

TOWER

TURRET

(2017-2018)



# TOWER

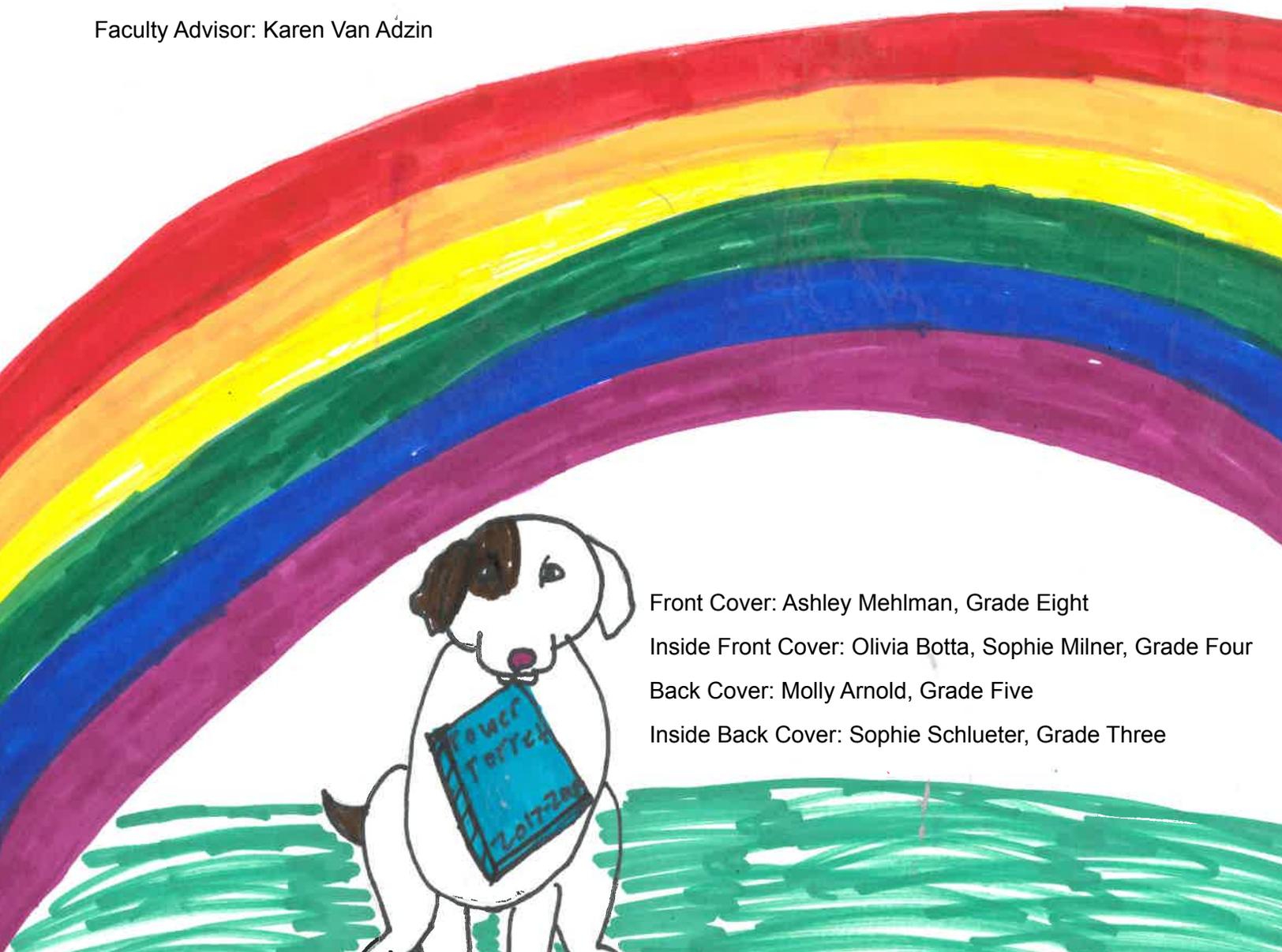
## Turret

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# 2017~2018

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WHY THE LIGHTHOUSE?

I asked three questions of students at our opening all-school assembly. As a new person at school, I told them I wanted to understand the words and images we use in our familiar Tower logo. The logo, as you know, features a lighthouse and the words “character and confidence.” When I see it out in the community, I feel a tingle of pride.

I asked the first question of the youngest students, who had only minutes before filed into the PAC in their new blue Tower t-shirts. Why, I said, do we use the image of a lighthouse at Tower School? Many hands went in the air. “We live near the water!” “There is a lighthouse really close to our school!” In other words, the lighthouse reminds us of where we are in our North Shore community. Right!

Then I looked to the fifth graders, the leaders of our Lower School, who sat several rows back. I asked them, “What does the word confidence have to do with a lighthouse?” They answered quickly and in detail: “If you have a lighthouse, you know you won’t get lost.” “A lighthouse allows you to go out to the ocean but then to find your way back.” Excellent.

This led to my third question, which I posed to the eighth grade, who were crowded together in the balcony. “What does character have to do with a lighthouse?” The members of the Class of 2018 were quiet at first, which makes sense because not only was this question the most abstract of the three but also because early adolescents like to think things through before making a commitment to an answer.

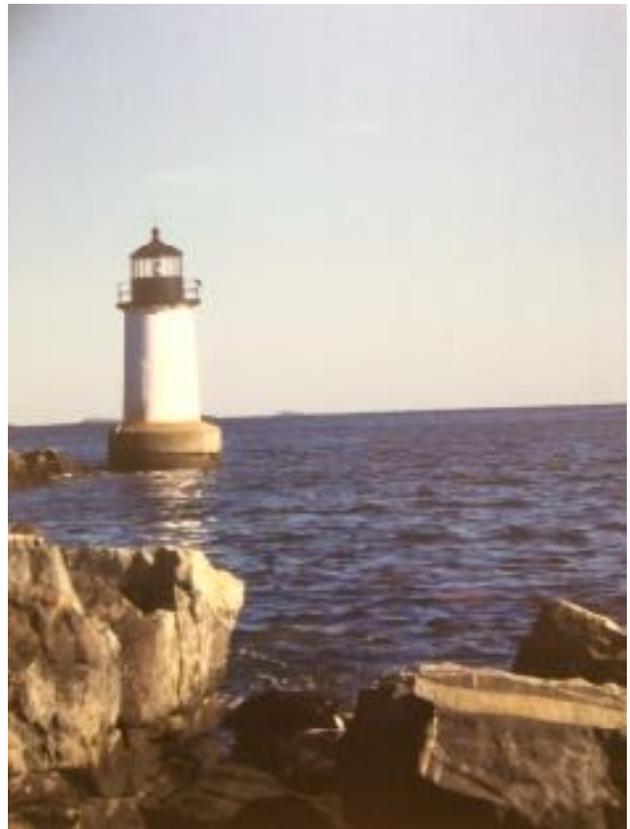
They also wanted time to consult with each other, which they did while the entire auditorium turned toward them. Then the answers started to come: “The lighthouse shows you what might be underneath the water.” “The lighthouse reveals what you can’t see easily.” To understand the water -- or a person -- you must look at what lies beneath. Yes!

