from having my birthday in July.
I am from believing that I am so fly.
I am from loving the radio but not the TV.
I am from liking Mike V.
I am from always wearing my smile.
I am from walking the mile.
I am from liking the color red.
I am from chilling in my bed.
I am from putting gel in my hair.
I am from hugging my family like a bear.
I am from putting lip-gloss on everyday.
I am from telling Jerome to stay away.
I am from telling Tyler M and Jerome to put on some lotion.
I am from making a love potion.
I am from hanging out with my friends.
I am from going into my friends' lockers and taking their pens.
I am from getting up in the morning and putting on South Pole.
I am from having a great soul.
I am from a world where I wish my family happiness and good health.
I am from living my life and being myself.



I Am From...

By **Angie Hernandez**

I am from sadness taking over, crying long nights,
I am from arguing with girls and getting into fights.

I am from loving my haters to living my life,
I am from a world that is filled with great strife.

I am from Lil' Wayne, Plies, and T-Pain,
I am from teaching myself to deal with the pain.

I from Bachata, Salsa, and Reggaeton,
I am from telling my brothers to leave me alone.

I am from staying up late and partying all night,
I am from being too short and wondering about my height.

I am from going from laughter to tears,
I am from hating choices made up in here.

I am from wishing I was in your arms so you can hold me tight,
I am from wishing I could hug you all night.

I am from not taking attitude from anyone,
I am from solving my problems until they are all done.

I am from having brothers that always snitch,
I am from not liking to go shopping at Abercrombie and Fitch.

I am from having the coolest pens,
I am from having the coolest trends.

I am from telling my friends watz poppin',
I am from going to the mall to go shopping.

I am from going on a date on Friday night,
I am from never backing down from a fight.

I am from listening to music to going online,
I am from MySpace and talking to boys that are fine.

I am from Puerto Rico and having pride,
I am from losing a friend it hurt so bad, I cried.

I am from waiting for the last minute to study so I cram,
I am from loving my life to loving the way I am.

Shakespeare.



*Tamara
Tasker*

I Am From...

By Monica McCagg

I am from a family who doesn't get along.
I am from turning my head to show them they're wrong.
I am from every morning doing my hair.
I am from eating fruits, like my favorite is the pear.
I am from loving to laugh and smile.
I am from clothes all over my room in a pile.
I am from having a brother who plays too many video games.
I am from every summer flying on planes.
I am from having fire red hair.
I am from going to the ocean and breathing in the fresh air.
I am from having my birthday in June.
I am from always listening to a tune.
I am from having a pet named Swimmy; he is a fish.
I am from a world where sometimes all I do is wish.
I am from loving the color green.
I am from listening to my mother telling me to clean.
I am from being lazy.
I am from when I'm at my house going crazy.
I am from staying in bed under my blanket on a winter day.
I am from hating when the day is so boring and gray.
I am from loving my room to be so light and bright.
I am from having a hamster which no longer bites.
I am from skipping school going to Great Escape.
I am from Yankee games where I wear my Derek Jeter cap.
I am from my cousin moving away.
I am from every winter riding on a sleigh.
I am from Melissa and I, taking bananas from the old lady.
I am from liking Green Bay because they have Tom Brady.
I am from being allergic to Penicillin and getting a hive.
I am from just being Monica McCagg and loving to be alive.

The Story of Castle Butterworth

By Hunter Logan

Once there was a Lord named Frank Pancake XI. He lived in the land of Syrup on the continent of Breakfast in the year of 864 A.D. His Knight, Sir Frances Maple, reported to him that the rebellious land of Waffle, to the west, was going to invade Syrup. Lord Pancake told the King of his Knight's findings. The king ordered Lord Pancake to build a castle named Butterworth on the border as a defense. Thousands of masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and laborers were called to the building site. It was the fastest castle ever to be built, only one year.

