

# THE TOWER 2014 TURRER 2015



# TURRET 2014-2015



character

and

confidence

• TOWER



SCHOOL •

# TOWER TURRET

## **Editor's Note**

**On behalf of Tower School, the Turret Editors-in-Chief are proud to publish the 2014-2015 Turret. Our literary e-magazine is filled with poetry, prose, creative writing and visual art from all grades.**

**Enjoy!**

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# TOWER TURRET

| 2014-2015 |

## A BASEBALL

Sitting there in the silky  
grass  
Just asking me to pick it up  
Lies a little, round ball.

Picking it up  
Creates adrenaline  
Makes me feel alive  
And free.

Freedom is a joy;  
Feels like I have wings.  
I could go anywhere,  
Do anything,  
Yet I'm still here, standing  
in the grass.

I raise it up high  
And throw it,  
Again, again, and again,  
Just constantly;  
Release...thump,  
release...thump, release...  
thump.

Drew Botta  
Grade Five

## Black Eye

I have a black eye when I am  
sleeping.

Sarah DiCenso  
Grade One



Illustration: Gabby Mazow,  
Grade Eight

## BLIZZARD FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A HOUSE

The wind has been screaming and shrieking and chucking branches and snow. It feels as if the storm has a mind of its own and throws itself angrily at me. The snow whips against my windows like a bullwhip. The snow is piling up on the roof like a thick, heavy blanket. The wind dies down, and I watch as a snowplow goes by flashing orange like a beacon of light in this flurry of white. The wind begins to whistle again, and the snow strikes the windows, and the snowplows keep plowing throughout the night. The wind howls like a wolf. I watch as a branch flies past my roof, and I prepare for the windy, snowy, cold night.

Liam Jenkins  
Grade Five



## BIRDS

I see all the birds above me,  
All colorful and free,  
Flying, flying, yet never fall.  
They stay in trees so tall.

As I look at them, I think and see  
What it would feel like to fly and  
to be free,  
To spread wings  
And go and see what the day  
brings.

What would it be like to be up in  
the air,  
To fly with sparrows everywhere,  
To see the chickadees and join  
in their talk,  
And chat with the pigeons as  
they walk?

I stay still and see more birds  
come.  
I hear a woodpecker who  
sounds like a drum.  
All around me wildlife stirs,  
All feathered and no fur.

All around me, the birds start  
their call.  
It is musical and breathtaking,  
and they stand tall.  
They stand tall in their home in  
the trees,  
As they sing their music and do  
as they please.

They are birds, and they are  
free;  
That's the way it should always  
be.  
If I could join them, I would  
agree  
That it's great to be a bird and  
great to be me.

Zoe Carr  
Grade Five

## CAPTAIN BANANA

Once there was a Captain Banana who sailed the fruits  
and vegetables with his assistant Strawberry. The cannon shot  
blueberries. They sank the chocolate-chip ship. They won the  
Revolutionary War. They got popsicles and cake. Then they  
sailed back and lived happily ever after.

Sophie Milner  
Grade One

## WRENCH

Ebony metal,  
Rusted dark edges,  
Clinging to the washers,  
To nuts and the bolts it methodically turns.

Long, lean, stalwart, and strong,  
A wrench never speaks,  
Only works without a word.  
Silently creates,  
Repairing once forgotten masterpieces  
With only simple rotations,  
It engineers and innovates.

Left to the shelf, unnoticed  
But secretly proud,  
Ceaselessly working,  
Never tiring,  
An unsung hero.

Mary Simpson  
Grade Seven



## CHEETAHS

Swish, purr,  
Swish, purr,  
I know a cheetah is not far  
away.

Black and yellow blurs streak  
across the desert  
Attacking its prey;  
Its sharp claws sticking out  
like curved spikes  
And lunging like a pro hunter.

Muscles tense,  
But soft welcoming eyes  
Pull you in  
To a death trap  
Like a black hole.

Sharp pointed teeth  
Intimidate prey;  
Penetrating into animal flesh,  
They keep predators at bay.

The significance of a cheetah  
Is so much more  
Than anything  
You thought  
Before.

Aidan Wyse  
Grade Five



Illustration: Liam Hill,  
Grade Seven

## DARK WATERS

The dock where I stand is paneled in gray and lies beneath a shaky ramp. Brown-red paint from its sides chips into the water, leaving a faint trail. The surface is warm. It burns my bare feet as I tiptoe over to the edge. My feet creep over the brim as I look down into the gloomy, opaque water below me. Biting my lip and sighing deeply, I look up and gaze at the harbor.

A small inlet, crowded with boats. In the distance, the sea sparkles like silver pop rocks from the glistening sun that is watching over. The rocky coastline greets the glasslike water, forming tiny beaches that surround the U-shaped area. The air is thin but dense with salt. Boaters pass by one another and wave with a smile, their motors leaving small wakes behind them which linger as they drift farther and farther away. Across the water, people are lounging and splashing and laughing. Relaxing at a yacht club or their home, soaking up what is left of summer.

But beneath my toes are dark waters. It seems to me, wherever I go, they follow. I look down just as I start to get the will, the slightest courage to ignore them, but they take over, and I back away. "What could it be?" I think to myself. "What is under the surface of these green-black waters, a cloudy abyss or a school of sharks?" I shiver but creep close to the edge of the dock, bending over and observing the waters.

Through their murky reign, I can see a glossy reflection of myself. My pigtailed lightly sway in the breeze, and, as I take a second deep breath, an empty space appears in my smile where my front tooth once was. I feel someone hop off the dock. A bounce and a sudden splash. I look up. To my left and right, others are splashing and swimming but are never affected by the caliginous waters that surround them. They urge me to come in. "Halle," they say, "just jump. The water is nice." But I look down beneath my toes once more, cross my legs and sit. Unable to overcome what lies below. Watching and waiting.

Halle Livermore  
Grade Eight

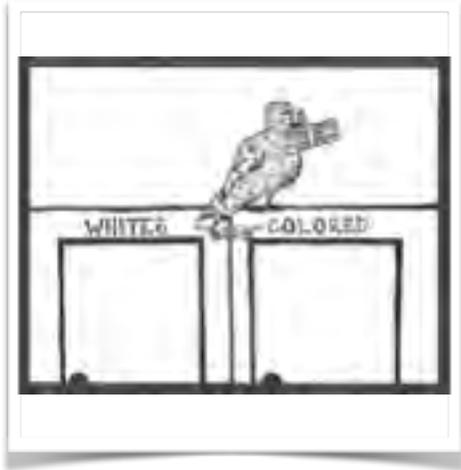


Illustration: Halle Livermore,  
Grade Eight

## WINTER

Winter is cold, so cold that the ocean freezes.

