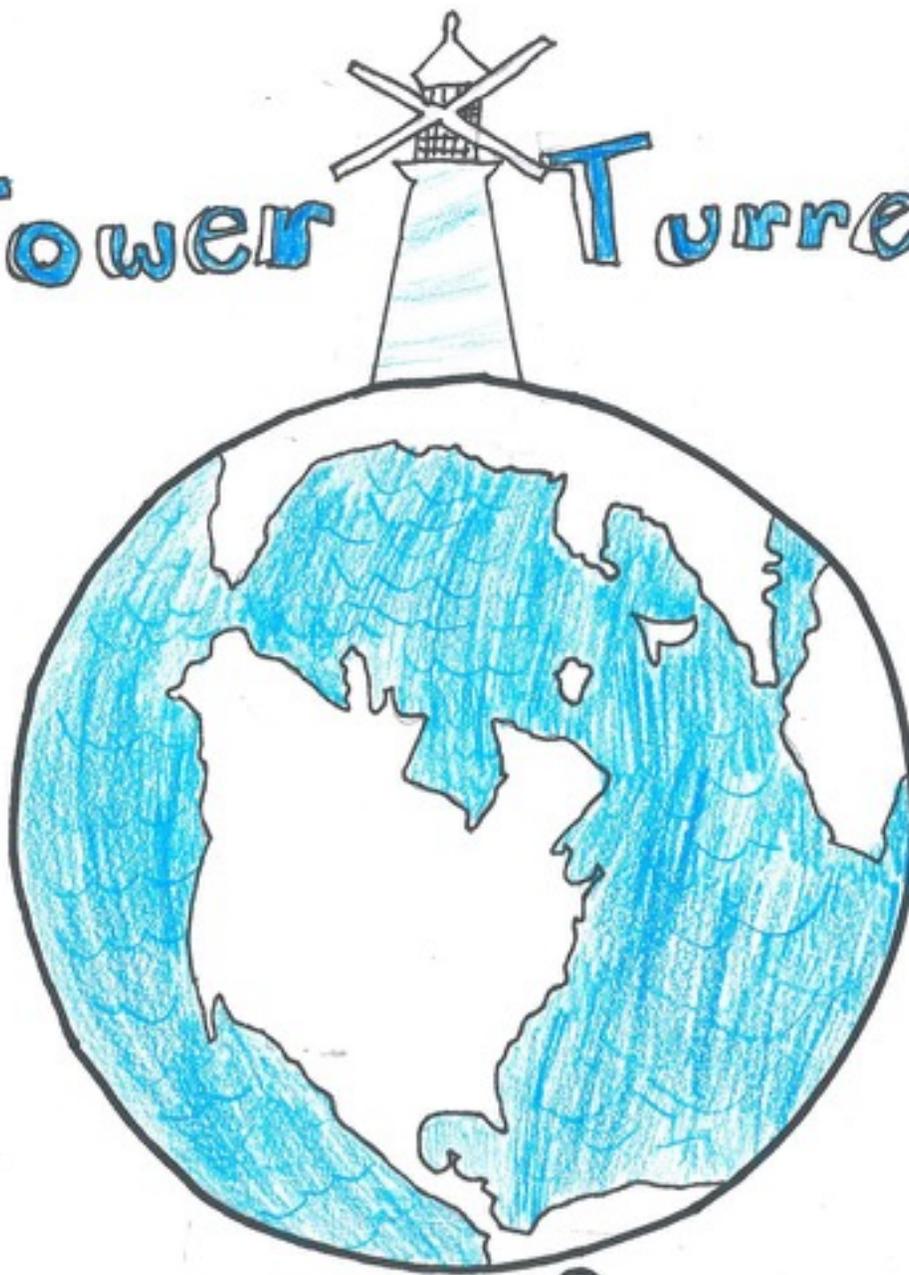


**TOWER**

*Turret*



Tower Turret



2015 - 2016

## TURRET CREDITS

### **Editors-In-Chief:**

Haley Andreasen

Caroline Craig

Leonie Flacke

### **Editors:**

Mariel Fulghum

Kate Hill

Alex Lang

Sarah Newhall

Grace O'Meara

Grace Simpson

Claire Taylor

**Faculty Advisor:** Karen Van Adzin

**Front Cover:** Colin Berg, Grade Five

**Inside Front Cover:** Natalie Suhr, Grade Five

**Back Cover:** Haley Andreasen, Grade Eight

**Inside Back Cover:** Maya Robie, Grade Five



Ashley Mehlman, 6th Grade

## A PIRATE SHIP

A breeze blows. Not like the ones from the Caribbean. Not the warm and joyous kind. No. This one is from the north. Icy. Full of evil and disgust. It moves over the water in the little pool like it is being chased by a monster.

A small, inflatable boat, smaller than a refrigerator, bobs viciously, being tossed up and down by the wind. Like a little puppet on strings, the boat has lost control. There is no saving it. No hope. The ship has a little flag on the mast. Blowing back and forth, fluttering in the wind. For a moment, the wind dies down. A picture appears. A skull and crossbones. Pirates.

The boat turns and a person comes into sight. Hat on his head and an eye patch over his eye. The pirate king. He is holding a small object in his hands. A stuffed animal, shaped like a sheep, drenched in water. The treasure. His crewmates scurry behind him. A girl and a little boy. Their life vests stand out against the darkness of the world, but they are necessary, for the pirates can not swim well. They are fighting hard to hold on while the boat struggles to stay afloat. Together, they are fighting the monster. Me.

I have gotten too old to be the innocent one. No more fairies. Or mermaids. Or princesses. Only the villain. For me, there is no fun in being kind. Being kind shows weakness, and the oldest one can not be weak. The pirate king. My brother. The crew. My other brother and my cousin. They are enemies. My enemies.

The battle has been raging for days. Usually, it does not take this long, but this battle has. There were too many interruptions. Parents. Dinner. Rain. And parents. Every time I am about to win, an ancient force stops me. There is no chance of retrieving the treasure when there is no time to plan. That treasure means everything to me. The pirates stole it. Now it is my turn to get it back.

I sprint around the pool and grab my weapon. A water gun. I load and fire. The water flies through the sky as if it has wings and hits the pirates. Screams fill the air, "Ahhh, it burns! It's poisonous!" For a moment, the crew is stalled. I make my move.

Like a cheetah, my feet carry me to the water. I leap. For a split second, I can see my reflection. Splash. I submerge beneath the water's surface. Like a dolphin, I swim towards the boat, dancing above me in the waves. I grab onto the side and struggle to pull myself up. The boat moans. There is not enough room for four, even if they are small. I am squished like an insect after



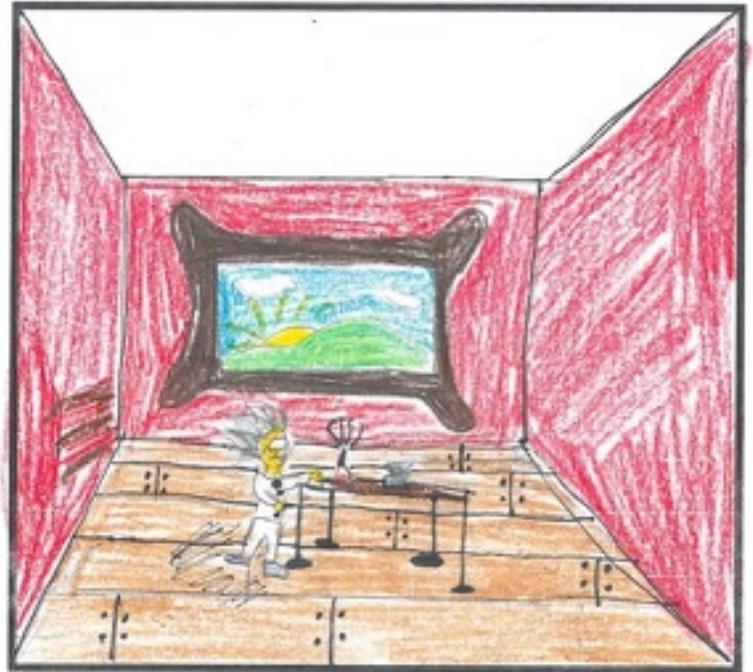
Grace Miller, 6th Grade

its last breath. My eyes gaze around and stop at the little animal. My treasure. I climb over my cousin and the pirate king and grab it. Victory!

In the distance, I hear a call, "Come in. It's raining!" The magic disappears. No more pirates, monsters, or oceans. Just four soaked children, on a drowning ship, in a small pool, in my grandmother's garden.

Leonie Flacke

Grade Eight



Amelia Carr, 6th Grade

### EDMUND'S JOURNAL

Dear Diary,

I can't believe what happened today! I didn't think Lucy was right about Narnia at all. When I first stepped into the wardrobe, I thought Lucy was totally lying. But, then and there, I still was curious. I kept walking. I was still feeling fur coats and smelling mothballs. Then I saw a bright light glowing like a star. I thought the light was the doorway back to the empty room where I had started. The light was the entrance to Narnia, and this was only the beginning of my journey!

I realized I was outside in a wooded area. I started to shiver, and then I noticed snow was around me. That's why I was so cold! I stood in the snow, just waiting for something exciting to happen! Then I heard, far away in the woods, bells like Christmas time! The bell sound kept on getting closer and closer until a sled was right in front of me, drawn by two reindeer.

The reindeer were about the size of Shetland ponies. I stood with my mouth wide open. There was a chubby dwarf who was dressed in polar bear fur. The dwarf was the sled driver. His huge beard covered his knees. Behind him, on a high chair, was the tallest woman I had ever seen. She was covered in white fur up to her long neck. She held a long, golden wand in her hand. Her face was white, like snow. She wore a golden crown on her head. I was very confused. "Are you the son of Adam?" she asked.

"Um?" I was very confused.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, are you human?" she asked.

"Um...yes," I replied.

"Where did you, how did you get here?" she asked, very confused.

“Through that wardrobe,” I said, pointing at the entry of the wardrobe door.

“Ha, a door from the world of men!” she said. “I have heard of such a thing.” Then she stood up, holding her wand as if she were going to cast a spell on me. I was scared and freezing. But then she changed her mind, and put down her wand. “My poor child, you look freezing! How about you sit with me in the sled, and I’ll warm you up?” she said, in a different voice. I stood up and sat in the sled. “How about something hot to drink?” she asked.

“Yes please, your majesty.” I replied. She took a small bottle and let one drop fall onto the snow. I was watching carefully. The moment the drop hit the ground, I heard a hissing sound. She handed me a steaming cup of something hot. I drank the drink quickly. The drink warmed me up fast.

“What’s your favorite food?” she asked. Well, this was an obvious question.

