

Patriot Prose



2019-2020

WE WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE THE 2019-2020 EDITION OF PATRIOT PROSE TO

MRS. BEHLING

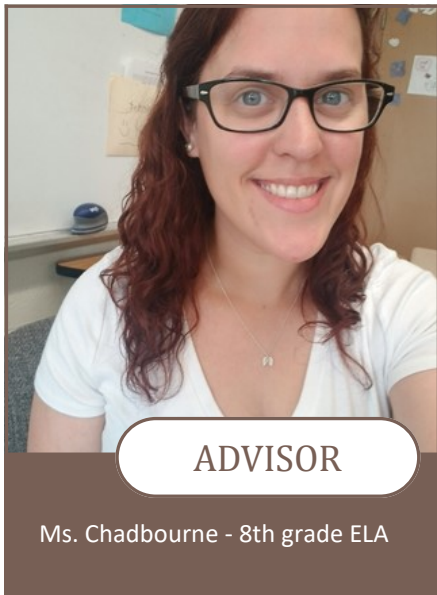


THANK YOU FOR INSPIRING OUR STUDENTS AND STAFF
EVERY DAY WITH YOUR POSITIVE SPIRIT AND SMILE.

~

“STAY GOLD”

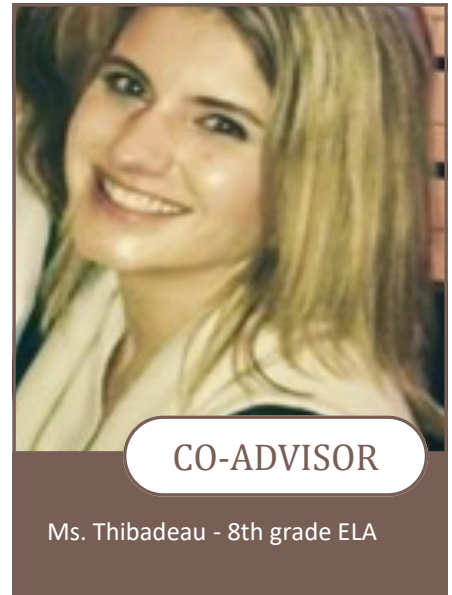




ADVISOR

Ms. Chadbourne - 8th grade ELA

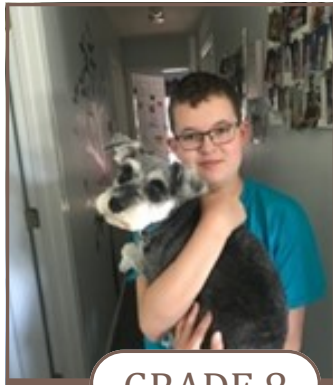
Faculty Advisors



CO-ADVISOR

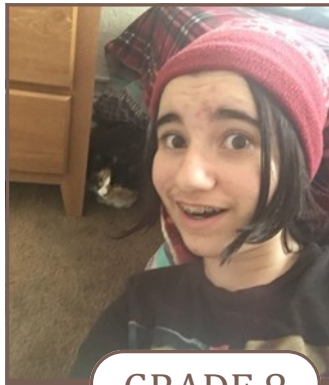
Ms. Thibadeau - 8th grade ELA

Student Members



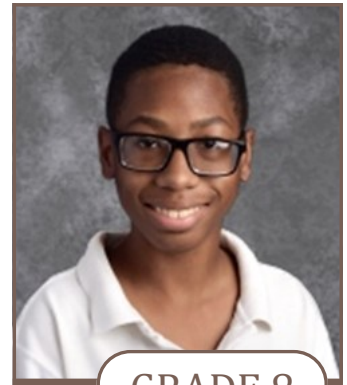
GRADE 8

Mason Fontaine



GRADE 8

Shannon Collins



GRADE 8

Andrew Alverio



GRADE 7

Ayla Peterson



GRADE 7

Aubrey Lathrop



GRADE 6

Natalie Wallet

Special thanks to 8th grader, Jessica Guzman, for her winning cover page design!

The Connecticut Writing Project

THE CONNECTICUT WRITING PROJECT (CWP)

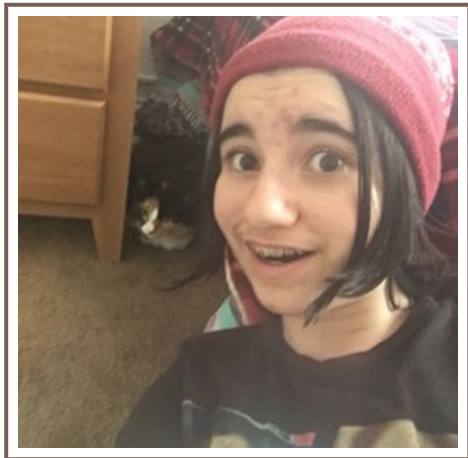
The CWP-Storrs, one of the oldest sites of the National Writing Project, was established at the University of Connecticut in 1982. Since 1986, the site has benefitted from funding from the [Aetna Endowed Chair of Writing](#). Through its annual Invitational Summer Institute, the CWP offers opportunities for professional growth to teachers in all disciplines who recognize the worth of using writing as a means of learning any subject matter. Improving writing skills improves thinking skills and thus leads to higher levels of achievement in all areas. In addition, the CWP offers professional development services to schools and school districts, and a variety of opportunities for students to publish their writing.

MISSION STATEMENT

The National Writing Project (NWP) is a professional development network that serves teachers of writing at all grade levels, primary through university, and in all subjects. The [mission](#) of the NWP is to improve student achievement by improving the teaching of writing and improving learning in the nation's schools.

- Source: <https://cwp.uconn.edu/overview/>

The JFK Creative Writing Club was lucky enough to have two of its members recognized for their submissions to the CWP!



Shannon Collins

Silver Award

“One More Lap”



Ayla Peterson

Honorable Mention

“Run”

"One More Lap"

Silver Award – CT Writing Project

By: Shannon Collins, Grade 8



“Run”

Honorable Mention - CT Writing Project

By: Ayla Peterson, Grade 7

I could hear my heart in my ears, pounding out of chest. My breath made puffs of white in the cold, night air. I ran as fast as possible, avoiding branches and rocks on the ground. Her voice floated through the air, soft and light. It made the situation even more terrifying. It took everything I had to keep running, but soon, it wasn't enough. I hid behind a tree, not daring to breath. I heard twigs snap as she got closer. She giggled. "Come out Elana." a shiver shook my body upon hearing my name. Once my heart rate went back to normal, I jumped from my hiding spot and took off running. The girls footsteps sped up. I couldn't believe this. My mind became clouded, but when a large rock landed next to me, survival was the only thing in my head.

I sprinted even faster, just trying to find a way to get out of this alive. She laughed again, this time it had an edge to it, something I could go a lifetime without hearing ever again, if I had that long. However, things got even stranger. My panting was the only thing filling the silence. She had disappeared. I fell back against an old log cabin. The wood creaked with my weight. I cringed, but the silence remained. I took out my phone and looked through my contacts. I knew I should call my mother, but she had already been taken. It was only an hour ago, I remember her scream when she was caught, the smile on the child's face. A rustle of leaves shook me from my thoughts. My head snapped up. I couldn't see anything, as the night had only gotten darker, but, just barely, I could see a small black mass in the tree line.