By 865 A.D., the nation of Waffle had made many allies including Egg, Bacon, Pink, Syrup, Cereal, Toast, and Purple. Syrup and its allies made additions to the castle to suit knights from all the nations. They prepared for war with archers, horses, and knights. They were called from every corner of the realm.

By 866 A.D. an incredible thing happened. A plague struck the lands of Waffle, Egg, Bacon, and Pink. Their forces fell ill with the plague and were too weak for battle. Yet, all the knights were still at Lord Pancake's castle. So what do you do when you have hundred of knights from five nations at one castle? A joust! The knights then prepared for the event. After almost three weeks of jousting, there were two knights left in the tournament: A knight from Syrup named Sir Bagel and the knight Lord Butter from the land of Toast. Sadly, they never found out who would have won for the plague had traveled to the castle. People were sick and dying until everyone from Breakfast was dead. When there was nobody left, the plague destroyed the land. So until this day, no one knows where this land of Breakfast ever existed.



Elena
Ingenio

Dear Prudence
By Sarah Stamberg

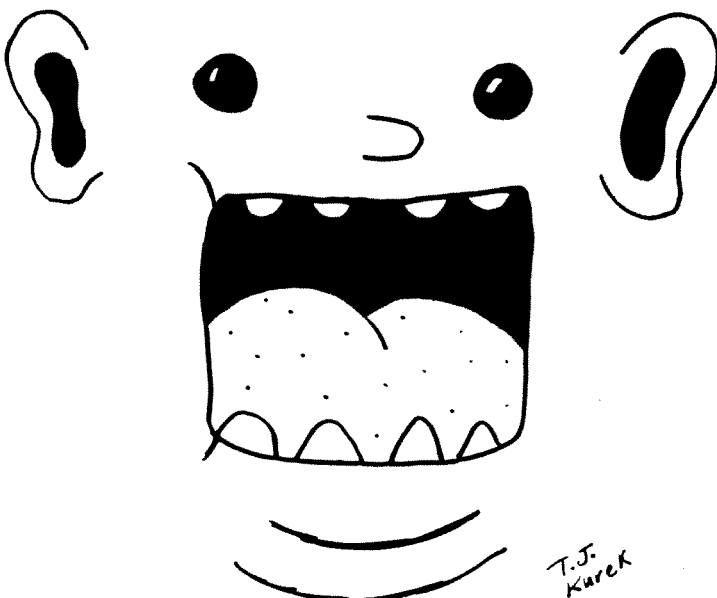
Black as night,
Runs like the wind,
Mouth of a bear,
Gives a loving stare.

Playful as a kitten,
Takes any challenge,
Guardian of the house,
My loyal companion,
My dear Prudence.



The cat
The old, metal cat that
Had not sat in a hat
Looked very happy.
Its wise whiskers were
Intricately carved upon its face,
And her eyes looked very glazed.
And, also, her smile-
It stretched for a mile
As the content cat sat
And looked over her habitat.

By Max Satter



My Cat
By Mitchell Rifkind

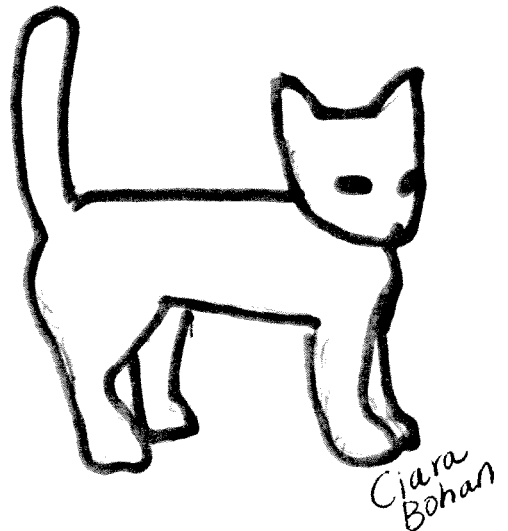
My cat is now dead.
She had a tumor in her head.
She's now surrounded by a casket made of lead,
Resting in the woods, horizontally to my bed.