I love how the Tower logo speaks to our values. The image of the lighthouse reminds us where we are. Knowing our local culture provides the powerful sense of place that all learners need as a foundation. The word confidence reminds us that learning involves taking risks, which we will do if we feel the safety to find our way back. Finally, the word character reminds us that who we are underneath is what really matters.

We will turn to our fifth and eighth graders this year to lead us in living our values by making those students visible in assemblies and other venues. As I said to the eighth grade at the end of my remarks, what our oldest students model for the rest of us will determine much about the success of the school year. Teachers, advisors and I will be with them along the way.

Mr. Delehaunty

Head of School



Zach Nassar, Grade Eight



Avery DePiero, Grade Seven

## THE KRAUTER HOUSE

The Krauter house smells like warm pancakes on Saturday and Sunday. The Krauter abode feels like a house of love. The Krauter dwelling looks like a big, tan building. The Krauter home sounds like Dave Matthews music at dinner time. The Krauter house tastes like sizzling steak. My house has a stone fireplace, and it's really cool.

Atticus Krauter

Grade Two

## THE SUNSET

Looking out on the horizon,  
I watch the golden bands  
streak across the sky,  
as the sun settles down for rest.  
The only thing I can hear is  
the soft song of the crickets;  
No worry, no stress,  
Just me and the mountains.  
I can feel the cold  
pressing against my cheeks.  
The frost caps the mountains  
as the sun caps the valley;  
Everything is perfect.  
Seeing the last leaf on the tree  
flutter to the ground,  
no sign of humanity for miles,  
I watch my breath swirl in the air  
with joy for the winter season.  
I feel the wind stir around me  
in one big swoop.  
Finally, the sun dips under the  
mountains;  
The moon travels across the sky  
as if saying, "It's my turn now."  
Night falling,  
wolves calling;  
I am free.  
This is where I'm meant to be.

Phoebe Juves, Nicholas Weise  
Grade Four

## COLGATE BLOCK PROJECT ASSEMBLY

Welcome to our assembly! Third graders have been doing some research that we would like to share. We are going to tell you about a Tower School project called the Colgate Block project.

When you are swinging on the swings, do you notice how you can see a construction site over the fence? Well, that is the Colgate Block project. The purpose of the Colgate Block project is to make pick-up time safer for kids. It will make the street less busy for adults and will even give us another field. This project will help with all of the traffic. Maybe the school buses will park there for our field trips.

Third graders have taken a walk to look at the project and talked with Mr. Sidell who is managing the project. We saw a construction worker ripping a fence out of the ground. It was so cool! Workers have been knocking down empty houses that Tower School owns. There is going to be a big U for parking and pick up. The exit will be where the Cornell driveway is. Tower has been thinking about this project for years.

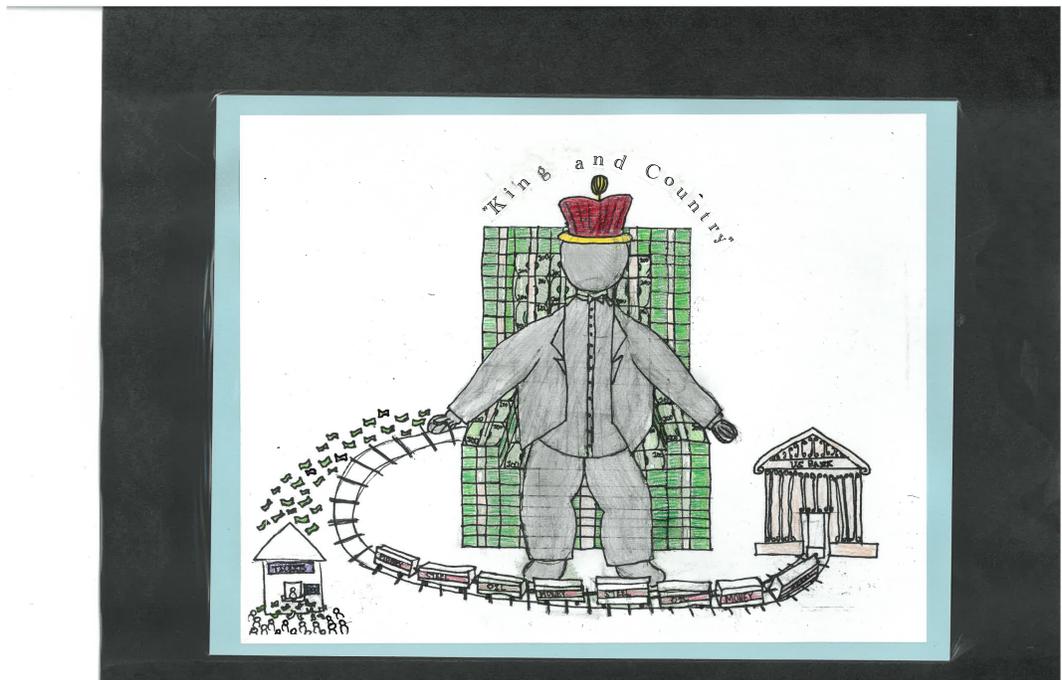
The empty houses helped the fire department and police and even dogs train for their jobs. The fire department used the old houses to simulate a fire scene and do a blindfolded escape test. They had to follow the hose to the fire trucks. The police trained their drug-sniffing dogs. Eventually, workers will have five houses knocked down. They are going to finish it by November. They will stop for the winter and continue with planting in the spring. This work will expand Tower School property and will help Tower School and our community.

When we went on our tour, we saw a lot of trucks and workers. We saw the workers breaking up fences so they were smaller. That is so that it would not cost as much money to dump them. During this process, there are lots of mountains of dirt. Later, workers will use this dirt to spread for planting in the field.

They are going to have a garden as part of this project. They are going to move a big tree so that we can keep the tree. They had to measure the tree to know how to take it out. They measure one inch of tree for every one foot they have to dig. They will have to dig twelve feet deep to get the tree out. You will see and hear construction a lot until work is finished. It will be even prettier in the spring because the flowers we plant will bloom.

The Colgate Block project will show other people that don't go to Tower School how fun it is here and how kind people are, so it will make them feel like it would be a great school for their kids. It will be a lot of fun. We will have a blast on the new field, and it will be good for pick-up. Third graders will continue to follow the Colgate Block project and will let you know all about the progress being made!

Grade Three



Katie Kara'a, Grade Eight

## WINTER

Winter smells like a burning fire.

Winter looks like bare trees swaying in the wind.