My eyes went wide as I stumbled over my feet. My mind immediately went to when my father and brother were taken. We had been catching our breath, but she found us. Their eyes filled with terror as my father yelled for me to run. Now look at me, running like a scared animal. I was almost home, just a few more steps, but something grabbed my leg. I fell, dirt coating my knees. I heard that laugh again. I groaned. "Chelsie, get off me" my mom and dad laughed. My brother just rolled his eyes. I stood up and looked at my eight-year old sister. She giggled once more. *I hate playing tag.*

“War” - Maria Griffin, Grade 6

A great roar in the distance,
A sky gray with smoke,
As one man staggers through the barren land,
In his arms the shell of an old friend.
“Why?” he wonders.
His world is corrupt with war.

Trapped and torn up in a sea of bombs and bullets.
He looks around a realizes;
It is partially his fault.
He, who never broke a single rule,
Who loved his family,
He has caused this war.

That one day,
When everything seemed perfect,
Surrounded by loved ones.
He chose not to act,
Not to stand up for the broken.
He chose war.

That is why I urge you,
Do not look upon the world with indifference.
Do not say, “Someone else will act.”
For they will not.
In choosing not to rise,
You are choosing war.



<https://news.osu.edu/whats-preventing-the-next-world-war-random-luck/>

“In America’s Backyard” – Aldo Lima, Grade 8



“Buried in the Brush” – Emily Kokoszka, Grade 8



Teacher Feature!

"A Plea to Teens" by Mrs. Grigely, 7th grade Language Arts teacher

Put down the phone
Look into the mirror
And see your Authentic Self.
No filters
No comparisons
No need for likes that only
temporarily fill the void.
Embrace your Uniqueness;
No one can duplicate
What shines from Within

Put down the phone
You hold the Pen
To define what is Valued;
Don't forfeit that to others.
1,043 followers
Yet you still feel alone.
Turn to the Friend Right Here
Look into actual Eyes
Laugh out loud for Real

Put down the phone
Let go of the negative comments
That feed off of your Self Worth
Like bottom dwellers that never get full.
They hide behind the screen
And project their sadness
Onto the willing recipients
Diminishing your Light
Usurping your Power

Put down the phone
Be Here.
Embrace the Now.
Our Time slips
Right through our fingers
Into the device that stares back
with soulless artificial light.
Turn your face to the Sky
Breathe in the Natural Moment
Holding onto it as your Own, with no need to share.

Put down the phone,
Please.
You Are So Much More.

The Storm That Changed My Life

By: Mason Fontaine, Grade 8

It was a normal morning in Cape Cod Massachusetts, my family and I were at our rented house. It was about an hour before the tornado and the moms were out shopping at Christmas Tree Shops. The dads were just getting back from grocery shopping. I was lying in my bed along with my sister and cousins who were either on their electronics or drawing. My phone went off saying that there was a tornado warning for our county. I went downstairs to tell the dads about the news. They claimed it was from last night when I also got a Tornado Warning on my phone. I proved them wrong by showing them the time and date issued. My dad told us to go play Just Dance which is what I wanted to do.

As us kids were playing Just Dance and I was...losing we all knew something more than a thunderstorm was going on. Outside the wind and trees blowing, swaying like a hula dancer swaying in the Hawaiian breeze. My dad had the bright idea of saying, "we should probably go downstairs now." My Uncle Jay responded by saying, "Yep." They came downstairs to check on us. Soon after that we lost power. It was at that point I knew something bigger and stronger than what I thought was above us. I began to start stressing out about this, but I told myself to not cry and to be the big, brave wolf. My sister on the other hand immediately started bawling her eyes out. I went over to the door in our basement and saw a scary sighting, a tree uprooted that took out powerlines and landed on a small house. This as with other houses sounds normal but the problem was from what we knew and could see there was no way the people inside could get out. The tree was blocking their front entrance. I felt helpless for the person inside since I couldn't do anything.

The storm appeared to be dying down and the dads went to go upstairs and check for damages. While us kids were downstairs we were talking about how seeing the aftermath of this would be awesome. My dad came back yelling, "EVERYONE GET YOUR SHOES ON!" My sister's eyes began flooding with tears again. We tried calling 911 to tell them about the gas leak but it took about 3 tries with different phones. There was no cell service in the area because of the power being out. After calling 911 and telling them about the gas leak, we were thinking of an evacuation plan. We couldn't go out the downstairs door because of the gas leak being outside of the "basement" outside on the road. We all agreed that we would book it out to the front door and run up the street. As we were running up the street in my flip flops I took some photos of what possibly cut our power when we lost it. We finally made it to the top of our street and we shouted to others warning everyone about the gas leak and to be cautious. It was about 10 minutes after we ran when my Grandfather came from his appointment. We informed him about the area and told us to get in his van and wait. He parked it on the side of the road so emergency crews could get by. It was about a half hour after the tornado and more crews began to arrive to clear the neighborhood. As one person in a front loader came to clear the road, he started forcefully pushing the branches into a car. The girl that most likely owned the car started yelling at the person to stop. The crewman said, "Sorry for your loss!" as he pushed all the leaves and branches into the car. All I felt throughout the entire day was that butterflies in your stomach feeling. We were all waiting around when the ambulance next to us was shouting on the intercom, "are there any civilians in the area that need help? If so yell!" about 2 minutes later the person on the ambulance intercom shouted, "EVERYONE EVACUATE NOW!!" We all started freaking out because we were all expecting a huge explosion. We left the area and I only thought of one thing, and one thing only, that I knew I was not acting like myself.

As we were driving away from our neighborhood we were finding some place to meet up and eat food. We met up at McDonalds which wasn't open and decided to look for food. No places had power and we were running out of gas. We found a gas station and also came upon a Stop & Shop. We bought food and hung out tailgating in the parking lot. We were allowed to go back to our house but with no cars. So we walked down and grabbed what we needed. After going back to our house we prepared for the night, we bought many light sources to light up our house. We needed something to do to buy time so we went to the movie theater and in the parking lot hundreds of power trucks were waiting to be called out and restore power. We entered the cinemas and watched the new Lion King movie. We were returning from the movies and as we approached our neighborhood we saw nothing lit, it was like being blind in a dark room it felt so dark. As we entered our house we put lights on and lit glowsticks. Some of us were gathered in our living room and were chatting about random things. I sat own next to my mom and started crying because I was so scared. Around 10:30 I went to bed, scared. We woke up the next morning and continued what we would be doing that day which is going to Provincetown. Then we packed our bags and left the next morning.

To this day whenever there is a storm, or worse, a thunderstorm I immediately get scared. Before this Tornado I would be ok with these storms, but now I hate them. This is my memoir on the storm that changed my life.



<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-48945821>

Dance With Me?

By: Ayla Peterson, Grade 7

I looked across the room to see her smiling at me, her green eyes locked on mine. I sighed and played with my hair. She started walking towards me. I panicked and tried to step back, but I tripped over my dress. I squealed and flailed my arms. Just before I hit the ground, a strong arm wrapped around my waist. "Are you ok Hally?" Ann asked softly. I was frozen, my breath hitched.

