

The 100th

**Tower  
Turret**



2016-2017

## The Tower Turret Over the Years

The Tower Turret, the School's literary magazine, has been around for a long time, almost since the School's founding. In fact, 2017 marks the 100th year of its publication. In order to begin our celebration of it, we will be sharing the changes the Turret has undergone between 1917 and 2017.

In the Turret's first decade, there were many types of writing pieces but no artwork. Ads for local businesses were included, and a copy of the Turret cost ten cents. Between 1927 and 1937, the Turret did not change much. There was a sports section, a joke section, and a junior section. There was a mix of long and short writing pieces. During the next decade, Tower School made the move from Salem to Marblehead. At the beginning of the decade, there were some small black and white pieces. As the decade progressed, drawings became less frequent, but there was a bright, beautiful front cover.

In between 1947 and 1957, there seemed to be an ocean theme. There were colorful covers and many pictures. There was a section for ads, and one could subscribe to the Turret if one chose. As the years went on, pictures and drawings in the Turret were very rare. The volumes became thicker, and some of the publications seemed to have themes. In the next decade, colorful art started to appear on the cover of the Turret. During these years, the Turret seemed more like a yearbook than a literary magazine. In between the years 1977 and 1987, the Turrets were all paperback and stapled together. There was a lot of artwork and pictures on the cover and throughout the pages.

During the late eighties and nineties, the Turret changes its graphic focus from photographs to elaborate, fantastical drawings, and drawings of music and bands that the students liked. As more years passed, drawings and photographs were printed in color instead of black and white. Instead of stapled bindings, the Turrets were bound with rings.

Currently, the annual literary magazine combines colorful artwork and writing pieces created by students of all ages. The Turret is read both on paper and online.

Most exciting news of late is that our research suggests that the Tower Turret appears to be the oldest, continually published, elementary school literary magazine in the country! Hats off! We hope that you enjoy it.

### The Editorial Staff

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**Inside Back Cover:**

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**Back Cover:**

Felix Juves, Grade Five

## A BOY NAMED TIM

There once was a boy named Tim;  
He had a twin brother named Jim.  
They did everything together;  
They were birds of a feather.  
No one could tell him from him.

Peter Glavas  
Grade Eight

## BANKER

An old, wrinkly man starting to gray  
Slouching at his desk waiting,  
Watching the clock tick one by one.  
Brass rods between the counter and people,  
Green stacks of paper under the safe,  
Counting the money cautiously,  
Rechecking his answer, careful of every penny.  
The enormous metal vault behind him,  
His cash register next to him  
With a panic button ready to be pushed.

Andrew Rosenberg  
Grade Eight

## BEAST

Beast in the beauty  
Fierce, scary  
Fighting, running, battling  
Battle in war  
The beastly

Kay See  
Grade Two

## CUCUMBER

Cucumber is tasty. It is dark green on the outside and light green on the inside. Cucumber is a very tasty vegetable and a good snack. It is crunchy on the outside. It is very squishy. I could eat one for lunch every day.

Ella Greene  
Grade Two

## AT THE YMCA

Leaping on beams,  
Flipping into the pit full of foam,  
Feeling the wind as I run to do a roundoff,  
Hearing my hips hit the bar,  
Smelling the smooth chalk on my hands,  
I see nothing but colorful mats.  
My hands gripping the bar,  
The sweat dripping down my face,  
I know I'm doing gymnastics.  
My leotard as shiny as a mirror,  
At the Y.

Arielle Kahn  
Grade Four



Alexa McCormick  
Grade Four

## CADE

Funny, nice  
Biking, reading, scaring  
He gets along with me.  
He is my brother.

Chloe Mahoney



Ever Bauta  
Grade Four

## FLIP FLOPS

All of winter  
Faded flip flops lie in the dark,  
dingy closet.  
As snow melts into spring,  
Out they walk,  
Taking me on adventures.  
Stomping through sand,  
Wading through water,  
Salt embedded in their soles.  
They bring smiles, laughter,  
Summer in a shoe.

Kate Hill  
Grade Eight

## JOHN ROSENSAUCE

My name is John Rosensauce, and I am a photographer in the year 1887. I was born in America in a small home with four brothers and two sisters. My family moved to the West in search of a better life. I was always fascinated by cameras and saved up my money since to buy one. I took my camera everywhere; it was my most prized possession. My favorite thing to do is take pictures of the railroads. When I was twenty-three, I met a man named Thomas Durant who saw me taking pictures and wanted to hire me. I was extremely excited to work for him. He wanted me to take pictures of the railroads for advertising purposes. I now live in a small wagon train with my family, following the Union Pacific Railroad being built.

November 13, 1887

Today when I woke up, my father was very sick. I was worried because he couldn't get out of bed. I didn't have time to help him though because it was my first day of being a professional photographer and actually getting paid for it. I got my camera and walked to the railroad. I was greeted with excitement from the workers who told me that they had spotted a herd of buffalo. I instantly set up my camera to capture the wild beasts. It was the first time buffalo had crossed the railroad, so I was excited to report our find to my employer.

December 2, 1887

Flu is spreading among the wagon train. Many people are sick or have died, and progress on the railroad has been slower than usual due to lack of workers. My family is very cautious about trying not to become sick, but my father is still sick, and it is getting worse. He stays in bed all day and sleeps. When he is not sleeping, he is deathly still.

December 16, 1887

My father died today. We woke up, and he wasn't breathing. One of my brothers Dan laid eight and a half miles of track today, which is close to the record of ten miles. This was a huge morale boost for the workers, and they are optimistic about the coming months. On the downside, a snowstorm is reported to be coming our way. I am still worried that it will slow our progress greatly.

January 23, 1888

Our wagon was raided by Indians. It was still night when they came. I awoke to gunshots and screaming. I got up and ran outside to see what was happening. It was a terrifying scene. Indians were killing and scalping people. I didn't know where my family was or if they were safe. The only thing I could think to do was run. I ran as fast as I could away, until I couldn't hear anything. I sat down and wondered if my family was okay. After three for four hours, I decided to return to the wagons. What I saw sent shivers down my spine. Wagons were tipped over and broken, and there were bodies on the ground bleeding and still. I later found my family and other survivors hiding up on a small hill. My brother Sam was shot once in his shoulder and twice in his arm. He was okay, but he had lost a lot of blood. When we got back to our wagon it had three wheels, and our horses were dead.