Winter feels like wet, cold ice.

I taste the ice cold fresh snow.

I hear my friends' scratchy snow pants in the cold snow.

I see the white playing field.

I smell the cool, fresh winter air.

Jack Buckley

Grade Two

## BEGINNINGS

Like the sun rising after a black, frigid night,

New beginnings arrive.

A small plant sprouting from fresh soil,

Thick fog settling after a harsh storm,

Crawling out of bed to start the day,

Turning to the first page of a book,

A small bird filling its lungs with air while hatching,

Strips of sunshine beaming through a grey cloud.

Elsa McKernan

Grade Seven

## THE CARIBBEAN

I hear waves crashing

I see stingrays

And I see conch shells

Kayden Barry-Eaton

Grade Three

### MY HAPPY PLACE

The waves slowly crash on the rock  
The breeze in my face,  
The sand on my toes,  
The beach is my happy place.  
The smell,  
The looks,  
Everything I love.  
The waves go in and out,  
In and out;  
The rocks are everywhere,  
So is the sand.  
The beach is my happy place.

Nicholas Weise  
Grade Four

### WHALE WATCH

We saw a sunfish.  
How many dolphins did we see?  
All of us had a fabulous time.  
Loved the harbor seal.  
Even colder than I thought!  
So many amazing things!

Gabi Ramos  
Grade Two

### AINSLEY'S BOOK OF NOUNS

What can Mommy do? She can cuddle; that's what she can do.  
What can Daddy do? He can sail; that's what he can do. What can sister do? She can ski; that's what she can do. What can brother do? He can be silly; that's what he can do. What can dogs do? They can bark; that's what they can do. What can cats do? They can climb; that's what they can do. What can fish do? They can swim; that's what they can do. What can mice do? They can squeak; that's what they can do. What can parrots do? They can fly; that's what they can do. What can frogs do? They can jump; that's what they can do. What can snakes do? They can ...Ouch! What can chameleons do? They can change colors; that's what they can do. What can guinea pigs do? They can run; that's what they can do.

Ainsley Lochridge  
Grade One



## THE SKY'S TEARS

Cool summer air is drifting quietly through the dark night. The full leaves hanging from the trees rustle silently as a salty breeze pushes them back and forth. Stars hang motionless in the cloudless sky, twinkling carefreely. I meander down the wooden steps of the porch towards the cushioned garden chairs on the patio. The heavy wooden chairs are a burden to move, but tonight I am willing to pay the price, for the reward is plentiful. Pulling the chairs into the middle of the yard, I hear the faint rocking of the ocean against the shore.

I enjoy the solitude of the night; it leaves me to my thoughts and to take in the world around me. My eyes adjust to the darkness, and I see the grass tumbling like waves as a zephyr rolls over it. The trees around me seem as though they are timid creatures, keeping a safe distance.

A soft mist cloaks the ground, making the night slightly eerie. It swirls around me as I sit. I hear my mother close the porch door and carefully walk over to where I am sitting. Wordlessly, she takes her place and wraps herself in a blanket, foreboding of the long night ahead. I grab a blanket as well and settle down in my chair. The rest of my family slowly trickles out of the house with more blankets and snacks in hand. They all have their own place, as we sit together, isolated from the rest of the world. We must look like the stone statues found in gardens, the way we are sitting here. We are silent, with nervous expectancy for what is coming.

My watch, cool against my skin, indicates that our time is slowly waning. The night itself feels as if it is breathing. The air, the leaves, and the sky are all still, yet all very much alive. The grass that tickles the bottom of my feet is long; it has not been mowed in some weeks, yet its fragrance still fills the air. The moon is at its brightest, looming in the sky in its perpetual cycle.

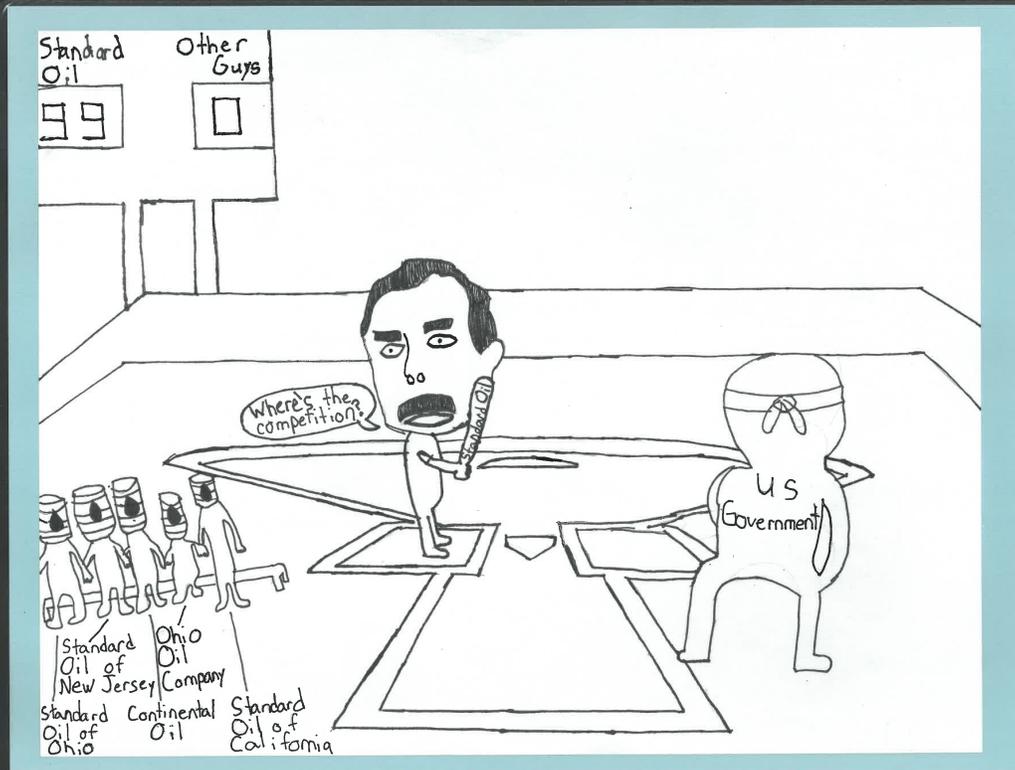
We sit here, completely serene, without any worries or problems, only us. Minutes pass, the silence comes to a point where the ticking of my watch is the loudest noise in the night, and then it starts. The night sky, an endless void, starts to cry. Steadily its tears roll down the horizon in specks of light and energy. The ink black night is momentarily bursting with color, from an assembly of shooting stars. The sky lights up the night for mere seconds, and then it is still. The cool breeze returns, and our isolation, sitting together, continues.