"I uh, I, yeah, yeah I'm fine," I stuttered out., "Just a bit warm in here".

Ann laughed.

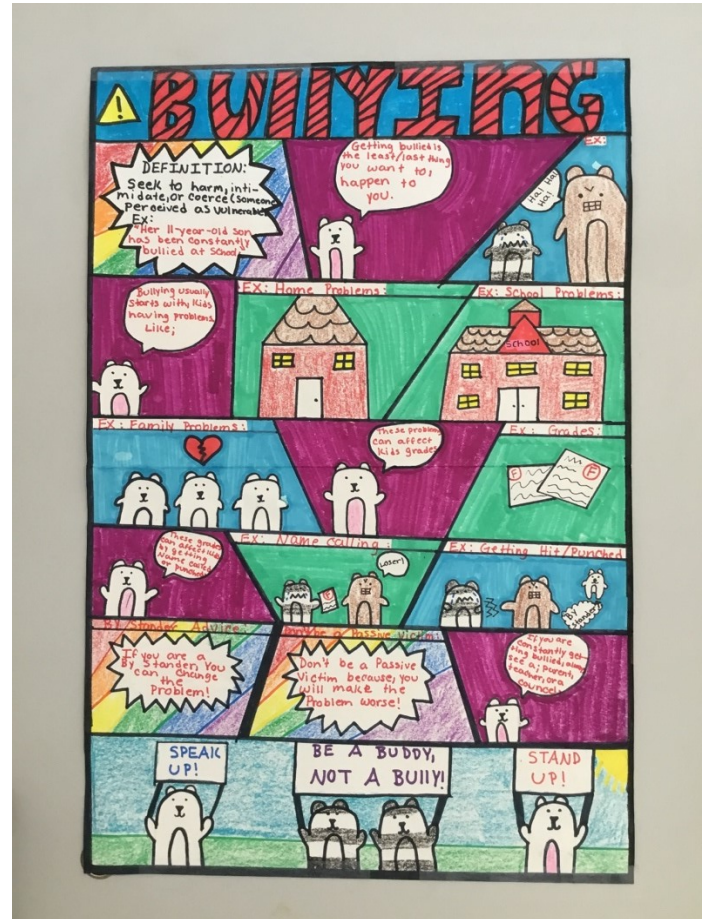
"Yes I suppose it is," my heart skipped a beat, her arm was still around me, holding me to her. A slow song started and she turned toward me. "Would you like to dance?" Ann questioned, winking with a sly smirk. I felt my face get hot, butterflies in my stomach. I swallowed and nodded shyly.

Ann swept me off to the dance floor, where all the couples were swaying, held tight in an embrace. She grabbed my arms and placed them around her neck, then placed her hands on my waist, pulling me closer. "You smell like lavender," Ann mumbled. I giggled. She grabbed my chin and tilted my face upwards. She was grinning, her emerald eyes sparkling. I leaned closer. Her eyes fluttered shut. I whispered against her.

"I love you Anne."



“Bullying” - Jennifer Vasquez-Ramos, Grade 6



“Spongebob and Friends” – Aubrey Monteforte, Grade 6



Teacher Feature!

"The Dog's Thoughts on Quarantine" by Ms. Thibadeau, 8th grade Language Arts teacher

Day 5: My human has been home a lot lately. It's strange, but wonderful. We get to sleep in, and I get all the belly rubs all day. I don't understand all of the attention but I'm certainly not complaining. I would appreciate more treats, but my human said we need to "watch my figure," whatever that means.

Day 12: The humans have bought a comfy new seat and it is so kind of them to purchase this for me. For some reason they think it's ok for them to sit on it; I suppose there's enough room, but don't they understand that I have claimed it? They are home so much now that I do not have my proper selection of furniture for my beauty rest.

Day 15: My human has cleaned the coffee table many times today. Too many times. I think perhaps she should go back to work.

Day 21: My human is worried about the other humans; she said my dad has to go to work still and it makes her nervous because many people are sick. She misses her parents (my grandparents) and many others. She was very sad today because they closed the human schools for the year and she said she wants to see her little human students again. The things they are saying on the news are strange and my human has to wear an odd muzzle when she goes to the store for food. Is she afraid she will bite someone? This human race is very puzzling to me.

Day 25: My human keeps rearranging the furniture and it is making it very confusing for me. Where am I to go for my "big stretch" attention and optimal belly rubs and perfect photo shoots?

Day 32: I miss playing with my friends. My human says I do not have the best social skills, but I do have some friends I like, and it is sad not to sniff each other and assert my dominance over the chew toys.

Day 36: My human keeps using a contraption called a "diffuser" and the sound it makes is very concerning to me and the smell is getting stuck in my nose. I would like the work with the small humans to resume now please.

Day 40: My human told the other human that she baked banana bread and perhaps this was not a good thing. I do not understand, nor do I care unless there is a piece for me.



Wings of Fire: The New Eclipse
(written by the JFK *Wings of Fire* Fanclub)

PROLOGUE

A clap of thunder crashes against Jade Mountain. Rain beat against the narrow cave walls relentlessly. Sunny sighed. *We can't even do any field trips now because of this darn thunder.*

CRASH! KABAM! The noises seemed to be getting louder. Thoughts swirled around Sunny's head. *What was that? Am I going to be okay? Is everybody in Academy okay?* Her heart rate increased, and panic grabbed ahold of her body.

All of the sudden she heard a scratching noise. *Just a branch scraping against the window,* she thought. She quickly turned around towards the door. *I must find Clay or Starflight or – well - anyone.* She stopped suddenly, frightened by a shadow in the hallway. Something looking suspiciously like blood dripped down the doorway.

I have to find somewhere to hide! she thought in a frantic rush. *Bed...Curtains...* Sunny pondered quickly, looking for a place to hide.

Her train of thoughts was stopped by a loud scream in the hallway.

"Sunny, where are you?" a voice exclaimed in a singsong manner.

Sunny ran into the large wooden closet. It was her only choice.

The door creaked open...there was a figure standing in Sunny's doorway. She couldn't figure out if it was a boy or girl. All she knew is that the figure had a dangerous aura around it.

"Sunny, I know you're in here," the figure said eerily.

Sunny gulped. *Darn, I can't make it out like this. But I HAVE to. For my friends!* She grabbed a piece of paper from the back of her closet and started to write.

Footsteps came closer to the closet. Sunny was scribbling furiously. *Done!*

She grabbed a pin and stuck the note inside her closet.

THUMP...THUMP...she heard the footsteps come closer to the door.

"I found you," the creature gave a creepy smile.

Sunny tried to run, but she was stopped. She looked over. She gasped.

"Not so fast, Sandwing," the figure exclaimed.

Sunny had to run. As the figure raised its claw, Sunny tried to dash away despite the claws tearing through her wing.

Sunny became free. She sprinted into the hallway, only to be stopped by her own fear.

“U-U-U-” Sunny stammered, shaking violently.