Blzmo the Cat
Ben Denno

He was old
And he was sad
But the facts unfold
And we felt bad.

He lived so long
He was so strong
We thought he'd live forever
But he did not get better.

His long life shows
That everybody knows
Everyone must die
It was time to say goodbye



Macaroni and Cheese

By Richard Harrison

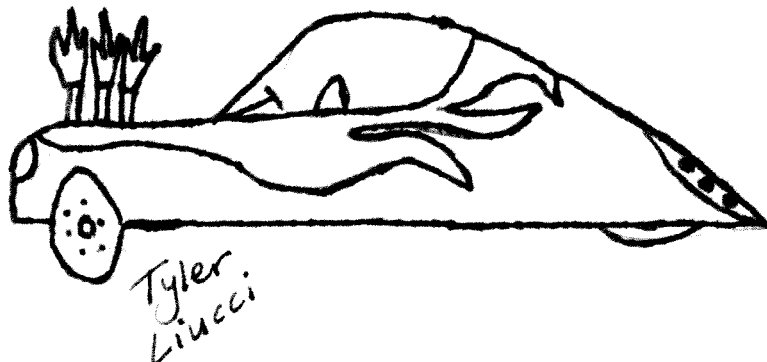
Baked macaroni and cheese
So tasty and cheesy
Boiling the macaroni and mixing it with cheese
Putting it in the oven and letting it bake

So tasty and cheesy
When you put it in your mouth and bite down
Putting it in the oven and letting it bake
Taking it out of the oven and smelling the ooey gooey cheese

When you put it in your mouth and bite down
You taste the delicious macaroni and cheese
Taking it out of the oven and smelling the ooey gooey cheese
The macaroni and cheese looking so delicious, tasty, and fresh

You taste the delicious macaroni and cheese
Sharing out your own macaroni and cheese feeling independent
The macaroni and cheese looking so delicious, tasty, and fresh
Taking the first bite of the macaroni and cheese so cheesy

Sharing out your own macaroni and cheese feeling independent
Smelling all the cheese covered on top of the macaroni
Taking the first bite of the macaroni and cheese so very cheesy
Finishing your last bite and headed for your next plate



My Sanctuary

By Paul James Knoth

"How glorious a greeting the sun gives the mountain." ~John Muir

This quote says to me the sun is shining on the mountain brings out its true colors. A

Sanctuary is a place that helps me unwind, relax, and rinse away the troubles of the hectic everyday world. My Sanctuary is a beach filled with fresh blue water and a sandy beach that goes on for miles and miles. The beach is located near a small village to the north. I am sitting on a gray shale rock staring out at the endless ocean. The salty sea air is brushing up against my face. I can almost taste the salt. A light mist yet again dances over my clothes. The light wind blows on. At my Sanctuary I feel peace and serenity, calmness, and composure. I wouldn't have it any other way.