Winter is so cold that you can see your breath.

Winter is huge icicles.

Winter is hard to play football in.

Winter is good because you don't need to pay to go ice skating.

Winter is dangerous because of sharp icicles.

Winter is fun to play soccer in.

Winter is fun because you can build snow forts.

Winter is cool and cold.

Winter is awesome because you can have snowball fights.

Winter is the best because you can build snowmen.

Winter is good because when you are done playing outside, you can have hot cocoa.

James Achterhof  
Grade Two

## DE DONDE YO SOY

Yo soy de Sprite y pizza.

Yo soy de ola, playa y grass fields.

Yo soy de Atlantic Ocean, TD Garden y casa de un sola plante con piscina.

Yo soy de Monopoly game night, dia de playa, y getting lost in my new house.

Yo soy de treat others how you want to be treated, y don't lie.

Yo soy de getting our Christmas presents on Christmas Eve.

Yo soy de viendo hockey, Iggy, Helado.  
Soy yo.

Peter Kane  
Grade Six



Illustration: Julia Livingston,  
Grade Seven

## DE DONDE YO SOY

Yo soy de South Carolina

Yo soy de galletas saladas y macarrones

Yo soy de arboles, arena y suciedad

Yo soy de Fort Sumter, South Carolina State House y casa roja, gris y grande

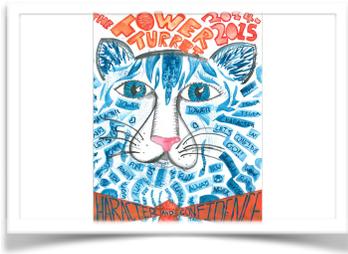
Yo soy de pelo castano, simpatico y trepar a los arboles

Yo soy de no subir a los arboles y South Carolina es impresionante

Yo soy de Thanksgiving

Yo soy de dibujar, Elvis Presley y galletas crujientes  
Soy yo

Sasha Bronfin  
Grade Six



## I DREAMT I WAS A DINOSAUR

I dreamt I was a  
dinosaur,  
You should have heard  
my roar.  
My feet stomped loud  
as a carnivore.  
I was a plant eater.

Ryan McCarthy  
Kindergarten

## IF I WERE A PAIR OF SKIS

If I were a pair of skis,  
I would glide over the  
soft, white powder,  
Rest on footrests when  
my rider goes on the  
chairlift,  
Soaring off of jumps,  
Carving through GS  
and slalom courses.

I would get tuned  
overnight,  
Sharpened for the next  
day.  
If I were a pair of skis,  
I would be covered in  
snow.

Bradley Byrne  
Grade Four

## FORBIDDEN MARKERS

“Don’t use those. They will hurt your skin,” Mom warns us. “They will give you ink poisoning or stain your skin. They’re not supposed to be used by five-year-olds. You will get them on the counter, on the chair, on your brother. Use the washable ones instead.”

My sister and I are sitting in my grandma’s kitchen, the one straight from the nineties, with the wooden counter edged with white paint and the floral wallpaper. Each of us with coloring books. Each of us with an open package of Sharpies and a sealed package of Crayola markers. We glance at each other and slowly put the forbidden marker back into the package. My grandma sheepishly continues washing the dishes, for she was the one to let us use them to begin with.

Mom goes out to do errands, and we are left in the kitchen with Grandma. “Use me,” says the devil on my left shoulder.

“Don’t listen to him. Your mom said I was better,” says the angel on the other. Grandma slides over the Sharpies and gives the nod of approval. She likes to spoil us. She lets us do what our mother doesn’t. The black cap matches the crows perched on a branch outside the window, cocking its head every now and then, as if in danger.

The ink rips across the paper like lightning. Abstract. Unique. Daring. The marker lines reflect my thoughts. My sister scribbles alongside me, furiously. We scribble. And scribble. Like there’s no tomorrow. The Sharpie smell is sour and sharp. Hurts the nose. You wish you could use it without smelling it. Without its invasive odor suffocating your nostrils.

Our wrists grow tired. Our minds out of ideas. We clank the Sharpie back in the box, making it look like it was never touched. Stuffing it with the coloring book on the top shelf, hidden from Mom. She’ll never know we used them when she said no. She wouldn’t like that because these are the forbidden markers.

Paige Raisides  
Grade Eight

## YO QUIERO UNA PANDA

Yo quiero una panda. Se llama Figgy. Es muy, muy esponjoso. Vive en mi casa. El panda es muy grande. Esta’ muy feliz, muy esponjoso. El panda come el bambu mucho. El panda es muy lindo. Elpanda da abrazos de amores.

Maya Robie  
Grade Four

## DOCTOR TAYLOR

Doctor Taylor made orange chairs.  
The chairs were brought to school.  
We sat on the chairs.

Piper Russo  
Grade One

## ECHO

When you shout,  
I will shout back at you.  
I will start loud,  
Then get softer  
And softer.

Sometimes you try to find me,  
Hidden away  
In big rooms  
Or outside  
On top of a mountain.

I am invisible,  
But you will sense when I am near.  
I will wait  
All over the world  
Until you find me,  
Even if it takes forever.  
But I will not mind because my sprit  
Will never die.

Madeline McCormick  
Grade Four



Illustration: Morgan Cheney,  
Grade Seven

## EVIL SCIENTIST PHIL

“Mwa ha ha,” laughed evil scientist Phil. He had finally completed his secret formula that would take over the world. He stuffed the recipe into his famous, brown pants and headed for the door of his dark cellar. Then BAM! Three evil-scientist stoppers walked in the door.

“We would like to search your lab, sir,” said an evil-scientist stopper. “Suurre,” said Phil, hesitantly.

As they had almost finished searching his lab, one of the evil-scientist stoppers said, “Sir, those pants look like they have a secret recipe in them. Do you mind if we search them?”

Jackson Lang  
Grade Six



Illustration: Elanor Bradley,  
Grade Eight

## IF I WERE A PENCIL

If I were a pencil,  
I'd create the most beautiful drawings that could be imagined.  
I would create and draw until my tip goes away.  
I would be sharpened,  
An entire life ahead of me.  
I would be the one that kids doodle with.  
I'd rather not be chewed up.  
I'd love to be one that could put people's imagination onto paper.  
One day my tip would be too hard to hold onto.  
Every pencil has that day, the time to be thrown away.

Elsa McKernan  
Grade Four

## FROG

As the slender shape  
 Moves through the clear  
 water,  
 I watch,  
 Mesmerized,  
 At the slick, green body,  
 Long legs,  
 And golden cat eyes.

On land,  
 He's a klutz,  
 A walrus,  
 A clumsy, waddling penguin.  
 But in the water,  
 He's a gazelle,  
 An Olympic swimmer,  
 A deer hurtling through the  
 underbrush.

