

UPSTART

SILVER SUMMIT ACADEMY K-12 ARTS MAGAZINE



"BEGINNINGS"

WINTER — 2018

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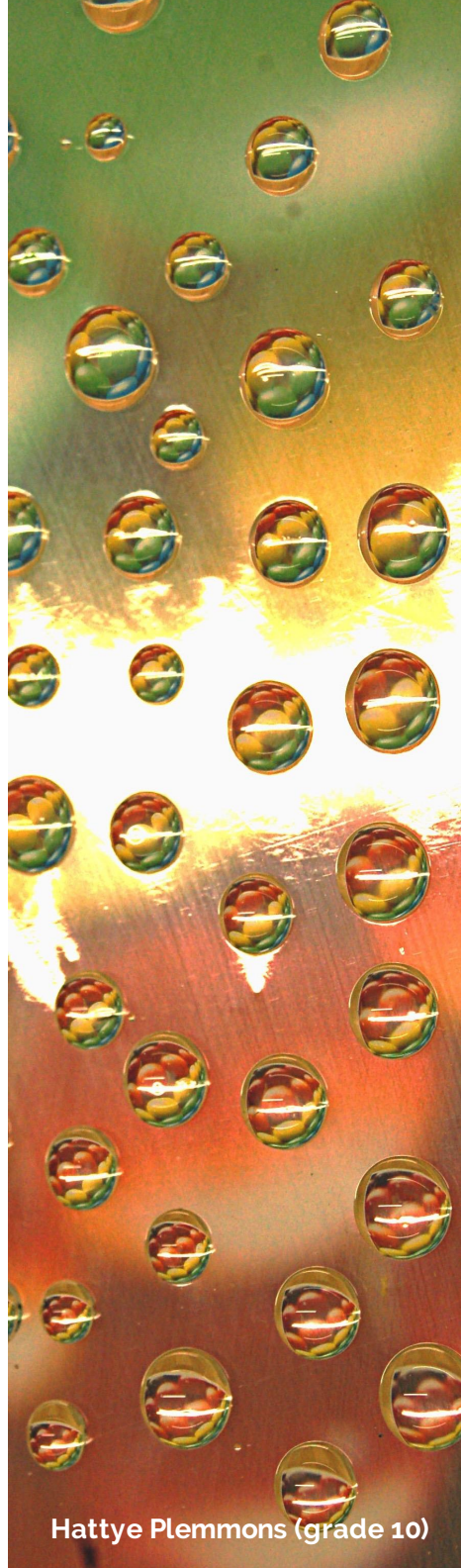
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front & back covers

Matisse cutout by Reese Gunnarson (grade 5)
Dog by Ian Thomas (grade 10)
Mikaela Bermensolo (grade 3) making art
Butterfly by Breyden Butters (grade K)

view UPSTART online at SSA.education.org

Hattye Plemmons (grade 10)



Spiders are cool. They have a venom tube. It makes their food squishy. They have 8 legs. There are 4 on each side. They have little hairs on their legs. I really like spiders.

Ali McEntire (grade 2)

Spiders are cool. Spiders are good at hunting for food. Spiders are good at a lot of things. Spiders have 8 eyes. They actually can have 4 too. Spiders build webs very fast. When you watch them it looks slow but they get a lot of work done.

Eli Monson (grade 2)



Giles Painter (grade 1)

I'm trying to love spiders. Indigo Roberts (grade 2)

THE ASPECTS OF NATURE

The sunset was like a piece of art, colorful and very dim.
I noticed the guide laying upon the soft and green compacted hill.
Glaring down in the night I don't know why but it just felt so nice
Enclosing me was a strong but light smell of a daffodil.
The elegant fading sunset was sensational but quite still
Dazing off in the green hill.

Looking out at the raindrops falling slow from my bedroom window
My eyes scan the dark clouded sky to see if I can find a rainbow
Not one but two rainbows. Aesthetic colors.
A magical scene from my own space that no one else may know
The last of light fades away for the day as the sun stays low
And the rain will remain so.

Halle Hendry (grade 8)

HURRICANE

Wielding pain, Cat 4 Florence dumped 35 inches of rain
Ten trillion gallons fell from the sky, A once in a thousand year day
Bacteria and hazardous chemicals spread like a wildfire
At least fifty souls were recovered from the muck and decay
It will cost more than twenty-two billion dollars, who will pay?
None alive will forget that day

Oceans whipped with a piercing screech as Michael slayed Mexico beach
Gallons fell from the sky in torrents, rivers swelled, banks burst, dams gave way
Surging waters consumed everything in their paths of destruction
Amidst the melee, there was no keeping the tempest at bay
Foundations failed, condos were splintered, houses floated away
None alive will forget that day

Margaret Dunn (grade 8)



Kaydence Clegg (grade 5)