February 2, 1888

Today we were moving again for the first time since the attack. Our wagon's wheels were repaired, and we borrowed a horse from a friend. Most of my possessions were destroyed in the attack except for my camera, which I kept locked in a chest. Sam is still recovering from his wounds, and it seems like he is going to be okay.

Jack Raisides  
Grade Eight

## EVERYTHING BAGEL

My favorite food is an Everything Bagel! The seeds are crunchy and tasty in my mouth. When it is in the toaster, it smells so good! It's crunchy when some parts are burnt. It smells buttery even without butter on it! I could eat one every day!

Lucy McCormick  
Grade Two

## GINGERBREAD CRUMB

One day, the gingerbread crumb went for a walk. He fell in the snow. He smelled something. It was the fox. He saw the gingerbread crumb. The fox ran fast. The gingerbread crumb found a gingerbread house. It was tiny. The fox got tired. The fox said, "I will get him!" but he didn't. The gingerbread crumb didn't get eaten!

Ernesto Perez  
Grade One



Karlyn Mazow  
Grade Seven

DEAR TWO-YEAR-OLD ALEX

Hi Alex! I am your eleven-year-old self. I know this may sound crazy and confusing. Now, please ask Mom to pause *Cinderella* and ask her to read you this letter. You have made some mistakes that I wish you didn't do, so pay close attention and your life will be a lot easier. I am like your *fairy godmother!* You are very lucky to have me! Now, please listen carefully.

When you are about four, your close friend Brooke's idea of running and jumping onto the swing will sound amazing, but I think that you should think twice about her idea, or else you might end up in the emergency room with a concussion. You will really like riding in the ambulance, though!

Matthew is the best brother anyone could ask for. You have to be careful with him, though, because he is not a doll. When you get your Elf on the Shelf when you are six, you will want to show your baby brother. You will decide to carry him up the stairs to show him the elf. He will only be one at this time! Do not drop him down the stairs. He could get hurt. And if you go tumbling down with him, you will both get hurt.

You will always have trouble with math. It will never be easy for you, but I hope you will change that. When you are around the age of nine or ten, your parents will want to drill you with math flashcards. Listen to them! They love you very much and are not trying to torture you! They just want you to get better at something. Please listen to them, or you will regret it very much later.

Your dog Shelby is four now. She will get very old, but she will be happy! She won't always feel well. I want you to spend as much time with her as possible. Take her for more walks and play with her more! Once she's old, she won't want to go on walks anymore. So do it while she can. I know you care about her a lot, so show it more!

When you are seven you will go to your first year of sleepaway camp with your cousins! You will go for two summers, and you will really like it. Your cousins will think differently than you; they won't be fans and won't want to go back again. You will feel you can't enjoy something because they don't. You should think about what you want to do. Don't worry about their opinions.

Life is tough, Alex, but I've been there and survived. Just hang in there and you'll be fine. Now you can go back to *Cinderella*, but keep this letter. Hang it up somewhere you won't lose it. This may not make sense, but it will later. I have to go, but I will write back to you again. Please listen to me!

Love,  
Eleven-Year-Old

Alex Carter  
Grade Five

#### NAPKIN HOLDER

It sits for hours at a time  
Unnoticed, unmoving, unwanted.  
With an arsenal of weapons  
Ready to save the most dire of situations:  
Spilled milk, tossed sauce, a bloody nose.  
Whatever the emergency, it is ready to assist  
With a ready supply waiting at your fingertips.  
I give you the napkin holder!

Kendall Brant  
Grade Seven

#### GRANDPARENTS

If they were shoes  
They would be sneakers.  
Grandparents have been everywhere,  
Experienced everything,  
Have been around for a while,  
Each pair united as one.  
Some made for support,  
Others made for comfort,  
Laces, like their love for each other,  
Tying them together.

Rachel Goland  
Grade Eight

## PINEAPPLE

On the outside, she is unappealing.  
She stands with a crown on her head,  
Yet no one seems attracted to her,  
Until he who is curious notices.  
He gets to know her,  
Realizes that there is more to her.  
He sees the bright yellow joy in her;  
He sees how sweet she really is.

Lizzie Dokina  
Grade Eight

## PURPLE

Purple is the color of royalty,  
Strong, proud, loyal, and wealthy,  
Independent and ambitious,  
The galaxy and the night sky.  
A mixture of ocean and fire,  
The color of potions,  
Found in fields of flowers,  
In deep caves, shining from the light of a single  
torch.  
Purple is sacred and loved,  
Graceful and elegant,  
Beautiful and extravagant,  
The color of calm.

Mia Shapoval  
Grade Seven



Max Dressel  
Grade Four

DEAR TWO-YEAR-OLD MICHAELA

Hi, it's me. You! Eight years later. I know you are probably off playing dress up with the cat, but please stop and listen. It will benefit the both of us in the future. Even though none of this will make sense, it will later. In these few paragraphs, I will be telling you things that I did that you should avoid or things that I didn't do that you should. I hope that you can learn from my mistakes.

In a few months you will start a dance class. You will be super excited and want to dance at home, too. That's great! Just please, when Mom calls for dinner, don't think that it's a good idea to run down the rug stairs with your brand new tap shoes on. Let's just say that if you do, you will have to live with half of your front tooth for a while.

In two years from now, you will find a giant, blue rubber yoga ball in the basement. You will want to play with it so desperately that you will haul your mom down the stairs to take it from the basement and put it in the living room. When you do play with the yoga ball, please, don't try to jump off the couch and land on it. Spherical objects roll, you have hard wood floors, and, when you are four, you still have fragile and breakable bones.

In about five years, the day after the Super Bowl, you will be on the couch with your dog Layla, your mom, your brother Michael, and Mandy. You will be watching *Finding Nemo* for the first time ever. You will get so excited that you will run around the living room and play with the dog. You will have such a good time that you won't pay much attention to what you are doing. So you will attempt a handstand on the slippery, white couch. Of course, you will fall. For any other person that would be it, but it's us, so of course there has to be a table and a cat there, and let's just say cats don't like it when humans land on their tail, and humans don't like it when tables land on them.