We wait soundlessly for the next outburst, sitting alone, together. The chips I am munching on as I wait are refreshing with a salty aroma. Some time passes, and we start talking. We talk about human existence and endless potentials. We talk, and talk, and talk until the sky starts wailing again. The meteor tears sparkle in the night, and this time they don't stop. The sky releases all of its tears in one night, and, ironically, those tears bring smiles to the faces of the family sitting isolated, yet together, in the night.

The moon wanders, unnoticed, through the tears, across the void, and slowly starts to sink into the ocean. From the other direction, slivers of light shine through the trees, and the faintest chirps of birds start to come alive. Without haste, the moon sinks into the sea, and the sun rises, starting another day. My little brother Julian is already asleep from the exhausting night, and I, myself, could probably also fall asleep, but I fight the drowsiness. The yearly meteor shower is behind us again, leaving only the anticipation for next summer.

Paul Flacke

Grade Eight



Alex Amaral, Grade Eight

### THE COLOR OF MY WORDS

My favorite scene in the book is when Ana Rosa sees the serpent in the water and starts to write about it. This scene includes Ana Rosa and the serpent. It takes place in Ana Rosa's gri gri tree. This scene is special because, at first, nobody believed her that there was a serpent, but then they saw it. Ana Rosa felt proud of that.

Rachel Delisle

Grade Five



## FAMILY TRADITION

My family celebrates on Christmas eve. We celebrate a German tradition. I celebrate Christmas on the 24th. I love Christmas because we celebrate early. We get to see our neighbors on Christmas eve. We eat geese instead of duck. We eat and bake special cookies. I wish it were Christmas every week.

Julius Dressel  
Grade Two

## STUCK IN A DOLPHIN

One day I was snorkeling in Barbados with my best friend Ella. We were both masters at snorkeling. We saw so many things, and it was so beautiful. When we came up out of the water we saw a dolphin. We decided to swim over. We were so close to it.

We waited for a couple of minutes, then the dolphin started to come closer. Ella started to swim away. I swam closer. Then the dolphin opened its mouth so wide that I could just fit my whole body inside. I swam all the way down into its belly. Then, that's when I realized I was stuck inside its belly. I did not utter another word for at least twenty minutes.

So I started to fool around with the inside of the belly. Then I started to wonder how I would get out. Then I felt dismay. I started to think what I could do. A few minutes later I knew it. It was a complete and final plan.

This was the plan. Climb up to the brain and tell it to go up to the beach. Once it gets up to the beach, the dolphin will be out of the water, and it will start blowing water out of its blowhole. Then I will climb back down to where the opening is, and the dolphin will spray me out. There will be no lack of work done.

I started to climb up to the brain and told it what to do. Then I started to climb down. When I was at the opening, I waited. As soon as I knew that I was out, I was so happy. Then I pushed the dolphin back into the water. I was so happy to see Ella. After we talked for a bit, Ella said, "I have something to recommend. Never go near a dolphin mouth again."

I said "OK." Then I said, "Could you represent me in the running race this afternoon because I am so tired?"

Ella said, "Yes."

When we got home, my mom said, "It was remarkable that you made it out."

I said, "I know!"

Maggie Lopez

Grade Five

## STRAWBERRIES

Strawberries are so good. They are so sweet and juicy when I put them in my mouth. They are the color red when they are ripe. They are so refreshing when you take them out of the fridge. Strawberries are one of my favorite fruits. They are so yummy. I love strawberries - I could eat them every day.

Faith Apostolopoulos  
Grade Two

## WATERMELON

I love watermelon. It is juicy and red. It swishes in your mouth. It is refreshing and nice. It is green on the outside and red on the inside. After I eat it I am full. I want to eat it every day!

Sebastian Sandoe  
Grade Two

## THE HUSKY

Huskies play;  
Huskies eat;  
Huskies go to school;  
Huskies sleep;  
Huskies have friends;  
Huskies are cute;  
Huskies do tricks;  
Huskies woof;  
Huskies love Hannah!

Hannah Tierney  
Grade One

## THE WALL

The warmth seems foreign on my fair skin. It is the middle of June in Marblehead, and 87° has me aching for the cold feel of the harbor. My phone is flooded with texts when I check it right before I sit down on the lawn chairs in the backyard, thinking only one thing: the Wall. My friends pitch ideas for the day, but I know where our first stop will be.

“Meet at the Wall at 11:00,” I say to them. I walk back into the house to change out of my pajamas, and within ten minutes, the plan is set. I pack some sunscreen, a hat, and a towel into a bag and hop on my bright red bike. I have not ridden a bike since September, but only excitement fills me up for the day ahead.

I arrive at the hill, and I can already hear the commotion going on about twenty feet away from me. I toss my bike to the rack and begin the short walk to the Wall where five of my friends already are. When I stumble down the hill, I am surrounded by the pine trees that stand before the shore, and their fragrance enchants me. They are currently trying to push each other off, but all are too proud to be pushed in. It's high tide at 11:00 in the morning; we are in luck. Typically, the harbor doesn't reach high tide until about 6:00 PM. The grass is still damp from the morning dew, perfect for pushing an unaware victim down the hill to the rocks. When I approach the slope from the club, there is a big hill to the right which slopes down to a rock ledge where the water breaks.

Right now, it is about an eight-foot jump into three feet of water. As dangerous as it may seem, we are basically professionals at the activity. We lay out our towels on the hill and wait for the rest of our friends to arrive.

“Were you spotted?” I ask. By spotted, I mean, seen by the family who built their house on top of the hill and are strict about kids jumping off their wall.

“Earlier, yes, but their car pulled out of the driveway afterwards. We are in the clear!” one of my friends answers.

“How about the waterfront?” I reply.

“Nope, nothing from them, yet,” replies the same friend. As the rest of the people arrive, we begin jumping off, some doing back flips and cartwheels into the ocean.

Once I am up, I climb to the very top of the hill so I can get a running start and execute my trick perfectly. I nervously sprint down the slippery hill and jump off from the triangle-shaped rock and do a front flip about five feet out from where I jumped. I land in a sitting position, so as not to get paralyzed, and plunge into the cold water.

I start to swim to the rock wall. I need to find just the right spot to climb up, or else I will have to go all the way to the stairs on the other side of the beach. I find a spot about twenty feet from where I landed and begin the perilous climb up the slippery rocks. My friends, who are more talented athletes, can go up the steeper rocks. More and more leaps off the Wall circulate, and the grin on my face stays planted the whole time. The stress of school is finally relieved. The feeling is mutual between me and my fellow jumpers: summer has begun.

Owen Doherty

Grade Eight

## SIXTH-GRADE PHILOSOPHY

Don't talk to me, I'm sleeping.

Annalise Lydon

Pretend you know what you're doing.

Alex Carter

Can't beat life on the lake.

Ben Milner

## THE KIWI BIRD

Has a skinny beak

It lives in Australia

Has a fat body

Maya Hinrichsen

Grade Three

## A BOOK ABOUT LOVE

Love is fun and exciting. Love is calm. Love is happy. Love is your favorite things. Love is everywhere.