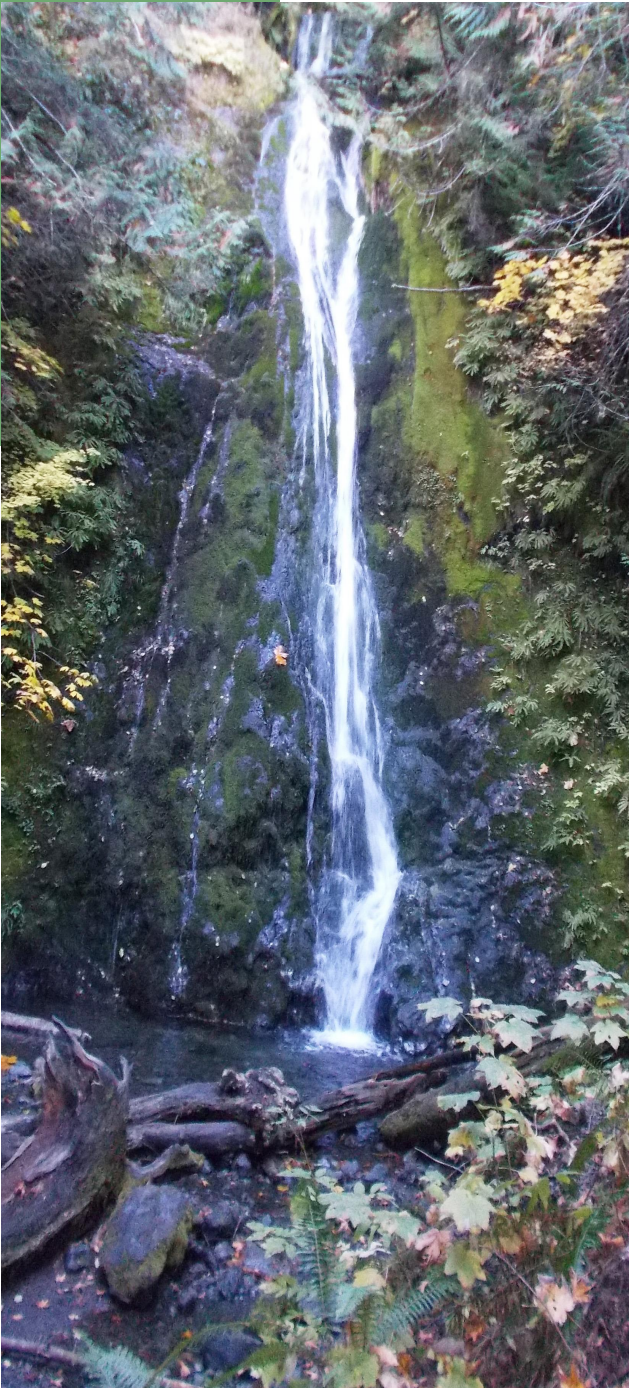
Preston Oswald (grade 4)

DIM

Got too many things going on, way too many things going wrong.
All this stressing keeps me overly guessing and constantly checking.
Looking for a way back. Where is the way back? There is no way back.
The thoughts and the whispers come flowing; they give me their blessing.
They present to me the path to chase; I give them my blessing.
And now I am regretting.

Dimly lit, little can be seen, nowhere to hide, nowhere to run.
Being bit, now swallowed whole, by all the pain that grows out of control.
Cannot go lower than this, yet somehow went down lower than this.
Being controlled by all that is wrong, nothing more can be done.
Infected by all that is strong, there's nothing that can be done.
Way too dim to find the sun.

Ryder Bract (grade 8)



MY SUMMER MEMORY

This summer I went to Yellowstone and saw geysers, hot pots, and paint pots. The geysers were so cool they were boiling like crazy. Did You know that geysers don't just explode? They boil. They boil so big it looks like it explodes, but it is just boiling. So cool, right?

Hot pots are so awesome. They are hot water in a hole. The hot water is making it so the rock in the hole changes the color.

Paint pots are incredible, too. They are hot water with mud in a hole. Sometimes, these can be stinky. My favorite was Steamboat Geyser. I asked, "How do they boil?" My dad answered, "We are on a giant volcano, and the heat from the lava makes the water on top of the volcano boil." That makes more sense.

So, my vacation was awesome for everyone, don't you think?