Now, this is probably the most dumb thing you'll ever do, so get ready. When you are in your old toy room, well, for you, your new toy room, you will find a Zu-Zu Pet in the bin. You know those toys with the electronic rubber wheels? It will be white and brown and really fuzzy. When the wheels are zipping round and round, you will try to compare it to your hair color. Don't ask me why. If you do this, then you better hope Mom knows how to give a good haircut.

When I was about four, I learned how to write my name, and you will, too, when you turn four. Now just because you will know how to write, and you think you are the greatest person ever, don't take out your lucky crayon and write your name on the wall. Mom loves your name, but I don't think she wants to see it everywhere she goes.

Now that you've learned all the things I have done, please, please, please, I am begging you, don't do them, too. It will save you from lots of embarrassment.

Your Ten-Year-Old Self,

Michaela Hope  
Grade Five

SPAGHETTI

I love spaghetti. The meatballs are yummy and tomatoey. Meatballs look delicious and round and roly. The sauce is smooth and bumpy. The pasta is whitish and yellowish. Spaghetti is very slurpy. I wish the world was made out of spaghetti.

Alexa Rosenman  
Grade Two

## STILL WATER

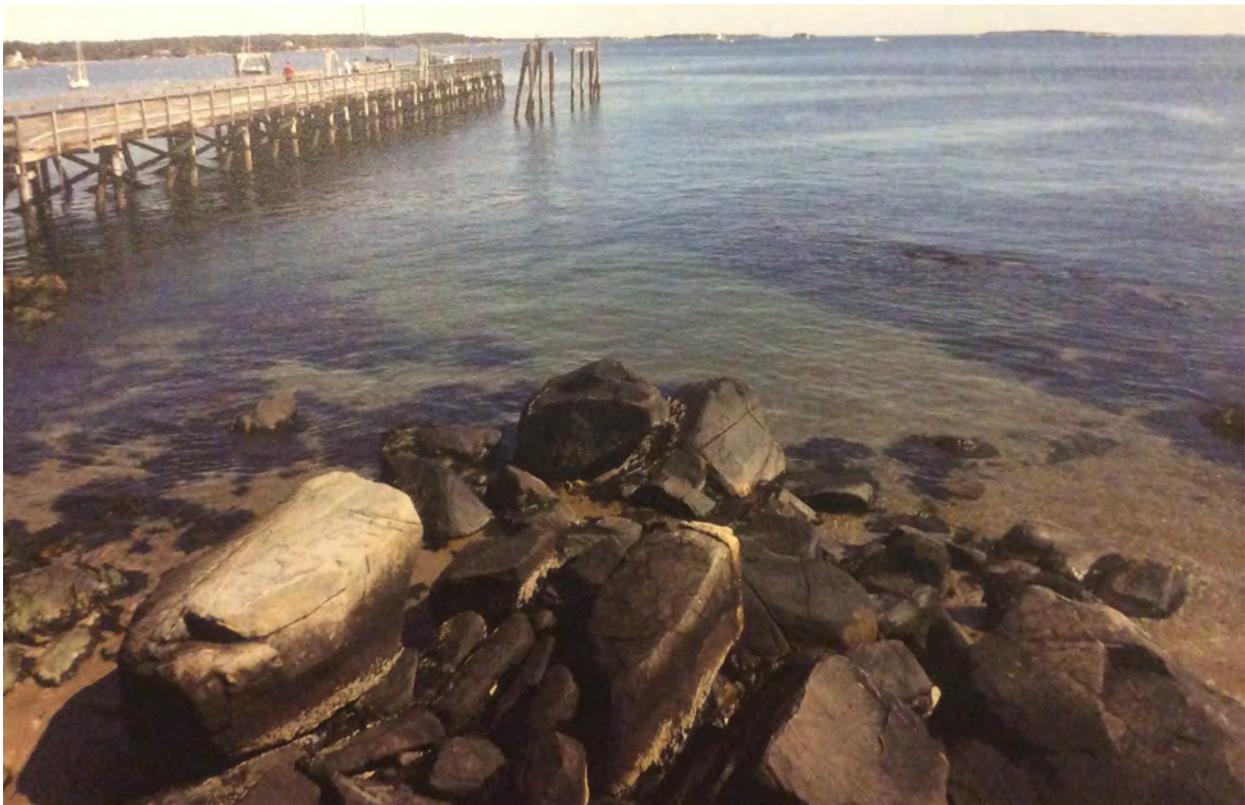
Tied up by a rope but yet so free  
The boat so small  
But it can bring big amounts of joy  
Water so still but some ways so choppy  
Go out with Grandpa, Mom, or Dad  
No matter who you choose, you never feel sad  
Stay close or go out far  
In my opinion, it's always better than a car  
Some days sunny, some days gray, some days  
hot, some days not  
Reflecting in the water not a perfect image, but yet  
it feels so right  
I hope  
The rope around the boat is tied very tight  
The color on that boat is very bright  
Look, is that a whale? Can you see its mighty tail?  
Registration 10BXE  
I am happy as can be  
Boats located in Port Clyde  
Boats moving with the tide  
I love this beautiful boat  
With pride

Nicholas Weise  
Grade Three

## SADNESS

Sadness comes from rejection,  
Betrayal,  
Forced stereotypes.  
Sadness is lost childhood,  
Not being accepted,  
But instead being criticized  
For having beliefs.  
Sadness is depression,  
Rainy days,  
Burnt food,  
Paper cuts.  
Sadness is being lonely,  
Feeling unloved,  
Heartbreak,  
Losing friends,  
Thinking there is no purpose,  
Hope,  
Or happiness.

Katie Kara'a  
Grade Seven



Chase Rogers  
Grade Eight

## EDMUND'S SECRET DIARY

Dear Diary,

I was playing hide-and-seek when I followed Lucy into a wardrobe. I went in and closed the door. I called Lucy's name but she didn't call back, so I went further. I ended up in the place that Lucy was talking about! I HATE BEING WRONG!