“Turkish Delight, Your Majesty,” I said. Quicker than lightning, she flicked her wand in the air. In her lap, sat a box of Turkish Delight. I was in amazement. She handed me the box, and I took a bite.

The Turkish Delight made me sort of tell her everything. I told her about my siblings and the professor. I finished the box, and I wanted more. When I asked, she wouldn’t budge. I wondered why. Then she told me she wanted to meet my siblings the next time I come. I don’t know if I can. I may make her upset. When I was back on the other side of the door, the tiredness stroked through my body. The game of hide and seek was still going on. This was very interesting. I am so keeping this to myself. Imagine if I told everyone: That could go wrong!

Alex Carter

Grade Four

#### *DOC’S REMEDY*

As I step out of the baking car, the odor of seaweed cooking in the sun at low tide invades my nose. The sky is bright blue without a single cloud, and I smell the ocean breeze coming from the harbor. While we are unloading the car, I can not wait to get on our boat, *Doc’s Remedy*, and relax. As we unload the car, Dad says to get a black cart because we have too much stuff (as usual). I walk down to the dock house along the walkway of gray planks, grab a



Camila Marte, 6th Grade

cart, and walk back to the car. My sister Morgan, Mom, Dad and I start to load up the stuff in the cart and lug it down to the dock. When we get to the dock house, I stop and open the dented door of the icebox. Reaching in to grab the ice, I hear the quiet rumble of the freezer machine. I then load the ice bags into the cart and continue on my way. As I push the cart down the steep gangway, I can feel the cart bump over the strips of wood used for grip. When I reach the end of the gangway, I start to smell the gasoline from the launches and hear the faint rumble of the engines.

Unloading the cart, I pass the heavy bags to Dad, who piles them in the corner of the old launch. Stepping up onto the wooden stair, I grab the sleek, metal railing so I do not fall. The launch casts off, and I see the tiny ripples in the dark water. As we are going to our boat, I see all of the boats around me bobbing up and down, all pointed in the same direction, which gives me a feeling of order. I look the other way and see one of my favorite things, our boat, *Doc's Remedy*. She is a sleek, thirty-nine-foot, white powerboat with a black boot stripe and three engines on the back, all dark gray 300 horsepower Yamahas. She has a pristine anchor and windows as clear as crystal. Approaching our boat, the launch slows down, and the engine gets quieter. I feel a slight bump, and we are next to the boat.



Declan McKernan, 1st Grade

Quickly hopping off the launch, I step onto the rough, fiberglass steps down the warm, cushy, gray carpet. As soon as I feel the carpet with my bare feet, I see Dad holding the largest, heaviest bag and telling me to grab it. I rush over and grab the bag from him and unload the rest. I hastily move to the cloth door to unzip it. Grabbing hold of the stubborn zipper, I manage to get it open just enough to slide into the hot cockpit. As I stand up, I see the instrument panel with the GPS screens, the compass, and all of the switches that control different functions on the boat. While Morgan and Mom unpack the bags, I open the small door to all of the switches and buttons for

various systems. Flipping the switches and pushing the buttons, I am filled with the satisfaction of the “clock” sound from the cold, steel switches. Closing the door, I start to stand up straight, admiring the ocean and all of the islands, thinking how privileged I am to be here. Hearing a shout from Mom, I grab hold of the tinted sliding door that leads downstairs and rush down the wooden steps to help her unpack everything from burgers to wipes to fragile starfish decorations.

Once the unpacking is finished, I hop up the rough steps that lead to the cockpit and smell the burgers sizzling on the grill as I lie down on the smooth couch. Dozing off, I hear a shout. “Dinner is ready!” Dad

announces. As I am leaping off of the couch, Dad is putting the juicy, mouth-watering burgers onto the sesame seed buns. I sit down on the bench, and Dad hands me a burger. I take one bite and fall in love with it, scarfing it down as fast as I possibly can. Within a minute, I run out of food, so I grab another burger, devouring it. Reaching a break in dinner, I glance to the left and catch a glimpse of the peaceful, orange sun setting over Fort Sewall. Dad starts up the engines as I walk towards the bow of the boat to unhook the mooring. I reach the cleats where the mooring is attached, and I release the loops, leaving the boat drifting. While I am walking back toward the cockpit, I feel the boat lurch forward. We cross the “No Wake Zone” boundary, and Dad floors the throttle. I watch the green and brown islands pass by as we head towards Captain Dusty’s to get ice cream.

Mason Cheney, Grade Seven

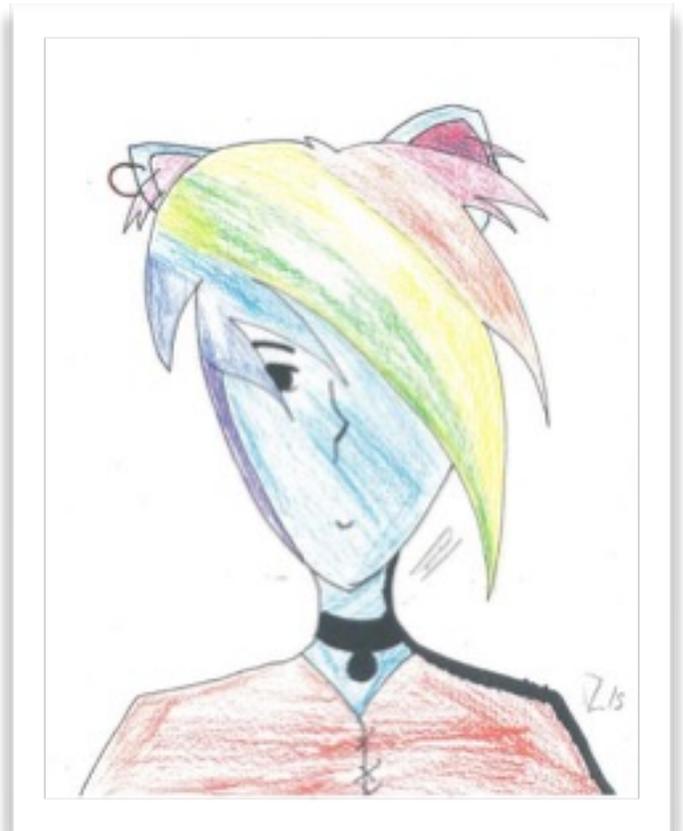
### LAST LEAF ON THE TREE

I am the last leaf on the tree. As I look down, I see all my friends blowing in the wind, being whisked away to another place. I knew I would be the last one; I have been tightly gripping right from the time I blossomed. Everyone doubted me, but I showed them, didn't I? Still, number one. I don't know why I'm so tight compared to the others. I just am. As the days pass, I slip, just a hundredth of a millimeter at a time, but I still feel scared. That drop, it is so high, so far down to the ground. I've seen other things fall, and it doesn't look fun. But yet, I'm still tempted to try it. Even if I do, I can't fall down by my own will.

I was told by the wise ones in the wind, "You must release to find your true self."

I yelled back at them, "How? How do I fall off on my own?" As the days pass, it gets colder and colder, darker and darker, less and less green. There are fewer and fewer birds shaking my branch, fewer and fewer squirrels scurrying up and down the tree, less and less time until I fall off.

Clouds pass over my head every once in awhile, and, with clouds, come storms. Storms, I hate storms. They've always been my least favorite. Those wet droplets of rain, slowly wetting the branch and making me slip a tiny bit more than usual. But still, that's less time for



Julia Livingston, 8th Grade

me. I never really liked water. Even though it makes me healthy, I've never liked it. As I see all the other trees on a cloudy day, I feel as if I'm the only brightness in the world.

I look closer, and I see the other leaves on the other trees and wonder how they feel. They are the last ones on their trees. As I see the sun go down and the moon coming up, the wind picks up. "Jarvis!" I hear someone in the wind yell.

"What?" I yell back.

"It's me, Jacob!" he yells.

"Hi Jacob," I say as he gets closer. Now he's practically floating in front of me. "How are you doing that?"

"The wind," he said, "it's strong enough to hold me here."

"Cool!" I yell back. I am looking around, seeing a lot of other leaves floating with Jacob, and an idea springs to my head. I could talk to all my friends right now at once. Now, I know that doesn't seem amazing, but growing up on tree, it just doesn't happen. The idea of seeing and talking to all your friends at once is a dream. Even though I can't be floating with them, I still am ecstatic.

"Jarvis! What's up?" That was John. He was always right next to me on the tree. As the hours of reuniting pass, the wind picks up and my friends are blown away and blown back. Every time it is more abrupt.

Drip, drip, drip. "Not rain," I complain.

"Gotta go Jarvis," Jacob calls to me. "Rain knocks us down." I watch as one by one my friends are shot down by rain droplets like army soldiers being peppered by machine guns. Finally, the rain stops. As the morning comes, I feel it. I can tell. I am like a tooth on its last thread.

"Jarvis," someone calls, "come down."

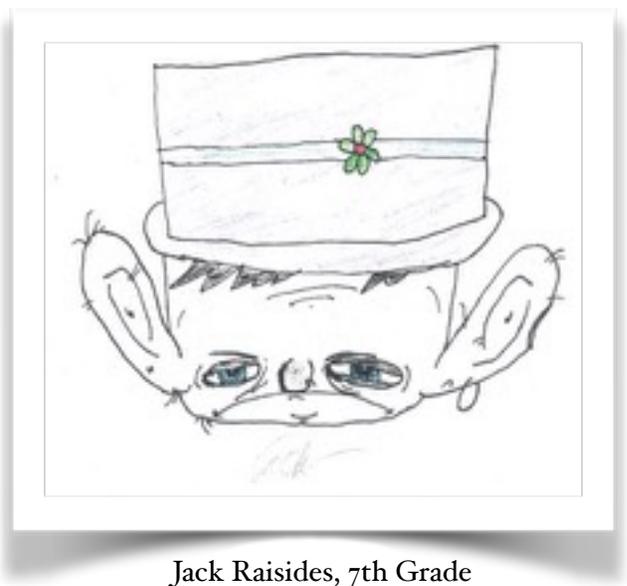
"Who are you? And where?" I ask.

"The wind. I am all around you," it responds. "If you don't come down, I'll bring you down. You belong down there."

"No." I call back.

"Fine then, I'll just do it myself," it sneers. Then I am in the air, slowly descending down to the ground. It feels like hours just floating down. I hit the ground. I am not alone.