Up onto a lily pad he hops,  
 Bringing puddles of water with  
 him.  
 His golden eyes survey the  
 area,  
 Making sure nobody is near.  
 And then...  
*Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit!*  
 He croaks out his  
 masterpiece,  
 Then slips into the pond  
 again.

What would it be like  
 To spend your day in the  
 waters of a pond,  
 To plunge into crystal clear  
 water,  
 While beams of sun trickle  
 onto your green skin?  
 What would it be like?

Grace Miller  
 Grade Five



Illustration: Cici Doherty,  
 Grade Eight

## FEAR

Fear is the one different marble in a bag,  
 Standing alone.  
 Fear is staring into the eyes of the enemy ready for  
 battle,  
 Self doubt.  
 Fear is choosing the wrong answer after studying all  
 night,  
 Making mistakes.  
 Fear is keeping your head above the water for another  
 breath,  
 Effort.  
 Fear is facing the teacher after breaking the rules,  
 Taking responsibility.  
 Fear is searching for a friendly face at a new school,  
 Rejection.  
 Fear is the whisper that mentions your name,  
 Embarrassment.  
 Fear is a ball sailing over the goal on a penalty kick,  
 Failure.  
 Fear is an unlit path with no end,  
 Unknown.  
 Fear is your new balloon floating off into the sky just  
 out of grasp,  
 Loss.  
 Fear is in many moments,  
 But courage is in just one,  
 Being afraid and trying anyway.

Tyler Gransbury  
 Grade Seven

## IF I WERE A SNOWFLAKE

If I were a snowflake,  
I would dance in the sky.  
My brothers and sisters are  
never the same,  
Different in our own ways,  
While we twirl in the frigid  
sky.

Side to side,  
We are unique.  
Away we fly,  
Falling to the snowy ground.  
That's the end of us.

Katrina Lang  
Grade Four

## WINTER

Winter,  
cold, snowy,  
sledding, skiing, skating,  
school, hockey, camp, pool,  
swimming, kayaking, surfing,  
hot, sunny,  
Summer.

Abby DiCenso  
Grade Three

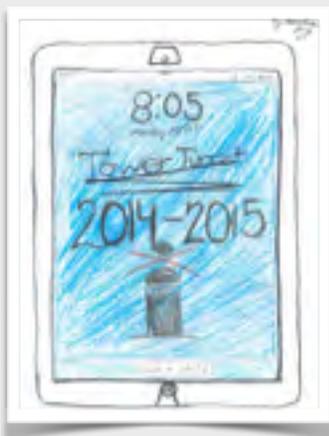


Illustration: Mary Simpson,  
Grade Seven

## GILLETTE STADIUM

This sense-filled stadium is a blast to the senses! That's why it's no ordinary stadium. Gillette Stadium has some of the best football players in the NFL who play there. Have you ever been there to experience it?

When you get there, the foul-smelling, stinky exhaust fumes attack you. Ahhhh, fresh air blows up through my nose when I finally get inside the stadium. I become starving when I begin to smell all the various food aromas around me.

The raspy, sonic, loud cheers, boos and screaming sound like an elephant on a rampage. When Tom Brady throws or runs a touchdown, almost the entire stadium cheers so loud you could hear it a mile away. When the Patriots get a pick/interception, the roar is so noisy a deaf man could probably hear it.

When the game begins, awesome football players run out onto the field, and Tom Brady leads the Pats. Zoom, a brown, blurred oval flies into the end zone at record speed. What happened? I can't even see. The stadium has so many people there is not a seat open.

Eeew, it feels slimy when I leave there from being close to so many people. There are so many sweaty bodies; it feels like a one-thousand-foot-long swimming pool. Ouch, my heavy hard throat feels so sore I can't talk. Whoa, I can't sit still in the jumpy, vibrating seats. They are so bumpy, I can't sit down!

The hot dogs at Gillette Stadium are so big I can't even fit it in my mouth. I get to eat pizza, French fries, and junk food my mom would never let me have at home. There's so much excitement I can taste it. It tastes like we're going to win!

In conclusion, Gillette Stadium has so many senses to experience I want to go there every day. The coaches and players who work at this stadium are so lucky. Wouldn't you like to be there, too?

Felix Juves  
Grade Three

## GOAT ISLAND

As I hopped onto the boat, I heard the motor roar like a lion. We were going full speed toward Goat Island. As we pulled up at the football-field-long dock, I smelled the fish stink of the lobster boats. I immediately jumped out of the boat and sprinted to the massive bell. Clang! As I walked to the lighthouse, I could see the seagulls soaring above my head like vultures soar in the desert. I could feel the wiry grass scraping my heel. I walked into the lighthouse and felt the rough and dust brick wall.

When I got to the top, the seagulls were soaring; I could smell the stink of lobster boats entering, and the wind flowing through my hair like a crowd of people flying past me. I climbed down the jet-black, spiral staircase and started running over to the dock. There was my dad signaling me to jump off the dock. I ripped off my shirt, got in my running position and went! My dad signaled. I sprang into a super fast sprint, and when I reached the end of the dock, kersplash!

I opened my eyes and suddenly I was King Neptune, king of the sea. I swam around a bit, and I could see all of the sea creatures, bowing to me, the seaweed waving, and the snails and crabs stopping to watch me. I swam a bit farther, and I saw my royal sandcastle. I swam through the gate and into the castle. There was my royal throne, made of shells. I swam over to sit on it. I saw all of the people rushing around me and swimming to prepare for a great feast. The royal crown bearer came up to me. He went down on one knee and showed me my crown. It was the most beautiful thing in the world. It was made of coral and had the most beautiful shells and gems on it. I heard the conch shell blow, and I knew that it was time for the royal feast. I swam into the other room and saw the fifty-foot table, prepared with loads of seaweed, chicken, pies and other meats.

After I finished the feast, I had to go back to the real world. I swam out of the castle, and I waved goodbye to the seaweed and the snails and crabs. The fish swam by me with sad faces; they didn't want me to leave, but I had to. I swam up to the surface and gasped! I hadn't realized that I had been under water for so long. I pulled myself up onto the dock and lay there, trying to catch my breath.

Once again, I ran up to the beginning of the dock and waited for my dad's signal to go. I sprinted as fast as I could to the end of the dock and splash! I opened my eyes but no underwater world this time, just a bunch of sand, rocks and seaweed, nothing like the colorful wonderland like before. I was very sad. I swam back to the dock and hoisted myself up. I started walking up once more, but my dad said we had to go, so I hopped onto the boat, and I heard the lion's- roar motor. We started motoring, and I saw the seaweed whizzing past me. Once again we were on the rocky beach on the mainland where it all started.

