

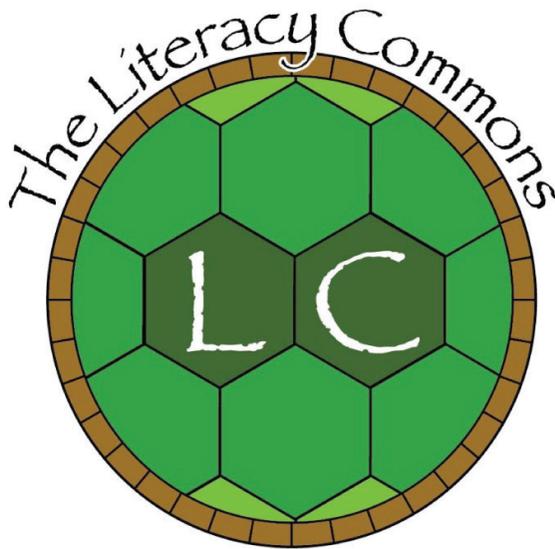
# The River



Volume 4

*“Everyone is worried about the world  
now, but I want to remind everyone that  
life goes on.  
Like a river goes on.  
Like time goes on.  
Life will go on”*

# The River



The Literacy Commons of the University of North Carolina, Pembroke, is proud to publish *The River*, a yearly showcase of the creative writing and visual arts of sixth- through twelfth-grade students who live in Bladen, Brunswick, Columbus, Cumberland, Hoke, Moore, Richmond, Robeson, and Scotland counties in North Carolina.

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## Back to School

Over the summer I got new clothes.  
I know I can't do this shopping at Lowes.  
I went to JC Penny's  
With Me, my mom, and Kenny.

Mr. Weller's class is easy,  
But the work is kinda cheezy.  
We are reading a novel, its called Missing May.  
It's a pretty good boo, this I can say.

Mrs. Edward's science class is funny.  
She's thinking of getting a bunny.  
We learned about the Earth's crust,  
Thanks to her II know how things start to rust.

With Ms. Powell we have band.  
But, she could really use a hand.  
They always want to play.  
To their neighbors they say "Hey".

- Kristlyn Chavis

## Hopeful

The word hope is known to be used before the 21st century. An example of hope could be many things, like the hope in America to make world peace. Hope was strictly designed to achieve goals, pathways, and other things. Hope is more of an ability to help people heal faster. People who maintain hope for the best or worst, mentally or physically strive for the best. Recently it was the fifteenth anniversary of 9/11, on this day people hope to heal and to not feel the pain of this tragic event. The word hope comes in handy when you have nothing else in a critical situation. So take a moment and hope for the best.

- Ashley Berdeau



Alayna Ivey - A Fire in the Sky

## Brighter than the Sunshine

Mom you mean the world to me.  
Only a heart as big as yours, would give so unselfishly.

No matter how old I become,  
I will always be your little one.  
You offer me good advice all around,  
And you always keep my feet on the ground.

You have always been there for me,  
Throughout any trouble or strife.  
You are so bright, and so special,  
You are brighter than the sunshine.

You guide me with all of your love and your caring,  
Through many years, you were always sharing.  
God made a wonderful mother,  
A mother whose love never grows old.

- Colleen Locklear

If Steve Harvey asked me to tell my story, I would write about the struggles I had to go through to get where I am today. I was born in Colima, Colima in Mexico. I grew up with my all my family where we all supported each other in the good and bad situations. My parents were part of my grandparent's business but they weren't making much money. We would always eat at my grandma's house since money didn't come easy. Time passed and my parents decided that we should start a life in the United States since there were many more opportunities of jobs and we wanted to avoid the problems of people looking after us. We got a VISA to visit my grandma first where she was living in Arizona. This was in Fall 2009. It was a completely new environment for my family since we didn't speak the language. Meanwhile my dad got a job as a welder. This meant he was coming home with enough money to support us. His job consisted of us moving to a lot of different states so it was really hard for me and my siblings to adapt. My dad was noticing we weren't totally comfortable so when we were in North Carolina for the first time, my dad found a stable job as a tortilla factory manager. My dad had a lot of knowledge since his dad was owner of 3 tortilla factories back in Mexico before he passed away and lost them. The tortilleria was in St. Pauls' North Carolina where we expanded into a more complex business.

There's a special person that i'll always look up to. That individual would have to be my dad. I admire my dad a lot because he has so much knowledge and he always wants the best for his family. He's one of the hardest working people I know. My dad has changed my family's lives for the better. He was the reason we came to the United States where we started brand new lives. He made me realize you always have to be humble and proud of who you are.

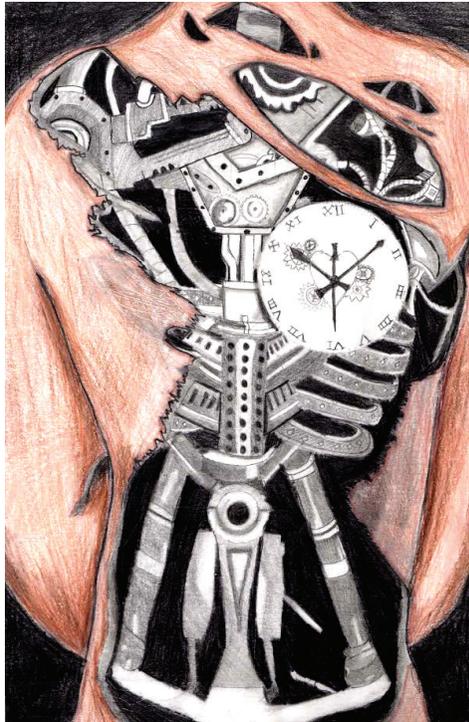
My dreams after high school is to go to college to pursue a degree in medical field. Being a doctor has always been a dream of mine because they are well known and respected. If for some reason something comes up that prevents me to achieve my career, my dad would give me a job in his business which is a tortilla factory. I have past experiences on being part of a tortilla factory since my dad would give us part-time jobs to me and my siblings when I was younger.

- Estefani Cabo

## Disney Dreamer's Academy

Through everything I've been through I have always wanted to make a difference. After high school I plan to go to college. My career I chose was to become a psychologist therapist. I want to be able to help those who went through what I went. I want to be there for them and give them a chance that I never had. I want to be that person they can talk all their thoughts out. Disney dreamer's academy can help by giving me a chance to take a trip and meet some people who have taken the career. They could tell me some things or even give me some good advice. Also I could might even get the opportunity to experience a lesson with them. Kids have always been something that I can feel a connection with. I feel like I can understand them more as they're younger and going through problems or conflicts.

- Estefani Cabo-



Amber Nayle - Steampunk Art

## First Days of School

It's the first week of school,  
And I let out a cheer!  
I am going into 6th grade,  
And I have no fear.  
Mr. Weller is sometimes crazy.  
Sometimes he makes us carry his stuff,  
He is very lazy.  
Mr. Weller has a lot plants.  
Sometimes he can go on rants.  
I will do my best,  
On every upcoming test.  
My mom will be so impressed.  
In the middle of the day, we go to lunch,  
Sometimes I am so hungry that I eat too much.  
I took a test,  
I did my best.  
I like being at school.  
The teachers and learning can be really cool.

- Messiah Sanchez

## For the Love of Grandma

Since my name starts with a K,  
She calls me KJ.  
And that's a fact Jack,  
She hardly likes a McDonald's Big Mac.

My grandma can be mean.  
But one thing about her, she is really clean.  
She teaches me right, and makes my days bright.  
She can be pretty cool.  
She is never a fool.  
She is always the kindest and the best.  
She always tells me, 'I better make a 100 on my test'.

When I'm about to get a whippin,  
I'm usually on the couch.  
My last words are always, "Ouch".  
When I'm at home, I love to rhyme,  
She says, "Boy, stop wasting my time".

Like I said, she can be mean.  
Sometimes she says I need some Listerine.  
"Not a sip, not a swallow,  
But the whole durn bottle".

When I get home to her house on Sunday,  
The next day, a Monday,  
She asks me, "How was my day?".  
What do you think I say?

When I get home today, I'm gonna tell her,  
We are reading Missing May.  
Then she's gonna ask that question, "How was your Day?"  
I'll smile and say Grandma, It was OK.

- Preston Kendall Jones

## Grandma Mary

I love my grandma Mary,  
My Grandma who is Far from scary.

She's so sweet, like fresh strawberries.  
Sometimes together in the summer, we pick blueberries.

My grandma likes to cook.  
All types of things from her cookbook.

One thing about her, she ain't no crook.  
She's so pretty, you'd take a second look.

My grandma lives in a nice big house.  
She always wears the most beautiful blouse.

Two things she doesn't like  
One is a mouse,  
The other is when I pout.

And every blue moon  
she has to shout.

My grandma has the biggest heart.  
She's been like that from the start.

When she goes grocery shopping she fills the cart.  
Her least favorite store is the Walmart.

My grandma likes to watch TV.  
Sometimes she sits under her favorite tree.

I like when she calls me Nite-Nite.  
She lets me know I'm her bright light.

- Saniya Baldwin

## Granny

I love my granny, my granny loves me.  
She feeds me food, and doesn't let me be lazy.  
Granny is truthful, and she is a christian.  
Grandpa thinks I don't see them, but I see them kissing.  
My granny takes me places like the beach.  
I like when she washes my clothes, because she washes with bleach.  
She taught me how to cook, without a cook book.  
She tells me not to do bad things, because I might get hurt.  
When I get home, i will tell her I love her for all she's worth.

- Ce'Shawn McCormick.



Anna Capps - Coy Fish

## Husky

I remember seeing that little dog,  
I was holding him in my arms.  
His name is Jake.  
He is a husky,  
White like snow,  
With one green eye and one blue eye.  
Somebody gave us the pup,  
When its owner went to jail.  
There was no one to care for him.  
I have many good memories with him.  
Once I tripped over him,  
When he was lying in the snow,  
White like a vanilla cone.  
I had came home from school one afternoon,  
My dog was laying down.  
I went to greet him.  
He was still, quiet and cold.  
He was dead.  
My parents buried him the next day.  
I didn't go with them,  
Because it would have hurt so much.

- Steven Hernandez

# I love My Mom

I love my mom,  
She is the deer, and I am her fawn.  
She taught me how to walk,  
She also taught me how to talk.

My mom is the sunlight,  
In my day.  
She is the moon,  
I see far away.  
Mom is a tree,  
That I can lean upon.  
And she makes my problems  
all be gone.

- Asael Castro



Ashton Ward - Steampunk Art

## I Love My Mom

She is my compass,  
Giving me directions in life.

She is my ship on the sea,  
Carrying me safely across obstacles.

She is my lifeguard,  
Saving me from difficulties.

She is the calm sea,  
Making no disasters.

Being without my mom,  
Would be like being a bird without wings

.  
Or, a handbag  
with nothing inside.

My mom is the best mom,  
In the whole entire world.

Well, at least in my book!

- Elizabeth LeVan

## I Woke Up Ready

I woke up and quickly got ready.  
Already my day was going steady.  
While my Mom drove to the stop at the end of the road,  
I thought of the homework, hoping it's not a big load.

On the bus I talked to my cousin,  
We entertain people when we start fussing.  
On the bus we sometimes act really bad,  
Sometimes we make Mr. Harrison really mad.

I got through my class but, Math was hard work.  
All through the day my friends would make me laugh and smirk.  
I loved Mrs. Edwards, her class is easy.  
She's always cracking jokes they are funny and cheesy.

When I got home I went to sleep.  
Then in about five hours, I heard a loud beep.  
I woke up ready to fight  
But, really it was my alarm telling me it was light.  
I'm going back for day two, because it was alright.

- Keonna Love

## Family

A family cannot be replaced,  
They are the most special in this wide space,  
giving warm hugs  
like hot chocolate mugs  
and keeping away the creepy crawly bugs.  
A family so bright with joy  
Like the beautiful colored coy.