I was in this snowy land. I called Lucy's name again, but she didn't answer. The sun was setting, and I got colder and colder. My teeth were chattering, and my lips were turning purple. I didn't know what to do until I heard bells. I walked closer and then I saw it. A sled with a little man, two horses with a very pale lady. The lady was not scary at all. I was not scared of her. Maybe.

She asked me what I was. I didn't know what to say. I was a boy, obviously. I said my name was Edmund. She started to yell at me. "Is that how you address your queen?" I said that I didn't know that she was a queen. "You don't know the queen of Narnia?"

She asked me who I was again. I felt a bit scared. Then she said, "My poor child." It was like she changed her mind. She took me up on the sled and fed me Turkish Delight. She asked me all these questions. One question that shocked me was if I had any brothers or sisters. I said I did, but I couldn't find my younger sister. The queen said that I could be a prince and have a lot of Turkish Delight. I told her I would get them. So she sent me home.

I came out of the wardrobe out of breath. Lucy was standing there...

Got to go,

Edmond

Rachel Delisle  
Grade Four

## MY HERO: MY MOTHER

*"Heroism is not just pulling a child from a burning house, or a driver from an icy river, or a kitten from a tall tree. Heroism is holding the door for a frail elderly, and driving courteously and cooperatively, and listening with an attentive heart to a friend's words. Small daily acts of kindness are as heroic as big once-in-a-lifetime acts of rescue."*

- L.M. Heroux

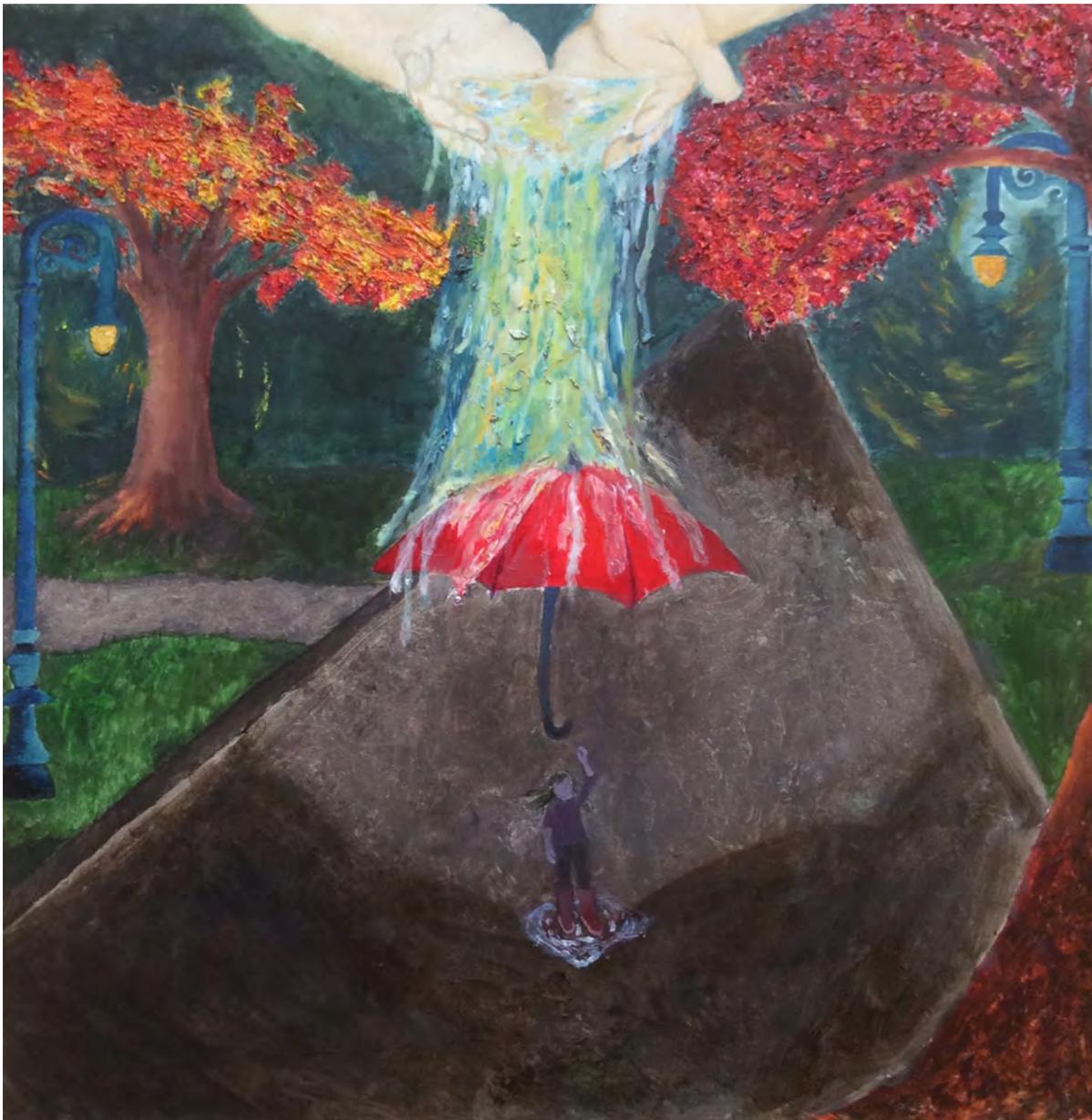
My mom was born in Tokushima, Japan, and came to America to go to college. She graduated from the University of New Hampshire and is now living in Marblehead, Massachusetts. She spends a lot of her time learning about how to be healthier and making meals and helping us with problems even if she has something else to do. My mom is a hero to me because she is a very smart and intelligent person and was very brave coming to America. She is very hard working, and she is always listening to me even when I am difficult to listen to. I want to be just like her when I am a mom. This quote represents my mom because even if she hasn't done a huge life-saving rescue, she still does the little everyday things that add up.

Maya Robie  
Grade Six

## UMBRELLA

Abandoned in a dark closet,  
Awaiting blazing sun or heavy rain,  
Its only two dawnings.  
Lifted into the atmosphere  
Either to fry or soak  
And then thrown back into the closet  
To sadly await its owner  
And continue its depression.