Michael Cunniff  
Grade Five

## SILENCE

In a world filled with noises,  
Silence hides.  
In the empty boxes on the shelf  
And the drawers under the desk.  
In the graves at the graveyard  
In the snowflakes covering them.  
In the statues on a noisy street  
And the painting hanging on the wall.  
In the stuffed animals on the bed  
In the goldfish swimming circles in his bowl.

Silence hides in shadows of the loudest.  
In the thoughts going through a person's head.  
Silence comes when it is least wanted,  
But when you need it, it is gone.  
Silence hides inside of everything,  
Waiting for the right time to appear.

Leonie Flacke  
Grade Seven



## JEWELS

Spring, summer, fall, winter. It is always there with its sapphire waters and its crystalline sands. Always, but never the same.

Reds, yellows, blues, greens, pierce the drab grey stones. Lush, the weeds reach for the sky, opening their leafy hands so that if one day, they ever do reach the sky, they can grab hold of it and never let it go. Gulls dive. Daffodils, still glazed with dew, glisten in the morning sun like peridots, lilacs like amethysts. Life come together to form a kaleidoscope, dancing with color. The tides breathe. The shores live. Life is everywhere. Robins perch lightly on the telephone wire, watching, guarding, and pretending as if they could ward off danger but would never take the risk of becoming involved.

Life on those shores is a masquerade. Cotton clouds soon unite and become a blanket. The once-joyful turquoise sky becomes volatile and erupts with emotion. Loud claps of thunder immediately follow rancorous lightning. The fresh smell of soft rain fills the air. If one stands perfectly still, the slow, tired exhalations of the earth tremble with every wheezing breath, invisible to most but not all.

The sun beats down devilishly on those who dare to play in its garden, blazing, blistering, scorching, and sweltering. The only escape is the awaiting ocean, welcoming anyone willing to frolic in its waves. There once was life that thrived and grew on the shores; now there are just people. Car exhaust hisses menacingly, the way that most contemporary machinery does, as people pour out. The shores no longer host solitude or companionship but inhabitants who have decided to spend a recreational day with the family. Melting popsicles pollute the crystal sands, and rainbow beach chairs, umbrellas, and towels destroy its natural beauty. The once emerald beach grass that separates the sand from the stones now lies parched and yellowing. Parents shout, babies cry, children laugh. Too much noise. Childhood nursery tunes loop over and over again as a pink truck slowly winds down a narrow road that divides the shores from the rest of the world, dragging behind it a crowd of barefooted children waving money at the window on the side of the truck. There is no life on these shores, only people.

Brisk. People leave and life comes back, only this time it is tired and not joyous. It wants to sleep, but only life can live once more. A faded pearl waits, lonely in the sky. It seems to be only visible in this temperature, in this light, at this time, on these shores. It is waiting for its turn to shine, but it shines only because it is dark, and the sun decides to sleep, too. It is a masquerade on these shores, colorless, pale. The only hue being the ruby and citrine leaves, drifting aimlessly, pushed by the breeze. Magic, how they float in the air. The solitude gradually becomes more apparent as the life calms. The ocean serenely strokes the shores, lulling life to sleep. Darker, darker. Now the pearl can finally shine.

It seems that the whole world has been turned into a white canvas, except for the contrasting evergreens that line the opposite side of the road. They stand strong but not by themselves. They have each other and the creatures that have hidden in the branches and the underbrush. In the distance, long towers of smoke from houses twist up into the sky. Burning, that immediately recognizable, cozy smell lingers under nearby noses. Ahead in the diamond dust are imprints, different shapes, different sizes, taking their own paths. Who knows where they will go? Slowly they disappear as the wind erases them, the bitter gusts, from sea to shore, as if it is an old family returning home. Almost sweet. Icicles jut from overhangs on rocks. The repetitive sound of water sliding off the pointed tip and slapping onto sand echoes as the noise bounces from rock to rock then fades into the endless ocean like it had never happened. Finally, the ocean can be thoroughly enjoyed because there is no rain, no splashing children, and it is not tired. It undulates, salty to the touch. Sparkling in the sunlight like tanzanite. Lonely. There is solitude once again, but it is not forsaken for the stones, the seaweed, the shells, and the sand are its company.

Always different. Never the same. Always there. Sparkling like a jewel is the little beach in Maine.

Adrianna Termeer  
Grade Eight

## Dos Países

Soy esquiando en el  
invierno  
y navegando en el verano  
Soy el frío y el mar azul  
y las lecciones de piano

Soy la isla de Nahant  
y pasar tiempo con amigos  
la comida de mi mamá  
y a veces los Taquitos

Soy una concha en la orilla  
no en el mar ni en la tierra  
Siempre estoy lejos y  
aislado  
En el espacio, una estrella

Soy una flor en un jardín  
con mis raíces en lugares  
diferentes  
Aprendo con otras flores  
únicas

Y juntos crecemos en  
personas inteligentes

Soy América y Grecia  
no un país, pero dos  
las culturas conjuntas  
y aprendí amarlas

Kaly Glavas  
Grade Eight



Illustration: Willa Bradley,  
Grade Six

## LADDER FOR BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, 1996

*Ladder for Booker T. Washington, 1996* is an extremely powerful and thought-provoking piece of art. The artwork shows an extremely long ladder, surrounded by black walls, and a sky-colored ceiling. The ladder is seemingly endless and leading toward the ceiling. The whole artwork is a metaphor for Booker T. Washington's efforts to gain equality for blacks. Just like in the sculpture, Booker wanted to get his people from the bottom to the top, but in order to get to the top, he wanted black people to endure the climb and be patient. He said that by doing this, they were eventually bound to reach the top. People at the top didn't care that black people were climbing up the ladder. Many people were actually glad that this was how they were getting to the top since it wasn't being very aggressive, and it would take them an extremely long amount of time to actually be able to reach the top. People at the bottom were also glad because they thought that they were bound to reach the top, eventually, if they followed Booker T. Washington.

Some people didn't blindly follow Booker T., such as W.E.B. Dubois. Dubois knew that, instead of being passive, being aggressive would get black people to the top much faster and wouldn't hold them back. Unfortunately, he wasn't much of a people person, and most African-Americans continued to follow Booker T.'s passive methods. Many people worked very hard to get to the top of the ladder to escape those black walls that surrounded and labeled them as inferior. Their efforts were not completely in vain, though.

In the 1960's, civil rights movements helped progress African-Americans further up the ladder. Soon they reached the top of this ladder. Here African-Americans settled down and thought at last they were equal. They were wrong. The ladder never reaches the top. Through all their effort and hardship, there is still not equality. There is, in fact, the illusion that today everyone in America is treated equally. In actuality, there is still not, and most likely never will be. There are still violent and heinous hate crimes committed against African-Americans every day, all over the country.