Siblings a sister or a mister.  
You may not get along  
But after a while you realize your both wrong.  
Sometimes you're alone.  
Wishing for a sibling to have known.  
It's fun to share ice cream cones  
and to chat with your phones.  
You may dislike each other.  
You may not play.  
But still say I love you too every day.

Parents are the best  
They let you live in their nest.  
Kisses so sweet  
like a yummy candy treat  
a life so neat  
but a loss can stab you like a cleat.

Remember your family  
And always say,  
I love you.

- Jamie Harrison

## Family

There's a lot of things that have had an impact throughout my life. These things have made me a stronger person and I see them as another reason to keep trying. I've overcome many obstacles in life that have made me change for the better. I want to be able to make a change in this world. I want to motivate people to keep trying and never give up and "when life gives you lemons, make lemonade". This means lemons are sourness of difficulties people are going through in life. While the lemonade is the sweet drink that helps you overcome. People will try to make you feel less but you can always prove them wrong by putting effort in everything. I would show them the positive way of seeing life. "Through everything we go through, God always shows us that everything is possible with him".

- Jennifer Sosa



## Nature in my town

The nature is wonderful and smart.  
The ground is where all things start.  
From plants, animals and all sorts of things  
They like to come out in the spring.  
Spring and summer pass by fast.  
Fall is here at last.  
All the plants are slowly dying all around.  
Fall is now over in this town.  
Winter has come in.  
The plants die soon to rise once again.  
These seasons in nature will start again  
I think of them as works of art that will never end.

-Jordan Matthews



Evan Mercer -Skull

## Jordans on My Feet

I've got Jordans on my feet,  
Hollister clothes fresh and neat.  
At 8 A.M, when my alarm clock squeaks,  
All of my new teachers I will meet.  
New school.  
New Grade.  
The barber went and cut me a fade.  
Ms. Fulani said, "If I could keep my mouth shut,  
I would have it made".  
Homework.  
School supplies.  
And so much more.  
When 3 o'clock gets here,  
I'm out the door.

- Tyler Sykes



Evan Mercer - Steampunk Art

## The Ghost in the Rocking Chair

In the fog of the dark night, headlights illuminated the air as they hit the road. The full moon glistened as the only street lamp in the sky. Rain sprinkled down on the passing cars, sparkling as they hit their final destination on the cold pavement. The owls made me feel less alone. I stood looking at the worn wooden house in my ripped shirt and scuffed shoes. Time passed and I stood still. I couldn't tell the hour for I had been lost most of the night. As I started up the creaky stairs, a wooden rocking chair at the corner of the porch was swaying back and forth. It was a light and gentle glide. The thing that intrigued me the most was the fact that there wasn't a single gust of wind around me. No one was in the chair.

I didn't know what to do. My legs wouldn't move. I was paralyzed from fear. When I finally muscled up the courage to take a step in the direction of the chair, it stopped. I paused. Suddenly, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I heard a whisper in my ear.

“Leave here and never come back.”

I fled the scene. The terror in my body made me run faster than I ever had before. I ran until I couldn't run any more, from a dirt road all the way to a paved road in the distance. Cars zoomed by and I finally had a chance of getting home! I ran into the middle of the street, almost causing an accident. The cars in front of me slammed on their brakes just before they would have hit me. Through the windshield I could see a disfigured face. It looked familiar. I squinted to see if I could make out the lines in the dark. It had a strange resemblance to my neighbor who had passed two years ago. \*errrrt\* Tires screeched, I felt pain and hit the ground. The world around me was closing in, becoming darker until I saw nothing at all.

\* \* \*

“It's time to come in for dinner,” said my mother.  
“Be in in a minute,” I shouted.

I had been building a fort outside using sticks and weaving leaves together. It was coming along quite nicely, until I had to figure out how to attach a roof. Just as I was about to go inside, I heard a rustling in the forest. It was dark out now, but the moon

was full. It served as a lamp as I looked toward the bushes. I moved closer, quietly. When I stepped on a twig, the rustling went from one bush to another. As I moved closer, the rustling went farther. It moved in a straight direction, farther and farther from my house. It started to pick up speed. I eventually worked my way up to a run. Now I could see; it wasn't just the bushes moving, it was the ground below them. Twigs were snapping next to the bushes. It was almost as if someone was running next to the bushes, sliding past the bushes, touching them. It moved in a narrow path between the trees and bushes, in a visible straight line. If there was a tree in the way, the rustling would just continue on the other side of the tree, maintaining the straight line.

Then I stopped. By this time I had completely lost a visual on the house. The rustling of the bushes and snapping twigs had stopped too. I thought, only for a moment, that maybe my imagination had gotten the best of me. Or maybe an animal had led me out in the middle of nowhere just to leave me. One thing was for sure, a

straight line in the opposite direction would bring me back to my house. I turned around and felt a cold chill on my face, but nowhere else. Then I heard faint whispers, like they were talking back and forth, but I couldn't make out any words. It was getting louder. All at once the whispers were surrounding me, circling me. I turned around and around but nothing was there. I felt dizzy and confused. The bushes around me started shaking. The trees were swaying. The bushes behind the front ones were now shaking and periodically moving backwards until all the visible bushes were moving violently. The whispers kept getting louder. I fell to the ground holding my ears and closing my eyes, hoping this was just a bad dream I could wake up from. Then, it stopped. Only a white noise was left. The bushes and the trees stopped with it. Nothing was moving, there was no sound. There weren't even owls in the background. I looked around dazed. Suddenly, in a quiet, innocent sounding whisper, I heard:

“Run”

The breath was still hot on my ear. I ran. I went from chasing to being chased. My heart was beating out of my chest. I looked back and still I saw nothing. I heard a girl's voice singing:

“La La, La, La La”

I was having one of those out of body experiences where I could see the whole thing playing out in front of me. I was running... alone... in the woods. But nothing was chasing me, though I heard IT. Only, I'm not alone at all. In fact, I could be very not alone. Perhaps there were substances all around me and I didn't know it. What IT is, I haven't concluded. I can only guess that these strange occurrences must be happening by the supernatural - a ghost.

I was lost. The "ghost" had turned me around in a direction I couldn't determine. I walked for a while until I came upon the crest of the hill I was standing on. It was clearer than in the forest. I knew I wasn't close to home now, but if I went back into the forest, I still would not know the direction to go. So, I walked down the hill, a little off to the left where trees were emerging from their forest line. Perhaps I would find something familiar that would help me find the direction in which I should go. As I was walking, the hill became steeper. My walk turned into a jog. Then a jog into a run, I tumbled over my feet down the hill through bushes and mud. I was lucky not to hit any rocks. The bushes, however, ripped my clothes. The hill became level and as the momentum stopped, I stopped. I stood up and about ten feet from me was an old wooden house. Moving around to the front, I stopped in my tracks. This rickety building gave me shivers.

\* \* \*

Beep - beep - beep. The heart monitor filled the silence in the room. My hazy vision cleared when I became fully aware. My heart rate increased as I realized where I was... the hospital.

Soon after I had my wits about me, my mom walked in the room with a doctor. I had twelve stitches, a slight concussion, broken leg, and they finally got the internal bleeding to stop. My shoulder hurt to move. My body ached. I hoped the tire marks and pavement imprints would go away soon. Surgery went well they said. My body said otherwise. I felt like roadkill left to die on a hospital bed. The doctor left and an officer came in his place. Officer Jenkins was his name. He was a plump guy with crumbs in his handlebar mustache. He put his to-go coffee on my nightstand. Out came a small notebook and pencil. Officer Jenkins began the questioning:

"Alright now as I understand it, you ran into the street and were hit

by a car. Does that sound about right?”

But he didn't, he didn't understand it because that was not the whole story.

“No, no, no, I didn't just run into the street and get hit by a car. I was running away and the cars stopped. After I realized who was in the car, he ran me over.”

“Who were you running away from?”

“Not who, but what. I heard voices and saw movement; it was a ghost and I'm being haunted,” I said matter of factly.

“And, uh, who was in the car?” He sounded very calm for what I had just told him.

“Mr. Eldridge, but his face was disfigured.”

My mother took on a horrified look. Officer Jenkins glanced confused at my mother and she told him that Mr. Eldridge died in his home two years ago. I found him in the basement.

“Maybe you thought you saw him, but it could have been anybody. It's a common mistake.” The officer tried to justify what I saw.

“No it was him alright. Nobody looks like him.”

“And you ran away from home too. Is that right?” I could tell he only wanted to get through the questions at this point.

“No, I was following the rustling of bushes which I thought was an animal, but now I am certain it was a ghost. I was led away from home.”

“How do you know it wasn't an animal?”

“Because it spoke to me.”

“Alright, well you have had quite the day. You should rest. Your memory might come back in a few days. If you remember anything

give me a call. Take it easy kid.

“No, I know what I heard. It was as clear as you speaking to me now. It whispered in my ear very clearly to run and leave.”

“Are you telling me the ‘voices’ told you to run into the street?”

His air quotes played on the insurmountable frustration that was filling every inch of my body. He was mocking me.

“No, I am merely stating the fact that the ‘voices’ were threatening me.”

I made air quotes just to humor him.

“Maybe you thought you heard voices but it sounds to me like it was just the wind.”

He only spoke to my mother now, told her it looks like a hit and run and he’d follow up in a few days to see if my story would change; It wouldn’t. But, I wouldn’t say anything more for fear they would lock me in a mental hospital for seeing ghosts and talking crazy. The one thing I hated more than being run over, was being in the hospital. All the sorry looking faces. They had no idea what I had been through, and they never would.

They pitied me.

The investigation didn’t last very long. Officer Jenkins came to the conclusion that I ran away from home and into the middle of the street, that the cars never stopped and it was my fault. It was just easier this way. A hit and run sounds more socially acceptable than a ghost.

I was certain that the ghost in the rocking chair had been with me in the woods. The man in the car WAS Mr. Eldridge. No one ever knew what I had seen. Nor did they believe me, but I knew what I saw and I was not going to let anybody take that away from me.

- Katie Warren

## Disturbing Peace

A white space. The color was monochrome but the shapes varied. I was in a white room. The room itself, with only two full walls, was inside a bigger room, closed off but never ending. The objects that floated in the space went in a single direction, very slowly. Time itself was in no hurry. The objects, common ones at that, continuously moved along until they seemed to disappear from this bigger, blank room. I was on a white couch with a white coffee table in front. To my right against one of the full walls, a white kitchen. Left of the pristinely achromatic kitchen was a staircase between two walls. It led to nowhere. I could see from where I was sitting, a wall blocked off any path that the stairs could have led. Boxed in with an achromous view, I knew not what to do. It didn't occur to me to do anything. Perhaps the concept of time delayed my reactions. My mind wandered, my brain fascinated by this point in time without a mark or meaning.

On my left and directly in front of me, the outline of walls connected with the full ones. The top and bottom had a partial white wall, but the entire middle was cut out like a glassless window. Through this squared hole was where the objects floated by like a river: a white lamp, a white clock, a white chair, a white rock. The objects moved so slowly that if you looked at them for a brief moment, you couldn't tell they were moving at all. A snail would move faster than these shapes, but I watched. I sat on the couch in a trance. My half-conscious state kept me stuck in this absence of response. Then, as if the time had just noticeably passed, I turned my head away, toward a white bookcase filled with white books. I walked in front of the staircase. As I searched up and down the books I noticed none of them had a title. They were just nameless, colorless shapes filling space without a point.

I looked up from the books. My brain was telling me something. I felt notified by the empty space that I was not alone. There was another energy. It would have gone undetected, but as a living thing it had no choice but to be discovered. The living waves that pulsed through the air communicated from his to mine. I felt it rush to me like an ocean wave meeting the shore. As I looked across the river of objects, I noticed a doorless doorway in the wall of the bigger box. The walls of the box must only infinitely stretch where the river goes, not parallel to it. In this doorway was a white figure. Much like the rest of this world, it stood almost lifeless staring at me as I back

at him. The face appeared to be a mask resembling a cat. The human body wore a white sweater, pants, and assumingly nice white shoes. Nothing was shiny here. Everything was the same texture and color. I believed that this life force had awoken me to become receptive to the surrounding external stimuli.