Owen Doherty  
Grade Seven



Alex Lang  
Grade 8

## CLARITY

Clarity is the trickling of water  
High in the mountains,  
The soft light of sunrise  
Driving away the darkness.  
Clarity is a window,  
And light shining through the dreams  
Of the perplexed.  
Clarity is the frozen icicles hanging  
from  
The edges of cliffs into the clear sky.  
The vast oceans  
Tumbling to and fro,  
And the endless horizons.  
Clarity is glass, fragile  
But useful, rare but supreme.

Paul Flacke  
Grade Seven

## HAIRDRESSER

Snapping her gum.  
Combing, cutting, coloring,  
Washing, brushing, drying.  
Gossips like a brook, bracelets jangling.  
Spindly fingers like spiders' legs  
Weave her web of flowing tresses,  
Dancing to a song that only she can hear.  
Movements quick, careful, precise.  
A mathematician, a magician, a beautician.

Mariel Fulghum  
Grade Eight

## ICE CREAM SUNDAES

I love ice cream sundaes. The sweet, creamy ice cream with whipped cream and sprinkles is so smooth. It has some crunch, and it's sweet and it's cold. If it melts in your mouth it becomes like soup. *Slurp, slurp, yum, yum.* I love the delicious, delectable Neopolitan with chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla. I love it with whipped cream and sprinkles and gummy bears. I will eat it every hour.

Kayden Barry-Eaton  
Grade Two

## SKIPPER

Cute, funny  
Playing, sleeping, chewing  
A fluffy snoring ball of fluff  
Nipper.

Nina Gyllenborg  
Grade Two

## MORTICIAN

A gown given to a princess  
who never woke up from a kiss.  
Cold skin warmed by blush,  
Surrounded by pillows  
for the everlasting sleep.  
Cracked lips, pale face,  
He breathes life back into them.  
Closing her once-blue eyes,  
Now foggy and glassed over.  
Room covered in bright, spring flowers  
That cover up the scent.  
Folding her arms,  
The rainy day draped in black goes on.  
They give her one last look,  
Seeing her the way that  
she wanted to be remembered,  
And he closes the box forever.

Alex Lang  
Grade Eight

HELP!

Help! I'm trapped in Rick's Café Americain in Casablanca! Okay, that sounded really weird. Here's what happened. I was hanging out in my low-rent apartment, looking through the mail, mostly ads and magazines, when I spotted a big, purple ticket to some movie theater. They were playing *Casablanca*! I don't know how it got into my mail, but who cares! The title read *Mirror Movies*, but the address stumped me, Thirteen Shop Street. That was where the old, rundown, building was. It looked as if it would crumple if anyone laid a finger on it. I haven't touched it in years.

I was on my way the next night, boots splashing in the puddles of the rainy night. Soon the rain turned to hail, so I hurried along. When I arrived, it took me a minute to see it through the thick fog. I moved closer into the mist and saw the words *Mirror Movies* in dotted lights. I pushed open two huge, purple doors and stepped into an oddly lit purple hallway. The painted brick walls displayed an array of old movies. There were all my favorite Hitchcock movies, *It's a Wonderful Life*, and *The Third Man*. I rammed into two huge doors even heavier than the first that read *Cinema 1*. "Darn it!"

I noticed that the audience seemed still. Everyone in the audience was wide eyed and captivated. But it was different, almost like they were hypnotized! Just as I was thinking about this, I saw a man all in black, standing against the wall, staring right at me. No one else seemed to notice. I leaned over my armrest and whisper-shouted, "Can I help you?" A black gloved hand came out of his pocket and with a quick wave, he headed for the emergency exit. I felt the urge to follow this stranger, so I stood and followed him all the way to a place that looked like behind the screen. He opened a door that seemed to lead right into the movie. It was dark inside, so I couldn't tell where it led. I tiptoed closer, eager to find out what was behind the thick layer of shadows, but to my dismay, I couldn't see a thing. I got closer and suddenly the mysterious man pushed me through with an amazingly strong slap.

I woke up sitting at a table in an old-fashioned looking place. I looked down and saw I was wearing a pale pink dress with a jeweled flower brooch and red high heels. I looked towards a counter with glasses hanging overhead. It was like the complete Rick's Café Americain. That's when I realized it was Rick's Café Americain! I jolted up and ran outside. I looked up and saw a Nazi plane flying towards a miniature runway. I thought about running and asking anyone I saw how I got here and, more importantly, how do I get out of here? But there was one thing I had to do first; meet Rick!

I bolted inside to find one of his employees at the counter. The music was stopped, and I saw a woman talking to the piano man. I hurried towards them just in time to hear, "Play it, Sam!" and I braced myself for my favorite part of the movie.

An hour later I was rushing toward an airfield. I'd met Rick and actually convinced him to sit and have a drink with me! Wooooo! I told him my story. At first he called my story remarkable, but then he took on the idea that I was trying to offend him by saying that he lived in a movie. He also said that the only way to get to America is by getting airplane tickets. My plan is to go home to America and find the building that is now the movie theater and maybe I'll find my way home.

When I reached the place where the planes take off, I realized that it was practically impossible to get tickets. That's when a crazy and ingenious idea came to my mind. A small plane was getting ready to go down the runway so I started chasing it, which was very easy because of its lack of speed. I jumped on the wing just as it started moving. I'd met Rick, I was going home, it was the adventure of a lifetime! That's when it hit me. The way back home wasn't in America, it was at Rick's, where I'd first appeared! The plane was almost at full speed now, and I had only one option. I took a leap of faith.

I was only asleep for a minute or two because I landed in a soft patch of grass. Then I remembered my mission, to get back home. I started running as fast as I could, developing speed as I went. I heard myself utter a couple of times how my feet were killing me, so I took off the heels.

When I arrived there were only a couple of people left, but before I could even think about what I was looking for, I spotted a door identical to the one at the theater. I rushed through it and slammed the door.

I appeared in the movie theater alone. I had only one thought in my head, to get back to my beloved low-rent apartment.