Molly Buchan  
Kindergarten



## SHEA

El monstuo se llama Shea. Shea es morado. Shea tiene dos brazos y dos manos verdes. Shea tiene una cabeza muy grande. Shea tiene un ojo y una boca azul. Shea lleva dos zapatos verdes y un sombrero negro.

Alexa McCormick

Grade Five

## ANTHONY HAROLD PERSONA

I'm Anthony Harold, twenty-eight, a Columbia graduate. I was born in Mississippi in 1893, and I currently live in a Hooverville in Central Park with my father, Archalay. This is truly the last place I'd ever thought I would end up. My family, or rather, my adoptive family, was rolling in it, buying and selling large businesses like baseball teams, casinos, and banks. We were seeing nothing but growth and prosperity. However, like so many people, we were knocked from the top to the very bottom just like that.

I was ten years old when I was picked up from my orphanage, a place I rarely visited. Usually I traveled around Mississippi where I charmed my way to meals and board. When these rich folks showed up on a vacation celebrating their anniversary, we met when I tried to sell them a night stay at the hotel that my "father" owned, talking about how they need not worry about paying there and how they could pay me. Well, in the end, after twelve hours of trying every which way to get some of their fortune, I was adopted. They said it was because they wanted a child who was past infancy but before his teenage years.

My father raised me like a businessman and made sure I stayed in school, passing all my classes with flying colors. However, sometimes I would have to cheat, sometimes bribing and rarely studying. When I was nineteen, my dad found out about my moral challenges, and we had a falling out. He didn't want me to go to college. He said it wasn't worth his investment, so I did it on my own dime. I got a degree in law and business. I worked small cases as a lawyer until I found out about the stock market, and I saw lots of opportunity to liberate money from other people's wallets. I made loans, collected debt, and made some pretty good profit.

My father and I were reunited when he hopped on the prosperity balloon and joined the stock market. He was looking to hire a stockbroker when we ran into each other while walking around in Central Park. After a long conversation, he decided that I had changed and said that this is my chance to "make things up." We were making money and living it up in the casinos and at the Derby. Well, when the crash hit, we lost it all, and I mean we lost everything. We lost our home, our money, my favorite tie, and my car. My mom got hit with the flu, and we didn't have a penny to buy medicine with. When she died, we set her adrift in the reservoir. When people drank from it, they got sick. That's what got me and my daddy started in scamming people.

So now, I sell fake medicine, steal food, pinch pennies, and stay undetected. Now Daddy and I work as magicians, traveling salesmen, miracle workers, prophets, and poor disabled people who just want some food. We live in a Hooverville in Central Park in a secluded area. Of course, we live in style. I stole an Oriental carpet from a nearby hotel and a chair from a furniture store. I sleep on a wooden bed frame with a luxurious blanket, which was also stolen from a different hotel, and a pillow taken from one of those weird restaurants in the Japanese ghetto where you have to kneel on a pillow. Well, I worked my way from the bottom to the top once, and I'm sure I'll do it again!

Liam Jenkins

Grade Eight

## SOMEONE I APPRECIATE

I'd like to share about my brother, Carlos, who is a special person in my life. He is twenty-one years old and my oldest sibling. Education is very important to my brother. It all started when he went to KIPP. He found out about St. John's Prep, applied, and got accepted. Four years later, someone suggested he learn about Bentley University. He got accepted to more than one college but chose Bentley. He battled his way through college, working in a finance job while studying. There were lots of tests he had to take, and it was very stressful. He is graduating today...yippee!

My brother does fun things. He watches soccer and he's very athletic. He used to play baseball and was a great pitcher. Once, during a family game, he was pitching to my cousin, and he accidentally broke a window! He also loves to do crosswords and word searches because he has very strong thinking skills and doesn't give up. He reads a lot of books, and sometimes he reads sports and style magazines.

My brother has a really amazing attitude towards life. He is very optimistic, playful, and adventurous with a sense of humor. He is very strict when it comes to school and won't let you watch TV unless you do your homework. He tries to give his siblings a good path and wants us to have even better opportunities than he had. That's why I'm at Tower. Carlos is very thoughtful and he is an inspiration to me.

Anthony Gomez

Grade Five

## ROLLER SKATING

I went roller skating for the first time. They had the best pizza. I loved it.

Matthew Carter

Grade One

## THE BEACH

I hear waves crashing  
The sand is soft on my feet  
Lots of people come

Nina Gyllenborg  
Grade Three

## CHEETAHS JUMP, WE BUMP

Cheetahs jump;  
Huskies run;  
We have fun;  
Snakes slither;  
Mice squeak;  
We speak;  
Dogs bark;  
Cats purr;  
We stare;  
I love animals!



Lockwood Hyde  
Grade One

## BELLA'S SPORT BOOK

Hockey is a sport played on skates;  
Football is a sport when you throw;  
Soccer is when you kick a ball;  
Lacrosse is a sport where you throw a ball;  
Baseball is when you batter up;  
Basketball is when you dribble;  
Field hockey is when you shoot;  
Sailing is a sport when you go on a boat.

Bella MacAulay  
Grade One



## STRAWBERRIES

My strawberry patch is in the backyard,  
Right next to the basil and cypress and chard.  
I water and prune it every day;  
I make sure not to step on it when I'm out to play.  
I'm awfully proud of it, I must admit;  
If it was ruined, I'd have a fit.  
The crows and the ravens are envious, see;  
They watch it all day up in their tree.  
But worry not! I've placed a guard,  
Who guards the basil and cypress and chard.  
He stays close to the strawberries just out of habit;  
If you come, you'll see that I've hired a rabbit!

Pippa Boyd  
Grade Five

## SPRING

I see flowers blooming;  
I hear birds singing;  
The caterpillars are cozy in their chrysalides;  
The chicks are hatching from their eggs;  
Animals are coming out to see the sun.

I see sparkles in the tree;  
I come closer and they are not  
what I think I see.  
I see fluffy bunnies hopping in the woods.

Ms. Johnson's Kindergarten

## TEA KETTLE

Sitting there empty and quiet,  
then filled with water.  
Put back onto the stove,  
my home,  
starting to feel warm.  
Moments later,  
bubbles popping within me,  
aggravated,  
can't stand them.  
Screaming with horror,  
until someone takes me off the  
heat.

Isabelle Ferrante  
Grade Seven

## SALAD

I like salad so much that it  
makes my stomach rumble. I smell  
the vinegar. It tastes spicy. I hear  
the salad crunch on my teeth. I see  
raisins, avocado, and apple. It feels  
slippery on my tongue. The raisins  
taste sweet. When I go swimming,  
I have salad to give me energy.