As I was now aware, this world had a grasp on me. It had a grasp on everything because it was in control. I had broken free from the mental chains, but did not feel frightened. I was connected to this galaxy box. The inner box was my safe place, a home, or so I thought. It resembled one and kept me safe from the unknown consequences of time and color. My own clothing is indescribable. It was neither white nor any other color, and certainly not clear. The box gave my eyes another dimension of sight in which to see this "color." As with many things here, it is an unusual place filled with unusual concepts.

Seeing as how the masked figure continued to spy on me from his doorframe, I walked over to the kitchen. It only took about seven steps to get to my desired location. Looking around, I found nothing interesting or out of place. When I looked back over to the doorframe, he was gone. I was not frightened at his disappearance, but I felt an empty, one-way connection through the air. I was alone again. I sat on the white floor. I no longer felt at ease. What was there to do? I had marveled at this world and now I sat. I detested this being for waking me up to the not-so-real reality. I stood up. Without a moments notice I was on the couch. I didn't remember returning to my previous spot. It's as if time had skipped ahead or behind to manipulate me. Without the knowledge of knowing where I might end up next, I felt I was on borrowed time.

Next I knew, the man was back. Only this time, he was closer. Off in the distance, he stood on a floating object, staring at me. I rubbed my eyes for a moment, not believing what I saw, and he had disappeared again. I slowly turned my head to the right. At the top of the stairs leading to nowhere, he stood in a formal matter. I tried to speak but nothing came out. Instead, my mind could be heard overhead. This world communicated by telepathy.

"What do you want?"

He wouldn't answer my questions, but I knew he could hear me. Then, in front of my eyes, he vanished into thin air. I was in front of the bookcase, not by my own doing. He was pestering me, but why. The disturbances sped up time and allotted for blurring in shapes. They appeared to melt and become unclear in shape. The objects no

longer flowed past the wall, for the wall had set its boundary and let itself be known. The objects in the way shattered and fell, returning to the laws of gravity. Something in the pattern of this world was changing. Time was missing and jumping. The world being destroyed by different laws. And ? he? may have just woken it up. As this world around me crumbled, a new one came to light. The door to my eyes opened. The time rushed in circles as my mind raced. For the longest time I had lived in a state of an immeasurably detached space. Free from feelings and emotion. Nothing was hard there. Even in my confusion, I felt at peace. Many thoughts never entered my mind as they would have normally. As I awoke to a painfully blinding light, I found that my space was gone and I assumed the projection of being human. I had been trapped in my mind for three years. I would never return to this space of silent reverie that brought a calming state of bliss in the beginning until my last earthly breath as I slept many years later.

- Katie Warren



Evan Zheng - Pastel Portrait

For the treasures we've yet to lend  
To the regrettably forgotten friend.  
Little did we know that time  
can mend a broken soul  
And half of my heart left letting  
go  
But the truth will never come  
to spend  
All of my sacrifice, in the end.  
And now I see that neither at  
last,  
Fate comes for me in morning pass.

- Leah Ortiz



Evan Zheng - Skull of Hearts

## Struggle of the American Teen

Rubberish, humorous, childish,  
Squeamish, won't go back again. Not you.  
Fought us, dreamed us,  
Lied us, screened us,  
Only time will tell. For you.  
Pranced in the woods. up! Rising  
'till we fall. Climbed for the good of all, for the good  
men.  
Reached every mountain top! High  
in self-esteem, breached every  
obstacle but only for  
Pretend.  
Journeyed to the end of heart,  
But lying still in wait, a monster  
that could tear apart  
My illusions so destined to break.  
for  
I was the creature's to take.

- Leah Ortiz

## Lost

Casey stared at her plate frowning food was the last thing she could think of in the mood she was in but the smell of pork chops and tater tots hit her like a Mac truck and made her stomach clench in hunger. She picked up her book trying not to give her hunger much thought since the idea of eating was doing unpleasant things to her stomach. But make no mistake Casey wasn't anorexic far from it at 5'7 and one hundred seventy pounds she wasn't fat but she wasn't slim either no that wasn't her problem she realized what that was a long time ago. Casey was lonely even when surrounded by a doting family she still felt out of place unwanted with ebony hair deep brown eyes tan skin and curves her sister Autumn would kill for you could say Casey was quite lovely. Unfortunately that's not how she saw it when Casey looked in the mirror she saw nothing and she had no idea why anyone else's would either. At the age of fifteen soon to be sixteen in one month and a day and she'd never had a boy friend never had any guy look at her as if he cared never really mattered to any guy she ever crushed on and had never once been kissed. Love as all things failed her in life the only thing Casey could ever count on was death, grief, pain and sadness it was all she'd know but days like today staring down the pages of a book while her food got cold she wondered. Casey had a wild imagination an she loved the arts not like theater but like drawing, painting, sculpting, writing, playing guitar and singing but most of all she loved to read. At a young age her grandparents had began to teach her the finer thing like reading, writing, and astronomy which she also loved but reading she realized could take her places she never been and make her someone she never could be someone charming, daring, beautiful, someone magical, or powerful, with wings someone the opposite of how she saw herself. Today she was reading *The Mortal Instruments* book two city of ashes. This particular story touched her because she found it sad for two people obviously in love to be separated by lies and treachery or at least she hoped it was lies and treachery they were told by a villain that they were siblings and that he was their father soon after they'd fallen in love. So it was only human to feel sad at such a situation but Casey's sadness only deepening as she wished she had a love like that so pure and constant but the only man to love her had been her grandfather and he was long dead. Casey didn't like the hand she'd been dealt in life but what was she to do about it well I'll tell you and it all began the day she'd finally hit rock bottom.

## Love Poem

They are very special to me.

They give me all of the love that I need.  
They are always there for me.

I love my Mom and Dad.

They mean everything to me.  
They are the most valuable thing in the world.  
They have always cared for me.  
I love them as much as they love me.

They are the best parents that I could have.  
They make me very happy always.  
They have always trusted me.  
I really enjoy spending time with them.

They give me everything I need.  
They will always be my family.

They will never leave me alone.

They will always believe in me.  
I will always believe in them.

- Alexandra Gonzales

## My life in a poem

I was just 12 years old in a DV Shelter with my 2 year old brother standing by my side.

Everyone always asked why I looked so sad, always answered “nothing”, all I could do was lie.

My mother often broke down so I gave her my shoulder to lean.

I was just a kid trying to stay on my feet.

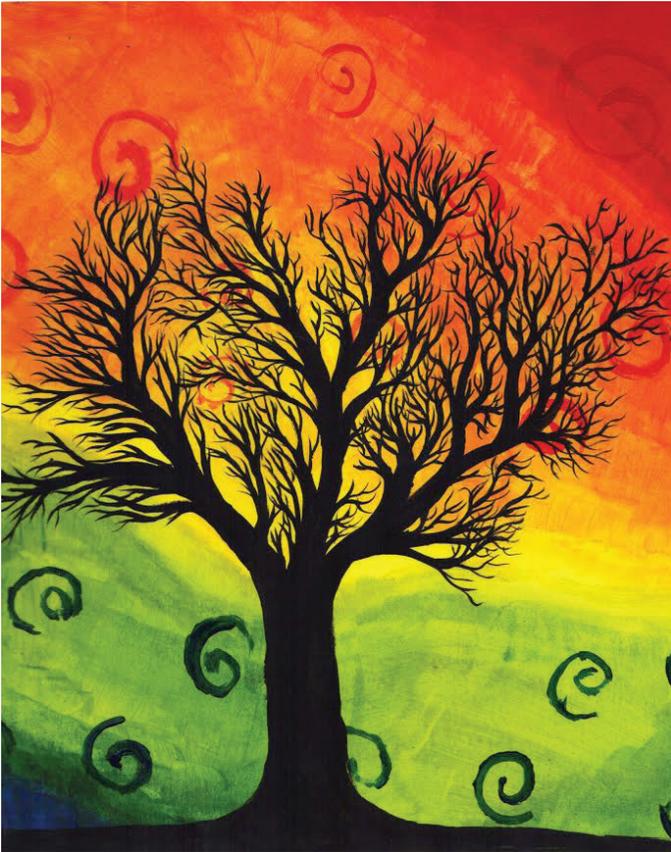
Living in a life full of violence to me was hard.

Had to keep my head high and protect my heart.

I now look back at the 12 year old me with admiration,

I was a young girl with much determination.

- Marilyn Cortes



Gabriella Lofland - Spooky Tree

## Mi Mama

My Mom's kisses  
Are sweeter than dulce. (candy)  
Mi mama's (My Mom) hugs  
are warm as cotton.  
She can cocinar. (cook)  
Like a chef.  
She smells like flores. (Flowers)  
Her hair is oscuro. (dark)  
Like the night sky.  
She is small like yo. (me)  
Mi mama,  
I love her.  
Te amo mama!

- Damaris Flores



Hailey Jones - Skull Jellyfish

## My First Week of Middle School

It's the first week of school,  
I sure hope it's cool!  
But will it be cool,  
as swimming in a pool?  
Another year of homework, quizzes, and tests.  
I can already feel my heart beating in my chest.  
I am so stressed.  
Middle school has arrived.  
Will it be exciting?  
Will it be a good quest?  
A new year of tears,  
Coming from my fears.  
What can I expect from all of these subjects?  
This new schedule has got me in a bind,  
Where is Weller's class, Quick! I've got to find.  
Fulani, Johnson, Edwards and Powell,  
All these teachers make me say WOW!  
I keep in mind that school is cool,  
As long as you listen and follow the rules.  
This year I'm not gonna be bad,  
I'll make my teacher's glad.  
At the end of the year I'll be a kid  
A middle school kid that DID!

- Maya Justice

## My First Week of School

On the first week of school  
I didn't act a fool.  
I had pencil and paper,  
And nothing to lose.

I was missing home,  
And having the blues.  
Sitting at my desk,  
Trying not to stress.

And as the bell began to ring,  
My heart began to sing.  
I walked out of the door,  
Tomorrow I'll be ready for more.

Unfortunately, I have to say,  
there was no recess to go out and play,  
But, despite it all,  
My first week of school was pretty ok.

- Madison Walker

## My Grandma

I love my Grandma.  
She is very nice.  
Over the summer she went to Hawaii.  
She went to stay with my uncle.  
I was very sad that she left.

I called her every day,  
to see what she was doing.  
My grandma sends us pictures,  
Of her on the white sandy beaches.  
Sometimes I get jealous,  
Because the water is so pretty.  
I sometimes wish I could go to Hawaii,  
Or that she could come back.

My Grandma is the best,  
Better than all the rest.  
My Grandma loves to read books,  
Sometimes when I get in trouble,  
she lets me off the hook.

I want my grandma to come back,  
Because I don't want to fly.  
Both, my brother and I  
Want to spend time with her.  
She will take us out to eat,  
Or cook us a home cooked meal.

- Markasia Fletcher

## My Loved One

Dear Mom, You are so bright and so special.  
You are brighter than the sunshine.  
You are beautiful and make a good supper.  
You tell me what is good, and what is wrong.

Thank you for being with me.  
Thank You for all the sacrifices you've made.  
Thank you for all the long hours that you have not been paid.  
Thank you for being everything a Mother can be.

You have pretty black hair.  
You are the best mother,  
because of all the love you share  
You like playing around with me.  
THANKS mom for being there!

- Alberto Atanacio

## My Loved One

Mom you are the best.  
You are the best in the west.  
I love you to the moon and back.  
Without you my life would lack.

Your eyes shine like stars.  
You share your love,  
with my two brothers and my sister,  
In the same way,  
we love you back.

You keep me safe and warm.  
You cook better than Dad,  
But, don't tell him.  
That would make him sad.

I hope you are the happiest mom  
on the planet.  
You do so much for me  
I just want to chant it!

I love you Mom.

- Harold Macias

## My Loving Family

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
Mom I love you,  
I know you love me too.

My heart has a lock and you are the key.  
I know you will always be there for me.  
There is nothing to hate,  
Mom, you are just so great.