Harrison Curtis, Grade Five



Jack Raisides, 7th Grade

## EMPTY

The realization that the chocolate bunny is hollow,

Void

A feigned smile on the face of loneliness,

Solitary

A watch without time,

Forgotten

Fall leaves with no colors,

Colorless

Long roads ahead filled with no dreams,

Lost

The shortest tree in the forest,

Unheard

Words with no meaning,

Nonsense

Night skies without stars,

Vacant

A beating heart without love,

Broken

Alex Lang, Grade Seven

## FALL DANCERS

Dancers are like fall,

The leaves twirl in the wind,

Like an outdoor ballet,

No plan on stopping.

Exquisite colors spinning around

Like a room of rainbows,

And leaving after a long season,

Of fun.

Michaela Hope, Grade Four

## IN THE WOODS

I feel safe and happy when I am in the woods in my neighborhood. I like it when the birds tweet in the sky. Sometimes, I get a chance to get up close to the foxes. I always like to see what Mother Nature leaves for me to look at like bark that looks like a bear. The woods always smell like maple syrup to me. When I reach down, I feel the crooked leaves with ants crawling on them. The woods look so peaceful when the foxes, deer, baby trees, and squirrels are there.

Phoebe Juves, Grade Two

### *FLYING COLORS*

As I approach *Flying Colors*, it lures me in. The boat is a throne, awaiting its king or queen. The launch is the carriage, steering the royalty to their place. As I jump on the boat, I can feel the cool, white floor against my feet. I walk around, and I am happy that it is the same as it has always been. The off white, V-shaped couch is still there with its pink juice stains. The off white seat in front of the driver's overlook is still there. And, of course, the little, tiny driver's area is there with its high, off white chair and all the little silver switches. Also the silver steering wheel is there. Although the boat is tiny (twenty feet, seven inches), it is very comfortable.

Quickly, I decide to help. I help unpack the millions of snacks and juice boxes into the gigantic cooler that sits under the driver's seat. Suddenly, I hear the roar of the engine. It sounds like a lion. We slowly, very slowly, make our way out of the crowded Marblehead Harbor. As she goes past the marker that marks where the harbor ends, a sensation of joy always rushes through her blue and white body. She goes from as slow as a turtle to as fast as a cheetah. She starts to pick up speed so very quickly. *Flying Colors* bounces over the tops of the waves.



Mary Simpson, 8th

She is pretty much a bird, soaring up in the sky. I love the feeling of the crisp and salty air bashing against my happy face. I feel so free.

As it nears the end of the day, the sky gets a little darker. *Flying Colors* makes her way back to her mooring. As she starts to slow down at the edge of the harbor, everybody relaxes. They also start to get as tired as a sloth. We pass many boats, sailboats as tall as buildings, motorboats that look like a cruise ship to us, and other boats, too. When we see the little blue boat called *Puddle Duck*, we know we are back at the place we started. *Flying Colors* is so exhausted and can't wait until we come back again. I know I can't wait, either.

Madeline McCormick, Grade Five

## LAST LEAF

Well, since I've got nowhere to go, I'll tell you why I'm up here. I'm the last leaf on the tree. I know what you're thinking: It must be great to have an entire tree to yourself. You're wrong. It's awful.

Since Sky is my only company, I talk to him about my situation. I tell him how lonely I am. I plead him for his help. "Sky, please, if you're up there, please talk back to me. I know this is how the world of the trees and leaves works, but I haven't talked to anyone, other than you, for a week now."

"Why leaf, if you know this is how the world works, why are you asking me for help?" says Sky.

"Because you are the only one who can help me. Nobody else is here. The bears have gone to sleep for the winter and the birds have flown south.

"Why do you not ask Wind for assistance? After all, he is the one who sent your friends to the ground."

"I would never ask that horrible, howling, harassing beast for any help. He has destroyed so many of the other trees. He has destroyed dozens of trees' colonies of leaves," I protest.

"That is true, but Wind is still your only chance. You know you can't pluck yourself from your tree."

He snickers at me. "It was written in the rules long ago. My older friends, who had now fallen, said that one day, on a bright, beautiful, brilliant day, rules were given to them. They had mysteriously appeared one day. The rules to live by were carved into our trees' bark. The first one was not to be dull but, rather,

## LINPARDOR

Mi animal se llama Linpador. Tiene la cola de un leopardo. Tiene la cabeza de un lince. Tiene el cuerpo de un leopardo cazador.

Leanna Robie, Grade Three

exuberant. The second was to respect the Wind. Nobody ever followed that rule. Finally, and mentioned most, we leaves were not able to pull ourselves from the tree. Some leaves didn't believe the third rule was enforced. Some had tried to be rebellious. All had failed. I don't care. There has to be a first time for everything, right?"

I have thought this decision through thoroughly. I have thought of what might happen, but I don't think the worst can be worse than this. It might end up with me being ripped apart. I am going to pull myself from the tree so I can go back to my friends. Since I have no hands, this is a difficult challenge. I push as if a boulder has been placed upon me and the only way out is to kick it off with my stem. I try dozens of times. I wheeze and gasp, but I don't stop. At one point, I hear a creak. It takes me three sunsets and four sunrises to realize that this isn't going to work. I am not going to like it, but it is my last chance. I need Wind's help.

"Wind! Wind! Wherever you are, come to me. I'm the last leaf on the great oak. I..., I..., I need your help!" I cough. My mouth has gone dry, and my tongue moves as easily as a brick.

In a cool, airy voice, Wind responds, "Why do you want my help? Also, why would I help you? Your kind has always disrespected me."

"You should help me because you are, after all, the glorious, glorified, great, and all powerful Wind," I have never lied so badly.

"Well, what do you need help with?" he asks in a snarky voice.

"I need to get to the ground."

He seems to think this over with a filter so intense it could separate water from water. "Fine. However, one condition. Your kind must always respect me from now on."

Now it is my turn to use the filter. I finally came up with an answer: "Deal." As if it is magic, my surrounding atmosphere howls with a harmful, hazardous sound. Then, I feel more free than when a rainstorm comes. It is wonderful. I am spinning in a world of trees. I can hear my world fly by me. It is all finished by a great, graceful, gracious landing. Happiness is mine.

Matthew Bernstein, Grade Five

## MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts feels like the cold in the beginning of summer in the Atlantic Ocean. Massachusetts smells like disgusting, raw seafood. Massachusetts tastes like delicious, creamy, fresh-out-of-the-oven, and ready-to-devour, Boston cream pie. Massachusetts looks like big lighthouses. Massachusetts is the home of the Celtics, Patriots, Bruins, and the Red Sox. Massachusetts is where Tower School is. Massachusetts is my home. Massachusetts is where all my friends live. Massachusetts is my favorite place in the world.

Tristan De La Rocha, Grade Three

Massachusetts feels like a warm, melted chocolate chip cookie. Massachusetts smells like a flower sprouted. Massachusetts tastes like Boston cream pie. Massachusetts sounds like birds chirping. Massachusetts looks like beautiful ocean waters. Massachusetts is a great place to pick apples fresh from the orchard. Massachusetts is home to the schools MIT and Harvard. Massachusetts is a great place to catch all your fresh seafood. Massachusetts is my home, sweet home, and I am proud of it.

Ella Thornton, Grade Three

## ME AT CHATAQUA

We were driving to Chataqua where my Aunt Patsy was running the Baptist House. Aunt Patsy and I were having fun looking for caterpillars. My family stayed at Chataqua for three days. My brother Wyatt and I rode our bikes. We rented a not very small house. There was a scary bell. I think it was a fire bell. We had a lot of fun. The End.

Maxwell Doron, Grade One

## MESSAGES TO GOD

Soft tears roll down the sides of swollen cheeks. The herds of women and men separate to either side like cattle. Ancient and impactful, the Wall towers over the heads of everyone. The Western Wall. Stuffed with letters. Messages. Notes. Prayers. Wishes. All to God. The cattle people have come to send God a message.

Wide male eyes scan the women as they filter into their section. Not a single female is left stranded in the men's territory. That would cause unruly violence. A violence not protected by the nation of Israel. Why? We ask ourselves. Why do these men feel the need to interject violence into a place of peace? A strict religious practice is what they follow. The women must be separated. The women can not pray from the Torah at the Wall. These are just the rules.

Walking to the Wall, my heart beats out of my chest. A first-timer to the Wall. Stumbling through the committed men and women who come every day, I feel like an outsider. "I'm out of place," I think to myself. A lost puppy in a new environment. A strong arm grabs me and tugs me through the masses of people. Leading me, my mother's firm hands swat people away as she guides me to the front of the people. There I am. Standing in front of what I have only seen in pictures, textbooks, and other articles in my Hebrew class.

Orange and pink streak the sky as a signal for sundown. Emotional women on my half of the Wall press their grieving, angry, hopeful, desperate heads against the beige bricks. All ears, the Wall listens carefully. Studying the actions of the other women, I now know what to do. Step after step, I slowly make my way to the Wall. My head hits the concrete with a thud. A mumbled prayer is quickly spoken under my breath, hoping no one will realize the fear in my Hebrew words.

Eyes squint, knees bend, I am in a desperate search for a small space to jam my note into. Each crevice in the stuffed Wall is occupied. Sinful thoughts occupy my head. Do I take someone else's note out to make room for mine? "No," I scream in my head, "I could never do that!" At last I spot an imperfect, sandstone block that has the corner chipped out. Wedging my note with all my might, the crinkled, bent, stained piece of paper sticks. Facing upwards. Walking backwards. The respectful way to walk.

Emma Pearlstein, Grade Eight



Mariel Fulghum, 7th

## MINECRAFT STORY

I walked up to the door to see what was behind it, but then blaring and screaming sounds came at me. I took a step back and fell then plunked on the ground! There were millions of doors stacked one hundred stories high. Which one should I choose?

I randomly picked the red one and held my breath. I lightly tapped the door, and it creaked open. Then the door disappeared into thin air and then, suddenly, I was trapped. Walls were closing in; ceilings were collapsing. Then I saw a door, the one I saw before I fell. I bolted to it and rammed it open. Then I saw a bright, gigantic tunnel. I walked through the tunnel. After a couple minutes, I saw an underground mine with mine-carts bigger than me. Pickaxes were clamped in rocks, and then I saw some gold they didn't get.

I took a pickaxe and a bucket and started to walk over, when the rocks started to grumble and the floor started to shake. It must have been me taking the pickaxe out of the rock! I dropped the pickaxe and the bucket and ran to the mine-cart. I pushed it as hard as my muscles would allow and then jumped in. It sped through the tracks like an out-of-control cheetah! All of the sudden, the tracks stopped, and I went flying through the air.

Then the red door appeared in the sky floating with a platform and railing, too. I opened it and then walked in and vanished.

To be continued...

Jack Whalen, Grade Three

## MY SECOND HOME

There is no sound as I stare upwards at the ceiling of our tent above me. Drops of rain roll lazily down the grey side of what is our house for two weeks. I check my phone. Just past 6:00. I look at my brother and sister; they are both still sound asleep. Perfect.