Sam Katz  
Grade Eight

## LAKE PARADOX

I get out of the car and the scent of pine needles and burned wood from old campfires hits me. I see the glistening lake and just breathe in the air. When I'm at my grandparents' lake house, everything turns into one of those scenes from a movie. Everything is in slow motion, and it seems like just me and the lake. Eyes turn into pinpoints, and I just see all the small islands. It takes all of my energy not to dart out to the lake and jump in. The overall scenery is beautiful. The main road turns into a dirt path which leads to a small pond where koi fish gather during the summer. The woods surrounding the lake are gorgeous.

The lake is a maze, but, unlike most mazes, you don't want to finish it. Each sunset brings you closer to the end. Each boat ride leads you farther away, but once you dock, you're near the exit again. Each hike in the woods leads to a dead end. Each ride into Ticonderoga lets you see the finish, but you do not go. Each family dinner just brings you back to the beginning. Each swim is a long strait to nowhere. Each morning skipping rocks on Lake Schroon is a corner that you can't get past.

My mom tells me we've got to go pack up. I head towards the shore, but the lake pulls me back in. I finally get myself on the beach. My physical form is on the sand, but my mental form is still swimming far away out near the islands where we have picnics. I finally get my mental and physical form focused and get up to the main cottage and just plop down on the bed. Before I know it, I'm on the road, heading home. I take one last look and tell myself, "You'll be back and this place isn't going anywhere."

Charlie Sullivan  
Grade Five



Illustration: Ava Caccivio,  
Grade Six

## MY CEILING

It stares at me at night  
guarding me.  
But when it is morning,  
its eyes turn dull and white.

Rowan King  
Grade One

## MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts feels like a  
cold icicle in my hand in  
winter.

Massachusetts smells like  
fish at the dock.

Massachusetts tastes like  
salty water splashing on me  
in summer.

Massachusetts sounds like  
horns honking in Boston.

Massachusetts looks like  
Captain Hook's hook.

Massachusetts is a cozy,  
welcoming state.

Massachusetts is a fresh  
cookie right out of the oven.

Massachusetts has a good  
nickname, "The Bay State,"  
that fits it really well.

Massachusetts is a great  
place to live in.

Massachusetts is my home.

Brooke Hintlian  
Grade Three

## SNOWBALL

Squishy in my hands  
 Not to eat, for throwing only.  
 Oh my, my hands are cold!  
 Winter fun,  
 Big or small.  
 A lot of snowflakes together  
 Love throwing them at my brother.  
 Lots of work to do!

Victoria Baker  
 Grade Three

## WINTER

Winter is the time off getting snow in your nose.  
 Winter is the time of trees getting buried in the snow.  
 Winter is when icicles are taller than me.  
 Winter is the awesomest time because you can make all different things.  
 Winter is when it's okay to fall on the ground and not get hurt.  
 Winter is fun because it's my birthday.  
 Winter is the best time of year because you can do so many things in the snow.  
 Winter is cold snow falling slowly from the sky.  
 Winter is icicles hanging everywhere from the roofs of houses.  
 Winter is being surrounded by snow.  
 Winter is when all sorts of things come falling out of the air.  
 Winter is the time to get super cold all over your body.

Arielle Kahn  
 Grade Two

## MY DREAM VACATION

Have you ever been on a boat in a beautiful tropical place with barracudas swimming right over your boat? I never knew that dreams of awesome, fun, amazing vacations would come true! It came true in the British Virgin Islands.

I feel the cool, wet ocean swaying around my toes. Slippery, smooth, warm water slides rubbing against my back. My feet feel like they're pinched from the sharp, painful, broken shells on the beach. The rough, rigid, wooden dock touches my feet.

In the distance, I can see green, mountainous, beautiful island mountains. Looking down from my boat, I can see scary, powerful barracudas swimming right underneath my boat. Down by the beach, I stare at two fantastic, miraculous conch shells.

Sitting down in a seat, I taste the scrumptious, appetizing conch snails at a restaurant. As my boat is gliding through the ocean, salty, gross sea water sprays into my mouth. For dinner, I have savory, delicious fish that steam into the night.

When my boat gracefully glides through the sea, I hear the churning, blue turquoise water. The motor quietly purrs as we drive through the water. I hear the graceful, swift waves gently crashing onto the sand on a beach on an island my family drove to.

Sitting on my boat, I can smell the salty, nice ocean smell. The lilac, amazing, really good-smelling flower smell wraps around my nose. The nice, appetizing smell of the yummy conch shells I had for an appetizer.

These are all the fun reasons why I love going to the hot, tropical, beautiful place called the British Virgin Islands. Would you want to see a bunch of barracudas under you? This place made my five senses love it so much there, they begged to stay in BVI.

David Kane  
 Grade Three



## SNOW, SNOW, SNOW!

Skiing at Sunday River!  
No school; it's a snow day!  
Outside, I have a snowball fight!  
White snowflakes glide down.

Henry Greene  
Grade Three



## MY NEW HAMPSHIRE HOUSE

The smoke coming out of the chimney gradually leads me into my New Hampshire house. As I walk through the doorway, I can already taste the piping hot, mint-flavored hot chocolate. I walk up the steep steps to the second floor. I take off my shoes, and my feet completely melt into the rug. The rug is as soft as a sheep's wool. In my New Hampshire house, I feel warm, safe, comfy, and peaceful. There are two big brown couches in the living room, and they remind me of otters. In the fleecy, white rug, I like to draw pictures because the rug is so thick and fluffy. Crack! I look over to the fireplace, and it seems like my heart is a volcano ready to erupt with comfort.

The house makes me feel like a bear in hibernation because everybody likes to sleep late in the morning. We always have a lot of food for breakfast. It is always very calm there. The fireplace keeps the house as warm as a bear would be in its cave. I feel as safe as a bear in its cave in the winter with lots of warm things surrounding me. In the living room with the fire, I feel exactly like a bear ready to fall asleep for hibernation.

Above the fireplace on the mantel, there are always decorations. The decorations remind me of the holiday seasons. This makes me feel so blessed and thankful for everything I have. The decorations are like ornaments on a Christmas tree. I can almost smell the crisp pine needle scent. I see the warm fireplace, and I hear the crackling noise it makes. My dad says, "It's time to go." I walk out the front door and smell the fresh New Hampshire air once more before I go.