Harry Jones  
Grade Two

## MY WALK

Flowers of all kinds,  
And beautiful trees,  
Lovely birds,  
And buzzing bees.  
Muddy puddles,  
Remind my of football huddles,  
The amazing sea,  
Makes me feel free.  
Trees with berries,  
Look like ripe cherries,  
There's a frog,  
In a small bog.  
Ants climbing,  
Around plants,  
Leaves spinning in the air,  
Interesting things everywhere!

Cole Krauter  
Grade Four

“A person can and does make a difference.”

-Albert Schweitzer

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

I think that the perfect example of a hero is Martin Luther King, Jr. He helped stop racial segregation between blacks and whites. Martin Luther King, Jr. was not afraid to stand up for what he thought was right. Martin Luther King, Jr. thought that it wasn't acceptable for people to be treated differently just because of the color of their skin. Martin Luther King, Jr. wasn't only a hero, he was a leader. His famous "I Have a Dream" speech helped people to see how wrong racial segregation was. On April 4, 1968, MLK, Jr. was assassinated by James Earl Ray. Though he was killed, he helped change the country by coming forward to make a change in the U.S. I think that the three best qualities that fit Martin Luther King, Jr. are selfless, honest, and he doesn't do things to get an award. I chose this quote because even though MLK, Jr. was treated differently because of the color of his skin, he still came out and fought for his, and others', rights. Today, everyone is treated equally thanks to Martin Luther King, Jr.

Jenny Aikman

Grade Six



Aidan Wyse, Grade Eight

## HOT DOGS

Hot dogs are delicious. I like hot dogs on a soft bread bun with spicy sour mustard and tomatoey ketchup. When I bite into them, they are so chewy. I chew them for almost a minute. They are pink inside and brownish outside. I like the sound when they sizzle in the frying pan. I love hot dogs! I could eat one every day.

Jameson O'Keefe

Grade Two

GEORGIA

## FAMILY TRADITION

My family tradition is that me and my friend Sophie have a sleepover every New Year's. We go to my house for the sleepover. We both sleep in sleeping bags on the floor. It is lots of fun because we watch movies starting at 7:00 and going to 9:00. My family and I go out to dinner with them at Casa Corona. Sophie and I have chocolate chip pancakes for breakfast. It is lots of fun with Sophie.

Quiet, likes to stay inside,

Lover of wolves, food, animals, and sleeping.

I feel peaceful and safe but sometimes bored.

I wonder if we will have a quiet class one day.

I am afraid of spiders and cockroaches.

I'd like to go to Hawaii.

I am able to play soccer and write my own little paper book.

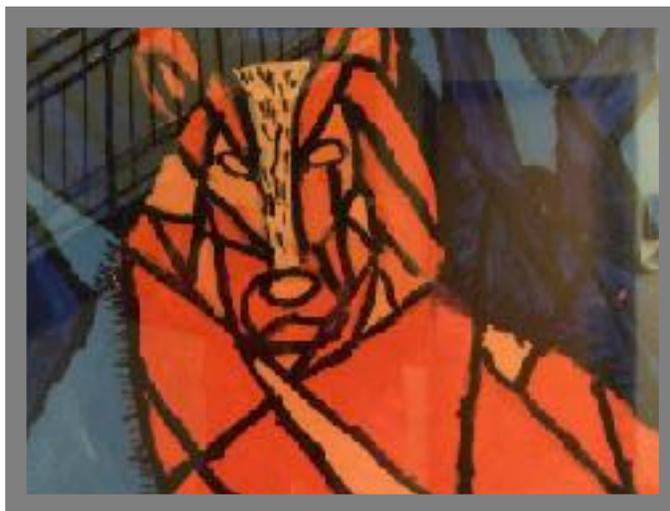
I dream to see my friend again who lives in Ohio.

Georgia Alexakos

Grade Two

Brooke Weissenburger

Grade Two



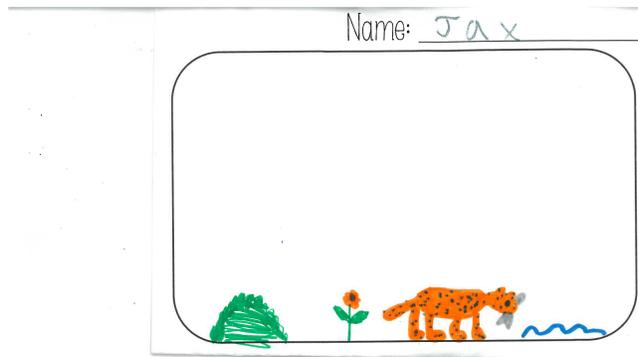
Jameson O'Keefe, Grade Two

# CHEETAH

Once upon a time, there was a cheetah and that cheetah was hungry and ate a fish. He was happy.

Jax Walker

Grade One



ARE WE SOMEWHERE?

Where am I?

Germany!

Where am I?

Massachusetts!

Where am I?

Wait... I thought we were at the park!

You are right!

What is in the park?

A swing is in the park!

Wait... I thought we were at the pool!

Irma Dressel

Grade One

## ART CLASS

Paint brushes and clay

Colored paper being used

I love making art

Adelaide Velluto

Grade Three

## MASTERMIND

One day last month, lonely-playful Felix was walking around the house. Then lonely-playful Felix went to his lovely-comfortable room and asked stubborn-minded Phoebe if she would play Mastermind with him. No," stubborn-minded Phoebe replied.

"Why? I am so bored," I questioned her.

"Because I'm playing a one-person-only game, and I don't want to play with you!" stubborn-minded Phoebe snapped back.

"Please," lonely-playful Felix pleaded in response.

"No!" stubborn-minded Phoebe yelled back.

Then stubborn-minded Phoebe stomped away, back to her room. Lonely-playful Felix asked her one last time through her door, but stubborn-minded Phoebe was as stubborn as always. Lonely-playful Felix went downstairs to the brightly-lit kitchen to tell peaceful-helpful Mom that stubborn-minded Phoebe was being mean and not playing with him. This made peaceful-helpful Mom a little bit angry, so she went to the bottom of the stairs and yelled to stubborn-minded Phoebe, "Phoebe, be nice and play Mastermind with your brother!"

"I don't want to!" stubborn-minded Phoebe yelled back.

"Phoebe!" peaceful-helpful Mom said strictly.

"Fine!" stubborn-minded Phoebe replied with a snap. Stubborn-minded Phoebe stomped down the stairs and glared at lonely-hopeful Felix. Then they went downstairs to the fun-filled basement and into the splendid-spontaneous TV room. They began to play, and they had a lot of fun. Even stubborn-minded Phoebe enjoyed it! Lonely-playful Felix and stubborn-minded Phoebe played five rounds before stubborn-minded Phoebe left to go play with her friends.

Felix Juves

Grade Six



Noa Aikman, Grade Two

"Without heroes, we're all plain people and don't know how far we can go."