Mom, you make me laugh,  
even when we are doing Math.  
When I cry,  
You always try to make me smile.

Mom you are caring,  
We both are sharing.  
You tell me to be nice,  
you won't tell me twice.

You return back from Seattle on October the 28th,  
I'm so excited I just can't wait.  
My mom is the most incredible,  
She is amazing and very unbelievable.

Dad you are very brave.  
You will always have me to save.  
You are very funny,  
When I see you, you make my day sunny.

I love you, dad very much,  
I love you more than fruit punch.  
you are very smart,  
You have been encouraging from the very start.

He is the cake, and I am the icing.  
He can be very sarcastic about somethings.  
His favorite color is black.  
There is nothing he could lack.

He likes to get me stuff,  
Even when he knows its enough.  
He always stays up to date.  
And for everything, he is never late.

My Dad is the best,  
Better than all the rest.  
My dad is good at investing,  
But most importantly is he is very interesting!

My sister's name is DeZhare Rose,  
And she likes her bows.  
My sister loves me very well,  
If I hit her she will tell.

My sister is very complicated,  
Sometimes she will not stay concentrated.  
I am a safe and she is the combination,  
If you try to crack me open, she will go the police station.

We play very rough,  
But she is kinda tough.  
Try to do her hair,  
If you dare!

We argue a lot.  
And sometimes we get stopped.  
She doesn't care what you say,  
She won't get mad, she will just say, "Ok".  
DeZhare, you can be magnetic,  
You can also be energetic.

So you have learned something about my sister,  
Sometimes she can be like a blister.

*This is my loving family,  
They will always be there for me.  
They are important to me  
This you can see.*

- Trezure Rose Richardson

## My Mom

My mom is the best.  
Better than all the rest.  
My mom is not here, because she is in a better place.  
When I go to sleep, I can still see her face.

She was very nice and understanding.  
She never was too over demanding.  
My mom had a very big heart.  
And she was also very smart.

When I earned it, she gave me the money.  
I loved it when she called me honey.  
Together we would go to lots of places.  
And see a lot of new faces.

Because of my good grades, she was proud of me all the time.  
When I give her papers, right then and there, she would sign.  
She loved me very much.  
There is not another mom I would want, no such.

When I was a young child,  
My mom passed away suddenly.  
I wish I could have talked to her before she passed,  
I would have said, "I love you Mommy".  
And forever that memory would last.

- Kiara Stuart

## My Most Loved Pet

I very much loved my Grandma's cat.  
He died on a pretty night.  
That night he tried to paw at the door,  
my Grandma didn't want him inside,  
because he needed a bath.

The cat's name was Nicki.  
He was 16 years old in cat years.  
That night, he ended up getting hit by a truck.

My Grandma had to get him off the road.  
His insides were falling out.  
She was crying a lot.  
She had so many memories with that cat.

My Grandma loved her cat.  
I know she misses him.  
I love him myself.  
It was a sad day for my Grandma.  
I was shocked when it happened.  
She says she will never have another animal again.

- Corey Locklear

## My Nine Dogs

Rosa is my dog.  
She is pretty as a flower.  
She was once a stray,  
But my dad saved her.  
She brought a smile to all our faces,  
Because our other dog had just died,

Her name was Dana,  
She was with us since I was young.  
My parents got her in 2001.  
I was eight years old when she died.  
It hurt me bad.

I also have Chloe  
She is bad as a snake.  
I got her when it was my birthday.  
She has a heart on her forehead.

Jay, he is crazy, like a goat.  
He is as sweet as pie.  
He is little he has not grown.

Pritzy, she is old now.  
She just had babies.  
Pritzy loves people to pet her,  
And loves giving kisses.  
But beware of her ears,  
Because they are as long as you.

Miracle is one of Pritz's puppis.  
She is so small as can be.  
She likes to play and bite your feet.  
She run's like a bunny.  
She looks like a fur ball.  
She is one of five, my dogs make me feel alive.

- Jaquelyn Castillo Tellez

## My Pet Dog!!

I have pet dog,  
And she is so small.  
She watches every thing I do.  
Last night I thought I was going to step on her.

She has light brown fur,  
She is quiet.  
She doesn't bark a lot like other dogs.  
My uncle gave her to me  
A few weeks ago.

When I first got her,  
She was shy.  
She hid behind the chair.  
She was scared.

Now, every day  
when I get home,  
She comes running,  
To greet me at the door.

She is kinda lazy.  
She never wants to play around or run.  
She just sits there  
and watches every thing I do.

She is not my first dog.  
I had two others.  
My little dog's name is Catie,  
That's Catie with a "C"

- Janaa Caldwell

## My Promise

Each day I'll do my best.  
And I won't do any less.

My work will always please me.  
And I won't accept less you see..

I'll do my work very carefully.  
My handwriting will be neat.

And I simply won't be happy,  
Until my papers are complete.

I always do my homework,  
And I'll try on every test.

And I won't forget my promise  
To do my very best!

## My Puppy Princess By Grace Padro Rodriguez

I love my puppy so much!  
She is the Princess of the house,  
As her name tells you.  
Since we first saw each other,  
I think we both knew,  
That we would become the best of friends,  
Forever remaining true.  
She makes all of my days shine.

When I get home from school,  
Nothing is better then seeing her excitement,  
And happiness to see me again.  
She has beautiful brown eyes,  
With beautiful long lashes.  
She has beautiful long wavy tan and gray hair,  
That dresses her every day.

Her cute face shows all the love,

That she feels for me.  
She is the best puppy,  
That she could ever be.  
Although she is a good puppy,  
She can be like a little tornado.

- Lukus Osborne



TyQuashia Hemingway - Steampunk Art

## Dead Hand of the Past

Find a penny pick it up,  
And all day long you'll have good luck.  
What's it worth? Is it true?  
That our money is no longer revenue.  
Luck is not what it takes,  
In this critical game of financial stakes.  
Inflation thrives on printing cash,  
While doctors bank on treating rash.  
Lawyers defend those who kill,  
But their primary motive is to bill.  
Brokers love to sell you homes,  
But after years you have huge loans.  
When markets crash, our savings lost,  
Our futures die, but at what cost?  
Wall Street's mission to circumvent,  
Their motto should be fraudulent intent.  
Convicts are treated better each day,  
Next, it's illegal to civilly disobey.  
Lady Liberty who shines the light,  
Looks down on us in our grave plight.  
So next time you think the world is pure  
Don't be too quick to assume premature.  
Governments are corrupt and politicians bribed,  
Pharmacists make sure that you are prescribed.  
Veterans are sick and on the streets,  
While the wealthy and fed remain obsolete.  
People are fleeing their countries from fear,  
While Americans blindly drink their beer.  
Human rights are being ignored every day,  
But what have you done? What did you say?  
This growing problem just will not stop,  
Especially with Monsanto poisoning our crop.  
Bankers are operating with dirty hands,  
And judges are moving to steal our lands.  
Common-core is just such a joke,  
Education is more ancient than the time of Baroque.  
Inalienable rights are no longer innate,  
As Saudi Arabia pays our Secretary of State.  
This world will be gone in days way too soon,

Threatened by nukes or ideals picayune.  
Our country exists because of such things,  
I'm surprised we're not still ruled by princes and kings.  
America prospers on our indebted lives,  
We live to pay debt so that the government survives.  
Preventing an up rise and granting them leverage,  
So they can sit back, relax, and enjoy a nice cold beverage.  
The country is messed up in so many ways,  
We haven't been this split since Rutherford B. Hayes.  
With government control we're not far from socialism,  
And we're just one step from dialectical materialism.  
This upcoming election does not help things one bit,  
You and I just might have a better run with it,  
Though I defame and denounce this place we call home,  
I would only live here, not on Mars, Russia, or Rome,  
And without all this non-sense the nation would not last,  
But soon America will be a dead hand of the past.

- Natalia Peretz

## Ode to My Mom

I Love my mom  
and she loves me.  
We play together,  
and we watch TV.  
But, when I'm in trouble,  
She talks to me.  
She breaks it down,  
And makes it easy.

We play games  
We have Joy.  
We invite people  
To join the fun.  
We brag, we may bet.  
That makes us the best yet.

We walk the dog,  
And write video game blogs.  
We have game tournaments,  
After all the chores.  
She always wins,  
While we are sitting on the floor.

Like I said,  
My mom is the best!  
I can write it down,  
Like its a test.

- Michael Coles

## Oh, How I Love My Mom

Oh, How much I love my Mom,  
And the care that she gives.  
I love my mom,  
Oh, how I do so much.

She smiles with her pretty brown eyes,  
And helps me when she can.  
She cooks a good meal,  
And with the sugar she gives,  
She is sweet to the end.

My mom helps me with my homework,  
And tickles me when I cry.  
When I get off the bus,  
She gives me a big hug.

On Sunday mornings,  
She wakes me with a smile,  
She smells like candy  
falling into a trick or treat bag.  
We go to church with a great big smile.

- Jada Fricks

## Reality in the Lies

Shoot me with a bullet I'm done.

The wound you leave behind unstitched a infection has begun.

Kissing on the seconds, The final footsteps on your porch.

Leaving a mark like none other, but to heart you threw a torch.

Love and hate two different lands.

One of each in separate hands.

They despise one another so is hate the reality?

Maybe so but till I know I'll keep playing along.

The beat of your heart slamming on my chest. Is it real or fake?

This Is love or hate.

One will be the victor share the crown with no one.

You left me broken, and what do you do when I cry?

You run.

That's the answer to it all...love is a mixed reality in which hate can be kind.

Or Is love the psycho that yet so angered can be so blind.

Though the two we shall all explore,

To figure out which we should stand for.

There Is no true tale,

The one in favor shall be up to you for your sale

Can you imagine?

- Alani Morgan Evans

Can you imagine  
A teacher without knowledge  
Earth without gravity  
The solar system without a sun  
A store without products  
A nuclear power plant without a reactor  
Birds without feathers  
A car without wheels  
A diamond without carbon  
A pencil without wood  
Cats wearing sunglasses  
Cows without milk  
A picture without a frame  
People without brains  
Dogs without tails  
A computer without a keyboard  
A game system without a controller  
Minecraft without blocks  
Candles without wax  
A bird with a necklace  
A fish with wings  
A world without violence?

- Julio M.

What If

What if we could fly?  
I might meet Superman.

What if we could fight together?  
I could be Slash.

What if I could ride a dinosaur?  
I would have a T-Rex.

What would you do if you could do anything?

When I fight someone, I out run them first.  
We would fight in New York, around the Big Apple.

I feel optimistic, anxious, and happy.

I wish I could be the best superhero.

- Bryant M.

## Marble Cake

Oh, marble cake, how I love to eat you!  
Chew, chew, chew!  
Chomp, chomp, chomp!

Ahhhhh.  
I drink a nice, cold glass of milk

You make me happy when I'm down  
You make me smile from a frown  
Just for awhile  
Then I want another!

Chew, chew, chew!  
Chomp, chomp, chomp!  
You make my sweet tooth ache  
You give me a belly ache  
Oh, how I love you marble cake!

- Camille K.

Sam

Sam

Who is sneaky, independent, and kind  
Who belongs to Jasmine  
Who loves sleeping, cuddling, and eating  
Who has experienced love  
Who fears thunder, heights, and baths  
Who has accomplished becoming a family member  
Who feeds on cat food, dog food, and fish  
Who lives in my house and outside  
Who belongs to the class of mammals  
Felis Domesticus

- Jasmine B



Jennifer Sosa - God Is Love

## Love: Only One Chance

My pounding heart  
I see a rose  
It doesn't smell like roses  
I hear a harp

He's on his knees  
Bound to me  
He pulls out a ring

We start to dance  
This is my only chance

I close my eyes  
Grab his tie  
And wish  
For a kiss

- Erika M.

## My Angel

I have an angel up in heaven  
Her name is Lori  
And she is my Grandma

When she passed I cried  
I still cry today

She is by my side everyday  
When I do things, I do them for her

She is always on my mind  
If I could see her, I would hug her

I would never let her go  
Never close my eyes

I don't think I would stop crying  
I miss her very much

I have an angel up in heaven  
Her name is Lori  
And she is my grandma

- Morning J

I Don't Understand...