The figure stepped into the doorway. “I see you’ve found your little friend.” The nearby torch flickered on. All Sunny could see were swirls of pink.

“What do you want from me?” Sunny stuttered.

“Why would I tell you that?” the figure scoffed. Pale red eyes flickered in the distance.

Sunny’s eyes froze. She couldn’t look away from the figure.

Suddenly the torch extinguished in a gust of wind. The figure disappeared.

Frozen in fear, Sunny scanned her eyes around the room.

When the torch flickered back on, she couldn’t believe what she was seeing. She recognized this figure. She felt foolish for being afraid in the first place. Her fear had gotten the best of her...it MUST have been all in her mind! This dragon wouldn’t do anything like that.

“What’s wrong? You look like you’ve seen a ghost!,” the figure exclaimed.

“I didn’t know it was you. W-we need to help Umber!” Sunny stammered. “Are you ok? Your eyes look so strange...” she murmured tentatively.

“Oh, I’m fine, but you won’t be...” the figure chuckled evilly.

In the darkest night with three moons shining so bright,

The original prophecy dragons with a bigger threat to fight.

An old friend that we may not remember

Has awakened from its slumber.

Five new dragonets born after war,

May have more responsibilities than a regular newborn.

Pressure and heat form black as night

The dirtiest egg suffers most of the fight.

Three special eggs, two types of blood

New dragonets who may be judged.

The sea at night shines in the moonlight

while even brainy ones can be in a fight.

Rain patters on the jungle floor

Just a hybrid that seeks no more.

Hive and leaf finally mix

Makes a parent-less dragonet

Not knowing where he fits.

New dragonets fly in bold

Not one of them icy-cold.

New dragonets to save us all

Flying together to answer the call.

New information flying in soon.

When Will This Quarantine End?

By: Bella Bellomo, Grade 8

10 am the usual Corona line up

Eat in bed and scroll all through Tik Tok

Get out of bed than change into different pajamas.

Go back to sleep and by then it's about 2 o'clock

And then I'll have a snack

or maybe 2 or 3

I'll add a few more posts to my Instagram gallery.

I'll try to bake something and then fail miserably

And just wonder when will this quarantine end?

Then after lunch its time to go back to Tik Tok

Start to clean my room and fail at the task

Try a new craft and just end up sobbing

Back to Tik Tok then maybe I'll try to sew a mask!

I'll try to read a book in all this time to spare

Then I will cook some more

I'm sure there's food somewhere

And than I'll dye and cut and just damage my hair

Stuck in my house where I cannot leave

And I'll keep wondering, wondering, wondering, and wondering

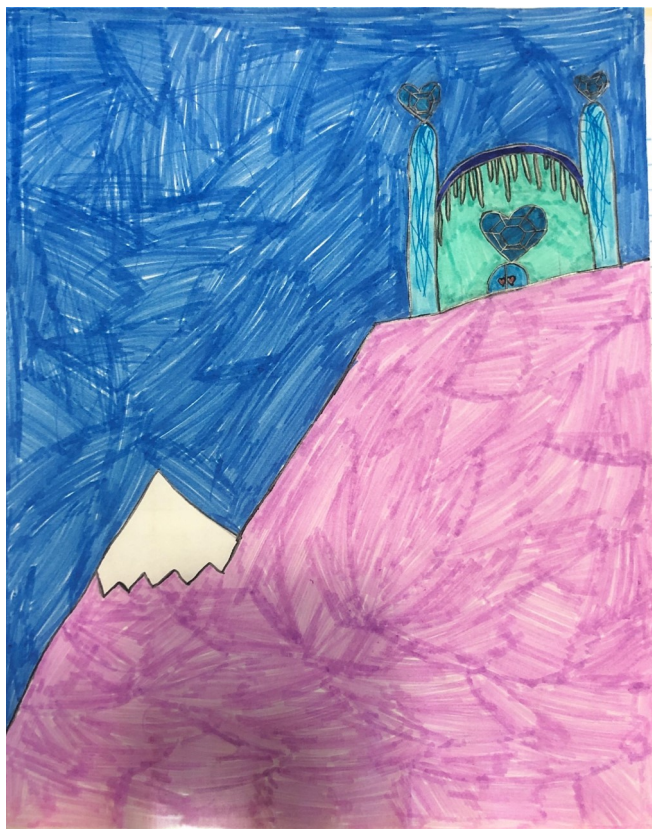
When will this quarantine end?

Teacher Feature!