-Bernard Malamud

STEVEN PERLMAN

My hero is Steven Perlman or, to me, my grandpa. He is a retired dentist for children. He worked especially hard to take care of people with disabilities and special needs, too. He has traveled to awesome places for dental work like China, Peru, and South Africa. He also worked for the Special Olympics, was a professor at Boston University and, most important, my grandpa. My grandpa is a hero to me because he works to help people who need it.

This quote represents my grandpa because it shows that people can push themselves to do great things just like my grandpa did by helping others. Three qualities of heroes that represent my grandpa are honesty, bravery, and humbleness. He is honest at solving problems that other dentists wouldn't. He is brave because he has to tackle treatments that others would be afraid to do. He is humble because he enjoys helping others and making them feel good. He will do whatever it takes to help anyone, no matter what they've been through or their background. I am happy that he is now retired because I can spend even more time with my hero!

Alex Carter  
Grade Six

### TO CATCH A DREAM

Wait until the sun is gone,  
and the whole world is asleep.  
Then, quietly grab a fishing net,  
and creep out of the house.  
Head straight to the meadows,  
hide in the tall grass,  
and wait until midnight.

For, at midnight, they will be seen,  
thousands descending from the sky,  
then buzzing away to find a sleeping mind.  
Quickly, but carefully, come up behind the  
dream and catch it with the net.  
For, once this has all been done,  
your task will be complete,  
and you will have caught yourself a dream.

Madeline McCormick  
Grade Seven

## THE BIG MONSTER

The mouse wants the strawberry, but she knows that the big monster loves strawberries, and she is scared. ????? Share, share! And she went to the mail. Waiting, and she is waiting. Did it come, did it come? Let's see, let's see! What did she write? "Dear Monster, Let's see each other at the park. See you!"

(Later at the park) "Hello Monster, let's be friends!"

"OK!"

"Yay!"

Milana Zelenko

Grade One



## RAINDROP

I am a raindrop,  
a dark blue teardrop,  
identical to the pearl of water next to me.

Falling infinitely  
from the clouds,  
dying when I make contact  
in an explosion of water.

No longer a teardrop,  
now a piece of a puzzle.

Ready to rebuild,  
I flow down to the ocean

Wait.

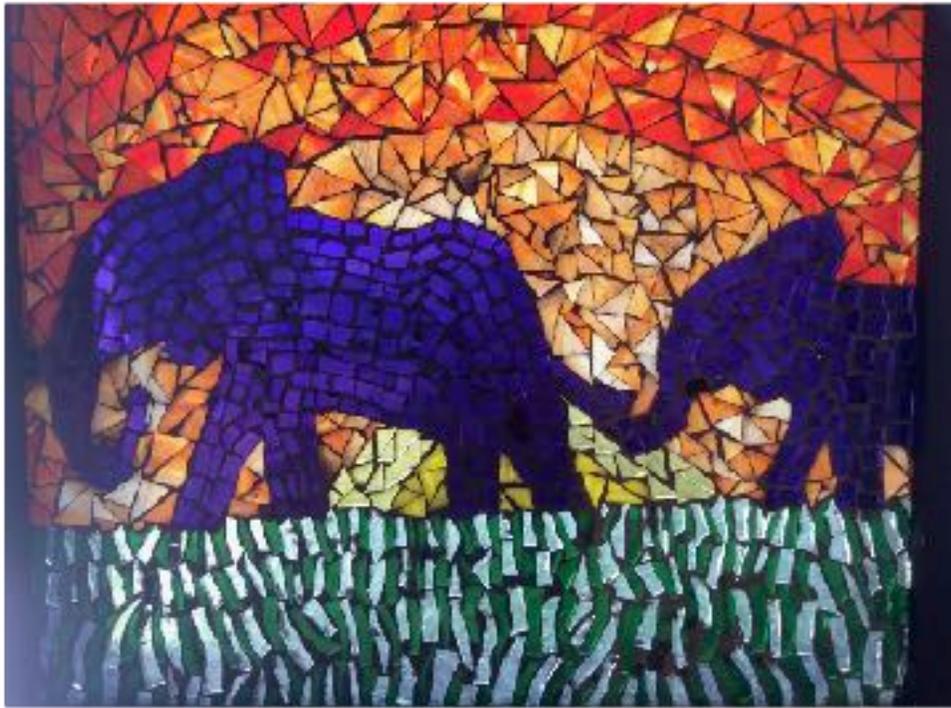
I evaporate,  
rise from the dead,  
floating upwards,  
to start all over again.

Forever falling.

Bradley Byrne  
Grade Seven



Karlyn Mazow, Grade Eight



Madeline McCormick, Grade Seven

LOUD

When the fragile silence shatters  
Breaking the serenity,  
Anger in voices  
Rising at a dangerous volume,  
Leaking nasty secrets,  
Hurting others.

Yet, this sound can also be  
Togetherness,  
Laughing with loved ones,  
Cheering for a victory,  
The school bell ringing  
Signaling the beginning of summer!

Paloma Carter  
Grade Seven

## MOONSTONE

I am not jealous of the other colors,  
The ones who are used to decorate a  
cake or paint an alluring picture.

I am the one who is rumored

to have fallen from  
the infinite sky;

The one who is  
alien and  
bewitching

The special one.

I am more than  
just a color,

A fantasy of the  
moon.

In the light, I  
shimmer a  
rainbow of colors,

But, in the  
moonlight,

I emit an electric  
sapphire glow.

I am also a stone  
encased in rings  
and necklaces  
and presented at  
extravagant  
events.

I have my own  
azure galaxy

luminously gleaming inside of me.

Colors have only one side; I have many.

Avery DePiero

Grade Seven



Maya Robie, Grade Seven

## PERSONA OF LAURA AMES

My name is Laura Ames. I am twenty-five years old. I entered this world on April 19, 1844. I was born and raised in New York, New York. I have two brothers, Jack and Matthew. Jack is older than me by about a year, and Matthew is younger than me by about two years. Between you and me, Matthew is my favorite brother. He is such a gentle, caring man.

On January 8, 1860, when I was sixteen, I married the love of my life, Michael Ames. On November 26, 1860, our first child was born, Emily Ames. Two years later, on September 7, 1862, our second child was born, Elliot Ames. When the Civil War broke out, the inevitable happened: Michael had to go to war. I am proud to say that he fought for the Union army. On July 2, 1863, at the battle of Gettysburg, he was killed by the Confederate army. Not a day goes by that I don't think of him.

At the beginning of 1865, my children and I moved from New York to Montana. I wanted more space, and I wanted my children to grow up knowing how to work a farm but also how to raise educated children, so my goal was to teach them myself.