Carter McEntire (grade 5)



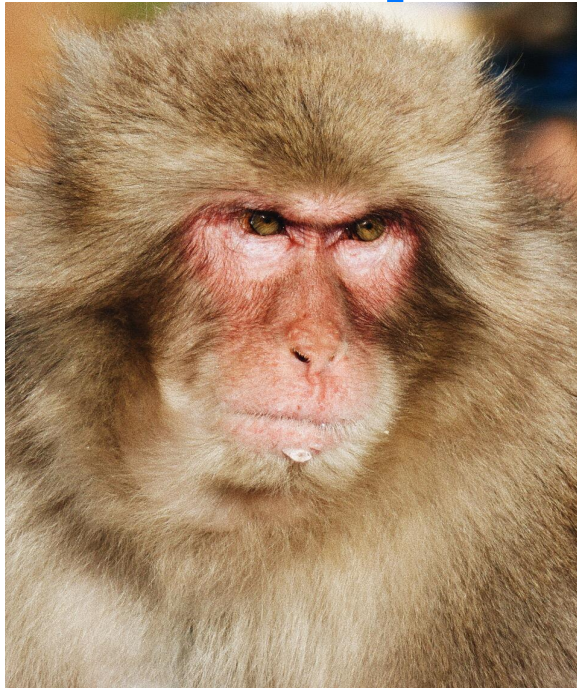
Kevin Pineda (grade 9)

SADNESS

Sadness is the emotion that brings the soul into the darkness and black,
A black rainbow is on your head like a crown, puddles flow down your face,
Maybe sadness locks you up, your voice is dead, your words can't save you,
Sadness came because maybe you got rejected by a crush at prom,
Something you loved died or parent's love with each other is gone like ashes,
Friends don't speak, Bullies make hate

Sadness Isolates you away from the world, Sadness weakens the soulness,
Sadness brings sleep that covers you like a blanket, you can't escape it,
No one shows up to save you, only you can save yourself from sadness,
Sadness breaks your heart into thousands of tiny pieces that shatters glass,
Sadness is a maze to find happiness that fills your shattered heart,
Sadness is filled, empty lostness.

Zoe Archibald (grade 8)



Skyler Moore (grade 9)

MR. COOL

As she stares at the raindrops on the car window, I silently look at the blank excitement on her face. There is nothing but intense dirty looks on this girl's face as she looks at me. The only time she wasn't scowling in silence was if she saw the rain or lightning. She was the most stubborn little girl I'd ever met. She was always telling people what to do, but the second you told her to do something she'd act as if she were 16 and simply just ignore what you said. It wasn't always like that though deep down inside, behind her thin mask, she was so emotional and scared but only kept it to herself. I soon realized she was the most sensitive little girl I'd ever met. Once she warmed up to you, she wouldn't let go of the tight grip she had around your fingers. Every time you'd leave, she'd show more and more sadness which then soon turned into depression, anxiety, and insecurity. Not because she missed seeing you, but because you never came back to see the dimples on her cheeks every time she'd look at you. You never came back to be the person you were supposed to be for her. You never came back because you simply didn't care about those brown eyes that matched yours perfectly. You never came back and now you're not her dad anymore.

I SAW YOU

In my youth I saw you down the halls and when I noticed I'd stare
My brain happened to be confused and couldn't differentiate the real view
But as I aged you faded away and I realized what was the truth
Yet sometimes I'm told it was just my brain, but I know it was you
All I need is you again or at least your spirit or something new
No one understands but you

I always thought you were a peer but then they told me to be scared
So bringing the yearly gifts and flowers began to trigger my fear
And I stopped looking around for you along the hallways and rooms
Because every time I'd see you I would cry instead of cheer
I finally asked about you and mom and dad shed some tears
How can one be dead yet so clear?

Isabella Christian (grade 8)



Brylei Butters (grade 4)

"With a strong academic approach, art study gives students strength in making deliberate, calculated, informed decisions that assist their creativity."

Ann Marie Buckland, K-5 art teacher

STILL MISS YOU

I miss you more everyday
Each silly magic trick I don't get to see
It still hurts to remember you
For a Hero is forever,
And yet you're gone

Christmases and birthdays pass forever changed,
For your voice is gone from them,
Along with your overtold jokes,
Now that they're gone, I miss them
A feeling I never thought I'd know

Now there are songs I don't want to sing anymore for the grief
Places I don't want to see again
There are things I never want to do without you there with me
I was one of the last to know,
And now the world has a gaping hole

You were sick near my whole life, you didn't let that stop you
Now I know you didn't want to go,
But, Grandpa, I still miss you
Three years ago today you left us,
On a Monday you were gone

Kalista Smith (grade 10)





Emily Jaques (grade 10)

BEHIND THE CHUTES

I was behind the chutes at the rodeo grounds and I was helping. I like helping with chasing the calves. I also like helping with opening gates. I really enjoy working behind the chutes.

While I was working, a calf got away. Me and my friends went to get the calf in to the open and the calf desired to charge and hit me. I went in the air and hit the ground hard and I scratched my back badly. And the calf escaped.

I got up after being hit by the calf. I had to brush myself off and my hand and foot hurt because they hit the fence. I had to get my hat because it slipped out of my hand. I was glad I could get up after being hit by the calf.

Talon Odenbach (grade 4)



Talon Odenbach (grade 4)

With thanks to the staff who submitted student work: Cyndee Burnham, Louise Willoughby, Dari Thacker, Ann Marie Buckman, Annie Grappone, Frannie Potter

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summit



Art is the call of the wild

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