Karlynn Mazow  
Grade Five

## NATALIA

Yo soy de jugo de naranja y el filete.  
Yo soy de oceano, la playa, madera.  
Yo soy de Marblehead lighthouse, Abbot Hall, y mi casa de color beige.  
Yo soy de tenemo ojos azules except para mi papa, nos gustas divertimos y vierete Gatorade por todo el piso.  
Yo soy de be nice to your brother y don't eat too many sweets.  
Soy de visiting my cousins.  
Yo soy de cross country, lacrosse, pork with stuffing, peanut butter and jelly, y cookies.  
Soy yo.

Nina Mertens  
Grade Six

## ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time, there were three best friends. They were very close. Their names were Zoe, Lexi, and Sarah. They were having a sleepover on Halloween. It was a fun sleepover, but what were they going to do next?

"I am scared!"

"Look at the door. It's open."

"But why is it open?"

"I don't know," said Lexi and Sarah.

"Aaah. Oh no!"

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know. Why not look?"

"Boo, wait, Bob!" said the monster.

"That is not scary."

"Then what is?" said the monster.

"I don't know, but I can help you."

"I know a way."

"You do?"

Lottie Walker  
Grade One

## RIVER

I have witnessed everything and been everywhere.  
From the Amazonian jungles,  
To the Himalayan mountains,  
To the Australian outback,  
I am there, and I have been there since the  
beginning of time.

I am the always wounded beast that never dies.  
I have a mouth but cannot talk.  
The only sound I make is the quiet bubbling of  
moving water.  
I run, sometimes slow, sometimes quick,  
But I have no legs.  
I have a bank, but I am poor.

Many creatures rely on me.  
Without me, they would not survive.  
I am sometimes overlooked,  
But I am also worshipped.  
And I will always be there,  
Winding my way silently around the world.

Hayden Miller  
Grade Seven

## PEN

The mighty servant:  
Lord of the page,  
Slayer of hundreds,  
Savior of thousands,  
Only pausing for his commander to rest.  
Harmless as a feather,  
Sharp as a blade,  
Giving blood for peace.  
Mightier than the sword,  
Only as useful  
As its commander.

Edward Greene  
Grade Seven

## SCARECROW

I stand here,  
Day after day,  
Standing as if something will happen.  
At most, a bug will fly by.

You put me here to guard your farm.  
I used to feel bold and brilliant,  
Fending off any creature that dared  
to come here.

Though now I feel useless,  
As if I have no meaning  
In my faded, tattered overalls.  
My straw hat is held together only by  
a few threads.  
How fierce do I look?

Everyone else, the birds and insects,  
leaves me alone.  
I have no friends, I have no meaning.  
Why am I here?

I feel incredibly useless.  
If you could just give me meaning,  
I would be better.

Mathew Bernstein  
Grade Four

## SAMOSET AT SUNRISE

It is 5:30 a.m. on Saturday morning. The waves gently breaking against the shore calmly start to wake me up. A light mist dances on the gentle water. I see the pinkish-orange hue of the sun beginning to crawl into view and the sky slowly starting to get lighter and lighter. *Samoset*, along with the other boats close by, slowly rocks along with the tide. A smell of salty seaweed drifts in the light morning breeze. By now, the sky is a light blue, and the sun has made its way up over the horizon. Now that the air is warmer, I get up to go below. The cockpit floor is cold on my bare feet, and the sudden change of temperature, from under my orange blanket to just a tank-top and pajama pants, makes me shiver.

I am out of the cockpit and in the kitchen area now. It is still freezing. Wrapping my blanket around me, I fill the kettle with water. No one else has woken up, so keeping quiet is something to consider. After walking down the short aisle between the benches where my parents

are sleeping, I kick down the cold peg needed to get into the V-berth. I squeeze myself between the travel bags and the icy wall. As I become warmer in the nook, I start to fall back asleep, but I catch myself, head back up to the cockpit, and sit down on the blue bench.

Bells on the nuns and cans quietly ring. Seagulls have awakened and found places to perch. Some are atop masts, others on buoys. I hear the quiet conversation of other people on other boats who are also awake. I lean over the side of my boat and see tiny minnows in huge schools racing to unknown places. Larger fish jump, spreading circles of ripples.

My brother rolls over and groans. He slowly opens his eyes, and I hear his heavy breathing. He attempts to look down below and starts to fall off the bench but catches himself at the last moment. We quietly laugh, causing a light echo to drift across the water. The kettle I had put on is whistling now, and I quickly rush down to turn it off. Of course, it wakes my parents, who then sit up and say good morning.

Sarah Newhall  
Grade Seven

## THE BEACH

Crash! The waves collide with the rocks. Boats rock back and forth and drift farther out in the ocean, tied to their moorings. People sit on the sand with towels, umbrellas, buckets, and much more. As I walk, the sand under my feet is warm. The water a little ways away is at a nice temperature. The beach is, in a way, like my happy place: the warm air, the water, the feeling of freedom.

Katie Kara'a  
Grade Five

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## WINTER

It is snowing as if a wolf was roaring. I feel frozen as a dandelion in winter. I feel cool. I hear wind, and I smell frost. But I am as alive as ever and jumping in snow! The white falling droplet gets in my eyelashes. The trees and the rocks covered with white powder is blinding as sun come down. I can't wait for snow to melt then freeze once more for ice skating. I love winter. Winter loves me, so it is time to jump into snow. When is it time to play?

Pippa Boyd  
Grade Two

## THE LAST ONE

I am the last leaf left, the last soldier standing. I watched all of my friends and family plummet to the ground, screaming, "Stay there!" Now I am still here all alone. The days pass: sunrise, noon, sundown. The whistling autumn wind tries to pull me off every day, and then the rain comes, and then the cold.

It's been weeks now. I'm still here, covered in snow, waiting to fall off and join my family when the wind picks up. I look down and see my family's frozen bodies get blown away. I watch them floating like feathers into the infinite wilderness without me. Now there is no one left, no reason to fall or stay on. My arms and legs are starting to turn colors and freeze. The only thing I can do is wait for some miracle to pull me off my still stable branch. The snow keeps on falling, putting more and more weight on my back. I think, "I'm going to fall. I'm going to fall." There are heavy loads on my back, pulling me down. The wind picks up. It discharges me of the snow and my hope of falling.

After five weeks, I think I'm going crazy. I start talking to myself. I see hallucinations of my family or a squirrel, pushing me off. My branch, still not giving up the fight against the snow and wind, keeps me right there. I'm the only one there. The weather always repeats: loads of snow pulling me down, harsh winds blowing snow off me. I have been through a lot, but I am not prepared for the raging storm that is coming toward me. I am hallucinating

when the branch above me snaps. I look up and see it falling toward me. I scream, "Yes!" I wait for the branch to fall on top of me and pull me down. I hear it whizzing at me. I feel the pain first and then the nausea. I look down and see the branch lying on the ground with a piece of leaf on the tip. It has speared a hole right through the middle of me. I think that the hole will heal so that I won't have to die in pain, but it doesn't. I'm still here, still alone. I'm waiting. I realize that I forgot what I'm waiting for. There's nothing to be excited about, nothing to be happy about, only harsh winds blowing my soul away.