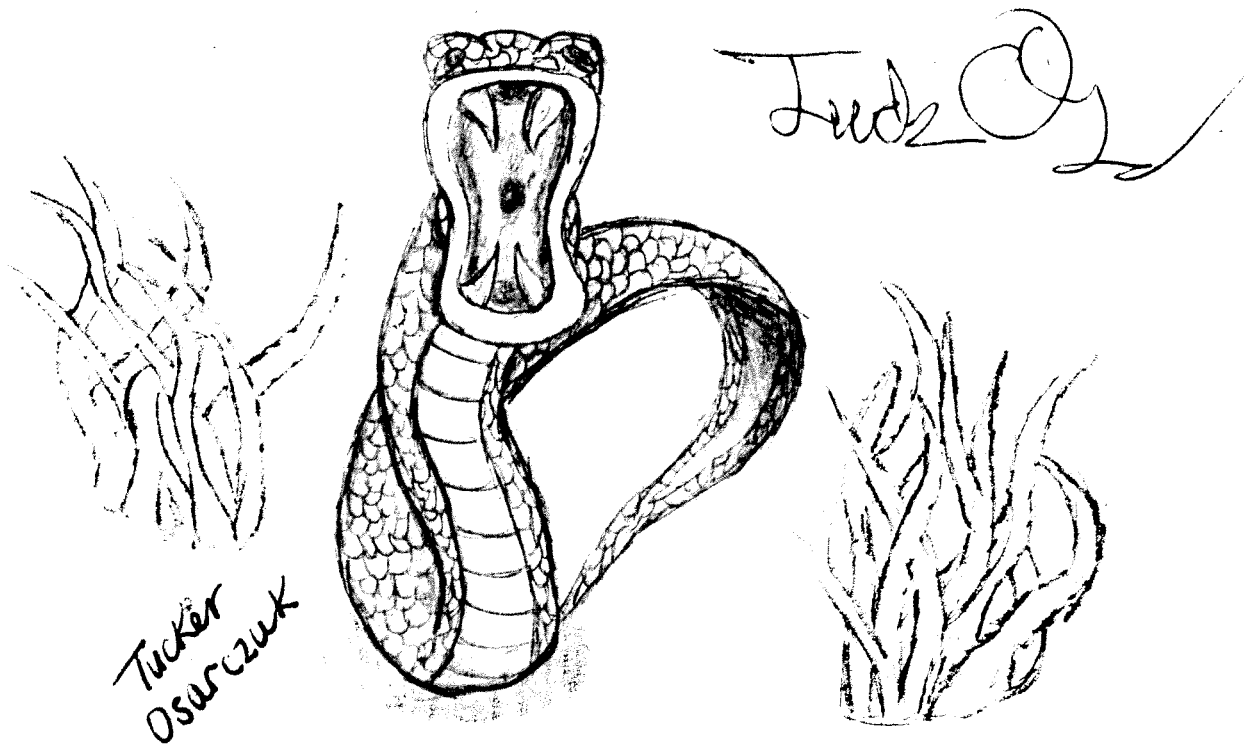
Sanctuary

By John O'Donnell

"How glorious a greeting the sun gives the mountain." ~John Muir

This quote by John Muir shows beauty of the sun shining on the mountains.

My Sanctuary is a fort in my backyard, on the side of the hill. I go there after a long day. I love my Sanctuary, I like to unwind there. Outside my Sanctuary are weeds, lots of them, and trees. When the wind blows, the leaves gradually fall off the trees. Animals run by a lot and sometimes you see squirrels fighting over a nut. You can hear their little feet, "pitter, patter, pitter, patter." I always smell pine and dying leaves. When I am inside the rough walls always scratch me. Sometimes I stay out so long I bring a good snack to eat, like an apple. I wish I could stay there all day. I love to just sit down and look at nature. My fort is a peaceful Sanctuary. It is close to my house and I feel safe. I look forward to going there everyday, so I can unwind and relax. Everyone should have a Sanctuary.



Life is a black vulture
With sanguine glowing eyes,
The satin black feathers
Are pure deathly cries.

Life keeps swirling in the sky
Its eyes are becoming dim.
It can go down anytime,
With little of a whim.

Life waits for you to move
Make the slightest mistake,
Life will fly away in the haze
You'll feel deaths cold, icy embrace.

By Ananthan Ajit

Treasures

By Tamara Tasker

It clicks and clacks when it smacks on the floor.
It may roll out the door.
If I was in Norway I would go to the store.
But other than that, it is a collectable forever more.

The Key

By Deron Dixon

The tall door stands in the way
The puzzle piece was the last part
It's hard and shiny with bronze coloring
It shines like a penny
The door opens

The cute dark and light
green frog sat on a log
with flies bugging by
the tongue goes out
and one by one catching
each one
the frog now full reaches
to the cool, still water
now he is lunch
to someone else.