I don't understand

Why there is hate

Why cats and dogs fight

Why people like my drawings

But most of all

Why my family fights on Thanksgiving

Why kids run away

Why my sister and I were separated

What I do understand

Why babies are born

Why there is Christmas

Why families have to stick together

Why I stink at math

- Brooklin F





Samantha Martinez - Fetch

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why the world is so bad  
Why people shoot people  
Why guns aren't used right.

But most of all

Why people set people up  
Why people die  
Why people are so mean

What I understand most

Why they say trust no one but God  
Why they say one bad apple spoils them all

- Zious D.



Jordan Matthews -The Beautiful Tree

Someday

Someday

Someday I will play the flute

Someday I will have real friends

Someday I will leave

Someday I will be rich

Someday I will be an artist

Someday I will be a teacher

Someday I will be smart

Someday I will be an adult

Someday I will have a car

Someday I will be important

Someday I will get married

Someday I will have a panda

Someday I will be poor

Someday I will have kids

Someday I will have my own house

Someday I will have a boyfriend

Someday I will go to college

Someday I will graduate

Someday I will die

- Lizeth M.

Someday

Someday

Someday I will have a job  
Someday I will get married  
Someday I will have a child  
Someday I will have my own car  
Someday I will have my own house  
Someday I will graduate  
Someday I will go to college  
Someday I will be in dance class  
Someday I will be a cheerleader  
Someday I will play basketball  
Someday I will move to Canada  
Someday I will be better at writing in cursive  
Someday I will be better at reading cursive  
Someday I will play the violin  
Someday I will learn to cook  
Someday I will learn to bake more things  
Someday I will be more organized  
Someday I will meet a famous person  
Someday I will learn to be more creative  
Someday I will draw  
Someday I will be recognized  
Someday I will become famous

- Micah M.

Sally

Sally

Who is hairy, friendly, and sneaky

Who belongs to Mariam

Who loves eating, listening, and chasing things

Who has experienced love

Who fears loud voices and empty dishes

Who has accomplished bringing joy into my life

Who feeds on Solid Gold, tuna, and Tender Morsels

Who lives in her bed, on the couch, and all around

Who belongs to the class of mammals

Felis Domesticus

- Mariam A.



Rashida McIver - Admiration.jpg

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why people think I can't do it  
Why people put me down  
Why I am listening to them

But most of all

Why people are mean  
Why people fight  
Why people have to die  
Why people hate each other

What I understand most is

Why shoes are small  
Why you are mean  
Why people rest  
Why trees are being cut down

- Ke'Marion B.

## Red

Anger is red  
It tastes like revenge  
It smells like blood  
And reminds me of death  
It sounds like a fire  
Anger makes me desire

- Joseph DJ



Kailey Coleman - Mother

Can you imagine?

Can you imagine  
Birds without feathers  
Dogs without fur  
People without confidence  
Cats without meows  
A world without Wifi  
A horse without hooves  
A world without money  
Earth without land  
Hair without brushes  
The night sky without stars  
A person without parents  
A world without color  
A world without electronics  
People without mouths  
People without voices  
A world without music  
A world without art  
A world without air

- Jennifer V.

## My Loved One

I see her eyes  
I smell her garden  
I hear the hummingbirds  
I feel her Lazy Boy chair  
I taste sweet potato pie  
I think I really miss her  
I see her dog  
I smell her perfume  
I hear her sweet voice  
I feel her frail dolls  
I taste honeysuckles  
I think about her  
I hear her Dutch oven  
I smell her horses  
I hear her stories  
I feel her skin  
I taste pecan brittle  
I think about Grandma Dicoy

- Hailey C.

## Sense Poem

I see a good future for me  
I smell fear  
I hear the school bell  
I feel scared  
I taste food  
I think about my future  
I learned to read  
I found a lost dog  
I enjoy hanging out with my friend  
I notice mean people  
I hope to finish my education  
I understand your problems  
I wonder if I am good  
I believe in God!  
I love my boyfriend  
I was a little girl  
I count my numbers  
I am sweet and nice

- Dilma L.

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why people dislike me

Why people can't get along with other people

Why dogs are colorblind

But most of all

Why kids are prejudiced

Why people argue over stuff

Why there are wars

What I understand most is

Why plants grow

Why dogs and cats fight

Why the sun shines

Why we need to clean our rooms

- Jose GV.

## My Senses

I see the cold covered mountain  
I smell dinner being made  
I hear dogs barking  
I feel the wind blow  
I taste the fresh air  
I think today is a good day

I hope I make friends  
I learned to play the flute  
I found a rainbow  
I noticed I have a friend  
I believe I will get a job  
I love the way the sky is  
I enjoy my life  
I understand the ground grows

I am nice and mean  
I wonder about life  
I like to sing and dance  
I fear the past

- Tiana C.,

Me

I see tall trees  
I smell the brown dirt  
I hear frogs communicating with each other  
I feel leaves falling on my head  
I taste raindrops  
I think of what I will see tomorrow  
I wonder if someone lives here  
I believe only two percent of the sun reaches the ground  
I hope I can visit there one day  
I understand there are many animals here  
I learned it rains a lot  
I noticed the very tiny bugs  
I've mistaken the green vines for vine snakes  
I found lots of ants under a rock  
I was told it was very green here  
I love the way the trees are very thick  
I enjoy the smell of rain  
I am scared of the darkness

- Sarah A.

## My Credo

I believe in the church

The Bible

The saying disobedience brings a conscience

The creation of the worlds

The good deeds

Dedication Courage, Strength

I believe in the truth

I believe in God's plan

I believe in faith

Courtesy, Politeness, Gratitude

And I believe in the respect that will bring the world together

- Yorick R.

October

October

comes slowly  
with darkness and cold  
sometimes

But always

darkness  
wins the battle

Everyone

get ready  
because  
the final day  
is coming

In the daylight

the darkness  
goes to sleep

Then

it wakes up  
slowly again

While the day

goes to sleep  
like  
we do at  
the same time

The sun sleeps

but  
the darkness  
leaves

There is a big party

on the last day  
then  
it slowly  
goes away  
and hides  
until  
next time  
next year

- Kimberly B.

## Things You Tell Your Mother

I brushed my hair  
I missed the bus  
I had a good day at school  
My teacher is mean  
I'm hungry  
I am sick  
I need a tissue  
I did all my homework  
    Yes mom, I'm sure  
I finished cleaning my room  
I am about to let Prince out  
I am about to get in the shower  
I already ate  
I am going to the store  
I am going next door  
I am going swimming  
I need school paper  
I need new shoes  
I love you

- Aliyah V.

Blacky

Backy

Who is hairy, black, and big  
Who belongs to Trinide  
Who loves chasing chickens and barking  
Who experienced loneliness, love, and training  
Who fears cats, thunder, and strangers  
Who has accomplished growth  
Who feeds on leftovers, dog food, and mice  
Who lives outside and in his dog house  
Who belongs to the class of mammals  
Canis Familiaris

- Trinide S.



Kaylan Chavis - Homecoming

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why people laugh at me  
Why people can't stop laughing  
Why cats are lazy and dogs aren't

But most of all

Why people are scared of dogs  
Why people are mean to each other  
Why people are homeless  
Why people fight

What I understand most is

Why some people are different  
Why nobody is the same  
Why people are how they are

- Jaynie B.

Bailey

Bailey

Who is playful, loving, and tiny

Who belongs to TJ, mom, dad, sisters, and brother

Who loves playing eating, and belly rubs

Who has experienced separation, love, and happiness

Who fears loud noises, being alone, and bigger animals

Who accomplished learning how not to use the house as a bathroom

Who feeds on dog food, meat, and leftovers

Who lives in the house, on the couch, and on my bed

Who belongs to the class of mammals

Canis Familiaris

- Tommy P.



Kaylan Chavis -Mister Bausch

October

October

Starts with a bang  
Cold creeps in white  
Warm tiptoes out  
Leaves slip  
To the floor  
Birthdays slide away  
Due to coldness  
Marching in

The days slowly walk away  
Again breezing their way

October passes

November

Comes whooshing in  
Sprinting  
Towards Thanksgiving

- Alex P.

## Scarface

I love my dog Scarface.  
He likes to race.  
And we play all day,  
He will stay when I say.

He loves treats  
that's what he eats.

One day I went to feed him  
He looked like he was sleeping,  
But he was dead.

I love my dog Scarface.  
He likes to race.  
And we play all day,  
He will stay when I say.

He loved treats.  
Scarface rest in peace.

- Jau'Corey Campbell

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why they bully people

Why the world goes around the sun

Why there is so much crime

But most of all

Why people get judged

Why people get mad when you ask them a question

Why Donald got elected

What I understand most is

Why cats meow

Why cars move

Why dogs bark

Why birds fly

- Filiberto F.

## School is Cool

School is cool and I like it alot.  
Some kids can be mean, mean as snot.

Some kids can be bullies, but their not all like that.  
Some kids are wiser and speak respect with their chat.

The teachers are nice, they all are cool.  
They are the best teachers and they rule!

I'm glad I have teachers that are both nice and cool.  
If I didn't, that would be cruel.

The lunchroom has good food, and its yummy.  
It goes good down in my tummy.

I have a lot of friends, they're all my best friends  
I will cherish them until we graduate in the end.

I hate all tests, I want them to rest,  
But, I still love school l, it's the best!

- Pamela Cox

## ?Liberty: A child's journey through Ellis Island

“Skye! Skye! Can you tell me a story?” Little Tory bounced up to me, energy was surging through her bluish-green eyes. Her red hair tasseled like briars.

“Sure... Anything specific you want to hear? I have many tales to spin,” I reply, I push my dark, shoulder length, brown hair behind my ear.

“How about the one ‘bout when you came to America?” Tory sat beside the crackling fire, the reds and yellows reflecting onto her pale cheek. Memories of the long, brutal journey became fresh in my mind.

“Okay, ‘bout when I was eight, my dad had,” warm tears began to grow in my eyes, I quickly blink them away. “My dad had passed away from a fever, so my mum had sat me down at our kitchen table and explained that we were traveling to America. She said they had jobs, freedom, and nice schools that I could learn in.”

“They did not have schools in Scotland?” Tory tilts her head slightly to the side.

“Well, yes. But they did not let all the children go. You had to be from the wealthiest families,” I reply, shifting in the small, oak chair I was sitting in. I pulled my red wool coat over my shoulders.

“Ok, what happened next?” The little girl sat down on the cool, stone floor. She pulled her skinny legs over each other and looked up with excited, blue eyes.

“Ok, so my mum helped me pack up one small bag, which had all my things in it. She took all of our pounds and valuables with us. On October eighteenth, 1892, mum and I started our trip early in the morning. The sun wasn’t even up. We walked with another group of people. Mum said they were going to America, also. After a while, my legs began to ache. We couldn’t stop or the group will leave us behind. I didn’t want to be left behind to freeze in the cold, so I pushed the pain to the back of my mind and hurried along with mum. I met a nice lassie there, her name was Blaire. We became friends, when I was hurting, she would slow her pace to stay with me. After a day or so, we had only stopped twice. When we stopped, the men would make a bonfire for the women to cook on. We mostly ate soup and bread.” My stomach makes an odd noise, causing Tory to laugh.

“I guess you’re hungry!” Tory continues to giggle.

“I’m fine. I ate before you came to visit. Shall we continue,” I

question. She nods vigorously. Her crimson curls sprang up and down as she moved her head.

“Where was I? Oh! Blaire and I walked and talked together. It turns out her mum had worked my mum. I never met her though, she had fallen ill before my mum could become acquaintances with her. I think I have a photograph of her over there in that book. Do you mind getting it,” I asked, gestured over to a wooden side table with a few raggedy looking books on it.

“Sure thing!” Tory scrambled onto her feet and stumbled over to the vintage table. She picks up the tattered book, making sure she didn’t wrinkle the photographs and other documents that were dangling out the sides of the album. The young lassie shuffled over to me and laid the battered book on my lap. I blew some dust over the top of the books. I took the hard cover in my fingers and flipped to the first page. A picture of the group that my mum and I traveled with was the first picture on the thick paper.