Now I even start hearing voices when the wind blows. "This is what you deserve. This is your destiny." I hear that ringing in my ears over and over. I have nothing, nothing but time. I have so much time that I start to think, "Is the wind right? Is this really my destiny?" I look at the horizon and imagine myself floating there happy as can be. I'm laughing when the cold snow brings me back to reality. I somehow feel more alive, like my destiny is changing.

The morning sun starts to show. It looks like it is going to be a nice day for once. I look down, and it seems like I've moved. That's when I realize that my branch gave up the fight against the winter. It released me. I'm drifting away alone. I scream, "Yes!" I feel so free floating away. I take one last look at the tree I was in. "Good-bye," I whisper. I drift for a couple more feet, and everything goes black.

Paul Flacke  
Grade Five

Illustration: Natalie Kane,  
Grade Eight



## THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Bacon. Bacon as far as my dinner-plate eyes can see. First day of camp and my favorite breakfast is already being served. I pile a large amount onto my plate while talking with the chef who is tapping out a melody onto the counter with a spatula. I grab a fruit salad and rush to take my place at the breakfast table. Sitting down, I look around the table at the silhouettes shadowed by the grimy sunlight that filters through the cafeteria windows. It is dim, but I recognize every girl at this table, and I know that they do, too. Names rush through my head as I perceive the owner of each faded shape. It is not difficult to match names with outlines. We know each other too well. Our distinct differences make us individual, but, together, we make quite an ensemble. Like a fruit salad.

After making myself comfortable, I take a bite of my food and it tastes like complete bliss. And all of the sudden, everything is bliss. I see it in the faces of my friends and in their relaxed smiles. I can hear it in their voices, and I can even smell it in the strange but comforting odor of cooking and forest wafting from the kitchen. But, most of all, I can feel it. I feel bliss in the solid, wooden benches. I feel it in the cheap, plastic plates and in the vibrations that are being knocked into rhythms on the bulky tables. Most of all, I feel it in myself. The restless flutters in my stomach and untamable smile on my face. The feeling is so uncommon, it almost scares me. So I take a deep breath and pause. I become suspended in a moment of absolute and extravagant happiness. I look around and try to capture the moment with my big eyes, so that I can replay it over and over like a movie. A movie that I never want to end. But my eyes are not cameras, and time waits for nobody. I can see the clock ticking without looking at it. It stares at me with impatient

eyes, and, despite my efforts, my desperate try to stop it, fails. But I am not sad because I know that living in the moment is all I can do. For now, that is enough for me.

I return to my breakfast and watch the scene fast forward before my eyes. Suddenly, I experience a moment of sheer terror as I am pulled by the shoulders out of my seat. I whip my head around just in time to see my friend late to breakfast again. "Good morning," she says. "Pass the bacon, would ya?" I laugh and hand over my filled plate.

Ekat nibbles at the bacon, and I see her eyes light up. "I waited a year for this," she sighs. "You and me both," I beam, "You and me both." We smile at each other for a while. It makes me grin to know that my table of girls shares a priceless bond. We pull each other up and put bliss in each other's hearts. A pack of wolves. Bounding through the tall grass, playfully ramming into each other and rubbing heads. Sticking close together and sleeping on each other's bellies. A pack of gleeful wolves that is what we are. The lights flicker on and the feeling of bliss returns to me. I see everyone's squinting faces and laugh again.

My friend eyes me curiously, surprised at my good mood. "Feelin' happy?" she asks, sarcastically. "You bet," I answer. "I'm feelin' like happiness." Euphoria. Bliss. Yeah, a whole bacon bowl of bliss.

Kaly Glavas  
Grade Eight

## THE IVY POSTS

Home. Shelter. Safety. The gazebo. Serenity when the waves crash on the cowering rocks, when the wind howls. As a child, my family and I spent many days here, basking in the sun, enjoying the view. Many arguments, many happy moments were spent here. I have never forgotten how significant this gazebo is to both my family and me.

I often find myself spending many, quiet, summer days in solitude, looking out onto the flat, calm water like an eagle stalking its prey from a branch high up in the forest. Relaxing on the handcrafted, grey, wooden benches that remain attached to this belvedere, I vigilantly watch the overgrown thorn bushes for any sign of movement. I listen to the peaceful sound of the ever-changing ocean. Smelling the oily aroma of freshly cut grass. Nearly tasting the sweet smell of lilacs and daffodils in the elegant garden that resides near the winding steps that lead to this elatedly tranquil structure. I sit here on this splintery bench gently rubbing my fingers along the edges, feeling nothing but old, rotting wood wearing away like treads on shoes. I gaze upon the rocky coast that has been eroding for decades. I see the rock where my cousins and I often jump in the summer. I observe the eel grass that is manipulated by the wind like a flag. All from the gazebo.

I spend many days here relaxing on the benches and cautiously watching the devious raccoons crawl among the many rafters above waiting to strike. But they never do. They only attempt to intimidate me. Slowly my eyes wander to the metal replica of a donkey that has lost an ear. It rests on the grass below, a symbol of loneliness. No family, no one else around, just him, the one-eared donkey that rests on my grandmother's lawn. I gaze down at my feet and see the chipped, grey paint of rotting wood.

As it is time to leave, I always turn around to say one last goodbye. Examining the cracks in the wooden floor painted grey, the grey benches rotting away and the windy, grey stairs that lead to this lookout. Gazing upon the meticulous, red roof, wondering how it ever got

built as beautifully as it did. The shelter, the shelter that protects the gazebo from rain, sleet, hail, and snow. An Italian-style roof with eight different sections, all separated by drainage pipes that run from top to end, covered in the red Italian shingles that appear as if they were once the scales of a dragon. Eight sections each supported by rocky posts that act as members of a family. Supporting, stabilizing, and, above all, signifying one, happy group that has been living for centuries and keeping this quiet, octagonal gazebo from falling, from turning into a pile of wood and stone. Without them, there would be no gazebo, no red roof, nowhere to go. Just a collapsed heap of age-old material.

These posts, these posts with the ivy meandering along them each allow serenity, peace, and a home, a special place. Not just a place for raccoons, but a place for me as well. A place where I can relax. The ivy posts. One big family that all help to support in their own ways, and without one, the gazebo would be likely to fall. One big family, one big family that all have their own job in supporting. Supporting the gazebo, and supporting themselves as a family. The ivy posts. The eternally welcoming family.