I put on a sweatshirt and move towards the door of the tent as silently as possible. I grasp the worn, black zipper and slowly pull the door open loudly. My brother stirs, but I make it out of the tent safely. I creep

## MI ANIMAL

Mi animal se llama Buicorniopez. Tiene la cabeza del pez de colores. Tiene el cuerpo de un unicornio. Tiene las alas de un búho.

Pippa Boyd, Grade Three

quietly past the kids' tent and even more quietly past my parents' tent until I am far enough away so they can not hear me.

The campground seems like a different world from last night. Nobody is awake; it seems like nothing is even alive. The late-night campfires are long gone. The only evidence that's left is the last dying embers of the fires which fade away like distant memories. I start walking down the dirt road with no cars on it. There are only cars on Saturdays, the saddest day, the day when the city of tents disappears and a new group of inhabitants takes its place.

As I walk, I look at the looming pines that edge the road. The tops of the trees are cast in a golden glow. The sun has reached them, but the fingers of light have not yet fallen on me. I turn the final corner of the dirt road, and I am greeted by the lake.

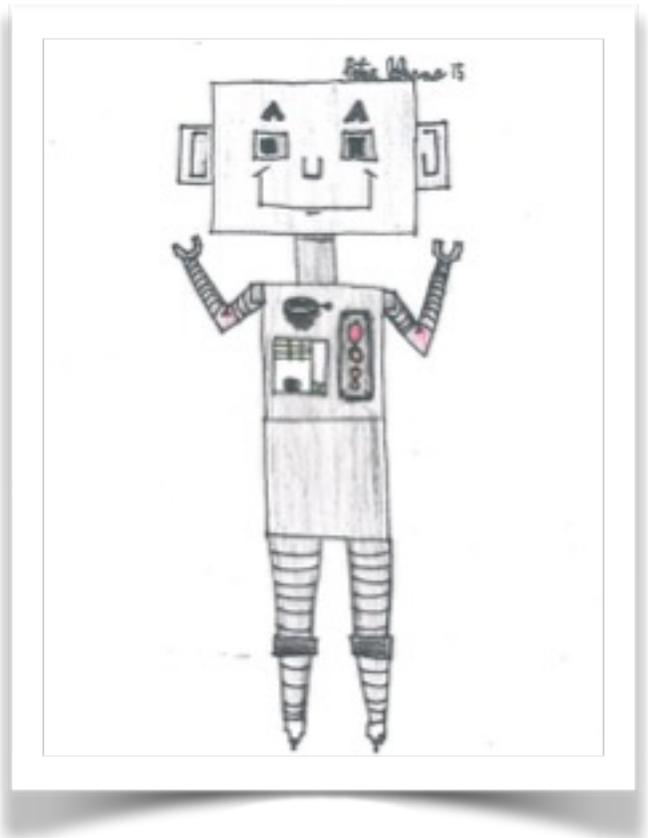
It calls out to me. "Good morning," it says. The lake is like a plate of glass, a perfect reflection of everything around it. A wispy layer of fog descends onto the water like a butterfly onto a flower. As I pass the main beach where our family always sits, I look out in the distance. I see the dark shadow of an island; the silhouettes of tall trees seem to sprout straight out of the water.

I continue past the main beach and walk towards the boat docks. The boats sit in perfect rows fast asleep until their owners arrive. The ancient, rusty hinges of the dock creak and send small ripples into the water.

I turn from the dock and start to walk back the way I came. I pass the beach and see that the layer of fog has lifted. The beach is now starting to fill up. A few beach chairs and blankets are scattered around as the first few people arrive.

The sun is now completely risen over the horizon, and its warm rays shine upon me. I walk up the dusty, dirt road, and I see other families now awake and occupying the once quiet campsites. As I grow closer to my campsite, I can smell breakfast cooking. I take the last few steps up to the campsite, and I'm greeted by my siblings and cousins, now awake and energetic. I quickly grab some food, and I'm immediately off again down the road towards the lake, joined by all of my siblings and cousins. Together we turn the last corner before the sparkling lake, my littlest cousin holding my hand.

Hayden Miller, Grade Eight



Peter Glavas, 7th Grade

### PORCADOCHIMP

Tiene la cabeza de un chimpancé.  
Tiene el cuerpo de un pez. Tiene la cola de  
un guepardo.

Alexa McCormick, Grade Three

### PAPER TOWEL

The savior comes to reverse mistakes  
And undo what has been done.  
Without him, life would be disorderly and dirty.  
The disarray of over-boiled oatmeal,  
Or the science project gone wrong,  
He is here, saving the day.

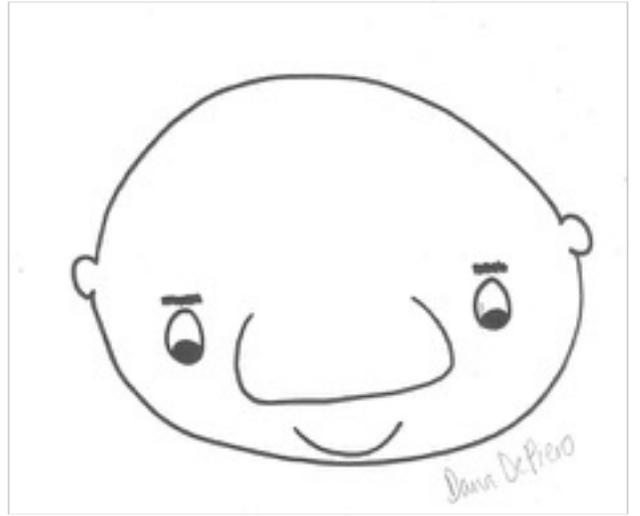
He is waiting, hiding among others  
Until he is needed.  
But, once he saves the day, he is thrown away  
Without one thought,  
Tossed with the trash,  
A savior disgraced.

Anna Souter, Grade Seven

## RED

Blood dribbling on the tip of the sword,  
Lava roaring inside a volcano, ready to explode,  
Deserted barn houses situated in grassy fields.  
I am the sun peeking above the horizon in dawn,  
Cherries dripping, gleaming in the summer sun,  
Rust chipping off fences little kids climb over.  
I am the last flame in a bonfire, waiting to be put  
out,  
The tip of a child's earlobe after a freezing winter  
day,  
Rudolph's glistening nose, preparing to guide a sleigh,  
The inside of a ripe plum wedged between teeth,  
The raspberry jelly spreading on a buttery slice of  
toast.

Russell Blodgett, Grade Seven



Dana DePiero, 7th Grade

## QUIET

I come  
From the still woods after the first snowfall.  
Out of unopened encyclopedias with stiff spines,  
Fans after their favorite team has lost the big game.  
From the bedroom of a girl who has long since grown  
up,  
Friendships lost and pinky promises broken.  
From the aftermath of an explosive fight,  
The funeral of a lost loved one.  
Out from under the cracks of closed doors,  
I come.  
Quiet: sad but more beautiful than sound.

Mariel Fulghum, Grade Seven

## SEBAGO

Have you ever been to a place that always has new adventures every day? Well, I have because I have been to Sebago, Maine. Sebago is like paradise.

In Sebago, there are some of my favorite smells. Early in the morning, I smell just caught lobster wafting through the air. I smell the hot, sizzling fish cooking on the grill. I smell the aroma of freshly cooked potatoes that have been turned into yellow and brown french fries on the table.

My favorite things to feel are here in Sebago. I touch the misty water of the lagoon in the morning. I feel the hard textured ice cream cone in my hand. I feel the hot, soft, grainy, and sizzling sand on my feet. I feel the sap on my hand, sticking like maple syrup.



Willa Bradley, 7th Grade

The sights here are amazing! Some of my favorite sights are at Sebago. I see the green and blue shimmering lake water. I see the luscious, green, crinkly, and damp leaves after a storm. I see the fast-moving, dark grey clouds coming closer to me. I see the sappy pine cones on the dark green pine tree. I see kids ziplining across the colorful lake water. I see the snapping turtle in the lake water next to our raft. I see the slithering, slimy eel in the lake under us, as well.

My favorite tastes are at Sebago. I taste the crunchy crab and the dry, buttery rolls. I taste the scrumptious caramel-covered chocolates in a box. I taste the light, moist dew in the air after a rain shower.

My favorite sounds are here in Sebago. I hear kids laughing loudly with their excitement. I hear the cold, dripping rain on the rocks. I hear the fast-moving wind going by me. I hear the sound of a skipping rock across the lake.

I will see you next year when I come again. I will miss you, Sebago. I will miss everything, especially the activities. I wonder what it will be like next year?

Luke Miller, Grade Three

### SNOW LEOPARD

**S**peeds through the trees,  
**N**eck is furry and soft,  
**O**bserves first, then attacks,  
**W**altzes on the fluffy snow.

**L**eaps from rock to rock,  
**E**ffortlessly chews its food,  
**O**nly in places that has snow,  
**P**roud as a king,  
**A**s fast as the wind ,  
**R**aces across the snowy rocks,  
**D**reams of being a snow leopard.

Leanna Robie, Grade Three

### SPORK

I am a hybrid, mutant,  
Shallow scoop with fork tines,  
Not in many households.

My life ends in dumpsters, like most things,  
But I live twice the lives of other cutlery.  
Spoon and fork,  
Lightweight and durable, I will serve.  
Digging into steak and slurping soup,  
Adventurous like fork, but mellow like spoon.

Other cutlery will never have the joy of diving into ice cream  
Or twirling spaghetti,  
Relaxing in hot tea or jumping into salads.

I have lived two lives,  
Two personalities.

Sasha Bronfin, Grade Seven

## SHOW; DON'T TELL

Her cheeks were bright red, and her head was down. She scanned the room like a hawk with bloodshot eyes. She felt as if she was about to die. Her heart was racing, and little beads of sweat came running down her face. Her mind was telling her to bolt, but she knew it would be no use.

Katrina Lang, Grade Five

She felt her stomach lurch, and her heart was beating a mile per minute. She held her stomach because she wanted the pain to go away. Her face was red and hot, and she hung her neck while she was in her bed. Sweat was trickling down her forehead. The taste of medicine was lingering in her throat.

Lilly Schaeffer, Grade Five

Her shoulders were slumped, and her head was facing the ground. Her eyes were not meeting the other eyes in the classroom. Her heart was beating quickly, and her mind was swirling with thoughts of what she might see if she turned around. She was scared of what people might think of her.

Maya Robie, Grade Five

He was panting hard. His legs felt like they were going to fall off. He started to smirk, then he couldn't help himself—he jumped for joy! He held his chin high. Inside, he felt like he was a glowing star!