"Reflections in the Savannah" by Mrs. Perry, Guidance Office



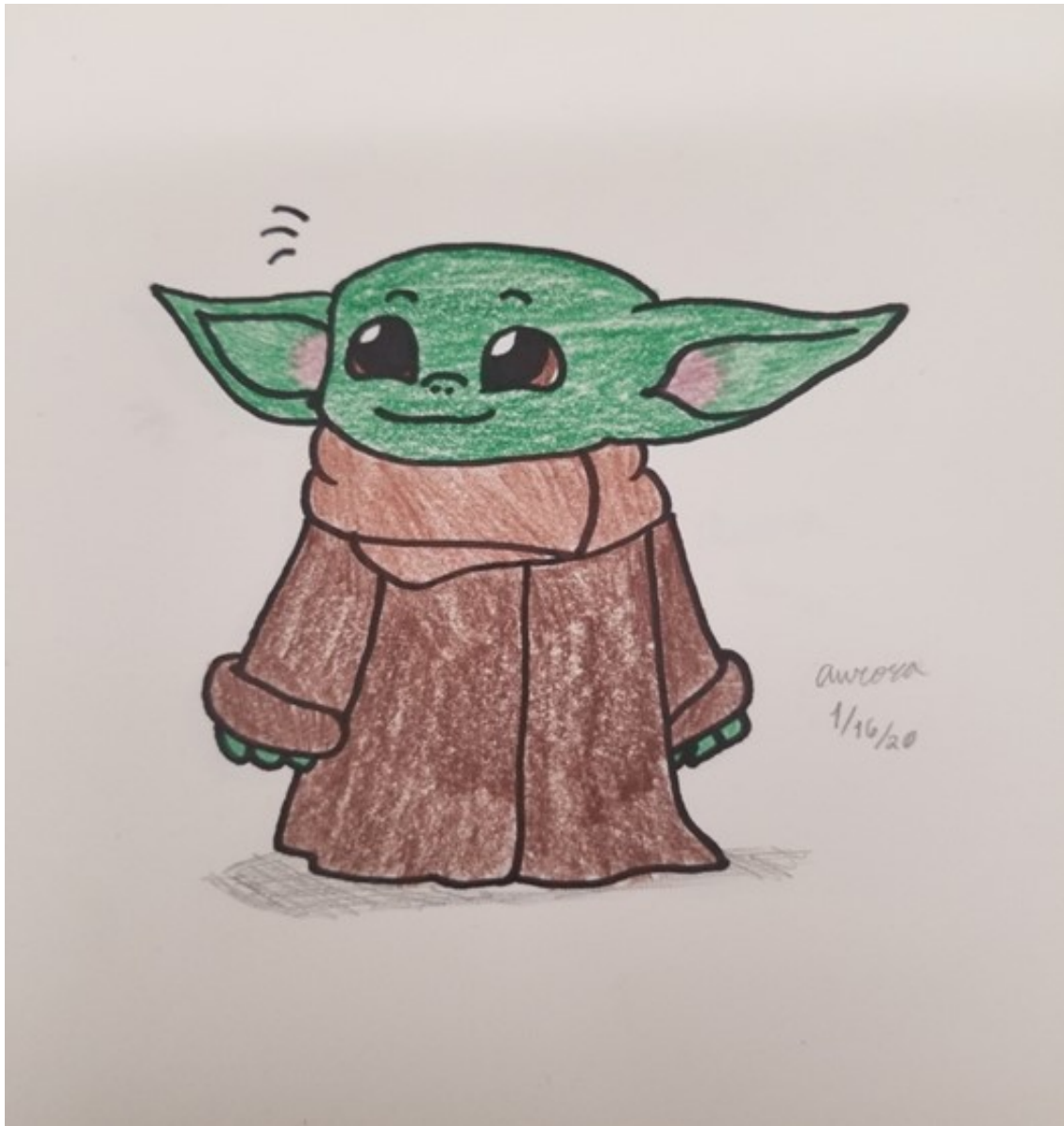
"Ice Castle" – Sofia Mauri, Grade 6



"Cookies at Christmas" – Delaney Hutchings, Grade 8



"Baby Yoda" – Aurora Hunt, Grade 8



Teacher Feature!

"Shine" by Ms. Teti, 7th Grade Special Education Teacher



This Is Our World, Too

By: Bella Grimaldi, Grade 8

Teenagers. As teens, we're the face of the future. We're going to have to be the ones to piece the world back together. But, how will we, if adults see us as irresponsible and careless? They see us like that because of the few that really behave so poorly and get attention for it. Why aren't we allowed an understanding of the world around us? Is it a behavior misconception? Are we considered too young, even though this is our world, along with everyone else's, and will practically be ran by us soon? What can we make out of what we have? This is the world that we live in, we should help build it back up in any way that we can.

Adults seem to think that teens don't get the proper understanding on things, such as mental health. Yes, many people use terms like "depressed" very loosely. However, there are teens that understand it and care about it. And teens that do see the problem with mental health know that it is, in fact, an issue that people on an international scale face, and that it's a serious topic. Kaevonna, a peer of mine, agrees that teens should care about and understand mental health. "People can take their lives because they feel not needed. And because teens are the next generation to have the chance to help fix the world, we can be the ones to give people a place where they feel important," she says.

Teens may not see certain things as an issue, so they just ignore it; but there really is a lot about the world they have yet to learn. A good example was given by my school's principal, Dr. Berrios. "The impact of technology on children..." he says "Parents should be the ones to solve these issues, because they're the ones that give devices to their children, who are at a young age, so their brains aren't completely developed. However, teens can learn from the negative impact on technology." So, what he said is that teenagers should care about the use of technology and who uses it. This also ties into behavior issues. What people are exposed to at a younger age can affect the way they act, and maybe even affect their future. My math teacher, Ms. Noble, says "Teens can spread kindness and try to make others kind, too." Younger generations look up to us, as we do, older generations. If we don't have a positive impact on younger people, where will that bring them? If they don't understand that high usage of technology at a young age affects their brain, which will lead to problems in the future, we should take every chance that we get to educate them on topics that they should understand, like technology usage.

As Dr. Berrios said, parents are the ones who control their children's usage of electronics. But, that's not all they can do to help. Older generations can also take action to help support teenagers. Another peer of mine, Jessica, says that wildfires are something everyone should help with preventing. "People should work together," she says. This is just one of the many other things adults can support us with. Teens can help prevent certain issues, but, we need consent, understanding, and support from older generations. For example, if we speak up against something we see as unfair or unjust, they could take the time to realize that "Hey, they're the future. We shouldn't take their opinions for granted. We can use their ideas to better our decisions. Because, they see and understand things that we don't, so, maybe, their views will help us as a community, state, country, even our world as a whole."

Sure, there are some negative things that happen that teenagers cannot control. However, they should still be aware of those problems. An art teacher at my school, Mrs. Young, says “Nuclear weapons are an issue. And, even though teens can’t do anything about that, first hand, they can still discuss this to their local politicians to bring attention to the issue.” Mr. Power, the band director at my school says that government, trade, and terrorists are important topics should care about. “Teens should care. They can ask questions. They can take government classes to get a good understanding of what they’ll be voting for, when they come of age. They need to be educated,” he says. Mr. I., the Red House assistant principal at my schools says “Teens should care about waste, and how to reduce it, civil rights, and education. They can research to find ways to be involved, present the issues to local politicians, in hopes to spread the word of these issues internationally. Young people have more of a voice than they realize.” See? Teenagers need to be involved. We will make the world what we want, and, if we will, we should be educated at an early age. We can’t just allow bad things to happen. If we did- if *anyone* did, where would we be right now? Our world would be at absolute rock bottom. Would anyone want that to happen? No.

We should be working together, instead of against each other.



<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World>

By: Natalie Wallet, Grade 6

Spring

Wind blows all around us, carrying
our worries away

Leaving us with happiness, and not a
trace of pain.

The flowers blooming all around,
purple, pink, and blue,

Remind me of happiness, of me and
you.

Sun shines down on us, bright as can
be,

Beaming down from above, on you
and me.

Snow starts to melt, revealing grass
that was hidden before,

At one point, I was alone, but now, I
am yours.



“The Magic of Creativity” – Samantha Alfano, Grade 7



“Sunrise in Myrtle” – Brady Higginbotham, Grade 8



Teacher Feature!

"Watercolor House" by Ms. Collen, Math Teacher



Grocery Store

By: Rawan Farah, Grade 7

This morning my dad told me about his day visiting the grocery store. I wasn't too sure what to expect but what he told me was bizarre. There was hardly any meat or hardly any eggs and people were stacking up on canned goods and water bottles. This really shows how people during this pandemic worry too often since the public isn't even prepared for this pandemic. Meat is a main source of protein so when people were alarmed by this global pandemic they immediately ran to protein sources. The result of people panicking causes turkey and fish to become more familiar in their meals. When my father visited Costco they were only offering one packet of meat, of course it wasn't for free but the whole industry was known for providing larger variety of items compared to other local grocery stores and when I found out about this I was shocked. They made their customers only purchase ONE packet of meat just so others can purchase, they tried making it fair but I just found it shocking. I believe CDC should inform people to be more calm about the situation and let the public know that everything is going to be fine!