“Look! Here is the group I stayed with!” My finger roamed over the faces of the men, women, and children, I stopped at a girl that was around nine. She had long hair that was weaved into a neat braid. “There, that is Blaire. Very pretty, yes?”

“Oh, yes! She is quite tall!”

I turned the page and saw a huge ship with ‘Philadelphia’ on the side of it.

“Is that what you rode,” Tory asks, sounding almost like a whisper.

“Ah, yes. We were packed on that ship like sardines in a can. You couldn’t even turn around, if you did, you would get an elbow to the nose. It was disgusting on that ship. Rodents would scurry over your feet, leaving your skin crawling. If you got sleepy, you went to sleep on the person’s shoulder that was next to you. We didn’t bathe for days. A few days later, we finally arrived at the edge of New Jersey – that is what my mum said. After about an hour, a greenish-blue lady holding a torch and a book. She was lovely, mum said that she was called The Statue of Liberty. Liberty, exactly what we came for. Soon after, some people came on the ship, Mum said they were doctors. They looked at me and pricked me with needles, which hurt a lot! They said our ship carried no diseases, so we had to wait hours ‘til a smaller ship came to get us.

When the ship stopped, we had to walk on a thing called a gang-plank. It was hard since we had to carry all of stuff in it. Some men gave us tags with numbers on it, then we followed a path to a red

building. We had to leave all of our bags and stuff in there, I didn't want to but Mum said we had to. We had to go to another room called a Registry Room, there more doctor checked us out. They didn't have to stop Mum or me. It was really loud and I could hear women crying. Then, some workers called my name and made me answer a lot of questions, which I answered truthfully. Mum had to get special money for us.

Mum brought me to a building called 'The Kissing Post'. I met you there. We were in America."

- Sophia H.



Kaylan Chavis - Ruby

Oh, hey! You're new right? I can tell, I've seen many faces around, but yours is new. Come on I'll tell you more about myself, but first, what's your name? ... Huh that's a nice name, hold on I'm gonna write that down. ... Oh, my notebook? Yeah I carry this around just in case I learn something new about someone I like to draw new faces too. Would you like to see the people I drew that you might see in your neighborhood. ... Okay well here you go. ... Yeah I make sure to draw every detail.

Can I ask you another question? ... Where did you move from? ... Wow, that's really far. ... Hm? Oh, I've lived in this area since I was born, but some like say I'm from Venus because of my personality. For example, I like to collect rocks for every new thing that happens to me that will change my life. That reminds me I need one for this day! ... Well I need one for today because I just met you. Here's a good rock. I also like to wake up early to watch the stars turn into a sunrise, every one finds that weird because "normal" people sleep in. ... Wow, your the first person to say that, but you have to admit I'm probably more unique than anyone around here. Well, It's getting late and I plan to watch the sunset, do you want to join me? ... Well come on, the sunset starts in thirty minutes, and I live two blocks from here.

The tree house has a better view, hurry we have five minutes.

All right we're all set, and we have two minutes to spare. ... Oh, thanks for reminding me! Now stay still while I draw you. By the way what school will you be attending? ... Hey me too! That school is really good, it's the best in the county. But it has it's ups and downs-can you move to the left a little, ... thanks.-like some people aren't as nice as they seem, then again all schools have at least one mean person. But if you stick with me no one will mess with you, or if you just stay out of their way, but if any one is mean to you I'll come protect you no matter what the situation is. Now can you move to the right, I'm almost done I promise. You also get your own locker, it's pretty small but it's a decent size for the classes you will be taking and as long as it's organized. And you'll be surrounded by people who are really nice to new kids, so your guaranteed to make many new friends. To sum it all up it's a great school. And I'm done, how do you like it? ... Thanks I try my best.

Well how was the sunset? ... Heh, yeah. You should probably go home now, your parents might be worried about you. But hey, we might see each other again tomorrow. See you later, Sam.

- Sophia Schuster



Olivia Jones - Continuous Line Faces

I Don't Understand

I don't understand

Why people can't get along  
Why people pick on each other  
Why there is so much work  
Why people get sick

But most of all

Why there are wars  
Why birds chirp  
Why dogs are tall

What I understand most is

Why people are mean  
Why it is cold  
Why it is hot  
Why it rains

- Miandrea W.

## Baby Boy

You wonderful, beautiful baby boy  
He fills your world with love and joy  
When you heard of his arrival,  
You were very scared  
But when he came, you knew love was there.

He'll laugh, he'll cry  
He'll even learn how to give a high-five.  
The day he arrived, you couldn't help but cry  
He was the greatest thing in your life  
Full of sugar and spice

He'll grow up soon, your sweet baby boy  
Who laughs, plays, and fills your world with joy  
And he'll soon go to college  
With all his new knowledge.

He'll have his own bundle of joy  
Who'll laugh and play with her new toys

Your wonderful beautiful baby boy,  
He fills your world with love and joy.

- Alani Morgan Evans

## The Lighthouse

Love, is it not something we all long for?  
Like the sea embraced,  
By the weathered shore.  
Truth, why is it so hard to find?  
Until afar, the light,  
Of a mighty beacon Leave us blind.  
Thank you.

Thank you, For showing us the way.  
For forming a family, That will forevermore stay.  
For being the light,  
That brought us safely home,  
For holding us close,  
So we're never alone.  
These actions, Speak louder than words.

Just like your comforting smile, As you drag us down the aisle.  
To the caring hug, That shows the depth, of your love. You have  
taught us, Guided us right. By you, and for the Lord, Your light  
shines bright.

- Alani Morgan Evans

## Time Out

Crack! The sound filled the space around me wiping away the yelling voices that swirled around me head.

I heard the shrill voice of my mother telling me how I'd never amount to anything that my sister was so much better than me even if I made better grades.

I heard the voices of the kids who bullied me everyday shouting harsh words and insults.

And I heard my sister's voice as she complained about how hard her life was even though she got everything she wanted and had a gorgeous boyfriend.

The only voice I couldn't hear was my own I started to run the bases another home run I should be proud but I couldn't feel anything aside from the adrenaline of running to home plate at full speed. As I ran blocking out voices of ridicule I focused on the voices of support from my team and from Jonathan Harris a tall blonde hair blue eyed country troublemaker.

Jonathan was smart, talented, funny and sweetly childish the only problem being that he was my older sister Niki's boyfriend.

I hit home plate just as the clock ran out signaling we'd won the game.

I was the only girl in a team full of boys but they were all more like brothers to me we were a family protecting and looking out for each other my team Jonathan and Coach were really the only people who cared and looked out for me but don't get me wrong my sister Niki loved me but just in her own special way.

There were nine people on our team including me there was Daniel, Derek, Lucas, Connor, Ethan, Tony, Walt, Simon and last but not least me Coach Henry treated us all like his own kids well at least how I assume an actual parent would treat their kids.

I was always the last to leave after practice and games and I sighed knowing I'd stayed way past long enough and texted my sister.

Katie: Games over we won...come get me?

Niki: Sure but I'm bringing Jonathan

Katie: Wouldn't expect any less from you sis

Niki: Lol yeah be there in 5

Katie: Okay ill be here

I hit the showers and changed then went out front to wait Niki came right on time as always.

Niki and Jonathan made small talk every now and then one of them

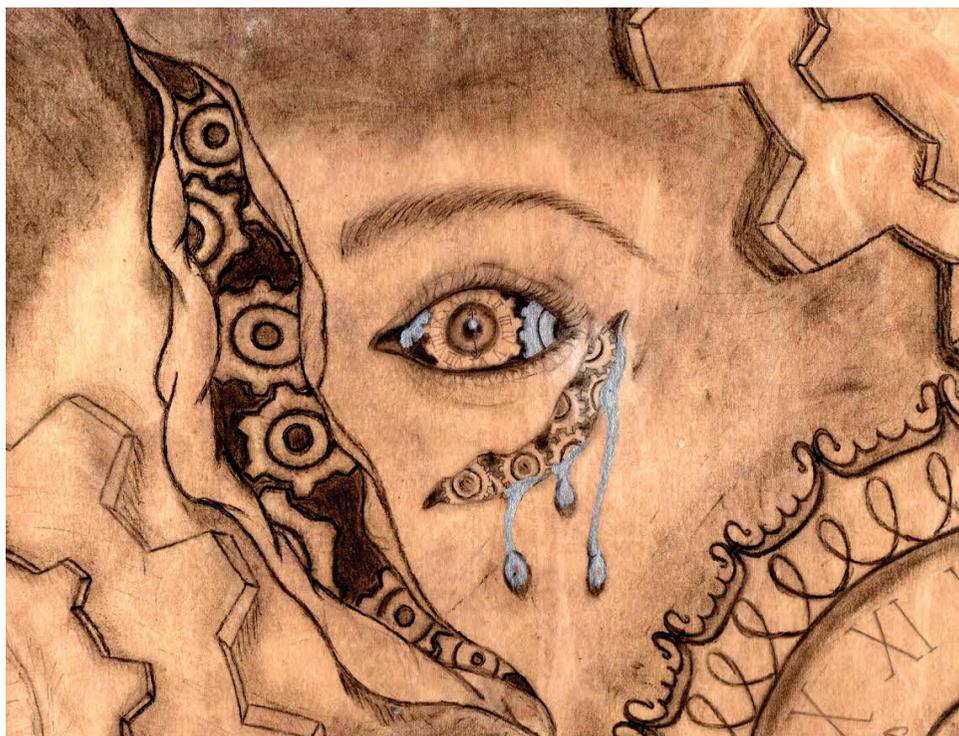
asking for details about tonight's game until Niki pulled up in front of our house and dropped me off "Tell mom I'm staying over at John's place tonight Kat" I nodded my reply as dread filled me at being home.

I crept in silently to avoid my mother jeering and lucky for me she was drunk passed out on the couch.

I entered my room locking my door and flopping on my bed I let myself slip into a peaceful sleep.

Sleep full of hopeful dreams where I had Jonathan not my snobby sister where I was outgoing and fun where I was a kid my parents could be proud of.

Then maybe dad would come back and mom wouldn't hate me anymore just maybe if I was loved I could learn to love myself.



Kenzie Ward - Steampunk Art

Shots fired but not by a gun  
which makes you sit and think on what has been done.  
One's point turned into a non existing factor  
by those who try to make themselves matter.  
The question I ask is can you name a time  
you saluted your flag as a daily rhyme,  
or went out your way to help those who danger their lives?  
Birds talk and can't seem to sound different  
because they follow others who don't know the difference,  
and those who show complete ignorance.  
I bet you don't ask yourself why did I do such,  
because you're so far stuck you have to continue to be a wild buck.  
The actions done by one who couldn't put it out there their self  
Is now damaging a life of which was apart of mine as well.  
May Justice be served by the seal of our nation  
to the man who is seemed amiss who deserves preservation.

- Tonishka Adams



Leah Ortiz - Roar

## Friendship

Friendship is one of life's greatest treasures. Friends that are loyal are always there to make you laugh when you are down.

They are not afraid to help you avoid mistakes

They look out for your best interest.

This kind of friend can be hard to find.

They offer a friendship that will last a lifetime.

Other friends may not be quite as loving.

The pain caused by a friendship marred by betrayal is not easy to overcome.

You will always feel a kinship with them.

Be able to instantly continue the friendship even after not talking for many years.

- Alani Morgan Evans



Marilyn Cortes -A Look From the Moutains



Lillian Graff - The Woods 2

## Unwitnessed

Whether time shall tell, or truth be told Heaven or Hell, in chains  
we're sold. Keep me safe in trouble come,  
And pray our fatalities be little to none.

Beseech me not, may you be, Give me life and Liberty.  
The bells and anthems alert will sound, For if they won't, in shack-  
les we're wound.

Understand I live no more,  
If we not stand against this force. Hate the tyrant, burn him down,  
For joy and peace will resound.