Conor Murnane, Grade Five

### BUTTERFINGER

**B**utterfingers are my favorite candy:

**U**gly but delicious,

**T**asty treat,

**T**rick or treat candy,

**E**xcellent flavors in my mouth,

**R**emembering yummy flavors,

**F**avorite thing in the world,

**I**nteresting candy name,

**N**o fingers in it,

**G**reat snacks,

**E**at some with ice cream,

**R**elaxing treat.

Alexa Thornton, Grade Three

TESSA

Tessa is like the rhythm to my swing,  
She is like the flower in a lily pad,  
She is like the Friday in my week.

Tessa is like a bug buzzing in my ear,  
She is like the rain on a sunny day,  
She is like the gum on the bottom of my shoe.

Tessa is like the rainbow sprinkles on ice cream,  
She is like decorations, creating vibrant colors,  
She is like the sun after a storm, relieving you.

Tessa is like a roller coaster, going upside down,  
She is like the steepest ski slope at a resort,  
She is like jumping in puddles of rain, splashing  
water everywhere.

Tessa is like the spotlight on a stage,  
She is like a big twist in a movie,  
She is like an upcoming hot day or snowstorm.

Tessa is a stuffed animal I've had since I was two,  
She is like a plant I am taking care of, checking on  
her each day,  
She is like a great book I can't put down,  
something I always keep near me.

Tessa is like the tear in a paper,  
She is a wiggly tooth I can't get out,  
She is like a snapped crayon.

Tess is like a very good clown,  
She is like a circus, making everybody laugh,  
She is a feather, tickling the bottom of my feet.

Tessa is as playful as a puppy,  
She is like bright orange polka dots.  
She is my freedom from boredom.

Tessa is like a stone stuck in the ground,  
She is like an unsnappable stick, frustrating you.  
She is like a nail that is already hammered into the  
wood.

David Kane, Grade Four

## THE BEACH DAY

I went to the beach on Cape Cod with my mom and brother. We had fun and we were playing with a noodle. And then we got ice cream!

Chloe Mahoney, Grade One



Chloe Mahoney, 1st Grade

## THE BOATHOUSE

As the creaky screen door slams back into the old porch wall, I start to make my way down to the boathouse. Hopping down from the small, hastily made rock wall, I dash across the pine-needle-covered ground. Slowing down and starting to stroll through the woods, I jump over gigantic roots that stand in front of me. I hear the barrels on the raft crashing into each other, and the green canoes washing over the clear, clean waves at Gilmore Pond. Chickadees are chirping while crows squawk noisily over them, and the tall pine trees rustle in the breeze.

Listening intently to the wildlife, I keep walking but more slowly this time. The path narrows down to two jagged roots on the soft, sandy ground. I choose to walk to the left where the old, rotten root sits. Taking a big step over the root, I continue on and near a small opening where I start to see the glistening lake. The sun beams down on me and makes the forest feel warmer. The sand pit that had appeared from past rains is just in front of the rickety bog bridge. Looking through the small clearing in the bushes, I can see sailboats and kayaks gliding over the water's surface. After almost slipping on the slimy, dark bog bridge, I make it to the boathouse.

Cool stone steps complement the stone wall that was built years ago. The white and green paint-chipped building is cool immediately as I step in. In the boathouse, the waft of suntan lotion comes my way, and the just-dried paint on a canoe. My dog, Dipper, and my mother have already arrived at the boathouse. Dipper's ears perk up as he tilts his head and studies me. His tags on his collar jingle as he sets his head back down on the cool, grayish, wooden panel floor. As I step forward to greet my mother, who is sitting in a green lawn chair with a seltzer in hand, the floorboards creak. Smelling the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and the sodas in the red cooler makes my mouth water. Then I quickly run into a boathouse changing room and get into my bathing suit. After I step into the doorway covered with old spider webs then into the sun, I hop off the ramp and into the lake.

Looking back at Dipper, I call him to get into the lukewarm water. He holds his position and does not even think about moving a paw. Flapping violently in the wind above the doorway, I hear and see the

old tattered American flag on the rusted flagpole that holds it up. I move deeper into the water, feeling the fine sand turn into old, brown leaves. The brown leaves feel mushy and slimy against my feet. My feet slowly transition from walking to kicking while in the water, and I swim to the raft.

Once I arrive at the raft, I climb on top, using the light blue ladder. The floorboards feel gritty on my feet. I quickly jump and make my way back to the shallow water. While standing in the shallows, I try to find garnets. Holding sand in my hand, I push layers to the side and try to find the rose-pink gems. The water turns on me and starts to get colder and colder each minute I stay in. I climb out of the water and onto the ramp.

My mother hands me a towel that she has pulled down from a nail in the wall. Wrapping myself up in my red and blue-striped towel, I grab my peanut butter and jelly sandwich and eat it quickly. My mother sees how fatigued I am from swimming and starts to pack up. She then throws her seltzer away, calls the dog to get up, and says, "Let's go home." Then, I start my way back to the house.

Willa Bradley, Grade Seven

## THE LAKE HOUSE

I walk down the damp grass as my eyes meet the soft, gray shingling of the lake house. I hear brittle twigs snap under my feet as I run down the curved hill leading me to the door. I dash up the front steps and into the house when the sweet smell of apple pie wraps around me like a warm hug. I slip through the shady, comfortable living room and into the colorful kitchen to greet my relatives. Welcoming voices echo in my ear as hugs are exchanged. I look at the kitchen's pale yellow walls and smooth, marble countertop. The kitchen leads right into the cozy sitting room with plush, blue chairs. I make my way up the shiny wood staircase and into my room. As I walk in, I see the transparent ivory curtain and gaze into the outdoors.

The lake house's outdoor property is stunning. There are vibrant flowers of every color and tall evergreen trees surrounding the perimeter. The back of the house faces a thick forest with streaks of light shining through the tree branches. The front of the house faces a deep blue lake that stretches for miles. There are thin layers of sand that lie by the edge of the water, forming small beaches. You can hear birds singing from the treetops and beetles buzzing from a distance. Your body feels relaxed and at ease as you soak in the nature.

One activity that the whole family can enjoy is playing water sports and swimming in the refreshing lake water. As soon as I think of it, I sprint down the stairs and out the door to feel the water. The water is not incredibly cold, but it is cool enough to give you a tingling sensation of relaxation. I look across the wide cove and see the dark green trees stretch up into the sky. There are many things to do in

the lake like water skiing, wake boarding, and swimming. My cousins and I stay in the lake, playing games until our fingers and toes are wrinkly as raisins.

Visiting the lake house makes me feel safe and free. It is a place where I can expose myself to nature and be with my family. Whether I am comfortably placed indoors or spending time in the fresh New Hampshire air, the lake house is my favorite place to be.

Elsa McKernan, Grade Five

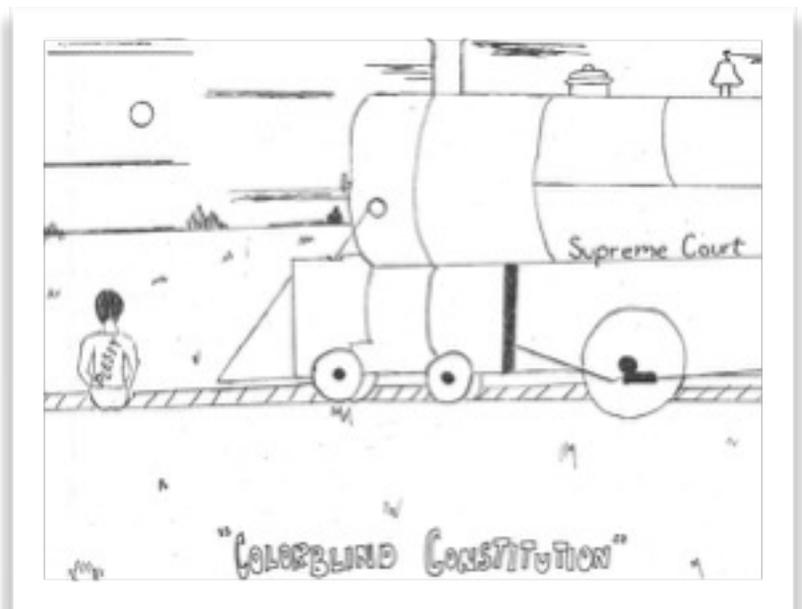
## THE LAST LEAF

“Help! Help! Get me down from here. I want to be on the soft, cuddly ground with you guys, not hanging down from this twig! Get me down!” I shriek, as I try to wiggle my way off the twig. It's no use. The wind whistles by me, and I feel like I am walking on an abandoned street in the dark mists of the day with sadness following me around like a shadow. Tears leak out of my eyes, and I try to suck them in, but they just pour out of my eyes like a storm that never ends.

Something whispers to me, “Look down,” and I see my friends crumpled up and shriveled. They are not the fresh green color or the tangerine orange or even the lemony yellow! They are dark amber!

They say, “Stay on that twig as long as you can!” I still don't understand. I miss my friends who have been blown away by the whirly wind. I miss how we used to watch birds disappear in the clouds. I miss how we used to talk with the blue jays and the cardinals and plot how we were going to steal a piece of food from the picnic below us. I sniffle, I cry, and then I sob.

Hours and days pass by, but I am still up here, sobbing my eyes out. My eyes finally run out of water, and I realize that I am no longer the fresh green color; I am yellow. I even see brown polka dots all over me. “Am I getting sick?” I ask the wind. The wind just whistles and whirls by me. I close my eyes and



Gianna Zagari, 8th Grade

give a sigh. Then I feel myself getting lifted into the air. The wind cuddles me and glides me to the soft, cold ground. I lie there for a long time. It seems like centuries. My eyes slowly close, and I am fast asleep.

I am awakened by white pieces of coldness. My body shivers, and I feel like a piece of stone. My body is shaking like I am sitting on a washing machine. Suddenly, I get blown by the wind and drift into whiteness. It almost looks like the piece of paper I saw floating by earlier.

I look at myself, trying to accept that half of me is brown and crumpled. A shriveled leaf like me comes floating down. I ask, "Why is it so cold, and what are those white things?"

The leaf replies, "Winter," and then, "Snow." He gets picked up and drifts with the wind all the way to the clouds.

Sometimes I wonder, wonder why I was the last leaf on the tree. I wonder why I have to be alone on the freezing snow. I wonder why this happened to me. "Where are the birds?" I whisper to myself. "Where did they go? Where are all the families that lay under this apple tree?" I ask myself. "Why aren't they here?"