Owen Russell  
Grade Eight

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## WINTER

Winter is when snow falls hard.  
 Winter is when icicles are hanging from the school.  
 Winter is when the wind blows hard.  
 Winter is when the ground is covered with snow.  
 Winter is deep and cold snow getting in your boots.  
 Winter is when the trees are covered with snow.  
 Winter is when animals hibernate.  
 Winter is when you go skiing.  
 Winter is when you drink hot cocoa.  
 Winter is when you go sledding.  
 Winter is when Christmas is.  
 Winter is great!

Ella Thornton  
Grade Two

## THE OLDEST PERSON I KNOW

The oldest person I know is Gram. She is my great- grandmother on my dad's side. Gram is eighty-seven years old. She has seven children. She has lived in Waltham, Massachusetts for all of her life and speaks Sicilian. Gram loved dancing when she was a teenager, and her favorite song is *Moonlight Serenade* by Glenn Miller. In her early years, Gram loved to travel. She travelled to Italy, Hawaii, Disneyland, Aruba, and the Caribbean but still loved Waltham the most! Gram worked for the Waltham Watch Company when she was nineteen. She met her husband when she was twenty. Gram went back to work at the age of fifty-six as the captain of the salad bar at the Raytheon Company.

Gram had brothers in both the Marine Corps and the Army. Sadly, both of them died in World War II. Her favorite movie is *Gone with the Wind*, and her favorite actor is Errol Flynn. She got her driver's license when she was thirty-four.

Gram has twenty grandchildren and eight great- grandchildren. I'm her favorite descendant, and I occasionally play card games with her! Another one of her favorite pastimes is watching and talking about the Red Sox. Gram loves to cook turkey and manicotti dinners. Her favorite holidays are Easter and the Fourth of July.

Alex Amaral  
Grade Five

## TURKS AND CAICOS

Have you been to the beautiful, gleaming turquoise waters of Turks and Caicos? Turks and Caicos is a blast for the senses. I think Turks and Caicos is the best tropical island for a vacation.

When you go snorkeling, you can see the dim, gloomy, colorless nurse sharks lying on the ocean floor. The colorful, brilliant, dazzling horizon is extra beautiful in Turks and Caicos. The grey and orange geckos stand out in the colorful world around them. If you're really lucky, the curious creature will jump into your hand.

Conch salad is the most tropical thing you will ever taste. It is so delicious and flavorful, you will never forget it. Raw conch is so tasty and salty; you will know that it came from the ocean. On the island, you can rent a chef to cook you the most scrumptious, spiny lobster ever, but you can only eat the tail. All the other parts are too spiny.

The faint sound of the ripples of the water is so calming. The water swishing is so soft, it is almost mute. The vibrating sound of the conch shell's blow is astonishing.

The smooth, soft sand between my toes feels great. On the pathway to the beach, there are hard, crisp, dry leaves that do you a favor by blocking the heat of the hot wood. The crystal clear, warm, shallow waters are great for tossing a football back and forth.

The sweet smell of the coconut trees around my house wakes me up to a beautiful smell. The strong smell of tamarinds is amazing to smell and awesome to taste to eat. The fresh, non-salty ocean is super fun to play in.

These are some of the things that make Turks and Caicos super fun. Have you ever been somewhere that sounds this fabulous? It is the best place for your five senses.

Alex Bernstein  
Grade Three

## Yo soy Ishmael

El sol que brilla en el mundo cuando todo está oscuro  
 Yo soy una cabeza de cordero  
 la mesa que trae a todos juntos  
 Azul, el color del océano  
 Yo soy la arena en que los niños juegan fútbol  
 Soy la comida que cubre la mesa  
 Una bandera azul que representa la lucha  
 Soy los buenos momentos entre compañeros de un equipo  
 Yo soy la iglesia en que personas rezan  
 El agua que bendice a la gente  
 La flor que cubre el suelo  
 Defiendo lo que creo  
 Yo soy un abrazo cuando todo está perdido  
 Yo soy Pascua Griega  
 Familia antes de todo  
 Yo soy "me"

Michael Katsiris  
 Grade Eight

Illustration: Cooper Johnson,  
 Grade Eight



## Soy Halle

Soy un niño del nuevo siglo, un comienzo.  
 El sol a las primeras horas de la mañana, trabajando todo el día,  
 Y no desciendo hasta muy entrada la noche.

Soy prácticas y tarea tras prácticas y tarea.  
 Siempre llevando los patines,  
 o estudiando

Soy pensando sobre el futuro,  
 Y qué haré,  
 Mientras leo mi libro favorito.

Soy las primeras flores de primavera,  
 Soy los viajes largos y hablando mucho, sobre todo

O la última puesta del sol antes del comienzo de escuela,  
 Una temperatura de ochenta grados con el techo corredizo abierto.

Soy soltando la carcajada,  
 Y a veces argumentando,  
 Siempre amor eterno.

Halle Livermore  
 Grade Eight

## Soy

Soy  
 Soy la sensación del frío cortante en el invierno,  
 El calor brillante en el verano.  
 Soy las olas golpeando el lado del barco  
 Soy el barco en el agua  
 Con las velas hinchándose  
 Con las chicas riendo y hablando.  
 Soy los esquís deslizándose por la montaña  
 Dejando rastros detrás.  
 Soy la bola que están pasando por el campo verde  
 Aclamando con su equipo cuando un gol se marca  
 El defensor bloqueando la bola  
 Soy los dedos corriendo por las teclas negras y blancas  
 El sonido que llena el cuarto  
 Soy la chiquita quien coció con su abuela  
 La cuchara que mezcla la masa  
 El olor de galletas con chispas de chocolate  
 Soy el tiempo con mis amigas  
 Que parece durar para siempre.

Olivia Fulghum  
 Grade Eight



## Jesusamérica

Soy la clima que derrote la nieve  
 las sonrisas que brillan por la oscuridad  
 Soy el puerto  
 la boya contra las olas  
 y soy las piernas que oscilan fuera  
 de la cama por la mañana temprana  
 Soy el océano que levanta los barcos  
 el niño que oye “te esforzaste tanto”  
 y soy el niño que ayuda a alguien llevar sus cosas  
 Soy la capa de pintura en las casas que se desportilla  
 en el aire de sal marina  
 Soy Marblehead  
 un pueblo de nubes ligeros y brisas suaves  
 el camarero que equilibra pilas de pasteles elegantes  
 Soy trabajador, dedicado y paciente  
 Soy una águila con colores de rojo y negro en sus alas  
 las noches tardes gastadas en muchas tareas  
 Soy mis amigos y yo hablando por teléfono hasta la madrugada

Jackson Rockett  
 Grade Eight



by Alexander  
Fong  
67



# TOWER TURRET



2014-  
2015