<https://www.yesmagazine.org/opinion/2019/12/06/grocery-store-own>

The Zoo

By: Aubrey Lathrop, Grade 7

The lions bathed in the sunlight
Desperate for attention and praise
The penguins swam and swam again with joy in
their gaze
The owls were observing everything looking side
to side
Not letting anything out of sight even when they
move their eyes
The panda always eating it's precious bamboo
Never letting it out of their sight even when they
play peekaboo
This is the morning at the San Diego Zoo
Come hang out with us and you will have fun
too



<https://www.czs.org/BrutusAndTitusLions>

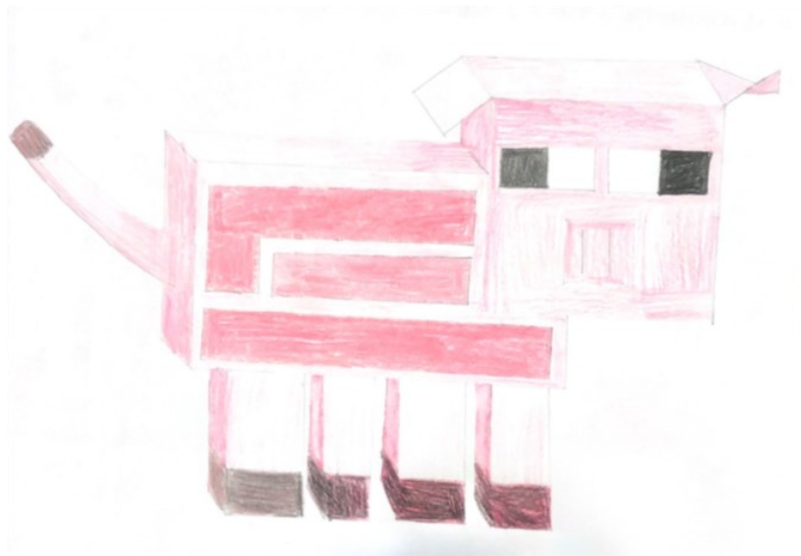
Teacher Feature!

"Take a Walk in my Shoes" by Mrs. Casale, Media Specialist

Take a walk in my shoes then maybe you'll see
There's not much difference between you and me.
I'm good with numbers. I'm a wizard with words.
I'm *TOO* smart, just one of the nerds.
I joke, joke, joke, but it's really an act.
Sometimes I wonder if my brain has been hacked.
I can score touchdowns. I'm great with a ball.
I'm a *Sports Superstar* who feels like nothing at all.
I spread stories. I know they are mean.
I think maybe I do it, just to be seen.
Take a walk in my shoes then maybe you'll see
There's not much difference between you and me.
I'm always tired. Sometimes I'm weak.
Sometimes I'm lonely and don't want to speak.
I have too much homework! I have too much stress!
I check social media to feel better...*I guess*.
I'm alone in a group. I wear a disguise.
I even believe some of my very own lies.
Sometimes I cry under covers at night.
I want to do better! I want to do right!
Take a walk in my shoes pick me up if I fall.
I can't be the only one who feels like nothing at all.
Take a walk in my shoes before you judge how I act.
Can you try to see ME before you think it's a fact?
Take a walk in my shoes. I am YOU! You are ME!



"Minecraft Pig" – Dale Nelson, Grade 7



"Ori Draws Something" – Orion Fisher, Grade 8



Teacher Feature!

"Do You Think of Me?" by Ms. Murray, 7th Grade Paraprofessional

Do you think of me?

What do you want with me?

Do you love me?

Do you like me?

Do you think of me?

I love you

I like you

I think of you

Do you think of me?

Am I an after thought?

Or am I a no thought at all?

Do you wonder if I am okay?

I wake in the morning and

Wait

I get ready for bed and wait

Do you think of me?

What is missing?

What can I do?

I have given my all to you

Do you think of me?

Please don't hurt me

Please make me feel

Love me the way I love you

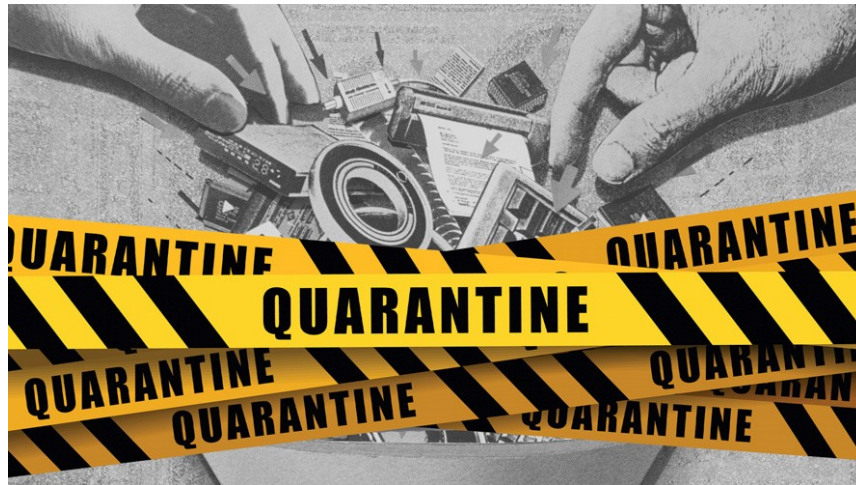
Do you think of me?

Experience in Quarantine

By: Antonio Lebron, Grade 7

Being in quarantine absolutely stinks. At first I was like “2 weeks from school? Sweet! A nice little vacation.” But now that it’s been a couple months and I heard that we weren’t going to go back to school for the rest of the year... I’ve honestly never wanted to go back to school more. It just feels like I’m going insane, being trapped within a house 24/7 for at least a couple more months. I miss school, miss hanging out with my friends, getting in trouble running through the halls. Just all the normal stuff I used to do while I was in school. Now being home it’s just video games and work and more video games and more work, rinse and repeat. Got very boring, very quickly. I’ve been a lot more stressed lately, teachers just continuing to throw work at us multiple times a week. I’m also very worried because I’m not in contact with every one of my friends like I used to be in school. So I’m not sure what’s happening, or if they’re ok or anything like that.

Corona is most likely the worst thing that has ever happened to me. Just knowing that without this I could be in school having fun, talking to my friends, meeting up with people that aren’t in my state. It’s honestly just heart wrenching. Like I love my family to death and I’d do anything for them, but honestly if I have to spend another month with them and just them. I might just lose it.



<https://laprensatexas.com/quarantine-2/>

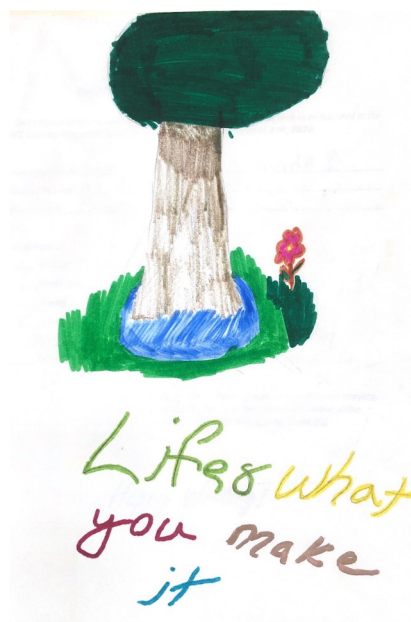
RAVEN

By: Angelina DeJesus, Grade 8

Your wing a purply black so beautiful I envy its
Color. Your eyes an endless black pool
So deep I fear that if I dive in
I'll drown. Your call mesmerizing yet at the same
Time warning not to get too close.
I see you in my dreams, I see you in the graveyard,
I see you in the night, and I see you in
The dark. Yet you're known as an evil creature
Marked with death, quoted "death flies on black wings."
Your talons so sharp that it can tear flesh.
How such a gloriously beautiful creature haunted
Poe in the black of night saying nothing but
Nevermore! I do not see, but death rides on
Black wings. How your name was given to
A demoness from DC comics baffles me.
Yet death flies on black wings.
You are my favorite bird. Better than
The hummingbird, the only bird known for
Flying backwards. More glorious than the
Parakeet known for its beauty, and smarter than the
Parrot, keen enough to gain the ability to speak.
For you are the best, known for your brain, cunning,
Stealth, and fear-stricken background. For you are the
Raven.