I am brown all around, shriveled, and crumpled. I wish I could just time travel back to spring, summer, and fall. I wish I could be with my friends not here on the ground alone in the wintry mists of today.

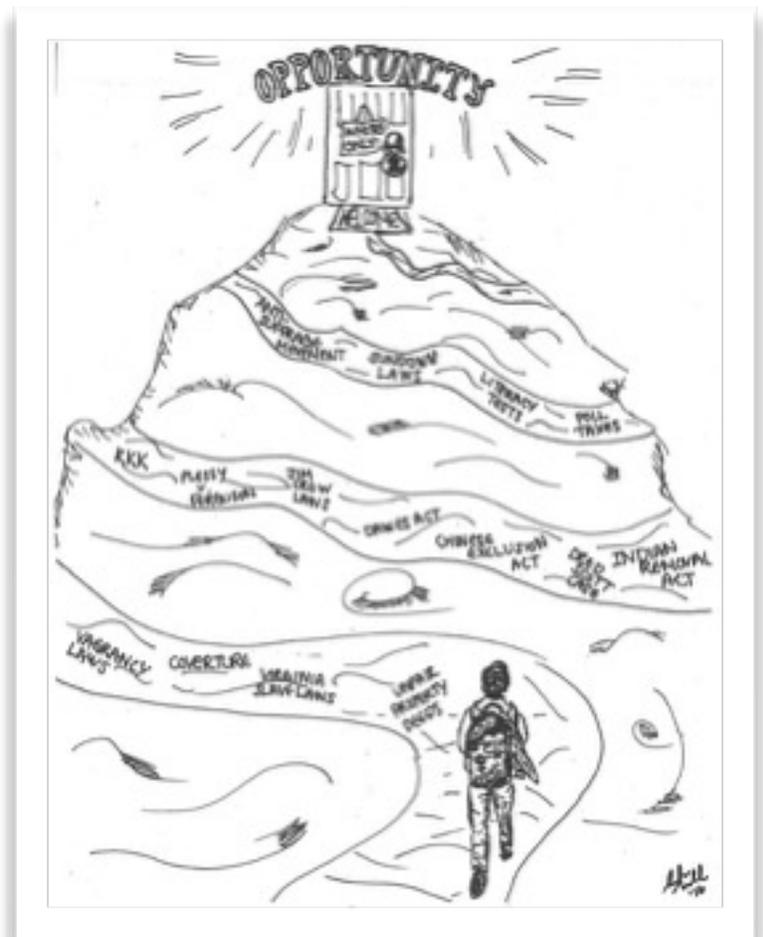
Avery DePiero, Grade Five

## THE PATHWAY TO HEAVEN

A pathway leads me to a land of maple leaves,  
Staring at me from the tops of tall trees.  
English ferns crunch softly under my feet,  
While elm trees reach towards the sky.  
Poison ivy leans closely inward to touch someone.  
Mustard plants look like newly bought lemons.  
Acorns look up at me from below,  
While cattails sway above.  
Algae floats along the stagnant ponds,

Looking like green lanterns.  
 Wild rhubarb sprouts out of the ground,  
 And clover majestically symbolizes St. Patrick's Day.  
 Squishy mushrooms and moss create a natural layer of green carpet  
 Material all over the ground.  
 Red maple leaves reach toward the path,  
 And white maple leaves and wild berries  
 Grow near cattails,  
 And seagrass grows up out of the sea.  
 Minnows swim happier than ever,  
 While sea glass lies in colored plates on the beach.  
 It was a pathway to an ocean with boats and rafts,  
 And seagrass knotted together.  
 I was in heaven.  
 I could feel the sweet ocean breezes waft through  
 my hair,  
 And I could smell the salty scent of the ocean.

Cole Hamilton  
 Grade Four



Sarah Newhall, 8th Grade

## THE SECRET PASSAGE

Once there was a little town. It was under a big mountain. In the town there was a lady. Her name was Lilly. She loved adventure! One day she found a secret passage to the top of the mountain. But before she went, she gave birth to a little girl. She gave her to her husband. After she finished traveling the passage, the mother was never heard from again.

The mother was able to survive but barely. She thought what if she could not find enough water or food or both! While she was thinking, her daughter, Mary, found the secret passage. She went in it with her father. When they went inside, the passage entrance behind them closed with rocks.

The only thing that Mary and her father could do now was to walk forward. Once they finished the passage, they found Mary's mom sitting on a rock crying. When she saw Mary and her husband, she started crying with joy. They started talking as a family about escape. They figured out a terrific plan.

In order for their plan to work, they needed to make parachutes. The mother and her daughter made them. They found a good place to jump from. They found one that was above the town. Then they jumped down with the parachutes. The family made it home safe and sound. They lived happily ever after!

The End!

Masha Gilberg, Grade Three

## THE SOFTBALL BAT

I am the dreaded softball bat,

Risking my life for the thrill of others.

I am gripped tightly,

Swung hard.

But I am the treasured item of any player.

I am the terror of striking out,

Yet the bliss of taking a base.

I am the source of the cheering crowd,

But time and time again,

Following every competition,

I go back into the dreaded, dank softball bag,

Awaiting the next game,

Until my glory has worn out.

Kate Hill, Grade Seven

## THE STORY OF HOW I GOT MY CATS

When I was three my dad worked at a real estate company. One day he went to a house, and he saw two cats and no one was there, so he took the cats home and we named them. The girl's name was Lizzy and the boy's name is Magic. Magic is still alive.

Sophia Yanosy, Grade One

## THE TIME I WAS LOST

Whoosh! I hear the rides go past me as I look around Six Flags trying to find my parents. Screams are coming from every direction. I start to panic and start running around everywhere, trying to find my parents. Then I see a customer service booth. I run over to it and tell the workers that I am lost.

I hear the blasting speakers above me saying, "Wallace and Kristen Morant, your daughter is looking for you." Fifteen minutes go by, then twenty, then thirty. The nice woman at the service booth gave me one-hundred dollars to buy food and drinks and to also go on rides. Her name is Jennifer, but, for short, the other workers call her "Jenny."

Jenny said, "When you run out of money, return back here, but if you still have money by 4:15, still come back here." 4:15 comes, and I go back to the customer service booth and tell her that I ran out of money. She tries calling my parents again and again but still no answer. I start to think about my parents and all the fun times we've had together. I start to get teary-eyed, but I hold the tears back.

Then comes 10:00. The park is closing, and I still haven't found my parents. We try calling them one more time but still no answer. She says that I can stay the night with her at her place. I go in her car, and she drives about forty-five minutes to her house. My eyes can barely stay open, and my head keeps falling on my shoulder. Drool starts trickling down my chin.

I wake with a gasp. Jenny is leaning over me and shaking me. She carries me out of the car and brings me inside. She plops me on the couch and asks if I want anything to drink or eat. I say, "Yes. Do you have peanut butter and jelly sandwiches?"

"Yes," she says and comes right back in with them. I turn on the TV and watch *Cupcake Wars*. After dinner, she gives me a cupcake and sends me to bed. By the time I go to bed, it was about 1:00 in the morning. Then I hear a familiar voice. I open my eyes to see my mom and dad staring down at me.

"Daddy! Mommy!" I say. "You found me!" I run into their car, and we talk the whole ride back home. When I get home, I was so happy to see my room and bed even though it was only one night.

One question they never answered was where they went at Six Flags. I never bothered asking them, but I always wondered.

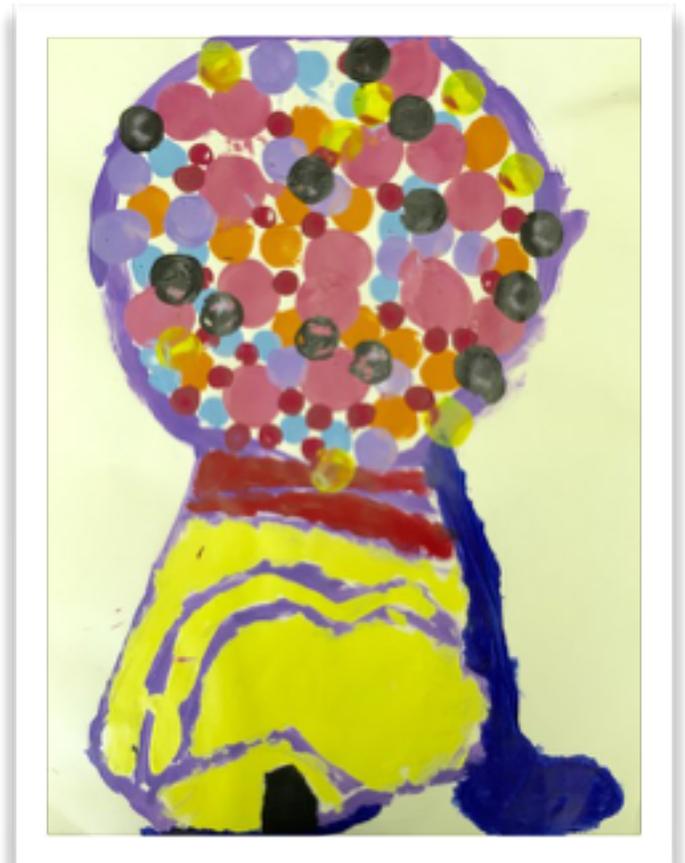
Autumn Morant, Grade Five

### THINGS WE DON'T KNOW

We know not of the ancient depths of the ocean,  
Or the unseen masses of space.  
We don't know what will happen tomorrow,  
Or all that has happened,  
Even to us;  
Not any more.  
We can't know what is just beyond our sight,  
Or just over our shoulders.  
We do not know what we want to know,  
Or why we want to know.  
All we know is we want to know.