Do you listen to the pleas and cries?  
Please my Lord look down from the sky!  
Your people hurt, be broken they are,  
The government corrupt like a bright morning star.

We deserve victory in its highest Not their faces, be they the ?wry-  
est. Listen to me! I hear no more, Dead to me, I am to the core.

Can we please, against this force Stand up and saddle thy horse?  
Can we overcome the grimness?  
Or shall we remain, unwitnessed.

- Alani Morgan Evans

## Wolf

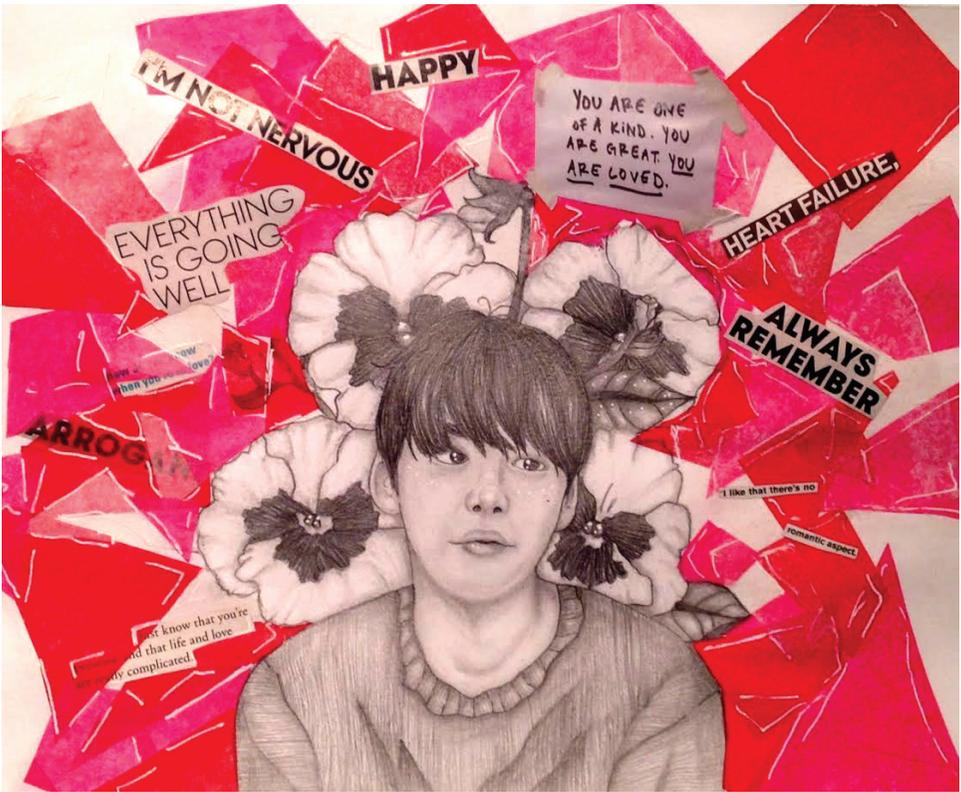
I had a dog named Wolf, a hybrid wolf dog.  
My family and I loved him.  
He protected us from bad people  
Who walk the streets.  
My mom wouldn't let the dog inside.  
Because he would get smelly  
And lose all that fur.  
So we kept him outside.  
We bought Wolf a dog house,  
and food and a toy to play with. Winter came,  
and wolf never saw snow.  
One day I came home from school  
I went into the house.  
My mom was busy cooking.  
She told me to feed Wolf.  
I went outside to feed him,  
He was lying down.  
I called him.  
He would not get up.  
I went and checked on him,  
He was bleeding so bad.  
I ran to the house and told my mom.  
She ran to him.  
I told her he was bleeding.  
When I told my sister, and outside she ran.  
We called over dad, and he was sad.  
Now, we celebrate our two dogs.  
Their names are Vanilla and Chocolate.

- Damayrani Santos

## My Little Love Poem

Distance is just a word  
But for love it doesn't even exist  
That's how much I love you  
No mountain or sea will ever be enough  
To compare the love for you  
I don't need flowers to prove your love  
Only an "I Love You"  
Love is a word  
And the meaning is You

- Yanelly Luciano Santos



Meghan Autry - You Are Loved

Goes on

Everyone is worried about the world now, but I want to remind everyone that life goes on.

Like a river goes on.

Like time goes on.

Life will go on.

And no matter what goes on.

Everything will be okay.

- Zaveyan Pearson



Marilyn Cortes - Majestic Views



Meghan Autry - Jewels

## My Hero

My mother is returning to school at the University of Mount Olive. She is going back to school to earn her bachelor's degree in nursing. She works hard at the hospital, working 12-hour shifts. She also has a lot of homework. She is reading all the time. I wish I could read and write like my mother. She writes a lot of research papers. With all this homework and working at her job, she still arranges time to see me play football at my games and watch my sister play her volleyball games. She also has to take classes at the hospital. It is a must to keep her job. I am glad she is going back to school. It makes me want to do better. I am proud of my mother. She is my hero!

- Tristin Locklear

## Confusion is Like a Maze

Confusion is like a maze.  
Every time I think I have it figured out,  
there's another turn.  
It seems to go on forever, with no end.  
The light at the end seems impossible to get to.  
Obstacles seem to stand in the way of the light.  
Every time you think you have it figured out BOOM!  
The maze laughs and throws something else in your face.  
Confusion mixes you up,  
like vines that run the walls and the floors.  
You run into the maze, trip over the vines, and stand up,  
only to be lost in the dark.

- Paisley Locklear

## The Flood

Sadness is the flood that this destroys the inside  
of you.

It floods your soul.

Your tears feel your eyes, and as they roll down your face,  
you suddenly realize you're not alone.

Then comes another type of flood.

This type of flood doesn't destroy the inside of you, but yet,  
fills you up.

- Mackenzie Brayboy

R.I.P. GRANDMA "B."  
YOU WERE ALWAYS SO NICE TO ME.  
YOU WOULD CLEAN AND COOK,  
AND YOU REALLY LIKED TO READ BOOKS  
YOU WERE ALWAYS A DELIGHT TO SEE SO,  
R.I.P. GRANDMA "B."

- MacKenzie Swett

### Dolls in the Attic

This is a story about a jealous girl. One day this girl came to stay with her family but they just didn't want to play baby dolls with her. The girl was very furious because no one wanted to play with her. She begged and pleaded, but they just wouldn't budge. She said, "Fine, if you don't want to play with me I'll play by myself." So the girl went to the attic and played. Then, suddenly the girl heard a strange voice. She went to check out the noise but she couldn't find out what it was. She screamed but there was nobody there to hear her. She searched and searched but there was no one there because they all had vanished into thin air. Then she heard the noise again. Suddenly she saw a shadow. The girl is scared to death but there is no one there to comfort her. The shadow now is standing in front of her. She says, "Who are you? The shadow says, "Your worst nightmare." Suddenly, he sweeps her up into his grasp and takes her to his dungeon. She says to herself, "If only I wouldn't have wanted to play with the dolls in the attic."

- Caleigh Locklear

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## The Vengeful King's Ghost

There once was a very wicked king. He ruled his kingdom with tyranny and fear. He increased taxes every year, threw innocent people into the dungeon, and executed them without a fair trial. One day, the people of the kingdom had had enough of his harsh rule. In the dead of the night, angry peasants stormed the palace. During the bloody battle, the King was stabbed in the back and slain. The king's body was flung into an alley instead of being given a proper burial. Furious, the king's ghost rushed upon the nearby village and began to terrorize the peasants living there. "You will pay!" the ghost screamed, "You will suffer greatly for your treachery! This kingdom will be cursed for all of eternity until I receive a proper burial." The peasants laughed and scoffed. The angry spirit of the king turned away planning the first part of his revenge.

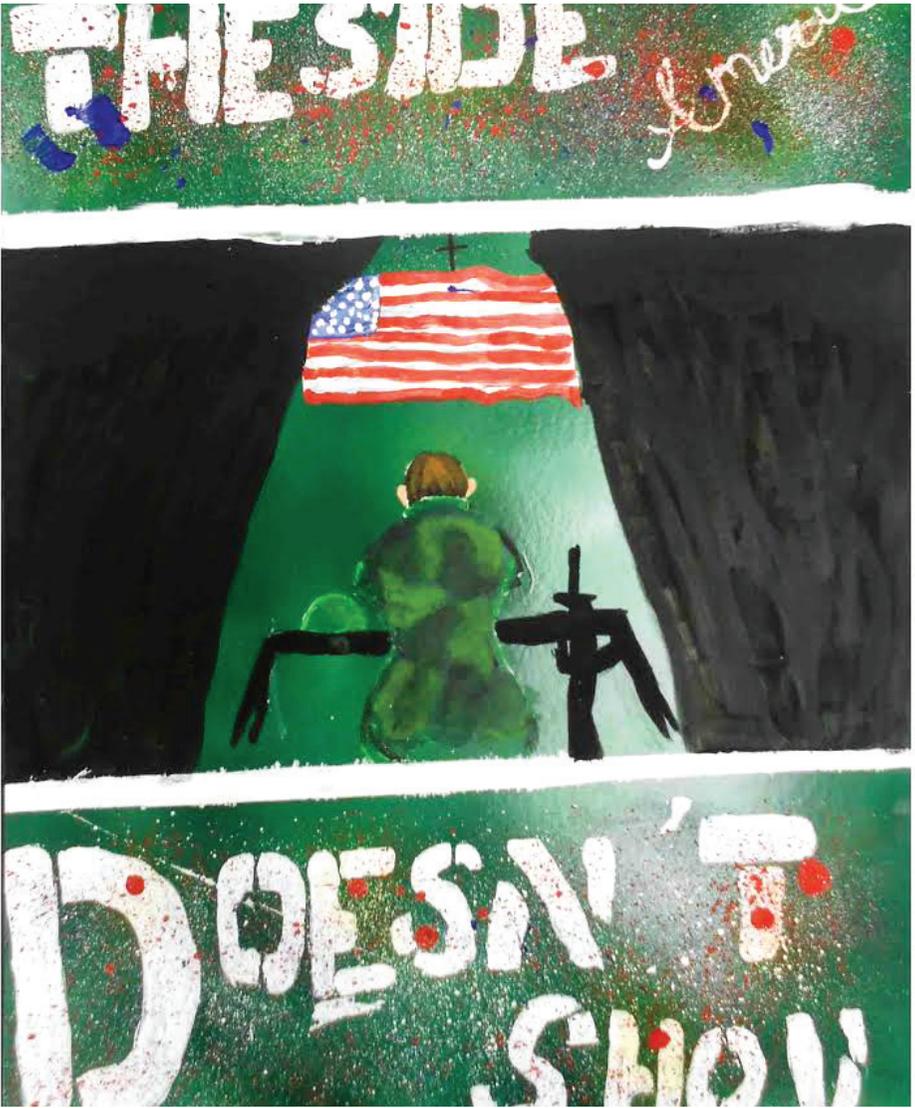
The next morning, every mother that had just given birth to a new baby was heard wailing and crying in their respective households. The infants were all gone. "Our babies, our babies!" cried the mothers. They angrily turned to their husbands and shrieked, "It's all your fault! If you had just given the king a proper burial this tragedy would not have happened." The father's, red and shamefaced, hung their heads and stared at the floor. "Fine, fine, we will go and give the nasty thing a burial!" they exclaimed.

As they dug the grave, the men complained among themselves. "Wicked old king doesn't deserve a burial, he should still be in that old alley," they grumbled. Shaking their heads they continued to dig. A few hours later, it was all over with. The spirit of the king appeared for the last time. "It's a shame you had to be persuaded in such a crude manner to give me a burial. But since it is done with I will let you all be," he said. All of the kingdom rejoiced and had a huge celebration. Finally, after so much hardship they had something to smile about.