Pippa Boyd  
Grade Four

## THERE WAS A SEAGULL ON MY HOUSE

There was a seagull on my house.  
There was a seagull on my house.  
And then my grandfather said,  
“Get off my house!”  
Then there was a walrus on my house.  
There was a walrus on my house.  
And then my grandfather said,  
“Get off my house!”  
Then there was a pelican on my house.  
There was a pelican on my house.  
And then my grandfather said,  
“Get off my house!”  
Then there was my grandfather standing on my house.  
There was a grandfather standing on my house.  
And then the world said,  
“Get off the house!”  
And then my house turned into a walrus!

Zane Roberge  
Grade Three

## EDMUND'S JOURNAL

Dear Journal,

Today I went into the wardrobe to be able to make fun of Lucy, but I ended up in a strange land called Narnia. I met a woman on a sleigh, and she said she was the queen of Narnia. She let me on the sleigh and asked if I wanted a warm drink because it was snowy and cold outside. I said, “Yes,” and she dropped a drop of something in the snow, and it became a chocolate foamy drink. Then she said that the drink was better with some food, so she asked me if I wanted some food. It could be any kind of food I wanted. I told her Turkish Delight.

After that she started asking me questions about my family and where I was from and how I got here. I answered that my siblings are named Peter, Lucy and Susan. I said that I came in from a wardrobe. She told me if I stayed quiet and did not tell my siblings about this, she would bring me to her house. She said that next time I was to bring all my siblings but not tell them about her. She said that I could become prince and rule over Narnia some day. She said that my brother and sisters could be duke and duchesses. She said that her house was in the middle of two hills that you could see from the lamp post. She told me that I could not tell them where you were bringing them because of the faun that Lucy met. She said that fauns say bad stuff about the white witch.

Then she got me off the sled and told me to go home. I found Lucy, and she started telling me what a bad person the white witch was, and I pretended not to know who she was. Then Lucy brought me back home, and we continued playing hide and seek. Before she brought me home, she asked me where I had been and what I was doing in Narnia. I can't wait to be prince.

Sincerely,  
Edmund

Cade Mahoney  
Grade Four

## THE CHASE

Knowing that at any time  
She could be called for duty,  
Rain or shine, wind or snow.  
Ringing of the phone  
Which signals an emergency.  
Wearing her uniform  
With a badge that reflects light,  
Flipping on obnoxious sirens  
And lights with anxiousness,  
She radios back to the station  
With determination,  
Then races through the streets  
Like a jet.  
Avoiding traffic,  
Watching the cars blur  
As she passes by  
Eyes on the road  
Like a cat watching its prey.  
Protecting and serving.

Dana DePiero  
Grade Eight

## THE LAST LEAF

I, myself, the last leaf on the tree, hang onto my branch for hours and hours. I stay here by gripping my flimsy stem. I watch family and friends slowly brush away, until only I am left. A small snap and I could be off, though I choose to stay. The strong, bitter taste of loneliness and emptiness fills my heart so much that sometimes I wonder if it is worth staying up here. It feels like looking out onto the horizon in a desert, only to see an endless expanse of beige drab colors. Letting go of the branch seems so nice and easy, yet so hard at the same time. I have seen my family and friends do it, but I don't have the willpower. So I just hang here, staring at the cold sky as each day gets cooler.

I, myself, the last leaf on the tree, have grown so accustomed to my branch. I am at the very end and have never even thought of leaving. Now I am, and the weather is so brutal that frost grows on the branches of my tree. I have to leave. The white, spine-chilling frost, slowly creeps toward me like a spider, leaving big trails of icy blue. I hear the slight howl of wind and watch my friends blow up from the ground and fly above me, almost as if the wind is mocking me. I look down to see that the ground has left an area for me with no frost, cheering me, but I just can't do it.

I, myself, the last leaf on the tree, hang on my tree in the vast remote field. I am in the middle of it, looking off into the distance. I see trees clustered together with not one leaf in sight. The sight gives me chills. The whole scene is white and light greyish-blue because of the frost. As my friends and family leave, I yell, "No! Please don't go!" After all of this, my companions have gone, leaving me to hang and hope for other leaves to come. I imagine letting go, something I would have never dreamed of doing. In the near winter time, though, the thought looms over me like it's thinking about stepping on me .

I, myself, the last leaf on the tree, feel the wind pick up, making me flutter on my branch. I hold on for dear life, but I don't know why. I see small animals scurrying across the forest floor. Fear floods my body from head to toe as if the tree injected the icy feeling into me. I look over to see ominous dark clouds, hovering above me, My world is engulfed in an abyss of darkness and panic. Rain starts flying down like bullets from the sky. The storm starts to bully me. The rain pushes and shoves and tries to get me off the branch. The wind screams in a high pitched voice, "Get off! Get off!" This makes my ears ring. My senses get overwhelmed by everything. It takes every last ounce of strength to hold onto the branch. My body starts losing strength. I can't hold on anymore, and I don't even know why I am. My color has turned from a vibrant green to a stale brown. I have to let go. I, myself, the last leaf on the tree, drift into the night.

David Kane  
Grade Five



Russel Blodgett  
Grade Eight

## MY WALK

I'm walking down a path.  
I see a vine on a rotten tree,  
Squirrels gathering acorns for winter,  
A dragonfly lands on a tennis ball,  
A bee lands on a hockey puck,  
Algae slithers up a bottle.

Thorns crawling up the branches,  
Berries drooping from the leaves,  
Flowers blooming in the sun,  
Moss sticking to the sticks in the icky water.

I look up and see a bat box, clouds, the sun, and trees.  
Poison ivy touches my shin. Then I see a tennis court,  
A basketball court and hoop, and playground.  
Roses and mushrooms grow from the ground.

I feel the ocean breeze.  
I look to my right and see the ocean.  
My feet scrape the sand,  
Minnows jump and make ripples,  
Crabs crawl on the ocean floor.  
Blue, white, green, and brown seaglass are on the sand.

Jack Weisenburger  
Grade Four

## THE FIGHT AGAINST THE WATER

Gliding over the dark,  
Blue storm underneath  
On a pure wave of light,  
The water tight around her skin,  
Forming a comforting coat.  
Kicking aggressively  
But still elegant,  
It is an art to make  
The most straining fight look easy,  
To trick the water not to resist,  
To become a silvery fish  
That the water can not detect,  
Can not hinder,  
Can not stop;  
To be the water,  
A stream, a rhythm, a melody.