Chris Pandapas

Grade Seven

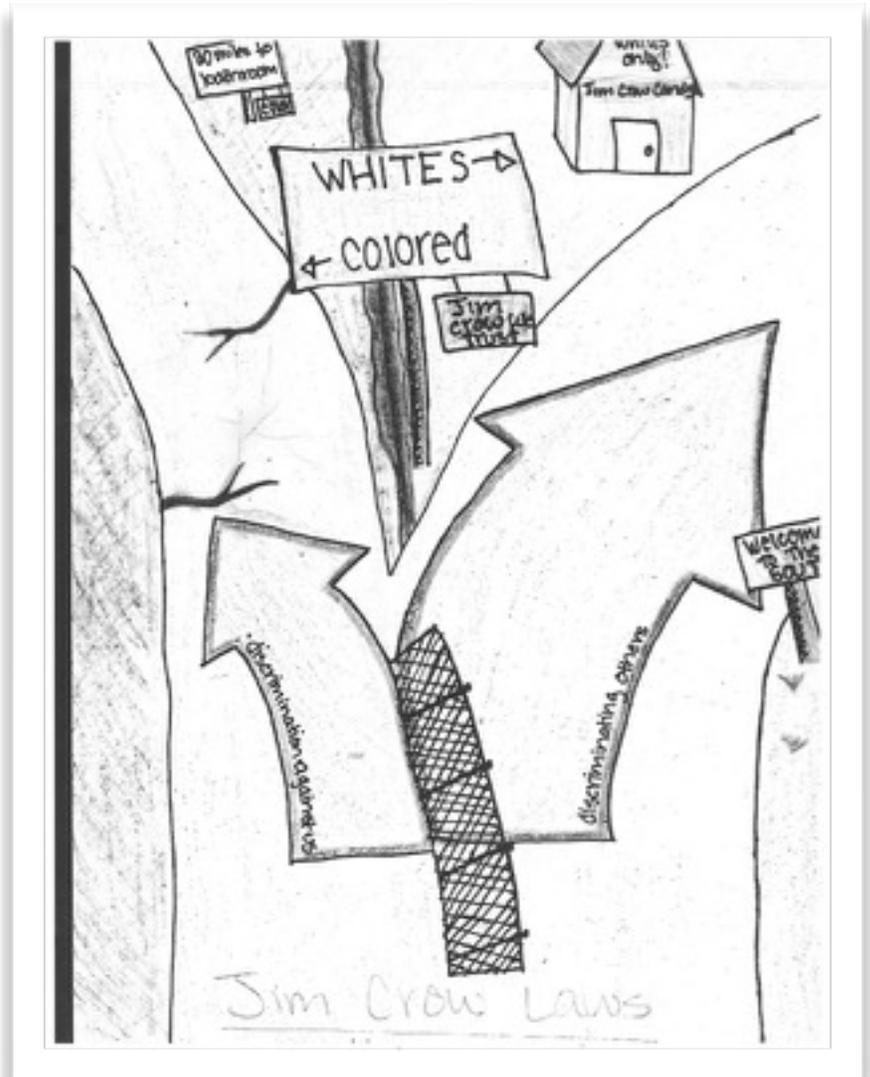


Georgia Alexakos, Kindergarten

## WHAT RED IS

Jagged bricks that build up a wall  
To keep the rain out  
And families in.  
First in a rainbow  
After a tremendous storm.  
Elegant scent of a rose sitting,  
Waiting to be picked.  
Hue of the cardinal  
Perched on a branch.  
Blood that runs through a body,  
Death from a harsh wound,  
But the life in everyone.

Nina Mertens, Grade Seven



Alia, Piccinni, 8th Grade

## WHEN I GOT MY DOG

When I was coming back from the dentist, my mom stopped at the pound. My dad and my sister were there. My dad said, "We are getting a dog today. Her name is Florry."

Bo Bauta, Grade One

## WHERE I FEEL SAFE

I feel safe, cozy, and happy on my trapeze. I feel safe on my trapeze because I can swing on it. There is a bar that feels slippery when I go upside down, but when I first get on it, it feels cold. There is a soft mat that I can land on. It feels squishy and comfortable. There is a couch that is smooth. I feel safe because I can be an acrobat. When I'm on my trapeze, I go upside down and feel happy and dizzy.

Lexi Williamson, Grade Two

I feel cozy and happy in my closet. It feels soft, warm, and I feel happy. My closet looks safe and comfy. When I get in there, I close the door. My closet smells a little minty. I hear beans from my stuffed toys. I sit in a basket in the corner. It is clear. I put toys in it. It feels peaceful, and it is quiet in there. I like to hug my dogs.

Olivia Botta, Grade Two

My favorite place to be is my bedroom. I love to lie on my warm and comfortable bed. Sometimes I wrap myself up in my covers and put my head on the fluffy pink and white pillows. I love to sit and read on the soft, smooth couch, and, at other times, I just sit in the snug, cozy chair with my feet barely touching the colorful rug under my feet. When I am in my bedroom, I feel like I will never get hurt!

Lucy Cohen, Grade Two

My mom's bed is comfy and a place where I can stay safe. When I am on my mommy's bed, I feel like I am drifting on a boat. When I lie down, I smell the flowery laundry detergent. Outside, I hear birds and cars fly and drive by. I feel free, like I can jump over and over again when no one is looking. When it is washed, it smells like Oreo ice cream. I adore it because I feel secure, happy, and relaxed. I have sweet dreams when I sleep in my mom's bed.

Nedalye Dublin-Brown, Grade Two

## ANGER

It is the crack of thunder,

The screaming winds,

A raging fire,

A virus with no cure,

Crushed dreams.

Anger is the rush of adrenaline,

And boiling water.

It is rejection

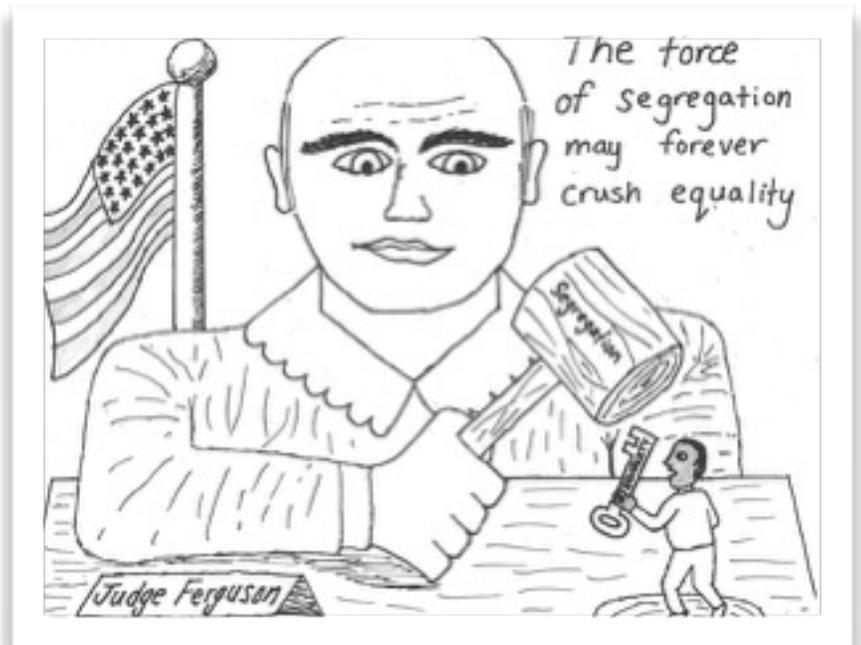
And injustice.

Anger is an endless labyrinth with no way out.

Jack Raisides, Grade Seven

My favorite place to be is the kids' room. It looks like if kids owned a house. It is never clean. It smells like fresh air. It has two beds that are very cozy because they are soft and squishy. It has two tall lamps and one ceiling light along with two windows that fill the room with light. One of the lights shines brightly over the beds. It has a humongous fifty-six inch TV right in front of the beds. I love to lie down and watch YouTube. I feel safe and comfortable there.

Colin Taylor, Grade Two



Hayden Miller, 8th Grade

#### WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME

If you're in the room next door to me, you'll hear loud music and feet stomping. You'll probably think there's an elephant, but it's me! Can you guess what I'm doing? DANCING! When I'm dancing, I forget everything. I usually do lyrical, but sometimes I do hip-hop. I dance anywhere at my dance studio, All About Dance, and at home. I have also danced at Starbucks. I usually improve because I don't like it when people dance for me. I can feel the sweat running down my forehead. My body is asking for water, but I just keep dancing. I don't care if you like my dance or not because it's my jam! You can ask me to stop, but I can't promise you an answer. You can stare, whine, and complain, but I'm dancing and that's it!

That's where you'll find me.

Maxine Wald, Grade Four

## WINTER

Winter is an Evil King,  
Bringing wrath on the world,  
Killing live things at will,  
Making the sky dark  
And letting it snow on people  
With no hope left,  
Forcing oldest people to leave their houses,  
To go somewhere else,  
Where he doesn't rule.

Henry Greene, Grade Four

## WINTER

Winter is like a jester,  
Not a king, not a queen, not the ruler of the  
whole kingdom.  
Winter amuses people  
With its falling snowflakes.  
A jester amuses the king and queen,  
Sliding, skating, skiing.  
A jester juggles balls and does tricks;  
Snowflakes turn and twist down from grey skies.

Lindsay Stafford, Grade Four

## TIBSERCORN

Mi animal se llama Tibsercorn. Tiene la cabeza de un tiburón. Tiene el cuerpo de una serpiente. Tiene la cola de un unicornio.

Owen Murnane, Grade Three

## WINTER AND FANTASY

Winter is fantasy,  
Being mind blowing and powerful,  
Blank and mysterious, as if anything could  
Pop out at any moment.  
Nothing can stop its blowing, its strong winds,  
Being both dangerous and soft.  
The sparkling snowflakes drift down slowly  
As if magic sparks, coming from a magic wand.  
Snow makes it harder for the man to walk  
through it,  
As if a spell had been cast upon him.  
But soon it dies down.

Kate Stella, Grade Four

## WYMAN WOODS

I hear the birds chirping in the afternoon,  
The red maple tree blowing in the wind,  
The shallow stump covered in a blanket of moss,  
Acorns falling off the trees, cracking when they  
hit the ground.

Painted daisies bursting with color in the  
gleaming sun,

Crickets chirping in the fall bushes and grass,

Burrs sticking to your hair and clothes,

The gravel path crunching under your feet as you  
walk.

I see the green moss covering trees and rocks,

It looks like fur.

The mushrooms look like little brown trees;

Near the water, the cattails stand tall.

I see the English fern swaying in the wind,

The clover, one-in-a-million to find one with four  
leaves on it,

The wild rhubarb staying low to the ground,

The elm tree with bark that spirals around it.

Craig Burton, Grade Four

## WYMAN WOODS IS...

Birds chirping and the painted daisies  
Blowing with the wind,  
And everything seems cool and clean.  
Marshes and algae with frogs jumping into a lily.

On the ocean shorelines, I skip stones,  
Splashing up and down.  
The stone skips delicately over the waves,  
And I admire how it jumps so far out to the ocean.

It's amazing how colorful the cardinals are:  
Brilliant red and black with a yellow beak,  
And the bluejays, too,  
So many birds flying and chirping their beautiful songs.

Squirrels running and playing,  
Zooming in and out of the branches  
Of the poplar trees and maples.  
That is what I think of Wyman Woods.

Suleb Noir, Grade Four

## SUMMER AND HOT CHOCOLATE

Summer is like hot chocolate:  
It feels good,  
Until it's so hot, you hate it.  
Holding the hot mug,  
Feels like warm sand on your feet.  
The squishy marshmallows in hot chocolate,  
Are like clouds in summer.  
A mug can break easily,  
Like sand dollars.  
Whipped cream is like foam on sand,  
It's there, then it melts away.