"Life is What You Make It" – Brooke Bezzini, Grade 6



"Cherry Mountains" – Ayla Peterson, Grade 7



Teacher Feature!

"Lyrics to Cassiopeia A" by Anonymous

Night sky's song softly echoes,
Whispering
Promising a return
Forgetful of its former meaning

May I hold your hand
Haunting
Not ready to let go
Inevitable release

Didn't know it would fade
Submersing
Like a jewel in the sand
Smothered in its delusion

Leaving behind its imprint
Glowing
Afterimage tattooed behind closed eyes
Light from a star gone centuries ago

Purple notes
Reprising
Pictures and music
Drifting infinitely within the nebula

COVID: A Short Guide to Quarantine

By: Obehi Aimua (Grade 7)

Community

A lot of things will probably change based on this experience.

Healthcare will get better, and safety guidelines regarding diseases will get stronger and stricter, and most importantly, when the pandemic passes, hopefully we'll remember that we're stronger together as a community. Any extra supplies that you don't believe you'll need can be donated to those who do. Several sites can allow you to donate masks and gloves to people in the front lines. It's really important to stick together.

Only 5 people in a group or meeting

The amount of COVID cases is skyrocketing: COVID-19 is a dangerous virus: it is airborne and very contagious, as it can easily jump from person to person and can stay on surfaces for over a day. Try limiting the amount of people in a grouping, or have an online face-to-face chat to reduce the spread of the virus.

Visits by other means

COVID-19 has made direct visits anything but ideal. Try to call someone, or see them virtually. It's important to keep in touch with friends and family, to let them know that you're alright and vice versa.

Insist on wearing a mask and gloves

Make sure you and your family are wearing safety gear as often as possible; while some masks are better than others, it's much better than going outside with no protection whatsoever, as any mask will provide protection from the majority of foreign particles, including the coronavirus.

Distancing is important

The COVID-19 safety guidelines include staying at least 6 feet apart from one another. Avoid large groupings and try to go out as little as possible in order to keep people safe from the virus.

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~THE LIGHT AND THE DARKNESS~

By: Zackaria Balutowski, Grade 6

When the light is gone and all seems lost, find the saint and sinner,
Woven in your soul, help it, protect it,
 when the darkness falls, stand up,
And don't fight your demons
 help them come over the lost that made them like that,
Have empathy and look into the darkness,
Show it how to be in the light but not all.
For if too much light is in the soul,
It will become greedy, and it needs the dark
 to sooth it out and vice versa,
Find your yin and yang.
Find what you think is right.
You don't need a book or someone
 telling you your fate,
It is what you make, protect whom you love,
 be whom you are and FIGHT for what you want to be.
Think what you think about this, what does it mean to you?



<https://www.smcwomen.org/blog/we-must-flood-our-darkness-with-light-floodlight>

Teacher Feature!

"Two Haiku on a Distance Learning School Day" by Anonymous

Starlings on the lawn
Grouped together like students
Wilderness classroom



My office window
An inner and outer world
Under one great sky

"Pastel Girls" – Nicole Powers, Grade 6



"Flower Girl" - Emily Kokoszka, Grade 8



Teacher Feature!

"Face to Face" by Ms. Chadbourne, 8th Grade English Language Arts Teacher

Draped by clouds,
You slumber.
From miles away I ventured,
To stand before you.
But,
You hide.

I travel the winding trail,
Glancing eagerly around each corner,
Hoping you'll show your face.
But,
You hide.

Why are you so shy?
You boast your vast meadows,
Bursting with wildflowers.
Your waterfalls cascade freely,
Their icy waters sparkling in the sun.
Hikers gaze upon your lakes,
Teeming with wildlife.
But,
You hide.

I round the next bend, the wind shifts.
Like a curtain pulling across a stage,
A break in the clouds moves you into
view.
We are face to face.
Now,
I see you.

I stare in awe of your might.
The great, rounded peak wrapped in
A crown of glacial ice.
The life force that feeds the meadows,
That nourishes
And breathes life into those who visit.
Now,
I see you.

A whisper of steam escapes your mouth,
A soft reminder of the power within.
The volcanic force that may one day
Erupt again, but for now lays dormant.
Deep rumblings shake the Earth,
A warning to those who underestimate you.
This Eden you have created, is yours
And yours only.
All who dwell within are merely visitors.
Now,
I see you.

I feel my breath catch in my throat.
My boots rooted in the dirt trail,
That runs like a vein through the landscape.
I'm frozen by your presence,
Enraptured by your menacing beauty.
Now,
I see you.

Then, just as quietly as you arrived,
You cover yourself in a shroud
Once more.
Hiding yourself away,
Until you allow the next lucky traveler
To look upon your face.
And I stand,
Infinitesimal, yet equal.
I recognize your power,
because it is my own.

Now,
I see you.



Mt. Rainier

“Light Switch”

By: Kayla Surprenant, Grade 8

According to Webster’s Dictionary, Quarantine is known as a state, period, or place of isolation. I feel that the word isolation, is a word that puts it too lightly. From my eyes, jail... prison... place of confinement... these are better words to describe life right now. All across the United States people are trapped in their houses, left wondering if the world will ever be the same again. It seems like a distant memory, our old lives: waking up at 6am to get ready for school, seeing my friends at lunch, dealing with drama that involved people who I now realize are not as important as others in my life, walking to Dunkin’ after a long day of work, seeing all my friends at Track and Field practice afterschool. Within all those moments that stand out from the past, there are also the little things that will come back to you at times you least expect them. For me it’s things like looking out the window of my second floor French classroom on a rainy day, listening to my friends talk about stupid and random things that make me laugh so much my stomach hurts, walking through the halls feeling a sense of accomplishment, going to my locker during passing time and gathering the materials I will need for my next class. I feel that the situation that all of America is dealing with can be described in two simple words: Light Switch. I know that may sound weird and like it shouldn’t be used to describe a pandemic, but let me tell you how this relates. One day we woke up, went off to school or work or the store, we returned home, and then suddenly with a click of a T.V. remote or the click of the answer button on a phone, our daily routines and lives were switched off. Schools, businesses, restaurants, you name it... were all closed... just like a light switch. One day we were living our normal lives and then, not even within a 24 hour period of hearing about the possibility of closings, our normal lives were switched off. Throughout my life I have had to find a new normal a lot... and I mean a lot. My dad has been deployed more than 5 times throughout my life... my Grandpa was diagnosed with Brain Cancer and sadly passed away... just when I thought life was good and I had a great group of friends, even that changed. This situation has brought us to find that new normal of our everyday lives. Our parents became our teachers, our rooms became classrooms, our only way to contact others was with our cell phones. Everything that happens in my life I know happens for a reason, and even if I will never know what some of those reasons are, I know that one of the main ones is that they will make me a stronger person. I believe that after all of this, when we get to go back to school and reunite with our friends, we will have a new found understanding for the things we have. I know that I miss my best friend a lot and it’s killing me that the Ice Cream Crew can’t hang out together. I’m finally getting the view I needed to truly appreciate what I have when I have it. I for a fact will not complain about running, or getting up to go to school, or going to dance class anymore. I miss all of these things and I am hoping that I will get them back soon. The world might never go back to normal, it’s a very real possibility. Even after COVID-19 is gone, I can guarantee that people will still be waiting for the alarm to go off at 8 o’clock at night telling us to be inside our houses, people will still be wearing masks and staying 6 feet apart from each other. The people are right about one thing though, the Coronavirus will be a topic in an eighth grade history class way in the future, much like mine learning about Yellow Fever in the 1700s. I am just hoping that this will make us stronger as a Nation and will bring more people together, making us stronger for the future.