Lotte Kolar  
Grade Eight

## THE VETERANS' WAR MEMORIAL

The building that I chose is the Veterans' War Memorial. The American heroes from WWI include Alvin York, Frank Luke, Henry Johnson, Charles Whittlesey, Edouard Izac and Dan Daly. The lighthouse-like structure is in the northwest corner of our state. The memorial is in Adams at the summit of Mt. Greylock in the Greylock Mountain State Reservation. The memorial is ninety-three feet tall! There is a glass globe at the top that is lit up at night. The tower is built of granite blocks. The dedication date of the memorial is June 30, 1933. It is currently closed for renovations. On the front, it reads: "In grateful recognition of the loyalty and sacrifice of her sons and daughters in war. They were faithful even unto death."

And that's what I know about the Veterans' War Memorial!

Allie Stella  
Grade Three

## MANTILLA

Mantilla

Stepping, flashing, rocking

It's made of metal but it looks like cloth

Colorful cloth

Maya Hinrichsen

Grade Two



Alexa McCormick  
Grade Four

## WORDLY WISE E

Dear Mrs. Twadell,

We know what you are going to think when you see this letter. You will think, "Oh no!" but just give it a chance. We are being secretive about our names because our names are not vital to this letter. If you do what this letter asks you, we will reveal our names. This is not to creep you out. This is just creative thinking about trying to make you do what we ask.

Please don't ask who sent this because we will not reveal our names.

Now, let's get on to the letter, shall we? We are going to be terse about this. We ask you to change Wordly Wise E so we don't have to do it in cursive. The reasons why are simple. One, it really hurts your hand and wrist to do Wordly Wise for that long, and, two, it takes a really long time to do, and it sucks up our free time. It would be really great if you made this happen, and we would be more than grateful. We also know that the entire class would be happy. Remember, if you make this happen, we will reveal our names. This is our way of coaxing you into doing this.

We will tell you this. We are all pupils in your class. We would love for you to consider the possibility of changing cursive to print. We have been inspired from our own persuasive letters and hope you are very much persuaded. Note that we will preferably still do the Wordly Wise E, just not in cursive. Also, you can reward people if they still do it in cursive.

With hopes and dreams,

Several Secretive Pupils from your Class

Mystery Students  
Grade Five

## THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME

Under the cold water  
Swimming slowly and silently  
My hair floating above me.  
Hearing nothing but rushing water  
Coming up for air and smelling salt.  
I feel the sand as I reach back down.  
I open my eyes to see murky water.  
I feel the the water on my face as I swim.  
I brush through my sea-swept hair.  
I pick up big shells filled with sand.  
The sun shines and the water gets warm.  
My wet clothes stick to me like glue.  
Bubbles come out of my mouth  
And now I know I am swimming in the ocean  
Under cold water.

Poem and Art by Molly Arnold  
Grade Four



## THIS IS WHERE YOU WILL FIND ME

I feel free  
Flipping and landing with a loud thumping  
Jumping then flying  
Feeling chalk soak into my hands  
Lifting then swinging on the bars  
The loud noises from gymnasts drifting through the room  
Colorful leotards all around  
Springing off the springboard  
Listening to floor music  
Hoping to master a skill  
Running across the floor then flipping  
Feeling the warm air and sweating  
Ending with grace  
I feel free

Alexa McCormick  
Grade Four

## NOOR REVERIE

Noor Reverie  
Yellow, beautiful  
Designing, cutting, pointing  
Has paper cutouts  
Smooth sun

Alexa Rosenman  
Grade Two

## HAUNTED HOUSE

I was trick-or-treating in a peculiar neighborhood. All of the houses were lit. Then I came across a strange house. I could hear crackling inside the house and started to get scared. I walked up to the house and rang the doorbell. I could feel my heart beating so hard as if it were trying to burst out of my body. The door creaked open. I whispered a faint, "Trick or treat". I walked around for a minute and saw a strange-looking painting on the wall. It looked like the eyes were cut out of it. I looked closer. It was a picture of a man and a woman.

All of a sudden the painting blinked. I ran up the stairs, not knowing where I was. I could feel the floorboards creaking under my feet. I could smell something. It was a little peculiar. It smelled like new car mixed with maple syrup. I could almost taste it. I found where it was coming from. It was coming from a cauldron. I looked inside but there was nothing in it.

I heard something, so I got more and more tempted to find out what it was. I walked into this room that had nothing in it, except for a CD player on a table. It was playing "Monster Mash". Then I turned it off and listened closer, and it started whispering on it, "I know who you are Jenny Aikmen." I started to worry. I fell back into a curtain. Something caught me and lifted me back on my feet. Long arms, demented face, super small, I turned around and saw this hideous creature eating Reeses Pieces. It was E.T.!

I started yelling, "Dang flabbet, I just got you out of my nightmares!" I started running. I opened a door to a closet and closed the door behind me. It was pitch black. Something turned the light on.

I was surrounded by American Girl dolls, Barbies, and Elves on the Shelf all chanting, "Come play with me Jenny." I started squeezing the dolls half to death. I poked their eyes out. I could feel their creepy hands up my spine. I ran out of there like a road runner against a wolf.

I got home around 10:30 and my mom asked, "How was trick-or-treating?"

I responded, "Interesting."

Jenny Aikman  
Grade Five

## THE BUFFOON

There once was a skier from Loon  
Who turned out to be a buffoon.  
He went skiing on a cliff,  
Said he'd be back in a jiff.  
The man wasn't found until June!

Will Russell  
Grade Eight

## THE DEFENDER

Protecting the unused and saving pockets  
From an untimely doom.  
It sheaths objects mightier than the sword,  
Keeping its rage pent up to be used later.  
Its sits dormant and content  
Not to be recognized for its deeds.  
It is happy with being the sidekick.  
It goes unappreciated,  
The pen cap.

Alex Amaral  
Grade Seven

## WATERMELON

I love watermelon! It is so juicy on the inside and tastes cold in my mouth. I love the sweet inside, and the crunch on the outside. The rind is hard and green on the outside, and the soft pink on the inside is juicy. I eat it in the summer and wish the people in second grade would bring it for special snack every Friday.