Jenny Aikman, Grade Four

## A BOOK

I sit in a store,  
Waiting to be bought,  
Depressed on the shelf,  
Until someone reaches for me.  
Filled with excitement, waiting to be read,  
The cash register rings as I am carried out the door.  
Suddenly I am opened,  
Pages flip and my spine shivers,  
My words tell stories as heart and soul are seen.  
Pages start to crinkle,  
My covers start to tear,  
Soon I am forgotten,  
Used as a coaster,  
I wish to be back in my little store.

Will Russell, Grade Seven

## ALL ABOUT OUTER SPACE

Outer space is 10,054 miles away from earth. (Solar system). Uranus has a ring. Venus has red smoke. The sun is all made of fire. Jupiter is one of the biggest planets. The earth has more than 100 things.

Tessa Kane, Grade One

## SUMMER

Summer is like a beautiful dolphin:  
Leaping out of the water,  
Squeaking and spiraling,  
While seagulls caw along.  
A dolphin surfaces,  
turning blue from the reflection of the sky.  
It's gone in a flash,  
like summer.

Amelia Wyse, Grade Four



Tessa Kane, 1st Grade

Carl

Mi monstruo se llama Carl. Carl tiene el estómago de muchos colores, y el brazo anaranjado. La mano es de muchos colores, y el cuello es amarillo. La cabeza de Carl es rosada, y tiene tres ojos. La boca es rosada, con dos dientes blancos. Tiene las piernas anaranjadas, y un pie negro.

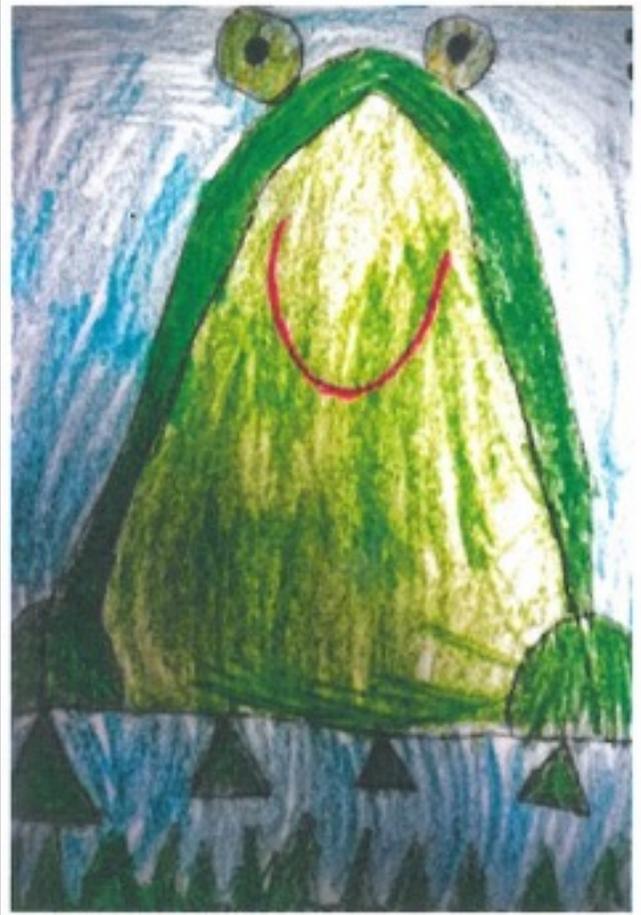
Elizabeth Savage, Grade Five

## ***DEAR EDITOR***

Dear Editor,

We have learned that frogs and toads eat lots of bugs. We had a lot of fun hunting for frogs and toads around Marblehead. We have visited the Bird Sanctuary, Hawthorn Pond, and Black Joe's Pond. We want everyone to know that there are lots of good frog habitats close to us, and we hope everyone will respect them.

Grade One



Ella Greene, 1st Grade

## HEARTBROKEN

It is so lonely without you here,

Sitting,

Staring,

Waiting for the sound of your heart to  
enter the room.

Fiddling with my hands,

Pattering with my feet,

Hoping,

Praying

That you enter the room

And the lights turn on.

Hearing the droplets of rain,

Dripping,

Falling,

Crashing,

Splashing around the room.

I stand up,

My heart sinks as the room gets  
smaller,

Hoping,

Praying

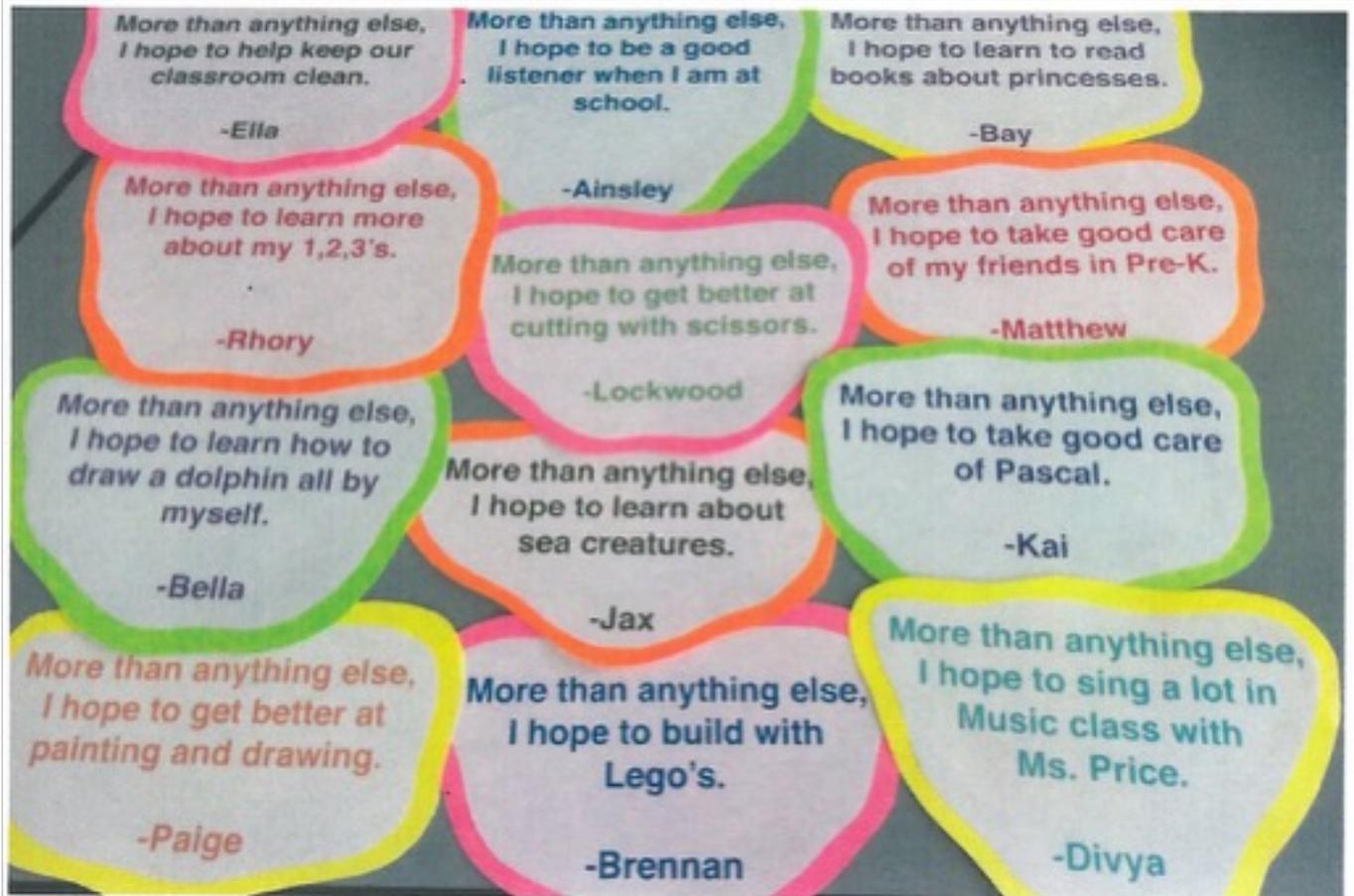
That my one true love returns to hold  
me.

Ava Caccivio, Grade Seven

## ROOLA, EL MONSTRUO

Mi monstruo se llama Roola. Roola tiene una cabeza verde. Tiene dos ojos azules, una boca anaranjada, y una lengua amarilla. Roola tiene dos cuernos de carnero azules. Tiene un estómago azul, y dos alas rojas.

Maya Robie, Grade Five



"Hopes" by Pre-Kindergarten

## GIANTS

Their arms tangled with the clouds. Their bodies, rigged and worn from years of hardship, did not portray weariness. Nothing and no one possessed the strength to dislodge their trunks from the soil. I envied their sturdiness, how sure they were of where they stood and where they were going, up. Up to the expanse of slate-colored sky, nothing else troubling their ancient minds. Their roots slithered outward, dipping in and out of the pine-needle ocean below my boots. Emerging and then twisting in the air like serpents, only to dive back into the rich soil. I felt cradled within the arms of the redwoods. Comforted, submerged in peace for a moment, lost in the awe of the giants.

Freda. I was tugged from my trance by a thought clawing at the outskirts of my memory. Back to the despair that clung to leaves. Back to the moans and wails of trees, mourning the lost. Back to the dark figures that hid among trees. Back to the woods, now becoming draped in the darkness of night. Long ago, laughter rang through these trees, tinkling like a tiny bell. It was me, me and her. Where was she now? Why was she not by my side, guiding me along the path we had

strolled months ago. She is gone, but near, somewhere below me, beside me, in the whispers of the breeze through the needles, the creaks of trees swaying like an old rocking chair. Gone, but here. Freeda, my great-grandmother and teacher.

Freeda was like the trees, sturdy, even when she was left alone in her tiny house that cowered among the immense redwoods. When we came to see her, she did not corral us into the tiny house; rather, she guided us to her path. Her path forged by years of early morning walks, midday adventures, and twilight strolls. We would dash down the path, my brother and I, then scamper back, screeching at things that caught our eye. A bug suspended in a beam of light. Or a sprout, grappling with the soil to emerge. A fern that began to uncurl in the dawn mist. She would hold her pace, pushing forward ceaselessly. Smiling at our energy, enjoying the presence of another being.

I often wonder if she befriended these giants, if in the absence of companions, she looked to the trees. It brings me joy to think she gathered strength from the redwoods. I wish I could do the same now.

Haley Andreasen, Grade Eight