By Shelby Vitarius



Reilly
Weinstein

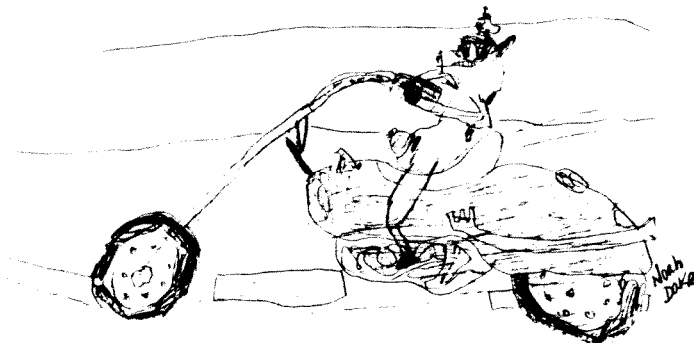
I strapped them on,
Nice and tight.
I click-clacked down the hall,
Approaching a fun night.
With the golden-metallic, texture-less material,
Rubbing repeatedly against my toes and feet.
And my sleek black dressy dress,
My French-braided hair, the color of luscious wheat.
Still clicking and clacking
Like a rhythmic horse.
Strutting down another hall,
But letting my smooth, elegant shoes, this time, lead my course.

By Morgan DeSimone

Stones

By Daniel Talbert

They lay in front of me
Shining in the light
The vibrant colors glistening
Smooth and small
Could taste like sweet hard crunchy candy
Polished by the ocean floor



Losing Hammy

Morgan DeSimone

Hammy was a dear little friend,
One that keeps you company.
She stuffed, and stuffed, and stuffed her cheeks,
And the rest she stuffed in her tummy.
But Hammy was more than a fat little hamster
She was actually quite interesting.
She'd roll around in her pink plastic ball,
Until one day, when Hammy stopped playing.
I found her so tragic,
Curled up in a ball,
In the corner of her cage,
And Hammy was gone!
I'll never forget that little rodent,
She'll always be in my heart.
Losing Hammy was very upsetting,
Because I loved her from the start.



The Mudd

Josh Towers

The Muddy Cup is a great place to be.
It's good to just chill with your buddy.
If you want to just sit down there's no fee.
The place isn't really all that muddy.