We left New York on April 3, 1865. We traveled by wagon to Montana from Council Bluff. It was a long journey, but we made it safely. We arrived in Montana on August 13, 1865. We have been in Montana for almost four years. We are thriving. My children are excited to help work the farm every day and to learn new things. They are very intelligent and mature, and they make me incredibly proud. All three of us are incredibly happy here in Montana.

Katie Kara'a

Grade Eight

### GROWING WINGS

Grab the bone of the majestic golden eagle for strength,  
The chiffon feather of the trumpeter swan for grace,  
A bottle of strong winds from the peak of Mount Everest for flight,  
Build a ladder made of the strongest wood  
until you can reach the luminous stars.  
Expand your arms out wide,  
Close your eyes and imagine  
Flapping your wings with the smooth breeze,  
Feel a perfect gust of wind from behind,  
Plunge into the vast sky,  
Trust the wind, let it surround you,  
Allow the bone to stretch across your back,  
Let the feather multiply along your arms,  
Enable the winds of Mount Everest to push you up,  
Taking you to wherever you may please, since you now have wings.

Maya Robie, Grade Seven

## Vibrant Red

I am the opposite sides of life--  
One good, the other evil,  
Existing everywhere  
In everyone.

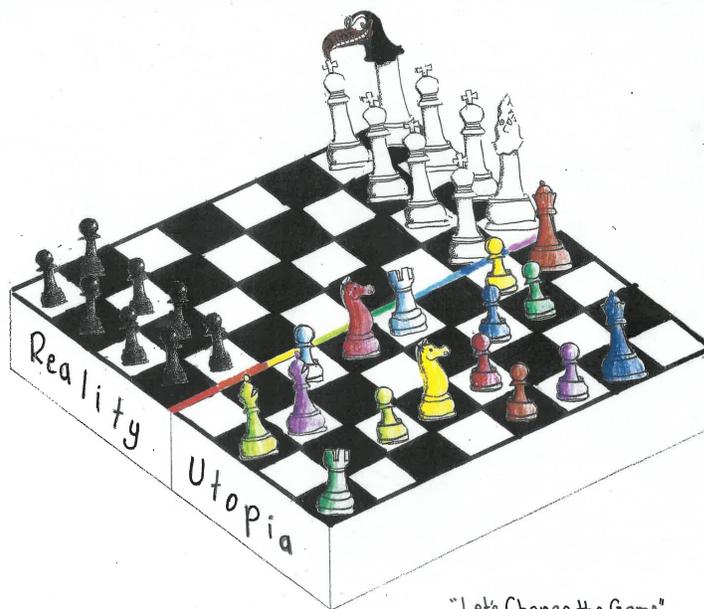
Tearing lives apart,  
I splash and seep through battlefields,  
But flourish as the emblem of peace  
In the hearts of those seeking a greater future than war.

I bring destruction to civilizations,  
Reminding the all powerful of what little power they truly have.  
I am often waved proudly in the flags of nations,  
Representing their power and influence in the world.

Thriving inside bright wisps of fire,  
I swallow great cities and unfortunate families,  
But also give warmth to shivering souls,  
Filling a room with happiness on a cold winter day.

I balance the scale between horror and happiness,  
Good and evil,  
Never allowing one side to gain complete power or strength,  
And ensuring a long-lived balance.

Reid Hamilton  
Grade Seven



Gray

I am a small, polished stone,  
Sitting and waiting under the ground in solitude,  
Meek, mild,  
I have no interest in the world above,  
Colors running rampant,  
Infecting every corner with disorder and confusion,  
Chaos, anarchy,  
I am dry, powdery ash lying dormant in an urn,  
Or carried aimlessly by the waves,  
Remains of a fire extinguished long ago,  
Somber, quiet,  
I am a black and white photo of a loved one who passed,  
Peeling, bleak paint of an empty house where childhood dreams rot,  
And happy memories cower in the walls with nowhere to rest,  
Lonely, abandoned,  
I am rolling fog,  
Drifting, covering the world in my peaceful silence  
Until penetrated by the harsh knives of the sun,  
Defeated, downtrodden,  
I drift back to my underground home  
And see the other colors flit and fly,  
Filling the world with love and emotion,  
Vibrant, glamorous,  
And God, I wish I could join them!

Errol Apostolopoulos

Grade Seven

QUERIDA AVERY,

¡Hola! ¿Como estás? Yo estoy feliz. Son las once y estoy escribiendo esta carta a ti en un café. Yo voy a pedir un burrito de carne para desayunar cuando la mesera vuelva. Como sabes, yo estoy en Zihuatanejo en Mexico. Zihuatanejo es famoso para la zambullida, y mañana voy a bucear.

Hoy es miércoles, (un día más tarde) y estoy escribiendo esta carta para ti desde la playa. La playa es muy bonita. Y la arena es muy fina y suave. El barco está de camino y yo estoy muy emocionada. Recientemente, yo consigo una nueva cámara submarina que voy a usar. Yo estoy emocionada para usarla.

Son las dos de la tarde yo estoy vuelta de bucear. Fue una experiencia muy divertida. Vi un montón de pez bonito y coral. Yo estoy esperando para el autobús.

Yo estoy vuelta en mi hotel y estoy triste porque tengo que salir mañana. Mi habitación del hotel es muy cómoda y estoy triste porque tengo que ir consigo en un avión. Es la tarde y tengo que ir a la cama. ¡Adios!

Sinceramente,

Avery DePiero

Grade Seven

## THOMAS PAINE

Historians say that, during the American Revolution, there were three firebrands. A firebrand is a hothead, someone who can spark a revolution, someone who lights a fire in people's minds and hearts, and Thomas Paine did just that. Paine was a magician with words and wrote the first pamphlet, called *Common Sense*, to advocate for American independence.

At first, Thomas Paine wrote a series of articles with all of his ideas in them. He then organized them in a way that everyone could understand, then published a pamphlet. In *Common Sense*, Thomas Paine had three main points. The first main point was that monarchy was a poor form of government and the colonies would be better off without it. The monarchy was not able to hear the concerns of the people. Monarchy is a government headed by a king or queen. The second main point was that Great Britain was hurting the American economy with taxes and trade restrictions. The colonists were limited to business and trade only with England and had taxes imposed on them, which was hindering their economic development. The third and final point made was that it was foolish for an island 3,000 miles away to rule a whole continent. The people and the government were 3,000 miles away and were not going to understand the needs of the colonists.

Thomas Paine strove for simplicity in his writing, so that all people could understand the point he was trying to make. *Common Sense* sold perhaps 150,000 copies in 1776 due to the persuasiveness in Paine's argument and the clarity and power of his literary style. Thomas Paine wrote several other pamphlets. One was titled *Crisis* and was also written during the American Revolution. Another one was called *The Rights of Man* and included thirty-one articles which defended the French Revolution against Edmund Burke's attack in *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. As you can see, Thomas Paine was the exact definition of firebrand, and he did many things to advocate for American independence.

Autumn Morant

Grade Seven

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