Chloe Mahoney  
Grade Two

## MELTING ICICLE

I watch the sun rise over the cold, rolling hills. The birds chirp as the sun's glare begins to hurt my eyes. I grip onto the rusty, metal gutter of a small, gray house. This past winter has been frigid and harsh. The storms have weakened me, and I am glad that the giant sun before me has started to thaw everything in my sight. I, too, can feel myself weakening with every drop of water that falls from my body.

As I look over to see other icicles struggling, I know that spring has come. Although the beauty of watching the fat, yellow sun melt the winter snow is fascinating, it also means that my time as an icicle is coming to an end. The touch of the sunshine's warmth wraps around me like a comforting hug, and my body begins to relax. Every year, I am never able to hold onto winter as long as I wish to, and I need to accept it.

I can feel the shiny drops of water sliding down my body and landing onto a small bush below me. My grip to the gutter is loose now, and I know that any second I could fall. I feel myself slip even more, and I close my eyes.

In seconds, I find myself on a small, pink blossom. The touch of the soft petals soothes my body. I feel relieved that spring has come and that I don't have to hang around in any more winter storms. I rest on the flower until my body has been fully absorbed by the sun.

The strong, cold icicle that I once was has now turned into the spring air, and I will have to wait until next spring to do the same.

Elsa McKernan  
Grade Six

## THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME...

Sitting on a shady bench,  
Looking out onto a garden,  
Where bees are buzzing,  
And pine needles are dancing in the air,  
In front of a church that's white and gold,  
I feel the wind rushing past my face,  
And I hear birds chirping all around.  
While little rays of sunshine are poking around,  
And a well quietly going splish splash.  
Everyday I dream of when I go to Kiev.

Masha Gilberg  
Grade Four

## THE TEACHER

A young woman, walking into a classroom,  
Setting up chairs,  
Cleaning crayons off the floor,  
Changing the schedule.  
Children waddle in like penguins,  
Twittering like birds  
About their likes and dislikes.  
The young woman greets them, one by one,  
Putting away lunch boxes, coats, backpacks.  
She watches them move like a herd of sheep,  
And slowly plop down onto the rug.  
The day begins.

Sasha Bronfin  
Grade Eight

## MY HERO: MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

*"Explore your mind, discover yourself, then give the best that is in you to your age and to your world. There are heroic possibilities waiting to be discovered in every person."* - Wilferd A. Peterson

Martin Luther King, Jr. is my hero because he wasn't just a face in the crowd. He was a hard-working citizen who changed the outlook on our lives in the USA. Way before I was born, it seemed like the country had been split into two. Black and white people could not use the same restrooms, ride on the same bus, or even work at the same place. When I first learned this, I was horrified that someone would even think of enforcing such a thing on a country. As I stand here today, I can imagine how Martin Luther King must have felt. He could not be with most of his friends because of this awful law. When I learned that Martin Luther King gave his famous "I Have a Dream" speech to thousands of people, I thought that he was so brave to stand up for all black citizens. If this didn't happen, I wouldn't be able to see a lot of my friends and, possibly, not even know them. So I thank Martin Luther King, Jr. greatly, for caring and thinking of others and having a heart to do good. The specific quote that I chose explains Martin Luther King, Jr. because he discovered a heroic possibility in himself. He gave the best that is in himself to all people.

Colin Berg  
Grade Six

## THIS IS WHERE YOU WILL FIND ME

The small waves crashing on the beach  
Relaxing on a beach chair, eating a Caesar salad  
I feel the squishy sand in between my toes  
The cool water splashing against my belly  
Eating oreos and chips over a towel on hot sand  
Drinking a freezing root beer  
Paddling on the paddle board  
The warm water on my body when I fall off the  
paddle board  
Chasing little minnows in the water  
Going long walks on the beach with my cousin  
You will find me at the 40th pole

Poem and Art by Maggie Lopez  
Grade Four



## NAVY SEALS

Heroes come in many different forms. Some become a hero for the small everyday acts that they do without thought, while others become one because of the life-saving, once-in-a-lifetime acts that they did at one point. My hero happens to be in the middle of these two types. Not only do they make once-in-a-lifetime, amazing acts, they also make small acts of heroism everyday. I believe that our navy, along with all other forms of our military, are some of the greatest heroes alive. They have decided to stand up for their country and fight for peace throughout the world. Every day they charge into battle, always knowing that they might die, yet doing it anyway because they love how our country is, and they want to protect it. When someone is hurt, they don't just run away saving themselves, they help the fallen man to safety. Almost every day a soldier is wounded while fighting overseas, but their wounds don't go without notice, as they have saved millions of people from even greater wounds. Who knows what our country would become without its military? These people have immense amounts of courage, kindness, bravery, and selflessness, which, in my view, makes the greatest heroes of all.

Reid Hamilton  
Grade Six

## DAYDREAMING

A cute little kitty is  
Sitting on a windowsill while off  
in space,  
Daydreaming about catlike  
things like:  
Mice, butter, and toys.  
He looks like Luna, but he is a  
tabby.  
He doesn't care if  
He is a calico, Maine coon,  
Bengal, or even hairless,  
because  
He isn't paying attention to  
anything at all.  
He's got cute stripes  
But tell him that, and  
He won't say anything,  
Not even a meow.  
Why isn't he looking out the  
window?  
This little kitty is in the middle of  
A daydream where no one  
Gets in his way.  
He can imagine anything,  
Be anything,  
And do anything he wants,  
Like make up what might be out  
that window.

Poem and Art by  
Alexandra Stella



## MARBLEHEAD ACADEMY

I studied Marblehead Academy for my building in Massachusetts. It was a school from 1788 through 1865. It is on 44 Pleasant Street in Old Town, Marblehead. Both girls and boys were admitted to the school. It wasn't a boarding school, so people out of town couldn't join. Marblehead Academy was a private school. It was also built to accommodate selectmen and other town meetings. It is now two condominiums, 42 and 44 Pleasant street. The Academy is three floors. That is all I know about the Marblehead Academy!

Sophie Milner  
Grade Three

# Tower Turret



100



Tower

Turret



2016

2017

100<sup>th</sup> edition