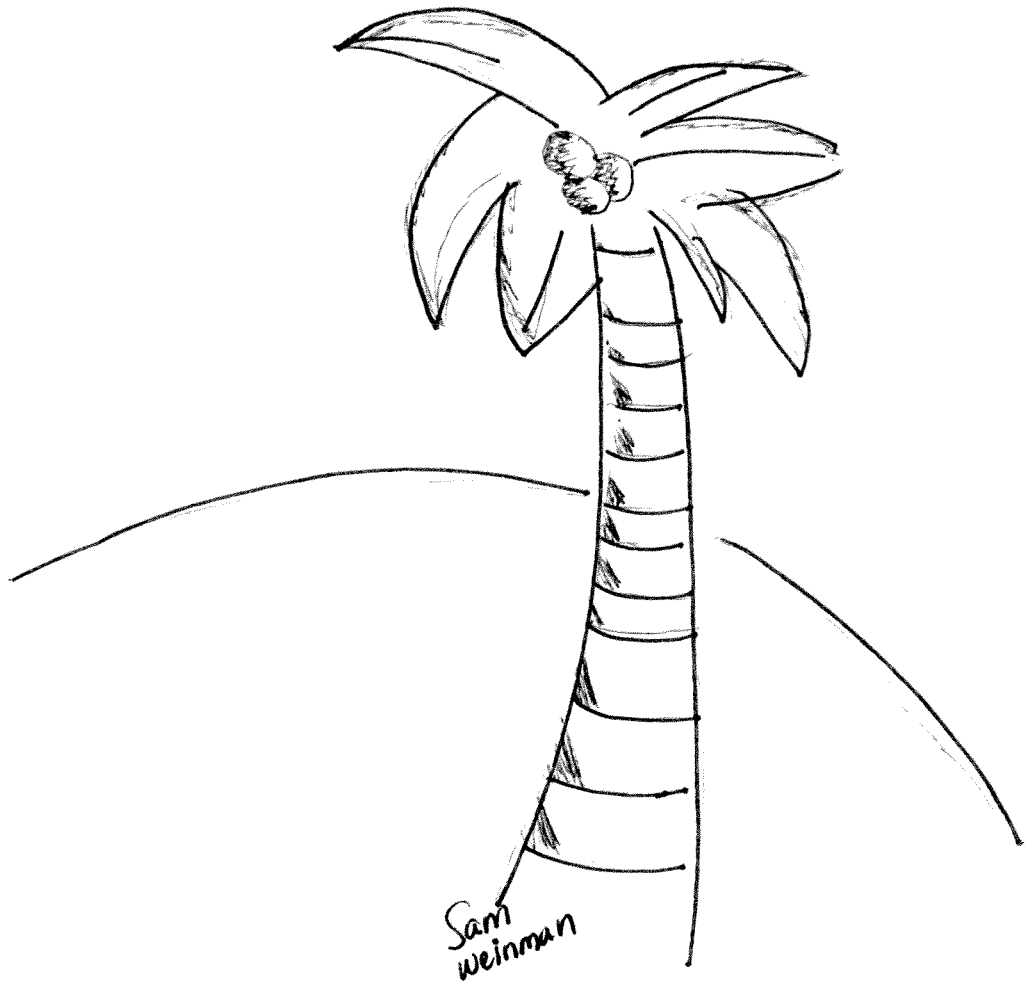
Every Friday night they stage a rock band.
Everyone, even the homeless, get to rock out for free.
It's the greatest place in the whole land.
Where you can just sit there and be.
All the employees give you a hand.
They especially like hanging around me.

No matter what, this place is great.
No other place comes close.
You can come with family, friends, or a mate.
But not if you have no clothes.

Ocean City

By Chase Sarvis

The waves
Crashing
Down
On boogie
Boarders
Screaming
With terror
And fun
The smell
Of the
Amazing
Pizza
And
Burgers
Tourists
Saying
"Oh my, so big"
The
Sight of
Boats flying
By in the
Ocean
The smell
Of the salty
Air
Blowing on
Our face
Fun! Fun!
FUN!



Beach

By Deron Dixon

The ocean made a "swoosh".
We shuffled through the sand.
The kids played, the people tanned.
You can smell the salt.
Feel the hot sand between your toes
And the hot sun on your back.
Ouch! You're burned!
Now you have to go home.

Once the home of a clam, covered in sand, fresh out of the salt water
Listen closely, the faint sound of the ocean.
It traveled far. See what I have in my hand?
What a beautiful clam!
What happened? Where is your other half?
O clam! You must be cold without your jacket.

By Dylan Rauch

Yellow and gold
Sitting on a beach
Tastes like salt
Smooth and sharp
Rough and ridged
Sitting on a beach
In the sand
SHELL!

By Sydney Bennett

Here it comes
The roaring wave
The wave I've been waiting for
To take me in
Here I go
I get on my board
My cousins lined next to me
Hold my breath
1 2 3
Whoosh
I look up speeding on top of
The racing waters.
I see the brown peeking out at me.
I look back at my cousins with not much luck.
I get up to feel the sand squeezed between my delicate toes.
Here I go again

By Liana Glaser

Ocean
By Lilly Vargyas

Ocean.

That soft, calming word,
So beautiful, and familiar, yet so
unknown.

Ocean.

The terrifying sound
and feeling of the waves
crashing over you and
knowing you'll never surface
again.

Ocean.

A place of serenity,
and of war, my
best friend and my worst
enemy.

Ocean.

The soft, comforting massage,
and the dizzying crashing pain
temptress of the
world
Ocean.