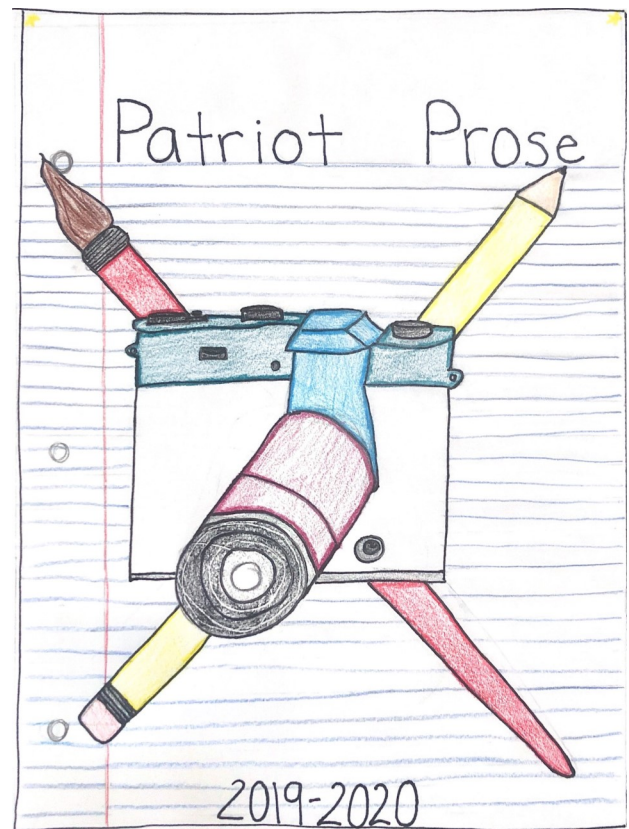
P.S. Somebody please turn the Light Switch back on.

Sincerely,
Kayla

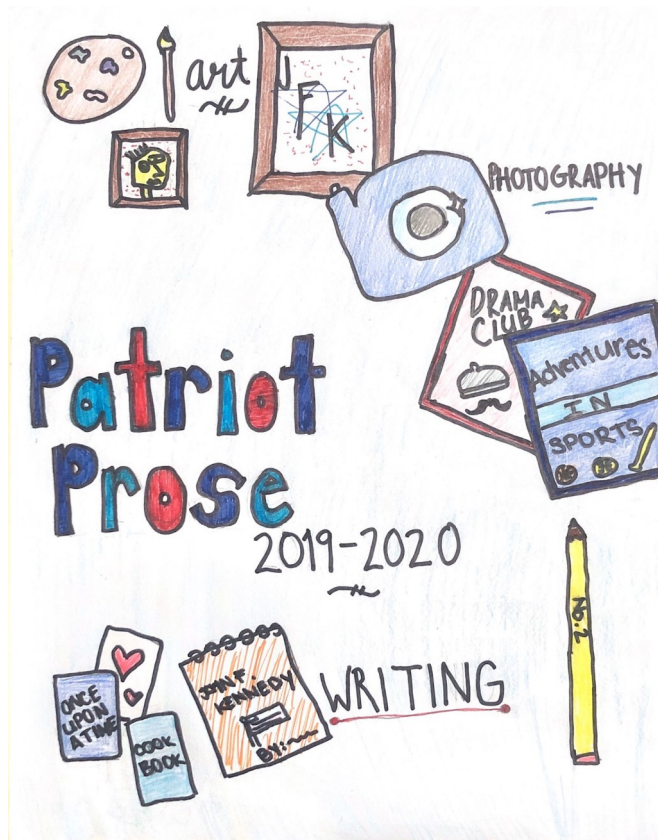
COVER-PAGE RUNNERS UP:



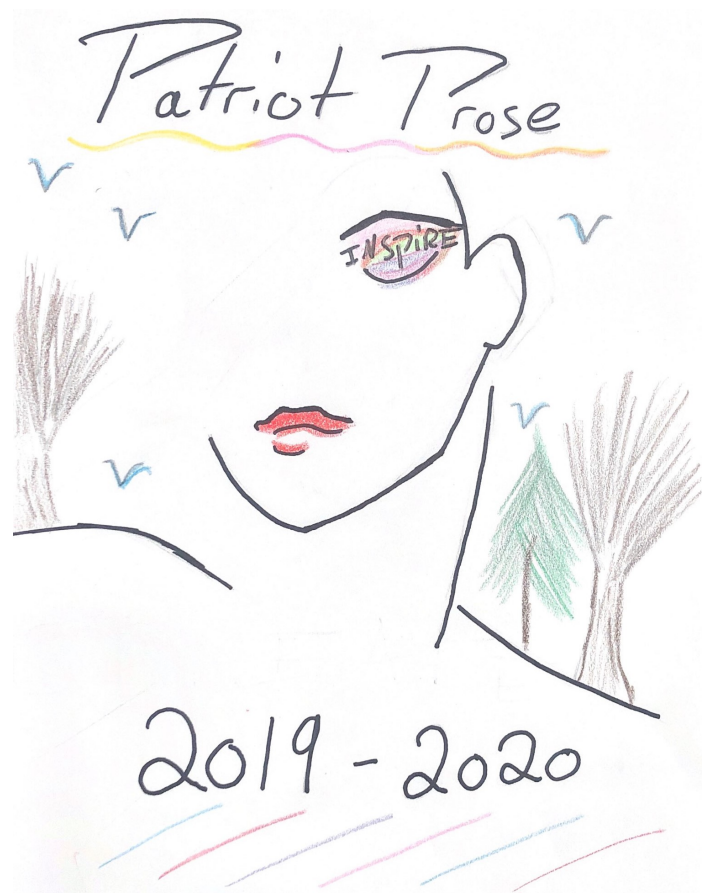
Artist: Mason Fontaine, Grade 8



Artist: Sophia Oppenheimer, Grade 8



Artist: Dumebi Ojei, Grade 7



Artist: Ayla Peterson, Grade 7