- Rikayla Collins



Michaela Hart - Music



Michaela Hart - Patriotic Art



Morgan Nye - Skull and Flowers



Olivia Jones - Self-Portrait



Olivia Jones - Skull



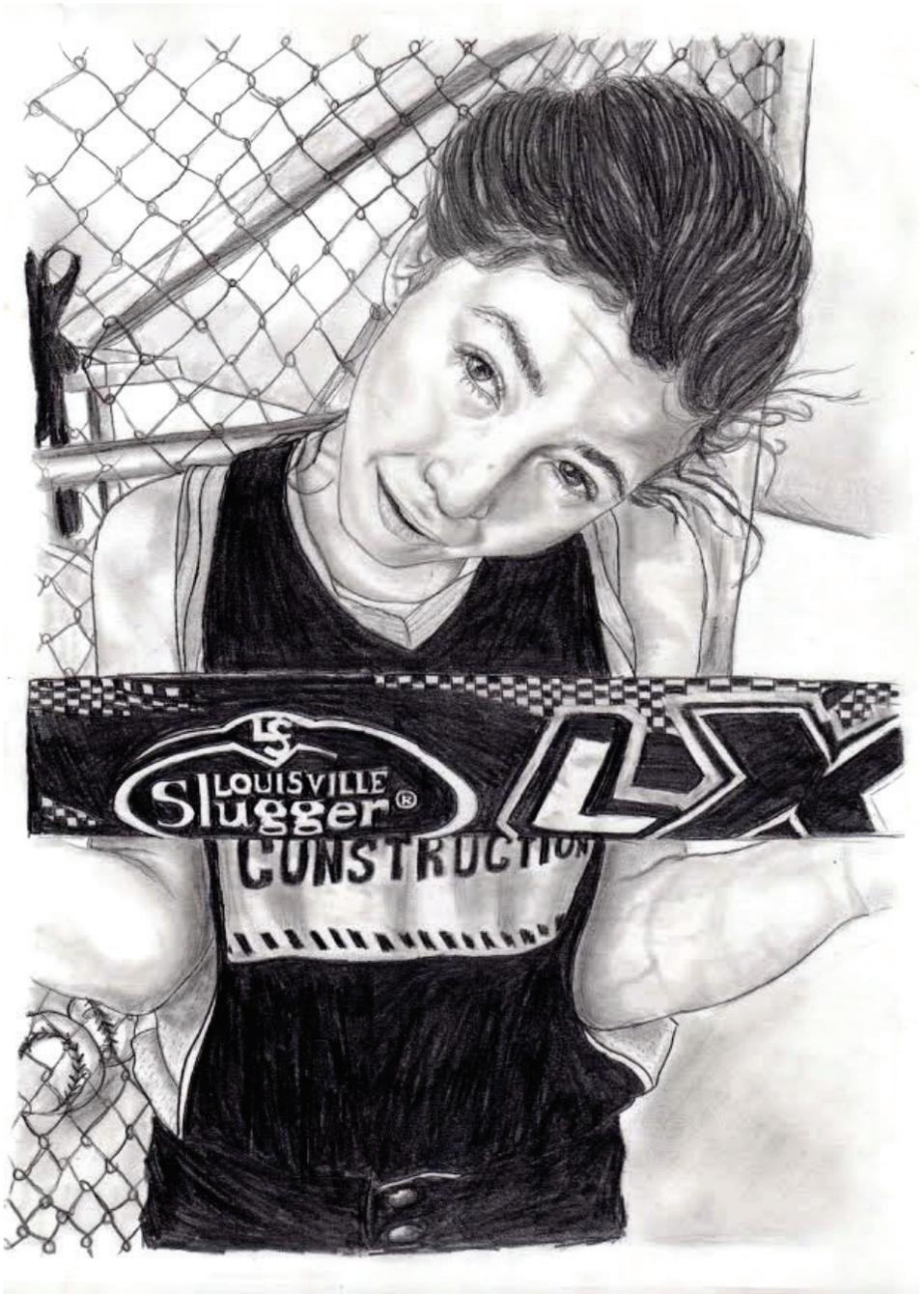
Samantha Martinez - Watercolor Moonlight



Riley Wilson - Green Tears



Katara Reynolds - Steampunk Art



Samantha Martinez - Louisville Slugger



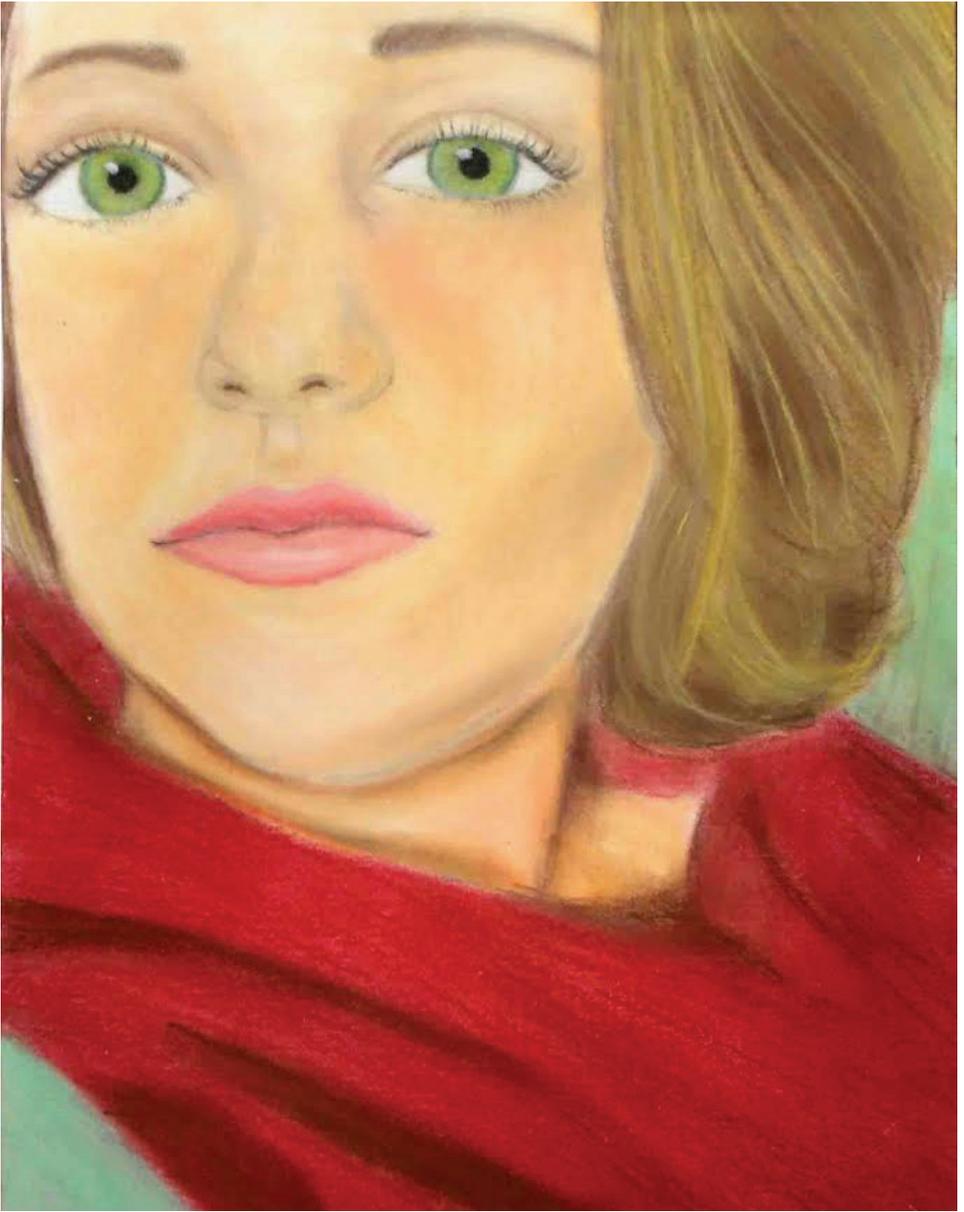
Riley Wilson - Cardboard Self-Portrait



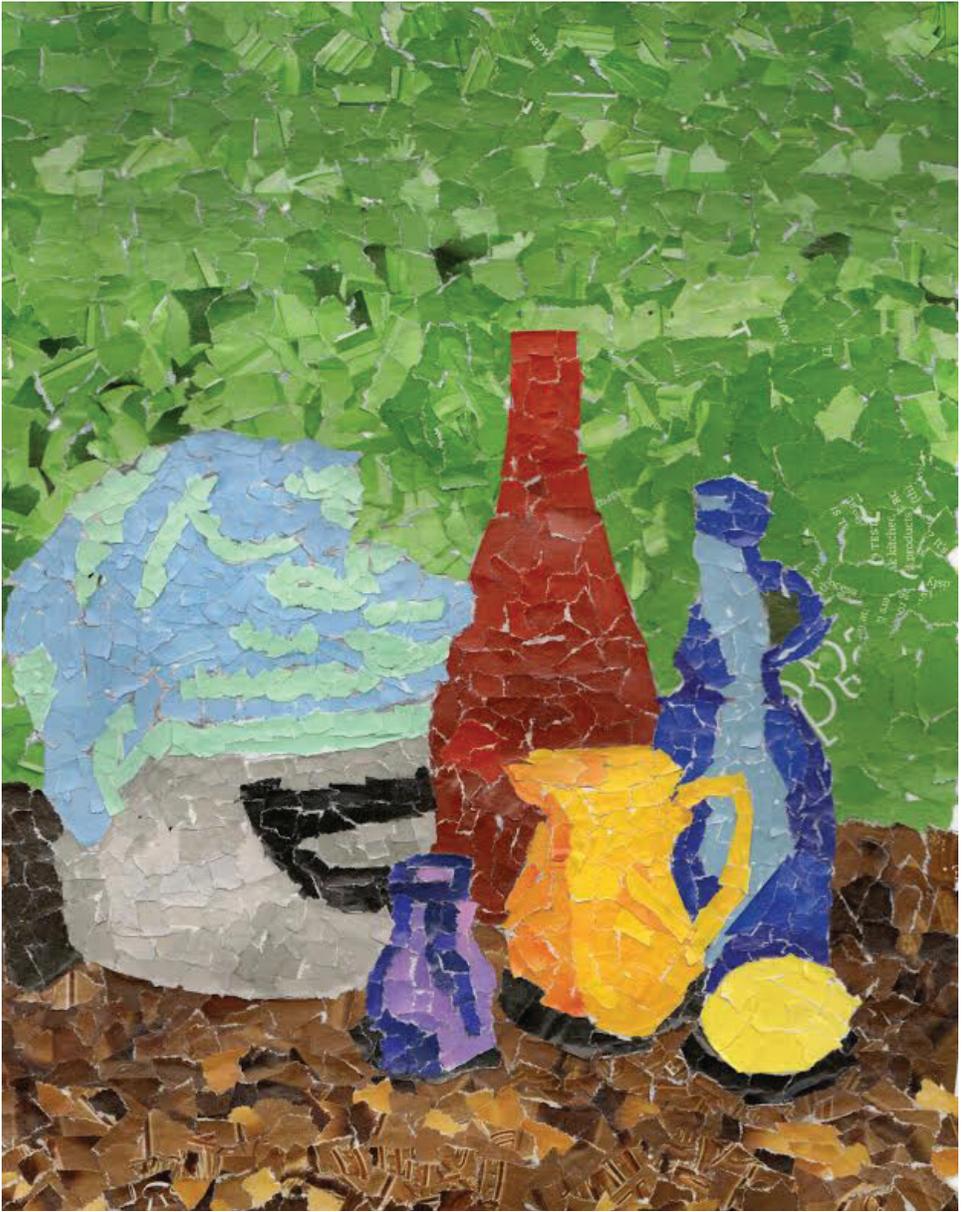
Sierra Nealey - Dad



Sierra Nealey - Mummy



Sierra Nealey - Self-Portrait 2



Taylor Turbeville - Still Life Collage



TyQuashia Hemingway - Patriotic Art



Yanely Luciano Santos - Roses Embrace April Showers



Savannah Williamson - Skull Eye



Teresa Maldonado - Wire Lizard



Zaveyan Pearson - Emptied





Angelica Caraballo - Patriotic Art

